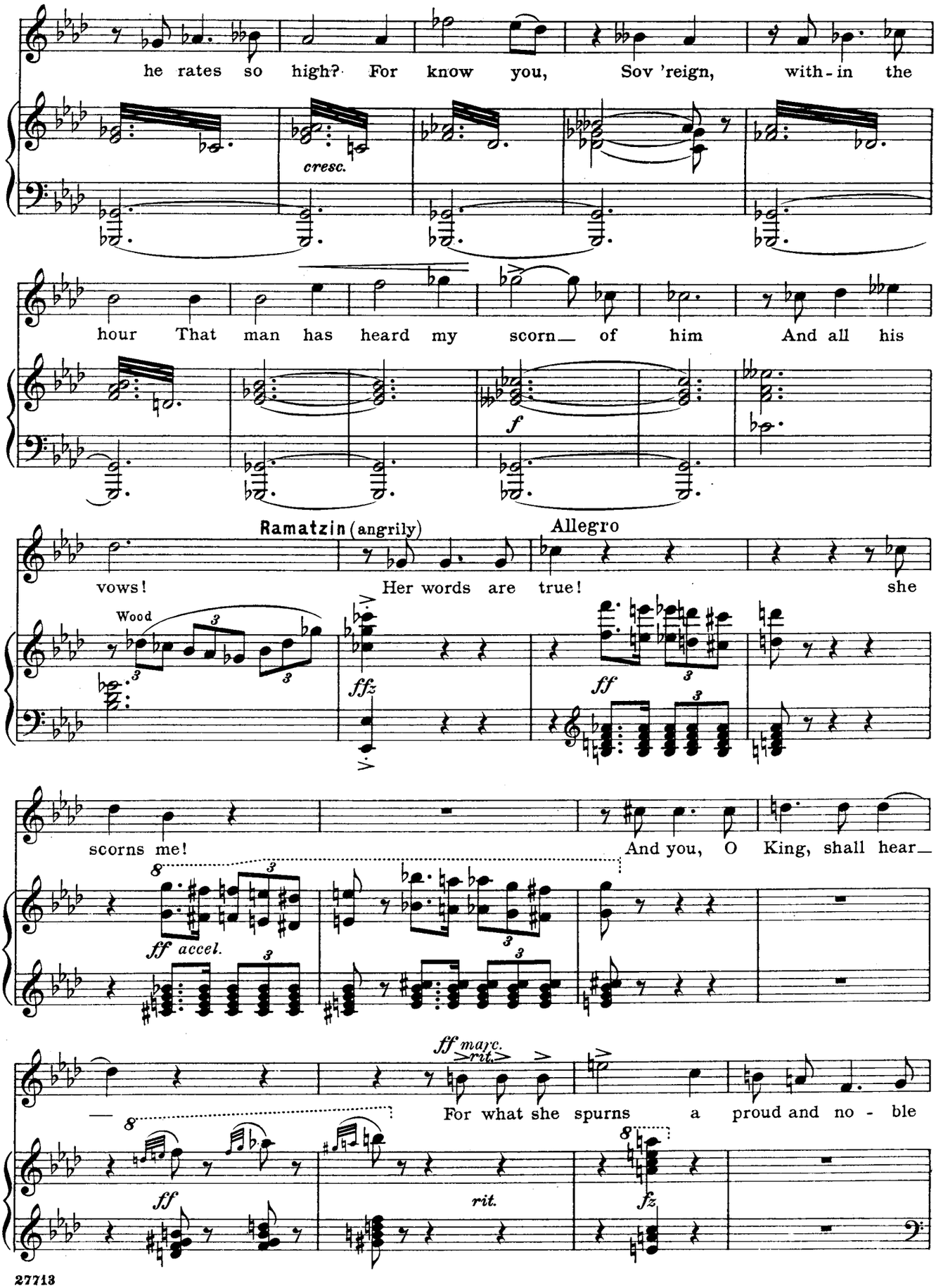
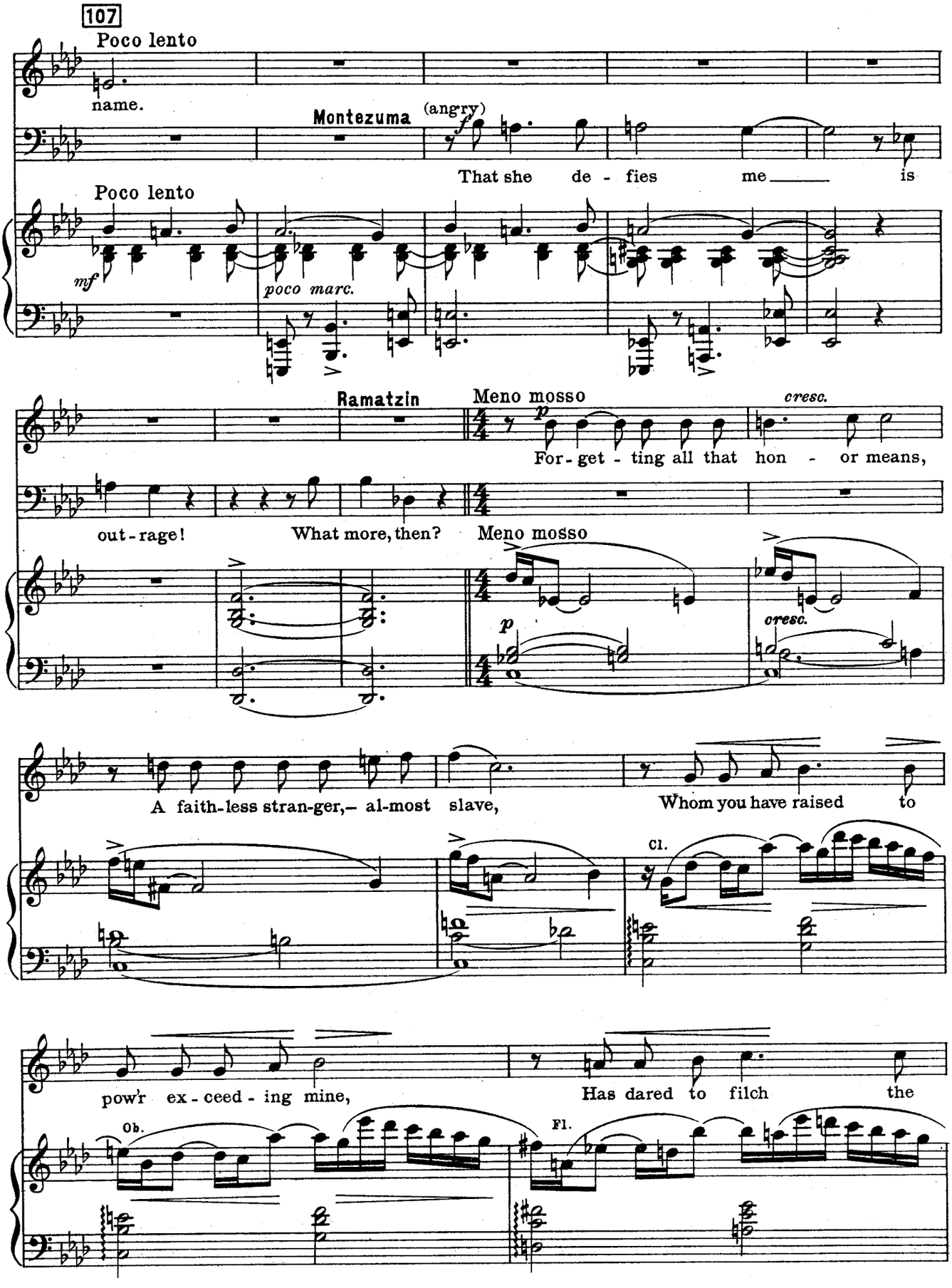
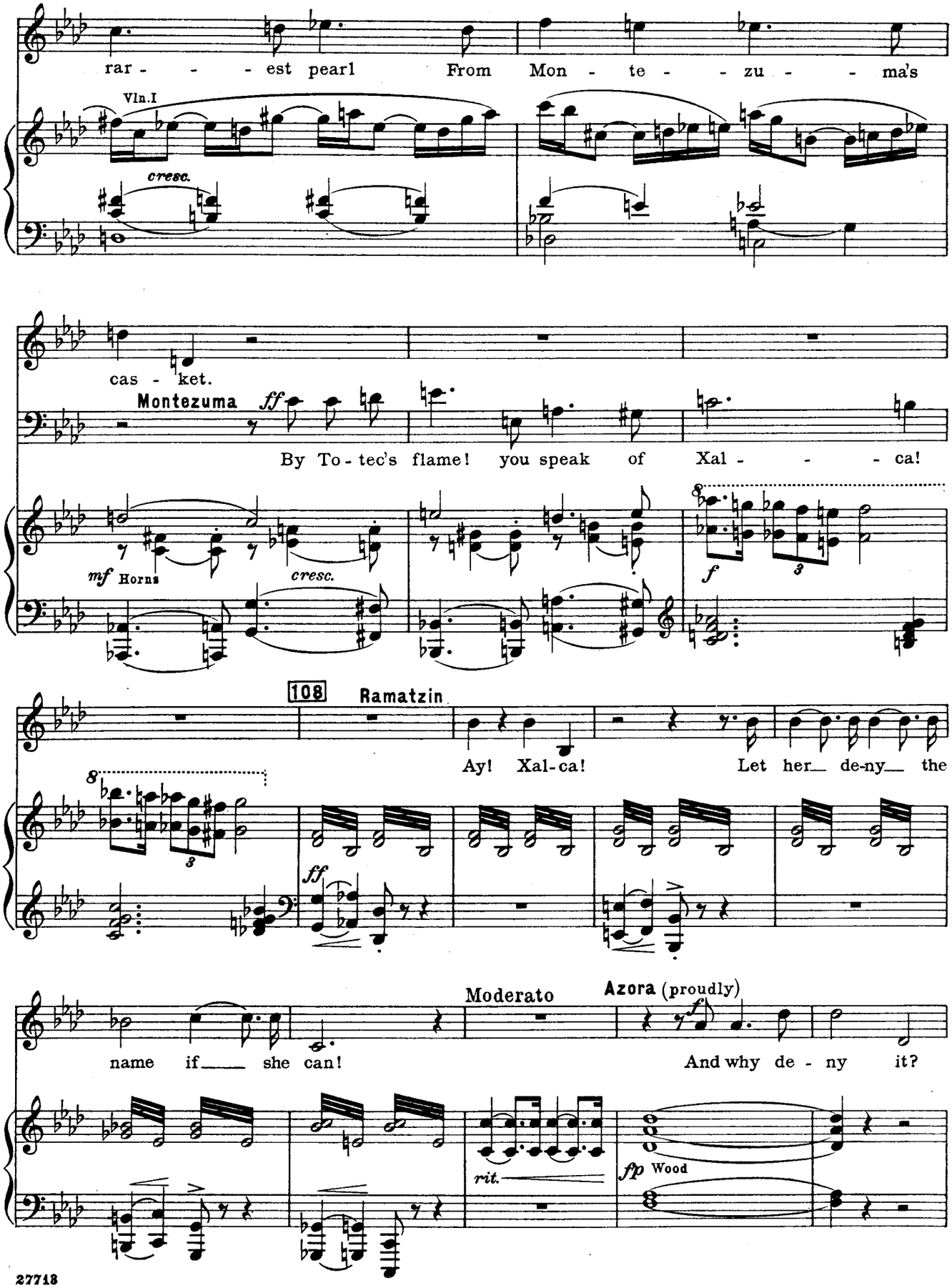
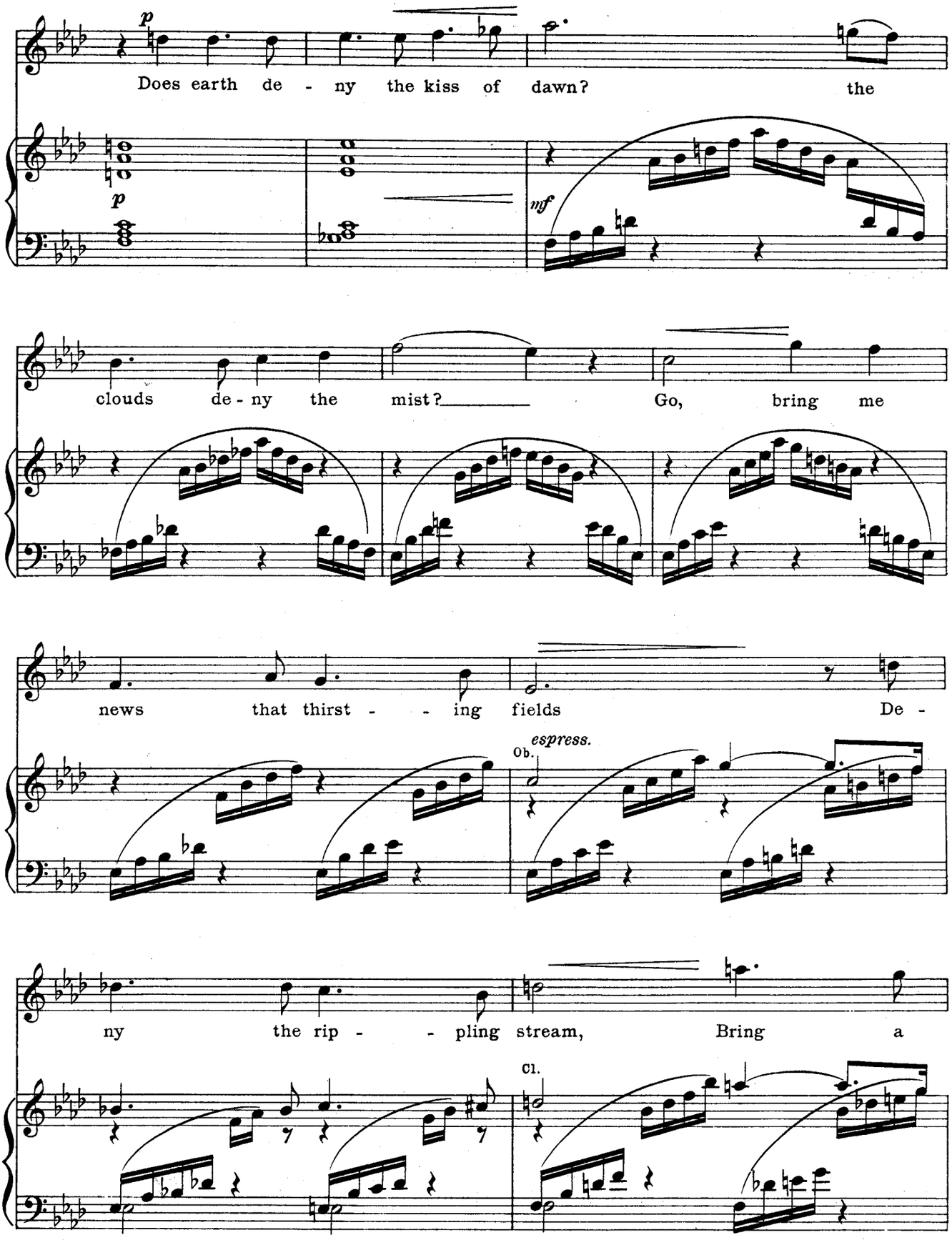
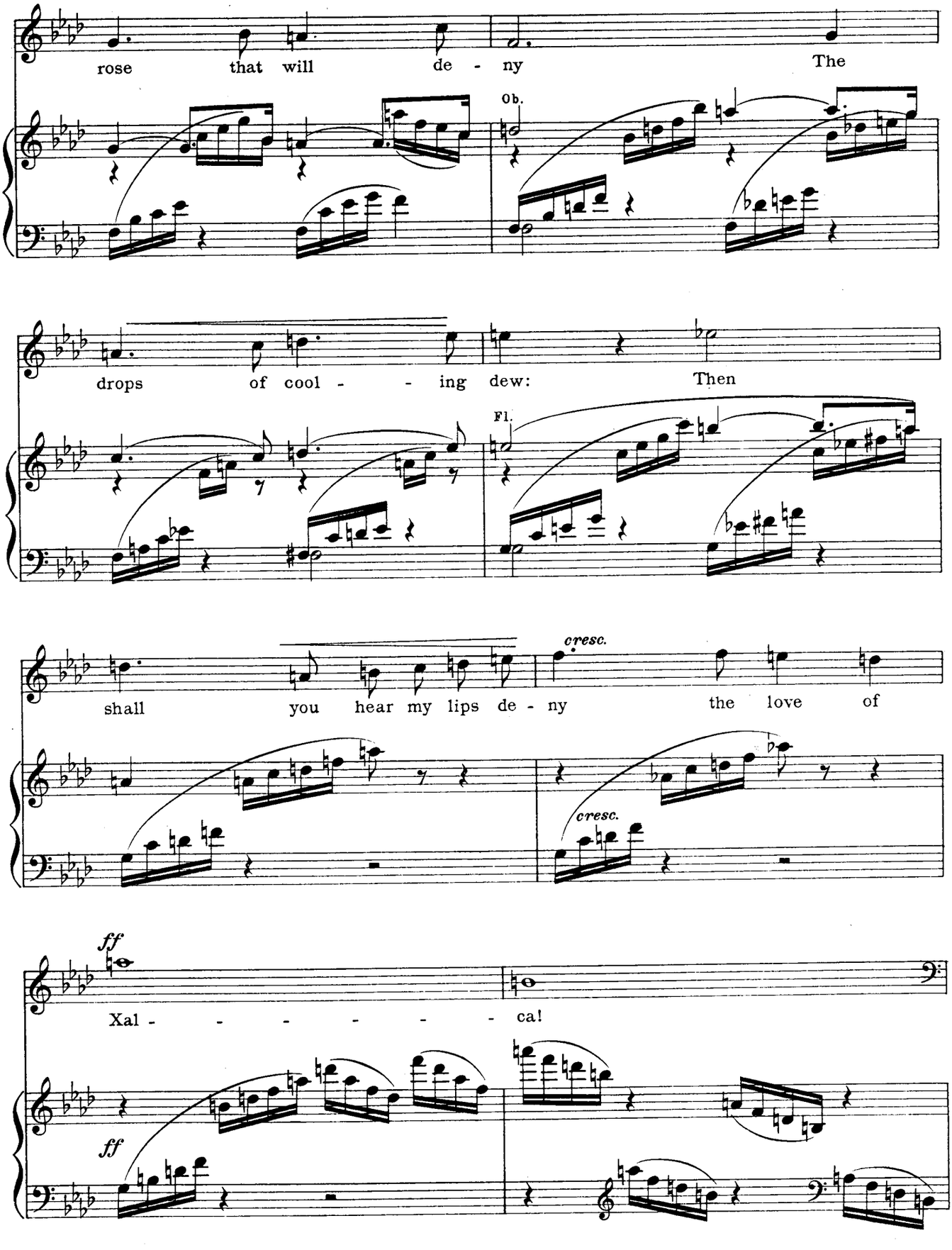

he rates so high? For know you, Sov 'reign, with - in the
cresc.
hour That man has heard my scorn_ of him And all his
f
Ramatzin (angrily)
Allegro
vows! Her words are true! she
Wood
ffz
ff
scorns me! And you, O King, shall hear_
ff accel.
ff marc.
rit.
For what she spurns a proud and no - ble
ff
rit.
fz


107
Poco lento
name.
Montezuma
(angry)
That she de - fies me is
Poco lento
mf
poco marc.
Ramatzin
Meno mosso
cresc.
For - get - ting all that hon - or means,
out - rage!
What more, then?
Meno mosso
p
cresc.
A faith-less stran-ger,– al-most slave,
Whom you have raised to
Cl.
pow'r ex - ceed - ing mine,
Has dared to filch the
Ob.
Fl.


rar - - - est pearl From Mon - te - - zu - - ma's
Vln.I
cresc.
cas - ket.
Montezuma
ff
By To - tec's flame! you speak of Xal - - - ca!
mf Horns
cresc.
f
108
Ramatzin
Ay! Xal-ca! Let her de-ny the
ff
Moderato
Azora (proudly)
name if she can!
And why de - ny it?
rit.
fp Wood


p
Does earth de - ny the kiss of dawn? the
p
mf
clouds de - ny the mist? Go, bring me
news that thirst - - ing fields De -
espress.
Ob.
ny the rip - - pling stream, Bring a
Cl.


rose that will de - ny The
Ob.
drops of cool - - ing dew: Then
Fl.
shall you hear my lips de - ny the love of
cresc.
cresc.
ff
Xal - - - - - - ca!
ff

109 Più allegro

Montezuma

What trea-son do I hear! Is this my child— whose tongue can ut-ter words That set my

Str.

Trbs.

Azora

rit.

There is no shame in

will at naught? Whose eyes meet mine as though she knew not shame?

rit.

Più moderato

ho - - - ly love!

Montezuma

f accel.

No more! Prate not of love— o-bey my will!

mf

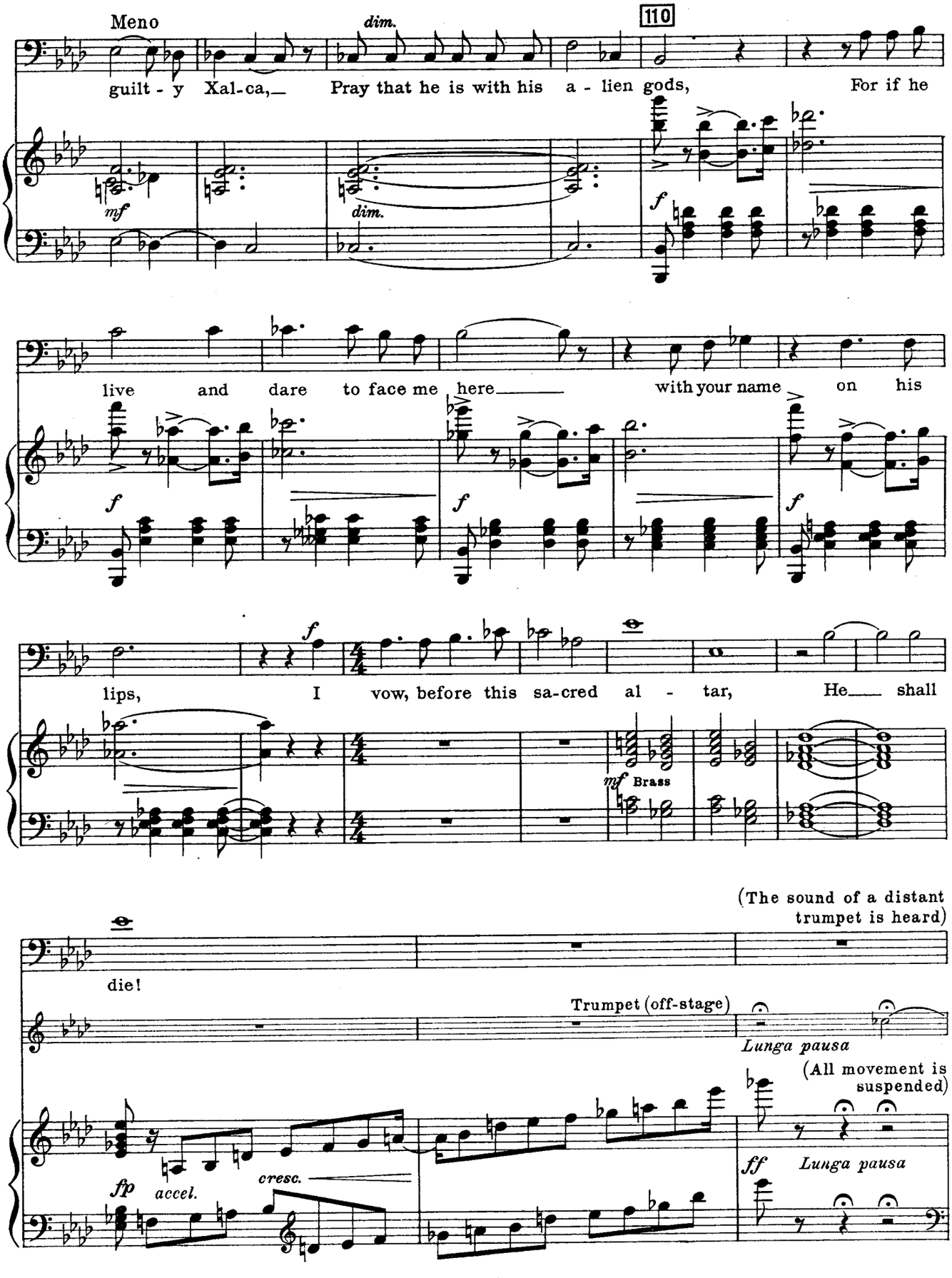
As for the

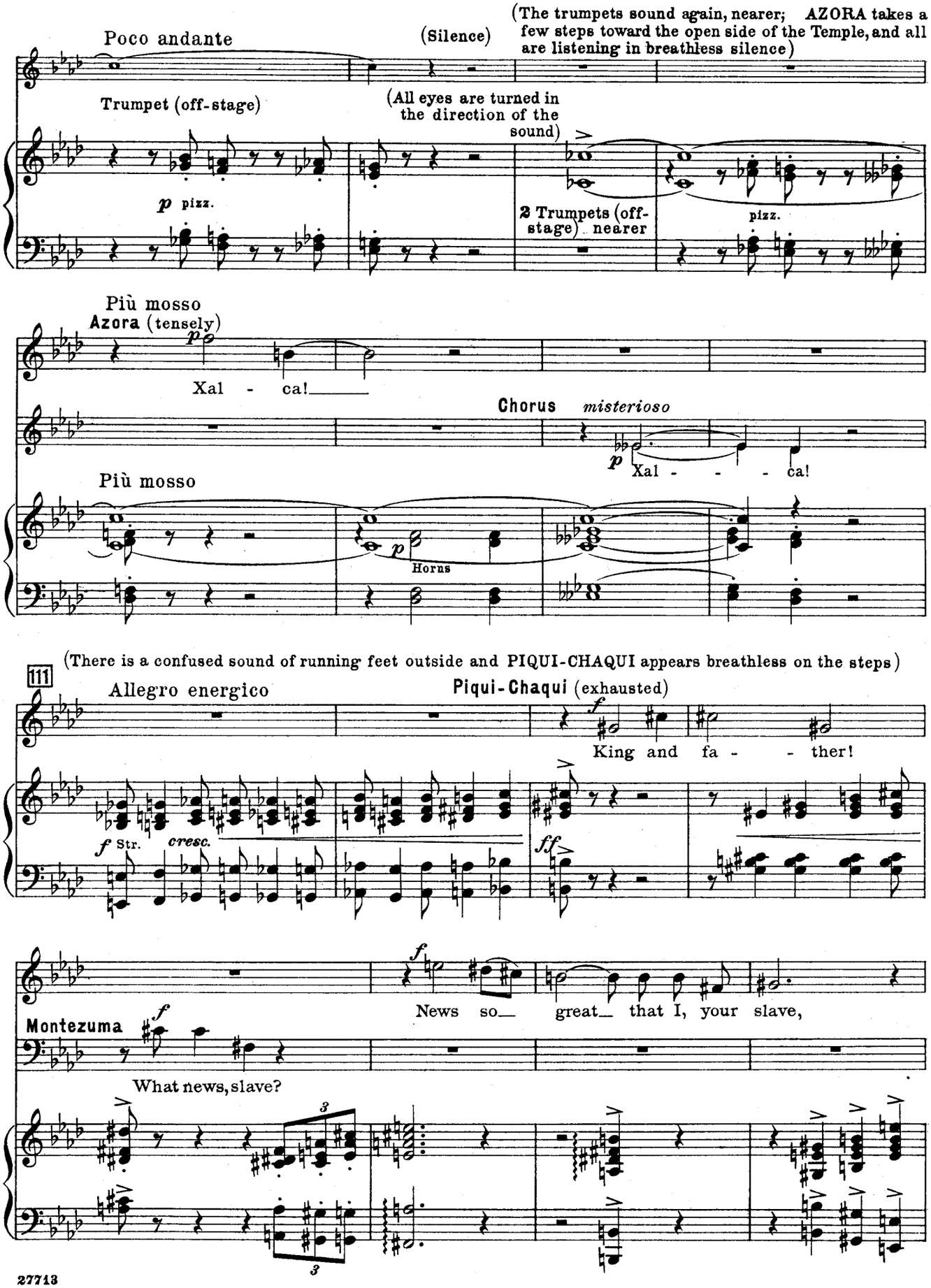
accel.

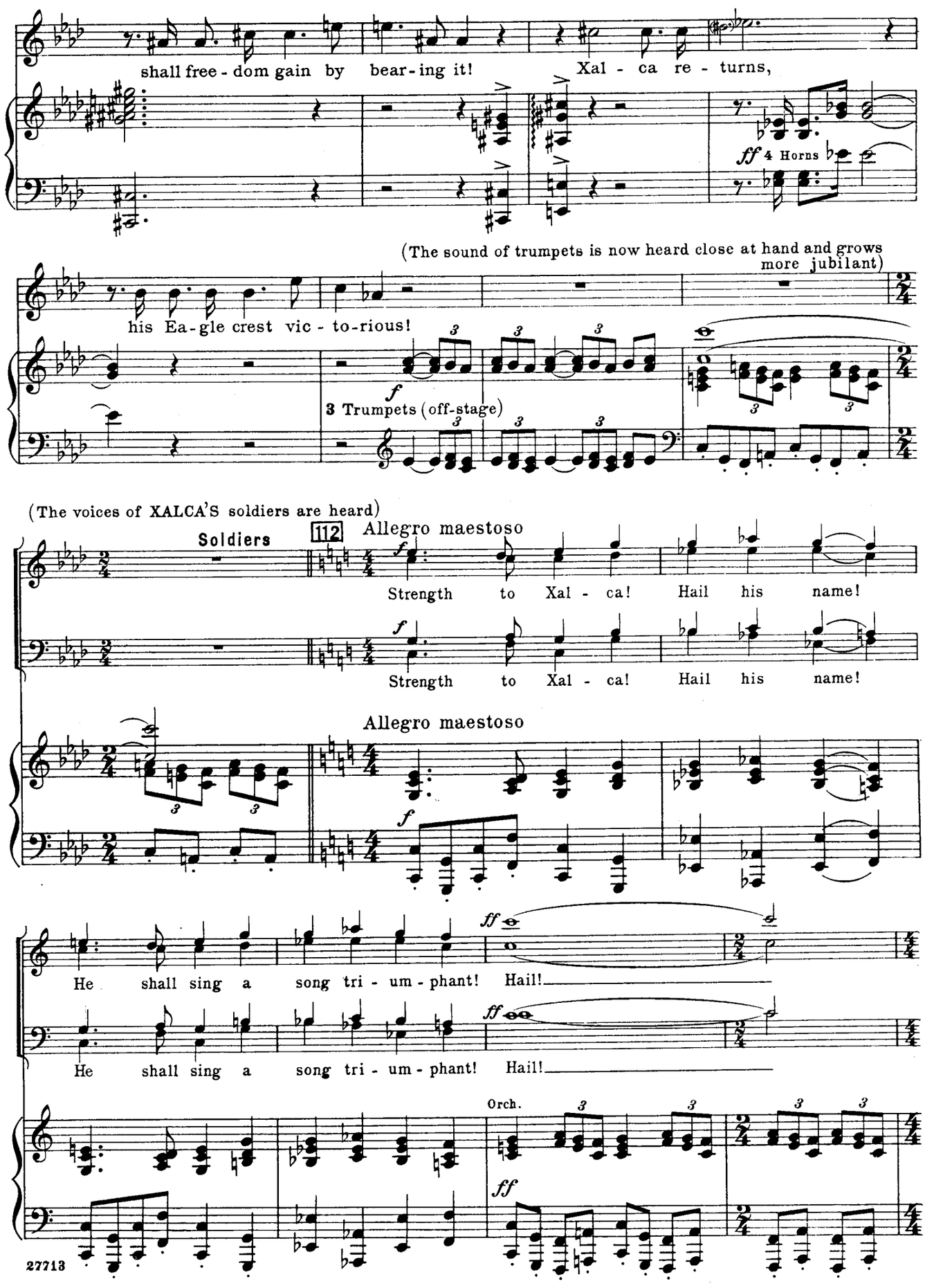
fz

p

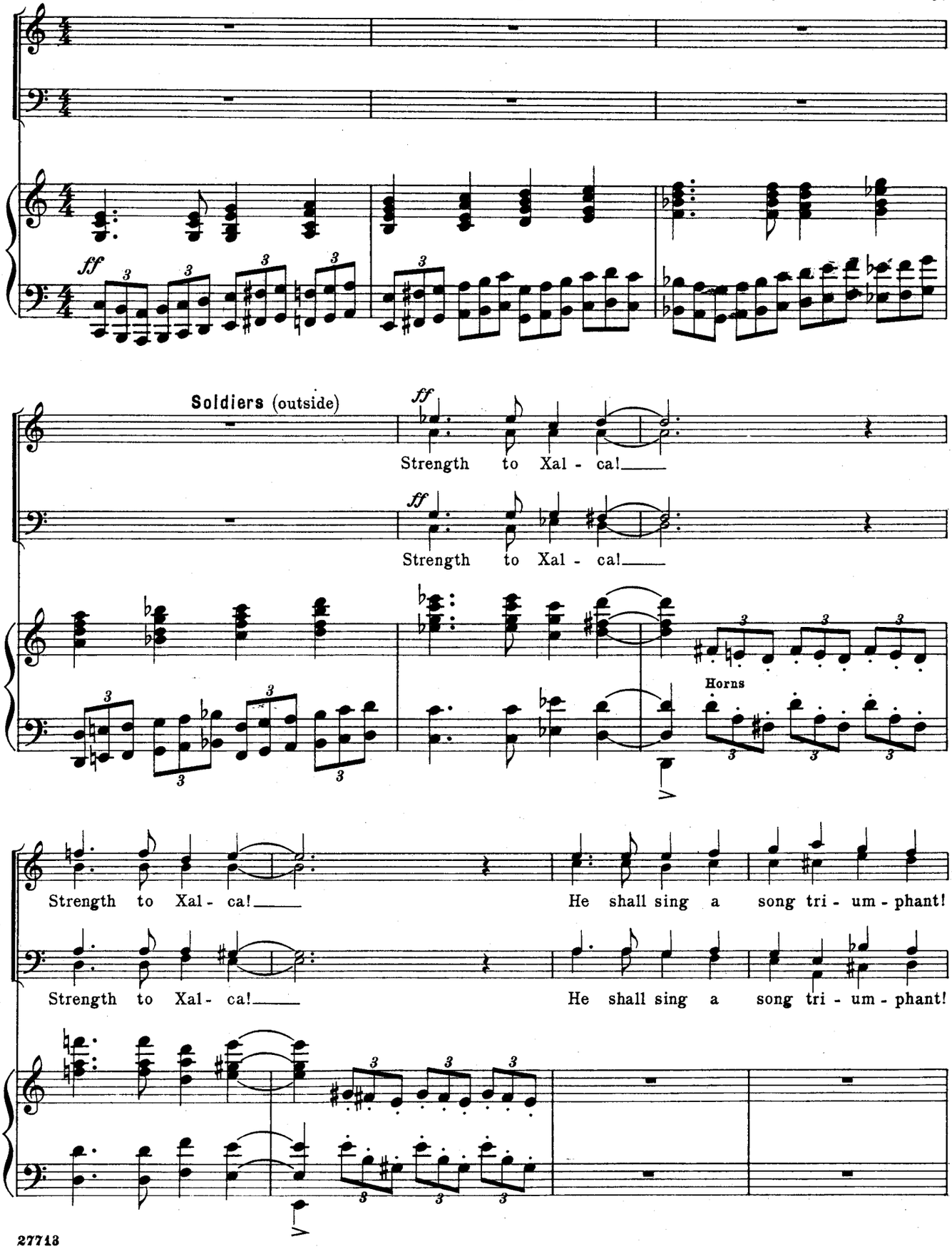
ff

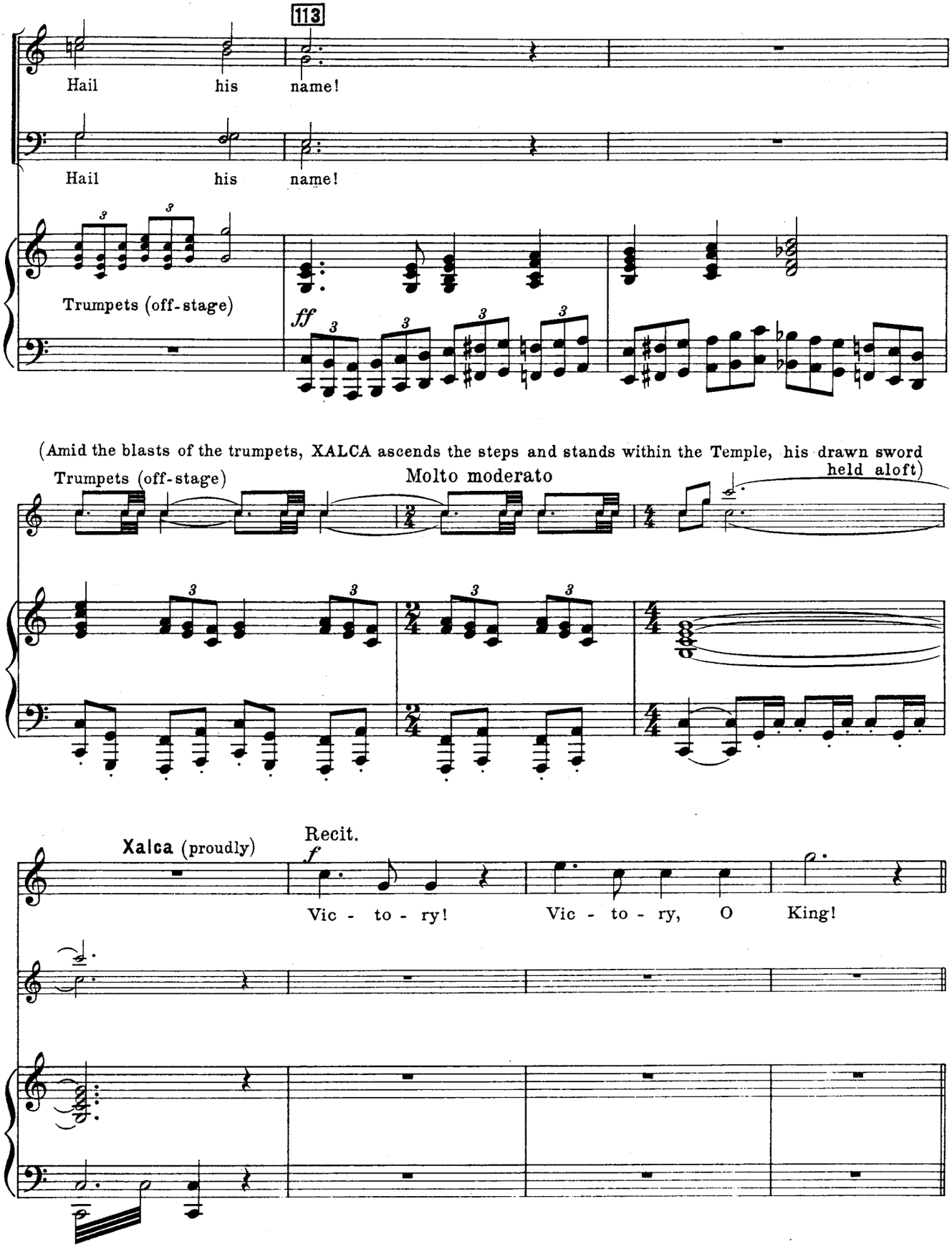

Meno
dim.
110
guilt - y Xal-ca,_ Pray that he is with his a - lien gods, For if he
mf
dim.
f
live and dare to face me here_____ with your name on his
f
f
f
lips, I vow, before this sa-cred al - tar, He___ shall
f
mf Brass
(The sound of a distant trumpet is heard)
die!
Trumpet (off-stage)
Lunga pausa
(All movement is suspended)
fp accel.
cresc.
ff Lunga pausa

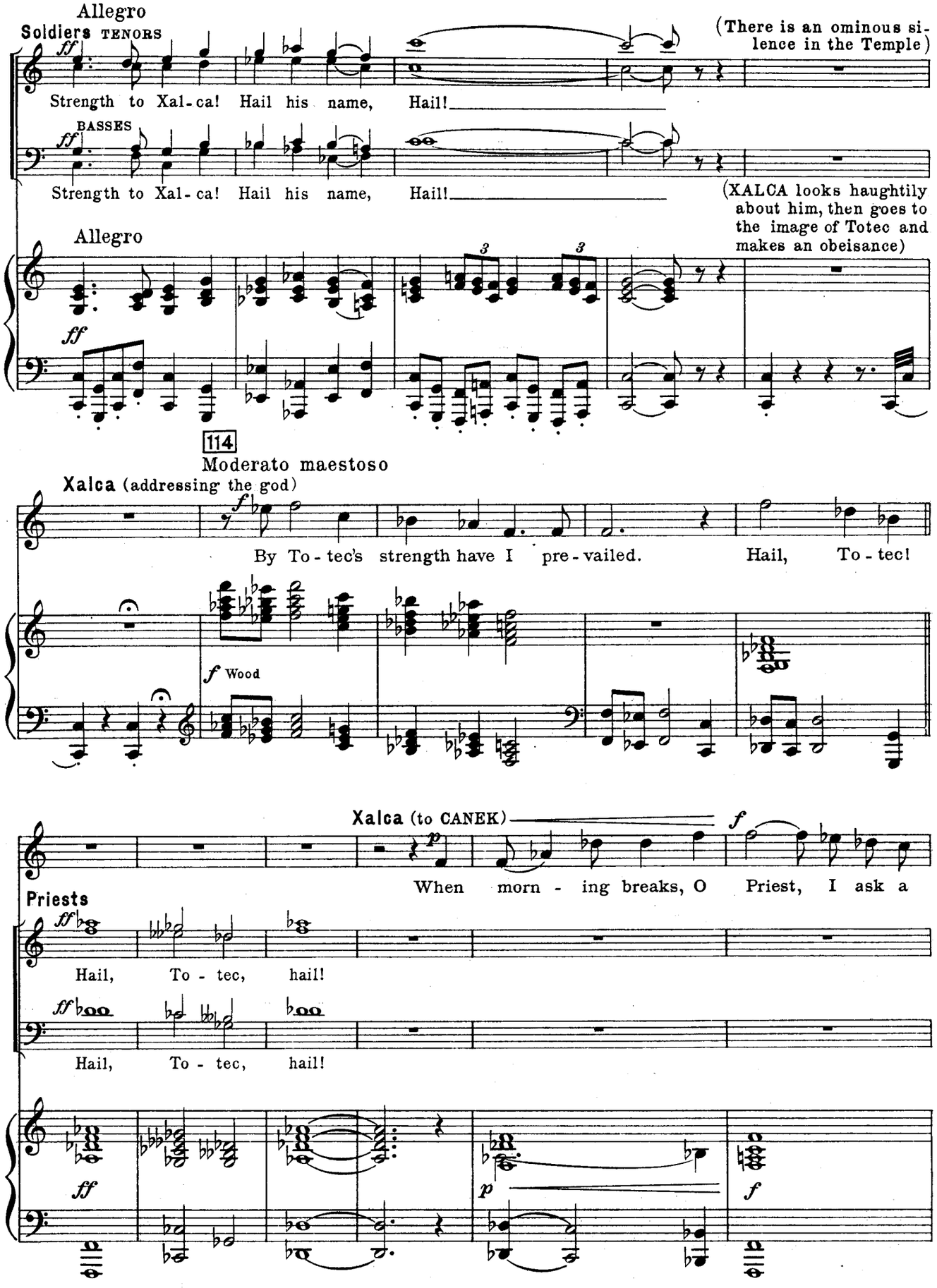

Poco andante
(Silence)
(The trumpets sound again, nearer; AZORA takes a few steps toward the open side of the Temple, and all are listening in breathless silence)
Trumpet (off-stage)
(All eyes are turned in the direction of the sound)
p pizz.
2 Trumpets (off-stage) nearer
pizz.
Più mosso
Azora (tensely)
p
Xal - ca!
Chorus misterioso
p
Xal - - - ca!
Più mosso
p
Horns
(There is a confused sound of running feet outside and PIQUI-CHAQUI appears breathless on the steps)
111
Allegro energico
Piqui-Chaqui (exhausted)
f
King and fa - - ther!
f Str.
cresc.
ff
f
News so— great— that I, your slave,
Montezuma
f
What news, slave?
3
3

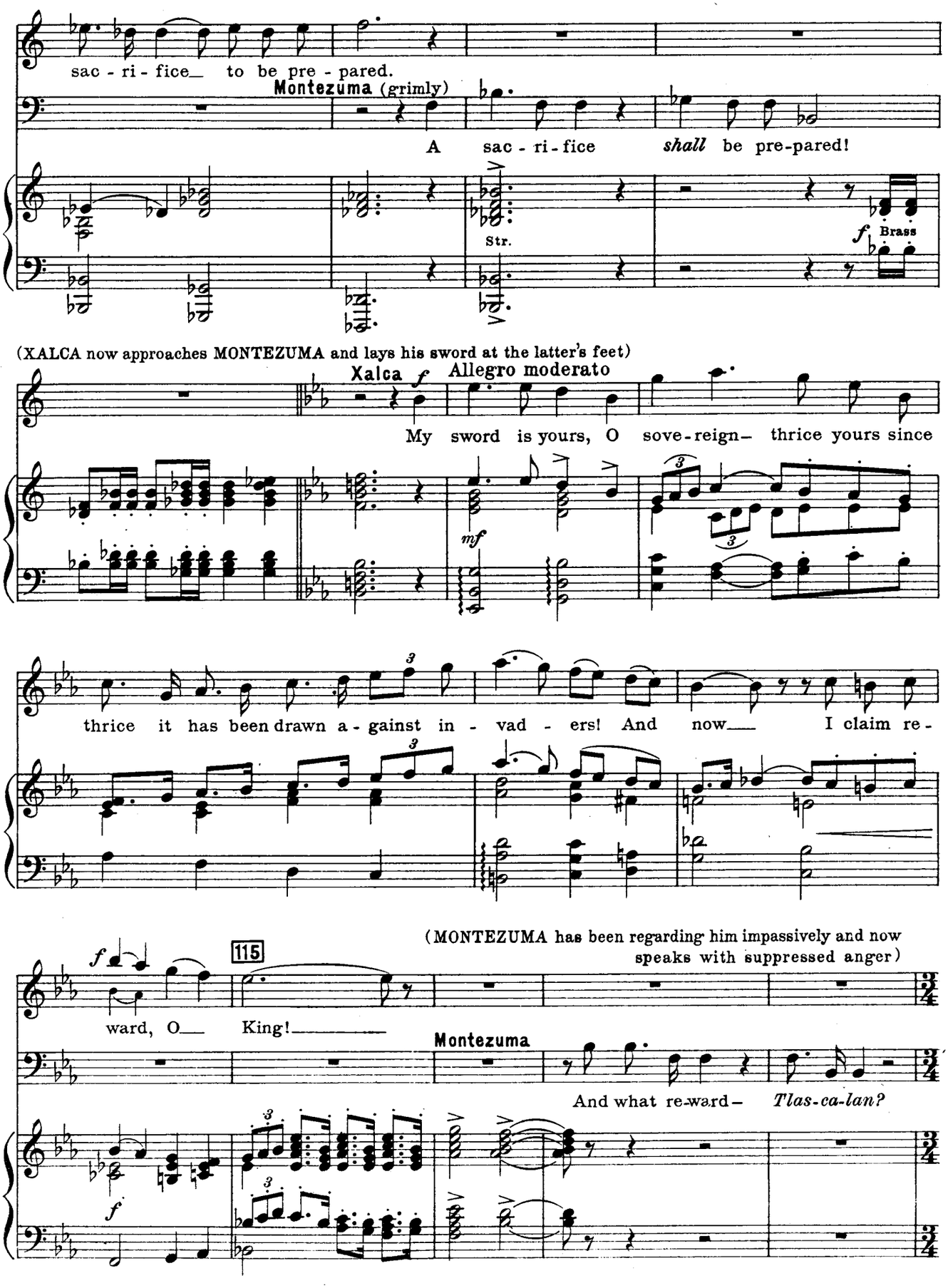

shall free - dom gain by bear - ing it!
Xal - ca re - turns,
ff 4 Horns
(The sound of trumpets is now heard close at hand and grows more jubilant)
his Ea - gle crest vic - to-rious!
f
3 Trumpets (off-stage)
(The voices of XALCA'S soldiers are heard)
Soldiers
112
Allegro maestoso
Strength to Xal - ca! Hail his name!
Strength to Xal - ca! Hail his name!
Allegro maestoso
He shall sing a song tri - um - phant! Hail!
He shall sing a song tri - um - phant! Hail!
Orch.
27713

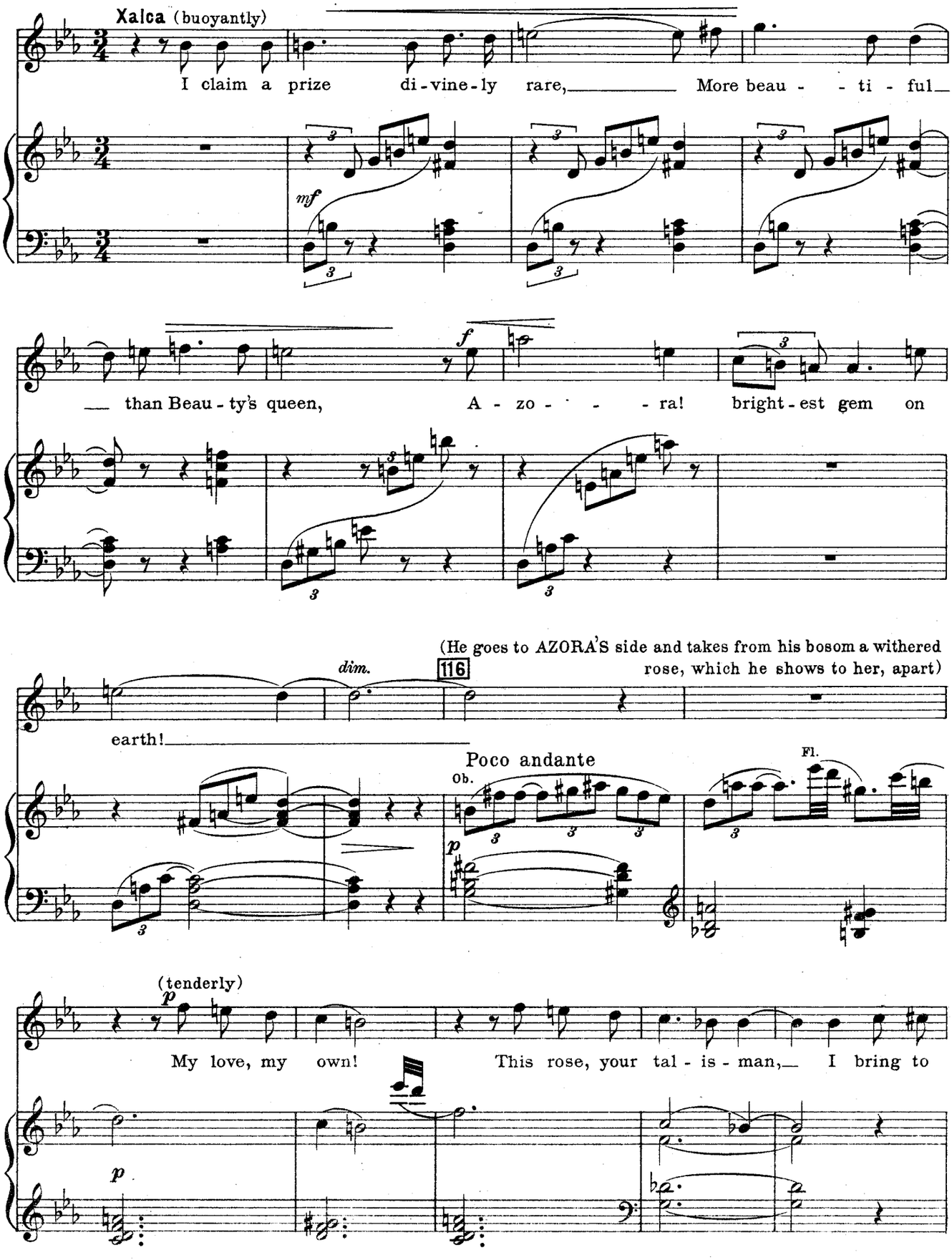
(AZORA is uplifted with joy. MONTEZUMA is sternly expectant. Suppressed excitement pervades the assembly)

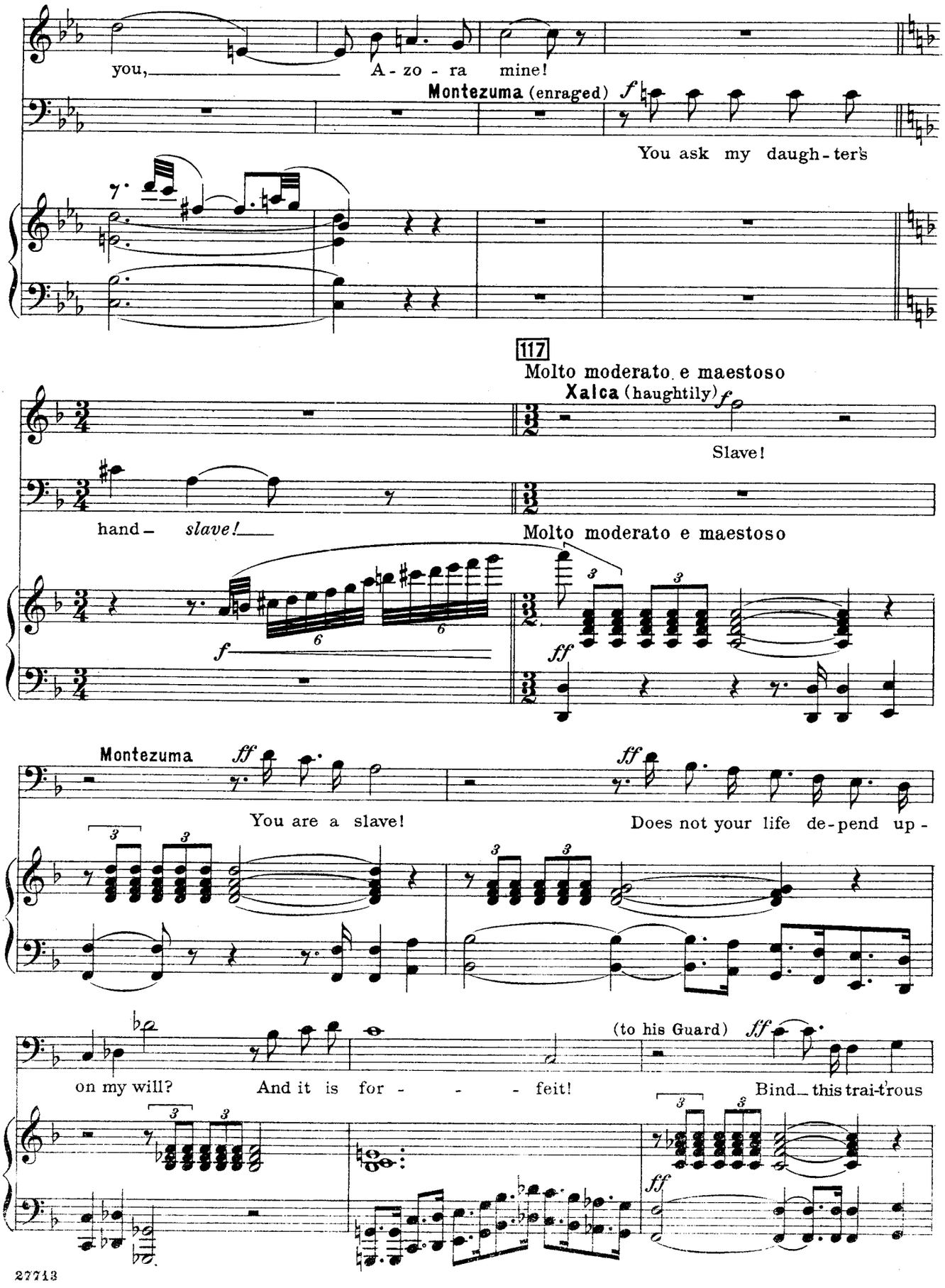


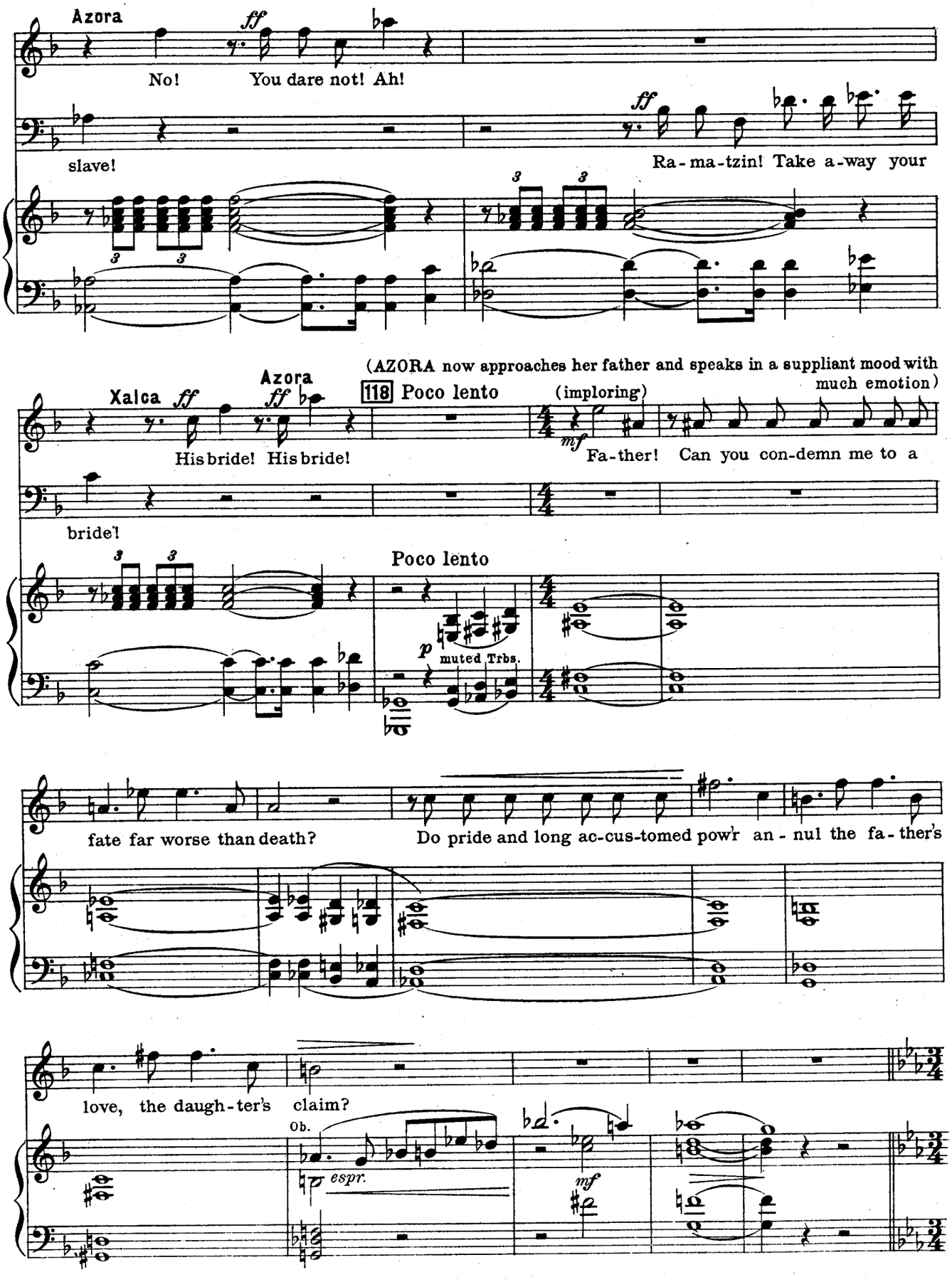

113
Hail his name!
Hail his name!
Trumpets (off-stage)
ff
(Amid the blasts of the trumpets, XALCA ascends the steps and stands within the Temple, his drawn sword held aloft)
Trumpets (off-stage)
Molto moderato
Xalca (proudly)
Recit.
f
Vic - to - ry!
Vic - to - ry, O King!

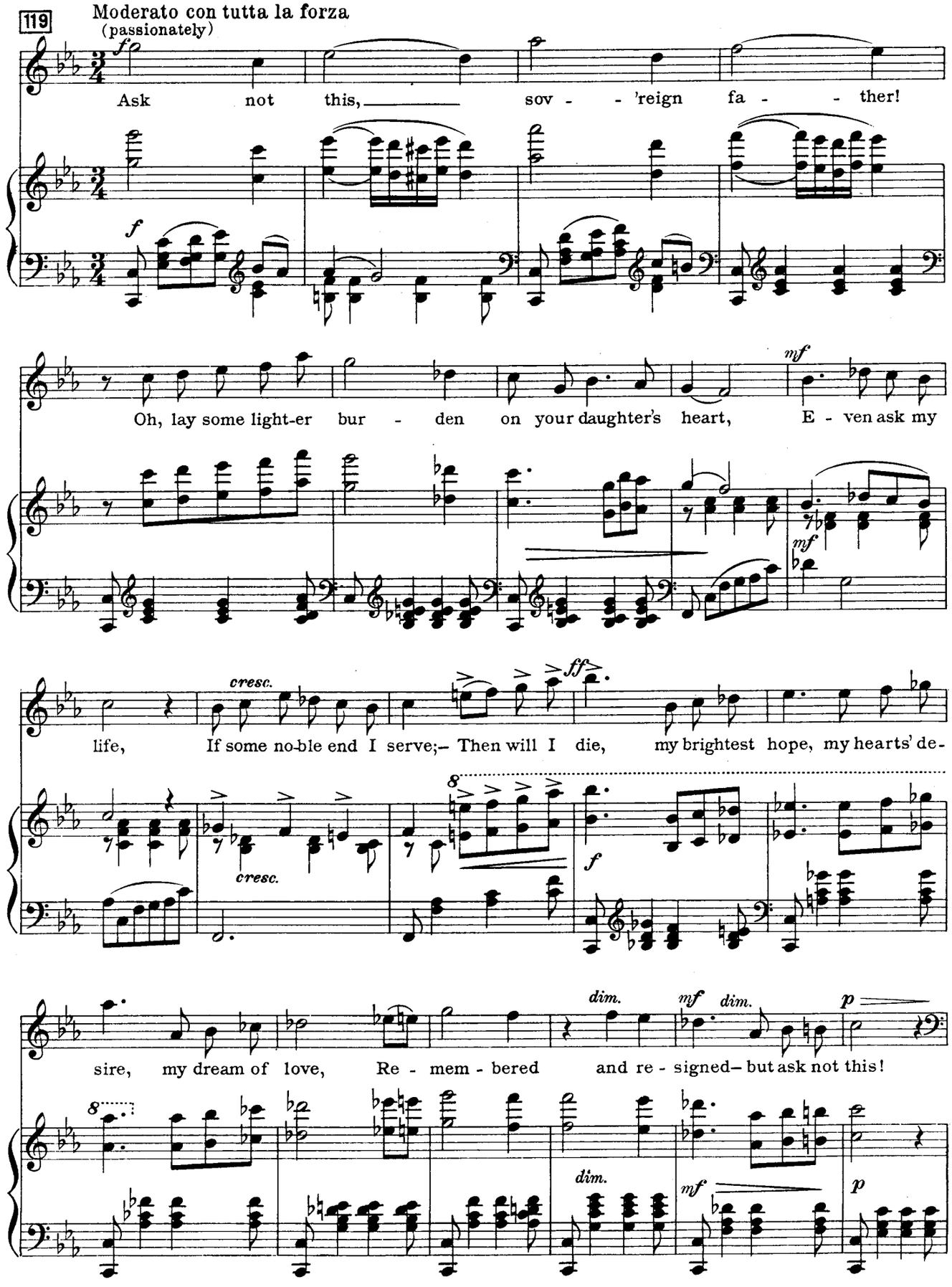

Allegro
Soldiers TENORS
ff
Strength to Xal-ca! Hail his name, Hail!
(There is an ominous silence in the Temple)
BASSES
ff
Strength to Xal-ca! Hail his name, Hail!
(XALCA looks haughtily about him, then goes to the image of Totec and makes an obeisance)
Allegro
ff
114
Moderato maestoso
Xalca (addressing the god)
f
By To-tec's strength have I pre-vailed. Hail, To-tec!
f Wood
Xalca (to CANEK)
p
f
When morn-ing breaks, O Priest, I ask a
Priests
ff
Hail, To-tec, hail!
ff
Hail, To-tec, hail!
ff
p
f


sac - ri - fice_ to be pre - pared.
Montezuma (grimly)
A sac - ri - fice shall be pre-pared!
Str.
f Brass
(XALCA now approaches MONTEZUMA and lays his sword at the latter's feet)
Xalca f Allegro moderato
My sword is yours, O sove-reign– thrice yours since
mf
thrice it has been drawn a - gainst in - vad - ers! And now_ I claim re -
(MONTEZUMA has been regarding him impassively and now speaks with suppressed anger)
f
115
ward, O_ King!_
Montezuma
And what re-ward– Tlas-ca-lan?
f


Xalca (buoyantly)
I claim a prize di-vine-ly rare, More beau - - ti - ful
mf
than Beau-ty's queen, A - zo - - - - ra! bright-est gem on
f
(He goes to AZORA'S side and takes from his bosom a withered rose, which he shows to her, apart)
dim.
116
earth!
Poco andante
Ob.
Fl.
p
(tenderly)
p
My love, my own! This rose, your tal - is - man, I bring to
p


you, A - zo - ra mine!
Montezuma (enraged)
You ask my daugh - ter's
117
Molto moderato e maestoso
Xalca (haughtily)
Slave!
hand - slave!
Molto moderato e maestoso
Montezuma
You are a slave!
Does not your life de - pend up -
on my will?
And it is for - - - feit!
(to his Guard)
Bind this trai-t'rous


Azora
ff
No! You dare not! Ah!
slave!
ff
Ra-ma-tzin! Take a-way your
(AZORA now approaches her father and speaks in a suppliant mood with much emotion)
Xalca
ff
His bride! His bride!
Azora
ff
118 Poco lento
(imploring)
mf
Fa-ther! Can you con-demn me to a
bride!
Poco lento
p
muted Trbs.
fate far worse than death?
Do pride and long ac-cus-tomed pow'r an-nul the fa-ther's
love, the daugh-ter's claim?
Ob.
espr.
mf


119
Moderato con tutta la forza
(passionately)
fo
Ask not this, sov - 'reign fa - ther!
f
Oh, lay some light-er bur - den on your daughter's heart, E - ven ask my
mf
life, If some no-ble end I serve;– Then will I die, my brightest hope, my hearts' de-
cresc.
ff
f
sire, my dream of love, Re - mem - bered and re - signed– but ask not this!
dim.
mf
p

Più moto

Montezuma

f

I'll hear no more! No long-er slight my com - mand; Ra - ma - tzin claims his

f

Azora (in anger) *ff*

Then let him take me – if he can!

ff Largamente

Bride am I to

bride!

Largamente

Str.

ff

ff

Trb.

(XALCA starts forward; she stops him)

(She turns proudly to the others)

none but Xal-ca! No! the quar-rel's mine! I

tr

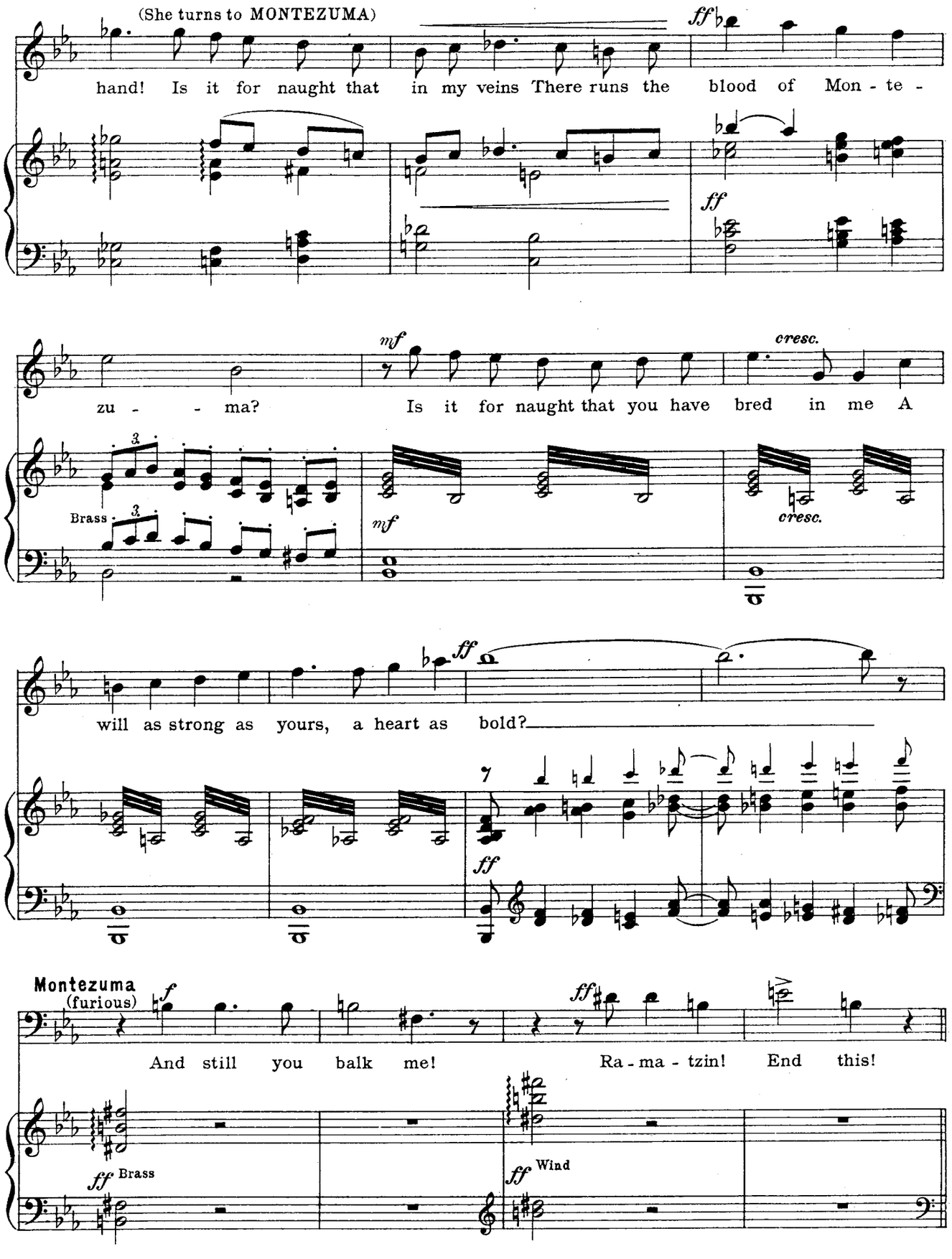
Tpts.

120 Allegro moderato

f (defiantly)

choose a Prince of Tlas - ca - la, and on him I be-stow my roy - al

f


(She turns to MONTEZUMA)
hand! Is it for naught that in my veins There runs the blood of Mon - te -
ff
ff
zu - - ma? Is it for naught that you have bred in me A
mf
cresc.
Brass
mf
cresc.
will as strong as yours, a heart as bold?
ff
ff
Montezuma
(furious)
f
And still you balk me!
ff
Ra - ma - tzin! End this!
ff Brass
ff Wind

121 (RAMATZIN moves forward toward AZORA. She halts him with an imperious gesture)

Azora

f Stand!

Allegro con fuoco

f *ff* *ff*

f I will end it! (She takes a

ff

dagger from her girdle)

Recit. (menacingly)

And if he dare to lay his hand on me, He

ff *l. h.*

(She proceeds with growing intensity)

dies by mine!

ff Stopped Horns

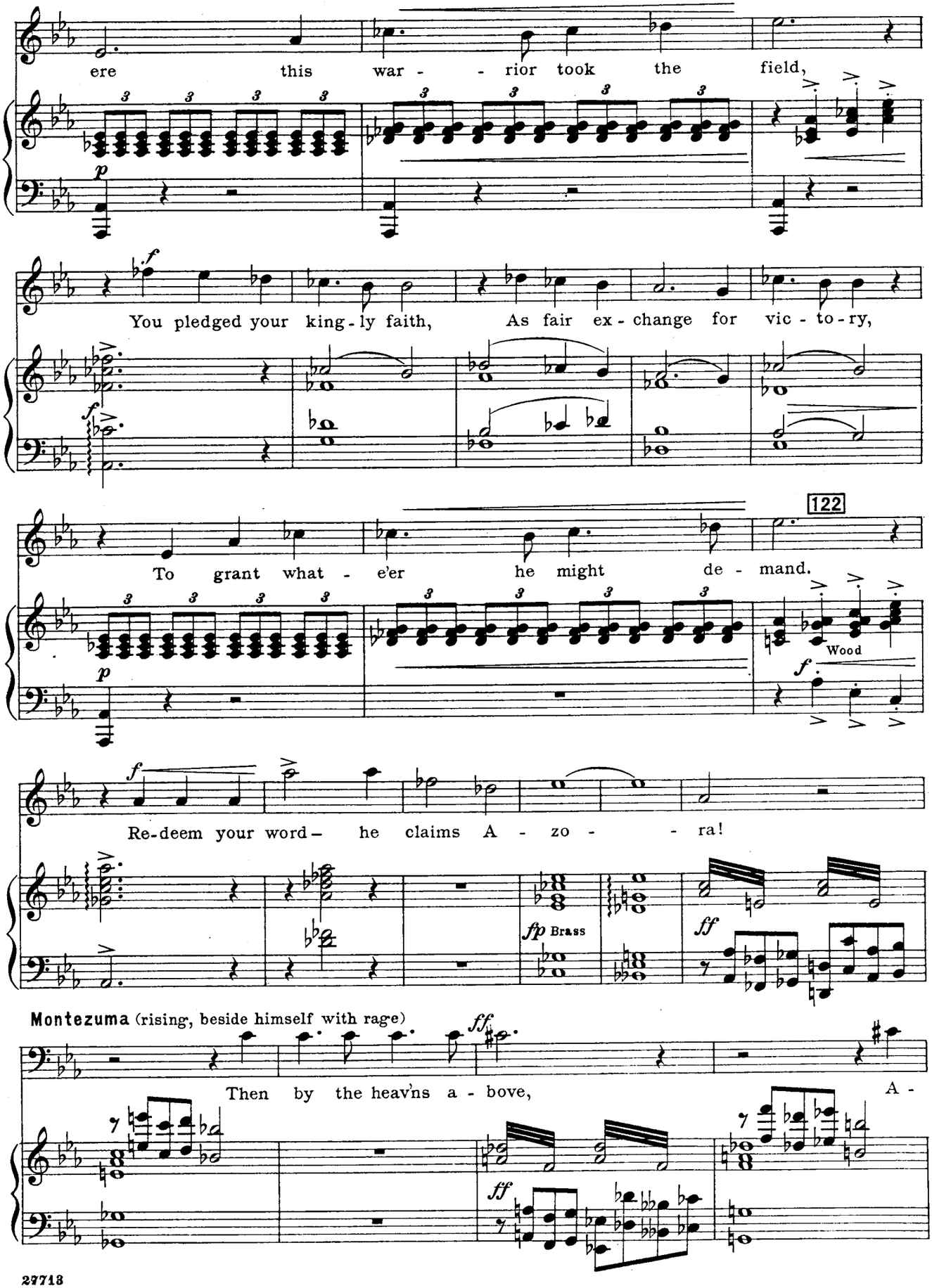
ff

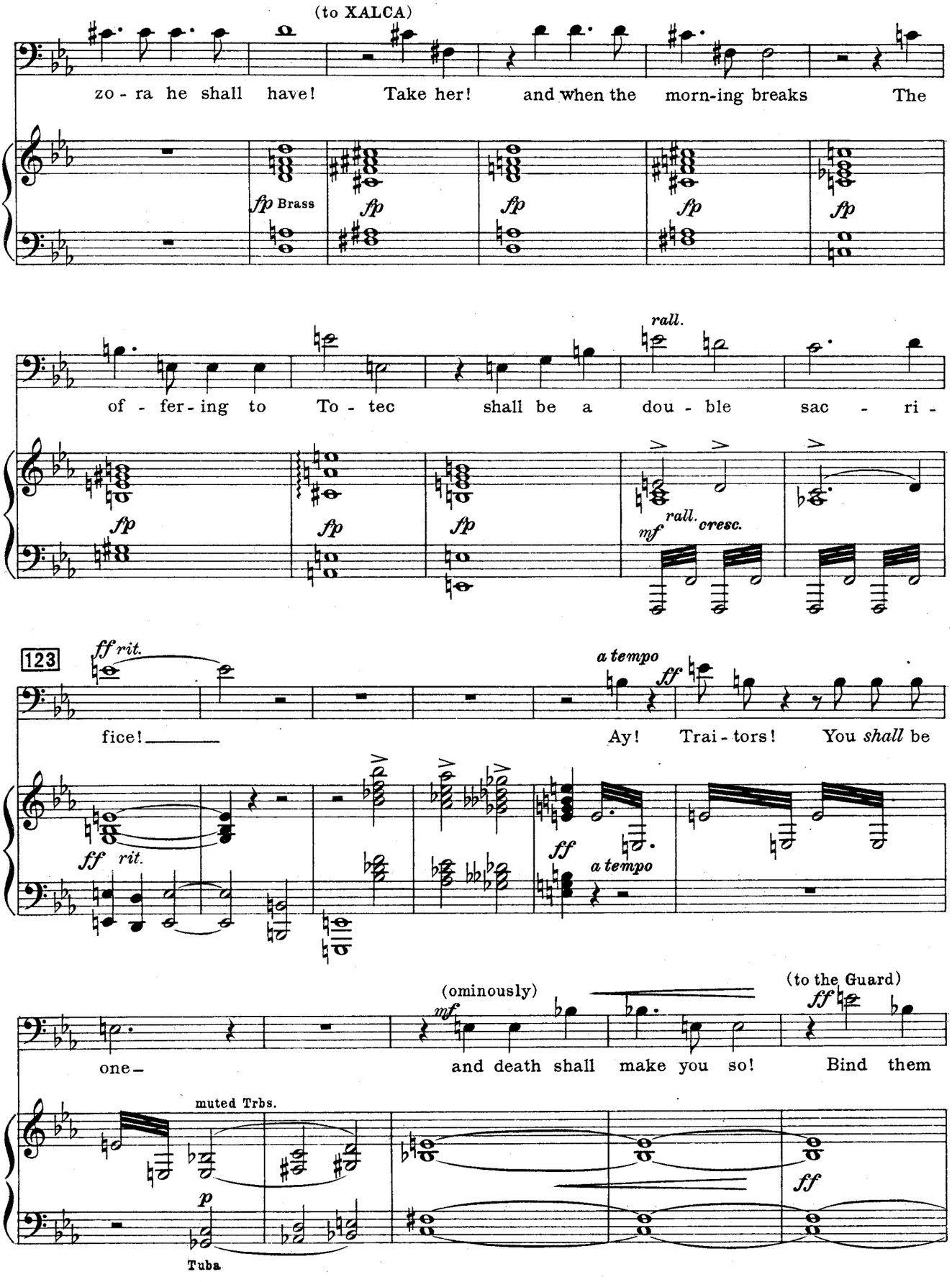
ff Thrice have I de - clared that I will wed no man but

Xal - ca! I keep my prom - is - es! But

mf

ff Str.

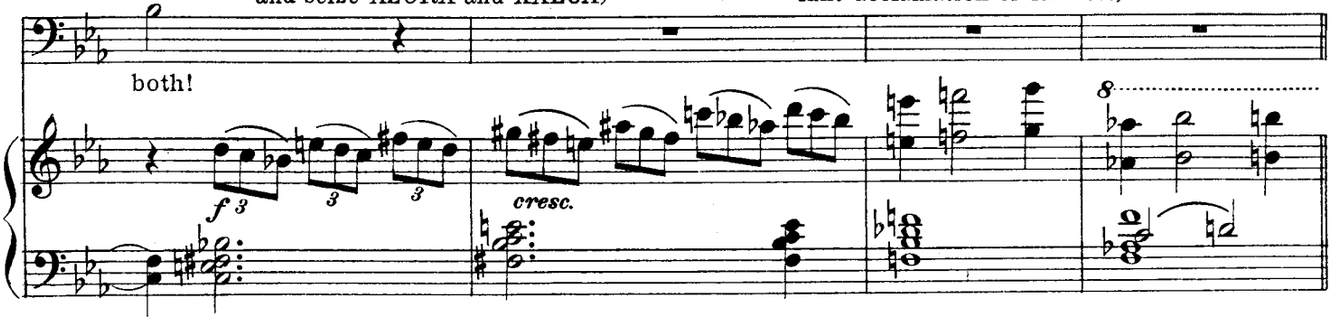

ere this war - - rior took the field,
You pledged your king - ly faith, As fair ex - change for vic - to - ry,
122
To grant what - e'er he might de - mand.
Wood
Re-deem your word – he claims A - zo - - ra!
fp Brass
Montezuma (rising, beside himself with rage)
Then by the heav'ns a - bove, A -


(to XALCA)
zo - ra he shall have! Take her! and when the morn-ing breaks The
fp Brass
fp
fp
fp
fp
rall.
of - fer - ing to To - tec shall be a dou - ble sac - ri -
fp
fp
fp
mf rall. cresc.
123
ff rit.
fice!
a tempo
ff
Ay! Trai - tors! You shall be
ff rit.
ff
a tempo
(ominously)
mf
one –
and death shall make you so!
(to the Guard)
ff
Bind them
muted Trbs.
p
Tuba
ff

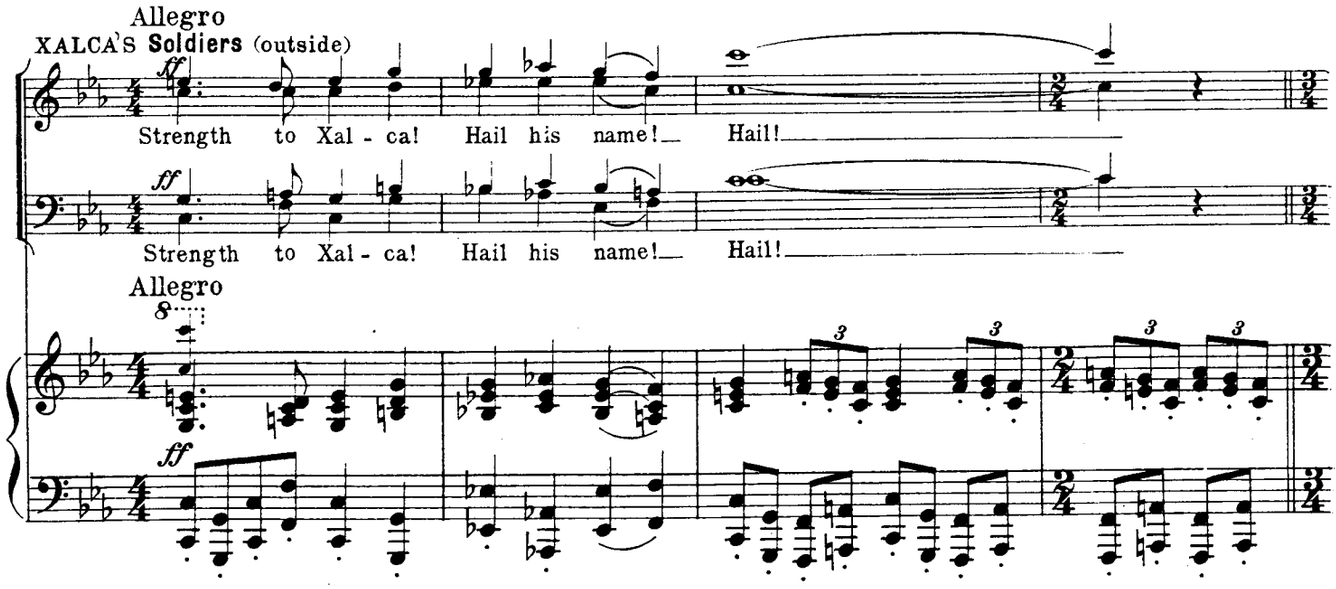
124

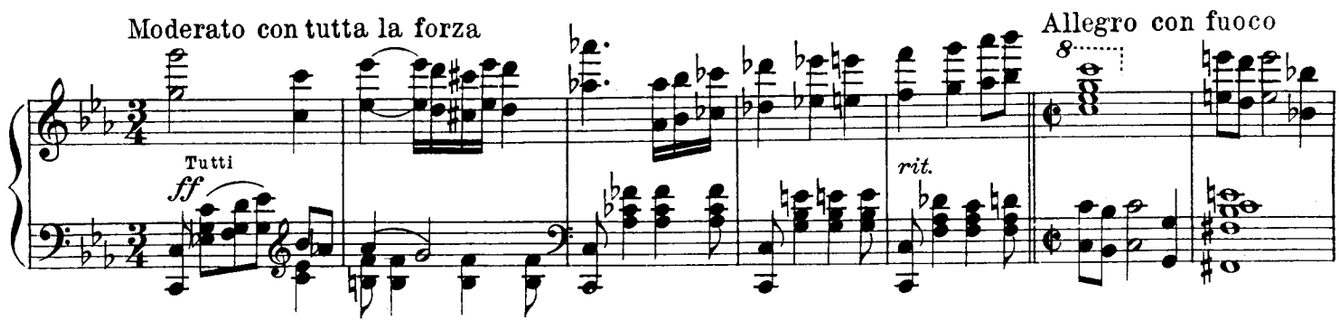
(Soldiers of the Guard move forward and seize AZORA and XALCA)

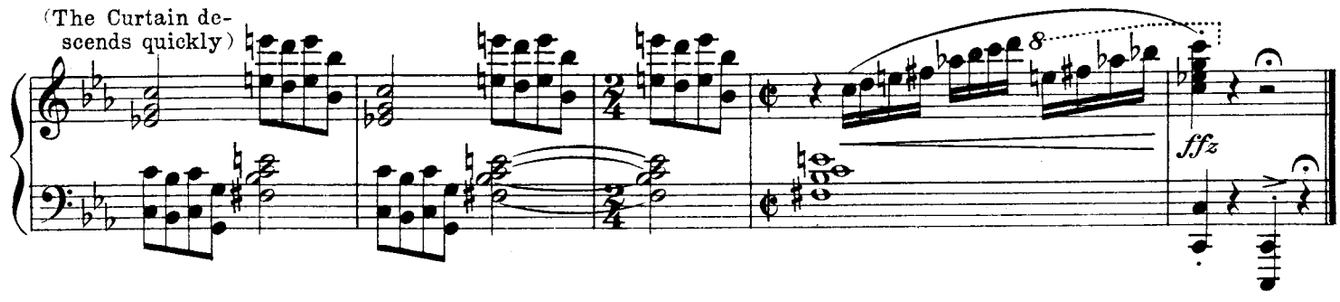
(Outside, the Soldiers of XALCA'S forces, unaware of what is occuring within, resume their jubilant acclamation of XALCA)



(MONTEZUMA stands with arm outstretched. Beside him is RAMATZIN regarding the prisoners with malignant triumph. XALCA has taken AZORA into his arms and both gaze defiantly at the king and Ramatzin. The Priests and People huddle in groups, overcome by the tragic significance of Montezuma's command)



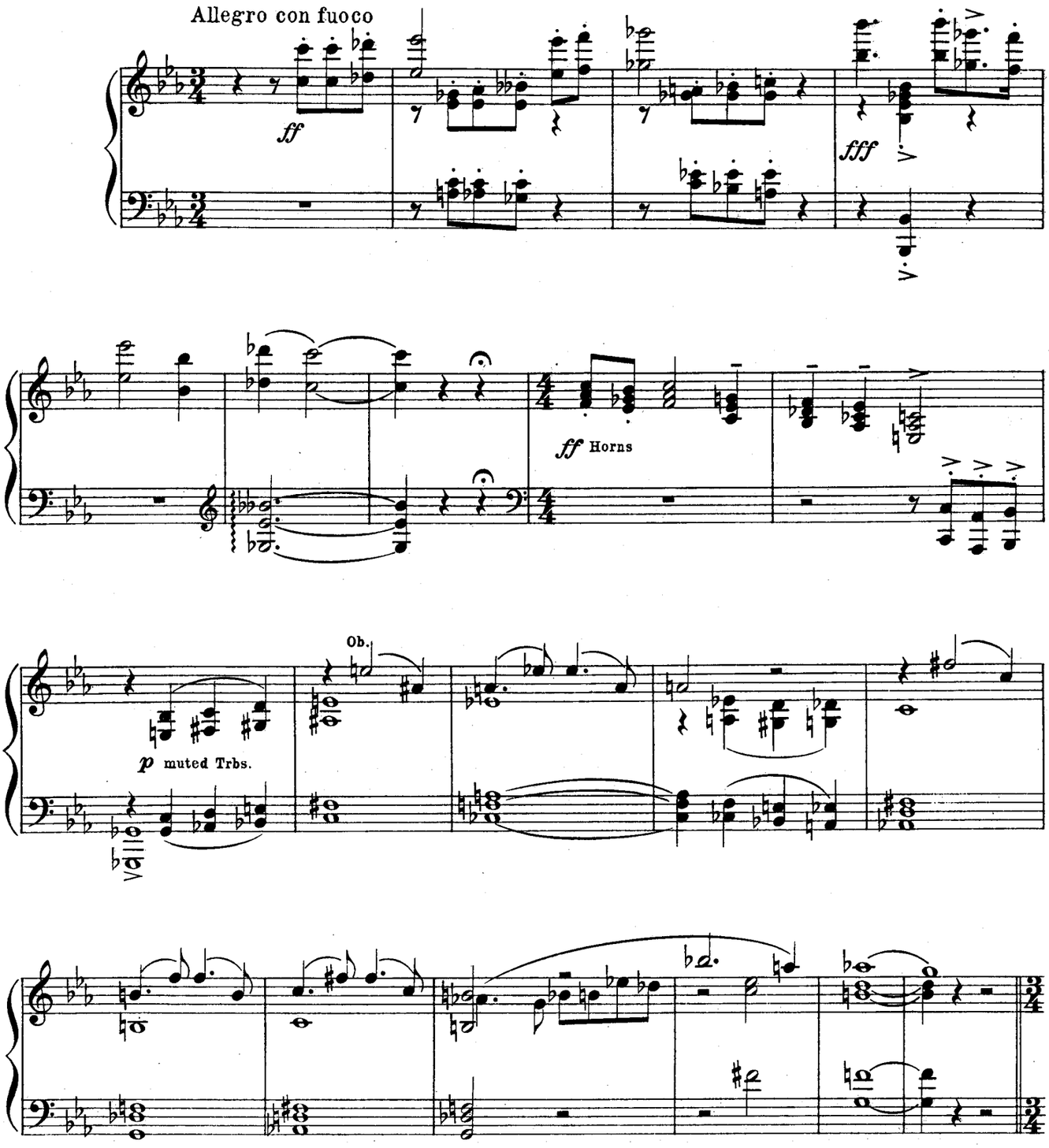


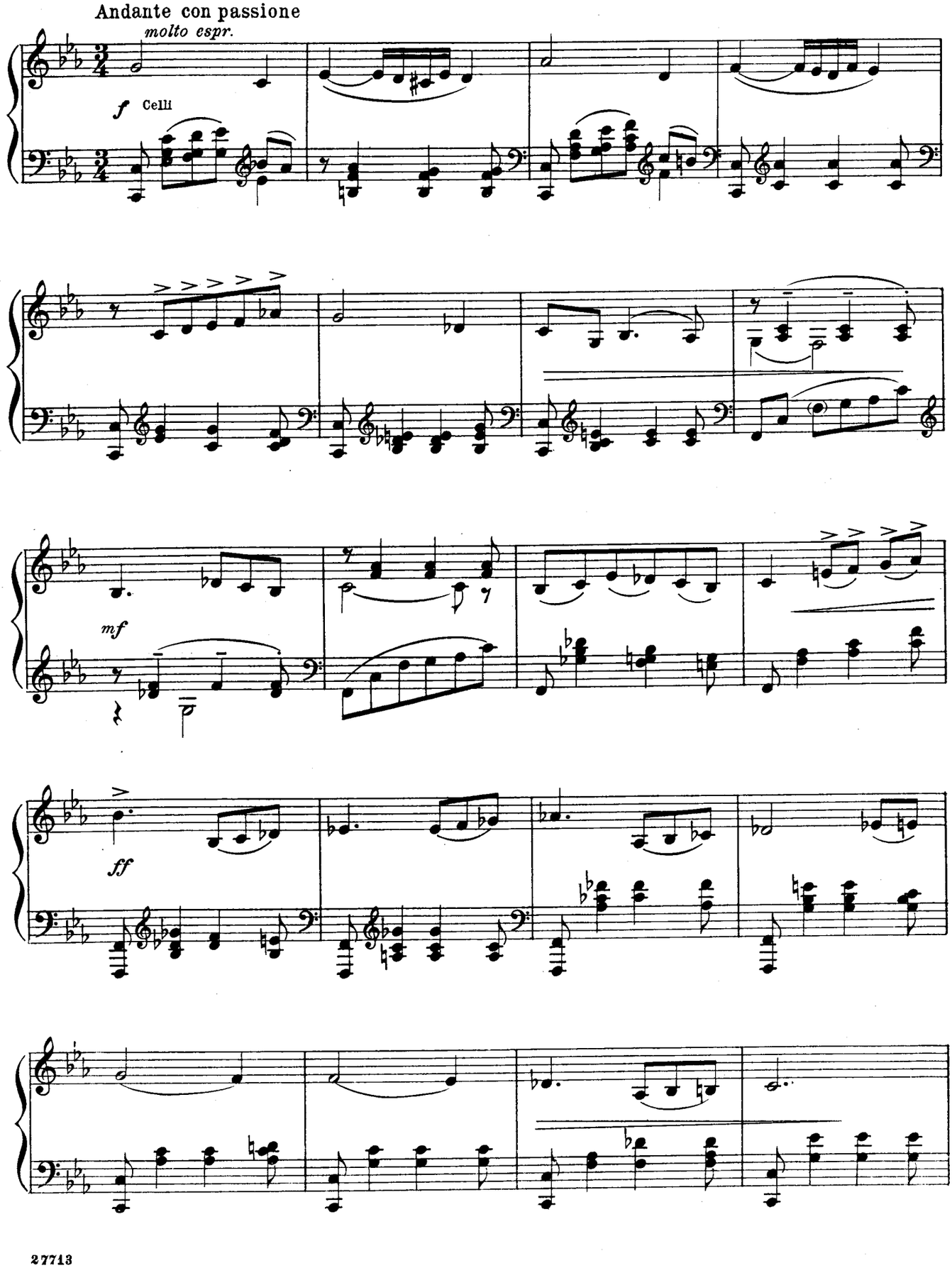


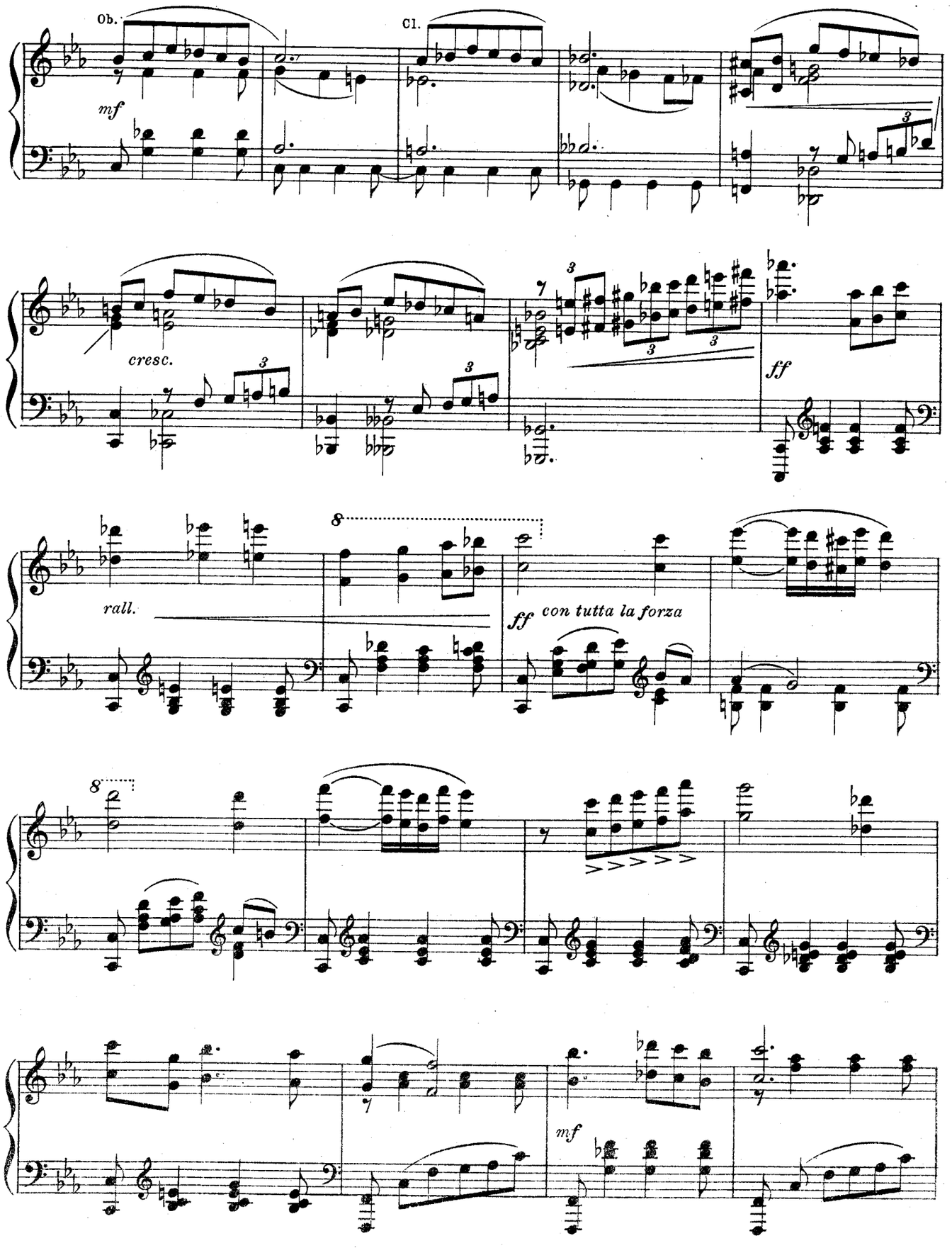
End of Act II

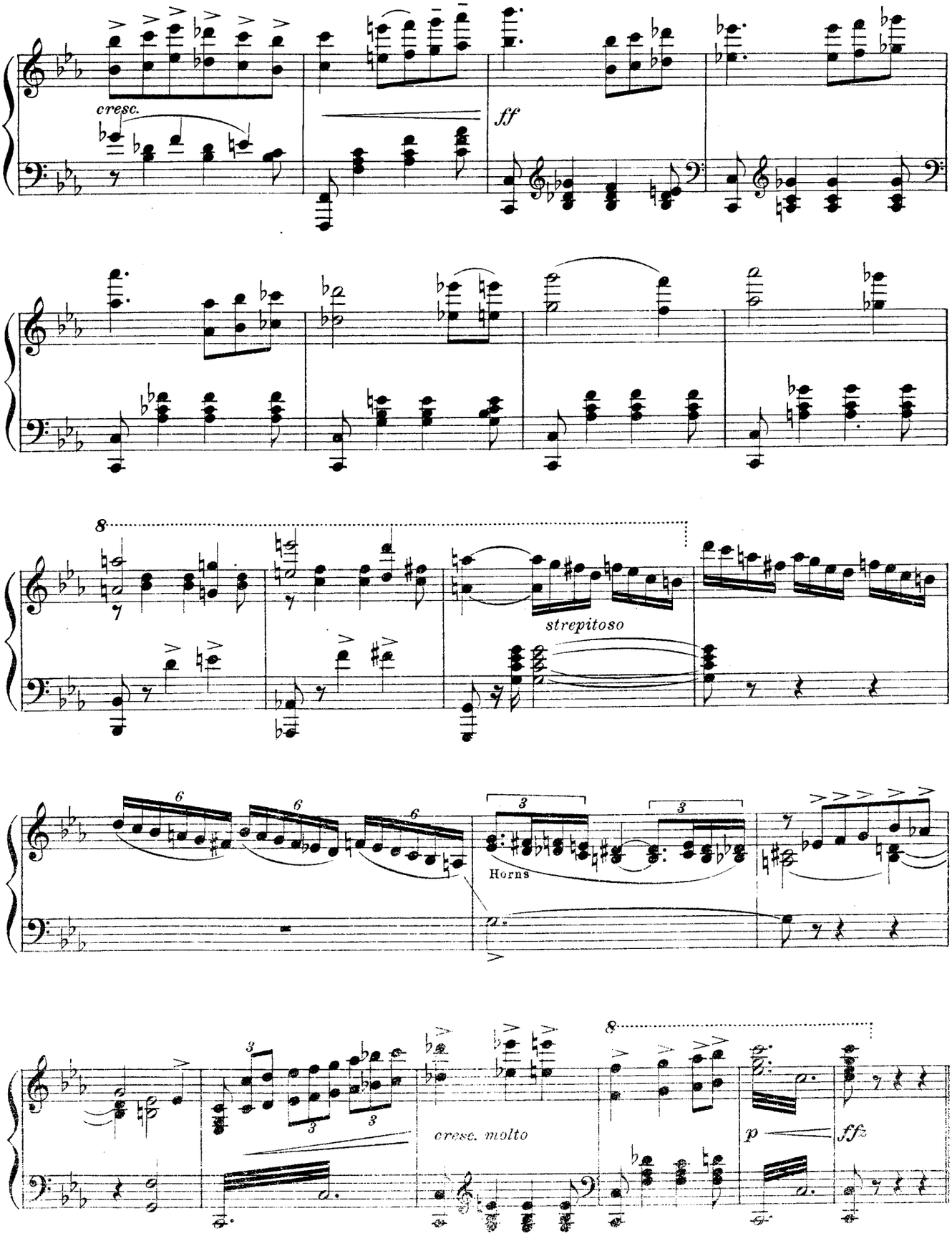
Prelude to Act III

Henry Hadley. Op.80

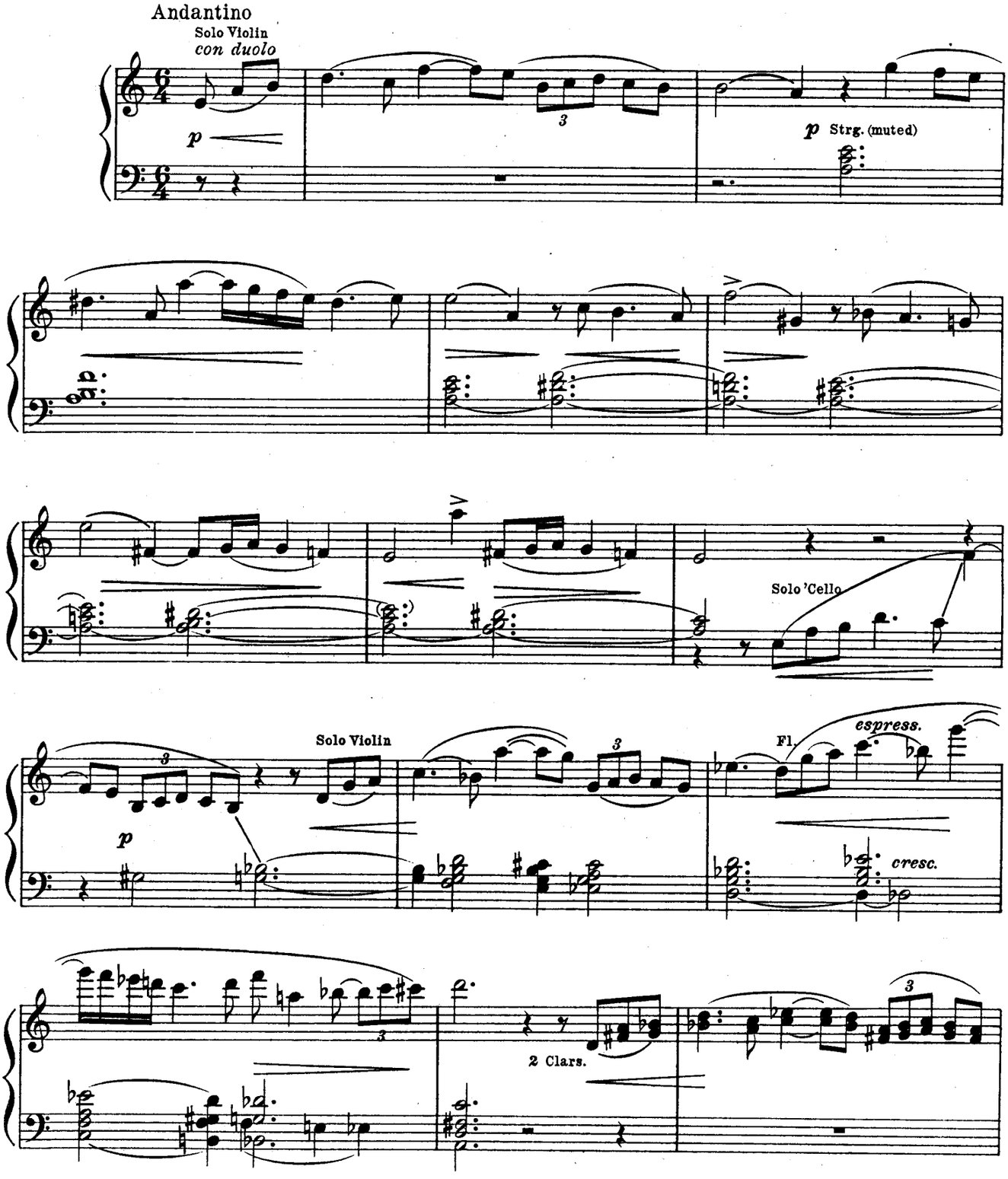


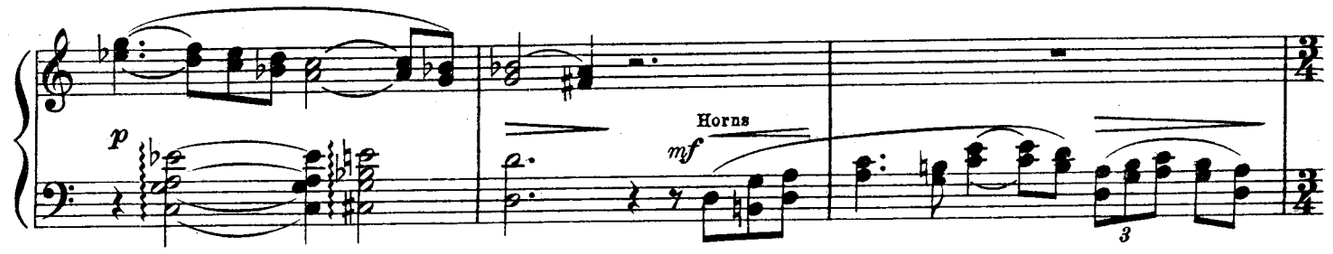

Andante con passione
molto espr.
f
Celli
mf
ff

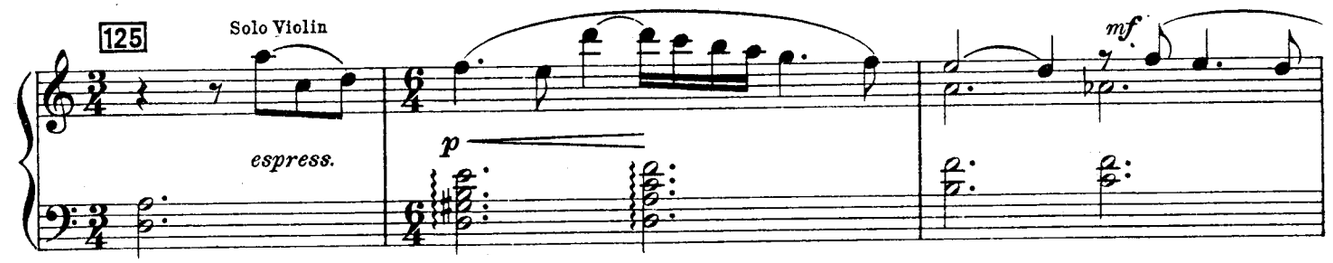

Ob.
Cl.
mf
cresc.
ff
rall.
ff con tutta la forza
mf

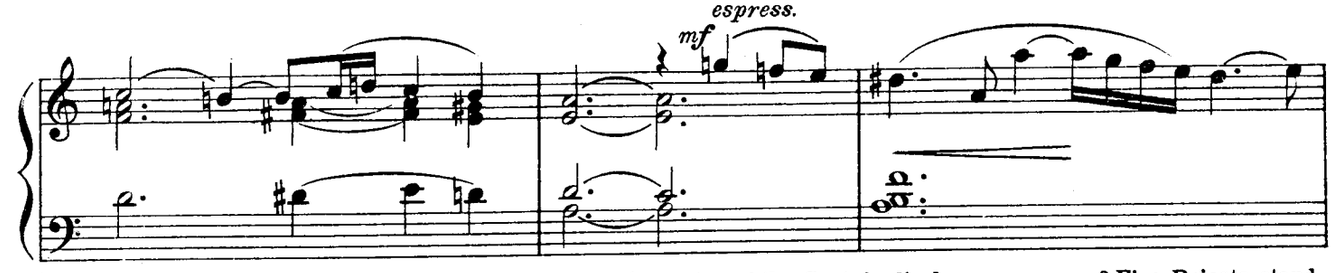

cresc.
ff
strepitoso
Horns
cresc. molto
p
ff

ACT III


Andantino
Solo Violin
con duolo
p
p Strg. (muted)
Solo 'Cello
Solo Violin
p
Fl.
espress.
cresc.
2 Clars.

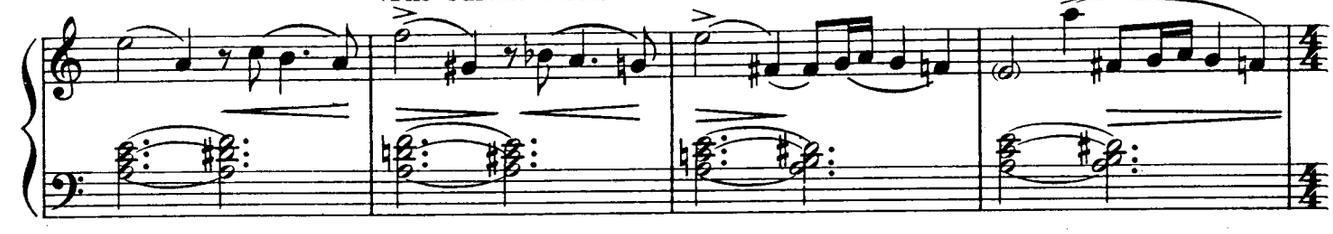






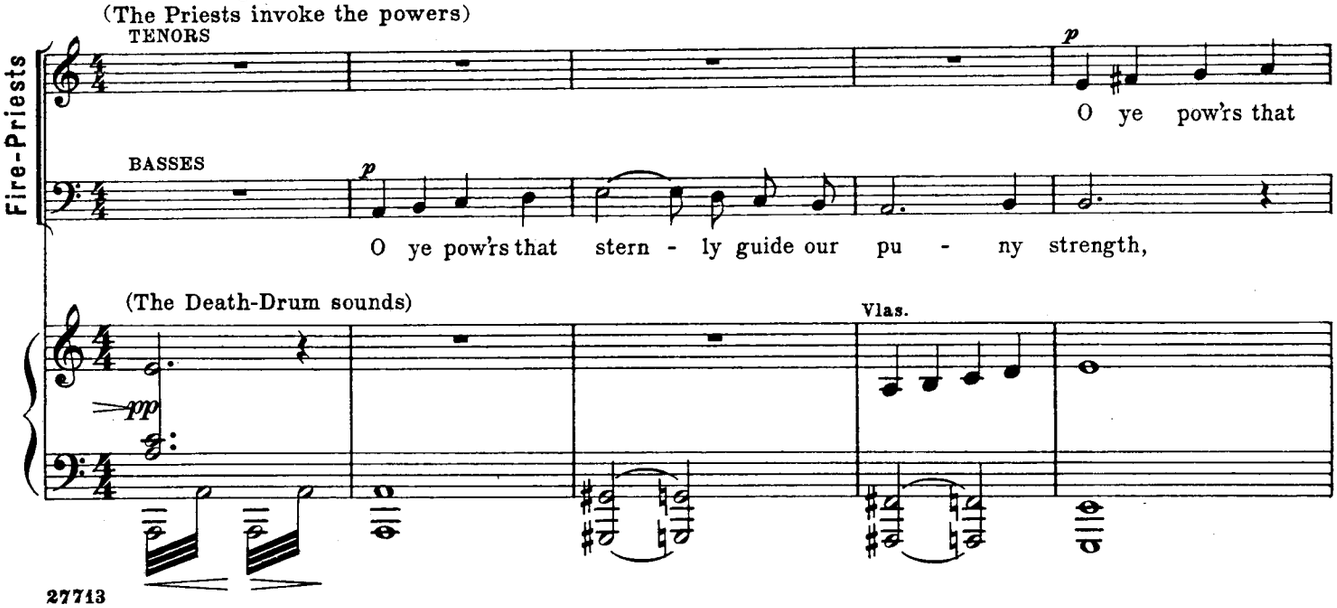
The Cavern of Sacrifice (The rise of the Curtain discloses a group of Fire-Priests standing before the Altar of Sacrifice, chanting. AZORA is seated at the right, her bearing proud and undismayed. With her is

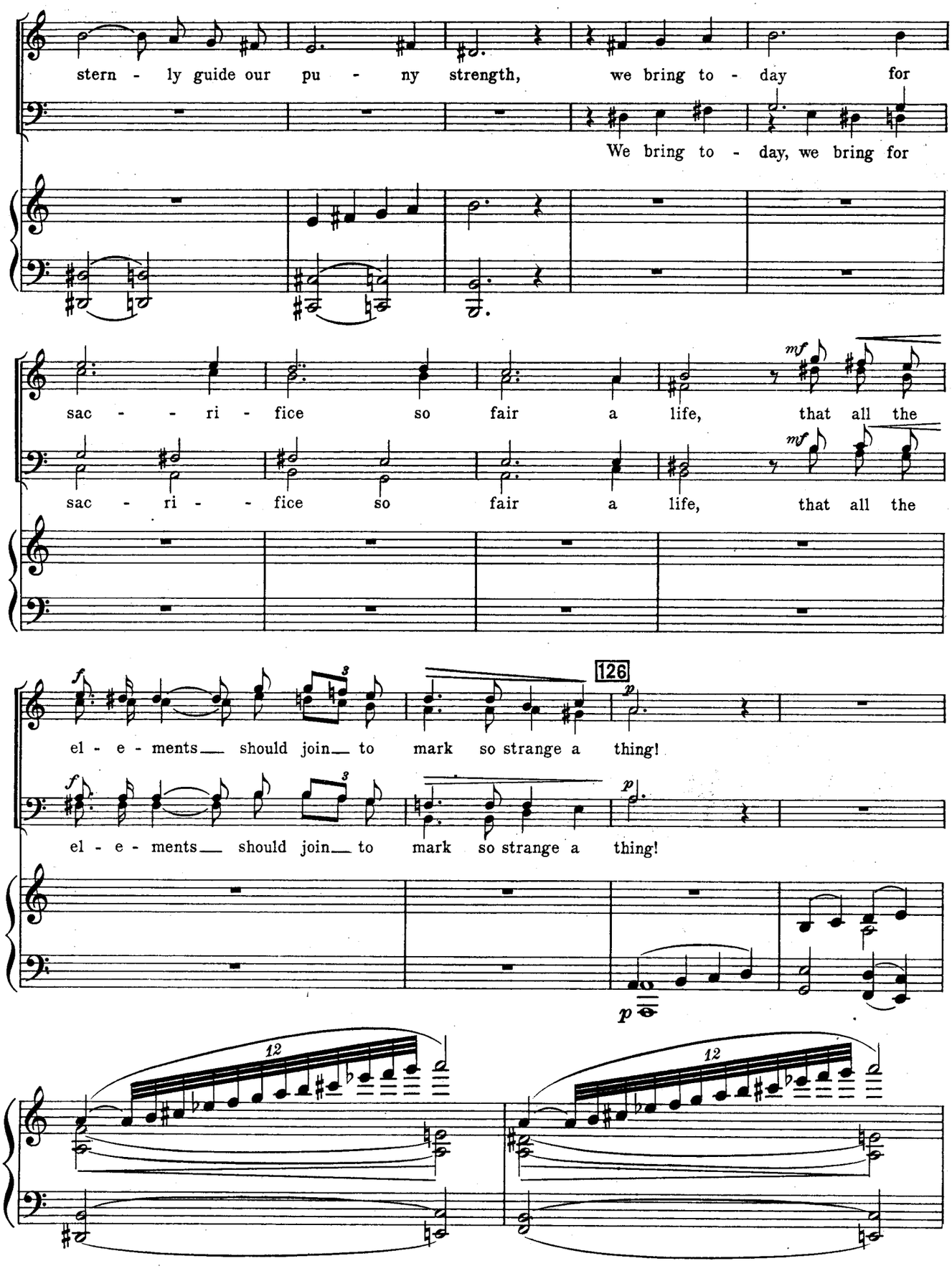
(The Curtain rises)

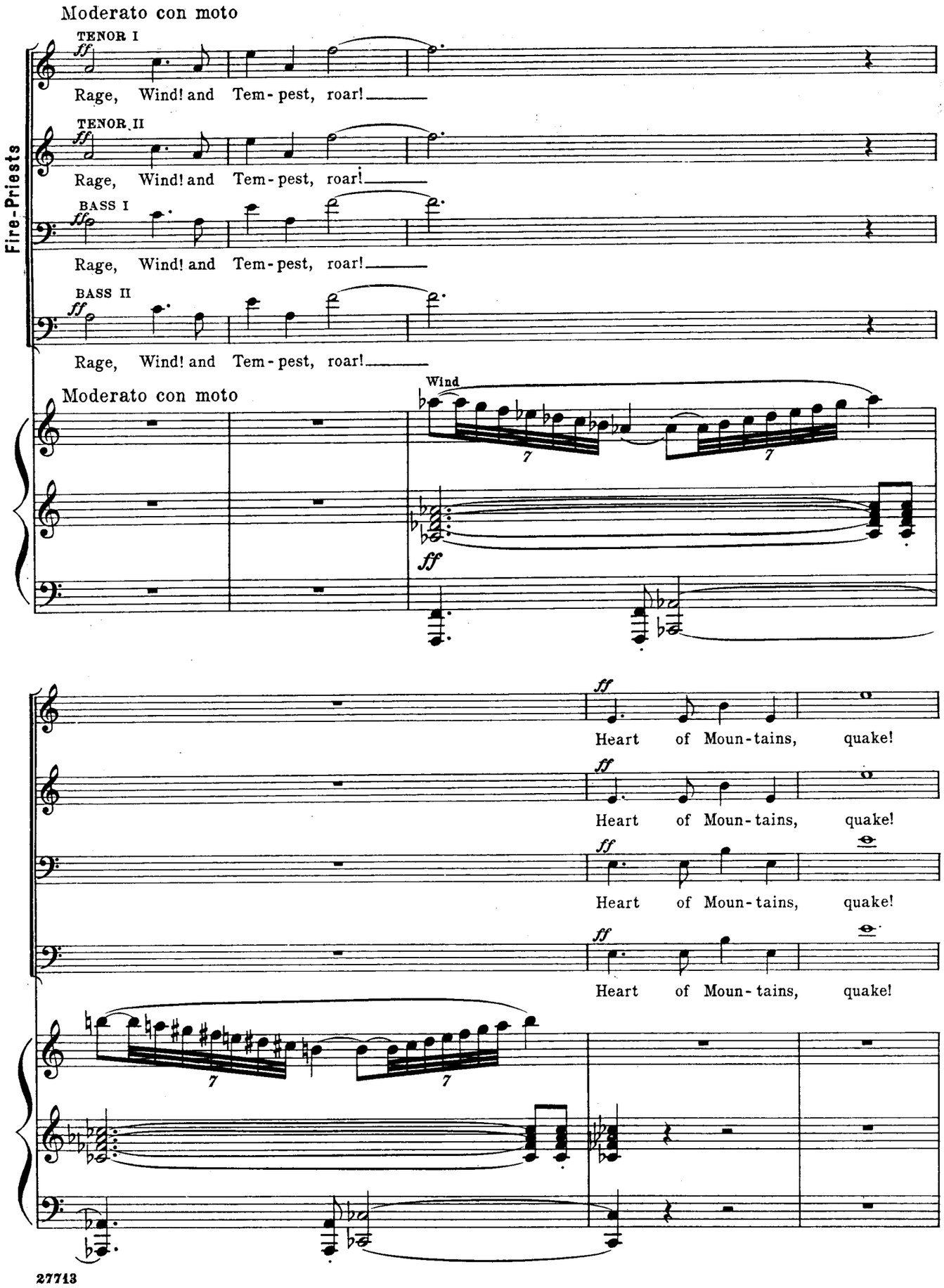


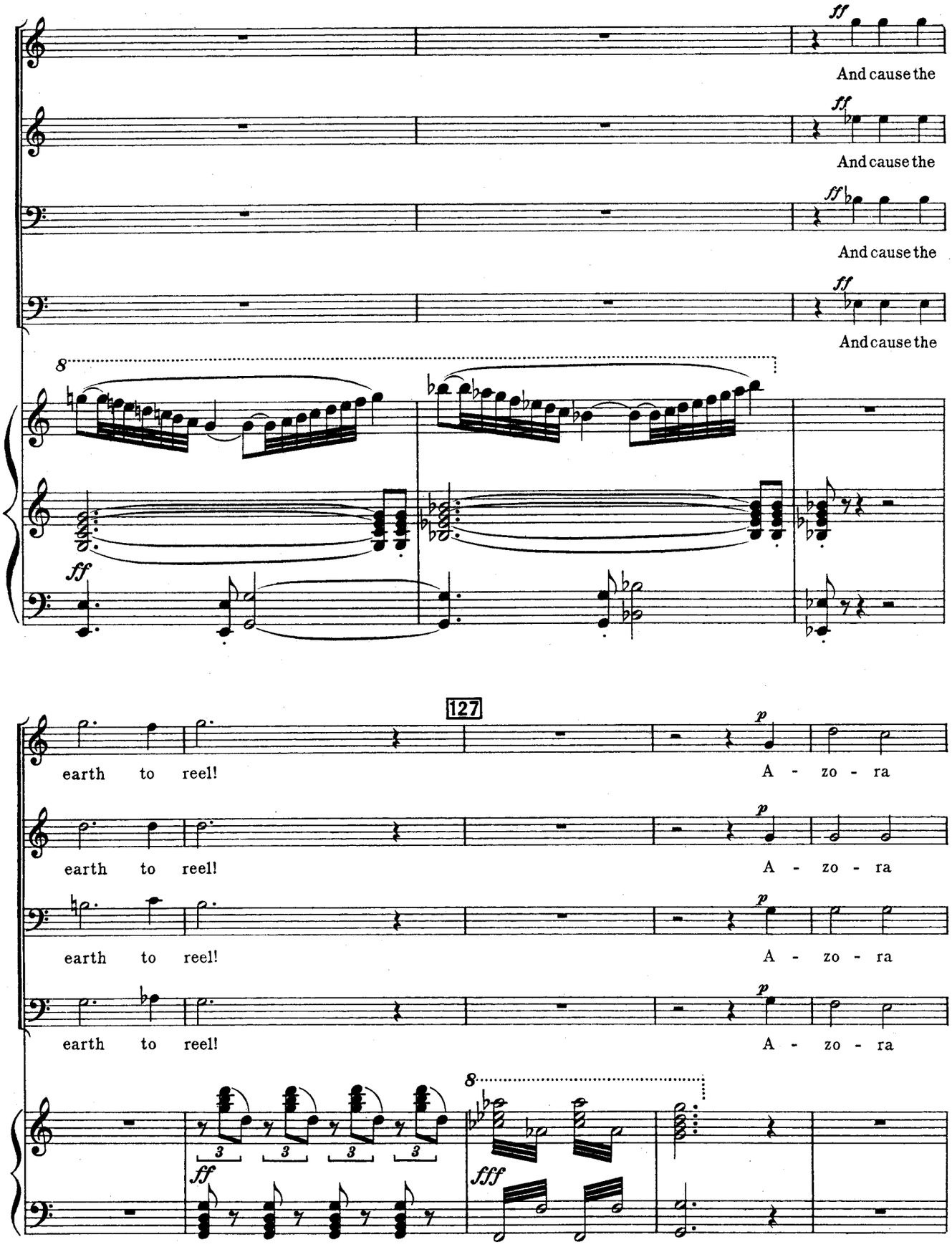
PAPANTZIN, bringing the consolation of her newly-awakened faith in the one merciful God. It is the hour immediately preceeding sunrise)

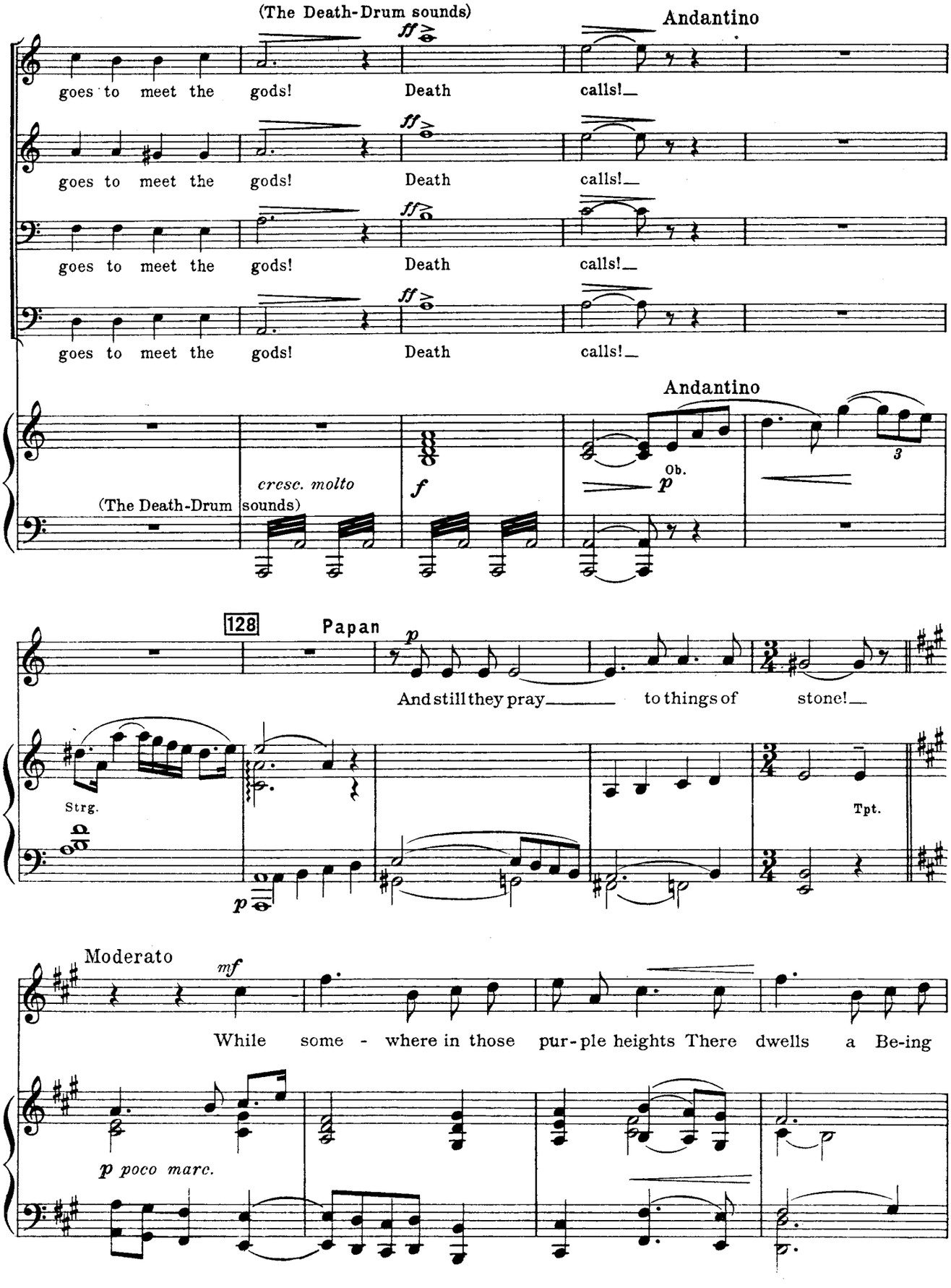
(The Priests invoke the powers)

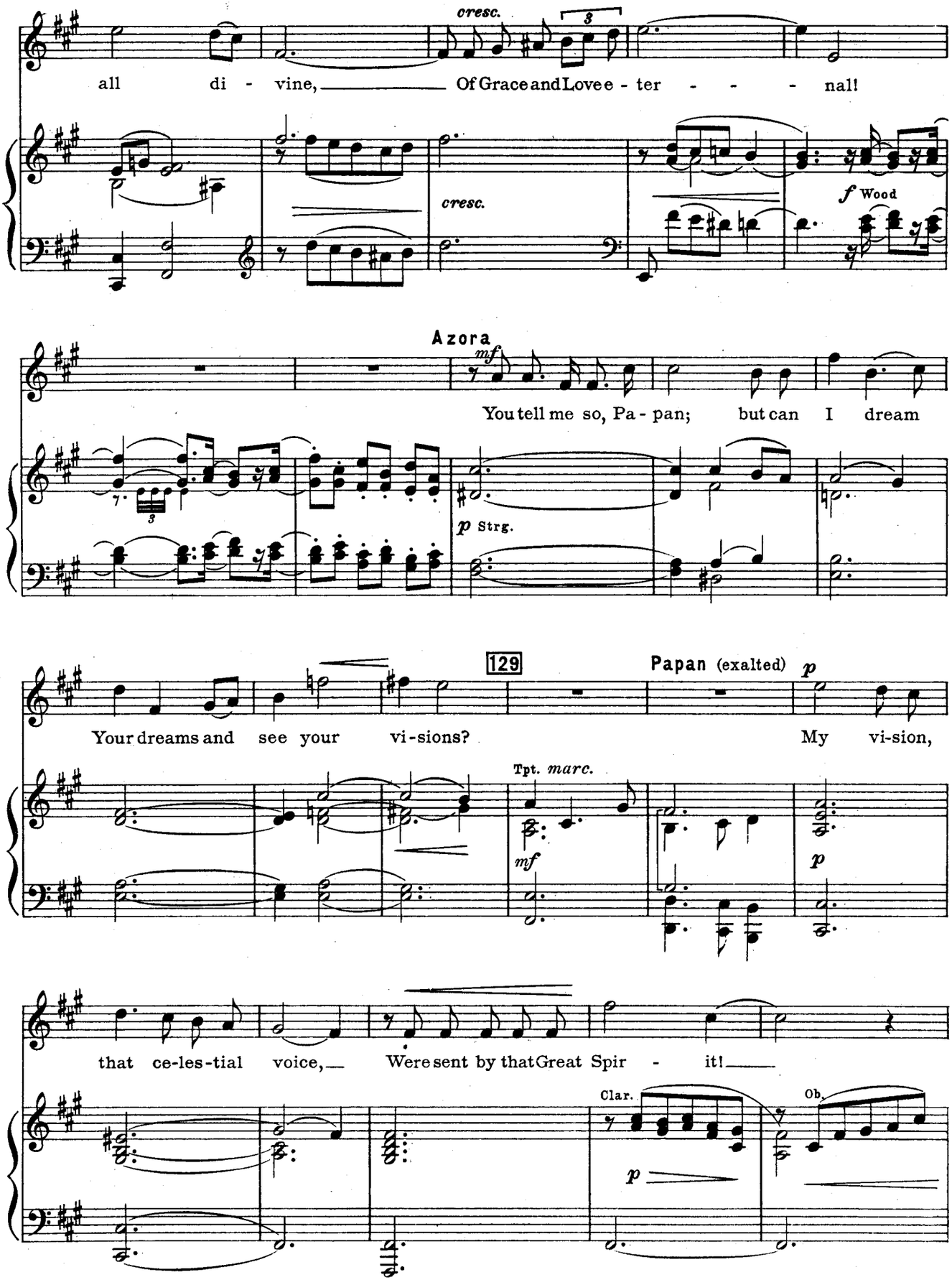


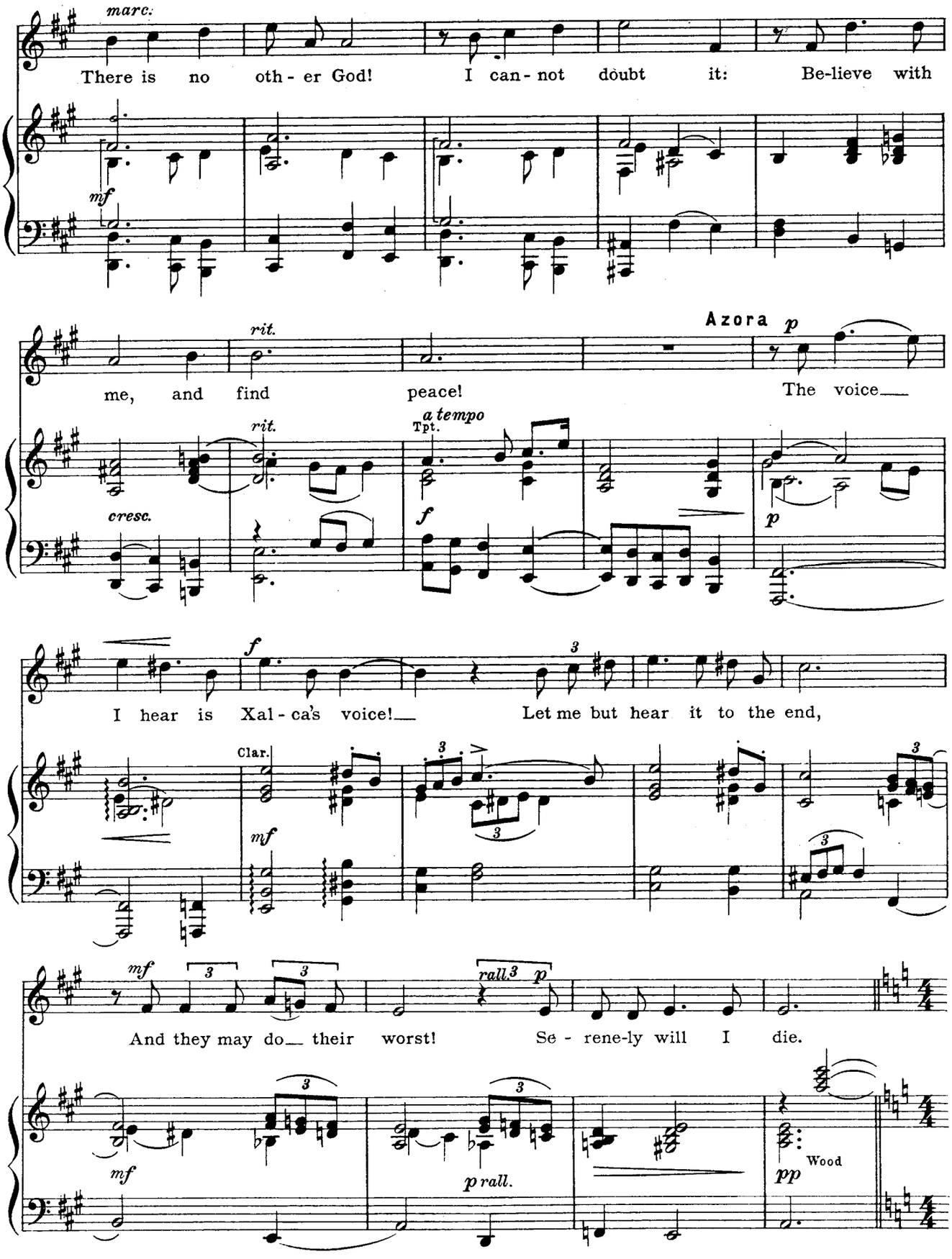

stern - ly guide our pu - ny strength, we bring to - day for
We bring to - day, we bring for
sac - - ri - fice so fair a life, that all the
mf
sac - ri - - fice so fair a life, that all the
mf
f
el - e - ments should join to mark so strange a thing!
126
p
f
el - e - ments should join to mark so strange a thing!
p
p
12
12

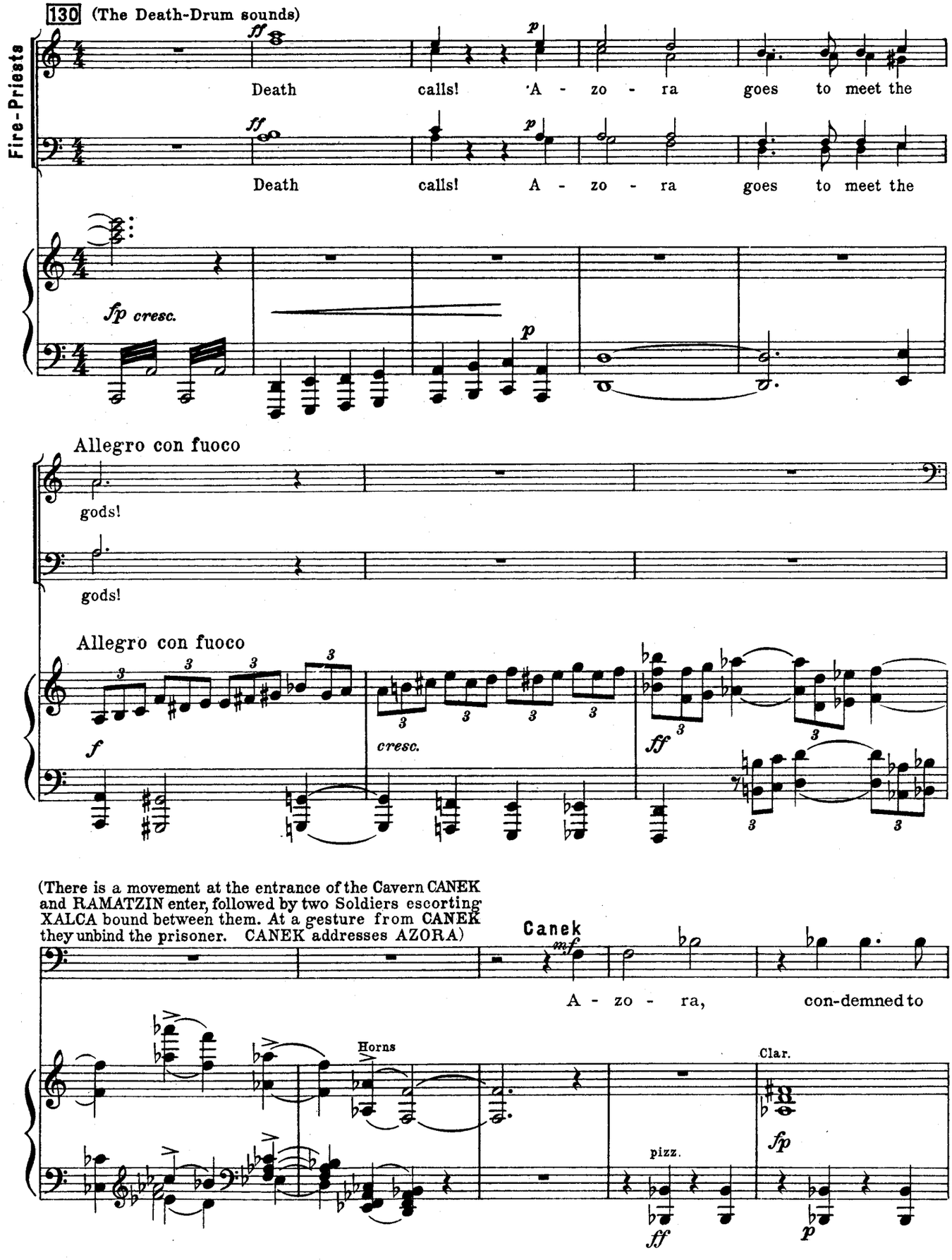

Moderato con moto
TENOR I
ff
Rage, Wind! and Tem-pest, roar!
TENOR II
ff
Rage, Wind! and Tem-pest, roar!
BASS I
ff
Rage, Wind! and Tem-pest, roar!
BASS II
ff
Rage, Wind! and Tem-pest, roar!
Fire-Priests
Moderato con moto
Wind
7
7
ff
ff
Heart of Moun-tains, quake!
Heart of Moun-tains, quake!
Heart of Moun-tains, quake!
Heart of Moun-tains, quake!
7
7

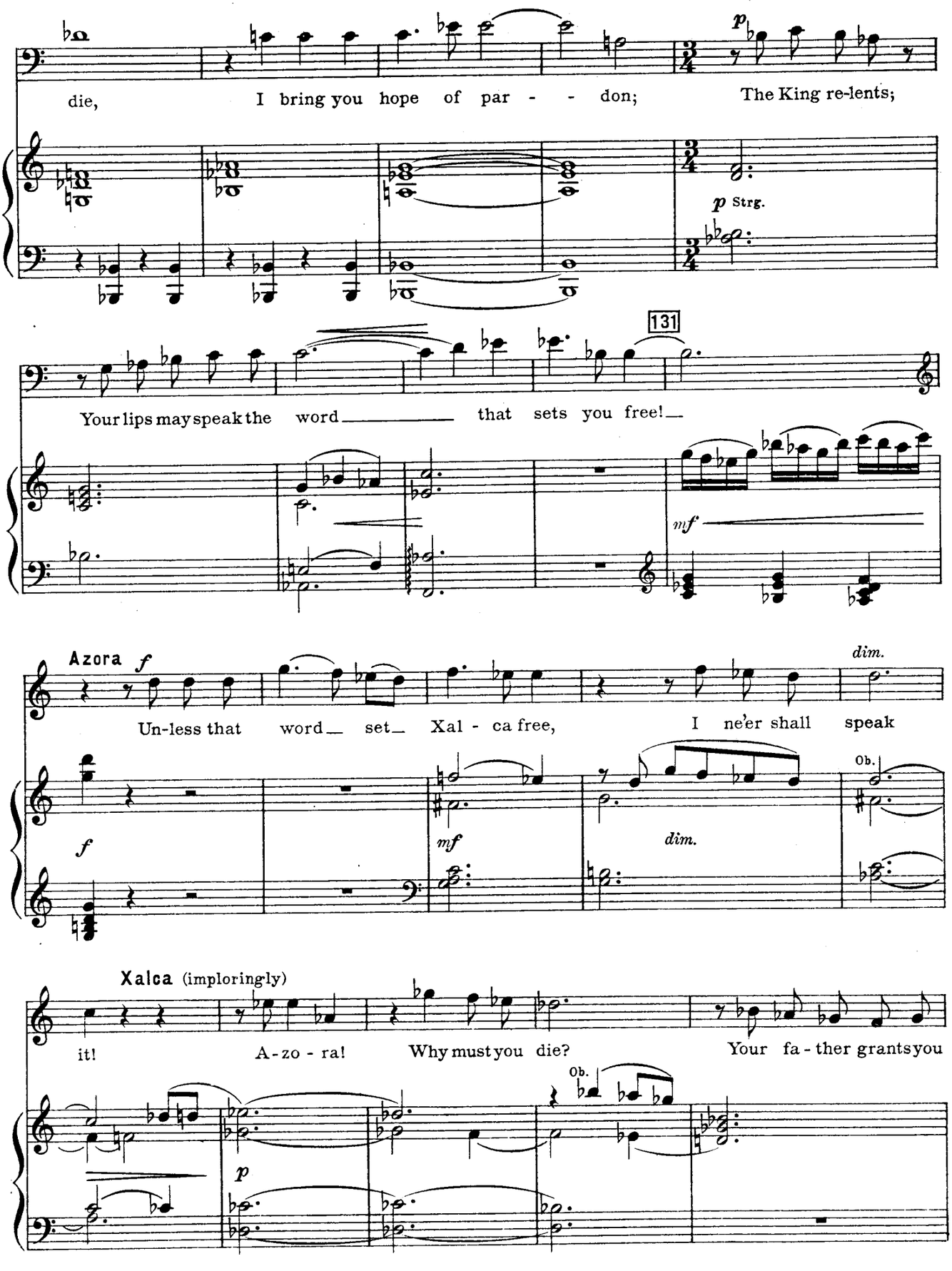

ff
And cause the
And cause the
And cause the
And cause the
8
ff
127
p
earth to reel!
A - zo - ra
earth to reel!
A - zo - ra
earth to reel!
A - zo - ra
earth to reel!
A - zo - ra
8
3
ff
fff

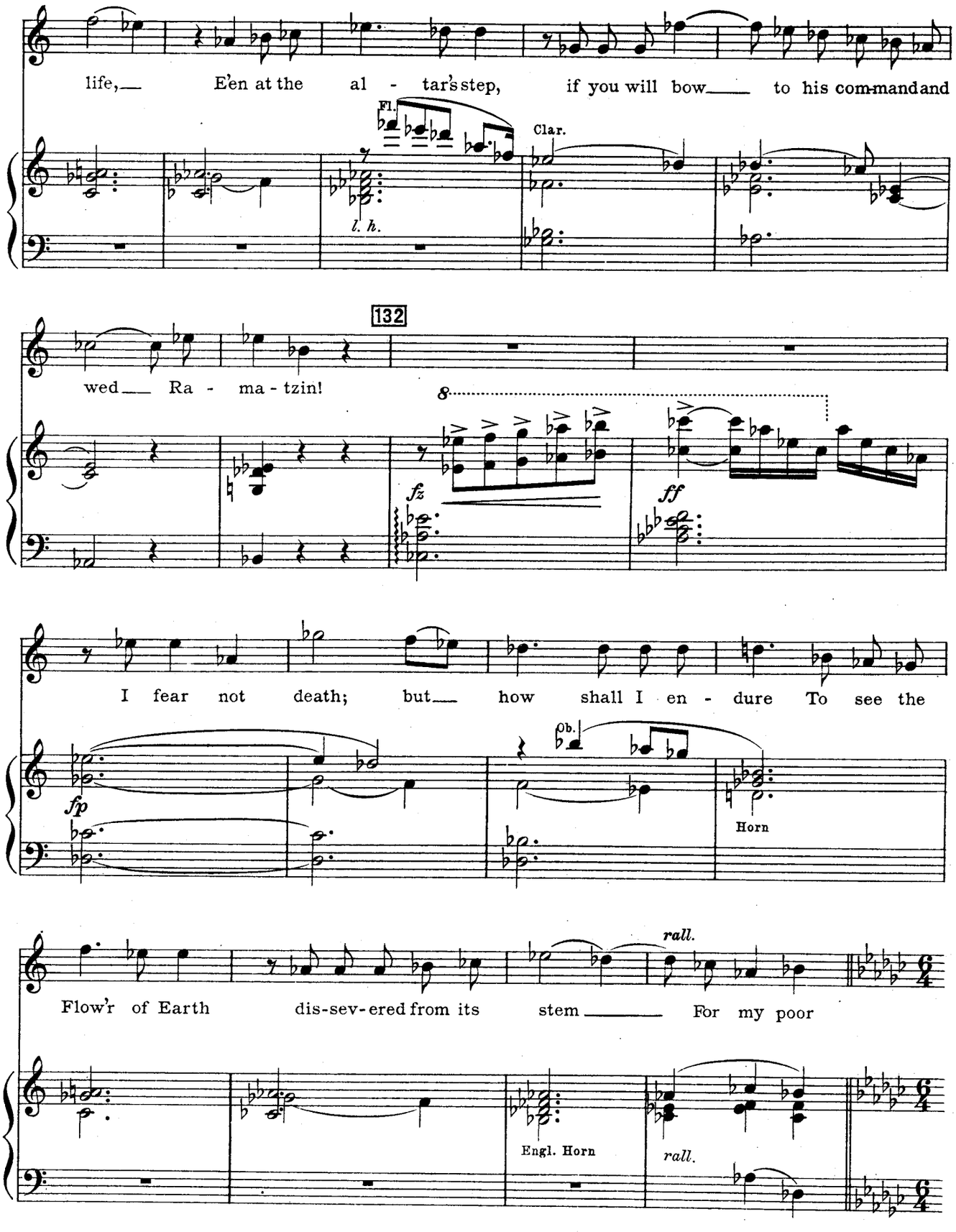

(The Death-Drum sounds)
Andantino
goes to meet the gods! Death calls!
goes to meet the gods! Death calls!
goes to meet the gods! Death calls!
goes to meet the gods! Death calls!
Andantino
(The Death-Drum sounds)
cresc. molto
Ob.
128
Papan
And still they pray to things of stone!
Strg.
Tpt.
Moderato
While some - where in those pur-ple heights There dwells a Be-ing
p poco marc.

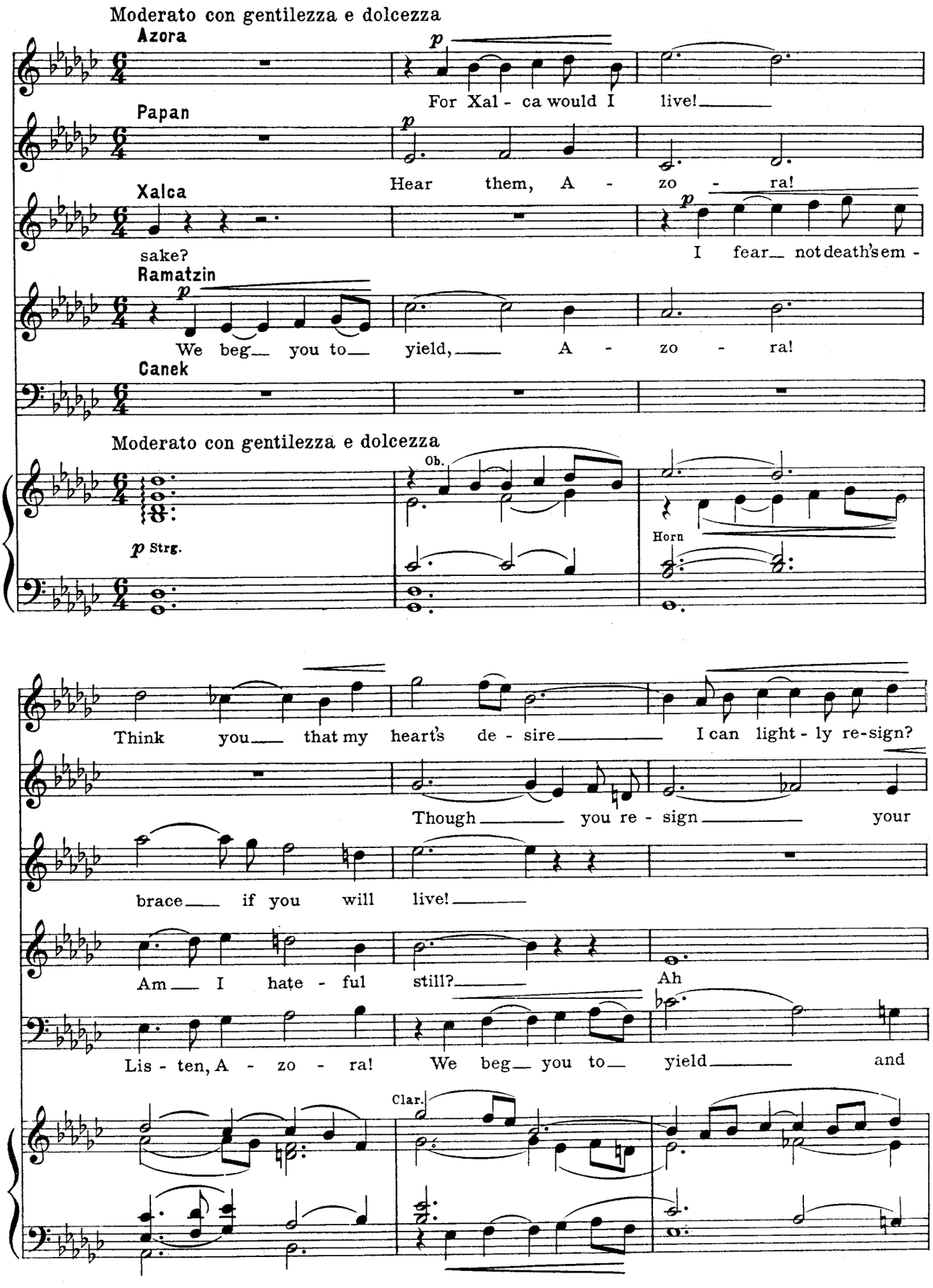

cresc.
all di - vine, Of Grace and Love e - ter - - - - nal!
cresc.
f Wood
Azora
mf
You tell me so, Pa - pan; but can I dream
p Strg.
129
Papan (exalted)
p
Your dreams and see your vi-sions? My vi-sion,
Tpt. marc.
mf
p
that ce-les-tial voice, Were sent by that Great Spir - it!
Clar.
Ob.
p


marc.
There is no oth - er God! I can - not doubt it: Be-lieve with
mf
rit.
me, and find peace!
Azora p
The voice
rit.
a tempo
Tpt.
cresc.
f
p
f
I hear is Xal - ca's voice!
Let me but hear it to the end,
Clar.
mf
mf
And they may do their worst!
rall3 p
Se - rene-ly will I die.
mf
p rall.
pp
Wood


130 (The Death-Drum sounds)
Fire-Priests
ff
p
Death calls! A - zo - ra goes to meet the
Death calls! A - zo - ra goes to meet the
fp cresc.
p
Allegro con fuoco
gods!
gods!
Allegro con fuoco
f
cresc.
ff
(There is a movement at the entrance of the Cavern CANEK and RAMATZIN enter, followed by two Soldiers escorting XALCA bound between them. At a gesture from CANEK they unbind the prisoner. CANEK addresses AZORA)
Canek
mf
A - zo - ra, con-demned to
Horns
Clar.
pizz.
fp
ff
p


die, I bring you hope of par - - don; The King re-lents;
p
p Strg.
131
Your lips may speak the word that sets you free!
mf
Azora
f
dim.
Un-less that word set Xal - ca free, I ne'er shall speak
Ob.
f
mf
dim.
Xalca (imploringly)
it! A-zo - ra! Why must you die? Your fa - ther grants you
Ob.
p


life, E'en at the al - tar's step, if you will bow to his com-mand and
Fl.
Clar.
l. h.
132
wed Ra - ma - tzin!
8
fz
ff
I fear not death; but how shall I en - dure To see the
fp
Ob.
Horn
rall.
Flow'r of Earth dis-sev-ered from its stem For my poor
Engl. Horn
rall.


Moderato con gentilezza e dolcezza
Azora
p
For Xal - ca would I live!
Papan
p
Hear them, A - zo - ra!
Xalca
sake?
p
I fear not death's sem -
Ramatzin
p
We beg you to yield, A - zo - ra!
Canek
Moderato con gentilezza e dolcezza
Ob.
p Strg.
Horn
Think you that my heart's de - sire I can light - ly re-sign?
Though you re - sign your
brace if you will live!
Am I hate - ful still? Ah
Lis - ten, A - zo - ra! We beg you to yield and
Clar.

133

No! Are not life and cher - ished love

heart's de - sire! For life is

Tho' fair are life and love, Life and

no! Am I hate - ful?

live. Ah! Life is fair!

Horn

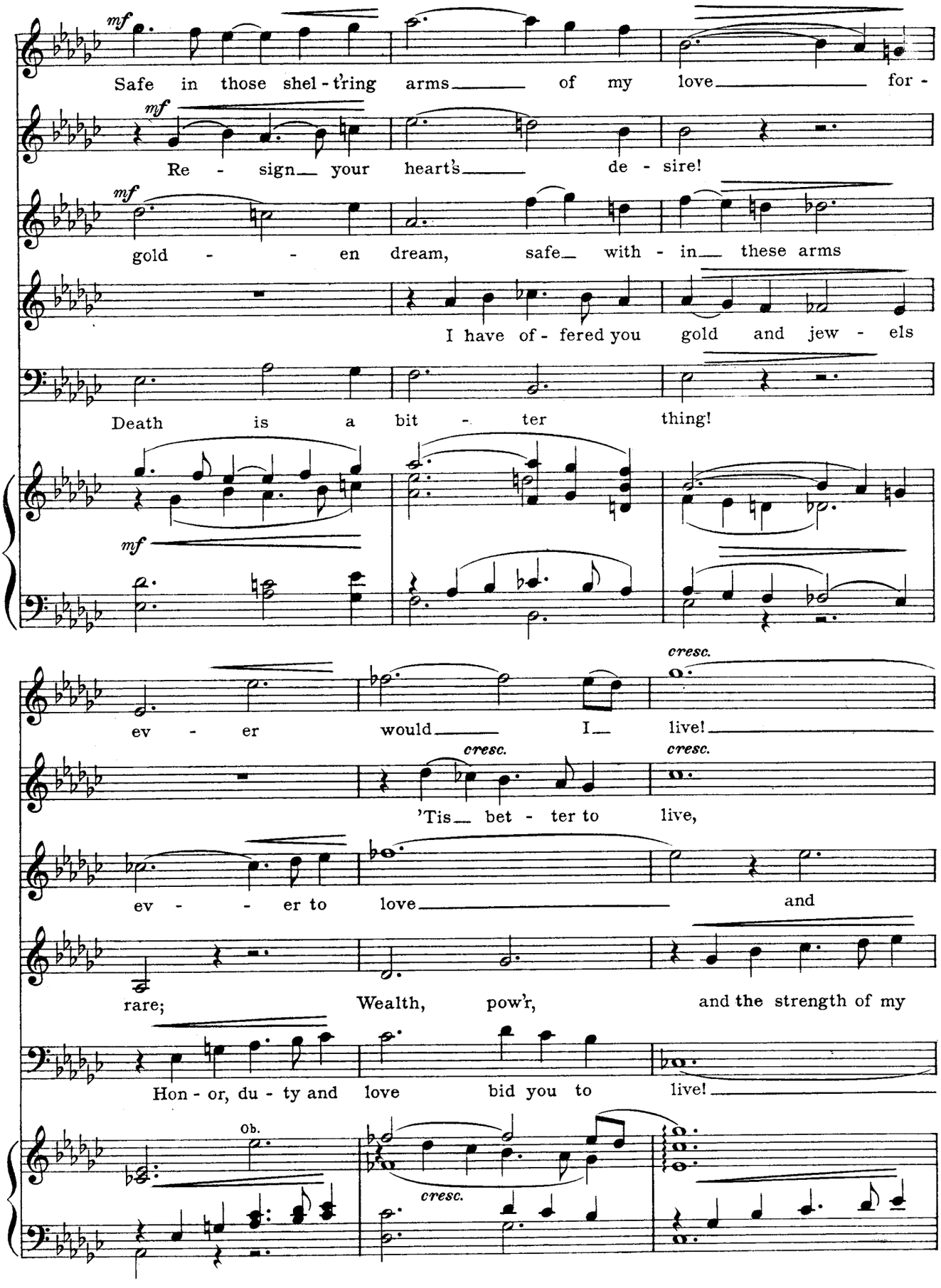
fair to me? For Xal - ca would I live!

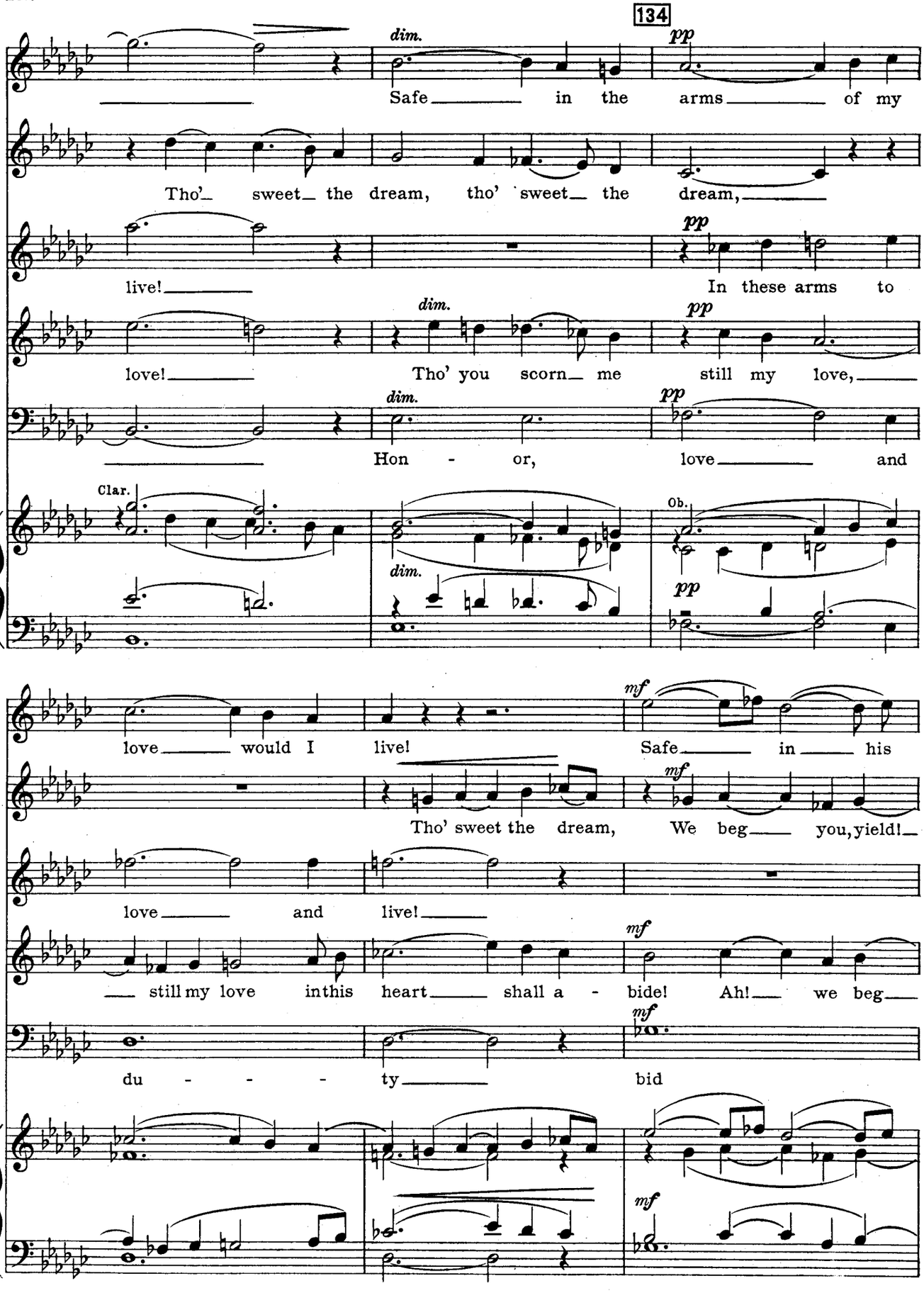
fair, for life is fair!

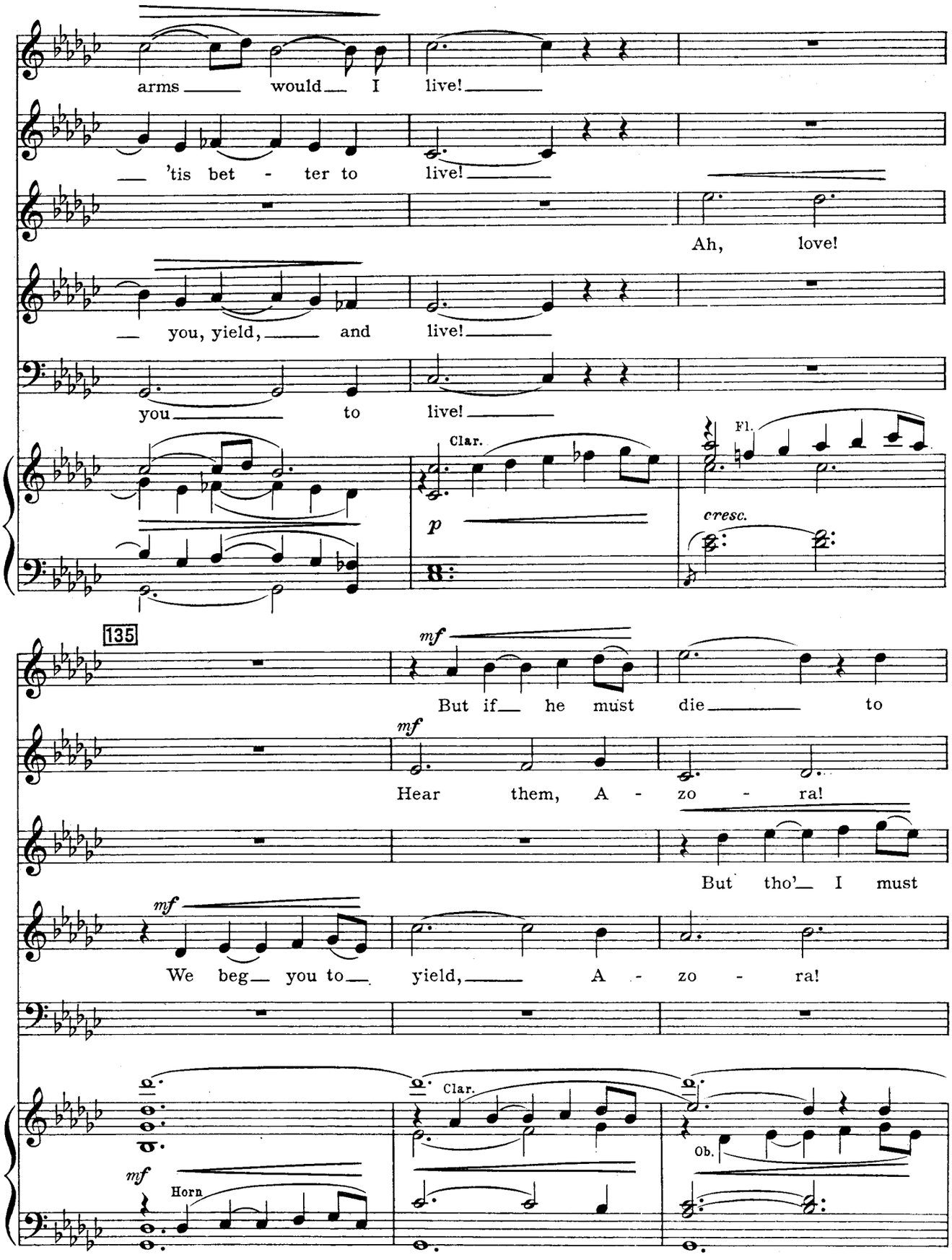
love fair to me, How sweet was the

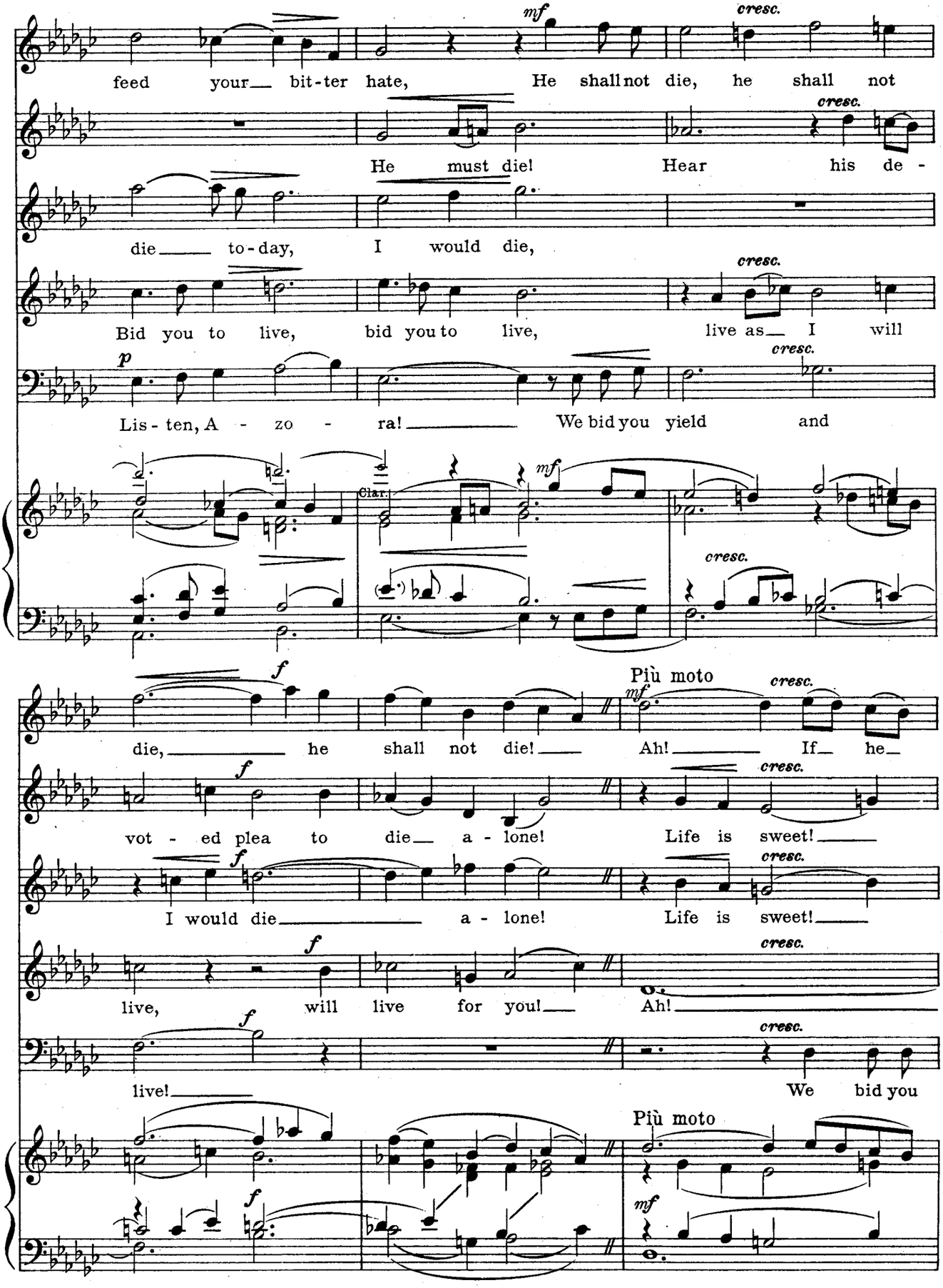
Is my im - age more grim than Death?

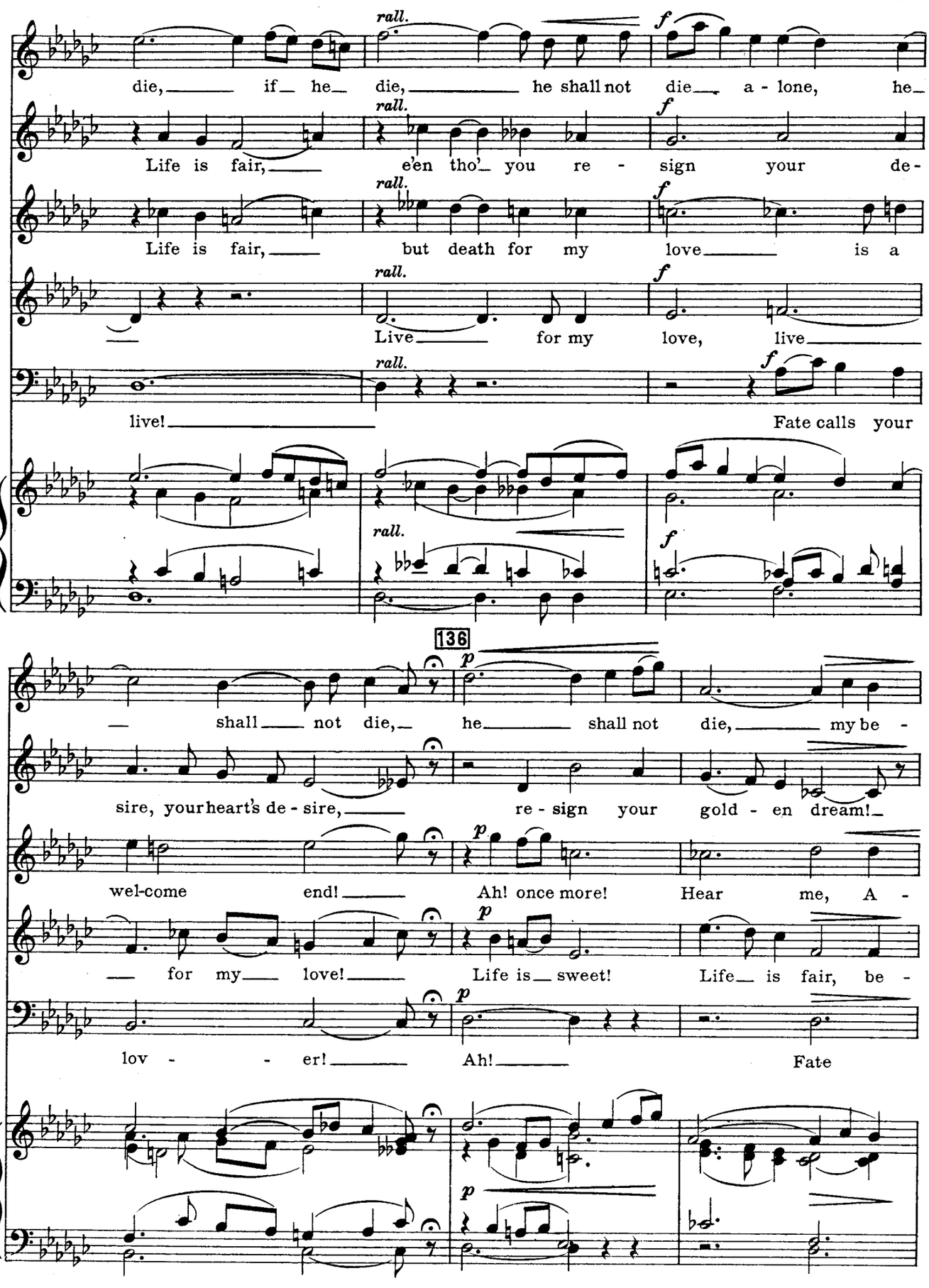
Life is sweet Death—

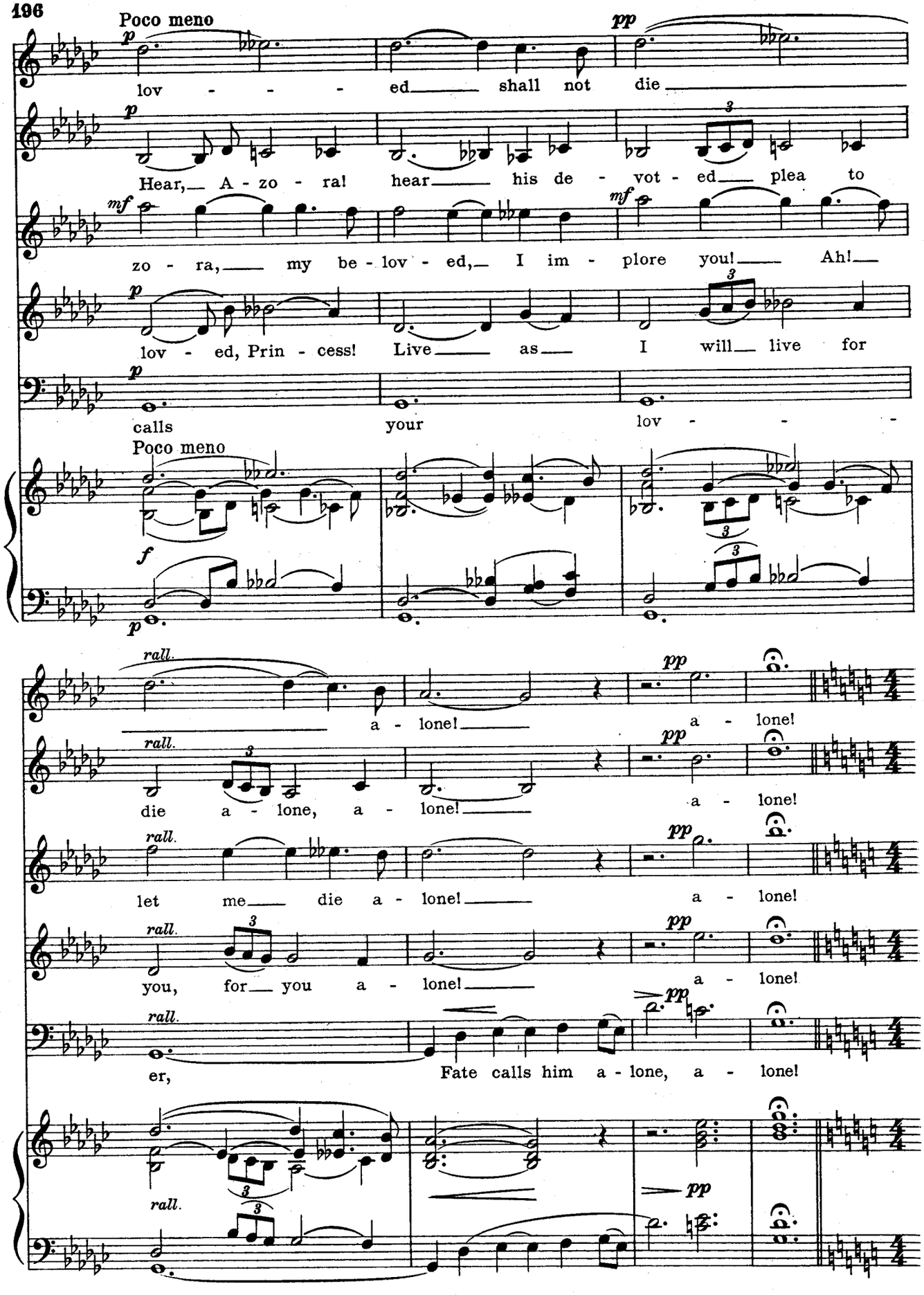

mf
Safe in those shel - t'ring arms of my love for -
mf
Re - sign your heart's de - sire!
mf
gold - - en dream, safe with - in these arms
I have of - fered you gold and jew - els
Death is a bit - ter thing!
mf
cresc.
ev - er would I live!
cresc.
cresc.
'Tis bet - ter to live,
ev - - er to love and
rare; Wealth, pow'r, and the strength of my
Hon - or, du - ty and love bid you to live!
Ob.
cresc.


134
dim.
pp
Safe in the arms of my
Tho' sweet the dream, tho' sweet the dream,
live!
In these arms to
love!
Tho' you scorn me still my love,
Hon - or,
love and
Clar.
Ob.
love would I live!
Safe in his
Tho' sweet the dream,
We beg you, yield!
love and live!
still my love in this heart shall a - bide! Ah! we beg
du - - - ty
bid
mf

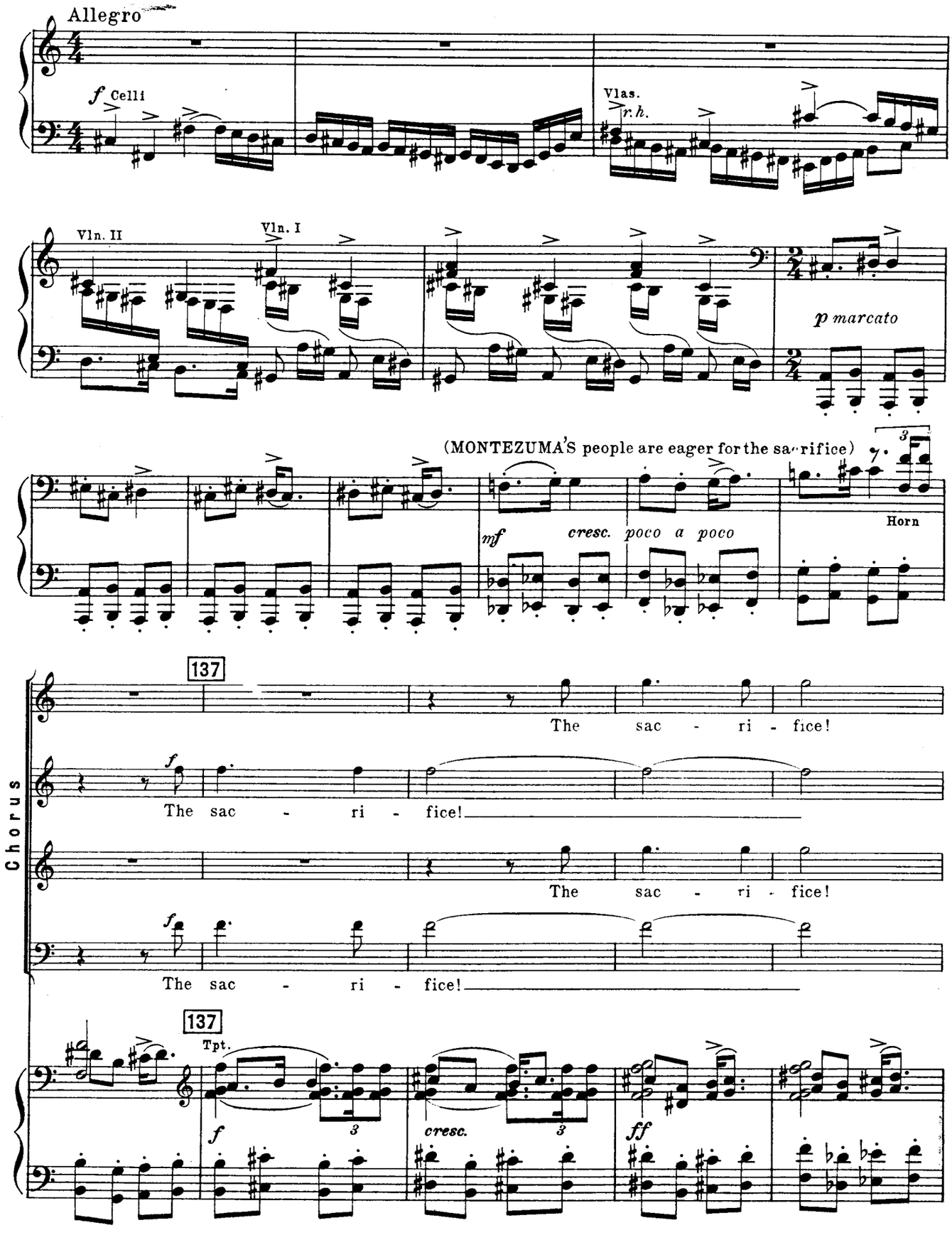

arms would I live!
'tis bet - ter to live!
Ah, love!
you, yield, and live!
you to live!
Clar.
Fl.
p
cresc.
135
mf
But if he must die to
mf
Hear them, A - zo - ra!
But tho' I must
mf
We beg you to yield, A - zo - ra!
Clar.
Ob.
mf
Horn

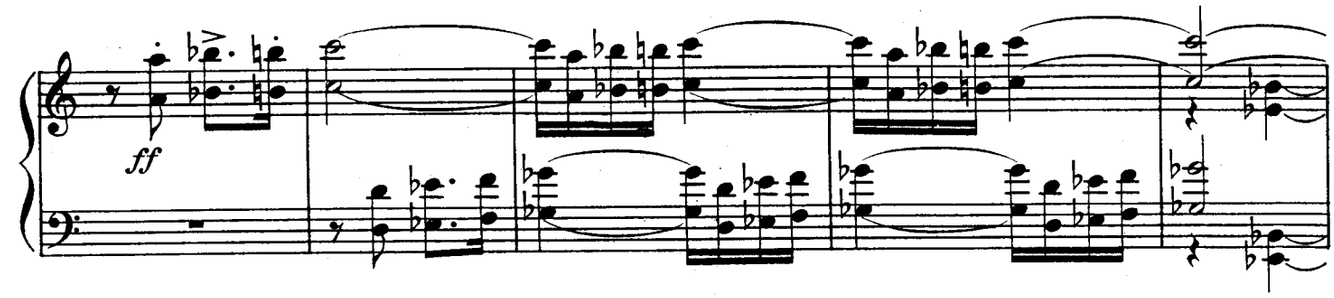

feed your bit-ter hate, He shall not die, he shall not
He must die! Hear his de -
die to-day, I would die,
Bid you to live, bid you to live, live as I will
Lis - ten, A - zo - ra! We bid you yield and
Clar.
die, he shall not die! Ah! If he
vot - ed plea to die a - lone! Life is sweet!
I would die a - lone! Life is sweet!
live, will live for you! Ah!
live! We bid you
Più moto
Più moto

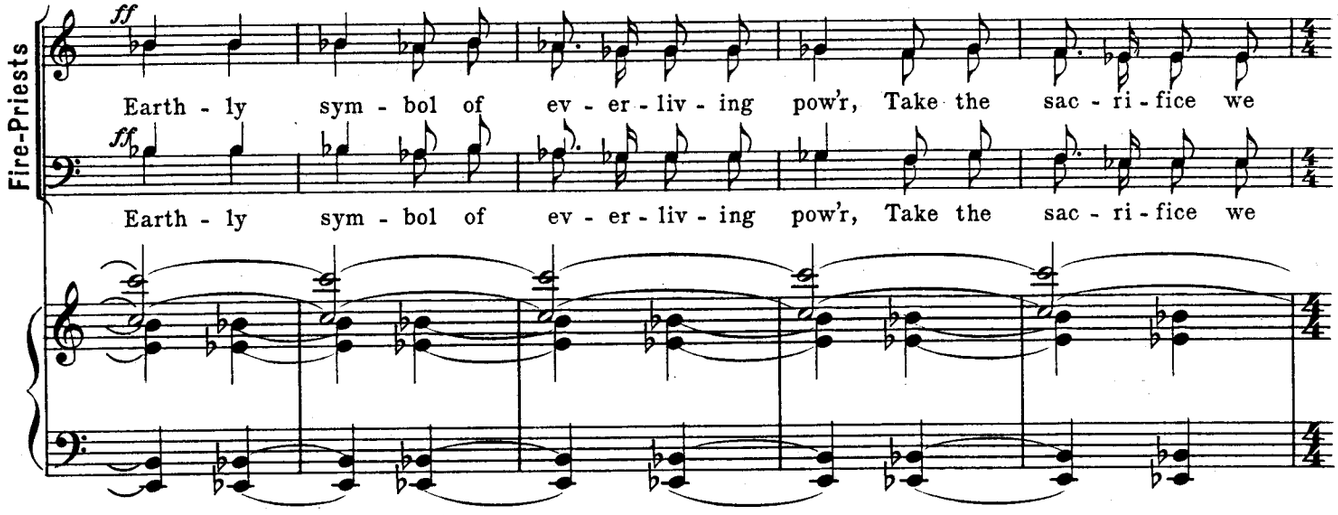

rall.
f
die, if he die, he shall not die a - lone, he
Life is fair, e'en tho' you re - sign your de-
Life is fair, but death for my love is a
Live for my love, live
live! Fate calls your
136
p
shall not die, he shall not die, my be -
sire, your heart's de - sire, re - sign your gold - en dream!
wel-come end! Ah! once more! Hear me, A -
for my love! Life is sweet! Life is fair, be -
lov - er! Ah! Fate


Poco meno
lov - - - ed shall not die
Hear, A - zo - ra! hear his de - vot - ed plea to
zo - ra, my be - lov - ed, I im - plore you! Ah!
lov - ed, Prin - cess! Live as I will live for
calls your lov - - -
Poco meno
a - lone!
a - lone!
die a - lone, a - lone!
a - lone!
let me die a - lone!
a - lone!
you, for you a - lone!
a - lone!
er, Fate calls him a - lone, a - lone!

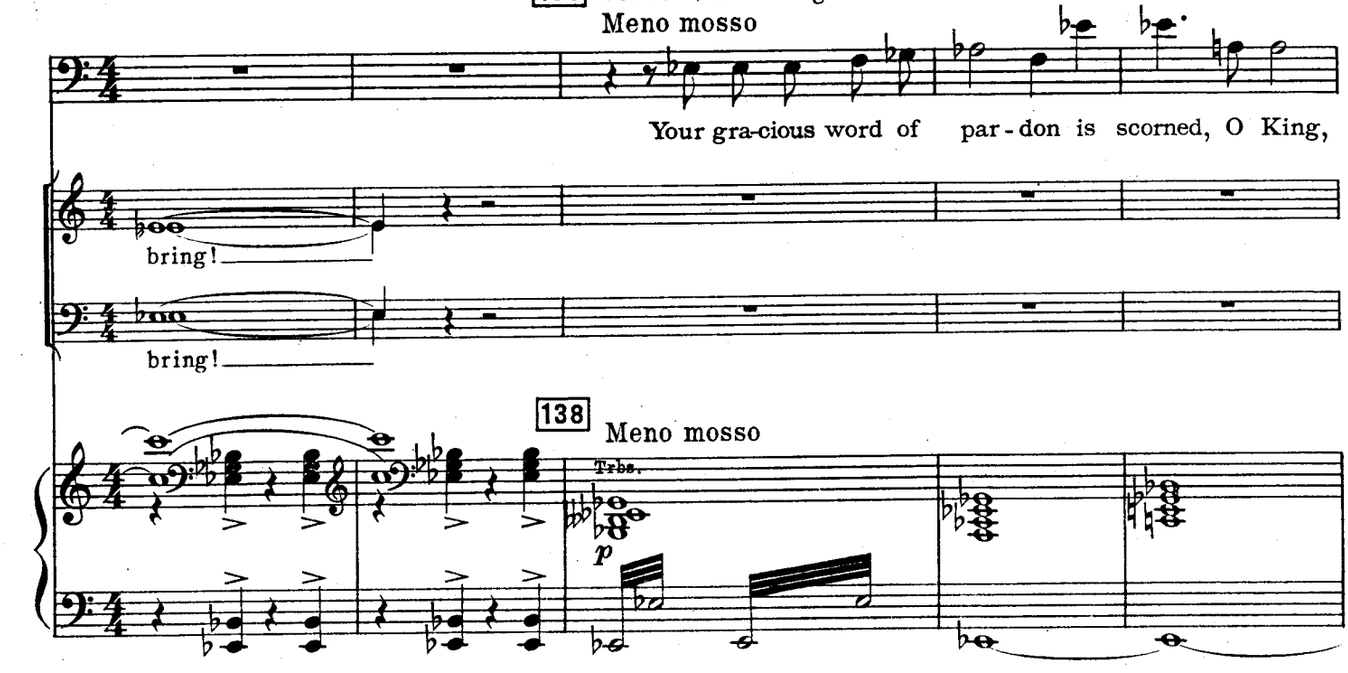
(Music is heard, announcing the approach of MONTEZUMA. He enters with his Guard and people. He occupies a seat provided for him at the right. AZORA and XALCA have been placed under guard, but stand together)

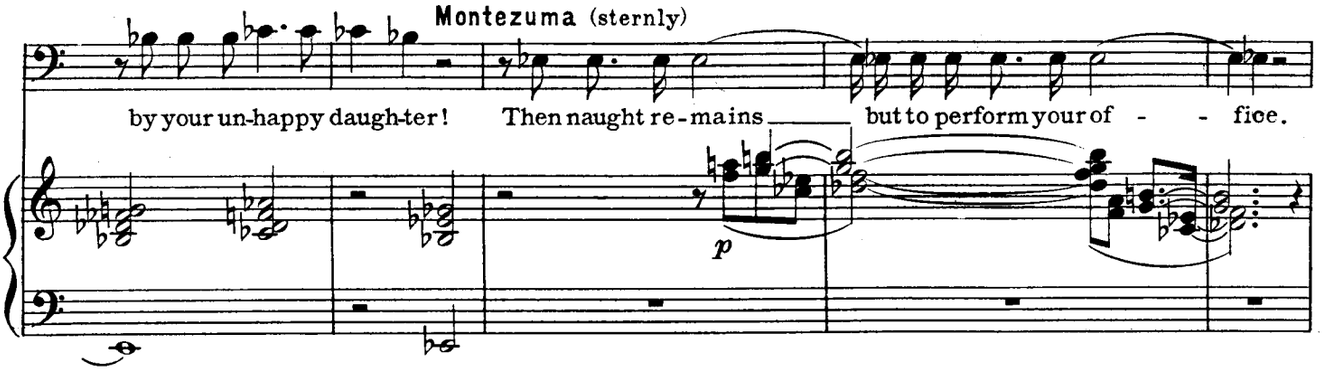




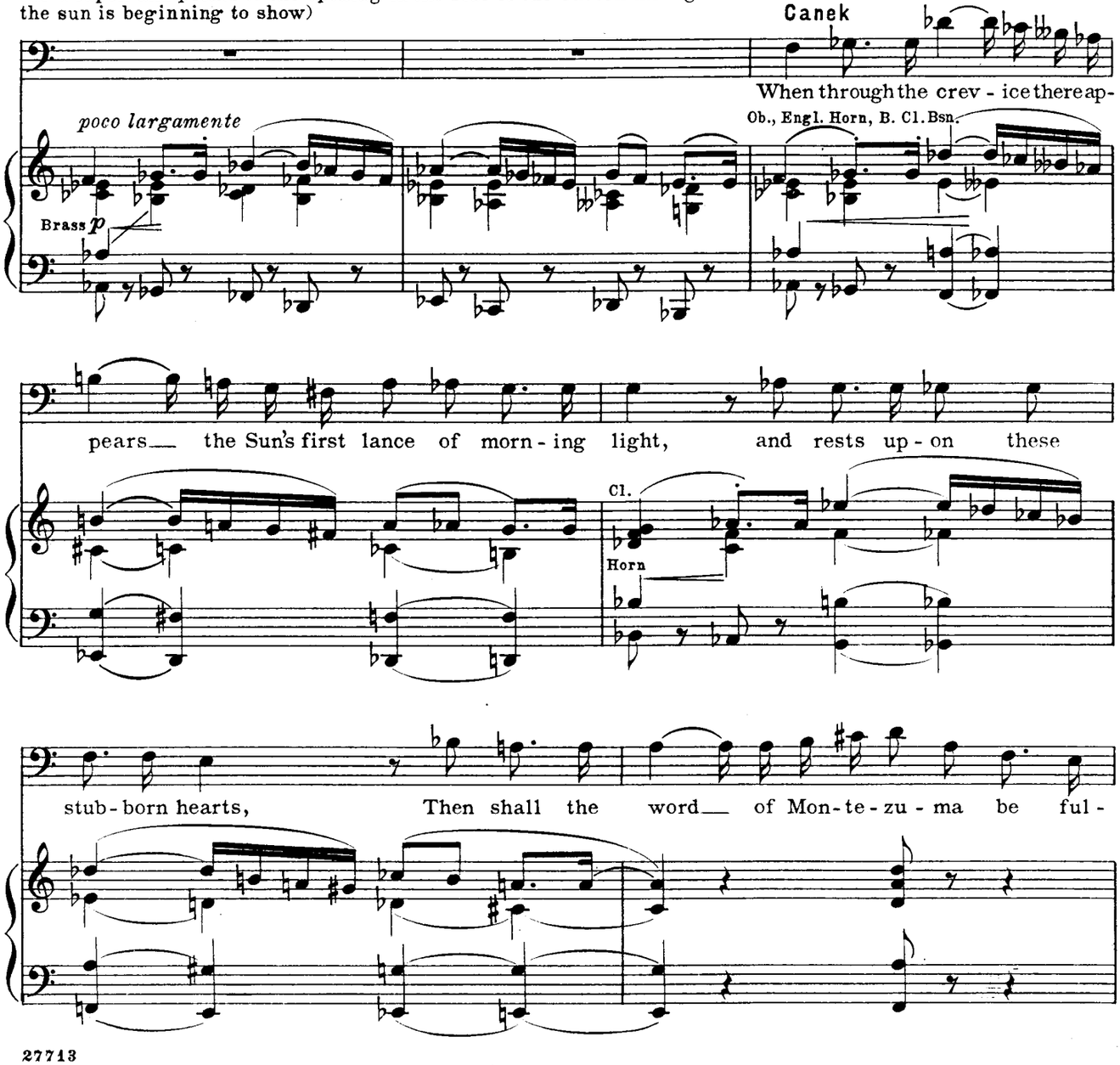


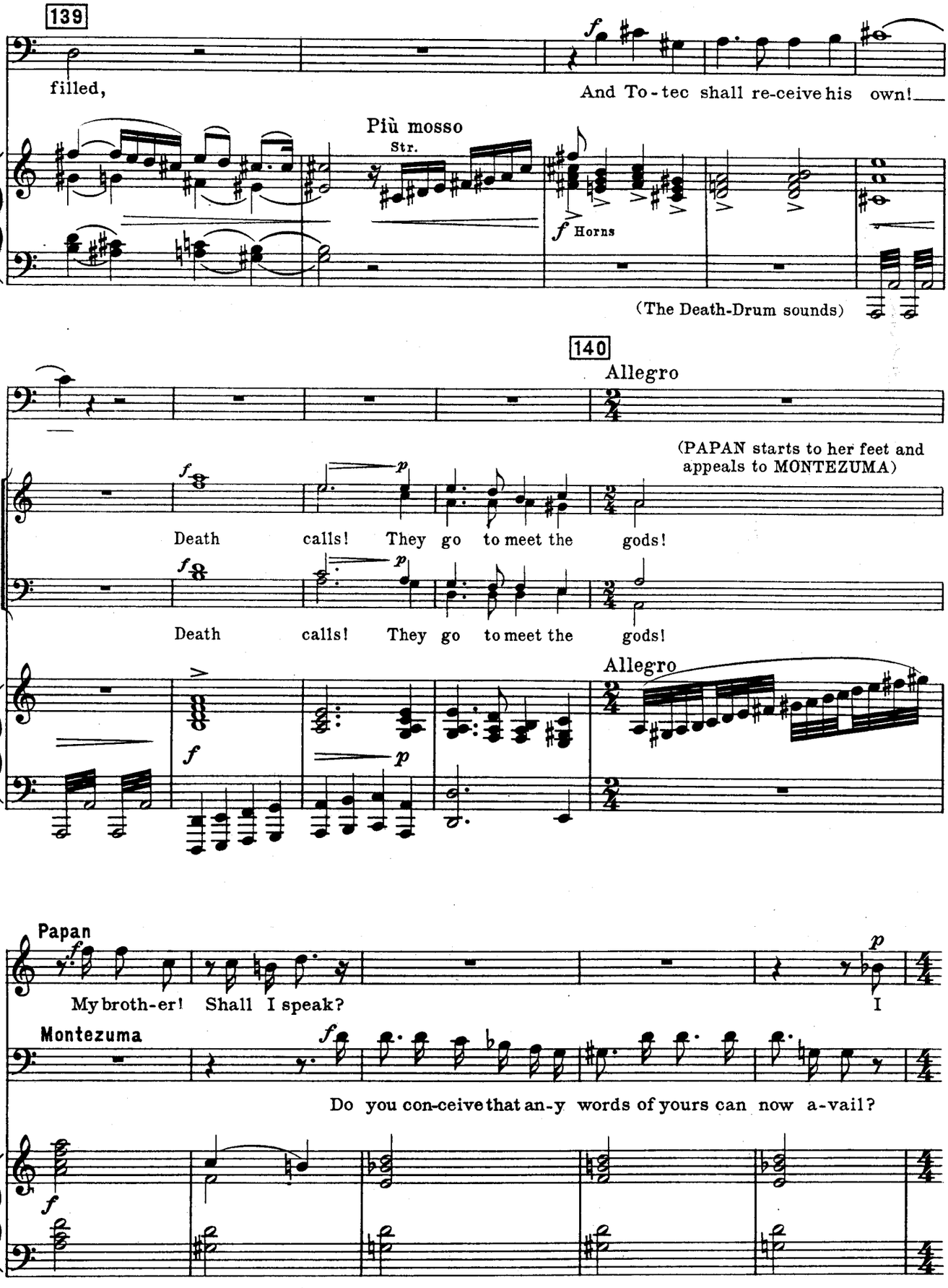
138 **Canek** (addressing MONTEZUMA)
Meno mosso





(CANEK makes an obeisance twards the altar and by a gesture directs AZORA and XALCA to be placed thereon. This is done by the PRIESTS. The prisoners stand before the Sacrificial Stone with their faces toward the right. CANEK follows and takes from one of the PRIESTS the flint weapon used for the sacrifice. The PRIESTS close in before the Altar. The Slave places incense on the censer and a cloud ascends. CANEK raises his hand in which he holds the weapon and points to the opening in the side of the Cavern through which the sun is beginning to show)




139
filled,
And To-tec shall re-ceive his own!
Più mosso
Str.
f Horns
(The Death-Drum sounds)
140
Allegro
(PAPAN starts to her feet and appeals to MONTEZUMA)
Fire-Priests
Death calls! They go to meet the gods!
Death calls! They go to meet the gods!
Allegro
Papan
My broth-er! Shall I speak?
I
Montezuma
Do you con-ceive that an-y words of yours can now a-vail?