

T. brav - est of foes, 'Twere bet-ter like them to

T. die, And in hon-or'd earth to lie, Than hear, un - re-sent-ed, re -

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

proaches like those. Start not, but lis-ten!

“When the fair land of Poland.”

Aria.

Allegro marziale grandioso.

Thaddeus.

T. When the fair land of Po - land was plough'd by the hoof Of the

T. ruth-less in - vad - er, when Might, With steel to the bo - som, and

T. flame to the roof, Com - pleat - ed her tri-umph o'er Right, In that

T. mo - ment of dan - ger, when Free-dom invok'd All the fet-ter-less sons of her

T. pride, In a pha - lanx as daunt - less as Free - dom e'eryok'd, I

T. fought and I bled by her side. My birth is no - ble, un-

T. stain'd my crest As is thine own: let this at - test! My

T. birth is no - ble, un - stain'd my crest As is thine own, as is thine own: let this at-
rall. adagio assai
col canto

T. test!

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

ff a tempo

Larghetto cantabile.

T. the Count, who stands fixed and bewildered.)

p

Thaddeus.
p e dolce

T. Pit - -y for one in child - hood torn From kin - -dred with whom she

T. dwelt, Rip - end in af - ter - years to love, The

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

T. faith re-new With out - laws chance first link'd me to. As a

T. foe, on this head let your ha - red be pild, But de -

T. spise not one who hath so lov'd your child; As a foe on this head let your

T. *hatred be pil'd,* But de - spise not one who hath so lov'd your child,

col canto

T. *cresc.* — de - spise not one who hath so lov'd your child. The feuds of a

C. *cresc.*

C. na - - - nation's strife, The par - - - ty storms of

C. life, Should nev-er their sor - - - rows im - part To the

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

Poco più mosso.
Count (greatly moved). *3*

Poco più mosso.