

Casilda                      Don Alhambra                      Marco

mo - ment men - tion. To us they bring - His fos - ter - moth - er. Is

Giuseppe                      All

he the King? Or this my broth - er? Speak, wom - an, speak!

Inez                      Più lento

Speak, wom - an, speak! The Roy - al Prince was by the King en -

*pp trem.*

trust - ed To my fond care, ere I grew old and - crust - ed; When

\*

traitors came to steal his son re-put-ed, My own small boy I

Ped. \*

deft-ly sub-sti-tu-ted! The vil-lains fell in-to the trap com-

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

pletely- I hid the Prince a-way- still sleep-ing sweet-ly; I called him

Ped. \*

*(Sensation. Luiz ascends  
the throne, crowned and  
robed as King.)*

"son" with par-don-a-ble sly-ness- His name, Lu-iz! Be-hold his Roy-al High-ness!

*ff*