

Leo. (*weeping*).—

Ah yes, you did—you did—you did ;  
But I was not false when into his arms I slid.  
It was a mistake—the night was dark.

Man.—

No more ! Go woo your Government clerk,  
And you sir, just wait and I'll see you later.  
Dare to raise my gauntlet, I'm a fist manipulator.

(*Throws boxing-gloves at his feet and strikes pugilistic attitude.*)

Count.—I, sir, am always ready.

Leo. (*excitedly*)—Oh heavens ! they are going to engage in mortal combat.  
(*Very agitated, paces the stage.*)

Man. (*tragically*)—

Then man to man, and fist to fist,  
We'll fight it out like a pugilist.

TRIO—LEONORA, MANRICO AND DI LUNA.

(*Leonora.*)

Let thy vengeance  
On me then descending,  
Who have scorned thee,  
Still thee defy !  
Strike thy dagger  
In this heart offending,  
From thy love  
That dared to fly,  
To love from thee  
Would not reply ;  
No, no, could not,  
Nor would reply.

To thy love  
Made no  
Reply.

To thy love  
Made no  
Reply.  
No, would not, no,  
But dared to  
..... fly !

(*Manrico.*)

Thy dark fate  
Is already decided.  
Doom'd to perish,  
Thy hour is nigh !  
Heart and life  
To my hand are confided.  
Heaven condemns thee,  
And thou shalt die !  
Thou'rt doomed to die,  
Thou'rt doomed to die.  
Yes, by my hand,  
Thou'rt doomed to die.

Thy heart and life  
To me confided,  
Thou shalt die.

Thy heart and life  
To me are giv'n.  
And thou shalt die.  
Yes, shalt die, yes.  
Thy fate is  
In my hand,  
And thou shalt die !

(*Di Luna.*)

Ah, fires of jealous love,  
The shame of scorned affection  
In my heart are fiercely raging,  
In my heart are fiercely raging,  
Thy fond words his fate now sealing,  
Thy fond words his fate now sealing.  
By this hand he's doom'd to die ;  
Yes, by this hand he's doom'd to die,  
He's doom'd to die.  
Ah, yes, thy fond words his fate now  
By this hand [sealing,  
He's doom'd to die.  
Yes, by this hand,  
He's doom'd to die,  
Is doom'd to die ;  
By my hand  
He's doom'd to die.  
Ah, by my hand,  
He's doom'd to die,  
Is doom'd to die ;  
By my hand  
He's doom'd to die.  
Yes, thy fond words  
Have doom'd him,  
He shall die,  
Yes, he shall die !

Count—Our time is limited. The arrangements must be quick. I am supported by Mr. *Scoones*. Who's your referee ?

Man.—I am generally handled by Mr. *R. Burden, C. B. P.*

Now I suppose we fight by Marquis of Queensbury rules,  
Though rough and tumble was the mode of the old schools.

Leo. (*very excited*)—Oh ! ring up central, call police, I am sure they are going to fight.

[*Enter INEZ from R. followed by a stout POLICEMAN. They stand on the top of steps.*]

Inez.—I have one here Adolphus calls to see me every night.

Count (*backing off L.*)—

Then at Fargo to-morrow each the other meets.

Man. (*backing off R.*)—

And both to get one half the gate receipts.

[*Exeunt MAN. R., COUNT L.*]