

A PROLOGUE
A PROUDADOUR

NOVELLO'S
EDITION.

THEATRE OF THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.



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WILLIAM C. NOVELLO
16 JUNE 1886
FOR S. E. L.

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THE TROUBADOUR



A LYRICAL DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

BY

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AUTHOR OF "COLOMBA"

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

A. C. MACKENZIE.
(Op. 33.)

THE PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENT BY
BATTISON HAYNES.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

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THE ARGUMENT.

MARGARIDA, the wife of Count Raimon, a great Provençal noble, has, before the beginning of the opera, met Guillem de Cabestanh, a famous troubadour, and has been inspired by his songs with a half-confessed feeling of love. When Guillem appears at her husband's court she gives a sudden start, which rouses the suspicion of Count Raimon. A vintage feast is going forward, and the peasants present Margarida with a grape of the wine called "blood of the poet"—"*Sanh del trobador.*" Requested to sing a song in praise of wine, Guillem introduces a passionate address to the "priceless pearl of his heart"—Margarida in Provençal meaning "pearl." When, carried away by the passion of his own words, he kneels before Margarida, her sister, Azalais, betrothed to Count Robert, another great noble, stands close by her side, so that it appears doubtful for whom the poet's homage is intended. In the second act a hunt has been arranged by Count Raimon, who is anxious to discover the secret of Guillem's love. He asks the Troubadour to meet him in the wood, and places a retainer in hiding, commanding him to pierce Guillem's heart with an arrow from his crossbow at the moment when he (Count Raimon) breaks a branch from an overhanging tree. Guillem, meeting him, declines to reveal the name of his beloved, and Raimon is about to break the branch from the tree when Margarida, who has overheard the conversation, steps forward and holds his hand. Azalais, who enters at the same moment, avows a guilty passion for Guillem to save her sister's life. Raimon, baffled but not convinced, proposes a visit to the Count Robert's Castle, Liêt, there to watch the further development of the intrigue. The scene of the third act is laid at Castle Liêt. Margarida, stung by her sister's and her lover's apparent faithlessness, expresses her sorrow in a soliloquy, but is overheard by Guillem, who stands under her balcony, hidden by the darkness of the night. He explains the secret, and the speedy reconciliation of the lovers ensues. The next morning Count Raimon and Count Robert meet, and the former taunts the latter with the passion of his betrothed for Guillem. Robert does not believe in any such passion, the word Margarida—pearl—in the poet's song having long ago revealed to him the true state of the case. At the same time, being of a careless and impulsive disposition, he is quite willing to act upon Raimon's suggestion, and to punish Guillem for a wrong inflicted upon either of them. As he and the Troubadour engage in single combat, Count Raimon rushes up the steps leading to Margarida's room and calls out, "Help, help! they kill our poet," and then hides himself to watch the issue. Margarida throws herself between the combatants and avows her love. Henceforth the fate of the lover is sealed. In the last act Guillem is taking leave of Margarida before setting out on a hunting tour to which Count Robert has invited him, so as to lull Raimon's suspicion. The lovers do not know that they have been discovered, but their hearts are filled with evil forebodings. As Guillem disappears, Count Raimon enters and pledges the health of the absent poet in a goblet of the wine called *Sanh del trobador*. From his manner and from the hints he throws out, Margarida knows that her lover is killed. Looking at the goblet, she sees the scene of his murder as in a vision, and taunts the assassin with it. At the same moment a procession of hunters bring in a bier covered with a black cloak. Raimon, throwing back the cloak and discovering Guillem's body, exclaims: "Behold the poet whose blood in guise of wine you have drunk to-night." Margarida replies:—

"No meat or earthly drink shall touch these lips,
Nor take from them the sweetness which the blood
Of Guillem there has left;"

and before any one can prevent her she throws herself from a window into the depth below.

THE TROUBADOUR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Count Raimon</i>	(Lord of Rossilho)	...	MR. LESLIE CROTTY.
<i>Margarida</i>	(His Wife)	...	MADAME VALLERIA.
<i>Azalais</i>	(Her Sister)	...	MISS MARIAN BURTON.
<i>Count Robert of Tarascon,</i>	}	(Betrothed to Azalais)	...	MR. BARRINGTON FOOTE.	
<i>Lord of Liêt</i>					
<i>Guillem de Cabestanh</i>	(A Troubadour)	...	MR. BARTON McGUCKIN.
<i>A Peasant</i>	MR. H. BEAUMONT.
<i>A Peasant Girl</i>	MISS VADINI.
<i>Knights, Ladies, Retainers, Huntsmen, Mummers, Peasants, &c.</i>					

CONDUCTOR—MR. A. C. MACKENZIE.

MISE EN SCÈNE BY MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

*First produced by the CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY, at the
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, JUNE 8, 1886.*

THE TROUBADOUR.

ACT I.

THE VINTAGE.

The stage represents an orchard with an open landscape of sunlit vineyards and gentle hills in the background. To the right the battlemented walls of a mediæval castle are seen at a little distance. Excited groups of retainers, serving-maids, &c., are moving to and fro. They look and point towards the castle-yard.

Men.

See, he descends from his steed, a high-stepping palfrey.

Women.

Behold !

Upright and tall he stands, a noble knight and a bold.

See, his doublet and cloak are made of samite fair,

And a silken hood is loosely set on his flowing hair.

Men.

A page bears his helm and sword ! His lute another carries !

Women.

Lo ! he is striding this way, he comes, let us meet him !

Men.

He tarries,

Stroking the neck of his steed and loosening its saddle-girth.

Women.

His mien is gentle, his bearing betokens a noble birth.

Men.

Perchance he has come with our knights to break in the lists a lance.

Women.

A gay troubadour, he has come to gladden our feast, to enliven our dance.

[Enter Raimon and Robert (from r.), followed by knights and esquires ; the crowd give way and bow respectfully.]

Raimon.

Go, bid the stranger knight approach our court !

[Enter Guillelm (from r. back). A page carries his helmet and sword, another his lute. Enter simultaneously Margarida and Azalais, with ladies and pages (from l.). As Margarida sees Guillelm she gives a sudden start, which is observed by Raimon. Guillelm comes forward and bows low.

Raimon.

[With dignified courtesy.

Be welcome to our midst, thou noble singer,
To us a fount of honour is thy name ;
The hero's guerdon is thy song, the bringer
Of beauty's worship, of the coward's shame.

Margarida.

[In the same manner.

Without thy mighty art our courtly pleasure
Was but an idle show, an empty dream.
The poet has appeared, and lo ! his presence
Has lit our laughter with a sunray's gleam.

All.

[To Guillelm.

Be welcome to our midst, thou noble singer,
To us a fount of honour is thy name ;
The hero's guerdon is thy song, the bringer
Of beauty's worship, of the coward's shame.

Guillelm.

To thank you for such welcome on my way,
What can I say ?
How find in words for all that moves my heart
A counterpart ?
I call no castle mine, no broadening measure
Of bounteous fields ;
Nor wine, nor ripening corn's abundant treasure
My autumn yields.
A cloak, a sword, a hollow lute, a steed
Are all I need.
Take then the only treasure that belongs
To me—my songs.

[Signs of admiration amongst the crowd]

Raimon.

No richer price the mightiest king could pay ;
But ere we ask you to redeem your pledge,
We would that you should seek repose and
comfort,
Such as this house affords, after your journey.

[*Guillem bows, and exit attended.*

Raimon.

[*Aside to Robert.*

Saw you the lady Countess give a start
And tremble when he entered ? I opine
That they met before this.

Robert.

[*Unconcernedly.*

Very like,

There's many a castle in our fair Provence
Where ladies and a lovesick troubadour
May congregate.

Raimon.

Lovesick ! on whose behalf ?

Robert.

Who cares or knows, not I, perhaps not he.
If Margarida be, or Azalais,
The burden of his song, what matters it
To him, or me, or you ? One name, I trow,
Is fully as harmonious as the other
To finish off a stanza with.

*Raimon.**The Countess*

Of Rossilho, I trust, will think it meet
To guard her honour from a rhymester's fancy.

Margarida.

[*Simultaneously whispers to Azalais.*

I knew that he would come ! My heart foretold
That I should see him once again ; that he
Would strive to follow me e'en to this court.
But now that he is here, a sudden tremor
Creeps o'er me, and the wings of coming ill
Are icy on my temples.

Azalais.

Dearest sister,

Keep silence, we are watched, all will be well !
Trust in your sister's guidance ; to the cautious
There is no danger, to the brave belongs the
world.

[*Movement amongst the crowd. Enter an old Peasant.*

Old Peasant.

[*To Raimon.*

Right noble Count, great Lord of Rossilho,
May we, your faithful and most humble liege-
men,
Present the first-fruits of the bounteous season
To your good lordship and your lady Countess ?

Raimon.

Break off your parley, and begin the feast.

[*Exit Peasant. Raimon, Robert, and the two ladies seat themselves on chairs placed by pages ; knights and ladies in attendance grouped behind them, leaving the stage free for the masque. Shouts and rustic music behind. Re-enter Peasant, leading by the hand a young girl. They bow low before Margarida.*

Peasant.

Great lords and ladies, lend a gracious mind
To our rude show and simple rhymes, which we
Repeat as our forefathers taught us. Ho !
begin !

[*Enter girls dressed in white, and crowned with vine leaves. They perform a graceful dance, symbolic of the vintage.*

The Peasant Girl.

[*To the spectators on the stage, explaining the action.*

See, they move
In harmonious measure,
Reaping and dancing,
Receding, advancing,
Glowing with pleasure,
Gathering their treasure,
Dreaming of love.

[*Enter two men dressed in goats' skins. The girls scream and run away. The men discover the baskets and devour the grapes. Enter St. George in armour and Hercules carrying his club, timidly followed by the girls. The wild men are killed after a short fight, and the girls offer wine and fruit to their deliverers.*

Peasant.

[*Accompanying the action.*

While thus the dance they vary,
Two woodmen wild and hairy
Approach from darkest shade.
The garnered fruit they scatter ;
With growling voice and clatter
Of hoofs they scare each maid.

The Peasant Girl.

See, to their rescue come the noble twain,
Sir Hercules and good St. George the bold ;
With club and sword they soon their foes have
slain ;
And to their thirsting lips the maidens hold
Cups filled with wine that glows like
burnished gold,
Whereof they drink and find their strength
again.

Both.

For wine gladdens the heart of man ;

With its potency blended

Our sorrow is ended

Before it began.

Its fragrance we taste and our heart rejoices,
And loud in its praises we lift our voices,
Singing together, " Viva la joya
Alavia, alavia, tristessa ! "

Chorus.

Viva la joya,
Alavia, alavia, tristessa !

Robert.

St. George and Hercules, a goodly pair
To toy with pretty maidens in such guise.

Raimon.

Who would not turn a paynim or a saint,
And slay wild woodmen by the score, to be
Thus tenderly rewarded ?

Azalais.

There are plenty
Of caitiff knights in fair Provence, and monsters
Jealous and cruel, frightening tender ladies,
And never a saint to slay them ? What say
you, fair saint ?

[*To Margarida, who all along has sat silent,
taking little notice of the masque.*

Robert.

She dreams and says not what. But lo ! whom
have
We here ? Another saint, but of such mien
As would beseem Dan Cupid or god Bacchus,
Rather than Christian martyr. Father Dominic
Must see to this.

[*Enter St. Medardus, a youth dressed in a white
tunic, and crowned with ivy. His head is
surrounded by a halo. He blesses the crowd,
after which he approaches Margarida, and
offers her a large bunch of grapes.*

Peasant.

[*To Margarida.*

Lo ! the good saint Medardus,
The patron of our vineyards, proffers you
Their noblest fruit. The wine it yields inspires
The heart of him who drinks with thoughts of
valour
And love, his lips with song. We call it
“ Blood of the poet ”—*sanh del trobador.*

[*Margarida starts at the last words, but recovering
herself, graciously accepts the gift. Enter at
the same moment Guillem, splendidly attired.*

Azalais.

A noble name for a noble gift !
And here, as if moved by a secret call,
Our poet arrives, his voice to lift
In the praise of wine, and our hearts to
enthral ;
Like the bringer of joys, the slayer of pains ;
Let his song pour forth, let him prove withal
That the “ blood of the poet ” flows in his veins.

[*Guillem looks at Margarida, who bows her head
in sign of approval. He then beckons to a
page, who brings him his lute.*

Guillem.

The sunray's shine,
The richness of the earth,
In love combine
To give triumphant birth
To purest wine.
In joy we pour it forth.
Lo ! from the flask it flows,
And in the crystal glows
Redder than any rose
The spring unfurls,
Or dark pomegranate blossom ;
And on its purple bosom
Shine sparkling pearls.

[*The crowd listen attentively, growing more and
more inspired as he continues his song.*

Guillem.

[*With increasing fire.*

The deep desire
Which dwells within my heart,
Its living fire
Must to my songs impart.
They never tire
To seek thee where thou art.
With full harmonious sound
They hover thee around,
And with a wreath have bound
Thy silken curls.
To crown thy beauty's splendour,
My songs to thee I tender,
My priceless pearls.

Margarida.

[*Aside.*

His words with sweetest message strike my soul,
The music of his voice is in mine ear ;
Triumphant joy, the pangs of darkest fear,
Alternately my trembling heart control.

Guillem.

[*With passionate fervour.*

Brighter than sparkling wine,
Purer than song of mine,
My thoughts a pearl enshrine,
All pearls above.
Be it my heart's endeavour
To win and hold for ever
My pearl !* my love !

Chorus.

Crown him with blossoms, with leaves of the
vine,
The singer of love, the singer of wine.

[*The girls surround Guillem, and strew flowers
at his feet. He heeds them not, and slowly
approaches Margarida.*

* Margarida in Provençal means pearl.

Margarida.

[With a sudden impulse.]

I crown thy brow with a wreath of the blossoming vine;
Be thy thought as pure as the bloom and the fruit thereof.
The crown of fame and the wreath of love be thine,
Thou singer of Provence, thou troubadour of love!

[She takes a wreath from one of the girls. As Guillem is about to kneel before her, Azalais hurriedly steps to her side, so that it seems doubtful for whom his homage is intended.]

Robert.

[To Raimon.]

Behold, a mystery!

Raimon.

Which I shall fathom.

Chorus.

[Promiscuously.]

Hail! Guillem!

The singer of Provence, the troubadour of love!

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

THE HUNT.

An open glade in the forest. In the background a grassy mound. In the foreground a large tree (L.), whose overhanging branches form a natural bower. In it Guillem and Margarida are seated on the trunk of a tree, almost entirely hidden from the rest of the stage. They are reading from an old manuscript which is resting on Guillem's knee.

Guillem.

[Reading.]

'And Launcelot, as one whose eyes had been steeped in love's brightness, gazed upon the Queen.
'My lady and my queen, my love,' he spake,
'Fighting or praying, dreaming or awake,
Still must my heart to thine its message take.'
Whereat the Queen by deep desire distraught—
Answering the words he spake, the thoughts he thought—
No longer battled nor refused him aught."

Margarida.

[Interrupting.]

Did she surrender thus her queenly pride,
Her plighted faithfulness, her wedded duty?

Guillem.

[Continuing to read with increased emphasis.]

"For Love himself this miracle had wrought.
And as a blossom withering in the drouth,
When heavy rain-clouds gather from the south,
With eager greed life-giving moisture sips,
So drank her lips the kisses of his lips,
So did his mouth cling to her yearning mouth."

[He pauses; they look in each other's eyes; the book drops on the ground unheeded. Long silence. Enter Azalais, in hunting-dress, carrying a spear. She looks around, and discovering her sister, fondly puts her arms round her neck. The lovers start as from a dream.]

Azalais.

[Playfully.]

Sister, what ails thee, in tears again?

Pitying the ills of bygone ages—
Weeping the dead, who maybe were slain
By the poet's pen, and the loving twain,
Who maunder through Master Arnaut's*
pages?
Wisely beware of the poet's wile!
A falconer's snare is his amorous ditty;
Our trusting hearts he seeks to beguile
With his tale of love, laughing inward the while
At the tears he draws from our tender pity.

Raimon.

[Entering hurriedly from r., and overhearing the last part of Azalais's speech.]

Who speaks of "poet's wile" and "tender pity?"

Azalais.

[Aside to him.]

Be calm, my friend; the poet, if he lives,
Lives far from here; his victims are enshrined
In this his page. Give way! here comes the hunt.

[Enter from r. ladies, knights, huntsmen leading hounds, others with falcons on their fists, others carrying spears. They march across the stage.]

Chorus of Hunters.

To the greenwood we go to chase the deer,
—Green is the woodside, brown is the heath,—
The scent lies well and the covert is near.

A broken sky
With the west wind blowing,
The sun on high
With the white clouds flowing;
Swifter than west wind and clouds is death.

[Exeunt L.]

Raimon.

[To Guillem very politely.]

May I crave parley with you in this place
After the hunt?

Guillem.

[Bows.]

I will await you here.

* Arnaut Daniel, a famous troubadour, and supposed author of a lost epic on Launcelot and Guinevere.

Margarida.

[*Aside.*]

A secret meeting ; what can it portend ?

[*Exeunt Raimon, Guillem, and Azalaïs in the direction the hunters have taken. Margarida accompanies them for a short distance. The stage remains empty for a few moments. Re-enter Margarida hurriedly.*]

Margarida.

At last I am alone ! The blatant noise
Of men and hounds and horns dies in the
distance.

Here can I rest, here dream that all the world
Might thus forget me, leaving me behind
In solemn forest-solitude to live
And die, lonely and happy ; happy ?

[*She seats herself on the trunk of a tree and buries her face in her hands.*]

Vainest regretting, aimless strife !

In the places of lightless sorrow
Have been cast the lines of my life.

Distant past and to-day and to-morrow
Float around like a troubled dream.

Where is the outlet, where is the gleam

Of nascent hope that my heart could borrow ?
Out of the cloister's narrow cell

Taken one day to courtly splendour,
Whom could I trust, to whom could I tell

My secret life, or my soul surrender ?

Almost a child, a stranger's bride,

Living childless by his side,

How to him the fruits of a heart could I
tender ?

[*The hunt is heard to approach ; she rises from her seat.*]

And now this sudden passion ! which to me
Is as a voice that calls, a hand that beckons
To one who knows not whence, nor cares, but
knows

That he must follow still, were death the goal.
What is thy meaning, voice ? whither away
Dost lead me, slender hand, moving the chords
Of my expectant heart to tremulous joy,
Even as a minstrel strikes the echoing lyre ?

[*A huntsman rapidly ascends the mound and calls out to the others behind the scenes.*]

Huntsman.

Lo, the deer ! it breaks through the bracken,
Yonder away by the brookside. Slacken
The leash ! see the hounds take the scent, let go !
A noble hind is the prize, tally ho ! tally ho !

[*Exit Huntsman running.*]

Margarida.

[*Passionately.*]

There speaks my fate ! even as the hunted
deer,
I seek to shun my foe from place to place,
In vain the flight, in vain the restless race,
My destiny flies with me, it is here (*pointing to
her heart*) !

[*Confused noise behind. Horn signals and shouts
of "Morte ! Hälläli !"*]

Ay, sound your horns, and shout your hälläli,
The victim waits your coming, fain to die.

[*She sinks down on the seat in the bower and remains during the following in deep thought, completely hidden from those on the stage. Enter (from L.) huntsmen, &c., some carrying the deer.*]

Huntsmen.

[*Singing as they march across the stage.*]

From the depth of the forest we bring the deer,
—Green is the woodside, brown is the heath,—
A nut-brown doe we carry here.

Fair was the fight,
But at last we beat her ;
Fleet was her flight,
But the hounds were fleeter.

Swifter than horses and hounds is death.

[*As they slowly depart, enter Raimon (from L.), accompanied by a serving-man who carries a cross-bow.*]

Raimon.

Now, fellow, heed my word. Behind yon mound
Stand with your crossbow, ready charged, and
watch

While I hold converse with a knight, who will
Be here anon ; and as you see me go
To yonder tree (*pointing to left*) and pluck a
branch, as 'twere

In play, that instant take your surest aim
And send an arrow straight into his heart.
Your life is forfeit, if your bow spare his.

[*As the serving-man retires behind the mound, enter Guillem (from L.), whom Raimon goes to meet with profuse politeness. Margarida, during the last scene, has risen from her seat, and, standing behind the tree, watches the proceedings with growing anxiety.*]

Raimon.

[*Jovially.*]

How sped the hunt ? I passed an evil hour,
In bush and briar entangled stood my steed.
Helpless I was and heard the hounds pass by,
Longing to be in at the death.

Guillem.

[*Coldly.*]

The hunt
Sped well, a rapid chase has yielded
A noble quarry. Was it to hear the tale
Recounted by my lips that you did ask
To meet me here alone ?

Raimon.

It was a tale
Of different import I was fain to hear.
Let me reflect !

Guillem.

[*As before.*]

I bide your pleasure, Count !
[*Raimon crosses to right. Guillem, in the centre of the stage, stands expectantly.*]

Guillem.

[To himself.]

Stern is his brow, his glances lower
With dark surmises. My fate draws nigh.
Loadstar of faithful love, in this hour
Stand firm on high!
Life and the brightness of life are as naught,
Be her honour my only thought,
Though I die.

Margarida.

[Simultaneously, unobserved by either.]

All is at stake, in this perilous hour
Who can shield him, what help is nigh?
Let me not falter, oh God! to Thy power
For strength I cry.
Life and the brightness of life are as naught;
Be his safety my only thought,
Though I die.

Raimon.

[Who has closely watched *Guillem* during his soliloquy, goes up to him with a smile.]

In dreams again, Sir Poet? pondering o'er
Some passionate canzo, or harmonious metre?
Fain would I know the mystery of your craft.
Who is the happy fair whose conquering charms
Move you to sighs, that set the ladies sighing
Of our gay court in echoing response?

Guillem.

Her name is all other names above,
On my heart it is graven for evermore;
But my lips bind a vow that no shrift can remove.
The poet's word is the blossom of love,
But deepest silence lies at the core.

Raimon.

[Excitedly.]

Then, by our lady! you shall break that silence,
Or bide the issue.

Guillem.

[Coldly.]

I defy your threat.

Raimon.

[Recovering himself.]

I do not threaten, sir; my only wish
Was to decide if I had read your riddle
In skilful fashion. For it seems to me
That in a poet's song we should detect
The object of that song, even as we learn
The latent root and sap of yonder tree
By breaking one of its impending branches.

[He goes to the tree, and is about to break one of the overhanging boughs, when *Margarida* suddenly appears from behind the tree, and holds his hand. Long silence. While they are still standing in this position, enter hurriedly *Azalais*, who looks at them with anxious surprise.]

Azalais.

Sister, I missed you at the hunt, and since
Have sought you vainly through these darkling
woods
To find you here at last; and thus—

Raimon.

Be welcome,
Fair ladies both, to this our meeting; you
Shall be our umpires in a contest which
Pertains to your tribunal by all codes
Of amorous science. Know this gallant knight
Withholds from me, his loyal friend and true,
The name of her who rules his heart and song.
Say, must he yield?

Margarida, Azalais, and Guillem.

[Separately.]

{ Oh, fatal quest! where silence and speech
Are fraught with equal danger; where each
Divergent road leads to shame or death.

Raimon.

[Aside.]

Silence and speech with danger are rife,
Will the issue be death or life?

[To *Margarida*.]

Your brow is clouded, and our troubadour
Stands thoughtful; say, what is the meaning?
Speak.

Azalais.

[With a sudden resolution. Aside.]

She must be saved; perish my honour, perish
My hope.

[To *Raimon*, with assumed bashfulness.]
If you insist I will reveal his secret.
Not many weeks have passed since first we met
In fair Poitou, where with his noble sister
The County Richard royally resides.

Raimon.

[Looking suspiciously at *Margarida*.]

He also met the lady Countess there!

Azalais.

Ay! but to me alone he tendered service,
Vowed faithful troth in songs of amorous
measure,
Me followed to your court! (To *Guillem*) Say!
is it so?

[*Guillem* bows assent.]

Raimon.

[Aside.]

A deeper secret lurks behind his silence
And her too-ready speech. (To *Guillem* cordially)
Your choice is bold,
My silence and my help reward your trust!

Margarida.

She is betrothed to Robert.

Raimon.

Let him guard her then !
 "In love and war all arms are fair." So says
 The law of gallant courtship in Provence.

[Calling to those behind.]
 Ho ! bid our train assemble here ; bring torches
 To light us on our way to fair Liêt,
 There in the midst of dance and feast to watch
 The issue of this amorous enterprise.

[During the following, Margarida's pages, huntsmen carrying torches, &c., rapidly enter, and crowd the stage in variegated groups.]

Margarida.

[Aside, in deep dejection.]

Here dies the faintest gleam
 Of hope, here ends my dream.
 This, then, is woman's faith,
 Thus scorched by man, thus shamefully deceived !
 All that I trusted in, that I believed
 Sacred to human hearts, it vanisheth
 As fades in gloom the day's resplendent light,
 And all is night.

Azalais.

My plighted troth, my faith
 Thus slandered by myself, what can retrieve ?
 But, though I die of shame, I must relieve
 A sister's honour from suspicion's breath.
 That thought brings comfort, as a ray of light
 Where all is night.

Guillem.

Ah me ! the purest faith
 That ever clung to love, I must deceive
 To vindicate her honour, to relieve
 It from the stain of dark suspicion's
 breath.
 So fades in gloom my hope's resplendent light,
 And all is night.

Raimon.

[With boisterous gaiety.]
 To Liêt, to Liêt !

Chorus.

We follow, we follow.

Raimon.

Where tourney and fête
 Will chase one another,
 All fear to abate,
 All anguish to smother.

Ladies.

Where the maze of the dance
 Will gaily relieve us.

*Anxiously.**Knights.*

Where an amorous glance
 Will delight and deceive us.

Raimon.

Where the troubadour's art
 And the sound of the lyre,
 Will kindle each heart
 With the flame of desire,
 With the bright-burning flame of desire.
 [Horses are brought in, Raimon and Guillen mount. Margarida and Azalais are carried in a litter. Men with torches lead the way. As all disappear, the refrain of the hunters' chorus is heard from a distance.]

Chorus.

[Behind.]

Swifter than horses and hounds is death.

[Curtain drops slowly on a dark and empty stage.]

END OF ACT II.

ORCHESTRAL INTERLUDE.

The Feast at Castle Liêt.

ACT III.

THE FEAST.

Night. In the background (R.) a mediæval castle festively illuminated. From the open windows the sounds of music are heard at intervals. In the foreground (R.) a lady's bower (part of the castle), with a balcony from which a flight of stairs leads down to the stage. Left of the stage a garden with flowers and large rosebushes. Moonlight fitfully obscured by clouds. In the foreground (L.) a marble seat. Guillem is standing close to the bower, concealed by its black shadow. Immediately after the rise of the curtain Margarida steps from her lighted room on to the balcony.

Margarida.

Lone is my life as the night is, lonely,
 Far from the feasting crowd lies my way ;
 Dark is my life as the night is, only
 A single star sheds its tremulous ray.
 Once my soul I was fain to surrender
 To a star as it shone from above ;
 Steadfast as heaven's own vault seemed its
 splendour,
 And its light was the lustre of love.
 Ah ! but it faded, ah ! but it vanished,
 Cloud-covered darkness reigns in the night ;
 And the brightness of love is banished
 From a heart that was valued light.

Guillem.

[Coming forth into the light reflected from the room.]
 Valued beyond the treasures of the earth
 By one whose boldest dream durst not divine
 The secret thus revealed unto the night.

Margarida.

[*Passionately.*

Revealed, alas ! to one whose recreant heart
Disdained the love his wanton tongue had won.

Guillem.

Lady, my heart is true as yonder star
That shines in steadfast radiance, high in heaven
Though clouds obscure it here below. Your
sister—

Margarida.

Name not her name ! Fickle and false as thou,
Her guilt is deeper, even as my trust
In her was more unbounded.

Guillem.

To preserve
Your life from danger she imperilled hers,
And dearer far, her honour; her quivering lips,
Truth's own fair portals, parted for your sake
To issue falsehood.

Margarida.

Ah, my fate ! my fate !
That in one mesh of guilt and shame entangles
All whom I love, who love me !

[She rapidly descends the steps ; *Guillem* hastens
to meet her. They embrace.]

And is it true,
And may I fondly credit that the heart
Whose passionate pulse beats strong against my
breast
Was mine, and is ?

Guillem.

To all eternity !

[They descend to the stage.]

Both.

Through the dangers surrounding our path in
threatening array,

Through doubt and through fear,
Great love has guided our steps, has lighted our
way ;
It lives, it is here.

Margarida.

In these eyes, which shine through the gloom
with a message of bliss.

Guillem.

In these hands, on these tremulous lips, which I
grasp, which I kiss.

Margarida.

Its flame has enkindled our hearts with un-
quenchable fire.

Guillem.

Its call is the voice of the night, and its breath
is desire.

Both.

It beckons, it leads to a haven of infinite rest,
To a goal, to a home.
We ask not whither, we follow its potent behest,
We hasten, we come.

[They stand in close embrace. At this moment a loud flourish of trumpets from the castle announces the end of the feast. The gates are thrown wide open, and a bright streak of light is thrown from the interior of the castle on to the stage. Cavaliers and ladies, single and in groups, preceded by torchbearers, are making their way across the back of the stage (from R. to L.). At the sound of the flourish the lovers have hastily retreated amongst the bushes behind the seat (L.). After a time Count Robert, in lively conversation with several Cavaliers, comes from the castle to front of the stage.]

*Robert.**

Good-night, my gallant gentlemen ! I hope
That wine, and fare, and dance were to your
liking.

The Cavaliers.

[*Promiscuously.* The feast will be remembered in Provence
For potent wine, and eyes bright as the lustre
Shed by a thousand torches. Alas ! that things
So fair must end. Good-night, our noble host !

Robert.

Nay, nay, not ended yet ! Remember, sirs,
That in the cool of early dawn a contest
At ball will here be fairly matched. Two counties
Will send their players ; I'm for Tarascon,
Who will be with me ? Well, good-night !

[On turning round to shake hands with the
Cavaliers, he catches a glimpse of Margarida's
white dress.]

But ho !

Whom have we here ?

[He is about to go nearer. *Guillem*, drawing his
dagger and hiding his face in his cloak, stands
before Margarida.]

The Cavaliers.

[*Retaining Robert.*]

My lord, it is not wise
To pry into the secrets of the night
And spoil good sport.

Robert.

Ah, well ! you're right, you're right.
Who knows, perhaps some gallant troubadour
Is searching for his "pearl" among these bushes.

[*Exeunt laughing*, Count Robert into the castle,
the Cavaliers (L.) back. The gates of the
castle are closed immediately after Robert
has entered, and the lights at the windows
have been extinguished during the foregoing,
so that the stage, but for the light from Mar-
garida's room, is again left in darkness.]

Margarida.

[Coming forth from her hiding place in great
excitement.]

They laugh at me and at our love. My honour
Is stained with infamy, my name a byword
In the lewd mouths of men.

* The actor is supposed to indicate delicately that Robert, though not drunk, is excited by wine.

Guillem.

And whose the guilt ?
 Whose babbling lips revealed unto the world
 The sacred name engraven on my heart,
 Casting a pearl richer than all the earth
 Into the dust ? If thus the gift of song
 Is bitter to the saint at whose fair shrine
 It worships, perish then my dissonant lute,
 Perish the hand that strikes it, and the heart
 That vibrates with its chords !

[He averts his face and stands in deep dejection.]

Margarida.

[Going up to him very tenderly.]

Nay, say not so,

Do not revile your song, it was the link
 That bound us twain. Listening to its soft voice
 What to me is the world and all its babble ?
 E'en let them talk. Are we not here, alone
 And safe at least for one brief hour ? For see,
 The moon has hid her face, the voice of birds
 Is hushed among the branches, and the night
 Lies dark and silent.

Both.

Night, within the ample folds of thy darkness
 Hide us, encompass us !
 From the brightness of day, from the prying
 eyes of the world,
 Cover us, shelter us !
 From thy bosom we sprang, to thine arms we
 return,
 Thou art cradle and grave.
 Hear us, O mighty mother ! With lifted hands
 Thy help we crave.
 What the dawn may bring to us, be it shame,
 be it death,
 We ask not, nor fear.
 Only one brief last hour let us dream, let us live
 While thou art here.

[Margarida reclines on the seat. Guillem kneels before her, embracing her. The distant voices of birds are heard. After a while the signs of early dawn are seen on the horizon. At the same time Azalais appears at the window of Margarida's bower. She walks round anxiously and comes out on the balcony. Seeing the lovers, she begins to sing at first very gently, afterwards, as she fails to attract their attention, louder and louder.]

Azalais.

Beneath a hawthorn on a blooming lawn,
 A lady to her side her friend had drawn
 Until the watcher saw the early dawn.
 Ah me ! ah me ! the dawn ! it comes too soon.

Oh, that the sheltering night would never flee,
 Oh, that my friend would never part from me,
 And never might the watch the dawning see !

Ah me ! ah me ! the dawn ! it comes too soon.

Now, sweetest friend, to me with kisses cling,
 Down in the meadow where the ousels sing,
 No harm shall hate, and jealous envy bring.

Ah me ! ah me ! the dawn ! it comes too soon.

Lovers, arise ! the stars begin to pale,
 The lark has hushed the timid nightingale ;
 Arise, ere dawn bring day, and day bring bale.

Ah me ! ah me ! the dawn ! it comes too soon.*

[During the song the dawn has grown brighter and
 brighter, and at this moment the sun rises.
 The lovers have paid no attention to Azalais.
 At last Margarida, as in a dream, repeats the
 burden of the song.]

Margarida.

Ah me ! ah me ! the dawn ! it comes too soon.
 [At the sound of her voice Guillem rouses himself.
 Both rise.]

Guillem.

[Very passionately.]

The dawn ! the dawn ! its brightness omens ill,
 Its roseate gleam is death, for we must part.

[After a hasty embrace Margarida ascends the
 steps and is met halfway by Azalais, with
 whom she enters the room. Guillem waits
 till she appears for a moment at the window,
 waving her kerchief to him.]

Margarida.

Farewell ! thine own till death.

Guillem.

Till death, thine own.

[Margarida is drawn from the window by
 Azalais. Exit Guillem (L.). As he disappears,
 enter from R. and L. back respectively
 two trumpeters, one dressed in red, the other
 in blue. They meet in the centre of the stage
 and, standing with their backs to each other,
 blow two signals each on their trumpets.
 Immediately after this, a crowd of women,
 knights, pages, retainers, and peasants begin
 to collect from all sides ; at last, enter Count
 Raimon and Count Robert. At the same
 time enter again from R. and L. back the
 players, four to each party, those representing
 Tarascon in blue, those of Rossillo in red.
 They are dressed in loose tunics, hose, and
 shoes, with girdles round their waists. To
 the latter are attached their shuttlecocks.
 They carry in one hand a battledore, in the
 other a staff with pennon, red and blue respec-
 tively. They walk round the stage bowing
 to the Counts as they pass. They then
 proceed to make their "courts" by fastening
 their flagstaffs in the ground. The staffs in
 the centre line are then connected with a silken
 cord parallel with the sides of the stage.
 After this, they measure their courts by
 pacing them in both directions and also
 diagonally. As two and two meet at the cord
 they beat their battledores against each other,
 the crowd shouting each time "Rossillo,"
 "Tarascon." After this they begin the "jeu
 de paume" (resembling modern lawn tennis),
 accompanied by the song of the Chorus. The
 latter gradually close round them, turning
 their backs on the two Counts, who, after
 showing some interest in the game, have sat
 down on the seat. Every time the refrain
 "Alavia, gelôs" ("Away, ye jealous") is
 sung, some of the Chorus turn round and look
 for a moment slyly at the Counts.]

* With the exception of the last stanza, this poem is a literal translation of an old Provençal *alba*, or morning song.

Chorus.

To play at ball, one early dawn
The queen came to a garden lawn ;

Eya, eya !

And so it was, that it befel :
The king was old, the king was grey.
The page was young, and bold, and gay,
And it was the merry month of May.

Alavia, gelôs !

Youth is a blossom and love is the rose.

She spake : " Who with me to play is fain,
He may be crowned, he may be slain ! "

Eya, eya !

" For I am a queen and they guard me well ;
But I loathe old age and its wintry pall
And I love the spring and the flowers withal." So to the page she threw the ball.

Alavia, gelôs !

Youth is a blossom and love is the rose.

[During the following dialogue players and spectators move towards the back of the stage and gradually disappear.

Raimon.

[To Robert in a sarcastic tone.

Their song is tuneful, and to one who knew—
One of us twain—it might conceal a meaning
Beneath its grace.

Robert.

[Piqued.

The riddle may be read
By him who runs ; a countess or a queen,
A poet or a page, where is the difference ?

Raimon.

There is one lady countess and another,
Her sister, at this feast.

Robert.

But only one
Hight Margarida,* e'en that " priceless pearl "
Which from the poet's song has grown to be
Common to all men's lips, and known by all,
Save its indulgent owner.

Raimon.

[Startled at first, but recovering himself.

What is a song !

A poet's fancy, if compared with love
Avowed in mutual passion and before
A witness ?

Robert.

Who avowed, who witnessed ?

Raimon.

I !

* Margarida in Provençal means pearl.

Robert.

And witnessed what and where ?

Raimon.

Ask me no more,
Ask him who dreams of love and of its guerdon
In yonder bower (*pointing to L.*). He rises, see,
he comes.

[Enter Guillem slowly (from L.). He is absorbed
in reading a book. Robert goes up to him,
and before Guillem observes him, takes hold
of the book and shuts it in a violent manner.

Robert.

[Insolently.

Awake, Sir Poet ! You have dreamt enough.

Guillem.

What means this taunt ?

Robert.

[As before.

It means e'en what it means.
Explain it as you will. Your countenance—
Craving our ladies' pardon—does not please me,
I do not like your ways.

Guillem.

[Laying his hand on his sword.

This answers for
My ways. Thyself give answer for thine insult !

[He lays his hand on his sword. When he is not
immediately attacked he turns away as in
thought, while the two Counts consult with
each other.

Guillem.

[To himself.

Whatever the end of our strife, the star of my
love

Is steadfast on high.
It shines, and my heart is enwrapt in the
brightness thereof,

Though I live, though I die.

His menacing word
With the sting of its insult has wounded my
pride.
One issue between us is open, it lies with the
sword ;
The sword must decide.

The Two Counts.

[Simultaneously.

Whatever the clue, or the devious tale of his love,
He has lifted his eye
To a goal that brings us dishonour, the forfeit
whereof

Is his life—he must die.

In deed and in word
And in thought he has braved our revenge, has
insulted our pride.
One issue is open between us, it lies with the
sword ;
The sword must decide.

[As Guillem and Robert draw their swords and make the first passes, Raimon, who has been watching them narrowly, runs up the steps leading to Margarida's bower and calls in at the window.

Raimon.

Help ! there within ! They kill our poet ; help !

[He descends the stairs and stands behind them, hidden from the others. Margarida comes from the room and, rushing down the stairs, throws herself between the two.

Margarida.

[To Robert, in a frenzy of excitement.

Peace ! peace ! you shall not slay him. He is mine.

I love him ! I would die for him !

[Very quick curtain.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

" SANH DEL TROBADOR."

[Margarida's chamber at Castle Rossilho. The back of the stage is shut off by a heavy curtain. On the right hand a table is spread for supper and lit by two large candelabra, one at each end. On the left, through an open window, consisting of two casements parting in the middle, is seen a balcony with a low balustrade, to which a rope-ladder is attached. Margarida is at the window, close to Guillem, who stands outside in the balcony. Azalais walks anxiously about the room, and at times slightly parts the curtain as if listening for someone's coming.

Margarida.

[Clinging to Guillem.

Farewell ! alas, a voice within my heart Foretells it is for ever we must part.

Guillem.

Farewell, my Queen, enthroned within my heart,
Though years of hope deferred us twain do part.

Azalais.

Farewell, farewell ! this last and mournful greeting
Is but the presage of a happier meeting.

Dear sister, cease your mournful talk. Sir Poet,
Pray change that dolorous mien ; a little time Passed in his country seat with County Robert Will merrily glide away, and after that—

Margarida.

[Interrupting.

But shall we meet again ?

Azalais.

You will, and sooner And happier than you think. Suspicion will Be lulled, ill-will forgotten. For this end Your loyal friend and mine, at break of day, Has gone before ; Sir Guillem is to follow Without delay ; the hunting train is gathered In yonder court. Hearken ! I hear the sound Of merry horns, they wait your coming ; go !

[Guillem is seen to descend the rope-ladder.

Margarida.

[Leaning out, and waving her kerchief.

Stay but one moment !
Or if thou must go, do not go in silence.
Still let me hear thy vanishing voice, which borne
On the dark wings of night, will be a sign
That though unseen, thou dost remember me.

Guillem.

[Outside.

" Brighter than sparkling wine,
Purer than song of mine,
My thoughts a pearl enshrine
All pearls above.
Be it my heart's endeavour,
To hold and cherish ever
My pearl, my love."

[Margarida remains at the window listening for Guillem's voice, as it grows fainter and fainter in the distance. Azalais has returned to the curtain, and after looking through it, suddenly hurries to the window, and closes the casements, thus shutting out Guillem's distant song. Enter at the same moment through the curtain, which he closes behind him, Count Raimon, who goes quickly to the window, throws it open, and looks out suspiciously.

Raimon.

[With feigned good humour.

The night is starless, gazing into it,
As dark it lies without, impenetrable
E'en as the grave, engenders brooding thought,
Casting its pallor on fair ladies' cheeks.
Sweet Countess, gentle sister, let me lead you
Where wine and cheer and genial converse are
At hand.

[He blows a silver whistle. To pages who enter from R.
Ho, fellows, spread the board, bring wine.

[They sit down at the table. Count fills a bumper with wine, and drinks to the ladies.

This bumper to your health, fair ladies ! How ?
 You do not drink, nor smile, nor speak ? I see
 Your thoughts are absent, journeying perchance
 With our dear absent friend. Ay ! so are mine.
 They follow him through night and gloom, in
 proof whereof

I'll pledge this glass to him, and sing to him
 A merry posy. Smile not, gentle sister,
 Albeit a soldier, I can turn a stave
 As well as ever a poet in Provence.

[He rises and, taking the goblet, goes to the front of the stage.]

Pour forth, noble wine, pour forth !
 As breaker of grief thou art known,
 Let us learn if the name be thine own,
 Let us judge of thy valour and worth !

[He drinks.]

For I drink to a friend who is gone,
 And my thoughts are heavy withal,
 At the evil that may be done,
 At the danger that may befall ;

With no star in the night-long hours
 To lighten his way as he goes,
 To show him the storm-cloud that lowers,
 And the ambush of pitiless foes.

Then, pour fourth, noble wine, pour forth ;
 As breaker of grief thou art known,
 Let us learn if the name be thine own,
 Let us judge of thy valour and worth.

[He sings the last verse in a loud and boisterous manner, watching at the same time the ladies, who, seated at the table, whisper anxiously to each other as he rolls out the refrain.]

Margarida.

What ambush can he mean ?

Azalais.

What ill is near ?

I tremble as I listen.

Margarida.

Boding fear

Enthrals my heart.

Azalais.

Oh ! that the night were past.

Margarida.

Oh ! that my spirit could find rest at last.

Raimon.

[Going up to the table, in an unconcerned tone.] How does my measure like you ?

Azalais.

It is harsh

As ravens' croaking.

Raimon.

Troth, it cannot vie
 With dulcet strains of languid troubadours
 Sighing of mutual vows, and faithful hearts,
 And " priceless pearls " enshrined therein.

[At this moment the curtain is slightly parted by a huntsman, who, unseen by the ladies, raises his arm as a signal to Raimon and then disappears again, closing the curtain. Raimon, who has hitherto spoken deliberately and with sinister meaning, resumes the appearance of boisterous gaiety.]

But no !
 You are unjust. In faith, it was the liquor
 And not the lay that was to blame. Ho there !

[To the servant.]

Bring better wine, the choicest in our vaults,
 To drink so dear a health. Ah ! here it comes.

[He takes the flagon from a page and fills a crystal goblet with red wine.]

" See in the glass it glows
 Redder than any rose,
 The spring unfurls."

Ay, redder even than the fount of life
 From noblest heart. Our vintners truly call it
 " Blood of the Poet," " Sanh del trobador."

[To Margarida.]

Say, will you pledge a poet's health in it ?

[Margarida at first sits silent; then with a sudden resolution rises, and going to the front of the stage, takes the glass out of Raimon's hand.]

Margarida.

I drink to an absent friend,
 To a friend most leal and true,
 To a faith that no fear could subdue,
 To a troth that stood firm to the end.

[She drinks a little of the wine, and then fixes her eye on the glass as in a vision.]

I drink, and on the goblet's ground appears
 A mirrored image of what was and is,
 The long-drawn misery of loveless years,
 And the remembrance of surpassing bliss ;—
 Too fair to last ; as sunbeams after rain,
 Its brightness gleamed and glowed and
 vanished ;

Too well I know it will not come again,
 Too well I know, sweet friend, that thou art
 dead.

[After a moment's silence, still looking fixedly at the goblet.]

For I see the assassins stealing through the
 night,
 And a crowd of men, and the torches' flaming
 light,
 And the proudest head laid low by subtle craft,
 [Suddenly turning round and facing Raimon.]
 And the coward heart that sped the traitorous
 shaft.

[As if overpowered by the terror of her own words, she places the glass on the table and hides her face in her hands.]

*Raimon.**[Aside.]*

The die is cast, my vengeance cannot stay.
Whatever follow, it must have its way.
Knowing no pity, brooking no delay.

*Azalais.**[To herself.]*

The die is cast ; in trembling fear I stay,
Hopeless and helpless here. What can I say,
The swiftness of his vengeance to delay ?

[To Margarida in a whisper.]

Sister, dear sister, follow me, conceal
What but too loudly speaks of your—

*Margarida.**[Interrupting.]**Concealment*

I know no more ; I cast it to the winds ;
Too long it weighed on me, dragging my love,
My high, my sacred love, e'en in the dust.
At last I may be true, and I feel free,
As free as aye I was from bond of faith
To one who bought and held me as his chattel.

[To Raimon.]

You listened to my song, now hear its burden.
[She takes up the glass again, and faces Raimon as before.]

Farewell to the days that pass,
To the darkness of sorrowful nights ;
To a life that is brittle as glass—
I drink to the Death who unites.

[She empties the glass, and throws it on the floor, breaking it to pieces. At the same moment a flourish of hunting horns is heard from behind ; the curtain is simultaneously thrown back to both sides, discovering the back of the stage, which represents a large Norman hall, very dark. From the farthest background, and slowly emerging into the light, is seen a procession of huntsmen, carrying a bier, which is completely covered by a black cloak.]

Huntsman.

From the depths of the forest we bring the deer,

—Green is the woodside, brown is the heath,—

A noble hart we carry here ;

Standing at bay,

Turning bravely to meet us,

Him did we slay,

Striving still to defeat us.

Mightier than strength of the mighty is death.

[They place the bier between Raimon and Margarida, front of the stage.]

Raimon.

[Throwing back the cloak and discovering the body of Guillem.]

Behold the quarry, even he, the poet,
Whose song was sweet in ladies' ears, whose blood

To-night in guise of wine served at our feast.

Margarida.

[After looking silently on the body, goes quickly to the window.]

No meat or earthly drink shall touch these lips,
Nor take from them the sweetness which the blood
Of Guillem there has left.

[Raimon, drawing his dagger, rushes at her ; but before he can reach or before Azalais can prevent her, she mounts the balustrade of the balcony and throws herself into the depth below.]

THE END.



ACT I.

INTRODUCTION.

Adagio.

PIANO. $\text{♩} = 56.$

legato.

R.H. L.H.

pp

calando.

A

trem. *pp*

Ped.

B

Musical score for piano, page 2, featuring six staves of music.

Staff 1: Treble clef, 2/4 time, key signature of four sharps. Measures show eighth-note patterns with dynamic *p*.

Staff 2: Bass clef, 2/4 time, key signature of four sharps. Measures show eighth-note patterns with dynamic *p*.

Staff 3: Treble clef, 2/4 time, key signature of four sharps. Measures show eighth-note patterns with dynamic *p*. The instruction *crescendo senza accelerare.* is written above the staff.

Staff 4: Treble clef, 2/4 time, key signature of four sharps. Measures show eighth-note patterns.

Staff 5: Treble clef, 2/4 time, key signature of four sharps. Measures show eighth-note patterns.

Staff 6: Bass clef, 2/4 time, key signature of four sharps. Measures show eighth-note patterns. The instruction *ff largamente molto.* is written above the staff. The instruction *3 sempre dim.* is written below the staff.

Staff 7: Treble clef, 2/4 time, key signature of four sharps. Measures show eighth-note patterns with dynamic *p*. The instruction *dolce e tranquillo.* is written below the staff.

Staff 8: Bass clef, 2/4 time, key signature of four sharps. Measures show eighth-note patterns. The instruction *p largamente.* is written below the staff. The instruction *f ritard. lunga pausa.* is written below the staff.

THE VINTAGE.

The Stage represents an orchard, with an open landscape of sunlit vineyards and gentle hills in the background. To the right the battlemented walls of a medieval castle are seen at a little distance. Excited groups of retainers, serving-maids, &c., are moving to and fro. They look and point towards the castle yard.

CHORUS.

Allegro ben marcato. ♩ = 96.

(Curtain rises.)

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR. *mf*

BASS.

See, see, he de-scends from his steed, a high stepping pal-frey,

Be - hold ! he de-scends from his steed, he de-scends, see,

- hold ! he de-scends from his steed, he de-scends, he de-scends . . . from his steed, see,

see, he de-scends from his steed, . . . be-hold ! he de-scends from his steed, see,

see, see, he de-scends . . . from his steed, . . . see, see, see,

8ves

A

Up-right and tall he . . . stands a no - - ble, no - ble knight, and a bold,

Up-right and tall he . . . stands a no - - ble, no - ble knight, and a bold

A

see! . . His dou - bl et and cloak are made of sa - mite . . fair, . .

see! . . His dou - bl et and cloak are made of sa - mite fair, . .

- - - - -

fz p fz

And a silk - en hood . . is loose - ly . . set . . on his flow - ing . .

And a silk - en hood . . is loose - ly set on his flow - ing

- - - - -

p

hair; . . His lute . .

hair; . . His

A page . . bears his helm . . and sword, his lute . .

A page bears his' helm . . and sword, his lute . .

f

an - oth - er car - ries.

lute an - oth - er car - ries. Lo ! he is strid - ing this way,

an - oth - er car - ries. Lo ! he is strid-ing this way, . . . he comes, he

an - oth - er car - ries. Lo ! lo ! he is strid-ing this way, he comes, he

8va

let us meet him, He comes, he comes, He is strid - ing this

let us meet him, He comes, he comes, he

comes, let us meet him, He comes, he comes, He is strid - ing this

comes, let us meet him, He comes, he comes, he

way, he is strid - ing this way, he comes, let us meet him.

comes, he is strid - ing this way, he comes, . . . he comes, let us meet him.

way, he is strid - ing this way, see ! he comes, he comes, let us meet him.

comes, he is strid-ing this way, he comes, he comes, let us meet him.

B

he tar-ries, Strok - ing the neck of his steed and
 he tar-ries, Strok - ing the neck . . .

B

His mien . . . is gen - tle, his
 His
 loos - en - ing its sad - dle-girth. . . . dim. p
 of his steed and loos - en - ing its sad - dle-girth.

bear - ing be - to - kens a no - ble birth, a . . . no - ble
 mien . . . is gen - tle, his bear - ing be - to - kens a no - ble

birth;
 birth;
 Per - chance . . . he has come with our knights . . . to break . . . in the
 Per - chance . . . he has come with our
 p
 lists a lance; . . . He comes, let us meet him, he comes, let us
 knights . . . to break . . . in the lists a lance; Let us meet him,
 Sva.
 marcato.
 mf cres. Ped. *
 meet him, he comes, . . . he comes... A . . .
 meet him, he comes, . . . he comes... A . . .
 meet him, he comes, . . . he comes... A . . .
 he comes, . . . he comes... A . . .
 Sva. . . .
 f 2 4 ff
 f 2 4 ff

gay trou - ba - dour, he . . . has come to glad - den our feast, he has
 gay trou - ba - dour, he . . . has come to glad - den our feast, he has
 gay trou - ba - dour, he . . . has come to glad - den our feast, he has
 gay trou - ba - dour, he . . . has come to glad - den our feast, he has
 come . . . to . . . glad-den our feast, to en - li - ven our dance, . . .

mf

come . . . to glad - den our feast, he has come, . . .

mf

come . . . to . . . glad-den our feast, to en - li - ven our dance, . . .

mf

come . . . to glad - den our feast, he has come, . . .

p

f

p

mf

to . . . glad-den our feast, to en - li - ven our dance, . . . to . . . glad - den our

mf

to glad - den our feast, . . . to glad-den our feast, to glad-den our

mf

to . . . glad-den our feast, to en - li - ven our dance, . . . to . . . glad - den our

mf

to glad - den our feast, . . . to glad-den our feast, to glad-den our

cres.

feast, he has come to . . . glad - de our feast, . . . to en -
 feast, he has come to . . . glad - den our feast, . . . to en -
 feast, he has come to . . . glad - den our feast, . . . to en -
 feast, he has come to . . . glad - den our feast, . . . to en -
 feast, he has come to . . . glad - den our feast, . . . to en -
 m^f cresc.
 f

li - ven our dance, . . . he has come, come to en - li - ven our dance.
 li - ven our dance, . . . he has come, come to en - li - ven our dance.
 li - ven our dance, . . . he has come, come to en - li - ven our dance.
 li - ven our dance, . . . he has come, come to en - li - ven our dance.
 fz
 ff

C
 f > mf
 mf molto marcato.
 Ped. *
 p >



(Enter from right Raimon and Robert, followed by knights and esquires. The crowd give



way and bow respectfully.)



COUNT RAIMON. RECIT.

Go, bid . . . the stran - ger knight . . .

Recit.

a tempo.

approach our court !

mf
a tempo.



Maestoso. $\text{♩} = 92.$

(Enter Guillelm from right. A page carries his helmet and sword, another

8va

his lute. Enter simultaneously from left, Margarida and Azalais with ladies and pages carrying their trains. As Margarida

sees Guillelm she gives a sudden start which is observed by Raimon.)

RAIMON (with dignified courtesy).

Moderato sostenuto.

Be wel - come, wel - come to our midst, thou no - ble sing - er, To

Moderato sostenuto. $\text{♩} = 80.$

us a fount of hon - our is thy name, The he - ro's guerdon is thy song, . . . the

bring - er Of beau - ty's wor - ship, of the cow - ard's shame. Be wel - come,

wel-come to our midst, thou no - ble sing - er! . . .

MARGARIDA (*in the same manner*).
p With - out thy migh - ty art, . . . our court - ly plea - sure
pp
Ped. * Was but an i - dle show, an emp - ty dream. The po - et has . . ap -

- peared, . . . the po - et has . . ap - peared; . . and lo! his pre - sence Has
cres. *dim.*

lit our laugh - ter with a sun - ray's gleam. . . . Be

AZALAIS (*to Guillem*). *f* *f*

RAIMON (*to Guillem*). *mf* Be wel - come,

ROBERT (*to Guillem*). *mf* Be wel - come, be

Be wel - come, . . . be

cres.

wel - come, be wel - come, come, To
wel - come, be wel - come, wel - come to our midst, thou no - ble sing - er, To
wel - come, be wel - come, wel - come to our midst, thou no - ble sing - er, To
wel - come, be wel - come, wel - come to our midst, thou no - ble sing - er, thou no - ble
CHORUS.

SOPRANO. *mf* Be wel - come, wel - come to our midst, thou no - ble sing - er, To
ALTO. *mf* Be wel - come to our midst, thou no - ble sing - er, To
TENOR. *mf* Be wel - come to our midst, thou no - ble sing - er, To us, to
BASS. *mf* Be wel - come to our midst, thou no - ble sing - er, thou no - ble

us a fount of hon - our is thy name...
us a fount of hon - our is thy name...
us a fount of hon - our is thy name...
sing - er, To us a fount of hon - our is thy name.
us a fount of hon - our is thy name. The he - ro's guer-don is thy
us a fount of hon - our is thy name. The he - ro's guer-don is thy
us a fount of hon - our is thy name. The he - ro's guer-don is thy
sing - er, To us a fount of hon - our is thy name, The

song, . . . the bring - er Of beau - - ty's wor - ship, of the cow - ard's
 song, . . . the bring - er Of beau - - ty's wor - ship, of the cow - ard's
 song, . . . the bring - er Of beau - - ty's wor - ship, of the cow - ard's
 he - ro's guer-don is thy song, . . . the bring - er Of beau - ty's wor - ship, of the cow - ard's
 thou no - ble, no - ble sing - er,
 Be wel - come, welcome to our midst, thou no - ble, no - ble sing - er,
 Be wel - come, welcome to our midst, thou no - ble, no - ble sing - er,
 Be wel - come, welcome to our midst, thou no - ble, no - ble sing - er, be ..
 shame, Be wel - come, welcome to our midst, thou no - - ble sing - er, be ..
 shame, Be wel - come, welcome to our midst, thou no - - ble sing - er, be ..
 shame, Be wel - come, welcome to our midst, thou no - - ble sing - er, be ..
 shame, Be wel - come, welcome to our midst, thou no - - ble sing - er, be ..
 >>> f > > >

be wel - - - - come.
 be wel - - - - come.
 be wel - - - - come.
 wel - - come, be wel - - come.
 wel - - come, be wel - - come.
 wel - - come, be wel - - come.
 wel - - come, be wel - - come.

f

f *Tranquillo.*

Ped.

E *Un poco più mosso.*
GUILLEM.

To thank you for such welcome on my way... What can I say?

Un poco più mosso. ♩ = 84.

U n poco più mosso. ♩ = 84.

p

How find in words . . . for all that moves my heart A count - er

nne p

sempre p

Ped. *

sempre dolce.

part? . . . I call no cas - tle mine, no broad - en-ing
 Ped. * Ped. *

mea - sure Of boun - teous fields, . . Nor wine. . . nor ri - pen-ing

corn's a-bun - dant trea - - sure, My au - tumn yields, . .

L.H.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

A cloak, . . . a sword, . . . a hollow lute, a steed . . Are all I
calando.

need, . . Take then the on - ly trea - sure that be - longs To me, . .
a tempo.

p a tempo.

Ped. *

(signs of admiration
amongst the crowd.)

calando. *a tempo.*

my songs, . . . my . . . songs. . .

a tempo.

*Ped. ** *Ped.* *

F
RAIMON. RECIT.

No richer price . . . the mightiest king could

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

moderato.

Moderato come 1mo. *mf*

pay, . . . But ere we ask you to re - deem your pledge, . . . We would that

Moderato come 1mo. ♩ = 80.

p

calando. *3*

you should seek re - pose and com - fort Such as this house af - fords af - ter your

mf

calando.

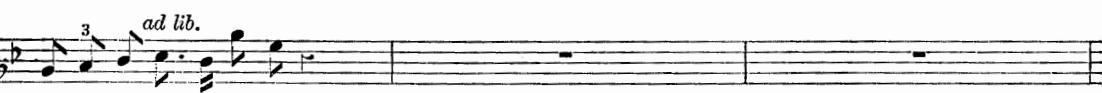
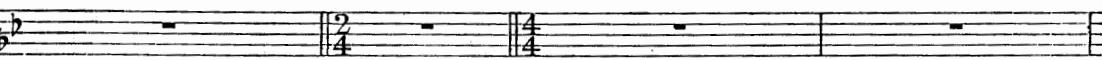
a tempo. (Guillem bows and exit, attended.)

jour - ney. . .

mf a tempo.

(aside to Robert.)

Saw you the La-dy Countess give a start And tremble when he en-tered? I o -



- pine That they met be-fore this.

ROBERT (unconcernedly).

a piacere.

Ve-ry like,

There's ma-ny a cas-tle in our

calando.

fair Pro-vence, Where la - dies and a love-sick trou - ba - dour May con - gre-gate.

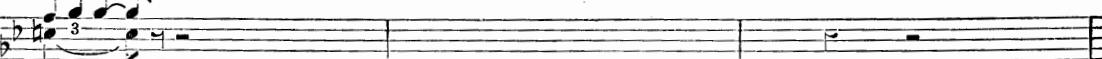
a tempo.

RAIMON.

Love - sick! on whose be - half?

ROBERT. calando.

Who cares or knows, not I, per -



rit. *a tempo.*

- haps not . . . he, If Mar - ga - ri - da be, or A - za - la - is, The

rit. *a tempo.*

bur-den of his song, what matters it To him, or me, or you? One name, I trow . . .

f > *mf* >

vivo.

RAIMON. 3

. . . Is ful-ly as harmonious as the o-ther, To finish off a stan - za with. The Countess Of

p vivo. *ff* > *fp*

mf

G come prima.

Ros - sil-ho, I trust, will think it meet To guard her honour from a rhyme - ster's fan - cy.

dolce.

MARGARIDA (*simultaneously whispering to Azalais*).

pp

I knew . . . that he would come! My heart fore - told That I should see . . . him once a -

pp

gain ; that he Would strive to fol - low me e'en to this court,
 But now . . . that he is here . . . a sudden trem - our Creeps . . . o'er me,
 and the wings of coming ill Are i - cy on my tem - ples. Dear - est sis - ter, Keep si - lence,
 we are watched ; all will be well ! Trust in your sis - ter's gui - dance,
 to the cau - tious There is no dan - ger, to the brave be - longs the
dolce. *calando.* *AZALAIS.* *accel. molto.*
pp *calando.* *pp* *cres.*
mfrit. *a tempo calmato.*
mfrit. *dolce. a tempo calmato.*
rit. *#3*
rit. *#4*

THE MASQUE.

(Movement amongst the crowd. Enter a Peasant.)

Allegretto.

AZALAIS.

world.

Allegretto. $\text{♩} = 138.$ *tr**pp*

measures 1-6: Treble staff: $\frac{3}{4}$ time. Bass staff: $\frac{3}{4}$ time. Measures 7-12: Treble staff: $\frac{3}{4}$ time. Bass staff: $\frac{3}{4}$ time. Measures 13-18: Treble staff: $\frac{3}{4}$ time. Bass staff: $\frac{3}{4}$ time.

H PEASANT (to Raimon).

Right no · ble Count, great Lord of Ros · sil - ho, ... May

tr
mf leggiro.

measures 1-6: Treble staff: $\frac{2}{4}$ time. Bass staff: $\frac{2}{4}$ time. Measures 7-12: Treble staff: $\frac{2}{4}$ time. Bass staff: $\frac{2}{4}$ time. Measures 13-18: Treble staff: $\frac{2}{4}$ time. Bass staff: $\frac{2}{4}$ time.

Pre - sent the first fruits of the bount - eous sea - son, To
 Sva... tr tr

your.. good Lord - ship and your la - dy Count - ess?

RAIMON.

I

(Exit Peasant. Raimon, Robert and the

Break off your par - ley and be - gin the feast. tr

two ladies seat themselves on chairs placed by pages. Knights and ladies grouped behind, leaving the stage free for the Masque.

Shouts and rustic music behind the scenes. Re-enter Peasant leading by the hand a young girl.)

Allegro pastorale. ♩ = 104.

Tambourine.

They bow before Margarida,

24

J PEASANT. *a piacere.*

Great lords and la - dies lend a gra - cious mind To our rude

show and sim - ple rhymes, . . . which we Re - peat . . as our

fore - fa - thers taught us; . . . ho, be -

gin!

Tempo di Valse. $\text{♩} = 120.$

Enter eight girls dressed in white and crowned with vine-leaves. They perform a graceful dance symbolic of

the vintage.

pp

dolce.

mf

p

poco cres.

mf

Più animato.

 mf

 V

 mf

 V

 fz

 f

 V

 V

 V

 calando sempre.

 dim.

 p

Ped.

 $*$

Tempo 1mo.

 p



YOUNG GIRL (*to the spectators on the stage, explaining the action.*)

K

Grazioso.

See they move in har - mon - ious

Ped.

mea - - sure, Reap - ing and dan - cing, Re - ce - ding, ad - van -

Sva.

pp

Ped.

- cing.

CHORUS.

See they move, in har - mo - nious mea - - sure, Reap - ing and

See they move, see they move, in har - mo - nious mea - - sure, Reap - ing

See they move, in har - mo - nious mea - - sure, Reap - ing and

See they move, see they move in har - mo - nious mea - - sure, Reap - ing

Sva..

p

dolce.

Glow-ing with plea - sure
 dan - cing, Re - ced - ing, ad - van - - cing.
 and dancing, Receding, ad - van - cing.
 danc - ing, Re - ced - ing, ad - van - - cing.
 and dancing, Receding, ad - van - cing.

Gar - ner-ing their trea - - sure, Dream - - ing of love, . . .

dream - ing of love!
 Glow-ing with plea - sure, Gar - ner-ing their trea - -
 Glow-ing with plea - sure, Gar - ner-ing their trea - -
 Glow-ing with plea - sure, Gar - ner-ing their trea - -
 Glow-ing with plea - sure, Gar - ner-ing their

sure, Dream - ing of love, . . . of love, . . . See they
 trea-sure, Dreaming, dream-ing of . . . love, . . . See they
 sure, Dream - ing of love, . . . of love, . . . See they
 trea-sure, Dreaming, dream-ing of love, See they

move in har - mo - nious mea - - sure, Reap - ing and dan - cing, Re -
 move, see they move in har - mo - nious mea - - sure, Reap-ing and dan-cing,
 move in har - mo - nious mea - - sure, Reap - ing and dan - cing, Re -
 move, see they move in har - mo - nious mea - - sure, Reap-ing and dan-cing,

ce - ding, ad - van - - cing.
 Re - ce-ding, ad - van - - cing.
 ce - ding, ad - van - - cing.
 Re - ce-ding, ad - van - - cing.

Enter from right two men dressed in goats' skins. The girls scream and run away. The men discover the baskets and PEASANT.

THE PEASANT.

devour the grapes.

shade; . . .

The gar - nered fruit they scatter, With

A musical score for piano, showing two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Measure 11 starts with a dynamic of *f*, followed by a series of sixteenth-note chords. Measure 12 begins with a dynamic of *p*. The score includes various slurs and grace notes.

growl-ing voice and clatter Of hoofs, they scare, . . . they scare each maid.

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

The gar - nered fruit they scatter, With growl - ing voice and clatter Of hoofs, they

ALTO.

The gar - nered fruit they scatter, With growl - ing voice and clatter Of hoofs, they

TENOR.

scare, . . . they scare each maid. They scare, they scare each maid.

BASS.

scare, . . . they scare each maid. They scare, they scare each maid.

SOPRANO.

L

ALTO.

While thus the dance they va - ry,

Two wood-men

They scare each maid,

ALTO.

While thus the dance they va - ry,

Two wood-men

They scare each maid,

SOPRANO.

wild and hair-y Approach from dark-est shade...

TENOR.

wild and hair-y Approach from dark-est shade...

(Enter from left Saint George in armour, and Hercules carrying his club, timidly followed by the girls. The wild men are
Allegro marziale.

YOUNG GIRL.

Allegro marziale. $\text{d} = 126.$

See, to their res - cue

killed after a short fight.)

come the no - ble twain, . . .

ben marcato. $\frac{3}{3}$

Sir Her - cu - les, . . . and good Saint George the bold;

foes . . . have

calando.

With club and sword they soon their foes, their foes have

calando! $\frac{3}{3}$ $\frac{10}{ff}$

M a tempo.

88

slain...

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

See, to their res - cue come the no - ble twain, the no - ble

ALTO. See, to their res - cue come the no - ble

TENOR. See, to their res - cue come the no - ble

BASS. See, to their res - cue come the no - ble, come the no - ble

See, to their res - cue come the no - ble

M

f

a tempo.

Piu mosso.

twain, Sir Her - cu - les and good Saint George the bold. See, With club and

twain, Sir Her - cu - les and good Saint George the bold. See, With club and

twain, Sir Her - cu - les and good Saint George the bold. See, With club and

twain, Sir Her - cu - les and good Saint George the bold. See, With club and

Piu mosso. ♩ = 138.

sword, with club and sword they soon, they soon their foes have

sword, with club and sword they soon, they soon their foes have

sword, with club and sword they soon, they soon their foes have

sword, with club and sword they soon, soon their foes have

sword, with club and sword they soon, soon their foes have

sword, with club and sword they soon, soon their foes have

slain, with club and sword they soon their foes have slain, with
 slain, with club and sword they soon their foes have slain, with
 slain, they soon their foes have slain,
 slain, they soon their foes have slain,
tr
fz

club and sword they soon their foes have slain, they soon their foes have
 club and sword they soon their foes have slain, they soon their foes have
 they soon, they soon their foes have slain, they soon their foes have
 they soon, . . . they soon their foes have slain, . . . they soon their foes have
fz

slain, they soon, they soon their foes have slain.
 slain, they soon, they soon their foes have slain.
 slain, they soon, they soon their foes have slain.
 slain, they soon, they soon their foes have slain.

fz *fz* *fz* *p*

*Tempo di Valse.**mf YOUNG GIRL. (The girls offer wine and fruit to their deliverers.)*

Tempo di Valse. $\text{d} = 120.$

And . . . to their thirst - ing lips . . . the maid - ens hold . . .

Tempo di Valse. $\text{d} = 120.$

p *poco marcato.*

Cups filled with wine, that glows . . . like burn - ished gold, . . . Where - of they

cres.

drink, . . . where - of they drink, and find . . . their

f

rit.

strength, . . . and find their strength, their strength a - - gain . . .

Allegro vivace. $\text{d} = 80.$

f *p*

mf

f

A musical score for piano, showing two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Both staves are in common time and key signature of B-flat major. Measure 11 starts with a forte dynamic (f) and consists of eighth-note chords. Measure 12 begins with a half note followed by eighth-note chords.

YOUNG GIRL. N *mf*
 For wine, for wine glad - - - dens the heart of man,
 PEASANT. *mf*
 For wine, for wine glad - - - dens the heart of man,

A musical score for two voices and piano. The vocal parts are in soprano range, and the piano part includes bass and harmonic support. The lyrics are: "With its po-tence blend-ed, one's sor-row is end-ed . . . Be-fore it be-". The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the bass line.

A musical score page showing two staves. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a fermata over three measures followed by a rest. The lyrics 'gan,' and 'It's fra - grance we taste and our heart . . . re-jo - -' are written below the notes. The dynamic is marked 'mf'. The bottom staff is for the piano, with a treble clef and a bass clef. It features eighth-note patterns and dynamics 'mf', 'sva...', and 'p'. The piano staff ends with a repeat sign and a bass clef.

rit. a tempo.

loud in its prai - ses we lift . . . our voi - - ces,

ces,

tr rit. a tempo.

calando. a tempo.

Sing - ing to - geth - er, sing - ing to - geth - er, "Vi - va la

calando. a tempo.

Sing - ing to - geth - er, sing - ing to - geth - er, . . . "Vi - va la

calando. p a tempo.

jo - ya, A la vi - a tris - tes - sa, vi - va . . . la jo - ya, a la

jo - ya, A la vi - a tris - tes - sa, vi - va . . . la jo - ya, a la

p

vi - a, a la vi - a, a la vi-a tris - tes - sa.

vi - a, a la vi - a, a la vi-a tris - tes - sa.

f ff f

CHORUS.

vi - - va la jo - ya, a la vi - a tris - tes - sa, vi - - va . . .
 vi - - va la jo - ya, a la vi - a tris - tes - sa, vi - - va . . .
 vi - - va la jo - ya, a la vi - a tris - tes - sa, vi - - va . . .
 vi - - va la jo - ya, a la vi - a tris - tes - sa, vi - - va . . .
 vi - - va la jo - ya, a la vi - a tris - tes - sa, vi - - va . . .

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

jo - ya, a la vi - a, a la vi - a, a la vi - a tris -
 jo - ya, a la vi - a, a la vi - a, a la vi - a tris -
 jo - ya, a la vi - a, a la vi - a, a la vi - a tris -
 jo - ya, a la vi - a, a la vi - a, a la vi - a tris -

tes - sa.
 tes - sa.
 tes - sa.
 fz f



YOUNG GIRL. NN *mf*

PEASANT. For wine, for wine glad - - - - dens the heart of man,

For wine, for wine glad - - - - dens the heart of man,

NN *f* *p*

With its po-ten-cy blend - ed, Our sor-row is end - ed . . . Be - fore it be -

With its po-ten-cy blend - ed, Our sor-row is end - ed . . . Be - fore it be -

f

- gan, And

- gan, It's fra - grance we taste and our heart . . re - jo - -

8va

mf *p*

rit. *a tempo.*

loud in its prai - ses we lift . . . our voi - - ces,

- ces,

tr *rit.* *a tempo.*

Sing - ing to - geth - er, sing - ing to - geth - er, "Vi - va la
calando. *a tempo.*

Sing - ing to - geth - er, sing - ing to - geth - er, . . . "Vi - va la
calando. *p a tempo.*

jo - ya, A la vi - a tris - tes - sa, vi - va . . . la jo - ya, a la
 jo - ya, A la vi - a tris - tes - sa, vi - va . . . la jo - ya, a la
p

vi - a, a la vi - a, a la vi - a tris - tes - sa,
 vi - a, a la vi - a, a la vi - a tris - tes - sa,
f *f*

CHORUS.

41

vi - va la jo - ya, a la vi - a tris - tes - sa, vi - va .. la
vi - va la jo - ya, a la vi - a tris - tes - sa, vi - va .. la
vi - va la jo - ya, a la vi - a tris - tes - sa, vi - va .. la
vi - va la jo - ya, a la vi - a tris - tes - sa, vi - va .. la

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

jo - ya, a la vi - a, a la vi - a, a la vi - a tris -
jo - ya, a la vi - a, a la vi - a, a la vi - a tris -
jo - ya, a la vi - a, a la vi - a, a la vi - a tris -
jo - ya, a la vi - a, a la vi - a, a la vi - a tris -

O *Un poco meno mosso.*

- tes - sa.
- tes - sa.
- tes - sa.
- tes - sa.

O *Un poco meno mosso.*

f ff f

COUNT ROBERT. *mf*

Saint George and Her - cu-les, a good - ly pair To toy with
 pret - ty mai - dens, in such wise.

RAIMON.

Who would not
 turn a pay-nim or a saint, And slay wild woodmen by the score, to be Thus

hand-some-ly re - ward - ed? There are plen - ty Of . . . cai - tiff knights in fair . . .

rit.

Pro - vence and mon - sters, Jea-lous and cru-el, fright-en-ing ten - der
trem.

ad lib.

(To Margarida, who all along has sat silent taking

la - dies, And never a saint to slay them.

What say you,



COUNT ROBERT.

little notice of the Masque.)

Fair saint?

legato. Moderato. ♩ = 92.

She dreams, and says not what,

*Allegro pastorale.**mf*

Allegro pastorale. ♩ = 104. but lo! whom have we here? An-oth-er saint, but of such

mien As would be seem Dan Cu-pid or god Bacchus Rather than Chris - tian mar-tyr;

R.H.

Ped. *

(Enter from left St. Medardus, a youth dressed in a white tunic and crowned with ivy; his head is surrounded by a halo; he

P

fa - ther Do-min-ic

Must see to this!



blesses the crowd, after which he approaches Margarida and offers her a large bunch of grapes.)

PEASANT (to Margarida). *mf ad lib.*

Lo ! the good Saint Me - dar-dus, The pa - tron of our vine-yards, prof - fers you Their
no-blest fruit ; the wine . . . it yields, in - spires The heart of him . . . who drinks,
with thoughts of va - - lour And love, his lips . . . with song . . .

(Margarida starts at the last words, but, recovering herself, graciously
Allegro.

we call it "Blood of the po - et," "Sahnd del Tro - ba - dor." Allegro. ♩ = 96.

AZALAIS.

(accepts the gift.)

A no - ble name . . . for a

no - ble gift ! . . . And here as if moved by a se - cret

call . . Our .. po - et ar - rives ; . . his .. voice . . to . .

lift . . In the praise of wine, and our hearts . . to en - thral . .

As the bring - er of joy, . . the .. slay - er of pains, Let his song pour

forth, let him prove with - al, That the "Blood of the
 rit. 3 f mf
 Po - - - et" flows in his veins. . .
 rit. f a tempo. Più animato.
 Ped. *
 R.H.
 Ped. *
 Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
 Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
 Margarida, who bows her head in sign of approval. He then beckons to a page, who brings him his lute.
 Sve.
 mf
 Ped. *
 Sve.
 p
 Ped. *

FINALE.

Andante cantabile. GUILLEM.

Andante cantabile. $\text{♩} = 63.$ The sun - ray's shine, The rich - ness of the

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * simile.

cres.

earth... In love... com - bine, in love... com - bine To give tri -

sempre. *mf* umph - ant birth To pur - est... wine. In joy we pour it forth, in joy... we pour it

forth... Lo! from the

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

cres.

flask... it flows, And in the cry - stal glows. Red - der than an - y rose The

Ped. *

spring un - furls, Or dark pome - gran - ate blos - som .. And on its
 pur - ple bo - som Shine .. sparkling pearls, . . . on its pur - ple bo - som
 shine .. sparkling pearls, shine spark - ling pearls, shine spark - ling,
 (The crowd listen, attentively, growing more and more inspired as he
 continues his song.)

con abbandono.
 R
 spark - ling pearls. . .

tr.
 Ped. * Ped. *. Ped. *

dim.
 p

The deep .. de - sire .. Which dwells with - in my heart,.. Its ..

dolce.

Ped. sempre.

poco cres.

liv - - ing fire, its liv - - ing fire Must to my songs im - part;

cres.

They nev - er tire .. To seek thee where thou art, to seek thee where thou

art.

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

They nev - er . . . tire To . . . seek thee where thou

ALTO.

They nev - er . . . tire To seek thee where thou

TENOR.

They nev-er tire To seek thee where thou

BASS.

To seek thee

S Animato.

With full har - mo - nious sound, They ho - ver

art, where thou art. . .

art, where thou art. . .

art, where thou art. . .

where thou art.

S Animato.

thee . . . a-round, And with a wreath have bound Thy silk - - en

Ped. * Ped. *

curls, . . . thy silk - - en . . . curls. . . To crown thy

CHORUS. And with a

And with a wreath, a

And with a

dim.

Ped.

* Ped. * Ped.

*

beau - - ty's splendour My songs to thee I ten - - - der,
cres.
 wreath have bound Thy silk - - - en
cres.
 wreath have bound Thy silk - - - en
cres.
 wreath have bound Thy silk - - - en
 Thy silk - en
cres.

appassionato.
 My . . . price - less pearls, my price - less pearls, To . . . thee I
mf
 curls, My . . . songs to thee, . . . my songs to thee I
mf
 curls, My songs to thee, to thee, my songs to thee I
mf
 curls, My songs to thee, . . . my songs to thee I
mf
 curls, . . . My songs to thee, to thee, my songs to thee I
appassionato.

*poco rit.**a tempo.*

ten - der, My price - less, price - less pearls. . .

poco rit. *a tempo.*

ten - der, My price - less, price - less pearls, . . .

poco rit. *a tempo.*

ten - der, My price - less, price - less pearls, . . .

poco rit. *a tempo.*

ten - der, My price - less, price - less pearls, . . .

poco rit. *a tempo.*

ten - der, My price - less, price - less pearls, . . .

*fz**fz**poco rit.**f**largamento.*

MARGARIDA (aside). >

His words with sweet - est mes - sage strike my soul, The

mu - sic of . . . his voice is in mine ear; Tri - umph - ant joy. . . the

pangs . . . of dark - est fear . . . Al - ter - nate - ly my tremab - ling heart con -

*fp**Ped.**accel.**acc.*

Tempo I mo.

rit.

GUILLEM (*with passionate fervour*).
Bright - er than spark - ling wine,

Pu - rer than song . . . of mine, My . . . thoughts a pearl en - shrine All

Ped

pearls . . . a - bove, . . . all pearls a - bove. CHORUS. BASS. All pearls a -

Be it my heart's, my . . . heart's . . . en - dea - vour, To win and

CHORUS. All pearls a - bove. Be it my heart's . . . en - dea - vour To

All pearls a - bove. Be it my heart's . . . en - dea - vour To

All pearls a - bove. Be it my heart's . . . en - dea - vour To

- bove, To win, To

molto cres.

hold for ev - er My pearl, . . . my love, my pearl, . . . my love, my
 win and hold for ev - er My pearl, . . . my love, my
 win and hold for ev - er My pearl, my love, my
 win and hold for ev - er My pearl, my love, my
 win and hold for ev - er My pearl, my love, my
f appassionato.

lunga. *Allegro con brio.*

pearl, . . . my pearl, my love! . . .
 pearl, . . . my pearl, my love! . . . Crown him,
 pearl, . . . my pearl, my love! . . . Crown him,
 pearl, . . . my pearl, my love! . . . Crown him,
 pearl, . . . my pearl, my love! . . . Crown him,

lunga. *Allegro con brio. $\text{d} = 88.$*

The girls surround Guillem, and strew flowers at his feet. He heeds them not, and slowly approaches Margarida.

crown him, crown him with blos-soms, crown him, crown him, crown him with
crown him with blos-soms, crown him, crown him with
crown him with blos-soms, crown him, crown him with
crown him with blos-soms, crown him, crown him with
crown him with blos-soms, crown him, > crown him with

marcato.

blos-soms, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him with
blos-soms, crown him, crown . . . him, crown him with
blos-soms, crown . . . him, crown him, crown him with
blos-soms, crown him, crown him, crown him with
blos-soms, crown him with
blos - soms, with leaves of the vine, . . . The sing - er of love, the sing - er of
blos - soms, with leaves of the vine, . . . The sing - er of love, the sing - er of
blos - soms, with leaves of the vine, . . . The sing - er of love, the sing - er of
blos - soms, with leaves of the vine, . . . The sing - er of love, the sing - er of

MARGARIDA (*with a sudden impulse*).

wine ! I crown thy

brow . . . with a wreath of the blos - som - ing vine, . . . Be . . . thy

thoughts as pure . . . as the bloom . . . and the

a piacere.

fruit there - of, The crown of fame, . . . and the

f > > >

a piacere.

wreath . . . of love be thine, . . . Thou sing - - er of Pro -

She takes a wreath from one of the girls. As Guillem is about to kneel before her, Azalaïs hurriedly steps forward to her side, so that it appears doubtful for whom his homage is intended.

rit.

- vence, thou trou - - ba - dour . . . of . . . love. . . .

rit.

RECIT. COUNT ROBERT (to Raimon).

mf

Be - hold, . . . a mys - te - ry !

Recit.

a tempo.

RECIT.

COUNT RAIMON.

Which I . . . shall fath - om.

a tempo.

ff CHORUS.

Hail, $\text{G}\ddot{\text{u}}\text{l}$ - lem,

Hail, $\text{G}\ddot{\text{u}}\text{l}$ - lem,

Hail, $\text{G}\ddot{\text{u}}\text{l}$ - lem,

Hail, $\text{G}\ddot{\text{u}}\text{l}$ - lem,

V

ff a tempo.

Recit.

love, . . . thou trou - ba - dour of
dour, . . . thou trou - ba - dour of
dour, . . . thou trou - - ba - dour, . . . thou trou - ba - dour of
dour, . . . thou trou - - ba - dour, thou trou - ba - dour of

Maestoso meno mosso.

love !

Curtain.

love !

love !

Maestoso meno mosso.

sempre *ff*

L.H. >>>>

Ped.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

THE HUNT.

An open glade in the forest. In the background (R.) a grassy mound. In the foreground (L.) a large tree, whose over-hanging branches (extreme L.) form a natural bower. In it Guillem and Margarida are seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, almost entirely hidden from the rest of the stage. They are reading from an old Manuscript which is resting on Guillem's knees.

Andante tranquillo. $\text{♩} = 63.$

Curtain rises.

GUILLEM (reading).

" And Lan - ce - lot, . . .

L.H.

dim.

pp

pp

as one whose eyes had been Steeped in love's brightness, gazed up-on the Queen,

p

My la - dy and my queen, my love . . . he spake, Fight - ing or pray-ing, dreaming or a -

wake, Still must my heart to thine its mes-sage take. Where-at the

cres.

Queen by deep de-sire dis-traught, Answer-ing the words he spake, the thoughts he thought, No

p. cresc. mf

MARGARIDA (*interrupting*). RECIT. *ad lib.*

calando. Did she sur - ren - der thus her queenly
long - er bat-tled, nor re-fused him aught." ..

calando. p

a tempo. GUILLEM (*continuing to read with increased emphasis*).

pride, Her plighted faith - ful-ness, her wed - ded du - ty? "For love him -

- self this mir - a - cle . . . had wrought. And as a blos-som withering in the drouth, When hea - vy

rain - clouds ga - ther from the south, With ea - ger greed life - - giv - ing

mois - ture sips, . . . So drank her lips the kiss - es of his

mf *tranquillo.*

lips, . . . So . . . did his mouth cling to her yearn - ing

(He pauses ; they look in each other's eyes, the book drops on the ground unheeded.)

mouth." . . .

sempre crescendo.

Long silence.

f *p* *pp*

Ped. *

(Enter from R. Azalais in hunting dress, carrying a spear. She looks around, and discovering her sister, fondly embraces her.)

Allegro.

AZALAIIS (playfully).

Allegro. $\text{♩} = 120.$

Sis - ter, what ails thee?

(The lovers start as from
a dream.)

tranquillo.

in tears a - gain? Pi - ty-ing the ills of by-gone a - ges, Weep - ing the dead,

agitato.

who may - be were slain By the po - et's pen,

and the

tranquillo.

lov - ing twain, Who maun - der through Mas - ter Ar - nau't's pa - ges?

B

rit.

a tempo.

Wise - ly be - ware, . . . be - ware of the po - et's wile.

rit.

f > a tempo.

A fal - coner's snare is his a - morous dit - ty,
Our trust - ing

rit. a tempo.
hearts he seeks to be - guile . . . With his tale . . . of love,
rit. f > a tempo.

Allegro.
laugh-ing in - ward the while, At the tears he draws from our ten - der pi - ty.
Allegro.
calando. f

RAIMON (*enters hurriedly from r. and overhears the last part of Azalaïs' speech*).

AZALAÏS (*aside to him*).
tranquillo.

RECIT.
Who speaks of "po - et's wile" and ten - der pi - ty? Be calm, my
f

RECIT.
friend. The po - et, if he lives, Lives far from here; his vic - tims are en -
p tranquillo.

Allegro vivace.

- shrined In this . . . his page;

Allegro vivace. ♩ = 104.

give way! . . . here comes the hunt. . . .

(Enter from r. ladies and knights, huntsmen leading hounds, others with falcons on their fists, others carrying spears.)
Poco meno mosso.

Poco meno mosso. ♩ = 92.

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

To the green-wood we go . . . to chase the deer, Green is the wood-side,

ALTO.

To the green-wood we go . . . to chase the deer, Green is the wood-side,

TENOR.

To the green-wood we go . . . to chase the deer, Green is the wood-side,

BASS.

To the green-wood we go . . . to chase the deer, Green is the wood-side,

brown is the heath, . . . The scent lies well and the co - vert is near. A

brown is the heath, . . . The scent lies well and the co - vert is near. A

brown is the heath, . . . The scent lies well and the co - vert is near. A

brown is the heath, . . . The scent lies well and the co - vert is near. A

bro - ken . . . sky, . . . with the west - wind blow - ing, The sun on . . .

bro - ken . . . sky, . . . with the west - wind blow - ing, The sun on . . .

bro - ken . . . sky, . . . with the west - wind blow - ing, The sun on . . .

bro - ken . . . sky, . . . with the west - wind blow - ing, The sun on . . .

high, . . . with the white clouds flow - ing— Swift - er than
 high, . . . with the white clouds flow - ing— Swift - er than
 high, . . . with the white clouds flow - ing— Swift - er than
 high, . . . with the white clouds flow - ing— Swift - er than

west - wind and clouds is death, . . . swift - er than west - wind and
 west - wind and clouds is death, . . . swift - er than west - wind and
 west - wind and clouds is death, . . . swift - er than west - wind and
 west - wind and clouds is death, . . . swift - er than west - wind and

f

(They slowly march across the stage.)

clouds is death. . . To the green - wood we go . . . to chase the
 clouds is death. . . To the green - wood we go . . . to chase the
 clouds is death. . . To the green - wood we go . . . to chase the
 clouds is death. . . To the green - wood we go . . . to chase the

deer, . . . Green is the wood-side, brown is the heath, . . . The
 deer, . . . Green is the wood-side, brown is the heath, . . . The
 deer, . . . Green is the wood-side, brown is the heath, . . . The
 deer, . . . Green is the wood-side, brown is the heath, . . . The

scent lies . . . well, and the co - vert is near. . . .
 scent lies . . . well, and the co - vert is near. . . .
 scent lies . . . well, and the co - vert is near. . . .
 scent lies . . . well, and the co - vert is near. . . .

GUILLEM (bowing). 3

mf

I will a -

RAIMON (to Guillem, very politely).

May I crave par - ley with you in this place Af - ter the hunt?

pp

MARGARIDA (aside).

A se - cret meet - ing, what can it por - tend?

- wait you here.

Exeunt Raimon, Guillem

CHORUS (*slowly quitting the stage*).

A bro - ken sky, with the west - wind blow - ing, The sun on

A bro - ken sky, with the west - wind blow - ing, The sun on

A bro - ken sky, with the west - wind blow - ing, The sun on

A bro - ken sky, with the west - wind blow - ing, The sun on

and Azalaïs in the direction the hunters have taken (L. back). Margarida accompanies them for a short distance.

high with the white clouds flow - ing; Swift - er than west-wind and

high with the white clouds flow - ing; Swift - er than west-wind and

high with the white clouds flow - ing; Swift - er than west-wind and

high with the white clouds flow - ing; Swift - er than west-wind and

cloud is death, . . . swift - er than west-wind and cloud is death. . .

cloud is death, . . . swift - er than west-wind and cloud is death. . .

cloud is death, . . . swift - er than west-wind and cloud is death. . .

cloud is death, . . . swift - er than west-wind and cloud is death. . .

(The stage remains empty
for a few moments.)

piu marcato.

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

sempre pp

Ped. *

segue subito.

Ped. * Ped. *

Allegro vivo. (Re-enter Margarida hurriedly.) MARGARIDA. RECIT.

At last I am a - lone ! The bla - tant

Allegro vivo. $\text{f} = 88$.

lunga pausa.

a tempo.

noise Of men and hounds and horns dies in the dis - tance... *lunga pausa.*

*(She seats herself on the trunk of a tree and buries her face in her hands.)**Andantino.**dol.*

Here can I rest, here dream that all the world Might thus for -

Andantino. $\text{♩} = 84.$

ppp p

get . . . me, leav - ing me be hind In so - lemn for - est sol - i-tude, to

pp

rit.

a tempo.

live, And die; . . . lone - ly and hap-py;— hap-py?

rit.

a tempo.

pp

Lento.

Vain - est re - gret - ting, aim - less strife. . . .

Lento. $\text{♩} = 54.$

p

In the pla - ces of light - less sor - row, Have been cast . . . the

lines . . . of my life; Dis - tant past and to - day and to-mor - row Float a - round like a

trou - bled dream, float . . . a - round like a trou - bled dream, . . . like a

trou - bled dream, . . . rit.

a tempo.

Where,

con Ped.

where . . . is the out - let, where . . . is the gleam Of

na - - scent hope . . . that my heart, my heart could bor - - row?
 {
 3
 f
 dim.
 Out of the clois-ter's nar - row cell, Tak-³en one day to
 court - ly splen - dour, Whom could I trust, to whom could I
 accel.
 mf p accel. e. cres.
 Ped.
 tell My se - ret life, . . . to whom could I tell My se - - ret life, . . .
 8va.....
 mf p cres.
 8va..... or my soul, my soul . . . sur - ren - - der? . . . Whom could I
 f pp
 {
 3

trust, whom could I trust? Al - most a child, a
 stran - ger's bride, Liv - ing child - less by his side? How to him the fruits of a
 heart . . . could I ten - der? Liv - ing child - less by his
 side, How to him the fruits . . . of a heart . . . could I ten - der?
calando.

mf 3
p
pp
cres.
Ped. *
R.H.

pp

75

Allegro agitato.

And now this sud-den pas - sion!

Allegro agitato. ♩ = 144.

which to me . . . Is as a

voice that calls, . . . a hand that beck - ons, To one who knows not

whence, nor cares, but knows . . . That she must fol - low still, were death, were

death the goal. . . . What is thy

slargando. 3 3 3

E calmo. 3

mean - ing voice? whi - ther a - way Dost lead me, slien - der hand,

mov - ing the chords Of my ex - pec - tant heart with trem - u - lous

joy, . . . Ev'n as a min - strel strikes . . . the e -

cho-ing lyre? . . .

(A Huntsman rapidly ascends the mound and calls to others behind the scenes.)

molto cres.

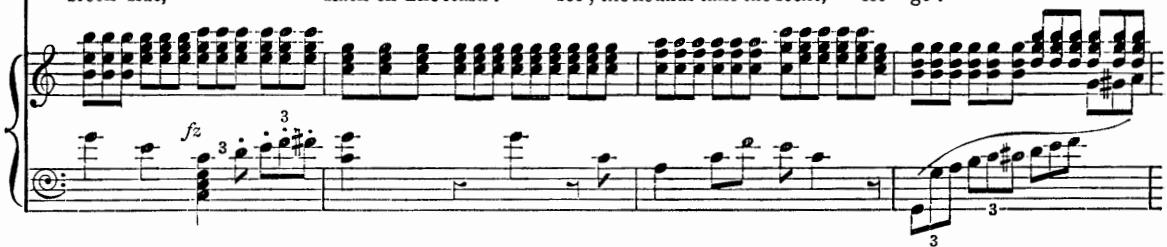
F

HUNTSMAN. (TENOR.)

Lo, the deer ! it breaks thro' the bracken, Yon - der a-way by the



brook - side, slack-en The leash ! see ; the hounds take the scent, let go !



A no - ble hind is the prize, . . . tal - ly ho ! tal - ly



(Exit running.)

MARGARIDA (passionately.)

ho ! . . . There speaks my



fate ! ev-en as the hunt - ed deer, . . . I seek to shun my foe from



mf
 place to place, In vain the flight, in vain the rest-less race; My
slargando.
p *f* *fp*
Ped. *

d'.. *calmato.*
 des-ti-ny flies . . . with me, it is here! . . .

f *calmato.*

Whi - ther a - way dost lead me, slien - der

pp

hand? . . . Mov ing the chords . . . of my ex-pec - tant

pp

Ped. * *Ped.* *

cres. *f*
 heart To tre - mul-lous joy; . . .

cres. *f* *pp*

p Ev'n as a min - - - strel strikes . . . the e -

3 rit. p a tempo. Più mosso.

cho-ing lyre? . . .

rit. p a tempo. cresc.

Ped.

G CHORUS (behind the scenes).

TENORS.

Mor - - te, mor - - te! Hal - la - li!

BASSES.

Mor - - te, mor - - te! Hal - la - li! . . .

G Sva . . . f . . . f . . .

RECIT. MARGARIDA.

a tempo.

RECIT.

Ay, sound your horns, . . . and shout your

a tempo. Hal - la - li! The vic - - tim

waits your com - ing, fain to die,

cres. *f*

(She sinks down on the seat in the bower and remains during the following in deep thought, completely hidden from those on the stage.)

fain to die!

(Enter from L., huntsmen, &c., some carrying the deer.)

Meno mosso. = 92.

p

(As they march across the stage.)

TENOR. From the depth of the for-est we bring the deer, Green is the

BASS. From the depth of the for-est we bring the deer, Green is the

wood-side, brown is the heath,.. A nut - brown doe.. we car - ry

wood-side, brown is the heath,.. A nut - brown doe.. we car - ry

here, . . . Fair was the fight, . . . But at last we beat her;

here, . . . Fair was the fight, . . . But at last we beat her;

Fleet was her flight, . . . But the hounds were fleet - er; Swift - er than

Fleet was her flight, . . . But the hounds were fleet - er; Swift - er than

hor - ses and hounds is death, . . . swift - er than hor - ses and hounds is death, . . .

hor - ses and hounds is death, . . . swift - er than hor - ses and hounds is death, . . .

(As they slowly depart, enter, from L, Raimon accompanied by a serving man, who carries a crossbow.)

Moderato. *p RAIMON.*

Moderato. *d = 76.* Now, fel-low, heed my word, be-hind yon mound Stand with your

p parlando.

cross - bow, rea-dy charged, and watch While I hold con - verse with a knight, who will Be here a -

- non; and as you see me go To yon - der tree and pluck a branch, as 'twere In

RECIT.

play, that instant, take your sur - est aim And send an ar-row straight in-to his

f *Recit.*

feroce. 3

heart... Your life is forfeit, if your bow spare his.

f *pp*

pp

(As the serving-man retires behind the mound, enter Guillem, whom Raimon goes to meet with profuse politeness. Margarida during the last scene has risen from her seat, and standing behind the tree, watches the proceedings with growing anxiety.)

Più mosso. ♩ = 100.

RAIMON (*jovially*).
How sped the hunt? I spent an e - vil hour, In bush and
briar en-tang-led stood my steed, Help - less I was, and heard the hounds pass by, . . .
Long - ing to be in . . . at the death. . . . The hunt Sped well, . . . a

GUILLEM (*coldly*).
ra - pid chase has yield-ed us A no - - ble quar - ry. Was it to

ad lib.

hear the tale Re-count-ed by my lips that you did ask To meet.. me here a -

mf legato.

p calando.

RAIMON.

• lone? It was a tale Of dif - fer-ent im - port I was fain to hear...

GUILLEM (*as before*).*(to himself.)*

I wait your plea-sure,

Count.

Stern .. is his

Let me re-lect.

brow, his glan - ces low - er With dark . . . sur - mi - ses, my fate draws

MARGARIDA (*unobserved by either*).

pp
All . . . is at stake . . . in this per - ilous hour; . . .
nigh.

pp
Who . . . can shield him, what help is nigh. . .
Load - star of

p
Let me not fal - ter, Oh God! to Thy power . . . For
faith - ful love, in . . . this hour . . . Stand firm on high.

p
strength, for strength I cry, for strength I cry, for strength I cry. Life . . . and the
stand firm on high, stand firm on high, stand firm on high! Life . . . and the

pp

bright - ness of life . . . are as naught, . . . Be his safe - ty my on - ly
bright - ness of life . . . are as naught, . . . Be her hon - our my on - ly

thought, Though . . . I die, though I die . . .
thought, Though I die, though . . . I . . . die, . . .

RAIMOND (*who has watched Guillelmus during his soliloquy, goes up to him with a smile.*)

In dreams a-gain, Sir Po - - et? pondering o'er Some pas - sion-ate

can - zo, or har-mon - ious me-tre ?

grazioso.

mf dolce.

Fain . . . would I . . . know the mys - te - ry of your craft . . . Who

is the hap - py fair whose con-qu'ring charms Move you to sighs, that set the la - dies

GUILLEM.

sigh - ing Of our gay court in e - cho-ing re - sponse ? Her name is all

oth - er names a - bove, On . . . my heart it is gra - ven for ev - - er -

- more, . . . But my lips binds a vow,

8va.....

p

mf *molto accelerando.*

that no shrift can re - move; The po - et's word is the

molto accelerando.

blos - som of .. love, . . . But deep - est si - lence lies at the

largamente.

largamente.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

RAIMON (*excitedly*). RECIT.

f core. Then by our La - dy! you shall break that si-lence, Or bide the

f Recit. *f*

GUILLEM (*coldly*). *a tempo.*

is - sue. I de - fy your threat. *a tempo.*

accelerando.

RAIMON (*recovering himself*).

mf

I do not threat- en, sir, my on - ly wish Was to de - cide if I had

grazioso.

Meno mosso.

read your rid-dle In skil - ful fashion, for it seems to me That in a

Meno mosso. $\text{♩} = 76.$ *pp*

po - et's song we should de - tect The ob - ject of that song, e - ven as we learn The la - tent

root and sap of yon - der tree, By break - ing one of its impend - ing

molto crescendo.

(He goes to the tree, and is about to break one of the overhanging boughs, when Margarida suddenly appears from behind the tree and holds his hand.)

branch-es.

p

(While they are still standing in this position enter hurriedly, from L., Azalais, who looks at them with anxious surprise.)

*Molto agitato.**mf**molto cres.**f*

AZALAIR.

RECIT.

Sis - ter ! I missed you at the hunt and since Have sought you vain-ly thro' these darkling woods To

Tempo di Minuetto.

find you here at last and thus.

Tempo di Minuetto. ♩ = 80.

RAIMON.

Be wel - come, Fair la - dies both, to this our meet - ing;

you Shall be our um - pires in a con-test which Per-tains to your tri - bu -

p dolce.

- nal by all codes Of a - morous sci-ence: Know this

p *mf* *p*

gal-lant knight With-holds from me, . . . his loy - al friend and true, . . .

The name of her . . . who rules his heart and song. . . .

Say must he yield? . . .

K MARGARIDA. *pp*

AZALAIS. Oh, fa - - tal quest, where si -

GUILLEM (*separately*). Oh, fa - - tal quest, . . . oh, fa - tal quest, where si -

Oh, fa - - tal quest, oh, fa - tal quest, . . . oh, fa - tal quest, where si -

K

lence and speech Are fraught with e - qual dan - ger,
lence and speech Are fraught with e - qual dan - ger, where each
lence and speech Are fraught with e - qual dan - ger, where each Di -
RAIMON. Si - lence and

where each Di -
Di - ver - gent road leads to shame or death, . . . where each
ver - gent road leads to shame or death, . . . where each
speech with dan - ger are rife, Will the
Ped.

ver - gent road leads to shame or death ! . . .
Di - ver - gent road leads to shame or death !
Di - ver - gent road leads to shame or death ! (to Margarida.)
is - sue be death or life ? . . . Your brow is
mf dolce.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

cloud - ed, and our trou - ba-dour Stands thoughtful ; say, what is the
 dolce.
 Ped. *

(spoken.) *AZALAIS (with a sudden resolution).*
agitato e accelerando.
 mean - ing ? speak ! She must be saved, per - ish my
mf *agitato e accelerando.*
 hon - our, per - - ish My hope ! . . . If you in -
p tranquillo.
 - sist I will re - veal his se - cret. Not ma - ny
Sva . . .
 dolce.
 weeks have passed since first we met . . . In fair Poi - tou, . . .

staccato.

where with his no - ble sis - ter, The coun - ty

Rich - ard roy - al - ly re - sides. . . . RAIMON (looking suspiciously at Margarida).

He al - so met the

Aye! . . . but to me a - lone he ten - dered ser - vice,
la - dy Coun-tess!

Vowed faith - ful troth, in . . . songs of a - morous mea - sure,

RECIT. (to Guillem.) *a tempo.* (Guillem bows assent.)

Me fol - lowed to your court, . . . say! is it so? . . .

f
rit.
a tempo.
*p*RAIMON (*aside*).

A deep - er se - - cret lurks be - hind his si - lence

And her too rea - dy speech. . .

*f**Moderato.*L (to Guillem.) *mf*RECIT. MARGARIDA (*anxiously*).

3 She is Betrothed to

Your choice is bold, My si - lence and my help re - ward your trust.

*Moderato.**p**fpp*

RAIMON. *Meno mosso.* *mf*

Ro-bert. Let him guard her then. "In love . . . and war . . . all arms are fair,"

Meno mosso. $\text{d} = 84$.

(calling to those behind.)

so says The law of gal-lant court-ship in Pro-vence... Ho!..

bid our train as-sem-ble, bring torch-es To light us on our way to fair Li-

- et, . . . There . . . in the midst of dance and feast to watch . . .

. . . The is-sue of this am-or-ous en-ter-prise.

|| 12
8 || 12
8 || 12
8

FINALE.

During the following, Margarida's ladies, pages; knights, huntsmen carrying torches, &c rapidly enter and crowd the stage in variegated groups.

Allegro animato.

The musical score consists of several staves of music. The top staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a tempo of 12. It features lyrics from AZALAIS and GUILLEM. The middle section begins with a bassoon part at a tempo of 126. The vocal parts continue with lyrics from MARGARIDA. The score includes dynamic markings like *mf*, *fz*, *p*, and *f*. The instrumentation includes voices, piano, and other instruments, indicated by various clefs and dynamics throughout the score.

AZALAIS.
My plight - ed troth, my faith, . . . Thus slan - dered by my -
GUILLEM. Ah me! the pur - est, pur - est faith That ev - er clung to

Allegro animato. ♩ = 126.

MARGARIDA.
This then is wo - man's faith, Thus scorned by
self, what can . . . re - trieve?
love, I must de - ceive;

man, . . thus shameful-ly de - ceived!
But, though I die, but though I die of
I must de - ceive, I must . . de - ceive,

M

Thus scorned by man, . . . This then is
shame, . . . I must re - lieve A sis - ter's
To vin - di - ate her hon - our, to re-lieve It

f

wo - man's faith! . . . All that I trust - ed in
hon - our from sus - pi - cion's breath, from dark sus - pi - cion's
from the stain of dark . . . sus - pi - cion's breath,

f

that . . . I . . . be - lieved, . . . be - liev - ed
breath, . . . from dark . . . sus - pi - cion's
to re - lieve it from the stain, . . . the

Sa - - cred to .. hu - - man hearts. . .

breath . . from dark sus² pi - cion's breath. . . That

stain of .. dark . . sus - pi - cion's breath. . . So

it van - ish - eth, it van - ish -

thought brings com - fort, that thought brings com - - fort,

fades, so fades . . in gloom my hope's . . re - splen - - dent

- eth, So fades in gloom my hope's re - splen - dent light, And

that thought brings com - fort as a ray . . of light, Where

light, so fades in gloom my hope's re - splen - dent light, And

Allegro giojoso.

all . . . is night, . . . is night.
 all . . . is night, . . . is night.
 all . . . is night, . . . is night.

RAIMON (*with boisterous gaiety*).
 To Li - êt, to Li -

Allegro giojoso. ♩ = 92.

Ped. * Ped. * CHORUS. SOPRANO (*with boisterous gaiety*).
 To Li - êt, to Li - êt, we fol-low, we fol-low, to Li - êt, . . .

ALTO.
 To Li - êt, we fol-low, we fol-low, to Li - êt, . . .

TENOR.
 To Li - êt, to Li - êt, we fol-low, we fol-low, to Li - êt, . . .

CHORUS. BASS.
 - êt, To Li - êt, we fol-low, we fol-low, to Li - êt, . . .

f

to Li - êt, . . .
 to Li - êt, . . . to Li - êt, . . . to Li - êt, . . . to Li - êt, . . .
 to Li - êt, . . . to Li - êt, . . . to Li - êt, . . . to Li - êt, . . .
 . . . to Li - êt, . . .

RAIMON. *mf* *Meno mosso.*

Where tour - ney.. and fête Will chase, . . . will chase one an -
Meno mosso.

p

- oth - - er, All fear . . . to a - bate . . . All

mf

an - - guish to smo - ther; Where the maze . . . of the dance ..

Will.. gai - - ly re - ceive us, Where an a - mor - ous

p

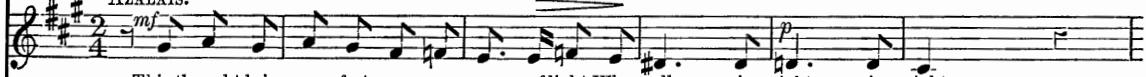
glance.. Will de - light . . and de - ceive.

p

N MARGARIDA.



AZALAIS.



GUILLEM.



us.

Where the trou -



badour's art . . . And the sound . . . of the lyre Will kin - dle each



heart . . . With the flame of de - sire,

Where the trou -



badour's art . . . And the sound . . . of the lyre Will kin - dle each



heart . . . With the bright burn-ing flame of de - sire, with the bright . . .

p > > > f

burn-ing flame of de - sire. . .

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

Where tour - ney and fête Will chase, . . will chase one an -

ALTO.

Where tour - ney and fête Will chase, . . will chase one an -

TENOR.

Where tour - ney and fête Will chase, . . will chase one an -

BASS.

Where tour - ney and fête Will chase, . . will chase one an -

oth - er, All fears . . to a - bate, . . All an - guish to

oth - er, All fears . . to a - bate, . . All an - guish to

oth - er, All fears . . to a - bate, . . All an - guish to

oth - er, All fears . . to a - bate, . . All an -

5

O THE LADIES.

smo - ther, Where the maze of the dance Will gai - ly re - ceive us.
 smo - ther, Where the maze of the dance Will gai - ly re - ceive us.
 smo - ther.

- guish to smo - ther.

O

To Li - êt, to Li - et,

THE KNIGHTS.

Where an a - mor - ous glance Will de - light . . . and de - ceive . . .
 Where an a - mor - ous glance Will de - light . . . and de - ceive . . .

To Li -

p

Where the trou - - badour's art . . . And the sound . . . of the lyre Will
 ét, Where the trou - - badour's art . . . And the sound . . . of the lyre Will
 us, Where the trou - - badour's art . . . And the sound . . . of the lyre Will
 us, Where the trou - - badour's art . . . And the sound . . . of the

5

3

p

kin - - dle each heart . . . With the flame of de - sire, . . .

kin - - dle each heart . . . With the flame of de - sire, . . .

kin - - dle each heart . . . With the flame of de - sire, . . .

lyre will kin - dle each heart With the flame, . . . with the flame of de -

Where the trou - - badour's art . . . And the sound . . . of the lyre Will

Where the trou - - badour's art . . . And the sound . . . of the lyre Will

Where the trou - - badour's art . . . And the sound . . . of the lyre Will

sire, Where the trou - - badour's art . . . And the sound . . . of the

kin - - dle each heart . . . With the bright burning flame, with the

kin - - dle each heart . . . With the bright burning flame, with the

kin - - dle each heart . . . With the bright burning flame, with the

lyre, Will kin - dle each heart . . . With the bright burning flame, with the

a tempo.

Piu mosso.

flame of de - sire, with the flame of de - sire.
a tempo.

flame of de - sire, with the flame of de - sire.
a tempo.

flame of de - sire, with the flame of de - sire.
a tempo.

flame of de - sire, with the flame of de - sire.
a tempo.

flame of de - sire, with the flame of de - sire.
a tempo.

Più mosso. $\text{♩} = 92$

a tempo. f

(Horses are brought in. Raimon and Guillem mount. Margarida and Azalaïs are carried in a litter. Men with torches lead the way.)

To Li - êt, to Li - êt, we fol-low, to Li - êt.
 To Li - êt, we fol-low, to Li - êt.
 To Li - êt, to Li - êt, we fol-low, to Li - êt.
 To Li - êt, we fol-low, to Li - êt.

Più mosso. $\text{♩} = 92$

a tempo. f

(As all disappear, the refrain of the hunters' chorus is heard from a distance.)

P

5

5

dim.

CHORUS (behind the scenes).

TENOR.

Swift - er than hor - ses and hounds is death, . . . swift - er than

BASS.

Swift - er than hor - ses and hounds is death, . . . swift - er than

R.H.

3

Ped.

*

hor - ses and hounds is death. . . .

hor - ses and hounds is death. . . .

(Slow curtain.)

p

ff

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

PRELUDE.

Allegro giovale. ♩ = 72.

9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16

f > > > > > > > >

fz fz fz

fz mf > p leggiero. fz mf b : >

p fz mf p

cres.

Ped. *

f > > > > > > > >

A

tr.
 R.H.
 L.H.
 L.H.

B

Ped. *

This page contains five systems of musical notation for piano, numbered 111 at the top center. The notation is divided into two systems by a vertical bar line.

- System 1:** Treble and bass staves. The treble staff has six measures. The first measure shows eighth-note pairs. The second measure starts with a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs. The third measure has a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs. The fourth measure has a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs. The fifth measure has a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs. The sixth measure has a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs. Measure 6 begins with a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs.
- System 2:** Treble and bass staves. The treble staff has four measures. The first measure starts with a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs. The second measure has a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs. The third measure has a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs. The fourth measure has a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs.
- System 3:** Treble and bass staves. The treble staff has four measures. The first measure starts with a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs. The second measure has a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs. The third measure has a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs. The fourth measure has a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs.
- System 4:** Treble and bass staves. The treble staff has four measures. The first measure starts with a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs. The second measure has a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs. The third measure has a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs. The fourth measure has a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs.
- System 5:** Treble and bass staves. The treble staff has four measures. The first measure starts with a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs. The second measure has a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs. The third measure has a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs. The fourth measure has a bass note followed by eighth-note pairs.

Performance instructions and dynamics are included throughout the page:

- Measure 1:** Bass note, *f*, bass note, *fz*, bass note, *Ped.*, ***, bass note, *Ped.*, ***, *Ped.*, ***, *Ped.*, ***.
- Measure 2:** *p*, bass note, ***.
- Measure 3:** *p*.
- Measure 4:** *pp*.
- Measure 5:** *cres.*
- Measure 6:** *mf*, *f*.
- Measure 7:** *v*, *v*.

The image displays a page of sheet music for a piano, consisting of six staves. The music is written in common time and includes various dynamics such as forte (f), mezzo-forte (mf), piano (p), and sforzando (sf). Performance instructions include "Silent." and "Ped." with an asterisk (*). The notation features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing rests. The piano keys are indicated by vertical lines with dots representing black keys.

ben marcato.

f sempre.

E

ff

v. >²> >

v. >²> >

v. >²> >

v. >²> >

8va bassa.

THE FEAST.

Night. In the background (R.) a mediæval castle festively illuminated, from the open windows of which the sounds of music are heard at intervals. In the foreground (R.) a lady's bower, (part of the castle) with a balcony, from which a flight of stairs leads down to the stage. Left of the stage a garden with flowers and large rosebushes. Moonlight fitfully obscured by clouds. In the foreground (L.) a marble seat. Guillem is leaning against a pillar close to the bower and concealed by its black shadow. Immediately after the curtain rises, Margarida steps from the lighted room on to the balcony.

Andante. ♩ = 66.

(Curtain rises.)

Allegretto. ♩ = 76.

Andante ma un poco più mosso.

MARGARIDA. *p*

Lone is my life... as the night is, lone-ly, Far... from the feast-ing crowd

Allegretto.

... lies my way,...

Andante.

Dark is my life as the

Allegretto.

Ped. *

Un poco animato.

night is, on - ly A sin - gle star... sheds its trem-u-lous ray. . . Once my soul I was

mf dolce.

fain to sur-ren - der . . . To a star . . . as it shone from a - bove; . . . Stead-fast as heaven's own
 vault seem'd its splen - dour, And its light was the lustre of love. . . . Ah! . . . but it
 fa - ded, ah! . . . but it van - ish'd, Cloud - covered dark-ness
 reigns in the night; And the bright - ness of love is ban - ish'd
 From a heart . . . that was va - lued light.

rit. A molto accelerando.

rit. p molto accelerando. trem. f

RECIT. GUILLEM (*coming forth into the light reflected from the room.*)

Valued be-yond the trea-sures of the earth, By one whose boldest dream durst not di-vine The

Recit.

se - cret thus re - vealed un-to the night. . . Re - vealed . . . a - las !

tranzillo. MARGARIDA (*passionately*).

Ped. *

tranzillo.

Ped. *

accelerando.

to one whose recreant heart Dis-dained . . . the love his wanton tongue had won...

calando.

accelerando.

f

calando. *p < >*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

GUILLEM.

La - - dy, my heart . . . is true as yon-der star . . . That shines . . . in stead - fast

ra - diance, . . . high in heav'n . . . Though clouds .

p

pp

MARGARIDA.

accel.

ob - scure it here be - low. . . . Your sis-ter— Name not her name!

accel.

a piacere.

fic-kle and false as thou, Her guilt is deep - er e - ven as my trust In her . . was more un - -

f

B *molto tranquillo.* GUILLEM.

- bounded. To pre - serve Your life from dan-ger, she imperilled hers, And dearer far her

p dolce.

Ped * *Ped.*

calando.

p *Come 1ma.*

hon - - our; her qui - ver-ing lips . . Truth's own fair por - tals

Come 1ma.

p

accelerando. *f*

part-ed for your . . sake . . To is - sue false-hood . .

accelerando. *mf*

Vivo.

Vivo. $\text{d} = 126$.

cres.

MARGARIDA.

Ah, my fate! my fate!

That in one mesh of guilt and shame entangles All whom

mf

p fz

(She rapidly descends the steps, Guillem hastens to meet her. They embrace.)

I love, who love me;

mf

f

C Andante.

Andante. $\text{d} = 63$.

f

f

p

Ped. *

QUASI RECIT.

singhizzando.

and is it true, . . . And may I fond-ly cre-dit that the heart . . Whose

p

3

passionate pulse beats strong against my breast Was mine, . . . and is?

GUILLEM. *a piacere.*

To all e - ter - ni - ty! . . .

(They descend to the stage.)

Allegro. ♩ = 96.

GUILLEM.

Through the dan - gers sur - round - ing our path . . . in threat-en-ing ar-ray, Through

doubt . . and thro' fear, . . Great . . love has guid - ed our steps, has

calando.

light - ed our way; It lives, it is here, lives, . . . it is

MARGARIDA.

120

Through the dan - - gers sur - round - ing our path . . . in threat-en-ing ar - ray, . . Through
here, . .

doubt .. and through fear, . . Great . . love . . has guided our steps, . .

has light - - - - -

Great . . love . . has guid - ed, has guid-ed our steps,

ed our way, It lives, . . . it is

mf *sempre accelerando.*

It lives, it is here.

here.

sempre accelerando.

Ped. *

rit. molto. *D* *a tempo.*

It . . . lives, it is here.

rit. molto. *a tempo.*

It . . . lives, it is here.

D

f *rit. molto.* *p a tempo.*

Ped. *

In . . . these eyes, which shine . . . through the gloom

with a mes-sage . . . of bliss.

mf

In these hands, on these trem-u-lous lips . . . which I

p

mf

Its flame has en-kindled our hearts with un-

grasp, which I kiss. . . I kiss. . .

mf

- quench - - - a - ble fire.

mf

Its call is the voice of the night and its

p

It beck-ons, it leads to a

breath . . . is de-sire. . . It beck-ons, it leads to a

pp

Ped. *

rit.

ha - ven of in - fin - ite rest, . . . To a goal, . . . to a

pp rit.

ha - ven of in - fin - ite rest, . . . To a goal, . . . to a

rit.

B: rit. B: rit.

a tempo.

home, . . . It beck-ons, it leads to a ha - ven of in - fi-nite
 home, . . . It beck-ons, it leads to a ha - ven of in - fi-nite

p a tempo.

rest, . . . To a goal, . . . to a home . . . *pp rit.* *a tempo.* *mf*
 rest, . . . To a goal, . . . to a home . . . We ask not

rit. *a tempo.* *ten.*

whi - ther, we fol - low its po - tent be-hest, *We hast - - en,* we

ten.

mf *dolce.* We ask not whi - ther, we fol - low its po - tent be-hest, . . . *dolce.*
 come, . . . We ask not

ten. *ten.*

accel. e cres.

We ask not whi - ther, we ask not whi - ther, We hast - en,

we

whi - ther, we fol - low its po - tent be - best,.. We... hast - en,

we

accel. e cres.

Ped.

come, .. .

we .. .

come, .. .

come. . .

we .. .

come, .. .

Sva

mf

Ped.

*

Through the dan - gers sur - round - ing our path, in threat - 'ning ar - ray, Through

Through the dan - gers sur - round - ing our path, in threat - 'ning ar - ray, Through

Sva

E

.

f

Ped.

* Ped.

doubt .. and through fear. . . Great love has guid - ed our steps, has

doubt .. and through fear. . . Great love has guid - ed our steps, has

Ped.

*

light - ed our way, It lives, . . . it lives, lives, . . . it is
 light - ed our way, It lives, . . . it lives, lives, . . . it is
 slargando.

slargando.

here, Love has guid - ed our steps, has light - ed our way, . . . It
 here, Great love . . . has guid - ed . . . our steps, . . . It

lives, . . . it is here, It leads to a ha - ven of in - fi - nite rest. . .
 lives, it . . . is here. We

Ped. *

To a goal,
 ask . . . not whi - ther, we fol - low its po-tent be - hest, To a

Ped. *

to a home. We hast en, we
goal, . . . a home. We hast - - - en, we

come, we hast - - - en, we come, . . .
come, we hast - - - en, we come, . . .

rit.

we come, we come! . . .

rit.

we come, we come!

rit.

f

They stand in close embrace.

8va

ff

fz

fz

Ped.

At this moment a loud flourish of trumpets announces the end of the feast. The gates are thrown wide open and a bright streak of light is thrown from the interior of the castle on to the stage. Cavaliers and ladies, single and in groups, preceded by torch-bearers, are making their way across the back of the stage (from R. to L.). At the sound of the flourish the lovers have hastily retreated amongst the bushes behind the seat (L.). After a time Count Robert, in lively conversation with several cavaliers, comes to the front of the stage.

Allegretto gioiale. ♩ = 72.

COUNT ROBERT.

Good night, my gallant gen - tle-men, I hope That wine,

and fare, and dance . . . were to your li - king.

CHORUS.
F TENORS.
L'istesso tempo.

The feast will be re - mem-ber'd in Pro-vence, For po - tent wine, for po - tent wine,
BASSES.

The feast will be re - mem-ber'd in Pro-vence. For po - tent wine, for po - tent wine,
F *L'istesso tempo.*

f marcato.

mf

and eyes . . . bright as the lus - tre Shed by a thou - sand tor-ches ;

mf

and eyes . . . bright as the lus - tre Shed by a

fz *p* *fz* *p*

a - las ! a - las ! that things So . . . fair must end ;

thou - sand tor-ches ;

a - las ! . . . a - las ! that

fz *p*

good night, our no - ble host !

things . . . So fair must end ; good night, our no - ble host !

fz *p*

COUNT ROBERT.

Nay, nay, not end - ed yet ! remem- ber, sirs, That in the cool of

ben marcato.

p

ear - ly dawn a contest At ball . . . will here be fair - ly matched; two coun - ties Will send their

play-ers, I'm . . . for Ta - ra - scon; . . .
CHORUS (*laugh*).

Ha!ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Ha!ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

(On turning round to shake hands with the
cavaliers, he catches a glimpse of Margarida's white dress; he is about to go nearer.
Guillem, drawing his dagger and hiding his
face with his cloak, stands before Margarida.

Who will be with me? well, good night! . . .

But ho! . . . Whom have we here?
CHORUS (*retaining Robert.*) pp

My Lord! . . . pp my
My Lord! my

Lord! . . . it is not wise To pry . . . in - to the se - crets of the
 Lord! . . . it is not wise To pry . . . in - to the se - crets of the

Ped. *

RECIT.

(Laughing.) Ah well, you're right, you're
 night . . . And spoil good sport. . . . Ha ha ha ha ha!
 night . . . And spoil good sport. . . . Ha ha ha ha ha!

f rit.

G *Meno mosso.*
 right, Who knows . . . perhaps some gal-lant trou - ba - dour . . . Is search - ing for his

p *mf.* *Meno mosso.*

rit. Come 1ma. (*Exeunt, laughing, Count Robert into the castle; the cavaliers, l. back.*)

"pearl" a-mongst these bush-es. CHORUS (laughing).

Ha ha!

Ha ha!

Come 1ma.

tr.

(The gates of the castle are closed immediately after Robert has entered, and the lights at the windows have been extinguished during the foregoing, so that the stage, but for the light from Margarida's room, is again left in darkness.)

L'istesso tempo.

MARGARIDA (coming forth from her retreat in great excitement).

Allegro. RECIT. *f* *a tempo.* *mf*

They laugh at me . . . and at our love; . . . my hon - our Is
a tempo.

Allegro. *d* = 96. *3* *mf*

Recit. *mf*

stained with in - fa-my, my name a byword In the lewd mouths of

*Ped. **

f *mf*

men.

GUILLEM. *f* *calando.* *a tempo.*

And whose the guilt? Whose bab-bl-ing lips revealed un - to the world

calando. *mf a tempo.*

The sa - cred name en - grav - en on my heart, Cast - ing a pearl rich - er than

cres. *f* *pp*

mf

all the earth, In - to the dust? If thus the gift of song . . .

cres.

RECIT. rit.

p *f a tempo.*

Is bit-ter to the saint at whose fair shrine It wor - ships, per-ish then my dis - so - nant

f *p ritard.* *a tempo.*

sempre f

lute, . . . Per - ish . . . the hand that strikes it, . . . and the

fp *Ped.* *** *fp* *Ped.* ***

(He averts his face and stands in deep dejection).
a tempo.

f rit.

heart That vi-brates with its chords! . . .

a tempo. *poco rit.* *mf*

Ped. ***

molto meno mosso.

pp MARGARIDA (going up to him, very tenderly).

3

Nay, say not so, Do not re - vile your song, it was the link That bound us

molto meno mosso.

twain. lis-ten-ing to its soft voice, . . . What to me . . . is the world . . . and all its

bab-ble? E'en let them talk; . . . are we not here. . . a - lone And safe at

least for one brief hour? . . . for see, The moon has hid her face, . . . the voice of

birds Is hush'd among the branches, and the night Lies dark and silent.

Sva

Larghetto soave. *GUILLM. dolce.*

Larghetto soave. $\text{♩} = 60.$

Night, with-in the amp-le folds of thy dark - ness,

MARGARIDA.

Hide us encom-pass us...
 Hide... us, encom-pass us, encom-pass us... From the brightness of
 Ped. Sva Bassa..... *
 Cov - er us, shel-ter
 day, from the pry - ing eyes of the world Cov - er us, shel-ter us,.. shel - ter
 us, From thy bo - som we sprang, to thine arms we re - turn,
 us. From thy bo - som we sprang, to thine arms we re -
 turn, * Ped.
 Thou art cra - dle and grave, . . . and grave, . . . Thou . . . art
 - turn, . . . Thou art cra - dle and grave, . . . Thou . . . art
 Ped. * Ped. * Ped. Sva Bassa..... *

rit. *a tempo.*
 cra - - dle and grave.
 Hear .. us, oh,migh - ty mo -
 rit. *a tempo.*
 cra - - dle and grave.
 Hear .. us, oh,migh - ty mo -
 rit. *a tempo.*
 Ped. *Sva. Bassa* ----- *

I *p*
 ther! Hear us, oh,migh - ty mo-ther! with lift - ed hands Thy help we crave...
 ther! Hear us, oh,migh - ty mo-ther! with lift - ed hands Thy help we crave...
Sva.
 Ped. *

What the dawn may bring . . . to us, be it shame, be it death, We ask not, nor
 What the dawn may bring . . . to us,
Sva.
 p

fear, What the dawn may bring . . . to
 We ask not, nor fear, What the dawn may bring . . . to us, be it shame, be it

us, . . . We ask . . . not, nor fear, Hear us, oh, mighty mo -
 death, We ask . . . not, nor fear, . . . Hear us, oh, mighty mo -

pp

ther! . . .
 ther! . . . Only one brief last hour, let us live, let us

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Only one brief last hour let us live, let us dream . . . While . . . thou . . . art
 dream, . . . While . . . thou . . . art here, . . . while thou art

poco cres.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

here, On - ly one brief last hour let us
 here, On - ly one brief last hour let . . . us

calando.

Ped. *

pp rit. *a tempo.*
dream, let . . . us live, While thou art here.
pp rit. *a tempo.*
dream, let . . . us live, While thou art here.
Sva..... rit. pp
p

(Margarida reclines on the seat, Guillem kneels before her.)

Sva.....

(The distant voices of birds are

heard; after a while, the signs of early dawn are seen on the horizon.)

(At the same time Azalais appears at the window of Margarida's bower. She looks round anxiously, and comes out on the balcony. Seeing the lovers she begins to sing, at first very gently, afterwards, as she fails to attract their attention, louder and louder.)

Andantino. $\text{♩} = 48.$

AZALAIS.

Beneath a haw - - thorn on a bloom - - ing

lawn, . . . A la - dy to her side . . . her friend . . . had

drawn, . . . *calando.* Un - til the watch-er saw the ear - ly dawn.

a piacere. *a tempo.* *mf* Ah . . . me, ah me!.. the dawn! . . . the dawn, it comes too soon, . . . Ah

colla voce. *a tempo.* *mf* *dim.*

calando.

me ! the dawn, it comes too .. soon. Oh, that the sheltering night would nev-er

p *colla voce.*

Ped. *

flee, . . . Oh, that my friend would nev-er part from me, . . .

Ped. *

K a tempo.

And nev-er might the watch the dawn-ing see! Ah me! . . . the dawn, it

rit.

a tempo.

comes too soon, . . . ah me, . . . ah me! the dawn, . . . it comes too

p

calando. dim.

soon. *calando.*

Now, sweet - est friend, . . . to me with kiss - - - - -
 cling, . . . Down in the mea - - dow where the ou - - - - - sels
a piacere.
 sing. . . . No harm shall hate . . . and jealous envy bring ;
colla voce.
 Ah . . . me, ah me ! the dawn, . . . the dawn, it comes too soon, . . . ah
a tempo.
*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **
calando.
 me ! the dawn, it comes too . . . soon. . . Lov - ers, a-rise ! the stars begin to
Ped. *

pale, . . . The lark has hush'd the tim-id nightin-gale. . . .

Ped. * Ped. *

A-rise ere dawn . . . bring day and day bring bale, Ah me! . . . the dawn, it

rit. cres. a tempo.

comes too soon, . . . ah me, . . . ah me! the dawn, . . . it comes too

(During the song the dawn has grown brighter and brighter, and at this moment the sun rises. The lovers have paid no attention to Azalais. At last Margarida, as in a dream, repeats the burden of the song.)

MARGARIDA. *a piacere.*

lunga. a tempo. Ah . . . me, ah me!

soon.

a tempo.

*(At the sound of her voice Guillem rouses himself. Both rise.)**a tempo accelerato.*

ah . . . me, ah me! the dawn, . . . it comes too soon. . . . dim.

Ah . . . me, ah me! the dawn, . . . it comes too soon. . . . a tempo accelerato.

p

GUILLEM (*very passionately*).
p The dawn,.. the .. dawn ! .. its bright - ness o - mens ill, Its
cres. e accel.
cres. e accel.

(After a hasty embrace, Margarida ascends the steps, and is met halfway by Azalais, with whom she enters the room.

Guillem waits until she appears for a moment at the window, waving her kerchief to him.)

rit. *a tempo.*

Farewell, thine own . . . till death. . . .

rit. *a tempo.* rit.

pale, . . . Lov - ers, a - rise, the stars be - gin to pale, . . . rit.

Till death . . . thine

rit. *p a tempo.* rit.

appassionato.

a tempo.

Fare - well, . . . fare -

a tempo. Fare - well bring day, and day bring bale... *appassionato.* Ah me, the dawn it

a tempo. own! Fare - well. Fare -

a tempo. *p* *mf* *a tempo.*

well, fare - well, . . . *rit.* *dolce.* fare - well. *a tempo.*

comes, it . . . comes too soon, ah me, the dawn it comes too soon. *a tempo.*

rit. *p* *dolce.* well, fare - well, fare - well.

dim. *rit. R.H.* *p a tempo.*

Ped. *

(Margarida is drawn from the window by Azalais.)

(Exit Guillen, L.)

As Guillem disappears, enter (r. and l. back) two trumpeters, one dressed in red, the other in blue. They meet in the centre of the stage, and, standing with their backs to each other, blow two signals each on their trumpets. Immediately after this, a crowd of women, knights, pages, retainers and peasants begin to collect from all sides. At last enter from the castle Count Raimon and Count Robert.

Alla marcia $\text{d} = 116.$

Trumpets on the stage.

p ben marcato.

staccato.

sempr f

tr

tr

Enter Counts Raimon and Robert.

Enter (again R.L. back) the players, four to each party, those representing Tarascon in blue, those of Rossilho in red.

Allegretto. ♩ = 92.

leggiero.

They are dressed in loose tunics, hose and shoes, with girdles round their waists. To the latter are attached their shuttlecocks.

They carry in one hand a battledore, in the other a staff with a red and blue pennon respectively. They walk round the stage

bowing to the Counts (right foreground) as they pass. They then proceed to make the "Courts" by fastening the flagstaffs

in the ground. The staffs in the centre line are then connected with a silken cord, parallel with the sides of the stage. After

this they measure the courts by pacing them in both directions and also diagonally.

As two and two they meet at the cord they beat their battledores against each other, the crowd shouting each time "Rossilho, Tarascon."*

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

*After this they begin the "Jeu de Paume," resembling modern Lawn Tennis, accompanied by the song
Alla marcia.*

of the Chorus. The latter gradually close round them, turning their backs on the two Counts, who, after showing some interest

in the game, have sat down on the seat.

Tempo di Valse. $\text{C} = 63.$

"JEU DE PAUME."

Every time the refrain,

"Alavia gelbs" ("Away ye jealous") is sung, some of the Chorus turn round and look for a moment slyly at the Counts.

Sheet music for piano, page 148, featuring eight staves of musical notation. The music is in common time and consists of two systems. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of three sharps, and a bass clef. It includes dynamic markings such as *ben marcato.*, *mf*, *p*, and *f*. Pedal instructions like "Ped." and "*" are placed under specific notes. The second system continues with a treble clef, a key signature of three sharps, and a bass clef. It also includes dynamic markings like *p* and *f*, and pedal instructions like "Ped." and "*". The music concludes with a dynamic marking of *accelerando moltissimo.* and a final dynamic *f*.

CHORUS. *Meno mosso.*

To play . . at ball one ear - ly dawn, . . The queen . .
dolce.

To play . . at ball one ear - ly dawn, . . The queen . .
dolce.

To play . . at ball one ear - ly dawn, . . The queen . .
dolce.

To play . . at ball one ear - ly dawn, . . The queen . .
dolce.

To play . . at ball one ear - ly dawn, . . The queen . .
Meno mosso.

came to a gar - den lawn; . . Ey - - a! Ey - -

came to a gar - den lawn; . . Ey - - a!

came to a gar - den lawn; . . Ey - - a!

came to a gar - den lawn; . . Ey - - a!

came to a gar - den lawn; . . Ey - - a!

ed. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

a! Ey - - a! . .

Ey - - a! . . Ey - - a! . .

Ey - - a! . . Ey - - a! . .

a! Ey - - a! . .

P *f*

Ped. *

And so . . . it was
 And so . . . it was
 And so it
 And so it
tr.
mf *f.* *p*
p grazioso. *p*
 that it . . . be - fell ; The king was old, the king was
 that it . . . be - fell ; The king was old the king was
 was that it . . . be - fell ; The king was old, the king was
 was . . . that it be - fell ; The king was old, the king was
p grazioso.
Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *
 grey, The page was young and bold and gay, And it was . . . the mer - ry month of
 grey, The page was young and bold and gay, And it was . . . the mer - ry month of
 grey, The page was young and bold and gay, It was . . . the mer - ry month of
 grey, The page was young . . . and bold and gay, It was . . . the mer - ry month of
p *f.*

May, . . . and it was . . . the mer - ry month of May, . . .
 May, . . . and it was . . . the mer - ry month of May, . . .
 May, . . . and it was . . . the mer - ry month of May, . . .
 May, . . . and it was . . . the mer - ry month of May, . . .

A - la - vi - a, a - la - vi - a ge - lôs, . . .
 A - la - vi - a, a - la - vi - a ge - lôs, . . .
 A - la - vi - a, a - la - vi - a ge - lôs, . . .
 A - la - vi - a, a - la - vi - a ge - lôs, . . .

a - la - vi - a ge - lôs, . . . ge - lôs. . . .
 a - la - vi - a ge - lôs, . . . ge - lôs. . . .
 a - la - vi - a ge - lôs. . . .
 a - la - vi - a ge - lôs. . . .

mf

Youth is a blos - som and love is the rose, . . . youth . . . is a

Youth is a blos - som and love is the rose, . . .

Youth is a blos - som and love is the rose, . . . youth . . . is a

Youth is a blos - som and love is the rose, . . .

mf

cres.

O Più animato come 1ma.
blos - som and love, and love is the rose. . . .

youth is a blos - som and love, and love is the rose. . . .

blos - som and love, and love is the rose. . . .

youth is a blos - som and love, and love is the rose. O Più animato come 1ma.

f

ff

tr

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p

accelerando moltissimo.

mf *meno mosso.*

She spake, "who with me to play is fain, . . . He may be
mf *meno mosso.*

She spake, "who with me to play . . . is fain, . . . He may be
mf *meno mosso.*

She spake, "who with me to play is fain, . . . He may be
mf *meno mosso.*

She spake, "who with me to play is fain, . . . He may be

mf *meno mosso.*

crowned, he may . . . be slain ! . . . Ey - a ! Ey -
crowned, he may be slain ! . . . Ey - a !
crowned, he may be slain ! . . . < > Ey - a ! < >
crowned, he may be slain ! . . . Ey - a ! Ey -

p

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

mf

a ! Ey - a ! . . .
Ey - a ! . . . Ey - a ! . . .
Ey - a ! . . . Ey - a ! . . .
a ! Ey - a ! . . .

f

Ped. *

R *p* >

For I . . am a queen,
For I . . am a queen,
For I am a
For I am a

mf

R *p*

p grazioso.

and they guard me well, But I loath old age and its win - try
and they guard me well, But I loath old age and its win - try
queen, and they guard me well, I loath old age and its win - try
queen, . . and they guard me well, I loath old age and its win - try

grazioso.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p >

pall, And I . . love the spring and the flowers with-al." So to the page . . she threw the
pall, And I . . love the spring and the flowers with-al." So to the page . . she threw the
pall, I love the spring and the flowers with - al." To the page . . she threw the
pall, I love the spring and the flowers with - al." To the page . . she threw the
Sea.....

p

ball, . . . so to the page she threw the ball, . . . A - la -
 ball, . . . so to the page she threw the ball, . . . A - la -
 ball, . . . so to the page she threw the ball, . . . A - la -
 ball, . . . so to the page she threw the ball, . . . A - la -
 ball, . . . so to the page she threw the ball, . . . A - la -

vi - a, a - la - vi - a ge - lôs, . . . a - la - vi - a ge -
 vi - a, a - la - vi - a ge - lôs, . . . a - la - vi - a ge -
 vi - a, a - la - vi - a ge - lôs, . . .
 vi - a, a - la - vi - a ge - lôs, . . .
 vi - a, a - la - vi - a ge - lôs, . . .

lôs, . . . ge - lôs, . . . Youth is a blos - som, and
 lôs, . . . ge - lôs, . . . Youth is a blos - som, and
 a - la - vi - a ge - lôs, . . . Youth is a blos - som, and
 a - la - vi - a ge - lôs, . . . Youth is a blos - som, and

love is the rose. . . . Youth . . . is a blos - som, and
 love is the rose. . . . Youth is a blos - som, and
 love is the rose. . . . Youth . . . is a blos - som, and
 love is the rose. . . . Youth is a blos - som, and
 love is the rose. . . . Youth is a blos - som, and
 love, . . . and love is the rose, love . . . is the
 love, . . . and love is the rose, love . . . is the
 love, . . . and love is the rose, love . . . is the
 love, . . . and love is the rose, love . . . is the
 love, . . . and love is the rose, f p accel. moltissimo e crescendo.
 rose, love . . . is the rose. . . . molto cres.
 rose, love . . . is the rose. . . . molto cres.
 rose, love . . . is the rose. . . . molto cres.
 rose, love . . . is the rose. . . . molto cres.
 Sva
 f molto cres. ff

During the following dialogue the crowd gradually disappears.
COUNT RAMON (*in a sarcastic tone*).

S *a tempo, ma tranquillo molto. mf quasi parlano.*

Their song is tune - ful, and to
a tempo, ma tranquillo molto.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

one who knew, One of us twain— it might con -
dolce.

COUNT ROBERT (piqued).

- ceal a mean - ing Be-neth its grace... The rid-dle may be

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

calando. *a tempo.*
read By him who runs; a coun - tess or a
calando. *a tempo. ff* > = f

calando. a tempo.
queen, A po - et or a page, . . where is the dif - fer - ence ?
calando. dolce. *a tempo.*

COUNT RAIMON.

There is one la - dy-count - ess and an - oth-er, Her sis - ter,
 Ped. * Ped. *

COUNT ROBERT.

at this feast. But on - ly
 ff

calando. Lento.
 one Hight Mar - ga - ri - da, e'en that "price - less pearl," Which from the
 Lento.
 dim. trem.
 calando. p

RECIT. 3 rit. a tempo.
 po - ets'song has grown to be Common to all men's lips, and known by all, Save its in-dul-gent own-er.
 fp rit. colla voce. a tempo. p

COUNT RAIMON (*startled at first, but recovering himself*).

What is a song?... A po - et'sfan - cy, if compared with

love, . . . A - vowed.. in mu - tual pas - sion.. and be -

f

COUNT RAIMON. COUNT

RECIT. COUNT ROBERT.

ROBERT.

- fore A wit-ness ? Who a-vowed, who wit-nessed? I! . . And

Recit.

Moderato. COUNT RAIMON.

wit-nessed what, and where? Ask me no more, Ask him who dreams of

Moderato. ♩ = 88.

*dolce.**pp*

(pointing to left.)

love . . . and of its guer - don In yon - der bower ; . .

Enter Guillem slowly from left. He is absorbed in reading a book. Robert goes up to him and before Guillem observes him, takes hold of the book and shuts it in a violent manner.

he ri - ses, see, he comes.

RECIT. COUNT ROBERT (*insolently*).

vivo.

GUILLEM.

A - wake, Sir po - et ! you have dreamt e - nough.

What means this

Recit.

f vivo.

COUNT ROBERT (*as before*).

U Più moderato.

taunt? It means . . . e'en what it means. Ex - plain it as you will ; .

f

f

Più moderato. mf

(ironically.) your coun - ten-ance— Craving our la - dies' par - don— does not please me,

Ped.

* Ped.

*

GUILLEM.

I do not like your ways.

This an - swers for My

Ped.

(He lays his hand on his sword. When he is not immediately attacked he turns away as in thought while the two Counts consult with each other.)

RECIT.

ways; thy self. . . . give an - swer for thine in - sult.

molto accel.

Recit.

fz

fz

fz

FINALE.

Allegro animato.

GUILLEM (to himself).

What - ev - er the end of our strife, . . . the

Allegro animato. ♩ = 72.

p

star of my love . . . Is stead - fast on high, . . . What - ev - er the end . . . of our

strife, . . . the star, . . . the star . . . of my love . . . Is stead - fast on

4

Più largamente.

high.

RAIMON. *p*

What-ev - er the clue or the de - vious tale of his love, He has lift - ed his

ROBERT. *p*What-ev - er the clue or the de - vious tale of his love, He has lift - ed his
*Più largamente.**p*

Is . . . stead - fast on high. It shines, and my

eye

To a goal . . . that brings us dis-hon - our, *mf*

eye

To a goal . . . that brings us dis-hon - our, the for - feit where-

heart is en-wrapt, . . . my heart is enwrapt in the bright - ness there-

mf
the for - feit where-of, Is his life, is his life, he must die, . . .

of, Is his life, is his life, is his life, he must

of Though I .. live, . . though.. I die, Though I live ..

he must die, . . he must die, . . the for - feit where-of

die, he must die, . . the for - feit where-of

Ped. *

though I die, . . I die, Though I ..

Is .. his life, he must die, Is .. his

Is .. his life, he must die, Is .. his

V

mf

live, . . though I .. die, *mf*

life, . . he .. must die, In

life, . . he .. must die, In

p

fz *fz* *mf*

Più animato.

deed . . and in word aud in thought . . he has brav'd our re - venge, . . has in-sult-ed our
deed . . and in word and in thought . . he has brav'd our re - venge, . . has in-sult-ed our

Più animato.

Ped. *

His . . men - - a - cing word, . . with the sting . . of its in - - sult has
pride. He has
pride. He has

mf

Ped. *

wound - ed my pride, . . has wound - ed my pride, . . has wound - - ed my
brav'd, has brav'd, . . has brav'd our re - venge, . . he has brav'd, . .
brav'd, has brav'd, . . has brav'd our re - venge, . . has in-sult-ed our pride, . .

f

f

f

Ped. *

pride, . . . the sting . . . of its in - sult has wound - ed my pride,
 he has brav'd our revenge, in-sult - ed our pride, One
 he has brav'd our revenge, in-sult - ed our pride, One

W
 is - sue is o - pen be - tween . . . us, it lies with the sword ; . . . The sword must de -
 is - sue is o - pen be - tween . . . us, it lies with the sword ; . . . The sword must de -

W
 One is - sue lies o - pen be - tween us, it

cide.

lies, . . . it lies . . . with the sword, . . . one is - sue is o - pen be -
 lies, . . . it lies . . . with the sword, with the sword,
 it . . . lies . . . with the sword, with the sword,
 it . . . lies with the sword, . . . with the sword, with the sword,

Animandosi.

- tween us, it lies . . . with the sword, one is - sue is o - pen be -
 it lies with the sword, one is - sue is o - pen be -
 it lies with the sword, one is - sue is o - pen be -
Animandosi.

- tween . . . us, it lies, it lies with the sword, The
 - tween . . . us, it lies, it lies with the sword, The
 - tween . . . us, it lies, it lies with the sword, The

Animandosi sempre.

sword must de - cide. The star of my
 sword must de - cide. He has lift - ed his
 sword must de - cide. He has lift - ed his
Animandosi sempre.

love, it . . . shines, . . . my heart is enwrapt in the bright - ness thereof, . . .
 eye to a goal . . . that brings us dis-hon - our, the for - feit whereof . . .
 eye to a goal . . . that brings us dis-hon - our, the for - feit whereof . . .

Though I . . . live, . . . though . . . I die, though I live, . . .
 Is . . . his . . . life, . . . he must die, . . . the for - feit whereof . . .
 Is his life, . . . the for - feit whereof . . .

accel.

though I die, . . . I die, . . . though I die,
 accel. Is his life, he must die, he must die, . . . he must die,
 accel. Is his life, he must die, he must die, . . . he must die,

Sempre più animato.

X
 One is - sue is o - pen be - tween . . . us, it lies . . . with the
 One is - sue is o - pen, it lies . . . with the sword, . . . The
 One is - sue is o - pen be - tween . . . us, the sword, . . . The sword . . . must de -
Sempre più animato.

X
 Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

sword, the sword, . . . the sword, . . . the sword, . . . the sword . . . must de -
 sword must decide, the sword . . . must de - cide, . . . must de -
 - cide, must decide, the sword . . . must de - cide, . . . must de -

Più presto.

cide, . . . must . . . de - cide. . . .

cide, . . . must . . . de - cide. . . .

cide, . . . must . . . de - cide. . . .

Più presto.

As Guillem and Robert draw their swords and make the first passes, Raimon, who has been watching them narrowly, runs up the steps leading to Margarida's bower and calls in at the window:

RAIMON.

Help ! there with - in ! they kill our

trem. fz fz

Y
He descends the stairs and stands behind them hidden from the others. Margarida comes from the room and rushing down the stairs, throws herself between the two.

(spoken.)

po - et : help !

Y 8va

fz fz fz

MARGARIDA (*to Robert, in
a frenzy of excitement.*)

Più lento (declamato).

Peace! . . . you shall not slay him, he is mine, . . .

8va

colla voce.

stringendo . . . molto . . . e . . . sempre . . . cres.

Mine and none oth - er's, by his plight - ed troth. I love . . .

stringendo . . . molto . . . e . . . sempre . . . cres.

Presto.

him, I would die for him!

GUILLEM.

Marga - ri - da! . . .

ROBERT.

A mar - vel! . . .

RAIMON.

A mar - vel! . . .

(Very quick curtain.)

Presto.

Fed.

*

Ped.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

“SANH DEL TROBADOR.”

Margarida's chamber at Castle Rossilho. The back of the stage is shut off by a heavy curtain. On the right a table is laid for supper, and lit by two candelabra, one at each end. Through a window on the left is seen a balcony with a low balustrade, to which a rope ladder is attached. Margarida is at the window close to Guillem, who stands outside in the balcony. Azalais walks anxiously about the room, and at times slightly parts the curtain as if listening for some one's coming.

Andante. ♩ = 69.

(The curtain rises.)

MARGARIDA (*clinging to Guillem*).

Fare - well ! a - las ! a voice with-in my heart Fore-tells it is for ev - er, for

dolce.

ev - er we must part, . . . fare - well.

AZALAIR.

Fare - well, . . . fare - well.

GUILLEM.

Fare - well, my queen, enthron'd with-in my

L.H.

p

heart. . . Though years of hope . . . de - ferred, . . . us twain . . . may

poco accel.

MARGARIDA.

Fare - well, . . . fare - well, . . . a-las ! a voice with .

AZALAIR.

This last and mourn - ful greet - ing Is but . the

part. . . .

Farewell, my queen, . . .

*f**3 pp 3 3**mf*

in my heart Fore - - tells it is . . for.. ev - - er, for ev - er we must
 pre - sage of a hap - - pi - er.. meet - - ing... fare - well, fare -
 Though years of hope de - ferr'd, us .. twain .. may part, us twain may
 part. . . .

A

well. . . . Dear sis - ter, cease your mourn - ful talk,

part.

A

Sir po - et, change that do - lo - rous mien; a lit - tle time Pass'd in his
 hunt - ing seat with Coun - ty Ro - bert Will mer - ri - ly glide a - way,

Più animato.

Più animato.

R. H.

Ped. *

and af - ter that—

But shall we meet a - gain ?

You

tr*p calando.*

will, and soon - er

And hap-pi - er than you think,

sus - pi - cion will Be

3

mf calando.*a tempo.*

lulled, ill - will for - got-ten ; for this end Your loy - al friend and mine, at break of

a tempo.

day, Has gone be - fore ; Sir Guillem is to fol-low Without de - lay ;

*p più marcato.**Ped. **

the hunt-ing train is gathered In yon - der court, heark - en !

Ped.

*



accelerando.

I hear the sound... Of mer-ry horns,
they wait your com-ing, go!

accelerando.

MARGARIDA.

B *Tempo 1mo.*

Fare-well, a - las! a voice with-in my heart Fore-tells it is for ev - er, for
She goes to the window anxiously persuading Guillem to leave.

B *Tempo 1mo.*

ev - er we must part, . . . fare - well.

Fare - well, . . . fare - well.

GUILLEM.

Fare-well, . . . my queen, enthroned with-in my

heart, . . . Though years of hope . . . de - ferred, . . . us twain . . . may

*Andante (singhiozzando).**rit.*

mo - ment! Or, if thou must go, do not go in

Andante. ♩ = 66.*rit.**p**QUASI RECIT.*

si - lence, Still let me hear . . . thy van - ish - ing voice, which borne . . . On the

8va.....

pp

dark wings of night, will be a sign That though un - seen thou dost re - mem - ber

8va.....

*p dolce.*GUILLEM (*is seen to descend by the rope ladder, after which his voice is heard from outside.*)

me. . . .

The sun - ray's shine,

The rich - ness of . . . the

*Ped.** *Ped.** *Ped.** *Ped.*

*

(Margarida remains at the window listening for Guillem's voice as it grows fainter and fainter in the distance.)

earth, In love . . . com - bine, in . . . love, . . . com - bine To give tri -

*Ped.** *Ped.** *Ped.** *Ped.**Ped.*

- umph - ant birth To pur - - est . . wine, . . In joy we pour it forth, in
 Ped. *

(Azalais has returned to the curtain and after look-

joy . . we pour it forth. . . . Lo ! from the
 Ped. * Ped. *

ing through it, suddenly hurries to the window and closes the casement, thus shutting out Guillem's distant song. Enter at the

C

Vivo.

flask . . it flows, and in the
 Vivo. $\text{d} = 120$.
 Ped. *

same moment through the curtain, which he closes behind him, Count Raimon, who goes quickly to the window and throws it open.)

Allegro moderato.

RAIMON.

(looking suspiciously out of the window).

(with feigned good humour.)

p p p p p p

The night is star-less,

Allegro moderato. $\text{d} = 96$.

mf — p

3 3

gaz - ing in - to it, As dark it lies with - out, im-pen - a-trable, E'en... as the grave,
 en-genders brood-ing thought, Casting its pal - lor on fair lad - ies' cheeks.

RECIT. *a tempo.*

Sweet countess, gen - tle sis - ter, let me lead you Where wine . . . and
Sva.....

(He blows a silver whistle.)

cheer and gen - ial converse are At hand.
Sva.....

(To the Pages who enter from R.) *Allegro ben marcato.*

Ho ! fellows, spread the board,
Allegro ben marcato. ♩ = 80.

bring wine. . .

f marcatissimo.

f

(They sit down at the table. Raimon fills a bumper with wine, and drinks to the ladies.)

leggiero.

RAIMON.

This bum-per to your

health, fair la - dies !

How! You do not drink,

Ped.

nor smile, nor speak ?

I see Your thoughts are
con espress.

ff *mf* *f*

ab - sent, jour - neyng per - chance With our dear ab - sent friend ;

aye ! so are mine; They fol-low him through night and gloom ; in

rit. *a piacere.*

proof where-of I'll pledge this glass to him and sing to him A mer - ry po - -

rit. *mf.*

a tempo.

sy.

a tempo.

Smile not, gen - tle sis - ter, Al - be - it a sol - dier, I can turn a
 stave As well as ev - er a po - et in Pro - vence.
Sva.

rit. *a tempo.*
p *f* rit. *a tempo.*

accelerando.
f fz *fz* *ff*

(Raimond rises, and taking the goblet goes to the front of the stage.)
Allegretto ben marcato.

Allegretto ben marcato. $\text{♩} = 66$.
f

RAIMON. Pour forth no - ble wine, pour forth, . . . pour . . . forth! As
Sva.

mf *L.H.* *f*

break - er of grief thou art known, thou art known, . . . Let . . . us learn if the
 Sva . . .

name be thine own, . . . Let us judge of thy val - our and worth, . . . thy
 Sva . . .

val - - our and worth, . . . let us judge of thy
 tr tr
 f

calando. — a tempo. accelerando.
 val - our and worth ! . . . Pour . . . forth no - ble wine, no - ble
 calando. — p a tempo. accelerando. fz fz

wine, . . . pour . . . forth ! Sva . . .

rit. f a tempo.

Più tranquillo.

p con espress.

For I drink . . . to a friend who is

Più tranquillo.

p con espress.

L.H.

gone, . . . And my thoughts are hea - vy with - al.

R.H.

At the e - vil that may . . . be done, . . .

L.H.

At . . . the dan - ger . . . that may, that may be - fal; . . .

tr

#pp

p

With no star . . . in the night - long hours . . . To

p

light - - en his way as he goes,

mf accel. f lunga. p tranquillo.

Ped. accel.

To . . . show him the storm - - cloud that lowers, And . . . the

accel.

MARGARIDA. *f*

Ah ! . . .

(He sings the last verse in a loud and boisterous

mf am - bush of pit - i - less foes, and the am - bush of

R.H.

MARGARIDA. *pp*

What am - bush,
AZALAI. poco accel.

What ill . . . is . . .

manner, watching at the same time the ladies, who seated at the
table whisper anxiously to each other as he rolls out the refrain.)

poco accel.

pit - - i - less foes.

Sva

quasi trillo.

poco accel.

what am - bush can he mean? . . . can he mean? . . . Bod - ing
 near, . . . what ill . . . is near? I trem - ble
mf
 Pour forth . . . no - ble

quasi trillo. *trem.* *p*

fear en - thrals . . . my heart, . . . bod - ing fear en -
 as . . . I lis - - - ten, I trem - ble as . . . I
 wine, pour forth, pour forth . . . no - ble wine, pour

mf

- thrals . . . my heart, . . . en - thrals . . . my heart.
 lis - - - ten, as . . . I lis - - - ten.

forth,

p f

Oh ! . . . my
Oh ! . . . that the
Pour forth no - ble
p

spirit could find rest, . . . rest . . .
night, the night were past, . . . oh ! . . . that the
wine, pour forth, . . . pour . . . forth ! As break - er of grief thou art
f

at last, . . . that my spi - rit could find rest at last.
night were past, . . . that the night, that the night were past.
known, thou art known, . . . Let . . us learn if the name be thine own, . . . Let us
Sva
f *p*
Ped. *

judge of thy val - our and worth, thy val - our and worth, . . .

let us judge of thy val - our and worth! . . . Pour . . . forth no - ble wine, no - ble

calando. *a tempo.* *accel.*
 calando. *p* *fz* *a tempo.* *#accel. fz* *fz*
rit. *a tempo.*

wine, . . . pour . . . forth! *Sva...*

rit. *f* *a tempo.*

Moderato. RAIMON (*going up to the table*). *parlando. (unconcernedly.)* AZALAIS. RECIT.
parlando.

How . . . does my measure like you? It is harsh As ra - ven's

Moderato. $\text{d} = 76.$

f *Recit.*

a tempo. RAIMON. Troth, . . . it can - not vie With dul - - cet
 croaking.

a tempo. fz *leggiero.* *p* *Ped.* ** Ped.* ***

strains . . . of lan - guid trou - ba - dours Sigh-ing of mu - tu-al vows and faith - ful
 Ped. * Ped. *

molto cres.

hearts . . . And "price - less pearls" . . . en - shridn . . . there - in.

*f*p ff

G At this moment the curtain is slightly parted by a huntsman who, unseen by the ladies, raises his arm as a signal to Raimon, and then disappears, closing the curtain.Raimon who has *f*

But

fz

hitherto spoken deliberately and with sinister meaning,
resumes the appearance of boisterous gaiety.

no ! You are un - just, in faith, it is the li - quor, And not the
f *p* *f* *p*

*gridando.**Più vivo.* *to a servant.*

lay that was to blame . . .

Ho there !

Bring bet-ter wine, . . .

f *fp*

ad lib.

the choi-cest in our vaults,
To drink so
f
dear a health, . . . so dear a health.
Sva.

rit. *ironicamente.* *Allegretto.* $\text{d} = 66$

f *f*

Allegro. ad lib.
Sva. Ah, here it comes!
tr *f*

Più tranquillo.
H *espress.*
(He takes the flask from a page and fills
a crystal goblet with red wine.)
“See in the glass . . . it glows,

f R.H. *Più tranquillo.*
Ped. *

Red - - - der than an - y rose. The spring un -
R.H. *con espress.*
Ped. *

- furls," . . . Aye, red-der ev - en than the fount of life, . . . From no - blest

RECIT. *ad lib.*

heart, . . . our vint-ners tru - ly call it "Blood of the po - et," "Sanh . . . del Tro - ba -

Recit. ad lib. R.H. fz fz

dor." Say, will you pledge a po - et's health

f ffz p

parlando.

Ped. *

Margarida at first sits silent, then with a sudden resolution rises, and going to the front of the stage takes the glass out of Raimon's hand.

in it?

ritard.

MARGARIDA.

Andante. rit. a tempo.

I . . . drink . . . to an ab - sent friend, . . . To a

Andante. $\text{d} = 52$.

p rit. a tempo.

friend most leal . . . and true, . . .

Ped. *

To a faith that no fear . . . could sub - due,

accel. sempre.

p

accel. sempre.

Ped. *

I a tempo. largamente.

To . . . a troth, a troth

a tempo. largamente.

slargando molto.

that stood firm to the end, that stood firm to the end.

poco rit.

slargando molto.

fz poco rit.

p

Ped. *

She drinks a little of the wine and then fixes her eyes on the glass as in a vision.

molto ritard.

mf

Ped. *

Lento.

I drink, and on the gob-let's ground appears A

Lento. ♩ = 50.

pp tremolo.

* Ped. *

mir - ror'd im - age of what was, . . . what was, and is, . . .

The long-drawn mi - se-ry of love - less years, And the remembrance of sur -

pp

pass - ing bliss. Too fair . . . to last, . . . too fair . . . to

calando.

colla voce.

a tempo.

last, . . . as sun - - - beams

p a tempo.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. Ped. o *

af - - ter rain .. Its bright - ness gleamed and glowed and van - ish -

p

parlando.

- ed Too well I know it will not come a -

Ped. *

- gain, Too well I know, sweet friend, that thou art

Ped. *

K Poco animato. (After a moment's silence, still fixedly looking at the glass.) Declamato, ma in tempo.

dead.. For I see the as -

Poco animato.

sas-sin steal - ing through the night, . . And a crowd of

p *fz* *fpp*

men and the torch - es' flam - ing light, . . . And the proud - - est

(Sudden turning round and facing Raimon.)

head laid low by sub - tle craft And the cow - ard heart . . that

(As if overpowered by the terror of her own words she replaces the glass on the table, and hides her face in her hands.)

Più mosso e agitato.

mf AZALATS (to Margarida).

Sis - ter, dear sis - ter, fol - low me, con - ceal, . . conceal What but too

L.H.

accelerando.

MARGARIDA (interrupting).

loud - ly speaks of your Con - ceal - - - ment,

mf *accelerando.*

accel. sempre.

con-ceal - ment,

con-cealment I know no more,

Tempo 1mo molto maestoso.

I cast . . . it to the winds, I cast . . . it to the winds; . . .

Tempo 1mo molto maestoso.

8va . . .

Too long, too long . . . it weighed on me,

drag - ging my love, . . . My high, . . . my sa - cred love, . . . my

largamente.

high, my sa - cred love, . . . e'en . . . in the dust . . .

rit. colla voce.

f L *Tempo 1mo. QUASI RECIT.*At last . . . I may be
*Tempo 1mo.**accel. molto.**accel. molto.**fz**fz**fp**largamente.*true, and I feel free, . . . As free . . . as aye I was from bond . . . of
*largamente.**f**parlando. Allegretto.*

faith, To one . . . who bought . . . and held . . . me as his chat-tel, 8va . . .

*Allegretto. ♩ = 66**parlando.**Ped. ***Moderato. RECIT. (to Raimon.)*

8va

Moderato. You listened to my song, now hear its bur-den !*p* *Recit.**Ped. ***p* *Recit.**Ped. **

(She again takes up the glass and faces Raimon as before.)

rit. p Andante.

Fare - - well . . . to the days that pass, . . . To the

*Andante. ♩ = 52.**rit.**pp**v**Ped.*** Ped.*** Ped.****

dark - ness of sor - - - row - ful nights. . .

Ped. * *M rit.*

accel. *mf* *mf rit.*

To a life that is brit - tle as glass! . . . I drink to the

a tempo. *rit.* *Allegro vivo.*

death . . . which u - nites. lunga pausa.

8va *ffz* *rit.* *lunga pausa. ff non legato.* *Allegro vivo. = 96.*

She empties the glass and throws it on the floor, breaking it to pieces.

At the same moment a flourish of hunting horns is heard from behind. The curtain is simultaneously drawn back to both sides, discovering the back of the stage, which represents a Gothic Hall, very dark. From the farthest background and slowly emerging into the light is seen a procession of huntsmen carrying a bier, which is completely covered by a black cloak.

8va *fff*

CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN.

Meno mosso. TENOR.

199

From the depth of the fo - rest we bring the deer . . . (Green is the

BASS.

From the depth of the fo - rest we bring the deer . . . (Green is the

Sv. Meno mosso.

♩ = 72.

*fz**f**sempre p*

woodside, brown is the heath), . . . A no - ble hart we car - ry here. . . .

woodside, brown is the heath), . . . A no - ble hart we car - ry here. . . .

Stand - ing at bay, . . . turn - ing brave - ly to meet us, Him did we

Stand - ing at bay, . . . turn - ing brave - ly to meet us, Him did we

slay, . . . striv - ing still to de -feat us. Migh - ti - er than

slay . . . striv - ing still to de -feat us. Migh - ti - er than

strength of the migh - ty is Death, . . . migh - ti - er than strength of the
 strength of the migh - ty is Death, . . . might - ti - er than strength of the

(mf) *p*

(They place the bier between Raimon and Margarida, front of the stage.)
N Allegro.

migh - ty is Death. . . . RECIT. RAIMON (throwing back the cloak and discovering
 migh - ty is Death. . . . Behold the quarry, ev - en he, the

N Allegro. $\text{d} = 92$.
ff *fz* *p* *fp* *pp*

the body of Guillerm).

accelerando.

po-et, Whose song was sweet in la-dies' ears, whose blood To-night in guise of wine, served at our
 feast. . . . *accelerando e cres. molto.*

(Margarida looks silently at the body.)

feast. . . . *ff largamente.*

(Margarida rushes to the open window.)
Allegro molto.

lunga pausa.

Allegro molto. $\text{d} = 132$.
p *ff* *fp*
Ped. *

MARGARIDA.

Lento.
p

No meat nor earth - ly drink . . . shall touch these lips, . . . Nor take . . .

Lento. $\text{d} = 76$.

dolce. rit. *ff* a tempo.
p rit. *fz* *ff* a tempo.

. . . from them the sweet - ness which the blood Of Guillem there has left. . .

reach or before Azalaïs can prevent her, she mounts the balustrade of the balcony and throws herself into the depth below.)

ff Molto maestoso. sempre *ff*
Ped. * 8va. fz fz fz
Vla 3 V. 8va bassa.

END OF THE OPERA.



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THE WISHING STONE (ditto)	... 2/6	—	—	—	BOADICEA ...	2/6	—	—
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THE SILVER CLOUD (ditto)	... 2/6	—	—	—	OUT OF THE DEEP (Psalm 130) ...	1/0	—	—
MINSTER BELLS (ditto)	... 2/6	—	—	—	CARISSIMI.	—	—	—
W. CROWTHER-ALWYN.	—	—	—	—	THOMAS ANDERTON.	—	—	—
MASS, IN F (Latin and English)...	... 3/0	—	5/0	—	YULE TIDE ...	2/6	3/0	4/0
THE NORMAN BARON 1/0	—	—	—	WRECK OF THE HESPERUS ...	1/0	—	—
HEZEKIAH 2/6	—	—	—	P. ARMES.	—	—	—
ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST 2/6	—	—	—	E. ASPA.	—	—	—
THE GIPSIES 1/0	—	—	—	ENDYMION ...	4/0	—	—
ASTORGA.	—	—	—	—	STABAT MATER ...	1/0	1/6	—
BACH.	—	—	—	—	MAGNIFICAT ...	1/0	—	—
MASS, IN B MINOR 2/6	3/0	4/0	—	GOD GOETH UP WITH SHOUTING ...	1/0	—	—
MISSA BREVIS, IN A 1/6	—	—	—	GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD ...	1/0	—	—
THE PASSION (S. MATTHEW) 2/0	2/6	4/0	—	GOD'S TIME IS THE BEST ...	1/0	—	—
THE PASSION (S. JOHN) 2/0	2/6	4/0	—	MY SPIRIT WAS IN HEAVINESS ...	1/0	—	—
CHRISTMAS ORATORIO 2/0	2/6	4/0	—	O LIGHT EVERLASTING ...	1/0	—	—
MAGNIFICAT 1/0	—	—	—	BIDE WITH US ...	1/0	—	—
GOD GOETH UP WITH SHOUTING 1/0	—	—	—	A STRONGHOLD SURE ...	1/0	—	—
GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD 1/0	—	—	—	BE NOT AFRAID ...	0/6	—	—
GOD'S TIME IS THE BEST 1/0	—	—	—	DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/4.	—	—	—
MY SPIRIT WAS IN HEAVINESS 1/0	—	—	—	BLESSING, GLORY, AND WISDOM ...	0/6	—	—
O LIGHT EVERLASTING 1/0	—	—	—	I WRESTLE AND PRAY ...	0/4	—	—
BIDE WITH US 1/0	—	—	—	THOU GUIDE OF ISRAEL ...	1/0	—	—
A STRONGHOLD SURE 1/0	—	—	—	YESU, PRICELESS TREASURE ...	1/0	—	—
BE NOT AFRAID 0/6	—	—	—	WHEN WILL GOD RECALL MY SPIRIT ...	1/0	—	—
J. BARNBY.	—	—	—	—	REBEKAH ...	1/0	1/6	2/6
THE LORD IS KING (Psalm 97) 1/6	2/0	—	—	THE LORD IS KING (Psalm 97) ...	1/6	2/0	—
J. F. BARNETT.	—	—	—	—	THE ANCIENT MARINER ...	3/6	4/0	5/0
THE ANCIENT MARINER 3/6	4/0	5/0	—	DITTO, SOL-FA, 2/0.	—	—	—
THE RAISING OF LAZARUS 6/6	—	9/0	—	THE RAISING OF LAZARUS ...	6/6	—	9/0
BEETHOVEN.	—	—	—	—	THE CHORAL SYMPHONY ...	2/6	—	—
RUINS OF ATHENS 1/0	1/6	2/6	—	DITTO, THE VOCAL PORTION ...	1/0	—	—
ENGEDI; OR, DAVID IN THE WILDERNESS 1/0	1/6	2/6	—	THE CHORAL FANTASIA ...	1/0	—	—
OUNT OF OLIVES 1/0	1/6	2/6	—	A CALM SEA AND A PROSPEROUS VOYAGE ...	0/4	—	—
MASS, IN C 1/0	1/6	2/6	—	MEEK, AS THOU LIVEDST, HAST THOU DEPARTED ...	0/2	—	—
COMMUNION SERVICE, IN C 1/6	—	3/0	—	WILFRED BENDALL.	—	—	—
MASS, IN D 2/0	2/6	4/0	—	THE LADY OF SHALOTT (Female voices) ...	2/6	—	—
THE CHORAL SYMPHONY 2/6	—	—	—	SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.	—	—	—
DITTO, THE VOCAL PORTION 1/0	—	—	—	ST. PETER ...	3/0	3/6	5/0
THE CHORAL FANTASIA 1/0	—	—	—	THE LEGEND OF ST. CECILIA ...	2/6	3/0	4/0
A CALM SEA AND A PROSPEROUS VOYAGE ...	0/4	—	—	—	SIR W. STERNDALE BENNETT.	—	—	—
MEEK, AS THOU LIVEDST, HAST THOU DEPARTED ...	0/2	—	—	—	THE MAY QUEEN ...	3/0	3/6	5/0
WILFRED BENDALL.	—	—	—	—	DITTO, SOL-FA, 1/0.	—	—	—
THE LADY OF SHALOTT (Female voices) ...	2/6	—	—	—	THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA ...	4/0	—	6/0
SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.	—	—	—	—	DITTO, SOL-FA, 1/0.	—	—	—
ST. PETER 3/0	3/6	5/0	—	INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION ODE (1862) ...	1/0	—	—
THE LEGEND OF ST. CECILIA 2/6	3/0	4/0	—	W. R. BEXFIELD.	—	—	—
SIR W. STERNDALE BENNETT.	—	—	—	—	ISRAEL RESTORED ...	4/0	—	6/0
THE MAY QUEEN 3/0	3/6	5/0	—	J. BRADFORD.	—	—	—
DITTO, SOL-FA, 1/0.	—	—	—	—	PRAISE THE LORD ...	2/0	—	—
THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA 4/0	—	6/0	—	W. F. BRADSHAW.	—	—	—
DITTO, SOL-FA, 1/0.	—	—	—	—	GASPAR BECERRA ...	1/6	—	—
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION ODE (1862) 1/0	—	—	—	J. BRAHMS.	—	—	—
W. R. BEXFIELD.	—	—	—	—	A SONG OF DESTINY ...	1/0	—	—
ISRAEL RESTORED 4/0	—	6/0	—	—	—	—	—
J. BRADFORD.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
PRAISE THE LORD 2/0	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
W. F. BRADSHAW.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
GASPAR BECERRA 1/6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
J. BRAHMS.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
A SONG OF DESTINY 1/0	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
					HENRY GADSBY.	—	—	—
					ALCESTIS (Male voices) ...	—	—	—
					LORD OF THE ISLES ...	—	—	—
					DITTO, SOL-FA, 1/6.	—	—	—
					COLUMBUS (Male voices) ...	—	—	—
					G. GARRETT.	—	—	—
					THE SHUNAMMITE ...	—	—	—
					A. R. GAUL.	—	—	—
					PASSION SERVICE ...	2/6	3/0	4/0
					RUTH ...	2/0	2/6	4/0
					THE HOLY CITY ...	2/6	3/0	4/0
					DITTO, SOL-FA, 1/0.	—	—	—
					F. A. GILL.	—	—	—
					THE LORD OF BURLEIGH ...	2/6	—	5/0

NOVELLO'S OCTAVO EDITION OF ORATORIOS, &c.—Continued.

	F. E. GLADSTONE.	PAPER COVER. —	PAPER BOARDS. —	SERIALIZED COLUM.		F. E. GLADSTONE.	PAPER COVER. —	PAPER BOARDS. —	SERIALIZED COLUM.
PHILIPPI	2/6	—	—	NALA AND DAMAYANTI	4/0	—	6/0
	GLUCK.				A SONG OF VICTORY	1/0	1/6	3/0
ORPHEUS	1/0	—	—	H. E. HODSON.	THE GOLDEN LEGEND	2/0	3/0 —
	HERMANN GOETZ.				HEINRICH HOFMANN.	FAIR MELUSINA	2/0	2/0 4/0
BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON (Psalm 137)	1/0	—	—	CINDERELLA	4/0	—	—
NCENIA	1/0	—	—	SONG OF THE NORNS (Female voices)	1/0	—	—
	CH. GOUNOD.				HUMMEL.	FIRST MASS, IN B FLAT	1/0	1/6 2/6
MORS ET VITA	6/0	6/6	7/6	COMMUNION SERVICE, ditto	2/0	—	4/0
DITTO (English Words)	6/0	6/6	7/6	SECOND MASS, IN E FLAT	1/0	1/6	2/6
THE REDEMPTION (English words)	5/0	6/0	7/6	COMMUNION SERVICE, ditto	2/0	—	4/0
DITTO, SOL-FA, 2/0.					THIRD MASS, IN D	1/0	1/6	2/6
DITTO (French Words)	8/4	—	—	COMMUNION SERVICE, ditto	2/0	—	4/0
DITTO (German Words)	10/0	—	—	ALMA VIRGO (Latin and English)	0/4	—	—
MESSE SOLENNELLE (St. CECILIA)	1/0	1/6	2/6	QUOD IN ORBE (Ditto)	0/4	—	—
COMMUNION SERVICE (Messe Solennelle)	1/6	2/0	3/0	F. ILIFFE.	ST. JOHN THE DIVINE	1/0	—
TROISIÈME MESSE SOLENNELLE	2/6	—	—	W. JACKSON.	THE YEAR	2/0	2/6 —
DE PROFUNDIS (130th Psalm) (Latin Words)	1/0	—	—	A. JENSEN.	THE FEAST OF ADONIS	1/0	—
DITTO (Out of darkness)	1/0	—	—	C. WARWICK JORDAN.	BLOW YE THE TRUMPET IN ZION	1/6	—
THE SEVEN WORDS OF OUR SAVIOUR ON THE CROSS (Filiæ Jerusalem)	1/0	—	—	J. KINROSS.	SONGS IN A VINEYARD (Female voices)	2/6	—
DAUGHTERS OF JERUSALEM	1/0	—	—	DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/6.				
GALLIA	1/0	—	—	H. LAHÉE.	THE SLEEPING BEAUTY (Female voices)	2/6	—
	DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/4.				DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/6.				
C. H. GRAUN.					LEONARDO LEO.				
THE PASSION OF OUR LORD (Der Tod Jesu)	... 2/0	2/6	4/0		DIXIT DOMINUS	1/0	1/6	—
TE DEUM	2/0	2/6	4/0	H. LESLIE.	THE FIRST CHRISTMAS MORN	2/6	—
					F. LISZT.	THE LEGEND OF ST. ELIZABETH	3/0	3/6 5/0
J. O. GRIMM.					C. H. LLOYD.				
THE SOUL'S ASPIRATION	1/0	—	—	HERO AND LEANDER	1/6	—	—
	HANDEL.				THE SONG OF BALDER	1/0	—	—
SEMELE	3/0	3/6	5/0	W. H. LONGHURST.	THE VILLAGE FAIR	2/0	2/6 —
THE PASSION	3/0	3/6	5/0	G. A. MACFARREN.	SONGS IN A CORNFIELD (Female voices)	2/6	—
THE TRIUMPH OF TIME AND TRUTH	3/0	3/6	5/0	MAY-DAY	1/0	1/3	2/6
ALEXANDER BALUS	3/0	3/6	5/0	THE SOLDIER'S LEGACY (Operetta)	6/0	—	—
HERCULES	3/0	3/6	5/0	OUTWARD BOUND	1/0	—	2/6
ATHALIAH	3/0	3/6	5/0	A. C. MACKENZIE.				
ESTHER	3/0	3/6	5/0	JASON	2/6	3/0	4/0
SUSANNA	3/0	3/6	5/0	THE BRIDE	1/0	—	—
THEODORA	3/0	3/6	5/0	THE ROSE OF SHARON	5/0	6/0	7/6
BELSHAZZAR	3/0	3/6	5/0	DITTO, SOL-FA, 2/0.				
THE MESSIAH, edited by V. Novello	2/0	2/6	4/0	MENDELSSOHN.				
THE MESSIAH, ditto, Pocket Edition	1/0	1/6	2/0	ELIJAH	4/0	4/6	6/0
THE MESSIAH, edited by W. T. Best	2/0	2/6	4/0	DITTO, SOL-FA, 1/6.				
ISRAEL IN EGYPT, edited by Mendelssohn	2/0	2/6	4/0	ST. PAUL	2/0	2/6	4/0
ISRAEL IN EGYPT, edited by V. Novello, Pocket Edit.	1/0	1/6	2/0	HYMN OF PRAISE (Lobgesang)	DITTO, SOL-FA, 1/0.				
JUDAS MACCABÆUS	2/0	2/6	4/0	AS THE HART PANTS (42nd Psalm)	1/0		
JUDAS MACCABÆUS, Pocket Edition	1/0	1/6	2/0	COME, LET US SING (95th Psalm)	1/0		
SAMSON	2/0	2/6	4/0	WHEN ISRAEL OUT OF EGYPT CAME	DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/6.	1/0	—	5/0
SOLOMON	2/0	2/6	4/0	NOT UNTO US, O LORD (115th Psalm)	1/0		
JEPHTHA	2/0	2/6	4/0	LORD, HOW LONG WILT THOU FORGET ME	DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/4.	1/0		
JOSHUA	2/0	2/6	4/0	HEAR MY PRAYER (S. solo and chorus)	DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/3.	1/0	—	—
DEBORAH	2/0	2/6	4/0	LAUDA SION (Praise Jehovah)	DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/9.	2/0	2/6	4/0
SAUL	2/0	2/6	4/0	THE FIRST WALPURGIS NIGHT	DITTO, SOL-FA, 1/0.	1/0	1/6	2/3
CHANDOS TE DEUM	1/0	1/6	2/6	MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (Female voices)	1/0	—		
DETTINGEN TE DEUM	1/0	1/6	2/6	ATHALIE	2/0	2/6	4/0
UTRECHT JUBILATE	1/0	—		DITTO, SOL-FA, 1/0.				
O PRAISE THE LORD WITH ONE CONSENT (Sixth Chandos Anthem)	1/0	—	—	ANTIGONE (Male voices)	4/0	—	6/0
CORONATION AND FUNERAL ANTHEMS	—	—	5/0	DITTO, SOL-FA, 1/0.				
	Or singly:—				MAN IS MORTAL (8 voices)	1/0	—	—
THE KING SHALL REJOICE	0/8	—	—	FESTGESANG (Hymns of Praise)	1/0	—	—
ZADOK THE PRIEST	0/3	—	—	DITTO (Male voices)	1/0	—	—
MY HEART IS INDITING	0/8	—	—	CHRISTUS	1/0	—	—
LET THY HAND BE STRENGTHENED	0/6	—	—	DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/6.				
THE WAYS OF ZION	1/0	—	—	THREE MOTETTS FOR FEMALE VOICES	1/0	—	—
ALEXANDER'S FEAST	2/0	2/6	4/0	SON AND STRANGER (Operetta)	4/0	—	—
ACIS AND GALATEA	1/0	1/6	2/6	LORELEY	1/0	—	—
DITTO, New Edition, edited by J. Barnby	1/0	1/6	DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/6.	EDIPUS AT COLONOS (Male voices)	3/0	—	—
DITTO, DITTO, SOL-FA, 1/0.				DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/3.	TO THE SONS OF ART (Ditto)	1/0	—	—
ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY	1/0	1/6						
L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSIERO, ED IL MODE-RATO	2/0	2/6						
	HAYDN.								
THE CREATION	2/0	2/6	4/0					
THE CREATION, Pocket Edition	1/0	1/6	2/0					
DITTO, SOL-FA, 1/0.									
THE SEASONS	3/0	3/6	5/0					
Each Season, singly	1/0	—	—					
FIRST MASS, IN B FLAT (Latin)	1/0	1/6	2/6					
DITTO (Latin and English)	1/0	1/6	2/6					
SECOND MASS, IN C (Latin)	1/0	1/6	2/6					
THIRD MASS (IMPERIAL) (Latin and English)	1/0	1/6	2/6					
DITTO (Latin)	1/0	1/6	2/6					
THE PASSION; OR, SEVEN LAST WORDS OF OUR SAVIOUR ON THE CROSS	2/0	2/6	4/0					
TE DEUM (English and Latin)	1/0	—	—					
INSANÆ ET VANÆ CURÆ (Ditto)	0/4	—	—					
	EDWARD HECHT.								
ERIC THE DANE	3/0	—	—					
O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE	1/0	—	—					
GEORGE HENSCHEL.									
OUT OF DARKNESS (130th Psalm)	2/6	—	—					
HENRY HILES.									
FAYRE PASTOREL	6/6	—	—					
THE CRUSADERS	2/6	—	—					

NOVELLO'S OCTAVO EDITION OF ORATORIOS, &c.—*Continued.*

MENDELSSOHN— <i>continued.</i>	Paper Cover.	Paper Awards.	Paper Sight.	SCHUBERT— <i>continued.</i>	Paper Cover.	Paper Binders.	Scarlet Cloth.
JUDGE ME, O GOD (43rd Psalm)	0/4	—	—	COMMUNION SERVICE, ditto	2/0	3/6	
DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/1	—	—	—	MASS, IN F	1/0	1/6	2/6
WHY RAGE FIERCELY THE HEATHEN	0/6	—	—	COMMUNION SERVICE, ditto	2/0	3/6	
MY GOD, WHY, O WHY HAST THOU FOR- SAKEN ME (22nd Psalm)	0/6	—	—	SONG OF MIRIAM	1/0	—	—
SING TO THE LORD (83rd Psalm)	0/8	—	—	DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/6.	—	—	—
SIX ANTHEMS for the Cathedral at Berlin. For 8 voices, arranged in 4 parts	0/8	—	—	SCHUMANN.	—	—	—
AVE MARIA (Saviour of Sinners), 8 voices	1/0	—	—	THE MINSTREL'S CURSE	1/6	—	—
MEYERBEER.	—	—	—	THE KING'S SON	1/0	—	—
NINETY-FIRST PSALM (Latin)	1/0	—	—	MIGNON'S REQUIEM	1/0	—	—
DITTO (English)	1/0	—	—	PARADISE AND THE PERI	2/6	3/0	4/0
B. MOLIQUE.	—	—	—	PILGRIMAGE OF THE ROSE	1/0	1/6	2/6
ABRAHAM	3/0	3/6	5/0	MANFRED	1/0	—	—
MOZART.	—	—	—	FAUST	3/0	3/6	5/0
KING THAMOS	1/0	1/6	—	ADVENT HYMN, "IN LOWLY GUISE"	1/0	—	—
FIRST MASS (Latin and English)	1/0	1/6	2/6	NEW YEAR'S SONG	1/0	—	—
SEVENTH MASS, IN B FLAT	1/0	—	—	DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/6.	—	—	—
COMMUNION SERVICE, IN B FLAT, ditto	1/6	—	—	J. SHORT.	—	—	—
TWELFTH MASS (Latin)	1/0	1/6	2/6	MASS (S. Joseph)	2/0	—	—
DITTO (Latin and English)	1/0	1/6	2/6	E. SILAS.	—	—	—
REQUIEM MASS	1/0	1/6	2/6	JOASH	1/0	—	—
DITTO (Latin and English)	1/0	1/6	2/6	R. SLOMAN.	—	—	—
LITANIA DE VENERABILI ALTARIS (Eb)	1/6	2/0	3/0	SUPPLICATION AND PRAISE	5/0	—	—
LITANIA DE VENERABILI SACRAMENTO (Bb)	1/6	2/0	3/0	HENRY SMART.	—	—	—
SPLENDEENTE TE DEUS	0/3	—	—	KING RENÉ'S DAUGHTER (Female voices)	2/6	—	—
O GOD, WHEN THOU APPEAREST	ditto	0/3	—	THE BRIDE OF DUNKERRON	2/0	2/6	4/0
HAVE MERCY, O LORD	0/3	—	—	DITTO, SOL-FA, 1/6.	—	—	—
GLORY, HONOUR, PRAISE	0/3	—	—	J. M. SMIETON.	—	—	—
DR. JOHN NAYLOR.	—	—	—	ARIADNE	2/0	—	—
JEREMIAH	3/0	—	—	ALICE MARY SMITH.	—	—	—
REV. SIR FREDK. OUSELEY.	—	—	—	THE RED KING (Men's voices)	1/0	—	—
THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. POLYCARP	2/6	—	—	THE SONG OF THE LITTLE BALUNG (ditto)	1/0	—	—
R. P. PAYNE.	—	—	—	ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND	1/0	—	—
THE PRODIGAL SON	2/6	—	4/0	ODE TO THE PASSIONS	2/0	—	—
GREAT IS THE LORD	1/0	—	—	SPOHR.	—	—	—
PALESTRINA.	—	—	—	MASS (for 5 solo voices and double choir)	2/0	—	—
MISSA ASSUMPTA EST MARIA	2/6	—	—	HYMN TO ST. CECILIA	1/0	—	—
MISSA PAPÆ MARCELLI	2/0	—	—	CALvary	2/6	3/0	4/0
C. H. H. PARRY.	—	—	—	FALL OF BABYLON	3/0	3/6	5/0
PROMETHEUS UNBOUND	3/0	—	—	LAST JUDGMENT	1/0	1/6	2/6
DR. JOSEPH PARRY.	—	—	—	DITTO, SOL-FA, 1/0.	—	—	—
NEBUCHADNEZZAR	3/0	4/0	5/0	THE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER	1/0	1/6	2/6
DITTO, SOL-FA	1/6	2/0	2/6	GOD, THOU ART GREAT	1/0	—	—
T. M. PATTISON.	—	—	—	DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/6.	—	—	—
THE ANCIENT MARINER	2/6	—	—	HOW LOVELY ARE THY DWELLINGS FAIR	0/8	—	—
THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL	2/3	—	—	JEHOVAH, LORD OF HOSTS	0/4	—	—
PERGOLESI.	—	—	—	JOHN STAINER.	—	—	—
STABAT MATER (Female voices)	1/0	—	—	ST. MARY MAGDALEN	2/0	2/6	4/0
E. PROUT.	—	—	—	DITTO, SOL-FA, 1/0.	—	—	—
FREEDOM	1/0	—	—	THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS	1/6	2/0	—
HEREWARD	4/0	—	—	DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/9.	—	—	—
QUEEN AIMÉE (Female voices)	2/6	—	—	C. VILLIERS STANFORD.	—	—	—
PURCELL.	—	—	—	GOD IS OUR HOPE (Psalm 46)	2/0	—	—
TE DEUM AND JUBILATE; IN D	1/0	—	—	H. W. STEWARDSON.	—	—	—
J. F. H. READ.	—	—	—	GIDEON	4/0	—	—
BARTIMEUS	1/6	—	—	E. C. SUCH.	—	—	—
CARACTACUS	2/6	—	—	NARCISSUS AND ECHO	3/0	—	—
THE CONSECRATION OF THE BANNER	1/6	—	—	GOD IS OUR REFUGE (46th Psalm)	1/0	—	—
PSYCHE	5/0	—	7/0	ARTHUR SULLIVAN.	—	—	—
J. V. ROBERTS.	—	—	—	FESTIVAL TE DEUM	1/0	1/6	2/6
JONAH	3/0	—	—	W. TAYLOR.	—	—	—
ROLAND ROGERS.	—	—	—	A. GORING THOMAS.	—	—	—
PRAYER AND PRAISE	4/0	—	—	THE SUN-WORSHIPPERS	1/0	—	—
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