

ILL-TREATED IL TROVATORE;

OR,

THE MOTHER, THE MAIDEN, & THE MUSICIANER.

A new Burlesque Extrabaganza,

BY

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(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society.)

AUTHOR OF

The Old Story, Cinderella, Blue Beard from a New Point of Hue, Robinson Crusoe, Mazeppa, The Maid and the Magpie; or, the Fatal Spoon, The Babes in the Wood, Bride of Abydos, Fra Diavolo, Jack the Giant Killer, Very Latest Edition of the Lady of Lyons, The Nymph of the Lurleyberg, 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 Othellos, Whittington and his Cat, Puss in a New Pair of Boots, Miss Eily O'Connor, George de 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 21s/1 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. HVIKKE. The Burlesque produced under the
entire Superintendence of Mr. B. PHILLIPS.

Characters.

MANRICO ... (the original Wandering 3finstrel, a real good fellow, though a true-bad-doer) ...	Miss CARRY NELSON.
COUNT DILUNA.....	Mr. R. PHILLIPS.
FEREANDO	Mr. W. H. EBURKE.
FIRST GUARD	Mr. PAOLO.
SECOND GUARD	Mr. ALDRIDOE.
THE KINCHIN ... (a <i>Oktau Thief</i> , lent for the occatwn from the "Flouen of the Forett") ...	Mr. PAUL BEDFORD.
FIRST GIPSY	Mr. C. J. SMTH.

SECOND GIPSY	Mr. B. ROMER.
RUIZ	Miss A. SHAMAK.
LEONORA	Miss SARA NELSON.
AZUCENA	Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
FIRST SCHOOL-GIRL	Miss WEIHT.
SECOND SCHOOL-GIRL	Miss STOKM.
THIRD SCHOOL-GIRL	Miss TAYLOR.
INEZ.....	Miss KATK Ktu.r.

(o *Ward of Di Luna's eventually awarded to Manrico*)
(an elderly Gipsy party, with a great deal on her mind)
(Leonora's confidential Tire-woman)

Gipsies, Guard, and Attendants.

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 loss, 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 BISCAI.

Aiucena and her wrongs—It's a wise ohild that knows its owh<—mother-^—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 castinets.

EXTERIOR OF A FINISHING ACADEMY.

How the Count falls in with Leonora, and falls out with the school-girls and how he is so much carried away himself that he insists on carrying away Leonora—how Mamrico turns up at the right moment, and hits the Count in the Scenter of his face—how the bridge of his nose is so damaged that it's a question if he'll ever get over it—how the lovers agree to elope, but are interrupted by Ferrando, who has left his post at the Verandah—how the lovers are considerably taken down by being taken up, and everything is

GRIEF AND DESPAIR!

THE COUNTS CAMP!

Sensation intorviow between the Count and the Gipsy—The Secret—The lost boys—Azuena refuses to Bpeak, 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 Bho 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 Vicked Voman!

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

AN ALXAMBRIC 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;

1ST G. Wondrous!

2ND G. Two!

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 gipsy'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
 Feloniously 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 *val-*
 —ue, 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 melodrame—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.

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. Yes.

I mean his calling ?

LEON. He's a minstrel.

INEZ. Oh!

A mere musicianer—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 he 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 pardion,

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-rah;
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,
Palpitating, palpitating,
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,
Quite as fickle as,
As anything.

LEON. (*repeats verse and dancing off, L. 1 E.*)

INEZ. Oh ! her heart with love is beating,
Come, Manrico, come to she,
Palpitating, palpitating,
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 *def-ies*;
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 musicianer, 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.

LEON. } Oh, my heart is palpitating-tating,
 INEZ. } 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 priggish a few trifles, which I own he didn't ought.

Oh! cruel Count, to rend a parent's bussim;
 How I should like to hocus him—*ho cuss him !*
 Having, as usual, cuss'd him, Count di Luna,
 My custom 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 tricky,
 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, tho' 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 accustom'd 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 imprupper,
 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 Gipsy."

I'd be a gipsy, 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.

*(goes to back and draws curtain discovering MANRICO
 asleep)*

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

(MANRICO rises and comes down)

MANRI. I killed him—say, is the Count dead?

AZUC. Oh! no.

MANRI. Indeed, I *count dead* on his being so.

My sword's one lunge seemed into him to stick fast.

AZUC. Oh! never mind your *lungin'*, take your *brikfast*.

MANRI. No, I can't eat.

AZUC. You ought, I beg to state,
 To have an appetite when up at eight.
 How did you meet this Count?

MANRI. 'Neath his verandah
 He did meet *me*—'twas dark.

AZUC. I understand ; a-----

MANRI. And he, as Yankees say, indulged in " sass,"
 So I turned on the meeter;

AZUC. So I should *gass*.

MANRI. I got the best of it—thrashed him, in short;
 You are aware that fighting is *my forte*.

AZUC. *(wildly)* I had a son-----

MANRI. *(aside)* I can't tell what she means.

AZUC. So young; he was but in his velvet *teens*.
 His notions as to "meum" and to "tuum"
 Would scarcely p'raps have satisfied Lord Brougham.
 He wore a cowskin weskit on his bosim,
 On his feet *high lows*—oh, why should *h'I lose* him ?

MANRI. Well, what became of him ?

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;

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, p'raps 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
 handfulls 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 floorer—
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 GIPSIES—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. Or auburn ?

LEON. Of all three a spice.

GIRLS. (*all the GIRLS clasping their hands in ecstasy*) Oh !

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 *arn'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 hugely 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 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!

ALL. Despair and agonee !
 MANRI. I, vile count, will stretch you on the sward.
 COUNT. *You*—ha, ha, ha, ha! upon my *word*.
 LEON. Oh, police ! oh, police I
 COUNT AND MANR. 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, despair !
 And agonee!"

(DI LUNA rushes off, R., followed by GIRLS)

MANRI. 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 ?

LEON. Where
 Do you suppose you'll wander ?

MANRI. 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.

LEON. 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)

COUNT. Stop!

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

COUNT. 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 quarters 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 fether 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 KINCHIN 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. Dear me,

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)*

AZUC. My corns p'raps you'll be good enough to tread off.

What, all you chaps against this little boy!

FERR. *(coming doun, L. U. E.)* Now then, be off!

Exeunt KINCHIN and GUARDS, L.

AZUC. 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 hey,
The ways the stars inclined is, won't you try?

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

INEZ. *(protecting her)* Ferrando, stay!

This lady is a friend of mine—good day.

FERRANDO retires.

AZUC. 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 wery 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.

Exit INEZ, L.

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
 discover! (*in a canting tone*)
 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 frpm 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 ?

You're an atrocious sorceress!

AZUC. You're another.

COUNT. Where is my brother ?

AZUC. Where's my son?

COUNT. Oh, pooh !

Bother your son!

AZUC. Bother your brother too !

COUNT. My brother's lost—killed, p'raps, 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 wunt!*

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 DI LUNA) Put me within a cell, my ancles 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 *suttler, 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!

KINCH.	}	The Count's relentless very,	} <i>Repeated end of next verse</i>
FERR.		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.

SCENE FIFTH.—*A Prison—Window, L.—Music.*

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,—
INEZ. 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—dont wake her, let's speak low.
(*LEONORA and INEZ, retire to L.*)
MANRI. Mother! dear mother, very much I wish you,
Would breathe a word to shew you live.
AZUC. *Ah-tishoo !*
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)

MANR. 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 de do?
(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.

AZUC. Good artemoon.
(*sitting gazing at space*)

Concerted Piece—"The Dark Girl dressed in Blue."

COUNT. Come, prepare yourself, for we shall not wait,
So quickly say good bye.

MANRI. With rage and grief I palpitate,
But will not pipe my eye.

AZUC. In this mysterious business, pause,
What are you going to do ?
The presence of, explain the cause,
Of those dark chaps dressed in blue.
Though they're very nice chaps,
It's a riddle I do
Not comprehend, fol de riddle, eh!

Chorus. Though they're very nice chaps, &c.

Second Verse.

LEON. It means Manrico will be shot.

COUNT. That's what it means, old gal.

AZUC. Shot, shot, bad lot, he shall not, what rot,
No, I'll be shot if he shall.

INEZ. Oh, calm yourself, it's cruel fate,
Which we must all bow to.

AZUC. It'll break the heart, I beg to state,
Of that dear girl dressed in blue.
She's a very fine girl.

Fol de riddle, I do,

A charmer, fol de riddle, ay.

(*ALL repeat chorus, and MANRICO dances off, with*

POLICEMAN, *door, R. 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!
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 pantaloons—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.

MANRI. My brother?

COUNT. That old lady's not your mother.

Take her, and bless you, never shall your joys end.

LEON. 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*.

KINCH. The greatest wonder as has yet appeared,

Prepare for, now—the infant as you reared—

AZUC. My son, what of him?

KINCH. He returned—has been

Here—'midst the tribe incog.

AZUC. What do you mean?

A strange suspicion floats across my mind.

KINCH. *Mother!*

AZUC. Good 'evans!

KINCH. 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!—

KINCH. But you believe *me*?AZUC. Yes, I believe *you*, my boy.

KINCH. I've got my ticket.

