ILL-TREATED
IL TROVATORE;

OR,

THE MOTHER, THE MAIDEN, & THE MUSICIANER.

A new Burlesque Extrabaganza,

BY

HENRY J. BYRON,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society.)

AUTHOR OF

The Old Story, Cinderella, Blue Beard from a New Point of Hue, Robinson Crusoe, Mazzepa, The Maid and the Magpie; or, the Fatal Spoon, The Babes in the Wood, Bride of Abrydos, Fra Diavolo, Jack the Giant Killer, Very Latest Edition of the Lady of Lyons, The Nymph of the Lyrleyberg, Pilgrim of Love, The Garibaldi Excursionists, Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp, Esmeralda, or the Sensation Goat, Goldenhair the Good, Ivanhoe in accordance, &c. Beauty and the Beast, Rival Othello, Whittington and his Cat, Puss in a New Pair of Boots, Miss Lily O'Connor, George &c, Barnwell, Our Sea-side Lodgings, That Dear Old Darling, Ali Baba; or, the Thirty-nine Thieves, The Rosebud of Stinging-nettle Farm, The Sensation Fork, My Wife and I, Beautiful Haidee; or, the Sea Nymph and the Bailee Rovers, &c.

PART AUTHOR OF

The Miller and his Men, Valentine and Orson, and Forty Thieves (Savage Club).

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND, LONDON.
First performed at the Royal New Adelphi Theatre, under the Management of Mr. Benjamin Webster, on Thursday, the 21st of May, 1863.

A New and Original Burlesque Extravaganza, founded on a famous though somewhat confusing Opera, entitled

ILL-TREATED IL TROVATORE;
Or, The Mother, the Maiden, and the Musicianer.

The New Scenery by Messrs. James, Thompson, and Assistants. New Dresses by Mrs. Rayner and Mrs. Pabsohs. The Properties and Appointments by Mr. T. Ibbland. The Machinery and Mechanical Effects by Mr. Powell. Dances by Mr. C. J. Suite. The Music Composed and Arranged by M. Iivikke. The Burlesque produced under the entire Superintendence of Mr. B. Phillips.

Characters.

MANRICO ... (the original Wandering 3finstree), a real good fellow, though a true-bad-doer) ... Miss CARRY NELSOE.
COUNT DI LUNA ........................................... (Count di Magistrato) ....................................................... Mr. R. PHILLIPS.
FEREANDO ........................................................................... (his "creature") ... Mr. W. ILEBURKE
FIRST GUARD ........................................................................................................... Mr. PAOLO.
SECOND GUARD ......................................................................................................... Mr. ALDRIDOE.
THE KINCHIN ... (a Okun Thief lent for the occasion from the "Forest of the Forest") ... Mr. PAUL BEDFORD.
FIRST GIPSY .................................................................................................................. Mr. C. J. SMITH.
The house up and the Count out—How the Count's younger brother has been stolen in his infancy and out of his cradle by a Gipsy girl, and is looked on as a cradle 'oss, the Count determining to take the gal-up—The Count is mistaken for Manrico, and a fight ensues in which the Count, like the German Reed's entertainment, though he draws himself, depends considerably on the Parry.

Aiucena and her wrongs—It's a wise child that knows its own—The Author of the Libretto of the Opera and the writer of the Burlesque assisted by the utter incompetency of Azucena, here combine to render the Story, if possible, more unintelligible than ever—Opportune arrival of a letter from Leonora, and determination on the part of Manrico to stand it no longer—Grand Terpsichorean Melange of vengeance and castanets.

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Programme of the Scenery.

EXTERIOR OF THE COUNT'S PALACE.

The house up and the Count out—How the Count's younger brother has been stolen in his infancy and out of his cradle by a Gipsy girl, and is looked on as a cradle 'oss, the Count determining to take the gal-up—The Count is mistaken for Manrico, and a fight ensues in which the Count, like the German Reed's entertainment, though he draws himself, depends considerably on the Parry.

BY THE BAY OF BISCAY.

Aiucena and her wrongs—It's a wise child that knows its own—The Author of the Libretto of the Opera and the writer of the Burlesque assisted by the utter incompetency of Azucena, here combine to render the Story, if possible, more unintelligible than ever—Opportune arrival of a letter from Leonora, and determination on the part of Manrico to stand it no longer—Grand Terpsichorean Melange of vengeance and castanets.
Sensation interview between the Count and the Gipsy—The Secret—The lost boys—Azucena refuses to Break, and
the Count shuts her up—Unsatisfactory state of things for all parties.

**THE PRISON.**

How the prisoners to make a Scotch mull have to look after their cells—A moon n goes on BO about her treatment that
Blue eventually goes off it—Maurico is taken to execution and Astucena prepares to tell the Count all about it.

**The Volley, the Villain, and the Wicked Woman!**

How an enormous quantity of people come in and a few trifles come out, both combining to set matter square, and,
we trust, to bring down the curtain with a round.

**AN ALHAMBRIC GARDEN!**
ILL-TREATED IL TROVATORE.

SCENE FIRST.—The Gardens of the Palace—up stage. L. a flight of stairs leading to the interior—several SOLDIERS dispersed about the stage asleep.

At the rising of the curtain, the serenade from Don Pasquale played, the sleeping GUARDS snoring the refrain. Enter FERRANDO from back.

FERR. Halloa, you guards, asleep! you lazy crew!

Get up, you sir! (kicks a GUARD) and you.

(kicking another)

Now, Bill, you're due. (attempts to lift him, fails)
I can't take up that Bill; halloa, men! drat 'em!
Your posts are waiting you, "up, guards, and at'em."

(GUARDS rise)

This is the anniversary, you know,
Of master's brother's disappearance, so
Beware, lest he in aught should catch you tripping;

(looks round)

I think he's out upon the stalk, my pippin.

1ST GUARD. Tell us the true tale about master's brother.

FERR. The Count had once a father, and a mother.

GUARDS. That's strange!

FERR. It is, but ne'ertheless is true.

These parents had two children;

Wondrous!

1ST G. Two!

2ND G.

Song—FERRANDO, Air, "Cork Leg."
The late Count had a brace of sons,
Extremely plump and handsome ones,
As like as two new Enfield guns,
Or as a couple of hot cross buns.

Quite true, all true, ritooral, &c.

Chorus. Quite true, &c.
A gypsy's son of poaching fond,
The Count sent o'er the herring pond.
The very day he went away
Our master's younger brother—

All. Eh?

Ferr. Was lost, right tooral, though the rural policeman did search.

Chorus. Right tooral, &c.
'Twas thought the poacher's mother did
Felioniously prig the kid.
Where ever could young master be?
Has always been a Mister E.

Right tooral, &c.
If ever that misguided gal
Should be by master caught, my pal,
Her life will not be of much value, ritooral, ritooral.

Chorus. Ritooral, &c.

For years a morbid man lived Count di Luna,
Till he saw Lady Leonora—sooner
Than you could say "Jack Robinson," plump fell
Into love's meshes that Italian swell.
Nightly to love him here he has brought her,
And though they empty on him jugs of water,
And heavy boxes, too, of mignonette,
Hoping by such means some repose to get.
He sings his solo, though him they do wet;
And though they hope to vex him, past a doubt,
It doesn't quench love's flame, or put him out;
But soft! his idol comes; it's very clear
That we must not be caught thus idling here,
And so let's sidle off, and as they say
In glorious melodrama—Away! away!

Music—The Guards and Ferrando retire, R.

Enter Leonora, L., from house.

Leon. Where is my troubadour? 'Tis past the hour
At which he serenades me in my tower;
To keep away so long 'tis quite a crime;
Though he's a minstrel, he does not keep time.
Enter INEZ, from house, L. 2 E.

INEZ. It's time you sought your couch, dear mistress mine; Why to lie down, ma'am, will you not incline?
(aside) This sitting up each night must sadly tire her!
LEON. Oh, Inez, say what's come to my admirer That he's not come to me, as is his custom!
INEZ. He's like all men, mem; you can never trust 'em; If you believe in them and think them true, You'll find them very soon be leaving you.
LEON. Leaving indeed; mine doesn't even come!
INEZ. They're all of them------
LEON. Be silent, girl!
INEZ. Yes, mum!
LEON. How well I recollect the day, 'twas at The tournament; close to the rails I sat, As oft I've seen spell-bound spectators sit At Astley's!
INEZ. Yes'm, front row of the pit. I recollect, I went two years ago; And the young man who treated me, you know, Borrowed four shillings, for he hadn't change, And then he took me in. It's rather strange; But, from that day to this, explain 't who can, I've never seen that change, or that young man!
LEON. 'Twas at the tournament, I say, a fight, I saw my noble gallant errant knight; He'd no armorial bearings, yet I ween, A more real bearing never yet was seen; Manly, yet modest, humble, though defiant, His features finely formed, his figure pliant; He first did wield his lance, then wheeled his horse------ One rush—his adversary fell a corse! His skill they all then questioned—each bold prancer Got for his question a sharp little l'ancer; (making a motion of thrusting) He pinked them every one, both great and small— Was publicly proclaimed the pink of all,
And, to the "Conquering Hero," on the band,
His brow was crowned with laurel by this hand.
'Twas plain to see, I thrilled him with my touch------

(turns and discovers INEZ dozing. L.)

INEZ. Proceed! your story interests me much!
LEON. With one slight glance his heart from him I took;
    My fish I landed with one little l'ook!
INEZ. What is his business—what does he profess?
LEON. Such love for me! you can't think, Inez.
INEZ. I mean his calling?
LEON. He's a minstrel.
INEZ. Oh!
A mere musician—that's rather low.
LEON. He is a troubadour.
INEZ. The kind of fellow
    Who shouts in tones between a squeak and bellow,
    Making one cry when the street is haunting,
    Oh! pray cease, minstrel, troubadour end-chanting.
LEON. He never sings for money.
INEZ. La, how strange!
LEON. When he gives notes he doesn't look for change.
INEZ. If I offend you, mem, I ask your pardon,
    But s'pose your guardian finds him in the gardien,
    You'd both be took up.
LEON. I can't be, I vow,
    More taken up with him than I am now.

Duet.—(The symphony to "Tacea la Notte" played preparatory to air——"Gaily the Troubadour")

LEON. Daily the troubadour
    Twangs his guitar,
    Singing love songs to his
    Le-o-no-ra;
    Singing this palace fine,
    Is all a hum,
    Though a crime, Inez, I'm
    Under his thumb.
Duet.—LEONORA and INEZ—Galop.

LEON. Oh! my heart with love is beating,
    Come, Manrico, come to me,
    Palpiteting, palpiteting,
    Where can my Manrico be!

INEZ. Folks in love are most ridiculous,
    And young men are quite as fickle as,
    Quite as fickle as,
    Quite as fickle as,
    As anything.

LEON. (repeats verse and dancing off, L. I. E.)

INEZ. Oh! her heart with love is beating,
    Come, Manrico, come to she,
    Palpiteting, palpiteting,
    Where can her Manrico be?

Exeunt, L. dancing.

Enter the COUNT DI LUNA, at back, R.—comes down mysteriously.

COUNT. My love is not returned, my letters are:
    Under which circumstances, har ha, ha!
    Not that there's anything at which to laugh,
    Neither am I inclined at all to chaff.
    With unrequited love I'm getting thinner,
    Talking of chaff, I must contrive to win 'er!
    She scorns my love, don't listen, to my sighs,
    Turns on me a deaf ear, also defies;
    She says that I'm too old, that she's too young
    Too old! I tell her then to old her tongue;
    Why don't she love me, really, I can't tell,
    I am a mighty swell, she might as well-
    Song, "Il Balen"

    A baa lamb, Di Luna's
    Sir, he's so—in love with Leonora,
    No, no sham—'tis true, sir.
    From the very first time,
    Yes, the first time that he sor her;
    Deep, deep in his affection,
Deep his love, and hatred too, sirs;
Toes he batters black and blue, sirs,
For his love is staunch and true, sirs.

_Air, “Burlesque Galop.”_

I'm an atrocious vagabond, good friends, I beg to state,
I'm called the Count di Luna, and a county magistrate;
If 'gainst my name or family, the slightest word you speak,
You'd best beware the pecker of this unrelenting beak.

Down up-

On the
tibby of my foes I
plump i
come, and
quick of them dispose, I
mill them
kill them,
although goodness knows I
peaceful am, and
amiable too.

_Air, “Kitty of Sligo.”_

Oh, Leonora, lady mine, I cannot live without ye,
My precious pet, my valentine, although I rather doubt ye.
There is a vile musician, who hangs about the airey,
Who with his lute, can tame the brute, like Orpheus or Rarey.

Oh, philliloo whack,
His noddle I'll crack,
Immediately or sooner,
If out of the gal,
Leonora he shall,
Attempt for to diddle De Luna

COUNT. Sweet, Leonora, of my love rejecter,
Oh, kind fate, le-an o'er her and protect her;
She like a timid hare, eludes pursuit.

{(lute heard outside)_

That air appears to come though from a lute.
Upon my word, extremely pretty—that's
What I've mistaken every night for cats.
Whereabouts is the vagabond, I wonder?
Ho! ho! it's the werandah that we're under.

(MANRICO sings without behind house, L.)

Air, "Sich a getting upstairs."
If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our loves in two.
This troubadour adores you so,
For Count Di Luna and his Co.--------
He doesn't care a dump.

COUNT. What a cheeky individual.
MANRI. No, he doesn't care a dump.
COUNT. Fol de riddle ol de day.

COUNT. Why, as I hear, oh, horrible diskivery!
That negro strain, each knee grows strangely shivery.
Manrico surely must that singer be,
That negro air is from a tenor—see,
I'm boiling over.

Enter LEONORA from house, L.

LEON. Oh! he's come.
COUNT. Yes, mum,
That's why I feel all froth, because he's come.
Hatred! Revenge! Despair!
LEON. (rushing to the COUNT, mistaking him for MANRICO) Manrico, darling!
COUNT. She takes me for the snob that's caterwarling.

Enter MANRICO from behind house, L. U. E.—pauses.

LEON. I am so wretched when you are not present.
Dearest Manrico!
COUNT. This is very pleasant.
Of coons I feel the gonest of the gone.
I know the other blackguard's looking on.
Oh, dear!
MANRI. (rushing down, C.) Is it for this, false maid—oh, wretched sight—
I've braved Di Luna's mantraps every night?
And for your smiles those bright be witching sunny'uns,
Trampled o'er his *spring guns* and his *spring onions*.
Crushed down his celery, trod upon his cabbage,
And tuned up in a way to madden Babbage.
Was it for this high garden walls I've scaled,
And with glass bottles been each night impaled!
Much more than I can say have I gone through—
Little did I expect this act from you.

(crosses to L.)

What you have done is wrong 'tis plain to see;
*You are the true bad do-er* and not *me*.
Farewell!

**LEON.** Oh stay, these words are cruel, bitter,
Spurn Leonora! push her from you! hit her!
I'd sooner have you kill me than thus speak, oh;
Your vengeance on me wreak—oh, do, *man wreak oh*!
The night was dark, and so I couldn't see;
'Twas hideous, for it *hid you so* from me.

**MANRI.** Can I believe you?

**COUNT.** No, miss, no one can.

Villain, I'm Leonora's guardi-an.

**MANRI.** Who cares for that, you miserable muff?

**COUNT.** Respect my 'ears.

**MANRI.** I should— *they're long enough*.

(crosses to C.)

**COUNT.** You wagabone, *(drawing)* you'd best no longer linger.

**MANRI.** I wagabone, dog? don't you *wag a finger*.

**LEON.** Oh dear, they'll cut each other into pieces.

Can any person say where the police is?

Oh, a policeman! *(INEZ appears at door, L.)*

**COUNT.** On the ground I'll stretch him.

**INEZ.** *(aside to LEONORA)* I've got one in the kitchen, miss, I'll fetch him.

*Concerted Piece.*—"*Playing on the Fiddle."

**MANRI.** Wretch, you I'll run through the middle, indiwiddle,
Through the middle, indiwiddle,
Through the middle, indiwiddle.

**COUNT.** Boy, your behaviour's suicid—al, suicid—al, as you shall see.
Oh, my heart is palpitating-tating,
Like a maiden's at her first partee.
Oh, my heart is palpitating-tating
Why will rival lovers disagree?

(MANRICO repeats his lines, and LEONORA and INEZ sing the same in the third person—COUNT and MANRICO fight off, R., INEZ and LEONORA, exeunt, L.)

SCENE SECOND.—The Ruins of a Castle at the foot of a Mountain in Biscay.

GIPSIES grouped about the stage, some dancing and singing.

Chorus.—"The Gipsy's Tent."

Here, in our gipsy tent,
Happy live we,
Ever on mischief bent,
And larcenee;
Stripping the hedges, and
Bobbing each house,
Ever at something that's
Feloni-ous.

Here, in our gipsy tent, &c.

1ST GIPSY. Well, things are rather dull, must be confessed,
   And my advice is this, that we had best
   Change our address from this here spot, and roam
   To some place where the folks don't wash at home.

2ND GIPSY. The hens appear too to have passed a law
   To lay the smallest eggs one ever saw. (a whistle heard)
   What does that irritating whistle mean?

1ST GIPSY. 'Tis Azucena—'tis the gipsy queen!

"Stride la Vampa" played piano as AZUCENA enters from back, L. U. E., and comes down—her eyes fixed on space—her manners wild; the GIPSIES watch her attentively.

Scena.—"Stride la Vampa."

AZUC.

See, see yon pallid infant
   Picking of oakum,
Oh, come to me
   Picking of oakum,
Oh, come to me.
Air, "Yellow Dwarf Polka."

If I catch him on the hip,
Oh! I'll give him such a grip,
He'll fancy that he's got into the hands of Number Nip.

He's a most determined rip,
But he'll find he's missed his tip;

Oh! he sent my only son abroad, right in a convict ship.
He was brought up to the court,
Tho' for liberty he fought,
And he had a good defence, but Count di Luna cut him short-
When he said the things he'd bought;
And my son he did transport,
For prigging a few trifles, which I own he didn't ought.

Oh! cruel Count, to rend a parent's bussim;
How I should like to hocuss him—ho cuss him!

Having, as usual, cuss'd him, Count di Luna,
My custim always of an afternoon, a—
Your queen will prove how well her trade she's followed.
The plate she's p'loined—likewise the shirts she's collar'd;
Where's Mr. Kinchin—where's my clerk?

Music—"Nix my Dolly."

Enter the Kinchin, with a bag. L. U. E.

Now, Mr. Kinchin, hand your queen the swag,
Give me the bag. Now, all of you stand bag;
(aside) My heart revolts at this, some day 'twill break.
And then!—a pair of bluchers "our own make."
(takes them from bag and hands them to Kinchin)
The time approaches rapidly, when he,
Di Luna, my detested enemy,
Shall find his threats, his hatred low and trickey,
His deep-toned vows of vengeance are all—dickey.
(brings a dickey from the bag, Kinchin snatches it hurriedly)
Don't be so sharp—

Kinch. Folks mostly say I'm blunt,
AZUC. Don't in that snappish manner take a front.
(aside) My son, will ocean keep thee from me ever—
The cruel sea, which two fond hearts doth sever?
Say no, kind Fate—oh, grant this last of boons,
To a mother and her child—a pair of spoons.

(hands them to KINCHIN)

KINCH. Gracious, is that all as you've got to day?
They're only washed.
AZUC. That's more than you can say.
KINCH. Now, that's extremely personal.
AZUC. Well, there,
You needn't frown upon the guilty pair.
Considering all, that's pretty well, I think.
Your queen is thirsty, what is there to drink?

(KINCHIN hands her a goblet)

Tis well, I pledge the lot of you.
KINCH. No doubt
AZUC. But though I pledge you, I'm not going to spout;
Except, to drink confusion to a foe,
As shall be nameless—nameless? why? oh, no,
Ruffian, I spurn ye, the each menial lauds you,
No, Count di Luna, I don't look towards you,
I'm kee-almer now. Fool! what am I about?
Dear brethren, you can take a hint—get out.

Music—"Nix my Dolly"—GIPSIES retire off, R.

and L., different entrances.

The story of my wrongs, the tribe doth touch so,
I, of this life am weary, weary much so.
I know my present calling's very low,
But I'm a widder—widder can I go?
My meal's a crust, couldn't at first get through it,
But now, I'm getting quite accustomed to it.
My bread is fare, that can't be well termed "frisky,"
My couch, the bare ground by the Bay o'Biscay.
The tribe live well, eat, drink, sing comic songs,
While I alone sit brooding on my wrongs.
I smell a savoury odour, most impruprer,
I think the tribe are having a tribe supper.
Well, well, they have no settled secret grief:
I feel a ditty might be a relief.
Medley—Air—"I'd be a Gipsey."

I'd be a gipsey, merry and free,
One of the tribe that is called Zingari;
Nought to control me, sportive and wild,
All thro' the summer day free as a chee-ild.

Air, "Merry little Zingara."

I'm a very very little Zingara,
From a southern clime I come,
And I am a very clever fingerer,
Of all things that come under my thumb.

Air, "Literary Dustman."

I prigs a spoon or silver cup,
The hedges too I rifles,
Oh! yes, I am a snapper up
Of unconsidered trifles.
I'm very often seen about
The noble's airy railings,
Of course, there cannot be a doubt
I has my little failings.

Air, "Ai Nostri Monti!"

Servants I round get,
Often a pound get,
Sometimes a blowing up terribly sound get,
Ringlets so curly,
Teeth too so pearly,
Get over surly policemen, soft set.

Air, "Polly Bluck."

Then when I sing the swells up at the garrison,
Lawks! how they carries on,
They say there's no comparison,
Twixt me and any lady singers, in the Pyna aad Harrison Troupe or Talien opera companee.
My voice they say, is a mezzo soprano,
They never met so fine a one, there are no People fit to sing la ci darem la mano,
The duet in Don Giovanni;
When'er I'm warblin' in the streets,
Each individual one meets,
Exclaims, oh, gracious me!
That gal's as good as Mackney.

The day has broke completely, and I vow;
Manrico I'd forgotten until now.

(\textit{goes to back and draws curtain discovering \textsc{manrico} asleep})

It's late! He's knocked up by the hurley burley.
Pray ope your eyes—I hope you rise more early.

(\textsc{manrico} rises and comes down)

\textbf{\textsc{manri}.} I killed him—say, is the Count dead?
\textbf{\textsc{azuc}.} Oh! no.

\textbf{\textsc{manri}.} Indeed, I \textit{count dead} on his being so.
My sword's one lunge seemed into him to stick fast.
\textbf{\textsc{azuc}.} Oh! never mind your \textit{lungin'}, take your \textit{brikfast}.
\textbf{\textsc{manri}.} No, I can't eat.
\textbf{\textsc{azuc}.} To have an appetite when up at eight.
How did you meet this Count?

\textbf{\textsc{manri}.} 'Neath his verandah—twas dark.
\textbf{\textsc{azuc}.} I understand; a-----
\textbf{\textsc{manri}.} And he, as Yankees say, indulged in "sass,"
So I turned on the meeter;
\textbf{\textsc{azuc}.} So I should gass.

\textbf{\textsc{manri}.} I got the best of it—thrashed him, in short;
You are aware that fighting is \textit{my forte}.
\textbf{\textsc{azuc}.} \textit{(wildly)} I had a son------
\textbf{\textsc{manri}.} \textit{(aside)} I can't tell what she means.
\textbf{\textsc{azuc}.} So young; he was but in his velvet \textit{teens}.
His notions as to "meum" and to "tuum"
Would scarcely p'raps have satisfied Lord Brougham.
He wore a cowskin weskit on his bosom,
On his feet \textit{high lows}—oh, why should \textit{h}'l lose him?
\textbf{\textsc{manri}.} Well, what became of him?
\textbf{\textsc{azuc}.} One luckless day,
He took some things for which he didn't pay;
They dragged the boy before the wicked count,
Who fined him to a very large amount;
ILL-TREATED IL TROVATORE.                        SC. 2.

That is they would have fined my wretched sonny,
But my poor darling couldn't find the money.
The count declared the prisoner (though he pitied him)
Committed default, and in default committed him.
They tore him from his mother, but she turned
Upon the count, her face with fury burned,
Says she, "Oh, let my direst vengeance burst
Upon my head, Di Luna—do thy worst,
Your menials here will do as they are bid;
I scorn and spit upon you,"—which she did.

MANRI. I never knew you had another son.
Really your story's a mysterious one.
AZUC. Ha! ha! you never knew I had another.
The Count di Luna had a younger brother.
Take two from one you can't, that's very true;
But any person can take one from two.
You are not what you seem! Ha, ha! confess
You think all this is rather foggy—yes;—
It's the libretto of an opera, dear,
They never are particularly clear.

MANRI. This is confusing; you'll excuse me, ma'am,
I really wish you'd tell me who I am.
AZUC. (aside) Wants to know who he is, ungrateful boy;
You are your father's hope, your mother's joy.

MANRI. Who was my father?
AZUC. Humph!

MANRI. But Humphrey what?
AZUC. Now, do be satisfied with what you've got
This subject don't pursue, it bores me rather;
You know your mother, so don't seek no farther.

MANRI. Am I your son?
AZUC. Yes—no—you are—you ain't!
(aside) I'm getting muddled, praps I'd better faint.
Catch me.

MANRI. No, not until you've cleared the mystery
Which seems to hang around my youthful history.
AZUC. I am your 'ma.

MANRI. Poz!
AZUC. Oh, in course, in course:
Remember who 'twas bought you your first horse,
Elaborately with red wafers spotted,
And which you smashed immediately you got it.
Your ABC, who taught you? likewise sums?
Who soothed the throbbings of your little gums?
Who, would you pretty stories tell?
Who ran to help you when you fell?
Who kissed the place to make it well?
Your mother.

_Song. "Belle Brandon."

_MANRI._ Dear mamma, I remember each kind action,
Each affectionate remark, each tender word,
When I roamed through the forests and the valleys,
Free and happy—free and happy "like a bird."
Pray forgive all my youthful vagaries,
I will never offend you again,
For such love and affection most rare is,
You're my 'ma—that's a fact very plain.

_Song—AZUCENA._—_Air._ "Stood it like a lamb."—(Sung by Mr. SIDNEY.)

Who when my pet was fractious would you soothing syrup give,
And also would administer Dalby's Carminative;
Who when into your mother's eyes your drum stick you would ram,
I didn't mind the agony, but stood it like a lamb.
You often kicked me on my corns, but calmly would I grin,
E'en when with your small bluchers you would bark your mother's skin;
And when my newest Sunday dress, you did emboss with jam,
I bore it like a martyr, and I stood it like a lamb.
When you would seize me by the hair and pull large handfuls out,
And kick your late papa upon the leg which had the gout:
E'en when at dinner once when cross the table you did slam,
And o'er me upset the _mint sauce_, I stood it like a _lamb._
Enter RUIZ., L. 1 E., with letter.

RUIZ. (gives letter) Manrico, my dear fellow, I’ve—a—oh—It strikes me forcibly that I’m de trap.
MANRI. Stay, my low birth no longer can I smother,
Mother, my old pal, Ruiz—Ruiz, mother.

(AZUCENA courtseys—RUIZ bows politely)

RUIZ. His mother! no, as young as him you’re nearly;
You mean an elder sister.
AZUC. (coquettishly) Oh, now really!
You men, you naughty men, oh, how you can—
Oh, go along, (aside) a most genteel young man.
(RUIZ. bows, exits, L.—MANRICO appears indignant at the letter)
MANRI. The wretch!
AZUC. Pray calm yourself.
MANRI. The dog! mad fool! He’s sent away my love to school.
AZUC. That’s cool.
MANRI. A grown-up girl in schoolchild bonds to fetter,
All I can say is let him; there’s the letter.

(hands AZUCENA the letter)

AZUC. What cramp’d hand-writing, with a thimble stamp’d;
The ink’s damp, that’s p’raps why the writing’s cramp’d.
Look at the y’s and g’s, what tails, amusing,
Such flourishing is really most confusing.
MANRI. That style of penmanship is proper quite,
Folks ought to flourish well, when they do write.
(reading) "Since our last meeting, Count di Luna's kept her
On bread and water."
AZUC. Go and intercept her,
Carry her off, then Count di Luna meet,
Draw and cut off his——
MANRI. What?
AZUC. Why, his retreat.
What! let him lock up your loved Leonora?
Think of the life-long misery that’s before her;
I tell you that Di Luna is my foe,
He's thine—he's everybody's—Manrico—oh!
I hate him worse than poison—mill him, kill him!
Spill him—with bullets fill him—daggers drill him;
If not, I cast ye off—spurn, scorn ye, knave,
And close my tents against a coward slave!

MANRI. Your language fires my breast, and thrills my frame;
For deeds of dreadful note I feel I'm game;
I'll clear this obstacle slick from before her,
I draw my sword for love and Leonora!

AZUC. Down with the Count—go in, dear boy, for glory,
Run him through to the hilt—hilt trovatore!

Duet.—"Tarantella."

AZUC. Kill the Count di Luna, boy, and show him no remorse;
He a villain is,
So him killin' is
Just a matter o' corse.

MANRI. I'll foil the villain in his schemes, and punch his ugly nob
For Leonora—
Such a flooler—
The unrelenting snob.

AZUC. Your mother commands you—yes, commands you,
go and kill him—go and kill him, or never expect—no, never expect forgiveness from me.

MANRI. Yes, I understands you—understands you, through
I'll drill him—through I'll drill him, or never expect—no never expect forgiveness from thee.

(wild dance of GIPSIÉS—AZUCENA and MANRICO the centre figures—closed in on picture)

SCENE THIRD.—The exterior of the Finishing Academy—
Enter several SCHOOL GIRLS, amongst them LEONORA melancholy, door, & flat.

1ST. GIRL. Poor thing, don't cry, you'll soon get used to school.

LEON. I shan't, I can't, I won't submit to rule.
1ST. G. My dear, you'll very little have to do;
    Then you've such lots of pocket money, too,
2ND. G. Such loads of sweets, and such nice books to
    read.
    We do so love you—yes, we do, indeed.
    Don't go on sighin.'
LEON.    Oh, you see in me
         A scion of the aristocracy,
         One nursed in luxury's lap, and born to wealth,
         And never guilty of rude vulgar health;
         The interesting pallor of whose cheeks
         Her very noble bringing up bespeaks,
         And whose impressionable nerves betoken
         A heart that's formed expressly to be broken.
         Here, they've great legs of mutton, fearful pies,
         Of even ultra-pantomimic size;
         Rude rounds of beef, which pierce one to the core,
         In fact, such beef as ne'er was seen
         before.
         Although I try to fret, I cannot quite,
         Three times a day I feel an appetite;
         I sleep all night, and don't have horrid dreams,
         In fact, if things go on like this, it seems—
         That very soon—how soon I cannot tell
         My heart must break, I am so very well.
1ST G. Tell us about your sweetheart, is he nice ?
2ND G. Dark ?
3RD G. Fair ?
1ST G. Of all three a spice.
LEON. (to 1ST. GIRL) Come, have you one? now, no
delusive tricks.
2ND G. (spitefully) You'd better ask her if she hasn't six.
1ST G. Hussey! but no, remarks I will not utter,
To one whose pa supplies the school with butter.
2ND G. Miss Wilkins, you're a low thing!
1ST G. Low thing, pooh!
         Not half the loathing that I feel for you.
         (Music—the Girls laugh at 2ND GIRL, "Still so
gently" is played piano, they pause abruptly in
         their merriment)
LEON. (trembling) The Count!
GIRLS. (in an undertone) A Count!
LEON. Oh, agonizing feeling!
Still so ungentlemanly o'er me stealing.
1ST G. A real live Count! Good gracious me! I never!
(to 2ND GIRL) How do I look?
2ND G. Oh! nicer, love, than ever.
Had you no freckles, nor that slight cast here,
At times you would be almost pretty, dear.
1ST G. (aside) How at last breaking up, she can't forget
I cut her out with Captain Jones—sweet pet.
(the two girls kiss each other most affectionately)

Enter COUNT, L. 1 E.

COUNT. My Leonora!
LEON. Bother!
COUNT. Don't say "bother,"
I find that my affection I can't smother.
Come on! (rushes towards her, the GIRLS scream and
rush off, door, R. in flat)
LEON. I'll call the gard'ner.
COUNT. Do, I'll throttle him!
LEON. Or the school porter.
COUNT. Porter, do, I'll bottle him!
My Leonora's angry, so I pardon her;
Think ye a count would be regardin' a gardener?
Never!
LEON. What means this persecution new?
COUNT. I feel my life's no colour without hue.
Don't break the heart of your adoring guardian,
My fortune shall be yours, girl, every fardien.
Love carries so away this noble swell,
That he must carry you away as well.
LEON. Why will you thus-------
COUNT. Don't let my passion grieve you.
LEON. Keep hauntin' me?
COUNT. It ain't in me to leave you.

(is interrupted by the entrance of MANRICO, L. 1 E.,
who knocks him down with one blow, and catches
Leonora in his arms - picture)
MANRI. Look up, my love, it is your troubadour,
Who's knocked his rival flat upon the floor,
It is your Man——
LEON. Ri------
COUNT. Co.
LEON. Love, is it you?
Is it my ever faithful loving true——
MANRI. Bad
COUNT. Our.
MANRI. It is.
LEON. Ah, no!
MANRI. Come from afar.
LEON. Here's his guitar I think.
MANRI. I think it are.
Embrace me. (they embrace)
COUNT. Oh! I'll bring them to contrition!
Hugging! this is a hugly exhibition.
He's broke my nose—the vagabond has mettle,
It must be brittle, or he must be Brettle.
He's quite spoiled the expression of my face,
He's such a spicy youth he might be Mace.
My eyes were thought fine once, but now, vile creature,
I feel my nose is much my most marked feature.
MANRI. "Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere."
And so, Di Luna, it seems very clear
That one of us must go.
COUNT. That fact I see.
MANRI. Excuse my hinting that it won't be me.
This lady hates you—so your time don't waste;
She adores me, and I commend her taste.
You're in the way; your road lies straight before ye,
You are de trop, and I'm de tro-vatore.
My skill upon the lute there's no gainsaying.
I am good looking even when I'm playin'.
Now you are—you can't help your Looks you know—
Frightful enough to put into a show.
Your personal attractions up I'll sum.
Your hair—what isn't gone, is mere oakum.
Your shoulders ain't upon the square, then drat it,
Look at your chest—I say, now chest look at it.
Your eye to sloe no likeness doth evince;
If there's a fruit that it suggests, it's quince.
Your brow recedes too, in a manner horrard;
It's much more of a backward than a forrard.
I've simply held the mirror up to nature.
LEON. I don't consider it a cari-cature.
And once for all, excuse me, but I hate yer!
COUNT. Mind—you can't hate like me; I've hated all,
E'en when I was very young and small.
I did hate everything, as I've been told,
E'en at a time when I was hate years old,
When my particularly fateful pater
Paid hate-een pence for me at the the—hayter.
My rage o'erboils! Manrico, this shall be
The afternoon that ends our rivalry (draws)
LEON. Have pity; he's so small.
MANRI. Not half so small
As he shall feel directly Try, that's all!
(Music—draws, and fights DI LUNA round)
LEON. (calling) Girls, girls, come out out as quickly as you can,
The Count di Luna's killing my young man!
(the GIRLS rush out from school, and fall upon Di LUNA with their parasols, prodding him and beating him—he falls)
LEON. Behold, our parasols have foiled the villain.
COUNT. Your pair-o'-sols—there seem to me a million.
(taking up a large one)
Here's a particularly pleasant feller.
My limbs are numb.
MANRI. It might be numb-rella.
COUNT. I cast away remorse, beware, beware!
I'm mad as a March hare.
MANRI. Look up ma chere.
Trio—Air, "Clocken Galop"
COUNT. Beware, beware, beware, beware my hate.
MANRI. With rage, with rage, with rage I palpitate.
LEON. You are, you are, you are, I beg to state,
A wretch!
Despair and agonee!

You—ha, ha, ha! upon my word.

Oh, police! oh, police!

Shouting, cease! take your fate!

*(Chorus—Each repeat first lines and chorus.—(sing))*

"Rash pair, despair!
Despair, despair, despair!
Oh, where are the police, oh, where?
Despair, despair, despair, despair!
And agonee!"

*(DI LUNA rushes off. R., followed by Girls)*

Let's fly, love, we ne'er shall, if we elope
To Gretna Green, be e'er regrettin' a slope.
His threats will then be vain, and his attacks, myth;
Come, let us seek that famous northern blacksmith,
Who, cross the Tweed, weds folks for trifling sums.
Oh, do leave off a tweedling your thumbs.
Are you prepared to share my wanderings?

Do you suppose you'll wander?

Every fair
Sees me, to use a vulgar phrase, " all there."
By days we'll wander through the town so dense,
I play my lute, and you shall take the pence.
And when night comes, dull streets we'll venture down.
And never move on under half-a-crown.
You've said enough, further description drop,
I'm yours, let's go at once, Manrico.

*(They are going R., when DI LUNA enters suddenly)*

Stop!
This knave again to interrupt our joy!
Out of the way—stand by!

Ha, ha! stand, boy!
What, ho, my men! (Guards rush on) Seize 'em!

*(Manrico and Leonora are seized)*
COUNT. To prison take 'em;  
The very stoniest half quarterns bake 'em,  
And if they should refuse to eat 'em make 'em.
MANRI. Ruffian! (aside) If I could only get my knife!  
(aloud) Let me have one hand loose.
COUNT. Hand lose my life?  
Not if I know it—in a dungeon fetter her.
LEON. Agony!
MANRI. Rage!  
COUNT. Revenge!  
LEON. Despair!  
MANRI. Et cetera.

Concerted Piece—"Vivra Contende," Trovatore.

LEON. Away, vile Count, you, below contempt, as well  
as hate and scorn, indeed, are truly.  All pity,  
mercy, you refuse, vile coward!
COUNT. My rage, despair, and hatred, too, combine to make  
a friend your foe.  Dog, dearly you'll pay for this  
insult unto me!
MANRI. Fright to keep parleying with thee, with thee, low  
wretch; let go Leonora, and my pardon deliver you,  
p'raps then may I—me beware! (repeat)  
MANRICO and LEONORA are dragged off, R.

SCENE FOURTH.—The Camp.—Di Luna's tent on the R.

The Kinch has a thimble rig table before him, Soldiers  
are looking on, others polishing their arms; lively music  
as scene opens; the Soldiers laughing, some drinking,  
and Inez as cantineer serving them.

KINCH. Now then, my sporting gen'lemen, you see  
Here is three thimbles and von little pea;  
He's here, and now he's there, and now he's here,  
And now he's there, so where he is is clear.  
I'll lay a fiver to a half-a-crown  
There ain't a gen'leman as can put down  
His finger on the thimble with the pea.  
That vun? it ain't; that's half-a-crown to me.  
(the Guard who has lost is laughed at and pushed  
about derisively)
Don’t mind ’em laughing, try again, sir, do.
That von? it is—a five-pun note to you.

(Hands Guard a five-pound note)

Guard. Why, it’s the "Bank of Elegance."

Kinch. Such cheating as there is I never see.
One don’t know who to trust.

Guard. I’ll knock your head off.

(About to rush upon Kinchin, when Azucena enters, R. U. E. with a large cotton umbrella and stops the blow)

Azucena. My corns p’raps you’ll be good enough to tread off.
What, all you chaps against this little boy!

Ferrando. (Coming down, L. U. E.) Now then, be off!

Exeunt Kinchin and Guards, L.

Azucena. I’ve no wish to annoy.

I’m a poor gipsy, thieving never caught in,
I shall be glad to tell your fortin’ for tin.
You seems to me to have a lucky heye,
The ways the stars inclined is, won’t you try?

Ferrando. You cut your lucky, or------

Inez. (Protecting her) Ferrando, stay!
This lady is a friend of mine—good day.

Ferrando retires.

Azucena. Thank you, my pretty lady;—here, your palm,
You’re one dear as will never come to harm.
There is a dark gent with a eye of blue,
Who’s over head and ears in love with you.
And there’s another gent, with eyes of green,
Which it’s a case of jealousy I mean—
He have a great regard for you as well;
But in the end, you’ll wed a tip-top swell—
And which his name, is unbeknown at present,
He have a beard and whiskers very pleasant;
A mild canoodling voice and loving ways,
And ’ere’s a load of appy appy days,
A ’ouse in town, a willar on the Thames,
And ’andsome children playing of their games,
And ’ere’s a old relation as ’ll die,
And go and leave you lots of proper-ty.
Which it were not my habit, for to read,
A person's palm for nothing, no indeed;
But in your case, my dear, it's different quite,
Kindness like yours is a huncommon sight.
Bless you! Now go, and your companions jine,

Enter Count di Luna, L. U. E.

COUNT. If you can read folk's fortunes, just read mine.
AZUC. (aside) The Count! oh, hate! should he my name
         (in a canting tone) discover!
      The gipsy only reads the stars above her.
COUNT. There is my hand, don't talk such utter bosh.
AZUC. Which it would be the better for a wash.
      I'd rather not, my skill of late has failed me,
            And folks with epitaphs rude have assailed me;
            They've tossed me in a blanket once or twice,
            Which the sensation wasn't very nice.
COUNT. I'll  take my chance, come, come, I can't bear waiting.
AZUC. (takes his hand—tremulous music) Your 'art is for
      a damsel palpitating.
COUNT. A very common case—her name, try spell.
AZUC. Which the first letter of her name's a hel.
COUNT. Ha! ha!
AZUC. The next a he—the next a ho!
      The next a hen—old cock, then ho!
COUNT. Just so.
      Precisely true, each letter that you say,
AZUC. Which the concluding ones is har and hay.
COUNT. 'Tis Leonora, all you say is true.
AZUC. You love her—
COUNT. Rather!
AZUC. And she don't love you.
COUNT. Ha, ha! she'll wed me, though, your answer—
      what?
AZUC. Well, since you ast me, sir, certingly not
COUNT. Horrid old woman—go along—you're tipsy,
      Vile gipsy hag;
AZUC. Don't hagravate the gipsy;
Or she may tell you, p'raps a little more—

(seizing his hand)

Here's trouble—oh, such lots!

COUNT. Ah! you're a bore!

AZUC. What's this I see, a gallant minstrel youth,
Holds her affections—nay, I speak the truth,
And he will wed her spite of all, and you,
Ha, ha! will come to grief, he, he!

COUNT. Be quiet, do! (strikes AZUCENA a blow with his sword)

AZUC. (in a storm of passion) What's that? a blow! from you—ha, ha! you dare
To strike me—you! wily, monster, all the air
Is heavy with the tales of your misdeeds:—
Each man one meets, each newspaper one reads
Is filled with your vile acts—why, folks allege,
The toad that spits his venom 'neath the hedge,
The rat we hunt to death, the viper we
Crush 'neath our heel are loved compared to thee!

COUNT. Holloa, holloa! I say.

AZUC. Who was't but you
Who tore my only darling from my view,
Because he simply snared some hare or other
One day with wire.

COUNT. Why, are you his mother?

AZUC. The tribe all hated him, oft would they strike him,
Poor boy, I never knew another like him:
And you, you put the pore orphan into fetters,
The darling, I pore often o'er his letters.
Bless me! What have I said? What? what? oh!
Drat it,
My reason wanders, I don't wander at it.
(curtseying) Trust the poor gipsy hasn't said no harm,
Which nothing was intended rude.

COUNT. So, marm, (with intensity) At last we meet! where is my younger brother?

AZUC. You're an atrocious sorceress!

AZUC. You're another.
COUNT. Where is my brother?
AZUC. Where's my son?
COUNT. Oh, pooh!
AZUC. Bother your son!
COUNT. My brother's lost—killed, 'praps, by some vile potion.
AZUC. My son's o'er the Atlantic—what a notion!
COUNT. You know what came to that lost boy.
AZUC. Quite true.
COUNT. And you refuse to mention what?
AZUC. I do.
COUNT. You know my way whene'er I take affront,
Now, once for all, you won't say what----------
AZUC. I want!
COUNT. Ferrando! Quick!

Enter Ferrando, Inez, Kinchin, and Soldiers, l. 2 E.

Seize that vile gipsy.

KINCH. What!
AZUC. Don't, Mr. Kinchin, don't, I'd rather not.

(they seize her)

Go to the tribe—tell them their monarch's lagged,
It's not improbable she may be scragged!
But I've a scheme for vengeance, such a scheme,
Of which this blatant count can little dream.
(to D'J Luna) Put me within a cell, my ankles fetter,
And the more spiders that there are the better;
Feed me on bread and water.

KINCH. (aside to her) Hush, you flat,
Bless your heart, prison diet ain't like that;
Our convicts, on such luxuries outblow theirselves,
When they conies out of quod they scarcely know theirselves;
They're fed up till they're round, and plump, and sleek
While honest labour gets meat once a week.
COUNT. In the same cell with Leonora put her.
INEZ. Miss is locked up! Monster, how dare you shut her
Within the close confinement of a cell?
COUNT. Pooh! if you'd done as ill. Take her as well.

(Guards seize Inez)
INEZ. Sir, I'm the Cantineer. (weeps)
COUNT. Don't shed a tear;
Mark me, I won't have any cantin' here.
INEZ. Without their sutler girl, what will they do?
COUNT. On Bother!
AZUC. That's a sutler, girl for you.
Take Azucena, filled's her bitter cup,
But mind be certain as you chain her up;
No links are strong enough for me—you chuckles,
No bolts, no manacles, beware my knuckles.
A sword hangs o'er your brow, and it must come,
Beware, Di' Luna! (to INEZ) Are you ready, mum?

Concerted Piece.—Air, "Going Home to Dixie."

CHORUS. Oh, good gracious—oh, good gracious!
COUNT. To prison quick
And lock her up.
CHORUS. Oh, good gracious—oh, good gracious!
INEZ. Filled to brim's my bitter cup.
CHORUS. Oh, good gracious—oh, good gracious!
AZUC. Dreadful situation,
Patient I must be, oh, dear!
   The Count's relentless very,
   And never doth forget;
   He's fiery as prime sherry,
   When he is in a pet.
CHORUS. The Count's relentless, &c.
CHORUS. Oh, good gracious—oh, good gracious!
INEZ. Oh, dear—oh, lawks!
    Oh, lawks—oh, dear!
CHORUS. Oh, good gracious—oh, good gracious!
COUNT. Mind that you don't allow her beer.
CHORUS. Oh, good gracious—oh, good gracious!
COUNT. Keep them on bread and water.
AZUC. Ought a lady thus be wronged?

FERRANDO and KINCHIN repeat, all indulge in a
"Juba" walk round, and break down and dance
off in an Indian file, L. U. E.

Enter LEONORA, L.

Di Luna gives me food which isn't fare.
I'm too high bread, for his low crusts to care,
And as I'm an Italian noble's daughter,
He'll never quench my spirit with cold water.

Enter INEZ, L.

To starve me to obedience his design is.
INEZ. Mistress!
LEON. Is that my Inez?
INEZ. Yes, your 'ighness.
I am a prisoner, cos I spoke my mind.
LEON. A very dangerous thing sometimes you'll find.
   But, if you simply spoke your mind, though wrong,
   What you said cannot have been very strong.
INEZ. Master's a downright brute—a real bad sort he.
(MANRICO heard singing to the air "Ah che la morte")
Oh, mistress! harkee!—harkee!
LEON. "Harkee, la morte."
(MANRICO sings within—during MANRICO's singing,
the "Cure" is played in orchestra piano)
LEON. (clutching INEZ, and bringing her down) Inez, that
gipsy woman, sold you cheap,
A potent poison,—Which I always keep
Here in my pocket.
LEON. Give it me, be quick!
INEZ. Two drops are warranted to do the trick,
LEON. The trick? It's tricknine then.
INEZ. Oh! dear me, no. (pulling aside a curtain and
disclosing AZUCENA asleep with MANRICO watching
over her)
Hush! she's asleep—don't wake her, let's speak low.
(MEONORA and INEZ, retire to L.)
MANRI. Mother! dear mother, very much I wish you,
   Would breathe a word to shew you live.
AZUC. Ah-lishoo!
MANRI. Oh! bless you for that sound—she wakes!
AZUC. (reviving) Oh, dear!
Where am I, eh?

MANRI. Where are you? Why you're here!
AZUC. Hem! that's explanatory. (wildly) Where's my son?

MANRI. Here.
AZUC. No, the other lost—the other one. (wildly) Where is he?

MANRI. Won't I do?
AZUC. (with ineffable contempt) You, you, poor spooney?
Is this a prison—did the Count di Luny——-
My reason wanders—I'm a little mad,
Suppose we do a pas de do, my lad.

(about to dance, suddenly pauses)
The place, though, isn't licensed for a hop.
A half a pound of arsenic! now, then, "Shop!"
No answer—all is still—all, all, all, all!
I see her dancing in the 'all! Who's her partner,
tall?
'Tis—'tis the night watch—why isn't he
Guarding my lonely cell? I'll tell his inspector.
What's going on at present in the drama?
"My name is Norval," what an norval crammer!
It's nothing of the kind! I—let me try—am——
I'm Lady Audley, that's about who I am,
Of course; I've got a secret, where is it?
(looking about) Now, where did I put that secret?
No, I'm not Lady Audley—oh, dear, no,
I'm Effie Deans—this is an Effie blow.
Lady Macbeth—to bed, to bed, to bed——
I've such a cold a cubbing in my head.
These vaults are damp, especially the floors.

(taking a straw from her hair)
These vaults—vaults—yes, of course, a vaults by
Straws.

(hums a waltz, and dances lugubriously)

MANRI. Alas! she raves.
LEON. Bear up, Manrico.
Enter Count di Luna suddenly, with two Policemen
of the period, door, R. 3 E.

COUNT. You are wanted over there.

AZUC. Ah, how do?

COUNT. That is your last embrace, so make the most of it.

MANRI. Ain't there a chance?

COUNT. Oh, dear, no, not a ghost of it.

LEON. (aside) Then poison to thy work! (drinks)

MANRI. Ma, I shall soon meet with a cruel fate.

AZUC. Good afternoon.

(Manrico and Leonora embrace)

COUNT. That is your last embrace, so make the most of it.

MANRI. Ain't there a chance?

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AZUC. Good afternoon.

(Manrico and Leonora embrace)

COUNT. That is your last embrace, so make the most of it.

MANRI. Ain't there a chance?

COUNT. Oh, dear, no, not a ghost of it.

LEON. (aside) Then poison to thy work! (drinks)

MANRI. Ma, I shall soon meet with a cruel fate.

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AZUC. Good afternoon.

(Manrico and Leonora embrace)
POLICEMAN, door. 3 E.—tremulous music through this

AZUC. (clutches the COUNT's arm) You've done it nicely—see! they lead him out;
And now they load their guns, and I've no doubt
They'll shoot him, and poor young Manrico kill!

COUNT. They are two hundred; I should think they will!
And if they miss they'll shoot again—go (calling out of window) on you!

AZUC. Two hundred fire 'pon him? fie upon you!
They're waiting for the word—now you I'll tell
What came of your young brother!

COUNT. (dragging her down, in great agitation) Well! well!
Speak! oh, in pity!

AZUC. Don't be fierce and dragony;
Ha! ha!

COUNT. Cease naggin—oh! I'm in an 'agginy!
My brother? speak! my breast's all in a flame!
Say! would you drive me mad?

AZUC. (looking out—coolly) They're taking aim!
Out of revenge for lagging and transporting
My son-----

COUNT. Go on! cease with my feeling sporting!

AZUC. I stole your brother—took him as a loan
Till my boy should return; and as my own
I brought him up!

COUNT. Then 'tis—oh, horror! what?
(a volley heard. LEONORA shrinks—slight pause)

AZUC. Which he's the youthful gent as they've just shot!

COUNT. Oh, rage! remorse! despair! revenge! vile cat!
I'll wreak such vengeance upon thee—
(a crash heard—pantomime rally music—COUNT rushes at AZUCENA—pantomimic business, à la clown and pantaloon—AZUCENA knocks down COUNT and picks him up in the approved Christmas fashion)

What's that?

AZUC. It is my gipsy lads—secure your wizen;
They're storming the Tolbooth, I mean your prison!
Ha, ha! you're in for it!
COUNT. Witch! take thy fate!
   the doors are battered in, C.; a mob of GIPSIES
   headed by the KINCHIN rush in; KINCHIN knocks
   down the COUNT; MANRICO rushes in and embraces
   LEONORA—all the characters stand as in the
   last scene of a pantomime—LEONORA on COUNT's
   back—MANRICO as harlequin, &c., &c.—scene
   shown behind is a brilliant landscape with ruins
   —GIPSIES grouped.

AZUC. A moment more, and you'd have been too late.
COUNT. Alive! oh, joy! then you they didn't kill, oh—
INEZ. I took a lesson, please, from Lazarillo,
   And got Ferrando to extract the ball—
   A notion old but always capital—
   From every gun.
COUNT. (to MANRICO) Forgive me—I'm your brother.
MANRICO. My brother?
COUNT. That old lady's not your mother.
LEONORA. I should have been delighted, but I'm
   poisoned.
AZUC. If 'twas the poison that I sold her, don't
   Have the least fear 'twill hurt you, as it won't;
   'Twas a stale sleeping draught—'twon't make
   inert you,
   It had lost its virtue, so it can't have 'urt you.
KINCHIN. The greatest wonder as has yet appeared,
   Prepare for, now—the infant as you reared—
AZUC. My son, what of him ?
KINCHIN. He returned—has been
   Here—'midst the tribe incog.
AZUC. What do you mean ?
   A strange suspicion floats across my mind.
KINCHIN. Mother !
AZUC. Good 'evans!
KINCHIN. Can you have been blind ?
   Behold! (throws off his shaggy wig, and appears in
   a Newgate crop)
AZUC. My own sweet infant!—can't believe my joy !—
KINCHIN. But you believe me ?
AZUC. Yes, I believe you, my boy.
KINCHIN. I've got my ticket.
ILL-TREATED IL TROVATORE.

AZUC. What? of leave?
KINCH. Just so. And to the next levee I intend to go.
COUNT. Then we're all jolly!
AZUC. Scarcely, till we find
If our best friends are mirthfully inclined;
They can alone the happiness secure
Of Azucena, and the Troubadour.
COUNT. We've got a good start, as we've well begun.
LEON. You raise the wind to keep up our long run.
MANRI. And if we can go on as we begin,
Why, then, like Macaroni, we must win.

Finale.—Air, "Breakdown" (Emmett.)
COUNT. Shortcomings don't be hard on,
Our many errors pardon.
AZUC. And cheer up Azucena, and her melancholy cure.
MANRI. We've simply turned the story,
Of the foggy Trovatore.
INEZ. Into an hour's nonsense which we trust you can
endure.
LEON. This ever welcome opera of the new Italian school,
Be certain we've no wish to sneer at, or to ridicule.
MANRI. A little bit of bantering can do no harm, be sure,
Then try to find a welcome for the little Troubadour.

(dance)

Curtain.