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MASSACHUSETTS DISTRICT COURT

1859

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARIA, the "adopted Daughter of the Regiment," but really
Daughter of the Marchioness. SOPRANO.

SULPIZIO. A Sergeant in the French Army. BASS.

MARCHIONESS OF BERKENFIELD. Maria's Mother. SOPRANO.

TONIO. A Tyrolese peasant in love with Maria. Afterwards
Colonel in the French army. TENOR.

ORTENSIO. Intendant of the Marchioness. BASS.

CORPORAL. BASS.

SOLDIERS, PEASANTS, &c., &c.

THE SCENE IS LAID IN THE TYROL DURING THE INVASION OF THAT COUNTRY
BY THE FRENCH. /

M52192

A R G U M E N T .

The scene of this opera is laid in the Tyrol, during the occupation of that country by the French.

The heroine is Maria, a vivandiere, or sutler, called the Daughter of the Regiment, because she had been found in the field, after a battle, by Sulpizio, a French serjeant, by him conveyed to the encampment of the 11th Regiment of the Grand Army of Napoleon, and by them adopted as their daughter. On the person of the infant, however, was affixed a letter, written by her father, a captain, and addressed to the Marchioness of Birkenfeld. This letter the good serjeant carefully preserved.

At the opening of the opera the foundling has grown up to a sprightly young woman, full of spirit and enterprise, the delight of her parent, the regiment, and the especial admiration of Tonio, a Tyrolese only a year or two older than herself, who has saved her life when in danger of falling over a precipice. He asks her hand, and the regiment, in its paternal character, assembles, discusses the proposal, and comes to the conclusion to consent to the match on the soldierlike condition that Tonio shall enlist into the regiment. To this Tonio readily consents, and all seems going as the course of true love has been said never to do, when the Marchioness of Birkenfeld appears on the field. Sulpizio recollects the name, and, considering himself bound in duty so to do, delivers to her the letter he had found on the person of the infant, Maria. The Marchioness well knows the handwriting, declares Maria to be her niece, haughtily demands her of her more loving guardian, the regiment, and dismisses Tonio as wholly unfit to be connected with any one of her highborn family. At this point of the story the first act closes.

In the second act we find Maria transferred to the Castle of Birkenfeld, her vivandiere costume rejected for habiliments more suited to her changed position, and masters

about her to eradicate all traces of her military antecedents; but with a result not quite satisfactory to the Marchioness. Accomplished and ladylike in her bearing, Maria undoubtedly becomes; but she sighs for her former freedom, and is frequently caught in the act of singing the joyous Rataplan, and going through some of the evolutions of the regiment—her beloved parent. Still more deeply does she sigh over her separation from Tonio. While these regrets are preying on her mind, the sound of approaching drums and fifes announces the advance of a military force. In a short time the castle is in the possession of the besiegers, who turn out to be the gallant Eleventh, with Tonio at their head, who, for his noble conduct throughout his career as a subaltern, has been made a field-officer. Mutual recognition of course secures the safety of the inmates of the castle, and Tonio renews his supplication for the hand of Maria. The Marchioness again rejects him, on the plea that she has promised her to the son of a neighboring Duchess. Tonio proposes to Maria that she shall elope with him, and she, indignant at her supposed aunt's cruelty, gives her consent. This coming to the knowledge of the Marchioness, in order to establish a new claim on the obedience of Maria, she reveals to her the facts that in early life she had contracted wedlock with an officer in rank so far below the aristocratic expectations of her family, that she had found it necessary to conceal the circumstance—that the officer who had fallen on the field, and placed the letter addressed to her on the neck of a child, was her husband—and that Maria was consequently her daughter, and not her niece. Maria, who had refused to obey the behests of her aunt, cannot set at defiance the wishes of her recently discovered mother, and in an agony of grief she renounces Tonio. But her suffering and devotion have awakened the dormant maternal feelings of the Marchioness, who, declaring the happiness of her daughter to be more dear to her than earthly grandeur, she consents to the union of Tonio and Maria.

LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.

(THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.)

ATTO I.

SCENA I.—*Alla destra una casipola; alla sinistra le prima case d'una Villaggio; da lontano delle Montagne. La Marchese di BIRKENFELD è assisa sopra un banco rustico alla sinistra. ORTENSIO sta a lato di lei. Paesani Tirolesi son aggruppati sopra una collinetta didietro, come di guardia, intanto le loro moglie e figlie si sono prostrate avanti in ginocchio, verso il lato sinistro, innanzi all' Immagine di pietra della Vergine.*

CORO.—*Sulla Colonna.*

Armiamci in silenzio,
Ci assista l'ardir,—
Che l'oste avversaria,
Già sembra venir,
Andiam — andiam.

CORO DI DONNE, *in Ginocchio.*

Cielo clemente,
Cielo possente
Prostrate a te,
Chiediam consiglio
In tal periglio
Danne mercè.

Ort. Ma si calma—via Marchesa,
Si remetta faccia cor!

Mar. Da nemici, oh Dio! sorpresa
Qui—ad un tratto—è un vero orror.

CORO.—*Un Paesano sulla Montagna.*

Son da nemici i monti abbandonati;
Coraggio, amici miei, siam salvati!

CORO.

Eh! niente panra
Viva il piacer,
La lora ventura
Non dessi temer.
La pace bramata
Rallegra ogni cor,
La terra salvata
Rinasce all' amor.

E salvo l'onor, eh! niente paura,
Mi viva il piacer.—La, la, la, la!

Mar. Deh! mi reggette per pietà—Ragazzi—
Deh! non m' abbandonate.

Ort. E che poteva immaginarsi mai,
Che il giorno appunto, in cui vostra
Eccellenza, di Lauffen rispettabile
Marchesa, al nativo Castel volgea le
Spalle, volesser le milizie di Savoia,
(Abbandonando a un tratto le frontiere)
Le marcie ripigliar?

SCENE I.—*On the right is a Cottage; on the left the first Houses of a Village; in the background are Mountains. The Marchioness of BIRKENFELD is seated on a rustic bench on the left, ORTENSIO standing by her side. Tyrolese Peasants are grouped on a rising ground behind, as if on the look-out, while their Wives and Daughters kneel in front, towards the left hand, before a stone Image of the Virgin.*

CHORUS—*of Men.*

Up! the foe's advancing;
To arms, friends, to arms!
For home 'tis we battle!
Who, then, will shrink from war's alarms!

CHORUS—*of Women.*

Santa Maria,
Gentle and holy,
Lo, lo! to thee
We bend in pray'r;
Maiden and mother,
Behold our despair.

Ort. Take heart, I pray, my noble lady;
Our friends approach, and soon they will be here.

Mar. Yes, but I fear the enemy is closer;
Those sounds!—they seem so very near.

CHORUS—*Peasants entering from behind.*

Friends, rejoice; see the French retreating:
All the danger is past.

CHORUS.

Rejoice, brave companions, for the peril's o'er;
Their star, it has set, and it rises no more.

Peace, life's greatest blessing,
Returns again;

And our songs of triumph
Sound on hill and plain,—

The heavens be praised!

Our country is saved, and no more shall we fear,
But happily live in our villages here.

Mar. Alas! support me, for pity, my friends!
Alas! do not abandon me.

Ort. And who would ever have imagined
That precisely on the day on which your
Ladyship, the honored Marchioness of Lanfen,
Returned to your native place, the castle,—
The armies of Savoy should have chosen
(Quitting, at once, the frontiers)
To resume their march?

Mar. Ma che far deggio? andar innanzi—
Oppur tornare addietro?
Ort. Ma—Eccellenza—
Mar. Indagate—vedete—esaminate—prendete
Lingua in somma; e la vettura, ditemi
Ortensio—sarà poi sicura?
Ort. In quanto a questo—
Mar. Cha fra costoro ad aspettarvi resto.

Entra SULPIZIO, poi MARIA.

Sul. Corpo di mille diavoli? che gambe hanno costesti
Svizzeri; temono della guerra ed in vece abbian la
Pace sul palmo della mano! In ogni loco sortito
E il manifesto—e tutti quelli che sdegnar di
Savoja seguir la bandiera, possono rimanersi e
Beona sarà? Ma chi arriva? Scomette i camerati
No' davvero—è Maria—la figlia nostra—
La perla e l'ornamento dell' undecimo invito
Reggimento. Eccola quà. Veh! un pò s'ella è
Gentile! Più felice esser puote il Reggimento,
Che tal figlia possiede?

Maria. Il Reggimento mio! ne vò propria superba!
E desso che ha vegliato con affetto paterno
Agli anni miei primieri!

Sul. Non è vero?

Maria. Ma poi—senza adularmi—di fargli onore io credo.

Sul. Senza dubbio! gentil come un amore.

Maria. D'un militare io chiudo in petto il core.

Mar. But what shall we do now? go on,
Or turn back?

Ort. But—your ladyship—

Mar. Consider—see—examine—take counsel!
And the carriage, tell me, Ortensio,
Will it, then, be safe?

Ort. As to that—

Mar. Go—be quick—
I will await you among those people.

Enter SULPIZIO, then MARIA.

Sul. A thousand devils! what legs those Swiss have!
They fear war, and therefore have we
Peace thrust upon us. Every where
The manifesto has gone forth—and all those who
disdain'd
To follow the standard of Savoy may stay behind,
And farewell to them! But who comes hither?
I guess some comrades—
No, indeed, it is Maria, our daughter,
The pearl and ornament of the unconquer'd Twen-
tieth.

There she is. Ah, how beautiful!
Oh, how happy is the regiment
That possesses such a daughter!

Maria. My regiment! I am proud of it indeed!
And it has watched with paternal affection
Over my youthful years.

Sul. Is it not true?

Maria. But now, without flattery, I think I do them honor.

Sul. Without question. Thou art graceful as a Cupid.

Maria. A soldier's heart pants in my bosom.

APPARVI ALLA LUCE—THE CAMP WAS MY BIRTH-PLACE. AIR. MARIA.

Moderato.

Ap-par-vi al-la lu-ce, Sul cam-po guer-rer: E il suon del tam-bu-ro, Mio
The camp was my birth-place, 'Mongst brave men and free; And the drum is the mu-sic Sounds

so-lo pia-cer, mio so-lo pia-cer. S'af-fret-ta al-la glo-ria In-tre-pi-do il
sweet-est to me, sounds sweetest to me. I march with the fore-most When dan-gers in-

cor;..... Sa-vo-ja'e vit-to-ria! E il gri-do d'o-nor, Sa-vo-ja,e vit-to-
vite;..... The fierc-er the bat-tle, The more my de-light. The fierc-er the bat-

ria! vit-to-ri-a! è il gri-do d'o-nor, Sa-vo-ja,e vit-to-ria, vit-to-
tle, the bat-tle, The more my de-light, The fierc-er the bat-tle, the bat-

..... ria! è il gri-do d'o-nor, è il gri-do d'o-nor.
..... tle, The more my de-light, The more my de-light.

Sul. Io l'ho educata,
Non c'è che dire
Con quel sentire,
Con quel vigor;
Una Duchessa
Non può vantare
Più nobil fare,
Più amabil cor:
No!
Oh! che bel giorno fu quel che il cielo,
Ancor fanciulla t'offerse a me
Quando il tuo pianto, turbò il silenzio
Del campo intero che accorse a te.
Maria. Ognun qual padre dolce amoroso
Sul proprio dorso recommi allor.
Sul. E m'era il sacco di munizione, che bel di!
Maria. D'ogni altra culla ben più miglior!

Sul. E dolce sonno gustavi allor,
Mentre il tamburo facea rumor.
Maria. E dolce sonno gustava allor,
Mentre il tamburo facea rumor.
Or poi che sono più grandicella
Ciascun la mano porta al bonnet.
Sul. E la consegna, ragazza bella,
E quest'omaggio dovuto a te.
Maria. Con voi divido sul campo ognor
E strage, feste e buon umor.
Sul. Ed ai feriti facendo cor
La destra stringi del vincitor.
Maria. Quindi alla sera, alla cantina
Chi v'incoraggia? chi v'affascina?
Sul. In noi chi desta letizia e ardir?
Sei tu, sei tu—non c'è che dir.
Maria. E quindi in merto del mio talento,
A voti unanimi il reggimento
Sua vivandiera mi nominò.
Sul. Sua vivandiera a voti unanimi.
Maria. Ah! sì.
Il reggimento mi nominò—
Sul. Il reggimento ti nominò.
Maria. Son persuasissima che alla battaglia
Io pur cogli altri
Saprei pugar.
Sul. Saprai pugar.
Maria. Sì—e schioppi, e sciabole, bombe e mitraglia,
Con voi pugnando saprei sfidar.
Sul. Oh! saprei sfidar.
Maria. Se un figlio al padre dee somigliar.
Al mio somiglio.
Sul. Sì—quest'è parlar.
Maria. La gloria voglio.
Sul. Benone affè.
Maria. Io vò marciar.
Sul. Quest'è parlar!
Maria. En avant—
Sul. En avant.
Maria. Suol l'undecimo gridar—
Sul. Suol l'undecimo gridar.
Maria. En avant—en avant—
Sul. En avant—en avant.

Sul. 'Tis all my doing,
I own it freely:
And how genteelly
She marches on;
No duchess ever
Was half so clever
With pike, or saber,
Or e'en with gun.
How we then rejoic'd to find you,
On the battle-field—deserted!
Each eye in pity look'd upon you,—
Each would claim you, then, for his own.

Maria. You took me up, and bore me off,
With all the love that mothers feel.
Sul. Glorious day!
Maria. Yes, and then, instead of a cradle,
I was rock'd in a cap of steel.
Sul. In which you seem'd to be at home,
Sleeping to the rolling drum.
Maria. In which I seem'd to be at home,
Sleeping to the rolling drum.
But now, my friends, I'm older grown—
Sapperment!—they all salute me so.
Sul. Of course, of course; your fathers all
Salute à militaire, you know.
Maria. On days of feast, in battle's tumult,
Still I'm first upon the field.
Sul. And give fresh courage to the wounded,
Making of your breast their shield.
Maria. And then, who is it o'er the goblet
That sings at evening gay and wild?
Sul. Or plays a thousand tricks upon us?
'Tis still the reg'ment's gallant child.
Maria. And better yet, to try my talent,
My fathers made me sutler to the corps—
There's an honor!—ne'er conferred before.
Sul. We chose you by general consent.
Maria. Oh yes;
All consented—sutler was I nam'd by all.
Sul. All consented—sutler were you nam'd by all.
Maria. And in the day of glorious battle,
When cannons rattle,
I'm still the first.
Sul. She's still the first.
Maria. Yes! I fear not swords nor the bullet,
And know to fight like one of you.
Sul. Ha! she fights like one of us.
Maria. My kind father's fame, I hold, is sacred;
I've made it more.
Sul. Ha! she has made it more.
Maria. And in the field—
Sul. And in the field—
Maria. I'm still the first.
Sul. She's still the first.
Maria. March away—
Sul. March away—
Maria. Where the guns and sabres play—
Sul. Where the guns and sabres play—
Maria. March away—march away.
Sul. March away—march away.

RATAPLAN—RATAPLAN. DUET. MARIA AND SULPIZIO.

Ap - par - vi al - la lu - - - - - ce, Sul cam - po guer - rier:..... E il
The camp was my birth - - - - - place, 'Mongst brave men and free, And the

Ap - par - ve alla lu - ce, Sul campo guerrier, Sul cam - po guer -
The camp was her birthplace, 'Mongst brave men and free, 'Mongst brave men and

LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.

suon, del tam-bur - - - - ro mio so-lo pia-cer, mio so-lo pia-cer, Ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-
 drum is the mu - - - - sic sounds sweetest to me, sounds sweetest to me, Ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-
 rier. Su-on del tambur-ro, suo so-lo suo so-lo pia-cer.
 free; The sound of the drum sweet music, sweet music must be.

plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta-plan, plan plan, plan plan, plan plan, plan plan, plan plan, plan plan!
 plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta-plan, plan plan, plan plan, plan plan, plan plan, plan plan, plan plan!

ra-ta-plan, plan plan, plan plan, plan plan, rataplan, rataplan, rataplan, rataplan, rataplan, rata-
 ra-ta-plan, plan plan, plan plan, plan plan, rataplan, rataplan, rataplan, rataplan, rataplan, rata-

plan, rata-plan, ra - ta - plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, rataplan, plan plan, plan plan, plan plan, rataplan, rataplan, rata-
 plan, rata-plan, ra - ta - plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, rataplan, plan plan, plan plan, plan plan, ratuplan, rataplan, rata-

plan. En a-vant— ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, march! ra-ta-
 plan. Then advance— ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, march! ra-ta-

plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta - plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-
 plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta - plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-

plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta - plan! Mi chia - ma l'o - nor..... mi,
 plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta - plan! For fame and for hon - - - or,

plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan! E il suo grido, il suo grido d'o-nor. Sa - vo - ja vit-to-ria e suo
 plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan! Rataplan, 'tis the roll of the drum. It leads us to hon - or,

chia - ma l'o - nor, pre-sent!
 fame, and re-noun! pre-sent!

gri - do d'o - nor. Vi - van - die - ra del reg - gi - men - to, plan, plan, ra - ta-plan, ra - ta-plan, ra-ta-
 fame, and re-noun. Vi - van-diere be-lov'd by our reg'ment, plan, plan, ra - ta-plan, ra - ta-plan, ra-ta-

march! march! Sargen te del Reggi-mento. En a-vant ra-ta-
The Regiment is my glory! Then advance, ra-ta-
plan. En a-vant, en a - vant, ra-ta-plan, en a-vant, ra-ta-plan, present!
plan. Then advance. then advance, rataplan, then advance, rataplan, present!

plan, En a - vant, Ra - ta-plan, ra - ta-plan, En a-vant, en a-vant, en a - vant!
plan, Then advance, Ra - ta-plan, ra - ta-plan, Then advance, then advance, then advance!

En a-vant, Ra - ta-plan, ra ta - plan, En a-vant, en a-vant, en a-vant! E il suo grido, il suo grido d'o-
Then advance, Ra - ta-plan, ra - ta-plan, Then advance, then advance, then advance, Rataplan, 'tis the roll of the

Mi chia - ma l'o - nor,..... Mi chia - ma l'o-nor!
For fame and for hon - or, fame, and renown!

nor, Sa - vo - ja vit - to - ria! E suo gri - do d'o-nor.
drum. It leads us to hon - or, fame, and renown.

RECITATIVO.

- Sul.* No, no, Maria; non va ben: da noi
Tu fosti adottata, protetta ed allevata,
Colle nostre mensile economie;
E ci devi riguardo e confidenza.
- Maria.* Ma, Sulpizio, mio caro, abbi pazienza.
- Sul.* Abbila tu pur ora, e stammi attenta;
Sai che non fu possibile scoprirla
Tua famiglia, il tuo paese, in onta
Ad una lettera trovata su di te:
Riposta quindi nel fondo del mio sacco
A posto fisso, e che—
- Maria.* Ma se so tutto?
- Sul.* E perchè dunque soletta e penserosa,
Sorti dalla cantina fuggendo i camerata,
Eh?
- Maria.* Perché?
- Sul.* M'han detto che nell' ultimo nostro accampamento
T'han sorpresa in colloquio con un—ma non
Sarà vero.
- Maria.* Anzi è la verità—parlo sincero—con un
Giovine Svizzero, gentil, garbato, e che mi
Tolse un giorno da sicuro pericolo: ma pure
Tutto adesso è finito; egli è là—noi siamo quà.
- Sul.* [Udendo rumore.] Che cosa è stato?
Cos'è questo rumore indiadolato?

Entra Caporale e Coro.

- Coro.* } Avanti; andiamo—tutto si sà.
Cap. } Fra noi ti spinse curiosità.
Maria. [A parte.] Che vedo! Oh ciel, è lui!
Sul. Sia tratto altrove.

RECITATIVE.

- Sul.* No, no, Maria; it is not well: by us
You were adopted, protected, and brought up,
By our little savings on the passing month:
And you owe to us regard and confidence.
- Maria.* But, my dear Sulpizio, be patient.
- Sul.* Have patience yourself, this time, and attend to me:
You know that it was not possible to discover
Your family, your country, although
A letter was found upon you;
It now lies at the bottom of my knapsack,
Safely kept; and that—
- Maria.* But suppose I know all this?
- Sul.* And why, then, lonely and pensivè,
Do you leave the canteen, and quit our society,
Eh?
- Maria.* Why?
- Sul.* They have told me that, when we were last en-
camp'd,
They surprised you in conversation with a—but no,
It cannot be true.
- Maria.* It is even true—I make no concealment—
With a young Swiss, handsome, agreeable, and who
Rescued me once from certain danger; but, indeed,
All that is over—he is there—we are here.
- Sul.* [Hearing a noise.] What noise is that?
What is that diabolical noise?

Enter Corporal SPONTOON and Chorus.

- Cho.* } Forward, go on—all is known!
Corp. } Among us we punish curiosity.
Maria. [Aside.] What do I see? O heaven, 'tis he!
Sul. Let him be dragg'd hence.

Maria. [*Ai Soldati.*] Fermate!

[*Sotto voce a Sulpizio.*] E lui!

Sul. Davvero! lo straniero che t'ama?

Tonio. [*Fixando Maria.*] Ah! pel mio core qual trasporto!

Maria. [*Piano a Tonio.*] E che mai vi guida a noi?

Tonio. Posso cercarvi, O cara—altri che voi?

Coro. E un briccone, un villanzone,
Che quì venne a specular;
Ma gagliardi Savojardi
Ci sapremo vendicar.

Maria. [*Precipitandosi in mezzo ai Soldati.*]

Un istante amici miei
Deh! cedete al mio desir.
Che! la morte a colui che mi salvò
La vita?

Coro. Che dice?

Sul. Ha il ver parlato.

Coro. } Questa parola ha il suo destin cangiato.
Cap. }

Maria. D'un precipizio in fondo, io stava per cader;
Ei m' a salvata esponendo i suoi giorni,
Volete ancor ch' egli perisca?

Sul. No, daver!

S' ella è così mio bravo camerata,
Sii nostro amico.

Tonio. [*Tendendogli la mano.*] E il voglio
Che così potrò allora avvicinar mi
A lei che l' alma adora.

Sul. Or via per festeggiar il salvator di questa amabil
Figlia beviam! Trinchiam al suo liberator!

Coro. Trinchiam al suo liberator!

Sul. In giro il rum. [*A Maria.*] E festa di famiglia.

Coro. E festa di famiglia.

Sul. Si trinchiamo alla Svizzera, alla natal tua terra.

Tonio. Oh no! giammai! rompo piu tosto il mio bicchier!

Coro. } E pazzo?

Cap. }

Tonio. Viva Italia! e i nuovi amici miei!

Coro. } Viva dunque Italia, e tu con lei!
Cap. }

Sul. Perché la festa sia completa, intuona,
Figliuola mia, la nostra ronda usata.

Coro. Del Reggimento è la canzon più grata.

Maria. [*To the Soldiers.*] Stay!

[*Aside to Sulpizio.*] 'Tis he!

Sul. Indeed! the stranger that loves you?

Tonio. [*Looking at Maria.*] Ah, in my heart what transport
reigns!

Maria. [*Aside to Tonio.*] And what ever led you to us?

Tonio. Can I seek, dearest, any other than you?

Cho. He's a rogue, a peasant,
Who came hither to spy;
But the gallant Savoyards

Well knew how to avenge themselves.

Maria. [*Throwing herself into the midst of the Soldiers.*]

One instant, my friends,—

Ah, yield to my wish.

What! death for him who saved my life?

Cho. What says she?

Sul. She has spoken the truth.

Cho. } That word has chang'd his destiny.
Cor. }

Maria. I was near falling from the top of a precipice to
the bottom;

He saved me by venturing his own life.

Is it yet your will that he should perish?

Sul. No, indeed!

If it be as you say, let the brave fellow

Become our friend.

Tonio. And I will, [*Extending his hand to them,*] that so I
shall then be able to approach her whom my
soul adores.

Sul. And now, the saviour to welcome

Of this our amiable daughter, let us drink,

Let us drink the health of her deliverer!

Cho. Let us drink to her deliverer!

Sul. Pass round the wine. [*To Maria.*] It is a family fe-
stival.

Cho. It is a family festival.

Sul. Drink thy to Switzerland, thy native land.

Tonio. Oh, no! never! Sooner would I break my glass.

Cho. } Is he mad?

Cor. }

Tonio. Long live Italy! and my new friends!

Sul. }

Cho. } Long live Italy, then, and you, too!

Cor. }

Sul. That the festival may be complete, sing,

My daughter, our usual round.

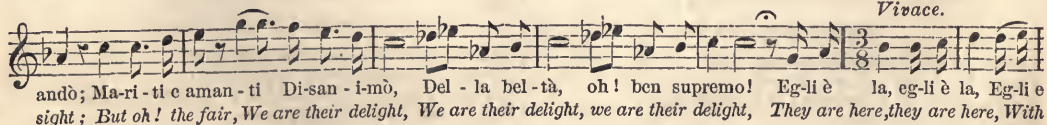
Cho. Ah! sing to us the song of the Regiment.

CIASCUN LO DICE—ALL MEN CONFESS IT. AIR. MARIA.

Maestoso.



Vivace.





là dav-ver: Ve-di-là, eg-li è là Eg-li è là, si si; Eg-li è là, eg-li è là, Dubbio non v'ha;
 sword and spear; They are here, they are here, With sword and spear, They are here, they are here, With sword and spear;



Ec-co l'un de-ci-mo chè e-gual non ha; Ec-co l'un de-ci-mo, che e-gual non ha.
 See, our brave Twen-ti-eth, none are like them: See our brave Twen-ti-eth, none are like them.

Coro. Egli è il davver l vedilà, sì,
 Ecco l'undecimo ch' egual no hà.

Tonio. Viva l'undecimo!

Sul. Silenzio, silenzio!

ARIA—Maria.

Tante batta glie
 Ei guadagnò,
 Che il nostro principe
 Già decretò.
 Ch' ogni soldato,
 Se in salvo andrà,
 Generalissimo
 Diventerà.

Perch' egli è
 Questo il reggimento,
 A cui sia facile
 Ogni cimento.

Che un scosso teme,
 Che l'altro adora.
 Egli è là, &c.

[Odissi un lontano suono di tamburo.]

RECITATIVO.

Sul. [Ai Soldati.] E l' ora dell' appello;
 Andiamo e non si scherzi con il regolamento.

Maria. } Ah, se ne vanno.
Tonio. }

Sul. [A Tonio.] F tu ragazzo—via di quà.
Maria. Egli è nostro prigioniero, e d' lui noi rispondiamo.

Sul. [Piano a Maria.] Ma non io, Signorina!
 [A Tonio che viene consegnato a due Soldati, i quali lo conducono via per la montagna.
 Andiamo, andiamo.

CORO—Sulpizio, Caporale, e Coro.

l'al volta è un poco duro
 Piergarsi ed obbedir,
 Ma suona già il tamburo,
 Plan e devesi servir.
 In tempi così strani
 Niun bada più al dolor,
 Pugnando all' indomani,
 Forse si vince o muor,
 Ma suona già il tamburo
 E devesi servir.

[Exeunt Sulpizio, Caporale, e Coro.]

MARIA, poi TONIO.

Maria. L'hanno condotto seco; ed io che avre cotanto
 Volontier con lui parlato! Povero giovinetto! per
 Vedermi esporsi in questa guisa!

Tonio. [Correndo dalla montagna.] Signorina!

Maria. Ma come!—siete voi?

Cho. Hear the drum!
 They come, they come!
 Here in your land they pitch their tent,
 The gallant Twentieth Regiment.

Tonio. Long live the regiment!
 The Twentieth regiment!

Sul. Be still—be silent!

SONG—Maria. [Resumed.]

Highest and lowest,
 Heroes are we;
 Any amongst us
 Marshal may be.

Foremost in victory,
 Last in retreat,
 Death we can suffer,
 But not defeat.

First in the battle,
 First in the dance,
 The brave hussar,
 With sword and lance.

They are here, &c.

[The sound of a distant drum is heard.]

RECITATIVE.

Sul. [To the Soldiers.] It is the hour of roll-call;
 Let us go, and not trifle with the regulations.

Maria. } Ah, they are going!
Tonio. }

Sul. [To Tonio.] And thou, young man, away from hence.
Maria. He is my prisoner, and I will answer for him.

Sul. [To Maria.] But I will not, my little lady—
 [To Tonio, who is placed under guard of two Soldiers,
 and led away towards the mountains.]
 Away! away with you.

CHORUS—Sulpizio, Corporal, and Chorus.

This course is rather severe,
 To carry him away;
 But already the drum beats;
 And we must obey.
 In times so strange as these,
 No one thinks much of grief;
 Before to-morrow, while fighting,
 Perchance we conquer or die.
 But already the drum sounds,
 And we must obey.

[Exeunt Sulpizio, Corporal, and Chorus.]

MARIA, afterwards TONIO.

Maria. They have led him away with them;
 And yet I wished so much
 To have spoken to him.—Poor young man!
 To have exposed himself to such danger for the sake
 of seeing me!

Tonio. [Running down from the mountain.] Fair lady!

Maria. How!—Is it you?

Tonio. Essi han creduto ch' io li seguissi; eh si?
Non son venuto per chiacchiar con esse che
Non son gentile. Affatto quel vecchio poi—quel
vecchio?

Maria. Egli è mio padre.

Tonio. Il vecchio?—allor mi son sbagliato.

E' l' altro?—quel piccolino!

Maria. Egli è mio padre anch' esso.

Tonio. Anch' esso?—Gli altri adunque.

Maria. E gli altri pure.

Tonio. Che diamine! Ne avete un reggimento?

Maria. E appunto:—il reggimento è il mio padre

Addotivo; e lor deggio il mio stato—

L' educazione—tutto in somma—tutto.

E dipendo da lor unicamente; ma

Dite finalmente che volete da me,

Qual mai segreto vi condusse fra noi?

Tonio. Egli è, ch' io bramo tutto aprirvi il

Mio cor—egli è che v' amo.

Maria. Che? voi m'amate?

Tonio. Non ci credete? udite poi decidete.

Maria. Vediam, udiam; ascoltiem e giudichiam.

Tonio. Da quell' istante che sul mio seno,

Io vi raccolsi venuta meno;

L'immagin vostra dolce e vezzoza,

Non mi dà posa la notte e il di.

Maria. Ma carin quest' è memoria,

E memoria e nulla più.

Tonio. No non è tutto—c' è di peggio,

Si mia cara—c' è di più.

Maria. Vediam, udiam; ascoltiem e giudichiam.

Tonio. Il bel soggiorno de tempi andati,

Tutti gli amici cotanto amati,

Per voi, Maria!—Sin d'or lo sento;

Senza tormento potrei lasciar.

Maria. Ma una tale indifferenza,

E' impossibil perdonar.

Tonio. E finalmente da voi lontano,

Tanto la vita fu in odio a me;

Che sfidar volli furente insano;

La morte stessa—ma al vostro piè!

Maria e Tonio.

Ah! ch' io lo so! lo capiseo! anch' io!

Ma i giorni dennosi amico mio,

Per quel che s'amano assicurar.

Tonio. They thought I should follow them; but I did not
come to gossip with them, who are in fact
scarcely civil. Yet, that old man—who is he?

Maria. He is my father.

Tonio. That old man?—then I am mistaken.

And the other?—that little fellow!

Maria. He is my father also.

Tonio. He also! And the others?

Maria. And the others as well.

Tonio. The deuce! Have you a regiment of fathers?

Maria. I have:—by the whole regiment was I adopted,

And to them I owe my present position—

My education;—in fact, all—everything;

And I depend entirely on them.

And tell me, now, what do you wish from me—

What secret motive has brought you among us?

Tonio. It is that I wish to open all

My heart—it is that I love you!

Maria. What?—you love me!

Tonio. Do you not believe me? Hear me, and then decide.

Maria. Let us hear and see—let us listen and judge.

Tonio. From the instant when to my bosom

I clasped you, reviving from affright,

Your fair and lovely image

Has left me no repose by night or day.

Maria. [*Coquettishly.*] But, my dear little friend, this is a
recollection;—

And nothing more.

Tonio. No, indeed, it is more than a mere recollection:

It is true love.

Maria. Let us see and hear, and—

Tonio. The beautiful abode of past days,

And all the friends so much beloved,

For you, Maria, I feel,

Without regret, I could leave them all.

Maria. But such indifference as that

It is impossible to forgive.

Tonio. I could not live without you, dearest;

It were pain worse than death itself;—

Hence, defying all, I've ventur'd here.

Let them now do their worst—I have seen you.

ENSEMBLE.

Maria. Say not so,
Say not so: pray forbear; pray
forbear.

He who loves as he ought, re-
spects his life,
For the sake of her he's wooing.
You understand, I hope.

Tonio. I have press'd once again
your hand,
And should die now contented;
Yes, should die most happy,
My dear, my best Maria.

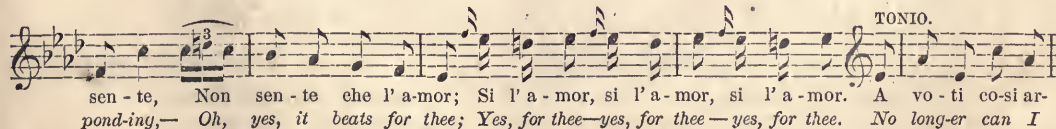
A VOTI COSI ARDENTE—NO LONGER CAN I DOUBT IT. DUET. MARIA AND TONIO.

Allegretto. MARIA.



No long - er can I doubt it! His heart is giv'n to me! And mine, too, beats res-

TONIO.



sen - te, Non sen - te che l' a - mor; Si l' a - mor, si l' a - mor, si l' a - mor. A vo - ti co - sì ar - pond - ing, — Oh, yes, it beats for thee; Yes, for thee — yes, for thee — yes, for thee. No long - er can I



den - te! Il te - ne - ro suo cor! Si mon - stre - rà cle - men - te Al pre - go dell' a - mor, si dell' amor. doubt it! Her heart is giv'n to me! And mine, too, beats responding, — Oh yes, it beats for thee — oh yes, for thee.

RECITATIVO.

Tonio. Cara voi ben vedete ma—v'ama sol.

Maria. Si? decidete.

Tonio. Vediam, udiam, ascoltiem e giudichiam.

Maria. Ci vetta un tempo felice e lieta,
Di nian amante sentia pietà;
Ma l'alma adesso turbata, inquieta—
Sa che v'è un'altra felicità.

Tonio. Va ben! va ben!

Maria. E fra i nemici che debbo odia;
Per un di questi degg'io tremar.

Tonio. Di bene in meglio.

Maria. E in un giorno d'orror che i sensi invigorino,
All' olezzar d'un fior cospersi io lo sentii.
Del vostro pianto quel caro fior tesoro,
Pieno d'incante mai da quel giorno.

ARIA. [Ancora.]

Tonio. } Abbandonò il mio cor,

Maria. } A voti così ardente, &c. &c.

[Si precipitano l'un l'altra ne.]

Tonio. } Quest' alma è rapita nell' estasi d'amor.

Maria. } Io perderò la vita ma fido al tuo bel cor.

[Partono.]

Entra Sulpizio, la Marchesa, e poi Ortensio.

Sul. Lo dico con il cuore sulle labbra.

[Alla Marchesa che legge.]

Dovermi separar da quella cara
Amabile fanciulla è tal cordoglio
Che non lo so spiegar. Ma non c'è
Verso: se il Capitano Roberto fu sposo
A lei segreto; a lei strettamente
Celate al nobilissima cosata dei Marchesi
Di Lauffen.

Mar. Onde astretta venni a tener occulto
Quest' imeneo cotanto desperato!

Sul. Poi lo scritto trovato vicino alla fanciulla,
E a lei diretto, parla chiaro abbastanza,
E aperto mostra che la figliuola è
Sua; che il capitano mortalmente ferito
Raccommandava a le materno curo
Quell' angiol di bontà.

Mar. Ma vi scongiuro, a nessuno palese
Si faccia questo arcano; e siate certo
Che un compenso condegno a tante cure—

Sul. Eh! se lo tenga pure; che col perder
Maria, a tutto si perde! Vado dunque
A pigliarla.

Mar. Io là v' aspetto.

Sul. Preferirei, le mille volte e mille
Morire dalla fame in alcuna città
Stretta d' assedio, che perderla così.
Non c'è rimedio.

Mar. Ortensio! presto, Ortensio! Andate
Subito a ordinar i cavalli! è necessario
Allontanarla tosta da questi militari
Ad ogni costo.

Entra Caporale e Soldati.

RECITATIVE.

Tonio. You see it now, I love—

Perhaps, though, I love alone.

Maria. Decide for yourself, sir.

Tonio. Well, then, tell your tale:

I will listen and decide it.

Maria. Long time coquettish, so free and joyous,

I'd no notion of love's pains;

But too well now I read the secret,—

'Tis a lesson taught by love alone.

Tonio. Go on—go on!

Maria. I lov'd but battle,

The noise and tumult of the camp;

But ah! I freely will confess it,

All my feelings now are chang'd.

Tonio. Oh, better still.

Maria. Since the day when I met you,

Upon the steep abyss's edge depending,

I pluck'd this flower, in its wild bed blooming,

And wore it here as it had been your gift,

Till at length it wither'd on my heart.

Tonio. Go on, go on!

Maria. What need to tell thee more?

You must now decide.

Tonio. Maria!

AIR. [Resum'd.]

Maria.

No longer can I doubt it,

His heart is giv'n to me;

And mine, too, beats respond-

ing;

Oh yes, it beats for thee;

Yes, for thee—yes, for thee.

Tonio.

No longer can I doubt it,

Her heart is giv'n to me;

And mine, too, beats responding;

Oh yes, it beats for thee—yes, for

thee.

I love you, Maria!

My heart is ever thine.

Oh! death itself were welcome,

Could I but call thee mine.

[Exit.]

Enter Sulpizio, the Marchioness, and afterwards ORTENSIO.

Sul. I speak it with my heart upon my lips.

[To the Marchioness, who is reading a letter.]

To be obliged to part from that dear

Amiable girl, is such a grief,

That I cannot express it. But it cannot

Be helped. If Captain Roberto was married

To her in secret, from her carefully

Conceal the noble wardenship of the Marquis

Of Lauffen.

Mar. Wherefore I have kept concealed

This unpropitious marriage!

Sul. Then, the writing found near the little girl,

And directed to you, speaks clearly enough;

And distinctly shows that the daughter

Is yours—that the captain, when mortally wounded,

Commended to your maternal care

This angel of goodness.

Mar. But, I conjure you, to none reveal

This secret; and be certain

That recompense adequate to such care—

Sul. Eh! Nothing will recompense me for losing

Maria! Yet I must bring her hither.

Mar. I will expect her.

Sul. [Aside.] I should prefer, a thousand times,

To die of hunger in any city

Closely besieged, to losing her thus.

Yet it cannot be helped.

Mar. Ortensio! haste thou, Ortensio! Oh,

Go thou quickly, and the horses order;

For 'tis expedient at once to remove her

From these most fearful soldiers

At any cost.

[Exit.]

Enter Corporal and Soldiers.

RATAPLAN. CHORUS.

Allegro con Brio.

Ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan! Ra - ta -
Ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan! ra - ta -

plan! Mil - i - tar non v'ha Cui non bat - ta il cor. Del tamburo al bel fra - gor.
plan! Not a sol - dier whose heart does not beat At the live - ly rat - tle of the

gor. Ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan! Pien di zel—pien d'ar-dor—Pien di
drum. Ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan! Full of zeal—full of ar - dor—of

zel, dar - dor— Di fer - vor— a que - sto fra - gor Ri - sponde con a - mor.
fer - vor— To that sound he re - sponds with de - light, re - sponds with de - light

Viva la pugna! gli affanni suoi,
E la vittoria, e il guerreggiar!
Viva la morte! che ognun di noi
Nella battaglia vola a cercar.

Cap. Ma chi diavolo viene? Oh! il quel giovinotto
Che fra noi questa mane è capitato.
Bravo! d' averro, egli si fe' soldato.

Entra TONIO, con la coccarda Francese al berretto.

Tonio. Mici cari amici, che lieto giorno!
Le vostre insegne io seguirò;
Sol per amore a voi ritorno,
E un grande aròe diventerò.
Ah, si! colei ond' io sospiro
Ebbe pietade del mio martiro;
E questa speme desiata, ognor
Alteri i sensi ed il mio cor.

Coro. Il camcrata e innamorato.

Tonio. Ed in voi soli confida il cor.

Coro. Che?—Nostra figlia l'ha incatenato?

Tonio. Deh! m' ascoltate deh!

Deh! m' ascoltate suo genitor
Le nozze stringere con lei non posso,
Se il vostro mancami saldo favor.

Cap. } La nostra figlia, s' è stabilito,

Coro. } Un inimico non prenderà, no!
Le si conviene miglior partito,
Tal' è d' un padro la volontà.

Hail to the battle, its shouts and its din;
Hail to the victors, their laurels who win;
Hail too to death, when we've fought the good fight!
The brave will ne'er compass their safety by flight!
Cor. Eh! but who comes hither? Oh, it is the youngster
Who was taken this morning; bravo! surely
He has enlisted—he has become a soldier.

Enter TONIO, with the French cockade in his cap.

Tonio. My brave companions, this day so joyful!
I'm come to follow your much-priz'd flag.
For love alone do I return to you;
And a great hero will I become.
Ah yes! e'en she for whom I'm sighing
Has pity on my deep felt passion,
And this fond hope and joy long wish'd for
Affects my thoughts, enchants my heart!

Cho. Our comrade has in love fall'n deeply.

Tonio. To you alone confides he his hopes!

Cho. What!—has our daughter enthralled you?

Tonio. Ah! pray now hear me; hear!

You who are her father, hear me, I pray!
I cannot hope to gain her in marriage,
If the consent of all of you be denied.

Cor. } Our dearest daughter, it is resolved,

Cho. } Shall not be wedded to a foe. No!
A match much better shall be accomplished;
Of that her fathers will take care.

Tonio. Vi ricusate?

Cap. } Con fondamento;

Coro. } Mentr' ella da già promessa
Al nostro reggimento.

Tonio. No lo poteva affatto,
Se appunto mi son fatto,
Per essa militar.

Cap. Peggio per te!

Tonio. Signori miei—voi, suo buon padre,
Deh! m' ascoltate!

Coro. Peggio per te!

Tonio. La vostra figlia m' ama.

Coro. Possibil mai?—La nostra figlia!

Tonio. Sì, m' ama! lo giuro al ciel.

Coro. Che dire? che fare? Poi ch'è egli è piaciuto
D' un padre avveduto al nodor assentir.
Ma senza mistero, non sembra pur vero,
Che questo bombaccio, c'è l'abbia a ghermir.

Tonio. Ebben?

Cap. Se dici il ver, suo padre adesso

Il suo consentimento ci fa promesso.

Coro. Sì;—il suo consentimento, ci fa promesso.

Tonio. Qual destino! qual favore!

La sua mano, ed il suo core!

Ah! finito è il mio penar—

Son marito e militar.

Suo padre me l'ha data!—e sposa mia!

Entra Sulpizio e Maria.

Sul. Esser non puo d' alcun che di sua zia.

Se la porta con se—

Cap. } Che! Nostra figlia portarla via? Sei pazzo.

Coro. }
Tonio. Lunge da me condurla! e sarà ver mio
Bene egl'è un sogno crudel.

Tonio. Do you refuse her?

Cor. } With good sound reason;

Cho. } Pledg'd she is, not to marry
Without consent of the reg'ment.

Tonio. Of which I have the honor to be one.
I have become, for her sake,
One of your reg'ment.

Cor. The worse for thee!

Tonio. Gentlemen, hear me: you, her good fathers—
Ah, pray now, hear me!

Cho. We want not thee.

Tonio. Your beauteous daughter loves me.

Cho. Can it be true?—our own dear daughter!

Tonio. She loves me; bear witness, Heav'n!

Cho. What say we in answer? It is the duty
Of a prudent father his consent to give.
It seems, though, unlikely, beyond e'en belief,
This youth should have won her, and call her his

Tonio. But, speak!

Cor. If he speaks truth, her fond loving fathers,

In promise most faithful, will give their consent.

Cho. Yes: in promise most faithful, we'll give our consent.

Tonio. O, happy fate! oh, joyous hour!

Her hand and heart I now have gain'd!

Ah! my anguish is all ended—

Now a husband and a soldier.

Her fathers now have giv'n her—she's wholly mine!

Enter Sulpizio and Maria.

Sul. She can belong to none but to her aunt.

Should she take her away—

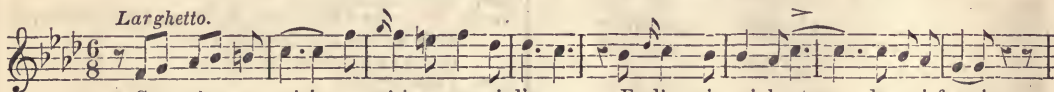
Cor. } What, our own daughter! take her away! What

Cho. } madness!

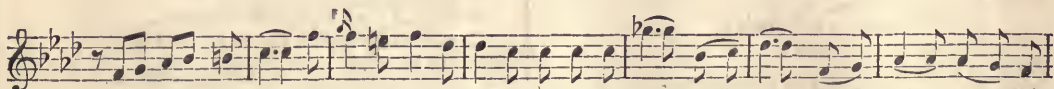
Tonio. Take her away from Tonio? And shall, indeed,
My happiness pass away like a dream?

CONVIEN PARTIR—FAREWELL, A LONG FAREWELL. AIR. MARIA.

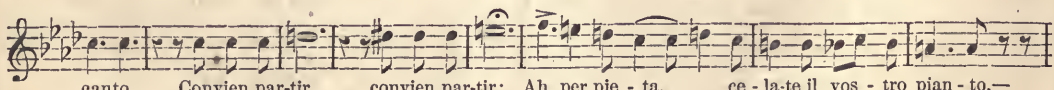
Larghetto.



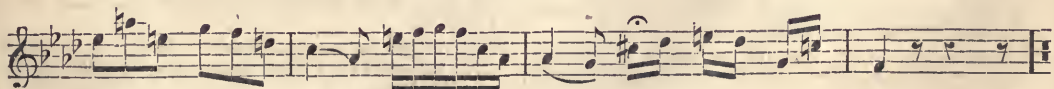
Con - vien par - tir! o miel compagni d'ar-me; E d'o-ra in poi lon-tan - da voi fug-gir,—
Fare-well! a long fare-well! my dear companions, In pi - ty, do not strive to hide your sorrow,—



Ma per pie - ta ce - la-te a mi quel pianto, Ha il vostro duol per il cor Di Ma - ria supremo in-
In pi - ty, do not strive to hide your sorrow—Those tears, those tears will be my comfort on the



canto. Convien par-tir, convien par-tir; Ah, per pie - ta, ce - la-te il vos - tro pian - to,—
morrow. Farewell, my friends; farewell, my friends, farewell, In pity, do not strive to hide your sor - row,—



Ad - - - - - dio, ad - - - - - dio; con - vien, par - tir!
Fare - - - - - well, fare - - - - - well; I now must hence.

Sul. } Io perdo, o cara la sola speme
Tonio. } Ogni mio bene perdendo te.
Cap. } A tant' affanno non regge il core
 Simil dolore non v'è per me.
Maria. Convien partir—o voi che nel mio core;
 Destate, te i primi palpiti d' amore!
 Ed il piacer, con me partiste e' il pianto.
 M' offron dell' or—in cambio di quel ben puro soltanto.
 Convien partir, &c.
Tonio. Amici, ah! in ver ciò mai non sia;
 Partir non de'—non de'—Maria.
 Ah! no!
Cap. A tanto affanno regge il core;
 Simil dolore, non è per me.
Sul. Io perdo, o cara! la sola speme;
 Ogni mio bene perdendo te.
Coro. Partir no non de.
Tonio. Ah! se voi mi lasciate io vengo via.
Sul. Ma ingaggiata non sei, bellezza mia.
Maria. Tonio!
Tonio. Mia bene amata!
Maria. Questo colpo mancava al mio tormento.
Tonio. Maria!
Maria. Perderlo adesso? Ah! che morir mi sento.
Sul. Ma ingaggiata tu scì.
Maria. } Questo colpo mancava al mio cor.
Tonio. } Ahimè!
Cap. } Oh! duol, oh! sorpresa, lasciarla partir
Sul. } Al diavolo Marchesa, che ce la vuol rapir.
Coro. } In ogni cimento, che s'abbia a sfidar
 Del nostro reggimento è l' angiol tutelar.
Maria. } Ah! non più speranze—non più piacere—
Tonio. } D'un giorno solo potrò goder.
 Ah! ch' ogni bene disprezza il cor,
 Se a tante pene lo dannà amor!
Mar. Andiam, nipote.
Maria. Miei cari amici, addio! per sempre!
 La man, o Pietro—la tua Matteo;
 La tua, vecchio Tommaso.
Mar. Ah, qual orror!
Maria. Che ancor bambina in braccio mi portavi:—
 Abbracciami, Sulpizio!
 Ah! di costoro io son l' amor!
Mar. Oh, l' orror!
Tonio. Oh, l' orror!
Coro. Nostra figlia nostro amor.
Tonio. Il mio core è a te serbato;
 E fedele a te sarò.
 Ah, sì! il mio core è di Maria;
 E fido a lei lo serberò.
Mar. Andiam, partiam.
Ort. Andiam, Marchesa; su via partiamo.
Cap. } Al diavol la Marchesa,
Sul. } E con lei chi la parta.
Coro. }

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

ATTO II.

SCENA I.—Il teatro rappresenta un Salone, che per mezzo di porte in fondo mette ad una galleria. Portee finestra laterali—Unclavicembalo, tavolini, etc.

ORTENSIO E SULPIZIO, che avrà un braccio al collo, ma di tempo in tempo gestisce per provare che la ferita va meglio.

Ort. Ecco le carte che il notaro invia.
 Il duca e la sua madre
 "Per le sei saran qui." Feste! allegria! [*Via.*

Sul. } Break not my heart!
Tonio. } Must we, then, part?
Cor. } Glory and arms
 Have now no charms.
Maria. I must now go—but I can ne'er forget you;
 No, live where I may, my heart is yours:
 I shall ever, in pomp and pleasure, still regret you,
 No friends can be so dear as those I leave behind me.
 Farewell! farewell! farewell!
Tonio. My friends, in truth, this ne'er must be;—
 You should not ever hence depart, Maria:
 Ah! no!
Cor. To lose you thus my heart is filled with pain;
 Such grief as this will ne'er be mine again.
Sul. I lose, belov'd one, now my only hope;—
 And every joy is gone in losing thee!
Cho. To leave us!—No, it must not be!
Tonio. Yes, yes: if thou dost leave us, I fain must follow.
Sul. But art thou not enlisted, my tender youngster?
Maria. Tonio!
Tonio. My own beloved!
Maria. This alone was wanted to complete my anguish.
Tonio. Maria! [*feel it.*
Maria. And must I leave him? Ah, worse than death I
Sul. But you are enlisted.
Maria. } This dread blow my fond heart will surely crush.
Tonio. } Alas!
Cor. } O grief! O surprise! to let her depart
Sul. } With the cruel Marchioness.
Cho. In every trial that we have endured
 She has of our regiment been the tutelary angel.
Maria. } Ah! no longer hope—no longer pleasure,
Tonio. } May I for a single day enjoy.
 Ah! let my heart despise every delight,
 If love condemns it to such pains as this!
Mar. My niece, now let us depart.
Maria. My dear friends, farewell! farewell for ever!
 Your hand, dear Pietro—yours, too, Matteo;
 And yours, old Tommaso.
Mar. Ah, I am shock'd!
Maria. When yet a little child, in his arms he bore me;—
 Embrace me, dear Sulpizio!
 Ah! by them I am beloved!
Mar. I am shock'd!
Tonio. So am I!
Cho. Our daughter dear is our best treasure.
Tonio. My heart now beats for thee alone;
 And constant will I ever be.
 Ah, yes; my heart is now Maria's,
 And faithfully will I devote it to her.
Mar. Let us away.
Ort. Even so, my lady—we'll thither journey.
Cor. } The deuce take the Marchioness,
Sul. } And him along with her.
Cho. }

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENA I.—The Stage represents a Saloon opening by folding doors at the back on to a gallery. A clavicin, small tables, &c.

ORTENSIO AND SULPIZIO discovered, who has an arm in a sling, but makes signs from time to time, to show that the wound is better.

Ort. Here are the cards sent by the notary.
 The Duke and his mother
 "Will be here at six o'clock." What pleasure! [*Exit.*

Sul. Povera figlia! Io più non ho coraggio
Di vederla soffrir. Già da quattr' ore
Le van storpando i piedi, perchè impari
Il minuetto—e quella, abbinata
A saltare con noi liberamente,
Piange—e ripete: Non ne faccio niente!
Vestita da gran dama—

Entra MARIA.

Maria. Oh, mio Sulpizio!
Io non ne posso più—vonnò ammazzarmi—
Ma tel dissi, e il ripeto schiettamente,
Hanno un bel dir: "*Non ne faremo niente.*"
Io Tonio voglio—e non baroni o duchi.
Tonio per me si fe' soldato, ed io—

Sul. La zia!—

Maria. Che importa?

Sul. Zitti.

Misericordia! che toilette.

Esce la MARCHESA, in toupet.

Mar. La romanza in quistione è ritrovata.
E cosa prelibata—
Venere scende—

Sul. (E monta il mal umore.)

Mar. Che dite?

Sul. Io? Nulla affatto—

Mar. Venere scende fra la notte opaca,
Per vedere colui, che amor le inspira—

[Musica del Maestro Caffariello.

Maria. (Sulpizio, senti?)

Sul. (Oh, bello!)

Mar. Ebben, Maria, stupida resti. Andiamo;
Voi zitto; tu sta attenta—incominciamo.

[Si pone al clavicembalo, e suona con caricatura.

Maria. Sorgeva il dì del bosco il seno,
E vener bella scende a dal ciel,
Scendeva in questo soggiorno ameno.

Sul. Il nos tro canto era più bel.

Maria. Sul orme amiche del sue fel.

Sul. Rataplan,

E il Reggimento ch' egual non ha.

Maria. Rataplan,

E il Reggimento ch' egual non ha.

Mar. E—ma che sento mai?

Maria. Perdon—perdono!

Confusa un po' mi sono.

Ero distratta: perdon! perdon!

E quest' amante a cui Ciprigna.

Donava il premio del valor,

Il più gentile della città

La cui beltà—

Sul. Oh, ben supremo della beltà.

Maria. Ecolo qua.

Sul. Ecco l' undecimo ch' egual non ha.

Mar. Oh, quale infamina—che dite la?

Maria. *[A Sulpizio.]* (Ohimè che noja!)

Mar. Andiamo avanti.

Maria. Sia pur così.

[Alla Marchesa, condispetto, poi piano a Sulpizio.

Ma non c' è caso—non c' entra qui.

Vener scorgendo tanto vezzosa,

L' eco del monte, della valle

Di Filomela l' ansia gelosa

Ripeteranno col suon d' amor.

Mar. Via sospiriamo siccome lei.

Sul. Io preferisco a que' sospiri
D' un buon tamburo il bel fragor.

Maria. Ah! non ho più pazienza,—

Troppe è ridicol cosa;

Io non ne posso più.

Sul. Poor girl! I have no longer courage
To see her suffer. For four hours has she been
Twisting her feet in every direction, learning
The minuet; and she who has been used
To do just as she pleases with us,
Now weeps, and repeats: "I can do nothing
Dressed as a grand lady."

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Oh, Sulpizio,
I can do no more of it, if they kill me for it.
But I have already said, and I now repeat it, *[nothing.]*
We have a good saying: "*Against my will I will do*
I will have Tonio, and no barons and dukes.
Tonio for my sake became a soldier, and I—

Sul. Your aunt!—

Maria. I care not for her!

Sul. Gently.

Mercy on us! what a toilette.

Enter the MARCHIONESS, in toupes.

Mar. The romance in question is found,—
It is an exquisite gem.
Venus descends—

Sul. (And bad humor ascends.)

Mar. What do you say?

Sul. I? Nothing, truly.

Mar. Venus descends in the midst of night,
To see him who has inspired her with love.

[Music by the Maestro Caffariello.

Maria. (Sulpizio, do you hear?)

Sul. (Oh, splendid!)

Mar. Well, Maria, you stand there like a stupid.

Come, pay attention—we will begin.

[She places herself at the piano, which she plays in an exaggerated style.

Maria. The light of early day was breaking,
When from the skies above
Fair Venus to her grot descended.

Sul. Our songs in camp were much more gay.

Maria. To seek the object of her love.

Sul. Rataplan,

Roll on, roll on, and march away.

Maria. Rataplan,

Roll on, roll on, and march away.

Mar. Eh! what in the name of fate do I hear?

Maria. Forgive me, forgive me;

I am a little confused.

My thoughts were wandering! forgive me!

It is this lover, to whom Ciprigna

Gave the premium of valor,

The most charming in all the city,

Whose beauty—

Sul. Our regiment for beauty pre-eminent.

Maria. This is it.

Sul. The Eleventh without a rival remains.

Mar. (O, what infamy—what are you saying?)

Maria. *[To Sulpizio.]* (Oh, what an annoyance.)

Mar. Let us continue.

Maria. Be it so.

[To the Marchioness, with spitefulness, afterwards whispering to Sulpizio.

But it is not so—it does not come in here.

Venus discovered so many charms,

That the echoes of the hills and valleys

Repeated with sounds of love

The jealous pangs of Philomel.

Mar. Here you must sigh as she did.

Sul. I prefer to such sighs

The sound of a good drum.

Maria. Ah! I have no more patience,—

It is truly ridiculous;

I will bear no more of it.

Mar. Ohimè che sento! ah qual risposta!

Maria. *En avant! En avant!*

Rataplan—plan—plan!

Mar. Quale orror: possibil mai?

Che si possa avviluppar

Ad un canto sì gentile

La canzon d' un militar!

[*La Marchesa allontana, sdegnata. Maria entra nelle proprie stanze, e mentre; Sulpizio sta per andarsene dal fondo s' incontra con ORTENSIO.*

Ort. Giusto voi, granatiere.

Sul. Cos' è accaduto?

Ort. C' è a basso un militar—ma di que' grossi!

Ha uno spallino d'or.

Sul. Uno spallino?

(Forse lui!—cospetton—ci vorria questa!

Che gazzabuglio allora e che tempesta.)

Ort. Un giorno o l' altro—ed esser dee pur bello!

Dee cangiarsi in quartier tutto il castello.

[*Parte.*

[*Via.*

Entra MARIA.

Maria. Per sì fatal contratto tutto è letizia intorno,

La mia sventura io compiro in tal giorno—

Ma cosa sento io mai?

Ciel!—ah m' illudessi?

Questa marcia guerriera—

Ah son pur dessi!

Oh trasporto! oh dolce ebbrezza!

Son gli amici del mio cor.

Bei piacer di giovinezza

Ritornate almen con lor;

Evviva l'Italia!

E i prodi guerrier;

Son dessi mia gioia,

Mio solo pensier.

Al essi soltanto

Aspiva il mio cor;

Con essi ritrovo

La gloria, l' amor.

Coro. E lei, nostra figlia.

Qual piacer, qual destin!

L' antica tua famiglia

Ti vede alfin.

Entra SULPIZIO, poi TONIO e ORTENSIO.

Sul. O camerati! amici!

Coro. Oh! voh, Sulpizio!

Sul. Sì, Sulpizio in persona,

Che vi stringe e v' abbraccia tutti quanti.

Tommaso—Ambrogio—Pietro—

Nessun manca all' appello!

Maria. [*Cercando collo sguardo.*] Oh sì, nessuno!

Tonio. E peppur Tonio.

Maria. [*Correndo ad esso.*] Ah, Tonio mio! ma, guardo,—
Ha uno spallino. [*A Sulpizio.*

Tonio. Per Bacco!

Quand' un sì è messo in testa

Di morire sul campo dell' onore,

Non c' è a dir—o sale in alto, o more.

Sul. Ma voi, miei buoni amici, un bicchie ino

Forse ne bevereste?

Coro. Figurarsi!

Maria. E se torna la zia?

Sul. Staran celati

In fondo al parco. Ortensio!

Ort. Misericordia!

Maria. Senza tante smanie,

A costor fate dare una bottiglia.

Ort. Ce ne vuole una botte?

Sul. Meno ciarle,

Sien gli ordini eseguiti, e se resiste—

Mar. What do I hear? Ah! what an answer!

Maria. *En avant! en avant!*

Rataplan—plan—plan!

Mar. For shame! Is it possible?

Thus dare to disfigure

With a noisy military tune

A song so charming as this!

[*Exit the Marchioness, enraged—Maria enters her own room; Sulpizio is also about to leave. ORTENSIO enters.*

Ort. You are just the person I wanted to see, grenadier.

Sul. What has happened?

Ort. There is a soldier below—but one of the great ones;

He has a wounded shoulder.

Sul. A wounded shoulder?

(Perhaps it is he. Zounds! that this should happen!

What an uproar there will be!) [*Exit.*

Ort. Every day there is something happening,
And the whole castle is turned topsy-turvy. [*Exit.*

Enter MARIA, alone.

Maria. All around rejoice at the fatal contract,

Whilst I in one day see my misery complete.

But what do I hear?

Heavens!—is it an illusion?—

This martial music!

Ah! it is them!

Oh! what happiness, what delight!

'Tis my heart's best friends.

Sweet pleasure of youth,

With them to return.

Long live my country,

And all its brave warriors:

They are my delight—

They are my sole thought;

For them—them alone,

Does my heart now long;

With them I should find

Love and glory once more.

Cho. 'Tis she, our daughter.

What happiness! what joy!

Your loving family

Sees you at length again.

Enter SULPIZIO, followed by TONIO, and afterwards ORTENSIO.

Sul. Oh, comrades, friends!

Cho. Oh, Sulpizio!

Sul. Yes, Sulpizio himself,

And he embraces every one of you.

Thomas—Ambrose—Peter—

None are missing at my call.

Maria. [*Looking around.*] Oh yes, all are here.

Tonio. Ay, even Tonio.

Maria. [*Running to him.*] Ah, my own Tonio! But look,
He has a wounded shoulder. [*To Sulpizio.*

Tonio. By Bacchus!

When a man has taken it into his head

To die on the field of honor,

No one can tell where the blow may fall.

Sul. But you, my dear friends,

Perhaps you would like a cup of wine.

Cho. Willingly.

Maria. And if my aunt should return?

Sul. They shall be concealed

In the park. Ortensio!

Ort. Good Heavens!

Maria. Without more ado,

Go and get a cask of wine.

Ort. Do you want a whole cask?

Sul. Without any prating,

Let the order be obeyed; and if you resist—

Ort. Io poi—
Sul. Già intesi siamo.
Coro. Andiam.
Ort. No, che non vengo.
Coro. Andiamo—andiamo.

[I Soldati partono via Ortensio.]

Sul. { Stretti insiem tutti tre,
Maria. { Qual favor! qual piacer!
Tonio. { Tanto ben, tal mercè,
Non può il cor sostener.
Sul. Dolce memoria!
Tonio. Bel tempo andato!
Maria. Da noi lontano—
Sul. S' e trasportato.
Tonio. Ma tornerà.
Sul. Lo spero invano.

Il tempo andato tornò per me,
A lui vicino, vicino a te,
Sul. { Stretti insiem tutti tre.
Maria. { Qual favor! qual piacer!
Tonio. { Tanto ben, tal mercè,
Non può il cor sostener.

Tonio. Tu parlerai per me—
Maria. Per lui tu dèi parlar.
Tonio. Premiar la nostra fè.
Maria. Nè devi poi tardar.
Sul. Ma udite, udite almen.
Tonio. La tua promessa è urgente.
Maria. Ei m' ama immensamente.
Tonio. Il core e la sua fè.
Sul. Ma al diavolo voi e me.
Sul. { Stretti insiem tutti tre.
Maria. { Qual favor! qual piacer!
Tonio. { Tanto ben, tal mercè,
Non può il cor sostener.

Entra LA MARCHESA.

Mar. Che vedo! un ufficiale?—E voi, Sulpizio,
Qui rinchiuso con lor, che fate?
Maria. Oh, zia!
Questi è quel Tonio che salvommi un giorno,
Da certa morte—quest' è l' amor mio. [Timida.
Mar. Che—amor!—che dite voi?
Tonio. Signora—
Mar. Zitto!
Sul. Al Duca Krakentorp sposa è Maria—
Cioè (perdoni) sbaglia un po' la zia!
E promessa soltanto suo malgrado;
Ed or che Tonio capitano è fatto,
E che la vuol, va a monte ogni contratto.

Mar. Come, Sulpizio?—voi—in tal guisa, voi
Che sapete—
Tonio. Ma, signora—
Mar. Escite! [A Tonio.
Nè qui osate mai più di porre il piede—
Tonio. [Offeso.] Qual baldanza è la vostra!
Vado e torno, Maria;
Sarai mia sposa al nuovo giorno.
[A Maria, che piange e parte.

Sul. Bravo!
Mar. Che dite?
Tonio. Addio le ho detto.
Mar. [A Maria.] Ritiratevi tosto; invan piangete.

Maria. Parto—ma, Tonio—
Mar. E quando ubbidirete?
* “[A tutti, due che andavan via. Maria dà uno sguardo
a Sulpizio, e parte.
“ Fermatevi, Sulpizio—
Un gran segreto confidar dovrei—
Alla vostra onestà. Lo leggete.

Ort. I then—
Sul. We understand each other.
Cho. Let us go.
Ort. No, do not come.
Cho. Let us go, let us go.

[The Soldiers depart from Ortensio.]

Sul. { All three united together again—
Maria. { What a favor! what a pleasure!
Tonio. { The heart can scarce sustain
Such unlooked-for happiness!
Sul. Sweet remembrances!
Tonio. Oh, days gone by!
Maria. Far from us.
Sul. They are gone.
Tonio. But they will return.
Sul. I hope it, in vain;
But past times come again for him and me,
When near, oh, near to thee.

Sul. { All three united together again;
Maria. { What a favor! what a pleasure!
Tonio. { The heart can scarce sustain
Such unlooked-for happiness!

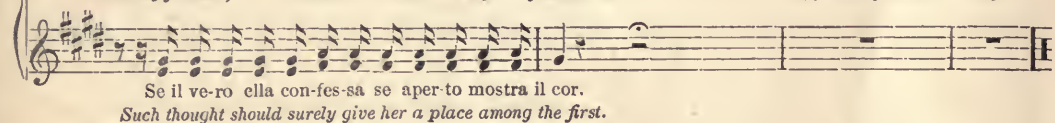
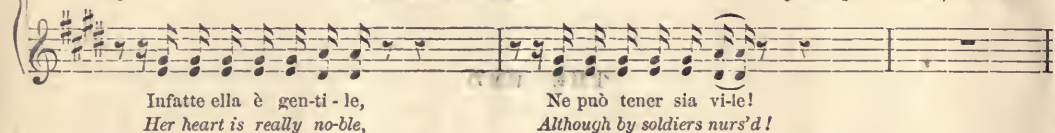
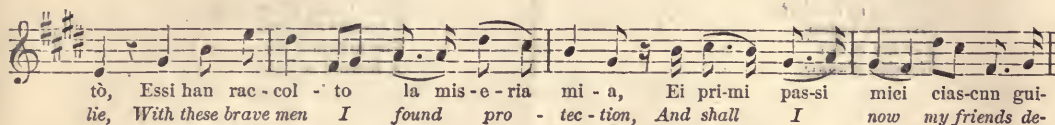
Tonio. You will speak for me—
Maria. You must speak for him.
Tonio. And plead our plighted faith.
Maria. You must not delay.
Sul. But listen, listen at least.
Tonio. Your promise is urgent.
Maria. He loves me immensely.
Tonio. With heart and soul.
Sul. The plague take you and me.
Sul. { All three united together again,
Maria. { What a favor! what a pleasure!
Tonio. { The heart can scarce sustain
Such unlooked-for happiness.

Enter the MARCHIONESS.

Mar. What do I see? an officer!—and you, Sulpizio,
You here with them—what are you about?
Mario. Oh, aunt!
This is Tonio, who long ago saved me
From certain death—this is my lover. [Timidly.
Mar. What—love! What do you say!
Tonio. Lady—
Mar. Be silent!
Maria is to the Duke of Krakenthorp betroth'd.
Sul. This is—(your pardon)—a little mistake of her good
aunt's;
She is promised only in defiance of herself;
And, now that Tonio is made a captain,
And that he will marry her, the contract is ended.
Mar. What, Sulpizio?—you—in this manner—you
Who well know—
Tonio. But, signora—
Mar. Go! [To Tonio.
And never dare here again to put your foot.
Tonio. [Offended.] What presumption is yours!
I go, but will return, Maria;
You shall be my wife by break of day.
[To Maria, who weeps.

Sul. Bravo!
Mar. What say you?
Sul. I merely said “Good bye.”
Mar. [To Maria.] Withdraw immediately; you weep in
vain.
Maria. I go—but, Tonio—
Mar. And when will you obey?
“ [To both, who are going. Maria gives a look at Sul-
pizio, and goes.
“ Remain, Sulpizio—
I am about to confide a great secret
To your discretion. Read this.

QUANDO IL DESTINO—WHEN I WAS LEFT. AIR. MARIA.

Andante.

Coro. A vil non può tenersi,
S' ella confessa il vero;
S' è il labbro suo sincero,
Se mostra schietto il cor.

Mar. (Or tutto è noto; non mi rimane che segnar.)

Tonio. Che dirà mai?

Maria. Ne morirò.

Mar. T'arresta!

Per me sì gran dolor—per me soltanto?

Altra. Cielo! che intende dir?

Mar. Vieni, deh vieni?

Sacrificar non voglio un cor sì bello.
In me taccia l'orgoglio,
E quel ch'ella sceglieva, omante onesto,
Alfin ottenga.

Altra. E qual è desso?

Mar. [Ponendo Tonio nelle braccia di Maria.] E questo.

Sul. Bene?

Maria. Tonio!

Tonio. Maria!

Sul. Brava, Signora Zia!
So non avessi il mustaccio
Le darei proprio un militar abbraccio.

Coro di Donne.

Oh, che scandalo, che orrore!
Questo Imen fa inorridir.
Andiam, partiam.

Cho. No one can think it wrong,
That she the truth confesses:
The bashfulness of her tongue
Betokens the candor of her heart.

Mar. (Now everything is known,
There is nothing left to me but to sign.)

Tonio. What will she say?

Maria. It will be the death of me.

Mar. Stop!

Shall I cause such wretchedness—I alone?

The others. Heavens, what mean you?

Mar. Come, oh come!

I will not sacrifice such a noble heart;
Pride is silenced within me;
And the one she has chosen—
Thou, honest lover, shall obtain her.

The others. And which is he?

Mar. [Bringing Tonio to Maria.] This one.

Sul. Good!

Maria. Tonio!

Tonio. Maria!

Sul. Bravo, Signora Aunt!
Were it not for my moustache,
I would give you a military salute.

Chorus of Ladies.

What a scandal, what a horror!
This marriage shocks us.
Let us go and leave them.

Tutti.

Salvezza alla Francia
A suoi lieti di
Vivan le gioje
Che amor nudri.

Maria.

Dolce tesoro,
Han fin le pene ;
Ah ! mal sostiene
La gioia il cor.
Quanto io t' adoro
Div non saprei,
Per me tu sei
Un ciel d'amor.

[*A Tonio.**All.*

Hurrah for France !
For all their living days
May the joys of love
Attend upon them.

Maria.

Dearest treasure,
My griefs are ended ;
Ah, scarcely can this head
Its joy sustain.
How much I love thee
I cannot tell thee.
For me thou art
A heaven of love.

[*To Tonio.*

THE END.

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Be kind to the loved ones. Lulu is our darling pride.
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Blanche Alpen. My last cigar.
Bobbin around. My pretty Jane.
Bonnie Dundee. Near the broken style.
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Child's wish. Not for gold or precious stones.
Come landlords, fill your. Oh! whisper what thou feelest.
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Erin is my home. letto.)
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Grandmother's lesson. Strike the light guitar.
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Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore. The blind girl.
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mian Girl.) Then you'll remember me. (Bo-
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I wandered by the brookside. 'Twas off the blue Canaries.
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