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GIRL

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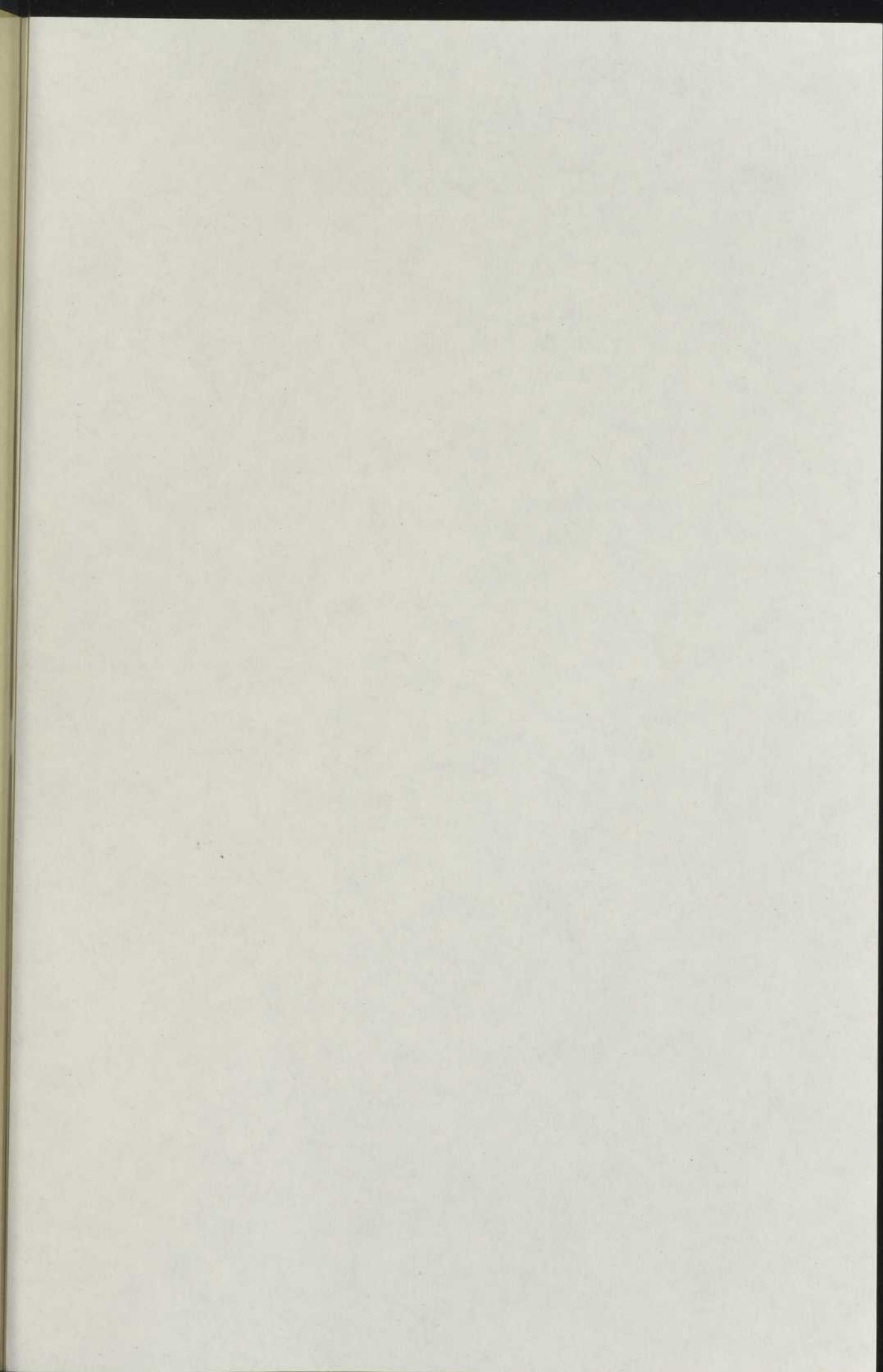
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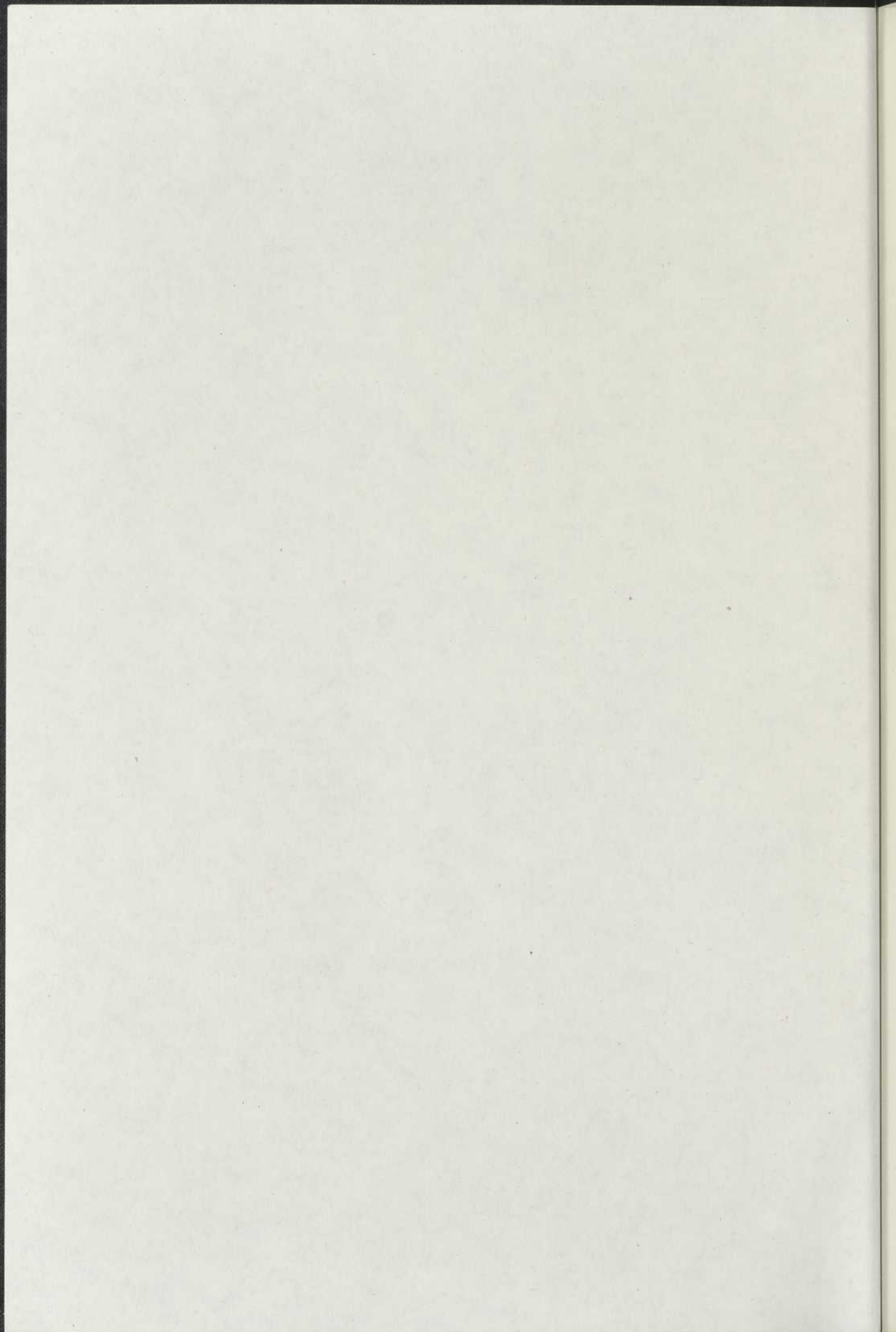


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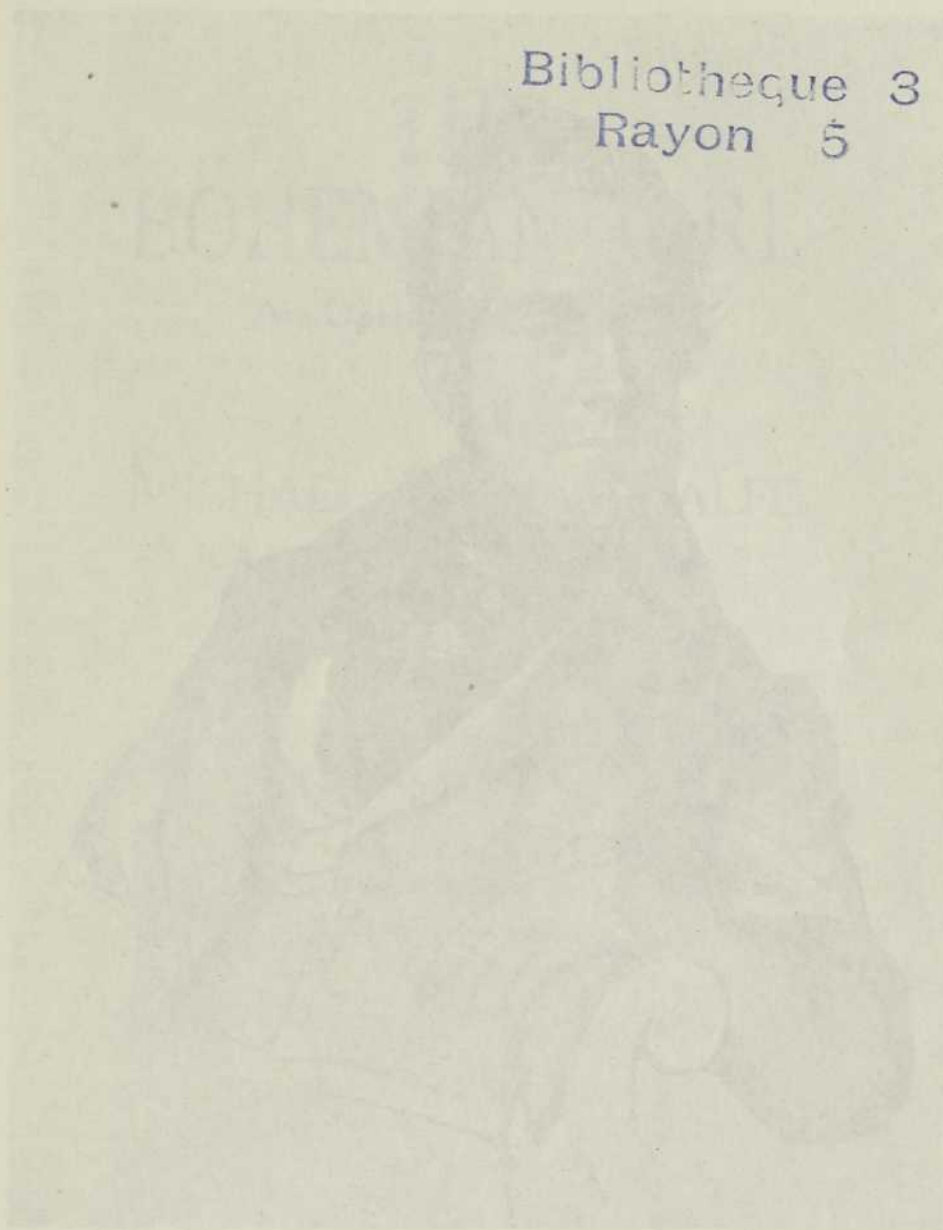




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W. W. Balg

1808—1870

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL

An Opera in Three Acts

By

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE

The Libretto by

ALFRED BUNN

The Music Revised by

MAX SPICKER

With a Critical and
Historical Essay by

RICHARD ALDRICH



G. SCHIRMER, Inc., NEW YORK

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL

Characters of the Drama

COUNT ARNHEIM, Governor of Presburg	Baritone
THADDEUS, a proscribed Pole	Tenor
FLORESTEIN, nephew of the Count	Tenor
DEVILSHOOF, Chief of the Gipsies	Bass
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD	Bass
AN OFFICER	Tenor
ARLINE, daughter of the Count	Soprano
BUDA, her attendant	Soprano
QUEEN OF THE GIPSIES	Soprano

Chorus of Gipsies, Huntsmen, Guests, etc.

THE SCENE IS LAID IN PRESBURG AND ENVIRONS

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL

GRAND OPERA IN THREE ACTS

Words by ALFRED BUNN

Music by

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE

First Performed at Her Majesty's Theatre, Drury Lane, London,
November 27, 1843, with the Following Cast :

ARLINE,	Soprano,	MISS ROMER
GIPSY QUEEN,	Contralto,	MISS BETTS
THADDEUS,	Tenor,	MR. HARRISON
DEVILSHOOF,	Bass,	MR. STRETTON
COUNT ARNHEIM,	Bass,	MR. BORRANI
FLORESTEIN,	Tenor,	MR. DURNSET

The Bohemian Girl

There seems to be a hopeless disagreement between the critics and the public as to "The Bohemian Girl." Few operas have been so generally faulted, both by the reviewers for the press at the time of its production and by more deliberate critical writers since; yet not many English operas have had a greater measure of success, as success is measured—by popularity. After the lapse of near sixty years, Balfe's work is still one of the indispensable resources of the manager who wishes to give English opera, and its title is one to conjure with. It may not live to reach the span of a century—to which, as has been truly observed, only a very few masterworks of the greatest geniuses have ever attained—and, indeed, it has long been a stranger to the aristocratic opera houses of the world's capitals. But that it has survived nearly two generations of opera-goers, and still keeps its place in the hearts of a great section of the public, are facts that must be reckoned with as denoting a vitality not given to many works of its class. Balfe was no great musician; he had not even the instinct for dramatic music, nor much artistic conscience; but he had a remarkable fund of invention

of a certain sort, the practical knowledge of writing fluently for the voice, and the power of producing melodies of the kind that fasten themselves deep in the popular heart.

To trace the origin of "The Bohemian Girl" leads us far back into the literary history of Europe. Balfe's libretto was devised by Alfred Bunn, the erratic London operatic manager, who learned through his ventures with English and Italian opera more ways of spelling ruin than it falls to the lot of most, even of his profession, to learn. He was the author of a number of librettos for English operas, produced in London during the period of his activity there, deriving his inspiration almost altogether from French models. This was the case with "The Bohemian Girl." Its theme was taken directly from the French ballet, "La Gipsy," produced in Paris in 1839, and constructed by the Marquis de Saint-Georges, first of French librettists after Scribe, and collaborator with many of the French composers of the day—in this instance with three, Benoist, Ambroise Thomas and Marliani. According to Mr. Sutherland Edwards, however, "The Bohemian Girl" is not only identical in subject with "La Gipsy," but is a translation of an unpublished opera founded on that ballet, and written also by the Marquis de Saint-Georges. The English version is evidently called "The Bohemian Girl" because the Marquis de Saint-Georges entitled his "La Bohémienne," which means "The Gipsy Girl," and has nothing to do with Bohemia, either the country or that strange section of society that has appropriated its name. Mr. Bunn seems to have mistaken the meaning of the title, and having suggested several others (including "Thaddeus of Warsaw," which was obviously misleading, through its connection with a once popular novel upon an entirely different subject), settled upon "The Bohemian Girl," as being an exact translation, though the heroine of his story is not a Bohemian, and Bohemia is in no way suggested in it. For his ballet as well as his opera, M. de Saint-Georges had gone to Cervantes. The Spanish master published his "Novelas Exemplares" in 1613, some years after his great masterpiece, "Don Quixote." These, says one of his biographers, are a collection of tales of very various character, which are the true originals, in the modern literature of Europe, of the novel or story of real life, with plot, scenery, character and local color. "In the charming story of 'La Gitanilla' is to be found the germ of all the Gipsy romances, poems and operas that have since delighted the world." Of these last there are indeed many; though we need mention now only the play, "Preciosa," to which Weber wrote an overture and some incidental music. This was derived directly from the same story by Cervantes that has furnished the substance of "The Bohemian Girl."

That the story underwent much modification before it reached the stage as an English opera, may easily be imagined. Preciosa, in Cervantes' "exemplary novel," "La Gitanilla" ("The Gipsy Girl"), is a member of a Gipsy band and is under the special charge of an alleged aunt. Don Juan, a young nobleman of Madrid, falls so violently in love with the girl that he gives up his family and joins the band of Gipsies as her affianced husband. In the course of their travels a young woman of the country becomes enamored of Don Juan and wishes to marry him, but being repulsed, accuses him of theft,

having previously put a number of her jewels with his belongings. The evidence being thus against him, he is imprisoned; and having struck down a soldier of the guard, who insults him, is charged with murder. Preciosa goes to the house of the governor of the province to intercede for him. The Gipsy aunt, seeing no other way to extricate Don Juan, also repairs thither with a casket of jewels as proof of the revelation which she then makes, that Preciosa is the governor's daughter. A birthmark upon the girl's shoulder and a peculiar web between two of her toes complete the identification. She refuses, however, to give up Don Juan; and when the latter proves his noble birth and his true rank, their marriage takes place.

The incidents of Balfe's opera are supposed to occur in Hungary. Preparations for a hunt are in progress upon the grounds of Count Arnheim, governor of Presburg. The Count, with his daughter, Arline, and his effeminate nephew, Florestein, depart upon this errand, when Thaddeus, a Polish exile and fugitive, appears, in flight from the Austrian soldiers. Then comes a troop of Gipsies, headed by Devilshoof, who hears Thaddeus's story and induces him to join them. At this juncture Florestein and some of the hunters return in quest of Arline, who has been attacked by a stag. It falls to Thaddeus to rescue her, whereupon he is overwhelmed by the gratitude of the Count and invited to join the festivities that are to ensue. At the banquet he refuses to toast the Austrian Emperor, and the guests are about to seize him, when Devilshoof interferes, and is arrested instead. Thaddeus departs, and the Gipsy immediately escapes, taking Arline with him.

Twelve years now elapse, during which the Count has given up his daughter for lost. She has been living with the Gipsies, of whose band Thaddeus has also become a member. Their camp in a street of Presburg is disclosed in the second act. Waiting in quest of plunder under the lead of Devilshoof, the Gipsies capture a prisoner who is none other than Count Arnheim's nephew, Florestein. He is despoiled of his jewelry, including a medallion, which is appropriated by Devilshoof. They again disappear, and Arline, who has been asleep during this episode, awakes, to tell Thaddeus, who has been watching her, of her dream, in the aria, "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls." Thaddeus then discloses to her the fact that the scar on her arm was inflicted by the stag from which he rescued her; but he does not enlighten her as to her birth and family. He declares his love for her, and is then and there united to her, in accordance with the customs of the tribe, by the Gipsy Queen, who appears at this moment. She, however, vows vengeance secretly upon the pair as she performs the rite, for she is herself in love with Thaddeus. The scene changes, and we see the Gipsy band as a part of the throng at a fair in the streets of Presburg. Florestein also makes his appearance in the crowd, and, being taken by the appearance of Arline, addresses her, which she vigorously resents. The Queen, recognizing in Florestein the owner of the medallion, gives it to Arline, ostensibly to reward her for her spirit, really with the purpose of brewing trouble. The trouble comes when Florestein sees the trinket upon Arline's neck, and charges her with its theft. In defending her Thaddeus is arrested with her. Again the scene

changes. Count Arnheim is in his apartment in the Hall of Justice, and gives utterance to his grief at the loss of his daughter in the aria, "The Heart Bowed Down with Weight of Woe." Arline is brought before him for trial. He sees the scar on her arm and asks its origin. Arline repeats the story Thaddeus has recently told her, whereupon the Count recognizes her as his lost daughter.

In the third act Arline is found restored to her father's home, but still true to her love for Thaddeus. Her lover comes to her for an interview, with the aid and companionship of Devilshoof, and tells her again of his love in the song, "When Other Lips and Other Hearts." They are interrupted by the approach of a large company of guests; Thaddeus conceals himself, and Devilshoof escapes. In the midst of the festivities the Gipsy Queen arrives, closely veiled for disguise, and reveals the presence of Thaddeus. He is dragged forth from his hiding-place and ordered to leave the house. Arline declares her love for him, proclaims her purpose to follow him, and implores her father to relent. Thaddeus proudly claims equality with the Count, through his noble Polish ancestry, which he celebrates in the song "When the Fair Land of Poland." The Count yields and gives his daughter to Thaddeus. The Queen, transported with jealous rage, causes one of the Gipsies to fire at him as he is embracing Arline, but Devilshoof is at hand, and, seizing the weapon, averts the bullet from Thaddeus. It kills the Queen instead. At this opportune moment the curtain falls.

With all the change of surroundings and of incident, the few fundamental elements of the story of "The Bohemian Girl" are easily traced in Cervantes' tale.

In 1841, Balfe, who had already composed a number of operas for the London stage, undertook the duties of a manager, with the purpose of establishing English opera in the capital. For this he wrote and produced, with his wife in the leading rôle, the opera "Keolanthe," and had already made considerable progress on the music of "The Bohemian Girl." The operatic enterprise, however, came to an abrupt end within a few weeks, and Balfe, seeing better prospects in Paris, betook himself thither, having deposited the manuscript of his unfinished opera with a London music publisher. The promises of Paris were realized, and Balfe had the honor of being called upon by the mighty Scribe to furnish the music to a French opera, "Le Puits d'Amour." For this he appears to have used several of the pieces originally incorporated into "The Bohemian Girl." At all events, when he returned to London, in 1843, he recurred to this work, and revised it thoroughly, adding several new numbers to take the place of those used for the French opera. Bunn, after one of his periodical bankruptcies, had returned again to Her Majesty's Theatre, Drury Lane, as its manager. He wanted an English opera, and found what he wanted in "The Bohemian Girl," for which he himself had written the book a few years before. The production took place on November 27, 1843, under the musical direction of Julius Benedict. Its success was immediate, though, as we have intimated, the newspaper critics did not hesitate to point out its defects upon both the musical and dramatic sides.

The fame of "The Bohemian Girl" soon spread to other countries. The first city to hear it outside of London was New York, in 1844. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Seguin had been singing in this city for a number of years, beginning their long and honorable participation in the early operatic history of the United States. They returned from a visit to England in the autumn of 1844 with a score of Balfe's new work, and brought it out at the Park Theatre—then the principal playhouse of the metropolis—on November 25. The performance, which was under the musical direction of Mr. Chubb, was given with the following cast:

ARLINE (Act 1),	MISS DYOTT
ARLINE (Acts 2 and 3),	MRS. SEGUIN
GIPSY QUEEN,	MRS. KNIGHT
THADDEUS,	MR. FRAZER
DEVILSHOOF,	MR. SEGUIN
COUNT ARNHEIM,	MR. A. ANDREWS
FLORESTEIN,	MR. S. PEARSON

No explanation is given in the contemporary records of the division of the part of Arline between two singers. The production was "the operatic success of the period," according to Mr. Richard Grant White, quite eclipsing the Italian opera that was in progress at Palmo's Theatre in Chambers Street. The whole town fell to singing, whistling and grinding on the barrel-organ the principal airs from it. It soon reached Germany, and performances of it were given in Hamburg, under the title of "La Gitana," and in other cities. In 1850 it was produced in Vienna as "Die Zigeunerin," by a M. Pokorny, at a new theatre, the Wieden. The next year Balfe himself was invited thither to conduct a performance of his opera, which took place with much enthusiasm; Staudigl, the famous basso, being in the cast. In 1858, an Italian version of the work, under the title of "La Zingara," was brought out at Drury Lane, in London, with Piccolomini in the cast as Arline, and Alboni as the Gipsy Queen. According to Henry F. Chorley, it "was received with a triumph which had never been exceeded even in the days of the Catalani;" with "applause from the many loud enough to rend the heavens." For the spoken dialogue recitative was substituted in the Italian version, as was the case in the French, eleven years later. This was given at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris, with the title of "La Bohémienne," on December 30, 1869, under the direction of Pasdeloup. The translation was by the inevitable Marquis de Saint-Georges, who recast and extended the opera to five acts, while Balfe wrote several additional numbers for it. The cast included MM. Montjauze, Lutz and Becquié, and Mlles. Wertheimber, and Brunet Lafleur. Here, too, the opera made a great popular success. Balfe, who was in Paris to superintend the production, was a hero of the hour; he received the cross of the Legion of Honor from Napoleon III., and was made Commander of the Order of Carlos III. by the Regent of Spain.

RICHARD ALDRICH

NEW YORK, June 9, 1902.

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The château and grounds of COUNT ARNHEIM, on the Danube, near Presburg. On one side, the principal entrance to the castle; opposite is a statue of the Emperor, above which a party is employed raising the Austrian flag.

[On the rising of the curtain, the Retainers of COUNT ARNHEIM are discovered preparing for the chase.]

CHORUS.

Up with the banner, and down with
the slave
Who shall dare to dispute the right,
Wherever its folds in their glory wave,
Of the Austrian Eagle's flight;
Its pinion flies
Free in the skies,
As that of the airy king,
Thro' danger fleets
As heart that beats
Beneath his plumed wing.

[After they have fixed the flag they all come forward.]

Now the foeman lies low, and the
battle-field's won,
We may honor in peace what in war
we have done.

The stirring chase, the festive
board,
The varied charms which each
afford,
Shall day and night beguile;
And care shall be drowned in that
glass
Which nothing on earth can sur-
pass
But a lovely woman's smile.

Then up with the banner, &c.

[At the end of the Chorus, COUNT ARNHEIM and FLORESTEIN enter from château (S.E.L.), followed by various neighboring Nobles, Pages, Huntsmen, &c., and his child, ARLINE, attended by BUDA, &c.]

SOLO.

COUNT.

A soldier's life
Has seen of strife
In all its forms so much,
That no gentler theme
The world will deem
A soldier's heart can touch.

CHORUS.

HUNTERS.

Away to the hill and glen,
Where the hunter's belted men
With bugles shake the air.

CHORUS.

RETAINERS.

Hail to the lord of our soil!
Hail! hail!

[The COUNT, after bowing to his friends, sees ARLINE and takes her in his arms.]

Cou.—Ah! who can tell, save he who
feels
The care a parent's love re-
veals,
How dear, fond thing, thou
art
To this lone, widow'd heart!

CHO.—Away to the hill and glen, &c.

[During this, a Retainer brings down (R.) a rifle to FLORESTEIN, who puts it away from him. COUNT ARNHEIM exit into château. Nobles and Hunters ascend rocks and exeunt. ARLINE petitions BUDA to let her accompany them, and goes off by a footpath, at side of rocks, with her and FLORESTEIN.

[Enter THADDEUS, breathless and exhausted, in a state of great alarm.

THA.—A guard of Austrian soldiers are on my track, and I can no longer elude their vigilance. An exile from my wretched country, now a prey to the inveterate invader, my only hope is in some friendly shelter. (*Sees the statue of the Emperor.*) Ah! that tells me I am here on the very threshold of our enemies!

RECITATIVE.

THADDEUS.

Without friends, and without a home, my country, too! yes, I'm exiled from thee! What fate awaits me here, now? Pity, Heav'n! oh, calm my despair!

CAVATINA.

'Tis sad to leave our fatherland,
And friends we there loved well,
To wander on a stranger strand,
Where friends but seldom dwell.
Yet, hard as are such ills to bear,
And deeply though they smart,
Their pangs are light to those who are
The orphans of the heart!

Oh, if there were one gentle eye
To weep when I might grieve,
One bosom to receive the sigh
Which sorrow oft will heave;
One heart the ways of life to cheer,
Though rugged they might be,
No language can express how dear
That heart would be to me!

[At the end of song, a troop of Gipsies, headed by DEVILSHOOF, their leader, suddenly appear (R.), and are about to seize and rob THADDEUS; but presuming by his dress that he is a soldier, they stop and examine him.

CHORUS.

In the Gipsy's life you read
The life that all would like to lead.
Sometimes under roof and sometimes
thrown
Where the wild wolf makes his lair;
For he who's no home to call his own
Will find a home somewhere.

'Tis the maxim bold of man,
What's another's prize to claim;
Then to keep all he can:
We Gipsies do the same!
Thus a habit once, 'tis custom grown,
Every man will take care,
If he has no home to call his own,
To find a home somewhere.

THA.—The sight of these wanderers has inspired me with a project. (*To DEV.*) Your manner and habit please me. I should like to join your band. I am young, strong, and have, I hope, plenty of courage.

DEV.—Who are you?

THA.—One without money, without home, and without hope.

DEV.—You're just the fellow for us, then!

GIP. (*who is on the lookout on rock, R.*).
—Soldiers are coming this way.

THA.—'Tis I they are in search of.

DEV.—Indeed! then they'll be cunning if they find you.

[In a moment they strip the soldier's dress off THADDEUS, and as they are putting on a Gipsy's frock, &c., over him, a roll of parchment, with seal attached, falls at the feet of DEVILSHOOF, who seizes it.

DEV.—What's this?

THA.—My commission! It is the only thing I possess on earth, and I will never part with it.

[Snatches it, conceals it in his bosom, and has just time to mix himself with the Gipsies, when a body of the Emperor's soldiers enter in pursuit.

OFF. (*scrutinizing Gipsies*).—Have you seen anyone pass this way—any stranger?

DEV.—No one—stay—yes; a young Polish soldier ran by just now, and passed up those rocks.

OFF.—That's he—thanks, friend!—Forward! [*Exeunt soldiers up rocks.*]

DUET AND CHORUS.

DEV.—Comrade, your hand,
We understand
Each other in a breath.
[*Shaking his hand.*]
This grasp secures
Its owner yours,
In life, and until death.

THA.—The scenes and days to me,
Which seemed so blest to be,
No time can e'er restore.

CHO.—In the Gipsy's life you read, &c.

THA.—My wants are few—

DEV.—Want we ne'er knew,
But what we could supply.

THA.—Then, what is worse,
I have no purse!

DEV.—We nothing have to buy.

THA.—My heart 'twill wring—

DEV.—That is a thing
In which we never deal.

THA.—But all I need—

DEV.—'Twere best indeed
To borrow, beg, or steal.

CHO.—In the Gipsy's life you read, &c.

DEV.—Then rest you here while
we explore
What luck there is in store.

THA.—The scenes and days to me,
Which seemed so blest to be,
No time can e'er restore.

Ensemble.

CHO.—In the Gipsy's life you read, &c.

[*All exeunt R.—Loud shouts and alarms are heard, which become more and more distinct, when a body of Huntsmen are seen to cross the tree over the rocks, &c., and exeunt by the path where ARLINE, &c., went off. Alarms continue, when FLORESTEIN rushes in, apparently frightened to death.*]

SONG.

FLO.—Is no succor near at hand?
For my intellect so reels,
I am doubtful if I stand
On my head or on my heels.
No gentleman, it's very clear,
Such a shock should ever
know,
And when once I become a peer,
They shall not treat me so!
Then let every vassal arm,
For my thanks he well
deserves,
Who from this state of alarm
Will protect my shattered
nerves!
To think that one unused to fear
Such a fright should ever
know!
And when once I become a peer,
They shall not treat me so!

[*At end of song, THADDEUS and Peasantry rush in, evincing the greatest alarm and terror.*]

THA.—What means this alarm?

PEA.—The Count's child and her attendant have been attacked by an infuriated animal, and are probably killed ere this!

THA.—What do I hear?

[*He perceives the rifle that FLORESTEIN has left on the stage, utters an exclamation, seizes it, runs up the rocks, aims, fires, and instantly rushes off. The discharge of the rifle, and the alarm of the Peasantry, bring COUNT ARNHEIM and his party to the spot. DEVILSHOOF enters at one side at the same time, watching.*]

COU.—Whence proceed these sounds of fear, and where is my darling child?

[*All maintain a painful silence, when THADDEUS is seen rushing in, conveying ARLINE, who is wounded in the arm, and seems faint.*]

BUD. (*falling at the COUNT's feet*).—We were pursued by the wild deer they were chasing, and but for the bravery of this young man (*pointing to THA.*) the life of your child would have been sacrificed.

COU. (*clasping his child in his arms*).—Praised be Providence! her life is saved, for she is all that renders mine happy (*Looking at her arm, then addressing BUDA.*) Let her wound have every attention, though it presents no sign of danger.

[BUDA goes into the castle with ARLINE, and COUNT ARNHEIM advances to THADDEUS.

Stranger, accept the hand of one who, however different from you in station, can never sufficiently thank you for the services you have rendered him.

DEV. (*aside*).—First to serve, and then be thanked by the persecutor of his country. *The fellow's mad!

COU.—I trust you will remain, and join the festivities we are about to indulge in; and 'twill gratify me to hear how I can be useful to you.

THA.—I thank your lordship; but—

COU. (*to the Nobles*).—Pray, my friends, join your entreaties to mine.

[*Here the Nobles all surround the COUNT and THADDEUS, and FLORESTEIN, coming up to him, says—*

FLO.—I'm extremely oblig'd to you for not shooting me as well as my little cousin—and I beg you'll—aw—stay—(*aside*)—A very common sort of personage, apparently.

THA. (*to the COUNT*).—Be it as your lordship wishes.

COU.—Then be seated, friends, and let the fête begin.

[*They all seat themselves at the tables, which have previously been laid on the o.p. opposite the castle. THADDEUS takes his seat at the farther end, FLORESTEIN occupying a prominent position. When they are seated, a variety of dances are introduced, during which BUDA is seen at one of the windows, holding on her knee the child, whose arm is bound up. At the termination of the dancing the COUNT rises.*

COU.—I ask you to pledge but once, and that is to the health and long life of your Emperor.

[*Here the Guests fill their glasses, rise, and turning towards the statue of the Emperor, drink, while the Peasantry surround it respectfully. THADDEUS alone keeps his seat, on perceiving which, FLORESTEIN goes up to the COUNT, and points it out to him.*

FLO.—Your new acquaintance, my dear uncle, is not overburdened with politeness or loyalty, for he neither fills his glass nor fulfils your wishes.

COU. (*filling a glass, and going up to THADDEUS*).—I challenge you to empty this to the health of our Emperor.

THA. (*taking the glass*).—I accept the challenge, and thus I empty the goblet.

[*Goes up to the statue and throws down the glass with the utmost contempt. A general burst of indignation follows.*

CHORUS OF GUESTS.

Who rise, draw their swords, and rush towards THADDEUS.

Down with the daring slave
Who disputes the right
Of a peoples delight,
And would their anger brave!

COU. (*To the Nobles and Guests, interposing between them and THADDEUS*).—

Although 'tis vain to mask
The rage such act demands,
Forgive me if I ask
His pardon at your hands;
If from your wrath I venture to have
craved
The life of one, my more than life who
saved.

(*To THA.*)—Stranger, I answer not
One moment for your
life;
Quit, while you may, a
spot
Where you have raised
a strife.

Your longer presence will more excite,
And this will the service you did me
requite!

[Throws THADDEUS a purse of gold.
DEVILSHOOF rushes in.

DEV.—Where's the hand will dare to
touch
One hair of him I prize so much!
[Taking the hand of THADDEUS.

(To Cou.)—That pulse of pride you
boast
Within me beats as high;
You and your titled host,
Proud lord. I do defy!

FLO. (*Aside, with a glass in one hand and
a leg of a bird in the other*).—
Upon my life, 'tis most unpleasant,
Just as one had attack'd a pheasant.

[THADDEUS, who had taken up the purse,
and seeing himself and DEVILSHOOF
surrounded by the Nobles and Guests,
throws the purse at the COUNT's feet.

THA.—Take back your gold, and learn
to know
One—above aught you can
bestow.

CHORUS OF NOBLES, &c.

Down with the daring slave
Who would our fury brave!

DEV.—Stand back, ye craven things!
He who bstruicts our path,
Upon his rashness brings
The vengeance of my wrath!

[DEVILSHOOF, defending THADDEUS,
retreats, pressed upon by the Nobles,
Guests, &c., when the COUNT orders a
party of his Retainers to divide them;
they seize DEVILSHOOF and take him
into the castle.

COU.—Seize him and bind him, and
there let him find
Escape from those walls better
men have confined.

[Here a party of Huntsmen and Retain-
ers separate THADDEUS and DEVILS-
HOOF; they march THADDEUS off, and
exeunt among the rocks, while DEVILS-
HOOF is dragged into the castle.

DEV. (*as they are dragging him off*).—
Tho' meshed by numbers in the yoke
Of one by all abhorr'd,
Yet tremble, worthless lord,
At the vengeance you thus provoke.

CHO.—Down with the slave
Who would our fury brave!

[DEVILSHOOF is dragged off into the
castle; the COUNT, Nobles, &c., reseal
themselves, when other dances are
introduced and the festival continues.
BUDA is seen to leave the window at
which she has been seated with ARLINE,
and she enters and converses with the
COUNT. In the midst of the most
joyous movements of the dance, DEVILS-
HOOF is seen descending from the roof
of the castle, until he reaches the win-
dow of ARLINE's chamber, into which
he is seen to enter and to shut it
immediately. BUDA then enters the
castle, and in a minute afterwards the
festivities are interrupted by a violent
shrieking, the window is thrown open,
and BUDA, pale, and with dishevelled
hair, signifies by her gestures that
ARLINE has disappeared.

CHO.—What sounds break on the air?
What looks of wild despair
A grief as wild impart?

COU.—My child! that word alone,
With agonizing tone,
Bursts in upon my heart!

[COUNT and Nobles dash into the castle.
A general movement of all—some are
seen at the window of ARLINE's chamber
signifying that she is gone.

CHO.—Be every hand prepared
Their liege lord's halls to guard,
And with devotion's bond,
All ties beyond.

FLO. (*kneeling, and appearing greatly
alarmed*).—

Ah! what with dancing, screaming,
fighting,
One really is a shocking plight in;
It puzzles quite one's wit
To find a place to pick a bit.

[The COUNT rushes from the castle,
dragging BUDA, and followed by
Nobles. BUDA, trembling, falls on
her knees.

Cou.—Wretch! monster! give me back
The treasure of my soul;
Go—all—the spoiler's foot-
steps track
That treasured prize who
stole.

But no, vain hope! unless we pray
to Him
Who healeth all sorrow, with sup-
pliant limb.

PRAYER.

Thou who in might supreme
O'er the fate of all reignest,
Thou who hope's palest beam
In the mourner sustainest,
Vouchsafe to lend an ear
To the grief of the wailer,
Cut short the dark career
Of the ruthless assailer.

[During the prayer, DEVILSHOOF is seen
climbing up the rocks with ARLINE in
his arms.

CHORUS.

Follow, follow, with heart and with
arm,
Follow, follow, and shelter from harm
The pride of Arnheim's line,
Where all its hopes entwine.

[At the most animated part of the Chorus,
bodies of Gentry, Retainers, Servants,
&c., are seen rushing towards the
rocks, and over every part, in pursuit
of DEVILSHOOF, who, perceiving his
situation, knocks away, the moment he
has crossed it, the trunk of the tree
which serves as a bridge between the
two rocks, and thus bars their passage.
COUNT ARNHEIM, in his distraction,
is about to throw himself into the gulf
—he is held back by attendants, into
whose arms he falls senseless. Some
are in the attitude of prayer—others
menace DEVILSHOOF, who, folding
ARLINE in his large cloak, disappears
in the depths of the forest.

ACT II.

NOTE.—Twelve years are supposed to elapse between the First and Second Acts.

SCENE I.

Street in Presburg, by moonlight. Tent
of the Queen of the Gipsies, large curtains
at the back—it is lighted by a lamp. On
the opposite side of the stage are houses,
one of which, a hotel, is lighted up.

[ARLINE is discovered asleep on a tiger-
skin—THADDEUS is watching over her.
As the curtain rises, a Patrol of the
City Guard marches by, and as soon as
they are gone off DEVILSHOOF and a
party of Gipsies, wrapped in cloaks,
suddenly appear.

CHORUS.

Silence, silence!—the lady moon
Is the only witness now awake,
And weary of watching, 'chance she
soon
To sleep will herself betake.
Silence, silence!—from her throne in
air,
She may look on, for aught we care;
But if she attend unto our behest,
She will quietly go to her rest.

SOLO.

DEVILSHOOF.

There's a deed to do whose gains
Will reward the risk and the pains—

[The Gipsies all draw their daggers and
appear delighted.

Fie, fie! to a gentleman when you
appeal,
You may draw his purse without
drawing your steel;
With bows, and politeness, and with
great respect,
You may take more than he can at
first suspect.

[Pointing to the lighted windows of the
hotel.

See, where in goblets deep
What sense they have they steep.
Watch here! till each to his home
Shall reel on his doubtful way.
Watch here! and the goblet's foam
Will make each an easy prey.
Silence, silence! this way, this way!

(CHORUS—REPEAT.)

[As the Gipsies retire up the stage, FLORESTEIN staggers out of the hotel—he is elegantly dressed, with chain, rings, &c., and a rich medallion round his neck.]

FLO.—Wine, wine! If I am heir
To the Count—my uncle's—
line— [Hiccup.
Where's the fellow—will dare
To refuse his nephew—wine?
[Hiccup.
That moon there, staring me
on my way,
Can't be as modest as people
say,
For meet whom she will, and
in whatever spot,
She often looks on at what she
ought not.

[The Gipsies have by this time advanced, and DEVILSHOOF goes politely up to FLORESTEIN.]

DEV.—My ear caught not the clock's
last chime,
And might I beg to ask the
time?

[FLORESTEIN reels, recovers a little, and after eyeing DEVILSHOOF—

FLO. (aside).—If the bottle has pre-
vailed,
Yet whenever I'm as-
sailed,
Though there may be
nothing in it,
I am sobered in a min-
ute—

(to DEV.) You are really so polite,
That (pulling out his
watch) 'tis late into
the night.

[DEV. takes the watch and puts it into
his fob.
(assuming courage)—May I beg
to ask—?

DEV.—I am grieved to see
Anyone in such a state,
And gladly will take the
greatest care
Of the rings and chains you
chance to wear.

[Taking from FLORESTEIN his rings,
chain, and the rich medallion. FLORES-
TEIN draws his sword.]

FLO.—What I thought was politeness,
is downright theft,
And at this rate I soon shall
have nothing left.

[At a sign from DEVILSHOOF the Gipsies
instantly surround FLORESTEIN, and
take every valuable from him.]

CHO.—Advance with caution, let every
man
Seize on, and keep, whatever
he can!

[During the Chorus, DEVILSHOOF makes
off with the medallion, and the others
are dividing the rest of the spoil, when
a female appears in the midst of them,
drops her cloak, and discovers their
QUEEN. The Gipsies appear stupefied.]

QUEEN.—To him from whom you stole,
Surrender back the whole.

[The Gipsies return the different things
to FLORESTEIN.]

FLO. (trembling and looking over the
things).—
Thanks, Madam, — Lady — but
might I request
A medallion in diamonds—
worth all the rest?

[At a sign from the QUEEN, who seems
to command its restitution.]

CHORUS OF GIPSIES.

On our chieftain's share we ne'er
encroach,
And he fled with that prize at your
approach.

QUE. (to FLORESTEIN).—Be your safety
my care—

FLO. (trembling).—I'm in precious
hands.

QUE. (to Gipsies).—Follow, and list
to your Queen's
commands.

CHO.—We follow, yes, and list unto
our Queen's commands.

[Exit QUEEN, holding FLORESTEIN, all of a tremble, with one hand, and beckoning the Gipsies to follow, with the other. As soon as they have gone off, ARLINE, who has been awakened by the noise, comes from the tent, followed by THADDEUS.]

ARL.—Where have I been wandering in my sleep? and what curious noise awoke me from its pleasant dream? Ah, Thaddeus, would you not like to know my dream? Well, I will tell it you.

THE GIPSY-GIRL'S DREAM.

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls,

That I was the hope and pride.
I had riches too great to count—
could boast
Of a high ancestral name;
And I also dreamt, which pleased me most,

[Taking both his hands in hers.]
That you loved me still the same.

I dreamt that suitors sought my hand,
That knights upon bended knee,
And with vows no maiden heart could withstand,

They pledged their faith to me.
And I dreamt that one of that noble host
Came forth my hand to claim;
But I also dreamt, which charmed me most,
That you loved me still the same.

[At the end of the ballad, THADDEUS presses ARLINE to his heart.]

ARL.—And do you love me still?

THA.—More than life itself.

ARL.—Yet is there a mystery between our affections and their happiness that I would fain unravel (*pointing to her arm*). The mark on this arm, which I have seen you so often contemplate, is the key to that mystery. By the love you say you bear me, solve it.

DUET.

THA. (*taking her hand and pointing to the mark*).—

That wound upon thine arm,
Whose mark through life
'twill be,
In saving thee from greater harm,
Was there transfixed by me.

ARL.—By thee?

THA.—Ere on thy gentle head
Thy sixth sun had its radiance shed,
A wild deer, who had lain at bay,
Pursued by hunters cross'd thy way;

ARL.—Well?

THA.—By slaying him I rescued thee,

ARL.—Yes!

THA.—And in his death-throe's agony
Thy tender form, by his antler gored,
This humble arm to thy home restor'd.

ARL.—Strange feelings move this breast
It never knew before,
And bid me here implore
That you reveal the rest.

THA.—The secret of her birth
To me is only known,
The secret of a life whose worth
I prize beyond my own.

ARL.—The secret of my birth
To him is only known,
The secret of a life whose worth
Perchance he will disown.

ARL.—Speak, tell me, ease my tortured heart,
And that secret, evil or good, impart.

THA.—I will tell thee all, tho' I lose thee for ever.

Ensemble.

ARL.—What is the spell hath yet effaced

The first fond lines that love hath traced,
And after-years have but imprest
More deep in love's confiding breast?

THA.—And yet few spells have e'er effaced

The first fond lines that love hath traced,
And after-years have but imprest
More deep in love's confiding breast.

Ensemble

[At the end of the duet, THADDEUS throws himself, in an ecstasy, at the feet of ARLINE, and is bathing her hand with kisses, when the back curtains of the tent are withdrawn, and the QUEEN appears pale and trembling with passion. She advances towards ARLINE, and pointing to THADDEUS—

QUE.—And dare you aspire to the love of him who possesses the heart of your Queen?

ARL.—I possess *his* heart, and will yield the possession to no one. He is the savior of my life, and the only friend that I have in all the tribe: he has sworn how much he loves me.

QUE.—Loves you!

ARL.—Yes; let him speak for himself, and choose between us.

QUE.—Be it so.

[THADDEUS, who has been anxiously watching the two, here runs and embraces ARLINE. She surveys the QUEEN with an air of triumph.

ARL. (to the QUEEN).—I made no idle boast. (Then to THADDEUS.) Summon our comrades hither.

[The QUEEN is standing in the centre, while THADDEUS calls the Gipsies together, who enter on all sides and surround the QUEEN, and appear to ask what is going on.

CONCERTED PIECE.

ARL.—Listen, while I relate
The hopes of the Gipsy's fate.
I am loved by one, by one I love
All other hearts above,
And the sole delight to me
[Taking the hand of THADDEUS.
Is with him united to be.

CHO.—Happy and light of heart are those
Who in each bosom one faith repose!

DEV. (Aside—maliciously pointing at the QUEEN).—

A rival's hate you may better tell
By her rage than by her tears,
And it, perchance, may be as well
To set them both by the ears.

(To QUE.)—As Queen of our tribe,
'tis yours by right,
The hands of those you rule to unite.

CHO. (to the QUEEN, who draws back and hesitates).

In love and truth, by thee
Their hands united be.

QUE. (haughtily advancing and taking the hands of ARLINE and THADDEUS).—

Hand to hand, and heart to heart,
Who shall those I have mated part?
By the spell of my sway,
Part them who may.

[Joining their hands.

CHO.—Happy and light of heart are those
Who in each bosom one faith repose.

[CHORUS lie down, assuming picturesque attitudes. QUEEN comes forward; segue ballad.

BALLAD.

QUE.—Oh, would that I had died ere
now,
For then I had not felt
The bitter pang, the crushing
blow,
Thy cruel words have dealt!
I've but one solace—Heaven
grant
It cheer me to the last!
'Tis sad, fond mem'ry, faithful
still
To bliss for ever past.

But no ! but no ! not one poor
ray
Of comfort will be mine,
No gleam of hope, however
faint,
Will thro' my sorrow shine!
That sorrow is so sharp, so
great,
Its pow'r so deep, so vast,
That e'en the mem'ry will it
crush
Of bliss for ever past.

[During this scene the stage has been
growing somewhat lighter.

A Gipsy enters.

GIP.—Morning is beginning to
dawn, and crowds of people are al-
ready flocking towards the fair; the
sports begin with daylight.

QUE.—Summon the rest of the tribe,
and meet me forthwith in the public
square. (*To DEVILSHOOF.*) Do you
remain to bear my further orders.

[*Exeunt THADDEUS and ARLINE hand
in hand, followed by the other Gipsies
repeating Chorus.*

CHO.—In the Gipsy's life you read,
&c.

DUET.

QUE.—This is thy deed!—seek not
t'assuage
My jealous fears, a rival's rage.

DEV.—I neither fear, nor seek to calm.

QUE. (*aside to DEVILSHOOF.*)—
Revenge is the wounded bos-
om's balm.

That jewel with which thou
hast dared to deck
Thy foredoomed neck,
Answer me—where did'st thou
get it—where?

DEV.—'Twas entrusted to my care.

QUE.—This very night, on this very
spot,
Thy soul for once its fears for-
got,
And a drunken galliard, who
cross'd thy way,
Became thy prey—

DEV. (*aside*).—Fiend-born! 'twere vain
to fly
The glance of her searching
eye.

QUE.—Down on thy knees, the
gem restore,
E'en in thy shame amazed,
Or long years of sin shall
deplore
The storm which thou
has raised.

DEV. (*aside*).—It best might be the
prize to restore,
Much as I seem amazed;
Or hereafter I may de-
plore
The storm which I have
raised.

[*Kneeling and presenting the medallion to
to the QUEEN.*

Queen, I obey.

QUE.— 'Tis the wisest thing
Thy miscreant heart could do.
[*Takes medallion.*

DEV. (*aside*).—Who from my grasp
such prize could wring,
The doing it may rue.

QUE.—Depart, and join the rest.

DEV.—I do thy high behest.
(*aside*). The wrongs we forgive
not and cannot forget,
Will our vengeance more
sharply whet.

QUE.—The wrongs we forgive not
and cannot forget,
Will our vengeance more
sharply whet.

[*Exeunt the QUEEN and DEVILSHOOF at
opposite sides.*

SCENE II.

Another Street in Presburg. Daylight.

[Enter ARLINE, in a fanciful dress, followed by a troupe of Gipsies. She has a tambourine in her hand.]

CHORUS.

In the Gipsy's life you read
The life that all would like to lead

SONG.

ARLINE.

Come with the Gipsy bride!
And repair to the fair,
Where the mazy dance
Will the hours entrance,
Where souls as light preside!
Life can give nothing beyond
One heart you know to be fond,
Wealth, with its hoards, cannot buy
The peace content can supply,
And rank in its halls cannot find
The calm of a happy mind.

Love is the first thing to clasp,
But if he escape your grasp,
Friendship will then be at hand,
In the young rogue's place to stand;
Hope will then be nothing loth
To point out the way to both.

CHORUS.

In the Gipsy's life you read
The life that all would like to lead.

[Exit ARLINE, followed by the tribe of Gipsies.]

SCENE III.

A Grand Fair in the Public Platz of Presburg. On one side a large hotel, over which is inscribed "The Hall of Justice." Various groups of Gentry, Soldiers, Citizens, and Peasantry cover the stage. Foreign shops are seen in various parts, curious Rope Dancers, Showmen, Waxwork, a Quack Doctor, Exhibitions, &c., &c., are dispersed here and there. Flags hung out at the windows and ringing of bells enliven the scene.

CHORUS.

Life itself is at the best
One scene in mask of folly drest,
And there is no part of its wild career,
But you will meet with here!
To these symbols of life your voices
swell,
Vive la masque, et vive la bagatelle!

[At the end of the Chorus and during the Symphony, a movement is perceived at the further end of the place, which is followed by the entrance of a double party of men Gipsies headed by DEVILSHOOF and THADDEUS, who force a passage down the centre of the stage, which they occupy; they then open their ranks, when another file of female Gipsies, headed by their QUEEN and ARLINE, passes down them; FLORESTEIN and a party are seen watching them with great curiosity.]

QUARTET.

ARLINE, QUEEN, THADDEUS, and
DEVILSHOOF.

From the valleys and hills
Where the sweetest buds grow,
And are watered by rills
Which are purest that flow—
Come we! come we!

CHORUS.

Light of heart, fleet of foot, reckless
of slight or gibe,
Who can compare with the free, happy
Gipsy tribe!

[During this, some of the Gipsies have been enacting characteristic dances, when ARLINE, carrying a flower basket in her hand, glides round to the assembled company and sits down.]

SOLO.

ARLINE.

Sir Knight and lady, listen!

(To a lady).—

That bright eye seems to glisten
As if his trusted tale
Did o'er thy sense prevail!

(To another—pointing to her heart).—

Pretty maiden, pray take care,
Love is making havoc there!

(To a third—pointing to a ring on her finger).—

This token which from love you
borrow,
The prelude is of many a sorrow:
There are those have lived to know
The Gipsy's words are true.

CHO. (as the dance of the Gipsies continues).—

Life itself is at the best
One scene in mask of folly drest,
And there is no part of its wild career,
But you will meet with here!

[*At the end of the dance and Chorus, COUNT ARNHEIM and some Officers of State enter ; his hair has become gray, his step is slow, and his appearance is that of sorrow. He is accosted by FLORESTEIN.*

FLO.—My dear uncle, it delights me to see you amongst us, and here is a little Gipsy girl that would delight you still more (*aside*) if you had my blood in your veins ; she's positively a charming creature.

COU.—I have lost the taste of joy, and the sight of youth and beauty recalls to my memory that treasure of both, my loved and lost Arline.

[*He gazes attentively at ARLINE, sighs heavily, then exit with his retinue into the Hall of Justice.*

FLO. (*to a party of his friends*).—It's no use restraining me—I'm positively smitten. (*Breaks from them and goes up to ARLINE.*) Fair creature, your manner has enchanted me, and I would fain take a lesson from you.

ARL.—In politeness, sir? By all means. To begin, then, whenever you address a lady, take your hat off.

FLO.—Very smart (*with a titter*)—'pon my word—very smart. Your naïveté only increases the feeling of admiration and devotion which a too susceptible heart—

ARL. (*bursting out laughing*).—Ha ! ha ! ha !

FLO.—Your indifference will drive me to despair.

ARL.—Will it really ?

FLO.—Do not mock me, but pity my too susceptible nature, and let me print one kiss upon—

[*Here ARLINE gives him a violent slap on the face ; the QUEEN, who has gone up the stage with THADDEUS, now brings him on one side and points out the situation of ARLINE and FLORESTEIN ; he is about to rush upon FLORESTEIN just as ARLINE has slapped the latter's face, who on turning round finds himself between the two, both laughing in his face.*

QUE. (*eyeing FLORESTEIN*).—It is the very person from whom they stole the trinkets I made them give him back again.

[*Taking the medallion from her bosom.*
This, too, is his, and now my project thrives.

[*FLORESTEIN turns up the stage to join his party, and the QUEEN crosses to ARLINE.*

You have acted well your part, and thus your Queen rewards you. (*Places the medallion round her neck.*) Forget not the hand that gave it.

ARL. (*kneeling and kissing the QUEEN'S hand*).—Let this bespeak my gratitude.

QUE.—And now let our tribe depart.

[*Chorus and dance repeated, and the Gipsies are all about to march off. THADDEUS and ARLINE bring up the rear of their body, and, as they are going off, FLORESTEIN, who, with his friends, has been watching their departure, perceives his medallion on the neck of ARLINE ; he breaks through the crowd and stops her ; she and THADDEUS come forward.*

FLO.—Though you treated me so lightly some moments past, you will not do so now. That medallion is mine ; my friends here recognize it.

ALL.—We do ! we do !

[*Here DEVILSHOOF is seen to steal off.*

FLO.—And I accuse you of having stolen it.

ARL.—Stolen ! It was this instant given me by our Queen, and she is here to verify my words.

[*ARLINE runs about, looking everywhere for the QUEEN.*

FLO.—That's an everyday sort of subterfuge. (*To the crowd.*) Worthy people and friends, that medallion on her neck belongs to me, and I accuse her or her accomplices of having robbed me.

CONCERTED PIECE.

Chorus of Populace surrounding ARLINE.

Shame! shame! let us know
the right,
And shame on the guilty one
alight!

THA. (*rushing before ARLINE to shield her*).—

He who a hand on her would
lay,
Through my heart must force
his way!

CHO.—Tear them asunder, but still
protect
Until they can prove what they
suspect.

ARL.—To all who their belief have lent,
Heaven can attest, I'm inno-
cent.

[*FLORESTEIN, who has during this move-
ment entered the Hall of Justice, is
now seen returning, followed by a strong
guard, who file off each side of the steps.*

FLO. (*to Captain of Guard, pointing to
ARLINE*).—

There stands the culprit, on
you I call;
Conduct her away to the Hall!

CHO.—To the Hall!

[*ARLINE looks at him with great contempt;
the Gipsies, perceiving her danger,
range themselves around her. THAD-
DEUS breaks from those who are
holding him, and rushes up to her.
FLORESTEIN has got behind the CAP-
TAIN OF THE GUARD, who gives orders
for his men to seize ARLINE, upon
which the Gipsies draw their daggers.
A conflict ensues, in which the Guard
maintains possession of ARLINE. A
body of the populace reseize THADDEUS,
and the Gipsies are routed.*

CAP. OF G.—They who would
brave the law,
Against themselves but
draw!

FLO., GUARDS.—To the Hall!
away to the Hall!

THA.—Free me, or else the law
Upon your heads you draw!

GIP.—Why should we fear the law,
Or all the arms you draw?

ARL.—I'm innocent!

Ensemble.

[*ARLINE is conducted by a file of the
Guard, led by the CAPTAIN, and pre-
ceded by FLORESTEIN and his party into
the Hall of Justice; the people follow
in a mass, while THADDEUS is detained
by those who first seized him, and as
ARLINE is going up the steps, the
figure of the QUEEN is seen in an atti-
tude of triumph over her rival's fall.*

SCENE IV.

*Interior of COUNT ARNHEIM'S apart-
ment in the Hall of Justice—a view of
the last scene visible through one of the
windows at the back. A full-length por-
trait of ARLINE, as she was in the first
Act, hangs on the wall; state chairs, &c.
An elevation or dais on the (O.P.) side.*

[*COUNT ARNHEIM enters, thoughtful and
dejected; he contemplates ARLINE'S
portrait, and wipes a tear from his
eye.*

RECITATIVE.

Whate'er the scenes the present hour
calls forth before the sight,
They lose their splendor when com-
pared with scenes of past delight.

SONG.

The heart bow'd down by weight of
woe
To weakest hope will cling,
To thought and impulse while they
flow,
That can no comfort bring.
With those exciting scenes will blend,
O'er pleasure's pathway thrown,
But mem'ry is the only friend
That grief can call its own.
The mind will, in its worst despair
Still ponder o'er the past,
On moments of delight that were
Too beautiful to last.
To long-departed years extend
Its visions with them flown;
For mem'ry is the only friend
That grief can call its own.

[*At the end of the song, a confused noise
is heard outside, when the CAPTAIN OF
THE GUARD enters.*

CAP.—A robbery has been commit-
ted, and the accused is now in the
Hall awaiting the pleasure of your
lordship, as chief magistrate of the
city, for examination.

Cou.—Bring the parties before me.

[*The CAPTAIN arranges the magisterial chair (O.P.), bows, and exit.*]

Anything to arouse me from these distracting thoughts, though the sole happiness I now enjoy is in the recollection of my long-lost child.

[*Seats himself, when the doors are violently opened, and a mob of Citizens, Guards and Gentry enter. FLORESTEIN, who is in the midst of them, instantly rushes up to the COUNT.*]

FLO.—It is your lordship's nephew—I, who have been robbed!

Cou.—Some folly of yours is for ever compromising my name and that of your family.

FLO.—But I am in this instance the victim—I have been robbed, and there stands the culprit.

[*Pointing to ARLINE standing in the centre, pale and with dishevelled hair, but still haughty in her demeanor.*]

Cou. (*aside*).—'Tis she I saw but now in the public square. That girl—so young, so beautiful—commit a robbery? Impossible!

FLO.—She stole this medallion belonging to me—we found it upon her.

Cou. (*addressing ARLINE*).—Can this be true?

ARL. (*looking contemptuously at FLORESTEIN, and turning with dignity to the COUNT*).—Heaven knows I am innocent, and if your lordship knew my heart, you would not deem me guilty.

Cou. (*aside*).—Her words sink deep into my breast. Childless myself, I fain would spare the child of another. (*To FLORESTEIN*).—What proofs have you of this?

FLO. (*pointing to his friends*).—My witnesses are here, who all can swear they saw it on her neck.

ALL.—We can.

Cou.—Still does my mind misgive me. (*To ARLINE, in a kind tone.*) My wish is to establish your innocence—explain this matter to me and without fear.

ARL.—That medallion was given to me by the Queen of the tribe to which I belong—how it came in her possession, I know not. But a light breaks in upon me—I see it all—I chanced to incur her displeasure, and to revenge herself upon me she has laid for me this shameful snare, into which I have innocently fallen, and of which I have become the victim.

[*Hiding her face in her hands and weeping.*]

Cou. (*with a struggle*).—I believe your tale, and from my heart I pity the inexperience which has led to the ruin of one who seems above the grade of those she herds with; but in the fulfilment of duty I must compromise the feelings of nature, and I am forced to deliver you into the hands of justice.

ARL. (*to the COUNT*).—To you, my earthly, to Him, my heavenly, Judge I reassert my innocence. I may be accused, but will not be degraded, and from the infamy with which I am unjustly threatened, thus I free myself.

[*She draws a dagger from beneath her scarf, and is about to stab herself, when COUNT ARNHEIM rushes forward, seizes her arm and wrests the dagger from her.*]

FINALE.

Cou.—Hold! hold!

We cannot give the life we
take,
Nor re-unite the heart we
break!

[*Taking the hand of ARLINE, and suddenly seeing the wound on her arm.*]

What visions round me rise,
And cloud with the mists of the
past mine eyes?
That mark! Those features! and
thy youth!

[*Dragging ARLINE forward, and in great agitation.*]

My very life hangs on thy truth—
How came that mark?

ARL. (*recollecting THADDEUS's words*).—
Ere on my head
My sixth sun had its radiance shed,
A wild deer, who had lain at bay,
Pursued by hunters, cross'd my way;
My tender form, by his antler gor'd,
An humble youth to my home restor'd.
The tale he but this day confess'd,
And is near at hand to relate the rest.

[*Here a tumult is heard, and THADDEUS, having escaped from those who confined him, breaks into the room, and rushes into the arms of ARLINE. The COUNT, on seeing him, reels back. A general excitement prevails.*

COU.—With the force of fear and hope
My feelings have to cope.

ARL. (*Approaching the COUNT, and pointing to THADDEUS, who starts on beholding him*).—
'Tis he the danger braved—
'Tis he my life who saved!

SOLO.

COU. (*Seizing ARLINE in his arms in a transport of joy*).—

Mine own, my long-lost child!
Oh, seek not to control
This frantic joy, this wild
Delirium of my soul!
Bound in a father's arms,
And pillowed on his breast,
Bid all those wild alarms
That assail'd thy feelings, rest.

[*COUNT clasps ARLINE to his heart; kisses her head, hands, and hair, shedding tears of joy.*

ARL. (*Bewildered, starts from the COUNT, and runs to THADDEUS*).—

Speak—speak! this shaken
frame,
This doubt, this torture, see!
My hopes—my very life—my
fame
Depend on thee!

THA. (*Pointing to COUNT ARNHEIM, with deep emotion, aside*).—

Dear as thou long hast been,
Dear as thou long wilt be,
Mourned as this passing scene
Will be through life by me,
Though this heart, and none other
like mine can adore thee,
Yet (*aloud*) thou art not deceived—
'Tis thy father before thee!

[*ARLINE staggers, and then rushes into the COUNT's arms.*

CHO.—Praised be the will of
Heav'n,
Whose pure light upon
them smiled,
And whose bounty thus
hath given
The father fond his
child!

COU.—Prais'd be the will of
Heav'n,
Whose pure light upon
me smiled,
And whose bounty thus
hath given
To a father fond his
child!

ARL., FLO.—Prais'd be the will of
Heav'n,
Whose light o'er ^(me)
smiled,
And whose bounty hath
given
A father his child!

THA.—Though from this bosom
riven,
That heart is beguil'd,
The bereavement hath
giv'n
The father his child!

[*THADDEUS hides his face in his hands, much moved.*

DEV. (*Suddenly emerging from the crowd, and dragging THADDEUS away*).—

Better to go now ere
driven
Than for ever be revil'd,
For Heav'n's bounty thus
hath giv'n
To a father fond his
child!

CHO.—Praised be the will of
Heav'n,
Whose pure light upon
them smiled,
And whose bounty thus
hath giv'n
To a father fond his
child!

Ensemble

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A splendid saloon in the castle of COUNT ARNHEIM. On the ground floor a large window at the back opening on the Park. On the (O.P.) side the door of a small cabinet; doors at the back leading into spacious galleries.

Enter ARLINE, elegantly dressed for a ball.

ARL.—The past appears to me but a dream, from which I have at length awakened. Yet my heart recalls enough to convince me it was all reality. When I think of the wandering life I led, my memory will revert to him who in every trial preserved its honor, who twice restored me to a father's arms, and at length to a father's home.

COUNT ARNHEIM *enters with FLORESTEIN*—ARLINE *runs into his arms.*

COU.—Every moment you leave me is a moment of unhappiness. I am jealous of whatever divides us, short as may be the interval. On a night of so much joy, when so many friends are to assemble and participate in your father's delight, let me intercede for one you have too much cause to be angry with.

ARL. (*averting her head*).—The very sight of him disturbs me. (*To the COUNT.*) The wishes of my dear father I would cheerfully comply with, but this repugnance I cannot overcome.

FLO. (*falling on his knee*).—Fair cousin, let me plead my own cause, and express the—aw—sorrow I really feel at having for an instant believed it possible—in fact, I never in reality—

Enter a SERVANT.

What the devil do you want at such a critical part of one's conversation?

[SERVANT *crosses to the COUNT.*

SER.—The castle is filling with guests who inquire for your lordship.
[*Exit.*

COU. (*to ARLINE*).—Let us hasten to meet them, and afford me the joy of making you known to all.

ARL.—Allow me but time to fortify myself for a ceremony I am a stranger to, and I will follow you.

FLO.—That is but reasonable, uncle—I will live in hopes of my cousin's forgiveness, which can alone restore my—peace—of mind. [*Aside.*] I shall positively expire if I don't lead off the first quadrille with her.

[*Exeunt COUNT and FLORESTEIN.*

ARL.—I am once more left to my thoughts and all the deep regrets which accompany them; nothing can drive the recollection of Thaddeus from my mind, and the lonely life I led was to me far happier than the constrained one I now pass; and the graceful dress of the Gipsy-girl becomes me more than all this gaudy apparel of nobility. (*Going round the room to see if any one is watching.*) Now no eye beholds me, I may at least indulge in a remembrance of the past. (*Goes to the cabinet (O.P.) and brings out her Gipsy dress.*) The sight of this recalls the memory of happy days, and of him who made them happy.

[*As she is contemplating the dress, the window at the back suddenly opens, and DEVILSHOOF springs into the apartment.*

ARL. (*screaming*).—Ah! what seek you here with me?

DEV.—Hush! fear not; but be silent. I come to ask you to rejoin our tribe—we have never ceased to feel the loss of one liked more than all the rest.

ARL.—Impossible! Leave me, I pray, and let me forget we have ever been acquainted.

DEV.—I have brought with me one who has, undoubtedly, greater powers of persuasion than I can pretend to.

[Here THADDEUS appears at the window, enters the room, and ARLINE, unable to restrain her feelings, rushes into his arms.

THA.—In the midst of so much luxury, so much wealth and grandeur, I thought you had forgotten me.

ARL.—Forgotten you! Had I nothing else to remind me of you, this (*pointing to the Gipsy dress*) would always speak to me of you. Forgotten you!

THA.—The scenes in which you now move may drive from your memory every trace of the past, and I only come to ask—to hope—that you will sometimes think upon me.

[DEVILSHOOF goes up to the window, on the lookout.

AIR.

When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well:
There may, perhaps, in such a scene,
Some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me!

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light
Which beams within your eyes;
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
'Twill break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask
That you'll remember me!

[At the end of the song, ARLINE goes up to THADDEUS, and with great emphasis says—

ARL.—Whatever may be our future lot, nothing should persuade you that I can ever cease to think of—ever cease to love you.

THA. (*overjoyed*).—My heart is overpowered with happiness. Yet, alas! 'tis but of short duration, for I must leave you now for ever.

ARL.—Oh, no, no! say not so! I cannot live without you.

THA.—And will you then forsake your home, your kindred, all, and follow me?

TRIO.

THA. (*to ARLINE*).—

Through the world wilt thou fly,
love,
From the world with me?
Wilt thou Fortune's frowns defy,
love?
As I will for thee?

ARL. (*to THADDEUS*).—

Through the world I would fly,
love,
From the world with thee,
Could I hush a father's sigh, love,
That would heave for me.

DEV. (*coming down — to THADDEUS*).—

All the world hither fly,
Come away with me!
Never let a lover's sigh
Ruin bring on thee!

DEV. (*still looking out*).—

A moment more, and your doom
is cast!

ARL. (*aside*).—The hopes that were
brightest, the dreams of the past,
In the fullness of promise recede,
And render the prospect dark
indeed.

DEV.—Escape is hopeless.

ARL. (*pointing to the cabinet*).—Enter
here,
Where detection we need not fear!

[THADDEUS has barely time to take refuge in the cabinet, and DEVILSHOOF to escape by the window, when the great doors are thrown open, and a brilliant assemblage enters, led by COUNT ARNHEIM, FLORESTEIN, &c. COUNT takes ARLINE's hand and presents her to the company.

Cou. — Welcome, welcome all — share with me all the joy I feel, while I present my loved and long-lost daughter.

Ensemble.

FINALE.

CHO.—Welcome the present, oh, ponder not
On the days departed now,
Let the cares that were theirs
be forgot,
And 'ras'd from pleasure's
brow;
Never mind Time, nor what he
has done,
If he the present will smile
upon.

FLO. (*seeing the Gipsy dress on a chair
and taking it up*).—

This garment is not fit to
grace,
At such a moment, such a
place,
And 'twere best to hide the
prize
In this recess (*pointing to cabinet*) from his lordship's
eyes.

ARL. (*whose attention has been riveted on
the cabinet, and seeing FLORESTEIN go near it*).—

That room and its treasure
belong to me,
And from all intrusion must
sacred be.

CHO.—Welcome the present, oh, ponder not
On the days departed now.

[*A confused murmur is heard at the back
of the stage.*]

What sound breaks in upon
the ear,
Checking young joy's career?

[*A Female, closely veiled, enters the apartment,
and goes up to COUNT ARNHEIM.*]

FEM.—Heed the warning voice!
Wail, and not rejoice!
The foe to thy rest
Is one thou lov'st best.

[*She lets her veil fall, and discovers the
QUEEN OF THE GIPSIES.*]

COU.—Who and what art thou? Let
me know
Whom thou dost deem my foe?

QUE.—Think not my warning wild,
'Tis thy refound child.
She loves a youth of the tribe
I sway,
And braves the world's re-
proof;
List to the words I say—
He is now conceal'd beneath
thy roof!

COU.—Base wretch, thou liest!

QUE.—Thy faith I begrudge—
Open that door, and thyself be
judge!

[*COUNT rushes to the door of the cabinet;
ARLINE in vain opposes.*]

COU.—Stand not across my path!
Brave not a father's wrath!

ARL.—Thrown thus across thy
path,
Let me abide thy wrath!

Ensemble.

[*The COUNT pushes ARLINE aside, opens
the door, and THADDEUS appears; the
COUNT reels back, and every one seems
panic-stricken.*]

QUINTET AND CHORUS.

COUNT, FLORESTEIN, THADDEUS, ARLINE, and QUEEN.

COU. (*to ARLINE*).—
To shame and feeling dead,
Now hopeless to deplore,
The thunder bursting o'er
my head,
Had not surprised me
more.

FLO.—And this is why she said,
I must not touch the
door;
It clearly would have been
ill-bred,
For rivals are a bore!

Ensemble.

THA.—Though every hope be fled,
Which seemed so bright
before,
The vengeance I would
scorn to dread,
Which they on me can
pour!

ARL. (*horror-stricken on seeing the QUEEN*)—

To all but vengeance dead,
She stands mine eyes
before!

Its thunders waiting on my
head

In all her hate } to pour.
She only lives }

QUE. (*maliciously eyeing ARLINE*).—

All other feelings dead,
Revenge can hope re-
store,

Its thunders on her daring
head

I only live to pour.

CHO.—Although to feeling dead,

This sorrow we deplore,
The thunder bursting o'er
our head,

Had not surprised us
more.

COU. (*advancing to THADDEUS*).—

Leave the place thy polluting
step hath cross'd!

Depart, or thou art lost!

THA. (*casting a sorrowful look on ARLINE as he is about to go*).—

To threats I should contemn,
For thy dear sake I yield.

ARL. (*summoning resolution*).—

The bursting torrent I will
stem,

And him I live for, shield.

[*She takes THADDEUS by the hand, and goes to the COUNT, then turns to the company.*]

Break not the only tie

That bids my heart rejoice,

For whom contented I would die—

(*With energy.*) The husband of my
choice.

COU. (*rushing between them and drawing his sword. To THADDEUS*).—

Depart, ere my thirsty weapon
stains

These halls with the blood of thy
recreant veins!

(*To ARLINE*)—

False thing! beloved too long,
too well,

Brave not the madness thou canst
not quell!

QUE. (*seizing THADDEUS by the arm*).—

List to the warning voice that
calls thee!

Fly from the peril which enthralls
thee!

[*Darting a furious look at ARLINE as she passes her.*]

Weep rivers—for ages pine!

He shall never be thine!

[*As the QUEEN is dragging THADDEUS towards the window, ARLINE stops him.*]

ARL. (*to the assembly*).—

Your pardon if I seek

With my father alone to speak.

[*Exeunt omnes at the large doors (beside the windows), which close upon them; the QUEEN is seen to pass out of the window.*]

ARL. (*falling at the COUNT's feet*).—

See at your feet a suppliant—one

Whose place should be your heart;

Behold the only living thing

To which she had to cling;

Who saved her life, watched o'er
her years

With all the fondness faith en-
dears,

And her affections won—

Rend not such ties apart!

COU.—Child! Arline! wilt thou?
darest thou heap

A stain thine after-life will e'er
weep,

On these hairs, by thee and sor-
row bleach'd—

On this heart, dishonor never
reached?

ARL. (*rising and seeking refuge in the arms of THADDEUS*).—

Whatever the danger, the ruin,
the strife—

It must fall; united we are for life.

COU. (*with rage*).—

United! and wouldst thou link
my name

In a chain of such disgrace?

My rank, my very blood defame

With a blot no time can efface?

The child of my heart, of my
house the pride,

An outcast Gipsy's bride!

Ensemble.

THA. (*breaking from her, and going up with great dignity to COUNT ARNHEIM*).—

Proud lord, although this head proscribed

Should fall by the weapons thy wealth hath bribed,

Although in revealing the name I bear,

The home I shall see no more—

The land which to thee, in its deep despair,

The deadliest hatred bore—

I may fall, as have fallen the bravest of foes,

'Twere better like them to die, And in honored earth to lie,

Than hear, unresented, reproaches like those.

[COUNT ARNHEIM and ARLINE betray symptoms of astonishment, yet great anxiety.

Start not, but listen !

When the fair land of Poland was ploughed by the hoof

Of the ruthless invader, when Might,

With steel to the bosom and flame to the roof,

Completed her triumph o'er Right, In that moment of danger, when Freedom invoked

All the fetterless sons of her pride, In a phalanx as dauntless as Freedom e'er yok'd,

I fought and I bled by her side.

My birth is noble, unstained my crest As is thine own—let this attest !

[*Takes his commission, seen in Act I, from his bosom, and gives it to the COUNT, who stands fixed and bewildered.*

Pity for one in childhood torn

From kindred with whom she dwelt,

Ripened in after-years to love—

The fondest that heart hath felt—

Has made me, thus far, faith renew With outlaws chance first link'd me to.

As a foe, on this head let your hatred be pil'd,

But despise not one who hath so loved your child.

Cou. (*greatly moved*).—

The feuds of a nation's strife,

The party storms of life,

Should never their sorrows impart

To the calmer scenes of the heart.

By this hand let thine hold

Till the blood in its veins be cold !

[THADDEUS, moved to tears, is about to fall at the feet of the COUNT, who checks him.

Not at mine—be that homage paid at hers,

Who the firmest affection on thee confers.

TRIO.

COUNT, ARLINE, THADDEUS.

Let not the soul o'er sorrows grieve, With which the bosom hath ceased to heave ;

Let us not think of the tempest past, If we reach the haven at last.

[*During the trio, the wan figure of the QUEEN has been seen at the window in the back; and at the end of it, as THADDEUS is about to embrace ARLINE, the QUEEN, in a transport of rage, points him out to a Gipsy by her side, who is in the act of firing at him, when DEVILSHOOF, who has tracked their steps, averts the Gipsy's aim, and by a rapid movement turns the musket towards the QUEEN—it goes off, and she falls.*

Cou.—Guard every portal—summon each guest and friend— And this festive scene suspend.

[*The distant sound of joyous instruments heard in the saloons, which the intelligence of the catastrophe is supposed to have reached, ceases, and crowds of Nobles, Ladies, Guests, &c., pour in at each door. ARLINE rushes into the arms of THADDEUS, and then passes over to the COUNT.*

ARLINE and CHORUS.

Oh ! what full delight

Through my bosom thrills,

And a wilder glow

In my heart instils !

Bliss unfelt before,

Hope without alloy,

Speak, with raptured tone,

Of my heart the joy !

[*As the curtain descends, there is heard, under the window at the back,*

THE GIPSIES' CHORUS.

In the Gipsy's life you read

The life that all would like to lead.

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THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF
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BY
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JAMES OGLETHORPE
OF THE
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IN THE
STATE OF GEORGIA
1850

The Bohemian Girl.
Overture.

M. W. BALFE.

Moderato.

Piano.

Moderato.

Piano.

p *f* *cresc.* *a tempo* *riten.*

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16118

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The musical score consists of six systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-4. The score is divided into sections by tempo markings: *Larghetto.* and *Allegro.* Dynamic markings include *ff* (fortissimo), *fp* (fortissimo piano), and *cresc.* (crescendo). The score is written in a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature.

Larghetto.

ff

Allegro.

fp

cresc.

ff

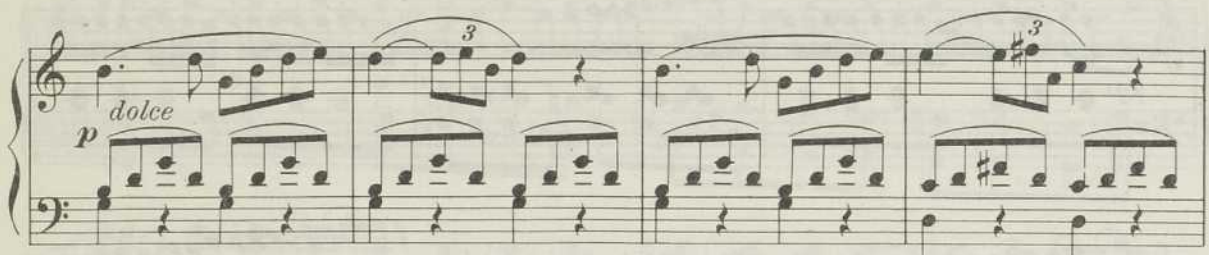
fp

cresc.

This page of musical notation consists of six systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clef). The music is written in a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation includes various dynamics and articulation marks:

- System 1:** Treble clef starts with *ff* and an accent. Bass clef starts with *fp*. Both hands feature trills marked with a '3' and a slur. The system ends with a *cresc.* marking.
- System 2:** Treble clef starts with *ff* and an accent. Bass clef starts with *fp*. Both hands feature trills marked with a '3' and a slur.
- System 3:** Treble clef starts with *ff* and an accent. Bass clef starts with *fp*. Both hands feature trills marked with a '3' and a slur. The system ends with a *ff* marking.
- System 4:** Treble clef starts with *ff* and an accent. Bass clef starts with *fp*. Both hands feature trills marked with a '3' and a slur. The system ends with a *f* marking.
- System 5:** Treble clef starts with *ff* and an accent. Bass clef starts with *fp*. Both hands feature trills marked with a '3' and a slur. The system ends with a *f* marking.
- System 6:** Treble clef starts with *ff* and an accent. Bass clef starts with *fp*. Both hands feature trills marked with a '3' and a slur. The system ends with a *f* marking.

This page contains six systems of musical notation for piano. Each system consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The first system begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic marking. The notation includes a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. There are several accidentals, including sharps and flats, scattered throughout the piece. The music is written in a style typical of 19th or 20th-century piano repertoire. The page number '4' is located in the top left corner.







8

The image displays a page of musical notation, likely for a piano piece, featuring six systems of staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *fp*, *cresc.*, and *ff*. The page is numbered '8' in the top left corner.

This page of musical notation consists of seven systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clef). The notation includes various musical elements:

- System 1:** Features triplets in the right hand and chords in the left hand. Dynamics include *fp* and *ff*.
- System 2:** Continues the triplet pattern in the right hand. Dynamics include *fp*, *cresc.*, and *ff*.
- System 3:** Similar to System 2, with triplets and chords. Dynamics include *fp*, *cresc.*, and *ff*.
- System 4:** The right hand features a more active melodic line with eighth notes and slurs. Dynamics include *f*.
- System 5:** Continues the melodic line in the right hand with slurs and accents. Dynamics include *f*.
- System 6:** Similar to System 5, with a focus on the right-hand melody. Dynamics include *f*.
- System 7:** The final system, showing a continuation of the melodic and harmonic themes. Dynamics include *f*.

This page contains six systems of musical notation for piano. Each system consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The notation is complex, featuring many beamed notes and chords. The first system begins with a forte (ff) dynamic marking. The key signature changes from one sharp (F#) to two sharps (F# and C#) in the second system. The music is written in a style that suggests a 20th-century composition, with frequent use of triplets and dense harmonic textures. The final system ends with a whole rest in the bass staff, indicating the end of the piece or a section.

p dolce

3

f

p

cresc.

p

cresc.

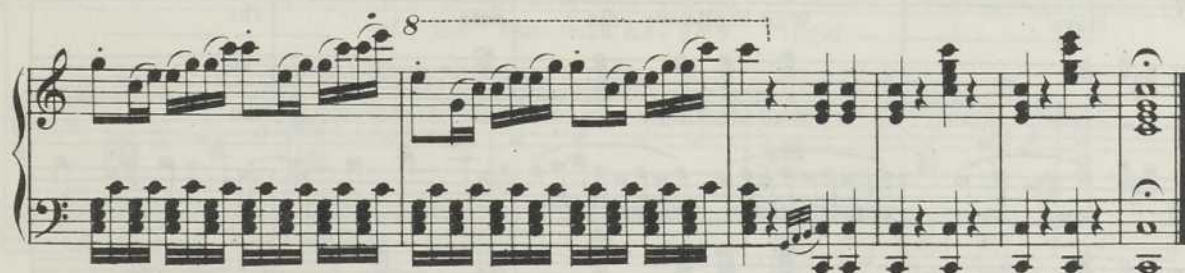
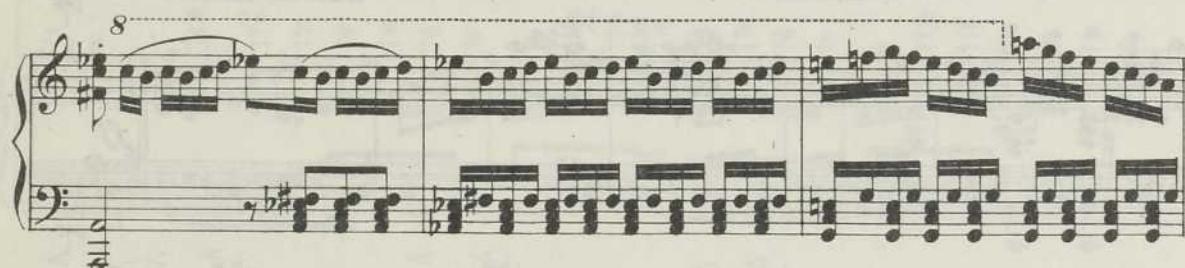
f

p dolce

3

This page of musical notation consists of seven systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The music is written in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The notation is dense, featuring many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, often beamed together. Dynamic markings include *pp* (pianissimo) at the beginning of the first system, *cresc.* (crescendo) in the third system, and *f* (forte) in the fifth system. There are also accents and slurs throughout the piece. The bottom of the page features the number 16118.

16118



Scene I.— The château and grounds of Count Arnheim, on the Danube, near Presburg. On one side, principal entrance of the castle; opposite is a statue of the Emperor, above which a party is employed raising the Austrian flag. On the rising of the curtain, the retainers of Count Arnheim are discovered preparing for the chase.

Introduction.

Allegro vivace.

Chorus of Nobles, etc.

SOPRANO.

Up with the ban - ner, and down with the

TENOR.

With the ban - ner, down with the

BASS.

With the ban - ner, down with the

slave Who shall dare to dis - pute the

slave Who shall dare dis - pute the

slave Who shall dare dis - pute the

right, Wher - ev - er its folds in their glo - ry wave, Of the

right, Wher - ev - er its folds in their glo - ry wave, Of the

right, Wher - ev - er its folds in their glo - ry wave, Of the

Aus - trian Ea - gle's flight, of the Aus - trian Ea - gle's flight,

Aus - trian Ea - gle's flight, of the Aus - trian Ea - gle's flight,

Aus - trian Ea - gle's flight, of the Aus - trian Ea - gle's flight,

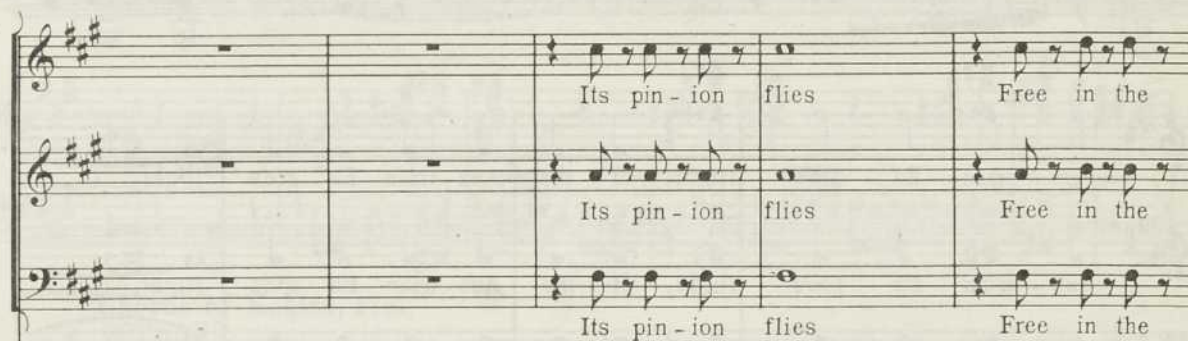
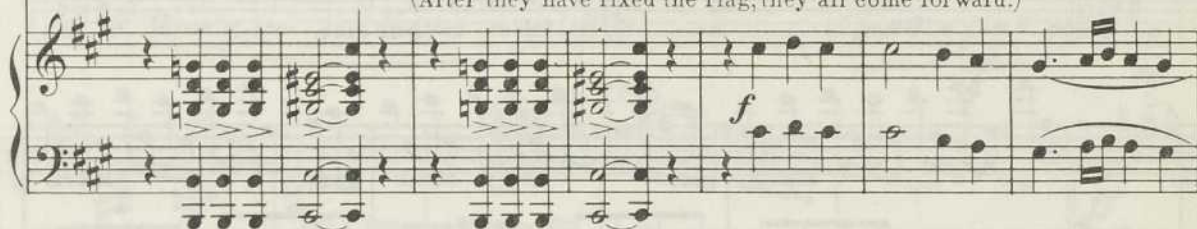
of the Aus - trian Ea - gle's flight.

of the Aus - trian Ea - gle's flight.

of the Aus - trian Ea - gle's flight.



(After they have fixed the flag, they all come forward.)



king, Thro' dan-ger fleets As heart that

king, Thro' dan-ger fleets As heart that

king, Thro' dan-ger fleets As heart that

ff *p*

beats Be - neath his plum - ed

beats Be - neath his plum - ed

beats Be - neath his plum - ed

pp
wing, its pin - ion flies, yes, free in the skies, yes,

pp
wing, its pin - ion flies, yes, free in the skies, yes,

pp
wing, its pin - ion flies, yes, free in the skies, yes,

ff *pp*

as that of the air - y king, yes, thro' dan-ger

as that of the air - y king, yes, thro' dan-ger

as that of the air - y king, yes, thro' dan-ger

fleets as heart that beats be - neath his

fleets as heart that beats be - neath his

fleets as heart that beats be - neath his

plum - ed wing, be-neath his plum - ed wing, beneath his

plum - ed wing, be-neath his plum - ed wing, beneath his

plum - ed wing, be-neath his plum - ed wing, beneath his

cresc.

plum - ed wing. And the bat - tle-fields_

plum - ed wing. And the bat - tle-fields_

plum - ed wing. Now the foe - man lies low,

f *fp*

won, — What in war — we have done.

won, — What in war — we have done.

We may hon - or in peace The

cresc. *più cresc.*

The fes - tive board, The

The fes - tive board, The

stir - ring chase, The

f

va - ried charms which each af - ford, Shall day and night, shall

va - ried charms which each af - ford, Shall day and night, shall

va - ried charms which each af - ford, Shall day and night, shall

day and night be - guile, shall day and

day and night be - guile, shall day and

day and night be - guile, shall day and

night, shall day and night be - guile, shall day and

night, shall day and night be - guile, shall day and

night, shall day and night be - guile, shall day and

night, shall day and night be - guile, shall
 night, shall day and night be - guile, shall
 night, shall day and night be - guile, shall

day and night be - guile, be - guile.
 day and night be - guile, be - guile.
 day and night be - guile, be - guile.

day and night be - guile, be - guile.

ff

(At the end of the Chorus, Count Arnheim and Florestein enter from château, S. E. L., followed by various neighboring Nobles, Pages, Huntsmen, etc., and his child, Arline, attended by Buda, etc.)

"A Soldier's Life."

Cavatina.

Andante mosso.

f *p* *ten.* *pp*

Count.

A sol - dier's life Has seen of strife In

all its forms so much, That no gen - tler theme The

world will deem A sol - dier's heart can touch; A

sol - dier's life Has seen of strife In all its forms so

C. much, That no gen - tler theme The world will deem A

C. sol - dier's heart can touch, a sol - dier's

rall. *a tempo* *pp*

C. heart, a sol - dier's heart can touch; the

colla voce *pp a tempo*

C. world will deem no gen - tler

C. theme a sol - dier's heart can touch, a sol - dier's

cresc. *f*

string. *ad lib.*

heart can touch, a sol - - - - - dier's heart can -

string. *cresc.*

touch. *f* **)*

Chorus of Hunters.
Allegro.

SOPRANO.
TENOR.
BASS.

A - way to the
A - way to the
A - way to the

Allegro.
f

hill and glen, a - way to the hill and
hill and glen, a - way to the hill and
hill and glen, a - way to the hill and

f

*) In performing the Opera, the last measure is omitted.

glen, Where the hunt-er's belt-ed men

glen, Where the hunt-er's belt-ed men

glen, Where the hunt-er's belt-ed men

With bu-gles shake the air!

With bu-gles shake the air!

With bu-gles shake the air!

(The Count, after bowing to his friends, sees Arline, and takes her in his arms.)
Count.

Ah; who can tell, save he who feels The care a

pa-rent's love re-veals, How dear, fond thing, thou art To

c. this lone, wi - dow'd heart, to this lone heart! Ah, who can

c. tell the care, the care a pa - rents love re - veals; how

c. dear, fond thing, thou art to this lone, wi - dow'd

heart! A - way to the hills,

Chorus of Hunters and Nobles.
SOPRANO and ALTO.

A - way to hill and glen, Where the hunt-er's

TENOR.

A - way to hill and glen,

BASS.

A - way to hill and glen, Where the hunt-er's

f a tempo *ff*

c. a - way to the hills,

belt - ed men With bu - gles shake the

Where the hunt - er's belt - ed

belt - ed men With bu - gles shake the

ff *f*

c. a - way to the glen,

air, with bu - gles shake the air, the

men With bu - gles shake the

air, with bu - gles shake the air, the

ff *ff*

c. a - way, a - way to the hills, a -

air! Hail to the Lord of our

air! Hail to the Lord of our

air! Hail to the Lord of our

p

way, a - way to the hills,

soil, hail, hail to our Lord, hail,

soil, hail, hail to our Lord, hail,

soil, hail, hail to our Lord, hail,

a-way to the hills, a-way to the hills,

hail to our Lord, hail, hail to our Lord, hail,

hail to our Lord, hail, hail to our Lord, hail,

hail to our Lord, hail, hail to our Lord, hail,

where bu-gles shake the air!

hail to our Lord, hail, hail!

hail to our Lord, hail, hail!

hail to our Lord, hail, hail!

Musical score for "The Swan" from "The Nutcracker" by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky. The score is for a piano and includes a C-clef on the first staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The tempo is marked "Allegretto" and the dynamics are "ff" (fortissimo). The score shows a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting line in the left hand, with a repeat sign at the end.

Musical score for the song "A - way to the hills, Where the hunt-er's". The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is D major (two sharps). The tempo is marked "Allegretto". The score consists of two systems. The first system has four staves: a vocal staff (C) and three piano accompaniment staves. The vocal line begins with "A - way to the hills," and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. The second system continues the vocal line with "Where the hunt-er's" and features a more active piano accompaniment, including a section marked "ff" (fortissimo) with a crescendo hairpin.

a - way to the hills,
 belt - ed men With bu - gles shake the
 Where the hunt - er's belt - ed
 belt - ed men With bu - gles shake the

f

a - way to the glen,

air, With bu - gles shake the air, the

men With bu - gles shake the

air, With bu - gles shake the air, the

ff *ff*

a - way, a - way,

air; a - way, a -

air; a - way, a -

air; a - way, a -

ff

C. a - way, a - way!

way, now to hill and glen a - way, a - way!

way, now to hill and glen a - way, a - way!

way, now to hill and glen a - way, a - way!

(During this, a retainer brings down [R] a rifle to Florestein, who puts it away from him. Count Arnheim exit in château. Nobles and Hunters ascend rocks and exeunt. Arline petitions Buda to let her accompany them, and goes off by a footpath, at side of rocks, with her and Florestein.)

decrease

p

p

pp

pp *segue*

Allegro agitato.

Melodramatic Music.

p *cresc.*

(Enter Thaddeus, breathless and exhausted, in a state of great alarm.)

f

T. *p*
 well, To wander on a stranger strand, Where friends but sel-dom

T. *accel.*
 dwell; Yet, hard as are such ills to bear, And deep-ly tho' they

T. *f* *pp*
 smart, Their pangs are light to those who are The or-phans of the

T. *pp*
 heart!— 'Tis sad to leave our Fa-ther-land, And friends we there lov'd

T. *pp*
 well, To wan-der on a stranger strand, Where friends but sel-dom

accel. il tempo

T. dwell, where friends, where friends, where

f accel. il tempo *cresc.*

ff friends but sel - dom dwell, — but sel-dom dwell. *Allegro.*

f *f*

agitato Oh! if there were one gentle eye To weep when I might

meno mosso *p* *pp*

T. grieve, One bo-som to re-ceive the sigh Which sor-row oft will heave; One

T. heart the ways of life to cheer, Tho' rug - ged, tho' rug - ged they might

pp

T. be, No lan - guage, no lan - guage

T. can express, how dear That heart would be to me, would be to me! O

rall.

colla voce

T. Heav'n, O Heav'n! 'Tis sad to leave our Fa - ther - land, And

pp *a tempo*

a tempo *pp*

T. friends we there lov'd well, To wander on a stranger strand, Where

p

T. friends but sel - dom dwell; Yet, hard as are such ills to bear, And

*) On the stage the 16 measures from * to * are omitted.
16118

T. deep - ly tho' they smart, Their pangs are light to those who are The

T. or - phans of the heart! — 'Tis hard to leave our Fa - ther - land, And

cresc. *pp*

T. friends we there lov'd well, — To wander on a stranger strand, Where

T. friends but sel - dom dwell, where friends but sel - dom dwell, where

Più mosso.

T. friends but sel - dom dwell, where friends but sel - dom dwell, where friends,

string. *f* *string.* *f*

strascinando la voce

T. *colla voce* *f* *ff*

where friends but sel - dom dwell!

(At the end of song, a troop of Gipsies, headed by Devilshoof, their leader, suddenly appear [R.] and are about to seize and rob Thaddeus, but presuming by his dress that he is a soldier, they stop and examine him.)

"In the Gipsy's Life."

Gipsy Chorus.

Allegro. *ff*

Moderato. *f* *cresc.*

SOPRANO.
pp

In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to

ALTO and TENOR.
pp

In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to

(Devilshoof with BASSES.)
pp

In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to

pp dolce

lead, In the Gipsy's life you read The life that

lead, In the Gipsy's life you read The life that

lead, In the Gipsy's life you read The life that

cresc. *p*

f *p* all would like to lead. Some - times un - der

f *p* all would like to lead. Some - times un - der

f *p* all would like to lead. Some - times un - der

roof, and some - times thrown Where the wild wolf makes his lair, where the
 roof, and some - times thrown Where the wild wolf makes his lair,
 roof, and some - times thrown Where the wild wolf makes his lair,

cresc. *p*

wolf makes his lair, where the wolf makes his lair; For
 where the wolf makes his lair, where the wolf makes his lair; For
 where the wolf makes his lair, where the wolf makes his lair; For

rall. *rall.* *rall.*

a tempo *pp* he who's no home to call his own, Will find, will find a home some - where, —
pp he who's no home to call his own, Will find, will find a home some - where, —
pp he who's no home to call his own, Will find, will find a home some - where, —

a tempo *pp*

For he who's no home to call his own, Will find a home some-where,

For he who's no home to call his own, Will find a home some-where,

For he who's no home to call his own, Will find a home some-where, will find a

cresc. *cresc.* *cresc.* *p*

p Ah! For

p will find a home some-where, For

p home, find a home some-where, For

p *cresc.*

f he who's no home, no home to call his

f he who's no home, no home to call his

f he who's no home, no home to call his

ff *dim.* *p* Will

ff *dim.* *p* Will

ff *dim.* *p* Will

ff *dim.* *p*

cresc. find a home some-where, ah! ah!
cresc. find a home some-where, ah! ah!
cresc. find a home some-where, ah! ah!

cresc. *f* *ff* *f*

pp 'Tis the maximbold of man, What's an-other's prize to claim,
pp 'Tis the maximbold of man, What's an-other's prize to claim,
pp 'Tis the maximbold of man, What's an-other's prize to claim,

pp dolce

p *f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

Then to keep, then to keep all he can, We Gip-sies do the same;
 Then to keep, then to keep all he can, We Gip-sies do the same;
 Then to keep, then to keep all he can, We Gip-sies do the same;

Thus a hab - it once, 'tis cus - tom grown, yes, 'tis a cus - tom grown; Ev - ry

Thus a hab - it once, 'tis cus - tom grown, yes, 'tis a cus - tom grown,

Thus a hab - it once, 'tis cus - tom grown, yes, 'tis a cus - tom grown,

cresc. *p*

man will take care, ev - ry man will take care, — If he

Ev - ry man will take care, will take care, will take care, If he

Ev - ry man will take care, will take care, If he

rall. *rall.* *rall.*

has no home to call his own, — To find, to find a home some - where, —

has no home to call his own, — To find, to find a home some - where, —

has no home to call his own, — To find, to find a home some - where, —

a tempo *pp* *a tempo* *pp* *a tempo* *pp*

If he has no home to call his own, To find a home some-where, Ah!
 If he has no home to call his own, To find a home some-where, to
 If he has no home to call his own, To find a home some-where, to find a home,

Dynamics: *cresc.*, *pp*, *pp*, *p*, *pp*, *cresc.*, *pp*.

yes, if he has no home to call his
 find a home some-where, yes, if he has no home to call his
 find a home some-where, yes, if he has no home to call his

Dynamics: *f*, *ff*, *f*, *ff*, *f*, *ff*, *cresc.*, *ff*.

own, To find a home some-where, ah! ah!
 own, To find a home some-where, ah! ah!
 own, To find a home some-where, ah! ah!

Dynamics: *p*, *cresc.*, *fff*, *cresc.*, *fff*, *cresc.*, *fff*, *p*, *cresc.*, *f*, *ff*.

Thaddeus (aside). The sight of these wanderers has inspired me with a project. (To Devilshoof.) Your manner and habit please me. I should like to join your band. I am young, strong, and have, I hope, plenty of courage.

Devilshoof. Who are you?

Thad. One without money, without home, and without hope.

Dev. You're just the fellow for us, then!

Gipsy (who is on the look-out on rock, R). Soldiers are coming this way.

Thad. 'Tis I they are in search of.

Dev. Indeed! then they'll be cunning if they find you.

(March begins.)

(In a moment they strip the soldier's dress off Thaddeus, and as they are putting a Gipsy's frock, &c., over him, a roll of parchment, with seal attached, falls at the feet of Devilshoof, who seizes it.)

Dev. What's this?

Thad. My commission! It is the only thing I possess on earth, and I will never part with it. (Snatches it, conceals it in his bosom, and has just time to mix himself with the Gipsies, when a body of the Emperor's soldiers enter in pursuit.)

Officer (scrutinizing Gipsies). Have you seen any one pass this way — any stranger?

Dev. No one — stay — yes, a young Polish soldier ran by just now, and passed up those rocks.

Officer. That's he — thanks, friend! Forward!

(Exeunt soldiers up rocks.)

March of the Austrian Soldiers.

Allegro.

"Comrade, your Hand."

Duet with Chorus.

Allegro moderato.

Devilshoof.

D. Comrade, your hand, We under-stand, we un-der-

stand Each other in a breath. This grasp se-cures Its owner

yours In life, in life, and un-til death, This grasp se-cures Its

own-er yours In life, and un-til death, This grasp se-cures Its

own-er yours In life, and un-til death, In life, in life, and un-til

ad lib.
 3 3 3
 D. death, yes, un - til - death.
 T. The scenes and days to me Which
colla voce
 seem'd so blest to be, No time can e'er re - store, no
dolce
 time can e'er re - store; The scenes and days, the days to me Which
 seem'd so blest, so blest to be, No time can e'er re - store, no
p
 time can e'er re - store, no time can e'er re -

store, no time can er re - store.

SOPRANO.

ALTO and TENOR.

BASS.

In the Gipsy's life you read The

In the Gipsy's life you read The

In the Gipsy's life you read The

life that all would like to lead, In the Gipsy's life you read The life that

life that all would like to lead, In the Gipsy's life you read The life that

life that all would like to lead, In the Gipsy's life you read The life that

Thaddeus. Devilshoof.

My wants are few. Want we ne'er

all would like to lead.

all would like to lead.

all would like to lead.

pp

f

Thaddeus.

D. T. knew But what, but what we could sup - ply. Then, what is

Devilshoof.

F. D. worse, I have no purse! We nothing,

Thaddeus.

D. T. no - thing have to buy. My heart, my heart 'twill

Devilshoof.

F. D. wring. That is a thing In which we never deal. But all I

Thaddeus.

Devilshoof.

T. D. need, but all I need - 'Twere best, in - deed, To borrow, beg, or

crese.

Thaddeus.

D. T. steal. My heart 'twill wring, my

T. heart 'twill wring!

Devilshoof.

D. That is a thing — In which, in which we nev - er

deal!

SOPRANO.

ALTO and TENOR.

BASS.

In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

T. Thaddeus. The

D. Devilshoof. 3 Comrade, your

lead, that all would lead, that all would lead.

lead, that all would lead, that all would lead.

lead, that all would lead, that all would lead.

lead, that all would lead, that all would lead.

f

T. *p* scenes and days to me Which seem'd so blest to

D. hand, We un-der-stand we un-der-stand Each oth-er in a

p

T. be, No time can e'er re-store, no time can e'er re-

D. breath, This grasps e-cures Its owner yours In life, and un-til

store; The scenes and days to me Which
death! Then rest you here while we ex - plore, And see what

seem'd so blest to be, No time can e'er re -
luck, what luck there is in store; Then rest you here while we ex -

store, no time can e'er re -
plore, And see what luck there is in store,

store, no time

store, no time

cresc. *ad lib.* *f* *colla voce*

T. *rall.* *a tempo*
can e'er re-store,

D. Then rest you here while we ex -

SOPRANO. *p*
In the Gip-sy's life you

ALTO and TENOR. *p*
In the Gip-sy's life you

BASS. *p*
In the Gip-sy's life you

rall. *pp a tempo*

T. no time

D. plore What luck, what luck there is in store; Now rest you here while we ex -

read The life that all would like to

read The life that all would like to

read The life that all would like to

cresc.

T. can e'er restore, no time can e'er re-store, no time can e'er re-

D. plore What luck, what luck there is in store, yes, rest here,

lead, the life, the life,

lead, the life, the life,

lead, the life, the life,

f

T. store, no, no time, no time, no time can

D. rest here while we ex-plore What luck, what luck there

the life, the life that all would like to lead, to

the life, the life that all would like to lead, to

the life, the life that all would like to lead, to

ff *f*

Piu mosso.

T. *ff* e'er re - store, can e'er re -

D. *ff* is in store, what luck, what

lead, yes, all would like to

lead, yes, all would like to

lead, yes, all would like to

Piu mosso.

T. store, can e'er re - - store, no time, no

D. *ff* luck there is in store, Now rest you here while we ex -

lead, would like to lead, yes, all would

lead, would like to lead, yes, all would

lead, would like to lead, yes, all would

ff
T. time can e'er re - store, can e'er re -
D. plore What luck, what luck there is in store, what luck's in
like, would like to lead, would like to
like, would like to lead, would like to
like, would like to lead, would like to

ff

(All exeunt R.)
T. store.
D. store.
lead.
lead.
lead.

ff

Segue.

(Loud shouts and alarms are heard, which become more and more distinct, when a body of huntsmen are seen to cross a chasm in the rocks which is bridged by a fallen tree, &c., and exeunt by the path on which Arline, &c., went off.)

Melodramatic Music.

Allegro vivace.

fp *p* *ff*

(Alarms continue, when Florestein rushes in, apparently frightened to death.)

"Is no succor near at hand?"

(Original key B minor.)

Allegro agitato.

Aria.

p *f*

Florestein.

F. Is no succor near at hand? For my in - tel - lect so reels, I am

F. doubtful if I stand On my head or on my heels; No

F. gentle-man, it's ver-y clear, Such a shock should ev - er know; When I

F. once be - come a peer, They shall not treat me so; No

F. gentle-man, it's ver-y clear, Such a shock should ev - er know, And when

F. *ff*
 once I become a peer, They shall not treat me so, no,

F.
 — they shall not treat me so, no, — they shall not treat me

F.
 so! Then let

F.
 ev-er-y vas-sal arm, For my thanks he well de-serves, Who from

F.
 this state, this state of a-larm Will protect my shat-ter'd nerves! To

F. think that one unus'd to fear — Such a fright should ev - er know! When I

F. once be - come a peer, — They shall not treat me so! No

F. gentle-man, it's ver-y clear, Such a shock — should ev - er know, And when

F. once I become a peer, They shall — not treat me so, no, —

F. — they shall not treat me so, no, — they shall not

F. *treat me so!*

f

Segue

(At the end of song, Thaddeus and Peasantry rush in, the latter evincing the greatest alarm and terror.)

Melodramatic Music.

Allegro vivace.

fp

p

f

ff

Thaddeus. What means this alarm?

Peasant. The Count's child and her attendant have been attacked by an infuriated animal, and are probably killed ere this!

Thaddeus. What do I hear?

(He perceives the rifle that Florestein has left on the stage, utters an exclamation, seizes it, runs up the rocks, aims, fires, and instantly rushes off. The discharge of the rifle, and the alarm of the Peasantry, bring Count Arnheim and his party to the spot. Devilshoof enters at one side, at the same time, watching.)

[Melodramatic Music begins.]

Melodramatic Music.

Allegro.

The musical score is for a piece titled "Melodramatic Music" in an "Allegro" tempo. It is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The score consists of six systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The music is characterized by a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more melodic line in the treble, often featuring slurs and accents. The fifth system includes a crescendo (*cresc.*) marking. The sixth system concludes with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The final measure of the sixth system is a whole note chord.

Count. Whence proceed these sounds of fear, and where is my darling child? [Melodramatic Music.] (All maintain a painful silence, when Thaddeus rushes in, conveying Arline, who is wounded in the arm, and seems faint.)

Melodramatic Music.

Andante.

fp

dolce assai

accel.

cresc. *fp* *p*

cresc. *fp*

stentate *rall.*

Buda (falling at the Count's feet). We were pursued by the wild deer they were chasing, and, but for the bravery of this young man (pointing to Thaddeus), the life of your child would have been sacrificed.

Count (clasping his child in his arms). Praised be Providence! her life is saved, for she is all that renders mine happy. (Looking at her arm, then addressing Buda.) Let her wound have every attention, though it presents no sign of danger. (Buda goes into the castle with Arline, and Count Arnheim advances to Thaddeus.)

Stranger, accept the hand of one who, however different from you in station, can never sufficiently thank you for the service you have rendered him.

Devilshoof (aside). First to serve, and then be thanked by the persecutor of his country. The fellow's mad!

Count. I trust you will remain, and join the festivities we are about to indulge in; and 'twill gra-

tify me to hear how I can be useful to you.

Thaddeus. I thank your lordship; but —

Count (to the Nobles). Pray, my friends, join your entreaties to mine.

(Here the Nobles all surround the Count and Thaddeus; and Florestein, coming up to him, says —)

Flor. I am extremely obliged to you for not shooting me as well as my little cousin — and I beg you'll — aw — stay — (aside) A very common sort of personage, apparently.

Thad. (to the Count). Be it as your lordship wishes.

Count. Then be seated, friends, and let the fête begin.

(They all seat themselves at the tables which have previously been laid opposite the Castle. Thaddeus takes his seat at the farther end, Florestein occupying a prominent position. When they are seated, a variety of dances are introduced, during which Buda is seen at one of the windows holding on her knee the child, whose arm is bound up. At the termination of the dancing, the Count rises.)

Waltz.

Tempo di valse.





Più mosso.



This page of musical notation consists of six systems of grand staves (treble and bass clef). The first system begins with a *cresc.* marking. The second system ends with a *cresc.* marking. The third system features a *f* marking at the end. The fourth system continues the melodic and harmonic development. The fifth system begins with a *ff* marking. The sixth system concludes the piece with a double bar line and repeat signs. The notation includes various musical notes, rests, and dynamic markings, indicating a piece of music with increasing intensity.

Count (rising). I ask you to pledge but once, and that is, to the health and long life to your Emperor.

(Here the guests fill their glasses, rise, and turning towards the statue of the Emperor, drink, while the Peasantry surround it respectfully. Thaddeus alone keeps his seat, on perceiving which, Florestein goes up to the Count and points it out to him.)

Florestein. Your new acquaintance, my dear uncle, is not overburdened with politeness or loyalty, for he neither fills his glass, nor fulfils your wishes.

Count (filling a glass and going up to Thaddeus). I challenge you to empty this to the health of our Emperor.

Thaddeus (taking the glass). I accept the challenge, and thus I empty the goblet.

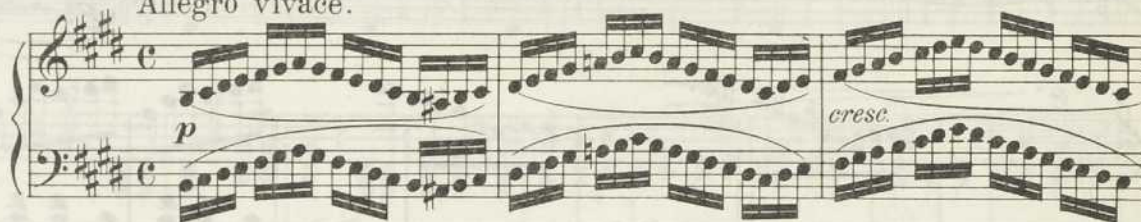
(Goes up to the statue and throws down the glass with the utmost contempt. A general burst of indignation follows.)

Chorus of Guests, who rise, draw their swords, and rush towards Thaddeus.

"Down with the daring slave."

Finale to Act I.

Allegro vivace.



Chorus of Guests.

SOPRANO and ALTO. *f*

TENOR.

BASS.

Down with the dar - ing slave, Who dis -

Down with the dar - ing slave, Who dis -

Down with the dar - ing slave, Who dis -

putes, who dis - puts the right Of a peo - ple's de -

putes, who dis - puts the right Of a peo - ple's de -

putes, who dis - puts the right Of a peo - ple's de -

light, And would their an - - ger

light, And would their an - - ger

light, And would their an - - ger

Count (to the Nobles and Guests, interposing between them and Thaddeus).

Al-though 'tis vain to mask The

brave.

brave.

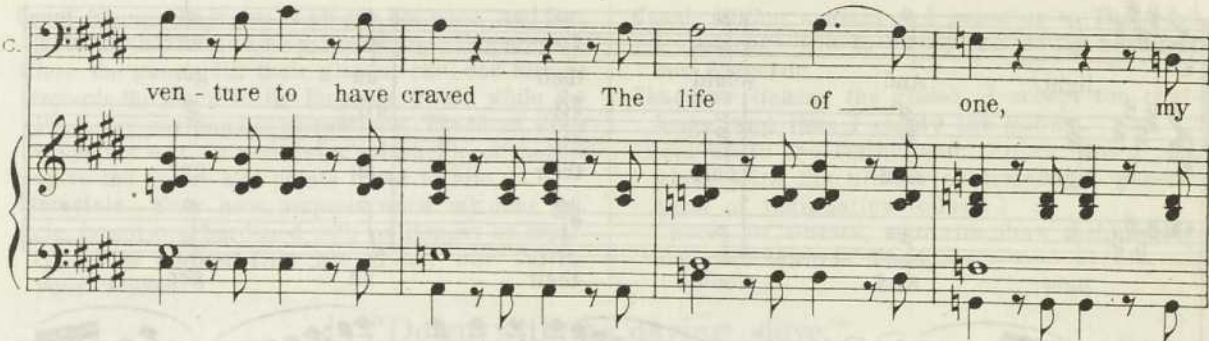
brave.

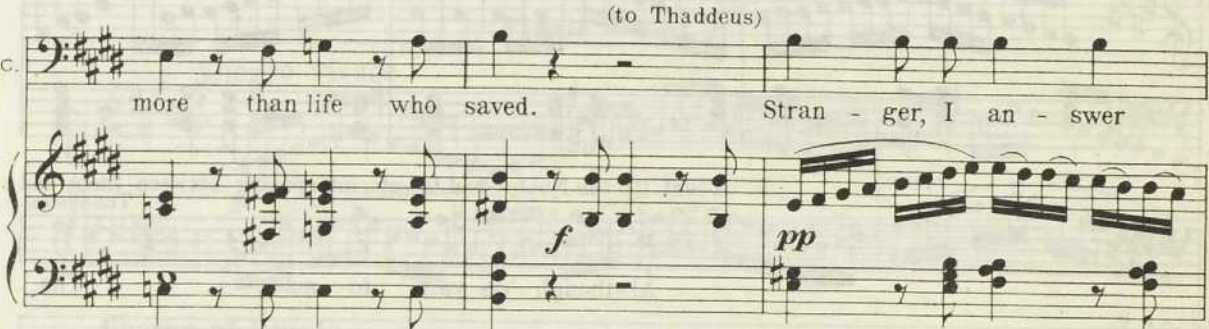
p

rage such act de - mands, For - give me if I ask His

par - don at your hands; If from your wrath I

p

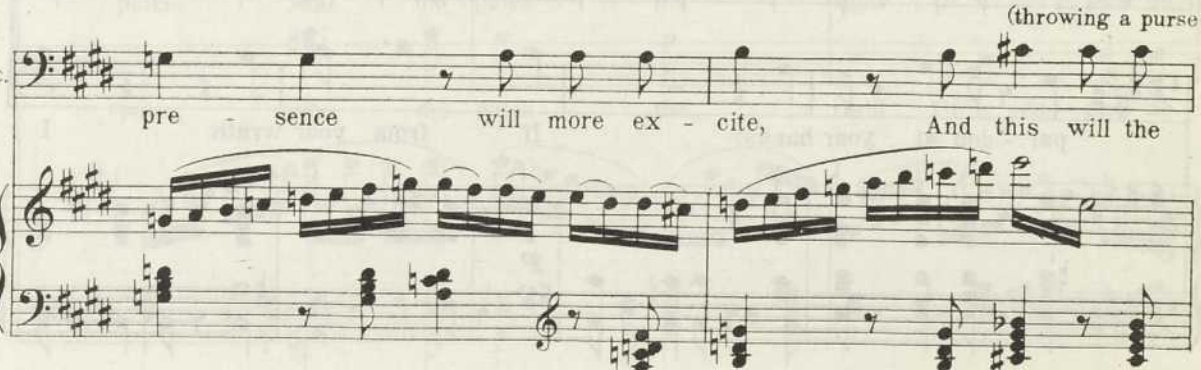
c.  ven - ture to have craved The life of — one, my

(to Thaddeus)
c.  more than life who saved. Stran - ger, I an - swer

f *pp*

c.  not One mo - ment for your life; Quit, while you may, a

c.  spot Where you have rais'd a strife. Your long - er

(throwing a purse)
c.  pre - sence will more ex - cite, And this will the

(Devilshoof rushes in.)

C. ser - vice you did me re - quite!

p

Devilshoof (taking the hand of Thaddeus). (to Count)

D. Where's the hand will dare to touch A hair of him I prize so much? The

D. pulse of pride you boast, within, with - in me beats as high;

f

D. You and your titled host, Proud lord, proud lord, I do de - fy!

p

Florestein (aside, with a glass in one hand, and a leg of a bird in the other).

F. Up - on my life, 'tis most un - pleasant, Just as one had attack'd a

(Thaddeus, who has taken up the purse, and seeing himself and Devilshoof surrounded by the Nobles and Guests, throws the purse at the Count's feet.)

Thaddeus.

F. T. pheasant. Take back your gold, and learn to

T. know One above aught you can be - stow.

Chorus.

Down with the dar - ing slave, Who would our

Down with the dar - ing slave, Who would our

Down with the dar - ing slave, Who would our

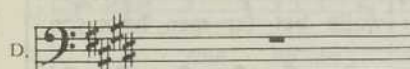
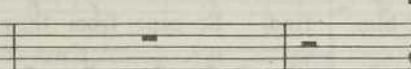
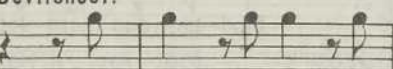
fu - - - ry brave, down with the

fu - - - ry brave, down with the

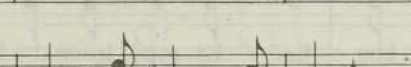
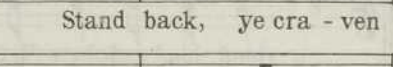
fu - - - ry brave, down with the slave, down with the

(Devilshoof, defending Thaddeus, retreats, pressed upon by the nobles, guests, &c., when the count orders a party of his retainers to divide them; they seize Devilshoof, and take him towards the Castle.)

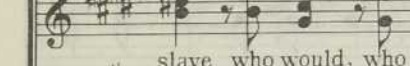
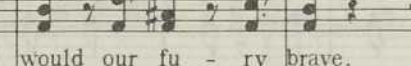
Devilshoof.

D.   

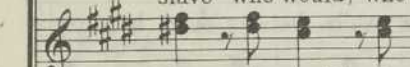
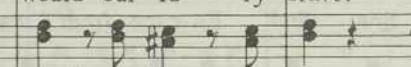
Stand back, ye cra - ven

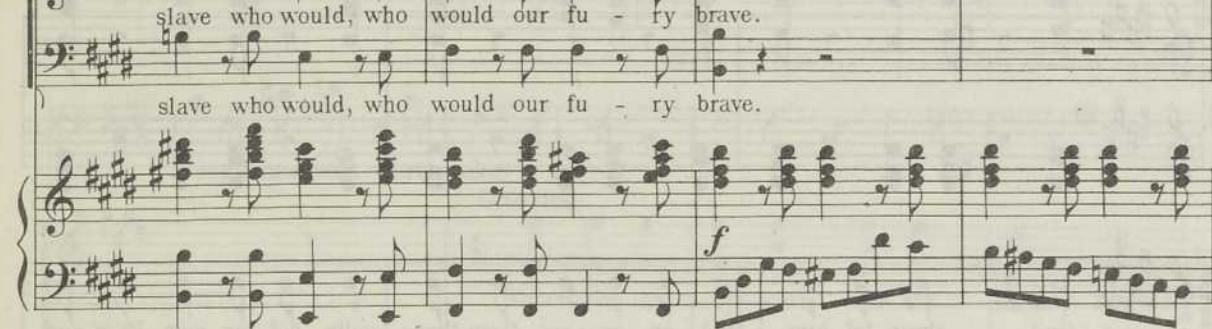
slave who would, who would our fu - ry brave.

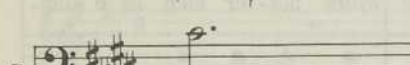
  

slave who would, who would our fu - ry brave.

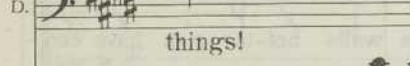
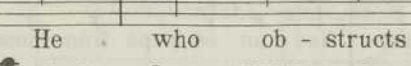
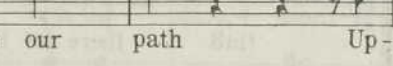
  

slave who would, who would our fu - ry brave.

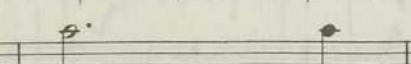


D.   

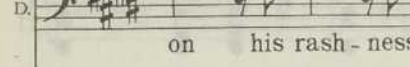
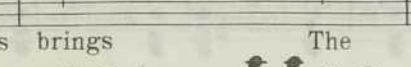
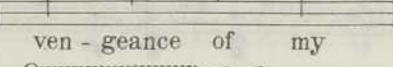
things! He who ob - structs our path Up -

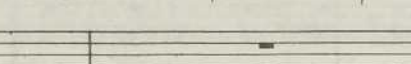
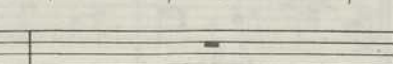


D.   

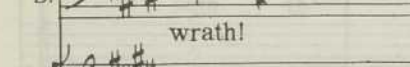
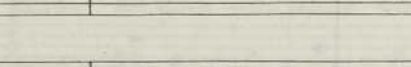
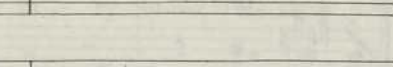
on his rash - ness brings The ven - geance of my

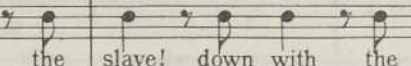
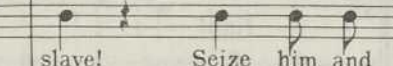


D.   

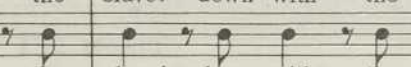
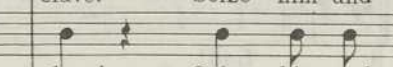
wrath!

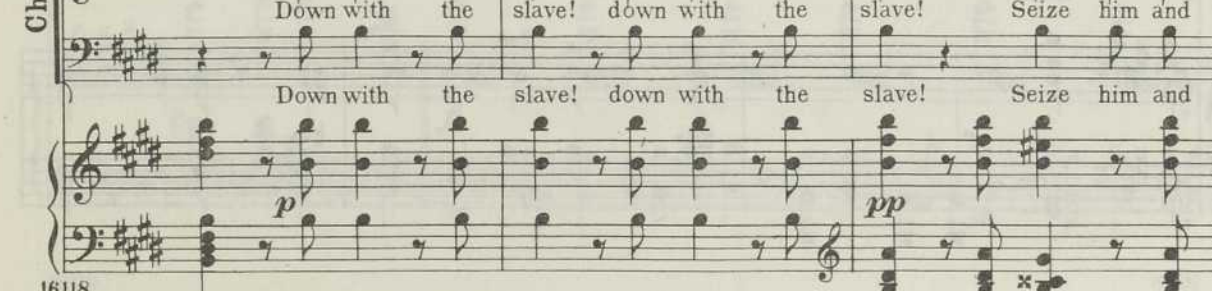
Down with the slave! down with the slave! Seize him and

Down with the slave! down with the slave! Seize him and

Down with the slave! down with the slave! Seize him and



bind him, and there let him find Es-cape from those walls bet-ter men have con -

bind him, and there let him find Es-cape from those walls bet-ter men have con -

bind him, and there let him find Es-cape from those walls bet-ter men have con -

find, there let him find an es-cape from those walls bet-ter men have con -

find, there let him find an es-cape from those walls bet-ter men have con -

find, there let him find an es-cape from those walls bet-ter men have con -

Devilshoof (as they are dragging him off).

Tho'mesh'd by num - bers in the yoke Of

find!

find!

find!

D. one by all ab-hor'd, Yet trem-ble, worth-less lord, At the

D. vengeance you pro-voke!

Chorus.

Down with the slave, down with the slave, down
Down with the slave, down with the slave, down
Down with the slave, down

Più mosso.

with the slave, the slave who would our fu-ry brave, the slave who
with the slave, the slave who would our fu-ry brave, the slave who
with the slave, the slave who would our fu-ry brave, the slave who

Più mosso.

would our fu - ry brave; down with the slave, down
 would our fu - ry brave; down with the slave, down
 would our fu - ry brave; down with the slave, down

with the slave who would our
 with the slave who would our
 with the slave who would our

fu - ry brave, down with the
 fu - ry brave, down with the
 fu - ry brave, down with the

slave, down with the slave, down

slave, down with the slave, down

slave, down with the slave, down

8

with the slave, down with the

with the slave, down with the

with the slave, down with the

8

slave!

slave!

slave!

8

(Devilshoof is dragged off into the castle; the Count, Nobles, etc., reseal themselves, when other dances are introduced, and the festival continues. Buda is seen to leave the window at which she has been seated with Arline, and she enters and converses with the Count. In the midst of the most joyous movements of the dance, Devilshoof is seen descending from the roof of the castle, until he reaches the window of Arline's chamber, into which he enters, and seizing Arline, continues his descent and steals off towards the rocks in the rear. Buda then enters the castle, and in a minute afterwards the festivities are interrupted by violent shrieking; the window is thrown open, and Buda, pale, and with dishevelled hair, signifies by her gestures that Arline has disappeared.)

Allegro vivace.

Galop.

The musical score is for a Galop in 2/4 time, marked Allegro vivace. It consists of six systems of piano and violin staves. The piano part features a driving bass line with chords and triplets, while the violin part has a melodic line with slurs and accents. Dynamics include *ff*, *p*, *f*, and *p*. The key signature has one sharp (F#).



"What sounds break on the ear?"

Allegro.

Finale continued.

SOPRANO and ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

What sounds break on the ear?

ear? what sounds break on the ear? What

looks of wild de-spair A grief as wild im-part!

Count. My child! my child! that word a-lone

C. With a - go - niz - ing tone, my

(Count and Nobles dash into the castle. A general movement

C. child! that word a - lone Bursts in up - on

of all - some are seen at the window of Arline's chamber signifying that she is gone.)

C. my heart!

Chorus.

Be ev - 'ry hand pre - pard -

Be ev - 'ry hand pre - pard -

Be ev - 'ry hand pre - pard

Their liege lord's halls to guard, And with de -

Their liege lord's halls to guard, And with de -

Their liege lord's halls to guard, And with de -

vo - tion's bond, All ties, all ties be - yond -

vo - tion's bond, All ties, all ties be - yond -

vo - tion's bond, All ties, all ties be - yond -

Florestein (kneeling, and appearing greatly alarmed).

Ah! what with danc - ing, scream - ing,

fighting, One real - ly is a shock - ing

plight in; It puz - zles quite one's

wit To find a place to pick a bit

(The Count rushes from the castle, dragging Buda and followed by Nobles. Buda, trembling, falls on her knees.)

Count.

Wretch! mon - ster! give me back the trea - sure

of my soul, the trea - sure of my soul!

Go - all - the spoil - er's foot - steps track, That treasur'd

prize who stole; Go - all - the spoil - er's

foot - steps track, That treasur'd prize who

Recit.

stole. But no! vain hope, unless we pray to Him Who heal-eth all

Andante religioso.

Prayer.*)

sor - row, with sup - pliant limb. Thou, who in might su - preme,

Thou, who in might su - preme O'er the fate of all reignest, o'er the fate of all

Thou, who in might su - preme O'er the fate of all

Thou, who in might su - preme O'er the fate of all

Thou, who in might su - preme O'er the fate of all

reign - est, Thou, who hope's pal - est beam - In the mourner sus - tain - est,

reign - est, Thou, who hope's pal - est beam - In the mourner sus - tain - est,

reign - est, Thou, who hope's pal - est beam - In the mourner sus - tain - est,

reign - est, In the mourner sus - tain - est,

pp

Vouch-safe to lend an ear To the grief of the wail - er, Cut short the dark ca -

pp

Vouch-safe to lend an ear To the grief of the wail - er, Cut short the dark ca -

pp

Vouch-safe to lend an ear To the grief of the wail - er, Cut short the dark ca -

pp

Vouch-safe to lend an ear To the grief of the wail - er, Cut short the dark ca -

reer Of the ruth-less as - sail - er, of the ruthless as - sail - er,

reer Of the ruth-less as - sail - er, of the ruthless as - sail - er,

reer Of the ruth-less as - sail - er, of the ruthless as - sail - er,

reer Of the ruth-less as - sail - er, of the ruthless as - sail - er,

f

Cut short the dark ca - reer, the dark ca - reer Of the ruth-less as - sail - er,

Cut short the dark ca - reer Of the ruth-less as - sail - er,

Cut short the dark ca - reer Of the ruth-less as - sail - er,

Cut short the dark ca - reer Of the ruth-less as - sail - er,

16118

ff

Cut short the dark ca - reer Of the ruthless assail - er.

Of the ruthless as - sail - er.

Of the ruthless as - sail - er.

ff

Cut short the dark ca - reer Of the ruthless as - sail - er.

ff

Allegro.

f

(During the prayer, Devilshoof is seen climbing up the rocks with Arline in his arms.)

ff

fff

(At the most animated part of the Chorus, bodies of Gentry, Retainers, Servants, &c., are seen rushing towards the rocks, and over every part, in pursuit of Devilshoof, who, perceiving his situation, knocks away, the moment he has crossed it, the trunk of the tree which serves as a bridge between the two rocks, and thus bars their passage. Count Arnheim in his distraction is about to throw himself into the gulf—he is held back by attendants, into whose arms he falls senseless. Some are in attitude of prayer—others menace Devilshoof, who, folding Arline in his large cloak, disappears in the depths of the forest.

"Follow, follow with heart and with arm."

Chorus.

Allegro vivace.

mf Fol - low, fol - low with heart and with arm, - Fol - low, fol - low and
mf Fol - low, fol - low with heart and with arm, - Fol - low, fol - low and
mf Fol - low, fol - low with heart and with arm, - Fol - low, fol - low and

Allegro vivace.
fp

shel - ter from harm The pride of Arn - heim's line, the pride of
shel - ter from harm The pride of Arn - heim's line, the pride of
shel - ter from harm The pride of Arn - heim's line, the pride of

pp

Arn - - - heim's line!
Arn - - - heim's line!
Arn - - - heim's line!

p Fol - low, fol - low with
p Fol - low, fol - low with
p Fol - low, fol - low with

heart and with arm, - Fol - low, fol - low and shel - ter from harm The

heart and with arm, - Fol - low, fol - low and shel - ter from harm The

heart and with arm, - Fol - low, fol - low and shel - ter from harm The

The image shows a page from a musical score for 'The Song of the Lark' by Gustav Mahler. The score is written for voice and piano. The vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass) are at the top, and the piano accompaniment is at the bottom. The music is in 4/4 time and the key of D major (indicated by two sharps). The lyrics are in German and English. The piano part features a prominent arpeggiated figure in the right hand and a more rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The score includes dynamic markings such as *cresc.* and *f*.

Vocal Parts:

- Soprano:** pride of Arn - heim's line, Where all its hopes en -
- Alto:** pride of. Arn - heim's line, Where all its hopes en -
- Tenor/Bass:** pride of Arn - heim's line, Where all its hopes en -

Piano Accompaniment:

- Right Hand:** Features a prominent arpeggiated figure, often referred to as the 'Lark Song' motif. It includes dynamic markings *cresc.* and *f*.
- Left Hand:** Provides a rhythmic accompaniment, often with a steady eighth-note pattern.

[illegible]

ff

fol - - - low, fol - low, fol - - - low!

ff

fol - - - low, fol - low, fol - - - low!

ff

fol - - - low, fol - low, fol - - - low!

ff

fol - low, fol - low with heart and with arm, - Fol - low, fol - low and

ff

fol - low, fol - low with heart and with arm, - Fol - low, fol - low and

ff

fol - low, fol - low with heart and with arm, - Fol - low, fol - low and

ff

shel - ter from harm The pride of Arn - heim's line, Where all its

ff

shel - ter from harm The pride of Arn - heim's line, Where all its

ff

shel - ter from harm The pride of Arn - heim's line, Where all its

cresc.

shel - ter from harm The pride of Arn - heim's line, Where all its

cresc.

shel - ter from harm The pride of Arn - heim's line, Where all its

cresc.

shel - ter from harm The pride of Arn - heim's line, Where all its

cresc.

shel - ter from harm The pride of Arn - heim's line, Where all its

Più mosso.

hopes en - - - twine. Fol - low, fol - low, fol-low with
 hopes en - - - twine. Fol - low, fol - low, fol-low with
 hopes en - - - twine. Fol - low, fol - low, fol-low with

8 Più mosso.

f *ff*

heart, Fol - low and save the pride of
 heart and with arm, Fol - low and save the pride of
 heart and with arm, Fol - low and save the pride of

8

Arn - heim's line. Fol - low, fol - low, follow with heart,
 Arn - heim's line. Fol - low, fol - low, follow with heart and with arm,
 Arn - heim's line. Fol - low, fol - low, follow with heart and with arm,

8

ff

Fol - low and save the pride of Arn - heim's

Fol - low and save the pride of Arn - heim's

Fol - low and save the pride of Arn - heim's

line, Where all its hopes, its hopes en - twine.

line, Where all its hopes, its hopes en - twine.

line, Where all its hopes, its hopes en - twine.

Act II.

Note.— Twelve years are supposed to elapse between the First and Second Acts.

Scene I. Street in Presburg, by moonlight. Tent of the Queen of the Gipsies, large curtains at the back; it is lighted by a lamp. On the opposite side of the stage are houses, one of which, an hotel, is lighted up. Arline is discovered asleep on a tiger's skin; Thaddeus is watching over her. As the curtain rises, a patrol of the city guard marches by, and as soon as they are gone off, Devilshoof and a party of Gipsies, wrapped in cloaks, suddenly appear.

"Silence, the Lady Moon."

Introduction.

Piano.

pp *cresc.*

TENOR I.
sotto voce

TENOR II.
sotto voce

BASS.
sotto voce

Chorus.

Si - - - lence, si - lence! the la - dy moon,

Si - - - lence, si - lence! the la - dy moon,

Si - - - lence, si - lence! the la - dy moon,

the la - dy moon Is the on - ly wit - ness now a - wake, — And

the la - dy moon Is the on - ly wit - ness now a - wake, — And

the la - dy moon Is the on - ly wit - ness now a - wake, — And

sempre p
wea - ry of watching'chance she soon To sleep will her-self be - take! — Si-lence,

sempre p
wea - ry of watching'chance she soon To sleep will her-self be - take! — Si-lence,

sempre p
wea - ry of watching'chance she soon To sleep will her-self be - take! — Si-lence,

si-lence! from her throne in air She may look on, for aught we care. —

si-lence! from her throne in air She may look on, for aught we care. —

si-lence! from her throne in air She may look on, for aught we care. —

But if she at-tend un-to our be-hest, She will go to rest,—

But if she at-tend un-to our be-hest, She will go to rest,—

But if she at-tend un-to our be-hest, She will go to rest,—

yes, she will qui-et-ly go to her rest, qui-et-

yes, she will qui-et-ly go to her rest, qui-et-

yes, she will qui-et-ly go to her rest, qui-et-

ly go to her rest.

ly go to her rest.

ly go to her rest.

Devilshoof.

(The Gipsies all draw

D. There's a deed to do whose gains Will re-ward the risk and pains—

their daggers, and appear delighted.)

D. Fie! fie! to a gen-tle-man when you ap - peal, You may

D. draw his purse without drawing your steel; With bows, and po-liteness, and with

D. great re-spect, You may take more than he can at first sus - pect. See,

(pointing to the lighted windows of the hotel)

D. see, where in gob - lets deep What sense they have, they

D. steep. Watch here! till each to his home Shall reel on his doubtful

D. way. Watch here! watch here! and the gob-let's foam Will make

D. each an ea-sy prey. Si-lence! this way, this way, this way, this

D. way, *pp* silence, this way, this way, —

Chorus. Si - - - lence, si-lence, this way, this way, — si - - -

Si - - - lence, si-lence, this way, this way, — si - - -

Si - - - lence, si-lence, this way, this way, — si - - -

D. *p* *V*
 si - lence, this way, this way,
 lence, si - lence,
 lence, si - lence,
 lence, si - lence,
 lence, si - lence,
f *p* *sf* *p*

(As the Gipsies retire up the stage, Florestin staggers out of the hotel; he is elegantly dressed, with chain, rings, etc., and a rich medallion round his neck.)

D. *p*
 si - lence!
 si - lence!
 si - lence!
 si - lence!
 si - lence!
p

Allegro.

f *p*

Florestein (drunk). *quasi parlando*

F. Wine! wine! if I am heir To the Count, my un - cle's,

line, Wine! (hiccup)

Wine! Where's the fel - low will

dare To re - fuse his ne - - phew wine, to re - fuse his nephew

wine? That moon there, star - ing me on my way, Can't be as

mod - est as peo - ple say, For meet whom she will, and in what - ev - er spot, She

pp

(The Gipsies have by this time advanced, and Devils-
hoof goes politely up to Flor.)

Dev. (to Flor., bowing).

F. D. oft - en looks on at what she ought not. My

D. ear caught not the clock's last chime, And might I beg to

p sempre stacc.

F. ask the time? (If the bot - tle has pre-vail'd, Yet when-

Florstein (reels, recovers a little, and after eyeing Devils-
(aside)

hoof). ev - er I'm as-sail'd, Tho' there may be nothing in it, I am so - ber'd

(to Devilshoof) in a minute.) You are real - ly so po - lite,

(pulling out his watch) (Devilshoof takes the watch and puts it in his fob)

F. That— 'tis late in-to the night— Might I beg to

Dev. (taking from Florestein his rings, chain, and the rich medallion).

F. ask— I am real - ly griev'd to see A-ny one in such a state,

D. And glad-ly will take the great-est care Of the rings and chains you

Flor. (drawing his sword).

F. chance to wear. What I thought was po - lite-ness, is down-right theft, And at

F. this rate I soon shall have no - thing left.

(At a sign from Devilshoof the Gipsies instantly surround Florestein, and take every valuable from him)

Chorus.

p

Ad-vance with cau - tion, let ev-'ry man Seize on and keep what -

p

Ad-vance with cau - tion, let ev-'ry man Seize on and keep what -

p

Ad-vance with cau - tion, let ev-'ry man Seize on and keep what -

ev - er he can, what - - ev - er he can, what - -

ev - er he can, what - - ev - er he can, what - -

ev - er he can, what - - ev - er he can, what - -

ev - er he can!

ev - er he can!

ev - er he can!

f

(During the chorus, Devilshoof makes off with the medallion, and the others are dividing the rest of the spoil, when a female appears in the midst of them, drops her cloak, and discovers their Queen. The Gipsies appear stupefied.)

Recit. Queen.

To him, from whom you stole, Surrender back the whole.

The Gipsies return the different things to Florestein.)

Florestein (trembling and looking over the things).

Thanks, Ma-dam, La-dy, but

Tempo I.

pp *pp staccato*

might I re-quest A me-dal-lion in di-a-monds, worth all the

rest?

Chorus (at a sign from the Queen, who seems to command its restitution).

On our chief-tain's share we ne'er en-croach, And he fled with the

On our chief-tain's share we ne'er en-croach, And he fled with the

On our chief-tain's share we ne'er en-croach, And he fled with the

prize at your ap - proach, he fled with the

prize at your ap - - proach. *f*

prize at your ap - - proach. *f*

Tempo I.

Q. *Queen (to Florestein).* Flor. (trembling).

Be your safe - ty my care. I'm in precious hands.

Q. *Queen (to Gipsies).*

Fol - low, and list to your Queen's com - mands.

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pp

Chorus.

We fol-low, yes, and list, and list un - to our Queen's com - mands,

We fol-low, yes, and list, and list un - to our Queen's com - mands,

We fol-low, yes, and list, and list un - to our Queen's com - mands,

pp

yes, we list, we list un - to our Queen's com - mands,

yes, we list, we list un - to our Queen's com - mands,

yes, we list, we list un - to our Queen's com - mands,

yes, we list, we list un - to our Queen's com - mands, yes, we

yes, we list, we list un - to our Queen's com - mands, yes, we

yes, we list, we list un - to our Queen's com - mands, yes, we

cresc.

Queen.

Q. Come, come, come!

list, we list to our Queen's com - mands, yes, yes, yes,

list, we list to our Queen's com - mands, yes, yes, yes,

list, we list to our Queen's com - mands, yes, yes, yes,

sf

fol - - - low!

fol - - - low!

fol - - - low!

pp

(Exit Queen, holding Florestin, all of a tremble, with one hand, and beckoning the Gipsies to follow, with the other.)

Moderato.

p

(Exeunt omnes.)

(As soon as they have gone off, Arline, who has been awakened by the noise, comes from the tent, followed by Thaddeus.

Arline. Where have I been wandering in my

sleep? and what curious noise awoke me from its pleasant dream? Ah, Thaddeus, would you not like to know my dream? Well, I will tell it you.

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls."

Andantino.

Romance.

dolce assai

A. *Arline.*
I dreamt that I

dwelt in marble halls, With vassals and serfs at my

side, And of all who assembled within those

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/8 time, marked 'Andantino' and 'Romance'. The piano part features a continuous eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The voice part enters with the lyrics 'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls, With vassals and serfs at my side, And of all who assembled within those'. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'pp' (pianissimo) and 'dolce assai' (very sweet). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

A. walls, That I was the hope and the pride. I had

A. rich-es too great to count, could boast Of a high an -

A. ces - tral name; But I al - so dreamt, which

pp

colla voce *pp*

(taking both his hands in hers)

A. pleas'd me most, That you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you

A. lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the

cresc.

cresc. *colla voce*

A. *same.*

f

A. *p*

I dreamt that suit - ors sought my hand, That

pp

A. knights up - on bend - ed knee, And with vows — no

A. maid - en heart could with - stand, They pledg'd their faith — to

A. me. And I dreamt, that one of that no - ble

A. *host* Came forth my hand to claim; But I

colla voce

A. al - so dreamt, which charm'd me most, That you lov'd me

pp

A. still the same, that you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the

A. same, that you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same.

f

110 (At the end of the romance Thaddeus presses Arline to his heart.)

Arline. And do you love me still?

Thaddeus. More than life itself.

Arline. Yet is there a mystery between our affec-

tions and their happiness that I would fain unravel (pointing to her arm). The mark on this arm, which I have seen you so often contemplate, is the key to that mystery. By the love you say you bear me, solve it.

"The wound upon thine arm."

Moderato.

Duet.

Thaddeus (taking her hand and pointing to the mark).

T. The wound up - on thine arm, Whose

mark thro life 'twill be, In sav-ing thee from great -

A. - er - harm Was there trans-fix'd by me. By thee?

T. Thaddeus. Ere on thy gen-tle head Thy sixth sun had its radiance

T. shed, A wild deer, who had lain at bay, Pursued by

T. Arline. Thadd.
A. hunt - ers cross'd thy way. Well? By slaying him I res - - cued

T. Arline. Thadd.
A. thee. Yes! And in his death-throe's a - go - ny, Thy tender form, by his ant - ler

T. Arline.
A. gor'd, This humble arm to thy home re - stor'd. Strange

A. feel - ings move this breast, It nev - er knew be - fore, And bid me

A. here im - plore That you re - veal, that you re-veal the

A. rest.

Larghetto cantabile.
mezza voce Thadd.

T. The se-cret of her birth To me is on - ly known, The

T. se - cret of a life whose worth I prize be - yond mine own, be-yond mine

A. Arline. own. The se-cret of my birth To him is on - ly known, The

A. se - cret of a life whose worth Per-chance he will dis - own, dis -

a tempo

A. own. The se-cret of my birth To him is on - - - ly

T. Thadd. The se-cret of her birth To me is on - - - ly

a tempo
pp

A. known, The se - cret of a life whose worth Per-chance he will dis -

T. known, The se - cret of a life whose worth I prize be - yond mine

A. own, he will dis-own; The se-cret of my birth To him is

T. own, beyond mine own; The se-cret of her birth To me is

a tempo
col canto

A. on - - - ly known, The se - cret of a life whose

T. on - - - ly known, The se - cret of a life whose

A. *worth Perchance he will dis - own, he will dis - own, perchance he*
 T. *worth I prize be - yond mine own, beyond mine own, I prize be -*
rall. a tempo
f a tempo p

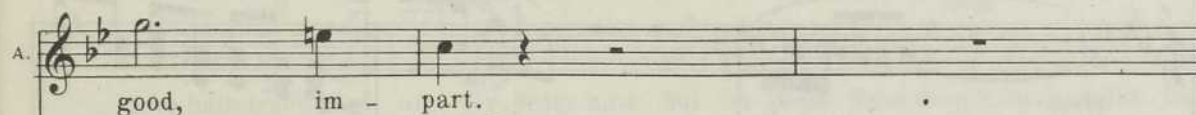
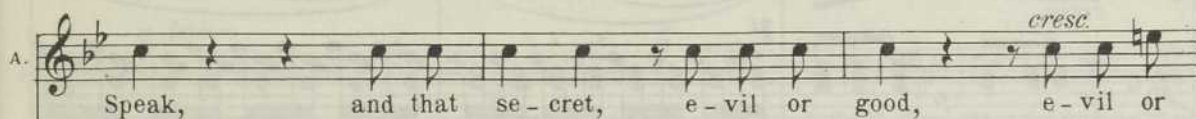
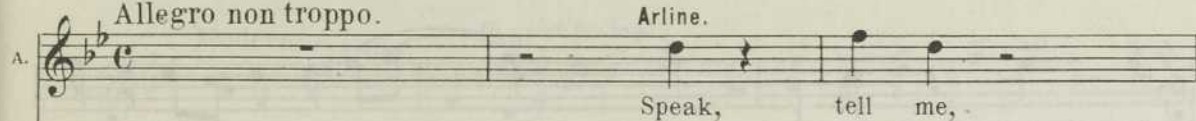
A. *will, he will dis - own, he will dis -*
 T. *yond, be - yond mine own, be - yond mine*
f p f p

A. *own, perchance he will, he will dis - own, he*
 T. *own, I prize be - yond, be - yond mine own, be -*
f p f p f p

A. *will dis - own, he will dis - own.*
 T. *yond mine own, be - yond mine own.*
f pp

Allegro non troppo.

Arline.



1. I will tell thee all, ———— tho' I lose thee, I

cresc. lose thee for ev - er. Arline. Speak,

A. tell me, ease my tor - tur'd heart. Thadd. I will

1. tell thee all, tho' I lose, tho' I lose thee for ev - er. *cresc.*

"What is the spell hath yet effaced?"

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Moderato. Arline. (with great feeling)

A. *pp stacc.*

What is the spell hath yet ef-fac'd The first fond lines that

love hath trac'd, And af-ter-years have but imprest More deep in love's con-fid-ing

rall.

col canto

a tempo

A. breast? What is the spell hath yet ef-fac'd The first fond lines that

a tempo

cresc. rall. *a tempo* *rall.*

love hath trac'd, And af-ter-years have but im-prest More deep in love's con-fid-ing

col canto *a tempo* *rall.*

meno mosso

A. breast, more deep in love's con-fid-ing breast, more deep in

meno mosso

colla parte

Tempo I.

Thaddeus.

A. T. love's con - fid - ing - breast? And yet few spells have e'er ef - fac'd The

pp stacc.

T. first fond lines that love hath trac'd, And af - ter - years have but im - prest More

T. *rall.* deep in love's confid - ing breast! *a tempo* And yet few spells have e'er ef - fac'd The

col canto *a tempo*

T. *rall.* first fond lines that love hath trac'd, And *a tempo* af - ter - years have but im - prest More

col canto *a tempo*

T. *rall.* deep in love's confid - ing breast, *meno mosso* more deep in love's con - fid - ing

rall. *meno mosso*

Più mosso. Arline.
 T. A. breast, more deep in love's con - fid - ing breast. Speak,

pp

Thaddeus.
 T. ease my tor - tur'd breast. I'll

cresc.

T. tell thee all, though I

f

Arline.
 T. A. lose thee for ev - er. Speak, speak,

ff

Thaddeus.
 T. A. speak!

I will tell thee all. Ah! —

ff

Tempo I.

dolce

A. What is the spell hath yet ef - fac'd The

dolce

T. What is the spell hath yet ef - fac'd The

Tempo I.

pp stacc.

A. first fond lines that love hath trac'd, And af - ter - years have

T. first fond lines that love hath trac'd, And af - ter - years have

A. but im - prest More deep in love's con - fid - ing breast?

T. but im - prest More deep in love's con - fid - ing breast?

f

A. What is the spell hath yet ef - fac'd The first fond lines that

f

T. What is the spell hath yet ef - fac'd The first fond lines that

cresc.

A. love hath trac'd, And af - ter - years have but im - prest More

T. love hath trac'd, And af - ter - years have but im - prest More

col canto

meno mosso

A. deep in love's con-fid - ing breast, more deep in love's con - fid - ing

T. deep in love's con-fid - ing breast, more deep in love's con - fid - ing

meno mosso

meno mosso

f Più mosso.

A. breast, more deep in love's con - fid - ing breast, more deep in love's

T. breast, more deep in love's con - fid - ing breast, more deep in love's

f Più mosso.

A. *con - fid - ing breast, more deep in love's con - fid - ing*

T. *con - fid - ing breast, more deep in love's con - fid - ing*

A. *ff* *breast, con - fid - ing breast, more deep in love's*

T. *ff* *breast, con - fid - ing breast, more deep in love's*

A. *ff* *con - fid - ing breast, more deep in love's con - fid - ing breast, con -*

T. *ff* *con - fid - ing breast, more deep in love's con - fid - ing breast, con -*

A.

T.

A.

T.

A.

T.

(At the end of the duet, Thaddeus throws himself, in an ecstasy, at the feet of Arline, and is bathing her hand with kisses, when the back curtains of the tent are withdrawn, and the Queen appears, pale and trembling with passion. She advances towards Arline, and pointing to Thaddeus—)

Queen. And dare you aspire to the love of him who possesses the heart of your queen?

Arline. I possess *his* heart, and will yield the possession to no one. He is the savior of my life, and the only friend I have in all the tribe: he has sworn how much he loves me.

Queen. Loves you?

(Trumpet sounds twice, then segue.)

Arline. Yes; let him speak for himself, and choose between us.

Queen. Be it so.

(Thaddeus, who has been anxiously watching the two, here runs and embraces Arline. She surveys the Queen with an air of triumph.)

Arline (to the Queen). I made no idle boast. (Then to Thaddeus—) Summon our comrades hither.

(The Queen is standing in the centre, while Thaddeus calls the Gipsies together, who enter on all sides and surround the Queen, and appear to ask what is going on.)

"Happy and light of heart."

Allegro moderato. Recitative and Chorus.

Arline. *ad lib.*

Lis-ten, while I re-late The hope of a

f *pp col canto*

Allegro.

Gip-sy's fate; I am lov'd by one, by one I love All

pp

oth-er hearts a-bove, And the sole de-light to

stacc.

(taking the hand of Thaddeus)

me Is with him u-ni-ted to be, yes!

Chorus.

pp SOPRANO and ALTO.

Hap - py and light of heart are those Who in each oth - er one

pp TENOR I. II.

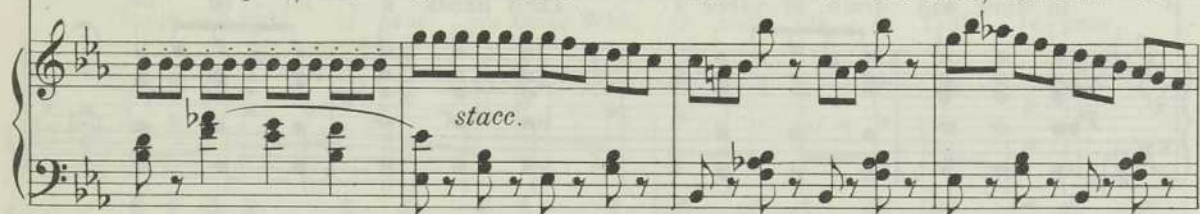
Hap - py and light of heart are those Who in each oth - er one

pp BASS.

Hap - py and light of heart are those Who in each oth - er one



faith re - pose, who in each oth - er one faith, one faith re -
 faith re - pose, who in each oth - er one faith, one faith re -
 faith re - pose, who in each oth - er one faith, one faith re -



Devilshoof (aside, maliciously pointing at the Queen).

(A ri - val's hate you may bet - ter tell By her rage than by her tears, And

pose.
 pose.
 pose.



(to Queen)

D. it perchance may be as well To set them both, to set them both by the ears.) As

D. Queen of our tribe, 'tis yours by— right, The hands of those you rule to u - nite.

(to Queen, who draws back and hesitates)

p
Chorus. In love and truth by thee Their hands u - nit - ed be.
In love and truth by thee Their hands u - nit - ed be.
In love and truth by thee Their hands u - nit - ed be.

Meno mosso, quasi a piacere.

Queen (haughtily advancing, and taking the hands of Arline and Thaddeus).

Q. Hand to hand, heart to heart, Who shall those I've u -

Q. nit - ed part? who shall those I have mat-ed part? By the

(joining their hands) Allegretto:

spell of my sway, Part them who may.

Chorus

pp TENOR.
Happy and light of heart are those, yes,

pp BASS.
Happy and light of heart are those, yes,

pp Allegretto.

pp SOPRANO and ALTO.
Happy and light of heart are those Who in each oth - er faith re - pose,

pp
happy and light of heart are those Who in each oth - er faith re - pose,

pp
happy and light of heart are those Who in each oth - er faith re - pose,

happy and light of heart are those who in each oth - er faith re - pose,

happy and light of heart are those who in each oth - er faith re - pose,

happy and light of heart are those who in each oth - er faith re - pose,

f hap - py and light, — and light of heart are those —
f hap - py and light, — and light of heart are those —
f hap - py and light, — and light of heart are those —

p

f who — faith re - pose, — in each oth - er faith re - pose, ah!
f who — faith re - pose, — in each oth - er faith re - pose, ah!
f who — faith re - pose, — in each oth - er faith re - pose, ah!

pp happy and light of heart are those who in each oth - er faith re - pose,
pp happy and light of heart are those who in each oth - er faith re - pose,
pp happy and light of heart are those who in each oth - er faith re - pose,

* This is sung on the stage without accompaniment.
 16118

p happy and light of heart are those who in each oth - er faith re - pose, who
p happy and light of heart are those who in each oth - er faith re - pose, who
p happy and light of heart are those who in each oth - er faith re - pose, who

cresc.

p

cresc.

p

cresc.

p in each oth - er faith, one faith re - pose, *pp* hap - py and
p in each oth - er faith, one faith re - pose, *pp* hap - py and
p in each oth - er faith, one faith re - pose, hap - py, yes, *pp* hap - py and

p

f

pp

light of heart are those who in each oth - er faith re -
 light of heart are those who in each oth - er faith re -
 light of heart are those who in each oth - er faith re -

cresc. pose, happy and light, who faith re - pose, who in each
cresc. pose, happy and light, who faith re - pose, who in each
cresc. pose, happy and light, who faith re - pose, who in each

cresc. *f*

oth - er faith re - pose, who faith re - pose.
 oth - er faith re - pose, who faith re - pose.
 oth - er faith re - pose, who faith re - pose.

ff

(Chorus lie down, assuming picturesque attitudes. Queen comes forward; then segue Ballad.)

ff

"Bliss for ever past."
Ballad.

Larghetto cantabile.

pp *dolce assai*

Q. § Queen.

O would that I had died ere now, For
But no! but no! not one poor ray Of

Q. then I had not felt The bit - ter pang, the crush - ing blow, Thy
com - fort will be mine; No gleam of hope, how - ev - er faint, Will

Q. cru - el words have dealt! I've but one sol - ace, heav - en grant It
thro' my sor - row shine! That sor - row is so sharp, so great, Its

cheer me, cheer me to the last! 'Tis sad, fond mem'-ry,
pow'r so deep, so deep, so vast, That e'en the mem'-ry

rit. stentate
faith-ful still To bliss for ev - er past, 'Tis sad, fond mem'-ry,
will it crush Of bliss for ev - er past, That e'en the mem'-ry

cresc. *col canto*

faith-ful still To bliss for ev - er past, 'Tis sad, fond mem'-ry,
will it crush Of bliss for ev - er past, That e'en the mem'-ry

1.
faith-ful still To bliss for ev - er past.
will it crush Of bliss for ev - er

mf

2.
past.

dim. *pp* *f* *ff*

(During this scene the stage has been growing somewhat lighter. A Gipsy enters.)

Gipsy. Morning is beginning to dawn, and crowds of people are already flocking towards the fair: the sports begin with daylight.

Queen. Summon the rest of the tribe, and meet me forthwith in the public square. (To Devils-hoof.) Do you remain to bear my further orders. (Exeunt Thaddeus and Arline, hand in hand, followed by the other Gipsies repeating chorus.)

Chorus.

Moderato.

SOPRANO and ALTO. *f*

TENOR.

BASS.

Chorus.

In the Gip-sy's life you read The

Moderato.

life that all would like to lead, in the Gip-sy's life you
 life that all would like to lead, in the Gip-sy's life you
 life that all would like to lead, in the Gip-sy's life you

read the life that all would like to lead,
 read the life that all would like to lead,
 read the life that all would like to lead,

read the life that all would like to lead,
 read the life that all would like to lead,
 read the life that all would like to lead,

read the life that all would like to lead,
 read the life that all would like to lead,
 read the life that all would like to lead,

dim.
in the Gip-sy's life you read the life that all would like to

dim.
in the Gip-sy's life you read the life that all would like to

dim.
in the Gip-sy's life you read the life that all would like to

dim.
lead, in the Gip-sy's life you read the life that all would

dim.
lead, in the Gip-sy's life you read the life that all would

dim.
lead, in the Gip-sy's life you read the life that all would

like to lead.

like to lead.

like to lead.

Segue Duet

"This is thy deed."
Duet.

135

Allegro non troppo.

f

Queen.

This is thy deed!

p

seek not t'assuage My jealous fear, a ri - val's

Devilshoof.

Q. D. rage! I neither fear, I neither fear, nor seek to

Queen (aside to Devilshoof).

D. calm. Re-venge is the wounded bosom's balm. That

Q. jew - el with which thou hast dared to deck Thy fore - doom'd neck, Answer

me _ where didst thou get it? where? 'Twas entrusted to my

Devilshoof.

Queen.

D. care. This ver - y night, on this ver - y

Q. spot, Thy soul for once its fears for - got, A drunk - en gal -

liard who cross'd thy way Be - came thy prey. (Fiend -

Devilshoof (aside).

D. born! 'twere vain to fly The glance of her

D. search - ing eye!)

Queen.
Down on thy knees, the gem re-store, E'en in thy shame a - maz'd,

Q. Or long years of sin shall de-plore The storm which thou hast

Devilshoof (aside).
rais'd. (It best might be the prize to re-store, Much as I seem a -

D. maz'd, Or here - af - ter I may de - plore The

p *f* *p*

(kneeling and presenting the medallion to the Queen)

D. storm which I have rais'd.) Queen, I o - bey. 'Tis

Queen.

p *pp*

Q. — the wis - est thing Thy miscreant heart could do.

(takes medallion)

f *pp*

Devilshoof (aside).

(Who from my grasp such prize could wring, The do - ing it may

cresc.

f Queen. Devilshoof

Q. rue.) De - part, and join the rest. I will

D. do thy high be - hest. *f* (aside) (The

Queen.
Q. Now de - part, and — join the rest,
D. wrongs we forgive not and cannot forget, Will vengeance more sharply whet, the

Q. now de - part and join the rest! (The (aside)
D. wrongs we forgive not and cannot forget, will vengeance more sharply whet, the

Q. wrongs we forgive not and can - not forget, will vengeance more sharply whet, the
D. wrongs we forgive not and can - not forget, will vengeance more sharply whet, the

Q. wrongs we forgive not and can-not forget, will vengeance more sharp-ly

D. wrongs we forgive not and can-not forget, will vengeance more sharp-ly

f p

Più mosso.

Q. whet, yes, will our ven-geance sharp-ly whet, will

D. whet, yes, will our ven-geance sharp-ly whet, will

Più mosso.

f p

Q. ven-geance sharp-ly whet, yes, will our ven-geance sharp-ly

D. ven-geance sharp-ly whet, yes, will our ven-geance sharp-ly

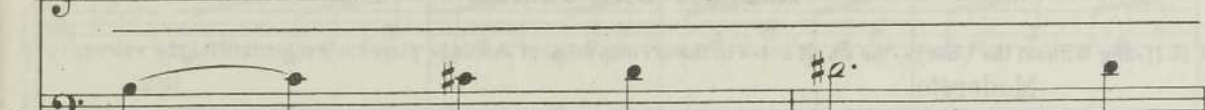
cresc.

Q. whet, will ven-geance sharp-ly whet!

D. whet, will ven-geance sharp-ly whet, will

f p

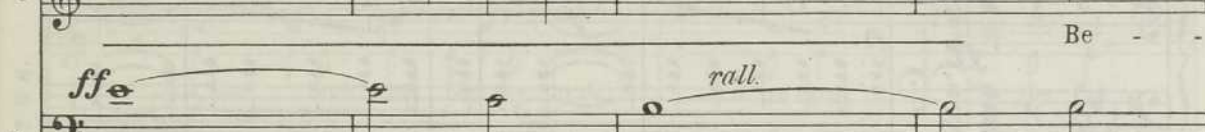
Q. 

D. 

ven - - - geance more sharp - - ly

cresc. 

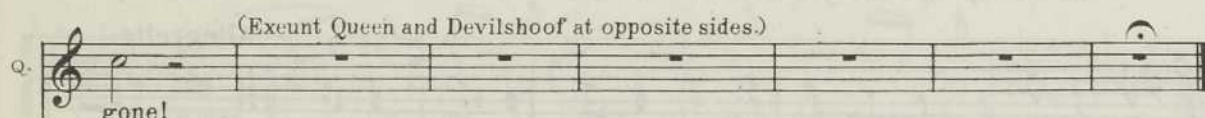
Q. 

D. 

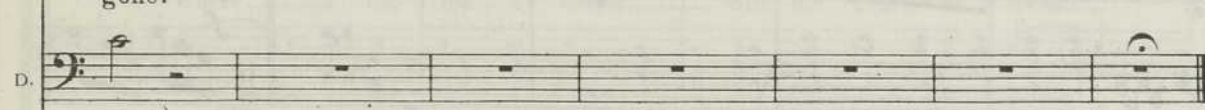
whet, - - - more sharp - - - ly

ff 

(Exeunt Queen and Devilshoof at opposite sides.)

Q. 

gone!

D. 

whet!)

a tempo 

(segue when scene changes)

Scene II.— Another street in Presburg. Daylight.

"Come with the Gipsy bride."

Romance with Chorus.

N.B. If sung without the Chorus, the small notes in the accompaniment should be played as a substitute for the voices.

Moderato.
Arline with Sopranos.

SOPRANO.
In the Gip-sy's life you read — The life that all would like to lead, —

ALTO.
In the Gip-sy's life you read — The life that all would like to lead, —

TENOR.
In the Gip-sy's life you read — The life that all would like to lead, —

BASS.
In the Gip-sy's life you read — The life that all would like to lead, —

Chorus (behind the scenes).
In the Gip-sy's life you read — The life that all would like to lead, —

Moderato.

Allegretto.

In the Gip - sy's life you read The life that all would like to — lead.

In the Gip - sy's life you read The life that all would like to — lead.

In the Gip - sy's life you read The life that all would like to — lead.

Allegretto.

(Enter Arline, in a fanciful dress, followed by a troop of Gipsies. She has a tambourine in her hand.)

* On the stage, the first and the last eight measures of Chorus are sung without accompaniment.

Arline.
p
 A. Come — with the Gip-sy bride, And re-pair To the fair,
pp

A. Where — the ma-zy dance Will the hours en-trance!

Chorus.
f
Arline.
 Come — with the Gip-sy bride, And re-pair To the fair,
 Come — with the Gip-sy bride, And re-pair To the fair,
 Come — with the Gip-sy bride, And re-pair To the fair,
f

Where — the ma-zy dance Will the hours en-trance.
 Where — the ma-zy dance Will the hours en-trance.
 Where — the ma-zy dance Will the hours en-trance.
ff

Arlene.

A. *pp*
Come with the Gip - sy bride, Where souls as light pre-side! Life can give nothing be-

pp

A. *pp*
yond One heart — you know to be fond, — Wealth with its hoards cannot buy — The

pp

A. *pp*
peace content can sup-ply, — Wealth with its hoards cannot buy — The peace content can sup-

A. *rallent. a piacere*
ply, — And rank in its halls can - not find — The calm of a hap - py

colla voce

A. *rall.*
mind, And rank in its halls can-not find The calm of a hap - py mind.

col canto

a tempo

A. Come with the Gip-sy bride, And re-pair To the fair,

pp a tempo *staccato*

A. Where the ma-zy dance Will the hours en-trance!

Chorus.

f Come with the Gip-sy bride, And re-pair To the fair,

f Come with the Gip-sy bride, And re-pair To the fair,

f Come with the Gip-sy bride, And re-pair To the fair,

Where the ma-zy dance Will the hours en-trance.

Where the ma-zy dance Will the hours en-trance.

Where the ma-zy dance Will the hours en-trance.

ff

Arlene.

A. Love is the first thing to clasp, But if _____ he es-cape your grasp,

pp

A. Friend-ship will then be at hand, In the young _____ rogue's place to

A. stand, Hope will then be no-thing loath _____ To

A. point out the way to both, Hope will then be no-thing

A. loath _____ To point out the way to both. _____

A. Come with the Gip-sy bride, And re-pair To the fair,

pp *staccato*

A. Where the ma-zy dance Will the hours en-trancel

Chorus. Come with the Gip-sy bride, And re-pair To the fair,

Come with the Gip-sy bride, And re-pair To the fair,

Come with the Gip-sy bride, And re-pair To the fair,

f

Where the ma-zy dance Will the hours en-trance.

Where the ma-zy dance Will the hours en-trance.

Where the ma-zy dance Will the hours en-trance.

ff

Tempo I.

ff

In the Gip-sy's life you read — The life that all would like to lead, —

ff

In the Gip-sy's life you read — The life that all would like to lead, —

ff

In the Gip-sy's life you read — The life that all would like to lead, —

Tempo I.

ff

Allegretto.

In the Gip-sy's life you read The life that all would like to — lead.

In the Gip-sy's life you read The life that all would like to — lead.

In the Gip-sy's life you read The life that all would like to — lead.

Allegretto.

rall.

ff

(Exit Arline, followed by the Gipsies)

fz

Scene III. A grand Fair in the public Platz (Square) of Presburg. On one side a large hotel, over which is inscribed "The Hall of Justice." Various groups of Gentry, Soldiers, Citizens, and Peasantry cover the stage. Foreign shops are seen in various parts, curious Rope-dancers, Showmen, Waxwork, a Quack Doctor, Exhibitions, etc., etc., are dispersed here and there. Flags hung out of the windows, and ringing of bells, enliven the scene.

March.

(When the scene changes.)

Allegro moderato e marziale.

The musical score for the March section consists of seven systems of piano accompaniment. The first system is marked *ff*. The second system is also marked *ff*. The third system begins with a *mf* dynamic and includes trills (*tr*) in the right hand. The fourth system includes a *cresc.* marking and a *f* dynamic. The fifth and sixth systems return to the *ff* dynamic. The seventh system is the final measure of this section.

Molto marcato.

The musical score for the *Molto marcato* section consists of one system of piano accompaniment. It begins with a *ff* dynamic and features a strong, rhythmic melody in the right hand with dotted rhythms.

This page contains seven systems of musical notation for piano. Each system consists of a grand staff with a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The notation includes various musical elements:

- System 1:** Features triplets in both hands. The right hand has a triplet of eighth notes, and the left hand has a triplet of eighth notes. Dynamics include *f* (forte) in the right hand.
- System 2:** Continues the triplet patterns. Dynamics include *f* in the right hand.
- System 3:** Features a triplet in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* in the right hand.
- System 4:** Features a triplet in the left hand. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo) in the right hand. The instruction *molto marcato* is written below the left hand.
- System 5:** Features a triplet in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* in the right hand.
- System 6:** Features a triplet in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* in the right hand.
- System 7:** Features a triplet in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* in the right hand.

This page of musical notation consists of seven systems, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The notation includes various musical elements:

- System 1:** Treble staff has a half note with a fermata, followed by eighth notes. Bass staff has a continuous eighth-note accompaniment.
- System 2:** Treble staff features chords and triplets. Bass staff has chords and a triplet. Dynamics include *ff*.
- System 3:** Treble staff has eighth-note patterns. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.
- System 4:** Treble staff has eighth-note patterns. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *ff*.
- System 5:** Treble staff includes trills (*tr*) and eighth-note patterns. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.
- System 6:** Treble staff includes trills (*tr*) and eighth-note patterns. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *cresc.* and *f*.
- System 7:** Treble staff has eighth-note patterns. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *ff*.

ff

(Segue Fair-Scene.)

"Life itself is, at the best."

The Fair-Scene.

Allegro.

Piano introduction in A major, 2/4 time, marked Allegro. The music features a driving eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand, with a forte (f) dynamic.

Chorus.

SOPRANO and ALTO.
Life it - self is, at the best, One scene in

TENOR.
Life it - self is, at the best, One scene in

BASS.
-

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal entry, continuing the eighth-note pattern from the introduction.

mask of fol - ly drest; And there is no

mask of fol - ly drest; And there is no

-

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal entry, continuing the eighth-note pattern.

part of its wild ca - reer, But you will meet with
part of its wild ca - reer, But you will meet with
here, And there is no part of its wild ca -
here, And there is no part of its wild ca -
reer, But you will meet with here!
reer, But you will meet with here!

BASS.

To these symbols of life your voices swell, Vive la masque, et vive la ba-ga-telle!

Vive la masque, vive la masque, vive la masque, et vive la ba-ga-telle!

Full Chorus.

Life it - self is, at the best, One scene in
Life it - self is, at the best, One scene in
Life it - self is, at the best, One scene in

mask of fol - ly drest, Life it - self is,
mask of fol - ly drest, Life it - self is,
mask of fol - ly drest, Life it - self is,

mask of fol - ly drest, Life it - self is,
mask of fol - ly drest, Life it - self is,
mask of fol - ly drest, Life it - self is,

mask of fol - ly drest, Life it - self is,
mask of fol - ly drest, Life it - self is,
mask of fol - ly drest, Life it - self is,

at the best, One scene in mask of fol - ly

at the best, One scene in mask of fol - ly

at the best, One scene in mask of fol - ly

drest, And there is no part of its wild ca -

drest, And there is no part of its wild ca -

drest, And there is no part of its wild ca -

reer, But you will meet with here, And there

reer, But you will meet with here, And there

reer, But you will meet with here, And there

is no part of its wild ca - reer, But you will
 is no part of its wild ca - reer, But you will
 is no part of its wild ca - reer, But you will

meet with here, you'll find it
 meet with here, you'll find it
 meet with here, you'll find it

here, you'll find it here, you'll find it here!
 here, you'll find it here, you'll find it here!
 here, you'll find it here, you'll find it here!

(Quack Doctor's horn;
*) *Allegro assai.*
f

numbers rush towards him.)

(At the end of the Chorus, and during the Symphony, a movement is perceived at the further end of the Platz, which is followed by the entrance of a double party of men Gipsies, headed by Devilshoof and Thaddeus, who force a passage down the centre of the stage, which they occupy; they then open their ranks, when another file of female Gipsies, headed by their Queen and Arline, pass between them. Florestein and a party are seen watching them with great curiosity.)

Allegro assai.

pp *cresc.*

f

*) These 11 measures are now omitted in performance.

"From the valleys and hills."

159

Allegro assai.

*) Quartet.

Arline.

pp sotto voce

A. From the val - leys and hills Where the sweet - est buds grow,

pp Queen.

Q. From the val - leys and hills Where the sweet - est buds grow,

pp Thaddeus.

T. From the val - leys and hills Where the sweet - est buds grow,

pp Devilshoof.

D. From the val - leys and hills Where the sweet - est buds grow,

Allegro assai.

pp

A. And are wa - ter'd by rills Which are pur - est that flow,

Q. And are wa - ter'd by rills Which are pur - est that flow,

T. And are wa - ter'd by rills Which are pur - est that flow,

D. And are wa - ter'd by rills Which are pur - est that flow,

pp

A. *cresc.* Come we, come we, come we, come wel yes!

Q. *cresc.* Come we, come we, come we, come wel yes!

T. *cresc.* Come we, come we, come we, come wel yes!

D. *cresc.* Come we, come we, come we, come wel yes!

Adagio.

ff

Adagio.

ff

*) On the stage this Quartet is sung without accompaniment.

Tempo I.

A. *p* From the val - leys and hills Where the sweet - est buds grow,
 Q. *p* From the val - leys and hills Where the sweet - est buds grow,
 T. *p* From the val - leys and hills Where the sweet - est buds grow,
 D. *p* From the val - leys and hills Where the sweet - est buds grow,

Tempo I.

p
 A. And are wa - ter'd by rills Which are pur - est that flow,
 Q. And are wa - ter'd by rills Which are pur - est that flow,
 T. And are wa - ter'd by rills Which are pur - est that flow,
 D. And are wa - ter'd by rills Which are pur - est that flow,

A. *p* Come we, *p* come we, *f* come we, *p* come we, *p* come we, *p* come we,
 Q. *p* Come we, *p* come we, *f* come we, *p* come we, *p* come we, *p* come we,
 T. *p* Come we, *p* come we, *f* come we, *p* come we, *p* come we, *p* come we,
 D. *p* Come we, *p* come we, *f* come we, *p* come we, *p* come we, *p* come we,

A. *f* *cresc.* *ff*
come we, come, come!

Q. *f* *cresc.* *ff*
come we, come, come!

T. *f* *cresc.* *ff*
come we, come, come!

D. *f* *cresc.* *ff*
come we, come, come!

f *p* *cresc.* *ff*

A. - - - - -

Q. - - - - -

T. - - - - -

D. - - - - -

Chorus. *ff*
In the Gip-sy's life you read The

ff
In the Gip-sy's life you read The

ff
In the Gip-sy's life you read The

ff

life that all would like to lead, In the

life that all would like to lead, In the

life that all would like to lead, In the

8

ff

Gip-sy's life you read The life that all would

Gip-sy's life you read The life that all would

Gip-sy's life you read 3 The life that all would

like to lead.

like to lead.

like to lead.

f dim.

(During this, some of the Gipsies have been enacting characteristic dances, when Arline, carrying a flower-basket in her hand, glides round to the assembled company and sits down.)

Allegro ma non troppo.

pp

A. Arline. (to a lady)

Sir Knight and la - dy, list - en! That bright eye seems to glist - en

A. As if his trust - ed tale Did o'er thy sense pre - vail

A. (to another, pointing to her heart)

Pret - ty maid - en, pray, take care, take care,

A. Love is mak - ing hav - oc there,

A. (to a third, pointing to a ring on her finger)
love is mak-ing hav-oc there! This token, which from love you

A. bor-row, The pre-lude is of man-y a sor-row!

A. There are those have liv'd to know,

A. there are those have liv'd to know, The Gip-sy's words are true,

A. The Gip-sy's words are true.

Chorus (as the dance of Gipsies continues).

Chorus (as the dance of gipsies continues):

Life it - self is, at the best, One scene in
Life it - self is, at the best, One scene in
Life. it - self is, at the best, One scene in

mask of fol - ly drest, Life it - self is,
mask of fol - ly drest, Life it - self is,
mask of fol - ly drest, Life it - self is,

at the best, One scene in mask of fol - ly
at the best, One scene in mask of fol - ly
at the best, One scene in mask of fol - ly

drest, And there is no part of its wild ca -
 drest, And there is no part of its wild ca -
 drest, And there is no part of its wild ca -

reer, But you will meet with here, And there
 reer, But you will meet with here, And there
 reer, But you will meet with here. And there

is no part of its wild ca - reer, But you will
 is no part of its wild ca - reer, But you will
 is no part of its wild ca - reer, But you will

meet with here, you'll find it

meet with here, you'll find it

meet with here, you'll find it

The first system of the musical score, measures 1-6. It features three vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "meet with here, you'll find it". The piano part has a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

here, you'll find it here, you'll find it here!

here, you'll find it here, you'll find it here!

here, you'll find it here, you'll find it here!

The second system of the musical score, measures 7-12. The lyrics are "here, you'll find it here, you'll find it here!". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern, and the vocal parts have a more active melody in this section.

The third system of the musical score, measures 13-18. It features three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The piano part has a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The system concludes with a final chord and a double bar line.

(At the end of the dance and chorus, Count Arnheim and some Officers of State enter; his hair has become grey, his step is slow, and his appearance is that of sorrow. He is accosted by Florestein.)

Florestein. My dear uncle, it delights me to see you amongst us, and here is a little Gipsy girl that would delight you still more, (aside) if you had my blood in your veins; she's positively a charming creature.

Count. I have lost the taste of joy, and the sight of youth and beauty recalls to my memory that treasure of both, my loved and lost Arline. (He gazes attentively at Arline, sighs heavily, then exit with his retinue into the Hall of Justice.)

Flor. (to a party of his friends). It's no use restraining me—I'm positively smitten. (Breaks from them and goes up to Arline.) Fair creature, your manner has enchanted me, and I would take a lesson from you.

Arline. In politeness, sir? By all means! To begin, then, whenever you address a lady, take your hat off.

Flor. Very smart, (with a titter) 'pon my word, very smart. Your naïveté only increases the feelings of admiration and devotion which a too susceptible heart—

Arline (bursting out laughing). Ha! ha! ha!

Flor. Your indifference will drive me to despair.

Arline. Will it really?

Flor. Do not mock me, but pity my too susceptible nature, and let me print one kiss upon—

(Here Arline gives him a violent slap on the face; the Queen, who has gone up the stage with Thaddeus, now brings him on one side and points out the situation of Arline and Florestein—he is about to rush upon Florestein just as Arline has slapped his face; so that as Flor. turns round, he finds himself between the two, and both are laughing in his face.)

Queen (eyeing Florestein). It is the very person from whom they stole the trinkets I made them give back again. (Taking the medallion from her bosom.) This, too, is his, and now my project thrives. (Florestein turns up the stage to join his party, and the Queen crosses to Arline.) You have acted well your part, and thus your Queen rewards you. (Places the medallion round her neck.) Forget not the hand that gave it.

Arline (kneeling, and kissing the Queen's hand). Let this bespeak my gratitude.

Queen. And now let our tribe depart.

Gipsy March.

Tempo di marcia.



(The Gipsies are all about to march off. Thaddeus and Arline bring up the rear of their body; as they are going off, Florenstein, who, with his friends, has been watching their departure, perceives his medallion on the neck of Arline—he breaks through the crowd, and stops her—she and Thaddeus come forward.)

Florenstein. Though you treated me so lightly some moments past, you will not do so now. That medallion is mine; my friends here recognize it.

All. We do! we do! (Here Devilshoof is seen to steal off.)

Flor. And I accuse you of having stolen it.

Arline. Stolen! It was this instant given me by our Queen, and she is here to verify my words. (Arline runs about looking everywhere for the Queen.)

Flor. That's an everyday sort of subterfuge. (To the crowd.) Worthy people and friends, that medallion on her neck belongs to me, and I accuse her or her accomplices of having robbed me.

"Shame! Shame! Let us know the right!"

Allegro vivace.

SOPRANO and ALTO.

ff (All surrounding Arline.)

Chorus of Populace.

TENOR.

BASS.

Shame! shame!

Shame! shame!

Allegro vivace.

f

ff

let us know the right, And shame on the guilt-y one a - light!

let us know the right, And shame on the guilt-y one a - light!

let us know the right, And shame on the guilt-y one a - light!

f *mp*

Thaddeus (rushing before Arline to shield her).

T. *p*

He who a hand on her would lay,

pp

T.

Through my heart must force his way!

Chorus.

Tear them a - sun-der, but still pro - tect Un -

Tear them a - sun-der, but still pro - tect Un -

Tear them a - sun-der, but still pro - tect Un -

cresc.

til they can prove what they sus -

til they can prove what they sus -

til they can prove what they sus -

(Florestein, who has, during this movement, entered the Hall of Justice, is now seen returning, followed by a strong guard, who file off on each side of the steps.)

Arlene. *cresc.*

A. To all who their be - lief have lent,

pect!

pect!

pect!

cresc.

8

A. Heav'n can at - test, I'm in - no - cent.

8

ff

Florestein (to Captain of Guard, pointing at Arlene).

F. There stands the cul - prit, on you I

p

F. call; Con - duct her a - way to the Hall!

p

Captain. Chorus unis.

To the Hall! To the Hall!

(Arline looks at him with great contempt; the Gipsies, perceiving her danger, range themselves around her. Thaddeus breaks from those who are holding him, and rushes up to her. Florestein has got behind the Captain of the Guard, who gives orders for his men to seize Arline, upon which the Gipsies draw their daggers. A conflict ensues, in which the Guard maintains possession of Arline. A body of the populace re-seize Thaddeus, and the Gipsies are routed.)

Thaddeus.

Florestein. Free me, or else the law Up -

They who would brave the law, A -

Captain.

They who would brave the law, A -

SOPRANO and ALTO. (People.)

They who would brave the law, A -

TENOR. (Gipsies.)

Why should we fear the law, Or

BASS. (Guards.)

They who would brave the law, A -

cresc.

Poco più mosso.

A. Arline. *Poco più mosso.*

T. Thaddeus. I'm in - no - cent!

F. on your heads you draw! *ff*

C. Florestein. *ff*

gainst them - selves but draw! To the Hall, to the Hall, to the

gainst them - selves but draw! To the Hall, to the Hall, to the

gainst them - selves but draw! To the Hall, to the Hall, to the

all the arms you draw? To the Hall, to the Hall, to the

gainst them - selves but draw! To the Hall, to the Hall, to the

Poco più mosso.

F. Florestein. *ff*

C. Captain. *ff*

Hall, to the Hall! Yes, a - way, a - way,

Hall, to the Hall! Yes, a - way, a - way,

Hall, to the Hall! Yes, a - way, a - way,

Hall, to the Hall! Yes, a - way, a - way,

Hall, to the Hall! Yes, a - way, a - way,

F. to the Hall, a - way, a -

C. to the Hall, a - way, a -

to the Hall, a - way, a -

to the Hall, a - way, a -

to the Hall, a - way, a -

F. way, to the Hall, a - way, a -

C. way, to the Hall, a - way, a -

way, to the Hall, a - way, a -

way, to the Hall, a - way, a -

way, to the Hall, a - way, a -

F. way, to the Hall, a - way, a - way, a -

C. way, to the Hall, a - way, a - way, a -

way, to the Hall, a - way, a - way, a -

way, to the Hall, a - way, a - way, a -

way, to the Hall, a - way, a - way, a -

way, a - way!

way, a - way!

way, a - way!

way, a - way!

ff

(Arline is conducted by a file of the Guard, led by the Captain, and preceded by Florestin and his party, into the Hall of Justice; the people follow in a mass, while Thaddeus is detained by those who first seized him; and as Arline is going up the steps, the figure of the Queen is seen, in an attitude of triumph over her rival's fall.)

Scene IV.—Interior of Count Arnheim's apartment in the Hall of Justice—a view of the last Scene visible through one of the windows at the back. A full-length portrait of Arline, as she was in Act I, hangs on the wall; state chairs, etc. A elevation or dais on the O.P. side.

"The Heart bow'd down."

Recitative and Aria.

Larghetto cantabile.

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a recitative section, followed by an aria. The piano accompaniment features various textures, including triplets, sixteenth-note runs, and a final section with a more active bass line. Performance markings include *pp* (pianissimo), *dolce* (sweetly), *rall.* (rallentando), and *a tempo* (at the tempo).

rall.

Cadenza a piacere

tr.

cresc.

(Count Arnheim enters, thoughtful and dejected; he contemplates Arline's portrait, and wipes a tear from his eye.)

Count.

What-e'er the scenes the pre-sent hour calls forth be-fore the sight, They lose their

splen-dor when com-par'd with scenes of past de-light!

p

c. *The heart bow'd down by weight of woe, To*
The mind will, in its worst despair, Still

c. *weak - est hope will cling, To thought and im - pulse*
pon - der o'er the past, On mo - ments of de -

c. *while they flow, That can no com - fort*
light that were Too beau - ti - ful to

c. *bring, that can, that can no com - fort*
last, that were too beau - ti - ful, too beau - ti - ful to

string. *rall.* *colla parte*

c. *bring, With those ex - cit - ing scenes will blend, O'er*
last, To long de - part - ed years ex - tend Its

pp

c. *pleas - ure's path - way thrown; But mem - 'ry is the*
vi - sions with them flown; For mem - 'ry is the

c. *on - ly friend That grief can call its*
on - ly friend That grief can call its

c. *own, that grief can call its*
own, that grief can call its

string.

c. *own, that grief can call its own.*
own, that grief can call its own.

c.

(At the end of the song, a confused noise is heard outside, when the Captain of the Guard enters.)

Captain. A robbery has been committed, and the accused is now in the Hall awaiting the pleasure of your lordship, as chief magistrate of the city, for examination.

Count. Bring the parties before me.

(The Captain arranges the magisterial chair O.P., bows and exit.)

Anything to arouse me from these distracting thoughts, though the sole happiness I now enjoy is in the recollection of my long-lost child.

(Seats himself, when the doors are violently opened, and a mob of Citizens, Guards, and Gentry enter. Florestein, who is in the midst of them, instantly rushes up to the Count.)

Florestein. It is your lordship's nephew,—I, who have been robbed!

Count. Some folly of yours is for ever compromising my name and that of your family.

Flor. But I am in this instance the victim—I have been robbed, and there stands the culprit. (Pointing to Arline, standing in the centre, pale and with dishevelled hair, but still haughty in her demeanor.)

Count (aside). 'Tis she I saw but now in the public square. That girl, so young, so beautiful, commit a robbery? Impossible!

Flor. She stole this medallion belonging to me—we found it upon her.

Count (addressing Arline). Can this be true?

Arline (looking contemptuously at Florestein, and turning with dignity to the Count). Heaven knows I am innocent, and if your lordship knew my heart, you would not deem me guilty.

Count (aside). Her words sink deep into my breast. Childless myself, I fain would spare the child of another. (To Florestein.) What proofs have you of this?

Flor. (pointing to his friends). My witnesses are here, who all can swear they saw it on her neck.

All. We can.

Count. Still does my mind misgive me. (To Arline, in a kind tone.) My wish is to establish your innocence—explain this matter to me, and without fear.

Arline. That medallion was given to me by the Queen of the tribe to which I belong. How it came into her possession, I know not. But a light breaks in upon me—I see it all—I chanced to incur her displeasure; and to revenge herself upon me, she has laid for me this shameless snare, into which I have innocently fallen, and of which I have become the victim.

(Hiding her face in her hands, and weeping.)

Count (with a struggle). I believe your tale, and from my heart I pity the inexperience which has led to the ruin of one, who seems above the grade of those she herds with; but in the fulfilment of duty I must compromise the feelings of nature, and I am forced to deliver you into the hands of Justice.

Arline (to the Count). To you, my earthly, to Him, my heavenly Judge, I re-assert my innocence. I may be accused, but will not be degraded, and from the infamy with which I am unjustly threatened, thus I free myself.

(She draws a dagger from beneath her scarf, and is about to stab herself, when Count Arnheim rushes forward, seizes her arm, and wrests the dagger from her.)

“Hold! Hold!”

Finale to Act II.

Allegro giusto.
Count.

Hold! hold! We can-not

give the life we take, Nor re-u-nite the heart we

a tempo

break, nor re - u - nite the heart_ we break!

(takes Arline's hand, and suddenly perceives the sear on her arm)

What visions, what visions round me

marcato

rise, And cloud with the mists of the

past mine eyes? That mark! Those features! and thy

cresc.

(dragging Arline forward, and in great agitation)

youth! My ver - y life hangs on thy truth_ How came that

f

C. *mark? how came that mark?*

f *sp* *ritenuto*

Moderato.

p

A. *Arline (recollecting Thaddeus' words).*

Ere on my

A. *head My sixth sun had its radiance shed, A wild*

A. *deer, who had lain at bay, Pursued by hunt - ers, cross'd my*

(almost forgetting)

A. way, a wild deer cross'd my way,

(recollects again, and smiles)

A. My ten-der form, by his ant-ler gored, An humble

A. youth to my home, to my home re-stor'd.

A. The tale he but this day con-fess'd,

A. And is near at hand to re-late the

A. *rest, to re-late the rest.*

(Here a tumult is heard, and Thaddeus, having escaped from those who confined him, breaks into the room, and rushes into the arms of Arline. The Count, on seeing him, reels back. General excitement prevails.)

C. *Count.*
With the force of fear and

Arline (approaching the Count and pointing to Thaddeus, who starts on beholding him).

A. *hope My feel-ings have to cope! 'Tis he the danger brav'd— 'Tis*

A. *he my life who saved, my life who saved!*

Count (seizing Arline in his arms in a transport of joy).

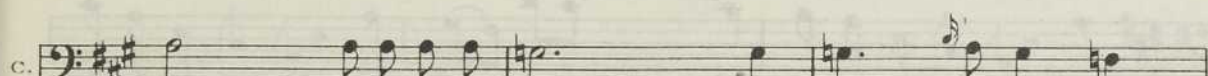
Allegro agitato.

C. *Mine own, my long - - - lost child! Oh, seek not*

c. 
to con - trol This frantic joy, this

c. 
wild De - li - rium of my soul!

col canto

c. 
Bound in a father's arms, And pil - low'd on his

c. 
breast, Bid all those wild a - larms That as -

c. 
sail'd thy feel - ings, rest! Mine own, my long - - - lost

p

C. child! Oh, seek not to con - trol The frantic

C. joy, this wild De - li - rium of my

col canto

C. soul, this wild de - li - rium of my soul, this wild de - li - rium

A. of my soul, of my soul! Speak, Arline.

(Count clasps Arline to his heart; kisses her head, hands and hair, shedding tears of joy. Arline, bewildered, starts from the Count and runs to Thaddeus.)

A. speak! this shak-en frame, This doubt, this tor - ture,

marcato

A. *see! My hopes, my ver-y life, my*

Thaddeus (pointing to Count Arnheim, with deep emotion. *Meno mosso.* Aside.)

A. *fame Depend on thee! (Dear as thou long hast been,*

T. *Dear as thou long wilt be, Mourn'd as this pass-ing*

T. *Dear as thou long wilt be, Mourn'd as this pass-ing*

T. *scene Will be thro' life to me, Tho' this heart, and none*

T. *oth - er like mine can a - dore thee,) Yet thou art not de -*

A. *ceiv'd, 'tis thy fa - ther, 'tis thy fa - ther, 'tis thy*

Arline (staggers, and then rushes into the Count's arms).

A. *Oh, Heav'n! Prais - ed*

Thaddeus (hides his face in his hands, much moved).

T. *fa - ther, be - fore thee! Though*

F. *Florestein. Oh, Heav'n! Prais - ed*

C. *Count. Oh, Heav'n!*

Devilshoof (suddenly emerging from the crowd, trying to drag Thaddeus away).

D. *All's o'er!*

Chorus.

SOPRANO and ALTO. *Oh, Heav'n!*

TENOR. *Oh, Heav'n!*

BASS. *Oh, Heav'n!*

Andante mosso.
Arline & Florestein.

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A. F. *p* be the will of Heav - en, Whose light o'er me
T. *p* Thaddeus. from this bosom riv - en, That heart is be-
C. *pp* Praised be the will of Heav - en, whose pure light up -
D. *pp* Bet - ter to go now ere driv - en, Than for ev - er

pp Praised be the will of Heav - en, Whose pure light up -
Andante mosso.

A. F. smil - ed, And whose boun - ty has giv - en A
T. guil - ed, The be - reave - ment hath giv - en The
C. on me smil - ed, And whose boun - ty thus hath giv - en
D. be re - vil - ed, For heav'n's boun - ty thus hath giv - en

be the
on them smil - ed, And whose boun - ty thus hath giv - en

A. F. fa - ther his child! Prais - ed be the will of

T. fa - ther his child! Though from this bo - som

C. To a fa - ther fond his child! Yes, prais - ed be the

D. To a fa - ther fond his child! Yes, bet - ter to go

Prais - ed be Heav'n,

will of Heav - en, prais -

To a fa - ther fond his child! Yes, prais - ed be the

A. F. Heav - en, Whose light o'er me smil - ed, And whose

T. riv - en, That heart is be - guil - ed, The be -

C. will of Heav - en, prais - ed be the will of Heav - en,

D. now ere driv - en, Than for ev - er be re - vil - ed,

prais'd be Heav'n, prais - ed be

ed be Heav'n,

will of Heav - en, prais - ed be the will of Heav - en,

A.
F. boun - ty has giv - en A fa - ther, a fa - ther his

T. reave - ment hath giv - en The fa - ther, the fa - ther his

C. And whose boun - ty thus hath giv - en To a fa - ther

D. For Heav'n's boun - ty thus hath giv - en To a fa - ther

Heav'n. prais'd be

Heav'n thus hath giv - en To a fa - ther

and whose boun - ty thus hath giv - en To a fa - ther

cresc.

A.
F. child, a fa - ther his

T. child, the fa - ther his

C. fond his child! Yes, prais - ed be the will of Heav - en,

D. fond his child! Yes, bet - ter to go now ere driv - en,

Heav - en, prais - ed, prais - ed be the will of Heav - en,

fond his child! Yes, prais - ed be the will of Heav - en,

A. F. child, a fa - ther his

T. child, a fa - ther his

C. *cresc.* who hath giv - en to a fa - ther fond his

D. *cresc.* Than for ev - er, than for ev - er be re -

who hath giv - en to a fa - ther fond his

who hath giv - en to a fa - ther fond his

p *cresc.* *f*

A. Arline. child! Prais - ed be Heav'n,

T. F. child! Thaddeus & Florestein. Prais - ed be Heav'n,

C. child! Prais - ed be Heav'n,

D. vil'd! Bet - ter be off at once, than re - main to be re -

child! Prais - ed be Heav'n,

child! Prais - ed be Heav'n,

ff

A. prais - ed be Heav'n, who hath
 T. F. prais - ed be Heav'n, who hath
 C. prais - ed be Heav'n, who hath
 D. vil'd, re - vil'd, bet - - ter

prais - ed be Heav'n, who hath
 prais - ed be Heav'n, who hath
 più mosso

A. giv - en to a fa - - -
 T. F. giv - en to a fa - ther, to a
 C. giv - en to a fa - ther fond his child, prais -
 D. go at once than here re - main, than here re -

giv - en to a fa - ther fond his child, a
 giv - en to a fa - ther fond his child, a

8
 più mosso

stringendo

A. - ther fond his child! Prais - -

T. F. fa - ther fond his child! Prais - -

C. ed be Heav - - - en! Prais - ed be

D. main to be re - - vil'd! Bet - ter to

fa - ther fond his child! Prais - ed be

fa - ther fond his child! Prais - ed be

8

stringendo sempre

A. - ed be

T. F. - ed be

C. Heav'n, prais - ed be Heav'n, be

D. go at once, to go at

Heav'n, prais - ed be Heav'n, be

Heav'n, prais - ed be Heav'n, be

8

A. Heav'n, prais - ed

T. Heav'n, prais - ed

C. Heav'n, prais - ed be Heav'n, prais - ed be Heav'n,

D. once, bet - ter to go at once, than be

Heav'n, prais - ed be Heav'n, prais - ed be Heav'n,

Heav'n, prais - ed be Heav'n, prais - ed be Heav'n,

8

Arline.

be Heav'n, prais - ed be

Thaddeus.

be Heav'n, prais - ed be

Florestein.

be Heav'n, prais - ed be

be Heav'n, prais - ed be

be Heav'n, prais - ed be

re - vil'd, come, come, come,

be Heav'n, prais - ed be

be Heav'n, prais - ed be

8

A. Heav'n, ah, yes!

T. Heav'n, prais - ed be Heav'n!

F. Heav'n, ah, yes!

C. Heav'n, prais - ed be Heav'n!

D. come, come, come, come, come!

Heav'n, prais - ed be Heav'n!

Heav'n, prais - ed be Heav'n!

Heav'n, prais - ed be Heav'n!

8

decrease.

p

cresc.

f

ff

Act III.

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Scene I. A splendid saloon in the Castle of Count Arnheim. On the ground-floor, a large window at the back opening on the Park. On the side, the door of a small cabinet, doors at the back leading into spacious galleries.

Introduction.

Adagio.

Piano. *ff* *p*

Andantino. *p* *dolce*

rall. *f* *p a tempo*

accel.

Cadenza a piacere

Adagio.



(Enter Arline, elegantly dressed for a Ball.)

Arline. The past appears to me but a dream, from which I have at length aroused me. Yet my heart recalls enough to convince me it was all reality. When I think of the wandering life I led, my memory will revert to him who in every trial preserved its honor, who twice restored me to a father's arms, and at length to a father's home.

(Count Arnheim enters with Florestein. Arline runs into his arms.)

Count. Every moment you leave me is a moment of unhappiness. I am jealous of whatever divides us, short as may be the interval. On a night of so much joy, when so many friends are to assemble and participate in your father's delight, let me intercede for one you have too much cause to be angry with.

Arline (averting her head). The very sight of him disturbs me. (To the Count.) The wishes of my dear father I would cheerfully comply with, but my repugnance I cannot overcome.

Florestein (falling on his knee). Fair cousin, let me plead my own cause, and express the—aw—sorrow I really feel at having for an instant believed it possible—in fact, I never in reality—

(Enter a Servant.)

What the devil do you want at such a critical part of one's conversation?

(Servant crosses to the Count.)

Servant. The castle is filling with guests who inquire for your lordship. (Exit.)

Count (to Arline). Let us hasten to meet them, and afford me the joy of making you known to all.

Arline. Allow me but time to fortify myself for a ceremony I am a stranger to, and I will follow you.

Flor. That is but reasonable, uncle—I will live in hopes of my cousin's forgiveness, which can alone restore my—peace of mind. (Aside.) I shall positively expire if I don't lead off the first quadrille with her.

(Exeunt Count and Florestein.)

Arline. I am once more left to my thoughts, and all the deep regrets which accompany them; nothing can drive the recollection of Thaddeus from my mind, and the lonely life I led was to me far happier than the constrained one I now pass; and the graceful dress of the Gipsy girl becomes me more than all this gaudy apparel of nobility. (Going round the room to see if any one is watching.) Now no eye beholds me, I may at least indulge in a remembrance of the past.

(Melodramatic music.)

(Goes to the Cabinet O.P. and brings out her Gipsy dress.) The sight of this recalls the memory of happy days, and of him who made them happy.

(As she is contemplating the dress, the window at the back suddenly opens, and Devilshoof springs into the apartment.)

Arline (screaming). Ah! what seek you here with me?

Devilshoof. Hush! fear not; but be silent. I come to ask you to rejoin our tribe—we have never ceased to feel the loss of one liked more than all the rest.

Arline. Impossible! Leave me, I pray, and let me forget we have ever been acquainted.

Devilshoof. I have brought with me one who has, undoubtedly, greater powers of persuasion than I can pretend to.

(Here Thaddeus appears at the window, enters the room, and Arline, unable to restrain her feelings, rushes into his arms.)

Thaddeus. In the midst of so much luxury, so much wealth and grandeur, I thought you had forgotten me.

Arline. Forgotten you! Had I nothing else to remind me of you (pointing at her Gipsy dress), this would always speak to me of you. Forgotten you!

Thaddeus. The scenes in which you now move, may drive from your memory every trace of the past, and I only come to ask—to hope—that you will sometimes think upon me.

(Devilshoof goes up to the window, on the lookout.)

Melodramatic Music.

(Played when Arline takes out her Gipsy dress.)

Allegro moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of four measures each. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The bass line starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and features eighth-note patterns with triplets. The second system continues the bass line with triplets and ends with a piano (*pp*) dynamic and a sixteenth-note flourish.

Arline. The sight of this recalls the memory of happy days, &c,

Arline's vocal entry spans two systems of four measures each. The melody is written in the treble clef and features eighth-note patterns with triplets. The piano accompaniment in the bass clef consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The piano accompaniment for the first system of Arline's song, featuring a continuous eighth-note pattern in the bass line and a melodic line in the treble.

The piano accompaniment for the second system of Arline's song, marked with a crescendo (*cresc.*) in the bass line.

The piano accompaniment for the third system of Arline's song, marked with a diminuendo (*dim*) in the bass line.

(Enter Devilshoof.)

The piano accompaniment for Devilshoof's entry, featuring a continuous eighth-note pattern in the bass line and a melodic line in the treble, ending with a piano (*pp*) dynamic.

"Then you'll remember me."

Cavatina.

Andante cantabile.

dolce
p

cresc. *rall.*

Thaddeus.

pp

When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall

pp

tell, In language whose ex - cess - im-parts The pow'r they feel so

well: There may, per - haps, in such - a - scene, Some

T. re - col - lec - tion be Of days that have as

T. hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber me, and you'll re -

T. mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me!

T. When cold-ness or de -

T. ceit - shall slight The beau - ty now they prize, And deem it but a

T. fad - ed light Which beams with - in your eyes; When

T. hol - low hearts shall wear a mask, 'Twill break your own to

T. see: In such a mo-ment I but ask That you'll re - mem - ber

T. me, that you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me!

cresc. *cresc.*

(At the end of the song, Arline goes up to Thaddeus, and with great emphasis says:)

Arline. Whatever may be our future lot, nothing should persuade you that I can ever cease to think of, ever cease to love you.

Thaddeus (overjoyed). My heart is overpowered

with happiness. Yet, alas! 'tis but of short duration, for I must leave you now for ever.

Arline. Oh, no, no! say not so! I cannot live without you.

Thaddeus. And will you then forsake your home, your kindred, all! and follow me?

"Through the world wilt thou fly, love?"

Trio.

Andantino con moto. Thaddeus (to Arline). *p legato*

Through the world wilt thou fly, — love, From the

world with me? — Wilt thou For- tune's frowns de - fy,

love, As I will for thee? Through the world I would

fly, love, From the world with thee, — Could I

Thaddeus. From the world wilt thou fly, from the world with me?

A. hush a fa-ther's sigh, love, That would heave for me;

T. Wilt fly from the world with me, wilt fly, fly, love, with

D. Devilshoof (coming down; to Thaddeus). Come, come,

A. Through the world I would fly, From the world with

T. me? Come, my love, come, fly with

D. *f* all the world hith-er fly, Now, come a-way with

A. thee,

T. me, come, wilt thou For - tune's frowns de - fy, — love, as

D. *f* me, Nev - er let a lov - er's sigh — Ru - in

cresc.

A. *ah yes, for thee;*

T. *I will, as I will, love, for thee?*

D. *bring on thee, ru - in bring on thee! Come a - way, come a -*

pp *cresc.*

A. *could I hush, could I hush a*

T. *Come a - way, come a - way, come,*

D. *way, come a - way, come a - way, come a - way, come, come, come, a -*

pp

A. *fa - ther's sigh,*

T. *fly, love, with me,*

Devilshoof (going towards the window).

D. *way, come a - way, come a - way, come a - way, come a - way, come a -*

cresc.

A. *p* that would heave, that would heave, that would heave for me,

T. *p* come a - way, come a - way, come, fly, love, with me,

D. *p* way, come a - way, come a - way, come, come, come a - way,

pp

Adagio.

A. *f* ah, yes, that would heave, my *smorz.*

T. *f* come, come, fly, fly, love, fly, *smorz.*

D. *f* come, come, come, come, come a - *smorz.*

Adagio.

A. *pp* love, for me!

T. *pp* love, with me!

D. *pp* way, a - way!

Tempo I.

pp tremolo

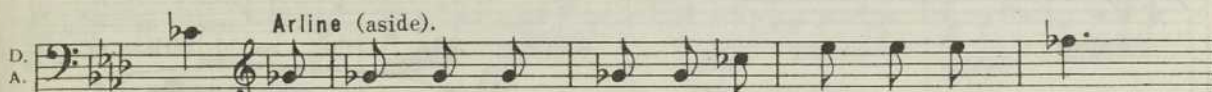
*) These ten measures are sung on the stage without accompaniment.

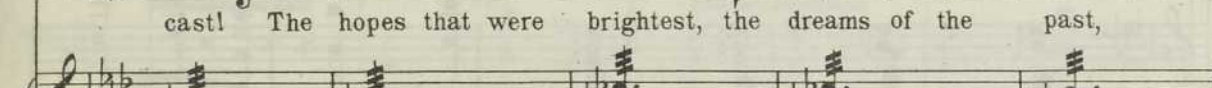
Devilshoof (still looking out).

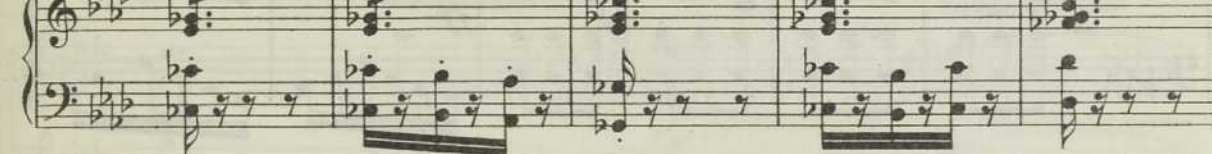
D.  A mo - ment more, and your doom — is

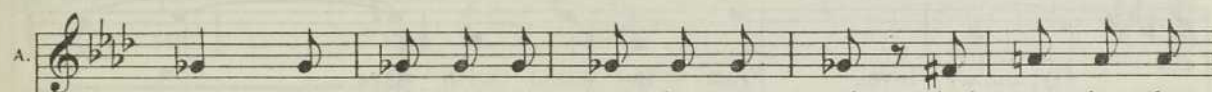


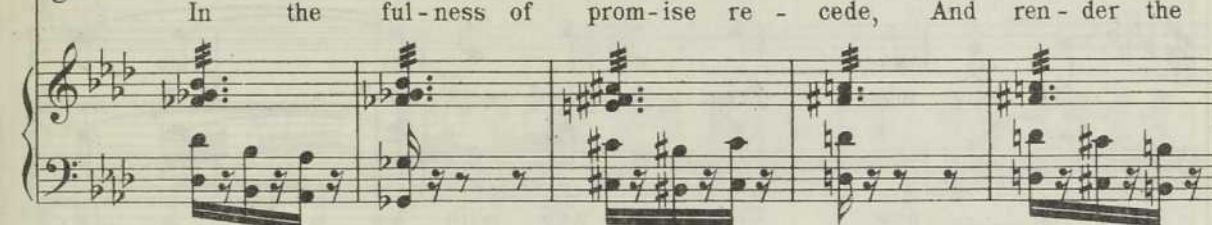
Arline (aside).

D.  cast! The hopes that were brightest, the dreams of the past,

A. 



A.  In the ful-ness of prom-ise re - cede, And ren - der the

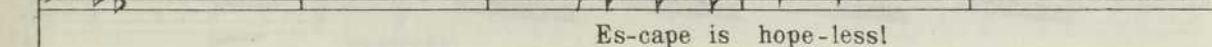


(pointing to cabinet)

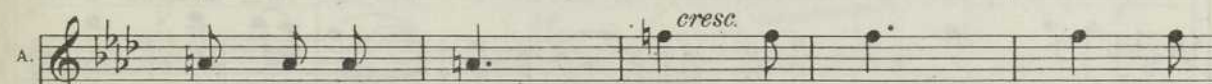
A.  pros - pect dark in - deed.

Devilshoof.

D.  En - ter here, Where de - tec - tion

 Es - cape is hope - less!



A.  we need not fear, where de - tec - tion we



A. need not fear! *ff* Through the world I would
 T. *ff* Thaddeus.
 D. *ff* Devilshoof.
 All the world hith - er
cresc. *f* *ff*
 A. fly, love, From the world with thee.
 T. fly, love, From the world with me?
 D. fly, now, Come a - way with me,
 Could I hush a fa-ther's sigh, That would heave for me, that would
 Wilt thou For - tune's frowns de - fy, As I will for thee, as I
 Nev - er let a lov - er's sigh Ru - in bring on thee, ru - in

A. heave for me, *ff* for me,

T. will for thee, *ff* for thee,

D. bring on thee, on thee,

ff

A. for me, *f* yes,

T. for thee, *f* yes,

D. on thee, come,

ff

A. for me! *ff*

T. for thee? *ff*

D. — a — way! *ff*

(Thaddeus has barely time to take refuge in the cabinet, and Devilshoof to escape by the window, when the great doors are thrown open, and a brilliant assemblage enters, led by Count Arnheim, Florestein, etc. Count takes Arline's

hand and presents her to the company.)
Count. Welcome, welcome all—share with me
 all the joy I feel while I present my loved
 and long-lost daughter.

Allegretto.

Finale.

The piano accompaniment consists of four systems of staves. The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The second system continues with a *p* dynamic. The third system features a *pp cresc.* (pianissimo crescendo) marking. The fourth system concludes with a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking.

SOPRANO and ALTO.

dolce

Wel-come the pres-ent, oh pon-der not On the—days de-part-ed—now,—

TENOR.

dolce

Wel-come the pres-ent, oh pon-der not On the days de-part-ed now,—

BASS.

dolce

Chorus.

The piano accompaniment for the Chorus section consists of two systems of staves. The first system begins with a *pp dolce* (pianissimo dolce) dynamic marking. The second system continues with the same dynamic.

Wel-come the pres-ent, oh pon-der not On the days de-part-ed now,

Wel-come the pres-ent, oh pon-der not On the days de-part-ed now,

pp

cresc. Let the cares that were theirs be for-got, And 'ras'd from pleas-ure's, from pleas-ure's brow;

cresc. Let the cares that were theirs be for-got, And 'ras'd from pleas-ure's, from pleas-ure's brow;

cresc.

cresc.

p Nev-er mind Time nor what he has done, If he the pres-ent will smile up-on.

p Nev-er mind Time nor what he has done, If he the pres-ent will smile up-on.

p

pp

pp

Florestein (seeing the Gipsy dress on a chair, and taking it up).

F. This gar-ment is not fit to grace, At such a

F. mo-ment, such a place; And 'twere

(pointing to cabinet)
F. best to hide the prize In this re-cess from his lord-ships

A. Arline (whose attention has been riveted on the cabinet, and seeing Florestein go near it).
F. eyes. That room and its treas-ure be-long to me, And from

A. all in-tru-sion—must sa-cred be.

Chorus.

p Wel - come the pres - ent, oh pon - der not On the — days de -

p Wel - come the pres - ent, oh pon - der not On the days de -

p Wel - come the pres - ent, oh pon - der not On the days de -

pp

part - ed — now, — Wel - come the pres - ent, oh pon - der not On the —

part - ed now, — Wel - come the pres - ent, oh pon - der not On the

part - ed now, Wel - come the pres - ent, oh pon - der not On the

pp

(A confused murmur is heard at the back of the stage.)

days — de - part - ed now. What sound breaks in up - on the

days de - part - ed now. What sound breaks in up - on the

days de - part - ed now. What sound breaks in up - on the

fp

ear, Check - ing young joy's ca - reer?

ear, Check - ing young joy's ca - reer?

ear, Check - ing young joy's ca - reer?

cresc. **f**

Queen (closely veiled, enters the apartment and goes up to Count Arnheim).

Heed the warn - ing voice! — Wail, and not re - joice! — The

foe to thy rest — Is one thou lov'st best. —

pp

(She lets her veil fall, and discovers the Queen of the Gipsies.)

Count. Recit.

Who, and what art thou? Let me know Whom dost thou deem my foe?

Queen.

a tempo

Q. Think not my warn- ing wild, 'Tis thy re- found child! She

Q. loves a youth of the tribe I sway, And braves the world's re- proof;

Q. List to the words I say: He is now conceal'd beneath thy roof!

Count. Thy faith I begrudge! O-pen that door, and thy-self be judge!

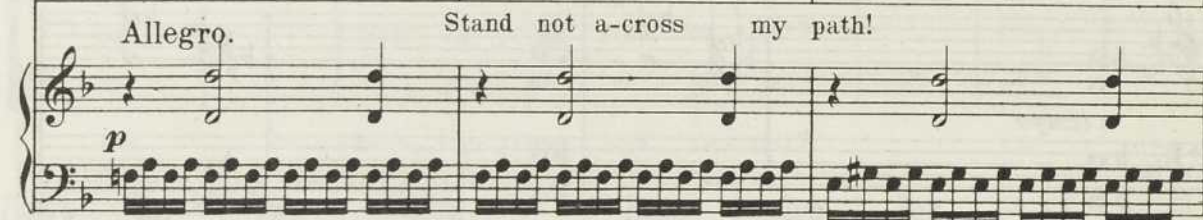
C. Base wretch, thou li-est!

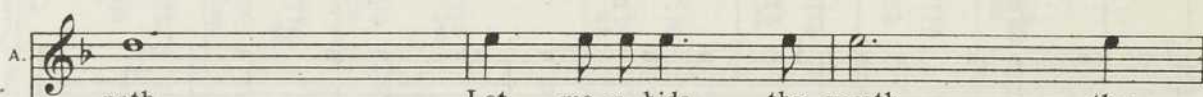
Allegro.

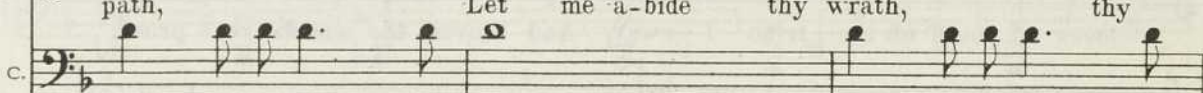
Arline.

A. 
 Count (rushing to the door of the cabinet;
 Arline in vain opposes).

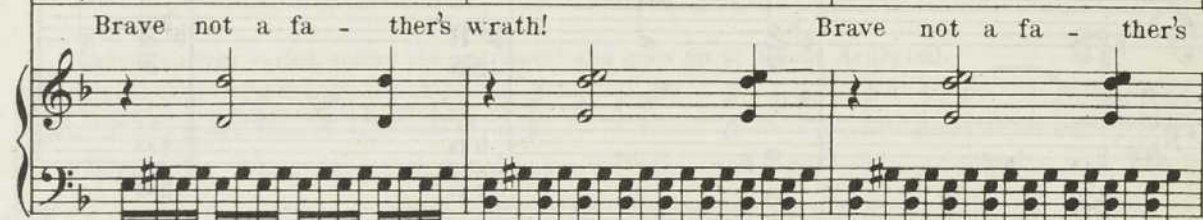
C. 

Allegro. 
p Stand not a-cross my path!

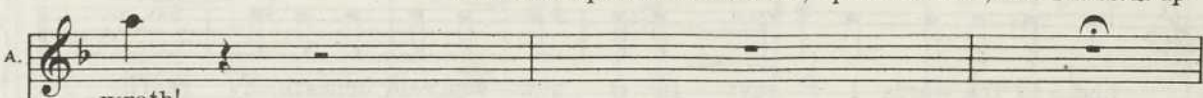
A. 
 path, Let me a-bide thy wrath, thy

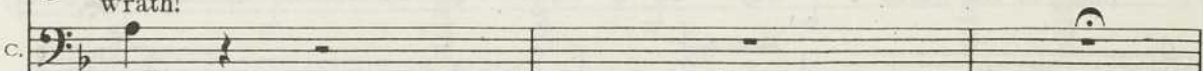
C. 

Brave not a fa - ther's wrath! Brave not a fa - ther's



(The Count pushes Arline aside, opens the door, and Thaddeus ap-

A. 
 wrath!

C. 
 wrath!



pears; the Count reels back, and every one seems panic-stricken.)


pp



"Though ev'ry hope be fled."

217

Quintet and Chorus.

Andantino con moto.

Thaddeus (to Arline).

T. *Harp* *p* 3 3 3 3

Though ev - 'ry hope be fled, Which seem'd so

bright, which seem'd so bright be - fore, — The vengeance I would

scorn to dread, Which they on me — can pour,

which they on me can pour, can

pour. Count (to Arline). Though

To shame and feel - ing dead, to feel - ing

f *p*

T. hope be fled, for ev-er fled,
C. dead, Now hopeless to de - plore, — The thun-der burst-ing

T. Which seem'd so bright, which seem'd so
C. o'er my head Had not sur - pris'd me more,

T. bright be - fore, which seem'd so
C. had not sur - pris'd, sur - - pris'd me

Arline (horror-stricken on seeing the Queen).

A. To all but ven - geance dead, She stands mine
T. bright, which seem'd so bright, The ven - - geance
C. more. To

A. eyes, she stands mine eyes be - fore, ——— Its thun-ders wait-ing

T. I would scorn, yes, I would scorn, the

C. feel - - - ing dead, to feel-ing dead,

A. on my head In all her hate to pour,

T. ven - geance, yes, I would scorn, Which they on

C. Now hope - less to de - plore, now

A. in all her hate to pour, to pour,

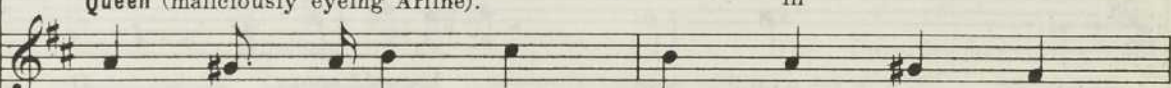
T. me can pour, on me can pour, yes, I would

C. hope - less to de - plore, now hope-less to de -

Arline.

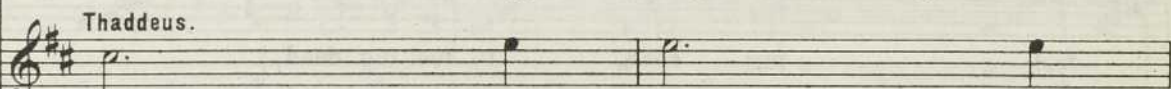
A. 

Queen (maliciously eyeing Arline). in

Q. 

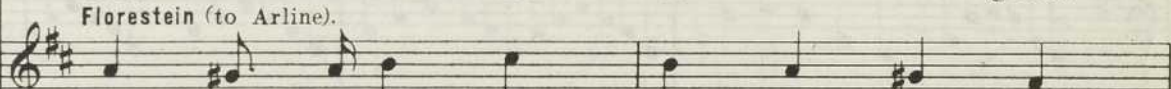
All oth - er feel - ings dead, Re - venge can

Thaddeus.

T. 

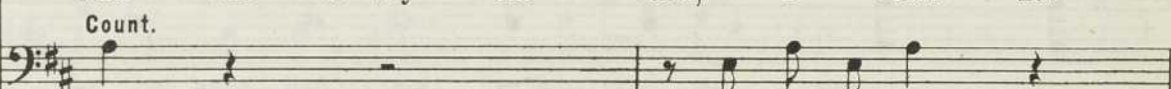
scorn the ven - - geance

Florestein (to Arline).

F. 

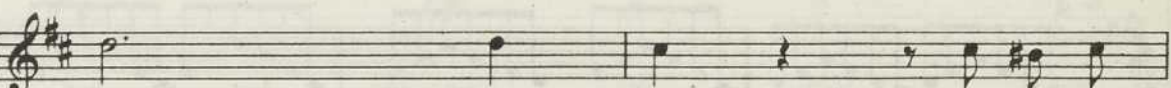
And this is why she said, I' must not

Count.

C. 

plore, to feel - ing dead,

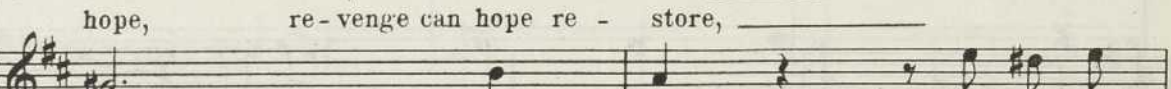


A. 

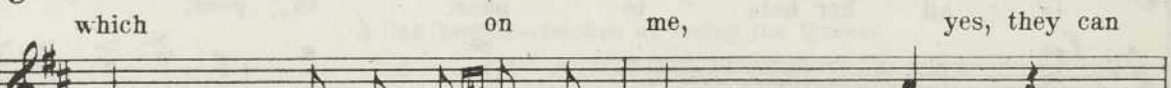
all her hate vengeance to

Q. 

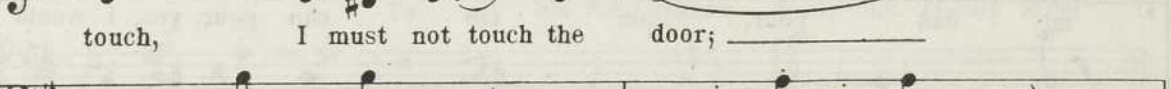
hope, re - venge can hope re - store, _____

T. 

which on me, yes, they can

F. 

touch, I must not touch the door; _____

C. 

to feel - ing dead, 'twere hopeless now,



A. pour. To all but

Q. Its thun-ders on her dar - ing head I on - ly live to—

T. pour, which they on me can

F. It clear - ly would have been ill - bred, For ri - vals are a—

C. yes, to deplore, 'twere hopeless now,

A. ven-geance dead, She stands mine eyes be - -

Q. pour, I on - ly live to

T. pour, which they on me can pour, on —

F. bore, for ri - vals are a

C. the thun - der had not sur - pris'd, sur - -

A. fore, be - fore, yes! To all but ven - geance

Q. pour, to - pour, yes! All oth - er feel - ings

T. me can pour! Tho' hope, yes, tho' ev - 'ry hope be

F. bore, a - bore, a great bore! And this is why she

C. pris'd me more, great pow - er! To shame and feel ing

Chorus.

SOPRANO and ALTO. *ff*
Al - though to feel - ing

TENOR I. II. *ff*
Al - though to feel - ing

BASS. *ff*
Al - though to feel - ing

f *ff* 3 3

A. dead, She stands mine eyes, she stands mine eyes be -

Q. dead, Re - venge can hope, re-venge can hope re -

T. fled, which seem'd so bright, which seem'd so bright be -

F. said, I must not touch, I must not touch the

C. dead, now hope - less, hope - less, hope - less to de -

dead, Her sor - row we de - plore, yes, we de -

dead, Her sor - row we de - plore, yes, we de -

dead, Her sor - row we de - plore, yes, we de -

A. fore, ——— Its thun - ders wait - ing on my head She

Q. store, ——— Its thun - ders on her dar - ing head I

T. fore, ——— The ven - geance I would scorn to dread, Which

F. door, ——— It clear - ly would have been ill - bred, For

C. plore, ——— The thun - der burst - ing o'er my head Had

plore, ——— The thun - der burst - ing o'er our head Had

plore, ——— The thun - der burst - ing o'er our head Had

plore, ——— The thun - der burst - ing o'er our head Had

A. on - ly lives to pour, she on - ly

Q. on - ly live to pour, I on - ly

T. they on me can pour, which they on

F. ri - vals are a bore, for ri - vals

C. not surprised me more, had not sur-

not sur-vised us more, had not sur-

not sur-vised us more, had not sur-

not sur-vised us more, had not sur-

cre -

A. lives, she lives to

Q. live to pour, to

T. me can pour, can

F. are a bore, a

C. pris'd, sur - - pris'd me

pris'd, sur - - pris'd us

pris'd, sur - - pris'd us

pris'd, sur - - pris'd us

scen - - do

A. *p* pour, she on - ly —

Q. *p* pour, I on - ly

T. *p* pour, which they on —

F. *p* bore, for ri - vals

C. *p* more, had not sur -

more, had not sur -

more, had not sur -

more, had not sur -

p

Poco più mosso.

pp

A. lives, she lives to pour, its thun - ders

Q. live, — I — live to pour, its thun - ders

T. me can pour, can pour, the ven - geance

F. are a bore, a bore! It clear - ly

C. pris'd, sur - - pris'd me more, the thun - der

pris'd, — sur - - pris'd us more,

pris'd, sur - - pris'd us more,

pris'd, sur - - pris'd us more,

Poco più mosso.

Piano accompaniment for the final section, featuring a melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand.

A. wait - ing, wait - ing on my head in all her hate to
 Q. on her dar - ing head to pour, its thun - ders on her
 T. I would scorn, yes, I would scorn, which they on me can
 F. would have been, have been ill - bred, For ri - vals are a
 C. burst - ing, burst - ing o'er my head, had not sur - pris'd, had

cresc. *cresc.* *cresc.* *cresc.* *cresc.*

p

A. pour, in all her hate to pour, its thun - ders wait - ing, wait - ing on my
 Q. dar - ing head I live to pour, its thun - ders on her dar - ing head to
 T. pour, which they on me can pour, the ven - geance I would scorn, yes, I would
 F. bore, yes, ri - vals are a bore, it clear - ly would have been, have been ill -
 C. not surpris'd, surpris'd me more, the thun - der burst - ing, burst - ing o'er my

f *pp* *f* *pp* *f* *pp* *f* *pp*

f

A. *cresc.* *f* *ff*
 head_ in all her hate to pour, in all her hate to pour, in

Q. *cresc.* *f* *ff*
 pour, its thunders on her dar - ing head I live to pour, I

T. *cresc.* *f* *ff*
 scorn, which they on me can pour, which they on me can pour, which

F. *cresc.* *f* *ff*
 bred, for ri - vals are a bore, yes, ri - vals are a bore, they

C. *cresc.* *f* *ff*
 head, had not surpris'd, had not surpris'd, surpris'd me more, sur - -

ff
 sur - -

ff
 sur - -

ff
 sur - -

p *cresc.* *f*
 (Piano accompaniment)

A. all her hate, in all her hate to

Q. live to pour, I live to pour, I

T. they can pour, which they can pour, which

F. are a bore, they are a bore, they

C. pris'd me more, sur - pris'd me more, sur -

pris'd, sur - pris'd, sur - pris'd us more, sur -

pris'd, sur - pris'd, sur - pris'd us more, sur -

pris'd, sur - pris'd, sur - pris'd us more, sur -

A. pour, to pour.

Q. live to pour.

T. they can pour.

F. are a bore!

C. pris'd me more.

pris'd us more.

pris'd us more.

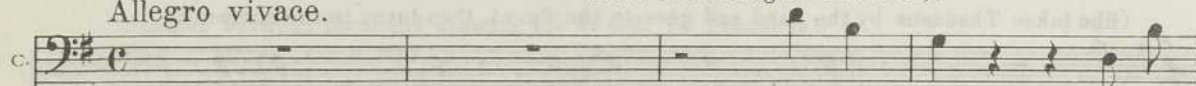
pris'd us more.

cresc.

f

Allegro vivace.

Count (advancing to Thaddeus).

C. 

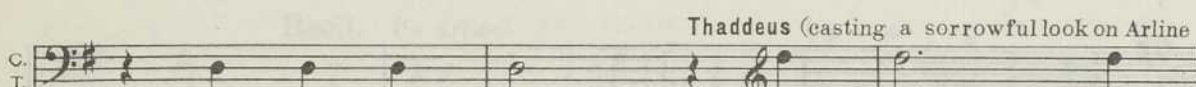
Leave the place thy pol-



C. 

lut - ing step hath cross'd! De - part,



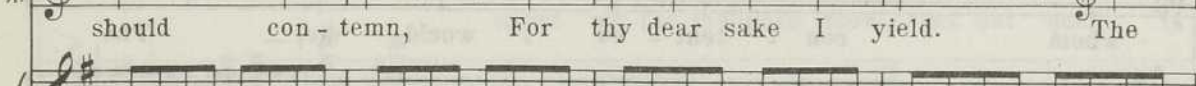
T. 

or thou art lost! To threats I



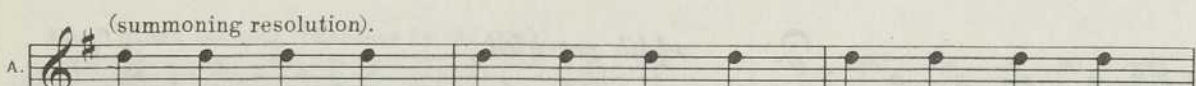
T. 

as he is about to go).

A. 

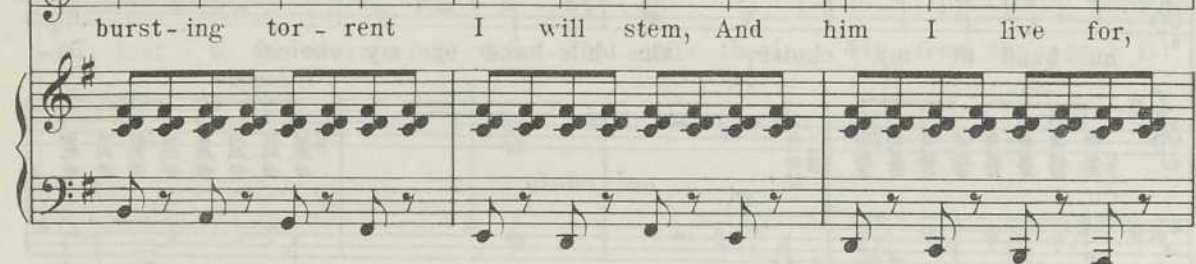
should con - temn, For thy dear sake I yield. The



A. 

(summoning resolution).

burst - ing tor - rent I will stem, And him I live for,



(She takes Thaddeus by the hand and goes to the Count, then turns to the company.)

A. shield. Break not the on - ly tie, the on - ly

A. tie That bids my heart, my

A. heart re - joice, For

A. whom con - tent - ed I would die, — The *with energy*

A. hus-band of my choice, the hus-band of my choice! De - *ad lib. energico* Count

C. *a tempo* *col canto* *p*

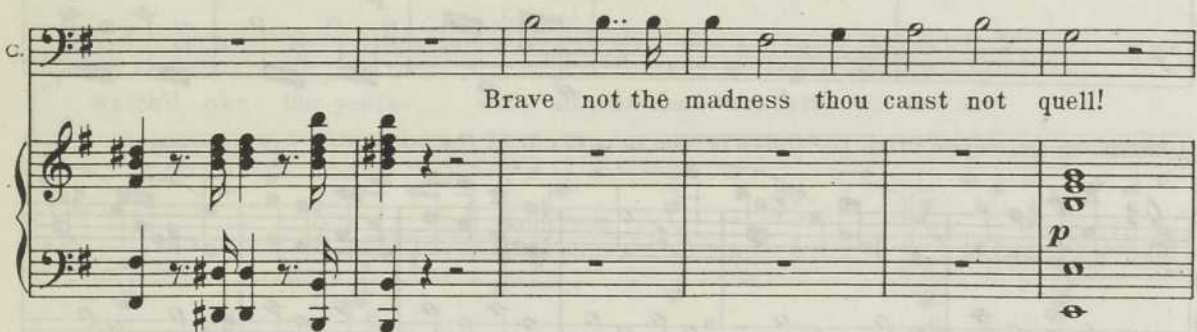
(rushing between them and drawing his sword. To Thaddeus).

C.  part, ere my thirst - y wea - pon stains These

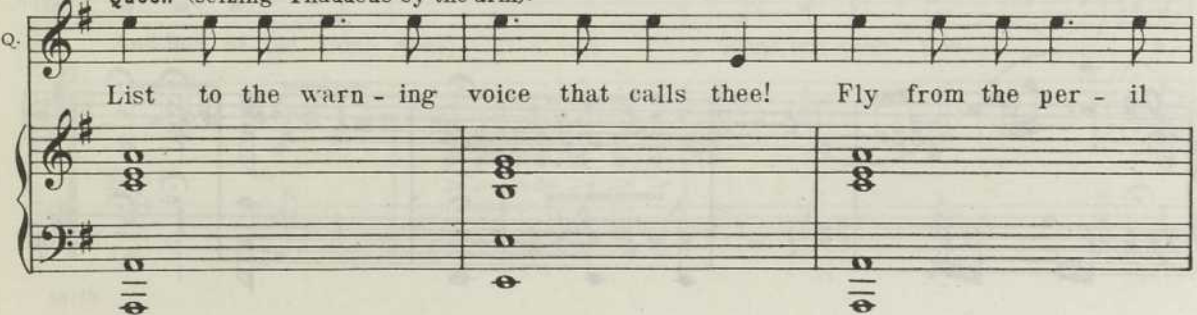
C.  walls with the blood of thy re - creant veins!

Recit. (to Arline).

C.  False thing! be-lov'd too long, too well,

C.  Brave not the madness thou canst not quell!

Queen (seizing Thaddeus by the arm).

Q.  List to the warn - ing voice that calls thee! Fly from the per - il

(darting a furious look at Arline as she passes her)

Q. *Lento assai.*

which enthrals thee! Weep rivers! weep rivers! for a - ges

p

col canto

(As the Queen is dragging Thaddeus towards the Arline (to the assembly).)

Q. A. pine! He shall nev-er, nev - er be thine! Your par-don, if I

pp

A. window, Arline stops him). (Exeunt omnes at the large doors beside the win-)

seek With my fa-ther a-lone to speak.

Allegro.

fp *p*

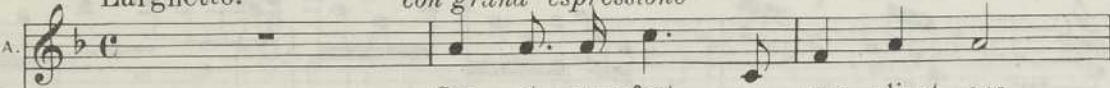
dows, which close upon them; the Queen is seen to pass out of the window.)

"See at your feet a suppliant."

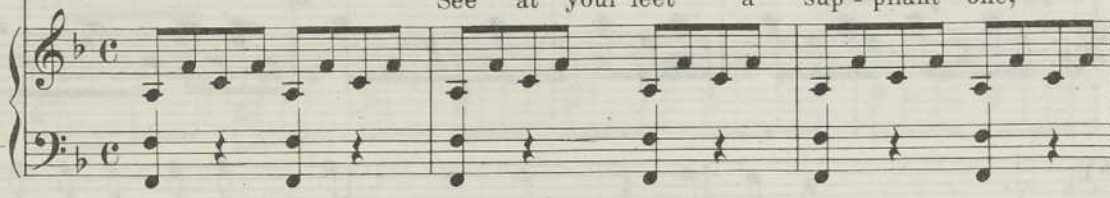
Duetтино.

Scene.
Larghetto.

Arline (falling at the Count's feet).
con grand' espressione

A. 

See at your feet a sup - pliant one,



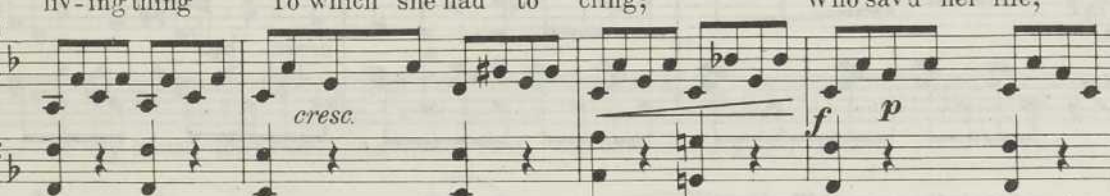
A. 

Whose place should be — your heart! Be - hold the on - ly



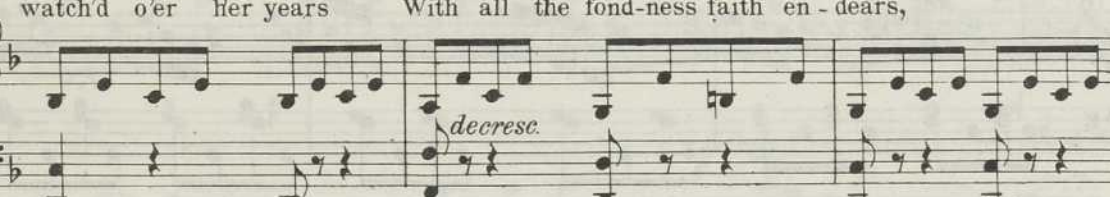
A. 

liv - ing thing To which she had to cling; Who sav'd her life,



A. 

watch'd o'er her years With all the fond-ness faith en - dears,



A. 

And her af - fec - tions won; Rend not such ties — a -



Count. *poco più mosso*

A. C. part! Child! Ar - line! wilt thou? darest thou heap A stain thine af-ter-

pp poco più mosso

C. life will e'er weep On these hairs, by thee and sorrow

A. C. Arline (rising and seeking
bleach'd, On this heart, dis - hon - or nev - er reach'd? What - ev - er the

cresc.

refuge in the arms of Thaddeus).

A. dan - ger, the ru - in, the strife, It must fall; u - nit - ed we are for

Count (with rage). *Tempo I.*

A. C. life! U - nit - ed! u - nit - ed! and wouldst thou link my name

pp

c. In a chain of such dis - grace? Myrank, my ver-y blood de - fame,

c. With a blot no time can ef - face? The child of my heart,

cresc. *fp*

c. of my house the pride, An out - cast, an out - cast Gip-sy's bride! The

c. child of my heart, of my house the pride, An out - cast Gip - sy's —

ritard. *f* *ritard.*

Poco più mosso. Thaddeus (breaking from her, and going up with great dignity to the Count).

C.
T. 
bride! Proud lord, al - tho' this head proscrib'd Should



T. 
fall by the weap - ons thy wealth hath brib'd, Al - tho' in re - veal - ing the



T. 
name I bear, The home I shall see no more, The



T. 
land which to thee, in its deep despair, The dead - liest ha - tred



T. 
bore:— I may fall, as have fall - en the brav - est of foes, the



T. brav-est of foes, 'Twere bet-ter like them to

T. die, And in hon-or'd earth to lie, Than hear, un-re-sent-ed, re-

(Count Arnheim and Arline betray symptoms of astonishment, yet great anxiety.)

T. proaches like those. Start not, but lis-ten!

"When the fair land of Poland."

Aria.

Allegro marziale grandioso.

Thaddeus.

T. When the fair land of Po-land was plough'd by the hoof Of the

T. ruth-less in-vad-er, when Might, With steel to the bo-som, and

T. flame to the roof, Com-plet-ed her tri-umph o'er— Right, In that

T. mo-ment of dan-ger, when Free-dom invok'd All the fet-ter-less sons of her

T. pride, In a pha-lanx as daunt-less as Free-dom e'eryok'd, I

T. fought and bled by her side. My birth is no-ble, un-

poco meno mosso *f*

p *poco meno mosso*

T. *stain'd my crest As is thine own: let this at - test! My* *ff*

T. *birth is no - ble, un - stain'd my crest As is thine own, as is thine own: let this at -* *rall. adagio assai*

col canto

T. *test!* (Takes his commission, seen in Act I, from his bosom, and gives it to

ff a tempo

Larghetto cantabile.

T. *the Count, who stands fixed and bewildered.)*

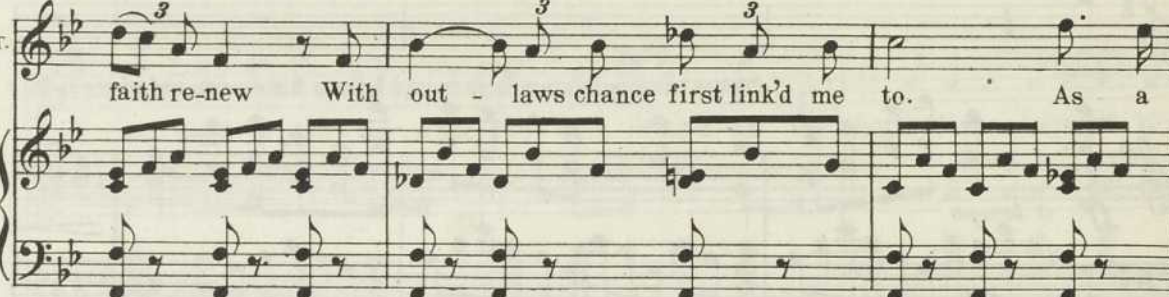
p *pp*

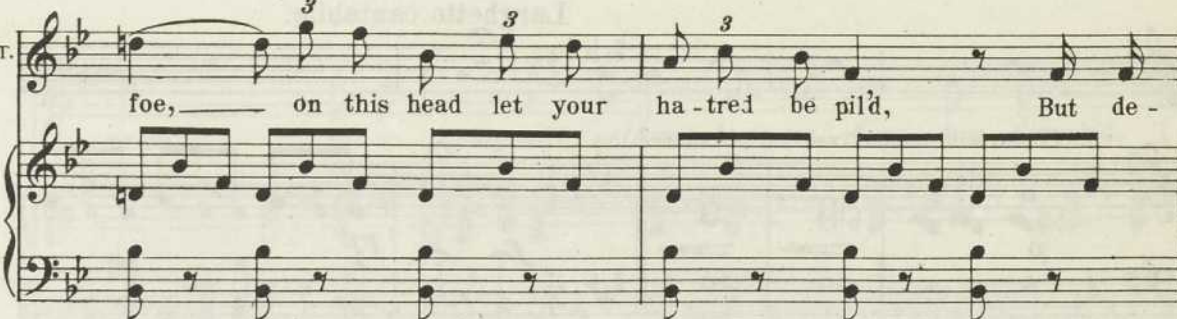
Thaddeus. *p e dolce*

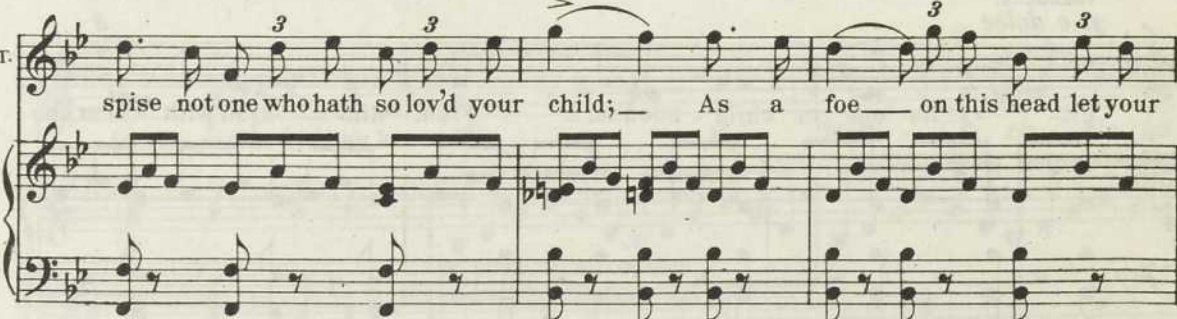
T. *Pit - y for one in child - hood torn From kin - dred with whom she*

T.  dwelt, Rip- -en'd in af - ter - years to love, The

T.  fond- -est that heart hath felt, — Has made — me, thus far,

T.  faith re-new With out - laws chance first link'd me to. As a

T.  foe, — on this head let your ha - tred be pild, But de -

T.  spise not one who hath so lov'd your child; — As a foe — on this head let your

T. *3* hatred be pild, But de - spise not one who hath so lov'd your child,

col canto *pp*

T. *cresc.* *3* de - spise not one who hath so lov'd your child. The feuds of a

C. *Poco più mosso.* Count (greatly moved). *3*

cresc. *p*

C. na - - - - - tion's strife, The par - - - - - ty storms of

C. life, — Should nev - er their sor - - - - - rows im - part To the

C. calm - - - - - er scenes of the heart. By this hand — let thine —

pp *fp*

(Thaddeus, moved to tears, is about to fall at the Count's feet, who checks him.)

c. *hold* Till the blood — in its veins be cold! Not at

fp

c. mine:— be that hom-age paid at hers, Who the firm-est af-fec-tion on

c. *cresc.* thee confers, who the firm-est af-fec-tion on thee con-fers, who the

cresc. *f*

c. *rall. a piacere* 3 firm-est af-fec-tion on thee con-fers.

p rall. a piacere *a tempo* *ff*

"Let not the heart."

Trio.

Allegretto.

A. *p* Arline.
Let not the heart for sor - rows grieve, With which the

T. *p* Thaddeus.
Let not the heart for sor - rows grieve, With which the

C. *p* Count.
Let not the heart for sor - rows grieve, With which the

Allegretto.

A. bo - som hath ceas'd to heave, Let us not think of the

T. bo - som hath ceas'd to heave, Let us not think of the

C. bo - som hath ceas'd to heave, Let us not think of the

A. tem - pest past, If we reach the ha - ven at

T. tem - pest past, If we reach the ha - ven at

C. tem - pest past, If we reach the ha - ven at

A. last; Let not the heart for sor - rows

T. last; Let not the heart for sor - rows

C. last; Let not the heart for sor - rows

A. grieve, With which the bo - som hath ceas'd to heave, If we

T. grieve, With which the bo - som hath ceas'd to heave, If we

C. grieve, With which the bo - som hath ceas'd to heave, If we

A. reach the ha - ven, the ha - ven at last, if we

T. reach the ha - ven, the ha - ven at last, if we

C. reach the ha - ven, the ha - - - ven at last, if we

A. reach the ha- - - -ven at last, the

T. reach the ha- - - -ven at last, the

C. reach the ha- - - -ven at last, the

A. *f* ha- - - -ven at last. *

T. *f* ha- - - -ven at last.

C. *f* ha- - - -ven at last.

A. - - - - -

T. - - - - -

C. - - - - -

* In performing the Opera, these 8 measures are omitted, skipping to * at head of p. 250.

A. *last.*

T. *last.*

C. *last.*

ff

(During the trio, the wan figure of the Queen has been seen at the window in the back, and at the end of it, as Thaddeus is about to embrace Arline, the Queen, in a transport of rage, points him out to a Gipsy by her side, who is in the act of firing at him, when Devilshoof, who has tracked their steps, averts the Gipsy's aim, and by a rapid movement turns the musket towards the Queen—it goes off, and she falls.)

Count. Guard every portal—summon each guest and friend—

And this festive scene suspend.

(The distant sound of joyous instruments heard in the saloons, which the intelligence of the catastrophe is supposed to have reached, ceases, and crowds of nobles, ladies, guests, etc., pour in at each door.)

Allegro pesante.

"Oh, what full delight"

251

Final Aria.

(Arline rushes into the arms of Thaddeus, and then passes over to the Count.)

Allegro.

ff

ff

pp

Arline.

A. *f*

Oh, what full de - light thro' my bo - som thrills,

p

A. *f*

And a wild-er glow in my heart in - stils!

f

A. *Oh, what full de - light thro' my bo - som thrills, And a wild-er*

pp

A. *glow my heart in - stils! Bliss un-felt, un - felt be-fore,*

p pp

A. *Hope with-out, with - out al-loy, Speak with rap-tur'd, raptur'd tone,*

A. *rall. a tempo f*
Of my heart the joy! Ah!

Chorus.
 SOPRANO. ALTO.
 TENOR I. II.
 BASS.
Oh bliss, oh bliss un-felt, unfelt be - fore,
Oh bliss, oh bliss un-felt, unfelt be - fore,
Oh bliss, oh bliss un-felt, unfelt be - fore,

colla voce f a tempo f

A. *f* Oh, what full de - light Through my bo - som thrills, And a wild - er

Oh, what full de - light Through my bo - som thrills, And a wild - er

Oh, what full de - light Through my bo - som thrills, And a wild - er

Oh, what full de - light Through my bo - som thrills, And a wild - er

A. glow my heart, — my heart — in —

glow my heart in - stils!

glow my heart in - stils!

glow my heart in - stils!

cresc. *ff*

Più mosso.

stils!

p Oh, what full de - light Through my bo - - - som

p Oh, what full de - light Through my bo - - - som

p Oh, what full de - light Through my bo - - - som

Più mosso.

p

cresc. thrills, And a wild - - er glow In my heart in -

cresc. thrills, And a wild - - er glow In my heart in -

cresc. thrills, And a wild - - er glow In my heart in -

cresc.

f cresc. stils! Bliss un - - felt be - - fore, Hope with -

f cresc. stils! Bliss un - - felt be - - fore, Hope with -

f cresc. stils! Bliss un - - felt be - - fore, Hope with -

f cresc.

out al-loy, with- - -out al- - -loy!

out al-loy, with- - -out al- - -loy!

out al-loy, with- - -out al- - -loy!

ff

Arline.

A. Ah!

Tempo I.

A. Oh, what full de - light thro' my bo - som

thrills, And a wilder glow In my heart in - stils!

pp

f

A. *pp*

Oh, what full de - light Thro' my bo - som thrills,

A. *f* *p*

And a wild-er glow my heart in - stils!

A. *pp*

Bliss un-felt, un - felt be-fore, Hope with-out, with - out al-loy,

A. *rall.* *colla voce*

Speak with rap - tur'd, rap-tur'd tone, Of my heart the_

a tempo *f*

joy! Ah!

Oh bliss, oh bliss un - felt, un - felt be - fore!

Oh bliss, oh bliss un - felt, un - felt be - fore!

Oh bliss, oh bliss un - felt, un - felt be - fore!

a tempo *f*

f

Oh, what full de - light through my bo - som thrills, and a wild - er

Oh, what full de - light through my bo - som thrills, and a wild - er

Oh, what full de - light through my bo - som thrills, and a wild - er

Oh, what full de - light through my bo - som thrills, and a wild - er

f

glow my heart, my heart in -

glow my heart in - stils!.

glow my heart in - stils!

glow my heart in - stils!

cresc. *ff*

Più mosso.

A. *stills!*

Bliss un - felt be - fore, hope with - out al - loy, hope with -

Bliss un - felt be - fore, hope with - out al - loy, hope with -

Bliss un - felt be - fore, hope with - out al - loy, hope with -

Più mosso.

f

A. Ah, bliss!

out, yes, with - out al - - - loy, bliss un - felt be -

out, yes, with - out al - - - loy, bliss un - felt be -

out, yes, with - out al - - - loy, bliss un - felt be -

f

A. Oh,

fore, hope with - out al - loy, hope with - out, yes, with - out al -

fore, hope with - out al - loy, hope with - out, yes, with - out al -

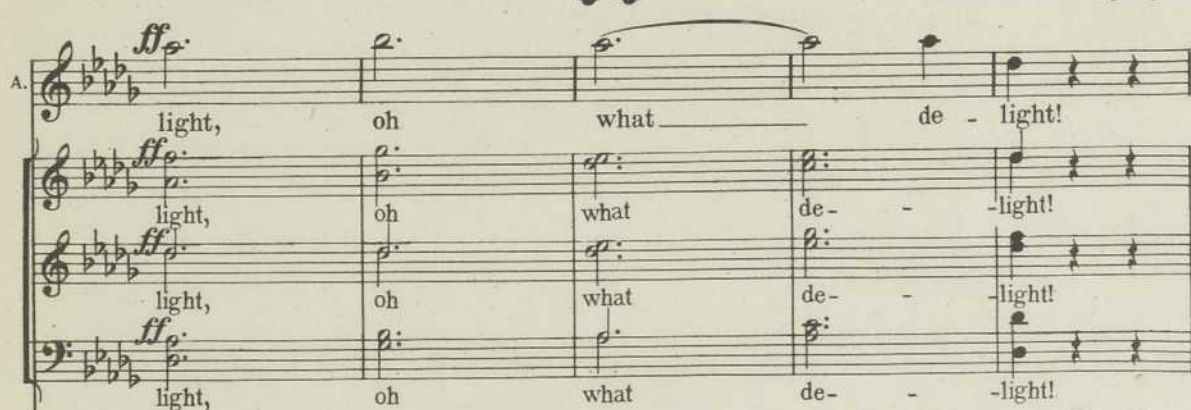
fore, hope with - out al - loy, hope with - out, yes, with - out al -

f

A. 

what, oh what de - light, oh what de -
 loy, oh what de - light, oh what de -
 loy, oh what de - light, oh what de -
 loy, oh what de - light, oh what de -



A. 

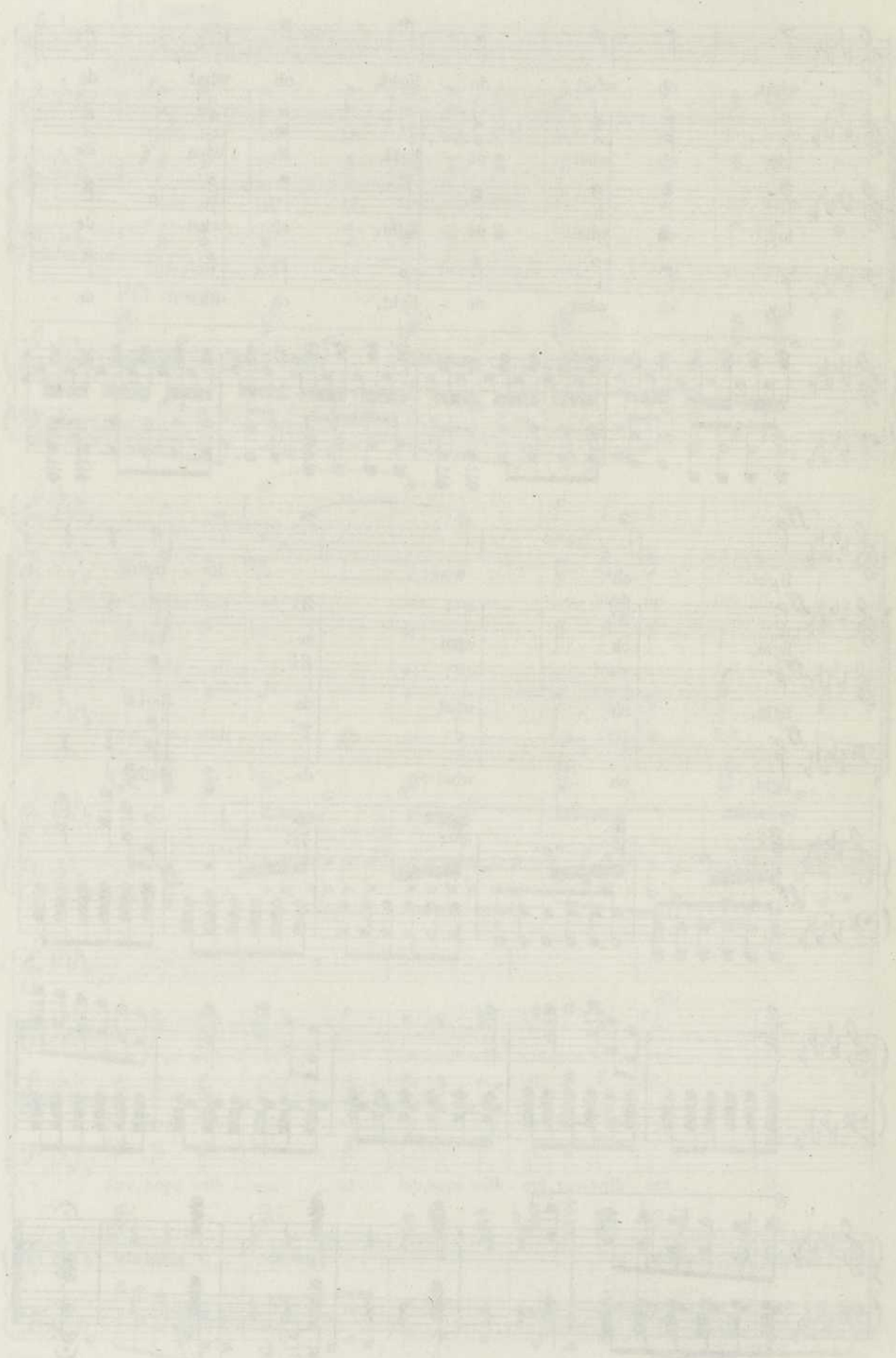
light, oh what de - light!
 light, oh what de - light!
 light, oh what de - light!
 light, oh what de - light!



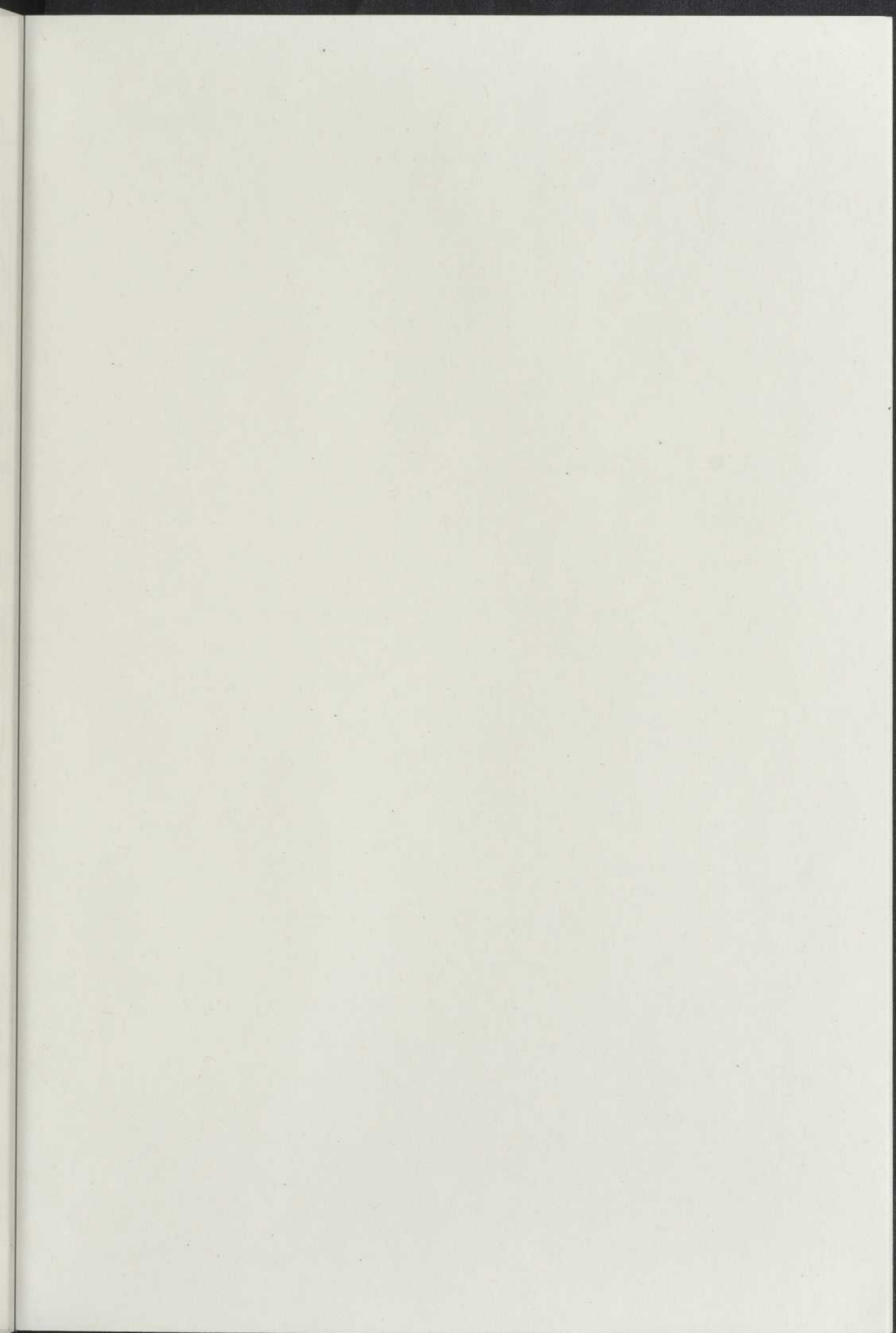




End of the Opera.



End of the Opera





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