

William Vincent Wallace (1812-1865)
Maritana (1845)

An opera in three acts
Libretto by Edward Fitzball (1792-1873) and Alfred Bunn (1796-1860)

Maritana, a gypsy girl - Majella Cullagh, Soprano
Lazarillo, an apprentice boy - Lynda Lee, Mezzo-soprano
Don Cæsar de Bazan - Paul Charles Clarke, Tenor
Don José de Santarém, minister to the King - Ian Caddy, Baritone
Captain of the Guard/Alcade - Damien Smith, Baritone
Charles II, King of Spain - Quentin Hayes, Bass
Chorus of Soldiers, Gypsies and Populace - RTÉ Philharmonic Choir

CD 1

[1] Overture

Act I: A Square in Madrid

[2] Chorus

Sing, pretty maiden, sing
Sing that lovely song again
Sing, pretty maiden,
The thrilling airs of Spain
Sing of love and beauty,
Bow'r or tented plain,
Sing, sweet Maritana,
Sing that song again,

[3] Maritana

It was a knight of princely mien,
One blue and golden day,
Came riding thro' the forest green,
That round his castle lay;
And there heard he a Gipsy maid
Her songs of love reveal,
Like a spirit of light,
She enchanted the Knight,
'Twas a King!

Chorus

'Twas a King!

Maritana

'Twas the King of Castile

Chorus

Sing, Maritana! No delay,
Love's minstrel, Maritana,
we will pay, thus we pay

[4] Maritana

I hear it again,
'Tis the harp,
'Tis the harp in the air!
It hangs on the walls
Of the old Moorish halls;
Tho' none know its minstrel,
Or how it came there
Listen! There!
'Tis the harp in the air!

Chorus

Listen pilgrim list,
'Tis the harp in the air!
There! There! There! There!

[5] Chorus

Angels that around us hover,
Guard us till the close of day;
Our heads, oh! let your white wings cover,
See us kneel, and hear us pray!

[6] Maritana

Of fairy wand had I the power,
Some palace bright my home should be,
By marble fount, in orange bower,
Dancing to music's melody.

Don José

Those lovely eyes, those ruby lips
Might win a brighter home for thee,
Than crystal hall, where Fairy trips
Lightly to echo's minstrelsy

Maritana

Of fairy wand had I command,
At moonlit hour,
In silken bow'r,
To music's note,
On air I'd float,
In golden sheen
And jewels gay,
Of pleasure, Queen, I'd laugh and sing,
And dance and play.

Don José

Those sparkling eyes
Are brighter prize
Than gems that glow
On Kingly brow;
Of those avail,
Ere yet they fade,
For joy will quail,
When time o'er shade,
Then laugh while love
And beauty aid.

Maritana/Don José

He thinks, as others oft have done,
My wild fantastic thoughts are vain
Are visions all now here, now gone,
Like dreams that rise and fade again.

Thus woman's heart is ever bought,
Fold brightly gleams but in her eyes'
So, by the lamp, the moth is caught,
Burneth its giddy wing, and dies.

Don José

Think of the splendour the golden glory
The bright career which waits your future steps,
One round of triumph!

[7] Captain

See, the culprit,

Lazarillo

Mercy!

Captain

Quick, arrest him!

Lazarillo

Mercy!

Captain

See, the culprit, quick arrest him!
Why my orders disobey?

Lazarillo

Mercy!

Don Caesar

List, I pray you!
If a mere child's poor entreaty
Fail to move that heart of thine:
If his voice excite no pity,
Brother soldier list to mine.

Captain

Come, your duty quickly seek

Don Caesar

Oh! if 'twere not Holy week!

Captain

Pray'rs and tears won't make me civil!

Don Caesar

Gallant Captain!

Captain

Loose my cloak!

Don Caesar

Rage consumes me!
I shall choke!

Know, Sir, who I am; Count de Carofa,
Don Caesar de Bazan;
Who, in the presence of his Monarch,
Cover'd hath a right to appear.
You have insulted me beyond all bearing;
Redress I seek.
Hence, to the devil, with the Holy week,
Thus I chastise, thy daring!

Captain

A challenge! vengeance!

Don Caesar

A challenge! forward!

Chorus

A challenge! the Edict! horror!

Lazarillo

Oh! forbear, indeed you must,
Be this frightful quarrel staid,
If for me your life were lost,
ever more would grief upbraid.

Don Caesar

Oh! you soon shall bite the dust,
Honour's debt is quickly staid,
Oh! that by a cut and thrust,
Dunning creditors were paid!

Captain

Come, you will not prove the first
Braggart whom this blade hath staid;
Only with a single thrust,
Your account is quickly paid.

Don José

Don't forget before you thrust,
Holy week who dares invade,
Be his quarrel e'er so just,
By the halter will be paid.

Chorus

See this combat, all now must,
Blow for blow, and blade to blade,
Happy he who falls who falls the first,
Conquest by the hangman paid.

[8] Chorus

Pretty Gitana, tell us,
What the fates decree?
Shall we happy be?
Pretty Gitana, shall I married be?

Maritana

Yes, the language of the skies
With ease can I impart;
But plainer read, in starry eyes,
The language of the heart.
With whom begins the charm?

Chorus

With me!

Maritana

Young Soldier, first your palm let me see!

Soldier

Willingly

Maritana

You love a pretty dame?

Soldier

That's true.

Maritana

You are to blame!
Beware of wooing an old man's wife,
Her youth and beauty will cause you strife.

Chorus

Beware of wooing an old man's wife,
Her youth and beauty will cause you strife!

Maritana

Who next, pursues the charm?

Chorus

Tell me!

Maritana

Good Father, now your palm

Old Man

Cheerfully,

Maritana

You have a handsome bride

Old Man

That's true!

Maritana

Of beauty she's the pride.
When weak old dotards to young maids wed,
Young men do sometimes make love instead.

Chorus

When weak old dotards to young maids wed,
Young men do sometimes make love instead.

Don José

In turn what say you; shall I tell your fortune?

Maritana

With all my heart.

Don José

Attend, I pray you.
It is, indeed, a fortune I now impart!
To you I promise rank,
A carriage! A splendid Equipage!
And speedy marriage!

Maritana

Ah! more than that, within my hand

Don José

Ah! better than that, within your hand

Maritana/Don José

Almost a sceptre, high command,
A princely heart a palace home,
The mirror'd hall the glit'ring dome.

[9] Don Caesar

Farewell, my gallant Captain;
I told you how 'twould be;
You'll not forget the lesson due to me.

Alcade

Stay! In the name of the King I you arrest, Sir.

Maritana/Lazirillo/Don Caesar/Don José/Alcade

Maritana

'Midst of this tumult and strife,
Scarce half awake I seem,
The words that you have said
Still paint the golden dream.

Lazirillo/Chorus

Why, in the name of the King
A noble Lord thus stay
I/We Don Caesar defend
If he the word but say

Don Caesar

Well, in the name of the King
Since you arrest, I stay;
My sword I thus resign,
And now the laws obey,
Desist, I pray, Yes I obey.

Don José

Yes, by the name of the King
Swear I, the golden dream,
Whene'er you wak'st again,
Shall on thee brightly beam.

Alcade

Your sword at once resign,
And now the laws obey, Away!

Maritana

Ah! what do my eyes behold?
Free the gallant captive, pray;
I tomorrow shall have gold,
Gladly I'll his ransom pay.

Lazarillo/Chorus

Oh! misfortune, for this quarrel,
Must his life ignobly pay?

Don José

I forewarn'd him, for this quarrel
He with life must surely pay.

Maritana

Free the gallant captive, pray,
Gladly I'll his ransom pay,

Don Caesar

Gen'rous creature, they'll not hear you;

Maritana

I'll with gold his ransom pay;

Don Caesar

All good angels hover near you,
All must die of something some day,
'Tis a debt we all must pay.

Act II, Scene 1: In a cell in one of Madrid's prison fortresses

[10] Lazarillo

Alas, those chimes so sweetly stealing,
Gently dulcet to the ear,
Sound like pity's voice, revealing
To the dying, "death is near."
Still he slumbers, how serenely!
Not a sigh disturbs his rest;
Oh! that angels now might waft him
To the mansions of the blest,
Yes, those chimes, so softly swelling,
As from some holy sphere,
Sound like hymns of spirits telling
To the dying "Peace is here,"
Come! abide with us in heaven,
Here no grief can reach thy breast;
Come approving angels wait thee
In the mansions of the blest.

[11] Don Caesar

Hither as I came, one poor old man,
With silver hair, and teardrops in his eyes,
Wept that my life was wasted to a span,
And mercy importun'd with bitter cries

Lazarillo

Thy Father?

Don Caesar

Frantic were his looks, that poor old man,
With silver hair, grief's accents on his tongue,
Lost in despair, grief's accents on his tongue,
Lost in despair, before the guard he ran,
And held a document, at least, so long!

Lazarillo

His sad petition, thee to guard from ill?

Don Caesar

It was, alas! An unpaid Tailor's bill!
Ha! Ha! Ha! This one eternal dun,
Torment of earth, I shall at least outrun.

[12] Don Caesar

Turn on, old time, thine hourglass,
The sand of life, why stay?
Quick! Let the gold grain 'd moments pass,
'Tis they all debts must pay;

Lazarillo

Stay, fleeting Time, thine hourglass,
The tide of life, of stay!
Nor let the golden moments pass,
Like worthless sand away.

Don Caesar/Lazarillo

Of what avail are grief and tears,
Since life must go?
Quick! let the gold grain'd moments pass
'Tis they all debts must pay.

Of what avail are grief and tears,
Since life which came must go?
And brief the longest tide of years,
As waves that ebb and flow

Don José

Despite, old Time, thine hourglass,
Turn quickly as it may,
His sand of life not yet shall pass,
If he my wish obey.
Of life there are full happy years,
If well the die we throw,
For Mayday smiles and autumn tears
Are waves that ebb and flow.

[13] Don Caesar

Yes! Let me like a Soldier fall,
Upon some open plain;
This breast expanding for the ball,
To blot out ev'ry stain.
Brave, manly hearts, confer my doom,
That gentler ones may tell,
Howe'er forgot, unknown my tomb,
I like a Soldier fell! I only ask of that proud race,
Which ends its blaze in me,
To die, the last, and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry!
Tho' o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet requiem swell,
Enough, they murmur o'er my grave,
He like a Soldier fell!

[14] Don José

In happy moments day by day,
The sands of life may pass,
In swift but tranquil tide away
From time's unerring glass.
Yet hopes we used as bright to deem,
Remembrance will recall,
Whose pure and whose unfading beam
Is dearer than them all.
Though anxious eyes upon us gaze,
And hearts with fondness beat,
Whose smile upon each feature plays,
With truthfulness replete
Some thoughts none other can replace,
Remembrance will recall,
Which in the flight of years we trace,
Is dearer than them all.

[15] Don Caesar/Don José/Lazarillo/Maritana/Chorus

Health to the Lady, the lovely bride,
Length of years to her be given.
Like this brightly sparkling nectar,
Radiant with the light of heaven!
Life on her each bliss bestow,
May her hours with joy o'er flow
Like this cup of rosy nectar.
May her hours with joy o'er flow!
Health to the Lady, the lovely bride,

Don Caesar

By this hand so soft and trembling,
By those locks so sunny bright;
'Neath that cruel veil dissembling,
Youth and beauty hide their light

Maritana

Like the mist upon the mountain,
So this veil obscures my sight,
From this bosom palpitating,
Closing ev'ry beam of light.

Maritana/Lazarillo/Don Caesar/ Don José/Chorus

Hark! The organ hope inspiring,
Calleth to the hallow'd rite!

Ensemble

Maritana
Ah! what mystery? No escaping!
I must be a bride tonight!

Lazarillo

Like a spirit seems to murmur,
No! He shall not die to night!

Don Caesar

Ah! what my mystery! no escaping!
I must wed, and die tonight!

Don José

Time is flying, quick, be stirring,
You must wed, and die tonight!

Chorus

Ah! what hear we? Task revolting!
He, by us, must fall tonight.

CD 2

Act II, Scene 2: A Saloon in the Palace of the Marquis de Montefiori.

[1] Chorus

Oh! What pleasure! the soft guitar,
And merry castanet,
Beguile the hours,
While balmy flowers
And sparkling wine,
With eyes that shine,
Like wand'ring stars together met,
Chase from the heart all Sad regret!
Let true delight each bosom cheer,
Since not a care can enter here.

[2] Waltz

[3] King

Hear me, gentle Maritana,
By the magic of thy beauty,
Hear me, swear, too, fair Gitana,
This fond heart beats but for thee.
Captive 'neath thy chains delighted,
Tho' its doom be dark and heavy
By a smile of thine requited,
Would not, if it could, be free.
The Mariner in his barque,
When o'er him dim clouds hover,
With rapture thro' tempest dark,
Beholds one star above;
Sweet hope then his bosom swells,
His ev'ry care seems over,
A smile, as from heaven, tells
Of home, delight, and love.

[4] Don Caesar

There is a flow'r that bloometh,
When autumn leaves are shed,
With the silent moon it weepeth,
The spring and summer fled.
The early frost of winter,
Scarce its brow have overcast,
Oh! pluck it ere it wither,
'Tis the mem'ry of the past!
It wafteth perfume o'er us,
Which few can e'er forget,
Of the bright scenes gone before us,
Of sweet, tho' sad regret.
Let no heart brave its power,
By guilty thoughts o'er cast.
For then, a poison'd flower
Is the mem'ry of the past.

[5] Don Caesar

That voice!
'Tis hers, I swear!
With whom I at the altar knelt!
I'll seek my wife.

Don José

Caesar! beware!

Don José

Ere all thy danger yet be felt,
'Twill cost thy life.

Don José

Lo! A criminal before you,
Fled from justice, guard with life.

Don Caesar

But an instant,
I implore you just to know who is my wife!

Don José

No, it must not be!
Away!

Don Caesar

Her let me see,
Stay!

Don José

Her arrest too,
Alguazils there,
Him to prison,
Her that way bear, to the Villa d'Aranjuez, away!

Maritana/Don José/Don Caesar/Chorus

What mystery why thus control?
What horror now awaits my soul!

Don José

With mystery their steps control;
This meeting would distract my soul!

Don Caesar

What mystery must now control?
It tortures, it distracts my soul!

Chorus

What mystery doth thus control?
Not darker clouds, when thunders roll.

Maritana

Who is he?
Ah! let me see
I will be free!

Don Caesar

Her let me see
Ah! let me see,
Ah! let me free, I will be free!

Don José

Away!
No, it must not be!

Chorus

What terror dread each heart control!
What consternation fills each soul!

Act III: A magnificent apartment in the Villa d'Aranjuez

[6] Maritana

How dreary to my heart is this gay chamber!
Those crystal mirrors and those marble walls,
Add to my gloom, while sweetly sad remembrance
The joyful hours of liberty recalls
My lonely form reflected as I pass,
Seems like a spectre on my steps to wait,
Enquiring from the gold enwreathed glass,
"Can mighty grandeur be thus desolate?"

[7] Maritana

Scenes that are brightest
 May charm a while,
 Hearts which are lightest,
 And eyes that smile;
 Yet o'er them, above us,
 Tho' nature beam,
 With none to love us
 How sad they seem!
 Words cannot scatter the thoughts we fear,
 For tho' they flatter,
 They mock the ear.
 Hopes will still deceive us,
 With tearful cost,
 And when they leave us,
 The heart is lost.

[8] Don José

So! My courage now regaining,
 Banner waving, trumpet sounding,
 Nobly daring, my gage maintaining,
 Forward, heart of Chivalry!
 So the wounded knight untiring,
 On his gallant steed rebounding,
 At his lady's feet expiring,
 Dies for love and Victory.

[9] Don Caesar

Surely, as thou art Don Ceasar,
 Yes, I am King of Spain

King

Insolent! Thou the King of Spain!
 I can't my mirth restrain.

Don Caesar

You marvel, Signor, at this hour
 We unattended, here are seen,
 So near a pretty woman's door,
 That woman too, is not the Queen!
 But Kings, you know, like other men
 Sometimes a little thus give way,
 Kings are but mortal,
 Don Caesar,
 Of course, you'll not your King betray?

King

Of course!

Don Caesar

Don Caesar, now, I remember well,
 A witty, brawling, mad-brain'd sot!
 Beneath his weapon 'twas that fell,
 the Captain of the guard, was not?
 Be kind enough to make it clear,
 If shot, as order'd t'other day;
 And being dead, how came you here?
 Of course, I shall not you betray.

King

Of course!
 But Sire, your memory is short;

Don Caesar

What forget we?

King

A most important thing
 Don Caesar at eight o'clock receiv'd
 The pardon of the King!

Don Caesar

Unhappy fate!
 The pardon arriv'd at eight,
 And I was shot at seven!

King

You, to denounce me, were too late,
 You see I am forgiven!

Don Caesar

'Twere useless longer to retain
 A title not my own

King

Then, Sir, you are not King of Spain?

Don Caesar

No, I my dignity forego,
 No, I own my title vain
 And doff my borrowed plumes again
 To cry aloud, Vive King of Spain

King/Don Caesar

Ha! I can't my grief restrain!
 So very brief has been your reign!
 Most high and mighty King of Spain!

Most high and mighty King of Spain!

[10] Maritana

A stranger here!

Don Caesar

Is it thus we meet?

Maritana

That voice,

Don Caesar

Once more we meet!
 'Tis Maritana!

Maritana

Yes, Maritana.

Don Caesar

Oh, Maritana! Wild wood flow'r,
 Did they but give thee a prouder name,
 To place thee in a kingly bower,
 And deck thee with a gilded shame!

Maritana

No, Maritana, though in this bow'r
 Lips the most pure, shall never blame;
 A captive in a stranger's power,
 Shall perish ere she yield to shame!

But who art thou, my conduct thus to scan?

Don Caesar

I am thy Husband, Don Caesar de Bazan!

Maritana/Don Caesar

My/Thy Husband!
 Yes, yes he is the man' yes, my Husband,
 Nevermore to part,
 Thine forever, is this faithful heart

Maritana

But first to prove it?
Dost thou remember those words which at
the altar thou said'st to me?

Don Caesar

Yes, yes I'll prove it,
I said "Remember,
The rest of my existence
I devote to thee!"

Maritana

Yes, yes of joy!
'Tis he!

Don Caesar

Thy Husband

Maritana

My Husband!

Maritana/Don Caesar

Yes, Mine!/Yes, Thine!

Maritana

This heart, with joy o'er flowing
Like nectar sparkling wine,
In sunlit crystal glowing,
Seems inspir'd by rays divine.

Don Caesar

This joy my heart o'er flowing,
Like nectar sparkling wine
Sweet magic round me throwing,
Wakes in ecstasy divine.

[11] Maritana/Lazarillo

Sainted Mother, guide his footsteps,
Guide them at a moment sure;
Let the wicked heart then perish,
And the good remain secure,
Sainted Mother, oh, befriend him,
And thy gentlest pity lend him!

[12] Maritana

With rapture glowing,
Bounds this heart o'er flowing,
With rapture glowing,
Kind friends around approve.
Hence with sadness, welcome gladness,
Love and treasure, welcome pleasure,
Welcome joy and peace,
Welcome joy and love.

Chorus

Viva, Maritana!
May thy name be great in story,
May thy fame be bright in glory,
Maritana! Viva!