Don Francisco

A-las! Impatient fa-ther that I am! No sign as yet from o'er the wa-ter

To tell the com-ing of my daugh-ter. p.dolciss.

The day with lead-en feet is creep-ing.
While my impatient heart is leaping.

(Don Francisco comes down)

molto dim e rall.
Oh child of love, oh child of grace, I see in thee thy mother's face, And

like a perfume rare Her gentle spirit fills the air. My

Poco piu mosso

Barbara, my Barbara, my Barbara, my Barbara!
When as a youth I led my bride O'er mountain-chain and ocean-tide,

We dreamed a-while to here remain,

A-far from our beloved Spain: When as a youth

I led my bride!
We wandered o'er this is-land bow'r,
And found herein a per-fect flow'r;
It was a mes-sage from a-bove,
To bless the u-nion.
of our love. The flow'r she
gave to me, my bride;
A winsome rose, our joy, our pride.
Tempo I

Oh child of love, oh child of grace! I see in thee thy mother's face, and,

like a perfume rare Her gentle spirit fills the air: My

Barbara, my Barbara, my Barbara!
(off stage)

Pico

Alvarado  A - iél!

A

Castro

Kagama  A - iél!

K.

A - iél!