

What ! shall this dear mouth no longer breathe
forth smiles—

These eyes, now clos'd, no longer flash out and
reveal

The love, which these sweet lips have syllabled
so oft

In song ? There—let me kiss them for the first
and only time. [*Kisses her.*]

How cold they are ! Oh, pitying angels from
above !

Look down and pour your kindest tears

On this dear form, from which has fled

The sweetest life that ever lived.

Oh vengeance—my heart doth crave for thee !

[*Looks at the stiletto.*]

Oh, cursed steel ! thou shalt aid me to obtain the
Vengeance which I seek. By this—and this—

[*Holding up the stiletto and bracelet.*]

I'll bring home the

Guilt to her who has done this deed. I swear it.

Hear me, Oh ye heavens ! and record my vow :

Fernando swears never to rest until he has

Avenged this murdered angel.

[*Prostrates himself over her body.*]

TABLEAU.—A swarm of Lucciole arise from the ground and
hover over the prostrate pair. Curtain falls. End of Act
Second.