

Linda di Chamounix

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ITALIAN  
AND ENGLISH TEXT  
AND MUSIC OF THE PRINCIPAL AIRS

## LINDA DI CHAMOUNIX

BY  
DONIZETTI

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY  
BOSTON

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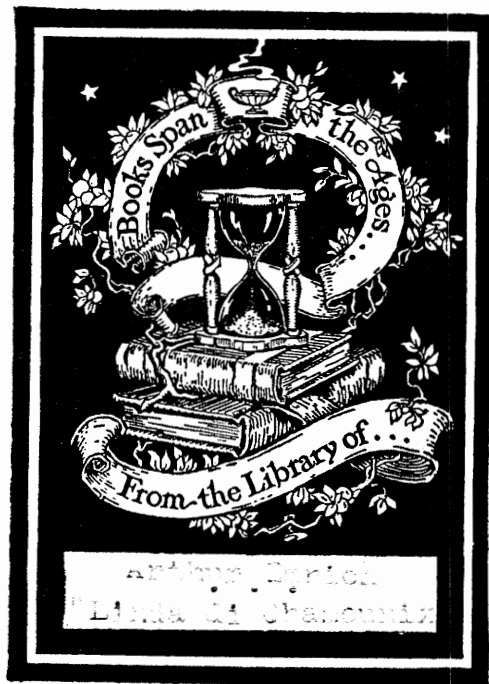
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**DONIZETTI'S**

**O P E R A**

**LINDA DI CHAMOUNIX**

**CONTAINING THE**

**ITALIAN TEXT, WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION,**

**AND**

*The Music of all the Principal Airs.*

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**Boston: OLIVER, DITSON COMPANY**

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**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

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<b>IL MARCHESE DI BOISFLEURY.</b>	<b>BASS.</b>
<b>CARLO VISCONTE DI SIRVAL.</b>	<b>TENOR.</b>
<b>IL PREFETTO.</b>	<b>BASS.</b>
<b>PIEROTTO.</b>	<b>CONTRALTO</b>
<b>LINDA DI CHAMOUNIX.</b>	<b>SOPRANO.</b>
<b>MADDALENA.</b>	<b>SOPRANO.</b>
<b>L'INTENDENTE.</b>	<b>TENOR.</b>
<b>ANTONIO.</b>	<b>BASS.</b>

**THE SCENE IS LAID PARTLY IN THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNIX, PARTLY IN PARIS.**

**TIME 1760, DURING THE REIGN OF LOUIS XV.**

## ARGUMENT.

Antonio Loustolot, with his wife Maddeline, and daughter Linda, the heroine of the story embodied in this opera, were occupants of a small farm in the village of Chamounix. At the time of the commencement of the opera, they are in a state of considerable uneasiness at the prospect of being ejected from their farm.

It is early morning. Maddelina is contemplating the sweet repose of Linda, who has not yet awoke, when Antonio, who has been to seek an interview with the Intendant, returns, and communicates to his wife the agreeable intelligence that their suit will be favorably considered by the Marquis de Boisfleury, whose sister the Marchioness is owner of the farm and neighboring lands. In a short time the Marquis himself arrives, and to their great joy, not only assures to them and their descendants undisturbed possession of their tenement, but promises to find for Linda, whose godmother is the Marchioness, a befitting place in his castle.

Linda is strongly attached to and beloved by Charles, a young artist, who afterwards proves to be the Viscount of Sirval, nephew to the Marquis, and who promises to marry her as soon as circumstances, which he is not at liberty to name, will permit.

The joy of this simple peasant family is soon turned to sorrow, on learning from the Prefect, that the apparent kindness of the Marquis is but a pretence, under which he cloaks a base design.

By the advice of the Prefect, Antonio is induced to send Linda away in charge of Pierotto, a trusty orphan peasant, much attached to the Loustolot family, with instructions to consign her to the care of a brother of the Prefect in Paris.

Pierotto, after conveying Linda safely to Paris, and leaving her, according to his instructions, under the protection of the Prefect's brother, is seized with a severe illness. On his recovery, he calls to inquire for her at the house where he left her, and is informed that the Prefect's brother is dead, and Linda gone, no one knows where.

Being unexpectedly left without pecuniary means, and thrown thus suddenly upon her own resources, Linda has to support herself awhile by singing, until Charles happens to fall in with her. He renews his vows of love, provides for her a comfortable home, informing her that he is not, as she supposes, a mere painter, but the Viscount de Sirval, son of the Marchioness, and assures her of his intention to marry her as soon as he can obtain the consent of his mother.

During her sojourn in the apartments provided by Charles, she is annoyed by an obtrusive visit from the odious Marquis, who has discovered her retreat, and still persists in plying his dishonorable suit, but is repulsed by

Linda with indignation, and warned of his danger in case her intended husband, whom she is expecting, should come and find him in such a questionable position. He ridicules the idea of being frightened at the prospective anger of a country bumpkin, as he supposes her betrothed to be, (never dreaming that it is his own nephew,) but finding her proof against his designs, he is compelled to retreat.

In the meantime, the love of the Viscount for Linda has been discovered by the Marchioness, who commands him to discard the peasant maiden, and to marry at once a lady she has selected for him, threatening at the same time, in case he refuses, to procure a royal ordinance to compel him. In this dilemma, he comes to take a farewell look at Linda, but his courage fails him, and he is about to abandon the idea when she enters. After an affectionate interview, he retires without communicating to Linda the painful object of his visit; but she has a misgiving, from his manner, that something is wrong.

While pondering over the cause of his altered mien, a needy pedestrian comes to seek the Viscount, to whom he has been advised to apply for aid. To Linda's astonishment, on his entrance she beholds her own beloved father, reduced to penury. Although instantly recognized by Linda, he does not at first recognize her. She is distracted by various conflicting emotions at thus unexpectedly seeing Antonio under such distressing circumstances, and hesitates for a time about revealing herself; until as he is about to depart, and essaying to kiss her hand in gratitude for the pecuniary aid she has rendered him, when her feelings overpower her, and she throws herself at his feet.

Thunderstruck at finding his daughter in such an unexpected position, and supposing her apparent affluence to have been obtained at the price of her honor, Antonio recoils from and denounces her. At this moment Pierotto arrives, with the intelligence that he has just seen the splendid preparations for the nuptials of the Viscount de Sirval; this announcement is too much for Linda; she is struck with bewilderment. Antonio feeling his honor wounded in her disgrace, leaves her in bitterness of spirit. Linda, now bereft of reason, is led by the faithful Pierotto back to her mountain home.

The Marchioness at length relents, and yields to the wishes of the Viscount, who hastens to the Loustolots, presenting them with the title deeds of their farm. He is filled with grief and remorse to find Linda deprived of her reason, but by assiduous and tender treatment eventually succeeds in restoring her wandering senses, and obtains her consent to be united to him.

A striking point is made by the composer, in introducing the music of the celebrated duet, as a means of restoring Linda to reason.

# LINDA DI CHAMOUNIX.

(LINDA OF CHAMOUNI)

## ATTO I.

### LA PARTENZA.

SCENA I.—*Il Villaggio di Chamouni.—D'uno lato un podere con rustiche sedie, banchi, etc.—Il fondo sopra un prospetto pittoresco con Chiesa sulla collina.—S'ode una campana; e Contadini, Donne e Fanciulli sono veduti andando alla Chiesa.*

*Coro.*

Presti! Al tempio. Delle preci  
Diè il segnal la sacra squilla!  
Già del sol vivo scintilla  
Sulle cime il primo raggio,  
E i perigli del viaggio  
Degna il Cielo rischiarar.  
La speranza ed il coraggio  
Non potranno vacillar.

[*Terminando il Coro, entra MADDALENA pian piano dalla casa.*

*Mad.* Linda, mia dolce figlia! Tu nel sonno  
Dell'innocenza ancora giaci; a lungo  
In assiduo lavoro  
Provvida tu per noi vegliasti!—E lieti  
Saranno i sogni tuoi.

[*Chiude la porta.*

Ma forse, al ridestarti quì fra noi  
Tutto fia duol. Con quale  
Ansia angosciosa attendo  
Del marito il ritorno!  
Decidersi in tal giorno  
Deve tutto per noi.—Chi sa?

[*Guardando.*

Già Antonio.

*Ant.* Moglie!

[*Entrando.*

*Mad.* [Con premura.] Ebbene?

Ebbene?

L'Intendente

*Ant.* Sperar mi fe' propizia  
Sua Eccellenza, il fratel della Marchesa,  
Nostra padrona.

*Mad.* S'è così, respiro;—  
Ei può tutto, speriamo.  
Resterem.

*Ant.* Più di te, quant'io lo bramo!

## ACT I.

### THE DEPARTURE.

SCENE I.—*The Village of Chamouni.—On one side a Farm-house, with rustic chairs, benches, &c.—The background opens on to a picturesque view, with a Church on an eminence.—The sound of a bell is heard, and Men, Women and Children seen going towards the Church.*

*Chorus.*

Prepare! To church let us haste. For prayer  
The bell its sacred summons now gives forth!  
The glorious sun his first bright rays  
On the hill-tops forth already pours,  
And the dangers of the coming journey  
Through the light of Heaven dispers'd will be.  
By hope, by courage, thus sustain'd,  
We need not doubt of our success.

[*At the close of the Chorus, MADELINE enters slowly from the house.*

*Mad.* Linda, my daughter dear! Still sleepest thou  
The sleep of innocence! Ah! how long  
By thy labor unremitting,  
Hast thou our wants supplied!—Pleasant,  
Truly, should thy dreams now be.

[*She shuts the door.*

And yet, perhaps, when thou awakest,  
All may here be sad. Ah me!  
With what anguish deep do I  
My husband's coming back await!  
For us, on this important day,  
Must all decided be.—Who knows? [*Looking out.*  
I see Antonio.

*Ant.* My wife!

[*As she enters.*

*Mad.* [Anxiously.]

What news?

*Ant.*

The Intendant

The hope holds out to us,  
That his Excellency, the Marchioness's brother,  
Our suit will favor.

*Mad.* If that be so, I breathe again;—  
He can do all he will.—Now we may hope  
Here to remain.

*Ant.*

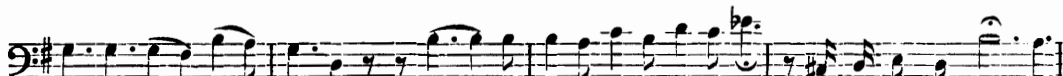
No less than you do I desire it!

## AMBO NATI IN QUESTA VALLE—WE WERE BOTH IN THIS VALLEY NURTUR'D.

SOLO. ANTONIO.



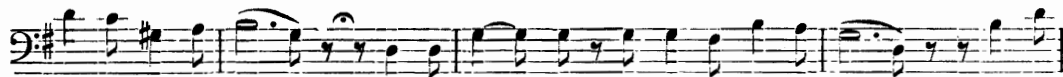
Am - bo na - ti in que - sta val - le, Nos - tra sor - te quì fu u - ni - ta; Eb - be  
We were both in this val - ley nur - tur'd, Here our fond hearts for aye were pligh - ed; Here was



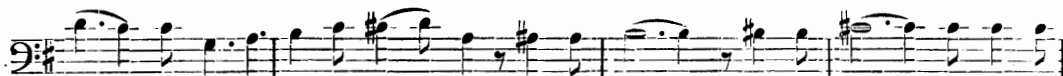
Lin - da qui la vi - ta; E mio pa - dre e mia pa - dre; Ah! il mio pa - dre quì mo -  
Lin - da born to bless us; Here with in - fant love ca - ress us; Ah! here my much lov'd fa - ther



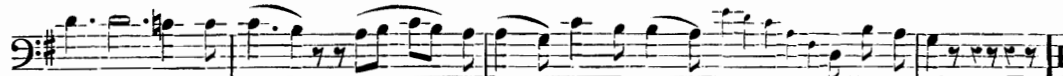
ri! Or tu ve - di or tu ve di se di - let - to, Se a me sa - cro se a me  
died! Thus, to me, how much cherish'd be - yond meas - ure, Thus to me, how much



sa - cro è que - sto tet - to Mo - glie fi - glia ah! sol per vo - i Sof - fro e  
cher - ish'd be - yond meas - ure Is this cot - tage, scene of love and by - gone pleas - ure, Still for



te - mo in que - sto, di in que - sto di Mo - glie fi - glia, per voi te - mo in que - sto  
thee a - lone, and our sweet treas - ure, Anx - ious thoughts, anx - ious thoughts a - rise to



di, Ah! sol per vo - i, sol..... per vo - i, sof - fro e te - mo in que - sto di.  
day, Ah! anx - ious thoughts, anx - ious thoughts, anxious thoughts a - rise to - day.

**Mad.** Ma, se è ver che sua Eccellenza

E per noi, che temi mai?

**Ant.** Vidi or ora il pio Rettore,

Mie speranze gli svelai.

Ei diffida, in sè fremeva,

Disse alfin che a noi verrà.

Ed il suo sguardo esprimeva

Il timore e la pietà;—

Ecco, o moglie, il rio pensiero

Che tremar così mi fa.

**Mad.** But if truly his Excellency

Favor us, why shouldst thou fear?

**Ant.** Our Prefect pious I've just seen,

And to him all my hopes made known.

Distrustful is he, and with anger teeming;—

But to see us he straight will come.

Yet his looks full clearly show'd

Of his heart the inward fear;—

And this, dear wife, is the thought so sad

That thus afflicts my troubled mind.

SCENA II.—Voci al di fuori d' Uomini, Donne e Fanciulli salutandi il Marchese BOISFLEURY.

SCENE II.—Voices of Men, Women and Children hears outside, greeting the Marquis BOISFLEURY.

**Coro.** Viva! viva!

**Ant. e** { Quai grida?

**Mad.** { Eccellenza!

**Coro.** {

**Ant. e** { E che mai? [Osservando.

**Mad.** { La preghiamo.

**Coro.** { Il Marchese entra, seguito dall' Intendente.

**Ant. e** { Il Marchese?

**Mad.** {

**Mar.** Oh—quieti!

**Coro.** Si mostri cortese!

**Cho.** Viva! viva!

**Ant. &** { Why these shouts?

**Mad.** { Your Excellency!

**Cho.** {

**Ant. &** { What means this? [Looking off

**Mad.** { Let us entreat you.

**Cho.** { The Marquis enters, followed by the Intendant.

**Ant. &** { The Marquis!

**Mar.** Peace now—be quiet!

**Cho.** Oh, to us be gracious!



*Mar.* [All' Intendente.]  
Dà a costor degli scudi.

*Int.* Assai bene.

*Coro.* Grazie.—Viva!  
[Raccogliendo avidamente le monete, e volendo baciare le mani e le vesti del Marchese.]

*Mar.* [Con gravità.] Ma basta—ma andate!  
Siam chi siamo, di cor generoso,  
Ma guai poi se montiamo in furor!

*Int.* Sua Eccellenza ha un gran cor generoso;  
Ma poi guai—guai se monta in furor!

*Mar.* [Da parte.]  
(Or a noi—ma la Linda sol bramo—  
Cominciam: protezione e maniere.)  
Buona gente, noi siamo chi siamo:  
L' Intendente ci ha detto, sappiamo;  
E venuti siam quì per vedere  
In persona, vicin—(ma dov' è?)  
[Guardando intorno.]  
Noi vogliam far piacere, e piacere—  
Perchè poi si sa bene, cioè—  
Or sul nostro possente favore,  
Buona gente, potete sperar.

*Int.* Sua Eccellenza di Cesare ha il core;  
Da lui tutto potete sperar.

*Ant. e Mad.* { Una povera onesta famiglia,  
{ Voi potete salvar, consolar.

*Mar.* Lo vogliamo—(e colei non si vede.)  
Ma, a proposito, ov' è la famiglia?  
Dire intesi che avete una figlia?

*Ant.* Sì, Eccellenza.

*Mar.* E si dice assai bella.

*Mad.* E figlioccia di vostra sorella.

*Mar.* Tanto meglio! *De sanguinis jure*,  
Suo Marchese padrìn son io pure,  
Anche a lei pensar dunque dobbiamo.  
Ma dov' è? Ma che almen la vediamo!  
Questa cara figlioccia che fa?

*Mad.* È di là. [Segnando la casa.]

*Mar.* Venga quì dal padrino.

*Mad.* Verrà subito.

*Mar. e Int.* { Subito qua.  
[Maddalena entra nella casa.]

*Mar.* (Alla fine ci sono arrivato,  
E da me più fuggir non potrà.)

*Int.* [Al Marchese.]  
(Ve l' ho detto—son già nell' agguato—  
Il mio piano sbagliar non potrà.)

*Ant.* (Il rettor s' era certo ingannato  
Egli è invece la stessa bontà.)

*Mar.* [Vedendo la porta aperta.]  
Ecco viene! Mia bella figlioccia!  
[Va lietamente verso la casa.]

*Mad.* [Timida.]  
Eccellenza, dispiacemi—

*Mar.* Ohimè!

*Mad.* La credeva di là; ma non c' è.

*Mar.* Come? come?—Che forse ritrosa?  
Al padrino si tiene nascosa?  
[Va sulla porta.]

*Ant.* Schiuso veggio dell' orto il cancello;—  
Certo al tempio per là se n' andò—  
Udì gente—ella timida è tanto!

*Mar.* E frattanto così sul più bello  
Il padrino deluso restò.

*Int.* [Al Marchese.]  
Non badate: aspettate al castello;—  
Promettetete, ed il resto io farò.

*Ant. e Mad.* { La scusate, Eccellenza, perdono.

*Mar.* [To the Intendant.]  
Amongst them some money scatter.

*Int.* I obey you.

*Cho.* Thanks to ye.—Hurrah!  
[Scrambling for the money, and struggling to kiss the hand and garments of the Marquis.]

*Mar.* [Gravely.] That will do—now begone!  
I am what I seem to be—of mind most gen'rous;  
But woe to him who my anger dares provoke!

*Int.* A gen'rous heart hath his Excellency,  
But anger him—and desperate is his fury.

*Mar.* [Aside.]  
(Now to the point—'tis sweet Linda I desire—  
Kind and condescending I'll appear.)  
My good people, we have all our destinies:  
My Intendant has told me—we know all;  
And hither have I come to this spot remote,  
In person to behold—(but where is she?)  
[Looking about.]  
To please and be pleas'd is our first wish—  
For you all well know—that is to say,  
On our great and lasting favor,  
My good folks, your faith you may repose.  
The soul of Cæsar hath his Excellency,  
And from him all kindness you may hope.

*Ant. & Mad.* { A family impoverish'd, honest, ruin'd,  
{ You may save, and their sorrows heal.

*Mar.* It will delight me—(but the girl—I see her not.)  
By the by, your family—where are they?  
I have heard that you have a daughter?

*Ant.* Yes, your Lordship.

*Mar.* And handsome she is said to be.

*Mad.* And of your own sister the god-daughter.

*Mar.* So much the better! *De sanguinis jure*.  
I, the Marquis, am, then, her godfather,  
And for the dear girl some care must show.  
But where is she? Let me at least behold her!  
What is my fair god-daughter now doing?

*Mad.* She is there. [Pointing to the house.]

*Mar.* Let her come, then, to her godfather.

*Mad.* Shortly she'll be here.

*Mar. & Int.* { Let her come at once.  
[Maddeline enters the house.]

*Mar.* (At last my desire is accomplish'd,  
And from me no longer can she escape.)

*Int.* [To the Marquis.]  
('Tis as I said—already have we caught them—  
My plans are too well laid to fail.)

*Ant.* (The good Prefect was mistaken, surely,  
For, in truth, is he like goodness itself.)

*Mar.* [Seeing the door open.] Behold, she comes!  
Ah, my pretty god-daughter.  
[Advancing joyfully towards the house]

*Mad.* [Entering timidly.]  
Your Excellency, I am very sorry—

*Mar.* Oh heaven!

*Mad.* I thought she was there; but she is not.

*Mar.* How's this? how's this?—Is the maid so shy,  
That from her godfather herself she hides?  
[Going towards the door]

*Ant.* I see now—the garden gate is open;—  
Surely to church by that way she has gone—  
Strangers she heard—so very timid is she!

*Mar.* And thus the godfather is disappointed,  
When most his hopes were rais'd.

*Int.* [To the Marquis.]  
Mind not that: to the castle return and wait,  
Promise this, and leave the rest to me.

*Ant. & Mad.* { Excuse her, your Excellency, we pray you.

**Mar.** Oh, già in collera non sono.  
Non temete, buona gente :  
State pure allegramente :  
Siamo noi che lo diciamo,  
Lo vogliamo, lo possiamo :—  
Con que' pascoli d' intorno,  
Come già li avete un giorno,  
A voi soli in affittanza,  
Abbellita ed ingrandita  
La cascina resterà.  
E la bella figliocetta  
D' allevar fia nostro impegno .  
Nel castel, da noi protetta,  
Avrà un posto di lei degno.  
Colla vostra, amici cari,  
Fatta è già la sua fortuna :  
Bestie, pascoli e denari  
Nulla più vi mancherà.  
Così Linda al suo padrino  
La sdegnosa non farà.

**Int.** State allegro : al buon padrino  
La sdegnosa non farà.

**Ant. e }** Ah ! la vita ci rendete—

**Mad. }** Eccellenza, permettete—

[*Volendo baciargli la mano.*]

Benedirvi—ringraziarvi  
Abbastanza il cor non sa.

**Coro.** Che bel core avete in petto !  
Siate sempre benedetto !  
Adorato il vostro nome !  
Eccellenza, ognor vivrà.

[*Partono.*]

SCENA III.—LINDA con un mazzetto di fiori.

**Lin.** Ah, tardia troppo ; e al nostro  
Favorito convegno io non trovai  
Il mio diletto Carlo ; e chi sa mai  
Quanto egli avrà sofferto !  
Ma non al par di me ! Pegno d' amore  
Questi fior mi lasciò ! Tenero cuore !  
E per quel cuore io l' amo !  
Unico di lui bene—  
Poveri entrambi siamo ;  
Viviam d' amor—di speme !  
Pittore ignoto ancora,  
Egli s' innalzerà co' suoi talenti,  
Sarà mio sposo allora ! Oh, noi contenti !

**Mar.** Oh, I am not at all in anger.  
You've nought to fear, good worthy people :  
Let your minds be quite at ease :  
I myself of this assure ye,  
What I will I can accomplish :—  
With all the meadows that you see now,  
As you long have them enjoyed,  
To you alone, and your descendants,  
With all improvements and enlargements,  
I this farm to you secure.

And the god-daughter so dutiful  
Under your care brought up shall be .  
In the castle, by me protected,  
A place befitting shall she have.

With your own, my honest friends,  
Is her good-fortune likewise settled :  
Never more shall you in want be,  
Of flocks or herds, or money either.

The gentle Linda to her godfather  
Will not shew herself unthankful.  
**Int.** Be at ease : to her godfather kind  
Ungrateful surely she'll not be.

**Ant. & }** Ah ! to life you have restor'd us—

**Mad. }** Give us leave, most gracious lord—

[*Offering to kiss his hand.*]

How to bless you—how to thank you,  
This full heart words cannot find.

**Cho.** What kindness in thy bosom dwells ;  
May you be blessed by lasting fame !  
Gracious lord, long may you live !  
Honor'd ever be your name.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Enter LINDA, with a Nosegay.

**Lin.** Ah, too long have I delay'd ; and yet  
Have I not found, at our favorite spot,  
My dear, dear Charles.—And who can tell  
What may have been his sufferings ?  
But not so much as mine.—As a love-pledge  
This flower he has left me ! Oh heart most tender !  
And for that heart do I adore him—  
That dear heart, his only treasure !  
Poor are we both in worldly state ;  
On love we live—on hope we dream !  
A Painter yet unknown, is he,  
Yet by his genius he will rise,  
And I his happy wife shall be ! Oh, what joy !

O LUCE DI QUEST' ANIMA—OH ! STAR THAT GUID' ST MY FERVENT LOVE. AIR. LINDA.



O luce di quest' a - ni - ma, De - li - zia a - more e vi - - - ta ;  
Oh ! star that guid' st my fer - vent love, Thou'rt life and light to me ;



La nos - tra sor - to u - ni - ta, In ter - ra in ciel sa - rà. Deh vie - ni a me, ri -  
On earth, in Heav'n a - bove, Entwin'd our hearts will be. Oh ! star that guid' st my

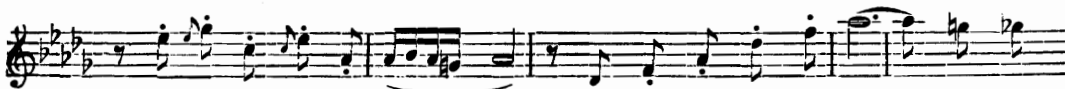


po - sa - ti, Su ques - to cor che t' a - - ma, Che te sos - pi - ra e bra - - ma,  
fer - vent love Thou'rt life and light to me ; On earth, in Heav'n a - bove,



Che per-te sol vi - vrà.....  
En-twin'd our hearts will be.....

O lu - ce di quest' a - - ni - ma,  
Oh! star that guid'st my fer - vent love,



A - mor de - li - sia e vi - - ta;  
Thou'rt life and light to me;

U - ni - ta nos - tra sor - te, In terra  
On earth, in Heav'n a - bove, On earth,



in ciel sa - rà, U - ni - ta nos - tra sor - - te, In ciel in ciel sa - rà.  
in Heav'n a - bove, En - twin'd our hearts,..... Estwisd our hearts will be.

Deh, vieni a me! riposati  
Su questo cor che t' ama,  
Che te sospira e brama;—  
Che per te sol vivrà!  
Ma intanto—

[*S' appoggia alla tavola guardando tristamente il masetto.*  
*Vengono i contadini con frutta, vino, etc.*

**Coro.** Qui pria della partenza,  
Facciamo allegri onore a sua Eccellenza;  
O, Linda, qui con noi!  
Vi ringrazio.

**Lin.**  
**Alcuni.** E Pierotto—dov' è il caro?—

Il nostro buon Pierotto?

**Pier.** [*Di dentro.*] Cari luoghi, ov' io possai  
I prim' anni di mia vita!  
V' abbandono, che sa mai  
Quando alfin vi rivedrò!  
Poverello, abbandonato,  
Senza scorta, senza aita,  
De' miei giorni, il più beato  
Sarà il dì che tornerò!

**I primi.** Pio orfanello!

Ma eccolo, Pierotto.

**Pier.** Amici miei,

Vi saluto.

**Alcuni.** Facesti colazione?

**Pier.** Sì.

**Tutti.** Torna a farla, qui con noi.

**Pier.** Obbligato.

**Coro.** Almen resta in compagnia.

Qui stiamo in allegria;

Cantane la ballata,

Che nuova hai preparata.

E troppo melanconica.

**Pier.** Deh, canta.

**Coro.** Ma voi ne piangerete.

**Pier.** E caro è pur quel pianto;—

**Coro.** Canta, Pierotto.

**Pier.** Lo volete? Io canto;—

Oh, come, then, come, my best belov'd!  
And on this breast recline,  
Which heaves alone for thee;—  
Whose every pulse is thine!  
But, meanwhile—

[*She places herself at the table, pensively contemplating the flowers. Villagers enter with fruits, wine, &c.*

**Cho.** Here, before our departure we take,  
To his Excellency let us our lively homage pay.  
Oh, Linda, with us come!

**Lin.** I'm oblig'd to you.

**Some of the Cho.** And Pierotto—where is he?  
Where is the trusty Pierotto?

**Pier.** [*Within.*] Scenes of my birth, where many a year  
Of peace and youth have pass'd away!  
I leave ye now, with nought to cheer,  
In other climes alone to stray!  
An orphan wanderer must I roam,  
With none my lonely steps to guide,  
But far or near, sweet happy home,  
I'll love thee still, whate'er betide!

**1st Chorus.** Here, at last, he comes!  
Behold, Pierotto is here.

**Pier.** Companions dear,

I salute ye.

**Some of the Chorus.** Hast thou breakfasted?

**Pier.** Yes.

**Cho.** Never mind,—a second take with us.

**Pier.** No, I thank ye.

**Cho.** At least companion be awhile:

We here for mirth are all dispos'd;

So, sing to us the ballad new,

That you but lately have compos'd.

**Pier.** It is too full of melancholy.

**Cho.** Pray sing it.

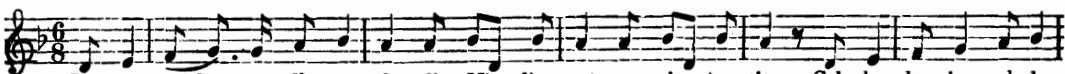
**Pier.** It will only sadden you.

**Cho.** But pleasing is the sadness of song;—

Sing it, Pierotto.

**Pier.** Do you wish it? I will sing, then:—

PER SUA MADRE ANDO UNA—ONCE A BETTER FORTUNE SEEKING. SOLO. PIEROTTO.



Per sua madre an - dò una fi - glia Mig - lior sorte a rin - trae - ciar, Col - le la - grime al - le  
Once, a bet - ter for - tune seek - ing For an a - ged moth - er dear, Went a maid - on, with steps

LINDA OF CHAMOUNI.



ci - glia le do - len - ti si ab - bracciar! Pensa a me di - ce - a la madre, Ser - ba in - tatto il  
*fall-'ring, Her last a - dieu a si - lent tear! "Think of me," thus said her mother, "Ev - er pure your*



tuo can - do - re Nel ci - men - ti dell a - mo - re Volgi al Nume il tuo pre - - gar.  
*fame pre - ser - ving, Trust not Love, he may be - tray you: Trust in Heav'n, its help de - - serving.*



Ei non puo - te a buona fi - glia la sua grazia la sua grazia ri - cu - sar!"  
*To a fair and pi - ous maid, Sure - - ty Heaven, surely Heav'n will lend its aid!"*

*Lin.* Questa tenera canzone,  
 Mi fa mesta palpar.  
*Pier.* Quei consigli, ah! troppo poco  
 La tapina rammentò,  
 Nel suo cor s' accese un foco;  
 Che la pace le involò.  
 La tradita allor ritorna,  
 Cerca invan di madre un seno—  
 Di rimorsi il cor ripieno—  
 Una tomba ritrovò;—  
 Sulla tomba finchè visse—  
 Quella mesta lagrimò.  
*Coro.* Viva, Pierotto! ora su, allegri stiamo,  
 E a prepararci al nostro viaggio andiamo.  
 [Partono.]

*Lin.* This song, so tender and pathetic,  
 Makes my heart with sadness beat.  
*Pier.* Alas! the counsels of her mother,  
 The wretched girl too soon forgot;  
 Too soon she listened to a lover,  
 And wretchedness became her lot.  
 Hopeless, deceiv'd, she soon return'd,  
 And vainly sought a mother's breast—  
 A parent's form was there inurn'd—  
 A parent's tomb was all she press'd;—  
 Her life was pass'd in deep despair—  
 Weeping on the cold grave there.  
*Cho.* Bravo, Pierotto! but come, let us be gay,  
 And for the morrow's journey get all in readiness.  
 [Exeunt.]

SCENA IV.—LINDA, indi il Visconte di SIRVAL sotto nome di CARLO.

SCENE IV.—LINDA, afterwards the Viscount of SIRVAL, under the name of CHARLES.

*Lin.* Non so, quella canzon m' interenisce,  
 E mi rattrista. Ho anch' io una madre; e, forse,—  
 E Carlo— Andro domani  
 Io prima ad aspettarlo—  
 Oggi pazienza.

*Lin.* I know not why this song should so affect  
 And sadden me. I also have a mother; and, per  
 And Charles— Tomorrow will I [haps,—  
 Be the first to meet him—  
 To-day I must be patient.

[Si mette al mulinello, per lavorare.]  
*Car.* [Entrando.] Linda! Linda!

[Sitting to the wheel, to work]  
*Charles.* [Entering.] Linda! Linda!

*Lin.* Ah, Carlo!  
*Car.* Sei tu sola?  
*Lin.* Sì, e gemeva  
 Di passar un giorno intero  
 Di te priva.

*Lin.* Ah, Charles!  
*Char.* Art thou alone?  
*Lin.* Yes, and I was grieving  
 At having to pass a day entire  
 Without seeing thee.

*Car.* Io non poteva  
 Sopportar dolor sì fiero.

*Char.* I could not bear with  
 A grief so dire as that.

*Lin. e* Non trovarti  
*Car.* } Era un dì d' orror per me!

*Lin. &* } Not to find thee  
*Char.* } Not to see thee a day of grief to me would be

*Car.* Da quel dì che t' incontrai,  
 Ad amar quel dì imparai;  
 A que' pini, all' istess' ora,  
 Ogni giorno t' aspettava,  
 Puro amor te là guidava,  
 S' intendeano i nostri cor.  
 E l' amarti il mio destino—  
 La mia gioia è a te vicino—  
 Tutto scordo a nu tuo sorriso,  
 Tutto in te mi dona amor:  
 La mia vita in questo Eliso—  
 Passar teo—io possa ognor.  
 Chi tel vieta?

*Char.* On the day when first I met thee,  
 I vow'd, love, never to forget thee;  
 By the pine trees when we wander'd,  
 And o'er coming joys we ponder'd,  
 True affection was our guide,  
 As we rambled, side by side.  
 Fate has will'd that I should love thee—  
 Happy only when thou'rt near—  
 Thy smiles are like the sun above me,  
 Ev'ry ray my heart can cheer:  
 Paradise no more could give—  
 By thee below'd—with thee to live.  
 And what prevents it?

*Lin.* Un dì, lo spero,—  
*Car.* Ma per or—

*Lin.* And what prevents it?  
*Char.* One day, I hope,—  
 But for the present—

*Lin.* Fatal mistero!  
*Car.* Che a serbar costretto io sono.

*Lin.* Fatal mystery!  
*Char.* Which I dare not yet remove.

*Lin.* Son più misera di te :  
A mia madre un sol finora  
Non celai de' pensier miei,  
E un segreto or ho per lei,  
Cui più cara sembro ognora,  
Alla quale tu involasti  
Tanta parte del mio cor.  
Anche allor che della sera,  
Io la seguo all'prghiera,  
Col suo nome, un altro nome  
Sul mio labbro viene ancor ;  
Dio che legge nel cuor mio,  
Sa che puro è il mio fervor !  
*Car.* Ah, che un angelo tu sei !  
Ei t' udrà.

*Lin.* Lo bramo e spero :  
Io rispetto il tuo mistero,  
Ma mi costa.

*Car.* E quanto a me,  
*A 2.* Quel dover celar nel core  
Un sì forte e dolce affetto ;  
Lungi star dal caro oggetto,  
De' più teneri desir ;  
E il più barbaro dolore,  
Che un amante può soffrir !  
*Lin.* Dimmi, e quando tal mistero  
Cesserà ?

*Car.* Presto.  
*Lin.* Fia vero.

*Lin.* More unhappy than you am I :  
From my mother until now  
I never had a thought conceal'd,  
But a secret now is hid  
From her to whom 't should be reveal'd :  
Thus, the heart thou hast divided  
Which she fancied all her own.  
When I'm kneeling down beside her,  
When my lips for her would pray,  
Another name I softly murmur—  
On other thoughts my mind will stray ;  
But God, who every heart can tell,  
Knows how I love—how pure—how well .  
*Char.* Ah what an angel art thou !  
Thy prayers will sure be heard.

*Lin.* I hope and trust.  
Thy secret I respect,  
But much it costs me.

*Char.* It also costs me much,  
*Both.* Thus to hide within my heart  
All the love I bear to thee ;  
Thus, my love, from thee to part,  
When my only world's in thee :  
Fiends no torture could discover  
Worse than absence to a lover !

*Lin.* Now, tell me, when shall this mystery  
Be ended ?

*Char.* Shortly.  
*Lin.* I hope so.

**A CONSOLARMI AFFRETTIS!—OH! THAT THE BLESSED DAY WERE COME.**  
**DUET. LINDA AND CHARLES.**

LINDA.

A con-so-lar-mi af-fret-ti-si, Tal gior-no so-spl-ra-to, In-  
*Oh! that the bless-ed day were come, When standing side by side, We*  
CHARLES.

nan-zi al Cielo a-gliuo-mi-ni Tuo spo-so di ver-rò.  
*be-fore God and man shall be As bridegroom and as bride.*

E al-lor mai più di-vi-der-si, Col mio te-so-ro al la-to, Di puro a-mor nell'  
*And then, my love, we'll nev-er part, But each a treasure find..... In having brought a*

e-sta-si In ciel mi tro-ve-rò, In ciel mi tro-ve-rò, ah! in ciel, In  
*faithful heart, To heav'nly love resign'd, To heav'n-ly love re-sign'd, heav'nly love, To*

In ciel mi tro-ve-rò, ah! In ciel mi tro-ve-rò, Ah! in ciel In  
*To heav'nly love resign'd..... To heav'n-ly love re-sign'd..... to love, To*

ciel mi tro-ve - rò, Nel ciel, nel ciel, nel ciel mi tro-ve - rò..... in ciel.... mi tro - ve - rò.  
*heav'nly love resign'd, To heav'nly love, to heav'nly love, to love..... to heav'n - ly love.... re - sign'd.*

ciel mi tro-ve - rò Nel ciel, nel ciel, in ciel, mi tro-ve - rò..... in ciel.... mi tro - ve - rò.  
*heav'nly love resign'd, To heav'nly love, to love, to love, to love.... to heav'n - ly love.... re-sign'd.*

## SCENA V.—Il Prefetto ed ANTONIO

*Prs.* Qui, buon Antonio—qui soli. [Misterioso.]

*Ant.* E che avete,  
Signor Prefetto, ad annunziarmi?

*Pre.* Il fiero  
Periglio, ch' io già prevedea.

*Ant.* Periglio?

*Pre.* Sì, una disgrazia orribile.

*Ant.* Mi fate  
Tremar. Ma come? sembrano cangiato  
Ora le nostre sorti. Sua Eccellenza  
Il Marchese?—

*Pre.* Il perverso!

*Ant.* Ei! se ci ha fatto  
Anzi sperar sicuro entr' oggi l' atto  
D' affittanza di pascoli e cascine.

*Pre.* Ah! non credete;—egli v' inganna!

*Ant.* Come?

*Pre.* Io non v' intendo affatto.  
Promettete

*Ant.* D' esser prudente.  
[Agitato.] Su via—dite! dite!  
Il Marchese?—

*Pre.* Fremete, inorridite!  
Quella pietà sì provvida,  
Ch' egli per voi mostrava,  
Le sorti lusinghevole,  
Di cui v' affascinava,  
Non son che inique trame  
Già tese al vostro onor.

*Ant.* Cielo! saria possibile!

*Pre.* Arde per Linda il perfido  
D' un esecrato amor.

*Ant.* Ah! lo dovea conoscere!  
Or chiaro è il rio disegno!  
A Linda promettevano  
Un posto di lei degno!  
Ah, questo tratto infame  
M' empie di rabbia e orror!

*Pre.* È giusto; ma calmatevi.

*Ant.* Perché s' un nati poveri  
Ci credon senza onor!

*Pre.* Antonio, rammentatevi.

*Ant.* Ve lo prometto ancor.

A 2.

*Ant.* La figlia mia, quell' angelo,  
In così fier periglio!  
Signor, deh! compiangetemi,  
Datemi voi consiglio;  
La figlia, un padre misero  
Salvate per pietà!

*Pre.* Veglia custode un angelo  
Ad ogni suo periglio;  
Nel Cielo confidatevi,  
Ragion vi dia consiglio!

## SCENE V.—The Prefect and ANTONIO.

*Pre.* Ah! my good Antonio—we are here alone. [Mysteriously]

*Ant.* And what news,  
Master Prefect, have you to communicate?

*Pre.* To warn you  
Of the danger I've foreseen.

*Ant.* What?—danger?

*Pre.* Yes, of a threatened degradation.

*Ant.* You make  
Me tremble. But come, greatly chang'd  
Our position now appears; his Excellency,  
The Marquis?—

*Pre.* The reprobate!

*Ant.* He! why he has promised  
That, in the course of this very day  
A renewal of the farm shall be granted.

*Pre.* Ah! believe him not;—he deceives you!

*Ant.* How?

*Pre.* I do not understand you.

*Pre.* Well, promise me  
That prudent you will be.

*Ant.* [Agitated.] Trust me—speak! speak!  
The Marquis!—

*Pre.* Listen, and shudder!  
That show of kindness and compassion  
Which he for you affected,  
And the bright fortunes he promised,  
With which your hopes he flatter'd,  
Are but frauds most infamous,  
Of your honor to divest you.

*Ant.* Oh, heavens! can this be possible?

*Pre.* For Linda, the treacherous man  
A guilty passion nourishes.

*Ant.* Ah! I ought to have perceived it all!  
How clear now is his design!  
To Linda he has promised  
A befitting place!  
Ah, this infamous treachery  
With rage and horror fills me!

*Pre.* You are right; but you must be calm.

*Ant.* Because of humble birth we are  
Of honor void they think us!

*Pre.* Antonio, be mindful—careful.

*Ant.* I promise you I will.

Both.

*Ant.* My daughter dear, my angel girl,  
By peril thus surrounded!  
Ah, sir, for me compassion show,  
My mind's with grief confounded;  
The daughter of a wretched sire  
Protect—in pity, save!

*Pre.* A guardian angel from on high  
Her danger watches ever;  
On God above still place thy trust,  
He will desert thee never!

La figlia, un padre misero  
Il Cielo salverà!  
*Ant.* Ma intanto!  
*Pre.* Allontaniamola:  
Di tutto egli è capace—  
Ognun qui trema e tace.  
*Ant.* Allontanarla?  
*Pre.* E subito—  
Coi nostri montanari,  
Che partono fra un'oro.  
*Ant.* Ma si innocente—ingenua—  
*Pre.* Il Ciel la guiderà.  
*Ant.* Senza soccorsi, povera!  
*Pre.* Il pan non mancherà—  
Presso d' un mio fratello  
Linda a Parigi andrà—  
Un altro padre in quello  
Ivi ritroverà.  
*Ant.* Ebben, si faccia pure  
Del Ciel la volontà.  
*Pre.* Dalle rie brame impure  
Quell' angiol fuggirà!  
*A 2.* Esaltiam la tua potenza,  
O divina Provvidenza!  
Tu conforti il cor che geme,  
Colla speme, colla fe.  
Serbi Linda il tuo favore,  
Bella ognor del suo candore,  
Degna sempre, o Ciel, di te!  
*Ant.* Corro a dispor la moglie al tristo colpo  
Della separazion.  
*Pre.* Io vado intanto  
Linda a cercar.

[Parte.]

## SCENA VI.—LINDA, con un foglio in mano.

*Lin.* [Giuliv.] Miei cara genitori!  
Non più duolo! Me lieta! Venerate,  
Signor Prefetto—  
*Pre.* E d' onde  
Tanta gioja?  
*Lin.* Ecco il foglio già segnate  
Della nuova affittanza.  
*Pre.* Il reo mercate  
Del vostro disonor.  
*Lin.* Come?  
*Pre.* Al castello  
Di perdervi si trama.  
*Lin.* Ivi son io  
Chiamata dal Marchese.  
*Pre.* Trematene; l' inganno, la violenza—  
*Lin.* Che far dunque degg' io?  
*Pre.* Partir!  
*Lin.* Partire!  
*Pre.* Lasciar mia madre!—(e Carlo!)  
A prevenir  
*Lin.* L' andò già vostro padre.  
Eccola! ah! piange!

SCENA VII.—Giovani Savojardi accompagnati dai suoi  
parenti discendono la collina, ciascun dei giovani portando  
uno fardello appeso alla spalla e al bastone; PIEROTTO,  
portando una ghironda. MADDALENA ed ANTONIO—nella  
mano di Maddalena un cappellino per Linda.

*Lin.* Madre mia! madre mia! [Abbracciandosi.  
*Mad.* Figlia; Mi sei  
Dunque tolta!  
*Ant.* Ma torna.  
*Mad.* [Dubbiosamente.] Oh, sì!

The daughter and her wretched sire  
He'll in his mercy save!  
*Ant.* But how?—tell me!  
*Pre.* She must be sent away;  
Here, he dares do anything—  
Here all fear him, and are silent.  
*Ant.* Must I send her away?  
*Pre.* Ay, and quickly—  
Along with our mountaineers,  
Who within an hour hence depart.  
*Ant.* But she's so innocent—so guileless—  
*Pre.* Heaven will protect her.  
*Ant.* Without subsistence—poor creature!  
*Pre.* She will not want for bread,  
To my own brother I'll confide her:  
For Paris, Linda shall depart—  
Another father shall he prove—  
Her gentleness will win his heart.  
*Ant.* Well, then, to the will of heaven  
Let us cheerfully submit.  
*Pre.* From such machinations vile  
Heaven above may save us yet!  
*Both.* Let us thy mighty power exalt,  
Oh thou Providence divine!  
The bruised heart thou comfortest,  
To faith and hope our hearts incline.  
Vouchsafe to Linda thy favor infinite,  
That she her purity may keep,  
And always worthy be, oh Heaven, of thee!  
*Ant.* To my wife I must run now, her consent to get  
To this sad separation. [Exit  
*Pre.* And in the meantime  
For Linda will I search.

## SCENE VI.—Enter LINDA, with a paper in her hand.

*Lin.* [Cheerfully.] Ah, my beloved parents!  
No more grieving! I am happy! My respects,  
Revered Prefect—  
*Pre.* And wherefore  
So joyous are you?  
*Lin.* Behold, of the promised lease  
The deed already executed.  
*Pre.* The settled price  
Of your dishonor.  
*Lin.* How so?  
*Pre.* At the castle  
Your ruin they are plotting.  
*Lin.* Thither to go  
I am invited by the Marquis.  
*Pre.* Be warn'd; beware of deceit and violence—  
*Lin.* What would you have me do, then?  
*Pre.* Depart!  
*Lin.* Go away!  
*Pre.* And leave my mother dear—(and Charles, too!)  
To prepare her  
*Lin.* Your father has already gone.  
Behold her! ah she's peeping!

SCENE VII.—Youthful Savoyards, accompanied by their  
parents, descend the hill; the young men carrying each of  
them a bundle slung over the shoulder by a stick; with them  
PIEROTTO, bearing a gironda; and MADALINE and AN-  
TONIO—the former having in her hand a straw bonnet for  
Linda.

*Lin.* Mother dear! my mother dear! [They embrace.  
*Mad.* My daughter! must you,  
Then, leave us!  
*Ant.* Soon to return.  
*Mad.* [Doubtingly.] Oh, yes!

- Pre.** **Vedete.**  
Quante madri e figliuoli  
A separarsi vanno! or via, coraggio!  
**Pier.** Signor Prefetto, siamo qui—  
**Pre.** Pierotto,  
Orfano sulla terra,  
Ti fido in Linda una sorella: scorta  
Siale con questa lettera a Parigi.  
[Dandogli una lettera.]
- Pier.** Linda con noi?—  
[Vorebbe più dire, ma l' Prefetto impone silenzio.]
- Pre.** Miei figli,  
Tetro sovrasta il vento,  
Fremente la bufera;  
Mugge di rupe in rupe, e il ghiaccio eterno;  
Comincia a biancheggiar dell' uniforme  
Ammanto delle nevi: ovunque al guardo  
Squallida par natura. E giunta l' ora  
In cui da' vostri tetti  
Voi siete ogni anno a dipartire astretti,  
E con solerte cura,  
Già tra le genti procacciar per voi,  
E le famiglie vostre, il desiato  
Soccorso uman, che alle fatiche e zelo  
Conceder suol sempre benigno 'l cielo:  
Pria dell' ultimo addio, meco v' unite  
Il Cielo ad implorar; poscia partite. [Si prostrano.]
- Tutti.** O Tu che regoli gli umani eventi,  
Speme dei miseri degl' innocenti,  
Su questi vigila con fausto ciglio,  
noi tu difendili d' ogni periglio:  
Ah, tu difendici d' ogni periglio:  
Nella tua grazia onnipossente,  
O Dio clemente! serbali serbaci ognor.  
E forza piangere padre, oh dolore!  
madre, oh dolore!
- Sovvienti—abbracciami—mi scoppia il core!
- Pre.** Si cessi il piangere, fiducia in Dio.  
**Tutti.** Forti mostriamoci, oh madre, addio!  
oh figli,  
**Lin.** Forti mostriamoci,—oh Carlo, addio!
- [I fanciulli cominciano di ascendere la montagna, di là si  
volgono e stendono le braccia ai parenti che corrispon-  
dono, e cade il tendone avanti il gruppo.]

FINE DELL' ATTO I.

## ATTO II.

PARIGI.

**SCENA I.**—Salone magnifico, con vestibolo visibile a l' udi-  
enza. Le cupole delle Chiese e cetti della Casa veduti a tra-  
verso la Finestra nel fondo, mostraron che 'l Salone è alto.  
Nel vestibolo una porta d' ingresso, e in altro luogo una porta  
segreta.—LINDA, assisa.

- Lin.** Già scorsero tre mesi,  
Nè più novella intesi  
De' genitori miei. Loro inviavi  
Quel poco di danaro,

- Pre.** Consider,  
**How many mothers and their children  
Are now to separate! then, take courage!**  
**Pier.** Master Prefect, we are all here—  
**Pre.** Pierotto,  
In this world an orphan thou art,  
And to thee, as a sister, Linda I confide: to Paris,  
With this letter, you will safe escort her.  
[Giving him a letter]
- Pier.** Linda with us?—  
[He is about to speak further, but is stopped by the Prefect]
- Pre.** My children dear,  
High and cold bloweth the wind;  
From rock to rock the storm is spreading;  
With ice and snow the woods are cloth'd,  
And dreary nature seems, where'er we look,  
To give you warning hence to go.  
On all sides one sees the time proclaim'd  
These, your native dwellings, quick to leave  
And in some distant country seek,  
With care and honest industry,  
That subsistence for yourselves and families  
Which heaven in its goodness grants  
To all who seek it faithfully:  
Before a last farewell we take, with me unite  
The aid of heaven in prayer t' implore, and then Je-  
part!  
[They all kneel.]
- Cho.** Oh, Thou, who all human events dost govern,  
Hope of the wretched—aid of the innocent,  
On them all with eye propitious look,  
us all protect:  
And from all dangers us protect:  
Of thy great mercy, Power Almighty,  
O God most merciful! bless and preserve them.  
us.  
We cannot now but weep, father, oh how griev-  
ous!  
mother, oh how griev-  
ous!  
Remember us—embrace us—oh, breaking is my  
heart!
- Pre.** Cease now to grieve—in God be all your trust.  
**All.** Let us now more courage show! Oh, father!  
Oh, mother!  
Adieu!  
**Lin.** I, too, must now more courage show—Oh, Charles,  
adieu!
- [The young people begin to ascend the mountain, whence  
they look back, stretching their arms towards their  
parents, who motion a farewell, while the curtain de-  
scends on the group.]

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

PARIS.

**SCENE I.**—A handsome well-furnished Room, with a lobby  
on one side of it, seen by the Audience. It is shown to be an  
upper Apartment by the tops of Churches and other Build-  
ings being seen through a Window in the middle of the scene.  
In the lobby an entrance-door, and in another part a secret  
door.—LINDA, seated.

- Lin.** Three months already pass'd,  
And yet no news have I received  
From my relations. The little money  
Which, by my singing on the road,



Che per le vie cantando io guadagnai.  
Cielo! che ascolto? Una ghironda!  
E questa musica?—Io la conosco.

*Una Voce.* [Della Strada.]  
Soccorete

Povero Savoyardo!

*Lin.* Ah! la sua voce!  
E lui—Pierotto! Savoyardo! ascendi!  
[Va alla porta d'ingresso.]  
Lasciatelo venir.

SCENA II.—PIEROTTO col cappello in mano, la Ghironda appesa dietro le spalle.

*Pier.* Linda!—Oh, Signora!  
Perdonate—Io credei—  
Una voce—

*Lin.* Pierotto!  
*Pier.* Ah! è lei—sì, è lei!

*Lin.* La tua compagna.  
*Pier.* E del mio cor sorella. Io vi cercai  
Dove già vi condussi e ritrovai,  
Morto il vecchio fratel del pio Prefetto,  
E voi di là partita.  
Quindi caddi ammalato—  
Quanto soffersi—freddo, fame, stenti,  
Con quest' orrido freddo.

*Lin.* Ah! taci, taci.

*Pier.* Fui persino ridotto  
A mendicar.

*Lin.* Mio povero Pierotto!  
[Gli dà del danaro.]

Tieni, e spesso ritorno a rivedermi.  
*Pier.* Ah! sempre così buona!

[Osservando il danaro, e sorpreso.]  
*Lin.* Quanto danaro! anche dell' oro!—Linda!  
Quanto quì vedi è tutto  
Del mio futuro sposo—quel pittore  
Che tu vedevi sposo.

*Pier.* Ebbene?  
*Lin.* E figlio

Della Marchesa di Sirval—di lei  
Ch' è nostra feudataria: egli mi amava,  
E seguimmi a Parigi.

*Pier.* E già palese  
E il vostro matrimonio a quel Marchese,  
Lo zio del tuo futuro,  
Ch' era già a Chamouni, che mostrò tanta  
Sorpresa ora vedendoti al balcone?

*Lin.* Il Marchese?—No! questo è ancor mistero.

*Pier.* Le nozze,—si faran presto?

*Lin.* Lo spero!

*Pier.* E dove?  
*Lin.* A Chamouni.

*Pier.* Che gioja! Allora  
Voi la nostra padrona,—e la signora!  
Or che v'ho ritrovata,  
Dopo quel che ho sentito,  
Non mi ricordo più quanto ho patito.

I had obtained, I have sent them.  
Oh Heavens! what do I hear? A gironda!  
And that ballad?—Ah, well do I know it.

*A Voice.* [From the Street.]  
Oh, help  
A weary Savoyard!

*Lin.* Ah! that well-known voice!  
'Tis he—Pierotto! Savoyard, oh! come up!  
[Going to the entrance-door.]  
Permit him to come in.

SCENE II.—Enter PIEROTTO, his hat in his hand, his Ghironda at his back.

*Pier.* Linda!—Oh, Signora!  
Pray pardon me—I thought I heard—  
A voice I knew—

*Lin.* Pierotto!  
*Pier.* Ah! 'tis she—yes, 'tis she!

*Lin.* Your early companion.  
*Pier.* And the dear sister of my heart. I have sought you  
At the house where first I left you,  
But dead I found the brother of the good Prefect,  
And you had gone away.  
Then with sickness I was seiz'd—  
How much I've suffer'd—hunger, cold, and want,  
Besides this frightful weather.

*Lin.* Ah hush! be quiet.

*Pier.* E'en charity to crave  
Was I compell'd.

*Lin.* My poor Pierotto!  
[She gives him some money.]

Take this, and mind you often come to see me.  
*Pier.* Ah! always so generous!

[Looking at the money with surpris..]  
*Lin.* What a lot of money! and gold too!—Linda!  
All that you now here behold  
To my future lord belongs—the painter  
Whom you so oft have seen.

*Pier.* Why, what of him?  
*Lin.* He is the son

Of the Marchioness of Sirval—of the lands we farm  
The lawful owner: of me he is enamor'd,  
And to Paris has he followed me.

*Pier.* And your marriage—  
Is it to the Marquis known,  
The uncle of your future spouse,  
Who at Chamouni we have seen, and whose surprise  
At seeing you in the balcony was so great?

*Lin.* The Marquis? No! the matter is still a secret.

*Pier.* The wedding—will it soon take place?

*Lin.* I hope so!

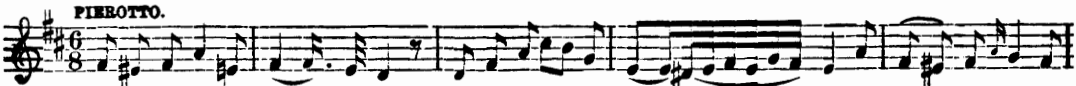
*Pier.* And where?  
*Lin.* At Chamouni.

*Pier.* Oh, what joy! Then you  
Our mistress will be,—and a Marchioness!  
Now that again I've found you,  
After all that I have heard,  
What I have endured I no longer care for.

AL BEL DESTIN CHE ATTENDEVI—AH! LINDA, AT THY HAPPY FATE. DUNT.

LINDA AND PIEROTTO.

PIEROTTO.



Al bel destin che at - ten - de - vi, Linda, ancor io sor - ri - - - - do: Ah, come il fra - tel pià  
Ah! Linda, at thy hap - py fate Permit me to re - joice..... I cheer - ful - ly par

te-ne-ro Vostri pia-cer.... di - - vi - - do; Che sì bel giorno ac-ce - - le - ri. Il  
tic - i - pate In ev'ry joy.... thy..... heart can see; And that the hap-py day.... may come, To

LINDA.

Ah, sì buon Pierotto..... tr tr tr sì, pre-ga, pre-ga - - lo  
Ah, good, kind Pierot - to..... ah, yes to Heav - - en

ciel vo' sup-pli-car..... il ciel, Ah! che sì bel giorno..... ac-ce - - le - ri, il ciel.... il  
Heav'n, to Heav'n I now.... will pray, And that the hap-py day..... And that the hap-py day.... may

tr tr tr Dio ti vor-rà a - - scol - tar..... ah, sì Dio ti vor-rà a-scol -  
pray, yes, to Heav'n..... pray..... ah, yes, to Heav-en, to Heav-en

ciel sup - pli-car, sup - pli - car..... il ciel vo' suppli-car, sup-pli -  
come, To Heav-en I now will pray..... to Heaven, to Heaven I now will

tar..... il ciel, vor-rà..... Dio ti vorrà as-col-tar.  
pray..... to Heav'n, to Heav - - - en, ah yes, to Heaven now pray.

car..... il ciel, il ciel..... io voglio vo' supplicar.  
pray..... to Heav'n, to Heav - - - en, I now, I now will pray.

**Lia.** Sì, buon Pierotto, fervido

**Pier.** Innalza il tuo pregar!  
Dei genitori immagino,  
La gioia in abbracciarvi:  
Tutta la valle in giubilo—  
Fuor esce ad incontrarvi!  
Che sì bel giorno acceleri  
Il ciel vo' supplicar.

**Lia.** Sì, buon Pierotto, fervido  
Solleva il tuo pregar!  
Addio, Pierotto.

**Pier.** O, Linda, addio!

**A 2.** Allor ch' io passo sotto il balcone  
Allor che passi quella pietosa nostra canzone.

**Lia.** Almen, Pierotto, non iscordar.

**Pier.** Linda, mi udrete sempre intonar.

**Lia.** Yes, good Pierotto, with fervor  
To heaven let thy prayers arise!

**Pier.** In fancy I can paint the meeting,  
With your anxious parents there:  
All the joy, and all the greeting—

Thanks that heaven has heard their pray'r!  
Yes, that the hopeful day may quickly come,  
I'll pray to heaven earnestly.

**Lia.** Yes, good Pierotto, with fervor  
To heaven let thy prayers arise!  
Farewell, Pierotto.

**Pier.** Oh, Linda, adieu!

**Both.** Whene'er I pass under the balcony,  
Whene'er you pass that tender song of ours do not forget

**Lia.** Mind now, Pierotto, do not forget

**Pier.** Linda, the melody be sure I'll sing you.

[Pierotto parte.]

[Exit Pierotto]

## SCENA III.—LINDA, poi il MARCHESE.

*Lin.* Come calma e conforta  
Un atto di pietà! Quel buon Pierotto  
Or è contento—ed io con esso. Un cenno  
Del Marchese mi fe': s' egli tentasse,  
Ordinerò.—Che vedo?

*Si presenta il Marchese.*

*Mar.* Ecco un fedele  
Vostro svizzeratissimo—o crudele,  
Mia bella fuggitiva! Permettete—  
[*Voglia baciarla la mano.*]

*Lin.* Signor, che mai cre dete?  
Vi prego—

*Mar.* Vi scongiuro.—Finalmente,  
Siam che siamo—il Marchese Ettore Achille,  
Ecetera.—Un' antica conoscenza,  
Mia cara figliocetta.

*Lin.* Ite! non posso,  
E non debbo ascoltarvi.

*Mar.* Si geloso  
E dunque il fortunato possessore  
Di tal fior di beltà?

*Lin.* Lasciatemi,—partite.  
(Cielo! se arriva Carlo.)

*Mar.* Oibò! sentite—

*Lin.* Io vi dico che partiate.

*Mar.* Io rispondo che ascoltiate.

*Lin.* Non lo debbo—non lo voglio!

*Mar.* Tutto bello, sin l' orgoglio!

*Lin.* Chiamo gente!

*Mar.* [Guardando intorno.] Un sol momento!

Questo vostro appartamento  
Non c' è male. Egli è grazioso;  
Ma d' offrirvi io mi fo vanto,  
Un palazzo sontuoso;  
I più splendidi equipaggi,  
Servitù, cavalli, e paggi,  
A' vostri ordini un banchiere,  
Quanto mai vi fa piacere:  
Senza offender la morale,  
Senza un' ombra pur di male,  
Tutto pongo a' vostri piè.  
Via, carina, sii buonina;—  
Non mi far la ritrossetta.  
Questa vecchia malizietta,  
Alla moda più non è.

*Lin.* Sto sorpresa come mai  
Tanto reggere potei,  
Come intrepida ascoltai  
Vostre offerte e detti rei:  
Vergognatevi! o signore,  
Le rifiuto con orrore!  
E sappiate ch' io qui sono,  
Qual regina sovra il trono;  
Che qui trovo quanto un cuore  
Può sperare, e può bramar:  
Qui sacrati a un caro oggetto,  
Tutti son gli affetti miei!  
Io tradirlo non potrei!  
Morrei pria che un altro amar!  
Ah! ah! ah!—La mia severa  
Già lo prova—il cor ritroso  
Sente amor.

*Lin.* Per uno sposo.

*Mar.* Sposo! Bah!

*Lin.* N' ebbi la fede.

*Mar.* Romanzetti! Chi vi crede?  
Sarà qualche provinciale,  
Sbarbatello,—chi sa?

## SCENE III.—LINDA, afterwards the MARQUIS.

*Lin.* How much calm and comfort  
Does a good act afford! That worthy Pierotto  
Is now made happy, and not less am I. A dark hint  
By the Marquis thrown out: should he attempt it  
Orders I'll give.—What do I see?

*The Marquis enters.*

*Mar.* Of your lovers many  
The most faithful—most adoring—cruel one,  
Fair wanderer, behold! Oh, permit me—

[*Attempting to kiss her hand*]

*Lin.* My lord, of what are you thinking?  
I pray you—

*Mar.* I conjure you.—After all is said,  
I am what I appear—the Marquis Hector Achilles,  
Et cetera,—an old acquaintance of yours,  
My dear darling god-daughter.

*Lin.* Leave me! I cannot,  
Will not, listen to you.

*Mar.* Ah! so captious grown  
Is, then, the possessor so fortunate  
Of this rosebud of beauty?

*Lin.* Enough I have heard,—begone.  
(Oh heavens! should Charles arrive just now.)

*Mar.* Oh, fie! now listen—

*Lin.* Again I say that you must go.

*Mar.* And I reply, that you must listen.

*Lin.* But I ought not—and I will not!

*Mar.* She's all charming, even in her anger!

*Lin.* I will call for help!

*Mar.* [Looking round.] One single moment!

Madam, I see that this apartment  
Is not so bad. Indeed, 'tis handsome,  
But a palace I can offer,

With wealth that any maid might ransom,  
Much more splendid equipages,  
Horses, servants, grooms, and pages.  
At my bank a free account,  
With cash to any large amount:  
Indeed, I mean not an offence,  
Nor at evil make pretence,  
While making you such promises.  
Come then, sweet one, pr'ythee smile;—  
Nay, don't reject me all the while.  
Malice to bear, with your old beau,  
Is not the fashion now, you know.

*Lin.* I marvel much I've been so cool,  
While list'ning to a doting fool;  
How I have borne your words to hear,  
Your offers, which so black appear:  
Shame! shame! upon you, hoary lord,  
I thus repulse you, thing abhorr'd!  
And learn that here I can command,  
As I were queen of this fair land;  
This is the house that I hold dear,  
No other do I covet here:  
My heart to one dear object clings,  
Oh, deem not that my heart has wings!  
Ne'er think I would my love betray!  
I'd sooner give my life away!

*Mar.* Ah! ah! ah!—though pert the prude is,  
She's not o'er frigid—her heart is beating  
E'en now with love.

*Lin.* 'Tis for a husband.

*Mar.* Husband! bah!

*Lin.* Pledg'd is his honor.

*Mar.* Romantic stuff! Who would trust him?  
Some country bumpkin he must be,  
Some young rustic,—who knows?

*Lin.* E un tale,  
Che se mai giunge a scoprire  
Vostre infami, indegne mire,  
Ne dovrete ben tremar :  
Guai se v' ode, o trova qui :  
*Mar.* Che!—può udir?—trovarmi?  
*Lin.* Sì.

*Lin.* He is one who,  
Should he by any chance discover  
Your designs so wicked and unmanly,  
Would give you cause to tremble :  
Woe to you, if here he find you !  
*Mar.* What!—in hearing is he?—can he see?  
*Lin.* Yes.

## A DIR IL VERO—JESTING APART. SOLO. MARQUIS.

A dir il ve - ro, Per un ca - pric - cio, Che mi tro - vas - si  
Jest - ing a - part now, If much dis - grace, I for my fond - ness  
in brutto im - pic - cio, Se mai qui a co - glier - mi, giun - ge quel ta - le,  
quickly should find, If some bold lov - er, here show his face—  
Fos - se un in tre - pi - do, franco uf - fi - zi - ale— Quel non i - scher - za - no,  
Some bust' - ring brag - gart, fu - rious - ly blind— The joke he might not see,  
sf - da - no, e ad - di - o! Guar - da - ti, pen - sa - ci, mar - che - se mio.  
but a - ven chas - tise me. Be cau - tious— pon - der well, mar - quis most val - iant.

*Lin.* [*Riguardando verso la porta segreta.*]  
(Ciel non permettere che di là Carlo  
Lo possa intendere, qui ritrovarlo.  
Delle sue visite questa è già l' ora :  
Se qui s' incontrano, deh ! che mai farò !  
Quanto è crudele questo cimento !  
Solo al pensarvi gelar mi sento !  
Quanto mi costi, fatal mistero ;—  
Il Ciel l' incanta vuol castigar.)  
Andate !

[*Al Marchese.*]

*Lin.* Andate ! Ih, ih ! che altura !  
Andrò, Regina, non per paura.  
Ma almen per merito d' obbedienza  
Un sorrisetto—non costa niente.  
Questa manina—

[*Tenta prenderle la mano.*]

*Lin.* Vecchio insolente !  
*Mar.* Eh ! eh ! che furie ! Perché son vecchio ?  
Ma—

*Lin.* [*Furiosa.*] Basta ! Uscite !*Mar.* [*Ridendo.*] Uscite ! ah ! ah !

## A 2.

*Leo* Troppo omai mi cimentaste—  
Ed in tutto voi mancaste.  
L' alto rango che vantate—  
Uom perverso, deturpate !  
Di qui fuori, e non ardate  
Più a me innanzi ritornar ;  
Sì, Marchese, ho un difensore  
Che mi puote vendicar.

*Mar.* [*Con derisione.*] Oh ! guardate—la Regina  
Da ricotte, da cascina !  
Ah ! sentite come impora,

*Lin.* [*Looking towards the secret door.*]  
(Oh, Heaven forbid that ever Charles  
Such language vile should overhear.  
This is the hour at which he comes :  
Ah, should they meet, the worst I fear !  
Ah, how cruel is my fate !  
Trembling at the thought I stand !  
Much this fatal secret costs me ;—  
On both will fall Heaven's chiding hand.)  
Begone now !

*Mar.* Begone now ! Hi, hi ! mighty grand !  
I go, sweet Hour, but not from fear.  
At least, now, in return for this obedience,  
One little smile—'twill nothing cost you.  
And this hand so small—

[*Attempting to take her hand.*]

*Lin.* Thou insolent old man !  
*Mar.* Eh ! eh ! what fury ! What if I am rather ripe !  
Yet—

*Lin.* [*In great anger.*] Enough ! Now leave me !*Mar.* [*Laughing.*] I leave you ! ha, ha !

## Both.

*Lin.* Too much insult tunes your tongue—  
You've disgrac'd in every way  
The noble race from which you sprung ;—  
Wicked, foolish man, away !  
Begone ! nor ever dare return,  
Unless thou would'st my anger brave ;  
And, mighty Marquis, list, and learn  
That I a brave defender have.

*Mar.* [*In derision.*] Oh, do but listen to this Queen,  
Of butter-milk and dairy fame !  
Bravely she her orders gives,

Minacciosa, e parla altera.  
V' obbedisco, o gran Sultana—  
E vi prego a perdonar.  
(Me la batto con onore,  
E la feci un po' arrabbiar.)

[Parte.]

In biting words and jests the same.  
I obey you, great Sultana—  
Pray you pardon all my sin.  
(I think I'd best retreat with honor,  
Seeing what a rage she's in.)

[Exit]

## SCENA IV.—LINDA.

*Lin.* Qual nom! qual cuore! Ah! il cuore  
Di Carlo mio si nobile, si puro!  
S' egli giungeva! Oh! l' ora è scorsa, e temo  
Ch' egli non venga più. La mia preghiera  
Me n'andrò a fare intanto della sera  
Già vicina.

[Parte.]

## SCENE IV.—LINDA.

*Lin.* What a man! what a heart! Ah, my dear Charles!  
His heart is so noble, so pure!  
Would that he had arriv'd! Oh! past is the hour,  
And now I fear he will not come. But my prayers—  
I will go and say them for the coming night  
That now draws on.

[Exit.]

SCENA V.—S' apre la porta segreta, e comparisce il Visconte in grande uniforme.

*Vis.* Linda!—si ritiro! Povera Linda!  
Non sa che l' orgogliosa madre mia  
Scoprì già i nostri amor'—ch' or da lei parto—  
Che s' oggi non istringo  
Un odioso imeneo, che già conchiuse  
In suo voler tiranno,  
Un ordine real—mi strapperanno  
Dal seno l' infelice,  
Qual vile seduttrice! Ah, no! già fremo  
A sì orribil pensiero! Un sol momento  
Veder io la voleva: non mi sento  
Or più coraggio—addio!  
Il Cielo ti consoli, angelo mio!

SCENE V.—The Viscount enters by the secret door, in full uniform.


*Vis.* Linda!—she has retir'd! Ah, my poor Linda!  
She knows not that my haughty mother  
Has discover'd our love—that now I leave her—  
That if I do not this day submit  
To a most odious marriage, already settled  
By her own tyrannical will,  
By a royal ordinance I shall be divested  
Of this unhappy maiden,  
As a vile seductress! Ah, no! already I shudder  
At a thought so horrible! For one short moment  
I wish'd to behold her: now my courage  
Sinks within me—adieu!  
May Heaven console thee, my dearest angel!

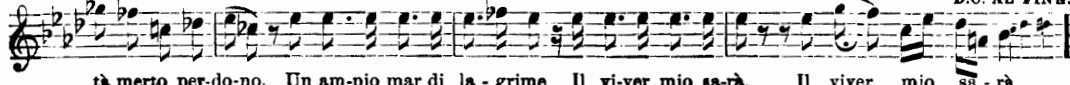
## SE TANTO IN IRA AGLI UOMINI—IF THUS THE RAGE OF MAN PURSUES. AIR. CHARLES.

  
Se tan - to in i - ra a - gli nomi - ni, E l' e - mor no - stro O! ca - - ra; Il du - ro  
If thus the rage of man pur - sues, Ourselves and all who're dear; Let us cast

  
lac - cio in - fran - ga - si Di questa vi - ta a - ma - - ra, Las - sù nel cie - lo un ter - mi - ne la  
off the hateful bond That holds us sorrow - ing here,..... On high, in Heaven our sor - row shall Sub -

  
nos - tra guer - - ra av - rà, las - sù nel cie - lo un ter - mi - ne la no - stra guerra a - vrà.  
side..... with - out a tear. On high, in heav'n our sor - row Shall sub - side with - out a tear.

  
Linda, non son col - pe - vo - le, Un tra - di - tor non sono; Ah! ben di te più mi - se - ro, pie -  
Linda, think not I am false, Or traitor to thy love; A - las e'en more than thee, I grieve, And

  
tà merto per - do - no. Un am - pio mar di la - grime Il vi - ver mio sa - rà, Il viver mio sa - rà.  
pardon seek a - bove. If still I live, my life will be A scene of woe, of woe and mis - - er - v.

D.C. AL FIN.

*Lin.* [Entrando.] Carlo!  
*Car.* Ah!  
*Lin.* Il mio cor non un repente  
 Battito violento mi dicea  
 Ch' era qui.  
*Car.* Linda mia! Gravi cure—  
*Lin.* Tu se' in grand' uniforme: Vi sei bello!  
 Ma per le nostre nozze?  
*Car.* Dio!  
*Lin.* Ti voglio  
 Col tuo vestito da pittore.  
*Car.* Oh! allora  
 Tempi felici!  
*Lin.* Ed ora?  
 Il nostro cor non è forse lo stesse?  
 Come allor, forse più, non ci amiam noi!  
*Car.* Linda, tu m' ami?  
*Lin.* E dimandar mel puoi?  
*Car.* I nostri cor s' intesero.  
*Lin.* Dal primo giorno.  
*Car.* Abbracciami!  
*Lin.* Ah! che mai chiedi, incanto?  
*Car.* Primo favor che supplico—  
 Linda, se mi ami—  
*Lin.* E il dubiti?  
*Car.* Quà sul mio cor!  
*Lin.* No!  
*Car.* Barbara!  
 Un puro amplesso!  
*Lin.* Cielo! Dammi tu forza. Ah, senti!  
 Il Cielo, che ricordami  
 Mia madre, il mio dover.  
*Car.* Linda!  
*Zin.* Tu mi ami? E ver?

*Lin.* [Entering.] Charles!  
*Char.* Ah!  
*Lin.* Of my heart the quick  
 And sudden beatings, told me  
 That you were here.  
*Char.* O my Linda! Pressing business—  
*Lin.* You are in full uniform: how well you look!  
 But at our wedding?  
*Char.* O God!  
*Lin.* Then I would like you  
 In your painter's costume.  
*Char.* Ah! those indeed  
 Were happy days!  
*Lin.* And these?  
 Are not our hearts the same as then?  
 Perhaps we now love one another even more.  
*Char.* Linda, dost thou love me?  
*Lin.* Why do you ask me that?  
*Char.* Our love is, then, reciprocal.  
*Lin.* From the very first day.  
*Char.* Let us embrace!  
*Lin.* Ah! what askest thou, imprudent man?  
*Char.* The first favor that I have asked—  
 Linda, if you love me—  
*Lin.* And do you doubt it?  
*Char.* Here, on my heart!  
*Lin.* No!  
*Char.* Oh cruel!  
 One chaste embrace!  
*Lin.* Oh Heaven, give me prudence! Ah, listen!  
 Now does Heaven summon me  
 To my mother, and to my duty.  
*Char.* Linda!  
*Lin.* Art thou my friend? Is't true?

AH! VANNE, O CARO--AH! GO MY LOVE. SOLO. LINDA.

Ah! van - ne, o ca - ro, las - cia - mi, In tut - to il mio can - do - re; Non as - sa - lir un  
 Ah! go my love and leave me free, With all, with all my former love; Oh, press not I en -

de - bo - le E trop - po ar - den - te co - re; Più an - cor se fia pos - si - bi - le, In  
 treat of thee A heart, a heart that thou can'st prove; And if more love my heart can feel, That

pre mio t'a - me - rò!..... Di più se fia pos - si - bi - le, Io t'a - me  
 love I'll give, I'll give to thee! And if more love my heart can feel, That love, that

rò Io t'a - me - rò, se fia pos - si - bi - le, t'a - - - me - rò - ah, sì, ah,  
 love I'll give to thee, that love, that love I'll give to thee - ah, yes, ah,

sì, se fia pos - si - - bi - - le, Di più se fia pos - si - bi - le t'a - me - rò.  
 yes and if more love my heart can feel, That I'll give to thee, I'll give to thee.

[Esce Carlo.]

[Exit Charles.]

## SCENA VI.—LINDA poi ANTONIO.

- Lin.* [*Riflettendo.*] Che dir voleva  
E quei sguardi, partendo ei mi volgeva  
Di dolor, di pietà! Non so, ma un tratto  
Mi sento tutto il core sopraffato.  
Forse presagio di sciagure—Eh! folle!  
Ma chi vien? Nel barlume un Savojardo  
Parmi—
- Ant.* [*In vestibolo col cappello in mano.*]  
Signora!
- Lin.* [*Riconoscendolo.*] Oh Dio!  
Possibile?
- Ant.* [*Entrando.*] Scusate!
- Lin.* Chi vegg' io?
- Ant.* Un buon servo del Visconte  
Di Sirval, per me commosso,  
Mi diceva che qui posso  
Il padrone ritrovar.  
Vecchio, povero, infelice.  
Mi può solo ei confortar.  
*Lin.* (Oh, mio padre!—in qual momento  
Lo rivedo—in quale stato!  
Triste, povero, curvato,—  
Mi fa gemere e tremar.)
- Ant.* Voi, sua sposa, a mio favore  
Lo vorrete interessar?
- Lin.* (Or che dire?)
- Ant.* Voi tacete—  
Ah v' intendo—v' importuno. [*Voglia ritirarsi.*]
- Lin.* Vi compiangio—anzi tenete. [*Dandogli una borsa.*]

A 2.

- Ant.* Ah! che il Ciel vi benedica,  
E col padre, se l' avete:  
Voi felice lo farete  
Che mostrate un sì bel cor.  
Ho una figlia anch' io, signora,  
La delizia mia finora:  
L' ho perduta forse adesso—  
Scordò il Cielo e i genitor.  
*Lin.* (Ah! scoprirmi a lui non oso,  
Nè fissar su lui le ciglia.)  
Solo improvvida è tua figlia,  
Ancor puro è questo cor.  
(Tanto cara ei m' ha pur ora,  
Me perduta egli deplora:  
Del mio stato tutti adesso,  
Riconosco, oh Dio, l' orror.)
- Ant.* Io vi lascio; permette—  
[*Per baciarle la mano.*]
- Lin.* [*La ginocchio.*] No—a me spetta!  
O padre mio!
- Ant.* Ciel! fia ver?—Linda!
- Lin.* Son io!
- Ant.* Figlia! Ah!—no, no—voi mentite.
- Lin.* Non so rea;—padre, m' udite!
- Ant.* No, ripeto—voi mentite!  
Linda è povera, ma onesta!  
La mia figlia d' un Visconte  
Non può in casa soggiornar.  
L' elemosina a suo padre  
La mia figlia non può far.
- Lin.* Deh! perdon!
- Ant.* Non lo sperar.

## SCENA VII.—PIEROTTO e detti.

- Pier.* Linda! Oh, qual nuova!
- Ant.* Pierotto!
- Pier.* Antonio!
- Qual vi ritrovo!

## SCENE VI.—LINDA, afterwards ANTONIO.

- Lin.* [*Reflecting.*] What meant he?  
What looks of pity, too, and grief,  
At parting, did he cast on me!  
Sad presage of misfortune.  
Yet away with these thoughts!  
But who comes here? In the shadow, a Savoyard  
He seems—
- Ant.* [*In the lobby, with his hat in his hand.*]  
Ah, Madam!
- Lin.* [*Recognizing him.*] Oh Heaven!  
Can it be he?
- Ant.* [*Entering.*] Excuse me!
- Lin.* Whom do I see?
- Ant.* A good servant of the Viscount Sirval,  
My condition commiserating,  
Here directed to seek  
My much respected master.  
Aged, poor, and unfortunate,  
He alone can comfort give me.
- Lin.* (Oh, my poor father!—at what a moment  
Do I see him—and in what a state!  
Sad, poor, and by age bent down,—  
How it makes me weep and tremble!)
- Ant.* You, his wife, in my behalf  
Will be pleas'd to intercede?
- Lin.* (What can I say?)
- Ant.* You are silent—  
I understand—I am troublesome. [*Retiring*]
- Lin.* Oh no!—I feel for you—pray take this. [*Handing him a purse*]

Both.

- Ant.* Ah! may Heav'n bless you,  
And your father, if you have one:  
Oh! how happy you must make him—  
You who have so kind a heart.  
I, too, lady, had a daughter,  
Who for years was all my joy:  
Now, I fear, to me she's lost—  
God and her parents she neglects.  
*Lin.* (Now dare I not myself discover,  
Nor e'en my eyes towards his raise.)  
Imprudent has thy daughter been,  
But her pure heart from guilt is clear.  
(So much love, then, does he bear me,  
That my loss he still bewails:  
Of my state now all the horror,  
Oh God, my stricken heart assails.)
- Ant.* I will take my leave; but permit me—  
[*About to kiss her hand.*]
- Lin.* [*Falling on her knees.*] No—that's my duty!  
Oh, dearest father!
- Ant.* Heaven! is this true?—Linda!
- Lin.* I am she!
- Ant.* Daughter! Ah!—no, no—you deceive me.
- Lin.* I am not guilty;—father, pray hear me!
- Ant.* No, I repeat it—you deceive me!  
Linda is poor, but yet honest is she!  
In the palace of a Viscount  
My daughter would not domicile.  
And alms unto her father thus  
Would not my daughter dare to give.
- Lin.* Oh! pardon!
- Ant.* Hope not for it.

## SCENE VII.—Enter PIEROTTO.

- Pier.* Linda! Oh, what news!
- Ant.* Pierotto!
- Pier.* Antony!
- Do I see you here?

*Ant.* Con mia vergogna.  
*Pier.* Risoluzione, forza o bisogna.  
*Ant.* Sai dell' indegna ?  
*Pier.* Di pietà è degna.  
*Ant.* Ella !  
*Lin.* Che rechi ?  
*Pier.* State a ascoltar.  
 In un palazzo, poco discosto,  
 Vidi a gran festa tutto disposto :  
 E fuocho e suoni, ghirlande e fiori,  
 Carozze e dame, lacché e signeri ;  
 Immensa folla di curiosi  
 Stava gli sposi ad aspettar.  
*Lin.* [Con ansia.] Sposi !  
*Ant.* Finiscila !  
*Lin.* Che batticore ?  
*Pier.* Linda, coraggio : vo' a terminar.  
 "E chi è lo sposo?" a un tale io chiedo :  
 Ei me lo nomina, io non lo credo.  
 A un altro provo ridomandarlo,  
 Ripete—è il nobile Visconte Carlo  
 Di Sirval.  
*Lin.* Dio !  
*Ant.* [A Linda.] Vedi ora infame !  
*Lin.* Padre !  
*Ant.* Tuo padre !—ti— [Per maledirla.  
*Lin.* [Attonita.] Ah !  
*Pier.* [Interponendo.] No ! che orror !  
*Ant.* Va, sciagurata !—soffri la pena  
 Della tua colpa, del mio rossor. [Parte.

## SCENA VIII.—LINDA e PIEROTTO.

*Pier.* [Osservando il suo dolore.]  
 Linda, andiamo ?—a che pensate ?  
 Questa casa abbandonate ?  
 [Linda va serenandosi ; ma mostra un svariamento mentale.  
*Lin.* A consolarmi affrettati,  
 Momento sospirato ;  
 In faccia al cielo, agli uomini,  
 Tua sposa diverrò.  
 Mio !—sì, mio !  
*Pier.* [Sorpreso fissandola.]  
 Che far !—che dire !  
*Lin.* A consolarmi affrettisi,  
 O giorno sospirato,  
 Innanzi al ciel, agli uomini,  
 Tua sposa diverrò.  
 E allor non più dividersi,  
 Col mio tesoro a lato,  
 Di puro amor fra l' estasi,  
 In ciel mi troverò.  
*Pier.* Trista vittiam d' amore !—  
 La ragione, oh Dio ! perdè !  
*Lin.* Ecco alfin—ecco il bel giorno  
 Di mie nozze ! o cara madre !  
 Col mio sposo e te ritorno :  
 M' accompagna al tempio, e il padre—  
 [Volendo ricordarsi.  
 Ah ! che fh ?—  
*Pier.* Linda !  
*Lin.* E colei ?  
 La rival ?—indietro !—Carlo !  
 Carlo è mio : chi a me involarlo ;  
 Con quei dritti, chi potrà ?  
*Pier.* Pianger,—misera mi fa !  
*Lin.* No, non è ver ! mentirono—  
 Tradir tu non mi puoi !  
 E solo per me palpita  
 Fidele il tuo bel cor :

*Ant.* To my shame be it said.  
*Pier.* Resolution and firmness we now need.  
*Ant.* Know'st thou this worthless one ?  
*Pier.* Thy pity she deserves.  
*Ant.* She !  
*Lin.* What have you to say ?  
*Pier.* Attention give me.  
 Within a palace grand, not far from hence,  
 For a festival all prepared I've seen ;  
 Lights and music, garlands of flowers,  
 Coaches and damsels, lords and lackeys, too ;  
 The bride and bridegroom to behold,  
 A crowd of curious people there waiting.  
*Lin.* [With anxiety.] A nuptial !  
*Ant.* Pray now finish !  
*Lin.* Slowly beats my heart  
*Pier.* Linda, now courage show : I must conclude.  
 And "Who is the bridegroom?" of one I ask'd :  
 To me he nam'd him, but I believ'd not.  
 To another the question I repeated,  
 And he this answer made—the Viscount Charles  
 Of Sirval.  
*Lin.* Oh God !  
*Ant.* [To Linda.] Now thy infamy thou see'st !  
*Lin.* Father !  
*Ant.* Thy father !—thine ! [About to curse her.  
*Lin.* [Terrified.] Ah !  
*Pier.* [Interposing.] No ! what horror !  
*Ant.* Go, wretched girl !—suffer the punishment  
 Of thy wickedness, and of my disgrace. [Exit.

## SCENE VIII.—LINDA and PIEROTTO.

*Pier.* [Observing her abstractedness.]  
 Linda, do you hear me ?—of what art thinking ?  
 From this abode let us now depart.  
 [Linda by degrees recovers her composure ; but manifests aberration of mind.  
*Lin.* Oh, consolation to me bring,  
 O moment long expected ;  
 In the face of heaven, and of man too,  
 Spouse, thy bride I will become.  
 Mine !—yes, mine own !  
*Pier.* [Regarding her with alarm.]  
 What to do !—what to say !  
*Lin.* Oh ! that the blessed day were come,  
 When, standing side by side,  
 We before God and man shall be,  
 As bridegroom and as bride.  
 And then, my love, we'll never part,  
 But each a treasure find,  
 In having brought a faithful heart,  
 To heav'nly love resign'd.  
*Pier.* Of love the end unhappy see !—  
 Oh, God ! her reason she has lost !  
*Lin.* Behold at last—the joyful day  
 Of my wedding ! oh, mother dearest !  
 With my husband to thee will I return ;  
 To the church we'll then go, and my father—  
 [As if struck by some indistinct recollection.  
 Ah ! what is this ?—  
*Pier.* Linda !  
*Lin.* Is it she ?  
 My rival ?—make way there !—oh, Charles dear !  
 Charles yet is mine : he to me is pledged ;  
 And who from me will dare to take him ?  
*Pier.* She makes me weep,—unhappy girl !  
*Lin.* No, no ! a falsehood they have told—  
 You cannot me deceive !  
 For me alone doth palpitate  
 His kind and faithful heart :



Linda tradita—esanime  
 Cadrebbe ai piedi tuoi!  
 Più non potrei nascondermi,  
 Al mondo, ai genitor.

[Sotto la finestra, musica vivace; la strada è illuminata da torchi.]

**Pier.** Ma i suon! —le faci! —ah! l'empio  
 La sposa guida al tempio:  
 Il nodo maledica  
 Il ciel nel suc furor.

**Lin.** [Ripete.] No, non è ver! mentirono, ecc.

**Pier.** Fa cor, mi segui, o misera,  
 Fuggiam da un traditor.

[Cadendo il tendone, Linda ritira, condotta da Pierotto.]

FINE DELL' ATTO II.

## ATTO III.

### IL RITORNO.

**SCENA I.**—Villaggio di Chamouni, come avanti.—I Contadini aggruppati: qualchuni seduti alle tavole, altri camminandi.—Giovani Savojardi scendono la Collina, lieti mostrandosi dal suo ritorno.

**CORO.** [Parte prima.]

Sentili, giungono! Deh, qual piacere!  
 Eccoli,  
 Per loro vuotisi tutto un bicchiere!  
 Ansiosi guardano, già ne han veduti—  
 Lieti ci mandano baci e saluti—  
 Vispi discendono dalla collina:  
 Su, su! corriamoli ad abbracciar!

[I Savojardi, già discesi, abbracciano i genitori ed i parenti.]

**Tutti.** Oh, padre! oh, madre!  
 Figlio! sorella!  
 Fratello! amici! un bacio—uu altro!

**I giovani.**  
 Sani e contenti fra voi torniamo:  
 N' ajutò il Cielo—s' è lavorato;  
 Ed il guadagno vi rechiamo.

**Tutti.** Evviva! evviva! dopo le pene  
 Talvolta il bene lieto compra!  
 Facciamo allegri un brindisi  
 All' ora del ritorno.  
 Facciam di lieti cantici  
 La valle risuonar;  
 Quindi sull' erbe floride,  
 Al tramontar del giorno,  
 Corriamo insiem festevoli  
 Le danze ad intrecciar.

[Partono.]

**SCENA II.**—Entra IL PREFETTO, poi IL VISCONTE.

**Pre.** Tutta la valle è in giubilo; ogni padre  
 I suoi figli revede. Antonio solo  
 Povero Antonio è in preda a nera duolo,  
 Quella Linda si candida, sa pia!  
 Ah! quella più non è; corre la via  
 Di perdizion! E come il fatal nunzio  
 Alla madre recar, che ansiosa attende  
 La cara figlia? Iddio conceda al labbro mio  
 L' accento del conforto! Ma chi mai  
 Raccolto a noi s' appressa  
 Egli? Il Signor di Sirvalle?

Linda betray'd—quickly at my feet  
 A lifeless corpse would prostrate lie!  
 From the world, and from her parents,  
 Her shame she could not hide.

[Lively music under the window; the street lighted with torches.]

**Pier.** Those sounds!—those lights!—Ah! to the altar  
 The bridegroom his joyous bride conducts:  
 On an union so unhallow'd,  
 Heav'n its maledictions will pronounce.

**Lin.** [Repeats.] No, no! a falsehood, &c.

**Pier.** Take heart, and follow me, unhappy one,  
 Let us from the deceiver fly.

[Linda is led off by Pierotto as the curtain falls.]

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

### THE RETURN.

**SCENE I.**—The Village of Chamouni, as before.—The Villagers in groups: some seated at tables, others walking about. The young Savoyards are seen descending the Mountain, showing signs of rejoicing at their return to their homes.

**CHORUS.** [First part.]

Hark, they arrive! Ah, what happiness!  
 To their good health let us a bumper quaff!  
 Anxiously they look about—now they can see us—  
 Kisses and salutations now they waft us—  
 Quickly the hills they are descending:  
 Fly, fly! to embrace them let us all hasten!

[The Savoyards, having descended, embrace their relations and friends.]

**All.** Oh father! oh, mother!  
 My son! my sister dear!  
 My brother lov'd! my friend! an embrace—another!  
**The young People.**

Healthy and cheerful among you return'd:  
 Heaven hath aided us—work we have found;  
 And with our savings content at home we'll stay.

**All.** Huzzah! when all our cares are pass'd,

How welcome joy and pleasure!  
 Merrily now we'll laugh and quaff,  
 And wisely pass our leisure.  
 With cheerful shout we'll dance and sing,  
 While through the valley echoes ring;  
 And on the daisied grass,  
 Beneath the setting sun,  
 We'll drain the social glass,  
 Or through the mazes run.

[Exeunt.]

**SCENE II.**—The Prefect, then CHARLES (the Viscount).

**Pre.** All the valley rings with joy; fathers  
 Embrace their children. Antonio  
 Alone is a prey to sorrow.—Linda  
 Once so pure, is now so no more!  
 Alas! she is on the road to ruin;  
 And how shall we tell this  
 To a mother, who is anxiously awaiting  
 Her return? May God grant her  
 Power to comfort her! But who  
 Comes thus hastily towards us? The  
 Lord of Sirval?

*Vis.* Ecco! a voi rispettabil Prefetto, io desiava  
Di favellar. A compiere qui vengo  
Imponenti doveri; al vostro core  
Abbandonasi il mio.

*Pre.* Dite, o signore—ebben!

*Vis.* La madre mia s'è alfine arresa  
A' miei fervidi voti. La Marchesa  
E' la matrigna d'una giovinetta Loustolet.

*Pre.* Sì, infelice!

*Vis.* Oh, cielo! che si dice?  
E che avvenne di lei?

*Pre.* Fatal mistero, che a me soltanto  
Pale sava il padre, misero genitore,  
Cui speme alcuna più non riconforta!

*Vis.* Ah! dite, Linda—

*Pre.* Quella Linda è morta!

*Vis.* Ciel! che dite?—Linda è morta!

*Pre.* Morta, sì, per la famiglia,  
Che coperta ha di rossore.

*Vis.* Ah! ma vive?

*Pre.* Chi sa? Viva pur lasciolla il genitore,  
Quando rapido fuggiva quella misera tradita,  
Da un indegno seduttore!

*Vis.* Seduttore indegno! Ah! sì—

*Pre.* Ah! che intesi?—voi piangete: ciel! qual dubbio?

*Vis.* Non sapete?—

*Pre.* Dite, è Linda—

*Vis.* Era fuggita, si credea da me tradita;  
Tracce invano io ne cercai.

*Pre.* Voi, l'amante?—voi!—

*Vis.* Sì, omai sì!—sappiatelo, son io.

*Pre.* Ed or Linda—

*Vis.* Oh, l'amor mio!

## A 2.

*Car.* Ah! chi sa quale, e dove la vita,  
Or transeina raminga, dolente?  
Forse, oh Cielo, mendica languente,  
Sulla terra non trova pietà.  
Ella ha puro serbato il candore!  
M'adorava quel fervido core:  
Ch'io potessi tradirla, il pensiero  
Disperata morir la farà.

*Pre.* Ah! chi sa come, dove la vita,  
Or transeina raminga, dolente?  
Forse, o Cielo, mendica languente,  
Sulla terra non trova pietà.  
Alla fede, a virtude, all'onore,  
Io cresceva quel tenero core;  
Di sua misera sorte il pensiero,  
Mi fa gemer, tremare mi fa.  
Ma v'è un Nume, egli mai, nell'ambascia  
La virtù derelitta non lascia.

*Car.* In lui fido, ed in voi; ritrovarla  
Quì sperava, ritorno cercarla.

*Vis.* Ah see, he's there! To you,  
Respected Prefect, would I speak.  
I have come hither to perform a duty  
And to you would open all my heart.

*Pre.* Speak, my lord, I pray!

*Vis.* My mother, the Marchioness, has  
At length yielded to my wishes. She is  
The godmother of a young girl, named Loustolet.

*Pre.* Yes—unhappy girl!

*Vis.* Oh, heaven! what do I hear?  
What has happen'd to her?

*Pre.* 'Tis a fatal secret which to me alone  
Her father has confided:  
Miserable man! he refuses to be comforted

*Vis.* Oh! say, Linda—

*Pre.* That Linda is dead!

*Vis.* Heavens! what say you?—that Linda is dead.

*Pre.* Yes, to her family,  
Which she has disgraced.

*Vis.* Ah! but she lives?

*Pre.* Who knows? Her father left her alive,  
When he fled from the miserable child,  
Who had been betrayed by a worthless seducer!

*Vis.* Worthless seducer! Ah! if you knew—

*Pre.* What mean you?—you weep: heavens! what doubt  
can there be?

*Vis.* Know you not?—

*Pre.* Say, is Linda—

*Vis.* She fled, believing herself by me deceived;  
In vain I have sought her.

*Pre.* You, her lover?—you!—

*Vis.* Yes, for ever!—know that I am he.

*Pre.* And Linda—

*Vis.* Oh, my belov'd!

## Both.

*Vis.* Ah! a sad fugitive, mournful and heart-broken,  
Who shall say whither her fate may now lead?  
Yet, even now she may ask for bread, languishing,  
Finding no pity, nor joy, in her need.  
Still she preserv'd her faith brilliant and stainless!  
Trusting her ardent heart solely to me;  
Could I deceive her?—the bitter thought ever  
Will haunt her, and, traitor! be fatal to thee!

*Pre.* Ah! the sad fugitive, mournful and heart-broken,  
Who shall say whither her fate may now lead?  
Yet, even now she may ask for bread, languishing,  
Finding no pity, nor joy, in her need.  
Yet, from her youth, to truth, virtue, and honor,  
Have I observ'd her heart always aspire;  
And thus the hand of fate sternly laid on her,  
Fills me with fear at a trial so dire.  
Above, there reigns a just Divinity,  
Who ne'er deserts the virtuous in distress.

*Vis.* In Him I now confide, and in your aid,  
I hoped to find her here—but go to seek her.

## MA SE IL CIELO MI PUNISCE—IF FROM HEAV'N THE BOLTS SHOULD REACH ME.

## SOLO. CHARLES.

Ma se il cie - - lo mi pu - ni - sce, se per sem-pre è a me ra - pi - ta, Qui la  
If from Heav'n the bolts should reach me, If from me she's torn a - way, Here my

mi - - se - ra mia vi - ta, A fi - ni - re a fi - nire io tor - ne - rò. All' a -  
wretch - ed life I'll fin - ish, Here for in - stant, here for in - stant death I'll pray. And to



*Car.* No! per me non v'è conforto,  
 Linda, Linda, o morirò!

*Pre.* Il mio cor mi presagisce,  
 Ch'ella a noi non fu rapita,  
 Quella misera smarrita  
 Fra noi lieta io rivedrò,  
 Dal suo pianto il Ciel placato  
 Al pentito perdonò;  
 L'innocente sventurato  
 Alle gioje riserbò.  
 Si sperate—del conforto  
 Per voi l'ora già suona,

[Partono.]

*Vis.* Alas! for me no consolation,  
 Far, oh Linda, far from thee!

*Pre.* Still my secret heart is telling  
 That from us she is not torn—  
 That the wand'rer to her dwelling  
 Happy will again return.  
 Heav'n, appeas'd, will hear her pray'rs,  
 And sweet repentance grant to sorrow;  
 Yet will dry the mourner's tears  
 On a bright and joyful morrow.  
 Yes, still hope!—the sun of gladness  
 Will dispel the cloud of sadness.

[Esceunt.]

SCENE III.—*Si vede PIEROTTO sulla collina. Discende tristo, e suona sua armonia solita.—Comparisce LINDA sull'alto della collina, con passi tremolosi seguendo il suono, arriva alla sedia, e cade lassa.*

*Fier.* Ed ecco in qual maniera abbiamo fatto  
 Duecento leghe! Ogni mattina, quando  
 A seguirmi deciderla dovea,  
 Intender questo suono io le facea,  
 Che nella sua pazzia  
 La dolce madre le rammenta, e in seno  
 Le destava la forza ed il coraggio.

*Lin.* In faccia al Cielo e agli uomini  
 Tua sposa diverrò.

*Pier.* E via! sempre lo stesso!  
 Come potrò mai presentarla adesso  
 Alla sua madre?

SCENE III.—*PIEROTTO appears on the hill. He descends pensively, and begins to play his usual tune. LINDA appears on the top of the hill, and falteringly follows the sound of the music, till she reaches a bench, on which she falls, exhausted.*

*Pier.* And in this way have we travell'd  
 Two hundred leagues! Every morning, when  
 I have wished her the journey to pursue,  
 I have caused her to hear this tune,  
 Which, notwithstanding her madness,  
 Of her dear mother reminds her, and in her breast  
 Both strength and courage revive.

*Lin.* In the face of Heaven and of the world  
 Thy wife will I become.

*Pier.* Alas! always the same!  
 How shall I venture to present her  
 To her poor mother?

SCENA IV.—*Il Prefetto, LINDA, e PIEROTTO.*

*Pre.* Del Visconte io porto  
 Almen d'onore ai Loustolot conforto.

*Pier.* Ah, lui! [Vedende il Prefetto.]

*Pre.* Pierotto—e Linda!

*Pier.* Sì: guardatela.

*Pre.* Oh, Cielo! in quale stato!

Quegli occhj, quel pallor, quell'aria!  
 Folle!

*Pier.* D'amor tradito.

*Pre.* A prevenirne i genitori io vado.  
 E tu guidala in casa.

*Pier.* Linda! Linda!

*Lin.* Ancora camminar?

No; siamo giunti—

A Parigi?

*Pier.* Sì.

*Lin.* Ma v'è Carlo? Senti  
 Questi suoni?—sì sposa!  
 And am—fuggiamo:  
 Non ni veda!

*Pier.* Qui vien!

Sì!

*Pier.* Ci siamo!

SCENE IV.—*The Prefect, LINDA and PIEROTTO.*

*Pre.* From the Viscount here I bring  
 At least some solace for Loustolot's honor.

*Pier.* Ah, 'tis he! [Seeing the Prefect.]

*Pre.* Pierotto—and Linda!

*Pier.* Yes: look upon her.

*Pre.* Oh, Heav'n! how much alter'd!  
 Those looks, that paleness, that countenance!  
 Gone mad!

*Pier.* By love betray'd.

*Pre.* I will go before, her parents to prepare:  
 Do you to the house conduct her.

*Pier.* Linda! Linda!

*Lin.* Still farther to travel?

*Pier.* No; we have arriv'd—  
 At Paris!

*Pier.* Yes.

*Lin.* But is Charles here? Hear'st thou  
 Those dulcet sounds?—his wedding!  
 Let us go—let us fly hence:  
 Let him not see me!

*Pier.* Here he comes!

*Lin.* Yes!

*Pier.* Peace! be quiet!

SCENA V.—*Il Visconte, indi il Marchese, ANTONIO, MADDALENA e Coro.*

**Vis.** Con questo foglio intanto assicurai  
Ai Loustolot la proprietà dei beni  
Che tengono in affitto; e poi—  
*Pre.* Signore!  
**Vis.** Io parto.  
*Pre.* No: è tornata.  
**Vis.** Linda qui! Oh, gioja! a lei!  
*Pre.* Ma—  
**Vis.** Che?  
*Pre.* Smarrita  
**Vis.** E la ragion dell' infelice.  
*Pre.* Oh cielo!  
**Vis.** E per me!  
*Coro.* Sì, è venuta.  
*Altri.* La Linda!  
*Mar.* Cosa dite?  
*Altri.* Or l' han veduta.  
*I primi.* Ma squallida, patita.  
*Mar.* Poverina! Ancor si tenti—  
*Coro.* Andiamo  
In sua casa. [*Esce Antonio.*]  
*Ant.* Oh, dolor! Son disperato!  
Più nessun riconosce.  
*Coro.* Ella!  
*Ant.* Ha tremato  
Alla mia voce. Restò immota a quella  
Di sua madre, che tanto amava—Oh Dio!  
Signor Visconte—voi—  
**Vis.** Sì, è ver, son io  
La cagion de' suoi mali. A ripararli  
Quì veniva. [*Sentisi la canzone di Pierotto.*]  
*Coro.* Sentite la canzone  
Di Pierotto. Sua madre—Ebben.  
*Mad.* S' è scosso  
S' è alzata al suono di Pierotto, lo segue—  
Eccola.

SCENA ULTIMA.—*PIEROTTO suonando la ghironda. Tutti i precedenti, poi LINDA.*

*Pier.* Se potete  
Questo punto cogliete.  
*Lin.* Madre mia,  
A te ritorno, ed innocente.  
*Mad.* Io credo,  
Abbracciami.  
*Lin.* E partito.  
*Mad.* Ah! lo vedete,  
Più memoria—più cuore.  
*Vis.* Riserbato all' amore,  
E forse il ridestarlo.  
Linda!  
*Lin.* Qual voce!  
*Vis.* Guardami—il tuo Carlo.

SCENE V.—*Enter the Viscount, Marquis, ANTONIO, MADDALENA, and Chorus.*

**Vis.** By these deeds I have secur'd  
To the Loustolots possession of the land  
By them heretofore rented; and now—  
*Pre.* My good lord!  
**Vis.** I hence depart.  
*Pre.* No: she is return'd.  
**Vis.** Linda here! Oh, joy! take me to her!  
*Pre.* But—  
**Vis.** What?  
*Pre.* Her reason  
**Vis.** The unhappy girl has lost.  
*Pre.* Oh Heaven!  
**Vis.** And through me!  
*1st Cho.* Yes, she has arrived.  
*2nd Cho.* Our Linda!  
*Mar.* What say you?  
*1st Cho.* They have just seen her  
*2nd Cho.* But pale and suffering.  
*Mar.* Poor creature! Yet let me try—  
*Cho.* Let us now go  
To her dwelling.  
*Ant.* O, grief! I'm in despair!  
No one now she recognizes.  
*Cho.* Poor thing!  
*Ant.* She trembled  
At hearing me—motionless she stood on hearing  
The voice of her mother. O Heaven!  
Signor Viscount—you—  
**Vis.** Yes, 'tis true that I am  
The cause of all her troubles. To make amends  
I now am come. [*Pierotto's tune is heard.*]  
*Cho.* To the song she's listening  
Of Pierotto. Where's her mother—Fetch her.  
*Mad.* She started [*it—*]  
At hearing the air of Pierotto's song, and followed  
Here she is.

SCENE THE LAST.—*Enter PIEROTTO playing his giron- da, followed by LINDA.*

*Pier.* If you can, now,  
This happy moment seize.  
*Lin.* Mother dear,  
To you I return, in innocence.  
*Mad.* I believe it,  
Let me embrace you.  
*Lin.* But he is gone.  
*Mad.* Ah! now you see it,  
No memory—no mind.  
*Vis.* For love it may be reserved,  
Perhaps, to restore them.  
Linda!  
*Lin.* That voice!  
*Vis.* Look at me—thy Charles am I.

LA VOCE CHE PRIMIERA—HEAR THE VOICE THAT SOFTLY SIGHING. SOLO. CHARLES.

E la vo - ce che pri - mie - ra, Pal - pi - tar..... pal - pi - tar ti fe - ce il  
Hear the voice that soft - ly sigh - ing, Led thy heart.... with love to

co - - - rel.... E l'ac - cen - to dell' a - mo - re! E il so - spir, il so spir di chi t'a - mò!  
beat! Ah!.... hear the once lov'd ac - cents! dying See thy lov - er see thy lov - er at thy feet!

E il tuo ben, che ancor t'adora,—  
Che da te perdono implora ;  
Uno sguardo—un tuo sorriso,  
E felice tornerò.

*Lin.* Egual voce, egual accento,  
Così an di mi lusingò.

*Tutti.* Non un moto—nè un accento—  
Ans<sup>ib</sup>, incert<sup>o</sup>, oh Dio! mio sto.

*Lin.* Non fu lui—non è il mio Carlo!  
*Vis.* Rimararla in quell stato,  
Più resistere non poss' io.

*Lin.* Se tu fossi Carlo mio,  
Tu m' avresti il cor beato,  
Ripetendo un caro accento,  
Che rammenta il più bel dì.

*Vis.* Oh! sì, Linda, lo rammento!  
Carlo a te dicca così,  
A consolarmi affrettati,  
Momento fortunato.  
In faccia al Cielo, agli uomini,  
Tuo sposo diverrò.

*Tutti.*

*Vis.* Salva!  
*Pre.* Linda!  
*Tutti.* Deh! tacete.

*Tutti.* Compi, oh Ciel, la nostra speme:  
Tu la rendi al nostro amor.  
Un sospiro—ella rinviene—  
Aprè il ciglio—

*Lin.* Ah! la mia madre!  
I tuoi baci—oh gioja—e il padre?  
Vi son cara? È chi a' miei piedi  
La mia man stringe?

*Vis.* Nol vedi?  
Il tuo Carlo.

*Lin.* Ah sì!  
*Vis.* Il tuo sposo

*Lin.* Sposo! Ah! qui, quì la tua mano;  
Questi è il mio fedel Pierotto—  
Quegli il puo signor Prefetto—  
Questa?

*Mar.* È Rosa—quel, Giannotto—  
Quì Franchetta—là Pasquale—  
Là Tonina—Paolo; ed io  
Buona Linda, io son quel tale—

*Lin.* Ch' or sarà mio signor zio.  
*Mar.* Sì, sì! Viva!

*Tutti.* Viva!  
*Vis.* Linda!

*Lin.* Carlo, ah! dimmi che non sogno;—  
Troppe gioje io sento in cor.

He it is that still adores thee,—  
That for pardon now implores thee!  
One kind glance,—one smile, and never  
Shall he wander from thee more!  
Such a voice, and such persuading,  
Once did my poor heart beguile.

*Lin.* Such a voice, and such persuading,  
Once did my poor heart beguile.  
*All.* Not a movement—not a whisper—  
Anxious, doubting, oh Heaven! we stand.

*Lin.* It is not he—my Charles it cannot be!  
*Vis.* To look on her in this condition,  
No longer can I endure.

*Lin.* If thou wert my own true Charles,  
Blessed wouldst thou make this heart,  
By those accents kind repeating,  
Which my happier days recall.

*Vis.* Oh! yes, Linda, well do I remember!  
Thus Charles used to sing to thee:—  
Oh, that the blessed day were come,  
When, standing side by side,  
We before God and man shall be  
As bridegroom and as bride.

*All.*

*Vis.* She's saved!  
*Pre.* Linda!  
*Tutti.* Oh! be quiet.

*All.* Fulfil, oh Heaven, our ardent hopes:  
To our loving bosoms yield her back.  
A sigh she gave—her mind returns—  
Her eyes are open'd—

*Lin.* Ah! my lov'd mother! [father!  
Thou hast kiss'd me—oh, most joyful—and my  
You still love me? Who now at my feet  
My hand is clasping?

*Vis.* Do you not see?  
It is thy Charles.

*Lin.* Ah yes!  
*Vis.* And thy husband.

*Lin.* Husband! Ah! place here thine hand.  
Here is my faithful Pierotto—  
That is the Prefect, kind and worthy—  
Who's that?

*Mar.* This is Rosa—that, Giannotto—  
Fanchette here—there Pasquale—  
There Tomina—here Paul; and I,  
Beautiful Linda, in me you see—

*Lin.* Him who will be my uncle dear.  
*Mar.* Yes, yes! Viva!

*All.* Viva!  
*Vis.* Linda!

*Lin.* Ah! tell me, Charles, I am not dreaming;—  
Too full of joy my heart now feels.

## AH! DI TUE PENE SPARVE IL SOGNO—AH! THE VISION OF THY SORROW. DUNT

## LINDA AND CHARLES.

## CHARLES.

Ah! di tue pe - ne spar - ve il so - gno Al - le gio - je a - mor ti de - sta. E so -  
Ah! the vi - sion of thy sor - row fades. And thy life re - signs to plea - sure. For thy

a - ve il cie - lo ap - pre - sta Or mer - ce - de, Or mer - ce - de a tan - to a mor. Sem pre u  
vir - tue Heav'n pre - pares Its choic - est gift, its choic - est gift, its great - est treas - ure. Al - ways

LINDA

Ah! que-sto,  
Ah! this will

ni - ti noi sa - re - - mo, Per a - mar - ci sol vi - vre - mo, ah!  
hap - py shall we be, And for love a - lone live we, ah!

fia per me l'E - li - so, Del - le gio - je dell' a - mor, ah!.....  
be for us E - ly - sium, Bless'd a - bode of joy and love, ah!.....

Questo fia per noi l'E - li - so; Si, si, questo fia per noi l'E -  
This will be for us E - ly - sium; Yes, yes, this will be for us E -

..... dell'..... a - - - mor! Ah!.....  
..... joy..... and..... love! Ah!.....

li - so Del - le gio - - je dell' a - mor! Questo fia per noi l'E -  
ly - sium, Bless'd a - bode ..... of joy and love! This will be for us E -

..... si, del - le gio - je, Del - le gio - je e dell' a - - mor.  
..... yes, bless'd a - bode..... Bless'd a - bode of joy and love

li - so Del - le gio - je, del - le gio - je, Del - le gio - je e dell' a - mor.  
ly - sium, Bless'd a - bode, bless'd a - bode, Bless'd a - bode of joy and love.

Car. e } Sempre uniti noi saremo—  
Lin. } Per amarci sol viv rema.  
Tutti. } Fia per voi la terra Eliso,  
Delle gioje e dell' amor

Vis. & } Always may we live united—  
Lin. } And ne'er by sorrow more be blighted.  
All. } Earth shall be to you Elysium,  
Happy scene of joy and love.

THE END.



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do.	<i>I.</i>	do.	<b>Robert le Diable</b>	<i>I.</i>	Giacomo Meyerbeer
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<b>Lucia di Lammermoor</b>	<i>I.</i>	Gaetano Donizetti	<b>Romeo e Giulietta</b>	<i>I.</i>	do.
<b>Lucrezia Borgia</b>	<i>I.</i>	do.	<b>Ruddigore</b>		Sir Arthur S. Sullivan
<b>*Madame Favart</b>		Jacques Offenbach	<b>Samson et Dalila</b>	<i>F.</i>	Camille Saint-Saëns
<b>Manon</b>	<i>F.</i>	Jules Massenet	<b>Semiramide</b>	<i>I.</i>	Gioacchino A. Rossini
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<b>Martha</b>	<i>I.</i>	Friedrich von Flotow	<b>*Sorcerer, The</b>		Sir Arthur S. Sullivan
<b>Masaniello (Dumb Girl of Portici)</b>	<i>I.</i>	D. F. E. Auber	<b>*Spectre Knight, The</b>		Alfred Cellier
<b>*Mascot, The</b>		Edmond Audran	<b>*Stradella</b>		Friedrich von Flotow
<b>Masked Ball</b>	<i>I.</i>	Giuseppe Verdi	<b>Tannhäuser</b>	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
<b>Meistersinger, Die</b> (The Mastersingers)	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner	<b>Traviata, La</b>	<i>I.</i>	Giuseppe Verdi
<b>Mefistofele</b>	<i>I.</i>	Arrigo Boito	<b>Tristan und Isolde</b>	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
<b>Merry Wives of Windsor, The</b>		Otto Nicolai	<b>Trovatore, Il</b>	<i>I.</i>	Giuseppe Verdi
<b>Mignon</b>	<i>I.</i>	Ambroise Thomas	<b>Ugonotti, Gli (The Huguenots)</b>	<i>I.</i>	Giacomo Meyerbeer
<b>Mikado, The</b>		Sir Arthur S. Sullivan	<b>Verkaufte Braut, Die</b> (The Bartered Bride)	<i>G.</i>	Friedrich Smetana
<b>*Nanon</b>		Richard Gené	<b>Walküre, Die</b>	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
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<b>*Olivette</b>		Edmond Audran	<b>Zauberflöte, Die (The Magic Flute)</b>	<i>G.</i>	W. A. Mozart
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