

VICTOR HUGO



ESMERALDA

ENGLISH / FRENCH

Esmeralda

VICTOR HUGO

*Esmeralda, V. Hugo  
Jazzybee Verlag Jürgen Beck  
86450 Altenmünster, Loschberg 9  
Deutschland*

*ISBN: 9783849650919*

*English translation by George Burnham Ives (1856 -  
1930)*

*Cover Design: based on an artwork by Ablakok - Own  
work, CC BY-SA 4.0,  
[https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?  
curid=41579854](https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=41579854)*

*[www.jazzybee-verlag.de](http://www.jazzybee-verlag.de)  
[admin@jazzybee-verlag.de](mailto:admin@jazzybee-verlag.de)*

## **CONTENTS:**

### ESMERALDA

#### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

#### ACT I

#### ACT II

#### ACT III

#### ACT IV

### LA ESMERALDA.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

#### ACTE PREMIER

#### ACTE DEUXIÈME

#### ACTE TROISIÈME

#### ACTE QUATRIÈME

# ESMERALDA

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Esmeralda.  
Phoebus de Chateaupers.  
Claude Frollo.  
Quasimodo.  
Fleur-de-lys.  
Madame Aloise de Gondelaurier.  
Diana.  
Berangere.  
Viscount de Gif.  
M. de Chevreuse.  
M. de Morlaix.  
Clopin Frouillefou.  
The Town-Crier.  
*Populace, Vagrants, Archers, etc.*

## ACT I

SCENE.--*The Court of Miracles. It is night. A crowd of vagrants.*

*Noisy dancing. Male and female beggars in different attitudes of their profession. The King of Thune on his cask. Fires, lights, torches. In the shadow a circle of wretched dwellings*

### SCENE I

*Claude Frollo, Clopin Frouillefou, then Esmeralda, then Quasimodo. The Vagrants*

CHORUS OF VAGRANTS.

Long live Clopin! Long live the King of Thune!

Long live the rogues of Paris.

Let us strike our blows at dusk--

The hour when all the cats are drunk.

Let us dance! Defy Pope and bull,

And let us laugh in our skins,

Whether April wets or June burns

The feathers in our caps.

Let us smell from afar

The shot of the avenging archer,

Or the bag of money which passes

On the back of the traveler.

In the light of the moon,

We will go dance with the spirits.

Long live Clopin, King of Thune!

Long live the rogues of Paris!

CLAUDE FROLLO (*apart behind a pillar in a corner of the stage. He is*

*covered with a long cloak which hides his priestly garb*).

In the midst of this infamous band

What matters the sigh of a soul?

I suffer! Oh, never did fiercer flame

Burn in the bowels of a volcano. *Esmeralda enters, dancing.*

CHORUS.

There she is! There she is! It is she--Esmeralda!

CLAUDE FROLLO (*aside*).

It is she! oh, yes--'tis she!

Wherefore, relentless fate,

Made you her so beautiful,

Me--so unfortunate?

*She reaches the center of the stage. The Vagrants form an admiring*

*circle around her.*

ESMERALDA.

An orphan am I,

Child of woe,

To you I turn

And flowers throw!

In my wild joy

Sad sighs abide;

I show a smile,

The tears I hide.

Poor girl--I dance

Where brooklets run,

As chirp the birds

My song flows on:

I am the dove

Which, hurt, must fall;

Over my cradle

Hangs death's pall.

CHORUS.

Young girl, dance on!  
More gentle you make us.  
Take us for family,  
And play with us,  
As stoops the nightingale  
Unto the sea,  
Teasing its waves  
To ecstasy.

'Tis the young girl--  
Child of woe,  
When beams her eye  
Grief must go.  
She's like the bee  
Which trembling flies  
To the flower's heart,  
Its Paradise.

Young girl, dance on!  
More gentle you make us.  
Take us for family,  
And play with us!  
CLAUDE FROLLO (*aside*).

Tremble, young girl--  
The priest is jealous.

*Claude attempts to draw near to Esmeralda; she turns away from him with a kind of horror. The procession of the Pope of Fools enters.*

*Torches, lanterns and music. In the middle of the procession, upon a litter surrounded with candles, Quasimodo, decked with cope and miter, is carried.*

CHORUS.

Salute him, clerks of Vasoche!  
Shell-heaps, lubbers, beggars!  
Salute him, all of you! He comes.



Behold the Pope of Fools!

CLAUDE FROLLO (*perceiving Quasimodo, and starting toward him with a gesture of anger*).

Quasimodo! What a strange part to play!

Profanation! Here--Quasimodo!

QUASIMODO.

Great God! what do I hear?

CLAUDE FROLLO.

Come here, I tell you.

QUASIMODO (*jumping from the litter*).

Here I am!

CLAUDE FROLLO.

Be anathematized!

QUASIMODO.

God! it is himself!

CLAUDE FROLLO.

Outrageous audacity!

QUASIMODO.

Moment of terror.

CLAUDE FROLLO.

To your knees, traitor!

QUASIMODO.

Pardon me, Master!

CLAUDE FROLLO.

No! I am a priest.

*Claude Frollo tears off Quasimodo's pontifical ornaments, and*

*crushes them underfoot. The Vagrants begin to murmur; they form*

*menacing groups around him; he looks at them angrily.*

THE VAGRANTS.

He threatens us,

O comrades!

Here in this place,

Where we reign.

QUASIMODO.

What means the audacity  
Of these robbers?

They menace him,  
But we shall see!

CLAUDE FROLLO.

Race unclean,  
You menace me.

Robbers--Jews--

But we shall see!

*The anger of The Vagrants bursts forth.*

THE VAGRANTS.

Stop! stop! stop!

Down with the mar-joy!

He shall pay for it with his head;

In vain he defends himself.

QUASIMODO.

Have respect for his head.

Let every one cease,

Or I change this festival

To a bloody battle.

CLAUDE FROLLO.

It is not about his head

That Frolo is troubled.

*Puts his hand on his heart.*

There is the tempest,

There is the battle!

*At the moment when The Vagrants' fury has reached its  
highest pitch,*

*Clopin Frouillefou appears at the back of the stage*

CLOPIN.

Who in this infamous den

Dares to attack my lord the Archdeacon,

And Quasimodo, bell-ringer

Of Notre Dame?

THE VAGRANTS (*subsiding*).

It is Clopin, our King!

CLOPIN.

Clowns! Be off!

THE VAGRANTS.

We must obey!

CLOPIN.

Leave us!

*The Vagrants retire to their hovels. The Court of Miracles appears*

*deserted. Clopin approaches Claude cautiously.*

## **SCENE II**

Claude Frollo, Quasimodo, Clopin Frouillefou

CLOPIN.

What purpose brings you to this orgy?

Has your lordship any orders to give me?

You are my master in sorcery;

Speak--I will do all.

CLAUDE FROLLO (*grasping Clopin's arm excitedly, and dragging him to the front of the stage*).

I have come to end all.

Listen!

CLOPIN.

My lord!

CLAUDE FROLLO.

I love her more than ever.

You behold me quivering with love and with anguish.

I must have her to-night.

CLOPIN.

You will see her pass by here--in a moment;

It is the way to her home.

CLAUDE FROLLO (*aside*).

Oh! Hell has hold of me!