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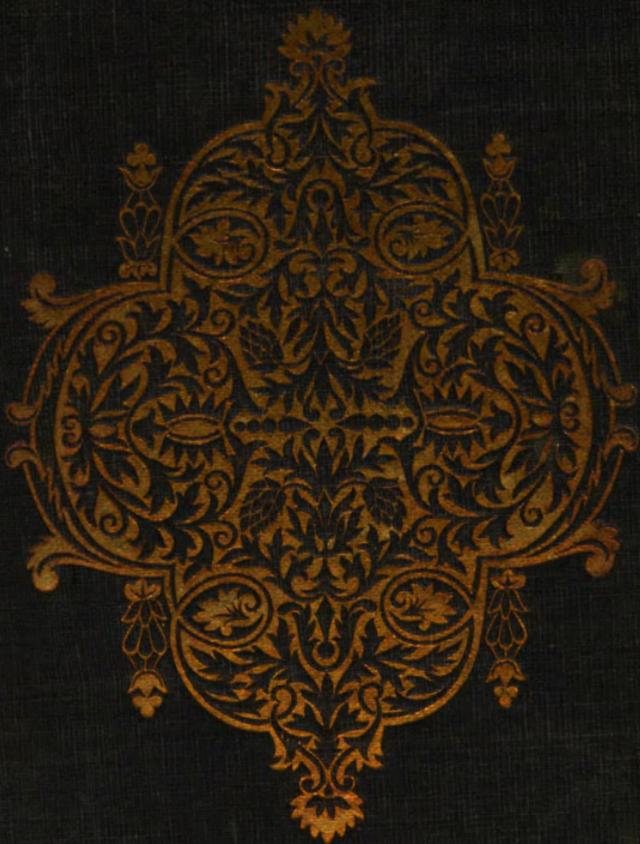
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**THE SPANISH STUDENT.**



THE  
SPANISH STUDENT.

A PLAY, IN THREE ACTS.

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

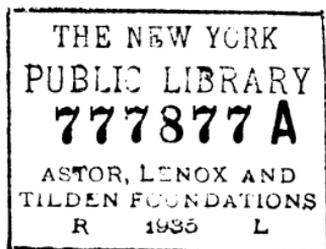
What 's done we partly may compute,  
But knew not what 's resisted.

BURNS.

SIXTH EDITION.

CAMBRIDGE:  
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## PREFACE.

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THE subject of the following play is taken in part from the beautiful tale of Cervantes, *La Gitanilla*. To this source, however, I am indebted for the main incident only, the love of a Spanish student for a Gipsy girl, and the name of the heroine, *Preciosa*. I have not followed the story in any of its details.

In Spain this subject has been twice handled dramatically ; first by Juan Perez de Montalvan, in *La Gitanilla*, and afterwards by Antonio de Solís y Rivadeneira in *La Gitanilla de Madrid*.

The same subject has also been made use of by Thomas Middleton, an English dramatist of the seventeenth century. His play is called *The Spanish Gipsy*. The main plot is the same as in the Spanish pieces; but there runs through it a tragic underplot of the loves of Rodrigo and Doña Clara, which is taken from another tale of Cervantes, *La Fuerza de la Sangre*.

The reader who is acquainted with *La Gitanilla* of Cervantes, and the plays of Montalvan, Solís, and Middleton, will perceive that my treatment of the subject differs entirely from theirs.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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VICTORIAN, } HYPOLITO, }	. . . . .	<i>Students of Alcala.</i>
THE COUNT OF LARA, } DON CARLOS, }	. . . . .	<i>Gentlemen of Madrid.</i>
THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.		
A CARDINAL.		
BELTRAN CRUZADO, . . . . .		<i>Count of the Gipsies.</i>
BARTOLOMÉ ROMAN, . . . . .		<i>A young Gipsy.</i>
THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA.		
PEDRO CRESPO, . . . . .		<i>Alcalde.</i>
PANCHO, . . . . .		<i>Alguacil.</i>
FRANCISCO, . . . . .		<i>Lara's Servant.</i>
CHISPA, . . . . .		<i>Victorian's Servant.</i>
BALTASAR, . . . . .		<i>Innkeeper.</i>
PRECIOSA, . . . . .		<i>A Gipsy girl.</i>
ANGELICA, . . . . .		<i>A poor girl.</i>
MARTINA, . . . . .		<i>The Padre Cura's niece.</i>
DOLORES, . . . . .		<i>Preciosa's maid.</i>
<i>Gipsies, Musicians, &amp;c.</i>		



# THE SPANISH STUDENT.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I. *The COUNT OF LARA'S chambers. Night.*  
*The COUNT in his dressing-gown, smoking and con-*  
*versing with DON CARLOS.*

LARA.

YOU were not at the play to-night, Don Carlos ;  
How happened it ?

DON CARLOS.

I had engagements elsewhere.  
Pray who was there ?

LARA.

Why, all the town and court.  
The house was crowded ; and the busy fans

B

Among the gayly dressed and perfumed ladies  
Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.  
There was the Countess of Medina Celi ;  
The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,  
Her Lindo Don Diego ; Doña Sol,  
And Doña Serafina, and her cousins.

DON CARLOS.

What was the play ?

LARA.

It was a dull affair ;  
One of those comedies in which you see,  
As Lope says, the history of the world  
Brought down from Genesis to the Day of Judgment.

There were three duels fought in the first act,  
Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,  
Laying their hands upon their hearts, and saying,  
“ O, I am dead ! ” a lover in a closet,  
An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,  
A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,

Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,  
Who looks intently where he knows she is not !

DON CARLOS.

Of course, the Preciosa danced to-night ?

LARA.

And never better. Every footstep fell  
As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.  
I think the girl extremely beautiful.

DON CARLOS.

Almost beyond the privilege of woman !  
I saw her in the Prado yesterday.  
Her step was royal, — queen-like, — and her face  
As beauteous as a saint's in Paradise.

LARA.

May not a saint fall from her Paradise,  
And be no more a saint ?

DON CARLOS.

Why do you ask ?

LARA.

Because I have heard it said this angel fell,

And, though she is a virgin outwardly,  
Within she is a sinner ; like those panels  
Of doors and altar-pieces the old monks  
Painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary  
On the outside, and on the inside Venus !

DON CARLOS.

You do her wrong ; indeed, you do her wrong !  
She is as virtuous as she is fair.

LARA.

How credulous you are ! Why look you, friend,  
There 's not a virtuous woman in Madrid,  
In this whole city ! And would you persuade me  
That a mere dancing-girl, who shows herself,  
Nightly, half-naked, on the stage, for money,  
And with voluptuous motions fires the blood  
Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held  
A model for her virtue ?

DON CARLOS.

You forget

She is a Gipsy girl.

LARA.

And therefore won

The easier.

DON CARLOS.

Nay, not to be won at all !

The only virtue that a Gipsy prizes  
Is chastity. That is her only virtue.  
Dearer than life she holds it. I remember  
A Gipsy woman, a vile, shameless bawd,  
Whose craft was to betray the young and fair ;  
And yet this woman was above all bribes.  
And when a noble lord, touched by her beauty,  
The wild and wizard beauty of her race,  
Offered her gold to be what she made others,  
She turned upon him, with a look of scorn,  
And smote him in the face !

LARA.

And does that prove

That Preciosa is above suspicion ?

DON CARLOS.

It proves a nobleman may be repulsed

When he thinks conquest easy. I believe  
That woman, in her deepest degradation,  
Holds something sacred, something undefiled,  
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,  
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains  
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light !

LARA.

Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

DON CARLOS (*rising*)

I do not think so.

LARA.

I am sure of it.

But why this haste ? Stay yet a little longer,  
And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

DON CARLOS.

'T is late. I must begone, for if I stay  
You will not be persuaded.

LARA.

Yes ; persuade me.

DON CARLOS.

No one so deaf as he who will not hear !

LARA.

No one so blind as he who will not see !

DON CARLOS.

And so good night. I wish you pleasant dreams,  
And greater faith in woman. [Exit.

LARA.

Greater faith !

I have the greatest faith ; for I believe  
Victorian is her lover. I believe  
That I shall be to-morrow ; and thereafter  
Another, and another, and another,  
Chasing each other through her zodiac,  
As Taurus chases Aries.

(Enter FRANCISCO with a casket.)

Well, Francisco,  
What speed with Preciosa ?

FRANCISCO.

None, my lord.  
She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you  
She is not to be purchased by your gold.

LARA.

Then I will try some other way to win her.  
Pray, dost thou know Victorian ?

FRANCISCO.

Yes, my lord ;

I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

LARA.

What was he doing there ?

FRANCISCO.

I saw him buy

A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.

LARA.

Was there another like it ?

FRANCISCO.

One so like it

I could not choose between them.

LARA.

It is well.

To-morrow morning bring that ring to me.

Do not forget. Now light me to my bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*A street in Madrid. Enter CHISPA, followed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitars, and other instruments.*

CHISPA.

Abernuncio Satanas ! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I ; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here 's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-keeper, and to-day a gentleman ; yesterday a student, and to-day a lover ; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Ay, marry! marry! marry! Mother, what does marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter! And, of a

truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (*To the musicians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum ! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way ; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets ; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic ; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend ?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

CHISPA.

Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

Why so?

CHISPA.

Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

An Aragonese bagpipe.

CHISPA.

Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedí for playing, and ten for leaving off?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

No, your honor.

CHISPA.

I am glad of it. What other instruments have we ?

SECOND AND THIRD MUSICIANS.

We play the bandurria.

CHISPA.

A pleasing instrument. And thou ?

FOURTH MUSICIAN.

The fife.

CHISPA.

I like it ; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others ?

OTHER MUSICIANS.

We are the singers, please your honor.

CHISPA.

You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdoba ? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song.

But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*PRECIOSA's chamber. She stands at the open window.*

PRECIOSA.

How slowly through the lilac-scented air  
Descends the tranquil moon ! Like thistle-down  
The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky ;  
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade  
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.  
And hark ! what songs of love, what soul-like  
sounds,  
Answer them from below !

## SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night !  
Far in yon azure deeps,  
Hide, hide your golden light !  
She sleeps !  
My lady sleeps !  
Sleeps !

Moon of the summer night !  
Far down yon western steeps,  
Sink, sink in silver light !  
She sleeps !  
My lady sleeps !  
Sleeps !

Wind of the summer night !  
Where yonder woodbine creeps,  
Fold, fold thy pinions light !  
She sleeps !  
My lady sleeps !  
Sleeps !

Dreams of the summer night !

Tell her, her lover keeps

Watch ! while in slumbers light

She sleeps !

My lady sleeps !

Sleeps !

*(Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.)*

VICTORIAN.

Poor, little dove ! Thou tremblest like a leaf !

PRECIOSA.

I am so frightened ! 'T is for thee I tremble !

I hate to have thee climb that wall by night !

Did no one see thee ?

VICTORIAN.

None, my love, but thou.

PRECIOSA.

'T is very dangerous ; and when thou art gone

I chide myself for letting thee come here

Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been ?

Since yesterday I have no news from thee.

VICTORIAN.

Since yesterday I 've been in Alcalá.  
Ere long the time will come, sweet Preciosa,  
When that dull distance shall no more divide us ;  
And I no more shall scale thy wall by night  
To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

PRECIOSA.

An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.

VICTORIAN.

And we shall sit together unmolested,  
And words of true love pass from tongue to  
tongue,  
As singing birds from one bough to another.

PRECIOSA.

That were a life indeed to make time envious !  
I knew that thou wouldst visit me to-night.  
I saw thee at the play.

VICTORIAN.

Sweet child of air !  
Never did I behold thee so attired

And garmented in beauty as to-night !  
What hast thou done to make thee look so fair ?

PRECIOSA.

Am I not always fair ?

VICTORIAN.

Ay, and so fair  
That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,  
And wish that they were blind.

PRECIOSA.

I heed them not ;  
When thou art present, I see none but thee !

VICTORIAN.

There 's nothing fair nor beautiful, but takes  
Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.

PRECIOSA.

And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books.

VICTORIAN.

Thou comest between me and those books too  
often !

I see thy face in every thing I see !

D

The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,  
 The canticles are changed to sarabands,  
 And with the learned doctors of the schools  
 I see thee dance cachuchas.

PRECIOSA.

In good sooth,  
 I dance with learned doctors of the schools  
 To-morrow morning.

VICTORIAN.

And with whom, I pray ?

PRECIOSA.

A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his Grace  
 The Archbishop of Toledo.

VICTORIAN.

What mad jest  
 Is this ?

PRECIOSA.

It is no jest ; indeed it is not.

VICTORIAN.

Prithee, explain thyself.

PRECIOSA.

Why, simply thus.

Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain  
To put a stop to dances on the stage.

VICTORIAN.

I have heard it whispered.

PRECIOSA.

Now the Cardinal,  
Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold  
With his own eyes these dances ; and the Arch-  
bishop  
Has sent for me —

VICTORIAN.

That thou may'st dance before them !  
Now viva la cachucha ! It will breathe  
The fire of youth into these gray old men !  
'T will be thy proudest conquest !

PRECIOSA.

Saving one.  
And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,  
And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

VICTORIAN.

The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for alms ;  
With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw thee  
I gave my heart away !

PRECIOSA.

Dost thou remember  
When first we met ?

VICTORIAN.

It was at Córdoba,  
In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting  
Under the orange trees, beside a fountain.

PRECIOSA.

'T was Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees  
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.  
The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,  
And then anon the great cathedral bell.  
It was the elevation of the Host.  
We both of us fell down upon our knees,  
Under the orange boughs, and prayed together.  
I never had been happy till that moment.

VICTORIAN.

Thou blessed angel !

PRECIOSA.

And when thou wast gone  
I felt an aching here. I did not speak  
To any one that day. But from that day  
Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

VICTORIAN.

Remember him no more. Let not his shadow  
Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa !  
I loved thee even then, though I was silent !

PRECIOSA.

I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.  
Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

VICTORIAN.

That was the first sound in the song of love !  
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.  
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings  
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,  
And play the prelude of our fate. We hear  
The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

PRECIOSA.

That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warn-  
ings ?

VICTORIAN.

So far as this. . Our feelings and our thoughts  
Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.  
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,  
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,  
So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,  
And their mysterious echo reaches us.

PRECIOSA.

I have felt it so, but found no words to say it !  
I cannot reason ; I can only feel !  
But thou hast language for all thoughts and feel-  
ings.

Thou art a scholar ; and sometimes I think  
We cannot walk together in this world !  
The distance that divides us is too great !  
Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars ;  
I must not hold thee back.

## VICTORIAN.

Thou little skeptic !

Dost thou still doubt ? What I most prize in  
woman

Is her affections, not her intellect !

The intellect is finite ; but the affections

Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.

Compare me with the great men of the earth ;

What am I ? Why, a pigmy among giants !

But if thou lovest, — mark me ! I say lovest,

The greatest of thy sex excels thee not !

The world of the affections is thy world,

Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness

Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,

Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,

Feeding its flame. The element of fire

Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,

But burns as brightly in a Gipsy camp

As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced ?

PRECIOSA.

Yes, that I love thee, as the good love heaven ;  
 But not that I am worthy of that heaven.  
 How shall I more deserve it ?

VICTORIAN.

Loving more.

PRECIOSA.

I cannot love thee more ; my heart is full.

VICTORIAN.

Then let it overflow, and I will drink it,  
 As in the summer-time the thirsty sands  
 Drink the swift waters of a mountain torrent,  
 And still do thirst for more.

A WATCHMAN (*in the street*).

Ave Maria

Purissima ! 'T is midnight and serene !

VICTORIAN.

Hear'st thou that cry ?

PRECIOSA.

It is a hateful sound,  
 To scare thee from me !

VICTORIAN.

As the hunter's horn  
Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds  
The moor-fowl from his mate.

PRECIOSA.

Pray, do not go !

VICTORIAN.

I must away to Alcalá to-night.  
Think of me when I am away.

PRECIOSA.

Fear not !

I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

VICTORIAN (*giving her a ring*).

And to remind thee of my love, take this ;  
A serpent, emblem of Eternity ;  
A ruby, — say, a drop of my heart's blood.

PRECIOSA.

It is an ancient saying, that the ruby  
Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves  
The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,

Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas !  
It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

VICTORIAN.

What convent of barefooted Carmelites  
Taught thee so much theology ?

PRECIOSA (*laying her hand upon his mouth*).

Hush ! Hush !

Good night ! and may all holy angels guard thee !

VICTORIAN.

Good night ! good night ! Thou art my guardian  
angel !

I have no other saint than thou to pray to !

(*He descends by the balcony.*)

PRECIOSA.

Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art thou safe ?

VICTORIAN (*from the garden*).

Safe as my love for thee ! But art thou safe ?  
Others can climb a balcony by moonlight  
As well as I. Pray, shut thy window close ;  
I am jealous of the perfumed air of night  
That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

PRECIOSA (*throwing down her handkerchief*).

Thou silly child ! Take this to blind thine eyes.  
It is my benison !

VICTORIAN.

And brings to me  
Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the soft wind  
Wafts to the out-bound mariner the breath  
Of the beloved land he leaves behind.

PRECIOSA.

Make not thy voyage long.

VICTORIAN.

To-morrow night  
Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star  
To guide me to an anchorage. Good night !  
My beauteous star ! My star of love, good night !

PRECIOSA.

Good night !

WATCHMAN (*at a distance*).

Ave Maria Purissima !

## SCENE IV.

*An inn on the road to Alcalá. BALTASAR asleep on a bench. Enter CHISPA.*

CHISPA.

And here we are, half-way to Alcalá, between cocks and midnight. Body o' me ! what an inn this is ! The lights out, and the landlord asleep. Holá ! ancient Baltasar !

BALTASAR (*waking*).

Here I am.

CHISPA.

Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed Alcalde in a town without inhabitants. Bring a light, and let me have supper.

BALTASAR.

Where is your master ?

CHISPA.

Do not trouble yourself about him. We have

stopped a moment to breathe our horses ; and, if he chooses to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my hunger, you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every man stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we here ?

BALTASAR (*setting a light on the table*).

Stewed rabbit.

CHISPA (*eating*).

Conscience of Portalegre ! Stewed kitten, you mean !

BALTASAR.

And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted pear in it.

CHISPA (*drinking*).

Ancient Baltasar, amigo ! You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell you this is nothing but Vino Tinto of La Mancha, with a tang of the swine-skin.

BALTASAR.

I swear to you by Saint Simon and Judas, it is all as I say.

CHISPA.

And I swear to you, by Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that it is no such thing. Moreover, your supper is like the hidalgo's dinner, very little meat, and a great deal of table-cloth.

BALTASAR.

Ha ! ha ! ha !

CHISPA.

And more noise than nuts.

BALTASAR.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! You must have your joke, Master Chispa. But shall I not ask Don Victorian in, to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes ?

CHISPA.

No ; you might as well say, " Don't-you-want-some ? " to a dead man.

BALTASAR.

Why does he go so often to Madrid ?

CHISPA.

For the same reason that he eats no supper.  
He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?

BALTASAR.

I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has  
been the torment of my life.

CHISPA.

What! are you on fire, too, old hay-stack?  
Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

VICTORIAN (*without*).

Chispa!

CHISPA.

Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are  
crowing.

VICTORIAN.

Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

CHISPA.

Ea! Señor. Come with me, ancient Balta-  
sar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay  
for the supper, to-morrow. [Exeunt.

## SCENE V.

VICTORIAN'S *chambers at Alcalá.* HYPOLITO *asleep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.*

HYPOLITO.

I must have been asleep ! ay, sound asleep !  
And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep !  
Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,  
Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled  
Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught !  
The candles have burned low ; it must be late.  
Where can Victorian be ? Like Fray Carrillo,  
The only place in which one cannot find him  
Is his own cell. Here 's his guitar, that seldom  
Feels the caresses of its master's hand.  
Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument !  
And make dull midnight merry with a song

*(He plays and sings.)*

Padre Francisco !

Padre Francisco !

What do you want of Padre Francisco ?

Here is a pretty young maiden

Who wants to confess her sins !

Open the door and let her come in,

I will shrive her from every sin.

(*Enter VICTORIAN.*)

VICTORIAN.

Padre Hypolito ! Padre Hypolito !

HYPOLITO.

What do you want of Padre Hypolito ?

VICTORIAN.

Come, shrive me straight ; for, if love be a sin,

I am the greatest sinner that doth live.

I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,

A maiden wooed and won.

HYPOLITO.

The same old tale

Of the old woman in the chimney corner,

F

Who, while the pot boils, says, "Come here,  
my child ;

I 'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day."

VICTORIAN.

Nay, listen, for my heart is full ; so full  
That I must speak.

HYPOLITO.

Alas ! that heart of thine  
Is like a scene in the old play ; the curtain  
Rises to solemn music, and lo ! enter  
The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne !

VICTORIAN.

Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say ;  
Those that remained, after the six were burned,  
Being held more precious than the nine together.  
But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember  
The Gipsy girl we saw at Córdoba  
Dance the Romalis in the market-place ?

HYPOLITO.

Thou meanest Preciosa.

VICTORIAN.

Ay, the same.

Thou knowest how her image haunted me  
Long after we returned to Alcalá.  
She 's in Madrid.

HYPOLITO.

I know it.

VICTORIAN.

And I 'm in love.

HYPOLITO.

And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be  
In Alcalá.

VICTORIAN.

O pardon me, my friend,  
If I so long have kept this secret from thee ;  
But silence is the charm that guards such treasures,  
And, if a word be spoken ere the time,  
They sink again, they were not meant for us.

HYPOLITO.

Alas ! alas ! I see thou art in love.

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.  
 It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard  
 His mass, his olla, and his Doña Luisa, —  
 Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell me,  
 lover,

How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy?  
 Write her a song, beginning with an *Ave*;  
 Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary,

*Ave! cujus calcem clare*

*Nec centenni commendare*

*Sciret Seraph studio!*

VICTORIAN.

Pray, do not jest! This is no time for it!  
 I am in earnest!

HYPOLITO.

Seriously enamored?  
 What, ho! The Primus of great Alcalá  
 Enamored of a Gipsy? Tell me frankly,  
 How meanest thou?

VICTORIAN.

I mean it honestly.

HYPOLITO.

Surely thou wilt not marry her !

VICTORIAN.

Why not ?

HYPOLITO.

She was betrothed to one Bartolomé,  
If I remember rightly, a young Gipsy  
Who danced with her at Córdoba.

VICTORIAN.

They quarrelled,  
And so the matter ended.

HYPOLITO.

But in truth  
Thou wilt not marry her.

VICTORIAN.

In truth I will.  
The angels sang in heaven when she was born !  
She is a precious jewel I have found

Among the filth and rubbish of the world.  
I 'll stoop for it ; but when I wear it here,  
Set on my forehead like the morning star,  
The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

HYPOLITO.

If thou wear'st nothing else upon thy forehead,  
'T will be indeed a wonder.

VICTORIAN.

Out upon thee,  
With thy unseasonable jests ! Pray, tell me,  
Is there no virtue in the world ?

HYPOLITO.

Not much.

What, think'st thou, is she doing at this moment ;  
Now, while we speak of her ?

VICTORIAN.

She lies asleep,  
And, from her parted lips, her gentle breath  
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.  
Her tender limbs are still, and, on her breast,

The cross she prayed to, e'er she fell asleep,  
Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,  
Like a light barge safe moored.

HYPOLITO.

Which means, in prose,  
She 's sleeping with her mouth a little open !

VICTORIAN.

O, would I had the old magician's glass  
To see her as she lies in child-like sleep !

HYPOLITO.

And wouldst thou venture ?

VICTORIAN.

Ay, indeed I would !

HYPOLITO.

Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected  
How much lies hidden in that one word, *now* ?

VICTORIAN.

Yes ; all the awful mystery of Life !  
I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,  
That could we, by some spell of magic, change

The world and its inhabitants to stone,  
In the same attitudes they now are in,  
What fearful glances downward might we cast  
Into the hollow chasms of human life !  
What groups should we behold about the death-  
bed,  
Putting to shame the group of Niobe !  
What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells !  
What stony tears in those congealed eyes !  
What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks !  
What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows !  
What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling !  
What lovers with their marble lips together !

## HYPOLITO.

Ay, there it is ! and, if I were in love,  
That is the very point I most should dread.  
This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,  
Might tell a tale were better left untold.  
For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin,  
The Lady Violante, bathed in tears

Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,  
 Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,  
 Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,  
 Desertest for this Glauçè.

VICTORIAN.

Hold thy peace !

She cares not for me. She may wed another,  
 Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,  
 Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

HYPOLITO (*rising*).

And so, good night ! Good morning, I should say.

(*Clock strikes three.*)

Hark ! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time  
 Knocks at the golden portals of the day !  
 And so, once more, good night ! We 'll speak  
     more largely  
 Of Preciosa when we meet again.  
 Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep,  
 Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,  
 In all her loveliness. Good night !      [*Exit.*]

## VICTORIAN.

Good night !

But not to bed ; for I must read awhile.

*(Throws himself into the arm-chair which HYPOLITO has left, and lays a large book open upon his knees.)*

Must read, or sit in reverie and watch  
The changing color of the waves that break  
Upon the idle seashore of the mind !  
Visions of Fame ! that once did visit me,  
Making night glorious with your smile, where are  
ye ?

O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,  
Juices of those immortal plants that bloom  
Upon Olympus, making us immortal ?  
Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grows  
Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans,  
At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,  
And make the mind prolific in its fancies ?  
I have the wish, but want the will, to act !  
Souls of great men departed ! Ye whose words

Have come to light from the swift river of Time,  
Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,  
Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?  
From the barred visor of Antiquity  
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,  
As from a mirror! All the means of action —  
The shapeless masses — the materials —  
Lie everywhere about us. What we need  
Is the celestial fire to change the flint  
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.  
That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits  
At evening in his smoky cōt, and draws  
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.  
The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,  
And begs a shelter from the inclement night.  
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,  
And, by the magic of his touch at once  
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,  
And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,  
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,

Rude popular traditions and old tales  
Shine as immortal poems, at the touch  
Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering  
    bard,  
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.  
But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame,  
Which are the dreams of Love ! Out of the heart  
Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,  
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises  
And sinks again into its silent deeps,  
Ere the enamored knight can touch her robe !  
'T is this ideal that the soul of man,  
Like the enamored knight beside the fountain,  
Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream ;  
Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,  
Clad in a mortal shape ! Alas ! how many  
Must wait in vain ! The stream flows evermore,  
But from its silent deeps no spirit rises !  
Yet I, born under a propitious star,  
Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.

Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,  
Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,  
Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel  
The pressure of her head! God's benison  
Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes,  
Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom at  
night  
With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!  
(*Gradually sinks asleep.*)

## ACT II.

SCENE I. PRECIOSA's chamber. Morning. PRECIOSA  
and ANGELICA.

PRECIOSA.

WHY will you go so soon? Stay yet awhile.  
The poor too often turn away unheard  
From hearts that shut against them with a sound  
That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me more  
Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me.  
What is your landlord's name?

ANGELICA.

The Count of Lara.

PRECIOSA.

The Count of Lara? O, beware that man!  
Mistrust his pity, — hold no parley with him!  
And rather die an outcast in the streets  
Than touch his gold.

ANGELICA.

You know him, then !

PRECIOSA.

As much

As any woman may, and yet be pure.

As you would keep your name without a blemish,

Beware of him !

ANGELICA.

Alas ! what can I do ?

I cannot choose my friends. Each word of kindness,

Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.

PRECIOSA.

Make me your friend. A girl so young and fair

Should have no friends but those of her own sex.

What is your name ?

ANGELICA.

Angelica.

PRECIOSA.

That name

Was given you, that you might be an angel

To her who bore you ! When your infant smile  
Made her home Paradise, you were her angel.  
O, be an angel still ! She needs that smile.  
So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.  
No one can harm you ! I am a poor girl,  
Whom chance has taken from the public streets.  
I have no other shield than mine own virtue.  
That is the charm which has protected me !  
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it  
Here on my heart ! It is my guardian angel.

ANGELICA (*rising*).

I thank you for this counsel, dearest lady.

PRECIOSA.

Thank me by following it.

ANGELICA.

Indeed I will.

PRECIOSA.

Pray, do not go. I have much more to say.

ANGELICA.

My mother is alone. I dare not leave her.

PRECIOSA.

Some other time, then, when we meet again.  
You must not go away with words alone.

(*Gives her a purse.*)

Take this. Would it were more.

ANGELICA.

I thank you, lady.

PRECIOSA.

No thanks. To-morrow come to me again.  
I dance to-night, — perhaps for the last time.  
But what I gain, I promise shall be yours,  
If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

ANGELICA.

O, my dear lady! how shall I be grateful  
For so much kindness?

PRECIOSA.

I deserve no thanks.  
Thank Heaven, not me.

ANGELICA.

Both Heaven and you.

H

PRECIOSA.

Farewell !

Remember that you come again to-morrow.

ANGELICA.

I will. And may the blessed Virgin guard you,  
And all good angels. [Exit.]

PRECIOSA.

May they guard thee too,  
And all the poor ; for they have need of angels.  
Now bring me, dear Dolores, my basquiña,  
My richest maja dress, — my dancing dress,  
And my most precious jewels ! Make me look  
Fairer than night e'er saw me ! I 've a prize  
To win this day, worthy of Preciosa !

(Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

CRUZADO.

Ave Maria !

PRECIOSA.

O God ! my evil genius !  
What seekest thou here to-day ?

CRUZADO.

Thyself, — my child.

PRECIOSA.

What is thy will with me ?

CRUZADO.

Gold ! gold !

PRECIOSA.

I gave thee yesterday ; I have no more.

CRUZADO.

The gold of the Busné, — give me his gold !

PRECIOSA.

I gave the last in charity to-day.

CRUZADO.

That is a foolish lie.

PRECIOSA.

It is the truth.

CRUZADO.

Curses upon thee ! Thou art not my child !

Hast thou given gold away, and not to me ?

Not to thy father ? To whom, then ?

PRECIOSA.

To one

Who needs it more.

CRUZADO.

No one can need it more.

PRECIOSA.

Thou art not poor.

CRUZADO.

What, I, who lurk about  
 In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes ;  
 I, who am housed worse than the galley slave ;  
 I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound ;  
 I, who am clothed in rags, — Beltran Cruzado, —  
 Not poor !

PRECIOSA.

Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.  
 Thou canst supply thy wants ; what wouldst thou  
 more ?

CRUZADO.

The gold of the Busné ! give me his gold !

PRECIOSA.

Beltran Cruzado ! hear me once for all.  
I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,  
I gave it to thee freely, at all times,  
Never denied thee ; never had a wish  
But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace !  
Be merciful, be patient, and, ere long,  
Thou shalt have more.

CRUZADO.

And if I have it not,  
Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers,  
Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,  
And live in idleness ; but go with me,  
Dance the Romalis in the public streets,  
And wander wild again o'er field and fell ;  
For here we stay not long.

PRECIOSA.

What ! march again ?

CRUZADO.

Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town !

I cannot breathe shut up within its gates !  
 Air, — I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,  
 The feeling of the breeze upon my face,  
 The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,  
 And no walls but the far-off mountain tops.  
 Then I am free and strong, — once more myself,  
 Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés !

PRECIOSA.

God speed thee on thy march ! — I cannot go.

CRUZADO.

Remember who I am, and who thou art !  
 Be silent and obey ! Yet one thing more.  
 Bartolomé Román —

PRECIOSA (*with emotion*).

O, I beseech thee !

If my obedience and blameless life,  
 If my humility and meek submission  
 In all things hitherto, can move in thee  
 One feeling of compassion ; if thou art  
 Indeed my father, and canst trace in me  
 One look of her who bore me, or one tone

That doth remind thee of her, let it plead  
In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,  
Too feeble to resist, and do not force me  
To wed that man ! I am afraid of him !  
I do not love him ! On my knees I beg thee  
To use no violence, nor do in haste  
What cannot be undone !

CRUZADO.

O child, child, child !

Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird  
Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.  
I will not leave thee here in the great city  
To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready  
To go with us ; and until then remember  
A watchful eye is on thee. [Exit.

PRECIOSA.

Woe is me !

I have a strange misgiving in my heart !  
But that one deed of charity I 'll do,  
Befall what may ; they cannot take that from me.  
[Exit.

## SCENE II.

*A room in the ARCHBISHOP'S Palace. The ARCHBISHOP  
and a CARDINAL seated.*

ARCHBISHOP.

Knowing how near it touched the public morals,  
And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten  
By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,  
Beseeching that his Holiness would aid  
In curing the gross surfeit of the time,  
By seasonable stop put here in Spain  
To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.  
All this you know.

CARDINAL.

Know and approve.

ARCHBISHOP.

And farther,  
That, by a mandate from his Holiness,  
The first have been suppressed.

CARDINAL.

I trust for ever,  
It was a cruel sport.

ARCHBISHOP.

A barbarous pastime,  
Disgraceful to the land that calls itself  
Most Catholic and Christian.

CARDINAL.

Yet the people  
Murmur at this ; and, if the public dances  
Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,  
Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.  
As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry,  
Among the Roman populace of old,  
So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.  
Hence I would act advisedly herein ;  
And therefore have induced your grace to see  
These national dances, ere we interdict them.

(*Enter a Servant.*)

## SERVANT.

The dancing-girl, and with her the musicians  
Your grace was pleased to order, wait without.

## ARCHBISHOP.

Bid them come in. Now shall your eyes behold  
In what angelic yet voluptuous shape  
The Devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

*(Enter PRECIOSA, with a mantle thrown over her head.  
She advances slowly, in a modest, half-timid attitude.)*

CARDINAL (*aside*).

O, what a fair and ministering angel  
Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman fell !

PRECIOSA (*kneeling before the ARCHBISHOP*).

I have obeyed the order of your grace.  
If I intrude upon your better hours,  
I proffer this excuse, and here beseech  
Your holy benediction.

## ARCHBISHOP.

May God bless thee,  
And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

CARDINAL (*aside*)

Her acts are modest, and her words discreet !  
I did not look for this ! Come hither, child.  
Is thy name Preciosa.

PRECIOSA.

Thus I am called.

CARDINAL.

That is a Gipsy name. Who is thy father ?

PRECIOSA.

Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés.

ARCHBISHOP.

I have a dim remembrance of that man ;  
He was a bold and reckless character,  
A sun-burnt Ishmael !

CARDINAL.

Dost thou remember  
Thy earlier days ?

PRECIOSA.

Yes ; by the Darro's side  
My childhood passed. I can remember still

The river, and the mountains capped with snow ;  
 The villages, where, yet a little child,  
 I told the traveller's fortune in the street ;  
 The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd ;  
 The march across the moor ; the halt at noon ;  
 The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted  
 The forest where we slept ; and, farther back,  
 As in a dream or in some former life,  
 Gardens and palace walls.

ARCHBISHOP.

'T is the Alhambra,  
 Under whose towers the Gipsy camp was pitched.  
 But the time wears ; and we would see thee dance.

PRECIOSA.

Your grace shall be obeyed.

*(She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The ARCHBISHOP and the CARDINAL look on with gravity and an occasional frown ; then make signs to each other ; and, as the dance*

*continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.)*

## SCENE III.

*The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening. DON CARLOS and HYPOLITO meeting.*

DON CARLOS.

Holá! good evening, Don Hypolito.

HYPOLITO.

And a good evening to my friend, Don Carlos.  
Some lucky star has led my steps this way.  
I was in search of you.

DON CARLOS.

Command me always.

HYPOLITO.

Do you remember, in Quevedo's Dreams,

The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment,  
Asks if his money-bags would rise ?

DON CARLOS.

I do ;

But what of that ?

HYPOLITO.

I am that wretched man.

DON CARLOS.

You mean to tell me yours have risen empty ?

HYPOLITO.

And amen ! said the Cid Campeador.

DON CARLOS.

Pray, how much need you ?

HYPOLITO.

Some half dozen ounces.

Which, with due interest ——

DON CARLOS (*giving his purse*).

What, am I a Jew

To put my moneys out at usury ?

Here is my purse.

HYPOLITO.

Thank you. A pretty purse,  
Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña ;  
Perhaps a keepsake.

DON CARLOS.

No, 't is at your service.

HYPOLITO.

Thank you again. Lie there, good Saint Chry-  
sostom,  
And with thy golden mouth remind me often,  
I am the debtor of my friend.

DON CARLOS.

But tell me,  
Come you to-day from Alcalá ?

HYPOLITO.

This moment.

DON CARLOS.

And pray, how fares the brave Victorian ?

HYPOLITO.

Indifferent well ; that is to say, not well.

A damsel has ensnared him with the glances  
Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen catch  
A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.  
He is in love.

DON CARLOS.

And is it faring ill

To be in love ?

HYPOLITO.

In his case very ill.

DON CARLOS.

Why so ?

HYPOLITO.

For many reasons. First and foremost,  
Because he is in love with an ideal ;  
A creature of his own imagination ;  
A child of air ; an echo of his heart ;  
And, like a lily on a river floating,  
She floats upon the river of his thoughts !

DON CARLOS.

A common thing with poets. But who is

This floating lily ? For, in fine, some woman,  
Some living woman, — not a mere ideal, —  
Must wear the outward semblance of his thought.  
Who is it ? Tell me.

HYPOLITO.

Well, it is a woman !

But, look you, from the coffer of his heart  
He brings forth precious jewels to adorn her,  
As pious priests adorn some favorite saint  
With gems and gold, until at length she gleams  
One blaze of glory. Without these, you know,  
And the priest's benediction, 't is a doll.

DON CARLOS.

Well, well ! who is this doll ?

HYPOLITO.

Why, who do you think ?

DON CARLOS.

His cousin Violante.

HYPOLITO.

Guess again.

J

To ease his laboring heart, in the last storm  
He threw her overboard, with all her ingots.

DON CARLOS.

I cannot guess ; so tell me who it is.

HYPOLITO.

Not I.

DON CARLOS.

Why not ?

HYPOLITO (*mysteriously.*)

Why ? Because Mari Franca  
Was married four leagues out of Salamanca !

DON CARLOS.

Jesting aside, who is it ?

HYPOLITO.

Preciosa.

DON CARLOS.

Impossible ! The Count of Lara tells me  
She is not virtuous.

HYPOLITO.

Did I say she was ?

The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife  
Whose name was Messalina, as I think ;  
Valeria Messalina was her name.  
But hist ! I see him yonder through the trees,  
Walking as in a dream.

DON CARLOS.

He comes this way.

HYPOLITO.

It has been truly said by some wise man,  
That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden

*(Enter VICTORIAN in front.)*

VICTORIAN.

Where'er thy step has passed is holy ground !  
These groves are sacred ! I behold thee walking  
Under these shadowy trees, where we have walked  
At evening, and I feel thy presence now ;  
Feel that the place has taken a charm from thee,  
And is for ever hallowed.

HYPOLITO.

Mark him well !

See how he strides away with lordly air,  
Like that odd guest of stone, that grim Commander  
Who comes to sup with Juan in the play.

DON CARLOS.

What ho ! Victorian !

HYPOLITO.

Wilt thou sup with us ?

VICTORIAN.

Holá ! amigos ! Faith, I did not see you.

How fares Don Carlos ?

DON CARLOS.

At your service ever.

VICTORIAN.

How is that young and green-eyed Gaditana  
That you both wot of ?

DON CARLOS.

Ay, soft, emerald eyes !

She has gone back to Cadiz

HYPOLITO.

*Ay de mi !*

VICTORIAN.

You are much to blame for letting her go back.  
A pretty girl ; and in her tender eyes  
Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see  
In evening skies.

HYPOLITO.

But, speaking of green eyes,  
Are thine green ?

VICTORIAN.

Not a whit. Why so ?

HYPOLITO.

I think  
The slightest shade of green would be becoming,  
For thou art jealous.

VICTORIAN.

No, I am not jealous.

HYPOLITO.

Thou shouldst be.

VICTORIAN.

Why ?

HYPOLITO.

Because thou art in love.  
And they who are in love are always jealous.  
Therefore thou shouldst be,

VICTORIAN.

Marry, is that all?  
Farewell; I am in haste. Farewell, Don Carlos.  
Thou sayest I should be jealous?

HYPOLITO.

Ay, in truth  
I fear there is reason. Be upon thy guard.  
I hear it whispered that the Count of Lara  
Lays siege to the same citadel.

VICTORIAN.

Indeed!  
Then he will have his labor for his pains.

HYPOLITO.

He does not think so, and Don Carlos tells me  
He boasts of his success.

VICTORIAN.

How 's this, Don Carlos?

DON CARLOS.

Some hints of it I heard from his own lips.  
He spoke but lightly of the lady's virtue,  
As a gay man might speak.

VICTORIAN.

Death and damnation !  
I 'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth,  
And throw it to my dog ! But no, no, no !  
This cannot be. You jest, indeed you jest.  
Trifle with me no more. For otherwise  
We are no longer friends. And so, farewell !

*[Exit.]*

HYPOLITO.

Now what a coil is here ! The Avenging Child  
Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death,  
And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode  
To Paris for the ears of Oliver,  
Were nothing to him ! O hot-headed youth !  
But come ; we will not follow. Let us join  
The crowd that pours into the Prado. There

We shall find merrier company ; I see  
 The Marialonzos and the Alnavivas,  
 And fifty fans, that beckon me already. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

PRECIOSA'S chamber. *She is sitting, with a book in her hand, near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The COUNT OF LARA enters behind unperceived.*

PRECIOSA (*reads*).

All are sleeping, weary heart !

Thou, thou only sleepless art !

Heigho ! I wish Victorian were here.

I know not what it is makes me so restless !

(*The bird sings.*)

Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat,

That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon singest,

Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,

I have a gentle gaoler. Lack-a-day !

All are sleeping, weary heart!  
Thou, thou only sleepless art!  
All this throbbing, all this aching,  
Evermore shall keep thee waking,  
For a heart in sorrow breaking  
Thinketh ever of its smart!

Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks  
More hearts are breaking in this world of ours  
Than one would say. In distant villages  
And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted  
The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage  
Scattered them in their flight, do they take  
root,

And grow in silence, and in silence perish.  
Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?  
Or who takes note of every flower that dies?  
Heigho! I wish Victorian would come.  
Dolores!

*(Turns to lay down her book, and perceives the COUNT.)*

Ha!

LARA.

Señora, pardon me !

PRECIOSA.

How 's this ? Dolores !

LARA.

Pardon me —

PRECIOSA.

Dolores !

LARA.

Be not alarmed ; I found no one in waiting.

If I have been too bold —

PRECIOSA (*turning her back upon him*).

You are too bold !

Retire ! retire, and leave me !

LARA.

My dear lady,

First hear me ! I beseech you, let me speak !

'T is for your good I come.

PRECIOSA (*turning toward him with indignation*).

Begone ! Begone !

You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds  
Would make the statues of your ancestors  
Blush on their tombs ! Is it Castilian honor,  
Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here  
Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong ?  
O shame ! shame ! shame ! that you, a nobleman,  
Should be so little noble in your thoughts  
As to send jewels here to win my love,  
And think to buy my honor with your gold !  
I have no words to tell you how I scorn you !  
Begone ! The sight of you is hateful to me !  
Begone, I say !

LARA.

Be calm ; I will not harm you.

PRECIOSA.

Because you dare not.

LARA.

I dare any thing !  
Therefore beware ! You are deceived in me.  
In this false world, we do not always know

Who are our friends and who our enemies.  
We all have enemies, and all need friends.  
Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court  
Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

PRECIOSA.

If to this

I owe the honor of the present visit,  
You might have spared the coming.   Having  
    spoken,  
Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.

LARA.

I thought it but a friendly part to tell you  
What strange reports are current here in town.  
For my own self, I do not credit them ;  
But there are many who, not knowing you,  
Will lend a readier ear.

PRECIOSA.

There was no need

That you should take upon yourself the duty  
Of telling me these tales.

LARA.

Malicious tongues  
Are ever busy with your name.

PRECIOSA.

Alas !  
I have no protectors. I am a poor girl,  
Exposed to insults and unfeeling jests.  
They wound me, yet I cannot shield myself.  
I give no cause for these reports. I live  
Retired ; am visited by none.

LARA.

By none ?  
O, then, indeed, you are much wronged !

PRECIOSA.

How mean you ?

LARA.

Nay, nay ; I will not wound your gentle soul  
By the report of idle tales.

PRECIOSA.

Speak out !  
What are these idle tales ? You need not spare me.

LARA.

I will deal frankly with you. Pardon me ;  
 This window, as I think, looks toward the street,  
 And this into the Prado, does it not ?  
 In yon high house, beyond the garden wall, —  
 You see the roof there just above the trees, —  
 There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,  
 That on a certain night, — be not offended  
 If I too plainly speak, — he saw a man  
 Climb to your chamber window. You are silent !  
 I would not blame you, being young and fair —  
 (*He tries to embrace her. She starts back, and draws a  
 dagger from her bosom.*)

PRECIOSA.

Beware ! beware ! I am a Gipsy girl !  
 Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer  
 And I will strike !

LARA.

Pray you, put up that dagger.

Fear not.

PRECIOSA.

I do not fear. I have a heart  
In whose strength I can trust.

LARA.

Listen to me.

I come here as your friend, — I am your friend, —  
And by a single word can put a stop  
To all those idle tales, and make your name  
Spotless as lilies are. Here on my knees,  
Fair Preciosa ! on my knees I swear,  
I love you even to madness, and that love  
Has driven me to break the rules of custom,  
And force myself unasked into your presence.

(VICTORIAN enters behind.)

PRECIOSA.

Rise, Count of Lara ! That is not the place  
For such as you are. It becomes you not  
To kneel before me. I am strangely moved  
To see one of your rank thus low and humbled ;  
For your sake I will put aside all anger,

All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak  
In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,  
And as my heart now prompts me. I no more  
Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me.  
But if, without offending modesty  
And that reserve which is a woman's glory,  
I may speak freely, I will teach my heart  
To love you.

LARA.

O sweet angel!

PRECIOSA.

Ay, in truth,  
Far better than you love yourself or me.

LARA.

Give me some sign of this, — the slightest token.  
Let me but kiss your hand!

PRECIOSA.

Nay, come no nearer.  
The words I utter are its sign and token.  
Misunderstand me not! Be not deceived!

The love wherewith I love you is not such  
As you would offer me. For you come here  
To take from me the only thing I have,  
My honor. You are wealthy, you have friends  
And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes  
That fill your heart with happiness ; but I  
Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure,  
And you would take that from me, and for what ?  
To flatter your own vanity, and make me  
What you would most despise. O Sir, such love,  
That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.  
Indeed it cannot. But my love for you  
Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.  
It is a holier feeling. It rebukes  
Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,  
And bids you look into your heart, and see  
How you do wrong that better nature in you,  
And grieve your soul with sin.

LARA.

I swear to you,

L

I would not harm you ; I would only love you  
 I would not take your honor, but restore it,  
 And in return I ask but some slight mark  
 Of your affection. If indeed you love me,  
 As you confess you do, O let me thus  
 With this embrace ——

VICTORIAN (*rushing forward*).

Hold ! hold ! This is too much.

What means this outrage ?

LARA.

First, what right have you  
 To question thus a nobleman of Spain ?

VICTORIAN.

I too am noble, and you are no more !  
 Out of my sight !

LARA.

Are you the master here ?

VICTORIAN.

Ay, here and elsewhere, when the wrong of others  
 Gives me the right !

PRECIOSA (*to LARA*).

Go ! I beseech you, go !

VICTORIAN.

I shall have business with you, Count, anon !

LARA.

You cannot come too soon ! [Exit.

PRECIOSA.

Victorian !

O we have been betrayed !

VICTORIAN.

Ha ! ha ! betrayed !

'T is I have been betrayed, not we !—not we !

PRECIOSA.

Dost thou imagine ——

VICTORIAN.

I imagine nothing ;

I see how 't is thou whilst the time away

When I am gone !

PRECIOSA.

O speak not in that tone !

It wounds me deeply.

VICTORIAN.

'T was not meant to flatter.

PRECIOSA.

Too well thou knowest the presence of that man  
Is hateful to me !

VICTORIAN.

Yet I saw thee stand  
And listen to him, when he told his love.

PRECIOSA.

I did not heed his words.

VICTORIAN.

Indeed thou didst,  
And answeredst them with love.

PRECIOSA.

Hadst thou heard all ——

VICTORIAN.

I heard enough.

PRECIOSA.

Be not so angry with me.

VICTORIAN.

I am not angry ; I am very calm.

PRECIOSA.

If thou wilt let me speak ——

VICTORIAN.

Nay, say no more.

I know too much already. Thou art false !

I do not like these Gipsy marriages !

Where is the ring I gave thee ?

PRECIOSA.

In my casket.

VICTORIAN.

There let it rest ! I would not have thee wear it !

I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted !

PRECIOSA.

I call the Heavens to witness ——

VICTORIAN.

Nay, nay, nay !

Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips !

They are forsworn !

PRECIOSA.

Victorian ! dear Victorian !

VICTORIAN.

I gave up all for thee ; myself, my fame,  
My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul !  
And thou hast been my ruin ! Now, go on !  
Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,  
And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,  
Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was !

*(He casts her from him and rushes out.)*

PRECIOSA.

And this from thee !

*(Scene closes.)*

## SCENE V.

*The COUNT OF LARA'S rooms. Enter the COUNT.*

LARA.

There 's nothing in this world so sweet as love,  
And next to love the sweetest thing is hate !  
I 've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged.  
A silly girl to play the prude with me !  
The fire that I have kindled ——

(Enter FRANCISCO.)

Well, Francisco,  
What tidings from Don Juan ?

FRANCISCO.

Good, my lord ;  
He will be present.

LARA.

And the Duke of Lermos ?

FRANCISCO.

Was not at home.

LARA.

How with the rest ?

FRANCISCO.

I 've found  
The men you wanted. They will all be there,  
And at the given signal raise a whirlwind  
Of such discordant noises, that the dance  
Must cease for lack of music.

LARA.

Bravely done.

Ah! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,  
 What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not close  
 Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak and  
 sword. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

*A retired spot beyond the city gates. Enter VICTORIAN  
 and HYPOLITO.*

VICTORIAN.

O shame! O shame! Why do I walk abroad  
 By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,  
 And voices, and familiar sights and sounds  
 Cry, "Hide thyself"! O what a thin partition  
 Doth shut out from the curious world the knowl-  
 edge  
 Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness!  
 Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are win-  
 dows,  
 Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face

Expresses some suspicion of my shame,  
And in derision seems to smile at me !

HYPOLITO.

Did I not caution thee ? Did I not tell thee  
I was but half persuaded of her virtue ?

VICTORIAN.

And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong,  
We may be over-hasty in condemning !  
The Count of Lara is a cursed villain.

HYPOLITO.

And therefore is she cursed, loving him.

VICTORIAN.

She does not love him ! 'T is for gold ! for  
gold !

HYPOLITO.

Ay, but remember, in the public streets  
He shows a golden ring the Gipsy gave him,  
A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

VICTORIAN.

She had that ring from me ! God ! she is false !

But I will be revenged ! The hour is passed.  
Where stays the coward ?

HYPOLITO.

Nay, he is no coward ;  
A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.  
I've seen him play with swords ; it is his pastime.  
And therefore be not over-confident,  
He 'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

*(Enter LARA, followed by FRANCISCO.)*

LARA.

Good evening, gentlemen.

HYPOLITO.,

Good evening, Count.

LARA.

I trust I have not kept you long in waiting.

VICTORIAN.

Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared ?

LARA.

I am.

HYPOLITO.

It grieves me much to see this quarrel

Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way  
Left open to accord this difference,  
But you must make one with your swords ?

VICTORIAN.

No ! none !

I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,  
Stand not between me and my foe. Too long  
Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of  
steel

End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count !

*(They fight. VICTORIAN disarms the COUNT.)*

Your life is mine ; and what shall now withhold me  
From sending your vile soul to its account ?

LARA.

Strike ! strike !

VICTORIAN.

You are disarmed. I will not kill you.  
I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

*(FRANCISCO hands the COUNT his sword, and HYPOLITO  
interposes.)*

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HYPOLITO.

Enough ! Let it end here ! The Count of Lara  
Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian  
A generous one, as ever. Now be friends.  
Put up your swords ; for, to speak frankly to you,  
Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing  
To move you to extremes.

LARA.

I am content.

I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words,  
Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

VICTORIAN.

Nay, something more than that.

LARA.

I understand you.

Therein I did not mean to cross your path.  
To me the door stood open, as to others.  
But, had I known the girl belonged to you,  
Never would I have sought to win her from you.  
The truth stands now revealed ; she has been false  
To both of us.

VICTORIAN.

Ay, false as hell itself!

LARA.

In truth I did not seek her ; she sought me ;  
And told me how to win her, telling me  
The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

VICTORIAN.

Say, can you prove this to me ? O, pluck out  
These awful doubts, that goad me into madness !  
Let me know all ! all ! all !

LARA.

You shall know all.

Here is my page, who was the messenger  
Between us. Question him. Was it not so,  
Francisco ?

FRANCISCO.

Ay, my lord.

LARA.

If farther proof  
Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

## VICTORIAN.

Pray let me see that ring ! It is the same !

*(Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.)*

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring !

Thus do I spurn her from me ; do thus trample

Her memory in the dust ! O Count of Lara,

We both have been abused, been much abused !

I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.

Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me  
pain,

Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.

I now can see the folly I have done,

Though 't is, alas ! too late. So fare you well !

To-night I leave this hateful town for ever.

Regard me as your friend. Once more, farewell !

## HYPOLITO.

Farewell, Sir Count.

*[Exeunt VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.]*

## LARA.

Farewell ! farewell !

Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe !  
I have none else to fear ; the fight is done,  
The citadel is stormed, the victory won !

[*Exit with FRANCISCO.*

SCENE VII.

*A lane in the suburbs. Night. Enter CRUZADO and  
BARTOLOMÉ.*

CRUZADO.

And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But  
where wast thou for the most part ?

BARTOLOMÉ.

In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ilde-  
fonso.

CRUZADO.

And thou bringest nothing back with thee ?  
Didst thou rob no one ?

BARTOLOMÉ.

There was no one to rob, save a party of stu-

dents from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us ; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

CRUZADO.

Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid ?

BARTOLOMÉ.

First tell me what keeps thee here ?

CRUZADO.

Preciosa.

BARTOLOMÉ.

And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise ?

CRUZADO.

The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

BARTOLOMÉ.

I hear she has a Busné lover.

CRUZADO.

That is nothing.

BARTOLOMÉ.

I do not like it. I hate him, — the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

CRUZADO.

Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Meanwhile, show me her house.

CRUZADO.

Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

BARTOLOMÉ.

No matter. Show me the house. [*Exeunt.*]

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## SCENE VIII.

*The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and discovers PRECIOSA in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult; hisses; cries of "Brava!" and "Afuera!" She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. PRECIOSA faints.*

## SCENE IX.

*The COUNT OF LARA'S chambers. LARA and his friends at supper.*

LARA.

So, Caballeros, once more many thanks !  
You have stood by me bravely in this matter.  
Pray fill your glasses.

DON JUAN.

Did you mark, Don Luis,  
How pale she looked, when first the noise began,

And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated !  
Her nostrils spread ! her lips apart ! her bosom  
Tumultuous as the sea !

DON LUIS.

I pitied her.

LARA.

Her pride is humbled ; and this very night  
I mean to visit her.

DON JUAN.

Will you serenade her ?

LARA.

No music ! no more music !

DON LUIS.

Why not music ?

It softens many hearts.

LARA.

Not in the humor  
She now is in. Music would madden her.

DON JUAN.

Try golden cymbals.

DON LUIS.

Yes, try Don Dinero ;  
A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero .

LARA.

To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid.  
But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.  
A bumper and away ; for the night wears.  
A health to Preciosa !

*(They rise and drink.)*

ALL.

Preciosa.

LARA *(holding up his empty glass)*.

Thou bright and flaming minister of Love !  
Thou wonderful magician ! who hast stolen  
My secret from me, and mid sighs of passion  
Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue,  
Her precious name ! O never more henceforth  
Shall mortal lips press thine ; and never more  
A mortal name be whispered in thine ear.  
Go ! keep my secret !

*(Dashes the goblet down.)*

DON JUAN.

*Ite ! missa est !*

*(Scene closes.)*

SCENE X.

*Street and garden wall. Night. Enter CRUZADO and  
BARTOLOMÉ.*

CRUZADO.

This is the garden wall, and above it, yonder,  
is her house. The window in which thou seest  
the light is her window. But we will not go in  
now.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Why not ?

CRUZADO.

Because she is not at home.

BARTOLOMÉ.

No matter ; we can wait. But how is this ?  
The gate is bolted. *(Sound of guitars and voices in*

*a neighbouring street.*) Hark! There comes her  
lover with his cursed serenade! Hark!

## SONG.

Good night! Good night, beloved!  
I come to watch o'er thee!  
To be near thee, — to be near thee,  
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,  
Thy lips are crimson flowers!  
Good night! Good night, beloved,  
While I count the weary hours.

## CRUZADO.

They are not coming this way.

## BARTOLOMÉ.

Wait, they begin again.

SONG (*coming nearer*).

Ah! thou moon that shinest  
Argent-clear above!  
All night long enlighten  
My sweet lady-love!  
Moon that shinest,  
All night long enlighten!

BARTOLOMÉ.

Woe be to him, if he comes this way!

CRUZADO.

Be quiet, they are passing down the street.

SONG (*dying away*).

The nuns in the cloister

Sang to each other;

For so many sisters

Is there not one brother!

Ay, for the partridge, mother!

The cat has run away with the partridge!

Puss! puss! puss!

BARTOLOMÉ.

Follow that! follow that! Come with me.

Puss! puss!

(*Exeunt.* On the opposite side enter the COUNT OF LARA  
and gentlemen, with FRANCISCO.)

LARA.

The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco,  
And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over.  
Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale

Yon balcony. How now? Her light still burns.  
Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

*(Exeunt. Reënter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.)*

BARTOLOMÉ.

They went in at the gate. Hark! I hear them  
in the garden. *(Tries the gate.)* Bolted again!

Vive Cristo! Follow me over the wall.

*(They climb the wall.)*

## SCENE XI.

PRECIOSA'S bed-chamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in  
an arm-chair, in an undress. DOLORES watching her.

DOLORES.

She sleeps at last!

*(Opens the window and listens.)*

All silent in the street,

And in the garden. Hark!

PRECIOSA (*in her sleep*).

I must go hence !

Give me my cloak !

DOLORES.

He comes ! I hear his footsteps !

PRECIOSA.

Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night ;  
I am too ill ! Look at me ! See the fever  
'That burns upon my cheek ! I must go hence.  
I am too weak to dance.

(*Signal from the garden.*)

DOLORES (*from the window*).

Who 's there ?

VOICE (*from below*).

A friend.

DOLORES.

I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

PRECIOSA.

I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me !  
Shame ! shame ! to treat a feeble woman thus !

Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.  
 I 'm ready now, — give me my castanets.  
 Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!  
 They glare upon me like an evil eye.  
 I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me!  
 They hiss at me like serpents! Save me! save me!

*(She wakes.)*

How late is it, Dolores?

DOLORES.

It is midnight.

PRECIOSA.

We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.

*(She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and voices.)*

VOICE.

Muera!

ANOTHER VOICE.

O villains! villains!

LARA.

So! have at you!

VOICE.

Take that!

LARA.

O, I am wounded !

DOLORES (*shutting the window*).

Jesu Maria !

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. HYPOLITO plays and sings.*

## SONG.

Ah, Love !

Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

Enemy

Of all that mankind may not rue !

Most untrue

To him who keeps most faith with thee.

Woe is me !

The falcon has the eyes of the dove.

Ah, Love !

Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

## VICTORIAN.

Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,

Is ever weaving into life's dull warp  
 Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian ;  
 Hanging our gloomy prison-house about  
 With tapestries, that make its walls dilate  
 In never-ending vistas of delight.

HYPOLITO.

Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures,  
 Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (*continued*).

Thy deceits

Give us clearly to comprehend,

Whither tend

All thy pleasures, all thy sweets !

They are cheats,

Thorns below and flowers above.

Ah, Love !

Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

VICTORIAN.

A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

HYPOLITO.

It suits thy case.

VICTORIAN.

Indeed, I think it does.

What wise man wrote it ?

HYPOLITO.

Lopez Maldonado.

VICTORIAN.

In truth, a pretty song.

HYPOLITO.

With much truth in it.

I hope thou wilt profit by it ; and in earnest  
Try to forget this lady of thy love.

VICTORIAN.

I will forget her ! All dear recollections  
Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,  
Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds !  
I will forget her ! But perhaps hereafter,  
When she shall learn how heartless is the world,  
A voice within her will repeat my name,  
And she will say, " He was indeed my friend !"  
O, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,

That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,  
The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,  
The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,  
And a swift death, might make me deaf for ever  
To the upbraidings of this foolish heart !

HYPOLITO.

Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more !  
To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

VICTORIAN.

Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain  
I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword  
That pierces me ; for, like Excalibar,  
With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink.  
There rises from below a hand that grasps it,  
And waves it in the air ; and wailing voices  
Are heard along the shore.

HYPOLITO.

And yet at last  
Down sank Excalibar to rise no more.  
This is not well. In truth, it vexes me.

Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,  
To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,  
Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.  
Thou art too young, too full of lusty health  
To talk of dying.

VICTORIAN.

Yet I fain would die !

To go through life, unloving and unloved ;  
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul  
We cannot still ; that longing, that wild impulse,  
And struggle after something we have not  
And cannot have ; the effort to be strong ;  
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile,  
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks ;  
All this the dead feel not, — the dead alone !  
Would I were with them !

HYPOLITO.

We shall all be soon.

VICTORIAN.

It cannot be too soon ; for I am weary

Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,  
Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as  
strangers ;  
Where whispers overheard betray false hearts ;  
And through the mazes of the crowd we chase  
Some form of loveliness, that smiles, and beckons,  
And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us  
A mockery and a jest ; maddened, — confused, —  
Not knowing friend from foe.

HYPOLITO.

Why seek to know ?  
Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth !  
Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,  
Nor strive to look beneath it.

VICTORIAN.

I confess,  
That were the wiser part. But Hope no longer  
Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,  
Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,  
Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,

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Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,  
And sinks again into the weltering sea,  
Helpless and hopeless !

HYPOLITO.

Yet thou shalt not perish.  
The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation.  
Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines  
A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star !

*(Sound of a village bell in the distance.)*

VICTORIAN.

Ave Maria ! I hear the sacristan  
Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry !  
A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide  
Over the red roofs of the cottages,  
And bids the laboring hind a-field, the shepherd,  
Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer,  
And all the crowd in village streets, stand still,  
And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Virgin !

HYPOLITO.

Amen ! amen ! Not half a league from hence  
The village lies.

VICTORIAN.

This path will lead us to it,  
Over the wheat fields, where the shadows sail  
Across the running sea, now green, now blue,  
And, like an idle mariner on the main,  
Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Public square in the village of Guadarrama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front, a group of Gipsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gipsy dance. Enter PANTHO, followed by PEDRO CRESPO.*

PANTHO.

Make room, ye vagabonds and Gipsy thieves !  
Make room for the Alcalde and for me !

PEDRO CRESPO.

Keep silence all ! I have an edict here  
From our most gracious lord, the King of Spain,

Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands,  
Which I shall publish in the market-place.  
Open your ears and listen !

*(Enter the PADRE CURA at the door of his cottage.)*

Padre Cura,  
Good day ! and, pray you, hear this edict read.

PADRE CURA.

Good day, and God be with you ! Pray, what  
is it ?

PEDRO CRESPO.

An act of banishment against the Gipsies !

*(Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.)*

PANCHO.

Silence !

PEDRO CRESPO *(reads)*.

“ I hereby order and command,  
That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers,  
Known by the name of Gipsies, shall henceforth  
Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds  
And beggars ; and if, after seventy days,

Any be found within our kingdom's bounds,  
 They shall receive a hundred lashes each ;  
 The second time, shall have their ears cut off ;  
 The third, be slaves for life to him who takes them,  
 Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King."  
 Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized !  
 You hear the law ! Obey and disappear !

PANCHO.

And if in seventy days you are not gone,  
 Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

*(The Gipsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear  
 and discontent. PANCHO follows.)*

PADRE CURA.

A righteous law ! A very righteous law !  
 Pray you, sit down.

PEDRO CRESPO.

I thank you heartily.

*(They seat themselves on a bench at the PADRE CURA'S  
 door. Sound of guitars heard at a distance, approach-  
 ing during the dialogue which follows.)*

A very righteous judgment, as you say.  
 Now tell me, Padre Cura,—you know all things,—  
 How came these Gipsies into Spain ?

PADRE CURA.

Why, look you ;  
 They came with Hercules from Palestine,  
 And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde,  
 As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.  
 And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says,  
 There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor  
 Is not a Christian, so 't is with the Gipsies.  
 They never marry, never go to mass,  
 Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,  
 Nor see the inside of a church,—nor — nor —

PEDRO CRESPO.

Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all !  
 No matter for the other ninety-five.  
 They should be burnt, I see it plain enough,  
 They should be burnt.

(*Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO playing.*)

PADRE CURA.

And pray, whom have we here ?

PEDRO CRESPO.

More vagrants! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants!

HYPOLITO.

Good evening, gentlemen ! Is this Guadarrama ?

PADRE CURA.

Yes, Guadarrama, and good evening to you.

HYPOLITO.

We seek the Padre Cura of the village ;  
And, judging from your dress and reverend mien,  
You must be he.

PADRE CURA.

I am. Pray, what 's your pleasure ?

HYPOLITO.

We are poor students, travelling in vacation.  
You know this mark ?

*(Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.)*

PADRE CURA *(joyfully)*.

Ay, know it, and have worn it.

PEDRO CRESPO (*aside*).

Soup-eaters! by the mass! The worst of vagrants!  
And there 's no law against them. Sir, your ser-  
vant. [*Exit.*

PADRE CURA.

Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

HYPOLITO.

Padre Cura,

From the first moment I beheld your face,  
I said within myself, " This is the man !"  
There is a certain something in your looks,  
A certain scholar-like and studious something, —  
You understand, — which cannot be mistaken ;  
Which marks you as a very learned man,  
In fine, as one of us.

VICTORIAN (*aside*).

What impudence !

HYPOLITO.

As we approached, I said to my companion,  
" That is the Padre Cura ; mark my words !"

Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I,  
"Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,  
Must be the sacristan."

PADRE CURA.

Ah! said you so?

Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde!

HYPOLITO.

Indeed! you much astonish me! His air  
Was not so full of dignity and grace  
As an alcalde's should be.

PADRE CURA.

That is true.

He is out of humor with some vagrant Gipsies,  
Who have their camp here in the neighbourhood  
There is nothing so undignified as anger.

HYPOLITO.

The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,  
If, from his well-known hospitality,  
We crave a lodging for the night.

PADRE CURA.

I pray you!

You do me honor! I am but too happy  
 To have such guests beneath my humble roof.  
 It is not often that I have occasion  
 To speak with scholars; and *Emollit mores,*  
*Nec sinit esse feros,* Cicero says.

HYPOLITO.

'T is Ovid, is it not?

PADRE CURA.

No, Cicero.

HYPOLITO.

Your Grace is right. You are the better scholar.  
 Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid!  
 But hang me if it is not! (*Aside.*)

PADRE CURA.

Pass this way.

He was a very great man, was Cicero!  
 Pray you, go in, go in! no ceremony. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*A room in the PADRE CURA'S house. Enter the PADRE and HYPOLITO.*

PADRE CURA.

So then, Señor, you come from Alcalá.  
I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

HYPOLITO.

And left behind an honored name, no doubt.  
How may I call your Grace ?

PADRE CURA.

Gerónimo

De Santillana, at your Honor's service.

HYPOLITO.

Descended from the Marquis Santillana ?  
From the distinguished poet ?

PADRE CURA.

From the Marquis,

Not from the poet.

HYPOLITO.

Why, they were the same.

Let me embrace you ! O some lucky star  
Has brought me hither ! Yet once more !—once  
more !

Your name is ever green in Alcalá,  
And our professor, when we are unruly,  
Will shake his hoary head, and say, “ Alas !  
It was not so in Santillana’s time ! ”

PADRE CURA.

I did not think my name remembered there.

HYPOLITO.

More than remembered ; it is idolized.

PADRE CURA.

Of what professor speak you ?

HYPOLITO.

Timoneda.

PADRE CURA.

I don’t remember any Timoneda.

HYPOLITO.

A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow

O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech  
As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten ?

PADRE CURA.

Indeed, I have. O, those were pleasant days,  
Those college days ! I ne'er shall see the like !  
I had not buried then so many hopes !  
I had not buried then so many friends !  
I 've turned my back on what was then before me ;  
And the bright faces of my young companions  
Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.  
Do you remember Cueva ?

HYPOLITO.

Cueva ? Cueva ?

PADRE CURA.

Fool that I am ! He was before your time.  
You 're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

HYPOLITO.

I should not like to try my strength with you.

PADRE CURA.

Well, well. But I forget ; you must be hungry.  
Martina ! ho ! Martina ! 'T is my niece.

(Enter MARTINA.)

HYPOLITO.

You may be proud of such a niece as that.  
 I wish I had a niece. *Emollit mores.* (Aside.)  
 He was a very great man, was Cicero!  
 Your servant, fair Martina.

MARTINA.

Servant, sir.

PADRE CURA.

This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.  
 Let us have supper.

MARTINA.

'T will be ready soon.

PADRE CURA.

And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas  
 Out of the cellar. Stay; I 'll go myself.  
 Pray you, Señor, excuse me. [Exit.

HYPOLITO.

Hist! Martina!

One word with you. Bless me! what handsome  
 eyes!

To-day there have been Gipsies in the village.  
Is it not so ?

MARTINA.

There have been Gipsies here.

HYPOLITO.

Yes, and they told your fortune.

MARTINA (*embarrassed*).

Told my fortune ?

HYPOLITO.

Yes, yes ; I know they did. Give me your hand.  
I 'll tell you what they said. They said, — they  
said,

The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,  
And him you should not marry. Was it not ?

MARTINA (*surprised*).

How know you that ?

HYPOLITO.

O, I know more than that.

What a soft, little hand ! And then they said,  
A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall

And rich, should come one day to marry you,  
And you should be a lady. Was it not ?  
He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

*(Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter VICTORIAN, with  
a letter.)*

VICTORIAN.

The muleteer has come.

HYPOLITO.

So soon ?

VICTORIAN.

I found him

Sitting at supper by the tavern door,  
And, from a pitcher that he held aloft  
His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red  
wine.

HYPOLITO.

What news from Court ?

VICTORIAN.

He brought this letter only. *(Reads.)*

O cursed perfidy ! Why did I let

That lying tongue deceive me ! Preciosa,  
Sweet Preciosa ! how art thou avenged !

HYPOLITO.

What news is this, that makes thy cheek turn  
pale,  
And thy hand tremble ?

VICTORIAN.

O, most infamous !  
The Count of Lara is a damnéd villain !

HYPOLITO.

That is no news, forsooth.

VICTORIAN.

He strove in vain  
To steal from me the jewel of my soul,  
The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,  
He swore to be revenged ; and set on foot  
A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.  
She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,  
Her reputation stained by slanderous lies  
Too foul to speak of ; and, once more a beggar,

R

She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,  
Housing with Gipsies !

HYPOLITO.

To renew again  
The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains  
Desperate with love, like Gaspar Gil's Diana.  
*Redit et Virgo !*

VICTORIAN.

Dear Hypolito,  
How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart !  
I will go seek for her ; and with my tears  
Wash out the wrong I 've done her !

HYPOLITO.

O beware !

Act not that folly o'er again.

VICTORIAN.

Ay, folly,  
Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,  
I will confess my weakness, — I still love her !  
Still fondly love her !

(*Enter the PADRE CURA.*)

HYPOLITO.

Tell us, Padre Cura,  
Who are these Gipsies in the neighbourhood ?

PADRE CURA.

Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

VICTORIAN.

Kind Heaven,  
I thank thee ! She is found ! is found again !

HYPOLITO.

And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl,  
Called Preciosa ?

PADRE CURA.

Ay, a pretty girl.

The gentleman seems moved.

HYPOLITO.

Yes, moved with hunger ;  
He is half famished with this long day's journey.

PADRE CURA.

Then, pray you, come this way. The supper  
waits. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter CHISPA, cracking a whip, and singing the Cachucha.*

CHISPA.

Halloo ! Don Fulano ! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa ! what a dog's life dost thou lead ! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman ; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars ? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gipsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

(Enter DON CARLOS.)

DON CARLOS.

Are not the horses ready yet ?

CHISPA.

I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho ! within there ! Horses ! horses ! horses ! (*He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter MOSQUITO, putting on his jacket.*)

MOSQUITO.

Pray, have a little patience. I 'm not a musket.

CHISPA.

Health and pistareens ! I 'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre ! Pray, what 's the news ?

MOSQUITO.

You cannot have fresh horses ; because there are none.

CHISPA.

Cachiporra ! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt ?

MOSQUITO.

No ; she has a beard.

CHISPA.

Go to ! go to !

MOSQUITO.

Are you from Madrid ?

CHISPA.

Yes ; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

MOSQUITO.

What 's the news at Court ?

CHISPA.

Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

*(Strikes him round the legs.)*

MOSQUITO.

Oh ! oh ! you hurt me !

DON CARLOS.

Enough of this folly. Let us have horses.

*(Gives money to Mosquito.)* It is almost dark ; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gipsies passed this way of late ?

MOSQUITO.

Yes ; and they are still in the neighbourhood.

DON CARLOS.

And where ?

MOSQUITO.

Across the fields yonder, in the woods near  
Guadarrama. [*Erit.*

DON CARLOS.

Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gipsy  
camp.

CHISPA.

Are you not afraid of the evil eye ? Have  
you a stag's horn with you ?

DON CARLOS.

Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

CHISPA.

And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza,  
nine under one blanket.

DON CARLOS.

I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

CHISPA.

Among the Squires ?

DON CARLOS.

No ; among the Gipsies, blockhead !

CHISPA.

I hope we may ; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so ? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trowsers. Yonder come the horses.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*The Gipsy camp in the forest. Night. Gipsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the fire-light.*

GIPSIES (*at the forge sing*).

On the top of a mountain I stand,  
 With a crown of red gold in my hand,  
 Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,  
 O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee ?  
 O how from their fury shall I flee ?

FIRST GIPSY (*playing*).

Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon.

Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make  
an end.

GIPSIES (*at the forge sing*).

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,  
And thus his ditty ran ;  
God send the Gipsy lassie here,  
And not the Gipsy man.

FIRST GIPSY (*playing*).

There you are in your morocco !

SECOND GIPSY.

One more game. The Alcalde's doves against  
the Padre Cura's new moon.

FIRST GIPSY.

Have at you, Chirelin.

GIPSIES (*at the forge sing*).

At midnight, when the moon began  
To show her silver flame,  
There came to him no Gipsy man,  
The Gipsy lassie came.

(*Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.*)

CRUZADO.

Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros ;  
leave work, leave play ; listen to your orders for  
the night. (*Speaking to the right.*) You will get  
you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

GIPSIES.

Ay !

CRUZADO (*to the left*).

And you, by the pole with the hermit's head  
upon it.

GIPSIES.

Ay !

CRUZADO.

As soon as you see the planets are out, in with  
you, and be busy with the ten commandments,  
under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D' ye  
hear ?

GIPSIES.

Ay !

CRUZADO.

Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a

goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers.  
 "Vineyards and Dancing John" is the word.  
 Am I comprehended ?

GIPSIES.

Ay! ay!

CRUZADO.

Away, then!

*(Exeunt severally. CRUZADO walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter PRECIOSA.)*

PRECIOSA.

How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees  
 The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning  
 shadows  
 Stalk through the forest, ever and anon  
 Rising and bending with the flickering flame,  
 Then flitting into darkness! So within me  
 Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,  
 My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being  
 As the light does the shadow. Woe is me!  
 How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(BARTOLOMÉ *rushes in.*)

BARTOLOMÉ.

Ho ! Preciosa !

PRECIOSA.

O, Bartolomé !

Thou here ?

BARTOLOMÉ.

Lo ! I am here.

PRECIOSA.

Whence comest thou ?

BARTOLOMÉ.

From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra,  
From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,  
And fever ! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold  
Come I for thee, my lamb.

PRECIOSA.

O touch me not !

The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands !  
The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul !  
Do not come near me ! Pray, begone from here !

Thou art in danger ! They have set a price  
Upon thy head !

BARTOLOMÉ.

Ay, and I 've wandered long  
Among the mountains ; and for many days  
Have seen no human face, save the rough swine-  
herd's.

The wind and rain have been my sole companions.  
I shouted to them from the rocks thy name,  
And the loud echo sent it back to me,  
Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee,  
And I am here ! Betray me, if thou wilt.

PRECIOSA.

Betray thee ? I betray thee ?

BARTOLOMÉ.

Preciosa !

I come for thee ! for thee I thus brave death !  
Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm !  
Fly with me !

PRECIOSA.

Speak of that no more. I cannot.  
I am thine no longer.

BARTOLOMÉ.

O, recall the time  
When we were children ! how we played to-  
gether,  
How we grew up together ; how we plighted  
Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood !  
Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come.  
I am hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf !  
Fulfil thy promise.

PRECIOSA.

'T was my father's promise,  
Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee,  
Nor promised thee my hand !

BARTOLOMÉ.

False tongue of woman !  
And heart more false !

PRECIOSA.

Nay, listen unto me.

I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee ;  
I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,  
It is my destiny. Thou art a man  
Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with me,  
A feeble girl, who have not long to live,  
Whose heart is broken ? Seek another wife,  
Better than I, and fairer ; and let not  
Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her from  
thee.

Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.  
I never sought thy love ; never did aught  
To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,  
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,  
That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.  
Beware, beware of that.

BARTOLOMÉ.

For thy dear sake,  
I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience.

PRECIOSA.

Then take this farewell, and depart in peace.

Thou must not linger here.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Come, come with me.

PRECIOSA.

Hark ! I hear footsteps.

BARTOLOMÉ.

I entreat thee, come !

PRECIOSA.

Away ! It is in vain.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Wilt thou not come ?

PRECIOSA.

Never !

BARTOLOMÉ.

Then woe, eternal woe, upon thee !

Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die.

*[Exit.]*

PRECIOSA.

All holy angels keep me in this hour !

Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me !  
Mother of God, the glorified, protect me !  
Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me !  
Yet why should I fear death ? What is it to  
die ?

To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,  
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,  
All ignominy, suffering, and despair,  
And be at rest for ever ! O, dull heart,  
Be of good cheer ! When thou shalt cease to  
beat,

Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain !

*(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.)*

VICTORIAN.

'T is she ! Behold, how beautiful she stands  
Under the tent-like trees !

HYPOLITO.

A woodland nymph !

VICTORIAN.

I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

T

HYPOLITO.

Be wary.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

VICTORIAN (*disguising his voice*).

Hist! Gipsy!

PRECIOSA (*aside, with emotion*).

That voice! that voice from heaven! O speak  
again!

Who is it calls?

VICTORIAN.

A friend.

PRECIOSA (*aside*).

'T is he! 'T is he!

I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my  
prayer,

And sent me this protector! Now be strong,  
Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here.  
False friend or true?

VICTORIAN.

A true friend to the true;  
Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell fortunes?

PRECIOSA.

Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.

Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

VICTORIAN (*putting a piece of gold into her hand*).

There is the cross.

PRECIOSA.

Is 't silver ?

VICTORIAN.

No, 't is gold.

PRECIOSA.

There 's a fair lady at the Court, who loves you,  
And for yourself alone.

VICTORIAN.

Fie! the old story!

Tell me a better fortune for my money;

Not this old woman's tale!

PRECIOSA.

You are passionate;

And this same passionate humor in your blood

Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now;

The line of life is crossed by many marks.  
Shame ! shame ! O you have wronged the maid  
    who loved you !  
How could you do it ?

VICTORIAN.

    I never loved a maid ;  
For she I loved was then a maid no more.

PRECIOSA.

How know you that ?

VICTORIAN.

    A little bird in the air  
Whispered the secret.

PRECIOSA.

    There, take back your gold !  
Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand !  
There is no blessing in its charity !  
Make her your wife, for you have been abused ;  
And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers.

VICTORIAN (*aside*).

How like an angel's speaks the tongue of woman,

When pleading in another's cause her own! —  
That is a pretty ring upon your finger.  
Pray give it me. (*Tries to take the ring.*)

PRECIOSA.

No ; never from my hand  
Shall that be taken !

VICTORIAN.

Why, 't is but a ring.  
I 'll give it back to you ; or, if I keep it,  
Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.

PRECIOSA.

Why would you have this ring ?

VICTORIAN.

A traveller's fancy,  
A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it  
As a memento of the Gipsy camp  
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller  
Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid.  
Pray, let me have the ring.

PRECIOSA.

No, never ! never !

I will not part with it, even when I die ;  
 But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus,  
 That it may not fall from them. 'T is a token  
 Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

VICTORIAN.

How ? dead ?

PRECIOSA.

Yes ; dead to me ; and worse than dead.  
 He is estranged ! And yet I keep this ring.  
 I will rise with it from my grave hereafter,  
 To prove to him that I was never false.

VICTORIAN (*aside*).

Be still, my swelling heart ! one moment, still !  
 Why, 't is the folly of a love-sick girl.  
 Come, give it me, or I will say 't is mine,  
 And that you stole it.

PRECIOSA.

O, you will not dare  
 To utter such a fiendish lie !

VICTORIAN.

Not dare ?

Look in my face, and say if there is aught  
I have not dared, I would not dare for thee !

*(She rushes into his arms.)*

PRECIOSA.

'T is thou ! 't is thou ! Yes ; yes ; my heart's  
elected !

My dearest-dear Victorian ! my soul's heaven !  
Where hast thou been so long ? Why didst thou  
leave me ?

VICTORIAN.

Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.  
Let me forget we ever have been parted !

PRECIOSA.

Hadst thou not come ——

VICTORIAN.

I pray thee, do not chide me !

PRECIOSA.

I should have perished here among these Gipsies.

VICTORIAN.

Forgive me, sweet ! for what I made thee suffer.

Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,  
 Thou being absent? O, believe it not!  
 Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,  
 For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!  
 Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive me?

PRECIOSA.

I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger  
 Were in the book of Heaven writ down against  
 thee,  
 I had forgiven thee.

VICTORIAN.

I 'm the veriest fool  
 That walks the earth, to have believed thee false  
 It was the Count of Lara ——

PRECIOSA.

That bad man  
 Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not  
 heard ——

VICTORIAN.

I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on!

Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy ;  
 For every tone, like some sweet incantation,  
 Calls up the buried past to plead for me.  
 Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,  
 Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

*(They walk aside.)*

HYPOLITO.

All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,  
 All passionate love scenes in the best romances,  
 All chaste embraces on the public stage,  
 All soft adventures, which the liberal stars  
 Have winked at, as the natural course of things,  
 Have been surpassed here by my friend, the stu-  
 dent,  
 And this sweet Gipsy lass, fair Preciosa !

PRECIOSA.

Señor Hypolito ! I kiss your hand.  
 Pray, shall I tell your fortune ?

HYPOLITO.

Not to-night ;

For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,  
 And send me back to marry maids forlorn,  
 My wedding day would last from now till Christ-  
 mas.

CHISPA (*within*).

What ho ! the Gipsies, ho ! Beltran Cruzado !  
 Halloo ! halloo ! halloo ! halloo !

(*Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.*)

VICTORIAN.

What now ?

Why such a fearful din ? Hast thou been robbed ?

CHISPA.

Ay, robbed and murdered ; and good evening to  
 you,  
 My worthy masters.

VICTORIAN.

Speak ; what brings thee here ?

CHISPA (*to Preciosa*).

Good news from Court ; good news ! Beltran  
 Cruzado,

The Count of the Calés, is not your father,  
But your true father has returned to Spain  
Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gipsy.

VICTORIAN.

Strange as a Moorish tale !

CHISPA.

And we have all  
Been drinking at the tavern to your health,  
As wells drink in November, when it rains.

VICTORIAN.

Where is the gentleman ?

CHISPA.

As the old song says,  
His body is in Segovia,  
His soul is in Madrid.

PRECIOSA.

Is this a dream ? O, if it be a dream,  
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet !  
Repeat thy story ! Say I 'm not deceived !  
Say that I do not dream ! I am awake ;

This is the Gipsy camp ; this is Victorian,  
 And this his friend, Hypolito ! Speak ! speak !  
 Let me not wake and find it all a dream !

VICTORIAN.

It is a dream, sweet child ! a waking dream,  
 A blissful certainty, a vision bright  
 Of that rare happiness, which even on earth  
 Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou rich,  
 As thou wast ever beautiful and good ;  
 And I am now the beggar.

PRECIOSA (*giving him her hand*).

I have still

A hand to give.

CHISPA (*aside*).

And I have two to take.

I 've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven  
 gives almonds

To those who have no teeth. That 's nuts to crack.  
 I 've teeth to spare, but where shall I find al-  
 monds ?

VICTORIAN.

What more of this strange story ?

CHISPA.

Nothing more.

Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the village  
Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,  
The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,  
Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed ;  
And probably they 'll hang her for the crime,  
To make the celebration more complete:

VICTORIAN.

No ; let it be a day of general joy ;  
Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late.  
Now let us join Don Carlos.

HYPOLITO.

So farewell,  
The student's wandering life ! Sweet serenades,  
Sung under ladies' windows in the night,  
And all that makes vacation beautiful !  
To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,

To you, ye radiant visions of romance,  
Written in books, but here surpassed by truth,  
The Bachelor Hypolito returns,  
And leaves the Gipsy with the Spanish Student.

## SCENE VI.

*A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning.  
A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his  
mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.*

## SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,  
Awake and open thy door,  
'T is the break of day, and we must away,  
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,  
But come with thy naked feet;  
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,  
And waters wide and fleet.

*(Disappears down the pass. Enter a Monk. A Shepherd appears on the rocks above.)*

MONK.

Ave Maria, gratia plena. Olá ! good man !

SHEPHERD.

Olá !

MONK.

Is this the road to Segovia ?

SHEPHERD.

It is, your reverence.

MONK.

How far is it ?

SHEPHERD.

I do not know.

MONK.

What is that yonder in the valley ?

SHEPHERD.

San Ildefonso.

MONK.

A long way to breakfast.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, marry.

MONK.

Are there robbers in these mountains ?

SHEPHERD.

Yes, and worse than that.

MONK.

What ?

SHEPHERD.

Wolves.

MONK.

Santa Maria ! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

SHEPHERD.

What wilt thou give me ?

MONK.

An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

*(They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.)*

## SONG.

Worn with speed is my caballo,  
 And I march me hurried, worried ;  
 Onward, caballito mio,  
 With the white star in thy forehead!  
 Onward, for here comes the Ronda,  
 And I hear their rifles crack !  
 Ay, jaléo ! Ay, ay, jaléo !  
 Ay, jaléo ! They cross our track.

*(Song dies away. Enter PRECIOSA, on horseback, attended  
 by VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, and CHISPA,  
 on foot, and armed.)*

## VICTORIAN.

This is the highest point. Here let us rest.  
 See, Preciosa, see how all about us  
 Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains  
 Receive the benediction of the sun !  
 O glorious sight !

## PRECIOSA.

Most beautiful indeed !

▼

HYPOLITO.

Most wonderful !

VICTORIAN.

And in the vale below,  
Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds,  
San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,  
Sends up a salutation to the morn,  
As if an army smote their brazen shields,  
And shouted victory !

PRECIOSA.

And which way lies  
Segovia ?

VICTORIAN.

At a great distance yonder.  
Dost thou not see it ?

PRECIOSA.

No. I do not see it.

VICTORIAN.

The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge.  
There, yonder !

## HYPOLITO.

'T is a notable old town,  
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,  
And an Alcázar, builded by the Moors,  
Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas  
Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. O, many a time  
Out of its grated windows have I looked  
Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma,  
That, like a serpent through the valley creeping,  
Glides at its foot.

## PRECIOSA.

O, yes ! I see it now,  
Yet rather with my heart, than with mine eyes,  
So faint it is. And, all my thoughts sail thither,  
Freighted with prayers and hopes, and forward  
    urged  
Against all stress of accident, as, in  
The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide,  
Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Moun-  
    tains,

And there were wrecked, and perished in the  
sea ! (*She weeps.*)

VICTORIAN.

O gentle spirit ! Thou didst bear unmoved  
Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate !  
But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee  
Melts thee to tears ! O, let thy weary heart  
Lean upon mine ! and it shall faint no more,  
Nor thirst, nor hunger ; but be comforted  
And filled with my affection.

PRECIOSA.

Stay no longer !

My father waits. Methinks I see him there,  
Now looking from the window, and now watching  
Each sound of wheels or foot-fall in the street,  
And saying, " Hark ! she comes ! " O father !  
father !

(*They descend the pass. CHISPA remains behind.*)

CHISPA.

I have a father, too, but he is a dead one.

Alas and alack-a-day ! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither win nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking ; and always as merry as a thunder-storm in the night. And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen ? Patience, and shuffle the cards ! I am not yet so bald, that you can see my brains ; and perhaps, after all, I shall some day go to Rome, and come back Saint Peter. Benedicite ! [Exit.

*(A pause. Then enter BARTOLOMÉ wildly, as if in pursuit, with a carbine in his hand.)*

BARTOLOMÉ.

They passed this way ! I hear their horses' hoofs !

Yonder I see them ! Come, sweet caramillo, This serenade shall be the Gipsy's last !

*(Fires down the pass.)*

Ha ! ha ! Well whistled, my sweet caramillo !

Well whistled! — I have missed her! — O, my  
God!

*(The shot is returned. BARTOLOMÉ falls.)*

## NOTES.



## NOTES.

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Page 10. *As Lope says.*

“ La cólera  
de un Español sentado no se templa,  
sino le representan en dos horas  
hasta el final juicio desde el Génesis.”

*Lope de Vega.*

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Page 17. *Abernuncio Satanas.*

“ Digo, Señora, respondió Sancho, lo que tengo dicho, que de los azotes abernuncio. Abrenuncio, habeis de decir, Sancho, y no como decís, dijo el Duque.”—*Don Quixote*, Part II., ch. 35.

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Page 40. *Fray Carrillo.*

The allusion here is to a Spanish Epigram.

“ Siempre Fray Carrillo estás  
cansándonos acá fuera ;

quien en tu celda estuviera  
para no verte jamas!"

*Böhl de Faber. Floresta, No. 611.*

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Page 41. *Padre Francisco.*

This is from an Italian popular song.

" 'Padre Francesco,  
Padre Francesco!'

— Cosa volete del Padre Francesco —

'V' è una bella ragazzina

Che si vuole confessar!'

Fatte l' entrare, fatte l' entrare!

Che la voglio confessare."

*Kopisch. Volksthümliche Poesien aus allen Mundarten Italiens und seiner Inseln, p. 194.*

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Page 44. *Ave! cujus calcem clare.*

From a monkish hymn of the twelfth century, in Sir Alexander Croke's *Essay on the Origin, Progress, and Decline of Rhyming Latin Verse*, p. 109.

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Page 59. *The gold of the Busné.*

Busné is the name given by the Gipsies to all who are not of their race.

Page 62. *Count of the Calés.*

The Gipsies call themselves Calés. See Borrow's valuable and extremely interesting work, *The Zincoli; or an Account of the Gipsies in Spain.* London, 1841.

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Page 70. *Asks if his money-bags would rise.*

“ ¡Y volviéndome á un lado, ví á un Avariento, que estaba preguntando á otro, (que por haber sido embalsamado, y estar léxos sus tripas no hablaba, porque no habian llegado si habian de resucitar aquel dia todos los enterrados) si resucitarian unos bolsones suyos! ” — *El Sueño de las Calaveras.*

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Page 70. *And amen! said the Cid Campeador.*

A line from the ancient *Poema del Cid.*

“ Amen, dixo Mic Cid el Campeador.”

Line 3044.

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Page 72. *The river of his thoughts.*

This expression is from Dante;

“ Si che chiaro

Per essa scenda della mente il fiume.”

Byron has likewise used the expression ; though I do not recollect in which of his poems.

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Page 74. *Mari Franca.*

A common Spanish proverb, used to turn aside a question one does not wish to answer ;

“ Porque casó Mari Franca  
 quatro leguas de Salamanca.”

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Page 76. *Ay, soft, emerald eyes.*

The Spaniards, with good reason, consider this color of the eye as beautiful, and celebrate it in song ; as, for example, in the well known *Villancico* ;

“ Ay ojuelos verdes,  
 ay los mis ojuelos,  
 ay hagan los cielos  
 que de mí te acuerdes !

. . . . .

Tengo confianza  
 de mis verdes ojos.”

*Böhl de Faber. Floresta, No. 255.*

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds. *Purgatorio*, xxxi. 116. Lami says, in his *Annotazioni*, “ Era-

no i suoi occhi d' un turchino verdiccio, simile a quel del mare.”

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Page 79. *The Avenging Child.*

See the ancient Ballads of *El Infante Vengador*, and *Calaynos*.

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Page 80. *All are sleeping.*

From the Spanish. *Böhl's Floresta*, No. 282.

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Page 110. *Good night.*

From the Spanish ; as are likewise the songs immediately following, and that which commences the first scene of Act III.

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Page 143. *The evil eye.*

“ In the Gitano language, casting the evil eye is called *Querelar nasula*, which simply means making sick, and which, according to the common superstition, is accomplished by casting an evil look at people, especially children, who, from the tenderness of their constitution, are supposed to be more easily blighted than those of a more

mature age. After receiving the evil glance, they fall sick, and die in a few hours.

“The Spaniards have very little to say respecting the evil eye, though the belief in it is very prevalent, especially in Andalusia, amongst the lower orders. A stag’s horn is considered a good safeguard, and on that account a small horn, tipped with silver, is frequently attached to the children’s necks by means of a cord braided from the hair of a black mare’s tail. Should the evil glance be cast, it is imagined that the horn receives it, and instantly snaps asunder. Such horns may be purchased in some of the silversmiths’ shops at Seville.”

BORROW’S *Zincali*. Vol. I. ch. ix.

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Page 144. *On the top of a mountain I stand.*

This and the following scraps of song are from Borrow’s *Zincali*; or an Account of the Gipsies in Spain.

The Gipsy words in the same scene may be thus interpreted :

*John-Dorados*, pieces of gold.

*Pigeon*, a simpleton.

*In your morocco*, stripped.

*Doves*, sheets.

*Moon*, a shirt.

*Chirelin*, a thief.

*Murcigalleros*, those who steal at night-fall.

*Rastilleros*, foot-pads.

*Hermit*, highway-robber.

*Planets*, candles.

*Commandments*, the fingers.

*Saint Martin asleep*, to rob a person asleep.

*Lanterns*, eyes.

*Goblin*, police officer.

*Papagayo*, a spy.

*Vineyards and Dancing John*, to take flight.

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Page 166. *If thou art sleeping, maiden.*

From the Spanish ; as is likewise the song of the Contrabandista on page 169.

END.









