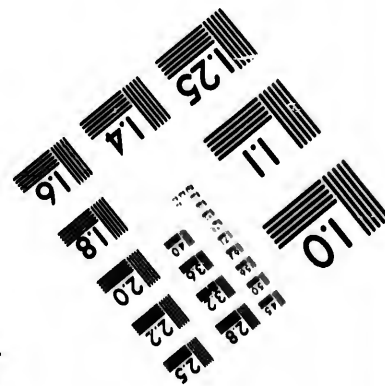
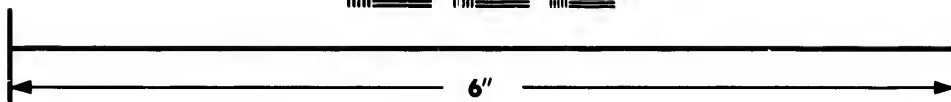
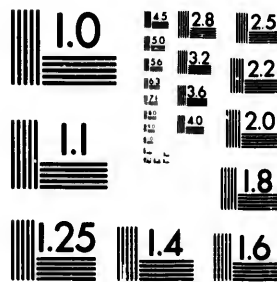


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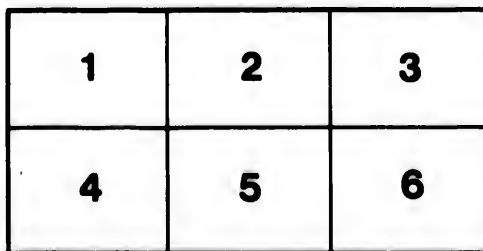
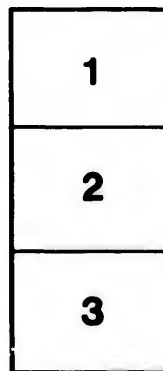
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MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

FIRST OPERATIO CONCERT.

MUSIC HALL, 21st MAY, 1866.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. JOHN CARTER.

IL TROVATORE.

See last page.

ACT I.

THE DUEL.

SCENE I.—Vestibule in the Palace of Alceferio, with side-door connecting to the apartments of Count di Luna. Fernando and Servants of the Count reclining near the door. Armed men are seen walking in the background.

Fer. [To the Servants, who are falling asleep.]

Arouse ye! arouse ye! awake ye!
The Count's approach must find us watchful:
Ye know 'tis his wout
Under the casement of his be'oved one
To pass whole nights all unsleeping.

*Serv. 'Tis the venom of jealous doubt
That has entered his bosom.*

*Fer. This minstrel to-night, who in the garden
Sings with his lute at midnight,
Seems a rival not idly dreaded.*

*Serv. Pray dispel from our eyelids
The sleep that on us falls,
By now relating the truthful tale
Of Garzia, late brother to Count Luna.*

*Fer. Be it so:
Come close around me here.*

[The Servants cluster around him.]

Soll. We're ready.

*Serv. We hear thee. [All surround Fernando.
With two sons, heirs of fortune and affection,
Liv'd the Count in enjoyment;
Watching the younger for his safe protection
The good nurse found employment.
One morning, as the dawn's first rays were shining,
From her pillow she rose,—
Who was found, think ye, near the child reclining?
Who? Pray tell us! speak! disclose!*

*Fer. Sat there a gipsy hag, witch-like appearing;
They seiz'd, and condemn'd her to death, by
One child, accused, left the remaining, [burning,
Quick to avenge her, no means disdaining
Thus she accomplish'd her dark retribution!
Lost was the young child; search unavailing;
But on the site of the hag's execution
They found, 'mid the embers, (a scene of horror
Their eyes assailing,) of a young infant,
Alas! the bones half consumed and burning.*

*Cho. Ah! fiend inhuman! such deeds revolting
My soul with horror and hatred fill!*

Some of Cho. The father?

*Fer. Few his days, and filled with sorrow: [hopeful;
Yet a secret presentiment at heart made him still
It told him his son was living: [our master,
And on his dying bed he claimed of the Count,
His solemn promise, a careful search to instigate.
Ah! how vainly!*

Cho. of Sol. But what of her?

No tidings as yet you've heard?

*Fer. No word hath reached us! Oh, heaven grant
That haply we may meet one day!*

Cho. of Serv. And were it so, would'st thou know her?

*Fer. Yes, by counting the years
That have vanish'd, I should know her.*

*Cho. of Sol. He that
The moment, down near her mother,
In perdition to send her.*

*Fer. To perdition? 'Tis believed, that on this earth
She's doomed to wander—she, the soul-accursed,
The witch infernal.*

*And when the skies are darken'd,
In forms oft-changing have some beheld her.*

*Cho. 'Tis true [careering]
Some of Cho. They say some have seen her o'er house-tops
Others. Transformed to a bird or a vampire appearing!*

*Still o' hers. Sometimes like a raven, or owl, shrilly crying,
From daylight and thunder she's seen maddly
Flying!*

*Fer. The Count's faithful servant, the old witch
Assaulting,
Soon died in an agony of terror revolting!*

[All manifest great terror.]

*She came to his chamber, an owl's form assuming,
The silence disturbing, the darkness illuming;
She gaz'd on him fiercely with eyes brightly
Flaming;*

*With loud cries of anguish the still air was rent!
That moment the bell struck, midnight proclaim-
ing.*

[A bell suddenly strikes the hour of midnight.]

*Cho. Ah! maledictions fall on the witch of infernal
descent!*

*[The Servants listen towards the door. The
Soldiers retire in the background.]*

SCENE II.—Gardens of the Palace; on one side a flight of marble steps, leading to the apartments. Thick clouds conceal the moon.

Enter LEONORA and IXES.

Ixes. What still detains thee? late 'tis growing;
Come then; already her Highness has call'd thee;
Dul'st hear her?

Leo. Another night goes by,
Yet him I behold not!

Ixes. Peril tends the flame
That thou dost nourish.
Oh, tell me, prithee, how the spark
First was kindled in thy bosom?

Leo. At the Tournay. He entered:
Dark were his vestments and his crest;
His shield and banner no devices bearing;
An unknown Knight he came, [was the hand
And in the list bere away all the honors; mine
Th' crown'd his brow as victor. Soon a civil
war outbreaking,

He disappeared. Ah! like a golden vision
Fled his dear image! One other moment,
Long after this—but then—
What chanc'd then?

Ixes. Now Lear!
Leo. The night calmly and peacefully,
In beauty seem'd reposing;
The moon floated in silver light,
Her fairest beams disclosing;
When thro' the air resounding clear,
Till then in silence wreathing,
Gently and sadly on mine ear,
A lute's sweet chords were breathing,
And words that pensive import bear,
A minstrel's song arose.

Words, like the prayers, a humble heart
Outpours to heaven when lovely:
In which one well-known name was oft
Repeated: 'twas mine, mine only!
Reverencing in haste the balcony,
I saw him standing before me!
I, y, such as only angels know,
With glowing thrill came o'er me!
To heart, and eyes, with rapture fill'd,
The earth like heaven appeared.
Of love like this, how rarely
Do words attempt expression;
A love, at whose confession
The heart, with rapture glows.
My fate would not completed be, if he were not
beside me;

Were life with him denied me,
Then welcome death's repose.
Ixes. [Aside.] No cause for sad repentance
May coming time disclose!

[They ascend to the apartments.]

Enter the Count.

Count. Night reigns in silence! Her Highness, no doubt,
Is now immersed in peaceful slumber!
Not yet sleeps her companion—Oh, Leonora,
Thou art still wakeful; the tremulous light
Now shining from thy casement tells me
Of thy nocturnal vigils—
Ah! how this unworldly passion [Thee,
Thrills each nerve within me! I must now behold
And thou shalt hear me! Loved one, this blissful
moment, To us belongs.

[Blinded by passion, he approaches the steps, but
suddenly perceives on seeing the count of a light.]

The troubadour! I tremble!
Lonely on earth abiding,
Warring 'gainst fate's cruel chiding,
Hope doth one heart in-lure,
To love the Troubadour!

Count. Oh accents! I shudder!

Man. But that fond treasure gaining,
It, faith and love obtaining,
High o'er all kings would soar,
The happy Troubadour!

Count. Oh accents! Oh jealous anger!
'Tis no error—she approaches!

[Wraps himself in his cloak]

Enter LEONORA.

Leo. [Hastening towards the Count.]

Oh my beloved!

Count. What now?

Leo. More late than usual
Is thy coming; each moment have I counted
With heart and pulses beating!—At length
'Tis love filled with pity that brings thee to these
Voice of the Troubadour. Deceiver! [loving arms.

[The moon emerging from the clouds reveals the
figure of a masked cavalier.]

Enter MANRICO.

Leo. [Recognising each and falling at the feet of Manrico]

Ah, darkness and unrest
My eager steps misguided!
'Twas thee, I thought, my words address'd!
In thee, not him, confided.
To thee my soul expandeth,
No other bliss demandeth!
I love thee, oh, believe me,
With lasting, boundless love!

Count. And dar'st thou

Man. [Rising Leonora.] Enough, forgive me!

Count. With rage my heart doth move,
Inflamed by jealous love!
If thou'rt not base, reveal thyself,

Leo. Alas!

Count. Thy name declaring;

Leo. Oh, speak, I pray! [Aside to Manrico.]

Man. Behold me, then,

Manrico!

Count. Thon?—Wherefore?

Rush traitor! bold and daring!
Urgel's accomplice, the laws have condemn'd thee,
And dar'st thou thus return
Within these royal portals?

Man. What stays thee? Go call the guards, to aid thee
Seize me, thy rival,
And to the headsman's gleaming axo
Consign me.

Count. Thy fatal hour
Perchance, already is at hand!
Oh, incensate! Come then—

Leo. Stay thee!

Count. Wretch! thy blood for this foul defection
Soon shall flow, its pains assuaging!

[To Leo.] Thou hast dar'd me, thy passion revealing!

Ah, living hence shall go no more!

By this hand he's doomed to die!

Leo. 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.

Man. [To the Count.] Thy dark fate is already decided,
Doom'd to perish, thy last hour is nigh!

Heart and life to my hand are confided,
Heaven condemns thee, and thou shalt die.
[The two rivals retire with drawn swords. Leonora
falls senseless.]

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

THE GIPSY.

SCENE I.—A ruined house at the foot of a mountain
in Biscay; the interior is partly exposed to view;
within, a great fire is lighted. Day begins to dawn.

AZUCENA is seated near the fire. MANRICO, enveloped
in his mantle, is lying upon a matress; his helmet is
lying at his feet; in his hand he holds a sword, which
he regards fix'dly. A band of gypsies are sitting in
scattered groups around them.

Gipsies. See, how the shadows of night are flying!
Morn breaketh, heaven's glorious arch unveiling;
Like a young widow, who, weary of sighing,
Lays by her garments of sorrow and wailing,
Rouse up to labor! Take each his hammer!
Who makes the gipsy's a life with pleasure laden?
The gipsy maiden.

[They take up the instruments of labor, and strike
with their hammers upon anvils, in regular
measures.]

Men. [Rings of anvil from their labor, they address the
woman.]

Fill me a bumper: let our hand be
New strength and courage draw from flowing
beakers.

[The women pour out wine for them in rustic cups.]

All. See the sunlight radiantly glowing,
Borrows new beams from our wine-cups o'erflow—
Resume our labor!
Who makes the gipsy's a life with pleasure laden?
The gipsy maiden!

Azu. [As she begins to sing, the gipsies gather about her.]

Upward the flames roll; crowds pressing fiercely
Rush to the burning with seeming gladness; [on,
Loud cries of pleasure from all sides re-echoing!
By guards surrounded, forth comes a woman!
While, o'er them shining, with wild, unearthly
glare,

Dark wreaths of flame curl ascending to heaven!
Upward the flames roll! on comes the victim still;
Robed in dark garments, ungirt, unsandaled;
Fierce cries of vengeance from that dark crowd
arise;

Echo repeats them from mountain to mountain;
O'er them reflecting, with wild, unearthly glare,
Dark wreaths of flame curl, ascending to heaven.

Gip. Thine is a mournful song!

Azu. Yes, sad indeed,
As is the mournful history,
From which it draws its dreary burthen.

[Turns her face to Manrico and murmurs.

Avenge thou me!

Man. [Again those mysterious words!]

A Gipsy. Companions, day advances;
'Tis time to seek for food; let us descend
To the towns that lie beneath us.

Men. Come on then!
Women. Come on then!

[Commence descending precipitately:
their song is heard growing fainter in the air
below.]

Gip. Who makes the gipsy's a life with pleasure laden?
The gipsy maiden!

Mar. [Rings.] All have left us; ah, now relate
That dark mournful story!

Azu. Thou dost not know it as yet?
Thou wert but still young, when,
Spurr'd on by ambition, far away
Thou didst wander!—My mother's final decree
This tale relateth. She was charg'd
With fearful crimes by a laughing jester,
Whose failing infant she was accus'd of charming!
Deem'd to the stake, she perish'd
Where this fire is burning!

Man. Ah, fate unhappy!

[The prolonged note of a horn is heard,
Man. Ruiz sends hither th' accusom'd courier.
Haply—

[Sounds his horn in reply.
Azu. Avenge thou me!

[Remains in thought and scarcely aware of
who is passing.]

Man. [To the Messenger.] Approach this way. Proceed
And tell me what news thou bringest.

Mes. The se old I bring here will tell thee all.

Man. [Reeds.] "Within our power is this deed;
By the order of our prince thou must watch o'er
and defend it. Wherever they reach thee
Come in haste. Kept in order still by thy re-
ported death,

This very evening Leonora will assume the
nun's dark veil within the neighboring
convent."

Azu. Just heav'n forbid it! [With exultation as of
Start.] What dost thou?

Thou wouldst go thy life chasing,
On a path with danger attended,
With thy half-healed wounds unhealed,
Thus heretofore strength unobtain'd?
No, I'll ne'er permit thy going.
In thy veins my blood is flowing;
Every crimson drop thou dost
Will be wrung from my fond heart.

Man. But a moment less may wither
All the hopes that now sustain me;
Earth and heav'n could bind together
Would be powerless to restrain me!

Azu. Increase!

Man. Ab, release me, O mother, I pray thee!
Wee betide if here I stay me!
Thou wilt see thy son, extended,
At thy feet with grief expire.

[Manrico departs. Azucena striving to win to
detain him.]

SCENE II.—Cloister of a Convent in the vicinity of
Cordova. Night.

The Count, Ferrando and Belton, kneeling devoutly,
enveloped in their cloaks.

Count. All is deserted; through the air comes yet
No sound of th' accusom'd chanting.
I come in time then.

Fer. A daring labor here, my lord,
Awaits thee.

Count. 'Tis daring; and such alone as burning passion
And wounded pride from me should demand.

My rival dead—each hindrance oppos'd to my
 Seem'd fall'n and vanquish'd: [wishes
 Till lately she discover'd one still more potent,
 The altar. Ah, no! For none else is Leonora!
 She is mine, mine only!
 Of her smile, the radiant gleaming
 Pales the starlight's brightest reflection,
 While her face with beauty beaming,
 Brings me fresh ardor, ardor lends to my affection,
 Ah! this love, this love in me burning,
 More than words shall plead on my part
 Her bright glances on me turning.
 Calm the tempest in my heart.

[A sound of bells is heard.]

What soundeth? Oh, heaven!
 The bell
 That proclaims the rite's commencing.
 Count. Ere at the altar she kneels
 I must seize her.
 Ah! heed thee!
 Silence!
 Count. Did'st hear not? Depart then! 'Mid the trees' dark
 shadows
 Conceal yourselves.

[Ferrando and followers retire.]

Ah! how quickly mine she will be!
 Fires in my heart are burning!

[Watching anxiously in the direction from which
 Leonora is expected.]

Fer. and followers. How bold! Let's go—conceal ourselves
 Amid the shades in haste,
 How bold!—Come on—and silence keep,
 The prize he soon will hold.
 Count. Oh, fatal hour impending,
 Thy moments urge with speed elating,
 The joy my heart's awaiting,
 Is not of mortal birth, no, it cannot be.
 In vain doth Heaven contending
 With rival claims, oppose me,
 If once these arms enclose thee, [me,
 No power in heav'n or earth, shall tear thee from
 Clout's or Neus' within.
 Error thy soul encumbers,
 Daughter of Eve, but know thee
 Death's swift approach will show thee
 Life's but a fleeting dream.
 Phantoms in restless slumbers
 All earthly hopes will seem!
 Come, let this veil concealing,
 Hide thee from human vision,
 No worldly thought, nor feeling
 Can here admitted be.
 To heaven, for grace appealing,
 Opening it waits for thee.

CHORUS—What courage bold accomplished soon his end
 will be.

Enter LEONORA, with INES and female followers.

Leo. Why art thou weeping?
 Ines. Ah! truly
 Thou wilt leave us forever!
 Leo. Oh, dear companions,
 No fond smile, no hope to cheer me,
 No flower remaining on earth for me?
 Now must I turn unto Him, the sole support
 Of those in affliction, and after days of prayer
 and penitence,
 I may haply rejoice my lost belov'd one
 With the blest in heaven. Restrain thy weeping;

To the altar now lead me. [About to proceed.
 Enter the CHORUS suddenly.]

Count. No, withhold!

Ladies. The Count here!

Leo.

Gracious heaven!

Count. For thee no altar now awaits

But one hymenial.

Ladies.

Such daring boldness!

Why com'st thou here, insensate?

Count. To make thee mine now!

[On saying so, he approaches, and seizes Leonora—
 but Mauricio appears, like a phantom, and
 places himself between them—general consternation.]

Leo. And can I still my eyes believe
 That see thee here before me?
 Or is it but a dream of bliss,
 A charm that hovers o'er me?
 Unused to such excessive joy,
 My heart with doubts contended!
 Art thou from heaven descended.
 Or am I there with thee?

Count. Do souls departed thus return
 From death's domains eternal?

Man. Heaven's blest abode, nor regions infernal
 Have yet possess'd me,

Count. Thus to condemn me, hell doth indeed
 Renounce its prey infernal!

Man. True, base assassins mortal blows may deal,
 Thy deeds impress'd me.

Count. But if as yet thy fatal thread
 Of time remains unmeasured,
 If life by thee is treasured,
 Then fly from her and me.

Man. Overwhelming power that naught can stay
 Have ocean's waves unbounded!
 He, who thy guilt confounded!
 His arm hath aided me.

Yes, 'twas God who aided me.

Leo. Art thou from heaven descended,
 Or am I there with thee? [To Mauricio.]

Chorus. Yield thee! ah, yield thee!

[Exit: Mauricio, leading Leonora—the Count is
 driven back, the Ladies retreat to the Convent,
 as the Curtain falls.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

THE GIPSY'S SON.

SCENE I.—A Camp.—On the right, the Tent of the
 Count di Luna, on which is displayed a banner, indi-
 cative of his supremacy—the Fortress of Castellor seen
 in the distance.

CHORUS—Some of the Soldiers.

Now with dice, may fortune speed us;
 Other games will shortly need us!

From our sword's this blood we burnish,
Coming deeds fresh stains will furnish.

[*Sounds of warlike instruments are heard; all start and turn toward the sounds.*]

Some Soldiers. Lo! they come for succor praying!

[*A strong band of soldiers crosses the camp.*]

Other Soldiers. Still, they make a brave display!

All. Let us, without more delaying
Castellor attack to-day.

Fer. Yes, brave companions: at dawn to-morrow,
Our leader has now resolved,
On storming the fortress on all sides.
Within its walls a booty immense
We're sure to find; 'tis more than hopeful:
If conquer'd tis ours then.

Some of Soldiers. Pleasure there invites us.

Fer. & Cho. Now let the trumpet in war tones re-
sounding,
Call to arms; with courage bold, we'll march
undaunted.

Haply, to-morrow, our proud foes confounding
On those walls shall our banners be planted.
Ne'er more brilliant were prospects victorious
Than the hopes which our hearts now elate.
Thence, we'll gather renown, bright and
glorious,
Pleasure, honor and profit there await us,
Honor and booty for us there await.

*Enter the Count, from the tent; turns with lowering
gaze towards Castellor.*

Count. Within my rivals arms! How this reflection
Like a taunting demon, follows me
Where'er I wander. Within my rival's arms!
To-morrow [forever!
Ere the day dawns, I'll hasten to smother them
Oh! Leonora! *A tumult is heard.*

Enter FERRANDO.

Count. What now?

Fer. Around the camp
Was seen a gipsy woman, loitering;
Surprised by the sentinels on duty
To escape she attempted. With reason
They suspected her of spying out our move-
ments,
And pursued.

*AZUCENA, with her hands bound together, is dragged
in by the sentinels.*

Count. Come hither. [*Azucena is led before the Count.*]
To me reply now, and tremble if thou liest,

Azu. Ask, then.

Count. Whither bound?

Azu. I know not.

Count. How?

Azu. 'Tis a custom of the gipsies
Without purpose to wander
Whoever fancy leads them,
Their only shelter heav'n.
The wide world their country.

Count. Whence com'st thou?

Azu. From Biscalia, where till of late,

Was my sole abode, amid its wild, barren
mountains.

Count. (From Biscalia!)

Fer. (What heard I? oh, dark suspicion.)

Azu. I was poor, yet uncomplaining—
Liv'd contented, grateful hearted,
With one son, sole hope remaining,
But, alas! from me he hath parted.
Now, I wander sad and lonely
Through the world, seeking him only;
All my heart's troubled emotion,
For his loss, no words can show,
Ah! for him my warm devotion,
No earthly mother else can know.

Fer. Ah! those features!

'Tis she, wao stole the child, and burned him!

Count. Ah! guilty one!

Chorus. 'Tis the same one!

Azu. He speaks falsehood.

Count. Thou can'st not fly

Thy fate impending.

Azu. Ah!

Count. Those bonds

Draw still more closely. [*The soldiers obey.*]

Azu. Ah! loose awhile, ye monsters vile,
These bonds that now confine me.
Such fierce and cruel torments
To ling'ring death consign me!
Descendant of a wicked sire,
Than he, more guilty, tremble!
For God protects the weak,
And he will punish thee!

*SCENE II.—Ha'll adjoining the Chapel of Castellor; a
balcony in the background.*

Maurico, LEONORA, Ruiz.

Leo. Ah! what clamor of arms

Is that which reach'd me?

Man. Great is the danger;

Vain are all my attempts to hide it!

At early dawn to-morrow

The foe will assail us.

In life's last hour, with fainting breath,

My thoughts will turn to thee.

Preceding the to heav'n will death

Alone appear to me.

[*Tones of organ heard from the neighboring Chapel.*]

Leo. The mystic tide of harmony

Within our hearts doth flow!

Come love the church unfolds the raptures

From holy love that grow!

[*While they are about to enter the Chapel, Ruiz
enters hurriedly.*]

Ruiz. Mauricio!

Man. How?

Ruiz. The Zingara,

Yonder, in chains, behold her!

Man. Oh heaven!

Ruiz. Led on by cruel men,

They near the stake already.

Man. Oh heav'n! my limbs are failing me:

Shadows my eyes are veiling! [*Approaching the*

Leo. Thou tremblest! [*balcony.*]

Man. With reason. Know the cause:

I am—
 Thou'rt whom?
 Her offspring,
 Of that dark scaffold, those flames ascending
 Thrill thro' each fibre with madd'ning glow!
 Quench them ye monsters vile or still offending
 To stay their fury your blood shall flow!
 I was her offspring, ere love I gave thee,
 In vain, to hold me, thy griefs would tie.
 Mother, unhappy! I try to save thee,
 Or, all else failing, with thee to die.

Re-enter Ruiz with Soldiers

Ruiz. Arouse ye to arms now!
 The foe we will defy!
 Faithful and ready in fight to aid thee or with
 thee to die.

[*Maurico rushes out, followed by Ruiz and Soldiers. Fire within a noise of arms and war like instruments is heard.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

THE PUNISHMENT.

SCENE I.—*A wing of the palace of Alcaferia: in the angle, a tower with windows secured by iron bars. Night: dark and clouded.*

Enter LEONORA and Ruiz, enveloped in cloaks.

Ruiz. [*In an under tone.*] Here stay we;
 Yonder's the tower where are confin'd the
 prisoners for state offences;

Either they brought him whom we are seeking.

Leo. Alas! what say thou?

Man. Ah! love: how blest our life will be
 Our fond desires attaining,
 My soul shall win fresh ardor,
 My arm new courage gaining.
 But, if, upon the fatal page
 Of destiny impending,
 I'm doom'd among the slain to fall,
 'Gainst hostile arms contending,

Leo. Go thou;
 Leave me here: be not anxious for my safety;
 Perchance I yet may save him.

[*Ruiz retires.*

Afraid for me? Secure
 And ready are my defences!

[*She gazes on a jewel which she wears on her right hand.*

In this dark hour of midnight
 I hover round thee near approaching,
 Unknown to thee, love! Ye moaning breezes
 around me playing,
 In pity aid me, my sighs to him conveying!
 On rosy wings of love depart,
 Bearing my heart's sad wailing,

Visit the prisoner's lonely cell,
 Console his spirit failing,
 Let hope's soft whispers wreath'd
 Around him, comfort breathing,
 Recall to his fond remembrance
 Sweet visions of our love;
 But, let no accent reveal to him
 The sorrows, the griefs my heart doth prove.

[*The passing bell.*

Chorus. [*Within.*] Have compassion upon a soul
 departing

For that abode, from whence there's no return-
 ing;

Thy forgiveness, oh! pow'r divine imparting,
 Let him not be a prey to endless burning.

Leo. That solemn petition, so sadly ascending,
 With terror and mystery the air seems to fill!
 'Gainst fatal foreboding my heart is contending
 My breath is suspended, my pulses are still.
 Ah! how death still delayeth,
 Lingers, or seems to fly
 From him, who longeth to die!
 Farewell, Leonora, Farewell!

Leo. Oh heaven! faintness o'erpow'rs me!
 O'er yonder dark tower, ah, death waits the
 morrow

With wings pale and shadow'd his watch seems
 to hold.

Ah! ne'er will they open those of sorrow
 'Till utter the victim is lifeless and cold.

Man. [*In the tower.*] Now with my life fulfilling
 Love's fervent vows to thee!
 Do not forget; let me remember'd be.
 Farewell my love, farewell, Leonora!

Leo. And can I ever forget thee!
 Thou shalt see that more enduring
 Love, than mine, had ne'er existence,
 Triumph over fate securing,
 Death shall yield to its resistance.
 At the price of mine, now blighted,
 Thy dear life will I defend,
 Or again with thee united,
 To the tomb will I descend!

SCENE II.—*A Gloomy Dungeon.*

AZUCENA lying upon an old mattress, MAURICO
 seated near her.

Man. Mother, thou sleepest not?

Azu. I have sought for slumber,
 But, ah! it flies from my weary eyelids!—I'll
 pray.

Man. If filial love and words of affection
 Have power to move thy feelings maternal
 Strive to banish these terrors,
 And seek in slumbers forgetful, both rest and
 composure.

Azu. Yes; heavy woes and fatigue oppress me,
 Closing my eyes, I to sleep address me.
 But, should that dark pile rise up before thee,
 With flames ascending, wake me again.

Man. Repose, oh, mother; may heaven watching
 o'er thee,
 Send the bright visions, soothing thy pain.

Azu. Back to our mountains, our steps retracing,

There, peace and quiet once more embracing,
 Songs thou wilt sing me, with lute attending,
 Sweet dreams shall visit our sleep as of yore.

Man. Repose, oh, mother silently bending
 O'er thee my spirit heav'n-ward shall

Azu. Lov'd songs thou shalt sing me, thy soft lute
 aid lending.
 Sweet dreams shall visit our sleep as of yore.

*Enter the Count and his followers. LEONORA stands
 aside.*

Count. You hear me? Give the son to the axe
 At daybreak; lead to the stake the mother.
The Followers enter the tower.
 Perhaps, thus acting, I abuse the power
 The prince to me confided.
 To such excesses that woman's love constrains
 me!
 But where to find her? Since Castellor is ours
 Of her no tidings have reach'd me;
 All my researches on ev'ry side are fruitless!
 Ah, cruel love, where art thou?

Leo. [Advancing.] Standing before thee!
Count. Those accents! lady! thus near me!
 Thou see'st me.

Count. What brought thee hither!
Leo. Already his last hour approaches,
 And thou dost ask me!
Count. Thou still wouldst dare me?
Leo. Ah yes! for him
 I would ask of thee compassion.
Count. How? art thou raving?
 Mercy to him, my rival show?
Leo. May heav'n with mercy inspire thee?
Count. My sole desire is for vengeance. Go!
[Leonora throws herself despairingly at his feet.
 Witness the tears of agony
 Here, at thy feet, now raining;
 If these suffice not, torture me,
 My life's crimson current draining!
 Breathless thy feet may trample me,
 But spare thou the Trubabour!
Count. Ah! rather would I speedily
 Add to his fate impending
 Thousands of bitter cruelties,
 Torments and death unending;
 The more thy love to his replies
 My anger inflames the more. *[About to go,*
Leo. Hear me! *[Clinging to him,*

Count. What more now?
Leo. Mercy!
Count. Price is there none, which offer'd
 Could obtain it. Leave me now!
Leo. One yet there is, one only,
 And that price I offer.
Count. Offer, what?
 Explain then! speak!
Leo. Myself, then!
[Extending her right hand to the Count, with anguish]
Count. Heav'n! what dost tell me?
Leo. That I will perform
 What here I promise.
Count. Am I not dreaming?
Leo. Unclose for me
 The gates of yonder prison:
 Escaping, let the prisoner but here me—
 Am I then thine.
Count. Wilt swear it?
Leo. I swear to him, whom my innermost spirit
 Beholdeth!
Count. What ho!
[A jaior appears, in whose ear the Count whispers.]
*—While the Count is speaking to him, Leonora
 sucks the poison concealed in the ring.*
Leo. (A cold and lifeless bride
 Thou wilt have me!)
Count. *[Turning to Leonora.]* My foe shall live!
Leo. *[Aside, her eyes filled with tears of joy!]*
 Shall live! Oh heaven! this boundless joy
 Too great is for words' expression;
 But for my throbbing, panting heart
 Flow thanks in grateful confession!
 Unmov'd, my fate I now await;
 Rapture, thus life completing,
 With dying breath repeating
 Thou'rt sav'd from death through me!
Count. What words are those? oh! turn once more
 To me thy thoughts confiding,
 Ah! like a bright delusion
 Seemeth thy recent deciding
 Thou wilt be mine! again declared,
 My heart of doubts relieving,
 Scarce in its bliss believing,
 Though promis'd still by thee!
Leo. Now Come—
Count. Remember! Thou hast sworn!
Leo. My oath is sacred still. *[They enter the Tower.*

~~The Count's~~
 Leonora dying from the effects of the poison.
 She has indeed been his enemy, but Count orders
 the immediate execution of Leonora, and
 stays in Aquiana to see her son being dead
 upon which she exclaims, "he is thy brother,
 "brother than art averaged" while the Count
 can only murmur "and I still live"

1866

Trovatore

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Count di Luna.	BARITONE.
Ferrando, in his service.	BASS.
The Duchess Leonora.	SOPRANO.
Inez, in her service.	MEZZO-SOPRANO.
Azucena, a gipsy.	ALTO.
Manrico, the Troubadour, her reputed son.	TENOR.
Ruiz, in his service.	BARITONE.

Followers of the Count, Guards, Nuns, Gipsies, &c.

THE SCENE IS LAID PARTLY IN BISCAY AND PARTLY IN ARRAGON.

TIME. BEGINNING OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

The Story is taken from a Drama of Antonio Garcia Gatteerez, with the same title.

