

"When I smite off his head, shall his lifeless lips scornfully tell me that I am unworthy of his daughter, and that I shall never possess her ?

"Then shall I no longer supplicate him on low-bent knees, for I, not he, shall be sovereign, and my will, not his, all-powerful."

According to Messrs. Rivero and Tschudi, the Peruvian actors reached great perfection in the representation of comedies. They were encouraged not only by the hearty applause of an audience that delighted in the drama, but also by rich rewards from those in authority. The same authors inform us that, with the exception of the dramatic, all the compositions of the Peruvians were destined to be sung. Some of the ancient tunes of their *yaravis* or love-poems are said to be sweet and melodious. The music of three of them (one in *sol minor*, one in *la minor* and one in *re minor*) is given in "Peruvian Antiquities." But such music was the exception rather than the rule. Like most rude populations, the populace of the empire preferred the din of noisy instruments. In a paper on Ancient Music, by M. Oscar Comettant, included in the "Compte Rendu" of the Congrès des Americanistes for 1875, I find an example of a *yaravis*, of which the following is a translation :—

I.

"When the poor turtle-dove has lost the object of its affections, in its wild grief it flutters its wings and flies restlessly to and fro.

II.

Everywhere it seeks for the missing one, flying far over the broad fields, and searching with the inquiring eye of love, every tree and every plant.

III.

But, alas ! it has sought in vain, and now, hopeless, with throbbing heart, it weeps unceasingly—
weeps fountains, rivers, gulfs, oceans of tears.

IV.

Such, alas ! is my case ! So have I been in my sorrow ever since that sad day when I was so ill-fated as to lose thee, my sweet charmer, my divine enchanter.

V.

I weep, though I know it is in vain. For my sorrow is so great that I breathe only tears, terrors, anguish and cries of lamentation.

VI.

The whole universe is moved by my sorrow, for I am the most faithful of lovers. Lo ! all creation weeps for my lot—men, beasts, fishes and birds.