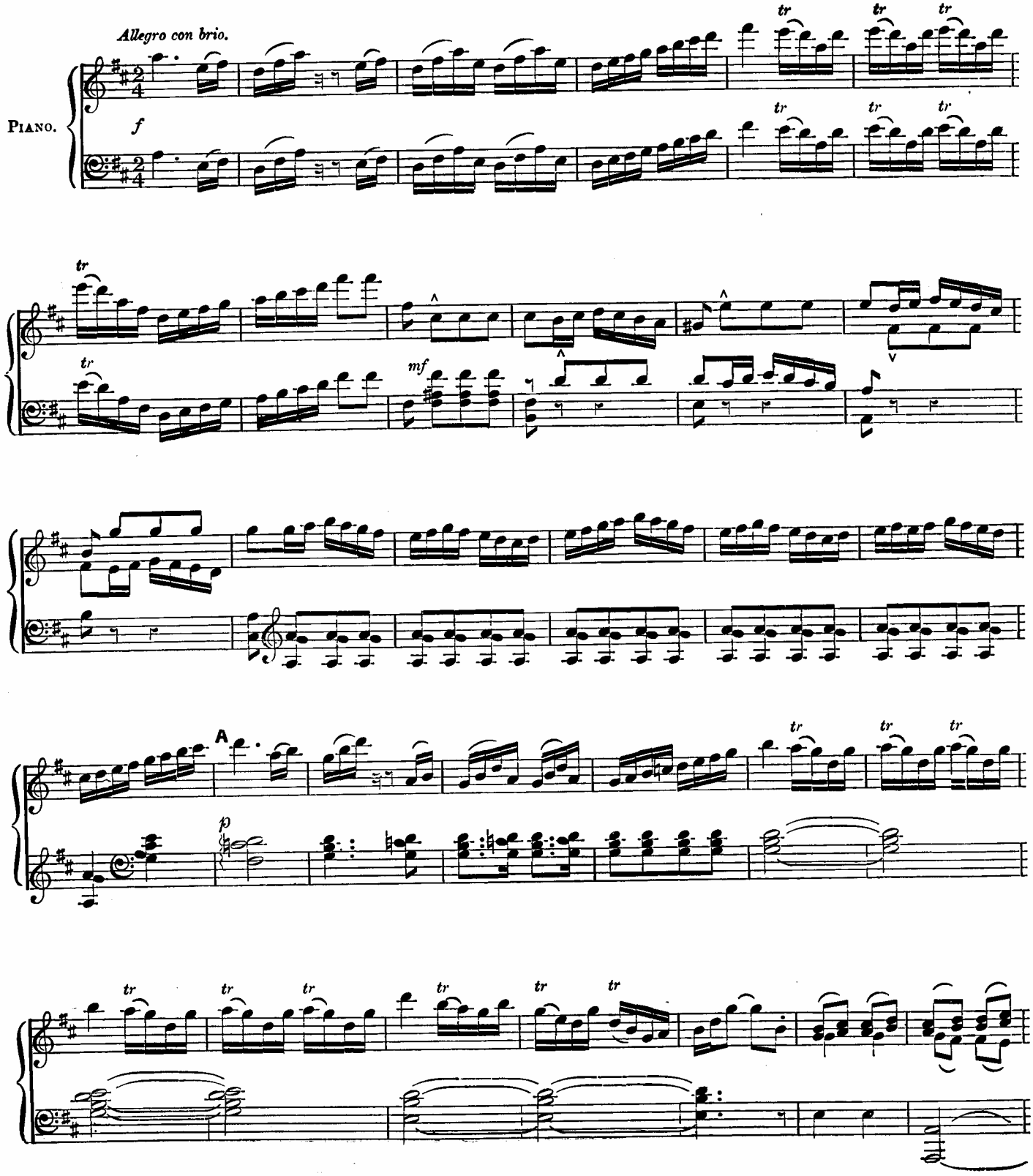
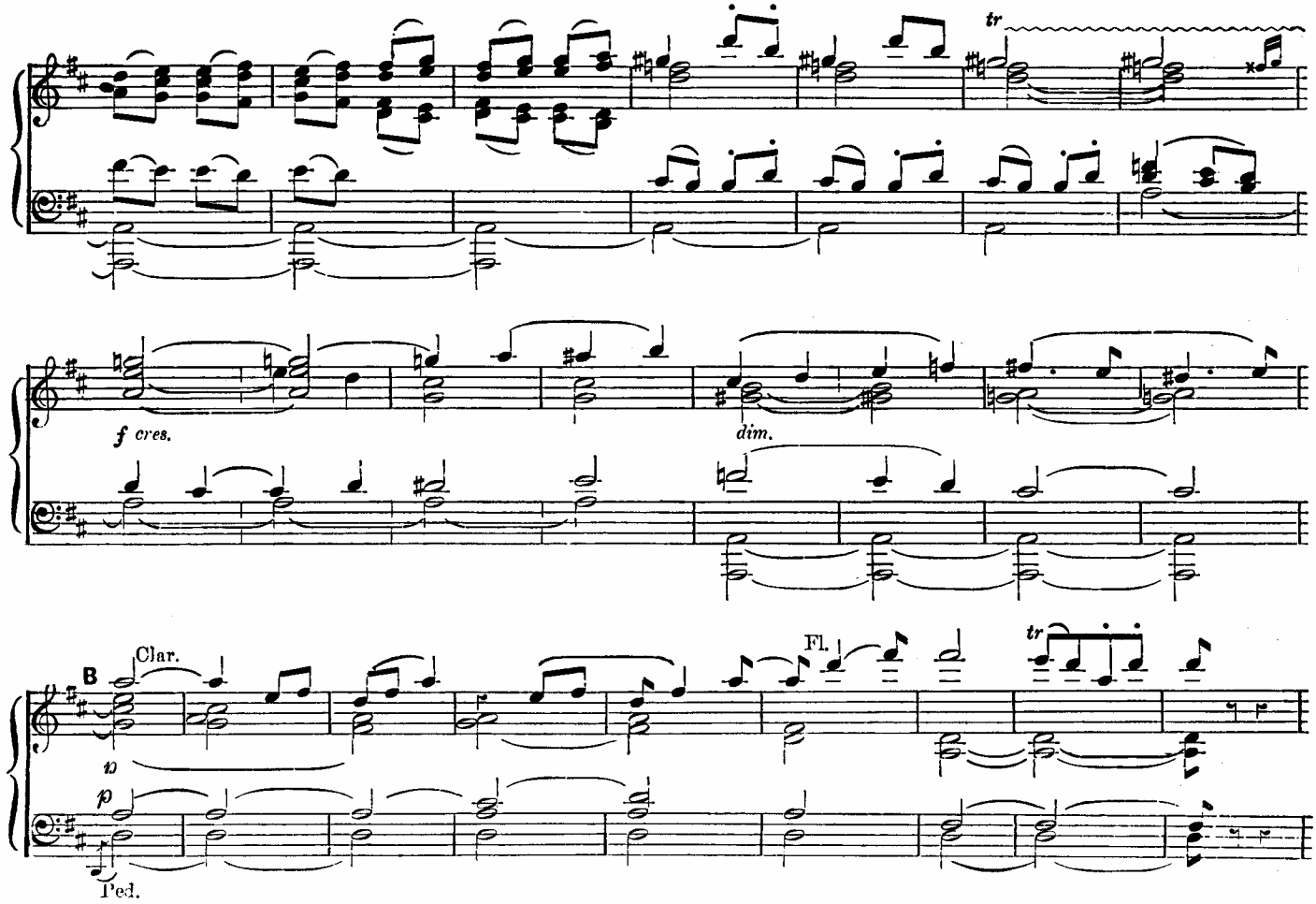
ACT II.

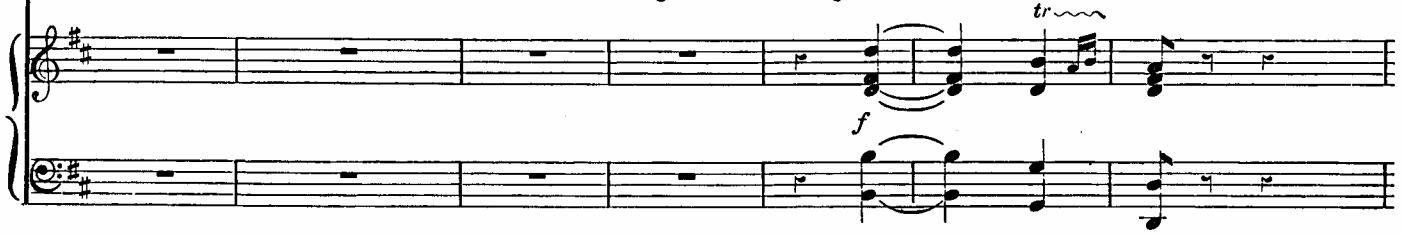
SCENE I.



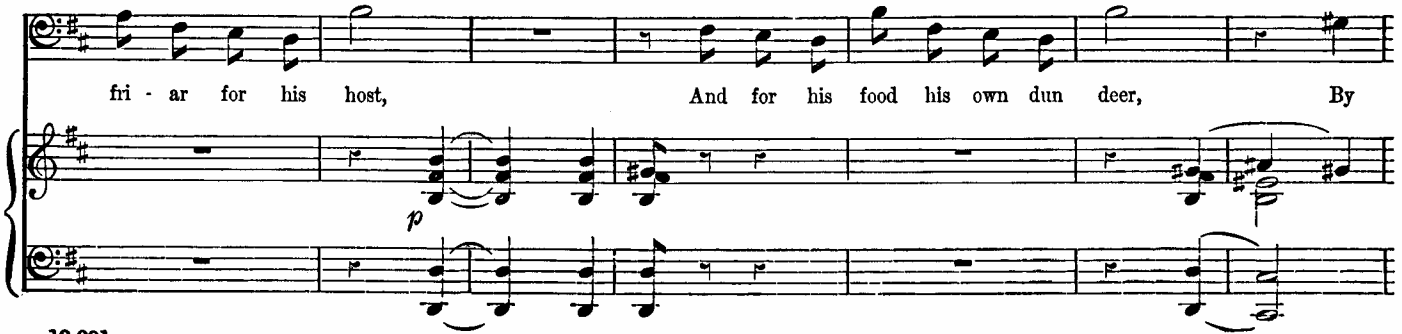


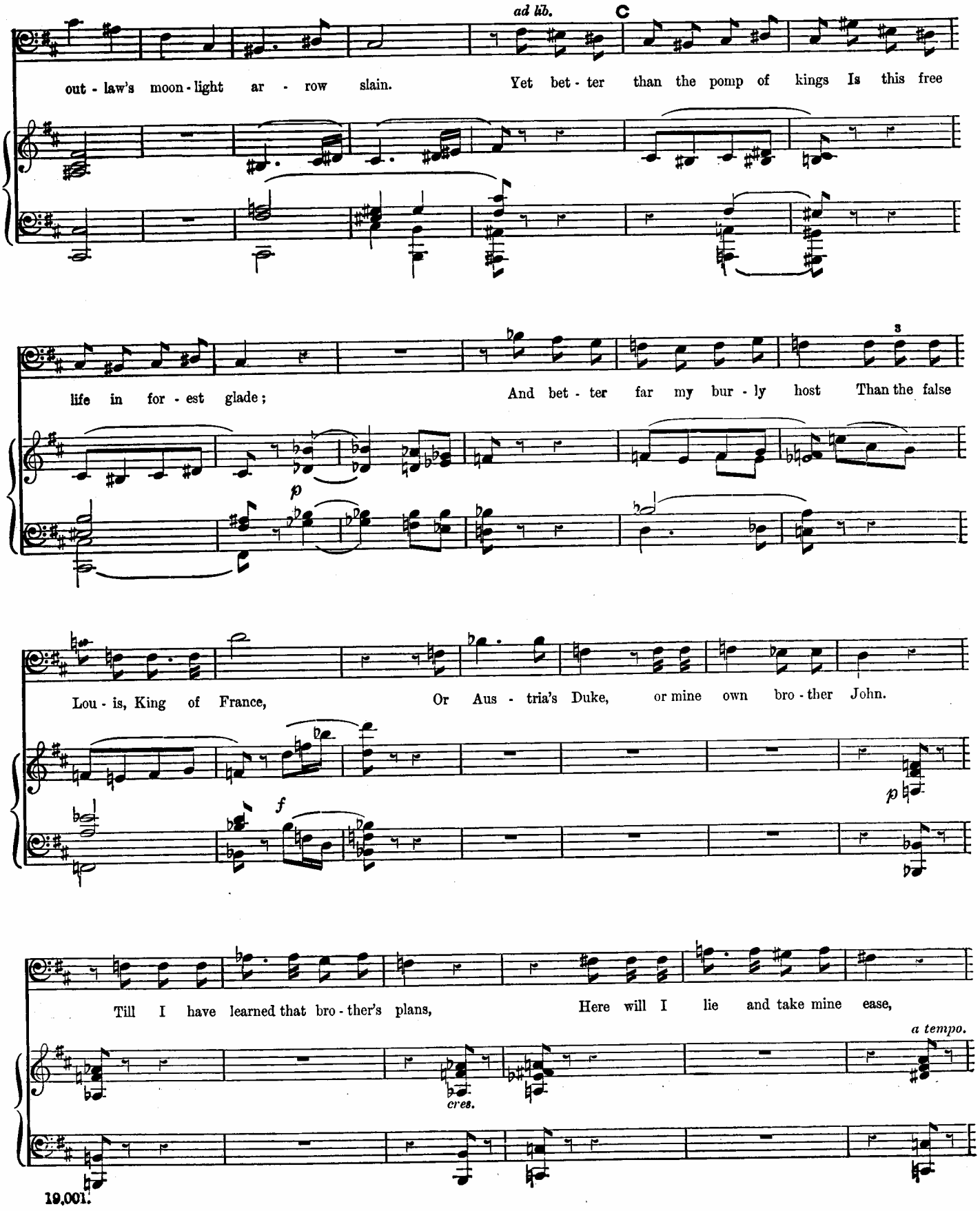
KING RICHARD.

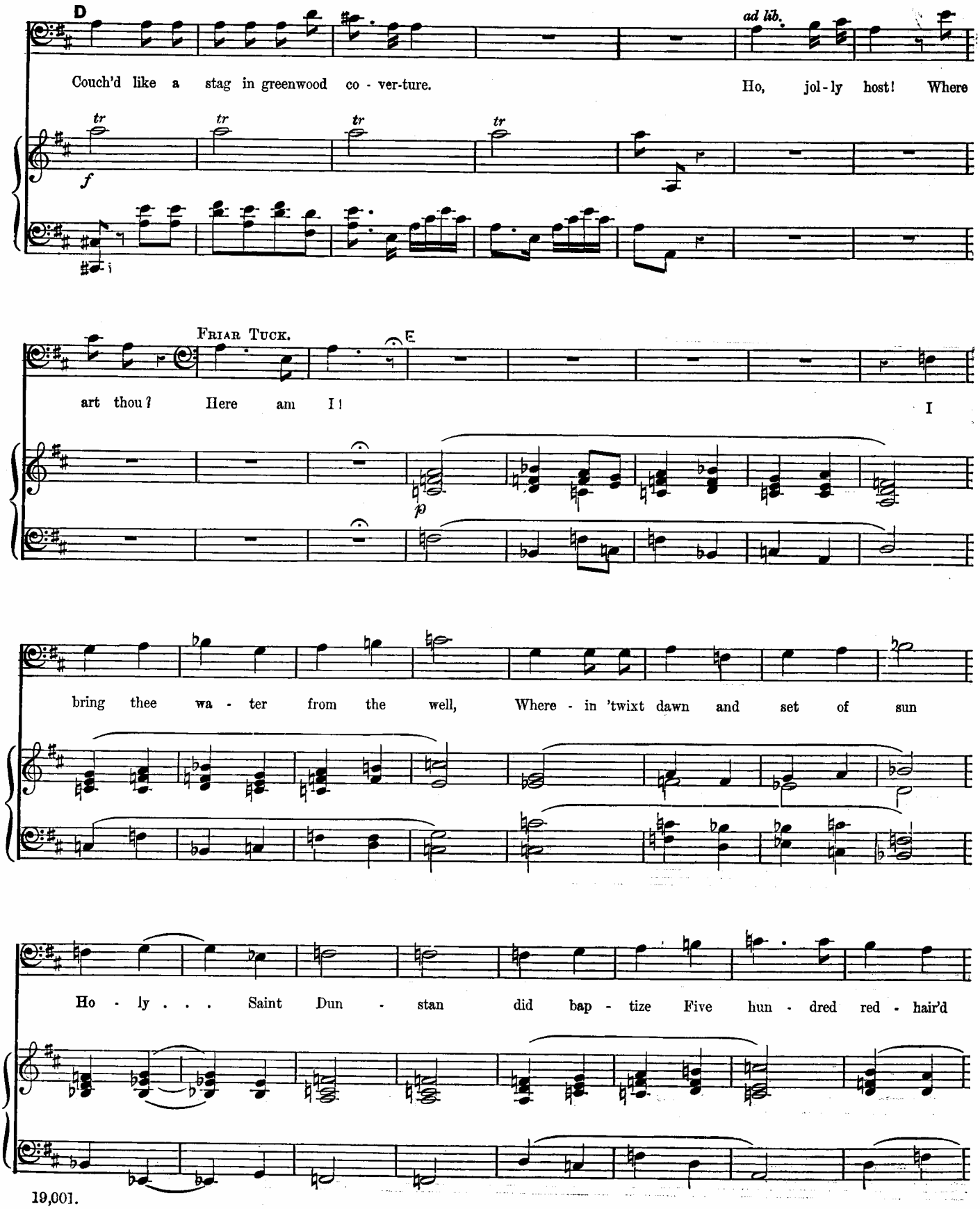
Strange lodg - ing this for Eng - land's King, . . . A thiev - ish

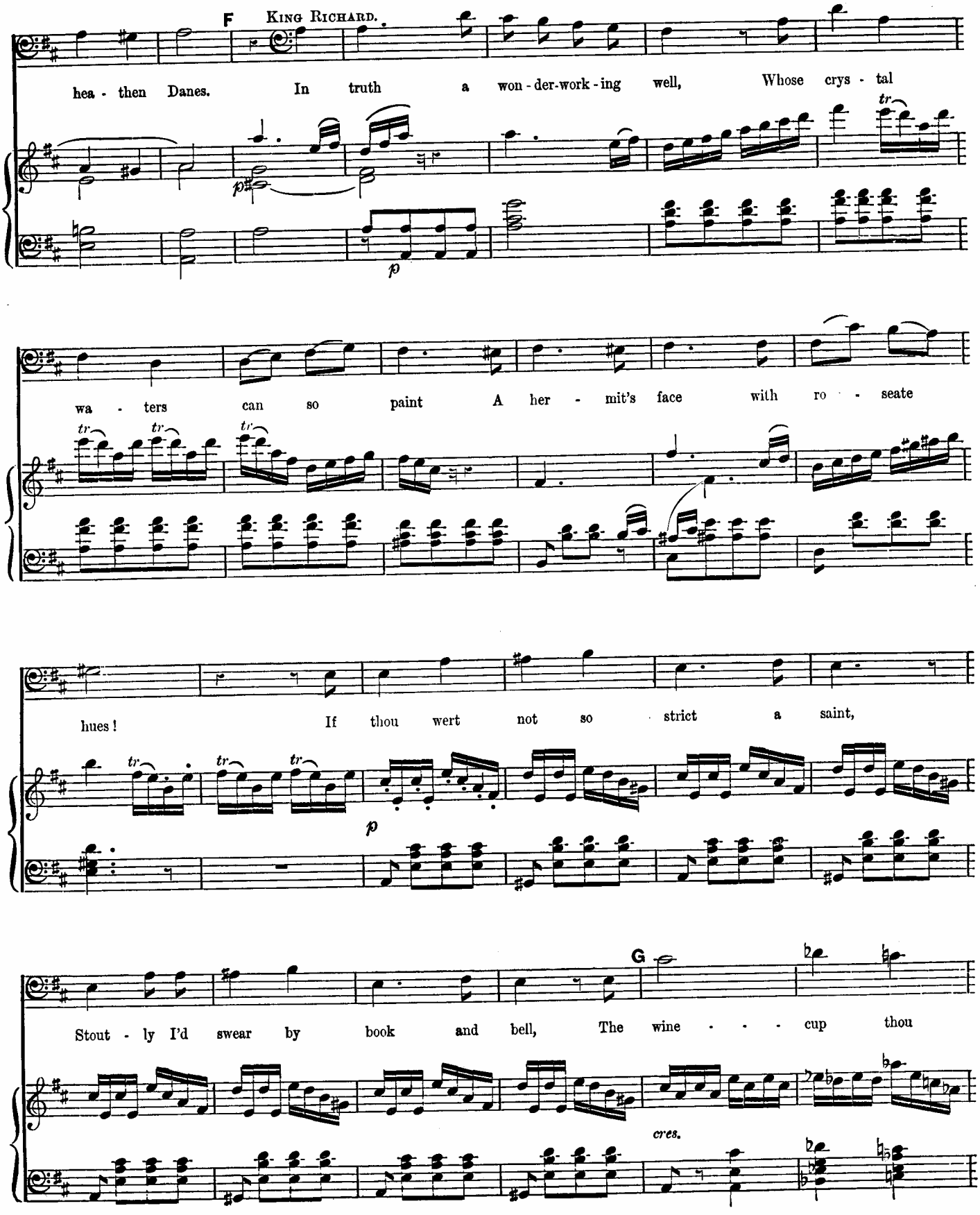


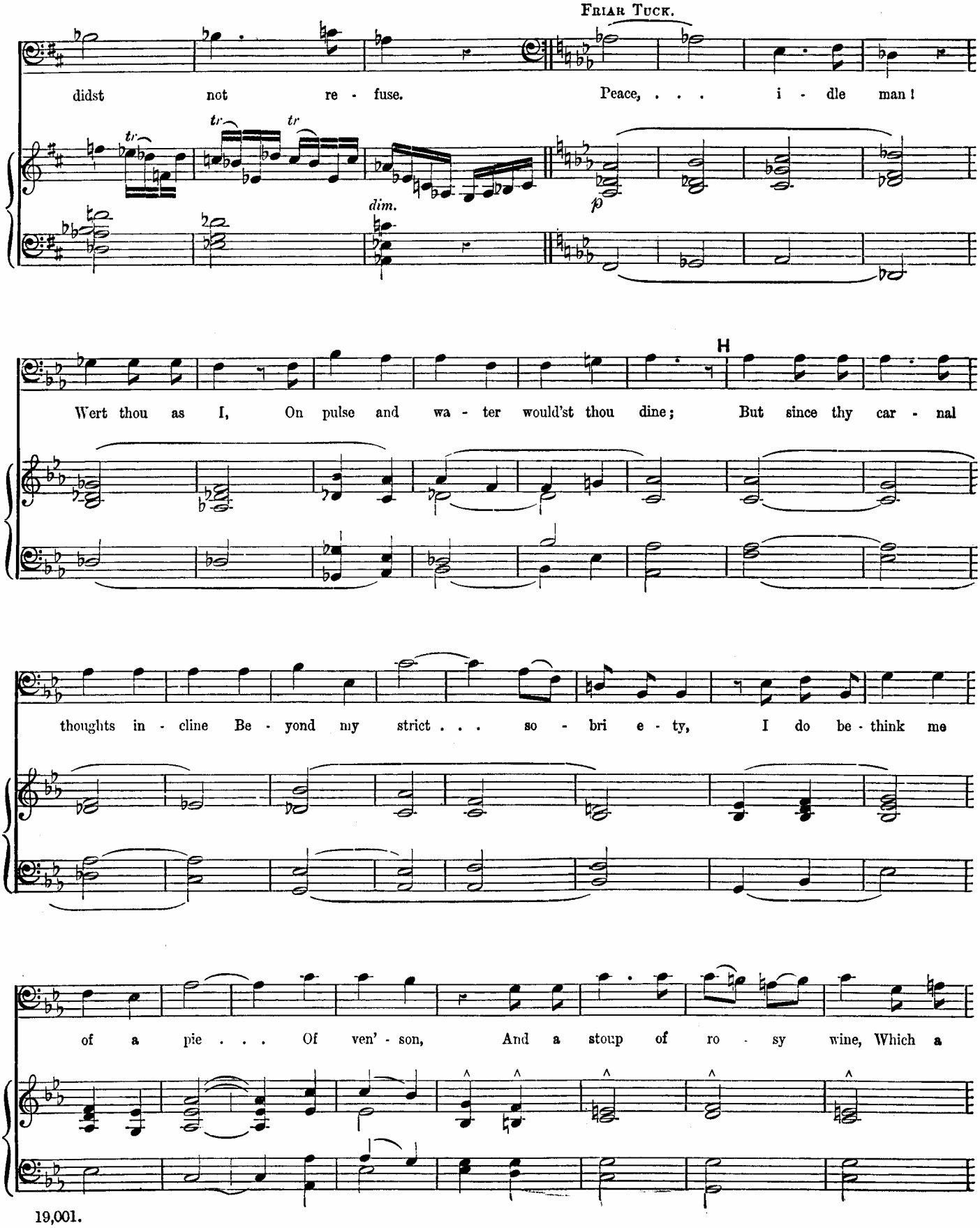
fri - ar for his host, And for his food his own dun deer, By

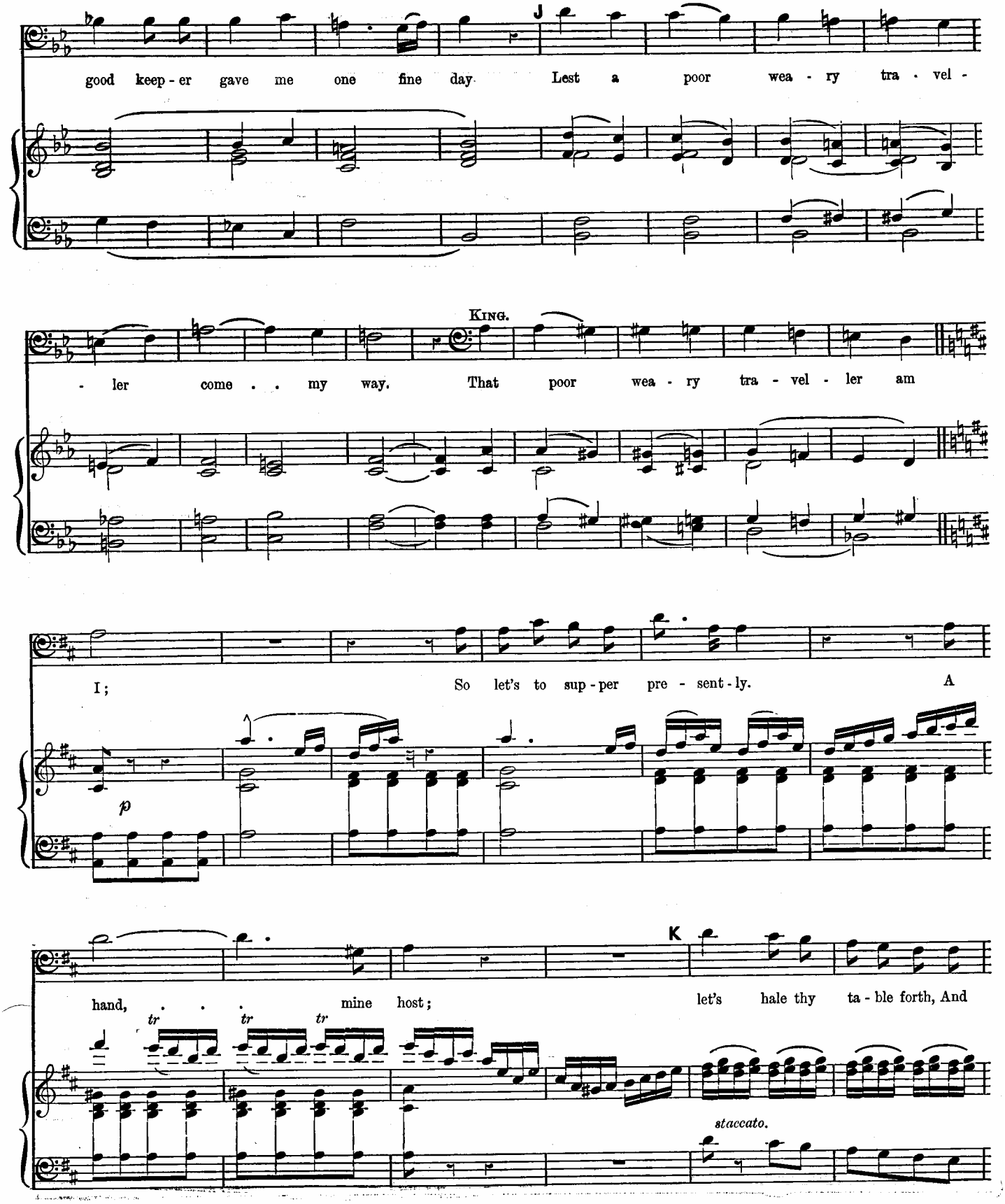


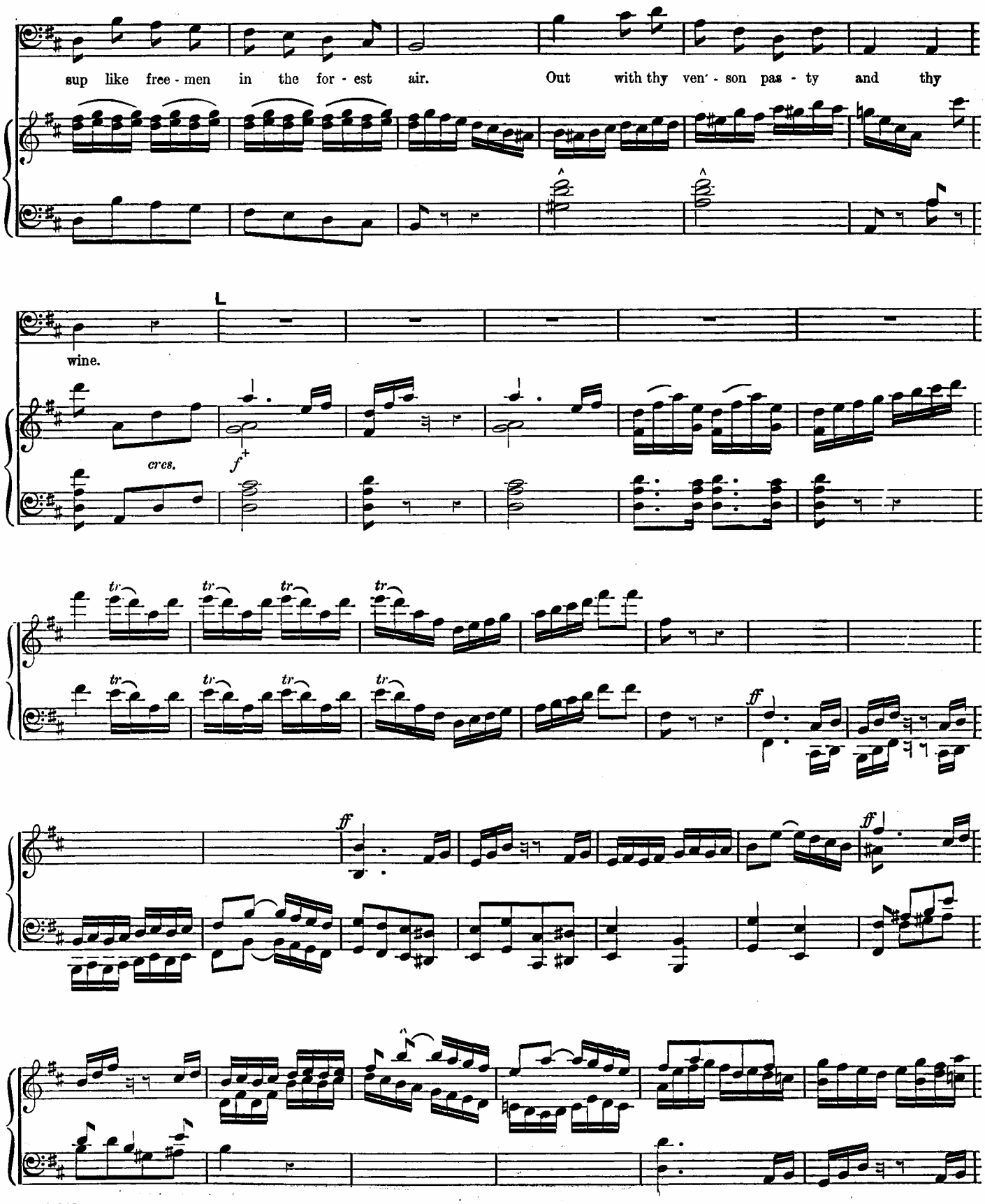

ad lib.
C
out - law's moon - light ar - row slain.
Yet bet - ter than the pomp of kings Is this free
life in for - est glade;
And bet - ter far my bur - ly host Than the false
p
Lou - is, King of France,
Or Aus - tria's Duke, or mine own bro - ther John.
f
p
Till I have learned that bro - ther's plans,
Here will I lie and take mine ease,
cres.
a tempo.
19.001.

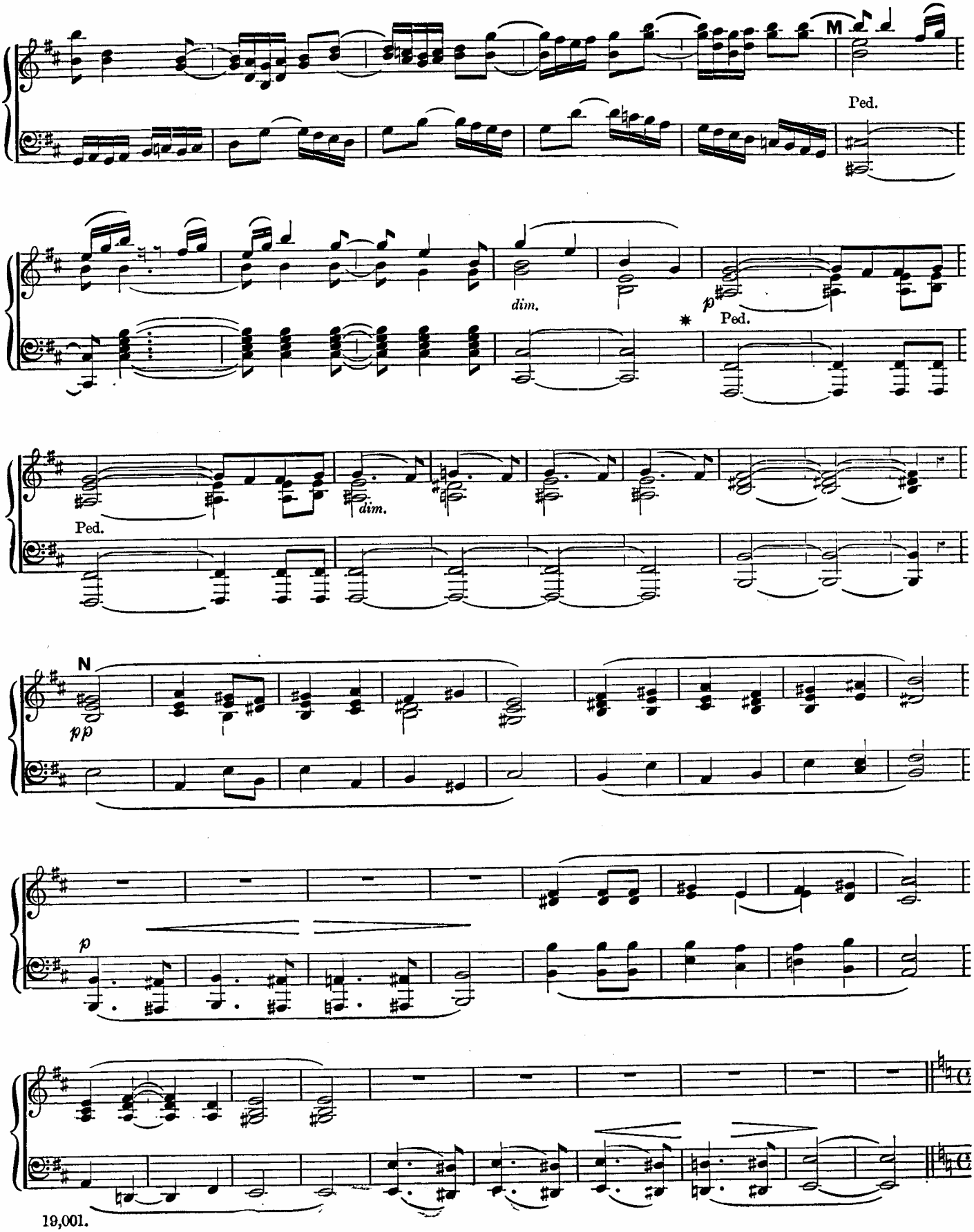

D
ad lib.
Couch'd like a stag in greenwood co - ver-ture.
Ho, jol-ly host! Where
tr
f
FRIAR TUCK.
E
art thou? Here am I!
I
p
bring thee wa - ter from the well, Where - in 'twixt dawn and set of sun
Ho - ly . . . Saint Dun - stan did bap - tize Five hun - dred red - hair'd

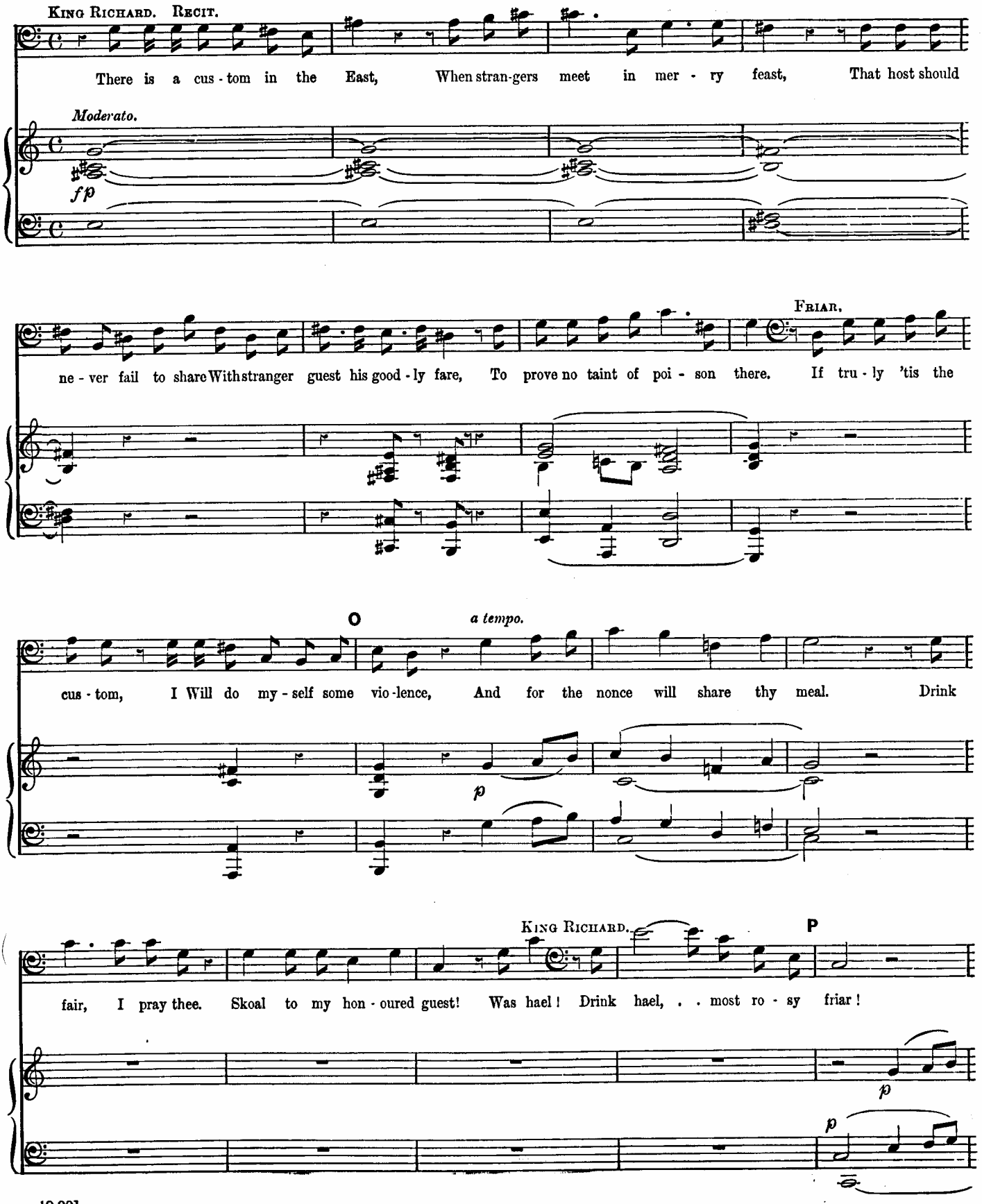

F
KING RICHARD.
hea - then Danes. In truth a won - der-work - ing well, Whose crys - tal
wa - ters can so paint A her - mit's face with ro - seate
hues! If thou wert not so strict a saint,
G
Stout - ly I'd swear by book and bell, The wine - - - cup thou
cres.

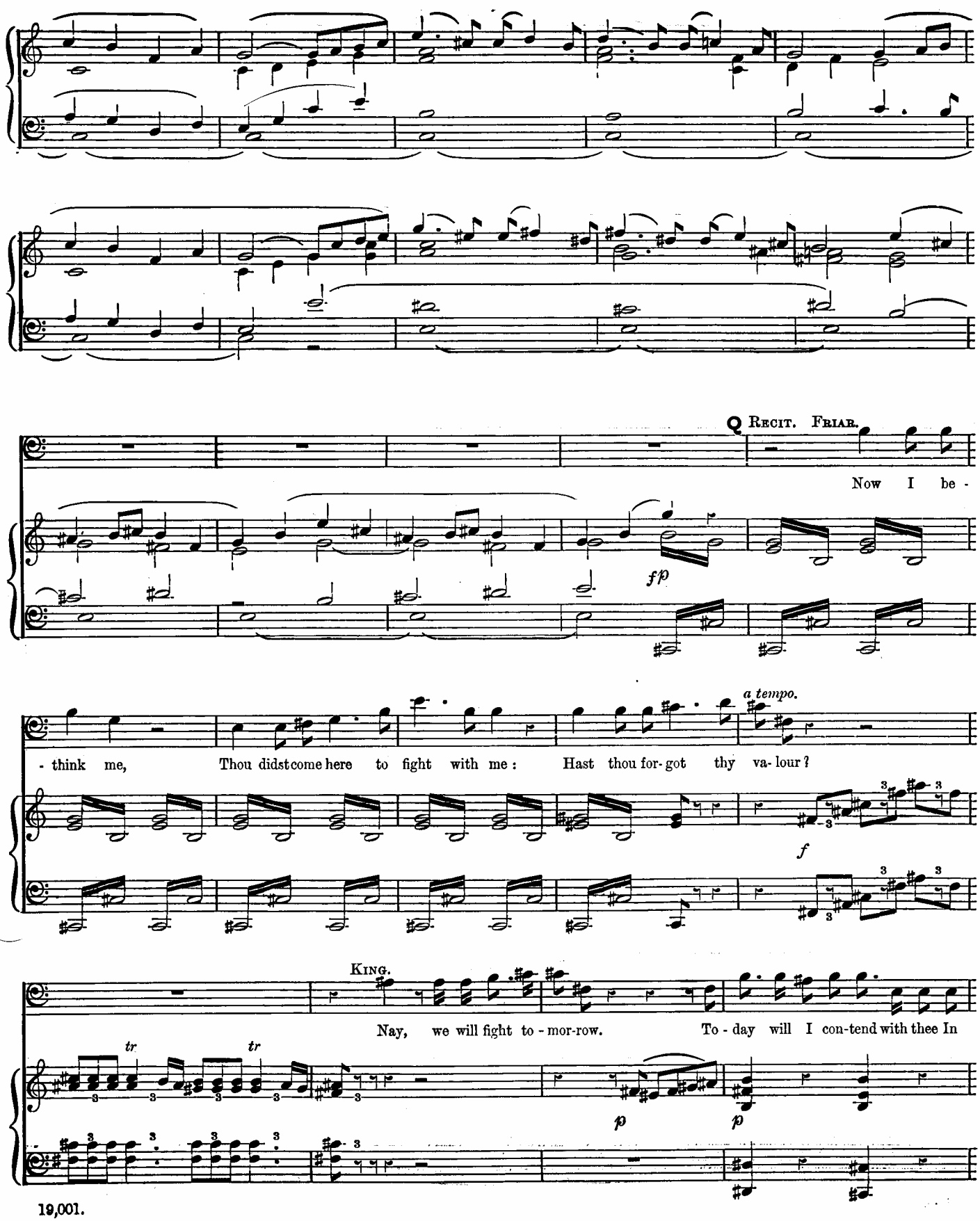

FRIAR TUCK.
didst not re - fuse. Peace, . . . i - dle man!
tr
tr
tr
dim.
p
H
Wert thou as I, On pulse and wa - ter would'st thou dine; But since thy car - nal
thoughts in - cline Be - yond my strict . . . so - bri e - ty, I do be - think me
of a pie . . . Of ven' - son, And a stoup of ro - sy wine, Which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

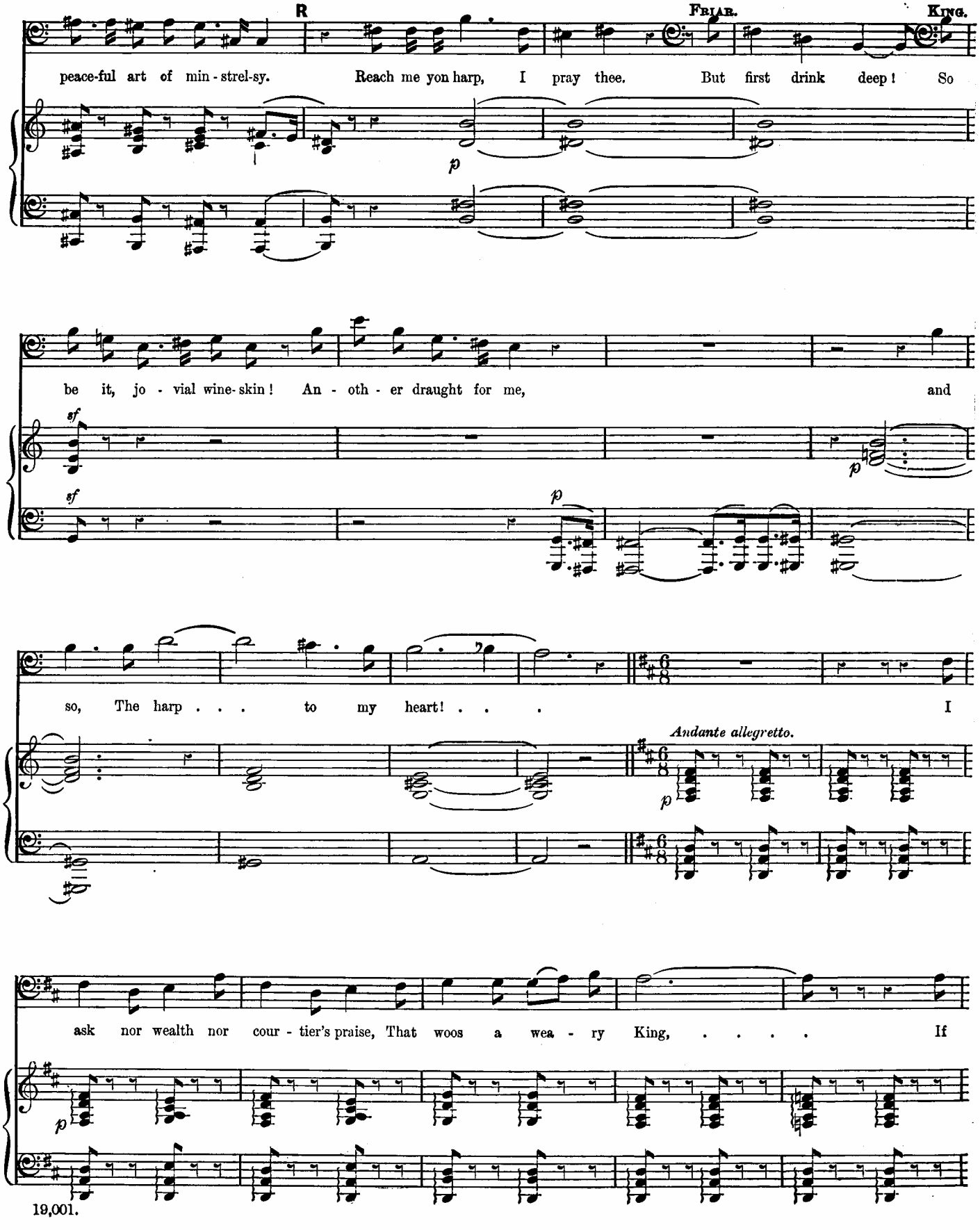

J
good keep - er gave me one fine day. Lest a poor wea - ry tra - vel -
KING.
- ler come . . my way. That poor wea - ry tra - vel - ler am
I; So let's to sup - per pre - sent - ly. A
p
K
hand, . . . mine host; let's hale thy ta - ble forth, And
tr
tr
tr
staccato.

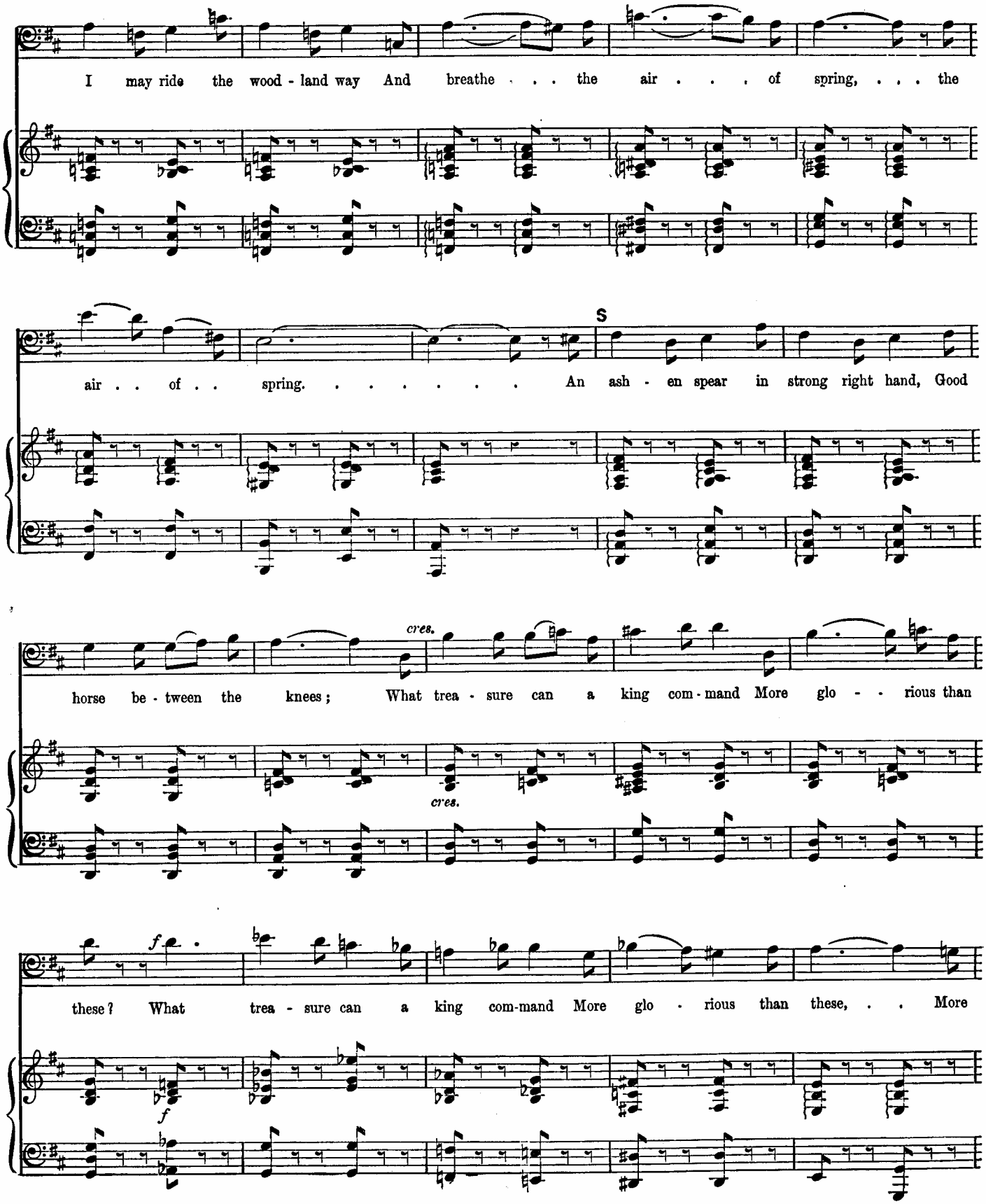

sup like free - men in the for - est air. Out with thy ven' - son pas - ty and thy
wine.
cres.
f+
tr
ff
ff
ff

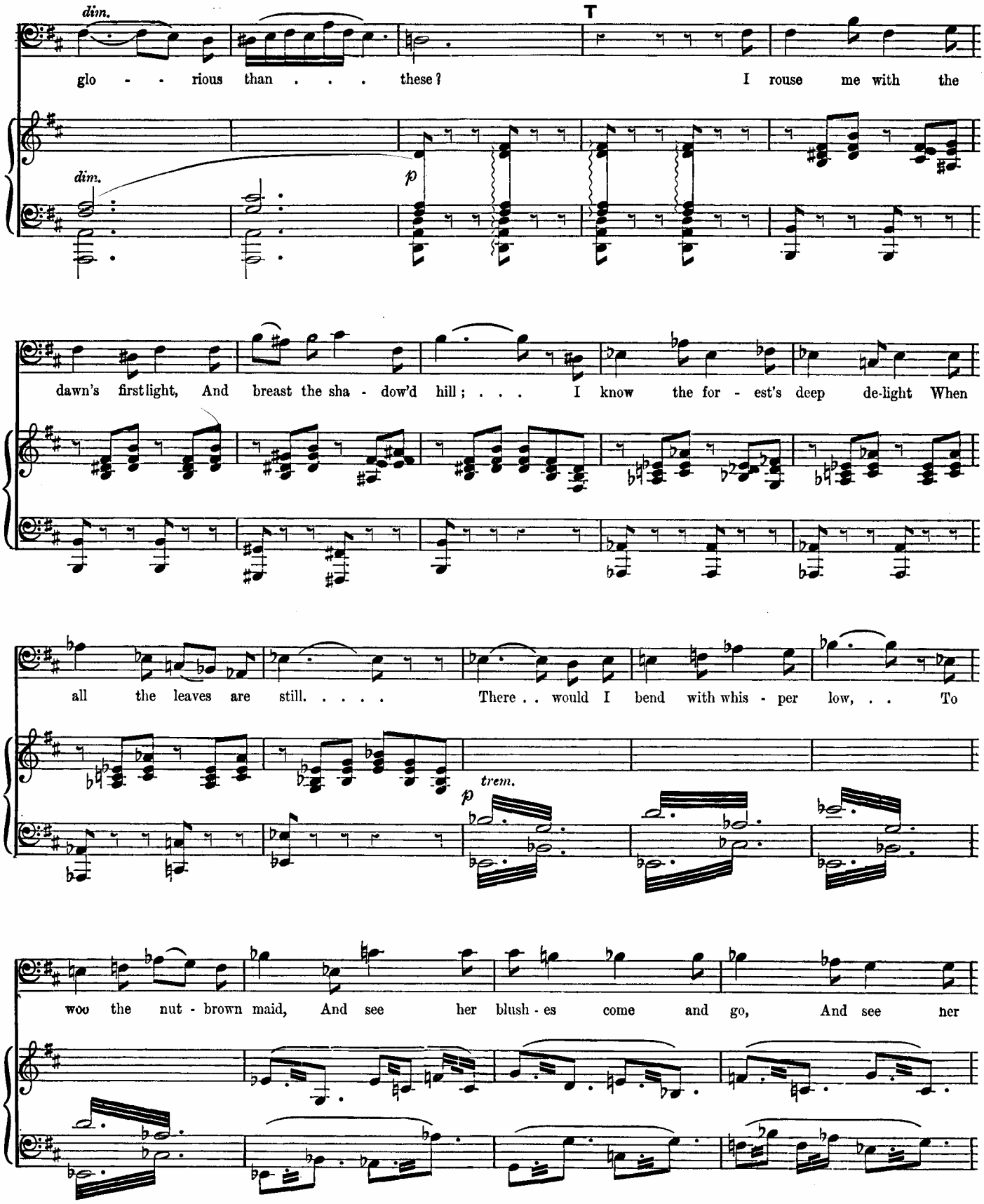

M
Ped.
dim.
p
Ped.
*
Ped.
dim.
N
pp
p

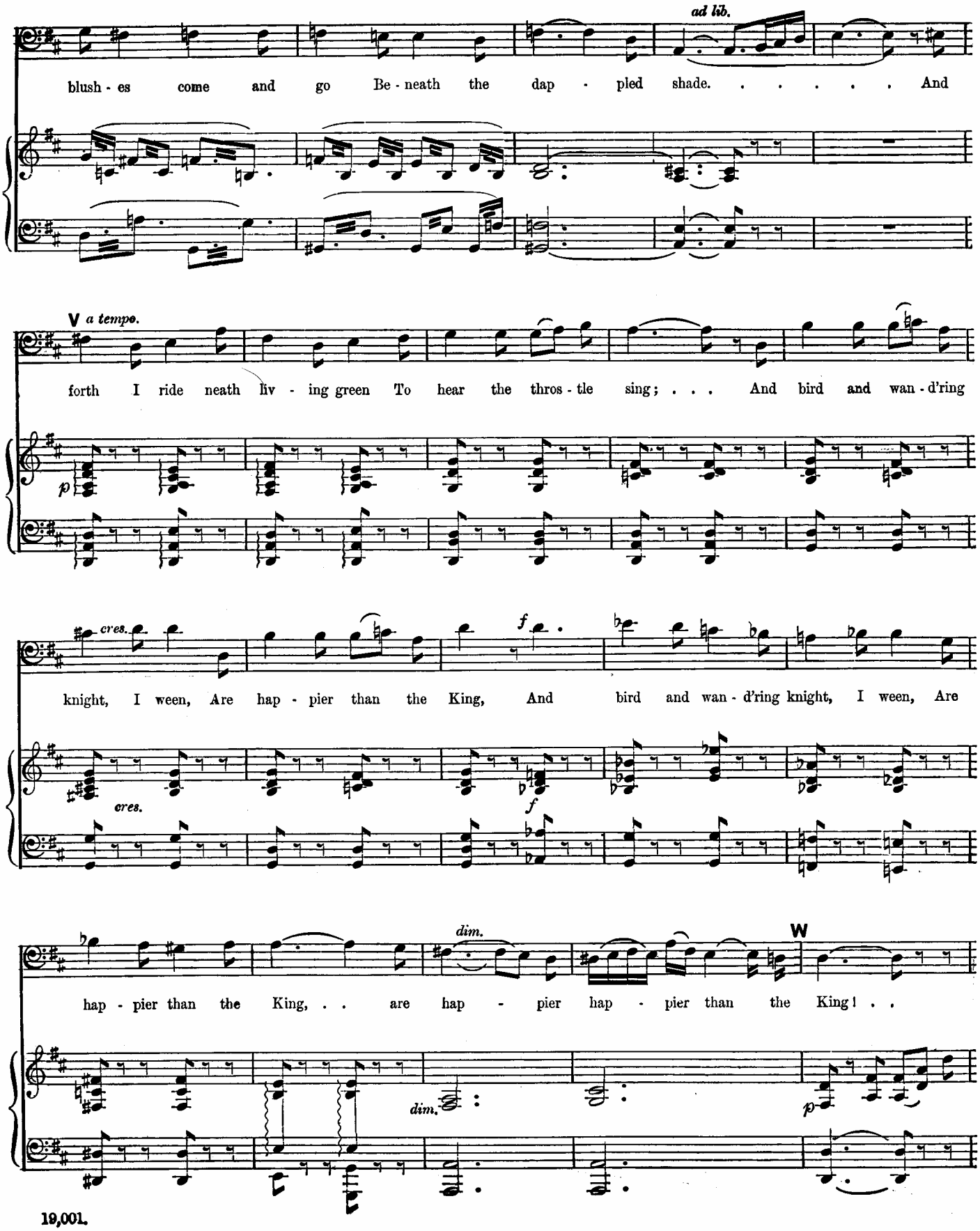

KING RICHARD. RECIT.
There is a cus - tom in the East, When stran-gers meet in mer - ry feast, That host should
Moderato.
fp
FRIAR.
ne - ver fail to share With stranger guest his good - ly fare, To prove no taint of poi - son there. If tru - ly 'tis the
O
a tempo.
cus - tom, I Will do my - self some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

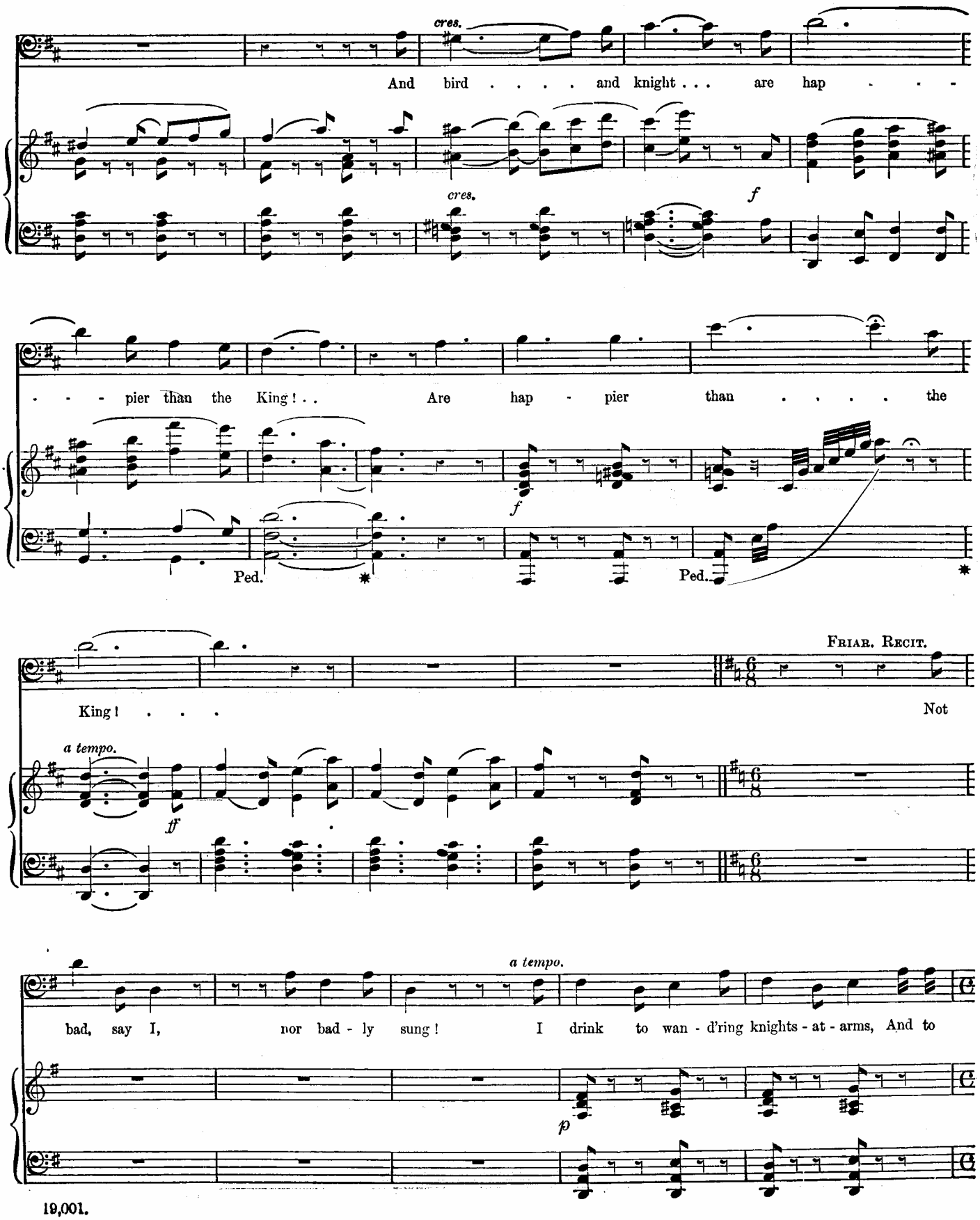

Q Recit. Friar.
Now I be -
fp
a tempo.
- think me, Thou didst come here to fight with me: Hast thou for- got thy va- lour?
f
King.
Nay, we will fight to - mor-row. To - day will I con-tend with thee In
tr
tr
p
p

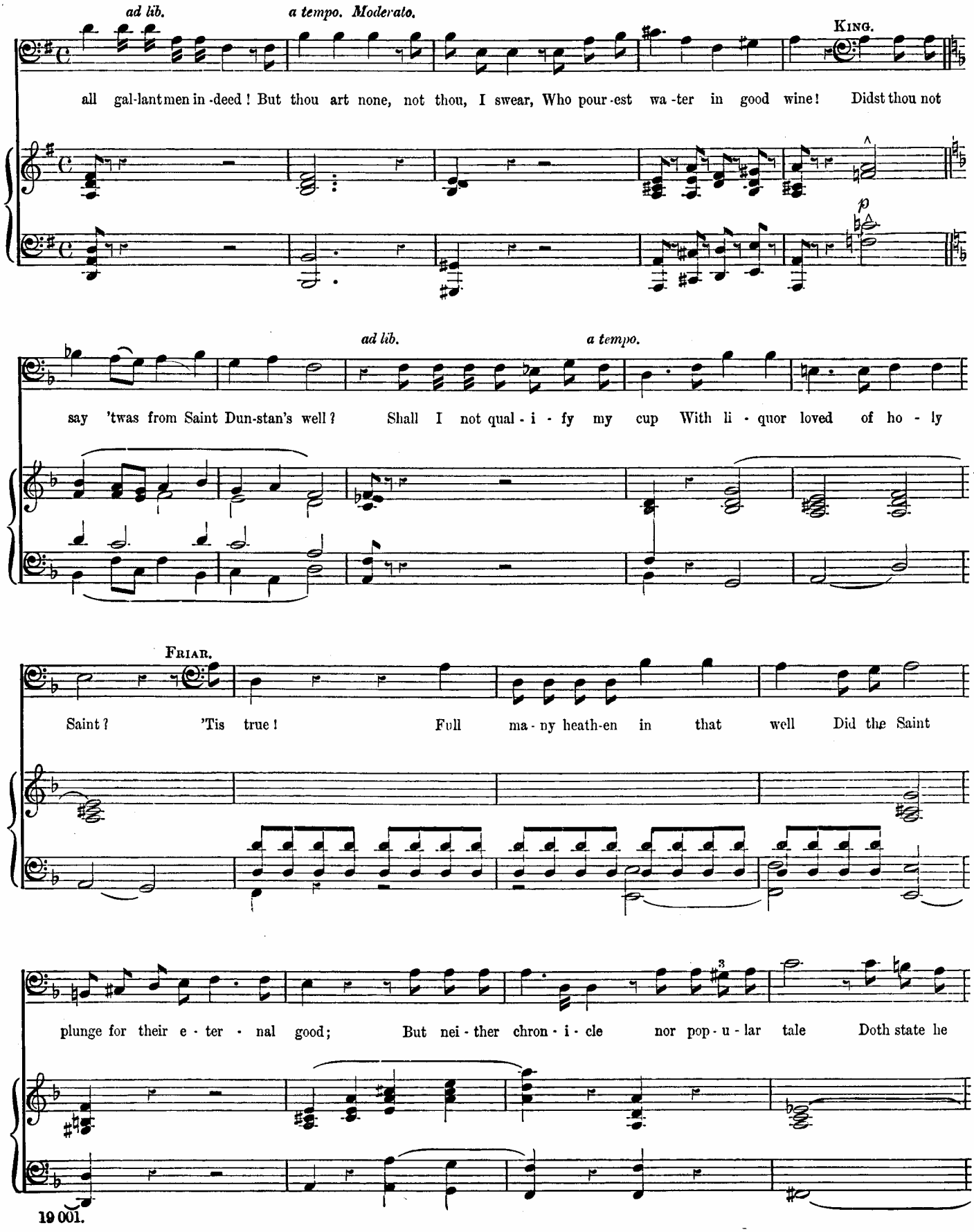

R
Friar.
King.
peace-ful art of min-strel-sy. Reach me yon harp, I pray thee. But first drink deep! So
be it, jo-vial wine-skin! An-oth-er draught for me, and
so, The harp . . . to my heart! . . . I
Andante allegretto.
ask nor wealth nor cour-tier's praise, That woos a wea-ry King, ... If

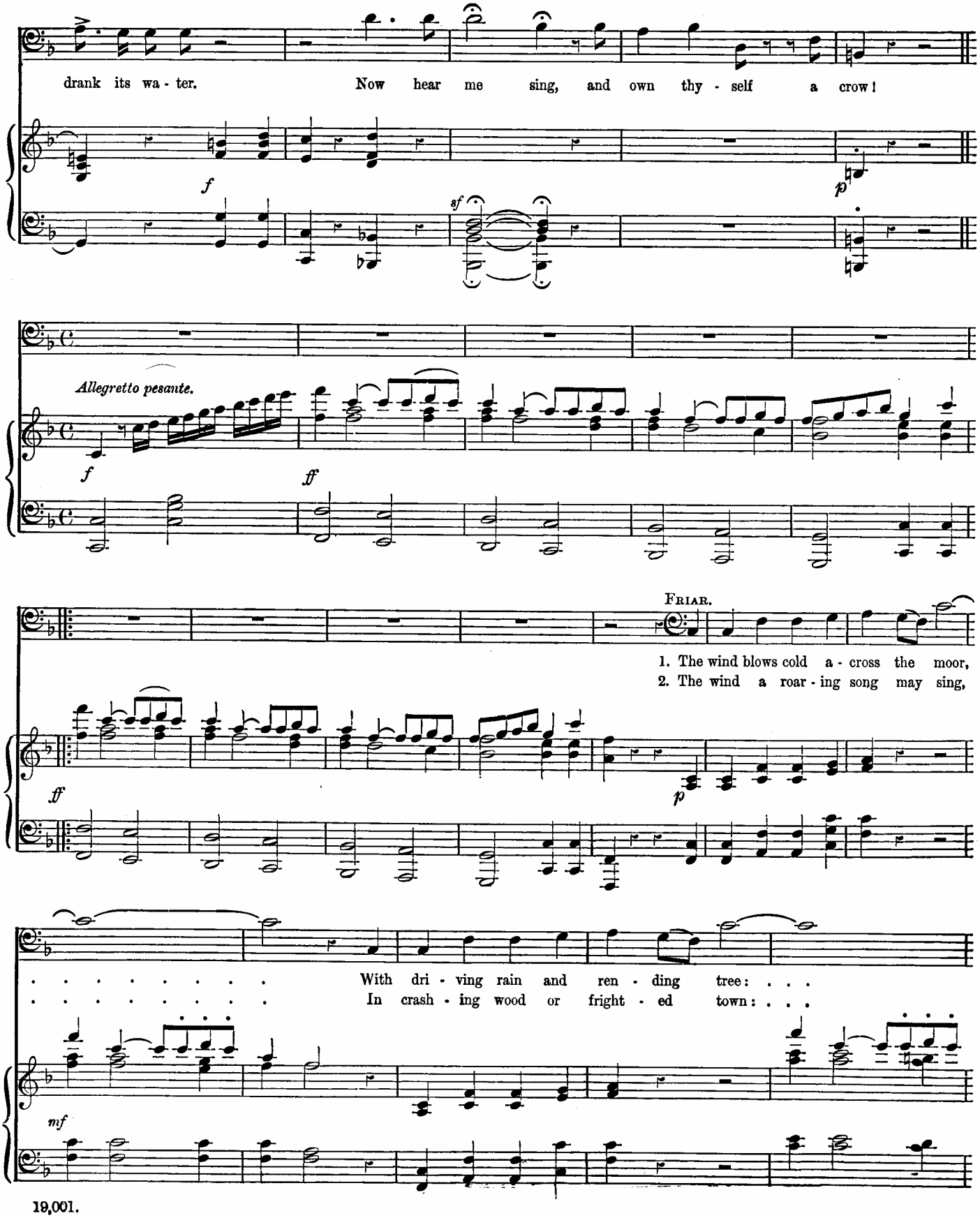

I may ride the wood - land way And breathe . . . the air . . . of spring, . . . the
air . . of . . spring. . . . . An ash - en spear in strong right hand, Good
S
horse be - tween the knees; What trea - sure can a king com - mand More glo - - rious than
cres.
cres.
these? What trea - sure can a king com-mand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

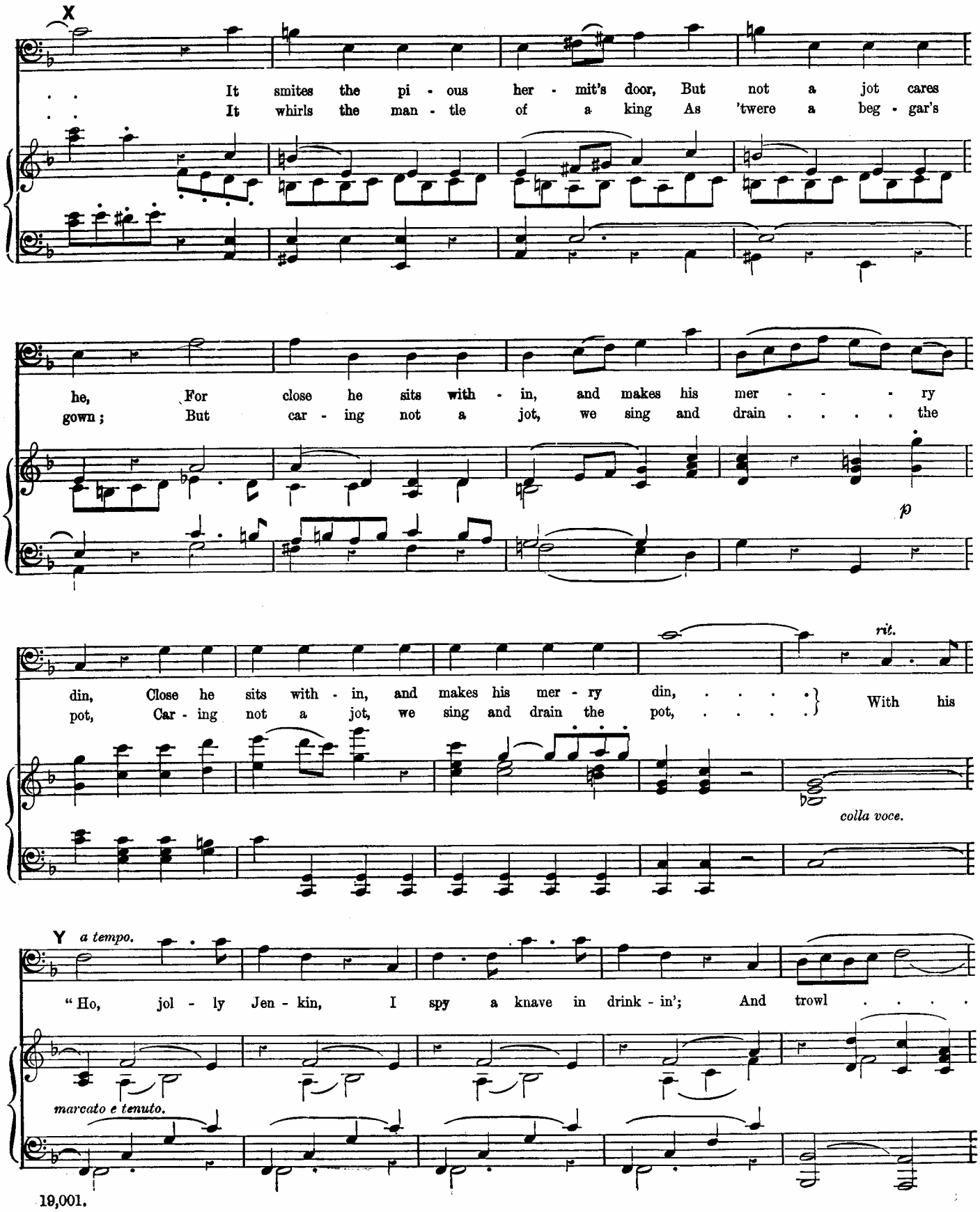

dim.
T
glo - - rious than . . . these? I rouse me with the
dim.
p
dawn's first light, And breast the sha - dow'd hill; . . . I know the for - est's deep de-light When
all the leaves are still. . . . . There . . would I bend with whis - per low, . . To
trem.
p
woo the nut - brown maid, And see her blush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

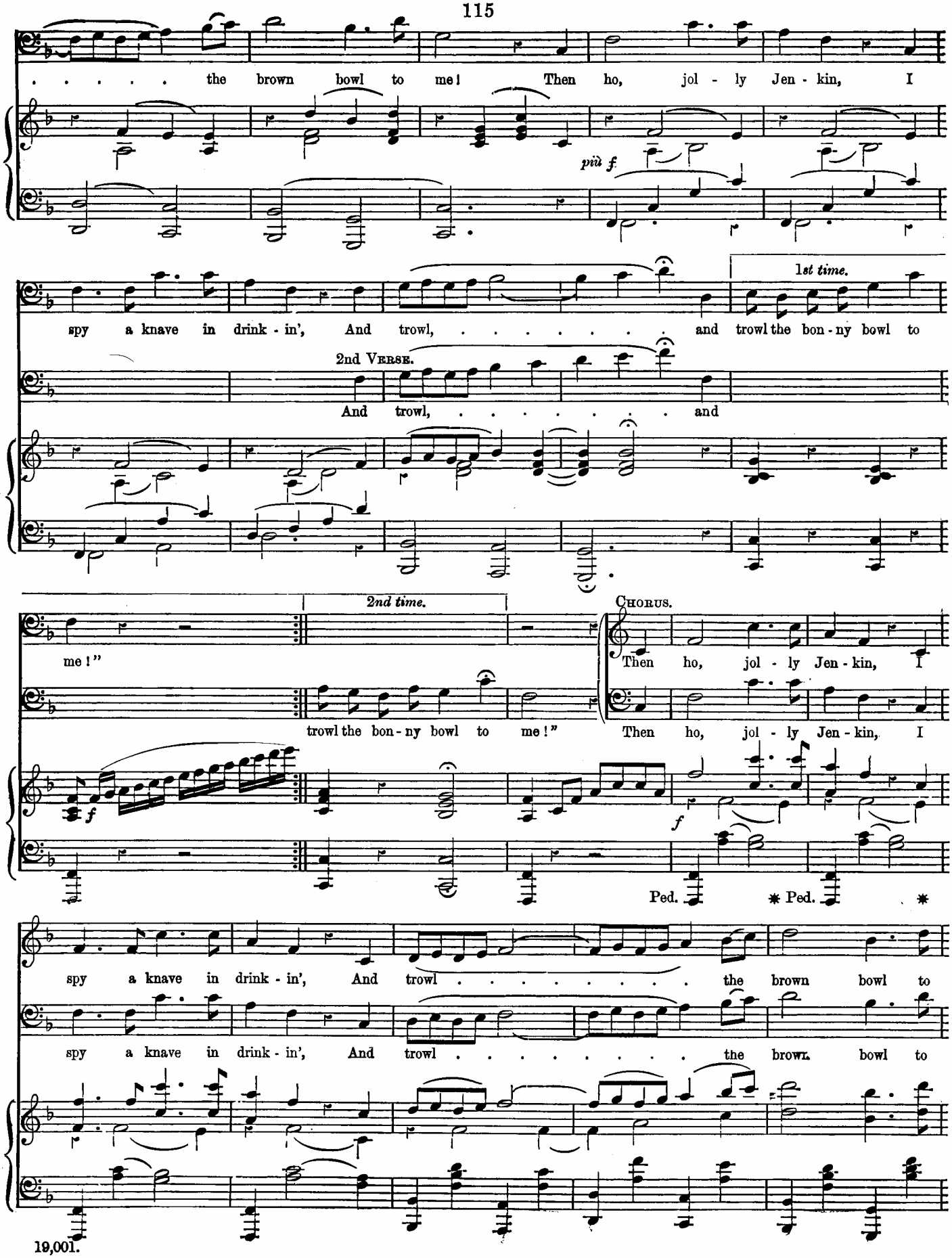

ad lib.
blush - es come and go Be - neath the dap - pled shade. . . . . And
V a tempo.
forth I ride neath liv - ing green To hear the thros - tle sing; . . . And bird and wan - d'ring
cres.
knight, I ween, Are hap - pier than the King, And bird and wan - d'ring knight, I ween, Are
dim.
W
hap - pier than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

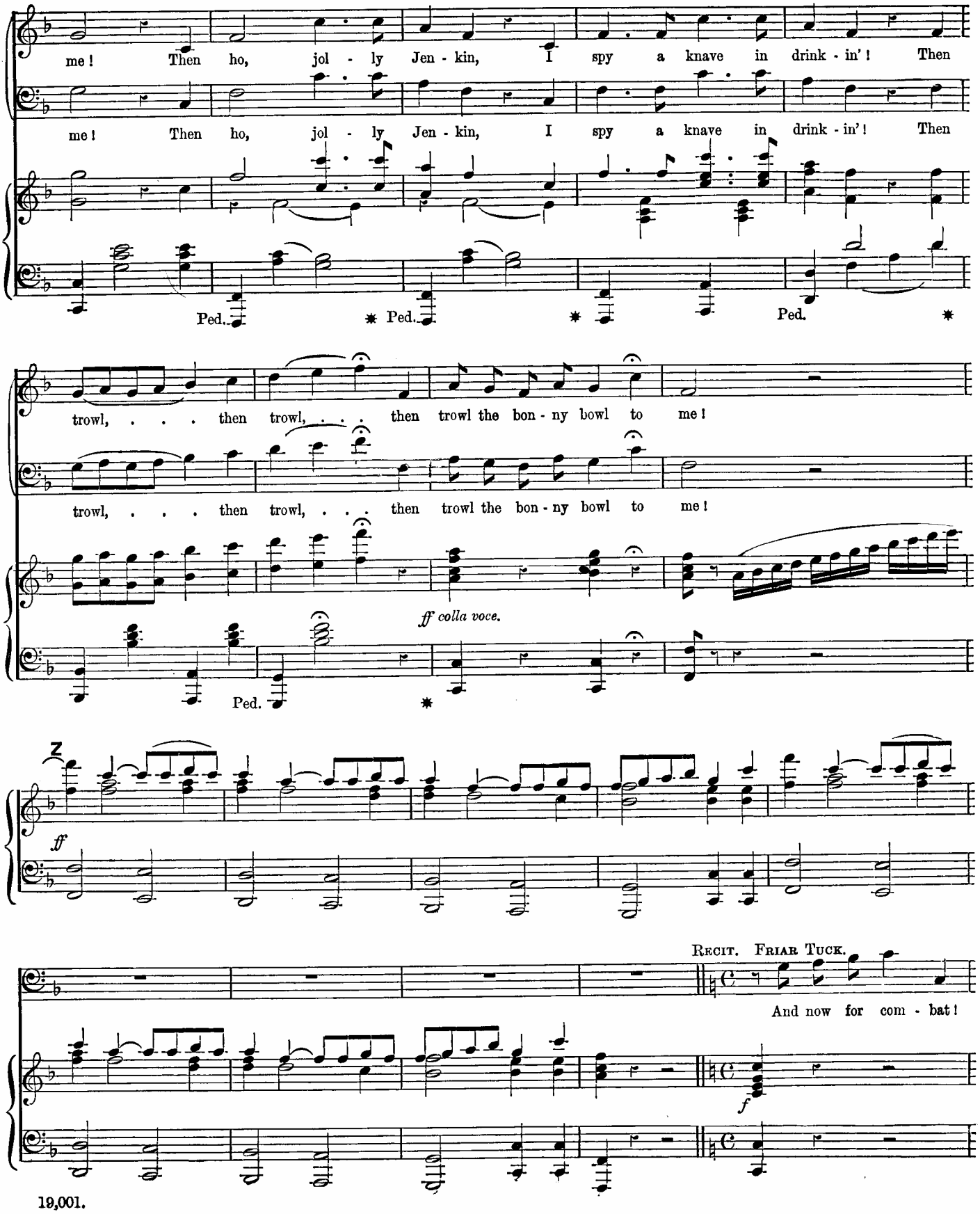

cres.
And bird . . . . and knight . . . are hap - - -
cres.
f
- - - pier than the King! . . Are hap - pier than . . . . the
f
Ped.
Ped.
FRIAR. RECIT.
King! . . . Not
a tempo.
ff
a tempo.
bad, say I, nor bad - ly sung! I drink to wan - d'ring knights - at - arms, And to
p

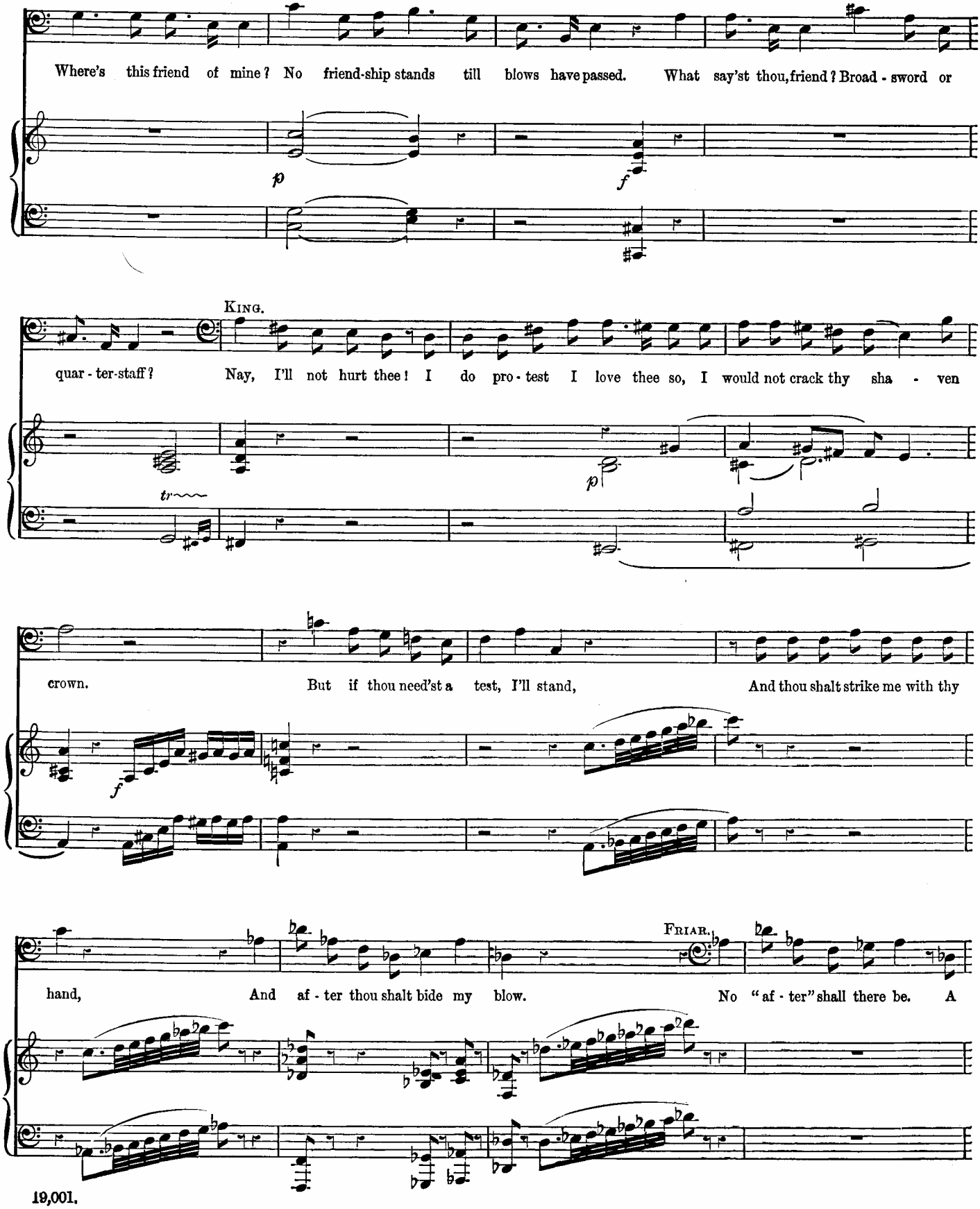

ad lib.
a tempo. Moderato.
KING.
all gal-lant men in-deed! But thou art none, not thou, I swear, Who pour-est wa-ter in good wine! Didst thou not
p
ad lib.
a tempo.
say 'twas from Saint Dun-stan's well? Shall I not qual-i-fy my cup With li-quor loved of ho-ly
FRIAR.
Saint? 'Tis true! Full ma-ny heath-en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

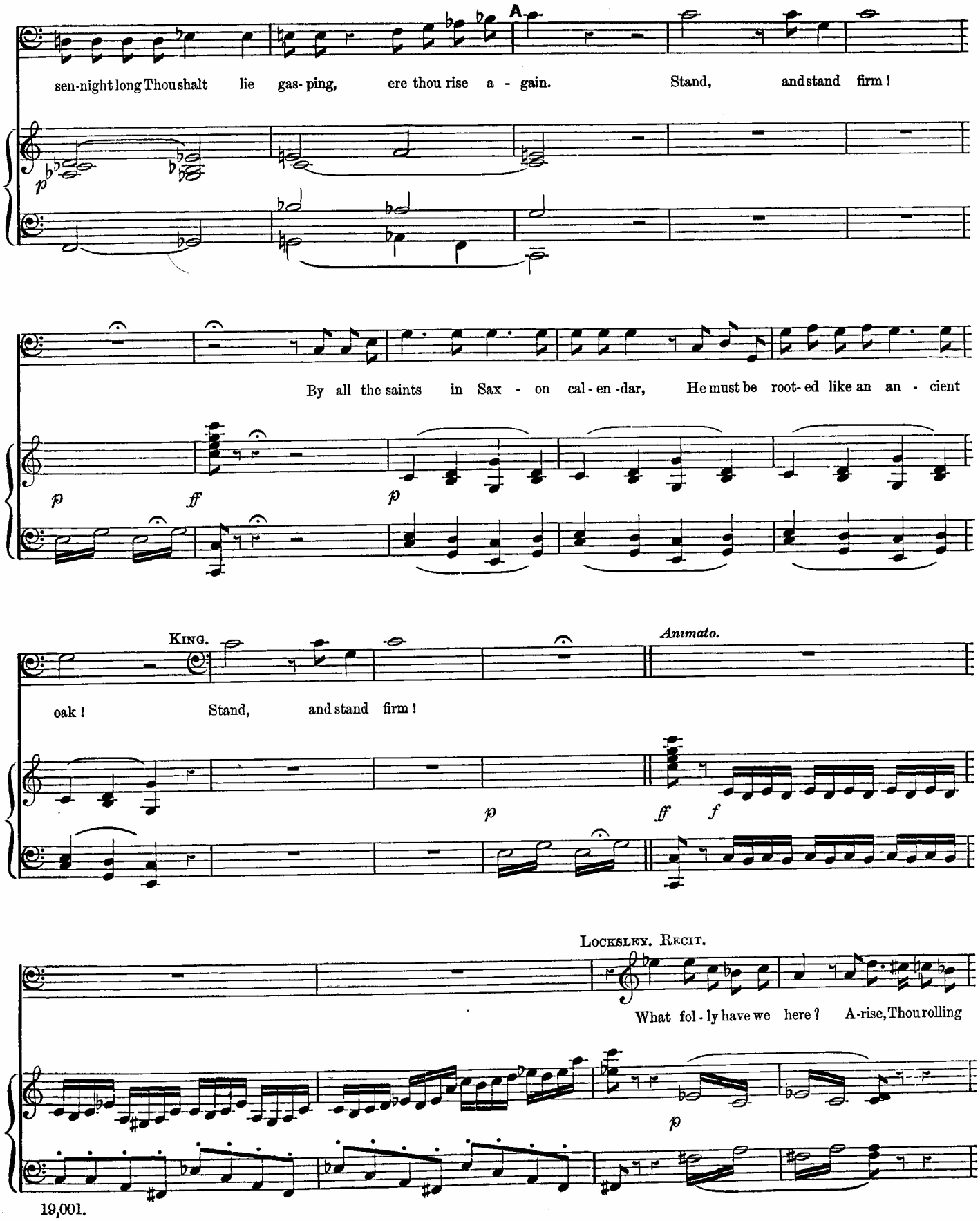

drank its wa - ter. Now hear me sing, and own thy - self a crow!
f
sf
p
Allegretto pesante.
f
ff
FRIAR.
1. The wind blows cold a - cross the moor,
2. The wind a roar - ing song may sing,
ff
p
. . . . . With dri - ving rain and ren - ding tree: . . .
. . . . . In crash - ing wood or fright - ed town: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

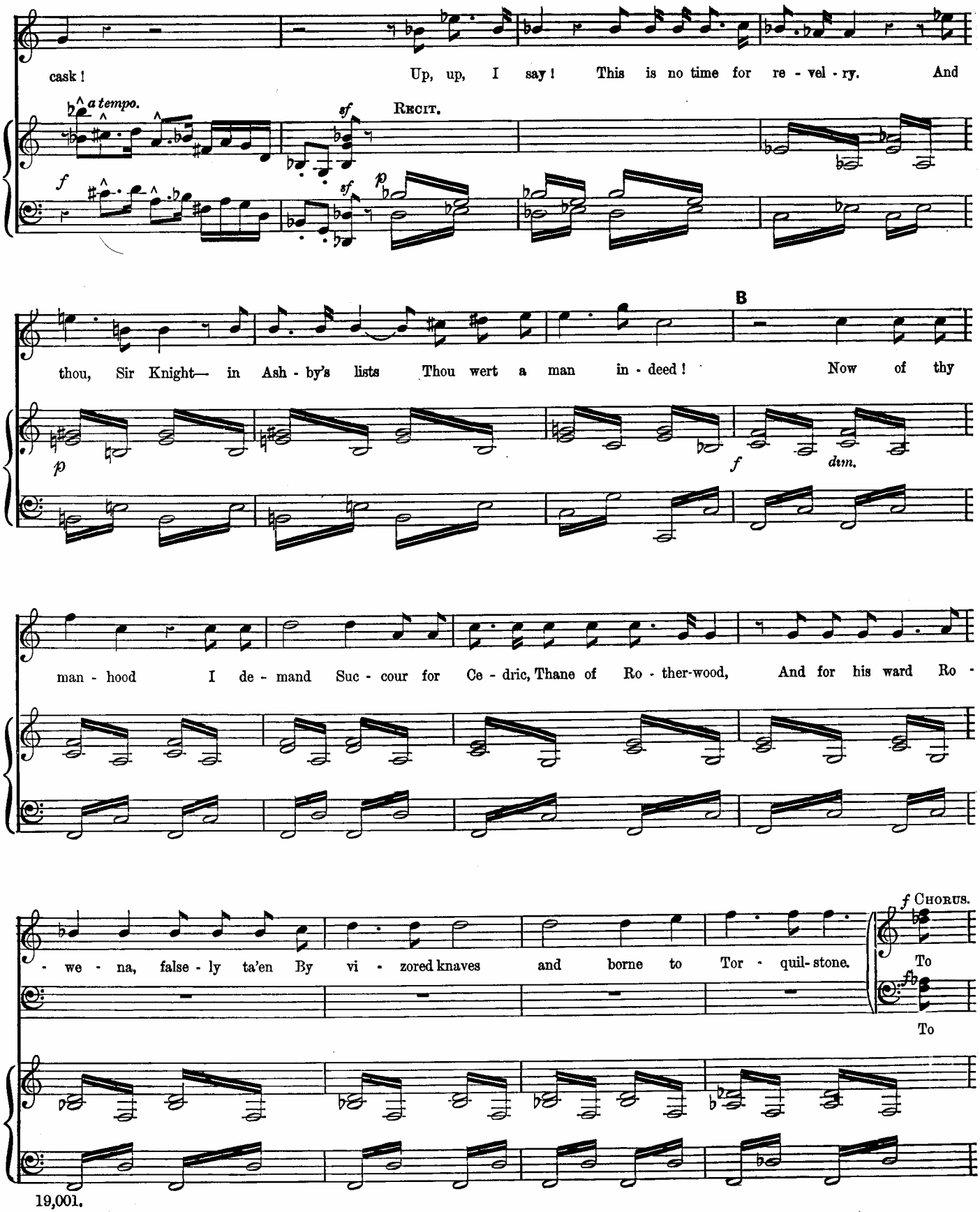

X
It smites the pi - ous her - mit's door, But not a jot cares
It whirls the man - tle of a king As 'twere a beg - gar's
he, For close he sits with - in, and makes his mer - - - ry
gown; But car - ing not a jot, we sing and drain . . . . the
p
din, Close he sits with - in, and makes his mer - ry din,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

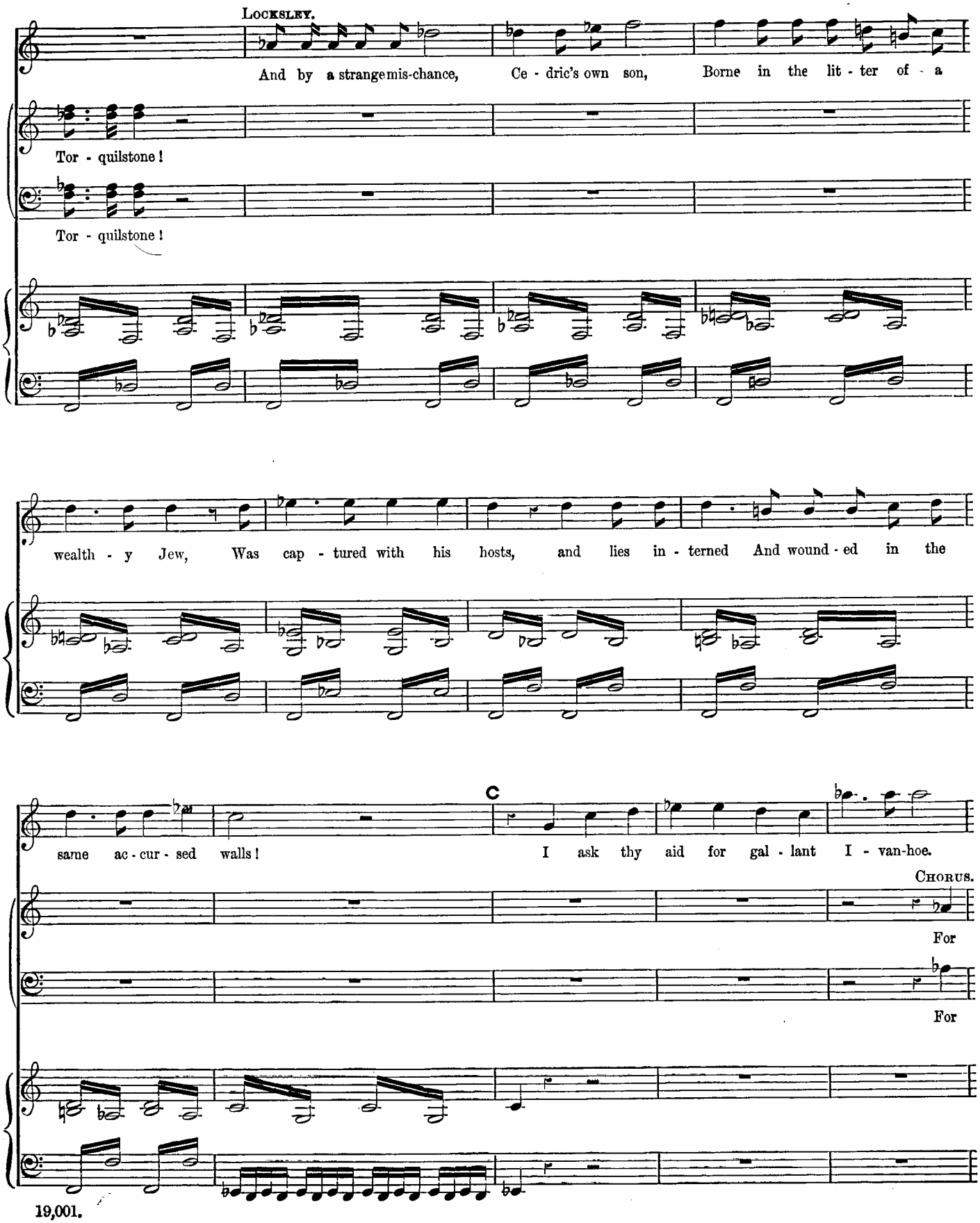

. . . . . the brown bowl to me! Then ho, jol - ly Jen - kin, I
più f.
spy a knave in drink - in', And trowl, ... and trowl the bon - ny bowl to
1st time.
2nd Verse.
And trowl, ... and
2nd time.
me!"
trowl the bon - ny bowl to me!"
Chorus.
Then ho, jol - ly Jen - kin, I
Then ho, jol - ly Jen - kin, I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

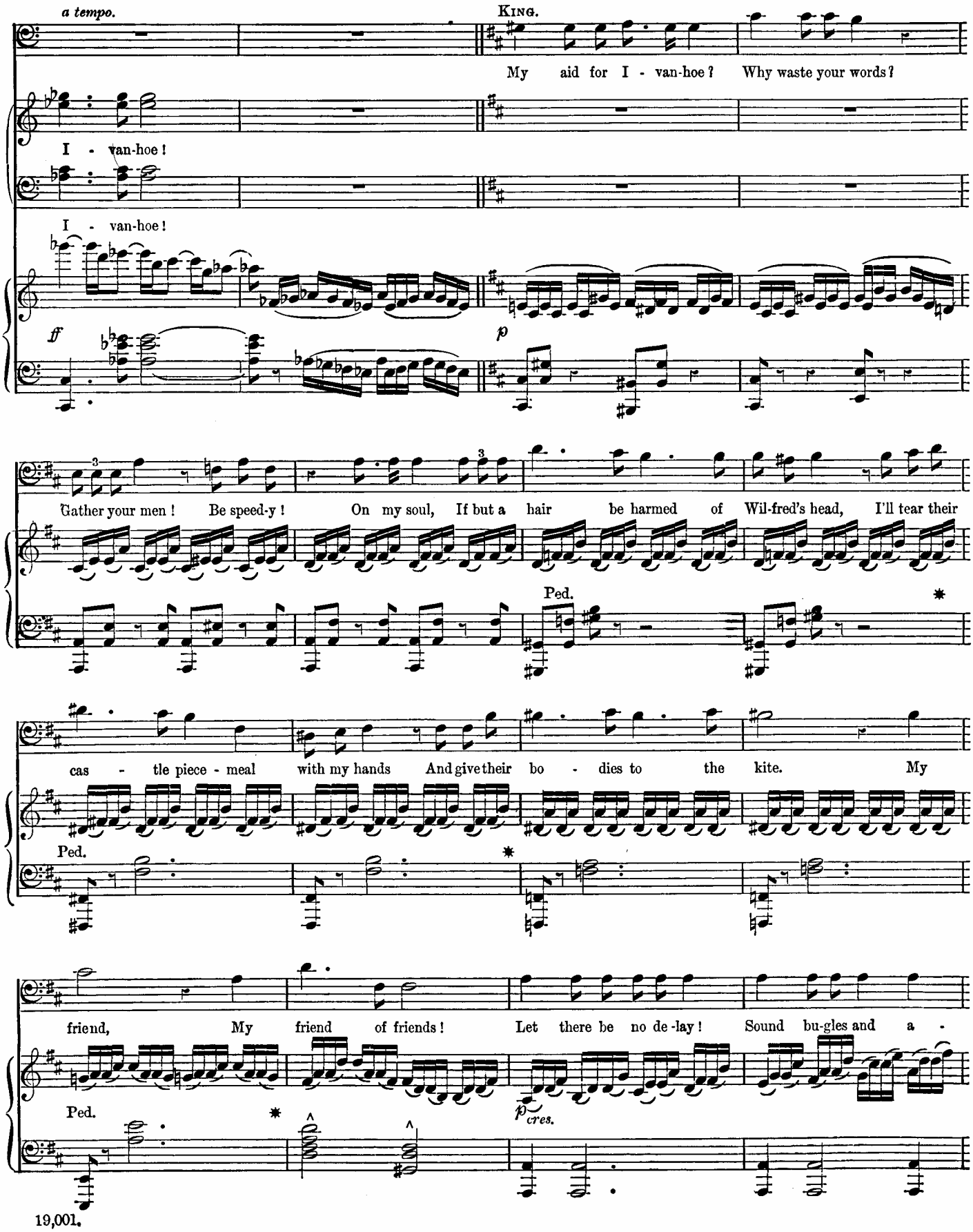

me! Then ho, jol - ly Jen - kin, I spy a knave in drink - in'! Then
me! Then ho, jol - ly Jen - kin, I spy a knave in drink - in'! Then
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
trowl, . . . then trowl, . . . then trowl the bon - ny bowl to me!
trowl, . . . then trowl, . . . then trowl the bon - ny bowl to me!
ff colla voce.
Ped. *
2
ff
Recit. Friar Tuck.
And now for com - bat!
f

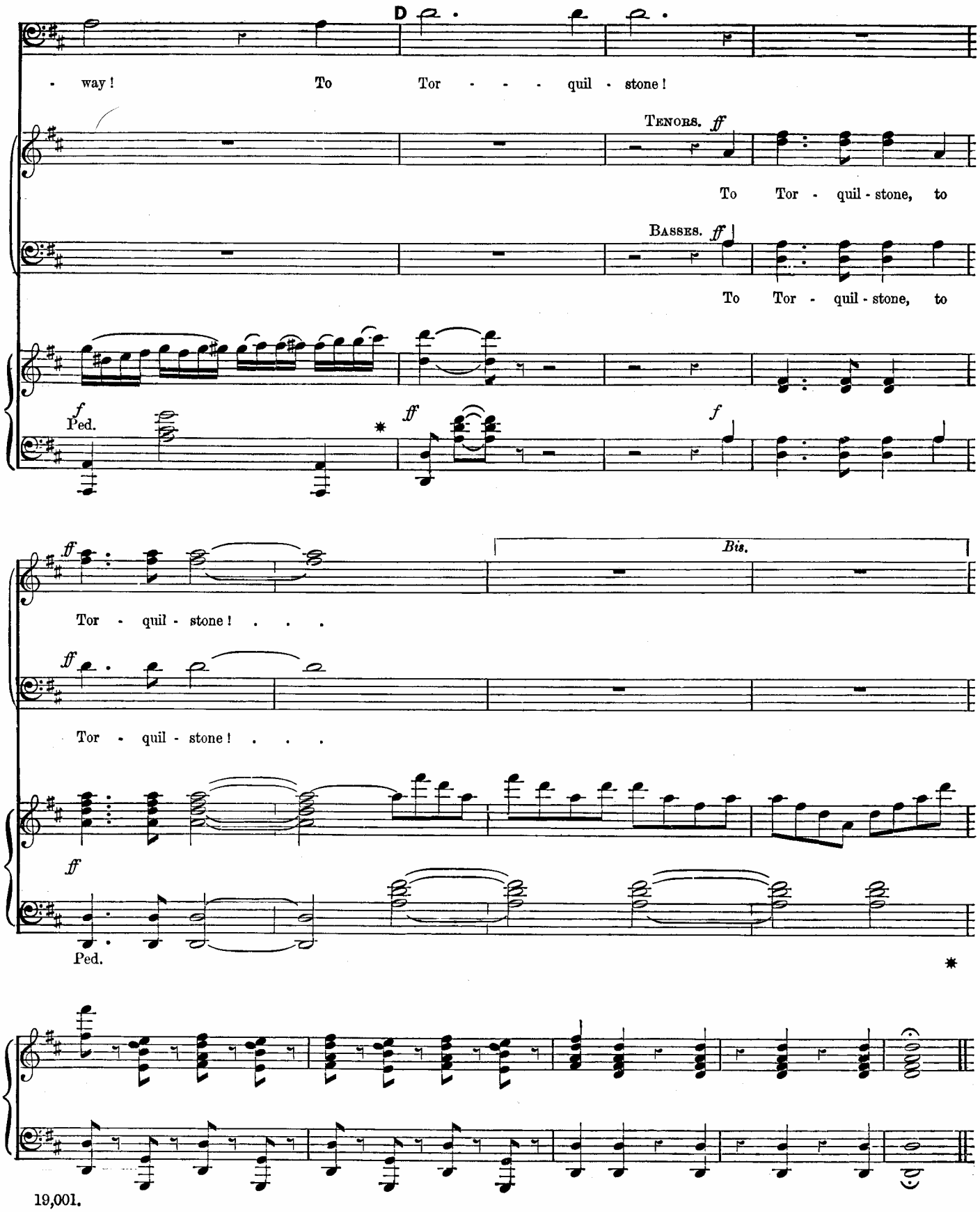

Where's this friend of mine? No friend-ship stands till blows have passed. What say'st thou, friend? Broad - sword or
p
f
KING.
quar - ter-staff? Nay, I'll not hurt thee! I do pro - test I love thee so, I would not crack thy sha - ven
tr
p
crown. But if thou need'st a test, I'll stand, And thou shalt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


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

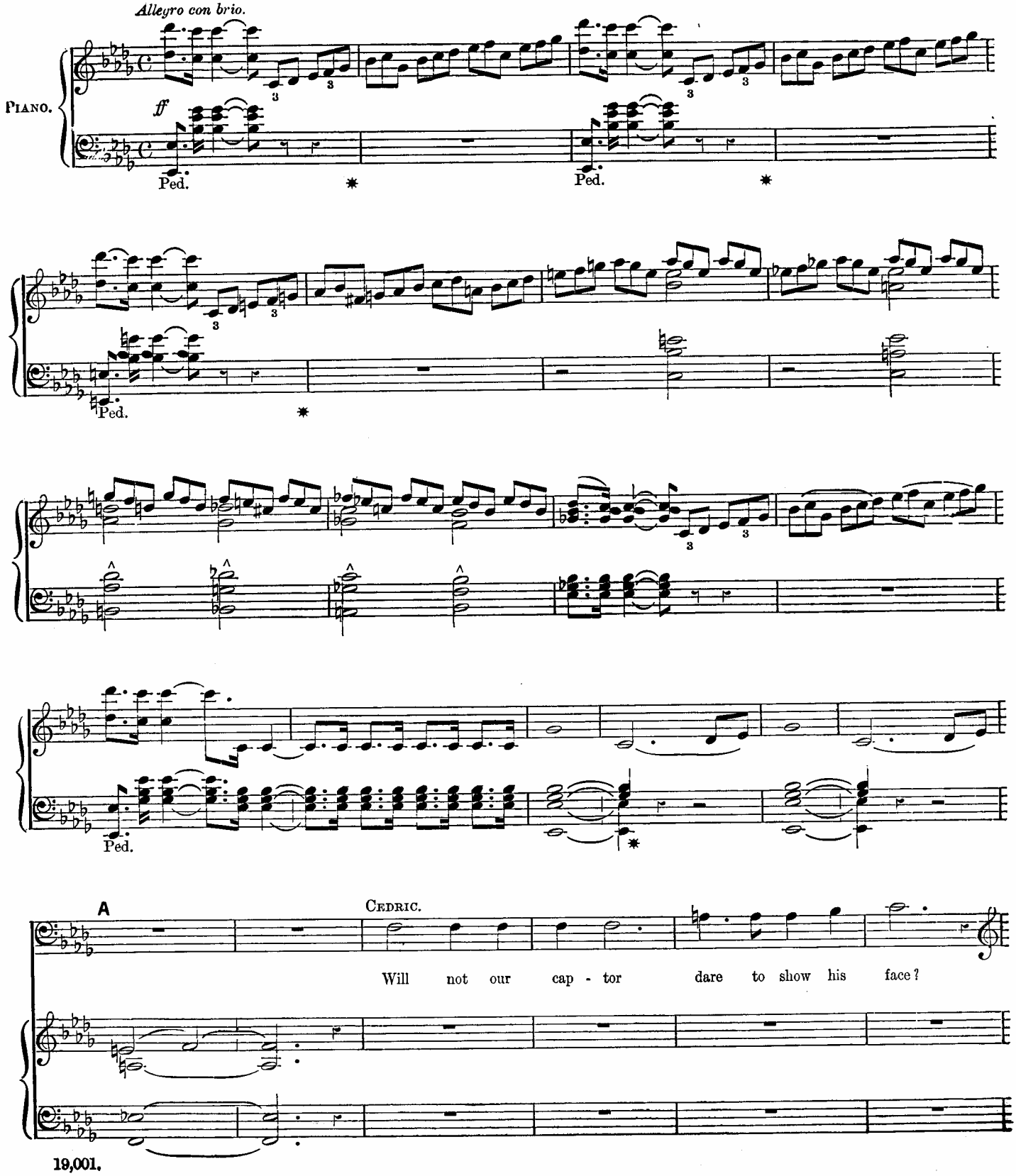

cask ! Up, up, I say ! This is no time for re - vel - ry. And
a tempo.
sf
RECIT.
f
sf
p
thou, Sir Knight— in Ash - by's lists Thou wert a man in - deed ! Now of thy
B
p
f
dim.
man - hood I de - mand Suc - cour for Ce - dric, Thane of Ro - ther-wood, And for his ward Ro -
f CHORUS.
- we - na, false -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

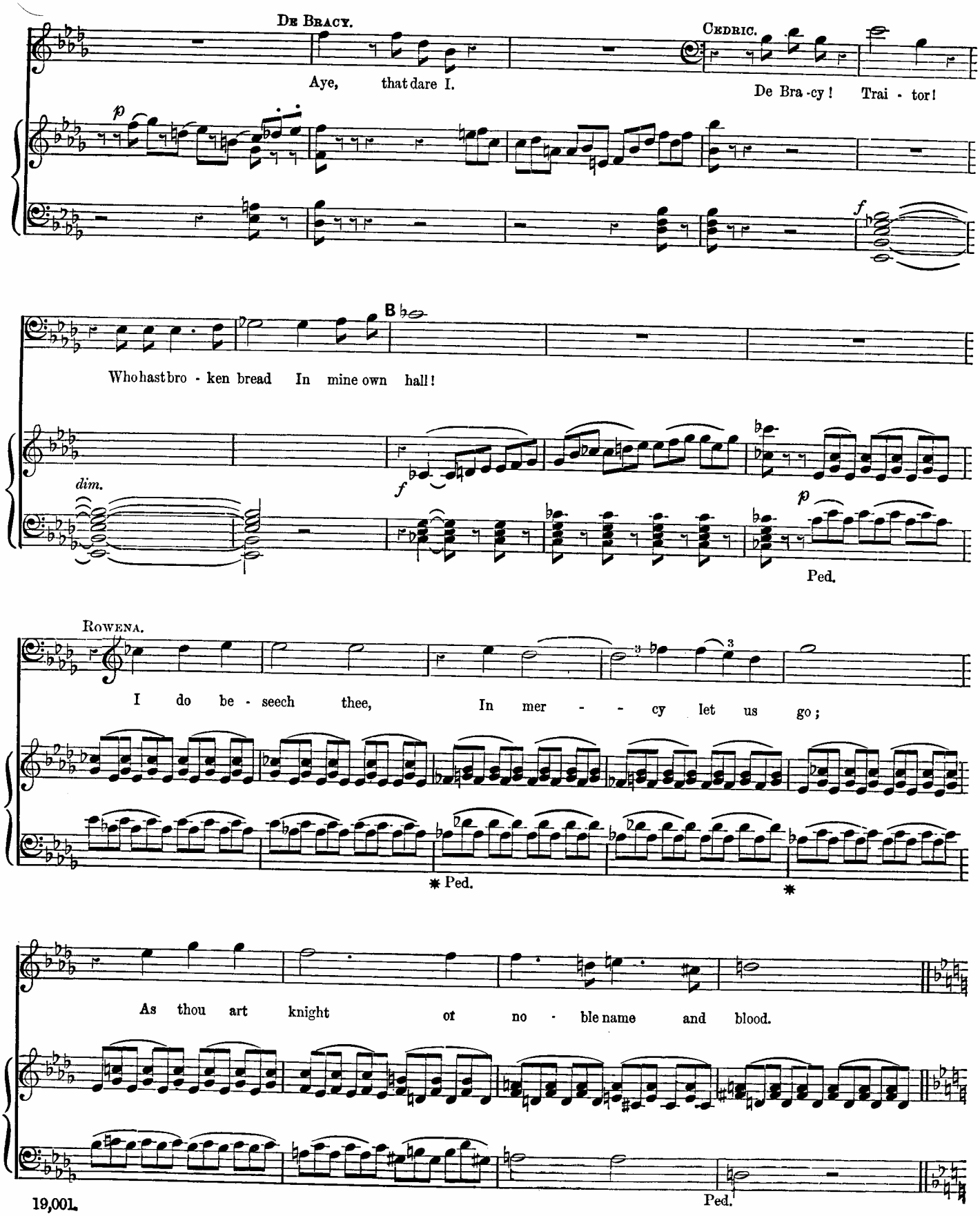

LOCKSLEY.
And by a strange mis-chance, Ce - dric's own son, Borne in the lit - ter of - a
Tor - quilstone!
Tor - quilstone!
wealth - y Jew, Was cap - tured with his hosts, and lies in - terned And wound - ed in the
C
same ac - cur - sed walls! I ask thy aid for gal - lant I - van-hoe.
CHORUS.
For
For

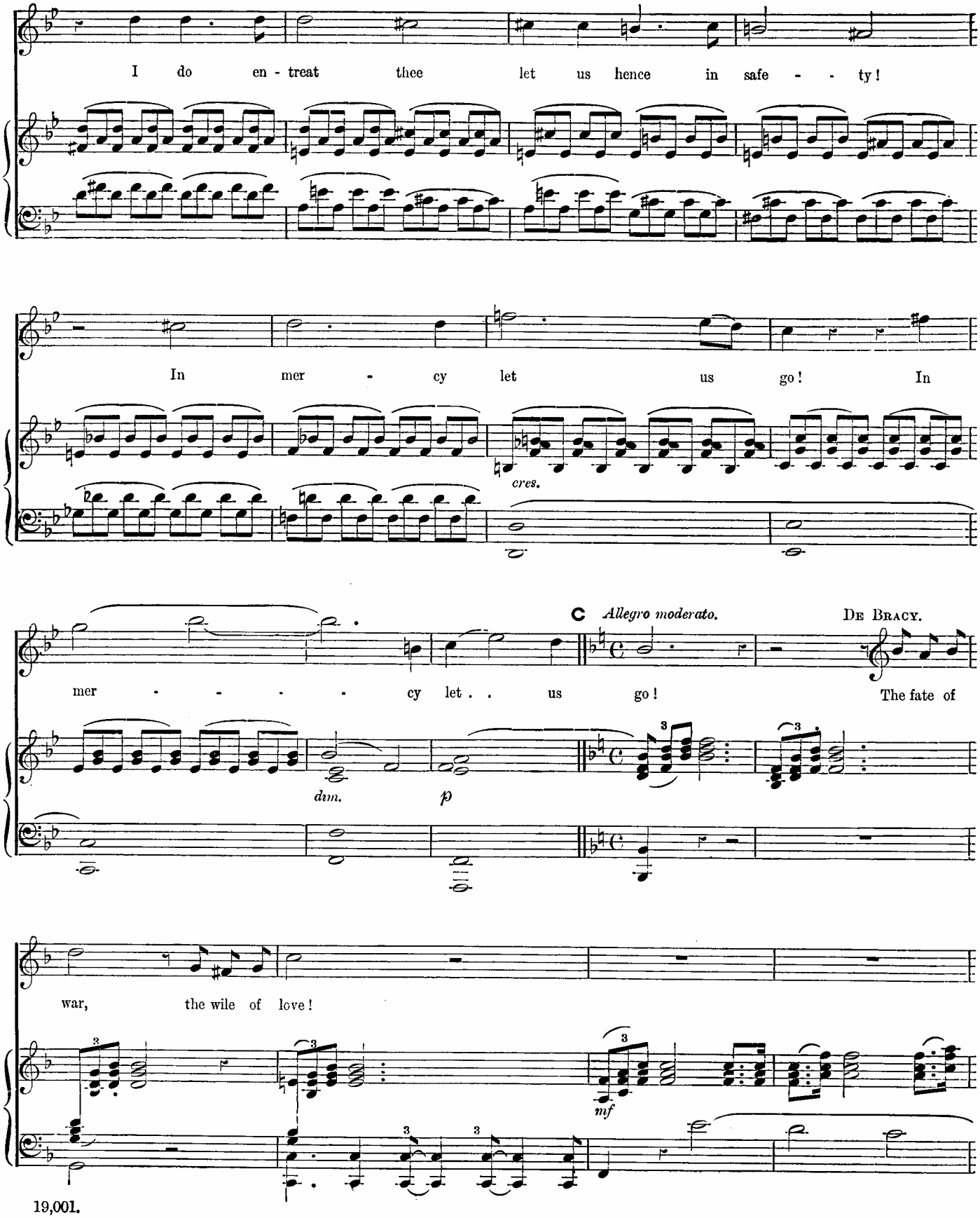

a tempo.
KING.
My aid for I - van-hoe? Why waste your words?
I - van-hoe!
I - van-hoe!
ff
p
Gather your men! Be speed-y! On my soul, If but a hair be harmed of Wil-fred's head, I'll tear their
Ped.
cas - tle piece - meal with my hands And give their bo - dies to the kite. My
Ped.
friend, My friend of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

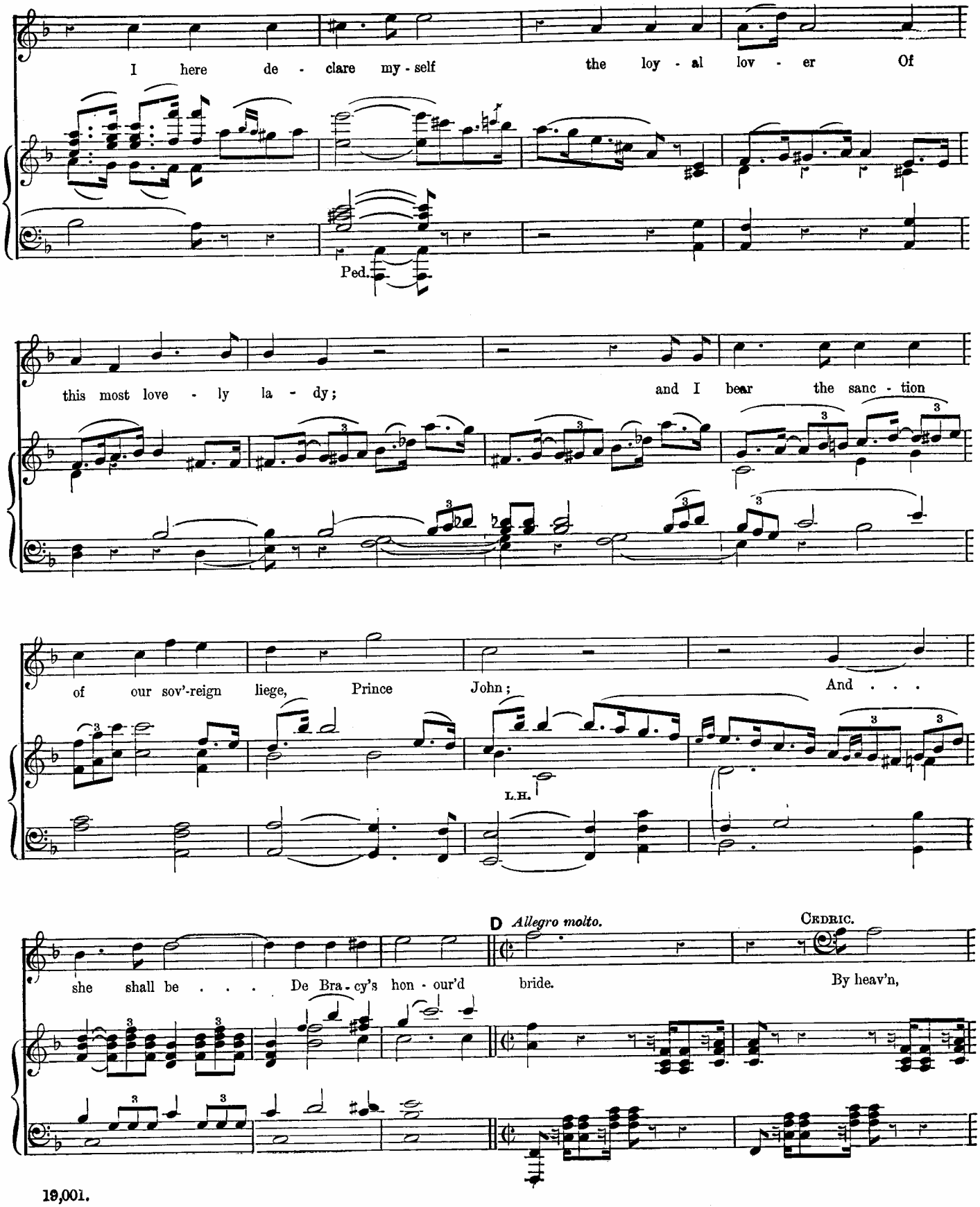

D
- way ! To Tor - - - quil - stone !
Tenors. ff
To Tor - quil - stone, to
Basses. ff
To Tor - quil - stone, to
f
Ped.
ff
f
ff
Tor - quil - stone ! . . .
Bis.
ff
Tor - quil - stone ! . . .
ff
Ped.

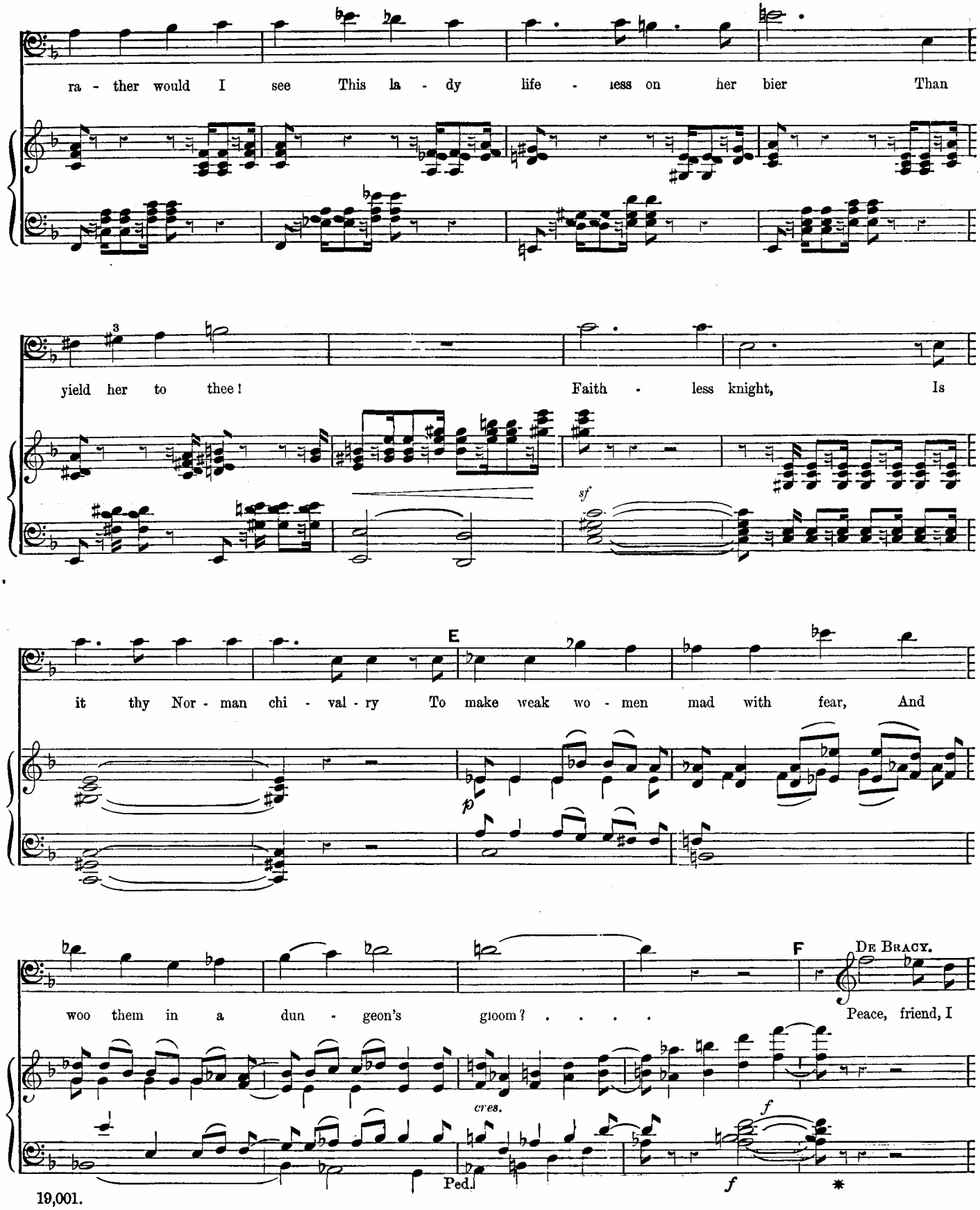
SCENE II.

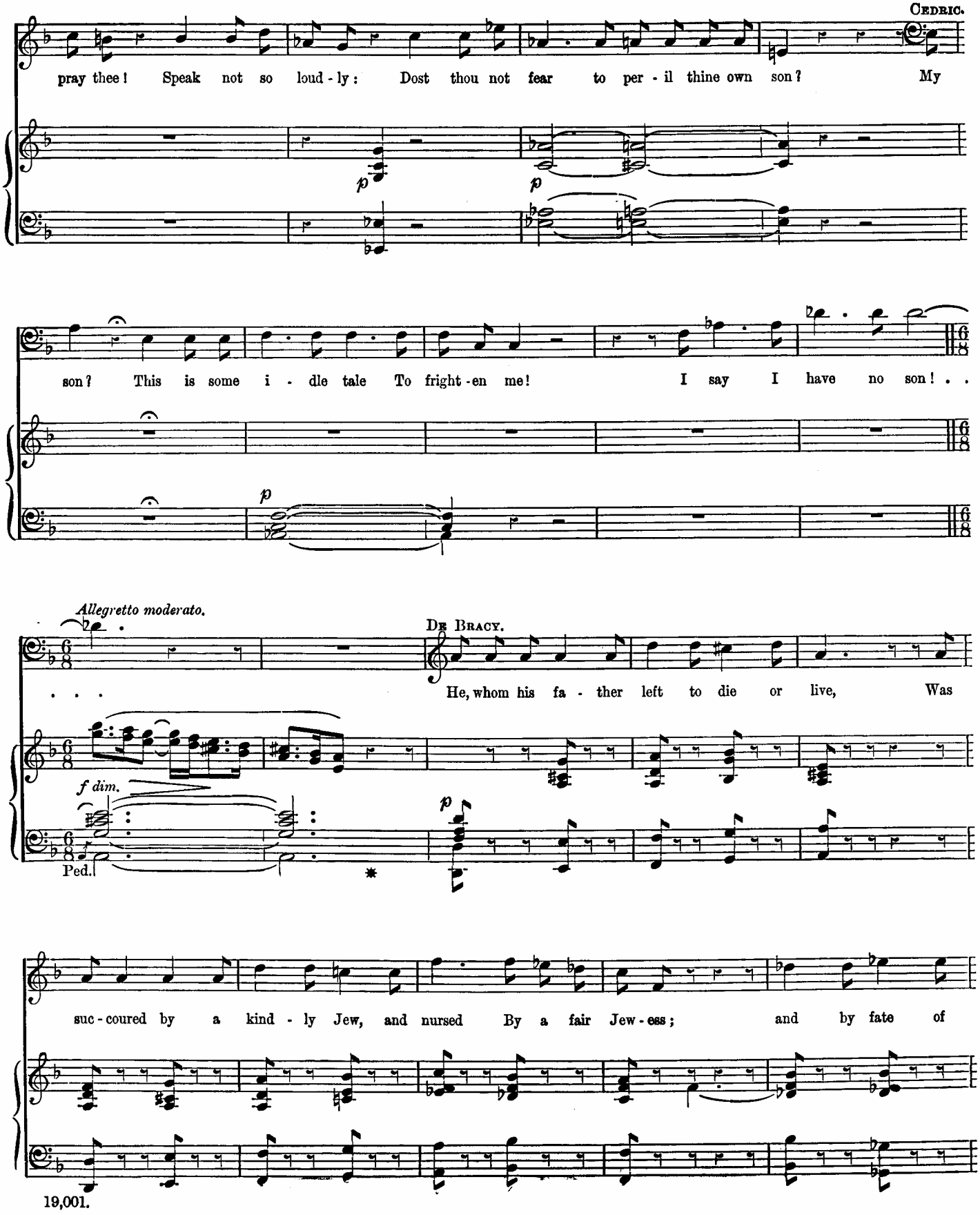

Allegro con brio.
PIANO.
ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
A
CEDRIC.
Will not our cap - tor dare to show his face?

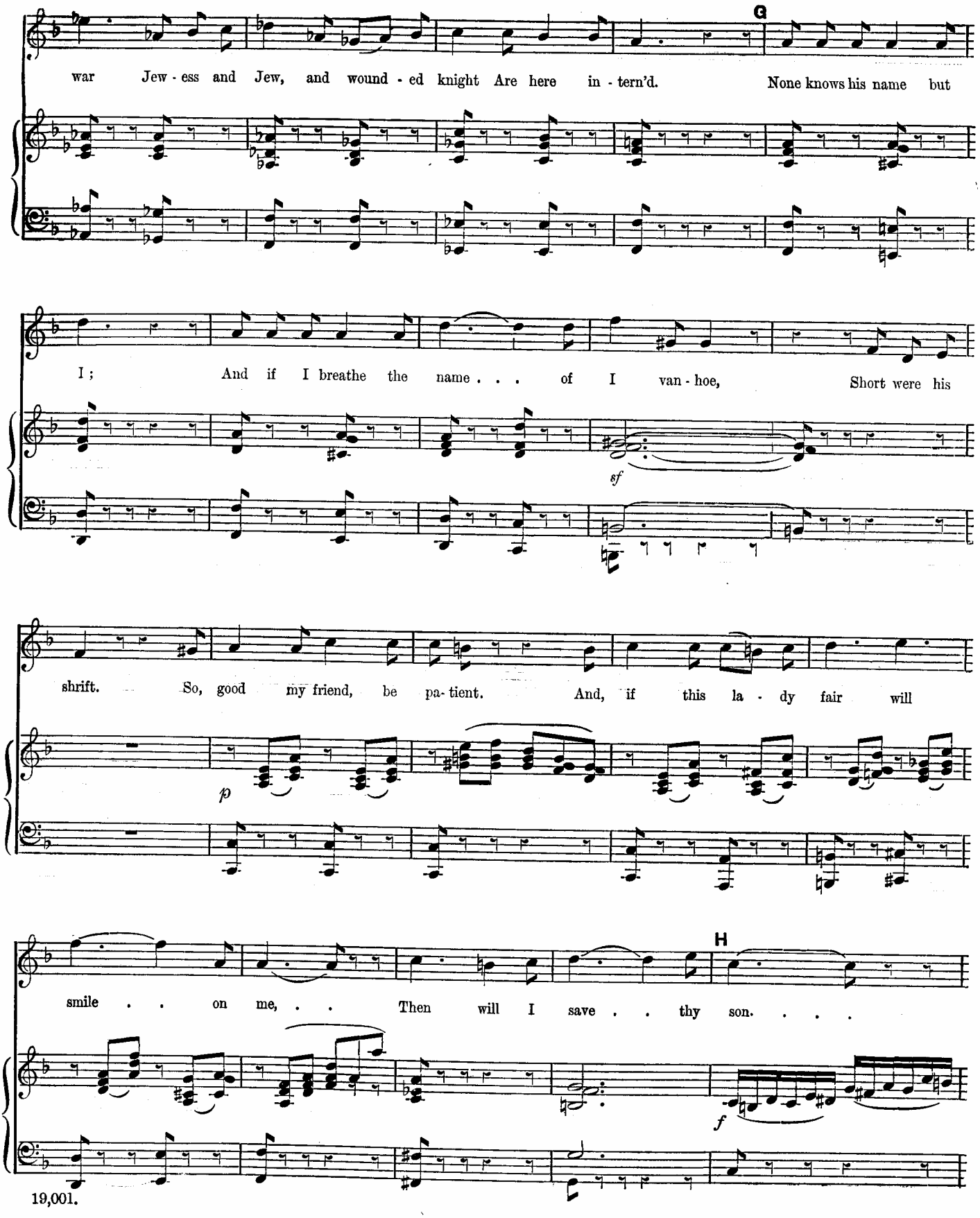

De Bracy.
Aye, that dare I.
Cedric.
De Bra - cy! Trai - tor!
p
f
B
Who hast bro - ken bread In mine own hall!
dim.
f
p
Ped.
Rowena.
I do be - seech thee, In mer - - cy let us go;
3
3
✱ Ped.
✱
As thou art knight of no - ble name and blood.
Ped.


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


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


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


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


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

CEDRIC.

My son .... de - fied me; he is dead ... to me. I

sf

sf

Ped.

will not buy his life with a foul bar - - gain.

f

J ROWENA. *più vivo.*

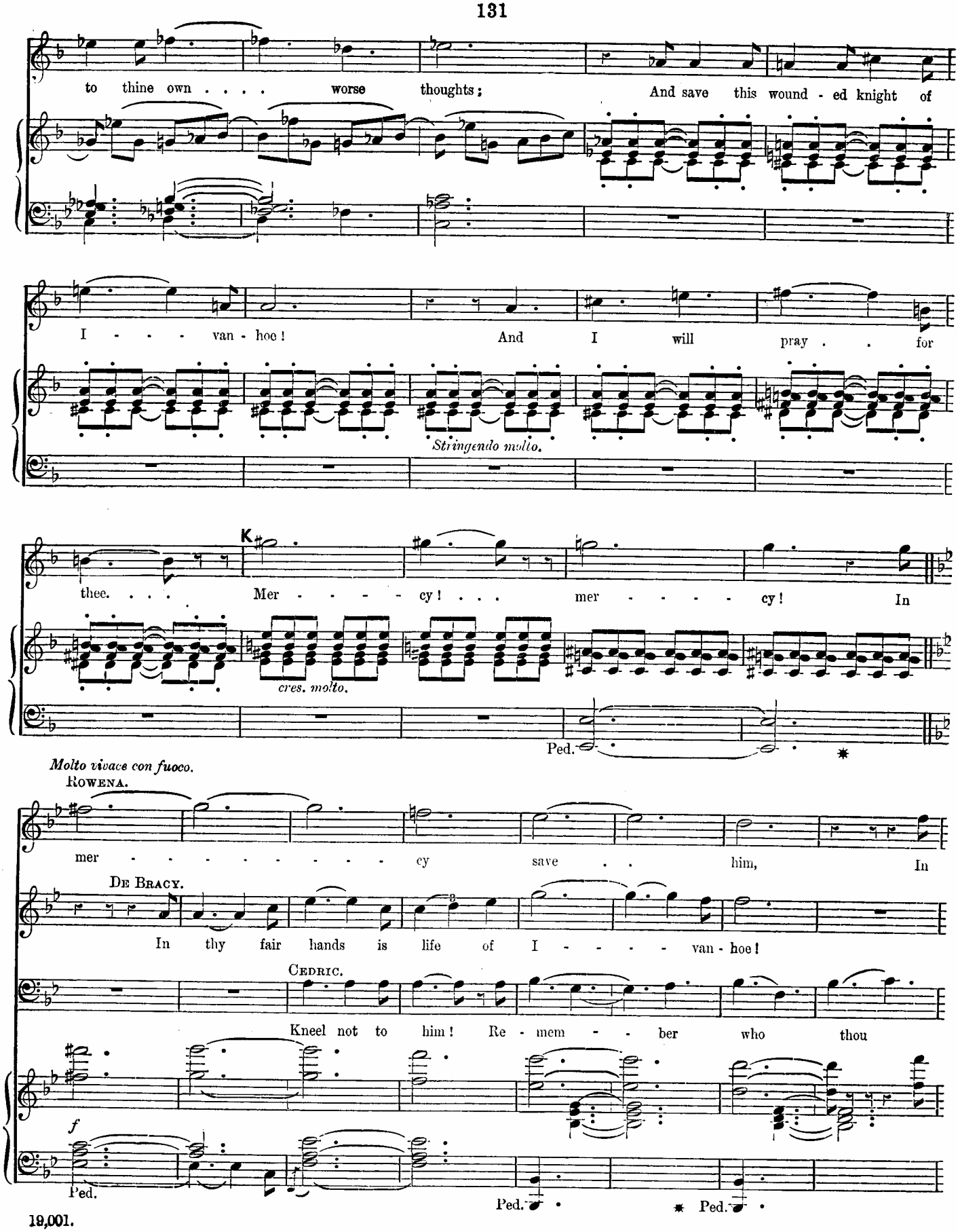
f

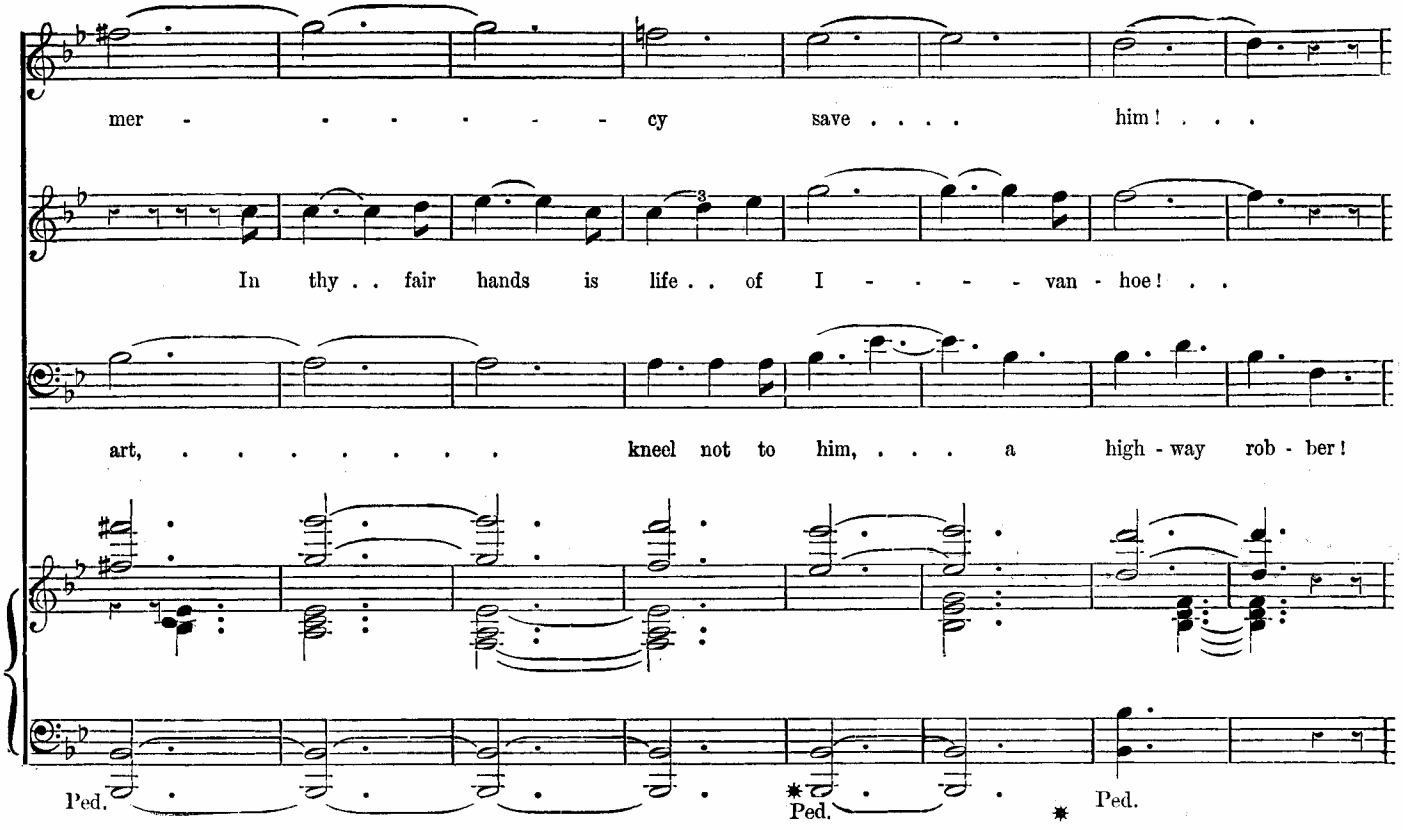
Thou art .... his fa - ther, pi - - - ty him— and

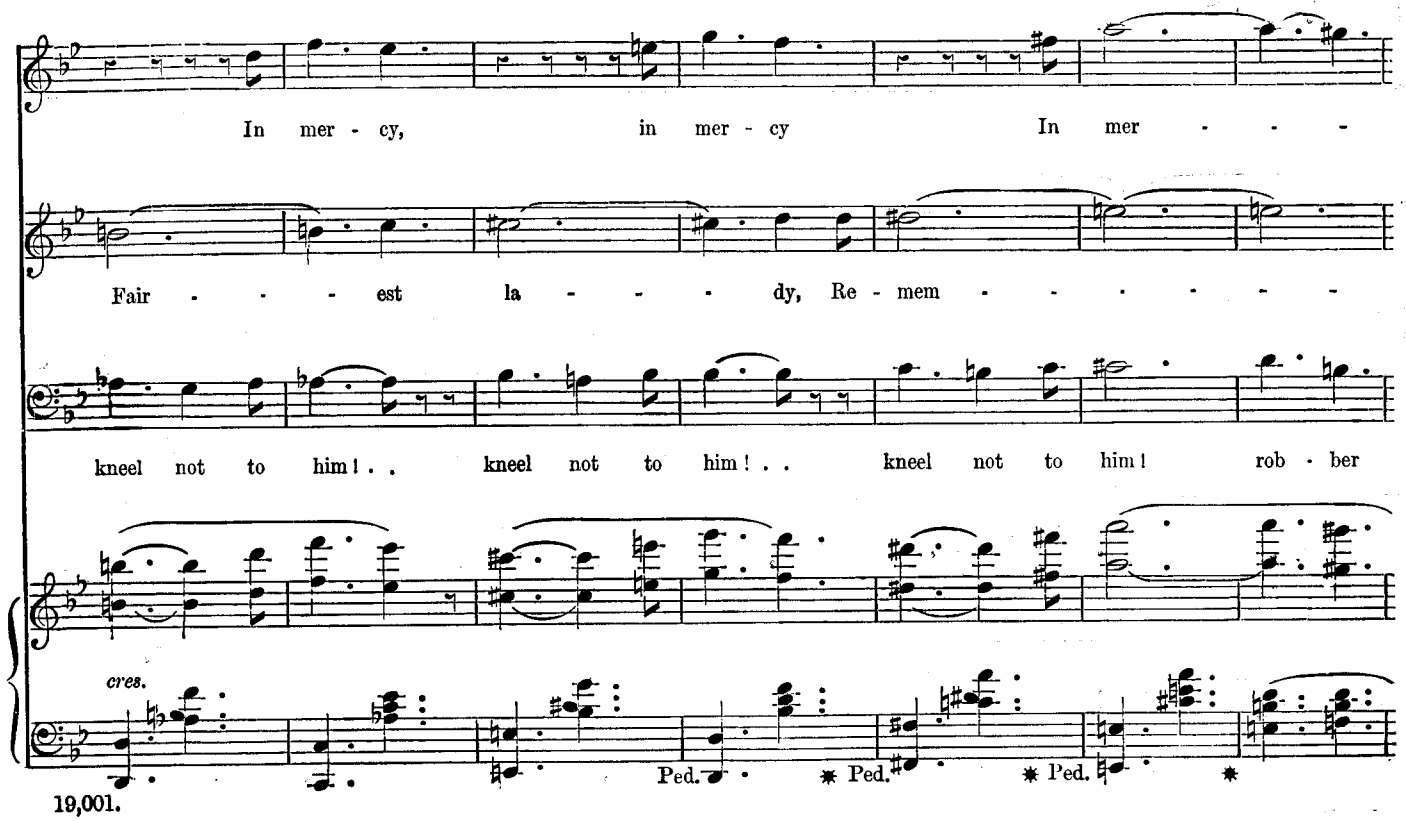
f

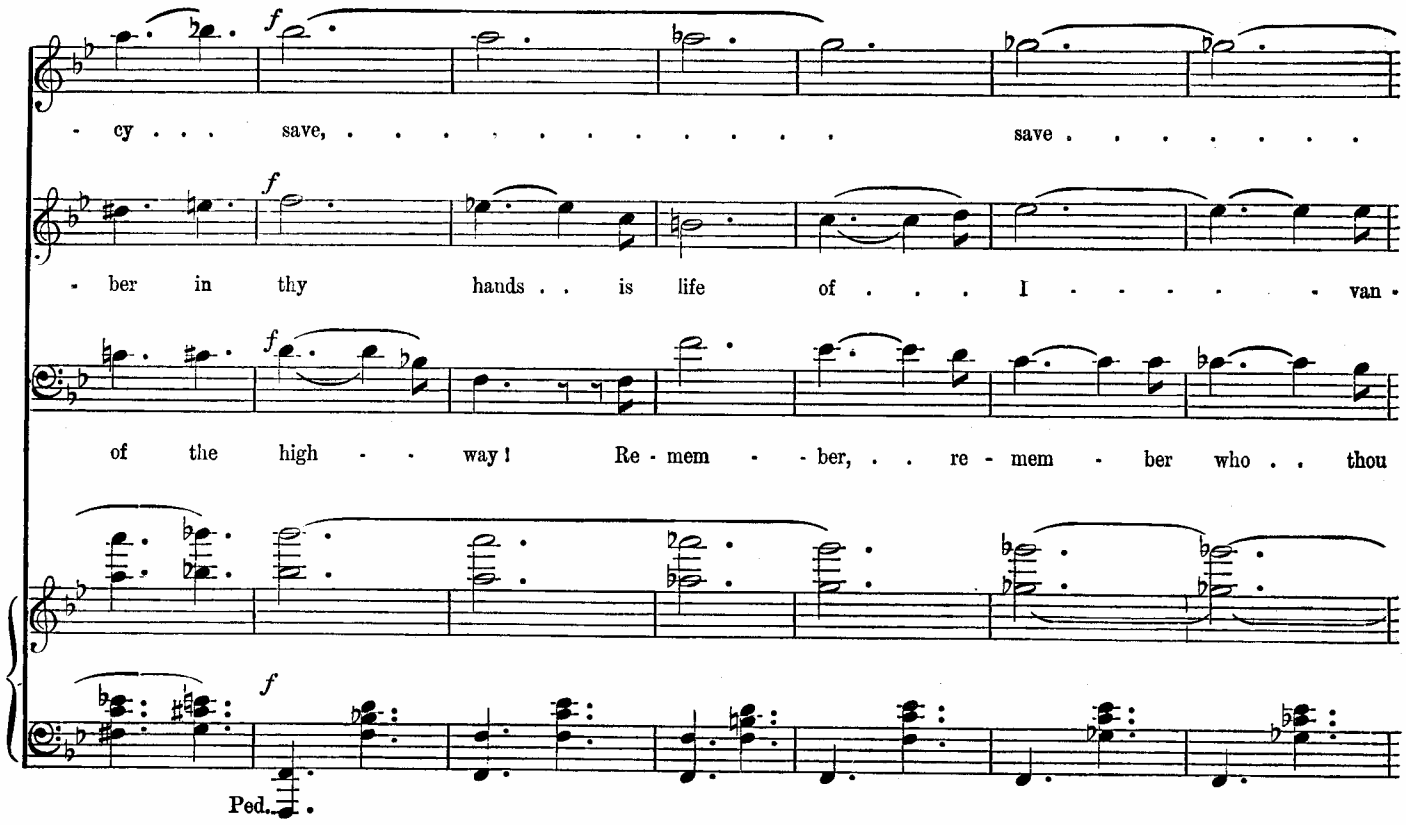
me! Oh, gal - lant knight, ... I pray thee, Be deaf to him, and

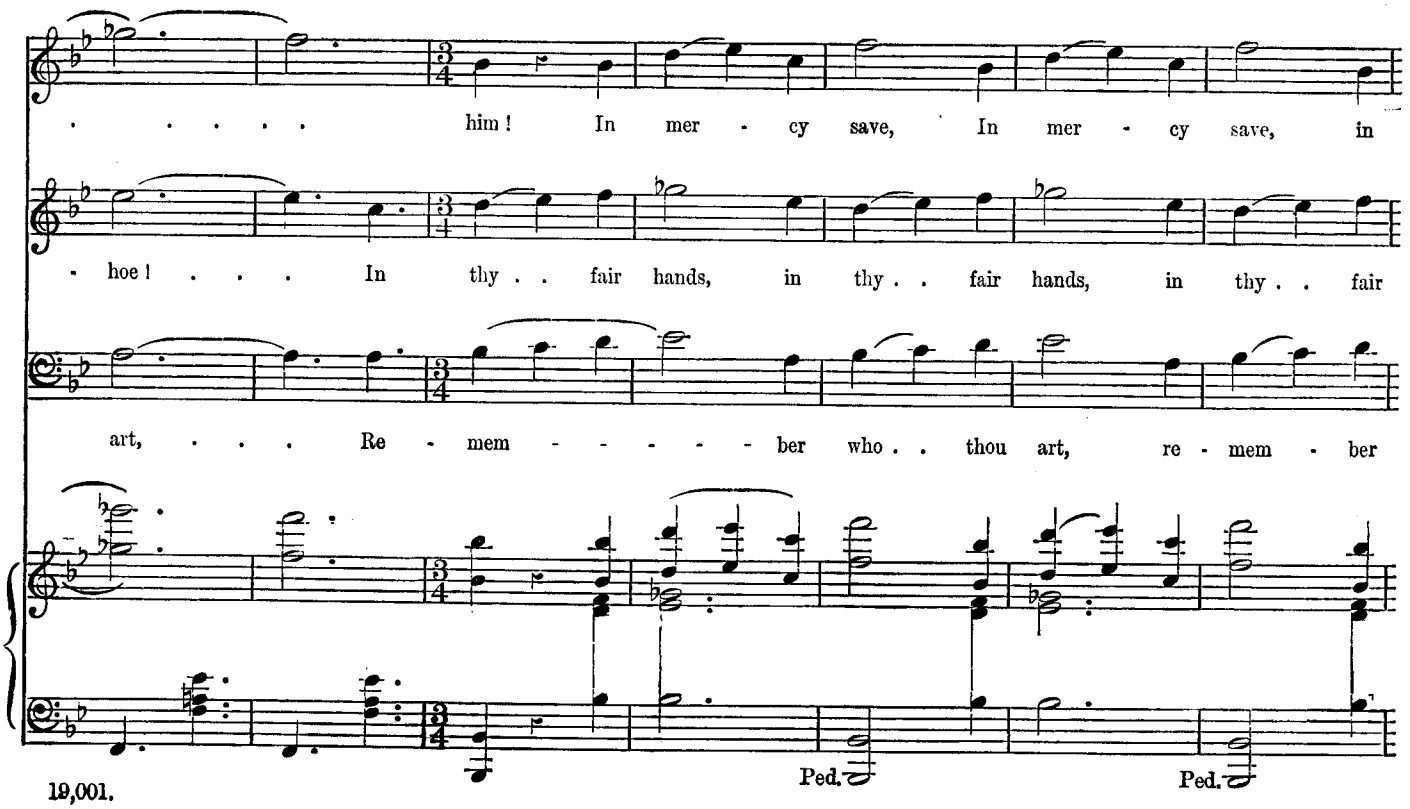
p

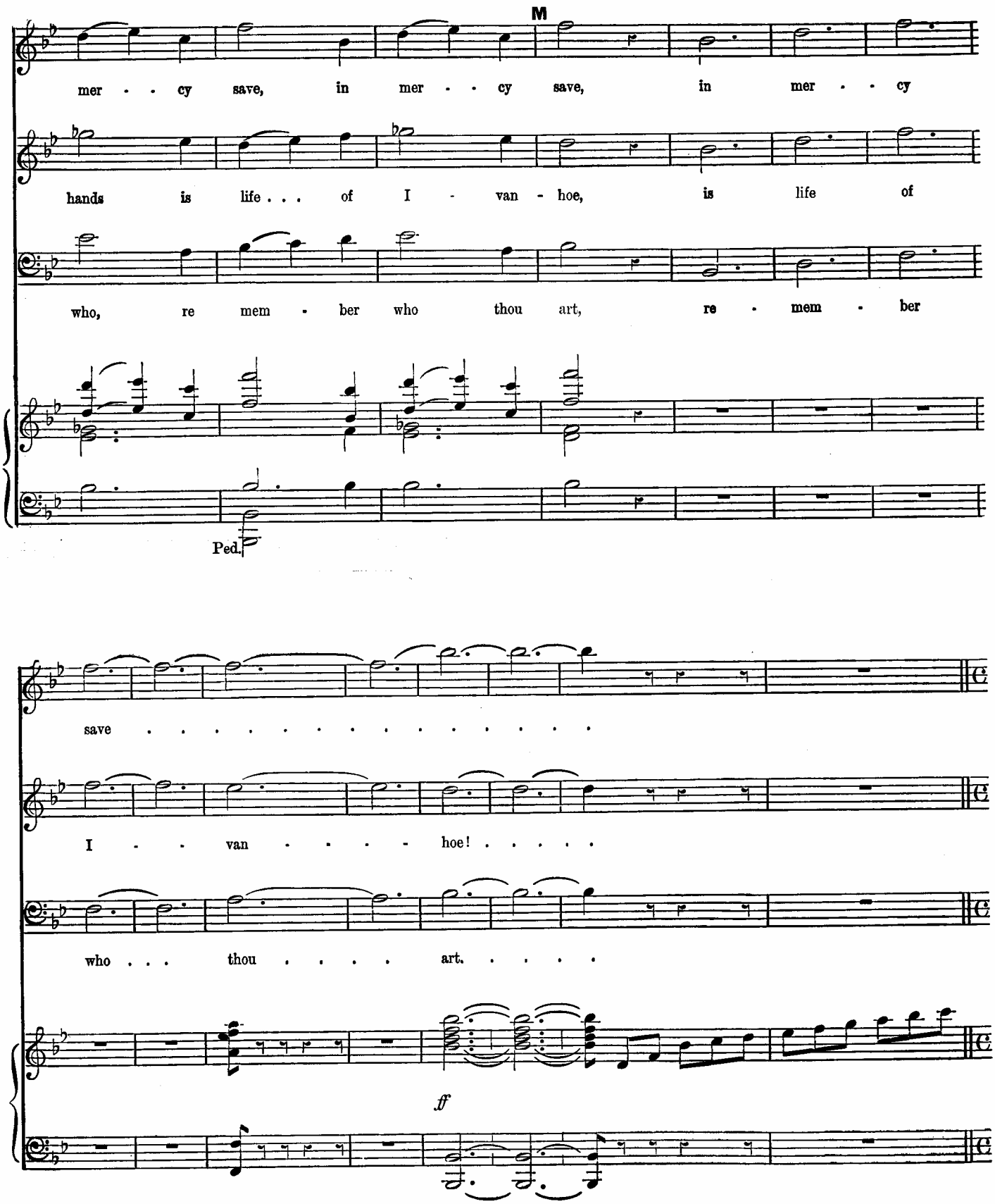

to thine own . . . . worse thoughts; And save this wound - ed knight of
I - - - - van - hoe! And I will pray . . for
Stringendo molto.
thee. . . . Mer - - - - - cy! . . . mer - - - - - cy! In
K
cres. molto.
Ped.
Molto vivace con fuoco.
ROWENA.
mer - - - - - - - - - cy save . . him, In
DE BRACY.
In thy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

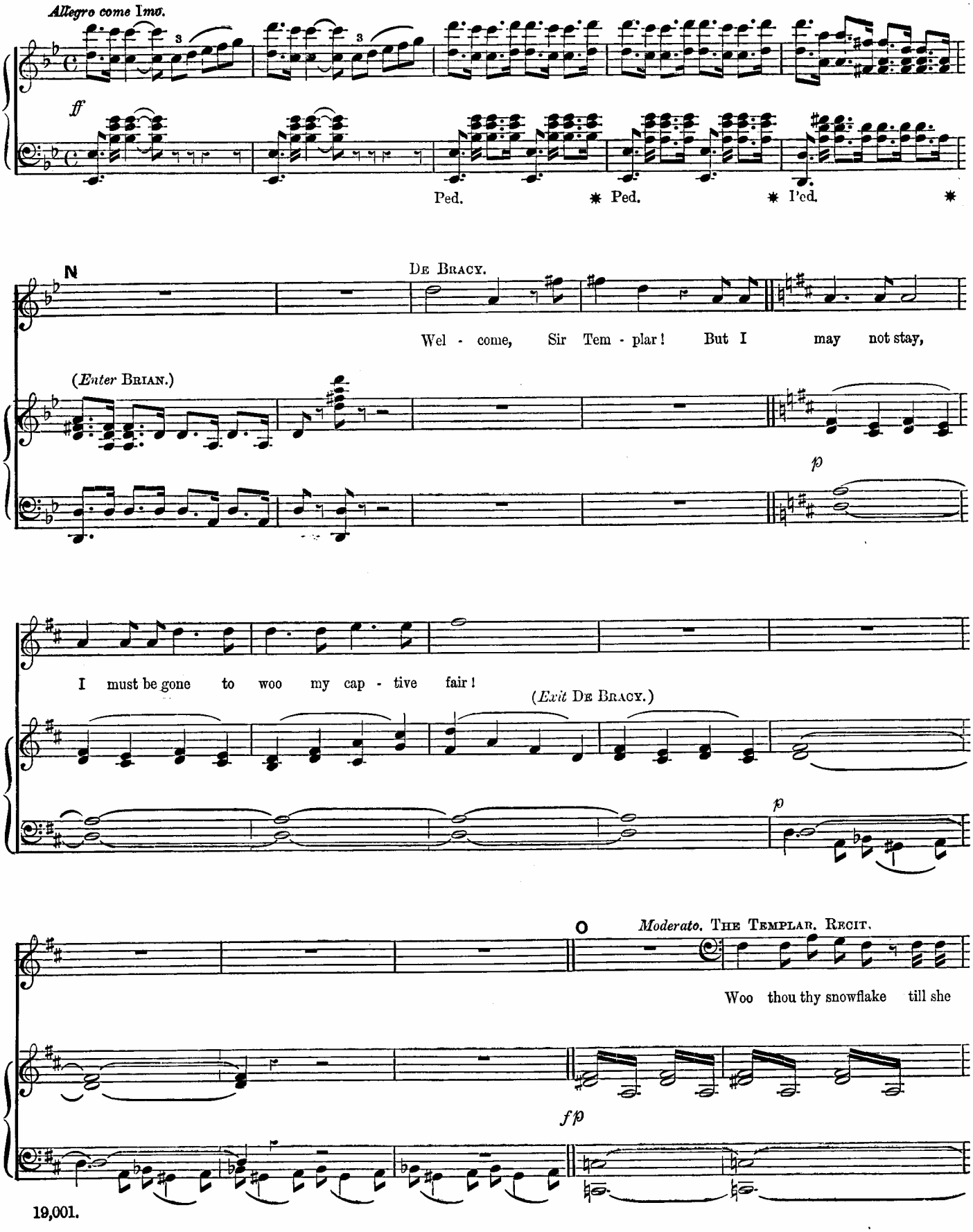

mer - - - - - - - cy save . . . . him ! . . .
In thy . . fair hands is life . . of I - - - - - van - hoe ! . .
art, ... kneel not to him, . . . a high - way rob - ber !
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

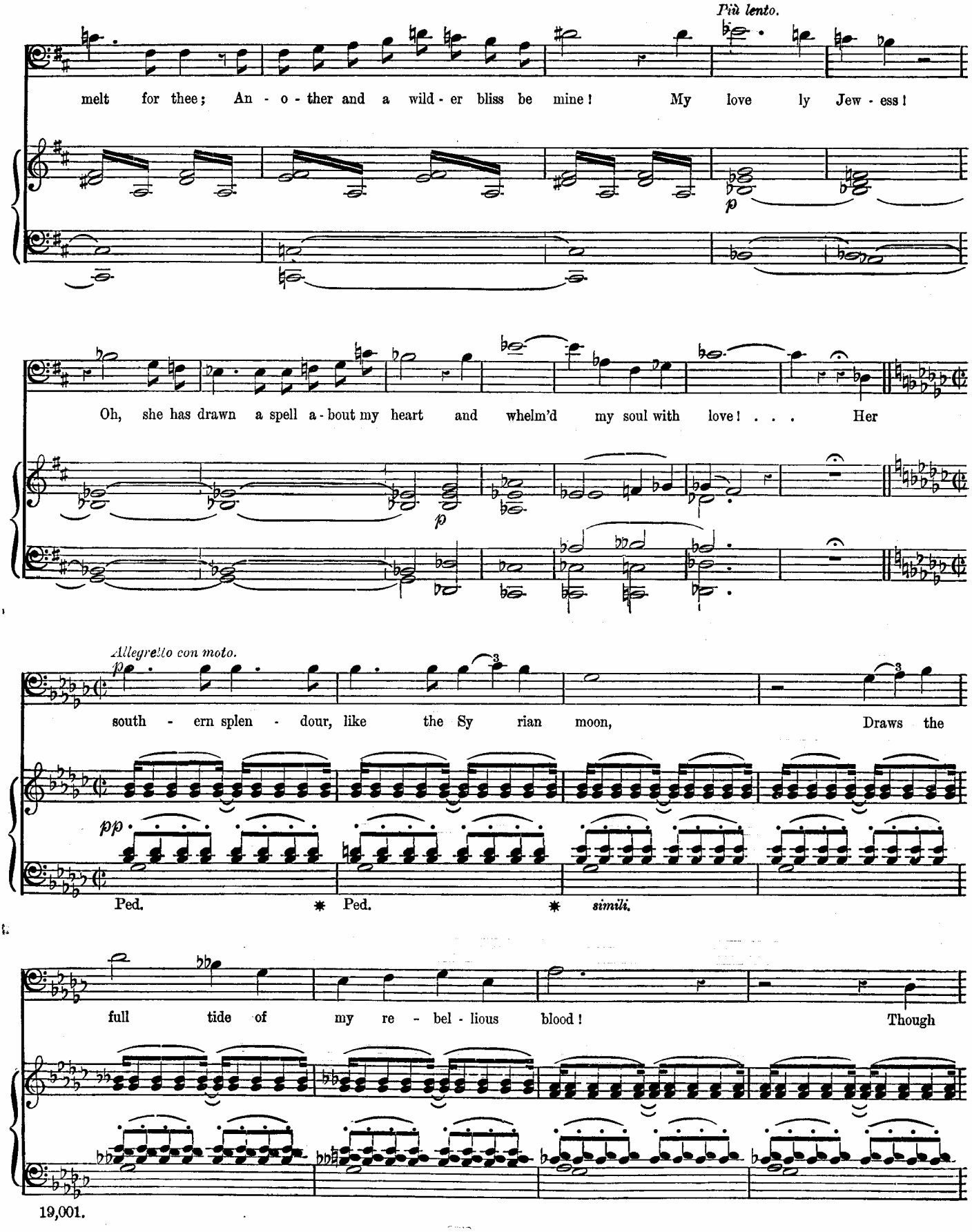

In mer - cy, in mer - cy In mer - - -
Fair - - - - est la - - - - dy, Re - mem - - - - - - - -
kneel not to him ! . . kneel not to him ! . . kneel not to him ! rob - ber
cres.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

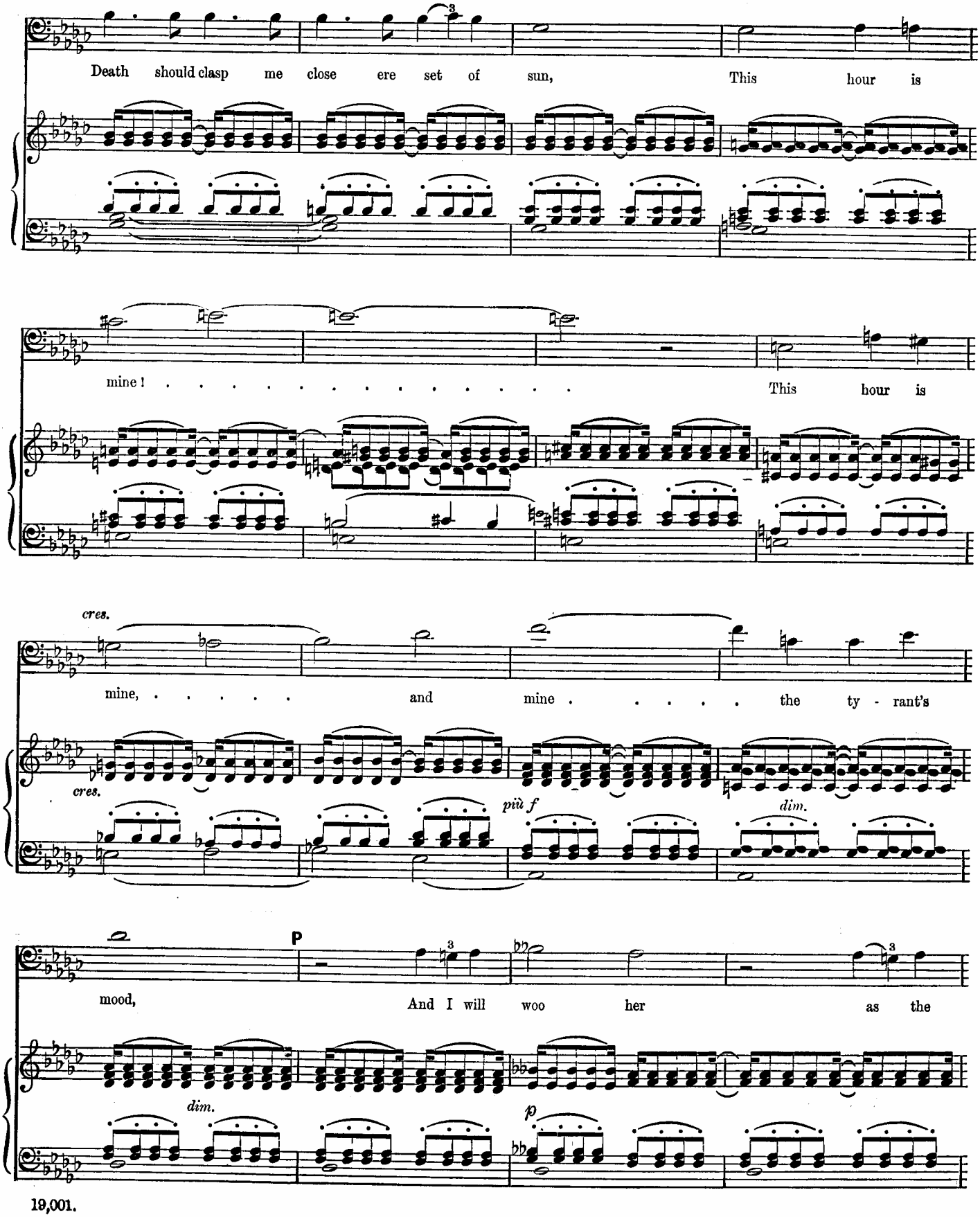

f
cy . . . save, ... save . . . . . .
f
ber in thy hands . . is life of . . . . I . . . . . van -
f
of the high - - way ! Re - mem - - ber, . . re - mem - ber who . . thou
f
Ped.

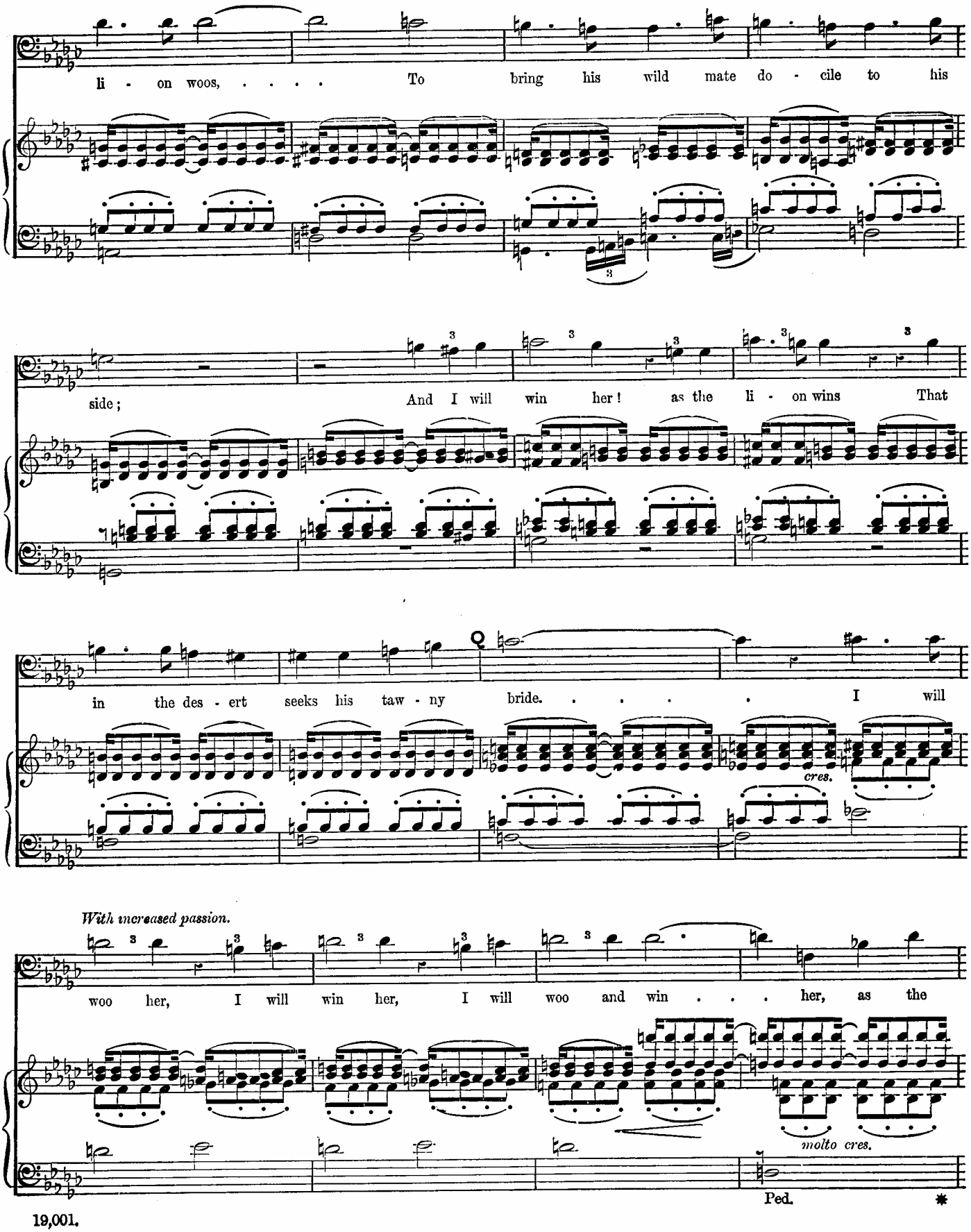

. . . . . him ! In mer - cy save, In mer - cy save, in
- hoe ! . . . In thy . . fair hands, in thy . . fair hands, in thy . . fair
art, . . . Re - mem - - - - - ber who . . thou art, re - mem - ber
Ped.
Ped.

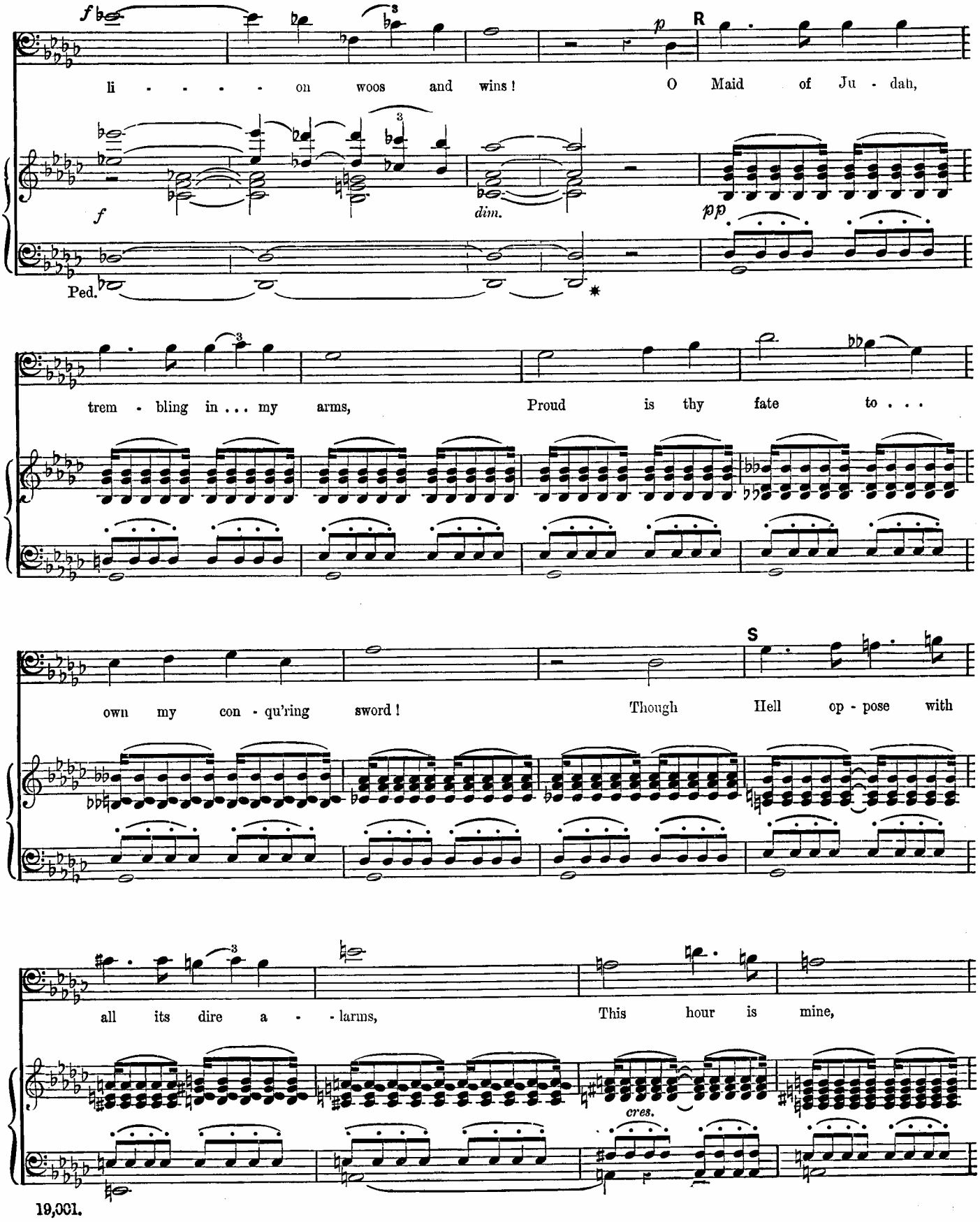

M
mer - - cy save, in mer - - cy save, in mer - cy
hands is life . . . of I - van - hoe, is life of
who, re mem - ber who thou art, re - mem - ber
Ped.
save . . . . . .
I - - van - - - - hoe! . . . . .
who . . . thou . . . . art. . . . .
ff

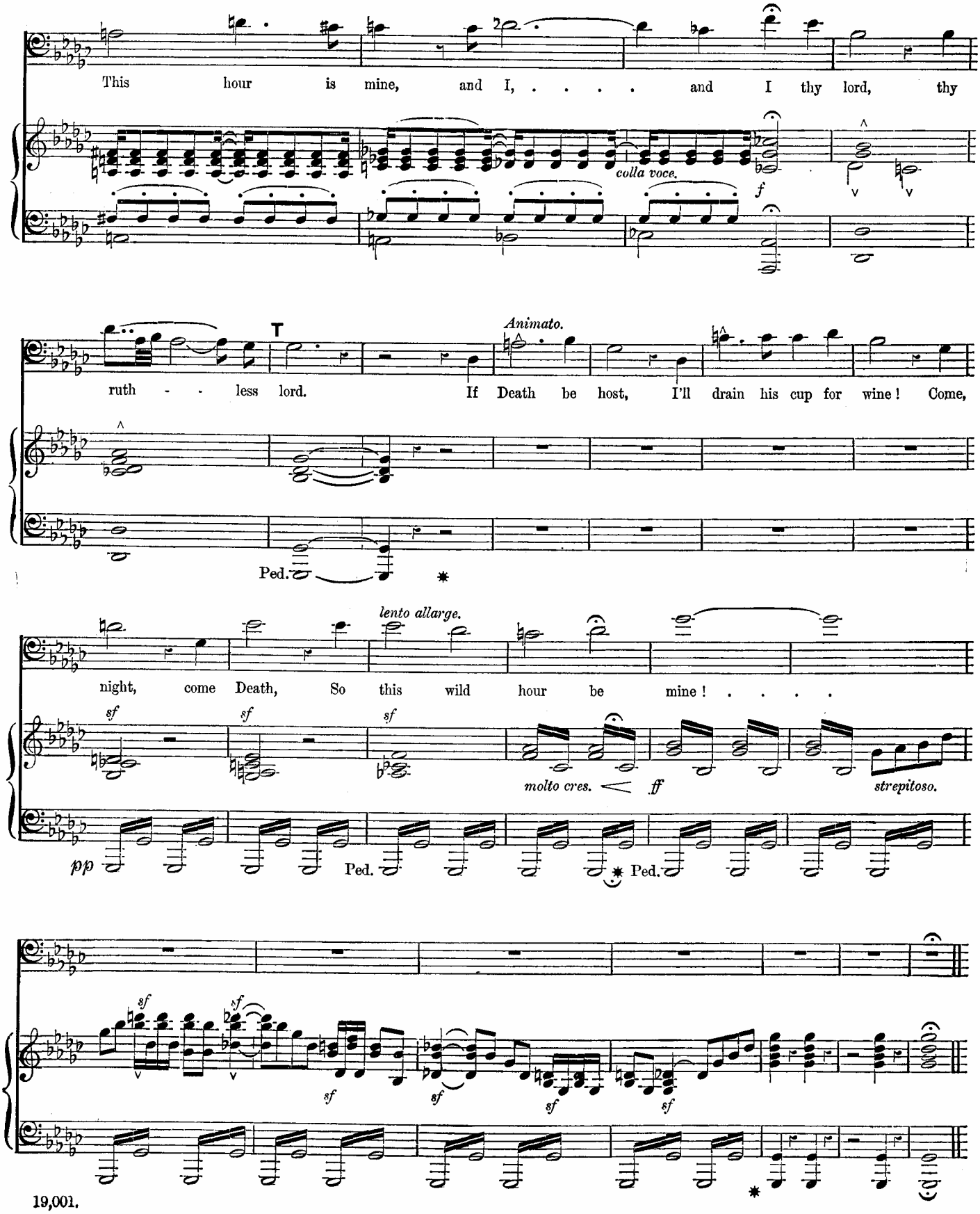

Allegro come 1mo.
ff
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
N
De Bracy.
Wel - come, Sir Tem - plar! But I may not stay,
(Enter Brian.)
p
I must be gone to woo my cap - tive fair!
(Exit De Bracy.)
p
O
Moderato. The Templar. Recit.
Woo thou thy snowflake till she
f p


Più lento.
melt for thee; An - o - ther and a wild - er bliss be mine! My love ly Jew - ess!
p
Oh, she has drawn a spell a - bout my heart and whelm'd my soul with love! . . . Her
p
Allegretto con moto.
p
south - ern splen - dour, like the Sy rian moon, Draws the
3
3
pp
Ped. * Ped. * simili.
full tide of my re - bel - lious blood! Though


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

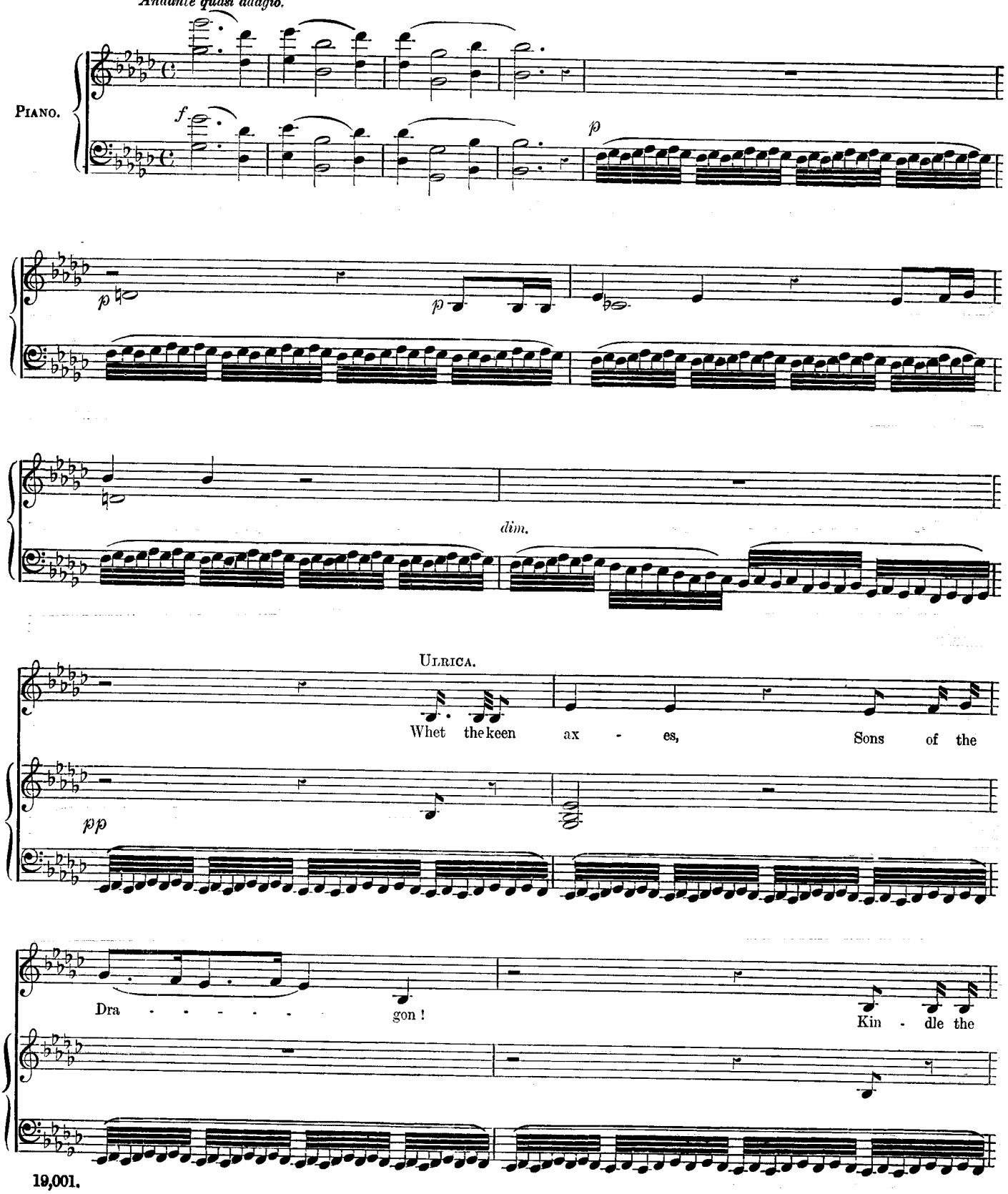

li - on woos, ... To bring his wild mate do - cile to his
side; And I will win her! as the li - on wins That
in the des - ert seeks his taw - ny bride. . . . . I will
cres.
With increased passion.
woo her, I will win her, I will woo and win . . . her, as the
molto cres.
Ped.
*

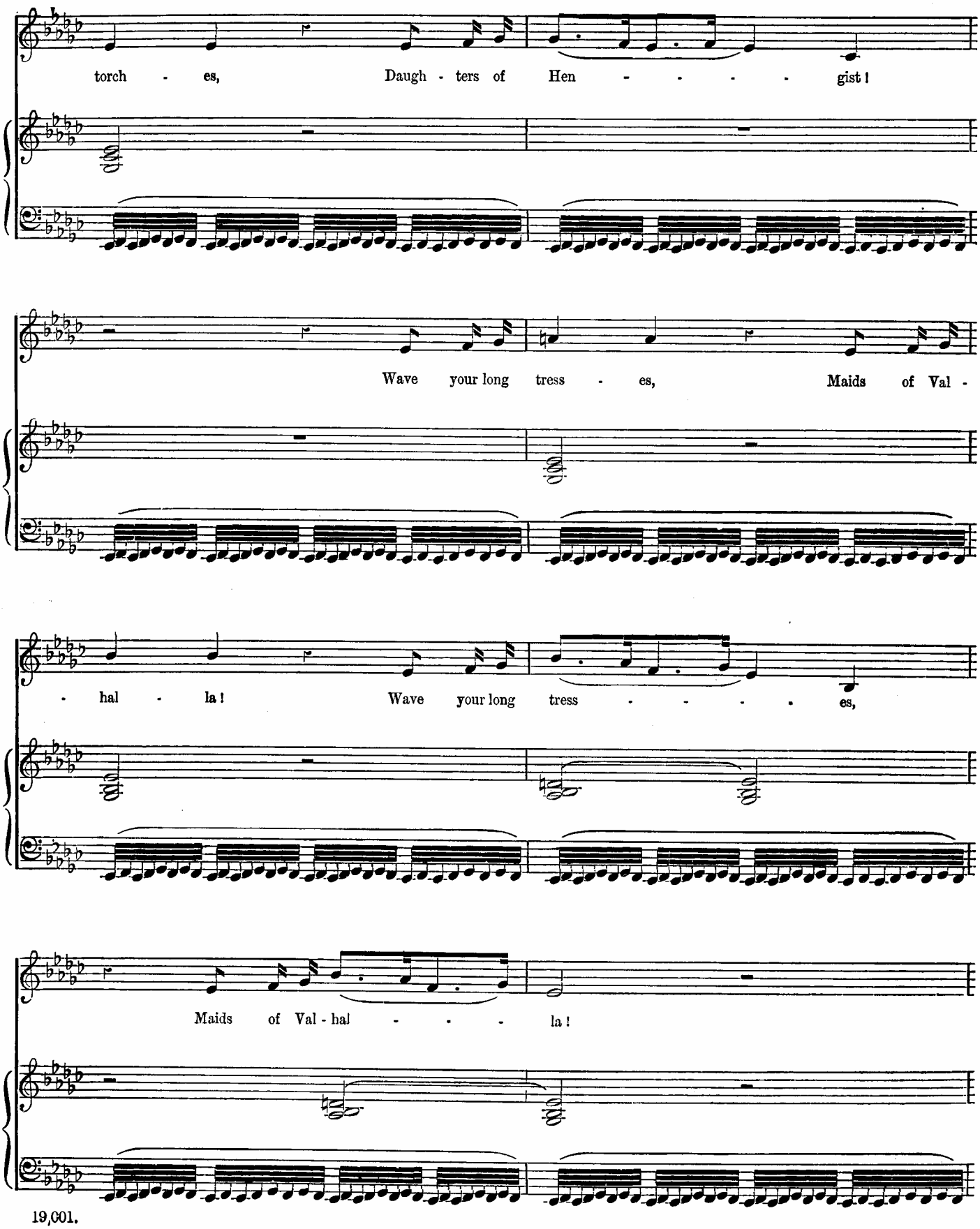

li - - - - on woos and wins ! O Maid of Ju - dah,
trem - bling in . . . my arms, Proud is thy fate to . . .
own my con - qu'ring sword ! Though Hell op - pose with
all its dire a - - larms, This hour is mine,
R
S
dim.
cres.
Ped.

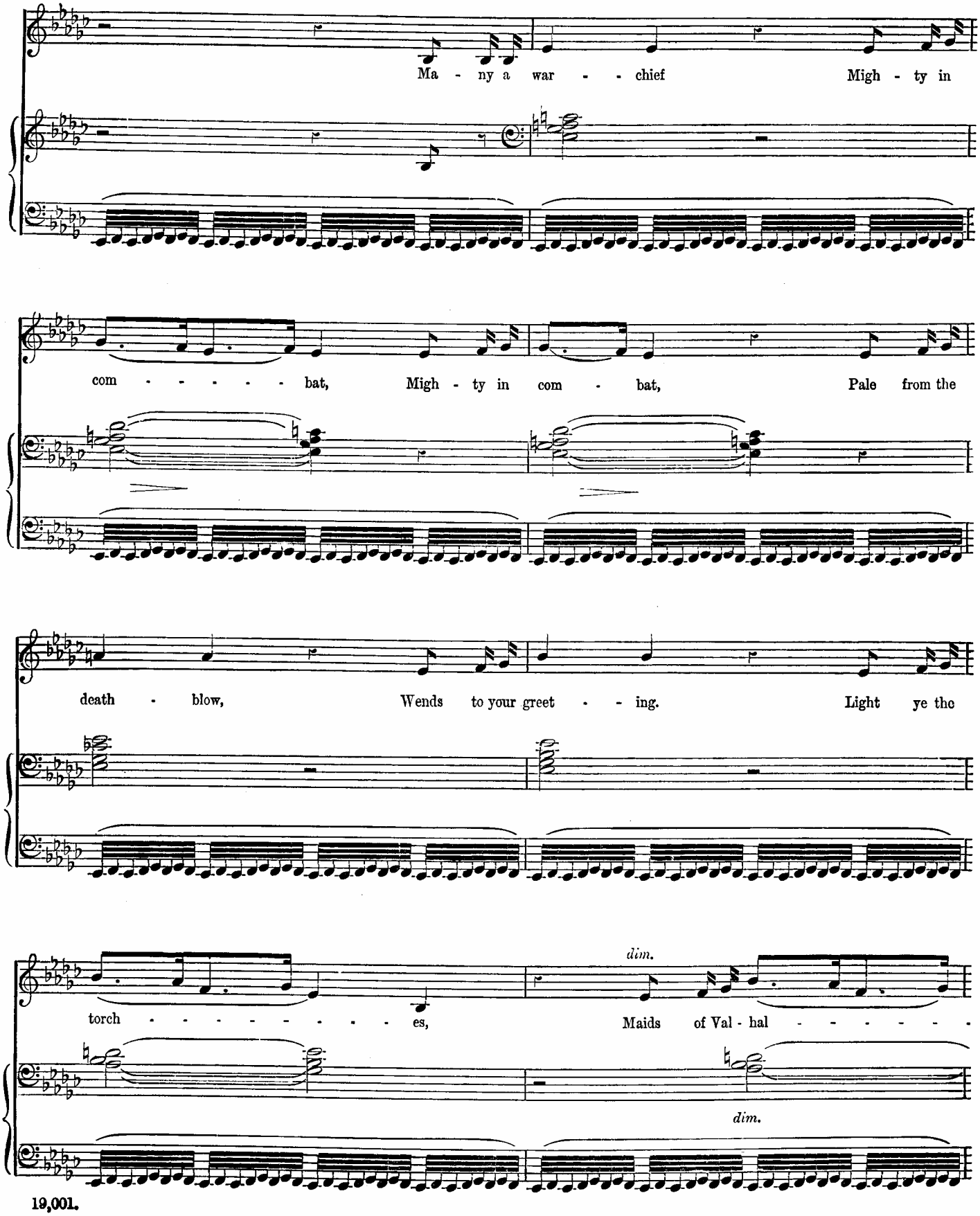

This hour is mine, and I, ... and I thy lord, thy
colla voce.
f
T
Animato.
ruth - - less lord. If Death be host, I'll drain his cup for wine! Come,
Ped.
lento allarge.
night, come Death, So this wild hour be mine! . . . .
sf
sf
sf
molto cres.
ff
strepitoso.
pp
Ped.
Ped.
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf

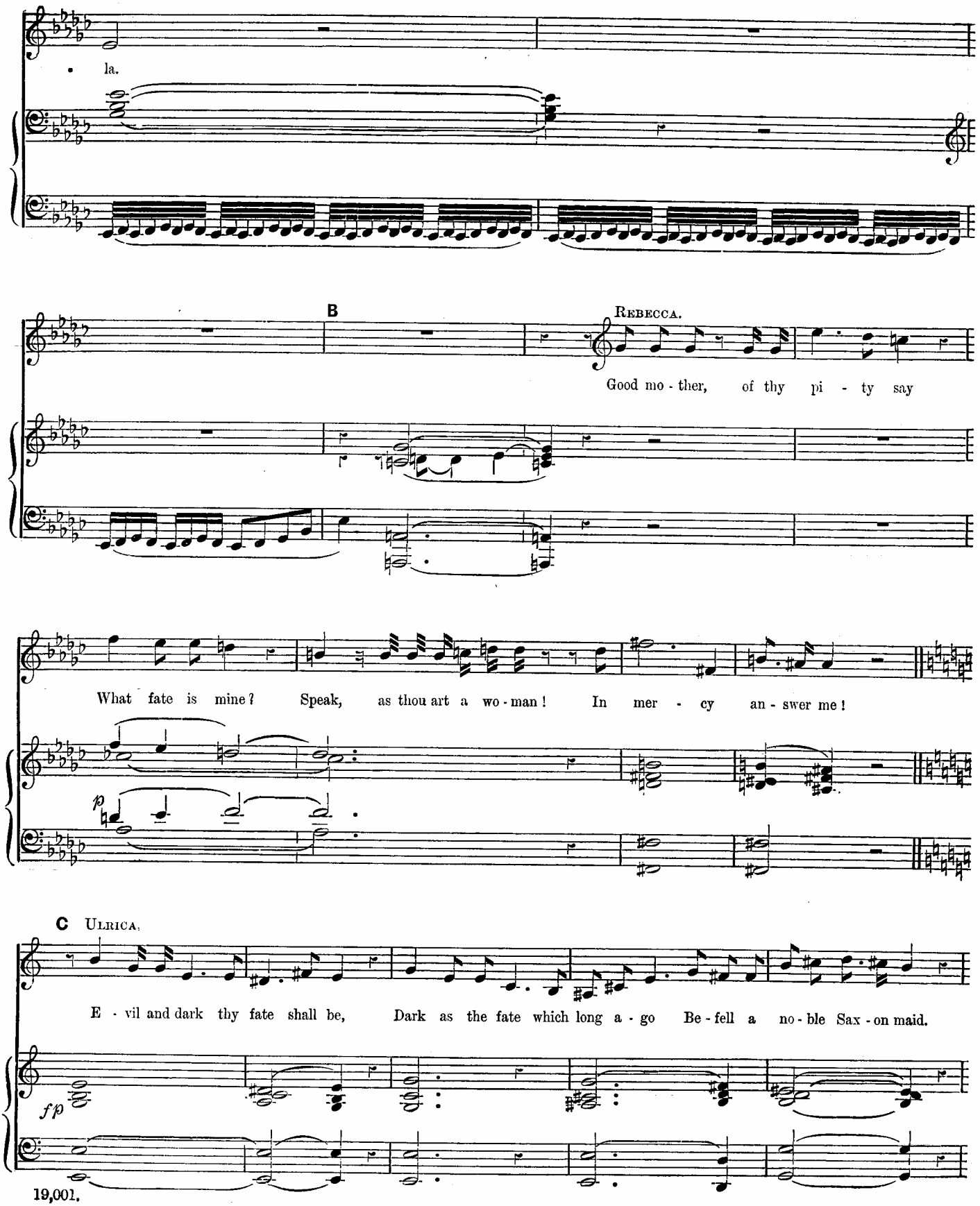
SCENE III.

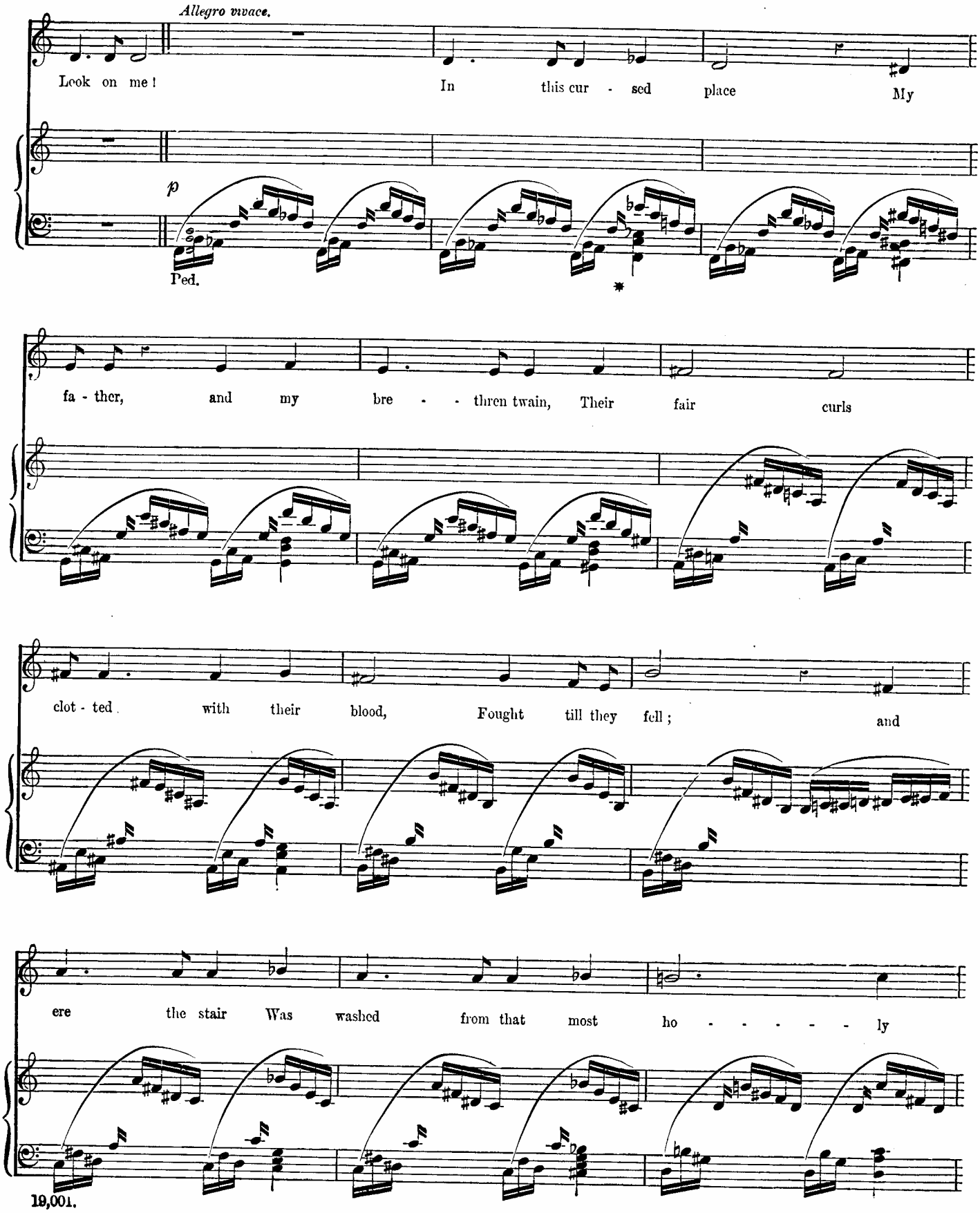
Andante quasi adagio.

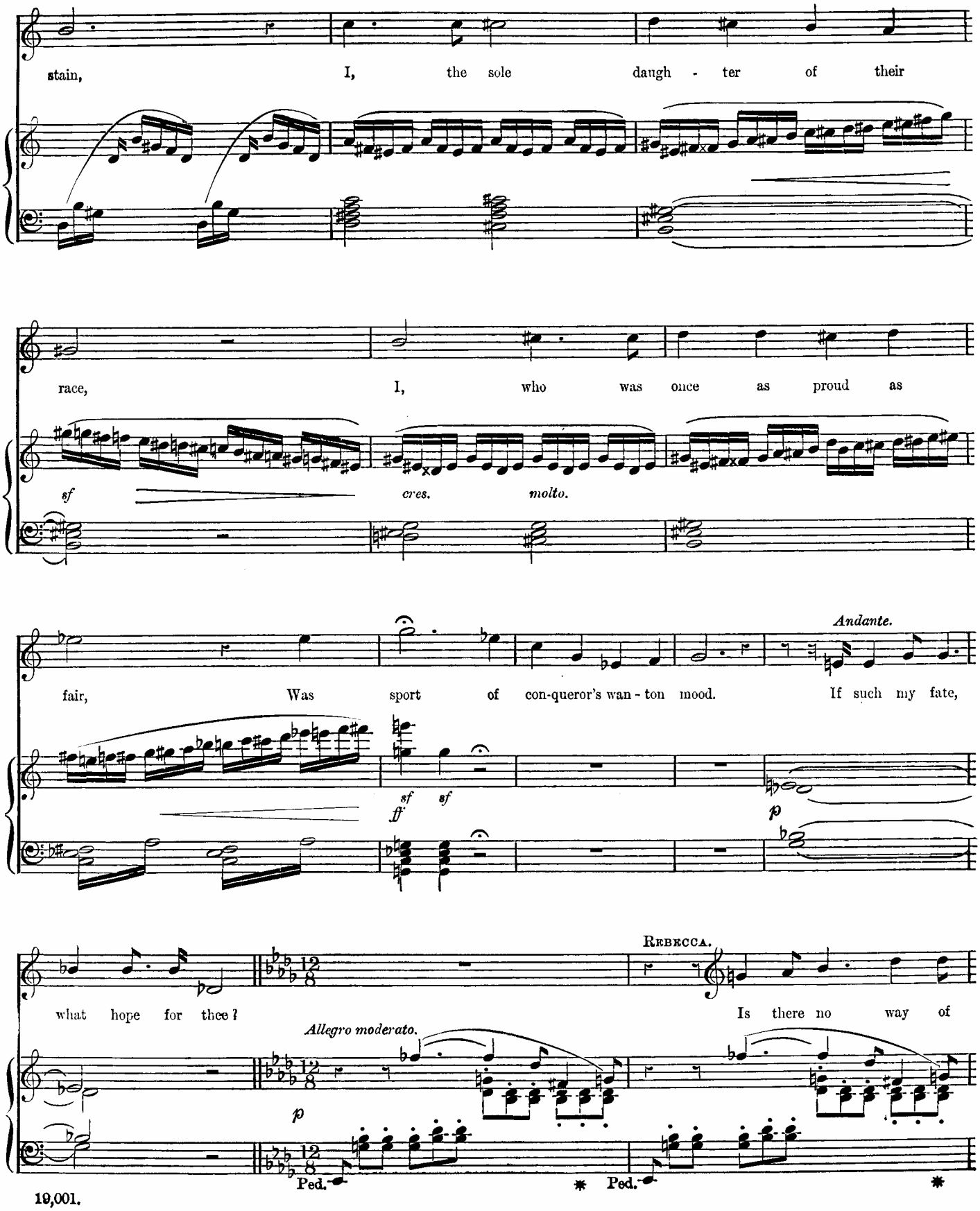


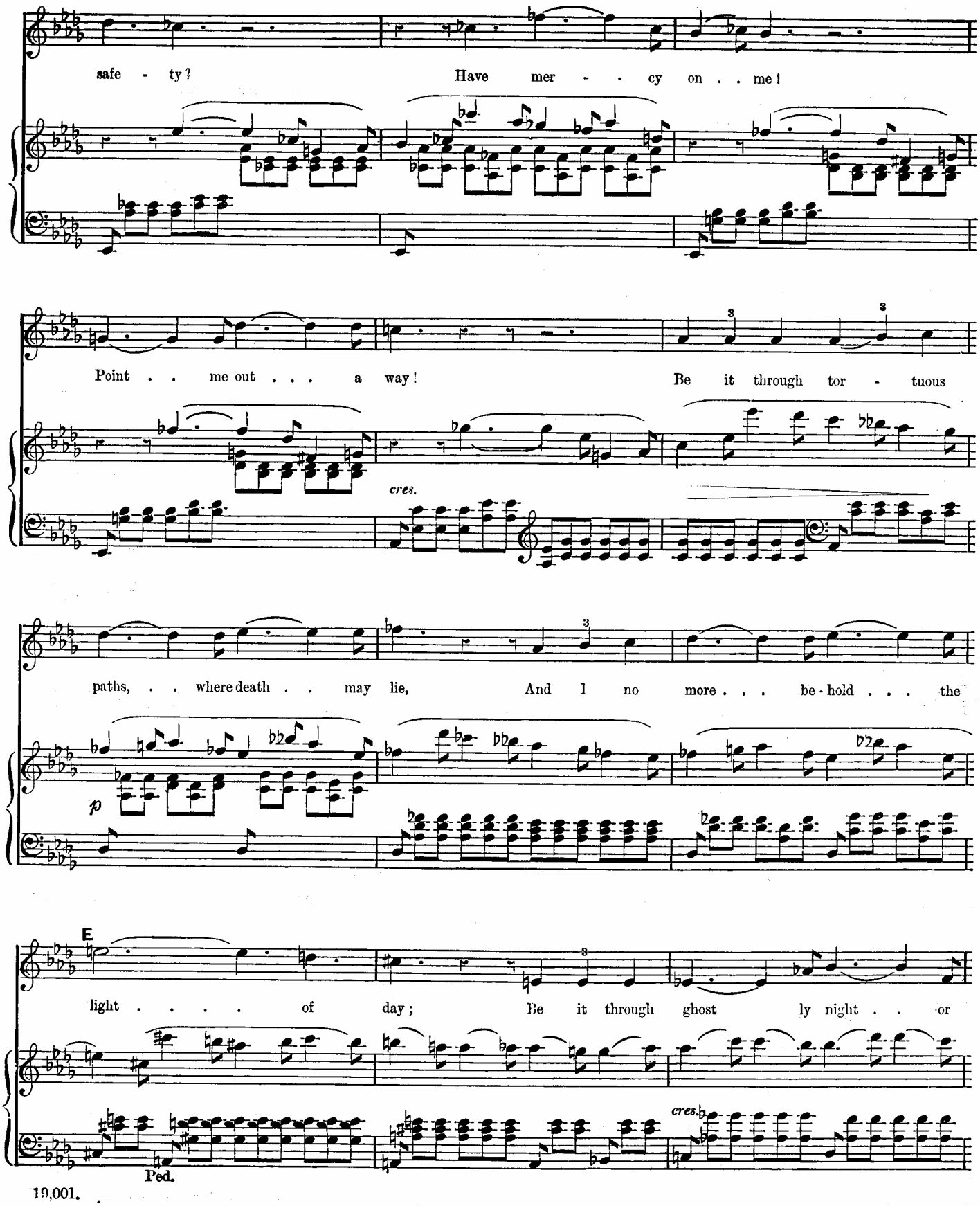

torch - es, Daugh - ters of Hen - - - - gist!
Wave your long tress - es, Maids of Val -
- hal - la! Wave your long tress - - - - es,
Maids of Val - hal - - - la!

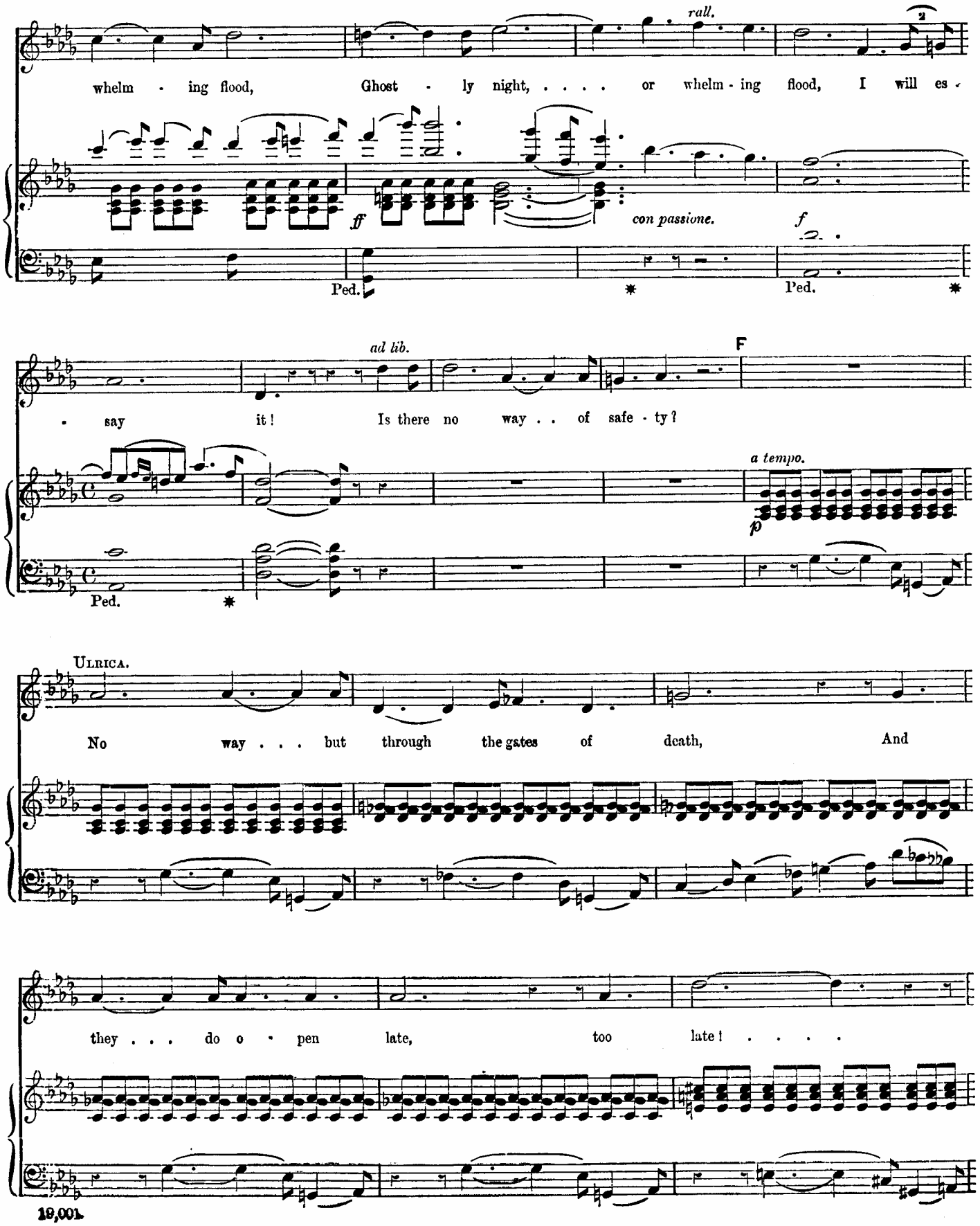

Ma - ny a war - - chief Migh - ty in
com - - - - - - bat, Migh - ty in com - bat, Pale from the
death - blow, Wends to your greet - - ing. Light ye the
dim.
torch - - - - - - - - - es, Maids of Val - hal - - - - - -
dim.

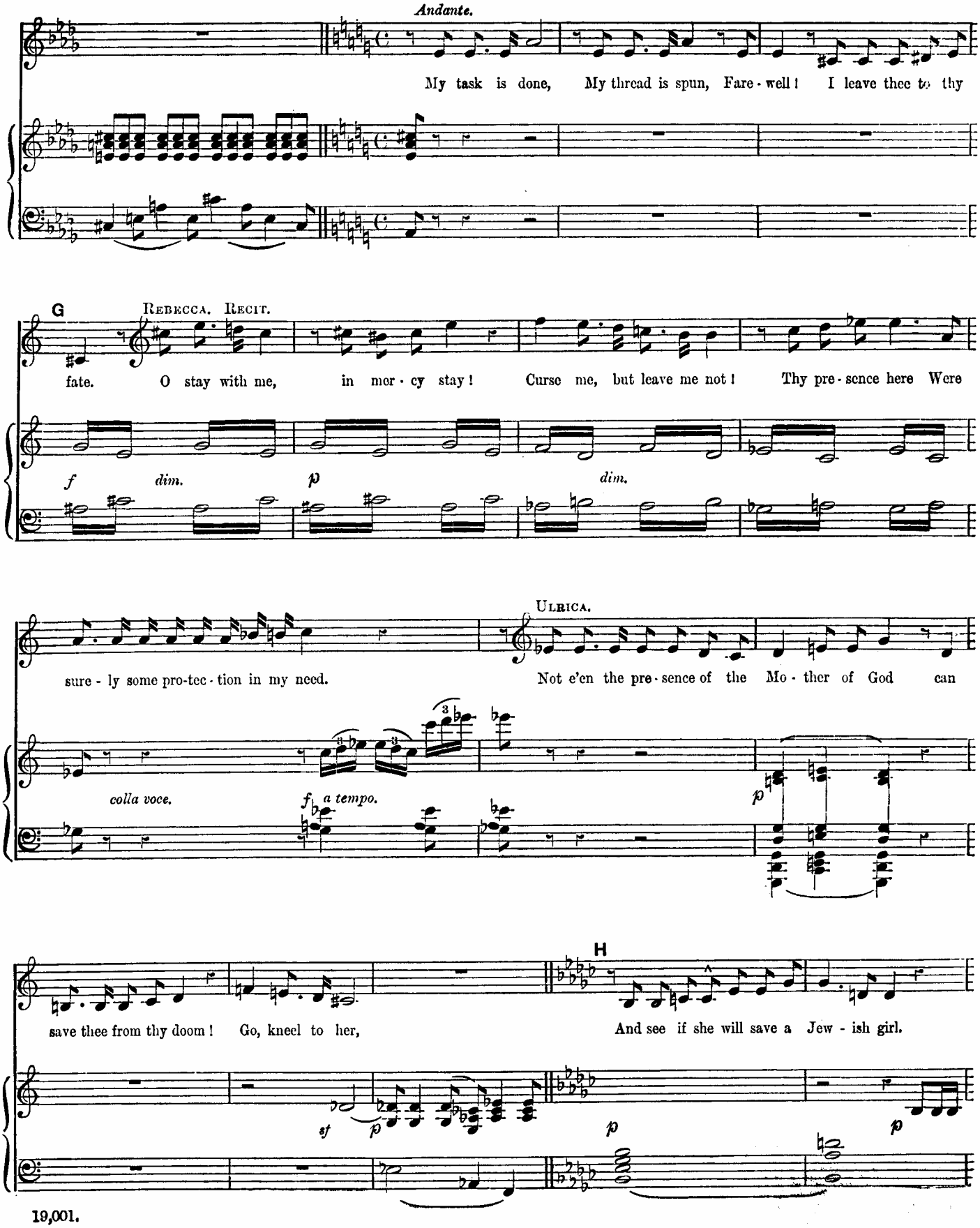

la.
B
Rebecca.
Good mo - ther, of thy pi - ty say
What fate is mine? Speak, as thou art a wo - man! In mer - cy an - swer me!
p
C Ulrica.
E - vil and dark thy fate shall be, Dark as the fate which long a - go Be - fell a no - ble Sax - on maid.
fp

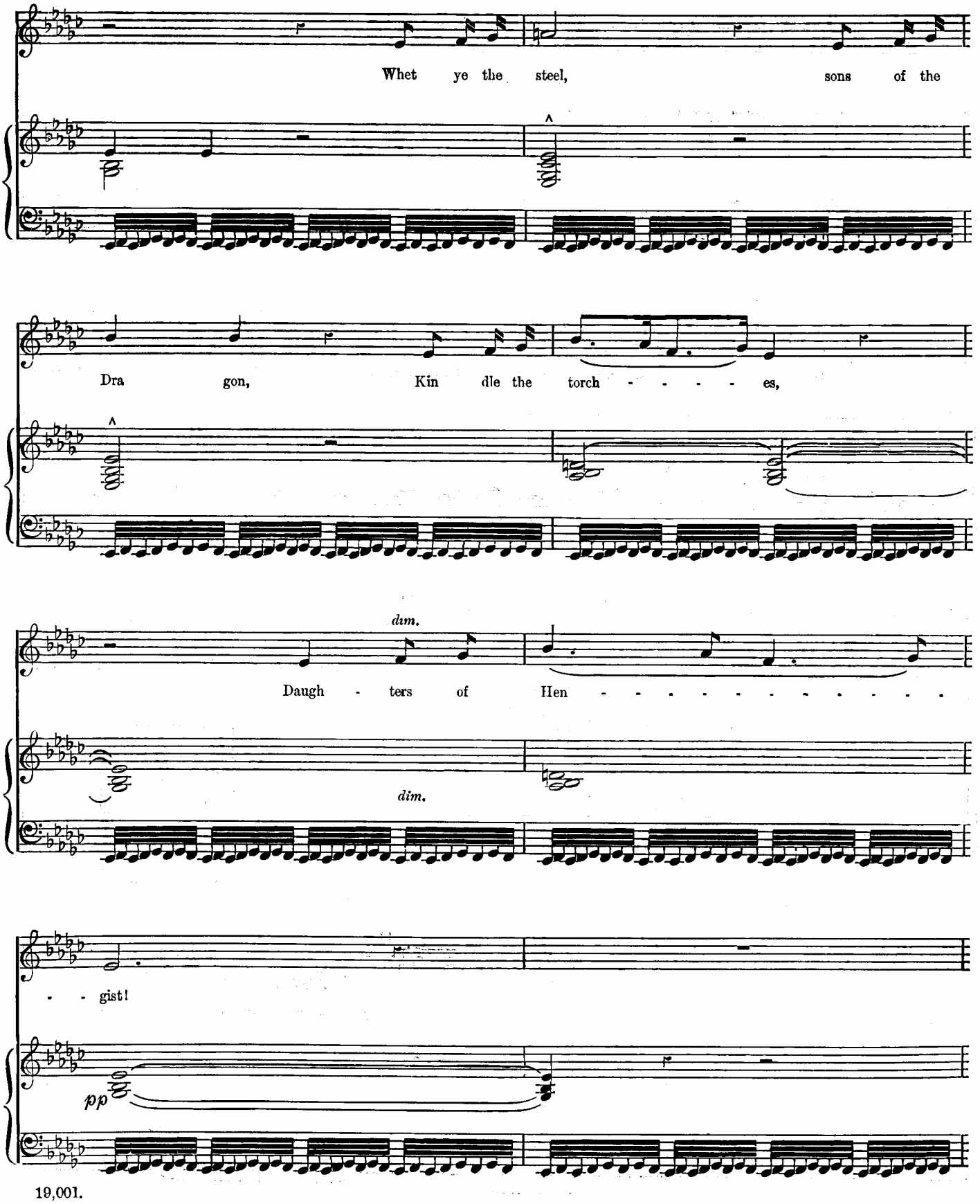

Allegro vivace.
Look on me! In this cur - sed place My
p
Ped.
*
fa - ther, and my bre - - - thren twain, Their fair curls
clot - ted with their blood, Fought till they fell; and
ere the stair Was washed from that most ho - - - - - ly

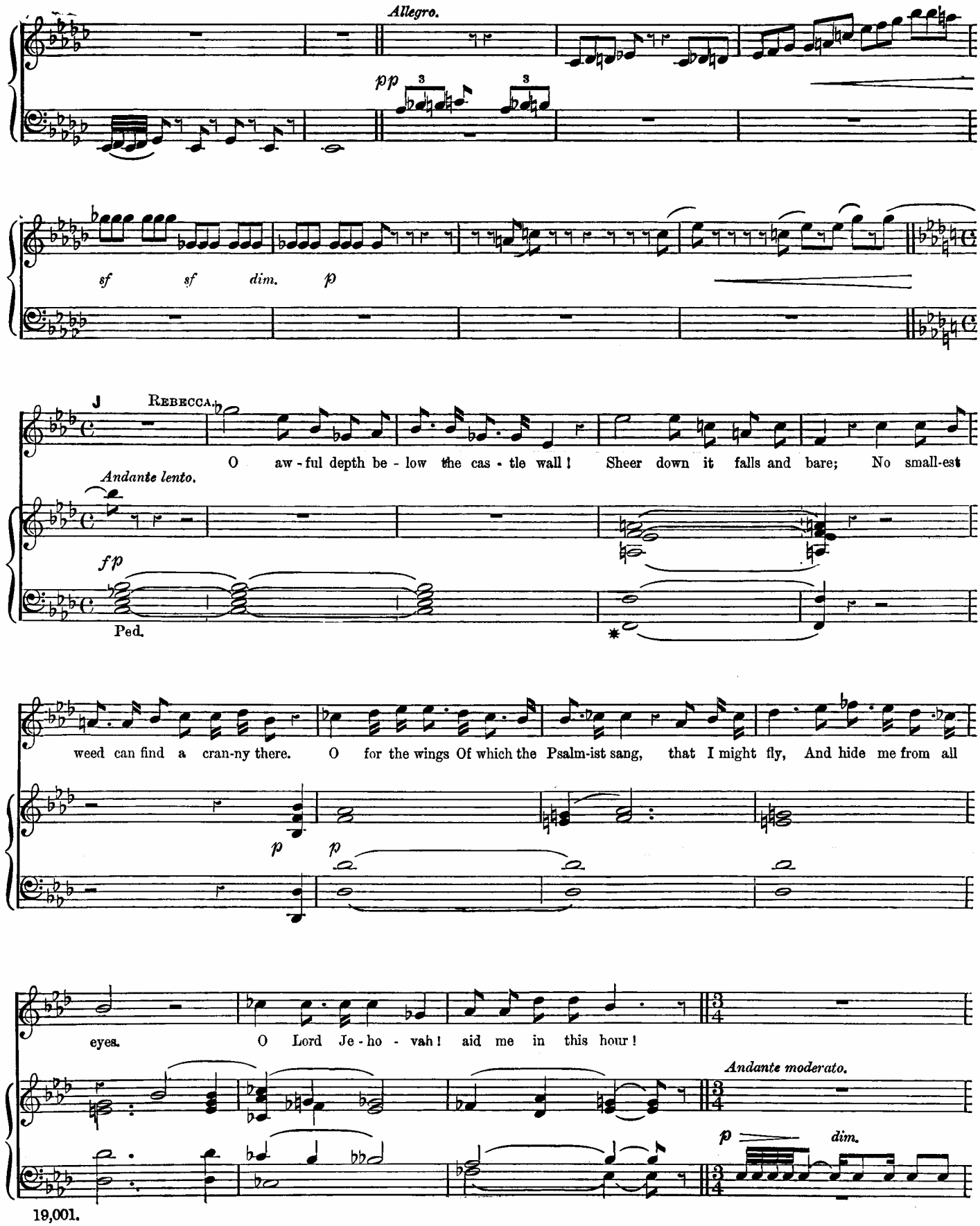

stain, I, the sole daugh - ter of their
race, I, who was once as proud as
sf
cres.
molto.
Andante.
fair, Was sport of con-queror's wan - ton mood. If such my fate,
sf
ff
sf
p
what hope for thee?
Rebecca.
Is there no way of
Allegro moderato.
p
Ped.
Ped.

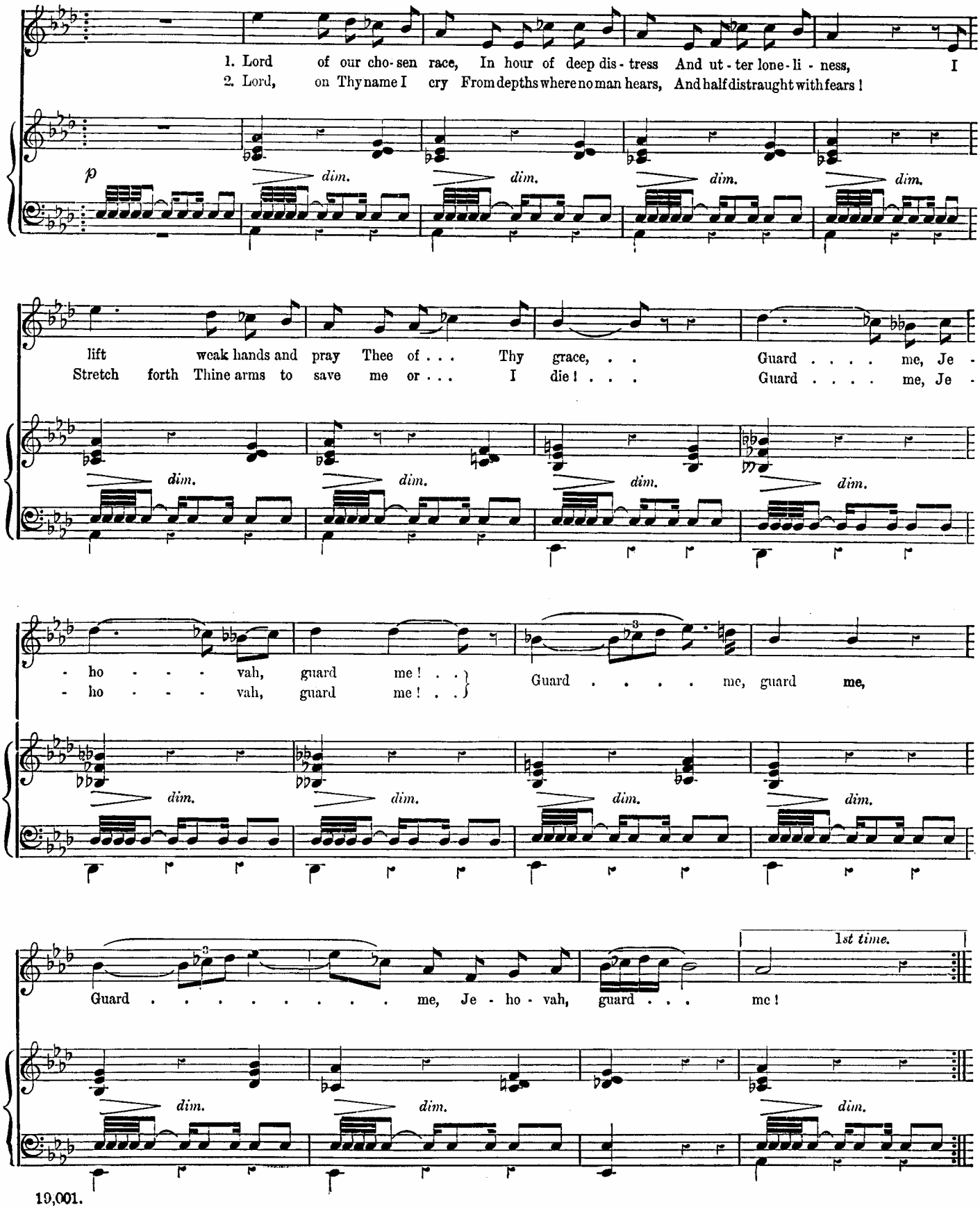

safe - ty?
Have mer - - cy on . . me!
Point . . me out . . . a way!
Be it through tor - tuous
cres.
paths, . . where death . . may lie,
And I no more . . . be-hold . . . the
p
E
light . . . . of day;
Be it through ghost ly night . . or
cres.
Ped.

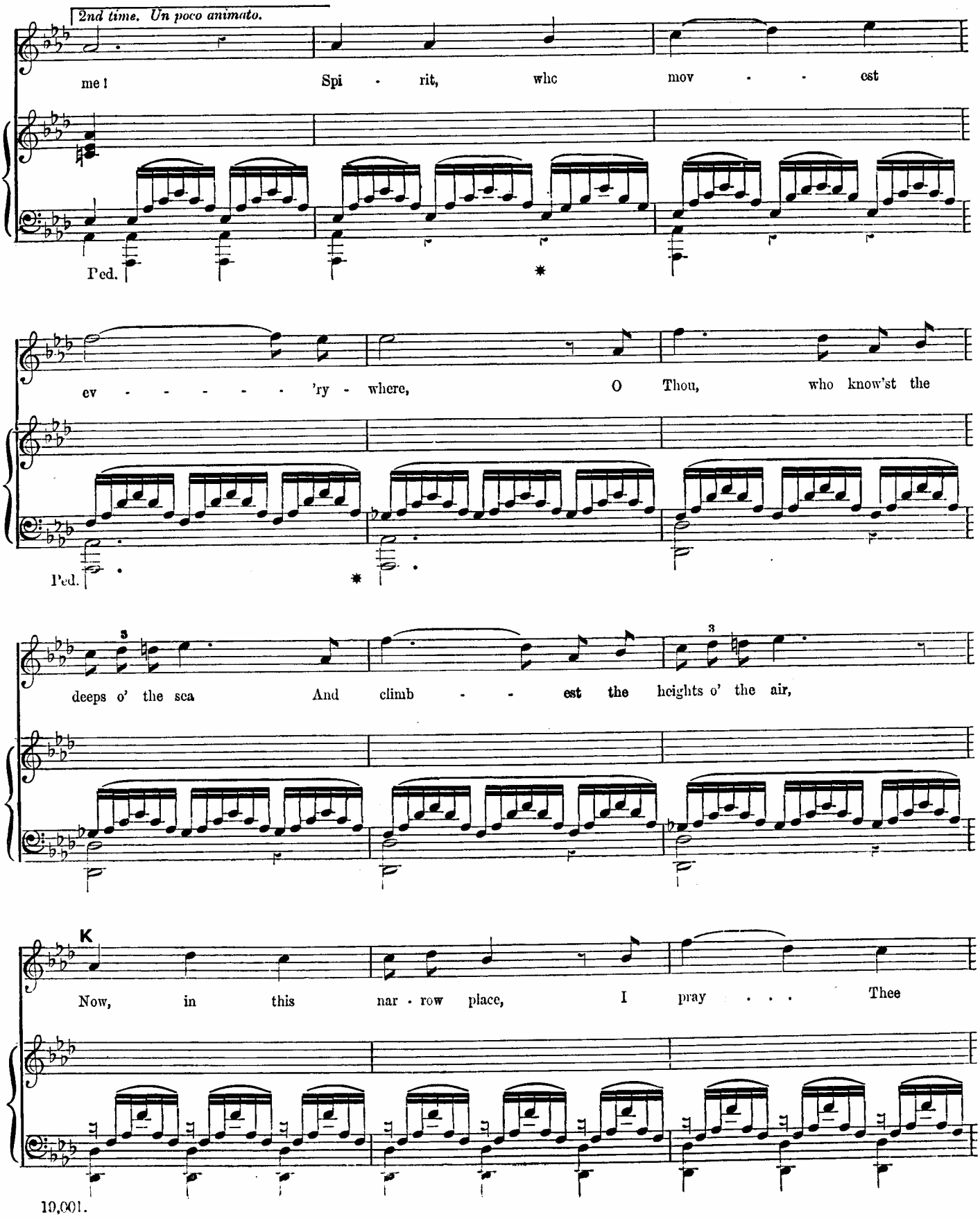

rall.
whelm - ing flood, Ghost - ly night, ... or whelm - ing flood, I will es -
ff
con passione.
f
Ped.
Ped.
ad lib.
F
- say it! Is there no way . . of safe - ty?
a tempo.
p
Ped.
ULRICA.
No way . . . but through the gates of death, And
they . . . do o - pen late, too late! . . . .

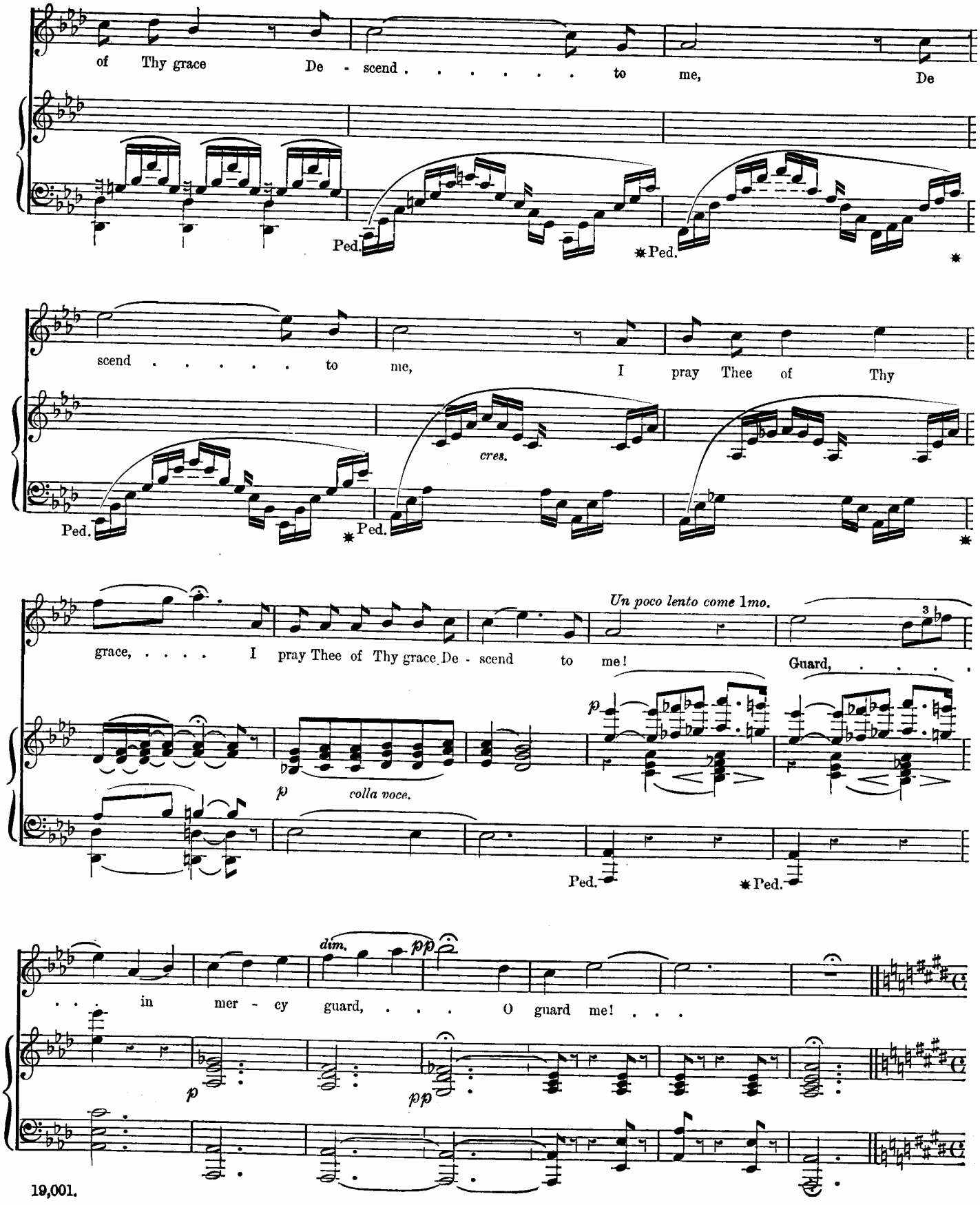

Andante.
My task is done, My thread is spun, Fare - well! I leave thee to thy
G
REBECCA. RECIT.
fate. O stay with me, in mer - cy stay! Curse me, but leave me not! Thy pre - sence here Were
f dim. p dim.
ULRICA.
sure - ly some pro-tec - tion in my need. Not e'en the pre - sence of the Mo - ther of God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

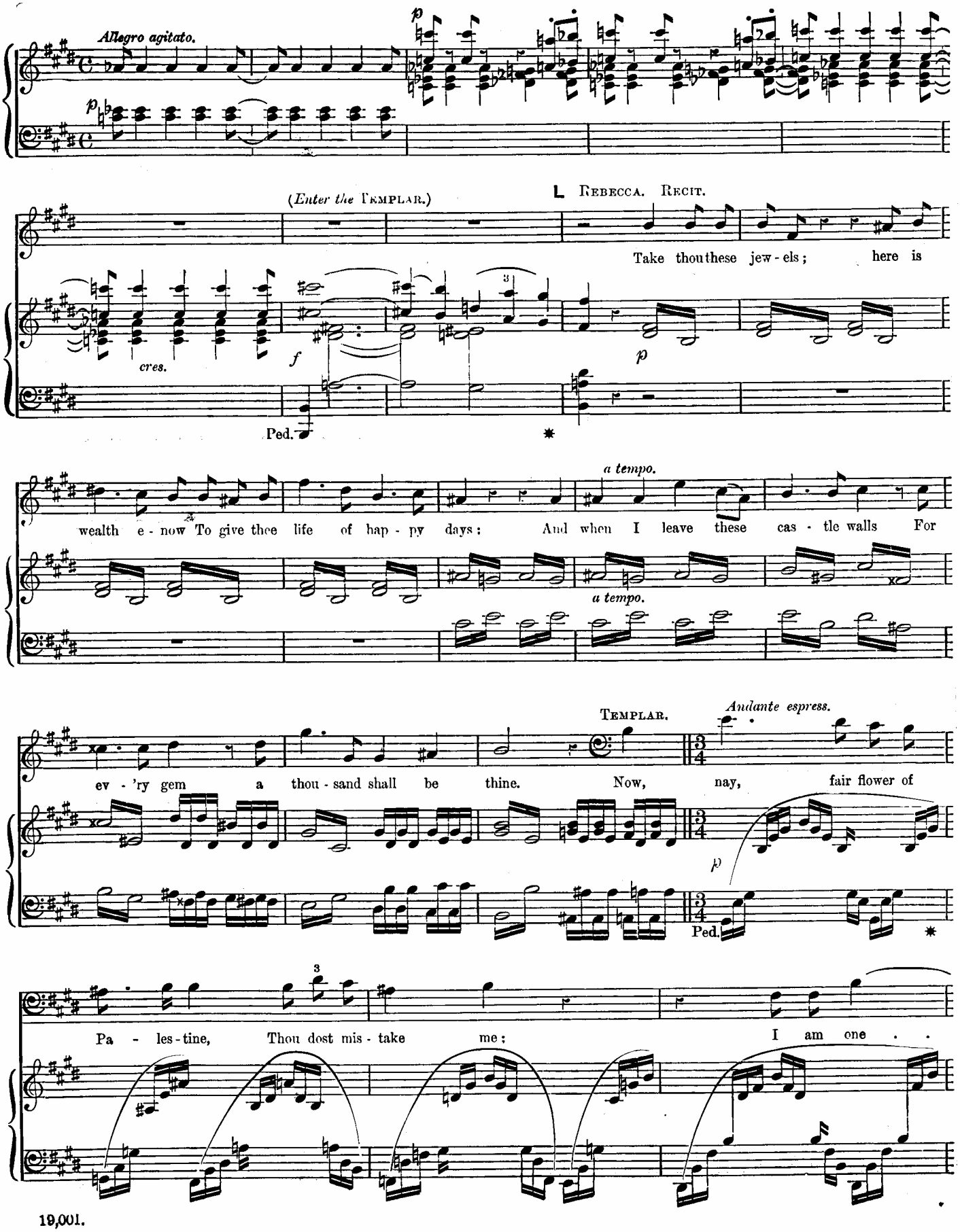

Whet ye the steel, sons of the
Dra gon, Kin dle the torch - - - - - es,
dim.
Daugh - ters of Hen - - - - - - - - - - - -
dim.
- - gist!
pp

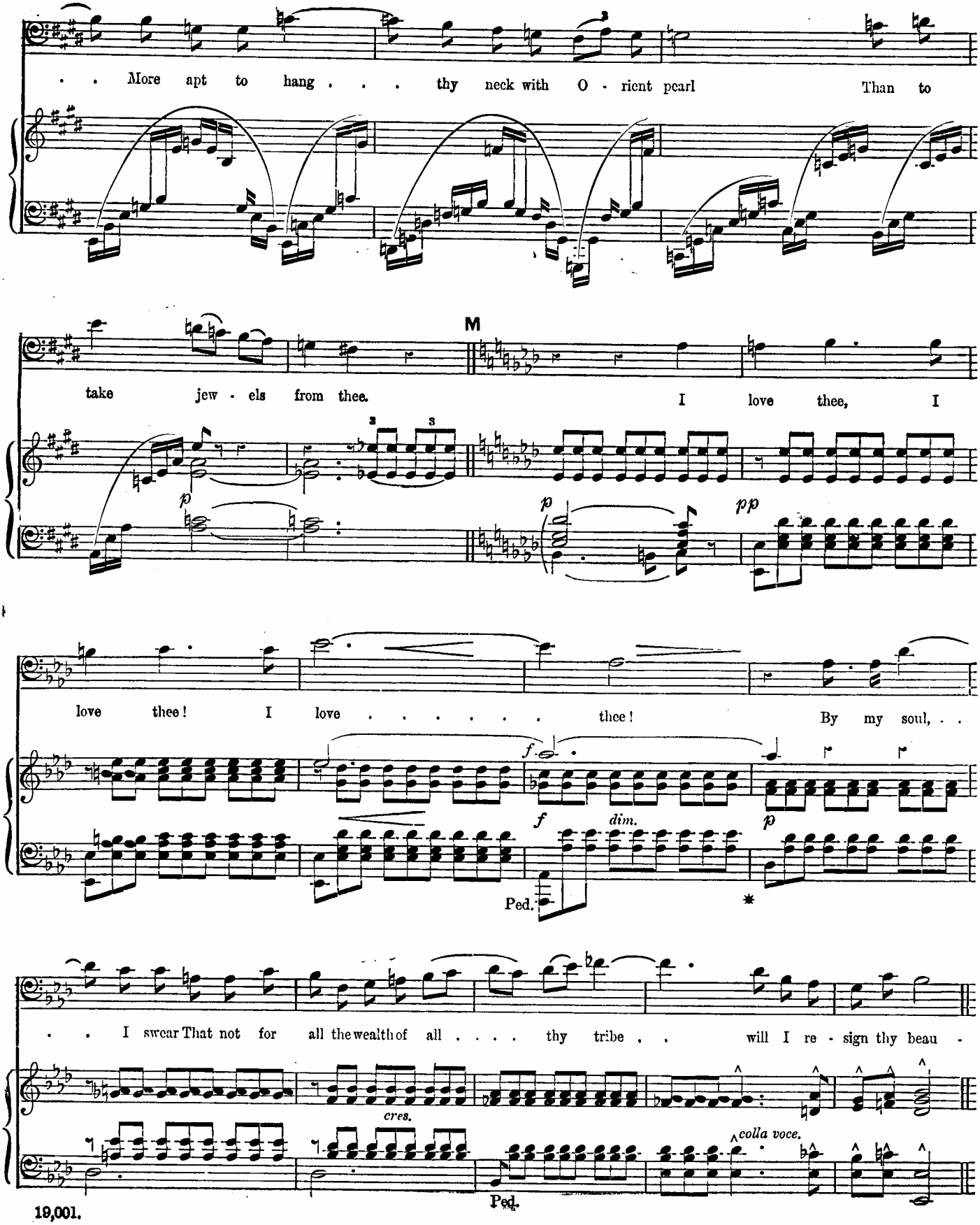

Allegro.
pp
sf sf dim. p
J
Rebecca.
O aw - ful depth be - low the cas - tle wall! Sheer down it falls and bare; No small-est
Andante lento.
fp
Ped.
weed can find a cran-ny there. O for the wings Of which the Psalm-ist sang, that I might fly, And hide me from all
p
p
eyes. O Lord Je - ho - vah! aid me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


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


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


of Thy grace De - scend . . . . . to me, De
Ped.
*Ped.
*
scend . . . . . to me, I pray Thee of Thy
cres.
Ped.
*Ped.
*
grace, ... I pray Thee of Thy grace De - scend to me!
Un poco lento come 1mo.
Guard, ...
3
p
colla voce.
Ped.
*Ped.
. . . in mer - cy guard, . . . O guard me! . . .
dim.
pp
p
pp


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


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

Allegro non troppo.

REBECCA.

a tempo.

f

. ty. Ah! . . as thou . . . . . dost hope for mer - cy . .

colla voce.

p

Ped. ✱ Ped.

. . at the last. Stand back and hear me!

✱ Ped. ✱ Ped. ✱

N

I am a Jew - ess, thou a Chris - tian knight; Ac

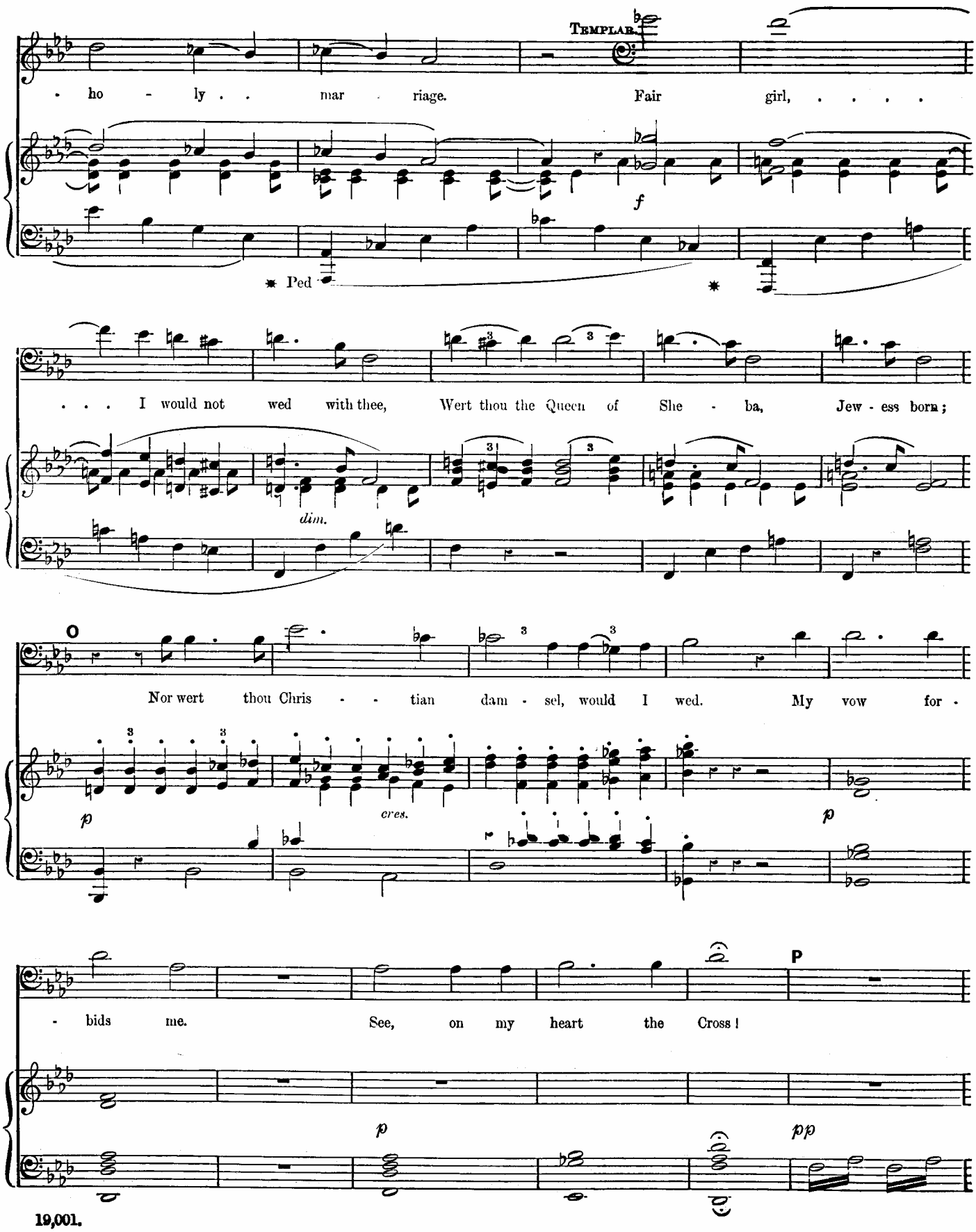
mf

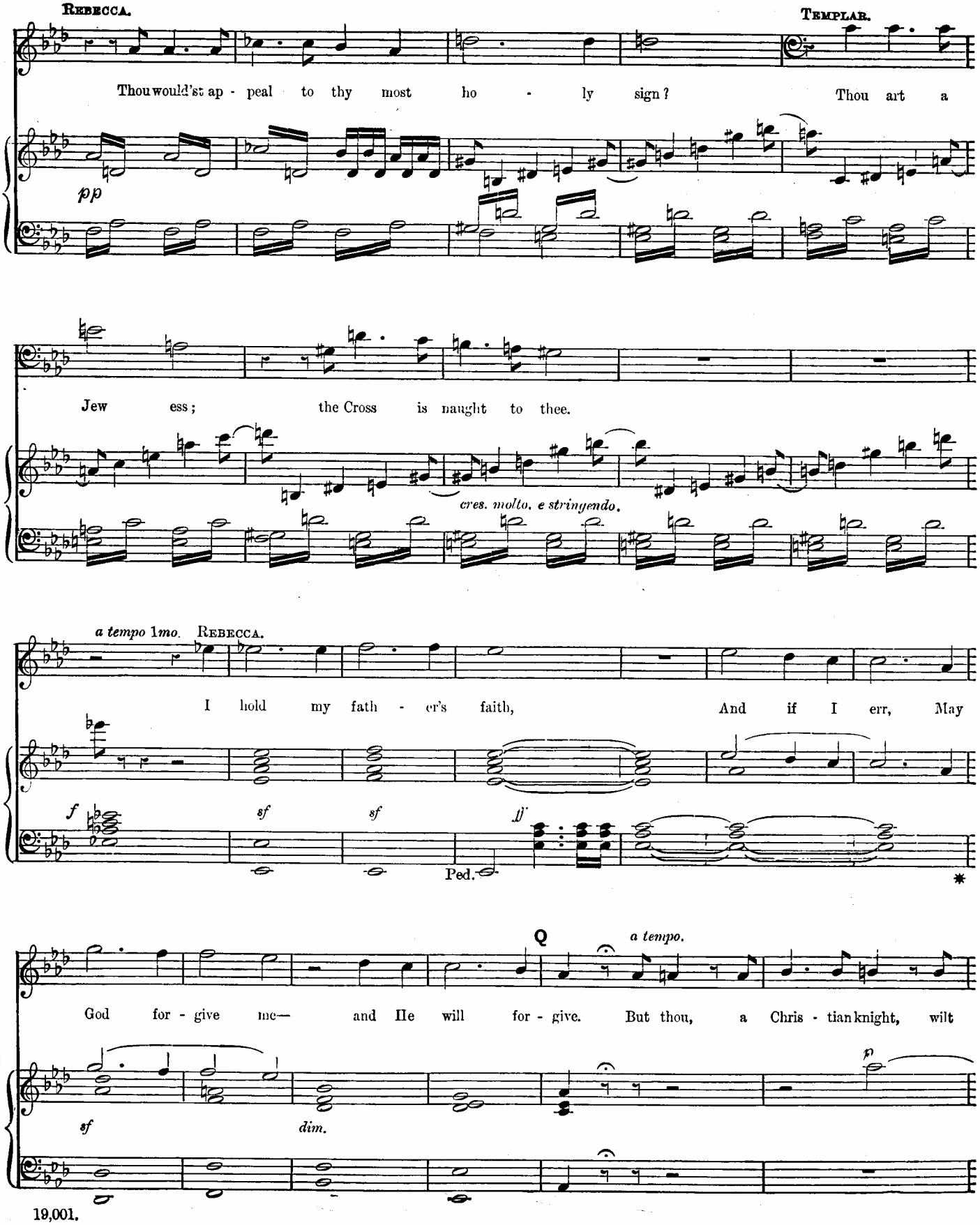
p

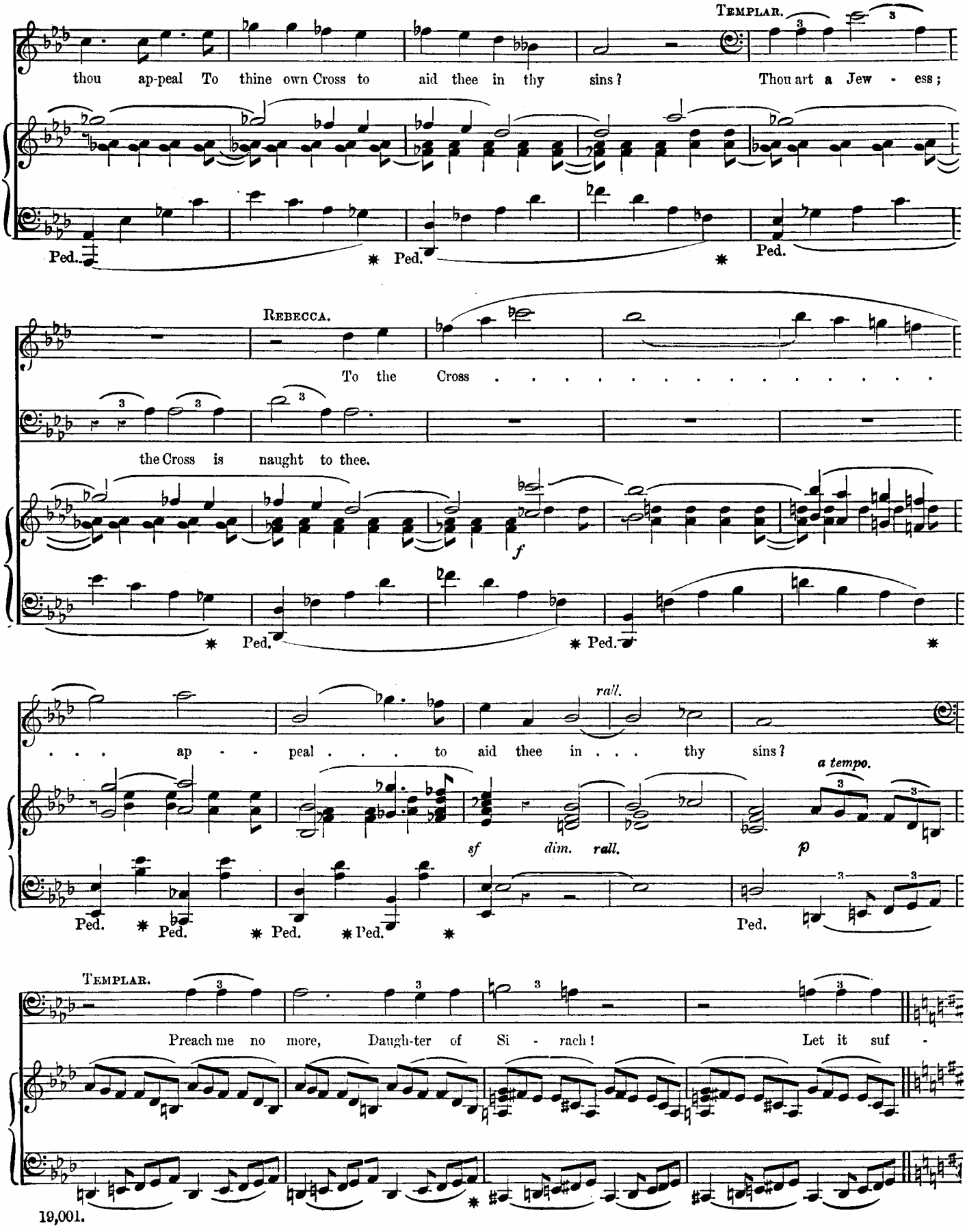
Ped.

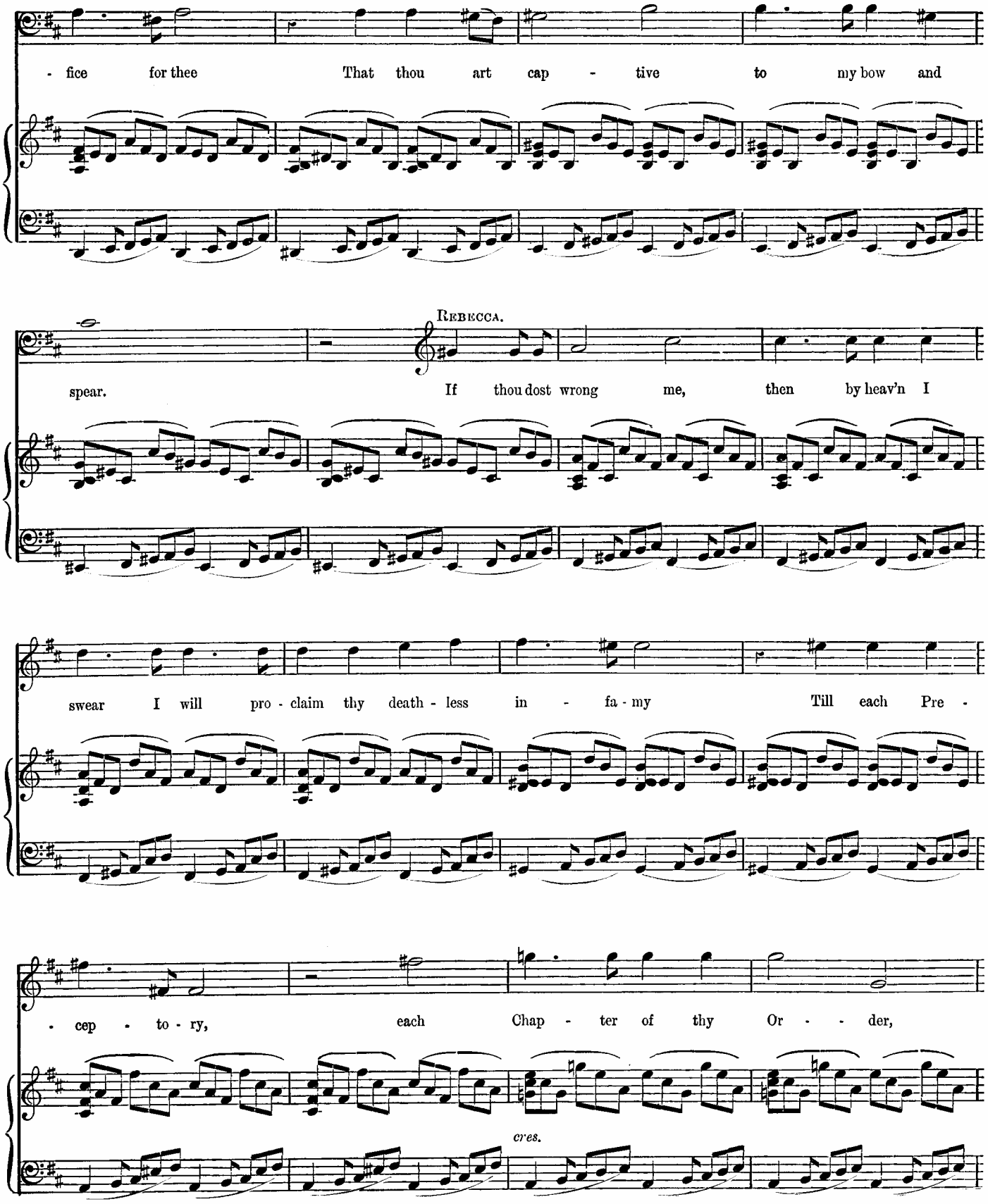
- cur - sed in the sight of God and man Were our un -

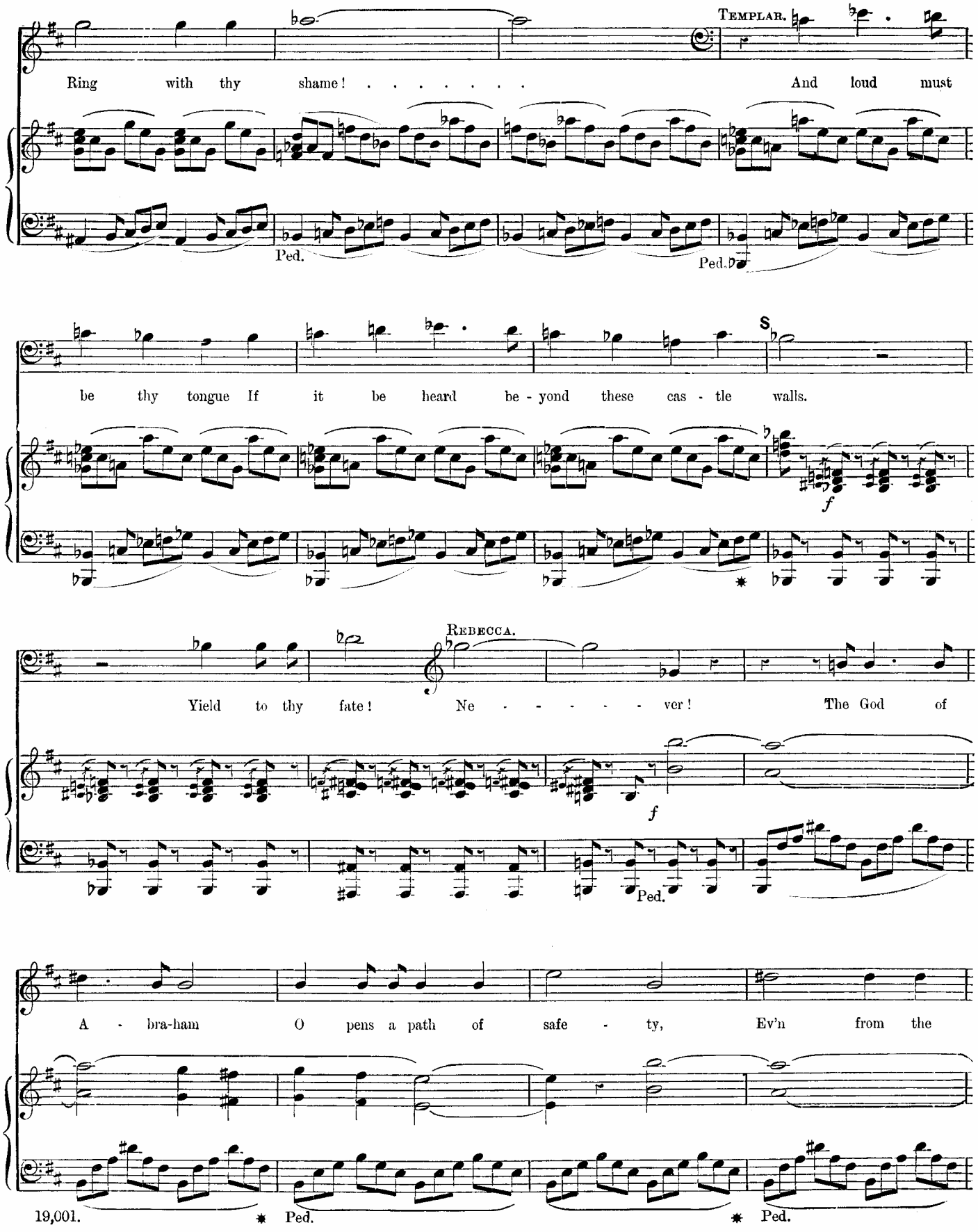
✱ Ped. ✱ Ped.

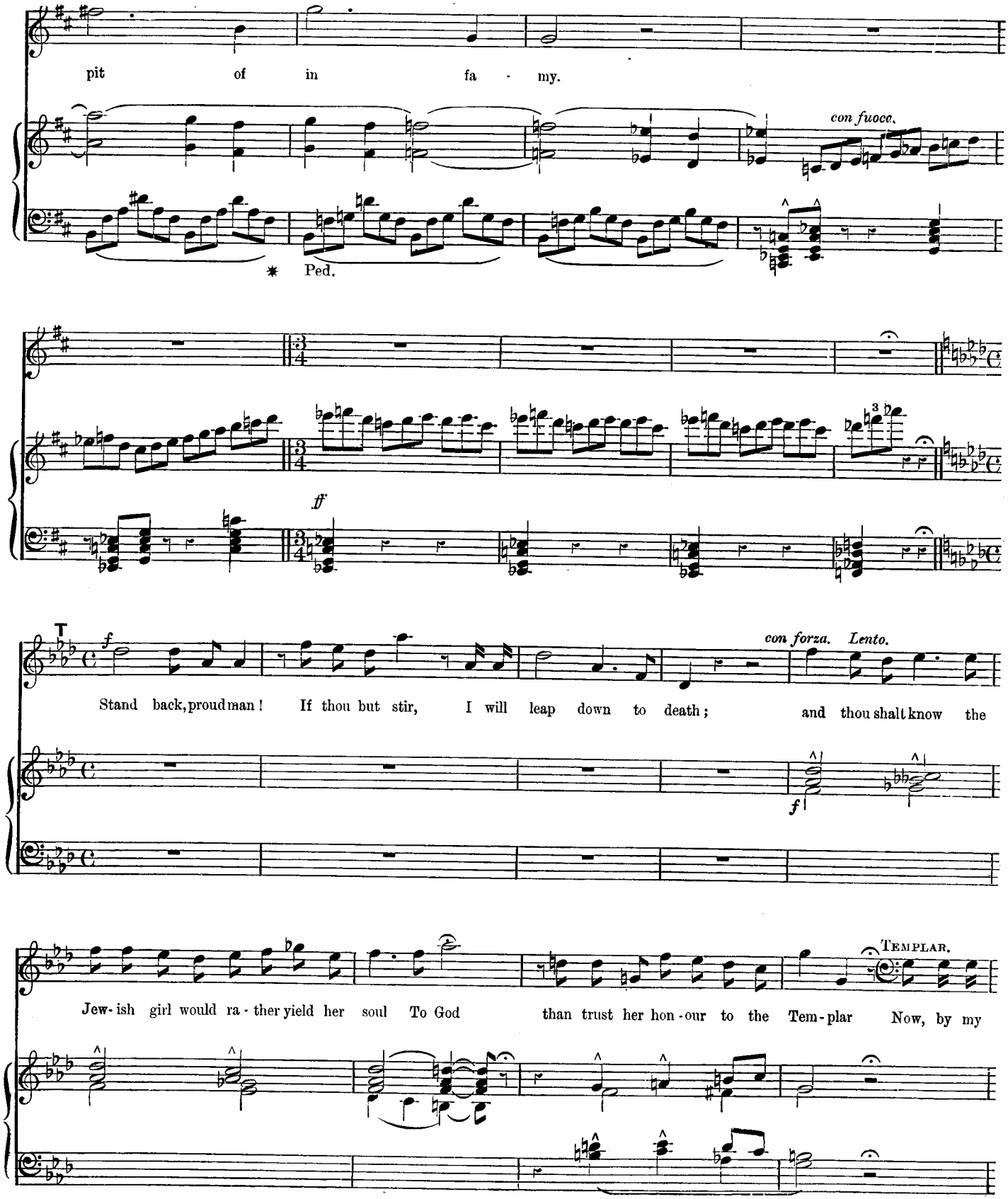

TEMPLAR.
ho - ly . . mar - riage. Fair girl, ...
f
Ped
. . . I would not wed with thee, Wert thou the Queen of She - ba, Jew - ess born;
dim.
O
Nor wert thou Chris - - tian dam - sel, would I wed. My vow for -
p
cres.
p
- bids me. See, on my heart the Cross!
P
p
pp

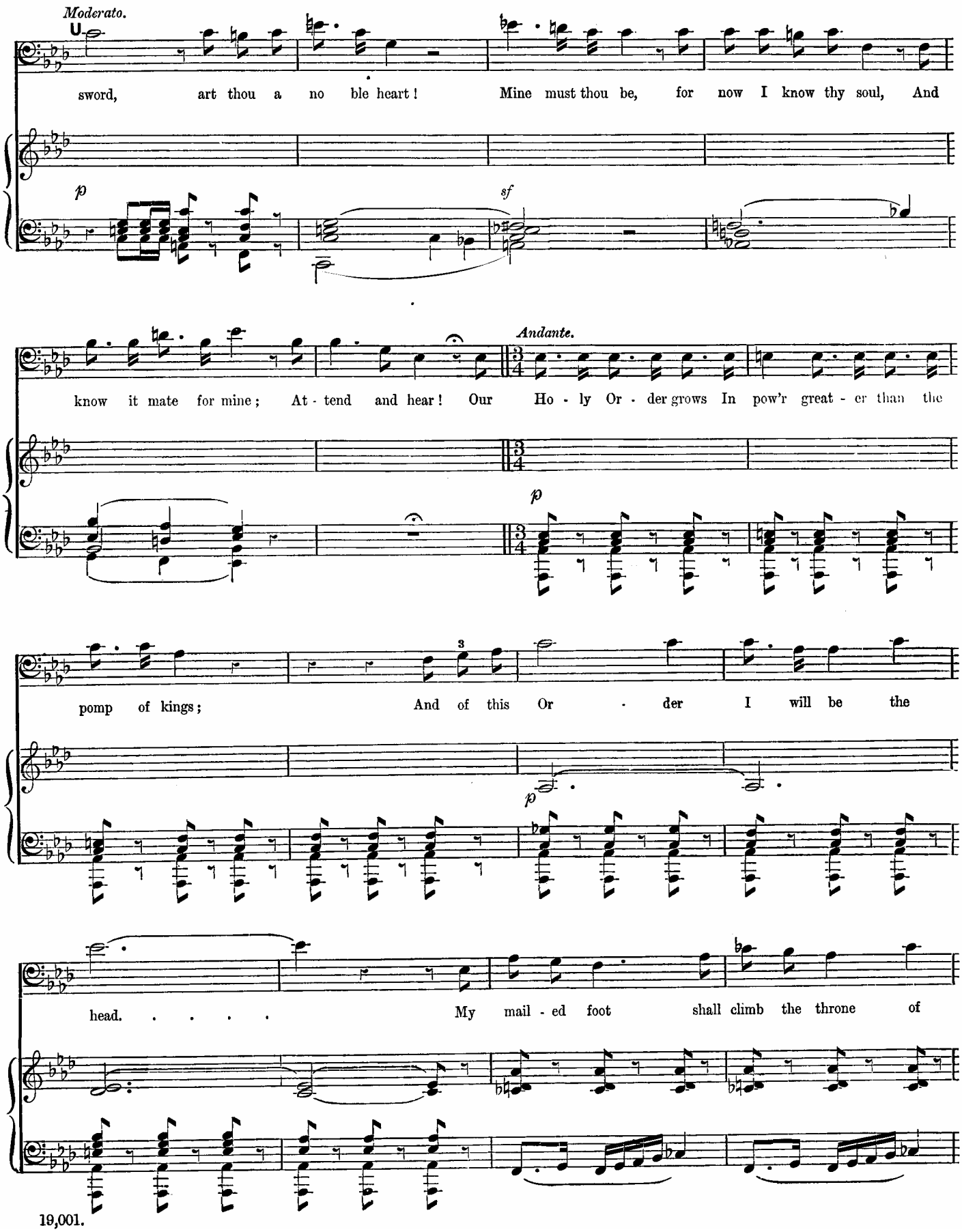

REBECCA.
TEMPLAR.
Thou would'st ap - peal to thy most ho - ly sign? Thou art a
pp
Jew ess; the Cross is naught to thee.
cres. molto. e stringendo.
a tempo 1mo. REBECCA.
I hold my fath - er's faith, And if I err, May
f
sf
sf
ff
Ped.
*
Q
a tempo.
God for - give me— and He will for - give. But thou, a Chris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

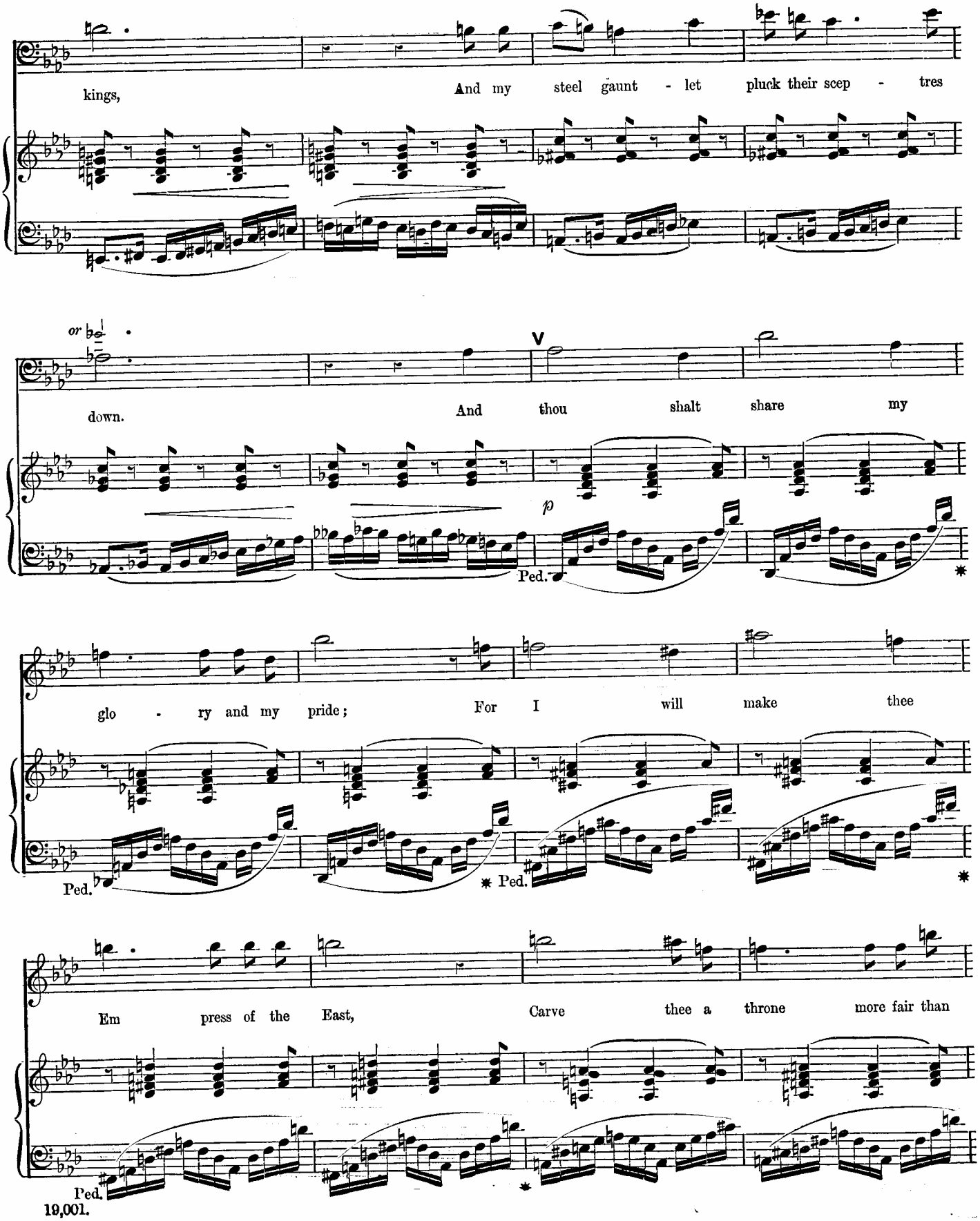

TEMPLAR.
thou ap-peal To thine own Cross to aid thee in thy sins? Thou art a Jew - ess;
Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
REBECCA.
To the Cross . . . . . .
the Cross is naught to thee.
f
* Ped. * Ped. *
rall.
. . . ap - - peal . . . to aid thee in . . . thy sins?
a tempo.
sf dim. rall. p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *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

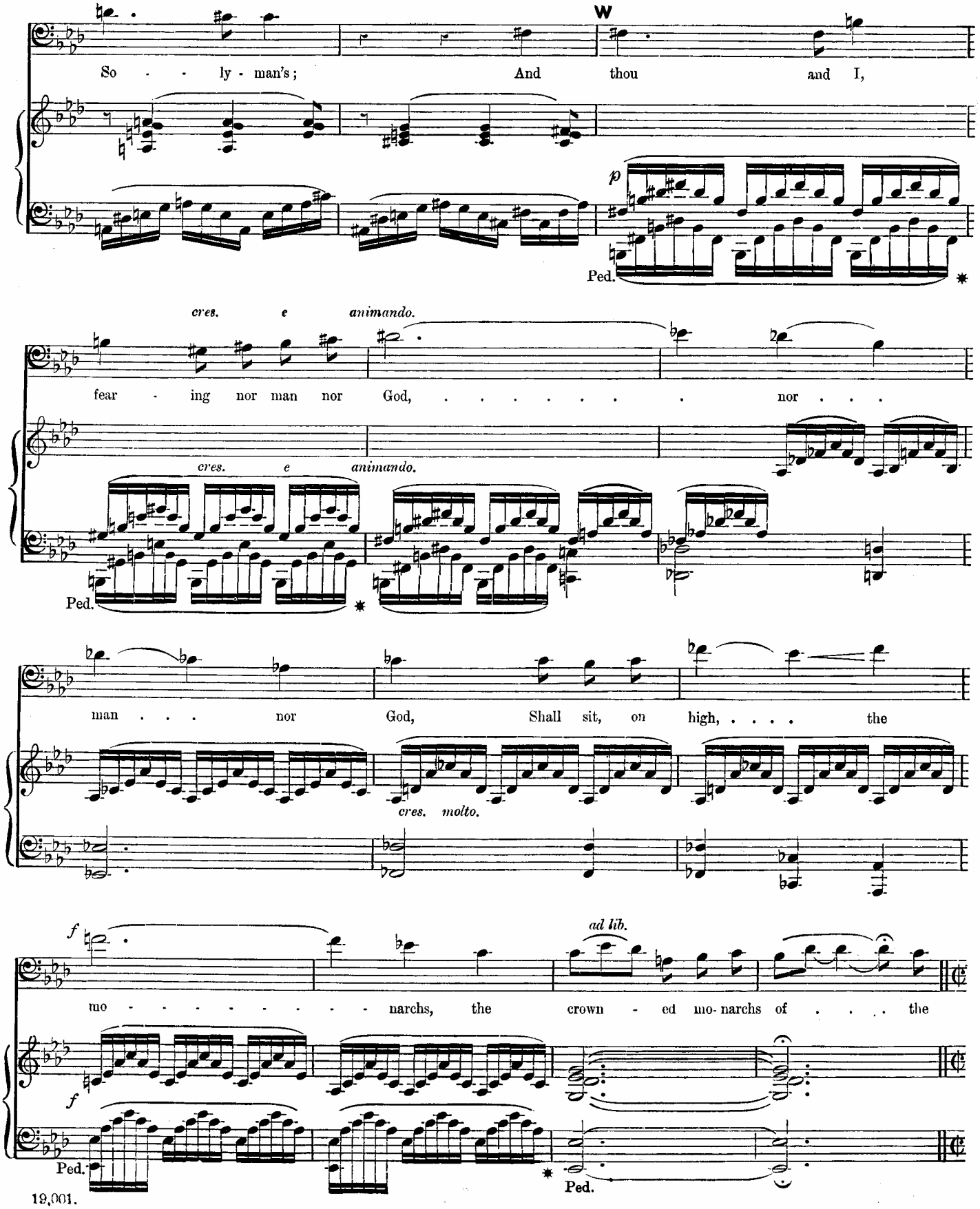

- fice for thee That thou art cap - tive to my bow and
REBECCA.
spear. If thou dost wrong me, then by heav'n I
swear I will pro - claim thy death - less in - fa - my Till each Pre -
- cep - to - ry, each Chap - ter of thy Or - - der,
cres.

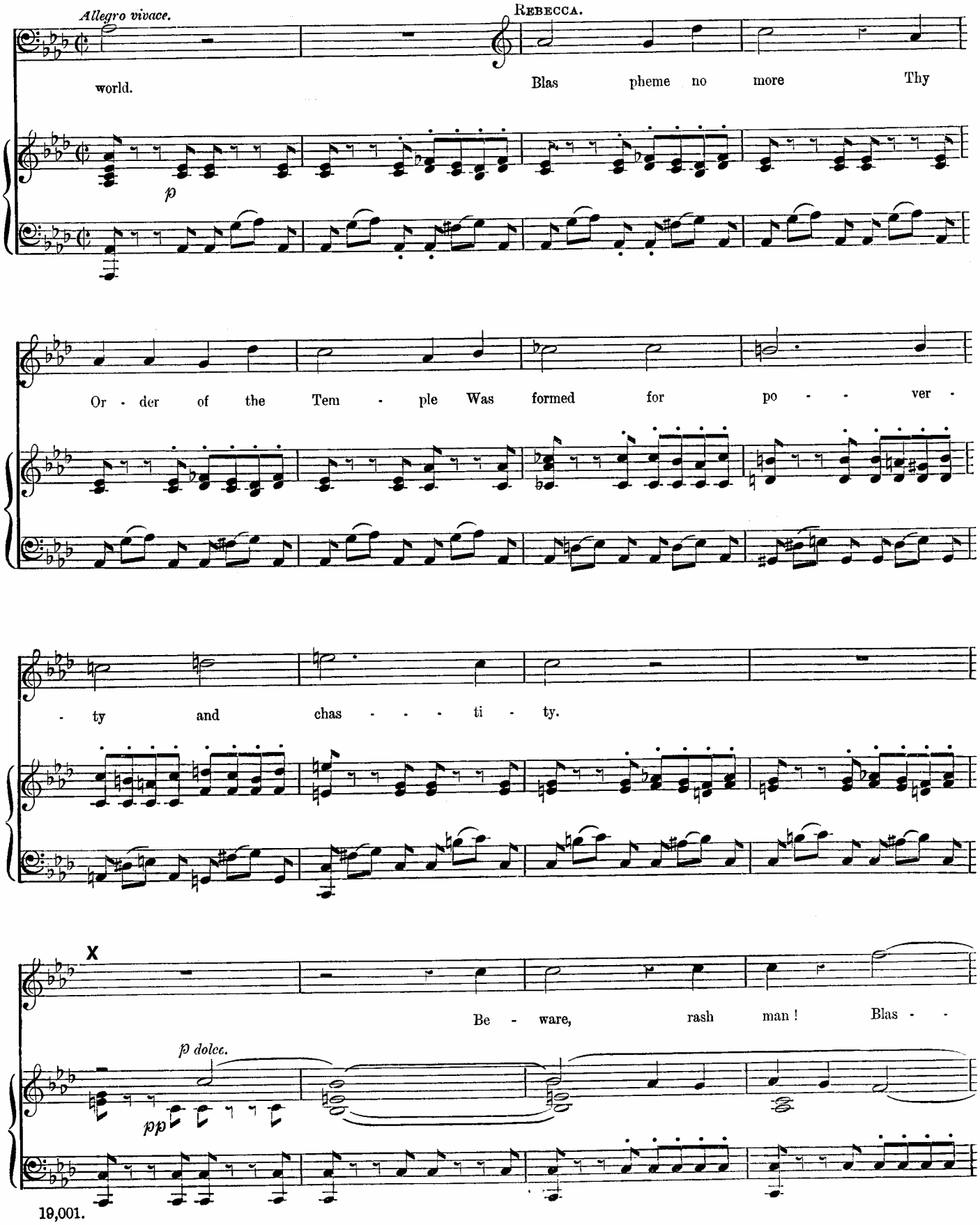

TEMPLAR.
Ring with thy shame! . . . . . And loud must
Ped.
Ped.
be thy tongue If it be heard be - yond these cas - tle walls.
S
f
REBECCA.
Yield to thy fate! Ne - - - - - ver! The God of
f
Ped.
A - bra-ham O pens a path of safe - ty, Ev'n from the
19,001.
Ped.
Ped.

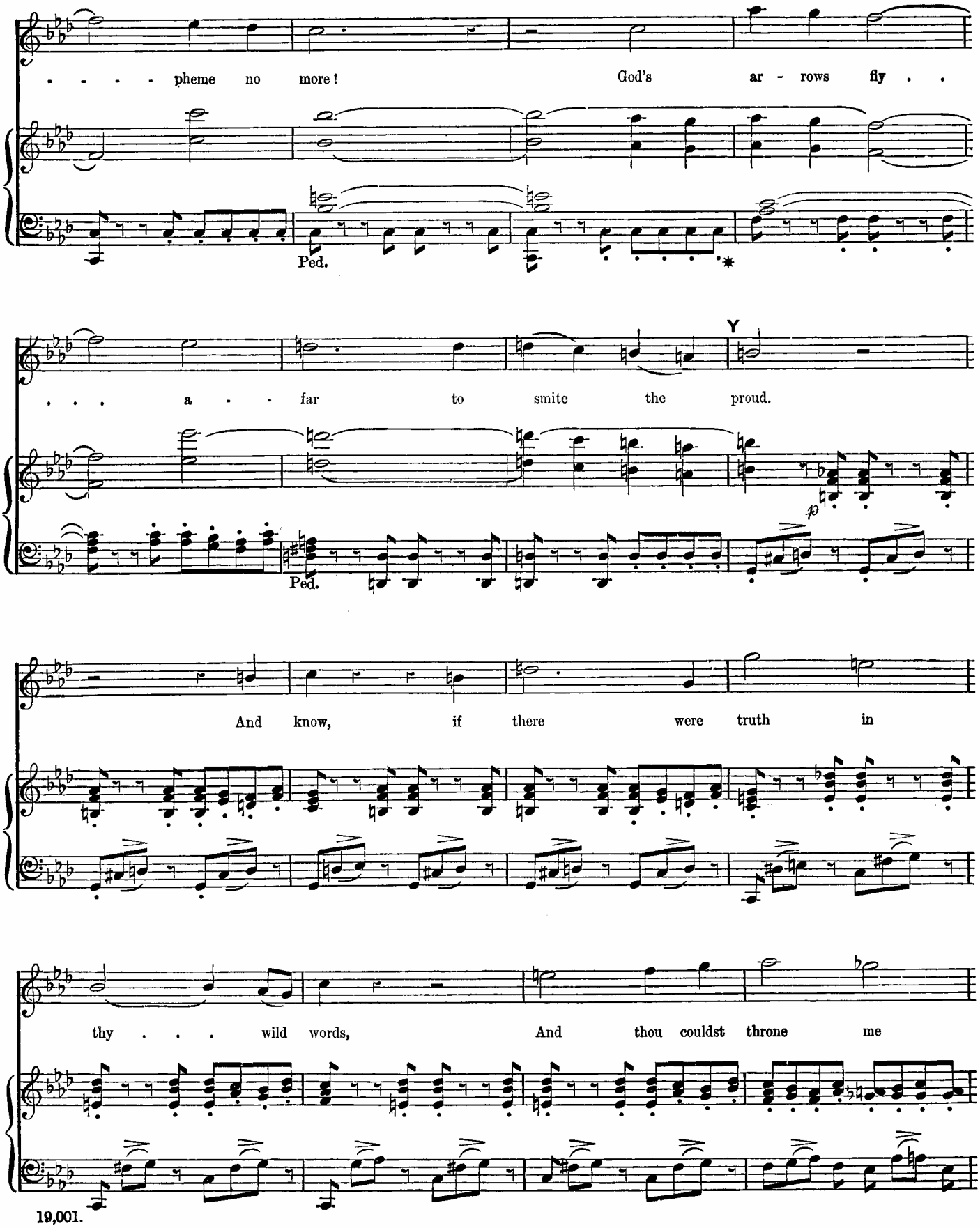

pit of in fa - my.
con fuoco.
Ped.
ff
T
f
Stand back, proud man! If thou but stir, I will leap down to death;
con forza. Lento.
and thou shalt know the
f
Templar.
Jew-ish girl would ra-ther yield her soul To God than trust her hon-our to the Tem-plar Now, by my

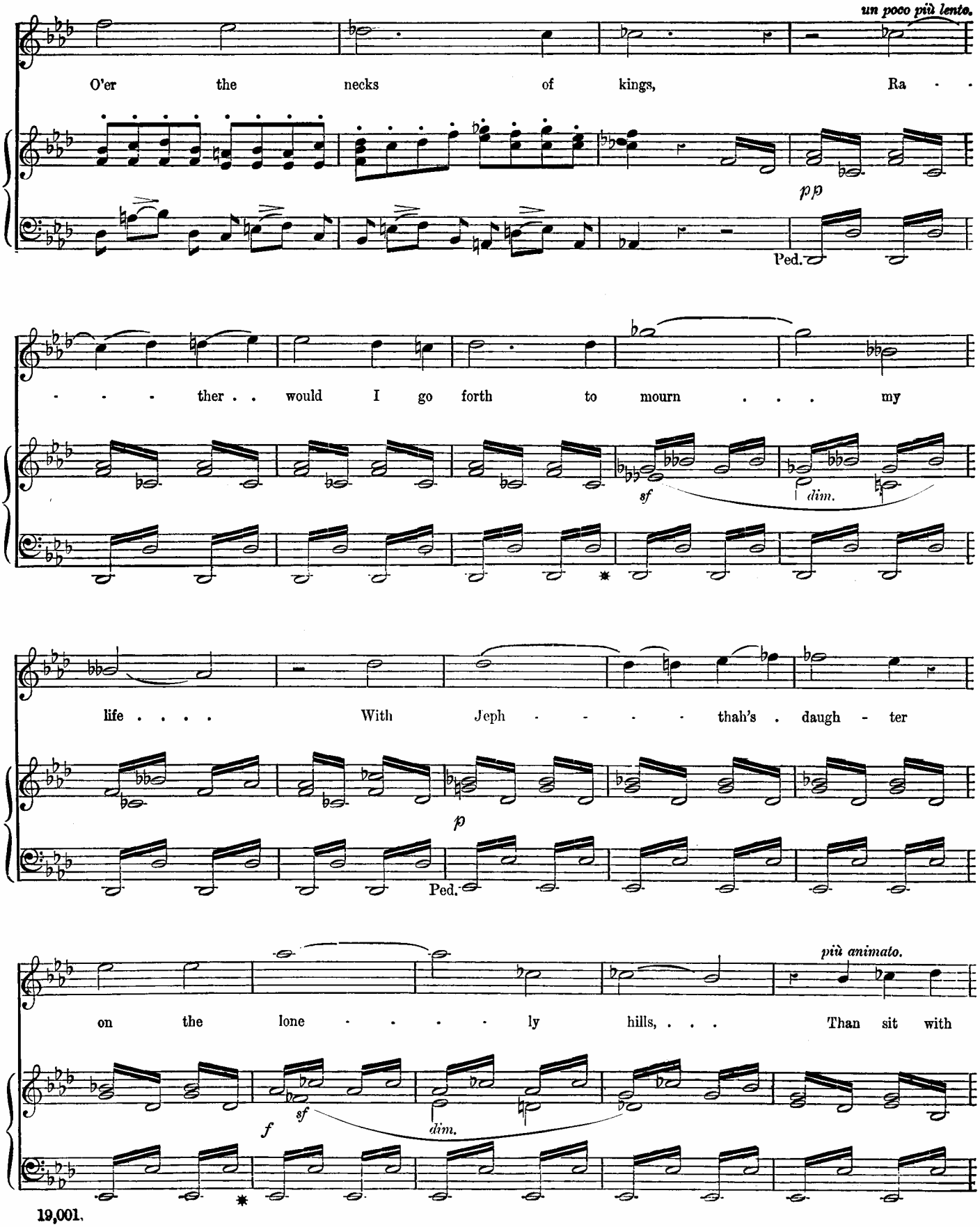

Moderato.
sword, art thou a no ble heart! Mine must thou be, for now I know thy soul, And
p
sf
Andante.
know it mate for mine; At - tend and hear! Our Ho - ly Or - der grows In pow'r great - er than the
p
pomp of kings; And of this Or - der I will be the
p
head. . . . . My mail - ed foot shall climb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

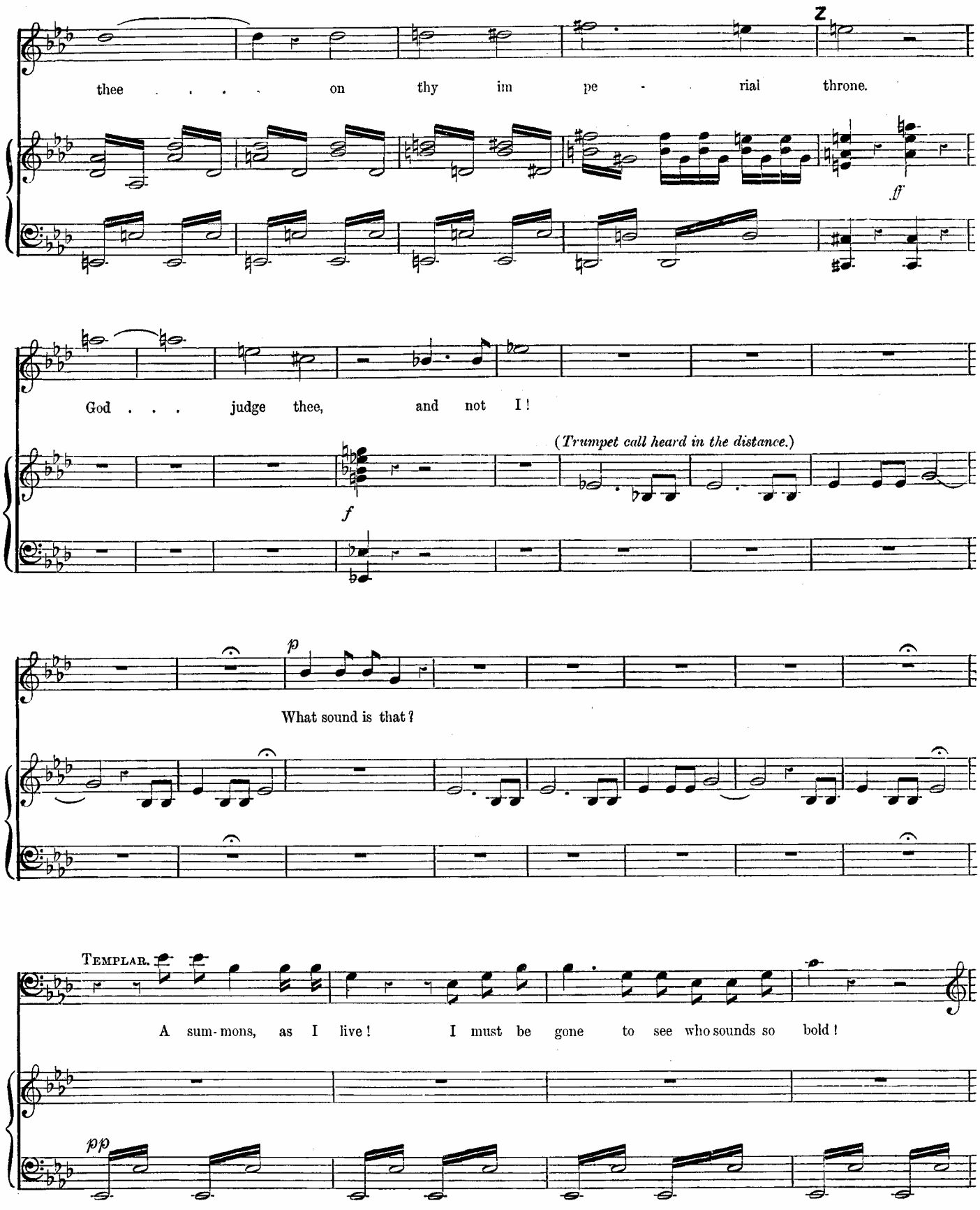

kings,
And my steel gaunt - let pluck their scep - tres
or
down.
And thou shalt share my
p
Ped.
glo - ry and my pride;
For I will make thee
Ped.
Ped.
Em press of the East,
Carve thee a throne more fair than
Ped.

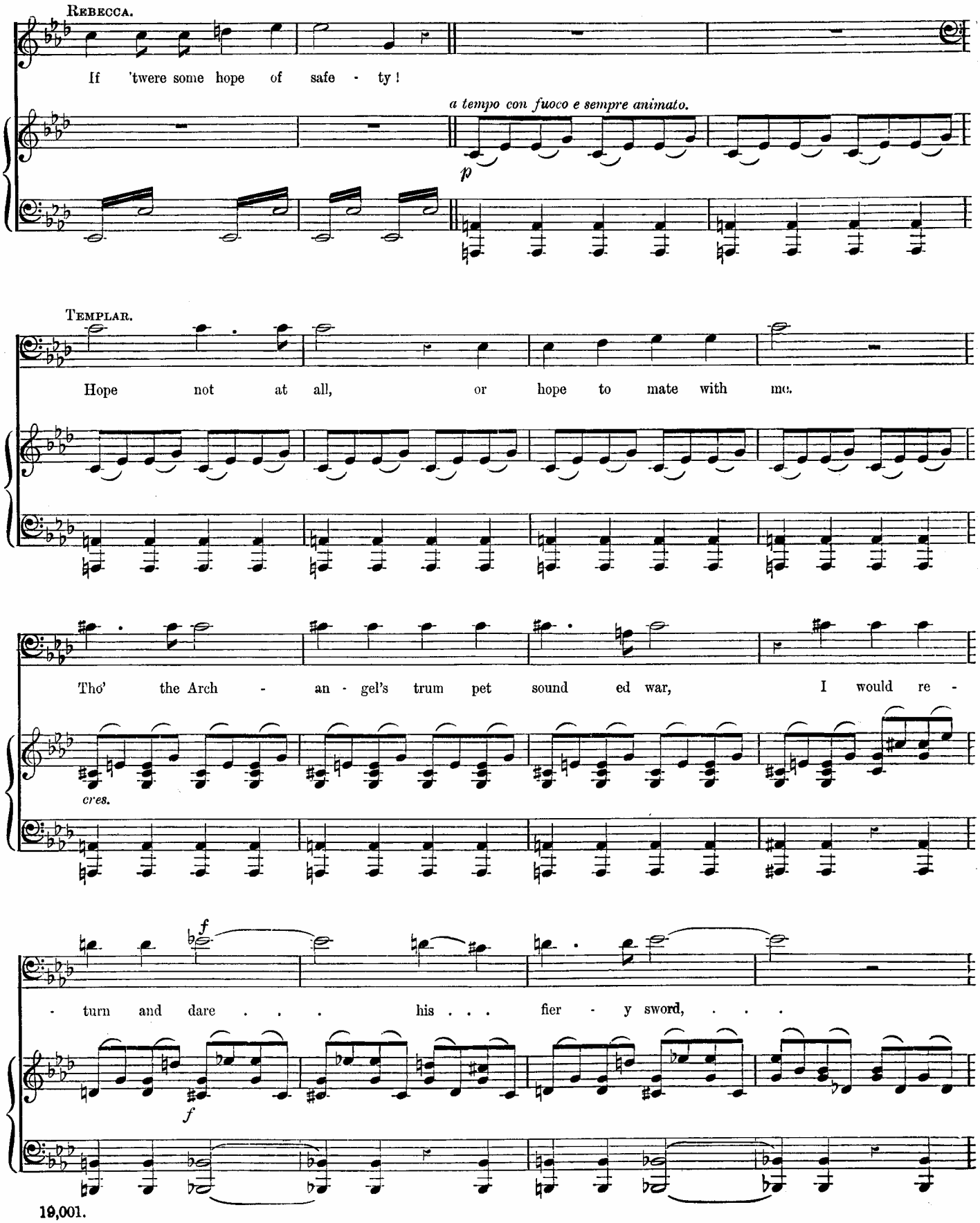

W
So - - ly - man's; And thou and I,
p
Ped.
cres. e animando.
fear - ing nor man nor God, ... nor . . .
cres. e animando.
Ped.
man . . . nor God, Shall sit, on high, ... the
cres. molto.
f
ad lib.
mo - - - - - - - - narchs, the crown - ed mo- narchs of . . . . the
f
Ped.
Ped.

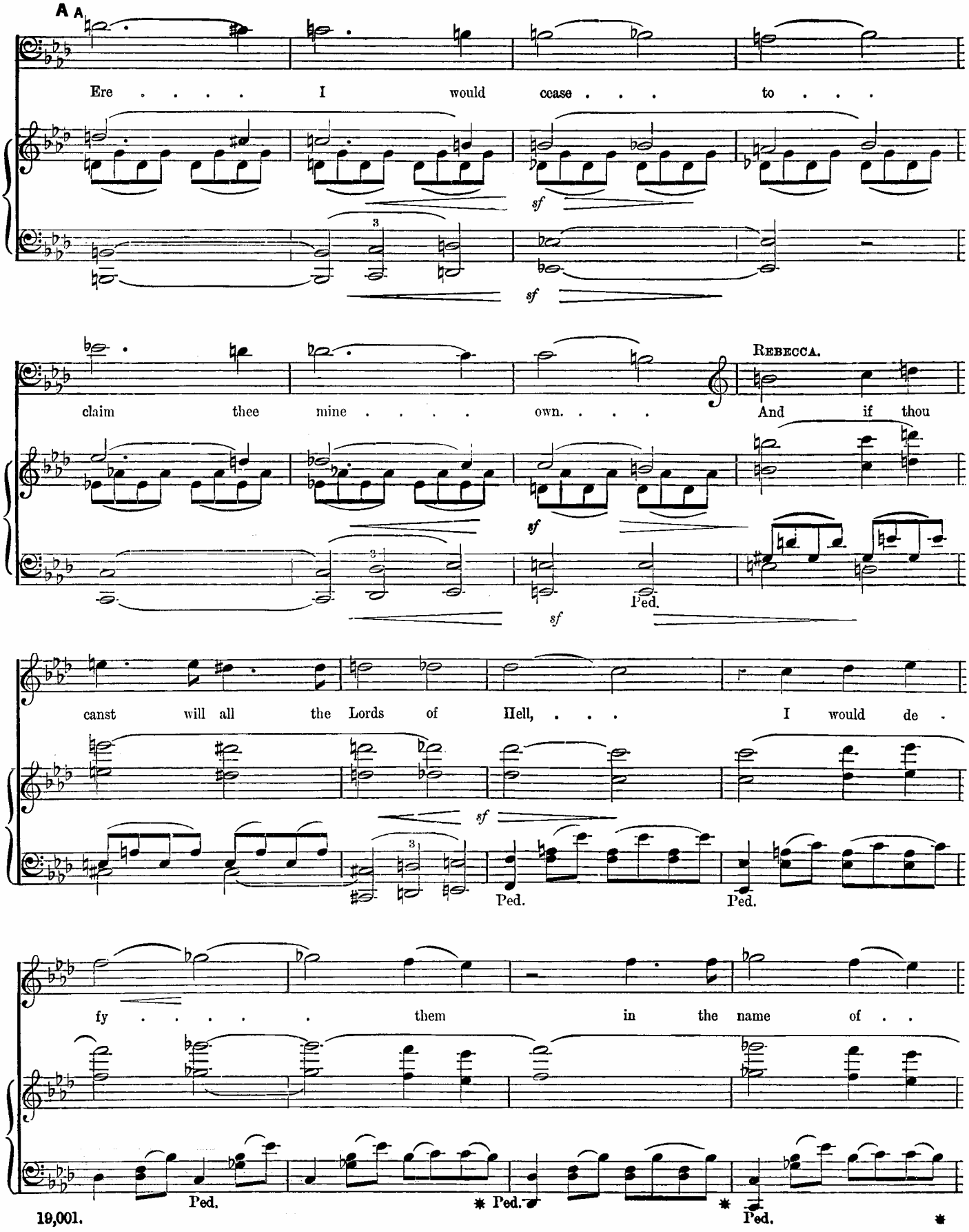

Allegro vivace.
REBECCA.
world.
Blas pheme no more Thy
p
Or - der of the Tem - ple Was formed for po - - ver -
- ty and chas - - - ti - ty.
X
Be - ware, rash man! Blas - -
p dolce.
pp

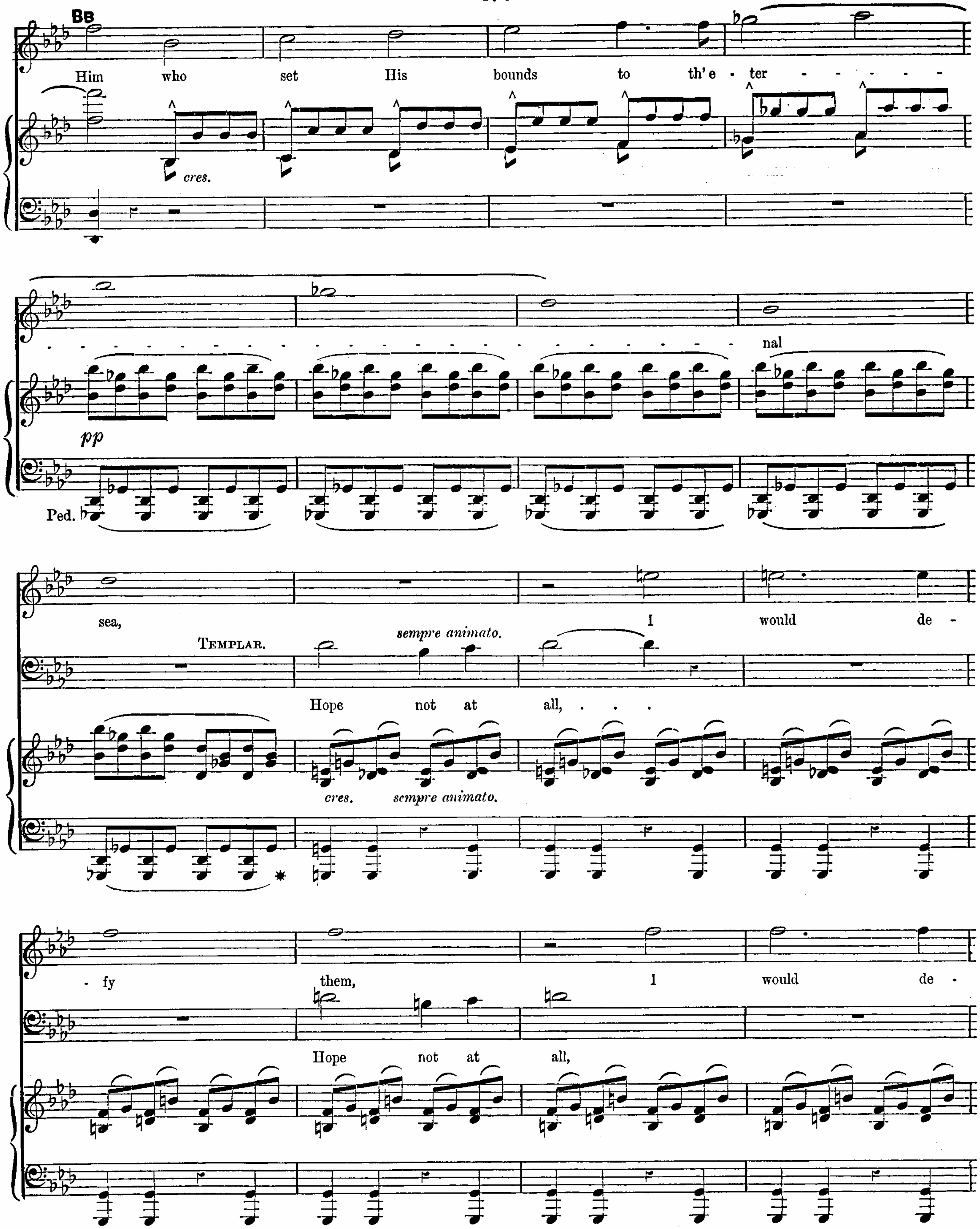

. . . . pheme no more! God's ar - rows fly . .
Ped.
Y
. . . a - - far to smite the proud.
Ped.
And know, if there were truth in
thy . . . wild words, And thou couldst throne me

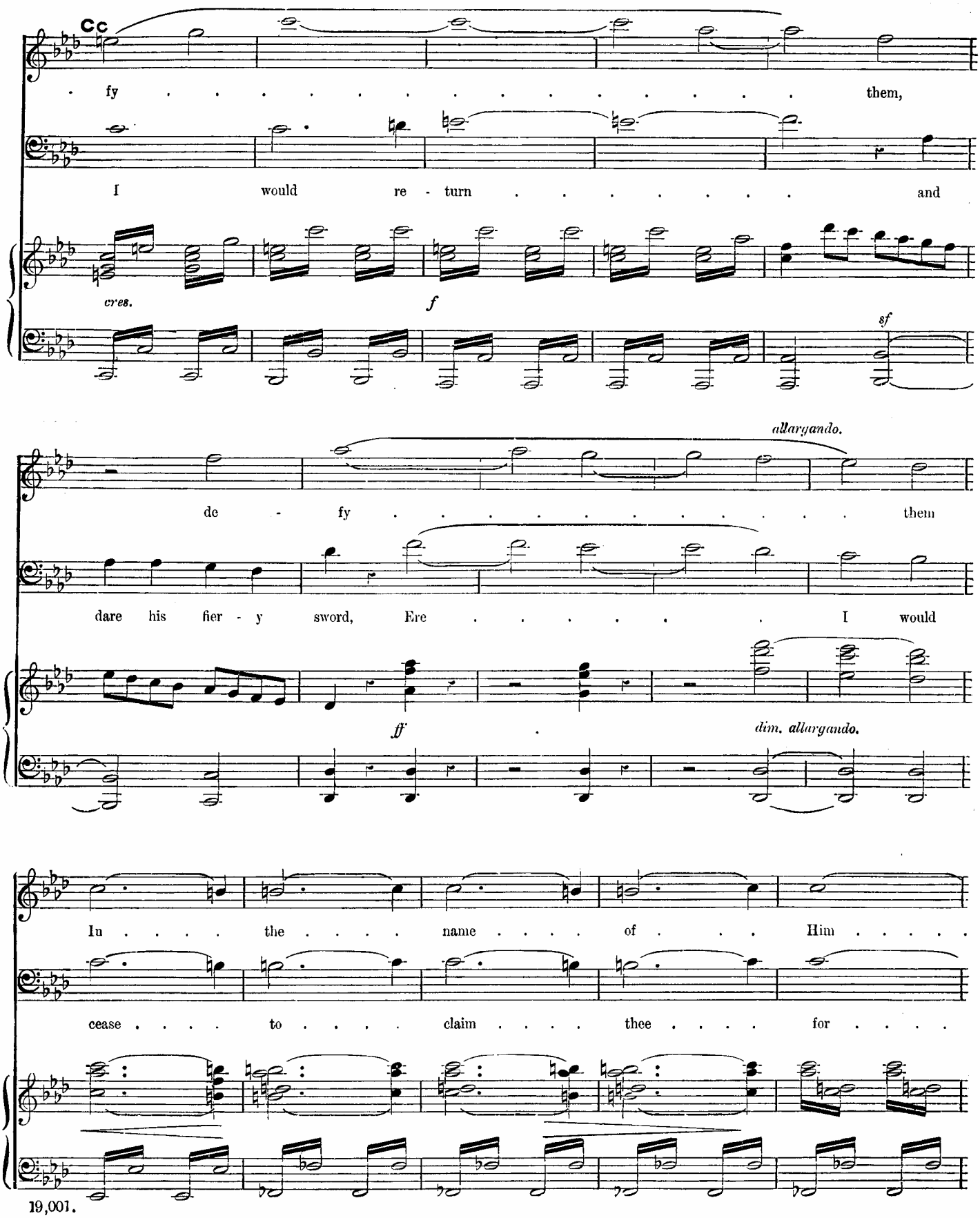

un poco più lento.
O'er the necks of kings, Ra - -
pp
Ped.
- - - ther . . would I go forth to mourn . . . my
sf
dim.
life . . . . With Jeph - - - - thah's . daugh - ter
p
Ped.
più animato.
on the lone - - - - ly hills, . . . Than sit with
f
sf
dim.

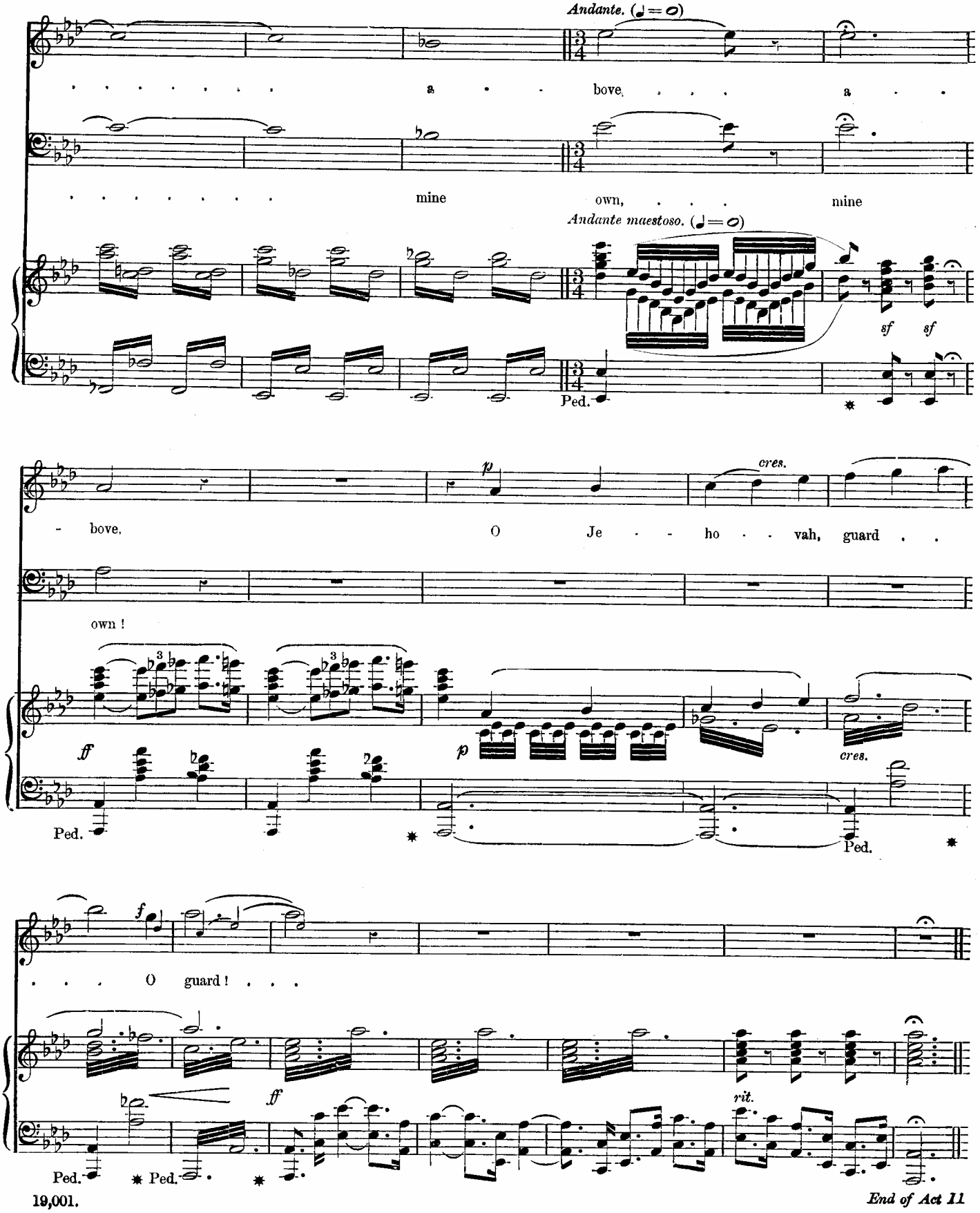

thee . . . . on thy im pe - rial throne.
Z
ff
God . . . judge thee, and not I!
(Trumpet call heard in the distance.)
f
p
What sound is that?
TEMPLAR.
A sum-mons, as I live! I must be gone to see who sounds so bold!
pp


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


A A
Ere . . . . I would ccase . . . to . . .
sf
sf
REBECCA.
claim thee mine . . . . own. . . . And if thou
sf
sf
Ped.
canst will all the Lords of Hell, . . . I would de .
sf
Ped.
Ped.
fy . . . . . them in the name of . .
Ped.
* Ped.
* Ped.
*


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


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


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

End of Act II