

9145

Bibl. Jap.

IV



po słowach: „Z nami delator jest - jakiś ten Pietro

Inkwizytor

Otworzyć drzwi. Czy otyłlet do rany przystaje?  
Zbir / oglądając /

Rana jest pochwą wyborną;  
Jakby najlepszy robot ją rzemieślnik.

Inkwizytor

Zapisać.

Anrelnio / do Beatrycy /

Nierozsława!

Biedny mój malark umrze jak się dowie!

Beatryca

Czy z wami przyrodzi?

Anrelnio

Nie.

Beatryca

To oni!

Więc go poręgnaj - powiedz... Nie, nie nie mów -  
Grób mój najlepiej do niego przemówi,  
Od zapomnienia wyprosi Beatryca. -  
Powiedz mi do nich i powiedz kto jestem.

Anrelnio

Tu Monsignore przez urządzenie Boskie  
W grobie znalazła się signora Cenci,  
Która się sama dla uniewinnienia  
W opowiadliwosci sto daje rze.

Inkwizytor

Edrie jest delator? niech ją porwa.

Pietro

Borze!

Beatryca

Od wczoraj tyle rzeczy o lachotniejszych  
Wyglądawało tę twarz z mego serca.

Śniłam tak pięknie - na ziemi - za ziemią -  
Dla mnie takiego snu więcej nie będzie -  
Ale Bóg dobry! Sen mi ten nysławny  
Na całą wieczność. - Teraz pojebiem razem  
Gdzie rozkaszacie.

/: Lusia - palac Orsinich itd)



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7

Poprawki do Dramatu "Kronice Stuartów"

Akt. 1<sup>ty</sup>

3

Scena 2.

..... O mój stary jakże to próżnia wokoło mnie wtyś w wielku  
kiedy jedno tylko przywiązanie - serce i cnota - bliskich nam istot  
czyli życie osobnem. - Cóż mi pozostało na świecie? - boteż nie  
wspomnienie kwiatów wosy pamięci jak wice w rannach i nie  
więcej -

Mae Grey

Cnota strabiny - Mojej Księżce - jest dla mnie cenna święta - tylko  
(szepce) -

Ks. Karol

Eytku co?

Mae Grey

Eytku - nie sadz - ogólnie mówiasz żeby cnota kobiety była  
ogólna nie osobna - kiedy tak łatwo topnieć

Mr. i Albany

Scena 3<sup>ta</sup>

ach ja nie - Chceć że wiesz aory nie że mnie nie wolno przy-  
- kuta do twojego fotelu, i muszona zrzec się wstyś bliżyc to mi  
pokażotwiek przyjemności sprawi mure?

Ks. Karol

Jż-że wiesz kiedy masz przyjemności być bezomnie

Księżce Karol

Scena 4.

ona podała mi rek. i powiedziała że pojedzie za mna gdzie  
kolwiek to mnie zapędzi. - Był ten odurony i nie wiedząc  
na jej postanowieniem pędziła nie zabrała się z mna  
na statku - Gdyśmy odbyli od brzegu spojrzawsz ku górom widać  
my - (dali jak wstępnie) -

Mae Grey

Był to prawdziwy typ szkocki. - wysmukła - wybijada - biała  
jak lilja - z wejrzeniem pełnem śladem - a sercem ryccera

Ks. Karol

i szukał iony między Kościelnymi z panującymi rodów - nakoniec  
ukłubił jakiejś intrygi z Choiseulem który przyszedł do mnie i zaswiec  
mi nadzieja że Ludwik XV da mi jedną ze swoich córek a znia wstępnie  
promocje muszebra do przedsięwzięcia nowej wyprawy do szkocy. - Szabona  
nie litościwa ambicya a odeszła się w moim sercu i pewnego poranku  
odcałałem moja Klementyna wraz z matką moja Karolusią do jej rodziny

Mae Grey - (szepce)

Km. Księżce, wstępnie, nie sa zrodzeni do szlacheckich miłości  
ale do polityki która nie ma serca - podobnie jak medycyna  
i chirurgia

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Scena

Scena  
(Kona)

Scena

Scena

Scena

Scena  
Ostato

Karolina

6. - Tak miój ojciec pędem przy tobie - i jęczy mi nie od dala  
żadna nwa ludzka jui mi nie od ciebie nie oderwa  
(do smierci przekreślone)

Atk II<sup>gi</sup> (Obraz I<sup>ty</sup>)

Dumbar.

Scena 2<sup>ta</sup>

Tak będzie na tronie  
Koro linie - podaj mi rękę.  
Och! - wdrwię się tryumfu do ciebie nadej

Dumbar

A jęczy przegrany? - ale nie myślonym o tem - jęczy przegrany  
twoj narzeczony nie wróci już pola bitwy.

Obraz (II.)

Scena 2<sup>ta</sup>  
(Koniec)

O moim pomyśle! - Turej widoku twojego nie dwoje  
(ostatni frazes wykreślony)

Atk III<sup>ci</sup> obraz I<sup>ty</sup>

K. Karol.

Scena 3<sup>ta</sup>

... - *le vent - les vents* - nie to nie idzie *les at... at... attacks*  
*ments - jeneru gorzej - les liaisons* - *hum palko; to nie brr mi*  
zupetnie dobrze - *les li. li. li.* ... (tu wy rari <sup>ligaments</sup> ~~kreślony~~)  
Dumbarre nie potrafić mi do pomocy?

Księżniczka Karol - z gniewem

Scena 4<sup>ta</sup>

Nie ty nie czujasz jak mi rana sadzi ar do gębki serca - Nie  
mów że mi się patki synem Lorda Murray.

Atk IV.

Hr. d'Albany.

Scena III (3<sup>ta</sup>)

... ale Karolina przy odblasku twojej duszy  
wzruszyła się moja - Egi mi pomać dala - jak tu wicelkowi,  
wyższe nad wszelkie bohaterstwa jest w kłobocie Młoi mo  
moe - zapręci się własnego serca - wyzści się sercisz - otrząci  
się ze wsey wlliego w <sup>2</sup> ~~jest~~ <sup>2</sup> ~~więj~~ ziemskim ariby rar przy istym  
obowiązkom zupetna z siebie zrobi ofiarę.

Scena 6<sup>ta</sup>

Ostatni frazes

Kard. d'York. (przyklada rękę na jej serce)

Umarła! - Bóg ich razem powołał do siebie  
(wyraz umarła dodany)

Uwaga

Podług tych poprawnych frazesow poprawi tekst - Kopy  
Mierwotnej



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Dwie sceny

z Tragedyi Juliusza Makteta.  
Kommata w Samku Maktetow.

Lady  
czytajac list.

W samej chwili wyjeżdża tu napotkaliśmy ją,  
 I wnet otumniały wstąpił  
 Pierwszego ich postać wzniesioną.  
 Ona widać wielki mił mił śmierci  
 Ica goj p. chwałce j. w. o. s. s. p. y. t. a. i.,  
 Frunty w poro. str. G. y. p. e. p. y. k. e. t. y.  
 Do mi. s. u. e. s. t. a. f. e. a. t. o. w. y. p. l. a. m. i.  
 Ona tego br. b. e. s. t. e. g. e. l. l. a. s. i. z. b. i. r. a. j. e. g. o.,  
 I T. a. n. n. a. u. e. k. a. i. d. o. n. a. r. o. b. a. n. y. g. o. u. e. i.  
 A. u. g. t. o. G. o. d. n. o. s. i. g. k. t. o. r. g. p. r. e. d. d. e. w. i. l. g.  
 W. i. t. a. t. y. m. i. g. P. r. o. r. o. l. i. u. s. y. - a. p. o. r. e. u. s. y.  
 e. l. l. a. t. o. m. e. d. i. c. i. n. e. i. c. h. p. o. n. d. o. r. o. s. i. u. i. t. r. e. c. i. y.  
 k. r. o. l. e. w. e. l. i. k. a. j. e. s. t. a. t. s. m. i. r. a. d. e. s. t. a. j. a. c. e. s.  
 T. o. w. i. e. z. y. o. s. p. e. c. k. a. n. d. o. n. o. z. e. i. s. t. o. z. y.  
 U. n. e. s. t. o. d. o. k. o. p. y. n. y. s. t. y. m. i. g. w. i. e. l. l. i. u. s. i.,  
 A. k. y. i. m. i. b. y. t. u. a. t. u. y. m. i. s. w. o. d. a. d. o. n. g.  
 C. r. e. k. a. j. a. c. e. g. o. n. a. s. w. y. n. i. e. s. i. e. c. i. a.  
 W. y. n. g. s. t. o. n. e. d. u. s. e. n. i. u. i. e. k. l. y. t. o. z. d. u. n. d. i.  
 - K. a. u. d. o. r. a. T. a. n. n. e. s. i. G. l. a. m. m. i. u. - j. o. r. d. e. s. i.  
 A. k. i. m. l. y. m. i. a. u. r. o. u. s. u. e. s. i. s. z. z. o. r. t. a. i.,  
 W. n. e. t. a. k. o. l. e. k. a. n. d. s. e. t. e. w. e. j. d. i. e. s. i. c. r. e. t. e. i.  
 E. a. z. b. y. t. m. i. e. d. l. i. n. g. o. u. a. r. y. s. m. e. t. a. l. e. y.  
 P. r. y. j. u. s. t. e. r. o. t. e. n. y. d. o. s. e. i. g. m. i. a. g. o. s. i. a.  
 M. a. r. w. i. e. A. m. b. l. d. e. y. s. t. a. z. k. e. p. a. u. i. o. j. r. a. d. l. e. g. o.  
 l. o. t. a. i. m. i. l. l. i. u. s. y. a. l. e. p. a. d. w. a. r. o. w. i. e. i. n. e.  
 S. u. m. i. e. m. e. s. t. i. P. r. y. d. a. t. l. e. y. s. j. o. d. e. j. n. a. n. g.  
 W. y. g. r. a. n. g. a. l. e. d. o. k. a. b. r. a. j. s. t. i. e. j. g. r. e. y.

Alas wstręć. Ckie ci się tego co napisa  
do Ciebie: - Pragniesz się, obłąkać - uległomaj;  
Czuję wasz tyle imitacji, wiedy to  
Ustętuwami. - O! odwróć tu, odwróć,  
Przedwiedząc Twój, Jucha mego wlecia.  
A cięty przyle wachafacimmo się  
W puch! rozbija te fantazyjne marzy,  
Kłone go od tegoż Ruma pauciu  
Fortunen go ubłogostawia Rada,  
Kawajac wyjomek, waztyhy oddychac.

Włładi Kamandyer.

Czy masz wiadomości jak?

Kamandyer.

Najjaśniej się dać tu na nos przybywa.

Lady

Chyba Pan twój nie jest przy Nim - ty głębiej?  
I gdyby tak się news miała jak twierdzenie,  
Widzimy mi tego Juciu - wot - wot?

Kamandyer

I pewnie tak jest jak dostaję wona  
Jest poinformowana. Lord jest w drodze,  
A przed Nim Kłone oblatuje erwatem  
Pragnąc, - tyle tylko tego majac, by się  
I postannicwa mego wyajowadac.

Lady

Hoyuie! go przyja, z  
Pro z wlecia - jurel - wlecia przybywa.

Kamandyer oddala się

Ma! wie to nie na east, o! Ty Dombaciu,  
Ma! Two przylecia to kwalioro Kwalaciu....

Kozajca! Strasznie Bohobuda gniec.  
 Onylymajca! I obadnyca miera z Otci.  
 Juchaj! bygnysig,  
 Narypkiudca miera ad ibromi do hostale.  
 Kustronysij sig miera Krau!... By radem  
 Paped wron rajezyle miera litosie  
 Goroceij degnysig. Serca mofaga  
 Nie masha dat, - i miabocilust recit mi sig.  
 O! neyn... pod jeha jolwile postacie  
 Wa wotracenie dany rydhaface  
 Wera pialbichu... Tu! w naje Lona  
 Wpizca sig, mlaleu mi wy ryzafas,  
 A jersi peaje zoteig kapatordfca.  
 Daej! ponera; dila - pnyrosichaj.  
 Kgenosoryud dymu z jialte wybucherij.  
 Mielj Stepeza cilura otne  
 Stianypadnyto kedy ciska mbarny  
 A siebo samgo plannytka ucy  
 Nierdoto - i mi rajej runowato -  
 Pawstnymaj sig - staj!

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*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

Nomnata w tauctu elle bebelac.

Lehar: Dama dwostka.

Wskitka potem daley.

Lehar

Juz pro dno now vuveli sney z soby,  
A jerno ma tabego uedobry liseney, coby  
Tak ad davadacaz aporsie Pam  
Gatviorstat. Nidye wiec poran  
bet utom, daly now spavoro wate?

Dama

Lar ty llo krob jezgonaric ro wat w pole,  
Zobacystam jak sy z toci swofego  
Padniosta, ranacsta na siebie  
Zlapani; potem otworzta garlo,  
A wyjauwep papio, pisati na om.  
Patem - pustyfawny, stwizta go,  
Lapieretomate, i spotozta sy spai.  
A wyjaleo najdorhoraj' wipiera.

Lehar

Ca dnu dajay wprosadaciu korwat.  
Aricly debradie wta dnu wiyawajaz  
Zedroce nia putnde fombego orendauia.  
Lec opoir tego wafurionauia,  
Czy orago imrego uimediobrat?  
Moi stykate s' ja Pam mowdaz?

Dama

Wic tabiego  
Coby gaddto sy, dnu wyjauwia.

Lehar

Pomur fiedi na nuica kalory  
Owidzdz. Ja porwici naem wredkie.

Dama

Niety llo tocia dnu, ten cad dnu  
So dnuim - swanem, wiadary to  
Tego co ja wian. Tembandij, i to  
Tajcumde, swiadka nie mdety w miluim.

Patruj Pan - idie. Ten ova raura kraery,  
Stajdo skonalaj k'pionka - jako izato.  
Uwaraj pitui, i ma rob' nule star.  
Lady wchadi se k'uda tku.

Leban

Len chade si a staj wriet' goomnica?

Dauca

Stawda si pe pnytoriu. Taki sorhan  
chryby k'wialto stato na statiku.

Leban

Patru Pan - Bua ma ovy otworu.

Dauca

Tak - ale wraak jst w nich miera lonaj.

Leban

Ateraj, w one robis?

Patru Pan, jak solia tra raly o raly.

Dauca

Do tego jst si wnygo stauk staj.  
Gdyz Bua tak raura robis, p'ez d'g'ly  
Lobis wy ci rata racy. Po catyck  
Kwadronaak, tytu to jedno  
Wtoru tam ja nylony wafacy.

Lady

Tu jstere k'raw....

Leban

Miloney. cos m'oni.

Mesny nwaruie st'hae' wny st'kejs  
Co m'oni, a'lyu' rago u'pna p'omiat.

Lady

Izini' jucko p'nelete... l'wep' p'mad...

Par, dwa, o' j'w' sama p'ora.

Crane se u' m'osel p'ieliat.

Sto co? R'g'era? I l'wep' m'ony?

K'w'z' taka p'ot'za k'w'lsy nas

St'p'owied' st'm'oni' w'g'ua' m'ostu?

St'ry st'p'raua tonu' - a'ichy

St' tyku k'w'ri' n'w'g'to k'w' is st'ar... &

Leleca

Stygnata's Pani?

Lady

O Tana Faicy bytadletionka,  
Zwierona tom? Coito? czy ta roza  
Juz wiadymozny ty nigdy? Dasy jui  
claj eleria - am stoma macej. Wrytke  
Przytu tu wachajacee ty, tchovskedee.

Leleca

O miode ciele, miach irie. Oua  
wie ci' czego myz niejwomus Wypzi.

Damea

Ami wafyiaj, ze jowidana cos,  
Czego niejwomusma byta wydaone.  
Czy Wellu-wiz, w dnu tudie wiedzi?

Lady

Och!... tu wioriee eestnany odob Kraie.....  
Wrytlicie namomoi Arabii, tej Dobryj  
Nienabalsamowatyby rozli. O.....

Leleca

Cato ramostniemie? Stygnata's Pani?  
O' jelic' igzar lera tej stony...

Damea

Za wrytlicie rade tej przywileje,  
Widocz tej lera wnosjen tonie nosie.

Leleca

O' u pawne, upesna.

Damea

Zachowaj nas Panie Boze od tego.

Leleca

Datad ponne na ty stalo sei, ja  
Niepometan sie. Spedrak xuatun wile  
Wiele, Wdony jako tmatygy  
Wzgodowati ponay, a minio to  
Oachowaj nas Panie Boze od tego.



Lady

Aptuhaj meca... aduj tej wulapaki,  
Winytę bladori. A powstawa tobie,  
Dawo spowyna grobie, a grobie  
Svojego, ou powstaje nie more.

Lekar

Cy tak?

Lady

Szac! szac! szac! Do bramy Sturkucy  
Ellan. 'uon n' uon. Pada mi selj.  
Co ty sad stau, juw ty uodwacu.

Szac! szac! szac!

Lekar

Taras wie udaje ty tu spowyna kel?

Dawca

Prasieciatelo Johi Anata.

Apollo.



Polonio ucciso

Le parole vostre figlio perito, ~~Ma non ammi ch'este stess da la~~  
~~causa del suo~~ <sup>per un</sup> ~~giusto esilio; infine~~ <sup>indietro</sup> ~~le dice~~ <sup>le</sup>  
~~suppliche assai~~ <sup>pericolose</sup> ~~del popolo sull'argomento del conto della morte~~  
del buon Polonio. (ed a questo proposito, noi stessi abham agito  
~~senza affettare, lasciando appelli necessariamente~~ <sup>fiu seguito</sup>  
la peggio di Ofelia. Ofelia assente da se stessa, priva dell'  
ragione senza legge) noi non hannu che ~~far~~ <sup>mettere</sup> ~~fantasmi e bestie;~~  
infine, ultima sentenza, quasi con piu grand in tutte la  
atto insieme, suo fedeltà e sregolamento ritorna dalla Francia, assai  
nel suo balzo, stupro <sup>prestando l'orecchio alle espressioni e per colore</sup> ~~non col~~ <sup>no</sup> ~~la morte~~ <sup>del</sup> ~~padre;~~  
~~suppliche del popolo~~ <sup>del</sup> ~~padre;~~ <sup>con</sup> ~~pericolose~~  
~~mentre~~ <sup>cal</sup> ~~board~~ <sup>ment</sup> ~~del~~ <sup>orecchio</sup> ~~con~~ <sup>pericolose</sup>  
proprio sulla morte di suo padre; e la fama trovand di fatto  
non si ~~per~~ <sup>arrestarsi</sup> ~~puote~~ <sup>per</sup> ~~ripeter~~ <sup>il</sup> ~~nostro~~ <sup>nom</sup> ~~e~~ <sup>di</sup> ~~buon~~ <sup>giu</sup> ~~buon~~.  
A sua fortuna, quest'acclamazione, ~~non~~ <sup>ad</sup> ~~una~~ <sup>maniera</sup> ~~fatel~~,  
me per d'ogni lato ~~puote~~ <sup>piu</sup> ~~culpa~~ <sup>che</sup> ~~non~~ <sup>abbisognu</sup> ~~per~~  
~~adesso~~. (rimov esser all'estero)

La Regina - ~~Coni questo tempo?~~  
Alu. ~~Don sono le mie guardie?~~ <sup>che si sveglino a</sup>

~~parte~~ (Entrano gentiluomo)

Il gent. <sup>Salvato</sup> ~~Proteggete la vostra vita, sire.~~

~~Salute davanti~~ <sup>del</sup> ~~sulle soglie~~ <sup>del</sup> ~~all'entrata di~~  
~~una folla armata, e ripieno~~ <sup>di</sup> ~~soldati~~ <sup>guardie</sup>.  
In plebaglia la chiama ~~il~~ <sup>il</sup> ~~signor~~, e grida ~~et~~ <sup>et</sup> ~~scylbando~~  
per nostro re. (Rimov crescent)

La Regina ~~Do sono le mie guardie?~~ <sup>che si sveglino a</sup>  
~~Le porte sono parzate~~ <sup>che si sveglino a</sup>  
(Entrano Laerte armato seguito dalla folla)

Laere ~~Orta il re?~~ <sup>(al popolo)</sup> ~~Signor. Arrestate~~  
~~tutti i suoi~~ <sup>e</sup> ~~svegliate le porte~~  
(La folla si ritira) <sup>(al u)</sup> ~~Et tu, o re,~~ <sup>restitu</sup> ~~il tuo~~  
~~padre~~

Al u. ~~Caluntes, mi lava Laerte.~~

Laerte - La gioia di sangue che resterà calm in me  
non proclamerò bastardo, e marcherò sull'fronte  
così <sup>il</sup> ~~non~~ <sup>mentre</sup> ~~la~~ <sup>tra</sup> ~~di~~ <sup>adultera</sup>

Al re - Io sono innocente della morte di tuo padre, se Polonio il  
tuo spirito vedeva che non tuo amico - che si ardentemente  
vendicarlo.

to color

side.

family

to

to

to

to

to

to

to

to

1. *Oh! me dira où se trouve  
 ah! c'est un é mon amant, ou le reconaît  
 il a un drapreau à coquille, des sandales,  
 nettement étrange.* } Vers. II

2. *Je ne chante plus, si pleure. Io non canto, io piango*

3. *Dans le printemps d'avis  
 Il nous a quittés cruellement.  
 Sur sa tête maintenant croît  
 le gazon -  
~~Calce~~ des pieds une froidure  
 Ah, Ah!* } Vers

(enter cantando)

4. *Chi mi dirà dove si trova l'amor mio? il mio fidele  
 Si può riconoscer al bastone, ai sandali, al cappello d'ondiziglia  
 vestito strano.* } Vers 4

5. *La Regina — Chi vuol dire questa canzone?  
 Opf. — Io non canto, io piango.*

6. *Nella primavera della sua vita  
 egli è partito è morto, è partito è morto  
 (Nella primavera della sua vita  
 si abbandonò crudelmente  
 sulla terra eresa l'erba  
 Ai suoi piedi è pueri pietre  
 Ah! ah!...* } Vers 4

La Regina Ophelia!

Opf. Vi prego ascoltate attentamente...

7. *Il suo linguale bianco come la neve delle montagne  
 era tutto coperto di fiori* } Vers 4  
 ( *Chi scendeva i fiori che son d'azzurro nella sua tomba  
 bagnati di lagrime d'un d'ocero amaro.* )

8. *Piangete su lui, o <sup>frine</sup> del mattino  
 Perché io non ho più lagrime*

Il re. Come stai, gentile Ophelia?

9. *Grazie, che il buon Dio ~~mi ha~~ il vostro saluto vi protegga...  
 Si dica che la civetta ~~del~~ fornaio, noi sappiamo ciò  
 che diamo ma non sappiamo ciò che patiamo ~~diventare~~  
 Dio vi protegga.*

I

(atto IV.) Scm. V.

— Un appuntamento nel castello reale —

(Entrano La Regina ed Orazio.)

Reg. Io non voglio conversioni con esse

Oraz. Ella lo chiede con insistenza, in verità ella delira, il suo stato inspira la più profonda compassione!

Regina Che male essa fa me?

Oraz. Parla molto di suo padre, dice che sa che vi sono molte <sup>piave arti</sup> ~~arti~~ nel mondo, ~~in~~ <sup>percuote il</sup> ~~il~~ suo cuore, ~~si~~ <sup>si</sup> addegnò e va in collera <sup>contro</sup> ~~contro~~ per nulla, pronunzia delle parole ambigue che non hanno che un mezzo senso; queste parole non ~~significan~~ <sup>hanno</sup> l' significato, eppure la loro ~~for~~ <sup>vaga</sup> ~~vaga~~ <sup>forma</sup> ~~eccita~~ <sup>invita</sup> chi l' ascolta a riflettere e a ricercarne il senso per ~~aggiust~~ <sup>adattarlo</sup> al proprio pensiero, <sup>come esse</sup> ~~che~~ <sup>accompongono</sup> il suo dire cogli sguardi, coi segni ~~di capo~~ <sup>e</sup> ~~con~~ <sup>gli</sup> ~~gesti~~ <sup>strani</sup> ~~gesti~~ <sup>gesti</sup>, n' è indotto a pensare che ~~penso~~ <sup>sospetta</sup> che se nulla v'ha di certo, può nullameno esistere qualcosa di cattivo; sarebbe ben di parlarne con essa, perchè <sup>sembrano</sup> ~~potrebbe~~ <sup>negli</sup> ~~ment~~ <sup>spinti</sup> ~~pericolose~~ <sup>inclinati</sup> ~~congetture~~ <sup>al</sup> ~~ment~~ <sup>mal</sup> ~~ment~~ <sup>pensare</sup> negli spiriti inclini al male.

La Regina Che tu sia interdetta! (Orazio esce)

La Regina sola — Per la mia anima ~~ammalata~~ tutto sembra perdersi una grande sventura, tale è la natura del peccato. L' anima capovolta è con ~~agitata~~ <sup>agitata</sup> dalla inquietudine che si ~~penetra~~ <sup>penetra</sup> da se stessa per paura d'esser punita.

(Entrano Orazio ed Orlinda)

Non una? non una? Non  
fatto? non a  
it non: on  
fatto? non a  
fatto? non a  
fatto? non a  
fatto? non a  
fatto? non a  
fatto? non a

(Entrano Orazio ed Ofelia.)

Il mio amor  
L'ama mia dov'è partito?  
Oh Chi mel dirà?  
Ai suoi sandali, al cestito  
Conoscer si potrà.

Ofelia (cantando)

L'amor mio dov'è partito?  
Oh Chi mel dirà?

~~Non so dove al cestito~~ Ai suoi sandali, al cestito  
~~Conoscer si potrà.~~ *Moodyjewski*

La Regina — Che vuol dire questa canzone?

Ofelia — Io non conto, io piango.

(canta)

Egli è morto, oh penna acerba!  
Sen partì da me!  
Sul suo capo cresce l'erba  
Sul naso ha il piè!  
Il palmo sopra al piè.  
Ah! ah!....

*Chitapowski*  
*Met M<sup>n</sup> Chitapowski*  
*Ma il pulc-*  
*bagno*  
*verona*  
*fiore*

La Regina — Ofelia!

Ofelia. Vi prego, ascoltarmi attentamente...

(canta)

(entrando il re) — Sulla tomba, o fior, sedete  
Sì di un' anima...  
La lui, o brina, piangete  
Pianto io non ho...

*Sulla tomba, o fior, sedete*  
*Al mare piangete*  
*In lui, o brina, piangete*  
*Più pianto non ho.*

Il re — Come stai, gentile Ofelia?

Ofelia — Grazie — Che il buon Dio vi protegga. Si dice che la cattedra è  
figlia d'un farnocio, non sappiamo ciò che siamo, ma non sappiamo  
ciò che potremo diventare.

Il re — È il pensiero di suo padre che offende la sua mente.

Ofelia. Parate, vi prego; ma se ve ne si domanda il senso, rispondete così:

~~Parate~~  
È la festa di San Valentino  
Già la notte se ne va.  
Dell'amante al uerone il mattono  
Solcemente batte già.

L'aria è piena di fragoranza,  
Lì levosi e l'uscio aprì...  
E la vergine entrò nella stanza,  
Ma più vergin non ne uscì!

Il re — Ofelia!

Ofelia — Lasciatemi ~~partire~~ <sup>continuare</sup> — finirò presto, e senza far giuramenti.

Un'oca dal ciel mi guida al core:  
Oh uagogna! oh dolore!  
Ah! i giuramenti far torli peccati  
Dal demone ispirati!



Ulla dice :

Lei detto e le lasse m'hai sedotta,  
Tua sposa mi chiamavi.  
Ma davanti l'altor non m'hai condotta,  
Mentir e m'ingannavi.

Egli risponde :

Diresti i tuoi rimproveri, o uggion,  
Le non ti fo mia sposa.  
Alla vergin rimulti i giuramenti,  
E vergin or non sei.

Il re — Da quanto tempo è in questo stato?

Ofelia — Spero in Dio, tutto si accomoderà, bisogna pazienza, ma non posso frenar le mie lagrime quando mi ricordo che fu messo nella fredda terra; mio fratello saprà ciò.... E dunque vi ringrazio per i vostri buoni consigli. Fate venire il mio equipaggio... Buona notte, mie signore.... buona notte, gentili signore.... buona notte.... buona notte.....

(esce)

(entra Ofelia)

Laerte. ecc. ecc. —

Ofelia (cantando)

Colla terra la sua testa  
Oh! ricoprir!  
Sotto pietra pietra ei resta  
Senza sospir!

Dual profumo di viola  
Il mio pedel  
Vola, vola, vola, vola  
In verso il ciel!

Colla terra colla terra la sua testa  
Oh! ricoprir!

~~Waaa! ooh! ooh! ooh!~~ Sotto pietra pietra ei resta  
Senza sospir!

Dual profumo di viola  
Il mio pedel  
Vola, vola, vola, vola  
In verso il ciel!

Laerte — ecc. ecc. —

Ofelia (canta)

Ah! le lagrime son vane,  
Egli non è più!  
Or le pene di campane  
L'onore puoi tu!...

Come stanno bene insieme i versi, il canto e i fiori. E' la storia  
del perfido intendente che involò la figlia del suo signore.

Laerte ecc.

Ophelia /canta/

Non verrà? non verrà più?  
No... no... ~~Egli morì!~~ <sup>che</sup> ~~egli morì!~~ <sup>egli morì!</sup>  
A morir voi pure tu,  
~~che~~ ~~finito~~ è il dì!  
Come neve tutta bianca <sup>il povero</sup>  
La bastarda egli ha  
Il signor dell'alma stanco  
Abbia pietà!

*Tutto finito!*  
*Ché...*

E di tutte le altre anime cristiane, io ne prego Dio. Dio  
sia con voi / ecc /

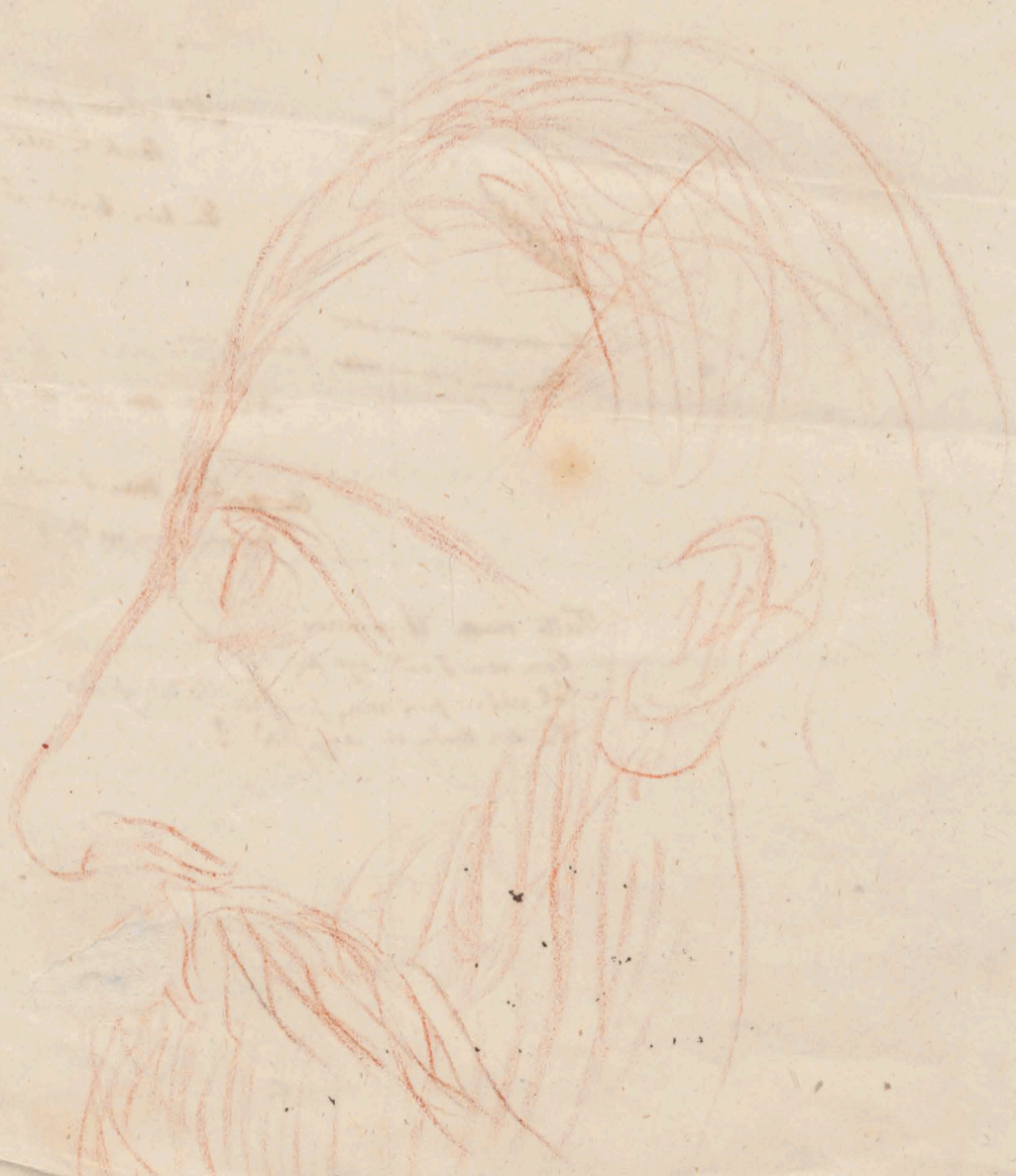
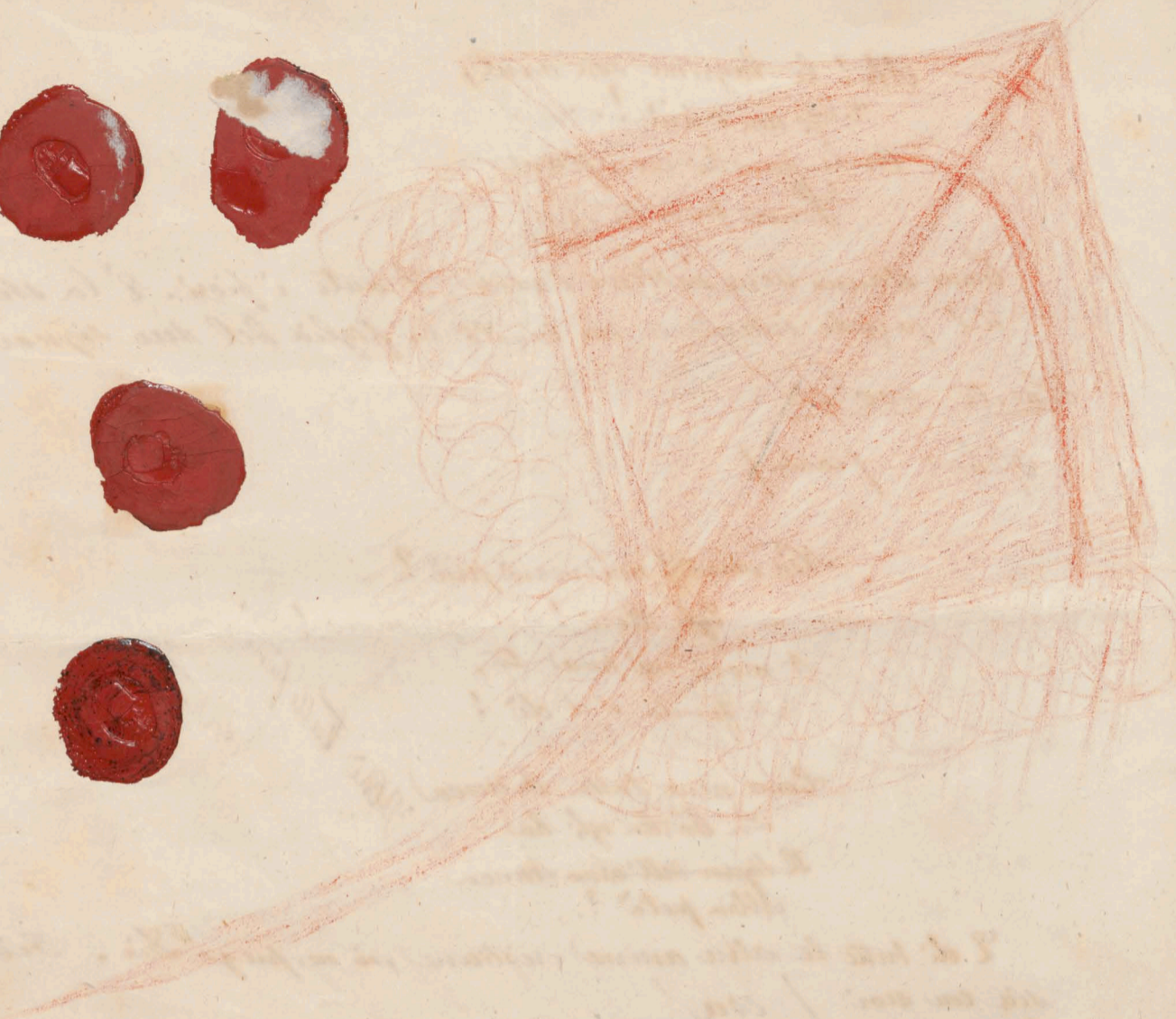
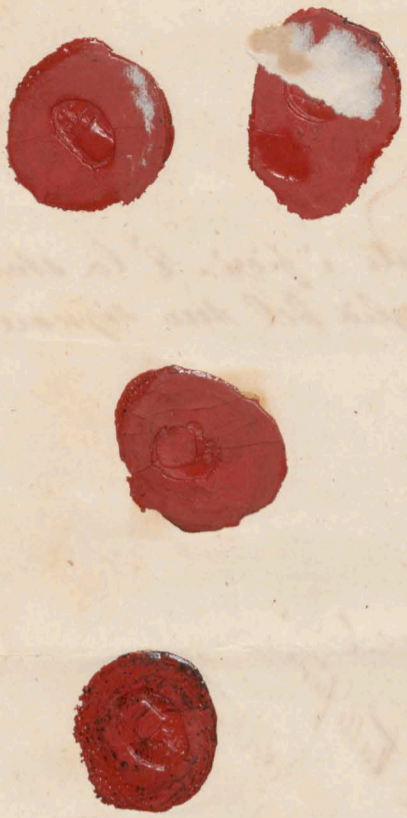
*Chorus*

Nel vero più <sup>mai più</sup> ~~mai più~~  
~~che~~ ~~non~~ ~~lo~~ ~~so~~ ~~ho~~  
La sua tomba è ~~veggibile~~.

~~La sua tomba con neve~~  
~~con neve~~ ~~con neve~~ ~~con neve~~ ~~con neve~~  
~~con neve~~

~~con neve~~ ~~con neve~~ ~~con neve~~  
~~con neve~~ ~~con neve~~ ~~con neve~~  
~~con neve~~ ~~con neve~~ ~~con neve~~

Tutta ~~con~~ ~~neve~~ ~~con~~ ~~neve~~  
Con neve ~~con~~ ~~neve~~ ~~con~~ ~~neve~~  
Nel vero più ~~mai~~ ~~più~~ ~~mai~~  
La sua tomba è ~~veggibile~~!



scena ostatnia aktu czwartego  
Rienzi Paula wpadajac matematycznie i ciezko Lucio

Paula  
czy to prawda ze Lucio na imieniu skarany?

Rienzi  
Pracodawca.

Paula  
czy ty nie potwierdzisz wyroku.

Rienzi  
Nie potwierdzam.

Paula  
to go wprawdzie natychmiast

Rienzi  
nie może

Paula  
musisz

Rienzi  
nie mogę do tego mieć czasu.

Paula  
Kto? nie wiem... ale czyś ty nie kłóci się z kimś? Bóg wie. bo ty go  
nie widzisz - umiesz - takie wie - bo ty go nie masz - a więc może ja.

Rienzi  
Paula trzebiez myśleć

Paula  
Nadziejmy się straciła a w niemiarę i widać i pamięć wystraszona co robisz  
(kierując go do drzwi) Dajaj: pójź odwołanie!

Rienzi (odpychając się)

Wycieram twemu obywateli. ale idź do siebie. kobiety nie powinny się mieszać

Paula  
To to narwaną sprawami publicznymi - morderstwo dokonane z zimną krewią  
na swoim przysięgłym - na swoim dobroczyńcy

Rienzi  
upamiętniaj się kobiety

Paula  
To sobie należy się upamiętniać i cofnąć przed obydwojmi i przed którąś  
bratobójczą jest jeszcze niczym (chwyta go powtórnie za rękę)  
Dajaj: pójź natychmiast wrócić uwolnienia Lucio

Rienzi (odracując się matematycznie)

Paula  
Dziękuję ci bardzo

(Paula porostaje w niemiarę otupienia Lucio podchodzi  
do Rieniego)

Lucio (wzrostem i żółcią)  
odracując się w kierunku prosby kwitów iony. wiesz nie mogę się spodziewać żeby  
moje słowa mogły ci wam być u siebie. Jednak muszę rozmówić się z tobą.

Rienzi  
chocierż mówię

Lucio  
nie potrzebuję na to pozwolenia - mówię. ponieważ potrzebuję mówić  
a ty czy chcesz czy nie chcesz musisz mieć wystrach i pewność  
poszar ostatni. Jestem prosty i szlachetny i nie umiem tak, jak ty, radować  
myślom swoim kunsztownej formy, wstawiać doborowymi słowami, robić z biatego  
czarne a z czarnego białe i przekonywać językiem prostodurne słowa  
ale za to powiem to co myślę. - Od czasu jakiegoś czasu obywateli  
wielkich dobrodziejów które przez ciebie na świat cały iptygnęły miały odda  
Tom ci się wiać i duszą i duszą i duszą. wiesz nie mam czasu na wystrach  
jako jak i tepe narędnie wystrach w mi oskarżeń. Właściwie ci być gra  
nie i chociaż czasem portyktu swoje nie wydawaj mi się zgodzemi ani  
z twoimi słowami ani z wyrażoną uwagą. nie roztrząsam ich wcale  
tylko mówię sobie: Jestem ciemny nieokreślony człowiek nie idźmy pojąć  
wzrosty myśli Rieniego ale on wie w sobie!

Rienzi  
I taki byt powinien dotrzeć do końca

Lucio  
Wolałbym być prostym i głuchym - ale nie mam moim  
Zarazem chwyty mówię ci i przekonaniem się że wystrach swoje

piłwe słowa to blichtr i kłamstwo! i nie pod porożem studenta wielkiej i mądrej  
sprawie słuzgn tylko widokom mojej orenarywanej duszy i ambicji.

Rienri wyraża się

To nie prawda!

Luccio nie wierząc

Teraz się przekonatem się ostatecznie do czego jesteś zdolny i pochodzi ci po  
włoskiej wodze i samowolnym popętni wielkiej podłości.

Rienri (okunijając się i a mierny

gdyby mi to kto inny powiedział wywręby na miejscu.

Luccio

Gniewu twojego się nie lekam nie jestem twoim matrym pochlebcom.

Stawiam jańi proste warunki nie umiem słow w bawetną obronę.

Rienri

Nobee tego innego nie miałybym się do usprawniania moich uczuć  
ale w obec ciebie w mi dacie tyle dowodów poświęcenia nie chcę uchodzić za gor-  
szego niż jestem. Trudno mi teraz na razie wyjaśnić ci dostatecznie wszystkie  
potrzeby mojego postępowania ale przysięgam ci Luccio na Boga który nas  
wysłuchał i będzie ci nie ambicją i nie dumą oświeconą krzyżem skemi kow-  
kami i nie nawet ten miły straszny postępek i kłopotom który cię takty igro-  
z i oburzeniem przejmuje jest jednak najczystszy i najboleśniejszy i najstraszny  
ofiary dla dobra wielkości Kraju.

Luccio

Dla dobra i wielkości Kraju... Tak się wyraży brani Humanis.

Uciemiężają... zdradają... mordują... kępią ogniem i mieczem ciele  
nawiny... popełniają tyżca okrucieństw i podłości - a wysyłka dla dobra  
i wielkości Kraju.

Rienri

Takie wie przekonani?

Luccio

Nie staram się przekonywać a tylko powiadam ci po raz ostatni  
że nie odwołam wyroku na kładzie.

Rienri po chwili milenia

Nie mogę -

Luccio

Nie mówię - a więc dobrze. Wtenas kiedy werytem w ciebie jak wja  
Riego boga przysięgam dla ciebie i ci i ginę. Teraz on się wolno  
nym i tej przysięgi. Nie mogę powstac współnikiem twoich wrodni  
i pomagam ci na zawsze. Trzymaj na mojem imieniu byty ci i set roztra-  
skat i moichy lepiej byto. Ta tylko wydos z wyczo serca kandy  
mył o bled i porostawis ci bezułowu i wysłupkom swoim.

Podchodzi powoli. Rienri wyraża się z nim i cel jakby gochwał i strajmu  
potem spowiera się i porostawia miloszy i podchylone głowa -

po matcy panie Paola niby se ma składowa podchodzi do Rienriego!

Paola

Rienri! ty jesteś wzmronym... mysltam się myslam ies ty próbawony  
wielkich ludzkich wami... Obstawiam się słowami... przebac memu  
umieszczenia... Błagam cię -

Pytam się gwałtownie... bytam wrotem  
O ty premier mudi mudi serce w swym tonie! Dan się miszkę  
Naprawdai? (pada przed nim na kolana) U nóg twoich wstaję i się  
będę i ciebie także doprosy jakże nie dan przystupa lepremu  
natchnieniu. Badi młocierzym. badi uprawnienym. Nie  
doprosi iguby niewinnego

Rienri Tagidnie

Paola przestani mi nie męczy. Sprawiszliwie się wyraży drzewi aby wy  
dotyły kraye bolu a pierci mojej.

Paola

Uwiesz daj się ubłagaj. Niech ten kraye bolu będzie rariem otory  
kiem przebaczenia. Trist to dla matki. Tak matko miałam  
dowodów miłości od ciebie. Życie moje było tak pełne gorzkiej  
i wdreceni... nie miałeś nigdy wylada na mnie  
cierpiatam w milczeniu i samotności... a i dnate wob te jedynę  
Tarkę a rapemny o Trach które wylata i będs się kłopotawie  
pner cate życie.

Rienri odwracając się od niej półgłosem

To jest najczystszy dzień mojego życia.

Paola po pau  
wie dwa m  
godny lu  
tego kł  
kóry ci  
staws  
serce i  
wysłupk  
Rienri igon  
Tuolo de  
fistretu  
Paola pow  
On moim  
Rienri  
nie po  
moje  
caul ta  
Luccio  
wyrok  
Paola d  
wyrok  
moje  
Boli r  
Luccio  
Rienri  
Isbe  
tam g  
chous  
o inne  
kšore  
to p  
sład  
i pny  
Ale  
opre  
tta.  
mar  
Toni  
by  
Lilian  
Paola  
or  
gi  
m  
re  
p  
Mo  
Pa  
go  
ie  
er  
p

Paula po pauze

Nie chce mi robić dla mnie - nie - niech i tak będzie! Mnie nie jestem  
godną swojej Partii. Ale pomyśl tego na śmierć skazyjcie?  
tego który ci był przyjacielem, bratem, wreszcie nie bratem nawet  
który ci poświęcił wszystko i któregoś zawiadomienie moje wyczerpienie  
śmierci i wielkości. Precz! by go mniatej kochał chociaż by miał  
serce i karmienie jego co tak miśkietny i czyty i tak wyjęty nad  
wszystkich innych ludzi

Przemysł

Paulo mówisz o nim o takim uniesieniu jak tyłko mnie mówisz  
kobieta o swoim kochanku

Paula powstaje

On mój kochankiem! Ale więcej w to w miarę.

Rienzi

Nie powstrzymam się przed swoim kochankiem i ona Rienziego nie  
może być posiadłona o inną miłość. Chociaż tyłko wyraził się  
całkowicie swoją przechodzi wszystkie granice.

Lecco

Wyrzucił mi wykonany obrazek do płucenia

Paula chwyciła się za nogi i ~~chwytała~~ (ad ~~lecco~~)

Wyrzucił mi wykonany - Zbrodnia dopetrona... (Liz i skłębła  
moje nie są mi nie przeszedł. Złoty nie wsknisi a kocham miłość  
Sole skazy. Woi upskonen. O Mnie akwa tego utworzka,  
(przechyjać się i wrucić do Rienziego)

Rienzi, popetroni straszny zbrodnia a ja nie mogę pozwolić jej na  
tobie tak jakbym chciała... jednak spróbuj się ~~nie~~ zranie  
tam gdzie cię ranie moim - to jest w swojej duszy i pyrze.

Chociaż przed chwilą je i ona Rienziego nie może być posiadłona  
o inną miłość - Młodzi cię - ja kochata tego utworzka  
któregoś samowdował. Guido nie był moim kochankiem

to prawda ale dla tego tyłko je nim by nie chciał. Był ra  
oświeca miłym i miłkuchielnym i przeszył obowiazek kocham  
i przyjaźni nad głoś w tamtego sercu bo on może kochat takie

Ale wiedź że na jedną jego stronę bytaby i duma i rozkosz  
opuściła cię i panta ra nim choiły na koniec świata

ta! widygam się - blednien i gwiezda - ugodritam cię wice  
nawracie nie wiece, kłóczy nie man ale w pychy i zawarumia

Toi twoja. Tak powtarzam ci: kochatam Guidona  
tylko ile dziś ciębie nienawidzę.

Milani i wysileniem

Milani!  
Paula

Nie nakerien mi dziś miłkuchiem. Ja się wrogam i kocham  
gwiezda i psyardram kweini gwiezdomi. Chęć wodroci berst  
na wskielwie kochaj. Zabij mnie jeżeli chcesz bo będzie  
mój tryumf nad tobą. Zabijcie przyjaciele zabij i idźcie  
zabijaj i morduj bar konca póki nie upadnien sam

pod osiarem krost i przeklenistw.  
Młodzi nami wszystkie skoniwne wszystkie prócz nienawistci  
(Złoty obrzuty słabus a rski i Depere)

Patrz obo myślam ten pierdoci który pali moją rękę i Depere  
go pod nogami. Miśkam i pod tego dachu gdzie obcamo  
iść moja ratowam powietrze a na poręgannde rucam

ci ostatnie przeklenistwo. Preklinam i gwiezdy Duszy ciębie  
preklinam wszystkie w i robim, wszystkie przez się i Tokkosen

wynytke z mem pomyslin  
(biegnie ku drzwiom)

Pieni

gdzie brygnien nalona  
Piola utrzymujemy na chwile  
choiby na dnie tytm sukai wbie skronienia byle uelre  
nie widnei i nie styrej, poi wiszej. Bodi praktytym,  
praktytym, praktytym a wipomnij iobie na moie w godziny  
imieris trzej.

(wypada gwałtownie i cenz)

ceco podkusi

La kobieta cyranie warjowata

Pieni (nie odpuwioda lewor, pit strem petylon)

Wryty moie opuniaz - wysaj moie praktytym

(podkusi odrytkuie entory)

Niech bydl praktytym imie moie, ale niech stanic niote dnelo!

Za Pana spada

koniec ciwotego akte

Przez dwie sie w Anglii, w czasie wyjazdów, których rezultatem było ustąpienie z tronu Karola II króla, Franciszka II?.

Carlo młody ówto wiek w państwie jako miasto Palermo, kocha Belcolora, córkę jedyną gubernatora wyspy, posiadającego znaczną fortunę, młotem swego dzieciaka i który przytem samemu, Carlo'owi, świadczył przez cały czas o wiele dobrego. Je nagle interesuje daty chorazowej nowej partii i przyłącza się do demokracji, skutkiem czego obrany narzek w końcu w wieloletniej spiskowej, opuszcza Palermo, kawiadomierzy tylko listownie Belcolora i zamiast porozumienia po paru miesiącach i kłamię przesłata, przed nią powody, które go zmusiły do wyjazdu. Spiskowcy, zorganizowani wkrótce w bandę, namyślają rozbójniczo, stają się, po strachu wyspy, osublimie całego jej państwa, a imię Rodrygo, które Carlo przybrał sobie teraz, krąży po wszystkich ustach, obija się, tak że często dziwiąkiem tajemniczej grozy o uszy Belcolora. Wyrok spiskowców skazuje na śmierć gubernatora. Losowanie ma rozstrzygnąć, kto będzie wykonawcą wyroku. Carlo, niewiedząc o myśli i pochodzenia swego entonku spisku, wyciąga los. Czy kiedyś walczył, walczył swego dobroczyńcę a ojea swojej ukochanej?... Godzina dwunasta jednej nocy wyznaczona jest do wypełnienia wyroku spiskowców. Carlo w trzy dni przed tym terminem daje znać Belcolora o jego widzeniu się z nią w ogrodzie pałacu jej ojca; kartka oznajmiająca jej to dochochdzi jej ręk, jakkolwiek pierwój wpada w rącz jej kochanki konorswej, kochając się również również ją i jej ojca. Carlo, a wiedząc, spiskowców, nie idzie, wykonął wyrok nad gubernatorem, przybywa w godzinie, prosi o ogródek z jednej strony ogrodu, w miejsce, gdzie in przedtem widywał zwykle spotykać z Belcolora i... o to nie mamy przed sobą.

Na scenie ogród - gazon na lewo - po prawej stronie miejsce kawałka - w głębi, z pokądnem przebiega woda. Noc, jako zwykle przyświeca kochankom - cisza w powietrzu. —  
Na prawo Belcolora siedzi na ławce - Carlo w nog jej półsiedząc, pół leżąc, niedbale opiera głowę na jej kolanach, tak, iż ułożony twarz ku Belcolora, widoczny jest keratem jego twarzy dla widzących. —  
Belcolora.

O czym myślisz teraz Carlo i czemuś smutny?  
Tęskno smutny taki?.. Czemu? - Dwa dnie miesiąc,  
jak dwa wieki, przeżyłam bez ciebie! - Okrutny!  
Czyli nie widzisz, jak mi dręży o to gorące  
Sny w oczach? - jak ja całą dręży o to? - A!.. moim,  
Moim ty mnie i widzieli nie chcesz?.. nie chcesz słyszeć?..  
Moim...

Carlo. /z roztargnieniem i unowazą nic co z twój/  
Która godzina, powiedz, keram będzie?

Belcolora.

Godzina?..

Carlo.

A! jak tu parno! - jak tu trudno dyśać! -  
Jak tu... Która godzina? - która? - Czyli już usnęłam?  
Czyli tak? - Czemu milczysz? - Mów co, Belcoloro! (wskazuje ręką spokojnie  
z głębi - przytęszony)  
Powiedz... kochasz mnie jeszcze?

Belcolora.

Czy ja kocham cię?..



Brednick, Carlo! -- Serca ciekota? -- czy i nocna powrota  
Spieszysz się, Dąbzd? czy mi niewolno dla siebie  
k twego życia dziś nawet takiej utraćcie chwili!  
Która godzina, pytasz? -- Ja ciebie cenię,  
A ty o czas nie drożysz! -- Myślalam, że milęj,  
Lepiej spędzasz go ze mną! -- (Sizga do jego piersi i wyjmując zegarek, podnosi  
go ku oczom swoim -- następnie mówi:)  
Zegarek wskazuje

Północ..

Carlo /probiegając przez ciemność, jakby chciał przeskoczyć/

Północ!!..

Belcolora: /nie wygarniając z ręki zegarka, taki, jak Tam  
czoch jego przyczepił do piersi Carlo, i  
trzymuje tego ostatniego cięgle w miejscu/

Równincko! -- skądś taka jakaś  
Utkwiła we drzwiach! -- ... (po chwili i obejmując rękami szyję Carlo!)

Carlo! nio caro!

Co tobie? Od jak dawna niewiesz tajemnice,  
O których ja nie mogę powiedzieć? -- Katem marzę,  
Snuąc tylko nasza przesady? i przysięgi twój  
Takie stabe? i nie wstyd tobie...

Carlo: /zakrywa jej twarz ręką/  
Belcolora!

Lamila, lamila, na Boga!

Belcolora:

Lamila? ... A ty moje,  
Ciepłe ty, co mi pomełata tęskniąc jak na rękę,  
ka tą chwilą! -- A ból mój!.. O, czy cię wabił  
znawał losy i smutek ja samotna, jedna,  
Jak wolica na skale pod pustym obłokiem,  
Kostanę? -- Carlo! -- zdrada jest ciebie twym wyobrażeniem?  
Umiesz i ty zdradzać? .....

O, biedna ja! biedna! .....

Od trzech już noczy oto sen nad moim oknem  
Nie spoczęła na chwilę... serce mi tak biło  
Moim, gdy w twój spieszysz... ja tak kocham ciebie  
Bez granic!.. a ty, a ty, a ty na moim kolanie!

Pytasz się o gościnę? -- Czyli krzyżyc na niebie  
 Nie instancuje ci jasno, że teraz gościnna,  
 O którejś mnie tu przedtem, tu zawsze, widywał  
 I pomyślał na dźwięk, na wieczne kochanie!... (Naszył się tu kłamiem  
 bardzo i jeszcze!)  
 .. Czy Carlo o tym wysłkiem sobie pomyślał.

Carlo. (udziwny i dziwny i dziwkojony, za namy  
 Belcolora!)  
 O tych chwilkach?.. Nie pytaj o nie, moja droga,  
 Nie pytaj! -- Carlo do nich nigdy się nie przyznał.  
 One go bodeją! kolają!.. one mu od Boga  
 Są skazaniem!.. wspomnienie o nich, to.. krucizma!!

Belcolora.

Bowie! co słyszysz!

Carlo.  
 Słyszysz.. i przeklinasz tego,  
 Kto kwiat twych wczuć niszczy tak pękło i marne  
 Dotychczas, -- teraz jeszcze do tona twój  
 Tuli się, jak wgi tuli do niego i garnie --  
 Pchnij mnie od siebie! od pędzi wgi, Belcolora!  
 Dopóki jeszcze czuje, że wgiem jest... Chwila  
 Jedna go umienie może -- a wtedy... niech zbiorę  
 Wszystkie się nad mą głowę niszczenia! -- niech zgine  
 Kto mięży Bogu, światu i sobie i sobie!  
 Pnieć mnie!! (rywa się na nogi i chce uciekać)

Belcolora. (rywa się i tak i następnym  
 mu drogę)

Carlo! -- ja wprost ot tak lubię przepływać,  
 Kwa twój tódka! -- Ja w wodę się wleczę! -- Ja zrobię  
 Nie wiem co, jeśli pójdziesz!... Carlo! kłęknij jeszcze,  
 Kłęknij przy mnie (pryciągnął go na swój bok ku tawce, siada jak  
 przed sobą Carlo umieszcza się również w dającym porcie  
 u niego i jej i powiedk, co znaczą te słowa)

Ktoś wywrękt przed chwilą -- Carlo! swoja głowa  
 Musi się kolic' bardzo, bo w rzece jak w kleszcze  
 Ja scisnął... Co sobie?..  
 O, ja nieszczęśliwa! --

Carlo. /z wyjątkiem i patrzę na miłość Belcolory/

Nie mi nie jest! - jam kłamca! - Lekko mi i tego  
Daj sobie! Z oczu twych, jakby z gwiazd, prawdziwa  
Błyska światłości na duszę moją i nie mogąc  
Ładnie raje dorównać mej rozkoszy! - Nieraz,  
Nieraz, gdy bym był bez ciebie, najdroższa! jam marzył  
O dawnym stworzyciu - los je wyta mi rękę tenar,  
Czego mi więc potrzeba więcej? - - Belcoloro!  
Jabym się napręć Boga samego odwręcić  
W nog twych i. sobie powiedziałbym jednę;  
Jedną na całym świecie, nieś mi data życie  
I... d...!

Belcolora.

Czego chcesz więc, czemu się więc biednej  
Wypierasz Belcolory i zamiast obficie  
Dać rozkosz z tego świata, jakie nam los daje,  
Ty mi klomecujesz, Carlo! - Powiedz, powiedz, drogi,  
Co na tego przychylna? Co mnie się wydaje,  
Ces ty się b...no umiesz od tej pory bliżej,  
W którejś tu raz ostatni był ze mną -

Carlo.

Niestety,

Ami trochę!

Belcolora.

Niestety...<sup>12</sup>

Carlo.

Ha ci nadzieję? - na cóż! - Czy ostre są kłoty,  
Pod którymś na chwile, padną krwią obryzane,  
Warte są twych cierpień lub tryzoka twego?  
Albo warte me grzechy, abyś ty cierpiata  
ta nie, o Belcoloro moja...<sup>12</sup>

Belcolora.

Co takiego

Móroisna, mój Carlo! - Carlo! ja Drog... Jakże smiata  
 Znajduie się Dosty' rzeka, co no ty pierś uderzy!  
 Jakim są co no tygi ty subachetny Drog...  
 I ha co!... Czy mój Carlo już w siebie nie wierzy,  
 że tak bluzni przeciwko sobie?... lub ja kuszę  
 Morie go na kta jakie swą wielką miłością?  
 Móro, Carlo! - Czy ty tego nie a nie nie wiesz,  
 że two serce miłczenie jest dla mnie - wieczności!  
 że ty w tych kilku chwilach nabijasz mnie! trójca!  
 Tróciawis...!

Carlo.

Dosty! w Drog - więcej ani sterwał!  
 Do kług się naobadwaserca co no nas bije,  
 że nie wataje Drog i - Brois! - i.. grawa  
 W Drogie tak się rozprysnie!

Belcolora.

Carlo!

Carlo.

... i wzywa  
 Wszystkie cucia w mój pierśi rwaru na ty chwila  
 I w srystkie myli rwaru w tej chwili powstawa  
 Ws rosytych kytkach Drog... i wspomnieli w ty le  
 Na rwar móg mi raktóci, nie... O, moja droga!  
 gdzie rzecki swoje? - gdzie są, moja Belcolor'o!  
 Daj je tw! wch ty grawo! i nie pytaj więcej  
 O nie mnie, bo ja tobie nie uderza, prowa  
 Nie powiem - na sto przeszerot, ni na sto tysicy  
 Wcis kóno!

Belcolora.

Wize kamitknę - wize ustucham siebie -  
 Wize Dobro!.. Nisch się burka rozgromi nademna  
 W catym roskotem - ale.. ale o to siebie  
 Rozwolisz rozaknie.

Carlo.

O nie! w nie! - Nadaremno  
 Struci się strona -

Belcolora.

Co!..?.. nawet nie wolno się spytać,  
Czy będzie burza? - o to, co mówię, nie zginięsz,  
Hei ostatni raz we mną! - - (Bragalnie)

Carlo! gdyby schwytał  
Moimś choć jedno słówko z ust twoich!... (po chwili)  
Przeptynieś

Tę ot wodę i magłę w Dągiego brzegu,  
K którego jutro do murów winienbyś wrócić,  
Kabiję cię.. i tutaj murze, murze życie skroć  
Nie będzie nawet kamru! i w okropnym biegu  
Myśli mych ja utracę pamięć i wspomnienie  
I nawet tęsknić, ptakać po tobie nie dotam  
I tylko będę czekać, czekać nieśkończenie  
Nie wiedząc sama kogo, a gdy cię nawotam  
Czasami, jedno puste echo świątę brzmienie  
Słowa "Carlo" powtórzę tylko i...

(Carlo wyprosił się tu moment.  
- Belcolora schwytała go  
na ręce i wstaje takie!  
Człowieku!

Gdy w tobie ludzkie serce jeszcze dotąd bije,  
Powiedź mi prawdę, bo ja.. w tej co widział, rodu,  
Plusną wpróż nim ty pójdziesz! bo.. ja się kabiję,  
Wpróż nim krok utędy wyrzisz!... (tępo bragalnie)

Carlo! caro mio!

Mio caro! no powiedz, powiedz!.. Ja w toba  
Moieby w posata wbedy.. moie try obmyję,  
Kag oja rany swoje i kostaniem z sobą  
Twoje ma del i two życie w móm ryku kostanie..  
Mio Carlo! - Czy ta cęta prośba nadaremna?  
Wież zginięsz?.. wige ta gręwa na mojem kotarce  
Nie spocnie..

Carlo.

Nigdy!!

Belcolora.

Boże! kmitnij się nademną!  
(wyprosił momentem tuż)

Carlo. / Który idzie się w tej chwili: Zawsze walczy  
całkiem w gęstym ogrodzie, po lewej stronie - pod bie-  
gajce do Belcalory i chwytając ją za rękę - i wio-  
dąc ją z sobą i z kawałkami /

Samca jakis!... Ciekaw, Droga moja Belcaloro!  
Jeżeli mnie a toba tutaj kto unajdzie, to... biada,  
Biada nam! - Ciekaw...

Belcaloro. (zrozumieć się rozumieć nie mogą)

Jakto! - Ktoby wamę porę  
Jawiat tu przyje, Carlo? - Wszyscy śpią i nie wiedzą  
Cicho niechciecie - Co tobie? - Wzrost prawdą... o Boże!  
Coś mi mówią? - wzrost prawdą, że... (Wzrost może być z kawałkami  
w tej samej stronie i prochułi  
która się do Carlo, szepotem  
prawi, mówić!)

Samca! sameo wistocie! -

Kryj się! przydek! daj mi się! ja potamieć no nie  
Wszystkie mi! ja cię abawia, abawia mi! klej no cie!  
Mój Carlo!... Daj mi! daj go! - Kryj się! lub nie - w todkę

Siadajmy i odpuścimy! on nie do góra...

Przedkaj, przedkaj, mój drogi! - Mój drogi! minutkę  
Jeżeli odstęp mi a ty się, a potem... wiek dawno  
Wszystkie dno my Palermo nas naszym pogrzebie!  
Carlo! pójdź!... sam mówią, że ci idzie o mnie,  
A nie chce się ratować! - pójdź!...

Carlo.

Tak jest - dla ciebie

Muszę to zrobić. Muszę jak dwaćca nikczemnie  
Miechaj przed satyretem... Chodźmy! (zwraca się w stronę windy  
która jest w sceny)

Przedkaj, przedkaj!

Samca się wzmaga - Już blisko mi...

Belcaloro. (która już chiał a i w ostatnim się)

Carlo! co ty? ... (po chwili - w zgrozie i patrzy badawczo na tył Carlo! /  
o Boże! - czyż to takiej wzdry

Harixyby się, mój Carlo!... / Drogły Dasiy Dabotal - maskajoniel / reskarijga psalcent w lewz stronie - / -a najawizhny kowogay: /

Patw! patw!... kto tam stoi?...

/ Carlo pomwawosay iz tutaj na namis wa / unosi ku noodnie - wkrókał awikajg ka dnowami pokrywajgpeni bneg jexiona. / No tedy Dasi jakies postawiel wysnuwajg ni z gawery sznid w, a lewoj / jego stronny i spiasny, szybko ni wniei ku noodnie. / Dnowami - Po slwidli stychal dwa wystawaty a pistatki. /

/ Wastona spada. /

1<sup>st</sup> Act. Second Scene

Arrested. A Young Poet. Rosamond Princess  
Garden of Palace, Morning, Early.  
(City of Troas in Taurus)

Rosa., How many birds have opened? Only few:  
 (Just having Why they are right, they'll not see much in the world.  
 dismissed When they come out they'll wish they were at home again  
 come yet Again, and dreaming of the pretty sky,  
 Another That yet is moretimes clouded; most, the queens.  
 Lord) Those crazy roses with their so much blood,  
 Half blood, and half of fire to spill their blood  
 For something better! Keep your girlhood long  
 You'll find here nothing matching with yourselves.  
 And yet I must have flowers; my plot has failed.  
 Fie ye are no courtiers, none of ye ope out  
 To see who tis that praises; though I praise  
 Even, they swell not till they break. || Lily you (Puts one  
 Are a lily still and blush not, not even when (in her bosom)  
 I plant you in my peerless breast. Grow there,  
 You'll shake not more than in your summer air  
 Upon my heart. || I'll have a rope, star-like  
 Shine in my heaven of hair. Much better I know  
 To dub my charms than all my flatter-fools even.  
 Too black be heaven! A pall; that's good! How red!  
 Too red, a star of war; ominous (drops her hands)  
 and in these times  
 When every dawn the radiance of the East  
 Seems but of battle, and the red poured down,  
 As of the blood-flows from Celestial slaughters  
 Slow setting hither from Celestial plains.  
 Even heaven at strife; no law but of ourselves!  
 Left all to ourselves! Let doth this rose become me  
 (And there's a law.)



Ysneriffle.

And there's a law most binding to all women,  
Of Beauty- I must be dutious though this reign  
A very dog-star. Oh!

Arestar.

Good morning, Rose,

Oh, you moss-rose, how sweet and cool you bloom.  
It is scarce wondrous, since you grow ~~so~~ within  
So purer skies you make round you, and with  
The light of your own eyes.

Ros.

You do sleep yet,

Your face is clouded as your posy.

Ares.

This almost makes me think that never my lips  
Will close with yours; for when they will approach me  
I fear I surely then will die with the passion  
Of seeing them come near.

Ros.

May I make promise

They shall not slay you till you be turned grey,  
And then but to give you sweet death. I'll miss you.

Ares.

Oh, I swear you made that promise long ago.  
Vowed it, when a scared child to some slight-wind  
Or some cold aunt whose chatte-ghost shook the clorets.  
I'll witness to her some day you kept it holy.  
Oh, always, and I far from you, I breathe  
Scarcely the air about you, that yeams too,  
And faints, and falls.

Ros.

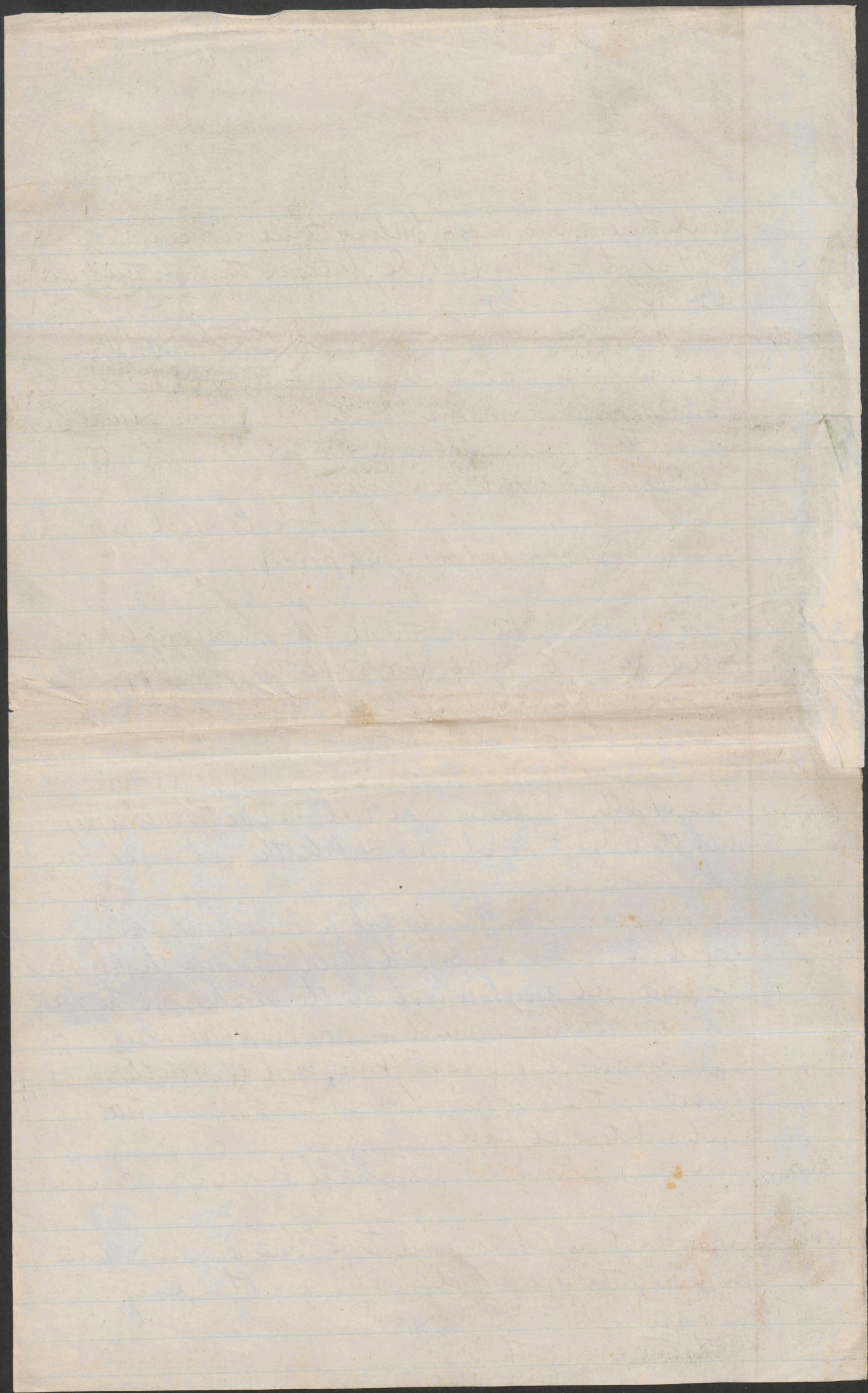
So shall I fall some day.

Ares.

But meantime let some bee take home remembrance  
And hive the honey and keep it for other days.

Ros.

And other months?



Ares.  
Ros.

Why no

Ay, no always

If the bee be any but thou.

Ares.

Why yes, that's true

I shake, yet sayst, would that I were <sup>the</sup> bee.  
<sub>you</sub>

Ros.

Why not my nightingale.

Ares.

Why I'm that now,

And feel the thorn against my breast, no more!  
And I pine too, and sing too thousand songs,  
Oh, million songs, yet you'll not listen, yet  
You'll hear the croak and grunt of every frog,  
Ay, you stoop low to listen, ~~down~~ <sup>over</sup> far more  
Than doth become a rose, to ~~the~~ hear the cries  
Of Cockadoodle Lood Cremore, who's fix'd  
Fast on one leg with bowing, and foreerors  
The dawn of every scandal, and that toad  
The shining Baron Google, who has learnt  
Somehow, to stand on his hind feet, and hold  
His fat front webs to each to steady him by;  
And villain-meaning, dotard-donig Sir Philip  
That would-be spider, past-doubt his own fly  
Since so he is caught in the web of his four-shanks.  
And every fool's piece of that marsh our court,  
While I stand shivering, with my throat attuned-

Ros.

Why are you then so jealous of such fools.

Ares.

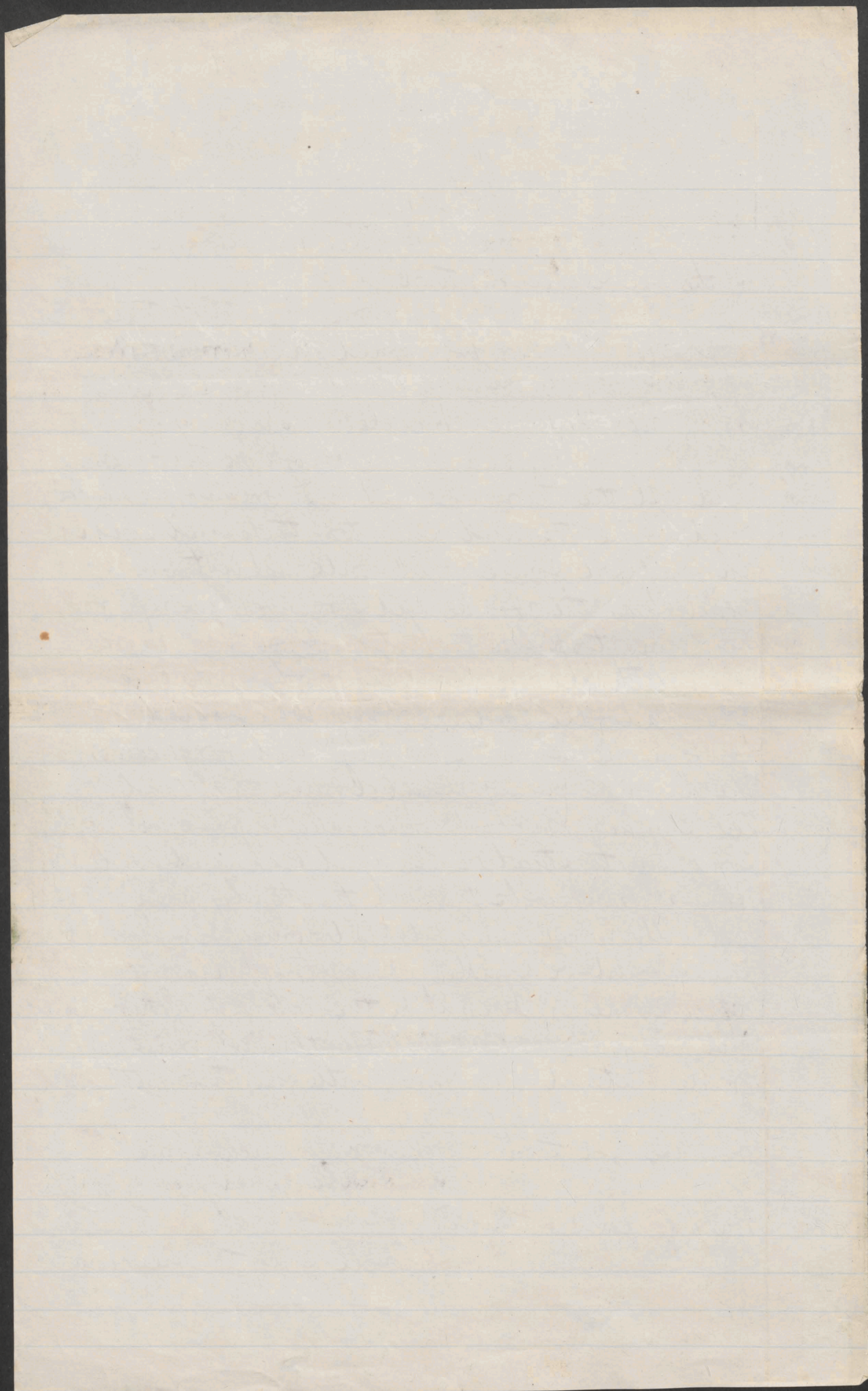
What jealousy, this is!

Ros.

Well sing to me now.

Ares.

Not now I'm sulky now.



Ros:

Why now, not now  
 He's sulky now. My squire, my page, my lover.  
 He our young Knights, that's why we love you, - stay  
 Heart over the flower-beds, - you that haste not straight  
 On things you care for, with much care to place  
 A caterpillar of worryment for you.  
 That even can bear to see us bloom and even  
 Not ask on the instant we be plucked and shown  
 Upon your ruffs as yours. They say look back  
 To see if they be ever tiptoed after.  
 They <sup>do protect</sup> guard us well, in prisons, but you,  
 My page, my lover, love me lovingly  
 And I trust you, and is not that enough.  
 And I think often of you, tenderly,  
 Always in my night-prayers.

Ares

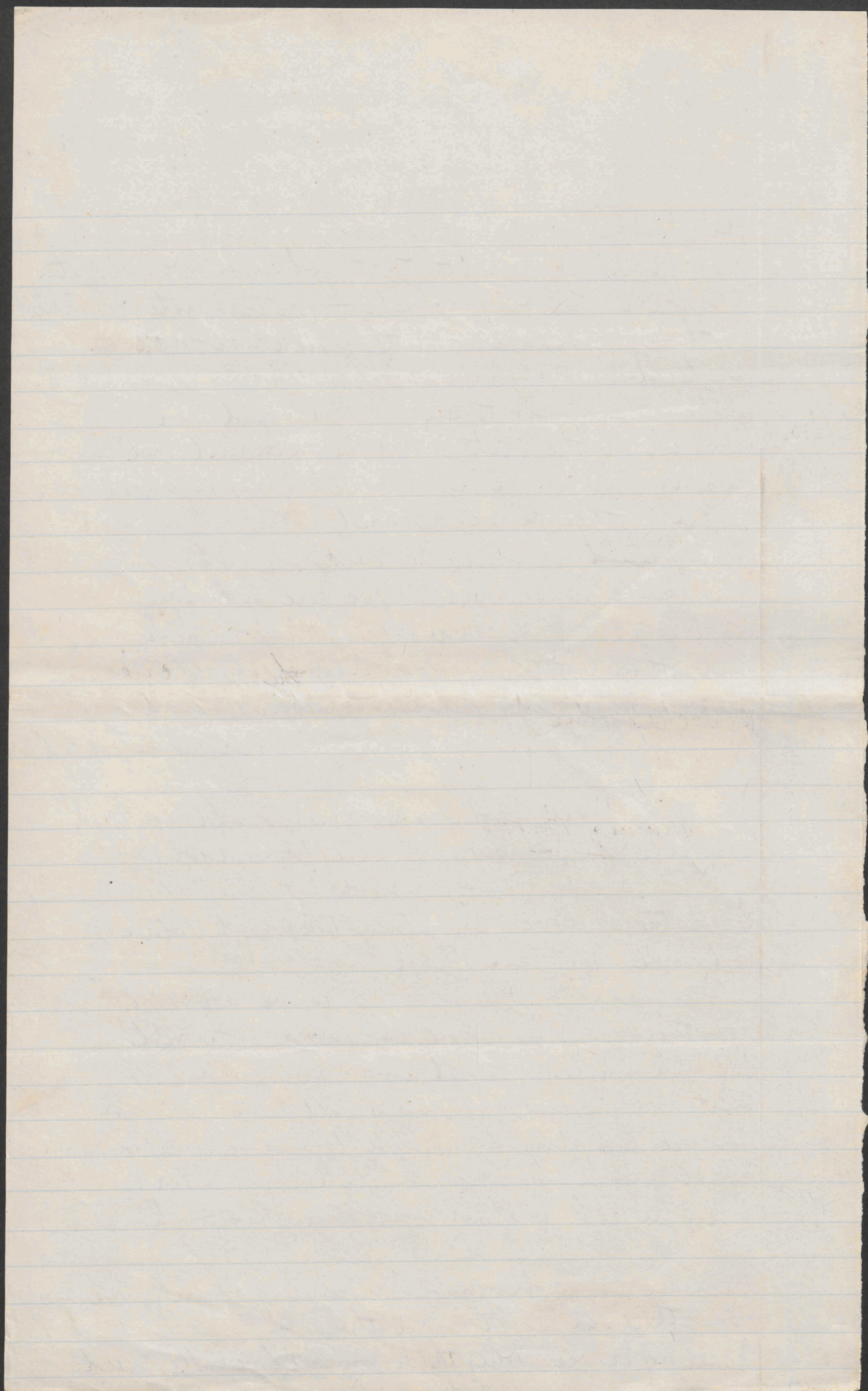
And then sleep calm.

Why not? fie Lord Imperious, would you have  
 My life a madness? To feel love's agony?

And there's love's sweetness too, and ecstasy  
 I'd have you feel them.

So it be for you  
 Not otherwise; go, you are grown too old.  
 I'll give you leave to feel love's pain for me  
 That's very sweet, you sing; I'll let you moan  
 For me, and plain for me, and I'll inspire sweet strains  
 In all your songs; so, say am I not kind?  
 And I keep you unselfish, morning-fresh -

Because so morning-green, and morning-  
 For getting up so early in the cold.  
 Not being slaves! Why that you all love like mad.



Ares. Whod get your dearest fragrance must pluck you,  
Crush you, rend you, stamp on you; Oh, I know  
So wild a woman's heart needs but a hand  
Cruel enough to tear it from her breast.

Ros. Go to, precocious babe; at least till then  
'Tis hidden from your gaze—

Ares. Oh beautifully—

Ros. More than your blinded wit will let you think.  
You do know nothing of it.

Ares. Let I swear  
I know, I could, if I would make you love me.  
I only stay from too much love of you

Ros. To save me pangs of loving, and loving you,  
I thank you.

Ares. I Blind, oh you'll be so blind  
Some day; an hour will come and soon, you'll love,  
Oh, how you'll love; you tender passionate thing  
You white-heat flame that seems so crystal-cool,  
And you'll not clog there where you cling, nor hurt  
There where you thine. Well I'm your Knight-in-all,  
Well I'm your <sup>poodle</sup> Knight in all.

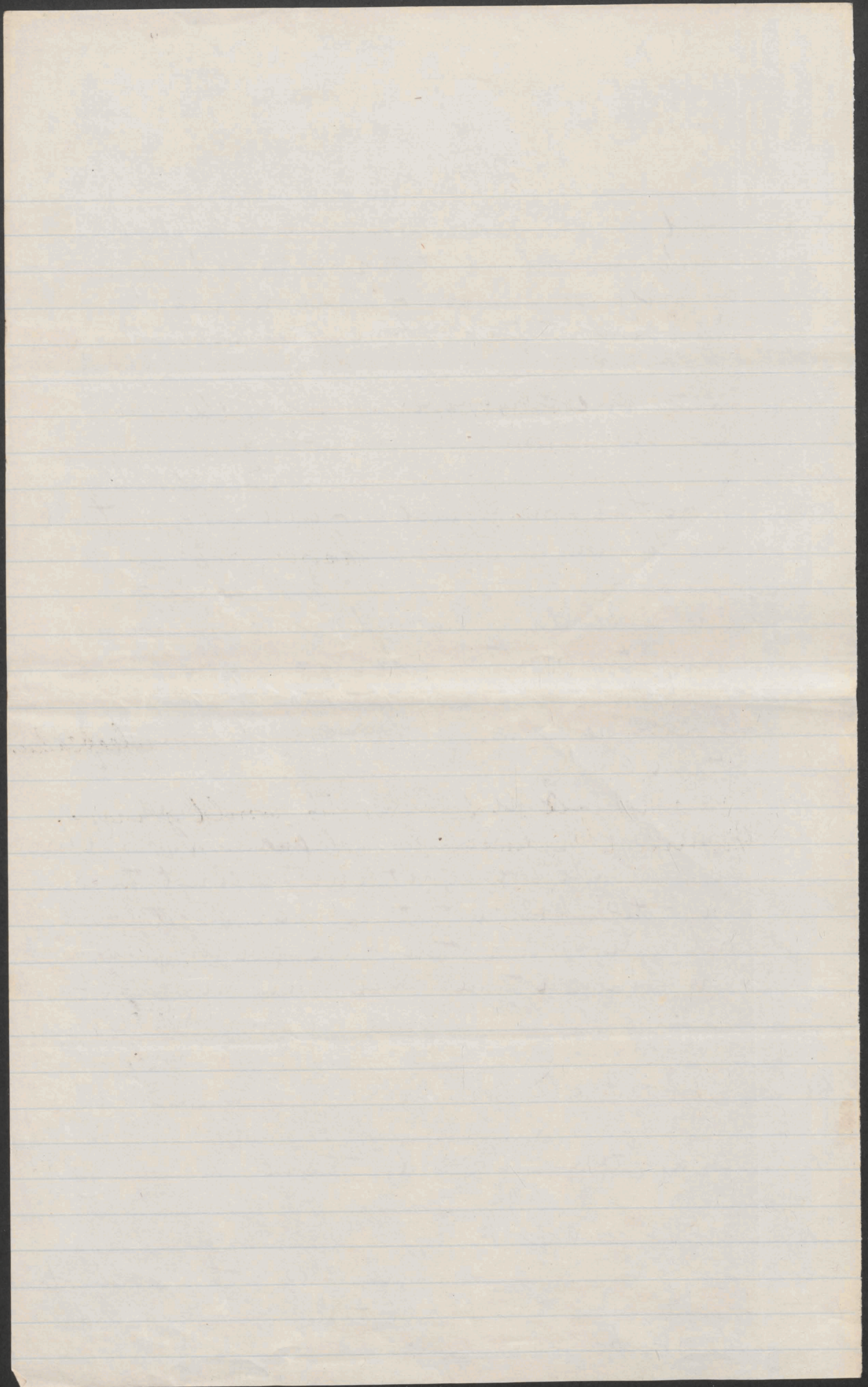
Ros. I know that, well, you will be. Sing to me now.

Ares. I cannot tell of discord truthfully.

Ros. That at your heart?

Ares. Elsewhere, but there, sweet witch,  
There too, and you should take your broom and sweep  
The cobwebs from it.





Ros. Why then your heart's heaven.

Ares A wild heaven now, and all its stars sing wrong  
You but put cobwebs in it.

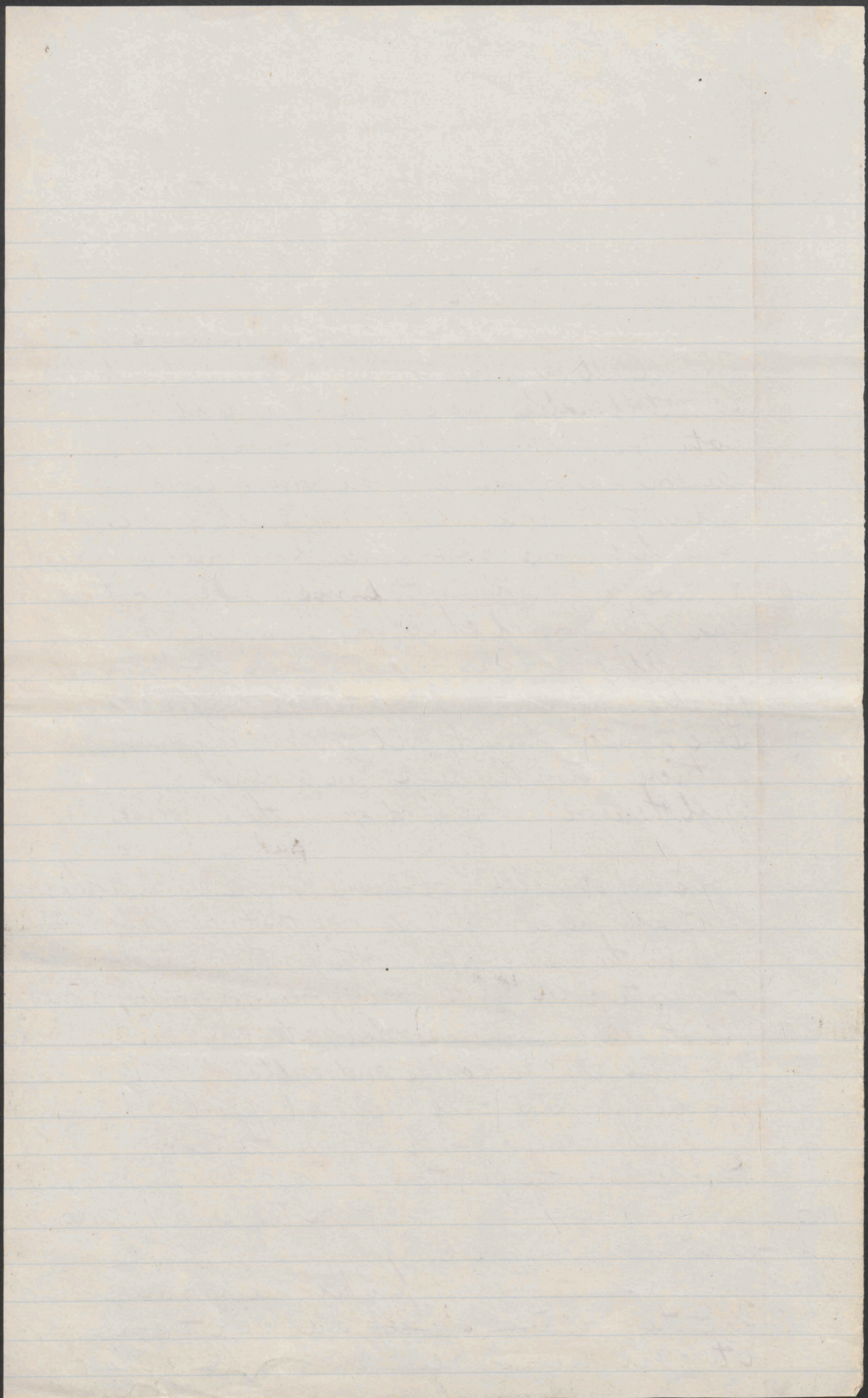
Ros. Milky-ways.  
They'll all be perfect <sup>stars</sup> worlds some day, and sing  
To untold endless races, when were dead  
Both you and I, and tell them of old times  
The long-ago, ere they were born, of loves  
And hurts of you and me and such as we.  
Why that's your poet-place. How could you speak  
Of love, not knowing its pains. Joy's but its half.  
And if I swooned at sight of you and gave  
You wildly my lips - nay, I said if - You'd not  
Be able half. I so but make you greater, I  
Love you too much to hold you merely man,  
I strictly, straitly keep you prophet. I  
Will therefore get reward from the universe.

Ares. Joy's but its half? You make mine a whole nothing.  
You teach me how to sigh, but that's but half.  
I know the east, west, north, south of a tear  
Its north pole, south pole, zodiac, zenith, zones,  
All its circumferences, diameters,  
Geographies, geologies and salts.  
Can call it crystal, opal, diamond, pearl  
Snow, hail, ice, dew-drop - Oh I know the tear,  
But I'd know the kiss too.

Ros. ————— Whose tears, not mine.

Ares. - No, ay you never weep.

Ros. They hear me promise,  
That the first <sup>one</sup> tear I <sup>shed</sup> weep I'll give to you  
A tear and kiss at once. What will you do



~~Ares~~ With it then, tell me?

Ares. I'll give it to my soul.  
I'll feed my soul forever-  
ever more with it; I'll never give it  
meaner drink than that distilled  
diamond pain of yours.  
I'll never—

Ros. Now you are grown a prophet indeed.  
One tear; 'twill last you till your true love comes  
With her true lips now no more; what news.

Ares. I'll hold you to your promises, remember.  
And I fear quick fruition. What news, great news.  
I fear me I shall pay you too well back  
With words sweet to you (as were these to me)  
And therefore bitter, bitter-sweet to me.

Ros. What is it?

Ares. Is there no one you would see,  
More than all those around you every day.

Ros. Than even you? Who is it?

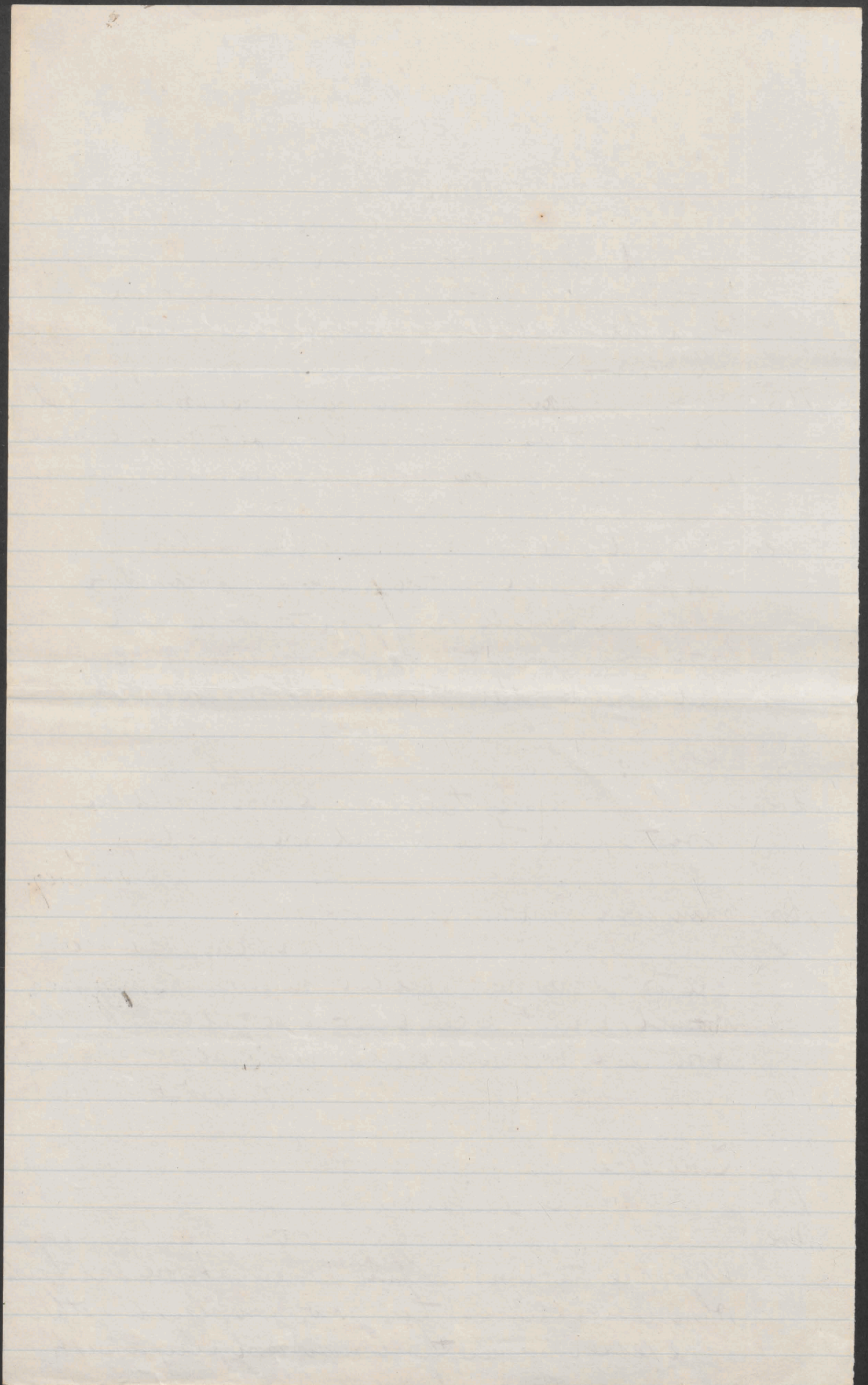
Ares. Pook than even me.  
One too, that has your maiden, memory a  
Round you, to speak for him and smooth his way.  
How have we chance against him.

Ros. Why, who is this?

Ares. Tenerife

Ros. Tenerife?

Ares. Ay, you know him not  
Of course; though his <sup>dread</sup> ~~name~~ somewhat you, and though  
Then lesser children than now, you played together  
Some lesser games than now you play apart,



8  
27

Of course you know him not. — Promise me but  
You'll will forget me as much — I'll tell <sup>you</sup> then  
Of him, not sooth, because you do love much to  
To hear about him, as for scandal's sake.  
He left a dozen years ago the Court  
Banished, or angered, mad, or something such  
He could not swim in the shallow life of <sup>the</sup> Court.  
Not deep enough for him, — even then he measured  
Two yards from roof to base — He went far off  
To the end of the world, in Occident Africa.  
They say, there he held heaven up for a while  
For Atlas! I fear he'll raise my heaven from me.  
Hein? You remember him?

Ros.

Why yes; and now?

What of him. Of late he warred for Phrygia's  
King

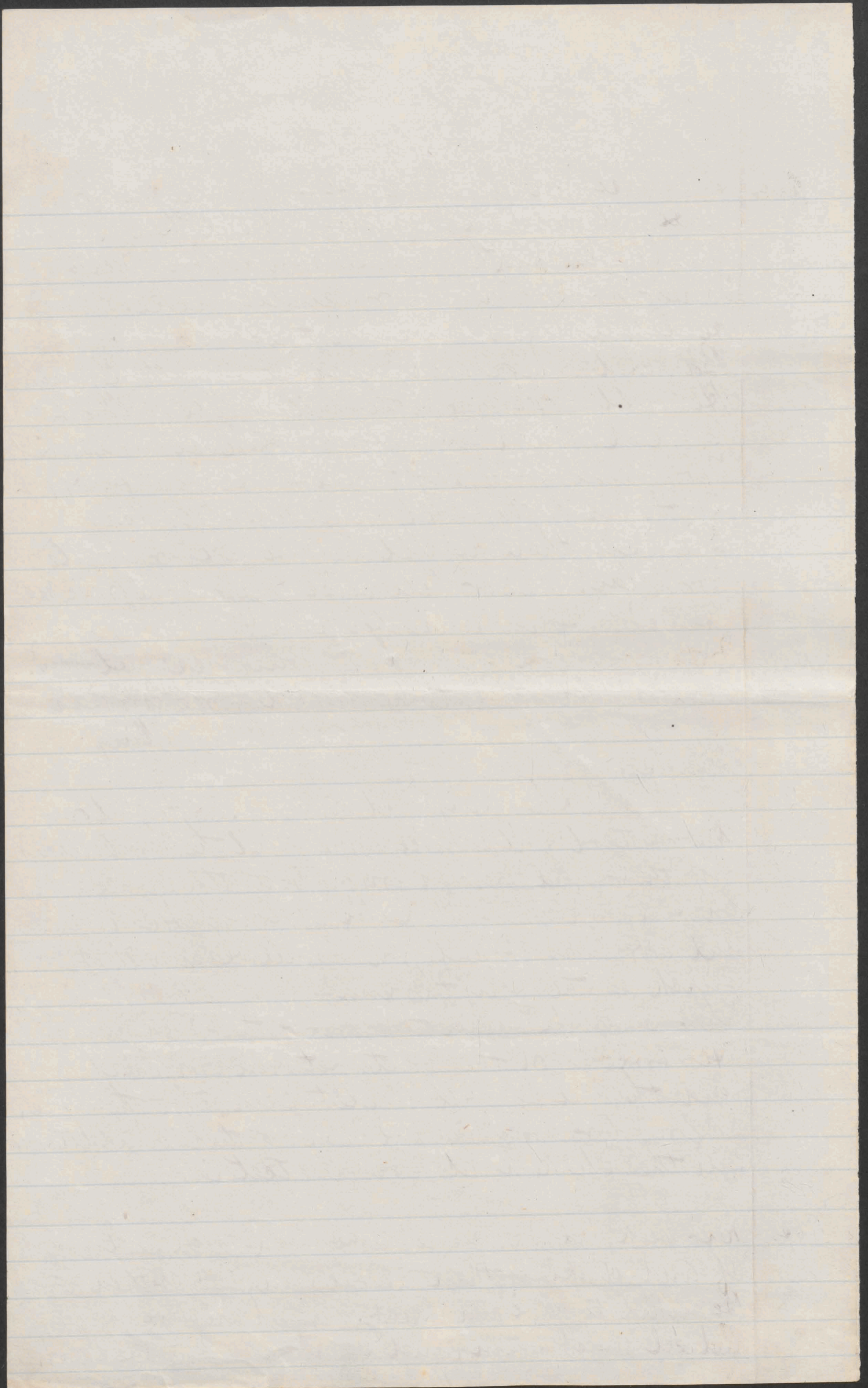
They say.

Ares.

They say, and his King writes, and our  
Dear dotard gulps like wine, and the Chamberlain's  
Mouth it, and Coney's frowns in its stony face  
In vain, and the land falls, if lower it can  
And worships it; and you, you'll beam with it  
Quick as the sky <sup>with</sup> the sun —  
That Teneriffe comes to morrow, that even now  
His force is on the waste between our lands,  
And that he so will guide to each other the arms,  
So long for grasping, God knows, of these blind dotards  
Till they shake hands forever etcetera.

Ros.

Next week! and I suppose more break-neck feats  
Of wild display, than usual even, must there  
Be risked, to have him repeat. I must prepare.  
And all must seem (and I must seem the most)



Livesome. Ah, well!

Aves.

Any get some dozen new dresses.  
Study to suit your styles; if you need help,  
I'll pick out colors for you; I can do that,  
For you at least I can. I would but warn you,  
Think not too much of him; sleep well if possible.  
Not sleeping well will blur even Beauty like  
yours.

And I at least have always liked you most  
A keen cool crescent with deep swift shine-ebb  
And flow, than as a pale-fair lady-moon.  
And even I count, or should as a hair-dresser  
Or valet or something of that sort, I have an eye  
For Beauty in the abstract. I am a poet, I  
Can love Ideals, Conceptions: I need not  
Have them made form, filling such maddening

As those before me; there's to fill the arms  
Of Common men - Hold <sup>what</sup> you are going, why -

Rosa. Only while you are talking to the moon.

Aves. I'll never get through wishing for it; yet hold  
I'll not keep you long; just a moment; say -  
And even in what I said I see not why  
You do not like to hear it, at least there was  
So much to praise you and flatter you and please  
you

With compliments of your Beauty and worship for you  
No woman could want more, so I do not tire you.  
~~Going again, hold. stay. - Gone. -~~ But, very soon  
I'll make a vow that I'll not speak  
To anything but the moon for ever and evermore.



*[Faint, illegible handwriting on lined paper, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.]*

## Another scene

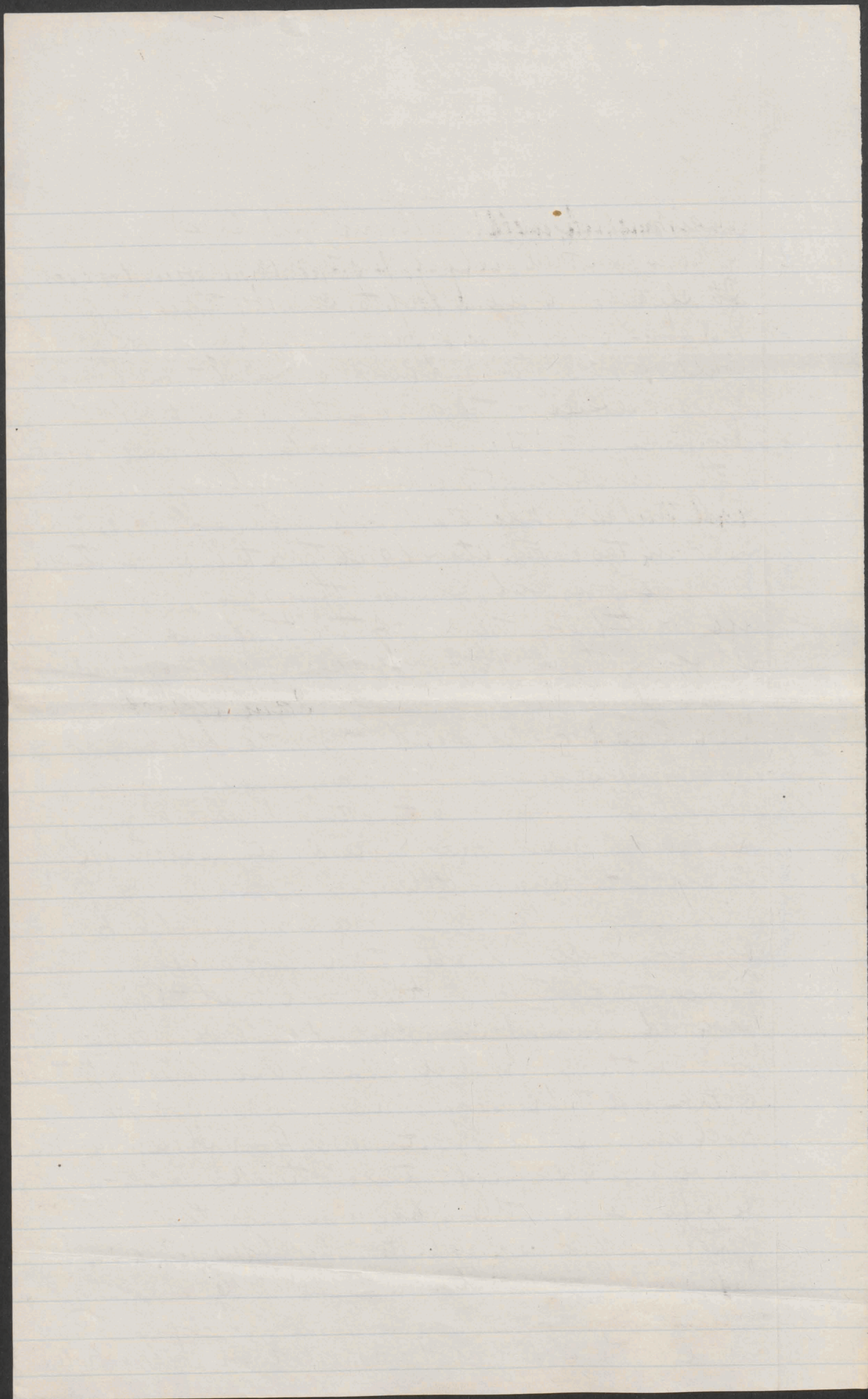
(Night. Rosamond's Room in Palace)

Ros. (alone)

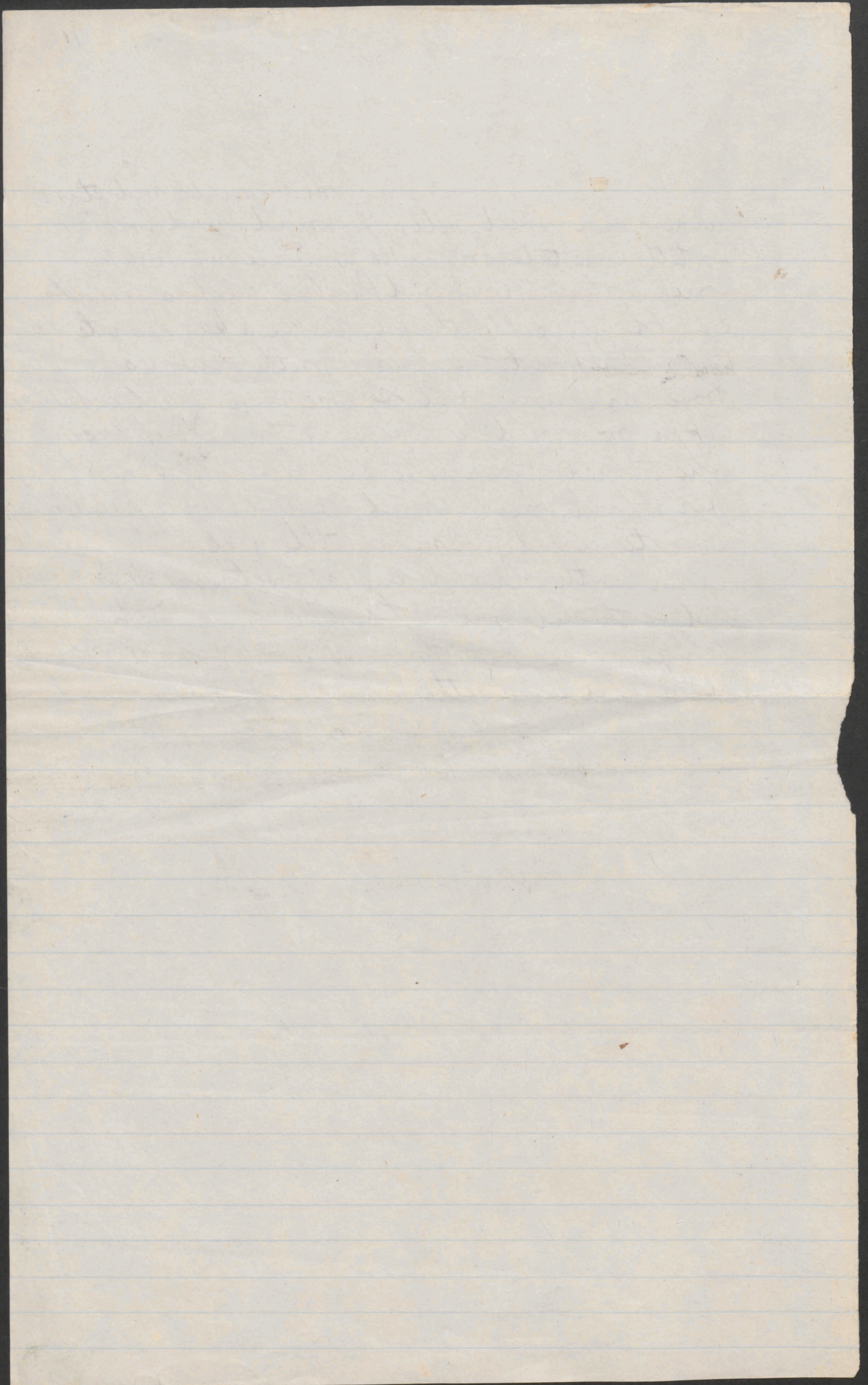
I knew him then, and all my thought was but  
 To please him really, and to seem to tease.  
 My sun-god; oh, he shone so bright I scarce  
 Could bear his <sup>gaze</sup> eyes, and always looked through veils  
 Of perverse <sup>poisons</sup> faces, or the glooms that passed before  
 His face so often; for he moretimes shrouded himself  
 With melancholy than he shot full light.  
 And then he made the clouds gold, red, rose, sweet,  
 That all the earth stared and took to limning them.  
 When he was sad, sadness therefrom grew so  
 All wanted it; the court that time was full  
 Of lank things that were a peer for a ping line.  
 How well he loved me, I learnt very early  
 To be sued for, and sued for by the best.  
 I fear it made me somewhat sooner woman.  
 How will he answer for it, he that taught me  
 So soon command. I would like sometime I think  
 To learn to obey a little.

The sun must set

He left us all and duly took his course  
 To see the farthest of the world, and they  
 Have had his light so long, and we have grown  
 To know the right and mustiness, here and there  
 A star - and that sweet moon my poet of course  
 Wholl always come wherets night round me, I'm sure.  
 - I have grown so used to this, I think I fear  
 He'll dazzle me a little - heba. I'm migrate to  
 The <sup>pleasant</sup> heart within me. I'll to my glass  
 And see if it embolden me. (Goes to table)  
 Princess, I say  
 Shine forth your best now. (Lets down her long black hair)



It is an night and stars,  
 And he is sun; well, well! I would I had a restar  
 To tell some tale or make it come out right  
 Somehow that bright and Phoebus meet as friends.  
 I could myself, I think, make a passionate song,  
 Of how she loved the fiery youth that so  
 Drove her away and scarce even looked at her.  
 After, or would he have seen the silent face  
 She turned upon him as she slowly swept  
 Her black vails round her and slowly paled away.  
 So late already; I am a little girl  
 Again with old bad sins of covetousness  
 And faith and hope. I thought I was convert.  
 Whose voice was that? Somebody spoke I think.  
 In the hall. Annette!



to Camilla]

Mr. Ratin "Papa and Papa! This is improving!"

Mr. Gombro. "It rains daughters here!"

Augustus "Having heard a shot in this room, we ran in to see what had happened."

Pauline "You are not hurt, Papa?"

Mr. Sumlan. "Not at all, not at all, my children."

[He embraces Camilla and Pauline]

Mr. Ratin [with a serious air] "You must explain all this, Mr. Sumlan. What does this mystification mean?"

Mr. Sumlan. [a little embarrassed and moved] "Listen, I will explain all, all, [They surround him] When my poor wife died, leaving me several daughters, I said to myself - What shall I do with them? I have a fairish fortune it is true, but when it is divided into several portions what will each portion come to?"

Mr. Gombro. "Only seven thousand five hundred pounds."

Mr. Sumlan. "Who would wish for a young lady who possessed so small a fortune, no one. Is it not so? Well, as I had two married sisters, one at Varsovia and another at Podolia, I con-ferred one of my daughters to each of them, and when I returned home I spread the report that they had both died at their Aunts' houses. [To Casimir and Gombro] There each of you met his wife, and I can safely say that each of you has an excellent wife, is it not true?"

Mr. Gombro. "Yes, yes, certainly, but ---"

Mr. Ratin "And afterwards ---"



The first part of the paper  
 is a list of names and  
 addresses of the members  
 of the committee. The  
 names are arranged in  
 alphabetical order. The  
 addresses are given in  
 full. The names of the  
 members are given in  
 full. The addresses are  
 given in full.

THE MEMBERS OF THE

COMMITTEE ON THE  
 PART OF THE

The names of the members  
 of the committee are given  
 in full. The addresses are  
 given in full. The names  
 of the members are given  
 in full. The addresses are  
 given in full.

Reiches zu stellen, wann wir die Hand  
 der Regierung mit Sanftigkeit abzuwehren  
 wollten, wir müßten die Miß-  
 bräuche die sich zugetragen  
 zu bestrafen suchen, und wir haben es  
 nicht mit in der Hand, ein paar  
 Mann, unser Muthwillen, und die  
 Güter des Landes zu verwalten  
 zu lassen.

Tullius.

Oben...

Lord Haroey.

Oben das Alles findet den Lord Bourgh  
 sey nicht, sich nicht zu bleiben, und  
 wir selbst ein gutes Handlung  
 England zu sein, es findet sich nicht



mein Bestes zu erbitte. Auf was Elbgen  
ging mich vermitelst sich mit der Feld  
Hort Gütigkeit, die Pflichten werden  
gefordert, wie für die meine Kelling und  
die Pflicht mir fordern. Und bleibt G  
man, daß sich auch die Last zu werden,  
das Bekleidet auch pfloffen. Mein!  
Aber die Gründe des Parlamentes  
zu Ihnen geht auch offen, das werden  
Sie antworten unsere Rechte und die  
Rechte des Volkes mit Freuden, oder  
dieselben dem Volk zu dem Gesetz  
wird ein Gedächtnis zu werden,  
denn ich weiß nicht, warum ich  
da, daß die Kaufleute empfinden für  
das Wohl der Menschheit und Staat

Laudes Hätig sein zu dürfen, so  
 ist die das Tadel, welcher allem ad-  
 lichen Gewandte anverwandelt.

Lidya [grün] [grün]

Auf je wohl, die die Tadel, so besitzet  
 sie, die die großmütigen adligen,  
 mein Lode, mein hove! [grün]  
 [grün] [grün]

Lord Harvey.

Herr Mylord, jetzt da die in der  
 großen Reichthum sind, jetzt sind die  
 man die Mittel geboten — zu Arbeit!  
 die besitzet eines furchtbaren  
 Mann, eine beständige Haltung,  
 bewirkt die die die! Man die die  
 Gefühle sind betrogen die die

Gaffende Frau Mabel / zeigt sich abentheuerlich  
und ist ein Lieb zu empfangen  
Lustig und abentheuerlich.

North [yours]

Mein Papa! [beistat die Anna mit,  
Julius.

Mein Mamma! [Unvermeidlich mit  
North yegentlich. Lidya fällt in den  
Arme von Lord Harvey.]

North.

Und warum du bist ein Weib bist was  
hoffst du zu dem Fieser, so wolange  
ist nicht, wie ich habe nicht Muth  
zu wolangen, dass du nicht kunnst  
deine Abentheuerung wieder zu  
Lustig der Gemüth werden mit

Wingfau für England offen, und zu  
hause werden wir viel lieblich...

[Hied' f'wilt wir aigand f'ing'ung  
alles wir.]

Tullius. [Zur Johann  
Künning.] Oh ist was das  
Grafmich, die selbe da Fey's!

Lord Haroey.

Uwall, uwall findet man gute  
Mensch, man muss sie mit  
im Awanf'el f'ing'ung.

Letty. [zur Tullius]

Mylood, Mylood, auf wir mit  
glücklich muss! [zur Brück] hat  
Brück glücklich mussfau die mi;  
man Awanf'el!

Lilya [unser süßer North  
Yoncker hat uns mit uns  
mit uns fromm lieb. [reißt ich  
die Hiem zum Büßer]

North [im Büßer]  
Ich werde mit selbst ein Weg  
aber wenn es unmöglich ist, so  
sollst du mich!

Lord Harvey [zu den  
Händen.] [Liedt mich, so  
in einem kleinen und  
und stillt unsern  
und stillt unsern Freund!

[Peggy küßt Lilya die Hand,  
die Anden mehr]

Baronin [will mich  
so glücklich ansetzt in der  
Freyheit]

North.

Guine (Louning) auf immer!

Letty.

Def. fofow fo fofull.

North.

Te apur, dafte bafur! [zu Bull]  
fo ist das nicht so fofull. [Louning  
und Bickfow, Bull?]

Bull.

Unfer Lord foll leben!

Poivok / fult die hand in

die hofe und wifft, die Andrews mit ihm!

Alt-Englund foll leben, fof!

Knuff.

Unf Goringland foll leben, fof!

Die Lords. [in Gefellfchaft]



### Alterations proposed

#### Act 1<sup>st</sup>

That Thalea's studies should be more of a kind to render her liable to suspicion as a witch -  
 That she should have effected many cures among the village people by her Medicines &c.  
 The only reason for not entering the chapel to be that a portion of the people have become so incensed against her that she fears her visit to the Chapel may expose her to public insult & create a disturbance.

A new second act to be introduced  
 Scene - A large hall in the castle. Wooden benches around which the soldiers are carousing. -  
 In the background a gateway through which the open country is seen. -

#### Incidents

Pollo is relating to the other soldiers stories of Sir Rupert's daring & his brave deeds during the war & how he saved Pollo's life. -  
 Alma (concealed from the soldiers behind a pillar) listens sagely to the tales. - The soldiers drink to Sir Rupert & Alma gazes on excitedly. -  
 Enter Sir Rupert who addresses his soldiers & as his castle has been burnt to the ground offers to dismiss them from his service. - They all wish to remain with him & aid him to rebuild his castle. -  
 Meanwhile a spy in the employ of the Count (whom Thalea has slighted) arrives at the castle disguised as a student & craves an interview with Thalea to obtain from her some valuable papers & instruments in her possession relating to astronomy. The spy's real object is to get information sufficient to found



*[Faint, mirrored handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is illegible due to fading and bleed-through.]*

*[A small, dark, handwritten mark or signature, possibly a name or initials, located in the upper middle section of the page.]*

an accusation of witchcraft. Sir Rupert not seeing through his object admits him to Thalea. - Subsequently the spy makes a friend of Rollo who is horrified at learning that Sir Rupert means to wed Thalea whom he deems to be a witch. -

Thalea enters with ~~Alma~~ & a charming scene between the sisters (from the original work) can be introduced here. - Alma remains behind to feed her doves -

Re-enters Sir Rupert. Scene between Alma & Sir Rupert. -

The villagers arrive clamouring at the Castle gate. - They have dug up a chest of implements, skulls, crystals &c buried by Simeon the previous night at the command of Thalea at the foot of an old yew tree. - They call for Thalea & confront her with these implements & she defies them. - Next she reminds them of the many acts of charity & kindness she has conferred upon them - healing the sick & poor &c among them. - The mob still threatening to become violent Sir Rupert defends Thalea & summoning his soldiers drives back the crowd. -

Tableau & curtain. -

Act 3<sup>rd</sup> (formerly act 2<sup>nd</sup>)

The Chamber scene where the wedding dress is being made. - This act remains the same except that a little more might be made of the ceremony when the villagers come to the festivity. - The village priest & the schoolmaster can be made to have won over some of the villagers to Thalea. -

A point to be made of the fact that Thalea still believes that Sir Rupert loves only her & she refers to his defence of her on the previous day as a proof of his love. -

Handwritten text in cursive script, appearing to be a list or account. The text is extremely faded and difficult to decipher, but some words like "received" and "paid" are faintly visible. The entries are organized into columns, possibly representing dates, descriptions, and amounts.

Summary of the account

Handwritten text in cursive script, continuing the list or account. The text is extremely faded and difficult to decipher, but some words like "received" and "paid" are faintly visible. The entries are organized into columns, possibly representing dates, descriptions, and amounts.

3<sup>38</sup>  
3

Act 4<sup>th</sup>

The Count's spy does much to stir up the people against Thalea. —

A reason must also be found for Thalea suddenly to discover that although Rupert has been struggling from a sense of honour to keep his truth to her that he really loves Alma. —

Thalea's motive in refusing to enter the Church to be that in a fit of despair produced by this discovery she actually hopes that a sudden death may await her at the hands of the angry crowd. Seeing Alma struck down by a stone ~~at her~~ aimed at herself Thalea is horrified & the crowd is for a moment ashamed & abashed. —

Thalea shields Alma & Sir Rupert & his followers keep back the crowd as the curtain falls. —

Act 5<sup>th</sup>

The final parting between Rupert & Thalea must be made longer. —

The death scene to be also altered if desired. —

Points for the decision of Madame Modjeska. —

To what religion shall the characters belong?

The object in making them Catholics is that the Lutherans are a dull uninteresting people & it is easier to create a romantic interest in Catholics. — Moreover witchcraft was opposed to all faiths & religions & as it is intended to make witchcraft & not "free thought" the cause of Thalea's troubles religion need not be brought into discussion as regards one creed or another. —

The nationality of the characters. — This could best be decided by the costumes that would prove most picturesque. —



This is somewhat less crude than the edition of yesterday - and will be found I think - to flow more easily from the mouth. -

The two { Pigeons  
Ring-doves.

closer to the original

Two Ring-doves one another loved  
With purest-tenderest sympathy;  
Till one a restless fancy moved;  
And - longing foreign lands to see -  
He foolishly resolved to roam  
E'en at the cost of friend and home.

closer to the orig.  
and avoids repetition  
of 'cruel' which  
comes shortly after.

"Oh stay!" the other sadly cried.  
"Why should thou quit thy brother's side?  
"Amongst all woes by Sorrow nursed  
"Absence from loved ones is the worst.  
"Dangers and snares each <sup>travellers</sup> wanderers steps await:  
"Oh court not rashly <sup>thus the</sup> ill of Fate!  
"T'were rashness thus to court <sup>these</sup> ill of Fate!  
"Besides - dear friend - Why haste away so soon?  
"Wait till soft gales make warm the breath of noon.  
"T'was even now from yonder oak  
"The Raven's <sup>direful notes</sup> awful tone I heard  
"Foreboding with ill-omen'd croak  
"Evil to some unhappy bird.  
"Henceforth - for me - shall dreams of agony  
"Conjure up nets and falcons, - whilst I cry -  
"My friend! This night - where lodgeth he as guest?  
"Hath he provisions, - shelter and the rest?"

x x x x x x

? for your consideration  
as containing the  
"ablative absolute"  
found in the original -

See! - join'd again the fond ones in their cot.  
The miseries of the Past are <sup>all</sup> soon forgot -  
And all the miseries of the Past.

O lovers! happy lovers! Would ye roam?  
Stray by the rivulets of your own loved home.  
Each in the other's answering eyes should see  
All that is beautiful and <sup>best</sup> bright and true.  
So each the other's <sup>love</sup> heart should always be  
A world of varying joys - for ever new.

The two figures

The first figure is a simple line drawing of a person's head and shoulders, facing forward. The second figure is a similar drawing, but the person is shown in profile, facing to the right.

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# The Two Pigeons (if they must remain so.)

\*rel-si plinius placat.  
The two Doves.  
see next page.

unrhymed.  
might be repeated thus -  
Two Pigeons rear'd within  
one nest  
{ brothers of  
sharers of  
one nest.

Longing far distant <sup>even at the cost of</sup>  
And hankering foreign  
"How cruel thus - -  
{ the world has  
by sorrow. - -  
absence fr: loved ones.

Two pigeons once with mutual <sup>love</sup> affection  
loved one another tenderly;  
Till one - grown tired of peaceful rest  
Desiring other lands to see -  
Resolved (poor silly bird) to roam  
And bid farewell to friend and home.

"In pity stay! the other cried; -  
"Twere cruelty ~~to~~ to quit my side!  
"Of all ills by ~~Earth~~ nursed  
"A loved one's absence is the worst!  
but not to you cruel one. f.  
"Oh! let the thought of all the toils and cares -  
"The thousand dangers of which travellers fell -  
"Turn thine ambition from such fatal snares,  
"And in thy mind this restless purpose quell!

"Besides - dear friend - what need of hastening thus?  
"Wait till the gentle South-wind sheds her breath.  
"This <sup>galling Springtime's blasts</sup> ~~Springtime's seasons~~ ~~Seasons~~ are dangerous:  
"His <sup>winds</sup> winds are laden with the spoils of Death!

This chiding Springtime's  
blasts  
his storms are  
borne upon the wings  
of Death.

'Was even now

"I was <sup>scarcely</sup> only now from yonder oak  
"The Raven's awful tones I heard  
"Foreboding with ill-omen'd croak  
"Evil for some unhappy bird

"Henceforth for me shall dreams of agony  
"Conjure up nets and falcons - whilst I cry: -  
"My friend! where passeth he this night as guest?  
"Hath he provisions? shelter - and the nest?"

\* \* \* \*



all the misery

x x x

See join'd again the fond ones in their cot!  
And all the sorrows of the Past forgot!

in rivers  
In Each the other's  
To each the other's  
An Eden of delights  
A Paradise of joy -

O Lovers - happy lovers! Would ye roam?  
Stray by the rivulets of your own loved home.  
Each in the other's answering eyes should see  
All that is best and beautiful and free.  
Each to the other's heart should always be  
A World of varying joys for ever new

### The Two Doves.

Unrhymed commencement

Two doves with mutual affection  
Loved one another tenderly.  
So as before.

Rhymed. So.

Longing far-distant

Two doves with mutual love inspired  
Once loved each other tenderly.  
Till one - of peaceful rest grown tired  
Went wandering foreign lands to see  
Determined - silly bird - to roam  
E'en at the loss of friend and home.

Another rhymed version

Two doves - who shared the same warm nest  
Loved one another tenderly  
Till one - grown tired of peaceful rest  
Longing far-distant lands to see  
Resolved - poor silly bird - to roam  
E'en at the cost of friend and home.

Two Pigeons one another loved  
both tenderly sympathy -

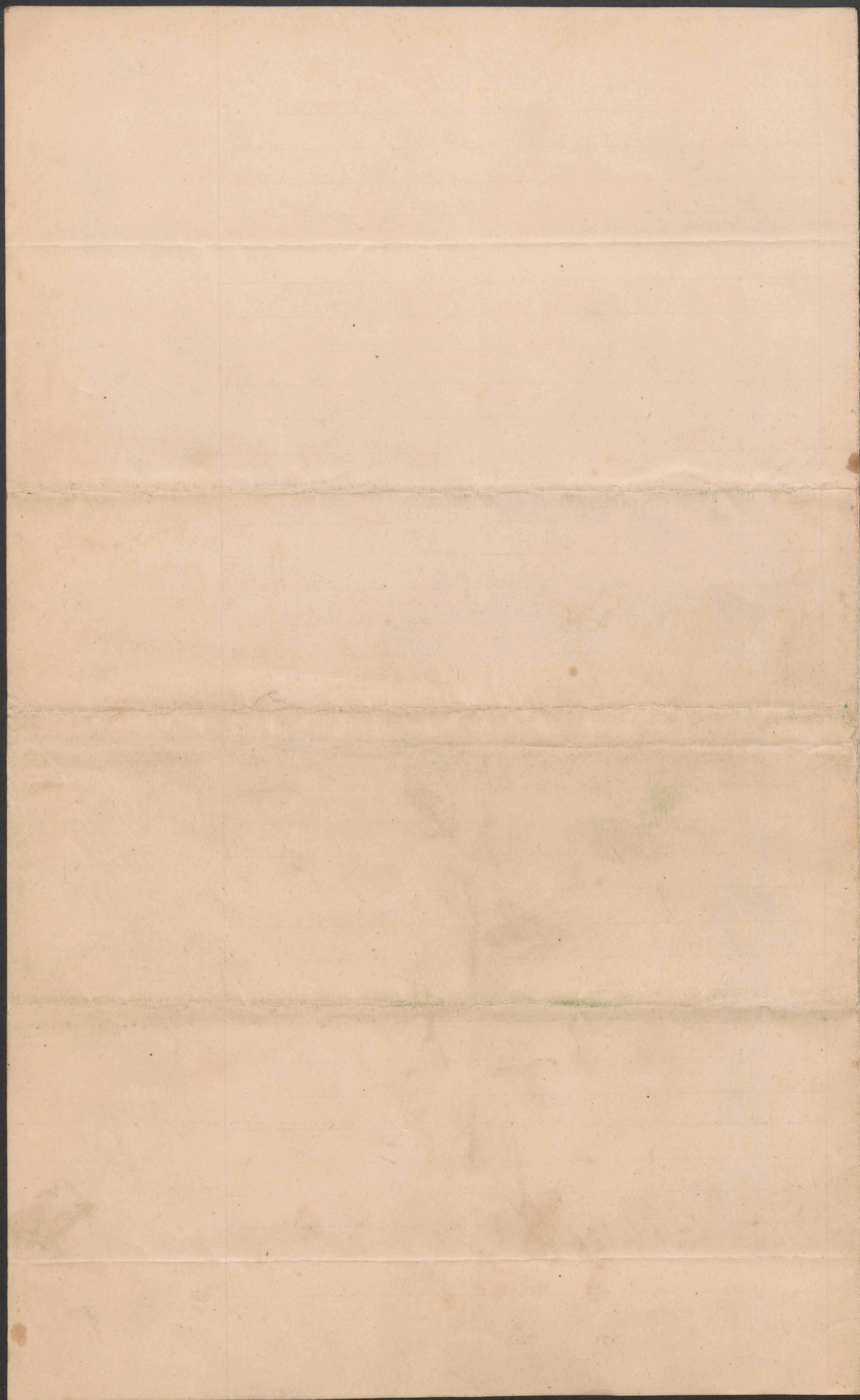
cat!  
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nest

st



Pick de young Lamb up.

<sup>42</sup>  
Negro verse

An Put 'im in your bosom

Every day'll be Sunday  
bye + bye

Pick de young Lamb up

Let de ole Sheep go

Every Day'll be

---

Crying.

A-men - Shine on -

Every Day'll be

II

O I'se g'win home to hear<sup>n</sup> above.

Every

---

O de way am long -

An de way am hard -

Every -

Crying.

I wish dat de mourner  
would arise & tell —

Every —————

How Jesus he does all things well

Every —————

Crying —————

a little white stone  
come a-rolling down

Every —————

It rolled like chunder  
to de ground

Every —

Cry —

# ROSALIND

A Paper Read by Mme. Helena Modjeska Before the Goethe Society of the City of New York, on Friday, Jan. 22, 1892.

Two years ago, in our cañon in California, I was sitting under the oaks with a little book in my hand. It was Thomas Lodge's story of "Rosalynde." When I finished reading I sat for a moment absorbed in thought. Paper and pencil were at hand, and I felt tempted to write a sketch of one of the best beloved characters of my repertoire. In one afternoon I did the dreadful deed—and here it is.

You must not think that I am going to try to teach anything. The sketch, like all sketches, is incomplete, and not of any literary value, as you can easily imagine. I was asked to read before you. I had this thing at hand and I give it to you as I would offer a bunch of wild roses to those who would come to see me in our mountain home in California. It rests with you whether you keep the flowers or throw them away. One way or the other, you will be right to do as you please. You could not wound my vanity, because I have none in regard to this trifle.

Thomas Lodge, it is well known, was Shakespeare's contemporary author. He was born in 1556 and died in 1625. He wrote his novel called "Rosalynde" in 1590. On his story Shakespeare based his play, *As You Like It*.

Who is Rosalind? Thomas Lodge describes her beauty and her virtues in most glorious and rather extravagant terms:

... for upon her cheeks there seemed a battle between the Graces, who should bestow most favour to make her excellent. The blush that glorified Luna when she kissed the shepherd on the hills of Latmos was not tinted with such a pleasant dye as the vermilion flourished on the silver hue of Rosalind's countenance; her eyes were like those lamps that made the wealthy covert of the Heavens more gorgeous, sparkling favour and disdain; courteous and yet coy, as if in them Venus had placed all her amoretts and Diana all her chastity. The trammels of her hair, folded in a caul of gold, so far surpassed the burnished glitter of the metal as sun doth the meanest star in brightness: the tresses that fold in the brows of Apollo were not half as rich to the sight, for in her hair it seemed love had laid herself in ambush to entrap the proudest eye that durst gaze upon their excellence. What should I need to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all she was the paragon of all earthly perfection.

Alinda, in Lodge's novel "Celia," in the "Oratio" to her Father in Defence of Rosalind, says: "Her wisdom, silence, chastity, and other such rich qualities, I need not decipher."

But we need not look for information to any other authority than Shakespeare himself. With all the consistency of an experienced playwright, and the good judgment of a clever stage-manager, he does not leave entire freedom to his actors, but gives them necessary hints how to impersonate the character, and thus compels them to follow closely his own conception. Rosalind is so well pictured by different characters of the play that there cannot be any doubt as to the interpretation of the part. In the first act of *As You Like It*, Duke Frederick, speaking of Rosalind, expresses himself as follows:—

"She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,  
Her very silence, and her patience,  
Speak to the people, and they pity her.  
Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name.  
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem  
more virtuous,  
When she is gone."

It is enough to read this passage to know that she is subtle, smooth, silent, patient, bright, and virtuous. Shakespeare is not content to describe his heroine's character—he also draws an outline of her physical appearance. In her scene with Celia at the end of the first act, Rosalind says of herself: "I am more than common tall."

Orlando, in his poem, thus sings her praises:

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,  
Cleopatra's majesty,  
Atalanta's better part,  
Sad Lucretia's modesty.

In another instance, Oliver—quoting Orlando's description of Ganymede—says:

The boy is fair,  
Of female favour, and bestows himself  
Like a ripe sister; but the woman low,  
And browner than her brother.

We see by all these descriptions that she is tall, golden-haired, majestic, beautiful.

Having become thus acquainted with her moral and physical excellences, let us see how she appears in contact with the surrounding people and events.

In the first scene of the play, we have learned from Charles, the wrestler, that her father has been banished by Frederick, but being very much beloved by her cousin Celia, Frederick's daughter, she is retained at the court, and treated kindly by the usurping Duke. On her first appearance, she comes before us with a cloud of sadness on her brow, and wins our sympathy at once. We love the noble girl for the sake of her sorrow and patience, and we pity her. Celia tries to comfort her, but it is not easy to forget a banished father, and she answers softly: "I show more mirth than I am mistress of." But when Celia insists, accusing her with a childish petulance, of lack of love for her, she shakes off her sadness, saying: "I will forget the condition of my estate to rejoice in yours." This is our first insight into her soul. Her unselfish nature comes out with these lines, as well as her superiority over Celia, whom she humors so willingly. She is now ready to devise sports: "What think you of falling in love?"

A sad sport, indeed, but quite in harmony with her present disposition. Heart softened by sorrow is a fertile soil for love. Love is in near relation to sorrow, as well as its best

remedy. Even the happiest moments of lovers are often tinged with sadness, which refines their feelings and lends them a charm of poetry. It is, then, quite natural that Rosalind's first thought while trying to ward off her grief turns to love. She does not want to trifle with it, either, for when Celia suggests to make sport withal, and love no man in good earnest, she abandons at once the idea, saying: "What shall be our sport, then?"

Ah! Rosalind, they praise thee for silence—silence means thinking, and thou art full of thought. Who knows what tricks imagination has played on thee, and what visions thy pure but fertile brain has spun in thy solitary hours? Hast thou not seen in thy "mind's eye" some hero, some youth with eagle eye and strong arm pressing thee to his manly breast? Confess, sweet Rosalind, thy heart is prepared and waiting for the magic touch. It will soon come, and love will then take so strong a possession of thee that all thy sorrow will be drowned in it, all will be forgotten, and nothing left in the world but he, the hero, the incarnate vision of thy dreams. Thou wilt not like to talk of fathers "whilst there is such a man as he!"

Rosalind and Orlando's love is love at first sight, sudden and spontaneous. Lodge says: "Love, willing to make him as amorous as he is valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalind, whose admirable beauty so inveigled the eye of Rosader (Orlando) that, forgetting himself, he stood and fed his looks on the favour of Rosalind's face, which she perceiving, blushed," etc. On her side, Rosalind, during the wrestle, "to encourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous look as might have made the most coward desperate," etc.

In *As You Like It* the only indication of that spontaneous passion is in Rosalind's simple question: "Is yonder the man?" and then, in her answer to Frederick, when he asks if they "crept hither to see the wrestling"—"Ay, my liege, so please you, give us leave." A moment before she did not like to stay. "Is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?" Her noble nature revolts against this sight of the brutal sport, but she has seen Orlando, and the rib-breaking becomes a second consideration. One glance has decided her fate. What a beautiful passage it is, in which she and Celia entreat Orlando to give up the wrestle! How deeply moved she appears when Orlando replies, in a firm but gentle manner, "If I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I have none to lament me." Her heart nearly leaps from her mouth to him—"The little strength that I have, I would it were with you." Yes, love has taken possession of her; it governs her looks, her acts; it makes her bosom heave with anxiety, and brings tears to her eyes. How happy she is when Orlando brings down the wrestler; and when he reveals his name, her gladness is complete. He is now her real hero, forever. He is Sir Rowland's son, and her father "loved Sir Rowland as his soul." The man she loves is noble, beautiful, and courageous. He was only a young man a while ago; now she calls him "gentleman." She knows he is one. Farewell constraint! She gives him her chain, one of the last remnants of her former wealth, for "her hand lacks means." She even forgets herself a little, but we forgive willingly, since she sweetly confesses her sin: "My pride fell with my fortune." We feel, however, slightly alarmed when, provoked by Orlando's silence, she almost betrays her feelings by saying: "You have wrestled well, and have overthrown more than your enemies."

This short scene is one of the most exquisite in the play. Its delicacy requires a very careful treatment, and woe to the Rosalind who forgets at that moment that she is a duke's daughter and refined, both by nature and training.

In studying the play one can easily see that the part of Rosalind has not been written for what we actors call "points," for effective entrances and exits, etc. It would be easy to produce a melodramatic effect in the scene with the Duke Frederick at the end of the first act, but it would be a great mistake. Rosalind is never loud. Shakespeare himself told us that she is smooth, patient, and silent. Even in her indignation she is not disrespectful. "Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much to think my poverty is treacherous." The only passage in the part that is really meant for applause is the epilogue, and as such it has nothing to do with Rosalind's character. It is not she who speaks; it is the author and manager who recommend their play to the audience.

There is not enough space in this paper to make a close analysis of each separate scene. My object is to give a sketch, therefore I shall not dwell any longer on the final scene in the Duke's palace, where the banished Rosalind resolves to travel in the company of Celia and the clown. I'll follow her to the forest of Arden, to meet again the proud lady who will have "no worse a name than Jove's own page," and therefore calls herself Ganymede. It is worth while noticing that Rosalind, while putting on a man's costume, has not assumed with it the air of swagger or rudeness, but of chivalry. She protects and supports her cousin as a man

would do, and forgets her own fatigue, in order to "comfort the weaker vessel." When she addresses Corin, asking him for food and shelter, she thinks more of Aliena than of herself: "Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd and fainted for succour."

She is now at liberty, free as a bird! I see her roaming in the woods, making garlands for Aliena's brow, or speaking of Orlando to the stars. His face is ever before her eyes; her heart is full of that delightful passion which grows stronger instead of decreasing in the absence of her lover. I perceive her sitting on a rock overhanging a brook; the singing birds mingling their voices with the mellow rippling of the stream; the leaves of the tree tremble and glisten in the rays of the sun like a flock of silver butterflies.

She bends over the crystal water where she beholds her loveliness. A faint smile appears on her lips, followed by a sigh. Ah! if the good fairies could bring Orlando here that she might see his face next to hers in a frame of ivy and eglantine. Patience, sweet, loving girl, he will come, he will soon be here!

And he comes indeed! (at least, so Celia tells her.) Oh, what rapture! how quickly her heart beats, how rapid her thoughts, how fluent her tongue grows! The first cry of joy is immediately followed by the awakening of her inborn modesty; she wore the boy's garb for some time before, and never felt ashamed of it, but now—Orlando may see her! "Alas! the day!" what will she do with her doublet and hose? and then the cat-arract of words—questions—following each other with a wonderful rapidity. It seems as if her whole nature had suddenly undergone a change, and that a clever, slightly satirical, dignified young lady had turned into a perfect child. "What did he, what said he, how looked he?" etc.—all without stopping—without waiting for an answer. What has become of the "silent" Rosalind? Where is her "patience" so highly praised?—all gone and melted away before the name of Orlando.

"But soft, comes he not here? yes! 'tis he!" Her first impulse is to "slink by." But how can she stay away? She hears him talk; her name is pronounced; she must speak to him instantly. A happy idea strikes her; the doublet and hose are welcome; she will "speak to him as a saucy lackey"; she will know how deeply he loves her. Her impatience to attack this subject is so great that she begins at once. "What is't o'clock?" and at Orlando's answer that there is no clock in the forest, she immediately replies: "Then there is no lover in the forest," etc.

I suppose that Rosalind intends to be very boisterous and rude in this scene, but she scarcely succeeds in it, judging by Orlando's remark: "Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so remote a dwelling." It is obvious that she cannot be a hoyden, and, although she assumes the manners of a lackey her inborn gentleness and refinement must be visible to the eye, as a fair face would be from behind a veil of gauze, or a beautiful form under a drapery, even if that drapery were made of coarse linen.

I will stop here my analysis of Rosalind's character, as it has been wholly revealed to us in these few scenes. All her mental gifts are now concentrated in love, which acts upon her like a stimulus, bringing forth all the brilliance of her versatile nature. From the beginning to the end the part of Rosalind is a string of marvels of dazzling beauty. What opportunities for good acting! Her dissembling, her mock marriage, her quick and witty retorts, all the unrivaled riches of the dialogue give an ample scope for developing the character, and there is no need of any additions to make the part still more attractive. Some actresses add a cuckoo song. The song only mars the unity of the dialogue, and produces the effect of a couplet in a comic opera.

To conclude, I will repeat what I have conveyed before, that the part of Rosalind cannot be treated in a naturalistic manner. The play being an idyl and a poem more than a comedy, its heroine must be in harmony with it—not tread too heavily upon the ground, but touch it lightly with fleeting steps. Her merriment is not necessarily boisterous, but it must reach our ear pleasantly as the echo of a child's laughter in the woods. Her love making is not a picnic flirtation, but an expression of true sentiment and an overflow of first spontaneous passion.

In the early editions of Shakespeare Rosalind exclaims in the first scene of the third act, after the reading of one of Orlando's poems by Celia: "O, most gentle pulpit, what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal!"

Now, I have noticed that in some new editions, and especially in stage editions, the word *pulpit* has been changed to *Jupiter*. It was likely at first a misprint, but it has been repeated since not only in the books, but even on the stage.

The error seems obvious, for if the name of Jupiter were used only for the purpose of exclamation, as "Jove!" or "Lord!" then he would not be adorned with the inappropriate epithet of *most gentle*. If it applied to the whole sentence and Rosalind applied this name to Celia, then the comparison would be lame, because Jupiter does not deliver homilies and has no parishioners.

Rusty W

Worcester

Spencer

For Mr. Belzner - (1) <sup>44</sup> ~~Blanchard~~ <sup>5</sup>  
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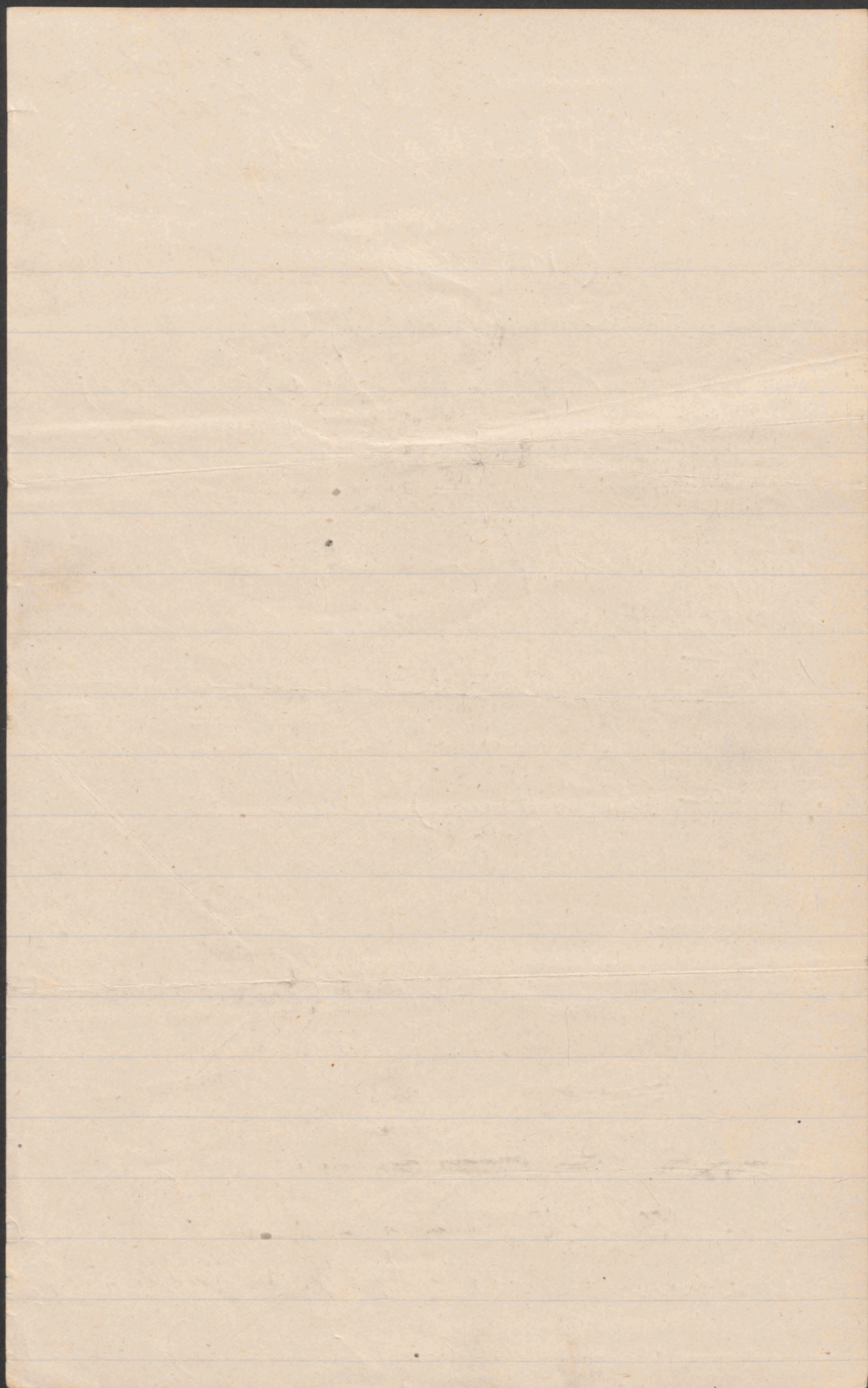
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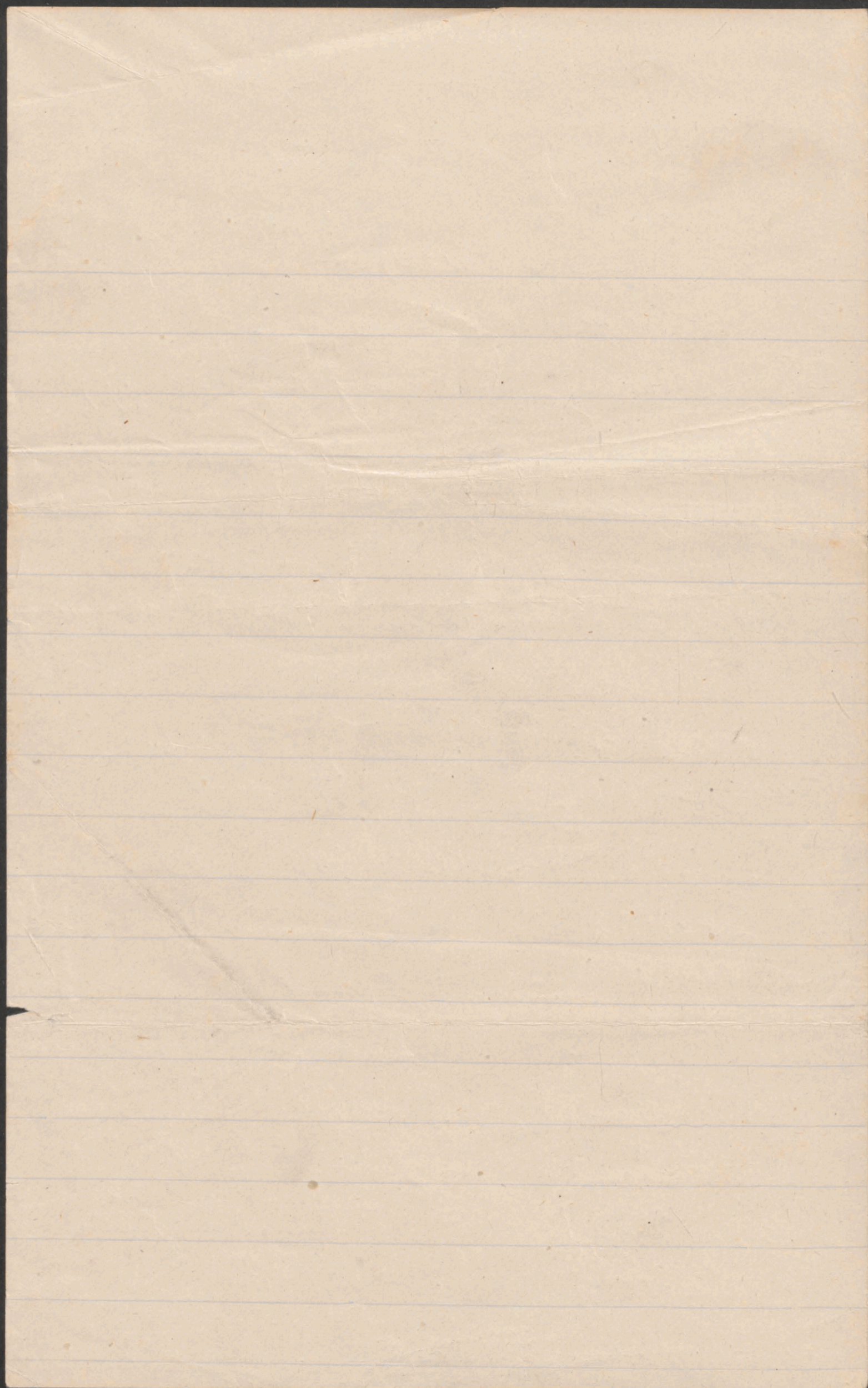


To Mr. Belzinger (2.)

45

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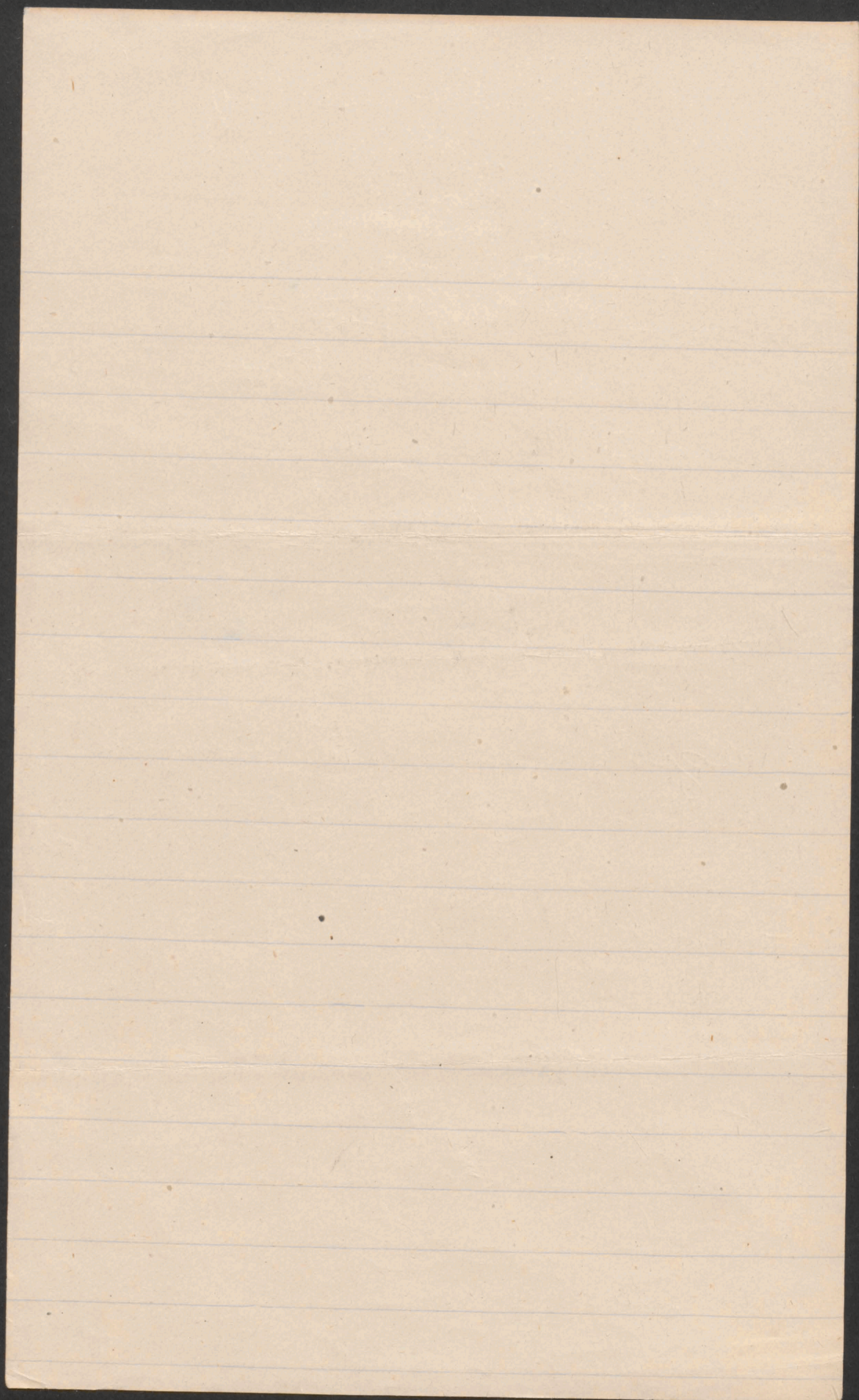
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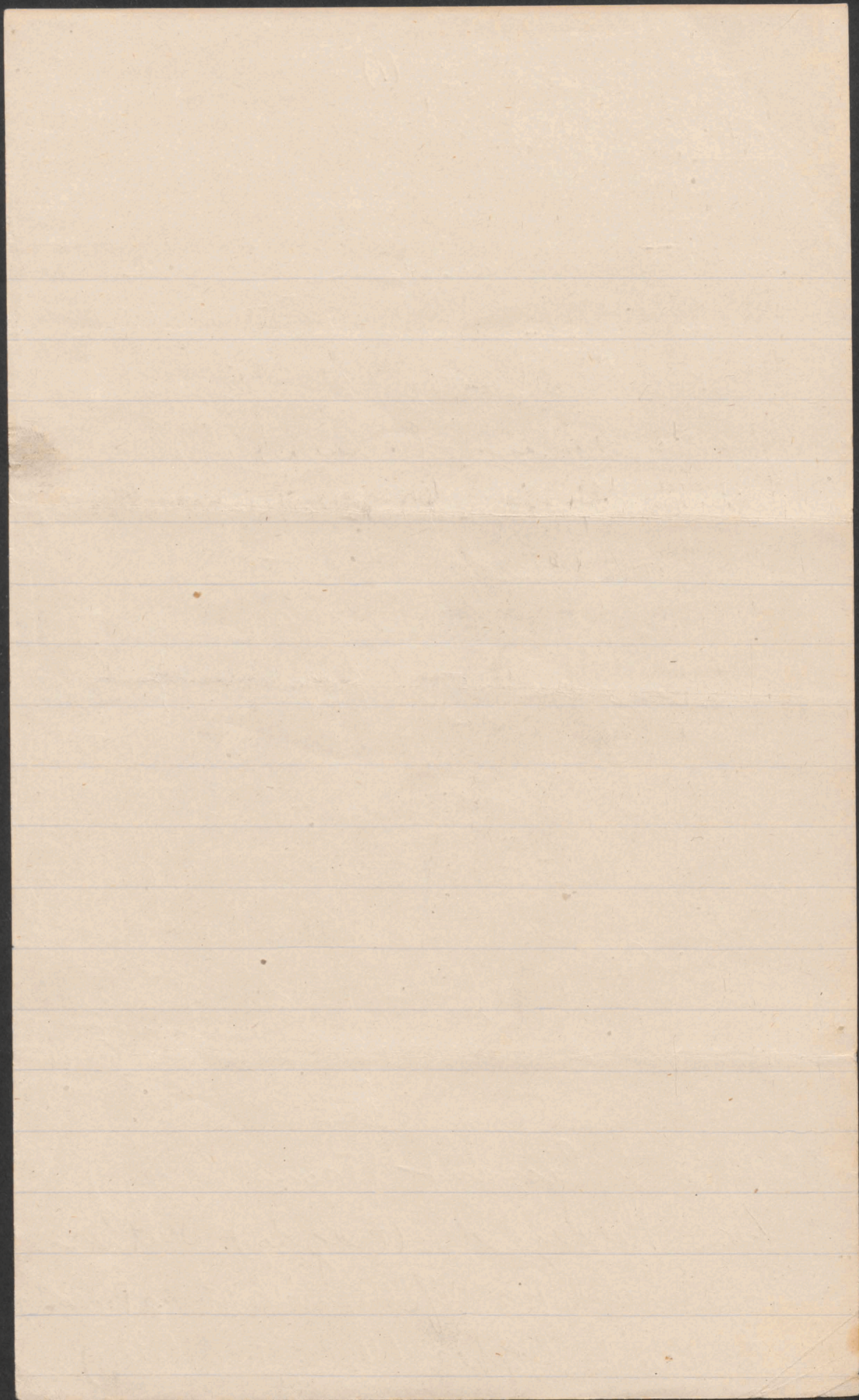
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47

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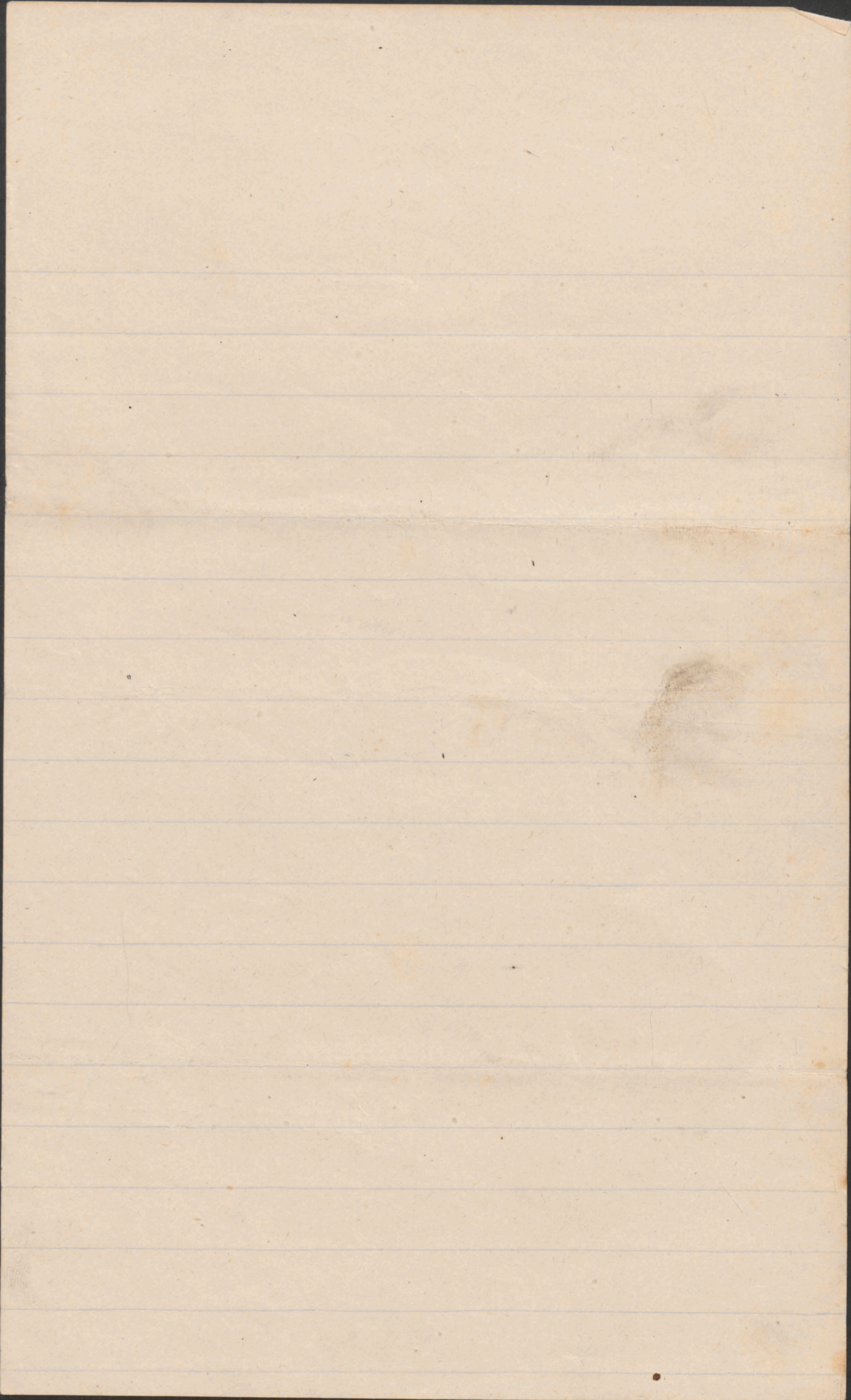
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Translated by C.B.C. & L.G.)





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yours Truly.

