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MASSENET - La Navarraise

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GRAND OPERA

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF
MR. HENRY E. ABBEY AND —
MR. MAURICE GRAU.

LIBRETTO AND PARLOR PIANIST

THE ORIGINAL ITALIAN OR FRENCH LIBRET-
TO, WITH A CORRECT ENGLISH TRANSLATION, AND
THE PRINCIPAL AIRS AND GEMS OF THE OPERA AR-
RANGED AS PIANOFORTE SOLOS BY DISTING-
UISHED PROFESSORS.

LA NAVARRAISE.

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THE ONLY CORRECT AND AUTHORIZED EDITION

WYNKOOP HALLENBECK CRAWFORD CO., PRINTERS, NEW YORK.

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THE KNABE PIANOS.

TESTIMONIALS FROM DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS, COMPOSERS AND MUSICIANS.

THALBERG, the great composer and musician, wrote of the Knabe pianos that they were "distinguished for their evenness and volume of tone, and their easy and agreeable touch."

GOTTSCHALK, whose name is still beloved in this country, said of them, "I do not hesitate to declare them equal, if not superior, to the best manufactured in Europe or this country by the most celebrated makers."

MARMONTEL, the celebrated professor of the Conservatory of Music, Paris, said the Knabe pianos are instruments of the first merit, and regretted that they were not exhibited at the great Paris Exposition of 1867, as "the name of Knabe would certainly have added additional honor and success to American industry and skill."

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT, the renowned English composer and conductor, declared, after personal use of a Knabe piano, that it was "one of the most perfect pianos I ever met with; their success, whether in a large concert-hall or in a private drawing-room, does not admit of the slightest doubt, and will become as universal as well deserved."

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FANNIE BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER, the distinguished pianist, and the favorite pupil of Leschetitzky, the husband of Madame Essipoff, after "having used the Knabe pianos for several years, both in numerous concerts and at home," indorsed them as "most wonderful instruments," and said of them: "They excel in a refined, sympathetic tone of surprising singing quality, and of greatest volume and depth, perfection in action and touch, and remarkable durability, and stand in tune under the severest usage."

The late EDMUND NEUPERT, the distinguished Danish pianist, preferred the Knabe Grand, because, as he said, "I have never used an instrument which has met all the requirements of an artist more completely than those of the Knabe make."

WILHELM GANZ, another celebrated composer and musician, who resided for many years in England, gave it as his opinion that "these instruments are in every respect most perfect in tone and touch."

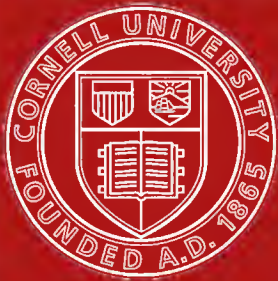
BERNHARD SCHOLZ, the composer, after using the Knabe Grands at his concerts in Breslau, Germany, unhesitatingly stated that "they are as near perfection as can be made." This opinion was indorsed by DR. JULIUS SCHAEFER, the royal professor and musical director, who pronounced them "absolute perfection."

The late DR. DAMROSCH, founder of the Oratorio and Symphony Societies, whose name will be forever honored in the musical annals of this country, preferred the Knabe pianos to all others because they were "perfect in power and sweetness of tone, remarkable for the easy and even touch."

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“LA NAVARRAISE.”

CHARACTERS.

GARRIDO.....	General of the Royalist troops.	RAMON.....	Lieutenant in the same.
REMIGIO.....	A Farmer.	BUSTAMENTE.....	Sergeant in the same.
ARAQUIL.....	{ His Son, Sergeant in the Biscayan Regiment.	ANITA.....	{ A Girl of Navarre— Betrothed to Araquil.

Officers, Soldiers, Villagers, Military Chaplain, and Surgeon.

ARGUMENT.

At the opening of the opera, Garrido, General of the Royalist troops, has vainly tried to take back a Basque village from the Carlist enemy, Zuccaraga. Ramon, a Royalist, is approached by a girl—the girl from Navarre. She is waiting for the return of her soldier sweetheart, Araquil. Has Ramon seen him? Is he safely back from the war? No one seems to know what has been his fate. The soldiers return without him. As Anita is praying for him, Araquil at last appears. The meeting proves how well the lovers have loved. Anita's passion is selfish in its intensity; to her there is but one world, peopled with two beings—her sweetheart and herself. As the two are again plighting their faith, Araquil's father, Remigio, enters. He is not pleased to find the Navarrese with his son. Remigio boasts a thrifty ancestry. He looks higher for his son's wife.

Araquil pleads for his Anita, but the father will consent to their union only on condition that the poor peasant girl bring a marriage dower of two thousand douros. In despair Araquil entreats his father to alter the decision, but Remigio is firm.

Through the death of his officers, Araquil is raised to the rank of Lieutenant. He leaves with his father, looking back towards the girl of Navarre.

Anita is desperate. As she loiters about, brokenhearted, she suddenly hears Garrido offer a fortune to anyone who can take Zuccaraga. Anita thinks what a fortune means to her—Araquil, marriage, everything.

She offers to take Zuccaraga, and keep secret her part in his undoing.

“What is your name?” asks Garrido.

“I am a girl from Navarre,” answers Anita—and she is gone.

Araquil, who has been searching for her, enters, only to be told that Anita has made her way towards Zuccaraga's headquarters. Zuccaraga loves pretty women, it seems.

Araquil is frantic; he rushes out to prove the truth of the rumor. The dawn breaks.

* * * * Shots are heard in the distance; the Carlists are abroad; Anita returns, pale, anxious, dazed.

“Where is my money?” she asks. Garrido, finding that she has killed Zuccaraga, pays her, binding her to secrecy.

Anita caresses the gold. She now has a wedding dower. As she is trying to find a safe place for her treasure, Araquil appears, wounded. He has traced Anita to the Carlist camp. Her guilt is plain to him.

Anita says she can wed him now; she has the money for her marriage portion. Araquil turns from her, accusing her of having sold herself. He is dying, and believes her guilty. The bells toll for Zuccaraga's death. Araquil realizes then what she has done. He dies, horrified at her crime.

Anita tries to kill herself, rails at the Virgin for not letting her die, then, as she listens to the tolling bell, she asks if it is her wedding-day.

The girl from Navarre is mad.

FREDERICO LYSTER.

“LA NAVARRAISE.”

ACTE PREMIER.

Petite place pittoresque avec maisons dans un village près de Bilbao (Provinces Basques).

A gauche une posada servant de quartier général. Table sur le devant. Dans le fond, on aperçoit une barricade formée de débris de toutes sortes (voitures sacs à terre, matelas), un canon reste à l'embrasure, deux sont démontés; cette barricade effondrée d'un côté touche la route donnant sur la vallée qu'elle domine; à l'horizon, les Pyrénées couvertes de neige. (Plein jour. Il est six heures du soir au printemps.)

Des soldats noirs de poudre venant de la vallée, passent sans ordre, quelques-uns blessés soutenus par leurs camarades, d'autres portés mourants sur des civières. Un groupe de femmes prie en silence devant une madone. Une veilleuse brille devant l'image sainte. Des femmes regardent pardessus la barricade. On entend par instants des feux de peloton et des coups de canon dans le lointain. Les femmes ont interrompu leurs prières et écoutent anxieusement.

SCÈNE PREMIÈRE.

Après quelques instants, paraît GARRIDO, en tenue de campagne, les bottes boueuses, le ros novice, suivi de son État-Majeur, il roule avec colère autour de ses doigts, la dragonne de son épée.

GARRIDO. (aux officiers)
L'assaut a coûté cher! Messieurs, notre courage Laisse notre honneur sauf, mais la ville est debout! Je la tenais . . . Zuccaraga nous l'a reprise! Cet homme est le démon! Ah! je voudrais tenir Ce Carlisle maudit, cœur à cœur, face à face, Et lui donner ma vie, ou l'abattre à mes pieds! Lui, mort, Bilbao tombe et c'est la paix. Hélas! Qu'on sauverait de gens avec la mort d'un seul!

[Il fait signe à ses officiers d'entrer dans la posada de droite, qui sert de quartier général. Deux ou trois officiers restent sur la place.]

SCÈNE II.

ANITA, FEMMES, OFFICIERS, puis ARAQUIL.

ANITA (palpitante, haletante paraît, après quelque hésitations, elle va droit à l'un des officiers).
Capitaine, je vois que vous appartenez Au régiment de la Biscaye.

RAMON. Que voulez-vous, ma pauvre fille?

ANI. Ah! je voudrais savoir si vous y connaissez Un sergent, Araquil. Vous devez l'avoir vu? Il revient. N'est-ce pas?
[sonnerie de marche éloignée.]

RAM. Je ne puis rien vous dire.
Si ce n'est que voici le premier bataillon.
Qui rentre, c'est l'arrière garde!

ANI. (avec ivresse.)

Ah! le revoir! le retrouver!

[Elle s'éloigne d'un pas tremblant, et tirant de son corsage une petite vierge de plomb, elle prie avec ferveur et agitation.]

Vierge très bonne, ô Marie,
Fais qu'il me revienne encore,
Le soldat qui sous les balles
Combat en pensant à moi.

Très Sainte Vierge,
Protège le! protège nous!
Vierge purissime! O Marie!
Ramène le! dis, rends le moi!

[Cette fois, les soldats entrent presque en ordre, des femmes, des paysans se pressent au bord du chemin sur lequel vont passer les soldats qui semblent venir par la route qui rampe du fond de la vallée. ANITA, anxieuse, est parmi les groupes.]

Il n'est pas là! Je tremble.
Est-ce lui? Non! J'ai peine

A me tenir debout.

Mes genoux tremblent et mon cœur,
Mon cœur va se briser. Non! non! il n'est pas là.

C'est fini! le dernier!

[Elle jette un grand cri en apercevant le sergent ARAQUIL qui apparaît enfin, poussant devant lui deux ou trois soldats. La foule se disperse peu à peu. ANITA vers ARAQUIL.]

Toi! Toi! Toi!

[Elle lui prend la tête dans ses mains et l'embrasse follement.]

Bonne Sainte Vierge!

Vierge bénie, à toi merci!

[Elle baise avec passion sa petite vierge de plomb.]

Le voilà! c'est lui!

ARA. Pauvre amie adorée,
Je ne pensais qu'à toi!
Ton regard, le son de ta voix
Me revenait comme dans un rêve.

ANI. Je combatais, et tu priais!
Je t'ai cru mort dans la mêlée!

ARA. C'est ton amour qui m'a sauvé!

Duo.

ANI. Mon souvenir t'a protégé,
Et c'était mon image aimée
Présente sans cesse à mes yeux
Qui de toi que j'adore
Écartait tout danger.

ARA. Ton souvenir m'a protégé,
Et ton image bien aimée
Présente sans cesse à mes yeux
Du soldat qui t'adore
Écartait tout danger.

ARA. Vous qui restez là-bas, immobiles et blêmes.
Frères du régiment que nous ne verrons plus!
Nous saurons nous venger! Mais, âme que j'adore,
Berce nos esprits éperdus!
Sur ton cœur, sur ton cœur étouffe,
Les sanglots que j'ai là, pour ceux que ne sont plus!

“LA NAVARRAISE.”

ACT I.

SCENE.—Small picturesque square, with houses in a village near Bilbao (Basque Provinces).

On the left, a *Posada*, serving as the military headquarters. Table and benches in front. At the back, a barricade formed of débris of various kinds (carriages, bags of earth, mattresses), one cannon in an embrasure, two dismantled; the barricade falling in on one side touches the road which overlooks and commands the valley. In the horizon the Pyrenees are visible, covered with snow. Daylight, six o'clock in the evening. Springtime.

Soldiers, begrimed with powder, coming from the valley, straggle past, out of line. Some of them wounded are supported by their comrades, others dying are carried on litters. A group of women pray in silence before a *Madonna*. A lamp burns before the holy image. Some women are looking over the barricade. From time to time the sound of rifle-shots and heavy artillery is heard in the distance. The women stop praying and listen anxiously.

SCENE I.

During the symphony *GARRIDO* appears, followed by his staff. He twists his sword-knot angrily in his fingers.

GAR. (to his officers)
The fight has cost us dearly, gentlemen;
Thanks to our swords our honor is still saved;
But the town still stands, as from the day
When *Zuccaraga* took it first from me.
Ah, could I meet this cursed *Carlist* once
Breast to breast and face to face,
And yield to him my life or bring him to
my feet!
When he is dead, *Bilbao* falls and peace is won;
Ah, that so many lives depend upon the
death of one.

[*GAR.* makes a sign to his officers to enter the *Posada*. Two or three officers remain in the square. Among them, *RAMON*.]

SCENE II.

ANITA, trembling and out of breath, appears. After some hesitation, she goes up to one of the officers.

ANI. Noble Captain—I see that you belong
To the *Biscayan* regiment—

RAM. What dost thou want, my poor girl?

ANI. Ah, sir, I fain would learn if haply
You know a sergeant—*Araquil*.
Have you seen him? Has he not yet returned?

RAM. I fear I cannot tell thee.

(listening) [trumpets in the distance.]

Can that be
The first battalion coming? or the vanguard?

ANI. (with delight) Ah, to see him! to have him
back!

[She retires with trembling step, and drawing from her bosom a leaden image of the *Virgin* prays with fervor and agitation.]

O, Mother *Mary*, look from thy throne above,
Bring back my soldier love,
Where 'mid the fight he is dressing of me;
Ah, holy *Virgin*, Mother of Mercy,
Be thou his shield, our comfort be!
Mother, be near me! aid me and hear me!
Bring back my love! give him to me!

[At this moment the soldiers enter, more or less in order. Women and peasants crowd to the edge of the road along which the soldiers are passing. *ANI.* is anxiously watching among the rest.]

(in distress)

He is not there! I tremble! Is it he?—No!
I scarce can stand, my knees are trembling.
My heart is like to break! No! no! he is
not there.

They all have passed. He is not there!

[*ANI.* utters a loud cry as she sees the *SERG. ARAQUIL* who appears at last, pushing before him two or three soldiers. The crowd disperses by degrees.]

Ah, my love, at last, at last!

[*ANI.* takes *ARA.*'s face in her hands and kisses him wildly.]

Ah, holy *Virgin*, thanks to thee!

[She passionately kisses the leaden *Madonna*.]

He has come! 'Tis he!

ARA. I thought of thee, my darling, only,
Thy face, thy voice came back in dreams
to me;

In stormy fight, on picket lonely,
I knew that thou did'st pray for me.

ANI. Ah, love, I thought thee dead or dying,
My spirit longed to be with thee!

ARA. And through the fight I felt it flying
To be with me, to be with me;
To watch and rescue me from danger,
And bring me back to thee.

ANI. And bring thee back to me.

ARA. (remembering his comrades fallen in battle)
And ye who yonder sleep, whom we shall
see no more,
Brothers! comrades in arms! sleep on, we
will avenge you!
But comfort me, beloved, bid all my sorrow
rest,
And on thy bosom hush the tears I shed
For those who are no more.

ANI. Araquil! laisse-moi tes yeux!
Je veux les fermer sous ma lèvre,
Donne, je veux sous mes baisers
Calmer ton angoisse et ta fièvre

Duo.

ARA. Ah! chère et douce que j'adore!
Dans un long baiser confondu
Nous regardant les yeux perdus,
Dis moi: Je t'aime! encore, encore!

ANI. Mon Araquil, toi que j'adore,
Dans un long baiser confondu,
Nous regardant les yeux perdus
Dis-moi: Je t'aime! encore, encore!

SCÈNE III.

LES MÊMES, REMIGIO.

A ce moment, un vieux, en costume de fermier,
marche droit sur ARAQUIL et ANITA enlacés.

REM. Araquil!

ARA. Mon père!

REM. Mon enfant!

[Ils s'embrassent.]

Dieu soit loué!
C'est toi, te voilà,
Sans blessure.
Ah! que je suis heureux!

[Se retournent vers ANITA.]

Mais toi, la Navarraise,
Seras-tu donc toujours rôdant autour de lui?

ANI. Mais si je l'aime, il m'aime!

REM. Le fils de Remigio, le fermier respecté,
Ne peut pas épouser une fille de rien.

ARA. Père!

REM. Une errante! une étrangère!

ARA. Mais...

REM. D'où vient ta Navarraise?

ANI. De Pampelune, où tous les miens sont morts.
Je n'ai plus de parents, je travaille et j'es-
père!

ARA. Depuis deux ans, je l'aime!

ANI. Et c'est à Loyola,
Le jour de la Romeria,
Un cher lundi de Paques,
Que nous nous sommes vus pour la première
fois!

Avec de Navarrais...

ANI. Il jouait à la paume.
Il les avait battus. J'applaudissais, et puis,
A la course des Novillos...

ARA. Je ne la quittais pas des yeux!

ANI. Le soir...

ARA. Elle et moi, nous dansâmes...

ANI. L'air de cette jota, je l'entendrai toujours!

ARA. Toujours je la revois, avec son beau sourire!

ANI. Il n'était pas soldat.

ARA. Mais lorsque je partis,
Devant Dieu, nous jurâmes

ANI. ARA. De nous aimer toujours!

REM. (à ANI.) Eh bien! quand tu m'apporteras,
Fille, une dot égale
A celle que je donne à mon brave Araquil,
A mon fils, nous verrons.

ANI. Une dot!

ARA. Pauvre fille!

ANI. Une dot! Et combien?

REM. Bah! deux milles douros.

ANI. (répétant)

Deux milles douros! Impossible!

C'est me tuer. [suppliante.]

Mariez donc son cœur avec mon cœur!

Car, si jamais, je le voyais

Au bras d'une autre femme,

Je crois, je l'aimerais, que je la frapperais,

Elle—oui, c'est folie,

Ou pour rentrer chez eux il leur faudrait passer
Sur mon corps.

REM. (avec ironie)

Vraiment, c'est une folle!

ANI. (avec égarement)

Ne vous moquez pas, car je tremble

De sentir me fuir ma raison.

Araquil en aimer une autre!

Ensemble.

ARA. et ANI. (à REM.)

Mariez donc son cœur avec mon cœur.

REM. (à ARA.)

Tai-toi, quand j'ai parlé!

Ton père est le seul maître!

REM. Dot pour dot! Au revoir. Adieu, plutôt, ma
fille!

ARA. Mon père...

REM. Plus un mot. J'ai dit. Obéissez.

SCÈNE IV.

LES MÊMES, GARRIDO sort de la posada avec
quelques officiers, au moment où REMIGIO va
s'éloigner.

GAR. (à ARA., qu'un officier vient de lui désigner)

Etes-vous de la compagnie

Qui protégera notre retraite?

[ANITA anxieuse assiste de loin à la scène.]

ARA. (qui a quitté son père et s'est avancé vers GAR-

RIDO)

Oui, général!

GAR. Vos officiers?

ARA. Tous, morts dans la déroute! faisant face au
danger.

GAR. Morts? Qui donc a commandé?

ARA. C'est moi sous la mitraille.

Le dernier en mourant, m'a dit: "Fais ton
devoir!"

J'étais le plus ancien!

GAR. Bien! Prends la lieutenance,
Car tu es un vaillant.

ANI. (caressing him)
 Ah, turn thine eyes, dear eyes to mine,
 Thus to my bosom let me press thee;
 Ah! let my lips lie warm on thine,
 And kiss the tears that now distress thee!

ARA. There's none beside thee, none above thee,
 Then look into my eyes once more,
 And kiss me, kiss me as of yore,
 And say "I love thee!"

ANI. Then look into mine eyes once more,
 And kiss me, kiss me, as of yore,
 And say "I love thee!"

SCENE III.

[REMIGIO appears and advances towards ARA. and ANI.]

REM. (with joy) Araquil!

ARA. My father!

REM. My brave boy!
 [they embrace.]

Now God be praised, 'tis thou!
 Safe, safe returned, unwounded!
 Ah, but my heart is blest!
 [turning to ANI., roughly.]

But thou, thou Navarraise,
 Why keep'st thou ever hanging thus
 About my son?

ANI. (simply) But if I love him? if he loves me?

REM. (with hauteur)
 The son of Remigio, whom all respect,
 Can never plight his troth to such as thou!

ARA. (beseechingly) Father!

REM. A beggar! a stranger!

ARA. But—

REM. (in a passion) Whence comes thy Navarraise?

ANI. (sadly; but proudly)
 From Pampeluna!—My parents are no more,
 And all my friends are dead. But I work—
 and hope.

ARA. Two years I have loved her!

ANI. 'Twas at Loyola, the fête of the Romeria,
 One bright, sweet Easter morning,
 For the first time we met.

ARA. With men from Navarre—

ANI. In a tennis tourney
 He played and beat them all.
 I cried bravo! and once again
 At the races of Novillos—

ARA. How I gazed at her.

ANI. Then in the evening—

ARA. She and I danced together!

ANI. Ah, that beautiful Jota—I hear it still for
 aye.

ARA. And I see her for aye, with her sweet smile
 upon me.

ANI. He was not then a soldier.

ARA. But when I went away,
 We swore 'fore God together that we would
 love for aye!

REM. (to ANI., roughly)
 Well, then, girl, when you bring me a dow-
 ry as large
 As the dowry I give to my brave Araquil,
 We will see, we will see!

ANI. A dowry!

ARA. (aside) Ah, poor darling!

ANI. (anxiously) A dowry? How much?

REM. (carelessly) We'll say two thousand douros!

ANI. (repeating his words, overwhelmed)
 Two thousand douros! I cannot!
 Kill me at once!
 Ah, join our hearts for love's short hour,
 Love has no need of golden dower!
 For if I e'er should see his arms around an-
 other
 Methinks I love him so that I should strike
 her dead,
 Or to their bridal room they'd have to pass
 O'er my dead body!
 Ah, join our hearts for love's short hour!

REM. (shrugging his shoulders)
 The girl is mad, I vow!

ANI. Ah, do not mock me thus. I should go mad
 indeed
 If Araquil should love another!

ANI. & ARA. Ah, join our hearts for love's short
 hour!
 Love has no need of golden dower!
 Relent! Relent! Ah, hear our prayer!

REM. Nay, nay! It shall not be, I swear!
 Thou shalt obey thy father's power!

ANI. & ARA. Relent! Relent! Ah, hear our prayer,
 And join our hearts for love's short
 hour,
 Love has no need of golden dower!

REM. (to ANI., ironically)
 Dowry for dowry—au revoir!
 But no! we'd better say "good-bye!"

ARA. My father!

REM. (inflexible) No more, I say!
 Ye must obey!

SCENE IV.

[GAR. comes from the Posada with some of his officers just as REM. is about to leave.]

GAR. (to ARA., whom one of the officers has point-
 ed out to him)
 Tell me then, wast thou in the company
 Which covered our retreat?

[ANI. listens anxiously at a distance.]

ARA. (leaving his father and advancing to GAR.)
 Yes, General.

GAR. Where are your officers?

ARA. All dead, killed in retreating,
 With face to the foe!

GAR. Dead? Who then holds the command?

ARA. I. The last one dying cried to me
 "Take the command, and do thy duty!"

GAR. Good. Thou shalt be lieutenant. 'Twas
 bravely done!

[ARAQUIL, après avoir fait le salut militaire, va vers son père qui lui prend la tête dans ses mains.]

REM. Que je suis fier de toi!

ANI. Tout m'éloigne de lui!

[ARAQUIL la regarde, veut lui envoyer un baiser. REMIGIO s'empare de son fils et l'entraîne, répondant par un geste négatif à la supplication d'ANITA.]

SCÈNE V.

GARRIDO, ANITA, puis un OFFICIER.

La place se vide peu à peu et lentement la nuit va se faire. ANITA suit de ses yeux navrés le père et le fils qui s'éloignent; elle disparaît un moment pour revenir abattue.

GAR. (s'asseyant très sombre à une table devant la posada)
Morts! Les vieux compagnons,
Les meilleurs, les plus braves!
Morts! Et moi, le vieillard, je survivis aux héros!

[La nuit s'est faite; des soldats ont apportés des falots, une lanterne est posée sur la table, et GARRIDO déplie une carte qu'il regarde à cette lueur.]

ANI. (à part, avec égarement en revenant)
Oui, le père a raison! Qui suis-je! Une étrangère!
Une errante et si pauvre! Rien!

GAR. (à lui-même)
Là! là! de ce côté
L'assaut pourrait peut-être.

ANI. (à part) C'est vrai je ne suis rien.
Il est maintenant officier!
Jamais il ne m'appartiendra!
Je n'ai plus qu'à partir.
Seule! désespéré!

[Elle va s'éloigner, mais s'arrête à la vue de RAMON qui paraît et s'avance vers le général GARRIDO.]

RAM. Général!

GAR. Qu'est-ce encore?

RAM. Les Carlistes en nombre
Menacent notre camp. Le Major Ortega
Vient d'être tué!

GAR. (avec éclat) Ortega! mon ami!
Il me les prendra tous!
Lui! ce Zuccaraga!

[RAMON rentre dans la posada. GARRIDO étendant les bras vers l'horizon.]

Misérable bandit!
Il ne mourra donc pas!

[ANITA écoute, GARRIDO frappant du poing sur la table.]

Le soldat, qui dans la bataille,
Atteindrait ce Zuccaraga!
Je lui donnerais avec joie,
Une fortune avec la croix!

[GARRIDO reprend fièvreusement la carte qu'il observe avec plus d'attention encore. Il semble travailler, calculer.]

ANI. (haletante) Une fortune! Une fortune!
Les deux mille douros.
Deux mille, a dit le père.
La dot! Araquil! Notre amour.
Et j'hésiterais! Non!

GAR. (sous l'obsession de son idée)
Qui l'atteindra jamais?

ANI. (s'avançant) Moi!

GAR. Qui parle?

[Il prend une lanterne, s'avance vers ANITA, et porte le falot à la hauteur du visage. Il aperçoit ANITA, très pâle, les yeux fixes.]

Une femme!
Qui donc est-tu?

ANI. Une maudite!
Qui veut de l'amour et de l'or!
Pour deux mille douros, voulez vous qu'on vous livre?

GAR. Qui?

ANI. Ce Zuccaraga!

GAR. Pour deux mille douros!

ANI. Nul sous le ciel de Dieu ne saura notre pacte!
Vous seul pourrez parler et j'en fais le serment.
Rien! je ne dirai rien!
Mais nous aurons tous deux,
Vous l'homme à qui va votre haine
Moi l'homme à qui va mon amour!

GAR. Pour deux mille douros! Ton nom?

ANI. Je n'en ai pas! Je suis la Navarraise!

[Elle se sauve dans la nuit comme une folle. GARRIDO va s'élançer pour l'arrêter, mais elle l'a devancé.]

GAR. Arrête! Bah! menaces d'insensée!

SCÈNE VI.

GARRIDO, OFFICIERS, SOLDATS, puis ARAQUIL, RAMON, un OFFICIER.

Des soldats, officiers en tête débouchant sur la place.
On forme les faisceaux, on allume les feux.

GAR. (aux officiers)
Crénéons les maisons donnant sur la campagne,
Amenez les canons jusqu'aux barricades.
Vous, Rizzo, remplacez le commandant André;
Vous, lieutenant Féra, inspectez les grand garde.
Tenez vous prêts, messieurs. Vive notre pays.

LES OFFICIERS ET SOLDATS (répétant avec enthousiasme)
Vive notre pays!

[GARRIDO les remercie du geste et rentre dans son quartier général. Quelques officiers restent parlant à leurs hommes. La nuit est venue toute à fait claire, pleine d'étoiles. Les soldats se chauffent autour des feux. On fait la soupe.]

ARAQUIL entre. Il a des galons de lieutenant sur sa capote de soldat.

[ARA. salutes, and then turns to his father who embraces him.]

REM. (with delight) How proud I am of thee!

ANI. (aside) But it parts me from him!

[ARA. gazes at ANI. and would kiss his hand to her—REM. keeps hold upon his son and hurries him away, answering ANI.'s supplication with a gesture of refusal.]

SCENE V.

[The square gradually becomes empty, and night comes on. ANI. in despair follows with sad eyes father and son as they go off. She disappears for a moment, but returns crestfallen.]

GAR. (sitting gloomily at one of the tables in front of the Posada)

Dead!—the comrades of old!
All the best and the bravest dead!
And I, the graybeard, still outlive them all!

[Night comes on. Some soldiers bring lanterns. One is set upon the table, and GAR. unfolds a map which he reads at the light.]

ANI. (aside)
Yea! his father was right. Who am I?
Only a stranger! an outcast! a beggar!
nothing!

GAR. (to himself as he looks at the map)
There—there—upon this side
No doubt they will attack us!

ANI. Yea, 'tis true. Nothing am I?
And he is now an officer,
And he will ne'er be mine;
What is left me but to go,
Alone and brokenhearted!

[ANI. is going, but she stops on seeing RAM., who at this moment appears and advances to GEN. GAR.]

RAM. General!

GAR. More news, then?

RAM. The Carlists in numbers are threatening our camp;
Major Ortega has just been killed!

GAR. Ortega! my dear friend!
He takes them all from me—this Zuccaraga?

[RAM. goes into the Posada, in agitation. GAR. lifts his arms to the horizon.]

Accursed bandit!
And will he ne'er be slain?

[ANI. listens. GAR. strikes the table with his fist.]

(as if to himself)
And is there none who in the battle
Can take this Zuccaraga?
With all my heart I'd give to him
A fortune and the cross of honor!

[GAR. feverishly again seizes the map and scans it with closer attention. He seems to be studying and calculating.]

ANI. He'll give a fortune! he said a fortune!
O my two thousand duros! His father said
two thousand!
My dowry!—Araquil!—our love!
And shall I hesitate?...No!

GAR. (aside, still preoccupied with his plan)
But who will ever take him?

ANI. (advancing with a hoarse cry) I!

GAR. Who speaks?

[He takes the lantern, advances toward ANI., and holds the light in her face. He sees her pale, and with her eyes fixed.]

Why, 'tis a woman?
Who art thou?

ANI. One that is accursed! One who is mad
For love—and gold!
For two thousand duros wilt thou that he
be taken?

GAR. Who?

ANI. This Zuccaraga!

GAR. For two thousand duros!

ANI. None 'neath the sky of God shall ever know
our compact.
Say but the word and I will keep the oath.
I will not speak. But we shall have our
prize,
Thou—the man whom thy heart detesteth,
And I—the man for whom my heart is wild!

GAR. Two thousand duros.
What is thy name?

ANI. I have no name. I am the Navarraise.

[She rushes into the darkness as if mad. GAR. darts after her to stop her, but she escapes him.]

GAR. Come back! (returning)
Bah! mere empty threatenings!

SCENE VI.

[Soldiers with officers at their head pass across the square. They ground arms, and light fires.]

(to the officers)
We must loophole the houses, to cover the
country.
Bring up the guns close to the barricade.
You, Rizzo, take command in André's place,
You, Lieutenant Fera, inspect the guards!
Be all in readiness,
Long live the fatherland!

SOLD. Long live the fatherland!

[GAR. thanks them with a sign, and re-enters his quarters. Some of the officers remain talking to their men. The night suddenly becomes bright with stars. The soldiers warm themselves round the fire, and make their soup.]

ARA. enters. He wears the gold lace of a lieutenant upon his overcoat.

ARA. Que deviens-tu donc, mon aimée ?
Je te cherche partout, en vain
J'ai couru comme un insensé
Pour te revoir, te rencontrer !
Et nulle part, ne t'ai trouvée !
Où donc te caches-tu ?
Pourquoi n'est-tu pas là ?
Je te veux, je t'appelle
O ma pauvre Anita !

RAMON, qui a entendu et qui vient d'entrer
fumant sa cigarette.

RAM. Anita la Navarraise ?

ARA. Oui ! Vous la connaissez ?

RAM. Anita la belle fille
Brune comme la nuit.
Avec des yeux d'étoiles,
Celle à qui vous parliez ici, l'assaut fini ?

ARA. Oui.

RAM. Je m'en défie.

ARA. D'Anita ?

RAM. A l'instant, des blessés,
Qu'on ramenait au camp,
Ont dit qu'ils avaient vu
Une femme aux doux yeux
S'avancer vers les avant-postes
Des soldats de Carlos,
Et dire à ces soldats :
"Vers Zuccaraga qu'on me mène,
Je veux lui parler dès ce soir !"

ARA. C'était

RAM. Ton Anita !

ARA. Une espionne ? Mensonge !

RAM. Une espionne ? Pourquoi ? Zuccaraga
Passe pour très galant ; il est jeune,
Il est beau !

ARA. (avec emportement)
Un mot de plus, misère !

RAM. (réprimant le mouvement violent d'ARA.)
Du calme, camarade !

ARA. On l'a vue ?

RAM. Tout comme je vous vois.

ARA. Impossible ! Et pourtant !

RAM. (légèrement)
Bah ! les femmes sont les femmes !
Prenez-les comme on prend les fleurs !
[Il se détourne un peu pour fumer et rire.]

ARA. (terrible à lui-même)
Espionne ou misérable ?
Je le saurai ! Je vais. . . .

RAM. Araquil !

ARA. Laissez-moi !
[Il sort comme un égaré.]

SCÈNE VII.

LES SOLDATS, BUSTAMENTE (le Sergent).

De suite, rires très bruyants et prolongés des soldats.
RAMON a regardé partir ARAQUIL et s'éloigne
avec pitié en rejetant gaîment une bouffée de

sa cigarette. Les soldats, en riant, se disputent
les rations de soupe et de vin. Le sergent
BUSTAMENTE les calme du geste avec une im-
portance comique.

Divers groupes.

A moi ! Du Puchero
Versez !
Le matin, la bataille !
Le soir, les garbanzo !
Un peu de vin !
Du cidre !
De l'amantillado ?

BUST. Le vin des officiers n'est pas pour toi !

[Un groupe de soldats, riant.]

Merci !

[Les soldats sont rangés en cercle autour de la mar-
mite. Le sergent BUSTAMENTE, au milieu, prend
sa guitare et se met à en jouer tout en chantant].

BUST. J'ai trois maisons dans Madrid,

LES SOLDATS (frappant leurs gamelles)
Pauvre militaire !

BUST. La prison, le cimetière,

LES SOLDATS. Avec l'hôpital aussi !

BUST. Des œillets.

LES SOLDATS. Des soucis,

BUST. Mais j'ai le cœur d'Isabelle !

TOUS. Et vivent les chansons,
Pour consoler des morts !

BUST. L'amour du pauvre soldat,

LES SOLDATS. C'est l'amour d'une heure !

BUST. La marche sonne et sépare

LES SOLDATS. Adieu, belle sénora !

BUST. Des œillets !

LES SOLDATS. Des soucis !

BUST. Mais on court de belle en belle !

TOUS. Et vivent les chansons,
Pour consoler des morts !

[BUSTAMENTE va commencer le troisième couplet,
lorsque les clairons au loin font entendre le signal
de l'extinction des feux. RAMON paraît.]

RAM. (passant) Compagnons, au repos !
Car demain, camarades !
A l'aube encore, il nous faut être prêts.

[Les soldats arrangent les couvertures et s'envelop-
pent pour le sommeil. Un rideau sombre et
transparent descend lentement. Nuit dans la
salle.]

Nocturne.

Le rideau se relève lentement c'est l'aube. Le jour
se fait.

ARA. O my beloved, why com'st thou not to me?
I long for thee, I call for thee!
My poor Anita, why com'st thou not to me?
I long for thee! I call thee!
My poor Anita, my love, where hidest thou?
Where art thou gone, O my beloved!
Vainly I seek, vainly I wander!
Mad for thy love I run to see thy face,
But all in vain! thou art not here,
I cannot find thee!
My poor Anita! Anita!

[RAM., who has just entered, smoking a cigarette, overhears part of the foregoing.]

RAM. Anita? The Navarraise?

ARA. Yes!—Dost thou know her, too?

RAM. (in the same light tone as before)
Anita! The pretty maiden,
Dark as the magic night,
With eyes like starbeams shining!
To whom you spoke just now, after the fight?

ARA. Yes.

RAM. I do not trust her!

ARA. Not trust her?

RAM. Some wounded men but now brought into
camp,
Say that they saw a girl (pointedly) with
lovely eyes
Pass thro' the outer pickets yonder
Into the Carlist line, and heard her say
"Who'll take me now to Zuccaraga?
For I must speak with him to-night."

ARA. (starting) And she—

RAM. Was thy Anita?

ARA. A spy? a lie!

RAM. (with a light air of reproach)
A spy! Why so? This Zuccaraga
Loves pretty girls, they say.

ARA. (in a transport of passion)
No more of this, you villain!

RAM. (checking ARA.'s violence)
Now calm thee, gentle comrade!

ARA. (fiercely) Have they seen her?

RAM. As plain as I see thee!

ARA. (with choking voice) It cannot be—and
yet—

RAM. (lightly)
Bah—a woman is—a woman!
Pluck them, as you pluck a flow'r.

ARA. (to himself)
A spy? or worse—a guilty one!
I will find out—I'll go—

RAM. Araquil!

ARA. Let me pass! [exit.]

SCENE VII.

[RAM. watches ARA. go out, and then disappears, with a gesture of sympathy, lightly puffing his cigarette. The soldiers laughingly are quarrelling over their rations of soup and wine. SERG. BUSTAMENTE calms them with a gesture of comic importance.]

Soldier. (disputing and laughing) That's mine!

Others. No! no!

Soldier. It's mine!

Others. No! no!
Some Puchero this way!

Bust. Hold hard! enough, I say!

All. Fill up! fill up!
Fill up my cup!
Though 'tis fighting to-morrow,
We've got the Garbanzos to-night!
That's the way!

Tenors. Bring me some wine!

Basses. Some cider!

Soldier (Escaping from the rest with a bottle which he proudly shows to the rest.)
Amontillado!

Bust. (Recovers the bottle and brings him back by the ear.)

Come here! that will not do!
That's not for you!

All. (laughing) Sir to you!

[The soldiers form in a ring round the soup pot. SERG. BUST. in the centre takes his guitar and, accompanying himself, sings:]

Bust. I've three houses in Madrid!

Chorus. Oh, you poor old soldier!

Bust. The gaol, and the place where the dead
are hid!

Chorus. And the hospital, too, for the soldier!

Bust. But I've my sweetheart Isabelle!

Chorus. He has his sweetheart, you can tell;
So, as for sorrow—let it fly!
Sing away, boys, let the dead men lie!

Bust. The soldier's love is but a flow'r,

Chorus. Oh, you poor old soldier!

Bust. The bugle sounds the parting hour,

Chorus. "Good-bye" says the poor old soldier.

Bust. But I've another sweetheart yet!

Chorus. He has another, don't forget!
So as for sorrow, let it fly!
Sing away, boys, let the dead men
lie!

[BUST. is just commencing the third verse, when bugles in the distance signal "lights out!" RAM. appears.]

RAM. Comrades, to rest! Sleep well till morning!
At break of day we all must ready be!

[The soldiers arrange their coverings and wrap themselves up for sleep. A dull transparent curtain slowly descends. Night.]

Nocturne.

[The Curtain slowly rises. Day breaks.]

ACTE DEUXIÈME.

Tout à coup on entend au loin des coups de feu.
Les soldats dressent la tête. Quelques-uns se lèvent vivement.

SCÈNE PREMIÈRE.

SOLDATS.

UN SOLDAT. Alerte!

D'AUTRES SOLDATS. Alerte!

UN AUTRE. On attaque!

TOUS. Aux armes!

[A ce moment, GARRIDO sort de la posada, inquiet, et au sommet de la route qui débouche sur la place, apparaît ANITA, livide, échevelée, blessée au bras. Elle aperçoit GARRIDO et marche droit à lui.]

SCÈNE II.

GARRIDO, SOLDATS, ANITA.

Grand mouvement au fond. GARRIDO et ANITA restant isolés.

ANI. (terrible, comme une somnambule qui se dresserait là)
Mon argent?

GAR. Que dis-tu?

ANI. Mon argent, mes deux mille douros!

GAR. (effrayé) Les as-tu donc gagnés?

ANI. J'ai promis, j'ai frappé!
L'homme est mort!

GAR. Malheureuse!
Tu mens!

ANI. Je ne mens pas!
Le pacte était conclu.
J'ai demandé le chef. Alors il m'interroge.
Face à face; j'avais mon couteau sous mon châle.
En bondissant voilà je l'ai frappé!
Ainsi!

[Elle fait le geste de frapper en détournant les yeux.]

GAR. Frappé!

ANI. (avec ivresse)
Araquil est à moi!
J'ai couru dans la nuit,
Parmi les coups de feu!
Et pour me protéger!
J'avais ma vierge sainte.
Bonne vierge de plomb, plus précieuse que l'or!
Et les balles sifflaient!

GAR. Blessée!

AEI. Eh! que m'importe?
Me voici. Me voici.
Mes deux mille douros,
C'est argent, c'est le prix.

GAR. Quelle horreur! Zuccaraga!

ANI. Je l'ai tué, dis-je.
[On entend les cloches au loin.]
Ecoutez, c'est le glas!
Qui suivant la vallée
Nous arrive de Bilbao,
C'est la voix de la mort!

GAR. (avec autorité, tristement)
Que ton secret, femme, meure avec toi,
Je jure Dieu, que seul, à mon heure dernière,
Le prêtre le saura!

[De la poche de son grand manteau de général, il tire une lourde bourse de cuir, et la donne à ANITA, hypnotisée, joyeuse, puis il rentre dans la posada.]

ANI. Le bonheur! Araquil,
Le père l'a voulu!

SCÈNE III.

ANITA, SOLDATS, puis ARAQUIL.

ANI. (seule, prend un dourou extasiée.)
Mon argent! [Avec une vague épouvante.]
L'argent rouge! [Févreuse.]
Voici ma dot? qu'on me le donne!
L'adoré de mon cœur!
Je l'aime! Il est à moi!
[Comme frappé d'une idée subite.]
Mais cet argent béni...
Cet argent qui m'assure
Le bonheur et l'amour! Où le cacher?
Quelqu'un me le prendrait. Je tremble.

[Rumeurs se rapprochant rapidement. Les soldats viennent du côté du bruit. ARAQUIL apparaît le front sanglant. Deux soldats le soutiennent. Il les repousse en apercevant ANITA qui s'est retournée au moment où elle cachait, paureuse, la bourse dans son tablier.]

Araquil! Et blessé?

ARA. (froid, terrible, d'une pâleur de cire.)
Blessé, mourant, j'espère!
Car je mourrai par toi! [à tous.]
Compagnons, qu'on me laisse,
Je veux lui parler.
Seul. [aux soldats.]
Allez!... [aux officiers.]
Je vous en prie... [on s'éloigne.]

SCÈNE IV.

ANITA, ARAQUIL, seul.

Quand tous se sont éloignés, ANITA revient vers ARAQUIL avec un mouvement de sollicitude et d'anxiété.

ANI. Mourir! mourir par moi! Que viens-tu de me dire?
J'ai peur.

ARA. Je te cherchais, Anita,
Je te croyais encore près de Zuccaraga!

ANI. Moi!

ARA. Pour te retrouver, pour t'arrêter, peut-être,
Sur la route du mal, j'ai couru comme un fou,
Et voulant t'empêcher de rejoindre un amant!

ANI. Un amant!

ARA. Un amant! pourquoi donc, malheureuse.
As-tu passé la nuit parmi nos ennemis?

ACT. II.

[Suddenly, in the distance, shots are heard. The soldiers rise briskly.]

SCENE I.

Soldier. Awake, boys, awake! the foe's upon us!
To arms! to arms! [rush to the barricade.]

[GAR. comes from the Posada, in anxiety. At this moment, at the top of the road which crosses the square, ANI. appears, deadly pale, her hair dishevelled, and her arm wounded. She sees GAR. and goes up to him. They remain alone.]

SCENE II.

ANI. (as though in her sleep)
Where is my gold?

GAR. What say'st thou?

ANI. Where is the gold? My two thousand duros?

GAR. But hast thou earned thy wage?

ANI. I have sworn! I've done the deed!
And he—is dead!

GAR. Unhappy woman! you lie!

ANI. I do not lie. The bargain was complete.
They took me to his tent, and then—he asked me
—Face to face! Beneath my shawl I had the dagger.
I rose—I leapt upon him—and then I struck him.
Thus!

[She makes a movement as if striking, with her eyes averted.]

GAR. You killed him!

ANI. And Araquil is mine, mine now at last!
I ran through the night amid a storm of fire,
My Virgin here I had, to shelter me from danger,

[placing her hands on her bosom.]

Ah, little image of lead—more precious than gold!
How the shot whistled round me!

GAR. Wast thou wounded?

ANI. What does that matter? I am here.
Give me the money. It is my price.

GAR. (remorsefully) Oh, God! Zuccaraga—

ANI. He's dead, I tell thee!

[A funeral knell is heard from a distant church.]

Hark! what is that? It is a knell
Which comes to us—along the valley—from Bilbao.
It is the voice of death!

GAR. Thy secret, girl, must die with thee.
I swear to God that none shall know it,
Except the priest when my last hour is come!

[He takes from beneath his cloak a heavy leather purse and gives it to ANI., who receives it, stupefied with joy; then he re-enters the Posada.]

ANI. (to herself)
O joy! Araquil—it was his father's word!

SCENE III.

Darling gold! so bright and ruddy!
See, it is here—my golden dowry!
And he I love is mine at last!
I love him so! and he is mine!

[as if struck by a sudden thought.]

But ah!—my lovely gold!
That wins me all my joy and love
Where shall I hide it?

[Sounds, from a distance, drawing nearer. The soldiers come from the sides at the sound.]

I fear, lest some one find—and steal it.

[ARA. appears, his forehead bleeding. Two soldiers support him. He pushes them aside, on seeing ANI. who has concealed the purse in her apron.]

ANI. Araquil—wounded!

ARA. (coldly—deadly pale)
Wounded? yes! and dying—I hope so.
For I shall die through thee!
(to the rest, with failing voice)
Comrades all—I pray ye, leave us!
I fain would speak with her—alone!
(to the officers)
Bid them leave us.

SCENE IV.

[They all go off in silence, reverently. When they all are gone, ANI. comes back to ARA., with a gesture of tender solicitude.]

ANI. Die through me! What art thou saying?
I fear—

ARA. (trembling with anger)
I sought for thee, Anita, I thought to find thee still!
—There—with Zuccaraga!

ANI. (astounded) I!

ARA. To bring thee back—to stop thy feet, maybe,
Upon the path of sin. Fool that I was!
I thought to keep thee from thy lover's arms!

ANI. (not comprehending him)
My lover's arms!

ARA. Thy lover's arms!
Wherefore then, unhappy girl,
Wherefore did'st pass the night among the enemy?

ANI. Tais-toi! Ne me dis rien!
Ta main, Dieu! quelle fièvre
Et ton sang!

ARA. Pourquoi donc fuyais-tu, là-bas, auprès de
lui?
Mais réponds, misérable!

ANI. (avec pitié)
Ne te fais pas de mal!

ARA. Réponds! Réponds!

ANI. Si tu savais! Pour toi, ce que j'ai fait pour
toi!

ARA. Eh bien?

ANI. Plus tard tu sauras tout, nous allons être heu-
reux!
Je suis riche, et ton père
Ne refusera plus la pauvre Navarraise!

ARA. Riche? Comment? par qui?

ANI. Ma dot, je l'ai gaguée
Au péril de ma vie,
Au péril de mon âme!
Ma dot était là-bas!

ARA. (hors de lui)
D'où te vient cet argent?

ANI. (opprésee) Cet argent!

ARA. (encore plus accentué) Cet argent?

ANI. (haletante)
J'ai juré! par pitié!

ARA. (au comble du désespoir)
Je savais bien qu'on t'attendait là-bas.
[avec un accent déchirant.]
Fille infâme!... tu t'es vendue!
[Il chancelle et s'appuie contre la table.]

ANI. (frappé de stupeur)
Vendue! Es-tu donc fou? Araquil! Moi,
vendue?
[Elle reste anéantie, comme clouée à sa place.]

SCÈNE V.

LES MÊMES, au loin, le tocsin sonne aux églises
basques. La foule accourt. REMIGO paraît
et se dirige haletant vers ARAQUIL expirant; il
l'entoure de ses bras. Quelques officiers,
RAMON, l'aumônier, le chirurgien, sont auprès
d'ARAQUIL.

REM. Mon fils!

ARA. (agonisant) Père!
Pour qui sonnent ces cloches? Est-ce pour
Notre amour, ou bien est-ce pour moi!

REM. (avec ardeur.)
C'est pour le chef Carliste, il est mort
Cette nuit.

RAM. (s'approchant) Et mort assassiné!

[ARAQUIL regarde ANITA après que RAMON dit cette
phrase en l'entendant, ANITA voit le regard
d'ARAQUIL dirigé sur ses maïus, elle se rend
compte qu'elles ont peut être du sang et elle les
cache, avec un mouvement de terreur; ARAQUIL
comprenant, lui dit d'un ton effrayant, lui mon-
trant l'argent.]

ARA. Le prix du sang, horreur! [Il meurt.]

ANI. (elle se précipite sur ARAQUIL) Mort!

REM. (la repousse brutalement, il semble défendre le
cadavre de son fils)
Va-t-en! La Navarraise!

ANI. (avec explosion)
Ah! je veux mourir avec lui!
Comment? ah! le couteau! je l'ai laissé
là-bas!

[Elle cherche dans ses vêtements, et retrouve sur
sa poitrine la petite vierge de plomb.]

La vierge bonne. Ah! oui m'a-t-elle protégée?
L'a-t-elle empêché de mourir?

[Elle dresse la vierge de la main droite et va la
précipiter à terre, mais elle s'arrête en entendant
les cloches dans le lointain. Avec des yeux fous,
elle contemple l'image de plomb, la porte à sa
lèvre, la baise et sourit.]

Merci la bonne vierge, elle nous a bénis,
Ecoutez!

Araquil, j'ai la dot, allons, l'église est pleine!
C'est le bonheur!

GAR. (qui est présent depuis un instant, regarde
ANITA à part, avec une profonde pitié)
La folie! La folie!

[La foule s'écarte avec une superstitieuse terreur
d'ANITA folle, qui riant, pleurant, envoie des
baisers à ARAQUIL étendu à terre. Au mo-
ment où le rideau descend, ANITA tombe à
genoux en riant aux éclats.]

Depuis le début de la scène IV. les cloches sonnent
au lointain. Elles sonnent jusqu'au baisser du
rideau.

FIN.

ANI. (weeping) Hush ! hush !
 ARA. Wherefore then did'st thou fly—(pointing)
 —out there ?
 ANI. (thinking only of ARA.'s wound)
 Thy hand—God ! how 'tis burning !
 ARA. —Into his tent ?
 ANI. —And thy blood—
 ARA. Answer—thou wretched woman !
 ANI. (bursting into tears, tenderly)
 Love, do not hurt thyself !
 ARA. Answer, tell me why.
 ANI. (sorrowfully)
 If thou could'st know, my love,
 All I have done for thee !
 ARA. (coldly) What then ?
 ANI. (agitated)
 Some day, some day, thou shalt know all,
 So happy we shall be. Now I am wealthy
 Thy father will not spurn me more,
 The poor girl of Navarre !
 ARA. Wealthy !—How so ?—From whom ?
 ANI. The dowry ! I've won the dowry
 At the price of my life, at the price of my
 soul.
 Ah—did'st thou but know all I have done
 for thee ! (holding out the money)
 And see it is here !
 ARA. Whence has thou got the gold ?
 ANI. The gold ?
 ARA. Yes, the gold !
 ANI. I cannot tell thee—I have sworn !
 ARA. Thou liest !
 ANI. Nay ! for pity's sake !
 ARA. Ah yes—I knew thou had'st a lover—there !
 Thou shameless one ! and thou hast sold
 thyself !
 [He staggers and supports himself against the ta-
 ble, choking.]
 ANI. (stupefied) Sold myself ?
 Art thou then mad ?—Araquil—I ?
 Have sold myself ?
 [She stands, beside herself, as if fixed to the spot.]

SCENE V.

[In the distance the alarm is sounded. The church
 bells reply. Crowd runs up. REM. appears and
 rushes panting to ARA., and takes him in his
 arms. Officers, RAM., Chaplain and Surgeon
 stand by him.]

REM. (weeping) My son !
 ARA. (dying) Father !
 Those bells ! whom are they ringing for ?
 Is't for our love, or is it but for me !
 REM. 'Tis for the Carlist leader, last night he
 died !
 RAM. (approaching ARA.)
 —By an assassin's hand !
 (At these words ARA. looks at ANI. She sees
 ARA.'s eyes fixed upon her hands. She fancies
 they are stained with blood, and hides them with
 a gesture of terror. ARA., understanding, points
 to the gold.)
 ARA. (in an awful tone)
 The price of blood !—Oh God ! [he dies.]
 ANI. (throwing herself on ARA.) Dead !
 REM. (drives her away roughly from the body)
 Begone ! you—Navarraise !
 ANI. (screaming)
 No !—I only want to die with him !
 But how ?—where is the knife ?—
 [She searches in her clothes, and finds in her bosom
 the little leaden Madonna.]
 Yes—yes—I left it—there !
 (with a laugh of bitter irony)
 Ah—the holy Virgin—what has she done to
 guard me ?
 Has she kept me from death ?
 [She holds up the leaden Madonna and is just go-
 ing to dash it to the ground when she hears the
 bells in the distance, and checks herself. With
 staring eyes, she gazes at the leaden image, raises
 it to her lips and kisses it and smiles.]
 Mary—Mother of Love, thou hast heard us,
 and bless'd us !
 Araquil, dost thou hear ? 'tis the bells ! How
 they ring !
 See, love, the church is crowded !—
 And all so gay !
 [In superstitious fear, the crowd makes way for
 ANI. who, laughing and crying in her madness,
 blows kisses to ARA. where his body lies stretched
 on the ground. GAR. who has arrived at the last
 moment, looks at ANI. with deep pity.]

GAR. (aside) Mad ! mad ! poor child !

[ANI. falls on her knees with peals of laughter.]

CURTAIN.

LA NAVARRAISE.

Allegro. f Sempre legato. *sf*

I tho't, I tho't of thee, of thee, my darling on ly! In dreams thy face, thy voice came back to
 Je ne pen-sais qu'à toi, pauvre a-mie a - do - ré et Et - ton re - gard et le son de tu

Allegro.
mf *f* *f*

palpitant et bien chanté.

sf *sf* *dim.*

me. In stormy fight on pick-et lone - ly, I knew that thou didst pray for
 voix, me re-ve-naient comme en un rê ve, je com-bat-tais, et tu pri-

sf *sf* *più f* *dim.*

sf

ANITA. (avec émotion)

mf *p* *dim.* *mf* *sf*

Ah love, I tho't thee dead or dy-ing! And thro' the fight my Spir - it fly ing
 Je l'ai cru mort dans la mê-lé - e! Et mon i - ma - ge bien ai - mé e

p

me, didst pray for me!
 ais! tu pri - ais!

p *dim.* *mf* *sf*

LA NAVARRAISE.

watched o-ver thee
l'a pro-té-gé!

watched o-ver
Mon su-ve-

And thro' the fight thy Spir-it fly-ing and bro't me back from dan-ger and
Et ton i-ma-ge bien ai-mé e du sol-dat qui l'a-dô-crés express.

f *cresc.* *sf* *sf* *più f m.g.* *sf* *m.g.* *sf*

thee, watched o-ver thee,
-nir l'a pro-té-gé!

and bro't thee back..... to...
Mon so-ve-nir l'a pro-té-

brought me back from death and dan-ger, bro't me back to thee, to thee, to
-tail..... tout dan-ger! ton sou-ve-nir m'a pro-té-gé! M'a pro-te-

p *f* *Poco rall.* *f*

me! (pensant à ses amis frappés dans le combat.) ye who yon-der
gé! qui res-tez là-

thee! And
-gé! Vous,

a tempo. *dim.* *mf* *sf* *rall.* *ff* *sf*

LA NAVARRAISE.

(attendi.)

p

sleep broth - ers! comradés in arms, whom we shall see no more! Sleep
bas fré - res du ré-gi-ment, que nous ne ver - rons plus,

Meno mosso. (sans lenteur.) 80 =

p *expressif.*

on! we will a - venge yet, But com - fort me, be - lov - ed, and bid
Nous saurons vous ven - ger! Mais à me que j'a - do - re, ber - ce

cresc.

plus expressif encore.

all my sor - row to rest and on thy bos - om hush the tears I, shed for those who
mes ex - pils é - pur - dus! *Sur ton cœur* é - touf - fe les san - glots que j'ai

piu. f *p*

p *ANITA. (avec une tendresse infinie.)*
(tres caressant.) p

are no more, who are no more! Ah turn thine eyes, dear,
là pour ceux qui ne sont plus! A - ra - quil! lais - se -

Poco meno mosso. 72. =

piu. p *pp*

Ped.

LA NAVARRAISE.

doce.

eyes to mine, Thus to my bos - om let me press thee,
mai tes yeux! de vens les fer - mer sous ma lè - - vre, don - - ne,

pp dolce. rall. A tempo 1mo allegro.

let my lips lie warm on thine, and kiss the tears that
sous me lè - vre, sous mes bai sers, je veux cal - mer ton (un

Meno mosso ancora. ppp A tempo 1mo allegro. 92 =

piu. pp suivez. suivez. p

f ff

now dis-tress thee! Look in - to my
- goisse et tu jè - vre! Dans un long bai -

ARAQUIL m, cresc. ff

There's none be-side thee, none a - bove thee! Look in - to my
Ah! chère et dou-ce que j'a - do - re! Dans un long bai -

f mf cresc. sf ff sf

LA NAVARRAISE.

eyes..... once more! And kiss me, kiss me as of yore, And
 ser..... con-fon - dus! Nous re - gar - dant les yeux per - dus, Dis -

dim., p

ff sf p dim.

say I love thee! I love thee! once more, once
 moi: je t'ai - me! je t'ai me! En co - re! en -

f rall. p a tempo.

f p

rall. a tempo.

f sf p

more, once more, Say, love, I love thee! I love thee! I love thee!
 co - re! en - co - re! Dis-moi: je t'ai - me! je t'ai - me! je t'ai me!

dim. pp f rall. pp lento.

dim. pp f pp

rit. pp 8 rall. lento.

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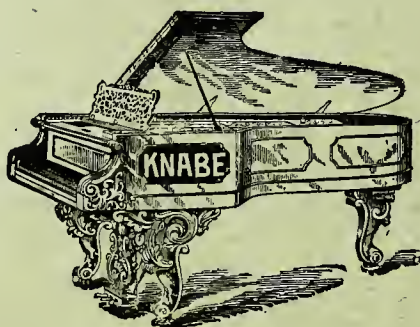
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