# IVANHOE

A Romantic Opera

ADAPTED FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NOVEL

Words By

*Julian Sturgis*

Music By

*Arthur Sullivan*

Arranged for the Pianoforte by ERNEST FORD

.....

| | |
|---|---|
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.....

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*Dedicated*

*by special permission*

*to*

*Her most Gracious Majesty*

# *The Queen,*

*at whose suggestion this work was written,*

*in grateful acknowledgment*

*of Her Majesty's kindly encouragement.*

*by*

*her humble and devoted Subject*

*and Servant,*

*Arthur Sullivan.*

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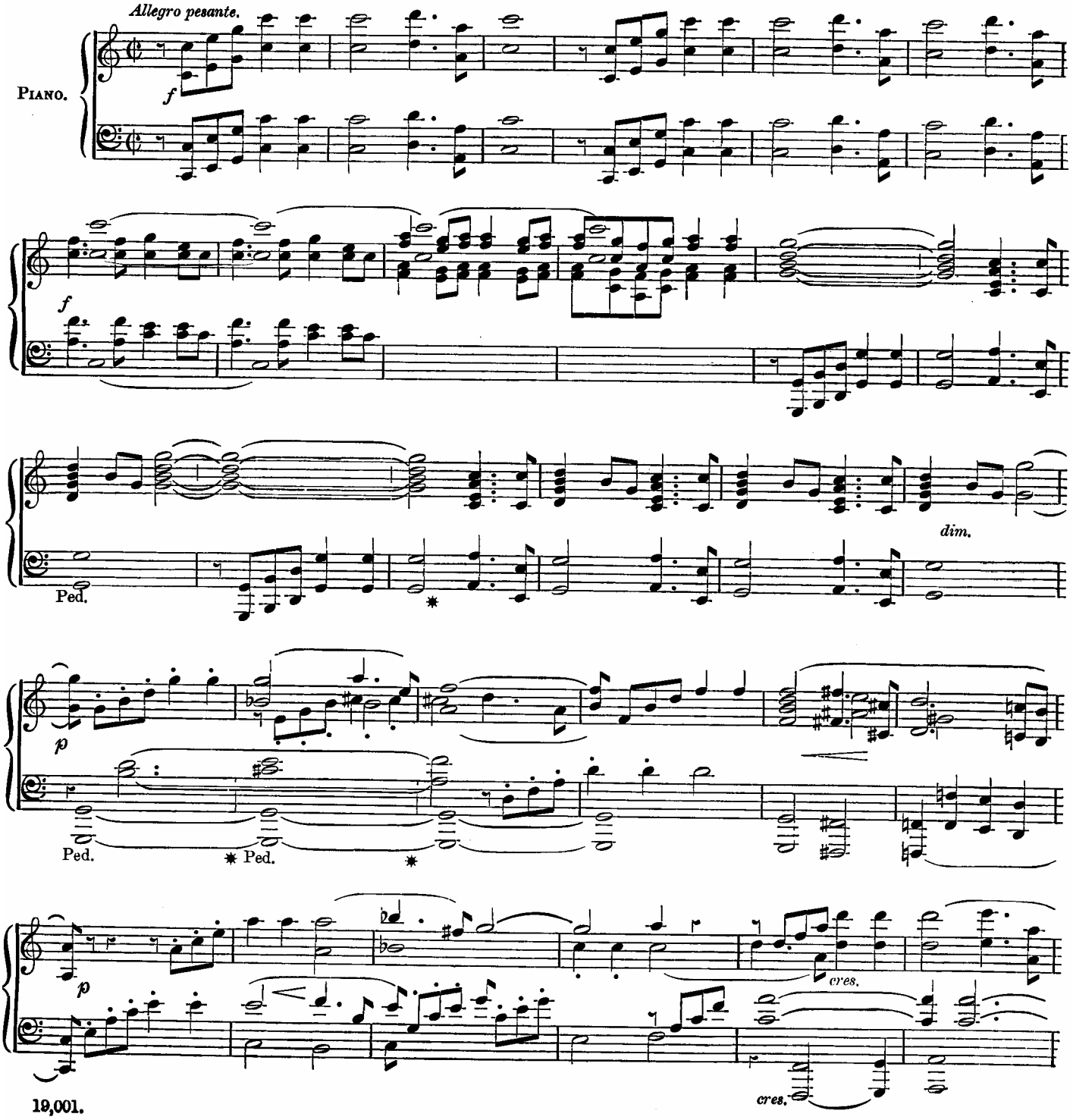
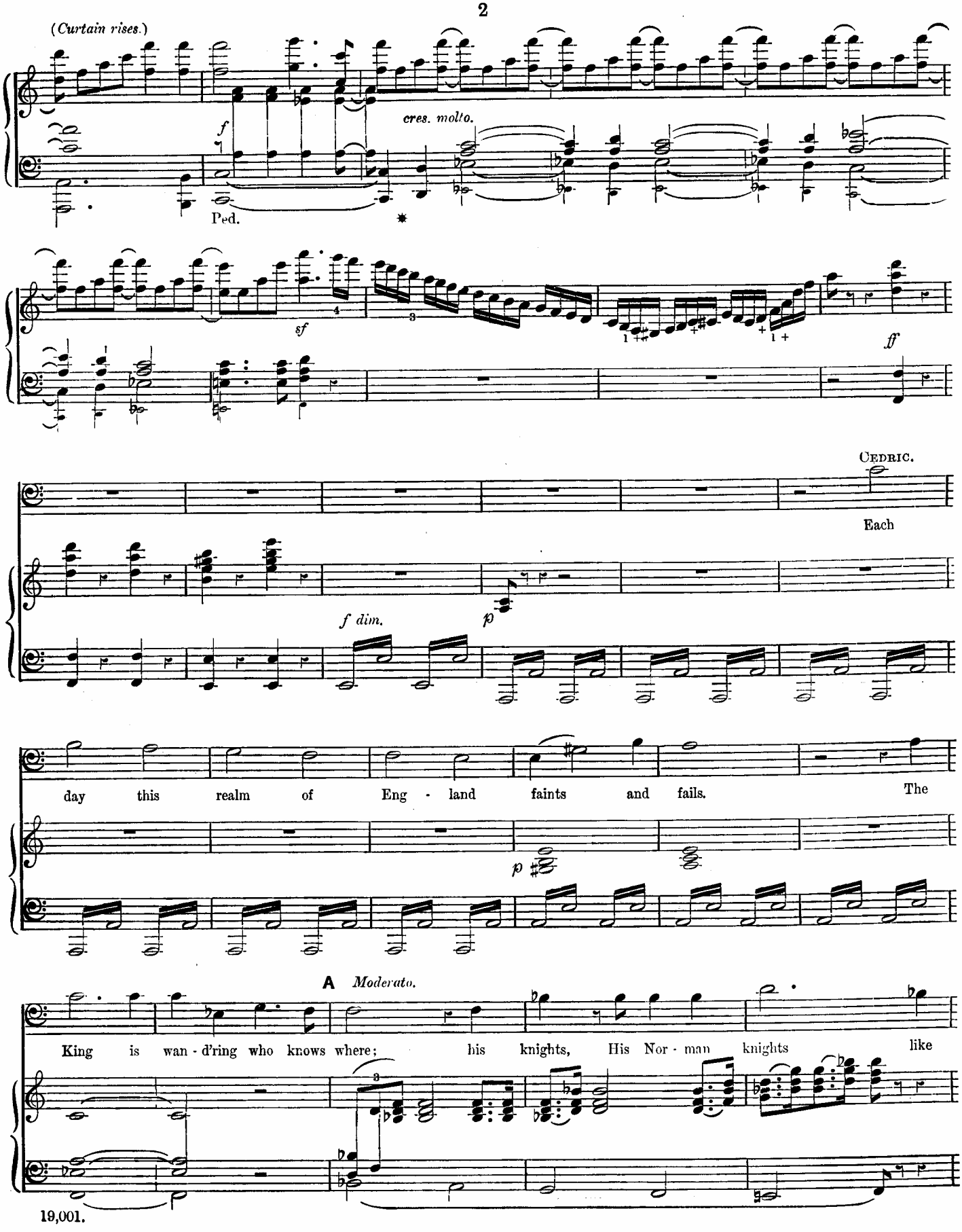
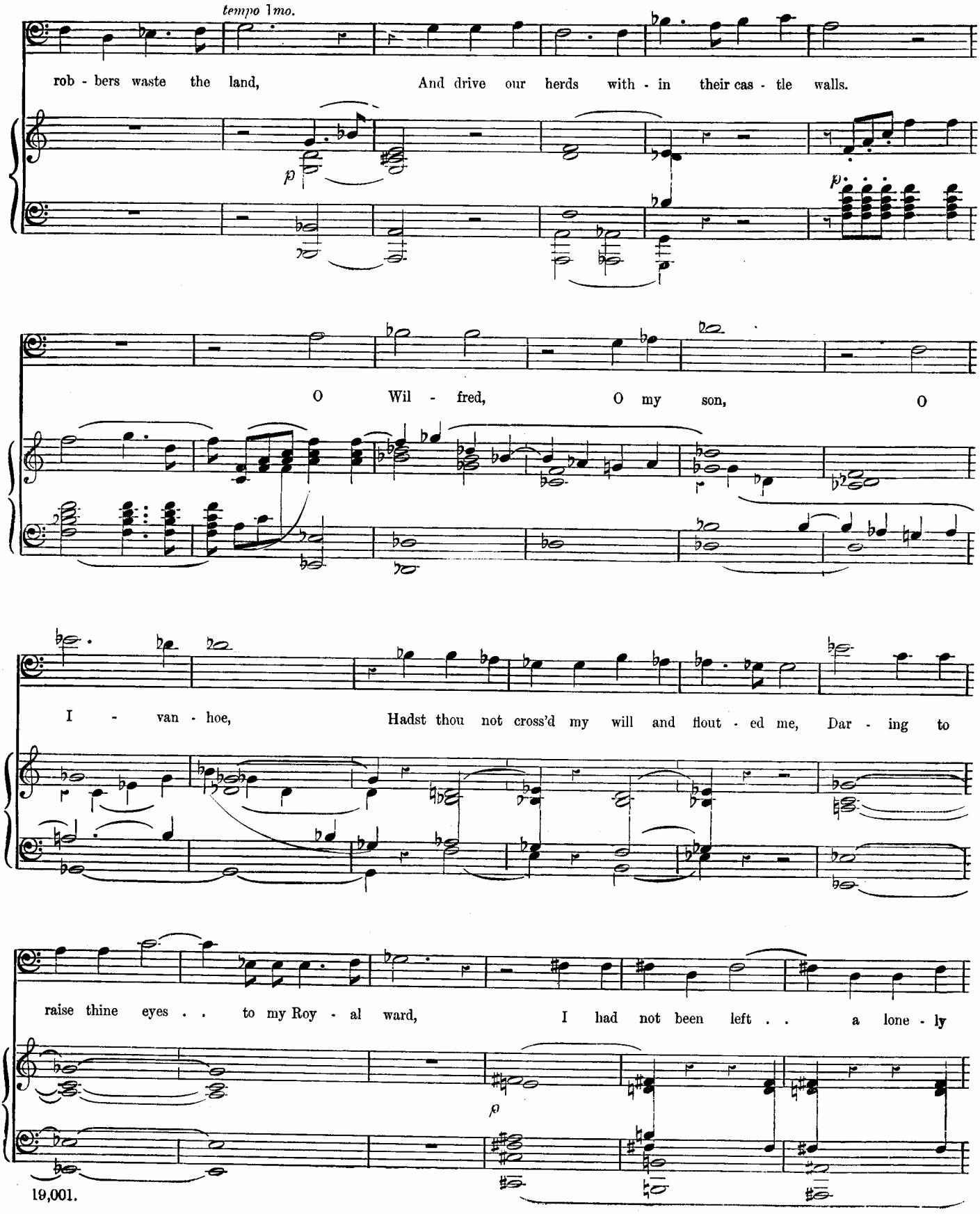
# IVANHOE

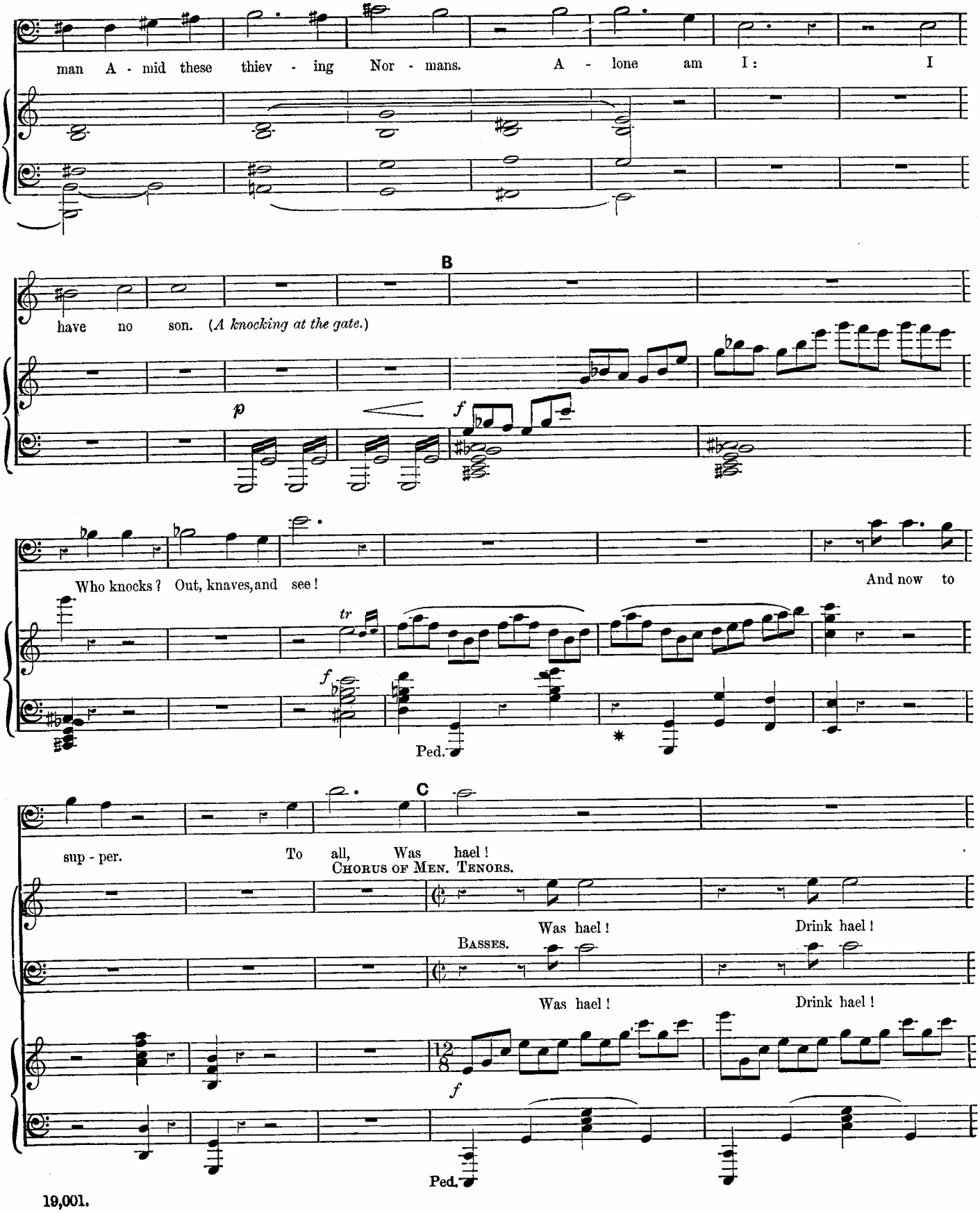
## ACT I.

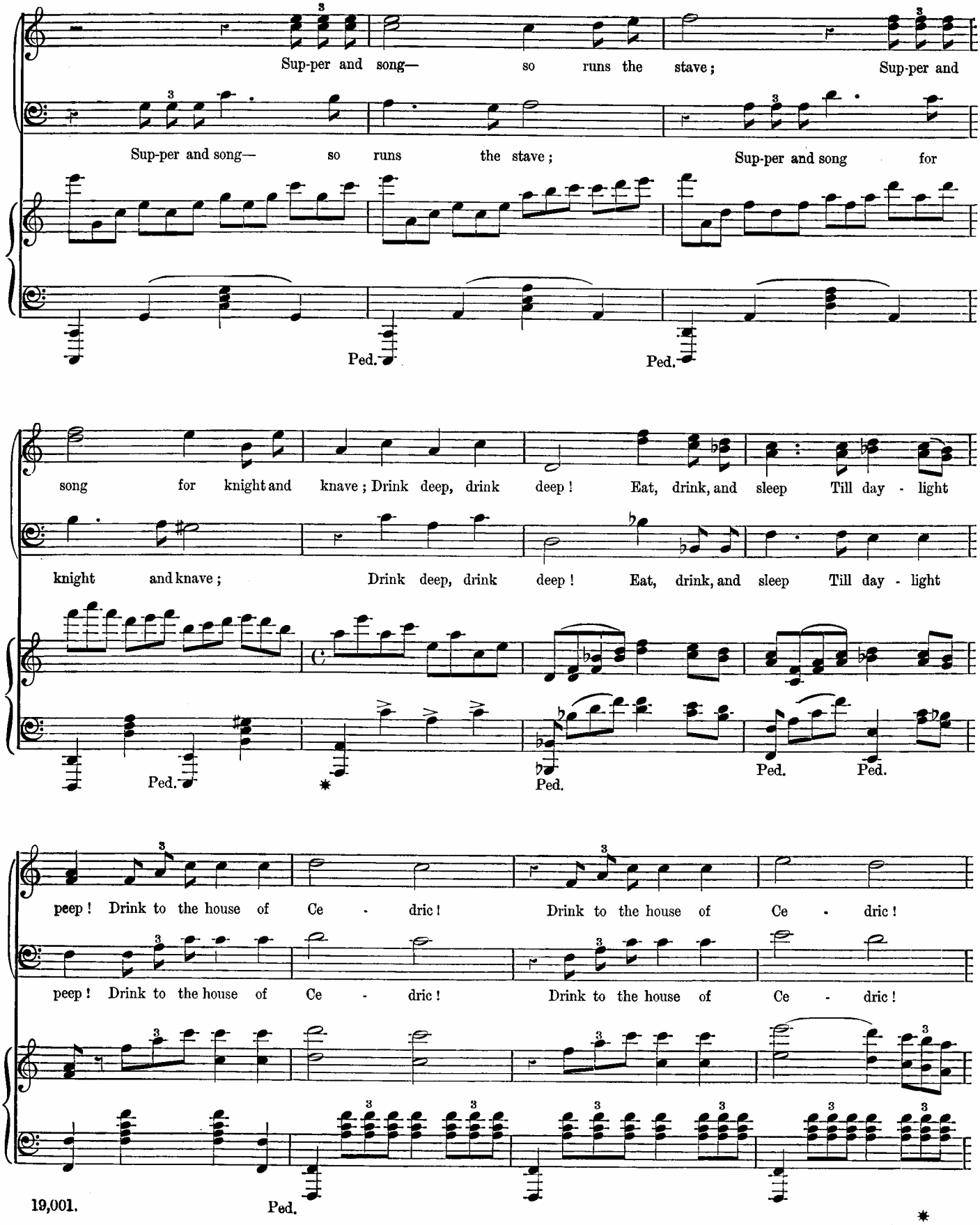
*SCENE I.*

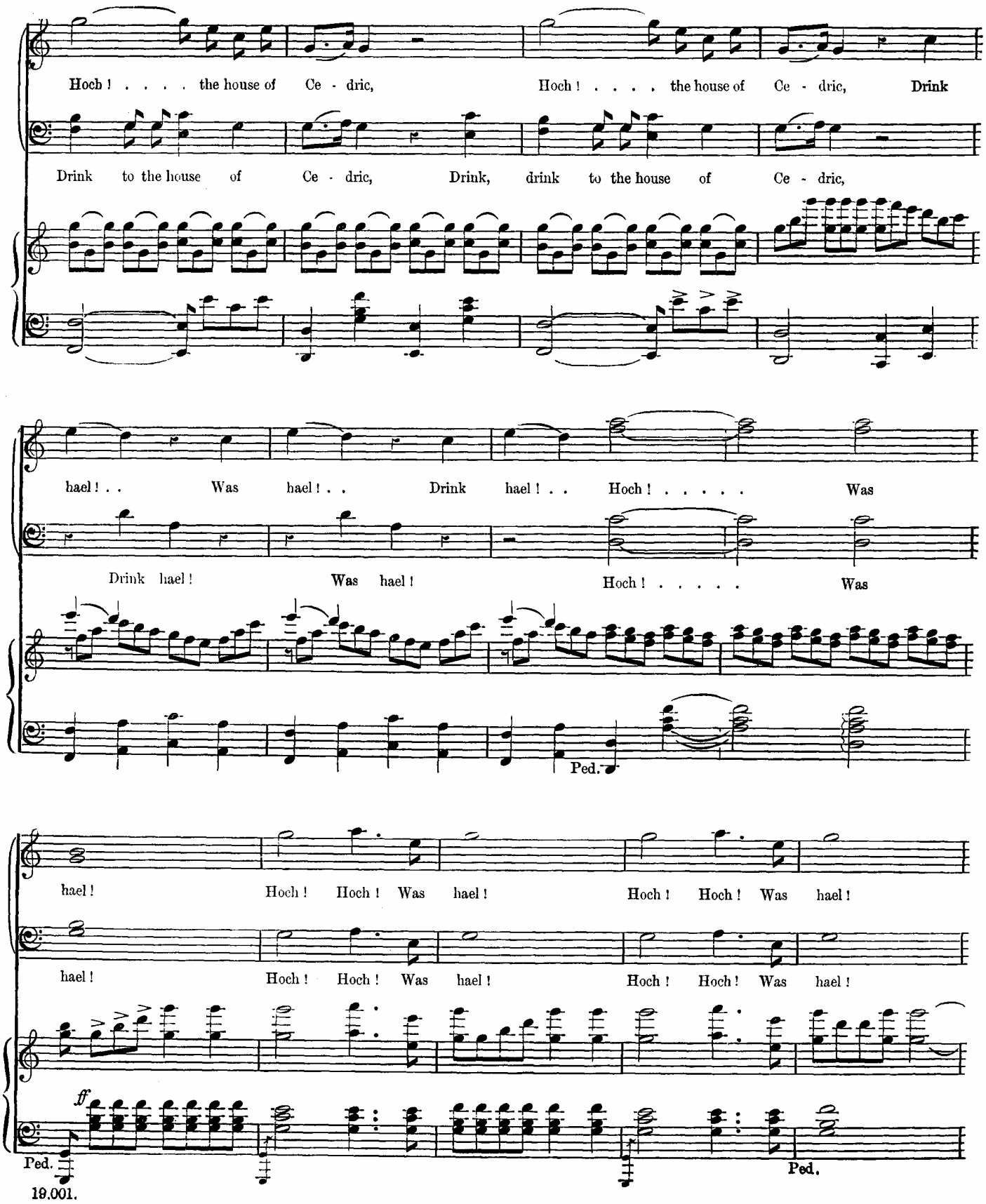


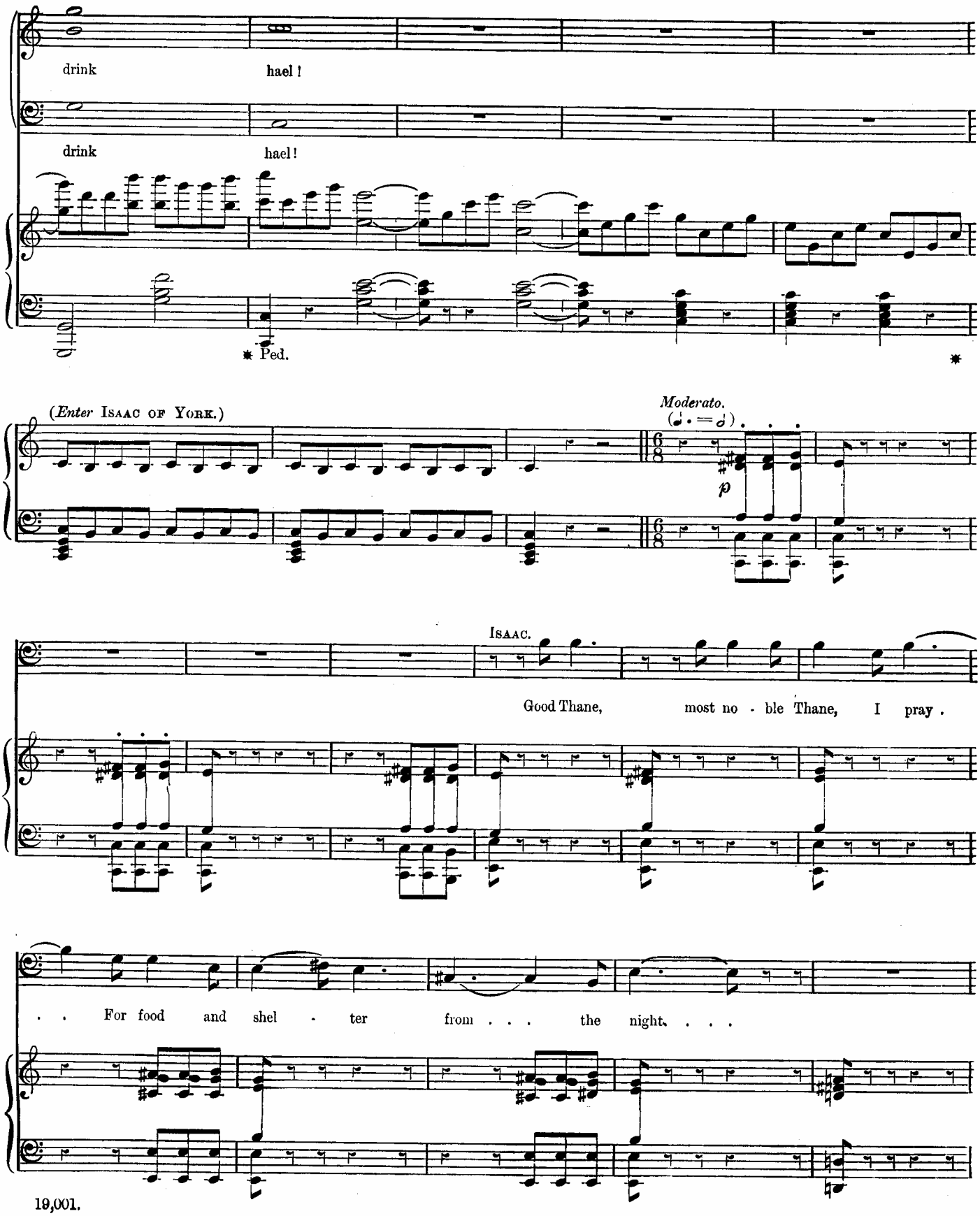

(Curtain rises.)
f
cres. molto.
Ped.
sf
ff
CEDRIC.
Each
f dim.
p
day this realm of Eng - land faints and fails.
The
p
A Moderato.
King is wan - d'ring who knows where; his knights, His Nor - man knights like

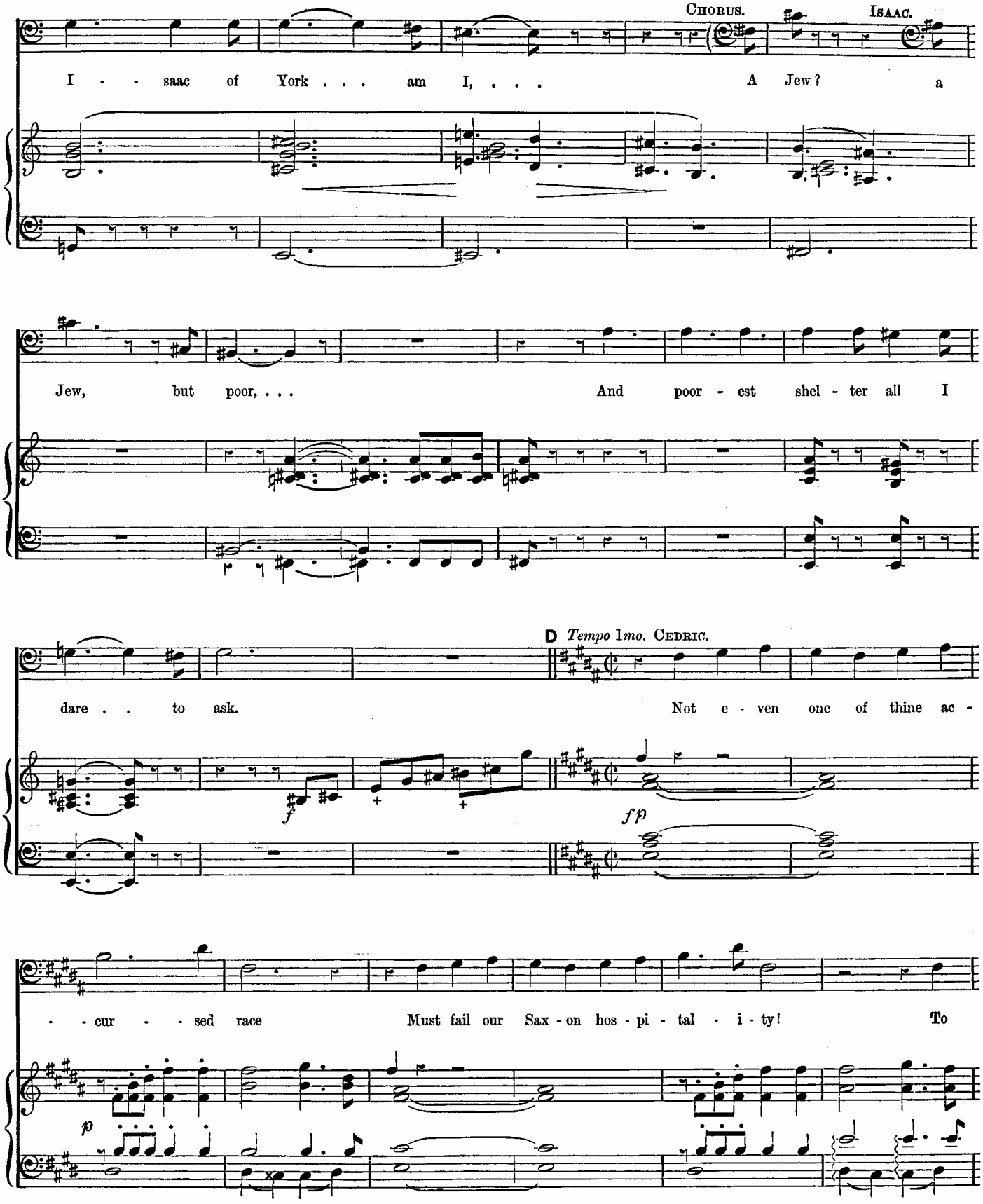

tempo 1mo.
rob - bers waste the land, And drive our herds with - in their cas - tle walls.
O Wil - fred, O my son, O
I - van - hoe, Hadst thou not cross'd my will and flout - ed me, Dar - ing to
raise thine eyes . . to my Roy - al ward, I had not been left . . a lone - ly

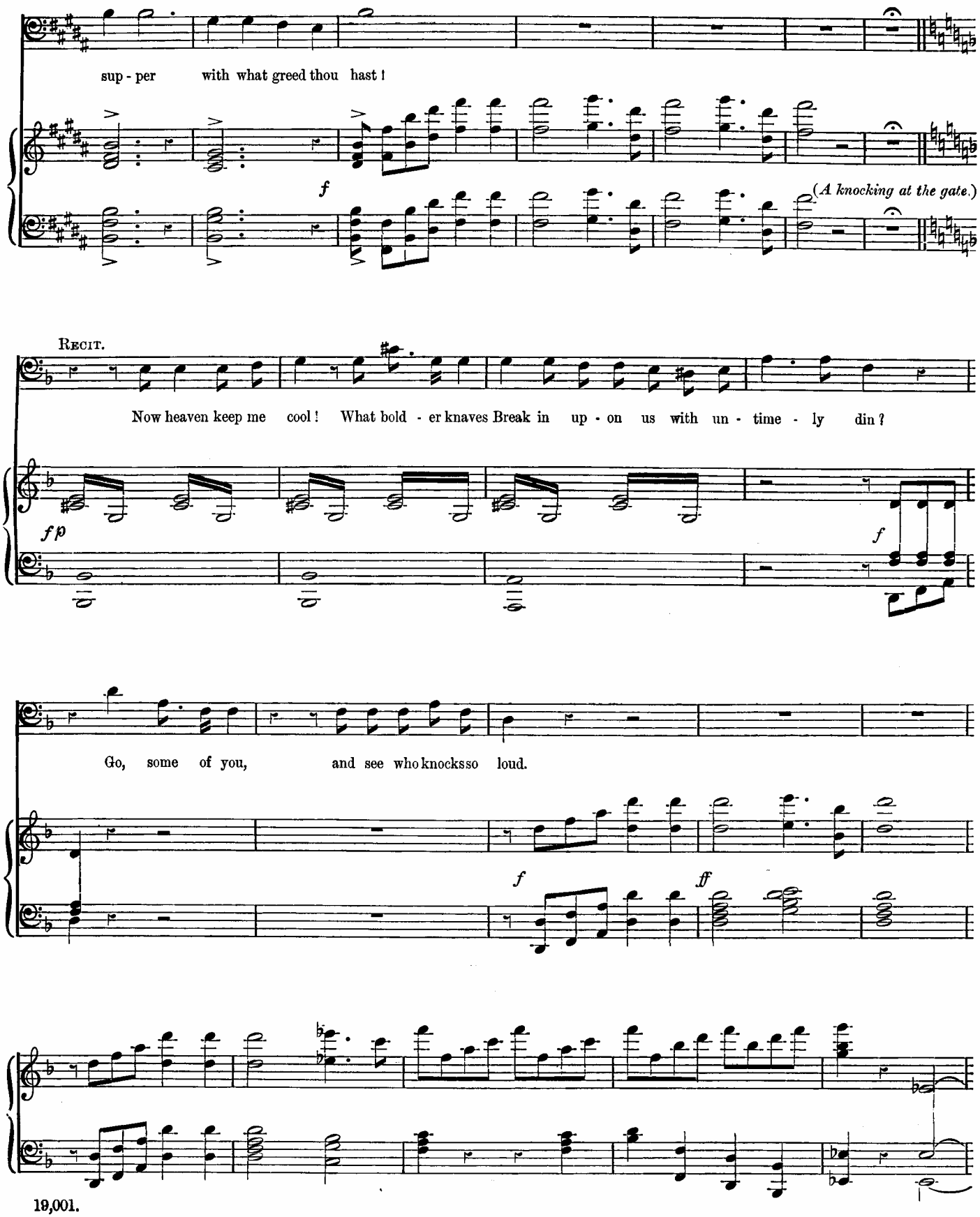

man A - mid these thiev - ing Nor - mans. A - lone am I: I
B
have no son. (A knocking at the gate.)
p
f
Who knocks? Out, knaves, and see!
And now to
tr
f
Ped.
C
sup - per.
To all, Was hael!
Chorus of Men. Tenors.
Was hael!
Drink hael!
Basses.
Was hael!
Drink hael!
f
Ped.

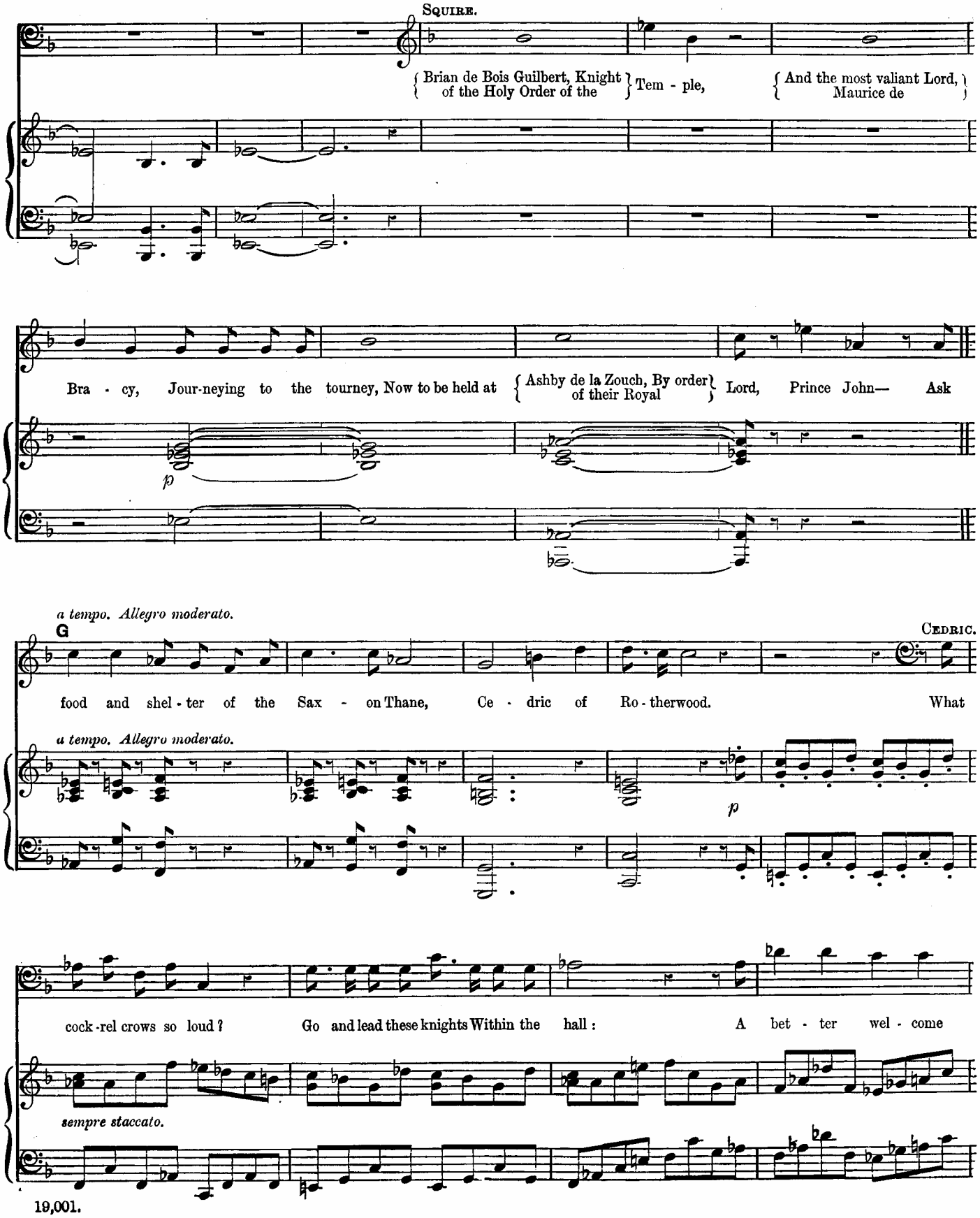

Sup-per and song— so runs the stave; Sup-per and
Sup-per and song— so runs the stave; Sup-per and song for
Ped.
Ped.
song for knight and knave; Drink deep, drink deep! Eat, drink, and sleep Till day - light
knight and knave; Drink deep, drink deep! Eat, drink, and sleep Till day - light
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
peep! Drink to the house of Ce - dric! Drink to the house of Ce - dric!
peep! Drink to the house of Ce - dric! Drink to the house of Ce - dric!
Ped.

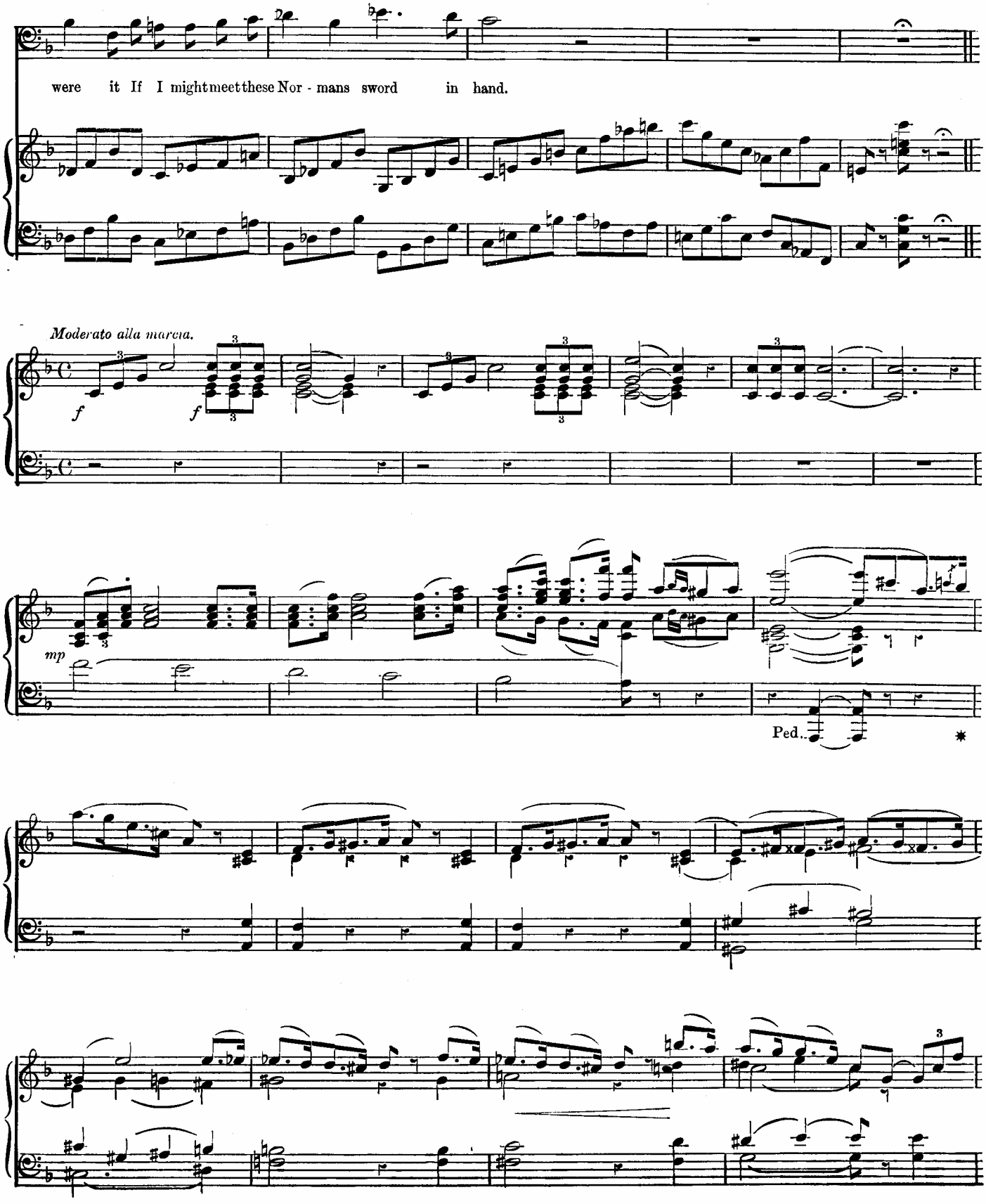

Hoch ! . . . . the house of Ce - dric, Hoch ! . . . . the house of Ce - dric, Drink
Drink to the house of Ce - dric, Drink, drink to the house of Ce - dric,
hael ! . . Was hael ! . . Drink hael ! . . Hoch ! . . . . . Was
Drink hael ! Was hael ! Hoch ! . . . . . Was
Ped.
hael ! Hoch ! Hoch ! Was hael ! Hoch ! Hoch ! Was hael !
hael ! Hoch ! Hoch ! Was hael ! Hoch ! Hoch ! Was hael !
ff
Ped.
Ped.

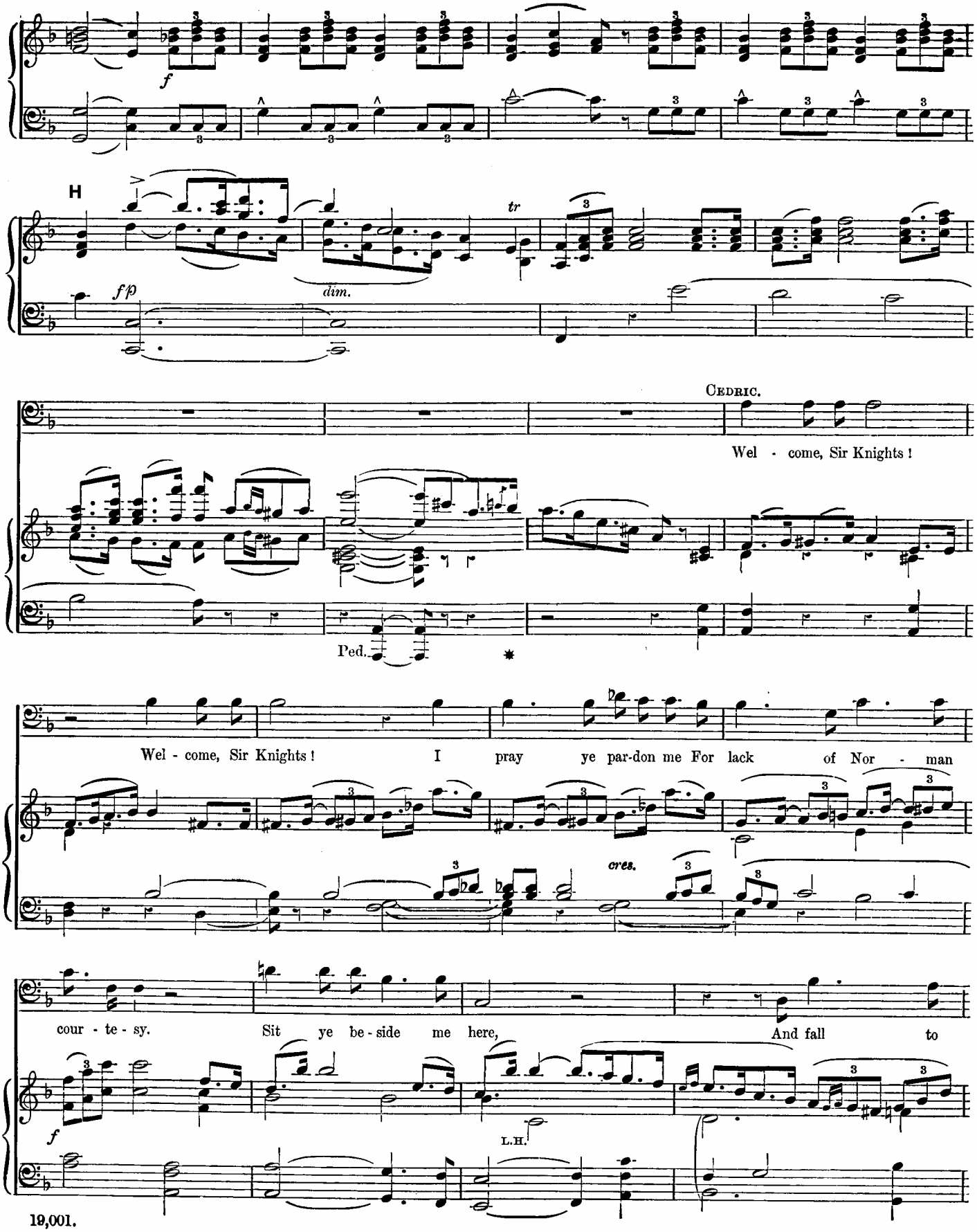

drink
hael!
drink
hael!
Ped.
(Enter Isaac of York.)
Moderato.
p
Isaac.
Good Thane, most no - ble Thane, I pray.
. . For food and shel - ter from . . . the night. . . .

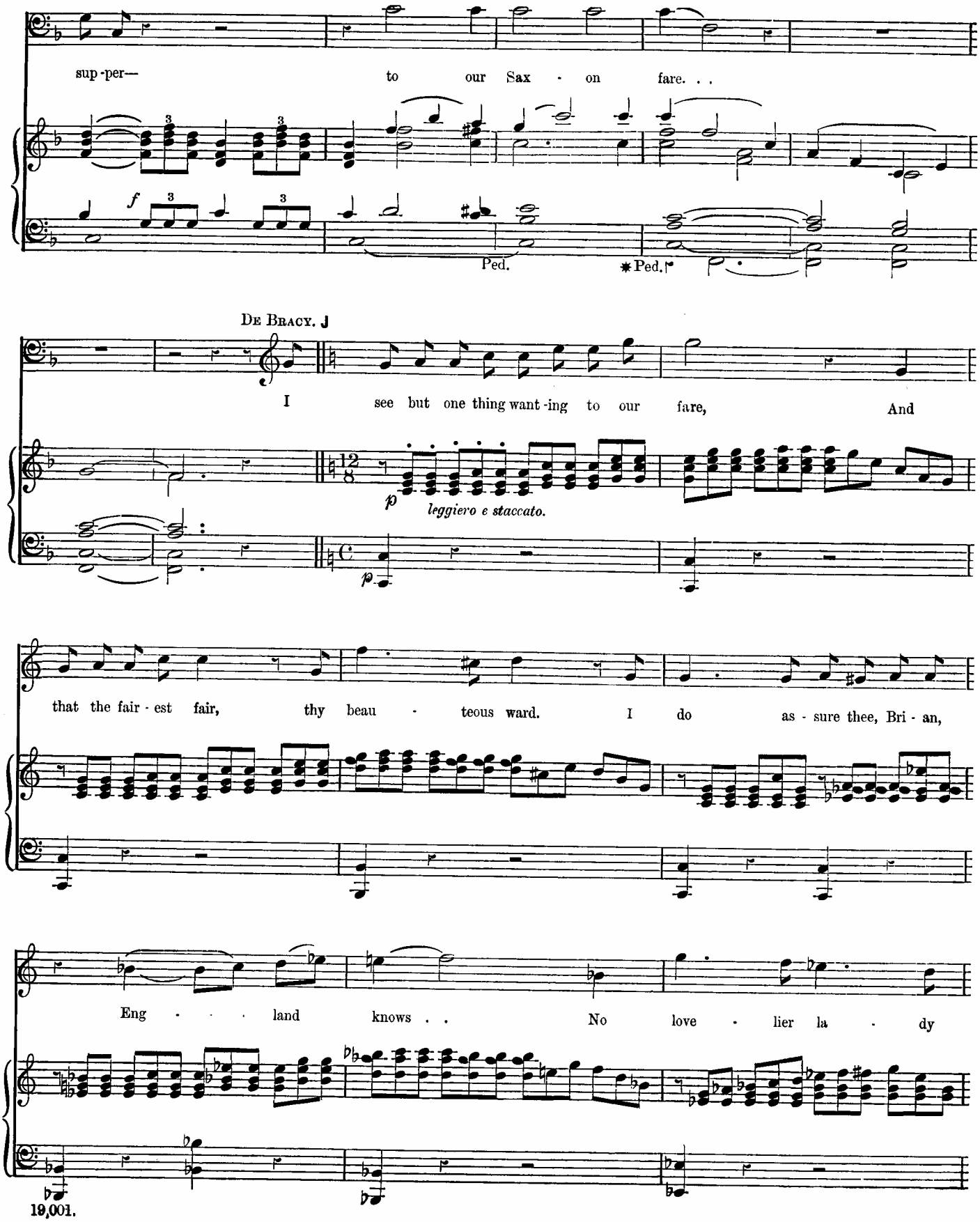

Chorus.
Isaac.
I - - saac of York . . . am I, . . . A Jew? a
Jew, but poor, . . . And poor - est shel - ter all I
D Tempo 1mo. Cedric.
dare . . to ask. Not e - ven one of thine ac -
f
fp
- - cur - - sed race Must fail our Sax - on hos - pi - tal - i - ty! To
p

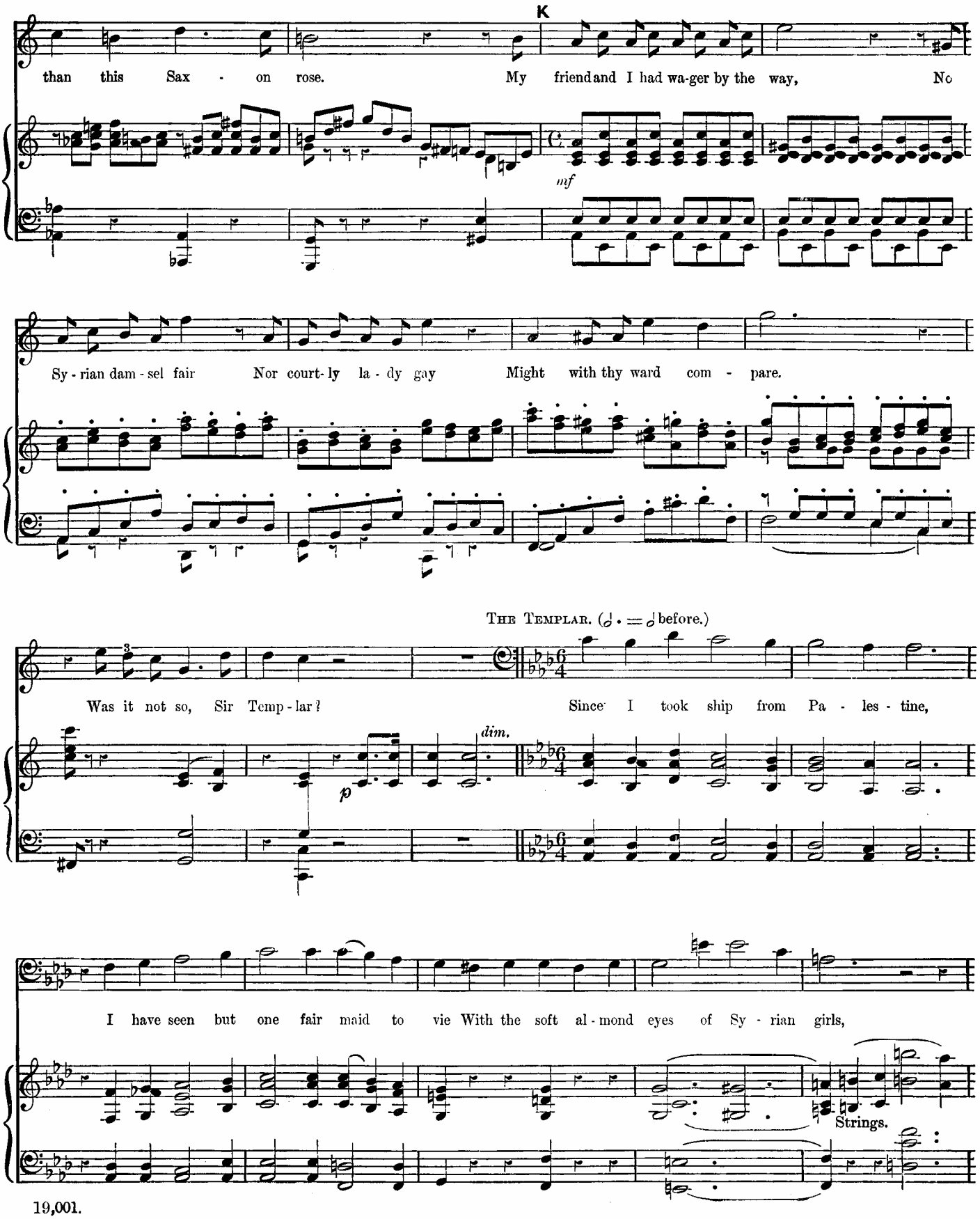

sup - per with what greed thou hast!
f
(A knocking at the gate.)
Recit.
Now heaven keep me cool! What bold - er knaves Break in up - on us with un - time - ly din?
fp
f
Go, some of you, and see who knocksso loud.
f
ff

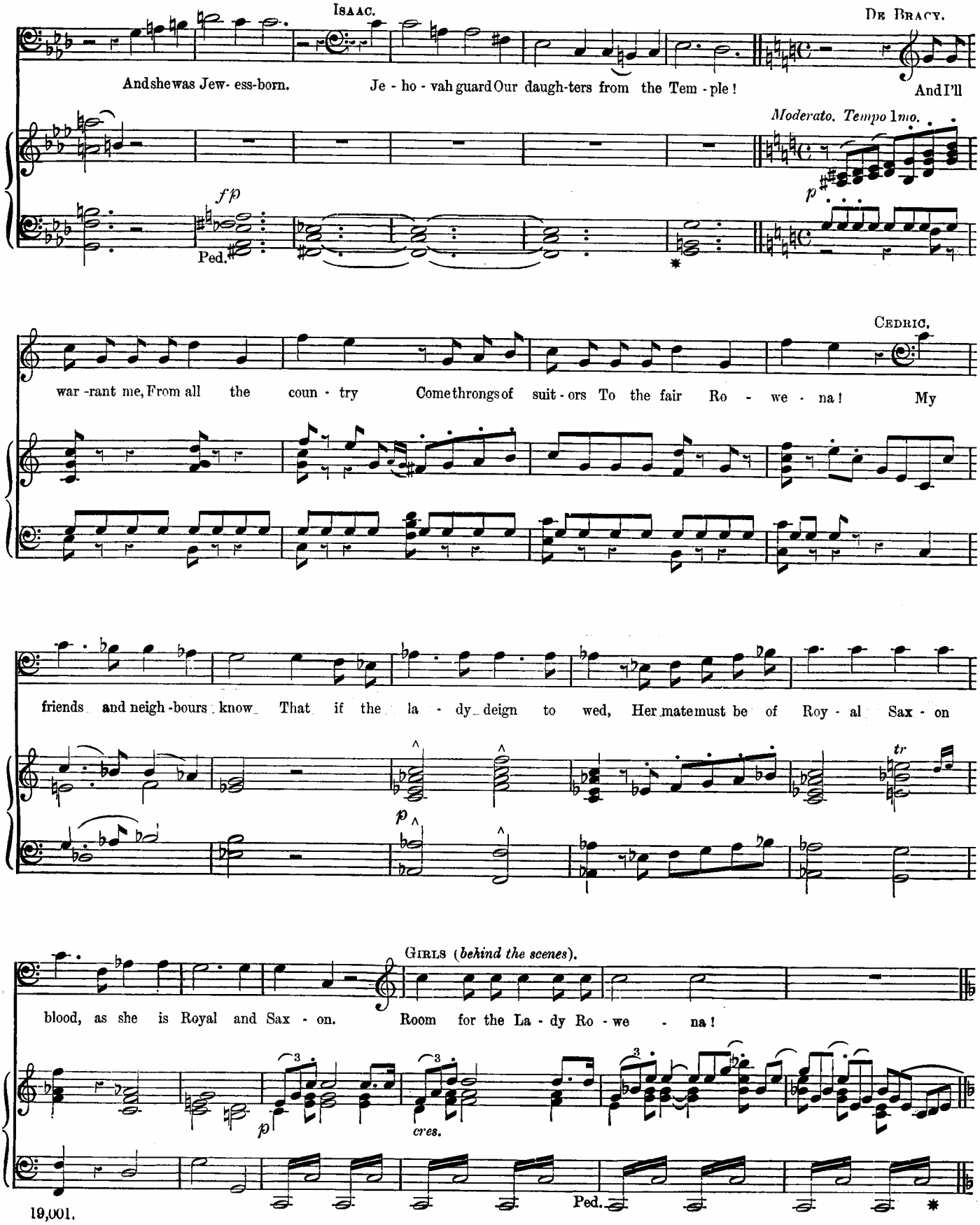

SQUIRE.
Brian de Bois Guilbert, Knight of the Holy Order of the Tem - ple,
And the most valiant Lord, Maurice de
Bra - cy, Jour-neying to the tourney, Now to be held at Ashby de la Zouch, By order of their Royal Lord, Prince John— Ask
p
a tempo. Allegro moderato.
G
CEDRIC.
food and shel - ter of the Sax - on Thane, Ce - dric of Ro - therwood. What
a tempo. Allegro moderato.
p
cock-rel crows so loud? Go and lead these knights Within the hall: A bet - ter wel - come
sempre staccato.

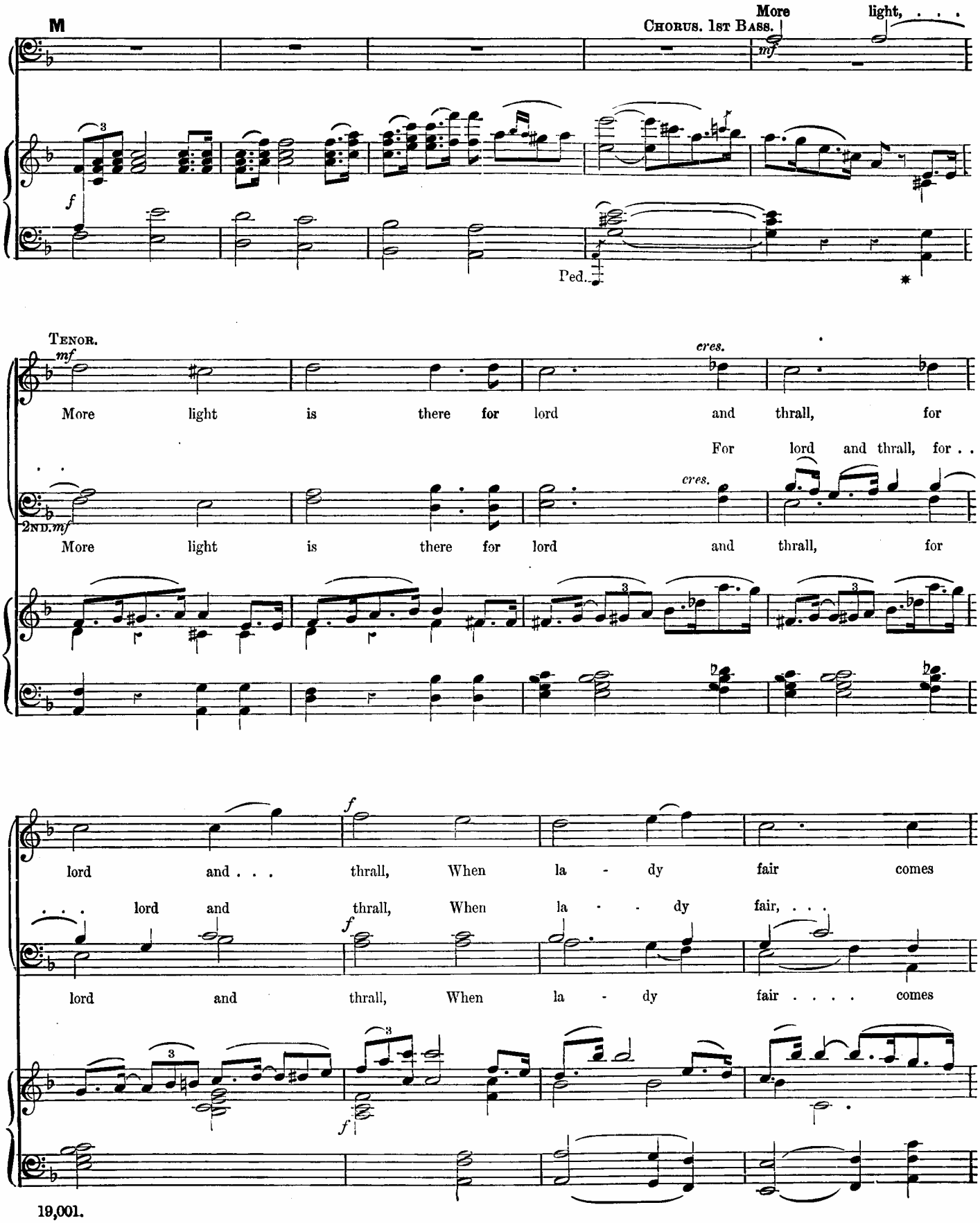

were it If I might meet these Nor - mans sword in hand.
Moderato alla marcia.
f
f
mp
Ped.
*

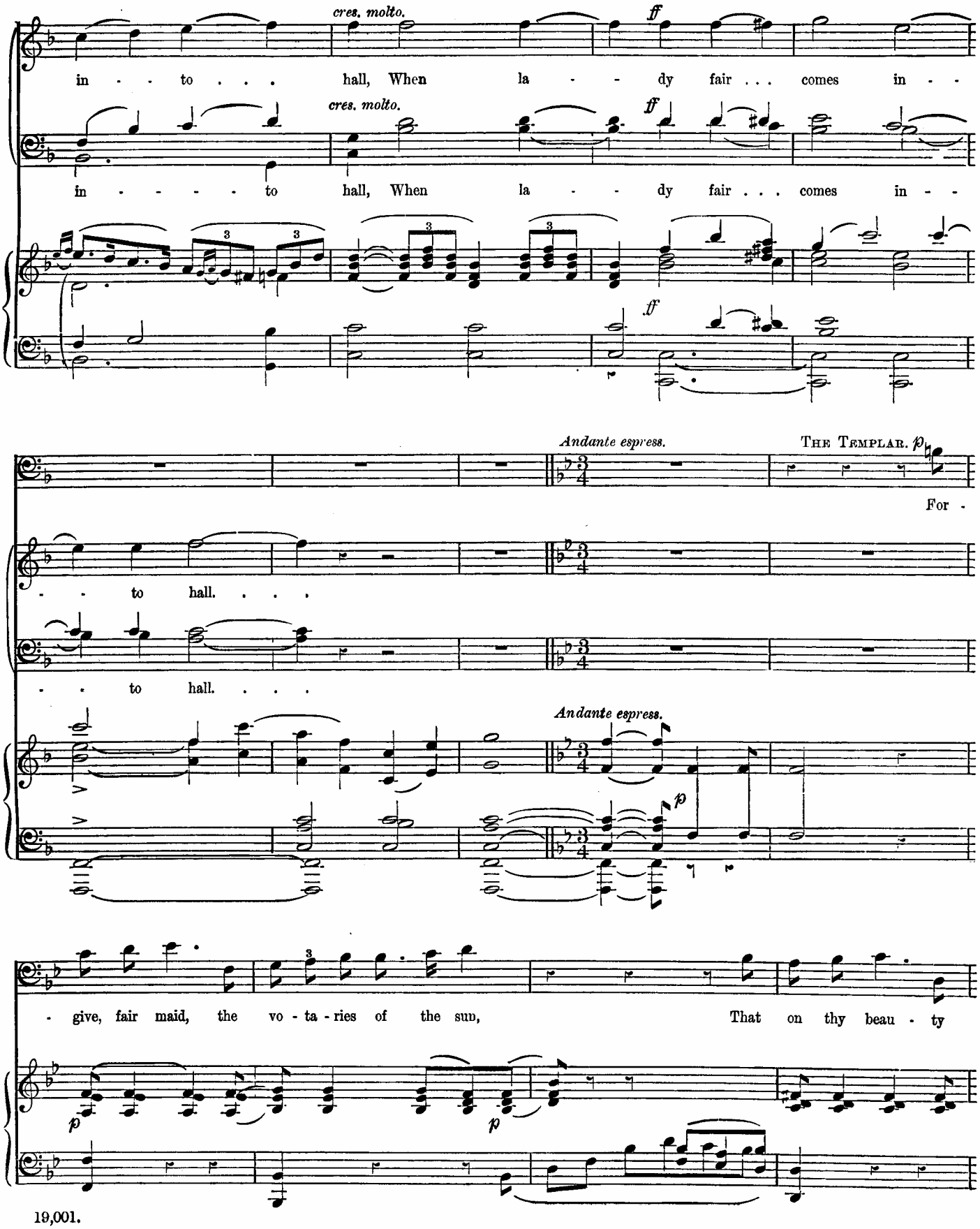

H
f
fp
dim.
tr
CEDRIC.
Wel - come, Sir Knights!
Ped.
Wel - come, Sir Knights! I pray ye par-don me For lack of Nor - man
cres.
cour - te - sy. Sit ye be - side me here, And fall to
f
L.H.

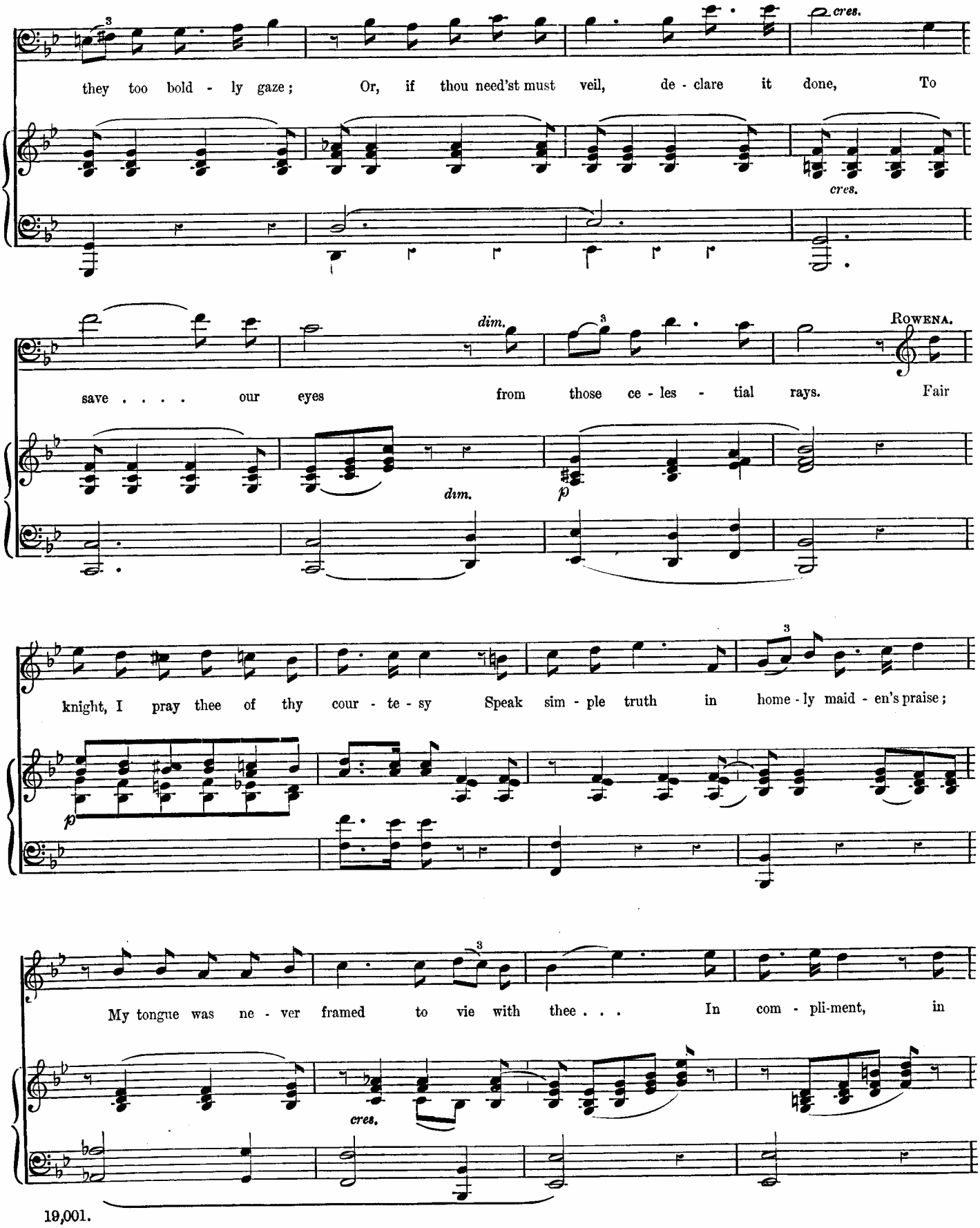

sup-per— to our Sax - on fare. . .
Ped.
*Ped.
De Bracy.
I see but one thing want-ing to our fare, And
leggiero e staccato.
that the fair-est fair, thy beau - teous ward. I do as - sure thee, Bri - an,
Eng - - - land knows . . No love - lier la - dy

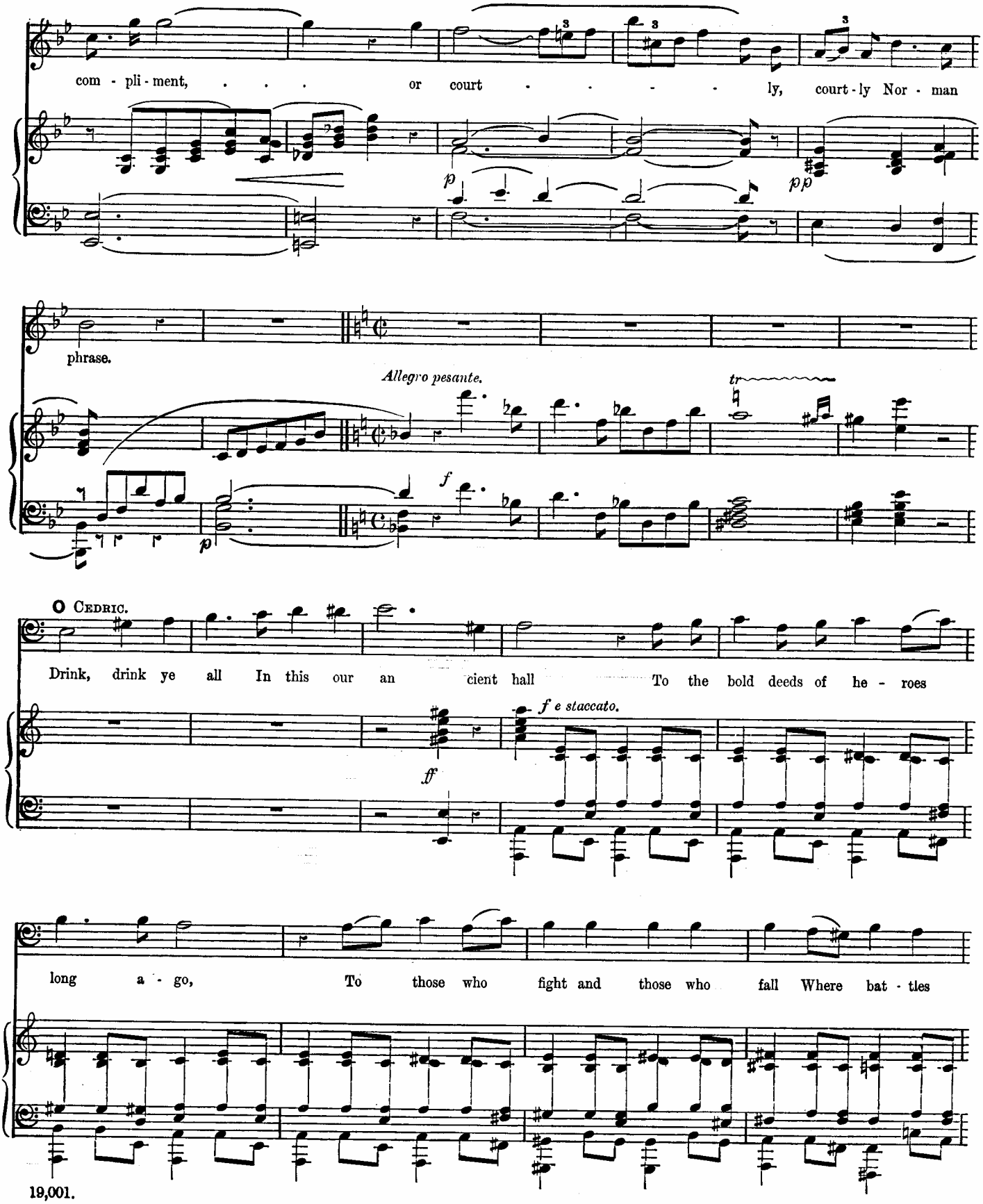

K
than this Sax - on rose. My friend and I had wa-ger by the way, No
mf
Sy - rian dam - sel fair Nor court- ly la - dy gay Might with thy ward com - pare.
The Templar. (𝅗𝅥. = 𝅗𝅥 before.)
Was it not so, Sir Temp - lar? Since I took ship from Pa - les - tine,
p
dim.
I have seen but one fair maid to vie With the soft al - mond eyes of Sy - rian girls,
Strings.

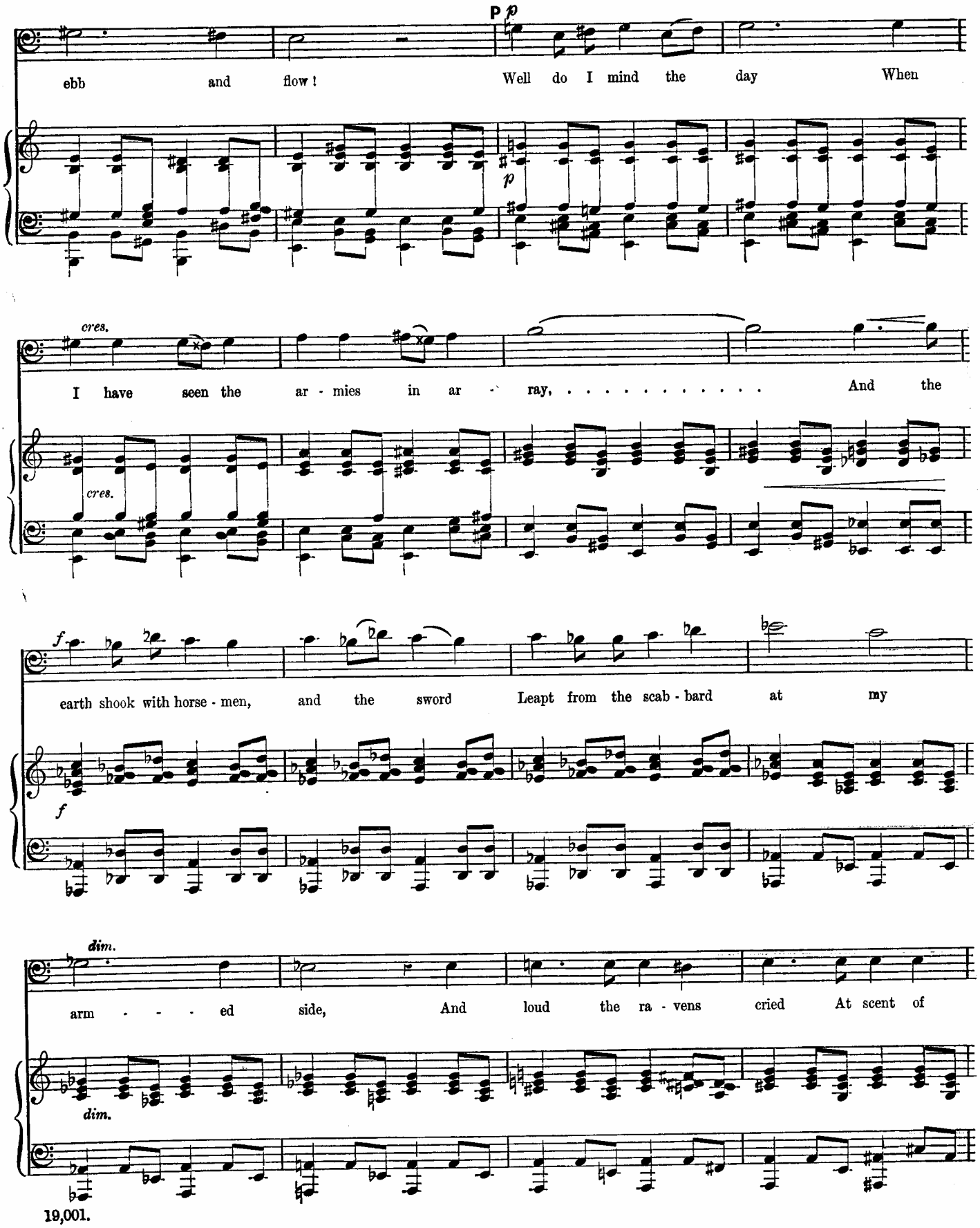

Isaac.
De Bracy.
And she was Jew- ess-born.
Je - ho - vah guard Our daugh-ters from the Tem - ple!
And I'll
Moderato. Tempo 1mo.
fp
Ped.
p
Cedric.
war -rant me, From all the coun - try Come throngs of suit - ors To the fair Ro - we - na! My
friends and neigh -bours know That if the la - dy deign to wed, Her mate must be of Roy - al Sax - on
tr
p
Girls (behind the scenes).
blood, as she is Royal and Sax - on. Room for the La - dy Ro - we - na!
p
cres.
Ped.

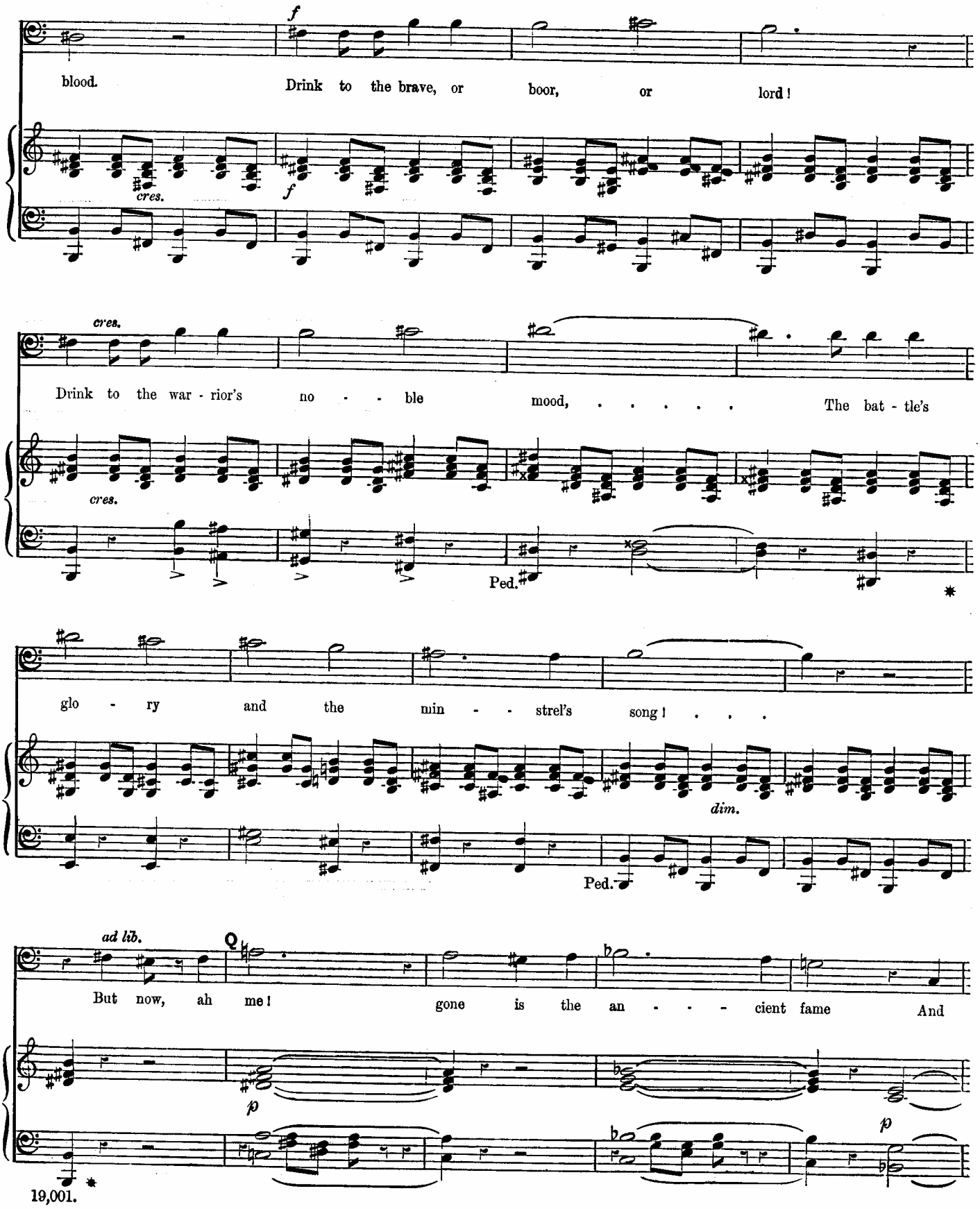

M
Chorus. 1st Bass.
More
light, . . .
mf
f
Ped.
Tenor.
mf
More light is there for lord and thrall, for
cres.
For lord and thrall, for . .
2nd. mf
More light is there for lord and thrall, for
cres.
lord and . . . thrall, When la - dy fair comes
. . . lord and thrall, When la - - dy fair, . . .
lord and thrall, When la - dy fair . . . . comes

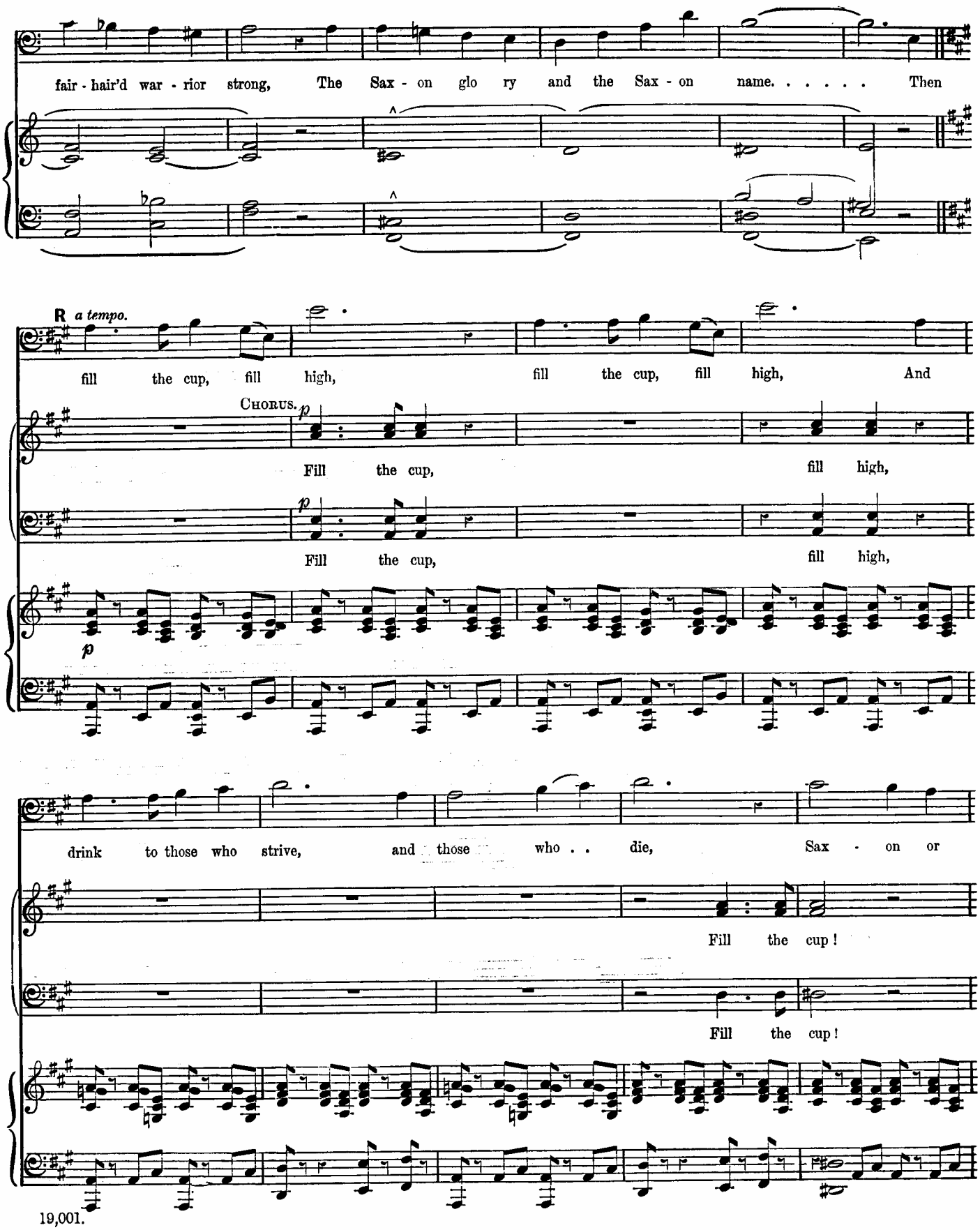

cres. molto.
ff
in - - to . . . hall, When la - - dy fair . . . comes in - -
cres. molto.
ff
in - - - - - to hall, When la - - dy fair . . . comes in - -
ff
Andante espress.
THE TEMPLAR. p
For -
- - to hall. . . .
- - to hall. . . .
Andante espress.
p
- give, fair maid, the vo - ta - ries of the sun, That on thy beau - ty
p
p

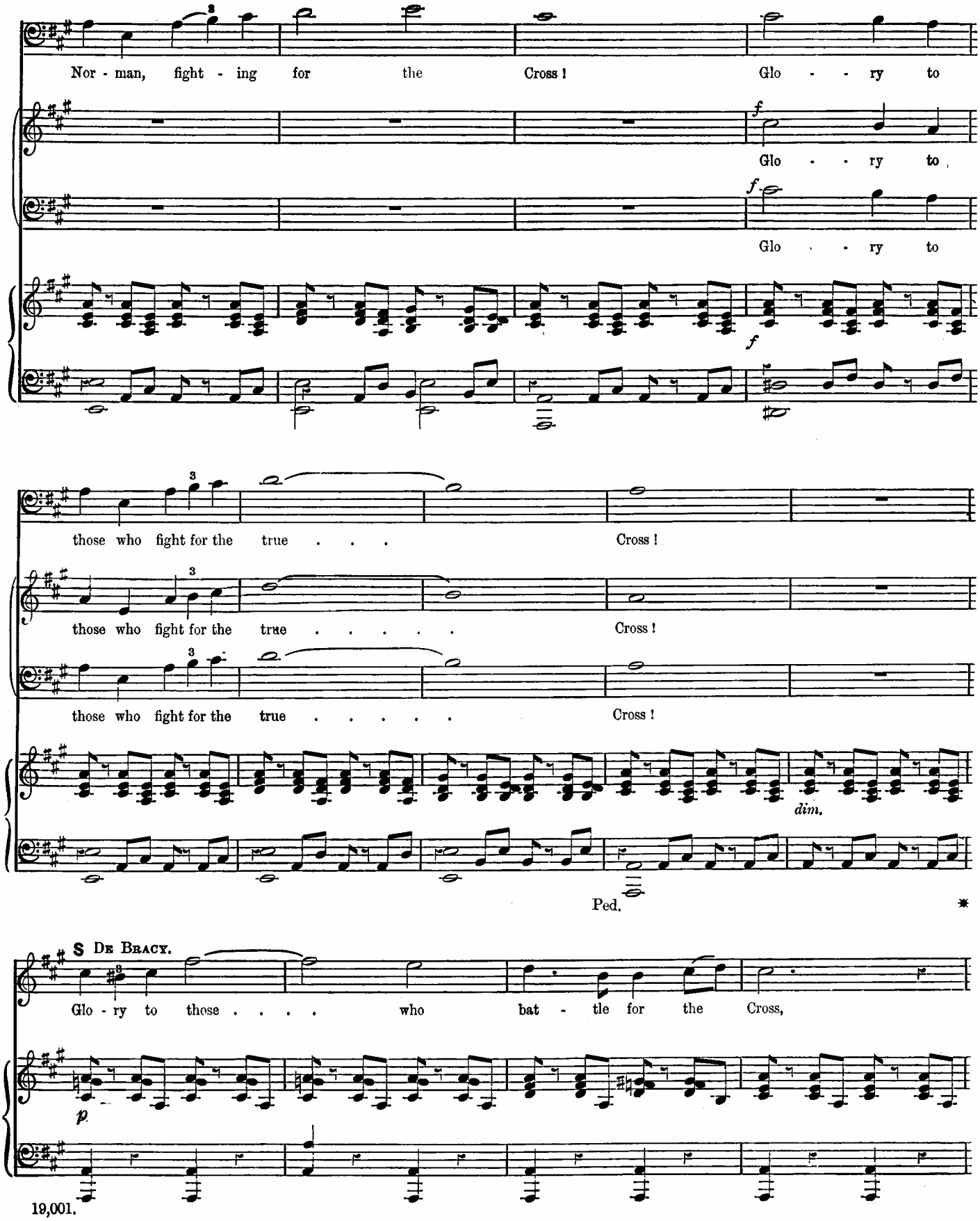

they too bold - ly gaze; Or, if thou need'st must veil, de - clare it done, To
cres.
cres.
save . . . . our eyes from those ce - les - tial rays. Fair
ROWENA.
dim.
dim.
p
knight, I pray thee of thy cour - te - sy Speak sim - ple truth in home - ly maid - en's praise;
p
My tongue was ne - ver framed to vie with thee . . . In com - pli-ment, in
cres.

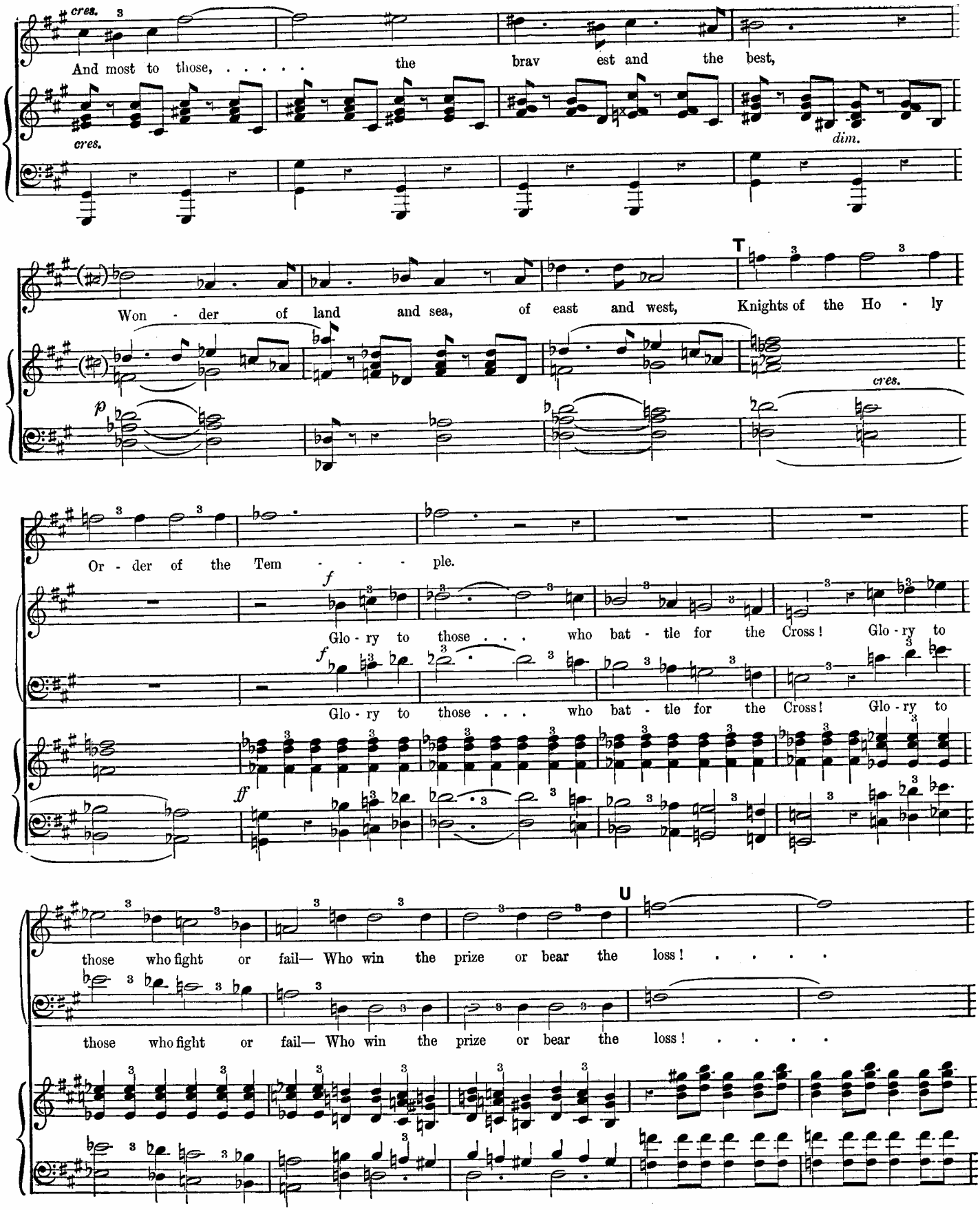

com - pli - ment, . . . or court - - - - ly, court - ly Nor - man
phrase.
Allegro pesante.
tr
O Cedric.
Drink, drink ye all In this our an cient hall To the bold deeds of he - roes
f e staccato.
long a - go, To those who fight and those who fall Where bat - tles

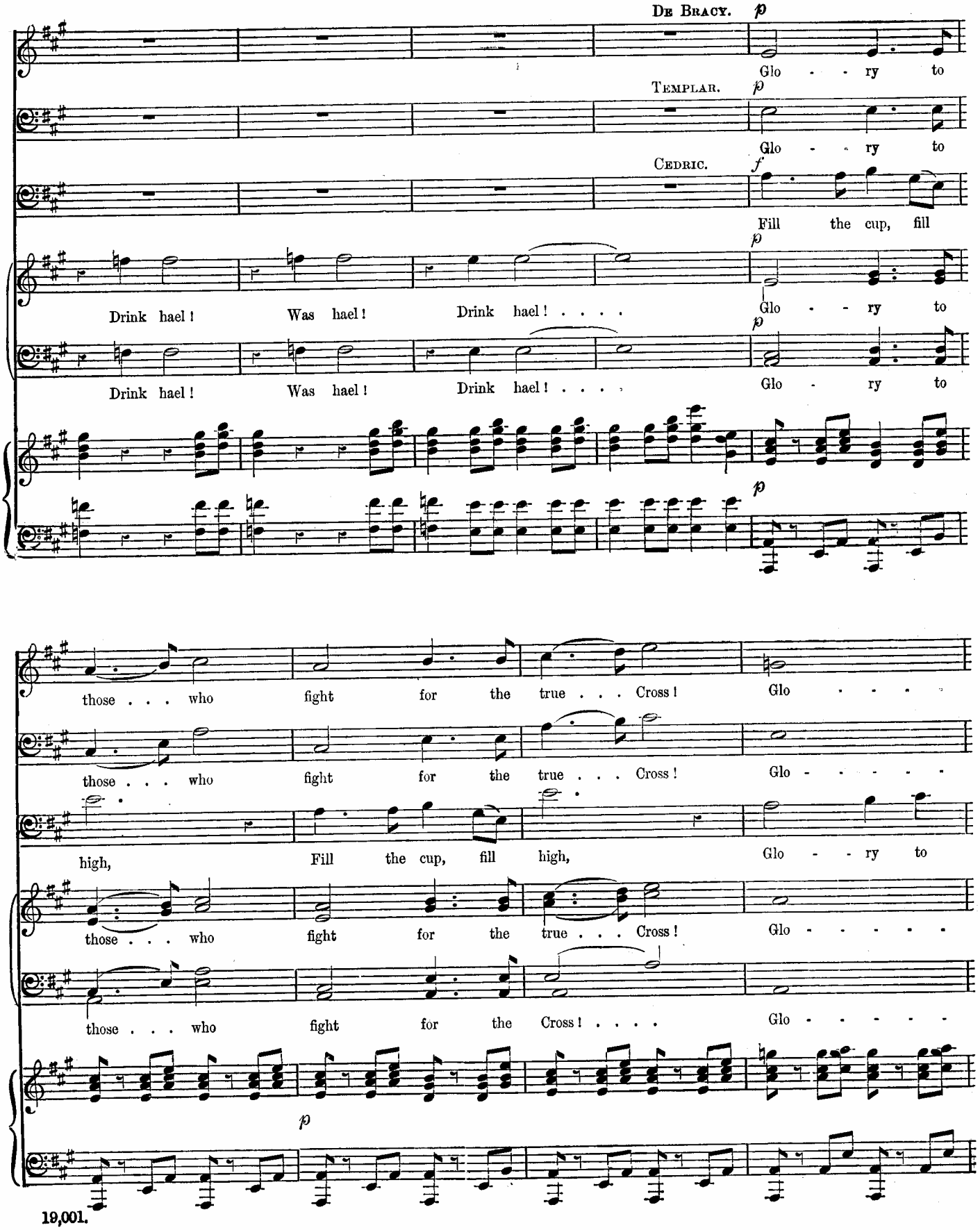

P p
ebb and flow! Well do I mind the day When
p
cres.
I have seen the ar - mies in ar - ray, . . . . . And the
cres.
f
earth shook with horse - men, and the sword Leapt from the scab - bard at my
f
dim.
arm - - - ed side, And loud the ra - vens cried At scent of
dim.

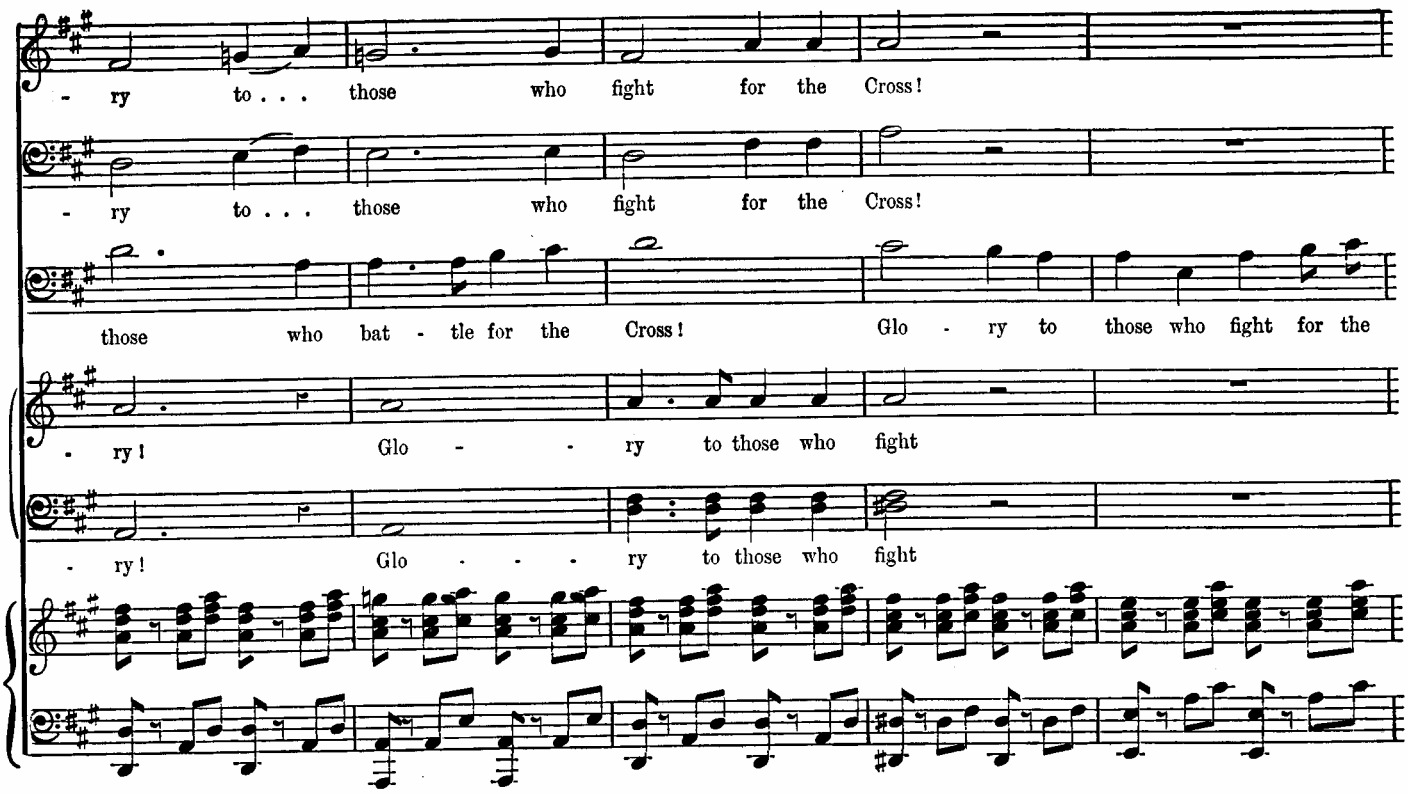

f
blood.
Drink to the brave, or boor, or lord!
cres.
f
cres.
Drink to the war - rior's no - - ble mood, . . . . . The bat - tle's
cres.
Ped.
glo - ry and the min - - strel's song! . . .
dim.
Ped.
ad lib.
But now, ah me! gone is the an - - - cient fame And
p
p
19,001.

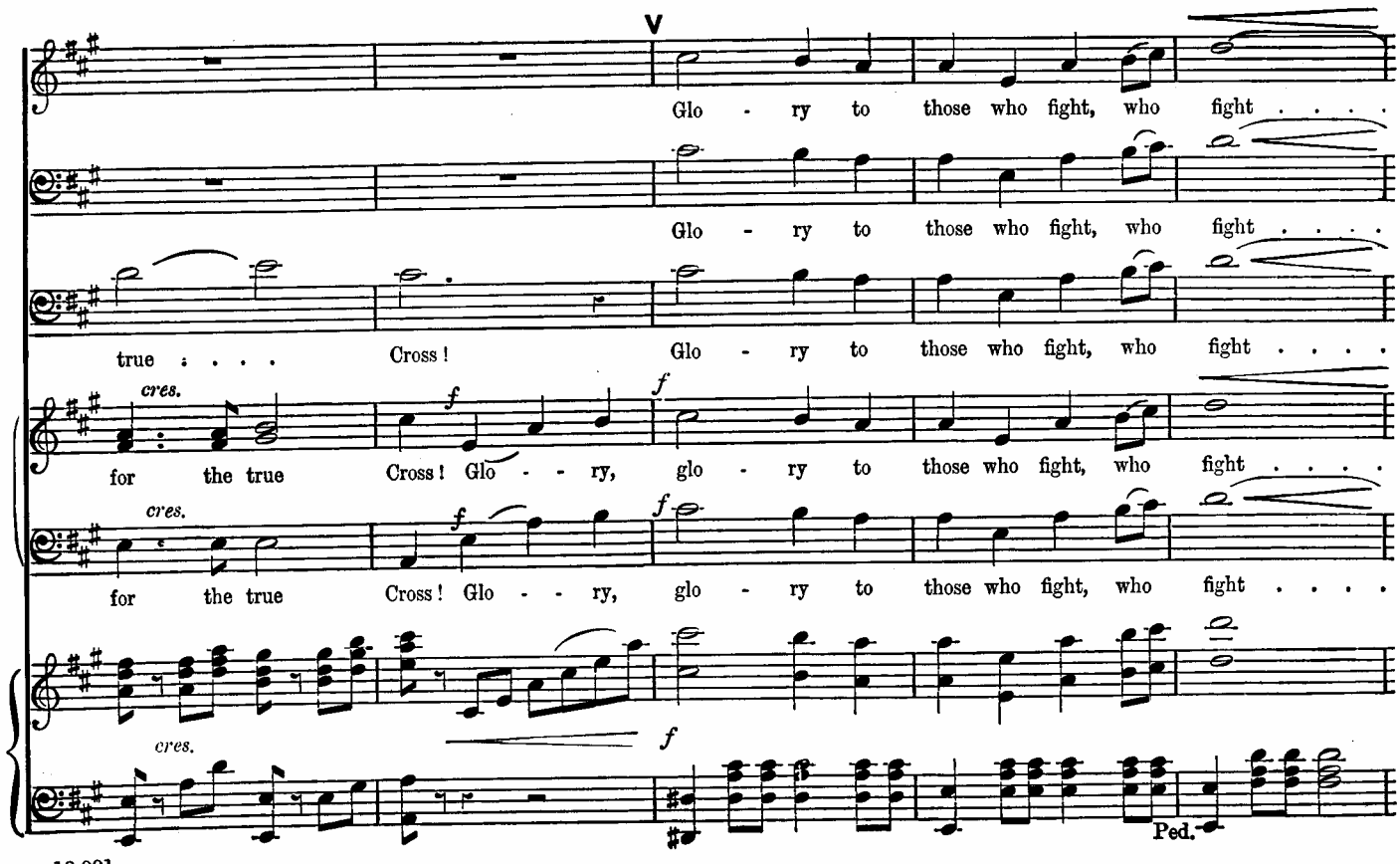

fair - hair'd war - rior strong, The Sax - on glo ry and the Sax - on name. . . . . Then
R a tempo.
fill the cup, fill high, fill the cup, fill high, And
Chorus. p
Fill the cup, fill high,
p
Fill the cup, fill high,
p
drink to those who strive, and those who . . die, Sax - on or
Fill the cup!
Fill the cup!

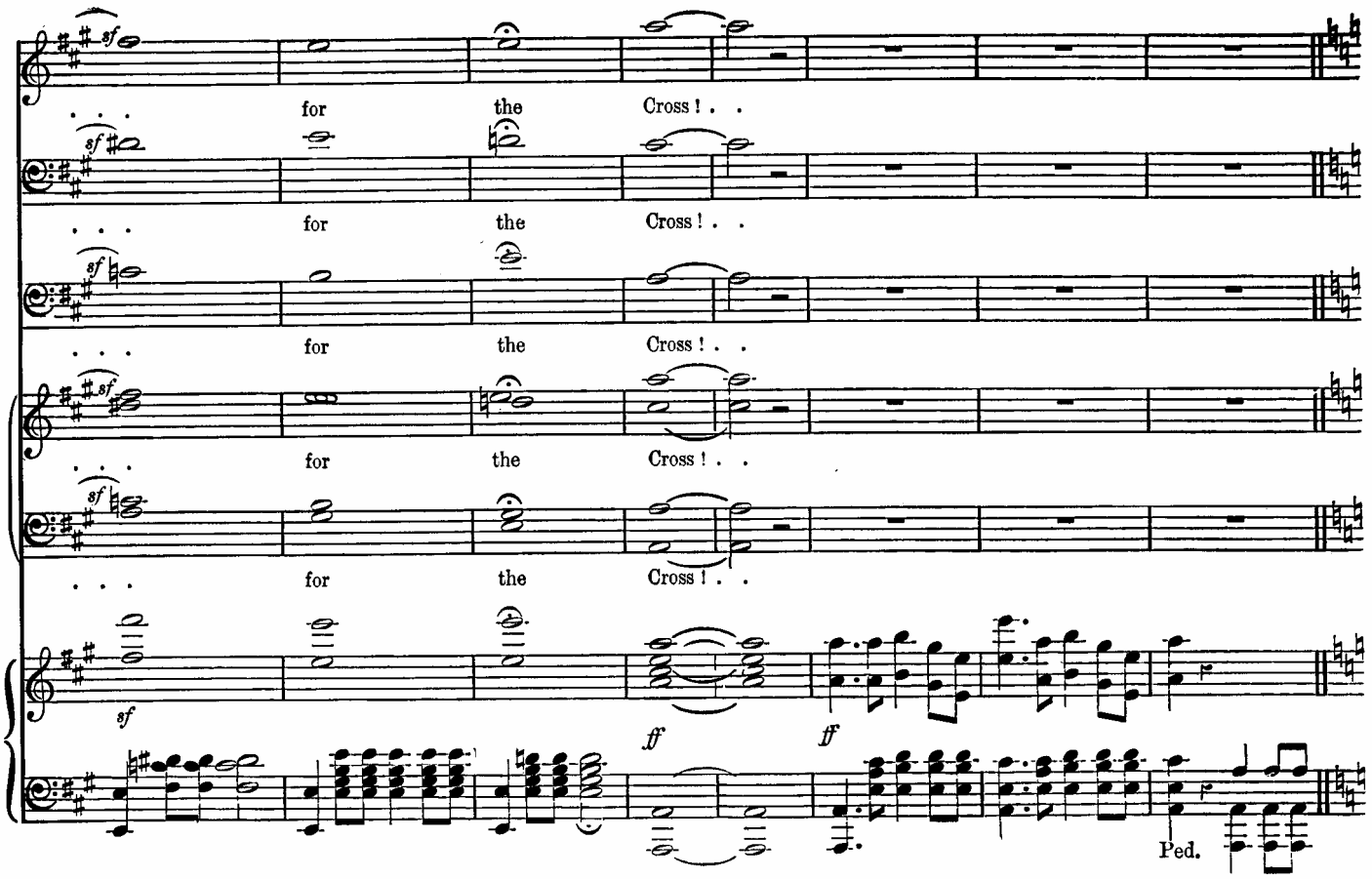

Nor - man, fight - ing for the Cross ! Glo - - ry to
Glo - - ry to
Glo - - ry to
those who fight for the true . . . Cross !
those who fight for the true . . . . . Cross !
those who fight for the true . . . . . Cross !
dim.
Ped.
S De Bracy.
Glo - ry to those . . . . who bat - tle for the Cross,
p

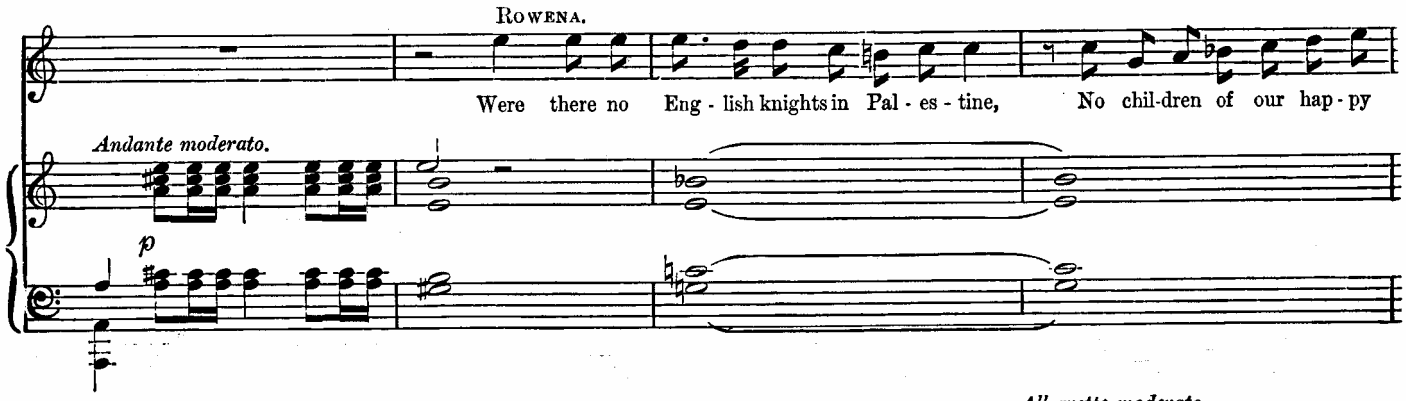

cres.
And most to those, . . . . . the brav est and the best,
cres.
dim.
T
Won - der of land and sea, of east and west, Knights of the Ho - ly
p
cres.
Or - der of the Tem - - - - ple.
f
Glo - ry to those . . . who bat - tle for the Cross! Glo - ry to
f
Glo - ry to those . . . who bat - tle for the Cross! Glo - ry to
ff
U
those who fight or fail— Who win the prize or bear the loss! . . . . .
those who fight or fail— Who win the prize or bear the loss! . . . . .

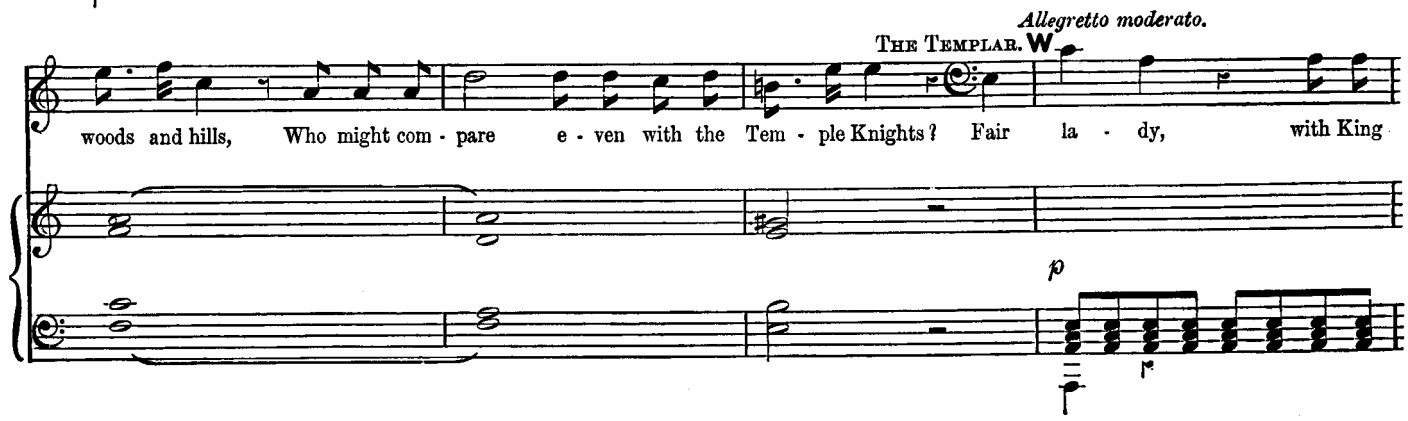

De Bracy.
p
Glo - - ry to
Templar.
p
Glo - - ry to
Cedric.
f
Fill the cup, fill
p
Drink hael! Was hael! Drink hael! . . . .
Glo - - ry to
p
Drink hael! Was hael! Drink hael! . . . .
Glo - ry to
p
those . . . who fight for the true . . . Cross!
Glo - - - - -
those . . . who fight for the true . . . Cross!
Glo - - - - - -
high,
Fill the cup, fill high,
Glo - - ry to
those . . . who fight for the true . . . Cross!
Glo - - - - - -
those . . . who fight for the Cross! . . . .
Glo - - - - - -
p

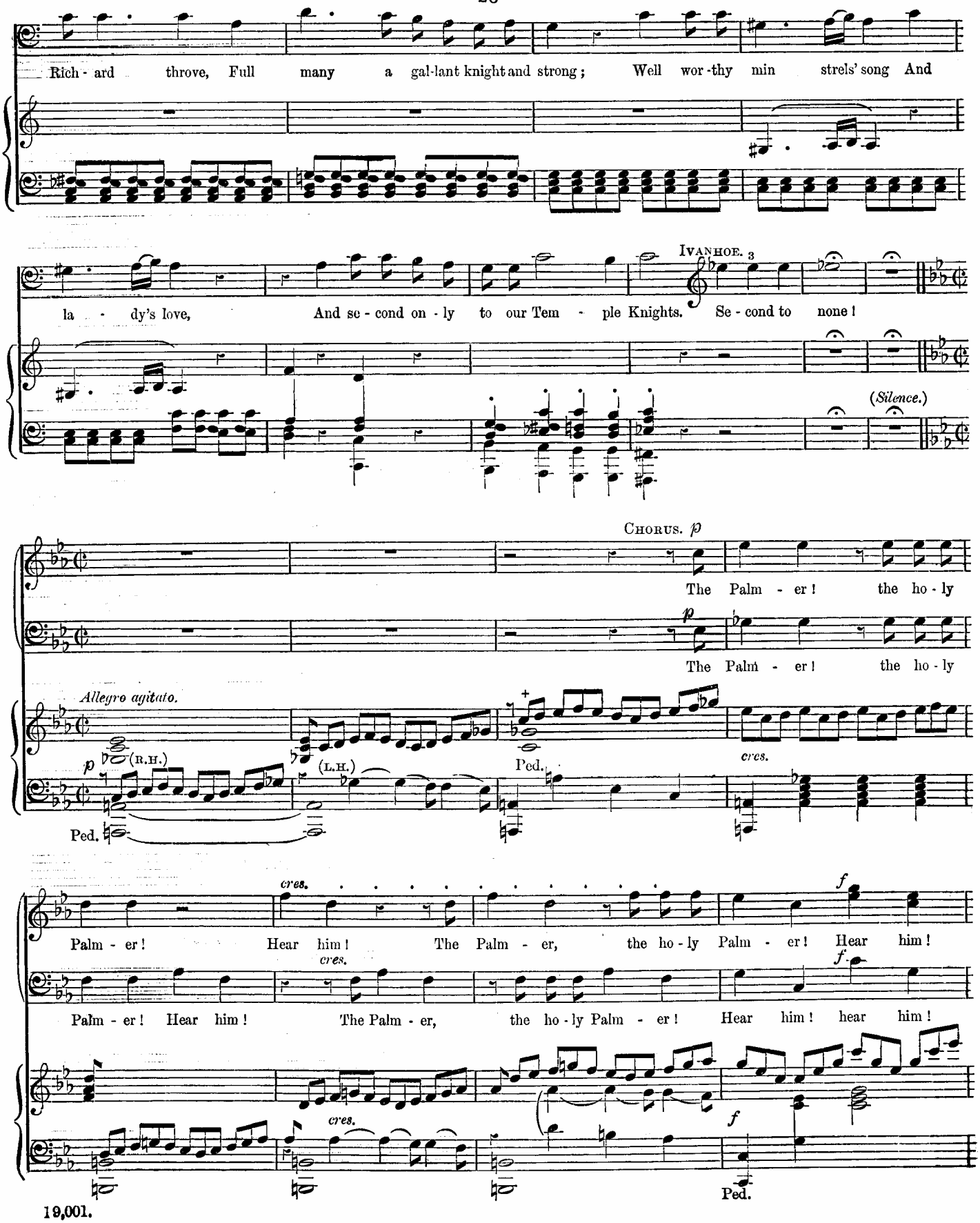

- ry to . . . those who fight for the Cross!
- ry to . . . those who fight for the Cross!
those who bat - tle for the Cross! Glo - ry to those who fight for the
- ry! Glo - - ry to those who fight
- ry! Glo - - - ry to those who fight

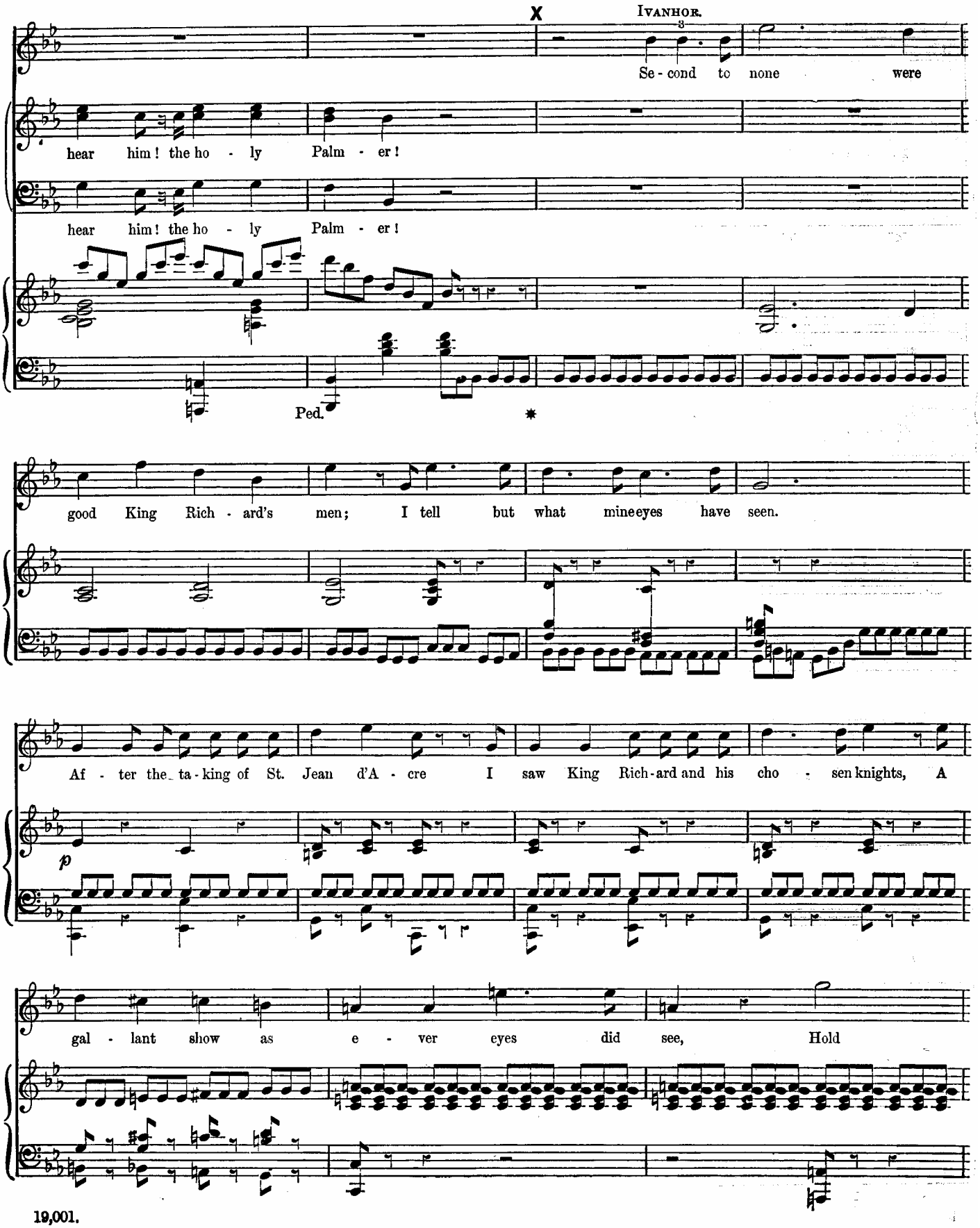

V
Glo - ry to those who fight, who fight . . . .
Glo - ry to those who fight, who fight . . . .
true : . . . Cross! Glo - ry to those who fight, who fight . . . .
cres.
for the true Cross! Glo - - ry, glo - ry to those who fight, who fight . . . .
cres.
for the true Cross! Glo - - ry, glo - ry to those who fight, who fight . . . .
cres.
Ped.

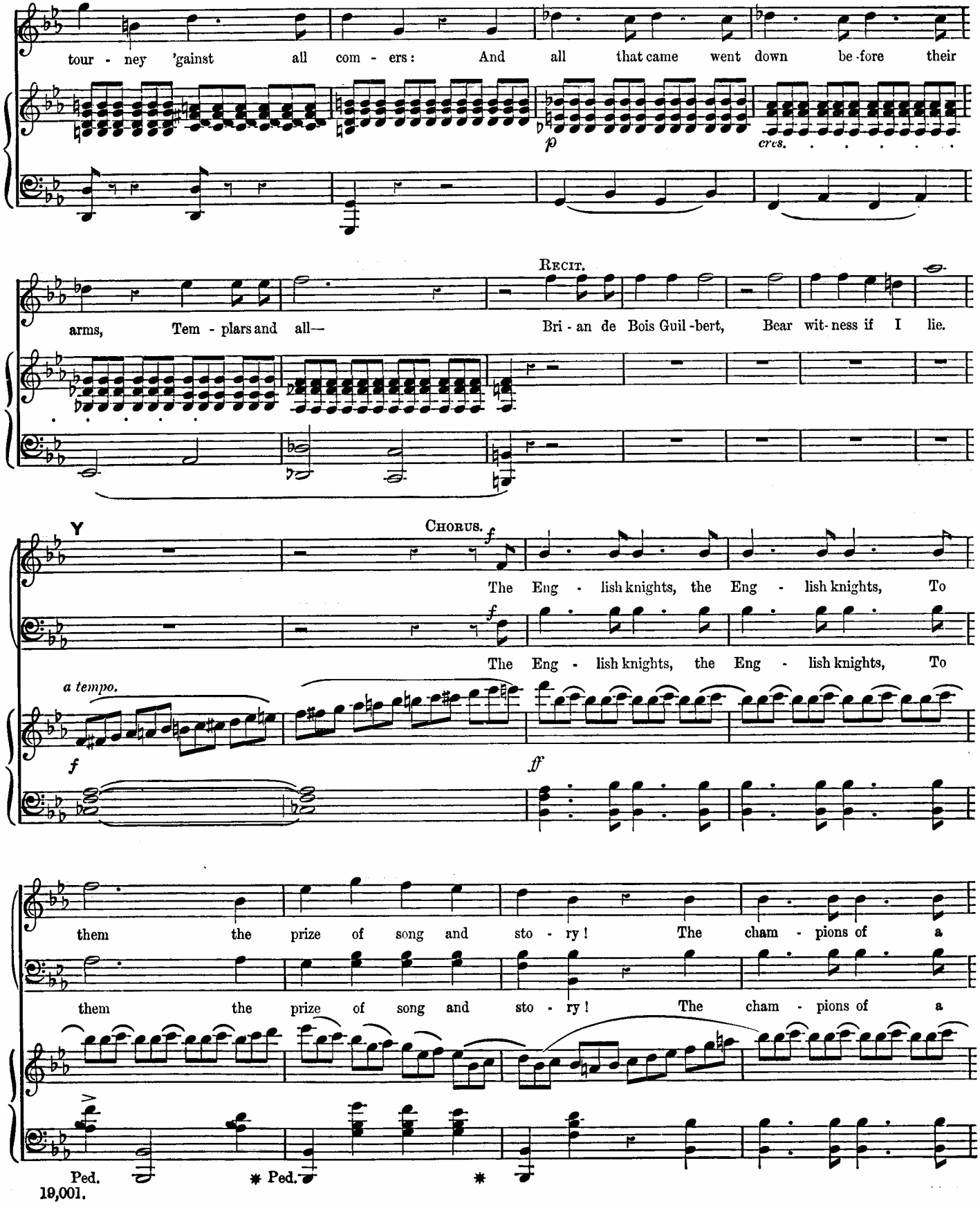

for the Cross ! . .
for the Cross ! . .
for the Cross ! . .
for the Cross ! . .
for the Cross ! . .
sf
ff
ff
Ped.

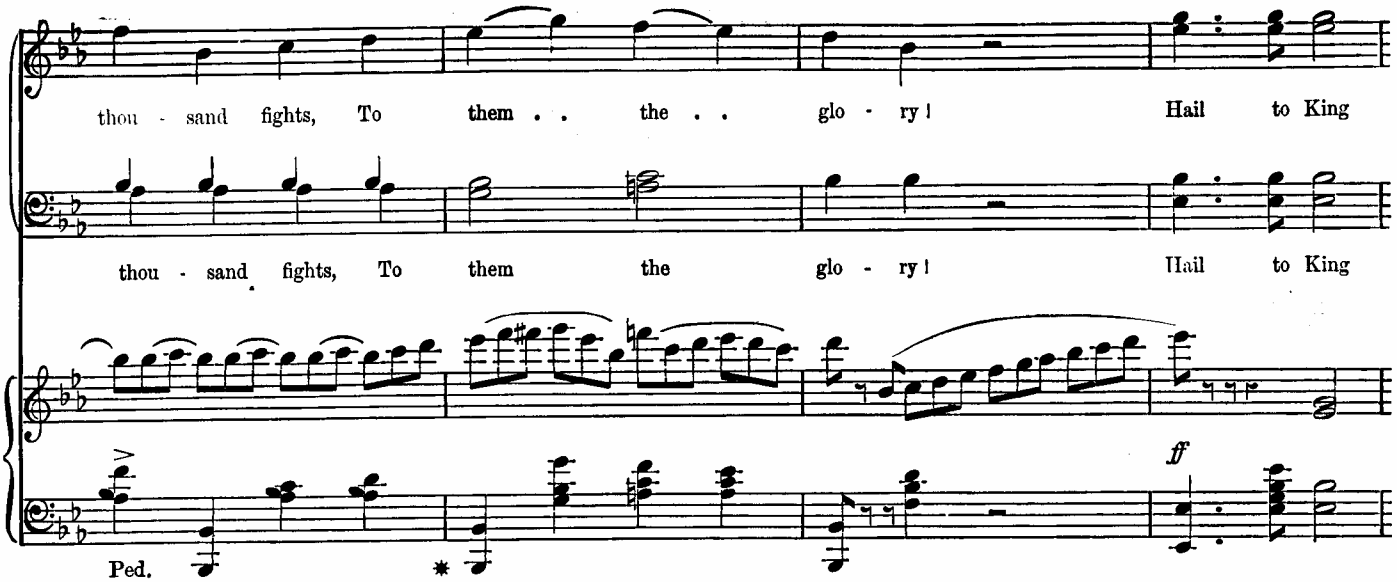

ROWENA.
Were there no Eng - lish knights in Pal - es - tine, No chil-dren of our hap - py
Andante moderato.
p

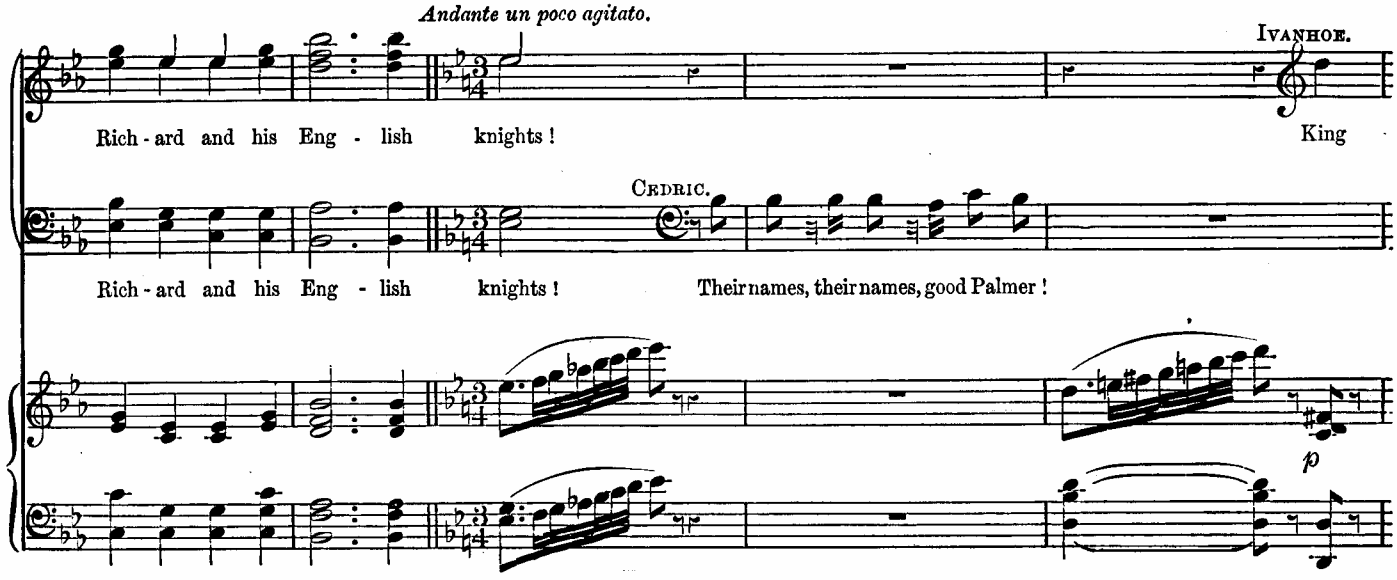

Allegretto moderato.
THE TEMPLAR.
woods and hills, Who might com - pare e - ven with the Tem - ple Knights? Fair la - dy, with King
p

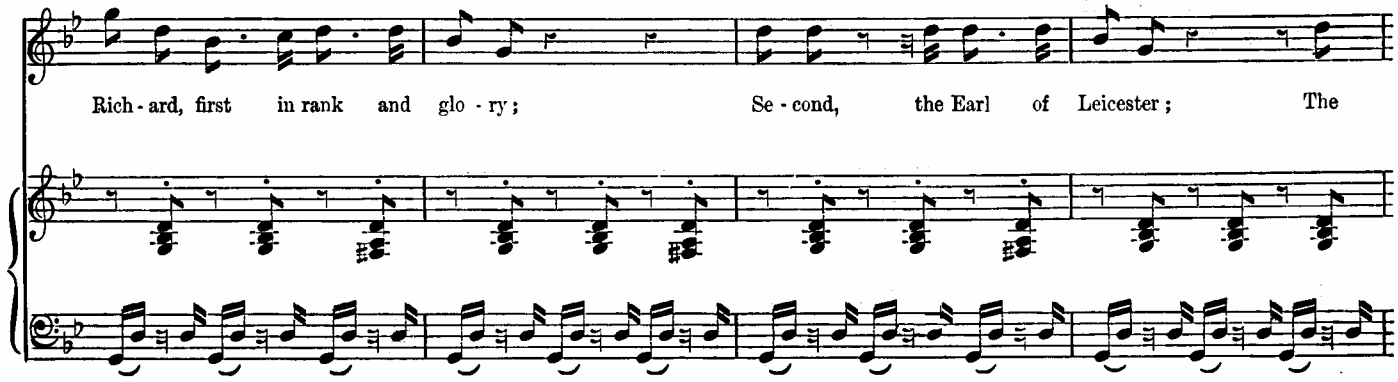

Rich - ard throve, Full many a gal-lant knight and strong; Well wor-thy min strels' song And
la - dy's love, And se - cond on - ly to our Tem - ple Knights. Se - cond to none!
IVANHOE. 3
(Silence.)
CHORUS. p
The Palm - er! the ho - ly
The Palm - er! the ho - ly
Allegro agitato.
(R.H.)
(L.H.)
Ped.
cres.
Palm - er! Hear him! The Palm - er, the ho - ly Palm - er! Hear him!
Palm - er! Hear him! The Palm - er, the ho - ly Palm - er! Hear him! hear him!
Ped.

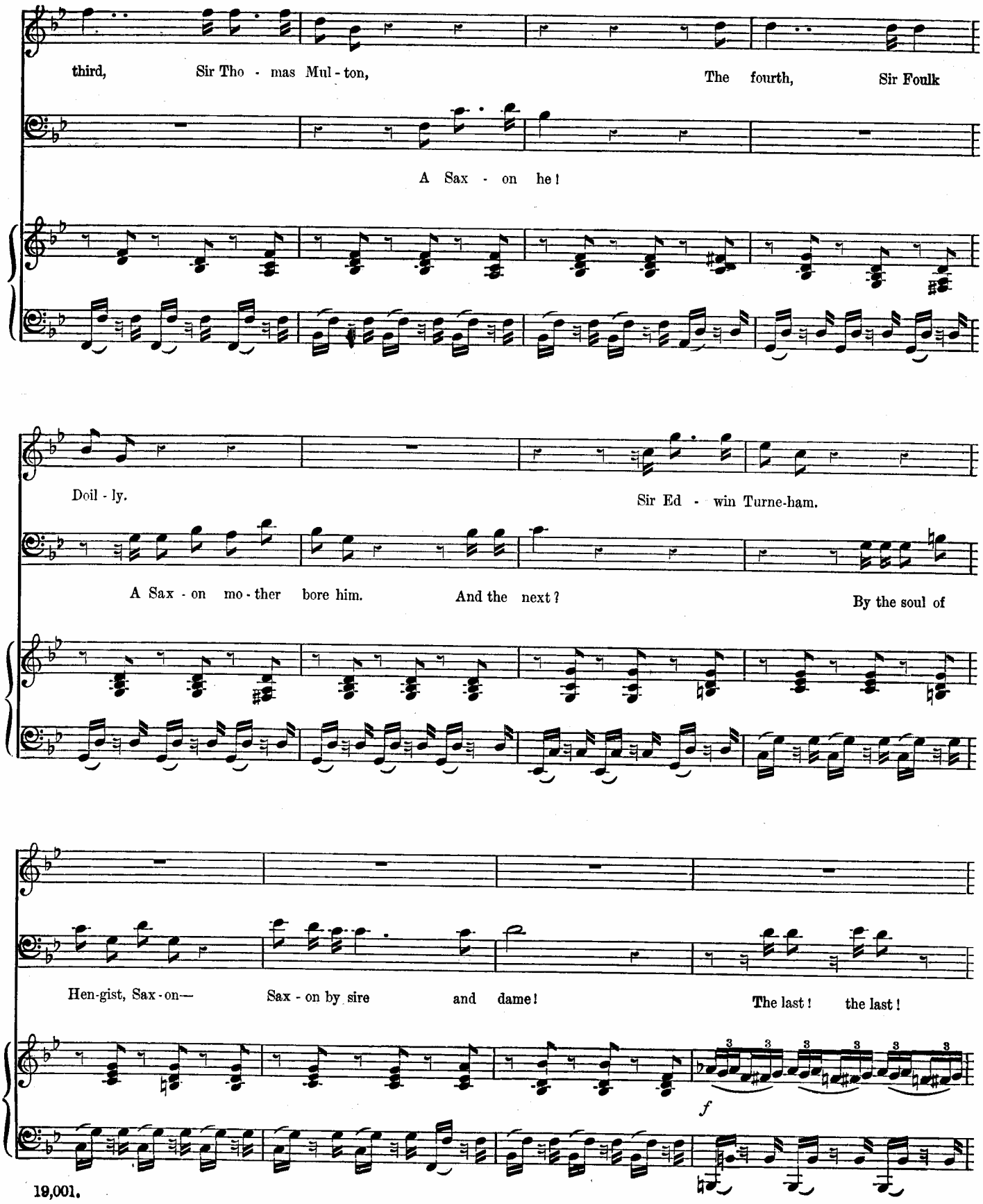

X
IVANHOE.
Se - cond to none were
hear him! the ho - ly Palm - er!
hear him! the ho - ly Palm - er!
Ped.
*
good King Rich - ard's men; I tell but what mine eyes have seen.
Af - ter the_ta - king of St. Jean d'A - cre I saw King Rich - ard and his cho - sen knights, A
p
gal - lant show as e - ver eyes did see, Hold

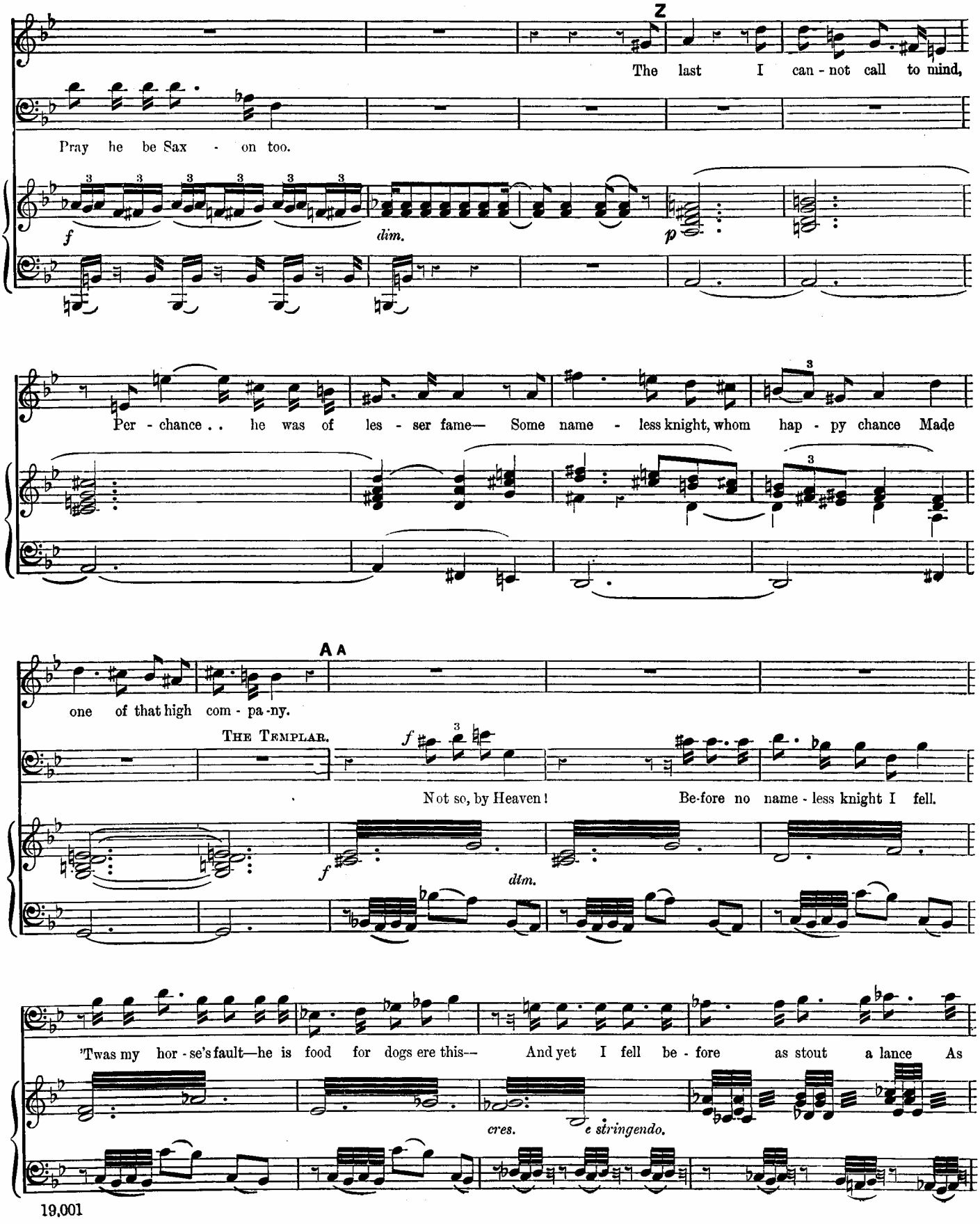

tour - ney 'gainst all com - ers: And all that came went down be-fore their
p
cres.
arms, Tem - plars and all—
Recit.
Bri - an de Bois Guil - bert, Bear wit - ness if I lie.
Y
Chorus. f
The Eng - lish knights, the Eng - lish knights, To
The Eng - lish knights, the Eng - lish knights, To
a tempo.
f
ff
them the prize of song and sto - ry! The cham - pions of a
them the prize of song and sto - ry! The cham - pions of a
Ped.
* Ped.
*

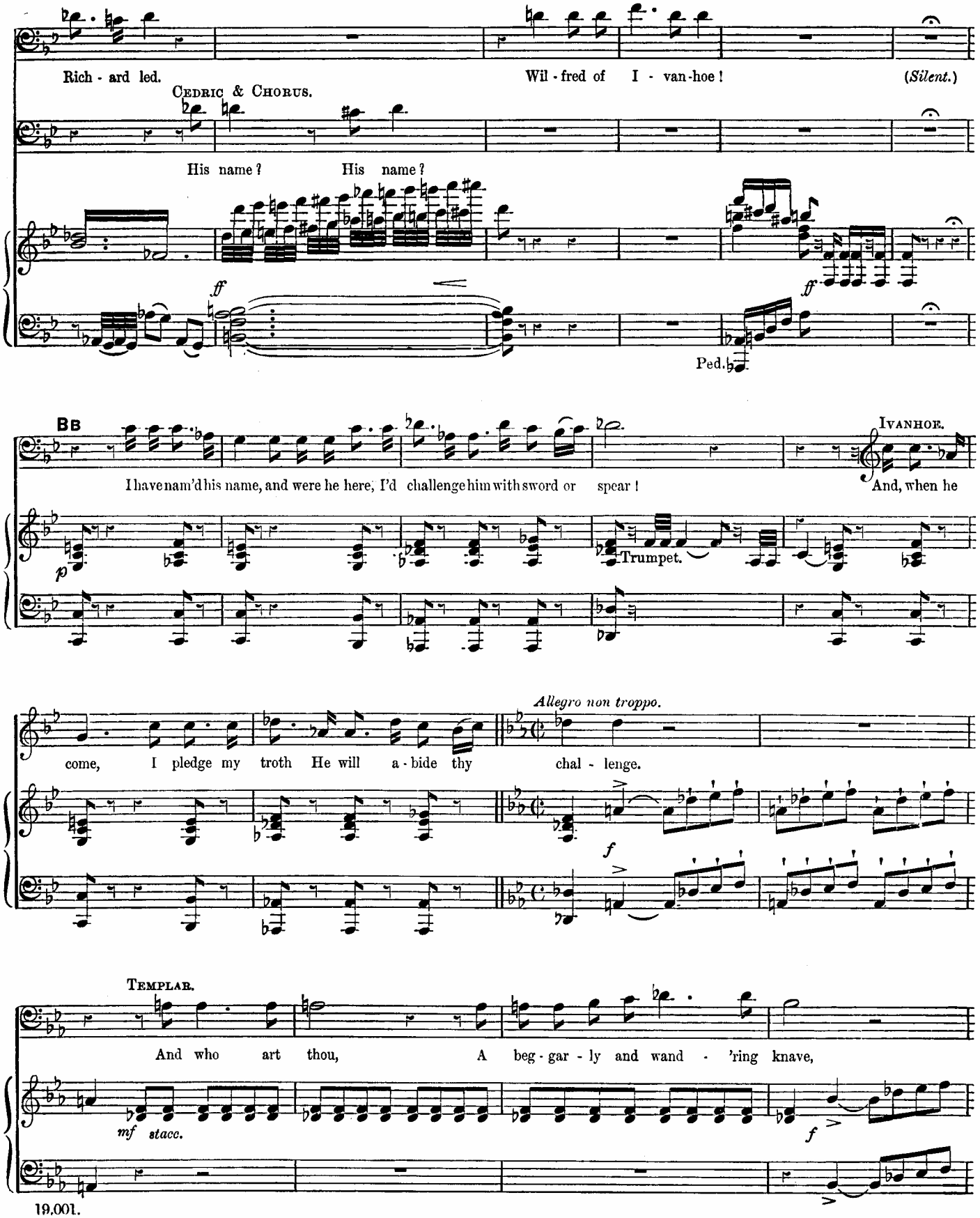

thou - sand fights, To them . . the . . glo - ry! Hail to King
thou - sand fights, To them the glo - ry! Hail to King
Ped.
*
ff

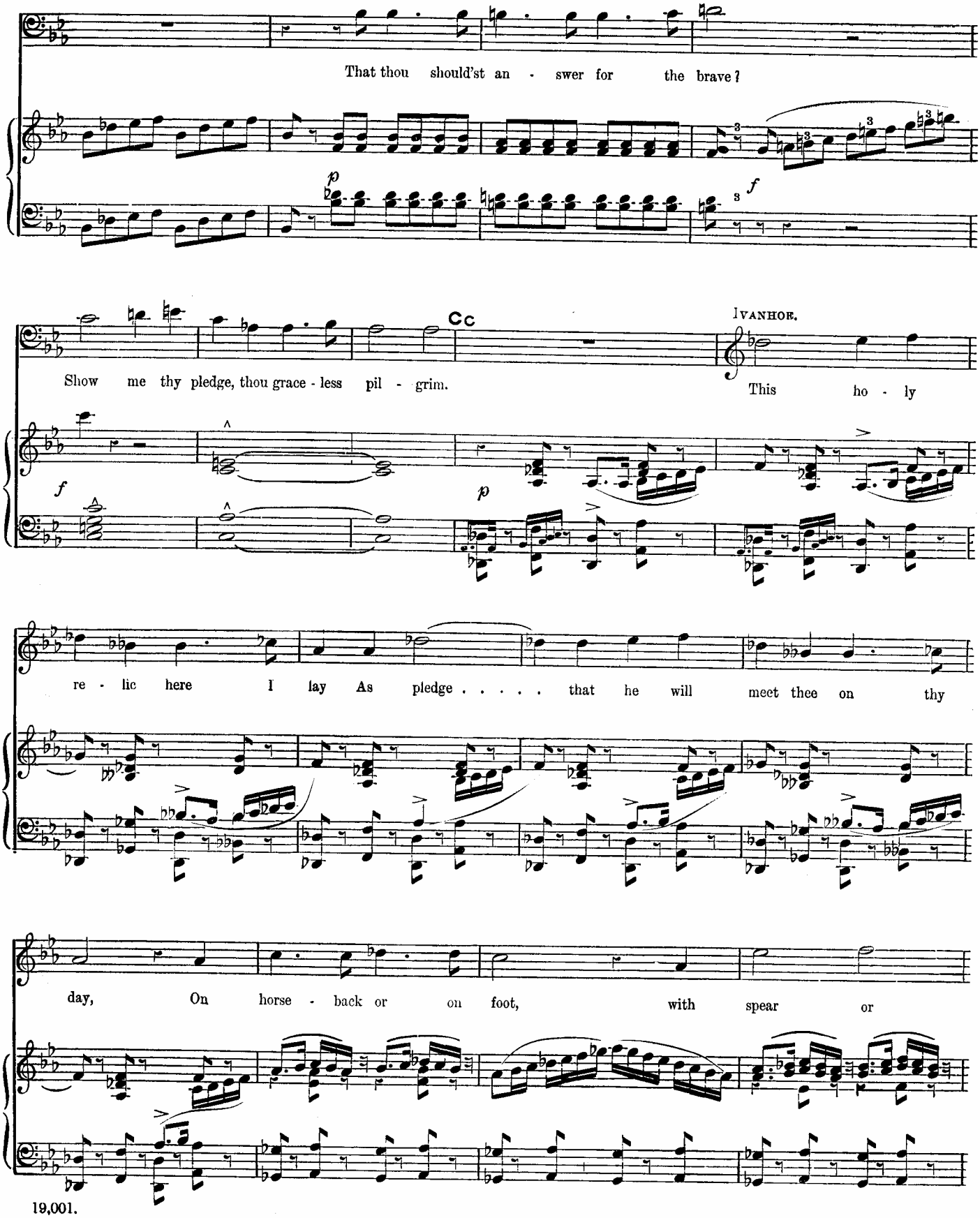

Andante un poco agitato.
IVANHOE.
Rich - ard and his Eng - lish knights! King
CEDRIC.
Rich - ard and his Eng - lish knights! Their names, their names, good Palmer!
p

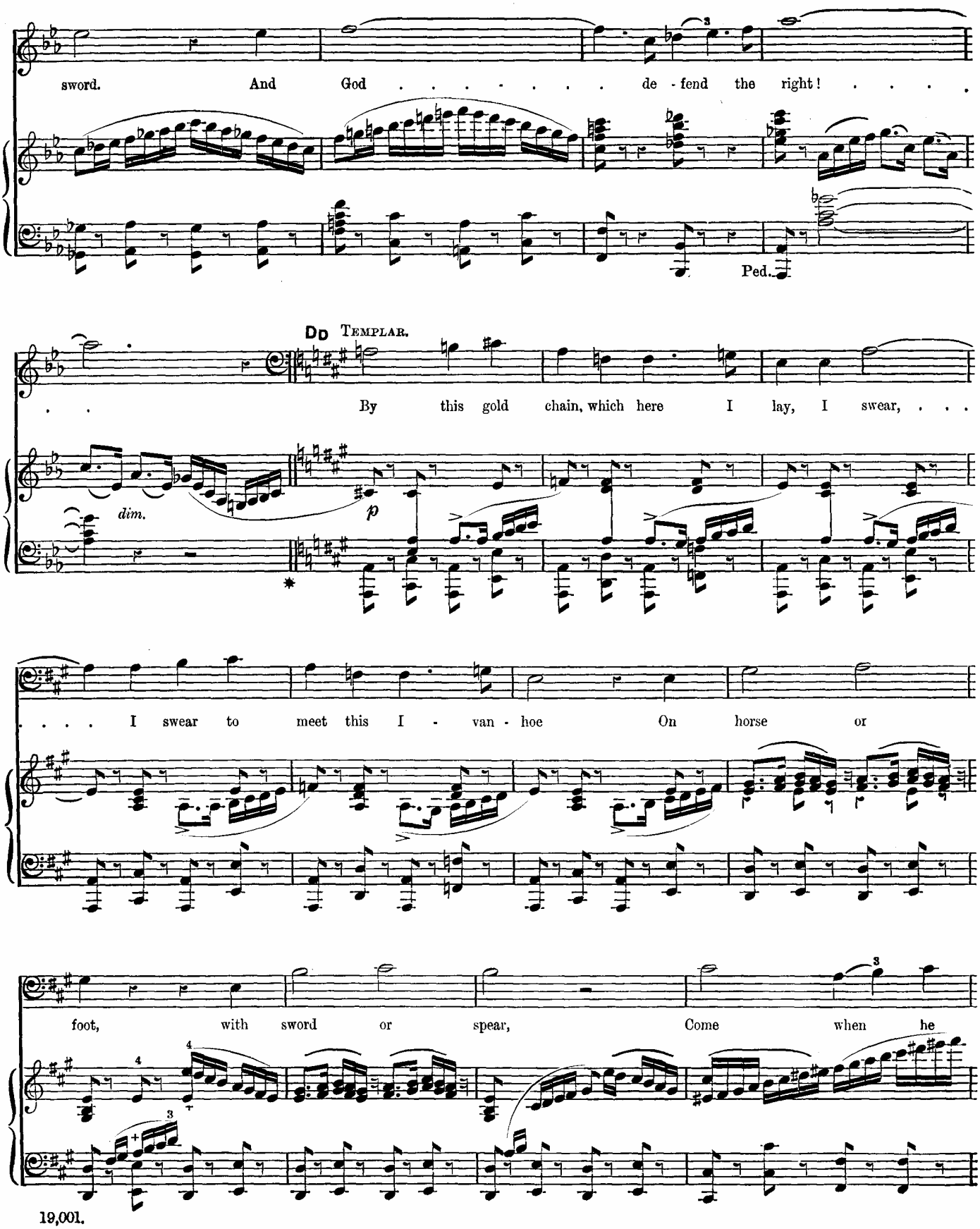

Rich - ard, first in rank and glo - ry; Se - cond, the Earl of Leicester; The

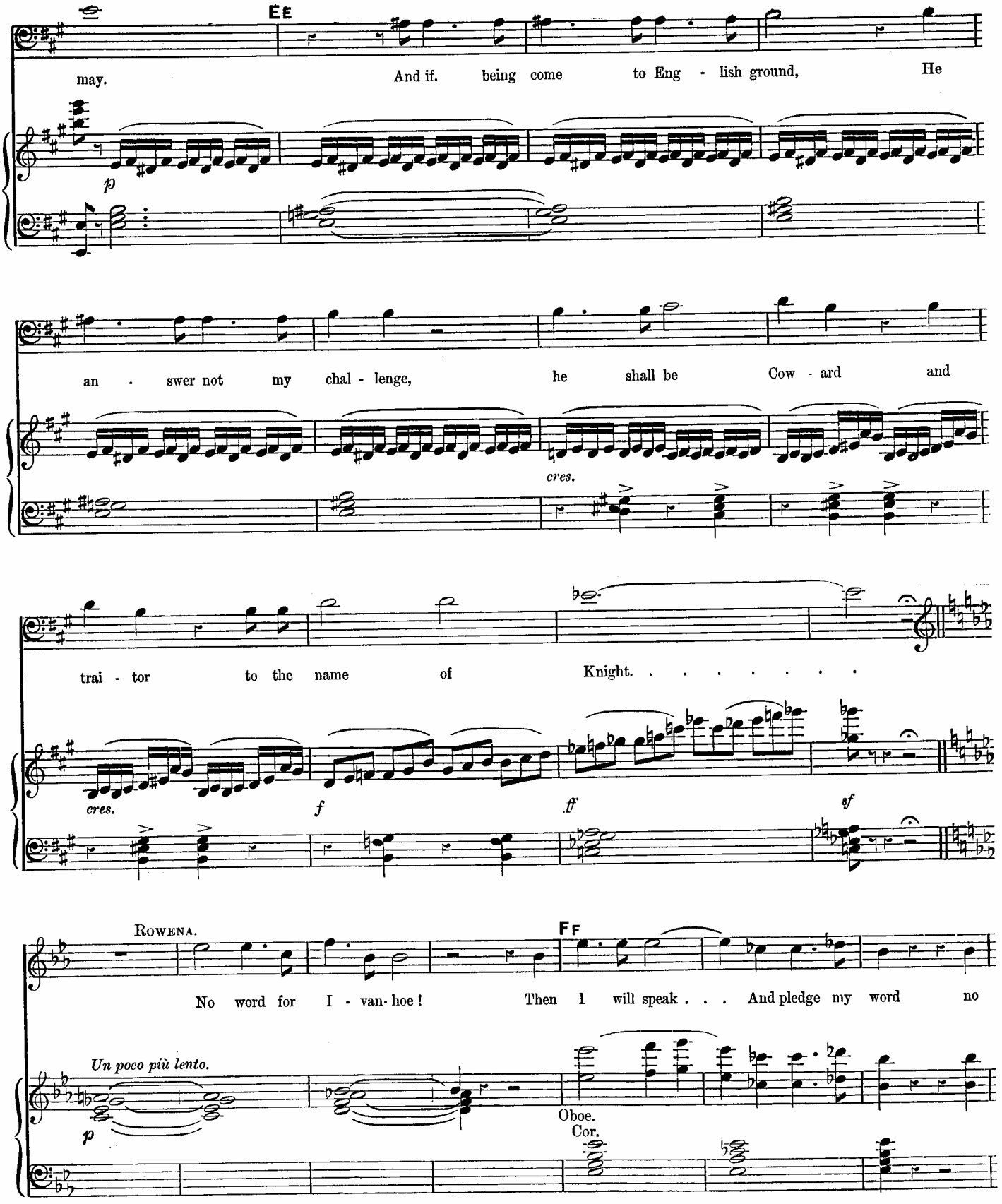

third, Sir Tho - mas Mul - ton, The fourth, Sir Foulk
A Sax - on he!
Doil - ly. Sir Ed - win Turne-ham.
A Sax - on mo - ther bore him. And the next? By the soul of
Hen-gist, Sax-on— Sax - on by sire and dame! The last! the last!
f

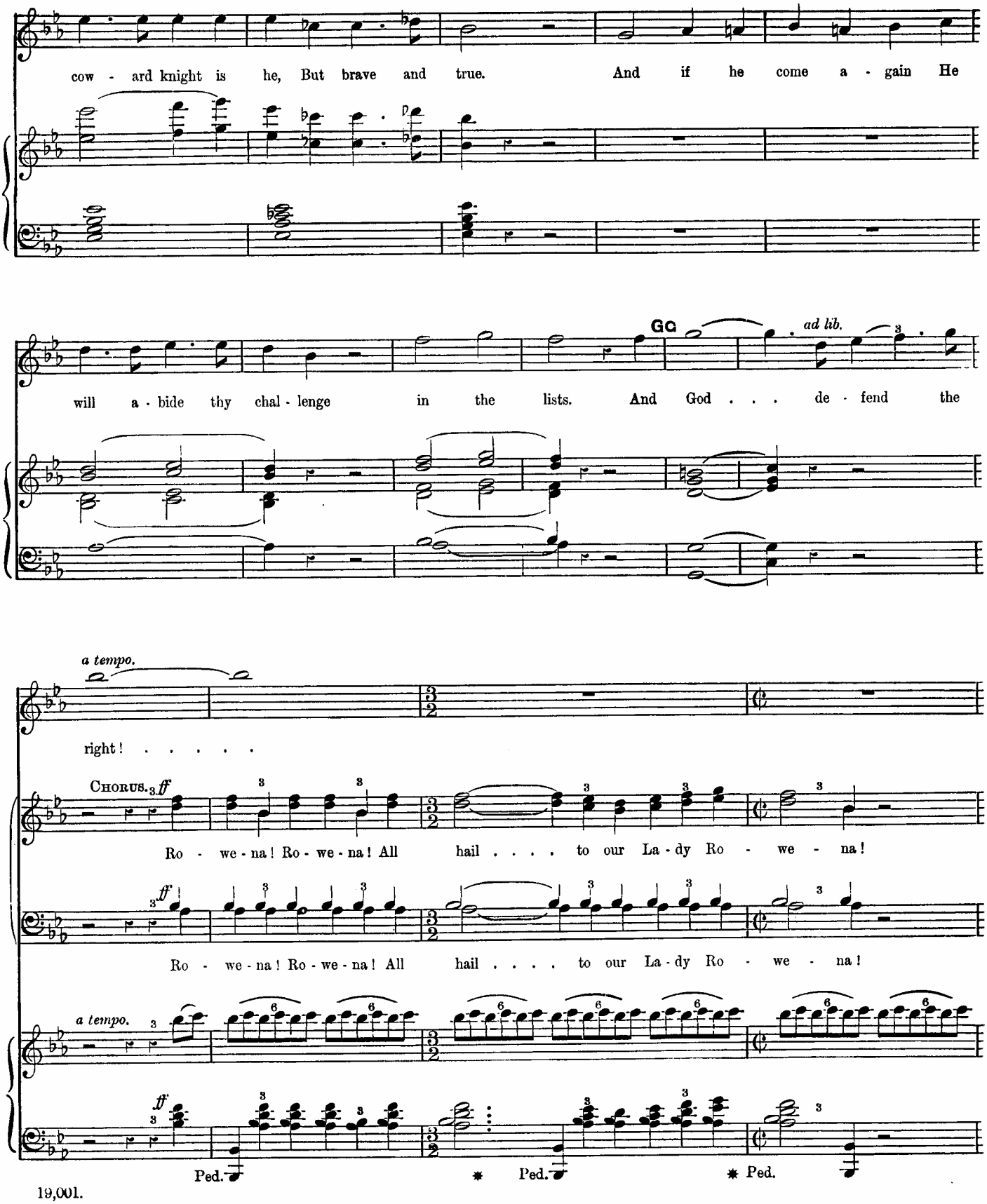

Z
The last I can - not call to mind,
Pray he be Sax - on too.
f
dim.
p
Per - chance . . he was of les - ser fame— Some name - less knight, whom hap - py chance Made
A A
one of that high com - pa - ny.
THE TEMPLAR.
f
Not so, by Heaven! Be-fore no name - less knight I fell.
f
dim.
'Twas my hor - se's fault—he is food for dogs ere this-- And yet I fell be - fore as stout a lance As
cres.
e stringendo.

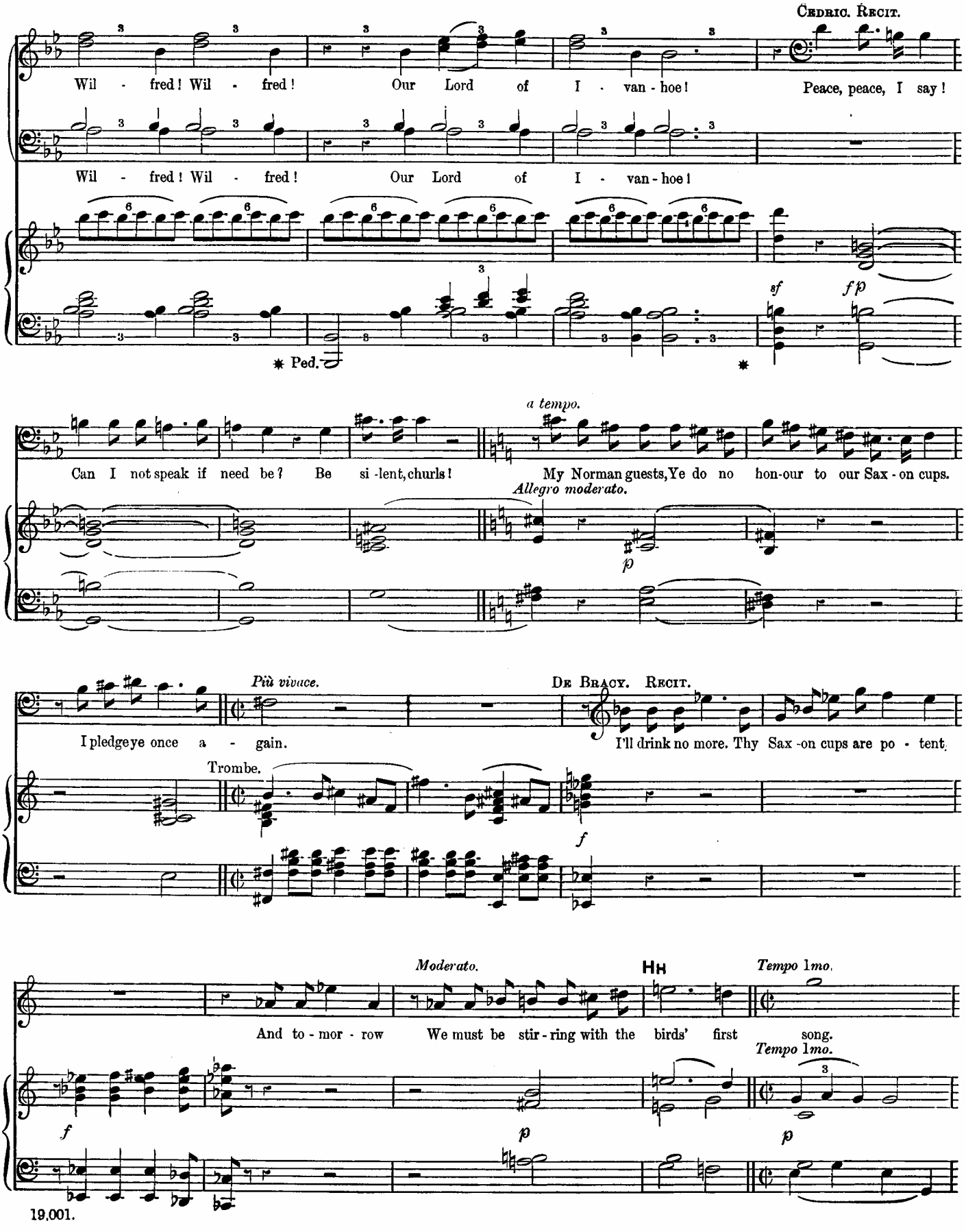

Rich - ard led.
Wil - fred of I - van-hoe!
(Silent.)
CEDRIC & CHORUS.
His name? His name?
ff
ff
Ped.
Bb
IVANHOE.
I have nam'd his name, and were he here, I'd challenge him with sword or spear!
And, when he
p
Trumpet.
Allegro non troppo.
come, I pledge my troth He will a - bide thy chal - lenge.
f
f
TEMPLAR.
And who art thou, A beg - gar - ly and wand - 'ring knave,
mf stacc.
f

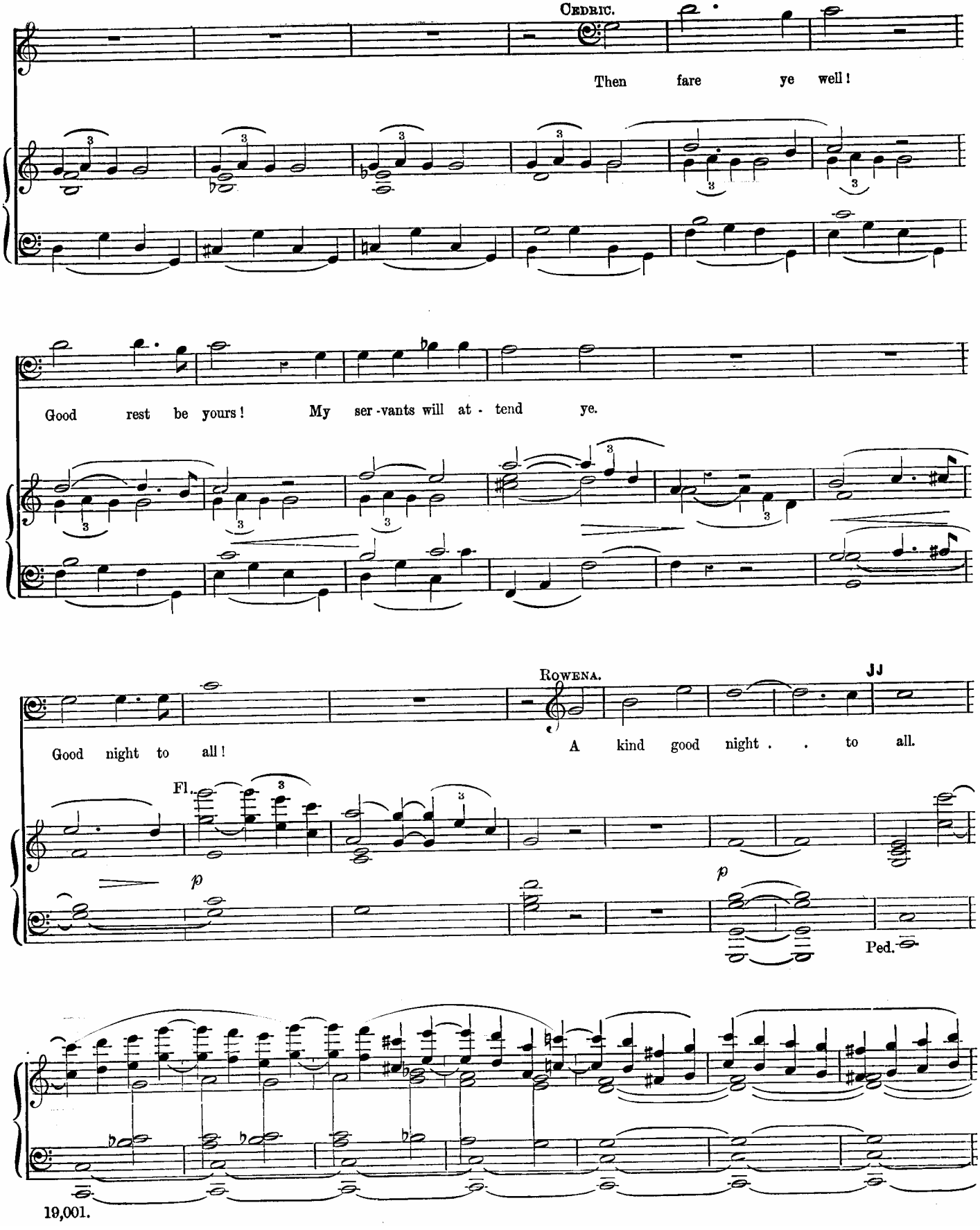

That thou should'st an - swer for the brave?
Show me thy pledge, thou grace - less pil - grim.
IVANHOE.
This ho - ly
re - lic here I lay As pledge . . . . . that he will meet thee on thy
day, On horse - back or on foot, with spear or


sword. And God . . . . . de - fend the right! . . . .
Ped.
Dᴅ Templar.
. . By this gold chain, which here I lay, I swear, . . .
dim.
p
. . . I swear to meet this I - van - hoe On horse or
foot, with sword or spear, Come when he


EE
may.
And if. being come to Eng - lish ground, He
p
an - swer not my chal - lenge, he shall be Cow - ard and
cres.
trai - tor to the name of Knight. . . . . .
cres.
f
ff
sf
ROWENA.
FF
No word for I - van- hoe ! Then I will speak . . . And pledge my word no
Un poco più lento.
p
Oboe.
Cor.


cow - ard knight is he, But brave and true. And if he come a - gain He
will a - bide thy chal - lenge in the lists. And God . . . de - fend the
ad lib.
a tempo.
right! . . . . .
Chorus.
ff
Ro - we - na! Ro - we - na! All hail . . . . to our La - dy Ro - we - na!
Ro - we - na! Ro - we - na! All hail . . . . to our La - dy Ro - we - na!
a tempo.
ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


Cedric. Recit.
Wil - fred! Wil - fred! Our Lord of I - van-hoe!
Peace, peace, I say!
Wil - fred! Wil - fred! Our Lord of I - van-hoe!
sf
fp
* Ped.
*
a tempo.
Can I not speak if need be? Be si-lent, churls!
My Norman guests, Ye do no hon-our to our Sax-on cups.
Allegro moderato.
p
Più vivace.
De Bracy. Recit.
I pledge ye once a - gain.
I'll drink no more. Thy Sax-on cups are po - tent
Trombe.
f
Moderato.
HH
Tempo 1mo.
And to-mor-row We must be stir-ring with the birds' first song.
Tempo 1mo.
f
p
p


CEDRIC.
Then fare ye well!
Good rest be yours! My ser-vants will at-tend ye.
ROWENA.
JJ
Good night to all!
A kind good night . . to all.
Fl.
p
p
Ped.

RECIT. DE BRACY.

Is she not

*fp*

Ped. *pp* * Ped.

fair? And she is rich with -al, A bride that's worth the winning. Were it not rare to seize her, as they

*a tempo moderato.*

*staccato.* *p sempre staccato.*

*p*

come From the lists at Ash - by? A score of my free-lan- ces, And thou, my Templar, with thy dus - ky knaves, And it were done. Wilt

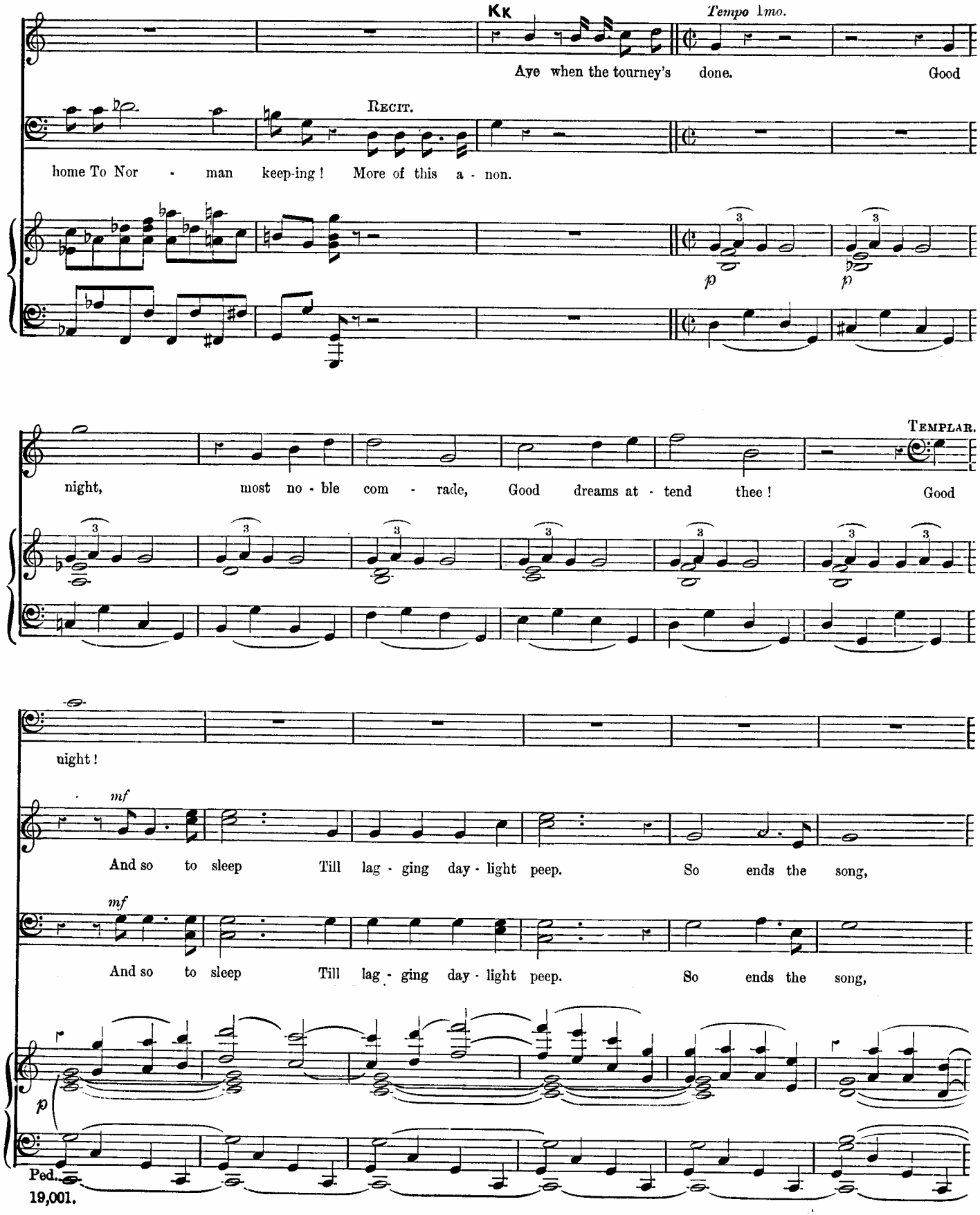
swoop with me, my fal - con?

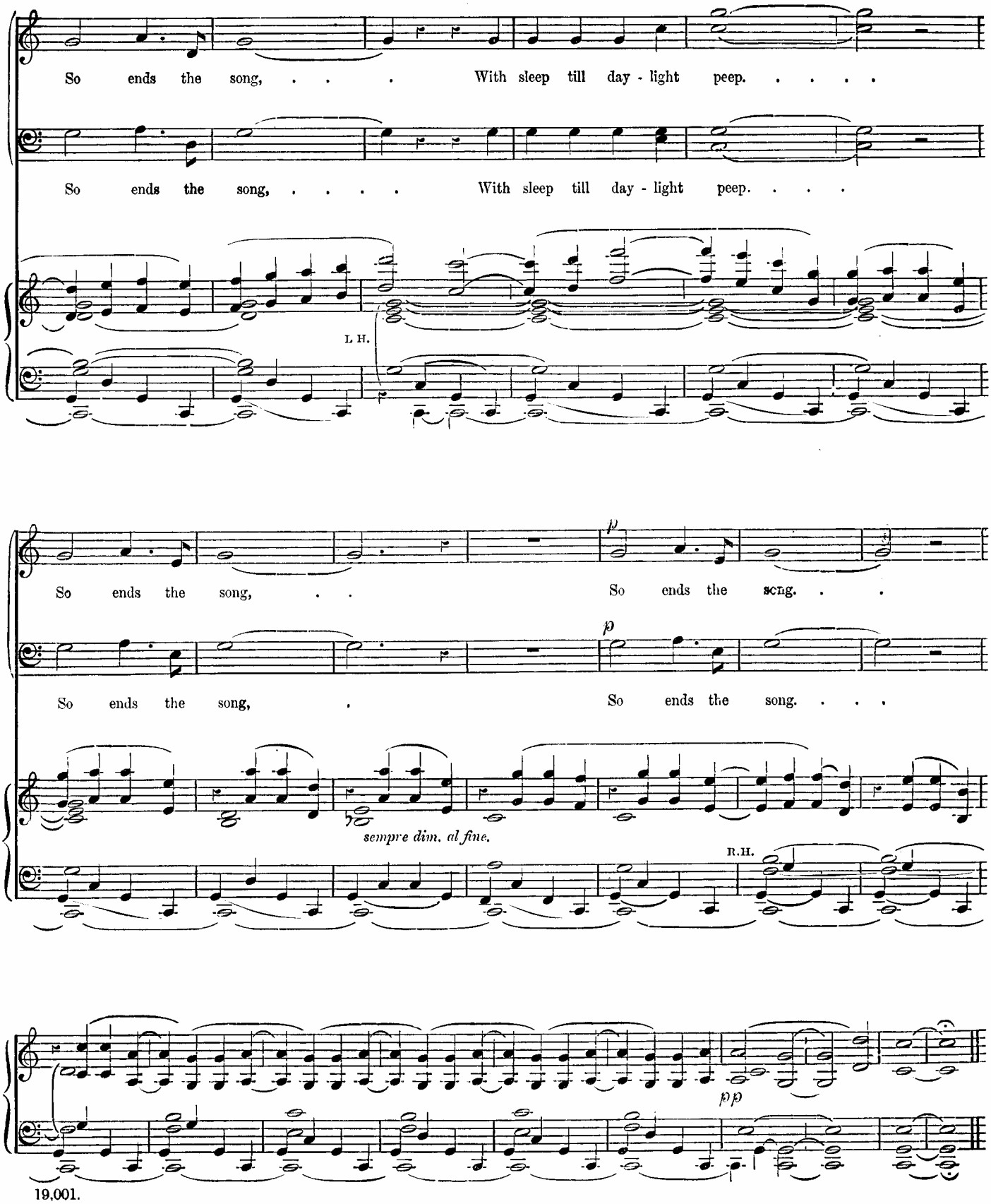
THE TEMPLAR.

*a tempo.*

Aye, that will I! By good Saint Den-is, it would like me well To drive these Sax - on hogs and prick them

*p sempre staccato.*


Kk
Tempo 1mo.
Aye when the tourney's done. Good
Recit.
home To Nor - man keep-ing! More of this a - non.
p
p
Templar.
night, most no - ble com - rade, Good dreams at - tend thee! Good
night!
mf
And so to sleep Till lag - ging day - light peep. So ends the song,
mf
And so to sleep Till lag - ging day - light peep. So ends the song,
p
Ped.


So ends the song, . . . With sleep till day - light peep. . . . .
So ends the song, . . . . With sleep till day - light peep. . . .
L H.
So ends the song, . . So ends the song. . .
So ends the song, . So ends the song. . . .
sempre dim. al fine.
R.H.
pp