MARITANA:

A GRAND OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS:

PERFORMED BY THE

PYNE AND HARRISON

ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE.

THE MUSIC BY W. V. WALLACE.

THE WORDS BY EDWARD FITZBELL.

BOSTON:
1856.
J. H. EASTBURN'S PRESS.

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Cast of "Maritana."

CHARLES II, . . .	
DON CÆSAR, . . .	Mr. W. HARRISON.
DON JOSE, ...	
MARQUIS, . . .	
LAZARILLO, . . .	
MARITANA, . . .	Miss LOUISA PYNE.

MARITANA, composed by W. V. Wallace, was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, London, November 27th, 1845. Mr. W. Harrison, the favorite tenor of the English stage, originally sustained the character of Don Cæsar de Bazan, with the most Brilliant success, both as an actor and a singer. To quote the remarks of a leading journal, "it is a rare thing to find these qualifications united in the same individual, and their union in Mr. W. Harrison accounts for the great popularity he enjoys! His personation of Don Cæsar de Bazan was an admirable effort both historically and vocally, as the repeated enthusiastic bursts of applause testify. His singing was charming, more particularly in the trio 'Turn on, Old Time;' and in the song, 'Let me like a soldier fall;' and his acting left us nothing to wish."

We subjoin a criticism, also, on Miss Louisa Pyne, who subsequently enacted the character of Maritana: "Her acting was natural, tender and affecting. With regard to her vocal performance we cannot say too much in its praise; it fully established her claim to the Queen of English song, which she truly is! Her clear silvery tones told upon the audience with thrilling effect, especially in the last act, in which she performed some vocal feats with a captivating ease truly marvelous. Her song, 'Scenes that are brightest,' was one of the most delicious *morceau* we ever heard."

Miss Pyne filled the part of Lazarillo, in a manner which captivated the audience warmly in her favor; and Signor Borrani (who sung originally in the opera) delineated the character of Don Jose with great effect.

This opera is now produced under the direction of the composer—

W. VINCENT WALLACE.

MARITANA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Square in Madrid. People following* MARITANA, *who is singing. The* King, *dressed in black, is among them; he wears a dark mantle, in which he envelops himself, to the* L. *of* Maritana, *whom he appears to contemplate with devotion.*

OPENING CHORUS.

Sing, pretty maiden, sing
That lovely song again;
Sing, pretty maiden, sing
The thrilling airs of Spain:
Sing of love and beauty,
Bow'r and tented plain—
Sing, sweet Maritana,
Sing that song again!
Sing, sing, Gitana!

ROMANZA—MARITANA.

It was a knight of princely mien,
One blue and golden day,
Came riding through the forest green
That round his castle lay;
And there heard he a gipsy maid
Her songs of love reveal:
Like a spirit of light,
She enchanted the knight,
'Twas a *king!*
Cho. 'Twas a king!
Mar. 'Twas the King of Castile!

Cho. Sing, sing, Maritana,
No delay,
No delay,
Love's minstrel, Maritana,
He will pay,
Thus we pay. (*Giving her money.*)

Mar. Her beauty's blaze, her magic tone,
His lost heart fled in vain;
And soon he raised her to a throne
O'er fair Castile to reign.
And so it chanced a gipsy maid,
As legends old reveal,
From enchanting the throng
With one beautiful song,
Was a queen!

Cho. Was a queen!

Mar. Yes, the Queen of Castile!

Cho. So of old, then, it befell,
Just as you the story tell?
Brava, brava! Maritana!
It befell,
Then, as you tell, &c.

King (with passion.) How beautiful she is!

Enter Don Jose.

Don J. (*advancing.*) He! It is the third time I have discovered him on this spot.

Mar. (*to the* King.) Good signor, haven't you a single maravedi at the bottom of your purse? It might better requite a poor singer than those forlorn looks. (*The* King *gives her money, then exits hastily.*) A quadrupel of gold! I can scarcely believe I am not dreaming again!

Don J. You have received a good offering this morning, eh, my little syren?

Mar. Yes, a golden quadrupel! He must be some very rich man! [*Looking after the* King.

Don J. Very; Don Rafael d'Arpinas, the most opulent gentleman in Spain. (*Aside.*) Your majesty's secret is worth possessing. I shall improve my acquaintance with this handsome Gitana; her star is in the ascendant.

Mar. Another golden quadrupel! See, friends, I shall be affluent, indeed! Oh, thanks, signor! (*Chimes heard.*) Ah! the Angelus! Such good fortune should admonish us to be doubly devout! (*They kneel.*)

ANGELUS.

Angels that round us hover,
Guard us till the close of day!
Our heads, oh let your white wings cover,
See us kneel, and hear us pray!
Angels that above us hover,
Guard us through another day.

All exeunt except Maritana, *who remains still on her knees, looking at the piece of gold in her lap.*

Don J. Why do you sigh in contemplating your gains?

Mar. Because they are still too little, or too much, signor.

Don J. What mean you?

Mar. Too much for remunerating songs of a poor Gitana, and too little to confirm the dreams of splendor which nightly occupy my slumbers.

Don J. Ah! a Gitana, then, has her dreams of greatness.

Mar. Yes, I fancy myself in a gilded coach, glittering with jewels! Oh, I despair of such visionary promises ever coming to pass! I—feathers—diamonds—Ha! ha! ha! ha!

DUETTO—Maritana *and* Don Jose.

Mar. Of fairy wand had I the power,
Some palace bright my home should be,
By marble fount, in orange bow'r,
Dancing to Music's melody.

Don J. Those lovely eyes, those ruby lips,
Might win a brighter home for thee
Than crystal hall, where fairy trips,
Lightly to echo's minstrelsy.

Mar. Of fairy wand,
Had I command,
At moonlit hour,
In silken bower,
To music's note,
On air I'd float,
In golden sheen,
And jewels gay,
Of pleasure queen,
I'd laugh and sing
And dance and play.

Don J. Those sparkling eyes
Are brighter prize

Than gems that glow
On kingly brow.
Of those avail,
Ere yet they fade,
For joy will quail,
When times o'ershade;
Then laugh while love
And beauty aid.

Mar. (aside.) He thinks, as others oft have done,
My wild fantastic thoughts are vain;
Are visions all, now here, now gone,
Like dreams that rise and fade again.

Don J. (aside.) Thus woman's heart is ever bought,
If gold but gleam within her eyes;
So, by the flame, the moth is caught,
Burneth its giddy wing, and dies.

RECITATIVE—Don Jose.

Think of the splendor—the glory—
The bright career which waiteth thy future steps,
One round of triumph!

ENSEMBLE.

Mar. Of fairy wand, &c.
Don J. Those sparkling eyes, &c.

Don J. (aside.) The little vain conquette.

Mar. You laugh at my folly, signor?

Don J. Not in the least: what better to command wealth than such a passport of beauty?

Mar. Ah, signor, now, indeed, I know you are jesting with me. [*Cry without of* "The Queen!"

Mar. Listen! there's the Queen passing through the grand square, if I could only attract her notice again! Adieu, signor; ambitious as I am, I can still remember to be grateful. (*Exit, singing* "Of fairy wand," &c.

Don J. Au revoir, la belle Maritana! Yes, yes, your aspiring dreams will come to pass, since, through your influence over the heart of the King, Don Jose looks to realize his own over that of the neglected Queen. Once persuaded of her husband's infidelity, might not the incensed wife be induced to look, even from her throne, for an object worthy of assisting her just revenge? Then, Don Jose—yes, yes, Maritana, your dreams *will* come to pass, and speedily! (*Noise.*) Ah! whom have we here?

Enter Don Cæsar, *from an Hotel of somewhat humble description, evidently a little inebriated.*

Don C. Miserable knaves! why, they cheat at cards without conscience, as if they were privileged, like us nobles of Madrid. Oh, if it were no dishonor to my sword to chastise such canaille! Robbed, plundered of my last maravedi? I shall sup upon cold air to-night, and sleep—where I shall have the whole blue expanse above for a canopy! Ha! ha! ha!

Don J. Am I mistaken? No, it is Don Cæsar de Bazan?

Don C. Don Jose de Santarem?

Don J. The same. It is long since we met, Don Cæsar; you have been same time absent from Madrid?

Don C. On my travels.

Don J. They say travel changes a man—(*regarding him.*)

Don C. And his apparel! (*laughing*) Ha! ha! ha!

Don J. Your noble father left you a high name, and a brilliant inheritance.

Don C. The name I still bear; the inheritance benefits mankind.

Don J. You had numerous followers!

Don C. So I have still—*creditors.* Go wherever I may, *they* are *sure* to follow me; and, as I am very fond of change, by my valor but I give them some trouble. Ha! ha! ha!

Don J. And what happy event has restored you to your native city?

Don C. The sweet, but delusive hope that my creditors were all dead. Alas! creditors never die. But, tell me, what news here—drink they the same, and fight as many duels as formerly?

Don J. Duels have become rare in Madrid since the edict of the King.

Don C. What edict?

Don J. One which decrees that all who fight with the sword shall be shot; except the duel take place during Holy-week, then the survivor is condemned to be—

Don C. What?

Don J. Hanged.

Don C. Um! If I mistake not, Holy-week commenced to-day?

Don J. Exactly so.

Don C. Then I must keep out of a passion. Hanged? I shouldn't survive the disgrace. (*noise without.*) Ha! ha! ha! What is all this?

Enter Lazarillo *and* Boatman.

Boa. Foolish boy! I insist on conducting you to your friends.

Laz. Why did you prevent me drowning myself? I wish to die.

Don C. Eh! Die at your age? Drown yourself? *You* cannot have many creditors, surely?

Laz. No, signor: but I am apprenticed to a stern master—an armorer—who, under pretence that the corslets were not kept bright, beat me again to-day.

Don C. Again! Hath he beaten thee ere now?

Laz. Yes, signor, frequently; till I can no longer endure it. I prefer death! (*terrified.*) Ah! they come to arrest me.

Don C. Fear nothing. I'll interpose.

Laz. Alas! that captain will not hear of pity.

Don C. I shall defend you with my sword. (*Touching his sword hilt.*)

Don J. (*Putting his hand on his arm.*) Recollect! Holy-week!

Captain *and* Soldiers *enter, and the* Mob *return.*

CONCERTED PIECE.

Cap. See, the culprit, quick, arrest him!
Don C. Stay! one word, ere you molest him!
Noble Captain, brave sir, hear me,
Stay thy rage or learn to fear me!
Cap. Why my orders disobey you?
Laz. Mercy! Mercy!
Don C. List, I pray you!
If a mere child's poor entreaty,
Fail to move that heart of thine,
If his voice excite no pity,
Brother solder, list to mine.
Cap. Come, your duty quickly seek,
Pray'rs and tears won't make me civil:
Don C. (*suppressing himself.*) Oh! if 'twere not Holy-week,
Him I'd send soon to the devil;
Gallant captain?
Cap. Loose my cloak!
Don C. Rage consumes me! I shall choke:
Laz. Mercy!
Cap. Come, your duty seek!
Don C. Oh, if 'twere not Holy-week!

Cap. Quick, if you'd escape the lash!
Laz. Stay, this cruel anger, stay!
Pity and forgiveness, pray;
Ne'er again will I be rash,
Pity, and withhold the lash.
Don C. (proudly, with dignity.) Know, sir, who I am;
Count do Garofa,
Don Cæsar de Bazan;
Who, in the presence of his monarch,
Covered, hath a right to appear.
You have insulted me beyond all bearing,
Redress I seek, (*Draws sword.*)
Hence, to the devil, with the Holy-week,
Thus I chastise thy daring.
(*Strikes him with his sword.*)
Cap. A challenge, vengeance! (*Draws.*)
Don C. A challenge, forward.

ENSEMBLE.

Don C. On! you soon shall bite the dust,
Honor's debt is quickly staid:
Oh! that by cut and thrust,
Dunning creditors were paid.
Cap. Come, you will not prove the first
Braggart whom this blade hath staid;
Only with a single thrust,
Your account is quickly paid.
Laz. Oh! forbear indeed you must,
Be this frightful quarrel staid,
If for me your life were lost,
Ever more would grief upbraid.
Don J. Don't forget before you thrust,
Holy-week would dare invade,
Be this quarrel e'er so just,
By the halter will be paid.
Cho. See this combat all now must,
Blow for blow, and blade to blade,
Happy he who falls the first,
Conquest by the hangman paid.
[*Exeunt all but* Don J. L.

Don J. Have a care, my worthy captain; Don Cæsar is a dead thrust. I would not give a single maravedi for *your* share of daylight to-morrow.

Enter Maritana *joyfully.*

Mar. (Singing as she went out.) You here still, signor? Ah, I have seen our beautiful Queen looking so amiable! Diamonds, too, glittering brilliantly! Delightful!

Don J. (Aside.) This Gitana, who knows?—that fool, Don Cæsar, too—they might be rendered subservient to my purpose. *(To* Maritana.) Still dreaming of greatness, eh?

Mar. Ah, signor, if I had but your opportunity of going to court, and seeing all the splendor—why, you might speak to the King!

Don J. I prefer speaking to you.

Mar. Me! The time is badly chosen just now, for here are numbers of people who will require of me to tell their fortunes. Shall I tell yours, signor?

Don J. Bye and bye, (*apart*) anon you shall learn your own.

Enter People.

CHORUS.

Pretty Gitana, tell us
What the fates decree?
Pretty Gitana, tell us,
Shall we happy be?
Shall I married be?
Shall I wealthy be?

Mar. Yes, yes, the language of the skies
With ease can I impart;
But plainer read, in starry eyes,
The language of the heart.
With whom begins the charm?

Cho. With me!
With me!

Mar. Young soldier, first your palm
Let me see?

Sol. Willingly.

Mar. You love a pretty dame.

Sol. That's true.
You are to blame.
Beware of wooing
An old man's wife;
Her youth and beauty
Will cause you strife!

[*The* Soldier *turns away confused.*

Cho. Beware of wooing,
Ha! ha! ha!
Mar. Who next pursues the charm?
Cho. Tell me!
Tell me!
Mar. (*To an* Old Man.)
Good father, now your palm!
Old M. Cheerfully.
Mar. You have a handsome bride?
Old M. That's true.
Mar. Of beauty she's the pride.
When weak old dotards
To young maids wed,
Young men do *sometimes*
Make love instead.
Old Man. Bah!
[*As he turns away, the people laugh.* *Exit* Old Man.
Cho. When weak old dotards, &c.
Don J. In turn, what say you?
Shall I tell your fortune?
Mar. (*smiling.*) With all my heart!
Don J. Attend, I pray you—
It is, indeed, your fortune
I now impart.
To you I promise rank!—a carriage!—
A splendid equipage!—a speedy marriage!
Mar. Marriage!
Oh, joy! all! all! my heart desire!
Gladly I hear the stars' decree;
Only I fear this sunny hope
Is far too bright, too bright for me.
Don J. and Mar. (*Repeating with delight.*)
And more than that, within {thy / my} hand,
Almost a sceptre,—high command!
A princely heart,—a palace home,—
The mirror'd hall, the glittering dome!

FINALE.

Enter Don Cæsar *and* Lazarillo.

Don C. Farewell, my valiant captain!
I told you how it would be;
You'll not forget, brave captain,
The lesson due to me!

Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
I told you how 'twould be.

Laz. (troubled.) The Alcade, and the soldiers,
You they seek, I fear,

Don C. Then I another journey
Must take, that's pretty clear.

ENSEMBLE.

Alc. Stay! in the name of the King
I you arrest sir, stay;
Your sword at once resign,
And now the laws obey.

Don J. Sir, the laws obey,
Your sword at once resign.

Don C. Well, in the name of the King,
Since you arrest, I stay;
My sword I thus resign,
And now the laws obey.

Cho. Why, in the name of the King,
A noble Count thus stay?
We Don Cæsar defend,
If he the word but say.

Mar. Midst this tumult and strife,
Scarce half awake I seem;
(To *Jose.*) The words that you have said,
Still paint the pleasing dream.

Don J. Yes, by the name of the King
Swear I, the sunny dream
Whene'er thou wak'st again
Shall on thee brightly beam.

Don C. (*To people.*) Desist, I pray.

Alc. The laws obey!

Don C. Yes, I obey!

Alc. Away!

Peo. Stay, stay!

Don C. No, I obey,
Away.

Mar. To-morrow I shall be a Duchess.

Don C. To-morrow I, no doubt, shall swing!

Don J. Yes, too certain that your fate is!

Alc. March, by order of the King!

Mar. Ah! what here do I behold?
Free the gallant captive, pray;

I to-morrow shall have gold,
Gladly I'll his ransom pay.

Don C. Gen'rous creature, they'll not hear you.

Mar. I'll with gold to-morrow pay;

Don C. All good angels hover near you,

Alc. Cease this folly—on, away.

Maritana, Lazarillo, *and Chorus.*

Oh, misfortune! for this quarrel,
Must his life ignobly pay?

Don J. I forewarn'd him for this quarrel
He with life must surely pay!

Don C. All must die of something some day,
'Tis a debt we all must pay.

Alc. Away! cease this folly and away!
He with life must surely pay.

Cho. Stay! stay!

Don C. No!—I obey!
Away, &c.

[*They march him out.* Maritana *and* Don Jose *exeunt.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Interior of a fortress. An Arch at back* C. *shows a clock* (*with the hour hand at five,*) *on a neighboring tower. Doors* R. *and* L., *and old settle near* C. Don Cæsar *is discovered asleep on settle,* Lazarillo *near him. Striking of clock heard.*

ARIA.—LAZARILLO.

Laz. Alas! those chimes so sweetly pealing,
Gently dulcet to the ear,
Sound like Pity's voice, revealing
To the dying, "death is near!"
Still he slumbers—how serenely,
Not a sigh disturbs his rest;
Oh! that angels now might waft him
To the mansions of the blest!

Don C. (*Waking.*) Ha! thou boy, tell me what o'clock is't?

Lazarillo *troubled, points to clock.*

Don C. Still two hours to live. Deuce! what made me wake so early? Dreaming, too, my creditors were all transported to the moon. Ha! ha! still two hours! Boy, how shall I pass the time?

Laz. Signor?

Don C. If but two hours of life were thy whole remain of grief or joy in this world—answer me truly, scapegrace—how would'st employ thyself? eh?

Laz. (*Bowing.*) Pardon, signor, I would send for a priest and confess my sins.

Don C. Ha! ha! What, confess *my* sins in two hours? Two hours might serve for thee, boy, but for me two *years* would scarce suffice. Well thought, I'll make my will—no, that would scarce occupy two minutes.

Laz. Alas! and is there no one, signor, might supplicate the King to spare thy life?

Don C. (*Reflecting.*) No, no, boy! no one cares whether I'm shot or hanged.

Laz. No one?

Don C. No one! Yes—one—

Laz. (*Eagerly*). Oh! name him.

ARIA—Don Cæsar.

Don C. Hither as I came, one poor old man,
With silver hairs and tear drops in his eyes,
Wept that my life was wasted to a span,
And mercy importun'd with bitter cries!

Laz. Thy father?

Don C. (*Dashing away a tear.*) Frantic were his looks, that [poor old man!
With silver hairs, grief's accents on his tongue,
Lost in despair, before the guard he ran,
And held a document, at least, so long—

Laz. His sad petition, thee to guard from ill!

Don C. (*Affects to weep.*) It was, alas, an unpaid tailor's bill!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! this one eternal dun,
Torment of earth, I shall at least out-run.

TRIO.

Don C. Turn on, old Time, thine hour-glass,
The sand of life why stay?
Quick! let the gold-grain'd moments pass,
'Tis they *all* debts must pay.

Of what avail are grief and tears,
Since life which came must go?
And brief the longest tide of years,
As waves that ebb and flow.

Laz. Stay, fleeting Time, thine hour-glass,
The tide of life, oh, stay,
Nor let the golden moments pass
Like worthless sand away.
For him, oh! be there many years,
Apart from ev'ry woe;
The blue serene which heaven wears,
When waves scarce ebb and flow.

Enter Don Jose.

Don J. Despite, old Time, thine hour-glass,
Turn quickly as it may,
His sand of life not yet shall pass,
If he my wish obey.
Of life there are full happy years,
If well the die we throw,
For May-day smile and autumn tears,
Are waves that ebb and flow.

At a gesture from Don Jose, Lazarillo *exit.*

Don C. Don Jose in my prison.

Don J. Ought that to surprise you? Am I not an old friend? As first minister I would exert my influence to serve you.

Don C. Serve me! (*Looking at clock.*) I have scarcely two hours to live.

Don J. Have you no last request?

Don C. Um, none! (*Recollecting.*) Yes, yonder boy, who has just quitted us; I, somehow, take an interest in his fate.

Don J. Is he not the cause of your death?

Don C. Inadvertently. I owe him that—but, then, I owe something to everybody.

Don J. You wish me to take the lad into my service, perhaps?

Don C. That is my wish!

Don J. It shall be done; what more?

Don C. Nothing.

Don J. No! Is the last of the Garafos then content to perish like—

Don C. (*Troubled.*) Hush! I fear to think of such ignominy. If his majesty would but confer upon me the happiness of falling like a soldier.

CAVATINA—Don Cæsar.

Yes, let me, like a soldier, fall
Upon some open plain;
This breast expanding for the ball,
To blot out ev'ry stain.
Brave, manly hearts, confer my doom,
That gentler ones may tell:
Howe'er forgot, unknown, my tomb—
I, like a soldier, fell!

I only ask of that proud race
Which ends its blaze in me,
To die the last, and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry.
Though o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet requiem swell,
Enough—they murmur at my grave,
He like a soldier fell!

Don J. I pledge my honor to see this performed, on condition—

Don C. Condition to me! What is it?

Don J. You must marry—

Don C. Marry! I! what! for an hour and three quarters? You are jesting.

Don J. No! quite the contrary.

Don C. Ah! then, I see, it's my name you require.

Don J. Perhaps—

Don C. To elevate some antique maiden, who sighs to become a Countess—fifty years of age, no doubt?

Don J. It is immaterial to you.

Don C. And ugly as a gorgon, eh?

Don J. You will never behold her.

Don C. How! am I to marry a woman I never saw?

Don J. Her features will be rendered invisible to you by a thick veil which will also prevent her seeing you; but you must give your honor not even to demand her name. Will you consent to take such a woman for thy wedded wife?

Don C. I will! Mind, on condition that I am to be *shot*, instead of *hanged!*

Don J. Agreed!

Don C. And that I see and carouse with the brave fellows commissioned to dispatch me!

Don J. Strange request! However, be it so; a banquet

shall be served, and your guards attend; and, as your costume is somewhat unbridegroom-like, you'll find apparel more suiting the occasion, in yonder chamber. Please you, put it on.

Don C. Oh, by all means. Attention to costume is necessary when one becomes a bridegroom. [*Exit.*

Don J. Yes, yes, la belle Maritana, my prediction of thy advancement cometh quickly to pass. Married to Don Cæsar, the *widowed* Countess of Garofa may approach so near the King as to be ever fascinating his eyes and heart. But will Maritana consent to this blindfold marriage? I'll tell her 'tis the Queen's *command.*

Enter Lazarillo, *gives a paper to* Don Jose.

Don J. For me! (*Opens and reads it aside.*) Um! the King's pardon for Don Cæsar! It will not suit the first minister's policy that this should arrive at present. (*Puts it in his vest.*) Boy, at the request of Don Cæsar, I admit you, at once, into my service.

Laz. Thanks, signor,—*to-morrow.*

Don J. Why not to-day?

Laz. To-day he lives who dies, alas! for me. I cannot forsake him till—(*agitated*)—to-morrow, signor, I shall be as devoted to your service as I am now to his.

Don J. As thou pleasest. Go tell them at the hotel yonder, in my name, to serve a banquet for at least twenty, and say to the captain of the guard, I would speak to him.

[*Exit* Lazarillo.

Don J. It is a desperate game I am playing, but the very thought of possessing the Queen brings memory back to the happy time I first beheld and loved her.

BALLAD.

[*Written by* Alfred Bunn, Esq., *at the request of the Author and Composer.*]

In happy moments, day by day,
The sands of life may pass
In swift, but tranquil, tide away
From time's unerring glass;
Yet hopes we used as bright to deem
Remembrance will recall,
Whose pure and whose unfading beam
Is dearer than them all.

Though anxious eyes upon us gaze,
And hearts with fondness beat,
Whose smile upon each feature plays
With truthfulness replete,
Some thoughts none others can replace
Remembrance will recall,
Which in the flight of years we trace
Is dearer than them all.

Enter Lazarillo.

Laz. How strange! a sumptuous banquet to be given! this must be some mistake—some—

Enter Don Cæsar *in a costly dress.*

Laz. (Seeing Don Cæsar *and staring.)* I'm not awake!

Don C. (Gaily.) Ah, boy! why, how you stare! Sawest thou never a nobleman in velvet and gold before? Ah! here come our guests, and the banquet! bravo, Don Jose! Welcome friends! welcome to table! fill quickly!

Laz. Am I dreaming?

Enter Servants, *who spread table, on* R., *then* Soldiers, *&c.*, R. C. Soldiers *put aside their arquebusses behind the screen, in green sack, then fill, drink, &c.*

Laz. (Troubled.) Alas! whom see I? Signor, 'tis the Alcalde.

Don C. He's welcome; bid him enter. (Soldiers *all rise.*

Enter Alcalde *and* Officers.

Alc. Don Cæsar de Bazan!

Don C. I, sir, am he.

(Alcalde *gives sentence to* Officer *in command, who reads it.*)

Alc. Your sentence now is changed. 'Tis the decree of the King, you be shot; there, 'neath the fortress wall, *(pointing.)* You, sir, see it done, *(to* Officer.) At seven o'clock, the warrant so commands. [*Exit.* Officers *follow.*

Don C. So, are they gone? That affair is settled. Let us to our cups. [*Clock strikes six.*] Six, by the clock! Fill up and sing! no time to rehearse!

Enter Don Jose, *conducting* Maritana *dressed as a bride, and veiled.*

Don C. (To Soldiers, *laughing.)* Fill! long life and a happy widowhood to my future Countess!

SOLO—Don Cæsar.

Don C. Health to the lady, the lovely bride!
Length of years to her be given;
Like this brightly sparkling nectar,
Radiant with the light of heaven!

CHORUS.

Health to the lady, the lovely bride!

Laz. Life on her each bliss bestow,
Like this cup of rosy nectar,
May her hours with joy o'erflow!

[*During this Chorus*, Lazarillo *draws the bullets from the arquebusses.*

ENSEMBLE.

Don C. By this hand so soft and trembling,
By those locks so sunny bright,
'Neath that cruel veil dissembling,
Youth and beauty hide their light!

Mar. Like the mist upon the mountain,
So this veil obscures my sight,
From this bosom palpitating,
Closing every beam of light.

Don J. Hark! the organ, softly pealing,
Calleth to the nuptial rite:
Time is flying—quick, be stirring,
You must wed and die to-night!

Don C. & Mar. Lo! the organ sweetly pealing,
Calleth to the hallowed rite!
Ah! what mystery! no escaping!

Don C. I must wed and die to-night.

Mar. I must be a bride to-night!

Laz. Yes, the organ, hope inspiring,
Calling to the nuptial rite,
Like a spirit seems to murmur,
No, he shall not die to-night!

CHORUS.

Hark! the organ, softly pealing,
Calleth to the nuptial rite.
Ah! what hear we? task revolting!
He by us must fall to-night.

[*All exeunt*, Soldiers *taking their arquebusses.*

SCENE II.—*A magnificent Saloon in the Palace of* Marquis Montefiori.

CHORUS OF LADIES.

Ah, what pleasure! the soft guitar,
And merry, merry castanet,
Beguile the hours,
While balmy flowers
And sparkling wine,
With eyes that shine
Like wandering stars together met,
Chase from the heart all sad regret!
Let true delight each bosom cheer,
Since not a care, enter here.

WALTZ.

[*Fortress clock strikes seven; a roll of musketry is heard in the distance; the dance stops suddenly;* Marchioness *advances.*

Marc. Holy Madelina! what sound was that? My nerves are absolutely aspen leaves.

Marq. Sweet, my lady Marchioness, subdue this terrific sensibility. Yonder sound, fair excellence, was a—mere nothing; some ruffianly soldier, for drawing his sword in Holy-week, condemned (as one of my rascals informed me) to be shot at seven o'clock.

Marc. (With affectation.) Dear me, Marquis, was that *all?* What a noise they make about trifles! Pray continue the dance.

Marq. (*Admiringly.*) Amiable creature!

WALTZ—*Resumed.*

Enter Don Jose.

Don J. Marquis!

Marq. I'm enchanted to behold—

Don J. Suppress these raptures, Monsieur le Marquis, and listen to me. I have conducted hither your *niece*, whom you lost some ten years ago.

Marq. My niece? Impossible! I have no niece, signor.

Don J. Oh, yes, you have. When I gave you the appointment of Grand Director of the Royal Menagerie, you promised to recollect whatever I wished. Stretch your memory a little, Monsieur le Marquis—I say you have a long lost niece.

Marq. Oh, certainly, Don Jose; now you remind me, I

recollect my pretty little niece well enough. Where is the dear infant?

Don J. Infant? um! during ten years' absence, she is wonderfully grown up, of course.

Marq. Certainly, she must be in such a lapse of time. Where is she? I'm all impatience. Is she handsome? like the family, does she resemble me?

Don J. (*leading in* Maritana.) Judge for yourself; here she is. Madame la Countess de Bazan. Madame—Monsieur le Marquis de Montefiori, your noble uncle.

Mar. A Marquis my——

Marq. But I thought Don Cæsar de Bazan, at seven o'clock this evening, was expected to——

Don J. Join the present party, of course; yes, and this way, I perceive, he approacheth. You will apprize the Marchioness, your wife, of the return of her lovely relative. I'll follow instantly, and——(*bows the* Marquis *up.*)

Enter the King.

Don J. (presenting Maritana *to the* King.) The Countess! *(Bows and goes up to the* Marquis, *who is explaining to the* Marchioness *the suggestions of* Don Jose. *The company is invited to withdraw, as if to take refreshments.*)

[*All exit but* King *and* Maritana.

King. Charming Maritana, my beauteous bride!

Mar. Bride!

King (with great tenderness.) Oh, yes, mine! I could not live without thee. It seemeth to me, beautiful Maritana, as if love's bright genius had but created thy sweet presence to render this world an earthly paradise.

Enter Don Jose *hastily.*

Don J. (whispering.) Sire, the guests return to the saloon —withdraw, I beseech, or recognized—

King. And Maritana?

Don J. (*whispers.*) At the appointed hour, you'll find her at the Villa d'Aranguez—Sire, they come!

King. I depart, remember! [*Exit.*

Mar. (joyfully.) Gone! Am I free?

Don J. Yes, (*aside*) till midnight. Go, join the festivity, and anticipate every happiness: they come to invite you.

Enter the Marquis, *inviting* Maritana *to join the dance.*

Marq. Sweet niece, shall we electrify them with a saraband, eh?

Mar. Dance? willingly! The departure of yon dark stranger has removed a cloud from my heart; and a secret monitor whispers me that a much dearer object is not far distant, whose presence will quickly confirm every anticipated joy.

[*Exit.*

Don J. She little dreams that other is no more! (*exultingly.*)

Enter Don Cæsar, *as a monk.*

Don C. Don Jose!

Don J. That voice! who art thou?

Don C. (*unmasking.*) Don Cæsar, at your service!

Don J. Alive!

Don C. Yes, some benevolent fairy, I presume, withdrew the bullets from the arquebusses. Not liking to disgrace, I won't say disappoint, my executioners, I fell, pretended to be shot. They walked away—I walked hither.

Don J. For what purpose?

Don C. To claim my wife.

Don J. Your wife! who told you she was here?

Don C. (*laughing.*) The same good fairy that withdrew the bullets from the arquebusses. Where is she?

Don J. (*pointing.*) In that room—find her out yourself.

Don C. I will. Oh! I should know her from a thousand, if only by the softness of her small white hand. [*Exit.*

Don J. How to mislead him!

Enter Marquis.

Don J. Ah, this creature! where's your wife?

Marq. Receiving the adulations of her adoring guests, as her lovely white hand touches the trembling lute!—O—h! (*sighs.*)

Don J. Ah! I have an appointment in my gift, Grand Master of the Aviary. Instruct the Marchioness to play a part as I direct, the appointment is yours.

Marq. I! Grand Master of the Royal Aviary, with a pension of —. What part is the divine Marchioness to play, Don Jose? Is it on the lute? She'll suspend your every faculty with a single chord!

Don J. Bah! lute! no, no, I'll tell you,—this way!

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Don Cæsar.

Don C. (*Angrily.*) No wife there! Like some phantom, still at every turn she eludes my approach. Such is the

promised, but fading happiness of the profligate, when nothing remains to him but the sad memory of the past.

Re-enter Don Jose, *conducting in the* Marchioness *veiled, and followed by the* Marquis.

Don J. The Countess de Bazan!

Don C. Ecstasy! (*Aside.*) 'Tis her hand!

Marq. Eh! my wife Countess de Bazan! And that the man whom they shot this very evening! I'm petrified. I'll alarm all the—

Don J. Silence! remember the appointment.

Marq. (*Touching his sword.*) I can scarcely restrain my rage.

Don C. (*laughing.*) Don't be indignant on my account, good Marquis (*whispering.*)

Marq. If you don't admire her yourself, don't attempt to dishearten others. (*Retreats angrily with* Marchioness.)

Don J. Then you renounce a bride who has married you for your name alone?

Don C. Can you ask it?

Don J. Don't be too hasty; be advised by a friend. Your wife is rich. Sign a contract to relinquish her, and quit Madrid forever: I'll ensure you an annual remittance of five thousand piastres.

Don C. Pen, ink, and paper! 'Tis done. [Don Cæsar *sits at table.*

Don J. They are here; write. (*Showing pens and ink on table.*

Don C. (*Sitting.*) You have only to dictate.

Don J. (Don C. *repeating.*) Write,—I, Don Cæsar, Count de Garofa, consent to quit the Countess, my wife, and Madrid. forever, on payment of— [*Music.*

Maritana *sings in the saloon;* Don Cæsar *pauses to listen.*

Don C. Eh! what's that?

Don J. Write! write!

FINALE.

Maritana *sings within,* "'Tis the Harp in the Air."

Don C.
That voice! that voice!
'Tis hers, I swear,
With whom I at the altar knelt!

Don J. (*drawing his sword.*) Cæsar! Cæsar!
Beware! beware!
Ere all thy danger yet be felt!

Don C. (*drawing also.*) I'll seek my wife!
Don J. 'Twill cost thy life.
At a sign from Don Jose, Officers *and* Soldiers *enter, and arrest* Don Cæsar.
Don J. (pointing.) Lo! a criminal before you
Fled from justice, guard with life.
Don C. But an instant, I implore you,
Just to know who *is* my wife!
Don J. No, no, no,
It must not be.
Don C. Her let me see!
Don J. and Guards. Away! away!
Don C. Stay! stay!

Enter Maritana, Marquis, Marchioness, *and all the Guests.*

Mar. Ah! what tumult here?
Don J. Her arrest too! Alguazils there!

Enter Alguazils, *who detain* Maritana.

Don J. Him to prison—her that way bear!
Don C. Stay! stay!
Don J. To the Villa d'Aranjuez!
Away! away!

[Don Jose, Marquis, *and* Marchioness *stand between* Maritana *and* Don Cæsar, *to prevent their seeing each other.*]

Don C. What mystery
Must now control!
It maddens—
It distracts my soul!
Don J. With mystery
Their steps control!
Their meeting
Would distract my soul!
Mar. What mystery?
Why thus control?
What horror
Now waits my soul?
Marc. Marq. & Cho. What mystery
Doth thus control?
Not darker
Clouds, when thunders roll!
Sol. and Alg. With mystery
Their steps control!
What anger
Hath enrag'd his soul?

Mar. (*struggling.*) Who is he?
Oh! let me see?
I will be free!
Don C. (*struggl'g*). Her let me see!
Oh! let me free,
Let me free!
Don J. Away!
No, no,
It must not be!
Cho. Away!
&c. &c.

GENERAL CHORUS.

What terrors dread,
Each heart control;
What consternation
Fills each soul.

[Don Cæsar *is forced off*, Maritana *followed by* Don Jose.
Picture of consternation, &c. &c.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Magnificent Apartment, richly decorated with tapestry, mirrors, a portrait of the Virgin, &c. A table on which is a candelabra, chairs, &c., doors* R. *and* L., *at back a Corridor which overlooks the gardens of distant palace. Moonlight.* Maritana *discovered surveying the apartment.*

[MUSIC.

RECITATIVE.

How dreary to my heart is this gay chamber!
Those crystal mirrors, and those marble walls,
Add to my gloom, while sweetly sad remembrance
The joyful hours of liberty recalls.
My lonely form reflected as I pass,
Seems like a spectre on my steps to wait,
Inquiring from the gold enwreathed glass,
Can mighty grandeur be thus desolate?

ARIA.

Written by Alfred Bunn, Esq., *at the request of the Author and Composer.*

Scenes that are brightest
May charm awhile
Hearts which are lightest,
And eyes that smile.

Yet o'er them above us,
Though nature beam,
With none to love us,
How sad they seem.

Words cannot scatter
The thoughts we fear,
For though they flatter,
They mock the ear:
Hopes still deceive us,
With tearful cost,
And when *they* leave us,
The heart is lost. (*Exit.*)

Enter Lazarillo.

Laz. Madame, from the corridor I perceive a carriage; it is Don Jose de—eh! not here! (*Looks off.*) I see—again plunged in melancholy. What can this mystery be? and who is yonder lady, so secluded?—A prisoner in this palace. Should the Queen discover that—

Enter Don Jose.

Don J. Lazarillo!

Laz. Signor. (*Bowing.*)

Don J. (*In an under tone.*) Where's the lady?

Laz. (*Points off*, R.) Signor.

Don J. Um! You saw the cavalier who spoke to me yesterday. Did you know his features?

Laz. Yes, Signor, they are stamped on every piastre in Spain—It was the King.

Don J. True—but mind no mistake; nevertheless, if your memory fail in the least, look on this likeness, (*gives him gold,*) and when he comes here to-night—

Laz. The King, signor?

Don J. (*whispers.*) Aye, boy, the King—mind, none else must be admitted.

Laz. I obey, signor. (*Bows and exit.*

Don J. Having no real authority for the detention of Don Cæsar, he is, unfortunately, still at liberty, and in Madrid; luckily, however, his ignorance of the King's pardon will keep him out of the way, for fear of re-apprehension; and the King, amused by the sparkling eyes of the Gitana, will utterly forget the beauteous Queen, that bright idol which he no longer worships, but for one sweet smile of whom Don Jose would too gladly perish.

ARIA.

So! my courage still regaining,
Banner waving, trumpet sounding,
Nobly daring, my gage maintaining,
Forward, heart of chivalry!
So the wounded knight untiring,
On his gallant steed rebounding,
At his lady's feet expiring,
Dies for love or victory.

Re-enter Maritana.

Mar. That voice!

Don J. Ah! the Countess—

Mar. You! oh, do not mock me by that title.

Don J. Nay, it is your own, but you appear uneasy; have I not kept my word? *(Smiling.)*

Mar. (despondingly.) Perfectly. I *am* a Countess—I reside in a costly palace. Every desire of my proud heart, save one, has come to pass.

Don J. And that one is your *husband!* [*Making a signal off the stage.*] Your cup of delight is now brimful; your husband arrives.

Enter Lazarillo, *showing in the* King.

Mar. Husband! he? [*Retreats.*

Don J. *retires*, Lazarillo.

King. [*detaining her.*] Lovely Maritana, do not fly from me. Wherefore tremble? Fearest thou me?

Mar. [*sighing.*] Indeed, yes.

King. Thou art unhappy?

Mar. [*sadly.*] Indeed, indeed, yes!

King. Wherefore?

Mar. Pardon! this strange marriage—thou so exalted, I so humble!

King. [*frowning.*] I exalted! Who hath told thee?

Mar. That brow severe—that lofty bearing; yes, yes, I feel so high thou art, I tremble to raise to thee one inquiring look.

King. Courage, sweet Maritana! Were the earth at my command, I'd give thee all. Don Jose told me thou would'st fondly receive my affection.

Mar. Don Jose falsely rear'd this delusion, haply to enrich himself with thy wealth.

King. Wealth! and thou would'st possess it also, shall flow like the golden shower of Danae into thy lap.

Mar. I—I disregard affluence.

King. Nay, Maritana; doth it grieve thee thy husband is endowed with riches?

Mar. Willingly would I share poverty with one who shared my heart!

King. [*tenderly.*] Listen to me beautiful Maritana—listen!

Mar. You *are* my lord—I must obey.

King. Obey! Oh, it is too cold a word. (*A shot is heard.*) An intruder into the presence of—(*checking himself*). Go in till this be passed; I'll follow soon, believe.

Mar. (*aside.*) Ah me! unlucky Maritana. [*Exit.*

King. (*looking after her.*) The prize is mine! at length she believes all—all.

Don Cæsar *appears in balcony.*

King. Ah! a man here! (*Stands aside, to observe.*)

Lazarillo *fires again, without.*

Don C. That's one way of receiving a gentleman, by sending a bullet through his brains!

Enter Lazarillo, *the arquebus in his hand.*

Laz. Don Cæsar! (*disappears.*)

Don C. [*looking about.*] Eh, who knows me? [*sees the King.*] Pardon, Signor, I did not perceive *you.*

King. Why come you in at the window?

Don C. Refused admittance at the door, the window was the only way. Egad! a man needs a stout courage to storm a fortress under such a brisk cannonade! (*Shaking a bullet from his hat.*) It is but to show the tip of one's feather above yon corridor, and whizz comes a bullet at your head. Spirit of Hospitality, how are thy rights abused!

King. (*sternly.*) *I* am master here, and insist on knowing your motive for this intrusion.

Don C. Well then, since you are master of the house, I come to seek the Countess de Bazan. They say she lives here!

King. The Countess? Do you know her?

Don C. Ha! ha! ha! She's the acquaintance of ten minutes only; but if you *are* master here, tell me where to find her?

King. (*indignantly.*) I tell! Are you aware, signor, that I am—

Don C. Who?

King. (*in confusion.*) Wh—o! Don Cæsar de Bazan!

(*Seating himself.*

Don C. (*Aside.*) Parbleu! I must chastise this imposter.
(*Touches his sword.*)

Laz. (*Appearing at the balcony.*) It is the King! (*Aside, and disappears.*)

Don C. Ha! the King! here at this hour?

King. And who, signor, pray, may you happen to be? Your name?—

Don C. My name! Oh, if *you* are Don Cæsar de Bazan, (*putting on his hat,*) I am King of Spain!

DUETTO.

Don C. Surely, as thou art Don Cæsar,
Yes, I am King of Spain:
Ha! ha! Yes! yes,
I'm King of Spain!

King. Insolent! thou the King of Spain?

(*Aside.*) I can't my mirth restrain.
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
The King of Spain!

Don C. Surely as thou art Don Cæsar,
Yes, yes, &c.

King. The King of Spain!

Don C. The King of Spain,
&c. &c.

Don C. (*with sarcasm.*) You marvel, signor, at this hour
We, unattended, here are seen,
So near a pretty woman's door,
That woman, too, is not the Queen!
But kings, *you* know, like other men,
Sometimes a little thus give way,
Kings are but mortal—Don Cæsar,
Of course you'll not your King betray!

King. Of course,
Of course!

Don. C. (*reflecting.*) Don Cæsar, no, I remember well,
A witty, brawling, mad-brain'd sot!
Beneath his sword it was that fell
The Captain of our Guard, was't not?
Be kind enough to make it clear,
If shot, as ordered t'other day;
And being dead, how came you here?
Of course we shall not you betray.
Of course,
Of course!

King. Dread sire, your memory is short!

Don C. What forget we?
King. A most important thing.
Don Cæsar, at eight o'clock, received
The pardon of the King!
The night of his condemnation
He received pardon of the King!
Don C. (*aside, smiling.*) Unhappy fate!
The pardon arrived at eight,
And I was shot at seven!
King. You to denounce me were too late,
You see I am forgiven!
Don C. 'Twere useless longer to retain
A title not mine own,
No, no!
King. Then, sir, you are not King of Spain?
Don C. As you suspect, I—
King. Then, sir, you are not King of Spain!
Don C. No, I my dignity forego!
King. Ha! ha! I can't my mirth restrain!
So very brief has been your reign,
Most high and mighty King of Spain!
Ha, ha! &c. (*bowing in mockery.*)
Don C. No, no! I own my title vain,
And doff my borrowed plumes again,
To cry aloud, vive, King of Spain!
No, no, I am not, &c.

Enter Lazarillo.

Laz. Sir, in haste, a messenger. (*gives* King *a paper.*)

King. (*Reading it.*) Ah, from the Queen! Arrived at the palace, and expecting me? just now, provoking! Boy, call thy fellowship, and order straight they thrust forth yon stranger, and if our heavy anger thou'dst not incur, see it instantly done. [*Exit,* L. D.

Laz. (*with remorse.*) Sire, I will. My benefactor, Don Cæsar, I had nearly shot you just now.

Don C. Never mind, boy, where's that lady? (*looking about.*)

Laz. If you mean the mysterious lady who—Ah! here she comes! oh, signor, beware! (*alarmed.*)

Don C. I must speak with her.

Laz. Alas! what peril. (*Exit,* R. D.)

Enter Maritana, R. D.

DUETTO.

Mar. A stranger here!
Don C. Is it thus we greet?
Mar. That voice, that voice!
Don C. Once more we meet!
'Tis the Zingara!
Mar. Yes, Maritana.
Don C. (*with grief.*) Oh, Maritana! wild wood-flower,
Did they but give thee a prouder name,
To place thee in a kingly bower,
And deck thee with a gilded shame?
Mar. No! Maritana—tho' in this bower,
Lips the most pure shall never blame;
A captive, in a stranger's power,
She'll perish ere she yield to shame!
But who art thou, my conduct thus to scan?
Don C. I am thy husband, Don Cæsar de Bazan!
Mar. My husband!
Don C. Thy husband!
Yes, I am the man.
Mar. (*joyfully.*) He is the man.
Thine forever is this faithful heart.
Don C. Yes, yes, thy husband never more to part.
[*He attempts to embrace her.*]
Mar. But how to prove it? Dost thou remember
Those words which at the altar thou said'st to me?
Don C. Yes, yes, I'll prove it. I said, remember,
"The rest of my existence I devote to thee!"
Both. Yes, yes, oh joy! } 'tis he!
} 'tis she!
My husband!
Thy husband!
Mine!
Thine!
This heart with bliss o'erflowing,
Like the nectar bubbling wine,
In the light of heaven glowing,
Thrills with ecstasy divine.
My husband!
Thy husband!
&c. &c. (*They embrace.*)

Enter Lazarillo.

Laz. Fly, signor, guards approach the palace!
Mar. (*troubled.*) Save thyself! escape!

Don C. Leave thee, my wife! the King at thy chamber door?

Mar. In yonder garden walketh the Queen. I saw her from the lattice above. Fly to her feet; tell her that poor Maritana is here, a captive, in peril. She will rescue me.

Don C. She—this sword—

Mar. No, no, the Queen *alone* can, will save me! If you love me, do as I entreat! to the Queen, to the Queen!

Don C. To the Queen!

[MUSIC. *Exit by the window,* L. C. *Turns to the portrait of the Virgin.*

DUETT—ORISON.

Mar. & Laz. Holy Mother, guide his footsteps!
Guide them at a moment sure,
When the wicked fall and perish,
When the good are all secure!
Sainted mother, oh, befriend him!
And thy gentlest pity lend!

Laz. That step! it is the King! (*retires.*

Mar. Again! So soon—and I—ah!

Enter the King.

King. Listen to me, lovely Maritana, it is thy King who adores thee! Listen—my diadem, my kingdom, all the wealth of Spain, I place at thy feet, give me but thy heart in exchange!

Enter Don C.

Mar. My husband, Sire! (*indignantly.*)

Don Cæsar *locks the door.*

King. Why lock'st thou the door?

Don C. That none else hear what now I dare to utter: thou art my King—thou'st my dishonor sought—my wife insulted—thus I that wrong repay. [*Throwing down his sword.*

King. Intruder! what ho! who waiteth?

Mar. To death they'll drag thee! By the lattice fly!

Don C. (to King.) Sire, an instant hear me! I bear a mission.

King. A mission! thou? From whom?

Don C. Sire, from the Queen, who would save Maritana.

King. How! did they dare to admit thee to the presence of Her Majesty?

Don C. No, Sire, they did *not* admit me by the portal, therefore climbed I the garden wall, resolved to cast myself, unlooked for, at the feet of the Queen.

King (angrily.) What sought thou of the Queen? Audacious!

Don C. To save my wife: that effort saved my King.

King. Thy King!

Don C. At least, his honor. To avoid the notice of the guards, hidden behind the foliage, I heard in converse deep two voices; a woman's and a man's. Shall I go on?

King. Proceed.

Don C. "Madam, you are betrayed," said the cavalier to the lady, "the King to-night meeteth his mistress in yonder villa."

King. And that traitor was—

Don C. Don Jose.

King. And the lady?

Don C. The Queen.

King. The Queen! Unlock the door, I say, and let me forth!

Don C. Sire, thou would'st arrive too late.

King. Too late, say'st—

Don C. Think'st thou Don Cæsar de Bazan spared the man, who, though scorned by his Queen, to whom he spoke of love, would have betrayed his King? No, sire, by this true hand the traitor fell. I have done my utmost to preserve thy honor—canst thou destroy mine? *(Kneels.)*

King (much affected.) No, Don Cæsar, and may that loyal sword which has preserved the dignity of your King ever defend, with equal bravery, thine own. Rise! I hear footsteps. *Now*, unlock the door. [Don C. *unlocks door.*]

Enter Lazarillo, Officers, *&c., of the* King's *Household.*

Noble. Sire, we have sought you at the request of Her Majesty—

King. And found us in the villa of the Count de Bazan, one of our most loyal subjects. Don Cæsar de Bazan, we appoint you Governor of Valentia.

Don C. Grenada is also vacant, sire.

King. Would *you* prefer Grenada to Valentia?

Don C. Grenada is one hundred leagues from Madrid, sire, and beyond the reach of my creditors.

King (laughing.) Well, well, Governor of Grenada be it then!

FINALE.

With rapture glowing,
Grief no longer one pang bestowing,
Beats this heart, with soft love o'erflowing,
Ev'ry care subdued to rest,
By truth requited!
In this bosom each sorrow blighted,
Love and joy evermore united,
Oh, what transports fill my breast.
[*Taking each other's hand.*
Yes, love requited!
Hand and heart thus with bliss united,
By the smiles of kind friends lighted,
Oh, what rapture fills each breast!
&c., &c.

END OF THE OPERA.