

Is but a gown That serves to dress My gen - tle-ness!

Luiz

Ah, well-be-

lov - ed, Thy cold dis-dain, It gives no pain— 'Tis mer - cy, played In

Ah, well-be - lov - ed!

mas-quer-ade! Ah, well - be - lov - ed! Ah, well-be-

Fin. *

Ah, well-be-lov - ed! _____ Mine an - gry frown - Is
 lov - ed! Ah, well-be-lov - ed! Thine an - gry frown - Is

Red. *

but _____ a gown That serves to dress My gen - tle-ness!
 but _____ a gown That serves to dress Thy gen - tle-ness!

dim. *p*

Ah, _____ well, Ah, well - be -
 Ah, be - lov - - ed! Ah, well - be -

f *dim.* *f* *dim.* *f* *dim.*

lov - ed, be - lov - ed!_

lov - ed, be - lov - ed!_

p

p

p

Ped.

*

Casilda: O Luiz, Luiz— what have you said! What have I done! What have I allowed you to do?

Luiz: Nothing, I trust, that you will ever have reason to repent. (*Offering to embrace her*)

Casilda: (*withdrawing from him*) Nay, Luiz, it may not be. I have embraced you for the last time.

Luiz: (*amazed*) Casilda!

Casilda: I have just learnt, to my surprise and indignation, that I was wed in babyhood to the infant son of the King of Baratarial

Luiz: The son of the King of Barataria? The child who was stolen in infancy by the Inquisition?

Casilda: The same. But, of course, you know his story.

Luiz: Know his story? Why, I have often told you that my mother was the nurse to whose charge he was entrusted!

Casilda: True. I had forgotten. Well, he has been discovered, and my father has brought me here to claim his hand.

Luiz: But you will not recognize this marriage? It took place when you were too young to understand its import.

Casilda: Nay, Luiz, respect my principles and cease to torture me with vain entreaties. Henceforth my life is another's.

Luiz: But stay— the present and the future— *they* are another's; but the past— that at least is ours, and none can take it from us. As we may revel in naught else, let us revel in that!

Casilda: I don't think I grasp your meaning.

Luiz: Yet it is logical enough. You say you cease to love me?

Casilda: (*demurely*) I say I *may* not love you.

Luiz: Ah, but you do not say you *did* not love me?

Casilda: I loved you with a frenzy that words are powerless to express— and that but ten brief minutes since!

Luiz: Exactly. My own— that is, until ten minutes since, my own— my lately loved, my recently adored— tell me that until, say a quarter of an hour ago, I was all in all to thee! (*embracing her*)

Casilda: I see your idea. It's ingenious, but don't do that. (*releasing herself*)

Luiz: There can be no harm in revelling in the past.

Casilda: None whatever, but an embrace cannot be taken to act retrospectively.

Luiz: Perhaps not!

Casilda: We may recollect an embrace— I recollect many— but we must not repeat them.

Luiz: Then let us recollect a few!

(*A moment's pause, as they recollect, then both heave a deep sigh.*)

Luiz: Ah, Casilda, you were to me as the sun is to the earth!

Casilda: A quarter of an hour ago?

Luiz: About that.

Casilda: And to think that, but for this miserable discovery, you would have been my own for life!

Luiz: Through life and death— a quarter of an hour ago!

Casilda: How greedily my thirsty ears would have drunk the golden melody of those sweet words a quarter— well, it's now about twenty minutes since. (*Looking at her watch*)

Luiz: About that. In such a matter one cannot be too precise.

Casilda: And now our love, so full of life, is but a silent, solemn memory!

Luiz: Must it be so, Casilda?

Casilda: Luiz, it must be so!