

Price]

[25 Cents.

FRENCH'S  
STANDARD ENGLISH OPERA.

THE

ROSE OF CASTILE

A COMIC OPERA,

In Three Acts.

THE MUSIC BY M. W. BALFE.

AS PERFORMED BY THE  
CAMPBELL AND CASTLE ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE.

NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,  
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

OPERAS JUST PUBLISHED.

Rose of Castile.  
Faust.  
Bohemian Girl.  
Fra Diavolo.  
Maritana.

Somnambulist.  
Elise d'Amore.  
Lucia Di Lammermoor.  
Crown Diamonds.  
Cinderella.  
Daughter of Regiment.

Don Pasquale.  
Daughter of St. M.  
Syren.  
Der Freischutz.  
Enchantress.

*Operas mailed free on receipt of Price*

NEW PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF.

PHALON & SON'S  
Night Blooming Cereus.

This Delightful Perfume, prepared from the rare, beautiful, and fragrant flower from which it takes its name (*Cereus Grandiflora*, indigenous to South America), is now offered to the public by the proprietors with feelings of pride and confidence.

The fashionable world has long needed a Perfume for the handkerchief, which, while it possessed the requisite delicate fragrance, would neither stain the handkerchief, nor evaporate so rapidly as to leave no odor (as most extracts usually do).

The proprietors of the "Night Blooming Cereus" claim for the Extract—

*Firstly*—That it is the most fragrant and delicate of all Perfumes.

*Secondly*—That its properties are so lasting, that it does not lose its fragrance or strength upon exposure.

*Thirdly*—That it will not stain the handkerchief.

The proprietors offer the "Night Blooming Cereus" as the result of many years' careful study and experimenting, and point with feelings of pride to the great popularity it has attained in so short a time, as the verdict of the public as to its meritorious qualities.

PHALON'S



**CAUTION !!**—The great popularity attained by the Extract of the "Night Blooming Cereus" has induced numerous individuals to imitate it—in name only, as they cannot imitate the article itself, the secret of its manufacture being possessed only by PHALON & SON. The proprietors would, therefore, caution the public that the genuine article has "PHALON & SON, Perfumers, New York," blown in the glass of each bottle. Any other, purporting to be the Extract of the "Night Blooming Cereus," is a counterfeit. Be sure to ask for PHALON & SON'S and take no other.

The largest assortment in this country, of extra fine quality,

Pomades, Cosmetics, Extracts, Powders, etc., etc.,

CONSTANTLY ON HAND AT THE

Wholesale Store, 517 BROADWAY, New York.

Wholesale Rooms, 109 MERCER ST., New York.

THE

# ROSE OF CASTILE.

A Comic Opera, in Three Acts.

---

MUSIC BY W. W. BALFE.

---

CONTAINING A

PLOT OF THE OPERA, CAST OF CHARACTERS, DESCRIPTION  
OF THE COSTUMES, AND FULL STAGE DIRECTIONS.

---

NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,  
122 NASSAU ST. (UP STAIRS).

606362

782.10268  
B185r  
1858  
MUS-ETR

## THE ROSE OF CASTILE.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

<i>Elvira</i> , (The Rose of Castile,).....	MISS FANNY STOCKTON,
<i>Donna Carmen</i> ,.....	" GEORGIA FOWLER,
<i>Beatrice</i> ,.....	" EMMA LEE,
<i>Manuel</i> , (a muleteer,).....	MR. WM. CASTLE,
<i>Don Pedro</i> , {	" S. C. CAMPBELL,
<i>Don Florio</i> , { Conspirators, }.....	" WARREN WHITE,
<i>Don Sallust</i> , { }.....	" WALTER BIRCH,
<i>Pablo</i> ,.....	" JOHN CLARKE,
<i>An Usher</i> ,	

As performed at the Theatre Royal, London, April 7th, 1858.

### PLOT OF THE OPERA.

The subject of this romantic story is a Spanish one, and the plot, therefore, filled with intrigues, disguises, and passionate love at first sight, which, Victor Hugo says, "is the only right love ever takes."

ELVIRA, the youthful Queen of Castile, is affianced to the INFANT, DON SEBASTIAN. She has never seen him, this little circumstance being one of no consequence in royal marriages. The Queen, however, thinks otherwise, and in disguise endeavors to see her intended, having heard he had, with the same intention, assumed the disguise of a muleteer. They meet in the mountains and it is his good fortune to protect her from the rudeness of an innkeeper, he offers his protection, and tells her his name is MANUEL, a muleteer, on his way to Murcia. This answering the description of the INFANT, she accepts it, notwithstanding the entreaties of Carmen, her favorite maid (who is also in the guise of a peasant boy). At this juncture, DON PEDRO with other nobles make their appearance on the scene, and being struck with the girl's resemblance to the Queen, resolve to take her to the capital the more to complete their treason of forcing the Queen to abdicate in his favor; he asks her to go with them to Murcia. She being astonished to see them there, and thinking there must be some design in their motive, accepts their escort in preference to that of Manuel, knowing, however, that he will be sure to follow.

The second act introduces us into the palace. ELVIRA has eluded the vigilance of the conspirators, and we see her in the character of Queen, surrounded by her Maids of Honor and all the paraphernalia of court. In the meantime, MANUEL, discovering the treason of DON PEDRO, hastens to the palace, and is astonished to find (as he supposes) the peasant girl and boy, as Queen and maid; he, however, tells his story, bids her fear nothing, and again offers his protection. The Queen, grateful for his disinterestedness, accepts it, and he departs assuring her of safety. Everything being now ready, DON PEDRO develops the plot. It is to make the Queen a prisoner, take her to a convent and place the peasant girl on the throne in her stead; he sends for her, asks her how she would like to be Queen. Curious to know the end, she agrees; but during the conversation gives utterance to such language that confirms DON PEDRO in the idea that she is the Queen in reality, especially as the plot at the convent had failed. He therefore (still treating her as a peasant) offers to marry her; she refuses, as she does not love him; the muleteer now returning, DON PEDRO, as a last resource, asks her if she will marry MANUEL; to their and MANUEL's astonishment, she consents, and the act closes with the ceremonies at the altar.

In act third we find the Court assembled, and DON PEDRO claiming the abdication of the Queen, on the ground of her marriage with a muleteer; she refuses to abdicate, and MANUEL, entering, informs the Court of the traitorous conduct of DON PEDRO, and throwing off his disguise, proclaims himself DON SEBASTIAN, King of Castile.

There are several charmingly written pieces in this work: a better imitation of the more agreeable modern Italian school cannot be found. The themes are fresh, tempting and nicely served for the orchestra, and nearly the whole of the music is free from the common reproach of being made for the music publishers. A scherzo for soprano; muleteer's song for tenor; duet for tenor and soprano; trio for tenor and two basses—are among the finest number in the first act, the finale being unusually good. The second act comprises a laughing trio, very well written, and a fine aria for the baritone. The last act being rather meagre, if we except a ballad for tenor, and aria for the baritone. In fact, the whole of the music is sparkling and we think, without doubt, will prove a formidable rival to his celebrated Bohemian Girl.

BALF 2

# THE ROSE OF CASTILE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—REPRESENTS THE COURT YARD OF A SPANISH POSADA.

*It is arched with overhanging vines, and backed by hedge-rows, beyond which are seen distant mountains. As the curtain rises a number of peasants and mountaineers are discovered in groups, the men with guitars and mandolines, the females with tamborines and castanets. In c. several young dancing girls. Pablo, leaning against an arbor with a mandoline, sings, accompanied by Chorus and Dancers.*

### SOLO AND CHORUS.

List to the gay castanet,  
Hark to the soft tamborine,  
Twinkling feet in motion set,  
Timed by songs each step between.  
Never sure was chaunt more gay  
Than the Spaniard's roundelay.  
Gaily on each note he springs,  
Bounding with each step he sings,  
When the merry castanet,  
And the sounding tamborine,  
Twinkling feet in motion set,  
Timed by songs each step between.

If the Spaniard's laziness  
Do not his spirits depress,  
He cares not for wealth or for fame  
No one in the dance can shame.

### CHORUS.

List to, &c.

*Pab. [looking off at back.]* Ah! who comes here? Oh, pray admire, my friends,  
This charming girl, that from the vale ascends;  
Her garb's Castilian. See her Cavalier  
Is but a boy. I wonder what brings here?

### CHORUS.

The maid and little cavalier,  
We wonder what it is brings here.

*Enter Elvira and Donna Carmen ascending from valley at back.*

### DUET.—ELVIRA and CARMEN.

Your pardon, Senors, from Castile we come,  
A journey very long and wearisome;

## THE ROSE OF CASTILE.

But toil could not our cheerfulness exhaust  
 Till in yon wooded vale ourselves we lost.  
 This house, far seen, first smiled away despair,  
 We blessed the sight, and offered up a prayer:  
 Now in return relieve our wandering woes,  
 And yield to weary travellers repose.

In hospitality  
 Be liberal and free.

*Pab.* Young and beautiful unknown,  
 Of welcome be thou sure.  
 You a lucky flight have flown,  
 Your rest is here secure.  
 Senora, pray advance,  
 This Posada enter in;  
 If you'll join us in the dance,  
 Our fete shall now begin.

*Elv. and Car.* No, no, we never dance.  
*Pab.* Unfortunate mischance;  
 But at least you'll try a song  
 To animate our throng.

*Elv.* 'Tis the custom I know.  
 I'll try to sing.

CHORUS.

Bravo!

*Pab.* Your places all now take.  
*Elv.* Whilst I bid music wake  
 The mountain echoes near,  
 And charm each listening ear.

SCHERZO.

Yes, I'll obey you.  
 Hearken, I pray you,  
 If song can stay you,  
 Mine shall repay you.

[Sings a Scherzo accompanied by the voices of the Peasants.]

*A Peasant enters at end from Posada. L.*

*Pea.* The hot viands are served.

*Pab.* Indeed—we must not let them get cold. An excellent strain that of yours, fair songstress. [To *Car.*] Come along, little man.

*Car.* No, I thank you.

*Pab.* Pshaw, nonsense—at least, pretty one, you'll join our festive board.

*Elv.* Presently—with many thanks—pray proceed.

*Pab.* Oh, very well. Remember, you will have naught to pay.

[*Pablo exits into Posada, followed by all the Peasants.*]

*Car.* At last, thank Heaven, we are out of danger.

*Elv.* [laughing.] What a romantic adventure.

*Car.* But now, your majesty, that we've arrived at our journey's end, may I again enquire why have we secretly left the palace this morning, in disguise, and travelled to the entrance of the valley in that wretched, rickety old coach that we left there?

*Elv.* For important political reasons.

*Car.* Which all are to lead to—

*Elv.* A marriage!

*Car.* But is not that already arranged?

*Elv.* You know, my dear Carmen, that, immediately my dear deceased old uncle, the King of Leon, so unexpectedly fixed on me as successor to his throne, Don Sancho, King of Castile, made a formal demand for my hand, heart, and a share of my crown, for his brother, the Infant Don Sebastian; notwithstanding that these have all been accorded, I am secretly informed that my future spouse intends, under an assumed name and character, to judge if my appearance will suit his taste. And now, my dear Carmen, we are here in consequence of my being positively informed that he will pass this way.

*Car.* But how to recognize him? Surely, we can't go up to every cavalier we meet, and say, "Please, Senor, are you Don Sebastian, the Infant of Castile?"

*Elv.* No, but my informant tells me he travels under the disguise and assumed name of Manuel, a Muleteer.

*Enter Pablo [L. 2 E.] house.*

*Pab.* Come, my pretty guest, dinner is served, and we only wait for you to commence the repast.

*Elv.* [R.] Many thanks, we're not hungry.

*Pab.* [taking Carmen by the arm.] Come, youngster, come.

*Car.* But you hear, we are not hungry.

*Pab.* Not hungry?—nonsense. I have prepared a special meal, and it must be eaten. [taking Elvira by the waist.] Come now, fair Senora, I shall only ask a kiss in payment for all my hospitality. Oh, its no use struggling, for partake of the repast you shall.

[To Peasants.

*Car.* Help!—murder!—thieves!

*Pab.* Murder and thieves because you are about to have a good and wholesome meal laid before you. Ha! ha! away with them.

*Manuel appears at the back, up trap.*

*Car.* Will no one protect two unprotected, helpless creatures.

*Pab.* Ha! ha! ha! Two helpless creatures. Ha! ha!

*Man.* [coming forward.] What means all this?

*Elv. and Car.* [running to Man.] Save us, Senor, oh, save us!

*Man.* [to Elvira.] Save you, my pretty one, of course I will; who could refuse succor to such eyes as those?

*Pab.* But, Senor, just hear—

*Man.* Not a word—not a syllable. I'm dumb to all explanation in such a cause. Vanish! or by St. Jago I'll put an end to the discussion by some cutting arguments. [Smacks whip.

*Elv.* Indeed; and pray who are you who assume such a tone?

*Man.* Who am I? Gad, that you shall soon know.

#### AIR.

*Man.*

I am a simple muleteer,  
Not too particular to rules,  
I treat the world, both far and near,  
As roughly as I treat my mules;  
If they attempt to give me laws,  
Kick up or prance without good cause,  
Or when I bid them do not start—  
Clic, clac, my trade is clear.  
Drop that, my lads, or else you'll smart—  
Clic, clac, my trade is clear,  
I am a muleteer.

*Pub.* [through music.] A muleteer!

*Elv.* [ditto, aside to Carmen.] 'Tis he!

*Man.* Yes, faith, I am a muleteer,  
Far known, and through Castile renown'd,  
And many a loving breast, when near,  
Doth tremble 'neath its corsage bound;  
But should one call, I fly to aid—  
To help the fair I'm ne'er afraid—  
'Gainst any odds I take their part.  
Clic, clac, my trade is clear,  
Amongst them all I share my heart;  
Clic, clac, my trade is clear,  
I am a muleteer.

*Elv.* [to Carmen, during which Manuel has forced off the Peasants.]  
Now, leave us for awhile; and, in the meantime, see that the  
coach be ready for our departure.

*Car.* What, leave you alone with—

*Elv.* You forget, it seems, with whom.

*Car.* But suppose, after all, it should not be the individual in  
question?

*Elv.* Then I'll—but to make assurance doubly sure to convince  
you. [Aloud to Manuel.] Your pardon, Senor, I am certain you will  
forgive my female curiosity, in being anxious to learn the name of  
my generous and valiant protector.

*Man.* My name? oh, certainly. I am usually called Manuel, and  
my birthplace is—

*Elv.* [hastily.] Toledo. [Manuel assents—aside to Carmen.] There,  
now you are convinced, leave us alone. See that the coach be in readi-  
ness, for we have little time to spare before nightfall.

*Car.* [aside.] As your majesty desires. Intended or no intended,  
I'd think it very dangerous to be left alone with a male being,  
especially if he be, as in this case, far from objectionable.

[Runs out at back.]

*Man.* Why, where is your valiant young friend scampering off to?

*Elv.* What, Piquillo, my cousin; he's gone to see if the coach—  
ahem—the wagon, be ready to take us home.

*Man.* Then those sparkling eyes and those cherry lips of yours  
don't belong to these parts.

*Elv.* Oh, no; they're from Valladolid.

*Man.* Then you are going my road. What a lucky coincidence.  
We, then, shall be able to trot along together. I shall take you  
under my protecting wing, and woe to those who dare disturb you  
there.

*Elv.* Really, Senor, you are very kind to me, a perfect stranger.

*Man.* Not in the least. I'd do the same for any of the sex. I'm  
their general champion—bless their dear hearts. Why it was only  
this morning I nearly got into hot water on account of one.

*Elv.* [annoyed.] And that one was—

*Man.* No less a person than our dear little queen.

*Elv.* The queen! and you took her part! Oh, do tell me all  
about it. You don't know how it interests me.

*Man.* This morning, while passing through the Piazza del Neyedo,  
I overheard a set of lazy rascals grumbling among themselves and  
saying it would have been better for the country if Don Pedro had  
inherited the throne in her stead.

*Elv.* And what did you do?

*Man.* Knocked three or four of them down.

*Elv. [aside.]* Great decision of character—the very attributes required to share a throne; yet, for all that, he has not yet told me whether he thinks me pretty or not.

*Man.* But enough of politics; let's talk of something more pleasing and less difficult to make out—your own insinuating little self, for instance.

*Elv. [aside.]* At last.

*Man.* Do you know you're a devilish pretty girl?

*Elv. [drawing a long sigh aside.]* That's lucky. [*Aloud.*] And you really think—

*Man.* I do indeed, or else I should not say so. I wonder now if that little heart of yours is still at liberty, and willing to grant a long lease to a most devoted and conscientious tenant.

*Elv.* My heart might be all very well, but the generality of mankind look on hearts as second considerations—wealth, power, station, being with them the first.

*Man.* To that rule I form an exception.

*Elv.* You do?

*Man.* I do.

## BALLAD.

Couldst thou, dear maid, thy form array  
In gems that monarchs prize,  
They'd not enhance thy beauty's sway,  
Nor lovelier make those eyes.

Beyond all helps from fortune's hand  
Thy graces dower thee;  
Bid others seek for wealth and land,  
But keep thy heart for me.

If kingly pow'r and place were mine,  
Thy lot the humblest known,  
My scepter'd sway I could resign,  
To call thy heart my own.

Love's truest empire is the breast  
Whose faith I proffer thee;  
Bid others, then, make gold their quest,  
But keep thy heart for me.

*Elv.* And am I really to believe all these fine sentiments?

*Man.* You may indeed; for were it ever to enter my mind to take a wife (a circumstance very unlikely), you're the very sort of little woman I should choose; couldn't be better, had you been made to order; for I'm certain there's not your equal to be found in all Spain. Real gems, like you, are scarce in all countries.

*Elv.* You flatter. Well, I shouldn't wonder but that we might form a very cosy couple. [*Aside.*] I'm sure we're getting on finely.

*Man.* The fact is, my tantalizing Senorita, I'm afraid those eyes of yours will cause me to forget the bounds of gallantry.

[*Places his arm round her waist.*]

*Elv.* I'm afraid he's getting on too well. [*Disengaging herself, and in a severe tone.*] Senor Manuel, you forget yourself.

*Man.* Not in the least, my charmer; for, were there not some unknown power in those eyes of yours—that seem to inspire, nay, command, respect—I should have taken at least ten kisses by this time.

*Elv.* Ten kisses! [*Aside.*] What shocking morals!

*Man.* Ten kisses—bless you, twenty.

*Elo.* You alarm me.

*Man.* Nay, *Senorita*, there is no cause for fear, although I am by no means bashful with the generality of the sex. In this case, much less than take a kiss, I dare not even beg one.

*Elo.* Indeed, and wherefore.

*Man.* Gads life I hardly know, unless it be caused by a new and strange, and, as yet, unknown feeling I have here.

[*Placing his hand to his heart.*]

## DUET.

*Elo.* Dost thou fear me ?  
*Man.* Sadly fear thee.  
*Elo.* Thou dost fear me ?  
*Man.* Yes, when near me.  
 Yes—yes—I fear thee—yes, I fear,  
 And much I dread to find this fear ;  
 This trembling is a fatal sign.  
 My heart's o'erthrow is surely near,  
 By love made ever slave to thine.

*Elo.* Why shouldst thou dread to feel that fear ?  
 At such an omen why repine ?  
 An honest man, a muleteer,  
 In love should all his heart resign.

## TOGETHER.

*Man.* And much I dread, &c.  
*Elo.* Why shouldst thou dread, &c.  
 Your courage, where ?  
*Man.* Lost—fled away.  
*Elo.* And whence the cause ?  
*Man.* I cannot say  
*Elo.* Then thou dost fear ?  
*Man.* I own the spell.  
*Elo.* The cause I'd hear.  
*Man.* I'll try to tell.  
 Once, free from care as the mules I drove,  
 Trotting, galloping, laughing at love,  
 Blondes, brunettes, bold or shy as a dove,  
 I kiss'd without asking permission ;  
 But now mine's an altered position.  
 Though 'twere rapture those bright lips to kiss,  
 Though your bounty but wait till I task it,  
 Fear forbids me to snatch that dear bliss,  
 And I have not the heart e'en to ask it.

*Elo.* In the contest uncertain you brav'd,  
 If the queen 'stead of me you had saved,  
 In her presence you dare not have craved  
 A boon without asking permission.  
 I'll act as if in her position.  
 If as kind as though giving were bliss,  
 My own bounty gave nought did you task it,  
 But, as queen, I accord you a kiss,  
 Though you have not the heart e'en to ask it.

*Man.* Oh, rapture !—joy most unexpected !  
*Elo.* Embrace me—you the queen protected. [*Embrace.*]

*Man.* Be thou my saint  
To worship at thy shrine.  
*Elv.* Kneel not to me,  
I am no saint,  
Nor by constraint  
Should worship be mine.

TOGETHER.

*Man.* Hear—hear, &c.  
*Elv.* Cease—cease, &c.

[*He falls on his knees and kisses her hand. She turns her head away, laughing, but perceiving Don P., Don S., and Don F. she utters a slight scream, and runs into Posada.*]

*Don P.* [*perceiving Elvira's features as she runs off.*] Can it be—no—'tis impossible.

*Don F.* Impossible it must be, since your highness says impossible it is.

*Man.* [*looking after Elvira.*] She has given me the slip, but I shall see her again. A charming creature, indeed.

*Don P.* We'll question that man yonder.

*Don F.* We will.

*Don P.* Bid him advance.

*Don F.* Most speedily. [*To Manuel.*] I say, you rustic yonder! [*Manuel takes no heed.*] You man, there! [*Manuel gives no answer.*] Individual, you are required.

*Man.* Are you addressing that language to me?

*Don F.* To you, of course.

*Don P.* [*to Manuel.*] You were just now at the feet of a young girl.

*Man.* Since you saw me there, what use of asking the question?

*Don F.* Yes, since we saw him there, what use?

*Don P.* Who is she?

*Man.* That's exactly what I want to know—can you tell?

*Don P.* You refuse to answer our inquiries?

*Man.* I've told you all I know—what can a man do more?  
[*Aside.*] By the presence of these folks in this neighborhood there must be mischief brewing. [*Aloud.*] *Au revoir*, Senors, I trust you may find some one to answer your pressing enquiries; in that case, do not forget an humble individual who also would like to be let into the secret. [*Exit.*]

*Don F.* What presumption! really the audacity of rusticity has reached such a pitch! [*To Don P.*] But what ails your highness, and why all these pressing inquiries?

*Don P.* Did you not remark that peasant girl and the resemblance?

*Don F.* To whom?—to me?

*Don P.* No—to the queen.

*Don S.* The queen, dressed as a peasant girl!

*Don P.* Unlikely 'tis true.

*Don F.* Impossible for certain.

*Don S.* Then, to allow a common muleteer to embrace her

*Don P.* You are right; I must have been mad.

*Don F.* Mad—stark, staring mad.

*Don P.* Yet would I have given a thousand ducats—nay, ten years of my life—had it been the queen; but you are right; 'tis improbable and impossible.

*Don F.* [*knocking at table.*] Ah, house there!

*Pablo enters from Posada.*

Some wine, and of your best, so that we may laud your posada on our return to the capital, and hand it down to posterity.

*Pab.* Your highnesses shall have no cause for complaint.

[*Exit.*]

*Don P.* Don Florio, assure yourself we are alone.

*Don F.* [*walking round stage.*] We are alone; in fact, I may say we are lonelier than alone.

*Pablo re-enters, and places wine and cups on table, and then exits.*

*Don P.* Proceed, Don Sallust; I'm all attention.

*Don S.* Obedient to your highness's commands, I repaired to Toledo; the king being absent, I found it easy to procure an interview with his brother, the Infant Don Sebastien, from whom I learnt that it was against his inclination that his royal brother had affianced him to your cousin; when informed of the subject of my mission, he confided to me that his affections had been long engaged to another, and he determined at once to place an insurmountable obstacle to the accomplishment of his brother's wishes, by having recourse that very day to a secret marriage.

*Don P.* And this resolution?

*Don S.* He fully carried out, for I was present at the ceremony.

*Don P.* This good news surpasses my fondest expectations. Then the romantic project of Don Sebastien of visiting our cousin in disguise—

*Don S.* Has actually fallen to the ground.

*Don P.* And lucky for him it is so; for, had Don Sebastien visited us as a muleteer, considering our arrangements, he would have met with rather an unpleasant reception.

*Don F.* Ye—es.

*Don P.* The Infant married, now, fair cousin, the matter lies between us two—either you must grant me your hand, or resign to me your throne.

*Don F.* [*pouring out wine.*] And, under such circumstances, permit me, your highness, to drink to your future majesty's health.

*Don P.* Aye, Don Florio, you are right; fill me a bumper, for, at times, ambition intoxicates more than wine; and at this moment I require a counter stimulant to preserve the balance of my reason.

*Don F.* And not having any ambition myself—

*Don P.* No—nor reason, either.

*Don F.* As your highness says—I require a stimulant to supply the place of both.

### TRIO.

Don Pedro, Don Florio, and Don Sallust.

*Don P.*

For wine's sake and love,  
From the court far away,  
Life's ills rais'd above,  
Let us drink and be gay.

Wine—wine—the magician thou art  
That gildest the dull things in life:  
Thou gladd'nest e'en poverty's heart,  
And smil'st on ambition's dark strife.

Our breasts would congeal  
 With but reason's dull sway ;  
 Who would bound on life's way  
 Thy delirium must feel.

*Don S.* Long live the Spanish king !  
 Of every one's the cry.  
 In chorus should I sing,  
 I would a wish supply,  
 And a happy thought is mine,  
 'Tis—Long live Spanish wine !

*Carmen rushes in at back, and meets Don Florio face to face.*

*Car.* [*aside.*] Good gracious !

*Don F.* Well, rustic, what are you staring at ?

*Don P.* A country lad ; he may, perhaps, give us some clue to this peasant girl whose image still haunts me.

*Car.* [*aside.*] Courage and impudence will be required here, or I am lost.

*Don P.* Rustic ! approach, my lad.

*Car.* [*innocently.*] Me, Senor ?

*Don F.* Yes, you diminutive rustic, and quickly, too.

[*Dragging him forward.*]

*Don P.* We have just seen here a young girl.

*Car.* That's not wonderful—there's lots of such things about these parts.

*Don F.* Aye, but this is a peculiar article ; for this peasant girl, it seems, enjoys a striking, incomprehensible, and undefinable likeness to her majesty, the queen.

*Car.* Oh ! I know who you mean, now.

*Don P.* [*anxiously.*] You do.

*Don F.* Then elucidate.

*Car.* You're speaking of Jaquita.

*Don F.* Jaquita ! what's that ?

*Car.* My cousin, to be sure.

*Don F.* Then, why did you not say so at once ?

*Don P.* Does she reside in these parts ?

*Car.* Of course she does, with Uncle Jose, in the little white cottage at the entrance of the valley yonder.

*Don F.* [*looking out.*] White cottage ! I can't see any white cottage.

*Car.* Of course you cannot, Senor, unless your eyes are able to look round the corner. The cottage is just beyond the turn of the mountain.

*Don F.* Then, why did you not say so at once ?

*Don P.* And how long has she resided there ?

*Car.* Well, since she was born, I suppose.

*Don F.* Since she was born, you only suppose, rustic ; do you, then, suspect she resided there before that interesting period ?

*Don S.* I should like to see this cousin of yours.

*Car.* Why, Senors, the fact is—

*Elvira appears at door of Posada. Carmen, on perceiving her, runs to her and whispers.*

*Elv.* [*aside to Carmen.*] Know all. Audacity and self-possession, or we are lost. Have no fear. I shall be a match for them.

## QUARTET.

Elvira, Don Pedro, Don Florio, and Don Sallust.

- Don P.* In every feature like the queen—  
Was ever such resemblance seen?  
This village girl. [*Perceiving Elvira.*  
Great heaven, 'tis she!
- Don S.* Nay, though my eyes the fact made known,  
I've too much loyalty to own  
That any girl— [*Perceiving Elvira.*  
Great heaven, 'tis she!
- Don F.* And I must say, without offence,  
'Twould be to lack mere common sense,  
To think this girl— [*Perceiving Elvira.*  
Great heaven, 'tis she!
- Don P.* If she thinks to outbrave me,  
Or with wiles would enslave me,  
This encounter shall save me—  
'Tis the queen I behold.
- Don S.* What new wonder's in store now?  
Mercy's help I implore now,  
Wit and sight I restore now,  
Since the queen I behold.
- Don F.* Seeing's sure not believing,  
If my sight's now deceiving;  
Oh, my senses are leaving,  
Or the queen I behold.
- Elv.* Oh, they must not outdare me,  
No, nor shall they outstare me,  
Nor their frowns overbear me,  
That the queen they behold.
- All Three.* Her portrait to the life we see.
- Elv.* Why bend on me such curious eyes?  
You frighten me—why this surprise?
- All Three.* The rarest wonder ever ever seen  
Is your resemblance to our queen.
- Elv.* Of that I've often heard before.
- Don F.* The more I look, my wonder's more.
- Don S.* Yes, certainly, the features strike—  
The nose and mouth are very like;  
But, then, the queen has much more grace—  
More dignity and pride of place.
- Don P.* Her living portrait we behold.
- Elv.* 'Tis true, Senors. I've oft been told  
I'm like the queen in form and face—  
Ah, if I only had her place!
- Don P.* What wouldst thou do hadst thou a throne?
- Elv.* Just listen, and I'll make that known,

## RONDO.

Oh, were I the Queen of Spain,  
In my joyous, festive court  
No laws should ever restrain  
The promptings of mirth and sport.  
Oft in disguise I'd stray  
From Leon, my royal home,  
Through Navarre—Castile away—  
O'er Arragon to roam.

Joy with me should ever tread :  
 At each pause we'd hold a fête,  
 And turn everybody's head—  
 All the queen should imitate.  
 Spain should delirium quaff,  
 Her cup should never empty be  
 Song, music, dancing, and laugh,  
 Would prove best her love to me.  
 Oh, were I the Queen, &c.

*Don P.* She's charming.

*Don S.* Delightful.

*Don F.* Intoxicating—

*Don P.* [*aside to others.*] My lords, a brilliant idea has just struck me.

*Don F.* Then stick fast to it; such rarities are worth keeping!

*Don P.* I shall take this girl to court with us.

*Don S. and Don F.* To court!

*Elv.* What does he say?

*Don P.* This resemblance which has struck us so forcibly shall serve as a weapon against the queen herself.

*Elv.* [*aside.*] Many thanks, my loyal cousin, for the hint.

*Don P.* It shall be so. I will communicate my plan anon.

*Don F.* Nothing like the time present—not that I'm at all curious.

*Don P.* [*to Elvira.*] Would you like to make your fortune, my pretty *Senorita*?

*Elv.* That all depends.

*Don P.* You refuse, then?

*Enter Manuel.*

*Man.* At last I've found you, *Senorita*. All ready. Mules harnessed.

*Elv.* [*aside.*] The prince just in the nick of time. [*Aloud.*] You were seeking for me.

*Man.* Of course. Was I not to be your companion on the road to Valladolid?

*Elv.* Certainly. I had forgotten that.

*Man.* But that is now impossible, for the road is guarded by a set of ill-looking rascals, who say they have directions to let no one pass without a special order.

*Don P.* [*aside to Don S.*] My partisans.

*Man.* [*looking at Don P.*] I suspect 'tis some new plot against our little queen. The rascals, I wish the inventors were within reach of my whip.

[*Smacks it.*]

*Elv.* Great heaven!

*Don P.* That being the case, my fair *Senorita*, I think our protection will be far safer than that of your friend yonder.

*Man.* How do you know. How many are there of you?

*Don F.* Three.

*Man.* In that case I have the advantage, for I'm worth six of such as you, any day.

*Don P.* [*and Don S., drawing their swords.*] An insult.

*Don F.* [*trying to draw his sword, and getting behind them.*] An insult!

*Elv.* For goodness sake, *Senors*, do not quarrel on my account. I believe 'tis for me alone to make choice in this matter.

## FINALE.

Don S. Decide!

Don P. Decide!

Elv. I shall decide be sure,  
But first would'st learn (excuse me pray)  
How is't, and why these partisans waylay  
Our progress hence, and make it insecure?  
Don P. These partisans are friends of mine;  
I am their leader: choose me for your guide.  
No fear of any danger need be thine.

*Carmen ascends from valley, and speaks aside to Elvira. Pablo and Peasants enter from Posada.*

Elv. At once, then, I decide;  
Your party shall be mine.

Man. As your defender, then, you me refuse?

Don P. Yes; her defenders she at will may choose.

Car. [*aside to Elvira.*] Mistake of choice will not mishap excuse.

Elv. Which choice to make I scarcely know,  
Since they conspire to plot my woe;  
Against themselves, for safety's sake,  
As guards, conspirators I take.

The Three Dons. With us she goes.

No more delay.

Quick to the road.

Haste—hence away!

[*During the Finale night draws on. Several Soldiers ascend from the valley; Don P. speaks to their chief; they form themselves at back ready for his escort. Mountaineers come from Posada with torches to light Don P. and his companions on their way.*]

Man. Farewell, bright dream  
Now sorrow wakes.  
Love's fitful beam  
My breast forsakes.  
Yes, fleeting hope,  
To thee farewell!  
'Tis vain to cope  
With fate's dark spell.

Elv. Though love's bright dream  
Thy breast forsakes,  
With morning's beam  
New hope awakes.  
Despair's dark cope  
O'er thee soon fell,  
But still to hope  
Say not farewell!

The Three Dons. Love's fitful dream  
His breast forsakes;  
With morning's beam  
New sorrow wakes.  
Yes, fleeting hope  
Bids them farewell.  
'Tis vain to cope  
With fate's dark spell.

## CHORUS.

No more delay.  
 Fast fleets the light,  
 And long the way,  
 And dark the night.  
 No more delay,  
 For speeds the flight  
 Of parting day.  
 Haste—hence away!

[*Elvira and Carmen exit at back accompanied by the Three Dons. The Peasants resume their festivities, and the curtain falls.*

## ACT II

## SCENE I.—THRONE ROOM OF THE PALACE OF VALLADOLID.

*R. and L. two arches with golden gates leading to the gardens. Doors R. and L. Throne in c. on steps. Beyond the gates the Royal Halberdiers seen on guard. At the rising of the curtain Nobles are discovered in different groups.*

## CHORUS.

The Queen in the palace,  
 Assemble our men,  
 Conspiracy lifts up  
 Its dark head again,  
 Her fall fast approaches—  
 Is certain—is near—  
 Death shadows our purpose,  
 But nought do we fear.

*Enter Don Pedro.*

What brings you here despite of my command,  
 This indiscretion might our plans defeat;  
 At night alone, should treason stalk the land  
 From day her dark thoughts ever should retreat.

Caution, comrades—caution, pray—  
 Conspiracy should shun the day,  
 Hiding in its breast desire  
 Smouldering like volcanic fire,  
 As though peace its thoughts employ.

But beneath its fair disguise  
 Wakeful wrath, dread purpose lies,  
 Bowl and dagger in its clasp,  
 Vengeance once within its grasp,  
 Let it thunder, burst, destroy.

## CHORUS.

Caution, comrade—caution, pray—  
 Prudence bids us shun the day.

[*Nobles exeunt by gates, which are closed on them, as Don Sallust enters*

*Don P.* Well, the missive I confided to your care ?

*Don S.* I, myself, delivered into Don Garcia's hands.

*Don P.* Then all my plans are matured, and must of themselves work a successful issue.

*Don S.* I am delighted to hear it, your highness.

*Don P.* Judge for yourself; the Queen will shortly visit her palace here, at Valladolid, attended by the whole of her train, and while she receives the mock homage of her subjects, in open court, Don Garcia, obeying my instructions, which were contained in the missive you yourself delivered to him, will secure the principal posts of her palace of Leon, so that on her return there, she will find herself a prisoner within its very walls.

*Don S.* But once the Queen a prisoner—what then ?

*Don P.* What then ? Why then I inform her of the marriage of the Infant, and give her one day either to accept my hand or abdicate her throne.

*Don S.* But should she refuse ?

*Don P.* If she refuse, I immediately have recourse to the little Peasant whom we have confided to Don Florio's care.

*Don S.* Admirably conceived, your highness.

*Don P.* Yes—all promises well, yet at times I have strange misgivings. But ambition forbids despair, and hope points onward to its goal.

#### SONG.

Though fortune darkly o'er me frowns,  
 And each day brings its care,  
 Ambition's dream bright hope still crowns,  
 And bids me not despair.  
 Though morning's bloom be passed away,  
 Its beauty spent and gone,  
 Though foes assail and friends betray,  
 My heart shall still hope on.

More dangers may my path beset,  
 New storms life's sky o'er cast,  
 My daring I shall ne'er regret,  
 But dare on to the last.  
 The fleeting prize, if held in view,  
 May yet be nobly won,  
 Though life's first dream may not prove true,  
 Still hope shall lead me on.

*Don P.* But this continued absence of Don Florio alarms me.

*Don S.* Wherefore, your highness ?

*Don P.* Have I not entrusted to him the custody of this young Peasant Girl, on whom the entire development and success of our plot depend ?

*Don S.* And has he not answered for her safe keeping with his head ?

*Don P.* 'Tis so—but I am impatient for his return to be assured of her safety.

*Don S.* Your highness—see here is Don Florio in *propria persona*.

*Enter Don Florio.*

*Don P.* At last !

*Don F.* As your highness observed, at last. [*Aside.*] If I could only be several hundred, nay, thousand feet under ground at the present moment, I should prefer the locality.

*Don P.* [with severity.] You have faithfully and punctually attended to my orders?

*Don F.* [embarrassed.] Faithfully, and, most def-i-nitely, punctually; in fact, more punctually than the most concise punctuality can expect.

*Don P.* Thus far, then—well.

*Don F.* Well, as your highness observed. [*Aside.*] My stars, he'd not think it well if he knew the little jade had slipped through my fingers like an eel. I wonder what my fate will be—the tortures of the Inquisition or the pleasures of decapitation? [*Aloud.*] But why, your highness, so anxious after this young girl?

*Don P.* She is the very pivot of our plot, for, should the queen, when in my power, refuse the terms I suggest, favored by this wonderful resemblance, and with a little tuition, we shall be able to present this village rustic—at a grand ceremony, which will be carefully prepared—to her subjects, where our new-made majesty shall, with her own lips, make a formal abdication of her crown, in favor of her royal cousin, and announce her intention to end her days in the peaceful solitude of a cloister.

*Don S.* Success, then, seems certain—eh, Don Florio?

*Don F.* Certain, positive. [*Aside.*] The proverb says, "First catch your hare, &c."

*The gates are thrown open. The Noblemen and Ladies enter from arch L., and place themselves on each side of the throne; The royal Halberdiers at back guarding the issues of the palace and keeping back the eager crowd of Burghers and Citizens who appear at the r. gate. Elvira enters from arch L., attended by Beatrice, Carmen, and Maids of Honor, Pages, and Squires. She ascends the throne steps.*

## CHORUS.

Hail! hail! hail!  
 All honor to our queen,  
 Protect the queen, O bounteous heaven.  
 Long live our noble queen,  
 The ever best belov'd  
 Of the people 'neath her sway,  
 Whose prayer is, night and day,  
 Long live our gracious queen.

*Elv.* Oh, far more than my crown  
 My country's weal I prize;  
 My power I would lay down  
 And all would sacrifice,  
 For Spain's—my people's sakes,  
 Could I them happy make.  
 But now, each day brings cares,  
 That mock at human pride,  
 Then speed to heaven a prayer,  
 Your sovereign's thoughts to guide.

## CHORUS.

We speed to heav'n a prayer,  
 Our sovereign's thoughts to guide.

*Pedro.*

[*To Florio and Sallust.*]

The likeness mark, 'tis wondrous strange,  
 Except in dress I see no change.

- Were not the other in our care,  
I'd say—
- Don S.* Your pardon, but I vow  
I can't to mind the likeness call.
- Don F.* She don't resemble her at all.
- Don P.* [To Queen.] Your people, royal cousin, I pray,  
Permission their respects to pay.  
Wilt deign receive the homage they  
Would proffer to your majesty?  
Some prayers they would present to thee,  
If so much honor'd they may be.
- Elv.* The honor is conferred on me.  
Their love, their reverence is my pride—  
Let all approach—be none denied  
Who seek for justice from the queen.
- Omnes.* Has never such a sovereign been.  
[Citizens and Burghers approach, and present petitions to the Queen. Manuel advances and recognizes her.]
- Man.* 'Tis she—but hold—I dare not so offend.
- Elv.* [to Carmen.] It is the prince again. [To Manuel.] What want you, friend?
- Don P.* The very muleteer we met last night,  
*Elv.* You're silent still—  
*Man.* With wonder—with delight—  
The voice, the face—your pardon, madam, pray—  
But—but—I really don't know what to say.
- Don P.* Pass on, good man.  
*Man.* Your highness I obey.  
'Tis wonderful!  
It is exceeding strange.
- Don F.* What is?  
*Don P.* Why, nothing.  
*Man.* Forms they might exchange. [Exit.  
*Elv.* My faithful subjects, be assured no prayer.  
For judgment or redress in vain shall call,  
And all the queen can do to soothe each care,  
Heaven aiding, shall be done—so farewell all.

*Chorus repeated.*

[Everybody exits except Elvira, Carmen, Beatrice, and Maids of Honor; the gates are closed.]

- Elv.* [with great severity.] Ladies, are we alone?
- Car.* Perfectly, your majesty.
- Elv.* [jumping up from the throne joyfully.] In that case, full liberty.  
*All the Ladies.* Aye, liberty! liberty!  
*Bea.* Young ladies—your majesty—consider the etiquette of the court.  
*Elv.* My dear duchess, we have been burthened enough with it for the last hour.  
*Bea.* Oh, pray, silence, your majesty! What would Spain say if she knew?  
*Elv.* My dear duchess, Spain might, say and think whatever it pleased; but, had I the choice, I would not change the humble couch of my convent cell for yonder gilded throne.

BALLAD.—THE CONVENT CELL.

- Elv.* Of girlhood's happy days I dream,  
My home the house of prayer,

As in the bosom of a stream  
 Seemed heaven reflected there.  
 In regal halls, where oft I sigh,  
 Fond memories with me dwell  
 Of many a blissful hour gone by,  
 Pass'd in my convent cell.  
 Oh! call it not a solitude,  
 When silence reigns profound,  
 With placid smiles the sisterhood  
 Keep angel watch around.  
 The vesper hymn sings day to rest,  
 To wake with matin-bell—  
 Oh! peace no home has like the breast  
 That sleeps in convent cell.

*Enter Manuel hastily, door r.*

*Man.* 'Tis she, indeed!

*Car.* A man!

*Elv.* [*aside.*] I thought he'd soon find his way back again.

*Bea.* A male being—horrible!

*Car.* Not in the least, duchess; now I look again, he's far from it.

*Bea.* Begone, sirrah, or dread the awful fate that awaits you!

*Man.* [*kneeling.*] On my knees, O queen, I beg leave to address but a few words to your majesty—only a few. [*Aside.*] It is—no, it is not.

*Bea.* [*striking Manuel with her fan.*] Don't you hear me, sirrah? How on earth did he get here?

*Man.* Profiting by the confusion of the crowd, I escaped the vigilance of the sentries, and slipped past; nay, had it cost me my life, I would have reached her majesty in some manner, to warn her of the new dangers that surround her throne; a thousand lives would be a mean sacrifice for such a queen.

*Bea.* The throne in danger! Then, speak out, man, for all our sakes—and mine especially.

*Man.* That which I have to communicate must be told to majesty alone.

*Elv.* Indeed! In that case, leave me for awhile, my friends.

*Bea.* But etiquette, your majesty.

*Elv.* Surely, my dear duchess, where a throne is in danger, etiquette, for once, may be laid aside. Go—I desire—I command it.

*Bea.* Wonders will never cease, and the world will soon be topsy turvy. [*Exit Beatrice, Carmen, and Ladies.*]

*Elv.* So he seeks a private interview, no doubt to make himself known to me, and put an end to his disguise.

## DUET.

*Elv.* We are alone—I listen—prithce, speak.

*Man.* Your pardon—it may be wild fancy's freak,  
 But in this dream, that takes of reason place,  
 Last night, amid the mountains, far away,  
 Without the court, that should her presence grace,  
 I saw the Queen of Leon humbly stray.

*Elv.* Me?

## ROMANCE.

*Man.* The maid I met to me did seem,  
 Though poor the garb she wore,

More lovely than a poet's dream,  
 Or vestal shrined of yore.  
 Her gentle voice express'd no guile,  
 Nor could in passion rave,  
 But of her lips, the glorious smile  
 Might make the whole world slave.  
 Her beaming eyes and beauteous form  
 Like radiance shed on me,  
 Didst thou in her my sense then charm?  
 Or charms she now in thee?

*Elv.* He keeps by his character well—I shall keep in mine.

If folly was your sole excuse,  
 You must permit it to amuse.

*Man.* 'Gainst all the world I will maintain  
 The village girl was you.

*Elv.* From laughter I cannot refrain,  
 If you this course pursue.

*Man.* In thee—in thee—I vow  
 The maid I recognize.  
 Your laughter but supplies  
 Another proof to me.

In vain your word denies;  
 Your voice and sparkling eyes  
 Are further proof against thee.

*Elv.* I'm not the queen—ha! ha!  
 I must have been—ha! ha!  
 The maid you've seen—ha! ha!  
 Or maid or queen.

*Man.* Ha! ha!

*Elv.* In shape and mien.

*Man.* Ha! ha!

*Elv.* You both have been.

*Man.* Ha! ha!

*Elv.* Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Though anger now should move me,  
 I can't for mirth, reprove thee.

*Man.* I'm sure 'twas you.

*Elv.* Ha! Ha!

*Man.* I know 'twas you.

*Elv.* Ha! Ha!

*Man.* I vow 'twas you.

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!  
 You know 'twas me—ah! ah!  
 You'll vow 'twas me—ah! ah!  
 Though anger now should move me  
 I can't, for mirth, reprove thee,

*Car.* [Entering.] What's passing here?

*Man.* Great heaven 'tis he!

*Elv. & Car.* What, he?

*Man.* I'm not the dolt that I may seem to be,  
 This is the peasant boy I saw with thee  
 Last night.

*Elv.* A peasant boy—this lady?

*Car.* Me?

*Man.* Oh, yes!—the boy's to an angel changed,  
 But still I recognize.

*Car.* You compliment.  
*Man.* I'd know you under any colors ranged.  
*Car.* You compliment.  
*Man.* Not such was my intent.  
*Car.* Ah! how spiteful!  
*Elv.* 'Tis delightful,  
 Oh, truly, I must long this jest enjoy,  
 He takes a maid of honor for a boy.  
*Car.* So I'm a boy—ha! ha!  
 A pretty boy—ha! ha!  
 A roguish boy—ha! ha!  
*Man.* The—boy, were you?  
 The—maid, were you?  
 Laugh on, 'tis true.  
*Car.* Ha, ha!  
 Ha, ha!  
 Ha, ha!  
*Elv. & Car.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

} Ensemble

*Enter Beatrice and Maids of Honor.*

*Bea.* This laughter's out of place,  
 To all etiquette, disgrace.  
*Elv.* Here's a muleteer, who says  
 That a peasant girl I am.  
*Bea.* Fie, fie!  
*Car.* Here's a muleteer, who says  
 That a peasant boy I am.  
*Bea.* Fie, fie!  
*Elv.* I'm not the queen, &c.  
*Car.* So I'm a boy, &c.  
*Cho.* Ha, ha! &c., &c.  
*Bea.* This scandal is disgraceful, what will the court say?  
*Man.* Nay, Senora, I retire; the motive that brought me here was  
 to inform her majesty of a plot.  
*Elv.* Then explain yourself. [*Motions to Ladies and Beatrice to retire.*] You, Carmen, remain. Now, friend, speak out freely.  
*Man.* Within this very hour, I, unseen, overheard a conspiracy to  
 make your majesty a prisoner on your return to your palace at  
 Leon, and confine you in a convent.  
*Elv.* Confine me in a convent—horrible!  
*Car.* Horrible! not long since your majesty said it was delightful.  
*Elv.* Delightful, of course, when one is free, but once the heart is  
 engaged and one feels that it is no longer one's own, then the aspect  
 changes. [*Aside, looking fixedly at Manuel.*] What a man it is—he  
 either cannot, or will not take a hint.  
*Car.* Then what's to be done?  
*Elv.* True, we must hit upon some plan to frustrate this conspir-  
 acy. [*To Manuel.*] You must have friends, an escort with you.  
*Man.* Escort! I, an humble muleteer! A stout heart and a good  
 blade is at your service; and one loyal sword is worth a dozen  
 traitors at any time.  
*Elv.* Yes—we are well convinced on that point, but—  
*Man.* But what, your majesty?  
*Elv.* [*aside.*] No, it might place his life in danger—Ah! [*Aloud to*  
*Carmen, after a pause.*] I have a better plan. Before an hour I  
 shall know my real enemies and be acquainted with their most  
 secret actions. [*To Manuel.*] Many thanks, my good friend, for your

timely warning. Farewell—but no, we doubtless shall meet again.

*Man.* [*aside.*] Charming, worthy indeed to grace a throne.

[*Bows and exits.*]

*Elv.* So, so! they wish to make me a prisoner and then place me in a convent; I fear my dear coz and his conspiring adherents, for once, will be disappointed. And now for my scheme, which my good duchess, yonder, must unconsciously aid me in carrying out.

[*To Ladies at back. Approach Ladies.*]

*Bea.* Your majesty, we are all anxiety—this conspiracy!

*Elv.* Fear not, it will be frustrated. And now, ladies, let us prepare to return to our palace at Leon.

*Bea.* What, your majesty, without witnessing the festivities that have been prepared to celebrate the event of your royal visit to this palace?

*Elv.* My dear duchess, believe me, I was not born for regal festivities, nor for a throne, which would a thousand times better suit a more imposing, a more grave, majestic person, such as yourself, duchess.

*Bea.* Me, your majesty?

*Elv.* And why not? A descendant of the Calatravas.

*Bea.* There your majesty is perfectly correct, and in a most direct line, too.

*Elv.* She takes the bait. [*Aloud*] How fitly would a diadem adorn that lofty brow.

*Bea.* It might, indeed! but the improbability of seeing one there.

*Elv.* [*aside.*] She bites eagerly. [*Aloud.*] Quick, Carmen, the diadem.

[*Carmen assists Elvira to take the diadem off her head.*]

*Bea.* The diadem, your majesty—and wherefore?

*Elv.* That I, myself, may, for a few months, place it where it will sit with becoming grace.

*Bea.* Oh, your majesty, I really cannot permit.

[*Sloops her head to receive the crown.*]

*Elv.* [*aside to Carmen.*] What a poor, willing lamb at slaughter. Now the mantle.

*Bea.* What, the regal mantle?—really, this is overpowering.

[*Carmen fetches mantle from throne where Elvira left it, and places it on Beatrice's shoulders.*]

*Elv.* Duchess, carry your head high.

[*Beatrice walks to and fro with assumed dignity.*]

*Elv.* Stately indeed, duchess. Am I not right, ladies?

*Car. & Ladies.* Charming! Imposing!

*Elv.* Therefore 'tis our sovereign's pleasure, duchess, that for a whole day you should fill our post and govern our kingdom of Leon, according to your own views of etiquette. So when the state carriage arrives at the palace gates, you shall take my place in it; but mind that your features be concealed by a veil, so that my loving subjects, mistaking you for myself, may load you with their heartfelt and joyful acclamations.

*Bea.* Your majesty has transported me into a delirium of extacy and delight; a descendant of the Calatravas will then occupy a regal place at court.

*Elv.* [*aside to Carmen.*] Yes, and the regal place at the convent too. [*Aloud.*] Some one approaches—quick, duchess—nay, I mean your majesty, by this door, and do not forget my instructions. Now, ladies, your duty.

[The Ladies form two lines, which Beatrice passes between with a majestic step, and exits at door, L.]

Elv. Poor duchess, she little knows what is in store for her.

Don Pedro, Don Sallust, and Don Florio enter from gate, R.

Elv. I was but just in time—a moment later, and all was lost.

Don P. May it please your majesty to accept my arm to the pavilion, from whence you will be able to be a spectator of the festivities prepared, which now only await your royal presence to proceed.

Elv. My dear cousin, I feel indisposed. You must really replace me on this occasion, and apologize to the court for this seeming neglect; nay, there will be hardly any need for apology, I am certain that they would only be delighted to see my place filled by you.

Don P. Your majesty flatters.

Elv. Truth, cousin—real truth. Don Sallust, pray see that our carriage be in readiness to convey us to our palace of Leon.

Don P. [aside to Don Sallust.] 'Tis lucky that your precautions have been so prematurely taken.

[Bows to Elvira and exits at gate, L.]

Elv. Ladies, you had better remain and witness the festivities prepared—Carmen alone shall accompany me. *Au revoir*, cousin.

Don P. [bows, and aside.] Sooner than you expect, fair queen.

[Music. Elvira bows to court, and exits at door, the Maids of Honor exit at back.]

Don P. And now, Don Florio, we have an open field before us—now to bring our plan into action.

Don F. [aside.] Yes, but unluckily our plan has evaporated. Oh, the little minx.

Don P. I shall soon receive a message from Don Garcia, announcing the arrest of the queen—and then for the peasant girl!

Don F. Peasant girl! what peasant girl? oh, yes, I know.

#### UFFO DUET.

Don Pedro and Don Florio.

Don P. Go, quickly bring the maid.

Don F. I think you said the maid?

Don P. Of course I said the maid.

Don F. You're sure you mean the maid?

Don P. Again I say the maid.

Don F. Indeed, I am afraid.

Don P. What other could I mean?—

No other's in your care.

Don F. Some roguish little queen,

That would your heart ensnare.

Don P. Pshaw! nonsense.

Don F. 'Tis nonsense.

Don P. Time's flying.

Don F. I'm dying.

Don P. Was ever such an ass  
As this man is to my thought?

Don F. Oh, never such a pass  
As this to which I'm brought!

Don P. Is she not safe,  
And underneath your care?

Don F. Oh, yes, she's safe,  
Not underneath my care.

- Don P.* Confided to your charge,  
Should she be now at large,  
You have forfeited your head—  
Remember, I have said.
- Don F.* That can't be much to dread;  
For when I took the charge  
Of this runaway at large,  
'Twas then I lost my head.
- Don P.* If she be not secure,  
You shall hang sir.
- Don F.* What I?  
*Don P.* From the battlements high.  
*Don F.* What a drop, to be sure!  
*Don P.* You shall hang, sir.  
*Don F.* What, I?  
*Don P.* You shall hang—  
*Don F.* Very high.  
I shall hang very high.  
*Don P.* The crisis is nigh.  
*Don F.* He means I'm to die.  
*Don P.* Fortune favors my aim.  
*Don F.* I can't say the same.  
*Don P.* A throne I shall win.  
*Don F.* I a grave tumble in.  
*Don P.* So impatient am I.  
*Don F.* So affrighted am I.  
*Don P.* Was ever such an ass, &c.  
*Don F.* Was never such a pass, &c.

*Elvira, dressed as in Act I., having entered from door E., and overheard the last words between them, comes forward.*

*Elv.* Here I am.

*Don F.* [staring vacantly at her.] Eh, what—ha! ha!—why here—here, your highness, before your highness's own nose—ha! ha! I seem to have just contracted a new lease of existence. [*Aside.*] She must have come in through the keyhole, and just in the nick of time, too—estimable young female!

*During this speech Don Sallust enters from L., and speaks to Don Pedro.*

*Don P.* You are certain she has left for her palace at Leon?

*Don S.* I saw her enter the carriage myself.

*Elv.* [looking round.] Bless my stars, how beautiful everything is in these parts!

*Don P.* Come, say now, candidly, my pretty one, would you like to pass the remainder of your days in such a brilliant abode as this?

*Elv.* Well, I must confess it wouldn't be at all objectionable.

*Don P.* Have plenty of lacqueys to wait on you, and the choicest satins and silks to dress yourself?

*Elv.* Oh, that, indeed, would be delightful, for I am rather a coquette—but that's my only failing.

*Don S.* Then, a gilded coach to ride in.

*Elv.* Enchanting! for I confess I'm rather lazy—but that's the only fault I have.

*Don P.* To be obeyed by all around you.

*Elv.* Just what I should like, for I cannot bear contradiction: it

makes me fly immediately into a bad temper, and I'm very choleric—but that's all.

*Don S.* [*smiling.*] No doubt.

*Don F.* In fact, you see she possesses all the virtues that usually grace the female gender.

*Don P.* You are brave, determined, and able to second us in a grand enterprise.

*Elv.* [*proudly.*] Am I not an Arroganise, Senor?

*Don F.* And a little devil, too—capable of anything—that I'll answer for.

*Don P.* Well, then, listen—this is what we expect of you.

*Elv.* [*aside.*] At last.

*Don P.* Do you think you would have courage enough to personate a queen? It requires lofty bearing, courage—

*Don F.* And lots of other things.

*Elv.* Where there's a will, you know, there's a way. I'll try my best. I can do no more. [*Sings in rustic style.*]

I'm but a simple peasant maid,  
None e'er serv'd or me obey'd;  
My humble cot and woodland range  
I would not for a palace change.

[*Changing to a serious manner.*]

But were I queen, my smile should fall  
Where sorrow did for pity call;  
While on the haughty-brow'd and vain  
My frown should fix with fierce disdain;  
And they who called the world their own  
Must needs except my realm and throne.  
If treason dared to lift its head,  
An iron heel should on it tread.

[*Movement of Conspirators.*]

Still—still—still

I'm but a simple peasant maid,  
None e'er serv'd or me obey'd;  
My humble cot and woodland range  
I would not for a palace change.

I am a simple peasant maid—  
In my heart I'm much afraid  
That such great folks as you must be  
Will either frown or laugh at me.

[*Changing again.*]

If, loving more my crown than me,  
The Infant sought my lord to be.  
I'd say to him, dear coz, take care,  
Ambition should of falls beware;  
And he who seeks with me to wed,  
Will have, perchance, to lose his head;  
If to the throne your wishes tend,  
Then by the scaffold steps ascend.

Still—still—still

I'm but a simple peasant maid, &c.

*Don P.* 'Tis strange.

*Don S.* Hang me if she did not make me tremble.

*Don F.* I'm in a cold perspiration all over.

*Don P.* [*aside to Don S.*] Should we 'have been mistaken, and were it really the queen?

*Don S.* Folly, your highness! By this time the queen is a prisoner in her palace of Leon.

*Enter several Noblemen from gate L.; one places a letter in the hand<sup>s</sup> of Don Pedro, which he hastily glances over. Other Noblemen enter from gate R. and speak aside.*

*Don S.* No ill news, I hope.

*Don P.* Our plans have failed. Here Don Garcia states that 'twas the duchess he arrested in the queen's carriage, and that the queen has remained in this palace.

*Don S.* How are we act?

[*The Nobles gather round Don Pedro.*]

*Elv.* [*aside.*] What are they whispering about, I wonder?

*Don F.* I can now perfectly understand how the little peasant girl, who had slipped through my fingers so suddenly, turned up again.

*Don P.* Then she has not been in your safe-keeping the whole time?

*Don F.* Unluckily, no; but not by any fault of mine. Try to keep an eel between your finger and thumb, and see how long it will remain there.

*Don P.* [*aside to Nobles.*] Yes, we have been duped—'tis herself—the queen.

*Elv.* [*aside.*] Am I discovered?

#### FINALE.

*Chorus.* [*Conspirators aside to Don Pedro.*]

Fear not, though danger threaten you,  
Our lives we place at your command;  
The deed, whate'er it is, we'll do—  
Don Pedro's king of heart and hand.

*Elv.* What say they?

[*Don Pedro whispers to a Courtier, who exits, R.*]

*Don P.* Sweet one, understand

The chapel now they decorate,  
And soon the chaplain there shall wait  
For you.

*Elv.* The chaplain wait for me?

*Don P.* 'Tis my caprice to wed with thee.

*Elv.* What, you, my lord?

*Don P.* Yes—yes—thy charms

Enslave, and love my bosom warms.

*Don S.* No other female would refuse

So high an honor.

*Don F.* That is true.

*Elv.* Refusing, I've a good excuse.

*Don P.* Indeed—what's that?

*Elv.* I don't love you.

*The Three Dons.*

Take care—such union ne'er has been

But by the sovereign refused;

And if from it you'd be excused,

We then must take you for the queen.

*Elv.* What said they? take me for the queen!

*The Three Dons.*

You're in our power, and must obey.

- Or queen, or villager, now say  
Your choice with  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{me} \\ \text{him} \end{array} \right\}$  at once to wed,  
Or to a convent quick instead.
- Elv.* The snare is set. Alas! I fear  
For me there's no protector near.
- Man.* [*sings outside.*]  
I'm a simple muleteer, &c.
- Elv.* Ah! 'Tis his voice.
- Don P.* I recognize  
Our last night's friend, the muleteer,  
So rough and strange, but whose fond eyes  
Still bent on you love's lambent flame.  
It may be you love him as well?
- Elv.* Perhaps I'll not say no.
- Don P.* That time shall quickly tell.  
'Tis like you'll not rebel,  
Should I a husband bid you take.
- Elv.* Perhaps I'll not say no.
- Don P.* Ah! well, it shall be so.  
Call here the muleteer.  
His spouse this peasant queen shall make.
- [*A Courtier exits, L.*]
- Don F.* What is't you mean?
- Don P.* The pair to wed.  
My love, by jealousy, ne'er led  
A peasant girl—'tis but her fate  
A lowly muleteer to mate.  
But if the Queen of Spain she be,  
'Twill ruin her and raise up me.
- Elv.* By this marriage I gain  
Every hope that is dear,  
For an Infant of Spain  
I may wed without fear.
- The Three Dons.* By this marriage we gain  
Every hope that is dear,  
If the proud Queen of Spain  
Weds a poor muleteer.
- Manuel entering, L.
- Man.* What want you, pray?
- Don P.* Approach and learn:  
For you this maid with love doth burn;  
'Tis said that you her flame return;  
And so, as wife, I give her thee,  
If you are willing her to wed.
- Man.* What, I! this surely is some ruse.  
Wilt be my wife, as they have said?
- Elv.* Unless it be that you refuse.
- Man.* Refuse thee—no! To my fond soul  
No equal prize on earth doth seem;  
But if by force they thee control,  
Then vanishes my blissful dream.
- Elv.* No—with their choice I am content,  
And freely I have given consent.
- Man.* By this marriage I gain,  
But you suffer, I fear,

	Since the proud Queen of Spain Weds a poor muleteer.	[ <i>Apart.</i> ]
<i>Lords.</i>	By this marriage we gain Every hope that is dear, If the proud Queen of Spain Weds a poor muleteer.	} <i>Ensemble.</i>
<i>Elv.</i>	By this marriage I gain Every hope that is dear, For an Infant of Spain I may wed without fear.	

[*The gates, L., are thrown open. Marriage cortege enters. Bridesmaids bring wreath and veil on cushion, which they place on Elvira's head. Courtiers gather round Don Pedro and repeat*

## CHORUS.

Fear not—though danger threatens you,  
Our lives we place at your command;  
The deed, whate'er it is, we'll do—  
Fear not—we're yours with heart and hand.

[*At end of which (accompanied by organ), female voices without sing—*

Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pronobis.

[*A merry peal of bells heard. Don Pedro and Courtiers fall into line and salute Manuel and Elvira as they exit, R., followed by Bridesmaids, &c.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Queen's Oratory in the palace. Donna Carmen discovered seated.*

## SONG.

Though Love's the greatest plague in life  
To Madam Common-sense,  
Involving her in debt and strife,  
She can't with him dispense;  
For long ago he stole her heart,  
And when his tricks annoy,  
She frowns, but can't resolve to part—  
Oh, Love's a naughty boy!

Papa he's sure to disobey,  
And should mamma tell this,  
He hides the rod, or runs away,  
Till they call back to kiss:  
And though he only begs his keep  
When cares our thoughts employ,  
The little wretch won't go to sleep—  
Oh, Love's a naughty boy!

*Car.* It's but too true. Love! Love! what havoc you make—  
from the humble cottage to the regal palace!

*Enter Don Florio, in deep meditation.*

*Don F.* Is it, or is it not? To me it is the most unlikely possible probability that ever entered the head of a courtier to discuss—queen, or no queen—peasant, or no peasant.

*Car.* Don Florio, one of our greatest foes, but not one to be much dreaded; were he a type of the conspiracy, I think I could answer for its suppression myself.

*Don F.* Donna Carmen, a thousand pardons that I did not perceive you at once; but, really, such a discussion is going on in my brain at the present moment, that I hardly know on what part of my body my head is situated.

*Car.* [*curtseying.*] Such being the case, Don Florio, I will leave you to yourself, so that you may arrive at a speedy conclusion.

*Don F.* But one moment, I entreat. [*Aside.*] She may elucidate the point in question.

## DUET.

<i>Car.</i>	The queen my presence does require.	
<i>Don F.</i>	One word, I pray, or I expire;	
	Your confidence I wish to gain;	
	There's no one by—you may be plain.	
	To learn the secret she doth know,	} <i>Ensemble.</i>
	I'll take a tender air,	
	But once that secret she let's go,	
	Another shape I'll wear.	
<i>Car.</i>	To learn the secret I do know.	
	He'll take a tender air,	
	But if that secret I let go,	
	Another shape he'll wear.	
<i>Don F.</i>	Your confidence will make me proud,	
	But speak it low and small.	
<i>Car.</i>	I can't speak small—I must speak loud,	
	Or else not speak at all.	
<i>Don F.</i>	But when you give your confidence,	
	You surely would not bawl.	
<i>Car.</i>	To no man I give confidence	
	Save him I husband call.	
<i>Don F.</i>	Save him you husband call?	
<i>Car.</i>	Save him I husband call.	
<i>Don F.</i> [ <i>apart.</i> ]	She's noble and she's pretty, too—	
	A better wife I could not take.	
<i>Car.</i> [ <i>apart.</i> ]	He's very dull and silly, too—	
	A famous husband he will make.	
<i>Don F.</i> [ <i>apart.</i> ]	I'm sure that she the secret knows—	
	I am decided—I'll propose!	
	Most noble Donna Carmen, hear:	[ <i>To her.</i> ]
	I am a don and cavalier—	
	The marquis, too, of Santa Cruz—	
	Olmedo's count, and 'tis no ruse	
	To say I'm duke, and in Navarre	
	A prince. Yes, these my titles are;—	
	My hand I offer on my knee.	
<i>Car.</i>	What mean you, prince?	

- Don F.* To marry thee.  
*Car.* What, solemnly—with sacred vows?  
*Don F.* Yes, solemnly, I'll thee espouse.  
*Car.* You shall not in suspense be kept,  
 Your offer, prince, I do accept.
- Don F.* This is quick,  
 She is won!  
 Yes, the trick  
 I have done.  
 And am book'd now for life;  
 What a thing  
 To be sure  
 Is the ring  
 To secure  
 Either husband or wife.  
 I am chained now for life  
 To a duck of a wife.
- Car.* Far too quick  
 I was won,  
 If in trick  
 'Twas not done,  
 He were gull'd now for life!  
 What a thing,  
 To be sure,  
 Is the ring  
 To secure  
 Either husband or wife.  
 He were chain'd now for life  
 To a rogue of a wife.
- Don F.* This peasant bride, I prithee say?  
*Car.* So proud and haughty in her way,  
 A sovereign, surely, she has been.  
*Don F.* Oh then, no doubt, she is the queen!  
*Car.* Her rustic carriage, void of grace,  
 A village speaks her native place.  
*Don F.* Ah, then, a villager she is.  
*Car.* And yet a diadem would be  
 Well placed above her lovely face.  
*Don F.* Ah, then, she is the queen?  
*Car.* Dost think  
 The queen of Spain her fate would link  
 With any low-born muleteer?  
*Don F.* No! She is a villager, 'tis clear.  
*Car.* And yet it must the dullest strike,  
 That to the queen she's very like.  
*Don F.* Most like—shape, height, eyes, mouth and nose;  
 One thing the other does oppose,  
 And whether peasant-girl, or queen,  
 You leave me in a fog to guess,  
 I thought when you my spouse had been,  
 Your confidence my ears should bless.
- Car.* There is a difference, you know,  
 Between the bride elect and bride;  
 But when we're *one*, my tongue shall go  
 So fast, you'll wish, like *you*, 'twas tied.
- Don F.* Far too quick,  
 She was won,

What a trick  
I have done,  
To be hooked thus for life!  
What a thing,  
To be sure,  
Is a ring  
To secure  
Either husband or wife.  
I am chain'd now for life  
To a close tongue-tied wife.

*Car.* If too quick  
I was won,  
What a trick  
He has done,  
To be plagued throughout life.  
What a thing,  
To be sure,  
Is a ring to secure  
Either husband or wife.  
You are chained now for life  
To a shrewd, knowing wife.

*Enter an Usher.*

*Ush.* Pardon, Senora, might I address you a few words [*In a low voice*] in private.

*Car.* You permit, Don Florio?

*Don F.* Anything, my charmer. Consider me as null and void.

*Car.* [*aside to Usher.*] Your mission, Senor, and why all this secrecy?

*Ush.* [*producing letter.*] I have here a letter just arrived from the Infant of Castile, that must be conveyed immediately to her majesty; 'tis of the greatest importance, and knowing, Senora, how devoted you are to the queen, I have taken the liberty to place this missive in your hands.

*Car.* And right well you have chosen, Senor. [*Usher bows and exits.*] A letter from the Infant of Castile! what new mystery is this; what cause for letters now they are man and wife?

*Don F.* [*announcing pompously.*] His Imperial Highness, the Prince Don Pedro.

*Car.* I must instantly seek her majesty.

[*About to exit, when she meets Don P., who enters.*]

*Don P.* Her majesty cannot be seen.

*Car.* Not by me, her principal maid of honor?

*Don P.* By no one till she has resumed the proper habits and habilaments becoming her rank and title, which a foolish caprice caused her to abandon. She is attended by my sister, the princess, in person; your services will therefore not be required, Donna Carmen, till she is about to robe herself for an important ceremony which is about shortly to take place.

*Don F.* [*aside to him.*] The abdication?

*Don P.* [*aside.*] Yes.

*Car.* I obey, prince, since circumstances compel. [*Aside.*] By some means or other I must place this letter in her hand. [*Looking at Don P. and Don F.*] What a nice couple they are, to be sure. Oh, if I could only have my own way, wouldn't you hang high, sweet prince?  
[*Exit Carmen.*]

Usher enters at back.

Ush. Her majesty, the queen!

Don F. [*starting.*] The queen! Which of them?

Don P. What mean you?

Don F. Why I mean that, with peasant girls who are not peasant girls; and queens, who are not queens; in fact, I don't know what I do mean.

Don P. You are an ass, Don Florio.

Don F. Perhaps. I sincerely believe, myself, I am commencing a process of transmigration, and will eventually be classed among some species of that sort.

Enter Elvira dressed in her regal dress surrounded by Don Sallust and Nobles.

Elv. Many thanks, my noble señors—really you are too kind to me—I don't deserve it, indeed I don't.

[*The Nobles bow, she curtseys like a peasant.*]

Don F. Nay, your majesty—thanks to us.

Elv. Of course; haven't you assisted at my marriage and given me a charming husband? Ah! by the bye, where is my husband?

Don P. Your majesty will shortly again be united to him.

Elv. How happy I am to be his wife. [*To Don F.*] Now ain't he a handsome man, Señor, or Don. What you call yourself?

Don F. A magnificent animal! [*Aside to Don S.*] Nonsense, its not the queen.

Don P. Madam, pray cease this comedy, for with us 'twill be no longer of any avail.

Elv. Then you intend to make a real queen of me, and no jest?

Don P. Queen or no queen, your majesty will have to place her name to this paper.

Elv. And this paper is—

Don P. Your abdication.

Elv. My abdication, indeed! And now, Señors, were I seriously to assume the character you wish to enforce on me, and refuse to sign this paper.

Don P. We are fully prepared for such a proceeding, your majesty, and would instantly make public the degrading marriage to which we have all here been witness. Abdication, then, I believe, would become useless, on your majesty's part, for the laws of Spain—

Elv. I perfectly understand, and beg to compliment you on the masterly manner in which your plans have been laid, and as I can see no other course to pursue, I must submit to circumstances [*Aside*] for the moment.

Don P. [*to Nobles.*] At last. No doubt your majesty will object that I should place guards at the door of this chamber whilst I summon the council to receive the abdication of the Queen of Leon.

Elv. In favor of her cousin, Don Pedro de Salamanca, Prince of San Fernando, duc D'Oliveria, &c., &c.

Don P. [*with irony.*] For a simple peasant girl, your majesty seems to have a profound knowledge of my titles and pedigree.

Elv. [*with same tone.*] You forget, noble cousin, that the peasant will shortly be a queen.

Don P. [*same tone.*] Unluckily, your majesty will not long occupy the throne.

Elv. [*same tone.*] Ah! but when I consider how well my place will be filled, that, at least, will be a consolation.

Don P. [*angrily.*] Come, Señors. [*Exits at back with Nobles.*]

## RECITATIVE.

*Elv.* At last I am the sovereign here,  
No further danger need I fear;  
A queen, and in my palace free,  
All traitors now must bow to me.

## ARIA.

Oh joyous, happy day!  
Since Hymen consecrates  
The comedy we play,  
Uniting our blest fates.  
A prince my queenly prize,  
Though called a muleteer,  
His motive for disguise  
To me, shall soon appear.  
Oh, come, beloved lord,  
That I may read thy heart,  
And spell it word for word,  
For we must never part.  
Oh joyous, happy day!

*Enter Manuel at side door.*

*Man.* The queen.

*Elv.* 'Tis he—how my heart beats.

*Man.* At length we are alone.

*Elv.* [*aside.*] Now that we are married in good earnest, I suppose he intends to resume his title and put an end to this masquerade. [*Aloud, after a pause.*] Well, Manuel—Senor, I mean—is it in this manner you intend to treat your bride, by keeping at such a distance from her—surely I don't frighten you?

*Man.* Nay, your majesty, but all that has passed within the last few hours seems to me like a celestial dream.

*Elv.* No doubt in the presence of others; but now that we are alone, quite alone, you can divulge all freely, and open your heart to me without fear of interruption.

*Man.* Open my heart, your majesty?

*Elv.* Oh, yes, that's all very well—but the secret.

*Man.* The secret, your majesty? Your pardon, but there is some mystery here—I own I cannot comprehend, and I have tried in vain to unravel. How is it the queen of Leon should have so condescended to choose for her husband a humble and low-born-muleteer?

*Elv.* Simply because the humble and low-born muleteer, as he styles himself, has contrived to win the Queen of Leon's heart; that, in fact, despite his disguise she had discovered in him the Infant of Castile.

*Man.* I!

*Enter Carmen.*

*Car.* Your Majesty.

*Elv.* Speak freely my gentle Carmen; no secrets are needed now.

*Car.* Here is a letter that a faithful messenger has just placed in my hands, to be conveyed immediately to your majesty.

*Elv.* [*breaks seal, and reading signature.*] From the Infant of Castile!

*Man.* [*aside.*] Now for it, the crisis has at last arrived.

*Elv.* [*after having hastily glanced over the letter.*] Great heavens!

what do I read? The Infant married! And here he writes himself to avow the truth, and to palliate his breach of engagement.

*Car.* Well, then, this muleteer is a bona fide one after all.

*Elv.* [*sinking into a chair.*] A muleteer my husband! Lost—lost—past all hope.

*Man.* Ah, then, it was the Infant of Castile you thought to wed. It was with him you would share the throne of Leon. It was to the shadow of a great name you gave your heart—but as the muleteer you ne'er had loved me. Farewell, madam.

*Elv.* Stay, stay.

*Man.* No, no—my dream is over.

#### BALLAD.

'Twas rank and fame that tempted thee,  
'Twas Empire charm'd thy heart,  
But love was wealth—the world to me—  
Then, false one, let us part.  
The prize I fondly deem'd my own,  
Another's now may be;  
Oh, yes! with Love, life's gladness flown,  
Leaves grief alone to me.

Though lowly bred and humbly born,  
No loftier heart than mine,  
Unlov'd by thee, my pride would scorn  
To share the crown that's thine.  
I sought no empire, save the heart,  
Which mine can never be.  
Yes, false one, we had better part,  
Since love lives not in thee.

*Elv.* Stay, Manuel; judge not thus of woman's heart. No power on earth shall separate us now. I pledged to you my faith as the simple muleteer, and prince or no prince my heart is and ever will be yours.

*Man.* [*falling on his knees.*] Oh, rapture! then will I still live to shield you, and to crush your enemies.

*Don Pedro enters at back and perceives Manuel on his knees to Elvira.*

*Don P.* Charming. Long live the happy couple. Your majesty, the council awaits your royal pleasure.

*Elv.* Great Heaven, how shall I act?

*Man.* [*standing, and with a proud bearing.*] In the name of your ancestors, madam, meet your council, and as a queen should, and place your faith in heaven.

*Enter Don Sallust, Don Florio and several Nobles.*

*Don P.* May it please your royal majesty to precede us. [*Aside to Elvira.*] And above all remember—

*Elv.* [*proudly.*] Fear not, cousin. The Queen of Leon will not forget the many obligations due to you.

[*Exit Elvira, followed by Nobles.*]

*Don P.* We triumph. We are marching onward—onward to the pinnacle of success.

*Man.* [*aside.*] That, time shall best answer. [*Exit Manuel.*]

## RECITATIVE.

*Don P.* Comrades and friends, your services to-day,  
As King Don Pedro nobly shall repay.  
The hour is at hand—not Fate can now oppose,  
Of Empire sure, I trample on my foes.

## AIR.

Hark! hark! methinks I hear  
The clarion sounding near,  
With bold, defiant voice,  
It bids my friends rejoice.  
The hearts of foes shall fear  
Their monarch's sword and spear;  
For Fortune, smiling now,  
Doth diadem my brow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Throne of the Palace.* Elvira, Carmen, Don Pedro  
Don Florio, Don Sallust, Nobles, Grandees of Spain, Court Ladies  
and Populace.

## CHORUS.

Assembling all, great sovereign,  
Your summons we obey,  
To willing servants, noble queen,  
Your gracious purpose say.

*Elv.* Grandees and nobles, people, too, of Spain,  
The cause of your assemblage I'll explain.  
To you 'twas needful publicly to own  
My solemn abdication of the throne.

*All.* She abdicates.

*Don P.*

'Tis marvellous!

*Don S.*

But good.

*Don F.*

We're marching forward.

*Elv.*

Be it understood

This abdication doth Don Pedro seek.  
Yes, my dethronement would please him alone,  
This abdication I will never speak,  
Nor shall a traitor e'er ascend my throne.

*Don P.*

Indeed!

*Don S.*

What's this?

*Don F.*

We're marching back 'tis clear.

*Elv.*

The traitors that surround I do not fear,  
For justice quickly shall their aims confound.

*Don P.*

Ah, justice said you. Be it so. That ground  
I take, and justice claim against the queen,  
Who, by her marriage, has dishonored been.

*All.*

Her marriage!

*Don P.*

Yes; and if we now demand

Her abdication, 'tis because her hand  
She gave a muleteer some hours gone by.

*All.*

A muleteer!

*Manuel coming forward from crowd, enveloped in a cloak.*

*Man.*

That muleteer am I!

*Elv.*

What means he now?

*Mun.*

That marriage I proclaim,

But by the queen 'twas not proposed to shame  
Her people, or herself abase, for she  
The Infant of Castile supposed in me.

*Don S.*  
*Man.*

The Infant has already married been.  
He has; but still a king's word, giv'n the queen,  
Must ransom'd be.

*Don P.*  
*Man.*

The king will come too late.  
'Tis false, Don Pedro—false—now hear thy fate.

## SONG.

When the King of Castile pledged his word,  
The king's honor its guardian became  
And his brother's deception when heard  
Brought him anger, but could not bring shame.  
Dark conspiracy sought the queen's woe,  
By the marriage, it joys to reveal,  
The result is its own overthrow—  
Traitors! I am the King of Castile!  
Yes, the muleteer's King of Castile!

*[Throws off cloak, and discovers himself, attired in regal dress.]*

*Man.* To your knees, traitors! plead now for life on your knees!  
And their fate, my fair queen, you will please to ordain.  
*Elv.* I ordain—I ordain—neither sorrow nor pain.

## FINALE.—ANDANTE.

Oh, no, by fortune bless'd,  
I cannot speak despair,  
My heart would feel distress'd  
E'en by a foeman's care.

## CHORUS.

Long life to our king and queen!

THE END.

# FRAGRANT SOZODONT

Hardens and invigorates the Gums, Purifies and Perfumes the Breath, Cleanses, Beautifies and Preserves the Teeth, from Youth to Old Age.

Imparts a cool and delightfully refreshing taste and feeling to the mouth, arrests at once the progress of decay, and whitens such parts as have already become black by decay.

It is perfectly free from all acids or other ingredients, having the least tendency to injure the enamel.

This popular Dentifrice is now used and recommended by many of the first Dentists, as well as by many of the most eminent Divines, Physicians, and Scientific gentlemen of the day.

---

SOLD BY

DRUGGISTS AND PERFUMERS EVERYWHERE.

---

Hall & Ruckel, Proprietors.

NEW YORK.

**CHICKERING & SONS**

MANUFACTURERS OF

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT

**Pianos**

**WARE ROOMS,**

No. 652 Broadway,  
New York.

No. 246 Washington  
St., Boston.

BALF 2