

A DAY WITH CHARLES GOUNOD.

(*Juliette*)

Nay, for the light is stronger,—
Soon all the world will waken,—
Dearest, now let my hand
Loose itself out of thine!
Adieu! adieu!

(*Both.*)

Parting from thee is grown so sweet a
sorrow,
I could repeat my fond good-night,
Again, and still again, until the morrow
With rosy ray shall spring to sight!
Farewell, my love, until the morrow's
light!

“*Adieu, adieu! the plaintive anthem fades*”
into Roméo's impassioned solo, alone beneath
the balcony. The very air of Italy, warm,
fragrant, exquisite, fills the Parisian room, as
the music trembles into silence. Divested of
all stage accessories, all appurtenances of ex-
traneous sight and sound, its enchanting phrases
have shone out in their authentic sweetness,
“beauty unadorned adorned the most.” One
fears even to draw a sigh of admiration, lest
the brooding echoes should be jarred.