

- Duke:** At last we have arrived at our destination. This is the Ducal Palace, and it is here that the Grand Inquisitor resides. As a Castilian hidalgo of ninety-five quarterings, I regret that I am unable to pay my state visit on a horse. As a Castilian hidalgo of that description, I should have preferred to ride through the streets of Venice; but owing, I presume, to an unusually wet season, the streets are in such a condition that equestrian exercise is impracticable. No matter. Where is our suite?
- Luiz:** (*coming forward*) Your Grace, I am here.
- Duchess:** Why do you not do yourself the honour to kneel when you address his Grace?
- Duke:** My love, it is so small a matter! (*to Luiz*) Still, you may as well do it. (*Luiz kneels.*)
- Casilda:** The young man seems to entertain but an imperfect appreciation of the respect due from a menial to a Castilian hidalgo.
- Duke:** My child, you are hard upon our suite.
- Casilda:** Papa, I've no patience with the presumption of persons in his plebeian position. If he does not appreciate that position, let him be whipped until he does.
- Duke:** Let us hope the omission was not intended as a slight. I should be much hurt if I thought it was. So would he. (*To Luiz*) Where are the halberdiers who were to have had the honour of meeting us here, that our visit to the Grand Inquisitor might be made in becoming state?
- Luiz:** Your Grace, the halberdiers are mercenary people who stipulated for a trifle on account.
- Duke:** How tiresome! Well, let us hope the Grand Inquisitor is a blind gentleman. And the band who were to have had the honour of escorting us? I see no band!
- Luiz:** Your Grace, the band are sordid persons who required to be paid in advance.
- Duchess:** That's so like a band!
- Duke:** (*annoyed*) Insuperable difficulties meet me at every turn!
- Duchess:** But surely they know his Grace?
- Luiz:** Exactly— they know his Grace.
- Duke:** Well, let us hope that the Grand Inquisitor is a deaf gentleman. A cornet-à-piston would be something. You do not happen to possess the accomplishment of tootling like a cornet-à-piston?
- Luiz:** Alas, no, your Grace! But I can imitate a farmyard.
- Duke:** (*doubtfully*) I don't see how that would help us. I don't see how we could bring it in.
- Casilda:** It would not help us in the least. We are not a parcel of graziers come to market, dolt! (*Luiz rises.*)
- Duke:** My love, our suite's feelings! (*To Luiz*) Be so good as to ring the bell and inform the Grand Inquisitor that his Grace the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Count Matadoro, Baron Picadoro—
- Duchess:** And suite—
- Duke:** And suite— have arrived at Venice, and seek—

Casilda: Desire —

Duchess: Demand!

Duke: And demand an audience.

Luiz: Your Grace has but to command.

Duke: (*much moved*) I felt sure of it— I felt sure of it! (*Exit Luiz into Ducal Palace.*) And now, my love— (*aside to Duchess*) shall we tell her? I think so— (*aloud to Casilda*) and now, my love, prepare for a magnificent surprise. It is my agreeable duty to reveal to you a secret which should make you the happiest young lady in Venice!

Casilda: A secret?

Duchess: A secret which, for State reasons, it has been necessary to preserve for twenty years.

Duke: When you were a prattling babe of six months old you were married by proxy to no less a personage than the infant son and heir of His Majesty the immeasurably wealthy King of Barataria!

Casilda: Married to the infant son of the King of Barataria? Was I consulted? (*Duke shakes his head.*) Then it was a most unpardonable liberty!

Duke: Consider his extreme youth and forgive him. Shortly after the ceremony that misguided monarch abandoned the creed of his forefathers, and became a Wesleyan Methodist of the most bigoted and persecuting type. The Grand Inquisitor, determined that the innovation should not be perpetuated in Barataria, caused your smiling and unconscious husband to be stolen and conveyed to Venice. A fortnight since, the Methodist Monarch and all his Wesleyan Court were killed in an insurrection; and we are here to ascertain the whereabouts of your husband, and to hail you, our daughter, as Her Majesty, the reigning Queen of Barataria! (*Kneels*)

(*During this speech Luiz re-enters.*)

Duchess: Your Majesty! (*Kneels*)

Duke: It is at such moments as these that one feels how necessary it is to travel with a full band.

Casilda: I, the Queen of Barataria! But I've nothing to wear! We are practically penniless!

Duke: That point has not escaped me. Although I am unhappily in straitened circumstances at present, my social influence is something enormous; and a company, to be called the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Limited, is in course of formation to work me. An influential directorate has been secured, and I shall myself join the Board after allotment.

Casilda: Am I to understand that the Queen of Barataria may be called upon at any time to witness her honoured sire in process of liquidation?

Duchess: The speculation is not exempt from that drawback. If your father should stop, it will, of course, be necessary to wind him up.

Casilda: But it's so undignified— it's so degrading! A Grandee of Spain turned into a public company! Such a thing was never heard of!

Duke: My child, the Duke of Plaza-Toro does not follow fashions— he leads them. He always leads everybody. When he was in the army he led his regiment. He occasionally led them into action. He invariably led them out of it.

No. 4. "O rapture, when alone together"

Recitative and Duet

Casilda and Luiz

Allegro vivace Casilda

O rap-ture,

Luiz

O rap-ture,

Allegro vivace

ff

when a-lone to-geth-er Two lov-ing hearts and

when a-lone to-geth-er Two lov-ing hearts and

p

those that bear them May join in tem-po-ra-ry teth-er, Though

those that bear them May join in tem-po-ra-ry teth-er, Though

Recit.

fate a-part should rude-ly tear them. Ne - ces - si - ty, In - ven - tion's

fate a-part should rude-ly tear them.

moth - er, Com - pelled me to a course of feign - ing - But, left a -

Andante moderato ed espressivo

lone with one an - oth - er, I will a - tone for my dis - dain -

ing! Ah, well - be - lov - ed, Mine an - gry frown -

Is but a gown That serves to dress My gen - tle-ness!

Luiz

Ah, well-be-

lov - ed, Thy cold dis-dain, It gives no pain— 'Tis mer - cy, played In

Ah, well-be - lov - ed!

mas-quer-ade! Ah, well - be - lov - ed! Ah, well-be-

Fin. *

Ah, well-be-lov - ed! _____ Mine an - gry frown - Is
 lov - ed! Ah, well-be-lov - ed! Thine an - gry frown - Is

Red. *

but _____ a gown That serves to dress My gen - tle-ness!
 but _____ a gown That serves to dress Thy gen - tle-ness!

dim. *p*

Ah, _____ well, Ah, well - be -
 Ah, be - lov - - - ed! Ah, well - be -

f *dim.* *f* *dim.* *f* *dim.*

lov - ed, be - lov - ed!_

lov - ed, be - lov - ed!_

p

p

p

Ped.

*

Casilda: O Luiz, Luiz— what have you said! What have I done! What have I allowed you to do?

Luiz: Nothing, I trust, that you will ever have reason to repent. (*Offering to embrace her*)

Casilda: (*withdrawing from him*) Nay, Luiz, it may not be. I have embraced you for the last time.

Luiz: (*amazed*) Casilda!

Casilda: I have just learnt, to my surprise and indignation, that I was wed in babyhood to the infant son of the King of Baratarial

Luiz: The son of the King of Barataria? The child who was stolen in infancy by the Inquisition?

Casilda: The same. But, of course, you know his story.

Luiz: Know his story? Why, I have often told you that my mother was the nurse to whose charge he was entrusted!

Casilda: True. I had forgotten. Well, he has been discovered, and my father has brought me here to claim his hand.

Luiz: But you will not recognize this marriage? It took place when you were too young to understand its import.

Casilda: Nay, Luiz, respect my principles and cease to torture me with vain entreaties. Henceforth my life is another's.

Luiz: But stay— the present and the future— *they* are another's; but the past— that at least is ours, and none can take it from us. As we may revel in naught else, let us revel in that!

Casilda: I don't think I grasp your meaning.

Luiz: Yet it is logical enough. You say you cease to love me?

Casilda: (*demurely*) I say I *may* not love you.

Luiz: Ah, but you do not say you *did* not love me?

Casilda: I loved you with a frenzy that words are powerless to express— and that but ten brief minutes since!

Luiz: Exactly. My own— that is, until ten minutes since, my own— my lately loved, my recently adored— tell me that until, say a quarter of an hour ago, I was all in all to thee! (*embracing her*)

Casilda: I see your idea. It's ingenious, but don't do that. (*releasing herself*)

Luiz: There can be no harm in revelling in the past.

Casilda: None whatever, but an embrace cannot be taken to act retrospectively.

Luiz: Perhaps not!

Casilda: We may recollect an embrace— I recollect many— but we must not repeat them.

Luiz: Then let us recollect a few!

(*A moment's pause, as they recollect, then both heave a deep sigh.*)

Luiz: Ah, Casilda, you were to me as the sun is to the earth!

Casilda: A quarter of an hour ago?

Luiz: About that.

Casilda: And to think that, but for this miserable discovery, you would have been my own for life!

Luiz: Through life and death— a quarter of an hour ago!

Casilda: How greedily my thirsty ears would have drunk the golden melody of those sweet words a quarter— well, it's now about twenty minutes since. (*Looking at her watch*)

Luiz: About that. In such a matter one cannot be too precise.

Casilda: And now our love, so full of life, is but a silent, solemn memory!

Luiz: Must it be so, Casilda?

Casilda: Luiz, it must be so!

earn a no-ble-man's praise! Cap-i-tal, both, cap-i-tal, both- we've caught it

earn a no-ble-man's praise! Cap-i-tal, both, cap-i-tal, both- we've caught it

nice-ly! Sup-pos-ing he's right in what he_ says, This is the style of_ thing pre-

nice-ly! Sup-pos-ing he's right in what he_ says, This is the style of_ thing pre-

Casilda *f* Cap-i-tal, both, cap-i-tal, both- you've caught it nice-ly! That is the

Duchess *f* Cap-i-tal, both, cap-i-tal, both- you've caught it nice-ly! That is the

Marco *f* cise-ly! Ah, this the

Giuseppe *f* cise-ly! Ah, this the

Duke *f* Ah, this the

style of thing pre-cise-ly! That is the style of thing, the style of thing pre - *rall.*

style of thing pre-cise-ly! That is the style of thing, the style, the style of thing pre - *rull.*

style, This is the style of thing, the style of thing pre - *rull.*

style, This is the style of thing, the style of thing pre - *rull.*

style, That is the style of thing, the style of thing pre - *rull.*

*Ad. **

Gavotta

cise - ly!

cise - ly!

cise - ly!

cise - ly!

cise - ly!

Gavotta

p a tempo