JASON
A DRAMATIC CANTATA
FOR SOLO VOICES, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA
THE POEM WRITTEN BY
WILLIAM GRIST
THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY
A. C. MACKENZIE.

Octavo, paper cover, 2s. 6d.; paper boards, 3s.; scarlet cloth, 4s.

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."

DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"An orchestral intermezzo, 'On the waters,' represents the voyage from Hellas to Colchis. This is a charming number, orthodox as to form, and poetic in spirit as though the composer of 'Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage' had written it. Indeed, Mendelssohn could not have been far from Mr. Mackenzie when he conceived this fresh and breezy music."

STANDARD.

"The Cantata of 'Jason' is not only his most pretentious, but also his most successful work. Its bright, melodious numbers will, in all probability, soon become popular. 'Jason' is described as a dramatic Cantata for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra. It is exceedingly clever in construction, and the orchestration is peculiarly picturesque in places."

DAILY CHRONICLE.

"'Jason' is a composition characterised by vivid imagination, grace, and power, and it marks a further advance upon the road on which Mr. Mackenzie has already made such satisfactory progress. The Cantata left a great impression upon the audience, and the composer was heartily greeted at the conclusion from all parts of the hall."

ATHENEUM.

"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."

WEEKLY DISPATCH.

"It may be premature to express so decided an opinion, but I am inclined to think 'Jason' is the finest Cantata ever penned by an English composer. It is not only scholarly in a high sense, but is written with a freedom of resource and a command over the various forms of expression not often equalled. The choruses are splendid, the melodies generally striking and unconventional, and the orchestration is exceedingly rich and varied."

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NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

COLOMBA

A LYRICAL DRAMA

IN FOUR ACTS

FOUNDED ON PROSPER MÉRIMÉE'S TALE

BY

FRANCIS HUEFFER

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

A. C. MACKENZIE

Op. 28.

THE PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENT BY E. SILAS.

SECOND EDITION.

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COLOMBA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count de Nevers... ... (Governor of Corsica) ... Mr. Henry Pope.
Orso della Robbia ... (An Officer in the French Army) Mr. Barton McGuinness.
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 Valletta.
Lydia ... ... (Daughter of the Count de Nevers) Mlle. 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 Avicio. 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 Susuili (dressed as well-to-do countrywomen) 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,
Pescce speca, triglia, murcina.

Others.
Lemons and figs and pomì d’oro,
Oranges round as Monte d’oro,
Apples and melons, a solido the price,
Sweet almonds straight from Paradise,
Like those in the Church of Saint Catherine of Sisico,
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 boxes, portmances &c.
Heave ho! — heave ho! —
Memmo, Grillo, Antonio;
Heave ho! — heave ho! —
(The woman’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 coffiers 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,
[Humorously.
Who, I should mention, is of your nation,
Captain Orso della Rebba, who saved his Excellency’s life at Waterloo, where the Court 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 Rebba 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 Bella 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.

VOZERO.

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 left 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 disperses. 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 bespeaks 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 beset 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,
Painter 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 forest’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-naturally 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 who have decreed
[Looking significantly at Orso.
Who give the rimbecco* by word or deed.
[Asidely.
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.

[Tol 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.

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 clasp
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 maid, 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 honor 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.
[Dispensing.
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 Robbia, to the right that of the Barracini,
both with open verandas 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 thong 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 belta.
Chi'l suo regno sia benedetto e saggio!
A lei amore, a lei fedelita!
Salve, Regina del Maggio.

[Before the Chorus is quite finished, and mingling with it, are heard behind the scenes the sounds of a march played on fiddles, guitars, drums, and other rustic instrumnetos. Enter, preceded by the Village Musicians, Garde-Champêtres, etc., Count Never, 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.

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 proffered 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 honor, 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 cattedracho 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.

[To Giuseppe. Apologetically.] 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.

[Coldly, 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?

[Painting to Colomba.] It is true that to him I had been always a trusty servant; by night and day, at home, on the battle-field, by his side I stood, whether woe 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 owes 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 to Orso, who looks
at it, and for a time stands speechless. After
a pause he reads, almost to himself, but
out loud, to the crowd, "Giuseppe
Barra—"

Colomba.

Orso, read aloud and proclaim!

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.

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 entrancingly.

Nay, Colomba,

Even for thy sake, for our dear 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.

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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 Corsi-
can 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 ven-
geance.

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?"

[Nay, these were not the words.

[He pauses.

[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.

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 Talava 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.

* Mantle worn by Corsican women.

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 Borracini, 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.
Orso.

Father, he 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. Oros’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.
Ha! who is this?

[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 gestures 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 aeternam 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, we are avenged.

[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 envenomer’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.

* 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 illuminated by the lightning, are seen Colomba and Lydia grooping their way, one on each side of the valley.

Colomba.
Lydia.
Colomba! Lydia.
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 was long, the road was weary,
The night is cold and dark and dreary,
Colomba.
But love—
Lydia.
[Emphatically.
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.
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.
Ah! {Eagerly.
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.

Orso.

[Looking at Orso pitifully.
How faint and ill he seems;
Wasted and worn with fever.
[She sits down on the couch and says 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, withers 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 deeds have 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, of
Scathed 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 unsullied 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 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.

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 noontide,
Wings her flight, and is heard no longer—

Orso.

Like the storm which the clouds engender,
Blown from the mountains with mighty gusts,
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 befal.

Colomba. [Hastily 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
such 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 with-
hold 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 ac-
complished,
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!

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.
ACT I.

SCENE I.—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. Chilona and Savelea (dressed as well-to-do peasants) amongst the buyers going from stall to stall.

CHORUS.

Allegro. \( \text{d} = 104. \)

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

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

SI-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy, buy, Fish fresh from the sea to bake or

TENOR.

BASS.

SI-o-ri, buy,

SI-o-ri, buy,

A. C. MacKenzie's "Columba."—Novello, Ewer and Co. a Octavo Edition.—[S.1]
Soprano.

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

Alto.

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

Fish fresh from the sea, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy.

buy, fish fresh from the sea, si-o-ri, buy, buy, si-o-ri, buy.

buy, fish fresh from the sea, si-o-ri, buy, buy, si-o-ri, buy.

Trot and perch from the lake of

Trout and perch from the lake, the lake of Cre-na.

Cre-na, si-o-ri, buy, buy pesce spa-da.

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

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

buy, buy nu-re-na,  buy, pe-see spa-da, tri-glia,

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

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

buy, si-o-ri, buy, Fish fresh from the sea,

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

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

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,

Like those in the church of Saint
price. Sweet almonds straight from Paradise,

Catherine of Sisico, of Sisco,
lemons and figs, siori, buy,
siori, buy.

San Damiano and San Francesco Have bless'd the

and ripened the fruit, and ripened the fruit, wholesome

trees and ripened the fruit, and ripened the fruit, wholesome

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-ranges,

buy, Apples and melons, a sol-do the price,

lemons and

lemons and figs, lemons and figs, buy, buy, buy,

fgrs, lemons and figs, buy, buy, buy,

Sec-

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

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

\footnote{\textcopyright{} MacKenzie's "Colomba."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.}
Fish from the sea to bake or fry,
buy, si-ori, si-ori, buy, si-ori, buy,

Lemons and figs, si-ori, buy, si-ori, buy,

buy, si-ori, buy,

buy, si-ori, buy,

Sailors (carrying bales, portmanteaus, &c.)
L'istesso tempo. (The crochets as before.)

Tenor.

Heave ho, heave ho, heave ho,

Bass.

Heave ho, heave ho, heave ho,

Heave ho! Grif-fo, An-to-ui-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 baggage.

Old Woman.

ho, heave ho!

ho, heave ho!


like was never seen. Kists and coffers fit for a queen, What dresses and

bonnets they must hide! And a coronet neatly embroidered outside. Say

(To a Sergeant of Marines who is guarding the luggage.) Sergeant (gruffly),

whose, say whose is all this lovely, lovely luggage? Hands off!

hands off! if you please, you ancient baggage,

Chihina (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, are not yet so enlightened, As to scare a weak woman easily frightened.

Chorus (repeat ironically), 1st Soprano. mf

Indeed! and such, and such are the manners of France, Our poor Corsican lads who would win our good graces, Should learn from

him, should learn, should learn from him,

Ha ha ha ha ha ha,

What a pleasant face is.

To answer a question

what a pleasant face is.

Ad lib.

is a task Which greatly depends upon who does ask. A favour

craved by such lips as thine It would be difficult to decline.

may sink his dignity, And talk . . to rule is-landers

(To the people, in an altered tone.)

such as those.

Know then, good

people, this maiden to please, I will in-form you that the

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

The crotchets as before.

rines) brings to this benighted is-land his Excel-lesey the Count de Ne-vers, 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,

(Examining significantly at Chileno.)

Which is in sore need of consolation. For silent merit must vanish soon before the

(Matter of fact again.)

charm of a bold dragoon, Who, I should mention, is of your nation—Captain Orr-so-del-la

Rebbils, who saved his Excellency's wife 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 ev'ry one on board knew why Captain della Rebbils left

Cholina (allegro). Repr.

ante.

Par is for this mis-er-a-ble place.

It is a lie, you know it is a lie;

Calmato.

No one shall slander him when I am nigh.

While Oro is has at heart a sa-cred

du - ty He would dis - dain to look at your French beau - ty.

Animo.

Sergeant (surprised).

My dearest child, you take me by sur - prise;

What higher du - ty

can there be Than that im - posed . by love - ly eyes!

Molto animato.

Chorus. Soprano.

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

Alto.

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

Tenor.

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

Bass.

Nay, let us hear, nay, let us hear the story;

Molto animato.

Savelli (contemptuously to Chillon).

Tempo I.

My dear, Can not you see these people here Are from Bastia? And therefore, Like yonder Frenchman, they ignore What all the world has been fain to hear.

Andante moderate.

They never knew of tint dreadful night,

When all Frenzera 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

Poco animato. 

Sergeant.

Brother. But who, but who was the murder-

Chorus. 1st & 2nd Tenor.

But who, but who, but who was the murder-

Poco animato.

But who, but who, but who was the murder-

Chorus. Soprano.

Er? Who was the murder er?

But who was the murder er?

Er? But who was the murder er?

Savelli.

Tempo lento.

Who, indeed! Is there to tell you really

Tempo lento.

need I. Of the hated home through ages a-gone, And left as an

heirloom from father to son. By the Baracini and their

kin To the Delia Rebìa far and near? Ask Chi-

li na, and you may hear,— If these market-women will hush their

din,— The song which on the burial day

The Siro... na Colomba did sing and say When her

friends, round the body were resembling,

And which no Barraconi, no Barraconi hears without trembling.

Allegro.
Chorus. Soprano.

Alto.

Tenor. pp

Bass. pp

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

watchful, the law is severe. Have a care what you sing, the
care what you sing, have a care, have a care what you

sing, have a care, the law, the law is severe.

abrir are watchful, the law, the law is severe. (The crotchets as before.)

cres.

Chilina (very excited).

Who is afraid can leave this place, or stop his ears, or hide his face; Sex I'll sing you the

song in spite of the law And all the gendarmes in Cor-sica. Sex

VOCERO.

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

Andantino. \( \text{Bars 1-92.} \)

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!

A. C. MacKenzie's "Colomba."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(30.)
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 cherish'd eye, Piercing his heart, mine he cleft me, piercing his heart, mine he cleft me."

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

—other love.

But what

hope is left for me, Struck by merciless disaster? In the

house,. that knows. no master, Grieving fatherless a

SCENE II.

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

Allegro alla marcia.

(After a short pause)

Allegro alla marcia. \( \mathfrak{d} = 108. \)

 sempre \( f \)

(The crowd disperses.)

(Enter from the ship, 

A. C. Mackenzie's "Colomba."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.)
preceded by guards, Count de Nevers, Oroso, and Lypia. Shows 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 Oroso and Lypia.)

Oroso. Recit.

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 word which to me is death or life.

My friend, you are too rash: this sudden passion But ill beseech the terms of your allegiance. No sooner have you touched your native shore.

Than like the giant in the old story, You seem to gather

strength for your attack Upon the heart of a defenceless damsels. Such manners may seem 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 reengeance. Which in your island speech you call venge...
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 each other, Or to the voice of the great wind, blowing From the ditties That the birds are singing to each other, Or to the voice of the great wind,

heights of the snow-clad mountains, Mingling at last, . . . at . . . last . . . with the blow ing From the heights . . . of the snow-clad moun tains, Mingling at

mur muring foun tains, Faint er and ever faint er

last with the murn'ring foun tain, Faint er and
grow ing, ever faint er grow ing
ev er faint er grow ing

Aye, but after a long day's ride, When we

G

(Oreo, who has been repeating the last passage line for p dolce.

A C Mackenzie's "Colomba."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.)
rest... by the fountain's side... When we rest... when we rest... Where the

shadiest seat of your choice is... 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!" the sweet words... "I love... I love...

p' espress.
When the birds are singing above you,
When the birds are singing above you,
When no listening ear is nigh,

Shall I read in your speaking eye,
Shall I read in your speaking eye,

Shall we whisper with mingled whisper, the sweet words,
LYDIA (who in her turn has been dreamily repeating Oro's words, with a sudden start).

Allegro moderato.

Hush, hush! you go too far; here is my father. Allegro moderato. \( \dot{i} = 100. \)

COUNT DE NEVERS (good-naturedly to Oro).

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

Lydia (interrupting him in great confusion).

(topically)

Dear est father, we only talked of—

Cap tain Or so was—

(More composedly.)

(At tempo)

You know I love the songs the people sing. Those simple songs which are to stilled

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

faint - ly as we were approach-ing.

The mel - o-dy I well re - mem - ber, for I heard a sail - or

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

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

who, with Chilina, has been stand-ing near, watch-ing the group).

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

Your Excelency must pardon me.

The tune I know, and the words I could tell; But I also know the law full well, which

(Looking significantly at Oro.)

death to all those has decreed Who give the rim-bec-co by word or deed. And without

Oro (angrily),
A tempo animale.

that, and without that the law does not love me, God knows! Pray keep your:

P tempo

(classo voce.

(to Lydia.)
Tempo l'amo.

clumsy jests for those For whom they are fitted and intended. Dearest

P Tempo l'amo.

Lady, be not offended By the rude rebuke of an obstinate clown; The song, I vouch, was but a simple ballad, Or voce-ro, or cry of wild revenge, With which the air of this unhappy is land Is loud, as with illomen’d ravens’ voices. 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,

(looking significantly at Lydian.)

To the voice of that song I would listen rather Than to the softest of night-in-

Allegro vivo. 118. Chilna (who has been standing apart, looking into the distance.)

-gales. Leave him, father, nothing avails Your angry

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

Scene III.

[Music notation with text below]

...plain The song, and all else that to know she is faint.

[Music notation with text below]

bella is heard from behind the scenes.

[Music notation with text below]

(Enter Colomba riding on a

[Music notation with text below]

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

Osto (recognizing Colombia). Recit.

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

(Her is going to embrace her. Colombia, ex - f Colombia.

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

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. Ask look at her in surprise.)

SOPRANO.

How strange her man - ner! her

ALTO.

How strange her man - ner! She

TENOR.

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

BASS.

Her face, her face is

COURT (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! see! see!
said: She does not speak. She shuns her bro-
th er, see!

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

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

(vore must hear.

Ossu (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

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

sister.

Colomba (to Orose, 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, 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 by-word in the land; Till revenge, till reengeance for my father's death has been wrought by my brother's hand.
Roused in my breast, when, on the eve of battle, Our
father's sudden fate came to my ear; But well at-
tested news that his own hand, By accident, had fired the deadly
shot Lulled all suspicion. Agitate. It was lulled too soon By a vocal
lawyer's lying pen. Oh brother, let me not plead in

vain For the debt of re-venge that is due to the slain And our an-
cres-
cen-
do.

On so (roused for a moment, but soon calm again)

name and our blood-stain'd honour. You are a child, Co-

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

dim.

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

fend . . . and how to vin-di-cate. But not by means of

K Lydia (passionately).

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.

Dear friend, let a friend implore you; Think of your comrades, think of France; Let not the fire I saw in your

Colomba (to Orso).

Colomba (to Orso). 
Child. You call me a child!—you look up on me As a dreamer of dreams! You shall hear, you shall

(She rushes off hurriedly. Orso stands motionless, 
see. What the people think what the people say.

in brooding thought.) 
Lydia (hurriedly to Orso). 
Whatever the message she may bring,

Remember, Orso, this heart can not
SCENE IV.

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

Con spirito. \( \text{d} = 108 \).
Colomba (to Villageres).

Be-joice... with me, friends, for my bro-ther at last has come To his or-plan'd

The cro-chets as be-fore.

sis-ter, his lone-ly fa-ther-less home.

The head of our

ancient house, he is brave, he is strong: To un-rav-el the truth he has

come, to avenge the wrong. Which on us, as you know, our ene-mies

have in-flic-ted, Al-though from him... it was hid. It is

Chorcs. Tenor.

(Savelli with Tenor.)

It is

true . . . they stand convicted by the voice of the people, which is the
true . . . they stand convicted by the voice of the people, which is the

voice. the voice of the Lord. . . . The Barra-cini.

voice. the voice of the Lord. . . . The Barra-cini.

the Barra-cini have done. . . . have done the deed.

the Barra-cini have done. . . . have done the deed.

Più tranquillo.
Colomba (to Oro).

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

Più tranquillo.

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. 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 on his bier I leant. A trembling came over my

heart, and a voice was sent from heav'n 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.

Alas! Now I know the name of the song that has haunted my ear, and its fateful meaning.

he must return. And scare the vultures from their nest;

And with beak and toenails 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

FINALE.

*Andante maestoso.*

Orso. my

*Andante maestoso.* $d = 60.$

There is death in her words,

there is truth in her voice; What is my duty? What can be, can be my

**Chelina.**

$i$ see the shame on his fore head

choice?

**Savelli.**

$i$ see the shame on his fore head

don. $pp$

**Lidia.**

Let us fly! from this

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

A. C. Mackenzie's "Colomba."—Novello, Ewer and Co's Octavo Edition.—(57.)
land, let us never return; Do not stain your
shame on his forehead burn; May his
shame on his forehead burn, May his heart, his

p

stringendo.

honor by shedding 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

stringendo.

blood. With murderous hand, with murderous
good, his heart be firm, his aim be good,

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

May he bravely revenge his father's blood, his good, May he bravely revenge his father's blood! revenge his father's

land, let us never return; Do not stain your father's blood! may he bravely revenge, may he

honour by shedding the blood of the murd'rous bravely revenge his father's blood, his father's blood, his father's bravely, revenge his father's blood, his father's

Like the royal eagle, he will, he will return And
blood!
Ours.

Savelli. Shall for ever, for ever the shame
blood! I see, I see the shame on his forehead burn;

Chorus (dispersing).

un poco più animato. \( \frac{d}{80} \)

May his heart be firm, may his heart be firm, his aim be good. May he
on my forehead burn? Can I cleanse my honour by

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

life... for life... taking blood for blood, taking blood... for brave... by revenge his father's blood, his father's

shedding the blood. With murderous hand, of the murderous

May he bravely revenge his father's

To a peaceful turn, home-ward turn, home-ward turn, To a peaceful man it brings no

turn, home-ward turn, home-ward turn, To a peaceful man it brings no

blood. And open the hearts of the murderous brood.

blood, May his heart be

brood, Can I cleanse my honour by shedding the blood,

blood, May his heart be

man, it brings, it brings no good, it

good, it brings no good,

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 hast-en to

... it brings no good... To listen to

... it brings no good... To listen to

blood, the blood, for life, and blood, for

ly revenge his father's

ly revenge his father's

ly revenge of revenge and
of revenge and
of revenge and
of revenge and

brood the blood:

brood the blood:

Shall for

blood, of revenge and blood, like the royal.

blood, of revenge and blood, like the royal.

blood, of revenge and blood, like the royal.

blood, of revenge and blood, like the royal.

Let us, let us
Like the royal eagle, he will return.
I see the shame on his forehead burn;
Ever the shame on my forehead burn?
I see the shame on my forehead burn;
Eagle, he will, he will return. And
Eagle, he will, he will return. And
Eagle, he will, he will return. And
Eagle, he will, he will return. And

Fly from this land, let us never re-
And tear open, tear open the hearts of the mur-
d'rous
May his heart be firm, his heart be firm, may his
Can I cleanse my honour by shedding the blood of the mur-
d'rous,
May his heart be firm, his heart be
Tear open the hearts of the mur-
d'rous brood, the mur-
d'rous
Tear, open the hearts of the mur-
d'rous
Tear, open the hearts of the mur-
d'rous
Tear, open the hearts of the mur-
d'rous

- turn; Do not stain your honour by brood; And tear open and tear aim, his aim be good, be good, May he bravely re-brod, the blood, with nur-d'rous firm, may his aim be good, be good, May he brood, Taking life for life, taking brood, Taking life, taking life, taking brood, Taking life, taking life, taking brood, Taking life, taking life, taking shed-ding the blood of the nur-d'rous open. cres. Taking life for venge, re-venge, re-venge, hand, the blood, with nur-d'rous hand, with nur-d'rous brave-ly re-venge, re-venge, re-venge his fa-ther's life for life, and blood for life for life, and blood for life for life, and blood for A. C. MacKenzie's "Columba."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
of the murderous brood,
taking blood for blood.
his father's blood!
of the murderous brood,
his father's blood.

blood for blood, taking blood; blood for blood, blood for blood.
blood for blood, taking blood, blood for blood.
blood for blood, taking blood, blood for blood.

Let us fly from this land, let us never return.
I see the shame on his forehead.

Like the royal eagle, he will return,
Let us turn.

Like the royal eagle, he

Burn.

Ev'ry on my forehead

Burn, on his forehead

Like the royal eagle, he will return, he will return, return.

Fly, let us fly.

Will return, he will, he will return.

The shame on his forehead burn.

Burn, on his forehead burn. (They disperse slowly.)

Return, he will return.

Return, he will return.

Return, he will return. (p)
Colomba.

Brother, fare-well! I go to Pietra-no, To bid you
wel-come to our fa-ther's house...

(Suavil and Chiino.)

Audante. $d = 50.$

pp dolce.

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

(The curtain falls slowly.)

dim. molto. $p$ sempre dim. $pp$...

ACT II.

The stage represents a Green in the village of Patrasera. 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 Robbia, to the left that of the Baccarini, both with open verandahs in front.

Largo con dolo. (d. 4t.)

A. C. Mackenzie's "Colomba."—Novello, Ewer and Co's Octavo Edition.—(80.)
Colomba (alone, reclining on a bench under the tree),

Recit.

At home! at home! what is my

home to me? And what to him whom from the dream of love I

waked to perform...

duty Which, to his wavering heart, appears a crime!

Oh Or-so, 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 dis-

Crotchets as before.

honour. But for-eign ways and

for-eign love have dimmed Thy seeing eyes.

What matters it? I

know. That when the hour has come, the murdrous plot will be re-

(She leans on an over-
—

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

—

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

dim.

dim.

D (Sadly). Quasi Recit.

But what am I that I to fiero-est com-bat, Perhaps to death should goad the brother who to

crez.

Animato.

me . . is all . . in all . . . . . . Animato.

Or - so, thy fate is

mine; . . . Thou suf - fer-est not . . a - lene . . .

one terrible night Has blighted all the blossoms of my youth, And what remains is void of scent, 

is void of scent and sweetness, ev'n as these wither'd flowers, of yester year, Flowers that bloom, blossoms that wi ther, 

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, ah!

Whither, Will you follow the west wind that blows?

Più animato.

Flowers of love, with passion laden.

Leaves of the myrtle, and buds of the rose.

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

for the lonely orphan maiden, the lonely orphan maiden. Never your fragrant blossom blows.

Flowers that bloom, blossoms that wither,
Leaves of the laurel, and buds of the rose,

Ah! for the lonely orphan maid—

Never your fragrant blossom, your fragrant blossom

Blows, never, ah! never your blossom

A tempo.

Blows, ah! never your fragrant blossom blows,

A tempo.
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.

Presto. \( \frac{4}{4} \) \( \text{mf} \)

Allegretto grazioso. \( \frac{4}{4} \) \( \text{p} \)

A. C. Mackenzie's "Colomba."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(6.)
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. \( \frac{\text{3}}{4} \) \( \text{s} = 72 \).
il basso sempre legato,

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.

Salve, salve, Regina del Maggio;...
Salve, salve, Regina del Maggio;...
Salve, salve, Regina del Maggio;...

Salve, salve, Regina del Maggio;

Un poco meno mosso e maestoso.

Sanctus.

Ave, Regina della beatà...
Ave, Regina della beatà...
Ave, Regina della beatà...

Ave, Regina della beatà...

Ch'il suo regno sia beatò e saggio!
Ch'il suo regno sia beatò e saggio!
Ch'il suo regno sia beatò e saggio!
Ch'il suo regno sia beatò e saggio!

Tempo Isto.

A lei amore, a lei fedeltà!

Salve, salve Regina

Ave, Regina

Ave, Regina

Ave, Regina

(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.**

![Musical notation image]

(Enter, preceded by the village musicians, gardes-champetres, etc., Count Neeve, followed
by Oro, the two Barracini, and others.)

SCENE II.

Allegro.

RECT. COUNT.

Whence this gay throng? Tell me what is the meaning of this fair

GIUSEPPE BARGACINI.

group, this song-en-liv-en'd mirth? It is the cus - tom of our vil - lage maid - ens. That on the

Allegro moderato. $d = 96.$

first . . of May they crown with gar - landa This an - cient tree; and she who is the

first 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.

Chorus. Soprano.

Salve, salve, Regina del Maggio! A leai amore, a lei fedeltà!
GIUSEPPE BABBACINI (to Count).

They say the rite is ancient, and has come to us from times of heathen worship.

Senea, 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 women that on this day of ancient

gladness. I should among you to proclaim the end of

enmity almost as old. The noble houses of Delia Rebhun and of Barra-

cei ni, divided long by hate, will today join hands in

dolce. B più Agitato. (The crowd give signs of surprise, but no one speaks.)

peace, forgetting mutual wrongs. più Agitato. = 126.

My friend here is convinced, by ample proof, That all sus-

and our private feuds Were fanned by pub - li - c

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

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

King. But ner - ver, ner - ver did the

thought of vio - lent u - sage. En - ter 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 adore.

Take care, how you trust a lawyer's smile, take care, take care, how you trust a lawyer's smile.

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

A. C. MacDermid's "Colosca"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Then let the news be spread throughout the land, throughout the land.

(Aside to Greco.)

To none more welcome than to Lydia. When she arrives tomorrow—the joyful news. That by the sons of these ancient houses today the discord of a hundred years was changed for goodwill and perpetual peace.

Larghetto sostenuto.  

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

Antonio Barezzi.

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

Giuseppe Barezzi.

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

Count.

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

Larghetto sostenuto. \( \frac{9}{4} \).

Let our hatred descend from father to son;

Of hatred, descend from father to son; Let our hands, let our

hands be joined as a symbol and token That all thought of

hands be joined as a symbol and token That
discord is vanished, is vanished and gone, is all thought of discord is vanished, vanished and gone, is all thought of discord is vanished, vanished and gone, is all thought of discord is vanished and gone, is

vanished and gone, Let the spell be broken, vanished and gone, Let the spell be broken, vanished and gone, Let the spell be broken, vanished and gone, the spell be broken,

Chorus. Soprano.
Let the past, the past be dead let the spell be broken Of

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

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

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

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 Oseo is about to take the outstretched hand of Giuseppe, enter, from the house, Colomba, who throws herself between the two.

Allegro vivace.

Colomba (in a frenzy of excitement).

Touch not his hand, Or so; our father’s blood is on it.

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

Allegro commodo.

Count (to Colomba, gravely but kindly).

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

Allegro commodo.  92.

mf  pp  subito sempre.

Colomba (eagerly).

Piu agitato.

true - ty witness! The witness is at hand if you will vouch His safety from the

clutches of the law. Free as he came he shall depart, pro-

A. C. Mackenzie’s “Colomba.”—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—(17.)
(Apologetically to Giuseppe.)

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

(Colomba, who

Allegro con impeto.

be the more es-ta-blish-ed if a hear-ing Is grant-ed to your bit-ter en-e-mies,

Allegro con impeto \( \text{Ave} 100 \).

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

Chorus. Soprano.

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

Auto.

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 appear?

GIUSEPPE BARRAGINI (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'm not ashamed of my deed; I'm not ashamed of my deed; it was done in the way of vendetta—our Corsican way.

You may ask the people here; they can tell you it was in broad daylight, and not from behind, in the shelter of night.

That I killed my man in open

fight... Then, 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 weep... Like certain

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

honour men... of two law...

H Un poco più tranquillo.

The best man I ever heard of or saw... Your father, to

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

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

(pointing to Colomba.)

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

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

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

stood... whether weal or woe betide, ... And so at last... at last... in these arms... he died...

(All show their surprise.)

Chorus. Soprano.

Chorus. Alto. What shall we hear? The

Chorus. Tenor, pp

What shall we hear? The

Chorus. Bass, pp

What will he disclose; what shall we hear? The

The dark deed, the dark... deed... shrouded by

The dark deed... the dark... deed... shrouded by deepest

dark... deed... shrouded by deep... est

ed by deepest night Will at

dee

dee

dee

dee

last be known and come to

last be known and come to

last be known and come to

last be known and come to

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

Yes; I can witness.

light.

light.

light.

light.

for I was near;

I saw the flash... I heard the hall Whistle past me as it went On its baneful way to the bravest, bravest heart. Would it were mine instead it had rent. For a nobler spirit never did part From man... nor greater soul... with...

(Oreo warmly takes Savelli's hand.)

al. I could not ev'n avenge my master, For the deed once done, the mur'-derer

(ing with ill-disguised anxiety to Count.)

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

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

Savelli (interrupting him).

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

I, who said that dark was the night. Though it was, and he know as
well... as I. But though dark, for you to sim there was

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

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
gone... A dy-ing word to his dis-tant son. It was with this last message to
greet you. That I came on the day of your landing to meet you, 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, at

last to you I surrender This book, your priceless heir.

He hands a pocket-book open to Oro, 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 Barro—"

**Recit. Colomma.**

Or—so, read aloud and proclaim! It was here he traced his assassin's name. See his blood, how it stained the page. And here his pencil fell from his hand;... And yonder see... th'assassin stand alive, alive to glory is our shame.

GIUSEPPE BELLINI (to Count, boldly).
Allegro moderato.

It is a lie, a plot, with hellish cunning, hatched by my foes.

Allegro moderato. \( \text{d}=92 \).

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 de-

ify the falsehoods of a brigand and a woman.

(The Count turns away without answering, and slowly exit with his suite.

Oredo, at the last words, involuntarily grasps his dagger, but, as if struck
by a sudden thought, replaces it in its scabbard.)

Oedo (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 an answer for this deed.

(At this juncture men are seen stealthily to enter the two houses, and during the following the win-
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.)

Giuseppe (to people).

Nay, Fear not; your ways are not my

You hear he threatens me with vengeance.

L'istesso tempo, ma marcato.

ways. What-er I do will not be done in se-cet.

L'istesso tempo, ma marcato.

Here before The people, I ac-cuse 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.

(to Colomba, who looks at him entreatingly.)

. . . is his protection. \textit{Piu Allegro.} \textit{d=108.} Nay, Colomba, Even for thy sake—

dolce.

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

and not a murtherer. Captain, if ever you change your mind, and come to the machine, you know where to find a trusty friend.

(As Oro 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.)

Tenors.

Cowards, come forth, come forth to fight for death or life,
cowards, come forth, come forth to fight, come forth to fight for death or life.


END OF THE SECOND ACT.
ACT III.
PRELUDE.

Andante alla Ballata. d'60.

A. C. Macdonell's "Colomba."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(120).
SCENE I.

Early morning. The scene represents a road leading from Pietrarena (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.

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

(The curtain rises discovering the two Borroci, who retire as Orso enters.)

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

(Eater by the Pietrarena road, Orso, dressed in an elegant Corsican costume, and carrying a double-barrelled gun.)

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

Orso, (Pointing right.)

Here will I wait her coming. Under road, winding to endless distance, will reveal her;

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

\[ \text{A. C. MacKenzie's "Colomba."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Oratorio Edition.—(288)} \]
And long before her father and Columba know of her coming, we shall meet alone.

Yeas, Lydia, I may meet thee without fear; my vow is kept; th’impatient call for vengeance rising within me was, by thought of thee, silenced. Thank God, my honour is unstained. Come then what stringendo.

may, this hand will aye be free. From stain of blood, unless in honest fight, Man against man, it flow.
Piu tranquillo.

No more of this—This hour, this place, ... are

exspress.

...they are hal- lowed By thoughts of love.

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

Allegretto sognante.

Allegretto sognante. \( \frac{3}{4} \) \( \frac{68}{4} \).

Here of- ten have I sat,

...dreaming my boy- lish dreams...and look- ing down That wind-ing

road...wondering if luck...would come that way.

Now luck will come...indeed, and fairer far...than ever I could...have
dreamt, and fairer far, and fairer far...than ever I could...have

A

dreamt.

How different all...appears—the earth, the

sky,

illuminated by love's light...are now to

me. How different, too, the songs... I used to sing! The Corsican songs she loves... how they come back... how they come back... to me! The words are still... the same... but all the love... and longing. That to the boy were names... names and emptiness.

nothing, To me are full of meaning, to me are full of meaning. How they come back to me!

So, while I wait, dear love, for thee, I'll even think and sing of thee.

"Will she come from the valley?"

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, will she tenderly greet? Ah me! what can I say that is meet To soften her heart or my courage, my courage to

nearly? For resplendent as moonlight her beauty shines, Dearer, dearer to

me than the thought of vendetta, the thought of vendetta to the pining orphan; and her fal

The richest treasure, the richest treasure on earth enshrines,

and her faith, 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

OLD CORSICAN BALLAD.

Allegretto, alla Ballata. (He sits down on the seat from which, toward the end of
his song, he had risen, and lays his head on his hand, forgetting all around him. Suddenly a voice (Chilinta's) is heard from behind, singing the following match of an old ballad.)

Chilinta (invisible).

So he thought of his love, and went on his way. And she waited for him a night and a day; But he ne'er came again, but he ne'er came again. For by the cross On Ta-ba-Moss, there

A. C. MACKENZIE'S "Colomba."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
lies her true love slain.

Lovers, beware, though your heart be true, Powder and ball are stronger than you, powder and ball are stronger, are stronger than you.

at first he paid no attention, begin 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 made a grave for

two. And 'neath the heather, They rest to-geth-er, Be God's own peace with you! Lovers, be-ware, though your hearts be true, Powder and ball are stronger than you, powder and ball are

(Chillow, dressed as a

strong-er, are stronger than you.

(Behind the scenes)

Peasant-girl, and carrying a basket, appears for a moment on the projecting rock to the left, unseen by Ireno. She carefully looks about and again vanishes. Irene has been listening to her song, and at its close rises with a sudden impulse.)

Ah!

I know your voice, Chi- na,

(Gradually dying away.)

Lovers, be-ware, Though your hearts be true, Powder and ball are and I know the meaning of your song.
stronger than you,

But what is danger To one who thinks of Lydia and of

E Come prima.

(Removing his song with great fire.)

love I

Come prima. d 66.

In doubt In doubt I will linger no more I will go to

thee. will go to thee My heart thou shalt read. my heart

thou shalt read my love I will show to thee;

SCENE II.

Macotoo.

Giuseppe Barracini.

Macotoo.  $d = 92$

Yes, challenge’d me to meet you. Here I am to give you answer.

Onso (scornfully).  Più mosso.

To-day, till night, I waited for your wit-ness, to ap-

Point the hour and wea-pon, as the law of hon-our De-mands. Give way, and let me

pass.

GIUSEPPE BARRACINI.

I scorn Your laws of honour, as I scorn your self, With your French ways and love sick

( Mocking Oro's manner.)

Ah! I can meet thee, Lydia, without fear;

(My vow is kept.) Nay, do not lift your gun,

(Again mocking Oro.)

I know you will not use it.

"Your ways are not My

ironicamente e con alcuna licenzia.

ways." Perhaps, young man, if you did know What are these ways, you would be careful how you rouse my

Then you confess The murder of my father as your father did, Whom I was forced to punish.

Come prima.

You mistake me, sir; Even as your friend the brigand was mistaken. Mine, as I told you, is a peaceful mind, And by the law, which I profess and honour I care to obey. I did not pull the trigger, Although it was my will that sped the bullet.
ball, piercing the heart of one who dared to thwart me...

Father, be with me, be with me in this hour of need;

Restrain my hand from soiling our fair fame With assassin's venomous blood.

Begone! And seek the coward's death In store for you, From other hands than mine. Not many yards From here I faced your father,

as I face you now. He taunt-ed me, ev'n as you taunt me now; So, like

(He lift his hand, and at this signal a shot is fired)

him, Thou shalt die the death of a fool!

from behind the same fence to the left. Oros'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 knee.

(After a pause, a man's (Angelo Barracca's) head and shoulders are cautiously raised above the wall. Oros again fires with his right hand. The head disappears, and the heavy fall of a body is heard behind the wall. Oros falls down fainting.)

(Chilling and Savelli are seen on the rock to the left.)

We are too late to save him. Here I saw them

lying in ambush for him, And tried to warn him,

but all in vain. Alas, my young master is slain.

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

(He leoves Oseo for a moment, Allegro con leggeresza.

Savelli (to Chilina).

Fear nothing, it is only a swoon:

and carefully examines Giuseppe, feeling for his heart.)

But this one, this one is safe,

he will never rise; See the bullet hole

right... between his eyes. His... villainous tongue will not wag.

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

Hallo!  Hallo!  Here is another one.

slain. As dead as a nail. This indeed.

(to Oro.)

This indeed is sport. Well, captain, I

Told you you would come to the machine, so here I hold you. In my

arms as I did many, many years ago.

What a splendid gun you can show, a splendid gun! The finest Mantou, the finest Mantou. I ever saw...

Well, let's be off ere the shri-ri arrive, let's be off!

(They hurry off to the right, supporting Orono, who has hardly regained consciousness, between them.) (As they disappear, in the distance, enter by the road from Pietravera Colonna and numerous villagers, who have come to welcome Lydia.)
SCENE IV.

Un poco meno mosso. Quasi alla marcia.

Un poco meno mosso. Quasi alla marcia. \( \# = 88. \)

Quasi alla marcia.

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{p} \text{ cresc.} \]

\[ \text{fortemente.} \]

\[ \text{Suss.} \]

COLOMBA. Recit.

mf

The hour is

Suss.

near when Lydia should be coming.

\[ \text{\&. C. MacKenzie's "Colomba."—Novello, Ewes and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(165)} \]
CHORUS. TENOR.  
(Seeing Giuseppe's corpse).

Allegra. \( \text{f} \) = 88.

COLONNA (looking calmly on the body).

\( \text{FP Quasi Recit.} \)

\[ \text{Ha!} \ldots \text{what is this?} \ldots \]

\[ \text{This is the} \]

\[ \text{carpea of one Who, by the law of just... retaliation, Has with his} \]

\[ \text{life paid... for another life...} \]

CHORUS. ALTO.

\[ \text{A-ha!... poor Gr- so...} \]

FINALE.

(A scene of great excitement ensues. The Villagers are rushing from body to body, with wild gesticulations expressing
Allegro assai con brio.

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.)

Chorus of Monks and Villagers.
Soprano and Tenor. (The bell of Pietrasanta church begins to toll.)

A. C. MacKenzie's "Colomba."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(102.)
(As the procession slowly leaves, the Monks and Villagers chant)

M (Soprano)

Text:

Requiem æternum
(Colomba, who has been an impassive spectator of the scene, remains alone on the stage.)

Colomba (like one awaking from a dream).

A. last.

at last, at last we are revenged.

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

Ha! sing your chants and sound your ne.

ne."

ne."

ne."

ne."

knells; they will. Not bring the dead a.

Again, as they have sown,
So have they

Andante: Tempo del Vecors.

har - vest - cd.
Andante: Tempo del Vecors.

The voice, thy

voice was true, Father, that spoke in me... of the x-usher's con - ing.

stringendo.

(collo voce.

(Triumphantly.)

Like the royal eagle, he has re - turned And scared the vultures

from their nest... And with beak and tal - a s that jove can par ry, He has

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

torn the hearts ... of the murder-ous

brood. Taking life ... for life ... and blood for

PP

sempre cresc. e stringendo.

blood— ... That our fa-ther's spi-rit ... may be ... at rest ...

Ped. * Ped * Ped. *

. And the voice of our sor-row be-drown'd in the cries Of the widowed wives

affrettando.

affretto so sempre.

O Allegro assai.

of our ene-mies. Veng-let-ta!

Allegro assai. \( \text{\textit{d}} = 144 \)

strepito so molto.

(Exit rapidly in the direction of Pistoria.)

Vendetta!

Seman! Seman! Seman!

(Quick curtain.)

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.

Allegretto. $d = 56$.

$pp$ una corda.

A. C. MacKenzie's "Colomba."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(171.)
(a gust of wind.)
Lydia.

Colom-,

ba!

A Ly-

dia!

The place is near. Our jour-

ney's end will be reach'd ere long.

All seems dark-

ness, no path is here.

Follow the

dim.

track the val-

ley a-

long. . . . . Trust in my gui-

dance

and no thing fear, From a child I have roam'd through these

hills. (Peal of Stander.)

Oh, listen! The

thunder's voice is loud and strong, And like silver serpents the

lightnings glisten.

When the clouds disperse.

— B a tempo.

Courage, courage be with us!

the moon will appear.

Courage, courage be with us!

— PP a tempo.

dolce.

Vanish, vanish dismay! The road is long, the road is weary.

Vanish, vanish dismay!

The road is long.

— pp

The night is cold, the night is cold and dark and dreary;

night is cold and dark and dreary.

But

Not love— Not love, not love, not love A sister's love will
love— True love, true love, A sister's love will

find, will find the way, a sister's love will find the way.
find, will find the way, a sister's love will find the way.

feet, (Flash of lightning.) I saw it here in the valley below.

COLUMBA.

It is the place—tis the place where the brigands meet. Vict-

(She jumps on the stage.)

tor-ia! victor-ia! the camp is found.

Here are the steps. I will assist you, I will assist you.

LITTLE.

Deepest darkness hovers round. And for a

in the camp I am bound. If my father knew, what would he say? But all is in vain, but all is in vain, who can resist you?

C [She descends to the stage assisted by Columba.]

Columba. Courage be with us! Vanish dismay! The courage, courage be with us, vanish, vanish dismay!

The road was long, the road was weary. The night is cold, the road was long, the night is cold and dark and drear...
Osro (heard faintly from behind).

Lydia! Lydia!

Colonna,

Hush! I hear his voice. He must be near.

(She goes towards the background and parts a thick growth of rushes, discovering Osro, dreaming. The moon, shining forth from the clouds, at intervals illuminates the scene. Both girls stand for a while silent, looking at him.)

Andante.

Andante, \( \cdot = 50 \).

Ah!

I must be gone to find Savelli.

a tempo.

Leave me not thus alone; feel how I tremble.

Fear nothing. Friends are watching over your safety. You would not leave my brother in his need. See how he

LYDIA (contemptuously).

A love in whose dreams on his couch. It is of you, Hedrach, and of his love.

spite. He struck the stroke which must for ever part us.

Rigoletto

Ohs! (dreaming as before).

Lydia, my Lydia, for your sake—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.)

LYDIA (to herself). Recit.

Moderato.

Explain! What need is there for explanation of a tale so old and plain As

Moderato.

this; that men, to gain their fierce desire Of hate and re-

Agitato un poco. (Looking at Orso pitifully.)

venge, will sacrifice a hundred loves. How faint and ill he seems; Wasted and worn with

Agitato un poco.

(She sits down on the couch and lays her hand on his forehead. Bright moonlight.)

Andantino.

fever. His temple throb with wild pal-mations.

Andantino. \( \text{j} = 60 \).
(He unconsciously takes her hand, and pressing it to his lips, wakes with a sudden start. Lydia hastily withdraws her hand which once I hoped would be mine own. I swear.

E Allegro vivace. \( \dot{q} = 126 \).

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 my fare-well, fate.

\[ \text{stringendo.} \]

\[ \text{a tempo.} \]

- well for ever.

\[ \text{Andante.} \quad \text{Organo.} \]

\[ \text{p} \quad \text{colla voce.} \quad \text{a tempo.} \]

Mine are henceforth divided by the gulf which sever light from dark.

Oh! Lydia, for your sake I have endured what few men would endure.

I called upon my enemy to meet me in open fight, man against man. He met me without a witness, own'd my father's murder, scoffed at his memory.

and reviled our love.

He's life was in my hand.

Stringendo.

Convulsively I grasped my weapon, but I show him not. Thinking of

thee and of my unstain'd honour.

'Twas not till wounded by a treacherous shot, Fired from behind, I lay up on the

ground Half-slain, that is lawful self-defence I killed my

Oh! Or - so see, me foe. Thus have I kept my vow. Now, now let us part.

Larghetto.

(she kneels.)
here, Kneeling be - fore thee, craving thy for - give - ness. For wish of lov - ing faith in one most lov - ing—Most faith - ful, e - ven to death. ... Hence - forth my life is thine; my heart... is thine. This so - lemn hour... lays bare what maid - en - ly

stringendo.

quasi calando.

coy - ness had concealed. Within my bosom. We cannot—must not part. Or - so, I love...
thou!

Dono. Do not speak to me Those dear-est words; I must not

Lydia. Listen to them. Fly, fly from here! Whither you go.

Stringendo molto. 

Your life will be my life, your danger mine; Your death my

Ondo. 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

pleasing, and believe me.

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

Onno (yielding).

die... together? Yea, I fain would listen To that sweet

voice. But Lydia, tell me truly. Can I accept the

A. C. Macdonanie's "Colomba."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
sacrifice of all
Thrice bless'd is he who can
The opening blossoms of thy youth?
What hope is

Lydia.

There is hope, for there is love,
...there is hope,

left us?
There is hope.

molto rit.

Alllegro con passione.

there is hope, for there is love.

molto rit.

there is hope, for there is love.

Alllegro con passione. $d = 88$,

LYDIA (with passionate fervour).

Say of Love... shall he change or alter,

Sempre legato come primo.

Shall he decay... or shall he diminish? Doomed from his birth to stagger and falter. Doomed in the end... to fall... and to finish!

Say of Love... shall he change or alter,

Shall he decay... or shall he diminish? Doomed from his
Doomed from his birth to stagger and falter,
birth to stagger and falter, Doomed in the end... to

Doomed in the end... to fail, to fail and to fail and to finish, Doomed from his birth... to stagger and falter,

finish, Doomed from his birth... to stagger and falter,

Doomed in the end... to fail and to finish?

Doomed in the end... to fail and to finish?

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.

flight, and is heard no longer. Like the storm, which the
clouds engender. Blown from the mountains with
mighty gushes, Bound yet at last its strength to sur-
cress.
render.
Dying softly amonst the rushes, Dying softly amonst the
Dying softly amongst the rushes, Dying softly amongst the
amongst the rushes, Dying softly amongst the
amongst the rushes, Dying softly amongst the
amongst the rushes, Dying softly amongst the
SCENE III.

Tempo di Marcia. \( \frac{4}{4} \) \( \frac{4}{4} \) \( \frac{4}{4} \) \( \frac{4}{4} \)

Trumpet (behind the scenes).

Side Drum (behind the scene).

(Emerging from the right, Colomba, followed by Savelli and Chillian.)

Colomba.

Chillian.

Fly, Or so fly, the soldiers are coming.

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

Keep silence, all of you, and listen; Follow me,

A. G. Mackenzie's "Colomba."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition. —(36.)
captain, and nothing fear; I will conduct you where no one shall find us; Lean on my arm; they will walk behind us. Haste, brother, haste! I will not leave this place. Let come who may. When Lydia's heart seemed lost, All else was nought to me.

Now that I know Her love, I will declare my in-... To all the world. 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 in-

qui-ries when all is over. My life is in God's keeping. Here I

stay, To share thy fate what-ever may be ill. Nothing avail. We must hasten back To

draw the soldiers on our track. A dangerous service in the

dark. When the bullets are whistling all around, S carce fit for a fair young lady.

O Columba.

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

Trumpet (behind the scenes).

(Columba, Savelli, and Chilma hurry off to the left. Oro and Lydia remain standing in each other's embrace.)

(In the uncertain light of the moon, Columba, 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 right.)

They arrest Oro, 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. Oro is released.)

Count. Rect.

Here, then, I find the fugitives

Allegretto gioioso. (to Lydia.)

Allegretto gioioso.

whom we have sought Thru' this dark night, among these ragged hillocks. Nay, do not blush, my dear

Ly - di - a; well I know, 'Twas charity that brought you, and a sister Whose

plead - ing few men can resist, much less a yielding woman.

Or - so,

vouch, I vouch for your deliverance; after all your sor -
SCENE IV.

(Enter from left, Colomba, mortally wounded, supported by Chilina and a Soldier.)

Andante molto.

Chilina.

Andante molto. \( \frac{3}{4} \) 56.

Happy at such a

expressivo.

R. Moderato. Resit.

price. This precious life fell as a sacrifice to her brother's safety.

Moderato. \( \frac{3}{4} \) 68.

we could not withhold her; in the thick of the fight she stood firm... as a rock. Waving her

ker-chief and lifting her voice, To attract the soldiers,

until she was struck by a bullet, and life less sank... on my

Andante meso. (Colomba is gently placed on a mossy bank.)

Andante meso. \( \frac{d}{66} \).

PP  p        p

Andante. (Oreo and Lydia kneel by her side.) Colomba (opening her eyes, in a faint voice).

Moderato. \( \frac{d}{66} \).

Dolor.

tent- ted, my task, my task is done. My father is revenged, my bro-

(She joins Orest's and Lydia's hands together.)

freed. When you are happy, remember.

pp morendo. Andante. (She dies)

me...re...mem...ber. Andante. $d=72$

dim. pp

Andante religious. Count (deeply moved).

Let us pray for the soul of our sister deceased.

Chorus (ad lib.) Tenors. pp

Andante religious. $d=68$

Let us pray for the soul of our sister deceased.

parted. Who rests in peace, who rests in peace,

un poco cres.

peace...after painful, painful strife:...Noble and
true, and tender hearted, She has entered the
gates of eternal life, she has entered the
U (All kneel) Sunrise.

Gates of eternal life...

Let us pray for the
Soprano

Let us pray for the
Alto

Let us pray for the
Tenor

Gates of eternal life. Let us pray for the
Soprano and Bass

Let us pray for the
Bass

Soul of our sister departed, Who

Soul of our sister departed, Who

Soul of our sister departed, Who

Soul of our sister departed, departed, Who

rests in peace, who rests in peace, rests in peace, rests in peace, rests in peace,

peace after painful

peace after painful

peace after painful

Noble and true, and

Noble and true, and

Noble and true, and

Noble and true, and

tender-hearted, She has entered the gates of eternal life. . .

(Fell daylight.)

she has entered, entered the gates of

A. C. Mackenzie's "Colomia."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition. END OF THE OPERA.
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## ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION OF OPERAS.

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