

SONG.—“I DO NOT DARE.”

PEPITA.

How like a babe, he's calmly sleeping,
 No wrinkle mars his handsome face,
 His beauty sleep, unchecked I'm keeping ;
 What noble pose ! what manly grace !
 Now a smile is extending,
 In his dreams no alarm ;
 A kiss would p'raps be lending
 To love a charm.

Refrain.—Though bosom is swelling
 With loving care,
 Stern fate is repelling ;
 No ! No ! No ! No ! No ! No ! I do not dare.
 His sleep shall be by me unbroken,
 From sudden noise his nerves I'll save,
 No waking word shall here be spoken,
 No draught of air a lock shall wave.
 I a kiss might be stealing,
 'Tis my own I but take ;
 No, so acute his feeling,
 He'd p'raps awake.

Refrain.—Though bosom, &c.

FINALE.

CHORUS.

Far away from hostile spying,
 Safe from all unfriendly eying,
 Now no longer danger fearing,
 To her faithful friends appearing,
 We at last shall surely see,
 She who soon our Queen shall be,
 We at last shall surely see,
 She who shall our Sovereign be.

BOMBARDOS.

At last, nothing can defeat my plan,
 The throne and sovereign in my hand I see,
 And to their queen within the shortest span,
 A grateful nation soon shall bend the knee,
 But listen ! It is midnight !

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