

# THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN

Valentine and Orson, a Romantic  
Melo-Drame, as Performed at the  
Theatre-Royal Covent-Garden

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TO CHARLES FARLEY

AS A FEEBLE, THOUGH SINCERE,  
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF HIS PROFESSIONAL  
EXERTIONS, UNREMITTING ZEAL, ATTENTION, AND  
ASSIDUITY, IN THE STAGE-ARRANGEMENT OF THE  
FOLLOWING BAGATELLE, ITS PAGES ARE MOST  
CORDIALLY INSCRIBED BY

*T. DIBDIN.*

The Ladies and Gentlemen, who have so eminently distinguished themselves in the Performance, are also respectfully desired to accept, as they most amply merit, the Author's best Thanks.

\*The Lines marked by inverted Commas, are omitted in Representation.

# CHARACTERS

## FRENCH

Pepin, <i>King of France</i>			Mr. Cory.
Henry,	} <i>his Relations</i>	{	Mr. Klanert.
Haufray,	}	{	Mr. Claremont.
Valentine, ( <i>a Foundling</i> )			Mr. Farley.
Orson, ( <i>a Wild Man</i> )			Mr. Dubois.
Hugo, ( <i>Valentine's Armourer</i> )			Mr. Blanchard.
Blandiman, ( <i>Page to the Empress</i> )			Mr. Chapman.
Page to Valentine,			Master Blanchard.
<i>Peers of France, Messrs. Curties, Lee, &amp;c.</i>			
<i>Citizens of Orleans, Messrs. Abbot, Atkins, Truman, &amp;c.</i>			
<i>Peasants and Pilgrims, Messrs. Byrne, Darley, King, Street, &amp;c.</i>			
<i>Choristers, Messrs. Kenrick, Linton, Odwell, Tett, Thomas, &amp;c.</i>			
Alexander, <i>Emperor of Greece,</i>			Mr. Field.
Princess Eglantine,			Mrs. St. Ledger.
Empress Belisanta, <i>Sister to the King,</i>			Mrs. Dibdin.
Florimonda, <i>of Aquitaine,</i>			Mrs. Frederick.
Female Pilgrim,			Miss Martyr.
Agatha, ( <i>Attendant on Eglantine</i> )			Mrs. Martyr.
Ciceh, ( <i>an old Peasant</i> )			Mrs. Powell.
<i>Nuns, Mesdames Atkins, Benson, Bologna, Burnet, Castelle, Gaudy, Iliff, Leserve, Price, Wheatley, &amp;c.</i>			

# SARACENS

The Sorcerer Agramant ( <i>the Green Knight</i> )	Mr. Bologna, jun.
Iman,	Mr. Harley.
The Giant Ferragus,	Mons. Le Grand.
The Genias Pacolet,	Master Merage.
Golden Oracle,	Mr. Cresswell.
Guardian of the Giant's Castle,	Mr. Powers.
<i>The other Characters by Messrs. L. Bologna, Lewis, Platt, Sargent, Wilde. — Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Bologna, Miss Cox, Miss Dibdin, Mrs. Findlay, Mrs. Masters, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Watts, Miss Willis, Mrs. Whitmore, &amp;c.</i>	
The Scenery by Richards Phillips, Whitmore, Hollogan, &c. — The Decorations and Machinery by Goostrees, Sloper, and Cresswell.	

# ACT I

**SCENE I.**—*A long Perspective of the Suburbs of Orleans, terminating with the ancient City Gates – On one Side a Convent, the Windows of which are illuminated from within – The Stage is at first dark, which gives Effect to the Transparency of the Windows – As the Curtain rises slowly, the following choral Chaunt, accompanied by the Organ, is heard from the Interior of the Monastery*

Hear, while our choral numbers flow,  
Hear! and avert the awful doom,  
Which human frailty fears below,  
When summon'd to the insatiate tomb.

The Monastery Gates open, and the Friars and Nuns

enter in Procession, singing the following

## CHORUS

Now bolder raise the hallow'd strain,  
While living worth we haste to meet,  
Our King, victorious comes again,  
Again our foes sustain defeat.

*They cross to the opposite Side, and exeunt while singing. – As they go off, the Stage becomes lighter (descriptive Music) The Dawn reddens, and the Sun rises over the City; the Gates of which are thrown open, Hugo, with a Mob of Citizens, Soldiers, and Peasantry, come shouting down to the Front of the Stage, the Music ceases and Hugo speaks.*

## Hugo

Stop! stop! stop! now don't be in such a plaguy hurry. The holy brethren and sisters are just before us, and you, with your noise, would interrupt their merry solemnity.

## First Citizen

Merry solemnity, do you call it?

## Hugo

Ay, truly – they have just chaunted a solemn requiem in annual memory of the king's departed sister – and now, a merry occasion calls them forth to meet our good old king himself, who has been fighting for his people, conquered his foes, and deserves the thanks of all his friends.

## Second Citizen

Then why stand we here?

## Hugo

Why not? The king will pass through that gate, for the opening of which we have so long waited – and instead of going to the *show*, if we tarry a few moments, the *show* will come to us.

## Third Citizen

They say the king's favourite, young Valentine, hath gained great honour in these wars.

## Hugo

That he hath: – and humble though I seem, I have helped him to no small part of it.

## All

You!

## Hugo

To be sure – I made the very sword with which he slew the Saracens; and I defy any man to be killed with a better tempered weapon. Oh! I'll be bound he laid about him. – He had 'em here, and he had 'em there. (*Flourishing his stick to the annoyance of the mob.*)

## **Second Citizen**

But, friend Hugo, why shou'd the king lavish so much favour on a foundling?

## **Old Woman**

Aye, aye, he was found in a forest – Well, well, when great men go a-hunting, and find children in the woods, it's time for the fair sex to look about 'em.

## **Third Citizen**

And mark the end of it – In that very spot where Valentine was found, there has suddenly appeared a strange wild man, some say he is fourteen feet high.

## **Second Citizen**

No, no; thirteen feet and a half.

## **Third Citizen**

Who, to feed an old weather-beaten she-bear, bears down all

before him.

## **First Citizen**

Nay, but Valentine is well-beloved among us too: the old men admire him, and his courtesy has gained him the hearts of all the young women.

## **Old Woman**

He never said a civil thing to me in all his life.

## **Hugo**

There it is – his honesty has made him enemies. There's Henry and Haufray, the cousins of the king, have determined to destroy him, because one is said to want to be heir to the throne, by marrying the king's daughter, the Princess Eglantine; and the other conceits himself to be the only man in the kingdom, fit for the office of captain general over all our victorious armies. Stand aside! – Here come all our noble peers to meet the king.

## **GRAND MARCH**

The Peers of France advance from the Gate to meet the

king, who enters with the following

# **ORDER OF PROCESSION**

**An Officer**

**Banner of France**

**Men at Arms, two and two**

**Officer**

**Banner**

**Soldiers with Spears and Shields**

**Choristers, two and two**

With the gladsome notes of victory,  
Let the merry cymbals ring,  
Till earth resounds a people's cry,  
Whose hearts proclaim —*Long live the King!*

During the Chorus the Characters are so arranged that the King is in the centre, and when the Music stops, he speaks:

## **King**

This genuine welcome from my people is the most brilliant trophy I have gained: – but thank not *me*, my friends – to this young warrior's arm we owe success. (*pointing to Valentine*) The giant chieftain of yon pagan host measures his length on earth, subdued by valour and by Valentine.

## **Valentine**

My gracious liege; the child of chance, the creature of your bounty can never atchieve a thousandth part of what he owes to you, his sovereign, and his *father*.

## King

Yet, in requital of that sense of honour, take from thy king the Earldom of Auvergne.

## Henry

(*Apart to the King.*) Auvergne! a royal title! – He'll next obtain the crown – Sure, my liege, a man unknown —

## King

It is my best prerogative to rescue unknown merit from obscurity.

## Haufray

(*Aside.*) If this goes on, he will aspire to gain the princess.  
(*apart to the king*) Men of birth, great sir —

## King

Will be most proud of him, whose zeal, at once, supports my crown, their honours, and the people's cause.

## Officer

Dread sir, your daughter, beauteous Eglantine, impatient waits you at the royal palace.

## King

Tell her, we long to clasp her to a father's bosom. Captives, your lives were spared on the condition that you receive our faith (*the Saracens bow*). Be preparation made, and let Religion's triumph grace our feast. Auvergne, my daughter's lips, again, shall speak her father's thanks – Our citizens of Orleans ope' their gates with loyal welcome to receive their sovereign. Thus ever may the king and people of this happy land, endeared by firm affection to each other, own the dear ties of father and of children! and, woe to those, who, with a traitor's hand, would tear the bond asunder! – Lead on.

Exeunt in procession. The King and Attendants go off thro' the city gates – The Captives, accompanied by the Friars and Nuns, enter the Monastery.

## SCENE II. — *Interior of the Convent*

*Enter Blandiman and Belisanta*

**Belisanta**

Have all retired? Are we observed, my friend?

**Blandiman**

The fathers seek their cells to offer prayers for the new converts.

**Belisanta**

Alas! 'tis now the twentieth year since I have sought the mournful consolation of recounting how much a wretched woman owes thy friendship.

## **Blandiman**

Away with sorrow, and in this moment of rejoicing, demand an audience of the king, your brother.

## **Belisanta**

He thinks his sister guilty. Was I not banished by my husband the Emperor of Greece, fatally wrought on by traiterous slander, when, you, alone, accompanied a weak, defenceless woman?

## **Blandiman**

Never shall I forget when, wearied with anguish and fatigue, you sat beneath a blasted oak; the wind with mournful sound scattered the falling leaves – meanwhile your groans were echoed by the distant murmur of nightly prowling wolves.

## **Belisanta**

When, at my request you left me, in the hope of finding human aid, two babes, the offspring of my unkind husband, first saw the light. Starting with agony, these eyes beheld one of my children in the savage gripe of a most hideous bear. One desperate effort,

short as furious, impelled me to attempt pursuit. I fell, and knew no more of sense, till from a peasant's wife I learned that she had found and borne me to her humble dwelling.

### **Blandiman**

I wandered far, till the sound of horns led me to where I met the king, who with a frown at hearing of your name, on pain of death, warned me to leave his presence.

### **Belisanta**

Vainly I sought my infant left behind – reason a second time forsook her seat. – The sisters of this convent poured balm into my bosom, and religion, cloathed in the garb of patience, brought me peace.

### **Blandiman**

Have you ne'er yet disclosed your name and rank?

### **Belisanta**

Accounted dead, and masses for my soul's health yearly ordered, I vowed that as my children were for ever lost to me,

my husband and my brother unconvinced of the cruel treacheries employed against me, ne'er to be known but as a sister of this order.

## **Blandiman**

Yet may you hope that providence will watch o'er piety and innocence, and but to-day, I learned that Valentine, a favourite of the king's was found —

## **Enter a Friar**

### **Friar**

The duties of our order require your presence to join the Pagan captives in preparation for the sacred change they are about to make.

## **Belisanta**

We attend you, father. — (*To Blandiman*) The ceremony past, I wait your leisure — and for your friendly deeds, they'll meet reward from where I hope my prayers have long since registered them.

*[Exeunt.*

## **SCENE III.—*The Palace***

**(Descriptive Music.)**

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