Magdalena

OR

The Spanish Duel

A Melodrama

Poem by

J. F. WALLER

Music by

MAX HEINRICH

PUBLISHED BY

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CINCINNATI CHICAGO
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MAGDALENA;

—or—

THE SPANISH DUEL.

Near the city of Sevilla,
  Years and years ago—
Dwelt a lady in a villa,
  Years and years ago;—
And her hair was black as night,
And her eyes were starry bright;
Olives on her brow were blooming,
Roses red her lips perfuming,
And her step was light and airy
As the tripping of a fairy;
When she spoke, you thought, each minute,
'Twas the thrilling of a linnet;
When she sang, you heard a gush
Of full-voiced sweetness like a thrush;
And she struck from the guitar
Ringing music, sweeter far
Than the morning breezes make
Through the lime-trees when they shake—
Than the ocean murmuring o'er
Pebbles on the foamy shore.
Orphaned both of sire and mother,
  Dwelt she in that lonely villa,
Absent now her guardian brother
  On a mission from Sevilla.
Skills it little now the telling
  How I wooed that maiden fair,
Tracked her to her lonely dwelling
  And obtained an entrance there.

Ah! that lady of the villa!
  And I loved her so,
Near the city of Sevilla,
  Years and years ago;
Ay de mi!—Like echoes falling
  Sweet and sad and low,
Voices come at night, recalling
  Years and years ago.
Once again I'm sitting near thee,
  Beautiful and bright;
Once again I see and hear thee
  In the autumn night;
Once again I'm whispering to thee
  Faltering words of love;
Once again with song I woo thee
  In the orange grove,
Growing near that lonely villa
  Where the waters flow
Down to the city of Sevilla—
  Years and years ago.

'Twas an autumn eve; the splendor
Of the day was gone,
And the twilight, soft and tender,
Stole so gently on
That the eye could scarce discover
How the shadows, spreading over,
Like a veil of silver gray,
Toned the golden clouds, sun painted,
Till they paled, and paled, and fainted
From the face of heaven away.
And a dim light rising slowly
O'er the welkin spread,
Till the blue sky, calm and holy,
Gleamed above our head;
And the thin moon, newly nascent,
Shone in glory meek and sweet,
As Murillo paints her crescent
Underneath Madonna's feet.
And we sat outside the villa
Where the waters flow
Down to the city of Sevilla;—
Years and years ago.

There we sate—the mighty river
Wound its serpent course along,
Silent, dreamy Guadalquivir
Famed in many a song,
Silver gleaming 'mid the plain
Yellow with the golden grain,
Gliding through the deep, rich meadows,
Where the sated cattle rove,
Stealing underneath the shadows
Of the verdant olive grove,
With its plentitude of waters,
Ever flowing calm and slow,
Loved by Andalusia's daughters,
Sung by poets long ago.

Seated half within a bower
Where the languid evening breeze
Shook out odors in a shower
From oranges and citron trees,
Sang she from a romancero,
How a Moorish chieftain bold
Fought a Spanish caballero
By Sevilla's walls of old;
How they battled for a lady,
Fairest of the maids of Spain—
How the Christian's lance, so steady,
Pierced the Moslem through the brain.
Then she ceased—her black eyes moving,
Flashed, as asked she with a smile,—
'Say, are maids as fair and loving—
Men as faithful, in your isle?"

"British maids," I said, "are ever
Counted fairest of the fair;
Like the swans on yonder river
Moving with a stately air.
"Wooed not quickly, won not lightly—
But when won, forever true;
Trial draws the bond more tightly,
Time can ne'er the knot undo."

"And the men?"—"Ah! dearest lady,
Are—quien sabe? who can say?
To make love they're ever ready,
When they can and where they may;
"Fixed as waves, as breezes steady
In a changeful April day—
Como brisas, como rios,
No se sabe, sabe Dios."
"Are they faithful?"—"Ah! quien sabe?
Who can answer that they are?
While we may we should be happy."
Then I took up her guitar,
And I sang in sportive strain
This song to an old air of Spain:

"Quien Sabe."

I.

"The breeze of the evening that cools the hot air;
That kisses the orange and shakes out thy hair
Is its freshness less welcome, less sweet its perfume,
That you know not the region from whence it is come?
Whence the wind blows, where the wind goes,
Hither and thither and whither—who knows?
Who knows?
Hither and thither—but whither—who knows?"

II.

"The river forever glides singing along,
The rose on the bank bends a'down to its song;
And the flower, as it listens, unconsciously dips,
Till the rising wave glistens and kisses its lips.
But why the wave rises and kisses the rose,
And why the rose stoops for those kisses—who knows?
Who knows?
And away flows the river—but whither—who knows?"

III.

"Let *me* be the breeze, love, that wanders along
The river that ever rejoices in song;
Be *thou* to my fancy the orange in bloom,
The rose by the river that gives its perfume.
Would the fruit be so golden, so fragrant the rose,
If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them?—who knows?
Who knows?
If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them?—who knows?"

As I sang, the lady listened,
Silent save one gentle sigh—
When I ceased, a tear-drop glistened
On the dark fringe of her eye.
Then my heart reproved the feeling
Of that false and earthless strain,
Which I sang in words concealing
What my heart would hide in vain.
Up I sprang. What words were uttered,
Bootless now to think or tell—
Tongues speak wild when hearts are fluttered
By the mighty master-spell.

Love, avowed with sudden boldness,
Heard with flushings that reveal,
Spite of woman's studied coldness,
Thoughts the heart can not conceal.
Words half-vague and passion-broken,
Meaningless, yet meaning all
That the lips have left unspoken,
That we never may recall.

'Magdalena, dearest, hear me,"
Sighed I, as I seized her hand—
"Hola! Senor," very near me,
Cries a voice of stern command.
And a stalwart caballero
Comes upon me with a stride,
On his head a slouched sombrero,
A toledo by his side.
From his breast he flung his capa,
With a stately Spanish air—
"Will your worship have the goodness
To release that lady's hand?"
"Senor," I replied. "This rudeness
I am not prepared to stand."
"Magdalena, say"—the maiden
With a cry of wild surprise,
As with secret sorrow laden,
Fainting sank before my eyes.

Then the Spanish caballero
Bowed with haughty courtesy,
Solemn as a tragic hero,
And announced himself to me:

"Senor, I am Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Xymenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorrilla y—."

"No more, sir,
'Tis as good as twenty score, sir,"
Said I to him, with a frown;
'Mucha bulla para nada,
No palabras, draw your "spada;"
'If you're up for a duello
You will find I'm just your fellow—
Senor, I am PETER BROWN."

By the river's bank that night,
Foot to foot in strife,
Fought we in the dubious light,
A fight of death or life.
Don Camillo slashed my shoulder;
With the pain I grew the bolder,
Close and closer still I pressed;
Fortune favored me at last.
I broke his guard, my weapon passed
Through the caballero's breast—
Down to the earth went Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Xymenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorrilla y—one groan,
And he lay motionless as stone.
The man of many names went down,
Pierced by the sword of PETER BROWN.

Oft when the autumn eve is closing,
Pensive—puffing a cigar—
In my chamber lone reposing,
Musing half, and half a-dozing,
Comes a vision from afar
Of that lady of the villa
In her satin, fringed mantilla,
And that haughty caballero
With his capa and sombrero,
Vainly in my mind revolving
That long, jointed, endless name;—
'Tis a riddle past my solving,
Who he was, or whence he came.
Was he that brother home returned?
Was he some former lover spurned?
Or some family *fiance*
That the lady did not fancy?
Was he any one of those?
Sabe Dios. Ah! God knows.

Sadly smoking my manilla,
Much I long to know
How fares the lady of the villa
That once charmed me so,
When I visited Sevilla
Years and years ago.

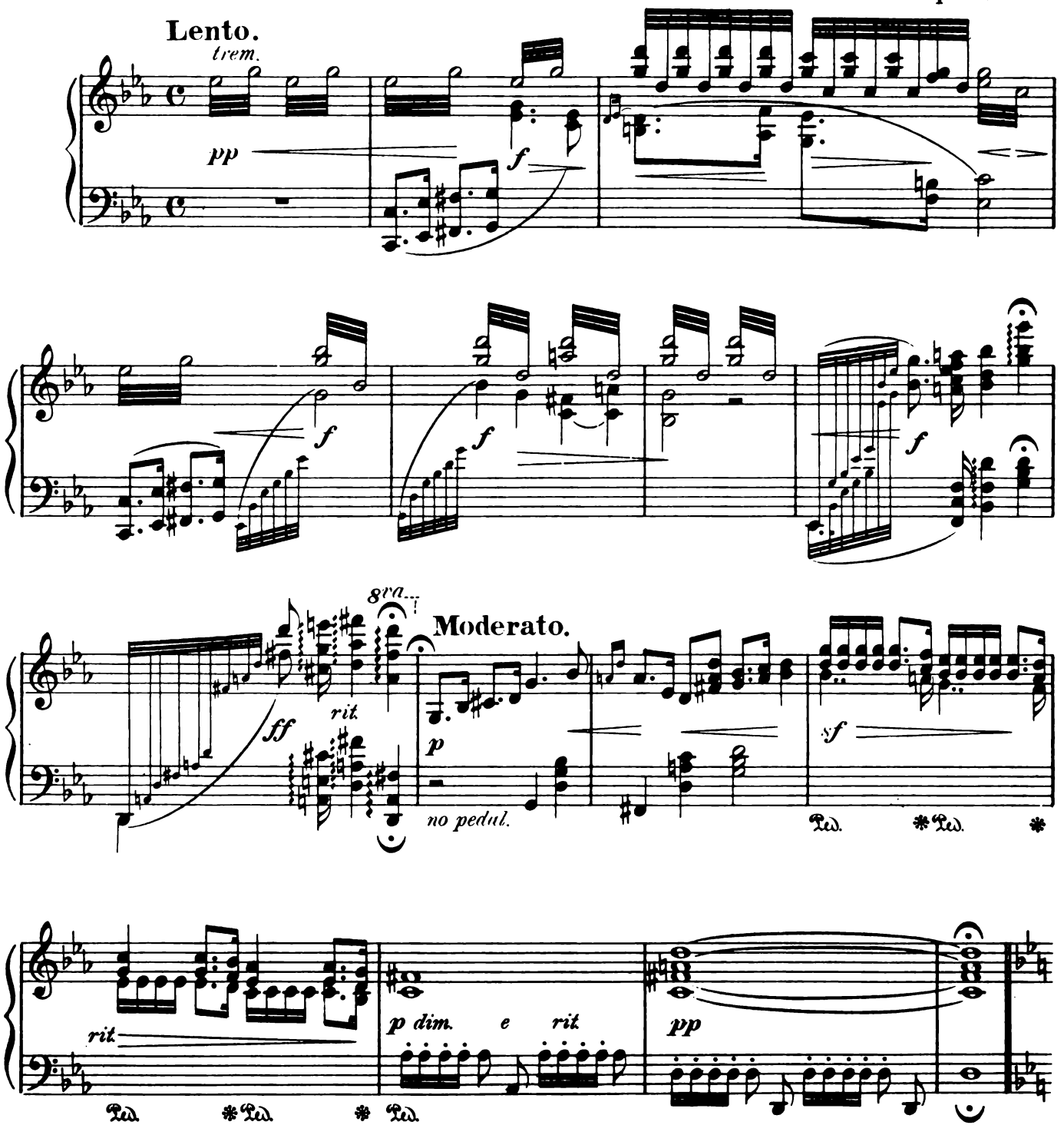
Has she married a Hidalgo?
Gone the way that ladies all go
In those drowsy Spanish cities,
Wasting life—a thousand pities,—
Waking up for a fiesta
From an afternoon siesta,
To "Giralda" now repairing,
Or the Plaza for an airing;
At the shaded reja flirting,
At a bull-fight now disporting;
Does she walk at evenings ever
Through the gardens by the river,
Guarded by an old duenna
Fierce and sharp as a hyena,
With her goggles and her fan
Warning off each rakish man?
Is she dead, or is she living?
Is she for my absence grieving;
Is she wretched, is she happy?
Widow, wife, or maid? Quien Sabe?
Does she smile, or does she frown,
When she thinks of—PETER BROWN.

—*J. F. Waller.*

While the song is dedicated to David Nayes, the entire work is dedicated to my good friend David Bispham.

Magdalena.

MAX HEINRICH.
Op. 17.



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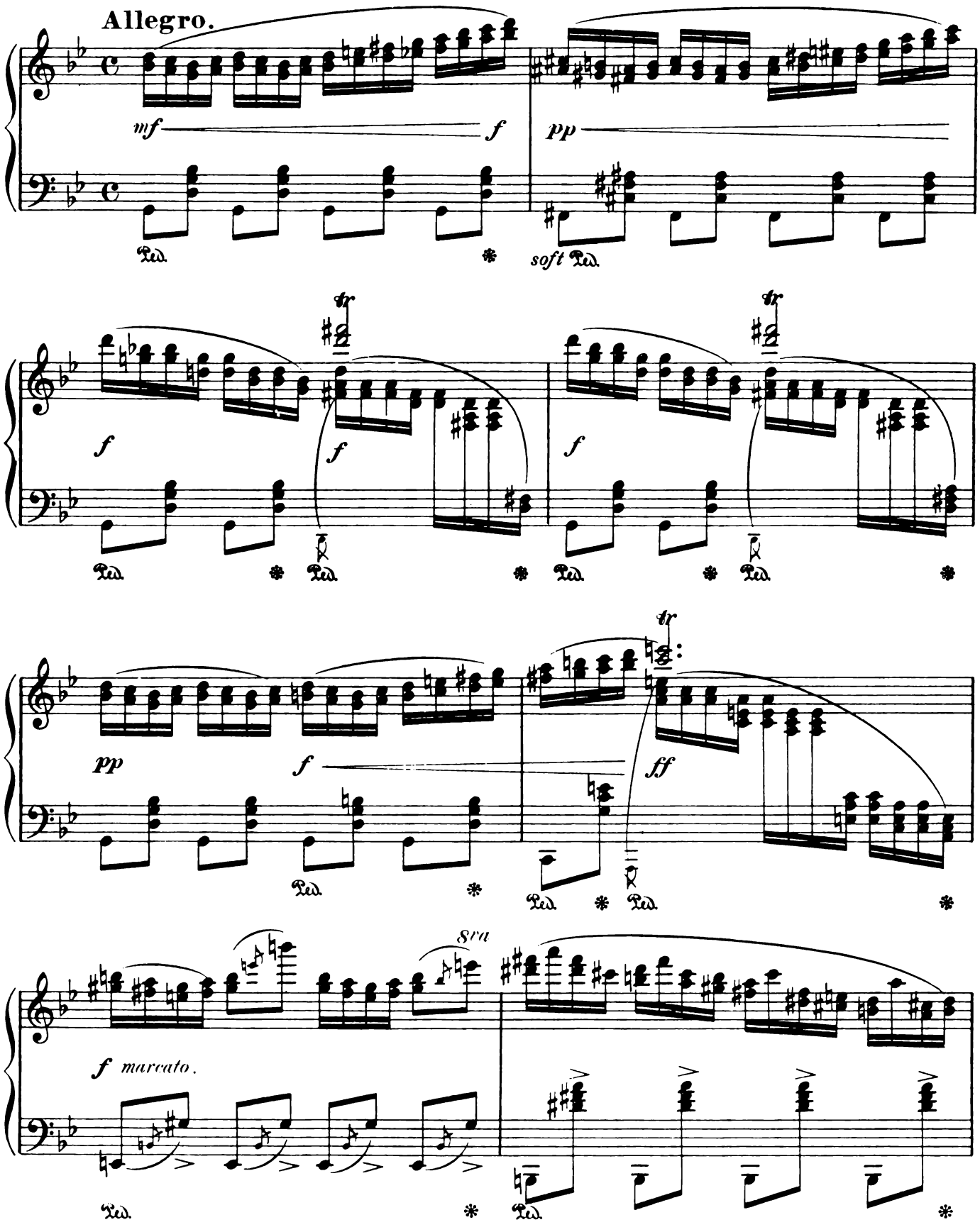
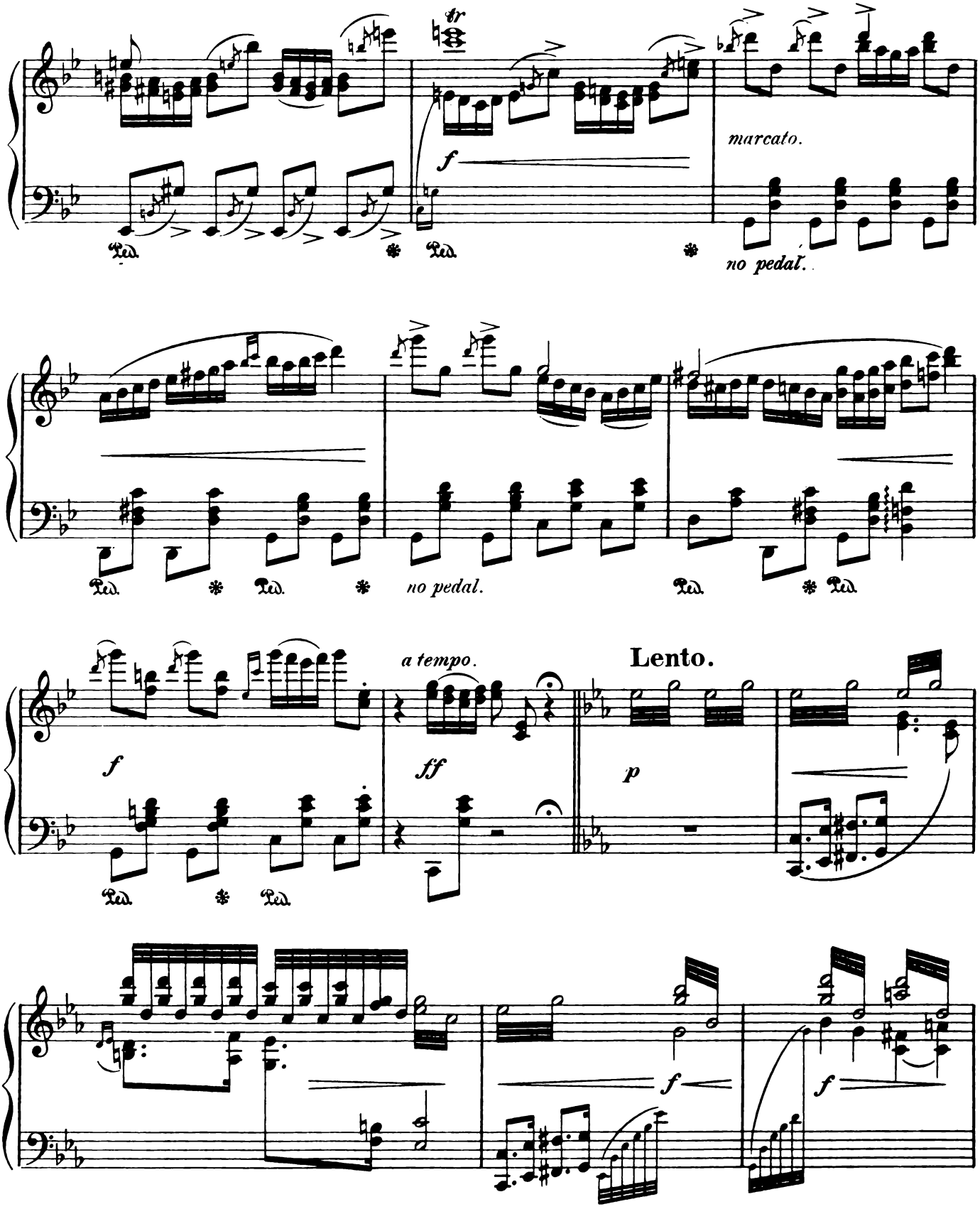
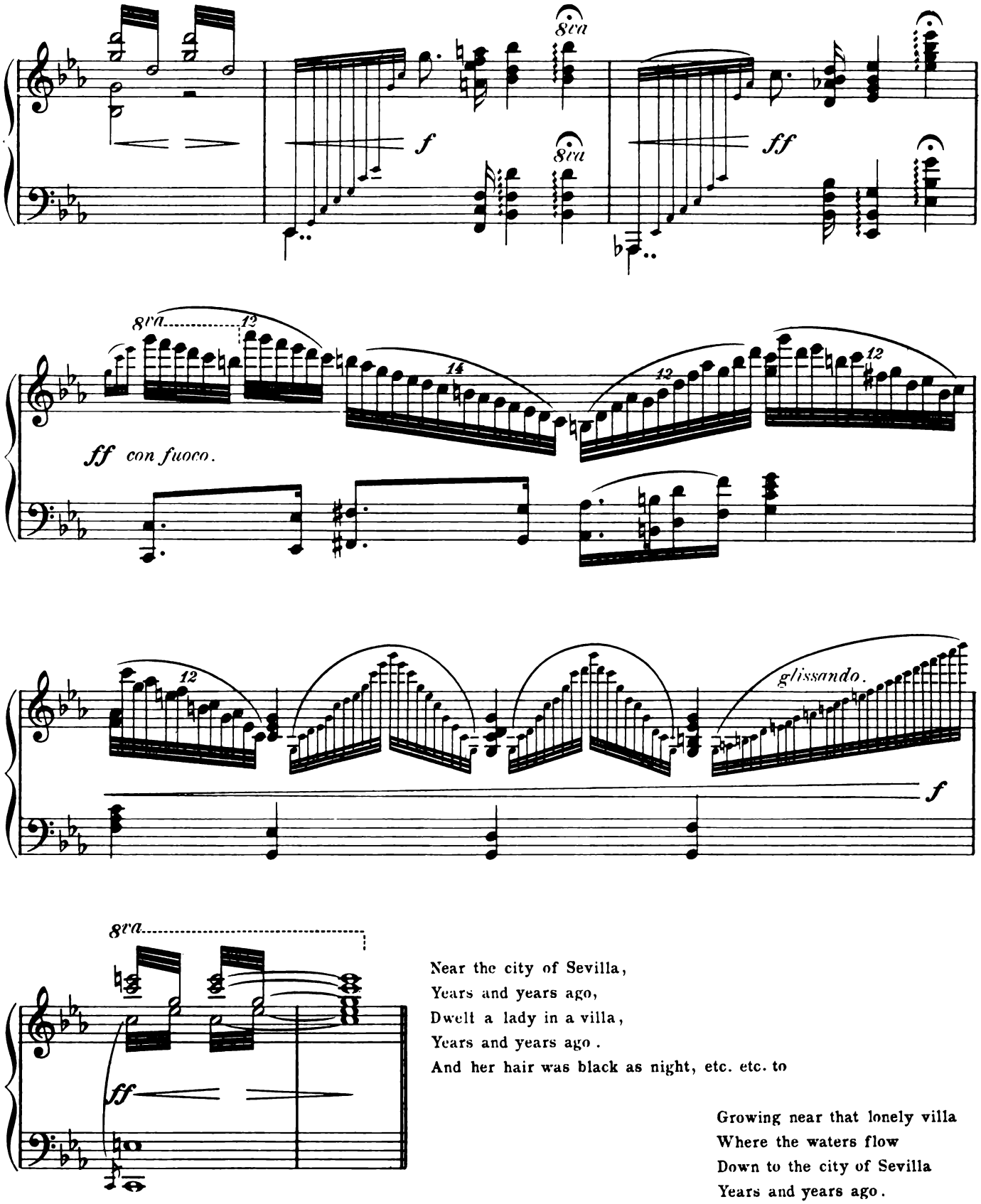
(If the passages in thirds be too difficult play upper notes alone.)

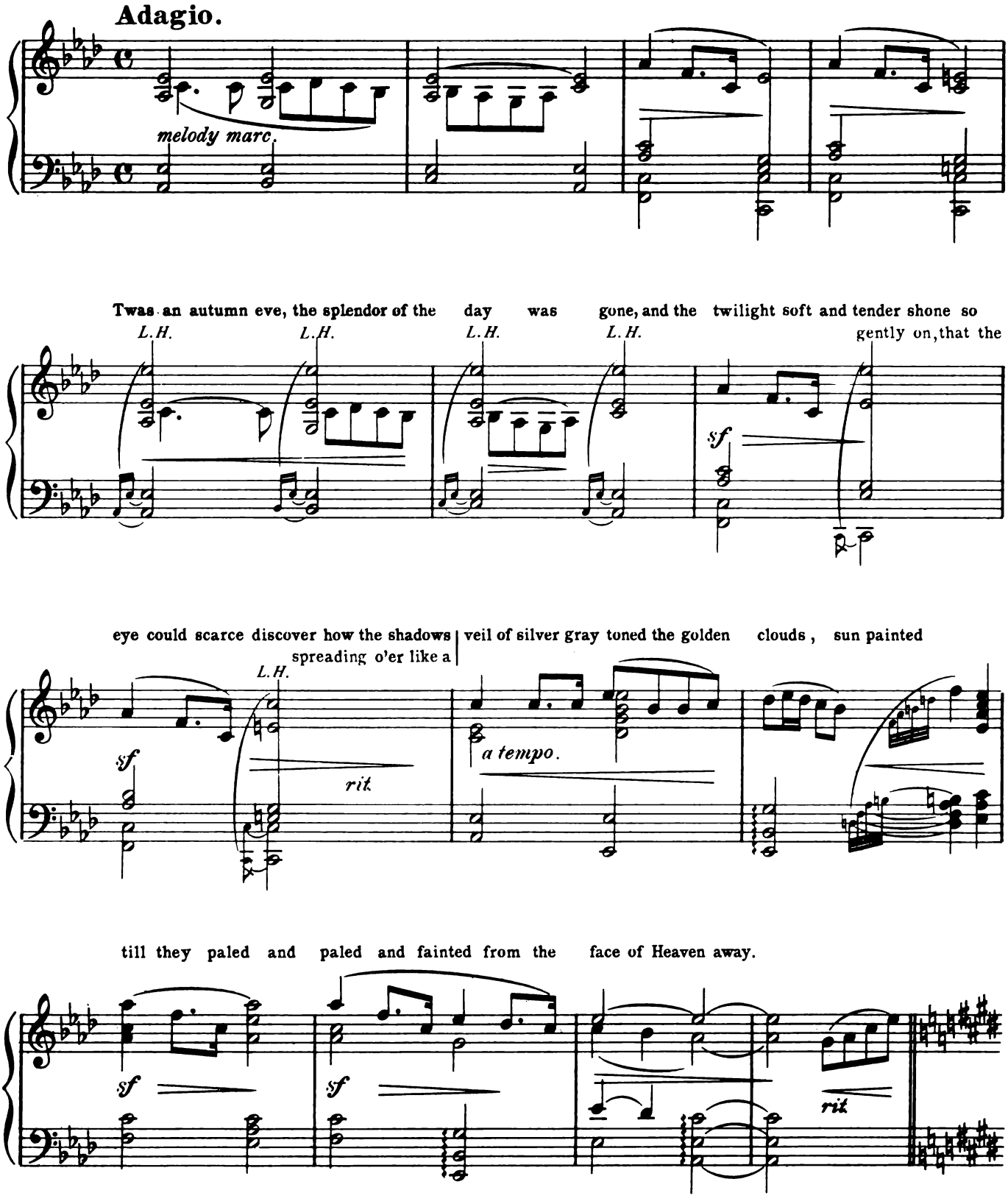



tr
f
marcato.
no pedal.
no pedal.
a tempo.
f
ff
Lento.
p
f
f

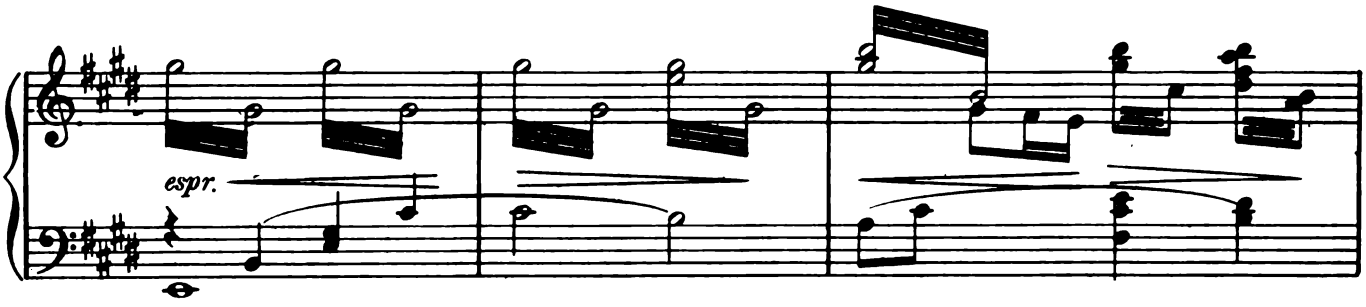


Near the city of Sevilla,
Years and years ago,
Dwelt a lady in a villa,
Years and years ago.
And her hair was black as night, etc. etc. to

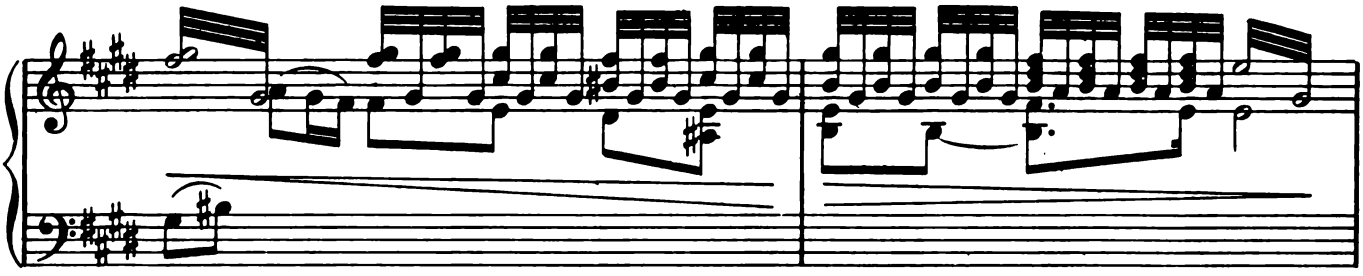
Growing near that lonely villa
Where the waters flow
Down to the city of Sevilla
Years and years ago.


Adagio.
melody marc.
Twas an autumn eve, the splendor of the day was gone, and the twilight soft and tender shone so
L.H.
L.H.
L.H.
L.H.
gently on, that the
sf
eye could scarce discover how the shadows spreading o'er like a
veil of silver gray toned the golden clouds, sun painted
L.H.
sf
rit.
a tempo.
till they paled and paled and fainted from the face of Heaven away.
sf
sf
rit.

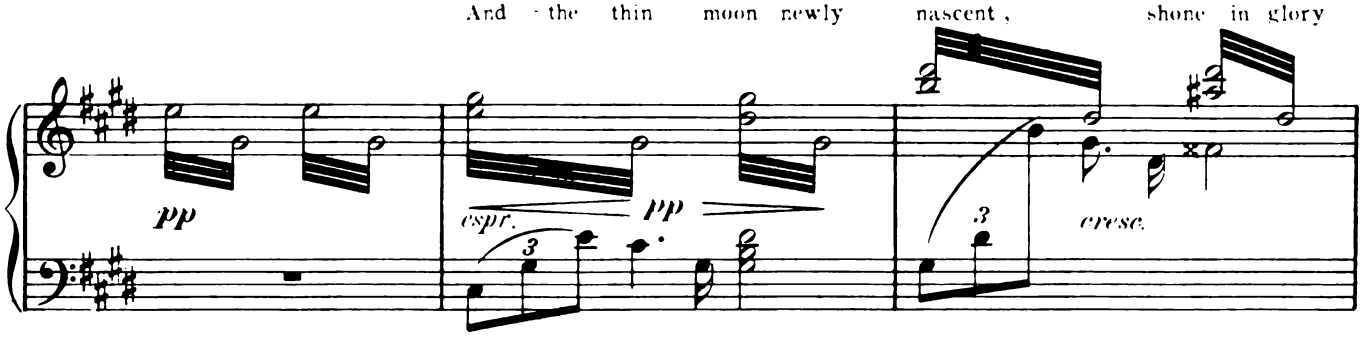
And a dim light rising slowly through the welkin spread



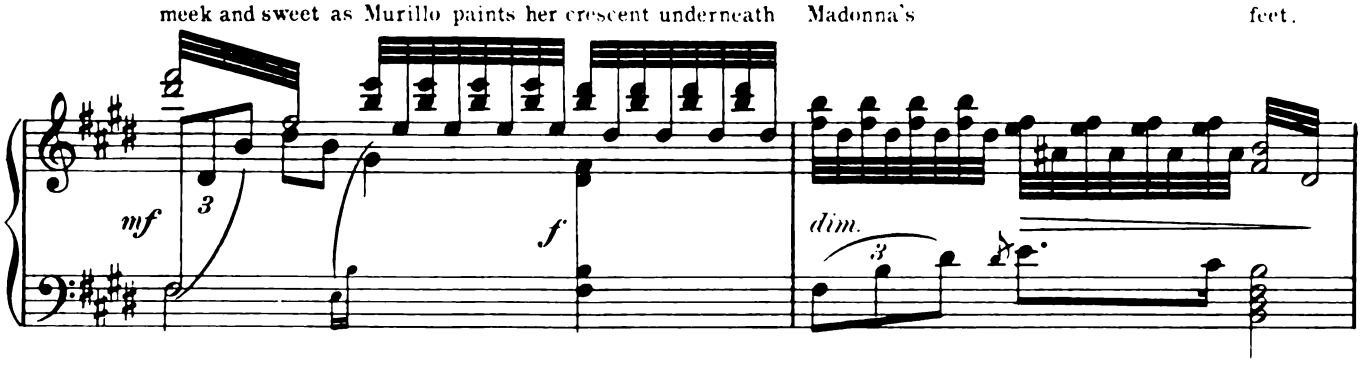
till the blue sky calm and holy gleamed above our heads.

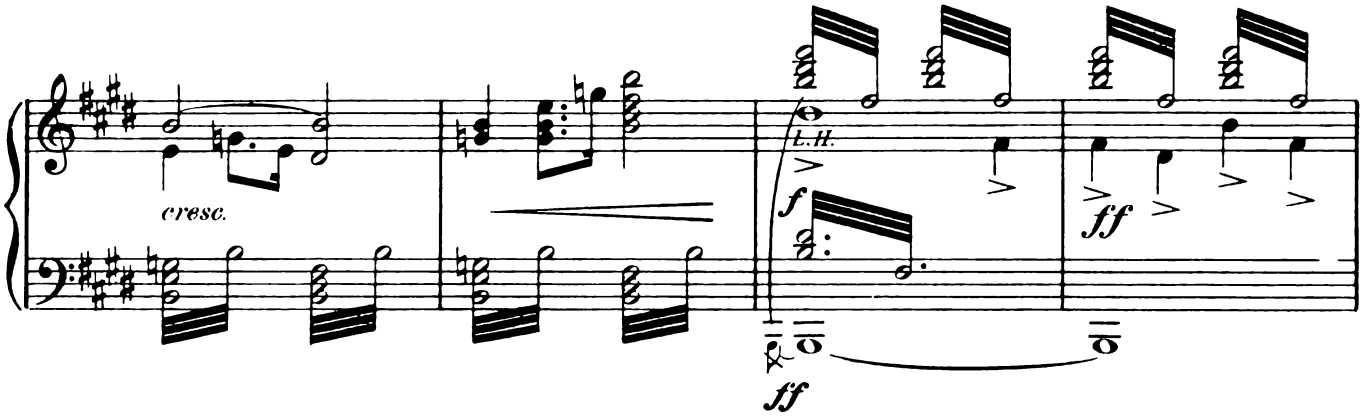


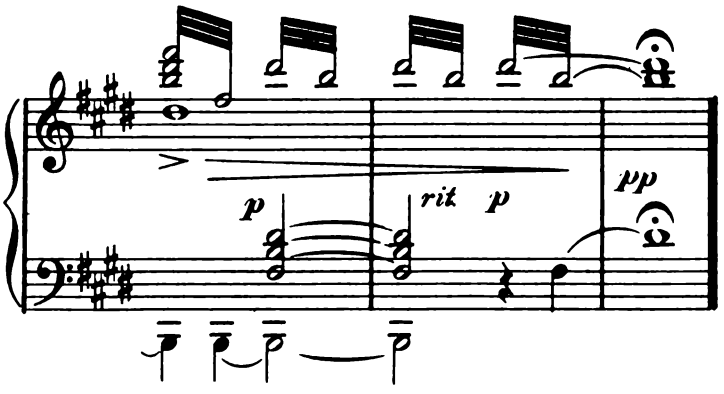
And the thin moon newly nascent, shone in glory



meek and sweet as Murillo paints her crescent underneath Madonna's feet.



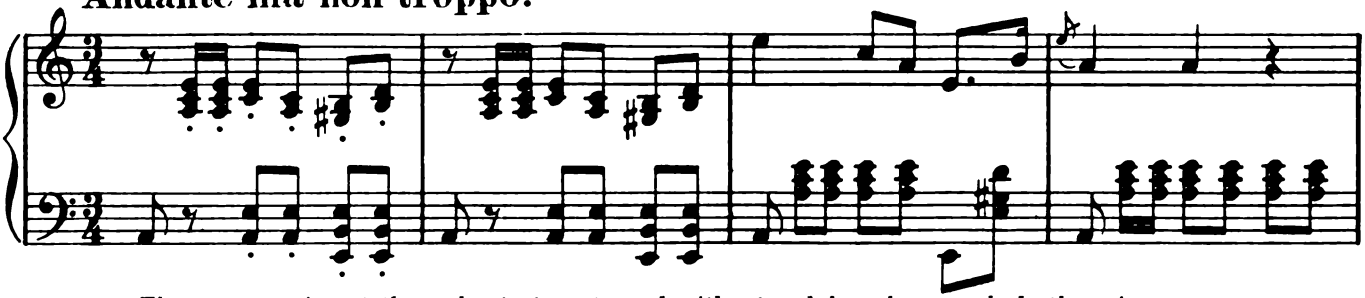




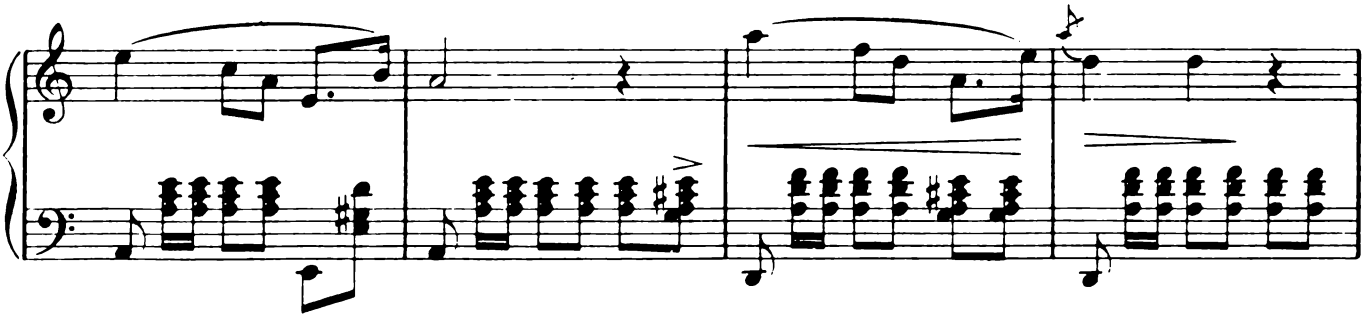
And we sat outside the villa
Where the waters flow etc. etc. to

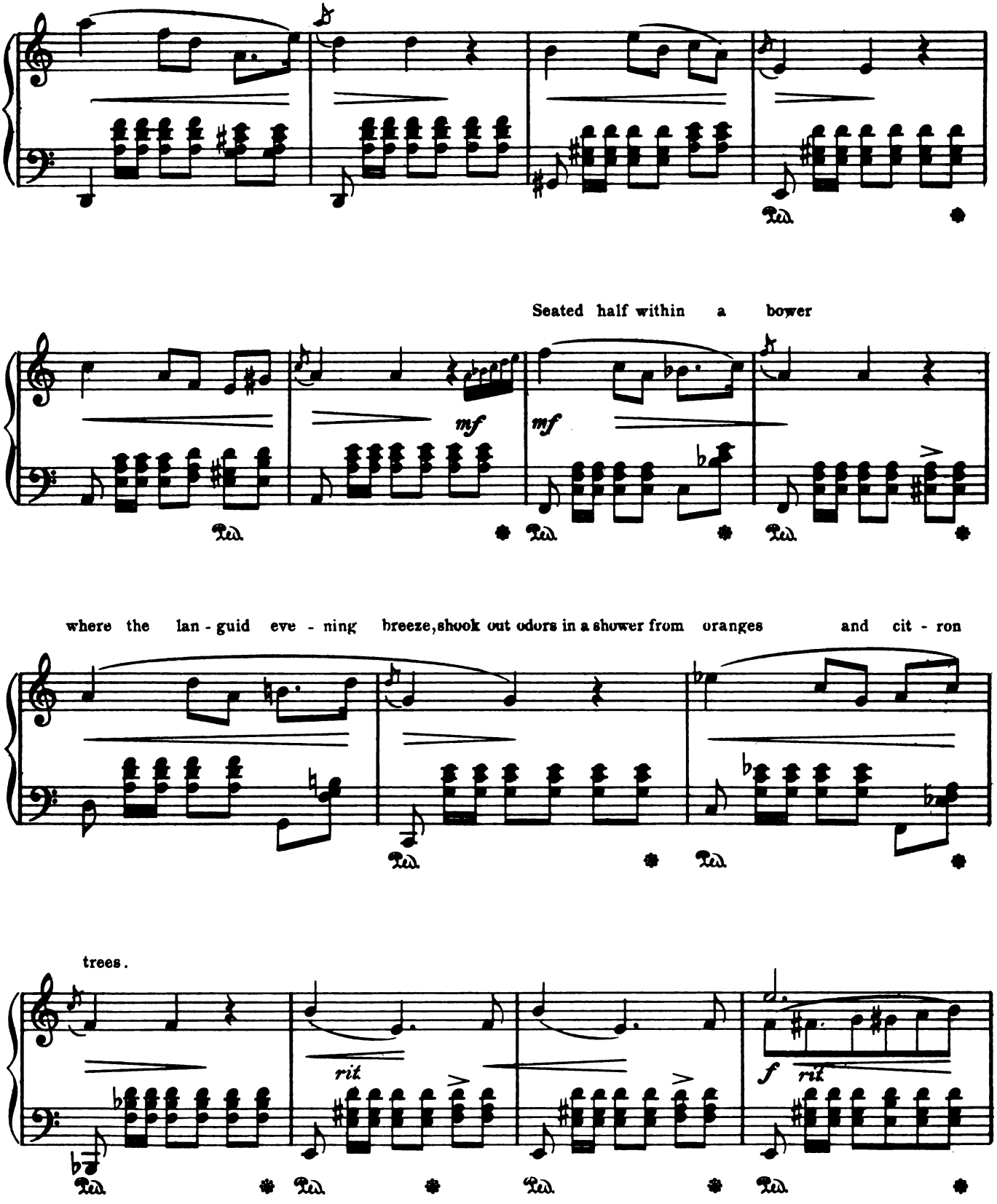
Loved by Andalusia's daughters
Sung by Poets long ago.

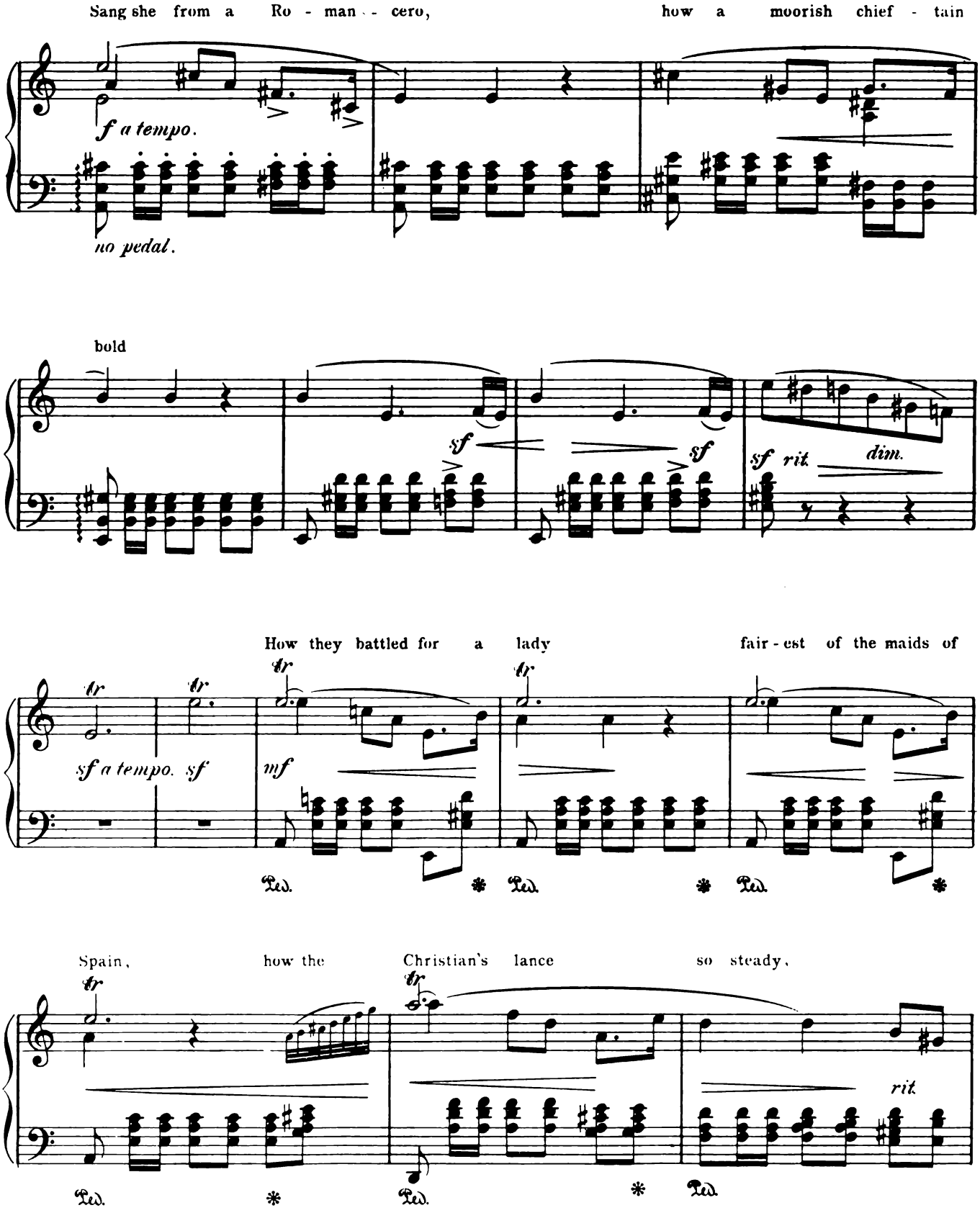
Andante ma non troppo.



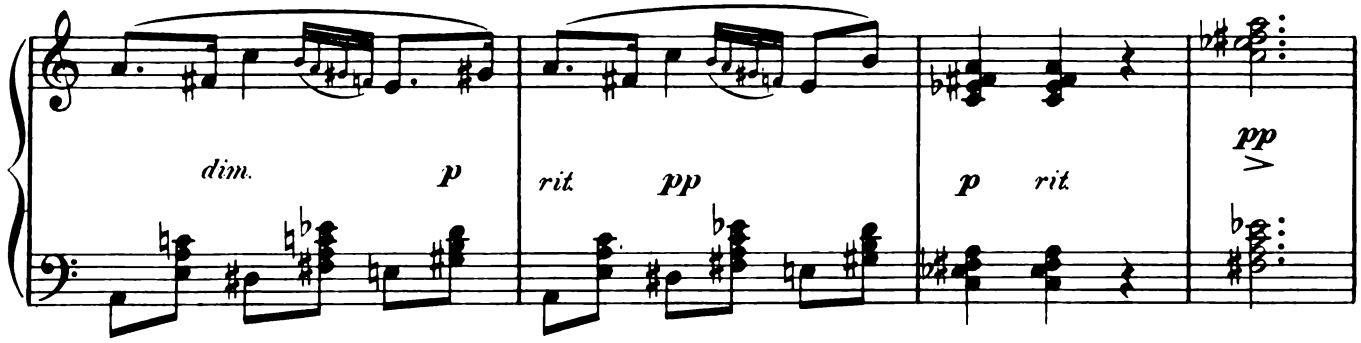
The accompaniment throughout staccato and without pedal, unless marked otherwise.




Seated half within a bower
mf
mf
where the lan - guid eve - ning breeze, shook out odors in a shower from oranges and cit - ron
trees.
rit
f
rit

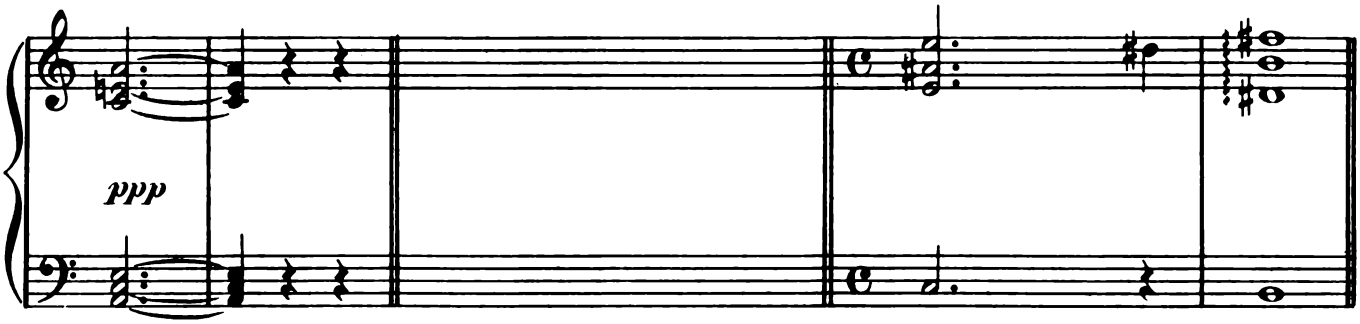

Sang she from a Ro - man - cero, how a moorish chief - tain
f a tempo.
no pedal.
bold
sf
sf
sf rit.
dim.
How they battled for a lady fair - est of the maids of
tr
sf a tempo. sf
mf
Ped.
Spain, how the Christian's lance so steady,
rit.

pierced the Moslem through the brain.



Then she ceased, her black eyes moving
Flashed, as asked she with a smile

Say, are maids as fair and loving,
men as faithful in your isle?

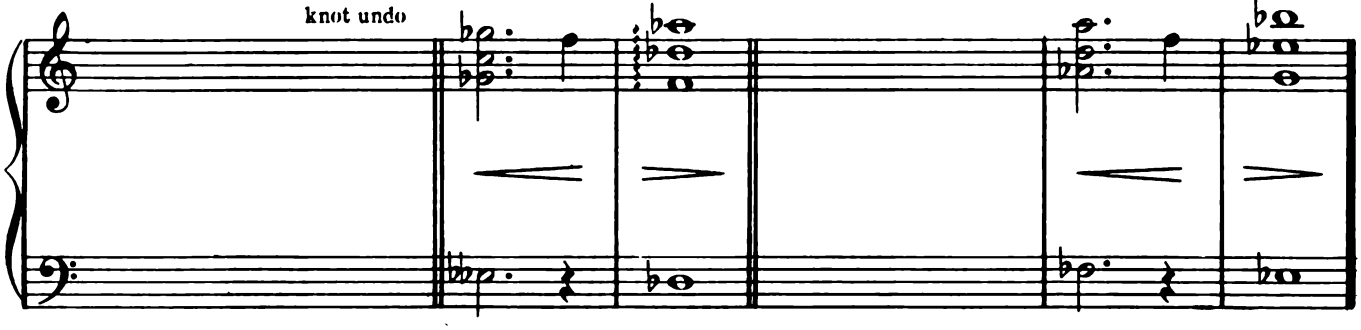


British maids, I said are ever
etc. to
Time can ne'er the
knot undo

And the men?

Ah! dearest lady, etc. to
No se sabe, sabe Dios.

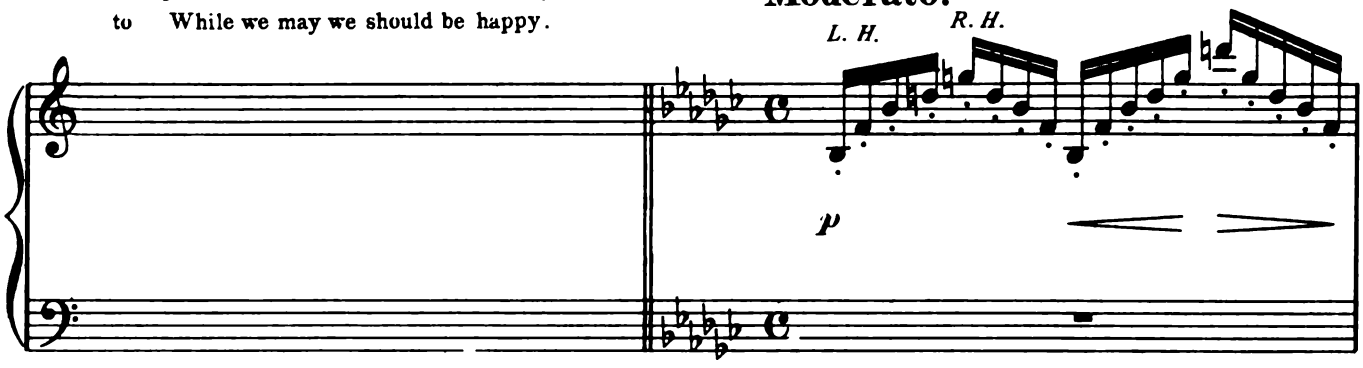
Are they faithful?



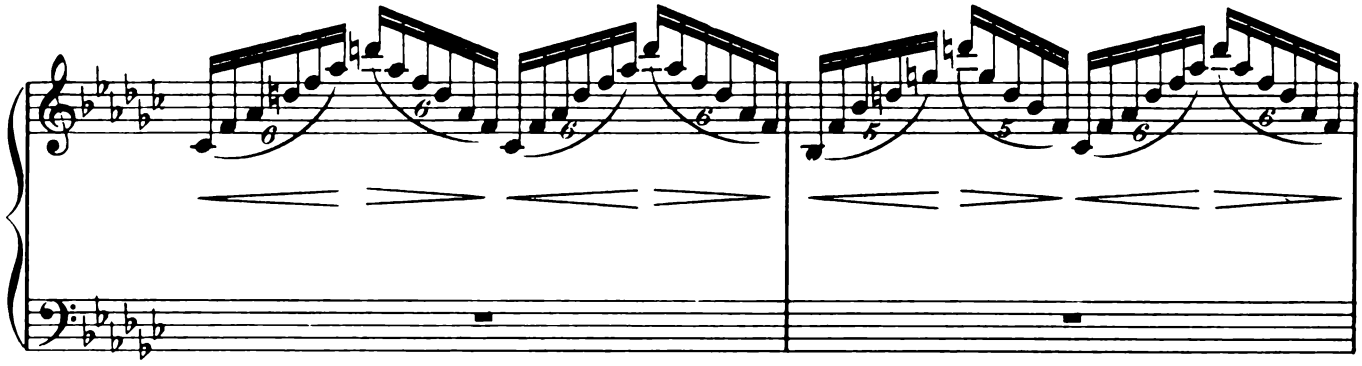
Ah! quien sabe? Who can answer that they are, etc.
to While we may we should be happy.

Then I took up her guitar, and I sang

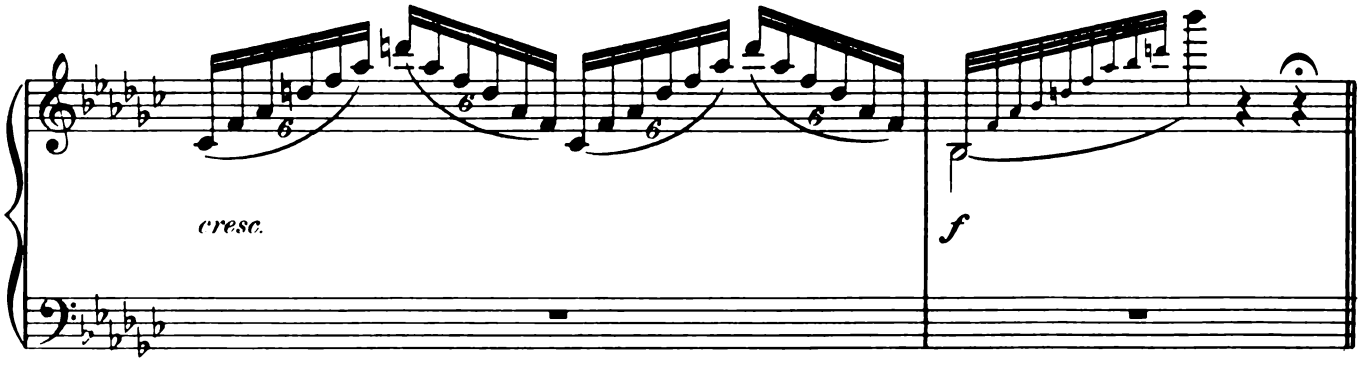
Moderato.



in sportive strain, this song to an old air of

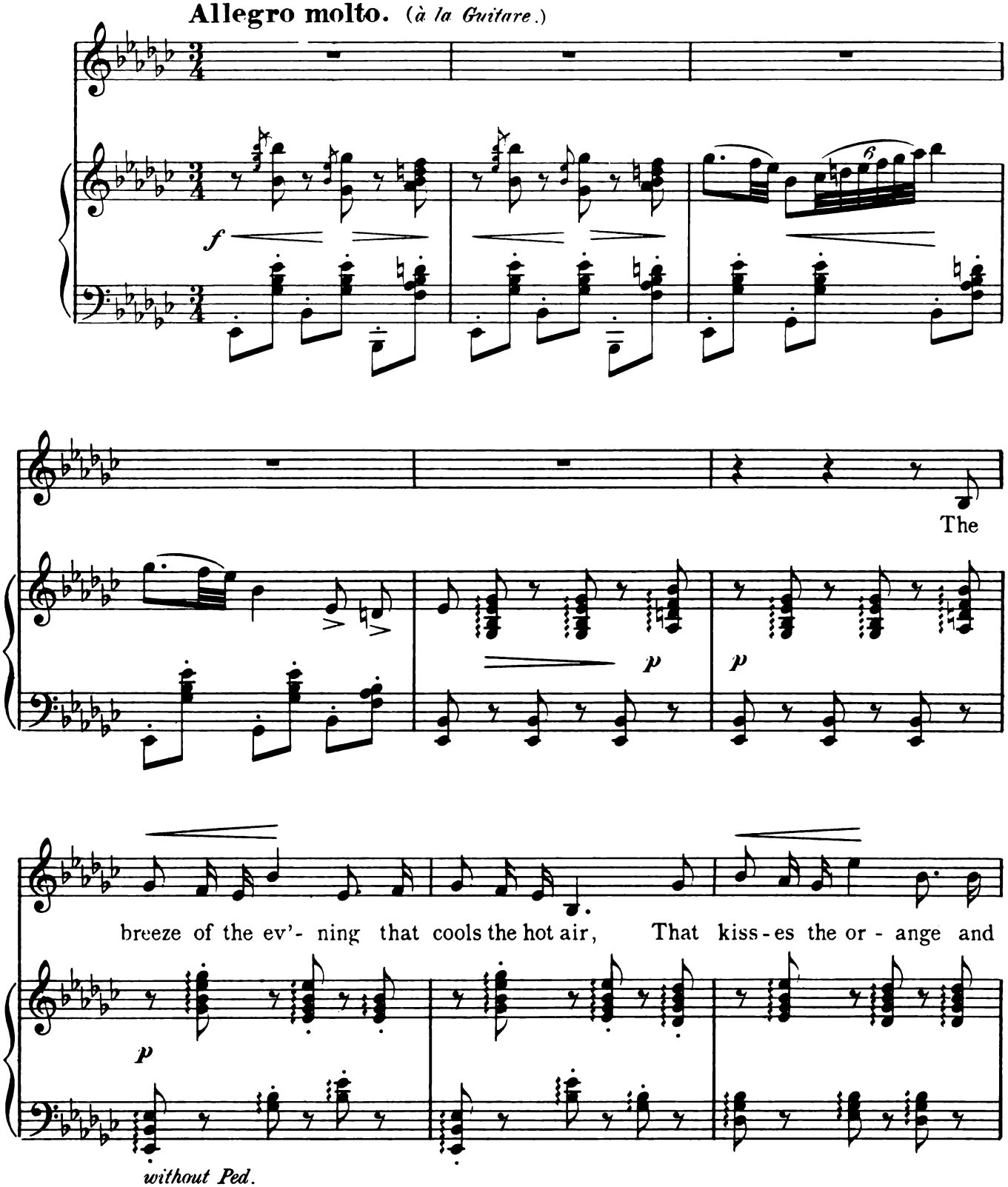


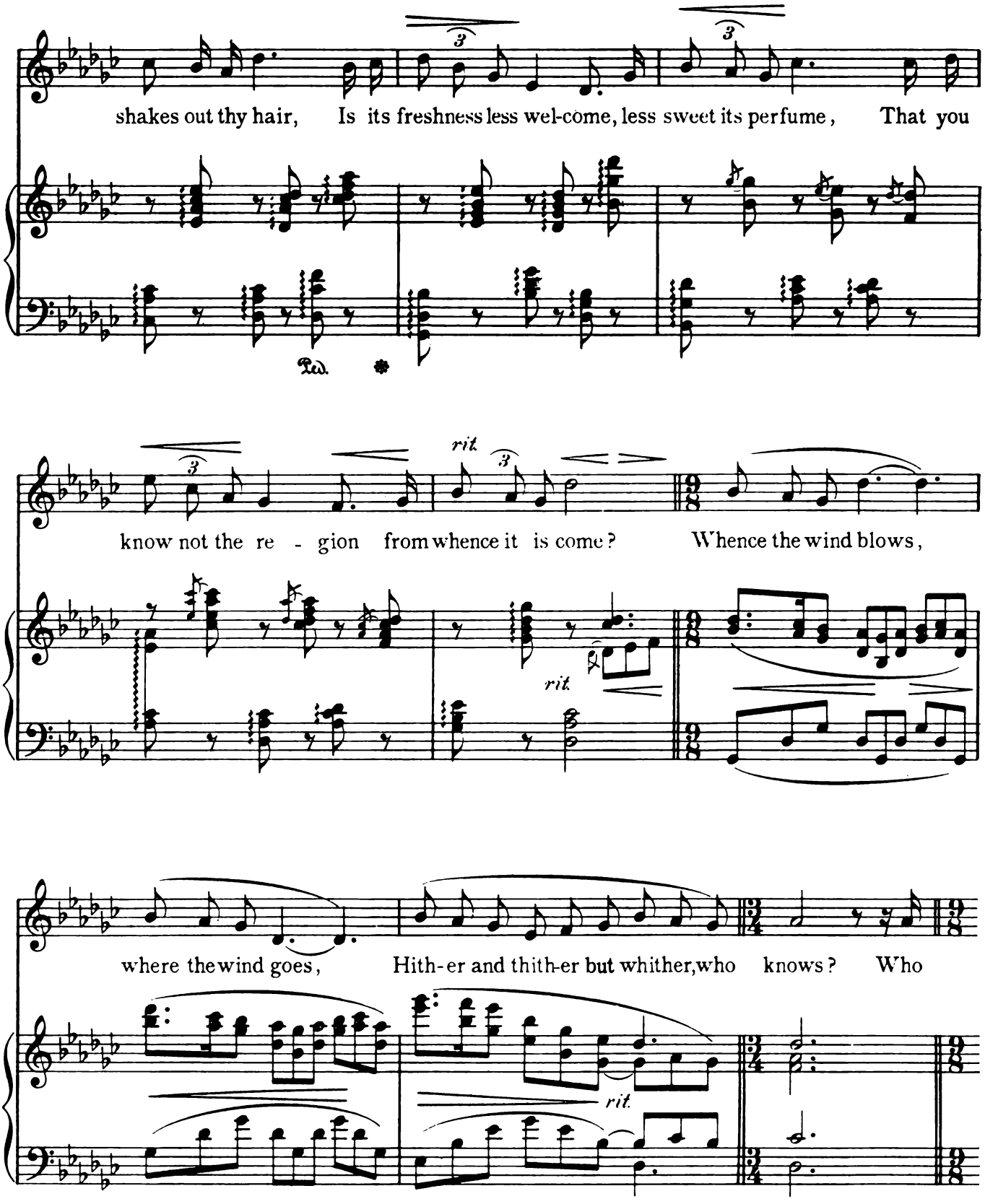
Spain.

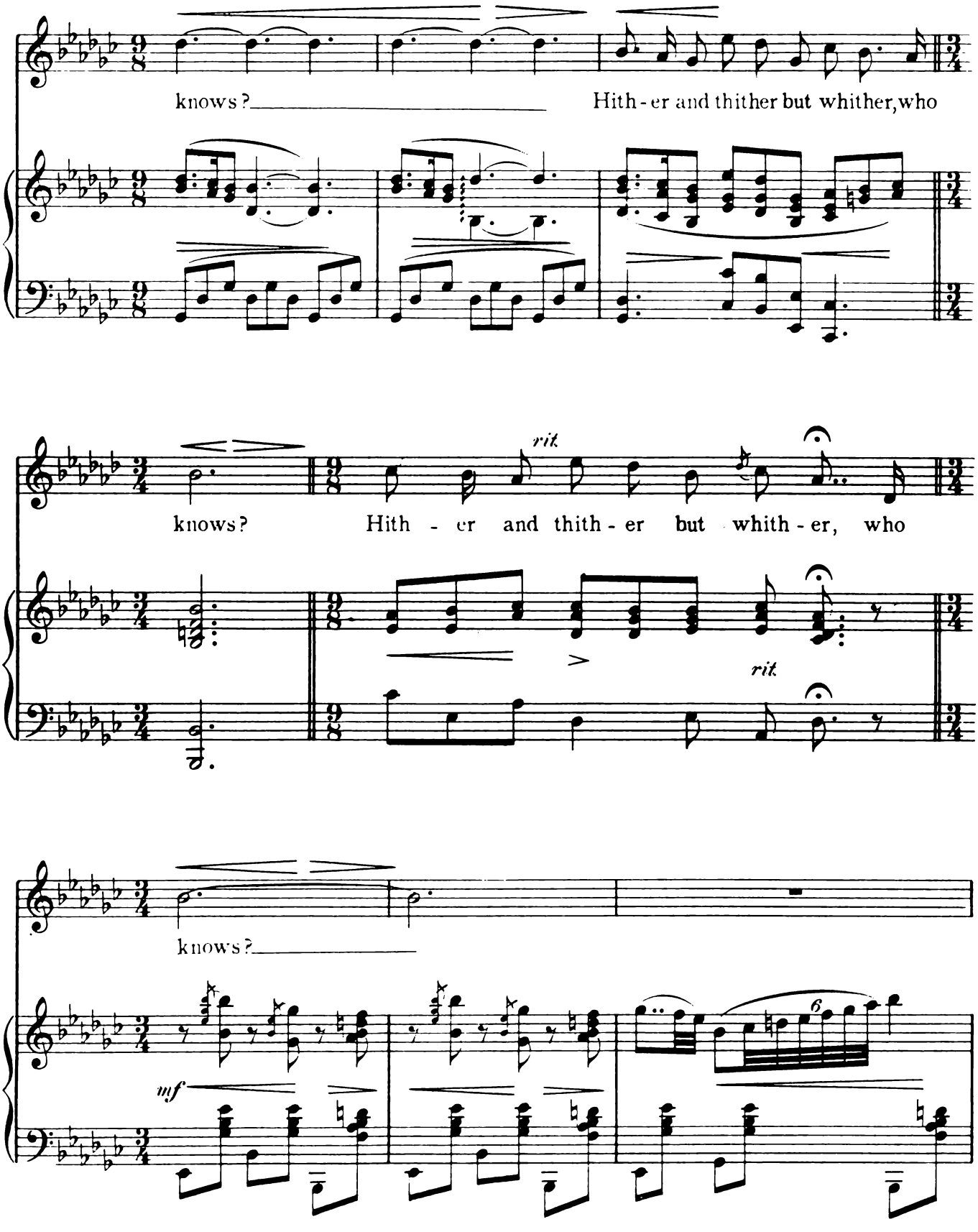


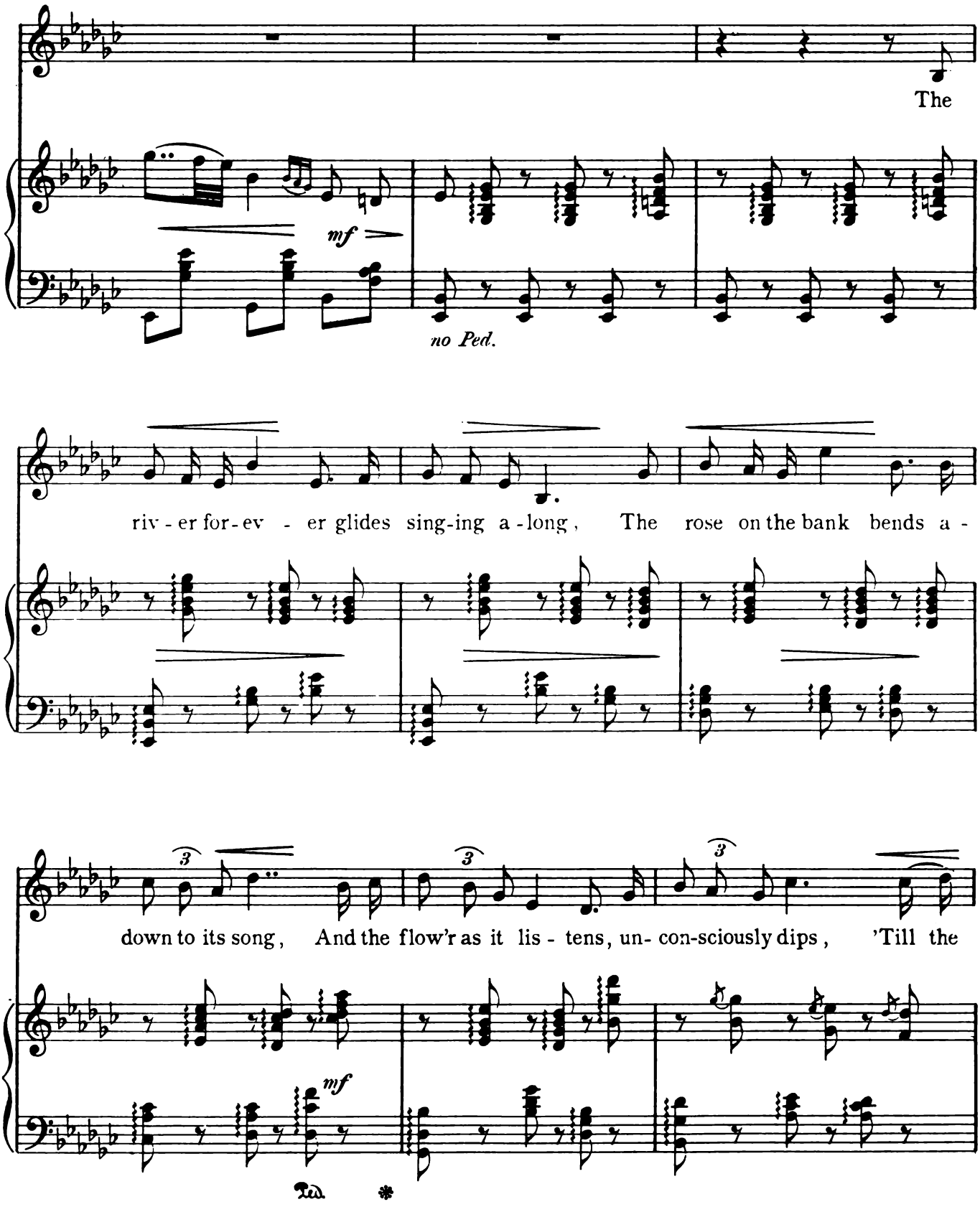
Who knows?

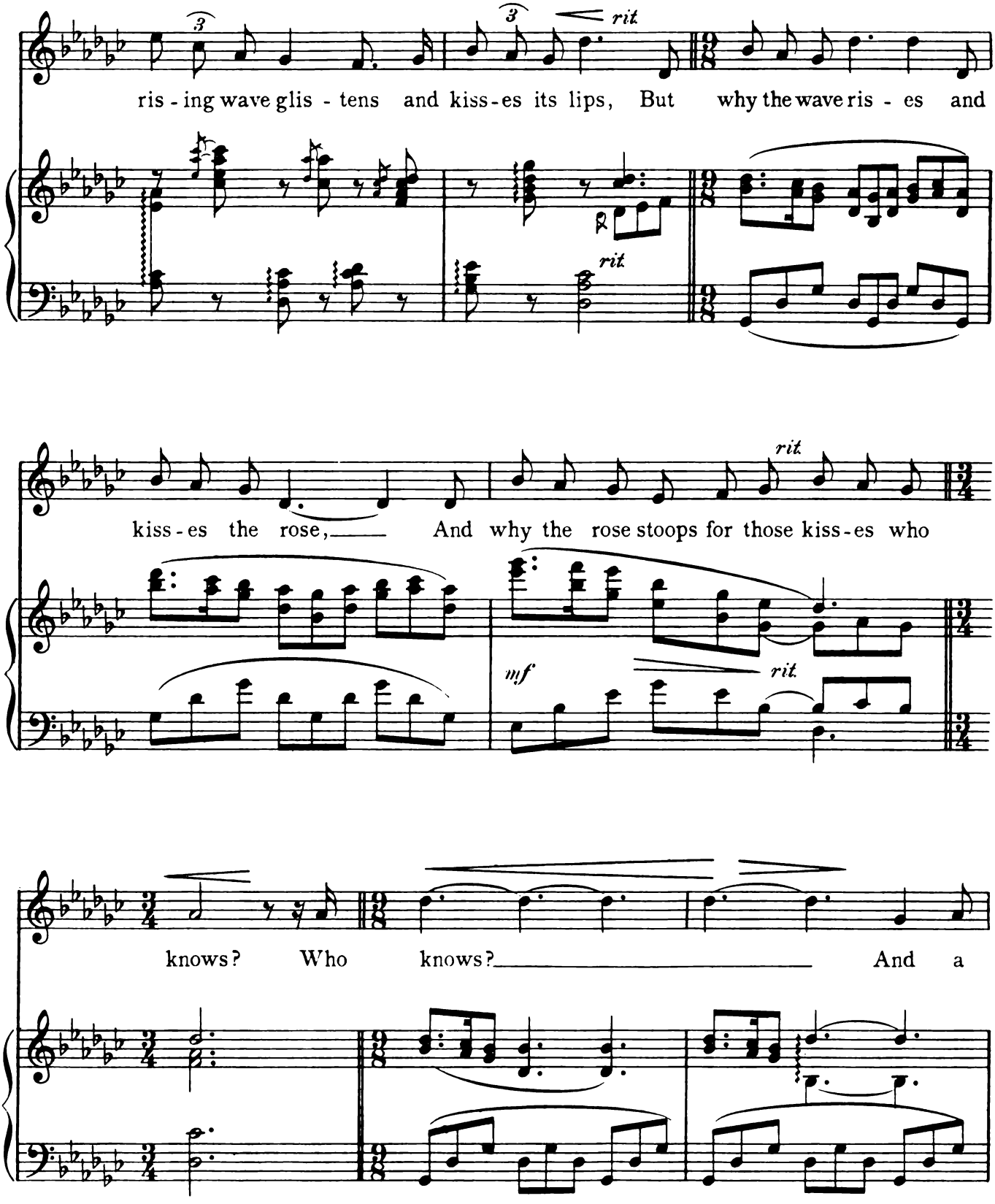
Serenade.

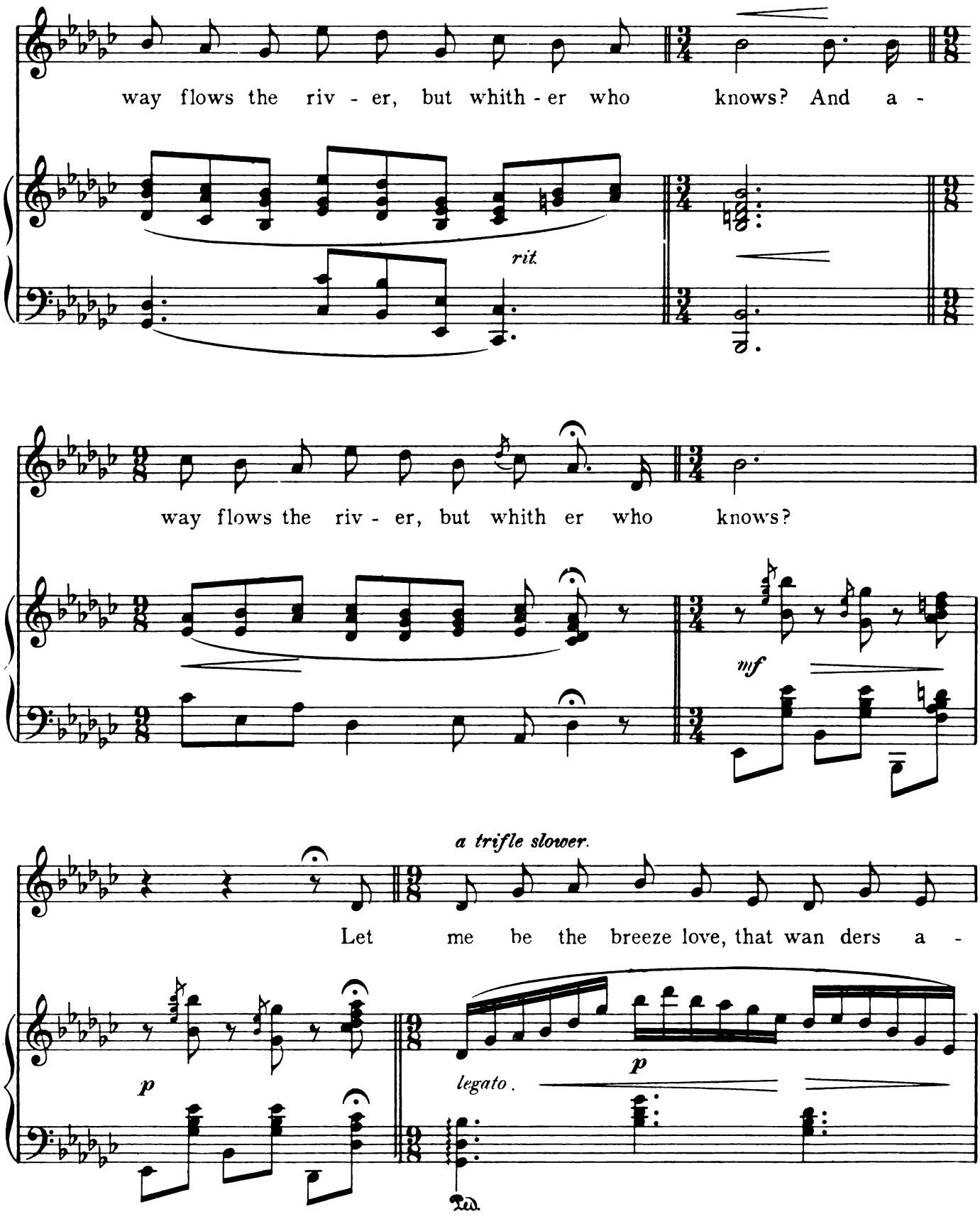


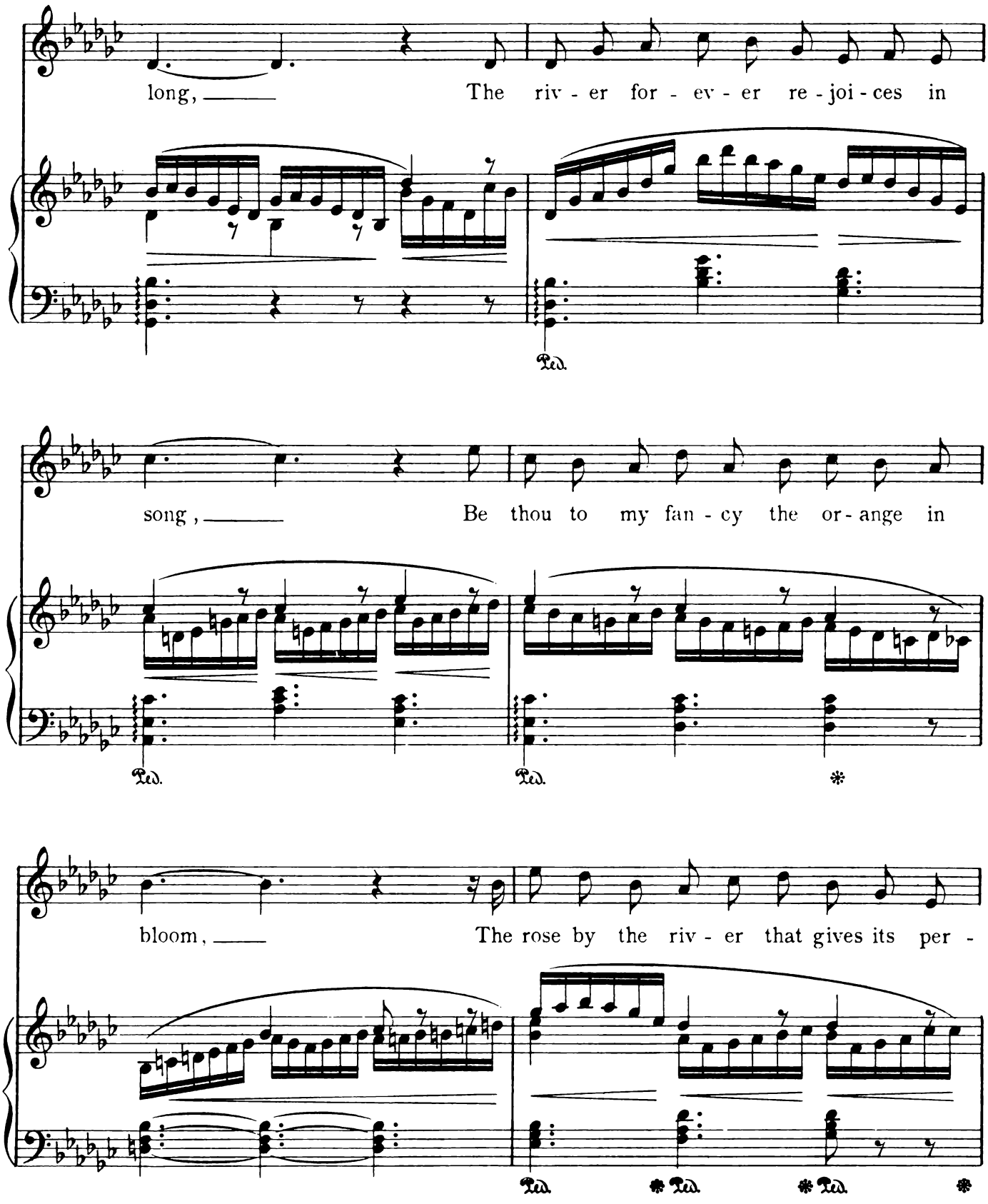

shakes out thy hair, Is its freshness less wel-come, less sweet its perfume, That you
know not the re - gion from whence it is come? Whence the wind blows,
where the wind goes, Hith-er and thith-er but whither, who knows? Who
rit.
rit.
rit.

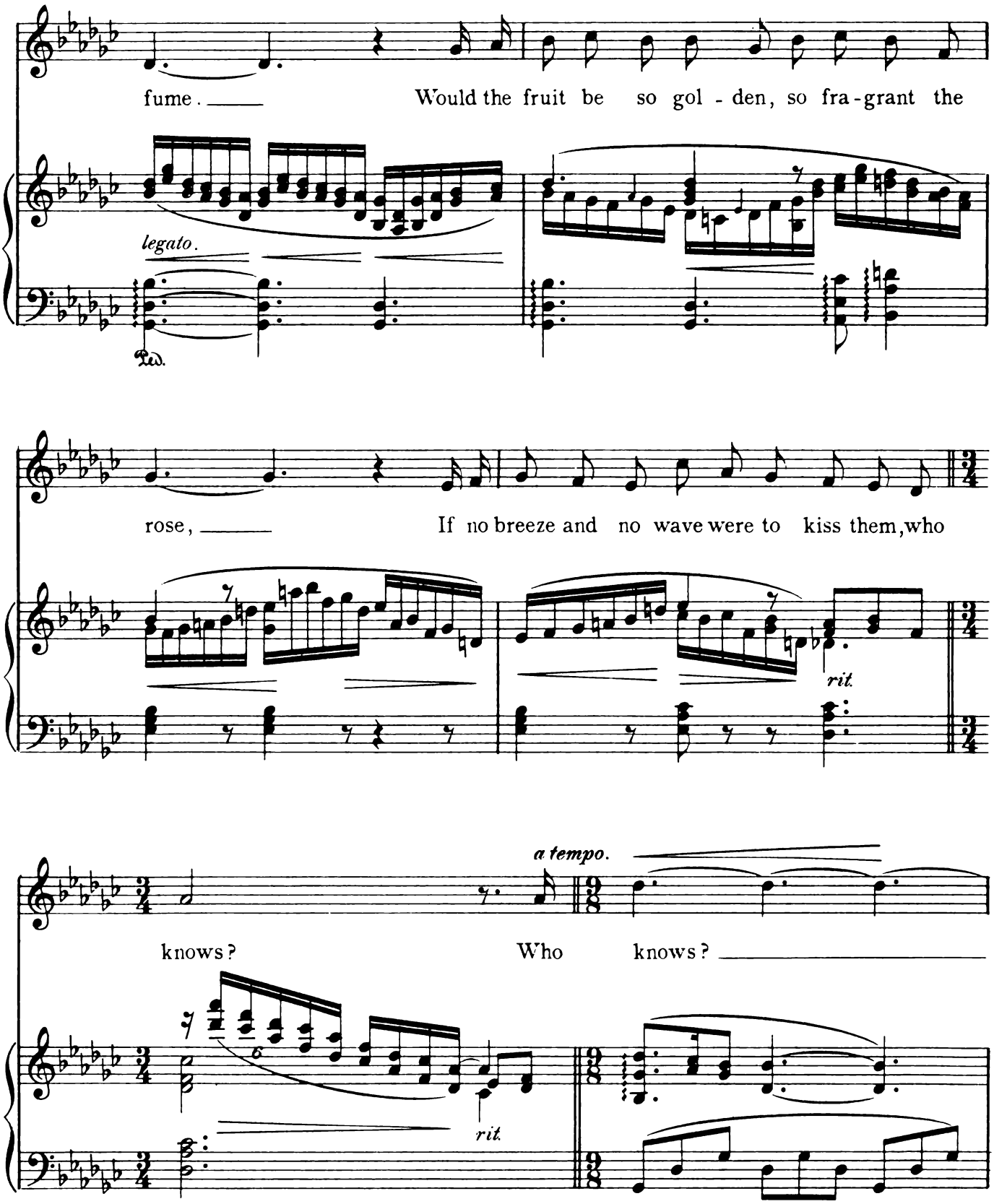

knows?
Hith - er and thither but whither, who
knows?
rit.
Hith - er and thith - er but whith - er, who
rit.
knows?
mf
6

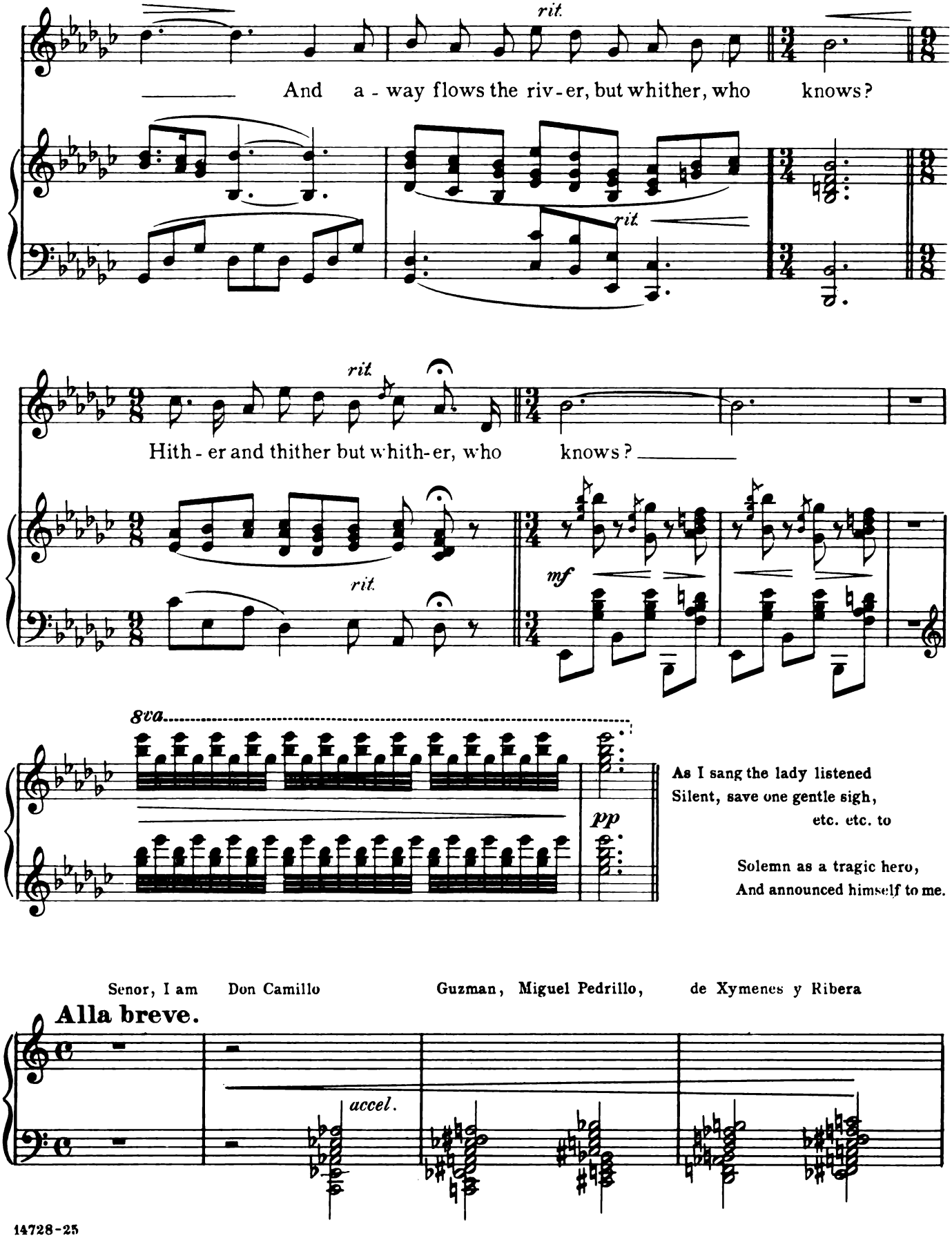

The
mf
no Ped.
riv - er for - ev - er glides sing-ing a - long, The rose on the bank bends a -
down to its song, And the flow'r as it lis - tens, un- con-sciously dips, 'Till the
mf
Ped.


rit.
ris - ing wave glis - tens and kiss - es its lips, But why the wave ris - es and
rit.
kiss - es the rose, And why the rose stoops for those kiss - es who
rit.
mf
rit.
knows? Who knows? And a

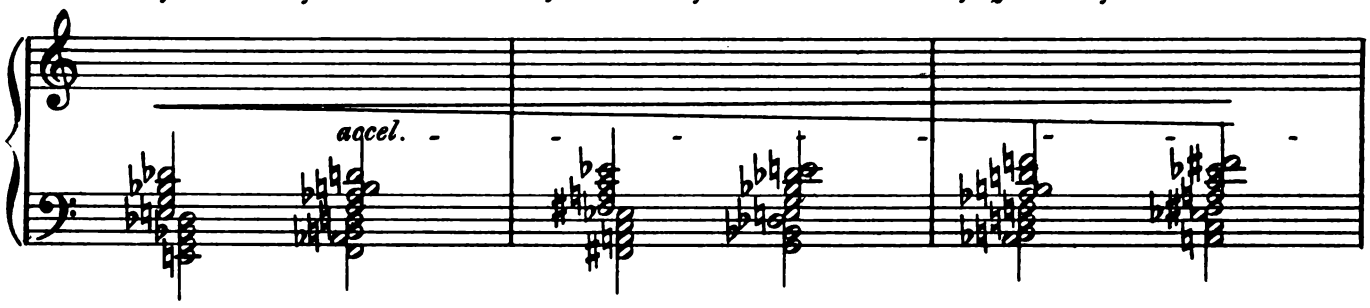

way flows the riv - er, but whith - er who knows? And a -
rit.
way flows the riv - er, but whith er who knows?
mf
a trifle slower.
Let me be the breeze love, that wan ders a -
p
legato.
p


long, The riv - er for - ev - er re - joi - ces in
song, Be thou to my fan - cy the or - ange in
bloom, The rose by the riv - er that gives its per -
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


fume. Would the fruit be so gol - den, so fra - grant the
legato.
Ped.
rose, If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them, who
rit.
a tempo.
knows? Who knows?
rit.

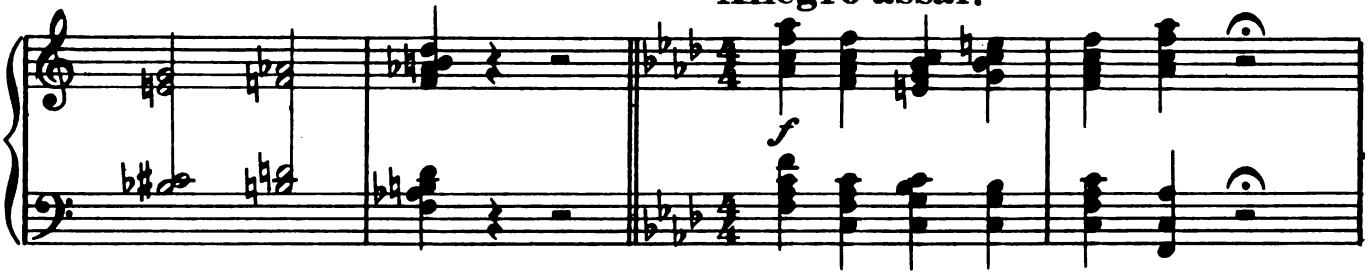

rit.
And a - way flows the riv - er, but whither, who knows?
rit.
rit.
Hith - er and thither but whith - er, who knows?
rit.
mf
8va
pp
As I sang the lady listened
Silent, save one gentle sigh,
etc. etc. to
Solemn as a tragic hero,
And announced himself to me.
Senor, I am Don Camillo Guzman, Miguel Pedrillo, de Xymenes y Ribera
Alla breve.
accel.

y Santallos y Herrera y de Rivas y Mendoza y Quintana y de Rosa

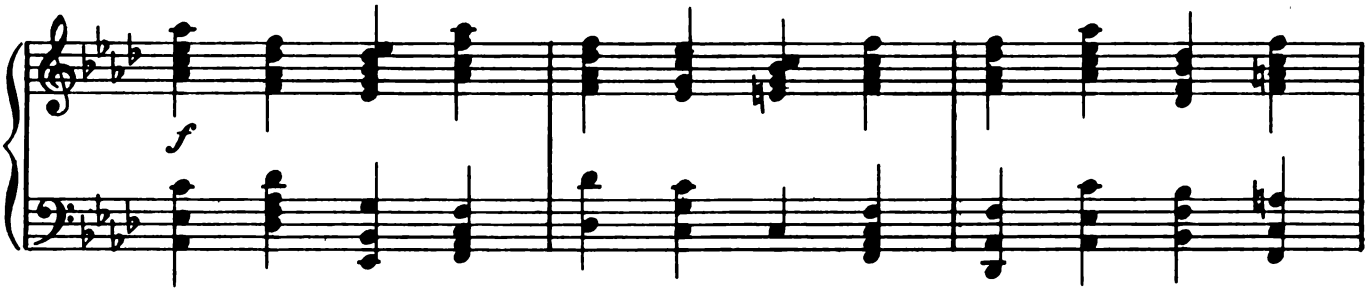


y Zorrilla y No more, Sir, 'tis as good as twenty score, Sir, said I to him with a frown

Allegro assai.

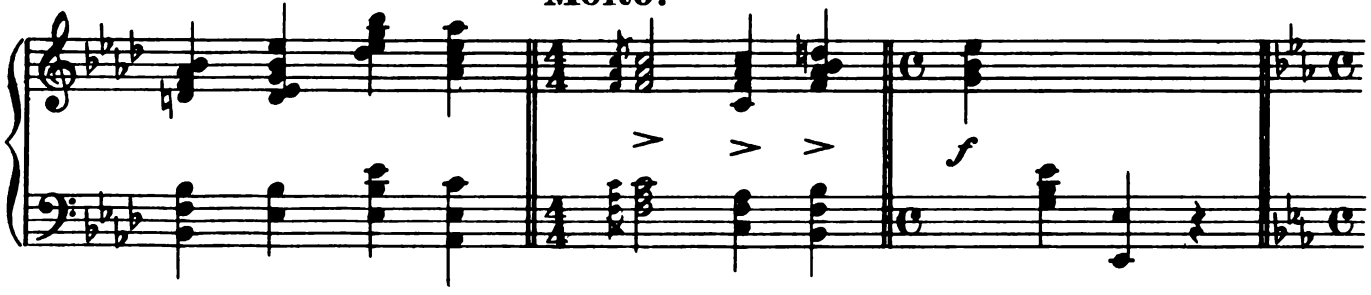


Mucha bella para nadra no palabras, draw your spada if you're up for a duello, you will



find Im just your fellow Senor, I am Pe - ter Brown.

Molto.



By the river's bank that night,
Foot to foot in strife
Fought we, etc. etc. to The man of many names went down
Pierced by the sword of Peter Brown.

Oft when the autumn eve is closing, pensive, puf - fing a ci - gar, in my

trem.

chamber lone reposing, musing half, and half a dozing, comes a vision from afar of that lady of the vil - la

f

in her satin fringed mantilla and that haughty caballero with his capa and sombrero

vainly in my mind revolving that long, joint - ed, end - less name.

Allegro molto.

accel.

'Tis a riddle past my solving
Who he was and etc. to

Sadly smoking my manille
Much I long to know, how fares the la - dy of the villa.

pp staccato throughout.

no pedal.

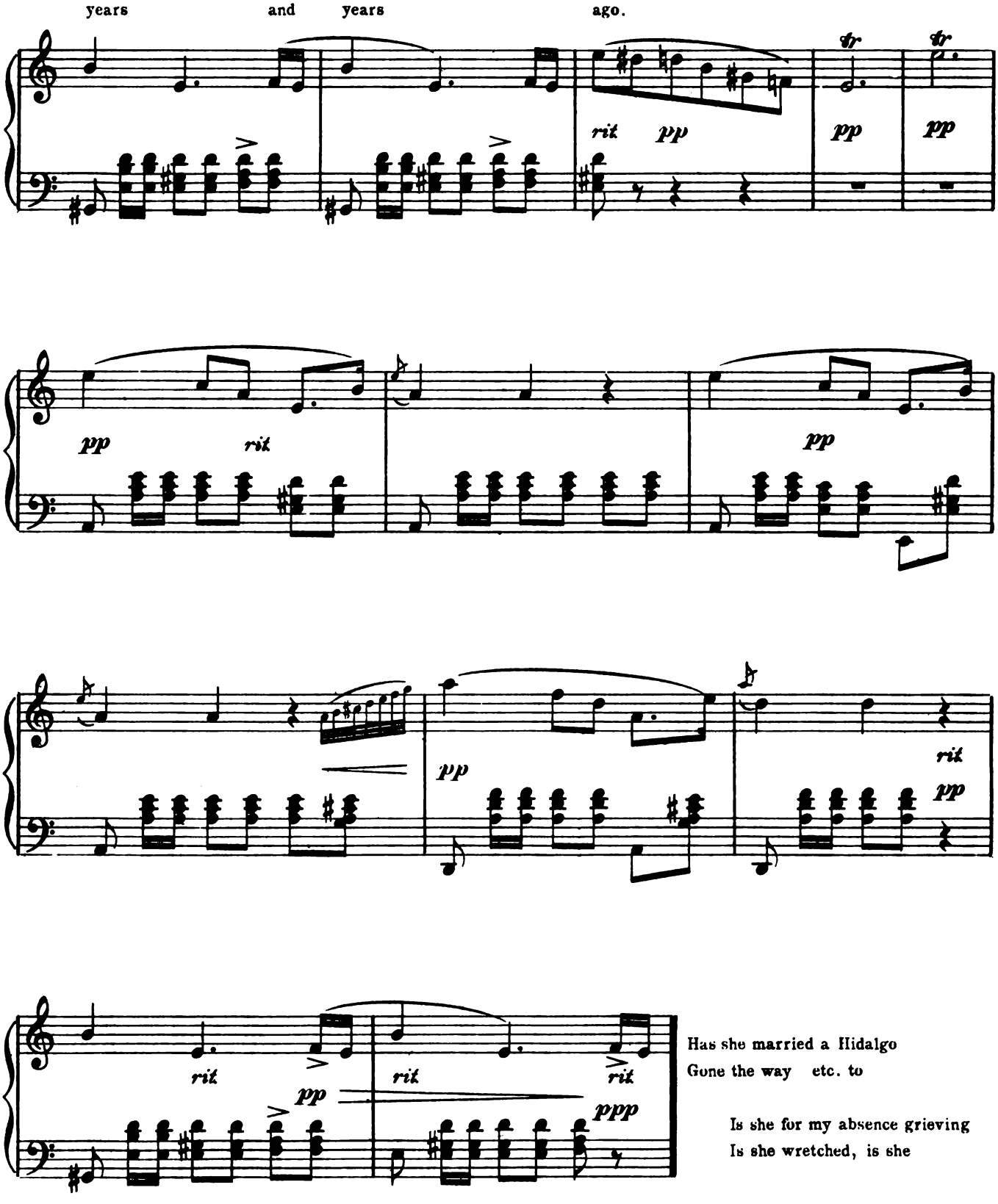
that once charmed me so

pp

pp

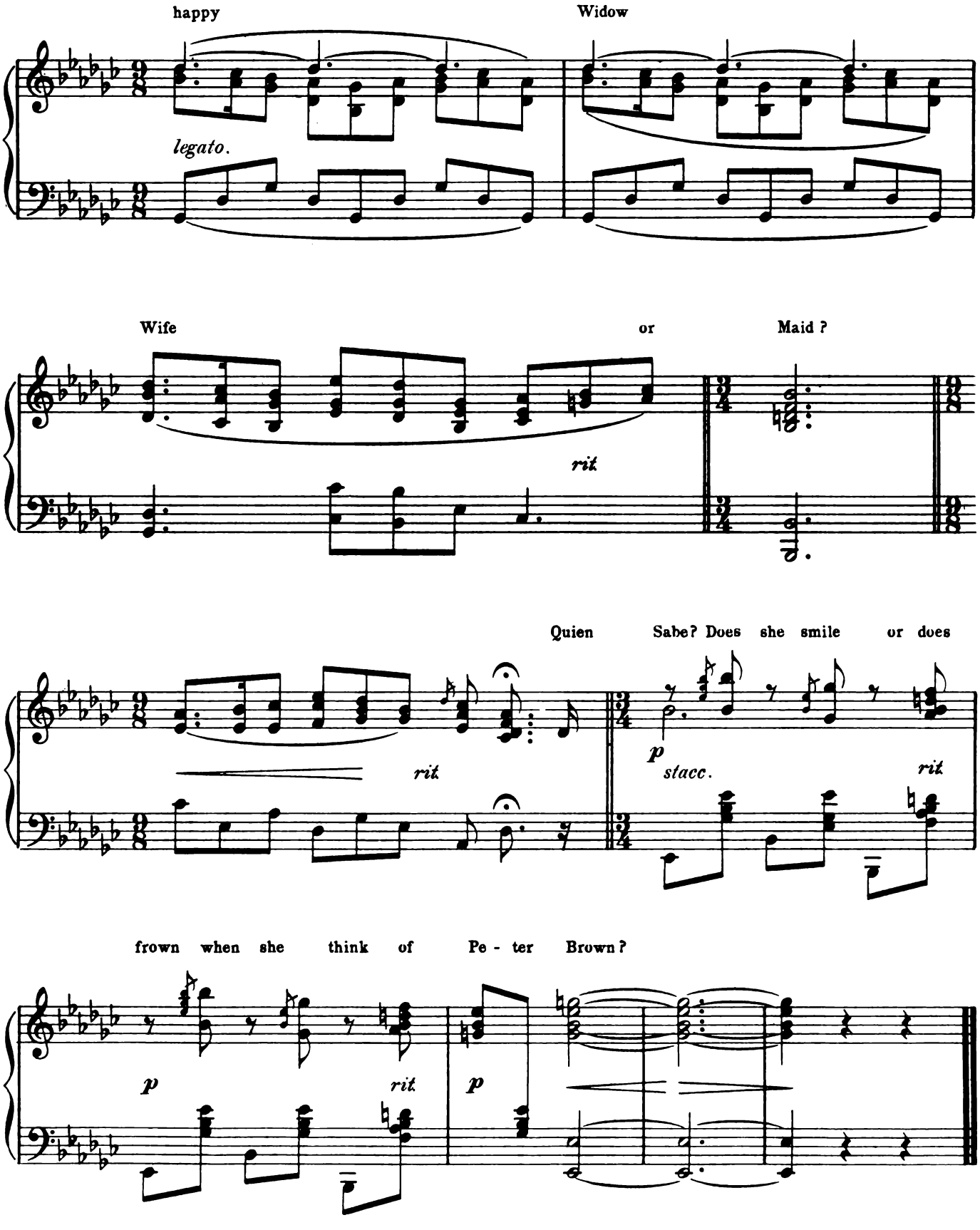
when I vis - i - ted Se - villa

pp



Has she married a Hidalgo
Gone the way etc. to

Is she for my absence grieving
Is she wretched, is she


happy
Widow
legato.
Wife
or
Maid ?
rit
Quien
Sabe? Does she smile
or does
rit
p
stacc.
rit
frown when she think of Pe - ter Brown ?
p
rit
p