

RECIT. (*Baritone.*)

Hark ! beneath her window
Raises up her voice,
With the joy of Springtime
Making her rejoice.

DUET (*Soprano and Tenor.*)

THE FORESTER.—I know a rosebud shining
More than all other roses shine ;
Ah ! how I long to reach it,
How fain would I beseech it,
To be for ever mine !
But when I seek to tell it
How fair I hold it and how dear,
So doth its beauty fill me,
So doth its sweetness thrill me,
I cannot speak for fear.
Oh ! let that wealth of sweetness
That fills that gentle heart of thine
Sweet Rosebud, fill thy bosom
With Love's own bud and blossom.
And let it all be mine !

SOPRANO.

ROSEBLOSSOM.—Good night, thou sweetest singer—
Good night until the sun shall shine,
Ah ! speak of thy love and fear not,
That she will frown and hear not
Who even now is thine !

CHORUS.

'Tis thy wedding morning
Shining in the skies,
Bridal bells are ringing,
Bridal songs arise,
Opening the portals
Of thy Paradise.
'Tis the last fair morning
For thy maiden eyes—
'Tis thy marriage morning—
Rise, sweet maid, arise !

SOLO (*Baritone.*)

Where gloomy pine-trees rustle,
And slender larches stir,
Where spread their heavy plumage,
The cedar and the fir,
There, on the forest's margin,
The ranger's cottage stood,
And looked across the valley
Down from the dark green wood.
Among the pine-trees madly
The wild north wind may rush,
And scatter cones and branches
And rave through brake and bush.
But though o'er hill and valley
The winds of Winter storm,
Still fast within that cottage
Stays Summer's radiant form.

RECIT. (*Tenor.*)

For from the Summer's blossom
That crowned the bridal day,
No breath of bloom hath faded,
No fragrance passed away.
Alas, that dreams of gladness
Must pass ere pass the years,
That peace, and joy, and laughter,
The heralds are of tears.
At morn he sought the forest,
And ere the day was done,
His comrades bore him homeward,
Slain by an outlaw's gun.
Tearless she gazed upon him,
And, through the night and day,
Tearless she kept her vigil,
Till he was borne away.
Through weary months of Winter,
She only woke to weep.
And when returned the swallows,
She too had fall'n asleep.

CHORUS (*Male Voices.*)

What sounds there so softly
Through bush and through brake ?
What leaps there so lightly ?
The elves are awake !
The sun is their summons
To blossom anew ;
On the bed of their sister
Green garlands they strew,
White boughs of the hawthorn
They bend o'er her head,
To shield from the sunshine
The sleep of the dead.

CHORUS OF ELVES.

Farewell ! sleep thou lightly,
Fair queen of the flowers,
Though lost to the peace
That was thine, and is ours !
Sleep well, though the meadow
Is golden once more,
Though the lark loud is telling
That Winter is o'er.
We flee from love's gladness,
We shrink from his breath
Whose joy ends in sorrow,
Whose triumph is death !

SOLO (*Tenor and Chorus.*)

Yea ! e'en as die the roses,
Must die the truest heart,
They that rejoice must sorrow,
And they that love must part.
But yet, O God, we praise Thee
Who blindest night and morn,
Too lovely were Thy roses,
Were they without a thorn.