ACT II

SCENE: Interior of the Temple of Totec. The upper side of the room is open, the ceiling supported by heavy pillars. At the right is an image of the Sun-god, in front of which, in a brazier, burns the Sacred Fire, the symbol of Nahuan existence. The apartment is reached from without by a flight of steps on the open side.
(The Curtain rises) (AZORA stands by one of the pillars of the Temple, looking into the night. A Slave kneels before the Sacred Fire)

75 Andante doloroso

Now fades in the opal sky All the brightness of hopeful day;

Harp (behind the scenes)
(AZORA comes down and touches the Slave on the shoulder, indicating dismissal. The Slave withdraws and AZORA takes her place kneeling before the Fire)

Azora (with passionate emotion)

Andante moderato

Burn, Fire! Eternal

Pledge of life! Give me thy flame— for my bosom, Night has come and hope is dead!

(She rises to her feet and places a fagot on the Fire)
Burn, sacred Flame, and warm my heart,

Dying, its fires unfed; Oh, give me of thy

vital breath, Feed my craving soul, That faith may not

die by love unwed! O, Flame ever
living, burn thou for him, O, pledge of life, O, fire divine, And guide his steps to me, that I may live. Burn, thou flame eternal, shine with steadfast beam,
Largamente

And light __ his home-ward

cresc.

path.

O Flame ever-liv-ing, burn thou for

him, __ that hon-or and vic-to-ry may

cresc.

Oh, burn, and send thy
light afar to guide his

Andante moderato

steps to me!

(She again kneels before the Fire)

Guide, oh guide his steps to

(CANEK has entered and stands at left unobserved by AZORA)

me!
Moderato

You pray for Xal-ca! Vain your prayer! Another moon has come, and still no


muted Trbs.

Timp.


'tis feared that Xal-ca is defeated.

Azora

False! You speak a lie-be-gone!

Azora

Go, evil tongue!

And if defeated, dead! If so the gods ordain, so shall it
Molto moderato

Invoke no more the sacred Flame, nor yet the mighty arm of

To-tec! To thus af-front the gods is im-pious!

Ah! Leave me! I am distraught! Canek

Your fa-ther's an-ger fierce-ly burns At Xal- ca's si-lence.

He soon will speak!
messenger, Flea-footed Chaqui, But now has been despatched with Monte-zu-ma's word.

The message, Priest! That Xalca, if he live, Shall spare himself the pains of coming with ill news!

Ah, Canek! He may have lost with honor!
In Monte-Bu-ma's eyes defeat is black disgrace; Nor would this haughty Prince return with failure: By his own hand would he wipe out the shameful stain! There is no hope—

He is dead!
(Exit CANEK. With a smothered cry, AZORA drops on her knees before the Fire, her face buried in her hands)

(The voices of the Fire-Priests are heard and the sound of the gong, a summons to prayer. AZORA remains kneeling before the Fire)

Moderato

Fire-Priests
TEENOR I & II

Down from the heav’n-ly spa-ces came the fire, Giv- en by the sun-god.

BASS I & II

Down from the heav’n-ly spa-ces came the fire, Giv- en by the sun-god.

In its sove-reign heart lies the fate of Na-hua! * Guard the Fire!

* Nar wah
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(Enter Fire-Priests, attended by a Slave)

Serve its ceaseless call for food, Nourish and sustain its life. Fear to let it call in vain! Feed the Fire!

(The Slave, bearing fagots, places one on the Fire. The flame is seen to rise and AZORA lifts her arms toward the Fire, then drops them.)
(The PRIESTS take their departure during the following)

Down from the heav'ly spaces came the Fire, giv'en by the sun-god; In its sove-reign

Their words are mockery, Should Xalca

Azora

(Flute

P

p Strings)
Andante lamentoso

Should Xalaca die, if
a tempo

by the foe-man's hand or by his own he perish, then let my tortured heart

f (passionately)

find peace in death! I would not live without him! His soul to

dim.

mine is wedded! Ne'er to see his face—ne'er to hear his voice—What joy could life on my
(she rises)

breaking heart bestow, should Xal-ca die?

Tempo I°

Should Xal-ca die, if from my maiden hopes the breath of life be taken,

Then die the universe! Eternal darkness en-shroud the

(Ramatzin has entered; she addresses him haughtily)

world and me!
Allegro non troppo

What brings you here?

Ramatzin (intensely)

Allegro non troppo

The pow'r of

Meno mosso

love!

Love brings me here!

Too long have you opposed me—too

Azora

Ramatzin! hear! must we a-

long have I endured!

gain renew a theme that e'er shall fruit-

less be twixt me and

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E - nough! the hour has come, and you must hear!

piu moto

Azora (proudly)

must! and wherefore must? Do you forget that I am

mis-tress here? A - zo - ra!

Yet

hear me now you shall!
This is insolence past believing! Do you forget that I have thrice refused to hear your vows?

Più tranquillo

Ramatzin (his mood changing to tenderness)

And still I love! Still am I yours—forever! My world is you and only you!
(passionately)

Still do the sun, the moon and thrice ten million stars
Shine but to

---

guide me

to the heart

---

(increasing in warmth)

crave! Re-fuse a thousand times, A thousand times de-clare you

cresc.

---

ne'er can love me, still will I ask a gain!

---
Allegro

Then hear my answer,

once for all, Ramatzin!

The thing you ask is vain!

Moderato (as before)

Ramatzin (still pleading)

Listen but a moment, Azora! Here in this
heart, engendered by your charm, there
dwells a mighty love. That ne'er shall
yield to aught save death!

89 Moderato con moto
Go! I'll hear no more! to me your vows are hateful! False in ev'-ry accent!
Such is your love to me!

Words cannot move me—Still do I love you!

Hear, then, the rest! Were I a captive
slave, Condemned to perish by the scourge,

And life were granted at the price of wedding

you, Think you that I would live? No!

Better death!

Ramatzin mf
Andante dolcemente

zor - ra! A - gain I plead for love!

With sup - pliant heart I plead! I feel your loft - y scorn,

I hear your bit - ter words, and fal - ter not!

Where Love a - bides, There Love is
king in glorious majesty, and every man his slave!

So I am slave, Slave

to his regent, you my queen!

sparing me! 'Tis of no avail!

a tempo
Molto più moto

Ramatzin

But why?

My blood is

princely,

No prouder place than mine in

all the land, Save but the King's;

My coffers burst

with gold and jewels;

All these are yours: my
lofty rank, un-count-ed wealth: and all I bring to you!

(He proceeds to describe his possessions, seeking to dazzle her)

Sap-phires, blue as the corn-flow’r waving in the grain;
Emeralds, reflecting a thousand spring-times; Diamonds like dew-drops a-

blaze with fire; Opal and am-e-thyst,
Pearls whose lustre mocks belief,
Rubies dyed in blood! And all these gems are yours if you but speak the magic word, if

Ah, you but speak the word that makes you mine!

no! that word shall ne'er be spoken!
Più mosso

Think once again before you blight my heart’s desire!

more imperious as he proceeds)

before you waken my jealous wrath, For I, Ramatzin,

am no callow youth,

To tamely yield if Fate op-

pose me!

Reflect, ere you defy me, for by my
Più allegro
(Again with tenderness and passion)

soul, you shall be mine!

Oh, beloved!
Make earth a paradise for me!
Ah!

I love but you!

Azora

(He seizes AZORA'S hand and tries to draw her into his embrace; she resists him)

Ah! Release my hand! This is in-
trigue to drive me to submission, To thrust me into your arms! Re-

Allegro

Allegro

lease me-go! Ramatzin (furious)

Go? Yes, I go, but with me

take: The savor of the proud Azora's lips!

(He tries again to take her into his arms with the intention of carrying out his threat. There is a short struggle)

(AZORA screams)
Meno mosso, molto moderato
(CANEK appears at left, coming hastily on to the scene)

(RAMATZIN ceases his violence but retains his hold on AZORA'S arm)

Hold! What means this tumult? Speak, RAMATZIN! AZORA, speak!

AZORA (with intense scorn)

This man—this noble prince—Has dared to lay his odious touch on me, AZORA, daughter of a King!
Is she not pledged to me, O Canek? You know full well the promise given me by Montezuma.

My hand is still my own to give, And I will give it with my heart!

Azora, it has been no secret, Ramatzin's love,
and he would make you wife: Your father so or-dains it!

Azora
Moderato con passione

He of-fers me his world, His

Ramatzin

I of-fer her the world!

I of-fer jew-els,

'Twere best to heed!

Moderato con passione

world of jew-els, gold and power, He names them
gold and power — That will be-fit her roy-al state, be-come her

His promise he can well per-form!

The King commands—
all.

In his vain eyes they mean the sum of
royal splendor!

I offer gold, I offer gold and
Yours to obey! He offers gold, he offers power,

splendor and pow'r!

Ah yes! he offers
jewels, gold and pow'r, that well be-
'Twere best to heed! He offers all that well be-

me his gold and pow'r, the sum of royal splen-

fit her royal state, become her royal splen-

fits your royal state,
your royal splen-
Go now! I bear too much!

(CANEK departs; RAMATZIN hesitates)

A Princess bids you—Go!

Moderato
Fire-Priests

Down from the heav'n-ly spaces came the Fire, given by the Sun-god;

Moderato

Exit RAMATZIN in anger.
The voices of the Fire-Priests are heard outside. AZORA listens for an instant, then goes out.

(A gong sounds at intervals, calling to prayer. During the

Chorus

Down from the heav'n-ly spaces came the Fire, given by the Sun-god;
chant there is a general assembly of the
people in response to the call)

(The FIRE PRIESTS enter)

In its sove-reign heart lies the fate of Na-hua! Guard the Fire!

(CANEK enters, preceding MONTEZUMA, who appears, at-
tended by his Guard)

Guard the Fire!

Viol.

Moderato maestoso
(The people here sing an invocation to TOTEC)

SOPRANO

Great To-tec! Lord and primal

ALTO

Great To-tec! Lord and primal

TENOR

Great To-tec! Lord and primal

BASS

Great To-tec! Lord and primal

Chorus

Moderato maestoso

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Thou, by whom men live!

This hour we worship and im-

Great Chieftain! See and hear!

Great Chieftain! See and hear!

Great Chieftain! See and hear!

Great Chieftain! See and hear!
plore thy service, Lest the foe prevail.

Great Tec! See and hear!
Great Tec! See and hear!
Great Tec! See and hear!
Great Tec! See and hear!

A moon has waxed and waned Since

Xalca's haughty boast That he would overcome the foe:
(He speaks to a Slave)

My patience ceases!

Go, slave, and send Ramatzin

(The Slave runs off)

hither!

Henceforth our hope shall rest on

(RAMATZIN enters; MONTEZUMA addresses him)

Ramatzin, we summon you to action!

(RAMATZIN makes an obeisance)
The King's command is like a wing-ed shaft That finds its mark!

Vain-glo-rious Xal-ca, with his

Ea-gle host, Went forth a-gainst the Tar-as-can;

Our ears are strained to hear the sounds of vic-to-

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Ancor più moderato

Our eyes have sought the signal flame on yonder hills in vain;

The gods are

Ramatzin

I stay for naught save Montezuma's word To lead my wroth!
Molto maestoso

ban\-ner on the field!

4 Trumpets

104 Montezuma

Take, then, our standard of the Heron's plume, With all the force that

Ramatzin

flights beneath its ægis, And go you hence to-night!

Andante tranquillo

But first I claim fulfillment of your long out-
standing pledge to make Azora mine!

Let our betrothal be proclaimed,

And solemnized by all appointed

Più moto

rites; Then send me forth!

Montezuma

'Tis well; you ask no more than is your

Più moto
Poco lento

A - zo - ra must be mine!

I heard my name -

who
due.

Poco lento

Oh.

speaks it here?

Ra-ma-tzin! He whose prom-ised wife you are!

accel.

Più allegro

His prom-ised wife! Whence came this prom-ise?

Più allegro

From my lips!

Your hand is pledged, As well you know, to him, my roy-al choice!
Allegro

and I am daughter of a King!

I do not fear you!

Bind me,

scourge me, do what you will!

No earthly pow'r, nor yet the pow'r of the gods, Can make me his!

(She points to RAMATZIN with scorn)

I do defy you! Where is the princely pride