

THADDEUS. A guard of Austrian soldiers are on my track, and I can no longer elude their vigilance. An exile from my wretched country, now a prey to the inveterate invader, my only hope is in some friendly shelter. (*Sees the statue of the Emperor.*) Ah! that tells me I am here on the very threshold of my enemies!

'TIS SAD TO LEAVE OUR FATHER-LAND

Recitative and Air.

THADDEUS.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a recitative section in a common time signature (C) and a key signature of two flats (B-flat major/D minor). The tempo is marked *Allegro maestoso*. The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "friends, and without a home, my country, too! yes, I'm exil'd from thee; what fate, what fate a-waits me here, now pi-ty, Heav'n! oh calm my de-spair!". The tempo then changes to *lento*, and the piano accompaniment becomes *colla voce* (with the voice) and *p* (piano). The tempo changes again to *dolce assai* (very sweetly), and the piano accompaniment is marked *Moderato*. The tempo then changes to *rall.* (ritardando). The final section of the score is marked *p* (piano) and features the lyrics: "'Tis sad to leave our Fa-ther-land, and friends we there lov'd".

With - out

Allegro maestoso.

f

friends, and without a home, my country, too! yes, I'm exil'd from thee; what fate, what

lento.

fate a - waits me here, now pi - ty, Heav'n! oh calm my de - spair!

colla voce.

p

dolce assai.

Moderato.

p *f* *p*

rall.

p

'Tis sad to leave our Fa - ther-land, and friends we there lov'd

p

well, to wan-der on a stran-ger strand, where friends but sel-dom

accel.

dwell; yet hard as are such ills to bear, and deep-ly tho' they:

cres. *cres.*

f *pp*

smart, their pangs are light to those who are the or-phans of the

heart! 'tis sad to leave our Fa-ther-land, and friends we there lov'd

well, to wan-der on a stran-ger strand, where friends but seldom

pp

accel. il tempo.

ff

dwell, where friends, where friends, where friends but seldom dwell, but seldom

Allegro.

agitato.

dwell. Oh! if there were one gen-tle

eye to weep when I might grieve, one bosom to receive the sigh which

sorrow oft will heave, one heart the ways of life to cheer, tho' rugged, tho' rug-ged they might

be, no language, no language can express how dear that