

Diamond Dyes, all Colors, at C. E. Nasmyth & Co's.

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ALEXIS.—Aline, my only love, my happiness !
The philtre—you have tasted it ?

ALINE.—Yes ! Yes !

ALEXIS.—Oh joy ; mine, mine for ever and for ever !

ALINE.—Alexis, don't do that—you must not !

ALEXIS.—Why ?

ALINE.—Alas, that lovers thus should meet ;
Oh pity, pity me !
Oh, charge me not with cold deceit ;
Oh, pity, pity me.
You bade me drink—with trembling awe
I drank, and by the potion's law,
I lov'd the very first I saw !
Oh pity, pity me !

DR. DALY.—My dear young friend, consoled be !
We pity, pity you,
In this I'm not an agent free,
We pity, pity you.
Some most extraordinary spell,
O'er us has cast its magic fell,
The consequence I need not tell,
We pity, pity you.

ALEXIS.—False one, begone ! I spurn thee !
To thy new lover turn thee !
Thy perfidy all men shall know,
Come one, come all ; obey my call !
Come, hither run ! come every one, come !

ALINE AND }
DR. DALY. } We could not help it ! alas !

CHORUS.—Oh, what is the matter, and what is the clatter ?
He's glowering at her, and threatens a blow ?
Oh, why does he batter the girl he did flatter ?
And why does the latter recoil from him so ?

RECITATIVE.

ALEXIS.—Prepare for sad surprises.
My love Aline despises.
No thought of sorrow shames her ;
Another lover claims her ;
Be his, false girl, for better or for worse,
But ere you leave me may a lover's curse—

Writing Folios at J. H. Dufton's.