OLD NOTATION EDITION.

0473
(28)
OK

MARITANA.

An Opera

BY

W. VINCENT WALLACE.

THE WORDS REVISED AND RE-WRITTEN BY

A. J. FOXWELL.

THE MUSIC SELECTED AND ADAPTED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES, AND COLLEGES BY

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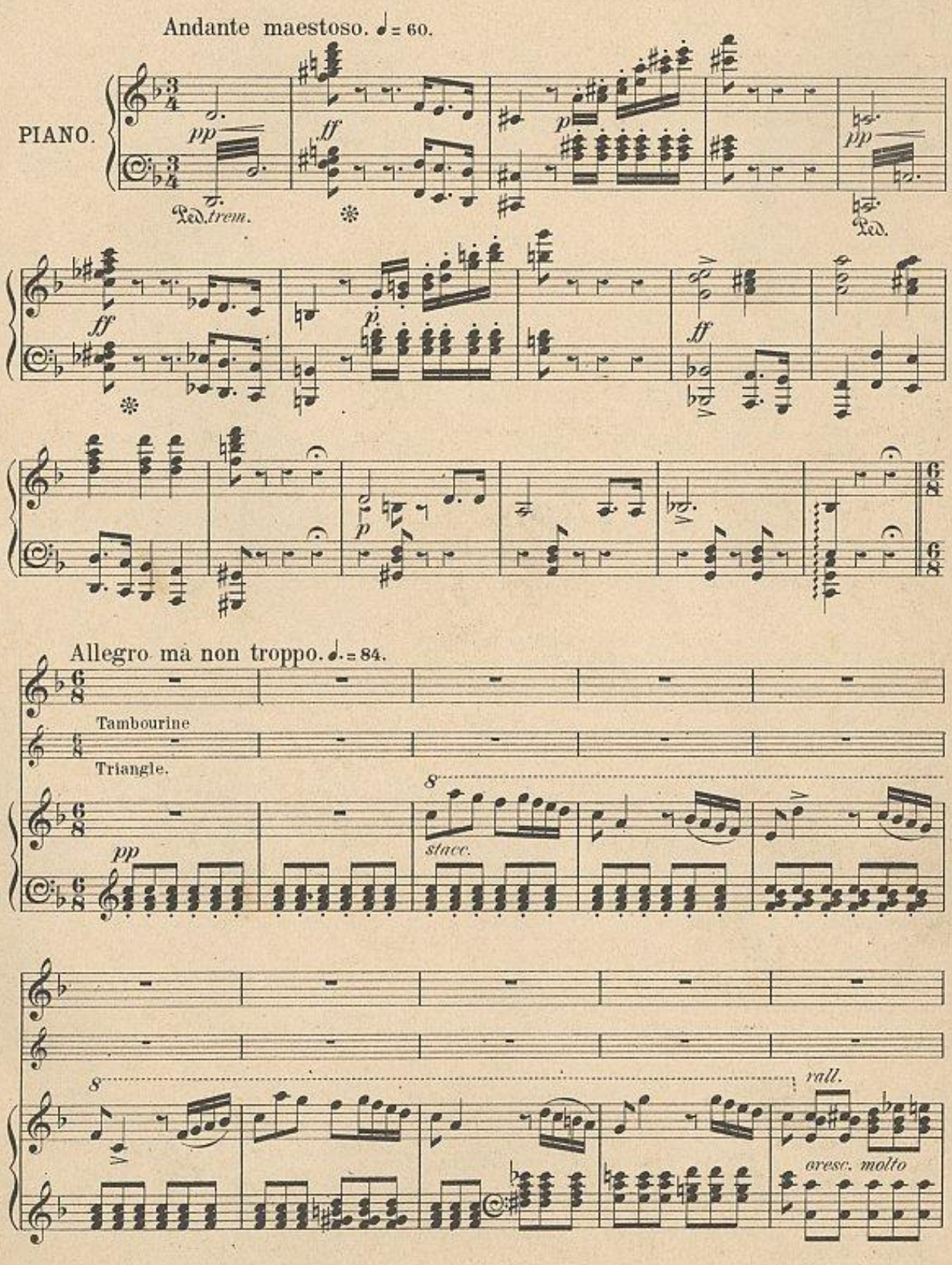
MARITANA.

SCENE I.— A square in Madrid.

People following Maritana, the gipsy girl, who bears a guitar.



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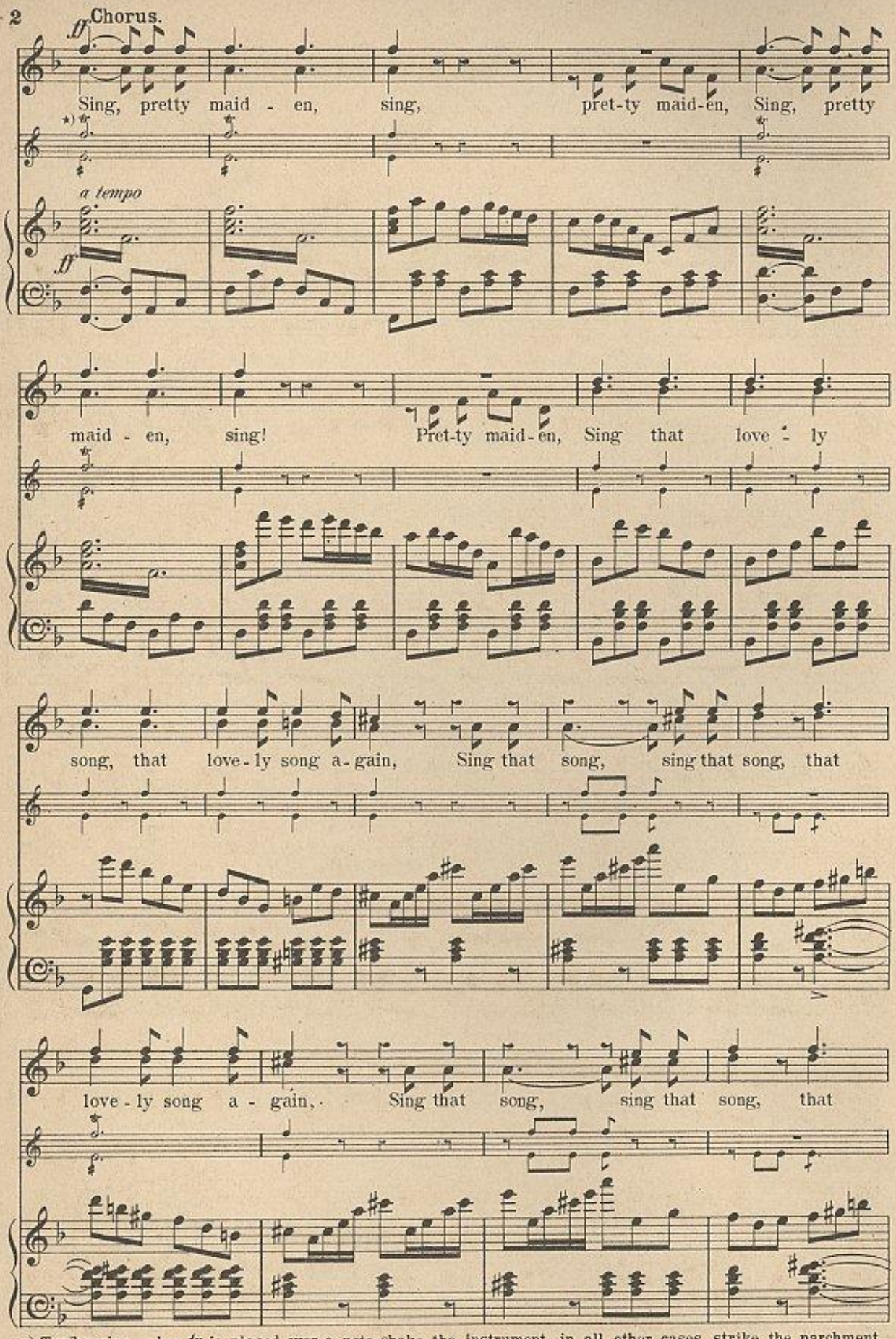
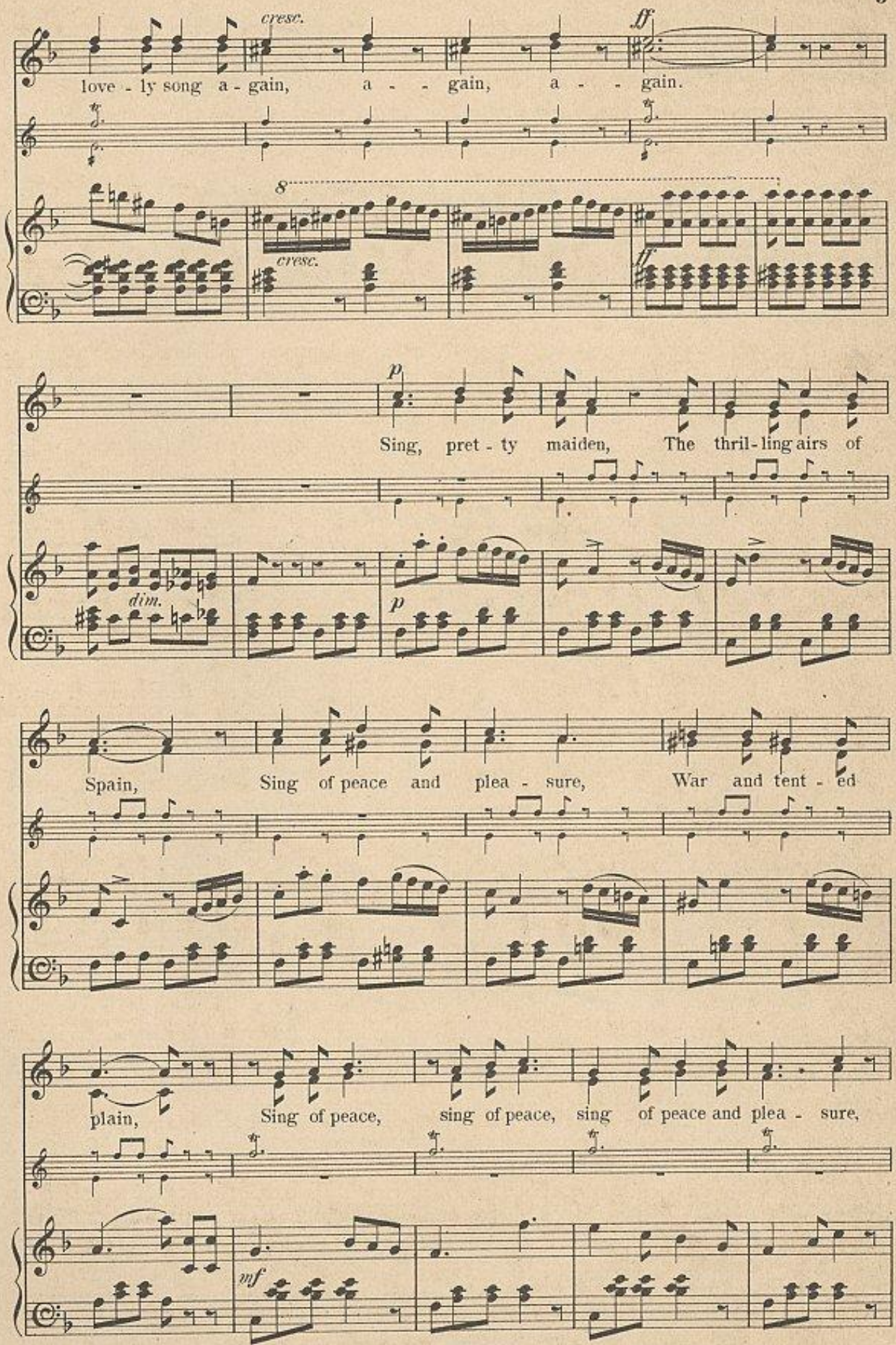
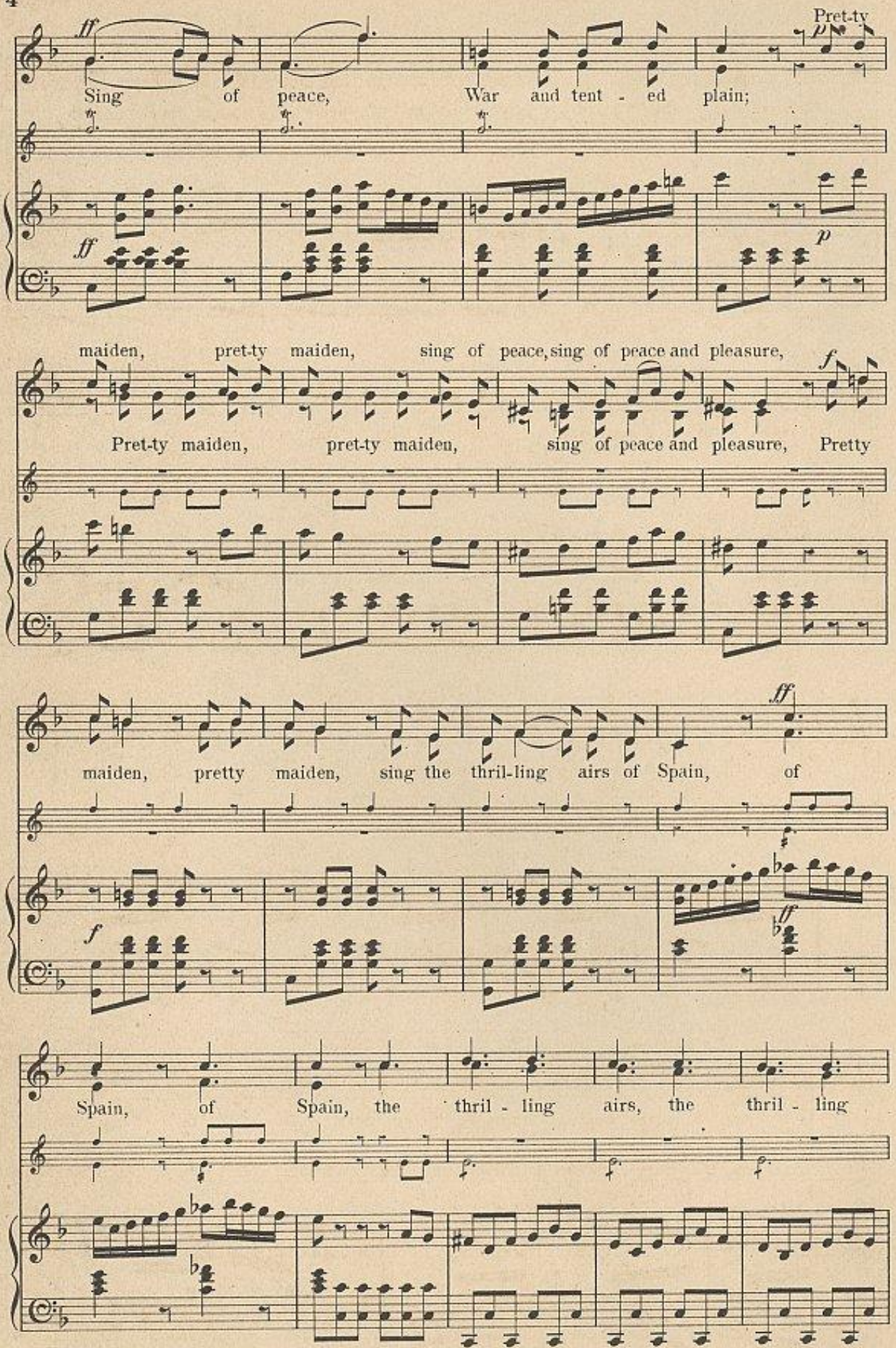
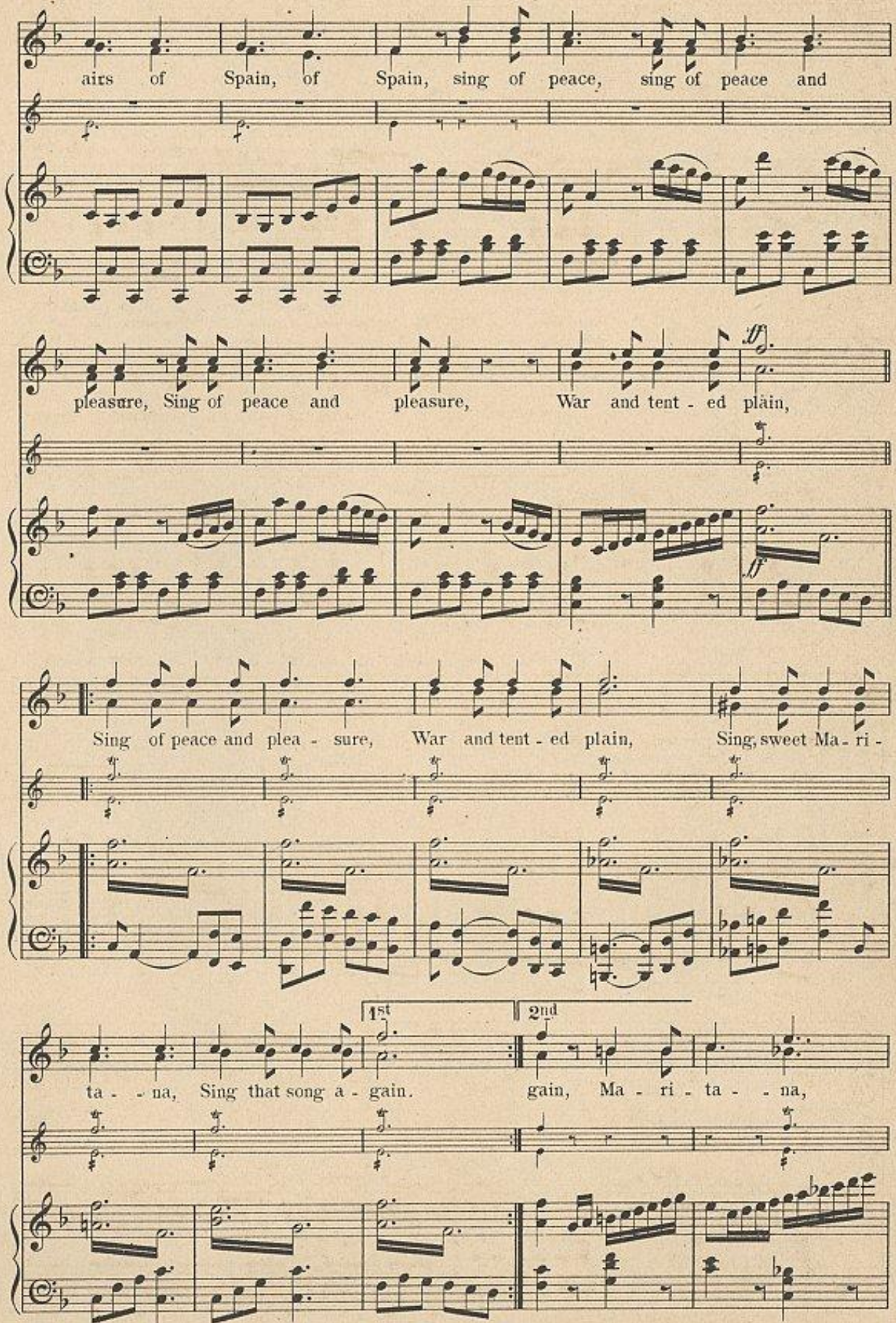
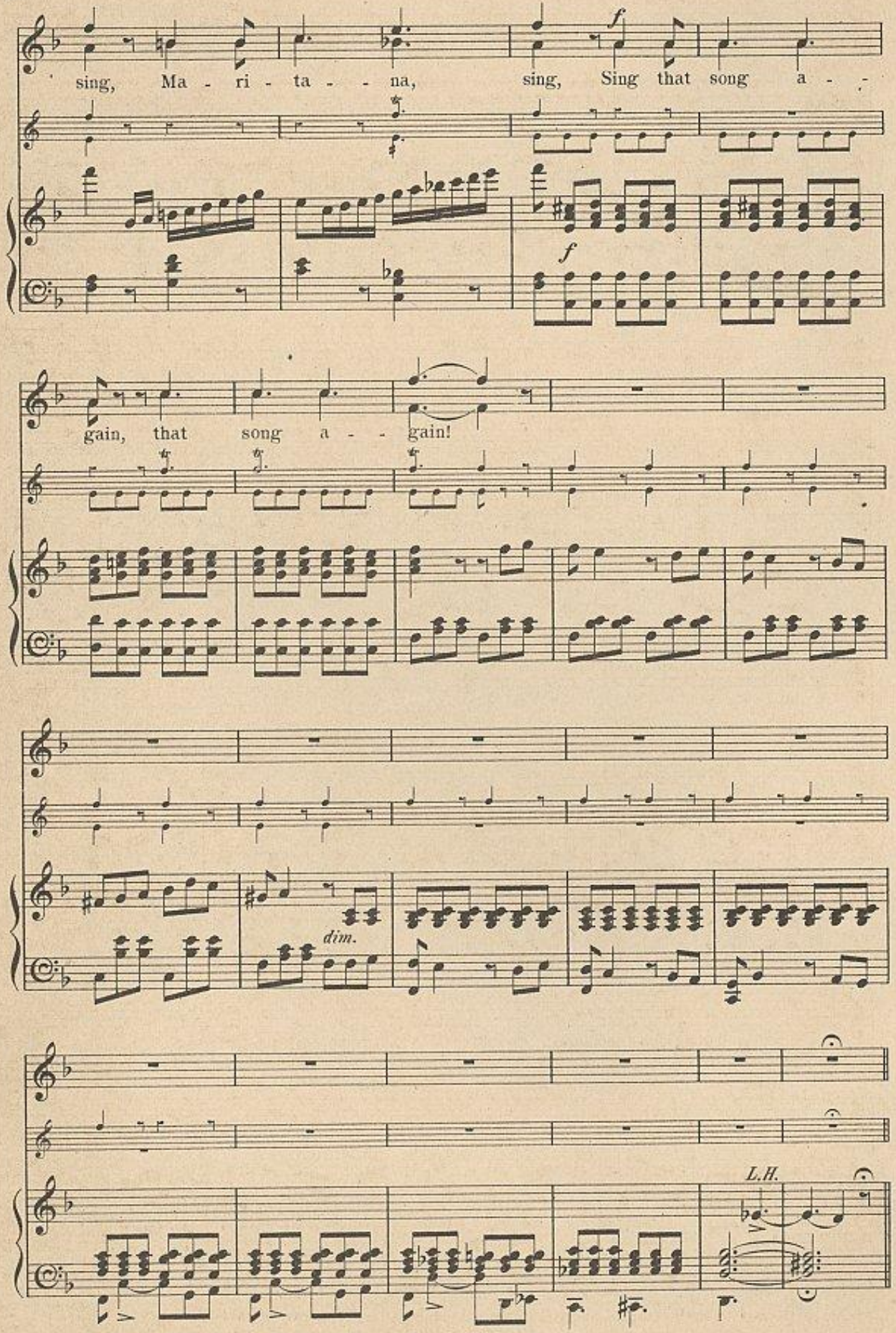


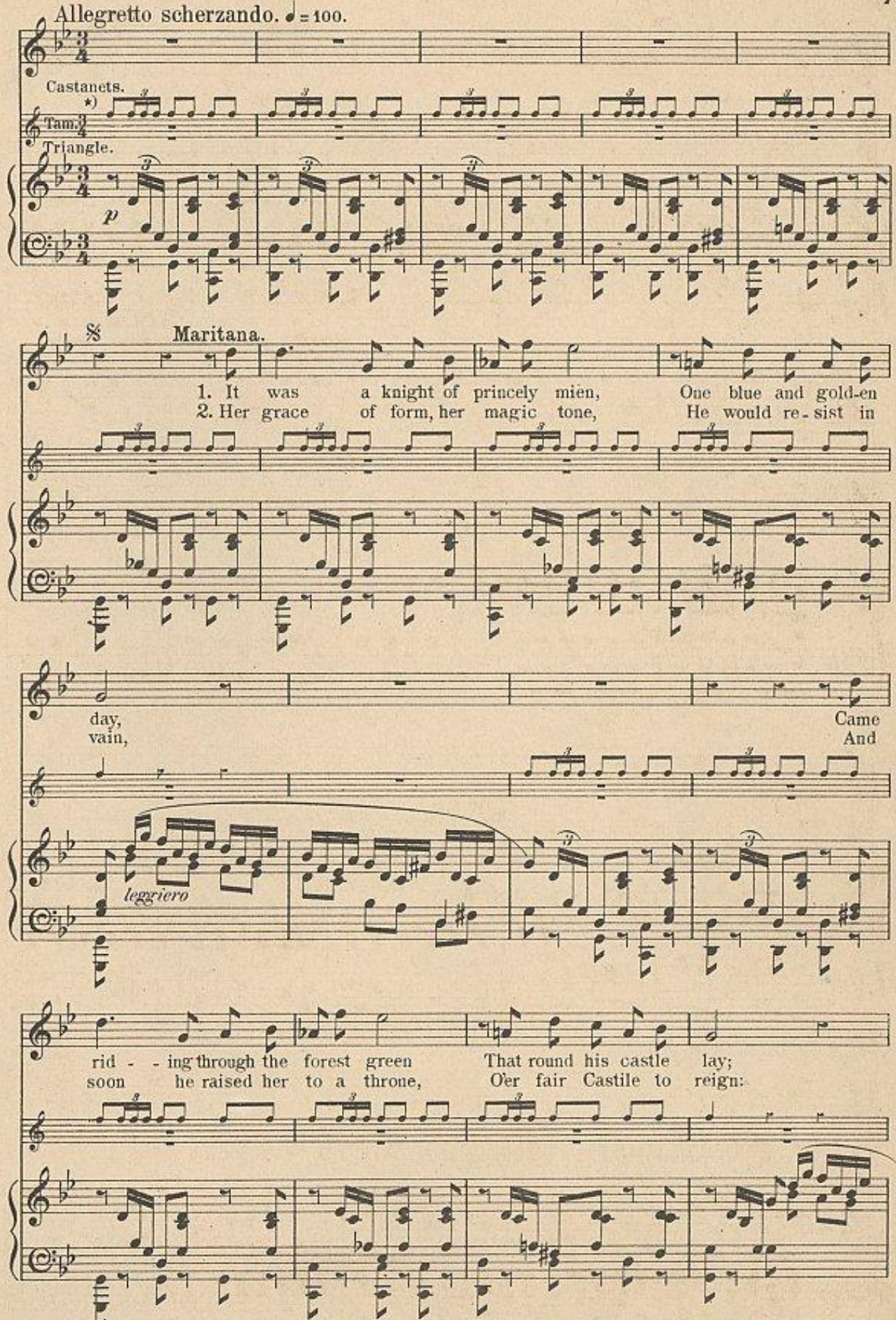
*) Tambourine – when *tr* is placed over a note shake the instrument, in all other cases strike the parchment with the knuckles.
Triangle – for rapid notes, as here, strike the beater from side to side.


cresc.
ff
love - ly song a - gain, a - - gain, a - - gain.
8
cresc.
ff
p
Sing, pret - ty maiden, The thril - ling airs of
dim.
p
Spain, Sing of peace and plea - sure, War and tent - ed
plain, Sing of peace, sing of peace, sing of peace and plea - sure,
mf

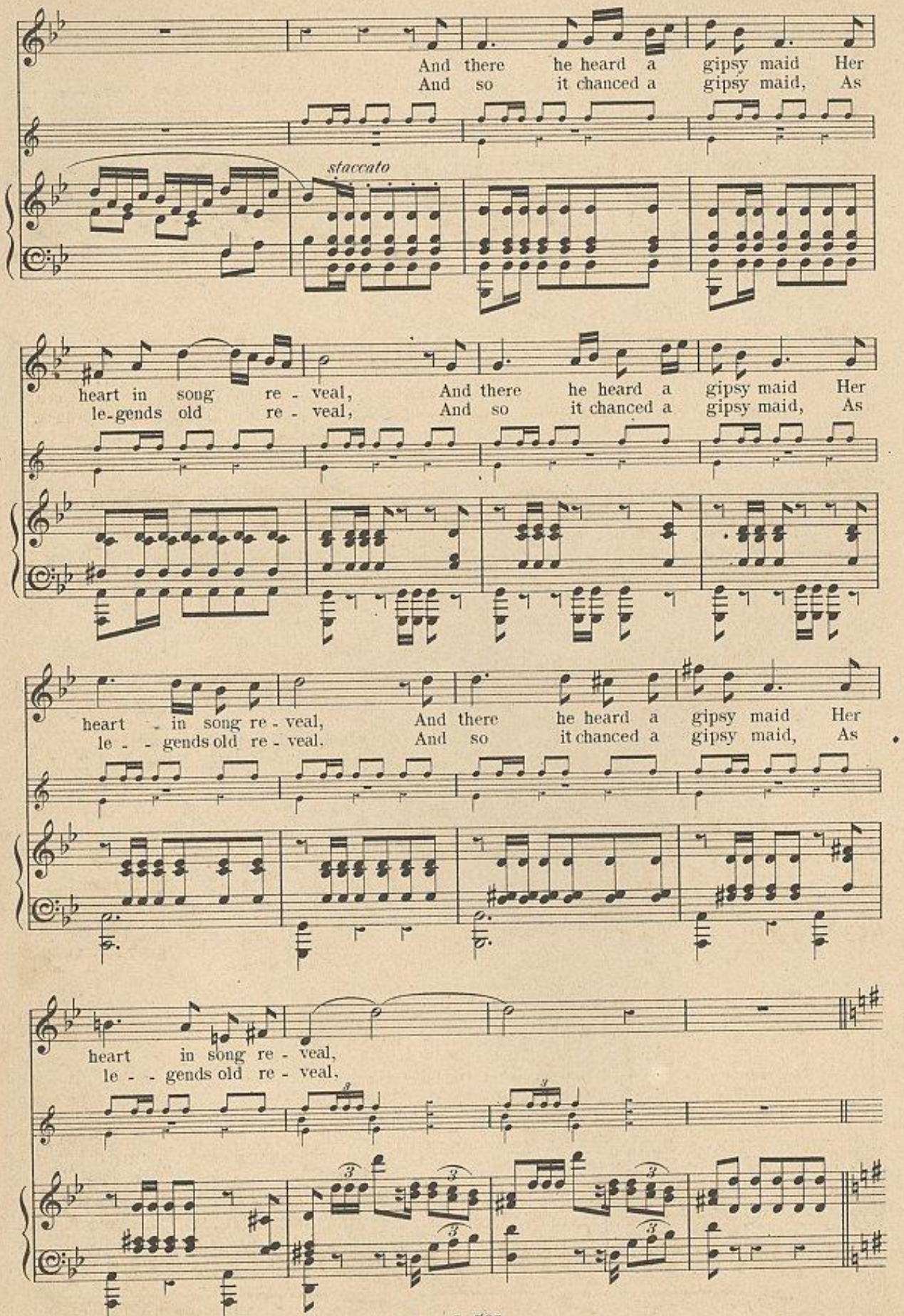

ff
Sing of peace, War and tent - ed plain;
Pret-ty
p
ff
p
maiden, pret-ty maiden, sing of peace, sing of peace and pleasure,
f
Pret-ty maiden, pret-ty maiden, sing of peace and pleasure, Pretty
maiden, pretty maiden, sing the thril-ling airs of Spain, of
ff
f
ff
Spain, of Spain, the thril - ling airs, the thril - ling

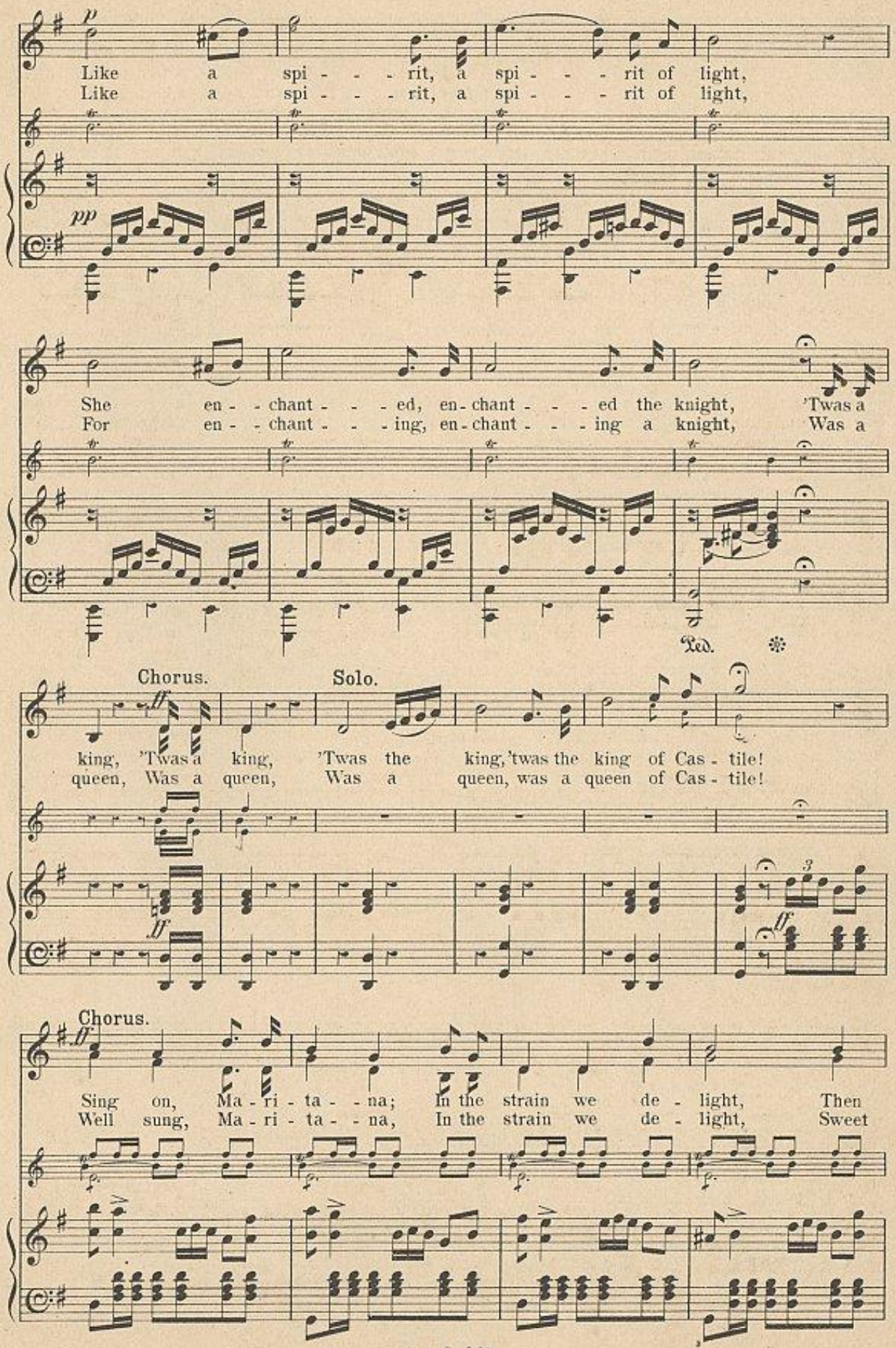

airs of Spain, of Spain, sing of peace, sing of peace and
pleasure, Sing of peace and pleasure, War and tent - ed plain,
ff
Sing of peace and plea - sure, War and tent - ed plain, Sing, sweet Ma - ri -
1st
2nd
ta - - na, Sing that song a - gain. gain, Ma - ri - ta - - na,

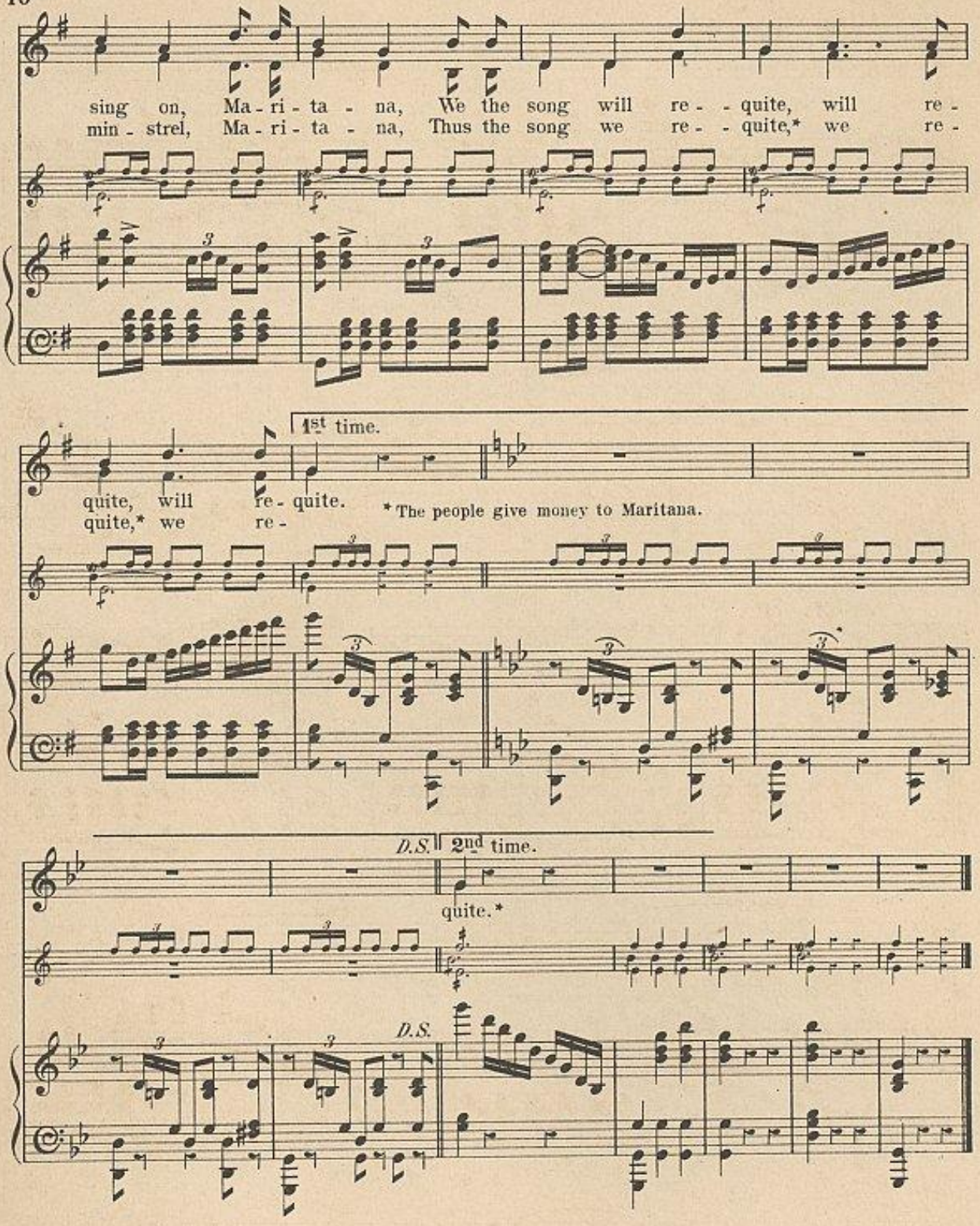

sing, Ma - ri - ta - - na, sing, Sing that song a - -
f
f
gain, that song a - - gain!
dim.
L.H.



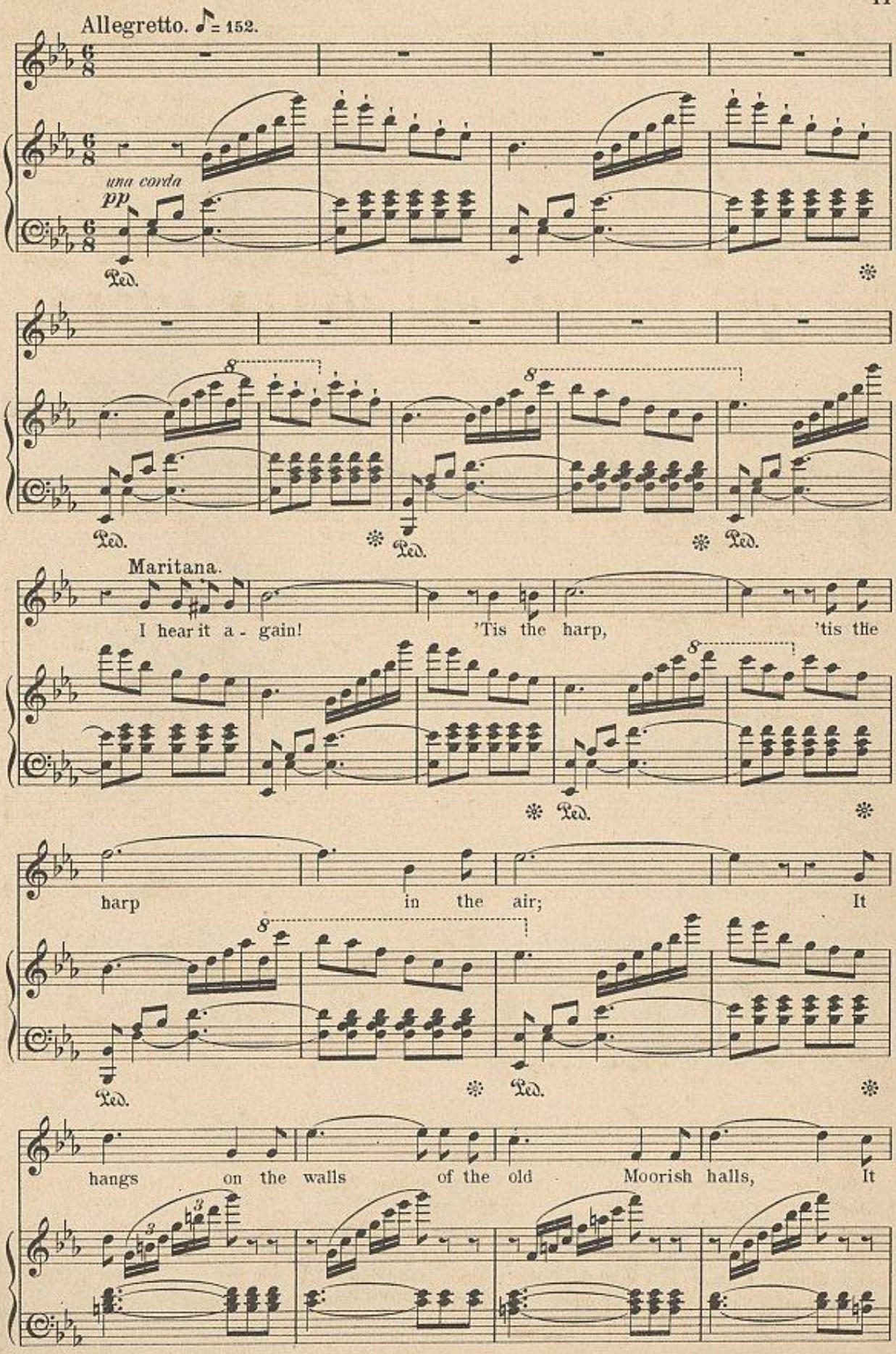
*) One performer on the Castanets and the Tambourine during the Solo, two or more during the Chorus.

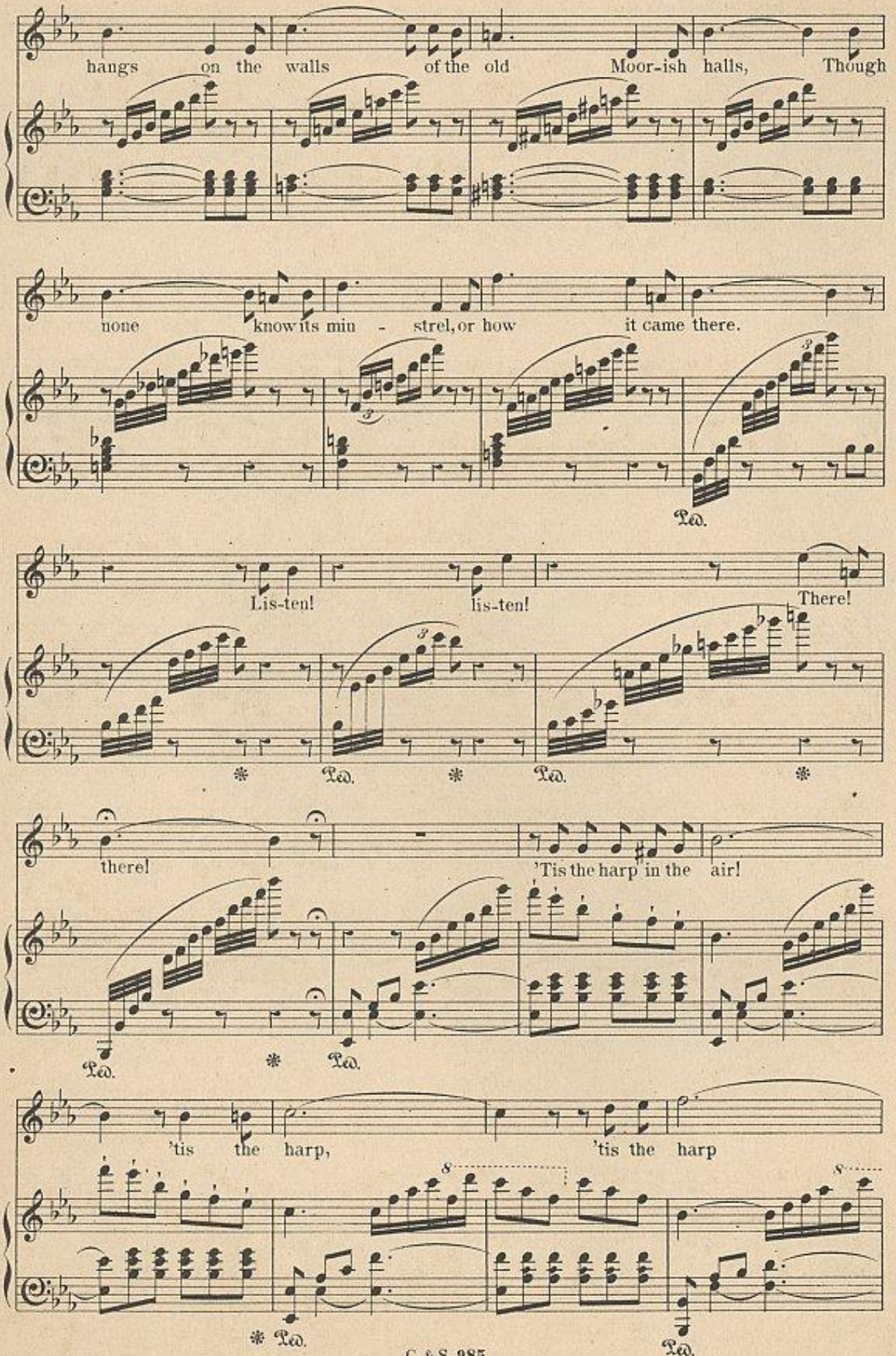

And there he heard a gipsy maid Her
And so it chanced a gipsy maid, As
staccato
heart in song re - veal, And there he heard a gipsy maid Her
le-gends old re - veal, And so it chanced a gipsy maid, As
heart - in song re - veal, And there he heard a gipsy maid Her
le - - gends old re - veal. And so it chanced a gipsy maid, As
heart in song re - veal,
le - - gends old re - veal,

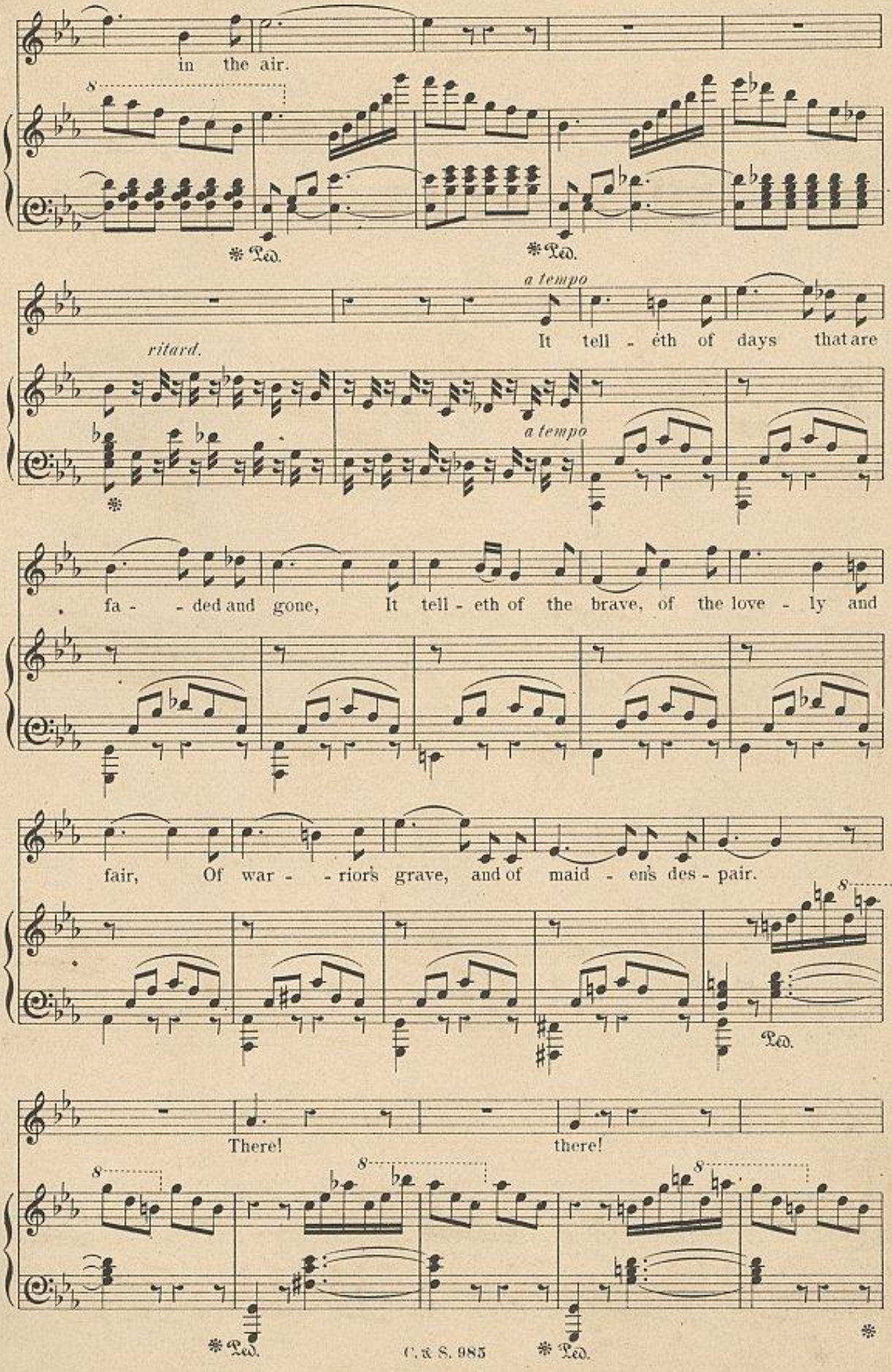

Like a spi - - - rit, a spi - - - rit of light,
Like a spi - - - rit, a spi - - - rit of light,
She en - - chant - - - ed, en - chant - - - ed the knight, 'Twas a
For en - - chant - - - ing, en - chant - - - ing a knight, Was a
Ped.
Chorus.
Solo.
king, 'Twas a king, 'Twas the king, 'twas the king of Cas - tile!
queen, Was a queen, Was a queen, was a queen of Cas - tile!
Chorus.
Sing on, Ma - ri - ta - - na; In the strain we de - light, Then
Well sung, Ma - ri - ta - - na, In the strain we de - light, Sweet

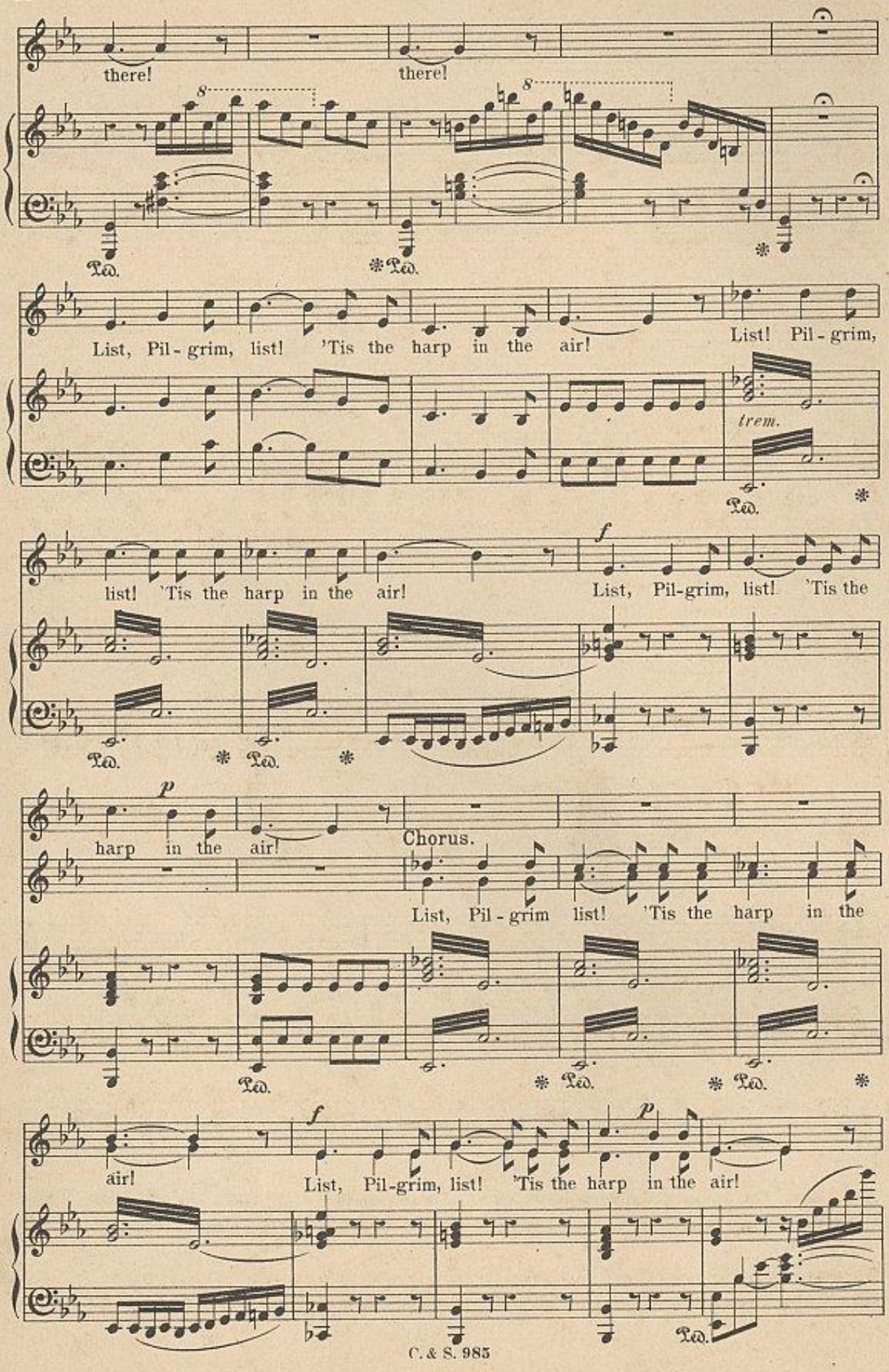


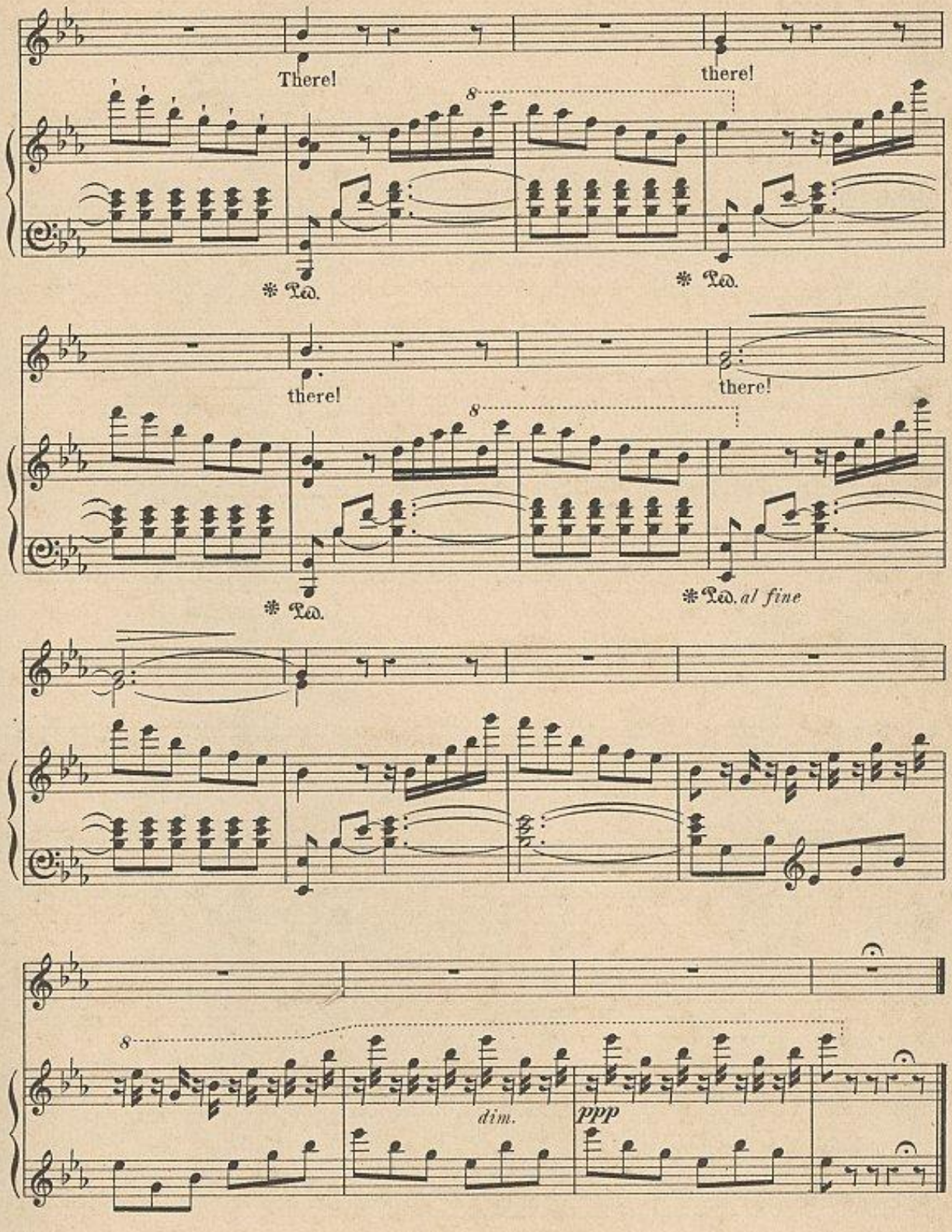
Don Cæsar di Bazan.— A sweet voice, faith!
Old Man.— Ay! sweeter than any thing mortal I have heard: sweet as the "Harp in the air."
Don Cæsar.— What harp?
Old Man.— Who knows? The sound which comes from the walls of the Old Moorish Palace sometimes.
Don Cæsar.— When the wind sits in one particular direction, perchance!
Old Man.— I know not: doubtless the Gitana can sing of it.
Maritana.— Truly can I; oft have I heard it. Hark! I hear it now again!


Allegretto. ♪ = 152.
una corda
pp
Ped.
Maritana.
I hear it a - gain!
'Tis the harp,
'tis the
harp
in the air;
It
hangs
on the walls
of the old
Moorish halls,
It


hangs on the walls of the old Moor-ish halls, Though
none know its min - strel, or how it came there.
Ped.
Lis-ten! lis-ten! There!
Ped. Ped.
there! 'Tis the harp in the air!
Ped. Ped.
'tis the harp, 'tis the harp
Ped. Ped.


in the air.
Ped.
Ped.
a tempo
It tell - eth of days that are
ritard.
a tempo
fa - - ded and gone, It tell - eth of the brave, of the love - ly and
fair, Of war - - rior's grave, and of maid - en's des - pair.
Ped.
There! there!
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

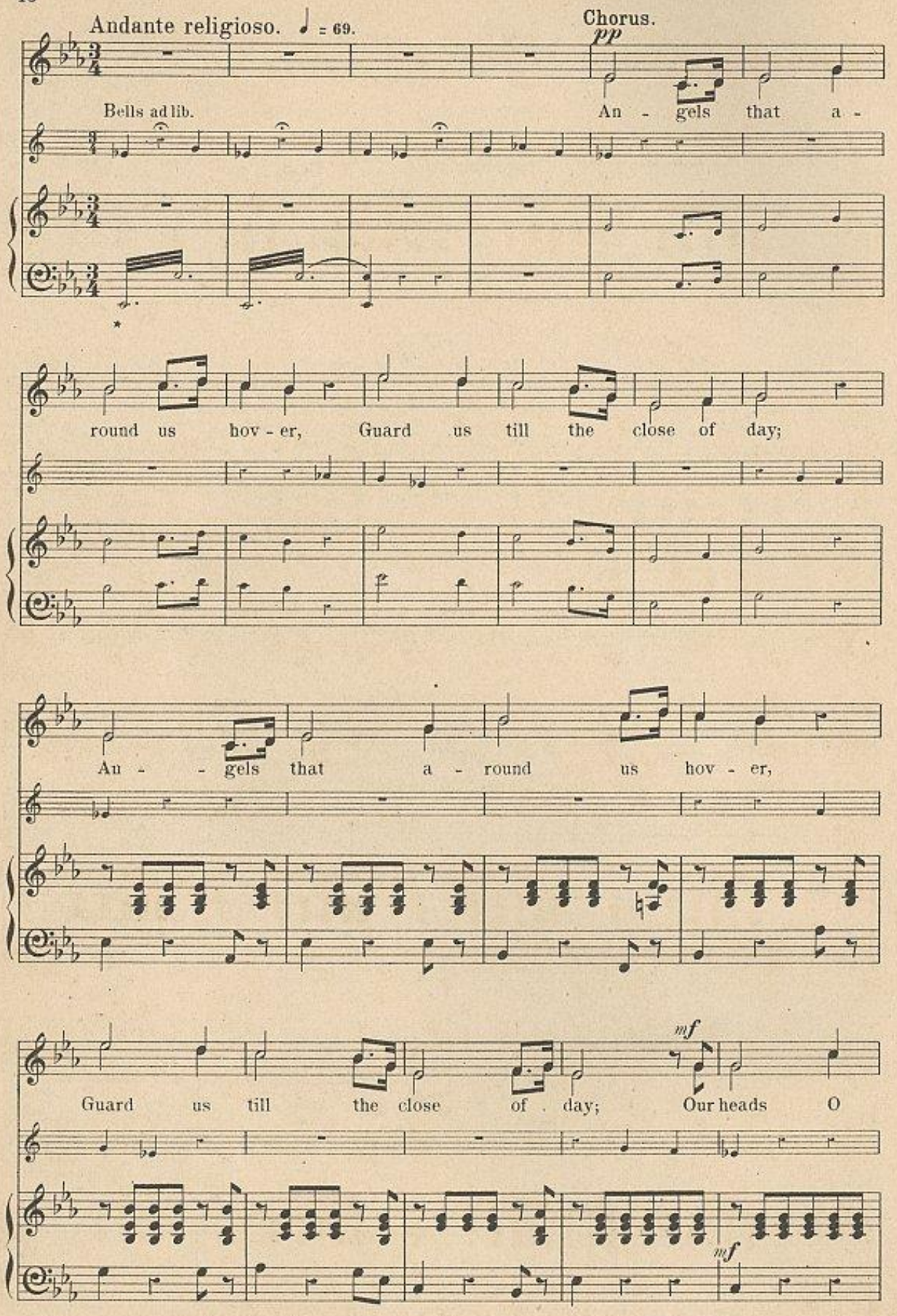

there!
there!
8
8
Ped.
Ped.
List, Pil - grim, list! 'Tis the harp in the air!
List! Pil - grim,
trem.
Ped.
list! 'Tis the harp in the air!
f
List, Pil-grim, list! 'Tis the
Ped.
Ped.
p
harp in the air!
Chorus.
List, Pil - grim list! 'Tis the harp in the
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
air!
f
List, Pil-grim, list! 'Tis the harp in the air!
p
Ped.



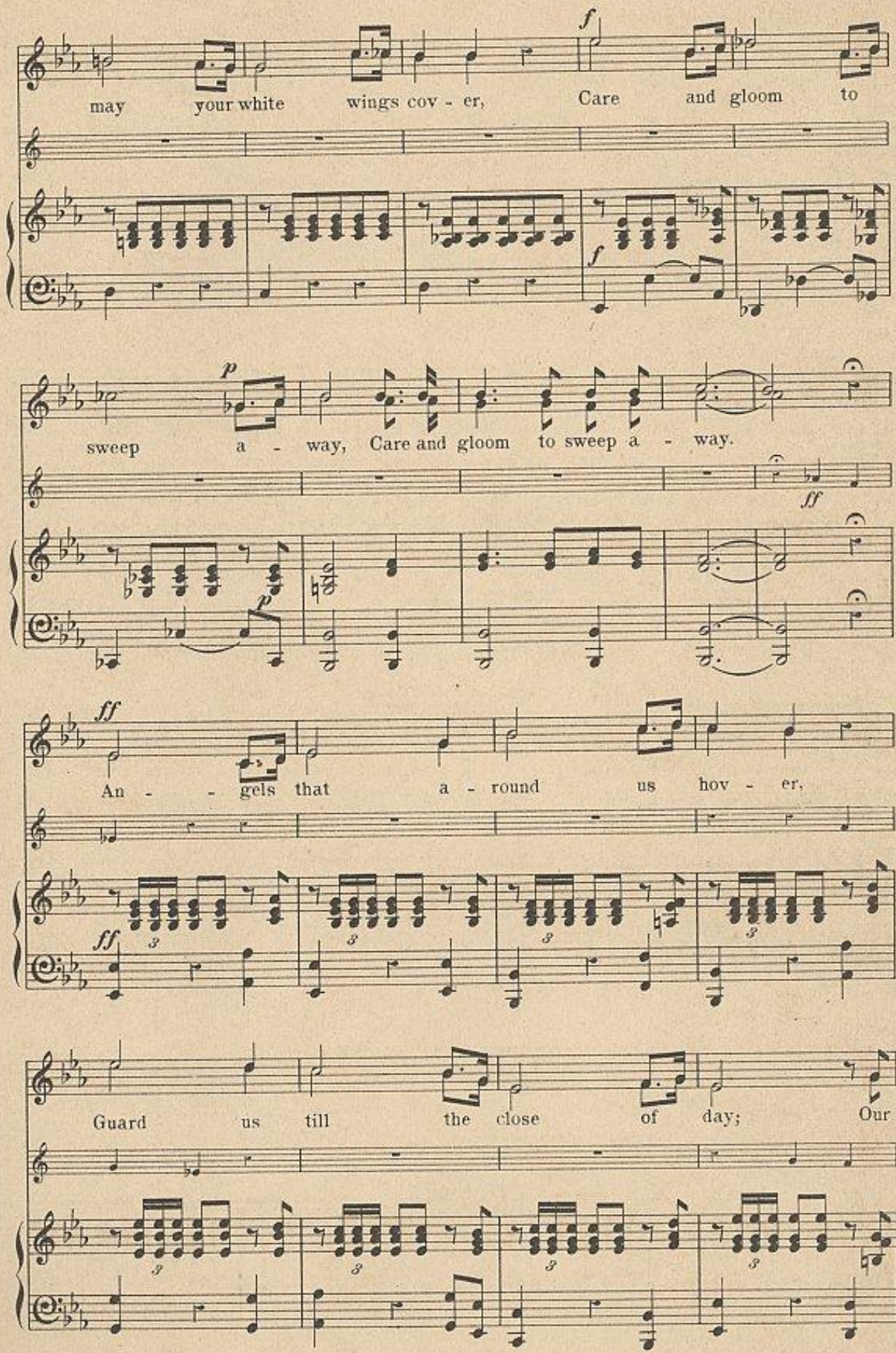
Don Cæsar. The sound of the harp in the air is a lost sound to me, the notes are too delicate for my ear. But hark! (Bell sounds.) There is a tone which reaches me;—the bell of yonder monastery!

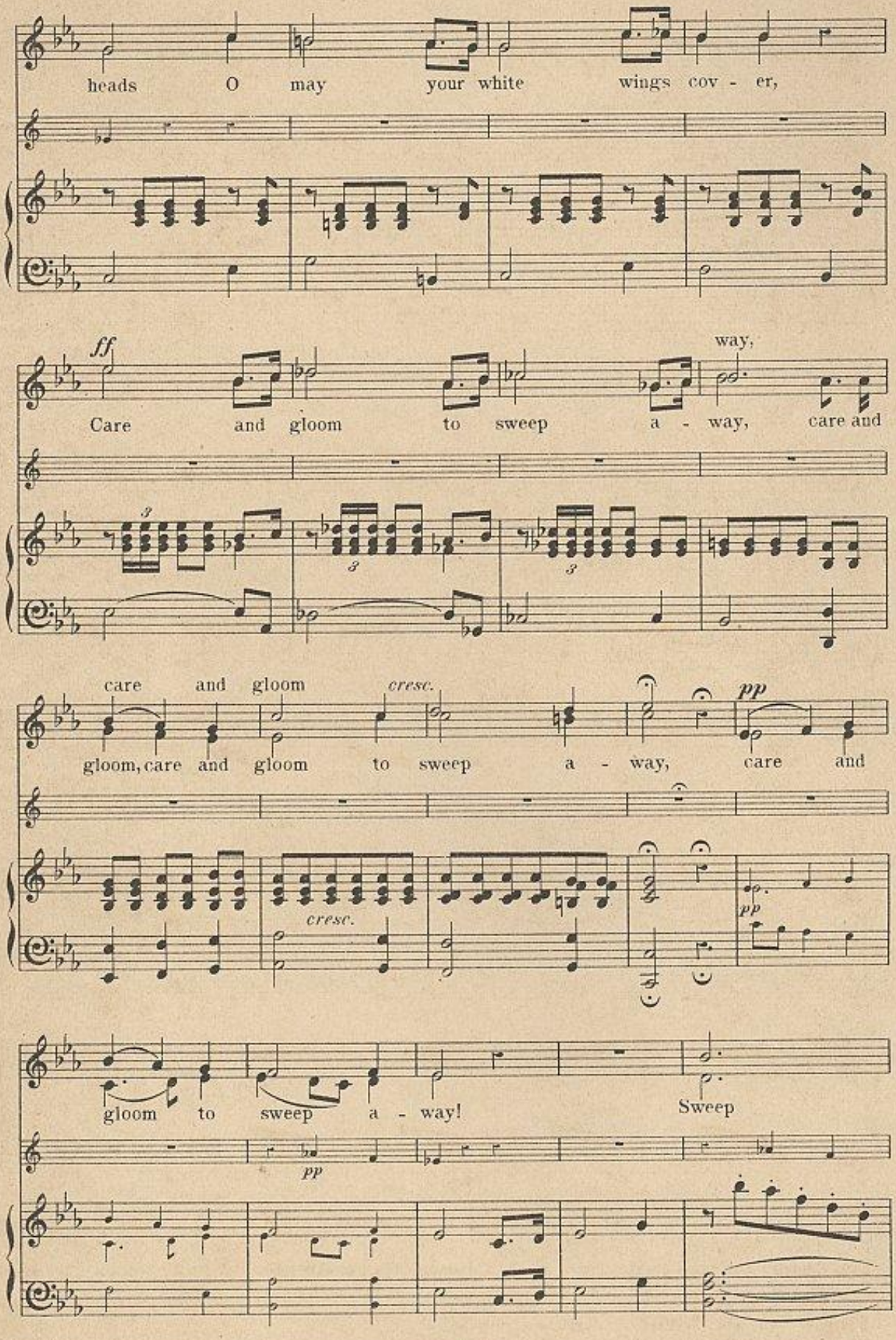
Maritana. It is the evening bell, reminding us that the day is drawing to a close.

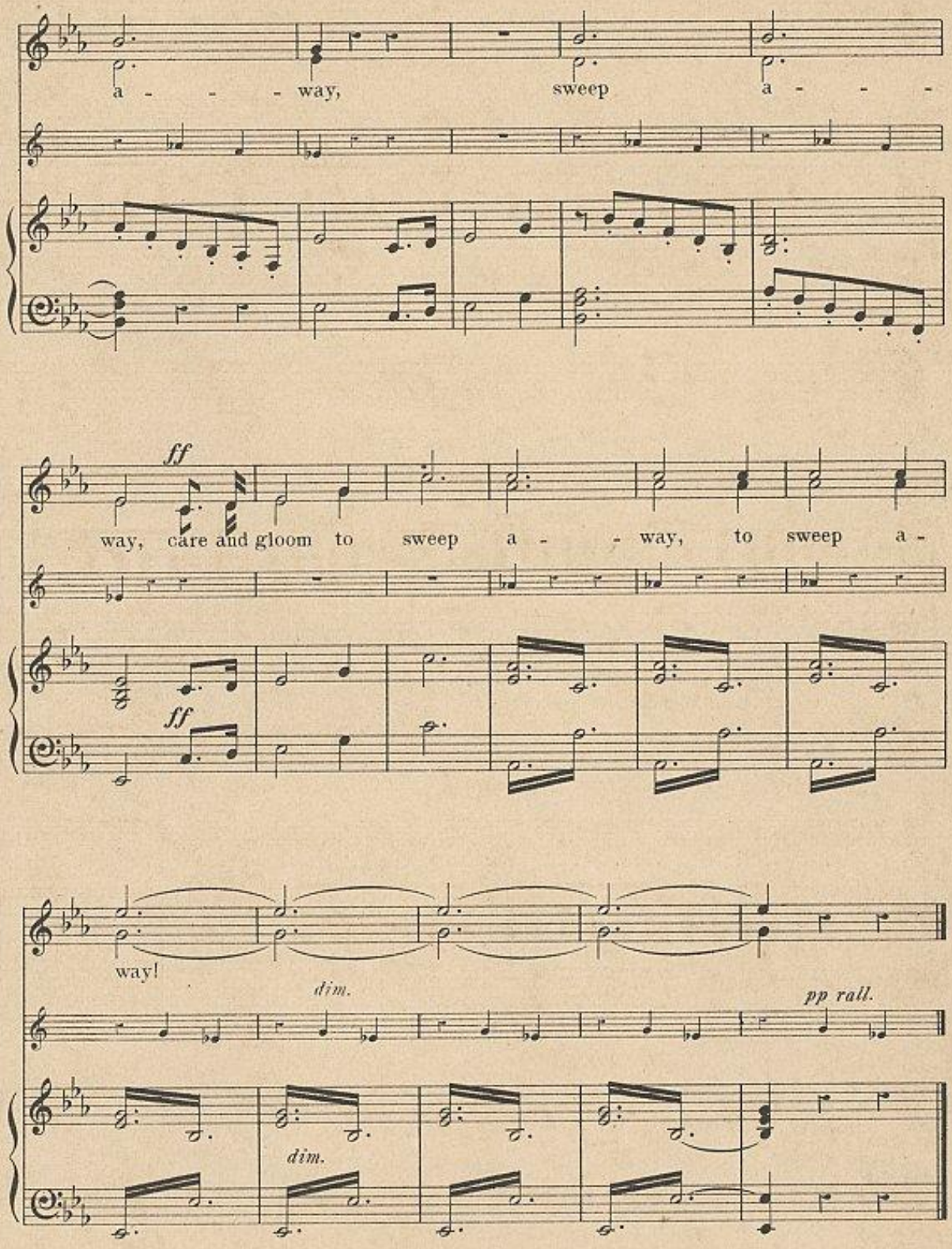
Old Man. Yes, and the day of life as well: may Heaven protect us to its end!



* This *tremolando* must be omitted when bells are used.

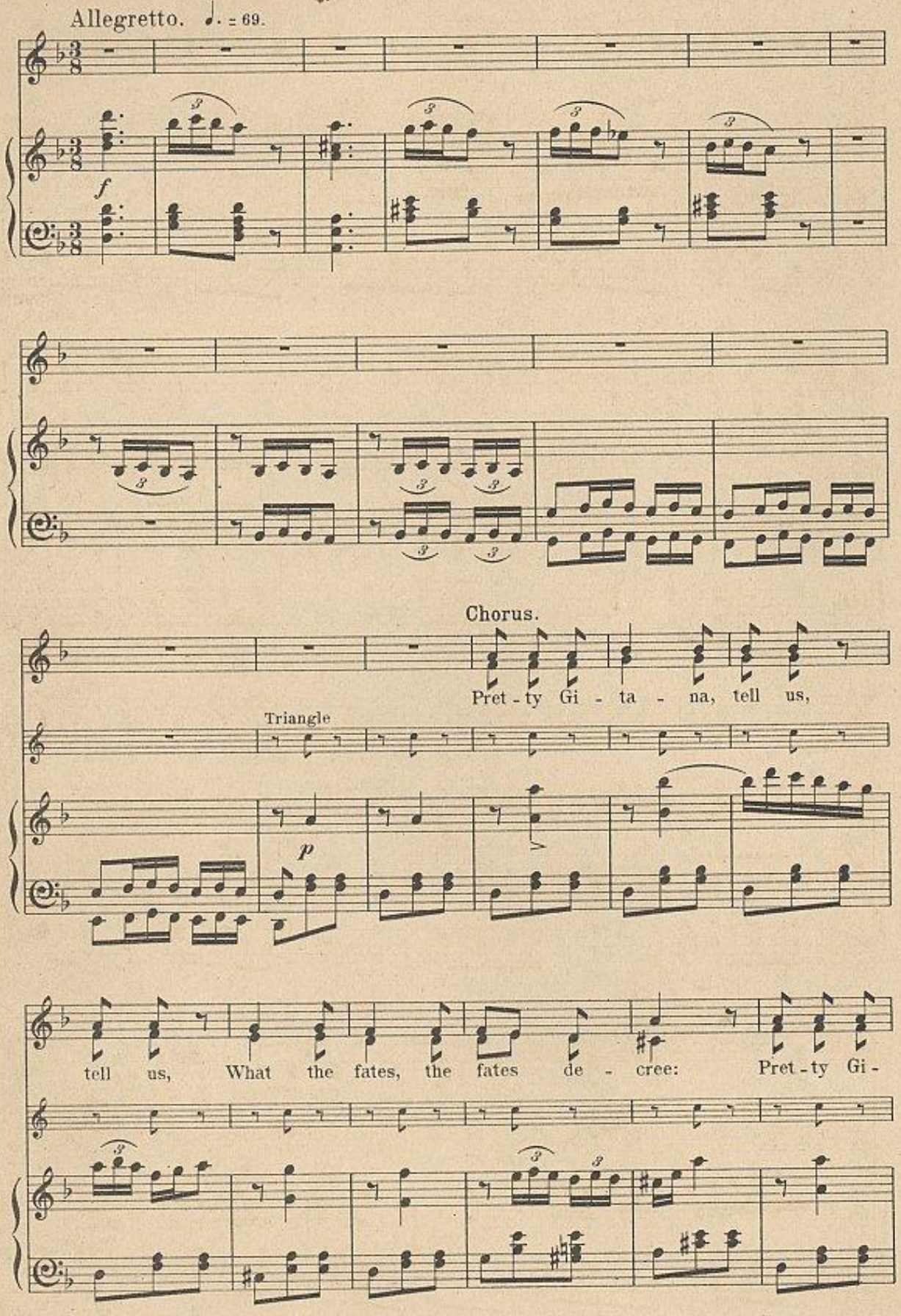

may your white wings cov - er, Care and gloom to
sweep a - way, Care and gloom to sweep a - way.
An - - gels that a - round us hov - er,
Guard us till the close of day; Our

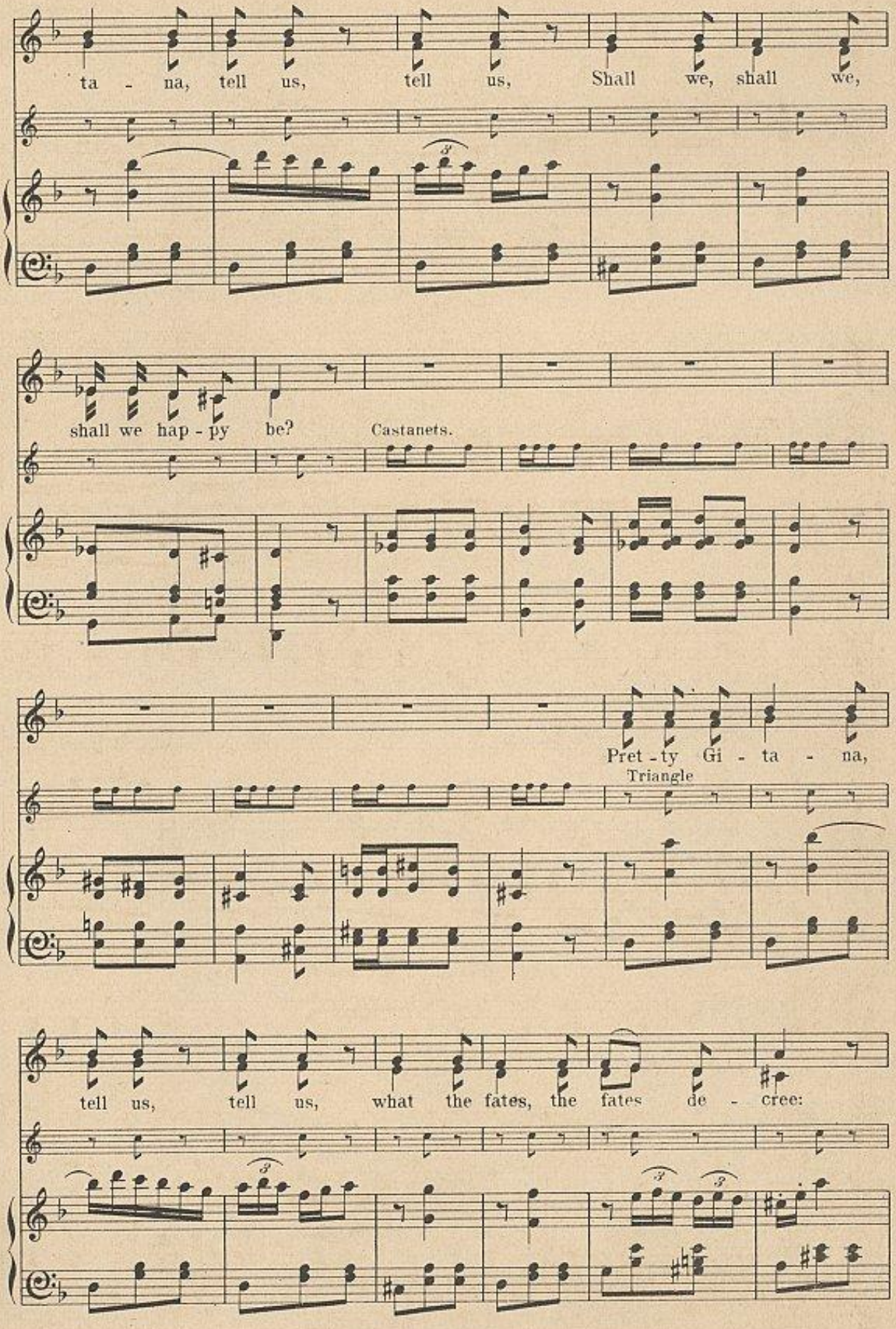

heads O may your white wings cov - er,
ff
Care and gloom to sweep a - way, care and
way,
care and gloom cresc.
gloom, care and gloom to sweep a - way, care and
pp
cresc.
pp
gloom to sweep a - way!
Sweep
pp

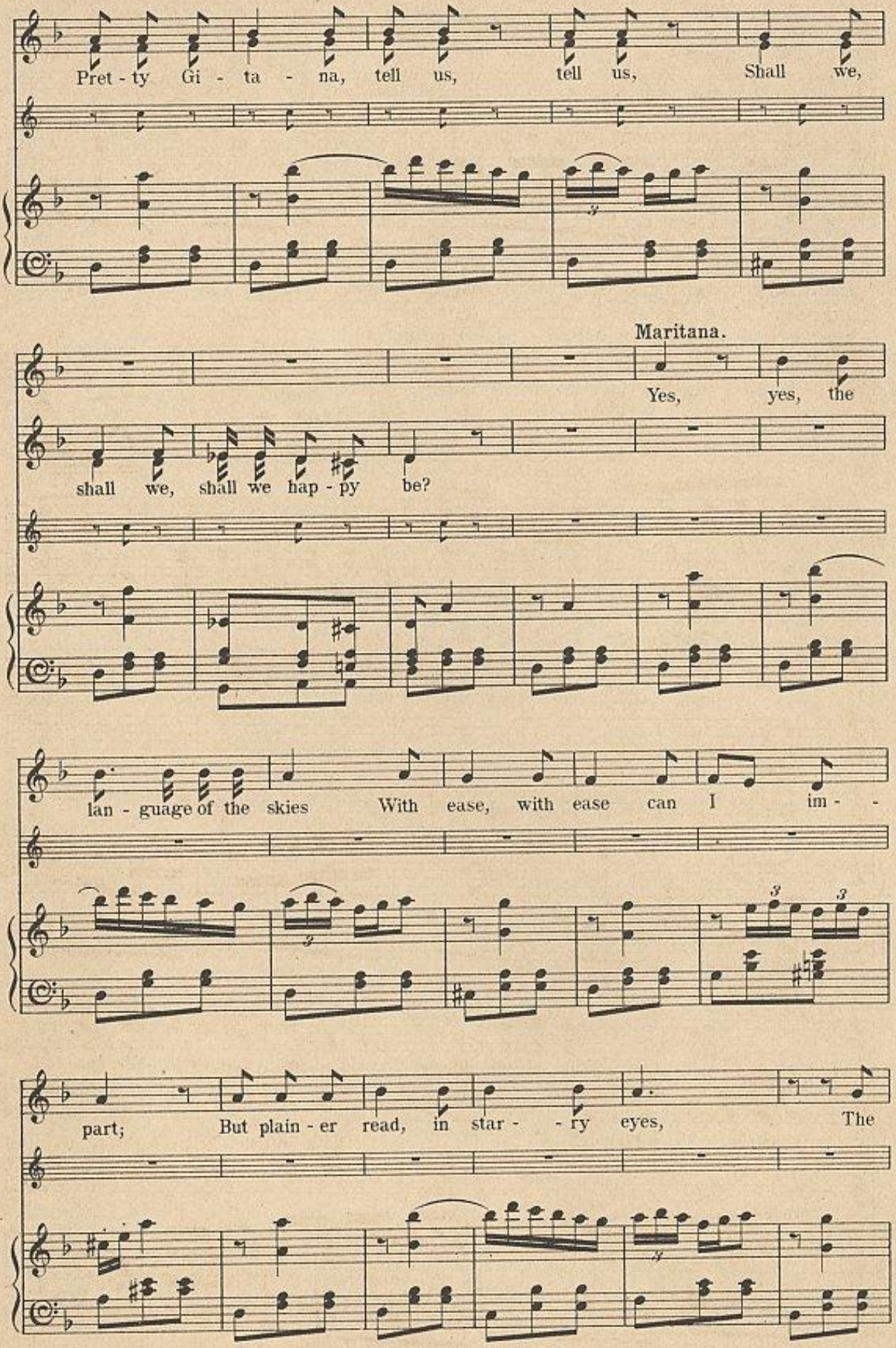


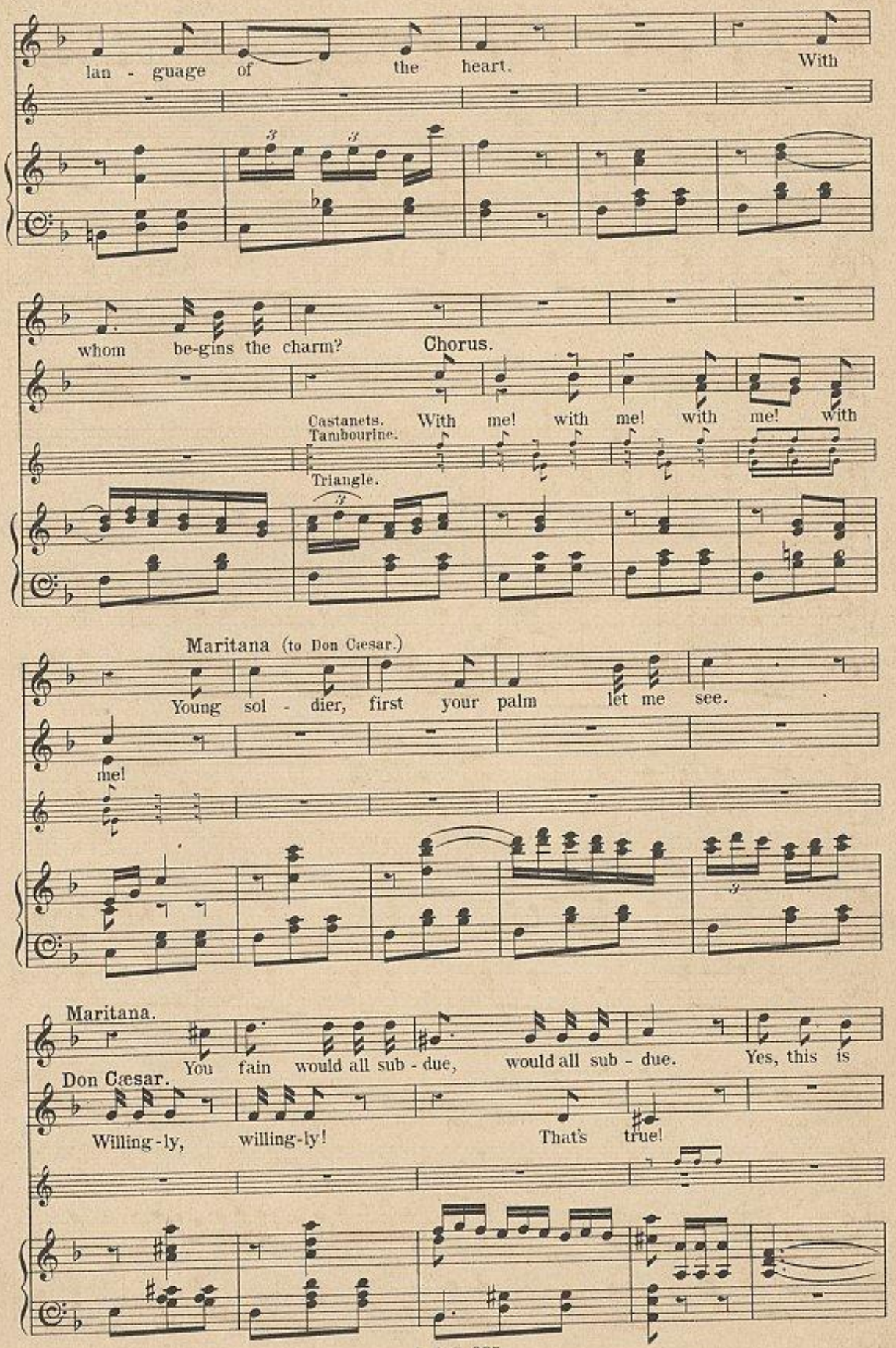
Don Cæsar. But now, pretty gipsy maid, are you not a fortune-teller, and will you not give us a cast of your art?

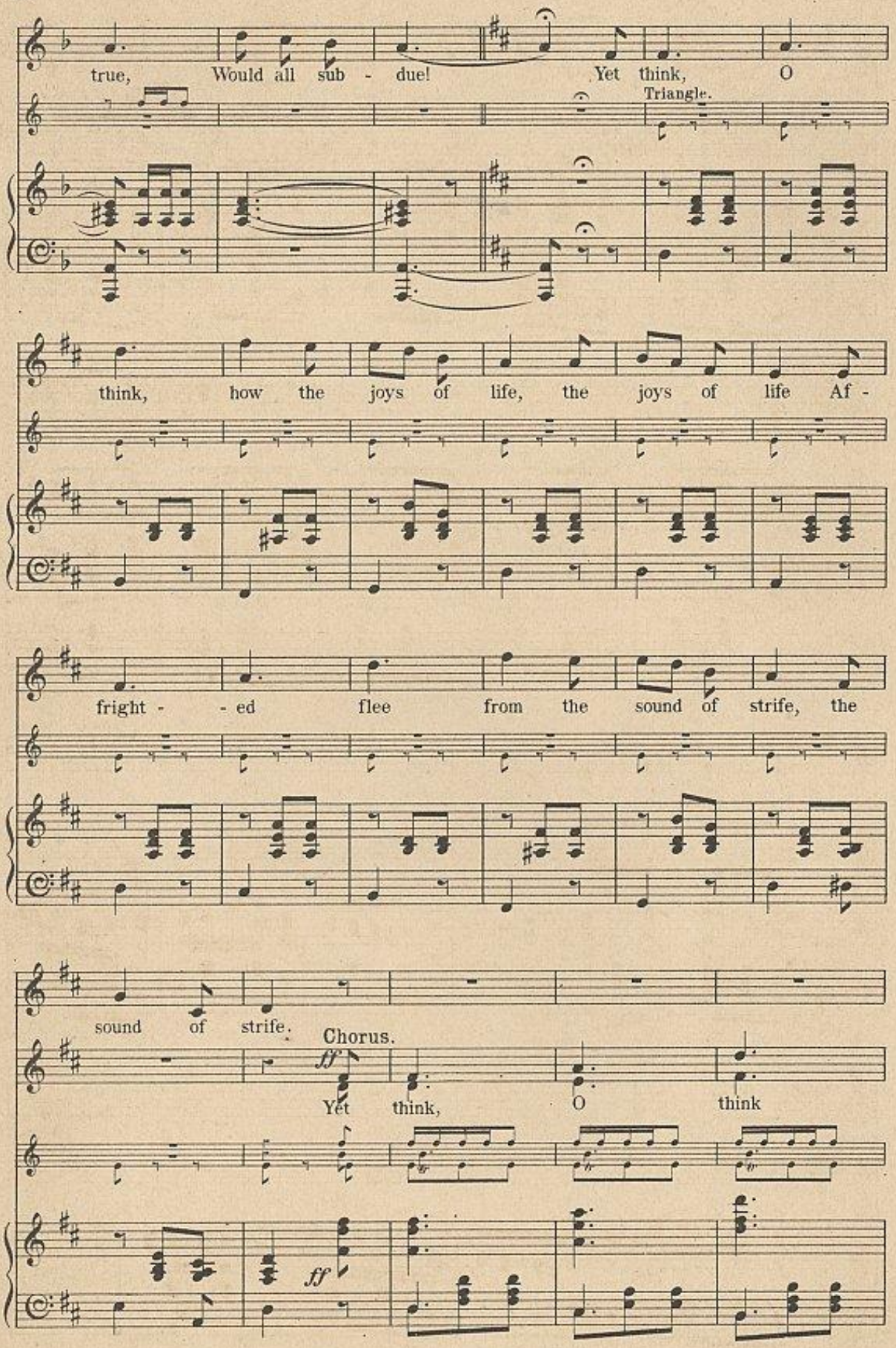
People. Ay, ay! Tell us our fortunes!

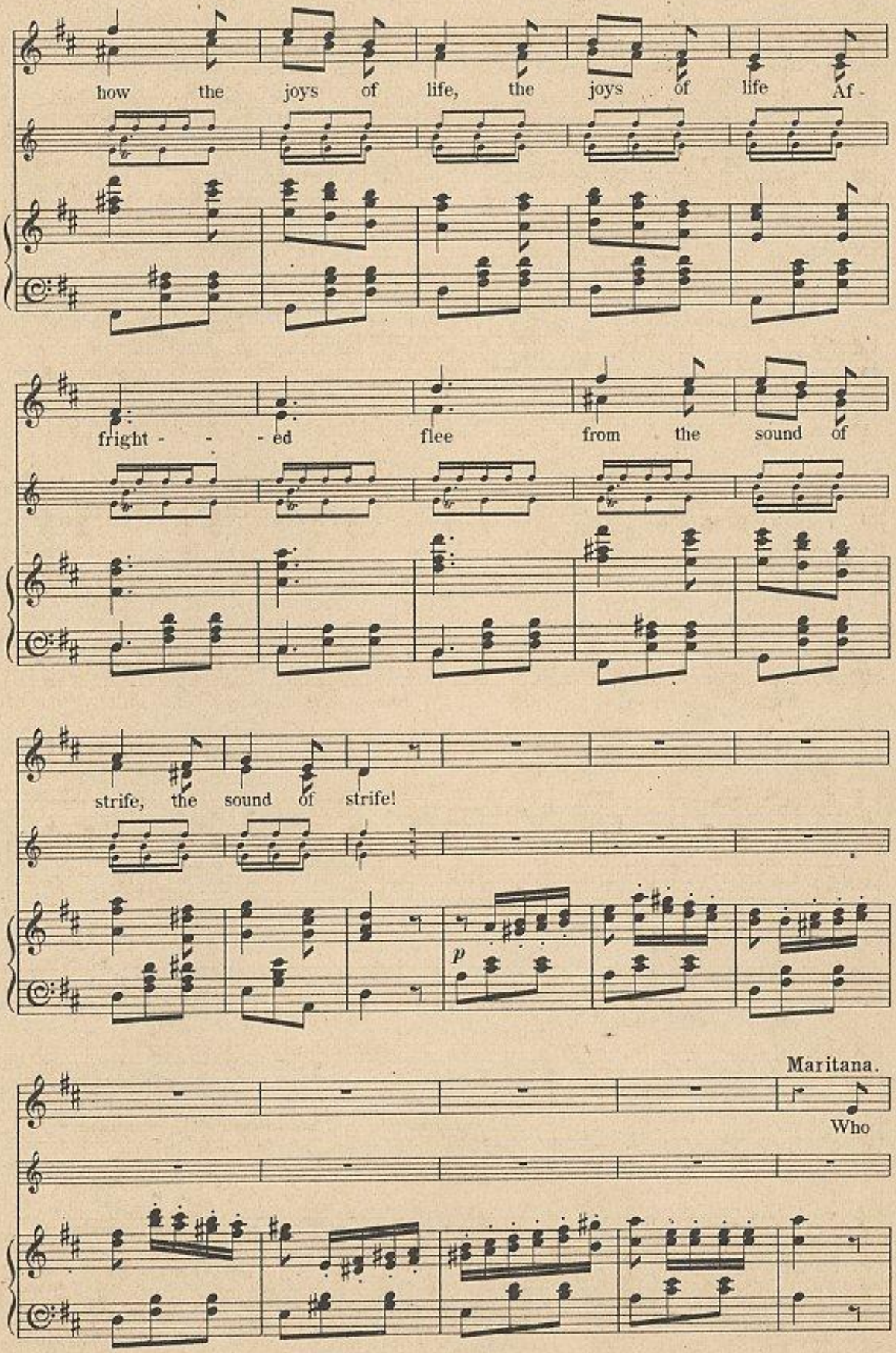

Allegretto. ♩. = 69.
f
Chorus.
Pret - ty Gi - ta - na, tell us,
Triangle
p
tell us, What the fates, the fates de - cree: Pret - ty Gi -

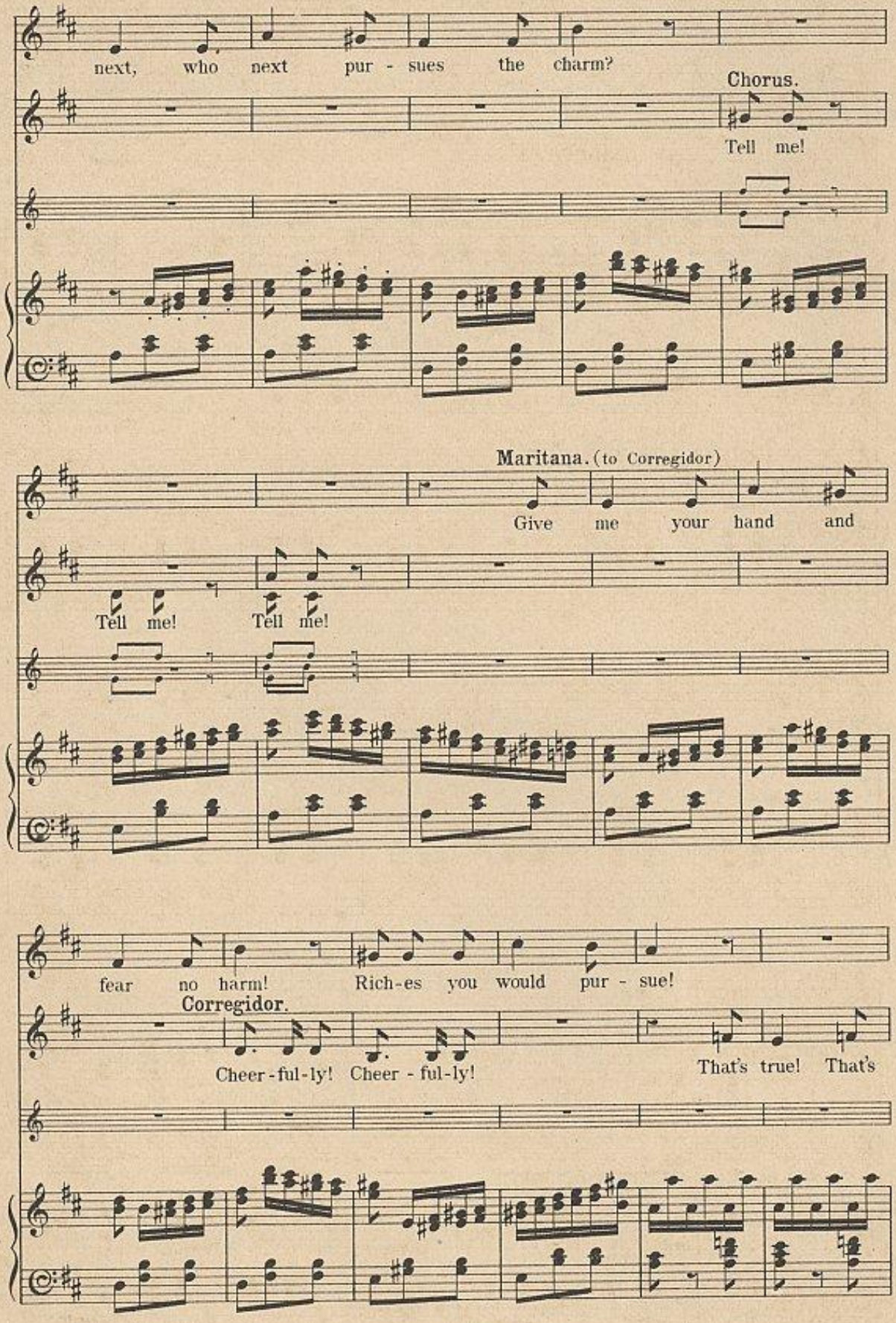

ta - na, tell us, tell us, Shall we, shall we,
shall we hap - py be?
Castanets.
Pret - ty Gi - ta - na,
Triangle
tell us, tell us, what the fates, the fates de - cree:

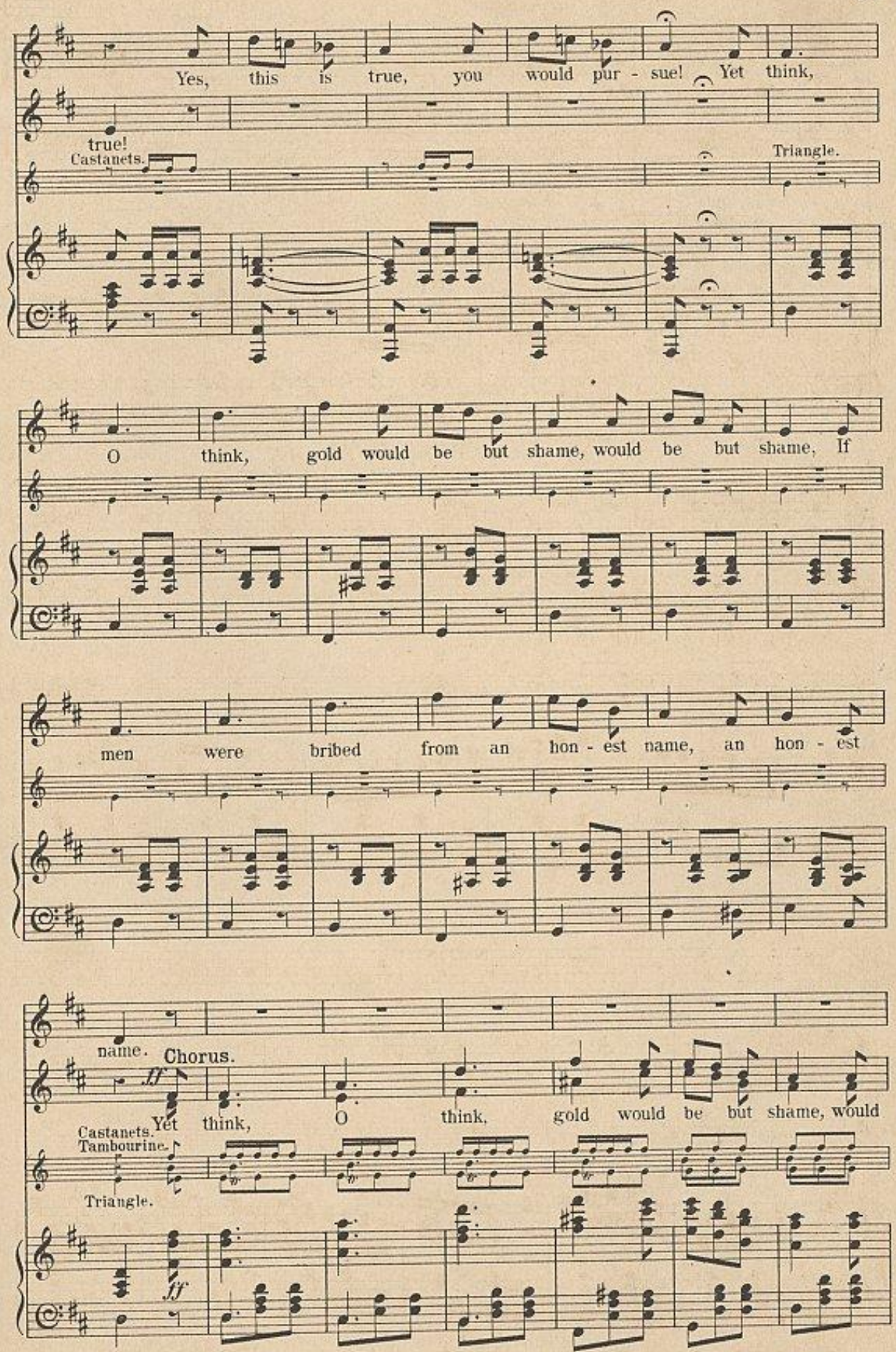

Pret - ty Gi - ta - na, tell us, tell us, Shall we,
Maritana.
Yes, yes, the
shall we, shall we hap - py be?
lan - guage of the skies With ease, with ease can I im - -
part; But plain - er read, in star - - ry eyes, The

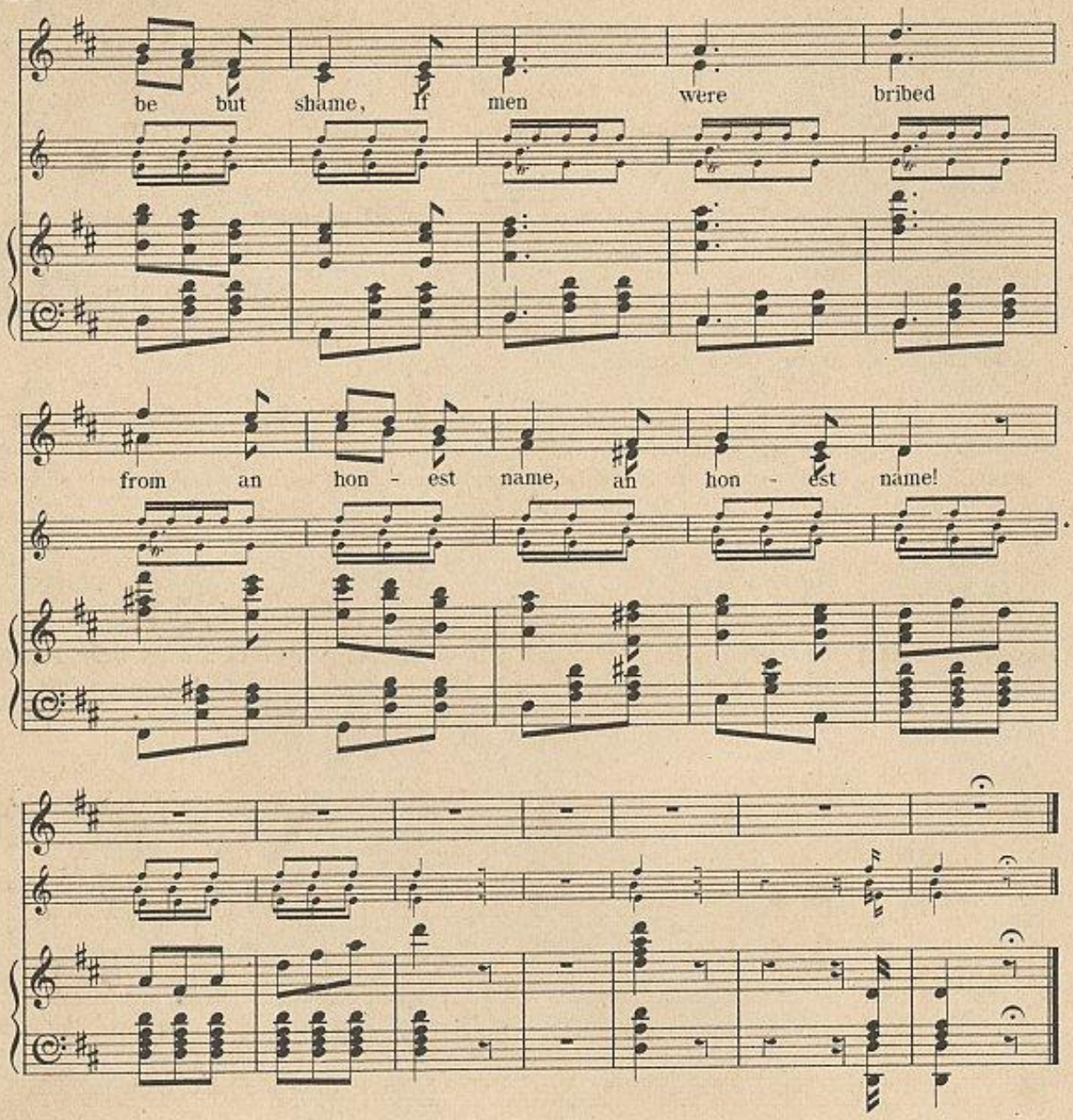

lan - guage of the heart. With
whom be-gins the charm? Chorus.
Castanets. Tambourine. Triangle.
With me! with me! with me! with
Maritana (to Don Cæsar.)
Young sol - dier, first your palm let me see.
me!
Maritana.
You fain would all sub - due, would all sub - due. Yes, this is
Don Cæsar.
Willing-ly, willing-ly! That's true!


true, Would all sub - due! Yet think, O
Triangle.
think, how the joys of life, the joys of life Af -
fright - - ed flee from the sound of strife, the
sound of strife.
Chorus.
ff
Yet think, O think
ff


how the joys of life, the joys of life Af -
fright - - - ed flee from the sound of
strife, the sound of strife!
p
Maritana.
Who


next, who next pur - sues the charm?
Chorus.
Tell me!
Maritana. (to Corregidor)
Give me your hand and
Tell me! Tell me!
fear no harm! Rich-es you would pur - sue!
Corregidor.
Cheer-ful-ly! Cheer - ful-ly!
That's true! That's


Yes, this is true, you would pur - sue! Yet think,
true!
Castanets.
Triangle.
O think, gold would be but shame, would be but shame, If
men were bribed from an hon - est name, an hon - est
name.
Chorus.
ff
Yet think, O think, gold would be but shame, would
Castanets.
Tambourine.
Triangle.
ff



Corregidor. Wretched girl! dost thou insult me?
Maritana. What mean you, Sir?
Corregidor. Do you charge me with taking bribes?
Don Cæsar. Doubtless you may wear the cap if it fits you.
Corregidor. I am a magistrate, and she insults justice in my person.
Maritana. Alas! Sir, I knew it not.
Don Cæsar. Pshaw! man, can't you take a joke?
Corregidor. It is no joke to contemn a corregidor: take her, Officers, and imprison her; she shall be publicly whipped.
Don Cæsar. Nay, that shall not be!
Corregidor. Shall not? I say I am the Corregidor of Madrid.
Don Cæsar. And I am Don Cæsar di Bazan, who cares for no Corregidor on earth, when innocence needs a defender. Stand back! (Draws his sword.)
Corregidor. Dost thou interrupt the course of Justice? (Pushes him.)
Don Cæsar. (Strikes Corregidor on shoulder with flat of sword.) Stand back, I say!
Corregidor. He has assaulted the Chief Magistrate of the City: take him, Officers! To jail with him! (Don Cæsar is seized from behind, and led off with Maritana.)

Curtain.

Scene 2. Court of the Prison.

(Enter Lazarillo and Jailer.)

Jailer. Well, boy, your master, Don Cæsar, has earnestly requested me to allow you to come here daily to wait upon him, and I have consented, on due consideration —

Lazarillo. A piece of gold!

Jailer. Never mind what; but understand me, there must be no plotting or conspiring! my eye is upon you, and if I see any underhand work, I'll lock you up with him.

Lazarillo. Fear not.

Jailer. I do not fear, for I will take care. This is the hour when he takes his daily walk in the courtyard: I go to open his cell. But mind what I say: Your master will have to die for assaulting the corregidor —

Lazarillo. Die?

Jailer. Yes, of course, the penalty is death: he will be hung, as sure as a gun: and I am responsible for his safe custody.

Lazarillo. Hung? My master is a gentleman, and a nobleman, and a soldier; they surely will not hang him!

Jailer. Won't they? You'll see: he opposed justice —

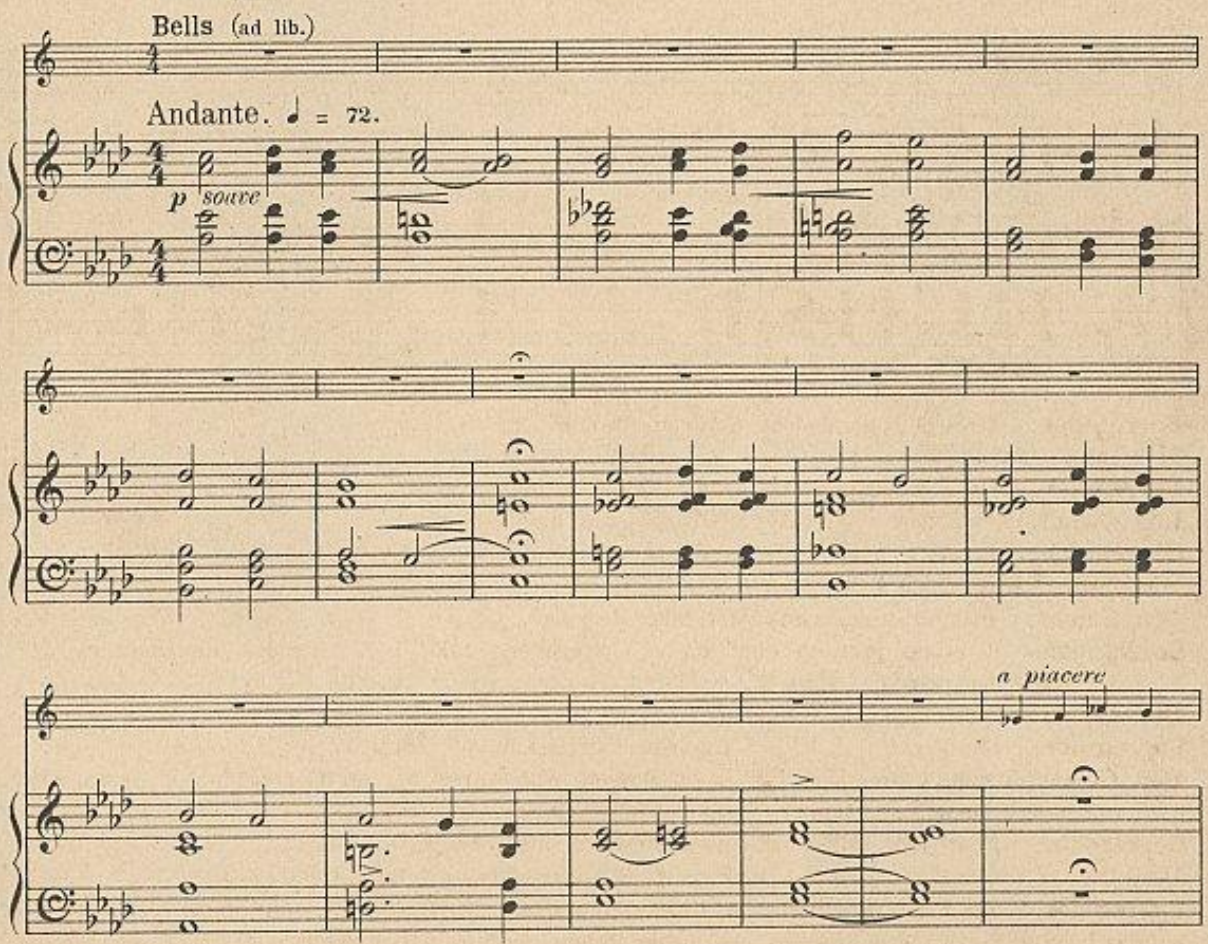
Lazarillo. Justice?

Jailer. Well, the officers of justice, and he will be hung. (Going off.)

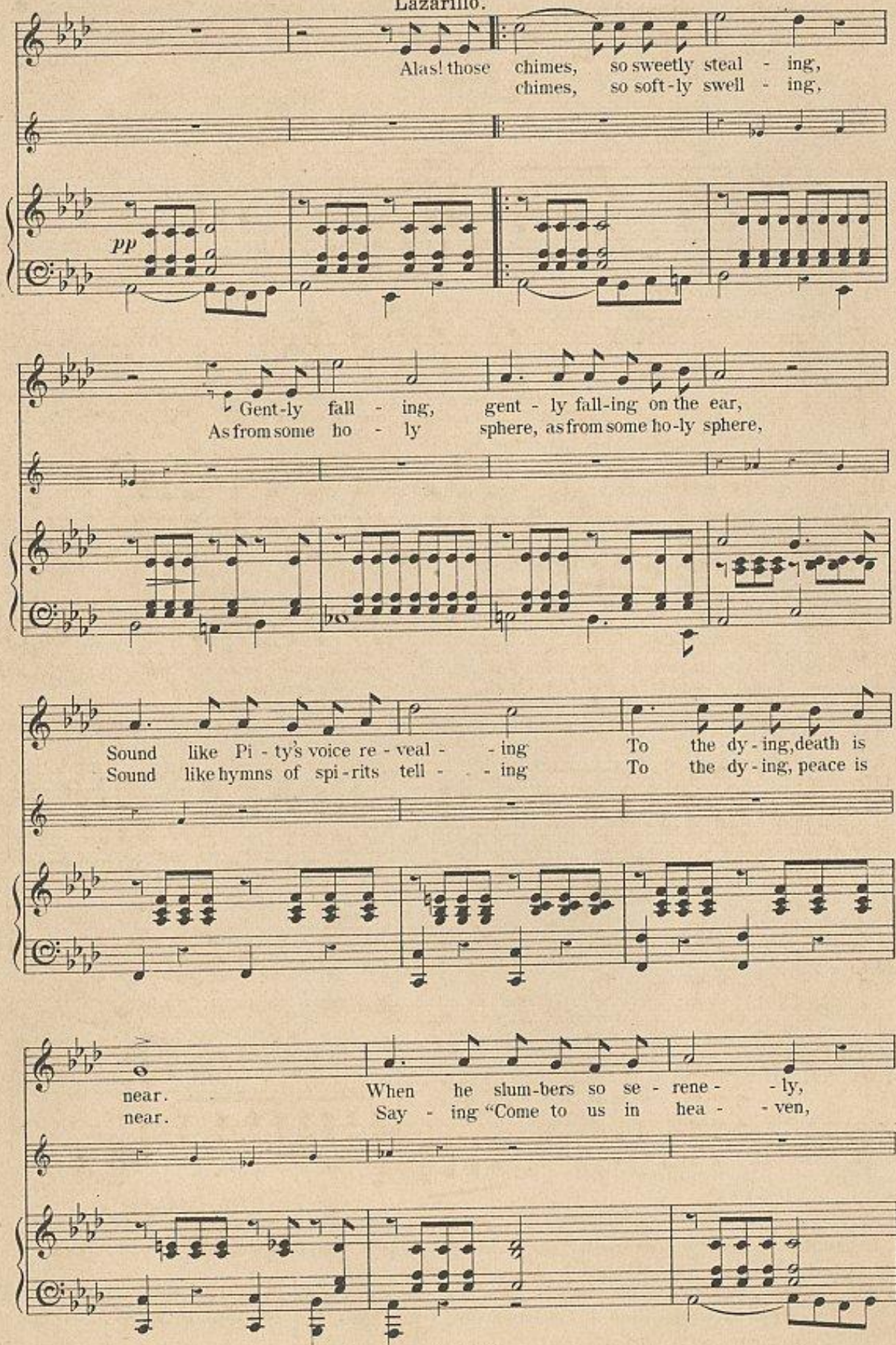
Lazarillo. Alas! that such a penalty should follow a brave and noble action!

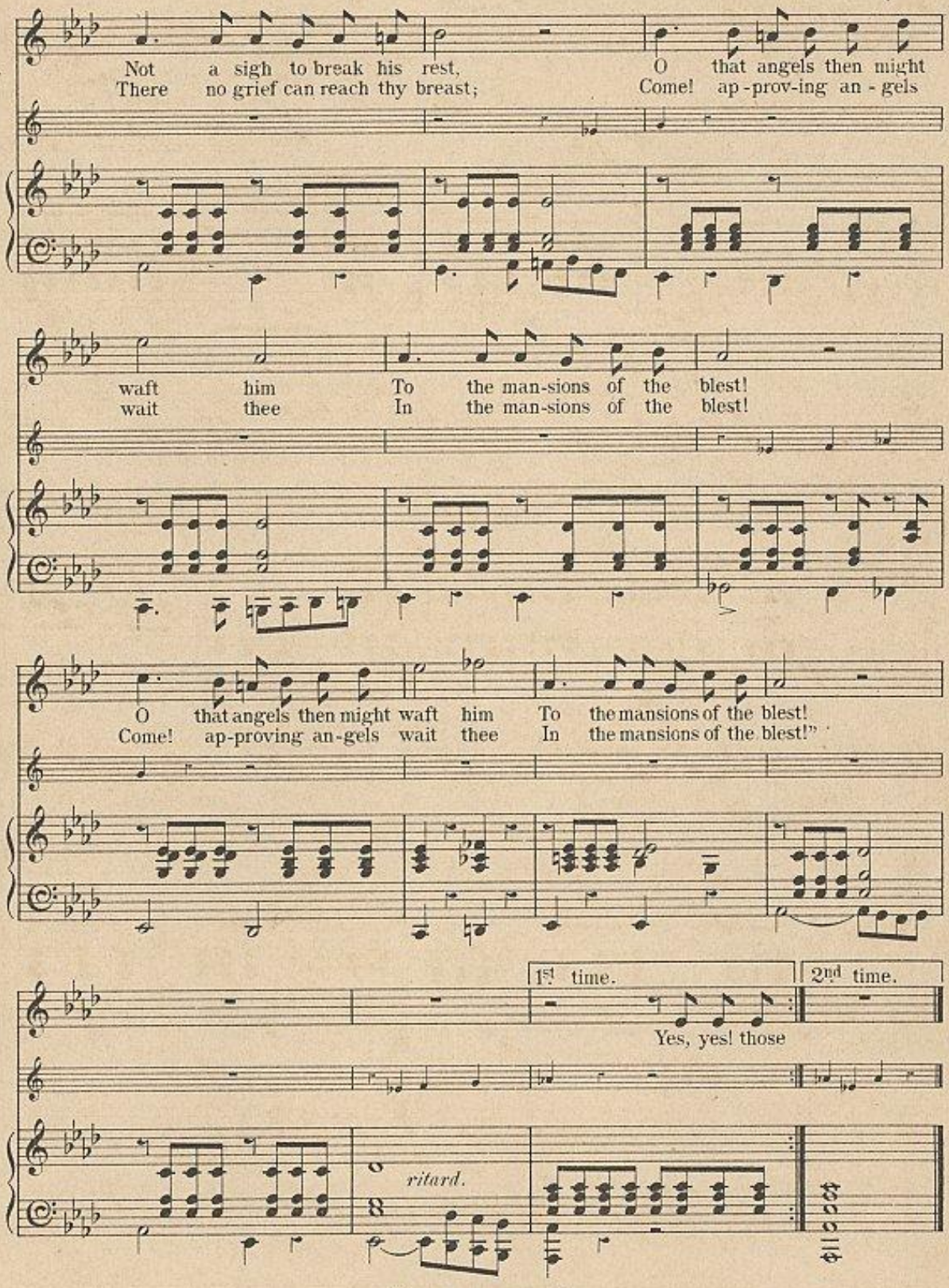
Jailer. (At side.) But I must say your master is a cool hand: he sleeps half his time away in his cell, as calmly as if he were at home. I'll warrant I shall find him asleep now.

(Exit.)



Lazarillo.

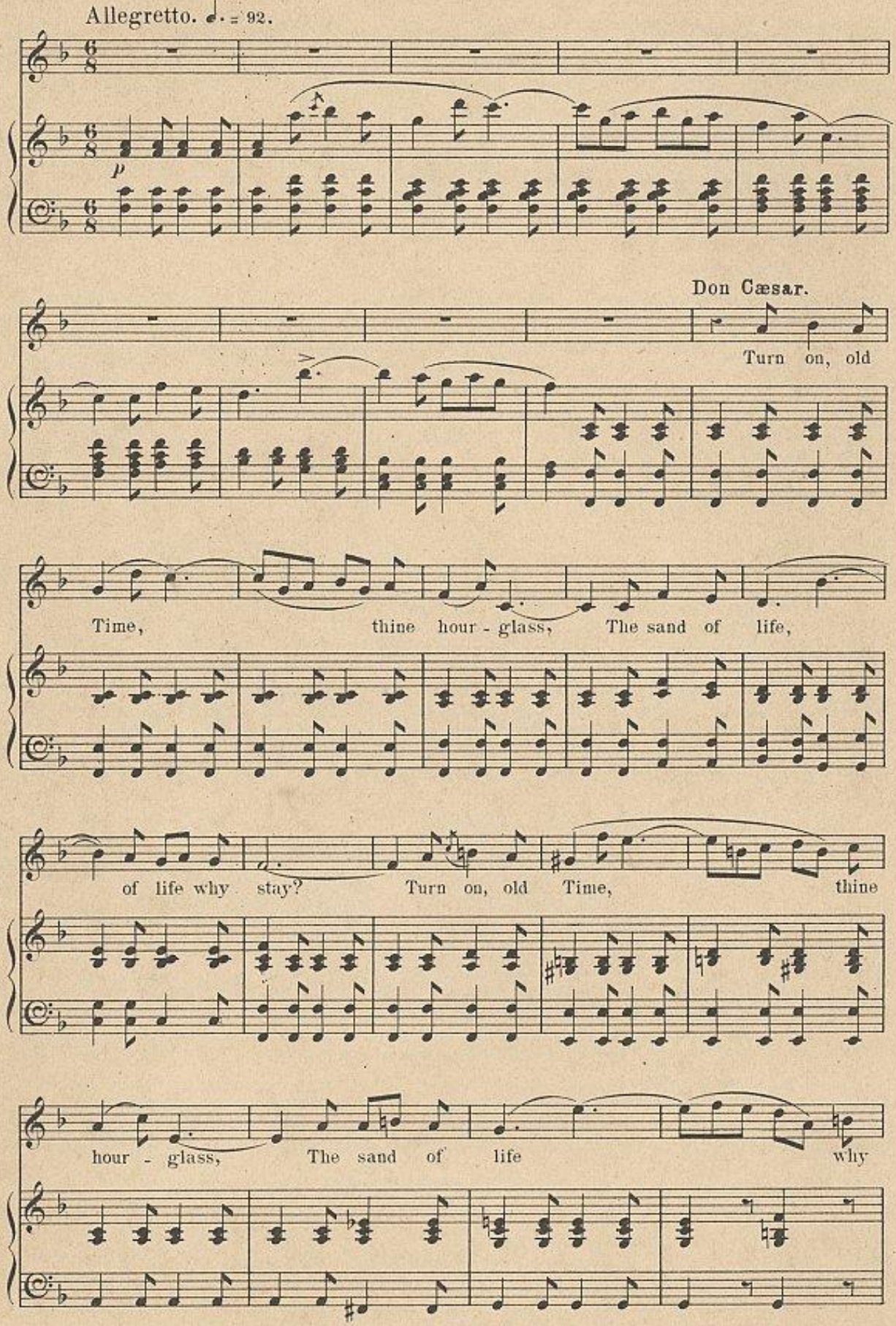

Alas! those chimes, so sweetly steal - ing,
chimes, so soft-ly swell - ing,
pp
Gent-ly fall - ing, gent - ly fall-ing on the ear,
As from some ho - ly sphere, as from some ho-ly sphere,
Sound like Pi - ty's voice re - veal - - ing To the dy - ing, death is
Sound like hymns of spi-rits tell - - ing To the dy - ing, peace is
near. When he slum-bers so se - rene - - ly,
near. Say - ing "Come to us in hea - - ven,

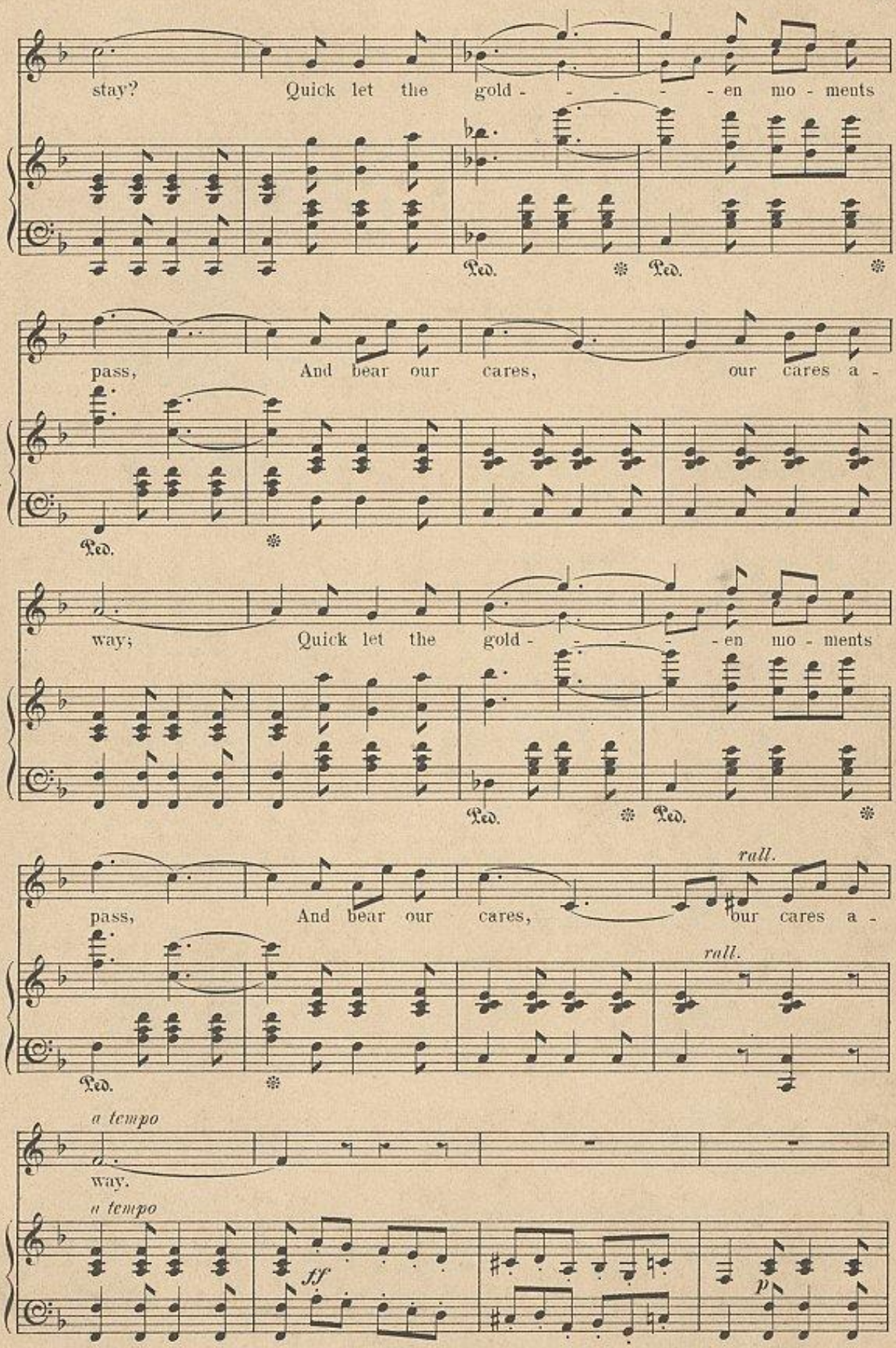


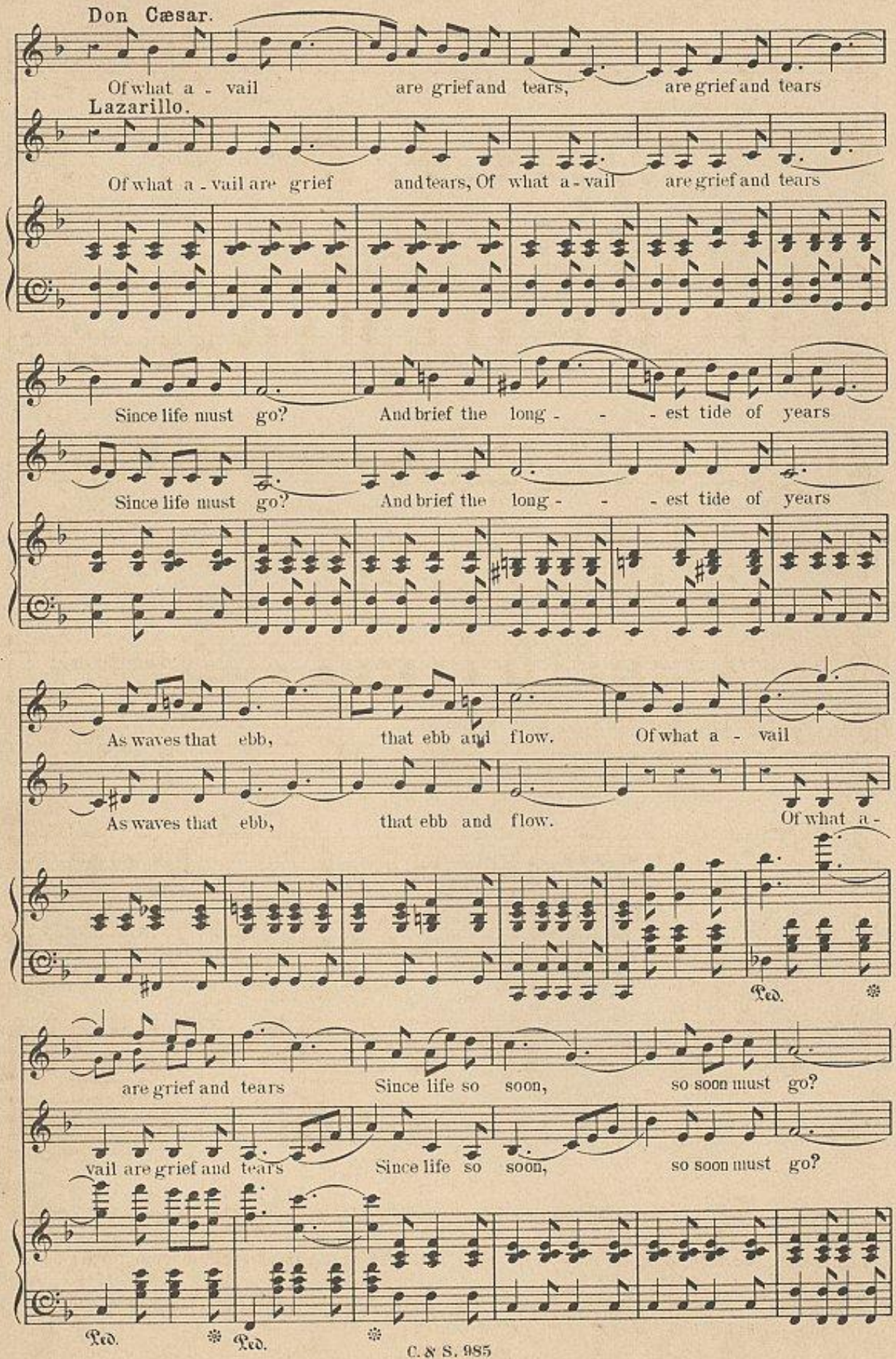
(Enter Don Cæsar.)

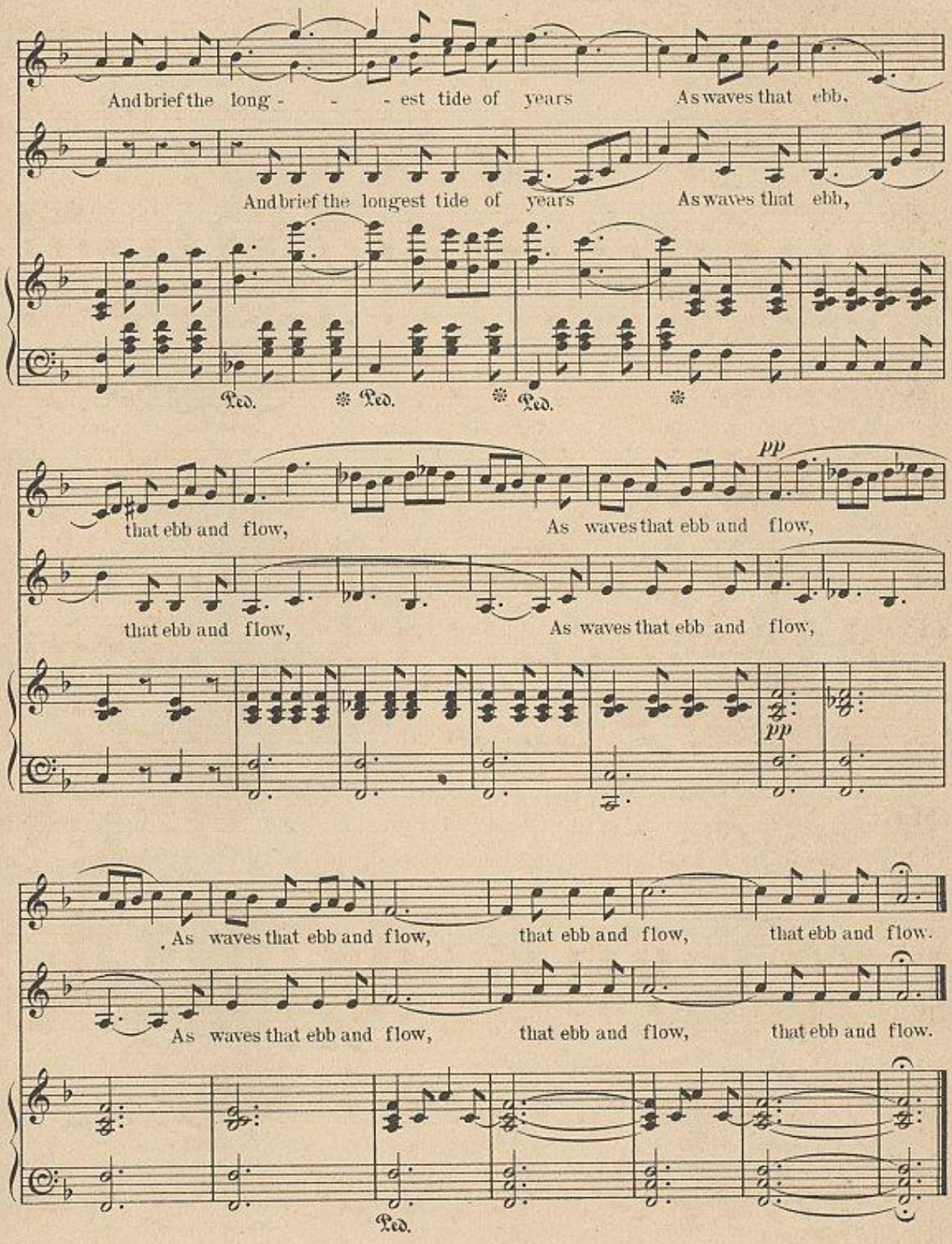
Lazarillo. O master, dear master! how dreadful to see you thus imprisoned, with the prospect, they say, of life soon to be ended!

Don Cæsar. Why Lazarillo, my lad, I think you care more about the matter than I do: how often in battle have I looked death in the face, and who would wish to retain life without liberty and joy?


Allegretto. ♩. = 92.
p
Don Cæsar.
Turn on, old
Time, thine hour - glass, The sand of life,
of life why stay? Turn on, old Time, thine
hour - glass, The sand of life why


stay? Quick let the gold - - - - - en mo - ments
Ped. Ped.
pass, And bear our cares, our cares a -
Ped.
way; Quick let the gold - - - - - en mo - ments
Ped. Ped.
rall.
pass, And bear our cares, our cares a -
rall.
Ped.
a tempo
way.
a tempo
ff
p


Don Cæsar.
Of what a - vail are grief and tears, are grief and tears
Lazarillo.
Of what a - vail are grief and tears, Of what a - vail are grief and tears
Since life must go? And brief the long - - - est tide of years
Since life must go? And brief the long - - - est tide of years
As waves that ebb, that ebb and flow. Of what a - vail
As waves that ebb, that ebb and flow. Of what a -
Ped.
are grief and tears Since life so soon, so soon must go?
vail are grief and tears Since life so soon, so soon must go?
Ped. Ped.

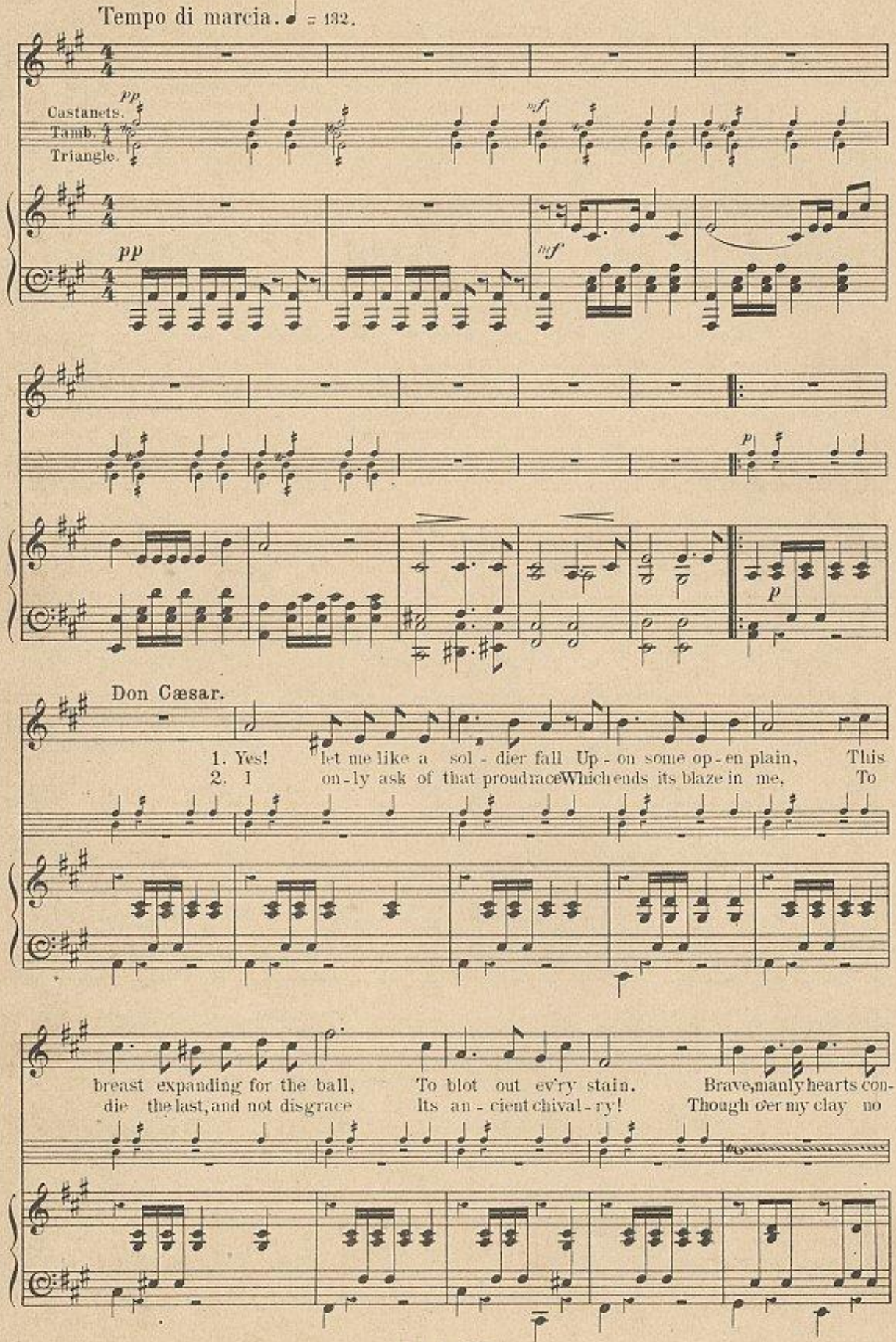


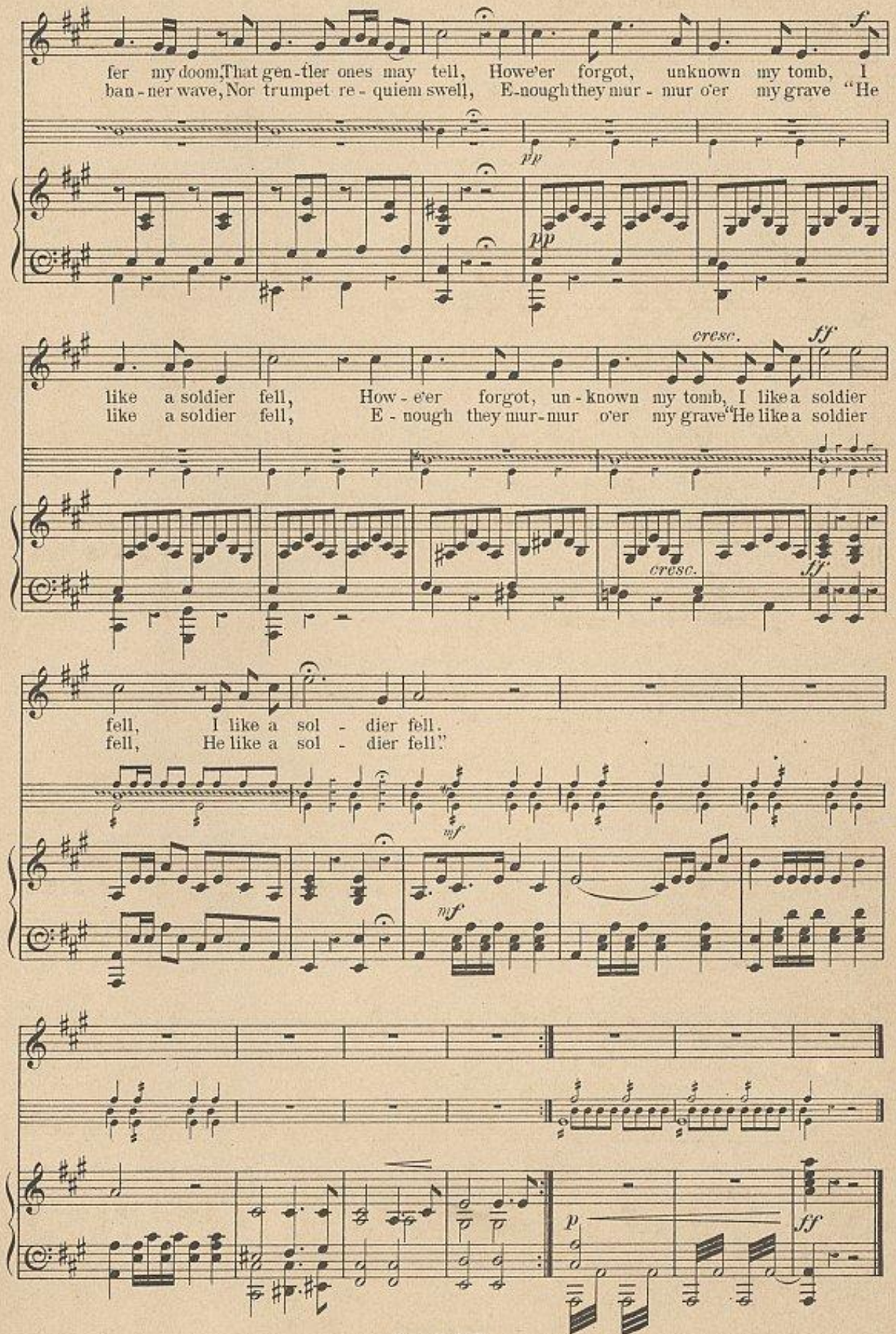
Lazárillo. But, O, Sir, after a life of glorious deeds, to die by the hangman's cord!

Don Cæsar. What?

Lazarillo. Sir, the jailer says it is even so; that the punishment of your offence is hanging.

Don Cæsar. This is indeed a galling thought! I could smile at Death, if it came in noble guise; but thus!


Tempo di marcia. ♩ = 132.
Castanets.
Tamb.
Triangle.
pp
mf
Don Cæsar.
1. Yes! let me like a sol - dier fall Up - on some op - en plain, This
2. I on - ly ask of that proud race Which ends its blaze in me, To
breast expanding for the ball, To blot out ev'ry stain. Brave, manly hearts con-
die the last, and not disgrace Its an - cient chival - ry! Though o'er my clay no


fer my doom, That gen-tler ones may tell, Howe'er forgot, unknown my tomb, I
ban-ner wave, Nor trumpet re-quiem swell, E-nough they mur-mur o'er my grave "He
f
pp
pp
like a soldier fell, How-e'er forgot, un-known my tomb, I like a soldier
like a soldier fell, E-nough they mur-mur o'er my grave "He like a soldier
cresc.
ff
cresc.
ff
fell, I like a sol-dier fell.
fell, He like a sol-dier fell."
mf
mf
p
ff

Lazarillo. See, Sir, the Gitana is approaching.

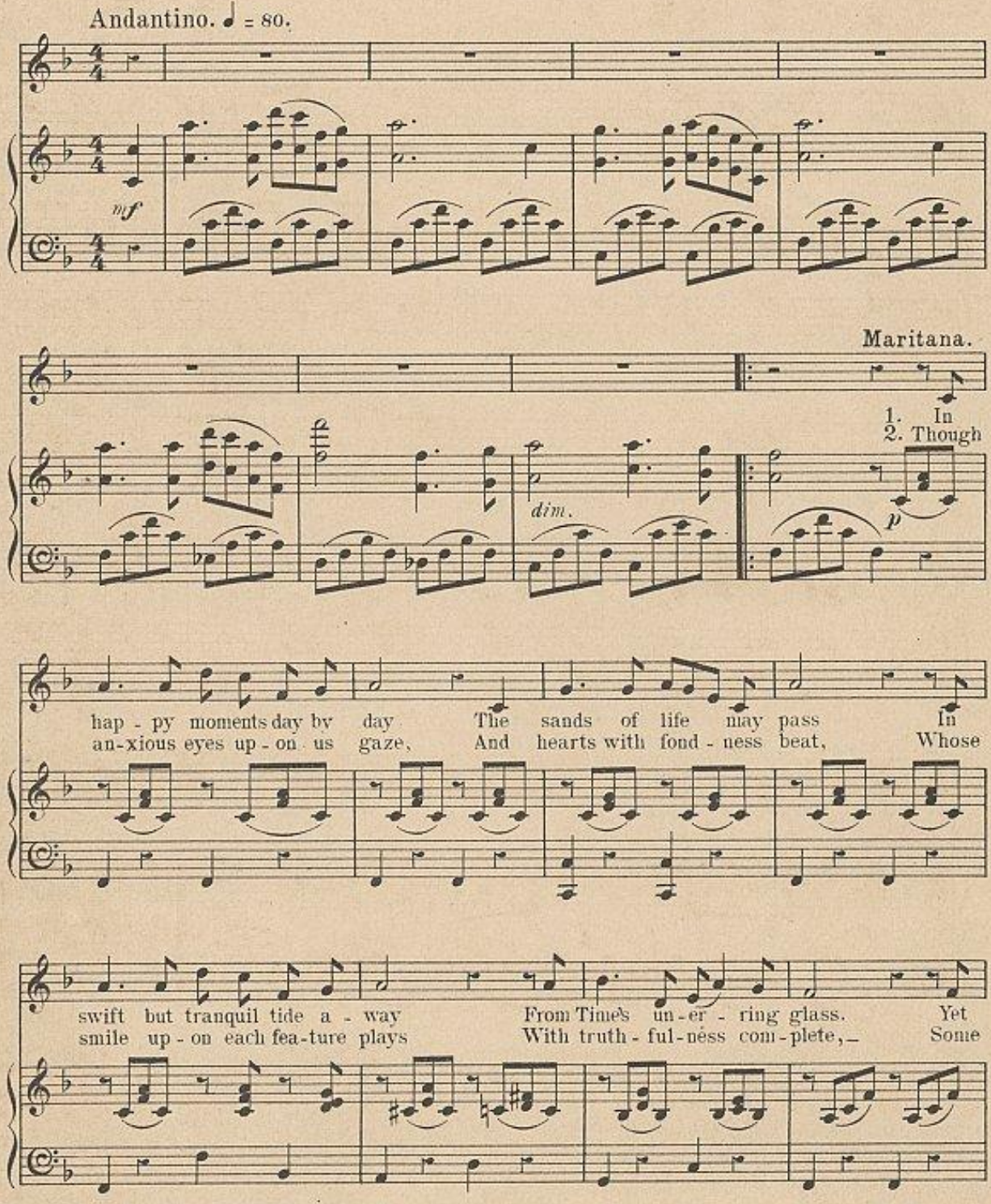
(Enter Maritana.)

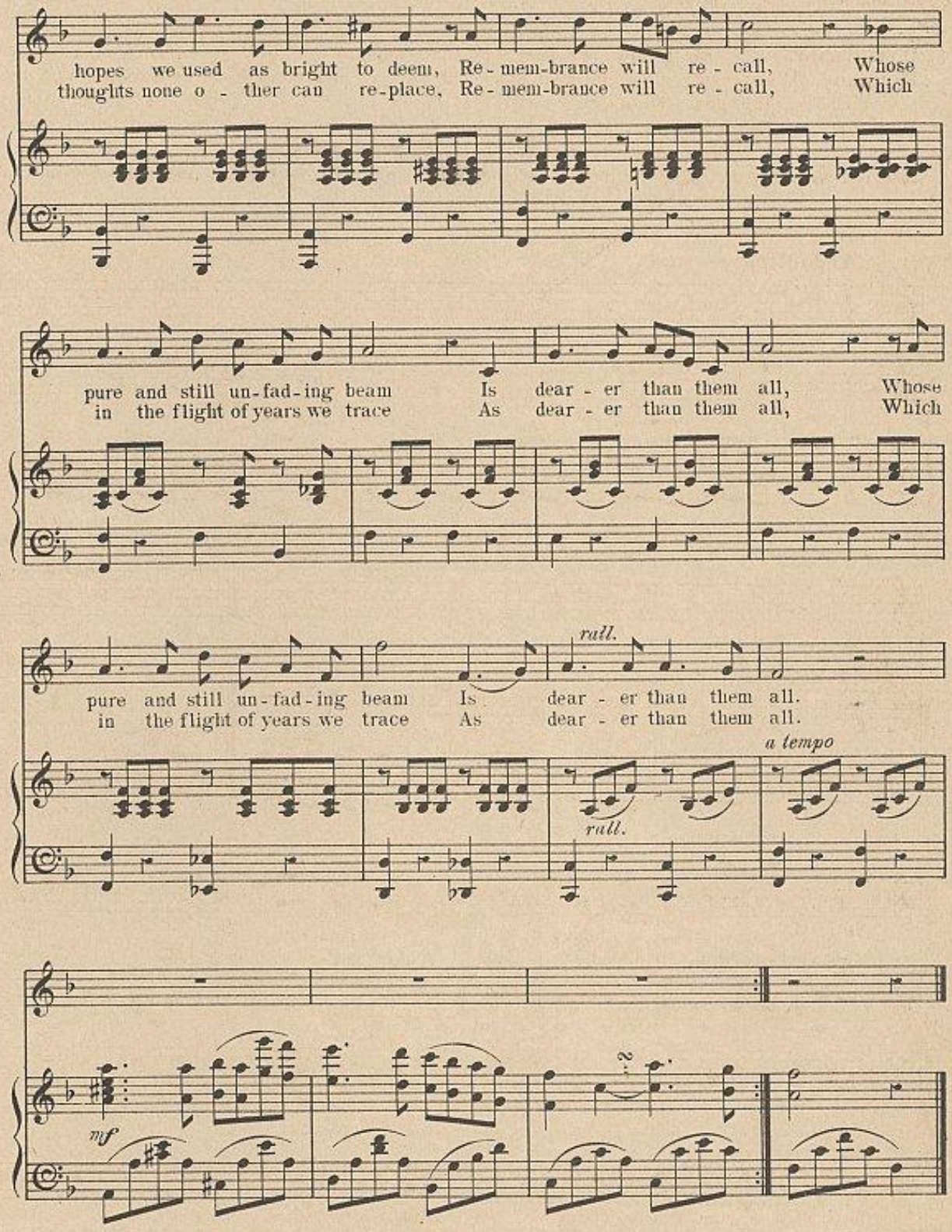
Don Cæsar. Ha! my fellow-prisoner: you are come to soothe the weariness of a captive.

Maritana. Who would not have been here but for his noble kindness in championing the cause of the poor Gitana.

Don Cæsar. No more of that! let us hope you will soon be free to roam once more, and in the happy future forget all that has gone before.

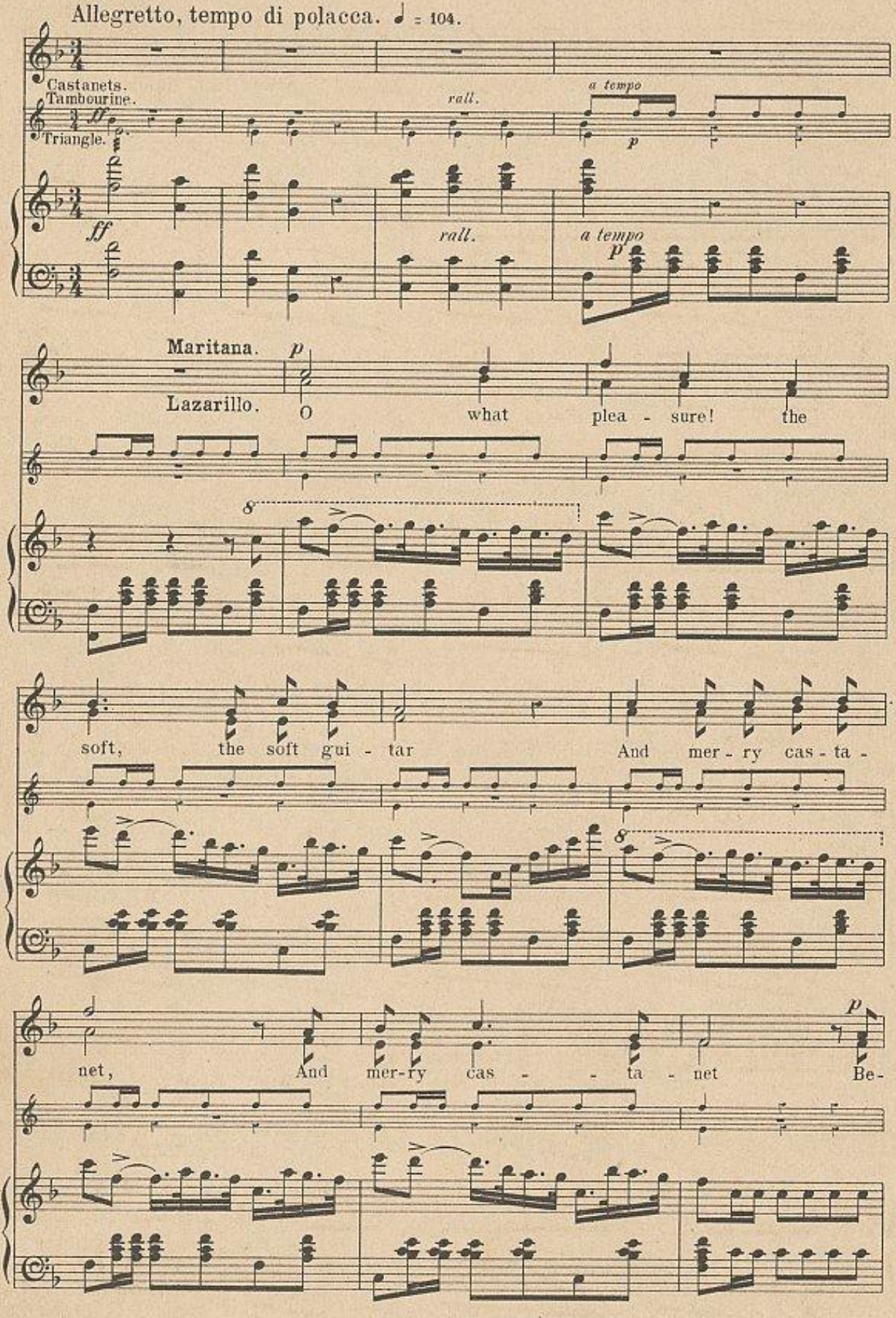
Maritana. Nay, Sir, that cannot be: there are things that never fade from the mind,—memories we would ever cherish.

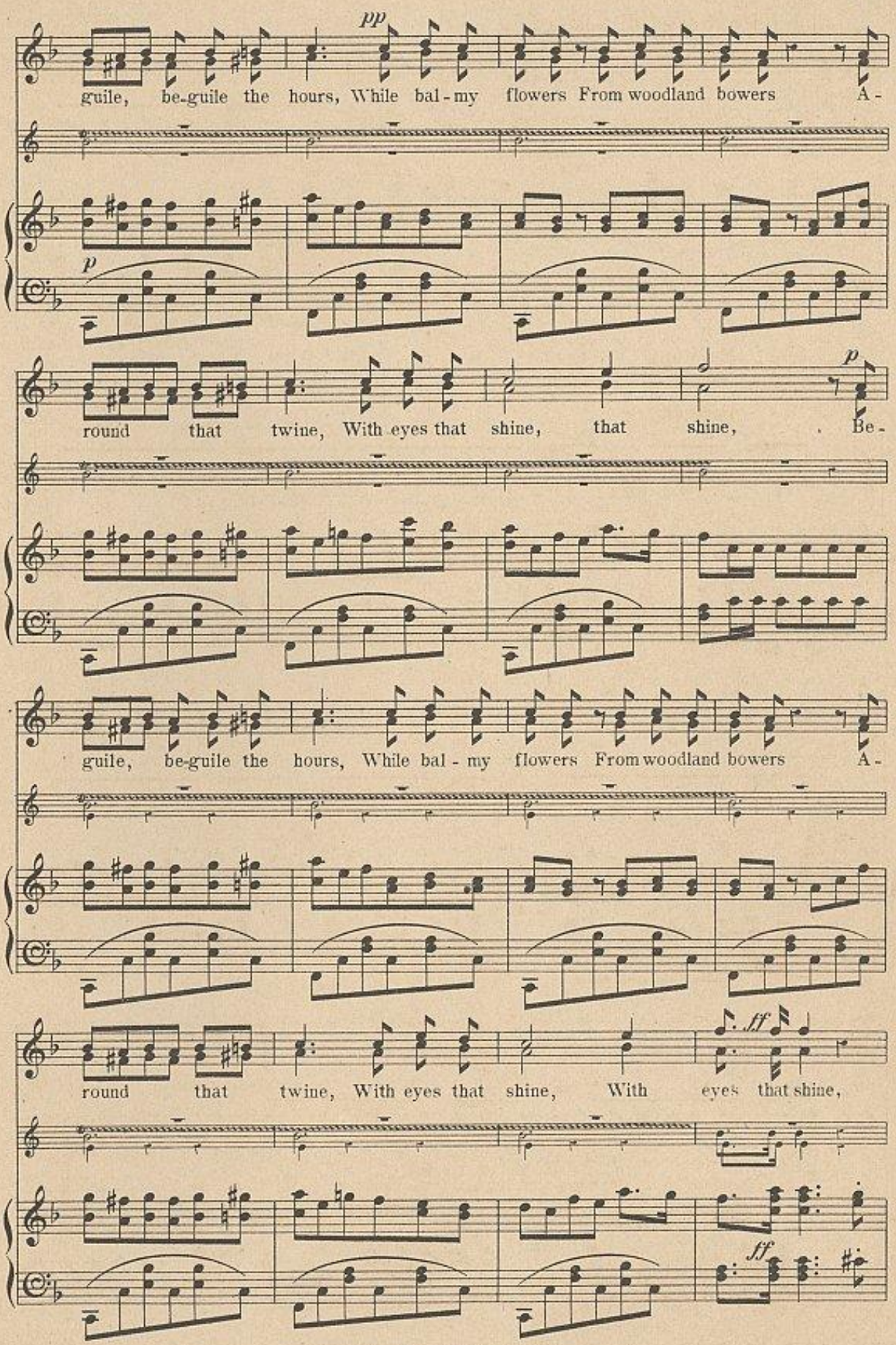


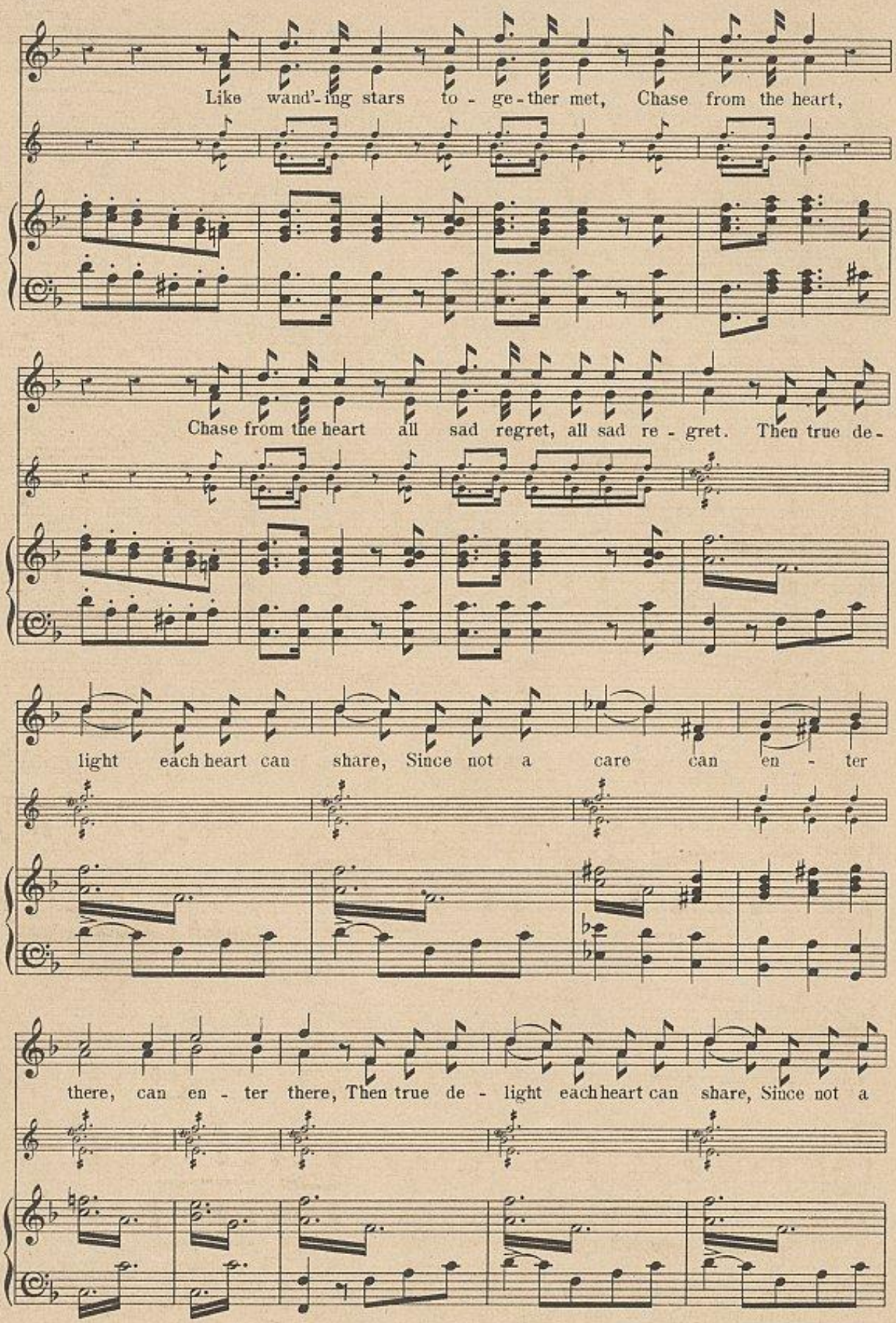


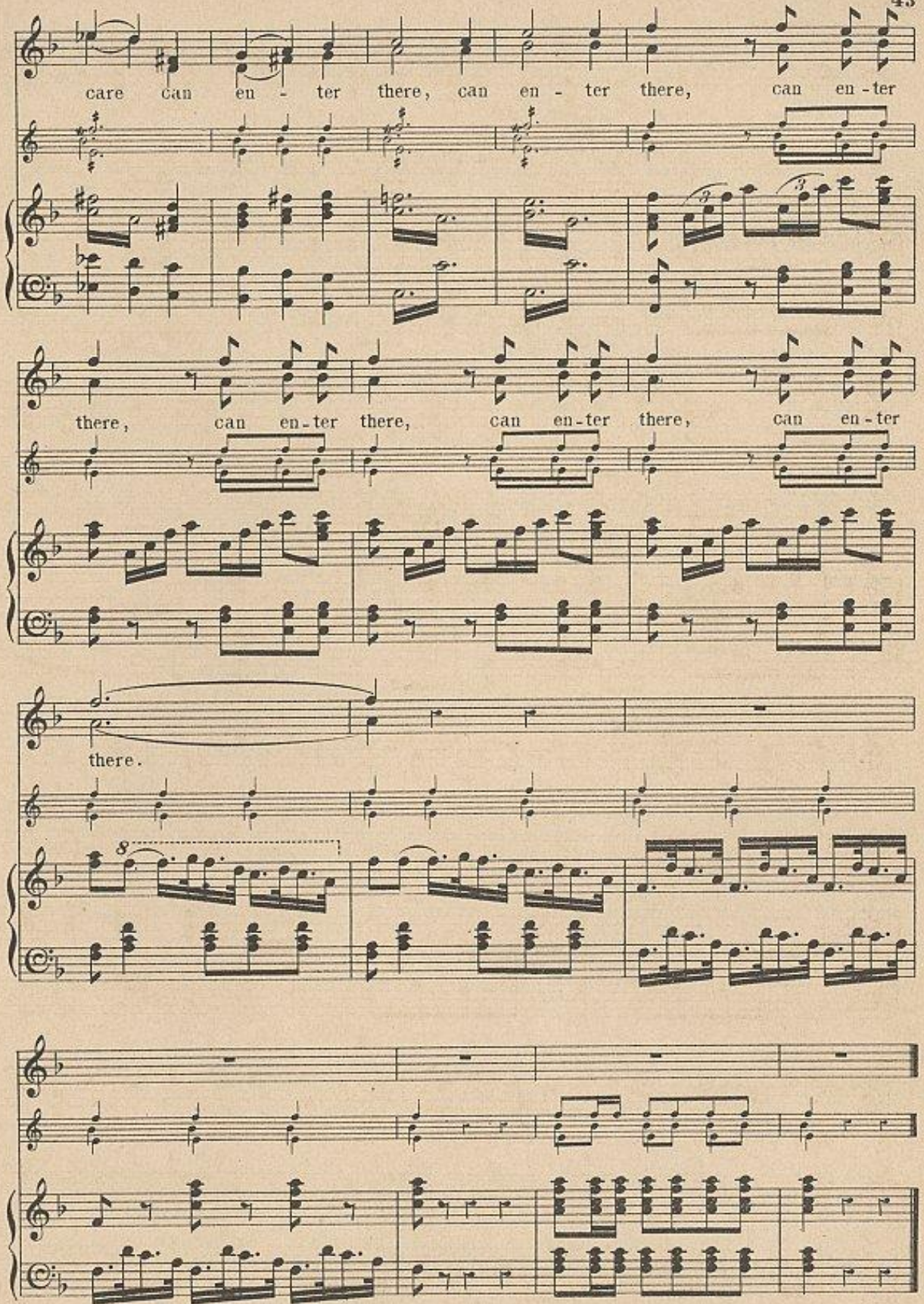
Don Cæsar. But to you this captivity must be even more irksome than to a soldier like me: the confinement of the barracks and the camp I am accustomed to, while you are a wanderer, and doubtless love your wandering.

Maritana. Ay, truly! O for the free air of the heath or forest, and the joyous meetings where mirth and music hold their sway.

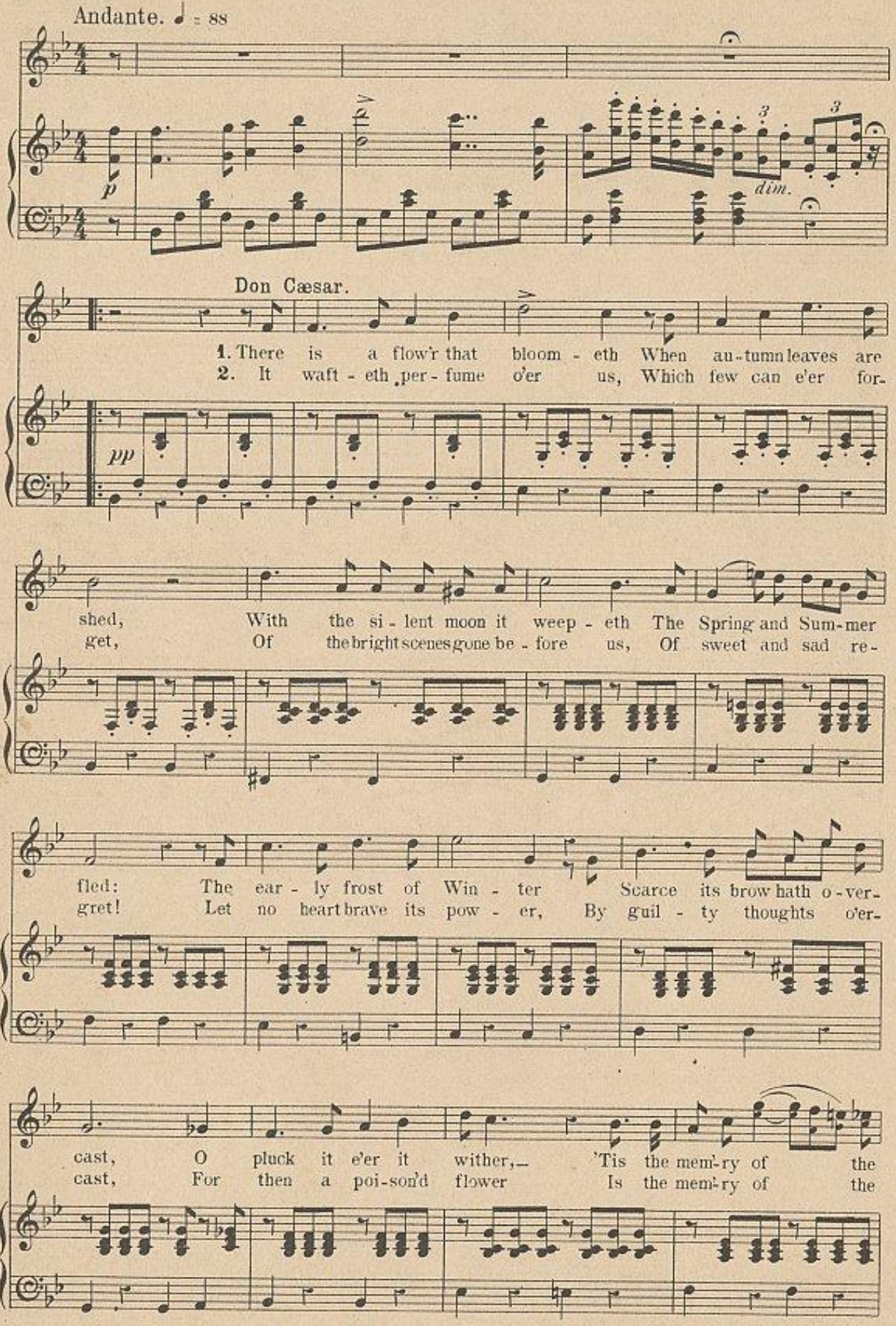

Allegretto, tempo di polacca. ♩ = 104.
Castanets.
Tambourine.
Triangle.
rall.
a tempo
rall.
a tempo
Maritana.
Lazarillo.
O what plea - sure! the
soft, the soft gui - tar And mer - ry cas - ta -
net, And mer-ry cas - - ta - net Be-

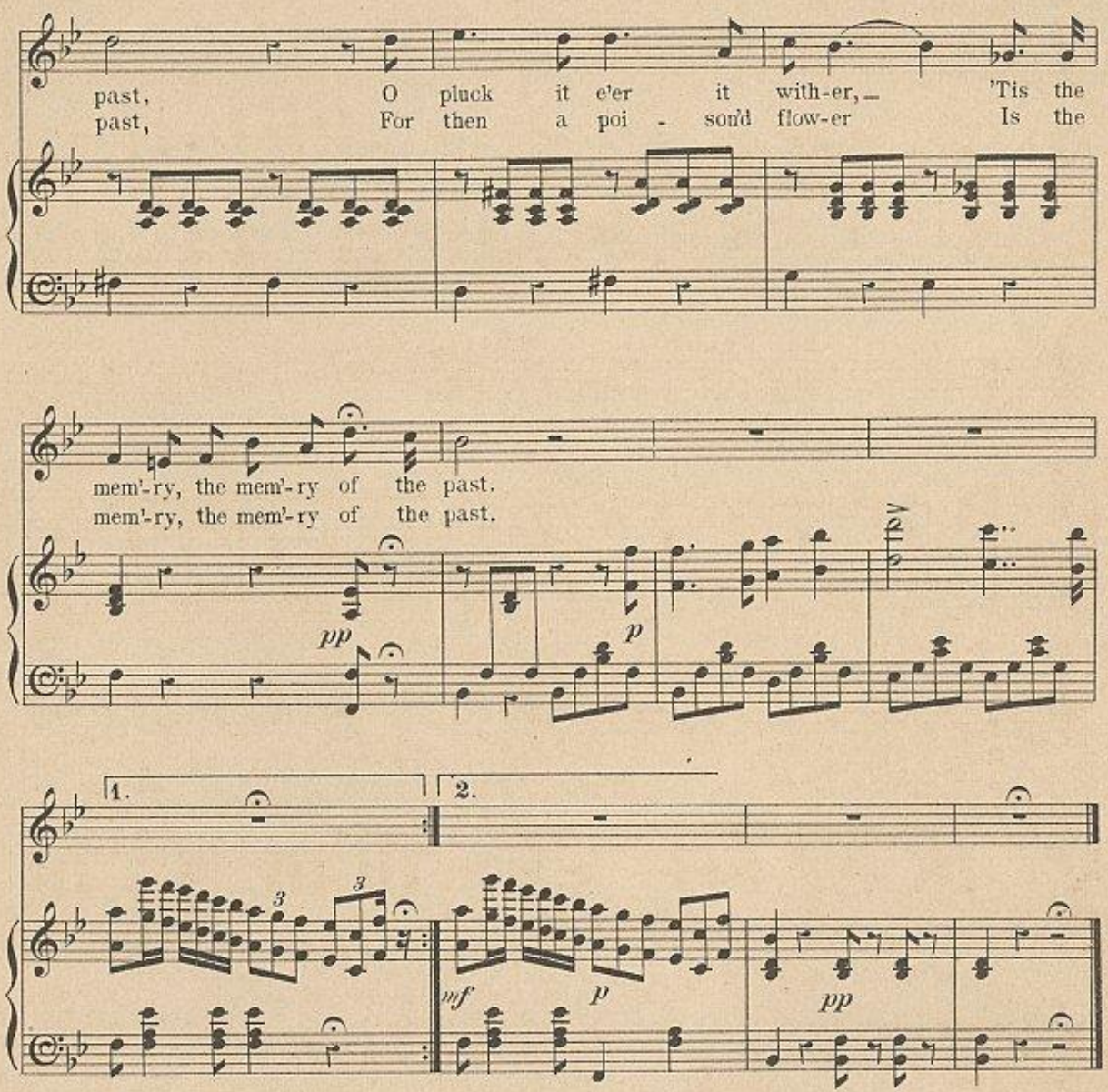

pp
guile, be-guile the hours, While bal - my flowers From woodland bowers A -
p
round that twine, With eyes that shine, that shine, Be -
guile, be-guile the hours, While bal - my flowers From woodland bowers A -
round that twine, With eyes that shine, With eyes that shine,
ff
ff


Like wand'-ing stars to - ge-ther met, Chase from the heart,
Chase from the heart all sad regret, all sad re - gret. Then true de-
light each heart can share, Since not a care can en - ter
there, can en - ter there, Then true de - light each heart can share, Since not a



Don Cæsar.— Yes, these are the thoughts on which your mind must love to dwell. Ah! sweet is memory when it can recall only scenes of innocence and joy. Well may we cherish it then.


Andante. ♩ = 88
p
dim.
Don Cæsar.
1. There is a flow'r that bloom - eth When au-tumn leaves are
2. It waft - eth per - fume o'er us, Which few can e'er for-
pp
shed, With the si - lent moon it weep - eth The Spring and Sum-mer
get, Of the bright scenes gone be - fore us, Of sweet and sad re-
fled: The ear - ly frost of Win - ter Scarce its brow hath o-ver-
gret! Let no heart brave its pow - er, By guil - ty thoughts o'er-
cast, O pluck it e'er it wither,— 'Tis the mem'-ry of the
cast, For then a poi-son'd flower Is the mem'-ry of the



Maritana.— Yet to me memory is often sad; for dimly I can recall scenes in the past very different from those in which I have since lived. I dream of terraced gardens, crowned by a lofty castle, and a gracious lady who loved me, and to whom my heart still fondly turns.

Don Cæsar.— Are you not gipsy— born, then?

Maritana.— It cannot be: I always feel that my early days were spent amongst another race. And see this locket, which the gipsy queen allowed me to wear *(Shows locket.)* I think she did not know that it opens thus.

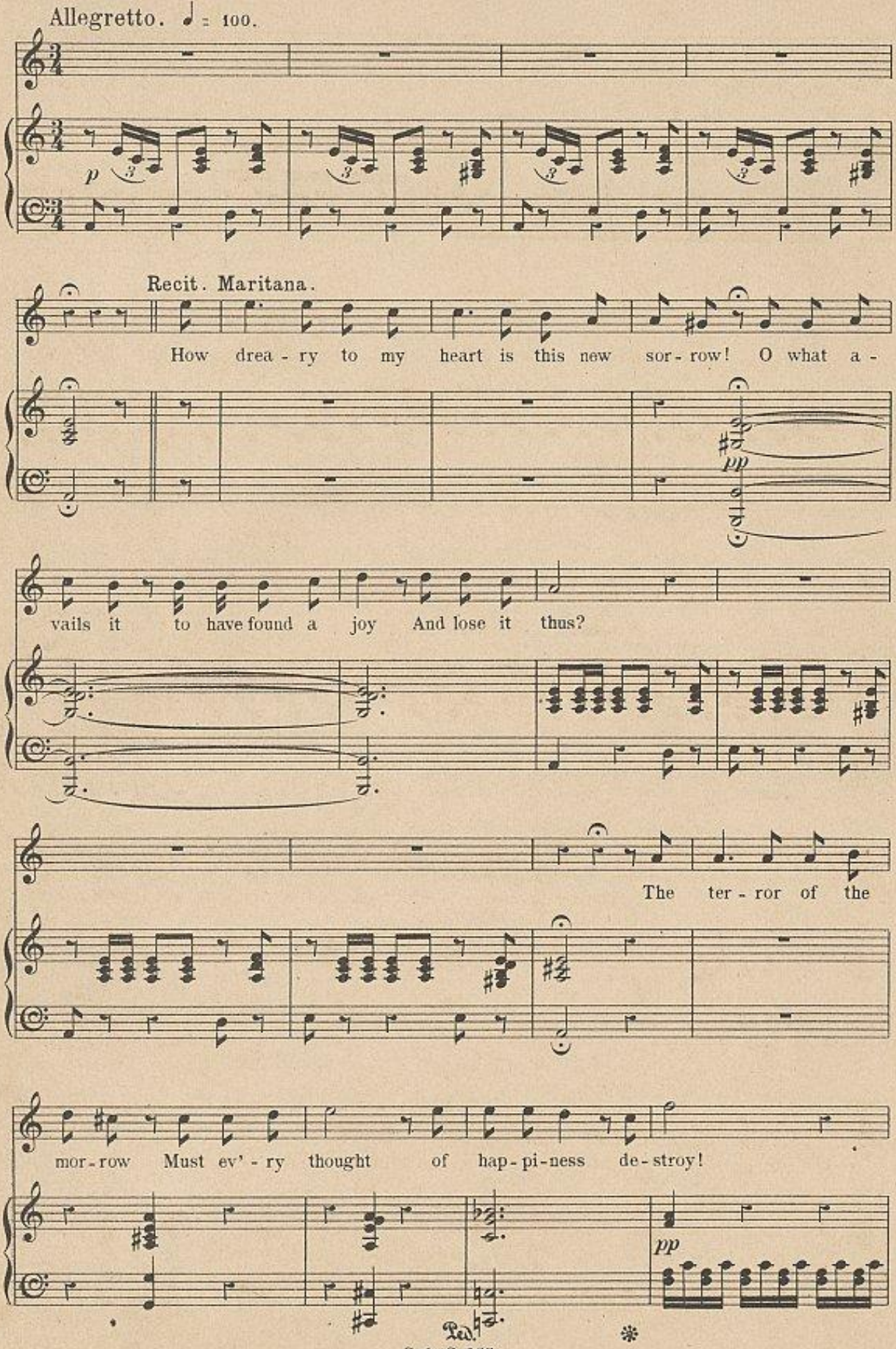
(Opens it.)

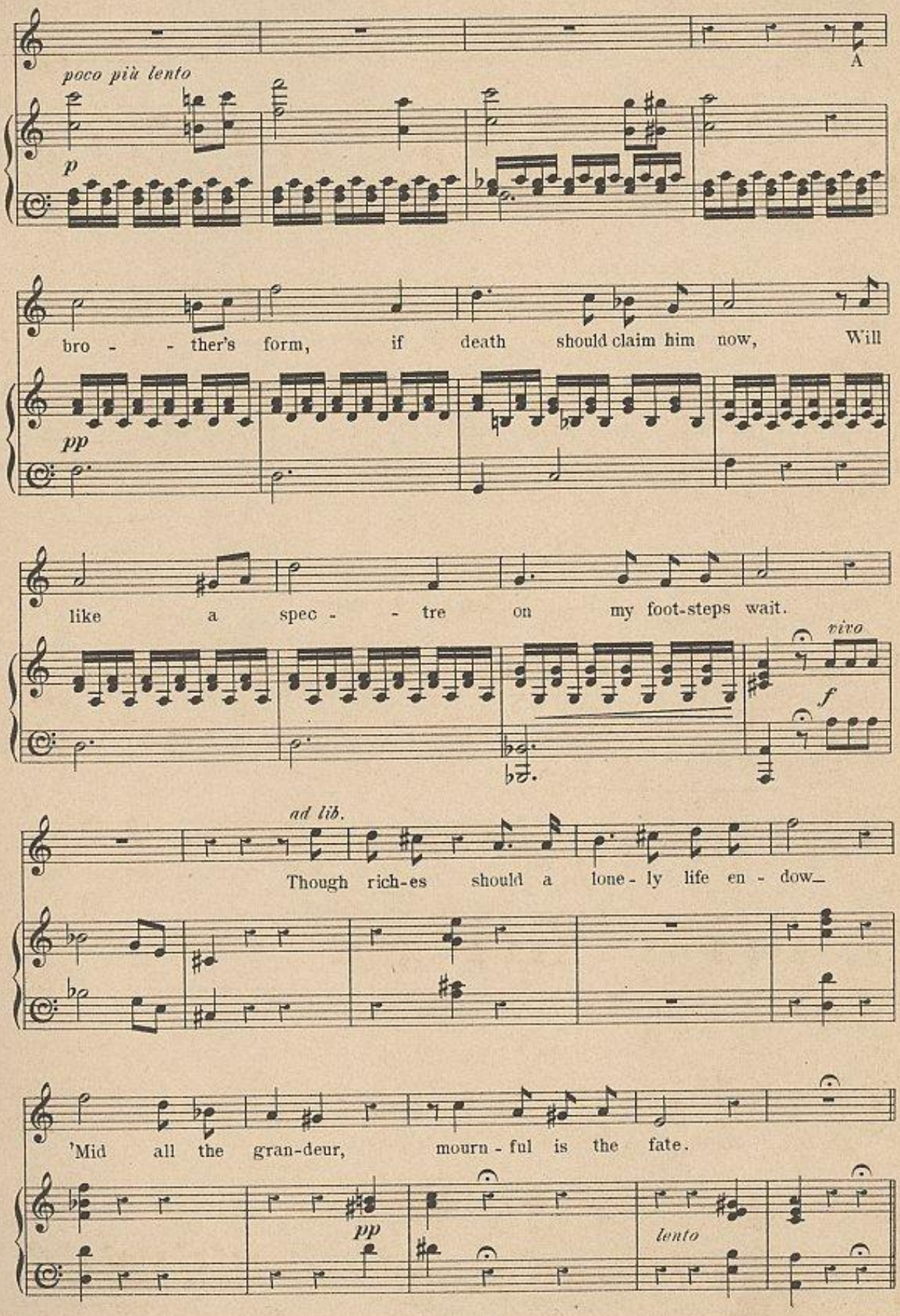
Don Cæsar.— *(Taking it in his hand.)* This? Why this is the portrait of my mother! And you! Who are you? Well do I remember when a child, the loss of my only sister, who was believed to have fallen into the river. And you are she! Yes, I see my sainted mother's features again in you. This, then, is why I was so stirred up against that rascal Corregidor! Maritana, I am your brother!

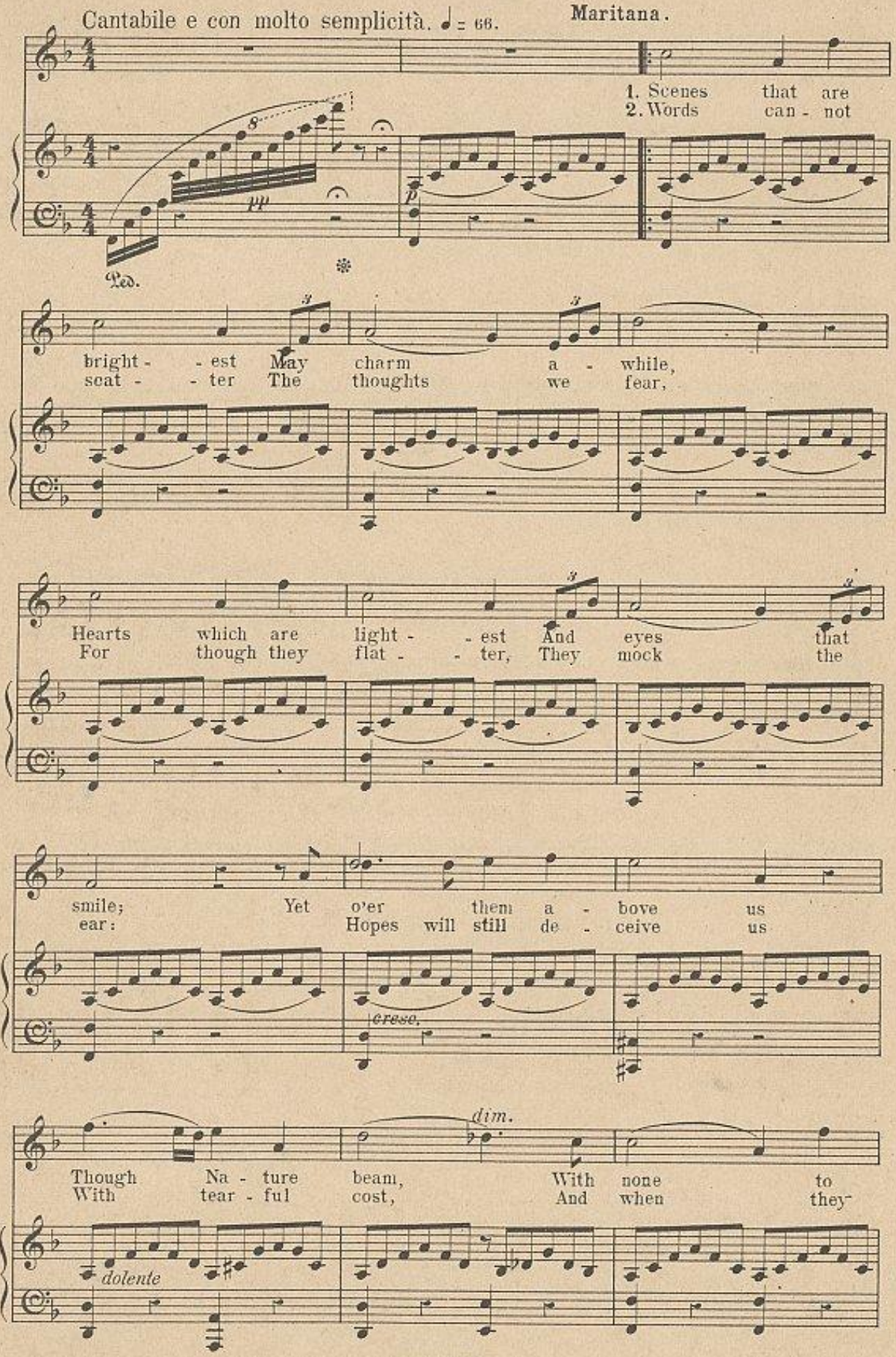
Maritana.— My brother? Can it be?

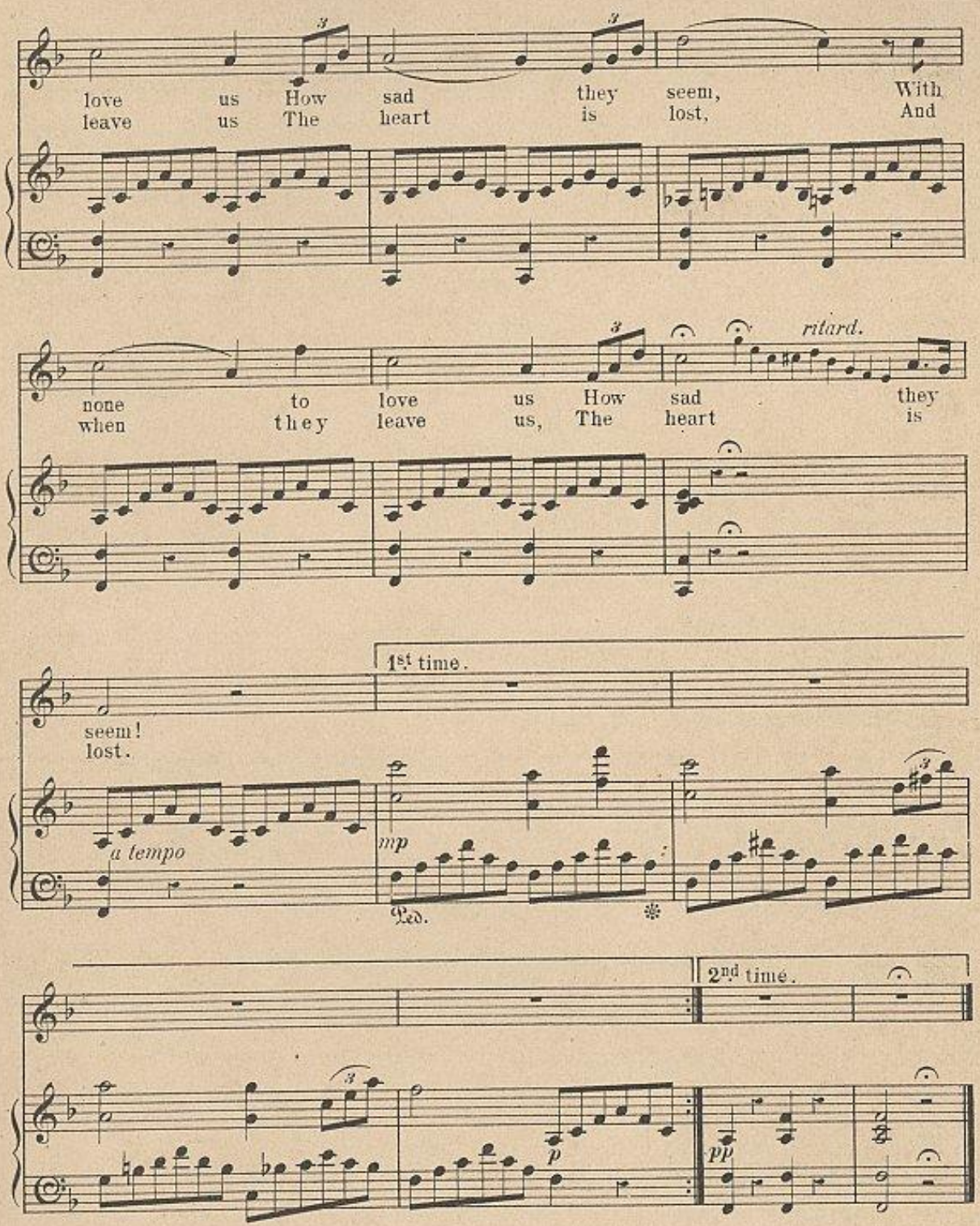
Don Cæsar.— Yes, but little good can I do thee, for I am the last of my race, and I am doomed to die.

Maritana.— Alas! Alas! And to die for me!


Allegretto. ♩ = 100.
p
Recit. Maritana.
How drea - ry to my heart is this new sor - row! O what a -
pp
vails it to have found a joy And lose it thus?
The ter - ror of the
mor - row Must ev' - ry thought of hap - pi - ness de - stroy!
pp
Ped.

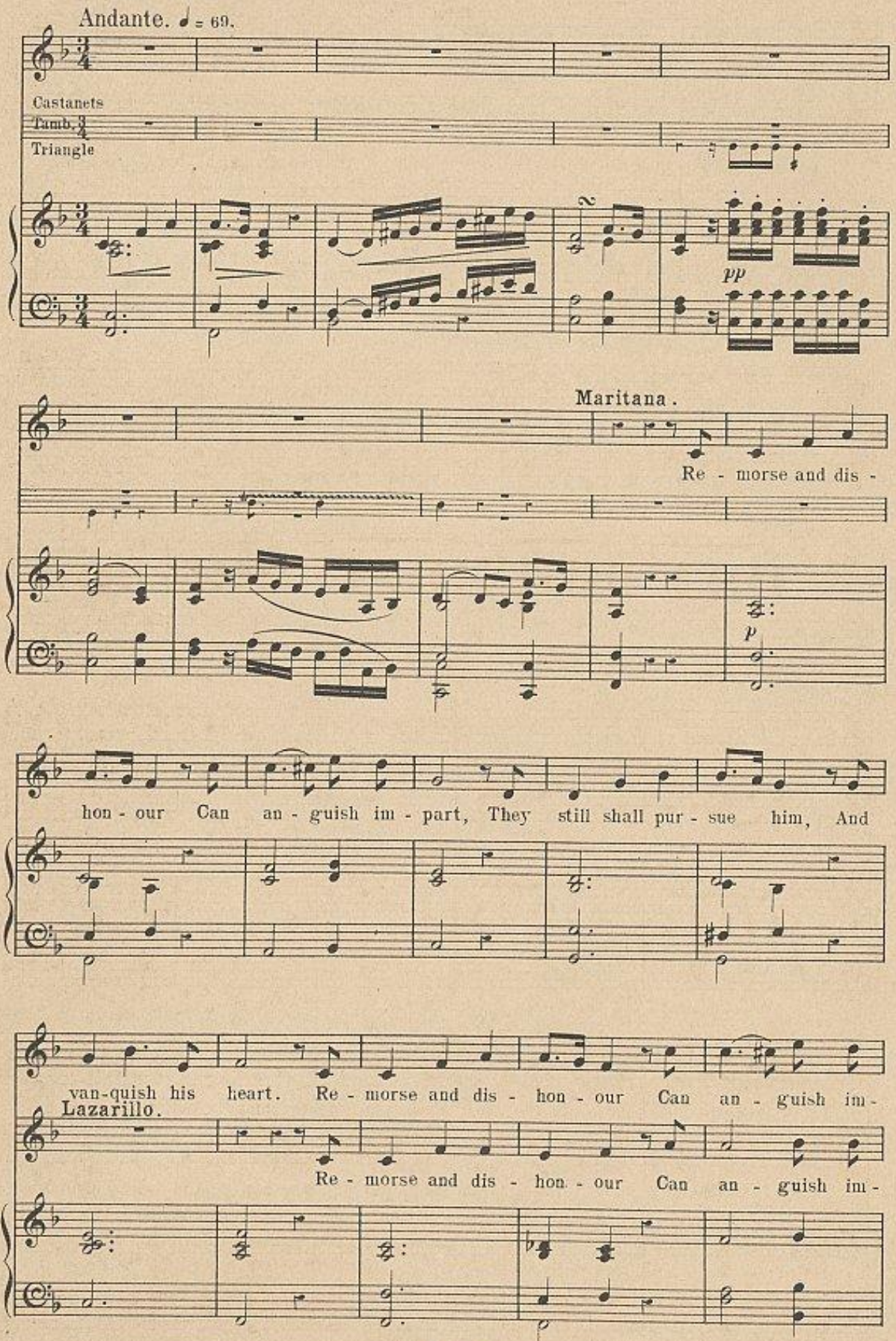

poco più lento
A
p
bro - - ther's form, if death should claim him now, Will
pp
like a spec - - tre on my foot-steps wait.
vivo
f
ad lib.
Though rich-es should a lone-ly life en - dow_
'Mid all the gran-deur, mourn-ful is the fate.
pp
lento

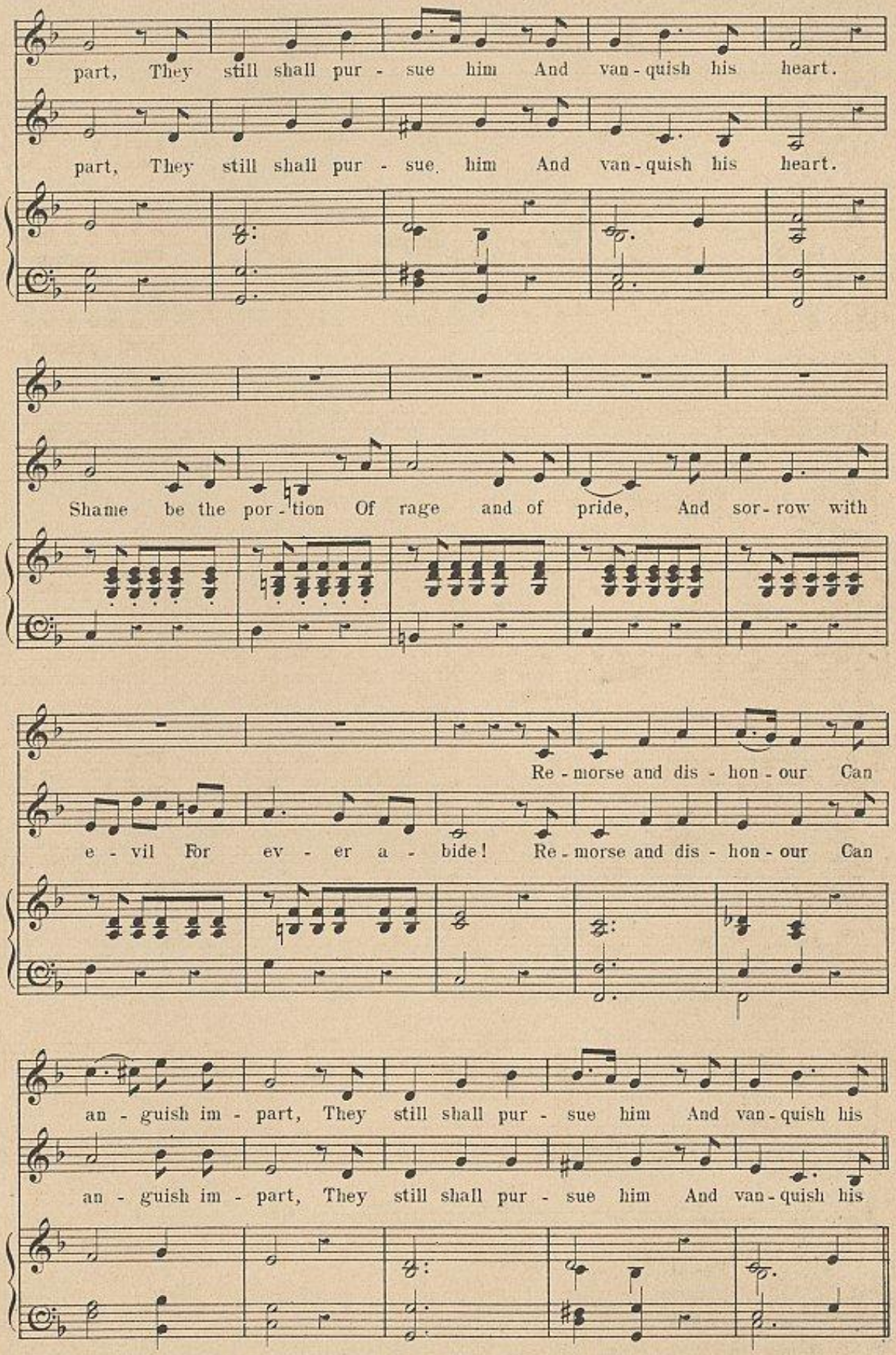

Cantabile e con molto semplicità. ♩ = 66.
Maritana.
1. Scenes that are
2. Words can - not
pp
p
Ped.
bright - - est May charm a - while,
scat - - ter The thoughts we fear,
Hearts which are light - - est And eyes that
For though they flat - - ter, They mock the
smile; Yet o'er them a - bove us
ear: Hopes will still de - ceive us
cresc.
dim.
Though Na - ture beam, With none to
With tear - ful cost, And when they
dolente

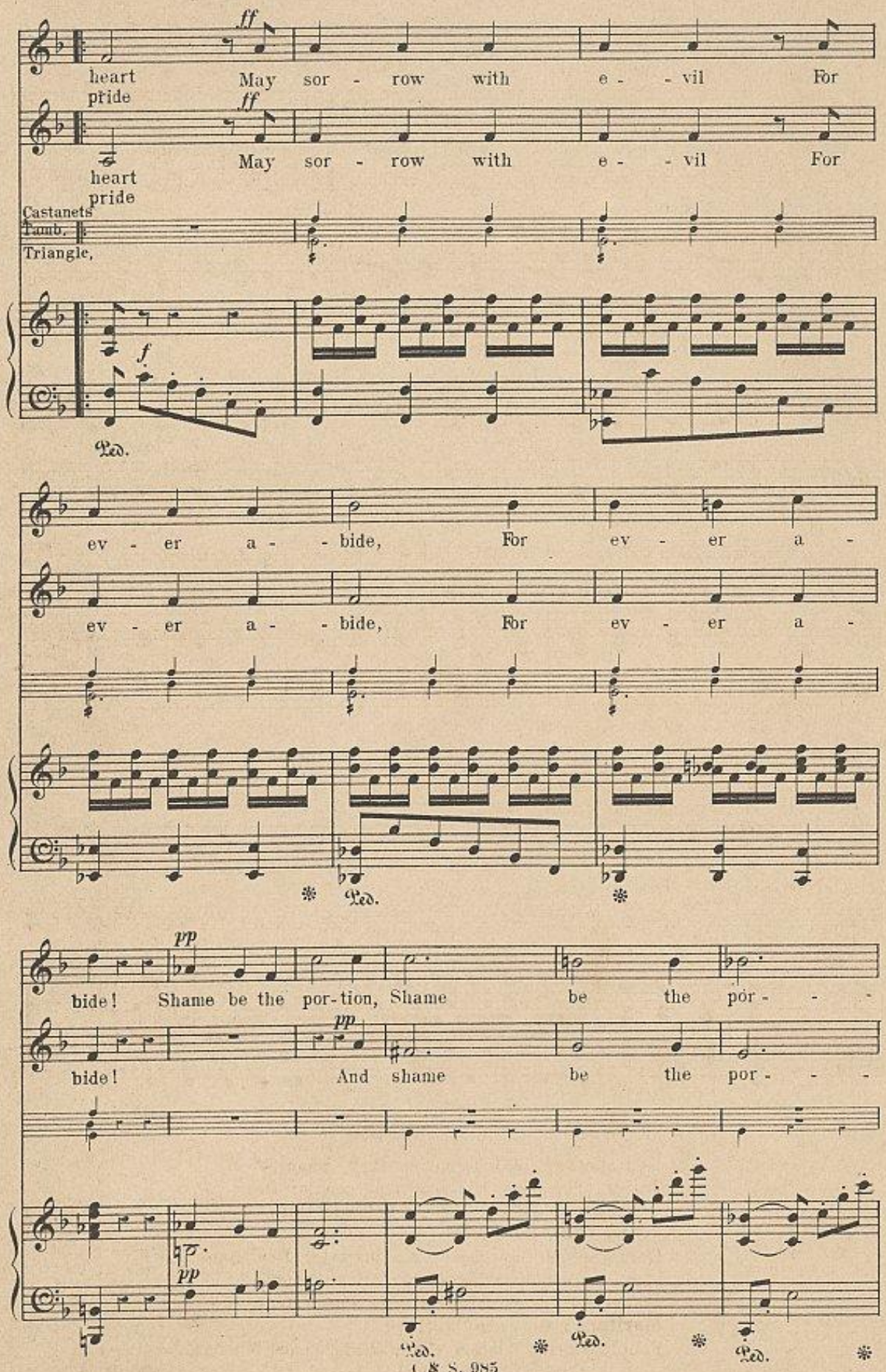


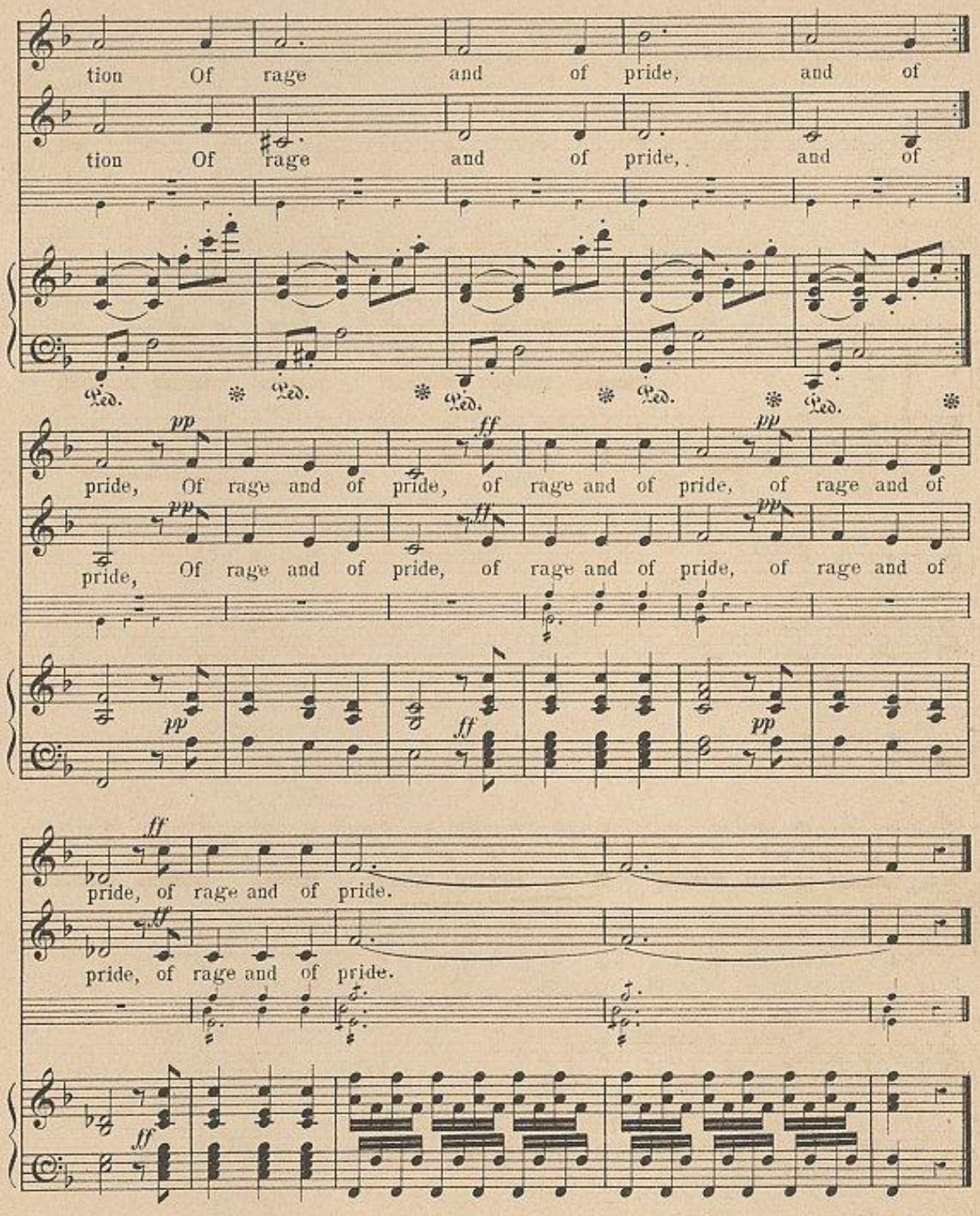
Lazarillo. It cannot be, Sir, that the Corregidor will be allowed to carry his revenge so far as to slay you: the case will go before the king; he must know of your gallant deeds in the army, 'twill surely pardon so trifling an offence.

Maritana. And if wickedness should even triumph, never shall the mean, malicious wretch of a Corregidor have peace. When I get free I will haunt him with my denunciations, and will make all known to the king and to the people; the life of the oppressor shall bear the shame which follows evil deeds.


Andante. ♩ = 69.
Castanets
Tamb.
Triangle
pp
Maritana.
Re - morse and dis -
p
hon - our Can an - guish im - part, They still shall pur - sue him, And
van-quish his heart. Re - morse and dis - hon - our Can an - guish im -
Lazarillo.
Re - morse and dis - hon - our Can an - guish im -


part, They still shall pur - sue him And van - quish his heart.
part, They still shall pur - sue him And van - quish his heart.
Shame be the por - tion Of rage and of pride, And sor - row with
Re - morse and dis - hon - our Can
e - vil For ev - er a - bide! Re - morse and dis - hon - our Can
an - guish im - part, They still shall pur - sue him And van - quish his
an - guish im - part, They still shall pur - sue him And van - quish his


heart
pride
ff
May sor - row with e - vil For
heart
pride
ff
May sor - row with e - vil For
Castanets
Tamb.
Triangle,
f
Ped.
ev - er a - bide, For ev - er a -
ev - er a - bide, For ev - er a -
Ped.
pp
bide! Shame be the por-tion, Shame be the por - - -
pp
bide! And shame be the por - - -
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.



(Enter Jailer, with people, shouting)

Don Cæsar. What means this tumult?

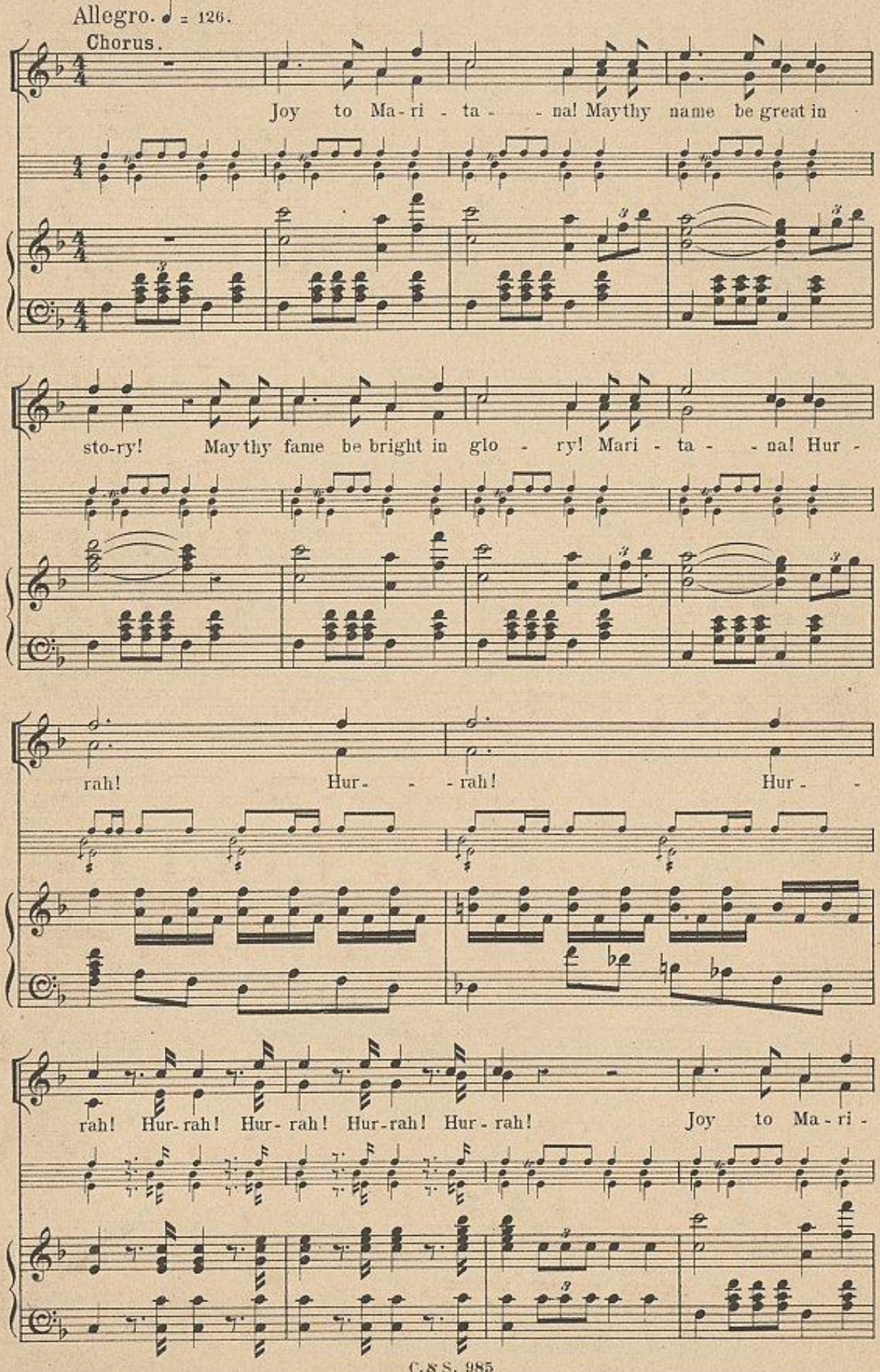
Jailer. The king has sent a pardon for Don Cæsar di Bazan, and an order to release Maritana, the gipsy.

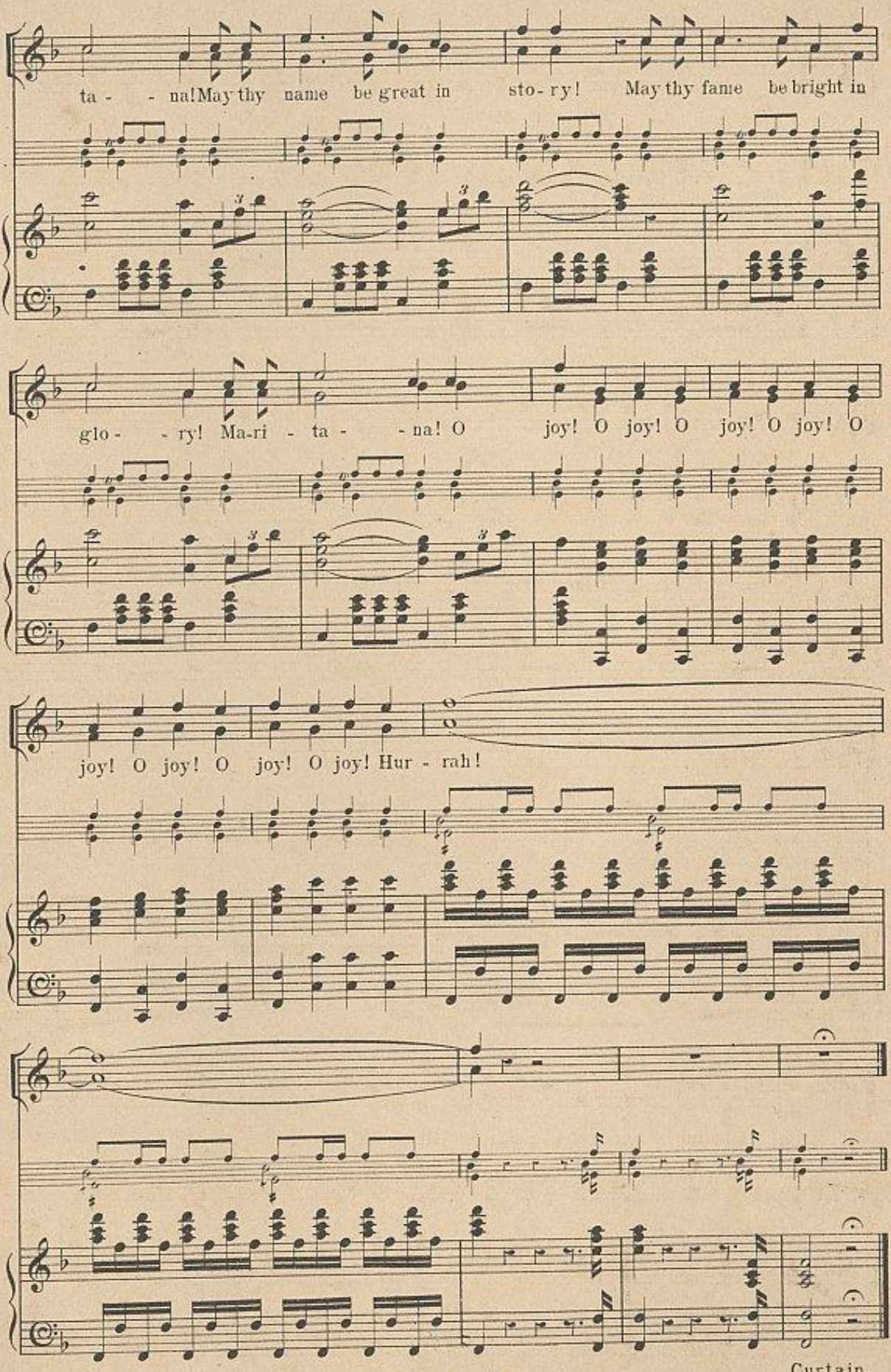
Don Cæsar. Say rather, the sister of Don Cæsar, who now acknowledges her with delight!

Lazarillo. Bravo, Master! Don Cæsar for ever!

Maritana. Generous brother!

People. Hurrah for Don Cæsar di Bazan and Maritana!


Allegro. ♩ = 126.
Chorus.
Joy to Ma-ri-ta-na! May thy name be great in
sto-ry! May thy fame be bright in glo-ry! Mari-ta-na! Hur-
rah! Hur-rah! Hur-
rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Joy to Ma-ri-


ta - - na! May thy name be great in sto - ry! May thy fame be bright in
glo - - ry! Ma-ri - ta - - na! O joy! O joy! O joy! O joy! O
joy! O joy! O joy! O joy! Hur - rah!
Curtain.