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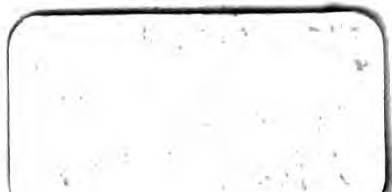


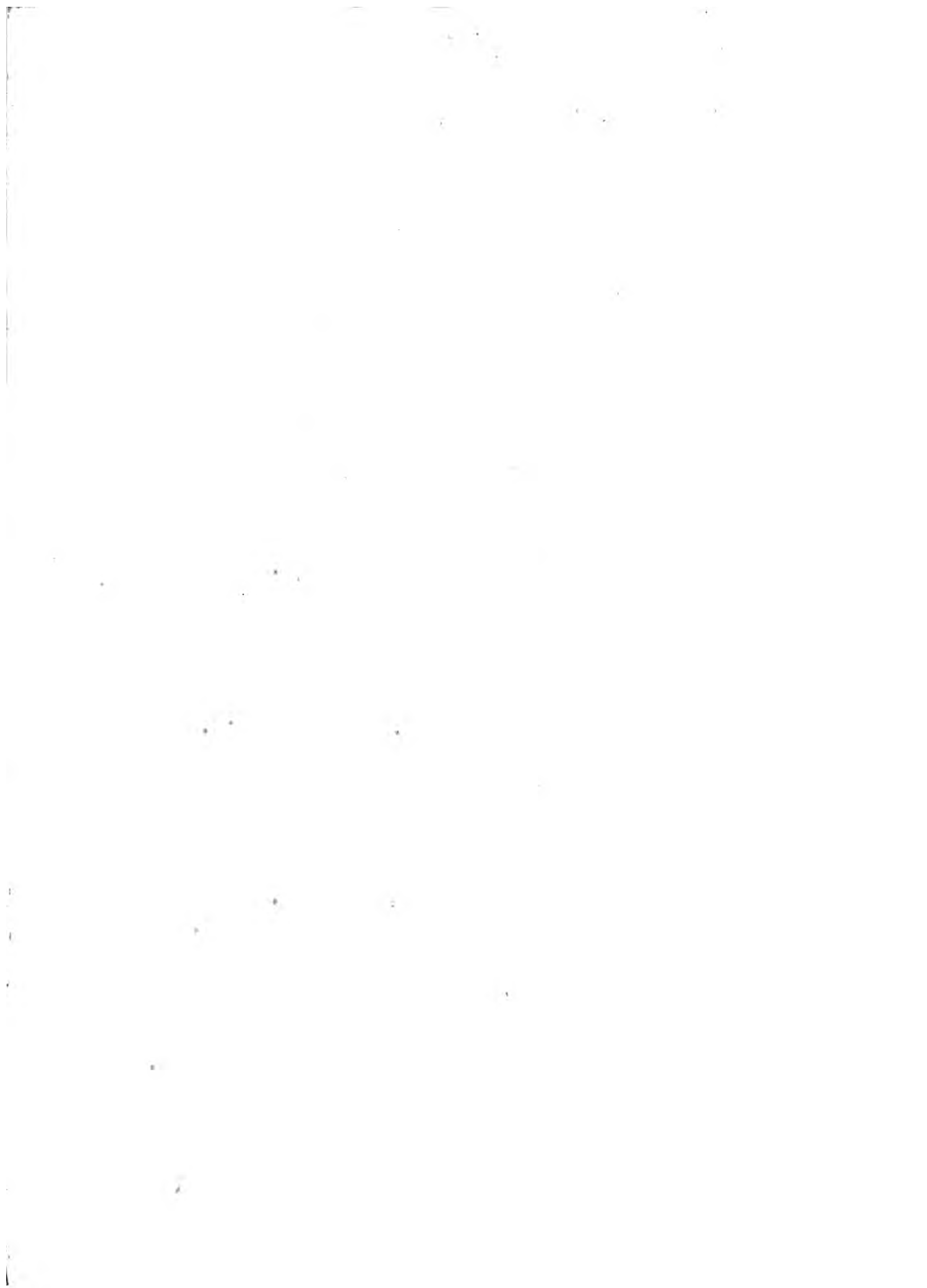
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LINDA OF CHAMOUNI.

A SEMI-SERIOUS OPERA,

In Three Acts.



THE MUSIC BY DONIZETTI.

TRANSLATED, AND ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE BY

DESMOND RYAN:

FIRST PRODUCED

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

On Wednesday, January 12, 1848.

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ARGUMENT.

ANTONIO LOUSTELOT, a farmer, living in the valley of Chamouni, is plunged into sudden poverty, which distresses him less on his own account than that of his wife and his daughter, Linda, a young girl pre-eminently gifted with grace and beauty, and who has been reared with great care and tenderness by her doating parents. For this beautiful creature the Marquis of Boisfleury, brother of the Marchioness of Sirval, lady of the manor, and godmother to Linda, has conceived a criminal passion. He promises Antonio and his wife that he will reinstate them in their original independence, and will take upon himself the entire care of Linda. The parents are overpowered with joy at their new prospects of happiness: but all these delightful anticipations are suddenly converted to despair, when they are informed by the Prefect of the village of the real designs of the Marquis. As the only means of rescuing Linda from the snares of the Marquis, she is sent to Paris with Pierotto and other Savoyards, who are about to make their annual migration there; and is entrusted, by a letter delivered to Pierotto, to the care of the Prefect's brother. A mutual passion has sprung up between Linda and Carlo, a young painter in appearance, but who in reality is the Viscount of Sirval, son of the Marchioness, and nephew to the Marquis. In the hurry of her departure, Linda could find no means of bidding her lover farewell, or apprising him of her plan of sojourn at Paris. He at last discovers her retreat, discloses his true rank and name, proposes marriage to her, and prevails on her, as her only guardian, the brother of the Prefect, is dead, to accept of his protection until they are married. The old Marquis also finds out her place of abode, and persecutes her with his addresses. Her father, who has arrived at Paris in an impoverished state, meets her accidentally, and fancying she is leading a guilty life, curses her, and leaves her. Pierotto, who has lost the company of his friends, wanders about Paris poor and friendless. Linda hears him singing in the streets, and relieves him. Pierotto informs Linda that the Viscount of Sirval is on the point of marriage with a lady of rank. Linda, distracted, leaves Paris with Pierotto, and flies homeward. In the interim, Carlo has prevailed with his mother to consent to his union with Linda. Hearing of her arrival at Chamouni, he hastens to her, and discovers she has lost her reason through his supposed infidelity. The voice of affection, however, recalls her to her senses, and the lovers are made happy.

Dramatis Personæ.

MARQUIS OF BOISFLEURY,.....	MR. WEISS.
CARLO, (<i>Viscount of Sirval</i>).....	MR. SANTIAGO.
THE PREFECT, (<i>Magistrate of Village</i>)	MR. GREIG.
<i>(His first appearance on the English stage.)</i>	
ANTONIO, (<i>Father of Linda</i>).....	MR. J. LEA.
<i>(His first appearance on the English stage)</i>	
PIEROTTO, (<i>a Savoyard Orphan</i>)	MISS MIRAN.
LINDA,	MRS. J. LEA.
<i>(Her first appearance on the English stage.)</i>	
MADDALENA, (<i>Linda's Mother</i>).....	

Savoyards, Youths, Maidens, Villagers, &c.

SCENE.—*Partly at Chamouni, and partly at Paris.*

Epoch of the Action,—1764.

LINDA OF CHAMOUNI.

ACT I.

The Parting.

SCENE I.—*Chamouni ; time Sunrise. On one side of the stage ANTONIO'S house is seen ; a Church is visible in distance, beyond which mountains on mountains covered with snow fade into the extreme horizon.*

Enter SAVOYARDS, as on their way to Church.

CHORUS.

On to the temple !
Hark ! the sacred bells inviting
Call to pray'r, with sounds delighting ;
Whilst, in splendour, the early morning,
Shines all earth and heav'n adorning.
Now on high petitions waiving,
Let's implore propitious days ;
Pray, kind Fortune, to shed her blessing,
Hope and joy to lend their rays :
On to the temple ! [*Exeunt.*

Enter MADDALENA, from house.

Mad.

Linda, my dearest daughter !
Thou, in guileless sleep,
Art reposing, and happy dreaming !
Longwhile thou didst apply thee to labour,
Toiling, delighted, for our comforts ;
And needs must thy slumbers be
Calm and smiling. Yet, haply,
When awaking, 'twill but bring thee
Sorrow and pain.
How tediously pass the moments—
To linger here awaiting his returning.
This day will be decided
Whether we shall the lease have.
Who knows ?—He's coming—Antonio.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Dear wife!
Mad. (*eagerly*) What is it?
Ant. The Intendant—he told me
 That the Marquis would relieve us :—
 He—the brother of the Marchioness,
 Our kind mistress.
Mad. If this be so, we're happy.
 He can do it—let's hope it :
 We shall stay here.
Ant. More than all in Fortune's gift,
 'Tis my desiring.

BALLAD.—ANTONIO.

(*Ambo Nati.*)

Ah! how dear to me my native valley,
 Where my childhood first roved delighted;
 Where my Linda sorrow requited,
 And my father lived and died!
 Now bereft of all that turn'd my heart to gladness;
 Ever more condemn'd to pine in fears and sadness.
 For my daughter's and thy fate trembling,
 On this dark day
 Hope forsakes me, and leaves no ray.
Mad. But if, haply, his Lordship's kindness
 Will protect us, what fear'st thou then?
Ant. All our hopes and expectations
 To the prefect I recounted—
Mad. And he?
Ant. Seem'd distrustful—
 He smiled in sadness, and replied,
 He'd soon return—yet his features
 Wore such seeming,
 As disclosed both tears and grief.
 No more shall sweet Hope shine before us,
 Fate consigns us to despair.
Mad. Oh! reject such idle dreaming,
 Hope still, and Heav'n will save and spare.

CHORUS.—(*without.*)

Viva! viva! viva!

Mad. & Ant. What shouting!
Cho. Noble Marquis!
Ant. What can this mean?
Mad. 'Tis the Marquis!

Enter MARQUIS, INTENDANT, and CHORUS.

Cho. We entreat you—we entreat you—noble Marquis!
Mar. Enough! Silence!
Cho. Ah! good master—good master—a trifle.
Mar. (*to* INTENDANT) Some scudi quick distribute.

Int. If it please you. [Gives money to CHORUS.
Cho. Thanks, sir, thanks, sir.
Mar. Enough, friends, now leave me.
 You know me well, I'm easy and lib'ral,
 But thwart me, and my anger will take fire.
(aside) Now to seek her. Where is Linda?
 Ah! I love her! We must show our importance,
 'Tis needful.

CAVATINA.—MARQUIS.

(Buona Gente.)

Mar. Now, good people, hear me, don't flatter—
 My Intendant has told me—no matter—
 We've come hither amongst you
 In all our condescension—a neighbour—
(aside.) Where is she—where is she? *(looking round.)*
(aloud.) Hear me! we wish then to please you.
 We've a leaning—
 Yes—to our neighbours :
 And the meaning—
 It means—
 All our power, our authority, and fortune,
 My good friends, you may call them your own.
Ant. and Mad. } Save us! save from misfortune! and blessings
Int. } From the poor shall in heav'n be made known.
Int. Hail, noble Marquis! not Cæsar himself
 Was half so great when he ruled on the throne.
Mar. Yes, command me—yes, command me!
(aside) Where is Linda? I don't see her!
(aloud) But now you mention it, let's see
 Your dear children. 'Tis reported
 That you have a daughter?
Ant. 'Tis so, your Highness.
Mar. And I'm told she's so handsome—Eh?
Mad. She's god-daughter to your Highness's sister.
Mar. All the better.—I like it the rather,
 Since I'm now, by just right, her god-father.
 To protect her now 'tis truly my duty ;
 Tell me where can I find my sweet beauty?
 Yes, my daughter 'tis right I should see ;—
 Tell me where can she be?
 Tell me where—tell me where—O where!
Ant. *(pointing to room)* She's there!
Mar. Let her come and behold her dear god-father.
Mad. She'll come presently.
Mar. Quick let her come—quick let her come!
(apart to INTENDANT.) What good fortune at last my hopes crowneth,
 She cannot, if she would, fly me now!
 No! no! no!
 She cannot, if she would, fly me now.

Int. (*apart to MARQUIS*) And so watchful I've been, should she
escape you,

'Twill be no fault of mine, you'll allow.

No! no! no!

Ant. 'Twill be no fault of mine, you'll allow.
Strangely must the good man be mistaken,
When he bid us beware of him now.

(*Going to open the door.*)

Mad. Here she's coming.

(*MARQUIS running to embrace her.*)

My lovely god-daughter!

Mad. (*confused.*) Noble Marquis!—I'm grieved to say—

Mar. To say—

Mad. Just now she was there—

Mar. Was there!—

Mad. But—she's gone!

Mar. What! what! what! does the minx seek to shun me,
And not look as her god-father on me!

Ant. Just this moment I saw the gate open;

'Tis most like she stole out by that way.

You must pardon her shyness with strangers.

Mar. And meanwhile I must be disappointed,
And not see my god-daughter to-day.

Ant. and } Pray excuse her—

Mad. } Your Highness forgive her!

Mar. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

No, my friends, you need not fear me;

To distress you it would grieve me,

I'm not angry, no, believe me,

I'm not angry, no, no, no!

My good neighbours! My good neighbours!

Be advised and banish fearing,

Raise your hearts and have good cheering.

We desire it,

And require it;

If you do it,

You'll not rue it,

Yes, the farm shall be all your own, friends:—

Lands and lease,

The house and garden,

Goods and chattels,

All you shall own, friends!

So completed,

Improv'd and treated;

With all things fitted,

That you'd swear,

None could find such anywhere.

Ant. } Ah! hope hath banish'd fears oppressing!
& } Take, your highness, take our blessing;
Mad. } Vainly words expressing,
Can our hearts best feelings prove.

- Cho.* Sure such a truly, noble heart
In man was never found before.
- Mar.* And this beautiful god-daughter,
For her own sake we have sought her,
'Tis most certain—'tis most certain.
For her own sake we have sought her.
To our castle we shall lead her,
And a worthy place concede her ;
And her fortune once decided,
Then, my friends, you'll be provided.
Well-filled purses,
Cows, carts, horses,
Pigs, sheep, lambs,
All yours' shall be.
And all for love. (*Aside.*) What fun!
Linda, to her dear god-pa,
Could never ungrateful prove, ha ! ha !
- Int.* Rest contented—be contented ;
Linda, to her dear god-father,
Still a grateful heart will own.
- Ant. & Mad.* Vainly, vainly, words expressing,
Can the grateful heart make known.
- Cho.* Oh ! thou gen'rous, beyond expressing,
Take our thanks and hear our blessing !
Grateful hearts can but repay thee
With poor words alone.
- Mar.* No, my friends, you need not fear me,
&c., &c.. &c.
- (*Exeunt Omnes.*)

Ensemble.

SCENE II.

Enter LINDA with a bouquet of flowers.

RECIT.

Too long I've tarried to find him,
Where he appointed our meeting,
By the dark pine-wood,
Where first his love he told me.
How deep his feeling
Of grief and disappointment,
But not so deep as mine.
These blooming flow'rs he hath giv'n me,
As pledge of his affection.
Ye simple, dear memorials,
Ah ! more than gems I prize you !
Poverty doth rule his fortunes,
Yet hope with love doth whisper,
'Tho' humble be his calling,
Soon will he rise to fame and win high station :—
And then we'll be united,
Beloved one, for ever !

CAVATINA.

(O luce di quest anima.)

Oh, light of all my joys alone!
 By faithful love requited
 Our hearts on earth united,
 In heav'n shall meet once more.
 Oh! fly to me, and doubts disown,
 On this fond breast reposing;
 Thy hopes, thy love disclosing,
 Come tell me o'er and o'er.

SCENE III.

CHORUS.—*(entering.)*

Ere we go, our love let's show him,
 And pay his lordship all the thanks we owe him.
 Oh! Linda, here among us. *(seeing Linda.)*

Lin. Friends, I thank you
Cho. And Pierotto—where is he?
 Our good Pierotto—where is he?

PIEROTTO *(within.)*

ROMANZA.

(Cari luoghi.)

Scenes of love, ah! blest retreating,
 Where my happy childhood fleeting,
 First knew fond affection's greeting,
 Own'd life's bliss and smiled at pain!
 Tho' apart, in joy, or mourning,
 Still for thee my bosom yearning,
 Knows no rest till back returning,
 My sweet home is mine again.

1st. Cho. Here he comes!

Enter PIEROTTO.

Pie. Companions! Linda! kind good morrow!
1st. Cho. Hast had thy morning meal yet?
Pie. Yes.
1st. Cho. What of that! Have another.
Pie. No, I thank you.
1st. Cho. At least stay awhile and cheer us.
Lin. Sing to us that sweet ballad,
 Which I lately admired so.
Pie. 'Tis plaintive, and will spoil your mirth.
1st. Cho. Sing it!
Pie. And if it bring you sadness—
1st. Cho. The sadness will be welcome.
Lin. Sing it, Pierotto.
Pie. You desire it; I'll sing it.

BALLAD.—PIEROTTO.

(Per sua Madre.)

With sighs, tears, and embraces,
 Lilla parted from her mother poor ;
 Better fortune seeking,
 Cold and want to banish from her door.
 Quoth her mother, " Truth pursue, love,
 To thine innocence be true, love ;
 When the world is false to you, love,
 Then in Heaven confide the more.
 Never mercy Heaven denies her,
 Who seeks its aid in sorrow's hour."

Lin. Ah ! his song doth wake each tender thought,
 And makes mine eyes run o'er.

BALLAD.—PIEROTTO. *(continued.)*

Mother's counsels, ah ! soon forgot,
 In Lilla's breast love's flame arose ;
 Lost she then her peaceful mind,
 And silent pined in secret woes.
 Home in haste her footsteps turning,
 To assuage her bosom's burning,
 Grief put on its blackest mourning :—
 A mother, ah ! no more she knows.
 Ever weeping o'er her grave, now
 Lilla's heart in sorrow flows.

CHORUS.

Ever weeping o'er her grave, now
 Lilla's heart in sorrow flows.

Viva, Pierotto, viva ! viva !
 Now let us be merry, and for our journey
 Let us make ready and hasten.

*(Exeunt all but Linda.)*LINDA, *(solus.)*

Alas ! that song doth fill my soul with sadness.
 Why—ah ! I know not—
 I have a mother—perhaps—
 And Carlo—the first to-morrow,
 I'll keep our old appointment—
 Till when—come patience. *(Sits down to work.)*

CARLO, *(entering.)*

Car. Linda ! Linda !
Lin. *(embracing him)* Ah ! Carlo !
Car. Say, art alone here ?
Lin. Yes, and bewailing to endure
 One day from you, love.
 Oh ! sad fortune !
Car. And I bemoan'd, too, each sad hour
 That kept us sunder'd.

Both. { Not to find thee, } Was life's darkest day for me.
 { Not to see thee, }

DUET.

(*Da quel di che.*)

CARLO.

That sweet hour when first we met, love,
 This fond heart shall ne'er forget, love ;
 From that moment my star did borrow
 Rays that promised joy to-morrow :—
 Thou the sun that lent the light,
 Shedding beams that made e'en darkness bright.
 Ah ! 'tis my fate, to love thee ever,
 My soul's hope ne'er from thee to sever :
 But, beside thee ever smiling,
 Live and die too happy blest ;
 Such delight, e'en fate beguiling,
 Life would make a Paradise of rest.

RECIT.

Lin. What prevents you ?
Car. Thou'lt know one day, love—but just now—
Lin. Ah me ! a secret ?
Car. Which I dare not tell at present.
Lin. Wretched more am I than you.

DUET.—LINDA. (*continued.*)

Ah ! to my mother, my lips revealing,
 Late did whisper each inmost feeling ;
 Now a secret our loves doth sever,
 And sweet trust is gone for ever.
 Whilst that heart, which she did own,
 All is giv'n to thee alone.
 And at pray'r-time, beside her kneeling,
 When awoke each fervent feeling,
 With her name another stealing,
 From my lips unconscious fell !
 Heav'n ! from whom there's no concealing,
 Thou my heart's pure thoughts alone canst tell.

Car. Ah ! Heav'n will grant what thou demandest ;
 Yes—and soon.

Lin. 'Tis all my heart's dreaming.
 I demand not to know thy secret ;
 Yet it afflicts me.

Car. And me as well.

Both. Hearts, such love as ours' concealing,
 When each thought burns for revealing,
 Own dark sorrows o'er them stealing,
 And to hopeless dreams incline :
 More distracting far the feeling,
 When to part them Fates combine.

CARLO.

Ah! to console each anxious heart,
 Thou day benignant shine,
 When plighted before high Heav'n and earth,
 My Linda shall be mine!
 Ah! then life's purest happiness,
 Shall round our fortunes twine;
 Hope shall endear and love shall bless,
 With joys beyond decline.

LINDA.

Ah! to console each anxious heart,
 Thou day benignant shine,
 When plighted before high Heaven and earth,
 My Carlo shall be mine!
 Ah! then life's purest happiness,
 Shall round our fortunes twine!
 Hope shall endear and love shall bless,
 With joys beyond decline.

Lin. Tell me, when you'll divulge the secret?
 When, love—tell me, when?

Car. Soon, love.

Lin. Dost assure me? Carlo! Carlo!

Car. Heaven will grant what thou demandest.

Both. Ah! to console, &c. &c.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter PREFECT meeting ANTONIO.

Pre. Good Antonio! I sought thee.

Ant. Why those sad looks? I fear ill news
 Thou hast to tell me!

Pre. Beware of deception! thy honor's in danger!

Ant. In danger?

Pre. Yes! shame and disgrace hang over thee.

Ant. Thy words make me freeze—what mean you?

'Twas but now our fortune
 Seem'd kindly bent to aid us:
 For his lordship, the Marquis.—

Pre. Ah! vile catiff!

Ant. He? he has given us the farm all newly fitted,
 And well stock'd too—

At least, he has so promised.

Pre. Do not believe him—he but deceives you!

Ant. Tell me—I do not understand you.

Pre. Give thy promise, that thou'lt be prudent.

Ant. (*agitated.*) Heaven—Oh! tell me—does the Marquis—

Pre. First hear me—then show thy horror!

DUET.

(*Qualla pieta si provvida*)

All this great pity shown to you,
 Kindness and goodness seeming;

The change of fortune promised too,
Which turned your brain with dreaming,
Was but a vile deception,
To plunge thee into shame.

Ant. Heaven! Can it be possible?
Pre. Shame—yes—for know, the traitor knave
Burns for thy Linda's love.
Ant. Ah! why did I not guess before
His plans and deep designing?
His promise, told us o'er and o'er—
To Linda still inclining?
Yes, for this wrong and base insult,
Horror and wrath their fires proclaim—
Because we're sunk in poverty,
And humble—
He thinks we know not shame!
Pre. Hold thy word to me!
Ant. Ah! vile traitor!
Pre. Antonio!
Ant. Fear not—my word I'll keep.

ENSEMBLE.

(La Figlia Mia.)

Child of my love, my Linda dear!
By dangers now surrounded!—
Signor—Oh! turn and lend thine ear;
Aid one by woes confounded!
A wretched child and father save—
O save and pity lend!
Pre. Guardian of light! from heav'n above,
Hover and keep watch o'er her!
O trust in Him who owns all love,
And fears will fly before her!
Put trust in Him who owns all love,
And Heav'n will mercy send.
Ant. Advise me!
Pre. 'Tis best she depart from hence—
The wretch would plot her ruin,
And all before him tremble.
Ant. Part from my Linda!
Pre. This instant too—our mountaineers are going—
One hour from hence they leave us—
With them she'll 'scape all danger,
And be in safety.
Ant. So young, and so endearing—thus to leave me!
Pre. The heavens her steps will guide!
Ant. Without subsistence—Linda, dear!—
Pre. Heav'n will provide her all!

(Esaltiam la tua potenza.)

Both. Let us praise the pow'r of him on high—
Help of all when danger's hour is nigh!

Thou, consoling sighs and tears,
 O chase away all boding fears !
 Take her to thy holy favor ;
 Light her on thy path for ever,
 And her peaceful mind restore !
 Toiling in life's best endeavor—
 Worthy make her, and bless her more and more.

Ant. Now to my wife ! I'll run to tell her
 To prepare for the separation. *(Exit.)*
Pre. I, too, will hasten, Linda to seek !

LINDA enters with a paper in her hand.

Lin. Oh ! joy for you, my parents !
 Now no longer sorrows greet you !
 Good Signor ! thanks for all thy kindness.

Pre. And whence this joy abundant ?

Lin. Here's the paper, signed and sealed too—
 'Tis the lease all completed !—

Pre. 'Tis the foul barter that's proffered
 For thy shame !

Lin. My shame ?

Pre. At the castle deep plans are laid to ensnare you.

Lin. (ingenuously.) Nay ! but I go there,
 Invited by the Marquis.

Pre. Ah ! tremble—take heed of plots—
 And violence !

Lin. Alas ! What must I do then ?

Pre. Depart hence—

Lin. And leave my parents ! (and Carlo !)

Pre. 'Tis all agreed on and planned
 That you depart now.

Lin. See—they come—in tears too !

FINALE.

Enter MADDALENA, ANTONIO, PIEROTTO, and SAVOYARDS.

Lin. Dearest mother ! *(embracing her.)*

Mad. Linda !

Lin. Mother !

Mad. And must you then leave me ?
 Come back soon !

Lin. Oh ! yes !

Pre. Consider, other mothers and daughters
 Must be awhile separated—
 Therefore have comfort !

Pie. Signor ! behold us !—all are assembled.

Pre. Pierotto—with thee, a friendless orphan,
 We trust poor Linda : be thou her guardian !
 Do thy mission well—and these credentials
 Take to Paris. *(gives paper.)*

Pie. (surprised.) Linda—does she too—

Pre. (imposing silence.) My children !

RECIT.—PREFECT.

Hear ye deeply the winds are moaning
 O'er hill, and plain, and forest !
 Hear ye the waking tempest ?
 With wintry aspect the scene looks desolate ;
 The mountain-tops are clothed with snowy whiteness.
 The face of nature, dreary and dark,
 Doth warn you, and points the season,
 When you, your homes forsaking,
 Sad farewells taking,
 Depart for lands of promise,
 Where kinder fortunes wait you !
 And, in its goodness, all-bounteous Heav'n will aid you
 In all your honest strivings
 To gain subsistence, and friends procure.
 Yes ! the kind fates above you
 Will never leave, but cherish you and love you !
 Yet, before this sad parting, haply—for ever—
 Beseech the pow'r's to crown each good endeavour.

PRAYER.—ENSEMBLE.

(*O tu che regoli.*)

Merciful pow'rs above !
 Ruling in truth and love :
 Watch o'er the wretched—the comfortless cherish !
 Gracious, Omnipotent !
 Guide of the innocent !
 Turn not away now—nor leave them to perish !
 From woes oppressing,
 From fears distressing,
 Ta'en to your blessing—save them for evermore !
 Cease your tears, and grieve no more,
 Put your trust in heav'n—
 Yes ! we shall meet again !

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Paris.

SCENE I.—*A Magnificent Apartment in a House in Paris ; on one side a door leading to a chamber : on the other the door of entrance. A large window in flat, through which the streets and houses are seen. On one side of window a secret door. The room handsomely furnished in the style of the period.*

LINDA seated in a thoughtful mood.

Lin. Three months have pass'd already, and I
Have had no news yet
From my beloved parents.
Yet I did send them a little purse of scudi,
Which I had gain'd by singing—
Ah ! how long toil'd for—(*a ghironda heard without.*)
But, O Heaven !—support me—can I believe it ?
Sounds once so dear to me—well I remember—

PIEROTTO from the street.

Pie. Help, I pray you, the poor savoyard boy !
Lin. (*deeply moved.*) Ah ! that same voice too—'tis he !
(*Goes to window and calls,*) Pierotto ! dear Pierotto !
Ascend here.
(*Goes to entrance door and speaks without.*) Permit the
boy to enter.

PIEROTTO enters, runs to embrace LINDA and suddenly stops.

Pie. Linda—Oh ! signora—beg your pardon—
I'm mistaken—yet that voice too—
Lin. (*with affection.*) Pierotto !
Pie. Yes ! 'tis Linda—ah ! yes—'tis her dear self, Linda !
Lin. Thy old companion !
Pie. And my heart's dearest sister !
Long did I seek you ; but in vain all my search was.
Then misfortunes fell on me—how much I suffer'd !
Friendless, houseless, hungry,—
Lin. (*deeply affected.*) Ah ! spare me, spare me !
Pie. 'Till at last by want compelled to beg—
Lin. Ah ! cease, my poor Pierotto ! Here then—
Forget not, but come and see me often. (*Gives money.*)

- Pie.* Oh! always good and gen'rous!
(Seeing money.) What hast thou giv'n me? Money and gold too!—
 Linda! *(Offers to return it.)*
- Lin.* What you behold here belongs all
 To my intended husband—that young artist
 Whom you must sure remember!
- Pie.* And he then?
- Lin.* The son is of our kind friend, the Marchioness—
 Whose tenants we were at Chamouni—
 Yes, he did love me, and follow'd me to Paris.
- Pie.* And is your marriage approv'd of by his mother?
 As well as sanction'd by his uncle, the Marquis—
 Whom I saw in the street—and he seemed so much
 astonished
 When he beheld you at the window?
- Lin. (agitated.)* Who? His uncle?—No, no! It is still a secret!
- Pie.* The marriage. Will it take place soon?
- Lin.* I hope so.
- Pie.* Now that I have chanced to find you,
 After all you have told me—happy
 Since thou art blest, no longer I regard
 Past tears and sorrows.

DUET.

(Al bel destin che attendevi.)

- Sigh thou no more for sorrows past,
 Fair shines the morning o'er thee ;—
 Tho' Fate grew dark, sweet Hope at last
 Chased all life's clouds before thee!
 And may kind Fortune speed that day
 That yields thy heart to love's fond sway!
- Lin.* Yes, good Pierotto, fervent pray,
 And Heav'n will speed that happy day!
- Pie.* Oh! the delight when home returning
 Thy parents shall fondly embrace thee!
 All the valley in jubilee,
 With hands and hearts rejoicing.
- Sigh thou no more for sorrows past,
 Fair shines the morning o'er thee ;—
 Tho' Fate grew dark, sweet Hope at last
 Chased life's clouds before thee.
 And may kind Fortune speed that day
 That yields thy heart to love's fond sway.
- Lin.* Yes! good Pierotto, fervent pray,
 And Heav'n will speed the happy day! [*Exit PIEROTTO.*]
- Lin. (solus.)* Now my heart doth feel comfort,
 By pity made light!
 This poor Pierotto now feels contented,
 And I no less so.
 But, he has told me of the Marquis—
 Should he come hither—I shall forbid—
 Whom see I?

Enter MARQUIS.

- Mar.* 'Tis thine adorer! thine ever, and for evermore!
Cruel beauty! How could'st thou fly from me?
Sweet! permit me? (*attempts to kiss her hand.*)
- Lin.* My lord, what would'st thou with me?
I pray you—
- Mar.* Yes, I pray you. (*mimicking*) To be brief then;
I am the Marquis—yes, the Marquis
Ulysses—Achilles, *et cetera, et cetera*:
Thy best friend, and old acquaintance,
My honey, sweet, god-daughter!
- Lin.* Hold, sir, and leave me;
'Tis not right I should hear you!
- Mar.* What—so jealous! is then the lucky owner
Of a jewel so rare—
- Lin.* Cease, sir, this foolery!
You see the way—depart, sir!—
- (*aside,*) *Carlo!* Should he arrive now?
- Mar.* What fudge! Just hear me?
- Lin.* I command you, sir, to leave me!
- Mar.* To obey you it would grieve me.
- Lin.* Sir! my servants they shall hear me! Yes!
- Mar.* (*aside*) What a termagant! Oh! dear me!
- Lin.* I shall call them—I shall call them!
- Mar.* Hear me one moment! Yes, do but hear me!
Do but hear me—do but hear me just one moment!

DUET.

(*Questo vostré appartamento.*)

MARQUIS.

Your apartments I assure you,
Are not bad, no, rather decent;
But the suite I could procure you,
Would be finer, and more recent.
Then your coach and long-tailed spankers,
Servants, pages, on you waiting,
Endless credit at your bankers,
Such a fuss, and stir creating;
No offence to strictest morals—
At your feet shall all be laid.
Come, my dear, and do not flout me,
See what blandishments about me,
Now, how can you do without me,
Come, you rogue, don't be afraid.
Nay, my deary,
Do not fear ye,
Kiss, and let old scores be paid!

LINDA.

How thus far my rage restraining,
I have coldly heard your proffers—

I know not—but now disdain
 Thus, I spurn your guilty offers.
 Yes, with rage and horri spurning,
 Shame, thou lord, for this insulting ;
 Tho' alone I'm here sojourning
 Deem not in your proud exulting,
 That I'm friendless and deserted,
 Nor have none his right to prove.
 Yes, there's one with heart unchanging,
 Ne'er from me his love estranging,
 I would die my life exchanging,
 Ere I'd share another's love!

- Mar.* Ha! ha! ha! ha! my proudest beauty!
 She has proved it.
 Sweet heart! It feels the pow'r of love!
- Lin.* Yes, for a husband.
- Mar.* Husband! what nonsense!
- Lin.* Yes, he has promised—
- Mar.* Stuff and nonsense—stuff and nonsense.
 Who'd believe you—who'd believe you?
 Save it were some country bumpkin,
 Or town booby.
- Lin.* 'Tis one, who, if he knew
 Thy vile proposals, and thy shameless words,
 Would make thee rue thy life,
 And hide thy head!—
- Mar.* (*frightened.*) Hide my head!—my head?
- Lin.* Woe! if he should find you here!
- Mar.* What! Will he come hither?
- Lin.* Yes.

DUET

(*A dir il vero.*)

MARQUIS.

Love is a blessing,
 Women divine too ;
 All joys surpassing,
 For them I pine, too.
 But, for a mere caprice,
 Who'd risk the danger ;
 When some moustachio'd lord
 Might prove avenger!
 Then might he challenge you—
 Challenge—just think it
 You or me, all the same—
 I'd rather blink it.

“ Do Marquis, life is dear,
 'Tis pon my honor!”

“ Honor too! What is she?”
 Nought when you've won her!
 Yes, think that life is dear,

And that when danger's near,
'Tis best to fly it,
None can deny it,
Then, Marquis, try it.

“ Pray, do, my dear Marquis,”
Yes, think when danger's near,
'Tis best to fly it.
Have a care,
And beware !
Love is a blessing,
Women divine too,
I love them dearly,
And so sincerely.
Yet 'twere distressing—
Caught in a snare !

LINDA.

Oh ! gentle fortune !
Where'er he's roaming,
Turn thou his step of love,
From hither coming.
Ah ! should they chance to meet,
Lost, lost, for ever ;
Then would sad sorrow come,
Our hearts to sever.
In vain I would banish
The spell that surrounds me ;
This secret confounds me,
Filling my soul with grief
And despair !

Lin. Begone, sir !

Mar. Hi ! hi ! hi ! hi ! hi !—How lofty !
I will, fair goddess !
But not from fear tho' !—
One little recompense for my obedience !—
But one smile give me—'twill cost you nothing ;
This dreary hand is———

Lin. Go, thou vain dotard !

Mar. Eh ! What a fury !—What ? Eh !—a dotard ?
But———

Lin. Silence—leave me—away, sir !

Mar. (*mimicking.*) Away, sir !—hi ! hi ! hi !—Away, sir !
I will, fair goddess !

DUO.

(*Troppo Omai.*)

Lin. Too long in patience thy insults I've suffered—
Borne the deep shame thou hast proffered ;
Thou—thy noble rank disgracing—
Foe to truth, and virtue's blessing !
Go, I scorn you !—
Learn, I warn you,

Ne'er a wrong'd woman's wrath to brave!
 Yes! Sir, Marquis! for thy deep wrongs, know,
 That I an avenger have!

Mar. Do but mark her royal passion!
 Dairy Queen, with your new sash on,
 Cows, and ducks, and cheeses tending,
 To thy state were more commending,
 Than such flaunts, and words of rigour!
 Don't you cut a pretty figure?
 Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me,
 Don't you cut a pretty figure?
 I obey thee, grand Sultana,
 And my foolish pranks deplore!
 (Now, I'll steal away with honor,
 Ere her wrath increases more).

(Exeunt severally.)

[The secret door opens, and the Viscount enters, dressed in splendid uniform.]

RECIT.

CARLO, *(closing secret door.)*

Linda has retired now! my poor Linda!
 Alas! as yet she knows not
 That my mother has discover'd our loves!
 That I've just left her—
 And that unless to-morrow I consent
 To a marriage with one I know not—
 Yes—in her will tyrannic,
 By order from the King,
 She'll break our bonds, and snatch me
 From my Linda!
 O cruel separation!
 Yes, for one moment I thought
 To see her ere departing.
 No, I no longer feel the courage!
 Farewell, love! farewell, love!—
 May blessings hover o'er thee,
 My sweetest Linda.
 Farewell, love!

AIR.

(Se tanto in ira.)

If Fate and earthly pow'rs combine
 'Against our loves so resolute contending;
 Best 'twere at once our lives resign,
 All hopes and sorrows ending!
 Yes, then in Heav'n united we
 Shall ever happy be.

RECIT.

Linda, I am not guilty, love!
 To thee I am no traitor—

Ah! wretched more than thee my fate,
 Thy pity seeks, and pardon.
 A boundless sea
 Of grief to me,
 My life will henceforth be.

AIR.

(*Setanto in ira.*)

If Fate and earthly pow'rs combine
 Against our loves so resolute contending ;
 Best 'twere at once our lives resign,
 All hopes and sorrows ending !
 Yes, then in Heav'n united we
 Shall ever happy be. (*Exit CARLO by secret door.*)

Enter LINDA.

Lin. Ah! when will Fortune smile!
 In vain I endeavour to reject tearful warnings,
 And dark thoughts intruding—
 Happly, sad presage of misfortune—
 'Tis foolish—Who comes here ?
 In the shadow, a Savoyard he seems.

Enter ANTONIO, with his hat in hand, and inclining his head.

Ant. Signora !
Lin. (aside) Oh Heav'n! is't possible ?
Ant. Signora, excuse me !
Lin. (aside) Do I see him—my father !
Ant. 'Twas a servant of the Viscount of Sirval.
Lin. (aside) At such a moment !
Ant. Who moved with pity—
Lin. (aside.) At what a time do I behold him !
Ant. Told me here I'd find his master.
Lin. (aside) In such a plight too !
Ant. Wherefore pardon me, I pray.
Lin. (aside) Wretched, tattered, poor, decrepit—
Ant. Signora !
Lin. (aside) O! my father! Yes, my heart will break with grief.
Ant. Wretched, sunk in years, poor, and friendless,
 I seek him—he alone can comfort give ;
 You, his lady, may I pray
 Your favor for my wretched state ?
Lin. (aside.) What to do now—
Ant. You are silent. Ah! I see it. I importune—(*Going.*)
Lin. No, thou can'st not—Ah! no—(*Giving a purse.*)
 Here, take this? (*She weeps.*)

DUET.

(*Ah cheil ciel vi benedica.*)

ANTONIO.

May the Heav'ns above requite thee,
 And to happiness invite thee,
 May a father's love delight thee,
 For the goodness thou hast shown.

LINDA, (*aside.*)

Ah! I'd fain kneel down before him,
And for blessings then implore him:—
Tho' the truth would joy restore him,
Yet doth fear my words disown.

ANTONIO.

I have a daughter, till now, signora,
All my joy, and all my pleasure;
Her I've lost, my soul's best treasure
From her father, and heav'n flown.

LINDA, (*aside.*)

Ah! those tears from mis'ry falling,
Furrow'd cheeks, and looks appalling,
Bid me see now, past recalling,
Deeds that belong to guilt alone

- Ant.* O permit me thus to thank you.
(*Inclining his head and going to kiss her hand.*)
- Lin.* No, that's my duty! Oh, father, dearest!
- Ant.* (*in amazement*) Heav'ns! Is't true! Linda! Linda!
(*Going to embrace her.*)
- Lin.* Yes, 'tis she!
- Ant.* Linda!
- Lin.* Father!
- Ant.* Daughter!
- Lin.* Ah, yes!
- Ant.* (*withholding himself.*) Ah! no! you speak falsely
(*with passion.*)
- Lin.* I'm not guilty! no, father! but hear me!
No, not guilty! father, dearest, but hear me!
- Ant.* Daughter—no! You speak falsely, no!
I repeat, no! Thou speak'st falsely!
Linda's poor, discreet, and honest!
No! my daughter in the mansion
Of a Viscount would not live.
Nor give alms—yes alms to her father.
- Lin.* Oh, forgive!
- Ant.* Alms! yes, beggar's alms!
That my Linda would not do.
- Lin.* Oh, forgive me, father!
- Ant.* Hope not—all's gone!

Enter PIEROTTO, (agitated.)

- Pie.* Linda! Oh! what tidings?
- Ant.* Pierotto!
- Pie.* Antonio, here do I find you?
- Ant.* For my deep shame 'tis—

Pie. Take resolution—there's need of courage!
Ant. Know'st thou this worthless—
Pie. She claims now thy pity.
Ant. She! What mean you?
Pie. Hear and attend.

AIR.

(In un palazzo.)

'Twas in a palace
 Gay guests were greeting ;
 Feasts were preparing—
 All joys were meeting :
 Songs and light dances,
 Garlands of flowers,
 Nobles and minstrels,
 Dames from high bowers—
 A crowd the spousals from thence did follow,
 With mirth's glad hollo.
 The bride to hail!

Lin. Spousals!
Pie. Spousals!
Ant. Thy tale conclude.
Lin. Horror comes o'er me!
Pie. Linda, take heart, love,
 Now to the end!

AIR—*(continued)*.

“ And who's the bridegroom ? ”
 Ask'd I one near me.
 Ah! when his name I heard,
 What joy could cheer me ?
 Woe worth the hour then!
 Thus to discover—
 Basest of faithless men!—
 'Twas thy false lover.

Lin. Carlo—No!
Pie. Yes, Carlo—Viscount of Sirval!
Lin. Oh father!
Ant. Now I disclaim thee.
Pie. Antonio!
Ant. Go, thou lost, abject creature.
Lin. O, forgive—father!
Ant. Lost to all, for ever.
Pie. Antonio! becalm thee.
Lin. Father!
Ant. Father, no! hear my curse—
Pie. *(putting his hand on Antonio's mouth)* Ah!
Ant. *(in broken words.)* Go, abject creature! Suffer the torments
 Of thy guilt and shame! *[Exit abruptly.]*

[LINDA stands motionless with her eyes turned towards Heaven.]

SCENE THE LAST.

- Pie.* Linda, why so pensive?
This sad mansion let's leave for ever.
- Lin.* (*distractedly.*) Carlo! Carlo!
"Ah! to console each anxious heart,
Thou day benignant shine!
When plighted before high Heav'n and earth,
My Linda shall be mine."
- Pie.* Linda! Oh, Heaven!
- Lin.* No, no, never! no, no, 'tis false,
He never coldly thus could leave me:—
For me alone his bosom beats,
And will till life be o'er.
Ah! me, love, could'st thou deceive me
Linda beneath thy feet would fall!
Hopeless then she'd die for thee,
And bless thee for evermore.
- Pie.* Ah, Linda! 'tis madness!
- Lin.* No, no, tis' false,
He never coldly thus could leave me:—
For me alone his bosom beats,
And will till life be o'er.
- Pie.* Help her, kind Heav'n and save—
Hark! what sounds! (*Looking from window.*)
The bridal train approaches!
Perdition on their nuptials!
- Lin.* Come then—'tis the morning
Of our betrothal.
- Pie.* Sweet Heav'n thy mercies lend.
- Lin.* Dearest mother! Ah! my father!—
'Tis my rival,—Yes, 'tis she!
Carlo! come then—come then!
No, no, no, 'tis false,
He never coldly thus could leave me,
For me alone his bosom beats,
And will, till life be o'er.
- Pie.* Take heart—take heart—
Let's fly from here, away, I implore thee! [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

The Return.

SCENE III.—*Near Chamouni. At one side of the stage a Tavern with a projecting portico, under which are seen tables, chairs, benches, &c., &c. On the other side, a small house. A hill with practicable steps occupies the background. Savoyards, male, and female, some seated at table, and some looking eagerly, as anticipating the approach of friends.*

OPENING CHORUS.

Viva! viva! viva! viva!
 I see them—behold them approaching—
 Oh! day of pleasure!
 Let's drink their healths and return
 In full measure.
 With hope they look for us,
 Now they behold us—
 Clasp'd in their fond embrace,
 Soon they'll infold us.
 See, down the hill they fly,
 Breathless with rapture!
 Come, let us meet them nigh,
 And cheer them home!

Enter Savoyards, male and female, as if fatigued with a long journey. General salutation and exclamations of "father," "mother," "sister," "brother," "son," and "daughter."

CHORUS OF RETURNERS.

Blest by kind fortune,
 See us returning
 Healthful and happy,
 No longer mourning!
 While from our gaining
 Something's remaining
 To chase all sorrow
 From our fireside,
 And make each morrow
 In pleasures glide.

Let each now fill, and brimmers quaff,
 Come, pledge the cup around!
 In gleesome mood we'll sing and laugh
 Till all the valley sound.
 Then featly 'mong the flow'rs so bright,
 We'll trip along with step so light;
 Sporting with all our hearts and might,
 Till no more joy be found!

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter MARQUIS, as from travel.*

Mar. Here am I home once more—
 The deuce go with it!
 What a change 'tis from Paris!
 What madness—nay, what folly in my good nephew!
 Ah! pretty Linda! yes, my honey-sweet god-daughter—
 Here so discreet, so obliging—
 And at Paris such a vixen—just like the women!
 Soon shall we see her—
 Forsooth, a courtly lady,
 Then for the wedding—kisses, blisses,
 What fun for me!

CHORUS, (*within.*)

La! la! la! la, &c.

Mar. Viva! Good Prelude! Viva!SAVOYARDS, *Male and Female, enter, and surround the MARQUIS.*

CHORUS.

See, 'tis the noble Marquis!
 Let us give him glad welcome.

Mar. O, my dear friends, great and small,
 Yes, I'm so rejoiced to see you all!
1st. Cho. So like him, to please all, his endeavour;
Cho. Free, good-humour'd, ever! ever!
Mar. Now, friends, I've news to tell you—
 Will enchant you!
Cho. News, sir!—tell us!—pray do!
Mar. Nuptials! grand nuptials!
Cho. Where, sir?
Mar. At the castle.
Cho. What! Be you the bridegroom?
Mar. Why, no! my time's not come yet.
 The bridegroom is the young Viscount,
 Our dear nephew.
Cho. And the lady?
Mar. The lady—Oh you shall see her!
Cho. She's wealthy, and noble, and handsome?
Mar. Not all you can imagine of her
 Can come near her.

CAVATINA.—MARQUIS.

(E un giglio.)

She's a lily new-touched by the Graces,
 She's a rose fresh from April's embraces ;
 And the beam on her beautiful face is
 The first dawn, the first dawn of young Love!
 And what's more—which conjecture outpaces—
 In her virtues and truth she's a dove!

CHORUS.

What a prize for the bridegroom.

MARQUIS.

No transports! (*Walks up and down consequentially.*)
 All our race—by the ladies aspired to—
 Is the hottest in county, and shire too,
 And their wrath, or their love, when set fire to,
 Doth quite a Vesuvius prove.
Cho. Bravo, Marquis! bravo, Marquis!
Mar. Now, I'm prudent——

CHORUS.

Eh! Signor, pray a truce to inventing,
 Yes, at Paris, we've seen you gallanting ;
 And the ladies, with sighs so enchanting,
 How you gave them the dear billet-doux.
Mar. Dear me! Oh! Oh! How unlucky!
 But 'twas all quite discreet—
 'Pon my honor 'tis true!

CHORUS.

Discreet! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

MARQUIS (*speaking mysteriously.*)

Yes, you rogues, I'll no longer disown it,
 Since my weak side you've seen, and have known it—
 My success with the ladies I'll own it—
 But I've laid all my tricks on the shelf ;—
Cho. Bravo, Marquis—bravo, Marquis!
Mar. Now, I'm goodness and virtue itself.
Cho. Bravo, Marquis—bravo, Marquis!

MARQUIS.

But the bride soon you'll see her before you,
 And enchanted you'll be, I assure you ;
 At the castle such fare I'll procure you,
 That you'll vow you ne'er feasted before.

We shall mingle in sweetest confusion—
 Here—there—in—out—
 We'll make free without any intrusion:
 From among you I'll choose some sweet Mary—
(To the women.)
 And we'll trip it so light and so airy,
 That they'll cry—sure he's only a score.
 La! la! la! la-ra! la! la!
 La! la! la-tra! la, &c. (Dances and sings.)
 They'll cry out, he is twenty—no more!

Female Cho. Soon we'll see this dear spouse so enchanting,
Male Cho. Soon we'll see this dear spouse so enchanting,
Female Cho. Who unites in a bride all that's wanting,
Male Cho. Who unites in a bride all that's wanting,
Mar. The bride will delight you!
Cho. The bride will delight us!
Mar. The feast shall requite you.
Cho. The feast shall requite us—
 Soon shall we see her!
Mar. Be patient—be patient!
Cho. This rosebud of April, and Lily so enchanting.

MARQUIS.

From among you I'll choose some sweet Mary,
 And we'll trip it so light and so airy,
 That they'll cry, he's but twenty—no more!
 La! la! la; (Dances.)
 First dancing with you, la! la!
 And after with you, la! la!
 They'll cry out, he's but twenty—no more!

CHORUS.

For sights, sounds, sweet music, and dancing,
 Now impatient our hopes all run o'er. [*Exeunt singing.*]

SCENE III.

Enter the PREFECT.

PREFECT.

Love with delight the valley fills—
 Ev'ry father sees his lost child returning.
 Antonio only—wretched Antonio,
 Has fall'n a prey to sorrow.
 And how the fatal tidings
 To her mother to break,
 Who anxiously expects her dear daughter—
 May Heav'n lend my accents
 The power to comfort!
 Who comes hither
 With hurried footsteps hastening?
 It is—yes, 'tis he, the young Viscount!

Enter CARLO.

Car. Save thee, good Prefect! I have sought thee
On business of much importance!
On me devolves a duty—
Yes, 'tis urgent and sacred.
At length my mother,
To my entreaties and prayers has acceded.
Know, the Marchioness—she is sponsor
To a young maiden named Loustelot—
Pre. Yes, wretched creature!—
Car. Oh! Heav'ns what dost tell me?
Has misfortune befall'n her?
Pre. A fate mysterious—
Which her poor father
To me only trusted—
Wretched—most wretched father—
Him no hope comforts—
Joy is gone for ever.
Car. Ah! tell me—Linda!
Pre. Hapless maiden! she's dead!

DUET.

(*Ciel che dite*)

Car. Heav'n! what sayst thou?
Linda is dead?
Pre. Yes, she's dead to all her kindred,
Whom she covered with dishonour.
Car. Ah! she's living!
Pre. Alas! certain she was living
When I parted from the wretched child, betray'd
By some most base and vile seducer.
Car. Her seducer?
Pre. Yes, to wrongs most foul betray'd—
She lived, but not in hope, unhappy maid!
Car. Ah! if you knew all!
Pre. Could'st thou clear her from dishonor?
Car. He pursues her day and night too,
But in vain—his Linda's gone!
Pre. Ah! what mean you? Why this weeping?
Speak, I pray you!
Car. She fled in terror, from the thought—
'Twas I betray'd her!
Pre. You, Sir?
Car. Now I seek her, but cannot find her.
Pre. And you, her lover?
Car. Yes, hers for ever.
Pre. (*agitated*) And what of Linda?
Car. Linda is my betrothed!
Pre. O happy, yet most unhappy father!

DUET.

Pre. Ah! hapless wanderer! whither now straying,
Lonely and friendless, thy fears none allaying?

- Haply, O, Heaven! for bread piteous praying,
 Thou art spurn'd with reproof from each door.
 Joy's sweet flower! to all how endearing,
 With thy beauties our hearts in sorrow cheering,
 Ah! must thou lie withered to blossom no more.
- Car.* No! kind Fortune will shed her beams around her,
 And her guileless thro' harm will sustain;
 O, to betray her, or with griefs confound her,
 Ev'n in dreaming doth fill my soul with pain.
- Pre.* Yet there's a Power will never forsake her,
 Nor allow misfortunes to o'ertake her:—
 No, no, never.
- Car.* Thou dost give me hope and comfort.
Pre. Trust in Heav'n! only in Heav'n.
Car. Thro' the world alone I'll seek her,
 Tho' the fates our hearts dissever;
 But if Heav'n, in wrath chastising,
 Should have snatched her from me for ever,
 To return and end this wretched life,
 And quit all pain shall be my soul's last strife.
 To affection fond, but hapless,
 I will raise a sequester'd tomb,
 There distracted, lone and prostrate,
 I will weep my Linda's doom!
Pre. Still my heart doth presage lend
 That she ere long before us smiling,
 All our tears of joy beguiling
 Here in love her woes shall end.
 Then no more, of hope despairing,
 Yield thy heart to fear's annoy,
 Yes, kind Heav'n will soon restore her,
 Changing all our griefs to joy!
 Take comfort, haply love's fond hour is nigh!
Car. All is vain—I go to seek her!
Pre. Take thou comfort, hope will cheer thee,
 Put trust in Heav'n!
Car. Where is my Linda?
Pre. In Heav'n confide thee—
Car. Moments of anguish,
 Day without light.
Pre. Ah! fly then to seek her and trust thee in Heav'n!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Enter* PIEROTTO *to Symphony.* LINDA *follows slowly, her eyes bent on the ground, and apparently exhausted with travel. She stops. PIEROTTO turns, and seeing her stop, plays his Guitar. LINDA advances tottering, and seats herself on a bench, in a listless attitude. PIEROTTO gazes on her with looks of compassion.*

RECIT.—PIEROTTO.

And in this way we've travelled
 Nearly two hundred leagues from Paris!

- (*Looking at Linda.*) Always thus pensive!
 Ever since we fled, I sing her fav'rite music,
 In hopes it might awaken her recollection—
 And bringing to remembrance
 All the delights of home and kindred,
 Her madness might depart,
 And her bosom its former peace recover.
- Lin.* (*mechanically.*) "When plighted before high heav'n and earth
 My Linda shall be mine!"
- Pie.* Alas! the same burthen ever!
- Lin.* (*confusedly.*) Have we still far to go?
- Pie.* Ah, no! Here we remain.
- Lin.* Is't at Paris?
- Pie.* Yes.
- Lin.* Yes! But where's my, Carlo?
 Hist! the bells are sounding—
 His spousals—let's fly! conceal me!
 Hide me from him!
- Pie.* Here, you'll meet him! Here, let's seek him!
- Lin.* Let's fly!— (*Exeunt into the house.*)

Enter CARLO, with papers in his hand, VILLAGERS, &c.

- Car.* Yes, by these writings, the land, the goods and chattels
 Are for a term made over;
 And when the affair's concluded,
 I leave you—and for ever!

Enter PREFECT.

- Car.* O, Signor! No! She's return'd!
 Linda!
- Pre.* Yes!
- Car.* Here?
- Pre.* Yes! (*Villagers rush off.*)
- Car.* O, Heav'n! Where is she?
- Pre.* But—unhappy maid—
 With grief hath fled her reason!
- Car.* O, torture!—and for me!

CHORUS, (*within.*)

Heav'n has restored her! Yes, we've found her!

Mar. (*entering.*) Where is Linda? O, where? O, where? O, where?

CHORUS, (*entering.*)

- Yes, we've found her! But Ah! so pale,
 And afflicted—rest of her reason!
- Mar.* Ah, poor Linda! sad misfortune!
 But how? Let's go and see her—let's go!

CHORUS.

Let's hasten ! Let's us haste to her dwelling !

Enter ANTONIO.

Pre. Antonio !
Ant. O, dire misfortune !
 All her memory hath left her !
Cho. Alas !
Ant. She betray'd no sign, nor emotion
 When I spoke to her : nor heeded
 Ev'n her mother, whom she so lov'd once.
(to Carlo.) See her distraction——weep for——
Car. Yes, 'tis true——'tis Carlo who reft her of her reason !
 And who, save Heav'n can now restore it
 O, Heav'n ! (*PIEROTTO is heard singing within.*)
Cho. (listening.) What music ? 'Tis Pierotto singing gaily.

Enter MADELIN.

Cho. Her mother ! What news ?
Mad. There's hope yet ! trembling awhile she heard Pierotto
 But she comes in sadness.

Enter LINDA, PIEROTTO following. Her looks are turned upwards, and she seems unconscious of all around her.

Mar. Ah ! poor maiden.
Pie. (aside to Carlo.) Watch, I pray you, near, and seize the first moment.
Lin. (abstractedly.) Dearest mother ! O, yes, believe me,
 That I am guiltless —
 Gone for ever !
Mad. Ah ! now behold her
 Without mem'ry or reason.
Car. 'Tis reserved for affection,
 Whose fond words may restore her—Linda !
Lin. (suddenly.) Who calls me ?
Car. (tenderly.) Hear him, love, 'tis thy Carlo !
 'Tis that voice. love,
 Whose entreating,
 First woke thy bosom's beating :
 Yes, of old, love,
 Vows it told, love,
 Vows still so true
 Ever, love, to you.
Ln. Sounds of rapture fond thoughts revealing,
 Sounds ! that once so sweetly charm'd my soul !
Car. 'Tis the voice of him who adores thee,
 And for pardon now implores thee.
 One sweet glance, love,
 Will life enhance love
 And fill my soul with joy.

Cho. Heav'n relieve our anxious fears !
Lin. Fond hope, leave me—'tis not my Carlo? no!
Car. Linda, dearest !
Lin. 'Tis not my Carlo! no!
Car. I cannot longer live and bear
 This deep affliction! Ah! no longer
 Can I bear it! (*departing*)
Lin. (*arresting him*) If my heart thus wildly beating
 Tell me true my love thou art,
 Let thy lip once more repeating
 Vows of old delight impart !
Car. Ah! yes, Linda! I will tell thee
 Those fond vows I breathed of old!
Lin. Tell me, tell me!
Car. " Ah! to console each anxious heart,
 Thou day of blessings shine,
 When plighted before high heaven and earth,
 My Linda shall be mine!"

[*During this LINDA becomes more and more agitated, and at the end screams and falls into the arms of her Mother.*]

All. (*except CARLO*) She's saved now !
Car. Be silent! Ah! be silent.
Cho. (*kneeling*) Here us, kind heav'n
 And grant thy blessing!
 Restore her to life and love!
 See she moves, and her senses are awaking!

[*LINDA, recovering slowly, looks round her eagerly, and starts at sight of her mother.*]

Lin. Ah! 'tis my mother!
 [*Flings herself with transport into her arms, then holds her at arms' length, and gazes on her with affection.*]
 Yes, embrace me! (*embracing her again,*) O joyful!
 My father! (*embracing him.*) Ah! too happy!

CHORUS.

Viva Linda! Viva! viva! viva!
 Heav'n on high hath heard our pray'rs.

[*CARLO kneels at LINDA's feet, and takes her hand.*]

Lin. Who takes my hand, and kneels before me?
Car. Pehold him! 'tis thy Carlo—
Lin. Oh! joy!
Car. Thy fond husband!
Lin. Ah! thine—thine, love, for evert

[*Embracing her then looking round she recognizes her friends.*
 This is my dear friend, Pierotto. [*Taking his hand.*]
 This, the good, kind-hearted Prefect!
 This, too—

Mar. (*interrupting her.*) This is Rosa!—this Giannetto!—this Franchetta!

Here Pasquale! this Loretta! Madelina!
Pietro! Paulo! and I'm—myself
Yes, sweet Linda! I am he who—

Lin. (*curtesying.*) Now will be my kind, good uncle!

Cho. Viva! viva! viva!

Lin. Now, beguiled no more by sorrow,
Life shall smile one happy day.

Car. All thy sorrows now have vanished,
Whilst young love and joy delight thee,
And sweet friendship's smiles requite thee,
For the darkling clouds that lent their shade awhile.
Heart and heart thus fondly twining—
Hope shall guide us unrepining :
Yes, till life's last years declining,
We'll repose in love's fond smile!

RONDO.—LINDA.

Ah! what joy divine wraps each feeling—
Our fond hearts to love appealing,
Hours of transport Hope revealing—
Dearer far than words can tell!
Now on earth no more concealing
Vows that wake life's magic spell.
Car. Yes! for thee Love smiles and hope invites
With bright, unclouded rays :
May Fortune kind and constant prove,
And yield thee happy days.

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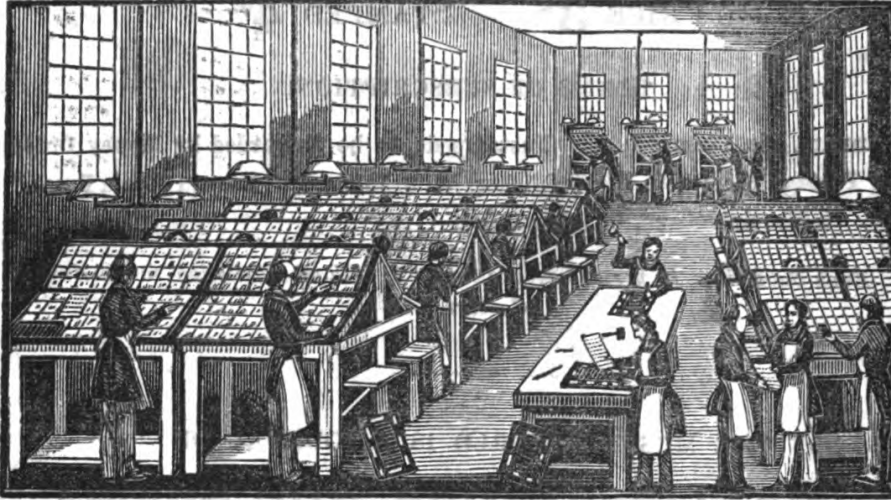
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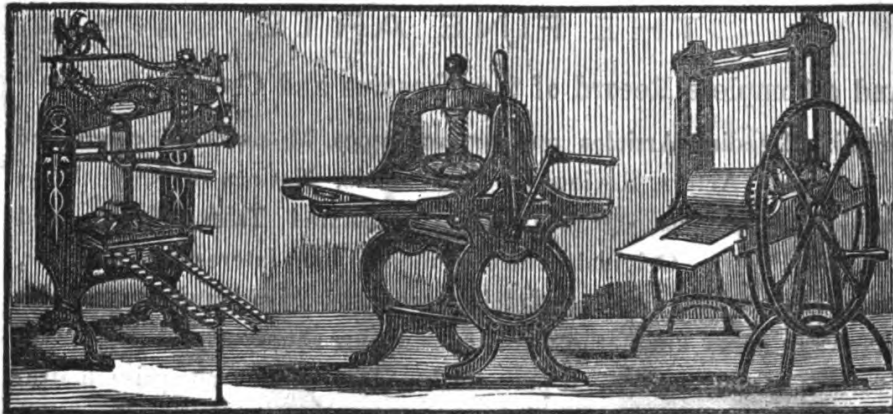
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