

Leo.—Well, I ca' see no objection to a game.

[*Exeunt up steps at back and off R. Lights darkened.*]

[*Enter DI LUNA, L, very stealthily.*]

Count (*centre of stage*).—

Ah, all is silence, the night is still—she sleeps ;
But no ! that light in yon tower her vigil keeps.
Dare I hope now to win Leonora's regard ?
If I whistle "Come Maud into the yard,"
She might perhaps look out of the window
Or the bull-dog my love might hinder.
To go or not to go ! Well, yes, I'll dare.

(*Sweet strains of hand organ heard outside in wing R,
playing 'Home, sweet home,' or 'Gentle Spring.'*)

Count.—

Jehoshaphat ! the Troubadour, I swear.
He always plays that organ on the street
To try and earn enough to make ends meet.
He comes this way. I will hide me here.

[*Wraps cloak about him and retires foot of steps, L.*]

[*Enter MANRICO, the Troubadour, R, playing hand organ, with a monkey.
Ceases playing.*]

Man. (*sings*).—

SONG—MANRICO.

AIR.—"Deserta sulla terra,"

Lonely on earth existing,
Grinding out old airs persisting.
O come out, Leonore, to kiss the Troubadour ;
O come out, Leonore, to kiss the Troubadour.

If I succeed in wooing,
I'll no more work be doing,
But o'er all men will soar, with the rich Leonore ;
High o'er all men will soar, the lucky Troubadour.

(*At the conclusion puts organ down on R side.*)

[*Enter LEONORE, down steps from R, runs eagerly into arms of the Count.*]

Leo.— Darling, how good of you to come and sing to me.
Yes, I gladly run to your arms and cling to thee.

Count.— Here's a pretty how-de-do ! It makes me holler.
The other chap is looking on, I bet a dollar.

Leo. (*passionately*)—

Oh, Manrico, I am so wretched when alone ;
Dearest Dove, will you ever leave your own ?

Man. (*turning, excitedly*).—

Here's a state of things ! What do I behold ?
She's false to me, and oh, I'm badly sold.

(*To her*)—
Is it for this I've trudded the street in comic guise,
Have stolen, begged, borrowed and told so many lies,
To buy ice-cream and earn a living with propriety,
To hire a livery rig and hold my place in society,
To act generally as if I had no senses
By climbing at midnight high rail fences,
And then when the watch-dog began the chase
Did I not always have a six-mile race ?