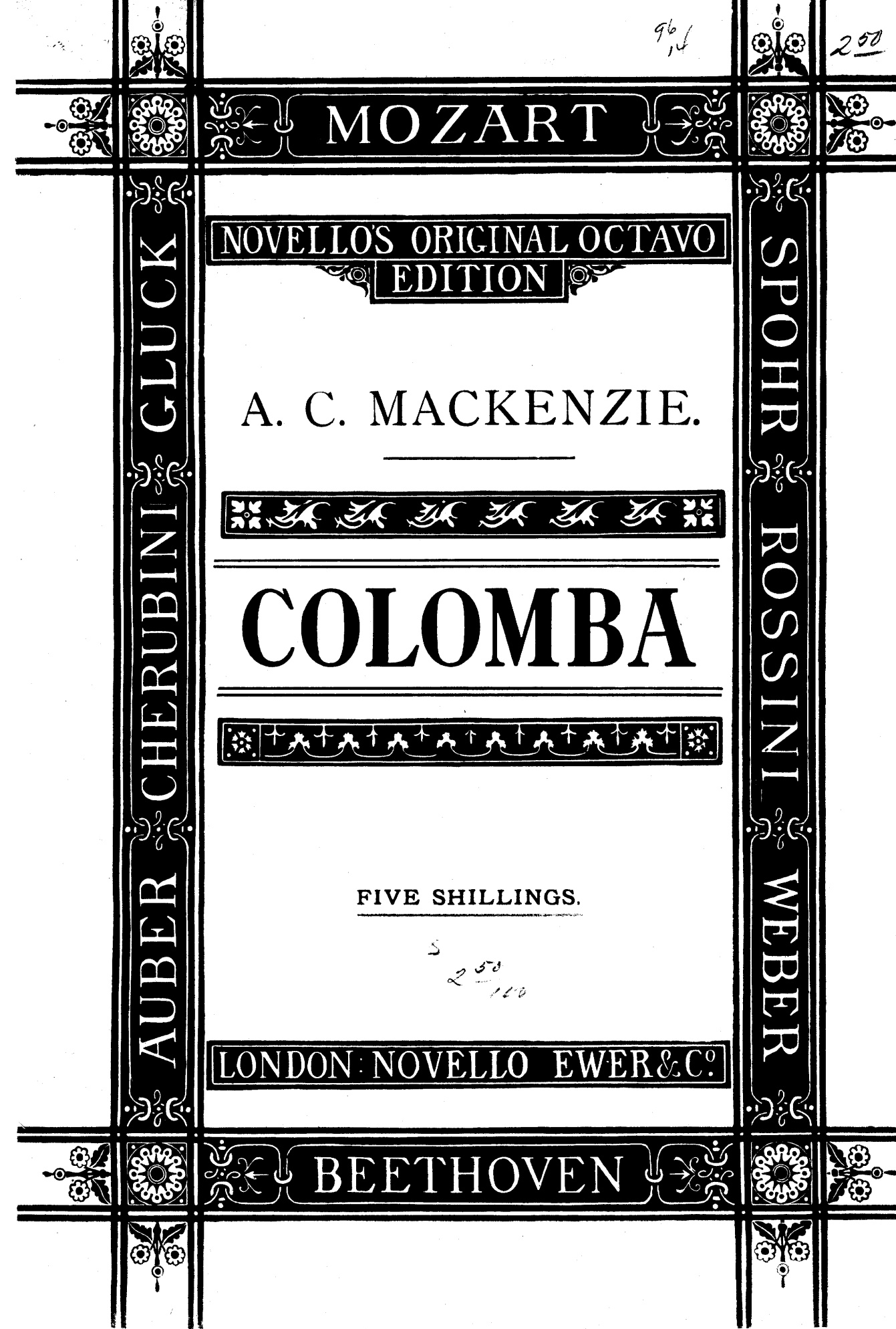
MOZART
NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION
A. C. MACKENZIE.
COLOMBA
FIVE SHILLINGS.
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JASON

A DRAMATIC CANTATA

FOR SOLO VOICES, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA

THE POEM WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM GRIST

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

A. C. MACKENZIE.

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TIMES.

"Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's Cantata 'Jason,' which was the most important feature of to-night's Concert, and the only absolute novelty of the entire Festival, is not unworthy of so prominent a position. It is not only the most extensive choral work attempted by the young and promising composer, but it also illustrates the new development of the English school of music, which has been coincident with the growing taste for the higher aspects of the art in this country, supply meeting demand in this as in other cases. Mr. Mackenzie is in every sense a modern composer. There is in his music no trace of the slavish imitation of Mendelssohn which, for years after the death of that great composer, impeded the progress of any national or independent growth of musical art among us. . . . How the composer has accomplished his task of illustrating the action I cannot for the present explain at such length as the music deserves."

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ATHENÆUM.

"We regret that our space will not allow us to analyse 'Jason' in detail. Mr. Mackenzie's style, though not free from signs of the influence of Schumann and Wagner, shows considerable individuality; of direct reminiscences there are very few. Among the best portions of his new work are the vigorous and spirited opening chorus, broken by a charming tenor solo; the chorus, 'See, the All-father approves from above'; the following intermezzo for orchestra, entitled 'On the Waters,' a lovely instrumental picture of which any living composer might be proud; Medea's *scena;* the duet between herself and Jason; the chorus of armed men; and the whole *finale*."

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IN FOUR ACTS

FOUNDED ON PROSPER MÉRIMÉE'S TALE

BY

FRANCIS HUEFFER

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

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TYPOGRAPHICAL MUSIC AND GENERAL PRINTERS,
1, BERNERS STREET, LONDON (W.)

COLOMBA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count de Nevers ...	... (Governor of Corsica) ...	Mr. Henry Pope.
Orso della Rebbia	... (An Officer in the French Army)	Mr. Barton McGuckin.
Brando Savelli ...	... ... (A Brigand)	Mr. Novara.
Giuseppe Barracini	... ... (A Lawyer)	Mr. Ludwig.
Antonio	... ... (His Brother)	Mr. Wilfred Esmond.
Sergeant of Marines	... ...	Mr. B. Davies.
Colomba	... ... (Sister of Orso) ...	Madame Alwina Valleria.
Lydia	(Daughter of the Count de Nevers)	Mdlle. Baldi.
Chilina	... ... (Daughter of Savelli) ...	Miss Clara Perry.
A Market Woman	... ...	Miss Ella Collins.

Place—Corsica. Time—1816.

Act I.—AJACCIO.

Act II.—VILLAGE OF PIETRANERA.

Act III.—A LANE NEAR PIETRANERA.

Act IV.—THE BRIGANDS' CAMP.

Conductor—Mr. A. C. MACKENZIE.

Written for, and produced by, the CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY, at the THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, on MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 9, 1883.

COLOMBA.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A market-place at Ajaccio. In the background the quay, to which a frigate is moored. Planks laid across from ship to quay. Sea in the distance. Sailors are engaged in rolling heavy bales and heaps of luggage ashore. Market-women arrive and range their baskets along the quay. Early morning. Chilina and Savelli (dressed as well-to-do peasants) amongst the buyers going from stall to stall.*

Women.

Buy, siori, buy,
Fish fresh from the sea to bake or fry;
Trout and perch from the Lake of Crena,
Pesce spada, triglia, murena.

Others.

Lemons and figs and pomi d'oro,
Oranges round as Monte d'oro,
Apples and melons, a soldo the price,
Sweet almonds straight from Paradise,
Like those in the Church of Saint Catherine of Sisco.
San Damiano and San Francesco
Have blessed the trees and ripened the fruit,
Wholesome food for man and brute.
Buy, siori, buy, buy!

Sailors.

[*Carrying bales, portmanteaus, &c.*

Heave ho! heave ho!
Memmo, Griffo, Antonio;
Heave ho! heave ho!

[*The women's attention is attracted. They gather round the sailors. An old woman tries to examine the luggage.*

Old Woman.

Madonna! the like was never seen.
Kists and coffers fit for a queen,
What dresses and bonnets they must hide!
And a coronet neatly embroidered outside.

[*To a Sergeant of Marines who is guarding the luggage.*

Say, whose is all this lovely luggage?

Sergeant.

[*Gruffly.*

Hands off, if you please, you ancient baggage!

Chilina.

[*Coming forward.*

Leave him alone! You can see at a glance
He is French, and such are the manners of France.
Our poor Corsican lads are not yet so enlightened
As to scare a weak woman easily frightened.

Girls.

[*Repeat ironically.*

Indeed! and such are the manners of France?
Our poor Corsican lads who would win our good graces
Should learn from him what a pleasant face is.

Sergeant.

[*To Chilina, very politely.*

To answer a question is a task
Which greatly depends upon who does ask.
A favour craved by such lips as thine
It would be difficult to decline.
To court their grace, to sooth their malignity,
Even a sergeant may sink his dignity,
And talk to rude islanders such as these.

[*To the people, in an altered tone.*

Know then, good people, this maiden to please,
I will inform you that—(*with official dignity*)—the noble frigate you see yonder—on board of which I have the honour to serve as sergeant of marines—brings to this benighted island his Excellency the Count de Nevers, appointed by his Most Gracious Majesty the King as your Governor-General. His Excellency is accompanied by his daughter, the Countess Lydia.

[*Half to himself.*

Her bright eye, with a flaming dart,
Hath pierced this all too tender heart,

[*Gazing significantly at Chilina.*

Which is in sore need of consolation.
For silent merit must vanish soon
Before the charm of a bold dragoon,

[*Matter of fact again.*

Who, I should mention, is of your nation, Captain Orso della Rebbia, who saved his Excellency's life at Waterloo, where the Count fought for the true cause under the great Wellington. And so, when that true cause was victorious, he showed his gratitude by procuring the captain a commission in the Guards, and now he is about to make him his——. Well, every one on board knew why Captain della Rebbia left Paris for this miserable place.

Chilina.

[*Abruptly.*

It is a lie, you know it is a lie;
No one shall slander him when I am nigh.
While Orso has at heart a sacred duty
He would disdain to look at your French beauty.

Sergeant.

[*Surprised.*

My dearest child, you take me by surprise;
What higher duty can there be
Than that imposed by lovely eyes?

Some of the Crowd.

Nay, let us hear the story; we
Know nothing of the case.

Savelli.

[*Contemptuously to Chilina.*

My dear,
Cannot you see these people here
Are from Bastia? And therefore,
Like yonder Frenchman, they ignore
What all the world has been fain to hear.
They never knew of that dreadful night,
When all Pietranera awoke with fright,
As, on a hurdle, hastily wrought,
The body of Orso's father was brought
To his own doorstep, with a shot through his heart;
How the damigella Colomba did start
From her sleep, and standing all a-quiver,
Swore on the body that she would never
Pray at church, or smile, or dream
Of aught in earth or in heaven above—
Of the hate of hate, or the love of love—
Until her father's purple stream
Were met by another stream, made to start
From his assassin's treacherous heart,
By the dagger-thrust of her distant brother.

Sergeant and some of the Crowd.

But who was the murderer?

Savelli.

Who, indeed?
Is there to tell you really need?
Of the hatred borne through ages agone,
And left as an heirloom from father to son
By the Barracini and their kin
To the Della Rebbia far and near.
Ask Chilina, and you may hear,—
If these market-women will hush their din,—
The song which on the burial-day
The Siorina Colomba did sing and say
When her friends round the body were assembling,
And which no Barracini hears without trembling.

Some in the Crowd.

Have a care what you sing, and who may hear—
The sbirri are watchful, the law is severe.

Chilina.

[*Very excited.*

Who is afraid can leave this place,
Or stop his ears, or hide his face;
I'll sing you the song in spite of the law
And all the gendarmes in Corsica.

[*The people gather round Chilina in a circle; some stand at a distance, looking out for the gendarmes.*

VOCERO.

Chilina.

Gentle dove, thy voice is sad
On the tree beneath my window,
Night and day I hear thee singing.
Hear thee mourning night and day.
What is all thy grievance, say?

Says the dove: "My voice is sad,
And no joy of song is left me,
For a vulture has bereft me
Of the mate I cherished aye,
Piercing his heart, mine he cleft me."

Grieve no longer, gentle dove!
Spring returns with song and blossoms,
Bringing joy to tender bosoms—
Joyful tidings from above—
Bringing thee another love.

But what hope is left for me,
Struck by merciless disaster?
In the house that knows no master,
Grieving fatherless alone,
Ah! what hope, save only one?

Gentle dove, thy flight thou must alter—

SCENE II.—*A noise is heard from the crowd next to the landing-place. Confused cries: "The sbirri are coming!" The crowd disperse. Enter from the ship, preceded by guards, Count de Nevers, Orso, and Lydia. Shouts from the crowd: "Welcome! Long live the new Governor!" which the Count acknowledges, turning towards the crowd, leaving the front of the stage free for Orso and Lydia.*

Orso.

At last we are in Corsica—in that old home
Long lost to me, where many years ago
I dreamt the dreams of childhood, and where now
My last and boldest dream must find completion;
Where, from your lips, you promised, I should hear
The one word which to me is death or life.

Lydia.

[*Coquettishly.*

My friend, you are too rash: this sudden passion
But ill beseems the terms of your allegiance.
No sooner have you touched your native shore
Than, like the giant in the olden story,
You seem to gather strength for your attack
Upon the heart of a defenceless damsel.

Such manners may beseem the savage chieftain,
Amongst his tribe; but you must know that I
Am not a Corsican, nor stand in awe
Of all your powers, or of the wild revenge
Which in your island speech you call vendetta.
[*More tenderly.*
Ah! well I call to mind your gentle words,
When to my fancy's eye the life you pictured
We were to lead amidst your native hills—
How through the forest we were to roam
Far from men's haunts and their crowded cities,
Far from their talk and their empty sorrow,
Thinking neither of past nor morrow,
Listening alone to the tender ditties
That the birds are singing to one another,
Or to the voice of the great wind, blowing
From the heights of the snow-clad mountains,
Mingling at last with the murmuring fountains,
Fainter and ever fainter growing.

Orso.

[*Who has been repeating the last passage line for line as in a dream.*
Aye, but after a long day's ride,
When we rest by the fountain's side,
Where the shadiest seat of your choice is,
When the birds are singing above you,
When no listening ear is nigh,
Shall I read in your speaking eye,
Shall we whisper with mingled voices
The sweet words, "I love you!"

Lydia.

[*Who in her turn has been dreamily repeating Orso's words, with a sudden start.*
Hush, hush! you go too far. Here is my father.

Count de Nevers.

[*Good-naturedly to Orso.*
While I attend to the affairs of State,
And vainly try, with diplomatic affability,
To win the King some hearts, I grieve that your ability
Of public speech has left me to my fate,
Being, it seems, engrossed by some grave subject
Of philosophic import. May one ask
Without offence, what topic——

Lydia.

[*Interrupting him in great confusion.*
Dearest father,
We only talked of—Captain Orso was—
[*More composedly.*
You know I love the songs the people sing,
Those simple songs which are to stilted verse
Of our Parisian poets what the violet
Is to carnations or tall sunflowers.
So I was asking what the song could be
Which we heard faintly as we were approaching.
The melody I well remember, for
I heard a sailor sing it as I walked on deck
One starlit night. But suddenly he stopped
As Captain Orso came that way; nor would explain
The meaning of his song or of his silence.

Count.

[*To Savelli, who, with Chilina, has been standing near, watching the group.*
My friend, can you enlighten this young lady
As to the song your friends just now were singing?

Savelli.

Your Excellency must pardon me.
The tune I know, and the words I could tell;
But I also know the law full well,
Which death to all those has decreed
[*Looking significantly at Orso.*
Who give the rimbecco * by word or deed.
[*Aside.*
And without that the law does not love me, God knows!

Orso. [*Angrily.*

Pray keep your clumsy jests for those
For whom they are fitted and intended.
[*To Lydia.*
Dearest lady, be not offended
By the rude rebuke of an obstinate clown;
The song, I vouch, was but a simple ballad,
Or vocero, or cry of wild revenge,
With which the air of this unhappy island
Is loud as with ill-omened ravens' voices.

Savelli. [*Gravely.*

You may call me a clown, if you like; you may
Revile your country before a stranger.
This is all in reply I have to say—
Speaking in sorrow, and not in anger—
Were I, Captain Orso, the son of your father,
To the voice of that song I would listen rather
Than to the softest of nightingales.
[*Looking significantly at Lydia.*

Chilina.

[*Who has been standing apart, looking into the distance.*
Leave him, father! nothing avails
Your angry speech if his heart is changed.
But here comes one who to her will explain
The song, and all else that to know she is fain.

SCENE III.

[*A tinkling of bells is heard from behind the scenes. Enter Colomba, riding on a mule, followed by two peasants on horseback, armed with guns and pistols. The trappings of the mule are black, as are Colomba's dress and veil. She dismounts and slowly approaches the group.*

Orso.

[*Recognising her.*
Colomba, sister, is it you indeed?
I scarcely know the tender child I left
Ten years ago in this fair stately maiden.
[*He is going to embrace her. Colomba, exclaiming "Brother," is on the point of throwing herself into his arms, but, recovering from her first impulse, she stands motionless with half-averted face. All look at her in surprise.*

* "Giving the rimbecco" means inciting a person to vendetta for the murder of a relative.

Crowd.

[*Severally.*

How strange her manner! See, her face is sad:
She does not speak. She shuns her brother, see!

Count.

[*To Lydia.*

Let us withdraw; the sister and the brother
At such a time would say to one another
What none must hear.

[*Exit with Savelli, Chilina, and followers. Groups of market-people, &c., remain in the background.*

Orso.

[*To Lydia, who is about to withdraw with her father.*

Oh, do not leave us thus.
Our father's death has overpowered her;
Not even to a brother can she tell
The grief that gnaws her heart and seals her lips;
But all she may reveal to one who is
Her friend—(*aside to Lydia*)—and in my heart I hope will be her sister.

[*Lydia goes up to Colomba and tries to comfort her; she turns away.*

Colomba.

[*To Orso, passionately.*

What can a friend be to me, or a stranger's pity, say!
Have I not watched, and wept, and waited by night and day
For the coming of thee, who to me of all is dearest?
And now thou art come at last; I see thee, I feel thee nearest.
Yet my hand must not touch thee, my lips to thine must not cling;
For between us rises my sacred vow, and the sting
Of dishonour that maketh our name a byword in the land;
Till revenge for my father's death has been wrought by my brother's hand.

Orso.

Oh, sister, your strange words wake brooding thoughts
Roused in my breast, when, on the eve of battle,
Our father's sudden fate came to my ear;
But well-attested news that his own hand,
By accident, had fired the deadly shot
Lulled all suspicion.

Colomba.

It was lulled too soon
By a venal lawyer's lying pen.
Oh, brother, let me not plead in vain
For the debt of revenge that is due to the slain
And our ancient name and our blood-stained honour.

Orso.

[*Roused for a moment, but soon calm again.*

You are a child, Colomba; you forget
That in my keeping is that sacred honour
Which, should I find it needful, I shall know
How to defend and how to vindicate.

Lydia.

[*Passionately.*

But not by means of treacherous revenge,
Which, though a Corsican may think it sacred,
Would on a soldier's honour be a stain
That all your enemies' blood could not efface.
Dearest friend, let a friend implore you;
Think of your comrades, think of France;
Let not the fire I saw in your glance
Be kindled to flames of passion wild
By the idle words of a reckless child.

Colomba.

[*To Orso.*

You call me a child!—you look upon me
As a dreamer of dreams! You shall hear, you shall see,
What the people think, what the people say.

[*She rushes off hurriedly. Orso stands motionless, in brooding thought.*

Lydia.

[*Hurriedly to Orso.*

Whatever the message she may bring,
Remember, Orso, this heart cannot cling
To a murderer's heart; this hand cannot clasp
An assassin's hand with the knife in its grasp.

SCENE IV.

[*Re-enter Colomba, followed by Savelli, Chilina and a crowd of Villagers from Pietranera, and others.*

Colomba.

[*To Villagers.*

Rejoice with me, friends, for my brother at last has come
To his orphaned sister, his lonely fatherless home.
The head of our ancient house, he is brave, he is strong;
To unravel the truth he has come, to avenge the wrong
Which on us, as *you* know, our enemies have inflicted,
Although from *him* it was hid.

Savelli and Men.

It is true they stand convicted
By the voice of the people, which is the voice of the Lord.
The Barracini have done the deed.

Colomba. [*To Orso.*

One word,
Let your sister, dear brother, say, in her own defence.
You see me standing here in the market-place,
Devoid of fear, forgetful of maidenly grace,

Before the people ; but do not gather hence
That such is my wont. I lived, as these may tell,
[*Pointing to the Girls.*
As a maiden, meddling not with the ways of men ; knowing well
That modest silence should as a veil enshroud her.
But the voice of our murdered father pleaded louder
Than girlish shame, and as on his bier I leant
A trembling came over my heart, and a voice was sent
From heaven to me, and I sang I knew not how.
That voice, the voice of the dove, you shall hear it now.
It was in your heart, though you knew it not when you came
From the distant land.

Lydia.

[*Aside.*
Alas ! Now I know the name
Of the song that has haunted my ear, and its fateful meaning.

Colomba.

[*Quietly at first, but rising to passionate fervour.*

END OF THE VOCERO.

Gentle dove, thy flight thou must alter,
Raise thy wings on high, do not falter ;
Fly to a far land across the sea,
Bring my brother home to me ;
Tell him no longer he must tarry,
Nor let the shame on our foreheads burn ;
Like the royal eagle, he must return
And scare the vultures from their nest ;
And with beak and talons that none can parry,
Tear open the hearts of the murderous brood,
Taking life for life, taking blood for blood ;
That our father's spirit may be at rest,
And the voice of our sorrow be drowned in the cries
Of the widowed wives of our enemies !
Vendetta ! vendetta !

Savelli and Men.

Vendetta ! vendetta!

Orso.

There is death in her words, there is truth in her voice ;
What is my duty ? what can be my choice ?
Shall for ever the shame on my forehead burn ?
Can I cleanse my honour by shedding the blood,
With murderous hand, of the murderous brood.

Lydia.

Let us fly from this land, let us never return ;
Do not stain your honour by shedding the blood,
With murderous hand, of the murderous brood.

Savelli and Chilina.

I see the shame on his forehead burn ;
May his heart be firm, may his aim be good,
May he bravely revenge his father's blood !

Colomba.

Like the royal eagle, he will return
And tear open the hearts of the murderous brood,
Taking life for life, taking blood for blood.

Crowd.

[*Dispersing.*
Do not listen to them, let us homeward turn ;
To a peaceful man it brings no good
To listen to talk of revenge and blood.
[*They disperse slowly.*

Colomba.

Brother, farewell ! I go to Pietranera,
To bid you welcome to our father's house.
[*Exit slowly with Savelli and Chilina. Lydia, after a long look at Orso, leaves in the opposite direction. Orso remains alone on the stage. The Curtain falls slowly.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

The stage represents a Green in the village of Pietranera. In the background a large mulberry tree, the branches of which are hung with withered garlands of flowers and laurel wreaths. To the left is the house of the Della Rebbia, to the right that of the Barracini, both with open verandahs in front.

Colomba.

[*Alone, reclining on a bench under the tree.*
At home ! at home ! what is my home to me ?
And what to him whom from the dream of love
I rudely woke—woke to perform a duty
Which, to his wavering heart, appears a crime ?
Oh, Orso, thou art brave ! I saw the fire—
E'en as did she you love—which in thy heart
Was kindled by the tale of our dishonour.
But foreign ways and foreign love have dimmed
Thy seeing eyes. What matters it ? I know
That when the hour has come the murderous plot
Will be revealed, and thou wilt see and do.
[*She leans on an overhanging branch of the tree, and takes one of the withered wreaths, which she mechanically plucks to pieces.*
[*Sadly.*
But what am I that I to fiercest combat,
Perhaps to death, should goad the brother who
To me is all in all ? Orso, thy fate is mine ;
Thou sufferest not alone. One terrible night
Has blighted all the blossoms of my youth,
And what remains is void of scent and sweetness,
Even as these withered flowers of yester-year.
Flowers that bloom, blossoms that wither ;—
Leaves of the laurel, and buds of the rose ;—
Whence do you come, who brought you hither,
Far from your branches, and, tell me, ah ! whither
Will you follow the west wind that blows ?

Flowers of love, with passion laden—
Leaves of the myrtle, and buds of the rose,—
Swift is your spring to expand and fade in,
Oh! for the lonely orphan maiden,
Never your fragrant blossom blows.

[*As she slowly goes into the house, enter a merry throng of Village Girls, bearing flowers and wreaths. They begin a lively but graceful dance, trying to entangle each other in the garlands. They are interrupted by the entrance of another Girl, who holds in her hand a single wreath of white flowers. She points towards the tree, indicating that she wishes to hang the wreath on the large branch. The others try to prevent her, and to snatch the wreath from her. The dance begins again. At last she disentangles herself, and, standing on the seat, suspends the wreath from the branch. The other girls at the same time tear down the old garlands and replace them by those they have brought. As the girl reaches the tree a chorus of boys and young men chant:*

Salve, Regina del Maggio;
Ave, Regina della beltà.
Ch' il suo regno sia beato e saggio!
A lei amore, a lei fedeltà!
Salve, Regina del Maggio.

[*Before the Chorus is quite finished, and mingling with it, are heard from behind the scenes the sounds of a march played on fiddles, guitars, drums, and other rustic instruments. Enter, preceded by the Village Musicians, Gardes-Champêtres, etc., Count Nevers, followed by Orso, the two Barracini, and others.*

SCENE II.

Count.

Whence this gay throng? Tell me, what is the meaning
Of this fair group, this song-enlivened mirth?

Giuseppe Barracini.

It is the custom of our village maidens,
That on the first of May they crown with garlands
This ancient tree; and she who is the fairest
Of all the damsels, if she but suspend
From yonder branch her coronet, is forthwith
Proclaimed the Queen of Beauty and of May.

Count.

[*With old-fashioned gallantry to the Girl, who bows low before him.*

I greet thee Queen of Beauty and of May.

Chorus.

Salve, Regina del Maggio!

Giuseppe.

[*To Count.*

They say the rite is ancient, and has come to us
From times of heathen worship. Seneca,
When in his Corsican exile he sat lonely,
Chafing and writing, saw with angry eyes
The village maidens dancing round the tree,
Even as we see them now.

Count.

O happy omen
That on this day of ancient gladness I
Should be amongst you to proclaim the end
Of enmity almost as old. The noble houses
Of Della Rebbia and of Barracini,
Divided long by hatred, will to-day
Join hands in peace, forgetting mutual wrongs.

[*The crowd give signs of surprise, but no one speaks.*

[*Pointing to Orso.*

My friend here is convinced, by ample proof,
That all suspicion of foul play surrounding
The death of his dear father was devoid
Of substance; and he frankly owns his error.

[*Renewed murmuring amongst the Crowd.*

Giuseppe.

And I as frankly take his proferred word.

[*To Orso.*

Captain, your father loved me not. Our paths
Were different always, and our private feuds
Were fanned by public discord. He was pledged
To Bonaparte's fortune; I adhered
In loyal faith to our most Sacred King.
But never did the thought of violent usage
Enter this heart. Your father was a soldier,
Ready to draw the sword in his own quarrel;
Mine is a scholar's mind, and by the law,
Which I profess and honour, I abide.

Some of the Crowd.

[*Aside.*

Soft is his word, sweet is his smile,
Take care how you trust a lawyer's guile.

Orso.

[*Distantly.*

I have no cause to doubt your word. Yea, let the past
Be past. The ancient feud between our houses
I willingly forget; too long has Corsica
Been made the battle-field of private hatred.

Count.

Then let the news be spread throughout the land—

[*Aside to Orso.*

To none more welcome than to Lydia,
When she arrives to-morrow—the joyful news
That by the scions of these ancient houses
To-day the discord of a hundred years
Was changed for goodwill and perpetual peace.

Orso, Count, and the two Barracini.

Let the past be dead, let the spell be broken
Of hatred, descended from father to son;
Let our hands be joined as a symbol and token
That all thought of discord is vanished and gone.

Chorus.

[*Repeating.*

Let the past be dead, let the spell be broken, etc.

Scene III.

Great commotion amongst the crowd. The partisans of the two houses, who have hitherto stood apart, approach each other with friendly gestures. As Orso is about to take the outstretched hand of Giuseppe, enter, from the house, Colomba, who throws herself between the two.

Colomba.

[*In a frenzy of excitement.*

Touch not his hand, Orso; our father's blood is on it.

[*General astonishment; deep silence for a few moments.*

Count.

[*To Colomba, gravely but kindly.*

Grave is your charge against this worthy man.
Can you support it by a trusty witness?

Colomba.

[*Eagerly.*

The witness is at hand if you will vouch
His safety from the clutches of the law.

Count.

Free as he came he shall depart, provided
He speak the truth.

[*Apologetically to Giuseppe.*

Your innocence, my friend,
Will be the more established if a hearing
Is granted to your bitterest enemies.

[*Colomba, who has rushed into the house, now returns, followed by Savelli. Great surprise amongst the crowd.*

Chorus.

[*Severally.*

Savelli, the brigand, the King of the Mountains, he here?
Does he thus brave the law—does he dare to appear?

Giuseppe.

[*To Count.*

Your kindness is abused. This man cannot
Be witness. His head is forfeit to the law;
He is a common robber and assassin.

Savelli.

[*Coolly, to Giuseppe.*

That cap, sir, might fit another man
As well as me; but of this anon.
I am not ashamed of my deed; it was done
In the way of vendetta—our Corsican way.

[*To Count.*

You may ask the people here; they can
Tell you it was in the broad daylight,

[*Looking at Giuseppe.*

And not from behind, in the shelter of night,
That I killed my man in open fight.
Then I took to the macchia;* but no one can say
That ever I robbed a poor man of his own,
Or made the widow and orphan moan,

[*Looking at Giuseppe again.*

Like certain honest men of the law.
The best man I ever heard of or saw,

[*To Orso.*

Your father, to pity his heart inclined.
When I had to fly and leave behind
My little daughter, where did she find
Shelter, and comfort, and tender care
But with him and this dear lady here?

[*Pointing to Colomba.*

It is true that to him I had been alway
A trusty servant; by night and day,
At home, on the battle-field, by his side
I stood, whether weal or woe betide,
And so at last in these arms he died.

[*All show their surprise.*

Chorus.

What will he disclose; what shall we hear?
The dark deed shrouded by deepest night
Will at last be known and come to light.

Savelli.

[*Going up to Giuseppe and fixing his eye on him.*

Yes; I can witness, for I was near;
I saw the flash, I heard the ball
Whistle past me as it went
On its baneful way to the bravest heart.
Would it were mine instead it had rent!
For a nobler spirit never did part
From man, nor greater soul withal.

[*Orso warmly takes Savelli's hand.*

I could not even avenge my master,
For the deed once done, the murderer faster
Than the wings of the falcon flew from the place.

Giuseppe.

[*Who has been listening with ill-disguised anxiety, to Count.*

Sir, let this end; this solemn farce has gone
Too far. The man defeats himself. His wit
Is not as keen as his malign intent.
The night was dark; he owns he did not see
The deed, nor yet the doer.

Savelli.

[*Interrupting him.*

It was he,
Not I, who said that dark was the night,
Though it was, and he knows it as well as I.
But though dark, for you to aim there was light,
And for me to see his breaking eye,
And fold him close in a last embrace;
And for him with trembling hand to trace
On a page of this book—for his speech was gone—
A dying word to his distant son.

[*To Orso.*

It was with this last message to greet you
That I came on the day of your landing to meet you,

* Taking to the "macchia," the bush, means turning brigand, generally in consequence of an act of vendetta.

Braving all danger; but you would not tender
Your ear to me, and at my word did scoff,
Thinking of love and the joys thereof.
So here at last to you I surrender
This book, your priceless heritage.

[*He hands a pocket-book open to Orso, who looks at it, and for a time stands speechless. After a pause he reads, almost to himself, but audible to all the crowd,* "Giuseppe Barra——"

Colomba.

Orso, read aloud and proclaim!

[*Pointing to the page.*

It was here he traced his murderer's name.
See his blood, how it stained the page,
And here his pencil fell from his hand;
And yonder see the assassin stand
Alive to glory in our shame.

Giuseppe.

[*To Count, boldly.*

It is a lie, a plot, with hellish cunning
Hatched by my foes. But they have come too late.
My innocence is spotless; I have proved it
Before the high tribunal of the law.
It has acquitted me. I can defy
The falsehoods of a brigand and a woman.

[*The Count turns away without answering, and slowly exit with his suite. Orso, at the last words, involuntarily grasps his dagger, but, as if struck by a sudden thought, replaces it in its sheath.*

Orso.

[*With dignity to Giuseppe.*

There is a court of justice higher far
Than any law on earth; and in that court
You have to give me answer for this deed.

[*At this juncture men are seen stealthily to enter the two houses, and during the following the windows in both are fastened, and before them, and in the open spaces of the verandahs, shutters, with holes for guns in them, are put up, such as are used in Corsica during a siege of this kind.*

Giuseppe.

[*To people.*

You hear he threatens me with vengeance.

Orso.

Nay,
Fear not; your ways are not my ways. Whatever
I do will not be done in secret. Here, before
The people, I accuse you of the murder,
And challenge you to fight for life or death.
If you refuse to meet me, you are safe;
I cannot take the vile life of a coward—
Contempt is his protection.

[*To Colomba, who looks at him entreatingly.*

Nay, Colomba,
Even for thy sake, for our dead father's sake—
Who, were he here, I know would feel with me—
I cannot stain my honour. I have done;
I am a soldier, not a murderer.

[*He turns away without waiting for an answer.*

Savelli.

[*Aside to Orso.*

Captain, if ever you change your mind,
And come to the macchia, you know where to find
A trusty friend. So farewell for a season.

[*Exit hurriedly. As Orso and Colomba, and the Barracini on the other side, go towards their houses, their respective partisans form a ring round them to cover their retreat. Threatening gestures are made and guns raised.*

Chorus.

Cowards, come forth to fight for death or life.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Scene I.

Early morning. The scene represents a road leading from Pietranera (which is seen at a short distance) across the stage to the left, flanked by roughly-made stone fences. To the right is a large rock overlooking the road. On the left side is a thicket of small trees. As the curtain rises the clock of the village church is heard to strike seven. On the stage are the two Barracini, who retire as Orso appears. Enter by the Pietranera road Orso, dressed in an elegant Corsican costume, and carrying a double-barrelled gun.

Orso.

Here will I wait her coming. Yonder road,

[*Pointing to right.*

Winding to endless distance will reveal her;
And long before her father and Colomba
Know of her coming, we shall meet alone.
Yea, Lydia, I may meet thee without fear;
My vow is kept; the impetuous call for vengeance
Rising within me was, by thought of thee,
Silenced. Thank God, my honour is unstained.
Come, then, what may, this hand will aye be free
From stain of blood, unless in honest fight,
Man against man, it flow. No more of this—
This hour, this place, are sacred; they are hallowed
By thoughts of love.

[*He leans his gun against the fence, and sits down on a rustic seat by the roadside.*

Here often have I sat,
Dreaming my boyish dreams, and looking down
That winding road, wondering if luck would come
That way. Now luck will come, indeed,
And fairer far than ever I could have dreamt.
How different all appears—the earth, the sky,
Illumined by love's light, are new to me.
How different, too, the songs I used to sing!
The Corsican songs she loves, how they come back to me!

The words are still the same, but all the love and longing
That to the boy were names and empty nothings
To me are full of meaning. So, while I wait,
Dear love, for thee, I'll even think and sing of thee.
"Will she come from the valley?"

[*He pauses.*

Nay, these were not the words.

[*After a pause he begins again.*

CORSICAN LOVE-SONG.

Will she come from the hill, will she come from the valley,
Will she proudly pass by, will she tenderly greet?
Ah, me! what can I say that is meet
To soften her heart or my courage to rally?

For resplendent as noon-light her beauty shines;
Dearer to me than the thought of vendetta
To the pining orphan; and her faldetta*
The richest treasure on earth enshrines.

Being sure of my love, will she treasure my heart;
Will she care what I think, will she heed what I say to her?
Ah, me! what is my yea or my nay to her?
Knowing well from my troth I can never depart.

[*He sits down on the seat from which, toward the end of his song, he had risen, and leans his head on his hand, forgetting all around him. Suddenly a voice (Chilina's) is heard from behind, singing the following snatch of an old ballad.*

Chilina.

[*Invisible.*

So he thought of his love, and went on his way,
And she waited for him a night and a day;
But he never came again.
For by the cross,
On Talàva Moss,
There lies her true love slain.
Lovers, beware, though your hearts be true,
Powder and ball are stronger than you.

[*Orso, who at first has paid no attention, begins to listen.*

So she dug his grave with her lily-white hand;
The stones she piled and the yellow sand,
And made a grave for two.
And 'neath the heather,
They rest together.
Be God's own peace with you!
Lovers, beware, though your hearts be true,
Powder and ball are stronger than you.

[*Chilina, dressed as a peasant-girl, and carrying a basket, appears for a moment on the projecting rock to the right, unseen by Orso. She carefully looks about and again vanishes. Orso has been listening to her song, and at its close rises with a sudden impulse.*

Orso.

I know your voice, Chilina, and I know
The meaning of your song. But what is danger
To one who thinks of Lydia and of love?

[*Resuming his song with great fire.*

To thy judgment I yield, by thy verdict abide,
In doubt I will linger no more; I will go to thee
My heart thou shalt read, my love I will show to thee;
Be it life, be it death to me, thou shalt decide!

[*He takes his gun and quickly enters the road to the left, when Giuseppe Barracini, emerging from among the trees, suddenly faces him.*

SCENE II.

Giuseppe.

You challenged me to meet you. Here I am
To give you answer.

Orso.

[*Scornfully.*

Yesterday, till night,
I waited for your witness, to appoint
The hour and weapon, as the law of honour
Demands. Give way, and let me pass.

Giuseppe.

I scorn
Your laws of honour, as I scorn yourself,
With your French ways and love-sick vows to Lydia.

[*Mocking Orso's manner.*

"Ah! I can meet thee, Lydia, without fear;
My vow is kept."

[*Orso for a moment lifts his gun, but immediately lowers it again.*

Nay, do not lift your gun,
I know you will not use it.

[*Again mocking Orso.*

"Your ways are not
My ways." Perhaps, young man, if you did know
What are those ways, you would be careful how
You rouse my anger, as your father did,
Whom I was forced to punish.

Orso.

Then you confess
The murder of my father!

Giuseppe.

You mistake me, sir;
Even as your friend the brigand was mistaken.

[*Ironically.*

Mine, as I told you, is a peaceful mind,
And by the law which I profess and honour
I carefully abide. I did not pull the trigger,
Although it was my will that sped the ball,
Piercing the heart of one who dared to thwart me.

* Mantle worn by Corsican women.

Orso.

[*Aside.*

Father, be with me in this hour of need;
Restrain my hand from soiling our fair fame
With an assassin's venomous blood.

[*To Giuseppe.*

Begone!
And seek the coward's death in store for you
From other hands than mine.

Giuseppe.

Not many yards
From here I faced your father, as I face you now;
He taunted me, even as you taunt me now;

[*Suddenly raising his voice.*

So, like him, thou shalt die the death of a fool!

[*He lifts his hand, and at this signal a shot is fired from behind the stone fence to the right. Orso's left arm drops motionless to his side, but with a violent effort he raises his gun with his right, and shoots Giuseppe, who falls. He then sinks on his knees. After a pause, a man's (Antonio Barracini's) head and shoulders are cautiously raised above the wall. Orso again fires with his right hand. The head disappears, and the heavy fall of a body is heard behind the wall. Orso falls down fainting. Long silence, after which hurried steps are heard approaching.*

Chilina.

[*Behind the scenes.*

Hasten, hasten, father; I fear
We are too late to save him. Here

[*Chilina and Savelli are seen on the rock to the right.*

I saw them lying in ambush for him,
And tried to warn him, but all in vain.

[*Seeing Orso.*

Alas, alas! my young master is slain.

[*They hurriedly descend to the stage. Savelli lifts Orso, who slowly begins to recover from his swoon.*

Savelli.

[*To Chilina.*

Fear nothing, it is only a swoon;
His wound is slight, he will rally soon.

[*He leaves Orso for a moment, and carefully examines Giuseppe, feeling for his heart.*

But this one is safe, he will never rise;
See the bullet-hole right between his eyes.
His villanous tongue will not wag again.

[*Chilina, who has been looking over the wall, beckons to her father, who also looks over.*

Hallo! here is another one slain,
As dead as a nail. This indeed is sport—
A lying lawyer to each barrel.
I call this an excellent retort
To all their insults.

[*To Orso.*

Well, captain, I told you
You would come to the macchia, so here I hold you
In my arms as I did many years ago.
If you hit like this we surely shall quarrel
As to who is the best shot in Corsica.
I shall lose my fame if I don't look alive;
But then, what a splendid gun you can show!
The finest Manton* I ever saw.
Well, let's be off ere the sbirri arrive.

[*They hurry off to the left, supporting Orso, who has hardly regained consciousness, between them. As they disappear in the distance, enter by the road from Pietranera, Colomba and numerous Villagers, who have come to welcome Lydia.*

SCENE IV.

Colomba.

The hour is near when Lydia should be coming.

Chorus.

[*Seeing Giuseppe's corpse.*

Ha! what is this?

Colomba.

[*Looking calmly on the body.*

This is the corpse of one
Who, by the law of just retaliation,
Has with his life paid for another life.

Chorus of Women.

Alas! poor Orso.

[*A scene of great excitement ensues. The villagers are rushing from body to body, with wild gesticulations expressing their joy and sorrow, according to the party to which they belong. As soon as the bodies have been discovered some have run back to the village to spread the news, and they now return with monks, carrying two biers, on which the bodies are laid. The bell of Pietranera church begins to toll. As the procession slowly leaves, the monks chant:*

"Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine,
Et lux perpetua luceat eis."

[*Colomba, who has been an impassive spectator of the scene, remains alone on the stage.*

Colomba.

[*Like one awaking from a dream.*

At last, at last, at last we are revenged.

[*She listens to the chant.*

Ha! sing your chants and sound your knells; they will
Not bring the dead again. As they have sown,
So have they harvested. Thy voice was true,
Father, that spoke in me of the avenger's coming.

[*Triumphantly.*

Like the royal eagle, he has returned.
And scared the vultures from their nest,
And with beak and talon that none can parry,
He has torn the hearts of the murderous brood—
Taking life for life and blood for blood—
That our father's spirit may be at rest,
And the voice of our sorrow be drowned in the cries
Of the widowed wives of our enemies.
Vendetta! vendetta!

[*Exit rapidly in the direction of Pietranera. Curtain.*

END OF ACT III.

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* A famous London gunmaker of the time.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The stage represents a narrow valley, bounded on each side by a precipitous slope, covered with small trees and shrubs, which, on the right, extends almost to the front; on the left is a thicket of trees with a large white stone in front of it. Dark stormy night. At intervals, fitfully illumined by the lightning, are seen Colomba and Lydia groping their way, one on each side of the valley.*

Colomba.

Lydia!

Lydia.

Colomba!

Colomba.

The place is near.
Our journey's end will be reached ere long.

Lydia.

All seems darkness, no path is here.

Colomba.

Follow the track the valley along,
Trust in my guidance and nothing fear,
From a child I have roamed through these hills.
[*Peal of thunder.*

Lydia.

Oh, listen!
The thunder's voice is loud and strong,
And like silver serpents the lightnings glisten.

Colomba.

When the clouds disperse the moon will appear.

Both.

Courage be with us! Vanish dismay!
The road is long, the road is weary,
The night is cold and dark and dreary,

Colomba.

But love——

Lydia.

[*Eagerly.*
Not love—

Colomba.

True love—

Both.

A sister's love will find the way.

Colomba.

Wait for the lightning, it will show
A large white stone almost at your feet.
[*Flash of lightning.*

Lydia.

I saw it here in the valley below.

Colomba.

It is the place where the brigands meet.
[*She jumps on the stage.*
Vittoria! vittoria! the camp is found.
Here are the steps, I will assist you.

Lydia.

Deepest darkness hovers around,
And for a robber's camp I am bound.
If my father knew, what would he say?
But all is in vain—who can resist you?
[*She descends to the stage, assisted by Colomba.*

Both.

Courage be with us! Vanish dismay!
The road was long, the road was weary,
The night is cold and dark and dreary,

Colomba.

But love——

Lydia.

Not love—

Colomba.

True love—

Both.

Sisterly love has found the way.

Orso.

[*Heard faintly from behind.*
Lydia! Lydia!

Colomba.

Hush, hush! I hear his voice. He must be near.
[*She goes towards the background (left), and parts a thick growth of rushes, discovering on a rude couch Orso, dreaming. The moon, shining forth from the clouds at intervals, illumines the scene. Both girls stand for a while silent, looking at him.*

Colomba.

[*In a whisper.*
I must be gone to find Savelli.

Lydia.

[*Eagerly.*
Ah!
Leave me not thus alone; feel how I tremble.

Colomba.

Fear nothing. Friends are watching o'er your safety.
You would not leave my brother in his need.
See how he tosses on his couch. It is of you
He dreams, and of his love.

Lydia.

[*Contemptuously.*
A love in whose despite
He struck the stroke which must for ever part us.

Orso.

[*Dreaming as before.*
Lydia, my Lydia, for your sake—

Colomba.

Can you resist
His pleading? You appear more cruel than
We Corsicans, who never pass a sentence
Before the culprit has been heard. He will
Explain. Farewell.
[*Exit rapidly with a smile on her lips.*

SCENE II.

Lydia.

[*To herself.*
Explain! What need is there
For explanation of a tale so old and plain
As this; that men, to gain their fierce desire

Of hatred and revenge, will sacrifice
A hundred loves.
[*Looking at Orso pitifully.*
How faint and ill he seems ;
Wasted and worn with fever.
[*She sits down on the couch and lays her hand on his forehead. Bright moonlight.*
His temples throb
With wild pulsations.

Orso.

[*Dreaming.*
Lydia, hear me now !
By the deep love I bear you ; by this hand
Which once I hoped would be mine own, I swear—
[*He unconsciously takes her hand, and pressing it to his lips, wakes with a sudden start. Lydia hurriedly withdraws her hand and stands at a distance.*

Lydia.

[*Coldly.*
Your sister bids me come to you, once more
To see you ere you start on that new path
Which your wild deed has opened for you. Here
I am to say farewell, farewell for ever.

Orso.

Yea, we must part. Your path and mine are henceforth
Divided by the gulf which severs light
From dark despair. Oh ! Lydia, for your sake
I have endured what few men would endure.—
When in the market-place before the people
The murderer stood unmasked, my Corsican blood
Rose up within me, and the fierce desire
Of vengeance filled me as with a burning flame.
But I withstood ; withstood, although I knew
That all the people there would look upon me
As one failing in filial love, perhaps in courage.
I called upon my enemy to meet me
In open fight, man against man. He met me
Without a witness, owned my father's murder,
Scoffed at his memory, and reviled our love.
His life was in my hand. Convulsively
I grasped my weapon, but I slew him not,
Thinking of thee and of my unstained honour.
'Twas not till wounded by a treacherous shot,
Fired from behind, I lay upon the ground
Half-fainting, that in lawful self-defence
I killed my foe. Thus have I kept my vow.
Now let us part.

Lydia.

[*Who has been listening with rising emotion.*
Oh, Orso ; see me here,
Kneeling before thee, craving thy forgiveness
[*She kneels.*
For want of loving faith in one most loving—
Most faithful, even to death. Henceforth my life
Is thine ; my heart is thine. This solemn hour
Lays bare what maidenly coyness had concealed
Within my bosom. We cannot—must not part.
Orso, I love thee !

Orso.

Do not speak to me
Those dearest words ; I must not listen to them.
Fly, fly, from here !

Lydia.

Whither you go I go.
Your life will be my life, your danger mine ;
Your death my death.

Orso.

You know not what you say.
Disgrace awaits me ; I am charged with murder.

Lydia.

I will proclaim your innocence. The sternest judge
Shall listen to my pleading, and believe me.
[*Tenderly.*
Is there no voice within thee which gives answer
To mine—which, in the darkness that surrounds us,
Speaks to thee of a brighter, happier future
In store for those whose hearts are brave to suffer
And die together ?

Orso.

[*Yielding.*
Yea, I fain would listen
To that sweet voice. But, Lydia, tell me truly,
Can I accept the sacrifice of all
The opening blossoms of thy youth ? What hope
Is left us ?

Lydia.

There is hope, for there is love.

Both.

[*With passionate fervour.*
Say of Love, shall he change or alter,
Shall he decay or shall he diminish ?
Doomed from his birth to stagger and falter,
Doomed in the end to fail and to finish ?

Lydia.

Like the nightingale who, by moonlight,
Sings, when the breezes of March grow stronger,
But, from the summer's scorching noonlight,
Wings her flight, and is heard no longer—

Orso.

Like the storm which the clouds engender,
Blown from the mountains with mighty gushes,
Bound yet at last its strength to surrender,
Dying softly amongst the rushes ?—

Both.

Nay ! but our love cannot thus be smitten ;
Staunch his purpose, bold his endeavour,
And on his forehead a god has written
In letters of flaming fire, "For ever."

SCENE III.

[*Enter rapidly from the left Colomba, followed by Savelli and Chilina.*

Colomba.

Fly, Orso, fly, the soldiers are coming.

Chilina.

The moonlight made their bayonets glisten ;
In a moment I know they will be here.

Savelli.

Keep silence all of you, and listen ;
Follow me, captain, and nothing fear ;
I will conduct you where no one shall find us ;
Lean on my arm ; they will walk behind us.

Colomba.

Haste, brother, haste !

Orso.

I will not leave this place,
Let come who may.
[*To Colomba.*
When Lydia's heart seemed lost,
All else was nought to me. Now that I know
Her love, I will declare my innocence
To all the world.

Savelli.

You may do as you will :
But let me warn you, there may be
Among these soldiers an enemy
Who would think it proper first to kill
His man in the fray, old debts to recover,
Making due inquiries when all is over.

Orso.

My life is in God's keeping.

Lydia.

Here I stay,
To share thy fate whatever may befall.

Colomba.

[*Hurriedly to Savelli.*
Nothing avails. We must hasten back
To draw the soldiers on our track.

Savelli.

A dangerous service in the dark,
When the bullets are whistling all around,
Scarce fit for a fair young lady.

Colomba.

Hark !
I hear them coming ; he must not be found.

[*Colomba, Savelli, and Chilina hurry off to the right. Orso and Lydia remain standing in each other's embrace. In the uncertain light of the moon, Colomba, Savelli, and two or three of his men are seen on the left slope, trying to attract the attention of the soldiers. Men shout and fire their guns ; the soldiers answer, and are seen hurrying across the valley. At last a detachment of soldiers, guided by a peasant, appears on the stage from the left. They arrest Orso, whom Lydia vainly tries to shield. As they are leading him off, enter, from the right, Count, with soldiers and men and women from the village. Orso is released.*

Count.

Here, then, I find the fugitives whom we have sought
Through this dark night, amongst these rugged hills.
[*To Lydia.*
Nay, do not blush, my Lydia ; well I know
'Twas charity that brought you, and a sister
Whose pleading few men can resist, much less
A yielding woman. Orso, I bring good news
For you. Your innocence is proved beyond dispute.
Chilina saw the ambush laid for you,
And my own ears confirmed her story's truth ;
For I was near, and heard the shrill report
Of a small carbine, answered by the deep-toned voice
Of my two-barrelled Manton, which that morning
You took by my advice. The case is clear :
You were attacked, and by your staunch defence
Have rid this island of two murderous villains.
I vouch for your deliverance ; after all your sorrow
Be free and happy.
[*Leading Lydia towards him.*

SCENE IV.

[*Enter from right Colomba, mortally wounded, supported by Chilina and a soldier.*

Chilina.

At such a price,
This precious life fell a sacrifice
To her brother's safety. We could not withhold her ;
In the thick of the fight she stood firm as a rock,
Waving her kerchief and lifting her voice,
To attract the soldiers, until she was struck
By a bullet, and lifeless sank on my shoulder.

[*Colomba is gently placed on a mossy bank. Orso and Lydia kneel by her side.*

Colomba.

[*Opening her eyes, in a faint voice.*
I die contented, my task is done.
My father is revenged, my brother freed.
[*She joins Orso's and Lydia's hands together.*
When you are happy, remember me.
[*She dies.*

Count.

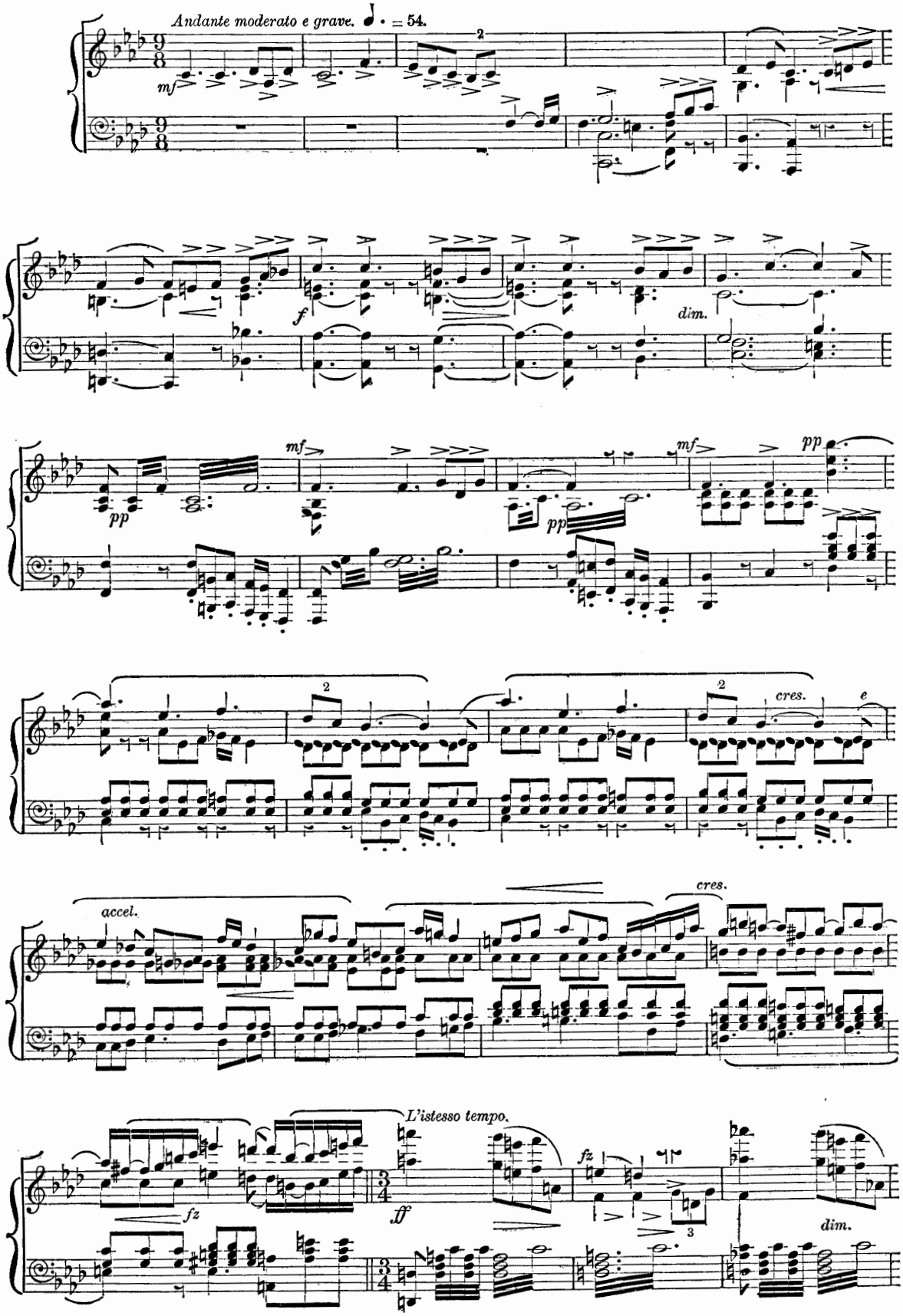
[*Deeply moved.*
A great and noble heart has passed away—
A hero's spirit in a maiden's body.
Hers was a life of sacrifice. Her father's death
Roused her to fierce revenge. That once accomplished,
The natural sweetness of her heart returned.
Her brother's happiness was her sole desire ;
Thus did she live and die. Be peace with her !
[*He kneels.*
Let us pray for the soul of our sister departed,
Who rests in peace after painful strife ;
Noble and true, and tender-hearted,
She has entered the gates of eternal life.

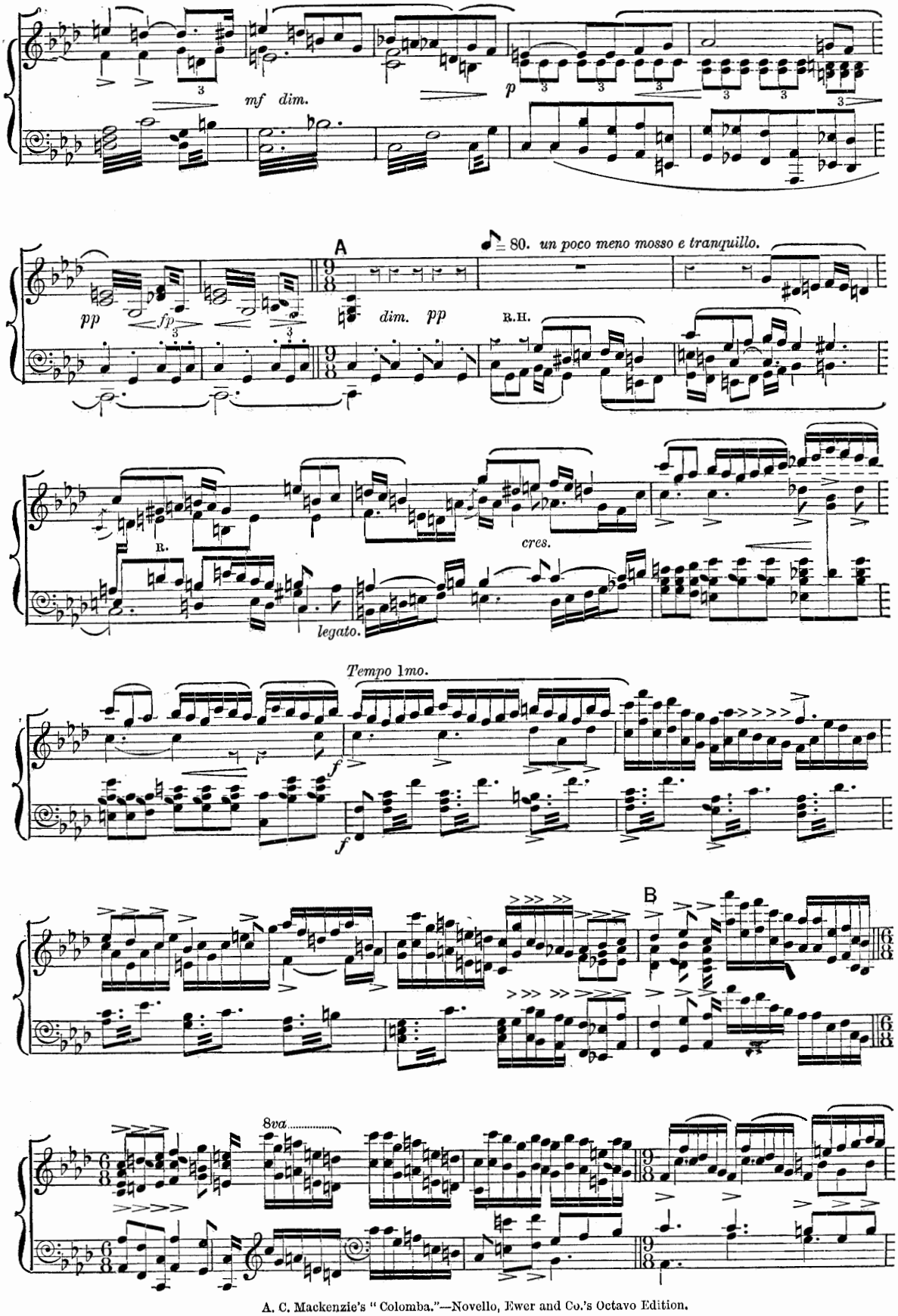
All.

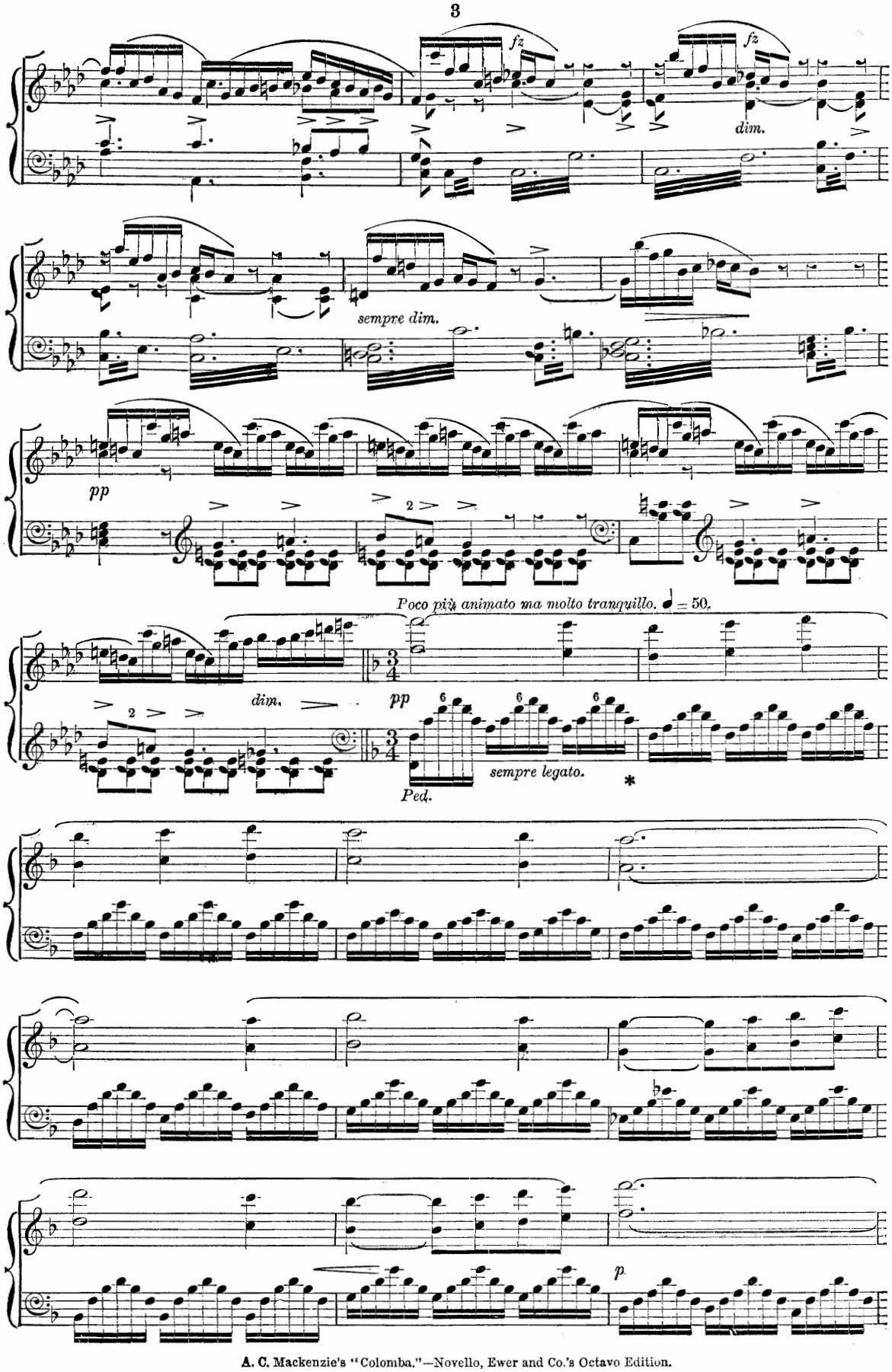
[*Kneel and repeat. Sunrise.*
Let us pray for the soul, etc.

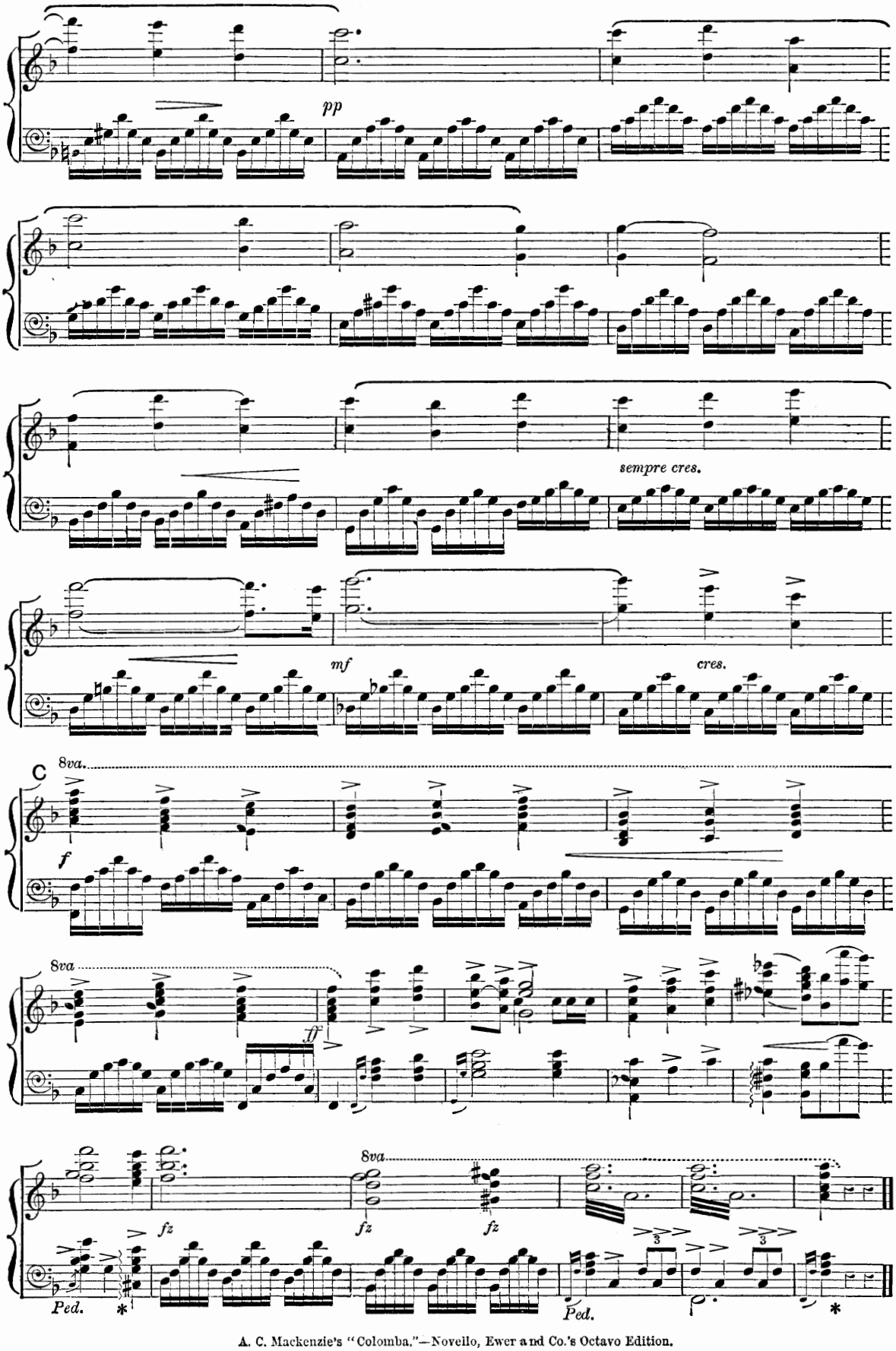
END OF THE OPERA.

PRELUDE.


Andante moderato e grave. ♩. = 54.
mf
f
dim.
pp
mf
pp
mf
pp
cres.
e
accel.
cres.
fz
L'istesso tempo.
ff
fz
dim.


mf dim.
p
pp
fp
A
dim. pp
♪ = 80. un poco meno mosso e tranquillo.
R.H.
R.
legato.
cres.
Tempo 1mo.
f
B
8va

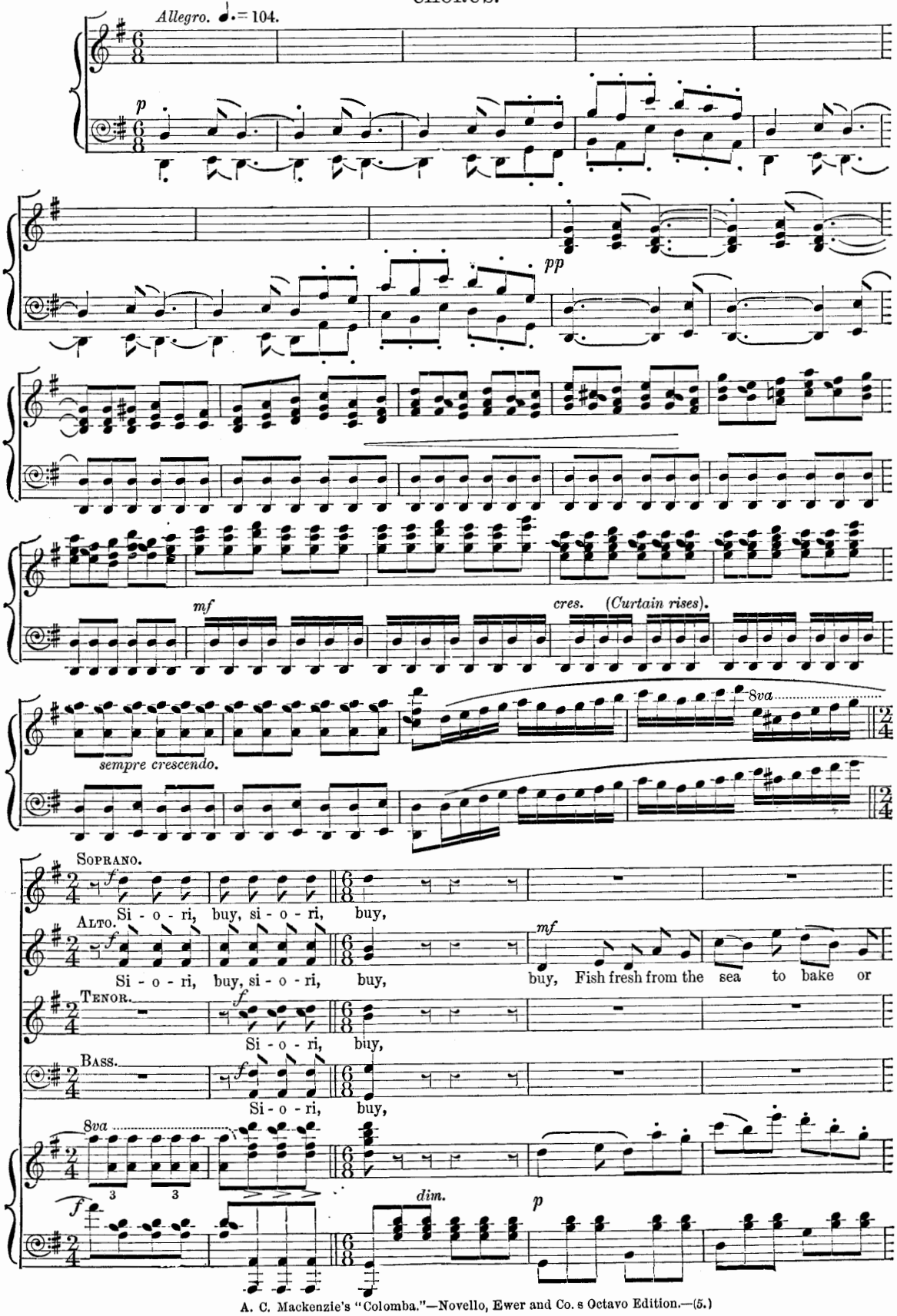

fz
fz
dim.
sempre dim.
pp
2
Poco più animato ma molto tranquillo. ♩ = 50.
dim.
pp
6
6
6
sempre legato.
Ped.
*
p

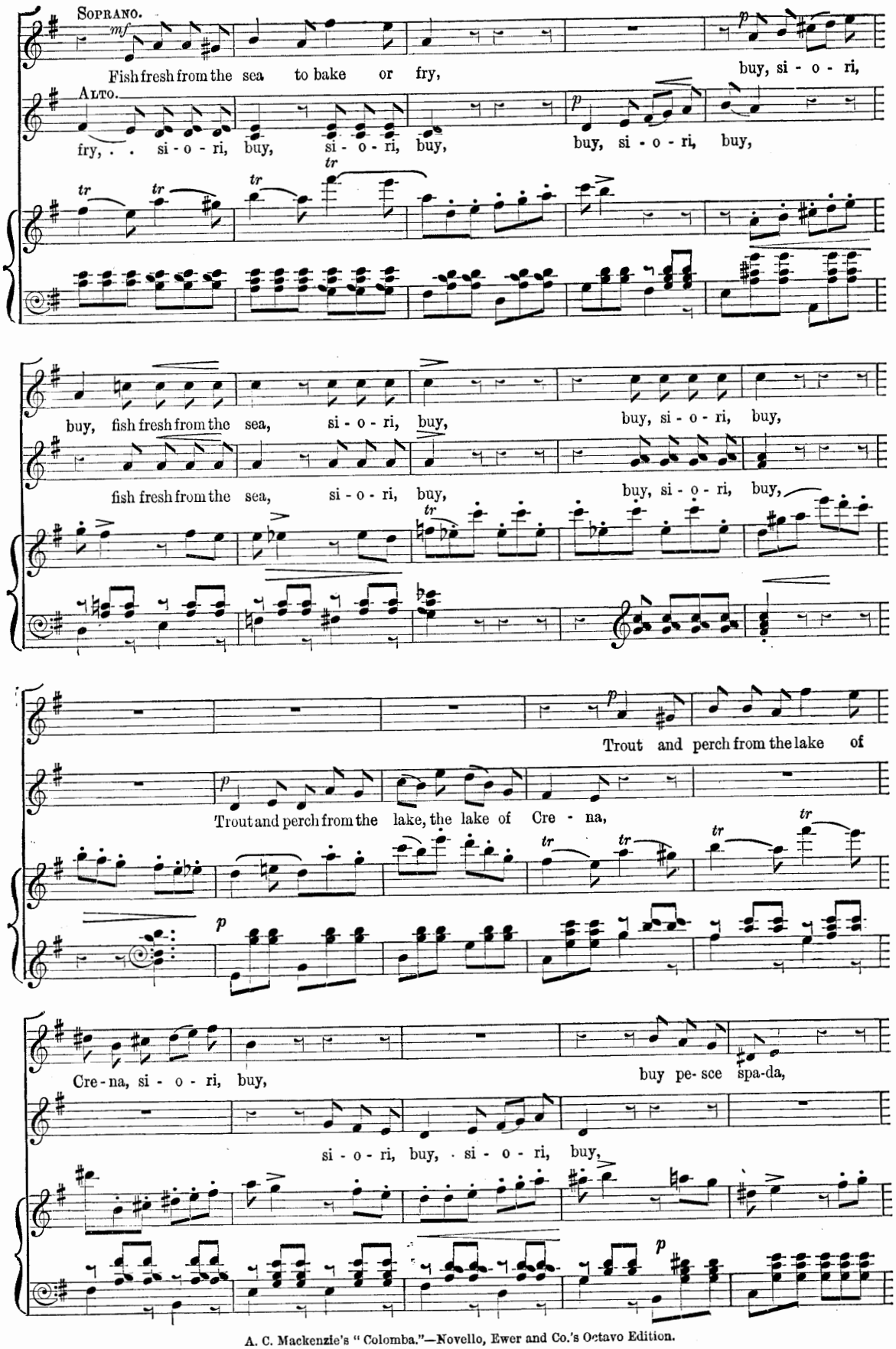

pp
sempre cres.
mf
cres.
C
8va.
f
8va
ff
8va
fz
fz
fz
Ped.
*
Ped.
*

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A market-place at Ajaccio. In the background the quay, to which a frigate is moored. Planks laid across from ship to quay. Sea in the distance. Sailors are engaged in rolling heavy bales and heaps of luggage ashore. Market-women arrive and range their baskets along the quay. Early morning. Chilina and Savelli (dressed as well-to-do peasants) amongst the buyers going from stall to stall.*

CHORUS.




Soprano.
Fish fresh from the sea to bake or fry, buy, si - o - ri,
Alto.
fry, . . si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy,
buy, fish fresh from the sea, si - o - ri, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy,
fish fresh from the sea, si - o - ri, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy,
Trout and perch from the lake of
Trout and perch from the lake, the lake of Cre - na,
Cre - na, si - o - ri, buy, buy pe - sce spa - da,
si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy,

tri- glia, buy, pe- sce spa - da, tri- glia,

buy, buy mu- re - na, buy, pe- sce spa -da, tri- glia,

tr

mu- re - na, *mf* tri-glia, buy mu - re - na,

mu- re - na, *mf* pe- sce spa -da, buy mu- re - na,

mf *p*

p buy, si - o - ri, buy, Fish fresh from the sea, Trout and perch from the lake,

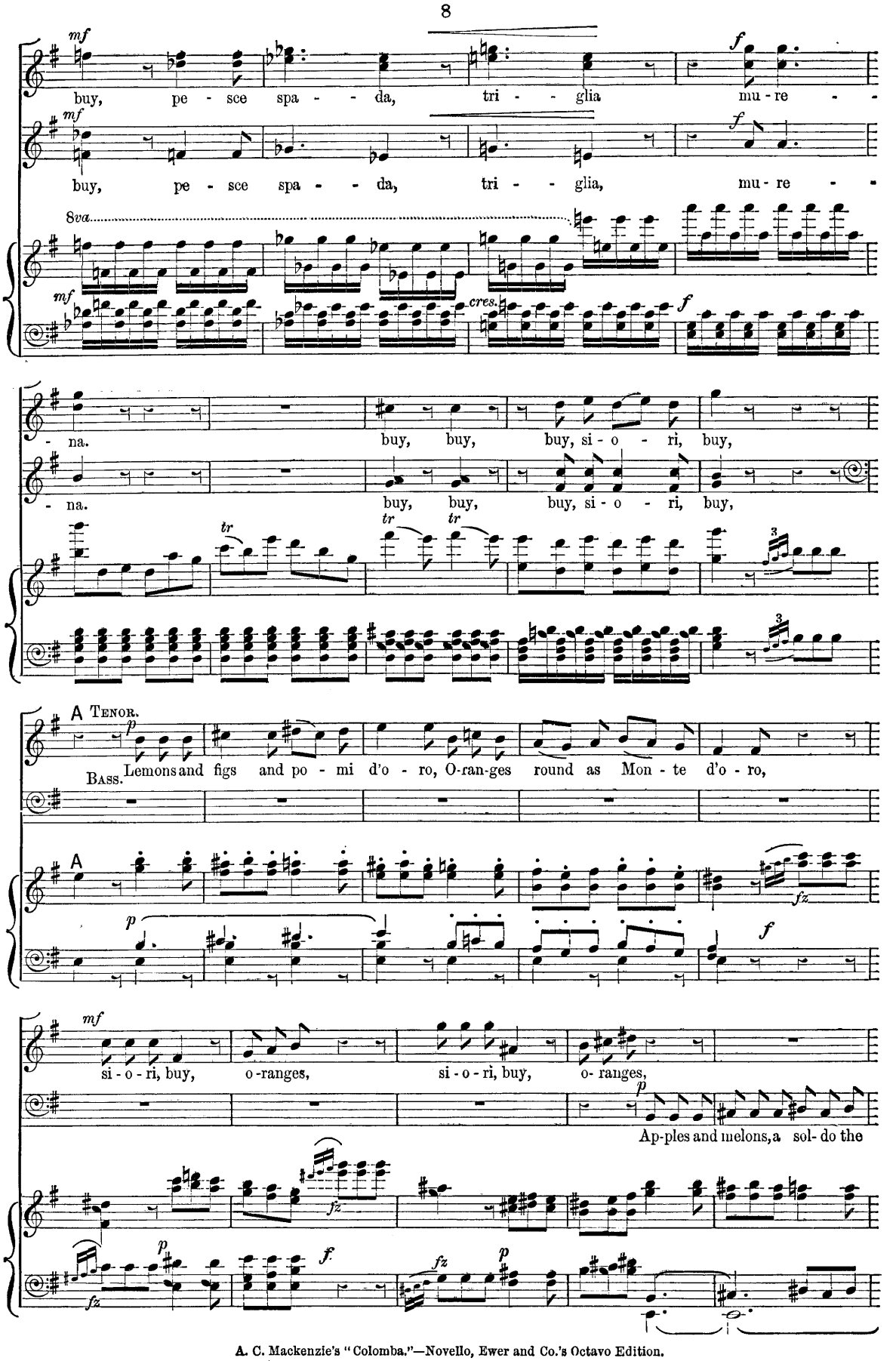
p buy, si - o - ri, buy, Trout and perch from the lake, from the lake of

p

si - o ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri,

Cre- na, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy,

cres.


mf
buy, pe - sce spa - - da, tri - - glia mu - re - -
f
buy, pe - sce spa - - da, tri - - glia, mu - re - -
8va
mf
cres.
f
- na. buy, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy,
- na. buy, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy,
tr
tr
tr
A Tenor.
Bass.
p
Lemons and figs and po - mi d'o - ro, O-ran-ges round as Mon - te d'o - ro,
A
fz
p
f
mf
si - o - ri, buy, o-ranges, si - o - ri, buy, o- ranges,
p
Ap-ples and melons, a sol- do the
fz
p
f.
fz
p

Like those in the church of Saint

price, Sweet al - monds straight from Pa - ra - dise, Ap-ples and me-lons,

Ca - the - - rine of Sis - - - - - co, . . . of Sis - - -

lem-ons and figs, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy.

- co, Lem-ons and figs, si - o - ri, buy,

San Da - mia - no and San Fran - ces - co Have bless'd the

and ri - pen'd the fruit, and ri - pen'd the fruit, Whole - some

trees and ri - pen'd the fruit, and ri - pen'd the fruit, Whole - some

food . . . for man and brute. Lemons and figs,

food, wholesome food for man and brute. Lemons and figs, si - o - ri,

si - o - ri, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy, O-ran-ges,

buy, Apples and mel-ons, a sol - do the price, lemons and

fz *fz*

lem-ons and figs, lem-ons and figs, buy, buy, buy,

p *p* *f*

figs, lem-ons and figs, buy, buy, buy, buy, lemons and

8va

p *f*

f *mf*

lemons and figs, lemons and figs, buy, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri,

mf

figs, lemons and figs, buy, buy, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri,

mf

f si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy,

f si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy, *mf* buy, Fish fresh from the sea to bake or

buy, *f* si - o - ri, buy,

f buy, si - o - ri, buy,

mf *leggiero.*

f

mf Fish from the sea to bake or fry, buy, si - o - ri,

fry, . . si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri,

mf Lemons and figs, si - o - ri, buy, buy, si - o - ri,

mf Lemons and figs, si - o - ri, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri,

tr *tr* *tr* *tr*

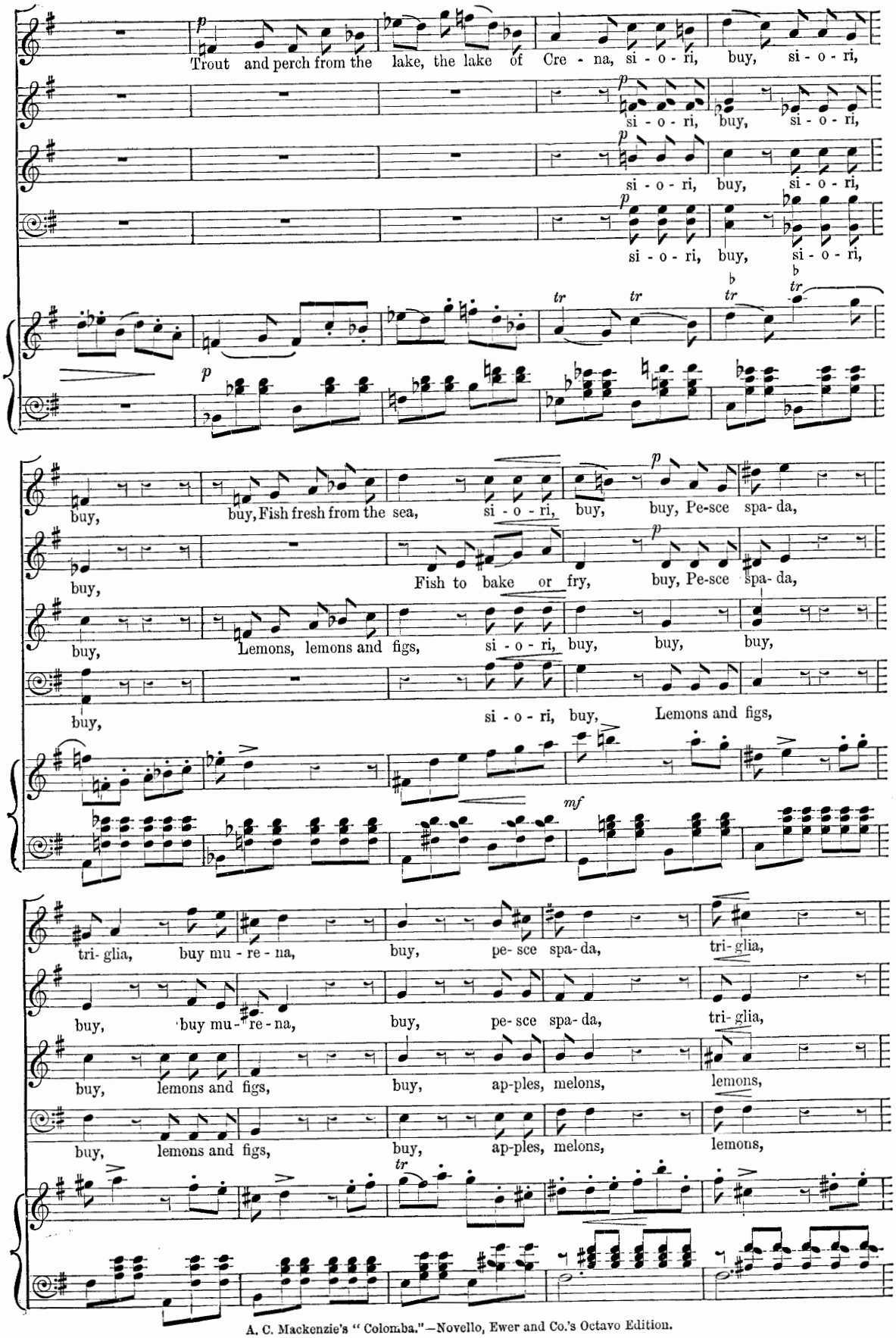
f buy, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy,

f buy, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy,

f buy, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy,

f buy, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy,

tr *cres.* *f*


Trout and perch from the lake, the lake of Cre - na, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri,
si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri,
si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri,
si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri,
buy, buy, Fish fresh from the sea, si - o - ri, buy, buy, Pe-sce spa- da,
buy, Fish to bake or fry, buy, Pe-sce spa- da,
buy, Lemons, lemons and figs, si - o - ri, buy, buy, buy,
buy, si - o - ri, buy, Lemons and figs,
tri- glia, buy mu - re - na, buy, pe- sce spa- da, tri- glia,
buy, buy mu - re - na, buy, pe- sce spa- da, tri- glia,
buy, lemons and figs, buy, ap-ples, melons, lemons,
buy, lemons and figs, buy, ap-ples, melons, lemons,

mu-re - na, buy, pe-sce spa-da, tri-glia, buy mu-re-na,

mu-re - na, buy, pe-sce spa-da, buy, buy mu-re-na,

figs, si-o-ri, buy, buy, buy, buy, lem-ons and figs,

figs, si-o-ri, buy, le-mons and figs, buy, lem-ons and figs,

cres.

buy, si-o-ri, buy, buy, si-o - ri, buy, . . . buy, si-o - ri, buy, . . .

buy, si-o-ri, buy, buy, si-o - ri, buy, buy, si-o - ri,

buy, si-o-ri, buy, buy, si-o - ri, buy, buy, si-o - ri, buy,

buy, si-o-ri, buy, buy, si-o-ri, buy, buy, si-o-ri,

tr

. . si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy, *cres* si-o-ri,

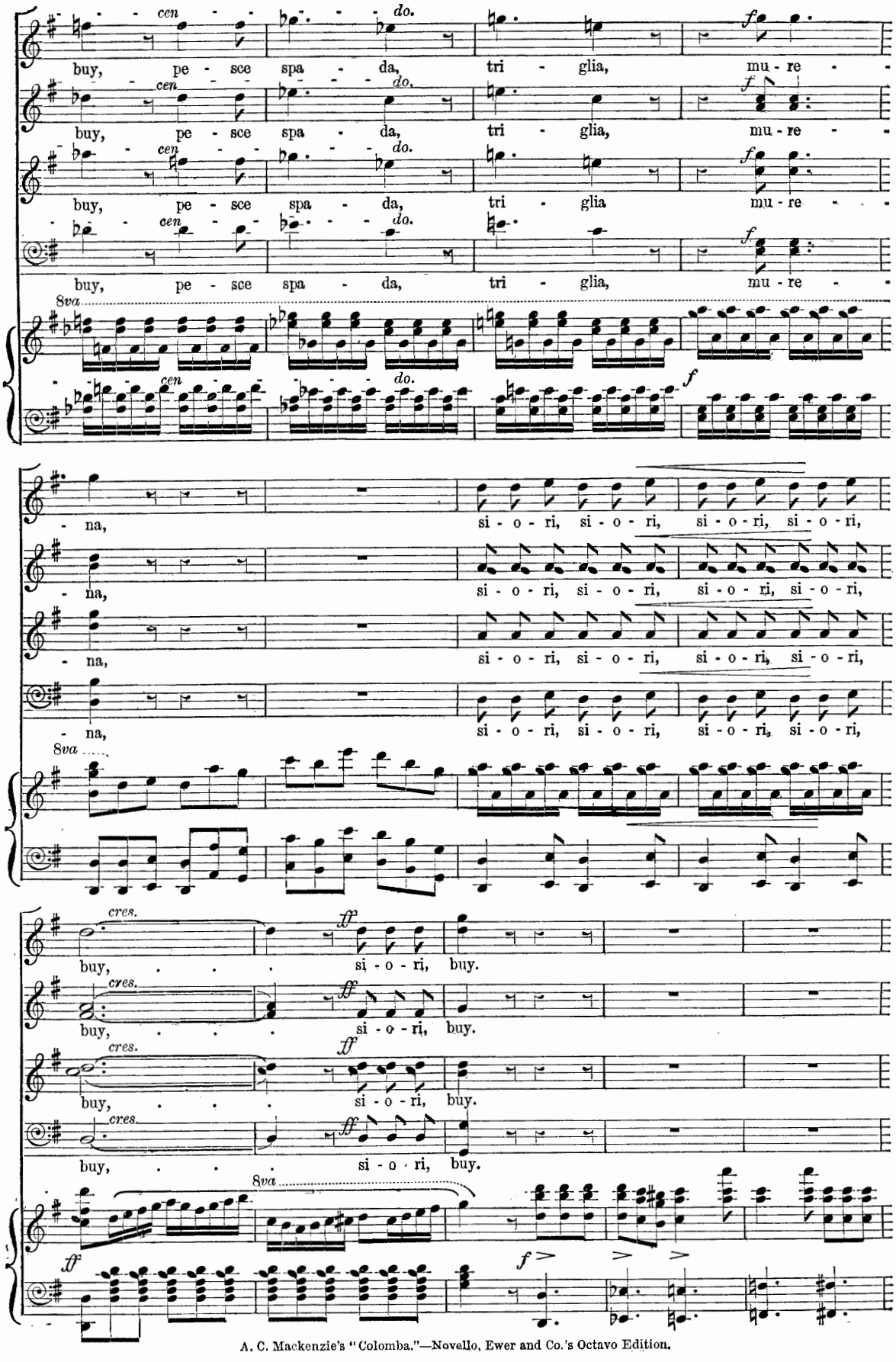
buy, buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy,

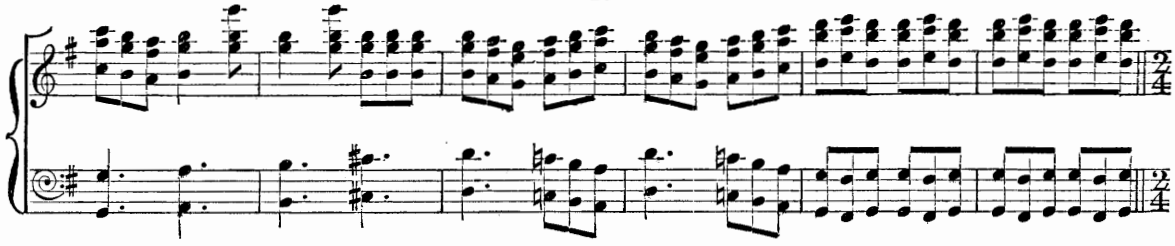
buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri,

buy, buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy,

8va

cres


cen - do.
buy, pe - sce spa - da, tri - glia, mu - re -
f
8va
na, si - o - ri, si - o - ri, si - o - ri, si - o - ri,
cres.
ff
buy, si - o - ri, buy.



SAILORS *(carrying bales, portmanteaus, &c.)*
L'istesso tempo. (The crotchets as before.)

B TENOR. *f*

Heave . . ho, heave . . ho, heave . . ho,

BASS. *f*

Heave . . ho, heave . . ho, heave . . ho,

B *fz*

heave . . ho! Grif-fo, An - to - ni-o; Heave

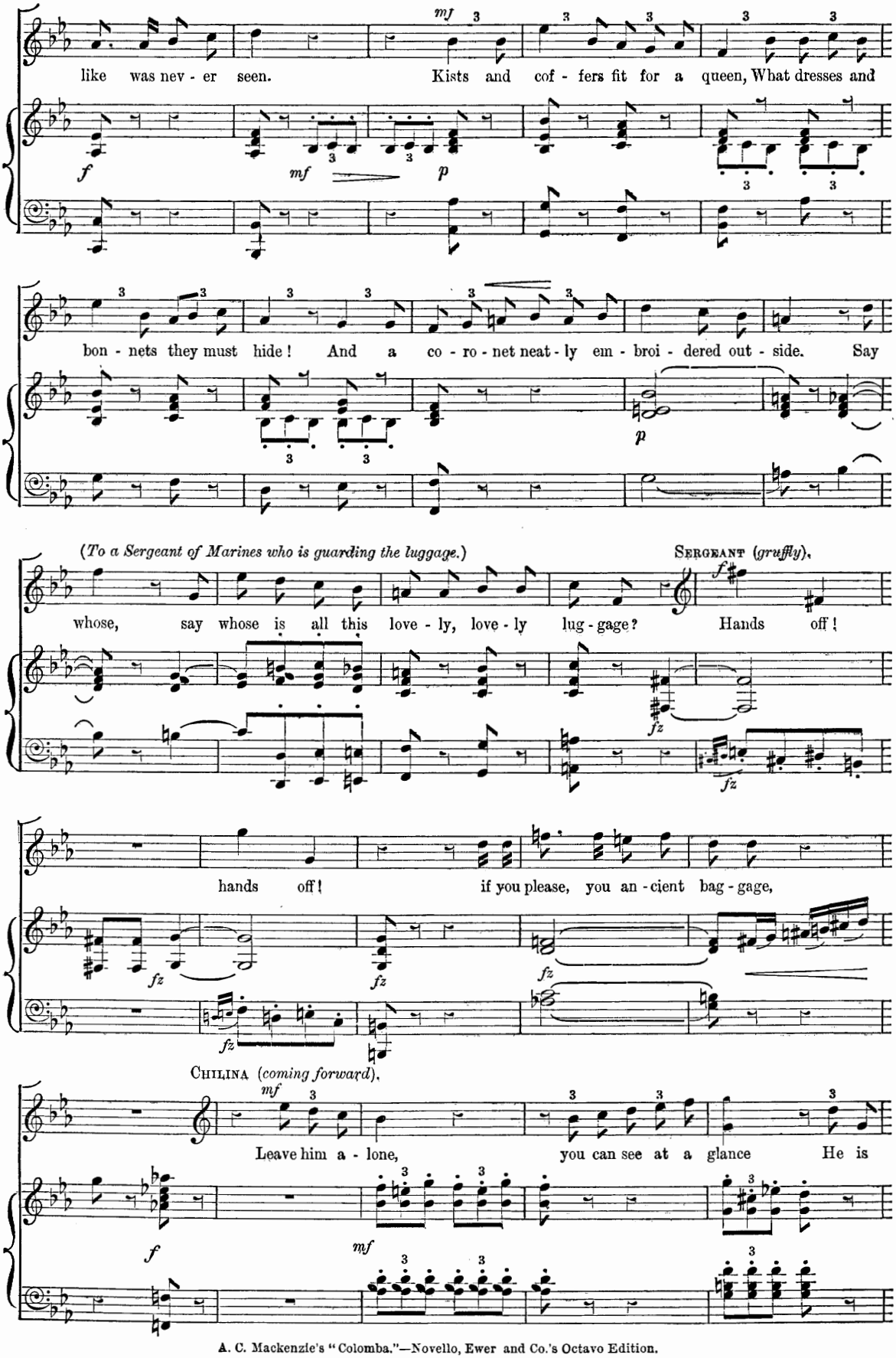
heave . . ho! Mem-mo, Grif-fo, Mem-mo; Heave

The women's attention is attracted. They gather round the sailors. An old woman tries to examine the luggage.

OLD WOMAN. *f*

ho, heave ho! Ma - don - na! the

ho, heave ho!


like was nev - er seen. Kists and cof - fers fit for a queen, What dresses and
bon - nets they must hide! And a co - ro - net neat - ly em - broi - dered out - side. Say
(To a Sergeant of Marines who is guarding the luggage.)
Sergeant (gruffly).
whose, say whose is all this love - ly, love - ly lug - gage? Hands off!
hands off! if you please, you an - cient bag - gage,
Chilina (coming forward).
Leave him a - lone, you can see at a glance He is

rit. *a tempo.* *mf leggiero.*

French, and such are the manners of France. Our poor Cor - si - can lads are

p *rit.* *a tempo.* *mf* *leggiero.*

not yet so en - light - en'd, are not yet . . so en - light - en'd, As to scare . . a weak

p *cres.* *f* *mf*

wo - man eas - i - ly fright - en'd.

CHORUS (*repeat ironically*). 1st SOPRANO. *mf*

In - deed! and such, and such are the manners of

2nd SOPRANO. *mf*

In - deed! In - deed! and such, and such are the man - ners of

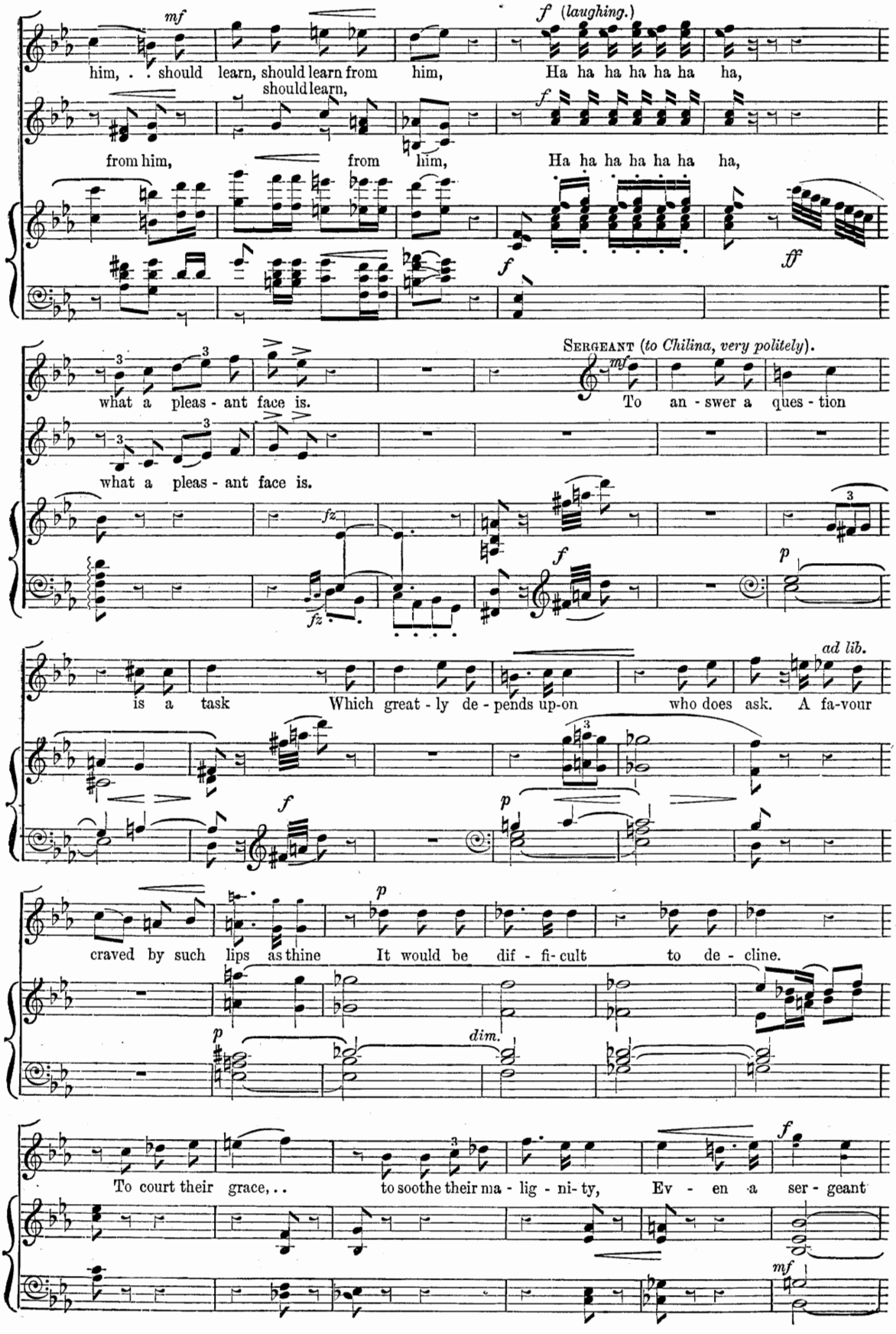
mf

France, Our poor Cor - sican lads who would win our good gra - ces, Should learn . . from

p

France, Our poor Cor - sican lads who would win our good gra - ces, Should learn

p


mf
f (laughing.)
him, . . should learn, should learn from him, Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha,
should learn,
from him, from him, Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha,
ff
what a pleas - ant face is.
Sergeant (to Chilina, very politely).
mf
To an - swer a ques - tion
what a pleas - ant face is.
fz
p
ad lib.
is a task Which great - ly de - pends up-on who does ask. A fa-vour
craved by such lips as thine It would be dif - fi- cult to de - cline.
dim.
To court their grace, . . to soothe their ma - lig - ni- ty, Ev - en a ser - geant

may sink his dig - ni - ty, And talk . . to rude is - land-ers

mf *p* *mf* *f*

(*To the people, in an altered tone.*) *f*

such as these. Know then, good

fz *fz* *fz* *f*

peo - ple, this maid - en to please, I will in - form you that the

mf (*with official dignity.*) *fp*

no - ble frigate you see yon - der (on board of which I have the honour to serve as sergeant of ma -

The crotchets as before.

fp

- rines) brings to this benighted is - land his Excellency the Count de Ne - vers, appointed by his Most Gracious

Ma-jes-ty the King as your Go-ver-nor-Gen-e-ral. His Ex-cel-len-cy is ac-com-pa-nied by his

mf *cres.* *fp*

daughter the Count-ess Lyd-ia.

dim. *p*

(Half to himself.)

Her bright eye, with a flam-ing dart, Hath pierced this all too ten-der heart,

p *dim.*

(Gazing significantly at Chilina.)

Which is in sore need of con-so-la-tion, For si-lent me-rit must van-ish soon Before the

p *p*

(Matter of fact again.)

rit. *f* *mf* *Quasi Recit.*

charm of a bold dra-goon, Who, I should men-tion, is of your na-tion;— Cap-tain Or-so del-la

mf *f*

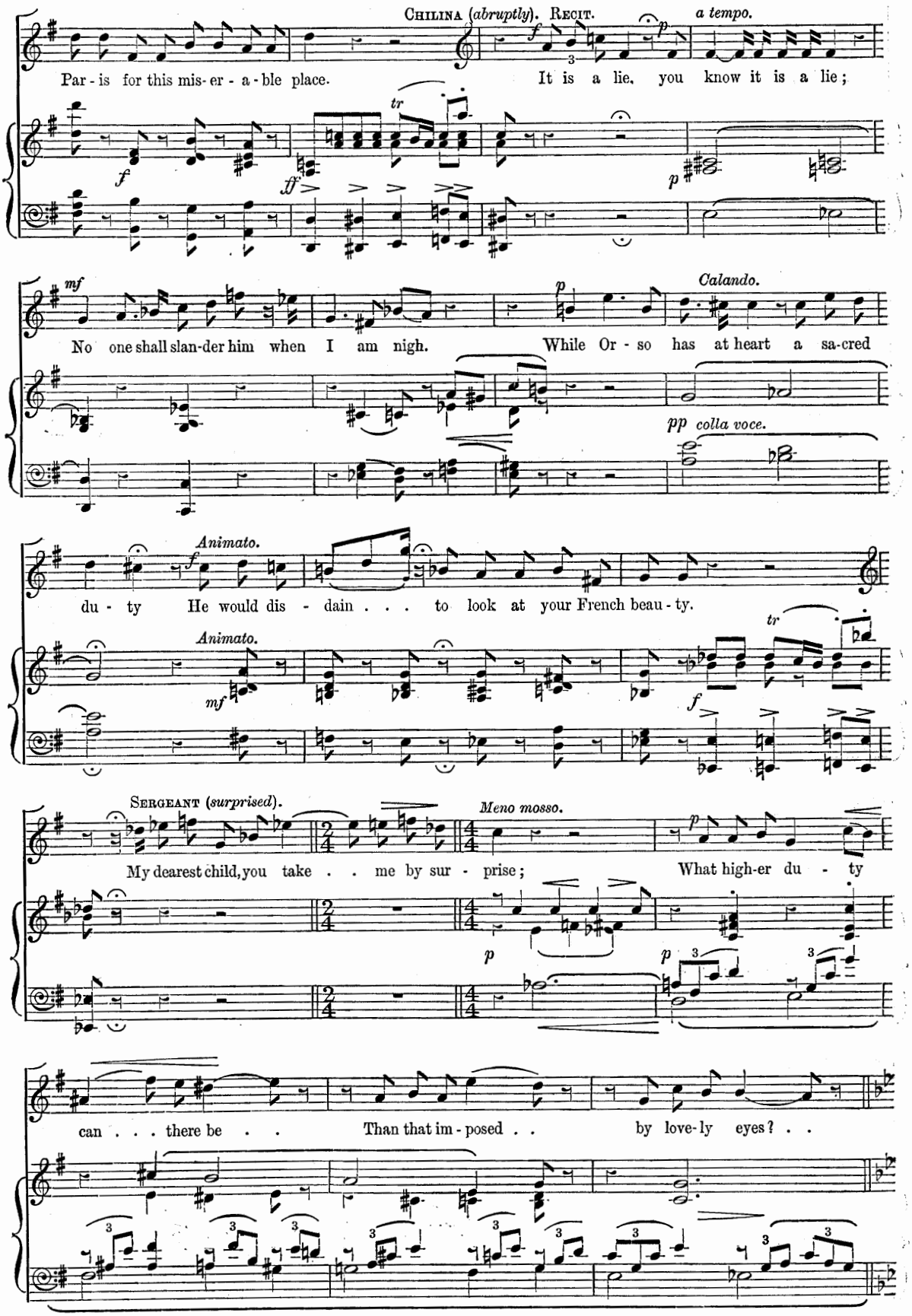
Reb-bia, who sav'd his Ex-cel-len-cy's life at Wa-ter-loo, where the Count fought for the true cause un-der the great

Wellington. And so when that true cause was vic-to-rious, he

showed, his gra-ti-tude by pro-cur-ing the captain a commission in the

Guards, and now he is a-bout to make him his—

Well ev'-ry one on board knew why Captain del - la Reb - bia left


CHILINA (abruptly). RECIT.
a tempo.
Par - is for this mis- er - a - ble place.
It is a lie, you know it is a lie;
No one shall slan-der him when I am nigh.
Calando.
While Or - so has at heart a sa-cred
colla voce.
Animato.
du - ty He would dis - dain . . . to look at your French beau - ty.
SERGEANT (surprised).
Meno mosso.
My dearest child, you take . . me by sur - prise;
What high-er du - ty
can . . . there be . . Than that im - posed . . by love-ly eyes? . .

C
Molto animato.

CHORUS. SOPRANO. *mf* *cres.*
Nay, let us hear the sto - ry; we Know no-thing, we know no-thing of the

ALTO. *mf*
Nay, let us hear the sto - ry; we Know no-thing, we know no-thing of the

TENOR. *mf* *f*
Nay, let us, let us hear the sto - ry; we Know

BASS. *mf*
Nay, let us hear, nay, let us hear the sto - ry;

C
Molto animato.
fz *fz* *fz* *fz*

f *ff*
case, know no - thing, no - thing of the case, we know no - thing of the case.

f *ff*
case, know no - thing, no - thing of the case, we know no - thing of the case.

ff
no - thing, we know no - thing of the case, we know no - thing of the case.

ff
we Know no - thing of the case, we know no - thing of the case.

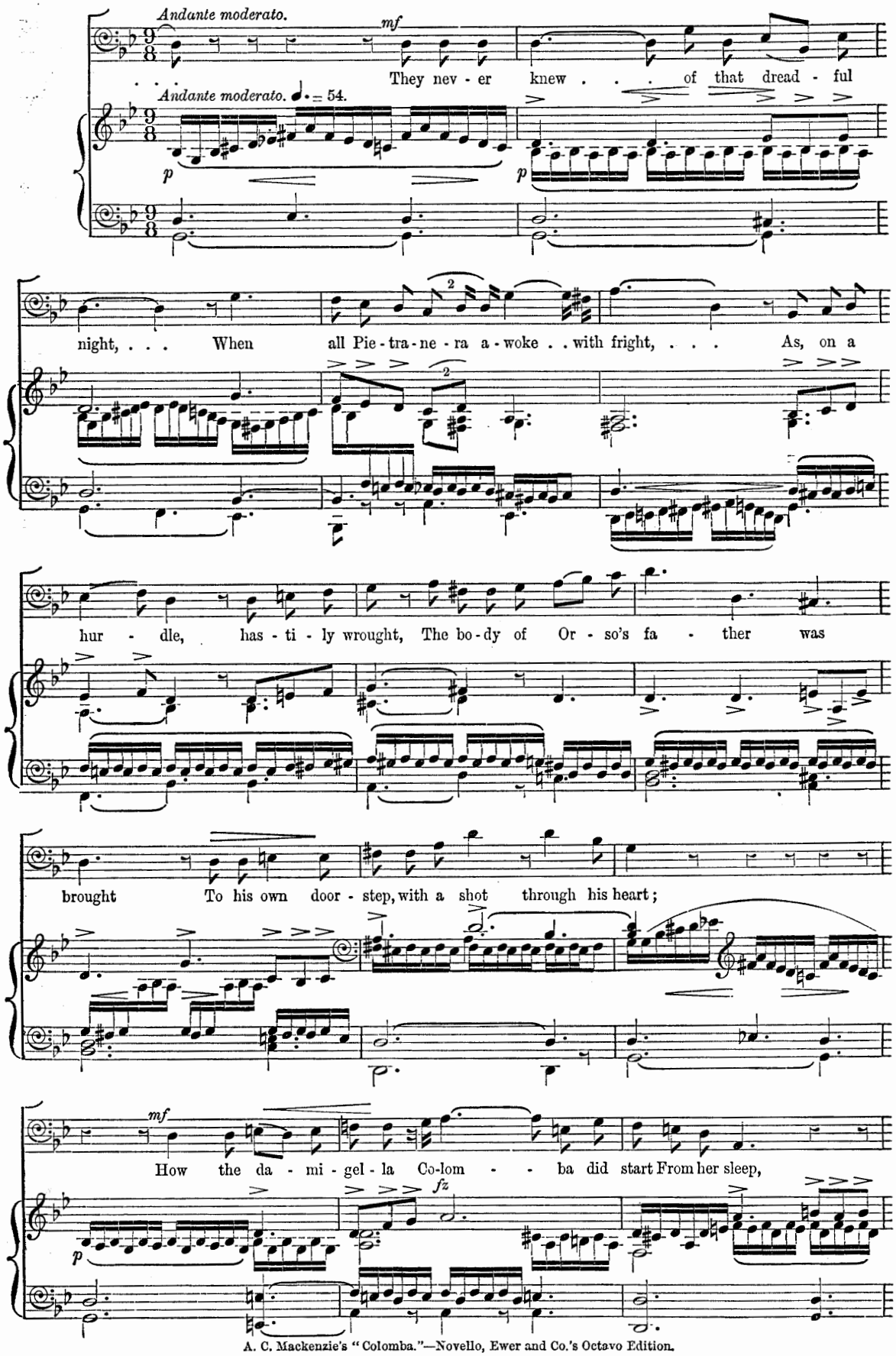
fz *fz* *fz* *fp*

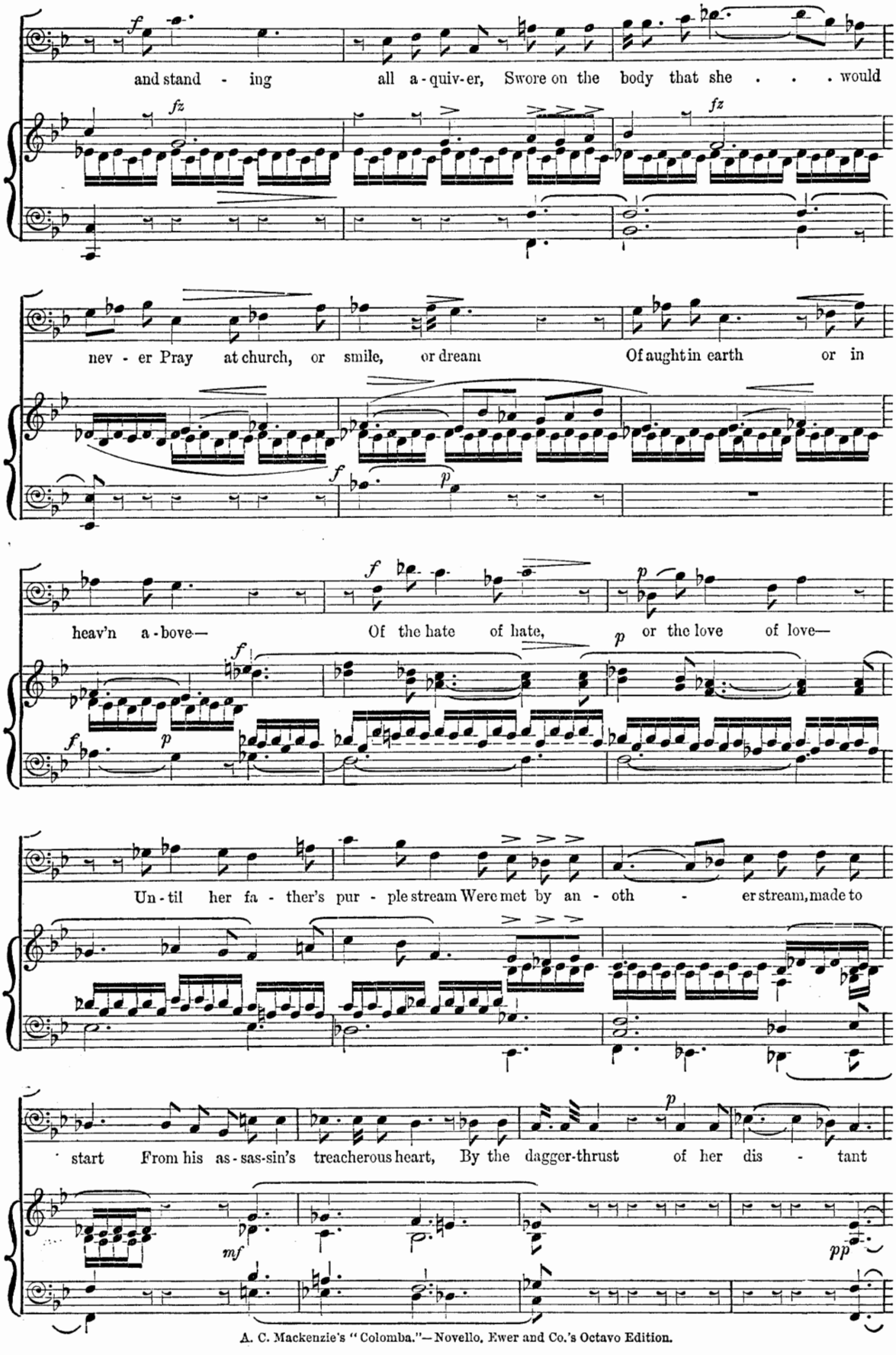
SAVELLI (*contemptuously to Chilina*).
Tempo 1mo. *p*
My dear, Can - not you see these peo-ple here Are from Bas - ti - a? And

p *pp*

there-fore, Like yon - der Frenchman, they ig - nore What all the world has been fain to hear.

pp *p*


Andante moderato.
mf
They nev - er knew . . . of that dread - ful
Andante moderato. ♩. = 54.
p
night, . . . When all Pie - tra - ne - ra a - woke . . with fright, . . . As, on a
hur - dle, has - ti - ly wrought, The bo - dy of Or - so's fa - ther was
brought To his own door - step, with a shot through his heart;
mf
How the da - mi - gel - la Co-lom - - ba did start From her sleep,
fz


and stand - ing all a - quiv - er, Swore on the body that she . . . would
nev - er Pray at church, or smile, or dream Of aught in earth or in
heav'n a - bove— Of the hate of hate, or the love of love—
Un - til her fa - ther's pur - ple stream Were met by an - oth - er stream, made to
start From his as - sas - sin's treacherous heart, By the dagger-thrust of her dis - tant

D *Poco animato.*

SERGEANT. *p*

bro-ther. But who, but who was the mur - der -

CHORUS. 1st & 2nd TENOR. *pp*

But who, . . but who, . . but who . . was the mur - der -

1st & 2nd BASS. *pp*

But who, . . but who, but who was the mur - der -

D *Poco animato.*

CHORUS. SOPRANO. *pp*

- er? Who was the mur - der - er? . .

ALTO. *pp*

But who was the mur - - der-er?

- er? but who? . . . .

- er? But who was the mur - der er?

SAVELLI. *mf*

Who, in - deed? . . Is there to tell you real - ly

mf *Tempo 1mo.* *p*

need? . . Of the ha - tred borne through a - ges a - gone, . . And left as an

heir - loom from fa - ther to son By the Bar - ra - ci - - ni and their

kin To the Del - la Reb - bia far . . . and near? Ask . . . Chi -

più mosso.

mf

R. H.

più mosso.

- li - na, and you may hear,— If these mar - ket - wo-men will hush their

mf

R. H.

din,— The song . . . which on the bur - ial day

The Sio - ri . . . na Co - lom - - ba did sing and say When her

friends, . . . round the bo - dy were as - sembling,

Tempo 1mo.

And which no Bar - ra - ci - - - - ni, no Bar - ra - -

- ci - ni hears with - out trem - - - bling.

Ped.

dim.

Allegro.

Chorus. Soprano.

Have a

Alto.

Have a care what you sing, and who may hear, have a

Tenor.

Have a care what you sing, and who may hear— The sbir - ri are

Bass.

Have a care what you sing, and who may hear, have a

Allegro. ♩ = 104.

care what you sing, have a care, have a care what you

care what you sing, have a care,

watch - ful, the law is se - vere, Have a care what you sing, the

care what you sing, have a care, have a care what you

(*The crotchets as before.*)

sing, have a care, the law, . . the law . . is se - vere.

the law, . . the law . . is se - vere.

sbir - ri are watch - ful, the law, . . the law . . is se - vere.

sing, have a care, the law, . . the law . . is se - vere. (*The crotchets as before.*)

cres. *f* *ff*

CHILINA (*very excited*).

Who is a- fraid can leave this place, Or stop his ears, or hide his face; 8va I'll sing you the

song in spite of the law And all the gen - darmes . . in Cor - si-ca. 8va

f

Ped.

VOCERO.

(The people gather round Chilina in a circle; some stand at a distance, looking out for the gendarmes.)

Andantino. ♪ = 92.

8va

mf *p legato.*

Ped.

CHILINA.

p

Gen - tle dove, thy voice is sad . . On the tree be - neath my win-dow; Night and day . . I hear thee sing - ing, Hear thee mourning night and day . . .

dolce. *p* *p*

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

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*

pp *pp*

What is all . . thy griev - ance, say?

p *p*

Ped. *Ped.*

rit. a tempo.

Says the dove: "My voice . . is sad, And no joy of

rit. a tempo.

song is left me, . . For a vul - ture has be - reft me Of the mate I

cher - ish'd aye, Pierc - ing his heart, mine he cleft me, pierc-ing his heart, mine he

cleft . . . . . me."

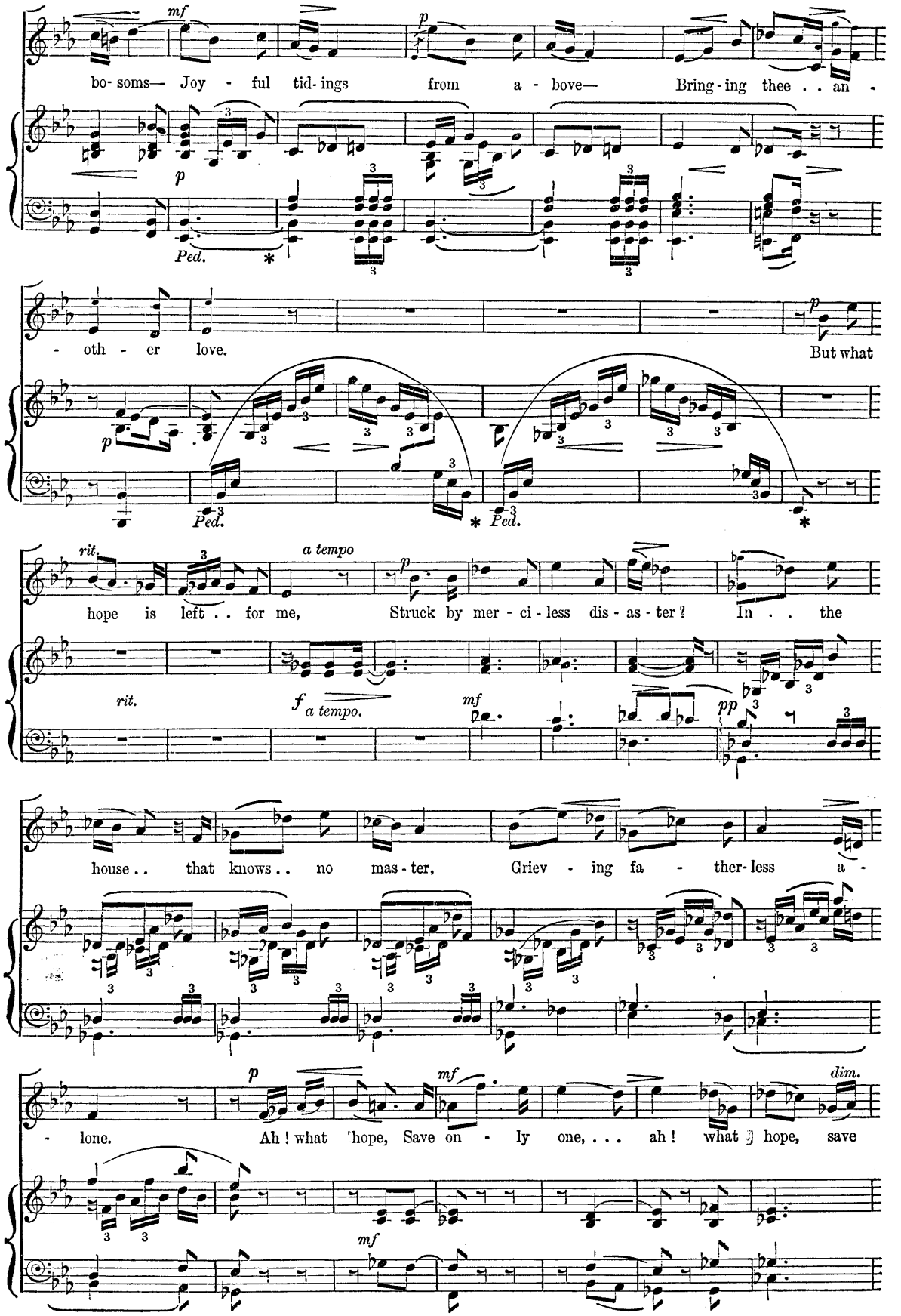
E

Grieve no lon - ger, gen - tle dove!

una corda.

Spring re - turns with song and blos-soms, Bring-ing joy . . to ten - der

85846



A. C. Mackenzie's "Colomba."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.

on - ly one, . . . on - ly one?

pp *p*

mf

Gentle dove, thy flight thou must

mf

Ped. *

SCENE II.

(*A noise is heard from the crowd next to the landing-place. Confused cries: "The sbirri are coming!"*)

Allegro alla marcia.

al - ter—

Allegro alla marcia. ♩ = 108.

f *sempre f*

fz *p*

(*The crowd disperse.*)

cres. *molto.*

fz

(*Enter from the ship,*

ff *fz* *fz*

preceded by guards, Count de Nevers, Orso, and Lydia. Shouts from the crowd: "Welcome! Long live the new Governor!" which the Count acknowledges, turning towards the crowd, leaving the front of the stage free for Orso and Lydia.)

8va

8va

fz *fz* *fz* *fz*

ORSO. RECIT.

At last we are in

ff

Ped.

Cor - si - ca— in that old home . . Long lost to me, where ma-ny years a - go I

mf

dreamt the dreams of child-hood, and where now My last and boldest dream must find com-ple-tion,

p *fp* *p espress.*

p

Where, from your lips, you pro-mised, I should hear The one

rit. ad lib. *a tempo.*

word which to me is death or life.

rit. . . . *a tempo. Meno mosso.* ♩ = 92.

calando.

F LYDIA (*coquettishly*). *mf* *parlando.*

My friend, you are too rash: this sud - den pas-sion But ill beseems the

a tempo. *leggiero.* *p*

terms of your al - le-giance. No soon - er have you touched your na - tive shore,

Than like the gi - ant in the old - en sto - ry, You seem to ga- ther

p

strength for your at - tack Up - on the heart of a defence - less dam - sel. Such manners

may beseem the sav - age chieftain, Amongst his tribe; but you must know that I . . . Am not a

p

Cor - si - can, nor stand in awe Of all your pow-ers, or of the wild re -

- venge Which in your is - land speech you call ven - det - -

f

- ta.

rit.

dim.

p *rit.*

Andante. (*More tenderly.*)

p

Ah! well I call to mind your gen - tle words, When to my fan - cy's

Andante. ♩ = 50.

mf *p*

eye the life you pic - tured We were to lead a - midst your na - tive

p

hills, we were to lead a - midst your na - tive hills— How through the

p

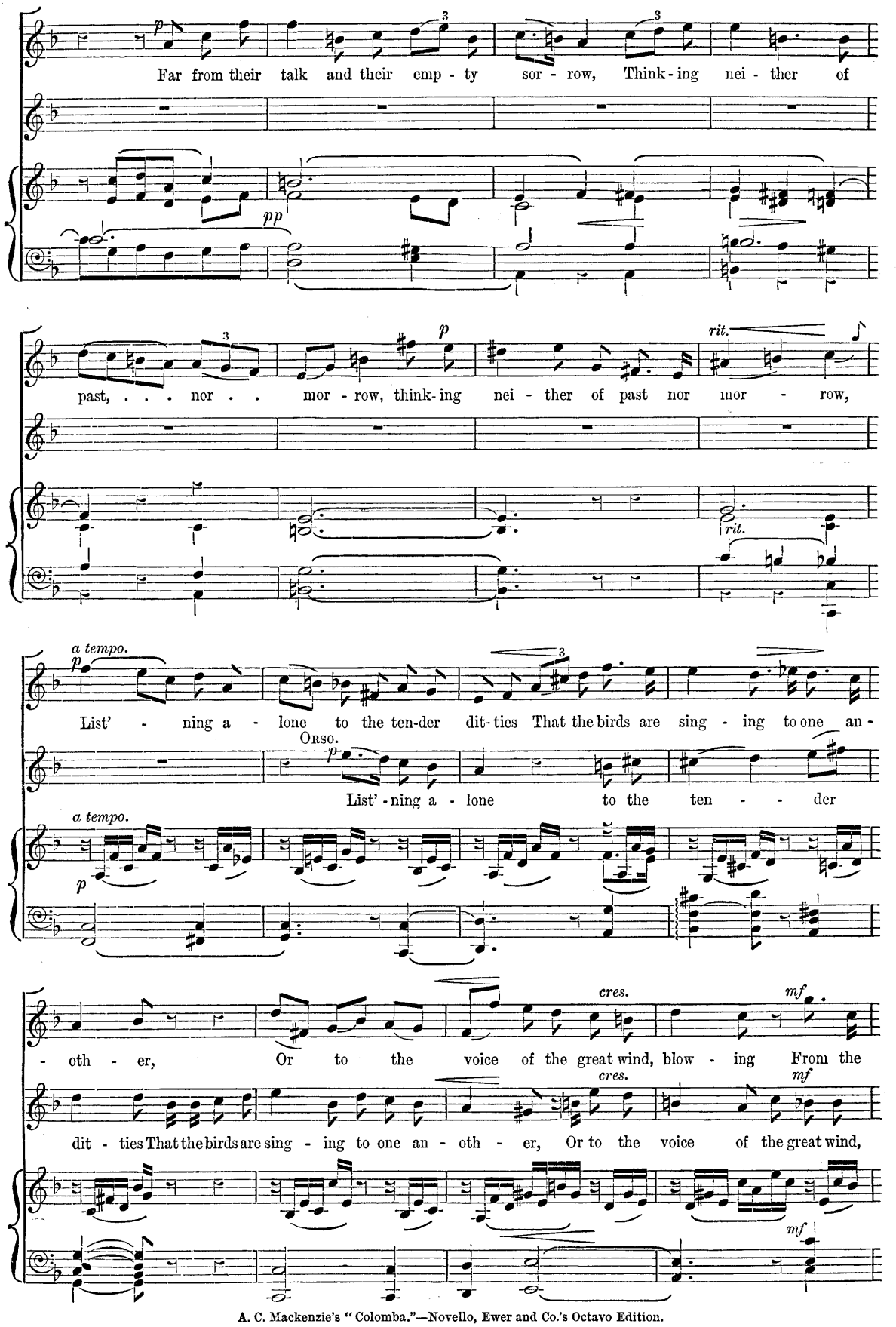
mf

for - est we were to roam Far from men's haunts . . and their crowd - ed ci - ties,

3

pp

mf


p
Far from their talk and their emp - ty sor - row, Think - ing nei - ther of
pp
past, . . . nor . . mor - row, think - ing nei - ther of past nor mor - row,
p
rit.
rit.
a tempo.
p
List' - ning a - lone to the ten-der dit-ties That the birds are sing - ing to one an -
Orso.
p
List' - ning a - lone to the ten - - der
a tempo.
p
- oth - er, Or to the voice of the great wind, blow - ing From the
cres.
mf
dit - ties That the birds are sing - ing to one an - oth - er, Or to the voice of the great wind,
cres.
mf
mf

heights of the snow-clad mountains, Ming - ling at last, . . at . . last . . with the

blow - ing From the heights . . of the snow-clad moun - tains, Ming - ling at

accel.

mur - - m'ring foun - - tain, Faint - er and ev - er faint - er

accel.

last with the murm'ring foun - - - - tain, Faint - er and

cres. *accel.*

grow - ing, ev - er faint - - er grow - ing.

ev - - er . . faint - - er . . grow - ing.

G

(*Orso, who has been repeating the last passage line for line as in a dream.*)

p dolce.

Aye, but af - ter a long day's ride, When we

G

p dolce.

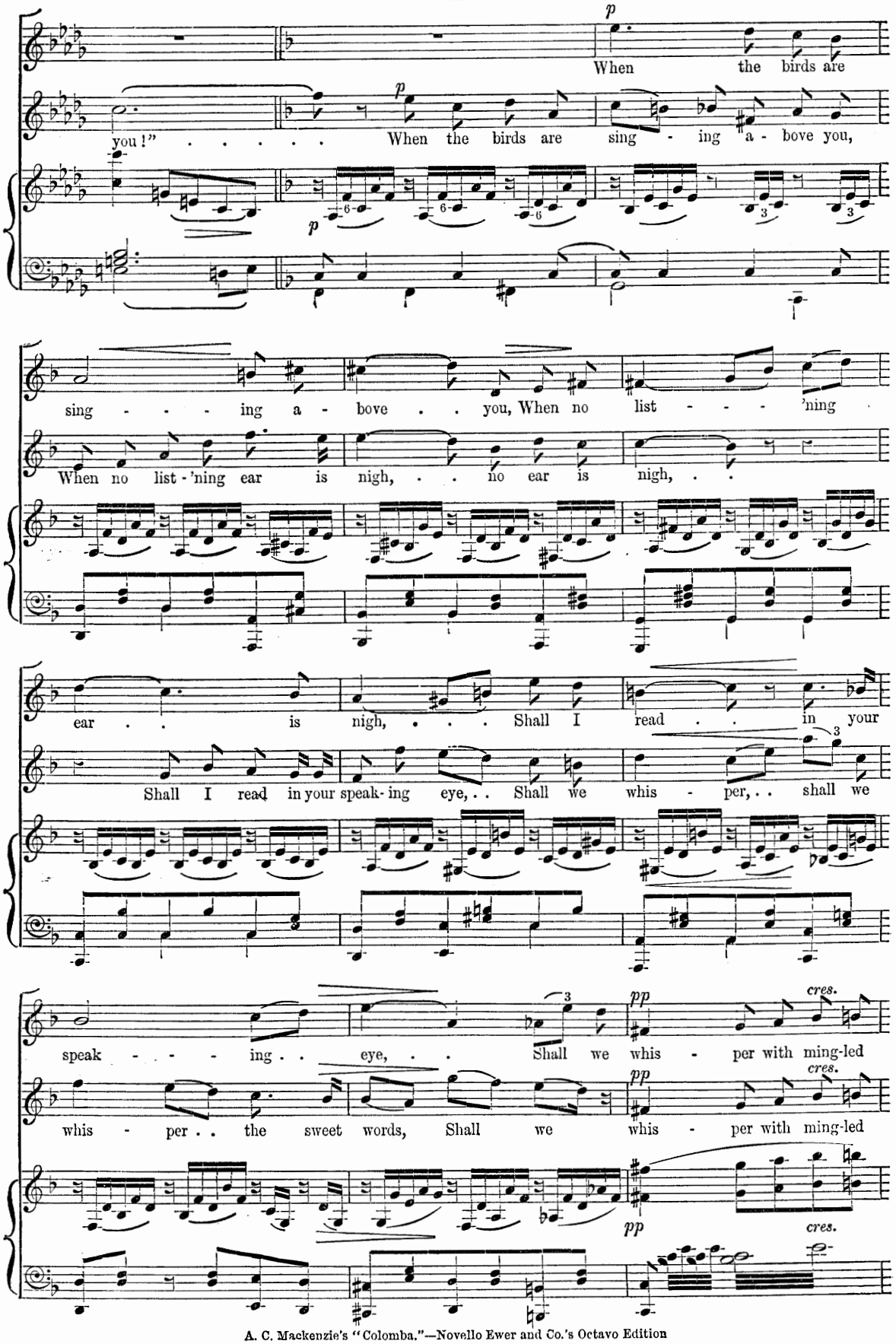
rest . . by the fountain's side, . . When we rest, . . when we rest, . . Where the

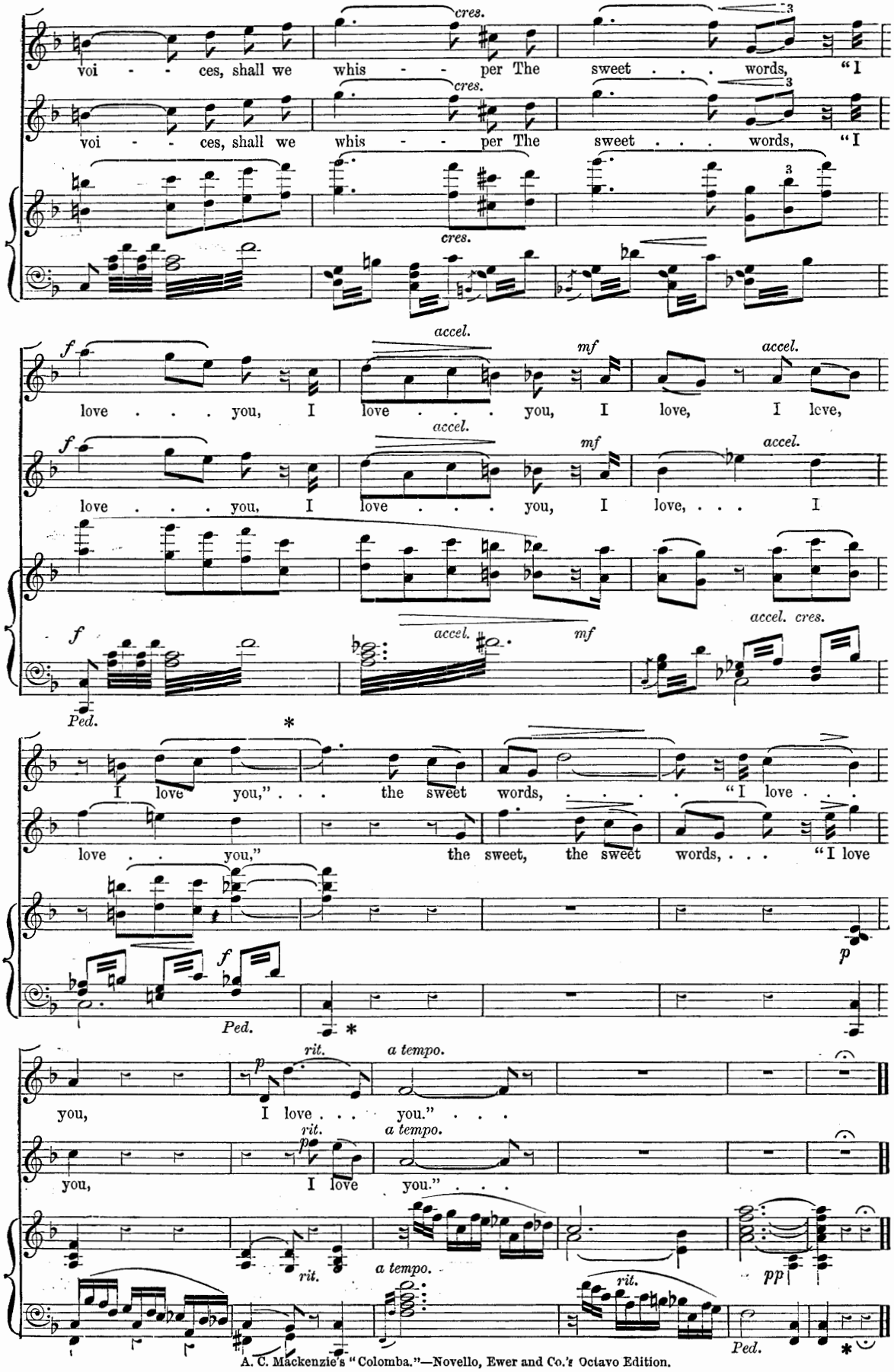
sha-diest seat of your choice is, When no list'ning ear is nigh, Shall I

read in your speaking eye, . . Shall we whis - per with ming - led voi - ces The sweet

words, . . "I love . . you!" the sweet words . . "I love, I love . .

p *espress.*


p
When the birds are
you!" . . . . . When the birds are sing - ing a - bove you,
p
sing - - - ing a - bove . . you, When no list - - - 'ning
When no list - 'ning ear is nigh, . . no ear is nigh, . .
ear . . is nigh, . . . Shall I read . . in your
Shall I read in your speak- ing eye, . . Shall we whis - per, . . shall we
speak - - - ing . . eye, . . Shall we whis - per with ming-led
pp
cres.
whis - per . . the sweet words, Shall we whis - per with ming-led
pp
cres.


cres.
voi - - ces, shall we whis - - per The sweet . . . words, "I
cres.
voi - - ces, shall we whis - - per The sweet . . . words, "I
cres.
f
accel.
mf
accel.
love . . . you, I love . . . you, I love, I love,
f
accel.
mf
accel.
love . . . you, I love . . . you, I love, . . . I
f
accel.
mf
accel. cres.
Ped.
I love you," . . . the sweet words, . . . "I love . . .
love . . you," the sweet, the sweet words, . . . "I love
f
p
Ped.
p
rit.
a tempo.
you, I love . . . you." . . .
rit.
a tempo.
you, I love you." . . .
rit.
a tempo.
rit.
pp
Ped.

LYDIA (*who in her turn has been dreamily repeating Orso's words, with a sudden start*).

Allegro moderato.

p

Hush, hush! you go too far; here is my fa-ther.

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 100.

f *p*

COUNT DE NEVERS (*good-naturedly to Orso*).

mf

While I at - tend . . . to the af - fairs of state, And vain - ly

try, with di - plo-ma-tic af - fa - bi - li - ty, To win . . . the King some hearts;

I grieve that your a - bi - li - ty Of pub - lic speech has left me

mf

to my fate, Be - ing, it seems, en-grossed by some grave sub-ject

Of phil - o - soph - ic im-port. May one ask Without of-fence, what

8va

LYDIA (*interrupting him in great confusion*).

top - ic— Dear - est fa - ther, We on - ly talked of— Cap-tain Or - so was—

rit.

(*More composedly.*)
H *a tempo.*

You know I love the songs the peo - ple sing, Those sim - ple songs which are to stilt - ed

a tempo.

verse Of our Pa - ris - ian po - ets, what the vio - let Is to car - na - tions or

tall . . . . sun - flowers So I was ask - ing what the song could be Which we heard

Tempo del Vocero.

faint - -, ly as we were ap-proach-ing.

The mel - o-dy I well re - mem - ber, for I heard . . . a sai-lor

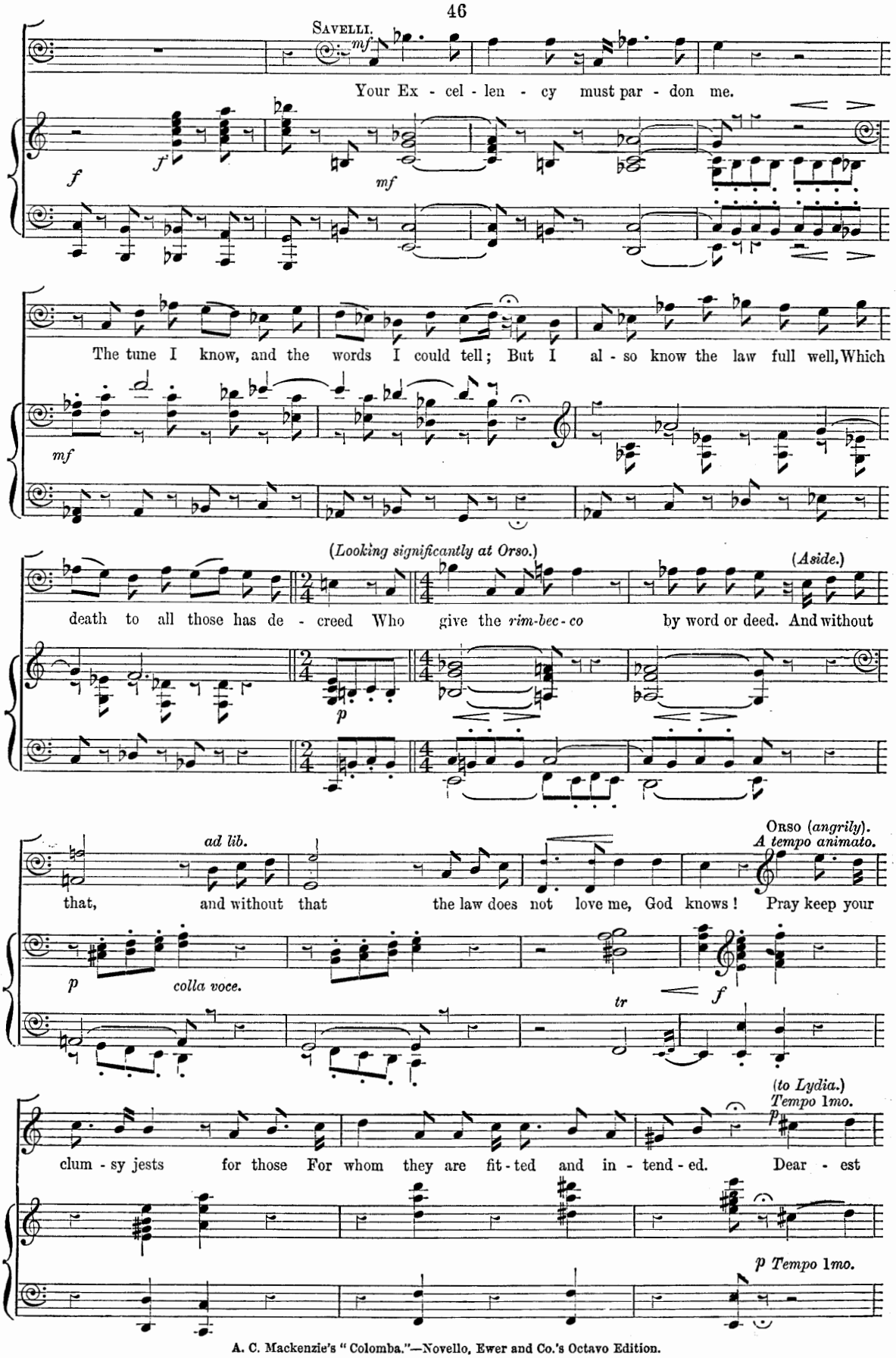
Ped. *

sing it as I walk'd on deck One star - lit night. But sud-den- ly he stopp'd As Captain Or - so came that

way; nor would ex-plain The meaning of his song, or of his si- lence. My

COUNT (*to Savelli, who, with Chilina, has been standing near, watching the group*).

friend, can you en - light- en this young la - dy As to the song your friends just now were sing-ing?


Savelli.
mf
Your Ex - cel - len - cy must par - don me.
f
mf
The tune I know, and the words I could tell; But I al - so know the law full well, Which
mf
(Looking significantly at Orso.)
(Aside.)
death to all those has de - creed Who give the rim-bec-co by word or deed. And without
p
ad lib.
Orso (angrily).
A tempo animato.
that, and without that the law does not love me, God knows! Pray keep your
p
colla voce.
tr
f
(to Lydia.)
Tempo 1mo.
p
clum - sy jests for those For whom they are fit - ted and in - tend - ed. Dear - est
p Tempo 1mo.

la - dy, be not of - fend - ed By the rude re-buke of an ob - stin- ate

R.H.

p *dol.*

clown; The song, I vouch, was but a sim - ple bal - lad, Or vo - ce - ro,

mf

mf *f*

or cry of wild . . re - venge, With which the air of this un -hap-py is - land Is

fz *f.* *p* *dim.*

loud as with ill - o - men'd rav - ens' voi-ces. SAVELLI (*gravely*). You may call me a

mf

mf

clown, if you like; you may Re - vile your count-ry be -fore a stran - ger.

mf

This is all in re - ply I have to say— Speak - ing in sor - row

and not in an - ger— Were I, Cap - tain Or - so, the son of your fa - ther,

(*looking significantly at Lydia.*)

Animato.

To the voice of that song I would lis - ten ra - ther Than to the soft - est of night - in -

Animato.

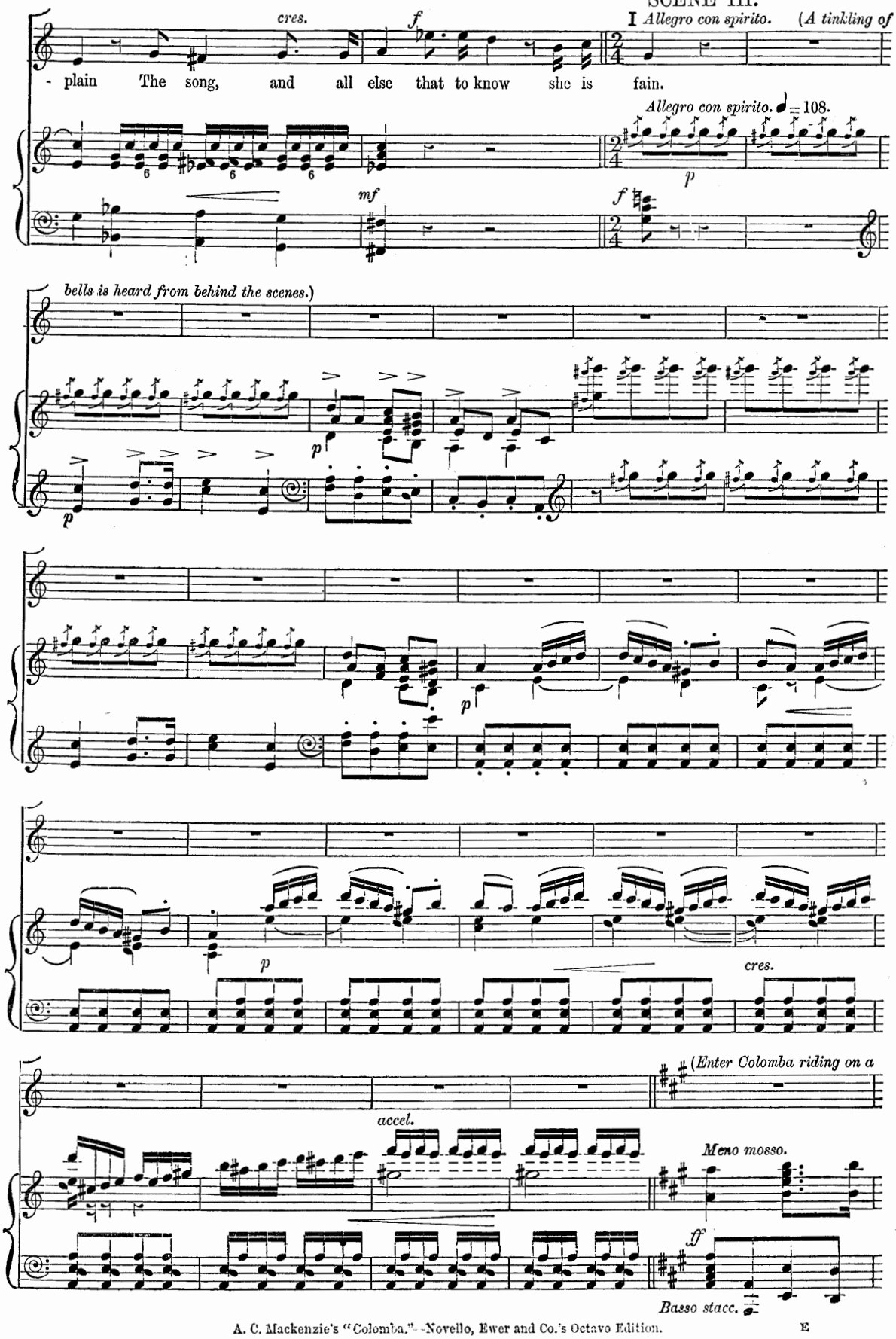
Allegro vivo. ♩ = 116.

CHILINA (*who has been standing apart, looking into the distance.*)

- gales. Leave him, fa - ther, nothing a - vails Your an - gry

speech, . . if his heart is changed. But here comes one who to her will ex -

SCENE III.


cres.
f
I Allegro con spirito.
(A tinkling of
- plain The song, and all else that to know she is fain.
Allegro con spirito. ♩ = 108.
p
mf
f
bells is heard from behind the scenes.)
p
p
p
p
cres.
(Enter Colomba riding on a
accel.
Meno mosso.
ff
Basso stacc.

mule, followed by two peasants on horseback, armed with guns and pistols. The trappings of the mule are black, as are Colomba's dress and veil. She dismounts and slowly approaches the group.)

ORSO (*recognising Colomba*). RECIT.

f

Co-lom - ba, sis-ter, is it you in - deed! I scarce-ly know the ten - der child

The crotchets as before.

8va

f

(*He is going to embrace her. Colomba, ex-*

f COLOMBA.

I left Ten years a - go in this fair state-ly maid-en. - Bro - - ther!

f *lunga.* *f*

claiming "Brother!" is on the point of throwing herself into his arms; but, recovering from her first impulse, she stands motionless, with half-averted face. All look at her in surprise.)

SOPRANO.

pp

How strange her man - ner! her

ALTO.

pp

How strange her man - ner! She

TENOR.

pp

How strange her man-ner! See! She does not

BASS.

pp

Her face, her face is

3 *pp*

COUNT (*to Lydia*).

Let us with - face is sad, She shuns her bro-ther, see! see! see!

does not speak. She shuns, she shuns her bro - ther, see!

speak. She shuns, she shuns her bro - ther, see!

sad: She does not speak. She shuns . . her bro-ther, see!

mf

- draw: the sis - ter and the bro - ther At such a time would say to one an - other What

(*Exit with Savelli, Chilina, and followers. Groups of market people, &c., remain in the background.*)

none must hear.

f

ORSO (*to Lydia, who is about to withdraw with her father*).

Oh, do not

dim. *sempre dim.* *p*

poco meno mosso.

leave us thus. Our fa - ther's death has o - ver-powered her; Not e - ven to a

pp *pp poco meno mosso.*

bro - ther can she tell . . . The grief that gnaws her heart and seals her lips; . .

rit. *Andante.*

. . . But all she may re - veal to one who is Her friend,

Andante. ♩=50.

rit. *p*

(Aside to Lydia.)

espress. and in my heart I hope . will be her

p *p*

(Lydia goes up to Colomba and tries to comfort her; she turns away.)

sis - ter.

dolce. *dim.*

Allegro agitato.

COLOMBA (*to Orso, passionately*).

What can . . a

Allegro agitato. ♩ = 112.

p *cres* - - *cen* - - *do.* *f* *mf*

friend . . be to me, or a stran - ger's pi - ty, say! Have I not watched,

fz *p*

and wept, and wait - ed by night and day For the com - ing of

f *f* *mf*

thee, . . who to me of all . . is dear - est? And now . . .

fz *p*

. . thou art come at last; I see thee, . . I feel thee near - est.

mf *cres.*

Yet . . my hand, my hand must not touch thee, my lips to thine . . must not

fp

cling; For . be - tween us ri - ses my sa-cred vow, . . and the

fp *dim.*

sting Of dishon - our that ma - - keth our name a by-word in the land; Till revenge, till re -

calando. *accel.* *calando.* *p* *accel.*

cres. molto. *cres.* *f*

- venge for my fa - ther's death . . has been wrought . . by my bro-ther's hand.

cres. molto. *f* *f*

J *Più tranquillo.* Orso.

p

Oh sis-ter, your strange words wake brood - ing thoughts

pp *p*

Roused in my breast, when, on the eve of bat-tle, Our

fa - ther's sud - den fate came to my ear; But well - at - -

- test - ed news that his own hand, By ac - ci-dent, had fired the dead - ly

shot Lulled all sus - pi - cion. *Agitato.* COLOMBA. It was lulled too soon By a ve - nal

law - yer's ly - ing pen. Oh bro - - ther, let me not plead in

vain For the debt of re - venge that is due to the slain And our an - cient

cres - - - - - cen - - - do. . . .

name and . . our blood - stain'd hon - our. Orso (*roused for a moment, but soon calm again*) You are a child, Co -

- lom - - ba; you for - get That in my keep - ing is that sa - cred

hon - our Which, should I find it need - ful, I shall know How to de -

- fend . . and how to vin - di - cate. K Lydia (*passionately*). But not by means of

treach - er - ous re - venge, Which, though a Cor - si - can may think it sa - cred, Would on a

mf *cres.*

sol - - dier's hon - our be a stain, . . . That all your en - e - mies'

cres.

f *p*

blood could not ef - face. Dear - est friend,

p

let a friend im - plore . . . you; Think of your com - rades, think, think of

dim. *p*

mf 3

France; Let not the fire . . I saw . . in your

mf

glance Be kind - led to flames of pas - sion wild By the i - dle words of a reck - less

f

f

COLOMBA (*to Orso*).

f

child. You call me a child!—you look up-on me As a dreamer of dreams! You shall hear, you shall

f Agitato.

(*She rushes off hurriedly. Orso stands motionless,*

see, What the peo - ple think what the peo - ple say.

ff

ff

in brooding thought.)

LYDIA (*hurriedly to Orso*).

p

What - ev - er the mes-sage she may

pp

bring, Re-mem - ber, Or- so, this heart can - not

pp

cling To a mur - d'rer's heart; this hand can - not clasp An as - sas - sin's

ad lib.

hand, with the knife in its grasp.

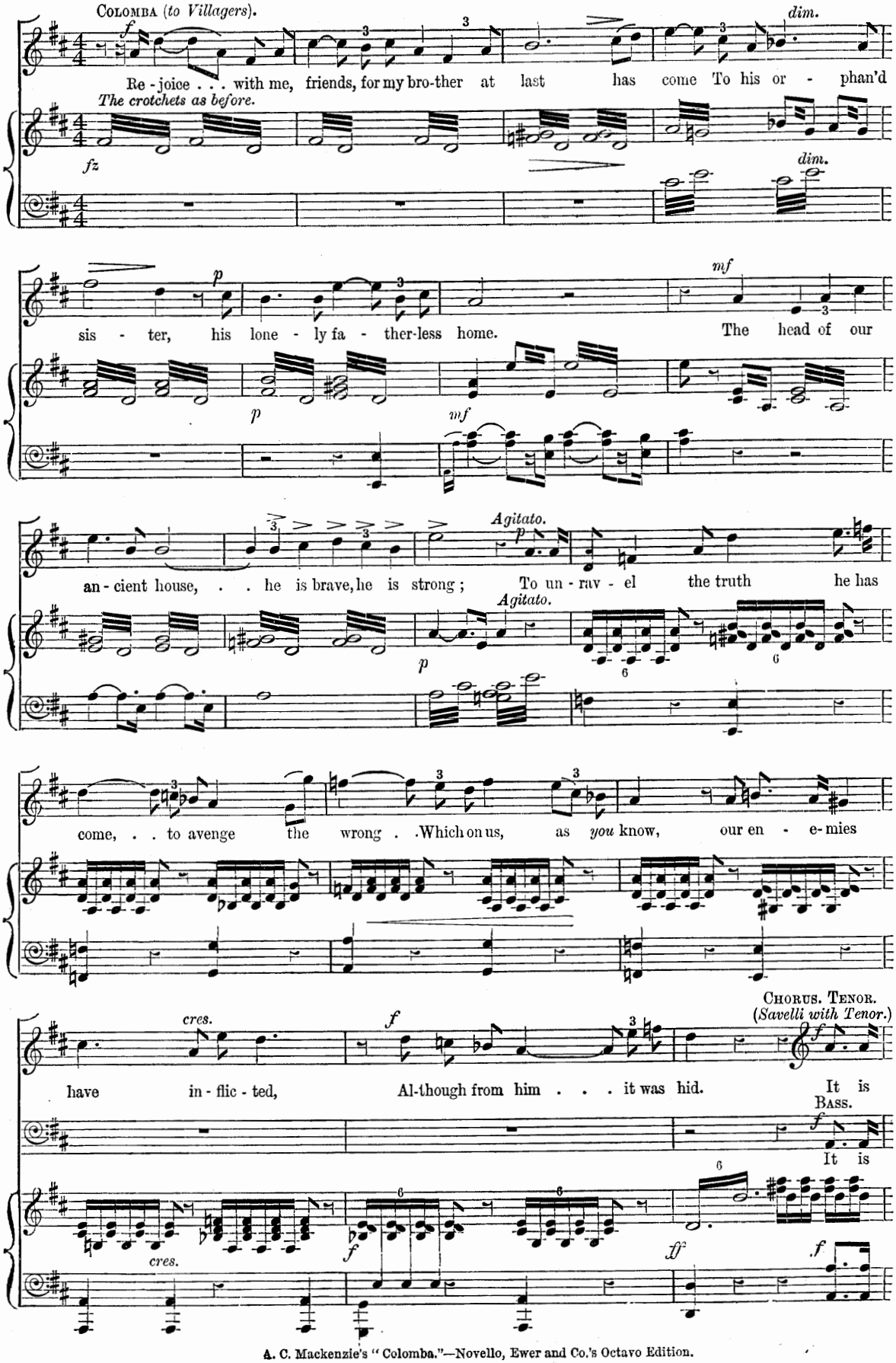
SCENE IV.

(Re-enter Colomba, followed by Savelli, Chilina, and a crowd of Villagers from Pietranera, and others.)

Con spirito. ♩ = 108.

cres - - - - cen - - - - do. . . .

Meno mosso.


Colomba (to Villagers).
Re - joice . . . with me, friends, for my bro-ther at last has come To his or - phan'd
The crotchets as before.
sis - ter, his lone - ly fa - ther-less home. The head of our
an - cient house, . . he is brave, he is strong; To un - rav - el the truth he has
Agitato.
come, . . to avenge the wrong . . Which on us, as you know, our en - e-mies
have in - flic - ted, Al-though from him . . . it was hid. It is
Chorus. Tenor.
(Savelli with Tenor.)
Bass.
It is

true . . . . they stand con - vic- ted By the voice of the peo - ple, which is the

true . . . . they stand con - vic- ted By the voice of the peo - ple, which is the

marcato.

voice, the voice of the Lord. . . . . The Bar - ra - ci - ni,

voice, the voice of the Lord. . . . . The Bar - ra - ci - ni,

the Bar - ra - ci - ni have done, ... have done the deed. . . . .

ff

the Bar - ra - ci - ni have done, . . have done the deed. . . . .

ff

Più tranquillo.

COLOMBA (*to Orso*).

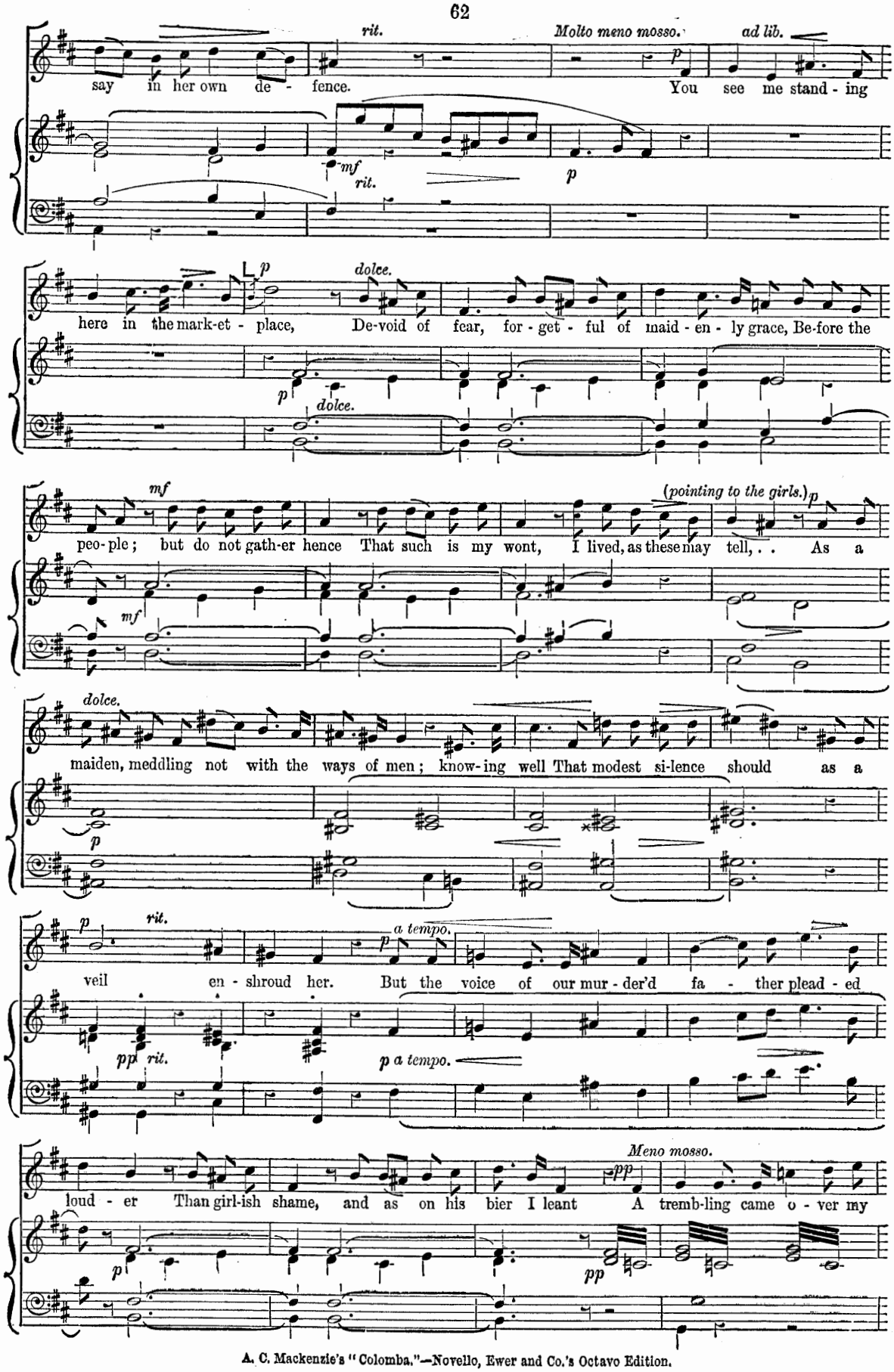
p

One word, Let your sis - ter, dear bro - ther,

dim.

p

Più tranquillo.


rit.
Molto meno mosso.
ad lib.
say in her own de - fence.
You see me stand - ing
mf
rit.
p
here in the mark-et - place,
De-void of fear, for - get - ful of maid - en - ly grace, Be-fore the
dolce.
peo-ple; but do not gath-er hence That such is my wont, I lived, as these may tell, . . As a
(pointing to the girls.)
mf
dolce.
maiden, meddling not with the ways of men; know-ing well That modest si-lence should as a
rit.
a tempo.
veil en - shroud her. But the voice of our mur - der'd fa - ther plead - ed
pp rit.
p a tempo.
Meno mosso.
loud - er Than girl-ish shame, and as on his bier I leant A tremb-ling came o - ver my
pp

heart, and a voice was sent From heav'n to me, and I sang I knew not how.

p

pp

That voice, . . the voice of the dove, you shall hear it now. It was in your

pp

cres.

heart, though you knew it not when you came From the dis - tant

cres.

mf

p

LYDIA (*aside*).

p

land. . . . . A - las! Now I know the name Of the

mf

p

song that has haunt-ed my ear, and its fate - ful mean - - - ing. . . .

ff

p

stringendo.

ff

dim.

Andantino. COLOMBA (*quietly at first, but rising to passionate fervour*).

pp

Gen - tle dove, thy flight thou must al - ter, Raise . . thy

Andantino. ♪ = 92.

pp legato.

Ped. * *Ped.* *

wings . . on high, do not fal - ter; Fly to a far land a -

p

- cross . . the sea, . . Bring . . my bro - ther home . . to

p

me, . . Bring, oh, bring my brother home to me, . .

mf *p* *Ped.* *

mf

Tell him no long - er he . . must tar - ry,

fz *mf*

Ped. * *f*

f

Nor let the shame on our fore - heads burn: Like the roy - al ea - gle, ...

f

stringendo. *dim.*

he must re - turn . . And scare . . the vul - - tures from their

dim.

mf

nest ; . . And with beak and ta - lons that none . . can par - ry, Tear

mf

f

o - pen the hearts of the mur - d'rous brood, ...

f *molto dim.*

L'istesso tempo. *p* *sempre*

. . . . ta - king life for life, ta - king blood for blood ; . . That our

L'istesso tempo. *p* *sempre*

cres. *stringendo.* *stringendo.*

fa - ther's spi - rit . . . may be at rest, ... And the voice of our

cres. *e* *stringendo.* *stringendo.*

sor - row be drown'd in the cries! Of the widowed wives of our en - e - mies!

Ven - det - ta! ven - det - ta!

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

Ven - det - ta!

ALTO.

Ven - det - ta!

TENOR.

Ven - det - ta!

BASS. (*Savelli with Bass.*)

Ven - det - ta!

8va

cres.

- det - - - - - - - - - - - ta!

molto accel.

ven-det - - ta!

ven-det- ta! ven- det - - - - - - - - ta!

ven-det- ta! ven - det - - - - - - - - ta!

ven-det- ta! ven- det - - - - - - - - ta!

ven-det- ta! ven - det - - - - - - - - ta!

8va

molto accel.

FINALE.

Andante maestoso. ORSO. *mf*

There is death in her words,

Andante maestoso. ♩ = 60.

p *pp* R.H. *fp* R.H.

there is truth in her voice; What is my du - ty? what . . can be, can be my

fp

CHILINA. *pp*

I see the shame on his fore - head

dim.

choice? . . .

SAVELLI. *pp*

I see the shame on his fore - head

dim. *pp*

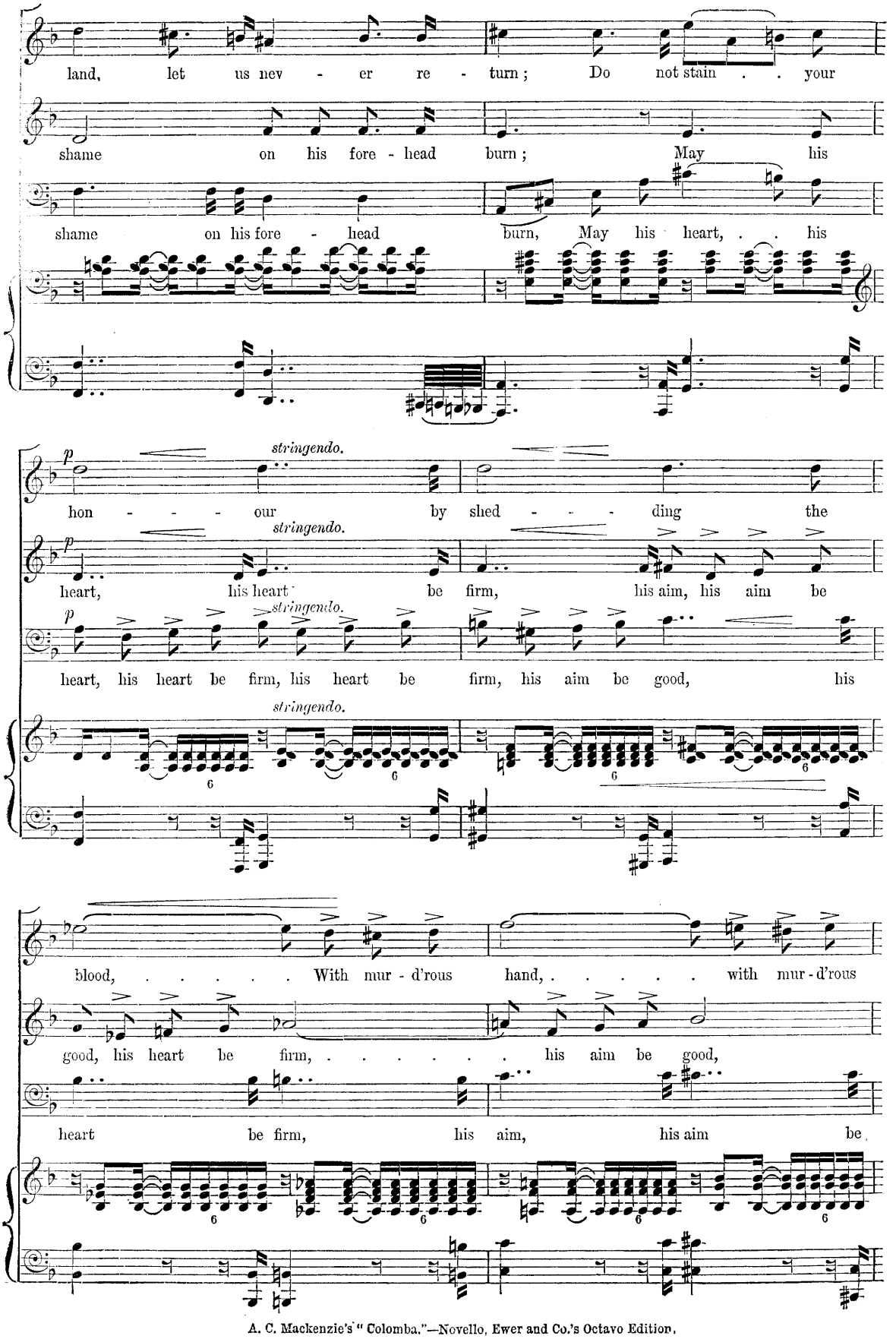
LYDIA. *p*

Let us fly from this

CHILINA.

burn; May his heart . . be firm, may his aim be good. I see the

burn; May his heart, . . his heart be firm, his aim be good. I see the


land, let us nev - er re - turn; Do not stain . . your
shame on his fore - head burn; May his
shame on his fore - head burn, May his heart, . . his
p
stringendo.
hon - - - our by shed - - - ding the
heart, his heart be firm, his aim, his aim be
heart, his heart be firm, his heart be firm, his aim be good, his
blood, ... With mur - d'rous hand, ... with mur - d'rous
good, his heart be firm, ... his aim be good,
heart be firm, his aim, his aim be

mf

hand, . . of the murd'rous brood, ... Let us fly from this

mf *p*

May he brave - ly re - venge, re-venge his fa - ther's blood, his

mf *p*

good, May he brave - ly re - venge his fa-ther's blood! re -venge his fa - - ther's

p *tr*

un poco cres.

land, ... let us nev - - - - - er re - turn; Do not stain your

un poco cres.

fa - - ther's blood! may he brave - ly re - venge, . . may he

un poco cres.

blood! . . . may . . he brave - ly re - venge, . . may he

un poco cres.

hon - our by shed - - - - - ding the blood . . . . of the mur - d'rous

brave - ly re - venge his fa - ther's blood, his fa - ther's blood, his fa - - ther's

brave - - ly, . . re - venge . . his fa - ther's blood, his fa - ther's

dim.

M *un poco più animato.*

LYDIA.

brood. *marcato.*

COLOMBA.

mf

Like the roy - al ea - gle, he will, . . he will re - turn And

CHILINA.

mf

blood! I see the shame on his fore - head burn,

ORSO.

mf

Shall for ev - er, for ev - er the shame

SAVELLI.

mf

blood! I see, I see the shame on his fore - head burn;

CHORUS (*dispersing*).

p

Do not listen to

p

Do not listen to

un poco più animato. ♩ = 80.

M

mf

p *tr*

tear o - pen the hearts of the mur - d'rous brood, of the mur - d'rous brood, . . Tak-ing

May his heart be firm, may his heart be firm, his aim be good, . . May he

on my fore - head burn? Can I cleanse my hon - - - our by

May his heart be firm, his aim, his aim be good, . . .

them, let us homeward turn, do not lis - ten, let us homeward

them, let us homeward turn, do not lis - ten, let us homeward

life . . for . . life, . . tak - ing blood for blood, tak - ing blood . . for

brave - ly re - venge . . his fa - ther's blood, his fa - - - ther's

shed - ding the blood . . With mur-d'rous hand, of the mur - - d'rous

May he brave - - ly re - venge . . his fa - ther's

pp To a peace - ful

pp To a peace - ful

turn, home-ward turn, home-ward turn, it brings no

To a peace-ful man it brings no

turn, home-ward turn, home-ward turn, To a peace-ful man it brings no

tr *tr*

mf blood, And tear o - pen the hearts of the mur - d'rous brood, . .

blood, May his heart be

mf brood, Can I cleanse . . my hon - our by shed - ding the blood, . .

blood, May his heart be

p man . . . . . it brings no good, ...

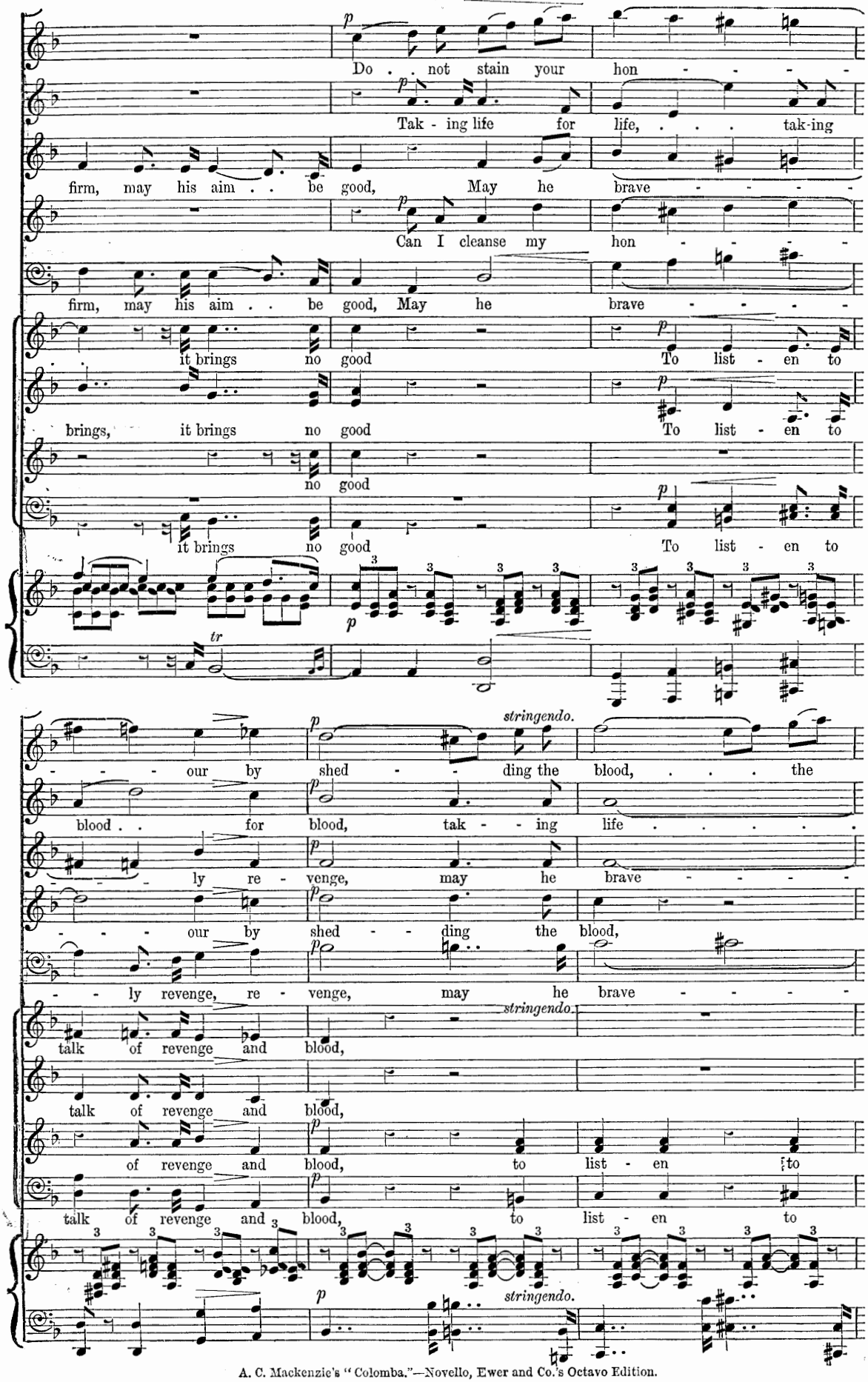
p man it brings, it brings no good, . . it

good, no good,

good, it brings no good,

3 *p* 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

fr L.H.


Do . . not stain your hon - - - -
Tak - ing life for life, . . . tak-ing
firm, may his aim . . be good, May he brave - - - -
Can I cleanse my hon - - - -
firm, may his aim . . be good, May he brave - - - -
it brings no good To list - en to
brings, it brings no good To list - en to
no good
it brings no good To list - en to
stringendo.
- - - our by shed - - ding the blood, . . . the
blood . . for blood, tak - - ing life . . . . . .
- - - ly re - venge, may he brave - - - -
- - - our by shed - - ding the blood,
- - ly revenge, re - venge, may he brave - - - -
stringendo.
talk of revenge and blood,
talk of revenge and blood,
of revenge and blood, to list - en to
talk of revenge and blood, to list - en to
stringendo.

stringendo.

blood, ... *cres.* the blood, the

. . for life, for life . . and blood, . . for

- - - - ly re - venge his fa - - - ther's

the blood of the mur - - - d'rous, mur - - - d'rous

- - - - ly re - venge . . his fa - - - ther's

stringendo.

cres. of re - venge . . and

of re-venge and blood, . . of re - venge and

talk of re-venge and blood, of re - venge and

talk of re-venge and blood, . . of re - venge . . and

cres. *stringendo.*

cres. N *Animato.*

blood! . . . . . .

blood! . . . . . .

blood! . . . . . .

cres. *f*

brood, the blood! . . . . . Shall for

blood! . . . . . .

f

blood, of re - venge and blood, Like the roy - al . .

cres.

f

blood, of re - venge and blood, Like the roy - al

f

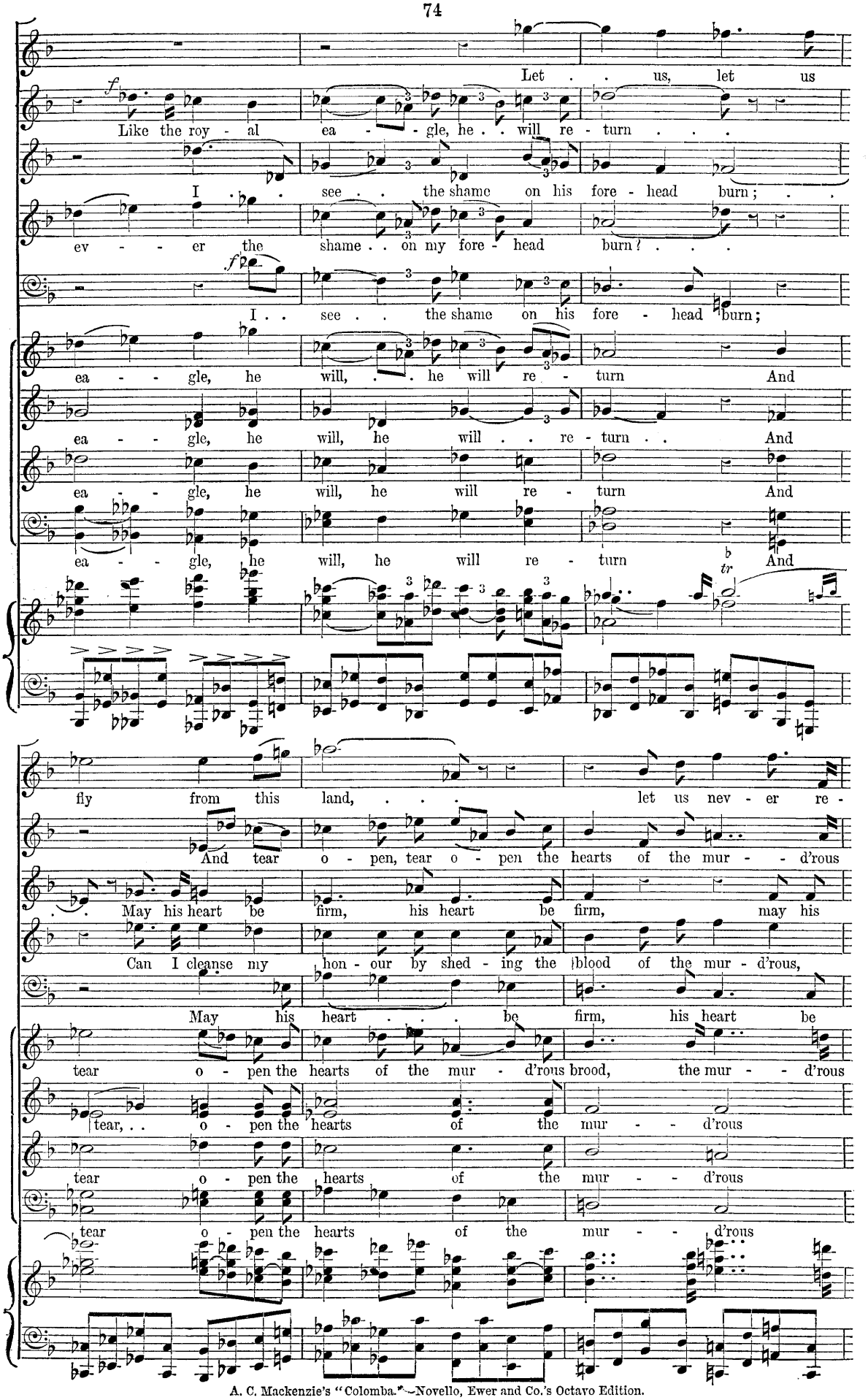
blood, of re - venge and blood, Like the roy - al

cres. *f*

blood, of re - venge and blood, Like the roy - al .

N *Animato.* ♩ = 100.

cres. *tr* *marcato.*


Let . . us, let us
Like the roy - al ea - - gle, he . . will re - turn . . .
I . . see . . the shame on his fore - head burn; . .
ev - - er the shame . . on my fore - head burn? . . .
I . . see . . the shame on his fore - head burn;
ea - - gle, he will, . . he will re - turn And
ea - - gle, he will, he will . . re - turn . . And
ea - - gle, he will, he will re - turn And
ea - - gle, he will, he will re - turn And
tr
fly from this land, . . . let us nev - er re -
And tear o - pen, tear o - pen the hearts of the mur - - d'rous
May his heart be firm, his heart be firm, may his
Can I cleanse my hon - our by shed - ing the blood of the mur - d'rous,
May his heart . . . be firm, his heart be
tear o - pen the hearts of the mur - d'rous brood, the mur - - d'rous
tear, . . o - pen the hearts of the mur - - d'rous
tear o - pen the hearts of the mur - - d'rous
tear o - pen the hearts of the mur - - d'rous

- turn; . . . Do not stain . . your hon - our by . .

brood, . . . And tear o - pen, and tear

aim, his aim be good, be good, May he brave - ly re -

brood, . . . the blood, . . . with mur - d'rous

firm, may his aim be good, . . . be good, May he

brood, . . . Tak - ing life . . for . . life . . tak - ing

brood, . . . Tak - ing life, tak - - ing life, tak - - ing

brood, . . . Tak - ing life, tak - - ing life, tak - - ing

brood, . . . Tak - ing life, tak - - ing life, tak - - ing

fz *fz*

shed - - ding the blood . . . . . of the mur - - d'rous

o - pen. Tak - ing life . . . for

cres.

- venge, re - - venge, re - venge,

hand, . . . the blood, with mur - d'rous hand, with mur - d'rous

brave - - ly re - venge, re - venge, re - venge his fa - - ther's

cres.

life . . . for life, and blood for

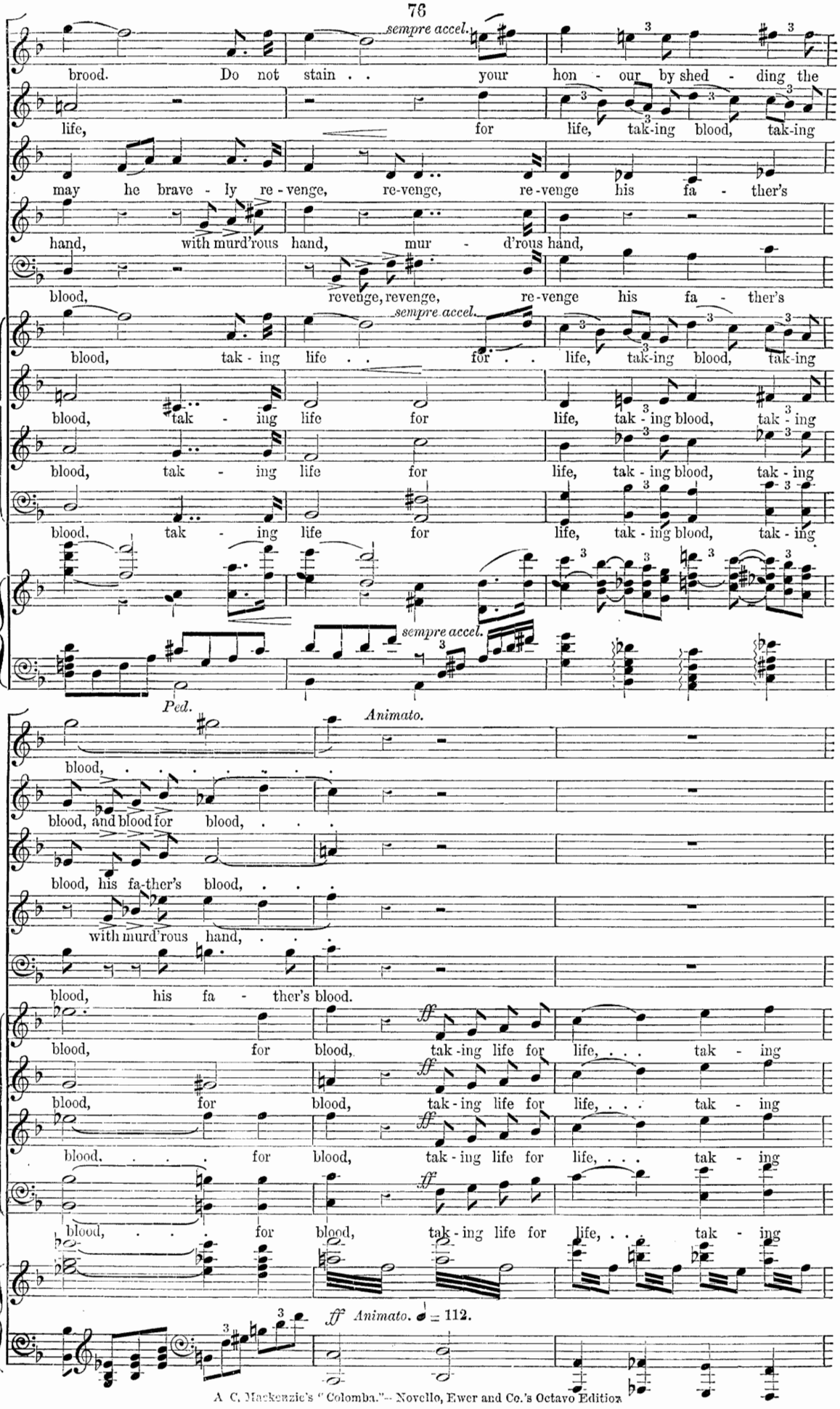
life . . . for life, and blood for

cres.

life . . . for life, and blood for

life . . . for life, and blood for

accel. *cres.* *molto.*


sempre accel.
brood. Do not stain . . your hon - our by shed - ding the
life, for life, tak-ing blood, tak-ing
may he brave - ly re - venge, re-venge, re-venge his fa - ther's
hand, with murd'rous hand, mur - d'rous hand,
blood, revenge, revenge, re-venge his fa - ther's
sempre accel.
blood, tak - ing life . . for . . life, tak-ing blood, tak-ing
blood, tak - ing life for life, tak - ing blood, tak - ing
blood, tak - ing life for life, tak - ing blood, tak - ing
blood, tak - ing life for life, tak - ing blood, tak - ing
sempre accel.
Ped.
Animato.
blood,
blood, and blood for blood, . . .
blood, his fa-ther's blood, . . .
with murd'rous hand, . . .
blood, his fa - ther's blood.
ff
blood, for blood, tak-ing life for life, . . . tak - ing
blood, for blood, tak-ing life for life, . . . tak - ing
blood. . . . for blood, tak-ing life for life, . . . tak - ing
blood, . . . for blood, tak-ing life for life, . . . tak - ing
ff Animato. ♩ = 112.

molto ritard. *tempo 1mo.*

f

of the mur - - - d'rous brood,

tak - ing blood for blood.

his . . fa - - - ther's blood!

of the mur - - d'rous brood,

his . . fa - - - ther's blood.

blood . . for blood, tak - ing blood for blood, for blood,

blood . . for blood, tak - ing blood, blood for blood,

blood . . for blood, tak - ing blood, blood for blood.

blood . . for blood, tak - ing blood, blood for blood. *tempo 1mo.* ♩ = 80.

8va

molto ritard. *dim.*

p

Let us fly from this land, let us nev - er re -

p

I see the shame on his fore-head

p

Shall for

p

I see the shame on his fore-head

p *dim.*

Like the roy - al ea - gle, he will re-turn,

p *dim.*

Like the roy - al ea - gle, he will re-turn,

p *dim.*

Like the roy - al ea - gle, he will re-turn,

pp *dim.*

he will re - turn.

p *dim.* *pp*

- turn. Let us

like the roy - al ea - gle, he

burn.

ev - er on my fore - head

burn, on his fore- head

like the roy - al ea - gle, he will, he will . . re -

like the roy - - al ea - gle, he will re -

like the roy - al ea - gle, he will re - turn, . . he will re - turn, . . re -

he will re - turn, he will re - turn, . . re -

L.H.

Ped. *

fly, ... let . . . us fly, ...

will re-turn, he will, he will re - turn, ...

the shame . . on his fore - head burn, ...

burn, on my fore - - head . . burn, ...

burn, on his fore - - head . . burn, ... (*They disperse slowly.*)

- turn, . . he will re - - turn, ...

- turn, he will re - - turn. . . . .

- turn, he will re - - turn, ...

- turn, he will re - - turn, ...

più animato. ♩ = 100.

dim.

COLOMBA.

p

Bro - ther, fare - well! . . I go to Pie - tra - ne - ra, To bid you

pp

(*Exit slowly with*

wel - come to . . our fa - - ther's house. . . .

p *p*

Savelli and Chilina.)

Andante. ♩ = 50.

pp dolce. *p*

(*Lydia, after a long look*

Sva

sempre cres. *f*

at Orso, leaves in the opposite direction. Orso remains alone on the stage.)

(*The curtain falls slowly.*)

dim. molto. *p* *sempre dim.* *pp*

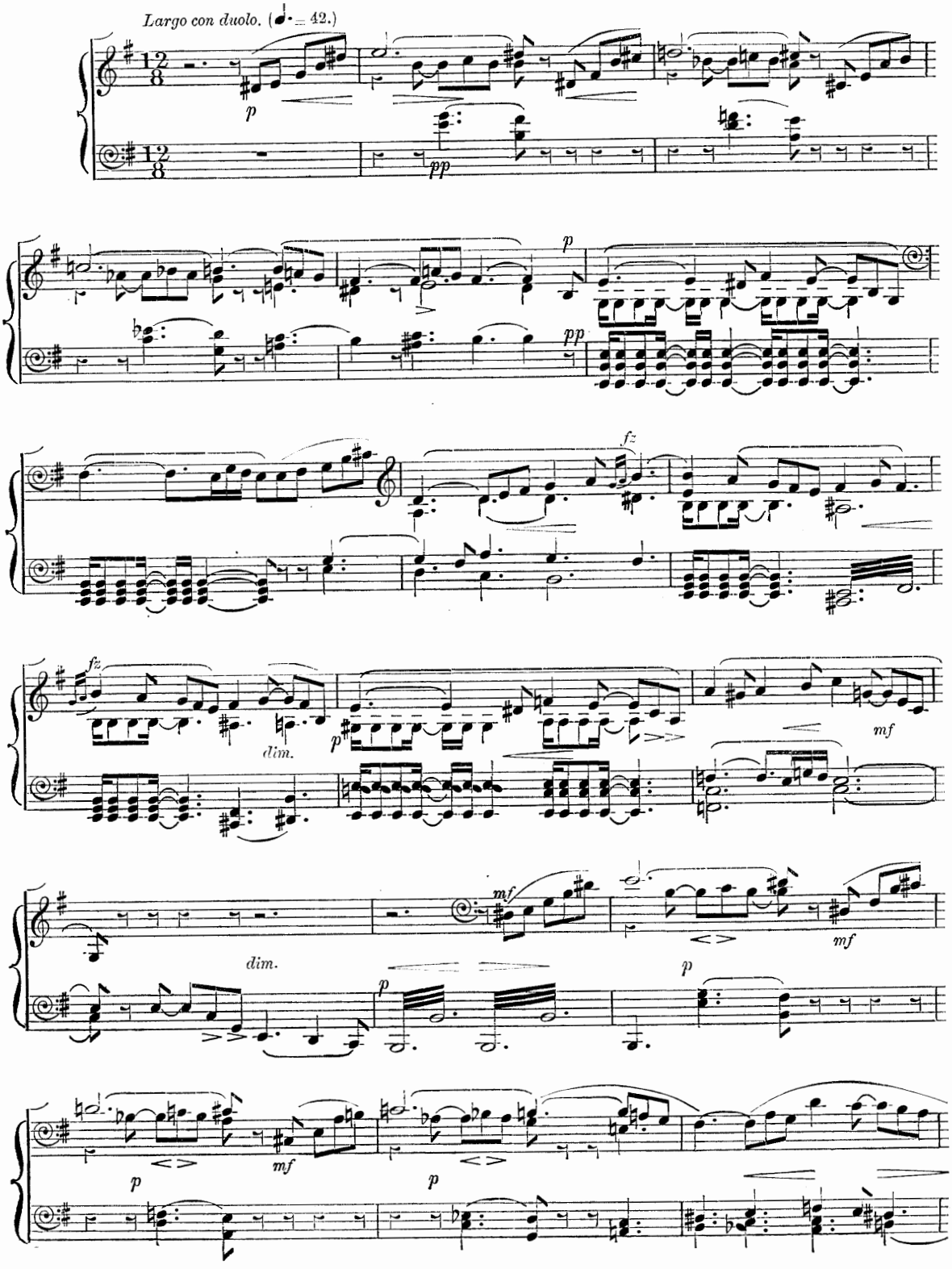
dim. *pp*

Ped. *

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

The stage represents a Green in the village of Pietranera. In the back-ground a large mulberry tree, the branches of which are hung with withered garlands of flowers and laurel wreaths. To the right is the house of the Della Rebbia, to the left that of the Barracini, both with open verandahs in front.



(Curtain rises.)

A

dim.

p

legato.

COLOMBA (alone, reclining on a bench under the tree).

RECIT.

ad lib.

At home! at home! what is my

mf

pp

p

Recit.

a tempo.

home . . to me? . . And what to him whom from the dream of love . . I rude-ly

a tempo.

p

woke— . . . . woke . . to per - form . . a

B

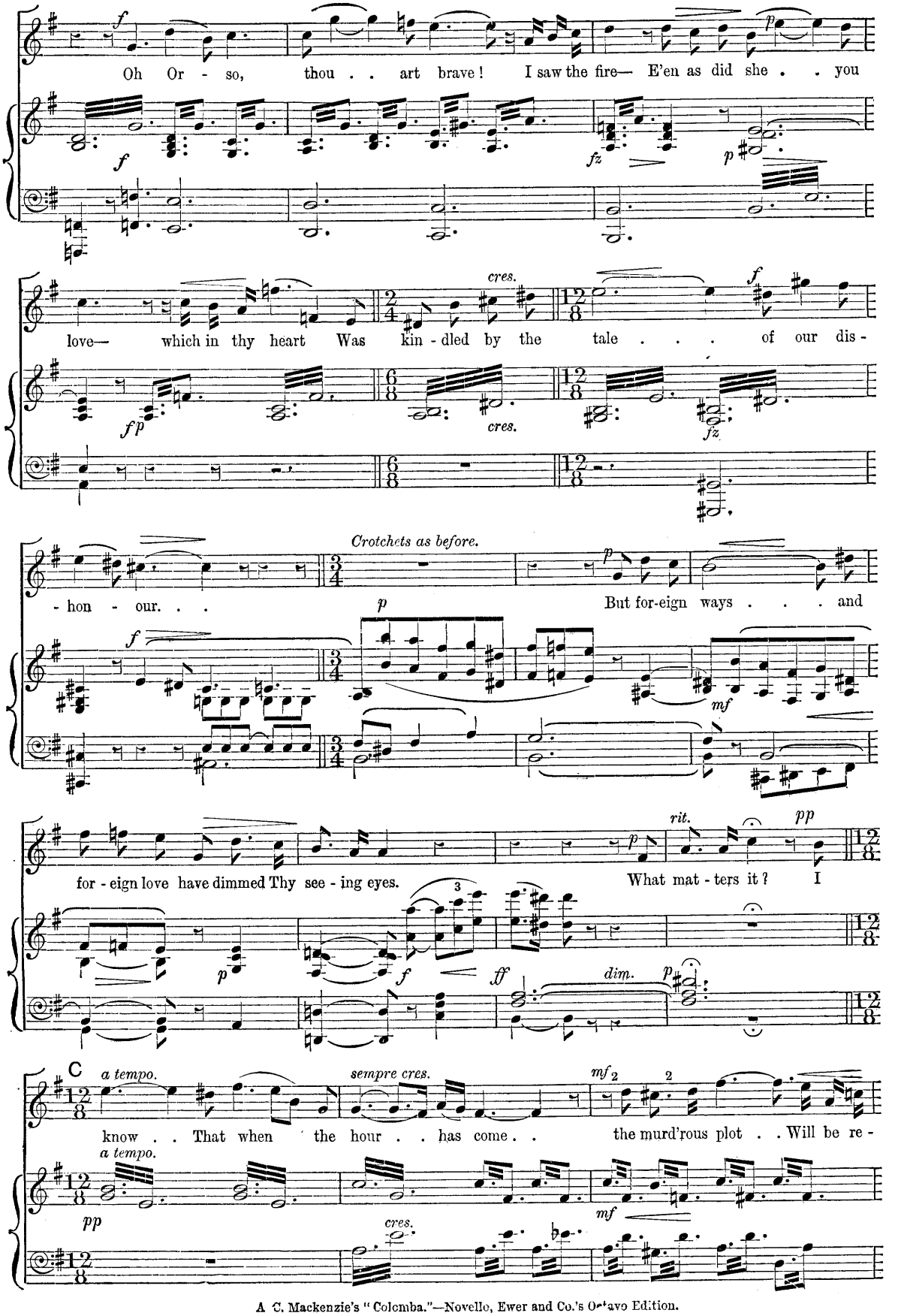
mf

du - ty Which, to his wav - 'ring heart, ap-pears a crime?

mf

fp

mf cres.


Oh Or - so, thou . . art brave! I saw the fire— E'en as did she . . you
love— which in thy heart Was kin - dled by the tale . . . of our dis -
- hon - our. . .
Crotchets as before.
But for-eign ways . . . and
for - eign love have dimmed Thy see - ing eyes.
What mat - ters it? I
know . . That when the hour . . has come . . the murd'rous plot . . Will be re -
a tempo.
sempre cres.
cres.
rit.
dim.

cres. ff

- veal - ed, . . and thou . . wilt see and do. . . . .

(She leans on an over-

f mf

- hanging branch of the tree, and takes one of the withered wreaths, which she mechanically plucks to pieces.)

dim. dim. p

D (Sadly). Quasi Recit.

But what am I that I to fierc- est com-bat, Perhaps to death should goad the bro-ther who to

fp fp

cres. Animato. f

me . . . is all . . in all? . . . Or - so, thy fate is

Animato. f fz

mine; . . . . . Thou suf - - fer - est not . . a - lone, . .

p p

one ter - ri - ble night Has blight - ed all the blos - soms of . . my

p *calando.* *mf* *Tempo 1mo.* *pp*

youth, And what . . re - mains is void of scent, . . .

p *Tempo 1mo.*

p *calando.* *pp* *p*

pp

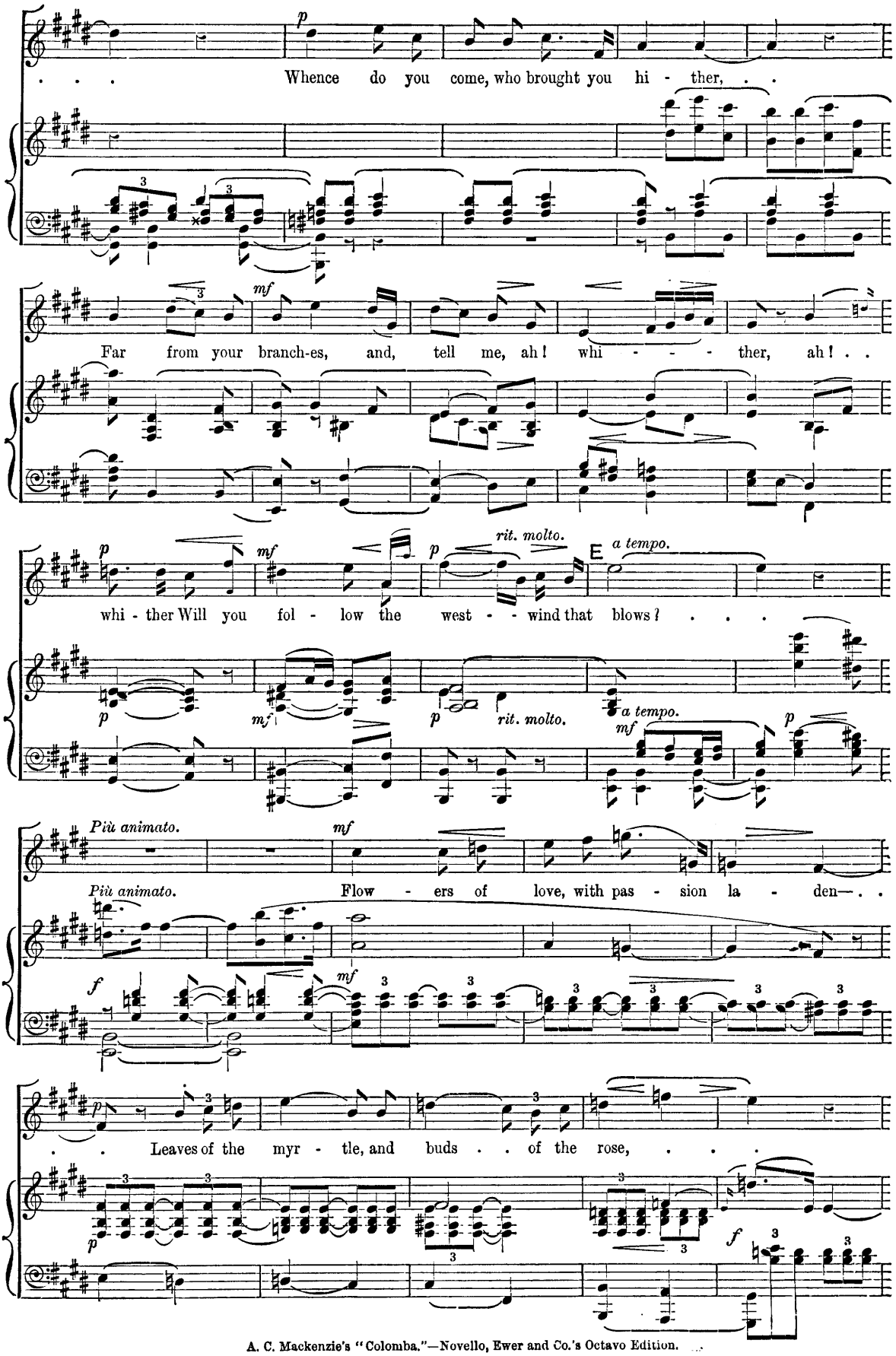
is void . . of scent and sweet - ness, ev'n as these wi - ther'd

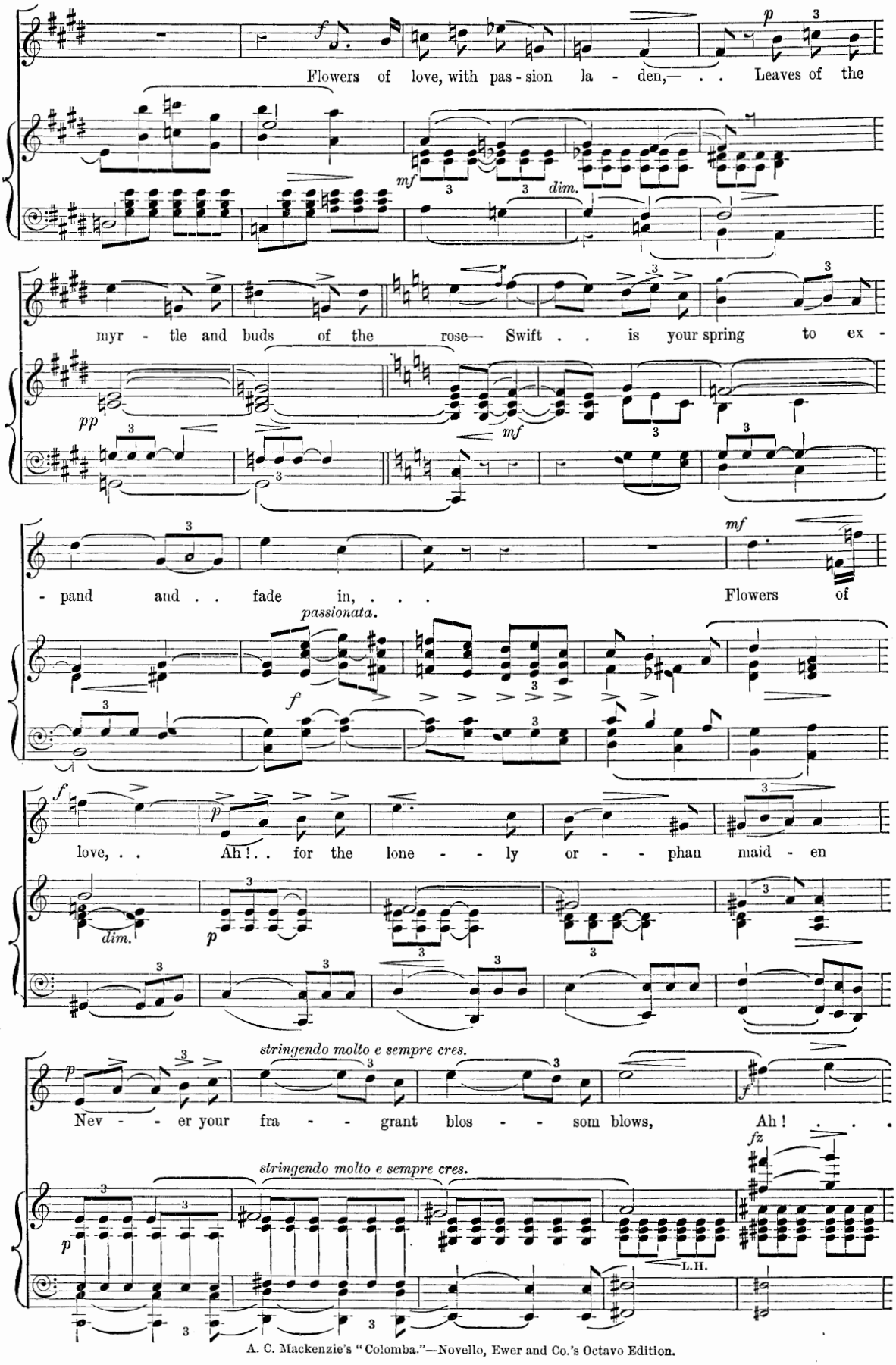
rit. *molto.* *Andantino.* *p*

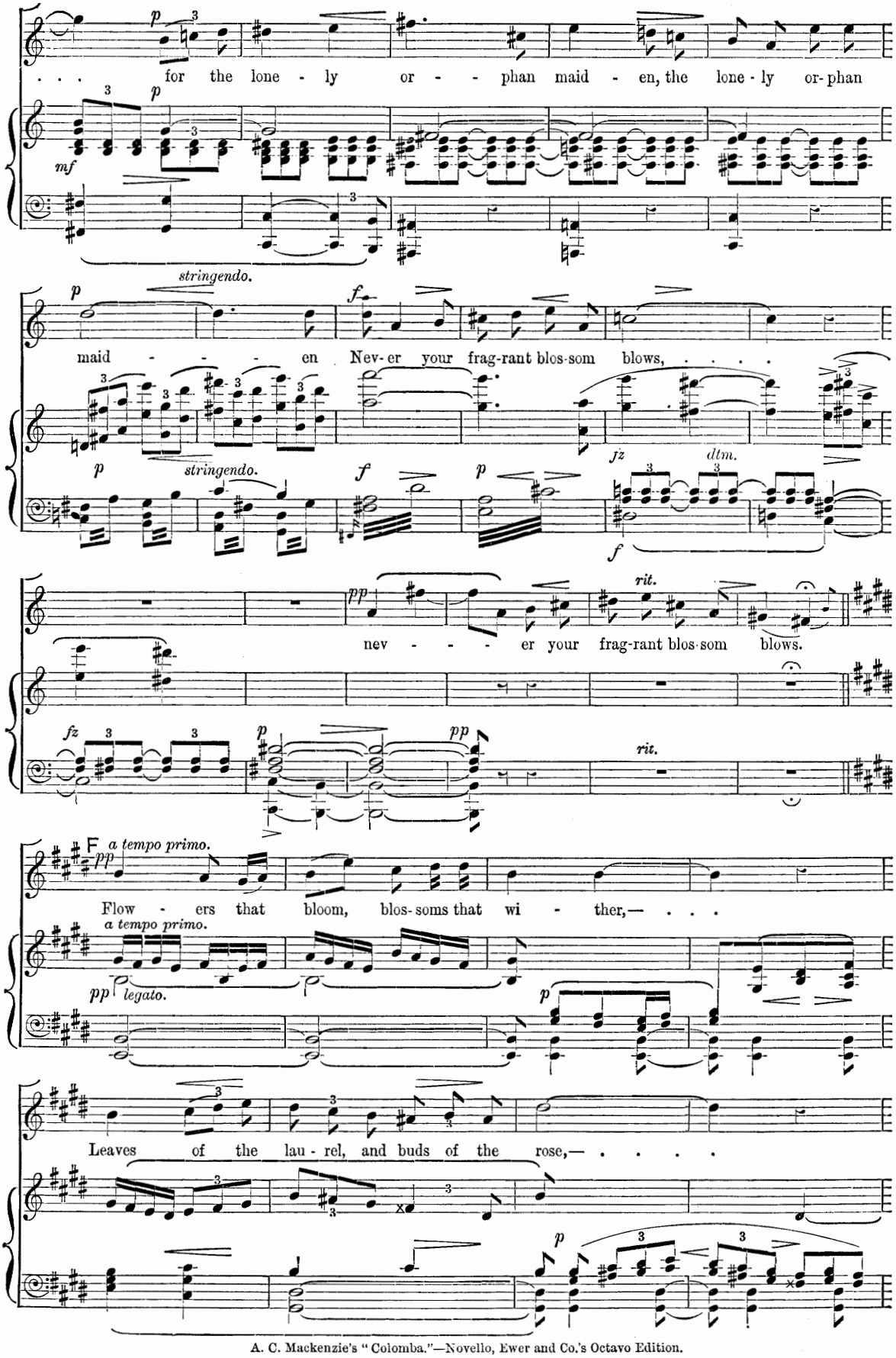
flowers, . . of yes - ter - - year, Flowers that bloom, blos-soms that

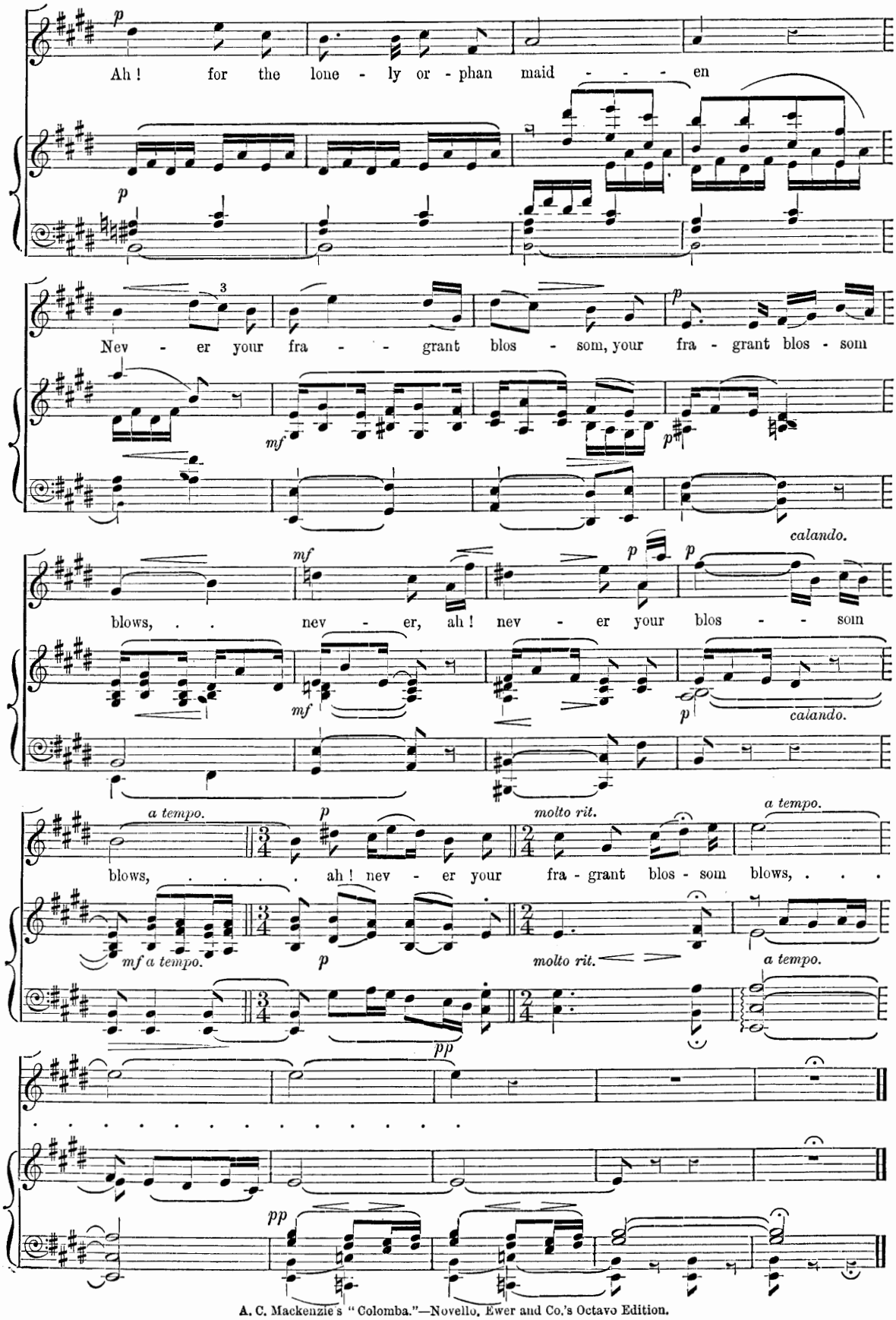
rit. *molto.* *Andantino.* ♪ = 84. *p* *p*

wi - ther,— . . . Leaves of . . the lau-rel, and buds of the rose,— . . . .


p
. . . Whence do you come, who brought you hi - ther, . .
mf
Far from your branch-es, and, tell me, ah! whi - - - ther, ah! . .
p
mf
p
rit. molto.
E
a tempo.
whi - ther Will you fol - low the west - - wind that blows? . . . .
p
mf
p
rit. molto.
a tempo.
mf
p
Più animato.
mf
Più animato.
Flow - ers of love, with pas - sion la - den— . .
f
mf
p
. . Leaves of the myr - tle, and buds . . of the rose, . . .
p
f


Flowers of love, with pas - sion la - den,— . . Leaves of the
myr - tle and buds of the rose— Swift . . is your spring to ex -
- pand and . . fade in, . . . Flowers of
passionata.
love, . . Ah! . . for the lone - - ly or - - phan maid - en
stringendo molto e sempre cres.
Nev - - er your fra - - grant blos - - som blows, Ah! . . .
stringendo molto e sempre cres.
L.H.

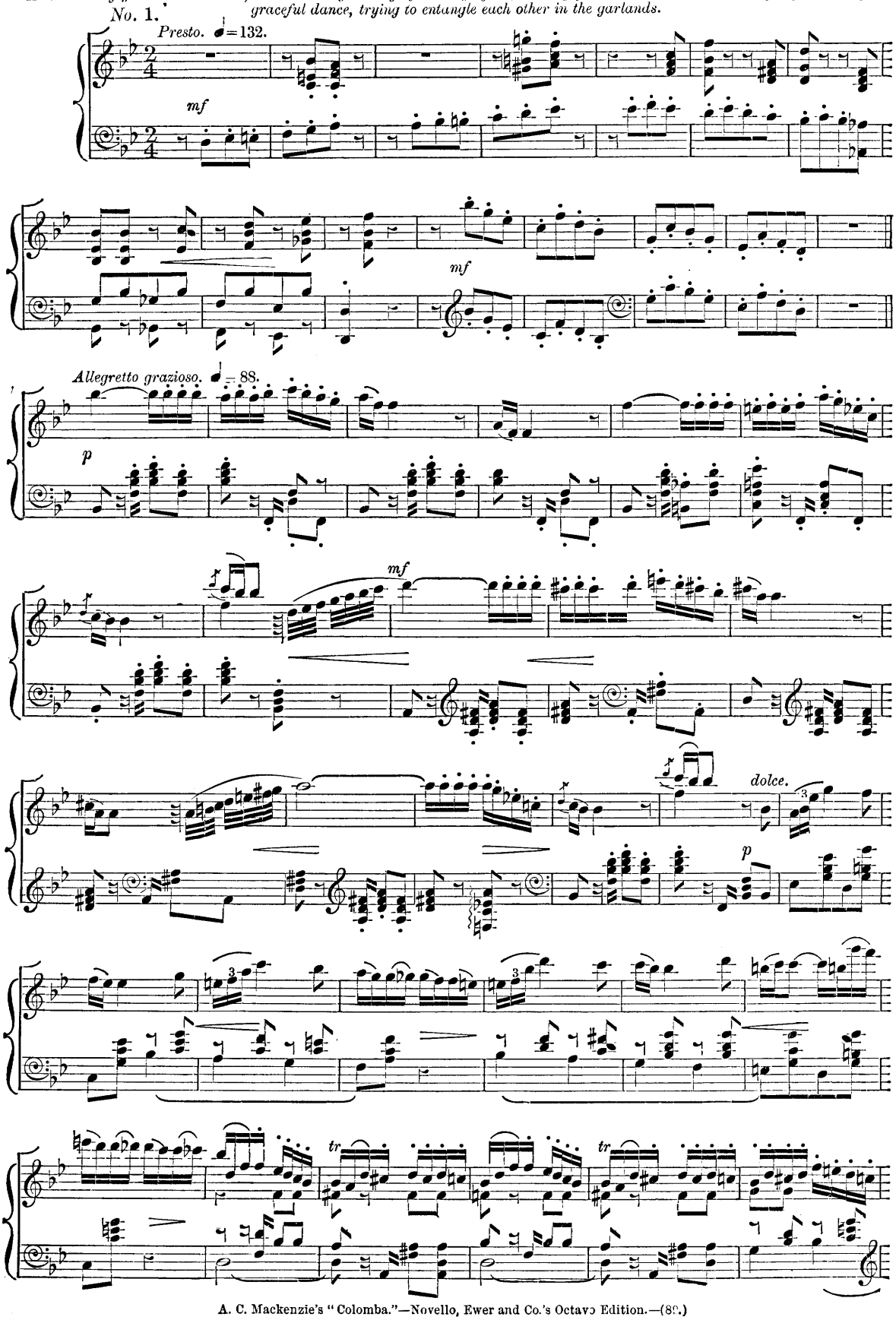

. . . for the lone - ly or - - phan maid - en, the lone - ly or- phan
stringendo.
maid - - - en Nev- er your frag-rant blos-som blows, ...
stringendo.
dim.
rit.
nev - - - er your frag-rant blos-som blows.
rit.
F a tempo primo.
Flow - ers that bloom, blos- soms that wi - ther,— . . .
a tempo primo.
legato.
Leaves of the lau - rel, and buds of the rose,— . . . . .

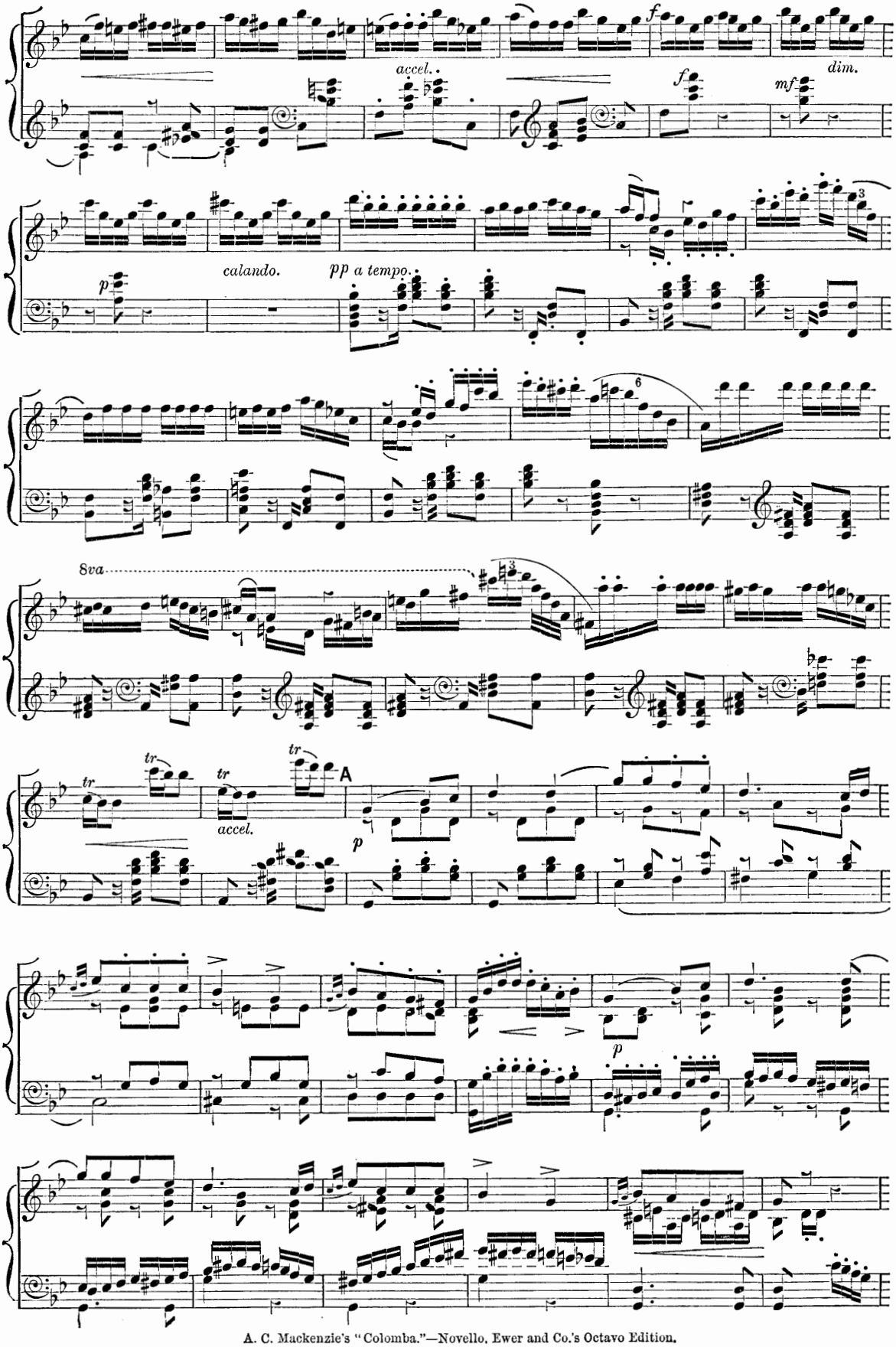

p
Ah! for the lone - ly or - phan maid - - - en
p
Nev - er your fra - - grant blos - som, your fra - grant blos - som
mf
p
calando.
mf
p
p
blows, . . nev - er, ah! nev - er your blos - - som
mf
p
calando.
a tempo.
p
molto rit.
a tempo.
blows, ... ah! nev - er your fra - grant blos - som blows, . . .
mf a tempo.
p
molto rit.
a tempo.
pp
pp

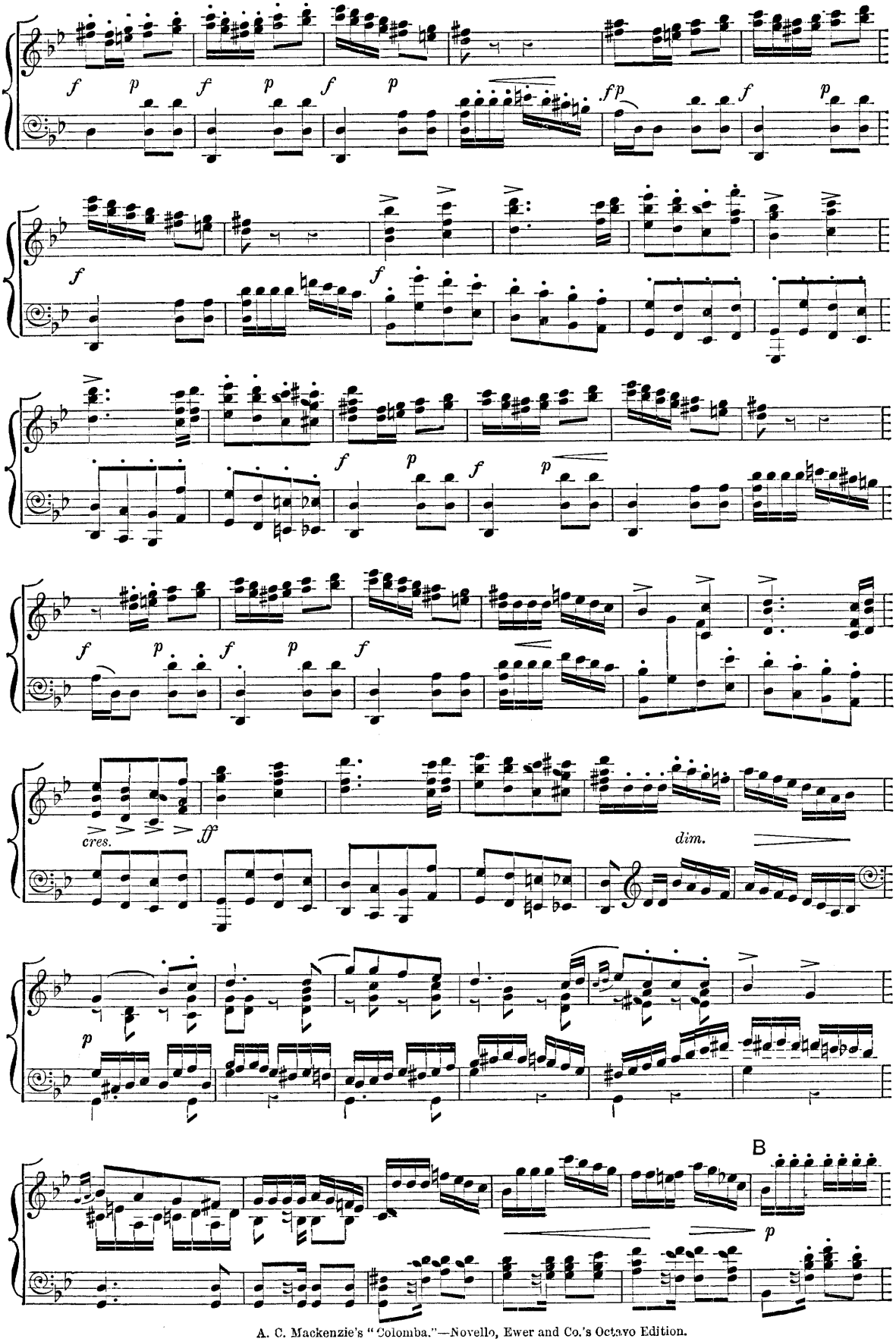
BALLET MUSIC AND RUSTIC MARCH.

As she slowly goes into the house, enter a merry throng of Village-girls, bearing flowers and wreaths. They begin a lively but graceful dance, trying to entangle each other in the garlands.

No. 1.




f
accel.
f
mf
dim.
p
calando.
pp a tempo.
8va
tr
tr
tr
accel.
A
p
p


f
p
f
p
f
p
fp
f
p
f
f
f
p
f
p
f
p
f
p
f
cres.
ff
dim.
p
B
p

tr

mf

p

mf

molto accel.

f

Presto. ♩ = 132.

ff

rit.

ffz

No. 2.

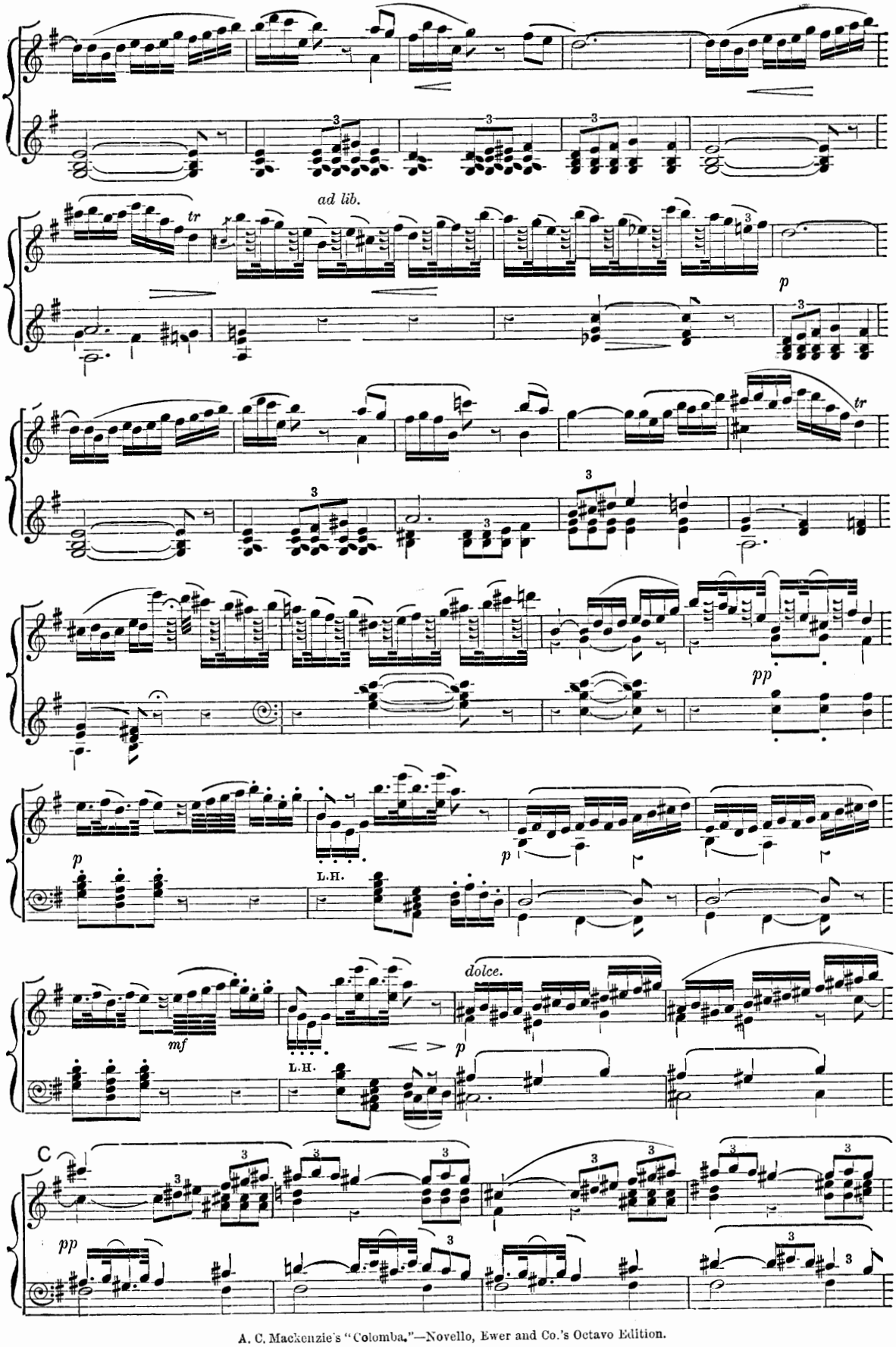
(*They are interrupted by the entrance of another girl, who holds in her hand a single wreath of white flowers. She points towards the tree, indicating that she wishes to hang the wreath on the large branch. The others try to prevent her, and to snatch the wreath from her.*)

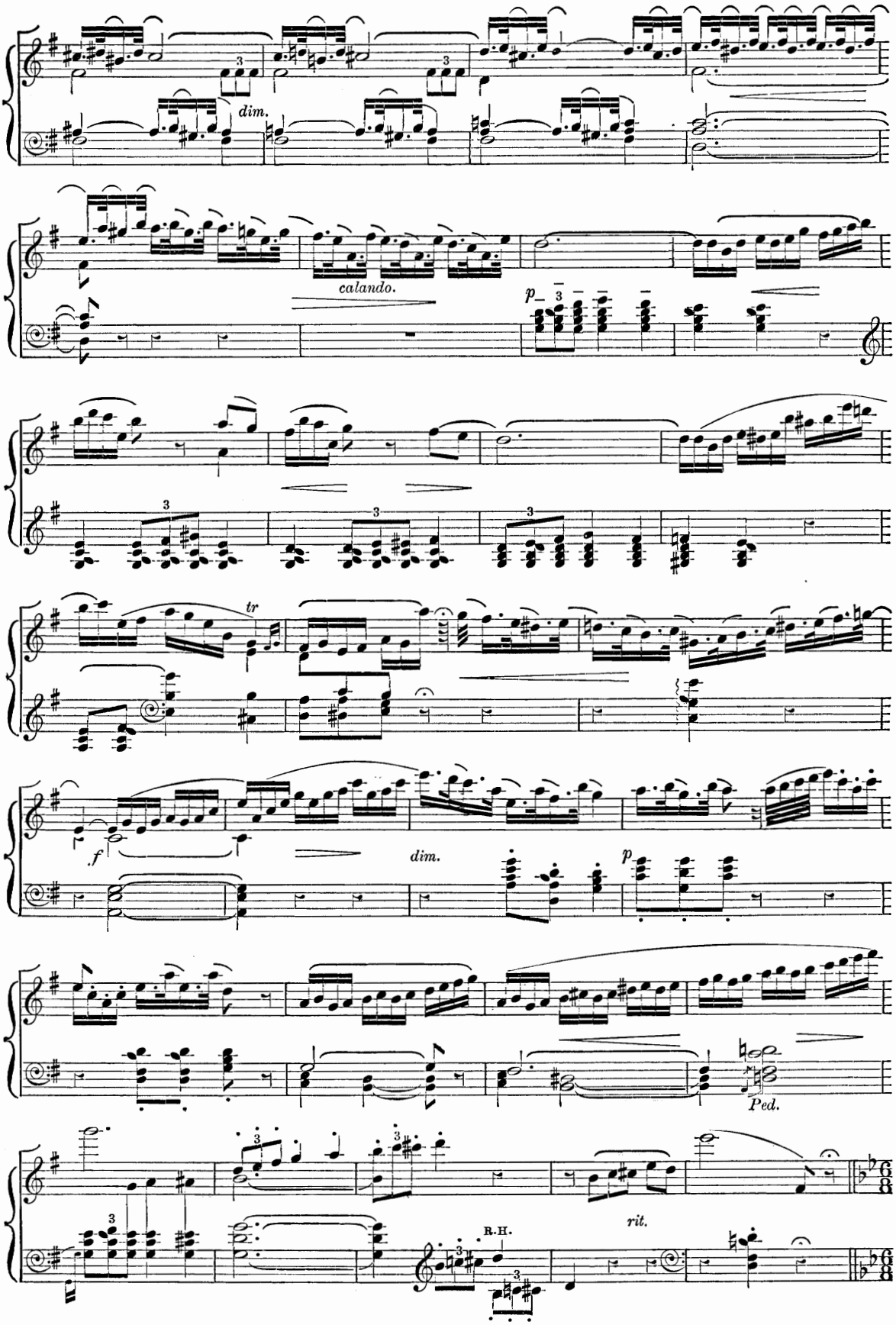
Andantino. ♩ = 72.

p

pp

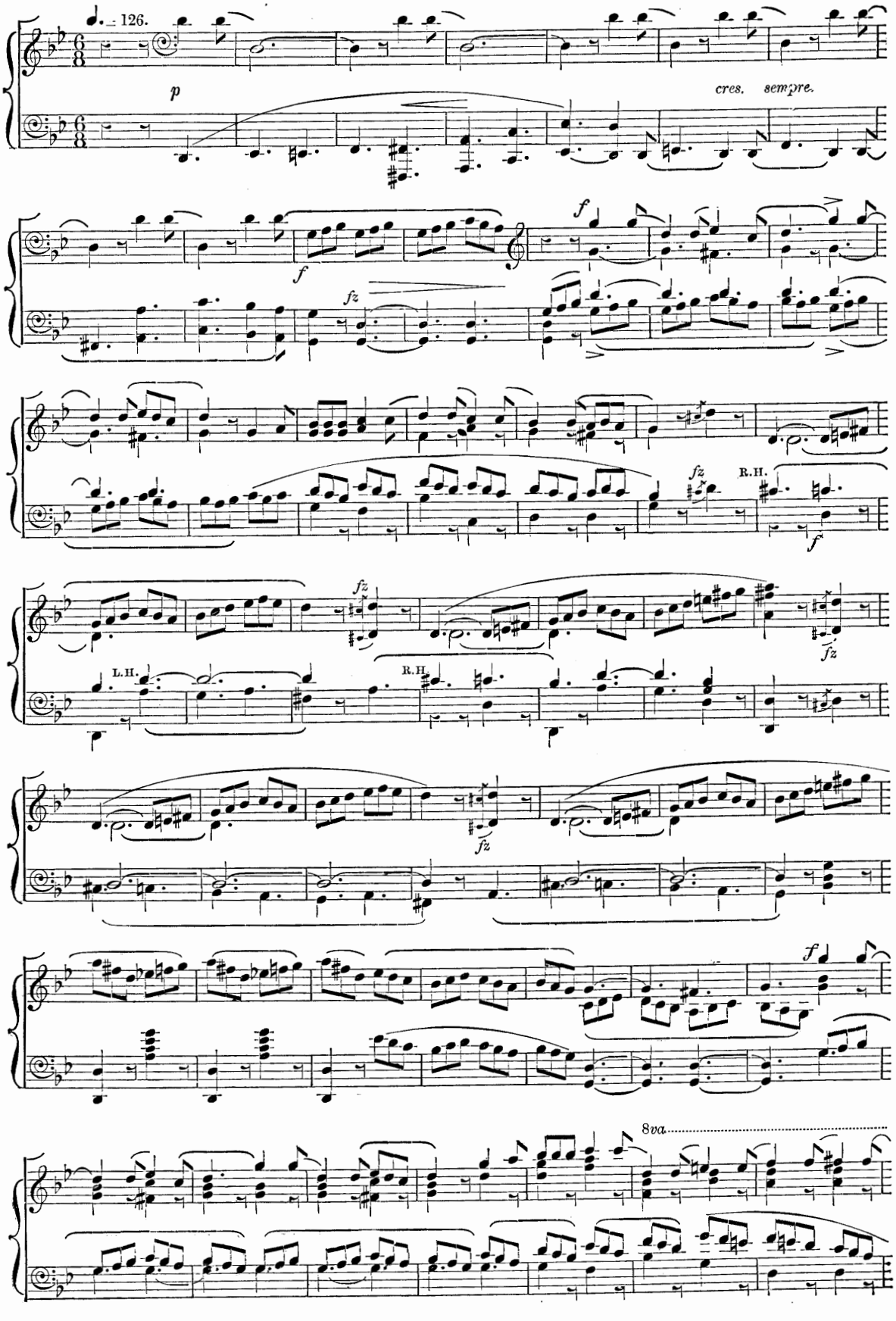
pp

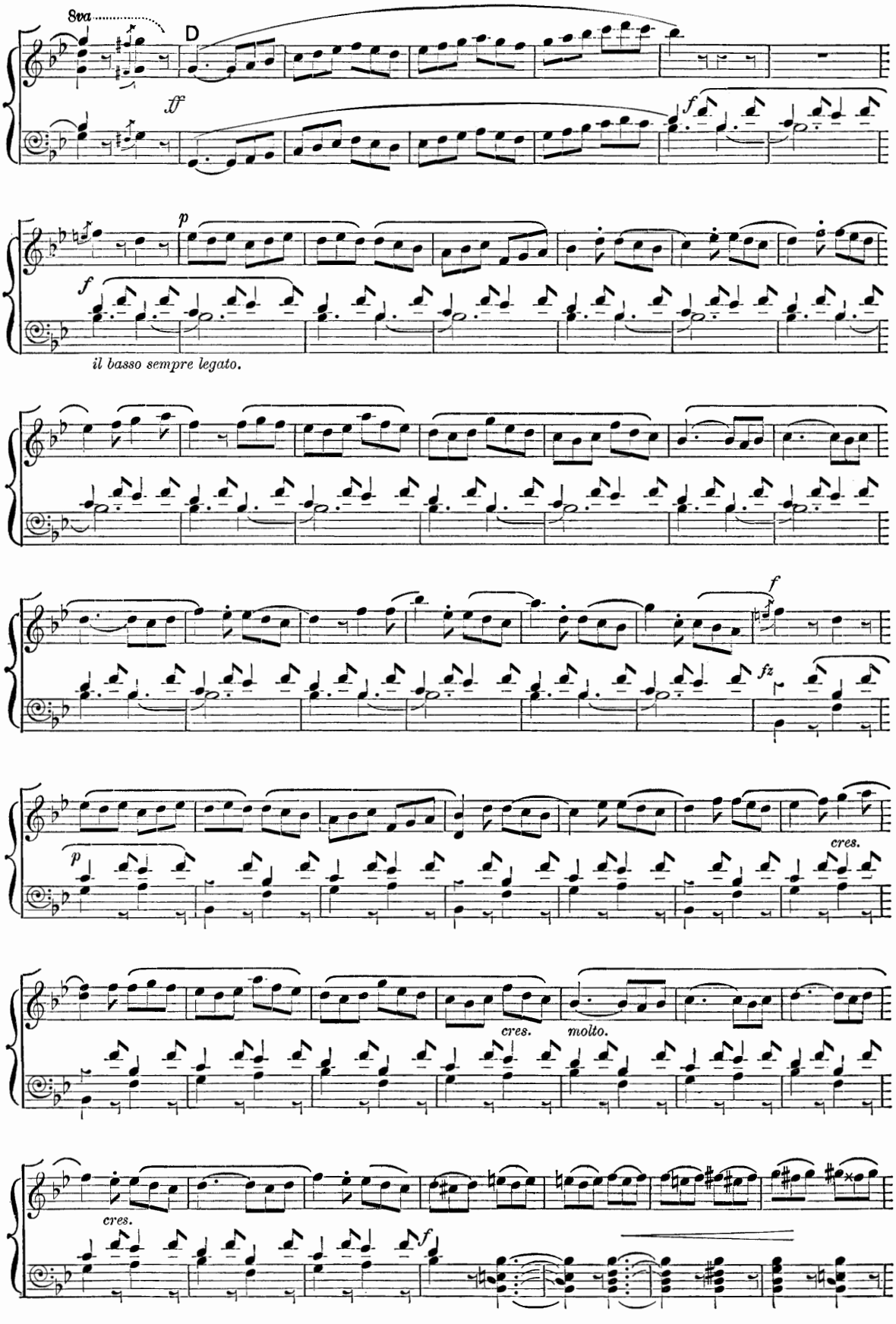

ad lib.
tr
p
tr
pp
p
L.H.
p
mf
L.H.
dolce.
p
C
pp

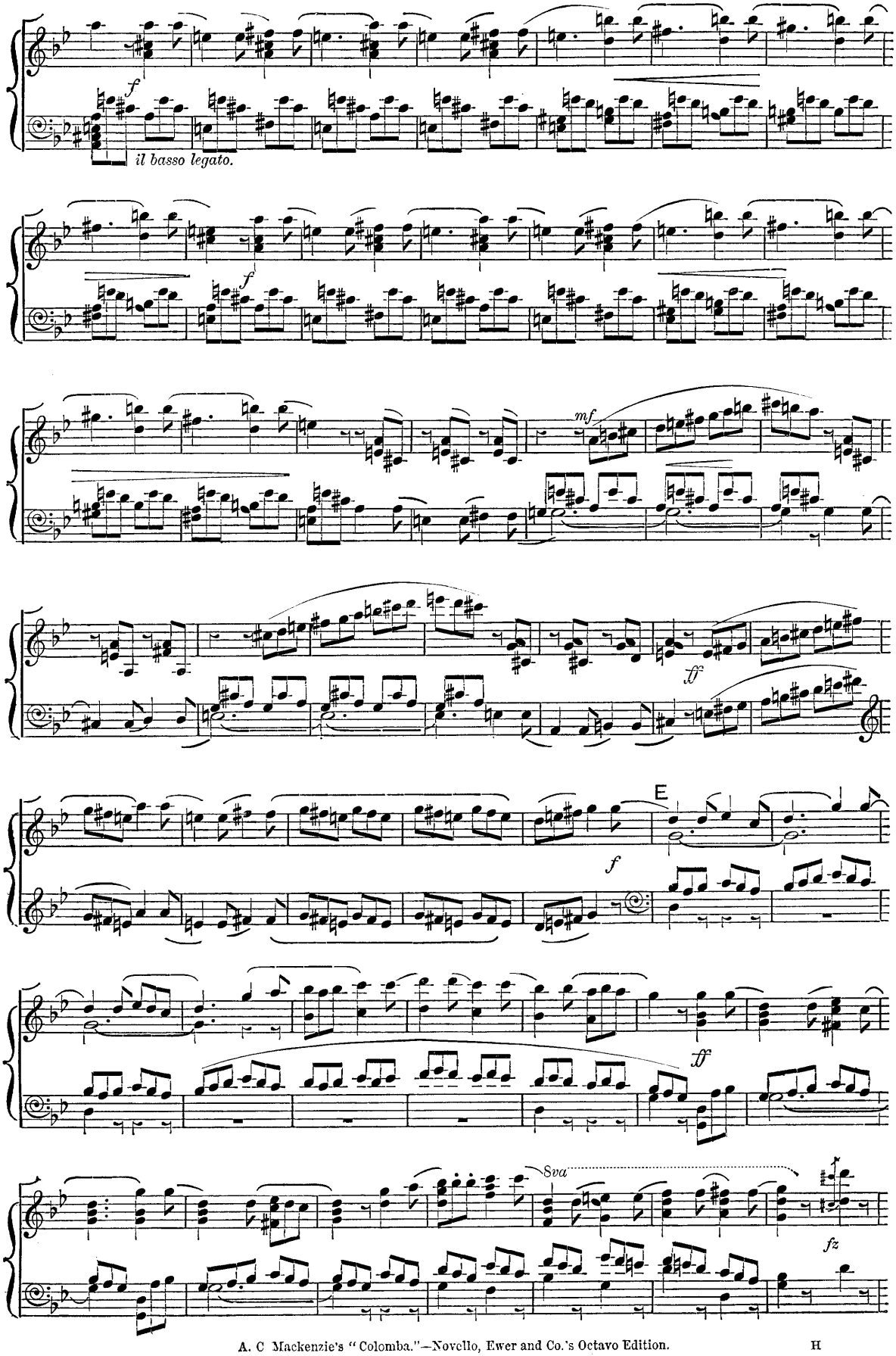

dim.
calando.
p
tr
f
dim.
p
Ped.
R.H.
rit.

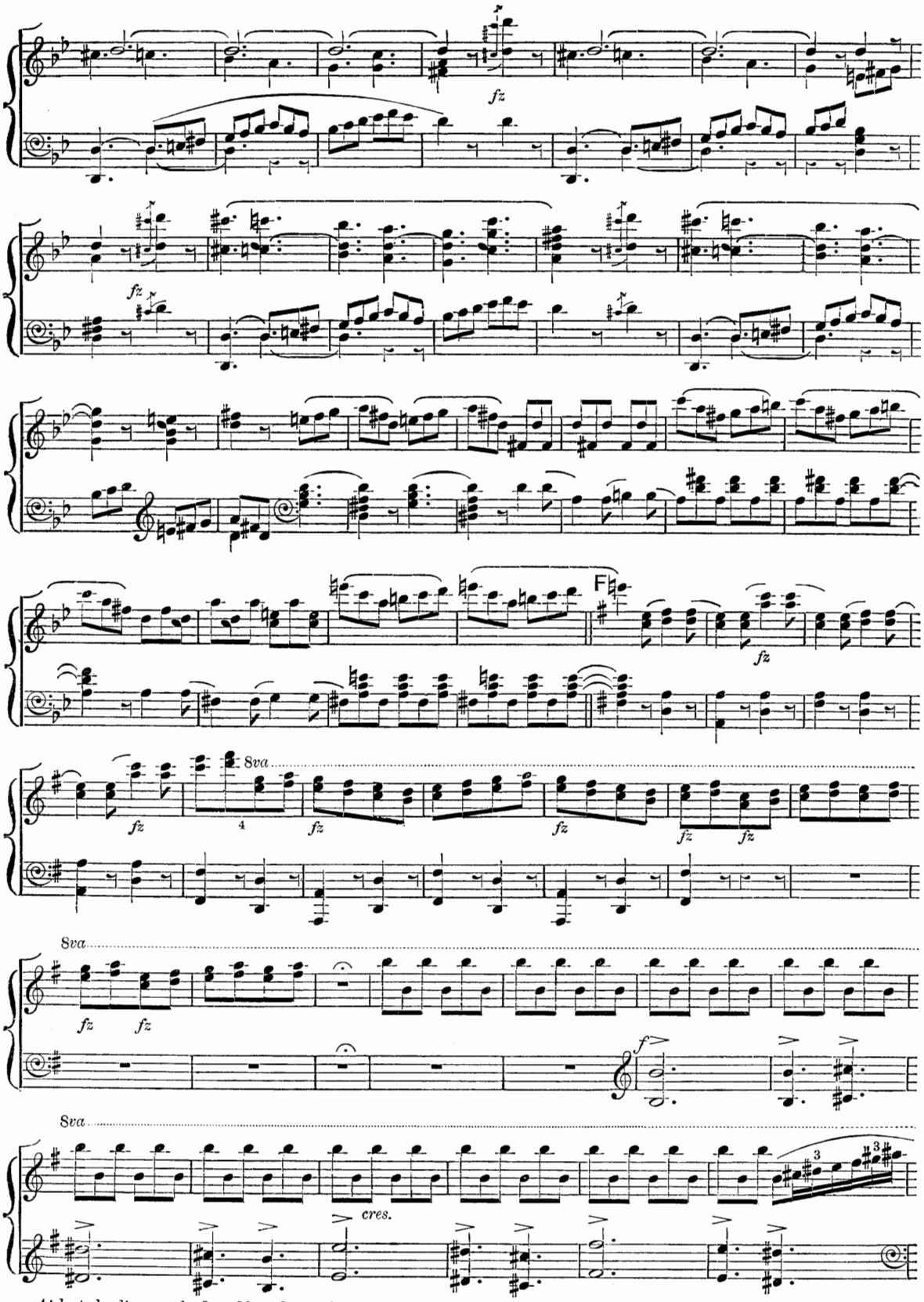
No. 3.

SALTARELLO.




8va
D
ff
f
p
f
il basso sempre legato.
f
fz
p
cres.
cres.
molto.
cres.
f


f
il basso legato.
f
mf
ff
E
f
ff
8va
fz



At last she disentangles herself, and, standing on the seat, suspends the wreath from the branch. The other girls at the same time tear down the old garlands and replace them by those they have brought.

CHORUS. SOPRANO. *(As the girl reaches the tree a chorus of boys and young men chant:)*

Un poco meno mosso e maestoso.

f

Sal - - ve, . . sal - - ve, Re - gi - na del Mag - gio; . .

ALTO.

f

Sal - - ve, . . sal - - ve, Re - gi - na del Mag - gio; . .

TENOR.

f

Sal - - ve, . . sal - - ve, Re - gi - na del Mag - gio; . .

BASS.

f

Sal - - ve, . . sal - - ve, Re - gi - na del Mag - gio; . .

Un poco meno mosso e maestoso.

8va

mf

A - ve, Re - gi - - na del - la bel - - tà. . . .

A - ve, Re - gi - - na del - la bel - - tà. . . .

A - ve, Re - gi - - na del - la bel - - tà. . . .

A - ve, Re - gi - - na del - la bel - - tà. . . .

f

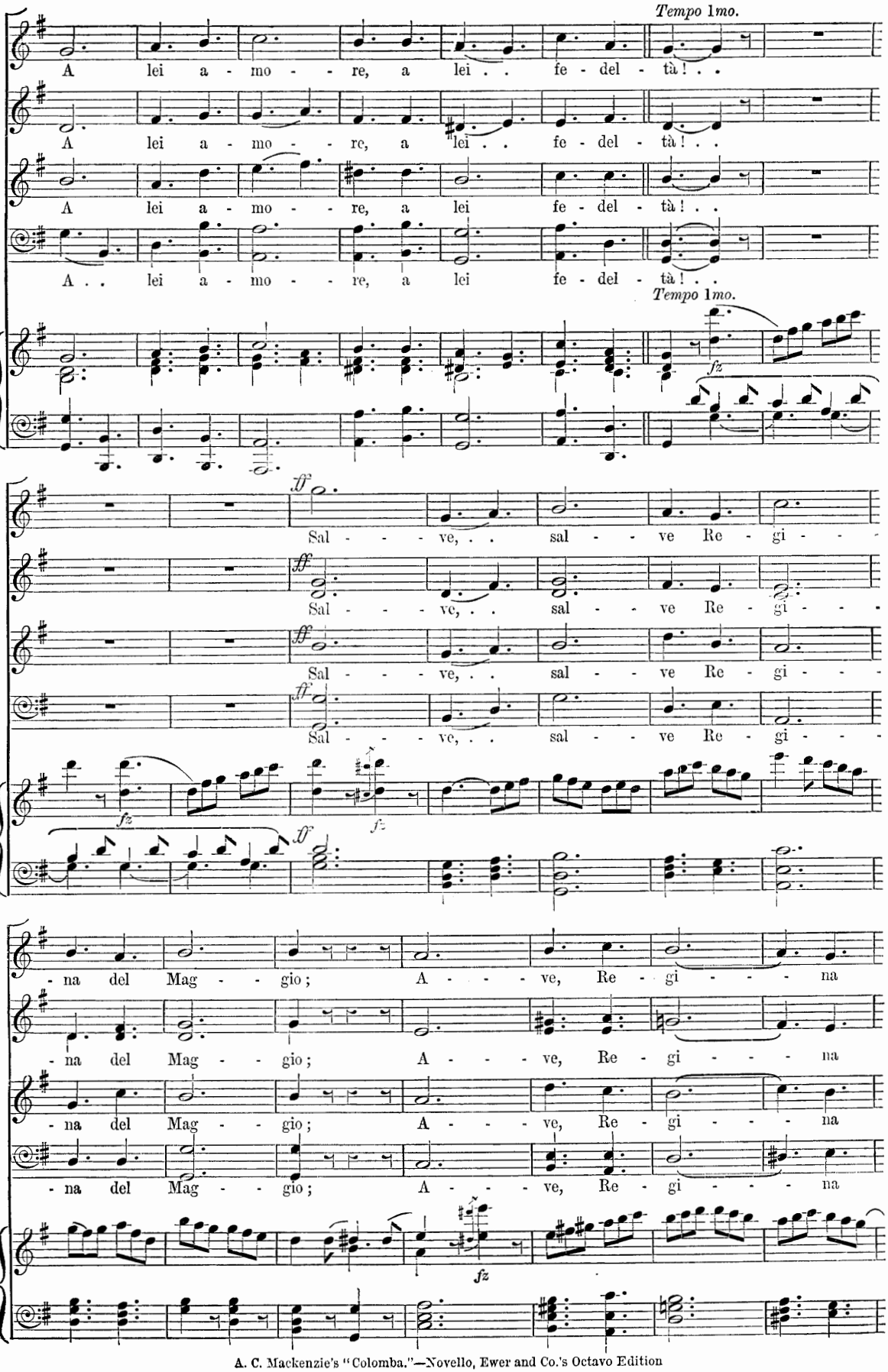
Ch'il su - o reg - no sia be - a - - to e sag - - gio!

Ch'il su - o reg - no sia be - a - - to e sag - - gio! . .

Ch'il su - o reg - no sia be - a - to e sag - - gio! . .

Ch'il su - o reg - no sia be - a - to e sag - - gio! . .

mf


Tempo 1mo.
A lei a - mo - - re, a lei . . fe - del - tà ! . .
A lei a - mo - - re, a lei . . fe - del - tà ! . .
A lei a - mo - - re, a lei fe - del - tà ! . .
A . . lei a - mo - - re, a lei fe - del - tà ! . .
Tempo 1mo.
fz
ff
Sal - - - ve, . . sal - - ve Re - gi - - -
Sal - - - ve, . . sal - - ve Re - gi - - -
Sal - - - ve, . . sal - - ve Re - gi - - -
Sal - - - ve, . . sal - - ve Re - gi - - -
fz
fz
ff
- na del Mag - - gio; A - - - ve, Re - gi - - - na
- na del Mag - - gio; A - - - ve, Re - gi - - - na
- na del Mag - - gio; A - - - ve, Re - gi - - - na
- na del Mag - - gio; A - - - ve, Re - gi - - - na
fz

del - la bel - - tà. . . Ch'il su - o

del - la bel - - tà. . . Ch'il su - o

del - la bel - - tà. . . Ch'il su - o

del - la bel - - tà. . . Ch'il su - o

8va

reg - no sia be - a - - to e sag - gio! A

reg - no sia be - a - - to e sag - gio! A

reg - no sia be - a - - to e sag - gio! A

reg - no sia be - a - - to e sag - gio! A . .

8va

1st time.

lei a - mo - - re a le - i fe - del - tà. . .

lei a - mo - - re a le - i fe - del - tà. . .

lei a - mo - - re a le - i fe - del - tà. . .

lei a - mo - - re a le - i fe - del - tà. . .

fz

2nd time.

- tà.

- tà.

- tà.

- tà.

(Before the Chorus is quite finished, and mingling with it, are heard from behind the scenes the sounds of a March played on fiddles, guitars, drums and other rustic instruments.)

No. 4. RUSTIC MARCH.

♩ = 88.

f *p* *p* *mf* *mf* *p*

8va

G

mf

10

8va

8va

f

f

(*Enter, preceded by the village musicians, gardes-champêtres, &c., Count Nevers, followed*

H

ff

by Orso, the two Barracini, and others.)

10

8va

8va

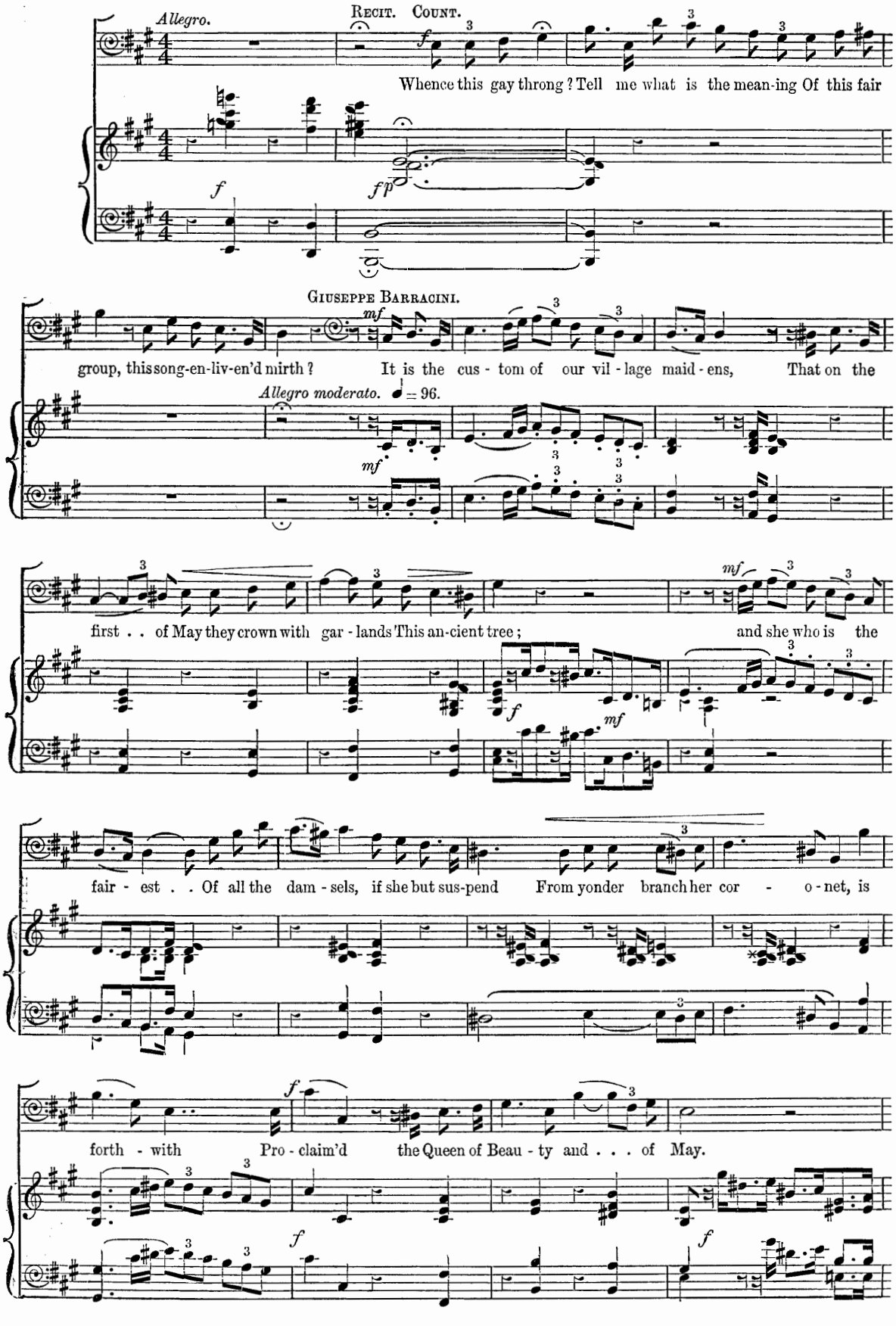
Presto.

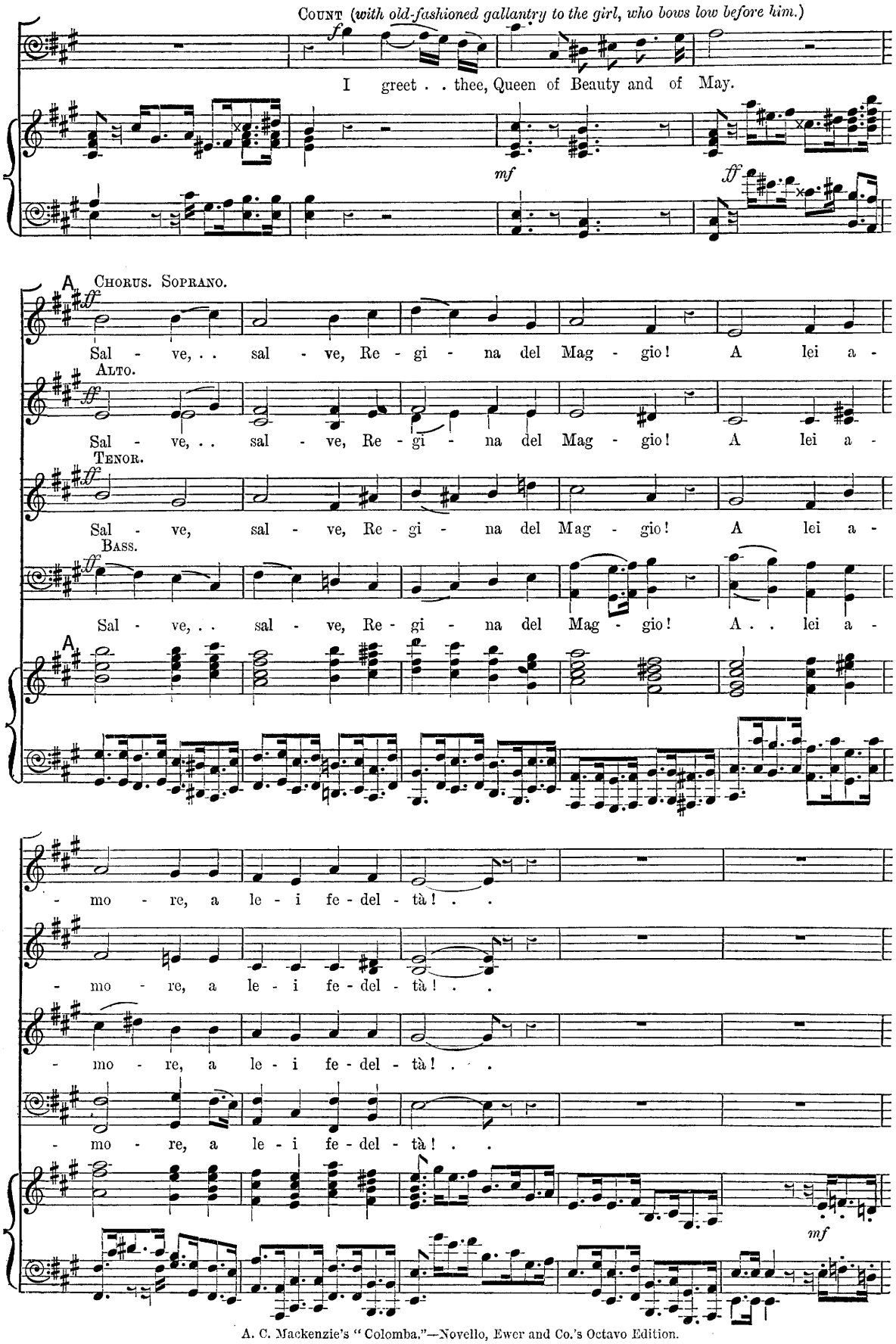
f

ff

ff

SCENE II.


Allegro.
RECIT. COUNT.
Whence this gay throng? Tell me what is the mean-ing Of this fair
GIUSEPPE BARRACINI.
group, this song-en-liv-en'd mirth? It is the cus - tom of our vil - lage maid - ens, That on the
Allegro moderato. ♩ = 96.
first . . of May they crown with gar - lands This an-cient tree; and she who is the
fair - est . . Of all the dam - sels, if she but sus-pend From yonder branch her cor - o - net, is
forth - with Pro - claim'd the Queen of Beau - ty and . . . of May.


COUNT (with old-fashioned gallantry to the girl, who bows low before him.)
I greet . . thee, Queen of Beauty and of May.
A CHORUS. SOPRANO.
Sal - ve, . . sal - ve, Re - gi - na del Mag - gio! A lei a -
ALTO.
Sal - ve, . . sal - ve, Re - gi - na del Mag - gio! A lei a -
TENOR.
Sal - ve, sal - ve, Re - gi - na del Mag - gio! A lei a -
BASS.
Sal - ve, . . sal - ve, Re - gi - na del Mag - gio! A . . lei a -
- mo - re, a le - i fe - del - tà! . .
- mo - re, a le - i fe - del - tà! . .
- mo - re, a le - i fe - del - tà! . .
- mo - re, a le - i fe - del - tà! . .

GIUSEPPE BARRACINI (*to Count*).

mf

They say the rite is an - cient, and has come to us From times of heathen wor-ship.

f

Sen - e - ca, When in his Cor - si - can ex - ile he sat lone - ly Chaf - ing and

mf *p*

writ - ing, saw with an - gry eyes The vil - lage

maid - ens danc - ing round the tree, Even as we see them now. . . *a tempo.*

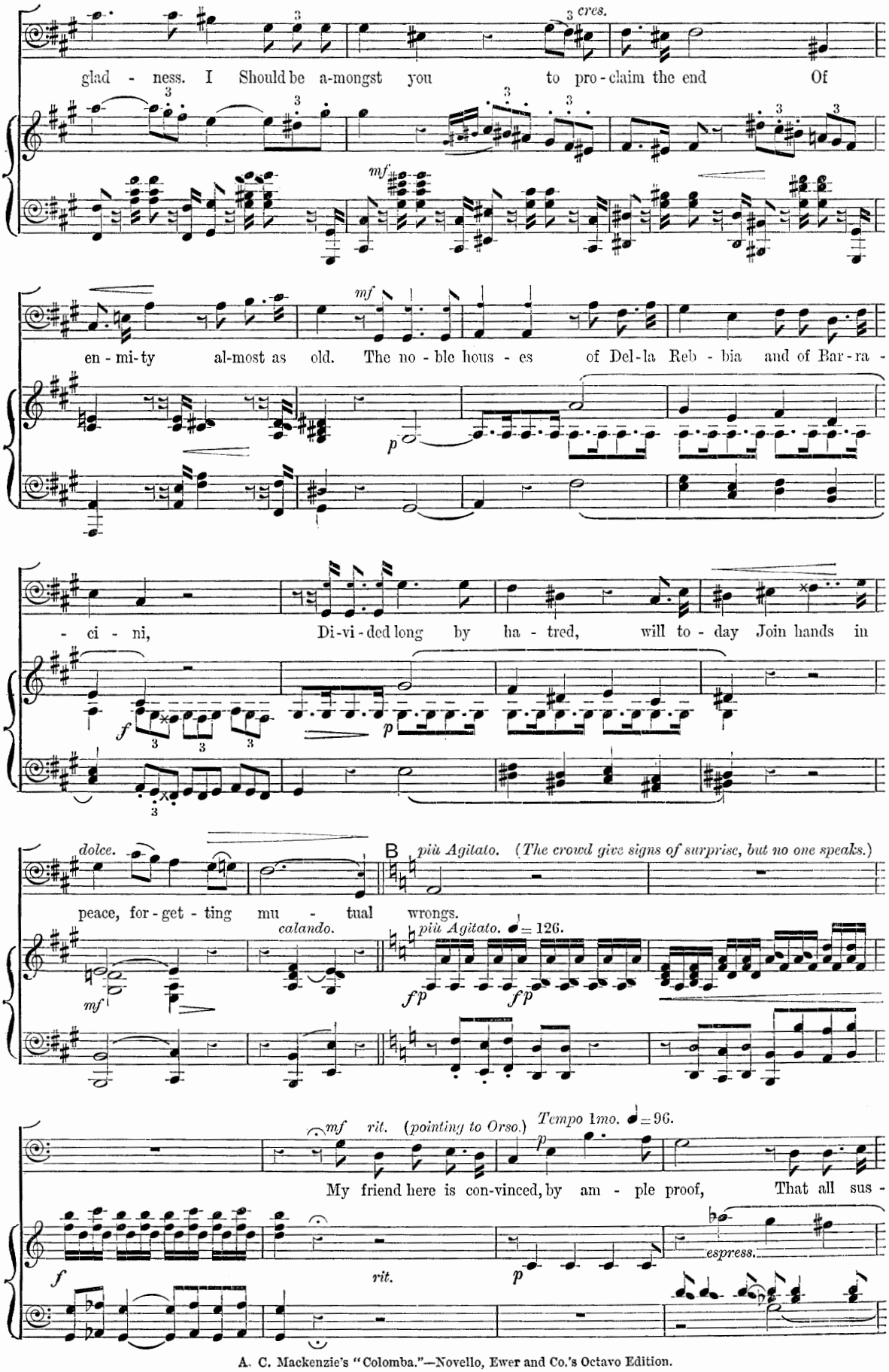
rit. *leggiero.*

rit. *mf* *p*

COUNT.

mf

O hap - - py o - men That on this day of an - cient


cres.
glad - ness. I Should be a-mongst you to pro-claim the end Of
mf
en - mi - ty al-most as old. The no - ble hous - es of Del-la Reb - bia and of Bar-ra -
p
- ci - ni, Di-vi-ded long by ha - tred, will to - day Join hands in
f
p
dolce.
B
più Agitato. (The crowd give signs of surprise, but no one speaks.)
peace, for - get - ting mu - tual wrongs.
mf
calando.
più Agitato. ♩= 126.
fp
fp
mf
rit. (pointing to Orso.)
Tempo 1mo. ♩= 96.
p
My friend here is con-vinced, by am - ple proof, That all sus -
f
rit.
p
espress.

- pi-cion of foul play sur-round-ing The death of his dear fa - ther, was de -

mf L.H.

- void Of sub - stance; and he frank - - ly owns his er - ror.

Agitato. (*Renewed*

Agitato. ♩ = 126.

R.H. *mf* *fp* *fp*

murmuring amongst the crowd.)

GIUSEPPE BARRACINI. *f*

And I as

f *f*

rit. C *Allegretto, soave.* *p* (*To Orso.*)

frank - ly take his prof-fer'd word. Cap - - tain, your

Allegretto, soave. ♩ = 84.

rit. *p* *p*

fa - ther loved . . me not. Our paths Were dif - - fer-ent,

and our pri - vate feuds Were fanned by pub - - - - - lic

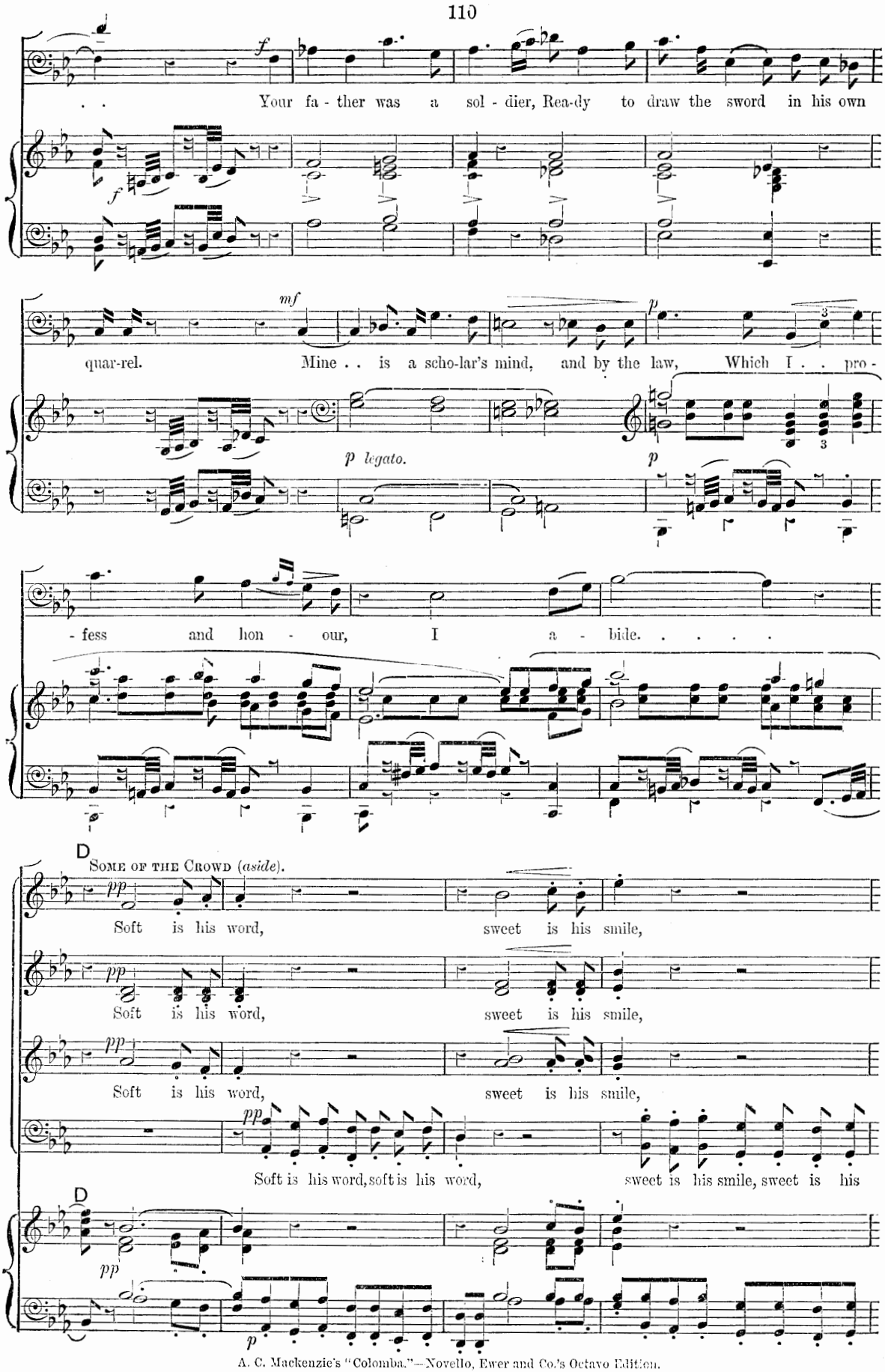
dis - cord. He . . . . was pledged To Bo - na - parte's

for - tune; I ad-hered In loy - al faith to our most Sa - - - - cred

R.H.

King. But nev - - - - er, nev - er did the

thought of vio - lent u - sage. . En - - ter this heart. . . . . .


f
Your fa - ther was a sol - dier, Rea-dy to draw the sword in his own
f
mf
quar-rel. Mine . . is a scho-lar's mind, and by the law, Which I . . pro -
p
p legato.
p
- fess and hon - our, I a - bide. . . . .
D
Some of the Crowd (aside).
pp
Soft is his word, sweet is his smile,
pp
Soft is his word, sweet is his smile,
pp
Soft is his word, sweet is his smile,
pp
Soft is his word, soft is his word, sweet is his smile, sweet is his
D
pp
p

pp

Take care how you trust a law-yer's

pp

Take care how you trust a law-yer's

pp

Take care how you trust a law-yer's

smile, Take care, take care, take care, take care how you trust,

Orso (*distantly*).

mf

I have no cause to doubt your word. Yea, let the past Be

f *Largamente.*

guile, take care,

guile, take care,

guile, take care,

how you trust a lawyer's guile,

mf

Largamente.

f

past. The an-cient feud . . . be-tween our hous - es I will - ing - ly for-

- get; too long has Cor - si- ca Been made the bat-tle field of pri-vate ha-tred.

Più Allegro. ♩ = 100.

f

f

COUNT. *f*

Then let the news be spread throughout the land, throughout the land.

(*Aside to Orso.*)

To none more welcome than to Ly - dia, When she arrives to-morrow— the joyful

mf

news That by the sci - ons of these an - cient hous - es To - day the dis - cord

of a hun-dred years . . Was chang'd for good - will and per - pet - - ual

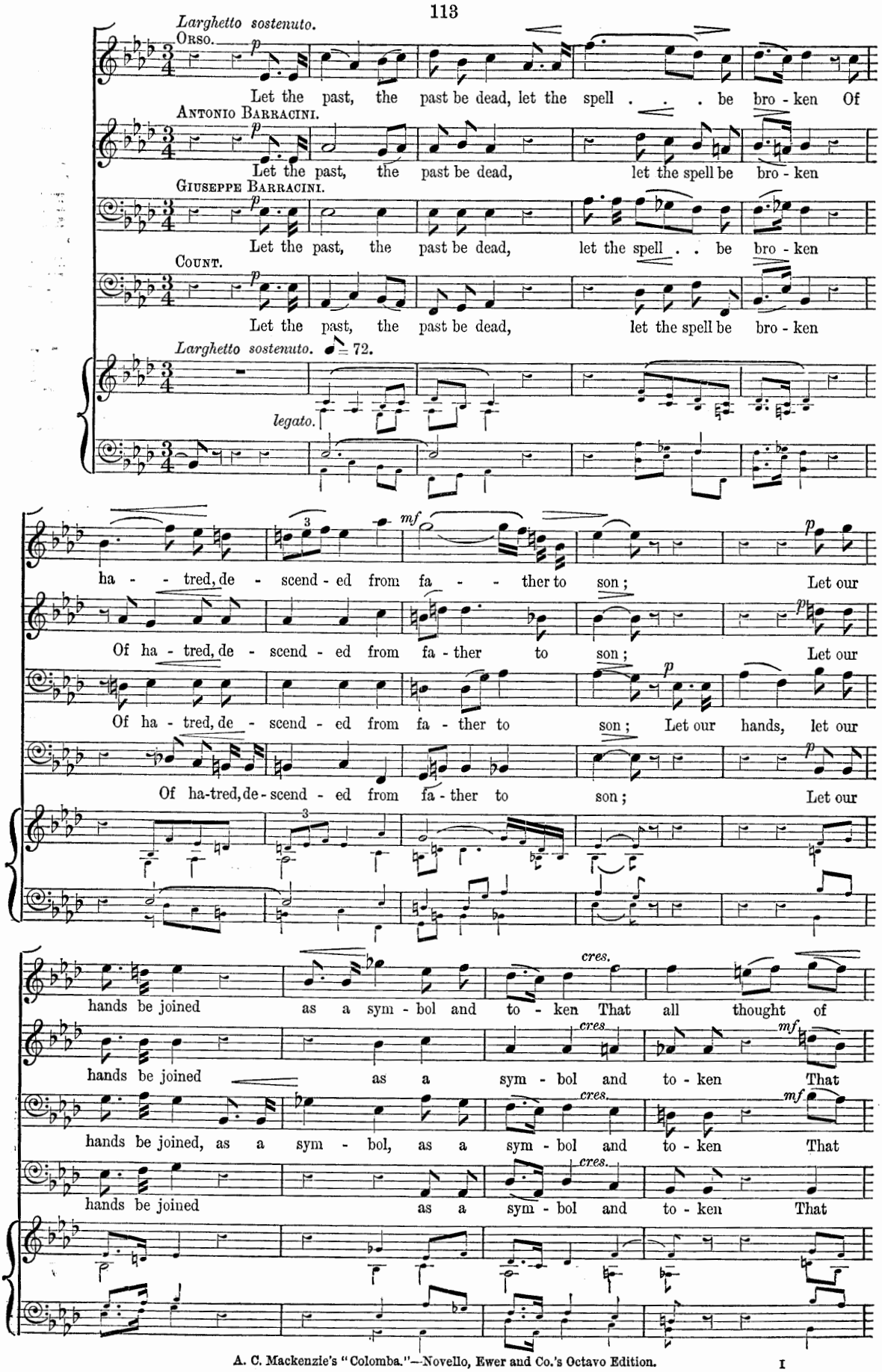
dim.

calando.

peace. . . .

mf calando. *p*

rit.


Larghetto sostenuto.
Orso.
Let the past, the past be dead, let the spell . . . be bro - ken Of
Antonio Barracini.
Let the past, the past be dead, let the spell be bro - ken
Giuseppe Barracini.
Let the past, the past be dead, let the spell . . be bro - ken
Count.
Let the past, the past be dead, let the spell be bro - ken
Larghetto sostenuto. ♩= 72.
legato.
ha - - tred, de - scend - ed from fa - - ther to son; Let our
Of ha - tred, de - scend - ed from fa - ther to son; Let our
Of ha - tred, de - scend - ed from fa - ther to son; Let our hands, let our
Of ha-tred, de - scend - ed from fa - ther to son; Let our
hands be joined as a sym - bol and to - ken That all thought of
hands be joined as a sym - bol and to - ken That
hands be joined, as a sym - bol, as a sym - bol and to - ken That
hands be joined as a sym - bol and to - ken That

dis-cord is van - - - ished, is van-ished and gone, is

all thought of . . dis - cord is van - ished, van-ished and gone, is

all thought of dis - cord is van - ished, van-ished and gone, is

all thought of . . dis - cord is van - ished and gone, is

dim. E *p*

vanished and gone, Let the spell be bro - ken,

van-ished and gone, Let the spell be . . bro - ken,

van-ished and gone, Let the spell be . . bro - ken of ha -

van-ished and gone, the spell be bro - ken,

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

Let the past, . . the past be dead, let the spell . . . be bro - ken Of

ALTO.

Let the past, the past be dead, let the spell . . be bro - ken

TENOR.

Let the past, the past be dead, let the spell . . . be bro - ken

BASS.

Let the past, the past be dead, let the spell . . be bro - ken

E

from fa - - ther to son; Let our

Of ha - tred, de - scend - ed from fa - ther to son: Let our

- - tred, de - scend - ed from fa - ther to son; Let our hands. let our

Of ha - tred, de - scend - ed from fa - ther to son; let our

ha - - tred, de - scend - ed from fa - - ther to son; Let our

Of ha - tred de - scend - ed from fa - - ther to son; Let our hands, let our

Of ha - tred de - scend - ed from fa - ther to son; Let our hands, let our

Of hatred de - scend - ed from fa - ther to son; let our

hands be join'd as a to - ken That all thought of dis - cord is

hands be join'd as a sym - bol and a to - ken that all thought of

hands be join'd as a sym - bol and to - ken that all . . . thought, all thought of

hands be join'd as a to - ken that all thought . . . of

that all thought of dis - cord is

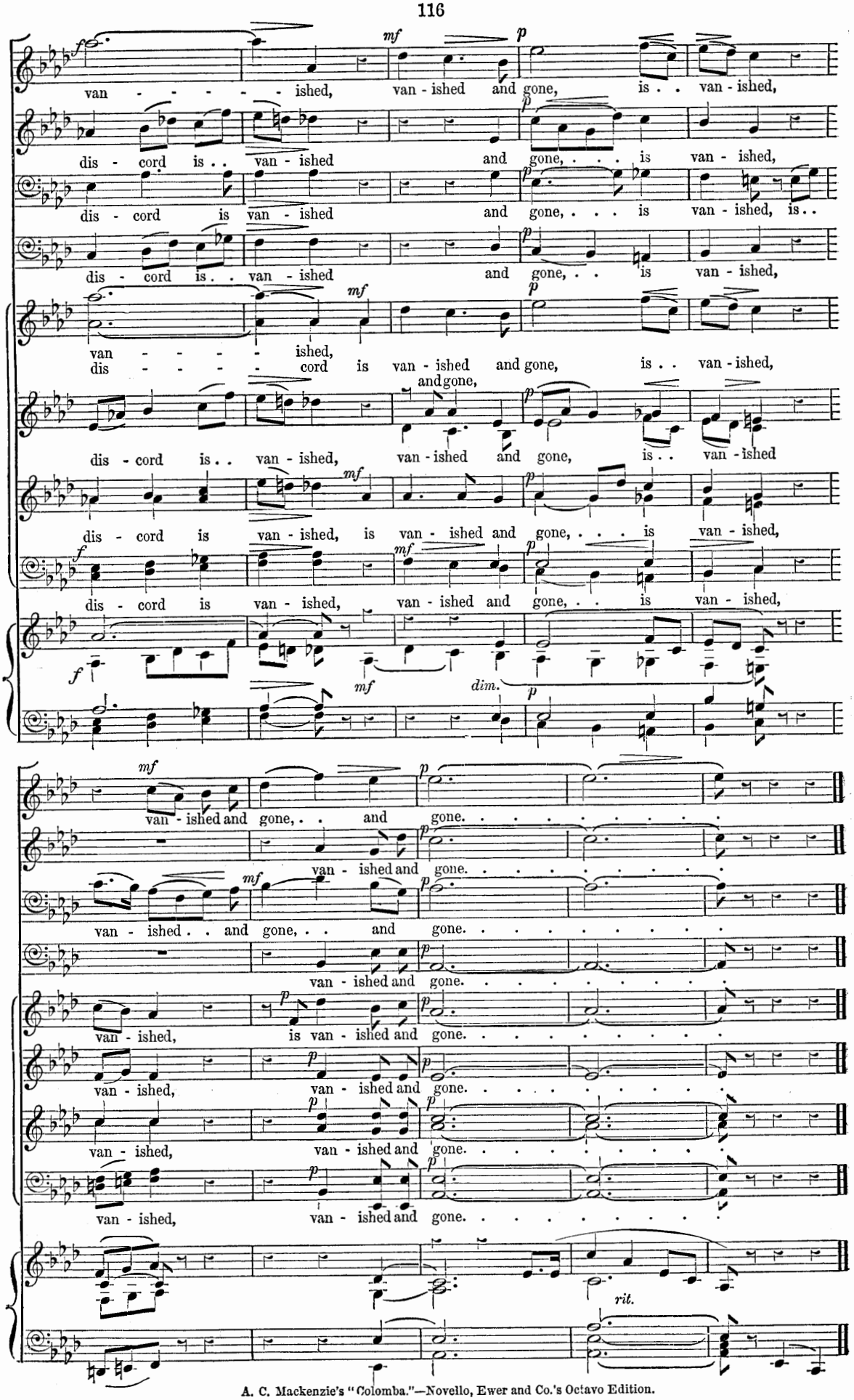
hands be join'd as a sym - bol and to - ken that all thought is

hands be join'd as a sym - bol and to - ken that all thought of dis - cord, of

hands be join'd as a sym - bol, as a sym - bol and to-ken that all thought of

cres.

hands be join'd as a sym - bol, as a sym - bol and to-ken that all thought of


van - - - - - ished, van - ished and gone, is . . van - ished,
dis - cord is . . van - ished and gone, . . . is van - ished,
dis - cord is van - ished and gone, . . . is van - ished, is . .
dis - cord is . . van - ished and gone, . . is van - ished,
van - - - - ished,
dis - - - - cord is van - ished and gone, is . . van - ished,
and gone,
dis - cord is . . van - ished, van - ished and gone, is . . van - ished
dis - cord is van - ished, is van - ished and gone, . . . is van - ished,
dis - cord is van - ished, van - ished and gone, . . is van - ished,
van - ished and gone, . . and gone. . . . . .
van - ished and gone. . . . . .
van - ished . . and gone, . . and gone. . . . . .
van - ished and gone. . . . . .
van - ished, is van - ished and gone. . . . . .
van - ished, van - ished and gone. . . . . .
van - ished, van - ished and gone. . . . . .
van - ished, van - ished and gone. . . . . .
rit.

SCENE III.

Great commotion amongst the crowd. The partisans of the two houses, who have hitherto stood apart, approach each other with friendly gestures. As Orso is about to take the outstretched hand of Giuseppe, enter, from the house, Colomba, who throws herself between the two.

Allegro vivace.

Allegro vivace. ♩ = 132.

p *f*

COLOMBA (*in a frenzy of excitement*).

f

Touch not his hand, Or - so; our fa-ther's blood is on it.

ff *ffz* *fz*

(*General astonishment; deep silence for a few moments.*)

Allegro comodo.

COUNT (*to Colomba, gravely but kindly*).

p

Grave is your charge a-gainst this worthy man. Can you support it by a

Allegro comodo. ♩ = 92.

mf *fz* *pp* *staccato sempre.*

COLOMBA (*eagerly*).

mf *più agitato.*

trus - - ty wit-ness? The wit - ness is at hand if you will vouch His safe-ty from the

F

COUNT.

p

clutch - es of the law. Free as he came he shall de - part, . . pro -

pp

(*Apologetically to Giuseppe.*)

mf

- vi - ded, pro-vi - ded He speak the truth. Your in - no - cence, my friend, Will

be the more es-ta-blished if a hear - ing Is grant-ed to your bitterest en - e - - mies,

(*Colomba, who has rushed into the house, now returns, followed by Savelli. Great surprise amongst the crowd.*)

Allegro con impeto.

Allegro con impeto ♩.=100.

mf

fz

f

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

Sa - vel - li, the brigand, the King of the Moun - tains, he here, he here?

ALTO.

Sa - vel - li, the brigand, the King of the Moun - tains, he here, he here?

TENOR.

Sa - vel - li, the brigand, the King of the Moun - tains, he here, he here?

BASS.

Sa - vel - li, the brigand, the King of the Moun - tains, he here, he here?

Does he thus brave the law— does he dare to ap-pear?

Does he thus brave the law— does he dare to ap-pear?

Does he thus brave the law— does he dare to ap-pear?

Does he thus brave the law— does he dare to ap-pear?

GIUSEPPE BARRACINI (*to Count*).

Your kind - ness is a - bused.

This man can-not Be wit - ness. His head . . . is for-feit to the

a tempo. law; He is a com - mon robber and as - sas - sin.

a tempo.

G *Meno mosso.*

Meno mosso.

SAVELLI (*coolly to Giuseppe*).

mf

That cap, sir, might fit a - no - ther man As well as me;

mf *tr* *fz* *tr* *fz* *tr* *fz* *tr* *fz*

but of this a - non. *f* I'm not ashamed of my deed, I'm not ashamed of my deed; it was

f

done In the way of ven - det - ta— our Cor - si - can way. . . (*to Count.*) *mf* You may ask the

f *mf*

peo - - - - ple here; they can Tell you it was in broad day-light, And not from be- hind, in the (*looking at Giuseppe*). *rit.*

8va *fz* *fz* *rit.*

a tempo. *p* *mf*

shel - - - - ter of night, That I killed . . my man in o - pen

8va *a tempo.* *fz* *p* *cres.*

cres. *f*

fight. . . . Then, then I took to the *mac* - - *chia;* but

f

no one can say That ev - er I robbed . . a poor man of his

f *fz*

(*looking at Giuseppe again.*)

f

own, Or made . . the wi - dow and or - phan moan, . . . Like cer - tain

ad lib. *a tempo.* *rit.*

hon - est men . . of the law. . . . . .

mf *p* *rit.*

H *Un poco più tranquillo.* *p* (*to Orso.*) *p*

dolce. The best man I ev - er heard of or saw, . . Your fa - ther, to

p

pi - ty his heart in - clined. . . . When I had to fly and

al Basso stacc.

leave . . be - hind My lit - tle daugh - ter, where did she find Shel - ter and

p

com - fort and ten - der care But with him and this dear la - dy here?

(pointing to Colomba.)

p

mf

It is true that to him I had been al - way A trust - y ser - vant; by night . . and

fz

day, At home, on the bat - tle field, . . by his side . . I

rit.

a tempo.

p

stood, . . whe - ther weal or woe be - tide, ... And so . . at

(*All show their surprise.*)

last, . . at last . . in these arms . . he died. . . .

I

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

What shall . . we hear? The

CHORUS. ALTO.

What shall . . we hear?

CHORUS. TENOR.

What will he dis - close; . . what shall we hear? The

CHORUS. BASS.

What will he dis - close; . . what shall . . we hear?

I

dark deed, the dark . . deed . . shroud - - -

The dark deed, . . the dark . . deed shroud - ed by

dark . . deed shroud - ed, . . shroud - ed by deep - est

The dark deed, . . the dark . . deed, shroud - ed by

- - ed by deep - est night Will at

deep - - - est night Will at

deep - - - est night Will at last be known, . . .

deep - - - est night Will at last . . .

last be known and come to

last be known and come to

. . . be known and come to light, . . . to

. . . be known and come . . . to

cres.

SAVELLI (*going up to Giuseppe and fixing his eye on him*).

Yes; I . . can wit - ness,

light. . . . . .

light. . . . . .

light. . . . . .

light. . . . . .

Ped. *

Larghetto con affetto.

for I . . was near;

Larghetto con affetto. ♩. = 50.

con espressione.

I saw the flash, . . . I heard the ball Whis-tle past me as it went On its bane-ful

con espressione.

way . . to the brav-est, brav - est heart. Would it were mine in-stead it had

accel.

rent. For a no-bler spi-rit nev-er did part From man, . . nor great-er soul . . with-

accel.

(Orso warmly takes Savelli's hand.)

- al. I could not ev'n a-venge my master, For the deed once done, the mur - d'rer

Allegro.
GIUSEPPE BARRACINI
(who has been listen-

accel.

fas - ter Than the wings of the fal - con flew from the place. . . . . Sir, let this

Allegro. ♩ = 100.

accel. cres.

(ing with ill-disguised anxiety to Count.)

end; this so-lemn farce has gone Too far. The man de-feats him-self. His

wit Is not as keen as his ma-lign in - tent. The night was dark; he

SAVELLI *(interrupting him).*

Tempo 1mo. ♩. = 50.

owns he did not see The deed, nor yet the do - er. It was he, he, Not

Tempo 1mo.

I, who said that dark was the night, Though it was, and he knows it as

A. C. Mackenzie's "Colomba."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.

rall molto.

well . . as I. But though dark, for you to aim there was

fz *fz* *fz* *rall molto.*

K *meno mosso.* *p*

light, And for me . . . to see . . . his break-ing eye,

a tempo. *p* *meno mosso.*

Ped. *

And fold him close in a last, a last . . em-brace; And for him with trem - bling

hand . . to trace On a page of this book— . . for his speech . . was

cres. *cres. e accel.*

f *mf (to Orso.)*

gone— A dy - ing word to his dis - tant son. It was with this last message to

f *p*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

greet you That I came on the day of your landing to meet you, Braving all dan - ger;

dim. *espress.* *pp*

but you would not ten - der Your ear to me, and at my

word did scoff, Think-ing of love . . and the joys . . there - of.

fz *p* *p* *p* R.H.

So here at last, . . at . .

last . . to you I sur - ren - der This book, your price - less he - - ri -

R.H.

(He hands a pocket-book open to Orso, who looks at it, and for a time stands speechless. After a pause he reads, almost to himself, but audible to all the crowd, "Giuseppe Barra——."

- tage. . . .

p

RECIT. COLOMBA.

mf

Or - so, read a - loud and pro - claim! ♩ = 50. *p* (*Pointing to the page.*) It was here he

p

traced his as - sas - sin's name. *mf* See his blood, *pp* how it stained the

pp

page, And here his pen - cil fell *rit.* from his hand; . . . *più Allegro.* And yon - der

rit. *più Allegro.* ♩ = 92. *fz* *f*

see . . . th'as-sassins stand A- live, a- live to glory in our shame. *cres.* *ff*

f *ff* *ff* *mf*

GIUSEPPE BARRACINI (*to Count, boldly*).

Allegro moderato.

mf *f*

It is a lie, . . a plot, with hell - ish cun - ning, Hatched by my foes.

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 92.

mf

But they have come too late. My in - - no - cence is spot-less; I have proved it

mf

R.H.

Be - fore the high tri - bu - nal of the law. It has ac - quit - ted me. I can de -

f

f

accel. *f* *rit.* *a tempo.*

- fy The false - hoods of a bri - gand and a wo - man.

accel. *rit.* *p* *a tempo.*

(*The Count turns away without answering, and slowly exit with his suite. Orso, at the last words, involuntarily grasps his dagger, but, as if struck by a sudden thought, replaces it in its sheath.*)

L

ORSO (*with dignity to Giuseppe*).

mf

There is a

dolce.

p

court of jus - tice high - er far Than an - y law on earth; and in that

R.H.

(*At this juncture men are seen stealthily to enter the two houses, and during the following the win-*

court You have to give me an - swer for this deed.

R.H.

accel.

dows in both are fastened, and before them, and in the open spaces of the verandahs, shutters, with holes for guns in them, are put up; such as are used in Corsica during a siege of this kind.)

ORSO. *a tempo.*

GIUSEPPE (*to people*). Nay, Fear not; your ways . . are not my

You hear he threatens me with vengeance.

8va *a tempo.*

L'istesso tempo, ma maestoso.

ways. What-ev - er I do will not be done in se - cret.

L'istesso tempo, ma maestoso.

f marcato.

Here . . be - fore The peo - ple, I ac - cuse you of the

sempre marcato.

mur-der, And challenge you to fight for life or death. If you re - fuse to meet me

cres.

f

you are safe; I can - not take . . the vile life of a cow-ard— con- tempt

f

f

. . is his pro - tection.

M

(to Colomba, who looks at him entreatingly.)

p

Più Allegro. ♩ = 108. Nay, Co- lom-ba, Ev-en for thy sake—

f

p

p *dolce.*

for . . our dead father's sake, Who, were he here, I know would feel with me— I can - not

mf

stain, I can - not stain my ho - nour, I have done; I am a sol - dier,

mf

f

(*He turns away without waiting for an answer.*) SAVELLI (*aside to Orso*).

and not a mur - der - er. Cap-tain, if ev - er you change your

mind, And come to the macchia, you know where to find A trus - ty friend. So fare -

(*exit hurriedly.*)

- well . . for a sea - son.

(*As Orso and Colomba, and the Barracini on the other side, go towards their houses, their respective partisans form a ring round them to cover their retreat. Threatening gestures are made and guns raised.*)

Allegro vivace.

Allegro vivace. ♩ = 138.

CHORUS.

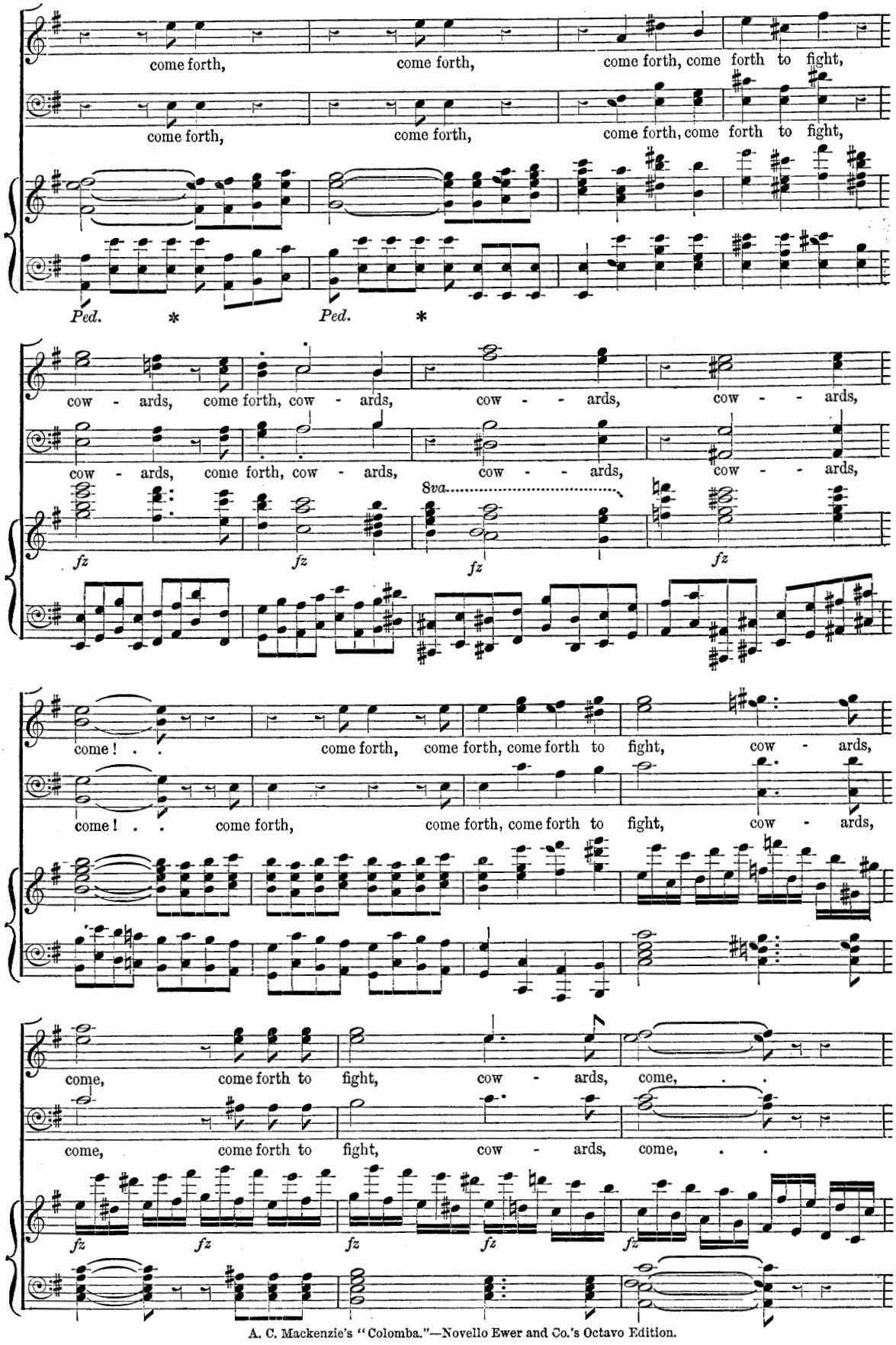
TENORS.

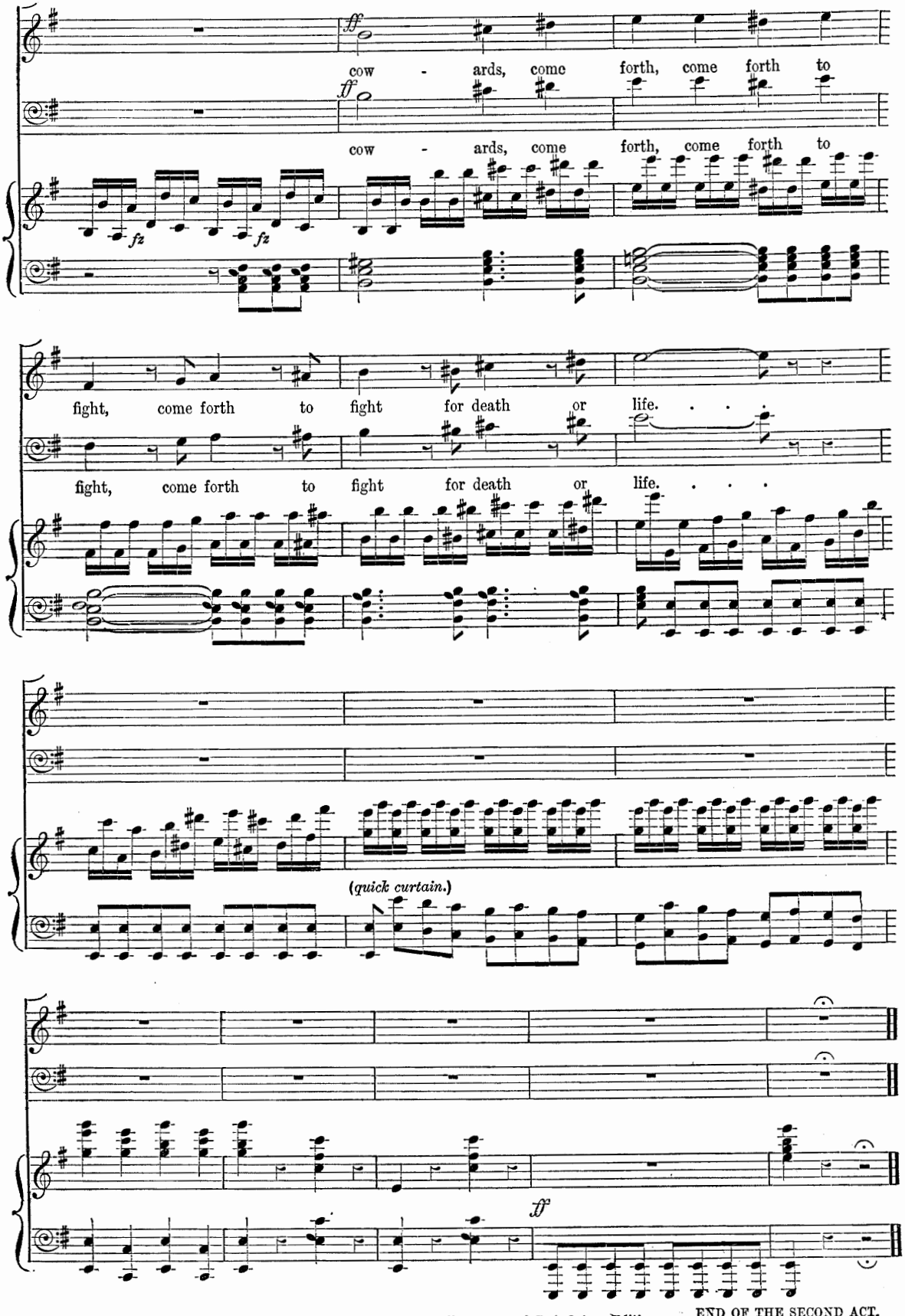
Cow - ards, come forth, come forth to fight for death or life, . . .

BASSES.

Cow - ards, come forth, come forth to fight for death or life, . . .

Ped. *

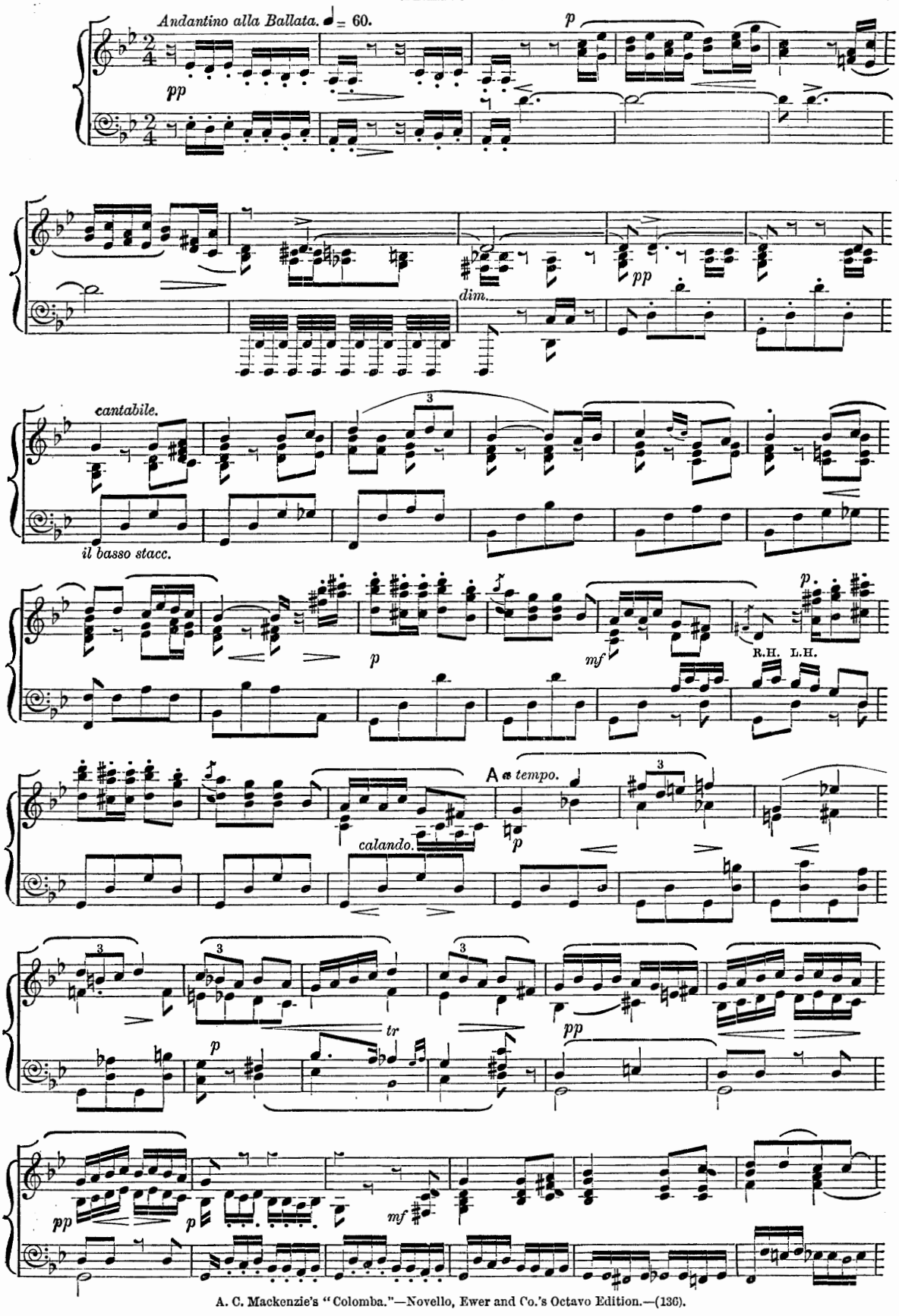

come forth, come forth, come forth, come forth to fight,
come forth, come forth, come forth, come forth to fight,
Ped. * Ped. *
cow - ards, come forth, cow - ards, cow - - ards, cow - - ards,
cow - ards, come forth, cow - ards, cow - - ards, cow - - ards,
8va
fz fz fz fz
come! . . come forth, come forth, come forth to fight, cow - ards,
come! . . come forth, come forth, come forth to fight, cow - ards,
come, come forth to fight, cow - ards, come, . .
come, come forth to fight, cow - ards, come, . .
fz fz fz fz fz

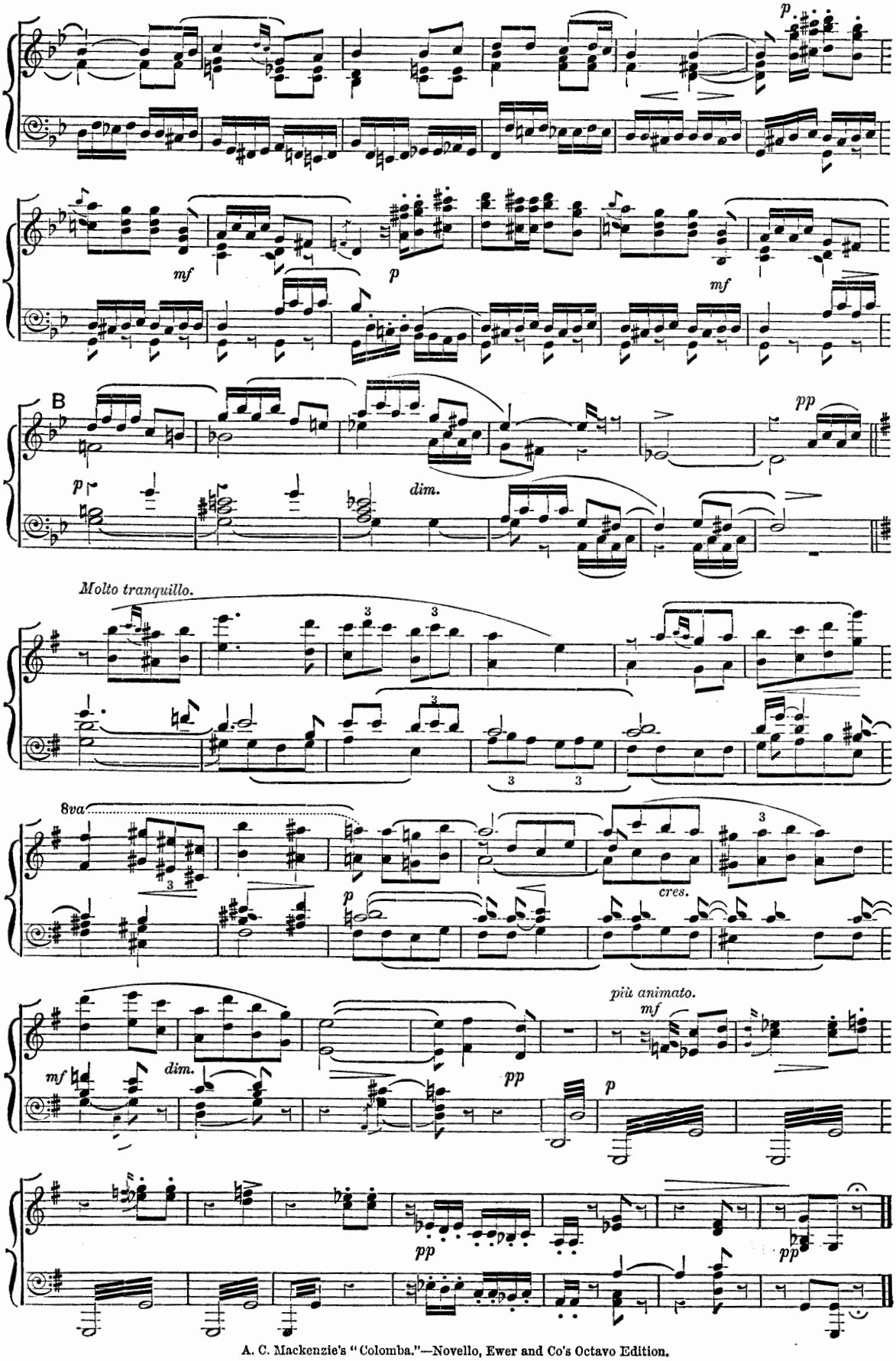


END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

PRELUDE.




p
mf
p
mf
B
p
dim.
pp
Molto tranquillo.
8va
p
cres.
più animato.
mf
mf
dim.
pp
p
pp
pp

SCENE I.

Early morning. The scene represents a road leading from Pietranera (which is seen at a short distance) across the stage to the right, flanked by roughly-made stone fences. To the left is a large rock overlooking the road. On the right side is a thicket of small trees. As the curtain rises the clock of the village church is heard to strike seven.

Allegro moderato, quasi pastorale.

♩ = 104.

p

rit.

p a tempo.

p

rit.

(The curtain rises, discovering the two Barracini, who retire as Orso enters.)

mf a tempo.

espress.

mf

(Clock strikes.)

(Enter by the Pietranera road, Orso, dressed in an elegant Corsican costume, and carrying a double-barrelled gun.)

p

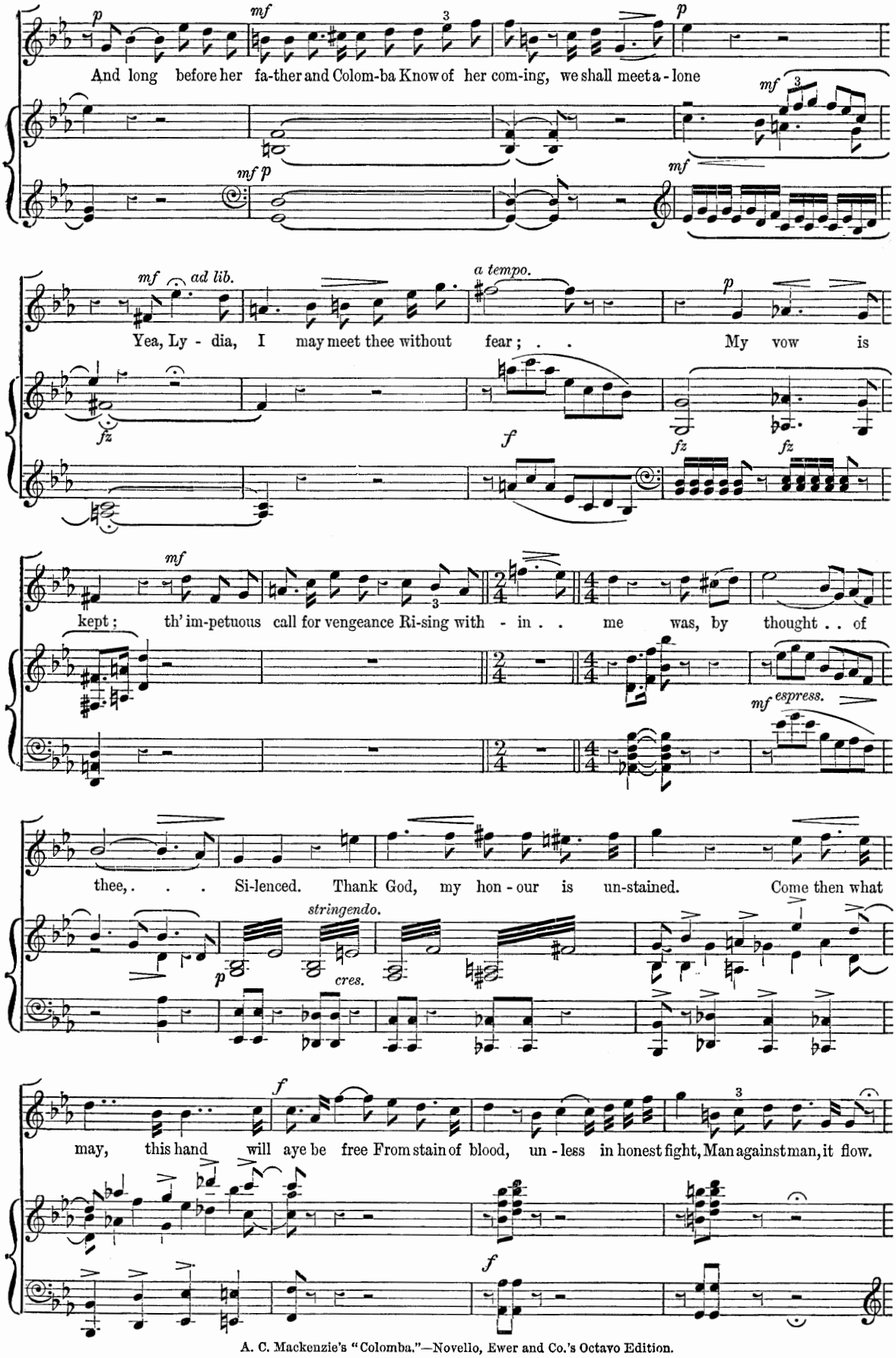
ORSO. RECIT.

p

(Pointing to right.)

Here will I wait her coming. Yon-der road, Winding to end-less distance, will re - veal her;

mf


And long before her fa-ther and Colom-ba Know of her com-ing, we shall meet a-lone
Yea, Ly - dia, I may meet thee without fear; . . My vow is
kept; th' im-petuous call for vengeance Ri-sing with - in . . me was, by thought . . of
thee, . . . Si-lenced. Thank God, my hon - our is un-stained. Come then what
may, this hand will aye be free From stain of blood, un - less in honest fight, Man against man, it flow.
ad lib.
a tempo.
espress.
stringendo.
cres.

Più tranquillo. *mf*

Più tranquillo. No more of this— This hour, this place, . . are

espress. *p* *p*

sa - cred; they are hal - lowed By thoughts of love. . . . . .

p *p*

(*He leans his gun against the fence, and sits down on a rustic seat by the roadside.*)

p

Allegretto sognante. *p*

Allegretto sognante. ♩. = 66. Here of - ten have I sat, . . .

p *pp*

Dreaming my boy - - ish dreams, . . . and look - ing down That wind-ing

road, . . . wond'ring if luck . . . would come That way.

Now luck will come, . . in - deed, And fair - er far . . . than ev - er I could . . have

dreamt, and fair - er far, and fair - er far . . than ev - er I could . . . have

A

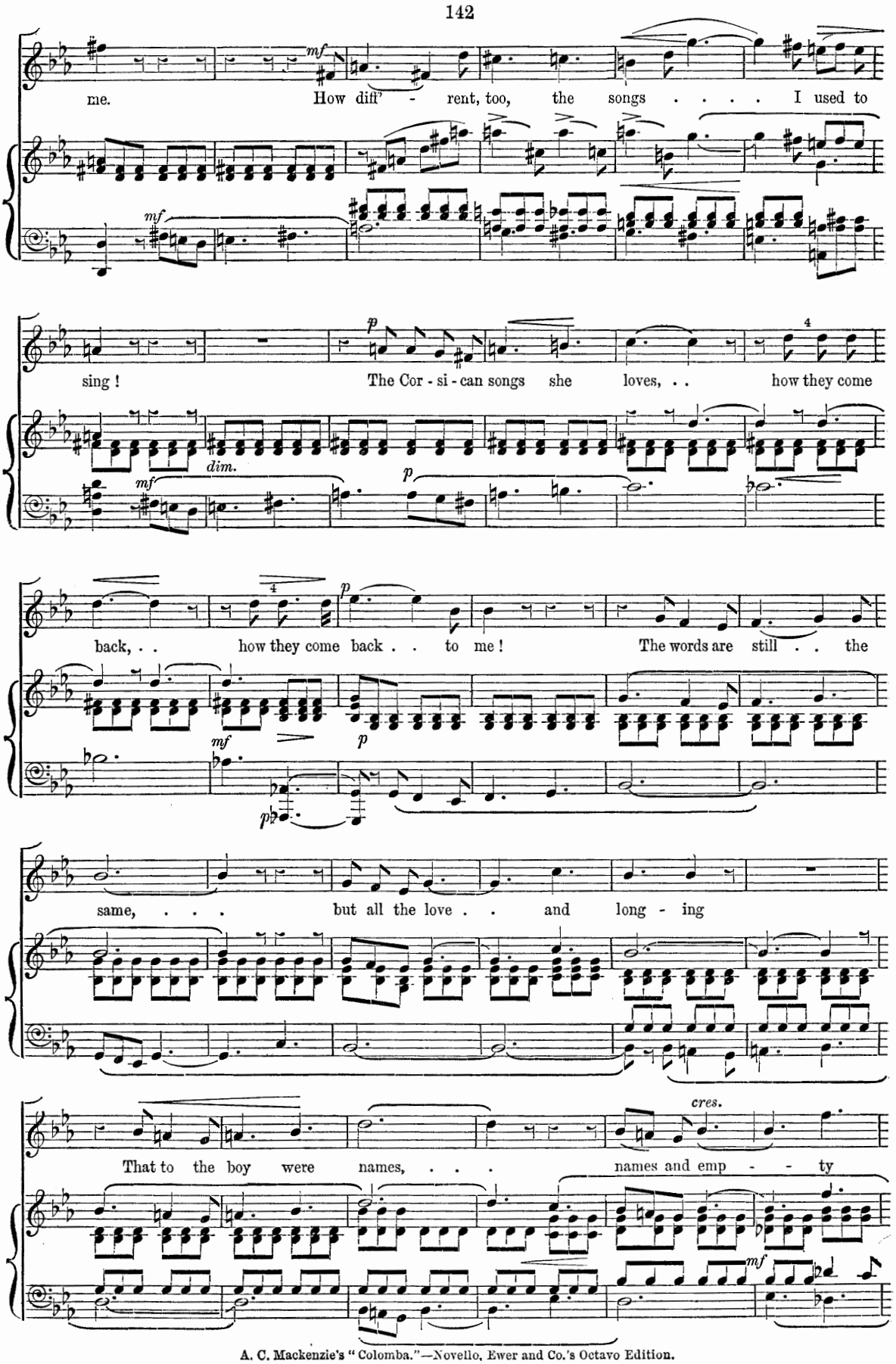
dreamt. How different all . . ap - pears—the earth, the

espress.

mf dolce.

sky, Il - lu - mined by love's light, . . are new to

mf


mf
me. How diff' - rent, too, the songs . . . . I used to
mf
p
sing ! The Cor - si - can songs she loves, . . how they come
dim.
mf
p
back, . . how they come back . . to me ! The words are still . . the
mf
p
pp
same, . . . but all the love . . and long - ing
cres.
That to the boy were names, . . . names and emp - - ty
mf

mf

nothings, To me . . are full . . of mean - ing, to me . . are full . . of

dim.

p

mean - ing. How they . . come back to me!

L.H.

p

dim.

Ped. *

B Recit.

p

So, while I wait, Dear love, for thee, I'll ev- en think and sing of thee.

a tempo.

p

p

a tempo.

p

"Will she come from the val - ley?"

(*He pauses.*)

Recit.

Nay, these were not the words.

(*After a pause he begins again.*)

rit.

mf

CORSICAN LOVE-SONG.

Andante con anima.

Andante con anima. ♩ = 66.

cres.

p

Will she come from the hill, . . . will she come . . . from the val - ley?

p

Will she proud-ly pass by, will she ten - der-ly greet, will she ten - der-ly greet? Ah . .

pp

R.

cres.

me! . . what can . . I say that is meet To sof - ten her heart or my cour-age, my cour-age to

dim.

ral - ly? For . . re-splen-dent as noon-light her beau - ty shines, Dearer, dear - er to

p

accel.

me than the thought of ven-det - ta, the thought of ven-det - ta to the pin-ing or-phan; and her fal -

accel.

Ped. *

f *dim.*

- det - ta The rich - est trea - sure, the rich - est trea - sure on earth . . en-shrines,

f Ped. * *p*

p *rit.* *a tempo.*

and her fal - det - ta the rich - est, the rich - est trea-sure on earth en-shrines.

rit. *a tempo.* *f* *fz*

p

Be - ing sure of my

R.H. *p*

love, . . . will she trea - - sure my heart? . . Will she care what I

p R.H.

think, will she heed, will she heed what I say . . to her? Ah . . me! . . what is my

mf

C

yea or my nay.. to her?..Knowing well..from my troth I can nev - er de - part. . .

OLD CORSICAN BALLAD.

Allegrettino, alla Ballata. (*He sits down on the seat from which, toward the end of his song, he had risen, and leans his head on his hand, forgetting all around him. Suddenly a voice (Chilina's) is heard from behind, singing the following snatch of an old ballad.*)

Allegrettino, alla Ballata. ♩ = 63.

mf *p*

CHILINA (*invisible*).

p

So he thought of his love, and went on his way, And she wait - ed for him a night and a day; But he nev- er came a - gain, but he nev- er came a - gain. For by the cross On Ta-là - va Moss, there

mf *p*

con tristezza.

mf

lies her true love slain. . . . Lov-ers, be-ware, though your hearts be true, Powder and ball are

calando.

mf

stronger than you, powder and ball are stronger, are stronger than you.

C

(*Orso, who*

pp

p

at first has paid no attention, begins to listen.)

mf

p

p

So she dug his grave with her li - ly - white hand; The stones . . she

p

piled and the yel - low . . sand, And made a grave for two, and made a grave for

calando. *con tristezza.* *mf*

two. And 'neath the heather, They rest to - geth-er. Be God's own peace with you! . . Lov-ers, be-ware,

calando. *mf*

dim.

though your hearts be true, Pow-der and ball are stronger than you, pow-der and ball are

pp

(*Chilina, dressed as a*

strong-er, are strong - er than you. . . . . .

pp *f*

D

(*Behind the scenes.*)

p

Peasant-girl, and carrying a basket, appears for a moment on the projecting rock to the left, unseen by Orso. She carefully looks about and again vanishes. Orso has been listening to her song, and at its close rises with a sudden impulse.)

Ah! . . .

Orso. *p*

I know your voice, Chi - li - na,

D

dim. *pp*

(*gradually dying away.*)

Lov-ers, be - ware, . . . Though your hearts be true, Powder and ball are

and I know The meaning of your song

p

pp da lontano.

stronger than you, . . *mf* stronger than you . . *cres.*

But what is dan - ger To one who thinks of Ly - dia and of

mf *pp*

E *Come prima.* *f* *(Resuming his song with great fire.)* *f*

love? . . . To . . thy judg - ment I yield, . . by thy ver - dict a -

Come prima. ♩ = 66.

f *fz* *mf*

- bide, In doubt, . . in doubt I will ling - er no more; I will go to

thee, . . I will go to thee, My heart thou shalt read, . . my heart . .

p *mf*

dim. *p*

dim.

thou shalt read, my love . . I will show . . to thee;

dim. *p*

p *cres.* *f* *rit.*

Be it life, be it death . . to me, . . . thou shalt de-cide, thou shalt de-

rit. *mf*

Ped. *

(*He takes his gun and quickly enters the road to the right, when Giuseppe Barracini, emerging from among the trees, suddenly faces him.*)

A tempo animato.

- cide!

ff *fz* *ffz* *Pausa.*

SCENE II.

Maestoso. GIUSEPPE BARRACINI. *mf*

You challeng'd me to meet you. Here I

Maestoso. ♩= 92. *mf* *dim.* *pp*

ORSO (*scornfully*). *Più mosso.*

am To give you answer. Yes-terday, till night, I waited for your wit-ness, to ap-

Più mosso. ♩= 112. *fz* *p* *tr* *p* R.H.

f RECIT.

- point The hour and wea-pon, as the law of hon-our De-mands. Give way, and let me

f

pass.

mf GIUSEPPE BARRACINI.

I scorn Your laws of hon - our, as I scorn your-self, With your French ways and love - sick

p

rit. *più tranquillo.* *(Mocking Orso's manner.)* *p*

vows to Ly- dia. "Ah! I can meet thee, Lydia, without fear; . .

♩ = 104.

più tranquillo.

f *rit.* *p* *fp* *mf*

(Orso for a moment lifts his gun, but immediately lowers it again.)

p *Come prima.* F *f*

My vow is kept." Nay, do not lift your gun,

stringendo molto. *Come prima.* ♩ = 112.

fp *fp* *f* *fz* *p*

Molto meno mosso.

(Again mocking Orso).

I know . . you will not use it. "Your ways . . are not My

fz *p* *f* *p* *Molto meno mosso.* ♩ = 88.

ironicamente, e con alcuna licenza. *p* *accel.*

ways." Perhaps, young man, if you did know What are . . those ways, you would be care-ful how You rouse my

fp *fp* *fp* *fz* *fz* *accel. molto.*

ORSO. *p*

Then you con-fess The murder of my

cres. *f* *stringendo molto.*

an-ger as your fa - ther did, Whom I was forced to punish.

stringendo molto.

f *p*

f *Come prima.*

fa - ther?

p *Come prima.*

You mis - take me, sir; Even as your friend the bri - gand was mis -

p fz *fz* *fz* *fz*

(Ironically.) *Allegretto suave.* ♩ = 84.

p

- tak-en. Mine, as I told you, is a peace - - ful . . . mind, . . . And by the

fz *colla voce.* *Allegretto suave.* *p*

law, . . . which I pro - fess and hon-our I care - - - ful-ly a -

mf *f*

- bide. I . . did not pull the trig-ger, Although it was my will that sped the

p *fz* *fz*

p cres. Orso (aside). f

ball, Pierc - ing the heart of one who dared to thwart me. . . Fa - ther,

p f

Larghetto con affetto. ♩. = 50.

pp

Fa - ther, be with me, be with me in . . this hour of need;

Larghetto con affetto.

pp dolcissimo.

Re-strain my hand from soil - ing our fair fame With an as - sas - sin's ve - - nomous

legato.

G Allegro agitato. (To Giuseppe.) mf

blood. Be - gone! . . . And seek the cow - ard's death in store for

Allegro agitato. ♩ = 112.

p cres.

Giuseppe.

you From o - ther hands than mine. Not ma - ny yards From here I faced your fa - ther,

f p f pp

(Suddenly raising his voice.)

as I face you now. He taunt - ed me, ev'n as you taunt me now; So, like

(He lifts his hand, and at this signal a shot is fired

Allegro con impeto.

cres.

him, Thou shalt die the death of a fool! . . . .

Allegro con impeto. ♩= 132.

8va

affretando sempre.

from behind the stone fence to the left. Orso's left arm drops motionless to his side, but with a violent effort he raises his gun

8va

with his right, and shoots Giuseppe, who falls. He then sinks on his knee.)

stringendo.

(After a pause, a man's (Antonio Barracini's) head and shoulders are cautiously raised above the wall. Orso again fires with his right hand. The head disappears, and the heavy fall of a body is heard behind the wall. Orso falls down fainting.)

(Shot.)

H *Più Allegro.* ♩ = 88.

f *impetuoso.*

8va

ff

8va

fz *fz* *fz* *fz*

(*Long silence, after which hurried steps are heard approaching.*)

fz *p*

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 88.

pp

R.H.

8va

pp

p

CHILINA (*behind the scenes*).

mf

Has - - ten, has-ten, fa - ther; I fear . . .

sempre *cres.*

(*Chilina and Savelli are seen on the rock to the left.*)

. . We are too late to save him. Here I saw them

sempre cres.

ly - ing in am - bush for him, And tried to warn him,

sempre cres.

(*Seeing Orso.*)

f *ff*

but all in vain. A - las, my young mas - ter is slain. . . . .

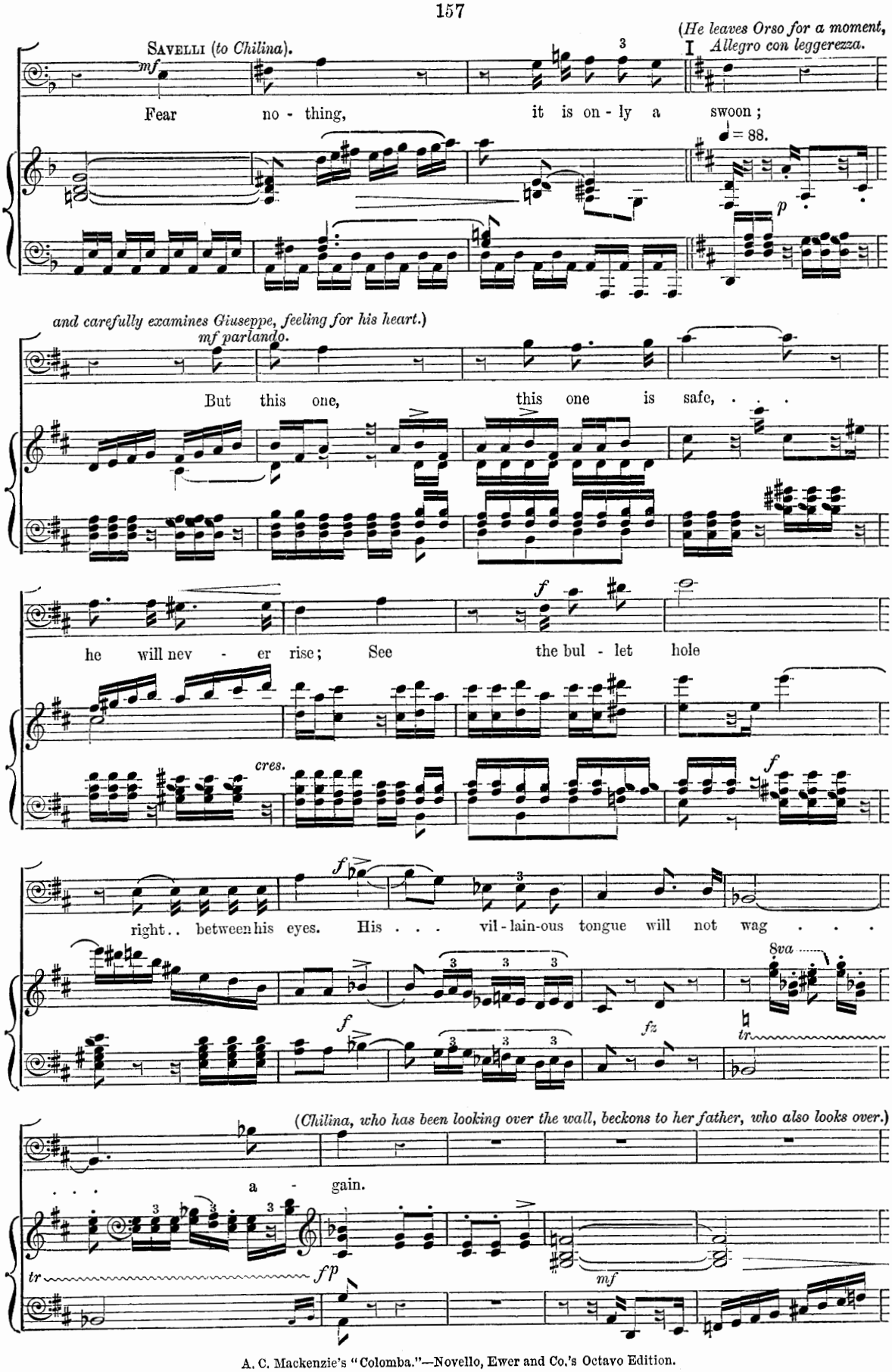
ff

(*They hurriedly descend to the stage. Savelli lifts Orso, who slowly begins to recover from his swoon.*)

fz *fz* *fz* *fz* *fz* *fz* *fz*

ff *fz* *fz* *fz* *fz*

fz *fz* *fz* *dim.*


SAVELLI (to Chilina).
mf
Fear no - thing, it is on - ly a swoon;
(He leaves Orso for a moment,
I Allegro con leggerezza.
♩ = 88.
p
and carefully examines Giuseppe, feeling for his heart.)
mf parlando.
But this one, this one is safe, . . .
he will nev - er rise; See the bul - let hole
f
cres.
f
right.. between his eyes. His . . . vil - lain-ous tongue will not wag . . .
8va
fz
tr
(Chilina, who has been looking over the wall, beckons to her father, who also looks over.)
. . . a - gain.
tr
fp
mf

mf

Hal - lo! Hal - lo! here is an - oth - er one

p *pp*

f

slain, ... As dead as a nail. This in - deed,

f *fp* *leggiero.* *marcato.*

(*To Orso.*) *p*

this in - deed is sport. Well, cap - tain, I

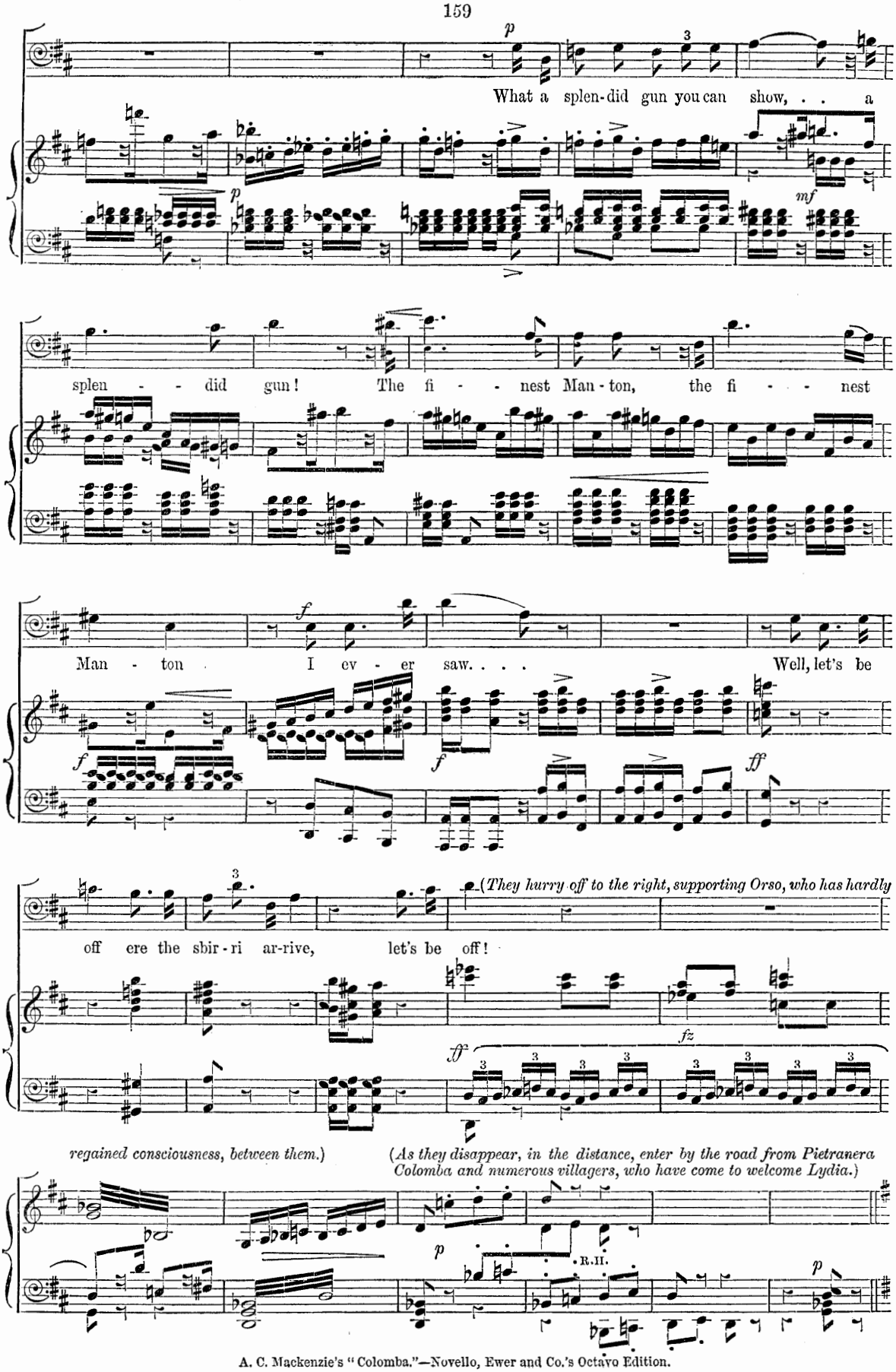
p

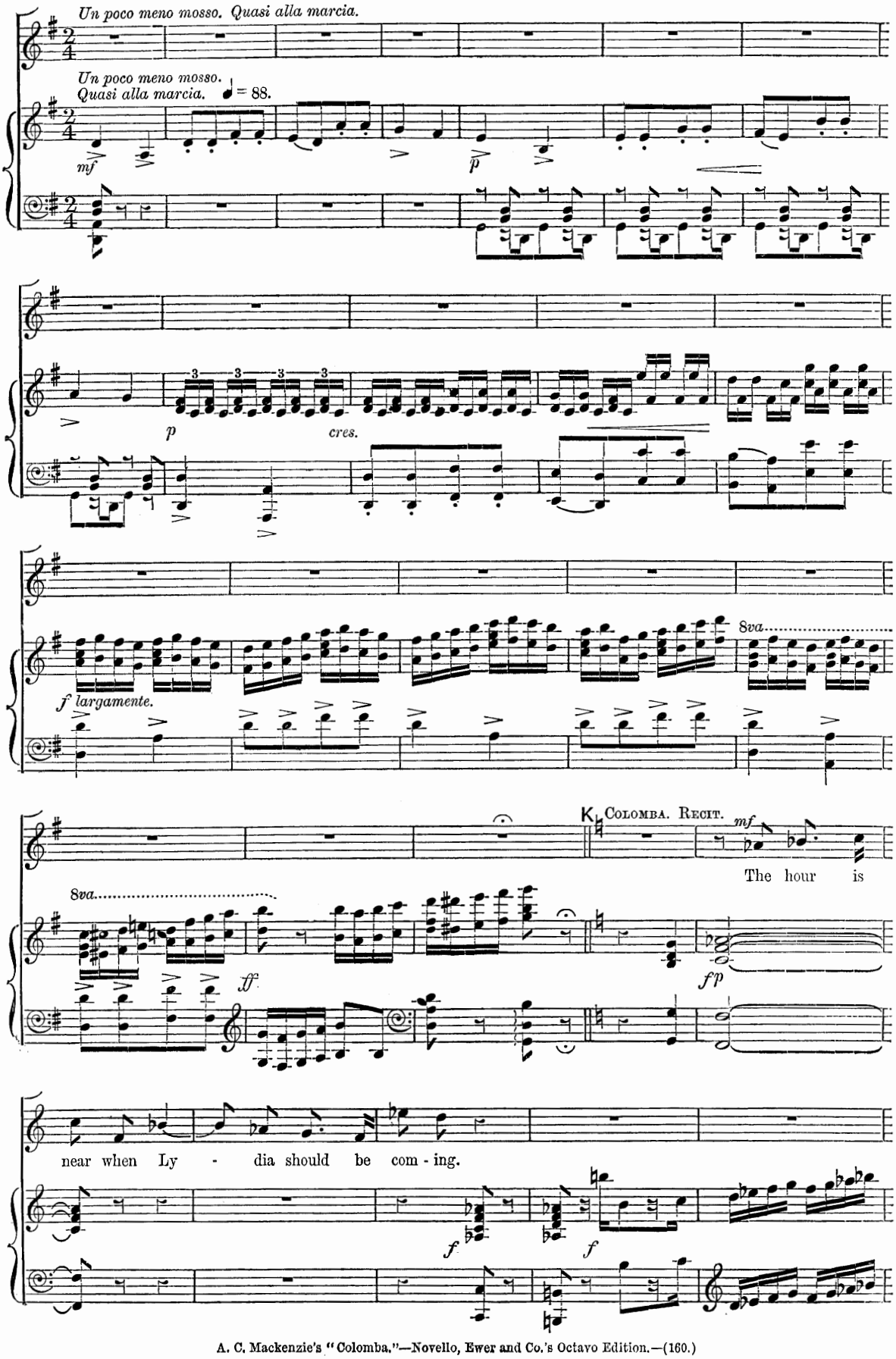
told you You would come to the mac - chia, so here I hold you In my

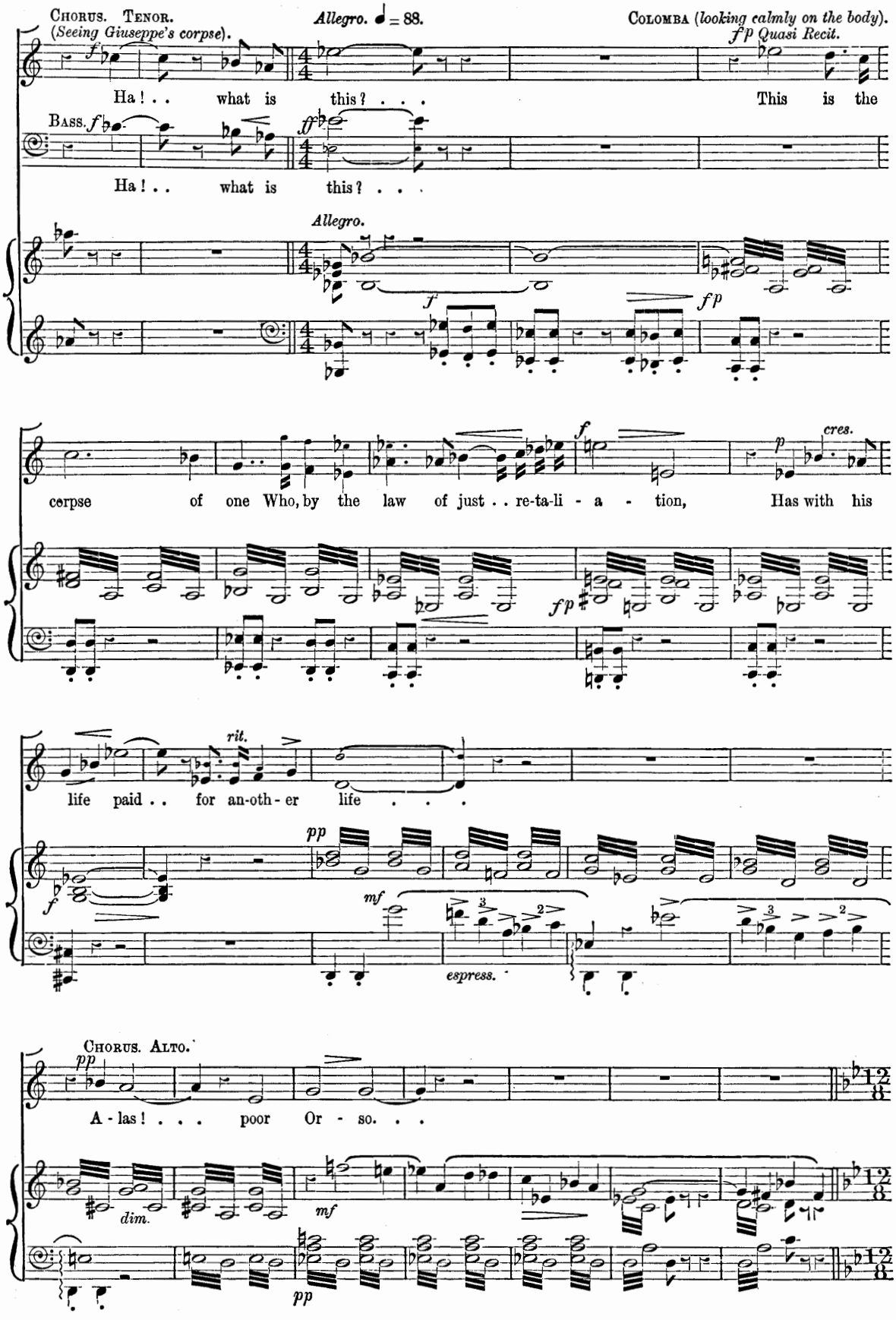
espress. *p*

arms as I did ma - ny, ma - ny years a - go,

p *espress.* *pp* *rit.* *a tempo.*


What a splen-did gun you can show, . . a
splen - - did gun! The fi - - nest Man-ton, the fi - - nest
Man - ton I ev - er saw. . . . Well, let's be
off ere the sbir-ri ar-rive, let's be off!
(They hurry off to the right, supporting Orso, who has hardly
regained consciousness, between them.)
(As they disappear, in the distance, enter by the road from Pietranera
Colomba and numerous villagers, who have come to welcome Lydia.)
R.H.


Un poco meno mosso. Quasi alla marcia.
Un poco meno mosso.
Quasi alla marcia. ♩ = 88.
mf
p
p
cres.
f largamente.
8va
K COLOMBA. RECIT.
mf
The hour is
8va
ff
fp
near when Ly - dia should be com - ing.
f
f


Chorus. Tenor.
(Seeing Giuseppe's corpse).
Allegro. ♩ = 88.
Colomba (looking calmly on the body).
fp Quasi Recit.
Ha! . . what is this? . . .
This is the
Bass.
Ha! . . what is this? . . .
Allegro.
corpse of one Who, by the law of just . . re-ta-li - a - tion,
Has with his
cres.
rit.
life paid . . for an-oth-er life . . .
espress.
Chorus. Alto.
A - las! . . . poor Or - so. . .
dim.

FINALE.

(A scene of great excitement ensues. The Villagers are rushing from body to body, with wild gesticulations expressing

Allegro assai con brio.

♩ = 144.

mf

their joy and sorrow, according to the party to which they belong. As soon as the bodies have been discovered some have run

p

back to the village to spread the news, and they now return with Monks, carrying two biers, on which the bodies are laid.)

fp

fz

fz

p

CHORUS OF MONKS AND VILLAGERS.

SOPRANO AND TENOR. *(The bell of Pietranera church begins to toll.)*

f

"Re - qui - - em æ - - ter - - - - - - - -

BASS.

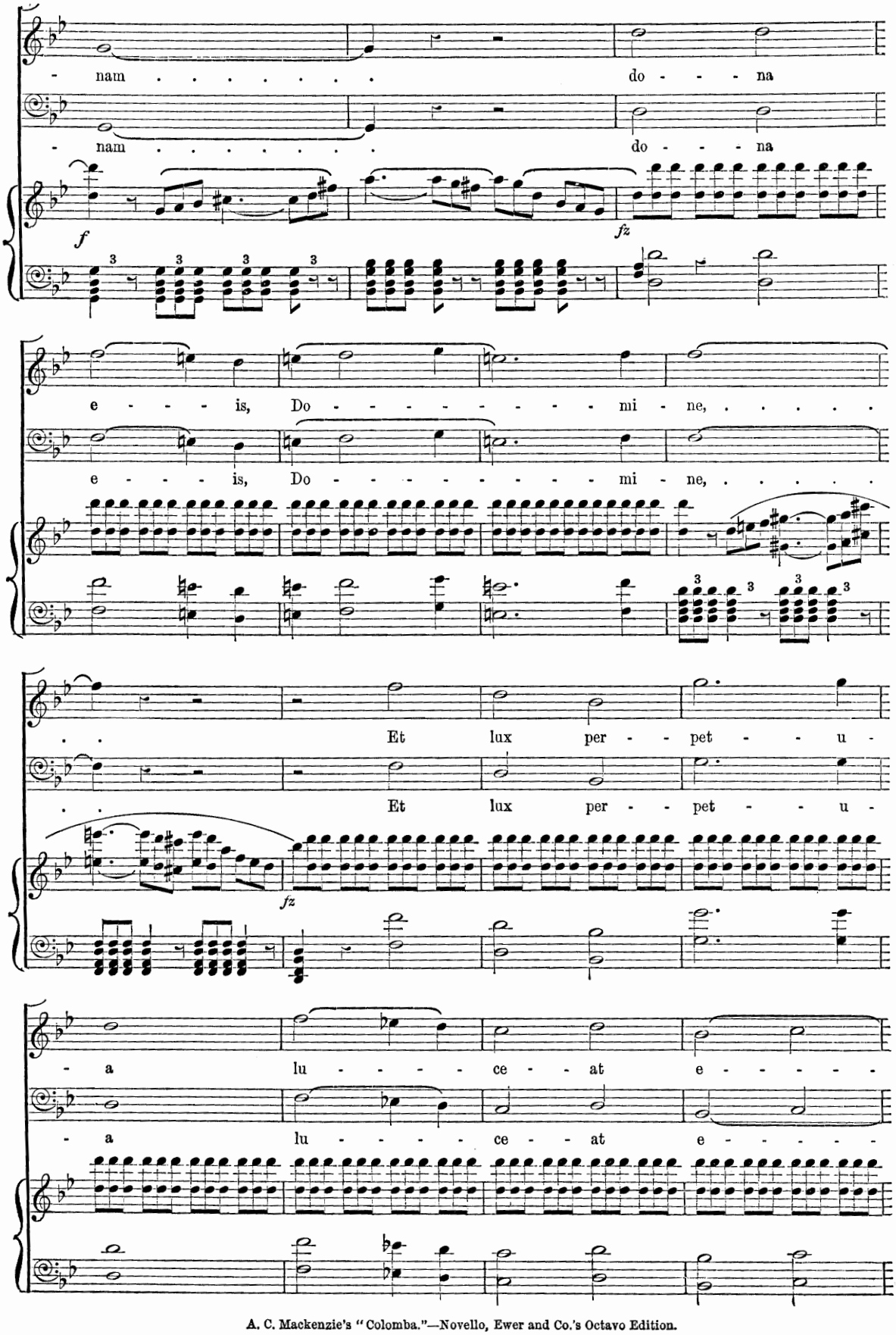
f

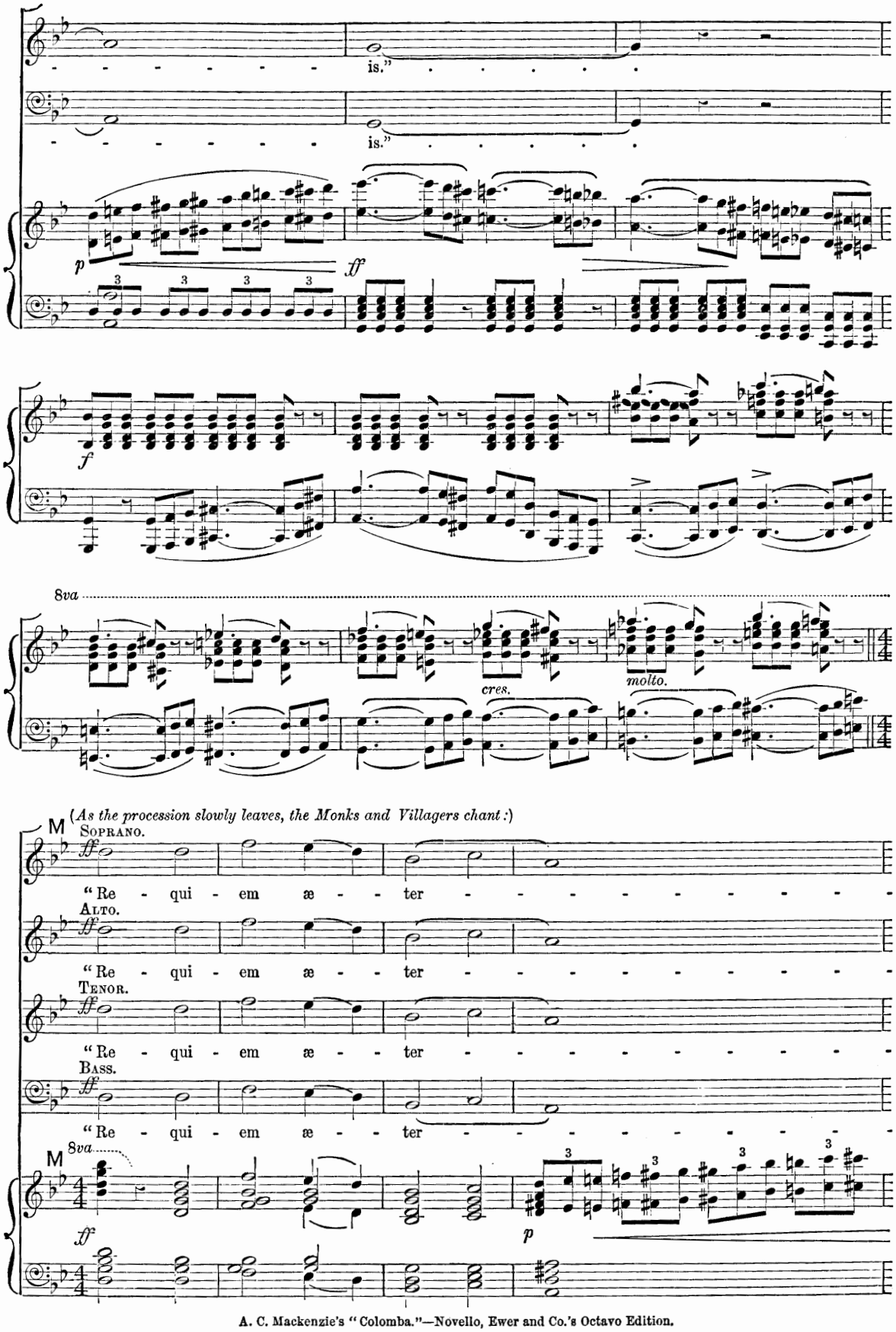
"Re - qui - - em æ - - ter - - - - - - - -

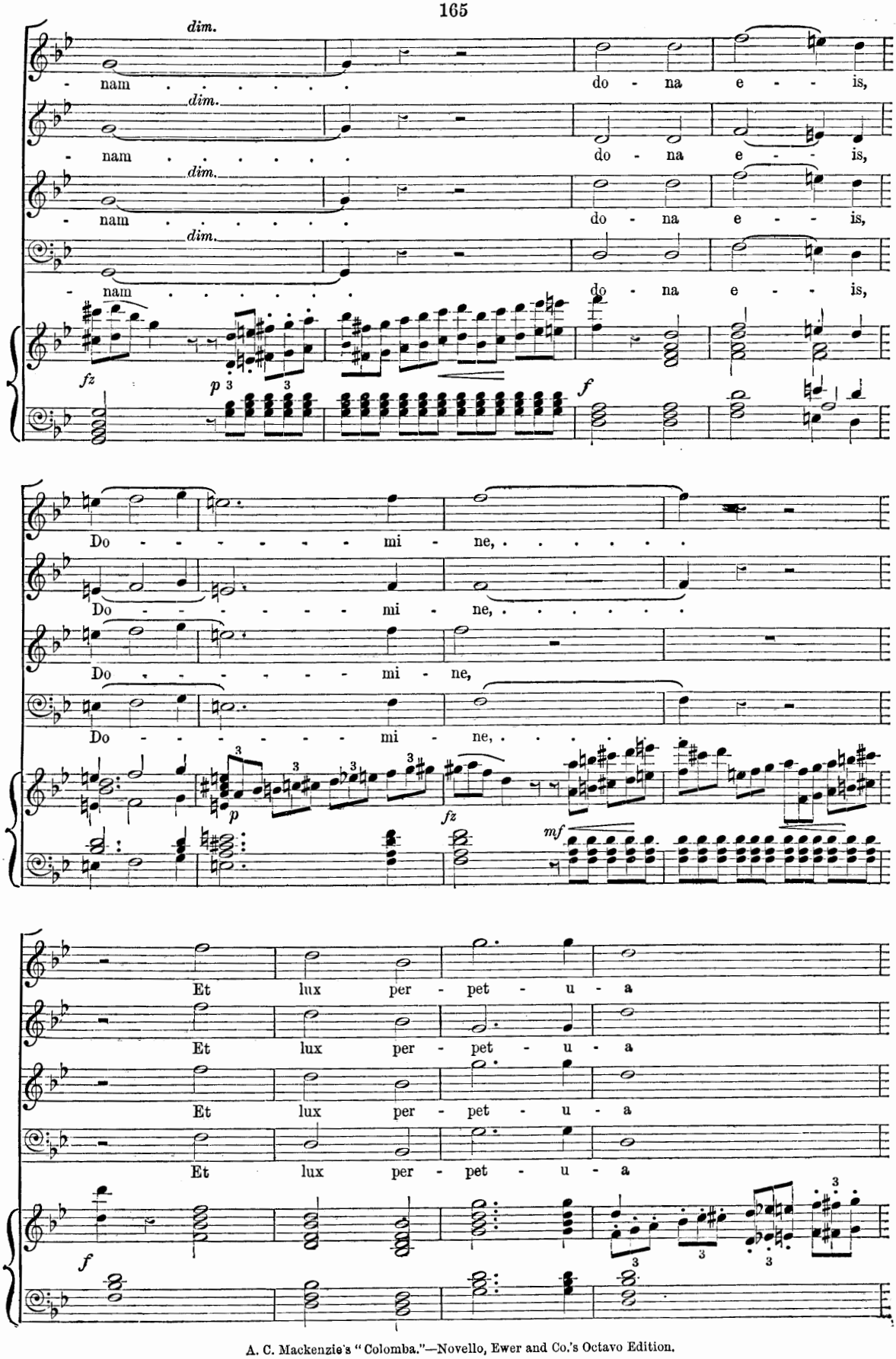
f

p

cres.


- nam . . . . . do - - - na
- nam . . . . . do - - - na
f
fz
e - - - is, Do - - - - - - - - - mi - ne, ...
e - - - is, Do - - - - - - - - - mi - ne, ...
. . Et lux per - - pet - - - u -
. . Et lux per - - pet - - - u -
fz
- a lu - - - - ce - - at e - - - - -
- a lu - - - - ce - - at e - - - - -


is."
is."
p
ff
f
8va
cres.
molto.
M
(As the procession slowly leaves, the Monks and Villagers chant:)
Soprano.
ff
"Re - qui - em æ - - ter - - - - - - - - - -
Alto.
ff
"Re - qui - em æ - - ter - - - - - - - - - -
Tenor.
ff
"Re - qui - em æ - - ter - - - - - - - - - -
Bass.
ff
"Re - qui - em æ - - ter - - - - - - - - - -
M
8va
ff
p


dim.
- nam . . . . . do - na e - - is,
dim.
- nam . . . . . do - na e - - is,
dim.
- nam . . . . . do - na e - - is,
dim.
- nam . . . . . do - na e - - is,
fz
p
f
Do - - - - - - - mi - ne, ...
Do - - - - - - - mi - ne, ...
Do - - - - - - - mi - ne,
Do - - - - - - - mi - ne, ...
p
fz
mf
Et lux per - pet - u - a
Et lux per - pet - u - a
Et lux per - pet - u - a
Et lux per - pet - u - a
f

lu - - - - - - ce - at e - - - - - - - - - -

lu - - - - - - ce - at e - - - - - - - - - -

lu - - - - - - ce - at e - - - - - - - - - -

lu - - - - - - ce - at e - - - - - - - - - -

fz *p*

- is." . . . . . .

- is." . . . . . .

- is." . . . . . .

- is." . . . . . .

(*Colomba, who has been an impassive spectator of the scene, remains alone on the stage.*)

ffz *mf* *fz* *fz* *fz* *mf*

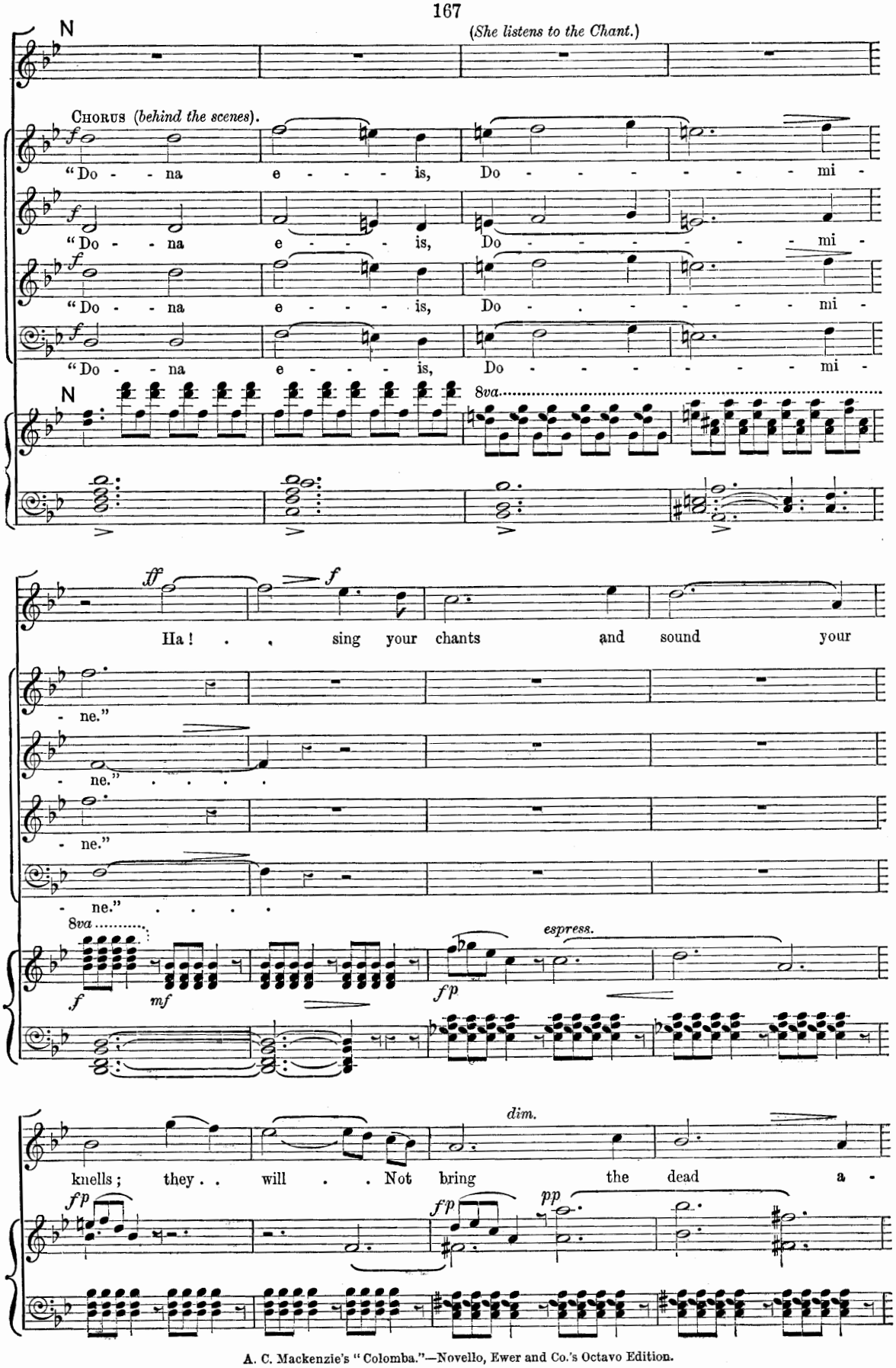
COLOMBA (*like one awaking from a dream*).

At last, ...

fz *fz* *fz* *fp* *fp* *fp*

. . at last, at last . . we are re - venged. . . .

fp *fp* *mf*


N
(She listens to the Chant.)
Chorus (behind the scenes).
"Do - - na e - - - is, Do - - - - - - mi -
"Do - - na e - - - is, Do - - - - - - mi -
"Do - - na e - - - is, Do - - - - - - mi -
"Do - - na e - - - is, Do - - - - - - mi -
N
8va
ff
f
Ha! . . sing your chants and sound your
- ne."
- ne."
- ne."
- ne."
8va
f
mf
espress.
fp
knells; they . . will . . Not bring the dead a -
dim.
fp
fp
pp

fz *cres.* *f*

- gain, as they have sown, So . . . . have they

f

Andantino. *Tempo del Vocero.*

p dolce.

har - vest-ed. Thy voice, . . . thy

Andantino. Tempo del Vocero. ♪ = 92.

dolce.

fp

stringendo.

voice was true, Fa - ther, that spoke in me . . . of the a-venger's com - ing.

stringendo. *colla voce.*

ff (*Triumphantly.*) *p*

Like the royal ea - gle, he has re - turn-ed And scared the vul - tures

ff *p*

mf *f* *p*

from their nest, . . . And with beak and tal - - on that none can par - ry, He has

mf *cres.* *p*

crescendo. *f*

torn the hearts . . . . of the mur - - der - ous

fz

p

brood Tak - ing life . . for life . . and blood for

pp

sempre cres. *e stringendo.*

blood— . . That our fa - ther's spi - rit . . may be . . at rest, . .

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

sempre cres. *e stringendo.*

f

. . And the voice of our sor - row be drowned in the cries Of the widowed wives

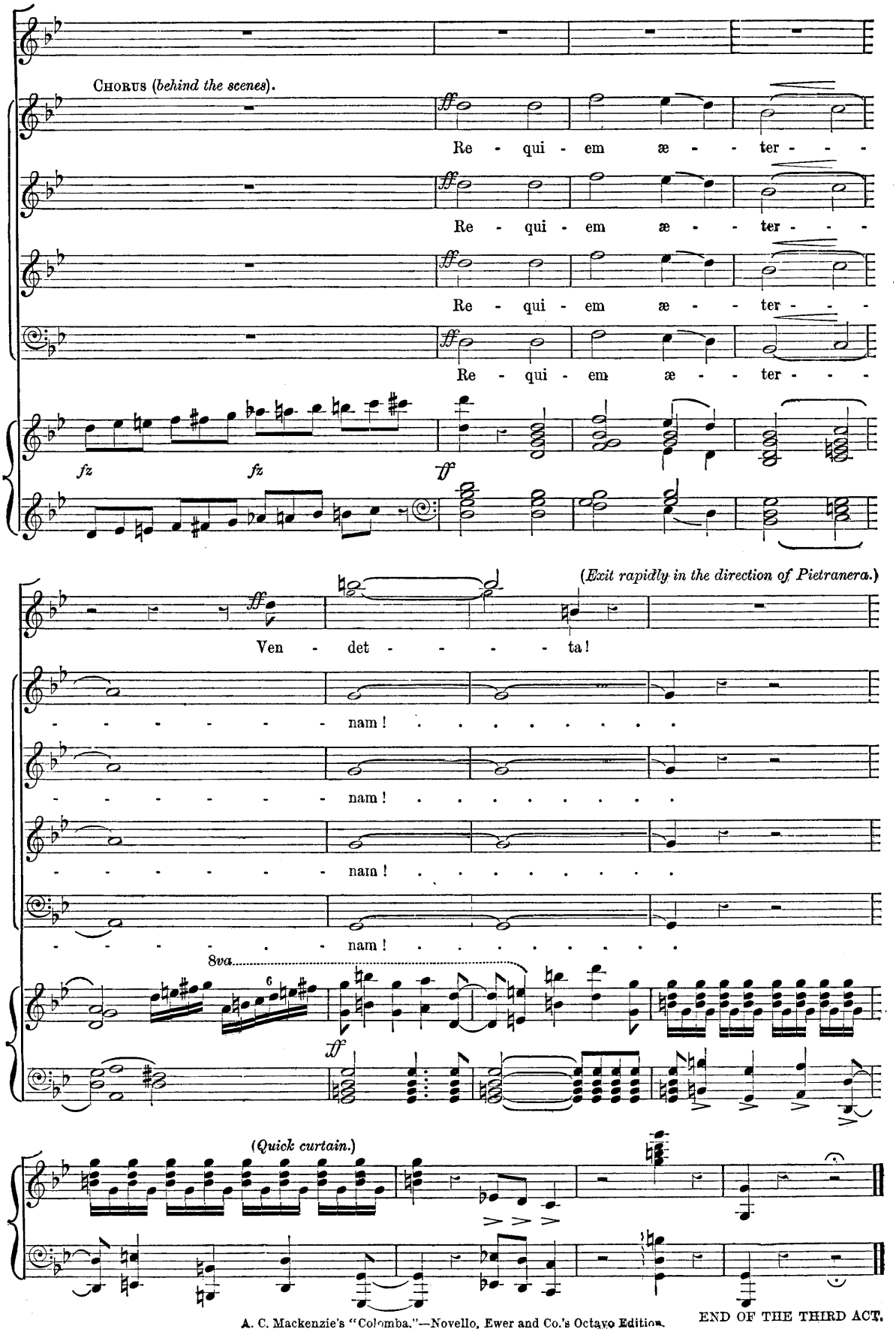
affrettando.

affrettoso sempre. *ff* *Allegro assai.*

of our en - e - mies. Ven - det - ta ! . .

Allegro assai. ♩ = 144.

fz *fz* *ff* *strepitoso molto.* *fz*

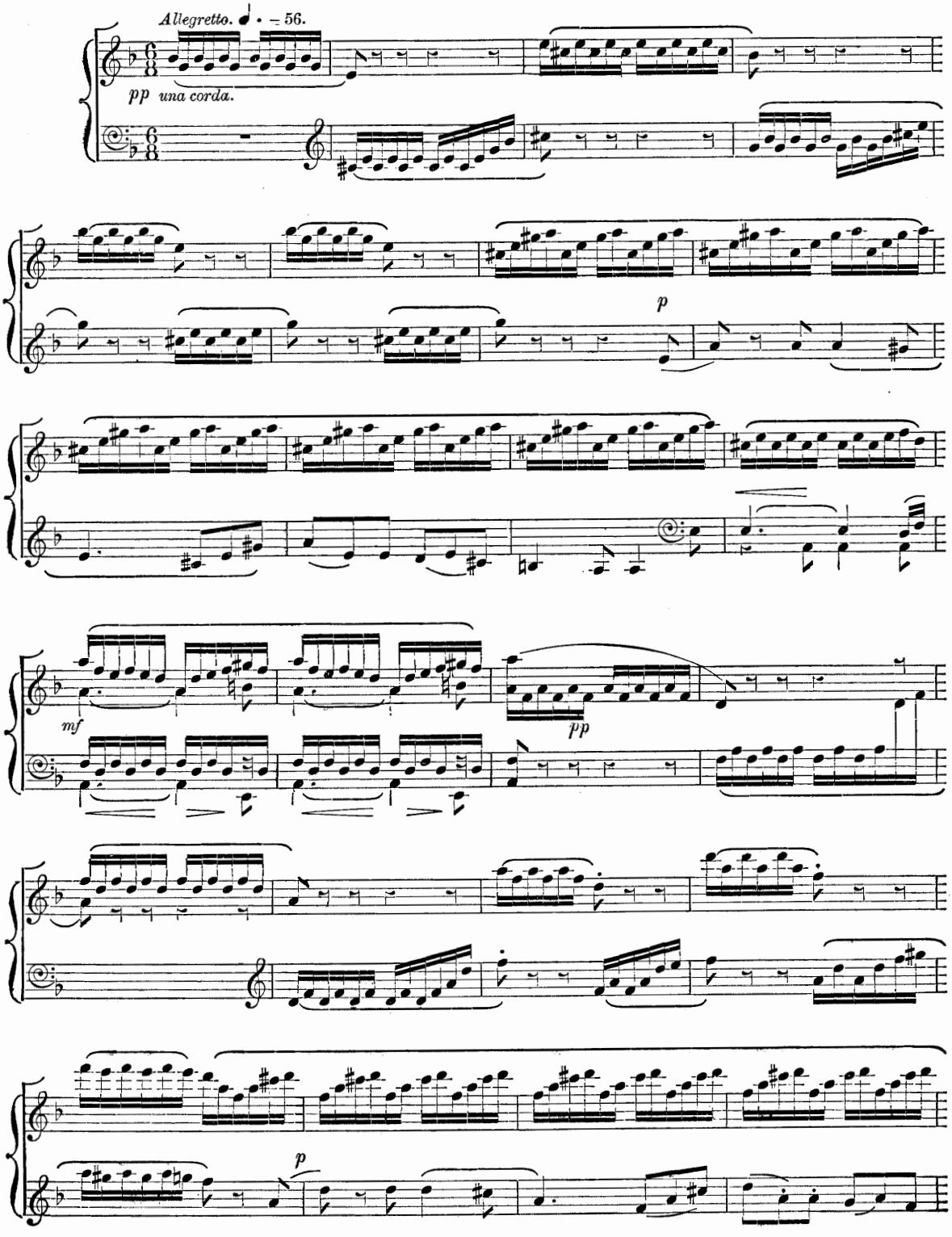


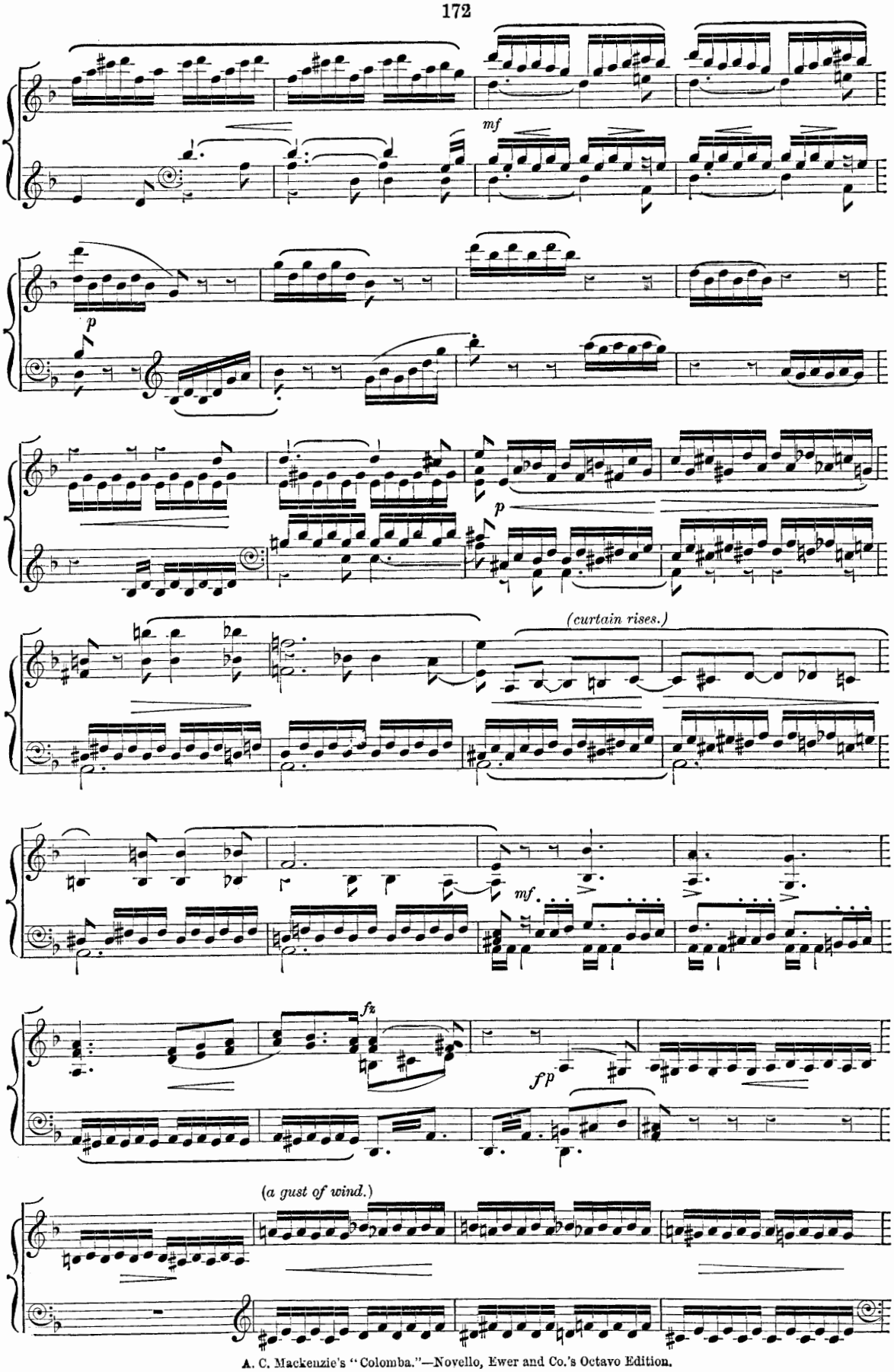
END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The stage represents a narrow valley, bounded on each side by a precipitous slope covered with small trees and shrubs, which, on the left, extends almost to the front; on the right is a thicket of trees, with a large white stone in front of it. Dark stormy night. At intervals, fitfully illumined by the lightning, are seen Colomba and Lydia groping their way, one on each side of the valley.




mf
p
p
(curtain rises.)
mf
fz
fp
(a gust of wind.)

A

LYDIA.

pp

Co - lom - - - - ba!

COLOMBA.

p

Ly - - - - dia!

A

mf

pp

p

The place is near. Our jour - ney's end will be reach'd ere long.

mf

p

All seems dark - ness, no path is here.

p

Fol-low the

dim.

p

track the val - ley a - long. . . . . Trust in my gui - dance

and no - thing fear, . . . From a child I . . have roam'd . . . through these

fz *p*

hills. . . . . .

(*Peal of thunder.*)

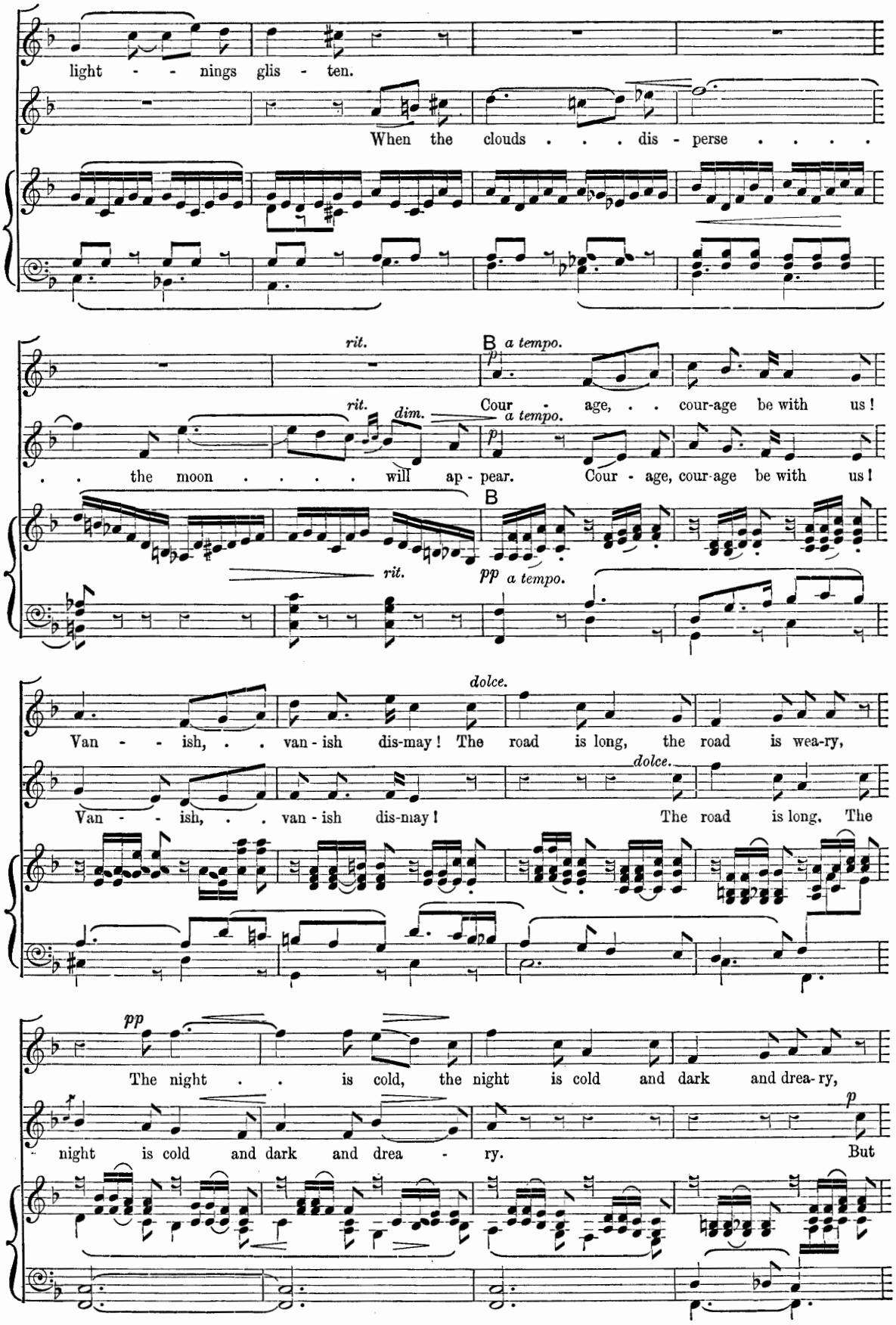
fz *cres.* *f*

f *p*

Oh, lis - - - - ten! The

ff *dim.* *p*

thun - der's voice is loud and strong, And like sil - ver ser - pents the


light - - nings glis - ten.
When the clouds . . . dis - perse . . . .
rit.
B a tempo.
Cour - age, . . cour-age be with us!
rit.
dim.
a tempo.
. . the moon . . . . will ap - pear. Cour - age, cour-age be with us!
B
rit.
pp a tempo.
dolce.
Van - - ish, . . van - ish dis-may! The road is long, the road is wea-ry,
dolce.
Van - - ish, . . van - ish dis-may! The road is long. The
pp
The night . . is cold, the night is cold and dark and drea-ry,
night is cold and dark and drea - ry.
p
But

(eagerly). stringendo. un poco. mf f

Not love— not love, not love, not love A sis - ter's love will

stringendo. un poco. mf f

love— . . . True love, . . . true love, . . . A sis - ter's love will

stringendo. un poco. f

find, will find the way, a sis - ter's love will find the way.

rit.

find, will find the way, a sis - ter's love will find the way.

rit. a tempo.

mf rit. mf

dim. p fz p

COLOMBA. p

Wait for the light - ning, it will show A large white stone al - most at your

LYDIA.

feet, (*Flash of lightning.*) I saw it here in the val - ley be - low.

8va

ff *mf*

COLOMBA.

It is the place, . . 'tis the place . . where the bri - gands meet. Vit -

cres.

(*She jumps on the stage.*) *f*

- tor - ia! vit - tor - ia! the camp . . . is found.

f *fz* *mf* L.H.

p

Here are the steps, . . I will as - sist you, I will as - sist you.

L.H. *p*

LYDIA.

p *p*

Deep - est dark - ness hov-ers a - round, . . And for a

N

rob - ber's camp I am bound. If . . my fa - ther knew, . . . what would he

say? But all is in vain, but all is in vain, ... who can re -

cres.

- sist you, . . . who can re - sist . . . you? . . . . . .

R.H. cres. dim.

C (*She descends to the stage assisted by Colomba.*)

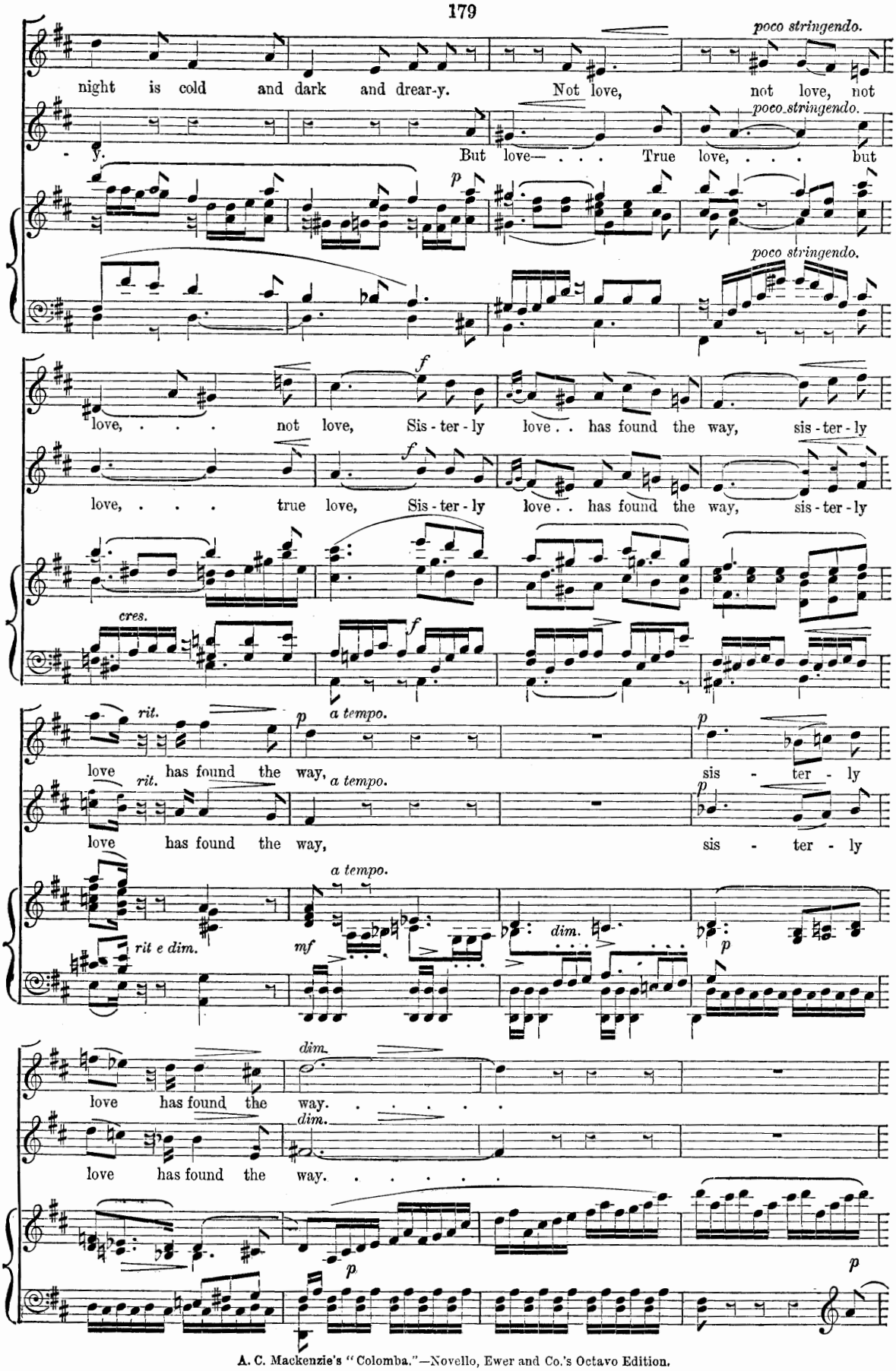
COLOMBA.

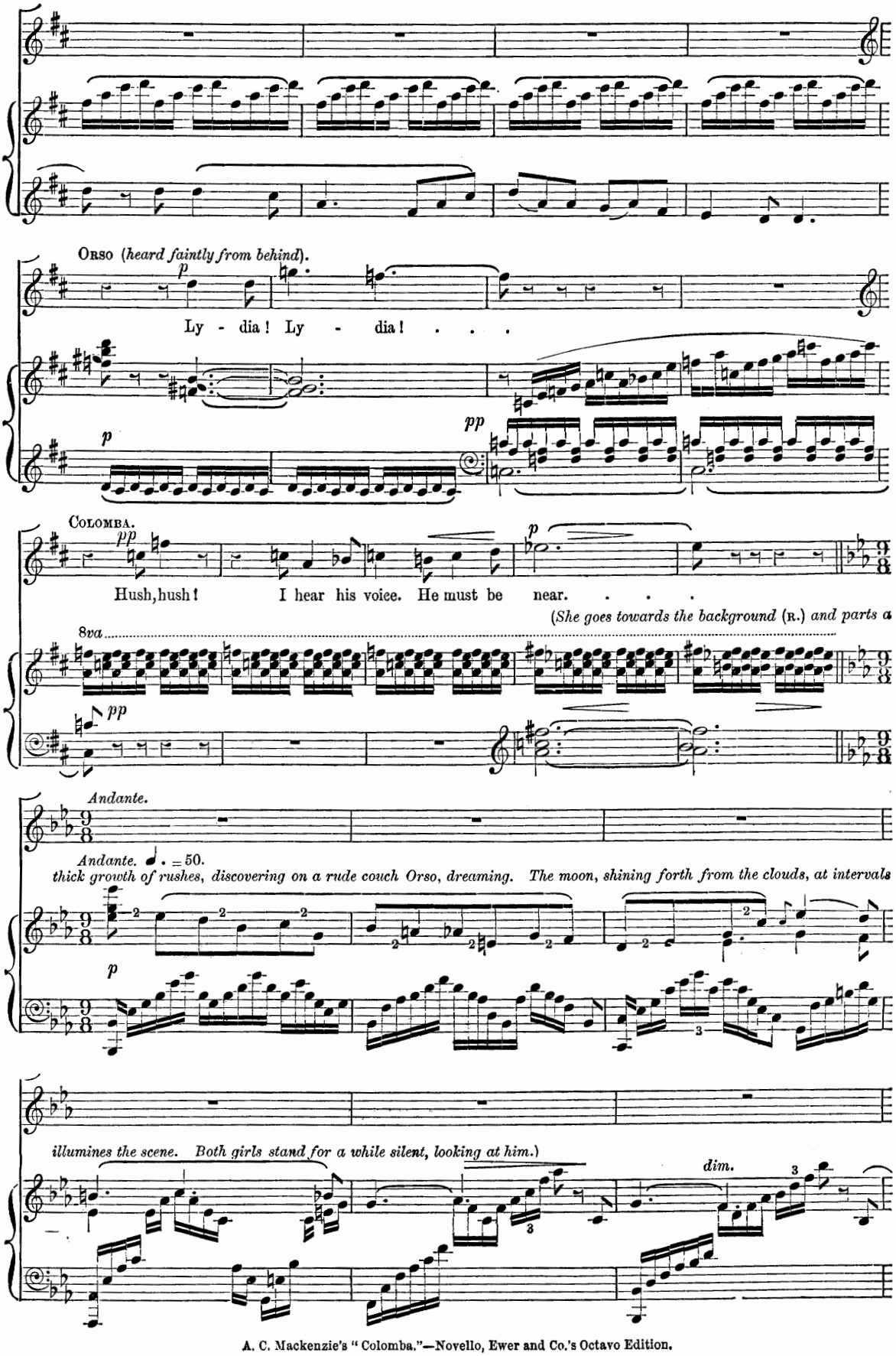
Cour - - age be with - us! Van - ish dismay! The

Cour - age, . . cour-age be with us, Van - - ish, . . . van - ish dismay!

road was long, the road was wea-ry, The night . . . is cold, the

The road was long, The night is cold and dark and drear - -


poco stringendo.
night is cold and dark and drear-y. Not love, not love, not
poco stringendo.
-y. But love— . . . True love, . . . but
p
poco stringendo.
f
love, . . . not love, Sis - ter - ly love . . has found the way, sis - ter - ly
f
love, . . . true love, Sis - ter - ly love . . has found the way, sis - ter - ly
cres.
f
rit.
p
a tempo.
p
love has found the way, sis - ter - ly
rit.
a tempo.
p
love has found the way, sis - ter - ly
a tempo.
rit e dim.
mf
dim.
p
dim.
love has found the way. . . . . .
dim.
love has found the way. . . . . .
p
p


Orso (heard faintly from behind).
p
Ly - dia! Ly - dia! . . .
p
pp
Colomba.
pp
Hush, hush! I hear his voice. He must be near. . . .
p
(She goes towards the background (R.) and parts a
8va
pp
Andante.
Andante. ♩. = 50.
thick growth of rushes, discovering on a rude couch Orso, dreaming. The moon, shining forth from the clouds, at intervals
p
illumines the scene. Both girls stand for a while silent, looking at him.)
dim.

Moderato. ♩ = 69.

LYDIA (*eagerly*).

mf

RECIT.

COLOMBA (*in a whisper*).

p

Ah!

I must be gone to find Sa - vel - li.

fp

Ped.

*

a tempo.

Leave me not thus a - lone; feel how I trem-ble.

p

Fear no-thing. Friends are watch-ing o'er your

♩ = 69.

p

safe - ty. You would not leave . . my bro - ther in his need. See how he

mf

LYDIA (*contemptuously*).

mf

A love in whose de -

tos-ses on his couch. It is of you He dreams, and of his love.

f

spite, He struck the stroke which must for ev - - - - - er part us.

mf *p* *pp* R. H.

RECIT.

ORSO *(dreaming as before).* *p* *dim.* COLOMBA. *p* *rit.*

Ly - dia, my Ly - dia, for your sake— . . Can you re - sist . . His plead - ing?

rit.

a tempo. *p* *stringendo.*

You ap - pear more cru - el than We Cor - si - cans, who

p *stringendo.*

nev - - er pass a sen - tence Be - fore the cul - prit has been heard.

D *Allegretto.* *Come prima.* ♩. = 56. *Come prima.*

Allegretto. *p* *dim.*

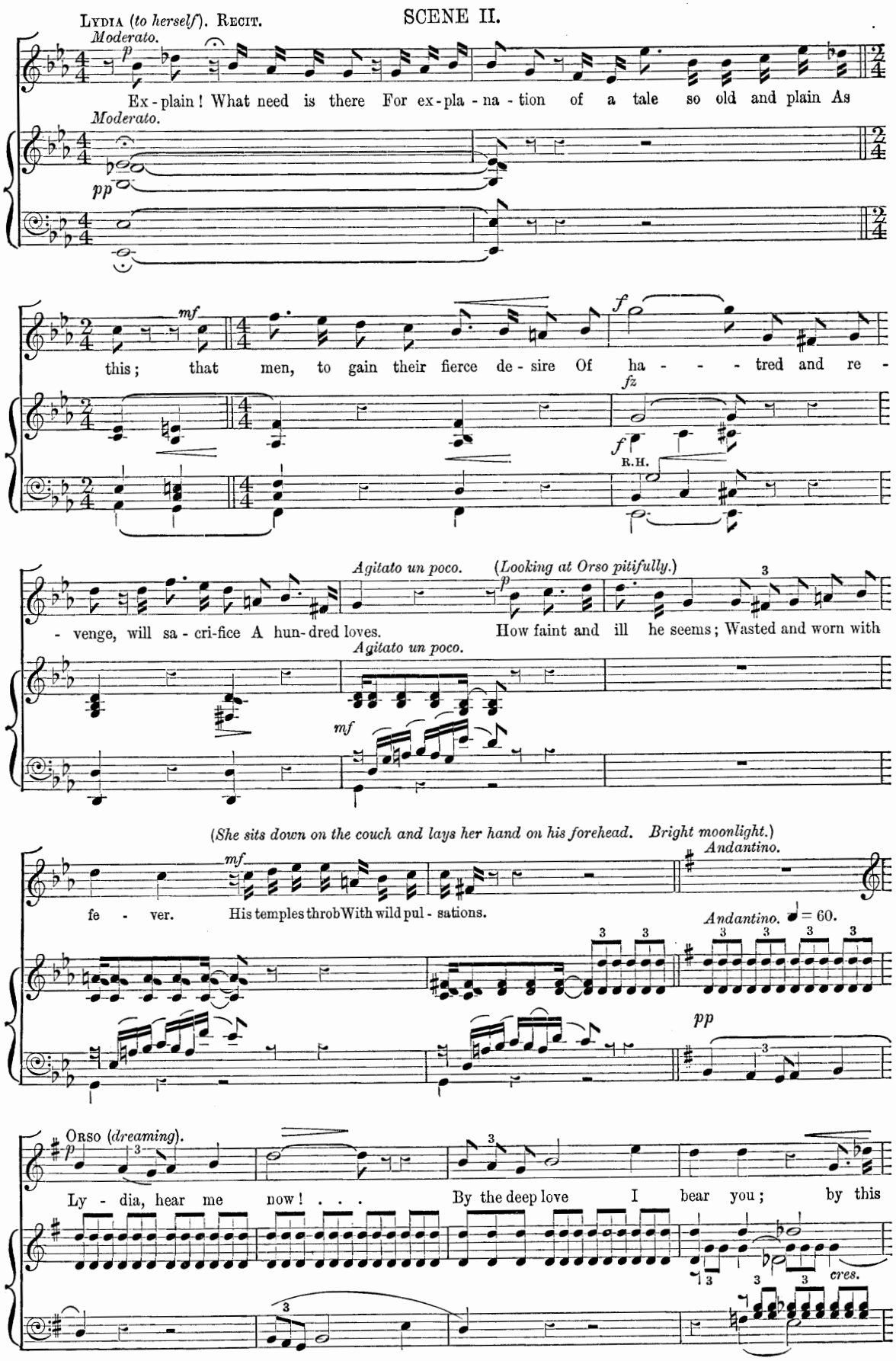
p *p*

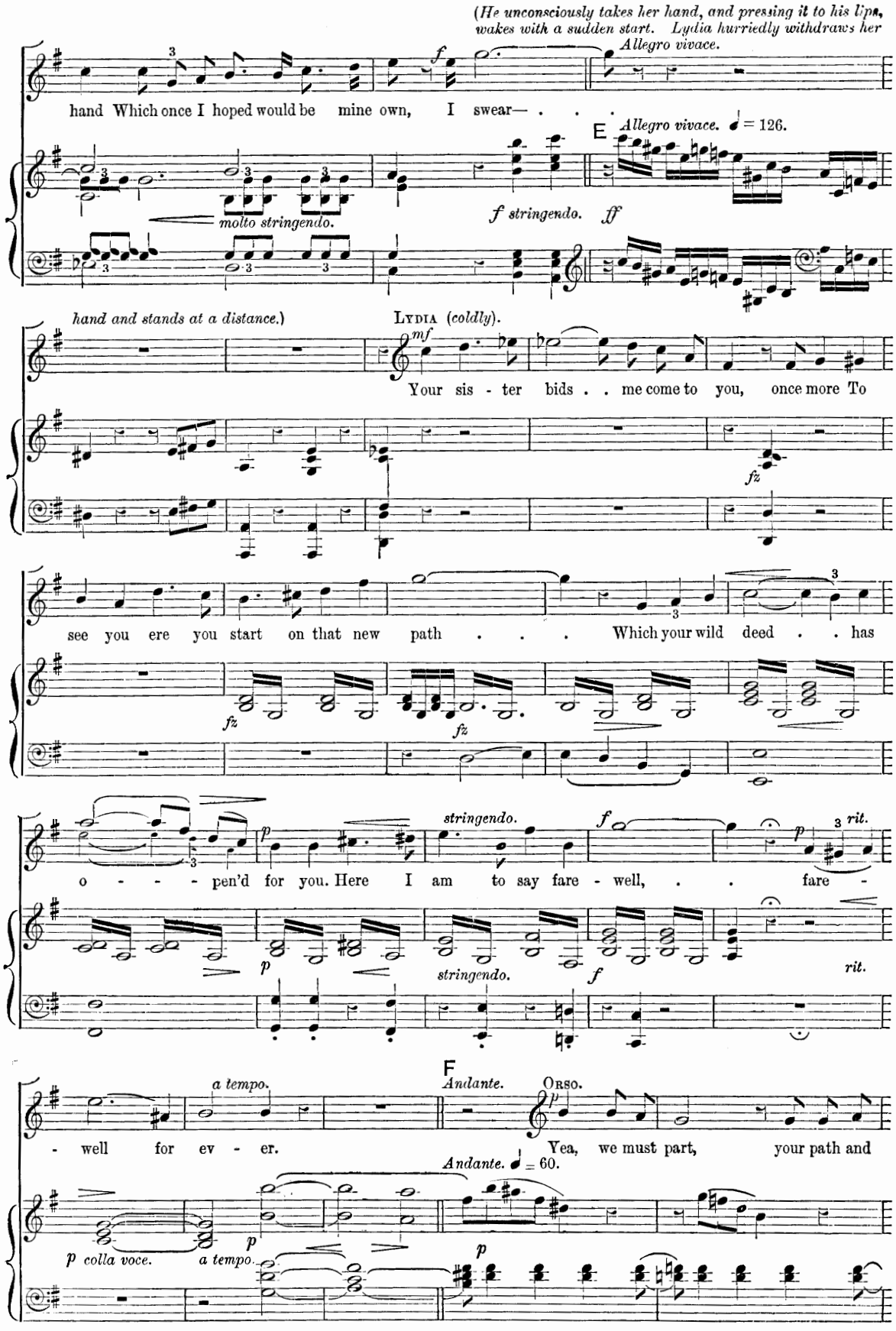
He will ex - plain. Fare - well, . . fare -

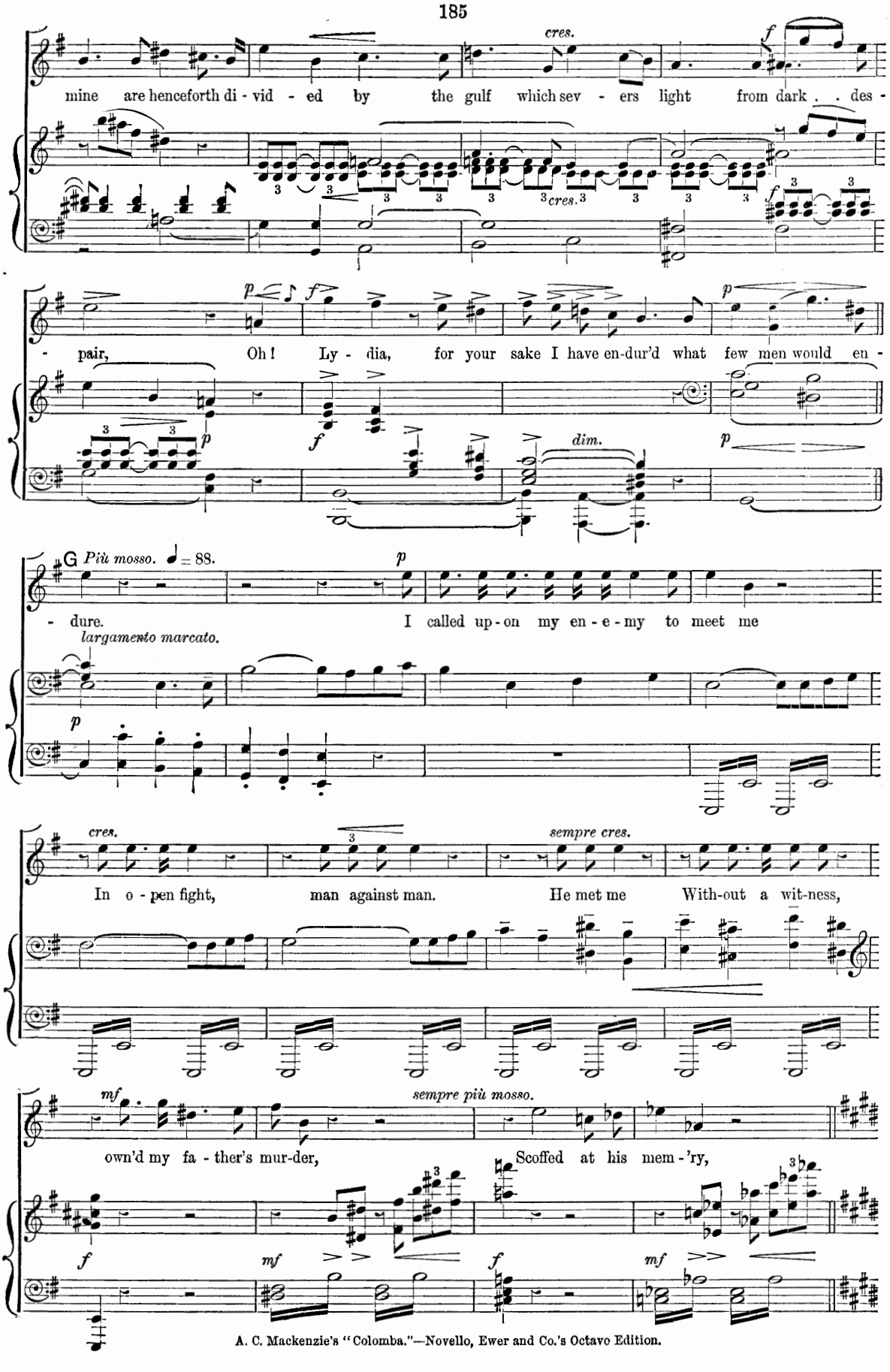
(Exit rapidly, with a smile on her lips.)

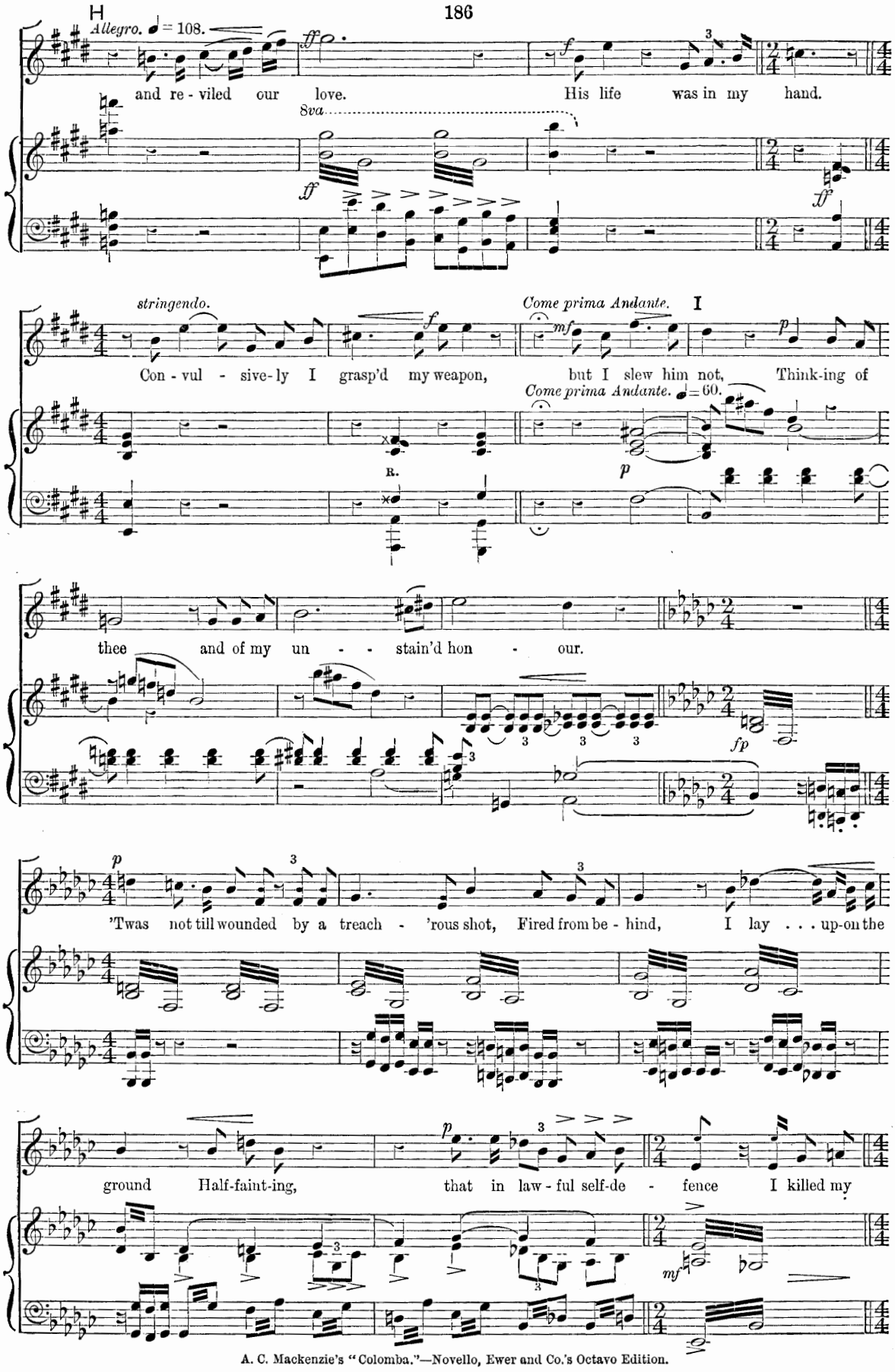
- well ! . . . . . .

dim. *dim.* R. H.


SCENE II.
Lydia (to herself). Recit.
Moderato.
Ex - plain! What need is there For ex - pla - na - tion of a tale so old and plain As
this; that men, to gain their fierce de - sire Of ha - - - tred and re -
- venge, will sa - cri - fice A hun - dred loves.
Agitato un poco.
(Looking at Orso pitifully.)
How faint and ill he seems; Wasted and worn with
(She sits down on the couch and lays her hand on his forehead. Bright moonlight.)
fe - ver. His temples throb With wild pul - sations.
Andantino.
Andantino. ♩ = 60.
Orso (dreaming).
Ly - dia, hear me now! . . . By the deep love I bear you; by this
cres.


(He unconsciously takes her hand, and pressing it to his lips, wakes with a sudden start. Lydia hurriedly withdraws her hand and stands at a distance.)
Allegro vivace.
hand Which once I hoped would be mine own, I swear— . . .
E
Allegro vivace. ♩ = 126.
molto stringendo.
f stringendo.
ff
LYDIA (coldly).
mf
Your sis - ter bids . . me come to you, once more To
fz
see you ere you start on that new path . . . Which your wild deed . . has
fz
fz
stringendo.
f
p
rit.
o - - - pen'd for you. Here I am to say fare - well, . . fare -
p
stringendo.
f
rit.
a tempo.
- well for ev - er.
F
Andante.
ORSO.
p
Yea, we must part, your path and
Andante. ♩ = 60.
p colla voce.
a tempo.
p
p


cres.
mine are henceforth di - vid - ed by the gulf which sev - ers light from dark . . des -
- pair, Oh! Ly - dia, for your sake I have en-dur'd what few men would en -
dim.
G Più mosso. ♩ = 88.
- dure. I called up-on my en - e - my to meet me
largamento marcato.
In o - pen fight, man against man. He met me With-out a wit-ness,
sempre cres.
own'd my fa - ther's mur-der, Scoffed at his mem - 'ry,
sempre più mosso.


H
Allegro. ♩ = 108.
and re - viled our love. His life was in my hand.
8va
stringendo.
Con - vul - sive - ly I grasp'd my weapon, but I slew him not, Think-ing of
Come prima Andante.
I
Come prima Andante. ♩ = 60.
thee and of my un - - stain'd hon - our.
'Twas not till wounded by a treach - 'rous shot, Fired from be - hind, I lay . . . up-on the
ground Half-faint-ing, that in law - ful self-de - fence I killed my

LYDIA (*who has been listening with rising emotion*). *pp*

Larghetto.
pp sempre.

Oh! Or - so see . . me foe. Thus have I kept my vow. Now, now let us part.

f *p* *pp*

Larghetto. ♩= 72.

p *pp*

(*she kneels.*) *cres. e stringendo.*

here, Kneel-ing be - fore thee, cra - ving thy for - give - ness For want of lov - ing faith in one most

p

cres. e stringendo.

lov - ing— Most faith - ful, e - ven to death. . . . Hence-forth my life . . Is

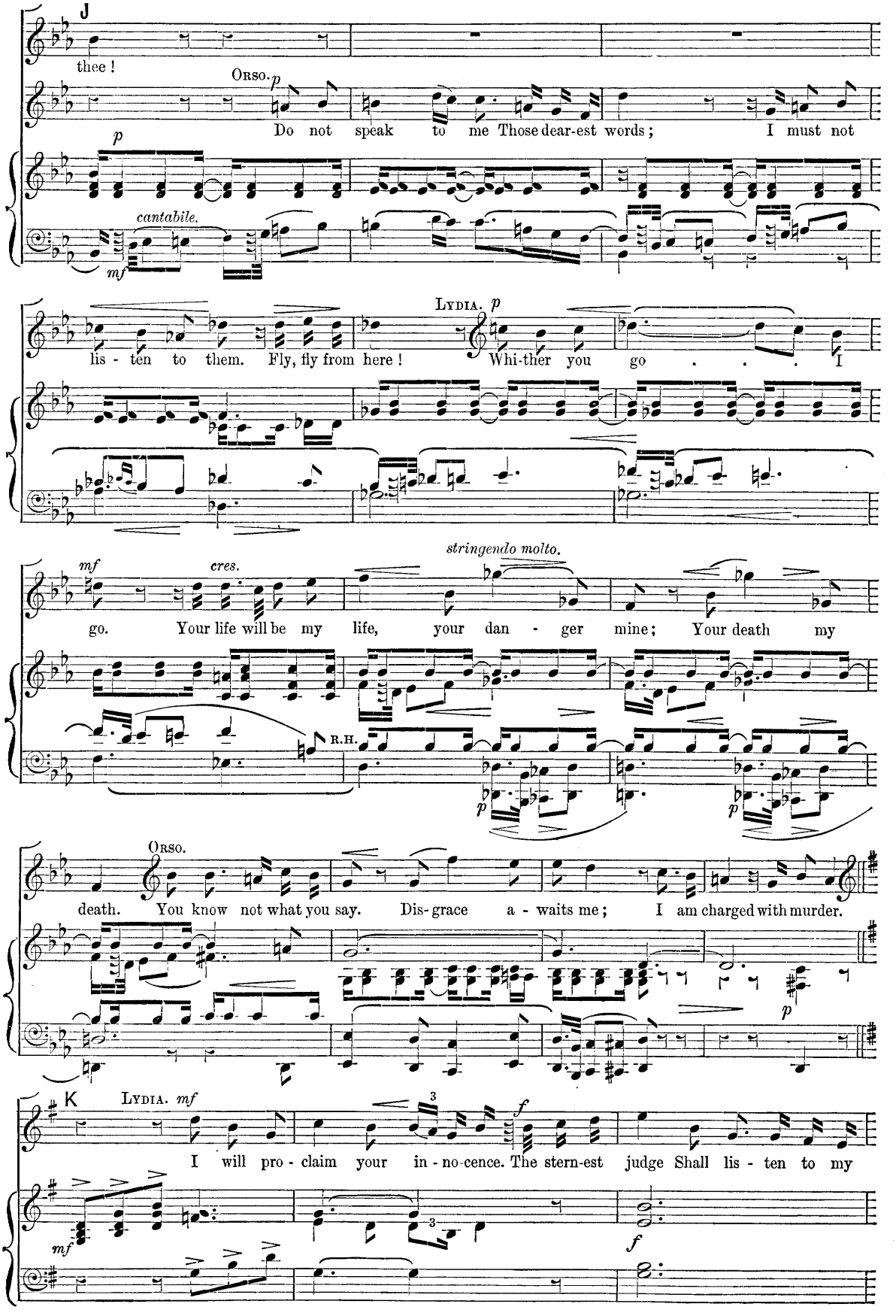
f *pp*

thine; my heart . . . is thine. This so - lemn hour . . . Lays bare what maid - en - ly

coy - ness had concealed Within my bo-som. We cannot—must not part. Or - so, I love . . .

stringendo. *f* *pp* *quasi calando.*

stringendo. *pp*


J
thee !
Orso. p
Do not speak to me Those dear-est words ; I must not
p
cantabile.
mf
lis - ten to them. Fly, fly from here !
Lydia. p
Whi-ther you go . . . I
mf
cres.
stringendo molto.
go. Your life will be my life, your dan - ger mine ; Your death my
R.H.
p
p
Orso.
death. You know not what you say. Dis-grace a - waits me ; I am charged with murder.
p
K
Lydia. mf
f
I will pro - claim your in - no-cence. The stern-est judge Shall lis - ten to my
mf
f

(*Tenderly.*)

plead - ing, and be - lieve me. Is there no voice with - in . . thee which gives

an - swer To mine, which, in the dark - ness that sur-rounds us, Speaks to thee of a bright - er,

hap - pier fu - ture In store for those whose hearts are brave to suf - fer And

Orso (*yielding*).

die, . . . to - gether? Yea, I fain . . . would lis - - ten To that sweet

legato.

voice. But, Ly - dia, tell me tru - - - - - ly, . . Can I ac-cept the

8va

A. C. Mackenzie's "Colomba."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.

sa - cri-fice of all The ope - ning blos - soms of thy youth? What hope Is

8va

R.H. R.H.

LYDIA.

There is hope, for there is love, . . . there is hope,

mf

left us? There is hope, .

cres. f

molto rit. p

there is hope, . . . for there is . . love. . .

Allegro con passione.

molto rit. p

there is hope, for there is love. . .

Allegro con passione. ♩ = 88. p tr fz

tr fz tr fz tr fz cres. f

tr tr tr tr fz fz fz fz ff

fz fz fz fz

LYDIA (*with passionate fervour*).

mf

Say . . . of Love, . . . shall he change or al - ter,

p

sempre legato come prima.

Shall he de - cay . . . or shall he di - min - ish? Doomed from his

f *mf*

birth to stag - ger and fal - - ter, Doomed in the end . . . to

f

dim. *p* *mf*

fail . . . and to fin - ish? Say . . of Love, . . . shall he change or

ORSO (*with passionate fervour*). *mf*

Say . . . of Love . . . . shall he change or al - ter,

p

al - - - - - - ter, shall . . he . . . di - min - ish?

f *p*

Shall he de - cay . . . or shall he . di- min - ish? Doomed from his

f *mf*

f *p*

Doomed from his birth to stag - ger and fal - ter,

birth to stag - ger and fal - ter, Doomed in the end . . . to

Doomed in the end . . . to fail, ... to fail and to

fail and to fin - ish, to fail . . and to fin - - -

fin - - ish, Doomed from his birth . . to stag - ger and fal - ter,

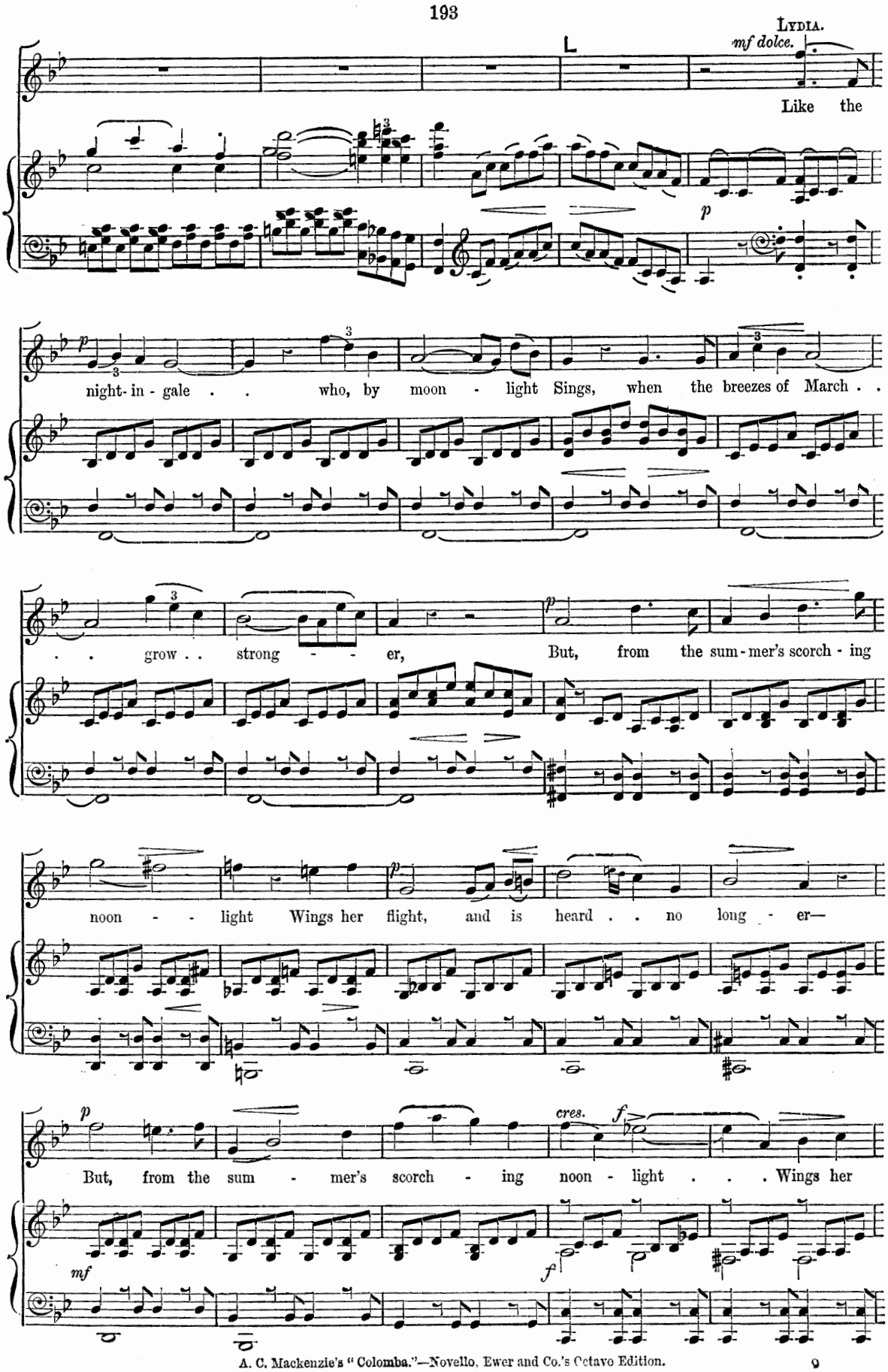
- ish, . . . Doomed from his birth . . to stag - ger and fal - ter,

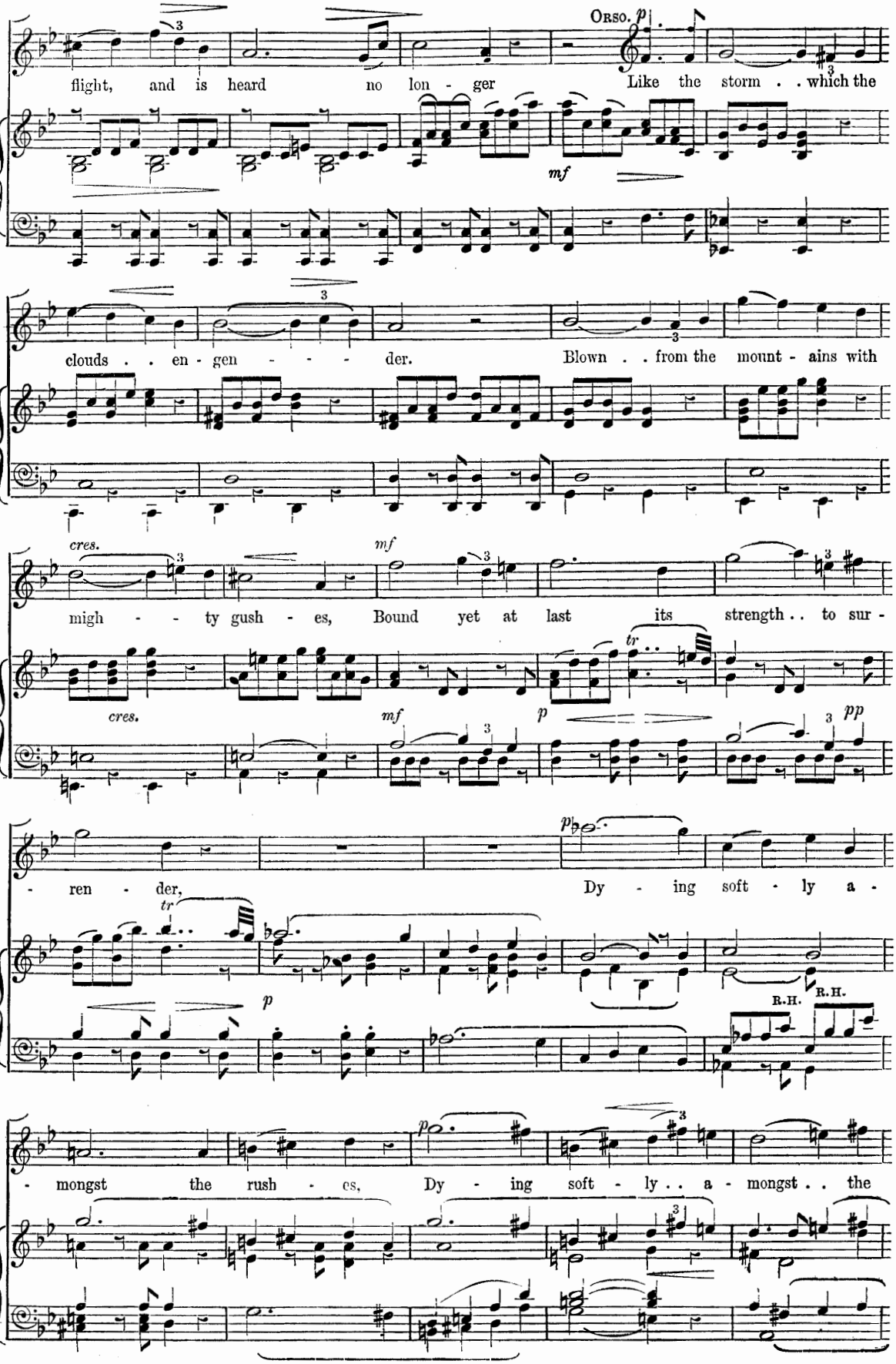
sempre *cres.*

Doomed in the end to fail and to fin - - - ish?

sempre *cres.*

Doomed in the end to fail and to fin - - - ish?


LYDIA.
mf dolce.
Like the
p
night-in-gale . . who, by moon - light Sings, when the breezes of March . .
. . grow . . strong - - er, But, from the sum-mer's scorch-ing
noon - - light Wings her flight, and is heard . . no long - er—
But, from the sum - mer's scorch - ing noon - light . . . Wings her
cres.
f
mf


Orso.
flight, and is heard no lon - ger Like the storm . . which the
clouds . . en - gen - - - der. Blown . . from the mount - ains with
cres.
mf
migh - - ty gush - es, Bound yet at last its strength . . to sur -
cres.
mf
p
pp
- ren - der, Dy - ing soft - ly a -
p
R.H.
R.H.
- mongst the rush - es, Dy - ing soft - ly . . a - mongst . . the

M

rush - es?— Say of Love, say of

Say of Love, say of

Love, shall he change or al - ter? Nay! . . but

Love, shall he change or al - - - - ter? *Più animato e abbandonamente.*

Più animato e abbandonamente.

our love can - not thus be smit - ten; Staunch . . his pur - pose,

Nay! . . but our . . . love can - not thus be smit-ten; Staunch his pur - pose,

bold his . . en - deav - - - - our, And on his fore - head . . . . a god has

bold his en - deav - - - - our, And on his fore - head . . .

writ - ten, and on his . . fore - head . . . a god has writ - ten In

a god has writ - ten, a god has writ - ten, In . .

cres.

mf

cres.

let - - - ters of flam - ing fire, . . . "For . . ev - er."

let - - - ters of . . flam - - ing fire, "For ev - er."

ff

ff

And on his fore - - head . . . a god has writ - ten In

And on his fore - - head . . a god has writ - ten In

mf

mf

tr

p

let - ters of flam - ing fire, "For ev - er."

let - ters of flam - ing fire, "For ev - er."

f

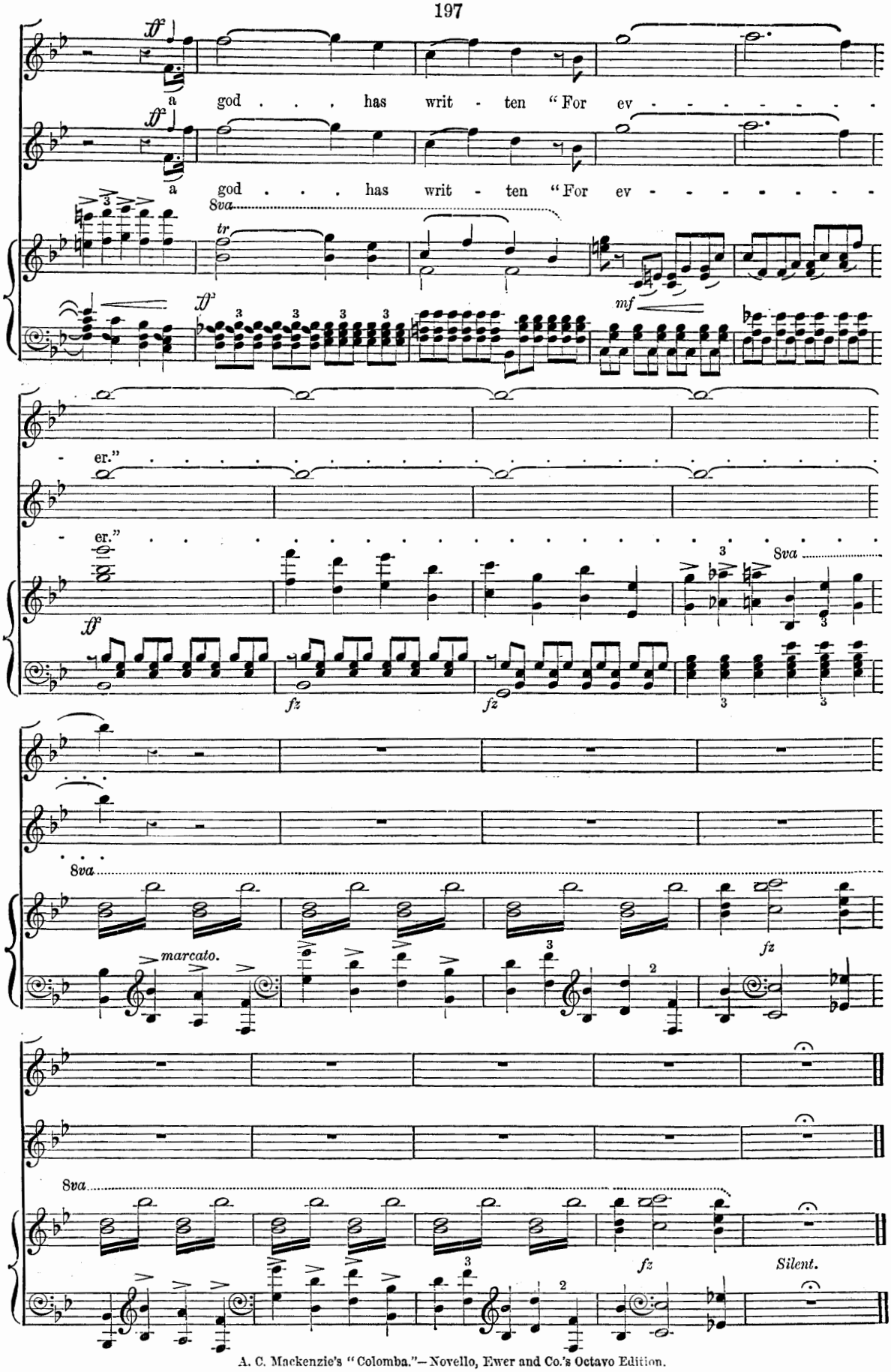
f

tr

tr

cres.

f


a god . . . has writ - ten "For ev - - - - - - - -
a god . . . has writ - ten "For ev - - - - - - - -
8va
tr
mf
- er."
- er."
8va
fz
fz
8va
marcato.
fz
8va
fz
Silent.

SCENE III.

Tempo di Marcia. ♩ = 88.

Trumpet (behind the scenes).

Side Drum (behind the scenes).

fp *p* *p*

(Enter rapidly from the right, Colomba, followed by Savelli and Chilina.)

pp *fp*

COLOMBA. *p*

Fly, Or - so, fly, the sol-diers are com-ing.

CHILINA. *p*

The moon-light made . . their bay - onets glis-ten; In a moment I know they will be here.

SAVELLI. *pp*

Keep si - lence, all of you, and lis- ten; Fol- low me,

Trumpet (behind the scenes).

pp *p*

captain, and nothing fear; I will conduct you where no one shall find us; Lean on my

COLOMBA. ORSO.

arm; they will walk be-hind us. Haste, bro-ther, haste! I will not leave this place, Let come who

N (to Colomba.)

may. When Ly - dia's heart seemed lost, All else . . was nought to me.

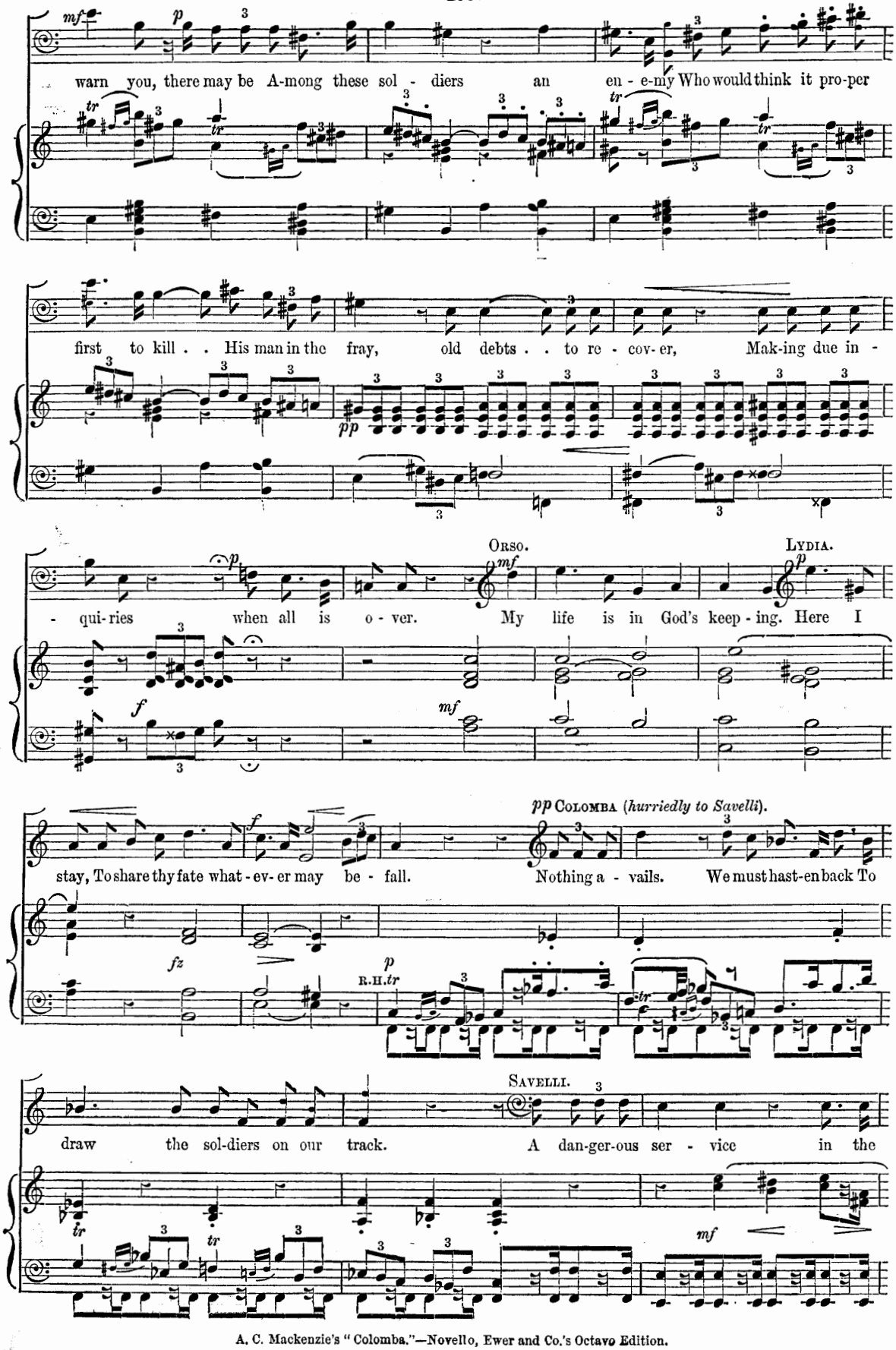
cres.

. . . Now that I know . . . Her love, . . I . . will de - clare my in - no -

SAVELLI.

- cence To all . . . the world. You may do . . as you will; But let me

cres.


mf
p
warn you, there may be A-mong these sol - diers an en - e-my Who would think it pro-per
first to kill . . His man in the fray, old debts . . to re - cov-er, Mak-ing due in -
pp
p
Orso.
mf
Lydia.
p
- qui-ries when all is o - ver. My life is in God's keep - ing. Here I
f
mf
f
pp Colomba (hurriedly to Savelli).
stay, To share thy fate what - ev- er may be - fall. Nothing a - vails. We must hast-en back To
fz
p
R.H.tr
Savelli.
draw the sol-diers on our track. A dan-ger-ous ser - vice in the
mf

dark, When the bul-lets are whistling all a - round, Scarce fit for a fair young la - dy.

O Colomba.

Hark! . . I hear them coming; he must not be found. . . .

Trumpet (behind the scenes).

(Colomba, Savelli, and Chilina hurry off to the left. Orso and Lydia remain standing in each other's embrace.)

(In the uncertain light of the moon, Colomba, Savelli, and two or three of his men are seen on the left slope, trying to attract the attention of the Soldiers. Men shout and fire their guns; the Soldiers answer, and are seen hurrying across the valley.)

sempre cres.

(At last a detachment of Soldiers, guided by a peasant, appears on the stage from the right.

They arrest Orso, whom Lydia vainly tries to shield.)

(As they are leading him off, enter from the left, Count, with soldiers and men and women from the village. Orso is released.)

COUNT. RECIT.

Here, then, I find the fu - gi-tives

Allegretto giojoso. (*to Lydia.*)

whom we have sought Thro' this dark night, a-mongst these rug - ged hills. Nay, do not blush, my

Allegretto giojoso. ♪ = 96.

Ly - dia; well I know, 'Twas cha-ri - ty that brought you, and a sis - ter Whose

plead - ing few men can re - sist, much less A yield - ing wo-man.

Or - so, I

vouch, . . I vouch for your de - liverance; af - ter all your sor - -

(*Leading Lydia towards him.*)

row. Be free and hap - - - - - - py,

be free . . and hap - py.

SCENE IV.

(*Enter from left, Colomba, mortally wounded, supported by Chilina and a Soldier.*)

Andante mesto. CHILINA.

Hap - py at such a

Andante mesto. ♩ = 56.

espressivo.

R *Moderato.* RECIT.

price, This precious life fell a sa - cri - fice To her bro - ther's safe-ty,

Moderato. ♩ = 66.

ben misurato.

we could not withhold her; In the thick of the fight she stood firm . . as a rock, Wav-ing her

ker- chief and lift- ing her voice, To at-tract the sol - diers,

un - til she was struck By a bul-let, and life - less sank . . on my

Andante mesto. (*Colomba is gently placed on a mossy bank.*)

shoul - der.

Andante mesto. ♩ = 56.

Andante. (*Orso and Lydia kneel by her side.*)

COLOMBA (*opening her eyes, in a faint voice*).

ad lib.

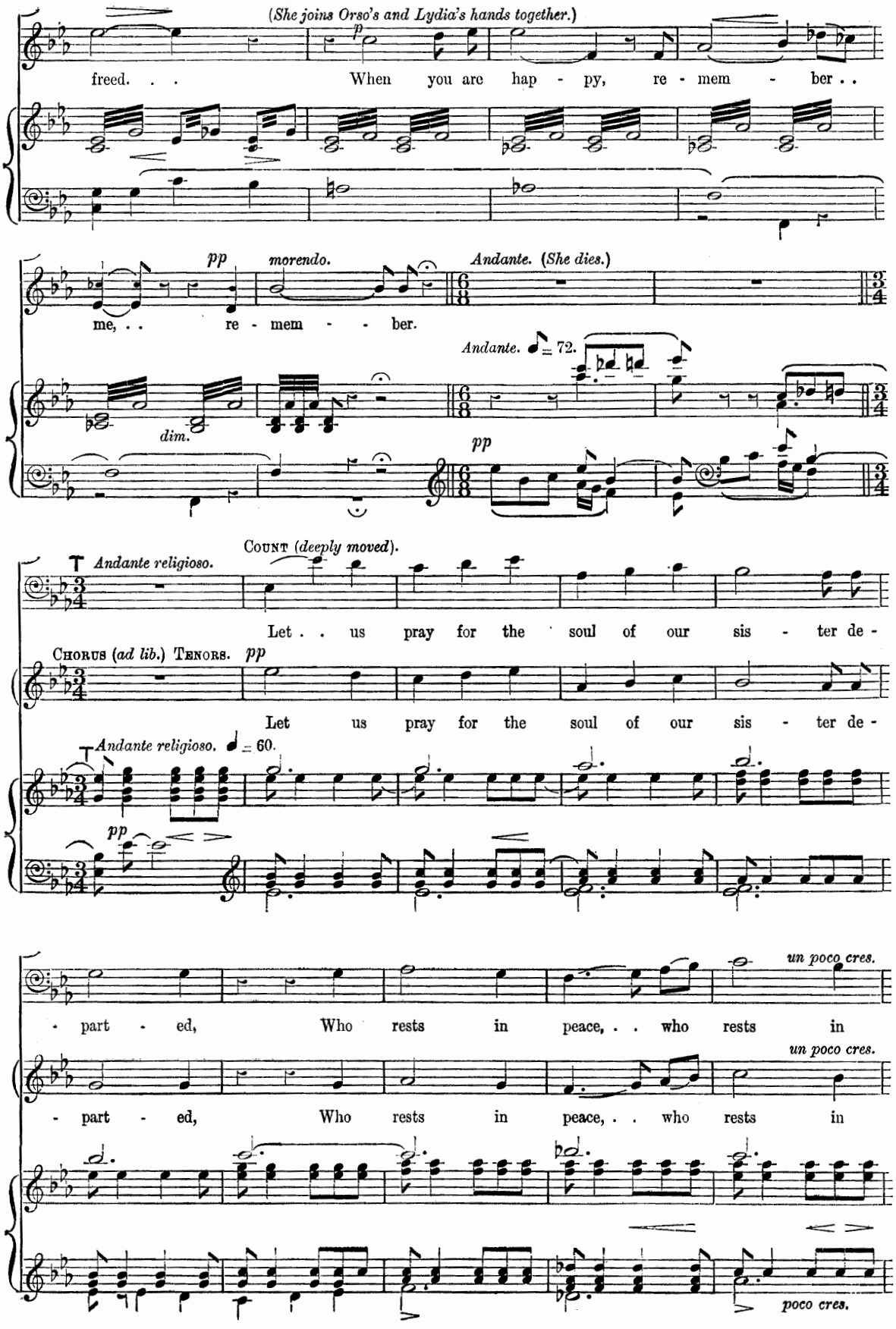
I die con -

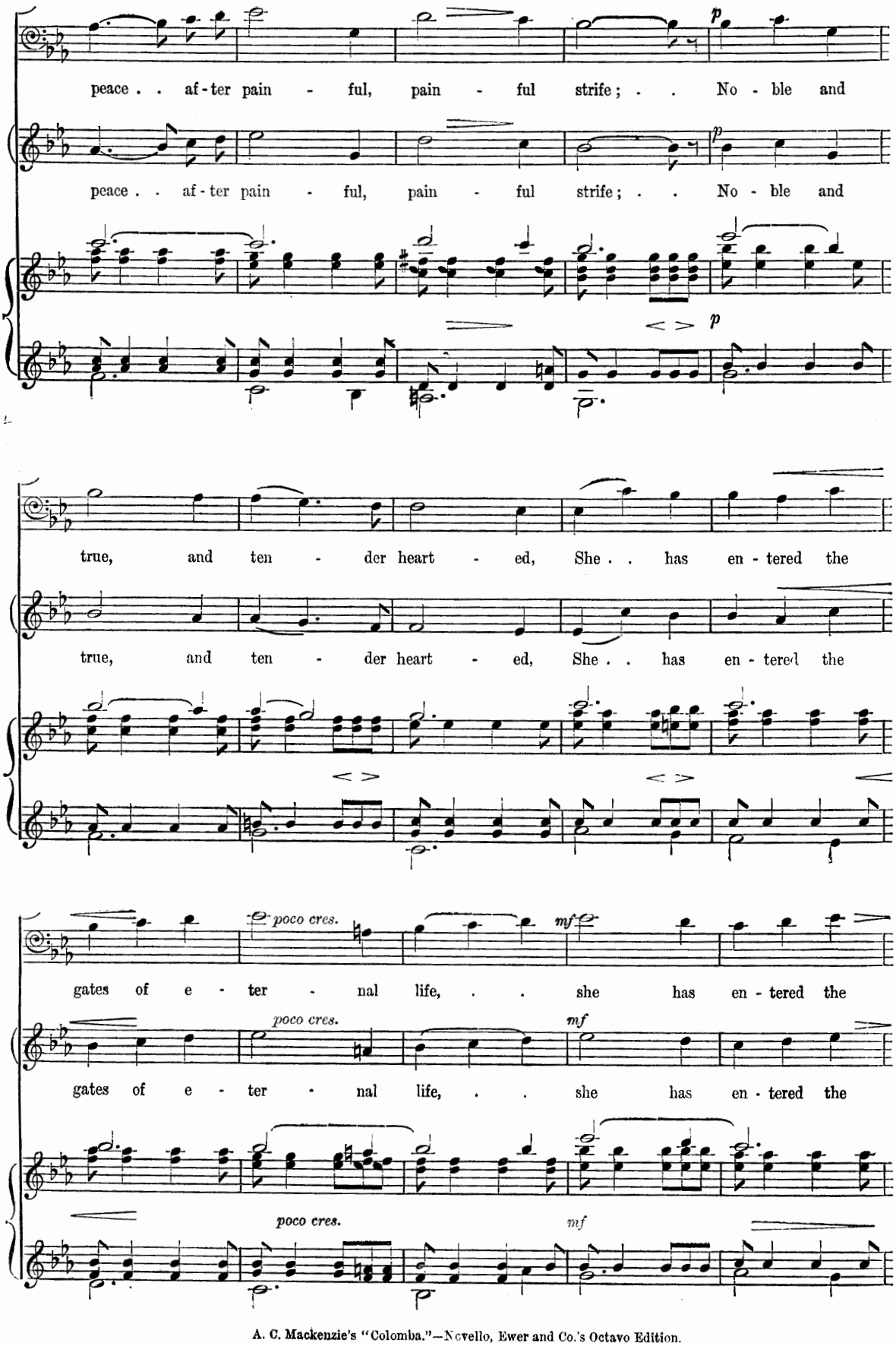
♩ = 72.

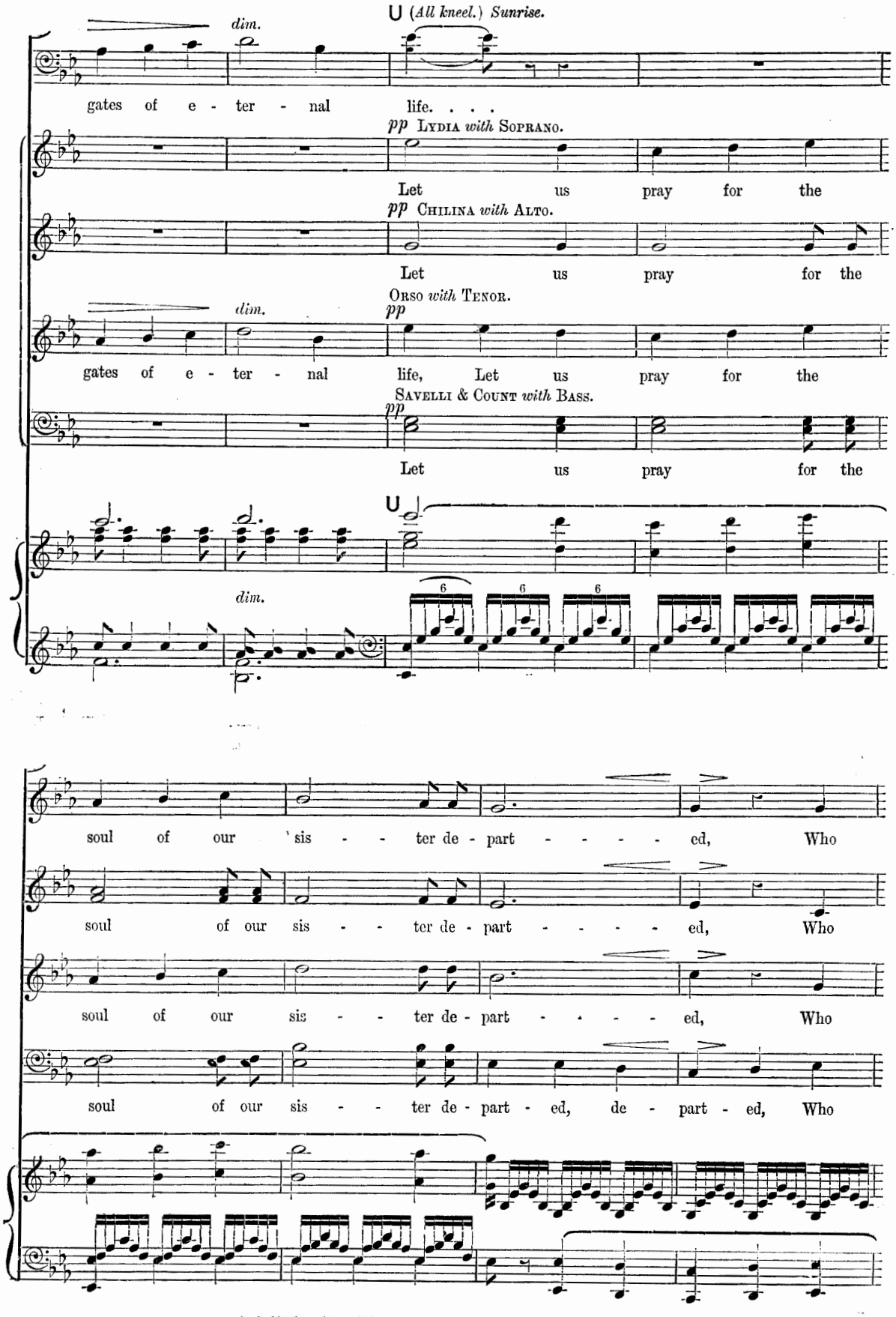
p dolce.

S *Moderato.* ♩ = 66.

- tent - ted, my task, my task is done. My fa - ther is re - venged, my bro - ther


(She joins Orso's and Lydia's hands together.)
p
freed. . . When you are hap - py, re - mem - ber . .
pp
morendo.
Andante. (She dies.)
me, . . re - mem - - ber.
Andante. ♩ = 72.
dim.
pp
Andante religioso.
COUNT (deeply moved).
Let . . us pray for the soul of our sis - ter de -
CHORUS (ad lib.) TENORS.
pp
Let us pray for the soul of our sis - ter de -
Andante religioso. ♩ = 60.
pp
un poco cres.
- part - ed, Who rests in peace, . . who rests in
un poco cres.
- part - ed, Who rests in peace, . . who rests in
poco cres.


p
peace . . af - ter pain - ful, pain - ful strife; . . No - ble and
peace . . af - ter pain - ful, pain - ful strife; . . No - ble and
p
true, and ten - der heart - ed, She . . has en - tered the
true, and ten - der heart - ed, She . . has en - tered the
poco cres.
mf
gates of e - ter - nal life, . . she has en - tered the
poco cres.
mf
gates of e - ter - nal life, . . she has en - tered the
poco cres.
mf


U (All kneel.) Sunrise.
dim.
gates of e - ter - nal life. . . .
pp Lydia with Soprano.
Let us pray for the
pp Chilina with Alto.
Let us pray for the
Orso with Tenor.
pp
dim.
gates of e - ter - nal life, Let us pray for the
Savelli & Count with Bass.
pp
Let us pray for the
U
dim.
soul of our sis - - ter de - part - - - - - ed, Who
soul of our sis - - ter de - part - - - - - ed, Who
soul of our sis - - ter de - part - - - - - ed, Who
soul of our sis - - ter de - part - ed, de - part - ed, Who

rests in peace, . . . who . . rests in

rests in peace, ... rests in

rests in peace, ... rests in

rests in peace, rests in

poco cres. *mf*

peace . . . . af - - - - - ter pain - ful

poco cres. *mf*

peace . . . af - - ter pain - - - ful

poco cres. *mf*

peace . . . af - - ter pain - - - ful

poco cres. *mf*

peace af - - ter pain . - - ful

poco cres.

pp

strife; . . . . No - ble and true, and

pp

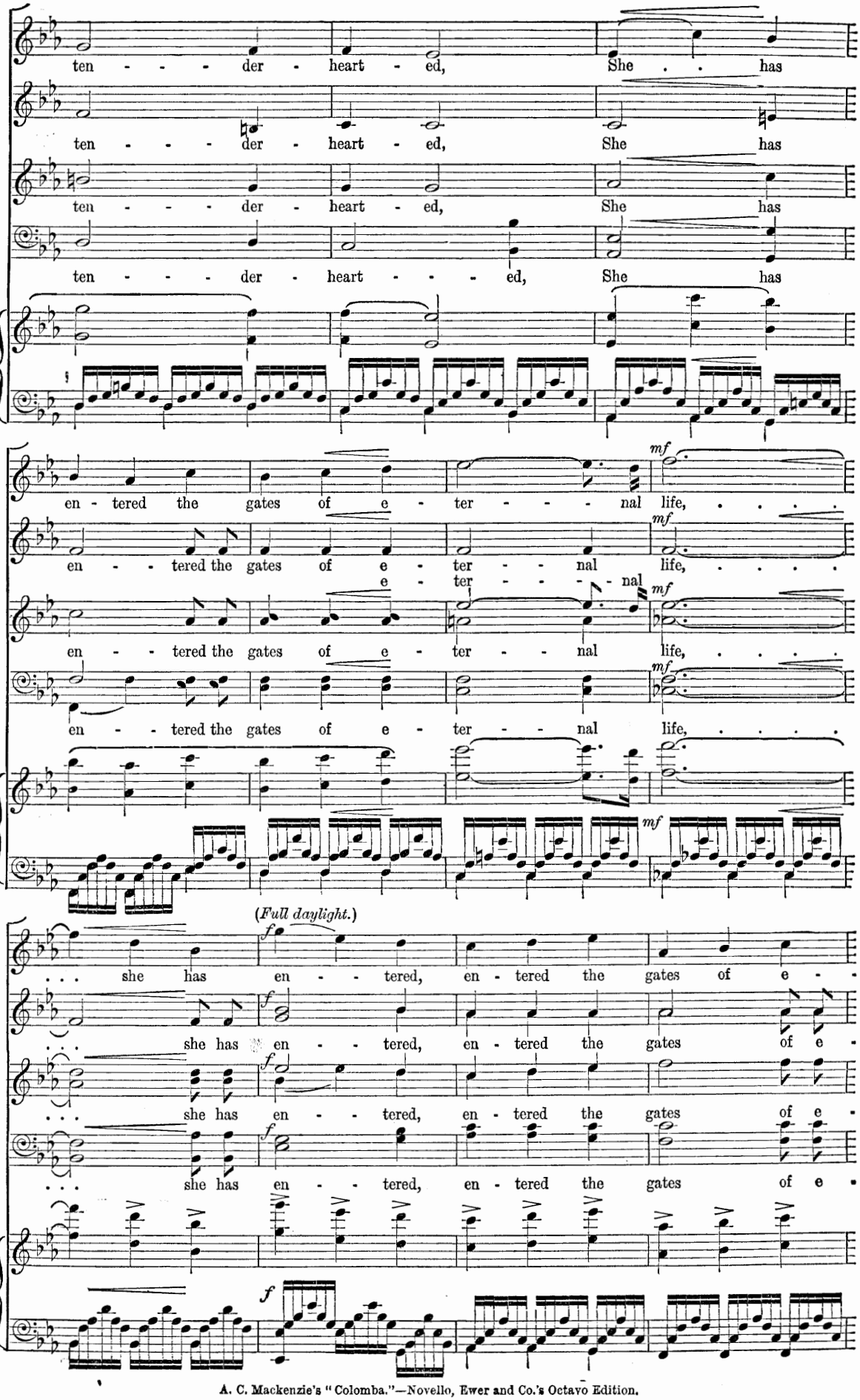
strife; . . . . No - - - ble and true, and

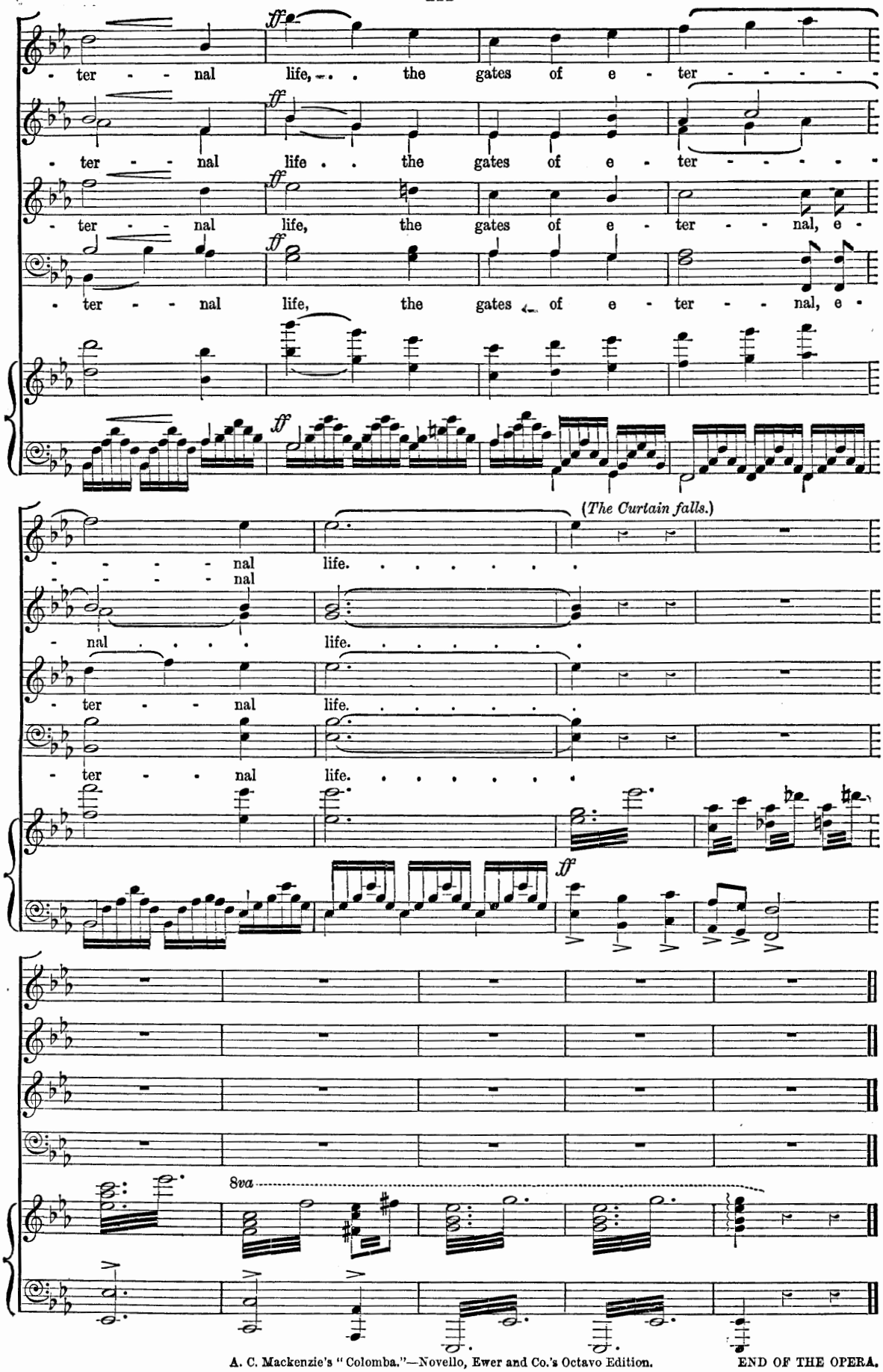
pp

strife; . . . . No - - - ble and true, and

pp

strife; . . . . No - - - ble and true, and


ten - - - der - heart - ed, She . . has
ten - - - der - heart - ed, She has
ten - - - der - heart - ed, She has
ten - - - der - heart - - - ed, She has
mf
en - tered the gates of e - ter - - - nal life, ...
en - - tered the gates of e - ter - - nal life, ...
e - ter - - - - nal
en - - tered the gates of e - ter - - nal life, ...
en - - tered the gates of e - ter - - nal life, ...
(Full daylight.)
f
. . . she has en - - tered, en - tered the gates of e -
. . . she has en - - tered, en - tered the gates of e -
. . . she has en - - tered, en - tered the gates of e -
. . . she has en - - tered, en - tered the gates of e -



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