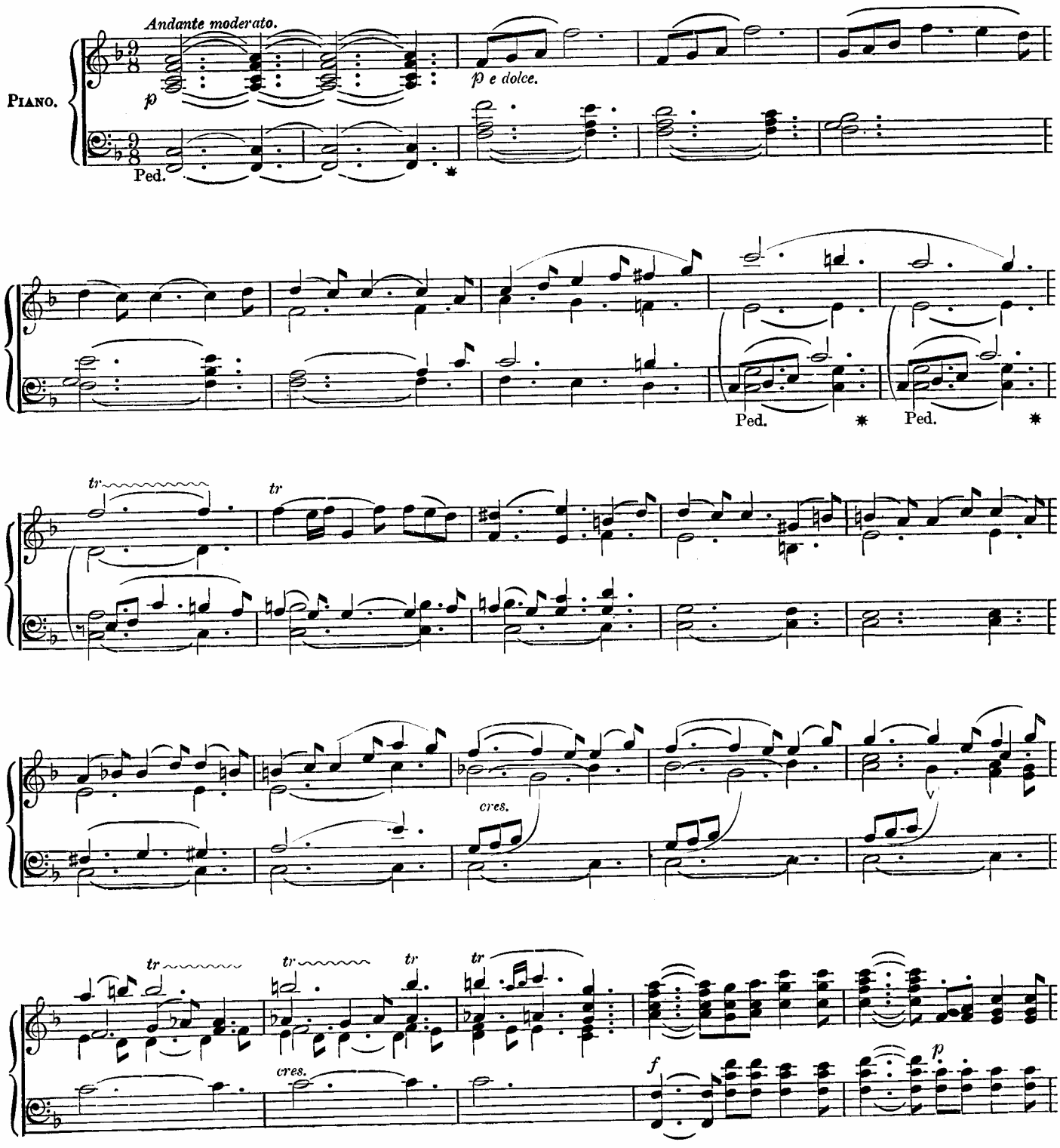
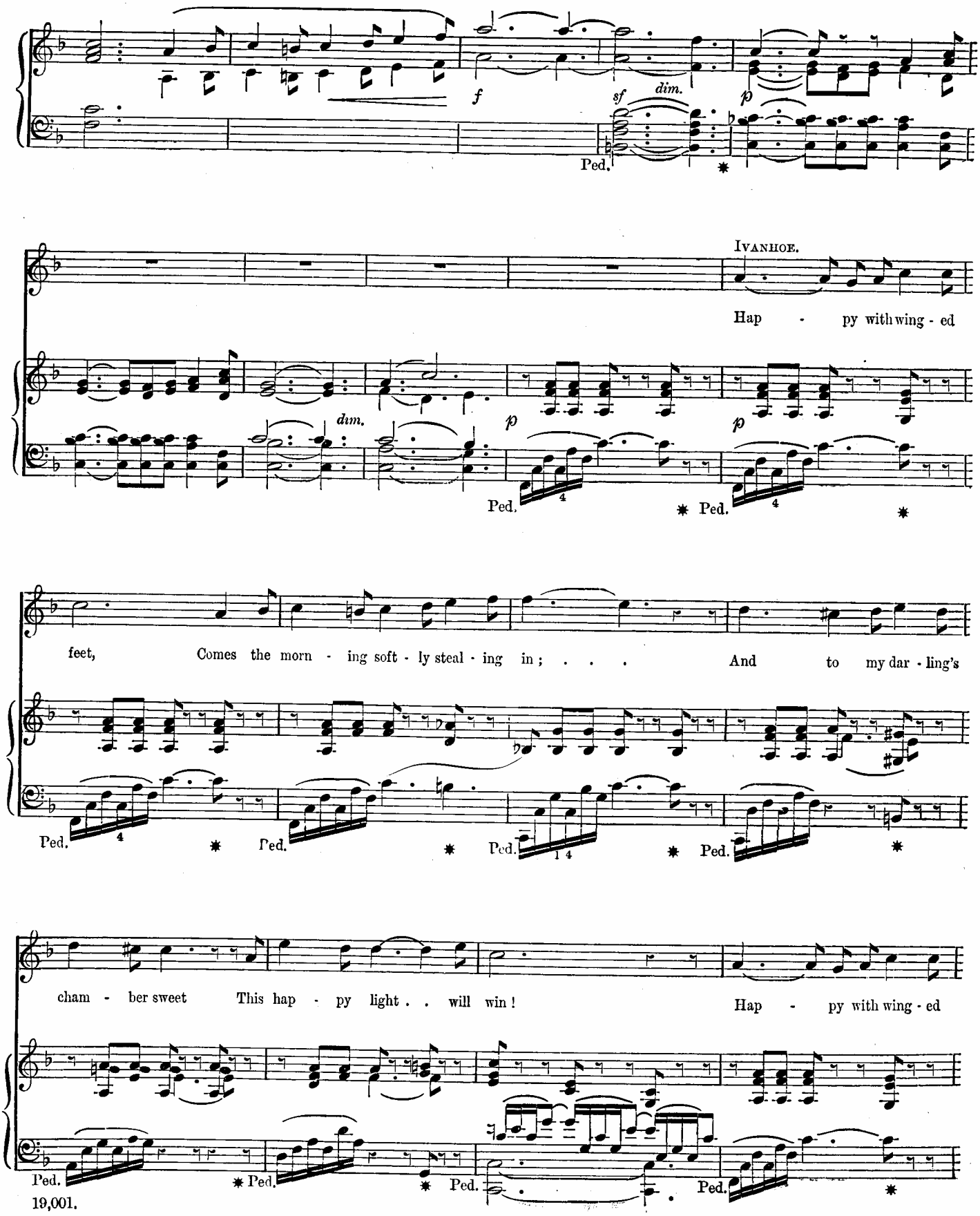
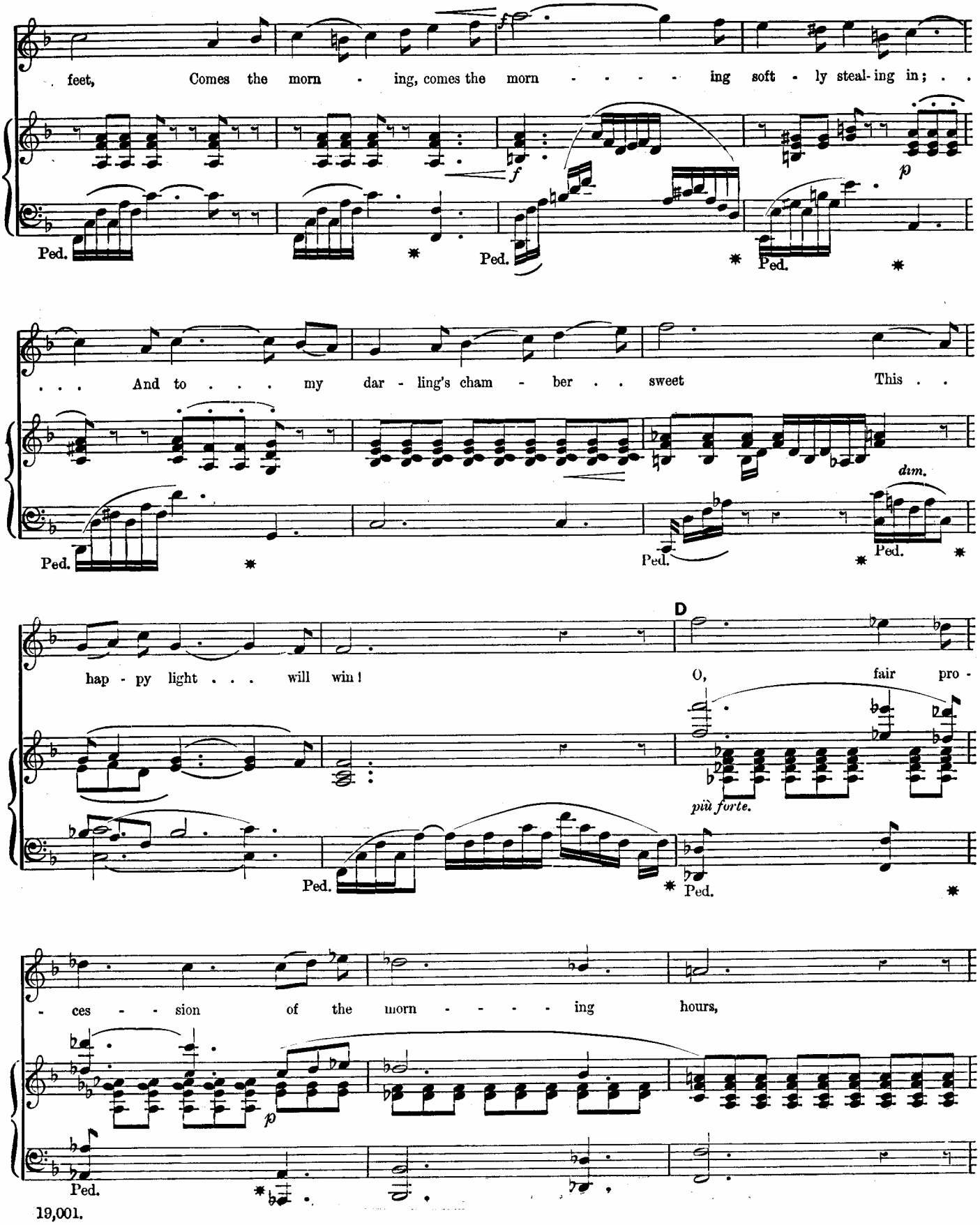
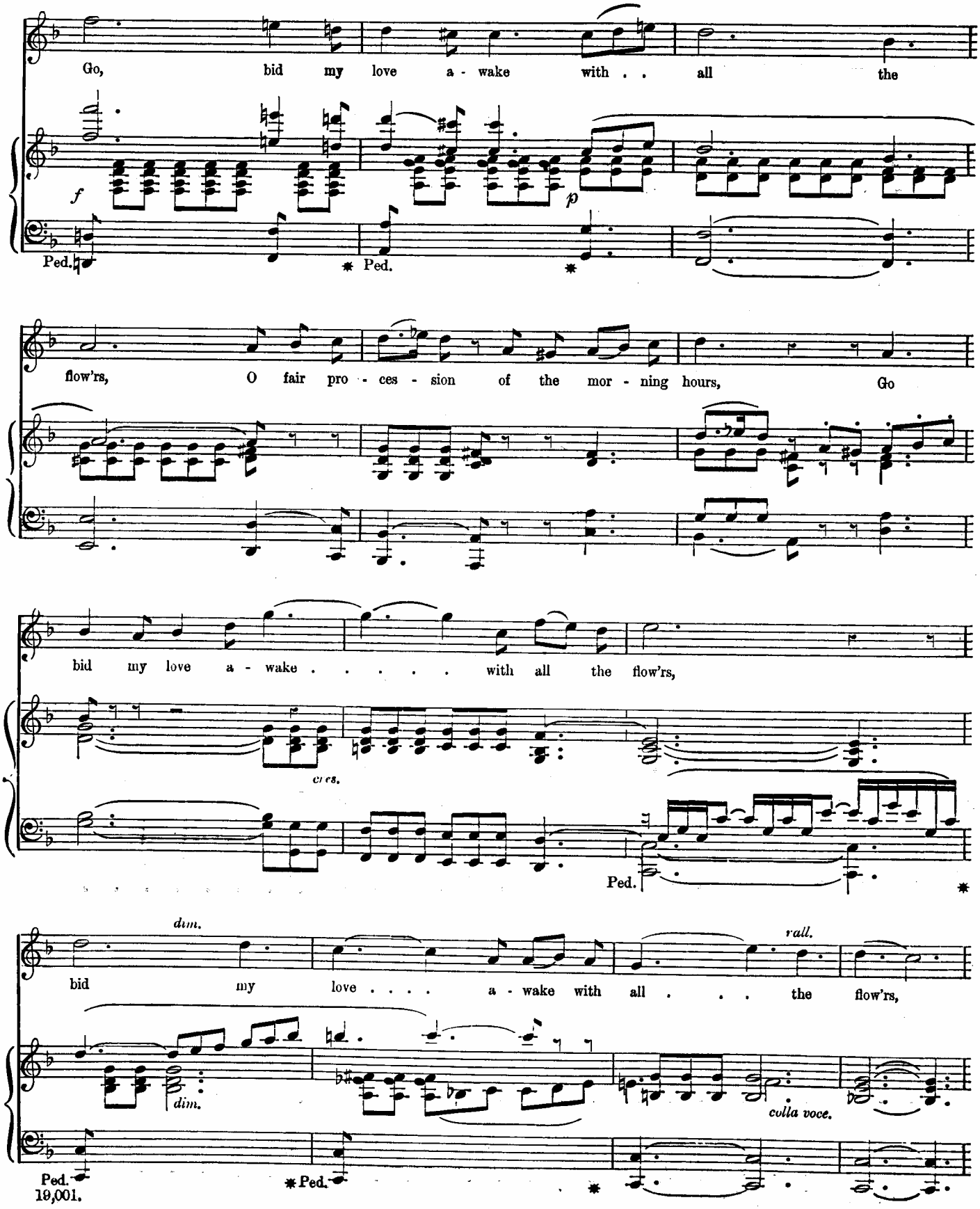
ACT III.

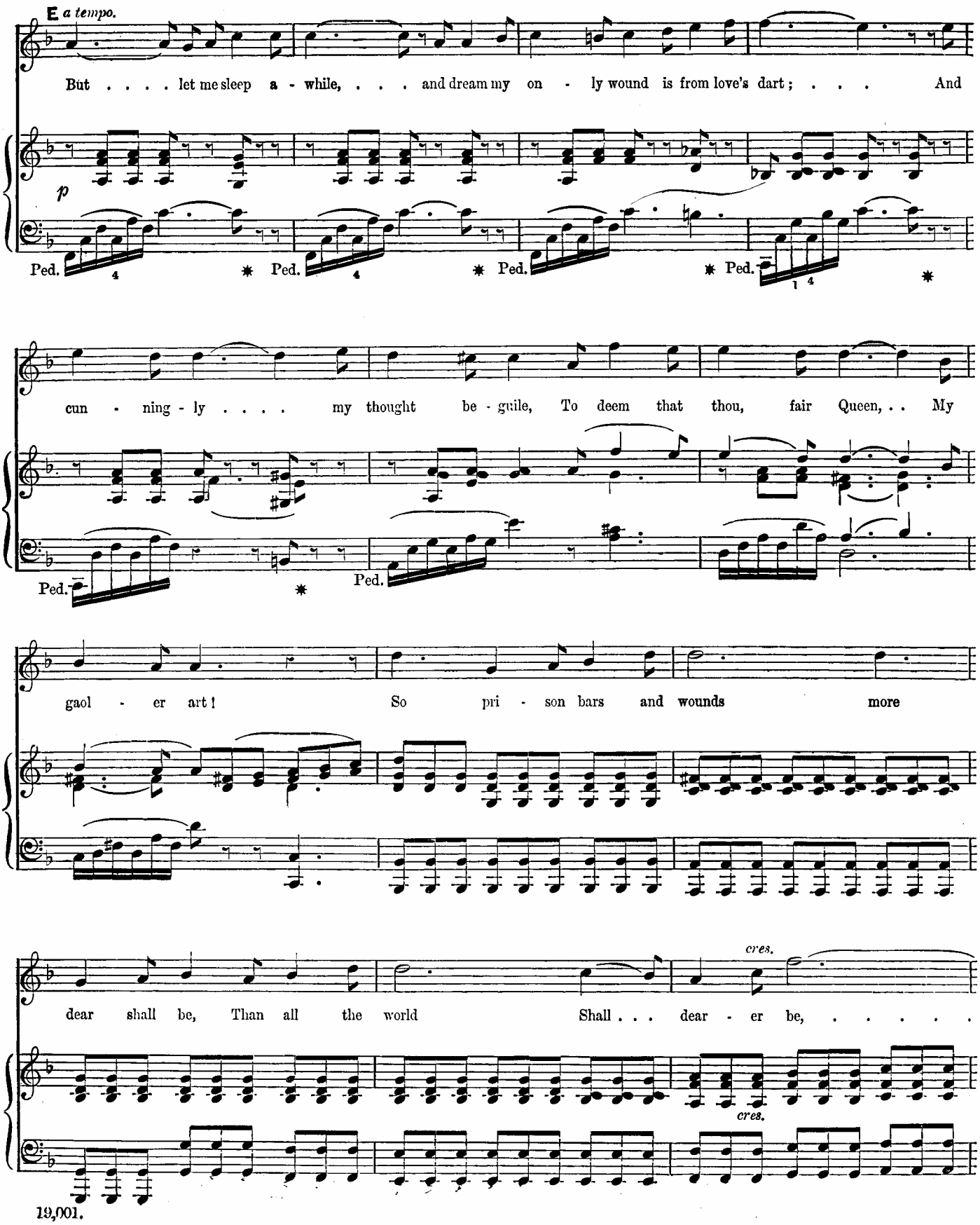
SCENE I.

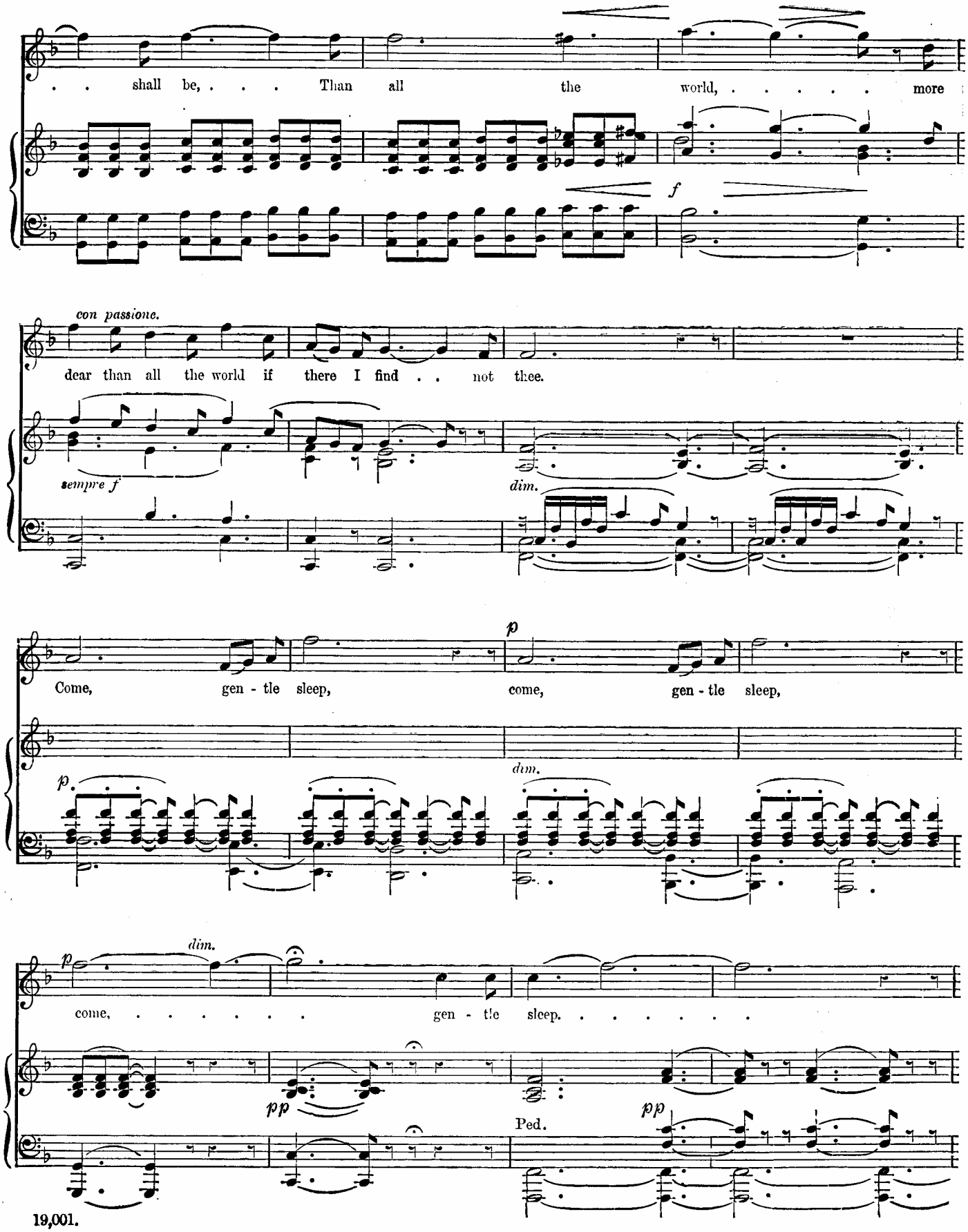


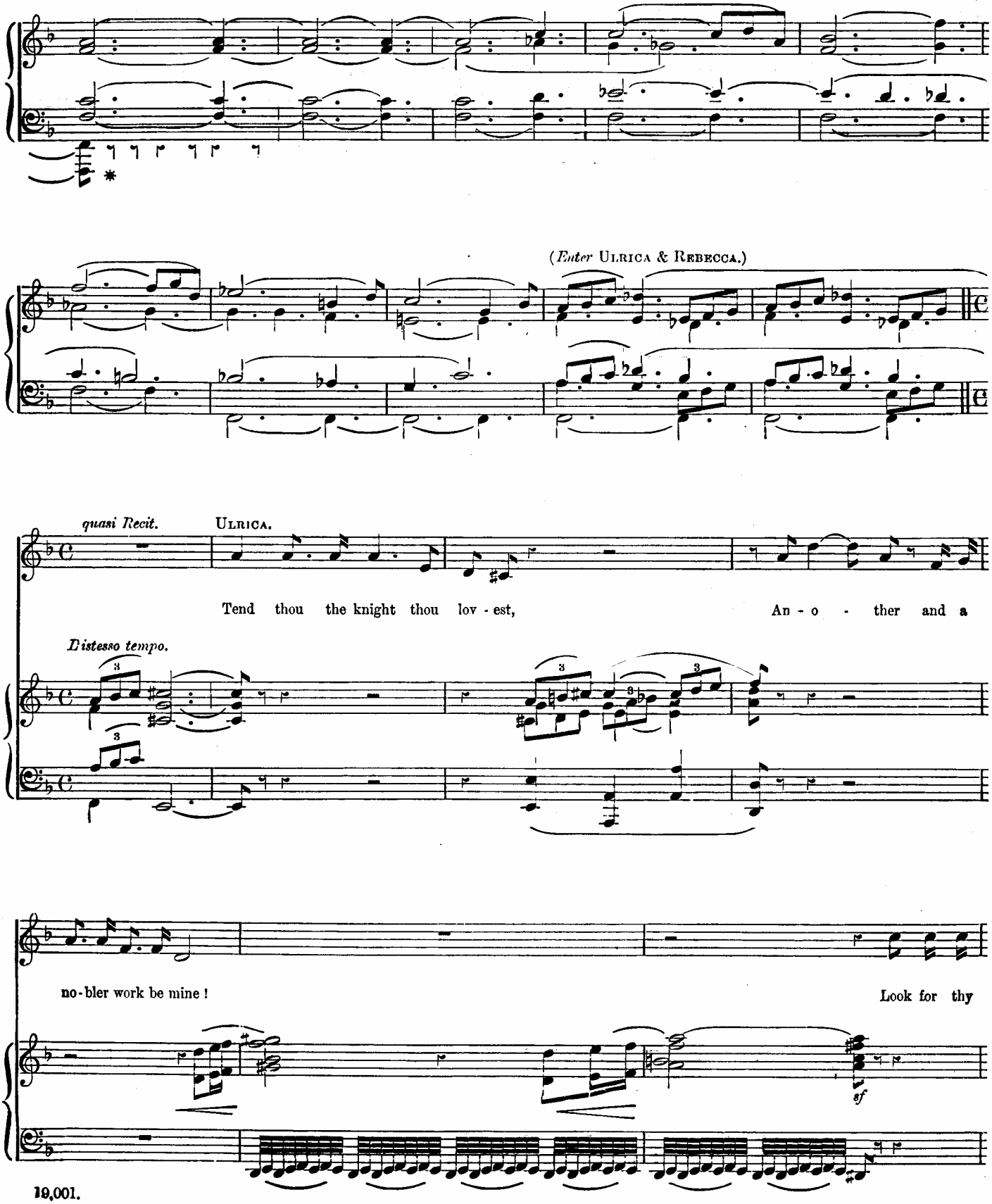

f
sf
dim.
p
Ped.
IVANHOE.
Hap - py with wing - ed
dim.
p
p
Ped.
Ped.
feet, Comes the morn - ing soft - ly steal - ing in; . . . And to my dar - ling's
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
cham - ber sweet This hap - py light . . will win! Hap - py with wing - ed
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


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.

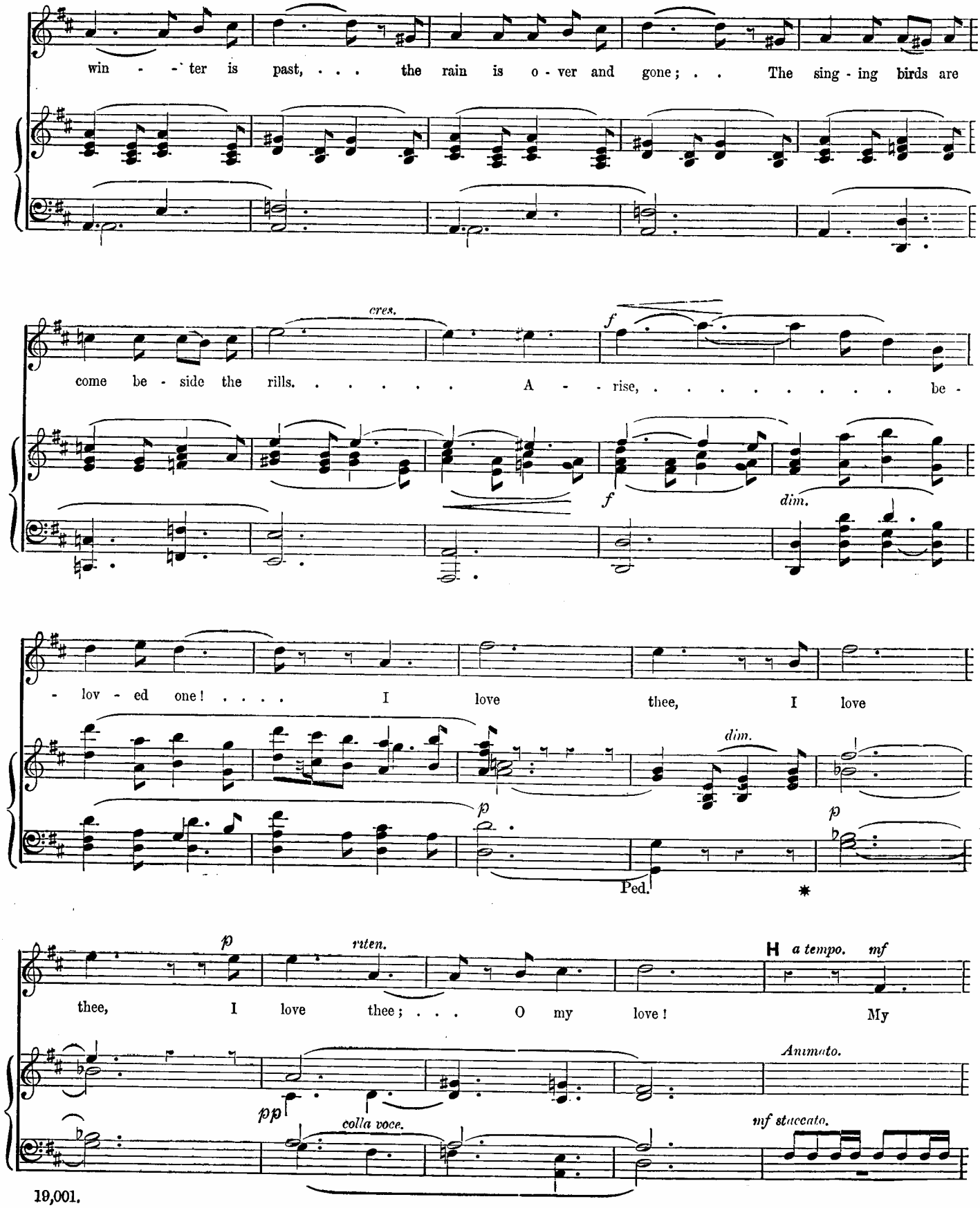
Now, in this hour of doubt and dan - ger,

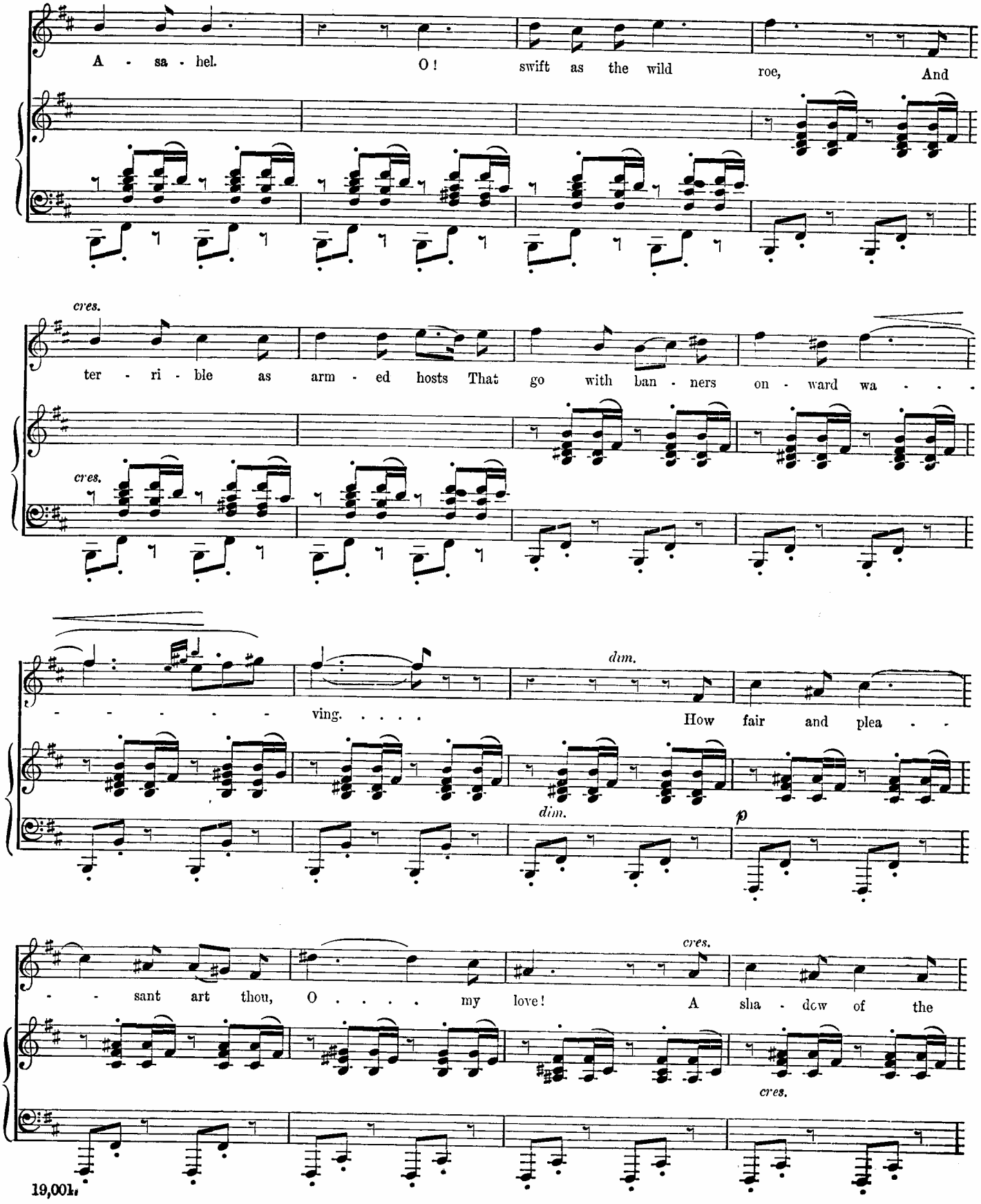
To my weak heart I say, "Be still, I love him." . . . .

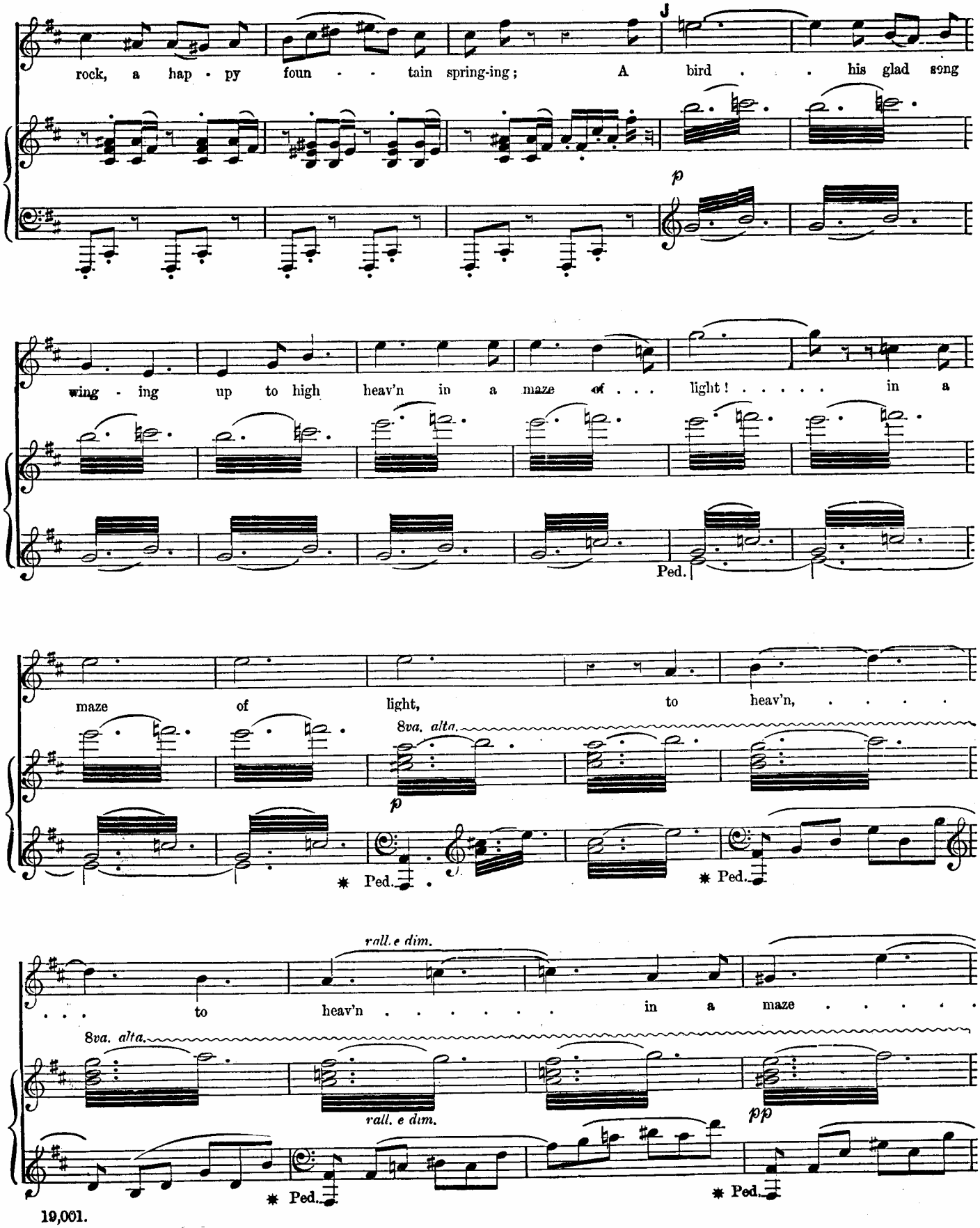
Ped.

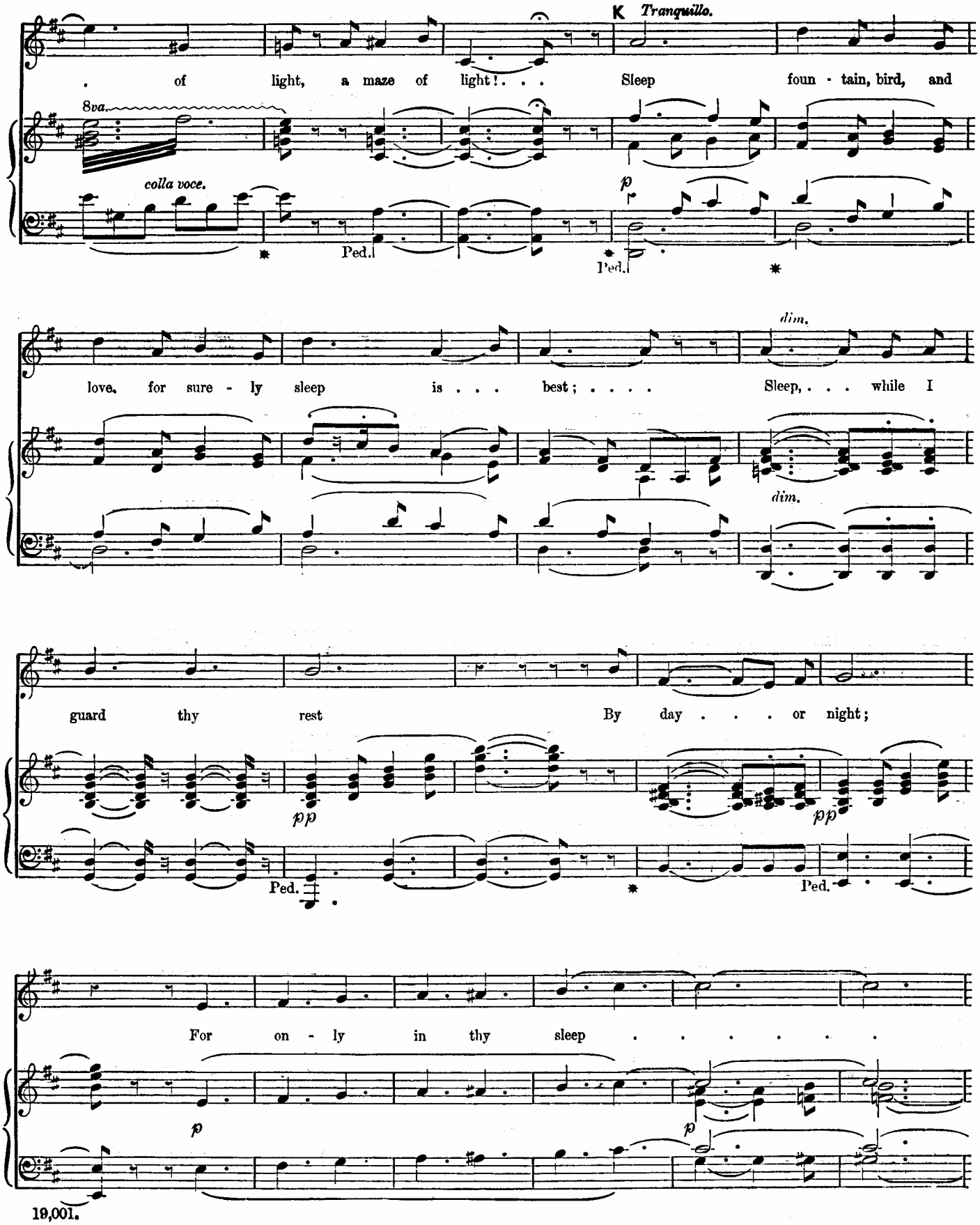
Allegretto pastorale e con moto.

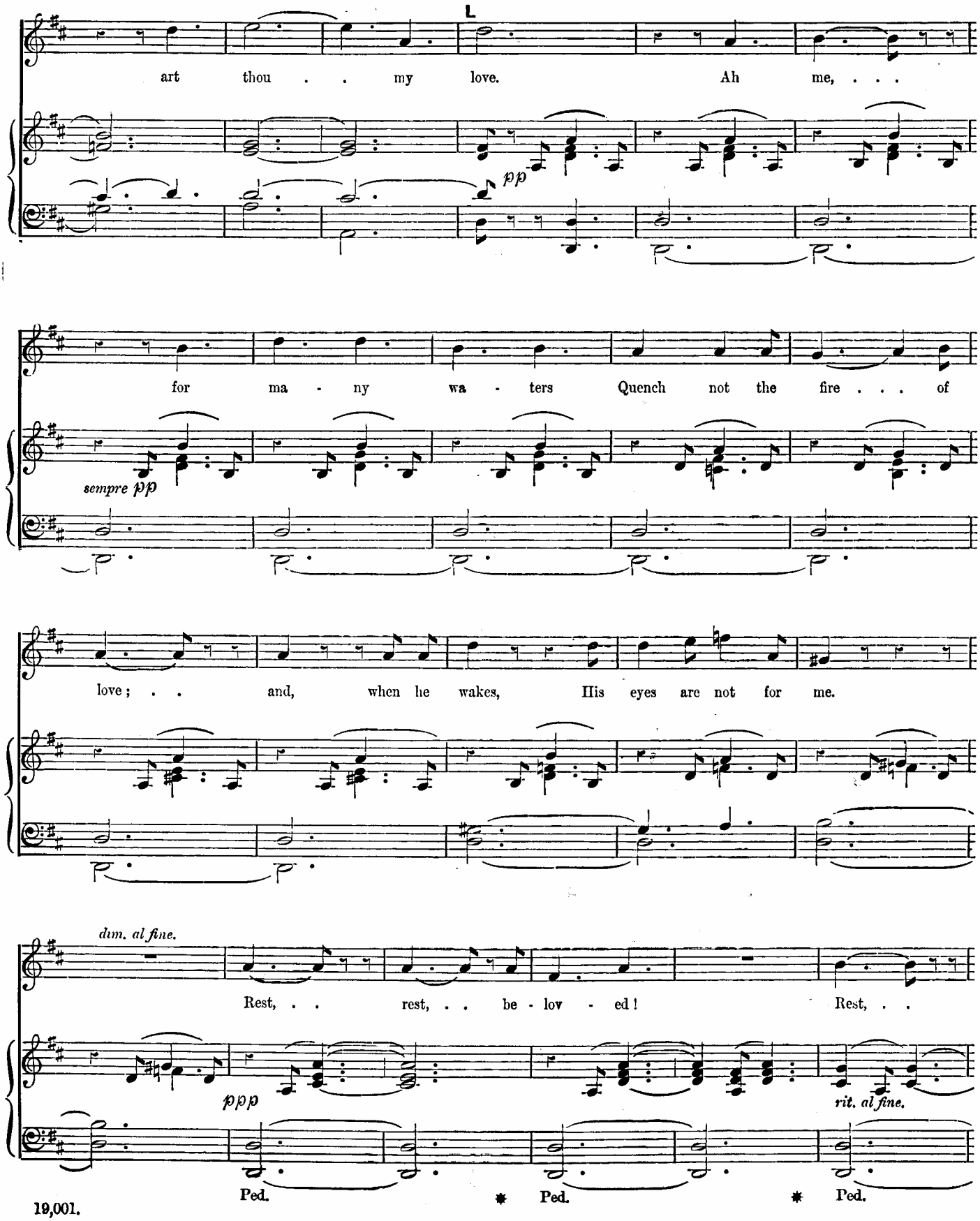
Ah, would that thou and I might lead our sheep A - mong the fold - ed hills! The

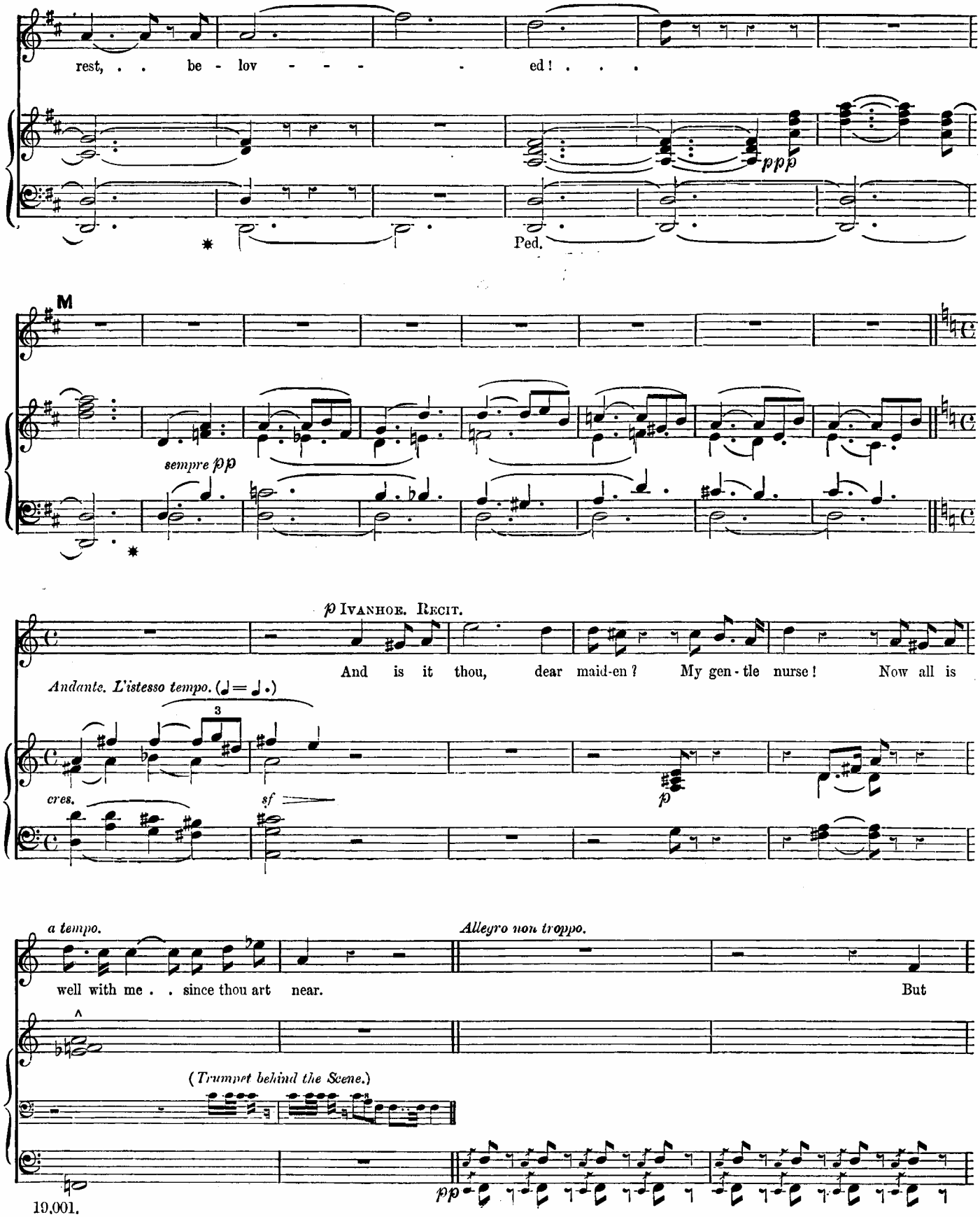

win - - ter is past, . . . the rain is o - ver and gone; . . The sing - ing birds are
cres.
f
come be - side the rills. . . . . A - - rise, ... be -
f
dim.
- lov - ed one! . . . . I love thee, I love
dim.
p
p
Ped.
*
p
riten.
H a tempo. mf
thee, I love thee; . . . O my love! My
Animato.
pp
colla voce.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

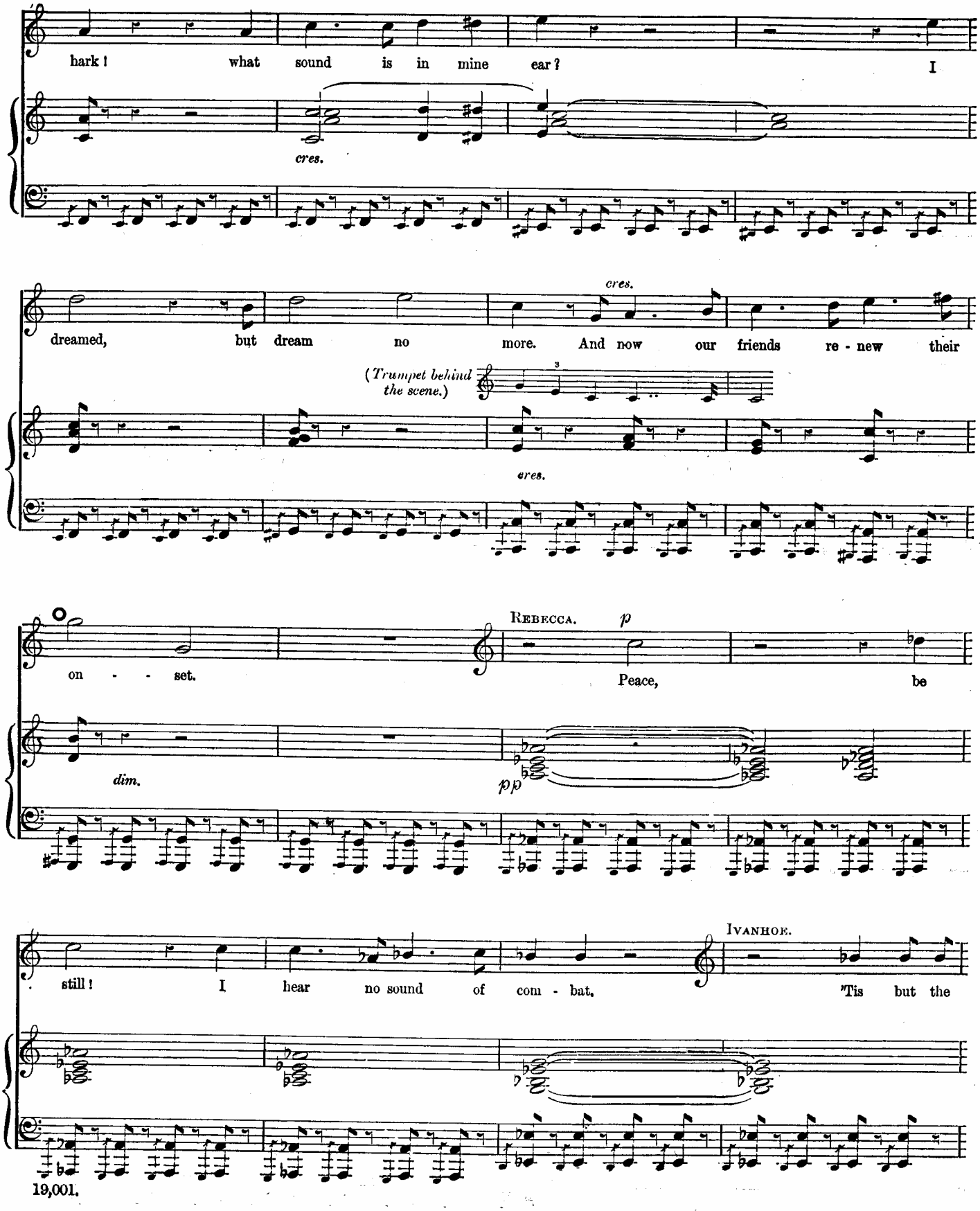

A - sa - hel. O! swift as the wild roe, And
cres.
ter - ri - ble as arm - ed hosts That go with ban - ners on - ward wa - - -
cres.
- - - - - ving. . . . .
dim.
How fair and plea - -
dim.
p
- - sant art thou, O . . . . my love! A sha - dow of the
cres.
cres.

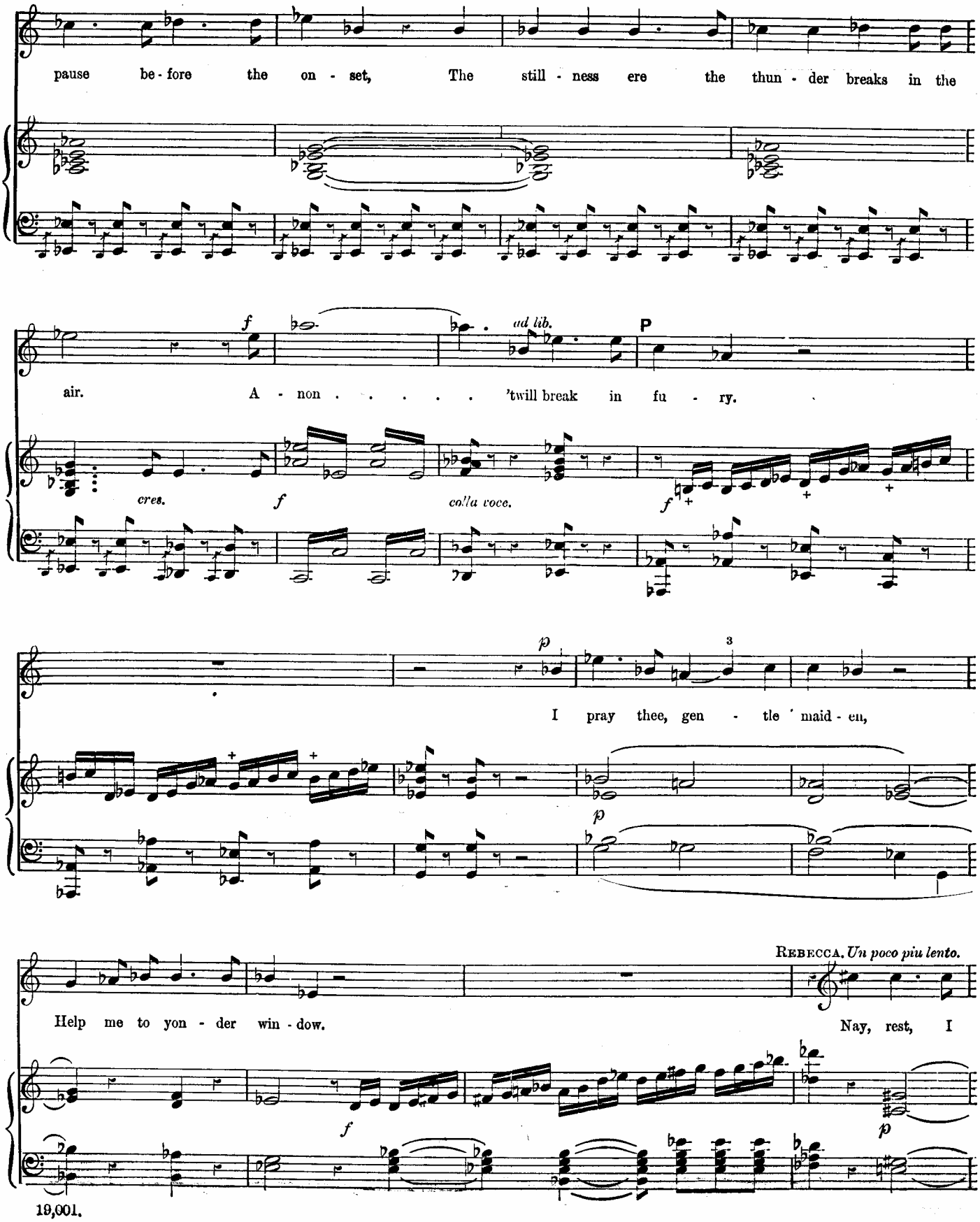

rock, a hap - py foun - - tain spring-ing; A bird . . his glad song
J
p
wing - ing up to high heav'n in a maze of . . . light! . . . . . in a
Ped.
maze of light, to heav'n, ...
8va. alta.
p
✱ Ped.
✱ Ped.
. . . to heav'n . . . . . in a maze . . . . .
rall. e dim.
8va. alta.
rall. e dim.
pp
✱ Ped.
✱ Ped.

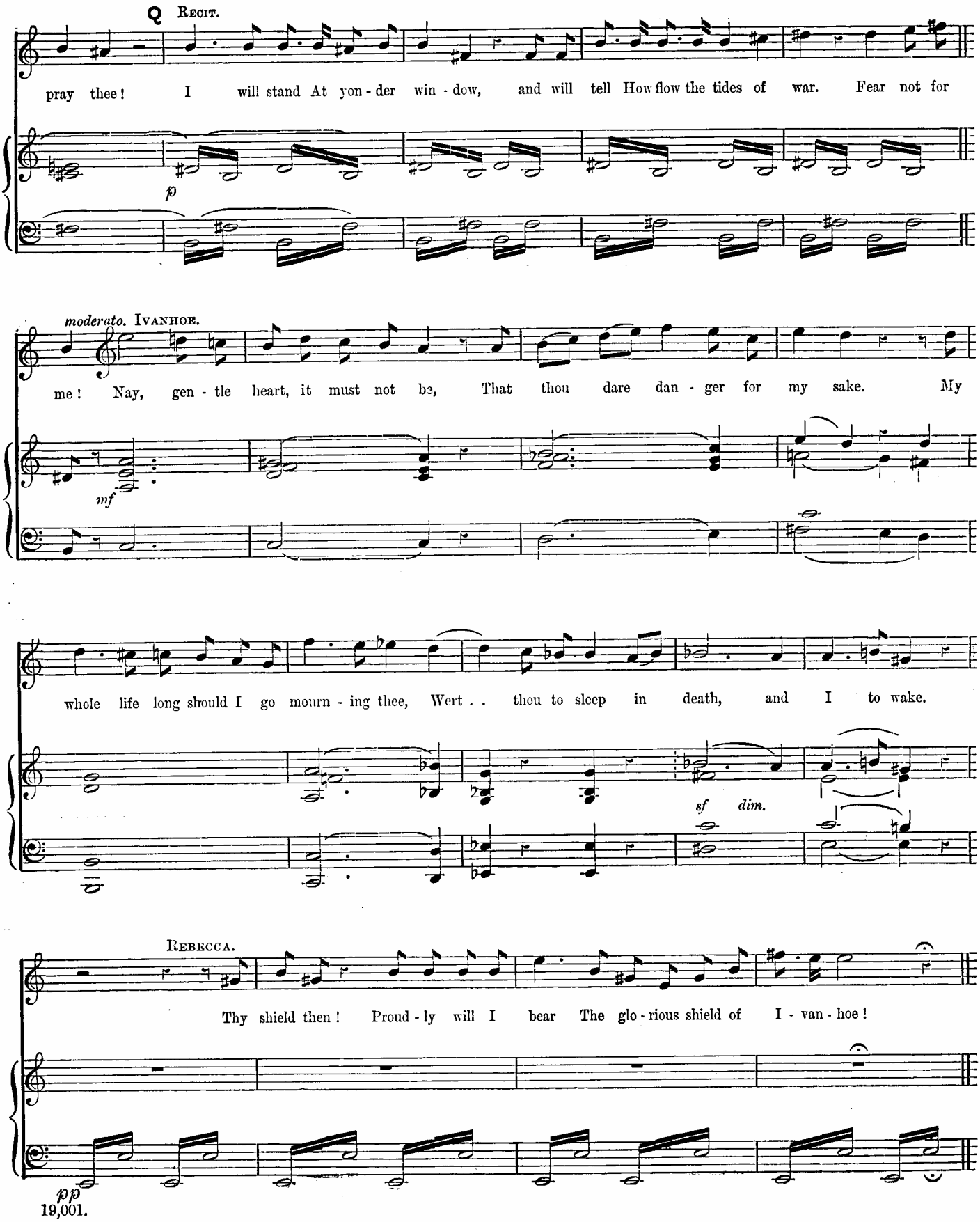

K Tranquillo.
. of light, a maze of light! . . . Sleep foun - tain, bird, and
8va.
colla voce.
Ped.
Ped.
dim.
love, for sure - ly sleep is . . . best; . . . . Sleep, . . . while I
dim.
guard thy rest By day . . . or night;
pp
pp
Ped.
Ped.
For on - ly in thy sleep . . . . . .
p
p

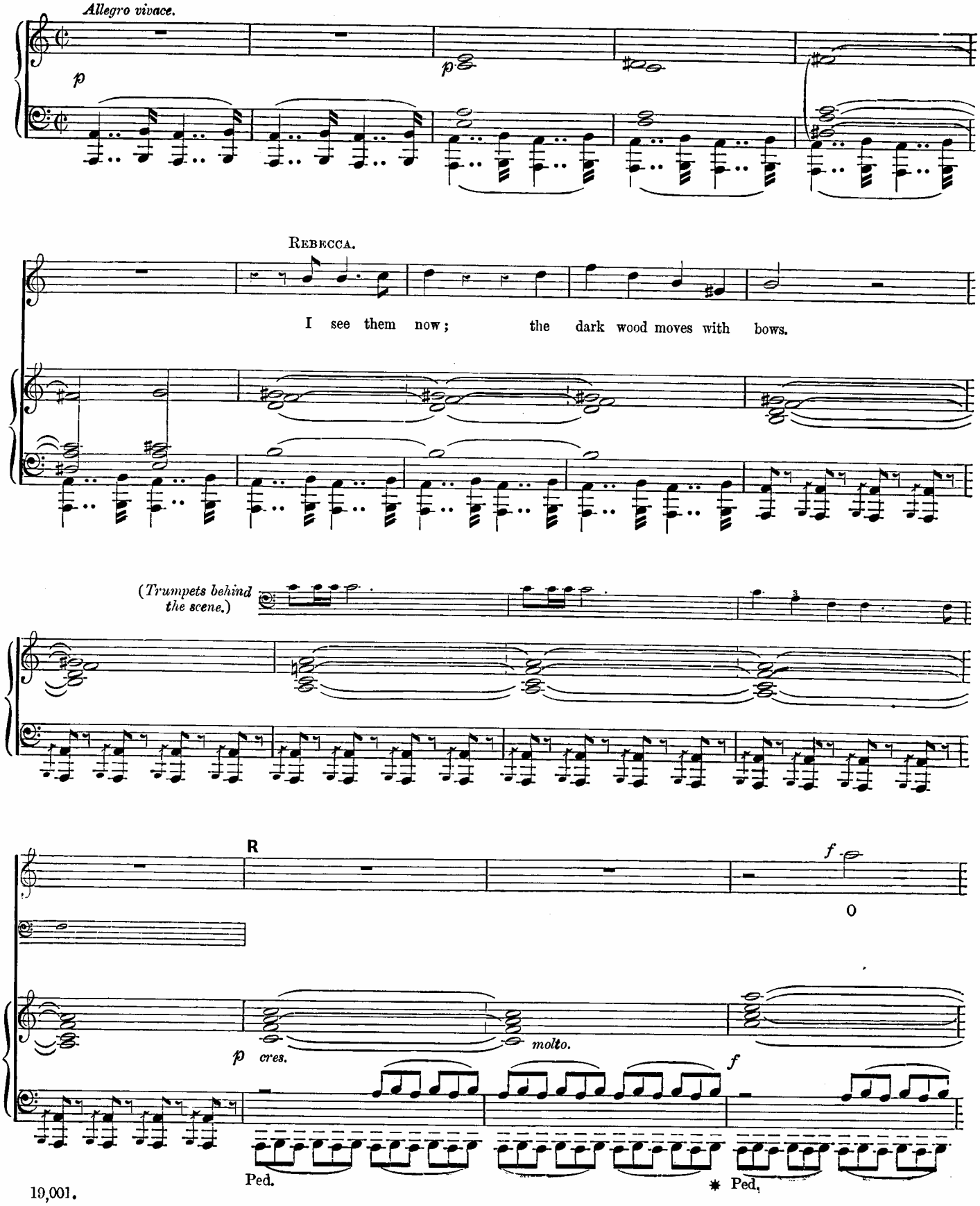

L
art thou . . my love. Ah me, . . .
pp
for ma - ny wa - ters Quench not the fire . . . of
sempre pp
love; . . and, when he wakes, His eyes are not for me.
dim. al fine.
Rest, . . rest, . . be - lov - ed! Rest, . .
ppp
rit. al fine.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

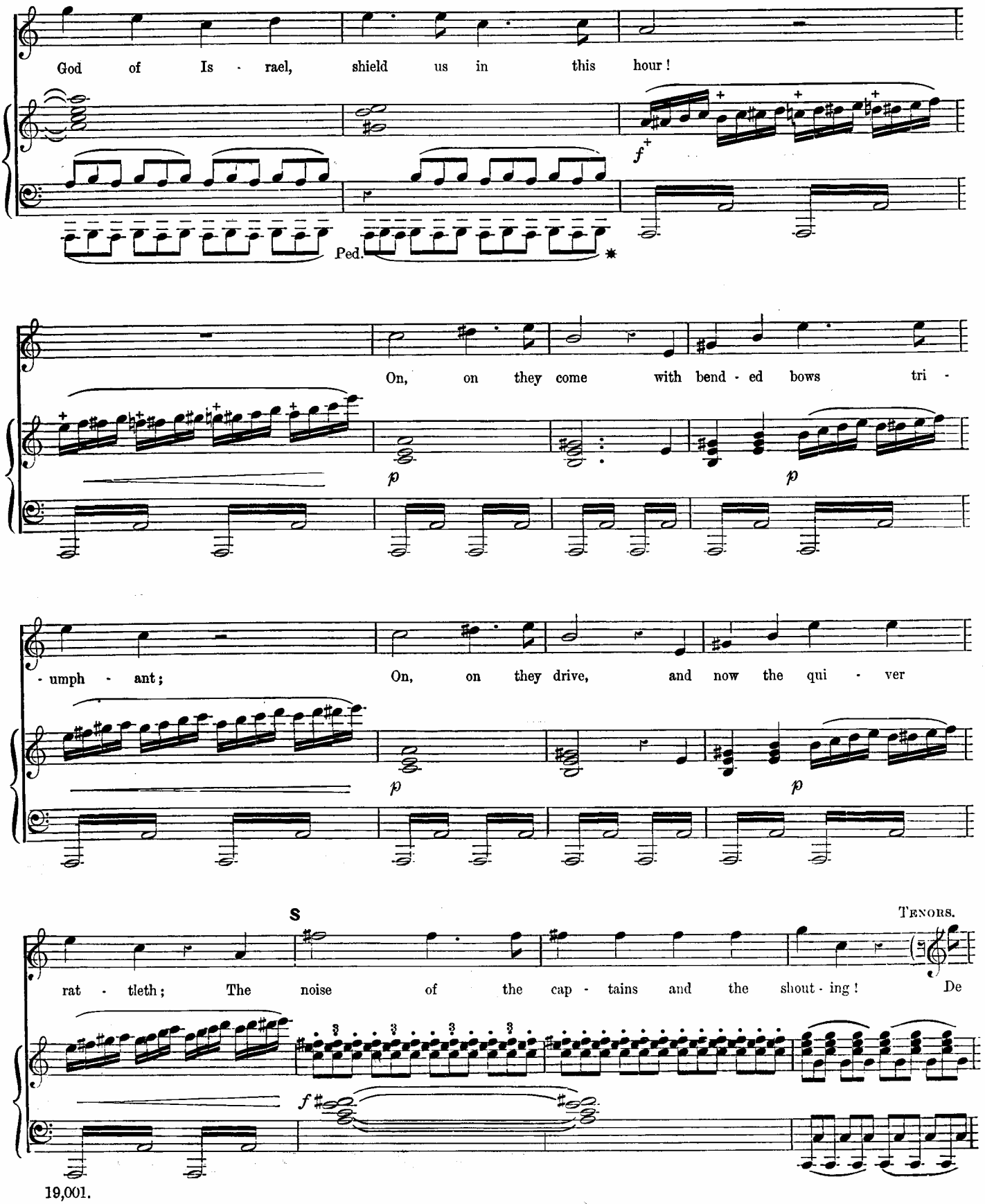

rest, . . be - lov - - - - ed! . . .
ppp
Ped.
M
sempre pp
p IVANHOE. RECIT.
And is it thou, dear maid-en? My gen-tle nurse! Now all is
Andante. L'istesso tempo. (♩ = ♩.)
3
cres.
sf
p
a tempo.
Allegro non troppo.
well with me . . since thou art near.
But
(Trumpet behind the Scene.)
pp

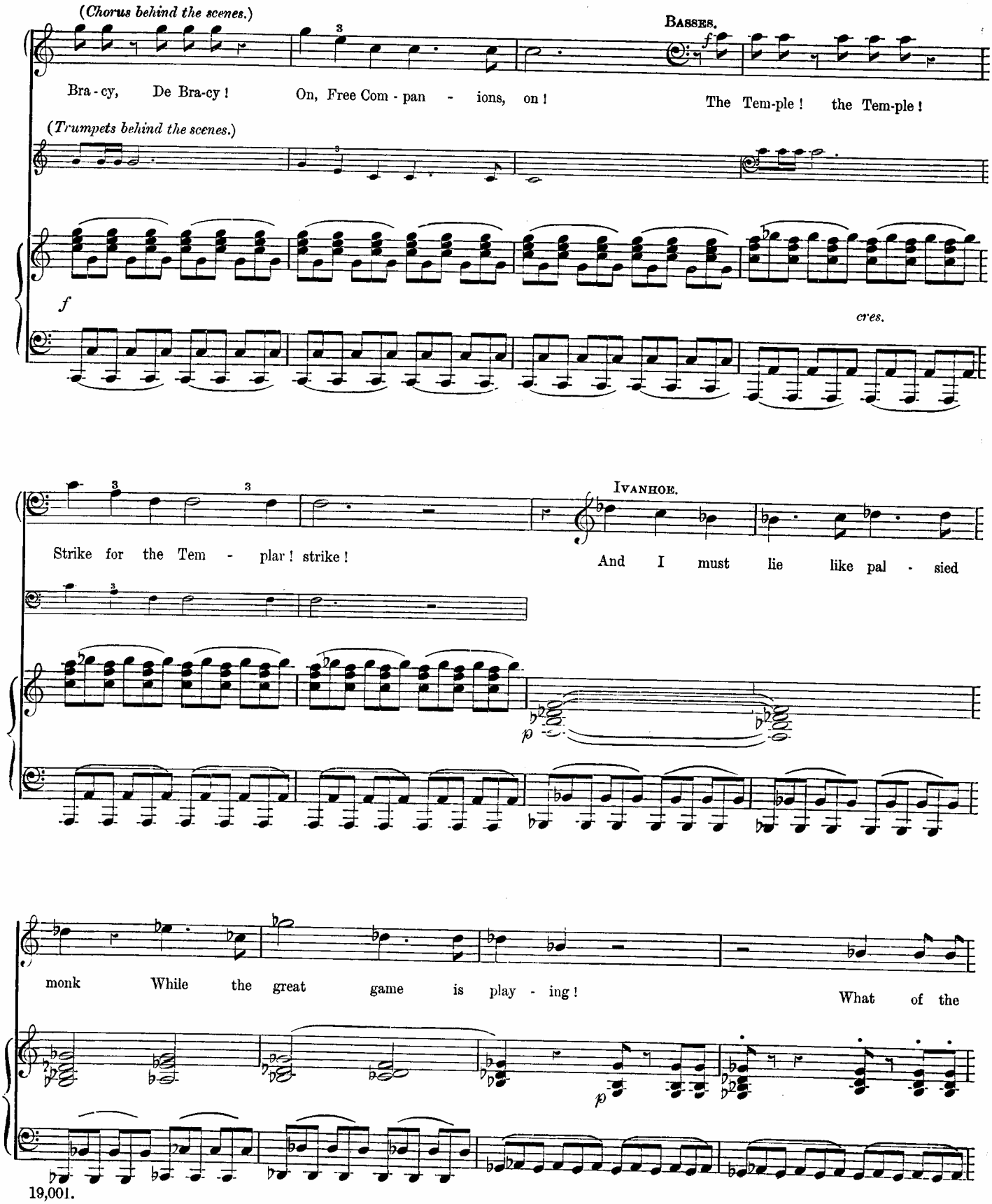

hark! what sound is in mine ear? I
cres.
dreamed, but dream no more. And now our friends re - new their
cres.
(Trumpet behind the scene.)
cres.
on - - set.
REBECCA. p
Peace, be
dim.
pp
still! I hear no sound of com - bat.
IVANHOE.
'Tis but the

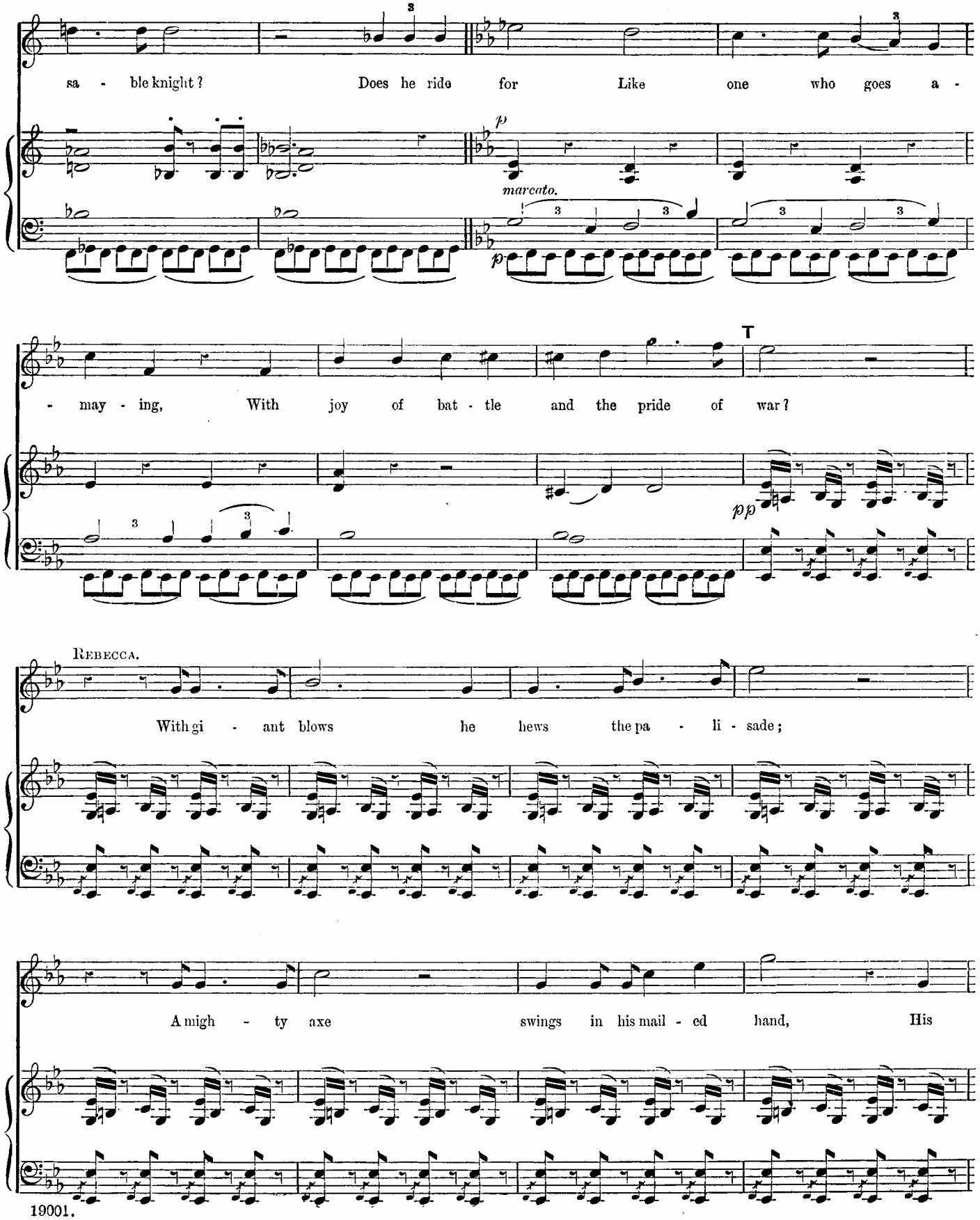

pause be - fore the on - set, The still - ness ere the thun - der breaks in the
air. A - non . . . . . 'twill break in fu - ry.
cres.
ad lib.
colla voce.
I pray thee, gen - tle maid - en,
Help me to yon - der win - dow.
REBECCA. Un poco piu lento.
Nay, rest, I

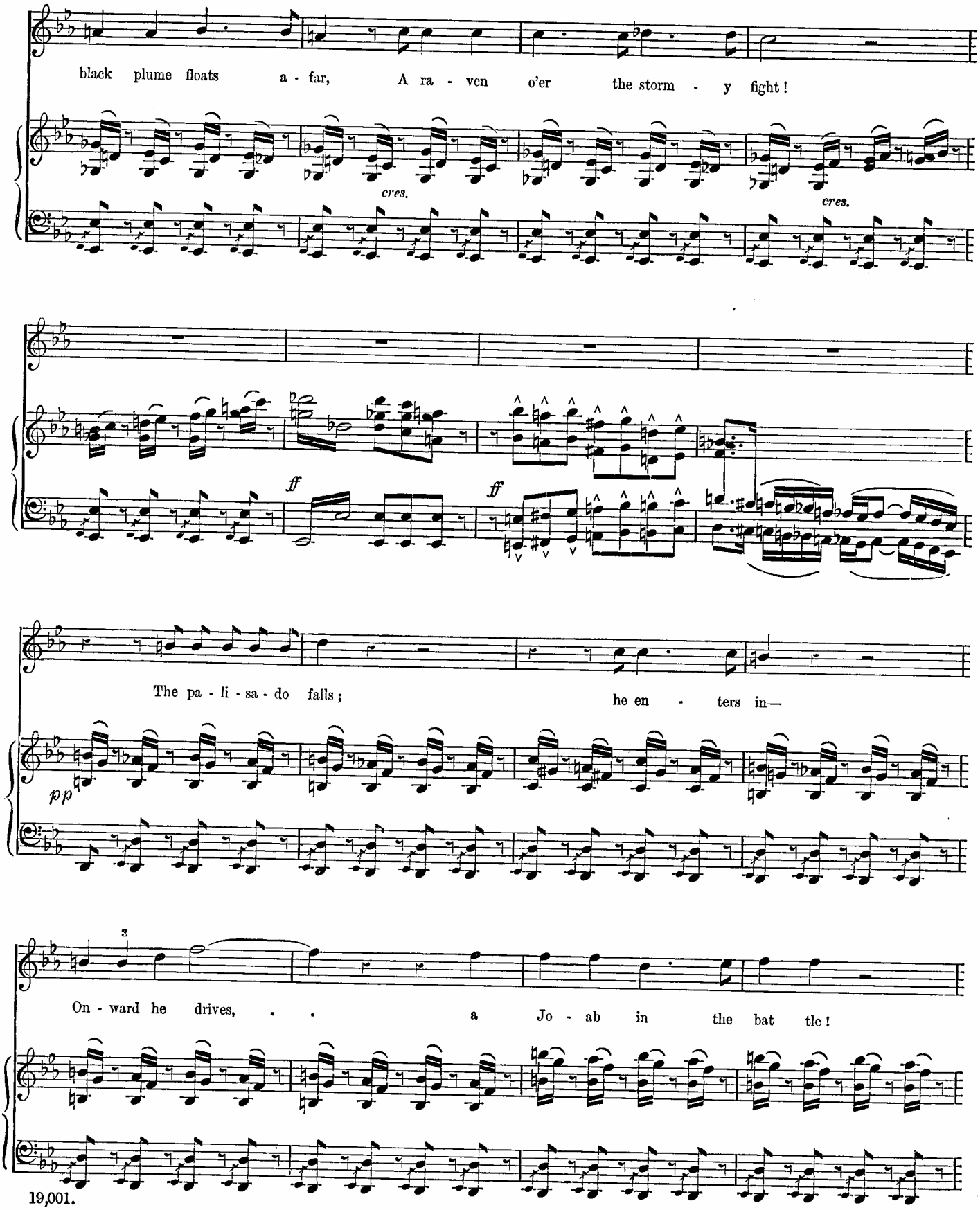

Q Recit.
pray thee! I will stand At yon - der win - dow, and will tell How flow the tides of war. Fear not for
p
moderato. Ivanhoe.
me! Nay, gen - tle heart, it must not be, That thou dare dan - ger for my sake. My
mf
whole life long should I go mourn - ing thee, Wert . . thou to sleep in death, and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

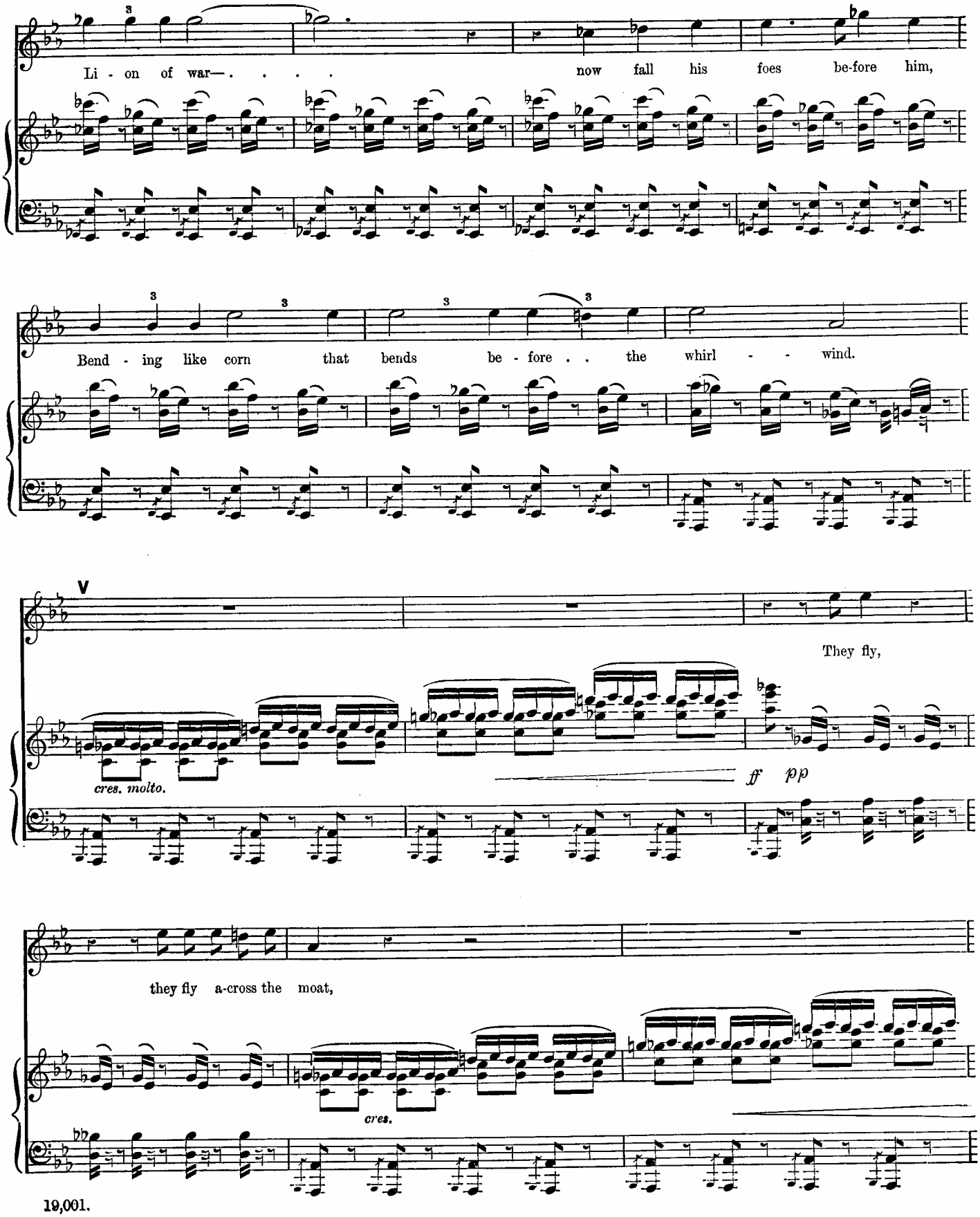

Allegro vivace.
p
p
REBECCA.
I see them now; the dark wood moves with bows.
(Trumpets behind the scene.)
R
f
O
p cres.
molto.
f
Ped.
* Ped.

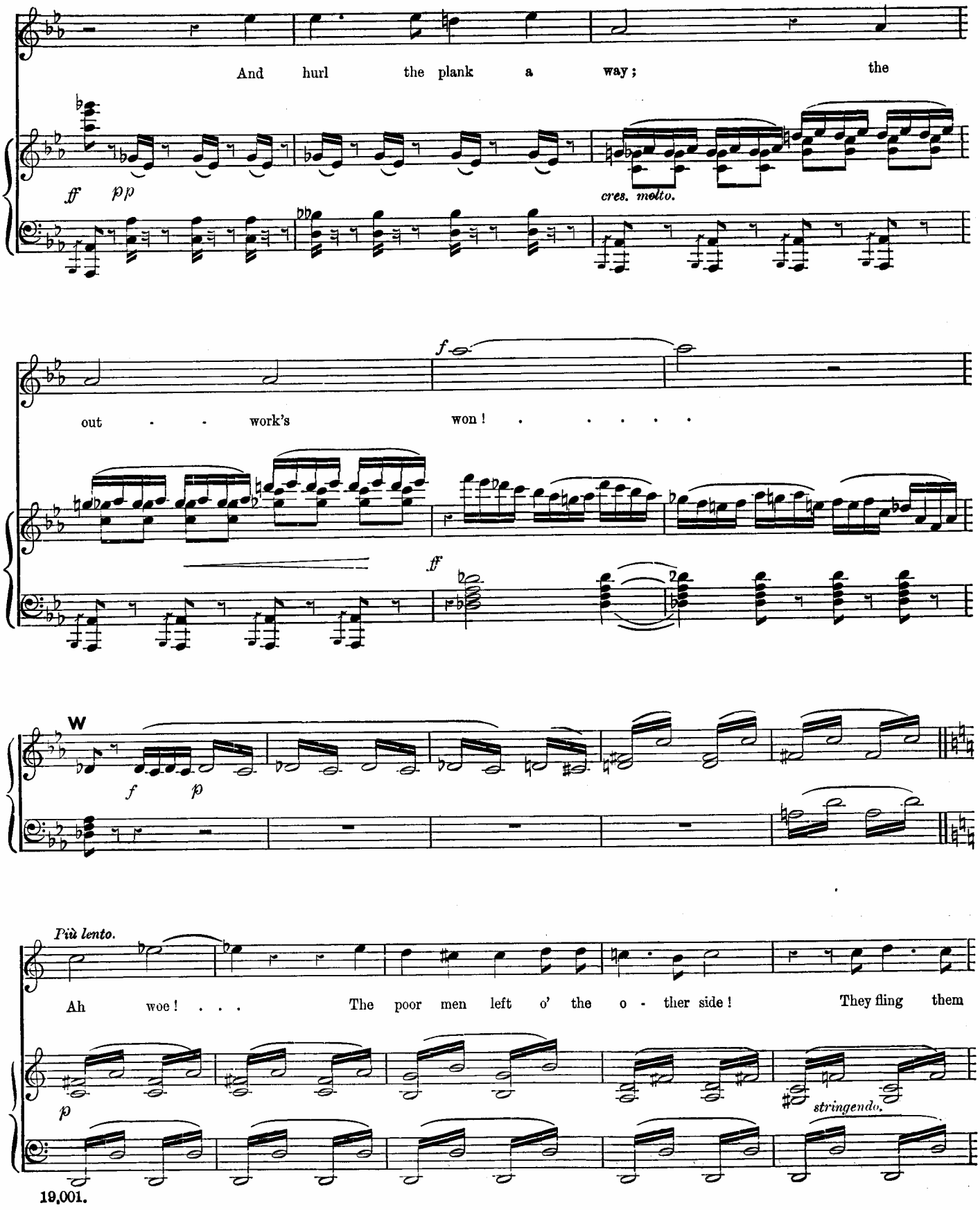

God of Is - rael, shield us in this hour!
Ped.
On, on they come with bend - ed bows tri -
- umph - ant; On, on they drive, and now the qui - ver
S
TENORS.
rat - tleth; The noise of the cap - tains and the shout - ing! De

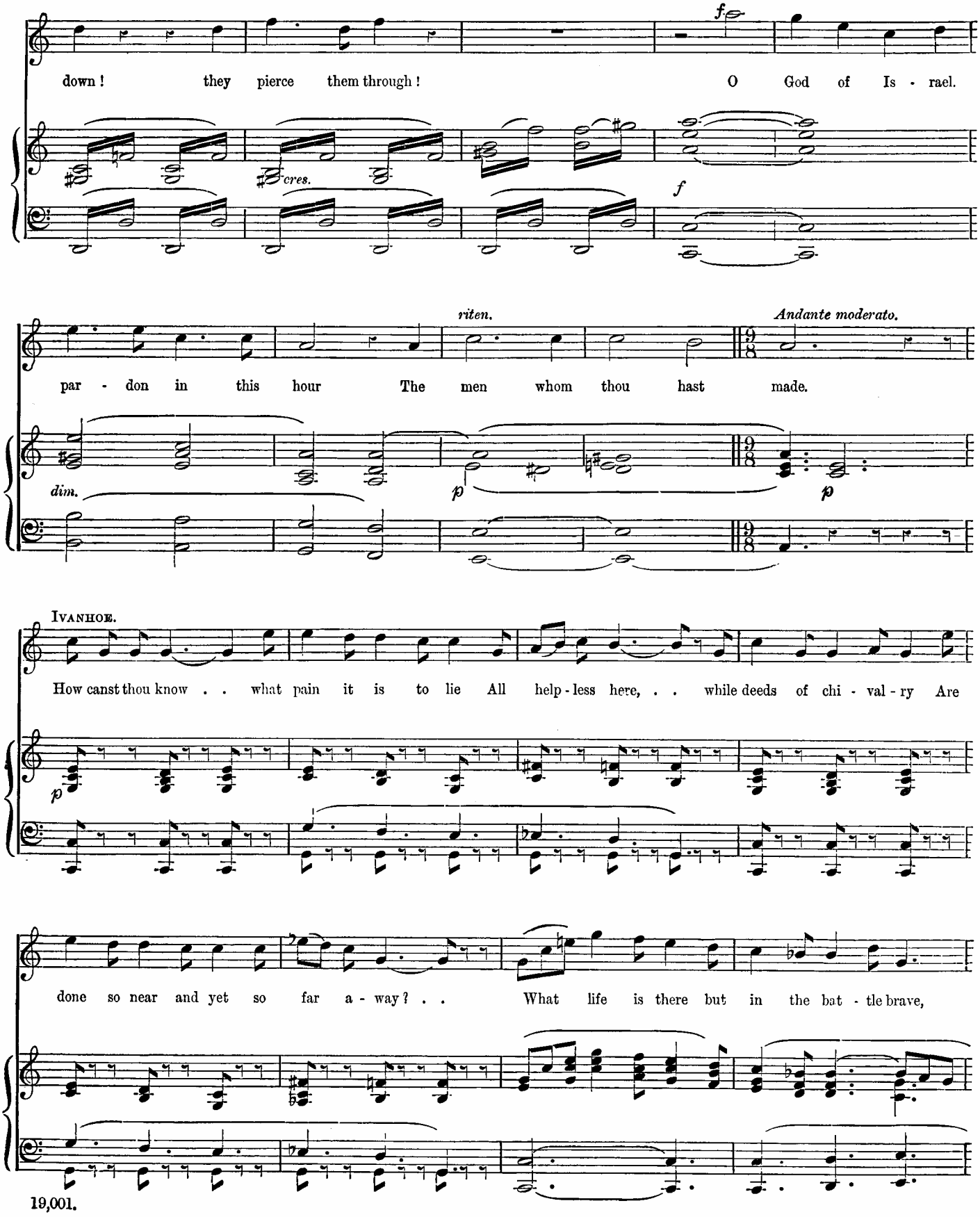

(Chorus behind the scenes.)
Basses.
Bra - cy, De Bra-cy ! On, Free Com - pan - ions, on ! The Tem-ple ! the Tem-ple !
(Trumpets behind the scenes.)
f
cres.
Ivanhoe.
Strike for the Tem - plar ! strike ! And I must lie like pal - sied
p
monk While the great game is play - ing ! What of the
p

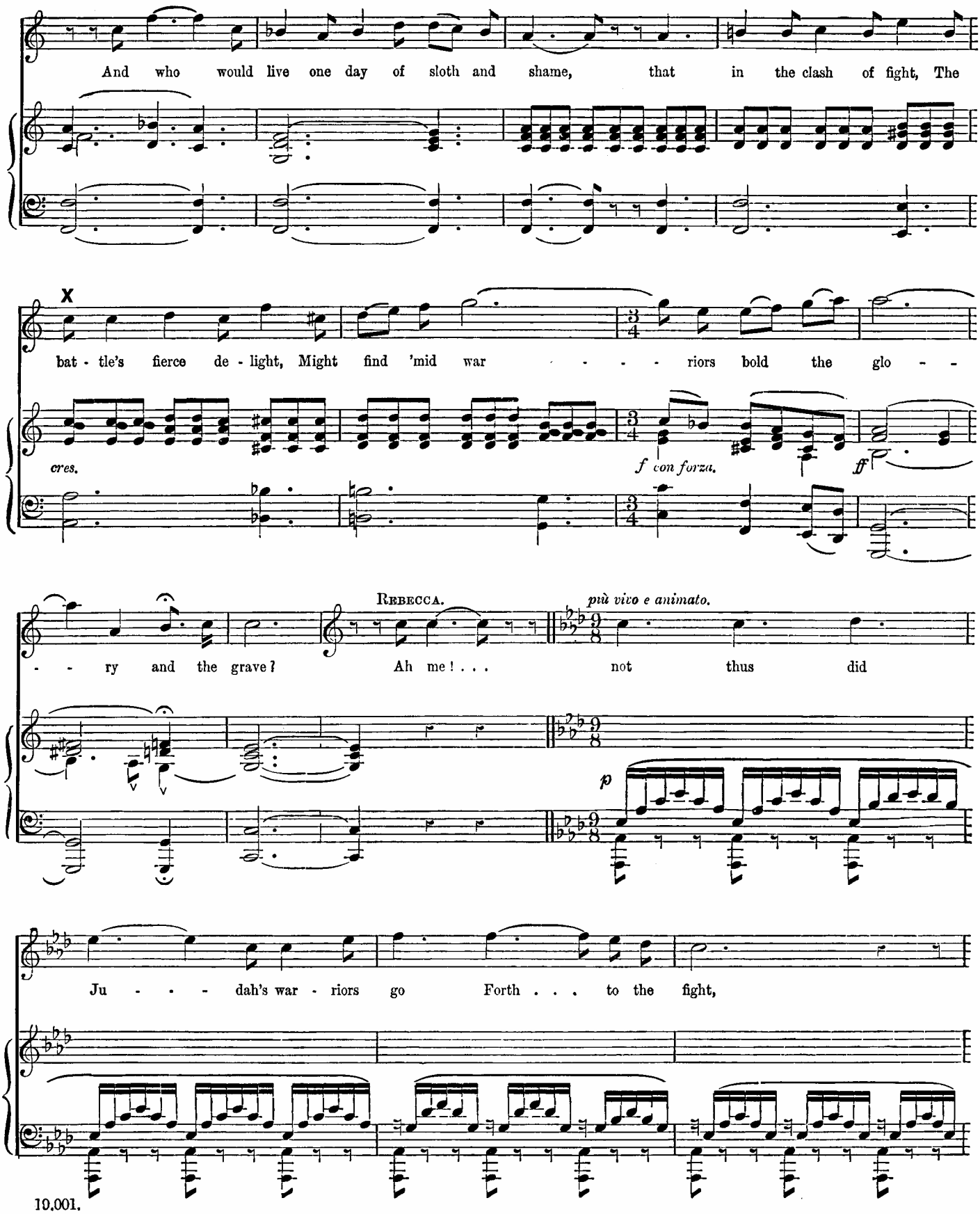

sa - ble knight? Does he ride for Like one who goes a -
marcato.
- may - ing, With joy of bat - tle and the pride of war?
T
REBECCA.
With gi - ant blows he hews the pa - li - sade;
A migh - ty axe swings in his mail - ed hand, His

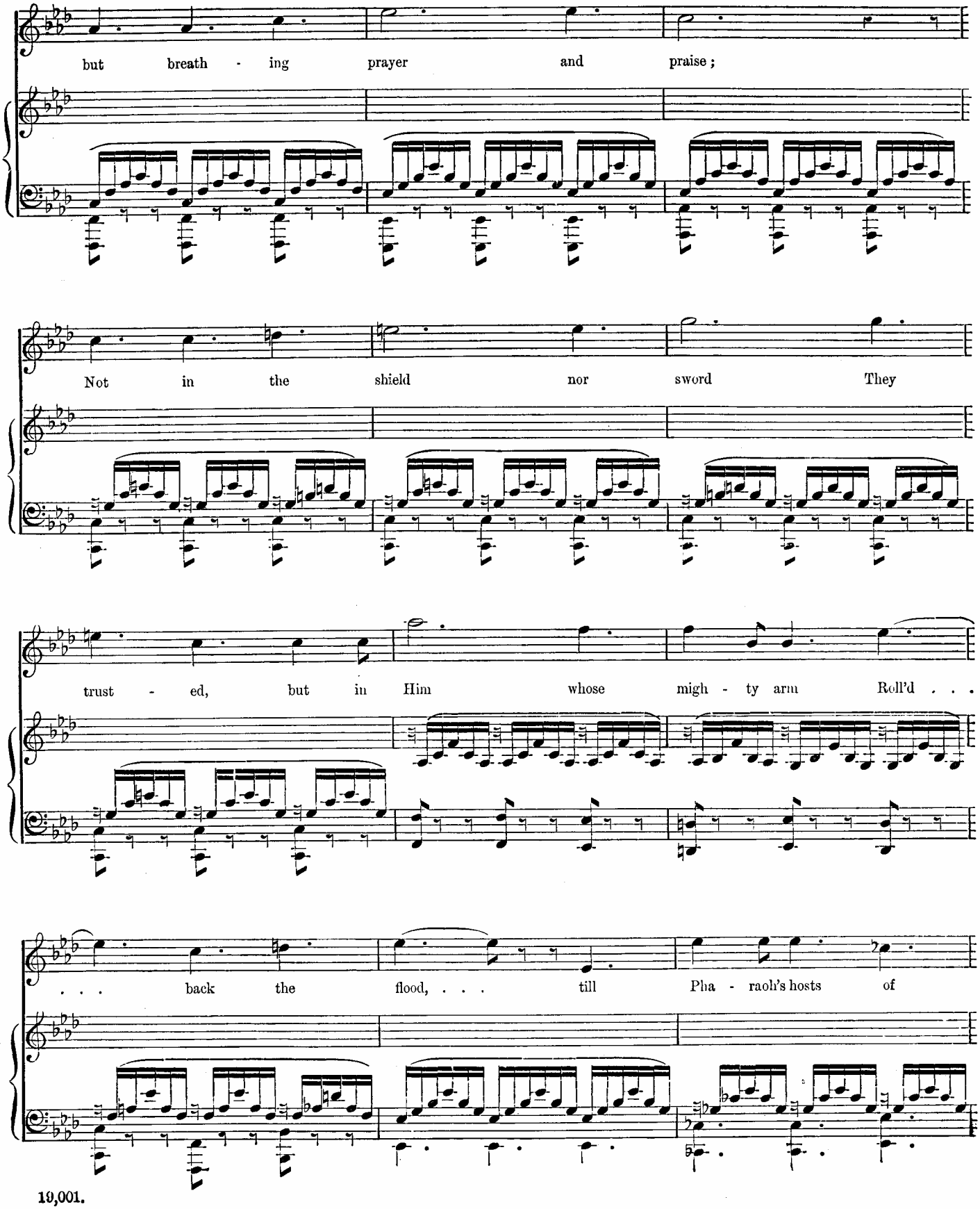

black plume floats a - far, A ra - ven o'er the storm - y fight!
cres.
cres.
ff
ff
The pa - li - sa - do falls; he en - ters in—
pp
On - ward he drives, . . a Jo - ab in the bat tle!

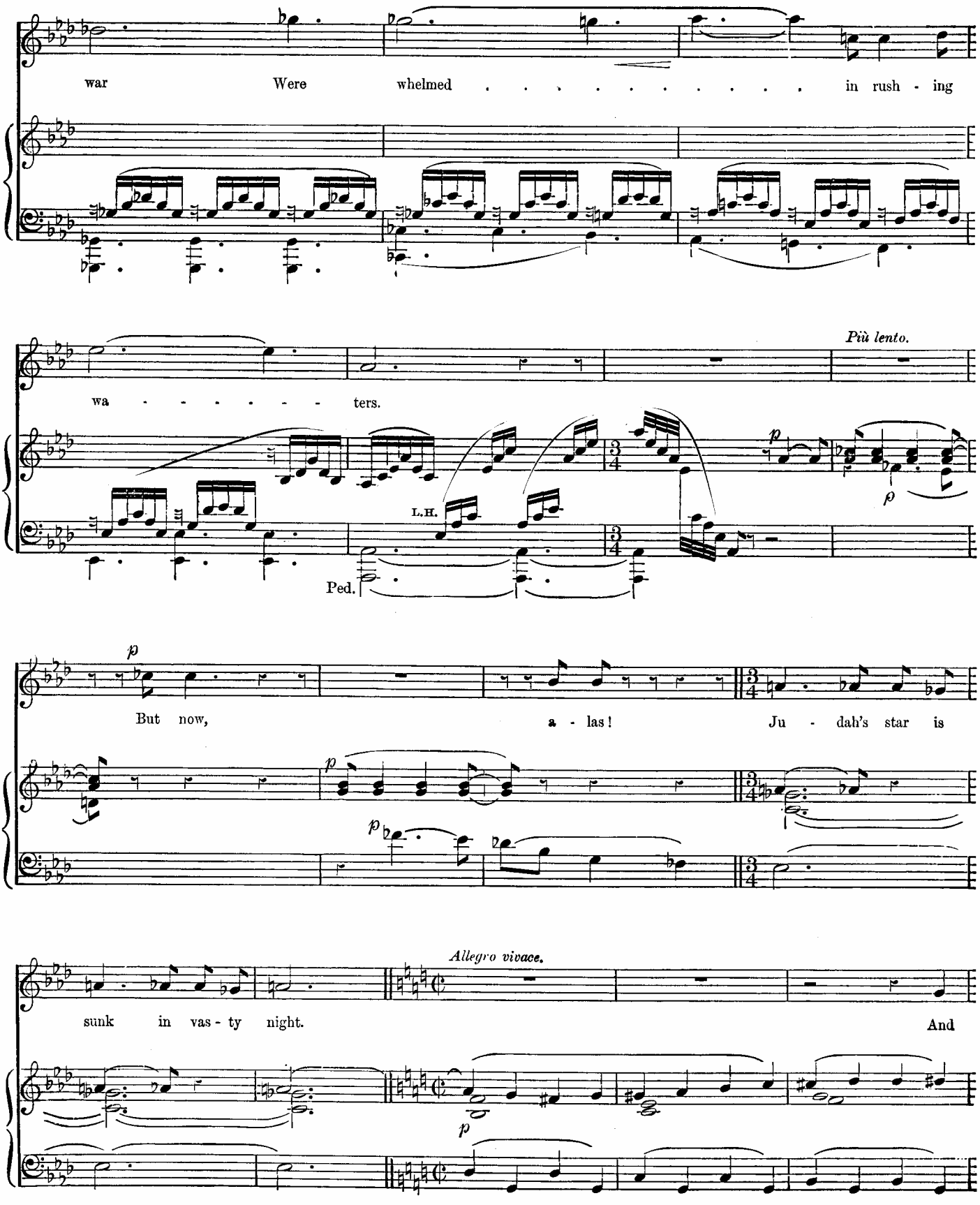

Li - on of war— . . . .
now fall his foes be-fore him,
Bend - ing like corn that bends be - fore . . the whirl - - wind.
V
They fly,
cres. molto.
ff pp
they fly a-cross the moat,
cres.

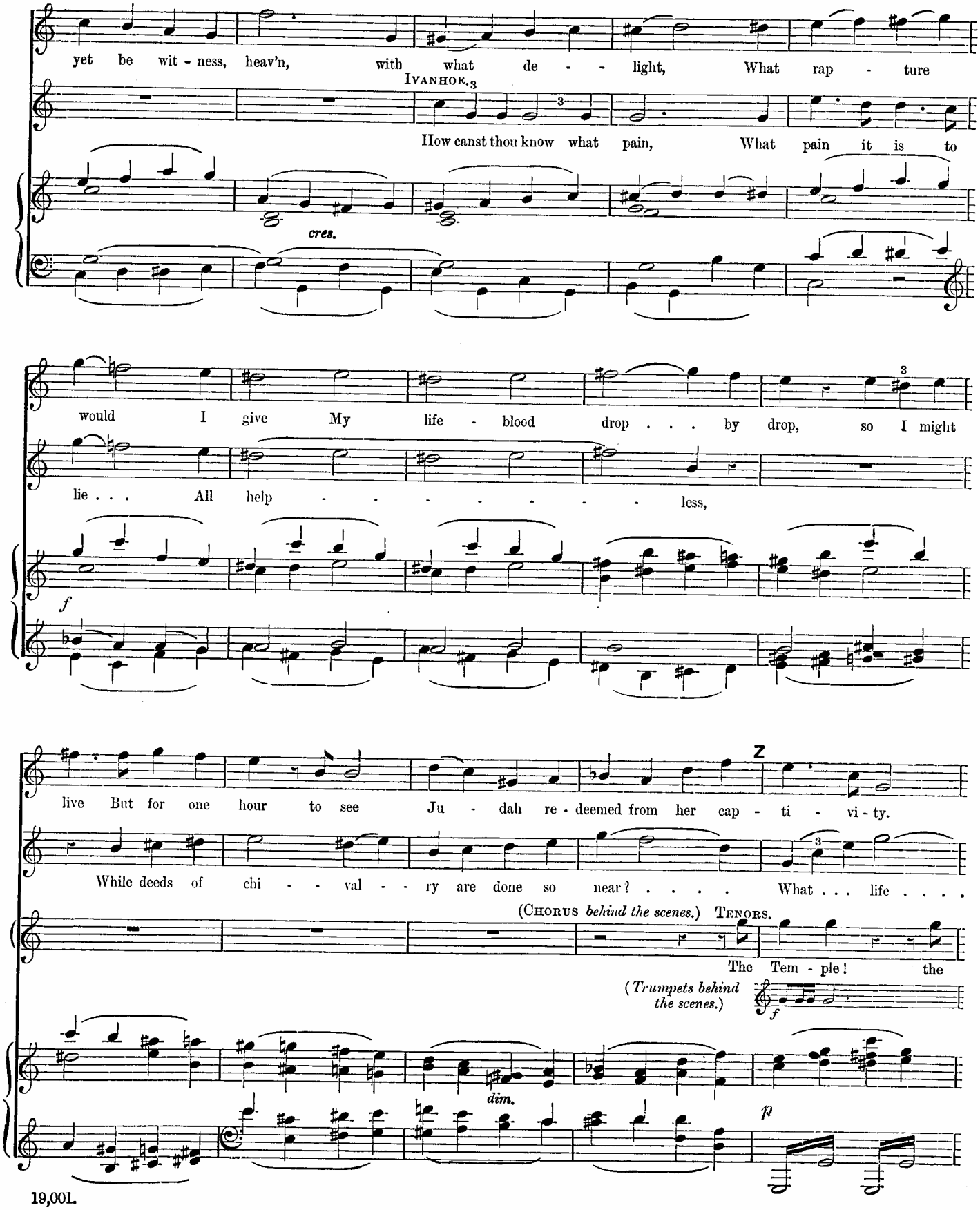

And hurl the plank a way; the
ff pp
cres. molto.
f
out . . work's won! . . . . .
ff
W
f p
Più lento.
Ah woe! . . . The poor men left o' the o - ther side! They fling them
p
stringendo.

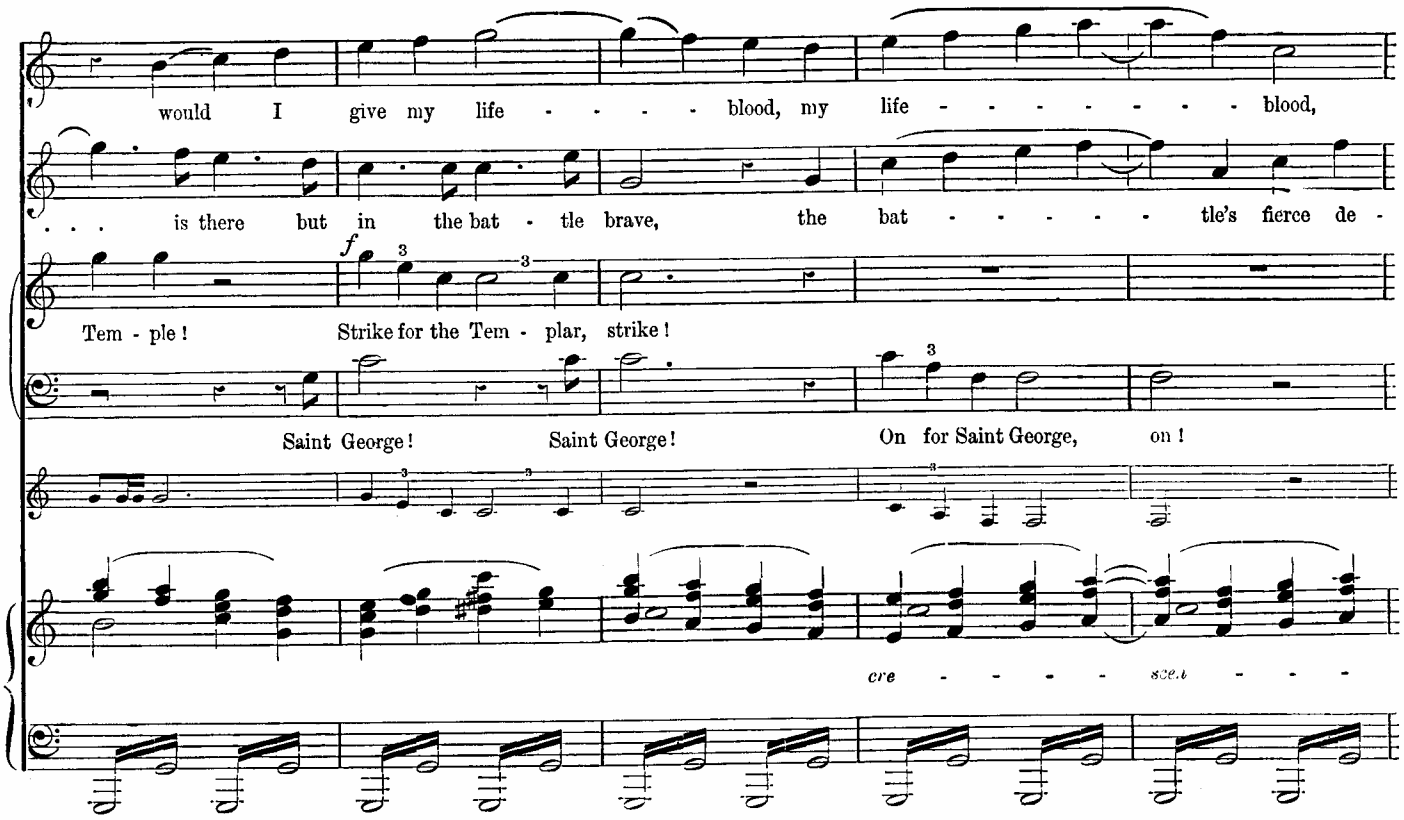

down ! they pierce them through ! O God of Is - rael.
cres.
f
f
riten.
Andante moderato.
par - don in this hour The men whom thou hast made.
dim.
p
p
p
IVANHOE.
How canst thou know . . what pain it is to lie All help - less here, . . while deeds of chi - val - ry Are
done so near and yet so far a - way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

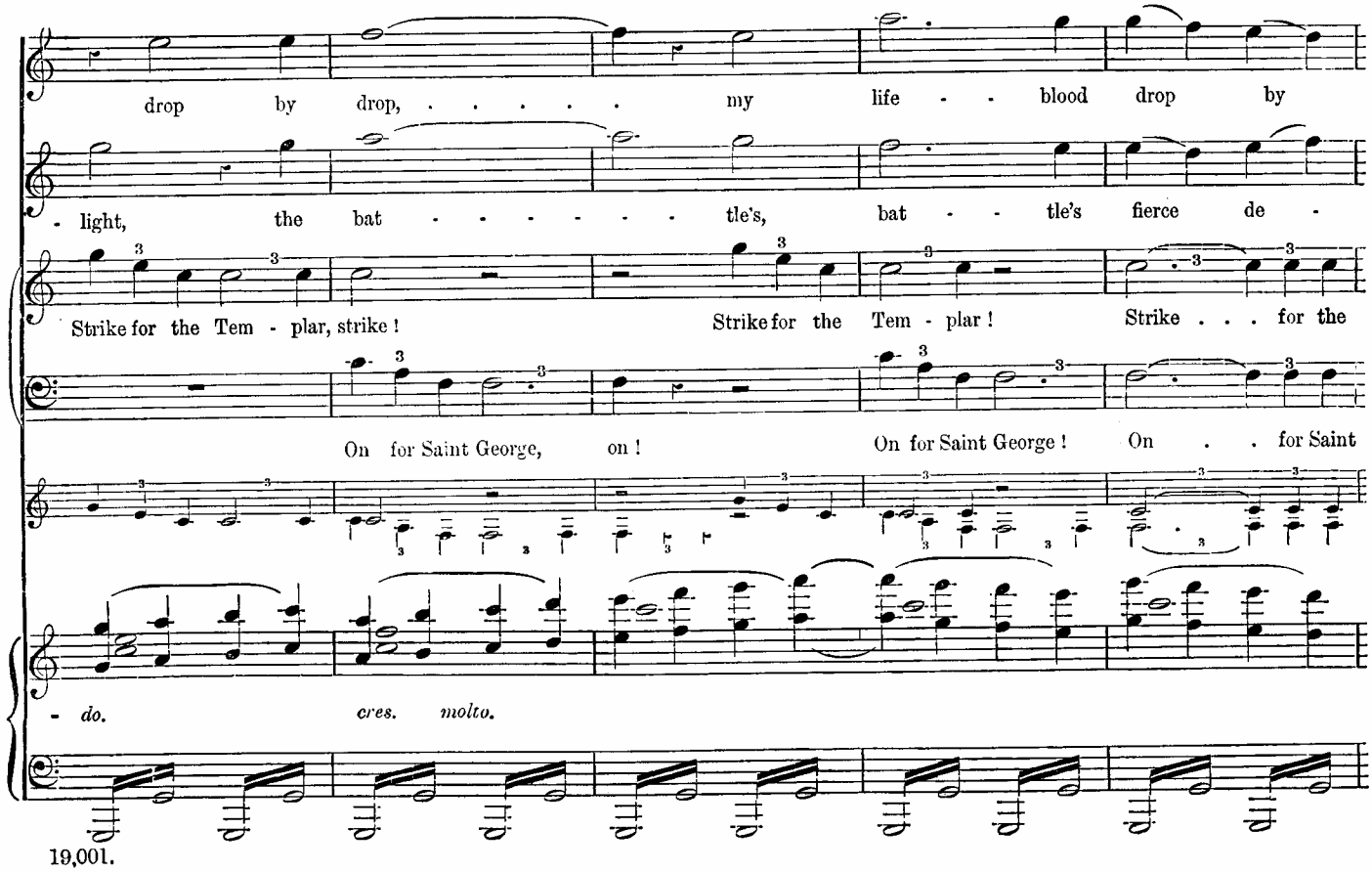

And who would live one day of sloth and shame, that in the clash of fight, The
X
bat - tle's fierce de - light, Might find 'mid war - - - - riors bold the glo - -
cres.
f con forza.
ff
- - ry and the grave? Ah me! . . . not thus did
REBECCA.
più vivo e animato.
p
Ju - - - - dah's war - riors go Forth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

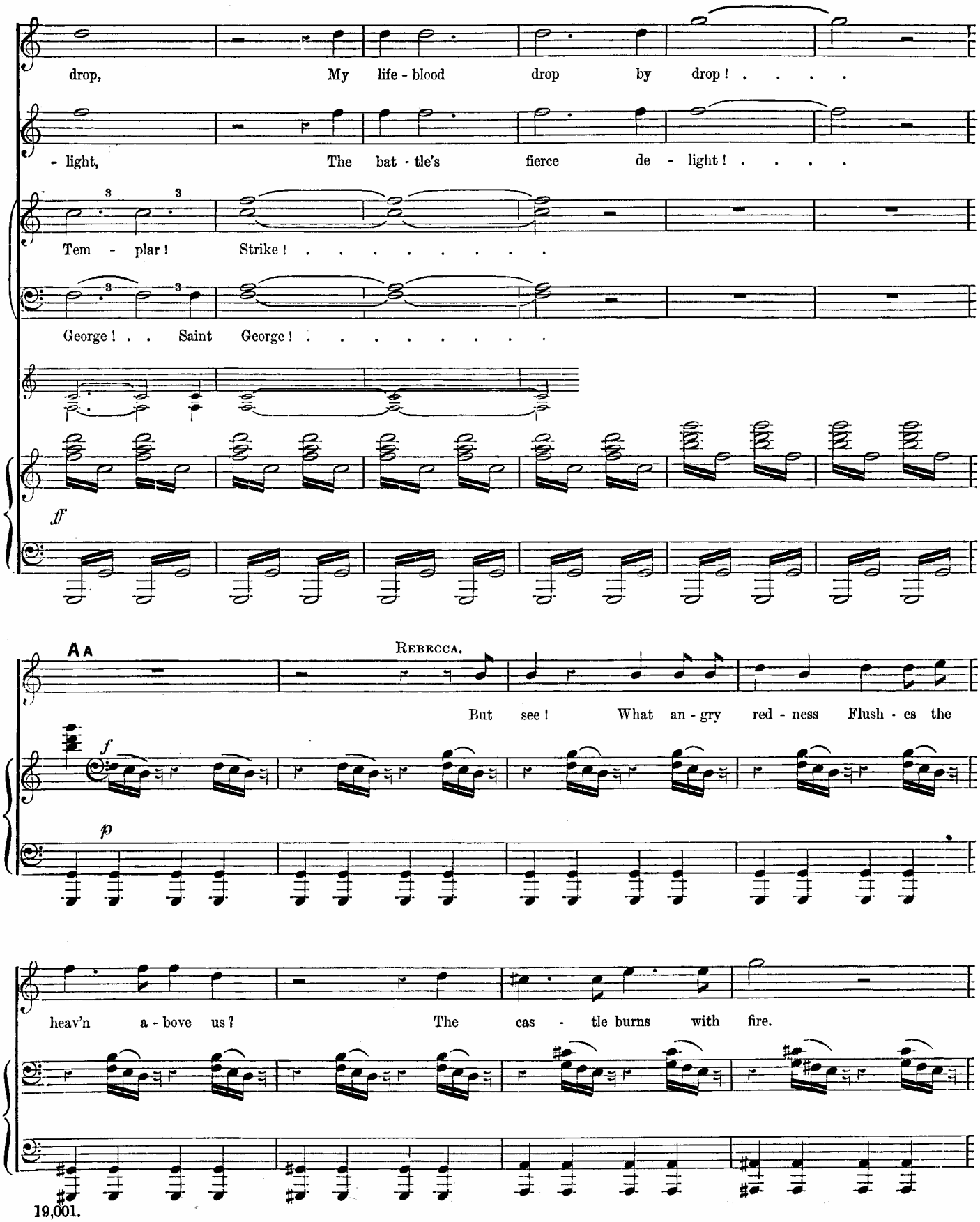

but breath - ing prayer and praise ;
Not in the shield nor sword They
trust - ed, but in Him whose migh - ty arm Roll'd . . .
. . . back the flood, . . . till Pha - raoh's hosts of

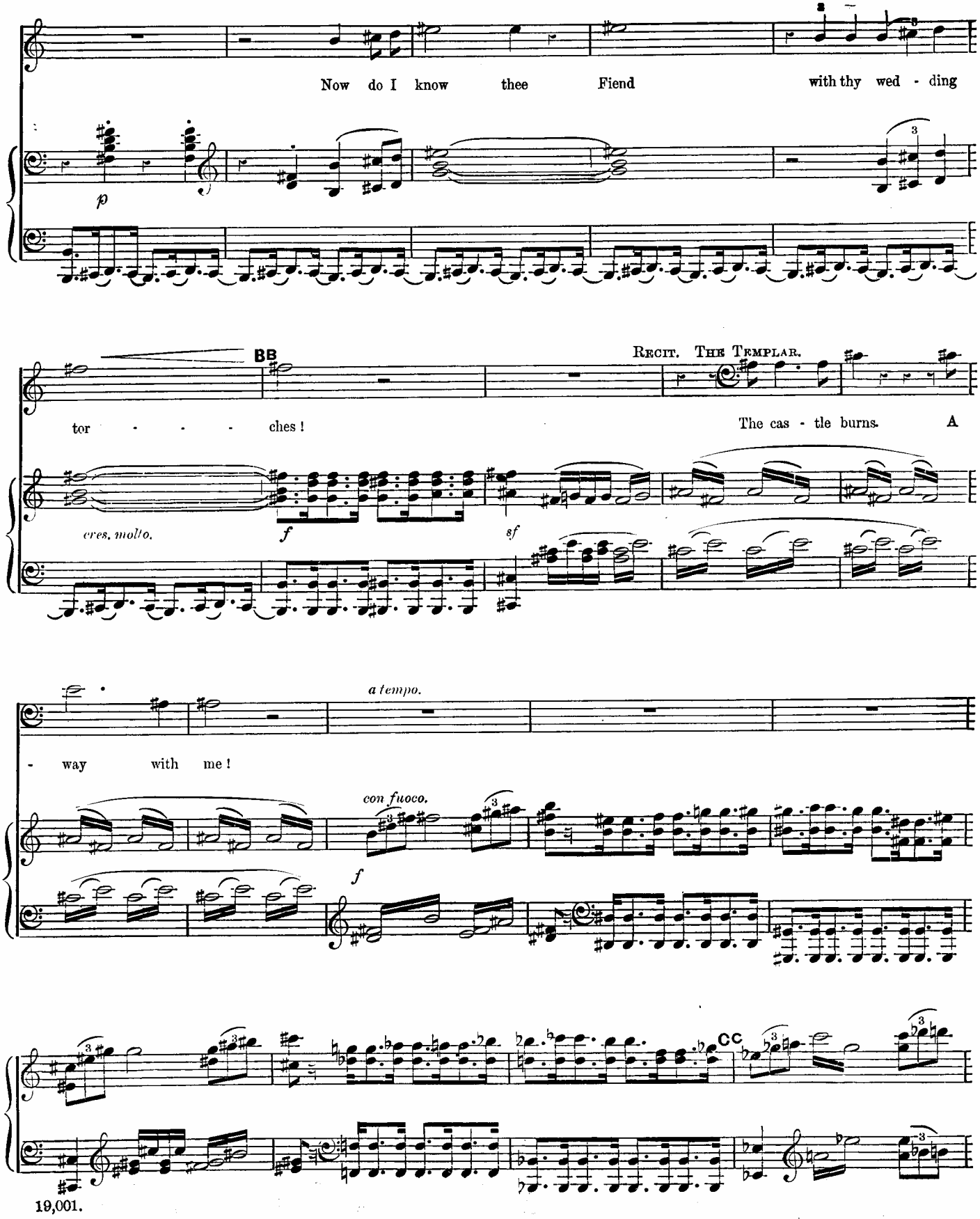

war Were whelmed . . . . . in rush - ing
Più lento.
wa - - - - - - ters.
L.H.
Ped.
But now, a - las! Ju - dah's star is
Allegro vivace.
sunk in vas - ty night. And

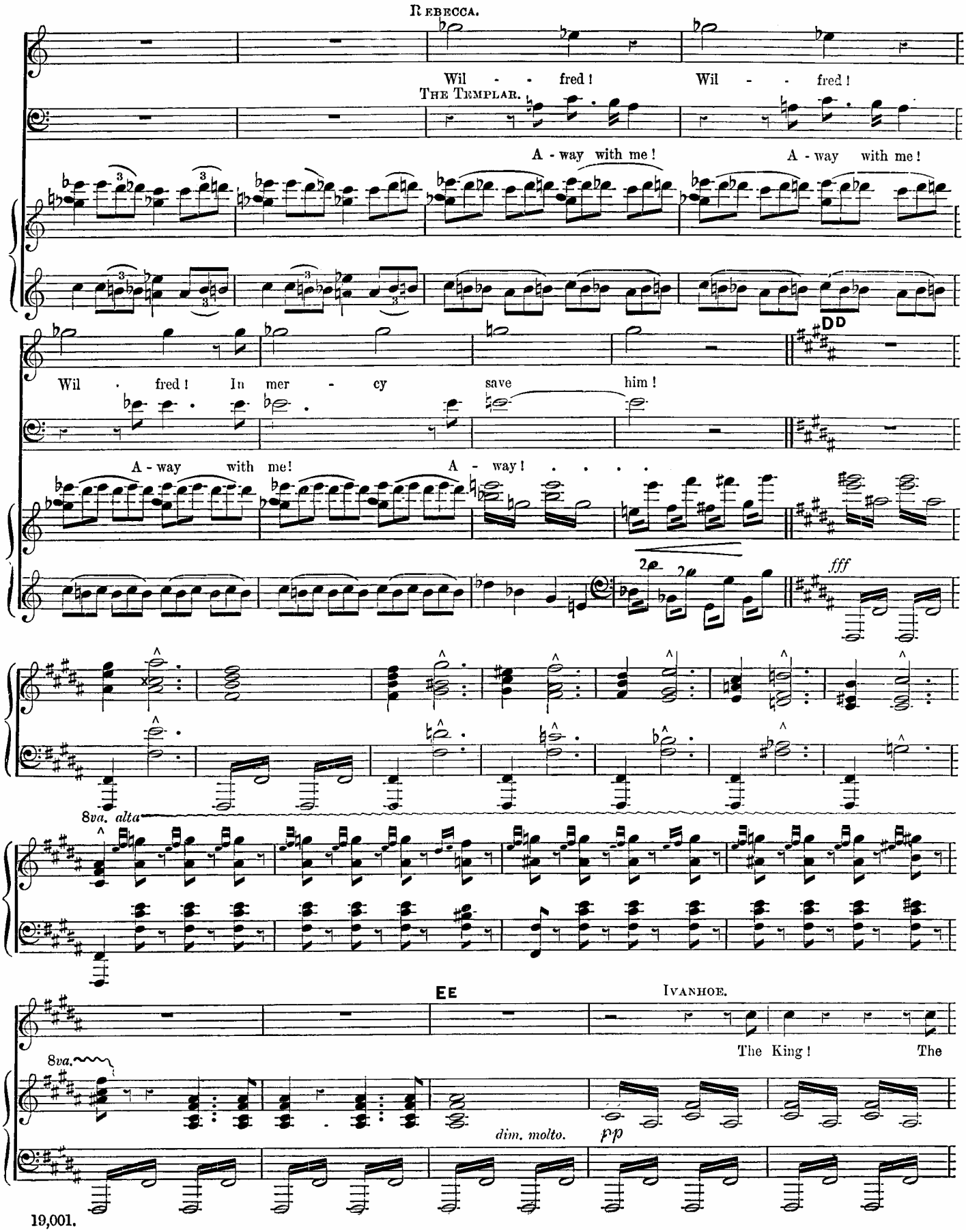

yet be wit - ness, heav'n, with what de - - light, What rap - ture
IVANHOE.
How canst thou know what pain, What pain it is to
cres.
would I give My life - blood drop . . . by drop, so I might
lie . . . All help - - - - - - - - less,
f
live But for one hour to see Ju - dah re - deemed from her cap - ti - 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

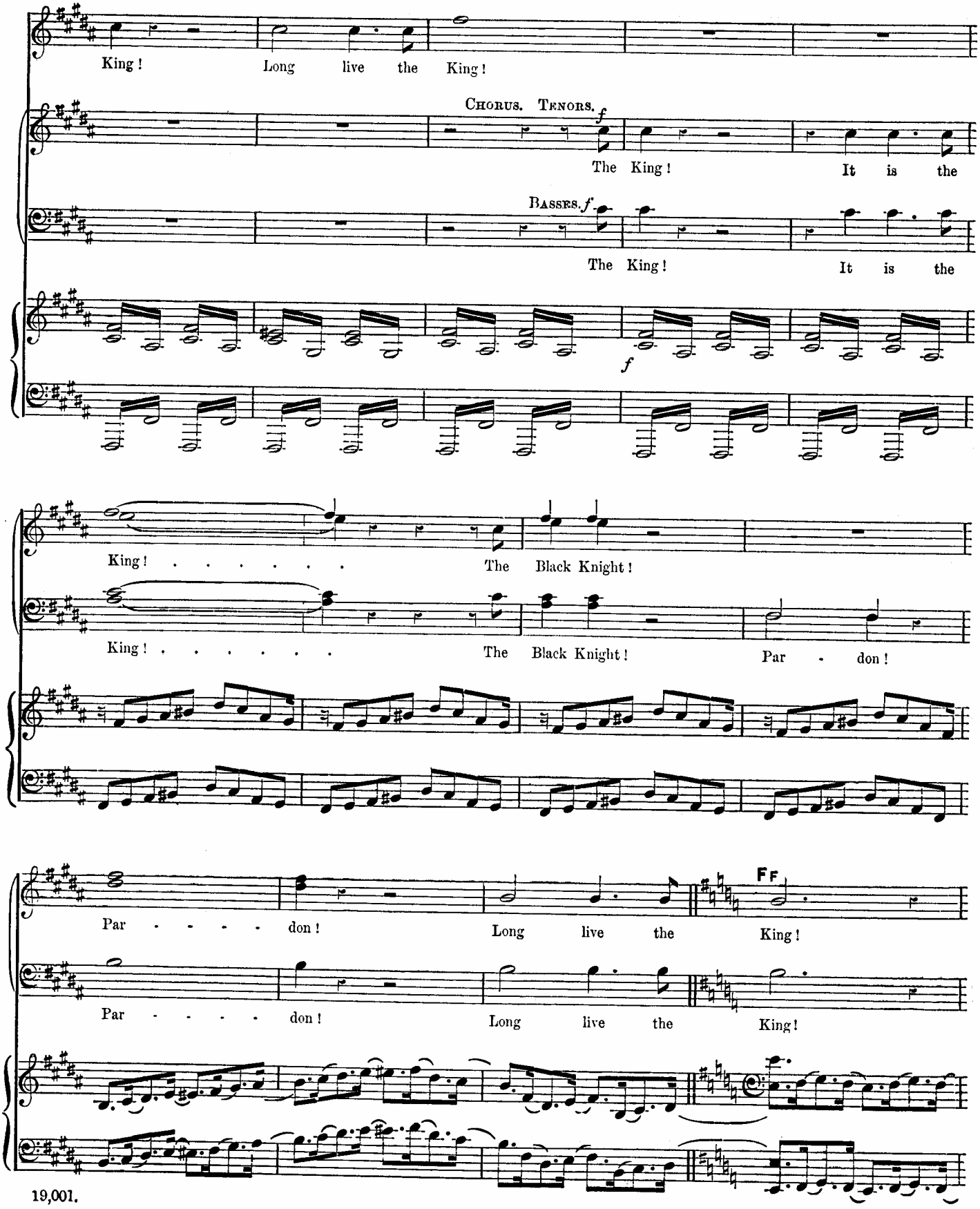

would I give my life - - - - blood, my life - - - - - - - - blood,
. . . is there but in the bat - tle brave, the bat - - - - - - tle's fierce de -
Tem - ple! Strike for the Tem - plar, strike!
Saint George! Saint George! On for Saint George, on!
cre - - - - - scen - - -

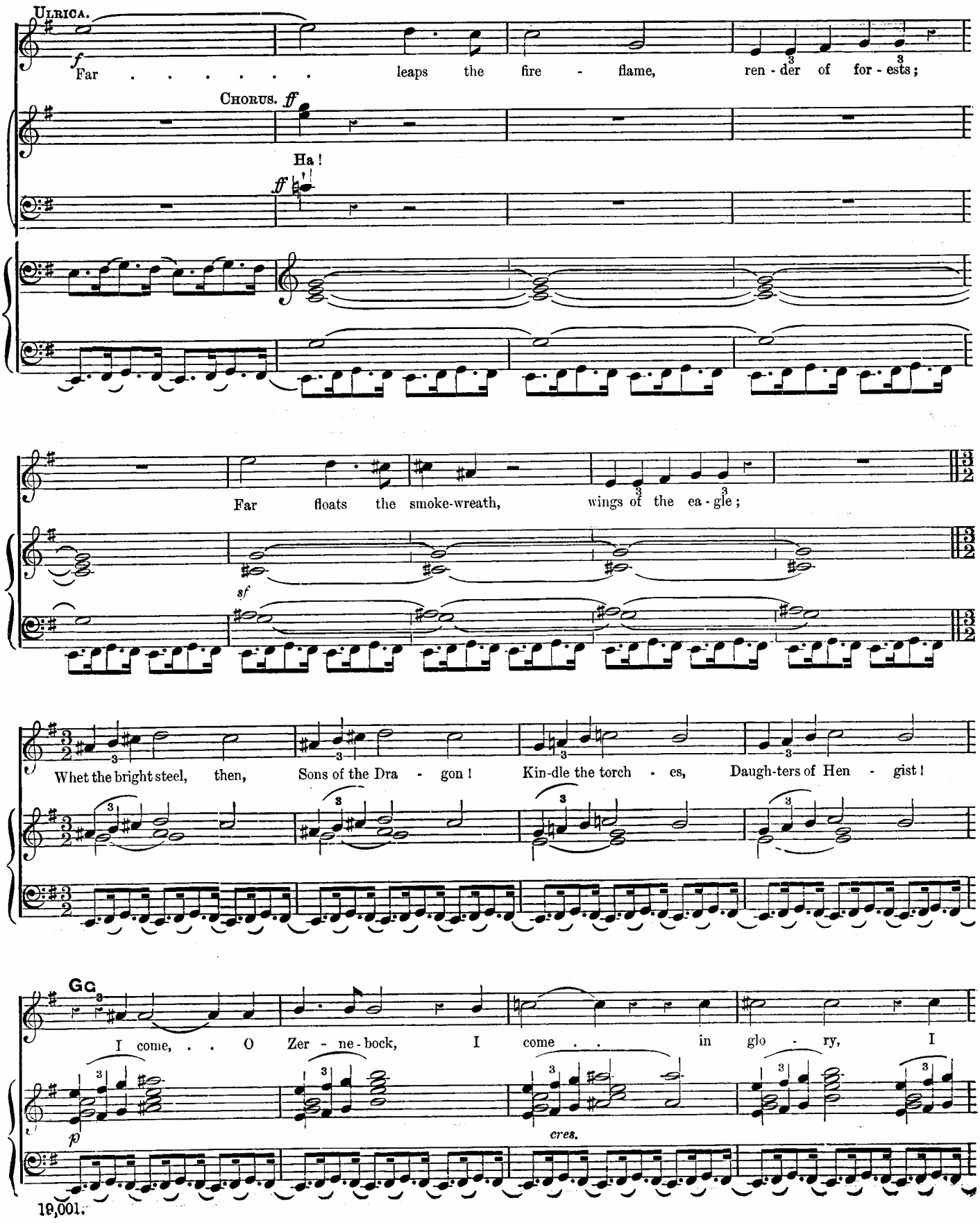

drop by drop, ... my life - - blood drop by
- light, the bat - - - - - - - tle's, bat - - tle's fierce de -
Strike for the Tem - plar, strike! Strike for the Tem - plar! Strike . . . for the
On for Saint George, on! On for Saint George! On . . for Saint
- do. cres. molto.

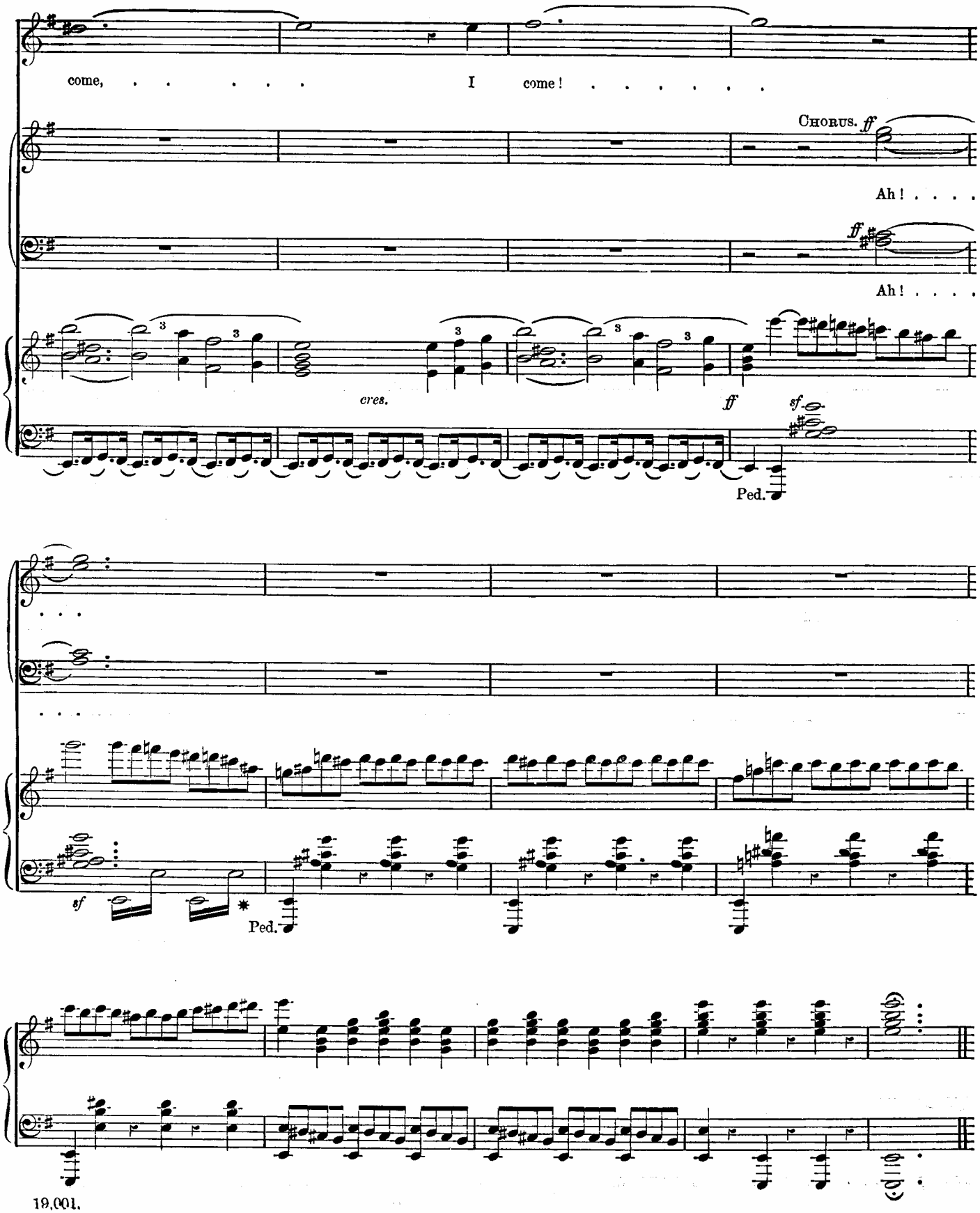

drop, My life - blood drop by drop! . . . .
- light, The bat - tle's fierce de - light! . . . .
Tem - plar! Strike! . . . . . .
George! . . Saint George! . . . . . .
ff
A A
REBECCA.
But see! What an - gry red - ness Flush - es the
f
p
heav'n a - bove us? The cas - tle burns with fire.


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.