

Casilda

Don Alhambra

Marco

mo - ment men - tion. To us they bring - His fos - ter - moth - er. Is

Giuseppe

All

he the King? Or this my broth - er? Speak, wom - an, speak!

Inez

Più lento

Speak, wom - an, speak! The Roy - al Prince was by the King en -

trust - ed To my fond care, ere I grew old and - crust - ed; When

*

trai-tors came to steal his son re-put-ed, My own small boy I

And. *

deft-ly sub-sti-tu-ted! The vil-lains fell in-to the trap com-

And. * *And.* * *And.* *

plete-ly- I hid the Prince a-way- still sleep-ing sweet-ly; I called him

And. *

(Sensation. Luiz ascends the throne, crowned and robed as King.)

"son" with par-don-a-ble sly-ness- His name, Lu-iz! Be-hold his Roy-al High-ness!

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