

CD 1

1 OVERTURE

ACT ONE

- 2 *In a garden full of beautiful flowers in glorious bloom, Oberon, the Elf King, lies asleep. He is surrounded by the sprites and elves of his fairy Kingdom.*

No.1 INTRODUCTION

Chorus of Elves

- 3 Light as fairy foot can fall,
pace, ye Elves, your Master's hall.
All too loud the fountains play,
all too loud the Zephyrs sigh!
Chase the noisy gnat away!
Keep the bee from humming by!
Stretch'd upon his lily bed,
Oberon in slumber lies.
Sleep at length her balm hath shed
o'er his long unclose'd eyes.

Three Elves

O! may her spell as kindly bring
peace to the heart of the fairy king!

Chorus of Elves

Light as fairy foot can fall, etc.

- 4 *Watching over Oberon, his sleeping master, Puck dismisses the sprites and elves. 'Tis the first time his lids have closed since he and fair Titania parted. Mere wife and husband could not have wrangled on slighter grounds — which was the most inconstant, woman or man? Debate rose high in anger; one east, one west they sped, vowing never to meet again in love until a mortal couple can be found who will keep their plighted faith inviolate, unmoved by pleasure, unbent by pain, through trials of flood, chains and fire. Oberon wakes!*

No.2 ARIA

Oberon

- 5 Fatal vow! Not even slumber
can thy victim's torture tame!
Of my woes it swells the number,
of my wrath it feeds the flame!
Still I burn and still I languish!
Doubled in my dream I feel

all my rage and all my anguish,
but no balm their wounds to heal.

- 6 *Puck, searching high and low for these paragons of fidelity, has found a French chevalier — Sir Huon of Bordeaux. Sir Huon is in disgrace, having just killed (albeit in self-defence) the son of the Emperor Charlemagne. "I will spare your life on one condition," Charlemagne ruled: "you must go to Baghdad, and there, in front of the whole court, you must kill the man who sits on the right of Haroun al-Rashid, the great Caliph, then bring back his daughter (the Princess Reiza) as your wife." Puck spirits Huon and his trusty squire Sherasmin to Oberon's bower. They are asleep. "King of fairy land, 'tis done: knight and squire thou lookest on!" Oberon looks deep into Huon's heart and sees that, in love, he will be as true as steel. He casts a spell on the knight: "In your dreams, Huon, you shall see Princess Reiza, the Caliph's daughter, and far away in Baghdad, Reiza too in her melancholic solitude, will envision you as her rescuer!"*

No.3 VISION

Reiza

- 7 O, why art thou sleeping, Sir Huon the brave?
A maiden is weeping on Babylon's wave.
Up! up! gallant knight, ere a victim she falls!
Guienne to the rescue! 'Tis beauty that calls!
- 8 *The vision is gone. Oberon wakes Huon and gives him a magic horn. "Blow it softly...," he says, "and help will come whenever you are in danger. Blow it loudly... and I myself will be at your side... On, Huon, haste where love and honour call; be bold, be constant... and be happy!"*

No.4 ENSEMBLE

Chorus of Elves and Genii

- 9 Honour and joy to the true and the brave!
A friend they shall find in the elfin king!
But oh! to the traitor, the coward, the slave
for ever the fairy's curse shall cling!

Huon

Deign, fair spirit, my steps to guide
to the foot of the unbeliever's throne!
There let my arm and my heart be tried,
there be the truth of thy Huon shown!

Oberon

The sun is kissing the purple tide
that flows round my Fairy bow'rs:
oft must he set in those waters wide
ere mortal knight from their shore could ride
to Baghdad's distant tow'rs!
But lo! I wave my lily wand
and Baghdad is before thee.

Sherasmin

By St Denis, but he's right!

Huon

Can I trust my startled sight?
Yes! the gilded domes are there,
in the last bright sunbeam glowing,
and the river broad and fair
swiftly to the sea is flowing.
But where, alas! is she who shed
love's own light upon my slumbers?
Is that form for ever fled?
Hush'd for aye those magic numbers?

Oberon

Fear not! Sir knight, fear not! But bold in
glory's chase
go forth, the living maid in Babylon embrace!

Elves and Genii

Speed, Huon, speed! Love and renown
soon shall thy courage and constancy crown!

Huon

Deign, fair spirit, my steps to guide
to the Unbeliever's throne!
There let my arm and my heart be tried,
there be the truth of thy Huon shown!

Elves and Genii

Love and renown
shall thee crown!

- ¹⁰ *Huon is sure that his vision of the Princess Reiza was no delusion. She exists, waiting in Baghdad for him to claim her as his true love and bride. His squire Sherasmin is apprehensive: "Cut the matter as short as possible, sir," he advises. "You are commanded to kill the man who sits on the Caliph's right and marry the princess. Stick to that latter part of the promise, master, and forget the rest. Slicing off a head is a bad way to begin a courtship!" Huon rebukes him, "Knaves, I have pledged my knightly*

word to Charlemagne and must redeem it to the letter. Beyond his life, beyond his love, Huon esteems his honour."

No.5 ARIA**Huon**

- ¹¹ From boyhood trainèd, in battlefield
the lance to lift, the mace to wield,
and still with banner broad to ride,
where wildest roared the battle tide.
Girt with my father's sword,
proud of my father's name,
the only mistress I adored,
my only passion: fame!

A milder light, a gentler beam
is shining o'er life's broader stream,
for beauty's smile is softening now
the crimson glare of glory's brow.
Sweet as the breath of eve,
bright as its star above,
a fairer form may ever weave
thy rosy fetters, love!

But though with new feelings my bosom
may thrill,
its firstborn emotion reigns paramount still!
Life without love were a desert for me,
but life without honour, I live not to see!

- ¹² *So knight and squire take ship from France. In Baghdad, meanwhile, Reiza is impatient for the knight she has seen in her dreams to rescue her, and she sends her maid Fatima to look out for him. Her father, the Caliph, has arranged for her to be married to the war-lord Prince Babakhan. Reiza is distraught: in her eyes, Babakhan is vile and loathsome. In desperation she hides a dagger deep within the folds of her robes.*

No.6 FINALE**Reiza**

- ¹³ Haste, gallant knight, o haste and save
thy Reiza from the yawning grave!
For round this hand the worm shall twine,
ere linked in other grasp than thine!

Yes, my lord! my joy, my blessing!
Reiza lives for thee alone!
On this heart his signet pressing,
love hath claimed it for thine own!

Yes, its core thine image beareth,
there it must for ever burn,
like the spot the tulip weareth
deep within its dewy urn.

Yes, my lord! my joy, my blessing, *etc.*

Fatima

Joy! joy! We are rescued in the hour of need!
Joy, he is found, the knight is ours indeed!

Reiza

Found? where? Sweet Fatima, ah quickly tell!

Fatima

To old Namouna's cot, as evening fell,
he came, by fate directed! There he heard
thy dream, as I had told her, word for word,
and vowed with glowing cheek and flashing
eye, to rescue thee or die!

Reiza

Said I not? Said I not?

Reiza, Fatima

Ah, happy maid!
Near me/thee is my/thy knight!
Hope hath not my/thy heart betray'd,
love hath read the dream aright!

Fatima

Hark, lady, hark! on the terrace near,
the tread of the Harem guard I hear,
and lo thy slaves that thither hie,
shew that the hour of rest is nigh!

Chorus of the Harem guard and Female slaves

Now the evening watch is set,
and from ev'ry Minaret,
soon the muezzin's call to prayer
will sweetly float on the quiet air.
Here no later must we stray,
hence to rest, away, away!

Reiza

O my wild exulting soul,
how shall I thy joy control?
Far too well my burning cheek
and kindling eye thy tumult speak!
Ere thy rapture they betray,
let me hence, away, away!

[O my wild exulting soul, *etc.*

Chorus of Female slaves and the Harem guard

Here no later must we stray, *etc.*
Now the evening watch is set, *etc.*

ACT TWO

No.7 CHORUS

The Caliph's retinue

- [14] Glory to the Caliph, to Haroun the Just!
Bow, ye true believers, before him in the dust!
Woe betide the infidel, who dares the Caliph's
might,
when on the breeze he floating sees the
shadow and the night!
Glory to the Caliph, *etc.*

- [15] *It is the wedding day of Princess Reiza and
Prince Babakhan. In a magnificent hall, richly
decorated for the ceremony, in the palace of
Haroun al-Rashid, the bridegroom sits on the
right of the Caliph surrounded by the great
officers of his court — Arab sheikhs, tribal
chiefs, war-lords, guards, eunuchs... From a
distance a train of dancing girls approaches
beckoning to Reiza, the bride.*

[16] No.8 [DANCE OF THE BAYADERES]

- [17] *Reiza whispers anxiously to her maid, "Will
my rescuer desert me now?" "Lady, he will
not — be of good cheer, sweet mistress!"
"Daughter, approach!" the Caliph commands.
There is a terrible din and the sound of
clashing swords. Sir Huon charges into the
circle of the wedding guests, straight into the
embrace of Reiza. On a signal from the Caliph
the guards close in to cut the intruder to
pieces. "Hold, mighty Caliph, be mine that
task!" cries Babakhan and challenges Huon to
single combat. They fight. Then, with a mighty
blow, Huon slays Babakhan. "Allah il Allah! Tear
out his heart!" commands the Caliph. Just in
time, Sherasmin remembers Oberon's magic
gift. "The horn, master, the horn..."
The entire court is rooted to the spot,
terror-struck...*

No.8A [MELODRAMA]

- [18] *Summoned by the horn, Oberon is suddenly in
their midst. "Huon, thou hast redeemed thy
knightly pledge, and I am well content; the*

*maid is thine... Behold the port of Ascalon!
Yon barque is bound for Greece. Hie thee on
board. Whate'er may hap, remember Oberon
befriends ye, whilst his friendship you
deserve. Farewell! Be true... and triumph!"*

- [19] *While Huon and Reiza get ready to leave,
Sherasmin seizes his chance with the pretty
Arab maid Fatima, before she can change her
mind. "What sayest thou, my girl, dost think
thou can'st love me? Wilt thou follow me back
to France?" She answers him in song...*

No.9 ARIETTE

Fatima

- [20] A lonely Arab maid,
the desert's simple child,
unskilled in arts by which 'tis said
man's love may be beguiled,
like some uprooted flou'r,
am I upon a river flung,
to float a little hour,
then die! unheeded as I sprung.

But if a friendly hand
should lift me from the tide
and bear me to some distant land,
to bloom thy bosom's pride,
o sooner from this darling rose
the nightingale shall roam,
than I disturb the heart's repose
which love hath made my home.

- [21] *All is now set fair for both couples to sail from
Ascalon back to France and to Charlemagne.*

No.10 QUARTET

Huon and Sherasmin

- [22] Over the dark blue waters,
over the wide wide sea,
fairest of Araby's daughters,
say, wilt thou sail with me?

Reiza and Fatima

Were there no bounds to the water,
no shore to the wide wide sea!
still fearless would Araby's daughter
sail on through life with thee

All

On board then! while the skies are light,
and friendly blows the gale.
Our hearts are true as our barque, and bright
our hopes as its sunlit sail!

- [23] *But the lovers' troubles are only about to
begin. Puck summons the spirits of the four
elements to do his bidding...*

No.11 SOLO AND CHORUS

Puck

- [24] Spirits of air, and earth and sea,
Spirits of fire which holy be,
all that have power o'er wind and wave,
come hither, come hither, my Spirits so brave!
Whether ye be in the cavern dark,
lighted alone by the diamond's spark,
or beneath the waters deep,
where the prisoned pearl doth sleep,
or in skies beyond the one
mortal eyes do look upon!
or in the womb of some groaning hill
where the lava stream is boiling still,
Spirits! wherever you chance to be,
come hither, come hither, come hither to me!
I charge ye by the magic ring
of your faithful friend the Fairy King!

Chorus of Spirits

We are here! We are here!
Say, what must be done?
Must we cleave the moon's sphere?
Must we darken the sun?
Must we empty the ocean upon his own shore?
Speak! speak! we have pow'r to do this and
more!

Puck

Nay! nay! your task will be at most
to wreck a barque upon this coast,
which simple Fairy may not do,
and therefore have I summon'd you!

Chorus of Spirits

Naught but that? Hoho hoho hoho!
Lighter labour none we know.
Wind and waves! obey the spell!
Hark! 'tis done! farewell, farewell!

[STORM MUSIC]

CD 2

- [1] *On a barren island, Huon and Reiza have
been shipwrecked during the great storm.
Fatima and Sherasmin have long since
vanished... perhaps drowned? Reiza is
exhausted... almost to the point of death.
Huon is distraught.*

No.12 PREGHIERA**Huon**

- [2] Ruler of this awful hour,
spare, o spare yon tender flow'r!
If thou must strike, o let thy thunder fall
on me, the wretched cause of all!
- [3] *Huon has lost the magic horn which could have brought them relief. He tries to make Reiza comfortable and then goes in search of help. She confronts the awesome power of the sea...*

No.13 SCENA AND ARIA**Reiza**

- [4] Ocean! thou mighty monster, that liest curled
like a green serpent round about the world!
To musing eye thou art an awful sight,
when calmly sleeping in the morning light:
but when thou risest in thy wrath, as now,
and flingst thy folds around some fated prow,
crushing the strong ribbed barque as 'twere
a reed!
then, Ocean, art thou terrible indeed.

Still I see thy billows flashing!
through the gloom their white foam flinging,
and the breakers' sullen dashing,
in mine ear hope's knell is ringing.

But lo! methinks a light is breaking
slowly o'er the distant deep,
like a second morn awaking
pale and feeble from its sleep.

Brighter now, behold! 'tis beaming!
on the storm whose misty train
like some shatter'd flag is streaming
or a wild steed's flying mane.

And now the sun bursts forth, the wind is
lulling fast,
and the broad wave but pants from fury past!

Cloudless o'er the blushing water,
now the setting sun is burning,
like a victor red with slaughter
to his tent in triumph turning.

Ah! perchance these eyes may never
look upon this light again!
Fare thee well, bright orb, for ever,
thou for me wilt rise in vain!

But what gleams so white and fair!
heaving with the heaving billow?
'Tis a seabird, wheeling there
o'er some wretch's wat'ry pillow!

No! it is no bird! I mark...
Joy! it is a boat, a sail!
and yonder rides a gallant barque
unimpair'd by the gale!

O transport! My Huon, haste down to
the shore!
Quick, quick! for a signal this scarf shall
be waved!
They see me! They answer! They ply the
strong oar!
Huon! my husband, my love, we are saved!

- [5] *What Reiza has seen approaching are not rescuers but corsairs! She screams for help, Huon tries to save her, but they knock him senseless and make off to sea again with Reiza their captive. Oberon descends in a vessel drawn by swans.*

No.13A SYMPHONY

- [6] *"Alas! poor mortal!" Oberon deploras the cruel fate which bids him to the quick probe the hurt spirit of a child of clay, so free from all the leaven of his race. "But keep thou true and once thy trial's o'er, thy fairy friend, released from his rash vow, shall pay thee, for each moment past of pain, years of high honour and unfading love."*
- [7] *Oberon orders Puck to erect a pavilion made of flowers to shield Huon from the sun's rays and the night air. "See, 'tis done, mighty king of fairy land... but mark, master, where in the sky the night star opes its silver eye, the herald of the lady moon, whose light will gladden the waters soon!"*

No.14 FINALE

- [8] *"And hark, the mermaids' witching strain steals o'er the lull'd and list'ning main."*

First Mermaid

O! 'tis pleasant to float on the sea,
when the wearied waves in a deep sleep be,
and the last faint light of the sun hath fled,
and the stars are mustering overhead,
and the night breeze comes with its breath
so bland,

Fatima

On the waves of Bundemir
 first I saw the sunbeams quiver,
 there I wander'd year by year
 on the banks of that fair river,
 roaming with my roaming race,
 wheresoe'er the date-tree lur'd them,
 or a greener resting place
 pasture for their flocks ensur'd them.
 Never knew I grief or fear
 on the banks of Bundemir.

Sherasmin

Times have alter'd, mistress mine!

Fatima

Fled is fortune's sunny weather,
 we are slaves!

Sherasmin

Yet why repine,
 while, my dear, we're slaves together?

Let's be merry, while we may,
 love our song and joy the chorus,
 dance and sing and sport and play,
 while all shines brightly still before us!

Fatima and Sherasmin

Let's be merry, while we may, etc.

- [13] *Puck has magicked Huon to Tunis and pronounces a spell: "Seven times hath blus'h'd the morn since thy love was from thee torn; seven times the sun hath set since thine eyes the light hath met. Now in port the barque doth ride which contains thy captive bride. Wake! A faithful friend is nigh! Back to fairy land I fly!" No sooner are Huon and Sherasmin thus reunited in Tunis than Fatima brings them news of a ship just entered port... with Reiza aboard. The crew have blazoned her beauty all through the city, and the Emir has just bought her on the slave market. To rescue her from the harem Huon must now disguise himself.*

No.17 TERZETTINO**Huon**

- [14] And must I then dissemble?

Sherasmin

No other hope I know.

Huon

But let the tyrant tremble,
 unscathed he shall not go!

Fatima

Viewless Spirit of pow'r and light,
 thou who mak'st virtue and love thy care,
 restore to the best and the bravest knight
 the fondest and fairest of all the fair!

Fatima, Huon and Sherasmin

Spirit ador'd,
 strike on our part,
 bless the good sword,
 and the faithful heart!

- [15] *But there is no response by Oberon to their eloquent prayers. Alone in the Emir's harem, Reiza is bereft.*

No.18 CAVATINA**Reiza**

- [16] Mourn thou, poor heart, for the joys that
 are dead!
 Flow ye, sad tears, for the hopes that are fled!
 Sorrow is now the sole treasure I prize,
 as Peris on perfume, I feed on its sighs;
 and bitter to some as its fountain may be,
 'tis sweet as the waters of Gelum to me!

Ye that are basking in pleasure's gay beam,
 ye that are sailing on hope's golden stream,
 a cloud may come o'er ye, a wave sweep
 the deck
 and picture a future of darkness and wreck!
 But the scourge of the desert o'er my heart
 hath passed,
 and the tree that is blighted fears no second
 blast!

- [17] *Almanzor is bewitched by Reiza's beauty and moved by her sorrow. "Will the pain of your grief never end? I could make you happy — elevate you above all my other wives. Nay, I would free you if you would return my love." "Sir, I cannot!" "Do not answer now, for though you are my prisoner and slave I will not compel you... I will be content to gaze on your beauty for now... but... tomorrow?" Huon, disguised in a Moorish mantle, enters the harem secretly, led there by a mysterious silent slave. He is elated at the thought of finding Reiza.*

No.19 RONDO**Huon**

- 18 I revel in hope and joy again,
a ray shines over my breaking chain!
Beams like a beacon the gloom above,
and lights the path to my Lady love.

I feel like a mountain stream set free
from the stern frost spirit's mastery,
rushing down from its rocky height,
leaping and sparkling in wild delight!

I revel in hope and joy again,
I seek my love as that stream the main,
they shall turn the tide with a silken glove,
ere they bar my way to my Lady love!

- 19 *Suddenly the curtains part, but it is not Reiza who greets Huon, but the reclining figure of Almanzor's wife Roshana. Demeaned by Reiza's arrival, Roshana tells Huon she seeks revenge. She offers him love and power as rewards if he will murder Almanzor in his sleep. "Never!" Huon replies. "If Almanzor has wronged thee, lady, give me a sword and let me hand-to-hand strive with the tyrant, for I am no assassin to stab a sleeping man." Calling her female slaves and dancers, Roshana now draws on all her womanly skills to bemuse, seduce and ensnare Huon.*

No.20 CHORUS AND BALLET**Chorus of dancing Slave girls**

- 20 For thee hath beauty decked her bower!
For thee the cup of joy is filled!
O drain the draught and cull the flower,
ere the rose be dead and the wine be spilled!

Huon

Hence! Hence! The flowers ye proffer fair
poison in their fragrance bear,
and the goblet's purple flood
seems to me a draught of blood.

Slave girls

When woman's eye with love is bright,
canst thou shun its witching light?
Bearest thou the heart to flee,
when her white arms circle thee?

Huon

There is no beauty in woman's eye
when it burns with unholy brilliancy,

'tis like the glare of sightless dead,
when the soul that should kindle their orbs
hath fled.

There is no charm that can yield delight
in the wanton's hand, be it never so white,
sooner its fingers should o'er me stray,
when the worm hath eaten the flesh away!

Slave girls

O turn not away from the banquet of bliss,
o lose not a moment so precious as this,
remember the sage who sung o'er his repast:
How pleasant were life, if a shadow could last!
Then mortal, be happy and laugh at the wise
who know life's a shadow yet wait till it flies!
For thee hath beauty decked her bow'r,
for thee the cup of joy is fill'd,
o drain the draught and cull the flower
ere the rose be dead and the wine be spilled!

- 21 *Huon tries to break free, but Roshana and her women cling to him and bar his escape. Suddenly Almanzor is there with his armed Nubians. Roshana lunges at him with her dagger, but is quickly seized by the guards, arrested, banished! Almanzor orders Huon to be burnt at the stake. Reiza pleads with him to show clemency. The Emir sees his chance. "If you will smile upon my love, I will spare his life, shower him with riches and give him safe passage back to France." "Never," says Reiza: "the man I love would shame to live on terms so base." "To the stake, then, both of you!" he commands. Just as the guards fetch torches to light the pyre, they hear the sound of Oberon's magic horn...*

No.21 FINALE

- 22 *Almanzor is rooted to the spot. His minions, as though enchanted, set Huon and Reiza free... and begin to dance.*

Chorus of Slaves

Hark! What notes are swelling?
Hark! Whence that wondrous sound,
ev'ry foot compelling
in merry dance to bound?

Reiza, Fatima, Huon, Sherasmin

Rejoice, rejoice, 'tis the horn of power!
They dance in the court, they dance in the tow'r,
they dance in the garden, they dance in the hall,
on the ocean's beach and the city wall!
A second and louder blast shall bring

the donor himself, the Elfin King!

Oberon

Hail, faithful pair, your woes are ended!
Your friend in turn you have befriended.
His pledge redeem'd by you hath been,
again in love he clasps his Fairy Queen.

Swift as the lightning's glance,
brave knight, behold! I bring
thee and thine to thy native France,
and the parlance of thy King!
Kneel at his feet, with the bride thou hast won,
Europe shall ring with the deed thou hast done.
Now! for ever I break the spell,
with the grateful Fairy's last farewell!

- 23 *Huon, with true heroism, has fulfilled the terms of his reprieve and now kneels before the emperor Charlemagne. In front of his whole court — of knights, nobles and ladies — Charlemagne magnanimously embraces Sir Huon and blesses his marriage to the Arabian princess. True love has triumphed!*

24 **MARCIA MAESTOSO**

Huon

Behold! Obedient to the oath he swore,
Huon is kneeling at thy feet once more,
for by the help of heaven his hand hath done
the daring deed, and from the Caliph won
this lovely maid, by ev'ry peril tried,
the heiress of his throne, and now
thy vassal's bride.

Charlemagne's court

Hail to the knight with his own good brand,
who hath won a fair bride from the Saracen's
hand,
Hail to the maiden, who over the sea
hath followed her champion so faithfully.
By bards yet unborn of the tale shall be told,
of Reiza the lovely and Huon the bold!