

IL TROVATORE.

(THE TROUBADOUR.)

A Romantic Drama

IN THREE ACTS.

(*From the Popular Opera of that name.*)

BY

WILLIAM E. SUTER, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

The Pirates of the Savannah, Idiot of the Mountain, Syren of Paris,
Angel of Midnight, Old House on the Bridge, Outlaw of the
Adriatic, Sarah's Young Man, A Quiet Family, John
Wopps, Riffle Volunteer, Brother Bill and Me,
&c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

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IL TROVATORE.

*First performed, in Italian, at Covent Garden Theatre, Thursday,
May 10th, 1855.*

THE GIPSY'S VENGEANCE.—*An English Version, by Mr. C. JEFFERY'S, Drury Lane Theatre, March 24th, 1856.*

IL TROVATORE.—*A Drama, in Four Acts, by Mr. W. TRAVERS, City Theatre, August 14th, 1858.*

Covent Garden, May 10th, 1855.

IL COUNT DI LUNA	Sig. GRAZIANA.
FERRANDO	Sig. TAGLIAFICO.
RUIZ	Sig. SOLDI.
UN ZINGARO	Sig. GREGORIO.
MANRICO	Sig. TAMBERLIK.
LEONORA	Madlle. JENNY HEY.
AZUCENA	Mme. VIARDOT.
INEZ	Madlle. BELLINI.

Drury Lane, March 24th, 1856.

COUNT DE LUNA	Mr. HENRI DRAYTON.....	Mr. SANTLEY.
FERRANDO	Mr. FARQUHARSON.	Mr. WALLWORTH. (1st time)
MANRICO	Mr. AUGUSTUS BRAHAM. ...	Mr. H. HAIGH.
RUIZ	Mr. J. WILLIAMS.	Mr. LYALL.
1ST GIPSY	Mr. C. BEALE.	
LEONORA	Miss LUCY ESCOTT.	MISS PAREPA. (Her first appearance at English Opera.)
AZUCENA	Miss FANNY HUDDART.	MISS PILLING. (1st time)
INEZ	Miss WOOD.....	MISS MORELL.

City Theatre, August 14th, 1858.

COUNT DE LUNA (heavy or seconds).....	Mr. GREEN.
FERRANDO (his Esquire) (2nd lead)	Mr. T. SENNETT.
MACARONI (his Serving Man) (2nd Comedy)	Mr. SEYMOUR.
MANRICO (the Troubadour) (lead).....	Mr. C. SENNETT.
RUIZ (his Friend).....	Mr. FORTUNE.
FATALIO (a Serving Man) (1st Comedy).....	Mr. WHITTON.
ALIDORIO } (Gipsies).....	{ Mr. DEVILLE.
FABRIO } (Gipsies).....	{ Mr. ANDERSON.
MESSENGER	Mr. WATSON.
SOLDIER	Mr. ROBERTS.
LEONORA (in love with Manrico) (juvenile)	Miss JACKSON.
INEZ (her Attendant) (Soubrette)	Mrs. HARRISON.
AZUCENA (a Gitana) (heavy lead).....	Miss FORDE.
UGLIANA (a Gipsy)	Mrs. MACKNEY.

Followers of the Count, Soldiers, Gipsies, &c. &c.

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Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

ACT I.—EXTERIOR OF THE PALACE.

Domestic Differences and Domestic Relations—Feeble Glimmerings of the Family History—the Lost Son—the Despised Lover, and the Wandering Troubadour.

AN ENCOUNTER AND DEFEAT OF THE COUNT DE LUNA.

Treachery and Perilous Situation of Manrico. The Devotion of a Maiden's Heart.

THE ESCAPE!

ACT II.—GIPPIES' HAUNT AMIDST THE MOUNTAINS OF BISCAY.

Azuena, the Gitana, reveals a Tale of Horror—the VICTIM OF FIRE AND FAGGOT—Vengeance and Remorse—the Mystery of the Troubadour's Life—Fatal Tidings and Flight to Rescue!

A PASS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A Serving Man very Unpleasantly Served—Fatalio Loses more than he Likes, and Gets more than he Wants—Paired but not Matched.

CONVENT CLOISTERS.

Leonora, in her despair, driven to become a Nun—Determination of the Count de Luna, and Attack on the Nunnery ! 4
ARRIVAL OF THE TROUBADOUR ! ENOUNTER AND DEFEAT !

ACT III.—THE CAMP.

The Gitana, the Captive of her Enemy—Revelations of the Past—the Stolen Child and his Doom—the Recognition and
THE FATAL SENTENCE !

A TERRIBLE INTERRUPTION TO A BRIDAL.

The Return of the Wanderer—a Favourable Conjunction of the Planets.

DUNGEON OF THE TROUBADOUR.

LEONORA'S FEARFUL SACRIFICE !

DISCOVERY AND TERRIBLE REVENGE !

THE CONDEMNATION ! THE CONFESSION ! and THE RESCUE !

The Lost Son Restored ! Fate of the Gitana !

TRIUMPH AND HAPPINESS OF THE TROUBADOUR !

Love in Life—Hated in Death.

IL TROVATORE.

(THE TROUBADOUR.)

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Gardens of the Palace; R. U. E., a flight of marble steps, supposed to lead to the Palace. Evening, gradually changing to night, not moonlight.*

Enter MACARONI, INEZ, and FATALIO, L.

MACA. My dear Inez!

FATAL. Charming Inez!

INEZ. (c) Nonsense! You are always, both of you, telling me that you love me, and you never, either of you, say a word about marriage.

MACA. Surely you would not marry and not love?

INEZ. Surely you would not have me love and not marry?

MACA. Marriage without love is monstrous!

FATAL. Love without marriage is abominable!

MACA. Quite right; so, darling Inez, love me and marry him,

INEZ. Oh, you conceited profligate!

FATAL. (L.) Likewise, Inez, for the last three years, I have every day resolved to propose marriage to you.

INEZ. And during the last three years, I have every day given you a capital opportunity.

FATAL. Yes, but also the conjunctions have never been favourable.

INEZ. The what?

MACA. He means the stars and planets—he is rather mooney on that subject.

FATAL. Likewise Mars and Satan.

MACA. Satan! ha, ha, ha!

INEZ. He means satin. (MACARONI laughs)

FATAL. Also they have always been in conjunction, and whenever they meet—

MACA. What, do they fight?

FATAL. They are in opposition to everybody and everything, and my grandmother, who was intimately acquainted with all the stars and planets—

INEZ. Not on visiting terms, surely ?

MACA. 'Tis very likely, for every old witch can go where she pleases on her broomstick ?

FATAL. My grandmother, who died in the service of the late Count de Luna, used to say that if Mars and Satan hadn't been in conjunction, or opposition, or something or other, with many evil omens which she understood, and fully instructed me—

INEZ. Yes, Fatalio, you have been well instructed, anybody can see that.

FATAL. My grandmother was the nurse of the late count's two sons.

MACA. Yes, I have heard there once were two.

FATAL. Not two at once, they were not twins; but my grandmother nursed the present count when he was an infant, so also did she his brother likewise.

INEZ. Do talk faster.

FATAL. Garzia, the youngest boy, grandmother used to say, was a far more lovely and engaging child than his brother, the present count, and grandmother used to say sometimes, with tears in her eyes, that I very much reminded her of the pretty little fellow.

INEZ. (*laughing*) Were you ever a pretty little fellow, Fatalio?

FATAL. What is beauty but a burthen and a snare?

MACA. And so, as you travelled through life, you left it on the road.

FATAL. My grandmother always slept near the cradle of the Count de Luna's little brother, and one morning when she awoke, what do you think she saw ?

INEZ. Oh, do go on !

FATAL. She was horrified, likewise petrified, and also—

MACA. You can never tell us all so, do talk faster !

FATAL. She saw—it's an awful story ! she saw—come a little closer—she saw—

INEZ. How dreadfully tantalizing !

MACA. What did she see ?

Enter FERRANDO, L.

FERRAN. She saw—

INEZ. Ah ! Ferrando, he knows—do tell us !

MACA. Not long in the service of the present Count de Luna, we are as yet ignorant of the family history.

INEZ. What did Fatalio's grandmother see ?

FERRAN. (*crosses, c.*) It was the first glimmer of daybreak when she awoke, and beheld standing near the child—

FATAL. Likewise quite close—

FERRAN. (*r. c.*) A horrible Zingara woman—

FATAL. Also a witch—

FERRAN. A wretched hag; withered and emaciated—

FATAL. And likewise very thin and ugly—

FERRAN. Wearing the tattered costume of her race—

FATAL. Which was also very ragged.

INEZ. (L. c.) Be quiet!

FATAL. (L.) Ferrando isn't sufficiently circumstantial.

FERRAN. Her baneful eyes were fixed upon the slumbering infant—

FATAL. Which likewise was fast asleep—

FERRAN. The child's nurse—

FATAL. Also my gran—

INEZ. (*putting her hand over his mouth*) Hold your tongue!

FERRAN. Her screams of terror resounded through the house—

FATAL. Likewise she screeched like a maniac.

MACA. (R.) Oh, now, isn't he enough to—

FERRAN. And the gipsy hag was quickly thrust from the mansion.

FATAL. Also she was soon bundled out, neck and crop.

INEZ. Will you—

FERRAN. Asserting that her only purpose there had been to predict the future fortunes of the boy. She lied.

FATAL. Likewise she told a falsehood.

FERRAN. For, from that moment, a slow consuming fever ever preyed upon the child, he languished, sunk daily, hourly, for the witch's curse was on him.

FATAL. It was all through Mars and Satan.

INEZ. Hold your tongue.

FATAL. So it was, because one was in conjunction, and the other was in opposition.

FERRAN. The vile old gipsy hag was caught, caged, and condemned, and suffered at the stake the doom of a sorceress.

FATAL. Likewise she was burned to death.

MACA. And serve her right.

INEZ. The horrid wretch!

FERRAN. But her power for evil died not with her; she left behind a daughter who but too well accomplished the terrible revenge her mother had begun—the child suddenly disappeared.

MACA. Was it never recovered?

FERRAN. Alas, no!

FATAL. Likewise it was not found.

FERRAN. But on the spot where the old gipsy had perished in the flames, some bones, like those of a little child, were seen.

INEZ. Oh, dreadful!

MACA. Horrible!

FATAL. Awful!

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INEZ. I can scarcely restrain my tears.

FATAL. Also I want to cry.

MACA. And the poor child's father?

FERRAN. Soon sunk to the grave beneath the heavy blow; but to the last he cherished the belief that his little son had not perished.

FATAL. Likewise that he was still alive.

FERRAN. And in his last moments he exacted from his only remaining son, our master now, an oath ever to continue the search for his lost brother; but, alas! vainly has the Count de Luna sought.

MACA. And has nothing ever been heard of the old witch's daughter?

FATAL. Which was also the young witch.

FERRAN. No trace of her has ever yet been discovered. Oh, if I could but find her!

INEZ. But after so many years you would not recognise her?

FERRAN. I think I should. Long since she bore a strong resemblance to her mother, and now—

MACA. She deserves as warm a journey to the next world as her mother travelled before her.

FATAL. My grandmother said that the old witch's spirit would always wander on earth so long as Mars and Satan—

FERRAN. Psha! you are a fool. Exit, R.

FATAL. Likewise you are another. (*crosses to c.*) My grandmother was right, for I have seen the old witch's ghost several times, and always when it was pitch dark.

INEZ. (L.) And what was she like in the dark?

FATAL. (C.) The first time I saw her, she was like an owl, likewise a black owl, which was also dark, like the night; and she rolled her eyes, and flapped her wings, and she said, "Hoot! hoot!"

MACA. (R.) Nonsense!

FATAL. Likewise I have seen her as a crow—also as a black pig, but she always disappears at daybreak, and never comes out till midnight, because then Mars and Satan are in conjunction, and she comes out in opposition, and 'tis when the clock strikes twelve— (*clock commences to strike*)

MACA. (*rather frightened*) And there it goes!

INEZ. (*frightened*) And now let us go!

FATAL. (*ditto*) Do you see anything up there like a black magpie? (*they huddle together, and start at each stroke of the clock*) Don't be afraid—but also I am rather nervous—likewise considerably so—oh!

INEZ. (*as clock strikes*) Oh!

MACA. (*ditto*) Oh!

FATAL. (*ditto*) Oh!

Exeunt tremblingly, R.

Music.—LEONORA descends steps, from R.

LEON. He comes not ! must I then pass another night, and behold him not. Fraught with danger is our love, to both of us ; a sad foreboding shakes my soul, but I cannot banish the passion from my heart—would not if I could. I will be only his, or the bride of death. Oh ! Manrico, why come you not, has evil already befallen you ? Can it be that so soon are realized the fatal presentiments that chill my heart ?

INEZ descending steps, from R.

INEZ. Oh, my lady, do return to your apartment ! You know that often the Count de Luna passess the night beneath your balcony, that he adores you, poor man ! and should he suspect you love another—

LEON. Hush, Inez, hush !

INEZ. I must speak, dear lady, for your sake ; you know what a terrible dragon the count is—that jealousy is stinging his bosom like a fiery serpent, and if he surprised the troubadour who so often serenades you, there would be murder !

LEON. Too well I know it, and tremble ever at the thought, and yet—

INEZ. And yet, love is so powerful a magnet, that spite of yourself, it draws you constantly to the danger ; the light of an adorer's eyes is an irresistible attraction ; and your love, like a moth, will flutter round it till its wings are singed.

LEON. Oh, good Inez, if you but knew him ! 'Twas at the tournament I first beheld him. Unknown, with no armorial bearings, in sombre guise, the gallant warrior appeared. On that day all fell before his lance—he conquered too, my heart ; and when I placed the crown of victory around his brow, I gave him with it the deepest love that ever lady lavished on valiant knight !

INEZ. How I bless my stars that my heart is not so combustible !

LEON. Soon after, there raged the civil war that has desolated our fair land. I heard not of him, nor saw him, save only in my dreams—there he was ever present ; and they became my only consolation—my only happiness.

INEZ. Very unsubstantial, though ; to be at all satisfactory a lover should appear bodily.

LEON. But, at last, one night—

INEZ. Ah ! now we shall have it.

LEON. Serenely bright the heavens, calm and placid all around, brilliant the silvery splendour of the glorious orb of night, when sweetly and thrillingly fell upon mine ear, and penetrated to my heart, the voice of my gallant troubadour

How musical my name when sung by him. Oh, with what joy I gazed upon him, and from my balcony looked down into his eyes, bright and pure as the moonlight by which I read them, and saw revealed the love it needed not his words to prove to me.

INEZ. I should need something more though, for according to your own account, my lady, it was all moonshine !

LEON. Why do I talk to you ; you cannot comprehend my heart.

INEZ. I doubt, my lady, whether you understand it yourself ; and you talk to me because when one of our sex has a lover she must talk about him to somebody—to the trees and flowers if no better listeners may be had !

LEON. Ah ! true ; but how gained you your knowledge, Inez ?

INEZ. By experience, my lady. But mine is an everyday love, that goes to sleep always when the moon rises ; and if you could forget your lover, my lady—for I fear greatly for the passion that dares venture to show itself only by moonlight.

LEON. My every sense, my every thought, are captive to my love, whether in joy or sorrow, I have sworn and will be his ; for him I am ready to confront all danger that may befall us, for him I am prepared to die. (*ascends steps, and disappears, R.*)

INEZ. Well, if all great ladies are made of the same materials as my mistress, I am very glad that I am only a waiting woman. Prepared to die for her lover, indeed, rubbish ! What is the use of that ? I am prepared to live for mine, and that, I fancy, would be a great deal more satisfactory to both parties !

Exit up steps, R.

Music.—Enter the COUNT DE LUNA, L. U. E.

COUNT. Oh ! Leonora, how madly I love thee, madly and hopelessly, for thou hast lodged a rival 'gainst me in thy heart —this troubadour whose daring— Oh ! let me but hold him in my grasp, and his life shall be the price of his temerity ! Leonora has not yet, I know, retired to rest, for she is to-night of the attendant watch about the queen, and so this night will I know my fate ; at her feet will I declare my passion, and if repulsed, woe to the rival who has supplanted me ! I will await his coming and slay him in her very presence ! Why do I tremble at thought of approaching Leonora ; daring in fight, yet a coward in my love ! Ah ! (*listening and pointing, L.*) some one approaches. (*touching his sword*) Should it be— (*retires, R.*)

Music.—Enter MACARONI, with a guitar, L.

MACA. All now is still, and very dark, and a glorious opportunity for an interview with the charming Inez—my voice

will attract her, for I have an attractive voice—the mistress is fond of a brave and handsome troubadour, why shouldn't the maid indulge in similar propensities?

Enter FATALIO, L.

FATAL. Oh! how I do want to marry her! but I mustn't; Mars and Satan won't allow it.

MACA. Yes, I'll serenade her. (*striking discordant notes on his guitar*) It strikes me this instrument is a little out of tune.

FATAL. (*aside*) There's somebody knocking an old tin kettle about.

MACA. (*singing and playing discordantly*)

Angel, how I love you, light of my desire,

The night is rather cold, but my heart is all on fire!

Inez is fond of beautiful music, so I am certain to create an impression!

FATAL. (*aside*) It's enough to throw her on a bed of sickness.

MACA. (*singing*)

Say that you'll be mine, and I'll be for ever true,

Say that you won't have me, and you'll put me in a stew.

This poetry is all my own composition, and the music, too, is quite original.

FATAL. Likewise it's the tune the old cow died of!

MACA. (*singing*)

Come forth, dearest darling, come down in the dark,

Come down to the lover that's singing for a lark.

No, no, that's wrong—like a lark, I mean.

FATAL. (*aside*) Also he grunts like a pig.

MACA. (*singing*)

Just come and say you love me, you know that I love you—

FATAL. (*singing*)

Right fol de didde dido, right tooral looral loo!

(*MACARONI staggers back, and sinks on to steps*)

MACA. Curse the fellow, how he frightened me!

FATAL. What do you mean by making such a horrible noise so close to the palace?

MACA. Noise, ruffian? 'tis a serenade!

FATAL. And how dare you sere——whatever it is—my Inez?

MACA. Yours? she is free, you are not her husband!

FATAL. I should be, if it wasn't for Mars and Satan.

MACA. Well, at any rate, you are not her husband.

FATAL. Likewise no more are you, and also, you never will be.

MACA. If I thought proper——

FATAL. Better not let me catch you behaving improper to Inez, I should, I should-- likewise I should kill you, also I should murder you!

MACA. (*aside, looking off, R.*) Surely 'tis the Count de Luna
I see yonder—oh! (*hastily crossing, L.*)

FATAL. (*aside*) The blackguard is afraid of me.

MACA. Here, Fatalio! (*thrusting guitar into his hand*) I
resign and leave you a clear stage. (*aside*) And no favour!
I'm off!

Exit, L.

FATAL. Well, I didn't think I should so soon frighten him!

Enter COUNT, R.

COUNT. Villain! how darest thou, at the very steps of the
palace?

FATAL. It—it wasn't me—likewise it was somebody else—

COUNT. (*pointing to guitar*) You dare to tell me so, and—

FATAL. Yes, but also, it was—

COUNT. (*seizing him*) Scoundrel!

FATAL. Oh, oh! likewise, if you please, don't kill me, also,
I hope you won't.

COUNT. Begone!

FATAL. Likewise I will, also, the sooner the better.

COUNT. (*threatening*) You dare to answer!

FATAL. No, no, my lord. Likewise it was Mars, and also,
it was Satan that—

COUNT. Hence, knave!

FATAL. Likewise I am going— (*COUNT takes a step towards
him*) also, I am gone! *Runs off, L.*

COUNT. At such a moment to be thus intruded on! (*a lute
heard without*) Those notes! it is the accursed troubadour! Oh!
revenge, revenge!

Enter LEONORA, hastily descending steps.

LEON. Ah! at last thou art come, chosen of my heart!

COUNT. (*aside*) Oh! perdition!

LEON. Why did you tarry thus? how have I chided the
weary moments, which by the throbings of my impatient heart
I numbered. But heaven has had pity on my love, and you
are here.

*Music.—The moon suddenly emerges from behind a cloud,
and it is bright moonlight as MANRICO enters, R. U. E., his
face concealed by a vizor, and advances, C.)*

MANRI. Oh! perfidious Leonora!

LEON. (*R.*) That voice! to whom then was I speaking?
(*COUNT throws open his cloak*) Ah! Manrico! the darkness and
my eager haste misled me, for you those words of love, for you
whom only my heart adores! Oh! you cannot doubt the
love that I have sworn to you! (*sinking at MANRICO's feet*)

COUNT. (*L., aside*) Oh! rage! oh! torture!

MANRI. (*C., raising her*) Oh! I do not doubt, I thank and

bless thee ! Thou art my only hope, my only joy on earth—shunned and persecuted by all beside, what care I whilst thou art true to me—a poor outcast, yet am I greater than a king while monarch of thy pure heart.

COUNT. Oh ! I can bear no more and live ! Disclose thy features, if thou art not a coward !

LEON. (*to MANRICO*) Oh ! no, no !

COUNT. Tell me thy name !

LEON. (*as before*) Do not for mercy's sake !

MANRI. (*removing his vizor*) Behold ! I am Manrico !

COUNT. Manrico ! yes, 'tis he ! the accomplice of Urgal ! A death sentence is on thy head, and thou darest appear thus boldly, even within the precincts of the royal palace ?

MANRI. And, doubtless, to your great joy ! Proceed, brave knight ; summon the guard, let every avenue be secured, and give your rival to the headsman's axe, and then you will surely win of Leonora the love you covet.

COUNT. That thou shouldst perish thus would not appease my hatred. By my hand, mine only, shalt thou fall ; all other punishment were feeble vengeance. (*drawing his sword*) Draw, villain, and defend thy life, and baffle, if thou canst, my wild desire to slay thee.

LEON. (*rushing over to him*) Count !

MANRI. Leonora !

COUNT. I will endure no living barrier to my love.

LEON. (C.) Oh, heaven, have pity on me ! what can I do ! Count, I plead not for him, but for myself ; should he die, I too must perish—have mercy, then, on me !

COUNT. (L.) No, you do but add fuel to the rage which is consuming me ; his blood, only his blood, can allay the torment that I now endure !

LEON. Yet listen—

MANRI. (R.) Leonora, as you love me—

LEON. It is that love which urges me to speak—I must, I will—

COUNT. (*to LEONORA*) And 'tis thy love that has condemned him ; renounce him, and he shall live.

MANRI. (*drawing his sword*) Thou hast yet to win a power o'er my life ; and better men than Count de Luna have, ere now, yielded to my sword.

LEON. (*to COUNT*) On my head let fall thy vengeance ; 'twas not his fault to love me—'twas mine that he gained courage to approach me, and declare his passion. Had we ne'er met, I never had loved thee. Manrico unknown to me, my heart had been mine own—now and ever, mine own—not now, nor ever, thine !

COUNT. Oh, malediction ! (*to MANRICO*) Come on.

MANRI. (*to LEONORA, passing her over to R.*) Have no fear for my safety, dear Leonora; thy love hath rendered me invincible, and this braggart shall kneel and sue to me for mercy.

COUNT. Ah! (*Music—rushes wildly on MANRICO—they fight.* LEONORA has partly ascended the steps and terror-stricken watches the combat—MANRICO soon deals a heavy blow at the COUNT, whose sword flies from his hand, as he himself falls to the ground, R. C.—LEONORA hurries forward C., and clings to MANRICO.

MANRI. (*standing over the COUNT, his sword raised*) Crave mercy, or I strike; it is your destiny that I should in all things rule you, that o'er your life, as o'er your love, I should have power—crave mercy.

(*Music—COUNT droops his head—MANRICO retires with LEONORA, who embraces him.*

COUNT. (*rising*) Oh! ages of torture would I suffer for but one hour of revenge. (*suddenly and looking off, R.*) Ah!

LEON. (*at back, R. C.—in alarm*) The guard! they have heard—fly, Manrico, fly!

COUNT. (*sword in hand, planting himself, L. U. E.*) No!
MANRI. (C.) Treacherous villain!

(*Music—again attacks COUNT—SOLDIERS enter, R., two of them rush on MANRICO, and drag him from the COUNT—the other SOLDIERS range, R.—LEONORA screams—MANRICO breaks from SOLDIERS, and rushing up, is opposed by the COUNT, whom he dashes to the earth, L. C.—LEONORA runs and throws herself before MANRICO, who is near the top, L., protecting him from the levelled weapons of the SOLDIERS*)

MANRICO.

LEONORA.

SOLDIERS.

COUNT (*on ground.*)

R.

L.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Interior of a Mansion in ruins, and roofless, at the foot of a mountain in Biscay; through the ruins at back the open country is seen; mountains, horizon, &c.; a large fire, c.; GIPSIES, male and female, are reclining, standing, &c., picturesquely grouped. AZUCENA is sitting beside the fire R. C.; MANRICO, on the ground, lying near her, r., his cloak around him, helmet at his feet, sword in his hand. Daybreak. Music.

Chorus.—GIPSIES.

The dark and dreary clouds of night
From the heavens have rolled away,
The day returns now clear and bright,
And nature smiles, and we are gay.
Gay as a bride, or lone widow who's won
Husband the second, to replace number one:
Is the Gitana.

(MEN hold goblets towards WOMEN who fill them)

Pour out, pour out; generous wine
Inspires the soul, nectar divine!
Fill up, fill up! who does not think;
They should be pitied who dare not drink.
Who revels in love, and wine I pray,
Who leads a life so merry and gay,
As the Gitana?

AZUC. (starting from her seat) Peace! give o'er! (the GIPSIES shrink back, some on each side—AZUCENA walks slowly forward, her eyes fixed and glaring)

ALIDORIO. (L.) Hush! her mood is on—hush!

AZUC. (wildly) See how fiercely rage the terrible flames—
hark to the shrieks of the victim—listen to the exulting
shouts of the infuriate mob—see how curls the fire around
that poor old woman—see how ghastly she looks in the red
glare that is consuming her!

GIPSIES. (awe-struck) Mistress! mistress!

AZUC. Behold!—higher and higher ascend the flames—
feebler and feebler the screams of that poor old martyr—and
now, 'tis o'er; the flesh is burned, the bones are charred. So
lately living—basking in heaven's sunshine, what now is left!
—ashes! ashes! (stands rapt and gazing into vacancy)

ALID. (slowly approaching, and laying his hand on her shoulder) Mistress! (she shivers, looks from one to the other of the GIPSIES, then arouses to consciousness; hurries to MANRICO, and falling on one knee beside him, kisses in his ear.)

AZUC. Vengeance!—I must, I will have it!

MANRI. Again those words! to me a mystery; on whom, for what, would you be avenged?

AZUC. (C., waving her hand to GIPSIES) Away! begone!

ALID. (L.) Aye, in the surrounding villages there are people anxious to learn their fortunes.

FABRIO. (R.) Henroosts to be plundered!

A WOMAN. (L.) And hedges to be despoiled of their linen!

ALID. The sun is up!

OMNES. Come on!

GIPSIES *exeunt through openings at back, and disappear by different roads, repeating chorus which gradually dies away in the distance.* MANRICO has risen.

MANRI. (R.) We are now alone; speak, then!

AZUC. (L.) Ambition, whilst thou wert still a youth, drew thee to foreign lands, so hast thou remained ignorant of the dreadful history—come nearer to me! Accused by the late Count de Luna of having cast an evil spell upon his youngest boy, my poor mother was by him branded as a sorceress, and condemned to the flames; she perished horribly—(pointing) even there, upon the very spot where now that fire is burning!

MANRI. (*shuddering*) Horrible!

AZUC. As they dragged her to her terrible doom, I sought to reach her, that I might say to her a last word, receive her last blessing—with you, Manrico, clutched within my arms, I strove to penetrate the howling crowd that eagerly surrounded the piled faggots, and who were yelling for the sacrifice—with taunts and curses I was driven back—my mother goaded forward by the brutal soldiers—maimed and bleeding was she when the demons lighted her funeral pyre, and she perished—her last glance fixed on the spot on which she knew her daughter stood—crazed with grief and terror, her last words shrieked wildly forth—“Avenge me! avenge me!”

MANRI. Did'st thou fulfil her dying injunction?

AZUC. I stole the Count's young son, his second born, and fled with him to this spot—to yonder fire, blazing even then.

MANRI. Heavens! you did not?—Oh, no, no, impossible!

AZUC. By the shrieks of the helpless child my heart was moved to pity, and I resolved to spare him; but then, delirium seized me, one of those sudden fits, to which since my mother's martyrdom, I ever have been subject; again before me was acted o'er the terrible scene—the curling flames—the bleeding, haggard features of my mother as she stood amidst them—her screams for mercy, and her wild appeal to me for vengeance, and in my madness I tossed the boy to yonder fire—and then, then the clouds were swept from off my brain—the flames had engulfed the poor struggling victim I had thrown to them,

not a vestige of him could I behold ! Mother ! I would have said—I have avenged thee ! but the words died upon my lips, for I saw approaching me the boy that I believed I had destroyed ; my blood curdled, I was appalled with horror, for I guessed too well the mystery. Oh ! all powerful heaven ! it was my own, my only son, my heart's adored, that in my madness I had given to the fire ! (*dashing herself to the ground*)

MANRICO is horror stricken—*after a pause*, goes to and kneels beside AZUCENA.

MANRI. Oh ! by that act to what a life of horror didst thou doom thyself. (*raising her*) Rise, rise, my mother. (*with a sudden thought*) Mother ! no, no, I am not, cannot be your son !—Who then am I ?

AZUC. (*R., hastily and rising*) Yes, yes, thou art, thou art ! heed not, believe not, what I but now have uttered ; remembrance of that terrible time unhinges ever my reason—the words that I have spoken were but the ravings of my madness !—look not so doubtfully—have I not ever been to thee a tender and a loving mother ?

MANRI. (*L.*) Yes, always, but—

AZUC. And is it not to me you owe that you are living now ? The battle field of Pelilla, I wandered o'er, hour after hour in the dark and turbulent night, that I might give thy body a Christian burial, for all believed that thou hadst perished. Who but a mother could have discovered that a spark of life yet remained to thee ?—Who but I could have fanned that spark into a flame ? have I not tended thee to strength ?—hath not my skill healed thee of thy heavy wounds ?

MANRI. (*proudly*) 'Twas on my breast they were received ; firmly and alone I stood, contending on that fatal day, when thousands had abandoned hope, and fled for safety of their wretched lives. De Luna, basely and cowardly, with his squadron to back him, sought to crush me ; overwhelmed by numbers I succumbed, but not ignobly—no, like a soldier did I fall—bravely, and fighting to the last !

AZUC. Infamous wretch ! You should have stricken, when in single combat you had won his life ; he has well rewarded you that you spared him.

MANRI. I could not strike him ! even as our swords crossed, a soft voice as of an angel seemed to whisper in my ear, "Forbear !" and again as helpless at my feet he lay, the same voice spake once more—"Strike not, for pity of your soul, strike not !"

AZUC. Madness ! if e'er again he fall into thy power, I charge thee, spare him not ; it is thy mother now commands, strike to his heart, slay him mercilessly, as thou wouldest a savage wolf ! (*retires and sits near fire—trumpet heard*)

MANRI. Ah! no doubt my expected messenger from Ruiz.
AZUC. (*rapt*) The hour of my vengeance is approaching.

A MESSENGER enters from back, L.

MANRI. Speak quickly—your tidings?

MESSENGER. (L.) I am the bearer of a letter.

MANRI. (C., taking letter from his hand) Give it. (*opens and reads*) "By order of the Prince, by whom you have been selected, yours will be the honour, henceforth, to defend Castellor, which has been won by our arms." Oh! happy news! (*again reading*) "Hasten hither, I implore you; falsely reported dead, your Leonora is stricken to the heart with grief, and about to renounce the world for a convent's walls—will, if you come not to the rescue, this night take the veil!" (*over-powered*) Merciful heaven!

AZUC. (*rising and coming forward, R.*) What is this?

MANRI. (*to MESSENGER*) To the valley—the swiftest steed you can procure!

AZUC. Manrico!

MANRI. Hasten! and at the foot of the mountain await my coming.

Exit MESSENGER, L. U. E.

AZUC. Tell me, what means this?

MANRI. To lose her thus! Oh, madness! if too late to save her, then, welcome death! (*snatching up helmet, and cloak*) Farewell! (*she grasps his arm*) Oh, in mercy, stay me not an instant.

AZUC. Thou still art weak, thy wounds but newly healed—thou couldst not bear a long and hurried journey—stay then, peril not thy life—think of thy mother, in spilling thine own, 'twill be her heart's blood thou wilt shed!

MANRI. Stay me not, I say; I go to rescue her I love from worse than death—my happiness, more than my life depends on the issue of this night! Mother, if you would not have me curse you, stay me not! (*she releases him*) Farewell! perchance, for ever—for if too late to rescue her for whom alone I live, you never will behold me more!

Rushes off at back to L. AZUCENA staggers back, and falls into seat near fire—music.

SCENE SECOND.—*Open Country. (1st grooves)*

Enter ALIDORO and FABRIO, R.

ALID. Fortune frowns, women have become less credulous, or more poor, for they turn a deaf ear to all our predictions.

FAB. And men and women have grown so sharp and suspicious, that there is no picking up a stray trifle.

ALID. And so we shall lose all our subsistance; our constant

ill-luck enrages Azucena, and without some windfall, she will soon in one of her mad fits expel us from the tribe.

FAB. (R. C.) And what would become of us, then—poor wandering outcasts?

ALID. How can we be expected to get an honest living, when she forbids us to steal?

FAB. Very true! that is good sound argument.

ALID. The privilege to be a thief is a gipsy's natural birthright.

FAB. Good!

ALID. What the saw and mallet are to a carpenter, so are his fingers to a gipsy.

FAB. Emblems of their industry in both cases, good!

ALID. Without the saw, and such like, could the carpenter make a table?

FAB. Why, of course not.

ALID. And without his fingers, of course the gipsy couldn't steal it.

FAB. Plain common sense, and an undeniable argument.

ALID. One of her wandering fits is now on Azucena, and she quits our haunt to day.

FAB. Then if we manage snugly during her absence—

Enter FATALIO, L.

FATAL. Likewise, I have lost my way—also, I know not where I am.

ALID. (C., to FABRIO) Ah, look here!

FATAL. (L. C., seeing them) Oh, what very unprepossessing countenances!

ALID. You needn't be afraid of us, we are honest men.

FATAL. Likewise, I shouldn't have thought it—also, you don't look like it.

ALID. How come you here, in this out of the way place?

FATAL. Because I want to be married.

FAB. (having gone behind to L.) What?

ALID. (R. C.) I don't see a wife for you, hereabouts.

FATAL. It's all through Mars and Satan.

ALID. Through who?

FATAL. I am taking a long journey to consult my grandmother's uncle's daughter's cousin—an old lady that has studied the planets every day of her long life, at breakfast time, likewise, at tea time, and also—

FAB. The planets are not then visible in the sky.

FATAL. No, but she sees 'em at the bottom of her tea cup!

ALID. and FAB. Oh!

FATAL. So, as I want very much to consult her, I am now on my way, only I have lost it, to ask her whether Mars and

Satan are still in conjunction, and whether I might venture to be married in opposition.

ALID. Then you need go no further, for this individual is Mars, and I am Saturn.

FATAL. You are Satan?—law! Well, likewise, you are dark enough, and also, you are ugly enough.

ALID. We were born under, and named after those celebrated planets, and we are members of the great tribe of the prophetic Azucena.

FAB. (L. C.) Wandering prophets!

FATAL. (L.) Likewise, you are gipsies.

ALID. (R. C.) Who know the past, predict the future.

FATAL. Also, you tell fortunes—but, about Mars and Satan?

ALID. I tell you we are named after them.

FATAL. Yes, but are you in the confidence of your godfathers?

FAB. We are—and will presently tell you more than you wish to know.

ALID. Yes, I believe we shall surprise you.

FATAL. Begin then—likewise, do you speak, Mars—also, let's hear what you have got to say, Satan!

ALID. First cross our hands with gold.

FATAL. You mean, silver—likewise, that is the usual thing with people of your profession—also, it is the cheapest.

ALID. Mars must have gold!

FAB. And Saturn never touches silver.

FATAL. (*producing purse*) Of course you are more learned than my grandmother's uncle's daughter's cousin, or—

ALID. (*taking purse from his hand*) Enough!

FATAL. (*in alarm*) Likewise it is too much—also, it is all my money, and I am very hungry!

ALID. Neither Mars nor Saturn will speak while you have money about you.

FATAL. I didn't think they were so mercenary!

FAB. When you have obtained your wishes, this purse will be restored to you.

ALID. (*pocketing it*) In the meantime consider it lost.

FATAL. Likewise I have lost it—also, you have found it.

Music—GIPSYES, male and female, enter R. and L.

ALID. Well arrived: behold here a worshipper of our art, anxious to consult Mars.

FATAL. Likewise Satan.

ALID. And with a devouring longing to become a member of our noble tribe.

FATAL. Also, nothing of the sort!

ALID. He belongs to us, for he has a relative who looks to the stars for information.

FATAL. She doesn't; she examines a tea cup.

ALID. And he is longing to be married.

FATAL. Likewise that is true—also, all the rest isn't.

ALID. Girls, who have no husband, or, having one wish for another, advance. (*all the GIRLS surround and seize FATALIO*)

FATAL. But, I didn't mean—oh!

ALID. He is not handsome!

GIRLS. (*shaking their heads*) No!

FATAL. But you wouldn't mind that!

GIRLS. No!

ALID. But unfortunately he has no money.

GIRLS. Oh! (*they shrink from him and run to L.; the MEN are R.*)

FATAL. Likewise you have taken it all from me—also, you intend to keep it.

ALID. But he must have a wife. Where is Ugliana?

UGLI. (*entering, R., a hideous old woman*) Here she is.

FATAL. Horror! you don't mean to say that—

ALID. (*to UGLIANA*) You are not married?

FATAL. Likewise I should think she wasn't—also she didn't ought to be.

UGLI. (*considering*) Let me see; well, no, I don't think I am married just at present.

ALID. (*putting her next to FATALIO*) Well, here is your future—

FATAL. (*L. C.*) It's a mistake; I want to marry a charming creature, not a wretched old hag.

UGLI. Ah! (*seizes FATALIO and shakes him, GIPSIES laugh and separate them*)

UGLI. (*R.*) He dares to libel my beauty!

FATAL. (*L. C.*) Likewise I don't—also, you haven't got any.

ALID. (*R. C.*) The post of honour for our new associate!

(*FATALIO is hoisted on to the shoulders of two of the MEN—*

FABRIO throws a rope round his neck, giving the end to UGLIANA)

FATAL. (*on MEN'S shoulders*) Oh, here's a conjunction! Likewise Mars has done it all—also, Satan had a hand in it.

ALID. March!

(*Music.—UGLIANA walks first, holding end of rope in her hand, next FATALIO, on the shoulders of the two MEN, and rope around his neck, then ALIDORO and FABRIO, followed by GIPSIES in couples—they parade round the stage and exeunt, R.*)

SCENE THIRD.—*Cloisters of a Convent in the neighbourhood of Castellor.—Night.*

Enter FERRANDO, MACARONI, and others, all wrapped in cloaks.

FERRAN. (*R. C.*) 'Twere worse for you, should you dare dispute the will of our master, the Connt de Luna!

MACA. But the idea of seizing a nun, at the moment she is about to take the veil!—why, 'tis rank sacrilege! and excommunication, and death may be the end of it.

FERRAN. 'Tis the Count's will and pleasure.

MACA. His will! it is to be hoped he has made one, for if he fails! and as to his pleasure, I doubt whether he finds the proceeding very amusing; if he does the pleasure is all his own, for hang me, if I am not half dead at the very thought of the awful proceeding.

FERRAN. In that case, should we fail in the matter, you will require only half hanging.

MACA. You ought to be ashamed of yourself; I looked to you for comfort, and this is the way you raise my spirits, and rouse my courage.

FERREAN. Macaroni, my friend, your courage is so fast asleep that no human power could rouse it.

MACA. How dare you style me your friend?—a friend has feeling for a friend's distress, and sympathy for his ills of mind and body—but you—pah, I am disgusted with you.

FERRAN. (*looking about*) How solemnly silent is all around?

MACA. We shall disturb the quiet though, presently, and make a noise, too, all over the kingdom.

FERRAN. Hush, the Count!

Enter COUNT DE LUNA, L.

COUNT. (*crossing to c.*) I am not, then, too late?

MACA. (*L., aside*) No, the devil always helps people on their journey when they wish to arrive at mischief.

FERRAN. It is a bold deed, my lord, you come to do.

COUNT. (*L.*) Dictated by my furious love—my outraged pride! When that detested Troubadour was slain, I rejoiced in the belief that with him perished every obstacle to my possession of her I have so long and wildly adored. Yet now, a far more formidable barrier is reared to stay me from my triumph—but not e'en the sacred altar shall snatch her from me—e'en that barrier I will o'erleap, or else break down.

MACA. (*aside*) And I shall be knocked down; I have a fatal presentiment of the fact.

COUNT. Shall the charms that I so long have worshipped be given to the cloistered cell—that eye grow dim whose every glance is an appeal to love; she shall not weep away the life on which my all of joy depends; a convent's walls shall not enclose her, to bury with her my every hope of happiness on earth. Ah! at the thought, how wildly rages the tempest within my heart. (*convent bell heard*) Ah! that bell!

FERRAN. Announces that the rite is about to commence.

MACA. (*aside*) The rite—the wrong—he means!

COUNT. You know your orders ?

FERRAN. As she approaches the altar we seize upon, and lead her hence.

MACA. (*aside*) I am seized already, with a dreadful fit of trembling !

FERRAN. Yet, my lord——

COUNT. Silence ! Behind yonder trees you will be well concealed, till the fitting moment for our settled purpose has arrived.

MACA. (*aside to FERRANDO, as they go up*) Our purpose, indeed ! I am not here on purpose, I came because I couldn't help it, but I know I shall be settled.

FERRAN. 'Tis useless to murmur ; you are the Count's servant and must obey.

MACA. Yes, and be killed ; and he doesn't even offer to raise my wages !

(music—FERRANDO and MACARONI retire cautiously, and conceal themselves amongst the trees, L.)

COUNT. I must, I will succeed ; she shall be mine whatever price I pay to win her—I will live to hold her to my heart, or in the moment that I am baffled—perish ! (*retires amongst trees, L.*)

Enter procession of NUNS, ABBESS, &c., from R. U. E.

Chorus.

Ah ! when from the world thou hast fled,
Its hopes and wishes vain ;
When to heaven thy prayers have sped,
Then peace thou'lt know again.
Come to the cloister, the sacred veil,
All mundane thoughts will flee,
Heaven its convert gladly hails,
Gladly doth welcome thee.

(LEONORA advances, followed by INEZ and female ATTENDANTS)

ABBESSION. (R.) Daughter, a few brief moments and thou wilt belong alone to heaven.

LEON. (C.) Impatiently I await its summons : the world and I have said farewell for ever. (*to INEZ*) My poor, faithful girl, why dost thou sorrow thus !

INEZ. (L.) Oh, dear lady, can you wonder ! you, so gentle and so good a mistress, to be thus taken from me ; so young and beautiful to enter a nasty, dreary, dingy convent !

ABBESSION. Girl ! you blaspheme.

INEZ. Ah, you have cause to rejoice ; my mistress brings with her good store of wealth. A convent may be all very

well for ugly old maids who have no money, but for one like my mistress—

ABBESS. Silence, I command you !

INEZ. Why should I ? it's the only opportunity I shall have of speaking my mind, and I were no woman if I let it slip. (to LEONORA) Oh, dear lady, do not be a nun—it must be dreadful. Your lover is dead, but what then ; a good cry for a month or two and then another lover would spring up to comfort you ; there are plenty of sweethearts for pretty young women, as I have reason to know.

LEON. Oh, be silent, Inez ; you afflict, but cannot change my resolution.

INEZ. To lose you thus for ever ; better you had died, for you will now be buried alive ! oh, oh ! (retires weeping)

ABBESS. Daughter, we stay for you.

LEON. I am ready. Oh, Manrico ! not long shall we be sundered ; separated here on earth, soon in heaven we shall be reunited.

ABBESS. Lead to the altar.

(solemn music—ABBESS approaches and takes LEONORA'S hand ; the NUNS advance slowly from each side and form two and two, c. ; all walk round and have reached the top, l., when COUNT and FOLLOWERS suddenly spring from behind trees and confront them—all stop amazed)

COUNT. Forbear ! proceed no further !

(hurried music—NUNS and female ATTENDANTS retreat to R. ; ABBESS and LEONORA shrink before COUNT, &c., down c.)

LEON. (R. C.) What can this mean ?

COUNT. (L. C.) That only at the wedding altar shall thy vows be plighted—that I will not suffer thee to quit a world which, without thee, would be to me a desert.

ABBESS. (C.) Impious man ! heaven will avenge this outrage on its holy name !

COUNT, (to FOLLOWERS who are L.) Now, obey my orders.

ABBESS (to NUNS, pointing to LEONORA) She is heaven's neophyte, in the name of heaven gather round her, and protect her !

COUNT. Obey, I say, obey !

The NUNS are advancing to protect LEONORA, the COUNT'S FOLLOWERS with drawn swords meet and drive them back to R., themselves returning to L. The ABBESS has her arm thrown round LEONORA, COUNT seizes ABBESS and throws her round to two of his FOLLOWERS, who force her up stage, L., LEONORA retreats to R., clinging to NUNS, COUNT seizes and drags her

away, she screams and he is forcing her up stage, when MANRICO enters C. from L.

MANRI. Back, miscreant, back !

Seizes the COUNT and hurls him over to L. LEONORA with a wild cry casts herself into MANRICO's arms; the two MEN release the ABBESS, who comes forward, R.

INEZ. (R. corner) Then he isn't dead after all, Oh, I am so glad ! and she won't be a nun—and she won't be a nun !

LEON. (R.) Thou art not a phantom, but, indeed reality. Thou art not a vision of my lost lover, thou art Manrico living, holding me within thine arms. Oh, wondrous surprise! unlooked-for joy ! Heaven hath had pity on my sorrow—the dark clouds have rolled away, and bright and smiling now the future all before us.

MANRI. (C.) Oh ! had I arrived too late to save thee from the convent cell, to snatch thee from the power of that wretch—

COUNT. (L. c.) How now wilt thou save thyself ? Hast thou a score of lives that thou art here ? that shall be known for I will now make certain of thy death, and will not leave thee till thy last breath is exhaled.

LEON. (*clinging to MANRICO*) Oh, heaven !

MANRI. Thou canst not slay me, the heaven that hath already saved me from thy treachery will protect me still, to be, on earth the instrument of its righteous vengeance on thy head, thou traitor and dastard !

COUNT. Thou shalt not take her from me.

MANRI. Shall I not. (*turning up with her*) Come, dear Leonora.

COUNT. (*to FOLLOWERS*) Hew him down !

FERRAN. My lord, reflect ; it were most base—

COUNT. (*in a wild fury—drawing his sword*) Obey ! or—

LEON. Manrico, they will kill thee !

COUNT. Fall on !

MANRI. (*calling*) Friends ! to the rescue !

(*Music—RUIZ and SOLDIERS hurry on, L. U. E., and encounter the COUNT's followers—NUNS scream—COUNT rushes on MANRICO, who, grasping his sword arm with one hand, with the other hurls him away—COUNT about again to advance is held back by FERRANDO and another—MANRICO stands at back, C., enfolding and protecting LEONORA—the COUNT's followers are overpowered; some stretched on ground—others on their knees, &c.—NUNS affrighted; are some of them clinging to each other—the ABBESS is R., with outstretched arms, shielding several NUNS who are crouching behind her, &c., &c.* Tableau.)

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST. — *A Camp, l. ; Count de Luna's tent with banner flying. Fortress of Castellor in the distance. SOLDIERS in groups, some with dice sitting on the ground, some lounging and conversing, others polishing their arms. SENTINELS on duty.*

Chorus.

Soon shall we the rattle of the dice
Exchange for the clash of the fray,
And our lives may be gone in a trice,
A far heavier stake to pay.

Enter FERRANDO from COUNT's tent, SOLDIERS surround him.

1ST SOLDIER. (l.) Now, canst tell us when storm we Castellor?
FERRAN. At the first break of day the place will be assaulted.
So has resolved the Count de Luna, our noble leader.
1ST SOLDIER. A rare booty then awaits us.
FERRAN. True, for we cannot fail to conquer; the thirst for glory and for plunder animates each soldier's breast; to those who laugh at danger victory is certain, and ere another day hath closed upon us our glorious banner shall float from the loftiest turret of their conquered castle. (SOLDIERS shout—all retire)

Enter COUNT from tent.

COUNT. Within my rival's arms! horrible thought, ever with me, as though a mocking demon were hissing the words into mine ear. Within my rival's arms, my brain can form no other words—oh! but I will sever them; I must, for I could not live and know her wedded unto him, lost to me for ever.

Enter FERRANDO, R.

FERRAN. My lord, our sentinels have surprised a gipsy woman near our camp; when challenged she attempted to escape, but the sentinels, believing she was a spy, pursued and seized her.

COUNT. Conduct her hither.

FERRAN. My lord, she comes.

Music—AZUCENA, bound, is brought on by SOLDIERS, R.

AZUC. (c.) Why am I thus bound? why by these men reviled? What have I done that you should treat me as though I were a wild and savage animal?

COUNT. (l.) Listen, and, gipsy though you are, dare not to lie, or the gibbet!

AZUC. Question me?

COUNT. Whither were you journeying?

AZUC. Whither chance might lead me.

COUNT. How?

AZUC. It is the Gitana's custom to wander carelessly and freely on, knowing not, caring not whither—with no purpose, except that she may wander—an outcast; the wide world is her home, the broad and open sky her only shelter!

COUNT. Whence come you?—at least, you can tell me that.

AZUC. Yes: from Biscay; amidst her sterile mountains, till lately, I have dwelt.

COUNT. (*aside*) From Biscay?

FERRAN. (R.—*aside*) Oh, what terrible thoughts that word awakens! (*approaches and looks scrutinizingly at AZUCENA*)

AZUC. Yes, there did I dwell—abject poverty was my lot; but I murmured not, for heaven had blessed me with a son—he was my one great joy on earth, my only happiness; but he fled, deserted me!—and now I wander, on and on, in search of that lost son who could so cruelly abandon his wretched mother! Oh, how fondly I have loved him! how dearly love him still!

FERRAN. (*aside*) Those features!

COUNT. You have long dwelt amidst those mountains?

AZUC. Yes.

COUNT. An infant son of the Count di Luna was stolen from his castle—

FERRAN. Fifteen years ago.

COUNT. Didst thou know aught of—

AZUC. (*agitated*) Yes, yes, I remember.

COUNT. Oh, if thou canst tell me—speak! I am the brother of that stolen infant!

AZUC. (*still more agitated*) His brother? Yes!

FERRAN. (*aside*) It is she.

COUNT. Speak, I say! Know you aught of what befel him?

AZUC. I? No! how should I? Release me! I would seek my son.

FERRAN. Woman! I recognize thee!

AZUC. (*aside to him*) Silence! or—

FERRAN. My lord, behold the fiendish wretch who stole thy infant brother—and after cast him to the flames!

COUNT. Ah! hag—vile murderer!

AZUC. 'Tis false, I—

SOLDIERS. Death to the sorceress!

(*Music.—SOLDIERS rush down threateningly. L.—FERRANDO seizes AZUCENA, R.—COUNT, C. places himself before her*)

COUNT. Back! touch her not; a more terrible doom at my hands awaits her.

AZUC. And my son! he has deserted me, will not come to succour and to save his poor doomed mother. Oh, Manrico, Manrico! where art thou?

COUNT. Manrico! he thy son? his mother in my power!—
Oh, triumph! oh, revenge!

AZUC. Relentless monster! torture, kill me if thou wilt, yet tremble; the hour of thy doom approaches. Impious son of a vile blood-shedding father, give my body to the flames, prolong my torture as thou mayest, yet must it end; but for thee, heaven reserves an everlasting torment!

COUNT. Now shall my brother's death be terribly avenged! And ah! the joy to know, that crushing thee, thou hag and sorceress, I shall penetrate as with a burning iron, the heart of my accursed rival! Prepare the fire that shall consume this fiend, pile high the faggots, light up a glorious blaze, that its glare may tell her son how warm the welcome we have given to his mother!

(*Music.—AZUCENA with a powerful effort suddenly breaks the cord with which she is bound, and advances threateningly to COUNT*)

AZUC. (*waving her hands over his head*) Thou sayest I am a sorceress—beware the spell that I now cast upon thee—my curse, a Gitana's curse, be ever with thee, and about thee! (*SOLDIERS shrink back terrified—music*)

COUNT. Are ye paralyzed, cowards?

FERRAN. (R.) Secure her!

(*Music.—SOLDIERS advance on each side of AZUCENA, with both hands she waves them back, and they stop covering before her—AZUCENA folds her arms and stands C., proudly and disdainfully, her eyes fixed on COUNT, L., who shrinks beneath her gaze*)

SCENE SECOND.—*A Saloon adjoining the chapel in Castellor.*

(*2nd grooves). Din of arms without, L.*

Enter MANRICO and LEONORA, L.

LEON. (L. C.) The soldiers prepare for strife—there is danger?

MANRI. (R. C.) Yes; to what purpose should I deny that which all surrounding us betokens. Ere morning dawns, Castellor will be assaulted.

LEON. Alas! and is it really so?

MANRI. But we shall conquer; we have brave hearts and a just cause, and to those 'tis heaven's will that tyrants ever should succumb.

LEON. Mournful the splendour with which our nuptials will be graced. I tremble lest the crash of arms should drown the organ's holy peal.

MANRI. Strive, dearest, to banish all gloomy thoughts; let love alone now find a place within thy heart. Fear not for

me; that thou art mine, my wife, will give a tenfold strength unto my arm. For thee I fight, and should I fall defending thee, 'twould be a death to covet and to envy. (*organ heard from adjoining chapel*) Ah! the moment of our nuptials is arrived. Come, dearest, to the chapel. The priest awaits us at the altar, our friends are ready to tender their congratulations. Come, love, come.

They are going slowly, R.

RUIZ enters, hurriedly, L.

RUIZ. (L.) Manrico!

MANRI. Yes, my friend.

RUIZ. The gipsy woman—the Gitana, whom you know—

MANRI. (*crosses, c.*) What of her? Speak!

RUIZ. Is in the power of the Count de Luna.

MANRI. Ah!

RUIZ. See, from yonder window you may behold the blazing pile to which the Count, in his atrocious cruelty, has doomed her.

MANRI. A mist is before my eyes, my limbs tremble—oh, heaven!—condemned to such a fate!

LEON. (R.) Manrico—oh! why does this sad news thus shake your frame—why this terrible agitation?

MANRI. Leonora—that doomed Gitana—she—she is, my mother!

LEON. What say'st thou?

MANRI. The truth, I am her son! Oh, fiends! how have I deserved that you should torture, that you should goad me thus to madness? Leonora, I cannot wed thee while the flames are circling round my mother's head; of her funeral pyre we must not make our bridal torch.

LEON. Go, Manrico, save her. (*embracing him*) Farewell! think not of me, only of her—heaven speed thee! *Hurries off, R.*

MANRI. Ruiz, collect our forces quickly; go, good friend, go.

Exit RUIZ, L.

Mother, dearest mother! I will save thee. Demon, worthy disciple of the hell that yawns for thee, tremble! a terrible vengeance is hovering o'er thy head! Count de Luna, a son's arm is raised, and presently will fall and crush thee. *Rushes off, L.* (*organ has continued to play till end of scene, piano*)

SCENE THIRD.—*Precincts of the Palace. (1st grooves).*

Enter INEZ and MACARONI, R.

INEZ. Whatever can have become of Fatalio? to disappear so suddenly and to stay away so long!

MACA. I understand it; he is a coward, and as this is a time of desperate enterprises, he thought he had better be out of the way of danger.

INEZ. (L.) More likely that he has killed himself, because

his favourite planets would not allow him to propose marriage to me.

MACA. (R.) Nothing of the sort ; I tell you he has fled because he is a coward—a coward, ugh ! what a detestable character !

INEZ. In that case you are bound to despise yourself, Macaroni.

MACA. I a coward ? what a slanderous imputation ! was I not one of the brave party in the Count's daring attempt to carry the Lady Leonora from the convent ?

INEZ. Sadly against your will, though.

MACA. No, on my knees I begged the Count to take me with him, and at the moment of the greatest danger—

INEZ. You were found skulking and trembling behind a tree.

MACA. Skulking ? I was in ambush, waiting for the moment—

INEZ. To run away ?

MACA. No, to massacre the foe. I meant to attack him in the rear.

INEZ. Yes, stab him behind his back.

MACA. And if I trembled—

INEZ. (L.) You did !

MACA. (R.) It was with rage ; I was in an awful fury !

INEZ. An awful fright you mean.

MACA. You are spiteful, Inez, because I won't marry you.

INEZ. I am not aware that I have ever asked you !

MACA. Well, no, but you have insinuated.

INEZ. Have I ? then now I am about to speak out. You are a conceited, contemptible, cowardly, puppy !

MACA. Ah !

INEZ. And ugly ; oh, so dreadfully ugly !

MACA. Inez, thank your stars you are a woman, or I should annihilate you.

INEZ. If you attempted it, I'd scratch your eyes out.

MACA. (crosses L.) But I will punish you, through Fatalio, some day ; I shall see him again, and then I'll murder him.

Going—stops as FATALIO enters, L., a large log chained to his left leg.

MACA. } Fatalio !
INEZ. }

FATAL. (L.) Likewise I am come back—also, here I am.

INEZ. (R.) Why do you not fly to my arms ?

FATAL. (C.) How is a fellow to fly when he is hobbled like a stray donkey ?

INEZ. Gracious ! (seeing log) What is that ?

FATAL. It's very heavy ! likewise, it is a log of wood—also, it is chained to my leg—and my legs are all over bruises ; for every time I pull up short, it gives me such a tremendous crusher.

MACA. (L.) Why not take it off, fool?

FATAL. (C.) Because I can't, sensible! likewise the chain is rivetted to my leg—also it would require a file to saw it off.

MACA. Yes, a deeper file than you are, I expect.

FATAL. Likewise, isn't he conceited; also, hasn't he a good opinion of himself?

INEZ. (R.) I have just told him so.

FATAL. You have—then you are not going to marry him?

INEZ. (*laughing*) Likewise, it isn't likely!

MACA. Also, I have a decided objection.

FATAL. Then will you marry me?

MACA. Certainly she will not.

FATAL. Likewise, you are an idiot; also, you haven't a grain of sense.

INEZ. Mind what you say—he intends to kill you.

FATAL. (*going to MACARONI*) Likewise, you had better not; also, you can't.

MACA. Only a joke, my dear friend.

FATAL. Likewise, I am no friend of yours; also, I despise you. (*as he turns away the log strikes MACARONI's leg*)

MACA. (*hopping about*) Oh!

FATAL. Inez, will you marry me?

INEZ. If Mars and Satan are agreeable!

FATAL. Likewise, I have done with Mars; also, I have given up the acquaintance of Satan. Through them I was kidnapped by the gipsies, and had this log chained to my leg, because I shouldn't run away. Likewise, they wanted to marry me to a horrid old woman; also, the ugliest you ever saw in your life, but they all went away on some expedition at last, leaving me with my wife that was to have been—and she got tipsy, and then I tied her heels and put her head in a bag and ran away. Likewise, I didn't run; also, I couldn't walk with this log tied to my heels, but I hobbled and I waddled on, and—and—likewise—and—and—also—

INEZ. Poor fellow!

FATAL. Likewise, give me one kiss to reward me for all my suffering; also, two would be very agreeable.

INEZ. Come then, there can be no impropriety as we are about to be married.

FATAL. Certainly not. (*MACARONI places his foot on the log, so that when FATALIO endeavours to go towards INEZ he keeps on pulling but cannot stir*) Likewise my strength is all gone—also, I am too weak to pull the log an inch further.

(*MACARONI laughs—FATALIO turns, discovers the trick, makes a blow at MACARONI, who retreats—FATALIO pursuing, is tripped up by the log and falls*)

MACA. Likewise you are down.

FATAL. Also, I can't get up again. (*MACARONI runs off, L. INEZ assists FATALIO to rise*)

INEZ. Take my arm, poor fellow, let me lead you.

FATAL. Likewise I will—also, so you shall. (*they go towards R.—INEZ jumps and screams*)

FATAL. What's the matter?

INEZ. That nasty great log is kicking me.

FATAL. Don't stand it—kick it again. (*kicks log and is nearly upset*) Inez.

INEZ. Yes.

FATAL. Likewise we are about to become man and wife—also, we are as good as married.

INEZ. Well, not quite.

FATAL. Likewise when a husband's burthen is more than he can bear, also it is his wife's duty to share it.

INEZ. Well?

FATAL. Well, carry this log.

INEZ. (*raising log*) If I can.—Oh, how heavy!

FATAL. I know it. Likewise I will now leave this place—also, I will hop off.

Hops off, R.—INEZ behind him, carrying the log.

SCENE FOURTH.—*A Wing of the Palace of Aliaferia. (3rd grooves) a large window, barred with iron, R. U. E.—Night.*

Enter RUIZ and LEONORA, cloaked, L.

RUIZ. (*c., pointing*) There is his dungeon.

LEON. (*L.*) Ah! (*goes up to R. U. E., gazing mournfully at window*)

RUIZ. (*L. C.*) Here was he brought when captured in the vain attempt to liberate his mother.

LEON. (*advancing, R. C.*) Leave me now, your presence cannot further aid me in the attempt that I shall make to rescue him from death.

RUIZ. You will need, perchance, an arm to protect you?

LEON. No, no, I have foreseen, and am myself prepared for all—pray leave me. (*RUIZ bows and goes off reluctantly, L.*)

LEON. Yes, (*pointing to a jewelled ring on a finger of her right hand*) I have here a friend that will defend me from the worst that may befall. (*turning towards window*) Oh! Manrico, my beloved, I am near thee and thou dost not know it—no echo of my sad sighs is wafted towards thee in the gentle breeze! Oh, if he but knew how near his Leonora was to him, how radiant then would grow his dark and dreary dungeon! (*a death knell is tolled—starting*) Oh, heaven! that knell of death!

Chorus. (without, R.)

Miserere ! the funeral bell doth toll
 For a captive doomed, who soon will cease to be.
 Miserere, heaven's mercy on the soul
 That, driven from earth, will soon ascend to thee.

LEON. Oh ! that solemn prayer ! they are about to kill him ;
 but no, no, they shall not ! upon the very steps of the scaffold
 I would save him—will save him, or the same tomb shall enclose
 us both !

MANRI. (*within dungeon, R. U. E.*) To die is nothing ; but
 never more to behold thee, my Leonora—ah ! there the real
 sting of death. Oh, Leonora, Leonora !

LEON. Ah ! it is his voice ! he calls upon me. Manrico,
 I am here—Manrico, Manrico !

(*hurrying up towards window, she starts, utters an exclamation, and hastily conceals herself, R. U. E., as COUNT and FOLLOWERS enter, L. U. E.*)

COUNT. (L. C.) Yes, I swear it ! for the mother the burning
 pile, for the son the headsman's axe. (*aside, coming forward*)
 Far beyond the limits of my lawful authority am I now proceeding,
 and a heavy reckoning will be exacted of me by the
 Prince I serve—perhaps my life ! Oh, Leonora, thou shouldst
 not wear so heavenly an aspect, for thou art fatal and destructive
 as a pestilence ! Yet still I madly worship her—vainly, since
 Castellor fell, have sought her, and no trace, no tidings !

LEON. (*advancing R.*) Behold her !

COUNT. (L.) Here !

LEON. Can you wonder, is not Manrico about to perish ?

COUNT. Aye, thy daring troubadour is now, at last, within
 my power, and I achieve the vengeance I so long, and madly
 have awaited !

LEON. Oh, have mercy, be generous, and spare him !

COUNT. Not to win a universe !

LEON. What crime hath he committed ?

COUNT. He hath won thy love, and for that a hundred times
 to slay him would but poorly glut my hatred and revenge !
 shall I forgive him the torture which, through him, thou dost
 inflict on me—no ! by all the demons of fury, now raging within
 my breast, I swear I will not ! (*going R.*)

LEON. (L., *clinging to him*) Count, it is a murderer thou art
 about to do.

COUNT. (R.) Call it what thou wilt, none the less will I
 accomplish it—and this excess of love thou shovest for him
 now but adds to my fury, and will increase his torture.

LEON. Oh, relent, relent ! in slaying him thou wouldest kill

me too—and would'st thou that thy love and hatred prove alike destructive?

COUNT. Yes, if thou canst not live for me, better that thou shouldst die, that my mad love might be buried with thee in thy grave. (*going*)

LEON. Stay! I cannot doom Manrico to death, and know I have the power to save him!

COUNT. Thou!

LEON. Thou dost still covet me for thy bride?

COUNT. Leonora!

LEON. Well, give me access to Manrico's dungeon, let me say to him a brief farewell—then open wide his prison doors, that safely and freely he may depart, and—(*with effort*) and, I am thine!

COUNT. Ah! thou art not sporting with my love?—thou wilt be mine?

LEON. To the heaven that listens, and records my vow, I swear it!

COUNT. (*with great joy*) At last! at last! (*Hurries up to his FOLLOWERS, and speaks to them—they go off, R.*)

LEON. (*aside*) At the altar only shalt thou call me thine, for ere I quit it—this! (*pointing to ring on her finger*)

COUNT. (*returning to LEONORA*) He shall live! and thou art really mine—it is not a dream! Soon thou shalt be my bride, and I shall hold thee to my heart! (*LEONORA shudders*) the heart that hath so long, and madly doated on thee—that thy scorn had filled with fury, now to be banished thence for ever, for henceforth 'twill be so filled with thy image, that evil passions would seek in vain for entrance there!

LEON. (*aside*) Oh! great and overwhelming joy, that my death, Manrico, can purchase for thee, life and freedom!

(COUNT leads LEONORA off, R. U. E.)

SCENE FIFTH.—Dungeon. Large barred window, R. C.; door, L. U. E.; an old mattress at back, R., on which AZUCENA is extended; MANRICO, is leaning dejectedly against window.

AZUC. This gloomy, stifling dungeon for the free air of heaven Oh! how my heart pants to escape this living tomb!

MANRI. (*shuddering*) Only by death wilt thou escape it—And, oh! heaven, how terrible a death!

AZUC. (*who has risen*) Oh! if they would tarry yet a little while, they would not behold and glut upon the agony they have prepared for me.

MANRI. (L.) How mean you, mother?

AZUC. See you not the finger of death is on my brow? I feel and know that death is at my heart; another hour's delay, and

without their torturing aid, the poor Gitana will have sunk to her last, long rest.

MANRI. Mother!

AZUC. But, no!—already they come! Do you not hear them? they will not suffer me to die calmly and peacefully—no mound of earth will mark the spot where rests thy gipsy mother, boy! in torture and in flames must she perish, leaving no mark to show that she has ever lived on earth, her very ashes undistinguishably mingled with those of the fire, that will so soon engulf her.

MANRI. Mother, be calm! no one approaches.

AZUC. Mother and daughter—for both the same fate, the faggot and the stake—both must seek the great hereafter through a terrible and fiery portal! No death-bed hedged round by sorrowing friends, but yelling demons, exulting at our torture, mocking with screams of laughter our shrieks of fearful agony!

MANRI. Oh! for mercy!

AZUC. (*bursting into a mad laugh*) Ha, ha, ha! But see, I have escaped them, again upon the mountain top, again basking in the warm and sheltering valley, no longer the pestilential dungeon, the pure sweet breath of heaven once more fans my feverish brow. Again we are safe and free, Manrico! we are free, we are free!

(*music—she goes gradually back, and sinks exhausted on the mattress*)

MANRI. The Count de Luna has indeed found a way to torture, ere he kills me!

(*L. door opens, and LEONORA enters—door is again closed*)

MANRI. (R.) Great heaven! what illusion's this? it is her form—but no, no, it cannot be!

LEON. (L.) Manrico!

MANRI. Ah! (*they rush into each other's arms*) Leonora, I do indeed behold thee once again! Death has now no longer terror for my heart!

LEON. Dear, Manrico, thou art not to die; I come to rescue thee, to give thee freedom!

MANRI. (R. c., amazed) What sayst thou?

LEON. (L. c.) Go! thy prison door will open, no guard will stay thy egress. Lose not a moment—go!

MANRI. And thou?

LEON. I stay!

MANRI. Without thee I must quit this dungeon?

LEON. Dost thou prize thy life?

MANRI. I will presently tell thee; look into my eyes! (*she hangs her head*) Ah! from whom have you purchased my life, and what the price you are about to pay? Thou dost not

answer, but thy silence is full reply. To my rival thou hast sold thyself; thou wouldest not have my blood upon thy conscience, but thou wouldest send me hence that unrestrainedly thou mightst carry to Count de Luna the love thou hast so often sworn was mine, and mine alone!

LEON. Ah, thou canst wrong me thus—but I forgive thee; for ere long thou wilt know me rightly—go, I implore thee.

MANRI. No—I stay; over my bleeding corse shalt thou ascend thy bridal couch!

LEON. Oh, how cruel—how merciless art thou!

COUNT DE LUNA appears in doorway, L. U. E.

MANRI. Thy hand to Count de Luna is not then the condition which he accepts to spare me?

LEON. Yes.

MANRI. (shaking from her) Ah!

LEON. Yet, listen further, since thou wilt render vain all hope to save thee! Thou safe and far beyond his reach, I would have ascended with him the altar steps, would have fulfilled the oath I pledged to gain thy freedom, and become his bride; and then, soon as the priest had joined our hands—behold this ring—applied to my lips, the single drop of liquid it contains would, on the instant, have laid me at his feet a corse.

MANRI. Ah, pardon, pardon!

COUNT. (advancing, c.) But I pardon not. (calling) Hoa, there!

GUARDS appear at doorway, L.

Lead him to instant death.

LEON. (rushing into his arms) Manrico!

COUNT. Tear them asunder.

(SOLDIERS advance and separate MANRICO and LEONORA, dragging MANRICO towards door)

MANRI. Leonora, Heaven bless thee! Farewell! farewell!

LEON. Ere long to meet again—(pointing upwards)—there!

(Music—MANRICO is dragged off by SOLDIERS, door L. U. E.)

AZUCENA suddenly starts up, gazing wildly around)

AZUC. What is this? where am I? Manrico! where is my son?

LEON. (L., with great anguish) Alas, alas!

COUNT. Gone to death and soon thou'l follow him, but by a different and more painful road.

AZUC. To death!

COUNT. (dragging her to window) Behold!

AZUC. Ah! no, no—he must not perish thus. No, mother, no—not that vengeance; I love him—held him to my heart a little child.

COUNT. (L. C.) Useless thy ravings, thou canst not save him.

AZUC. I can, or thou art all a demon ! Listen ! Manrico was the infant stolen from thy father's palace ; it is thy brother that now ascends the scaffold.

COUNT. Ah !

LEON. Merciful heaven !

COUNT. (taking signet from his finger and giving it to LEONORA) This signet, fly as thou wouldst save me from madness ! (music. LEONORA hurries off, D. L.)

COUNT. (approaching AZUCENA) For thee, hag——

AZUC. Aye ! and for thee——(suddenly drawing a concealed dagger and stabbing him) This ! (COUNT utters a cry and staggers towards door) Thus only, mother, do I avenge thee—I had not courage for more.

Music.—MANRICO, LEONORA, RUIZ, FOLLOWERS, SOLDIERS, &c., enter hastily D. L., and are fixed with amazement—COUNT falls into the arms of two of his FOLLOWERS.

AZUC. Ah, he lives, he lives !

COUNT. (L. C.) My last command—yonder witch to the stake.

AZUC. Ha, ha, ha ! (stabs herself and sinks to ground, R.) Thou art too late—too late ! (dies)

MANRI. Brother, thou wilt embrace me ere thou diest !

Music.—COUNT bends forward as if about to embrace MANRICO, then sees LEONORA who is beside him, shudders, repels MANRICO, and falls back in the arms of the two MEN, dead. MANRICO and LEONORA sink on their knees. Tableau.

Curtain.

Costumes.

COUNT.—Black velvet surcoat trimmed with gold, buttoning from the right thigh to the right shoulder, with short sleeves; jewelled gilt waist belt, with dagger on the left, and sword on the right side; puce tights; black ankle boots, pointed toes; large white cloak; gold chain; scarlet tight sleeves, embroidered; turban hat, with falling scarf; moustache.

MANRICO.—Puce velvet surcoat—yellow sleeves trimmed with red velvet; scarlet and white parti-coloured tights; buff ankle boots; jewelled silver waist belt; sword and dagger; gilt chain; moustache, &c.; large cloak.

RUIZ.—The same costume, of other colours.

FERRANDO.—Black velvet surcoat, &c., without embroidery.

MACARONI.—Short surcoat over parti-coloured legs and arms.

FATALIO.—Ditto.

GIPSIES.—(male and female) Wild Zingaro habits.

SOLDIERS.—Armour.

LEONORA.—Puce velvet dress, richly embroidered; gold net for hair; gilt veil. *Second Dress:* Plain white.

INEZ.—White silk high body and long tabs, connected with wide network of green cord, pink silk skirt, the over dress worked with flowers.

AZUCENA.—Brown dress, small red and black turban, large black and yellow cloak.

NUNS.—White dresses.