

Count.—Fair Leonora you ask of me what I find impossible to grant.
What! Mercy for him—my rival! Why 'twere as useless as the
tactics of the Grit opposition.

DUET—LEONORA AND DI LUNA.

AIR—"Mira, di acerbe lagrime."

(*Leonora.*)

Witness the tears of agony
Here, at thy feet now raining;
If these suffice not, torture me,
My life's crimson current draining.
Torture me, torture me,
My life's crimson current draining;
Breathless thy feet may trample me,
But spare thou the Troubadour!

(*Count.*)

Ah, rather would I speedily add to his fate impending
Thousands of bitter cruelties, torments and death unending;
The more thy fond love to his replies, my anger inflames the more.
The more thou dost show him kindness, my anger inflames the more.

(*Leonora.*)

Breathless thy feet may trample me,
But spare me the Troubadour!
Destroy me, destroy me,
Overwhelm me with anguish and horror,
But spare him, spare him,
Ah, spare him, spare the Troubadour.
Release him, ah, save him!
Release him, ah, save him!
Ah, crush me a corpse
Beneath thy feet,
But spare thou the Troubadour!

(*Count.*)

The more thy fond love to his replies,
The more burns my thirst for vengeance,
The more thou dost show him kindness
My fury burns still the more,
My thirst for vengeance is inflamed
And burns the more.
The more thy fond love to his replies
My fury inflames the more,
The more thou dost love,
For vengeance meet,
My fury still burns the more!

Count (*affected.*)—Well, I don't know but what something can be done.
What were his politics?

Leo.—He is a Tory.

Count.—Then there is no hope for him—there never is—and there never
can be, as long as I am the Reform candidate for Winnipeg West.

Leo.—But he will vote any way that I say.

Count (*aside.*)—And we need every vote we can manufacture. (*To Leonora*)
—Leonora, the Court has sentenced Manrico to death. I was the
Court and the Judge. I am, however, of the opinion that the
Court may allow an appeal to the Supreme Court; and on two
conditions will I arrange it so that the Troubadour lives.

Leo.—Tell me—quick!

Count.—The first condition is that you must promise to give up the
Troubadour and be mine.

Leo.—And the other condition?

Count.—And the second condition is that you are to arrange that Manrico
and the monkey are to vote for me in the coming election.

Leo.—This is too much! (*scornfully.*) And if we refuse, sir?

Count.—Then Manrico dies to-morrow.

Leo.—Oh, heavens! (*Aside*) Ha! I forgot the poison. (*Aloud*) Yes, I
accept the offer.