

Leo. (raising her head)—Yes, dying. With my last fleeting breath, I bless you, Manrico. *(expires.)*

Man.—She dies!—she's dead!!

[Enter COUNT followed by some GUARDS.]

Count.—Dead!! Then she has deceived me that she might escape me. But I have him yet. *(To the GUARDS)* Away with him and let him be shot at once *[Exeunt.]* Ah! there is the mother. She has to be dealt with yet.

Azucena (starting up.) Where is he—where's Manrico?

(Shot outside.)

Count.—He no longer lives That shot has ended the career of one who ever stood between me and her that I loved.

Azuc.—Wretch, know that he was not my son, but your long lost brother.

Count.—My brother dead! and by my own hand. Leonora dead!—a victim to my jealousy. Both dead—dead!

[Re-enter MANRICO, followed by FERRANDO and INEZ.]

Man.—No, not dead. Ruiz and his faithful band were just in time to prevent the execution. It was their shots you heard.

Count.—Heaven be thanked for that! Manrico, you are my brother. Azucena has told me all; that she stole you in your infancy. My brother! close, close; let me fold you in these arms *(They embrace.)*

Leo (lifting her head.)—Oh, cruel poison, why don't I die? I wish I had blown out the gas—it would be quicker.

Inez (advancing.)—

The druggist made a mistake. They sometimes do;
And what he gave me has not poisoned you.

Leo.—Are you sure it was not poison?

Inez.—Quite sure, mam.

Leo. (getting up)—Then I will go on with the play.

Count.—But, Manrico, I have forgotten Leonora. Take her, my boy. You have fairly earned her. And bless you, my children.

Azuc. (advancing.)—Bless you, my children.

Count (kneeling, L.)—Azucena, let bygones be bygones, and accept the homage I lay at the feet of a queen indeed. *(Rises.)*

Ferr (kneeling before Inez, R)—And that I lay at the feet of my queen. *(Rises.)*

Leo.—And thus ends The Tragical Tale of the Tricky Troubadour or the Truant Tracked.

[Grand transformation scene. Enter all. Olivette chorus.]

[CURTAIN.]

THE END.