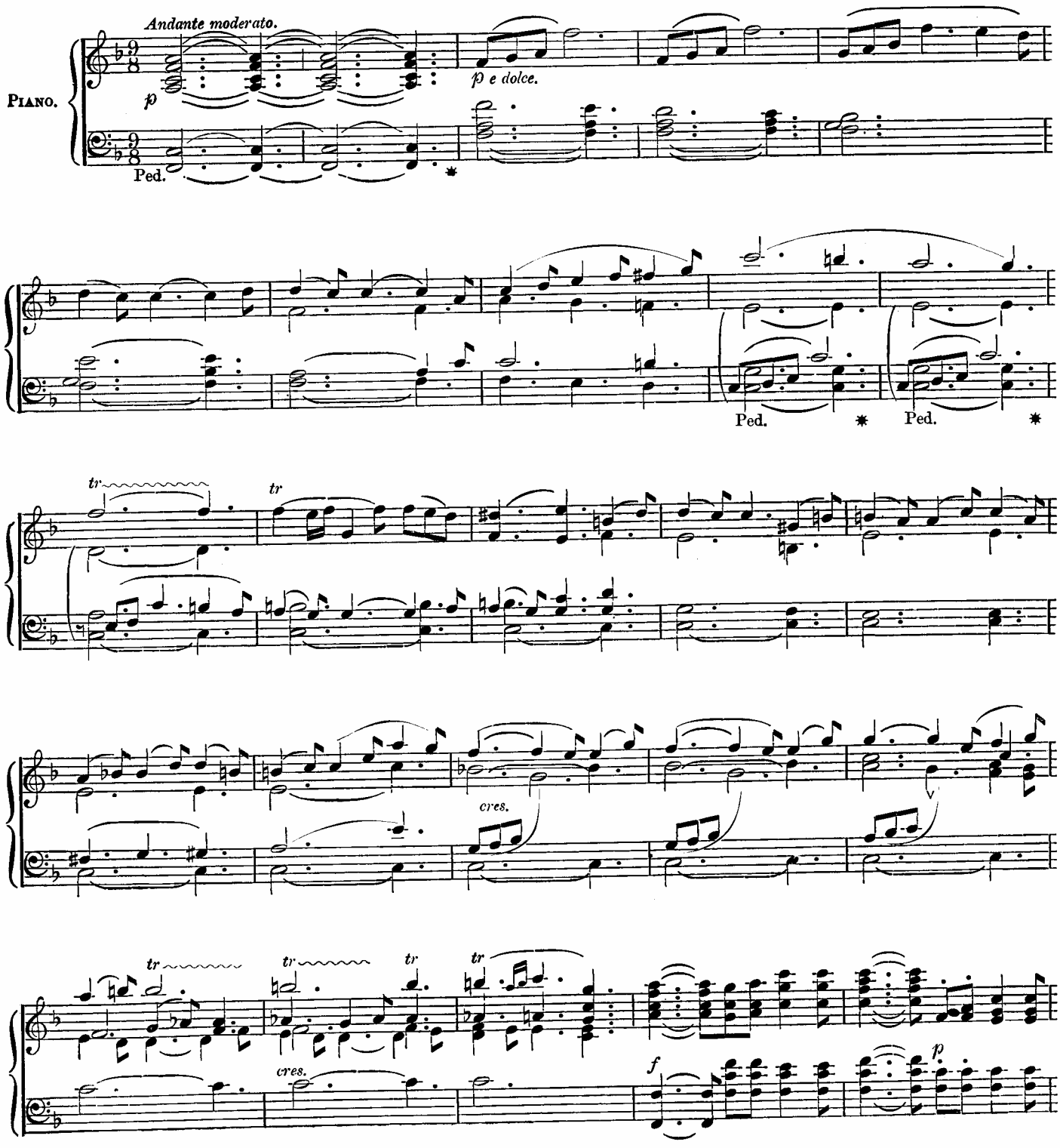
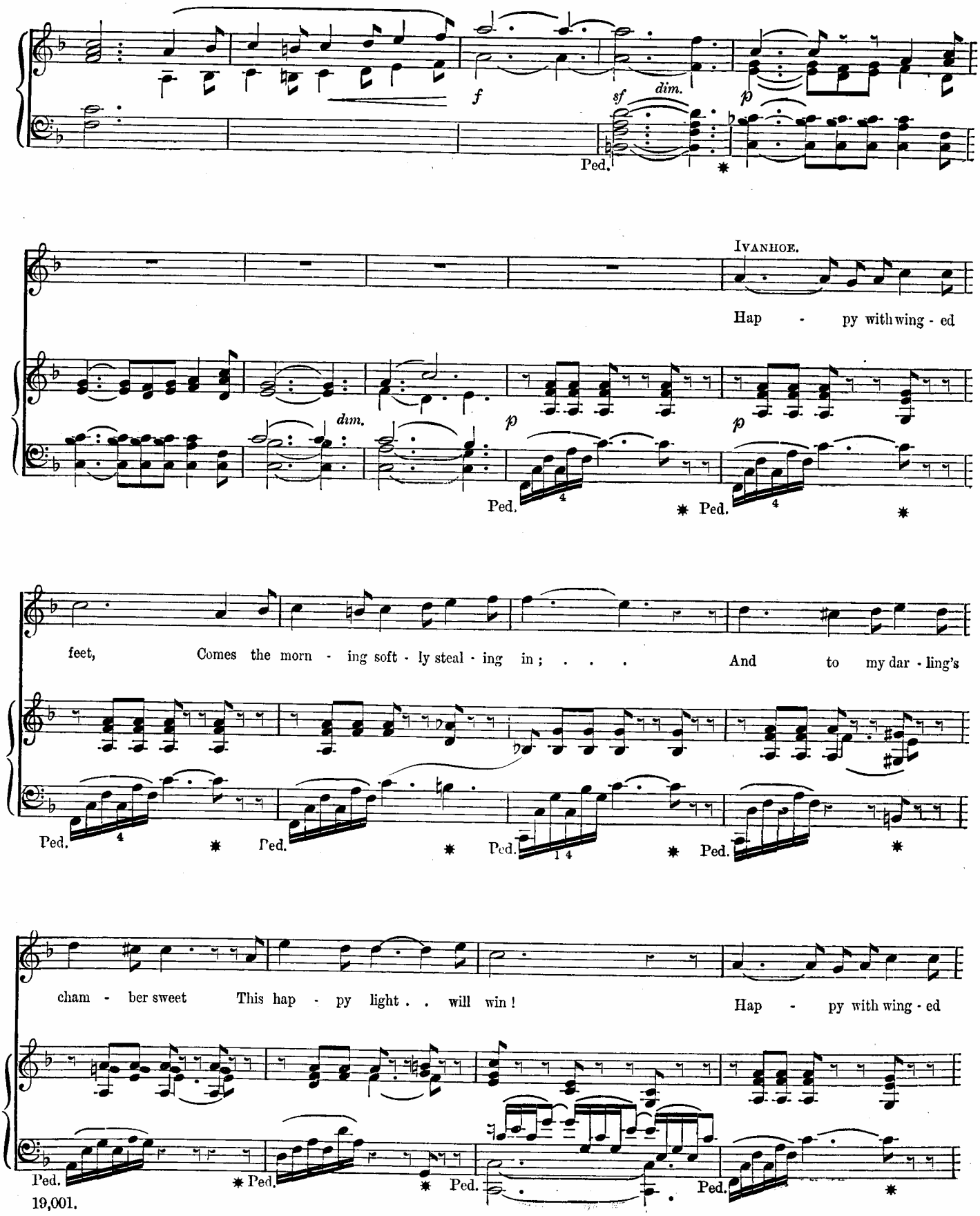
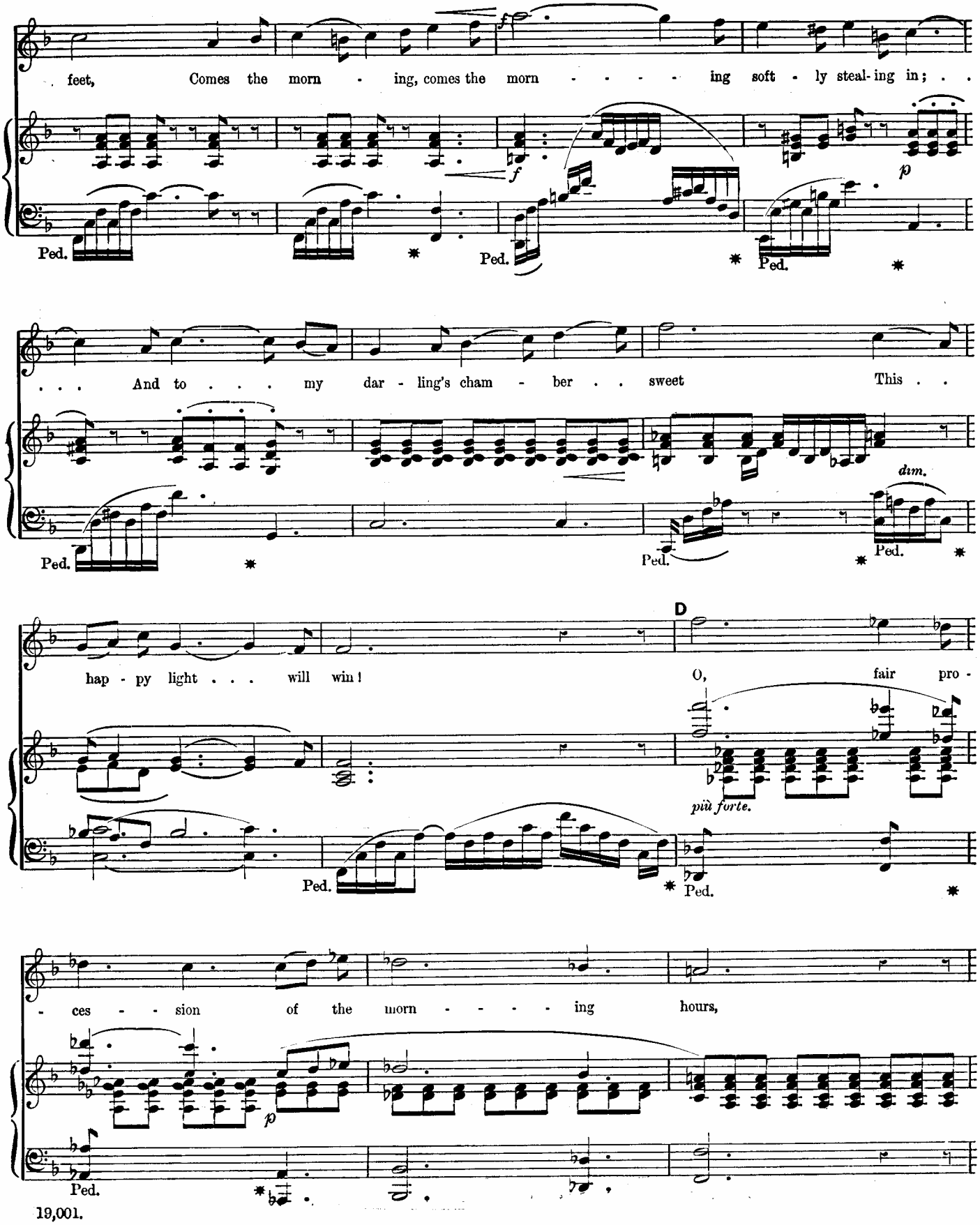
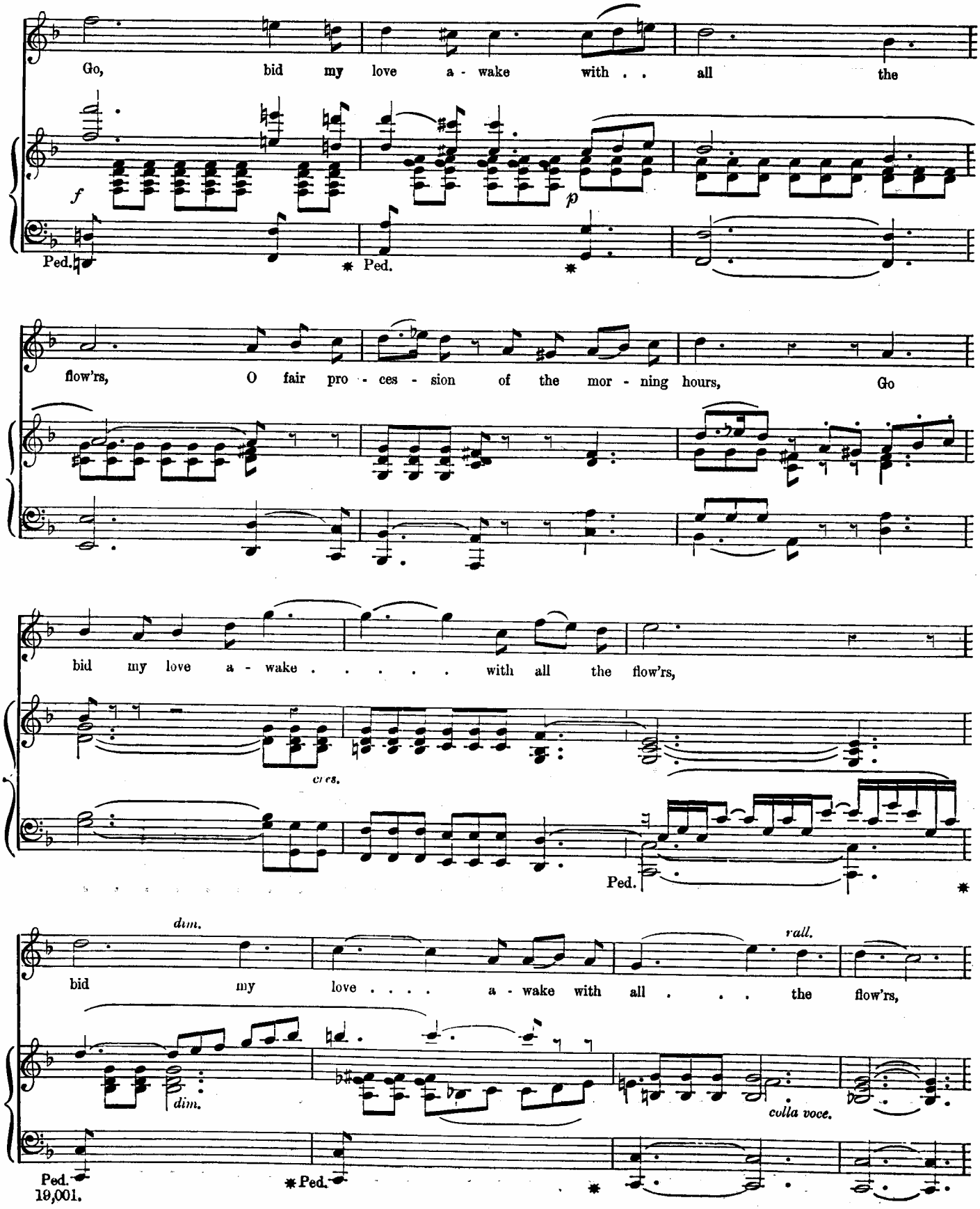
ACT III.

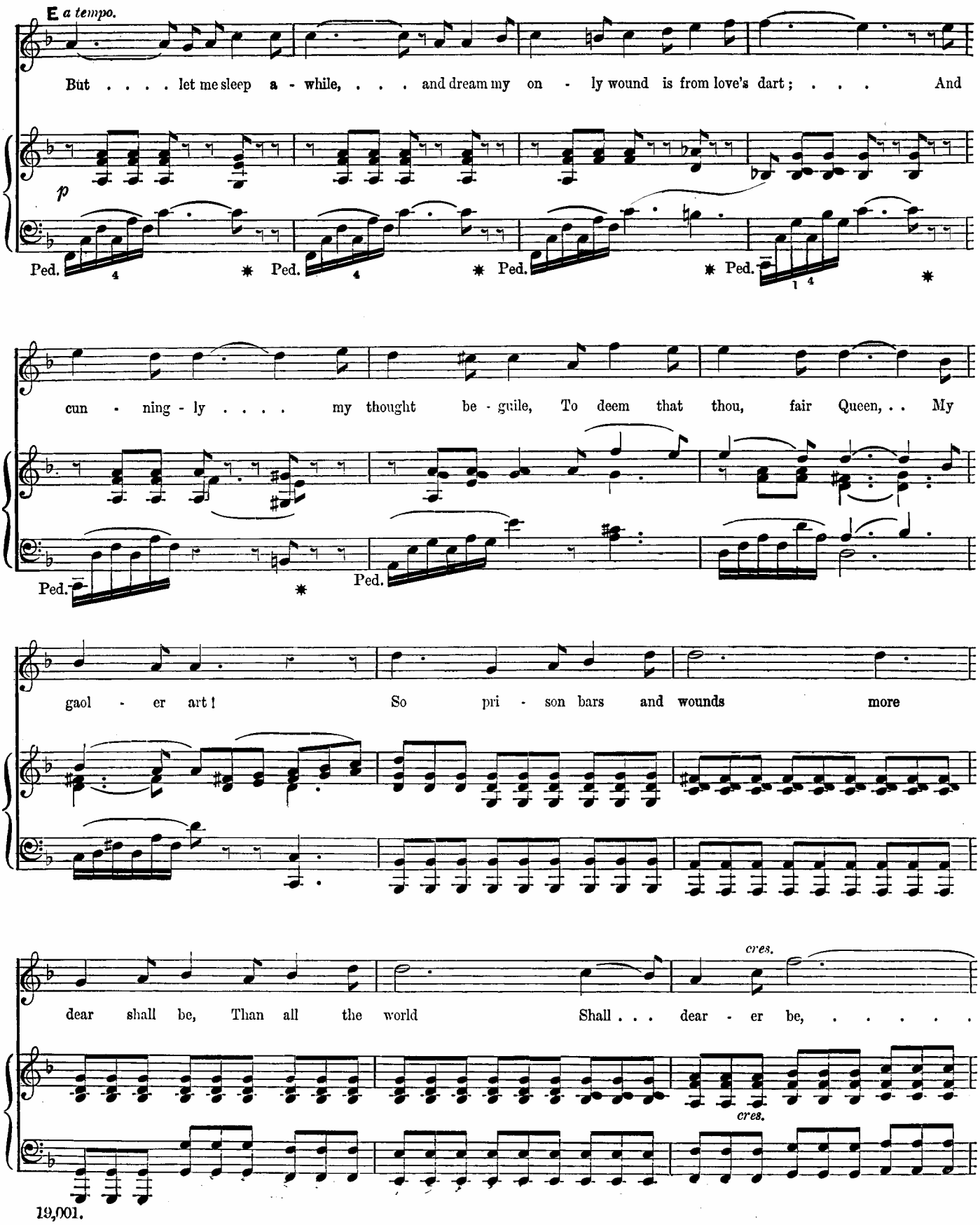
SCENE I.

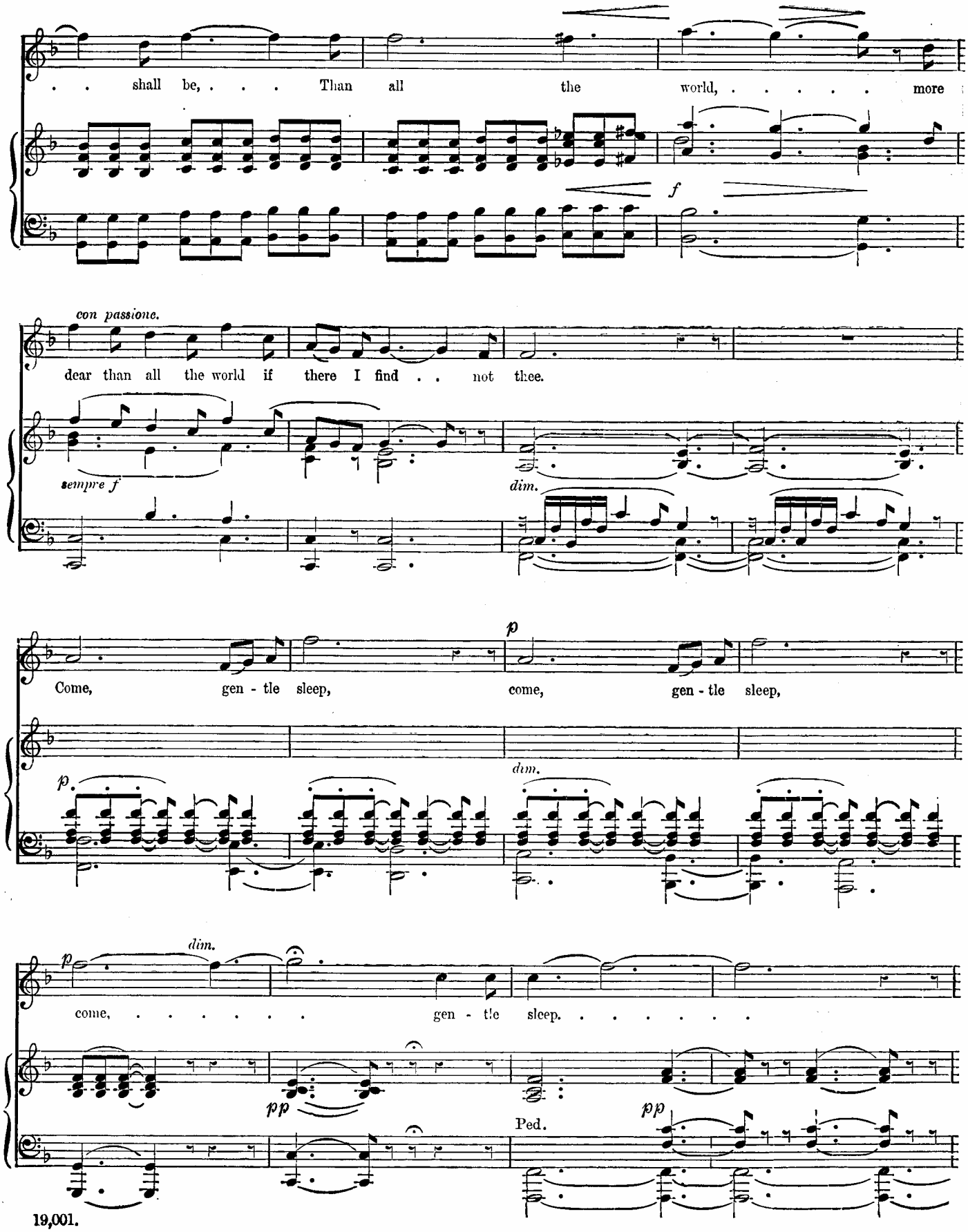


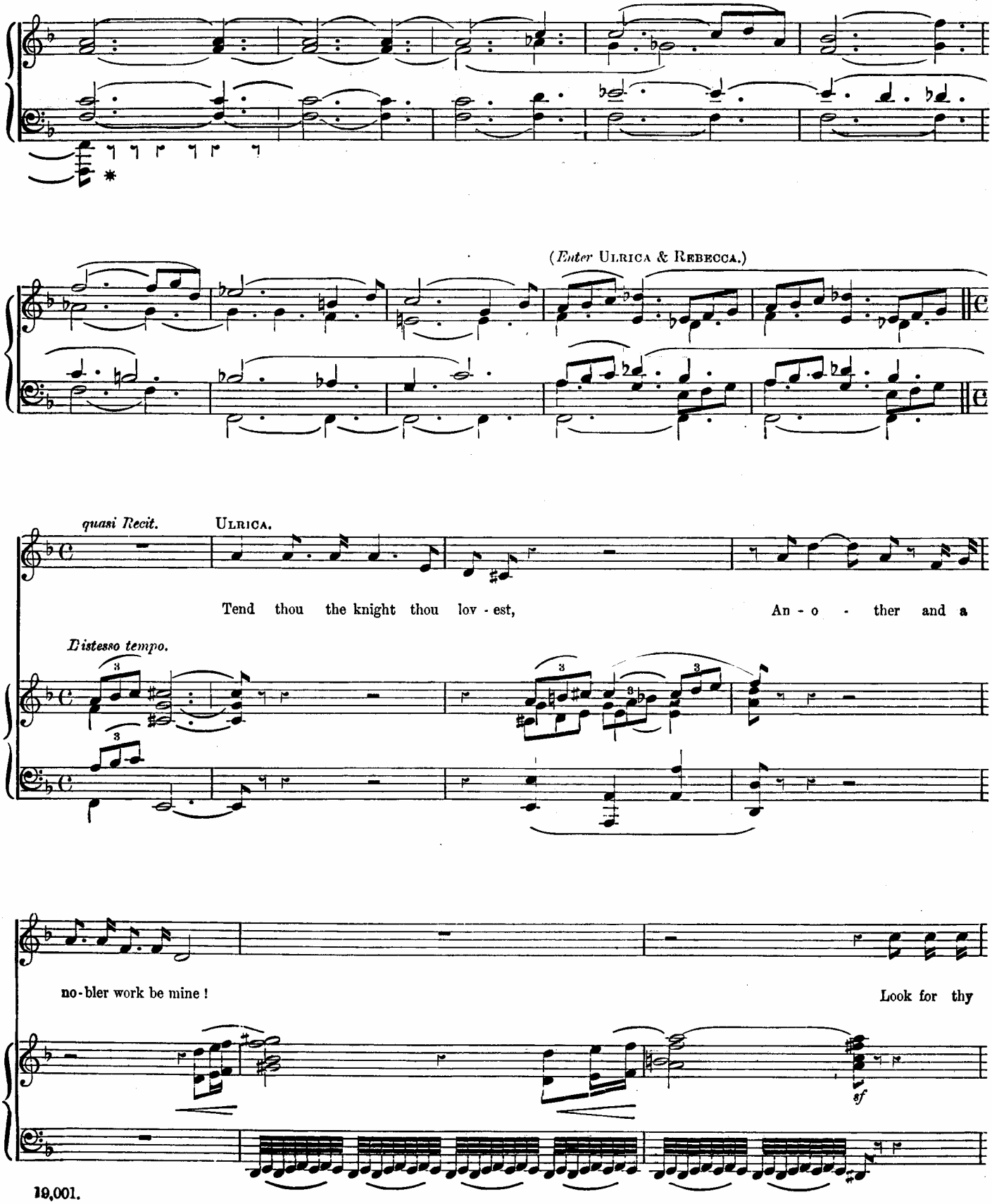

f
sf
dim.
p
Ped.
IVANHOE.
Hap - py with wing - ed
dim.
p
p
Ped.
Ped.
feet, Comes the morn - ing soft - ly steal - ing in; . . . And to my dar - ling's
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
cham - ber sweet This hap - py light . . will win! Hap - py with wing - ed
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


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


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


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


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


(Enter ULRICA & REBECCA.)
quasi Recit.
ULRICA.
Tend thou the knight thou lov - est,
An - o - ther and a
L'istesso tempo.
no-bler work be mine !
Look for thy
sf

(*Exit* ULRICA.)

REBECCA.

bri - dal tor - ches!

Aye, she speaks

truth; I love him.

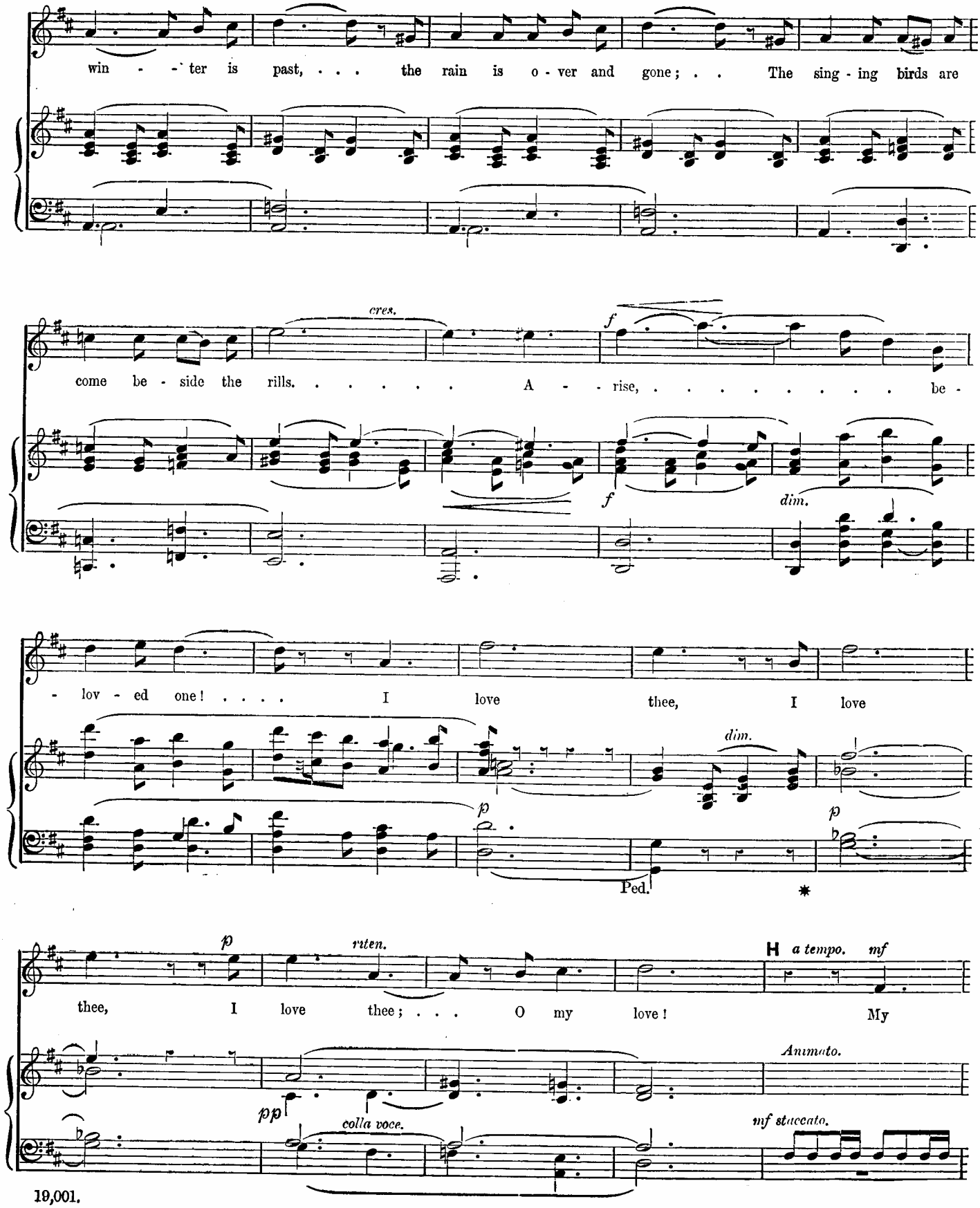
Now, in this hour of doubt and dan - ger,

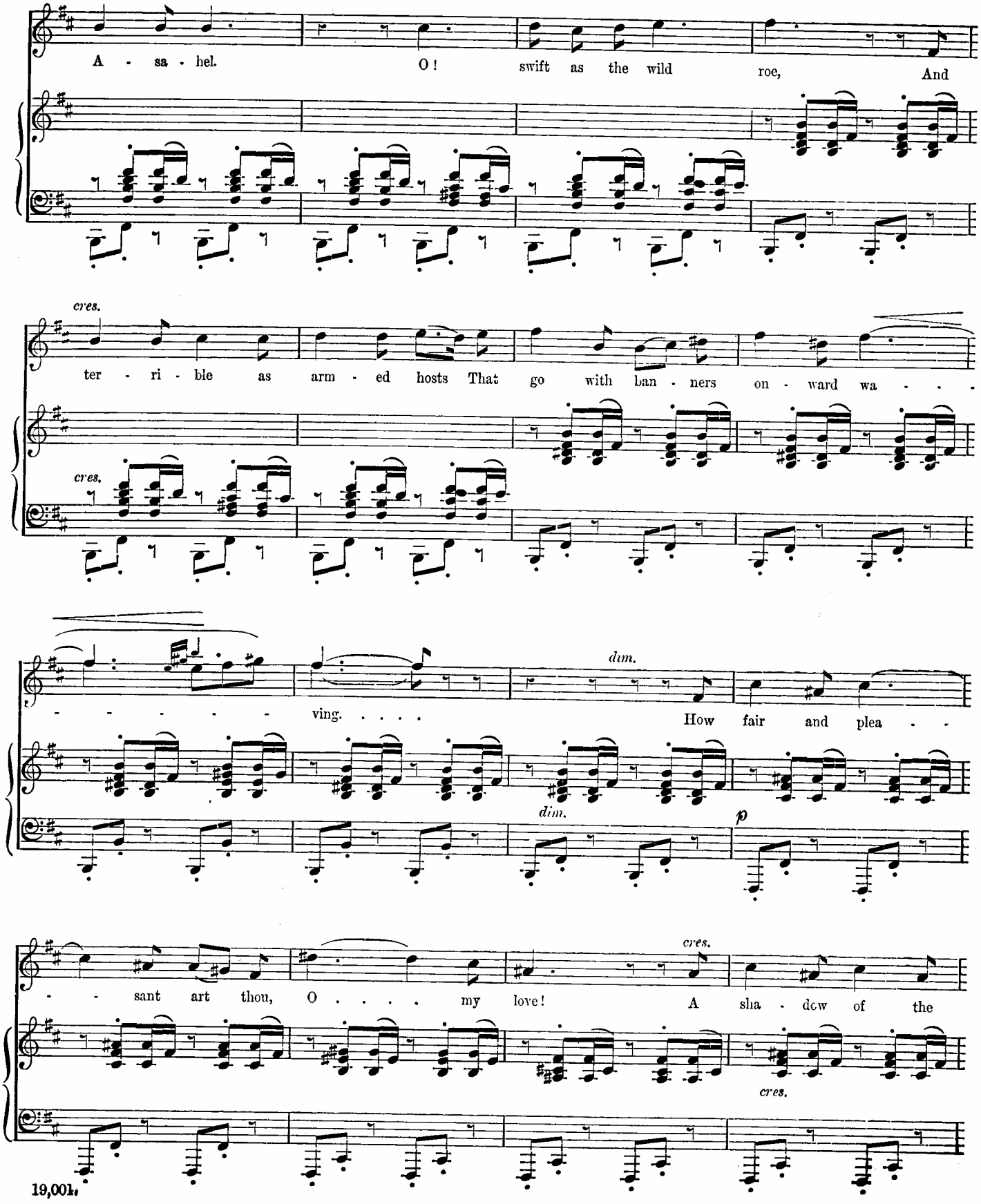
To my weak heart I say, "Be still, I love him." . . . .

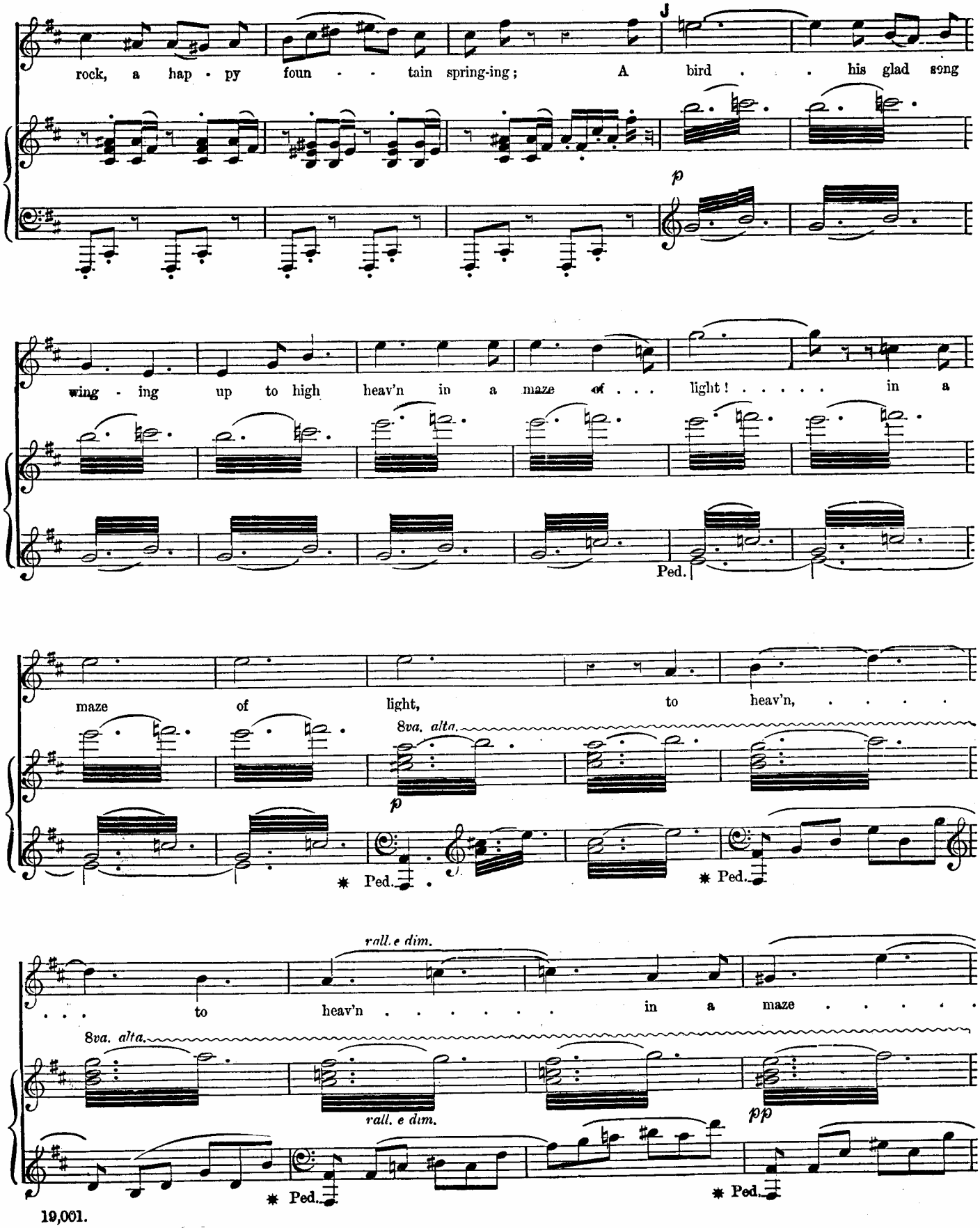
Ped.

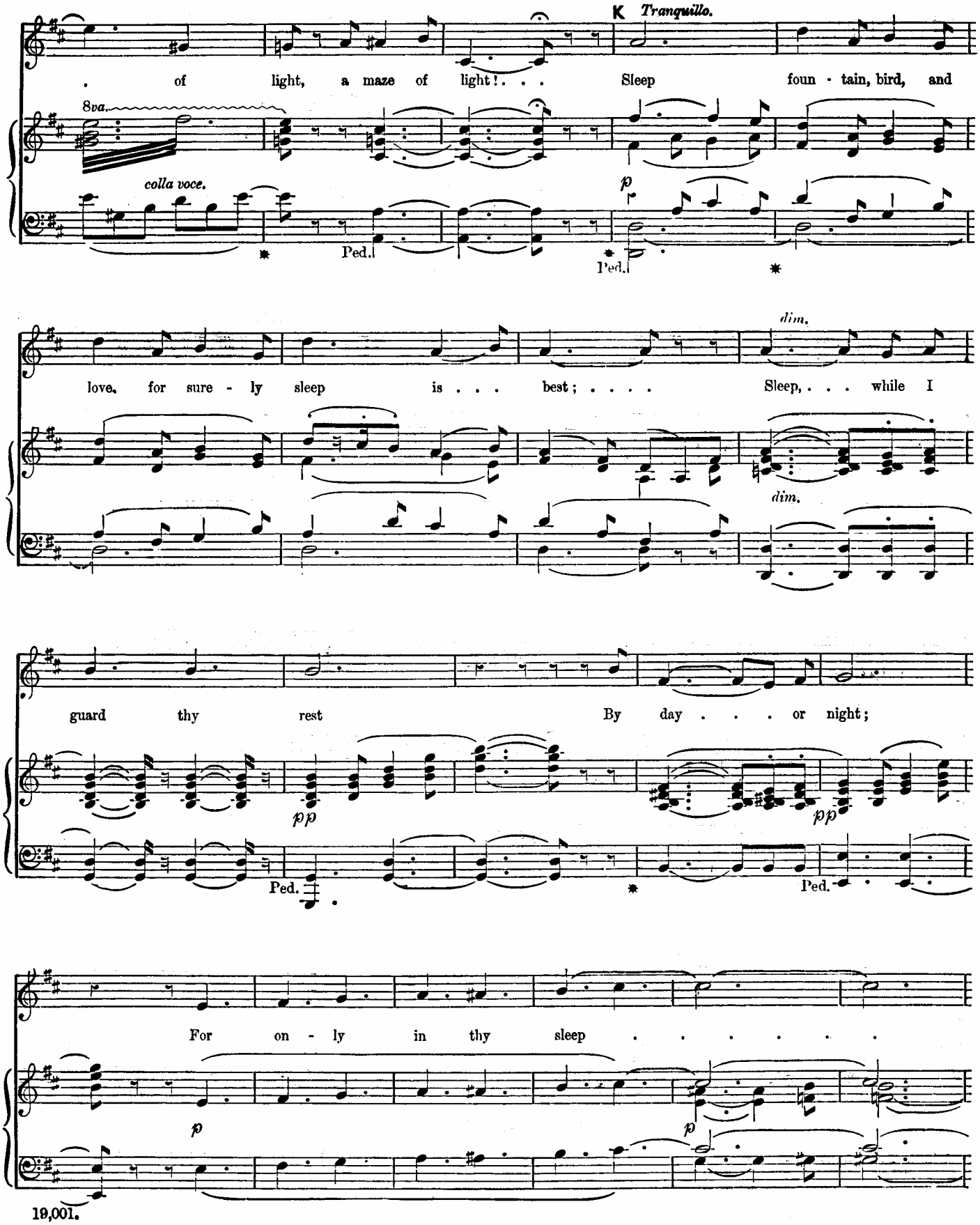
Allegretto pastorale e con moto.

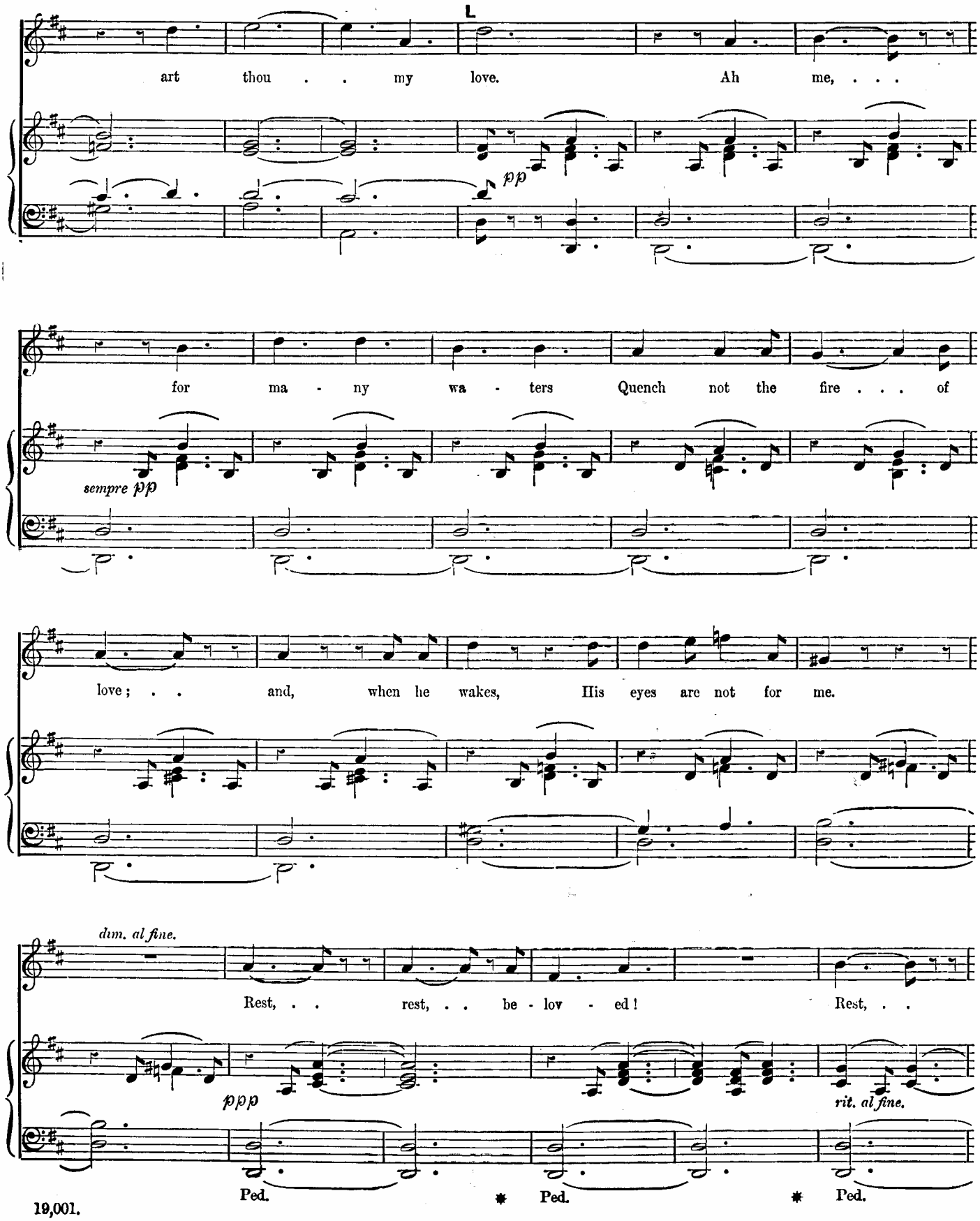
Ah, would that thou and I might lead our sheep A - mong the fold - ed hills! The

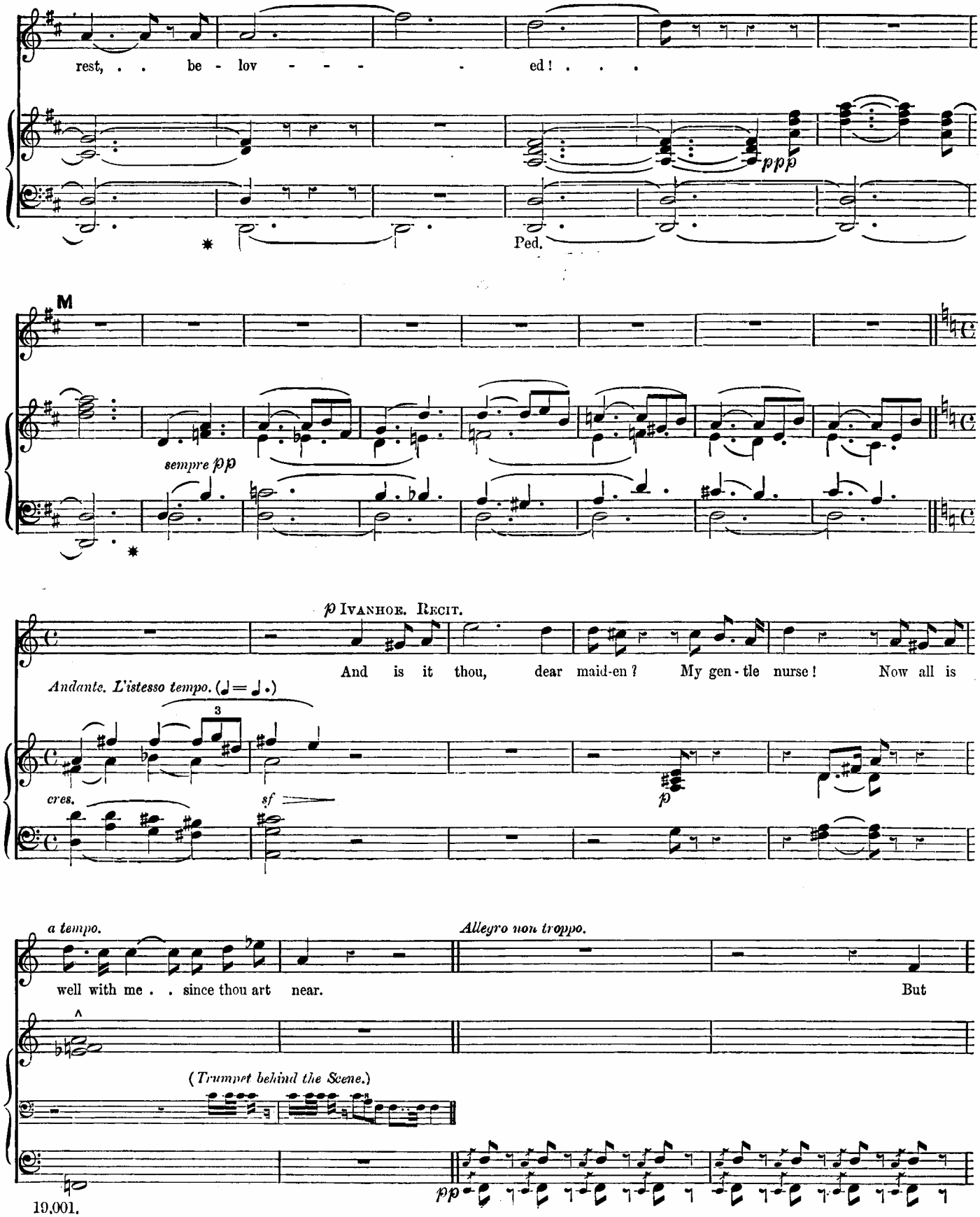

win - - ter is past, . . . the rain is o - ver and gone; . . The sing - ing birds are
cres.
f
come be - side the rills. . . . . A - - rise, ... be -
f
dim.
- lov - ed one! . . . . I love thee, I love
dim.
p
p
Ped.
*
p
riten.
H a tempo. mf
thee, I love thee; . . . O my love! My
Animato.
pp
colla voce.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

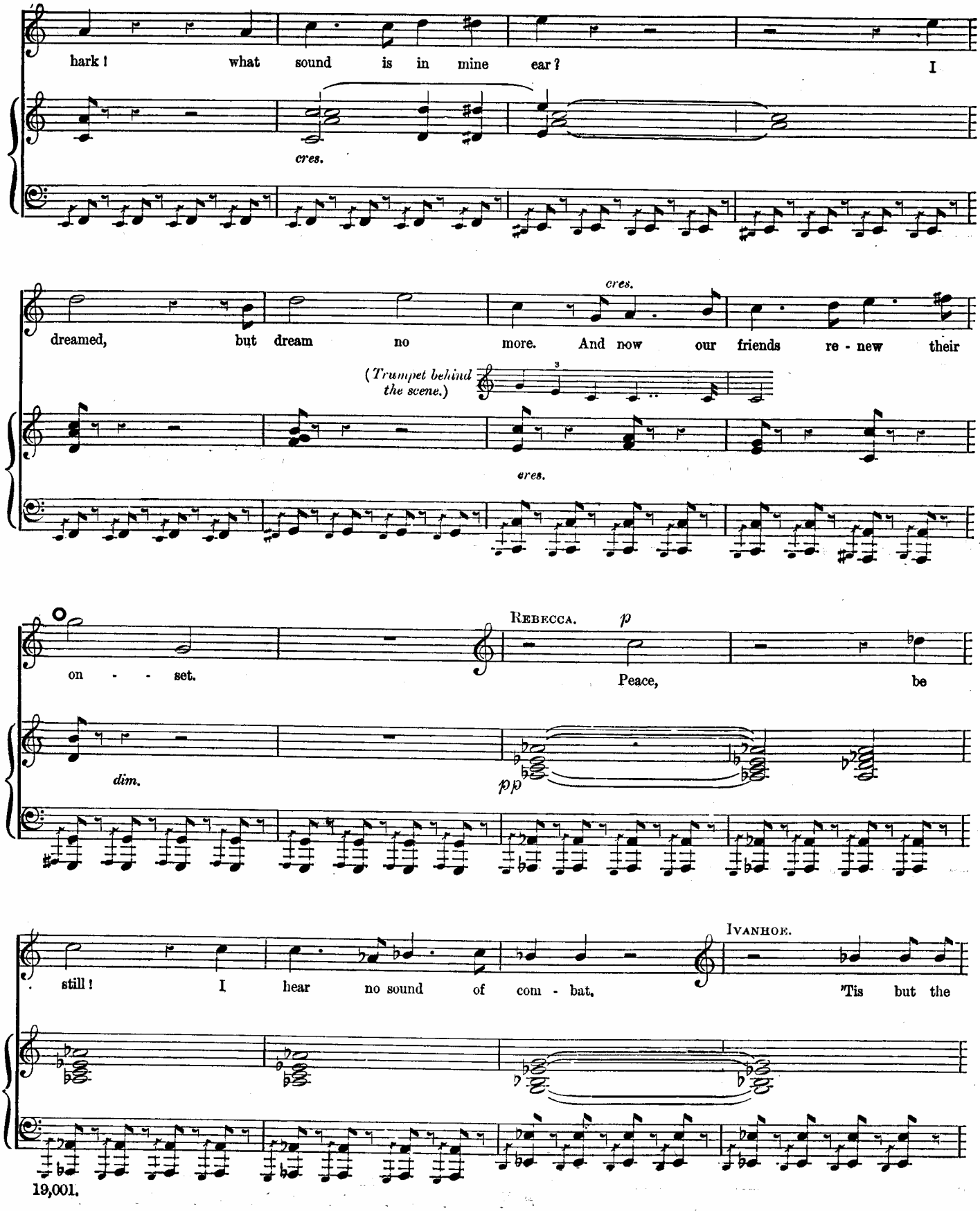

A - sa - hel. O! swift as the wild roe, And
cres.
ter - ri - ble as arm - ed hosts That go with ban - ners on - ward wa - - -
cres.
- - - - - ving. . . . .
dim.
How fair and plea - -
dim.
p
- - sant art thou, O . . . . my love! A sha - dow of the
cres.
cres.

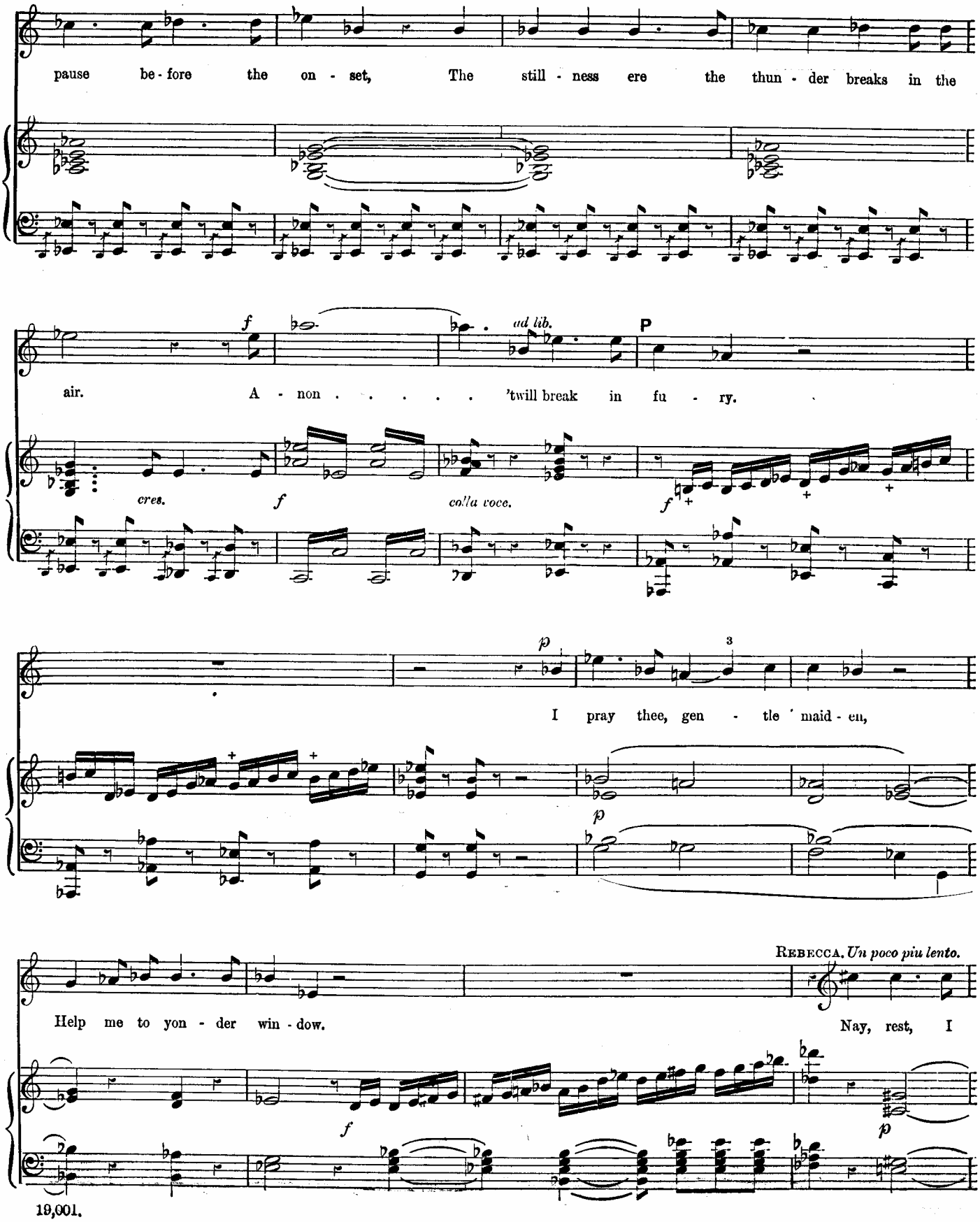

rock, a hap - py foun - - tain spring-ing; A bird . . his glad song
J
p
wing - ing up to high heav'n in a maze of . . . light! . . . . . in a
Ped.
maze of light, to heav'n, ...
8va. alta.
p
✱ Ped.
✱ Ped.
. . . to heav'n . . . . . in a maze . . . . .
rall. e dim.
8va. alta.
rall. e dim.
pp
✱ Ped.
✱ Ped.

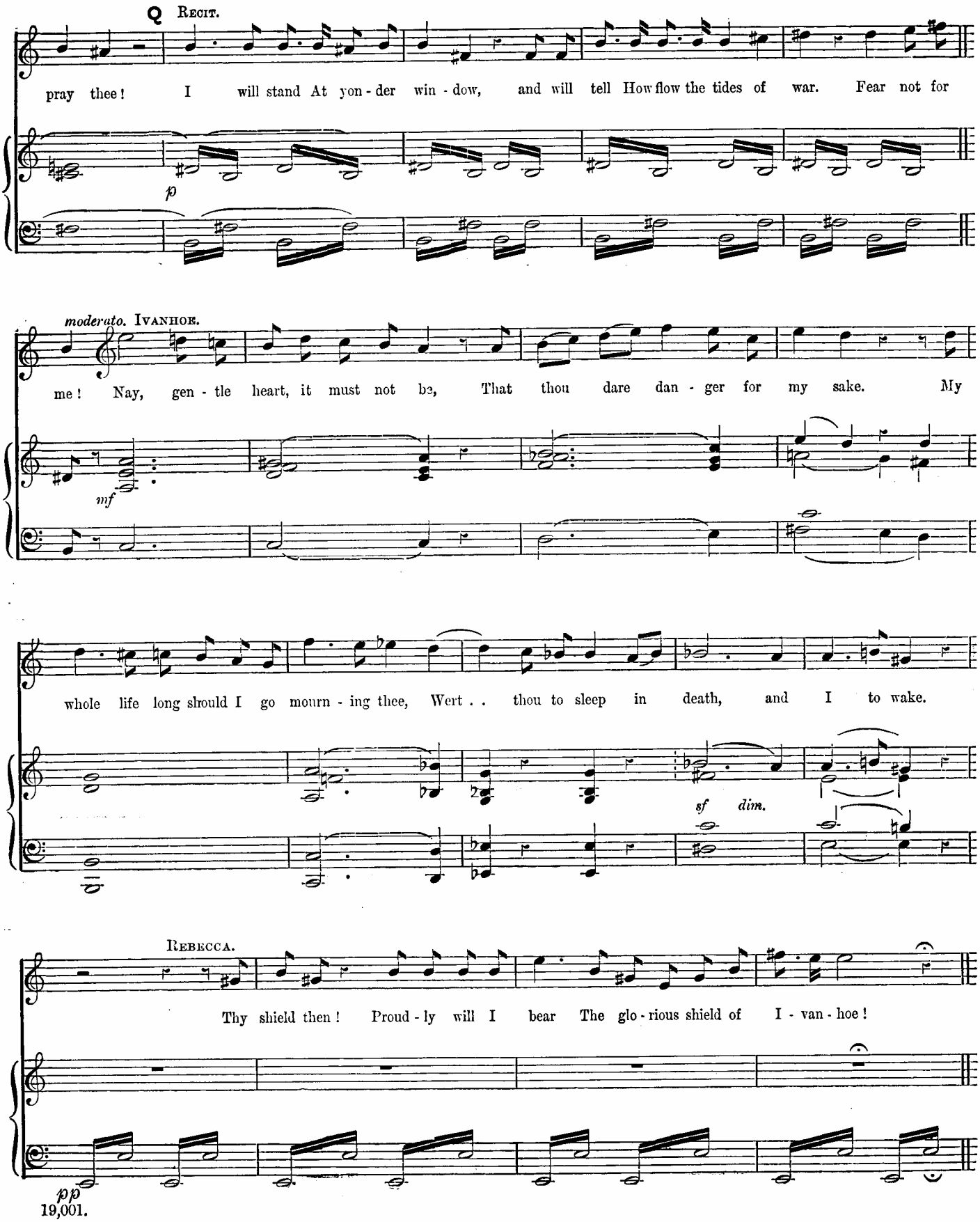

K Tranquillo.
. of light, a maze of light! . . . Sleep foun - tain, bird, and
8va.
colla voce.
Ped.
Ped.
dim.
love, for sure - ly sleep is . . . best; . . . . Sleep, . . . while I
dim.
guard thy rest By day . . . or night;
pp
pp
Ped.
Ped.
For on - ly in thy sleep . . . . . .
p
p

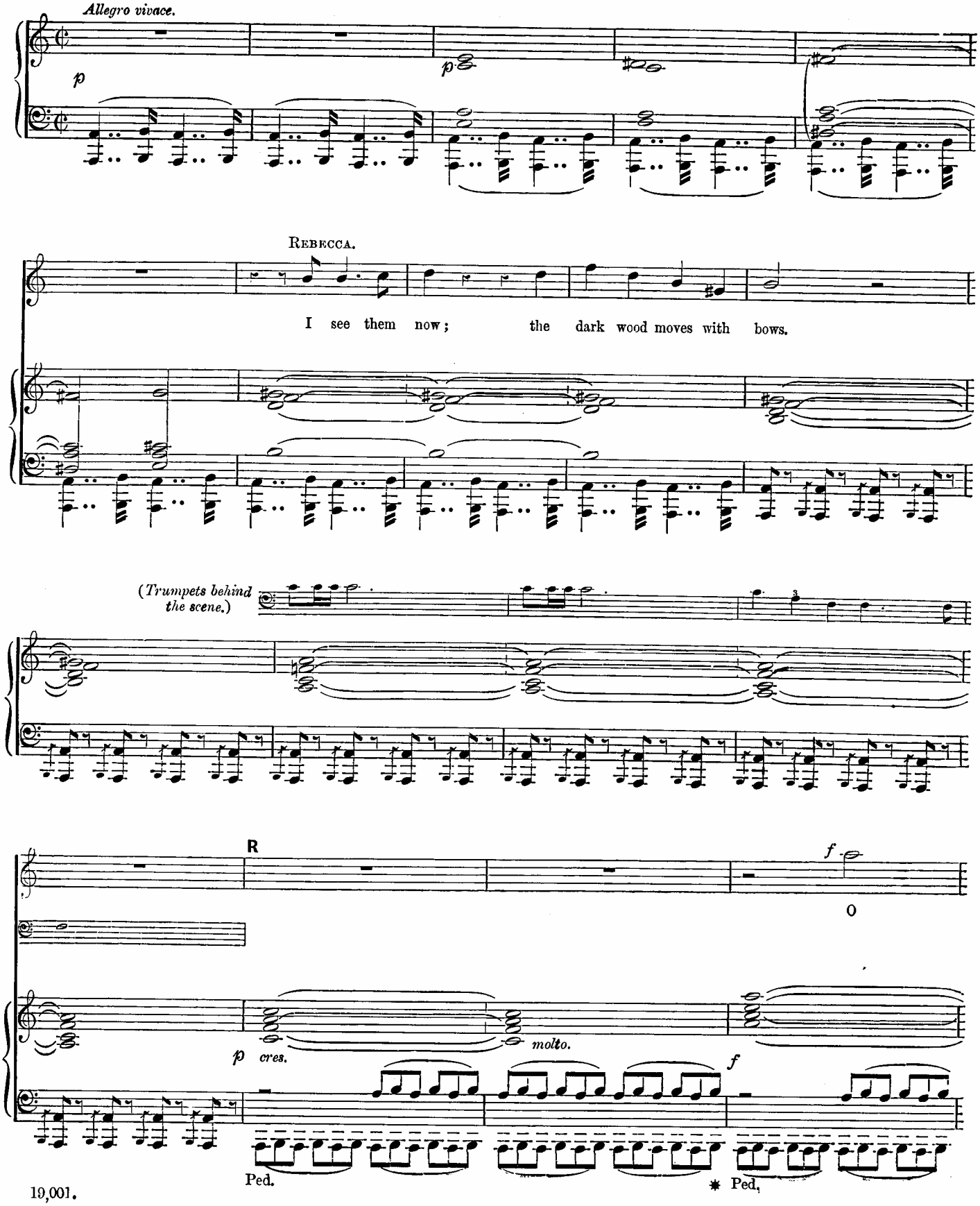

L
art thou . . my love. Ah me, . . .
pp
for ma - ny wa - ters Quench not the fire . . . of
sempre pp
love; . . and, when he wakes, His eyes are not for me.
dim. al fine.
Rest, . . rest, . . be - lov - ed! Rest, . .
ppp
rit. al fine.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

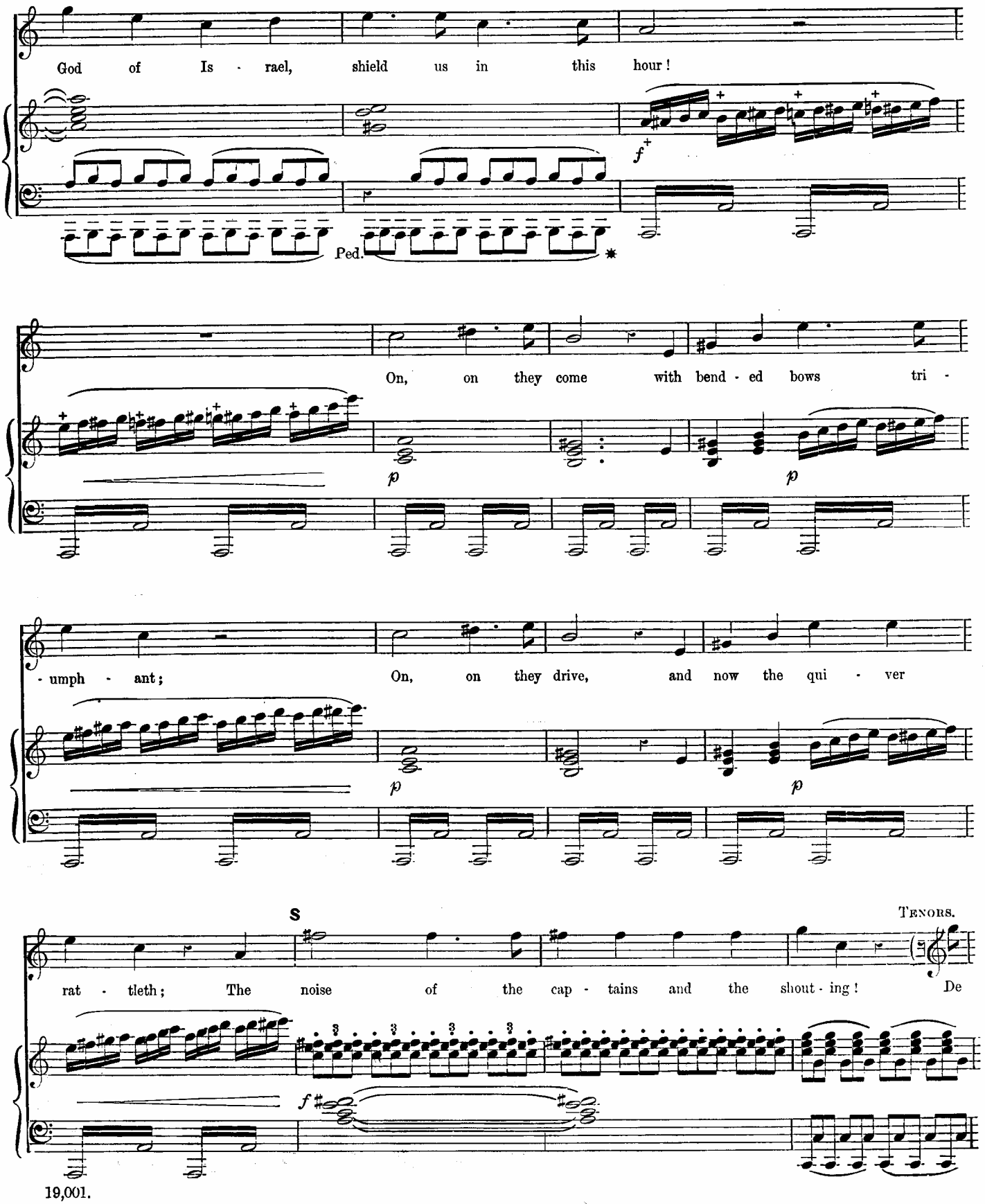

rest, . . be - lov - - - - ed! . . .
ppp
Ped.
M
sempre pp
p IVANHOE. RECIT.
And is it thou, dear maid-en? My gen-tle nurse! Now all is
Andante. L'istesso tempo. (♩ = ♩.)
3
cres.
sf
p
a tempo.
Allegro non troppo.
well with me . . since thou art near.
But
(Trumpet behind the Scene.)
pp

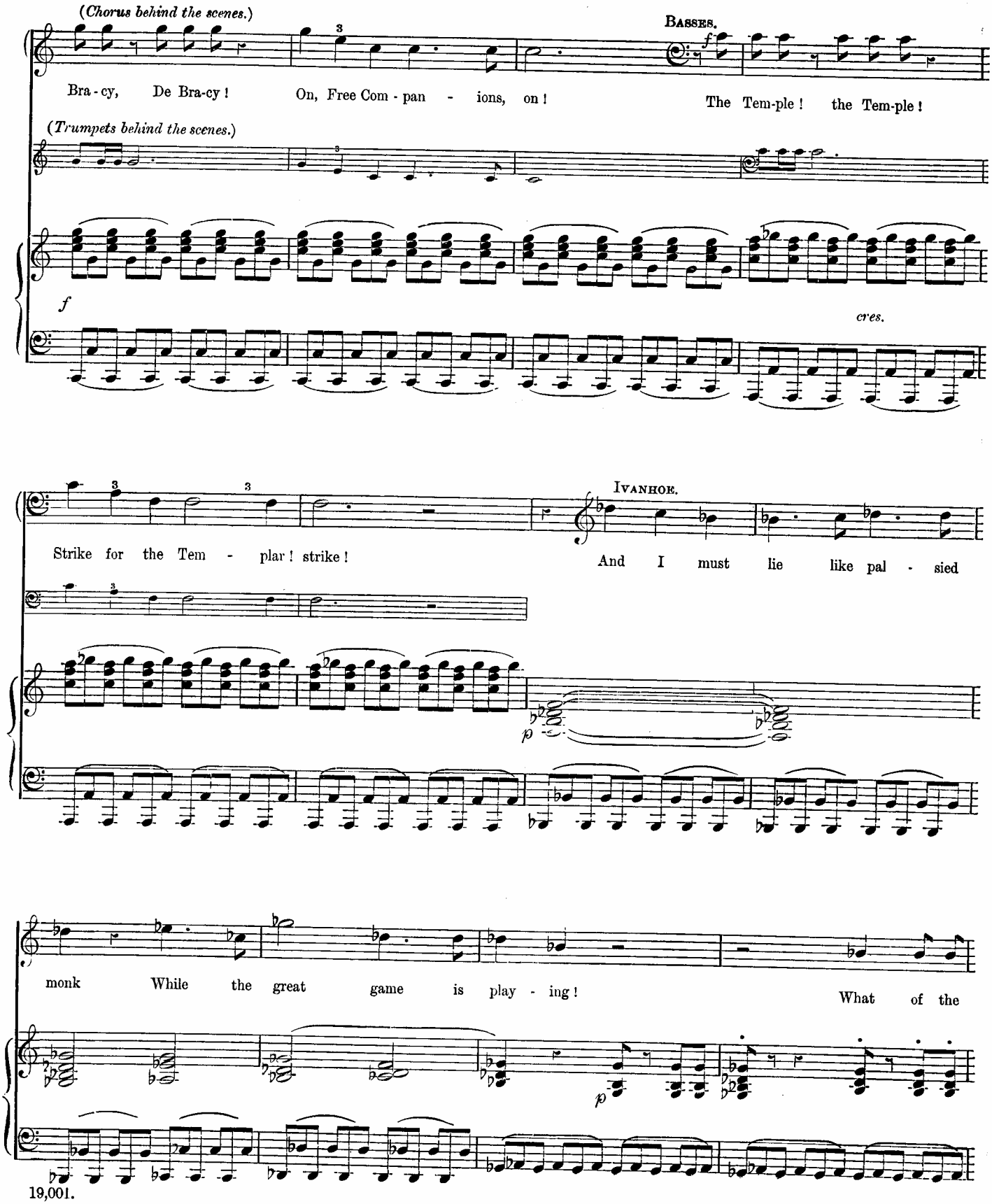

hark! what sound is in mine ear? I
cres.
dreamed, but dream no more. And now our friends re - new their
cres.
(Trumpet behind the scene.)
cres.
on - - set.
REBECCA. p
Peace, be
dim.
pp
still! I hear no sound of com - bat.
IVANHOE.
'Tis but the

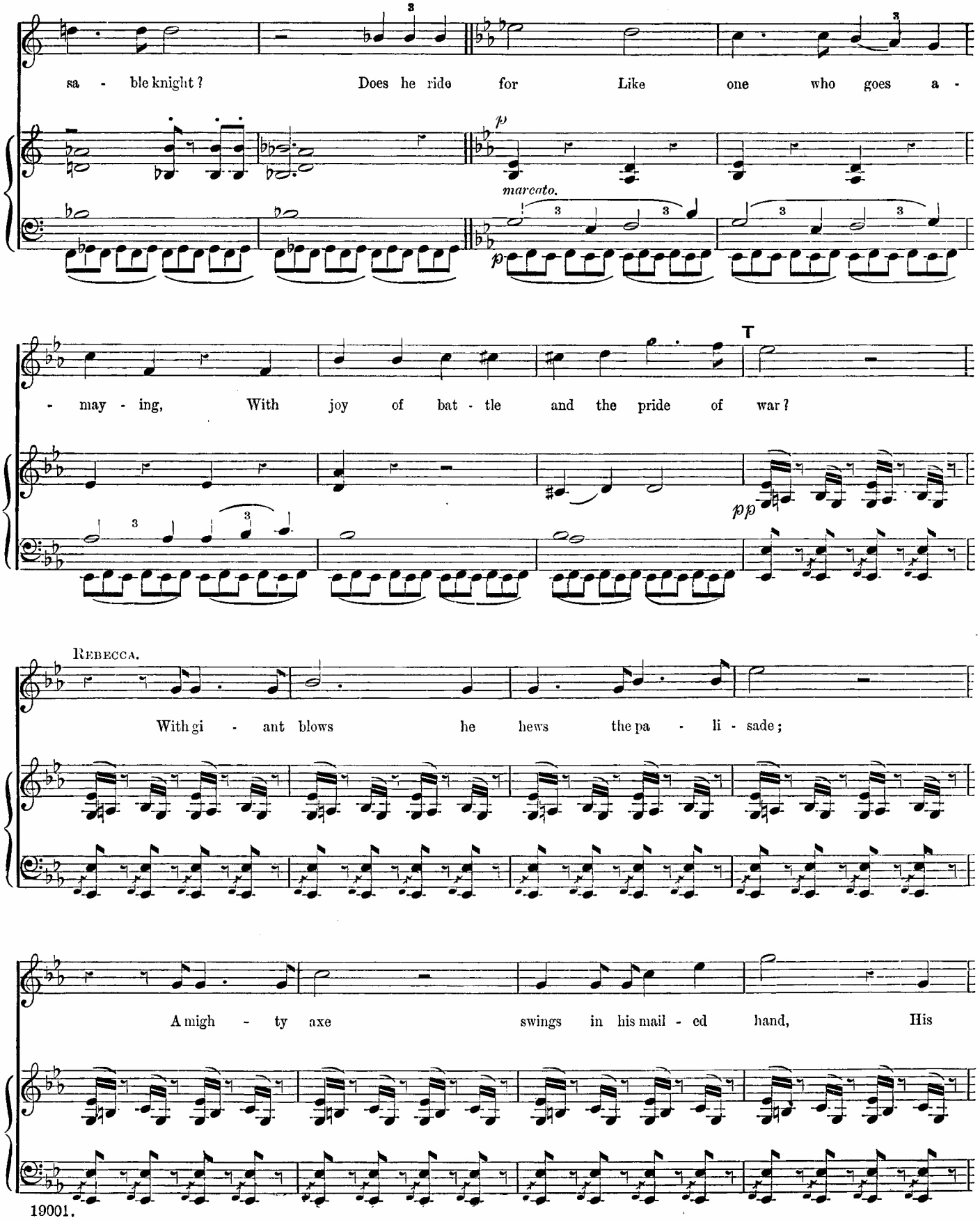

pause be - fore the on - set, The still - ness ere the thun - der breaks in the
air. A - non . . . . . 'twill break in fu - ry.
cres.
ad lib.
colla voce.
I pray thee, gen - tle maid - en,
Help me to yon - der win - dow.
REBECCA. Un poco piu lento.
Nay, rest, I

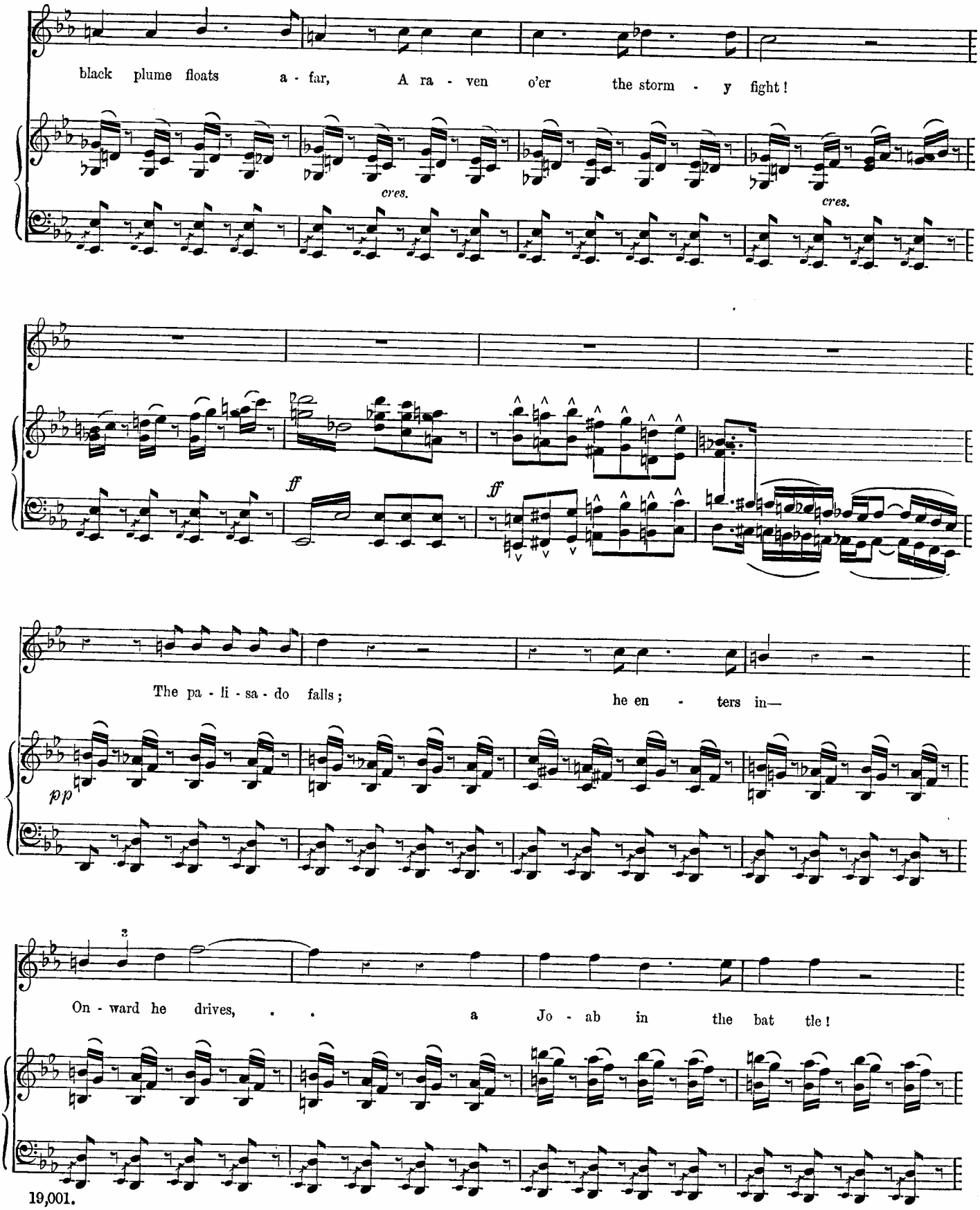

Q Recit.
pray thee! I will stand At yon - der win - dow, and will tell How flow the tides of war. Fear not for
p
moderato. Ivanhoe.
me! Nay, gen - tle heart, it must not be, That thou dare dan - ger for my sake. My
mf
whole life long should I go mourn - ing thee, Wert . . thou to sleep in death, and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

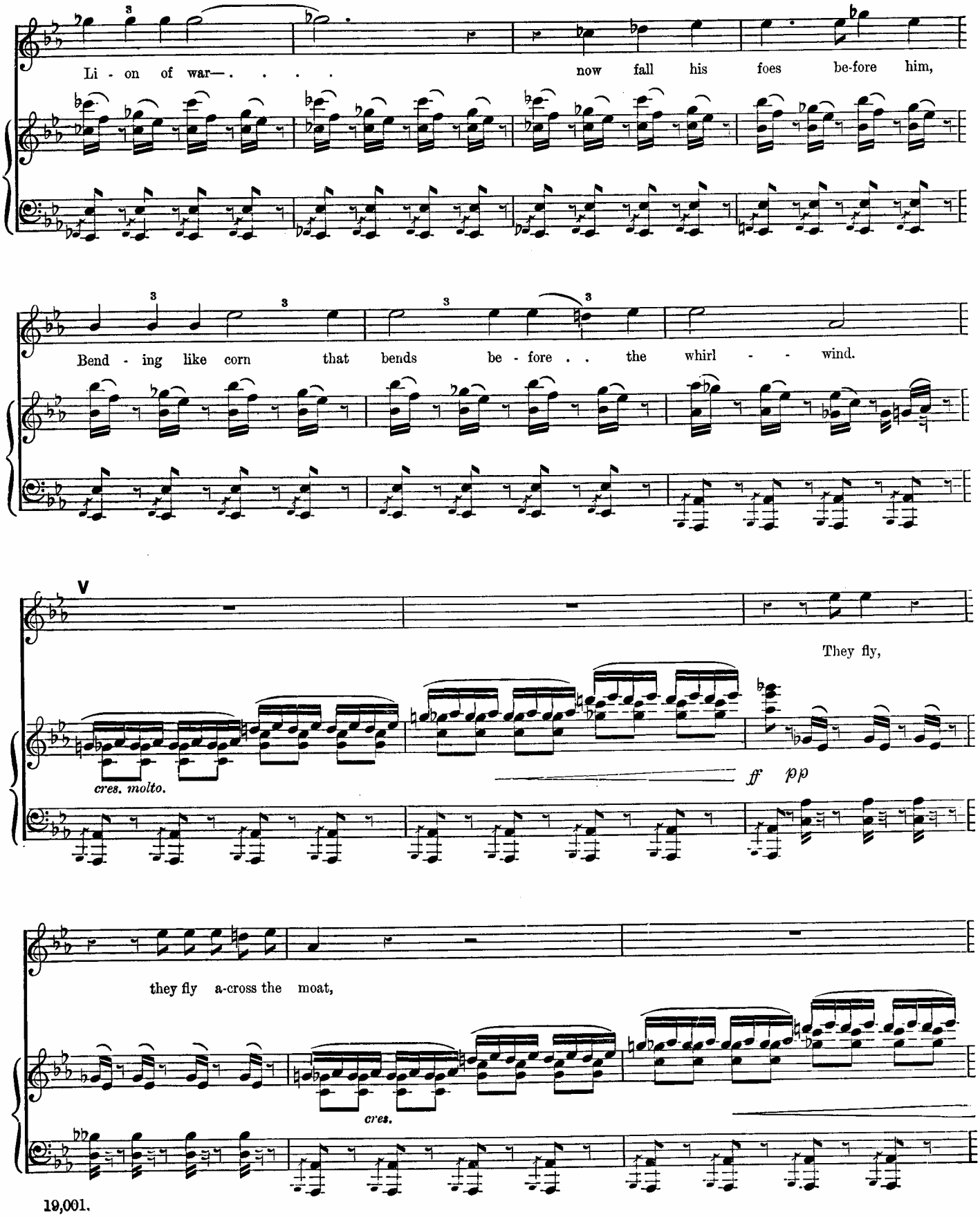

Allegro vivace.
p
p
REBECCA.
I see them now; the dark wood moves with bows.
(Trumpets behind the scene.)
R
f
O
p cres.
molto.
f
Ped.
* Ped.

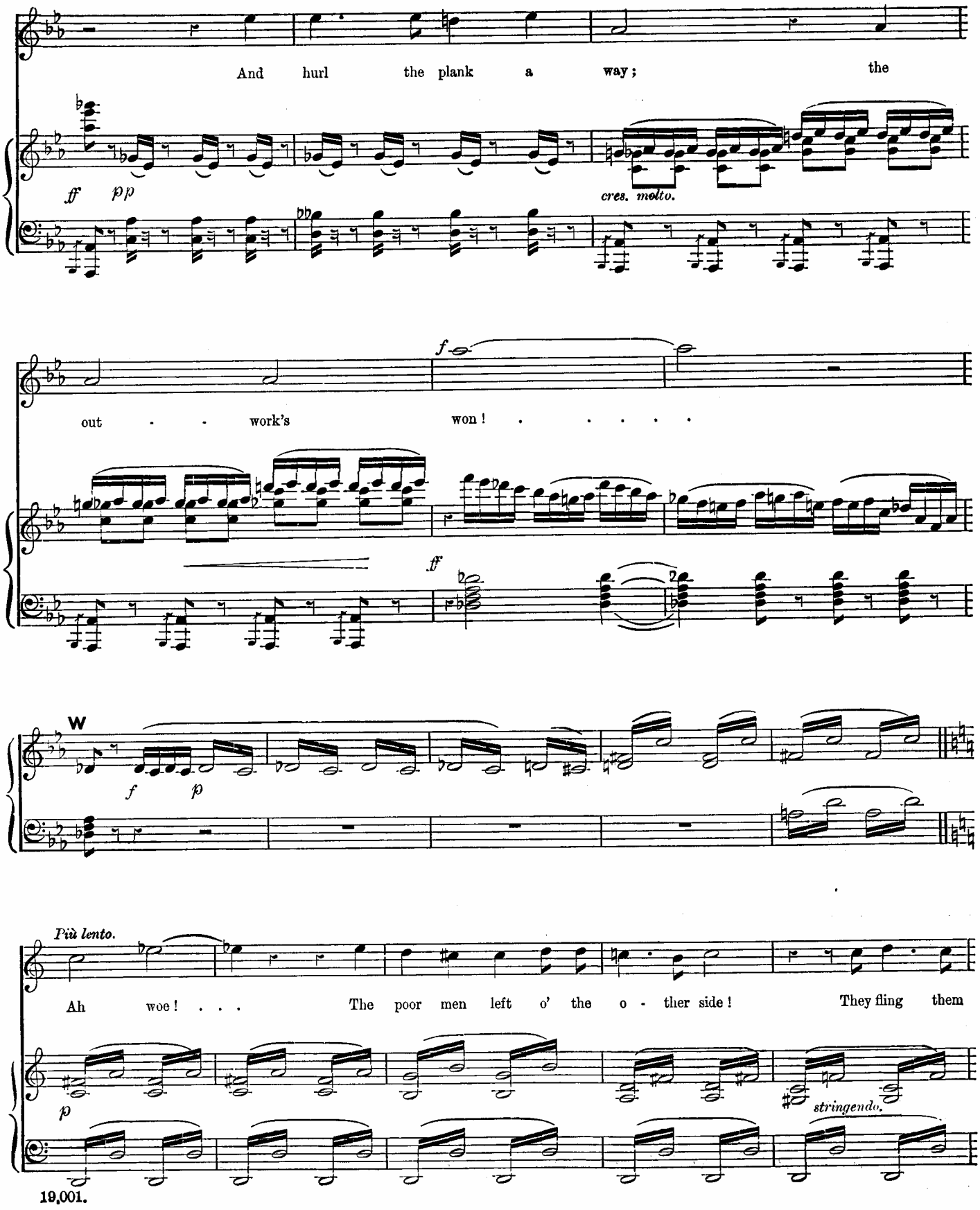

God of Is - rael, shield us in this hour!
Ped.
On, on they come with bend - ed bows tri -
- umph - ant; On, on they drive, and now the qui - ver
S
TENORS.
rat - tleth; The noise of the cap - tains and the shout - ing! De

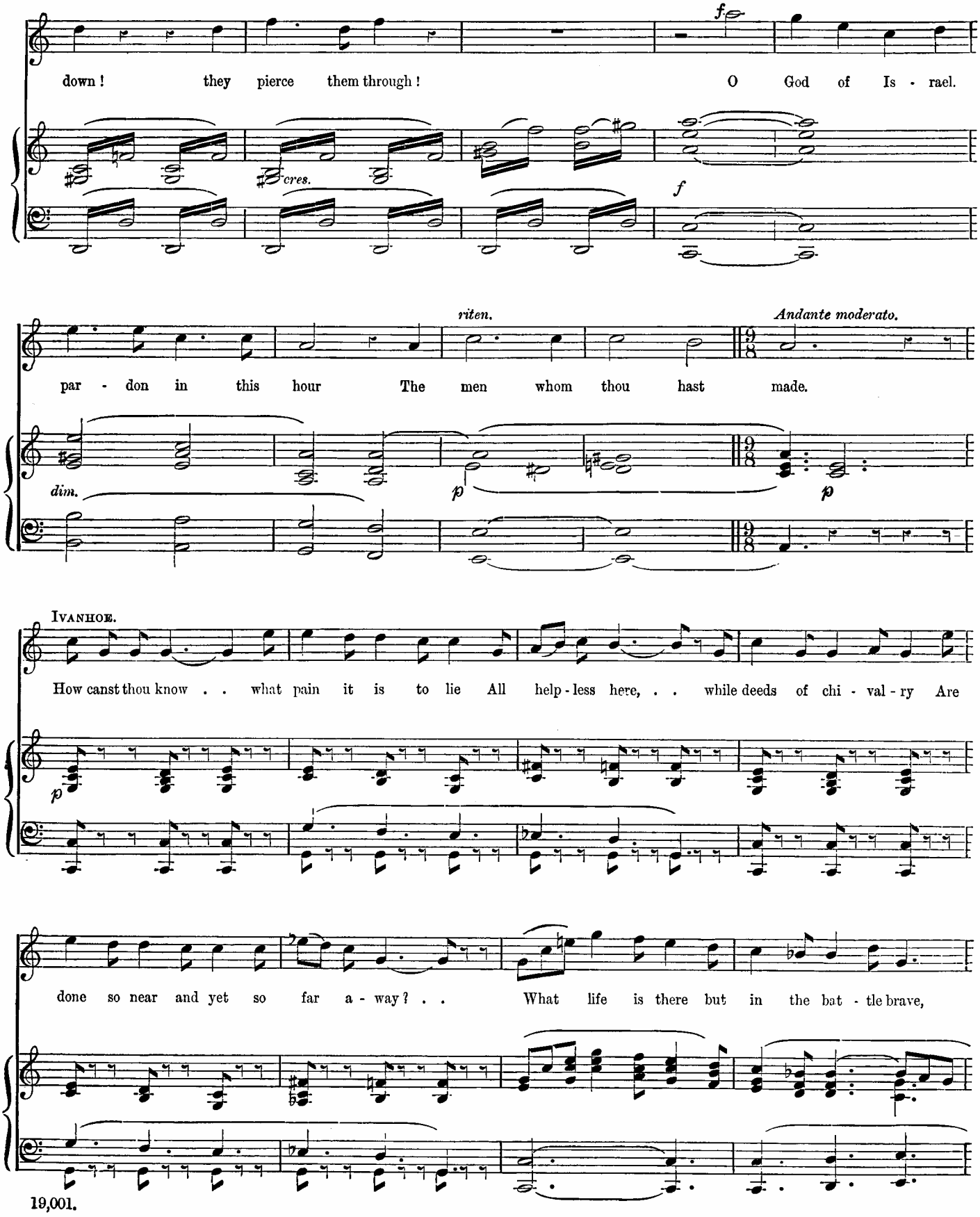

(Chorus behind the scenes.)
Basses.
Bra - cy, De Bra-cy ! On, Free Com - pan - ions, on ! The Tem-ple ! the Tem-ple !
(Trumpets behind the scenes.)
f
cres.
Ivanhoe.
Strike for the Tem - plar ! strike ! And I must lie like pal - sied
p
monk While the great game is play - ing ! What of the
p

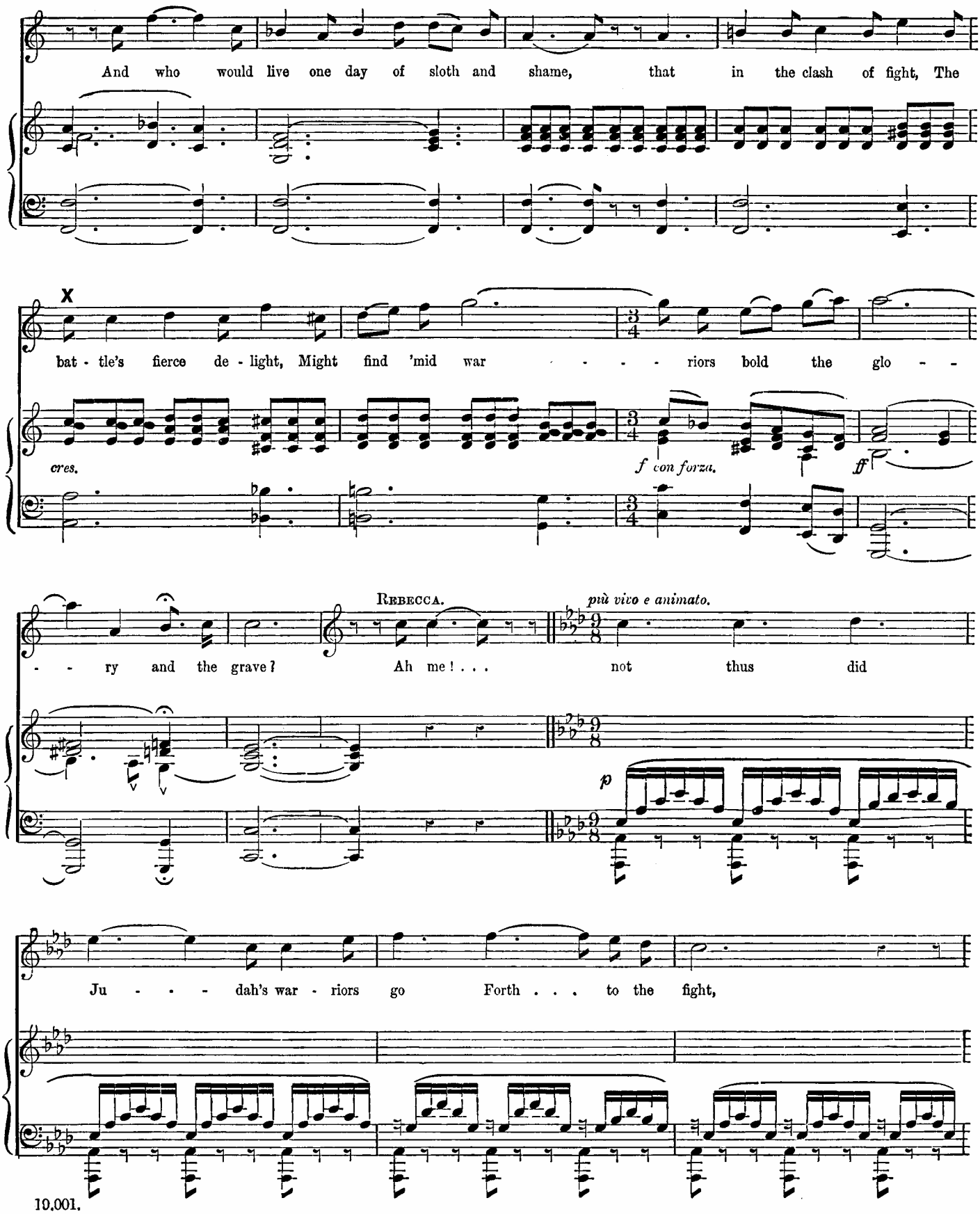

sa - ble knight? Does he ride for Like one who goes a -
marcato.
- may - ing, With joy of bat - tle and the pride of war?
T
REBECCA.
With gi - ant blows he hews the pa - li - sade;
A migh - ty axe swings in his mail - ed hand, His

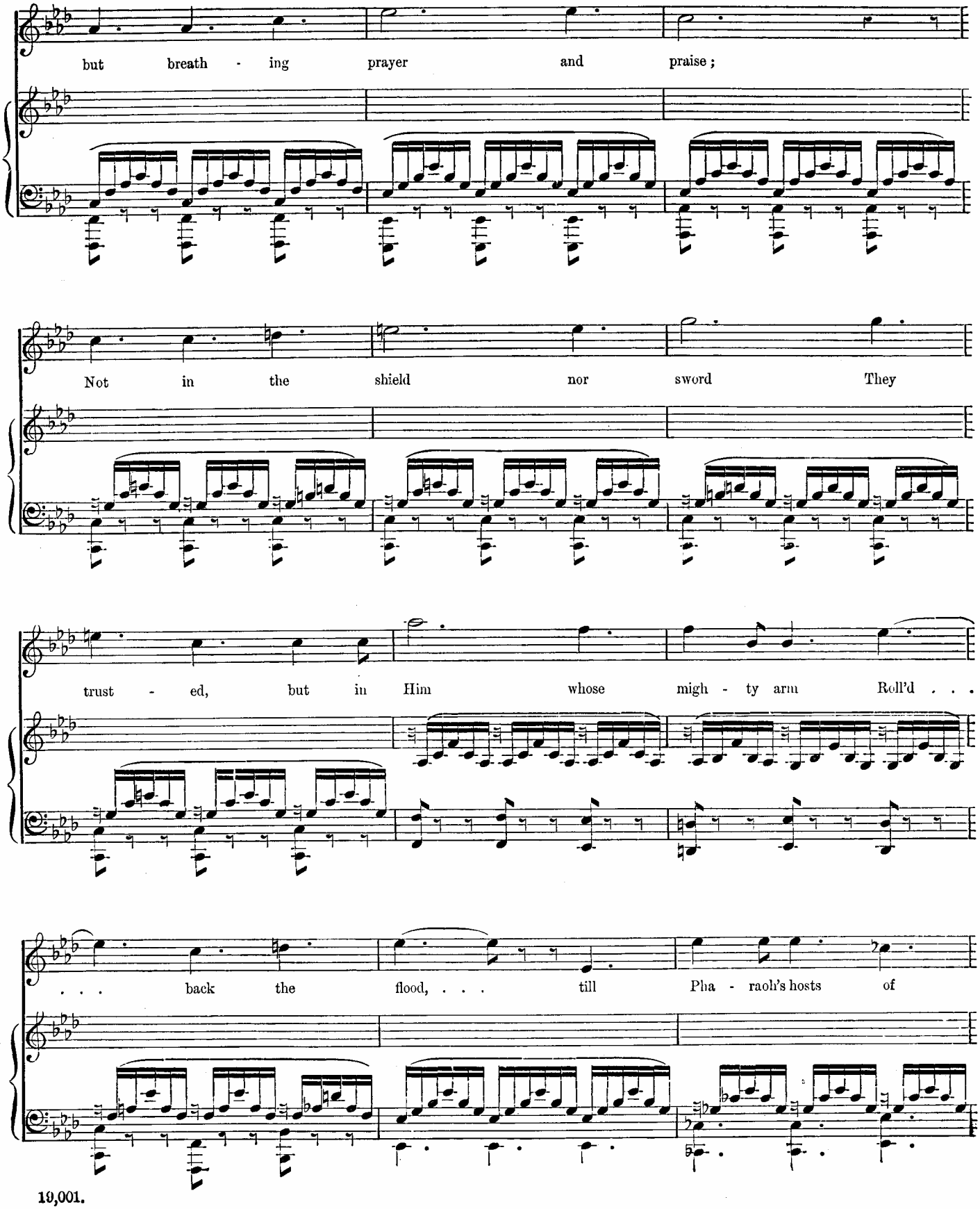

black plume floats a - far, A ra - ven o'er the storm - y fight!
cres.
cres.
ff
ff
The pa - li - sa - do falls; he en - ters in—
pp
On - ward he drives, . . a Jo - ab in the bat tle!

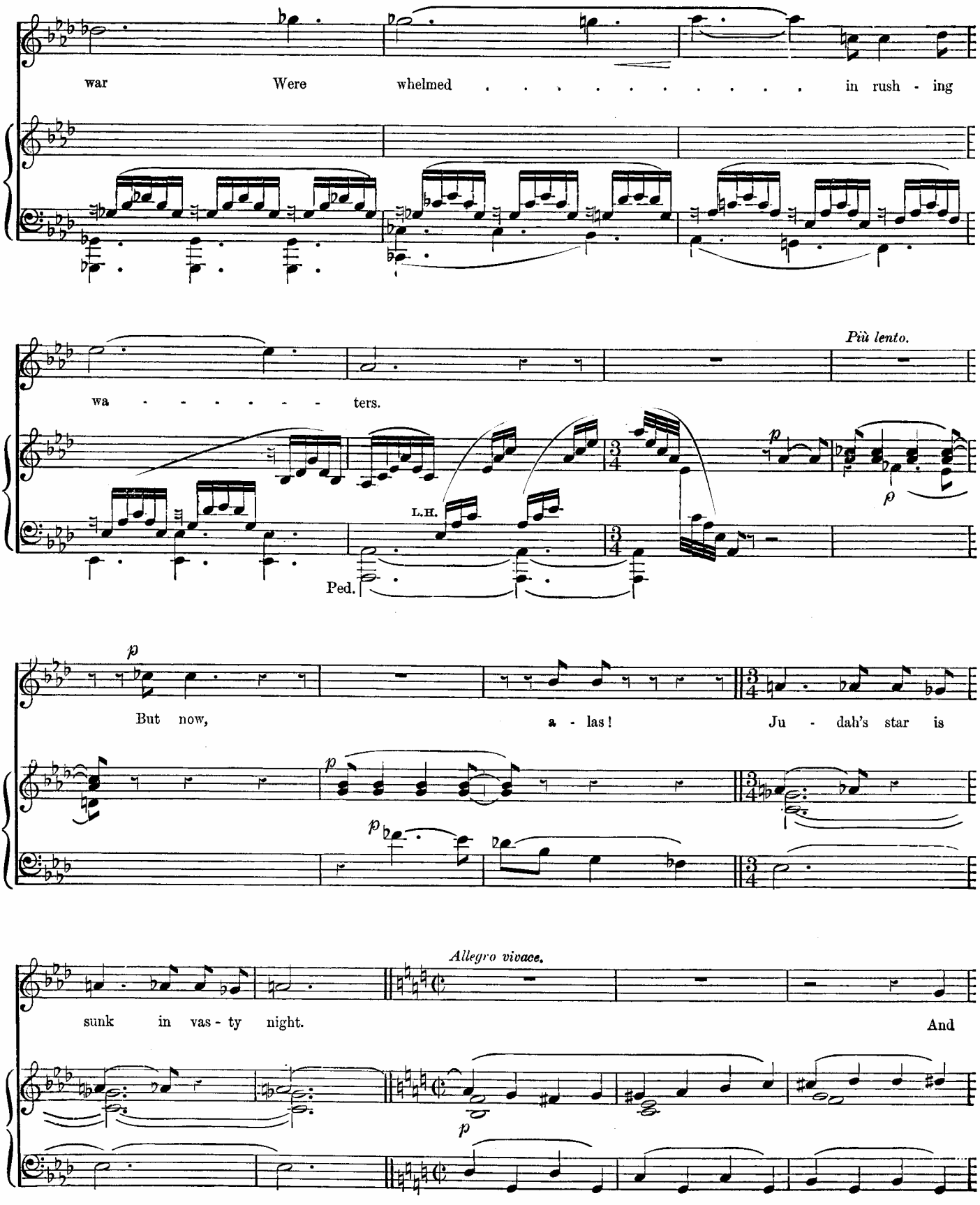

Li - on of war— . . . .
now fall his foes be-fore him,
Bend - ing like corn that bends be - fore . . the whirl - - wind.
V
They fly,
cres. molto.
ff pp
they fly a-cross the moat,
cres.

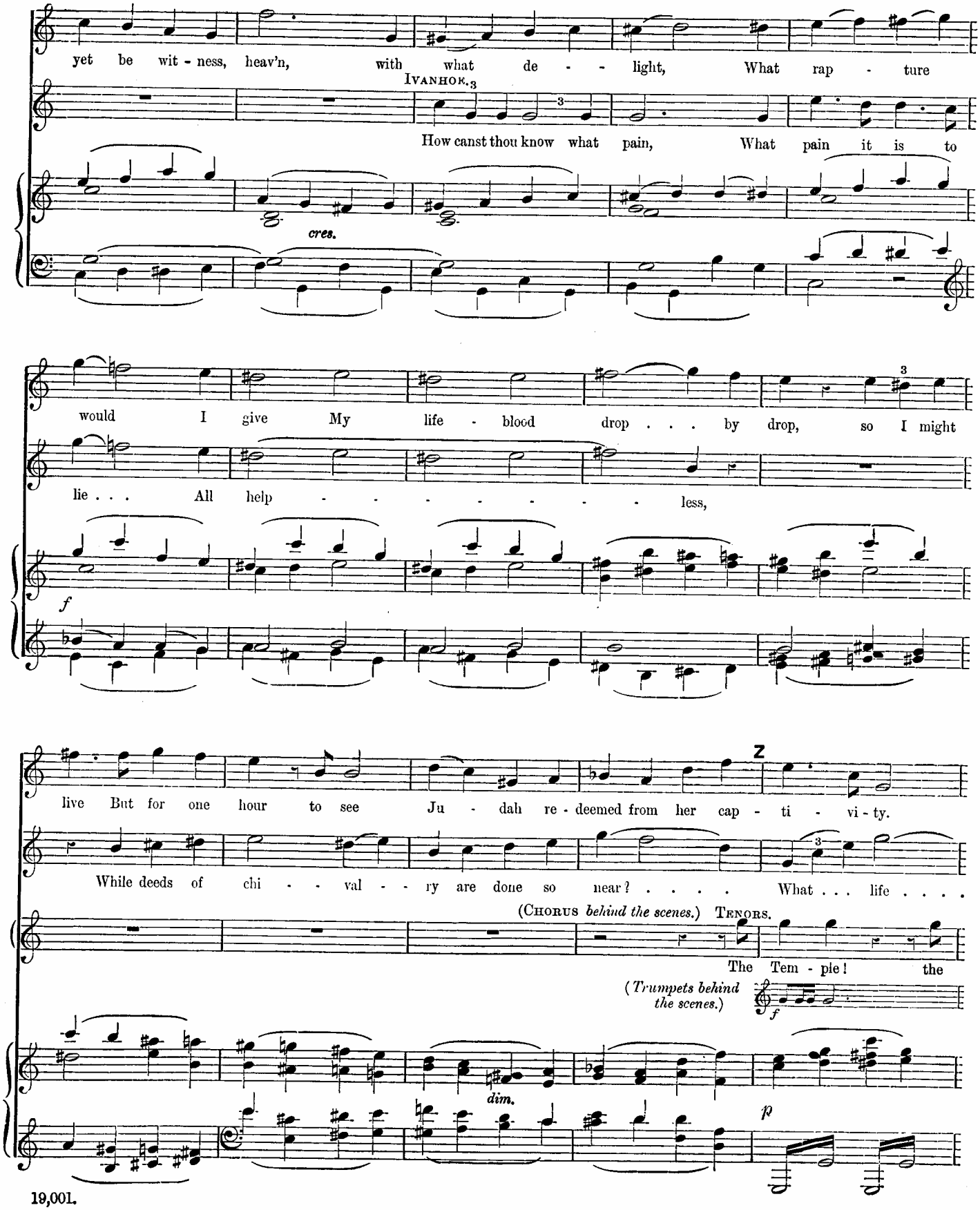

And hurl the plank a way; the
ff pp
cres. molto.
f
out . . work's won! . . . . .
ff
W
f p
Più lento.
Ah woe! . . . The poor men left o' the o - ther side! They fling them
p
stringendo.

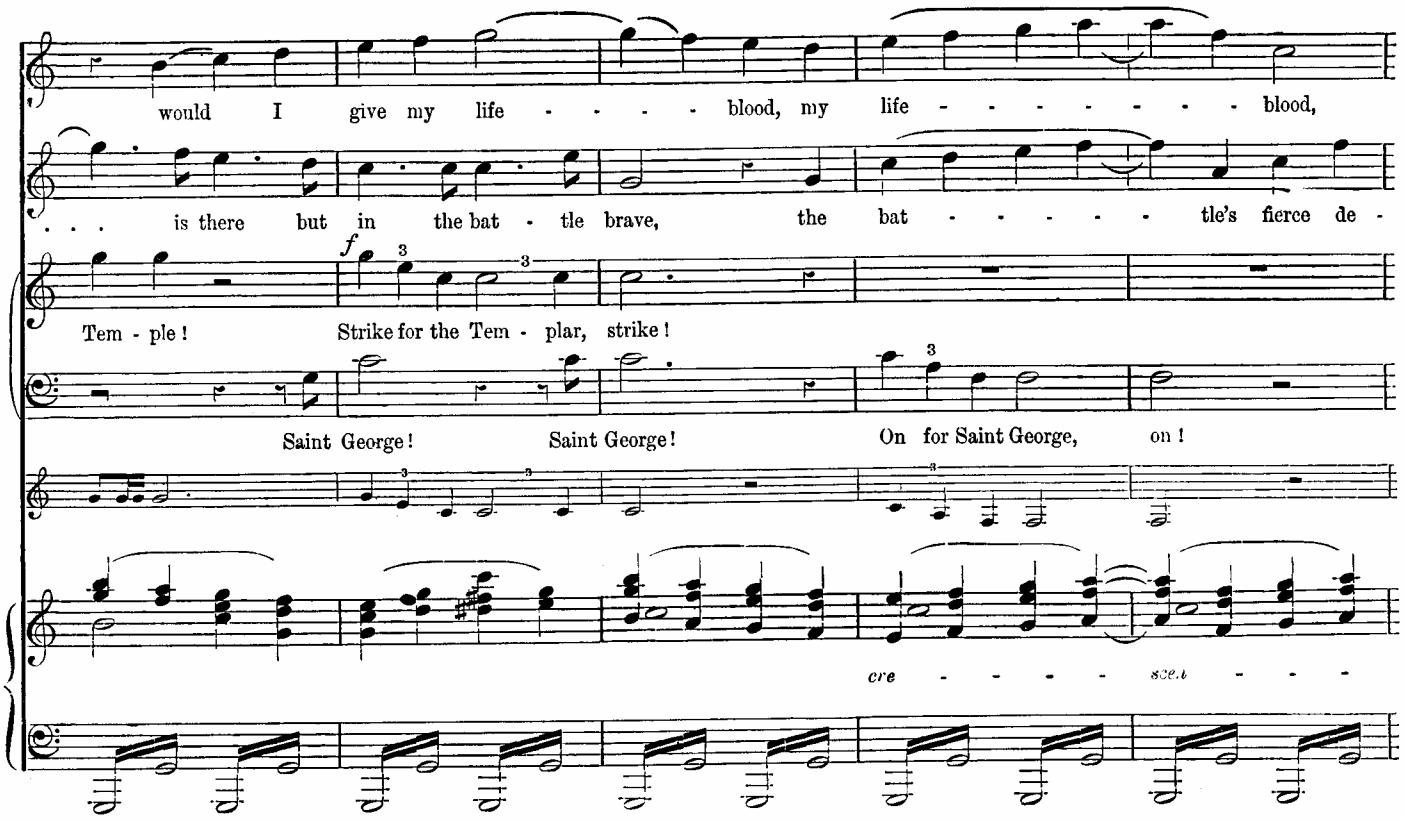

down ! they pierce them through ! O God of Is - rael.
cres.
f
f
riten.
Andante moderato.
par - don in this hour The men whom thou hast made.
dim.
p
p
p
IVANHOE.
How canst thou know . . what pain it is to lie All help - less here, . . while deeds of chi - val - ry Are
done so near and yet so far a - way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

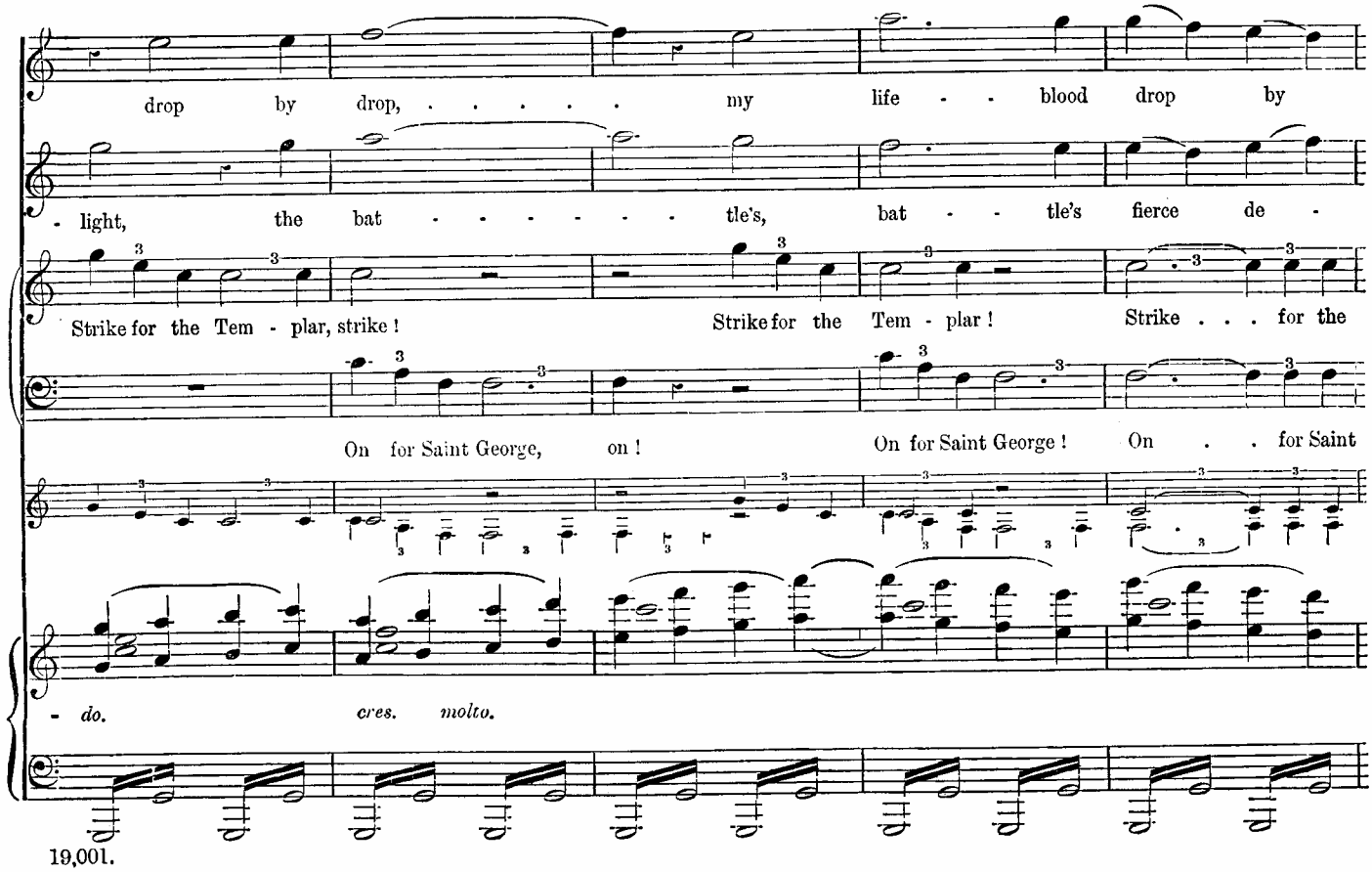

And who would live one day of sloth and shame, that in the clash of fight, The
X
bat - tle's fierce de - light, Might find 'mid war - - - - riors bold the glo - -
cres.
f con forza.
ff
- - ry and the grave? Ah me! . . . not thus did
REBECCA.
più vivo e animato.
p
Ju - - - - dah's war - riors go Forth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

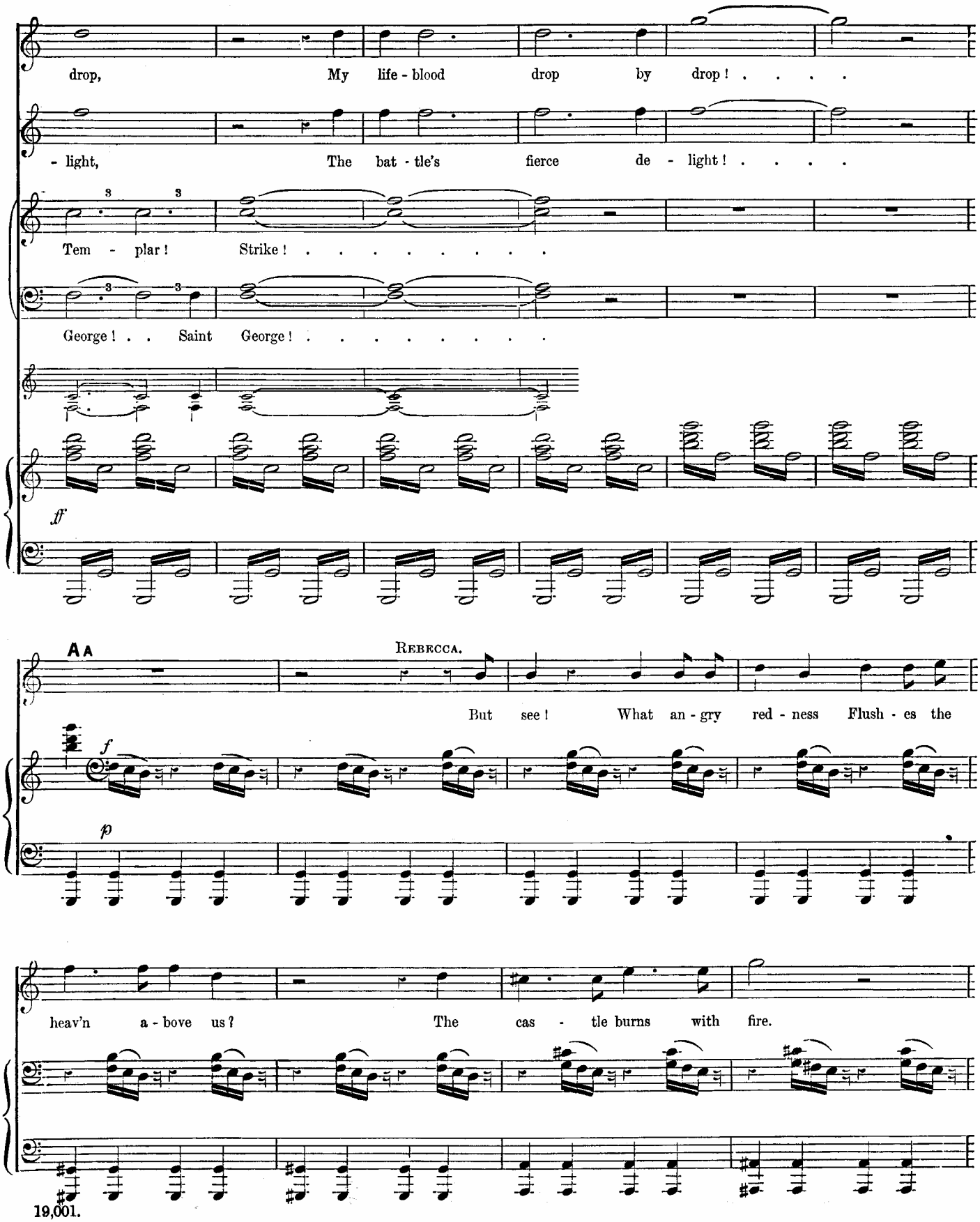

but breath - ing prayer and praise ;
Not in the shield nor sword They
trust - ed, but in Him whose migh - ty arm Roll'd . . .
. . . back the flood, . . . till Pha - raoh's hosts of

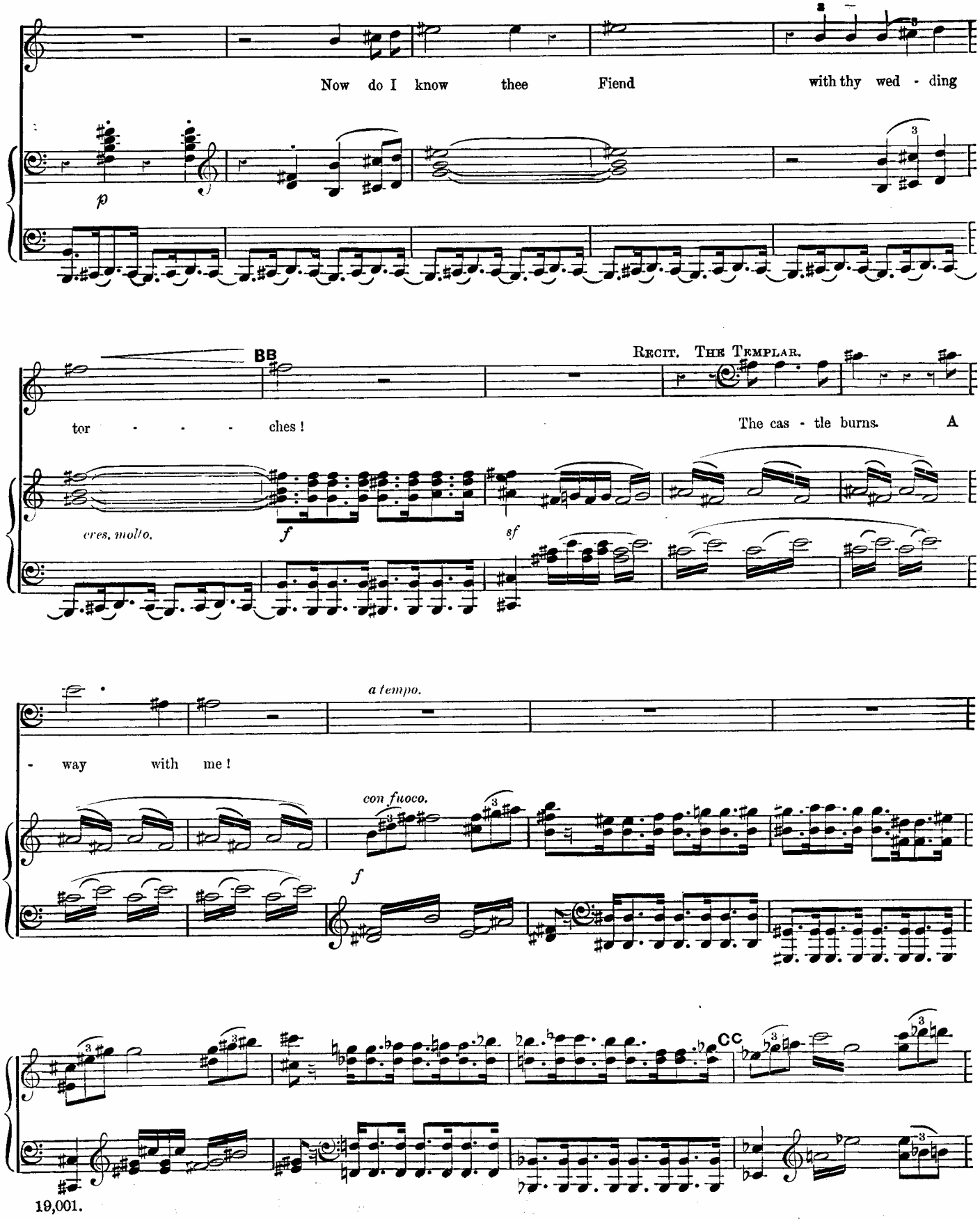

war Were whelmed . . . . . in rush - ing
Più lento.
wa - - - - - - ters.
L.H.
Ped.
But now, a - las! Ju - dah's star is
Allegro vivace.
sunk in vas - ty night. And

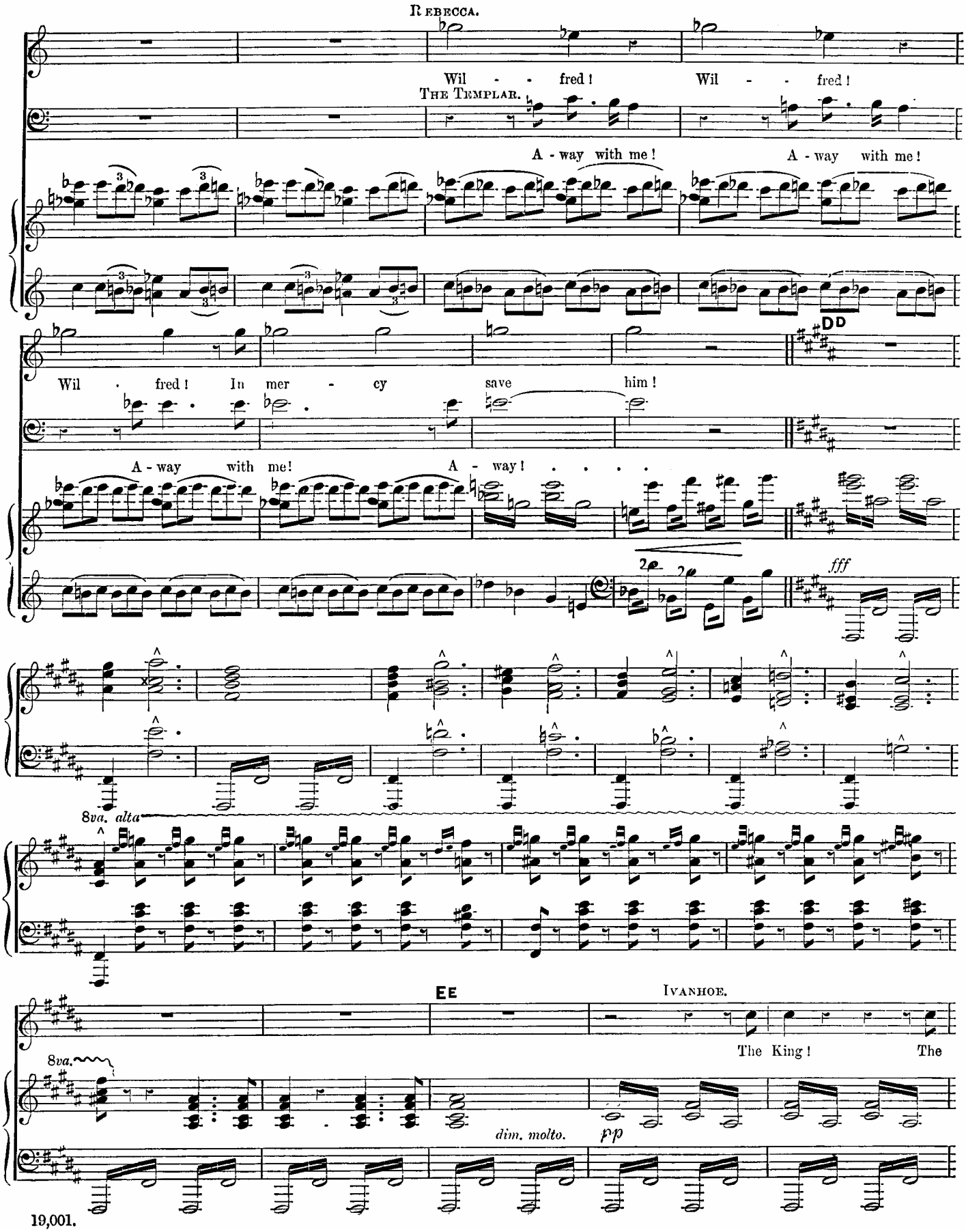

yet be wit - ness, heav'n, with what de - - light, What rap - ture
IVANHOE.
How canst thou know what pain, What pain it is to
cres.
would I give My life - blood drop . . . by drop, so I might
lie . . . All help - - - - - - - - less,
f
live But for one hour to see Ju - dah re - deemed from her cap - ti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

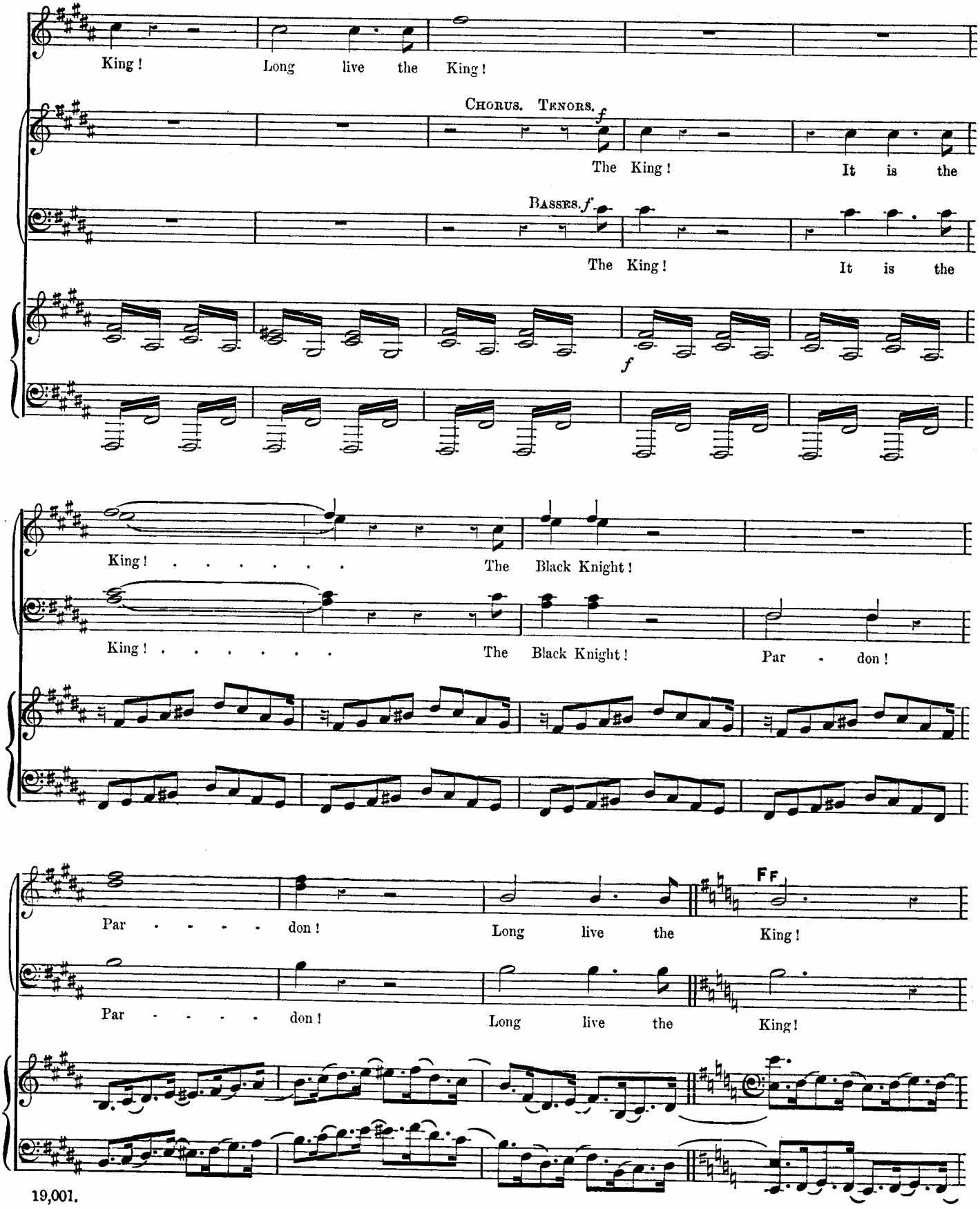

would I give my life - - - - blood, my life - - - - - - - - blood,
. . . is there but in the bat - tle brave, the bat - - - - - - tle's fierce de -
Tem - ple! Strike for the Tem - plar, strike!
Saint George! Saint George! On for Saint George, on!
cre - - - - - scen - - -

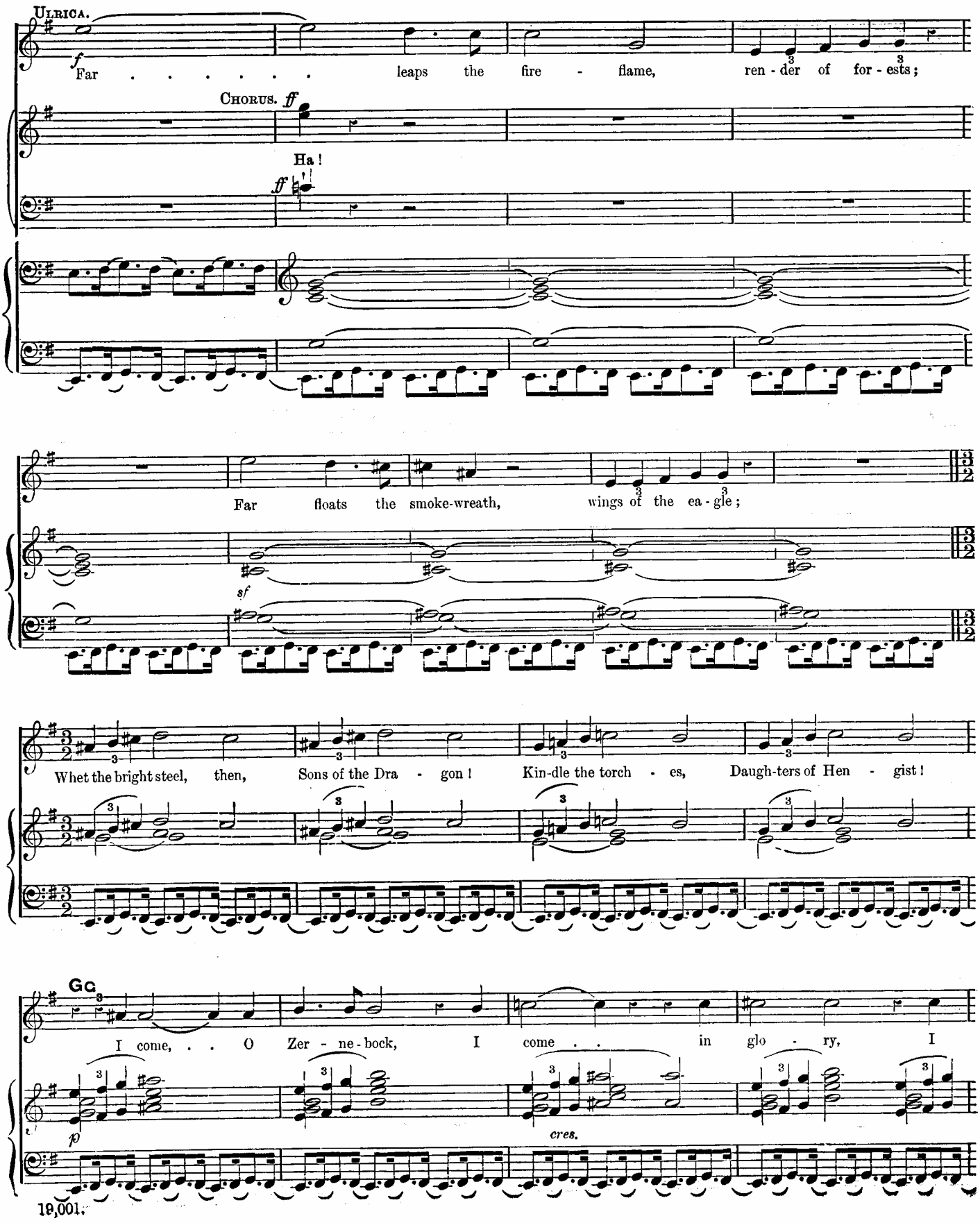

drop by drop, ... my life - - blood drop by
- light, the bat - - - - - - - tle's, bat - - tle's fierce de -
Strike for the Tem - plar, strike! Strike for the Tem - plar! Strike . . . for the
On for Saint George, on! On for Saint George! On . . for Saint
- do. cres. molto.

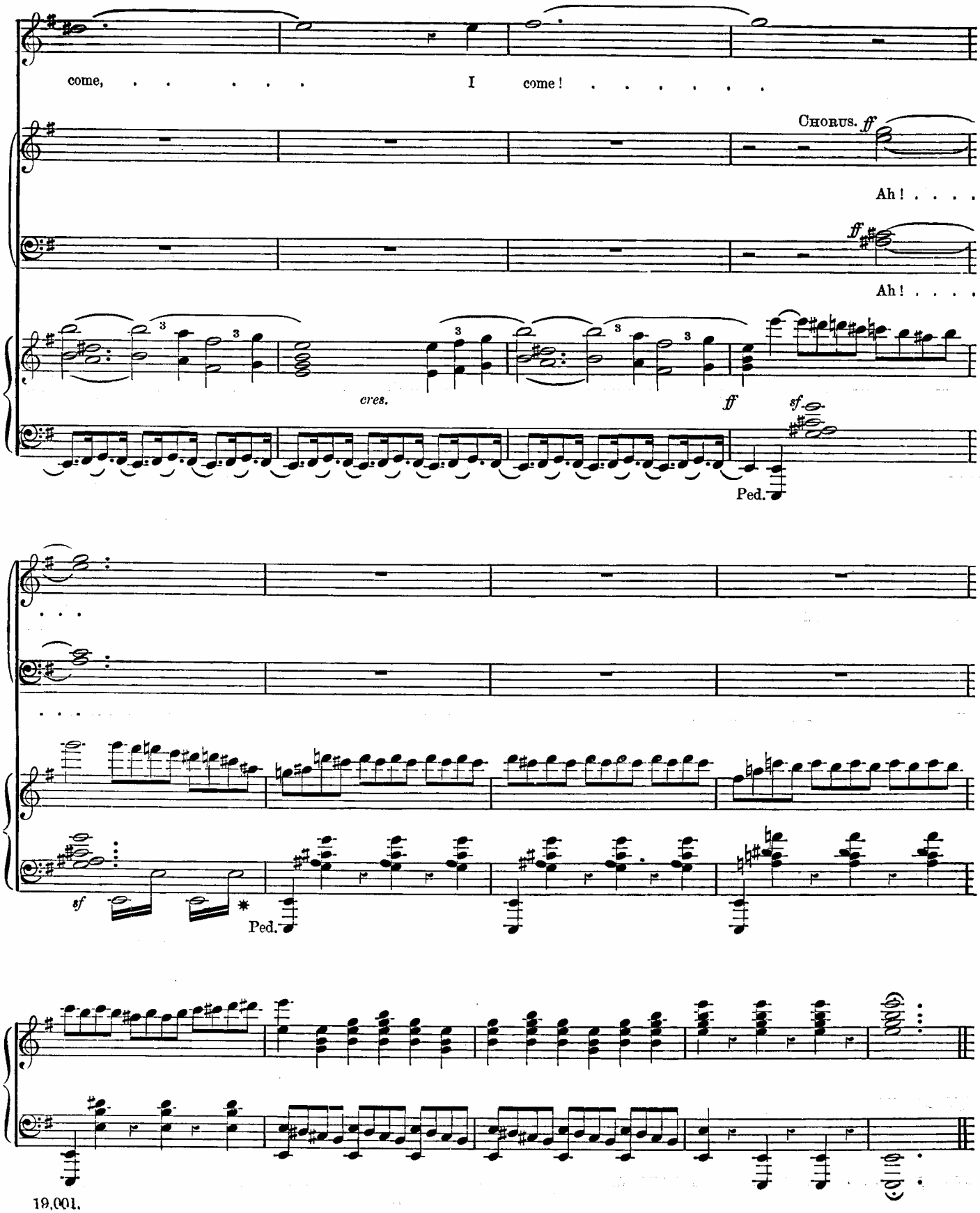

drop, My life - blood drop by drop! . . . .
- light, The bat - tle's fierce de - light! . . . .
Tem - plar! Strike! . . . . . .
George! . . Saint George! . . . . . .
ff
A A
REBECCA.
But see! What an - gry red - ness Flush - es the
f
p
heav'n a - bove us? The cas - tle burns with fire.


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

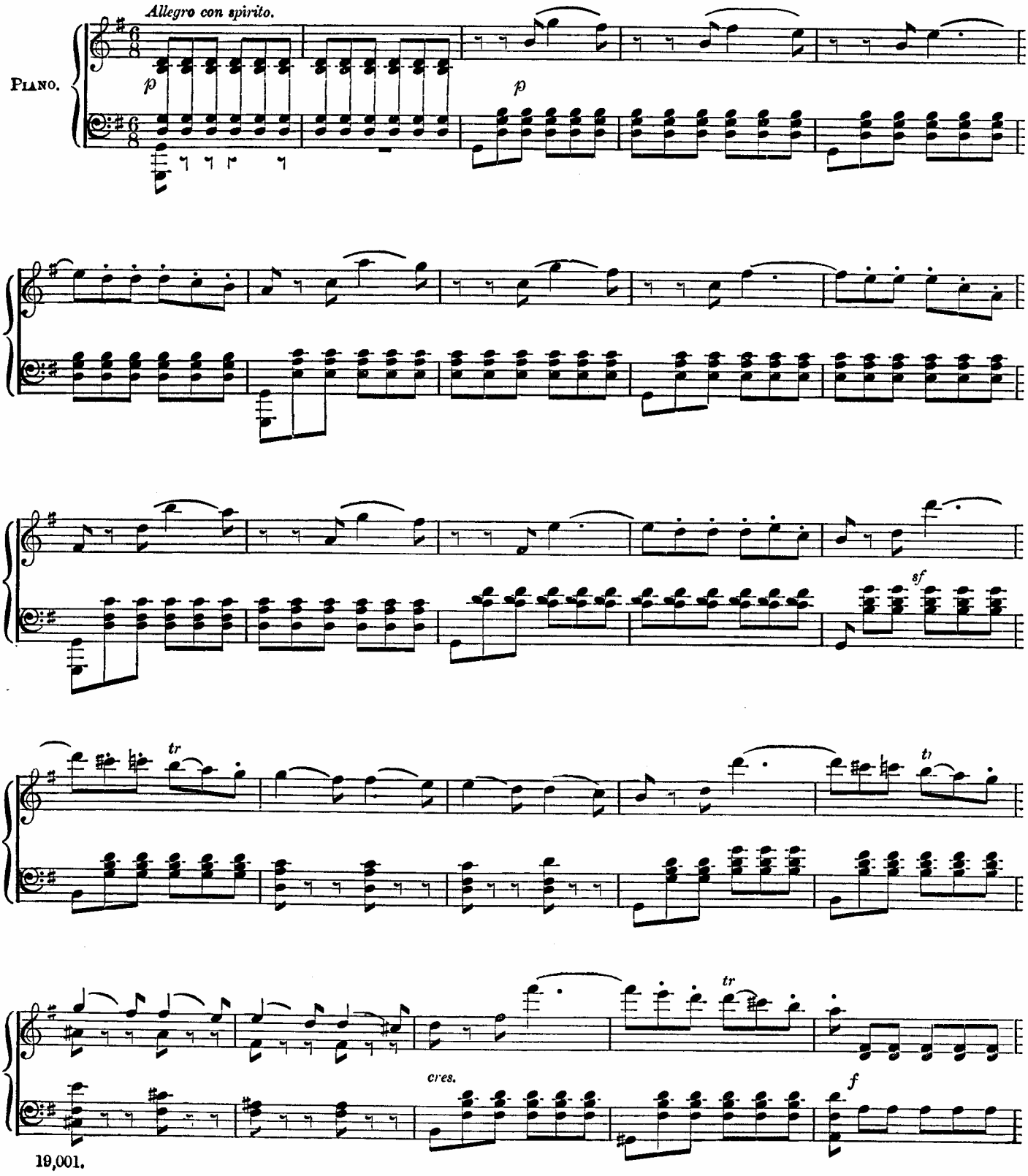

Rebecca.
Wil - - fred!
Wil - - fred!
The Templar.
A - way with me!
A - way with me!
Wil - fred! In mer - cy save him!
DD
A - way with me! A - way!
fff
8va. alta
EE
Ivanhoe.
The King! The
8va.
dim. molto.
pp

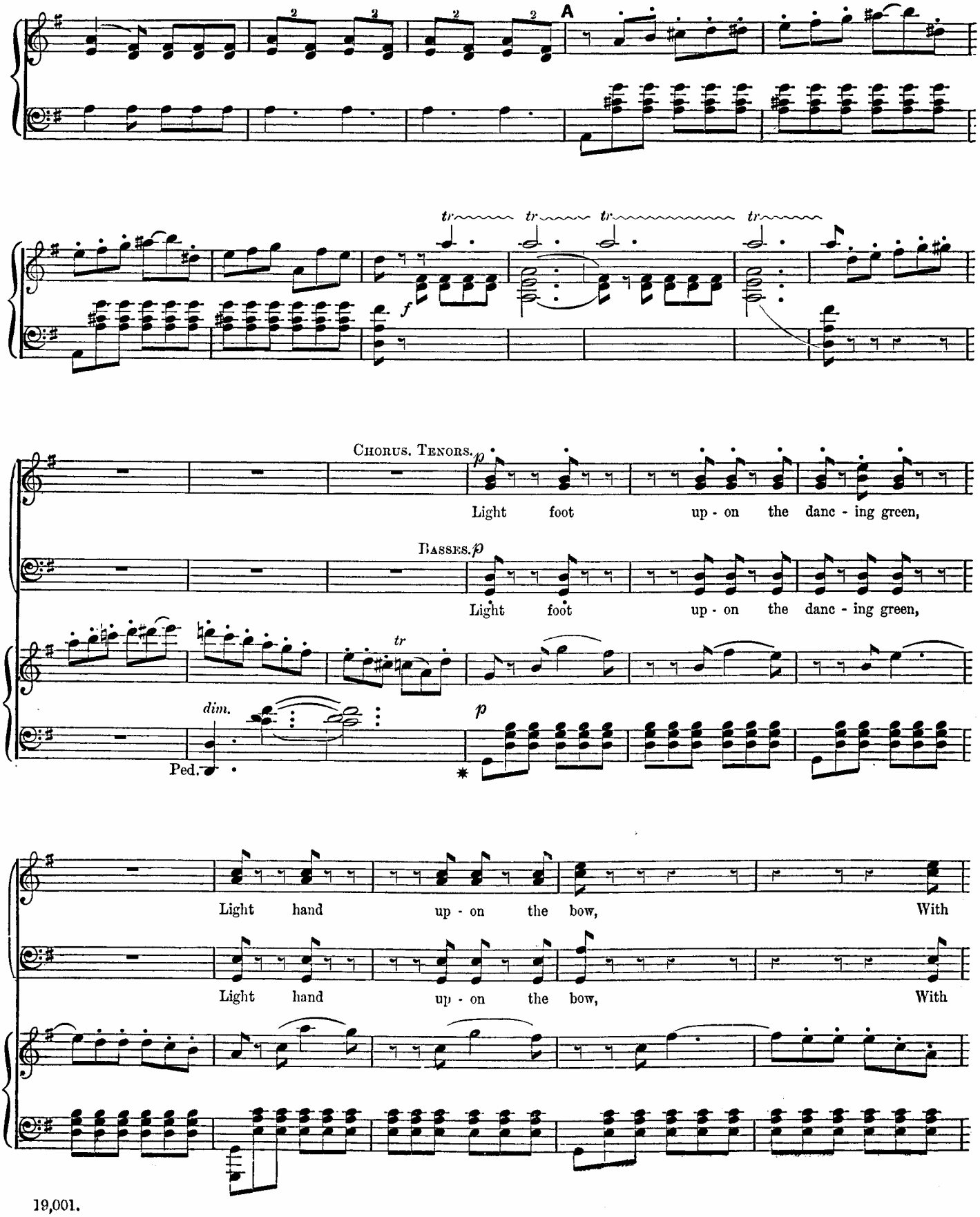

King ! Long live the King !
Chorus. Tenors. f
The King ! It is the
Basses. f
The King ! It is the
f
King ! . . . . . The Black Knight !
King ! . . . . . The Black Knight ! Par - don !
Par - - - - - don ! Long live the King !
Ff
Par - - - - - don ! Long live the King !

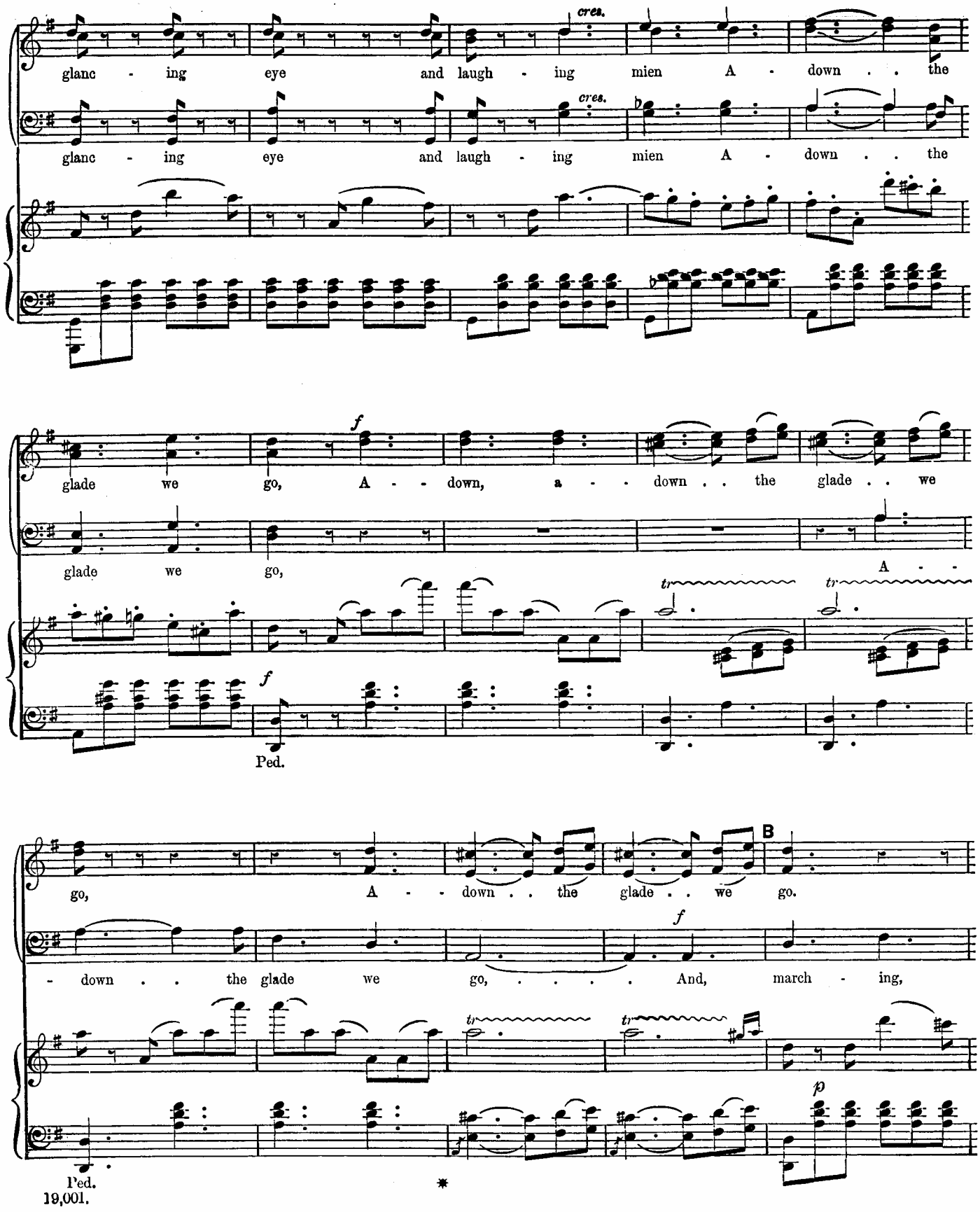

Ulrica.
f
Far . . . . . leaps the fire - flame, ren - der of for - ests;
Chorus. ff
Ha!
ff
Far floats the smoke-wreath, wings of the ea - gle;
sf
Whet the bright steel, then, Sons of the Dra - gon! Kin-dle the torch - es, Daugh-ters of Hen - gist!
Gc
I come, . . O Zer - ne - bock, I come . . in glo -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

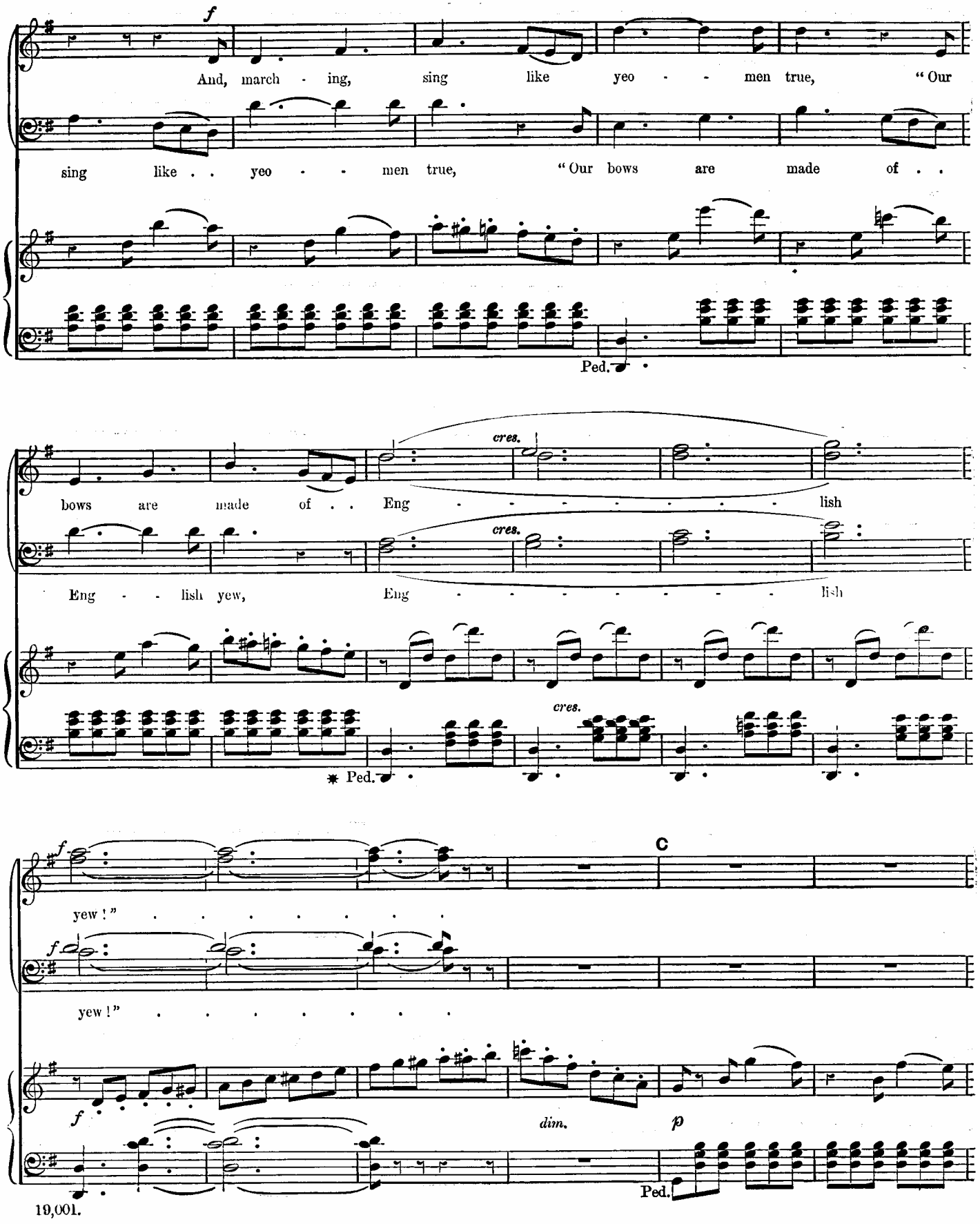

come, ... I come! . . . . . .
Chorus. ff
Ah! . . . .
ff
Ah! . . . .
cres.
ff
sf
Ped.
sf
Ped.

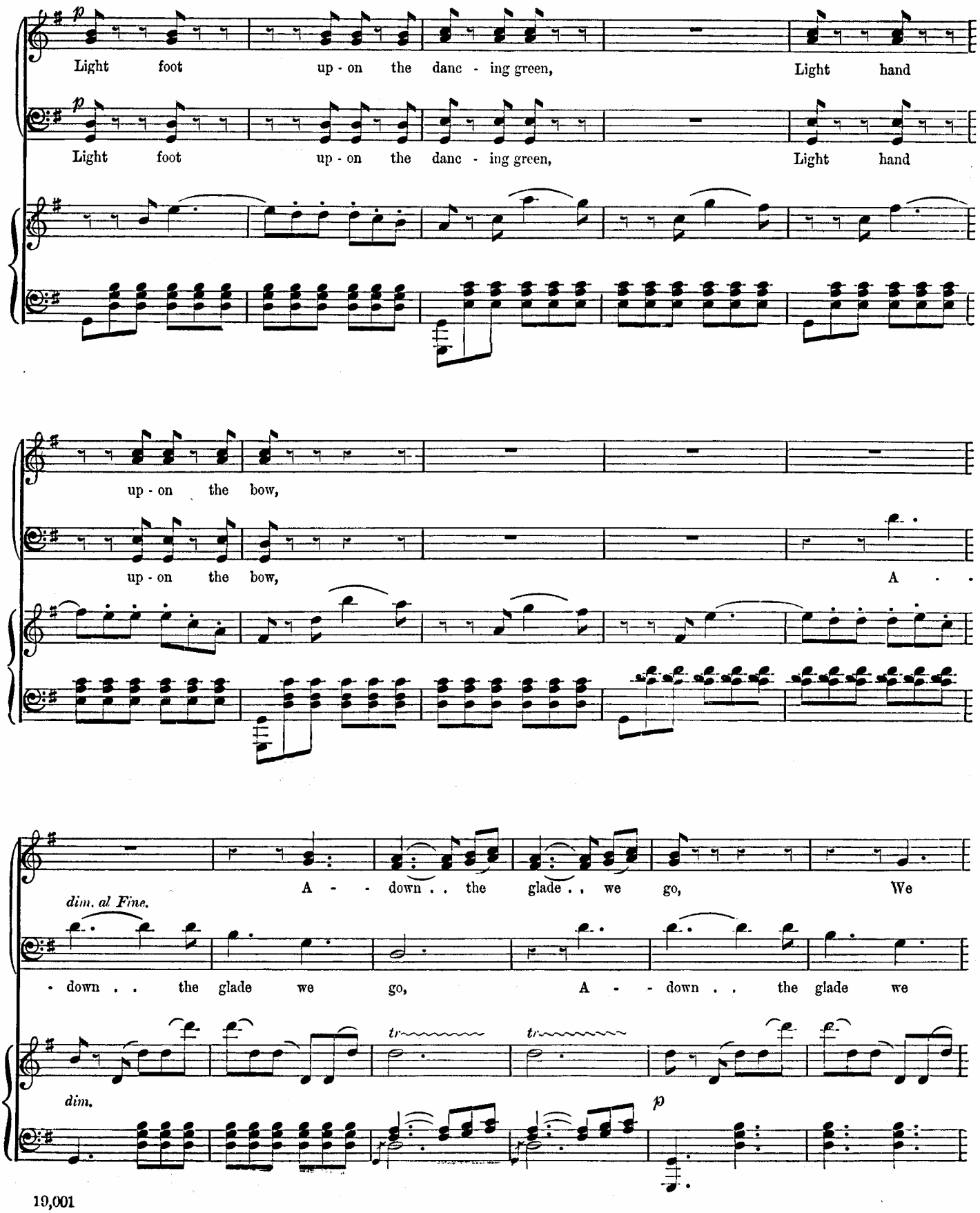
SCENE II.

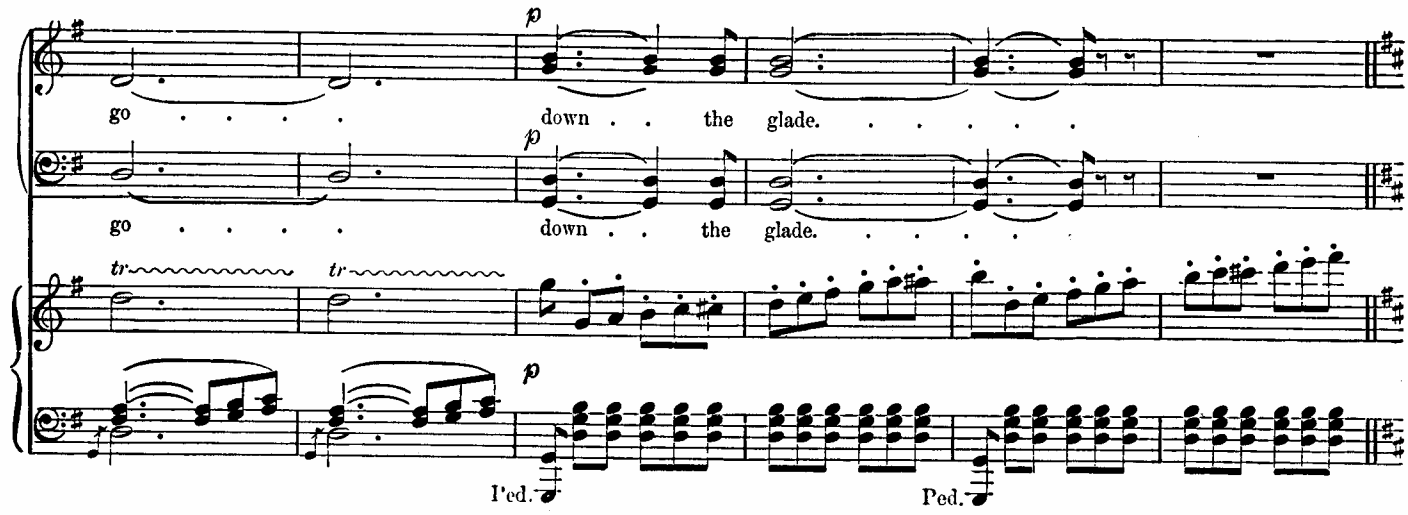


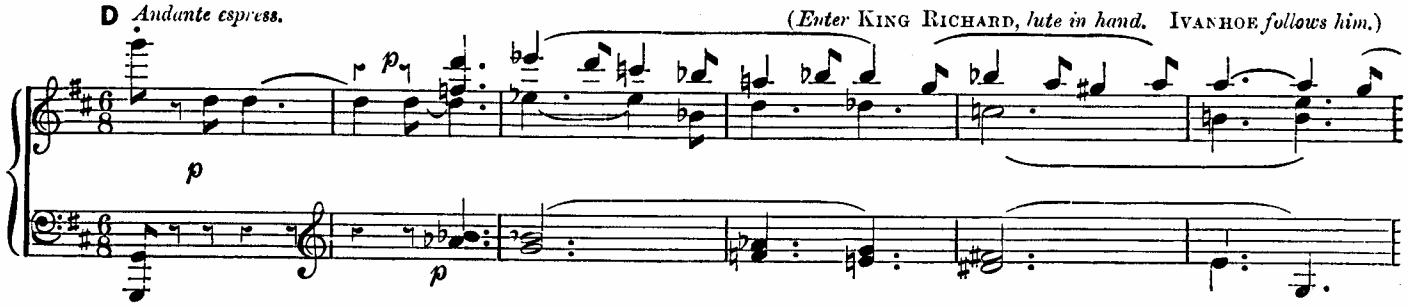

A
tr
f
Chorus. Tenors.
p
Light foot up - on the danc - ing green,
Basses.
p
Light foot up - on the danc - ing green,
dim.
Ped.
p
Light hand up - on the bow, With
Light hand up - on the bow, With

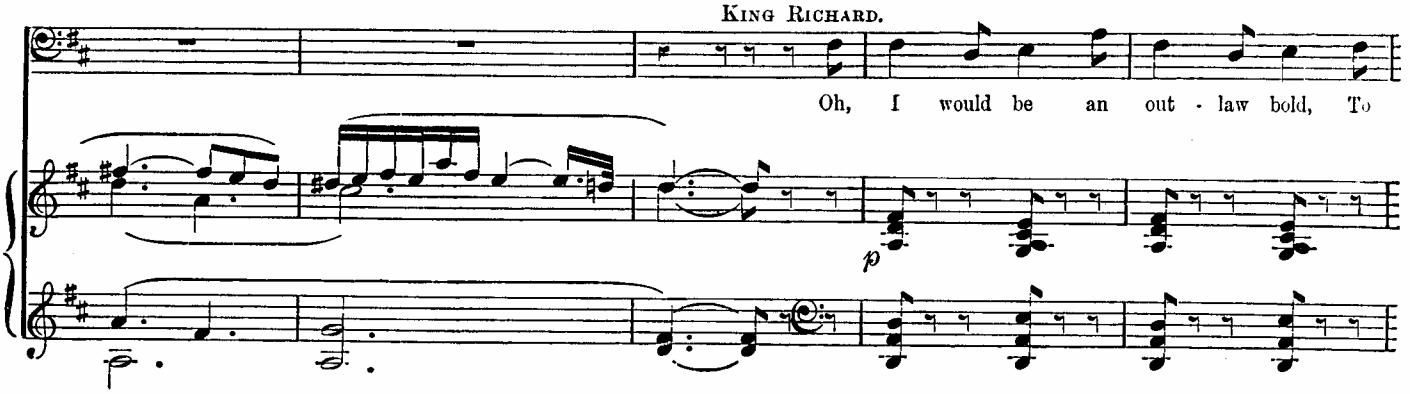

glanc - ing eye and laugh - ing mien A - down . . the
cres.
glanc - ing eye and laugh - ing mien A - down . . the
cres.
glade we go, A - - down, a - - down . . the glade . . we
f
glade we go,
A - -
f
Ped.
go, A - - down . . the glade . . we go.
B
- down . . the glade we go, ... And, march - ing,
f
p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

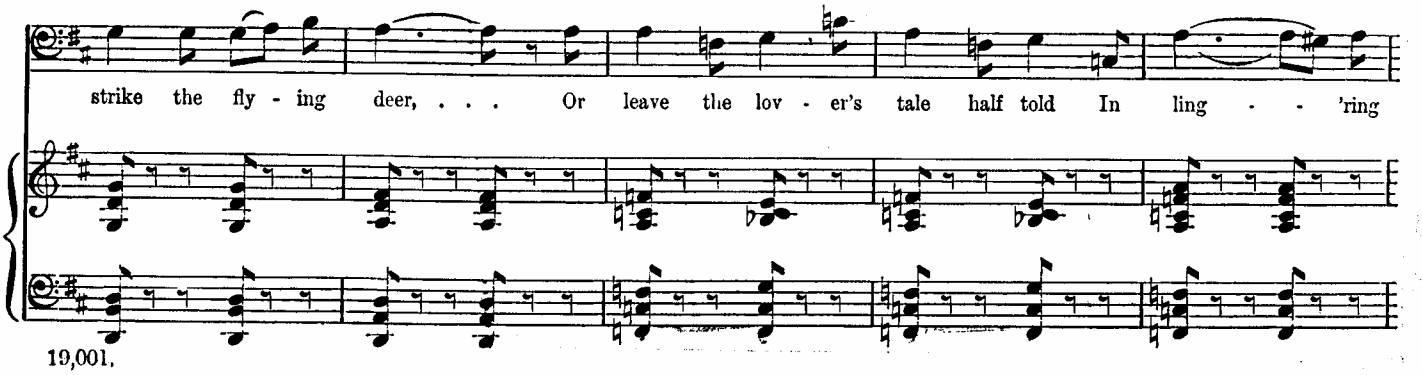

f
And, march - ing, sing like yeo - - men true, "Our
sing like . . yeo - - men true, "Our bows are made of . .
Ped.
cres.
bows are made of . . Eng - - - - - - - - lish
cres.
Eng - - lish yew, Eng - - - - - - - - lish
cres.
✱ Ped.
f
yew!" . . . . . .
C
f
yew!" . . . . . .
f
dim.
p
Ped.

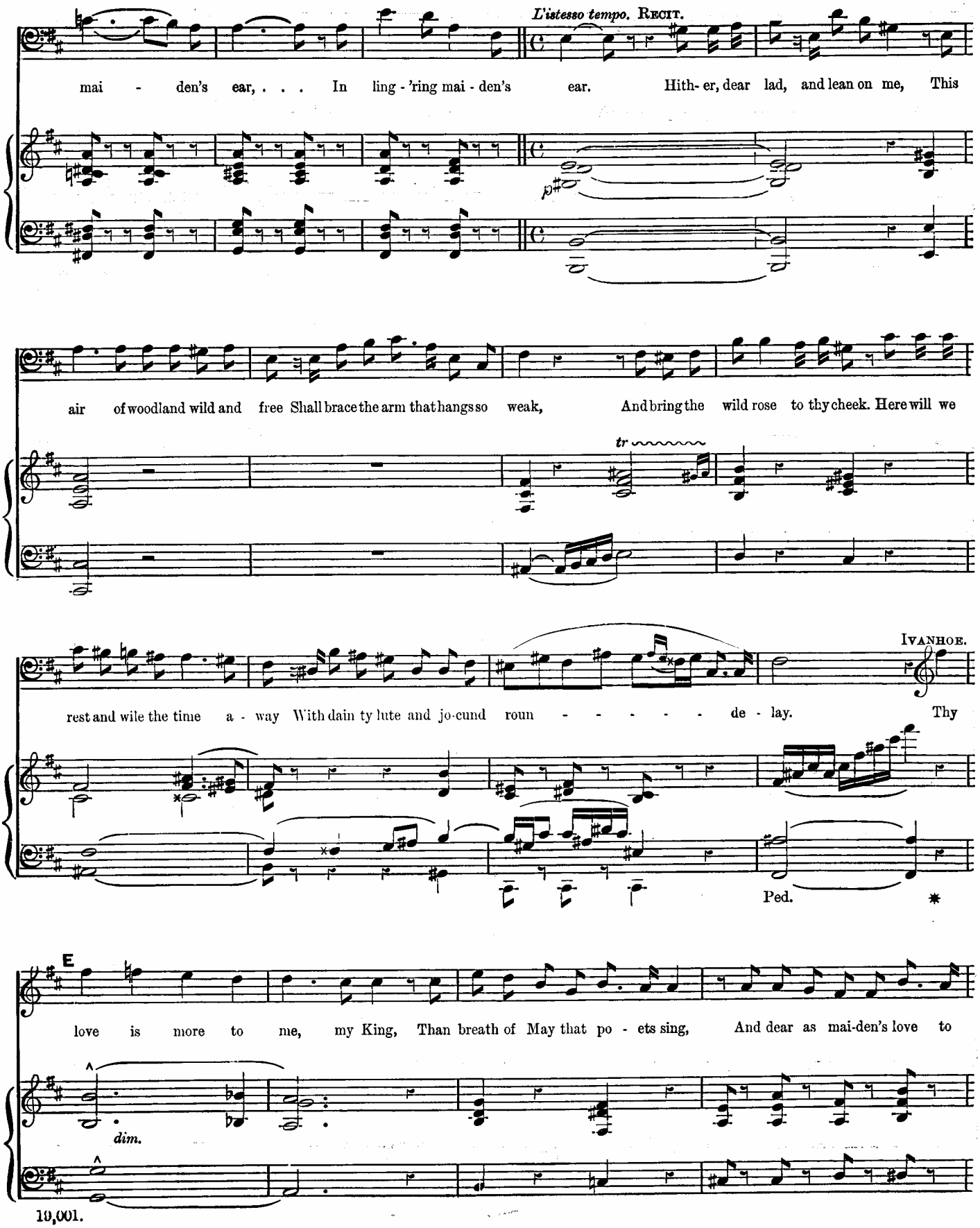

p
Light foot up - on the danc - ing green, Light hand
p
Light foot up - on the danc - ing green, Light hand
up - on the bow,
up - on the bow, A - -
A - - down . . the glade . . we go, We
dim. al Fine.
- down . . the glade we go, A - - down . . the glade we
dim.
tr
tr
p

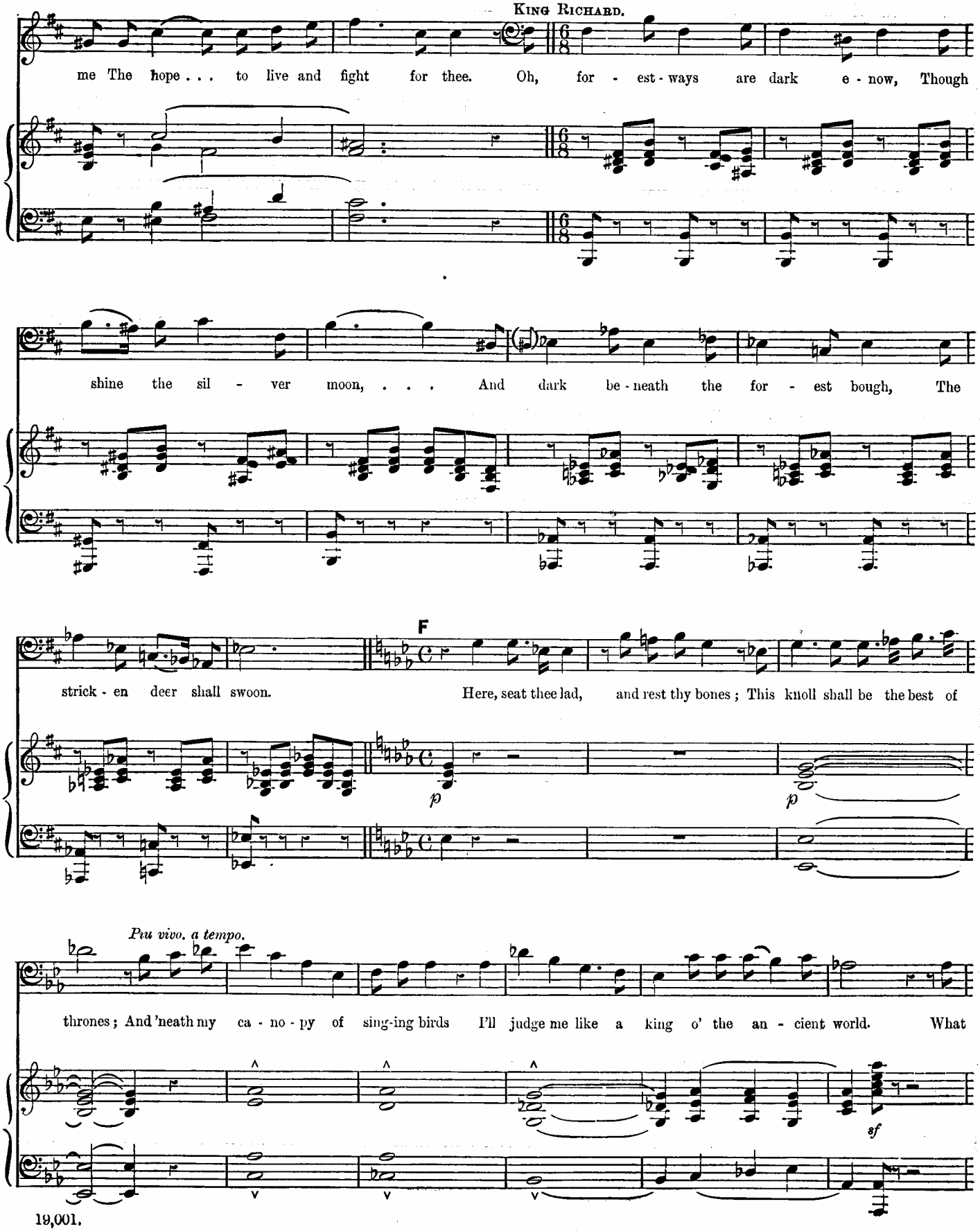

go . . . . .
down . . the glade. . . . . .
go . . . . .
down . . the glade. . . . . .
tr
tr
p
p
Ped.
Ped.

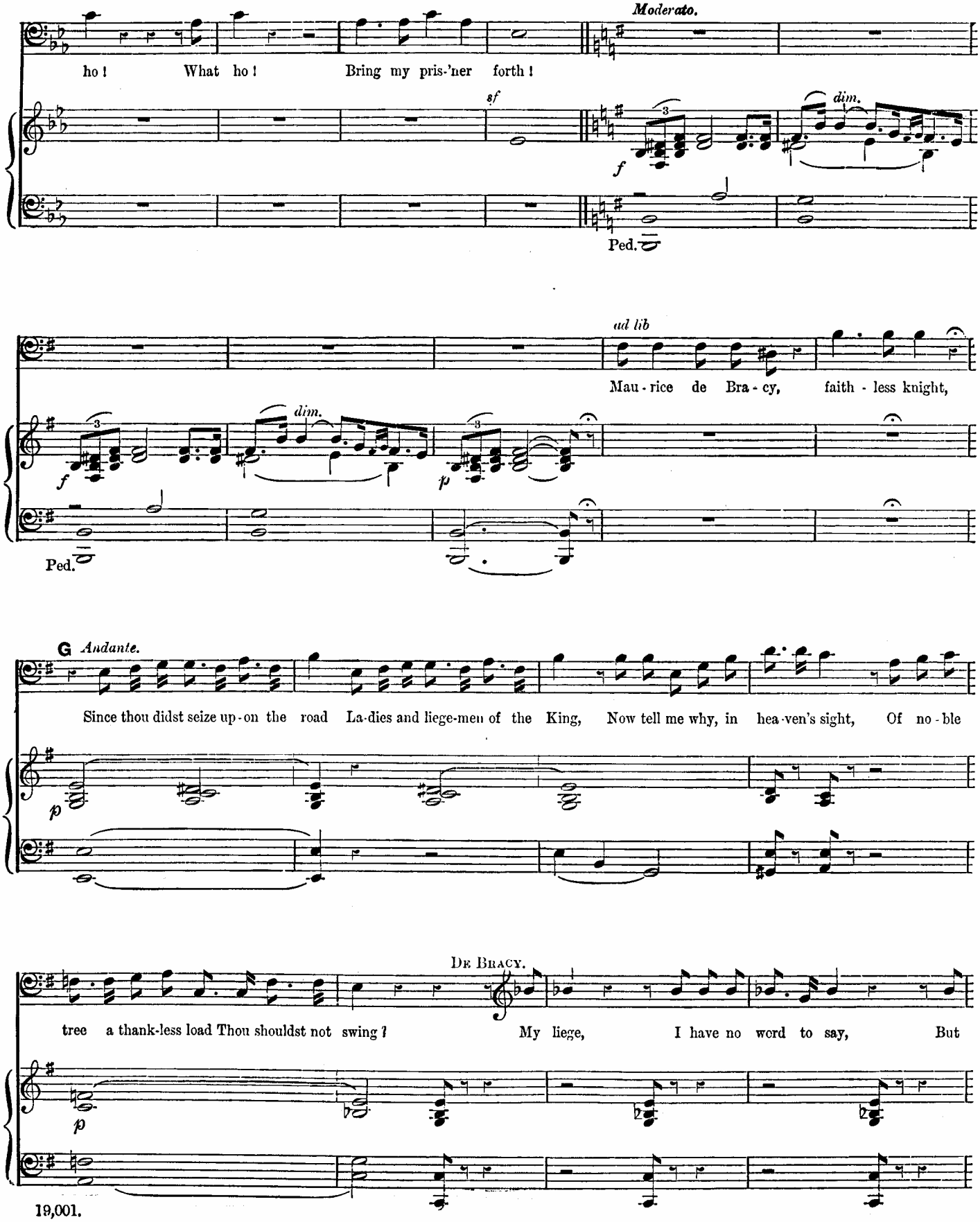

D Andante espress.
(Enter KING RICHARD, lute in hand. IVANHOE follows him.)
p
p

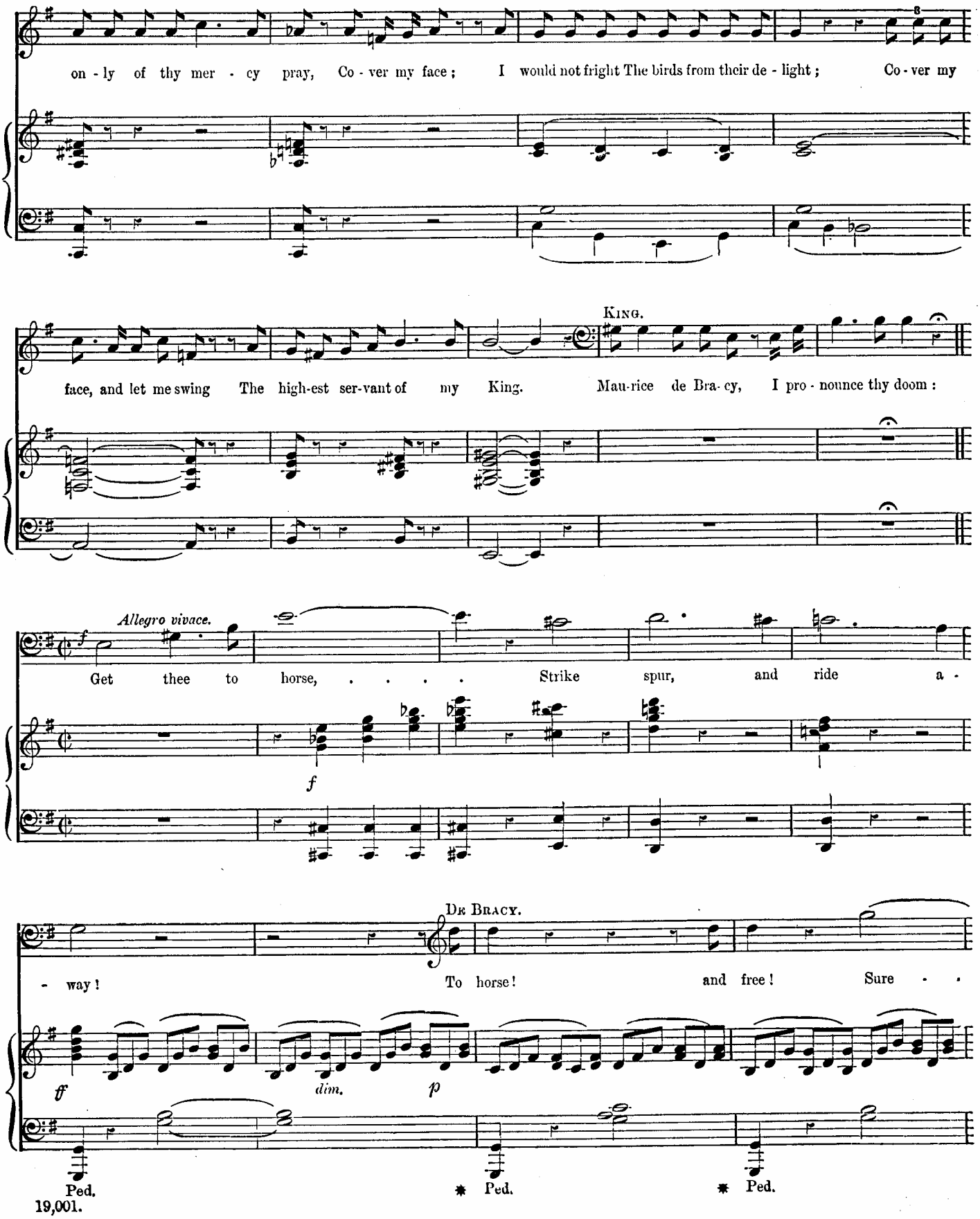

KING RICHARD.
Oh, I would be an out - law bold, To
p

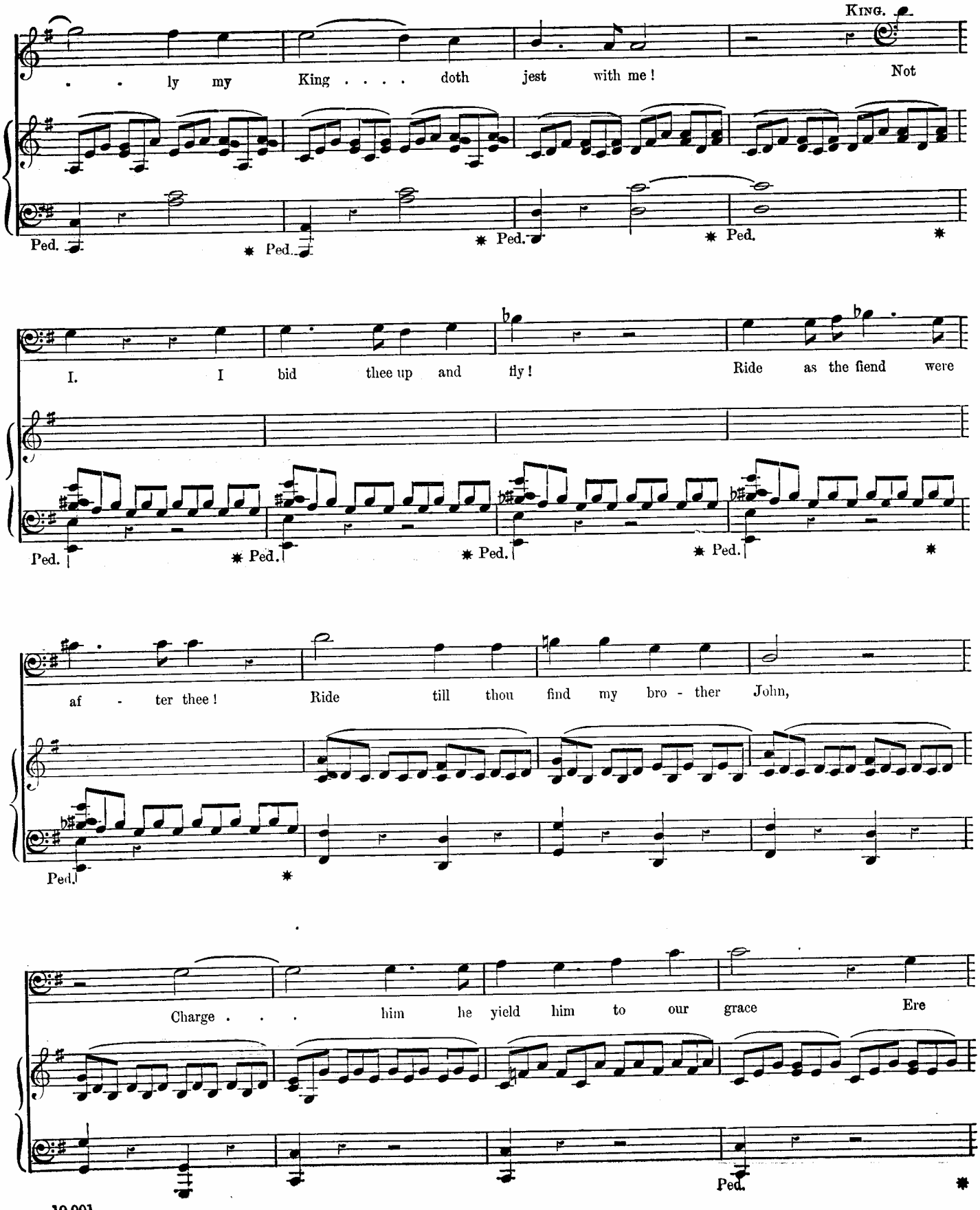

strike the fly - ing deer, . . . Or leave the lov - er's tale half told In ling - - 'ring

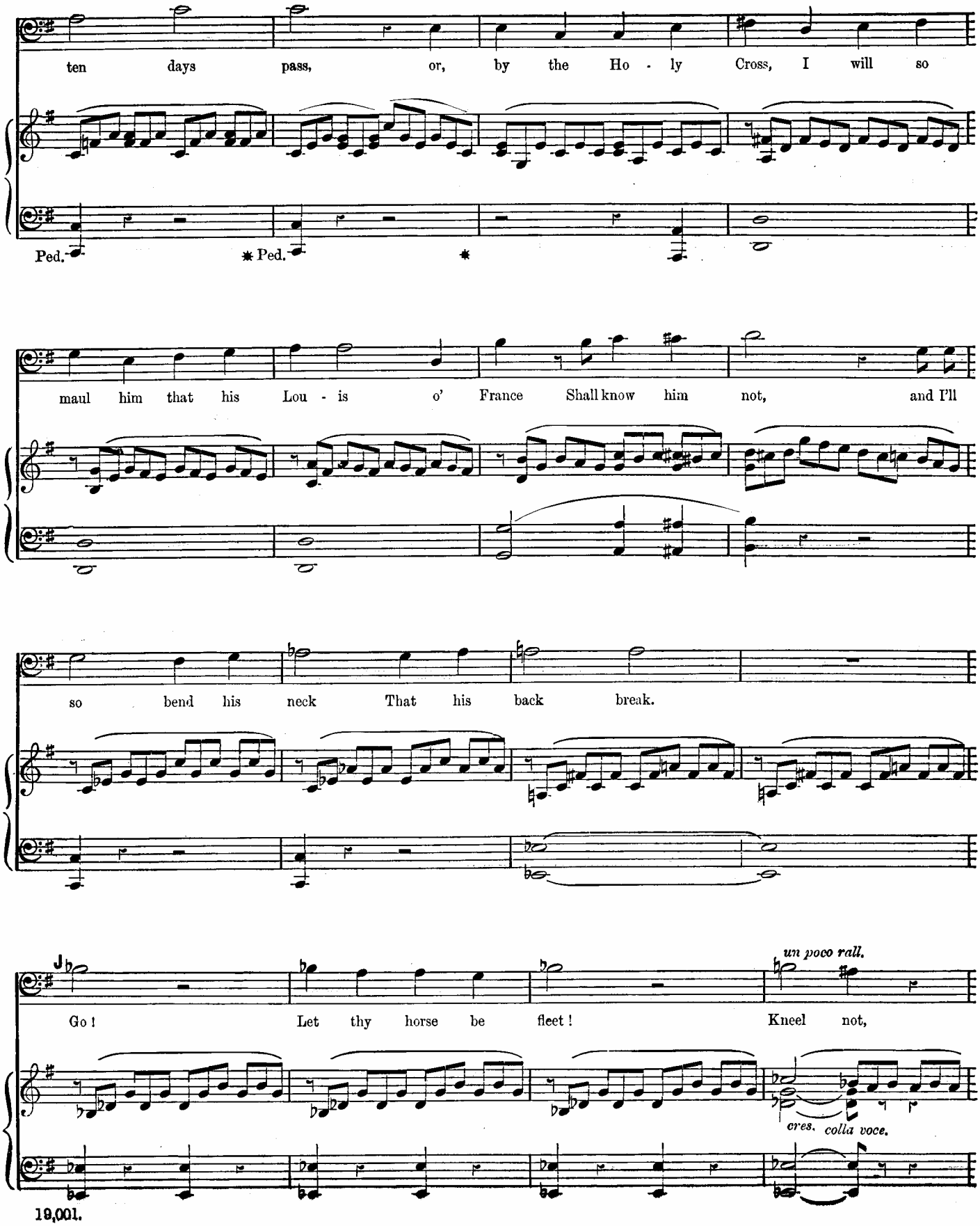

L'istesso tempo. RECIT.
mai - den's ear, . . . In ling - 'ring mai - den's ear. Hith- er, dear lad, and lean on me, This
p
air of woodland wild and free Shall brace the arm that hangs so weak, And bring the wild rose to thy cheek. Here will we
tr
rest and wile the time a - way With dain ty lute and jo-cund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

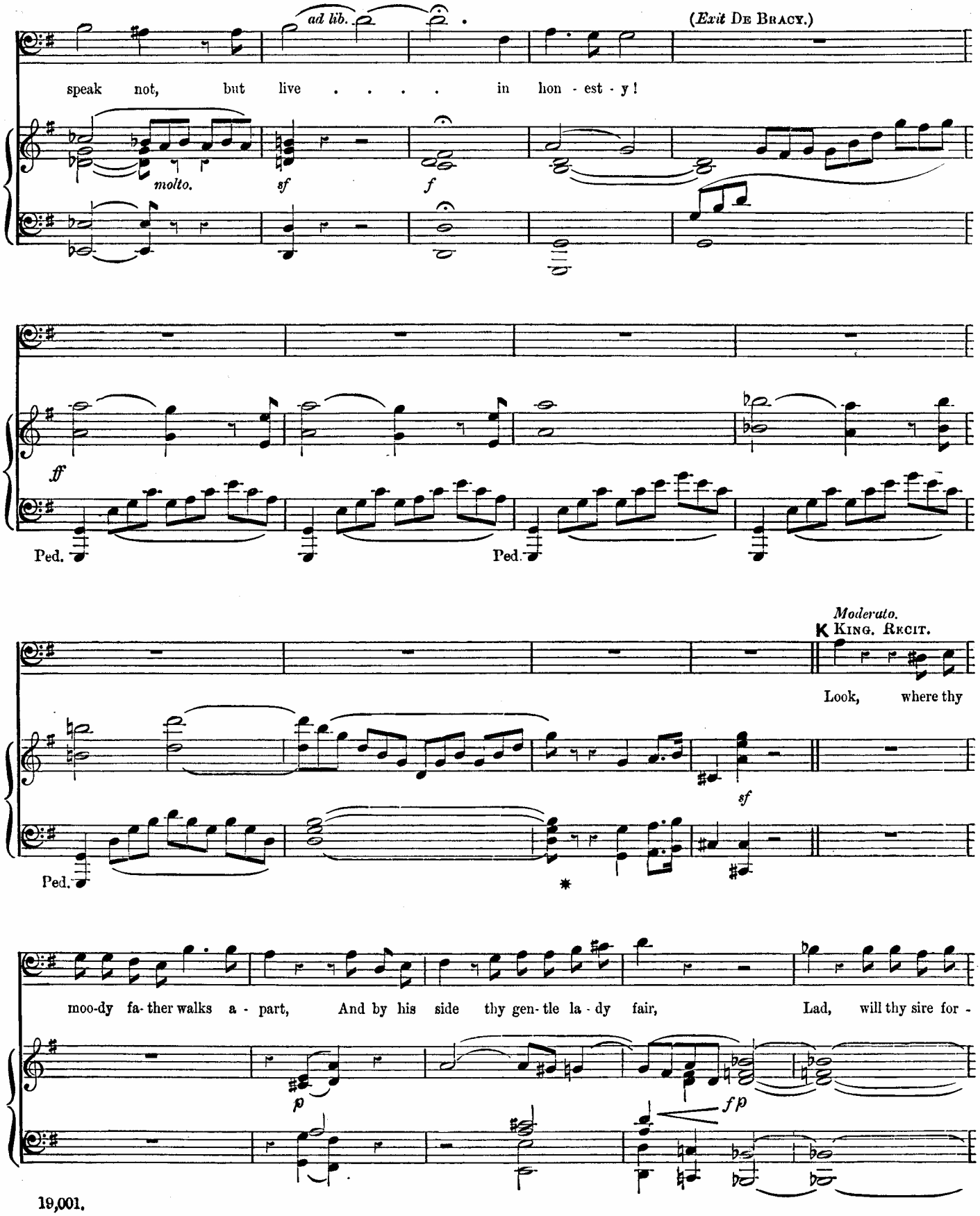

KING RICHARD.
me The hope . . . to live and fight for thee. Oh, for - est - ways are dark e - now, Though
shine the sil - ver moon, . . . And dark be - neath the for - est bough, The
F
strick - en deer shall swoon. Here, seat thee lad, and rest thy bones; This knoll shall be the best of
p
p
Più vivo.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

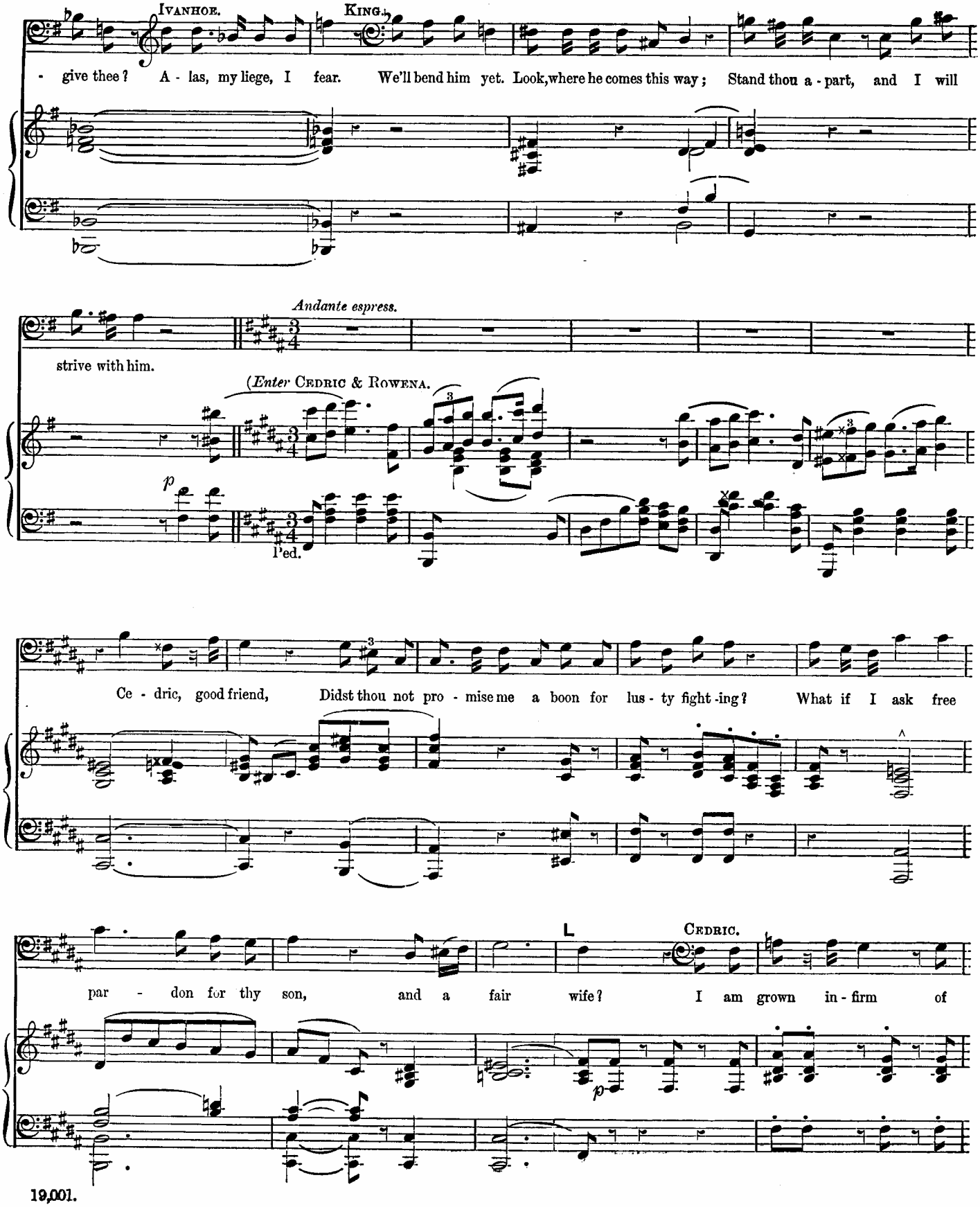

Moderato.
ho! What ho! Bring my pris-'ner forth!
sf
f
dim.
Ped.
ad lib
Mau-rice de Bra-cy, faith-less knight,
f
dim.
p
Ped.
G Andante.
Since thou didst seize up-on the road La-dies and liege-men of the King, Now tell me why, in hea-ven's sight, Of no-ble
p
De Bracy.
tree a thank-less load Thou shouldst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

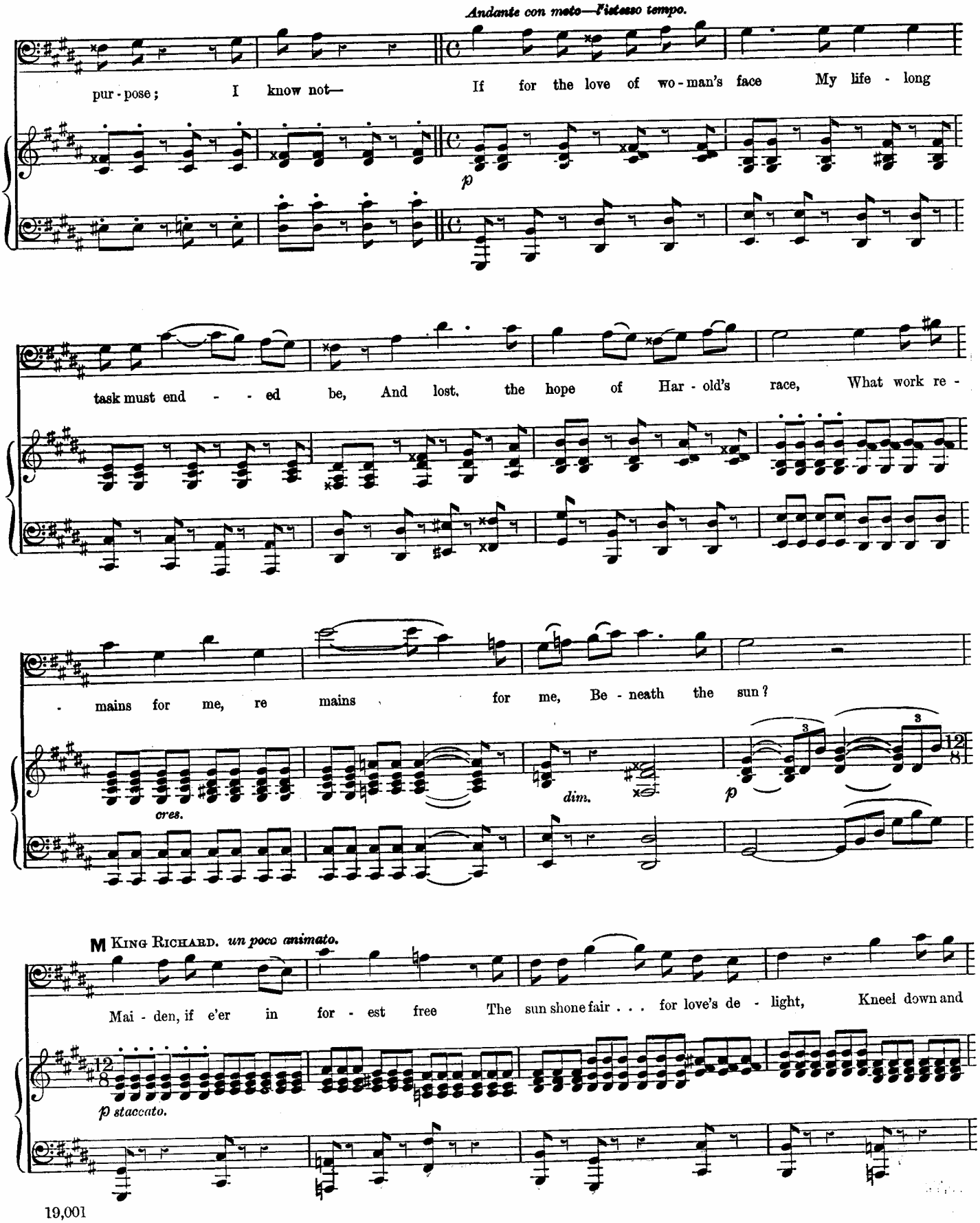

on - ly of thy mer - cy pray, Co - ver my face; I would not fright The birds from their de - light; Co - ver my
KING.
face, and let me swing The high-est ser-vant of my King. Mau-rice de Bra- cy, I pro - nounce thy doom:
Allegro vivace.
Get thee to horse, ... Strike spur, and ride a -
DE BRACY.
- way!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

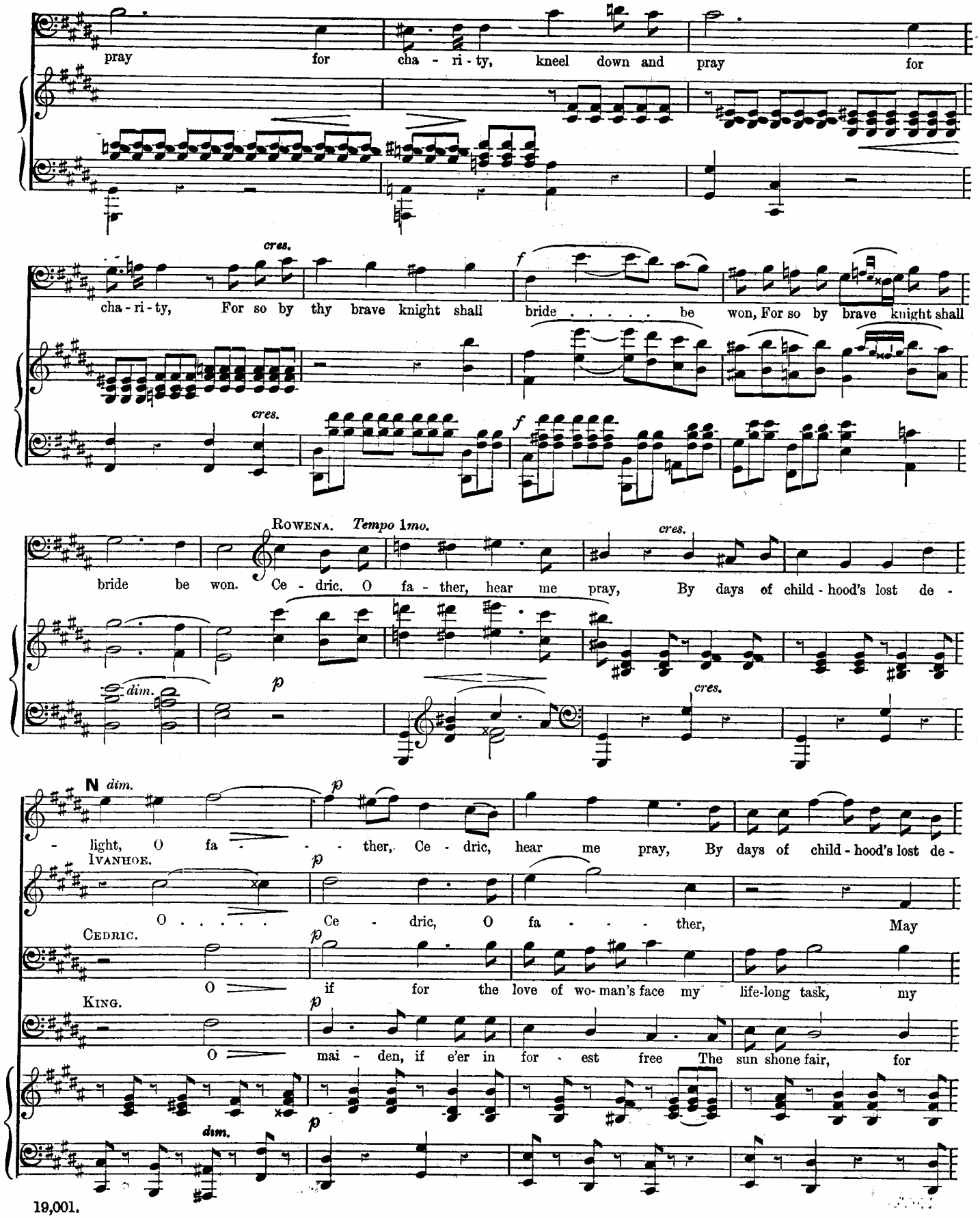

KING.
. . ly my King . . . . doth jest with me! Not
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
I. I bid thee up and fly! Ride as the fiend were
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
af - ter thee! Ride till thou find my bro - ther John,
Ped. *
Charge . . . him he yield him to our grace Ere
Ped. *

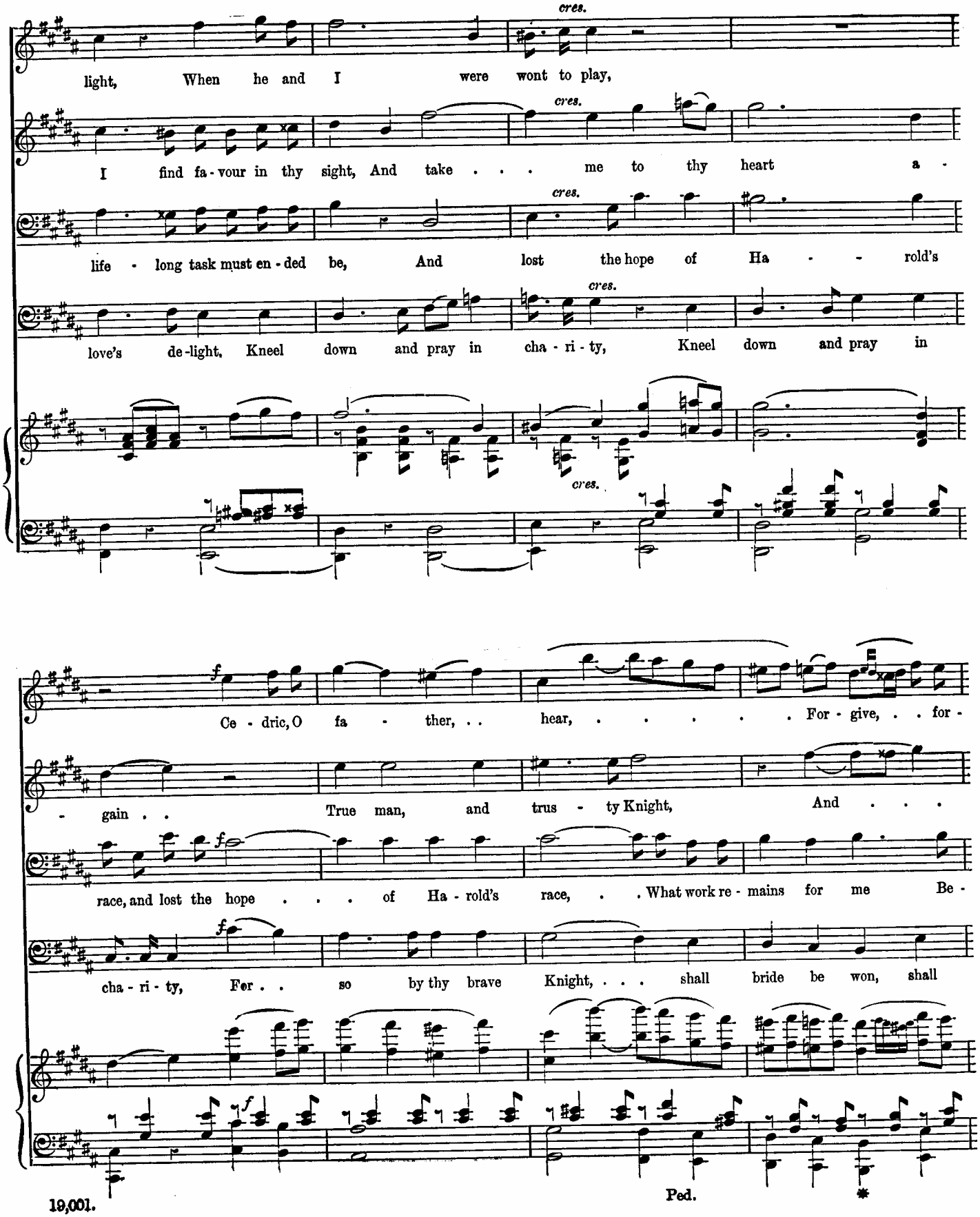

ten days pass, or, by the Ho - ly Cross, I will so
Ped. * Ped. *
maul him that his Lou - is o' France Shall know him not, and I'll
so bend his neck That his back break.
Go ! Let thy horse be fleet ! Kneel not,
un poco rall.
cres. colla voce.

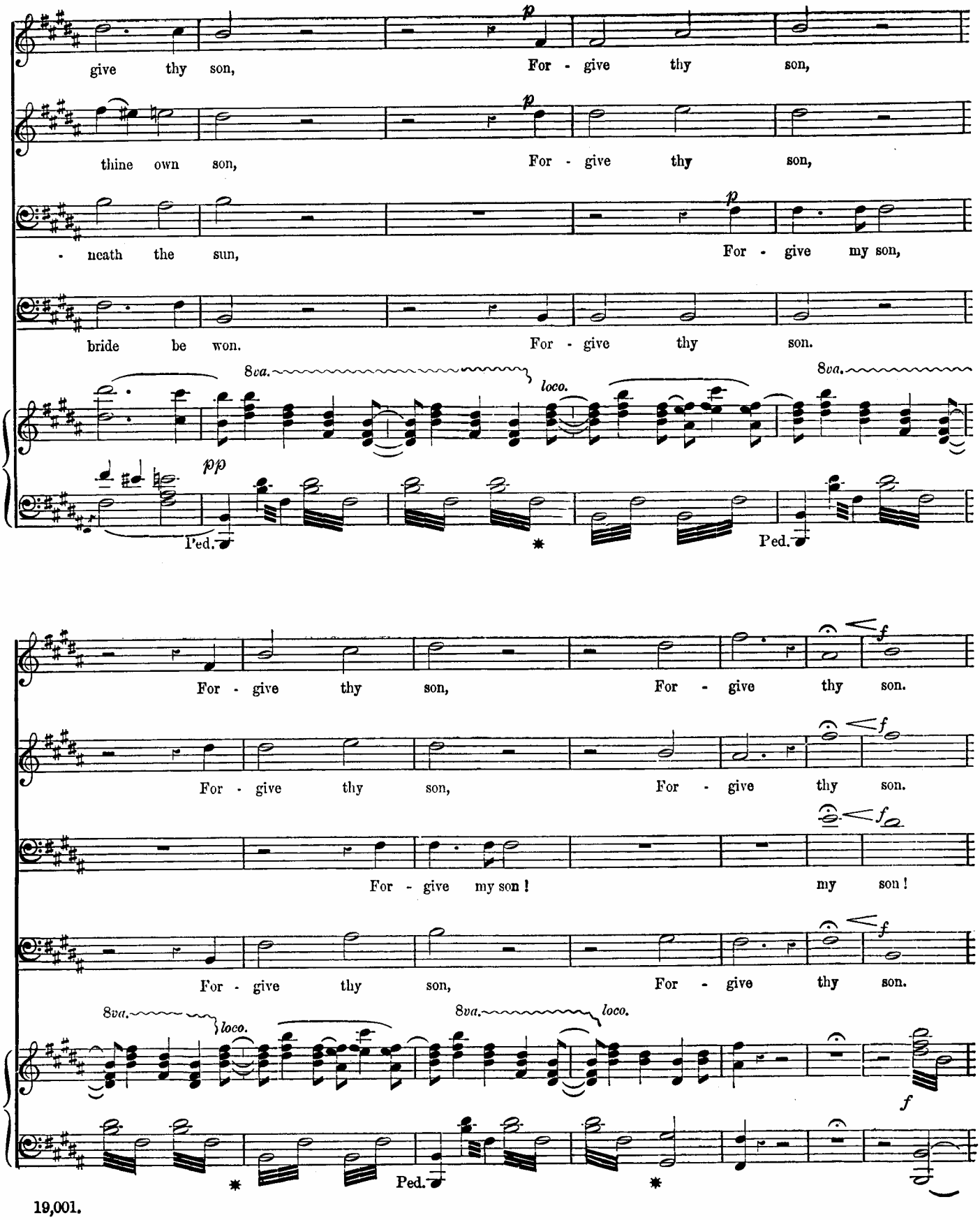

ad lib.
(Exit De Bracy.)
speak not, but live . . . . in hon - est - y!
molto.
sf
f
ff
Ped.
Ped.
Moderato.
K King. Recit.
Look, where thy
sf
Ped.
*
moo-dy fa- ther walks a - part, And by his side thy gen- tle la - dy fair, Lad, will thy sire for -
p
fp


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


Andante con moto—l'istesso tempo.
pur - pose; I know not— If for the love of wo - man's face My life - long
p
task must end - - ed be, And lost, the hope of Har - old's race, What work re -
- mains for me, re mains for me, Be - neath the sun?
cres.
dim.
p
M King Richard. un poco animato.
Mai - den, if e'er in for - est free The sun shone fair . . . for love's de - light, Kneel down and
p staccato.


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


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


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

CEDRIC. (*He embraces* WILFRED.)

O

Be it as thou wilt.

dim. *p*

God knows I par - don thee! Wil - fred, my son! . . .

But let me hence a - while, Fol - low me not; I pray thee

dim.

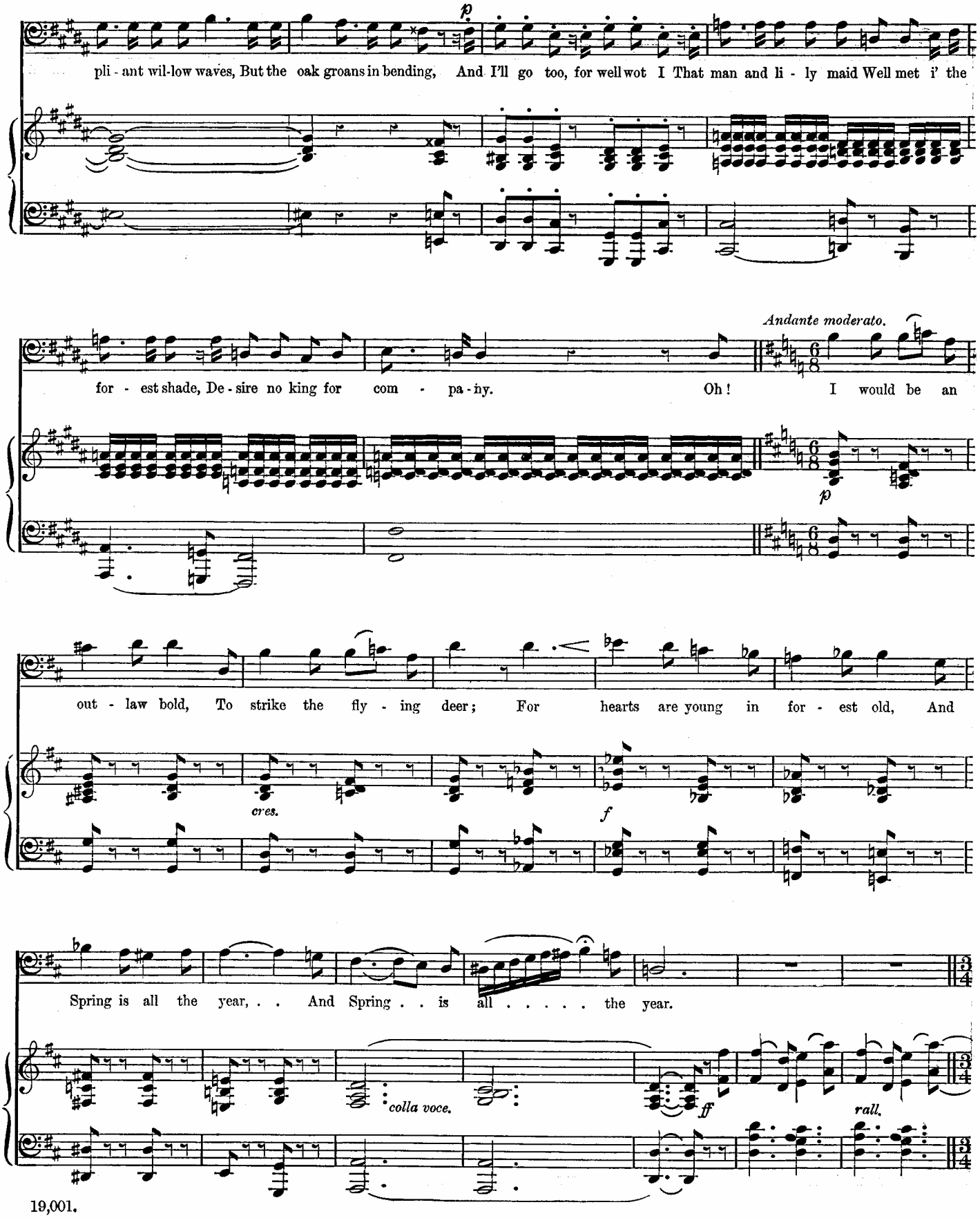
(*Exit* CEDRIC.)

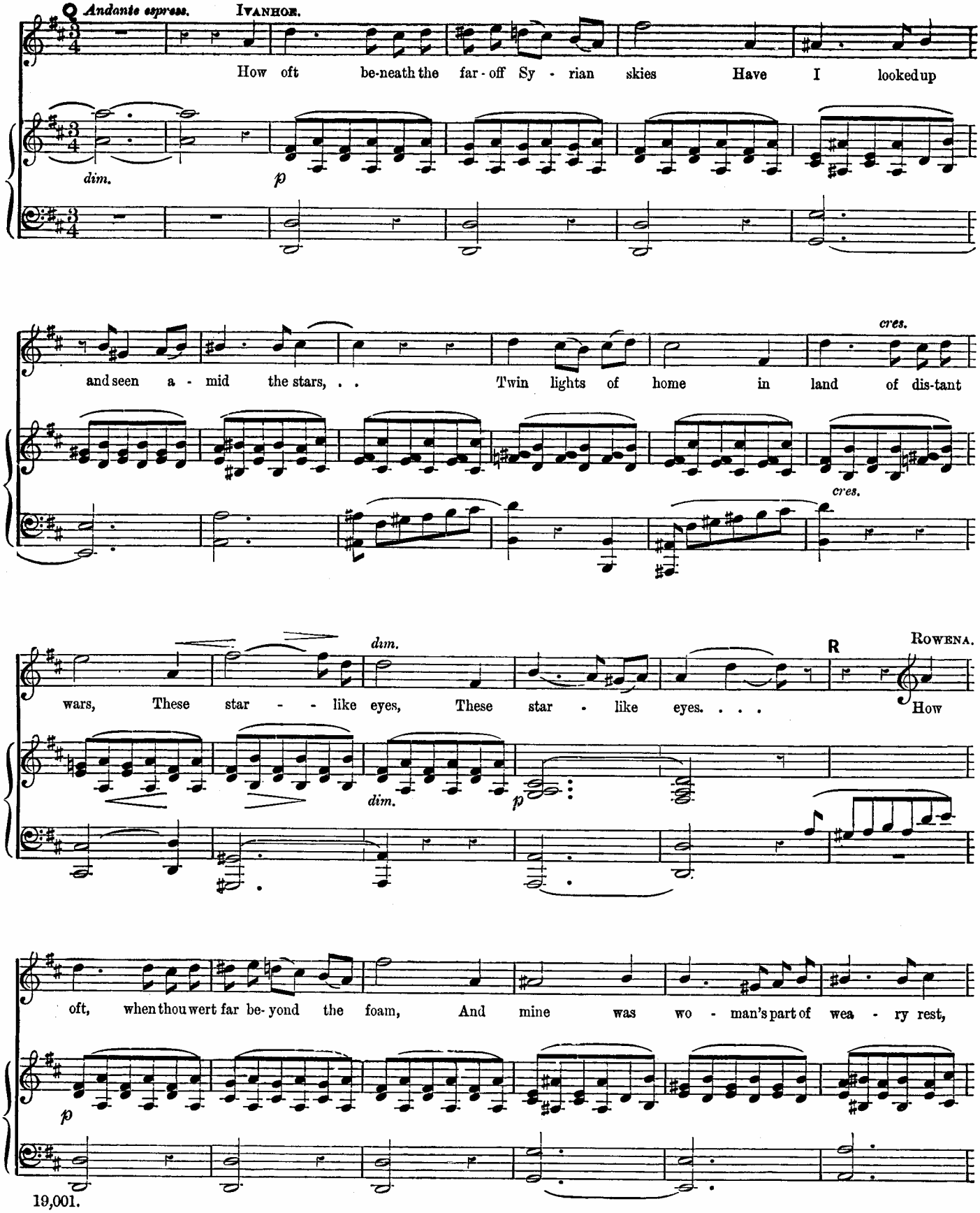
P

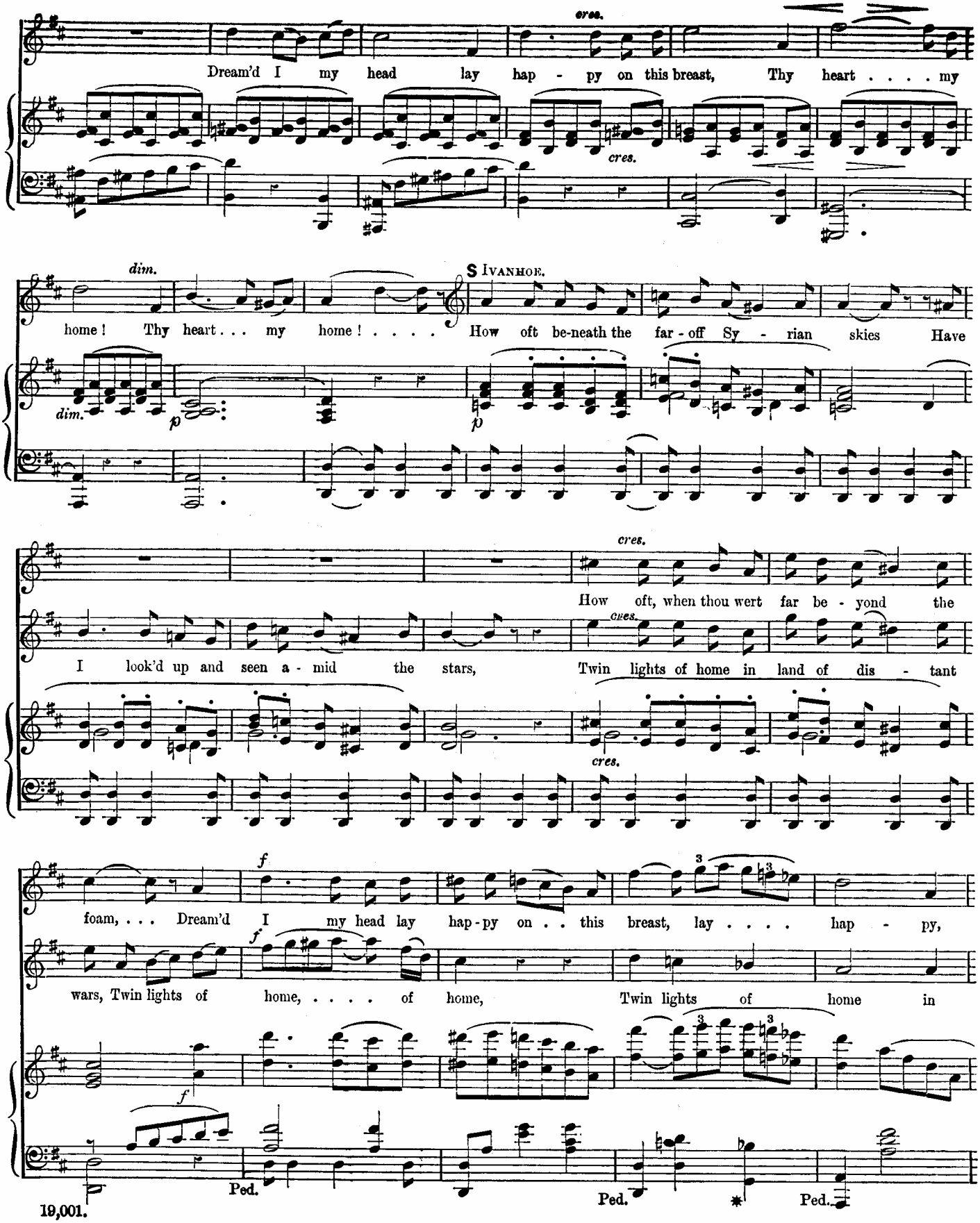
KING RICHARD.

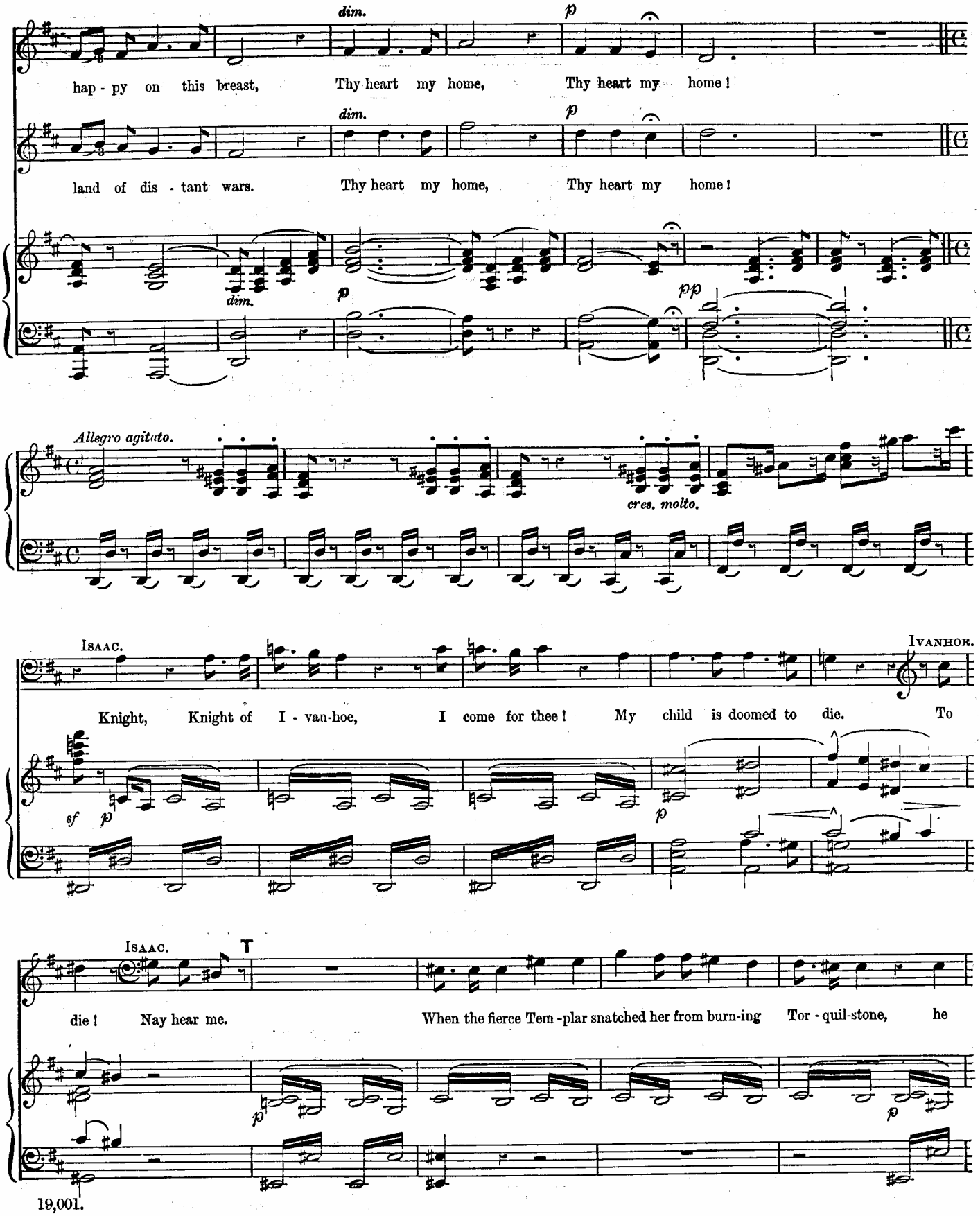
let me go! The

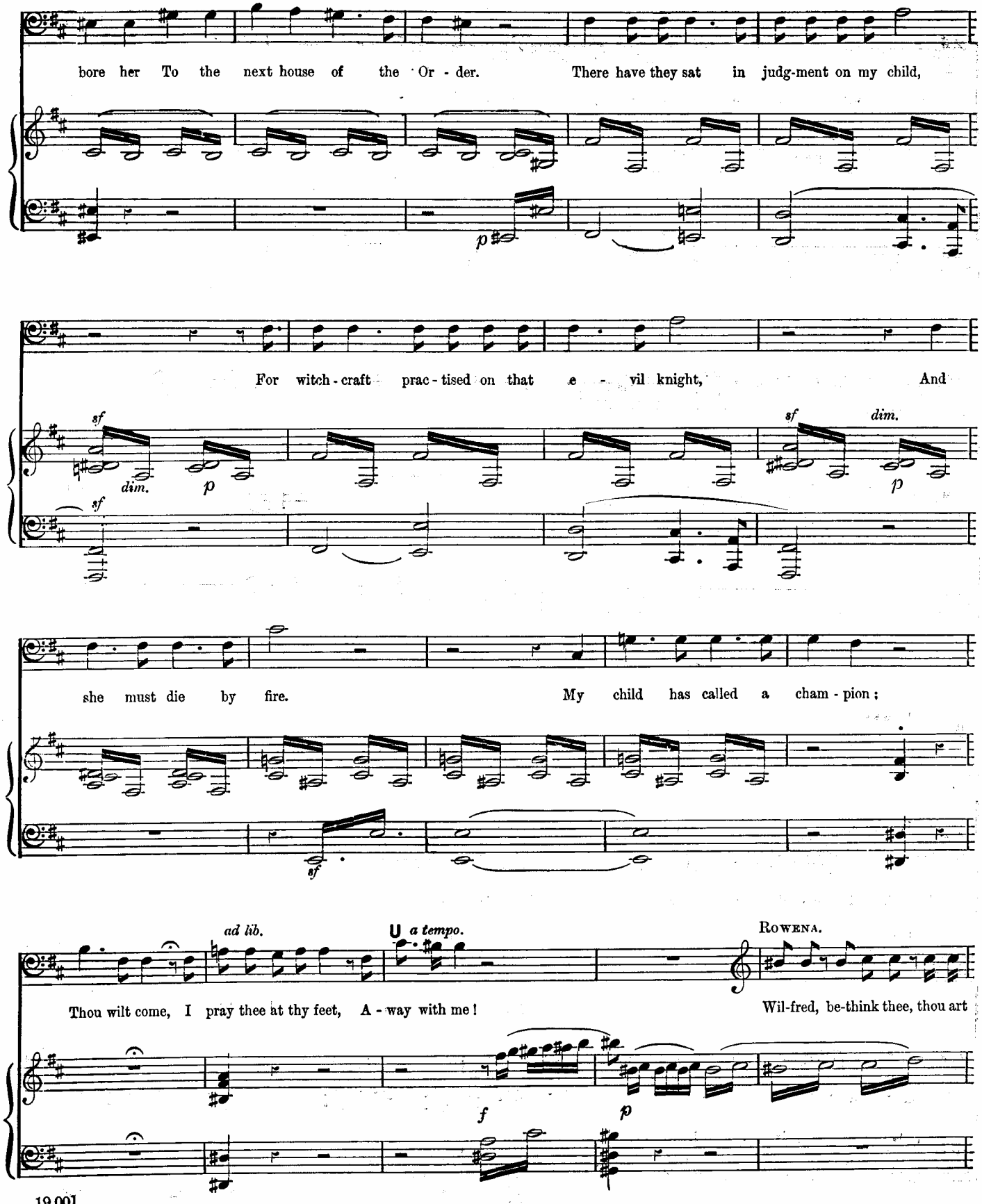
pp *p*

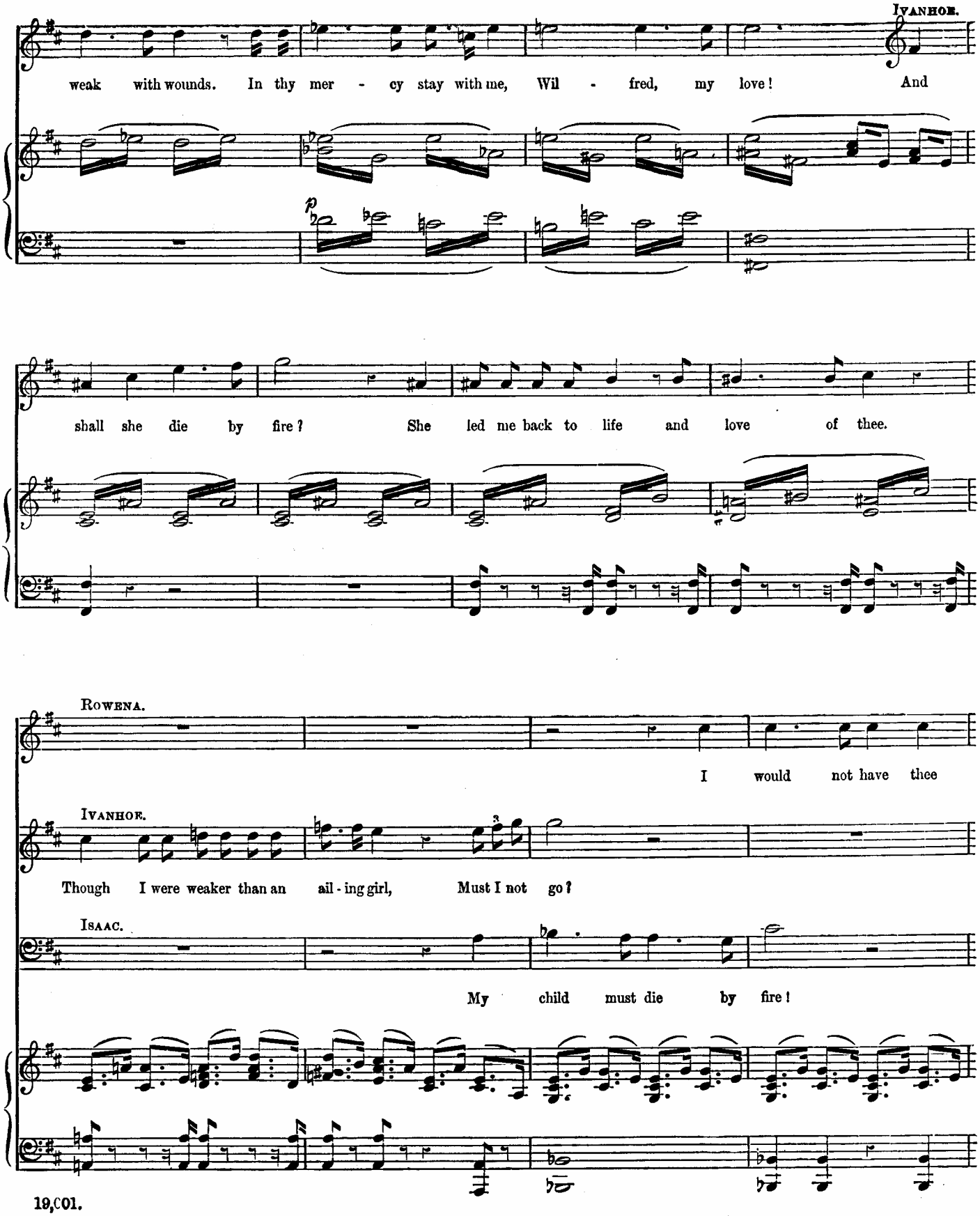

p
pli - ant wil-low waves, But the oak groans in bending, And I'll go too, for well wot I That man and li - ly maid Well met i' the
Andante moderato.
for - est shade, De - sire no king for com - pa - ny. Oh! I would be an
p
out - law bold, To strike the fly - ing deer; For hearts are young in for - est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

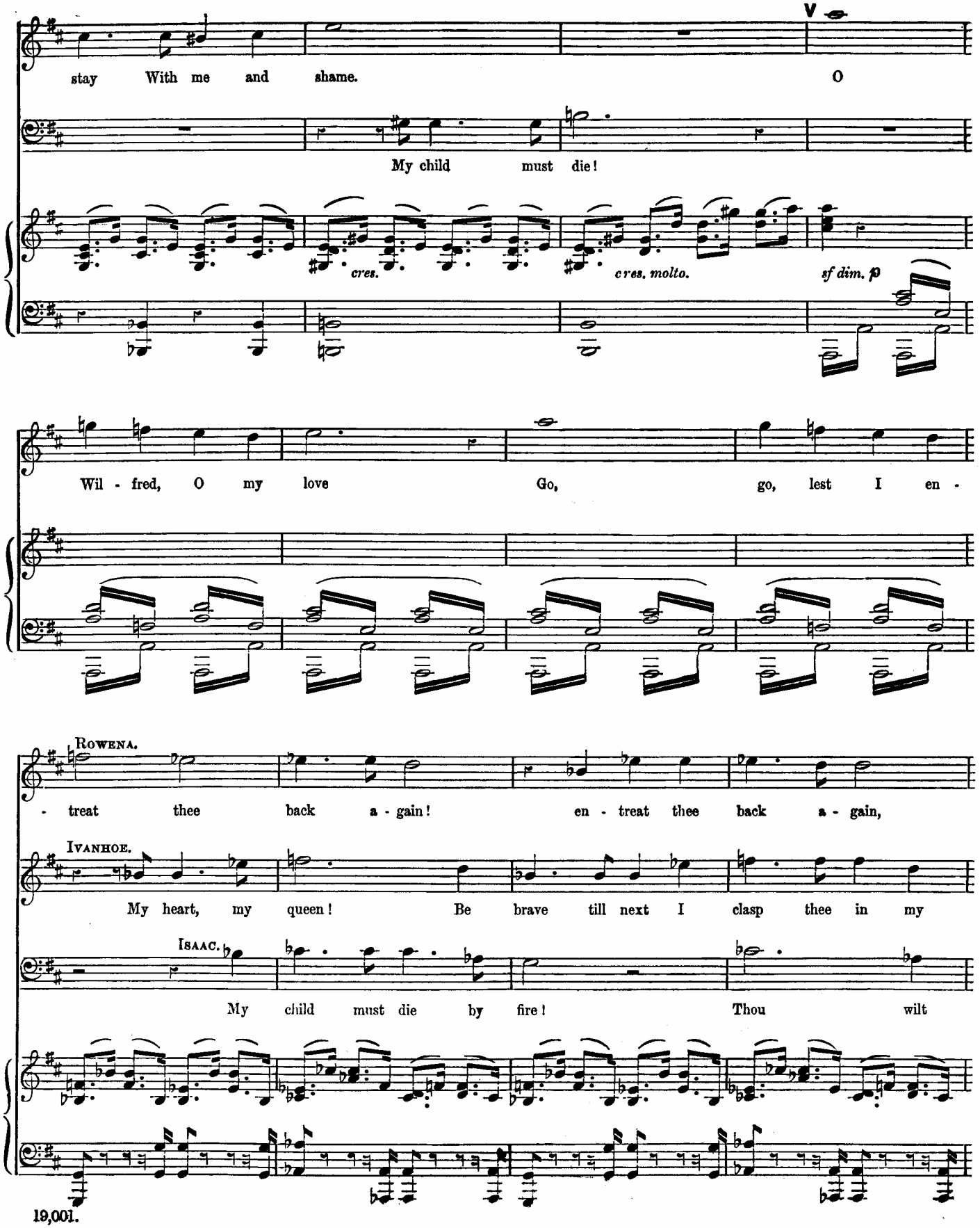

Andante espress.
IVANHOE.
How oft be-neath the far-off Sy - rian skies Have I looked up
dim.
p
and seen a - mid the stars, . . Twin lights of home in land of dis-tant
cres.
cres.
wars, These star - - like eyes, These star - like eyes. . . .
dim.
dim.
p
R
ROWENA.
How
oft, when thou wert far be-yond the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

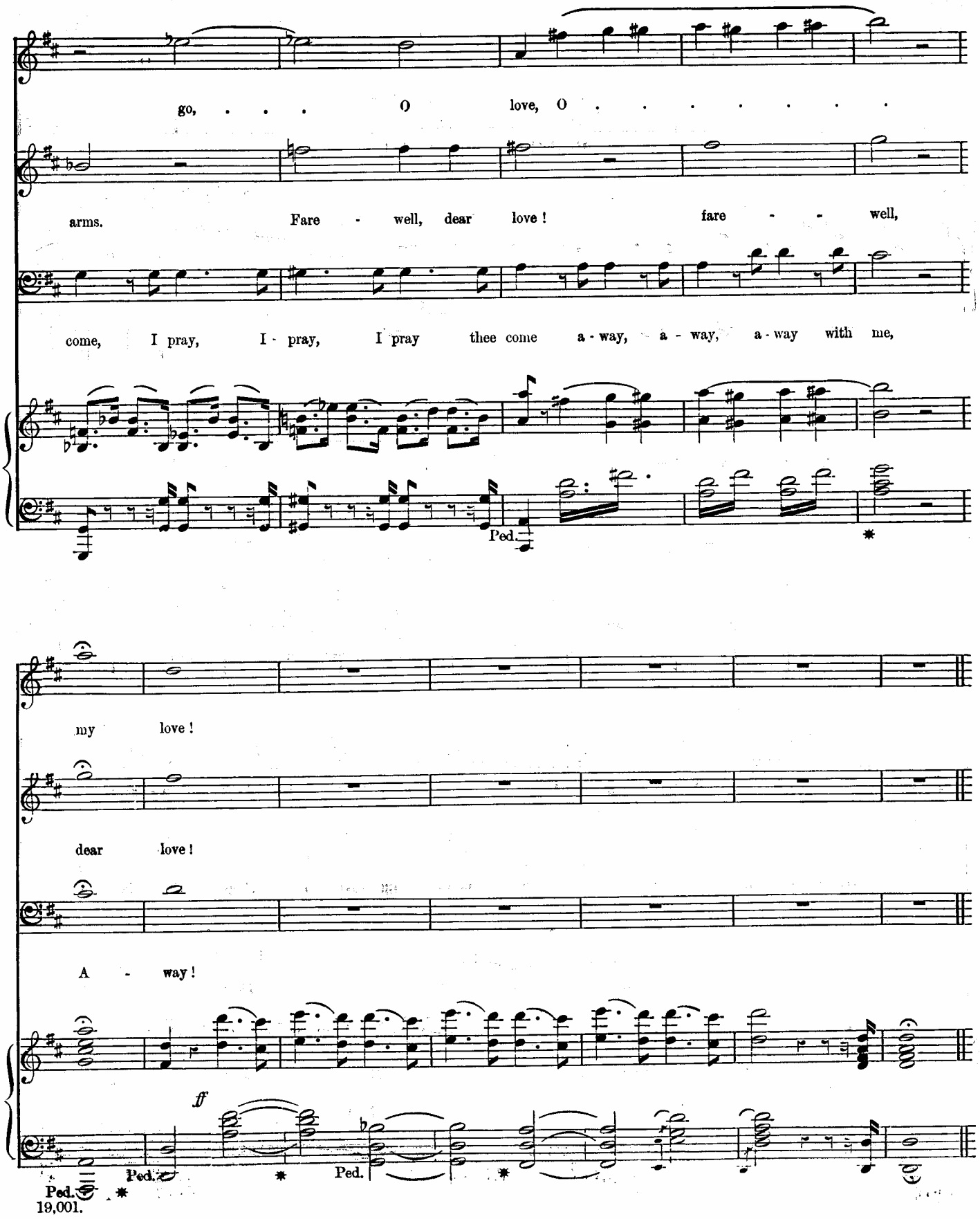

cres.
Dream'd I my head lay hap - py on this breast, Thy heart . . . . my
cres.
dim.
home! Thy heart . . . my home! . . . . .
SIVANHOE.
How oft be-neath the far-off Sy - rian skies Have
dim.
p
p
cres.
How oft, when thou wert far be - yond the
I look'd up and seen a - mid the stars, Twin lights of home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


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


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

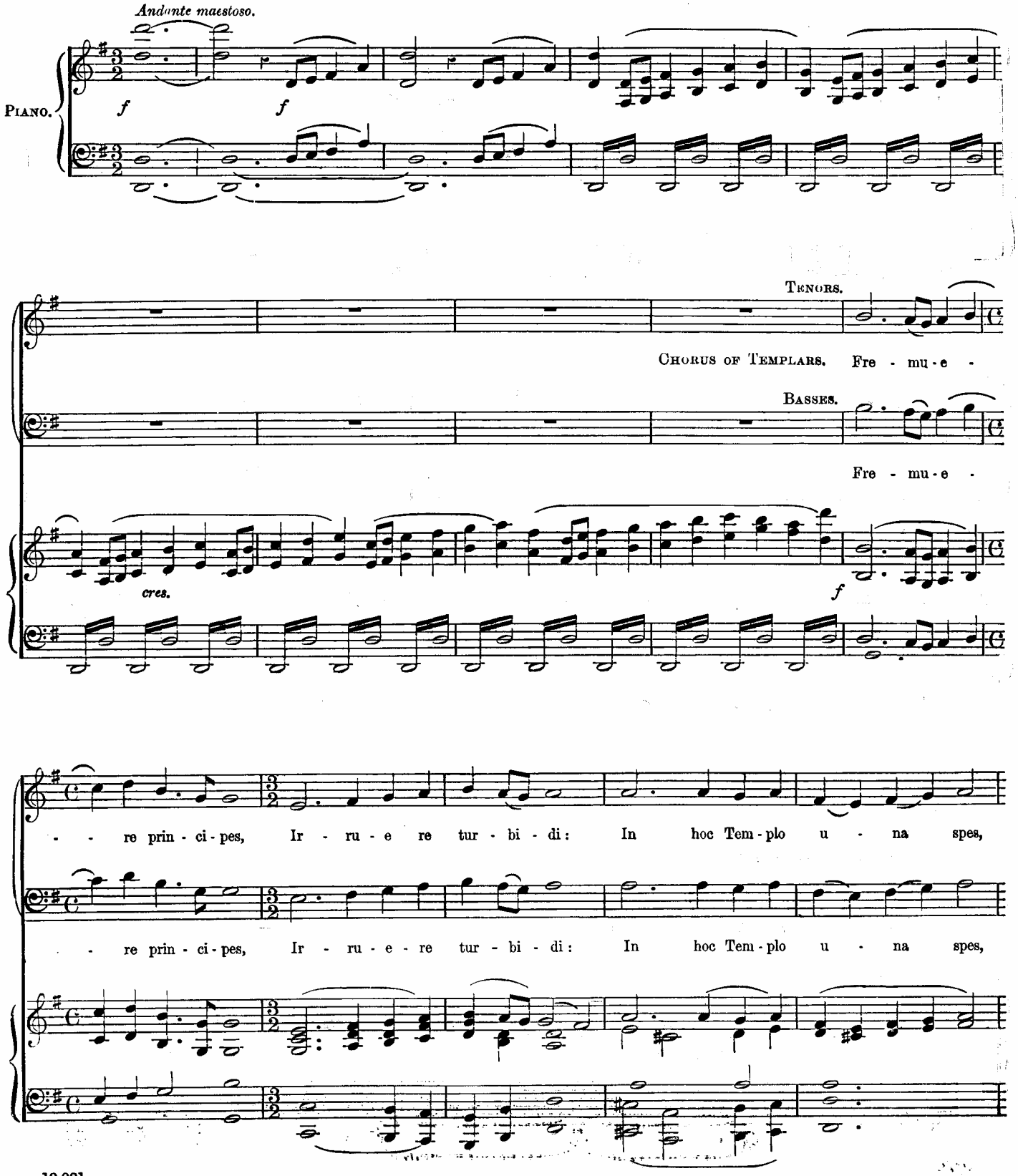

IVANHOE.
weak with wounds. In thy mer - cy stay with me, Wil - fred, my love! And
shall she die by fire? She led me back to life and love of thee.
ROWENA.
I would not have thee
IVANHOE.
Though I were weaker than an ail - ing girl, Must I not go?
ISAAC.
My child must die by fire!

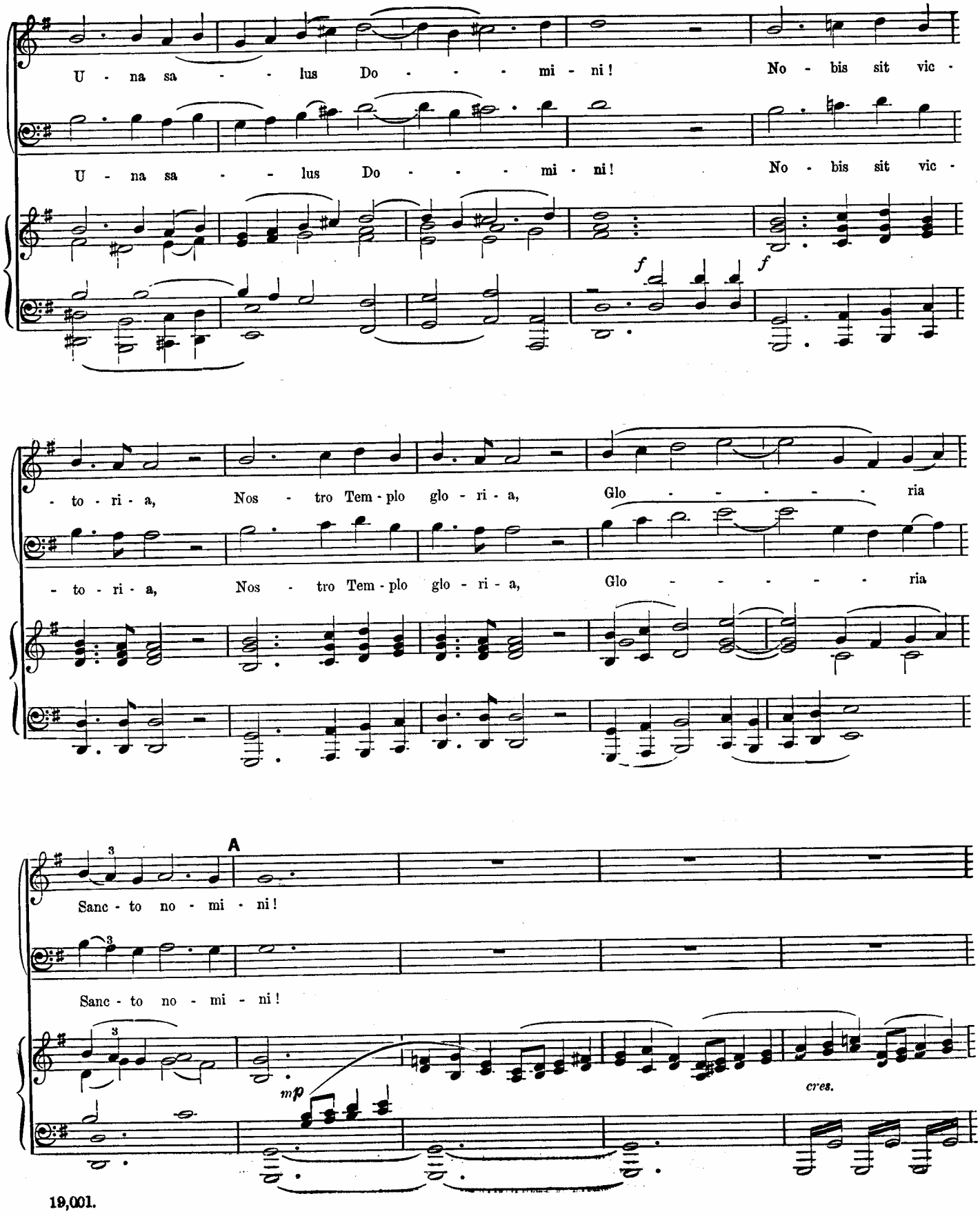

V
stay With me and shame. O
My child must die!
cres.
cres. molto.
sf dim. p
Wil - fred, O my love Go, go, lest I en -
ROWENA.
- treat thee back a - gain! en - treat thee back a - gain,
IVANHOE.
My heart, my queen! Be brave till next I clasp thee in my
ISAAC.
My child must die by fire! Thou wilt

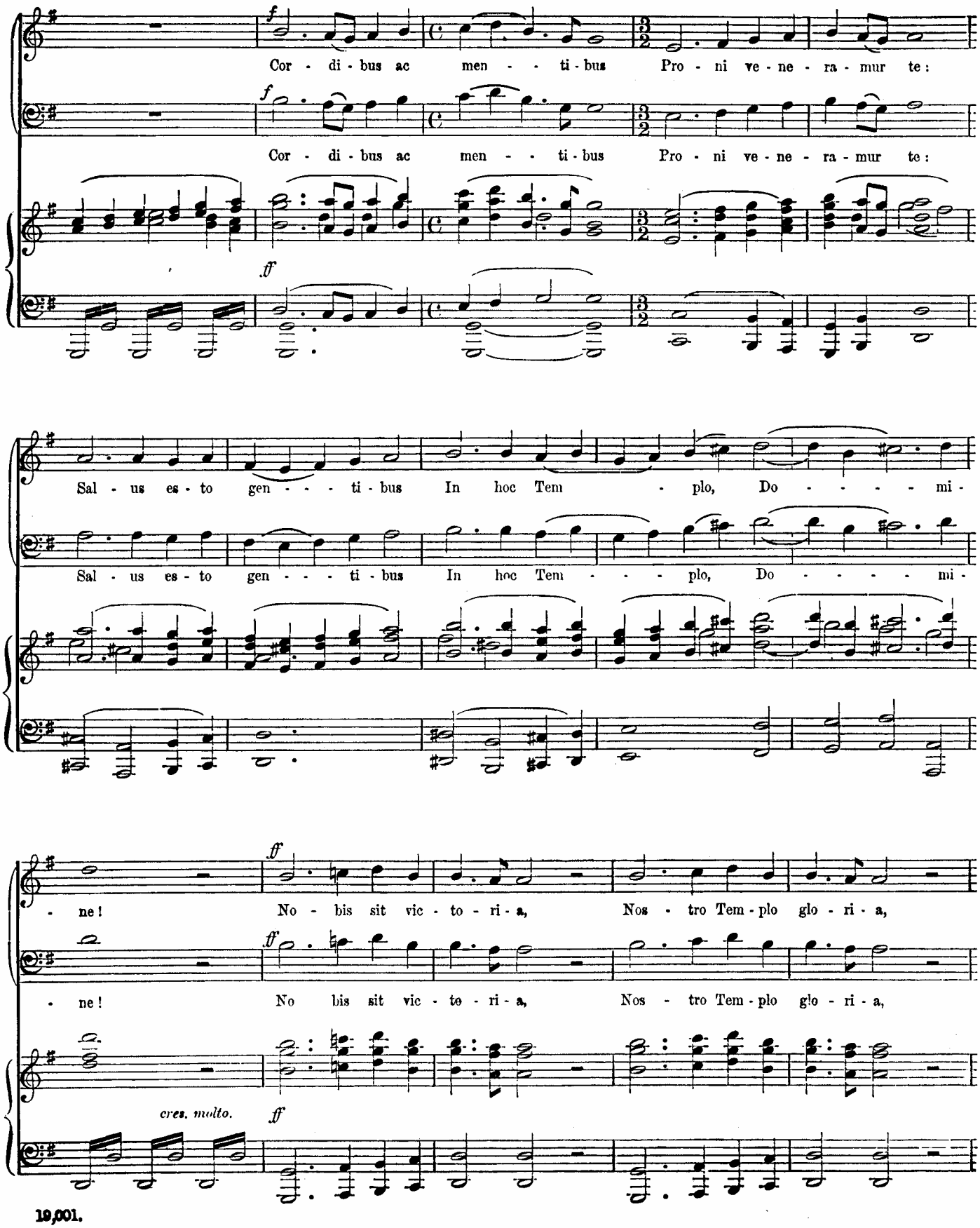

go, . . . O love, O . . . . . .
arms. Fare - well, dear love ! fare - - well,
come, I pray, I - pray, I pray thee come a - way, a - way, a - way with me,
Ped.
*
my love !
dear love !
A - way !
ff
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.
*

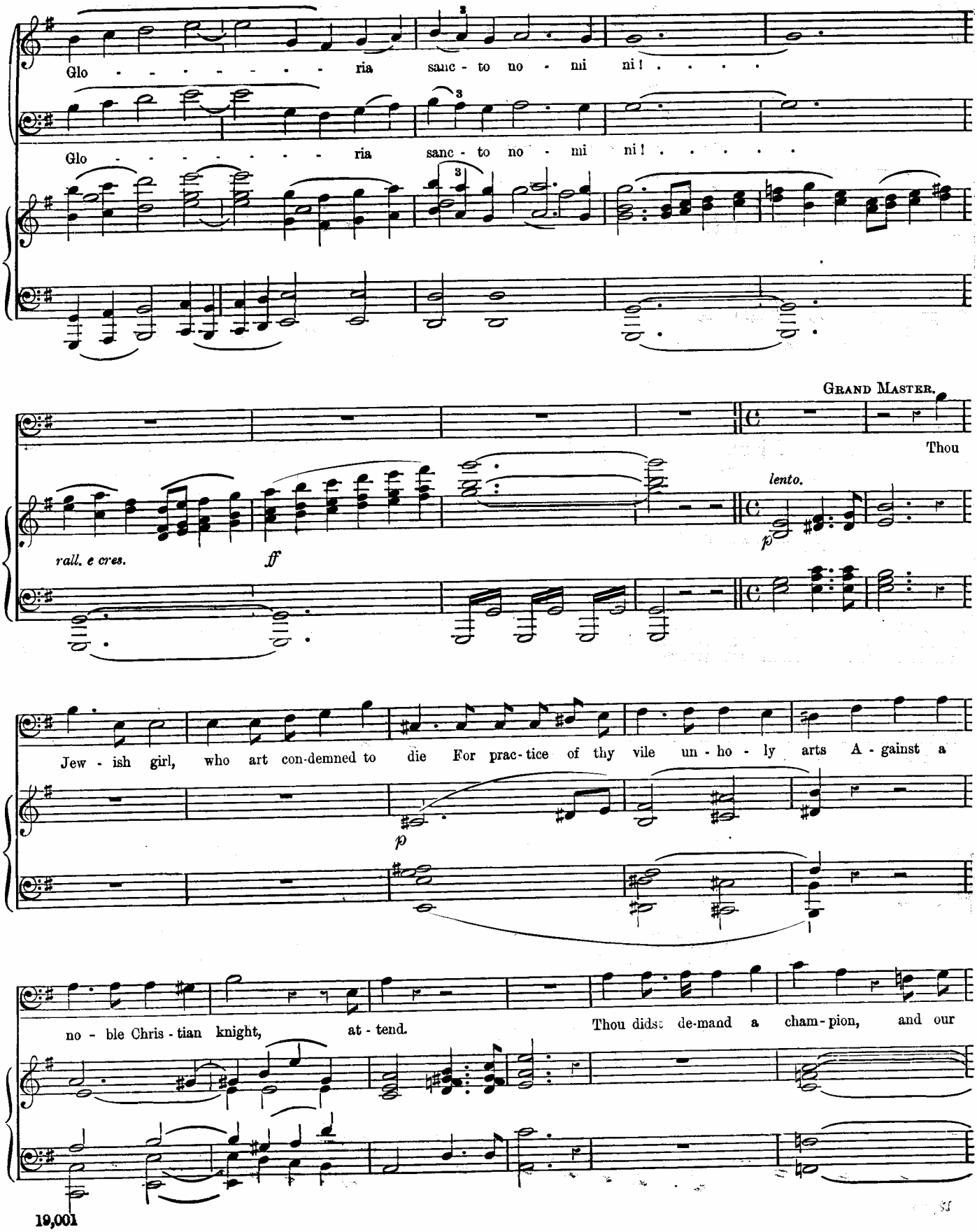
FINALE.

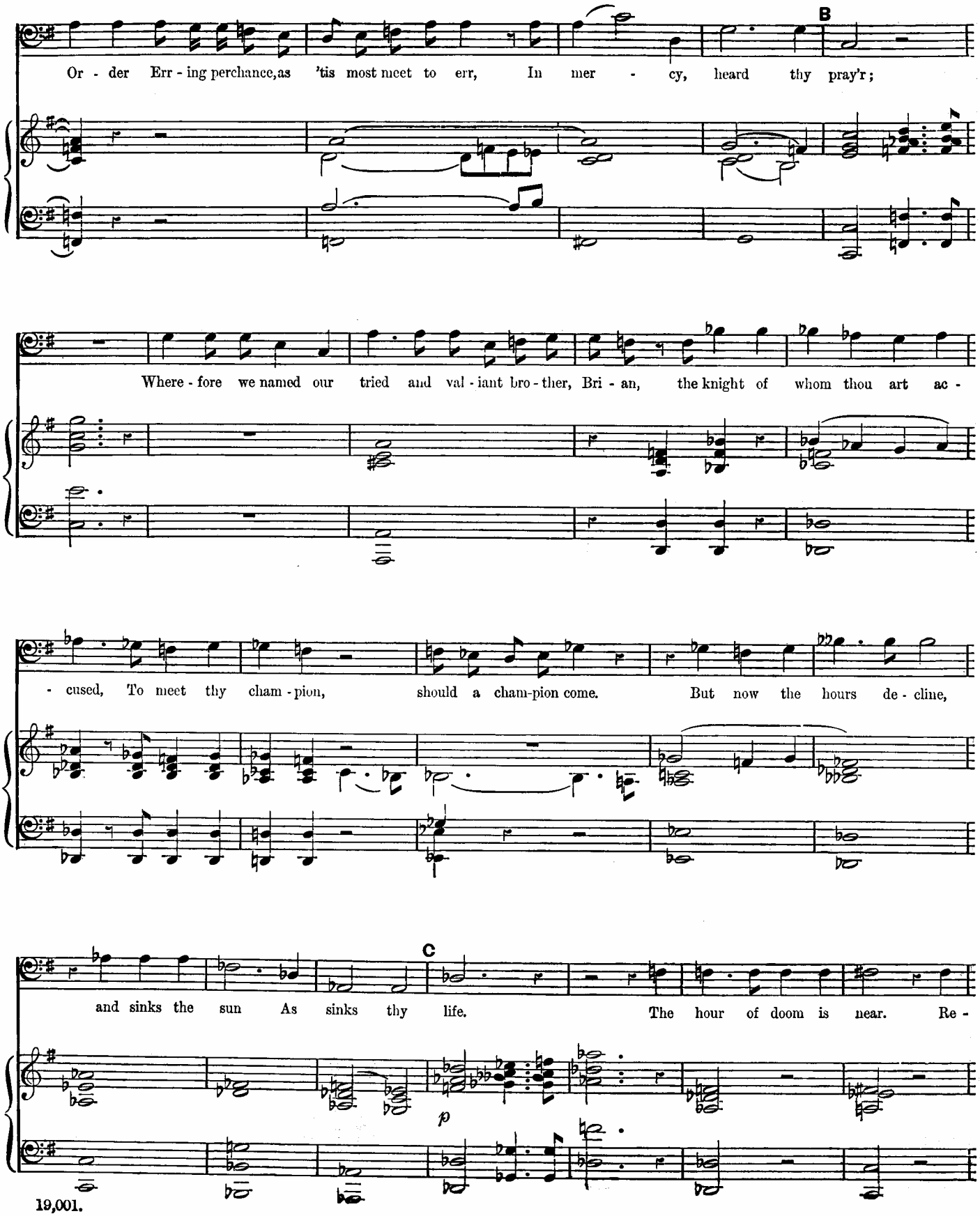
SCENE III.

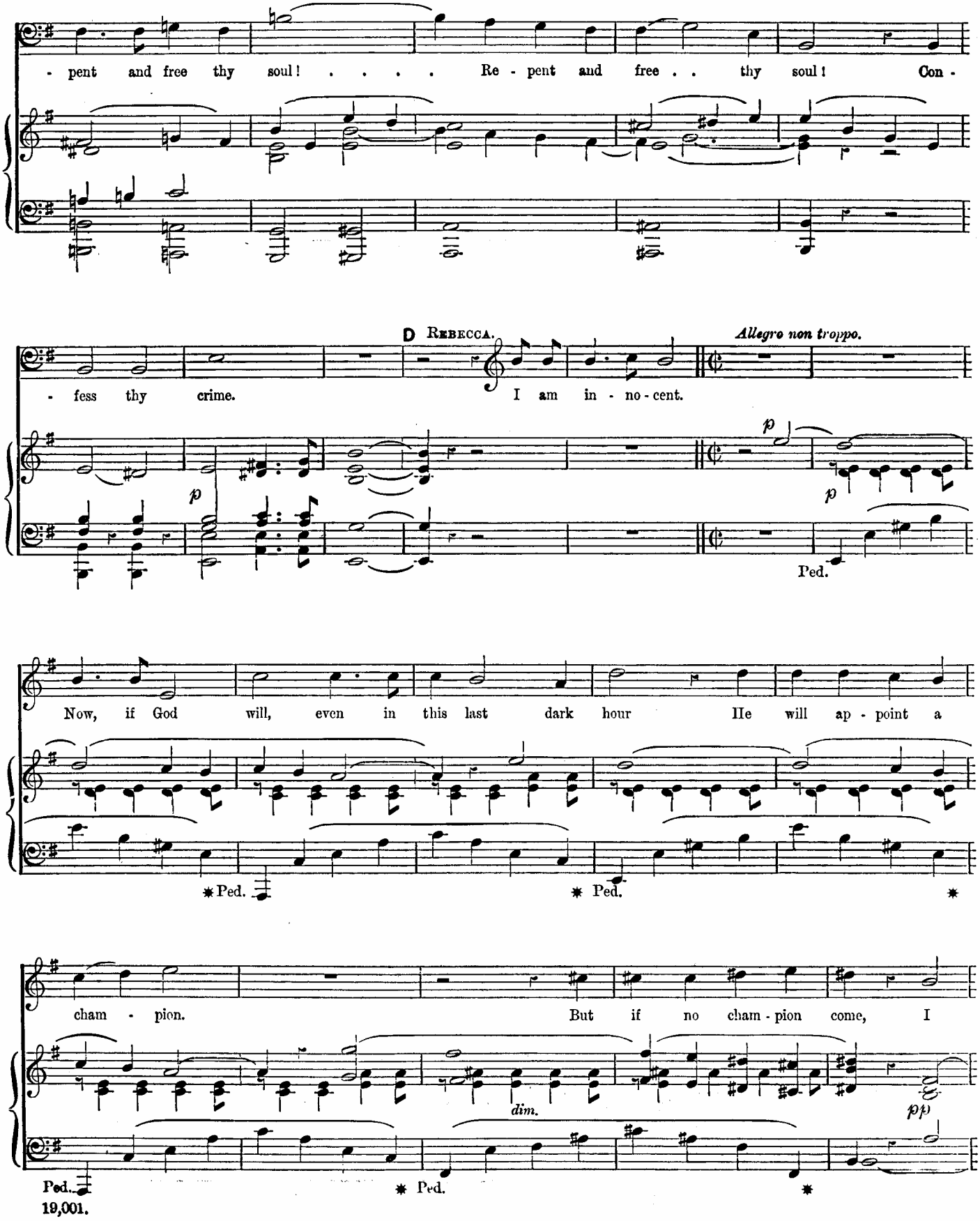


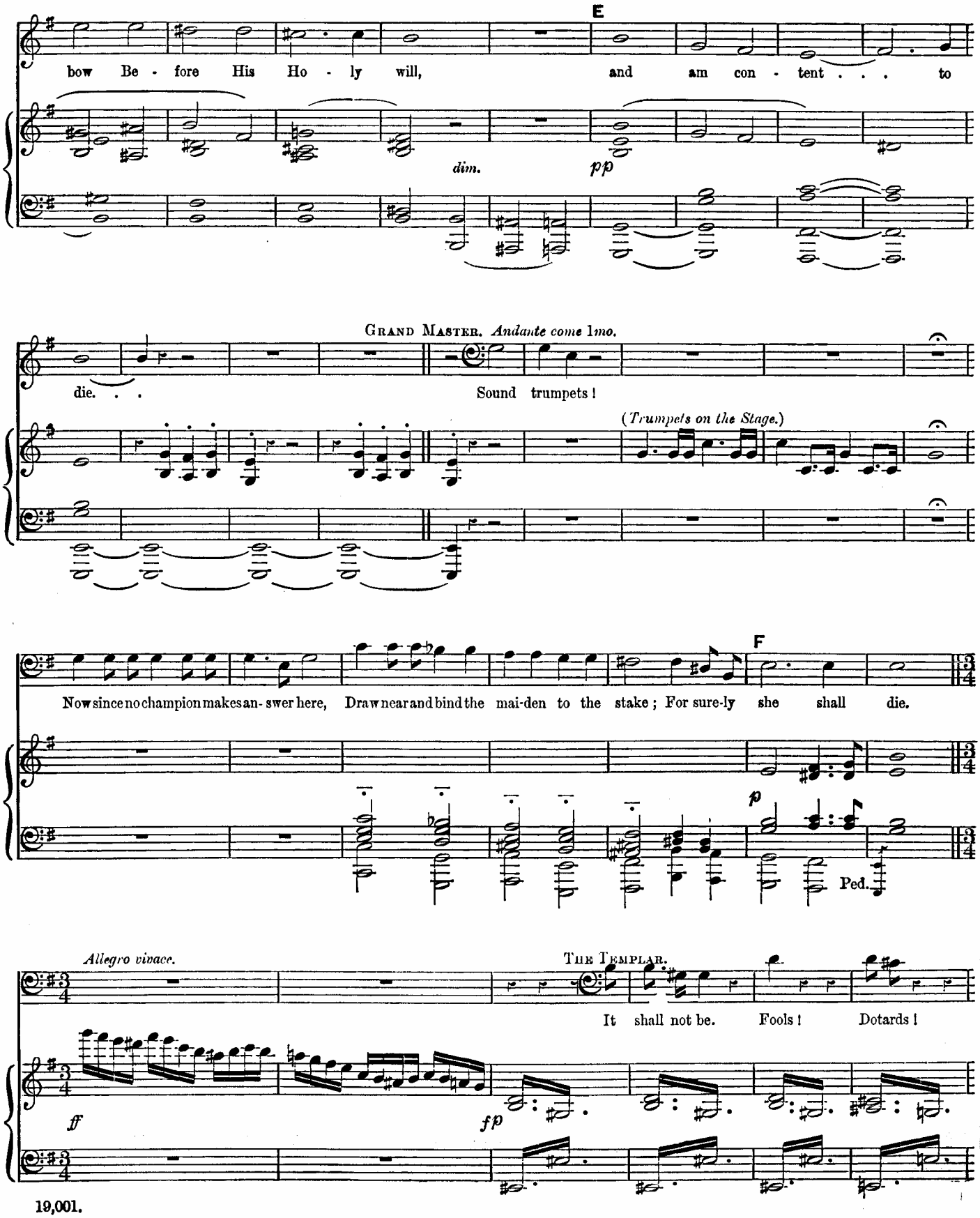

U - na sa - - lus Do - - - - mi - ni! No - bis sit vic -
U - na sa - - lus Do - - - - mi - ni! No - bis sit vic -
f
f
- to - ri - a, Nos - tro Tem - plo glo - ri - a, Glo - - - - - - ria
- to - ri - a, Nos - tro Tem - plo glo - ri - a, Glo - - - - - - ria
A
Sanc - to no - mi - ni!
Sanc - to no - mi -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

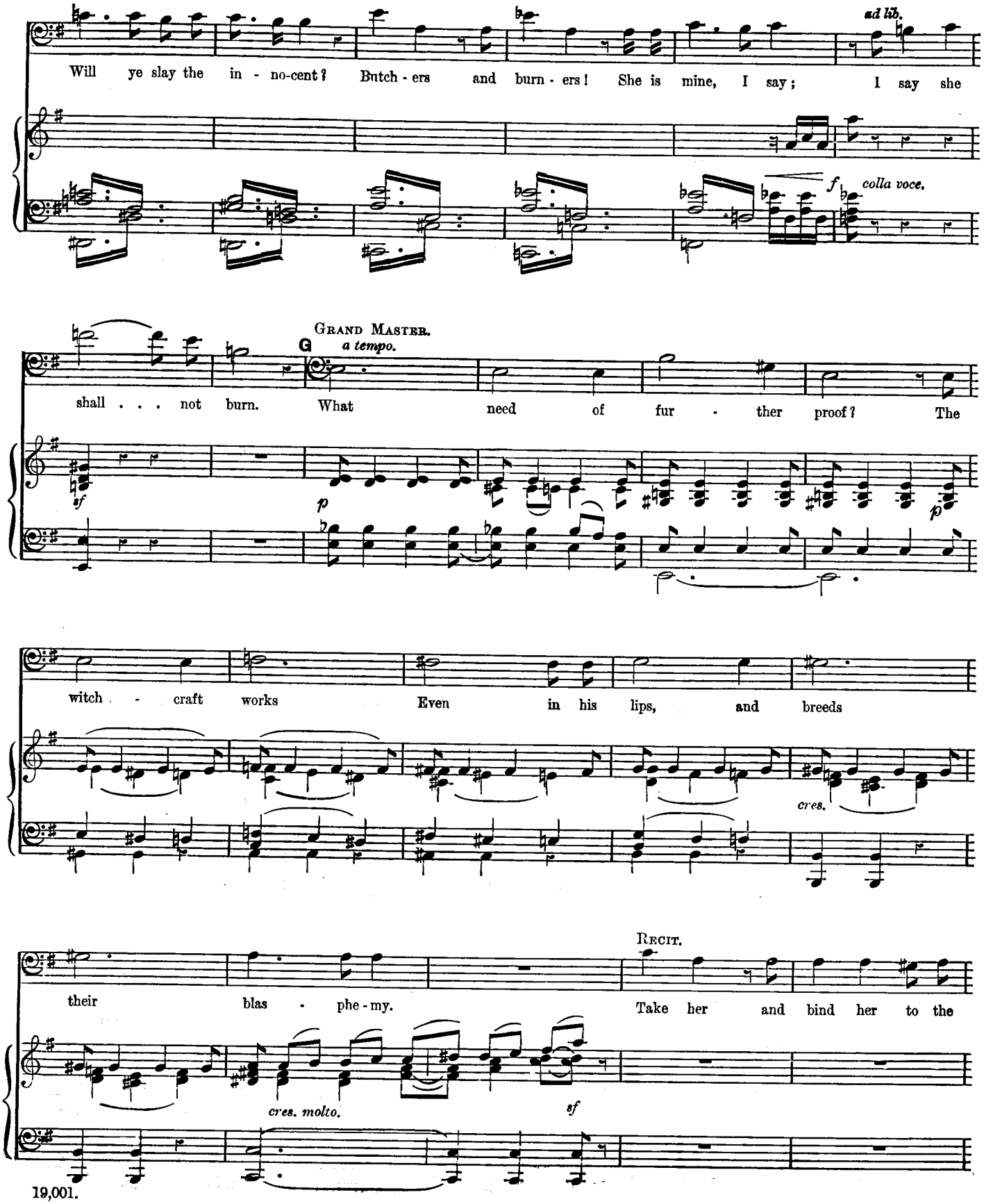

f
Cor - di - bus ac men - - - ti - bus Pro - ni ve - ne - ra - mur te:
f
Cor - di - bus ac men - - - ti - bus Pro - ni ve - ne - ra - mur te:
ff
Sal - us es - to gen - - - - ti - bus In hoc Tem - plo, Do - - - - - - mi -
Sal - us es - to gen - - - - ti - bus In hoc Tem - - - - plo, Do - - - - - - mi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


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


B
Or - der Err - ing perchance, as 'tis most meet to err, In mer - cy, heard thy pray'r;
Where - fore we named our tried and val - iant bro - ther, Bri - an, the knight of whom thou art ac -
- cused, To meet thy cham - pion, should a cham-pion come. But now the hours de - cline,
C
and sinks the sun As sinks thy life. The hour of doom is near. Re -
p


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


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


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

THE TEMPLAR. RECIT.

H *a tempo.*

stake. Back! as you hope to live!

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

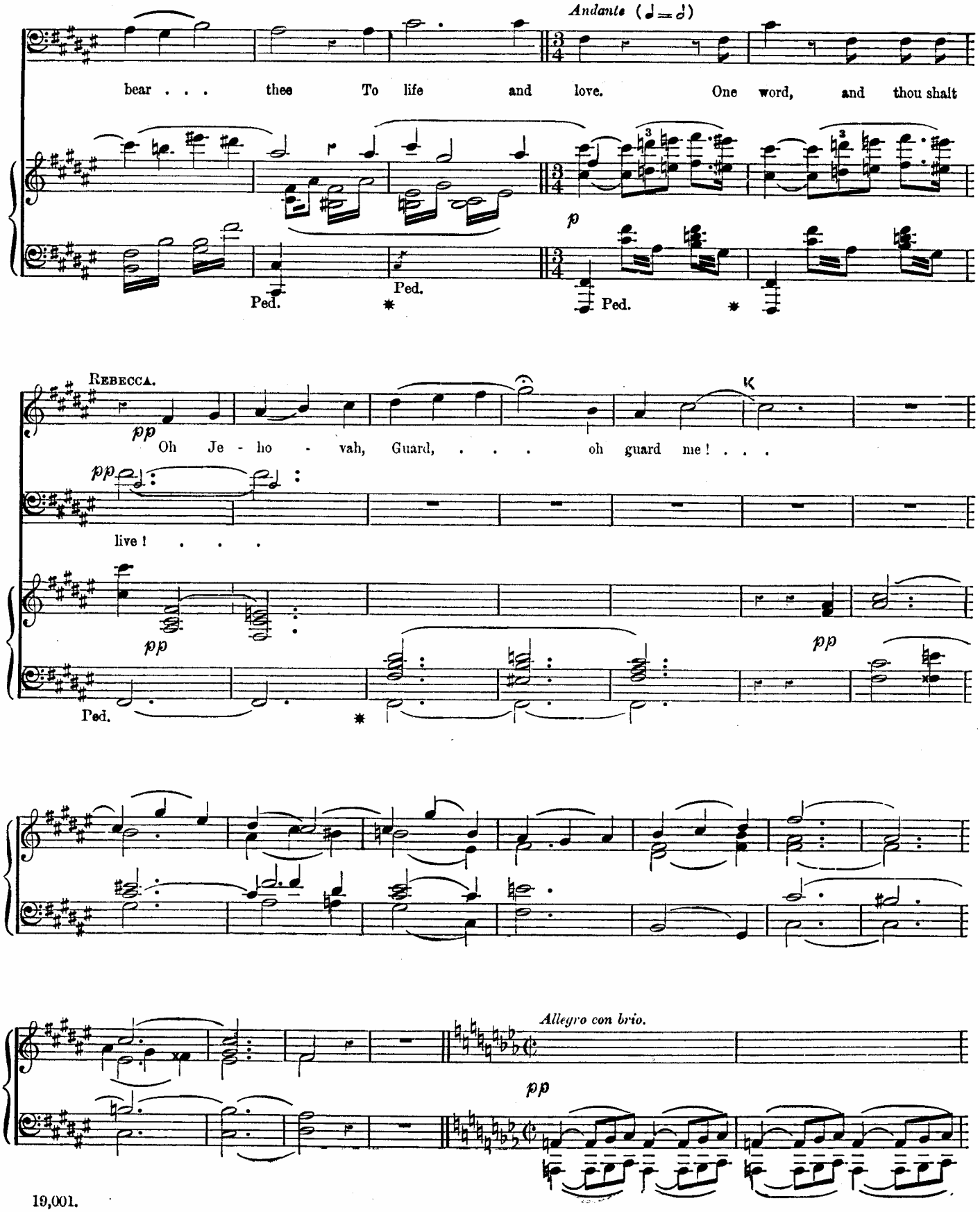
rall. *dim.* *p*

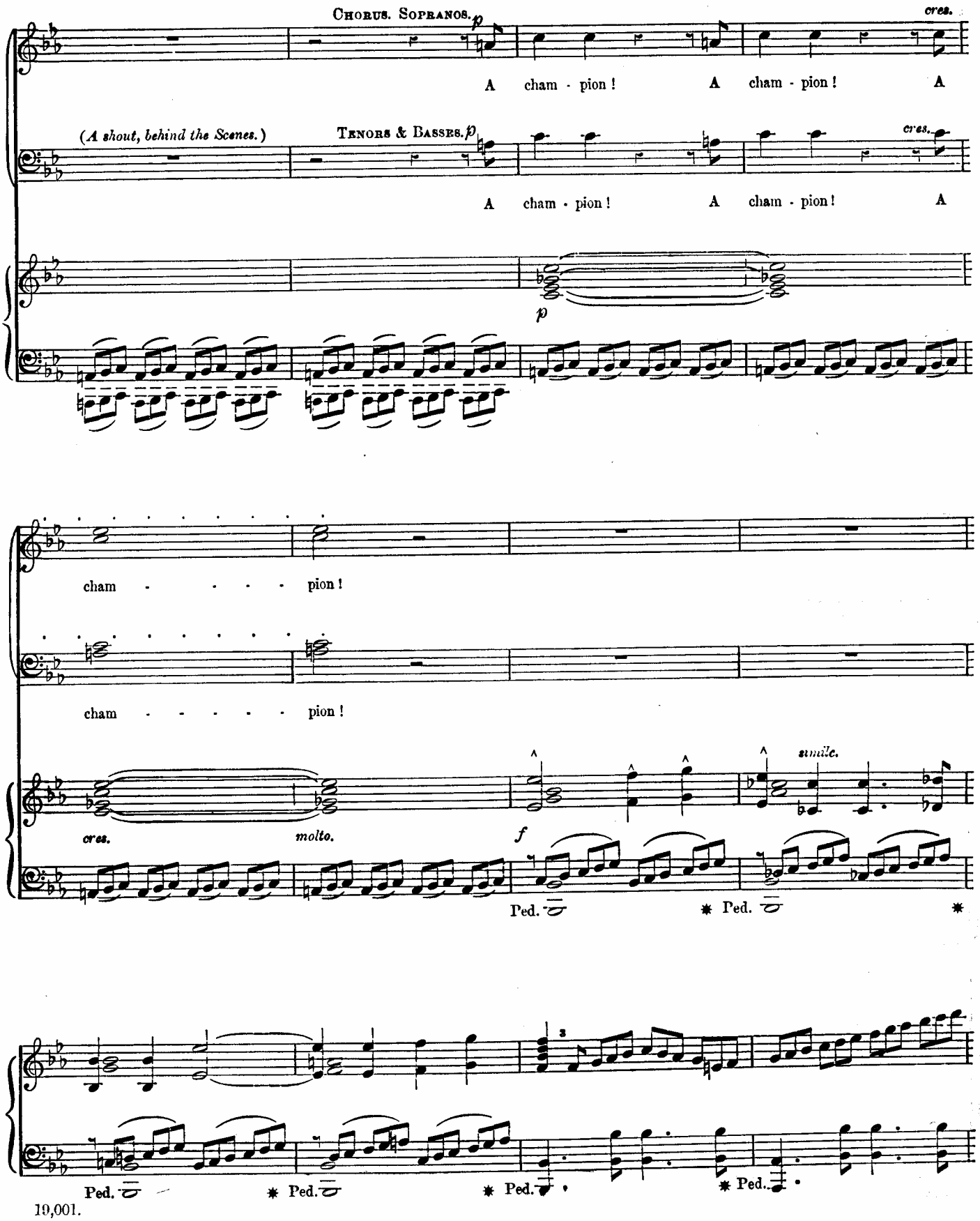
Andante con moto. *pp*

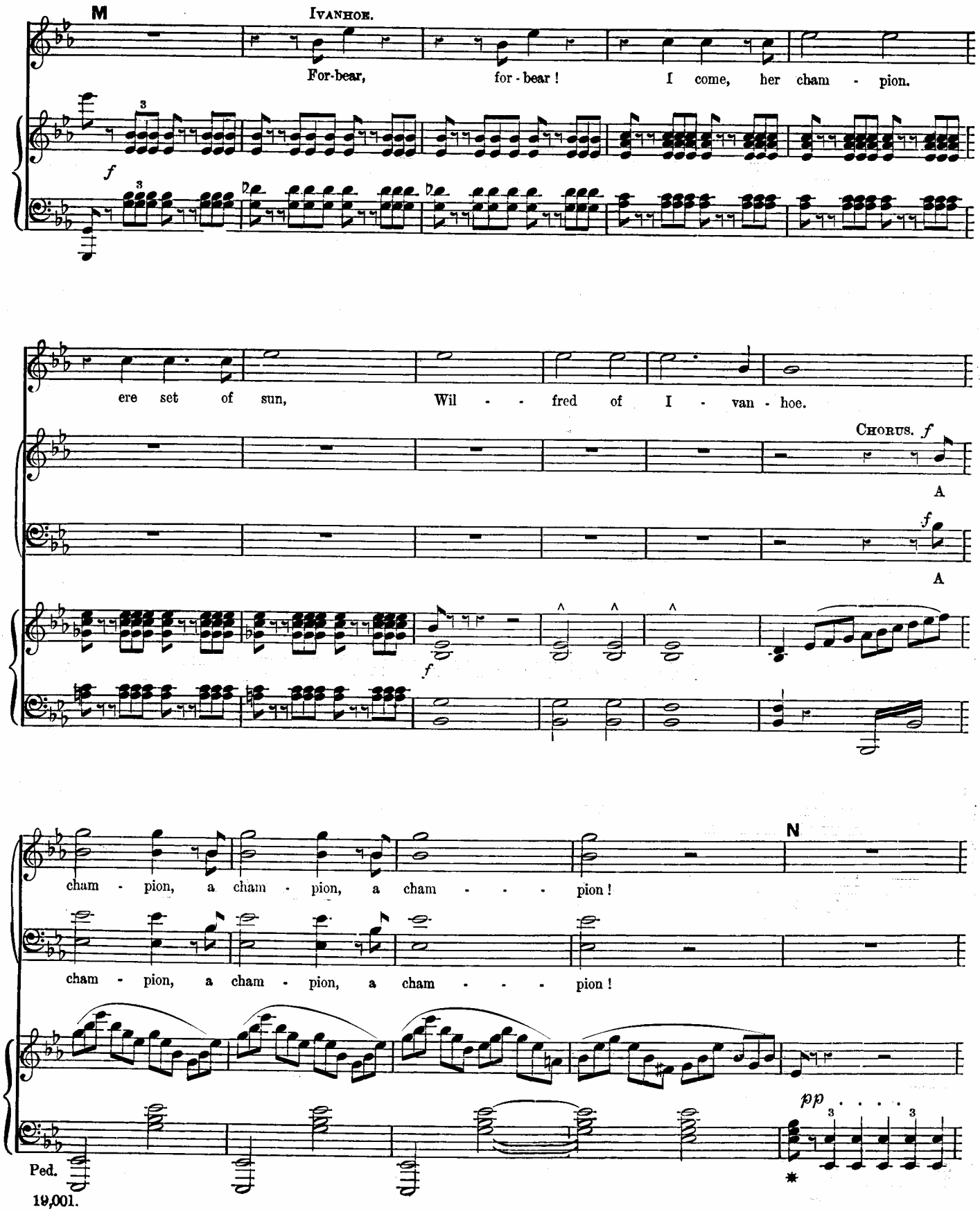
Swear to be mine, and I will save thee now. My horse is nigh at

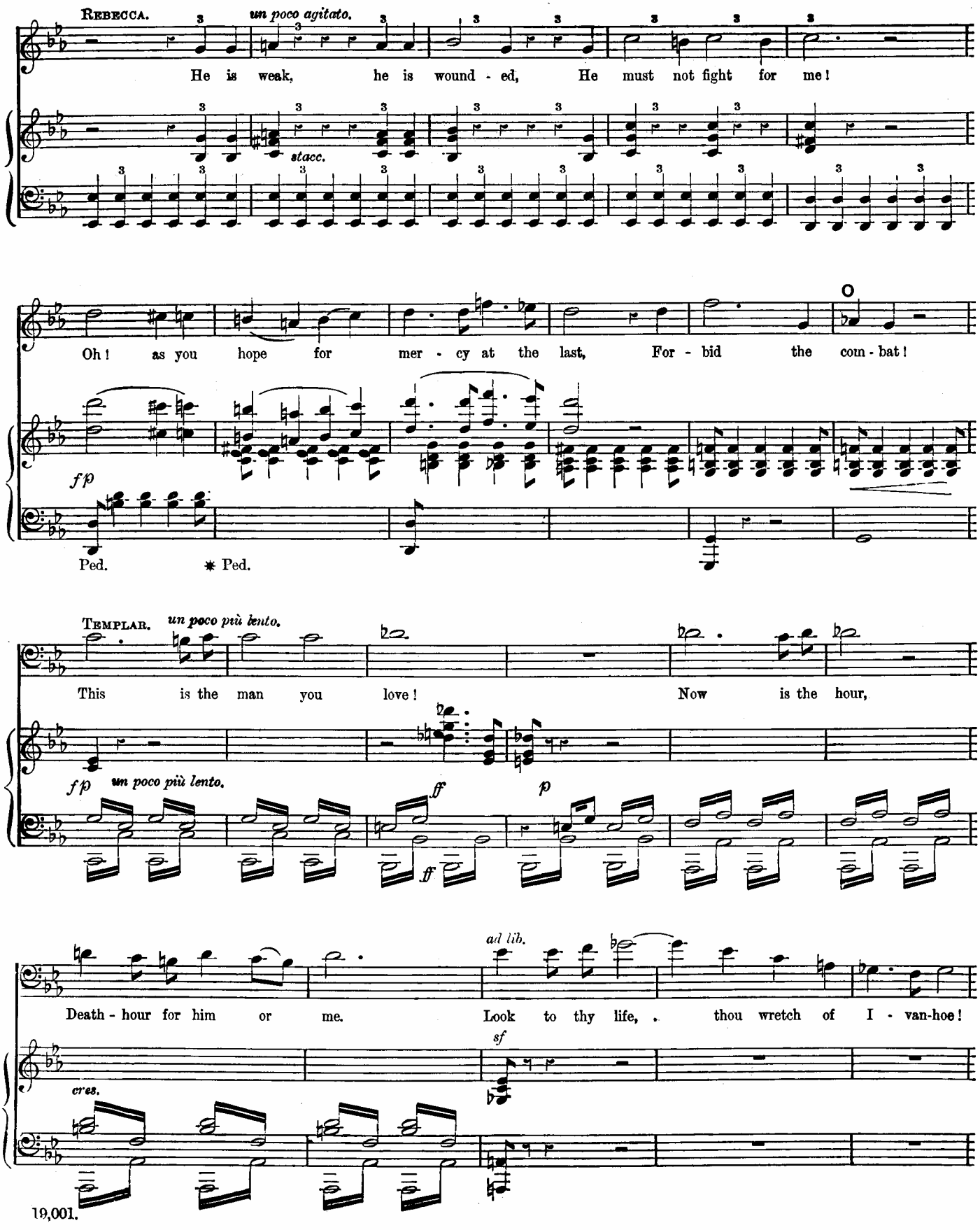
hand, Za - mor my horse who nev - er failed me yet; and he will

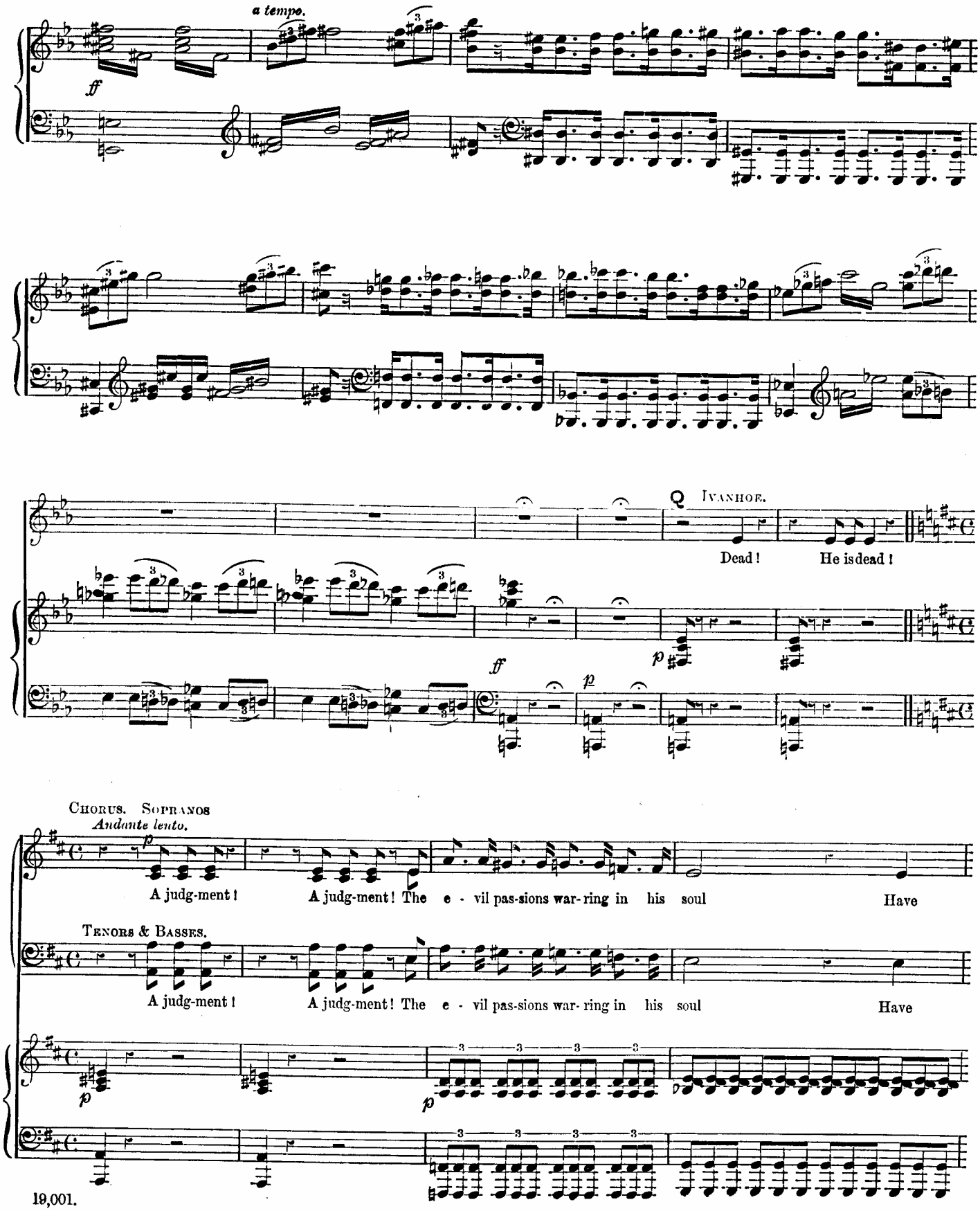
Ped. * Ped *

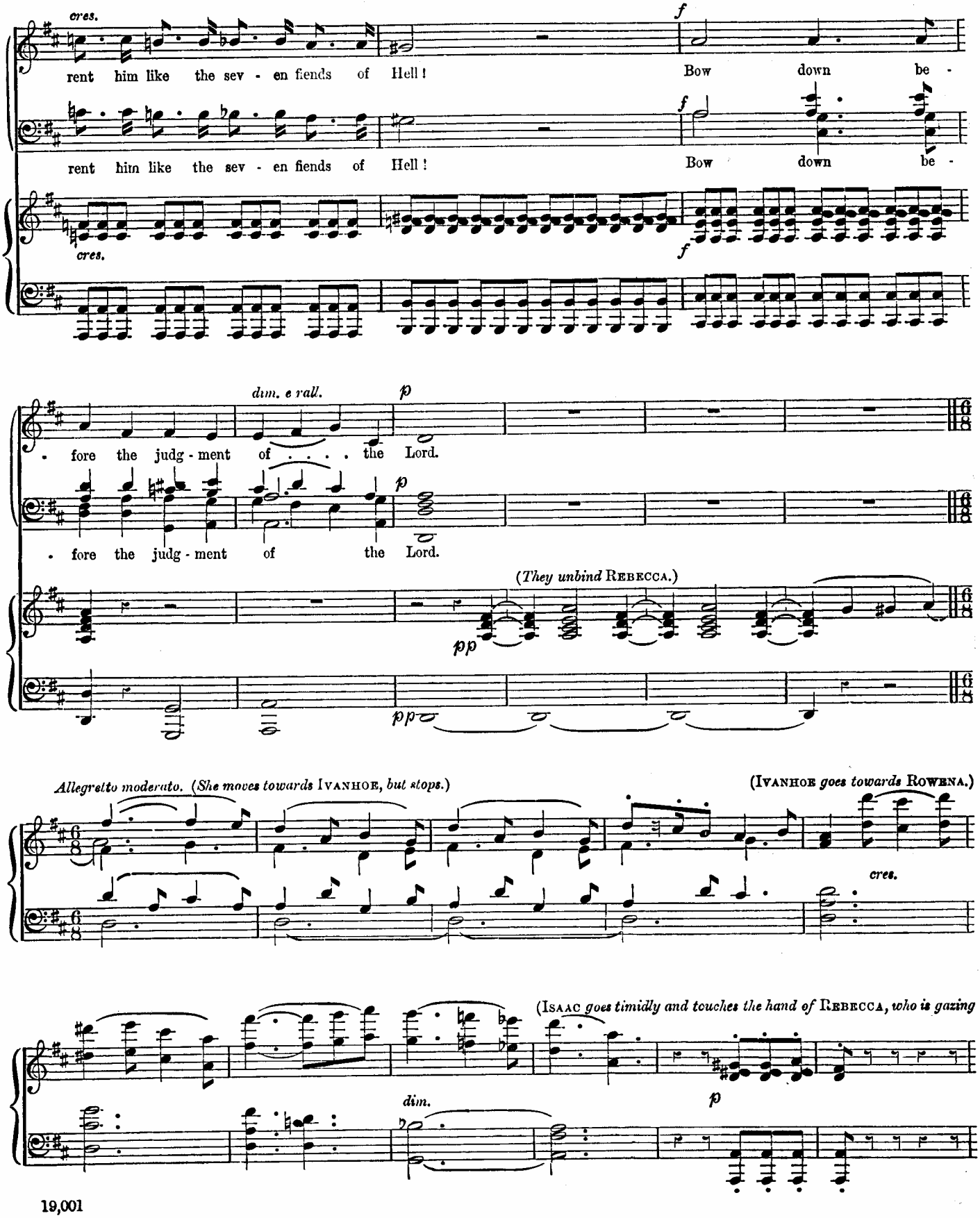

Andante (♩=♪)
bear . . . thee To life and love. One word, and thou shalt
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
REBECCA.
pp
Oh Je - ho - vah, Guard, . . . oh guard me! . . .
K
pp
live! . . .
pp
pp
Ped.
Allegro con brio.
pp

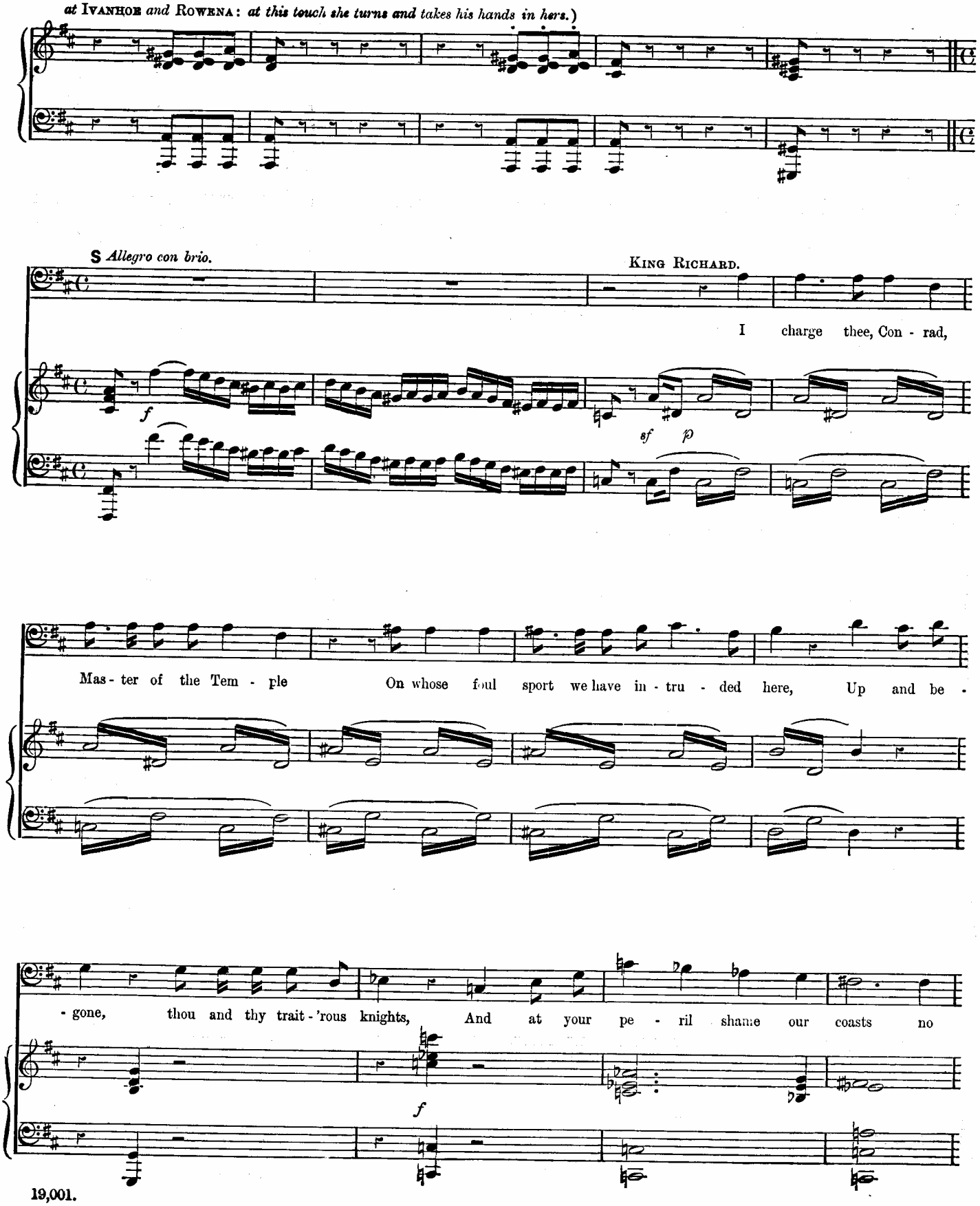

Chorus. Sopranos.
p
cres.
A cham - pion ! A cham - pion ! A
(A shout, behind the Scenes.)
Tenors & Basses.
p
cres.
A cham - pion ! A cham - pion ! A
p
cham - - - - pion !
cham - - - - - - pion !
cres.
molto.
f
smile.
Ped.
* Ped.
* Ped.
* Ped.
* Ped.

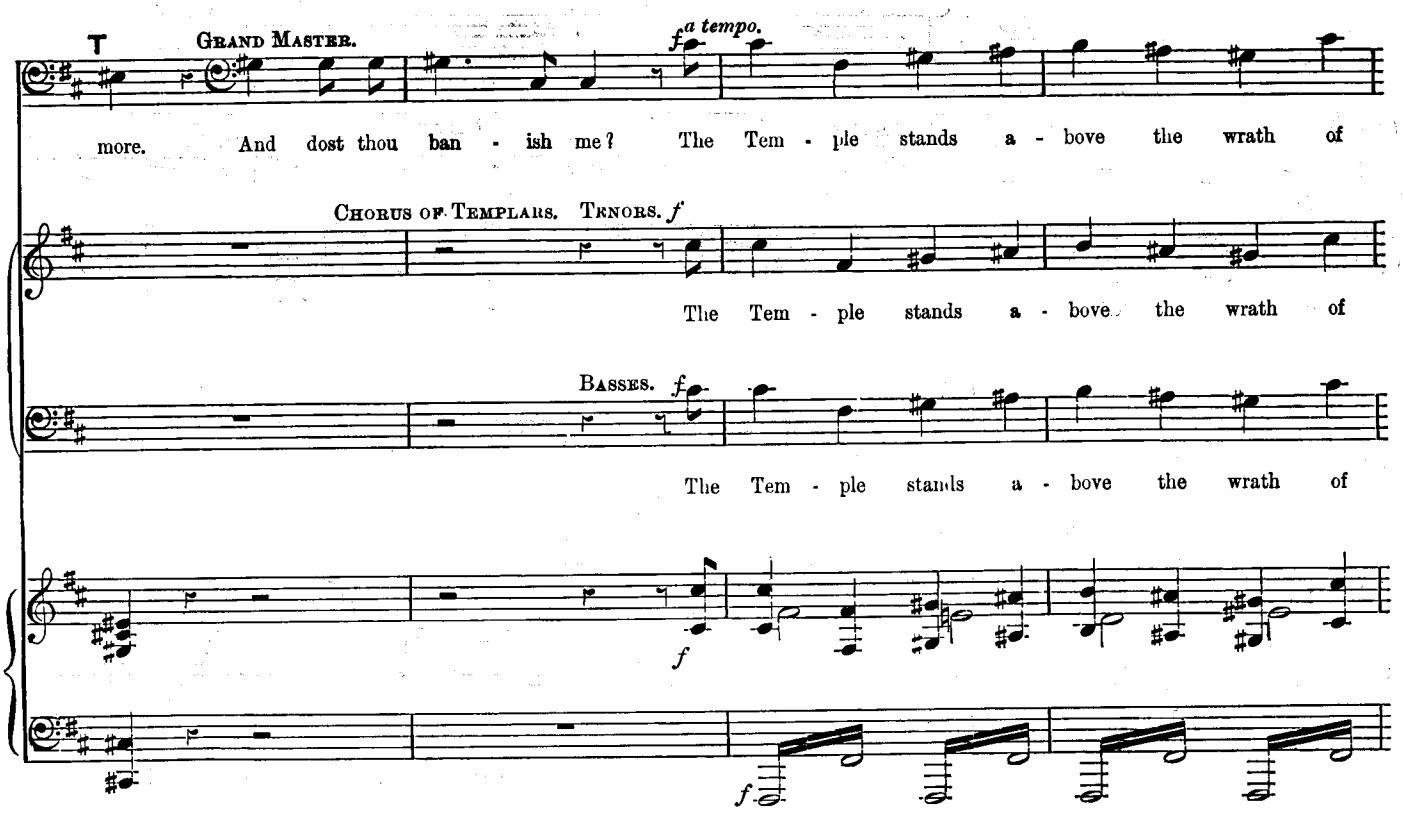

M
IVANHOE.
For-bear, for-bear ! I come, her cham - pion.
ere set of sun, Wil - - fred of I - van - hoe.
CHORUS. f
A
A
cham - pion, a cham - pion, a cham - - - - pion !
N
cham - pion, a cham - pion, a cham - - - - pion !
pp
Ped.
19,001.

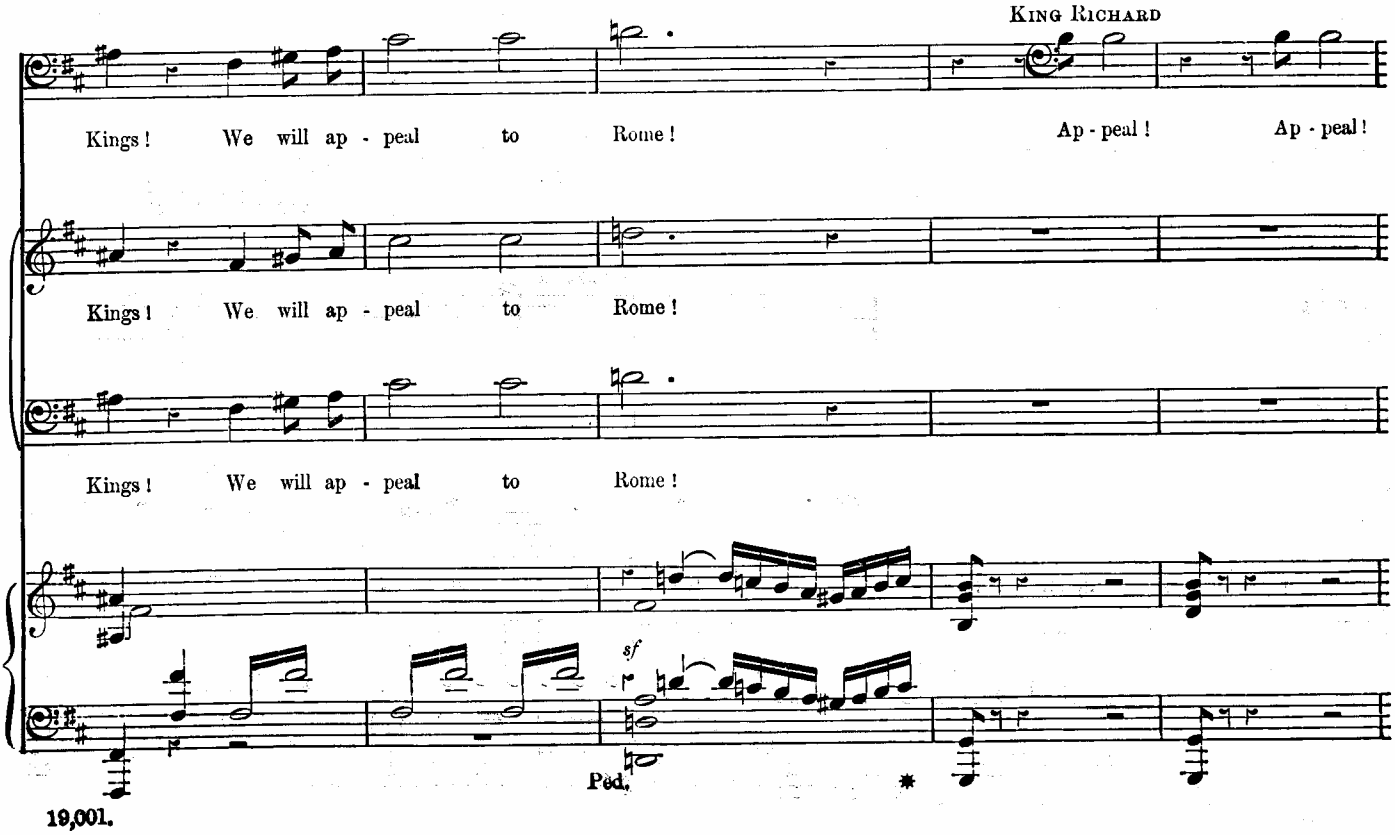

REBECCA.
un poco agitato.
He is weak, he is wound - ed, He must not fight for me!
stacc.
Oh! as you hope for mer - cy at the last, For - bid the com - bat!
fp
Ped.
✱ Ped.
TEMPLAR.
un poco più lento.
This is the man you love! Now is the hour,
fp
un poco più lento.
ff
ff
p
ad lib.
Death - hour for him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

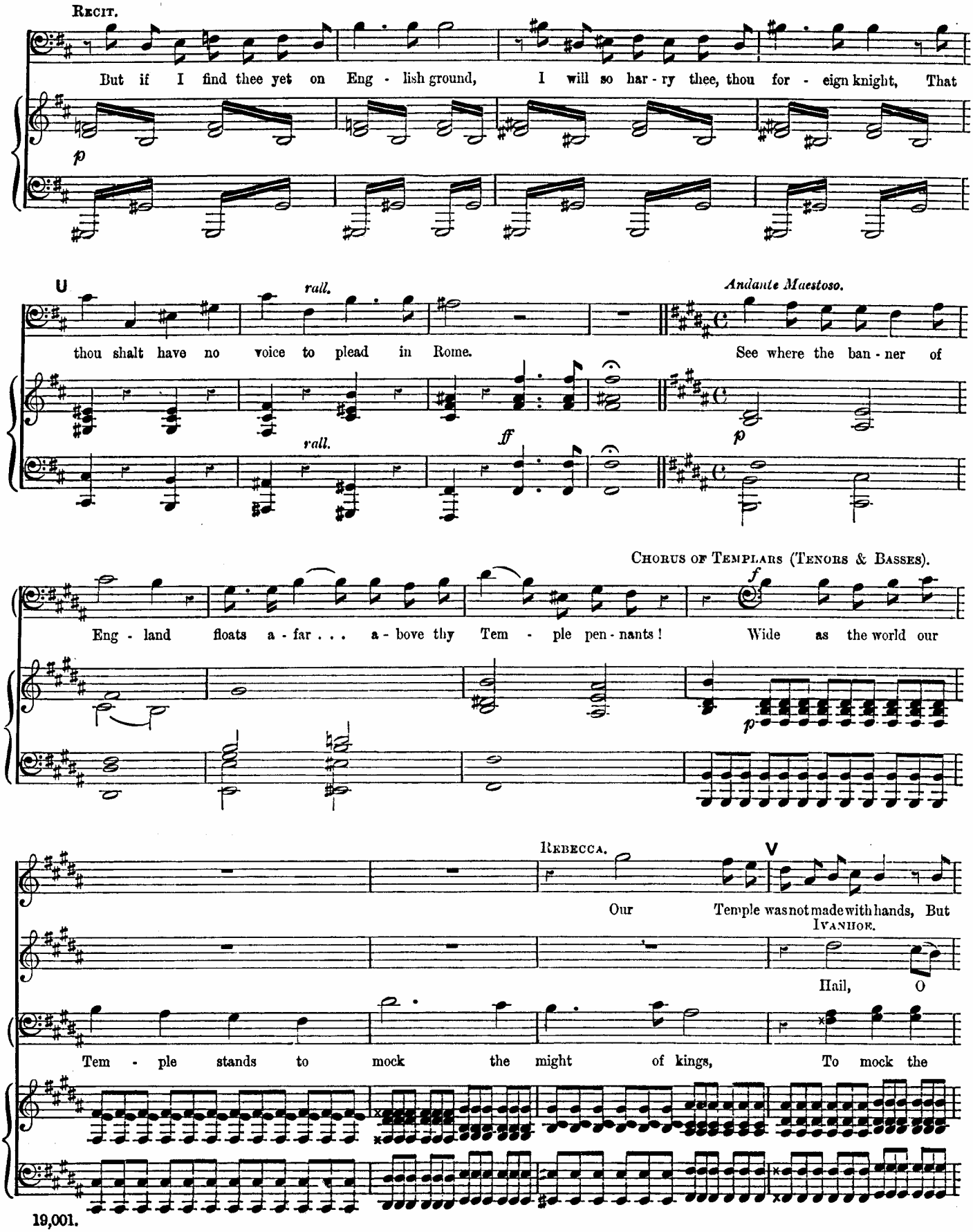

a tempo.
ff
IVANHOE.
Dead! He is dead!
ff
p
p
CHORUS. SOPRANOS
Andante lento.
p
A judg-ment! A judg-ment! The e - vil pas-sions war-ring in his soul Have
TENORS & BASSES.
A judg-ment! A judg-ment! The e - vil pas-sions war-ring in his soul Have
p
p

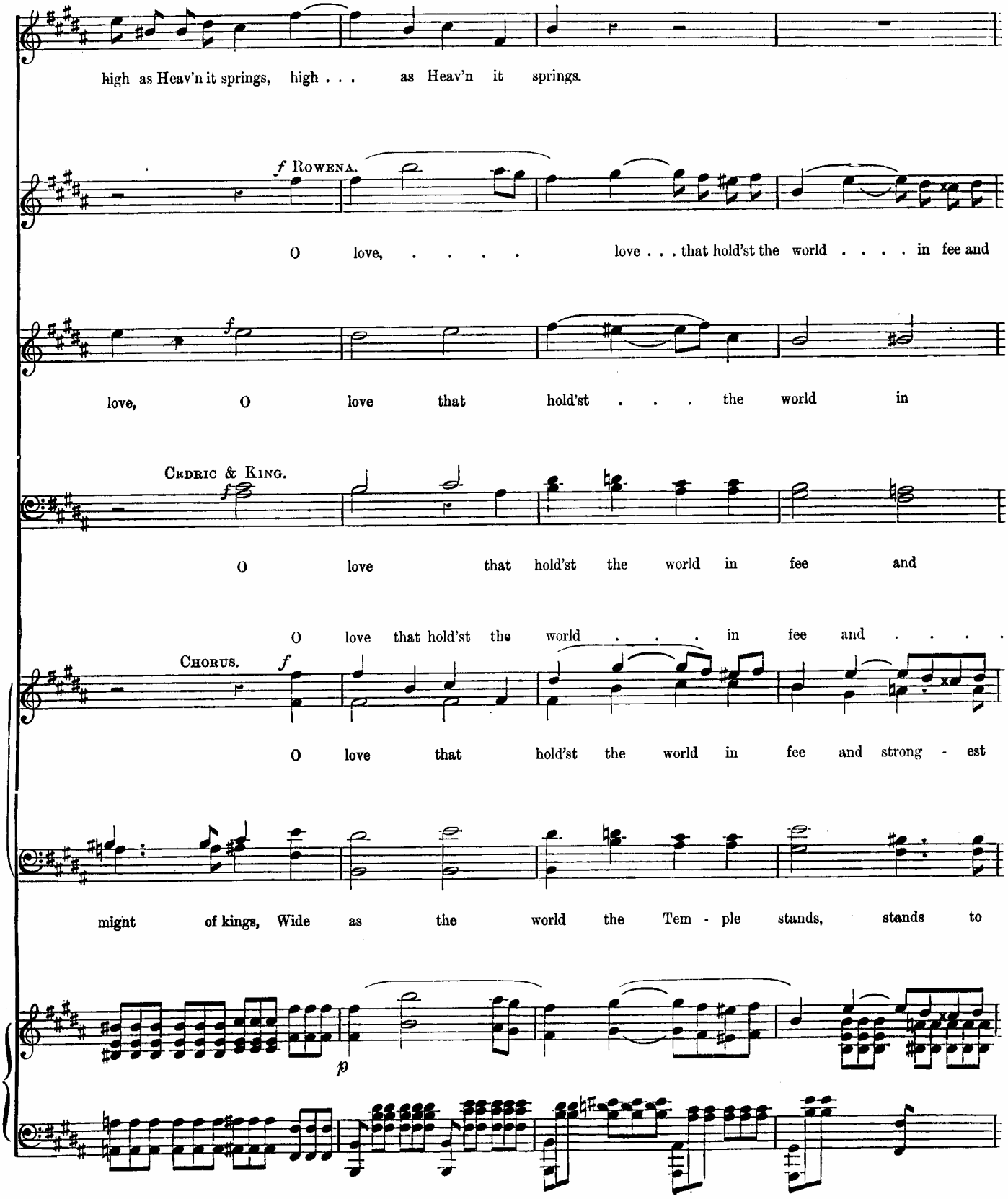

cres.
rent him like the sev - en fiends of Hell!
f
Bow down be -
rent him like the sev - en fiends of Hell!
Bow down be -
cres.
f
dim. e rall.
p
- fore the judg - ment of . . . . the Lord.
- fore the judg - ment of the Lord.
(They unbind REBECCA.)
pp
pp
Allegretto moderato. (She moves towards IVANHOE,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

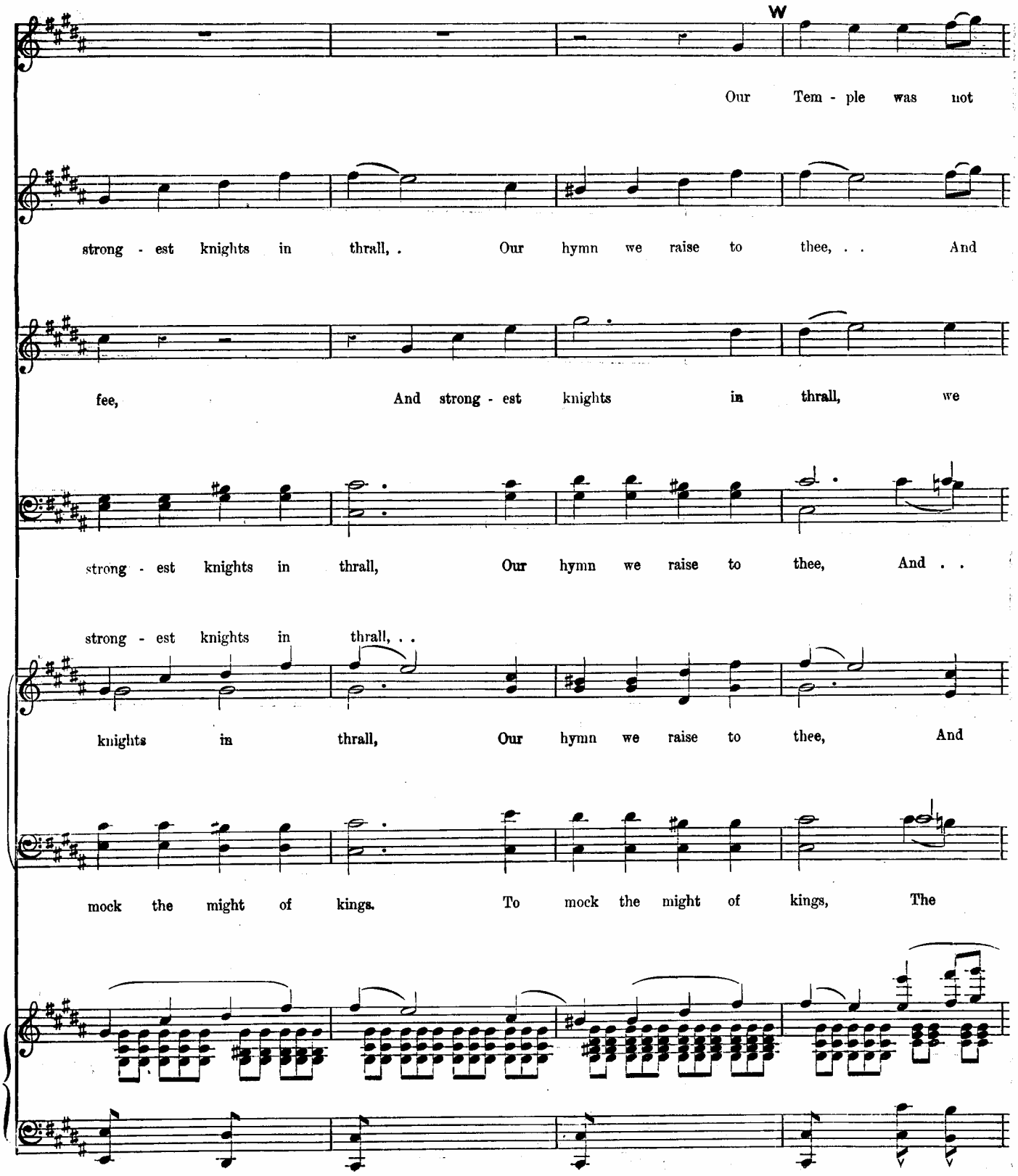

at IVANHOE and ROWENA: at this touch she turns and takes his hands in hers.)
S Allegro con brio.
KING RICHARD.
I charge thee, Con - rad,
f
sf p
Mas - ter of the Tem - ple On whose foul sport we have in - tru - ded here, Up and be -
- gone, thou and thy trait - 'rous knights, And at your pe - ril shame our coasts no
f

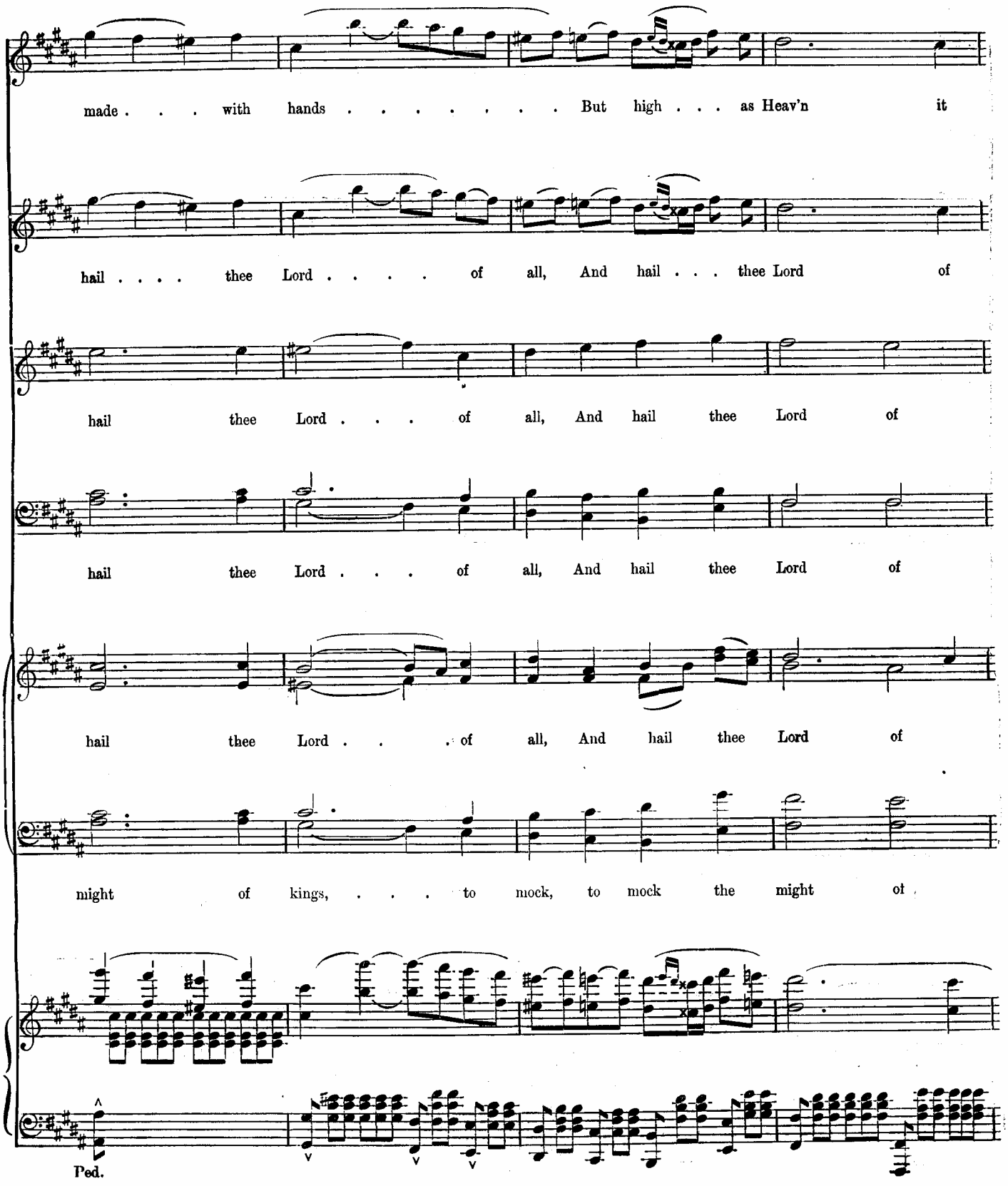

T
Grand Master.
a tempo.
more. And dost thou ban - ish me? The Tem - ple stands a - bove the wrath of
Chorus of Templars. Tenors.
The Tem - ple stands a - bove the wrath of
Basses.
The Tem - ple stands a - bove the wrath of

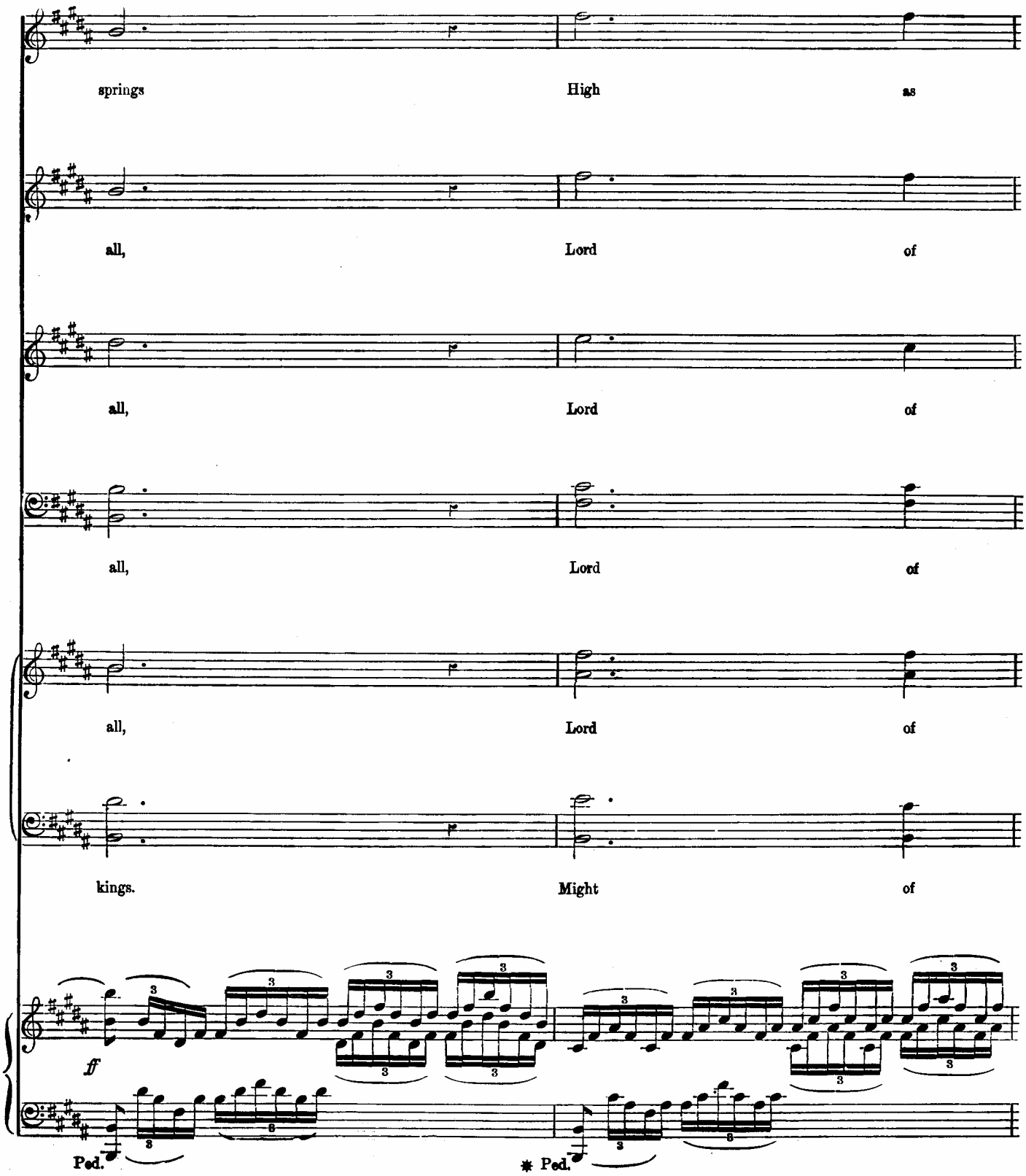

King Richard
Kings! We will ap - peal to Rome! Ap - peal! Ap - peal!
Kings! We will ap - peal to Rome!
Kings! We will ap - peal to Rome!
Ped.

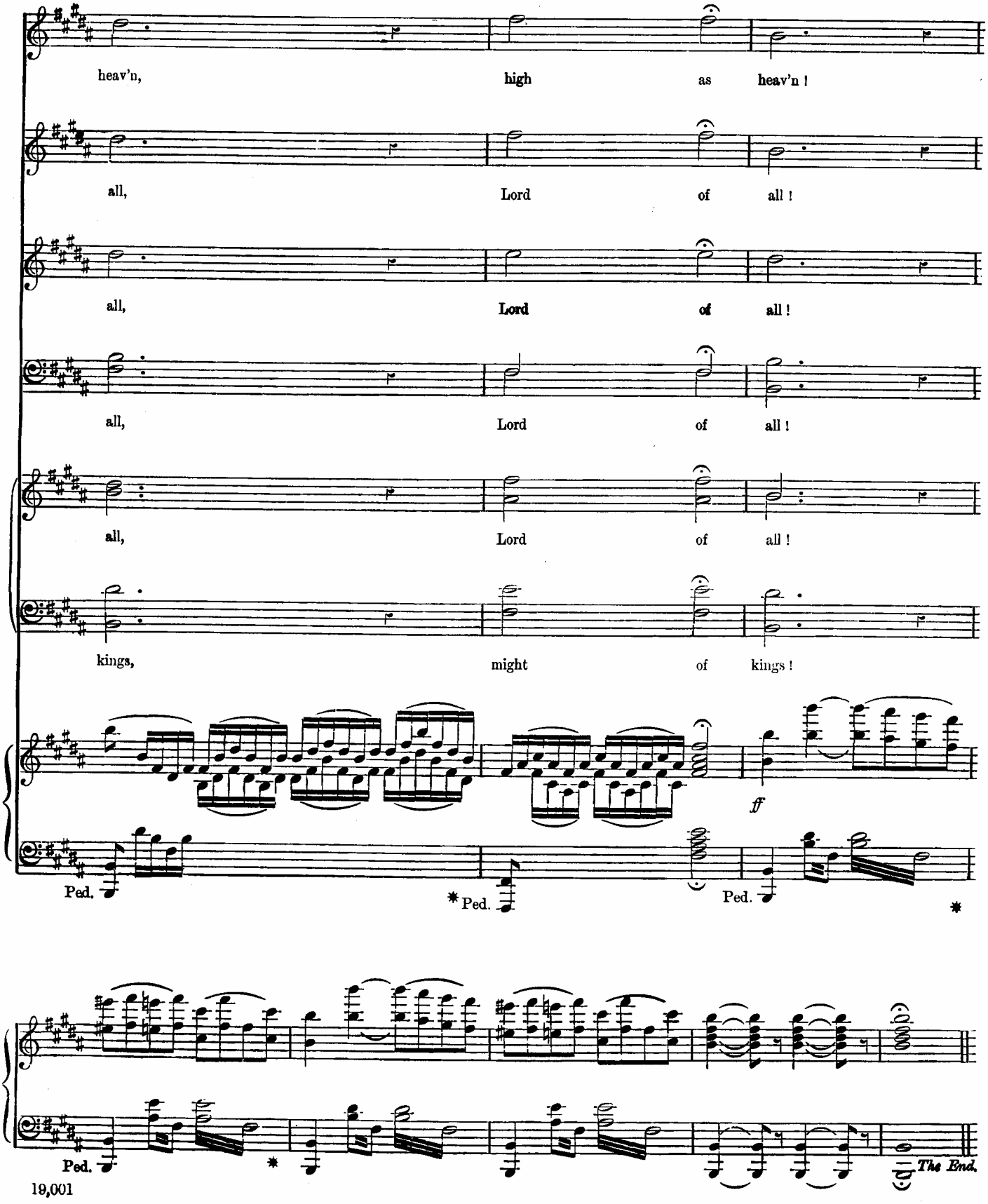

Recit.
But if I find thee yet on Eng - lish ground, I will so har - ry thee, thou for - eign knight, That
U
rall.
thou shalt have no voice to plead in Rome.
Andante Maestoso.
See where the ban - ner of
rall.
Chorus of Templars (Tenors & Basses).
Eng - land floats a - far . . . a - bove thy Tem - ple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


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


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


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


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



LONDON : HENDERSON & SPALDING, TYPE-MUSIC & GENERAL PRINTERS, 3 & 5, MARYLEBONE LANE, OXFORD STREET, W.

THE

MARTYR OF ANTIOCH.

Sacred Musical Drama,

THE WORDS SELECTED AND ARRANGED FROM MILMAN'S POEM.

MUSIC BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Price 5*s.* *Bound* 7*s.* 6*d.*

TRIAL BY JURY.

A

Dramatic Cantata.

WRITTEN BY

W. S. GILBERT.

MUSIC BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Vocal Score, 3*s. nett.*

Pianoforte Solo, 2*s.* 6*d. nett.*

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