

reached the court, of the female minstrel who was turning the brains of all Andalusia. The queen dispatched missions in all haste to summon her to St. Ildefonso, where the court at that time resided.

Within a few days, as the queen with her maidens of honour was walking in those stately gardens, intended, with their avenues and terraces and fountains, to eclipse the glories of Versailles, the far-famed minstrel was conducted into her presence. The imperial Elizabetha gazed with surprise at the youthful and unpretending appearance of the little being that had set the world madding. She was in her picturesque Andalusian dress, her silver lute was in her hand, and she stood with modest and downcast eyes, but with a simplicity and freshness of beauty, that still bespoke her "the Rose of the Alhambra." Jacinta followed the Queen with downcast eyes through files of guards and crowds of courtiers. They arrived at length at a great chamber hung with black. The windows were closed to exclude the light of day; a number of yellow wax tapers in silver sconces diffused a lugubrious light, and dimly revealed the figures of mutes in mourning dresses, and courtiers who glided about with noiseless step and woe-begone visage. On the midst of a funeral bed or bier, his hands folded on his breast, and the tip of his nose just visible, lay extended this would be buried monarch.

The queen entered the chamber in silence, and pointing to a footstool in an obscure corner, beckoned to Jacinta to sit down and commence. At first she touched her lute with a faltering hand, but gathering confidence and animation as she proceeded, drew forth such soft aerial harmony, that all present could scarce believe it mortal. As to the monarch, who had already considered himself in the world of spirits, he set it down for some angelic melody or the music of the spheres. By degrees the theme was varied, and the voice of the minstrel accompanied the instrument. She poured forth one of the legendary ballads, treating of the ancient glories of the Alhambra and the achievements of the Moors. Her whole soul entered into the theme, for with the recollections of the Alhambra, was associated the

story of her love. The funeral chamber resounded with the animating strain. It entered into the gloomy heart of the monarch. He raised his head and gazed around: he sat up on his couch, his eye began to kindle—at length, leaping upon the floor, he called for sword and buckler.

The triumph of music, or rather of the enchanted lute, was complete; the demon of melancholy was cast forth; and, as it were, a dead man brought to life. The windows of the apartment were thrown open; the glorious effulgence of Spanish sunshine burst into the late lugubrious chamber; all eyes sought the lovely enchantress, but the lute had fallen from her hand, she had sunk upon the earth, and the next moment was elapsed to the bosom of Ruyz de Alarcon.

The nuptials of the happy couple were shortly after celebrated with great splendour; but hold—I hear the reader ask, how did Ruyz de Alarcon account for his long neglect? O that was all owing to the opposition of a proud pragmatistical old father: besides, young people, who really like one another, soon come to an amicable understanding, and bury all past grievances when once they meet. But how was the proud pragmatistical old father reconciled to the match? O his scruples were easily overcome by a word or two from the queen, especially as dignities and rewards were showered upon the blooming favourite of royalty. Besides, the lute of Jacinta, you know, possessed a magic power, and could control the most stubborn head and hardest breast. And what became of the enchanted lute? O that is the most curious matter of all, and plainly proves the truth of all this story. That lute remained for some time in the family, but was purloined and carried off, as was supposed, by the great singer Farinelli, in pure jealousy. At his death it passed into other hands in Italy, who were ignorant of its mystic powers, and melting down the silver, transferred the strings to an old cremona fiddle. The strings still retain something of their magic virtues. A word in the reader's ear, but let it go no further—that fiddle is now bewitching the whole world—it is the fiddle of Paganini!—*The Alhambra*, by Washington Irving.

HERE IN COOL GROT.

The musical score is for the song "Here in Cool Grot." It is written for four voices: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The tempo is marked "Slow" and the initial dynamics are "p" (piano). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Here in cool Grot and mos-sy Cell, We ru-ral Fays and Fai-ries, We We ru-ral Fays and We ru-ral Fays and". The score includes dynamic markings such as "p", "mf", and "ff" (fortissimo) and includes fermatas and slurs over the vocal lines.



near these cry - stal streams. Her beams re - flect - ed from the wave, Afford the

near those cry - stal streams. Her beams re - flect - ed from the wave, Afford the

The turf with dai - sies broi - der'd o'er, Ex - ceeds we

light our re - vels crave, The turf with dai - sies broi - der'd o'er, Ex - ceeds we

light our re - vels crave, The turf with dai - sies broi - der'd o'er Ex - ceeds we

wot, the pa - rian floor, Nor

wot the pa - rian floor, Nor yet for art - ful strains, nor

wot the pa - rian floor, Nor yet for art - ful

wot the pa - rian floor, Nor yet for art - ful strains we call, for

*cres.* *p*  
 yet for art - ful strains we call we call we call, But lis-ten lis-ten  
*cres.* *p*  
 strains we call we call we call we call, Bnt lis-ten lis-ten  
*p*  
 art - ful strains

*mf* *p*  
 lis - ten lis - ten to the wa - ter fall, lis - ten  
*mf* *p*  
 lis - ten lis - ten to the wa - ter fall, lis - ten  
*mf* *p*

*f*  
 lis - ten lis - ten lis - ten to the wa - ter fall.  
*f*  
 lis - ten lis - ten lis - ten to the wa - ter fall.  
*f*