bravest of foes, 'Twere better like them to die, And in honored earth to lie, Than hear, unresented, rece

(Court Arnheim and Arline betray symptoms of astonishment, yet great anxiety.)

proaches like those. Start not, but listen!

“When the fair land of Poland”

Aria.

Allegro marziale grandioso.

Thaddeus.

When the fair land of Poland was plough'd by the hoof of the
ruthless invader, when Might, With steel to the bosom, and

flame to the roof, Completed her triumph o'er Right, In that

moment of danger, when Freedom invoked All the fettered sons of her

pride, In a phalanx as dauntless as Freedom's every child, I

poco meno mosso

fought and bled by her side. My birth is noble, un-
stain'd my crest As is thine own: let this attest! My

birth is noble, un-stain'd my crest As is thine own, as is thine own; let this attest!

test! (Takes his commission, seen in Act I, from his bosom, and gives it to

Larghetto cantabile.

the Count, who stands fixed and bewildered.)

Thaddeus. p e dolce

Pity for one in childhood torn From kindred with whom she
dwell,
Rip-en'd in after-years to love,
The

fond-est that heart hath felt,
Has made me, thus far,

faith re-new
With out-laws chance first link'd me to.
As a

fee,
on this head let your ha-tred be pill'd,
But de-

spise not one who hath so lov'd your child;
As a foe on this head let your
hatred be pild, But des-pise not one who hath so lov'd your child,
col canto

Poco più mosso.
Count (greatly moved). 3

des-pise not one who hath so lov'd your child. The feuds of a

Poco più mosso.

na-tion's strife, The par-ty storms of

life, Should never their sor-rows impart To the

calm-er scenes of the heart. By this hand let thine.