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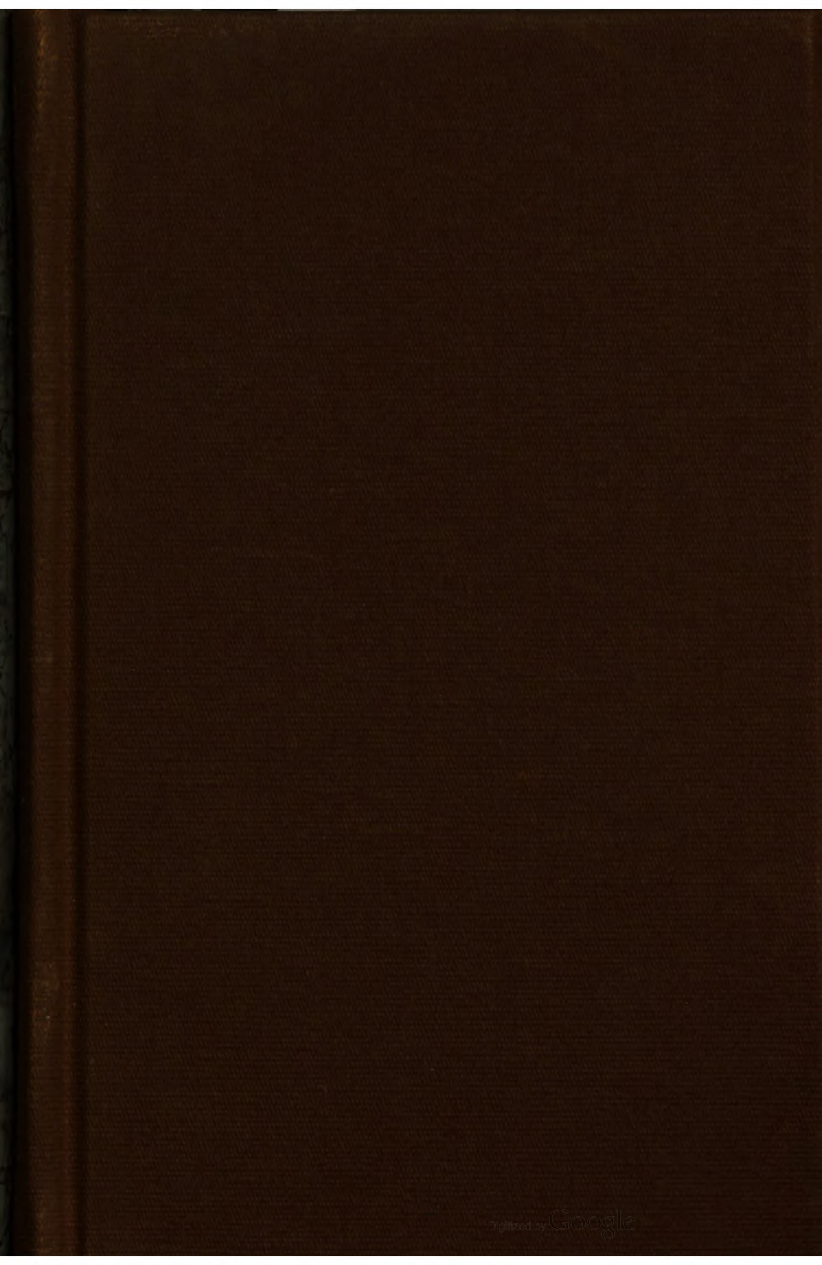
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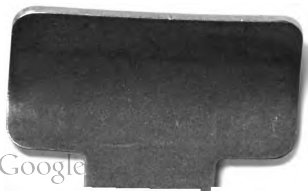
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LA ESMERALDA:

A New Ballet,

BY

M. P E R R O T,

Founded on VICTOR HUGO's Work of "Notre Dame de Paris."

PRODUCED AT

Her Majesty's Theatre,

On Saturday, March 9, 1844,

WITH NEW SCENERY, DRESSES, AND DECORATIONS.

The Music by SIG. PUGNI.

The Scenery by Mr. WILLIAM GRIEVE.

The Machinery by Mr. D. SLOMAN. Properties by Mr. W. HALL.

The Costumes invented and under the superintendence of
MADAME COPÉRE,

And executed by Miss BRADLEY and Mr. PALMER.



AUTHORIZED EDITION.

GRATIS.

PUBLISHED AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

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" NASSAU STEAM PRESS."
W. S. JOHNSON, 6, NASSAU-STREET, SOHO.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

La Esmeralda,	-	Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI,
Fleur de Lys, { (<i>betrotthed</i> to Phœbus,)	}	Madlle. ADELAÏDE FRASSI, (<i>Her First Appearance in this Country</i>)
Made Aloise de Gondelaurier, { (<i>Mother</i> of Fleur de Lys)	}	Made. COPERÉ,
Diane, Beranger, (<i>Companions of Fleur de Lys</i>)		Madlle. FERDINAND, Madlle. BARVILLE. (<i>Their First Appearance here.</i>)
Phœbus de Chateaupers,	-	M. ST. LEON,
Claude Frolo.	-	M. GOSSELIN,
Pierre Gringoire, (<i>the Poet</i>)		M. PERROT,
Quasimodo, (<i>the Sonneur of Notre Dame</i>)		M. COULON,
Clopin Trouillefou,	-	M. GOURIET,
Truands,	M. M. VENAFRA, BARASCHINI, AND BERTRAM.	

The Scene is laid at Paris.

ORDER OF THE DANCES.

1st *Tableau*. LA COUR DES MIRACLES.

VALSE DE VIEUX PARIS,

By the CORYPHEES of the CORPS DE BALLET.

LA TRUANDAISE—PAS CARACTERISTIQUE,

BY

Mad^{lle} CARLOTTA GRISI

AND

M. PERROT.

BACCHANALE, - by the CORPS DE BALLET.

2nd *Tableau*. LA NUIT DES NOCES.

PAS SCENIQUE, MAD^{lle} C. GRISI & M. PERROT.

3rd *Tableau*. FLEUR DE LYS.

PAS DES FLEURS, by

Mad^{lle} ADELAIDE FRASSI,

Supported by Mesd^{lles} FERDINAND and BARVILLE.

PAS DE TROIS, Mesd^{lles} SCHEFFRE AND PLUNKET,

AND

M. S T. L E O N.

PAS DE LA ESMERALDA, BY M^{lle}. C. GRISI,

M. PERROT, AND M. ST. LEON.

4th *Tableau*. AMOUR ET JALOUSIE.

5th *Tableau*. LA FETE DES FOUS.

Marche Dansante et finale.

LA ESMERALDA.

FIRST TABLEAU.

THE COUR DES MIRACLES.—*Sunset.*

As the curtain rises the stage is seen thronged with Truands. Their monarch, Clopin, is seated upon a barrel, and presides over the wild and unruly assembly. Whilst the mad gaiety is at its height, the poet, Pierre Gringoire, rushes to the feet of Clopin, pursued by a party of marauding Truands, who have been out in search of plunder. Clopin bids him rise, but the miserable bard casts only a terror-stricken look around him and shrinks to the earth, when he perceives that he is in the terrible Cour des Miracles. The savage Truands cast themselves on him with the purpose of robbing him. Pierre has nothing about him but a much loved poem, which the Truands by no means value at the poet's estimate of its excel-

lence, and Clopin, indignant at the disappointment, sentences him to be hanged.

In vain the unhappy bard prays for pity. His anguish provokes laughter alone, when the king recalls a law which permits any woman who chooses to marry him to respite the sentence. He calls forward his female subjects; they examine the poet, and unanimously reject him. Mad with fear, the desperate poet casts himself at the feet of the ladies of Clopin's court. He prays in vain, but at that very moment a stifled clamour announces the approach of Esmeralda. The influence exercised over the Truands by the beauty of the young daughter of Egypt, stills the excitement of the troubled throng. Bounding lightly amongst the crowd, she passes before Gringoire, and at once comprehends the meaning of his agony. Touched with the natural pity of her character, she consents to wed him. Transports of immoderate joy succeed to the profound terror of the poet. They bring an earthen pot which Esmeralda presents to Gringoire, bidding him cast it on the earth. He does so, and as it shatters into fragments Clopin bestows his benediction upon the young Bohemian and her husband, who mingle in the dances and sports, with which the Truands celebrate the new marriage.

The sound of the curfew breaks upon the general

joy, and the crowd suddenly disperse. During the latter part of the dance, Claude Frollo, wrapped in a large mantle, has been watching the Esmeralda, who has shrunk from him every time that she has encountered his glance. He calls Clopin Trouillefou, and tells him that he is passionately in love with the young Truand, and that she must be his that night. Clopin consents, and informs him that she is about to pass through the Cour des Miracles. Frollo summons Quasimodo, and they conceal themselves close to the sport. A gentle footstep is heard near, Esmeralda appears, and Claude springs upon his prey. As the Bohemian struggles with Claude and Quasimodo, the march of the Patronelle Guard is heard. Phœbus enters at the head of his troop, Frollo escapes, and Quasimodo is seized by the archers. Freed from her fear, the young Egyptian approaches Phœbus, and gazes on him with a curious admiration. Struck by the beauty of the girl, the Captain questions her, and learns that she is alone in the world, and has never known the tender care of a mother; while engaged in the recital she plays with the end of the scarf he wears. Phœbus gives it to her, as she receives it, her eye is attracted by the unfortunate Quasimodo, who also, after a hard struggle, is in the power of the archers. She intercedes for him, and seeing him panting and ready to faint, takes a gourd from her

girdle, and gives him to drink. Phœbus, at her intercession, bids them release the hunchback, who retires slowly with his gaze still rivetted upon his young benefactress. But the soldier now makes Esmeralda understand that he requires a kiss as a recompence for his submission to her wishes. She recoils from him, and offers him his scarf. Phœbus refuses it, and pursues her. She glides from his arms, and flies. The disappointed soldier places himself again at the head of his troop. The joy of his past life is replaced with the troubled memory of the lovely vision on which he was gazing but a moment since.

SECOND TABLEAU.

LA NUIT DES NOCES.

A small vaulted chamber, with a little couch, a table, and chair.

The Esmeralda enters, sad and melancholy. She is gazing upon the scarf given her by the young soldier. She seats herself at the table, and taking up some ivory letters, forms them into the name of Phœbus, which she contemplates with love. While buried in this sweet reverie, Gringoire enters. For some time the poet gazes on her with admiration, imagining that her love for him is the cause of her abstraction. He advances with an air of timid triumph, and passes his

arm round the waist of the fair Bohemian. She recoils from him. He pursues her, but when on the point of again seizing her, he sees the blade of a poignard glittering before his eyes. It is now his time to shrink. This sudden panic is as suddenly extinguished, and the Esmeralda explains to him that pity alone induced her to take him for a husband—that he may become her companion and accompany her in her street dances, if he wishes, but no more. He consents, and they practise a dance. But in spite of the pleasure with which Gringoire watches the form of the girl, in all the voluptuousness of its beauty and its grace, sweeping through the dance, the trouble and excitement of the day makes him desire rest. Esmeralda leads him to a chamber, and he retires with an air of disappointed resignation.

When alone, the Esmeralda throws herself upon her couch. Scarcely has she done so than Frollo enters the chamber. Quasimodo remains motionless upon the threshold. The girl rises hurriedly to call Gringoire. Frollo kneels and implores her to listen to his passion. She bids him leave her; and shewing him the name of Phœbus, tells him that she loves the soldier. In his jealous rage, Frollo rushes towards the girl, who shrinks at his feet, and begs him to have pity on her. Quasimodo does not approach to save her from his master, although gratitude urges

him to do so ; but Frollo turns for a moment to see that the door of Gringoire's chamber is fastened, and the Esmeralda seizes it to escape through a secret entrance. As Frollo follows, the door of Pierre's apartment is burst violently open. Claude threatens to strike him if he dare to approach. Quasimodo stays his master's arm, and swears vengeance on Phœbus.

THIRD TABLEAU.

FLEUR DE LYS.

The Garden of the Hotel Gondelaurier, with the preparations for the marriage of Fleur de Lys and Phœbus.

The beautiful Fleur de Lys enters, accompanied by her bridesmaids, two of whom bear baskets of flowers. Joy and gaiety are apparent in the face of the bride. She occupies herself with her companions in making garlands to adorn her bridal fête. Madame Aloise de Gondelaurier enters, and all the young girls salute her respectfully. Fleur de Lys runs to her mother and shows her the preparations she has made.

Not long after Phœbus de Chateaupers appears, he bows to Madame Aloise, and kisses the hand of his bride, with an air of indifference ; but Fleur de Lys remarks that he does not wear the scarf she has embroidered for him. The company who have been

invited to the wedding fête now arrive, and the fête commences.

The Esmeralda comes to dance at the fête, given in honor of Fleur de Lys' marriage—she enters immediately followed by Pierre Gringoire, who carries a guitar and the tambourine of his companion. Fleur de Lys astonished at the strange costume and wild beauty of the young Bohemian, approaches and speaks to her. The Esmeralda tells her that she can read the future. Fleur de Lys questions her, and she predicts happiness to the approaching marriage. Enchanted with the prediction, the bride gives her a ring and induces her to dance. At the moment she is about to commence, the young Bohemian meets the troubled glance of Phœbus. In vain would the young soldier resist her tender glances. He approaches! she abandons her hand to him, he presses it with fervour, and forgetting in her beauty the presence of his betrothed, he beseeches her to dance with him. Her love overcomes her prudence, and the happiness caused by the presence of the beloved one predominates.

Astonished at the conduct of her betrothed, Fleur de Lys reproaches him. In his shame, Phœbus makes some cold protestations to his bride. Esmeralda commences a dance with Gringoire, but to show Phœbus that she still thinks of him, exhibits the scarf which

he has given her. Fleur de Lys springs forward and snatches it from the hands of the Egyptian, and loading her faithless lover with reproaches, falls fainting at his feet. The unhappy Fleur de Lys is borne away; Gringoire protects Esmeralda from the fury of the guests, and leads her off, followed after a moment's indecision by the faithless Phœbus.

FOURTH TABLEAU.

AMOUR ET JALOUSIE.

An apartment in a Cabaret, with a window opening upon the river.—Night.

Clopin enters with a torch in his hand, followed by Frollo; he points out a place of concealment to the latter, and retires. Frollo draws from his breast the poignard of the Esmeralda; he hears a noise upon the stairs, and conceals himself. Phœbus and Esmeralda appear. The girl does not advance; the soldier speaks to her of his passion and his love; she asks him what the love is which can bestow itself at the same moment upon two, and casts the ring which Fleur de Lys has given her upon the ground, in her momentary jealousy. Phœbus still perseveres. Taking a piece of down from the

plume of the captain, she breathes upon it, and as it floats away, tells him that such are his oaths and love; but the innocent coquetry of the child of nature is at last on the point of yielding to, and kneeling at his feet, she contemplating him with passionate admiration, lays her head gently upon his arm. Claude Frolo's jealousy can no longer support the sight, and he springs with the poignard in his hands towards the lovers. For a moment his criminal rage hesitates to consummate its crime; but as Phœbus draws the young Bohemian into a neighbouring chamber, he follows. A blow and groan are heard, then the fall of a body. Frolo rushes out of the chamber, and opening the window, disappears. He is followed by the Esmeralda, who sinks fainting with terror on the floor. A crowd of strangers enter the Cabaret. Clopin goes into the chamber; he returns; a murder has been committed, and he denounces the Esmeralda as the criminal. They seize the girl and carry her away, in spite of her protestations and her tears.

FIFTH TABLEAU.

LA FETE DES FOUS.

The banks of the Seine ; a prison to the right, the towers of Notre Dame in the distance.

The Esmeralda is conducted to prison by an escort of archers, and preceded by Frollo. A crowd follow her. Soon after Pierre Gringoire enters ; he pauses before one of the grates of the prison, and remains there motionless and terror-stricken as he hears judgment pronounced upon the girl. He addresses the people, who are about to break out into tumult, when the procession of the Roi des Fous appears. Quasimodo is borne upon the shoulders of the truands. The crowd mingle with the revellers, and their previous rage and pity are now absorbed into a frenetic joy. Frollo, who enters, tears his royal robes from Quasimodo. The doors of the prison open, and the archers again appear, conducting the Esmeralda to execution. The cortege pauses, that she may bid Grengoire adieu. She begs him to see the scarf of Phoebus buried with her. Frollo approaches the unhappy girl, and promises her life, if she will give him her heart. In her anguish she turns bitterly away, and calls down the divine

vengeance upon him. As he commands them to lead her on, Phœbus, whose wound has not proved mortal, appears amongst the crowd. The Esmeralda faints at his sight. Flinging himself on his knees beside her, the young soldier declares her innocent, and points out Frollo as the assassin—he is immediately seized by the archers. By degrees, Esmeralda recovers her senses. She sees Phœbus at her feet, offering her his hand and his heart. Joy once more lights her countenance. But the happiness of the two lovers drives Frollo to madness. He rushes on the Esmeralda with the intention of stabbing her, but is arrested by Quasimodo, who forces the dagger from his hand, and plunges it into his breast, and the ballet concludes amidst the general rejoicing for the liberation of Esmeralda.

W. S. JOHNSON, "NASSAU STEAM PRESS," SOHO.



