

shall be e-ver thine.  
mo-ment plein d'ap-pas.

in joy, hap-py pair.  
is-ge-ra-ses pas.

he shall fall, yes, I swear.  
jure i-ci son tré-pas.

shall be e-ver thine.  
mo-ment plein d'ap-pas.

in joy, hap-py pair.  
is-ge-ra-ses pas.

he shall fall, yes, I swear.  
jure i-ci son tré-pas.

he shall fall, yes, I swear.  
jure i-ci son tré-pas.

-nish a-way, all a-way.  
vont tom-ber, sous leurs coups.

-nish a-way, all a-way.  
vont tom-ber, sous leurs coups.

-nish a-way, all a-way.  
vont tom-ber, sous leurs coups.

ACT II.

No. 7.

RECIT.—"MY LORD, YOU NEED NOT FEAR."

Allegro. ♩ = 108.

PIANO. *ff*

(curtain rises.)

ZERLINA (speaking off the stage).

My lord, you need not fear, I my-self will prepare, while you're at table, your apartments and your bed, You are  
*Ne craignez rien Mi-lord, oui je vais sur le champ, Pen-dant que vous é-tes à ta-ble, pré-pa-rer Vo-tre*

here quite safe, you may be sure.  
*Et et votre ap-par-tement.*

'Tis not always like now, many guests give much  
*On n'entendit ja-mais de ta-pa-ge sem-*

trou-ble, Sometimes I quite lose my head!  
- bla-ble, J'en perds la té - te je crois.

Upstairs, downstairs, when twenty bells at once are  
Al-ter, ve-nur, cou-rir au bruit de vingt son-

ringing, What nonsense I must hear when the wine I am bringing! 'Tis no ea - sy path I tread!  
- net - tes, Et de tous ces mes-seurs é - cou-ter les fleu-ret - tes, On n'a-pas un in-stant à soi.

*Pizz.*

*Allegro moderato. ♩ = 104.*

Oh, . . . what joy, now at last . . . I can be a - lone,  
Quel . . . bon - heur, je res - pi - re, je suis seule i - ci;

*Strings arco. Stacc.*

Once . . . more I now can say, my heart is all thine own. Scarce - ly when  
On . . . me laisse un in-stant, qu'au moins il soit pour lui. A peine a -

I go past, We say a word of greet - ing, Ah . . . fly, ye hours a-way, And  
- je le tems, de di - re que je l'ai - me, De . . . peur de l'ou - bli - er, Je

bring our hap - py meet - ing, Where-e'er I go I see Thy glan - ces bright and  
te dis à moi mé - me, non pour moi ce mot là ja - mais ne s'ou - blie

*Wind sustain.*

free, My thought is all of thee, Ah!  
- ra son sou - ve - nir est là,

Oh . . . what joy, . . . now at last . . . I can be a - lone, Once . . . more I  
quel . . . bon - heur . . . je res - pi - re je suis seule i - ci, on . . . me laisse

*Bassi pizz.*

now can say, My heart is all thine own. Yes, once more I can say, My heart  
un in-stant, qu'au moins il soit pour lui, on me laisse un in - stant qu'au moins . . .

*Fr. Ob.*

is . . . all thine own, yes, once more I can say my heart  
il . . . soit pour lui, on me laisse un in - stant qu'au moins . . .

*Sop.*

is all thine own.  
il soit pour lui.

ZERLINA.—It is not for long I am left in peace. (To Lord and Laay A., who enter) Your room is quite ready, my lord and my lady—at the end of the passage.

ZERLINA.—Ce ne sera pas long, car voilà que l'on monte déjà. Quand milord et milady voudront, leur appartement est prêt. Au bout du corridor.

No. 8. TRIO.—“MY LOVE, I'M SLEEPY.”

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.  $\text{♩} = 112.$

LORD ALLCASH.

My love, I'm slee - py, let us re -  
Al - lons ma femme al - lons dor -

*Tutti p.*

LADY ALLCASH.

Not yet to sleep I de - sire.  
Eh quoi dé - ja dor - mir,

I my eyes can keep o - pen no  
oui dé - ja le som - meil me re -

*Vlna.*

My at - ten - tion, it seems then, is strong - er, How diff - rent 'twas a  
quoi dé - ja le som - meil vous re - cla - me, ja - dis je crois m'en

lon - ger.  
cia - me,

*Cornu sustain pp.*

year a - go, No thought on sleep you'd then be - stow.  
sou - ve - nir vous é - tiez moins prompt à dor - mir.

A good night's rest I'll not fore - go, The greatest blessing  
pour un é - poux ah quel plai - sir, ah quel plai - sir de

ZERLINA.

His lord - ship  
Ce bon Mi -

LADY ALLCASH.

My lord, not  
(yawning.) Eh quoi Mi -

here be - low, the great - est bless - ing here be - low. . . My wife, I'm  
bien dor - mir, ah quel plai - sir de bien dor - mir, . . . at - lons ma

wish - es soon to re - tire, he wish - es soon to re - tire.  
- lord aime à dor - mir Mi - lord aime à dor - mir.

yet to sleep I de - sire, to sleep, not yet I de - sire.  
- lord dé - ja dor - mir eh quoi dé - ja dor - mir.

slee - py, let us re - tire, my wife, let us re - tire. I my  
femme, al - lons dor - mir al - lons al - lons, dor - mir. oui dé -

*Strings & Fag.*

One short  
a - près

My at - ten - tion, it seems then, is stron - ger. Yes, my  
quoi dé - jà le som - meil vous re - cla - me, a - près

eyes can keep o - pen no lon - ger,  
jà le som - meil me re - cla - me

Yes, one  
a - près

*Tutti. p*

year, then, af - ter the wed - ding, This is what one has to ex - pect, Did I  
un an de ma - ri - a - ge on que - rel - le donc son ma - ri, a - vec

dear, one year af - ter wed - ding, This is what you have to ex - pect, Têtes à  
un an de ma - ri - a - ge com - ment dé - jà chan - ger ain - si, voy - ez

short year af - ter the wed - ding, This is what one has to ex - pect, Some fra -  
un an de ma - ri - a - ge com - ment dé - jà chan - ger ain - si, voy - ez

*Sua.*

think so, I should be dread - ing, What with joy - ous faith I e - lect, What with  
le men dans mon mé - na - ge il n'en se - ra ja - mais ain - si, il

têtes one al - ways is dread - ing, Ere you mar - ry, bet - ter re - flect, ah, re -  
donc le jo - li mé - na - ge voy - ez donc l'ai - ma - ble ma - ri, voy - ez

cas one e - ver is dread - ing, She's quite chang'd since I re - col - lect, She is quite  
donc le jo - li mé - na - ge je re - con - nais plus Mi - la - di, je re - con -

*Sua.*

joy - ous faith . . . now, I now . . . e - lect, what I with  
n'en se - ra . . . ja - mais, ja - mais . . . ain - si, il n'en se -

- flect, You'd bet - ter, you'd bet - ter re - flect, you'd bet - ter . . . re - flect, ah, yes, you'd  
donc l'ai - ma - ble ma - ri, voy - ez donc l'ai - ma - ble . . . ma - ri, voy - ez l'ai -

chang'd since I can re - col - lect, since I can re - col - lect, She is quite chang'd, she is quite  
- nais plus Mi - la - di, je re - con - nais plus Mi - la - di, je re - con - nais plus Mi - la -

*Sua. loco.*

*p* *fz* *p* *f*

joy - ous faith e - lect, what I with joy  
ra . . . jamais ain - si, il n'en se - ra

bet - ter re - flect, ah, yes, you'd bet  
- ma - ble ma - ri, voy - ez l'ai - ma

chang'd, quite chang'd since I can re - col - lect, she is quite chang'd, she is quite chang'd, quite chang'd since  
- di, je re - con - nais plus Mi - la - di, je re - con - nais plus Mi - la - di, je re - con -

*p* *f* *p*

ous, with joy - ous faith e - lect, with joy - ous, joy  
jamais ain - si, il n'en se - ra, il n'en se - ra

ter re - flect, ah, yes, you'd bet - ter re - flect,  
ble ma - ri, voy - ez l'ai - ma - ble, l'ai - ma -

I can re - col - lect, she is quite chang'd, she is quite chang'd, quite chang'd since  
- nais plus Mi - la - di, je re - con - nais plus Mi - la - di, je re - con -

*cresc.* *f*

ous faith e - lect.  
ja - mais ; . . . ain - si.

you'd bet - ter re - flect.  
ble, l'a - ma - ble ma - ri.

I can re - - col - lect, 'Tis ve - ry late, midnight is stri - king, You know we  
- nais plus Mi - la - di, il est mi - nuit c'est bien hon - nê - te il faut par -

*Strings. Ob. & Fag.*

*Bassi. Fiaz.*

LADY ALLCASH. (pointing to ZERLINA.)

To leave to - mor - row's not to my lik - ing, I'll  
non, non vrai - ment je reste à la fê - te sa

start at an ear - ly hour.  
tir . . . de grand ma - tin.

ZERLINA.

Believe I'm grateful for your kindness.  
croy - ez à ma re - con - nais - san - ce.

stay un - til the wed - ding's o'er,  
noce elle a - vait lieu de - main,

My dear, you need some goodad - vice,  
je veux vous don - ner des a - vis,

LADY ALLCASH.

As there's no love without some blind - ness, I'll put a case . . . to be con - cise: You see that  
ma chère en - fant je veux d'a - van - ce, vous préve - nir . . . sur les ma - ris, voy - ez vous

*Bassi. stacc. and arco.*

ZERLINA (taking up a lighted candle.)  
If nothing your lordship re -  
Mi - lord, voudrait il quel - que

when the courting's past,  
bien tous les ma - ris.—LORD ALLCASH (interrupting.)

Come, come, I'm slee - py; let us re - tire.  
al - lons, ma femme, at - lons dor - mir.

*Tutti. p*

quire,  
cho - se, Your room's prepar'd.  
c'est là, je crois,

You'll come to me when he's a -  
Ou donc est la soubrette à

Yes, to go to sleep,  
Yes, un o - reil - ter.

ZERLINA.

I'll do what - e - ver you de - sire.  
de moi que ma - da - me dis - pose.

sleep.  
moi ?

LORD ALLCASH.

Why, where, my love, is gone the  
mais, qu'a - vez vous donc fait ma

*stacc. p*

lock - et, The one the thieves for - got to pock - et? Al - ways I've seen it on your  
chè - re au mé - dail - lon que d'or - di - naire j'ai l'ha - bi - tude i - ci de

LADY ALLCASH (embarrassed.)

I for-  
ce por-  
neck, With a rib - bon long and black.  
voir, at - ta - ché par un ru - ban noir.

get, I have it not. Come, come, you're  
trait, il est ail-leurs, allons, Mi -

Where? where is it gone? How is that?  
Yes, ce mé-dail - lon pourquoy donc?

Wind.

slee - py, let us re - tire, Your eyes will keep o - pen no - lon - ger, A good night's  
- lord, al - lons dor - - mir, dé - jà le sommeil vous re - cla - me, pour un é -

ZERLINA.  
One short  
rest you would not fore - go. . . . The greatest bless - ing here be - low. Yes, my  
- pour ah quel plai - sir, . . . ah quel plai - sir de bien dor - mir. a - près

Yes, one  
a - près  
Cl.  
p

year then af - ter the wed - ding, This is what one has to ex - pect, Did I  
un . . an de ma - ri - a - ge, on . que - rel - le donc son ma - ri, a - vec

dear, one year af - ter wed - ding, This is what you have to ex - pect, Tête - à -  
un . . an de ma - ri - a - ge, com - ment dé - jà chan - ger ain - si, voy - ez

short year af - ter the wed - ding, This is what one has to ex - pect, Some fra -  
un . . an de ma - ri - a - ge, com - ment dé - jà chan - ger ain - si, voy - ez  
Et. and Ct.

think so I should be dread - ing, What with joy - ous faith I e - lect, what with  
le . . mien dans mon mé - na - ge, il . . n'en se - ra ja - mais ain - si, il . .

- têtes one al - ways is dread - ing, Ere you mar - ry, bet - ter re - flect, Ah re -  
donc le jo - li mé - na - ge, voy - ez donc l'ai - ma - ble ma - ri, voy - ez

- cas one al - ways is dread - ing, She's quite chang'd since I re - col - lect, she is quite  
donc le jo - li mé - na - ge, je re - con - nais plus Mi - la - di, je re - con -  
Sve.

joy - ous faith I . . now, I now . . e . .  
n'en . . se - ra - - ja - mais, ja - mais . . ain -

- flect, You'd bet - ter, you'd bet - ter re - flect, you'd bet - ter re -  
donc l'ai - ma - ble ma - ri, voy - ez donc l'ai - ma - ble ma -

chang'd, since I can re - col - lect, since I can re - col -  
- nais, plus Mi - la - di, je re - con - nais, plus Mi - la -  
Sve.

p f p

lect, what I with joy - ous faith e -  
 st, il n'en se - ra ja-mais ain -

flect, ah, yes, you'd bet - ter re - flect,  
 ri, voy - ez l'ai - ma ble ma -

lect, She is quite chang'd, she is quite chang'd, quite chang'd, since I can re - col -  
 di, je re - con - nais plus, Mi - la - di, je re - con - nais, plus Mi - la -

8ve. . . . loco;

lect, what I with joy - ous faith e -  
 st, il n'en se - ra ja-mais ain -

flect, ah, yes, you'd bet - ter re - flect,  
 ri, voy - ez l'ai - ma ble ma -

lect, She is quite chang'd, she is quite chang'd, quite chang'd since I can re - col -  
 di, je re - con - nais plus, Mi - la - di, je re - con - nais plus Mi - la -

lect, what I with joy - ous - faith, with joy  
 st, il ne'n se - ra, il n'en se - ra

flect, ah yes, you'd bet - ter re - flect,  
 ri, voy - ez l'ai - ma ble l'ai - ma

lect, she is quite chang'd, she is quite chang'd, quite chang'd since  
 di, je re - con - nais plus Mi - la chang'd di, je re - con

cresc. f

ous faith e - lect.  
 ja-mais ain - si.

you'd bet - ter re - flect.  
 ble, l'ai-ma ble ma - ri.

I can re - col - lect.  
 - nais plus Mi - la - di.

Strings. tr

pp

MARQUIS (*advancing mysteriously*).—They have all retired for the night; and, thank the stars, no one saw me go up that staircase. Now let me reconnoitre. They said the second room at the end of the passage on the first floor. This must be the first room where I am now. Can this be the second? (*looks in at the door Zerlina left open, L.H.*) No, here all is in darkness. (*Spies about on the other side*) This must be the door that leads to the Englishman's room. It only opens on this room, so they cannot escape. Now I have only to call my comrades, who are in the stable. (*Opens window at back*) They ought to be out by this time. I do not see them; it is so dark. They must be loitering about the place. (*He perceives a mandolin nanquoy on the wall*) Ah, this will do for a signal. And if some one should hear me! never mind. I am not inclined to sleep, and so I sing. One sings night and day in Italy.

MARQUIS.—Ils sont tous retirés dans leurs appartemens, et personne, grâce au ciel, ne m'a vu monter cet escalier. Orientons-nous. Au premier, m'a-t-on dit, la seconde chambre au bout du corridor. Voici bien la première chambre, j'y sus. Pour la seconde, est-ce celle-ci? Non, un cabinet noir avec des porte-manteaux, des rideaux. Alors voilà sans doute la porte du corridor qui conduit chez l'Anglais. Pas d'autre issue, notre proie ne peut nous échapper. Il s'agit maintenant d'avertir mes compagnons qu'on a logés dans la grange. Ils devraient déjà être dehors—et je ne les vois pas! La nuit est si sombre. Peut-être rôdent-ils autour de la maison. Allons, le signal convenu. Et si on venait! qu'importe! Je ne peux pas dormir—je chante. On chante jour et nuit en Italie. D'ailleurs ma chanson n'éveillera pas de soupçons. C'est celle que fredonnent toutes les jeunes filles qui attendent leurs amoureux: et elle est joliment connue dans le pays.

Dresden 3

No. 9.

BARCAROLE.—"YOUNG AGNES."

*Andantino con moto.* ♩ = 60.  
 PIANO. *Strings pizz.* *p*

MARQUIS.  
 Young Ag - nes, ten - der flow - er, Ga - zes from her bow - er, When  
 Ag - nes ta jou - ven - cel - le, ... Aus - si jeune que bel - le, Un

shades of eve - ning low - er, ... Sing - ing soft and low. Now night spreads her  
 soir à sa tou - rel - le, ... Ain - si chan - tait tout bas. La nuit ca - che -

*Strings, Arco & Fog.* *pp*

veil a - far, Ro - ses sweet scent the gale, There shines but a sin - gle star,  
 ra tes pas, On ne te ver - ras pas, La nuit ca - che - ra tes pas,

hear we, Not a sound is near - me, Come soft - ly, none will hear thee,  
 pe re nulle é - toile n'é - clar - re ta mar - che so - li - tai - re

Clouds o'erhead swift-ly sail, 'Tis I, 'tis I thy mai - den, My voice thou sure dost  
 et je suis seule hé - las, c'est ma voix qui t'ap - pel - le, a - mi n'en - tends tu

know, my voice thou sure dost know,  
 pas? a - mi n'en - tends tu pas? *Cor. sustain.*

my voice thou sure dost know?  
 a - mi n'en - tends tu pas? *Fl.* *pp*

*Strings, arco,* *Pizz.*

No strange in - tru - der  
 L'in - stant est si pros -

This hour shall be our own,  
pour-quoi ne viens tu pas?

All day . . . my grandame keeps Watchful eyes  
le jour ma grand-mère hé-las! est toujours

o - ver me, Now safe and sound she sleeps, And I fly, love, to thee. Oh  
sur nos pas, mais ma grand-mère là bas dort a-près son re-pas l'ins-

come, oh come, thy mai - den Thou'lt not leave here a - lone,  
tant est si pros-pè - re a - mi n'entends tu pas?

leave me not here a - lone,  
a - mi n'en-tends tu pas?

leave me not here a - lone.  
a - mi n'en-tends tu pas?

String's arco, & Fag. pp

pp piaz.

arco. piaz. arco.

p

(Beppo and Giacomo appear at the window.)

MARQUIS.—Come in; make no noise.

BEppo.—Here we are, punctually to the signal.

MARQUIS.—Silence! the lord and lady have but just retired to their room.

GIACOMO.—And the jewels they have robbed us of?

BEppo.—And the bank-notes they have defrauded us of?

MARQUIS (pointing to their room).—Are there. (Seeing them about to rush to the place) What are you about?

GIACOMO.—Take back our property.

MARQUIS.—Wait a moment, they cannot yet be asleep; besides, there is some one else in the room—the little servant.

GIACOMO.—Zerlina?

BEppo.—We have an account to settle with her too; for, after all, those ten thousand francs ought to be ours too.

MARQUIS.—We shall get them. I have no illwill against her; but as for her lover, that Lorenzo, who has deprived us of twenty of our brave companions, by my patron saint Diavolo, I will be avenged on him, or I am no Italian.

ZERLINA (without).—Good night, my lord; you wish for nothing more?

MARQUIS.—Some one comes. (Pointing to the door, L.H.)

Go in there, behind the curtains.

BEppo (hesitating).—Those curtains?

MARQUIS.—Yes, yes, until she is gone.

(They all three enter the room, L.H., and shut the door.)

ZERLINA (holding a candle).—Good night—good night. You are sure to sleep well; the house is so quiet, and perfectly safe. (Puts down the candle on the table by the bed) Now, thank heaven, they are all at rest, and I long to rest too—I am so tired. I must make haste and sleep, for it is late, and I must be up by day-break to-morrow. (Going towards the bed, and turning back the counterpane) My bed is not like that of his lordship; certainly not (folds up the counterpane, and puts it on a chair before the door, L.H.) She leaves the door ajar, and continues standing before the bed with her back to the door; but for that I don't care. I have a notion that I shall sleep better than he will, for I am so happy.

GIACOMO (peeping out from the open door).—This appears to be her room.

BEppo (in the same place).—What shall we do?

MARQUIS (in the same place).—Wait till she is in bed and asleep.

BEppo.—Well, then, I hope she will make haste.

ZERLINA.—Lorenzo will be here in the morning; he will ask my father for my hand, and he will not be refused now, for he is rich. Ten thousand francs! (Taking them out of the front of her dress) There they are! they are his—no, they are ours! I wonder if they are all here. Yes, indeed; all—quite safe. I am so afraid of losing them. How nice they look! and how dear to me (kisses them). I shall keep them close by me (puts them under her pillow); there they will be safe.

BEppo (in the room, L.H., aside) Those wretched bank-notes!

MARQUIS.—Will you be quiet?

BEppo (out of humour).—Can't one say a word?

ZERLINA (goes to the table at the side of the bed).—And as for Francesco, whom my father will bring as his son-in-law, I shall tell him all quite frankly. I shall say, I do not love him; that will comfort him; and by this time to-morrow I shall perhaps be Lorenzo's wife. (Stopping short) His wife! how long have I dreamt of it, and now at last the dream comes true!

(During the symphony of the following song, she sits down on the bed and begins to undress, takes off her ear-rings, ribbons, &amp;c.)

MARQUIS.—Entrez sans bruit.

BEppo.—Et nous voici exacts au rendez-vous.

MARQUIS.—Silence! milord et milady viennent d'entrer dans leur chambre.

GIACOMO.—Et les cent mille écus de diamans qu'ils nous ont pris?

BEppo.—Les cinq cents billets de banque qu'ils nous ont dérobés?

MARQUIS.—Sont là! avec eux. Où allez-vous?

GIACOMO.—Reprendre notre bien.

MARQUIS.—Un instant! ils ne sont pas encore endormis, il y a dans leur chambre quelqu'un qui ne va pas tarder à en sortir—cette petite servante.

GIACOMO.—Zerline?

BEppo.—Nous avons aussi un compte avec elle, car, enfin, il y a dix mille francs à nous, qu'elle a détournés de la masse.

MARQUIS.—Ils nous reviendront; mais ce n'est pas à elle que j'en veux le plus—c'est à Lorenzo, son amoureux, qui nous a privés d'une vingtaine de braves, et par San-Diavolo, mon patron, je me vengerai de lui, ou je ne suis pas Italien!

ZERLINA.—Bonsoir, milord; il ne vous faut plus rien?

MARQUIS.—On vient. Dans ce cabinet—derrière ces rideaux.

BEppo.—Ces rideaux!

MARQUIS.—Eh oui! jusqu'à ce que la petite soit partie!

ZERLINA.—Bonne nuit, milord; bonne nuit, milady. Oh! vous dormirez bien: la maison est très sûre et très tranquille. Grâce au ciel, voilà chez nous tout le monde endormi, et je ne suis pas fâchée d'en faire autant—je suis fatiguée de ma journée—dépêchons-nous de dormir, car il est déjà bien tard, et demain au point du jour il faut être sur pied. Mon lit ne vaut pas celui de milord; non certainement. Mais c'est égal—j'ai idée que j'y dormirai mieux—je suis si heureuse!

GIACOMO.—Il paraît que c'est sa chambre.

BEppo.—Qu'allons-nous faire?

MARQUIS.—Attendez qu'elle soit couchée et endormie.

BEppo.—Alors, qu'elle se dépêche.

ZERLINA.—Demain matin Lorenzo reviendra; il demandera ma main à mon père, qui ne pourra la lui refuser, car il est riche. Il a dix mille francs! Les voilà! ils sont à lui—qu'est-ce que je dis—ils sont à nous; le compte y est-il? oui, vraiment. J'ai toujours peur qu'il n'en manque. Qu'ils sont jolis! que je les aime! Aussi, ils ne me quitteront pas. Ils passeront la nuit à côté de moi, sous mon chevet.

BEppo.—Ces coquins de billets!

MARQUIS.—Te tairras-tu?

BEppo.—On ne peut plus parler maintenant?

ZERLINA.—Et Francesco, que mon père doit m'amener comme son gendre! je lui parlerai franchement; je lui dirai que je ne l'aime pas, cela le consolera; et demain, à cette heure-ci, peut-être que je serai la femme de Lorenzo. Sa femme! il est vrai qu'il y a si long-temps que j'y rêve, tous les soirs en me couchant; mais maintenant il n'y a plus à dire.

*Allegro.*  
Fl. & Vln.

PIANO.  
♩ = 108.

ZERLINA.

'Tis to mor-row, yes, to morrow, Then nothing shall di- vide us, And I'm thine con-  
Où c'est de-main, oui c'est de-main qu'en fin l'on nous ma- ri- e c'est de-main c'est de-  
Strings, Cor. sustain.

- fess'd, 'Tis the day, the hap- py joy- ful day, Fly a- way,  
- main, c'est de-main qu'il re- ce- vra ma main que mon à-  
Fl. Ob. Egg.  
dol. Strings pizz.

thoughts of sor- row, Oh how my heart beats, I shall be a hap- py wife to mor-  
- me est ra- vi- e que mon âme est ra- vi- e c'est de-main qu'on nous ma- ri-  
arco. fz p

row... yes... yes, to - mor - row... yes, I shall, I... shall be blest.  
e... oui... c'est de - main... oui... c'est de - main, oui... c'est de - main.

Fl. Ob.  
p

(Taking off her scarf.)

But how, if frowning looks be- fell us, As with this  
Nous fe-rons bien mei-leur mé- na- ge que cette an-

la- dy and her lord? No, my Lo- ren- zo is not jea- lous,  
- glaise et son é- poux, car Lo- ren- zo n'est pas vo- ta- ge

(She squeezes her finger.)

Al- ways with him I shall ac- cord oh, oh, That comes of not look- ing,  
et ne se- ra ja- mais ja- loux aye, aye, je n'y prends pas gar- de

Con - found the pin!  
 et je me pi - que.

*BEFFO. (From the closet, L. H.) (To the Marquis, who threatens him.)*

A pret - ty lit - tle thing, I don't say a word, I'm but  
 Elle est jo - lie ain - si je ne par - le pas, je re -

*MARQUIS. (Pushing him aside, and taking his place.)* *ZERLINA.*

Stand back, 'Tis I a-lone this mat-ter through can bring. Of my  
 Vas t'en c'est moi qui doit tout ob - ser - ver i - ci. Je suis

look - ing,  
 gar - de

*(continuing to undress as she sings.)*

hus - band, I . . . am sure, And I know he trusts me whol -  
 su - re de mon ma - ri Cl. en sa fem - me il a con - fi - an Cl.

ly, To doubt his love for me were fol - ly! Come to-mor-row,  
 ce, aus - si pour moi quelle es - pé - ran - ce oui, c'est de-main,

blest to-mor-row, Then nothing shall di-vide us, And I'm thine con - fess'd, 'Tis the  
 oui c'est de-main qu'en fin l'on nous ma - ri - e, c'est de - main, c'est de - main, c'est de -

day, the hap - py joy - ful day, Fly a - way, thoughts of  
 main qu'il re - ce - vra ma main que mon â - me est ra -

*Pizz.*

sor - row, Oh how my heart beats, I shall be a hap - py wife to - mor  
 vi - e, que mon âme est ra - vi - e, c'est de - main qu'on nous ma - ri

row, Yes, 'tis to - mor - row, yes, I shall, I shall be blest.  
 e, oui c'est de - main, oui c'est de - main, oui c'est de - main.

*(She puts on a cap before the mirror on the table.)*

*Wind.*

I've not my lady's graceful car - riage,  
 Pour moi je n'ai pas l'é - lé - gan - ce

(Looking at herself.)

Such beam-ing smiles I can't be - stow.  
*ni les at - traits de my - la - dy.* But these don't make a hap - py  
*pour - tant Lo - ren - zo quand j'y*

mar - riage, He will not be bad - ly off, I know, I know, I  
*pen - se n'est pas a plain - dre dieu mer - ci, n'est pas a*

*Andantino con moto. ♩ = 69.*  
 know, . . . Yes, yes, I know. Yes, in - deed, al - tho' I con - fess it, I've a  
*plain - dre Dieu mer - ci. Oui, voi - la pour u - ne ser - van - te u - ne*

fi - gure that's not a - miss, and when fes - tal gar - ments dress it, you'll see  
*tail - le qui n'est pas mal, oui, oui, j'en - sus as - sez con - ten - te vrax - ment,*

(With complacency.)  
 brides that are plain - er than this, in - deed, some brides you'll see plain - er than  
*vrax - ment ce n'est pas mal je crois, je crois qu'on en voit de plus*

(Zerlina, startled, stops short.)

this, in - deed, some brides you'll see plain - er than this.  
*mal, je crois, je crois qu'on en voit de plus mal.*

MARQUIS. (unable to restrain their laughter.)  
 Ha, ha, that is not a - miss!  
 BEPPO. *pp* Ah! ah! c'est o - ri - gi - nal,

GIACOMO. *pp* Ha, ha, that is not a - miss!  
 Ah! ah! c'est o - ri - gi - nal.

Tutti. *fz arco.*  
 Ha, ha, that is not a - miss!  
 Ah, ah! c'est a - ri - gi - nal.

*Andantino. RECIT.—(Zerlina goes round and listens.)*  
 I thought some one was laughing. Is it the lord who vi - gil  
*Je crois qu'on vient de ri - re, est - ce en la cham - bre de Mi -*

*tempo lmo. ♩ = 108.*  
 keeps? No, for he ne - ver laughs. Nothing I hear. He sleeps.  
*- lord, non, il ne rit ja - mais, je n'entends rien. il dort.*

Oh,  
 Que

how my heart beats, I shall be a hap - py wife to - mor - row, . . . yes, .  
*mon ame est ra - vi - e c'est de - main qu'on nous ma - ri - e, . . . oui . . .*

*fp*

. . . yes, to - mor - row, yes, I shall, I . . . shall be blest.  
*. . . c'est de - main, oui c'est de - main, oui c'est de - main.*

*Ob.*

*p*

*(She brings the table back beside the bed, sits on the bed and takes off her shoes.)*

And  
al -

now to rest, . . . Now I will sleep.  
*lons, al - lons, . . . il faut dor - mir.*

MARQUIS.  
It's high time.  
*C'est heur - eux,*

BEPPLO.  
It's high time.  
*C'est heur - eux,*

GIACOMO.  
It's high time.  
*C'est heur - eux,*

*Cl.*

*p*

*Fag.*

*(She kneels beside the bed.)* ZERLINA. *Andantino con moto. ♩ = 108.*

First let me pray, Oh ho - ly maid, . . . my guardian  
*Al - lons, al - lons, O Vier - ge sav - te en qui j'ai*

*Strings. pp*

*Allegro. ♩ = 108.*

be, Watch o - ver him, watch o - ver me.  
*foi, veil - lez sur lui, veil - lez sur moi.*

*Cl.*

*(She rises and sits on the bed.)*

Good - night, Lo - ren - zo dear,  
*Bon - soir, bon - soir mon a - mi,*

*Fr. Cl. pp*

*Corn.*

*Andantino con moto. ♩ = 108.*

Good - night, thou art near. Oh ho - ly  
*bon - soir mon ma - ri. O Vier - ge*

*Cl. pp*

*pppp Fag. rall. poco a - poco.*

*Strings with mutes. pp*

maid . . . my guardian be, watch o - ver him, watch o - ver  
*sav - te en qui j'ai foi, pri - ez pour lui, pri - ez pour*

(She sinks back, asleep.)

MARQUIS (Sotto voce, coming out of the room R. H.)

Dark-ness doth fa-vour, All is se-cure, None now must  
Que le si-len-ce, Gui-de nos pas, Que la ven-

*pp* *pp*

wa-ver, Ven-geance is sure. Dark-ness doth fa-vour, All is se-cure, Now none must  
ge-ance, Ar-me nos bras. Que le si-len-ce, Gui-de nos pas, Que la ven-

BEPPO (Sotto voce).

Dark-ness doth fa-vour, All is se-cure, Now none must  
Que le si-len-ce, Gui-de nos pas, Que la ven-

GIACOMO (Sotto voce).

Dark-ness doth fa-vour, All is se-cure, Now none must  
Que le si-len-ce, Gui-de nos pas, Que la ven-

*p*

(The Marquis blows out the candle burning on the table.)

wa-ver, Ven-geance is sure.  
gean-ce, Ar-me nos pas.

wa-ver, Ven-geance is sure.  
gean-ce, Ar-me nos pas.

wa-ver, Ven-geance is sure.  
gean-ce, Ar-me nos pas.

*pp*

GIACOMO.

She's a-sleep.  
El-le dort.

*pp*

MARQUIS.

It is this way.  
Un mys-tè-re.

BEPPO.

We'll first to the lord.  
En-trons chez mi-lord.

GIACOMO (seizing his dagger).

None shall of me, that I'm re-  
Je sais comment le far-re

*pp*

Darkness doth fa-vour, All is se-cure, None now must wa-ver, Ven-geance is  
Oui le si-len-ce, Gui-de nos pas, Que la ven-gean-ce, Ar-me nos

Darkness doth fa-vour, All is se-cure, None now must wa-ver, Ven-geance is  
Oui la pru-den-ce, Veut son tré-pas, Que la ven-gean-ce, Ar-me nos

miss, say. Darkness doth fa-vour, All is se-cure, None now must wa-ver, Ven-geance is  
tar-re. Oui la pru-den-ce, Veut son tré-pas, Que la ven-gean-ce, Ar-me nos

*pp*

sure; Darkness doth fa-vour, All is se-cure, None now must wa-ver, Ven-geance is  
bras; Oui la pru-den-ce, Veut son tré-pas, Que la ven-gean-ce, Ar-me nos

sure; Darkness doth fa-vour, All is se-cure, None now must wa-ver, Ven-geance is  
bras; Oui la pru-den-ce, Veut son tré-pas, Que la ven-gean-ce, Ar-me nos

sure; Darkness doth fa-vour, All is se-cure, None now must wa-ver, Ven-geance is  
bras; Oui la pru-den-ce, Veut son tré-pas, Que la ven-gean-ce, Ar-me nos

*p*

sure.  
bras.

sure.  
bras.

Ought we not first to  
Et cette jeune

(As Giacomo is about to enter the lord's room, Beppo holds him back and points to Zerlina.)

sure, lead on!  
bras, marchons!

Marquis (smiling.)  
Our Beppo's wisdom's ever  
Beppo par la prudence

silence the young maid? If she should a-wake, she will cry out I am a-fraid.  
fil - le que le bruit pour-rait é - veil - ler à son secours peut ap - pel - ler.

shin - ing,  
bril - le,

It is a  
Ah c'est dom

I say des - patch her.  
commençons par el - le. (to the MARQUIS.)

What say you?  
Que faire?

shall I strike?  
le veux - tu?

pi - ty.  
ge. BEPPO.

What do I hear?  
qu'ai je en - ten - du

Who thought our cap - tain love and war would be com -  
le ca - pi - taine y met de la de - li - ca -

(Gives him his dagger.)

Prate no more! dost think I re - lent? there, strike, from death I'll not snatch  
moi faquin pour qui me prends tu tiens, frappe et point de fai - bles - . . .

- bi - ning?  
- tesse.

her, Dark - ness doth fa - vour, all is se - cure, None now must  
se, ouï la pru - den - ce veut son tré - pas que la ven -

Dark - ness doth fa - vour, All is se - cure, None now must  
Où la pru - den - ce veut son tré - pas que la ven -

Dark - ness doth fa - vour, All is se - cure, None now must  
Où la pru - den - ce veut son tré - pas que la ven -

wa - ver, Ven - geance is sure, Dark - ness doth fa - vour, All is se -  
gean - ce ar - me nos bras, ouï la pru - den - ce veut son tré -

wa - ver, Ven - geance is sure, Dark - ness doth fa - vour, All is se -  
- gean - ce ar - me nos bras, ouï la pru - den - ce veut son tré -

wa - ver, Ven - geance is sure, Dark - ness doth fa - vour, All is se -  
- gean - ce ar - me nos bras, ouï la pru - den - ce veut son tré -

cure, None now must wa - ver, Ven - geance is sure. (Beppo steals behind the oca, facing pas, que la ven - gean - ce ar - me nos bras. the audience, and raises the dagger to strike Zerlina.)

cure, None now must wa - ver, Ven - geance is sure. pas, que la ven - gean - ce ar - me nos bras.

cure, None now must wa - ver, Ven - geance is sure. pas, que la ven - gean - ce ar - me nos bras.

ZERLINA, (singing in her sleep.)

Oh, ho - ly maid, . . . my guardian be, Watch o - ver vier - ge sain - te en - qui j'ai foi, pri - ez pour

*ppp*

Allegro. ♩ = 108. GIACOMO.

him, watch o - ver me. Do not mind her. lui, pri - ez pour moi. (Beppo, taken aback, hesitates.) Il n'im - por - te,

*p*

MARQUIS. Make haste. Dost thou re - pent? What is that noise? There's Al - lons. n'hé - si - te pas. c'est en de - hors, c'est

BEPPLO.

GIACOMO. What is that noise? There's c'est en de - hors, c'est

Strike! frappe. What is that noise? There's c'est un de - hors, c'est without notes. *pp pizz.*

(Beppo raises his hand to strike again, when a violent knocking is heard. The three stand confounded.)

knock - ing at the gate - way. Who can come at this hour? à la gran - de por - te, que veut di - - - re ce bruit,

knock - ing at the gate - way. Who can come at this hour? à la gran - de por - te, que veut di - - - re ce bruit.

knock - ing at the gate - way. Who can come at this hour? à la gran - de por - te, que veut di - - - re ce bruit.

(Loud knocking repeated.) ZERLINA, (rousing herself.)

Is it time to a - wake? Quoi dé - jà m'é - - - veil - ler

*arco. p*

Who calls me? Who is knock - - - ing in the qui frap - - - pe de la sor - - - te au mi -

*cresc.*

dead hour of night? lieu de la nuit?

*cresc. f*

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS (behind the stage.)

A-wake, good peo-ple, from your slum - bers,  
 Qu'on se ré - veille en-cette au - ber - ge

Cor. Trombe & Trombones (behind the stage.)

A-wake, good people, from your slum - bers,  
 Qu'on se ré - veille en-cette au - ber - ge

We would have rest and good-ly cheer,  
 voi - ci de bra - ves ca - va - liers

We come from far and come in  
 ouv - rez vi - te qu'on les he -

We would have rest and good-ly cheer.  
 voi - ci de bra - ves ca - va - liers

We come from far and come in  
 ouv - rez vi - te qu'on les he -

BEPPLO (trembling.)

num - bers, Ope your doors to the car - bi - nier, They said car - bi -  
 ber - ge car ce sont les ca - ra - bi - niers. Des ca - ra - bi -

num - bers, Ope your doors to the car - bi - nier,  
 ber - ge car ce sont les ca - ra - bi - niers.

MARQUIS (coldly.)

- nier, Cap - tain, heard you, What man, a t - fraid?  
 niers ca - pi - tai - ne As - tu donc peur

LORENZO (without.)

Zer - li - na, come quick, o - pen the door,  
 Zer - li - ne Zer - li - ne é - cou - te moi,

BEPPLO.

What can have brought them?  
 qui les ra - mè - ne ?

ZERLINA (joyfully.)

'Tis thy Lo - ren - zo, no lon - ger de - mur, Yes, 'tis his voice,  
 c'est ton a - mi qui re - vient près de toi, C'est Lo - ren - zo

MARQUIS.

yes, 'tis his voice. Dark - ness must  
 c'est Lo - ren - zo que la pru -

Dark - ness must  
 que la pru -

GIACOMO.

Dark - ness must  
 que la pru -

Tutti.

Fi. & Vin. stacc.

fa - vour, We're not se - cure, Now none must wa - ver,  
 den - ce qui - de nos pas fai - sons si - len - ce

fa - vour, We're not se - cure, Now none must wa - ver,  
 den - ce qui - de nos pas fai - sons si - len - ce

fa - vour, We're not se - cure, Now none must wa - ver,  
 den - ce qui - de nos pas fai - sons si - len - ce

(The three retire again into the closet, R.H.)

or our doom is sure, Dark-ness must fa-vour, we're not se-  
 ne nous mon-trons pas, que la pru-den-ce, gui-de nos

or our doom is sure, Dark-ness must fa-vour, we're not se-  
 ne nous mon-trons pas, que la pru-den-ce, gui-de nos

or our doom is sure, Dark-ness must fa-vour, we're not se-  
 ne nous mon-trons pas, que la pru-den-ce, gui-de nos

- cure, now none must wa-ver, or our doom is sure,  
 pas, fai-sons si-len-ce, ne nous mon-trons pas,

- cure, now none must wa-ver, or our doom is sure,  
 pas, fai-sons si-len-ce, ne nous mon-trons pas,

- cure, now none must wa-ver, or our doom is sure,  
 pas, fai-sons si-len-ce, ne nous mon-trons pas,

dark-ness must fa-vour,  
 que la pru-den-ce,

dark-ness must fa-vour,  
 que la pru-den-ce,

dark-ness must fa-vour,  
 que la pru-den-ce,

*p*

*Pizz.*

We're not se-cure,  
 gui-de nos pas,

We're not se-cure,  
 gui-de nos pas,

We're not se-cure,  
 gui-de nos pas,

Now none must wa-ver, now none must wa-ver, Or our doom is  
 fai-sons si-len-ce, fai-sons si-len-ce, ne nous mon-trons

Now none must wa-ver, now none must wa-ver, Or our doom is  
 fai-sons si-len-ce, fai-sons si-len-ce, ne nous mon-trons

Now none must wa-ver, now none must wa-ver, Or our doom is  
 fai-sons si-len-ce, fai-sons si-len-ce, ne nous mon-trons

*Vln.*  
*pp*

sure, now none must wa-ver, or our doom is sure,  
 pas, fai-sons si-len-ce, ne nous mon-trons pas.

sure, now none must wa-ver, or our doom is sure.  
 pas, fai-sons si-len-ce, ne nous mon-trons pas.

sure, now none must wa-ver, or our doom is sure.  
 pas, fai-sons si-len-ce, ne nous mon-trons pas.

*f*

(Zerlina puts on her shoes and dresses hastily, knocking at the door continues.)

ZERLINA.—Wait, wait a moment; do have patience. *(Goes to window at back and opens it)* Lorenzo, is that really you?

LORENZO *(without)*.—Of course it is.

ZERLINA.—Are you quite sure?

LORENZO.—Yes; I and my comrades are waiting here this hour.

ZERLINA.—But I must dress myself. 'To be called up like this all of a sudden. Stay *(she throws a key out of the window)*—come in by the kitchen, there is the key: the lamp is lighted; besides, it is nearly daylight *(shuts the window, and returns to the bedside and finishes dressing)*. What a thing it is to be hurried like this! and one must look nice, especially before military men: it's awful! *(Noise increases below and R.H.)*

LORD ALLCASH *(outside)*.—Compose yourself, my dear; I will go and see what is the matter. I have paid for a night's rest, but I don't get it.

*Enter Lorenzo by a door L.H.*

ZERLINA *(as she sees Lorenzo, wraps herself in the curtain of the bed)*.—Why, how soon you have come. It is not proper to come in like this.

LORENZO.—Forgive me, dearest; you are charming as you are.

LORD A. *(enters)*.—Ah, it's you, brigadier! What is the meaning of this uproar, and what brings you here at this time?

LORENZO.—Good news! I think that master Diavolo will not escape us this time.

ZERLINA and LORD A.—Indeed!

LORENZO.—We had been misinformed, and were on a wrong track; but, three leagues from here, we met an honest miller, who said to us—the brigand chief is not in the mountains at all: I know his face, having been two days his prisoner. I saw him this evening in an open carriage, taking the way to Terracina.

ZERLINA.—Is it possible?

LORENZO.—He offered to guide us, and stay with us, and I complied willingly, for it was a great thing to have him recognised. We are certain to take him now; but first I thought my soldiers had better take a few hours' rest, for they have been marching all night, and are dying with hunger.

LORD A.—Dying of hunger! what an uncomfortable death.

ZERLINA.—How dreadful! And you?

LORENZO.—And I too. A brigadier is as hungry as another man.

ZERLINA.—There are any number of inns on the road where you might have supped.

LORENZO.—There was but one where I was likely to find Zerlina.

ZERLINA.—Ah, ha! was it for that?

LORENZO.—Exactly so; and so I kept saying, On, comrades—march—forward! This is one of those occasions when it is agreeable to be in command.

ZERLINA.—*(Poor fellow!)* I will go and get you something to eat.

LORENZO.—No, attend first to my comrades; those who are not in love will be the hungriest. Go, Zerlina, dear; make haste.

ZERLINA.—He already assumes the tone of a husband! LORENZO *(pressing her in his arms)*.—Not to-day—but to-morrow!

ZERLINA.—Have done, sir; have done. I don't know what you mean. Hark! your comrades are out of all patience. *(The soldiers are heard ringing bells and beating on the tables.)* Here, waiters, this way!

ZERLINA *(trying to escape from his arms)*.—They are not a bit like you; they know how to behave! There—there; I'll run and give them all there is, and the best I'll keep for you. Goodness, what a noise! *(Runs off.)*

LORD A.—I must return to her ladyship, whom I left almost dead with fright. I said to her—My dear, compose yourself, I will go and see. *(Imitating his wife)* Oh, my dear, don't leave me here all by myself! She was so affectionate—a very unusual thing.

LORENZO *(smiling)*.—It seems a good fright has its advantages?

ZERLINA.—Mais un instant! un instant, par Notre-Dame, donnez-vous patience. Est-ce bien vous, Lorenzo?

LORENZO.—Sans doute.

ZERLINA.—Vous en êtes bien sûr?

LORENZO.—Moi et mes camarades que depuis une heure vous faites attendre.

ZERLINA.—Il faut bien le temps de s'habiller! Quand on est revêillée en sursaut. Mais, tenez, vous entrerez par la cuisine, en voici la clé; la lampe y est allumée, d'ailleurs voici le jour qui commence à poindre. Dépêchons-nous à grand renfort d'épingles. Encore faut-il être prévenante, surtout devant des militaires—c'est terrible!

MILORD.—Calmez-vous, milady! je allais voir ce que c'était; je avais payé pour le dormir tranquille, et on volait à moi mon argent!

ZERLINA.—Ah! mon Dieu! c'est déjà vous! on n'entre pas ainsi à l'improviste chez les gens! c'est très mal!

LORENZO.—Ma Zerline, pardonne-moi; tu es si jolie dans ce négligé!

MILORD.—C'est vous la brigadier—. D'où venait ce bruit, et qui ramenait vous ainsi?

LORENZO.—De bonnes nouvelles! je crois que maître Diavolo ne peut nous échapper.

ZERLINA et MILORD.—Vraiment?

LORENZO.—Nous avions de mauvais renseignements et nous le poursuivions dans une fausse direction, lorsqu'à trois lieues d'ici, nous avons rencontré un brave meunier qui nous a dit: Seigneurs cavaliers, je sais où est le bandit que vous cherchez, il n'est pas à la montagne; je connais sa figure, car j'ai été deux jours son prisonnier, et ce soir je l'ai vu passer dans une voiture découverte et suivant la route de Terracina.

ZERLINA.—Il serait possible!

LORENZO.—Il nous a offert alors de nous conduire, de ne pas nous quitter; ce que j'ai accepté, et de grand cœur; quand il ne servirait qu'à le désigner, c'est déjà beaucoup, et nous allons nous remettre à sa poursuite; mais auparavant j'ai voulu faire prendre à mes soldats quelques heures de repos, car ils ont marché toute la nuit et meurent de faim.

MILORD.—Mourir de faim! c'était un vilain mort!

ZERLINA.—Jésus, Maria! Et vous, monsieur?

LORENZO.—Et moi aussi! Pour être brigadier cela n'empeche pas.

ZERLINA.—Il y a d'autres auberges où vous auriez depuis long-temps trouvé à souper.

LORENZO.—Il n'y avait que celle-ci où j'aurais trouvé Zerline.

ZERLINA.—Ah! ah! c'est pour cela?

LORENZO.—Justement; aussi je disais toujours, Cavaliers! en avant, marche! Voilà les occasions où il est agréable d'être commandant.

ZERLINA.—Ce pauvre garçon! je vais vous chercher à manger.

LORENZO.—Non, commencez par mes camarades; eux qui ne sont pas amoureux, sont plus pressés. Va vite, ma Zerline.

ZERLINA.—Ma Zerline! Il se croit déjà mon mari.

LORENZO.—Pas aujourd'hui—mais demain!

ZERLINA.—Fini, monsieur; finissez! Je ne sais pas ce que vous voulez dire. Et tenez! tenez, voilà vos camarades qui s'impatientent. Hô! la fille. Hô! quelqu'un.

ZERLINA.—Ils ne sont pas comme vous! ils sont bien sages. Voilà, voilà. Je vais leur donner tout ce qu'il y aura, et puis je garderai ce qu'il y a de meilleur pour vous l'apporter. Eh, mon Dieu! quel tapage?

MILORD.—Et moi, messie le brigadier, je allais retrouver milady, qui était capable pour mourir de frayeur—J'ai dit: Rassurez-vous, je aller voir.—Milord, mon cher milord, ne laissez pas moi toute seule! elle serrait moi tendrement beaucoup. C'était pas arrivé depuis bien long-temps.

LORENZO.—Vous voyez qu'à quelque chose la frayeur est bonne.

LORD A.—Yes, perhaps, for women *(continues while Lorenzo goes to the back, and returns and seats himself at table R.H.)*; but for us, Mr. Brigadier, who are men—*(a chair is heard to fall in the room L.H. Lord A., startled)* Eh, did you hear? What was that?

MARQUIS *(in the room L.H., whispers to Beppo)*.—Clumsy fellow!

LORENZO *(with indifference)*.—It sounded something like the upsetting of a chair.

LORD A.—Then we were not alone here?

LORENZO.—Most likely it was her ladyship, or her ladyship's maid.

LORD A.—She is not on that side; it was there.

LORENZO *(still seated)*.—Do you think so?

LORD A. *(uneasily looking round)*.—I am sure of it!

BEPPA.—We are lost!

No. 11.

FINALE—"I ADVISE THAT YOU SEARCH."

Andantino con moto.  $\text{♩} = 100$ .

LORD ALLCASH.

VOICE.

I ad-vice that you search . . . in yonder clo - set, Some one could  
N'é-tait-il pas pru - dent . . . de re-con - nai - tre ce qui se

Fin, arco.

PIANO.

Viola & Cello, pizz.

LORENZO. *(rising.)*

We can look.  
On peut voir

MARQUIS. *(to Beppo.)*

Most likely, at an-y rate keep  
Peut - ê - tre laissez-moi faire et

hide himself there. if you please.  
pas - se là-bas; yes, vo - yez

BEPPA.

Now all is lost.  
C'est fait de nous,

*(his finger on his mouth.)*

qui - et where you are. Hush, a  
ne vous mon- trez pas, *(As Lorenzo crosses to the closet, the Marquis steps out and shuts the door after himself.)* Du

LORENZO.

What is this?  
Ah grand dieu!

LORD ALLCASH.

What is this?  
Ah grand dieu!

Piccino.

Strings arco.

Fin.

se - cret!  
- len - ce.

I re - mem - ber, last night to  
ce seigneur qu'hier soir j'ai

'Tis the Mar - quis, how strange?  
c'est mes - sié le mar - quis.

MARQUIS. (softly.)  
I did so. I can - not,  
lui mé - me (hastily and aloud.) si - len - ce,

stay he did ar - range. Sir, explain this strange con - cea - ling.  
vu dans ce lo - gis. qui l'a - mè - ne à cette heure.

(pretends embarrassment.)  
in - por - tant rea - sons, sirs, pre - vent me from re - vea - ling, that I can - not tell, . . . at least not  
j'ai d'importants mo - tifs pour cacher ma pré - sen - ce. je ne puis le di - re en ce mo -

LORENZO.  
Revealing what?  
quels sont ils ?

now. If it were— If it were, we'll sup - pose, a tender ren - dez -  
- ment. si c'é - tait— si c'é - tait par ex - em - ple un rendez - vous ga -

(steps between them.)  
- vous, Sirs, to your ho - nour I will then con - fide it. well, then,  
lant, LORENZO. en votre hon - neur je mets ma con - fi - an - ce, et bien

Oh heav'n!  
à ciel let us hear.  
LORD ALLCASH. a - che - vez

Oh heav'n!  
à ciel let us hear.  
a - che - vez

yes, I speak to men of the world, Pray be dis - creet, A la - dy fair to  
oui, je l'avoue en - tre nous so - yez dis - cret - c'é - tait un ren - dez

Fl. & Vln.

(aside.)  
meet. This de - li - cate ad - mis - sion, this de - li - cate ad - mis - sion, Will save me from  
- vous, je ris au fond de l'à - me, je ris au fond de l'à - me du trou - ble du

(aside.)  
There's a fear, a sus - pi - cion, there's a fear doth  
quel soupçon dans mon à - me, quel soupçon se

(aside.)  
There's a fear, a sus - pi - cion doth  
quel soup - çon dans mon à - me se

MARQUIS.

dan - ger and an - noy, While they rage, while they rage with sus -  
 trouble où je les vois, Le cour - rouz, le cour - rouz, qui l'en -  
 LORENZO.

all my hopes destroy, There's a fear a sus - pi - cion,  
 glis - se a - vec ef - froi, Quel soupçon dans mon â - me,

LORD ALLCASH.

all my hopes destroy, There's a fear a sus -  
 glis - se a - vec ef - froi, Quel soupçon dans mon

BEPP0 (in the closet.)

This dan - ge - rous po - si - tion,  
 L'es - poir ren - tre en mon â - me,

GIACOMO (in the closet.)

This dan - ge - rous po - si - tion,  
 L'es - poir ren - tre en mon â - me,

- pi - cion, Se - cure the storm I en - joy; While they rage  
 flam - me, Est un plai - sir pour moi; Le courrouz,

There's a fear doth all my hopes des - troy, Oh what rage, oh per -  
 Quel soupçon se glisse a - vec ef - froi, Le cour - rouz qui m'en -

- pi - cion, doth all my hopes des - troy, Oh what rage, oh per -  
 â - me, se glisse a - vec ef - froi, Le cour - rouz pour ma

Our cap - tain soon will free from all an - noy, While they rage,  
 J'en sor - ti - rai, j'en sor - ti - rai je crois, Le courrouz,

Our cap - tain soon will free from all an - noy, While they rage,  
 J'eu sor - ti - rai, j'en sor - ti - rai je crois, Le courrouz,

Tutti.

Auber's "Fra Diavolo."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.

with sus - pi - cion, Secure the storm I en - joy, This de - li - cate ad -  
 qui l'enflam - me, Est un plai - sir pour moi, Je ris au fond de -

- di - tion, Could he . . . my love de - coy, There's a fear that doth  
 flam - me, E - cla - te mal - gré moi, Quel soupçon dans mon

- di - tion, Oh could he . . . my wife de - coy, There's a fear that doth  
 fem - me, Ah j'en - trem ble d'ef - froi, Quel soupçon dans mon

with sus - pi - cion, We the storm can en - joy, While they rage with sus -  
 qui m'enflam - me, A ban - ni mon ef - froi, Le courrouz qui l'en -

with sus - pi - cion, We the storm can en - joy, While they rage with sus -  
 qui m'enflam - me, A ban - ni mon ef - froi, Le courrouz qui l'en -

- mis - sion, Will save me from an -  
 l'â - me, Du trou - ble où je les

all my hopes, . . . yes, all my hopes de - stroy, . . . yes, all my hopes de -  
 â - me, dans . . . mon â - me, dans mon â - me, é - cla - te avec ef -

all my hopes, . . . yes, all my hopes, all my hopes de -  
 â - me, dans . . . mon â - me se glis - se mal - gré

- pi - cion, We . . . the storm, yes, we . . . the storm en -  
 flam - me, Qui l'en - flam - me à dan - ni mon ef -

- pi - cion, We . . . the storm, yes, we . . . the storm en -  
 flam - me, Qui l'en - flam - me à dan - ni mon ef -

3va.

pizz.

Auber's "Fra Diavolo."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.

*f*

- noy, While they rage with sus-pi-cion, Se-cure the storm,  
 vois, le cour-roux qui l'en-flam-me est un plai-sir

*f*

- stroy, Oh what rage oh per-di-tion, Could he... my love de-  
 le froi, le cour-roux qui m'en-flam-me é-cia te mal-gre

*f*

- stroy, Oh what rage, oh per-di-tion, Oh could he... my wife de-  
 moi, si c'é-tait pour ma fem-me ah j'en trem-ble d'ef-

*f*

joy, While they rage, with sus-pi-cion, We the storm  
 - froi, le cour-roux qui l'en-flam-me a ban-ni

*f*

joy, While they rage with sus-pi-cion, We the storm  
 - froi, le cour-roux qui l'en-flam-me a ban-ni

*Tutti.*

*f*

*p*

I en-joy, This de-li-cate ad-mis  
 pour moi, je ris au fond de l'à

*p*

- coy, There's a fear, a sus-pi-  
 moi, quel soup-çon dans mon à

*p*

- coy, There's a fear, a sus-pi-cion, there's... a  
 - froi, quel soup-çon dans mon à me dans... mon

*p*

can en-joy, While they rage with sus-pi-cion, We... the  
 mon ef-froi, le cour-roux qui l'en-flam-me qui l'en-

*p*

can en-joy, While they rage with sus-pi-cion, We... the  
 mon ef-froi, le cour-roux qui l'en-flam-me qui l'en-

*Sva.*

*f*

sion Will save... me from an-noy,  
 me du trouble où je le vois.

cion. That doth my hopes de-stroy, That  
 me se glis-se a-vec ef-froi, se-

feared that doth all my hopes de-stroy,  
 à me se glis-se mal-gré moi,

storm, yes we the storm en-joy,  
 - flam-me ban-ni mon ef-froi,

storm, yes we the storm en-joy,  
 - flam-me ban-ni mon ef-froi,

*pizz.*

*Allegro assai. ♩ = 108.*

yes, from an-noy, Ah! from an-noy.  
 où je les vois, où je les vois.

doth... my hopes destroy, my hopes des-troy.  
 se avec ef-froi, a-vec ef-froi.

yes, mal de-stroy, yes, des-troy.  
 mal-gré moi, mal-gré moi.

yes, man en-joy, yes, en-joy.  
 ef-froi, mon ef-froi.

yes, man en-joy, yes, en-joy.  
 mon ef-froi, mon ef-froi.

*p*

*Allegro assai. ♩ = 108.*

*vin.*

*f* and *cl.*  
*p*

LORD ALLCASH.

Pray Sir, ex - plain this freak, This  
 Peut on sa - voir au moins, la

*Fin.*

hi - ding most un - seem - ly, Say whom came you here to seek?  
 nuit - à la sour - di - ne, pour qui vous, ve - nez - i - ci?

LORENZO. (with a threatening air.) LORD ALLCASH. (with a threatening air.)  
 Is it for Zer - li - na? Can it be for my wife?  
 Est ce pour Zer - li - ne? Est ce pour Mi - la - dy!

*p*  
*sempre p*

MARQUIS. (smiling.)

What mat - ter? By what right would you thus my steps pur - sue?  
 Qu'im - por - te? de quel droit m'in - ter - ro - ger ain - si?

That se - - cret's mine, I can - not to you dis - close it,  
 De mes se - crets, ne suis - je pas le mai - tre? LORENZO.

Was it for  
 pour la  
 LORD ALLCASH.

Was it for  
 pour la.

(laughing.)  
 May be for both— sup - pose it!  
 Pour tou - tes deux peut - è - - tre,

one of the two? You  
 quel - le des deux? Mon

one of the two? You  
 quel - le des deux? Mon

*p*  
*p*  
*stacc.*

dare sug - gest, Sir, the doubt you've ex - press'd This in - stant you shall  
 - seur, mon - seur, sur ce dou - te ou - tra - geant, vous vous ex - pli - que -

dare sug - gest, Sir, the doubt you've ex - press'd This in - stant you shall  
 - seur, mon - seur, sur ce dou - te ou - tra - geant, vous vous ex - pli - que -

(aside, with an amused look at them both.)

Thus, by a plea-sant jest, Be all my foes con-  
de tous mes en-ne-mis en-fin j'ai-rai ven-

prove, Or my arm you shall feel.  
rez, i-ci même à l'in-stant.

prove, Or my arm you shall feel.  
rez, i-ci même à l'in-stant.

(sotto voce, taking Lord Allcash aside.)

- foun-ded. For your own sake, my lord, to say no more were best— But you in-  
- gean-ce. Pour vous mé-me, mi-lord ne fai-tes pas de bruit— de mi-la-

Strings.

- sist? It was to meet your charming wife, This por-trait will at-  
- dy - c'est vrai les char-mes m'ont sé-duit, et ce por-trait char-

- test my hopes were not un-foun-ded.  
- mant. ga-ge de sa con-stan-ce,

LORD ALLCASH. (in a rage.)

Fire and death! We shall meet.  
ah god-dam! nous ver-rons.

MARQUIS. (coldly, sotto voce.)

(taking Lorenzo aside.)

When-e'er you please, e-nough. Since you force me to  
quand vous vou-drez, suf-fi-t. je vou-lais à ses

speak, But your heart will be woun-ded, Must I con-fess it?  
yeux, dé-ro-ber ton of-fen-se mais tu l'ex-i-ges!

(pointing to the closet.)

I was there, to be near sweet Zer-li-na; more to say, sir, were  
Lorenzo. j'é-tais là, je ve-nais pour Zer-li-ne, tu com-prends je sup-

Yes. Oh, heav'n!  
oui. grand dieu!

need-less.  
po-se.

(rushing off.)

Am I be-tray'd by her? Vengeance on her de-ceive! A-way!  
é-tre tra-hi... par elle. et je te souf-frir-rai! cour-rons,

MARQUIS (detaining him.)

Nay, not so fast, of her good name you're heedless,  
je n'en-tends point qu'un tel a-veu l'ex-po-se,

LORENZO.

You dare to take her part?  
vous la dé-fen-dez!

Yes, I'll shelter her from blame,  
oui, j'en-tends point d'é-clat,

(Stops and glances furiously at the Marquis.) When a noble has out-rag'd a  
quand un grand ne craint pas d'ou-tra-

(Sotto voce.)

Enough, 'tis well, at  
j'en-tends tan-tôt

sol-dier's fair fame, If he's a heart,  
un-sol-dat s'il a du cœur,

(aside.)

seven you can meet me at the black rock, He ne-ver shall re-turn,  
sept à sept heu-res aux rochers noirs, il n'en re-vien-dra pas,

I'll come,  
c'est dit.

My trusty men, when the watch-word is gi-ven, In that  
mes com-pa-gnons dans ces som-bres dé-meu-res de mes

MARQUIS. *Allegro.* ♩ = 96.

som-bre de-file will their com-rades a-venge. Lucky thought,  
bra-ves sur lui ven-ge-ront le tré-pas. O bon-heur,

LORENZO.

All is lost, she's de-  
O fu-reur, o ven-

LORD ALLCASH.

She is false, she's de-  
O fu-reur, o ven-

BEPPLO.

Lucky thought,  
O bon-heur,

GIACOMO.

Lucky thought,  
O bon-heur,

*Cl. and Vins.*

*Corn and Strings.*

it re-triev'd me, And es-cape now is nigh, Lucky thought,  
à ven-gean-ce, je vais donc ré-us-sir à bon-heur,

-ceiv'd me, None her guilt can de-ny, All is lost, she's de-  
gean-ce elle a pu me tra-hir à fu-reur à ven-

-ceiv'd me, None her guilt can de-ny, -She is false, she's de-  
gean-ce elle a pu me tra-hir à fu-reur, à ven-

they be-liev'd him, Our es-cape now is nigh, Lucky thought,  
à ven-gean-ce, il s'en tire à ra-vir à bon-heur

they be-liev'd him, Our es-cape now is nigh, Lucky thought,  
à ven-gean-ce, il s'en tire à ra-vir à bon-heur

*Trombones.*

it retriev'd me, And es-cape now is nigh, 'Twas a chance they be -  
 ô ven-gean - ce, tout va me ré - us - sir, je pu - nis qui m'of -

- ceiv'd me, None her guilt can de - ny, Since of hope she's be - reav'd me,  
 - gean - ce elle a pu me tra - hir a - près son in-con - stan - ce

- ceiv'd me, None her guilt can de - ny, This dis - cov'ry has griev'd me,  
 - gean - ce elle a pu me tra - hir a - près son in-con - stan - ce,

they believ'd him, Our es-cape now is nigh, His in - vention's re -  
 ô ven-gean - ce il s'en tire à ra - vir, at - ten - dons en si -

they believ'd him, Our es-cape now is nigh, His in - vention's re -  
 ô ven-gean - ce il s'en tire à ra - vir, at - ten - dons en si -

- liev'd me, Who so hap - py as I? 'Twas a chance they be -  
 - fen - se, ah pour moi quel plai - sir, je pu - nis qui m'of -

Nought is left but to die, Since of hope she's be - reav'd me,  
 je n'ai plus qu'a mou - rir, a - près son in-con - stan - ce,

I'll chastise him or die, This dis - cov'ry has griev'd me,  
 mais sachons le pu - nir, gardons bien le si - len - ce,

- triev'd him, Dan - ger now we de - fy, His in - vention's re -  
 - len - ce, le mo - ment de sor - tir, at - ten - dons en si -

- triev'd him, Dan - ger now we de - fy, His in - vention's re -  
 - len - ce, le mo - ment de sor - tir, at - ten - dons en si -

- liev'd me, Who so hap - py as I? Our es - cape now is  
 - fen - se, ah pour moi quel plai - sir. ah pour moi quel plai -

Nought is left but to die, but to die, nought is left, nought is left but to  
 je n'ai plus qu'a mou - rir, qu'a mou - rir, je n'ai plus, je n'ai plus qu'a mou -

I'll chastise him or die, yes, or die, I'll chastise, I'll chastise him or  
 mais sachons le pu - nir, le pu - nir mais sachons, mais sa - chons le pu -

- triev'd him, Danger now we de - fy, His in - vention this time has re -  
 - len - ce, le mo - ment de sor - tir, a - ten - dons, a - ten - dons en si -

- triev'd him, Danger now we de - fy, His in - vention this time has re -  
 - len - ce, le mo - ment de sor - tir, a - ten - dons, a - ten - dons en si -

nigh, our es - cape now is nigh, Lucky thought,  
 - sir, ah pour moi quel plai - sir, ô bon - heur,

(die, nought is left, nought is left but to die, All is lost, she's de -  
 - rir, je n'ai plus, je n'ai plus qu'a mou - rir, ô fu - reur, ô ven -

die, I'll chastise, I'll chas - tise him or die, She is false, she's de -  
 - nir mais sachons, mais sa - chons le pu - nir, ô fu - reur, ô ven -

- triev'd him, Dan - ger now, dan - ger now we de - fy, Lucky thought,  
 - len - ce, at - ten - dons le mo - ment de sor - tir, ô bon - heur,

- triev'd him, Dan - ger now, dan - ger now we de - fy, Lucky thought,  
 - len - ce, at - ten - dons le mo - ment de sor - tir, ô bon - heur,

it re-treiv'd me, And es-cape now is nigh, Lucky thought,  
 ô ven-gean - ce, Je vais donc ré-us - sir, O bon - heur,

- ceiv'd me, None her guilt can de - ny, All is lost, she's de -  
 gean - ce, Elle a pu me tra - hir, O fu - reur, ô ven -

- ceiv'd me, None her guilt can de - ny, She is false, she's de -  
 gean - ce, Elle a pu me tra - hir, O fu - reur, ô ven -

they be-liev'd him, Our es-cape now is nigh, Lucky thought,  
 ô ven-gean - ce, Ils s'en tire, à ra - vir, O bon - heur,

they be-liev'd him, Our es-cape now is nigh, Lucky thought,  
 ô ven-gean - ce, Ils s'en tire, à ra - vir, O bon - heur,

it retriev'd me, Our es-cape now is nigh, Lucky thought, it re-treiv'd . . .  
 ô ven-gean - ce, Tout va me ré-us - sir, O bon-heur, ô ven-gean . . .

- ceiv'd me, None her guilt can de - ny, She is false, she's de - ceiv'd . . .  
 gean - ce, Elle a pu me tra - hir, O fu - reur, ô ven - gean . . .

- ceiv'd me, None her guilt can de - ny, She is false, she's de - ceiv'd . . .  
 gean - ce, Elle a pu me tra - hir, O fu - reur, ô ven - gean . . .

they be-liev'd him, Our es-cape now is nigh, Lucky thought, they be-liev'd . . .  
 ô ven-gean - ce, Il s'en tire à ra - vir, O bon-heur, ô ven-gean . . .

they be-liev'd him, Our es-cape now is nigh, Lucky thought, they be-liev'd . . .  
 ô ven-gean - ce, Il s'en tire à ra - vir, O bon-heur, ô ven-gean . . .

(Enter Zerlina and Lady Allcash.)  
 RECIT. LADY ALLCASH. *Allegro moderato. ♩ = 112.*

Pray say whose are these angry voi-ces? Tell me, my lord, what does it  
 Dans cette au-ber - ge quel ta pa - ge, Vous ve-niez pas me ras - su -

me.  
 ce.

me.  
 ce.

me.  
 ce.

him.  
 ce.

him.  
 ce.

*Allegro moderato. ♩ = 112.*  
 Ob. Fag. & Strung pizz.  
*p stacc.*

ZERLINA (goes up to Lorenzo.)  
 mean? Now to the sup-per I have seen, Can you frown when my heart re -  
 - rer, Ve-nez j'ai fait tout pré - pa - rer, Pourquoi donc ce som-bre nu -

*Flute.*

LADY ALLCASH (tendery.)  
 - joi - ces? My husband dear!  
 - a - ge! Mon cher é - poux.

LORENZO (aside.)  
 Oh per - fi - dious!  
 La per - fi - de!

LORD ALLCASH.  
 Oh per - fi - dious! Not a word, we must se - pa - rate at once, you  
 La per - fi - de! Lais - sez moi, je vou - lais me sé - pa - rer de

ZERLINA.

Oh my love, what is this?  
Lo-ren-zo qu'a-vez vous?

And what for?  
pourquoi donc?

hear?  
vous, 'tis my will  
je vou-lais,

LORENZO. (coldly, and without looking at her.)

Ask me not, but leave me, All hope now I dis-  
laissez moi per-fi-de, per-fi-de laissez

arco.

Can I believe my senses? What mean these words of anger?  
Je n'y puis croire encore quel est donc ce mys-te-re  
(astonished.)

Can I believe my senses? What mean these words of anger?  
Je n'y puis croire encore quel est donc ce mys-te-re

miss.  
moi For thy honour's sake, I swear not to speak, there's no  
et pour vous pour votre honneur je consens à me

pizz. as before.

Speak of what? oh my heart! hear me speak!  
que dit-il? Lo-ren-zo, é-cou-tez

dan-ger, But we part, leave me now, 'Tis in vain  
tai-re, mais par-tez, laissez moi, je ne puis vile ex-cu-ses to  
je vous rends vo-tre

arco.

MARQUIS.

Oh my de-spair!  
c'est fait de moi

I know, I shall be there,  
C'est dit, comptez sur moi,

(to the Marquis.)

seek, At the rocks we meet at seven,  
foi ce ma-tin aux ro-chers noirs,

I shall be there,  
comptez sur moi.  
LORD ALLCASH. (to his wife.)

Leave me, for -  
non laissez

Tempo lmo. ZERLINA.

Can it be, dost thou leave me? Thy  
Voi-là donc sa cons-tan-ce il

LADY ALLCASH. (aside.)

I am bewild'rd, I de-clare! Why, my lord, do you grieve me? Your  
mais qu'avait il donc con-tre moi? Le dé-pit la ven-gean-ce à

MARQUIS. (in the centre of the stage, looks at them all with enjoyment.)

Lucky thought, it re-triev'd me,  
O bonheur, ô ven-gean-ce,

LORENZO.

All is lost, she's de-ceiv'd me, None her  
O fu-reur, ô ven-gean-ce, elle a

LORD ALLCASH.

All is lost, she's de-ceiv'd me, None her  
O fu-reur, ô ven-gean-ce, elle a

BEppo. (in the closet.)

Lucky thought, it retriev'd him,  
O bonheur, ô vengean-ce,

GIACOMO.

Tempo lmo.

♩ = 98. p Tutti.

vows canst thou be-lie? can it be, dost thou leave me? Thy  
 o - se me tra - hir, voi - la donc, sa con - stan - ce, il

words an - ger im - ply, Why my - lord, do you grieve me, your  
 moi se font sen - tir, ie dé - pit, la ven - gean - ce, a

And es - cape now is nigh, luc - ky thought, it re - triev'd me,  
 je vais donc ré - us - str, ô bon - heur, ô ven - gean - ce,

guilt can de - ny, all is lost, she's de - ceiv'd me, none her  
 pu me tra - hir, ô fu - reur, ô ven - gean - ce, alle a

guilt can de - ny, all it lost, she's de - ceiv'd me, none her  
 pu me tra - hir, ô fu - reur, ô ven - gean - ce, elle a

And es - cape now is nigh. luc - ky thought, it re - triev'd him,  
 li s'en tire à ra - vir, ô bon - heur, ô ven - gean - ce,



vows canst thou be - lie? If thou wilt not be - lieve me, nought is  
 o - se me tra - hir, pour moi plus d'es - pé - ran - ce, je n'ai

words an - ger im - ply, But if you'll not be - lieve me, will not be - lieve me, T' ex -  
 moi se font sen - tir, My - lord de son of - fen - se, de son of - fen - se, My

and es - cape now is nigh, 'Twas a chance they be - liev'd me,  
 tout va me ré - us - str, je pu - nis qui m'of - fen - se,

guilt can de - ny, Since of hopes she's be - reav'd me, nought is left but to  
 pu me tra - hir, a - près son in - cons - tan - ce, je n'ai plus qu'à mou -

guilt can de - ny, Since of hopes she's be - reav'd me, I'll chas - tise him or  
 pu me tra - hir, gar - dons bien le si - len - ce, mais sa - chons le pu -

And es - cape now is nigh, 'Twas a chance they be - liev'd him,  
 il s'en tire à ra - vir, at - ten - dons en si - len - ce,



left - but to die, If thou wilt not be - lieve me, Nought is  
 plus qu'à mou - rr, pour moi plus d'es - pé - ran - ce, je n'ai

- - plain it is no use to try, If you will not be - lieve me, will not be - lieve me, t' ex -  
 lord pour - ra se re - pen - tir, My - lord de son of - fen - se, de son of - fen - se, My

Who so hap - py as I, 'Twas a chance they be - liev'd him,  
 ah pour moi quel plai - sir, je pu - nis qui m'of - fen - se,

die, Since of hopes she's be - reav'd me, nought is left but to  
 rr, ap - rés son in - cons - tan - ce, je n'ai plus qu'à mou -

die, This dis - closure has griev'd me, I'll chas - tise him or  
 rr, gar - dons bien le si - len - ce, mais sa - chons le pu -

Who so hap - py as I, 'twas a chance they be - liev'd me,  
 le mo - ment de sor - tir, at - ten - dons en si - len - ce,



left - but to die, Nought is left but to die,  
 plus qu'à mou - rr, je n'ai plus qu'à mou - rr,

- - plain it is no use to try, If you will not be - lieve me, to ex - plain his no  
 lord pour - ra se re - pen - tir, my - lord de son of - fen - se, de son of - fen - se, pour - ra se re - pen -

Who so hap - py as I, 'Twas a chance they be - liev'd, 'twas a  
 ah pour moi quel plai - sir, ah pour moi, quel plai - sir, ah pour

die, but to die, nought is left, nought is left but to die, nought is left,  
 rr, qu'à mou - rr, je n'ai plus, je n'ai plus qu'à mou - rr, je n'ai plus,

die, yes or die, I'll chastise, I'll chastise him or die, I'll chas - tise,  
 rr, le pu - rr mais sa - chons, mais sachons la pu - rr, mais sa - chons,

Who so hap - py as I, 'Twas a chance, 'twas a chance they be - liev'd him, 'twas a  
 le mo - ment de sor - tir, at - ten - dons, at - ten - dons en si - len - ce, at - ten -



nought is left but to die, Can it be, dost thou leave me, Thy  
*je n'ai plus qu'à mourir, voi-là donc sa cons-tan-ce il*

me, Why my lord do you grieve me, your  
*tir, le dé-pit la ven-geance à*

chance they be-liev'd luck-y thought it re-triev'd me,  
*moi quel plai-sir, o bon-heur, ô ven-geance*

Nought is left but to die, All is lost, she's de-ceiv'd me, None her  
*je n'ai plus qu'à mourir, ô fu-reur, ô ven-geance elle a*

I'll chas-tise him or die, She is false, She's de-ceiv'd me, None her  
*mais sa-chons le pu-nir ô fu-reur, ô ven-geance elle a*

chance, 'twas a chance they be-liev'd, luck-y thought, it re-triev'd him,  
*dans le mo-ment de sor-tir, ô bon-heur, ô ven-geance*

vows canst thou be-lie? Can it be, dost thou leave me, Thy  
*o se me tra-hir, voi-là donc sa cons-tan-ce il*

words an-ger im-ply, Why my lord do you grieve me, your  
*moi se font sen-tir, le dé-pit la ven-geance à*

And es-cape now is nigh, luck-y thought, it re-triev'd me,  
*je vais donc ré-us-sir, ô bon-heur, ô ven-geance*

guilt can de-ny, all is lost, She's de-ceiv'd me, Now her  
*pu me tra-hir, ô fu-reur, ô ven-geance elle a*

guilt can de-ny, She is false, She's de-ceiv'd me, Now her  
*pu me tra-hir, ô fu-reur, ô ven-geance elle a*

And es-cape now is nigh, luck-y thought, it re-triev'd him,  
*il s'en tire, a ra-vir, ô bon-heur, ô ven-geance*

vows canst thou be-lie? If thou wilt not be-lieve  
*o se me tra-hir pour moi plus d'es-pé-ran*

words an-ger im-ply, But if you'll not be-lieve  
*moi se font sen-tir le dé-pit, la ven-geance*

and es-cape now is nigh, 'Twas a chance they be-  
*tout va me ré-us-sir, je pu-nis qui m'of-*

guilt can de-ny, All is lost, she's de-  
*pu me tra-hir, ô fu-reur ô ven-*

guilt can de-ny, She is false, she's de-  
*pu me tra-hir, ô fu-reur ô ven-*

and es-cape now is nigh, 'Twas a chance they be-  
*il s'en tire a ra-vir, ô bon-heur, ô ven-*

me, if thou wilt not be-lieve  
*ce, pour moi plus d'es-pé-ran*

me, No if you'll not be-lieve  
*ce, el dé-pit la ven-geance*

lieved me, Who's hap-py as I, 'Twas a chance they be-  
*jense au pour moi quel plai-sir, je pu-nis qui m'of-*

ceiv'd me, her guilt none de-ny, All is lost, she's de-  
*geance elle a pu me tra-hir, ô fu-reur, ô ven-*

ceiv'd me, her guilt none de-ny, She is false, she's de-  
*geance elle a pu me tra-hir, ô fu-reur, ô ven-*

lieved him, Who's hap-py as I, 'Twas a chance they be-  
*geance il s'en tire a ra-vir, ô bon-heur, ô ven-*

me, Ah, thou wilt not be - lieve me, Thy vows canst thou de -  
 ce voi - là donc sa cons - tan - ce, si o - se me tra -

me, if you will not be - lieve me, and es - cape now is  
 le dé - pit, la ven - gean - ce, tout va me ré - us -

liev'd me, Who's hap - py as I? Lucky thought, it re - triev'd me,  
 geance ah pour moi quel plas - tir, ô bon - heur, ô ven - gean - ce, ce, Since of hope she's be - reav'd me,  
 ceiv'd me, Her guilt none de - ny, a - près sons in - cons - tan - ce,

ceiv'd me, Her guilt none de - ny, This dis - closure has griev'd me, I'll chas - tise him or  
 geance elle a pu me tra - hir, gar - dons bien le si - len - ce, mass sa - chons le pu -

liev'd him, Who's hap - py as I? luc - ky thought it re - triev'd him,  
 geance il s'en ti - ré à ra - vir, ce

*Sva.*

ny, Can it be dost thou leave  
 hir, voi - là donc sa con - sian

to ex - plain is no use, If you will not be - lieve  
 à moi se font sen - ter, le dé - pit la ven - gean

nigh. Lucky thought, it re - triev'd  
 sir, ô bon - heur, ô ven - gean

Nought is left but to die, since of hope she's be - reav'd  
 je n'ai plus qu'à mour - rir, a - près son in - cons - tan

die, This dis - clo - sure has griev'd me, This dis -  
 nir, gar - dons bien le si - len - ce, gar - dons

And es - cape now is nigh, luck - y thought it re - triev'd  
 le mo - ment de sor - tir, at ten - dons en si - len

*Sva.*

me, oh, nought is left but to  
 ce, je n'ai plus qu'à mour -

me, t'ex - plain 'tis no use, to  
 ce, à moi se font sen -

me, and our es - cape now is  
 ce, tout va, tout va me ré - us -

me, Nought is left but to  
 ce, je n'ai plus qu'à mour -

clo - sure has griev'd me, I'll chas - tise him or  
 bien le si - len - ce, mais sa - chons le pu -

him, and es - cape, and es - cape now is  
 ce, le mo - ment, le mo - ment de sor -

*Sva.* *loco.*

die. Can it be? dost thou leave  
 nir, voi - là donc sa con - sian

try, Why, my lord, do you grieve  
 tir, le dé - pit la ven - geance

nigh. 'Twas a chance they be - liev'd me, Who's hap - py as  
 sir, je pu - ms qui m'of - fense, ah pour moi quel plas -

die. All is lost, she's de - ceiv'd me, Her guilt none de -  
 nir, ô fu - reur, ô ven - geance elle a pu me tra -

die. She is false, she's de - ceiv'd me, Her guilt none de -  
 nir, ô fu - reur, ô ven - geance elle a pu me tra -

nigh. 'Twas a chance they be - liev'd him, Who's hap - py as  
 tir, ô bon - heur, ô ven - geance il s'en - tire a ra -

me, Can it be, dost thou leave  
ce, Voi - là donc sa cons - tan -

me, Why my lord do you grieve  
ce, Le dé - pit, ... la ven - gean -

I, sir, 'Twas a chance they be - liev'd me, Who's hap - py as  
Je pu - nis qui m'of - fense, ah, Pour moi quel plai -

ny, hir, All is lost, she's de - ceiv'd me, Her guilt none de -  
O fu - reur, ô ven - geance, Elle a pu me tra -

ny, hir, She is false, she's de - ceiv'd me, Her guilt none de -  
O fu - reur, ô ven - geance, Elle a pu me tra -

I, vir, 'Twas a chance they be - liev'd him, Who's hap - py as  
O bon - heur, ô ven - geance, Ils s'en - tire à ra -

me, If thou wilt not be lieve me, Nought is left but to die,  
ce, Pour moi plus d'es - pé - ran - ce, Il o - se me tra - hir,

me, ce, If you will not be - lieve me, To explain is no  
ce, Le dé - pit, la ven - gean - ce, A moi se font sen -

I, Lucky thought, it re - triev'd me, And es - cape now is nigh,  
sir, O bon - heur, ô ven - gean - ce, Tout va me ré - us - sir,

ny, hir, Since of hope she's be - reav'd me, Nought is left but to  
A - pres son in - cons - tan - ce, Je n'ai plus qu'à mon -

ny, hir, This dis - clo - sure has griev'd me, I'll chas - tise him or die,  
ce, Gardons bien le si - len - ce, Mais sa - chons le pu - nir,

I, vir, Lucky thought, it re - triev'd him, And es - cape now is  
ce, At - ten - dons en si - len - ce, Le mo - ment de sor -

Sua...

Can it be, dost thou leave  
Voi - là donc, sa con - stan -

use, tir, If you will not be - lieve  
Le dé - pit la ven - gean -

Lucky thought, it re - liev'd  
O bon - heur, ô ven - gean -

die, hir, Since of hope she's be - reav'd  
rir, A - pres son in - cons - tan -

This dis - clo - sure has griev'd me, This dis - clo - sure has  
ce, Gar - dons bien le si - len - ce, ce, Gar - dons bien le si -

nigh, tir, Lucky thought it re - triev'd  
tir, At - ten - dons en si - len -

Sua

me? Oh, nought is left but to die, Oh,  
ce, Je n'ai plus qu'à mourir, Pour

me, T'ex - plain 'tis no use to try, If  
ce, A moi se font sen - tir, My

me, And our es - cape now is nigh, 'Twas  
ce, Tout va, tout me ré - us - sir, O

me, Nought is left but to die, Since  
ce, Je n'ai plus qu'à mourir, A

griev'd me, I'll chas - tise him or die, She's  
ce, ten - ce, Mais sa - chons le pu - nir, O

him, And es - cape, and es - cape now is nigh, 'Twas  
ce, ce, Le mo - ment, le mo - ment de sor - tir, O

Sua. loco.

ff Allegro vivace.  $\text{♩} = 96.$

wilt thou not be - lieve me, Oh, wilt thou not be - lieve  
 moi plus d'es - pé - ran ce pour moi plus d'es - pé - ran

you will not be - lieve me, If you will not be  
 lord de son of fen - se, My lord de son of

chance that they be - liev'd me, 'Twas chance that they be  
 bon - heur ô ven - gean - ce, ô bon - heur, ô ven -

she of hope's be - reav'd me, Since she of hope's be  
 près son in - cons - tan - ce, a - près son in - cons

false, she has de - ceiv'd me, She's false, she has de  
 fu - reur, ô ven - gean - ce, ô fu - reur, ô ven

chance that they be - liev'd him, 'Twas chance that they be  
 bon - heur, ô ven - gean - ce, ô bon - heur, ô ven -

me? Nought is left but to die, Nought is  
 ce je n'ai plus qu'à mou - rir, je n'ai

- lieve me, T' ex - plain I will not try, t' ex - plain  
 fen se pour - ra se ré - pen - tir, pour - ra

- liev'd me, Our es - cape now is nigh, our es  
 gean ce, tout va me ré - us - sir, tout va

- reav'd me, Nought is left but to die, Nought is  
 tan ce, je n'ai plus qu'à mou - rir, je n'ai

- ceiv'd me, I'll chas - tise him or die, I'll chas -  
 gean ce, el - le a - pu me tra - hir, el - le a

- liev'd him, Our es - cape now is nigh, our es  
 gean ce, il s'en ti - ré à ra - vir, il s'en

left but to die.  
 plus qu'à mou - rir.

I will not try.  
 se ré - pen - tir.

- cape now is nigh.  
 me ré - us - sir.

left but to die.  
 plus qu'à mou - rir.

- tise him or die.  
 pu me tra - hir.

- cape now is nigh.  
 is ré à ra - vir.