

[She struggles free. They rise.]

51

39 Allegro

S.

mf

S. *f appassionata*

Ah,— is hap-pi-ness for us? I am a bird of the

f *fz* *mf* *Andante più lento*

40 Andantino

S. *mp*

wil - der - ness, I am a thrush of the wood-land,

mp delicatissimo

S.

Captive a-while to art and song Yet true to my tra-di-tions.

s. *3*

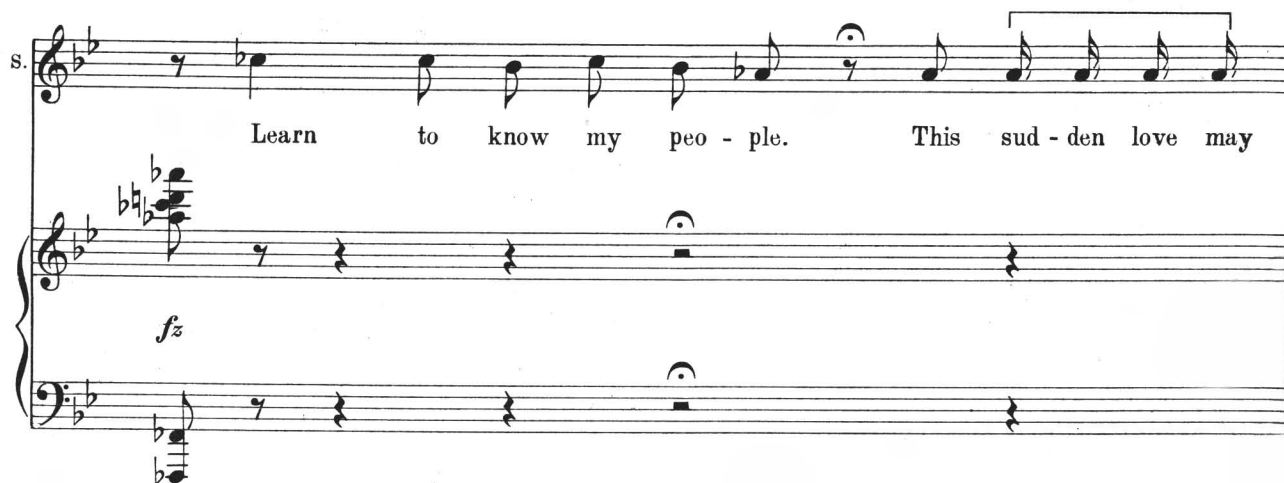
I love the wild life of the plains, — The camp - fires of my peo - ple, The

s. *poco rall.*

young com-pan-ions of my child - hood, My fa-ther and my fos-ter-broth - er.

s. *piu mosso*

Ah, if you think you love me, Go with me to my home, —

S. 

Learn to know my peo - ple. This sud - den love may

fz

[41]

Allegro con fuoco

(fired by her enthusiasm)

S. 

die! (LIONEL) Take me to your peo - ple! — Where

fz agitato

L. 

you love, I love. —

fz ffz

[Amy and a young man enter from terrace. Shanewis and Lionel move apart guiltily. The young man leads Shanewis out to dance. Amy remains.]

42 Andante [Lionel recovers his poise] *mp* (aside, ruefully)

I had for-got-ten

poco decrescendo *pp a tempo*

(Jealously) *mf*

Amy So long with Sha - ne - wis; Does she know we are be -

L. A - my!

Amy *trothed?*
| Looking away.

L. Of course I did not tell her,— That was for you.

mp *semplice*

[Disconsolately — Leaning against his breast.]

A. *p* No kiss to - night? No lov - ing word?

L.

[Lionel looks nervously across piano to open French windows.
He draws Amy further behind palms and piano.]

A. *mf* Not oft-en are you cold. *p* Some -
(With effort to appear tender)

L. Dear A - zure Eyes, — what is your thought?