Domenica or The Mother

An opera in Two Acts

The Words by John Lodge Ellerton
The Music by John Lodge Ellerton

This libretto is a transcription from the manuscript held in the British Library at Add MS 42946, ff. 741-767b. The libretto does not include the name of the author but it has been assigned to Ellerton. No printed libretto has been found nor the text of the vocal items, as sometimes is available. This is not surprising as the opera only had one performance.

The handwriting was usually legible. Words are marked with (?), if there is doubt, or (---?) if undecipherable or missing. Spellings are as in the manuscript and include such words as "honor" for "honour". The capitalisation of words is usually as in the manuscript but some punctuation has been changed for clarity. **{xxa}** denotes the leading side of a page of the manuscript and **{xxb}** the back of the page..

Please email any queries to englishromanticopera@gmail.com. More information on the opera can be found at https://englishromanticopera.org/operas/Domenica.htm .

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Dramatis Personae

The Count Leon	Governor
Angelo	his Secretary
Giulio[1]	about 10 years old
Rovigo	Brigand chief
Marco Barbone	Brigands
Pippo Tatti	a Peasant
1st, 2nd, 3rd Peasants	
Officer	
1st, 2nd, 3rd Soldiers	
Domenica Monti	
Ninetta	A Peasant

Brigands, Soldiers, Peasants, Servants, Chorus

[1] Ellerton spelled this as Guilio throughout the manuscript but that seems likely to have been a misspelling of Giulio and the latter has been used below.

Domenica

{743a} **Act 1, Scene 1**

Foreground of wood and rock. Distant view open Champa--n (?)[2]

Barbone steals out – looks about carefully – blows a whistle. By degrees several congregate

Chorus – at first piano then crescendo

All still – all safe – no danger hov'ring near
To cause the Brigand's heart to beat with fear
No lurking stranger foot – nor traitor spy
Who'll dare into our Bandit haunts to pry.

Then thus secure, our trusty arms prepar'd
We'll gossip o'er the dangers we have shar'd
Till rous'd by duty's care and hope of spoil
We cheerfully resume our life of toil.

Barb Well, all's safe (*looking round*)

Marco Yes, if it's safe to be cooped up here ate the risk of being starved to death. Is anybody out for provisions?

Barb. No. I was out last and, curse on the sentries, was nearly taken with the small supply I brought.

Marco Where's the captain

Barb. Working like a galley slave.

Marco Ah, so he should be – he owes us a turn – we've done enough for him.

Barb Well and he never flinches does he? You'll all allow he's true to the band

Marco Yes, yes – Captain Rovigo's as true as gold

Barb I know he's sullen sometimes and will just stick his knife an inch or two into anybody that bothers him. Otherwise he's a perfect lamb. Dash it one can't be always agreeable and pleasant – but see him after a hard fight with the portmanteaus bless 'em wide opened and a promising prisoner or two, why the King of France is a joke to him.

{743b}

[2] Possibly meaning "open champagne", i.e. open bottles of champagne, but would make little sense in the context

Marco Oh, I'm not grumbling – all I meant to say is that it isn't quite pleasant to be starved – and you can't persuade my empty stomach that it is – that's all (*a low whistle)*

Barb The captain's signal (*answers it*)

Enter Rovigo in full Brigand costume

Rovigo My men! At once, I've no good news for you. The lines are drawn closer and the military have redoubled their vigilance. But one chance seems to remain for us. I meditate a sally tonight and, by the fierce resolution in your looks, I know I shall find you ready heart and hand to assist me in my project of beating off towards the frontiers

All Yes, yes! Bravo!

Marco Always ready in a good cause

Rovigo (*To Marco*) Well done, old virtue! There's nothing like a good cause - and its what everyone thinks his own.

Marco But captain, though I've a great stomach for fighting in a good cause – it must not be on an empty one. I'd rather be shot at once and hung up to dry like a herring than die by inches of starvation.

Rovigo Patience – doesn't our watch over us as long as we do our duty and don't grumble. We all share alike. Nothing has passed my lips but water since yesterday's ave maria (*a signal*) What's that?

Barbone Our watch signal

Rovigo Stay here – I will answer it. (Exit R.)

Marco I wish it may be bread, if the blackest that ever came out of an oven. I'd eat it if it were the devil's own baking.

Barbone Silence! Or speak more respectfully. I don't think you've any religion in you ate all

(*Re-enter Rovigo in haste*)

Rovigo Off, off! Marco, never doubt our good saint again. There's **{744}** a carriage coming up the hill – you understand?

Marco Ah! That sounds something like (*All bustle*)

Rovigo But mark one spare the lives of the travellers for we want ransom and the means of making terms. Just bring down the leaders but you need not care about hitting the postillion for I suppose he is one of our own lads.

Marco Ha! ha! No doubt they are English – travelling for pleasure. We'll show them some of the beauties of the interior.

Rovigo Peace! Away to your hiding places.

(*Music to which they all steal away. Enter the Count – Angelo – Giulio in travelling dresses. Two or three servants.*)

Count (*to Angelo*) We will wait here for the carriage; a few hours more and we shall arrive at our journey's end. I am glad I refused an escort through this mountain pass; it would only have added to the consequence the people attach to the free bands who infest this neighbourhood.

Angelo They have long ruled here, my Lord, the terror of the province. Strong measures are required to exterminate them.

Count They shall not be wanting (*Talks to Giulio*)

Angelo (musing) Yes! There – there is my native valley – there almost within sight the home of my long loved Domenica! What hopes and fears crowd upon me. (*Sings*)

Angelo
As when the Bark her long left harbour nears
Stout hearts grow faint and sink with homesick fears
So do contending hope and fear arise
As my lov's home appears before my eyes

(*While he sings the Brigands' heads appear in different places. A whistle is answered*.)

Angelo (sings)
What sound! Such signal bodes no good
'Tis answered now from yonder wood!

{744b}

(*Shot fired – Rovigo and Brigands come forward. More servants rush in fighting. The Count and Angelo are over powered – noise – During this the singing proceeds*)

Angelo
Traitors! We're lost

Rovigo
Up forward now
And all your wonted daring show
Nor shame your former deeds

Chorus
All, all are here
We know no fear
While brave Rovigo leads

Angelo
Traitors! Stand off

Rovigo
Yield , yield or die

Angelo, servants
Rovigo, Brigands
Join Brave men! Your traitor arms defy
Coward threats

(*The Count's party is finally overpowered. Then Rovigo speaks*)

Rovigo Keep to your prisoners. Ransack the carriage and roll it over the precipice. I breathe again! Fear not, Signor (*to Count*). You are in honest hands, tho' appearances are a little against us.

Count Your heads shall answer for this

Rovigo Nay, Signor. No big words, I pray. Whose heads are now in greatest jeopardy?

Barb Ah ha! A trip to the frontier and a few thousand crowns may set matters right – heads and all.

Marco Sorry Captain, there are no Ladies (*coming from carriage*)

Song (Rovigo)[3]and chorus
Huzza! 'tis o'er, the day is gain'd
'Twas well and feally (?)[4] done
Behold my men by blood unstained
Our prize is nobly won
{745a} Thus bravely joined in heart and hand
We scorn and laugh at laws;
So, Honour to the Brigand band
Success lads to our cause.
(*Chorus last four lines*)[5]

Rovigo
There's spirit in a Bandit's life,
There's pleasure in its toil,
There's music in its noisy strife
To make the heart's blood boil.
Unscar'd by danger, free and bold
We answer duty's call

[3] The text just says "Song and chorus" but it is clearly Rovigo
[4] "Truly" would fit here or possibly "really" but the text looks like neither
[5] It is not clear whether Rovigo first sang the last four lines, which the chorus repeated or whether it was just the chorus who sang them In the second verse the stage direction "chorus" does not fit with the chorus having the last four lines

(*Chorus*) Each waits his captain's call
Inspir'd by hope of well earn'd gold,
We conquer of we face
(*Chorus last four lines*)
(*A Brigand rushes in and whispers Rovigo*)

Rovigo Fly (?), there's no time to be lost. My men we're in danger. Cavalry are coming up the hill. They have tracked the carriage and, no doubt, have heard the report of our firearms (*The Count and Angelo exchange signs*) Remember, Sirs, we gave you your lives (*To the band*) Keep your prisoners bound and away.

(*Music*)

Retiring Chorus
They come – now comrades haste away
We dare not risk our longer stay
In silence - thus! – a word – a breath!
Betrays our Band to Chains or death.

(*During the last chorus, Rovigo is urging them away. He is last himself. Leaps down a precipice and scene closes in*)

{745b}

Scene 2nd

(*Peasants straggling as if going to market*)

Chorus
Come my lads, let's haste away
This you know is market day
And e'en now the sultry sun
His upward journey has begun

1st peasant
Here are wares all tastes to suit
2nd peasant
I have fish
3rd peasant
And here is fruit
Ripe pomegranates, figs and grapes
4th peasant
I sell threads, and silks, and tapes

All
Then come, my friends, let's hasten on
Ere the early day is gone

(*Enter Ninetta in haste*)

Ninetta Oh dear! Oh dear! Have you found him?

Several Him? Found whom? What's the matter?

Ninetta I'm afraid to say what's the matter. I don't know but has anybody seen – not that I particularly care about it – but Pippo? Pippo went out early this morning to look for one of our goats, and – and –

1st Peas And what? What a fuss the girl's in.

Ninetta And (*roaring out*) he isn't come back again.

Several Lord bless us! Is that all! Ha! ha! ha!

Ninetta All! And doesn't everybody know the Brigands are close to us – and mayn't they catch Pippo?

2nd Peas Pooh! He's not worth keeping. They get nothing by such prisoners(?)

Ninetta You're just a hard hearted brute. I know they'll get nothing by him but what will they do? What did they do to poor Giovanni?

{746a}

All Ah! That's very true

Ninetta Why, they cut off both his ears and then sent him back because they got nothing by him. (*cries*) Suppose if they should cut off anything belonging to poor Pippo! I can't bear the thought of it.

1st Peas Well – I am sure we would do anything for you and Pippo

Nnetta Yes I know you would

(*Enter a Peasant*)

3rd Peas Here's news

Ninetta What? Any news of Pippo?

3rd Peas Pippo! No. Devil take Pippo tho' he's a good little chap. No – the new Commandant is to arrive today and there is to be fireworks and a procession – and such gay doings!

All When? Where? We must go and see it all

Ninetta But Pippo (*running to several*) You know Pippo isn't here

1st Peas Ah, that's very true – poor Pippo – sorry for Pippo but I can't wait

2nd Peas No nor I

3rd Peas Nor I. We must go and see the new general (*Exeunt*)

Ninetta There - there's a set of unfeeling creatures! they have haven't grain of a grain of kindness amongst them all with their fine promises – "Oh anything for you an Pippo" - "Pippo's a good little chap" ! Oh the animals and brute beasts they think no more of raising our hopes and then breaking their words then if they were gentlefolks and grand signors (cries) I shall never be happy if Pippo and I don't make it up - what shall I do? Poor Pippo! Suppose if they(?) should cut him into slices – no more evening meetings – no more of that dear olive grove.

Air Ninetta

I love at evening's parting hour
To hear the tinkling vesper bell
From village church or convent tower
Bidding the weary day, farewell

{746b}

I love the mellow sounds that float
So softly then o'er hill and dale
The goat herds song or plaintive note
Of twilight loving Nightingale

'Tis then I seek the olive Grove
Or linger on the green hillside
Where he first breathed his tale of love
And propos'd me to become his bride

Arise, pale silent moon arise
And spread thy veil and pearly light
When hearts to hearts respond in sighs
And mingle accents of delight

(*Exit*)

Scene 3rd

Rocks and Brushwood
Symphony – Enter Rovigo from concealment

Song (Rovigo)

Wherefore does tyrant love my breast
With wildest passions vainly tear
No soothing hope is mine to wrest
My clouded soul from fell despair

Yet I remember were a time
Ere bitter wrongs heap hard on me
Lash'd my fierce passion into crime
And made me which I blush to be

{747a}

Away,away! Such thoughts are hell!
Outlaw'd proscribed, pursued by hate.
I hear e'n now the bloodhound's yell
And desperate will I dare(?) my fate.

Rivago I am no longer so closely pursued. Curse on that interruption just as we were securing our prize. I reckoned on a heavy ransom or what is a far more importance better terms than we are now likely to get. What can I do? How meet my band? We are starving and cannot hold out much longer. Hunger will make them desperate and they may even be led to betray me in the hope of securing their own safety. But one hope remains and that is a Domenica Monti (*musing*) All my thoughts turn to that woman! Infatuation! Why do I love her so madly – Ah! A rustling! (*Draws a pistol and retires*)

(*Pippo appears. His head first as if climbing up*)

Pippo Come this is hard work! - and all for a blessed goat (*on stage*) I never had such a climb in my life (*looks around*) There's a view! - The village looks like a child's play thing (*peeps over*). It makes one quite giddy. How retired! - and quiet and agreeable! - a cottage somewhere about here with Ninetta - a little quarrelsome baggage - would be delightful. I think I must marry that poor thing – besides, as they say, people are quite changed after matrimony. I have no doubt but we shall be perfectly happy, for she leads me the devil's **{747b}** own life now. How invigorating this fine fresh air is. Yes - I'll marry - I feel six feet high and as brave as a lion! -----d ---- I'll marry – 'gad I could knock an ox down (*swinging his* (--?) *about – Rovigo steals softly behind and drops a large cloak over him*) Eh! How! What! Hallo!

Rovigo Silence! or you die. Feel this (*Lays the muzzle of his carbine on his hand*) and this (*pricks him with his stiletto*) Are you satisfied?

Pippo What an idea! - satisfied - no. Who are you?

Rovigo Tush (?)! never mind. Have you any food with you (*with eagerness*) Bread - the hardest – stalest - blackest

Pippo Bread? No! Don't you know as well as I do there is a population of death to anyone who is found with provisions beyond the gates? Let me go. I will - just let me turn round. I never heard of sentries doing so. Now upon my soul I'll tell if –

Rovigo Fool! I'm no sentry (*in a whisper*) Did you never hear of Rodrigo

Pippo (*Throwing back the cloak*) Ro – ah! Ro- vi- go the

Rovigo The Brigand Captain. You've made his acquaintance that's all

Pippo Oh Lord! I'm lost – lost. As for ransom, its – oh! – Signor Brig – Rovigo, I mean. I'm as poor as honesty itself – ransom for me is -

Rovigo I want no ransom

Pippo No ransom (*aside*) Oh, the bloody! (aloud) What! Would – (*on his knees*) One favour – one little favour. Mayn't I have a confessor first.

Rovigo No – Upon one condition you shall have life and liberty. Do you know Domenica Monti?

{748a}

Pippo What! She whom Angelo the secretary is always sighing about? Yes, yes. What can he know of Dominica Monti?

Rovigo (*aside*) Angelo! but I will not betray myself. Then you shall carry her a message from me – What! (*Pippo looks about*) By all the Saints, if you attempt to make a signal you shall never grumble out another pater noster from that throat of yours. Lye [sic] down there - on your face and stir not

Pippo He prefers killing me behind my back (*Lyes down. Rovigo takes out a slip of paper and ink horn*)

Rovigo This fellow shall deliver a note to her (*writes*) Your name

Pippo My name? Why do you want to know my name?

Rovigo To secure you – Do you hesitate

Pippo No – no. It's all one. My name is Giuseppe Andrea Giovanni Girolamo Tatti – commonly called for short – though I'm now at length, Pippo Tatti. I shall soon be the late Pippo Tatti.

Rovigo Good. Deliver this paper yourself to Domenica. Rise you have nothing to fear.

Pippo Nothing to fear! I – Pippo Tatti – such a quiet, peaceable, well conducted and rather particular young man in direct communication with the chief of the Brigands! The very thought of it turns my bowels inside out.

Rovigo What are you muttering? How will you carry this?

Pippo How! Why in my pocket to be sure.

Rovigo In your pocket! Hmm! And if the sentinels catch you friend Pippo – and find the note – they'll give you an ugly post mark.

Pippo A post mark! A Post Obit! I shall be shot! I've thought better of it and I have nothing to do with it.

{748b}

Rovigo Psha! Pippo – think again (*locking a pistol*). Well, well, come hither. (*He rolls up the paper into a small pipe shape and thrusts it into the locks of his hair knocking his hat off with violence*).

Pippo What are you at now? I wish you'd please to –

Rovigo Silence! You anger me. I am desperate and, by all the saints, I'll dash your brains out if you raise your voice above a whisper. Now go, down here again. By that path you'd perhaps meet the soldiers. Besides, this way, Pippo, I can watch you and can answer for a bullet as far as yonder road. Pippo, we'll meet again.

Pippo (aside) Not if I can help it. A bullet!

Rovigo You now are one of us. Your hand. Be honest

Pippo Honest! I suppose I must. I wonder he didn't choke.

Rovigo That's your road, Pippo. I may be at your elbow when you least expect it. Addio!
(*Exit*)

Pippo Addio – Signor Ri-- Oh what a word it is! There's no virtue in the world. The air of the fellow. "Be honest" said he with as much brass in his face as if he's been bred up to it at a University. Clever rogue too, to think of hiding the note in my head! Just the very last place where people would think of discovering anything. Well I suppose he knows best, what very uncertain holders of property pockets are.
(*Exit by the Rocks*)

Scene 4th

Domenica's Cottage
Domenica discovered spinning alone and pensive

Song

Wearily pass the hours away
When hearts are bowed with grief
{749a} Sighs and sorrows mark each day
And night brings no relief

For me, soft comfort has no smiles
To chase away my pain
No flattering hope my heart beguiles
I ne'er shall smile again.

Domen All - all are happy but poor Domenica. While to me each succeeding day brings deeper grief, deeper sorrow. 'Tis six long years since my infant, my hope, my beautiful boy was stolen from my cottage and I left childless. True he lives and there is hope. But where? And how? I tremble while I think of it. With the miscreant who dares to say 'twas love for me that drove him thus to wrong me. Oh what a wretch am I? To find myself his slave, but yet a willing slave, if I could regain by it my poor, poor child! (*with emotion*)

Enter Angelo

Angelo (aside) There she sits, as I left her months ago, still a prey to some secret sorrow. But, to me, how lovely in her grief – Domenica

Domen Angelo! Returned!

Angelo Yes, dear Domenica, returned to be rewarded I hope for my unchanging love.

Domen Oh, Angelo, you know how it pains me thus to repay your kindness, your devotion. But I must not listen to you – till –

Angelo Till – till what? Still this mystery, Domenica. Even now, I feared misfortune was about to destroy all my hope of seeing you, but my good genius interposed and rescued me from the danger. And will you again dash my hopes to the ground? We were taken by Brigands within a few miles of the town.

{749b}

Domen How! Ha! The Brigands! You – and – Oh heaven! was he – he taken? (*much moved*)

Angelo Who – the Governor? No

Domen No – no – Ro- (*checking herself*) what am I doing?

Angelo I do not understand this emotion

Domen Were any of the Brigands (*falling into a chair*) taken? (*with affected coolness*)

Angelo No alas! But Domenica why will you still continue to lead this life of seclusion? Am I so unworthy of your confidence?

Domen No – no – yet – some one comes

Angelo retires – Enter Ninetta

Ninetta Ah, Domenica. Still, I see, giving way to melancholy. I now have come to

Domen My dear Ninetta, I shall never be happy again.

Angelo (*coming forward*) Say not so my love

Ninetta What! Signor Angelo! Yes, yes you must console poor Domenica.

<u>Trio</u>

Angelo
Dry those bright eyes and wipe those pearly drops away
Shed tears no more, but look to heaven for aid

Domenica, Ninetta
Holy Madonna in despair to thee I pray/She prays
Ah, gently smile upon a happy maid.

Domen Yes, Angelo – I will confide in you, but it must not be now (*aside from Ninetta*) Be here at sunset.

Angelo (aside) At sunset. Till then farewell. Adieu Ninetta (*Exit*)

Domen But Ninetta, you don't look as joyful as usual. **{750a}** What has happened?

Ninetta Oh, you know I quarrelled with Pippa yesterday.

Domen Lover's quarrels soon pass away. I think too, Ninetta, you often quarrel for the sake of making it up again.

Ninetta (*sighing*) Ah, but we did not make it up again – and now he's gone

Domen Gone! What do you mean?

Ninetta (*bursting out crying*) I don't know but we all think he has been kidnapp'd by the Brigands

Domen The Brigands

Ninetta He's been away all day and nobody can find him. They are driven to extremities and I've just heard that the new general's carriage was attacked and such a proclamation has been issued. Oh, it's enough to make one's hair stand bolt upright

Domen And what does the proclamation say?

Ninetta Oh, it's full of such impossible long words that nobody can read it but the curate – and he only shakes his head. First, a thousand dollars for Rovigo, dead or alive, and death to everyone that isa found assisting or concealing him.

Domen Heaven forbid! Rovigo ! (*aside*)

Ninetta Yes (*cries*)

Domen (*not heeding her*) If any accident should happen to him I am lost. His own band will be tempted by this reward to betray him. (*knocking*) Who can this be?

Pippo (*without*) Open the door - will you open the door – please open the door – pray open the door

Ninetta That's Pippo's voice (*Enter Pippo*) Ah, Pippo, where have **{750b}** you been – you disagreeable (*Pippo does not look at her*)

Domen Pippo, what has happened? You look frightened

Pippo Do I? Eh! Frightened – Oh non – (*aside*) I'll not say a word till I am alone with her (*makes sign*)

Domen What can he mean?

Ninetta He's demented surely. He doesn't know I have forgiven him (*Pippo still (?) makes signs*)

Domen (*aside*) He wishes to say something to me (*to Ninetta*) Ninetta, I have something vert particular to say to Pippo. Will you leave us for a short time do. (*aside to her*) I'll make it up for you

Ninetta I like doing that myself but I'll go. He's a cruel little heart breaking thing. (*Exit*)

Domen Pippo. What is the meaning of all this embarrassment

Pippo (*A pause. He looks round carefully, then points to his head*) There may well be a hair of mystery about me – for I've got something particular in my head.

Domen What do you mean? Pray speak

Pippo Mean? I'm full of dismal thinkings but I dare not speak. (*aside*) They are both rogues I'm afraid but if I hint it she'll till (---?)[6] (*aloud*) I've seen somebody

Domen Somebody!

Pippo Yes – and there (*gives the note*)

Domen What's this? (*reads*) "Domenica – bread for the love of the blessed Madonna. This will be given you by Pippo, who dare not betray us. Bread at the foot of the broken Cross or tremble" **{751a}** Is it possible! Pippo, I did not know you were in communication with the Brigands.

Pippo Who, I – I – ah, Domenica don't mention it. I could not help it. I know, that is,- I think – I'm almost sure – I'm pretty certain I have seen Rovigo

Domen Rovigo

Pippo Yes. He told me himself and he threatened to murder me if I did not deliver that note to you.

Domen But what induced you to go amongst them?

Pippo That Rhinoceros of a goat, damn it. I was looking for our lost goat and met a rugged ill looking. Oh then even all the mortal sins staring me in the face. I beg his pardon

[6] A possibility is "she'll still guess"

if he's a friend of yours. But cut him, Domenica, pray do. I'm sure by his pointed manner, he must be used to cutting.

Domen Pippo, our lives depend upon our keeping secret our knowledge of Rovigo

Pippo Oh, I don't mean to brag of it. In fact, I should like to suspend my acquaintance (*very uneasy*)

Domen We must assist him and immediately

Pippo (*starting back*) Assist him! Cospetto de Basco! (?) Assist him – yes to a halter – No. Can she be one of them?

Domen (*aside*) What a dreadful situation I am in. Pippo, I must help Rovigo, but I will not risk your safety.

Pippo I am obliged to you - no, don't – he may yet be hanged without my assistance – It's quite out of my line.

Domen (*aside*) I must undertake it myself. Pippo, silence on **{751b}** this subject is our only chance of escaping suspicion. We are in equal danger from the government and from Rovigo. His hatred is deep, his revenge sure. I know him to be a villain.

Pippo So he is. I'm glad to hear you say so. He is a villain. A rascal – a scoundrel – a wretch

Domen Hush!

Pippo Oh! – Eh! "I may be at your elbow when you least expect me". I feel as if I was just going to sit down on a nest of hornets.

Domen Pippo, you must promise to keep a secret for me.

Pippo No – no – I won't. You've given me a qualmish, deadly, shivery feel all over me and I'll have nothing to do with it. I'm dumb – deaf – stupid. I shall be made out what the Podesta calls "a Partnership cumibus" or perhaps a "fellow de se"[7]

Domen But, Pippo, don't describe Rovigo's person to anyone.

Pippo I – I'll see him shot first (*aside*). This looks smokey (?)[8].

Domen And you know nothing of me

Pippo Nothing (*aside*) That's true enough and I wish I thought less. Dash these women, there's no being up to them. Now she's in a brown study and I'll lay any odds there's black work brewing.

[7] Qualmish means nauseous. Presumably with the mangled phrases, Ellerton is trying to get across someone who has no idea what certain terms means or how they are spelt or pronounced.

[8] Presumably meaning that this all looks uncertain or obscure

Domen (*suddenly*) Pippo, farewell for the present, but remember

Pippo Lord don't say it so deadly like – farewell. (aside) and now to meet Madame Ninetta by accident.

(*Exit*)

Domen (*fastens the door*) What is to be done? Rovigo – the Brigand Chief starving – and death to whoever **{752a}** is discovered carrying provisions to the mountains! Still, he must be saved – perhaps – yes – and darling, flattering hope!, perhaps gratitude may soften his stubborn heart to pity and I may again embrace my child. Bread! How can I convey it to him? I dare not be seen with a basket. Perhaps the folds of my dress. It must be so. A single loaf may save him (*she takes a small loaf from the cupboard and conceals it*) So it is all safe. No one near to watch me. How my poor heart beats. If discovered I die. If I fail to reach him – my boy! – oh no! I will, I must succeed.

Exit

Scene 5th

Rock and wood – in the mountain a broken cross.
Music – Rovigo comes forward exhausted

Rovigo No dood! No water! My lips are parched, cracked and my limbs refuse their office. Domenica has failed me and no hope remains. The attempt is desperate but I will try whether any of the band are near. One ball, a report would bring a swarm of slaves hired to hunt me down to my side (*he draws the charge*) Now then (*he raises himself and snaps the pistol – the priming goes off*) I would I could have seen Domenica. I have done her much wrong and would be pardoned. Her child too – ah, that was a – What do I hear? A rustling. I'll be found ready, be it friend or foe.

Music. He conceals himself but with his carbine half raised behind a projecting piece of rock.
Domenica enters stealthily she throws herself upon the cross.

{752b}

Domen Away! – Pity! - Help

Prayer (Domenica)

Oh, Holy Mary in despair
At thy son's cross I humbly kneel
Incline thine ear unto my prayer
And for a suppliant deign to feel

A broken hearted mother flies
To thee for help and sympathy
Oh turn on her thy pitying eyes
Oh, sweet Madonna turn to me.

During the Symphony Rovigo comes forward

Rovigo Beyond my hope, it is Domenica! – hist!

Domen Ah! Rovigo

Rovigo Food! Wine! Bread! (*he sits down*)

Domen Yes. Kneel with me and pray

Rovigo Away. I have pray'd for you and bread – give, give me or I perish

(*She gives him the loaf which he seizes and devours with avidity*)
Ah, for every crumb of this I would have given gold. Domenica, I bless you for you have called me back to life and hope – rise.

Domen No – no here on my knees, I'll pray to you Rovigo. For you, I have braved every danger to relieve you in your distress. Have mercy. Pity on me. My boy Rovigo, restore my child to his broken hearted mother!

Rovigo What! Give up my only hope - never but on one **{753a}** condition. What makes you of all the world, the truest of my followers? The hold I have on you. And I relinquish it?

Domen (*rises impatiently*) And you'll not restore my boy?

Rovigo Yes, on one condition, be my wife . I've adored you, worshipped you. You have the power to serve me. I'll leave my band – I'll . Oh, Domenica, if I am an outcast from Society – a brigand – remember what made me so. Did you not spurn my loves and wed my deadliest enemy? And even now, have I not a rival.

Domen Rovigo, by all you believe, by all you hope, by all the love you ever felt for me, give me back my boy or show him to me but for one short minute and I'll bless you (*with emotion*)

Rovigo (*bitterly*) Still, still you reject my love

Domen Love! Rovigo. But again, give me my child and (*approaching him and in a low tone*). I will never tell him who was his father's murderer! Ah, have I roused you? Strike here (*offering herself*) but bring me back my boy and let him see you do it. (*Rovigo drops his hand and stands abashed and irresolute – passes his hand over his eyes*) A tear! Rovigo! I forgive you – my boy – my child!

Rovigo (aside) 'Tis but suspicion - 'twas dark – we were alone. (aloud) he fell not by my hand. What witness – what proof?

Domen This, you dagger's sheath found within the foldings **{753b}** of his vest and the mark in blood of that accursed hand, known by its wound upon his naked breast

Rovigo (starts) Tis false!

Chorus instant[9] and scena
In wood or plain or (---?)[10] steep
Our country faithfully we keep
By toil nor dangers seared

Rovigo (*listening*) sings
List! List! Approaching steps I hear

Domen (*looks over*) sings
Tis true, we're lost – see soldiers near

Rovigo
Betrayed! I am prepared (*prepares*)
This deed is thine, but I forgive.

Domen
Nay, I am true and on my knees once more
A suppliant, I do bid thee live
Buy pity and my long lost child restore.

Rovigo
Away!

Domen
Conceal thyself, I'll brave
More perils yet thy hated life to save.

As the Chorus approaches, Rovigo is hurried by Domenica to a place of concealment. The scene proceeds

Domen Oh my child, you little dream to what extremities your wretched mother is reduced in the dear hope of once more holding you to her breast.
(*Two soldiers enter. She endeavours to appear unconcerned*)

1st Sold What ho! young woman, you are wandering in **{754a}** an out of the way place – what are you doing here?

Domen Doing – nothing – what should I be doing?

1st Sold Are you alone?

Domen Can you not judge of that as well as I?

(*As the soldiers look about, Rovigo prepares to fire. She makes signs to him to retire*)

[9] Not clear what this means
[10] Rocky might be a possibility and has some resemblance to the word in the manuscript

2nd Sold Corporal, here's a bad sign. I picked up this piece of bread by yonder cross.

1st Sold Ah, you start! (*to Domen*) Provisions and so far from town. I shall ask no questions but you must march off my prisoner

Domen Your prisoner! Well, Sir, your process is summary; if finding a piece of bread on the ground is to be my condemnation. But away, let us not linger (*anxiously*)

1st Sold Our business is to prevent correspondence with the Brigands.

Domen Were I in correspondence with the Brigands my raised voice would bring a dozen balls about your ears – but there may be danger in loitering here (*aside*) Will they never leave this spot!

2nd Sold Let us take her to the Villa

Domen Ay, ay and tell the general that you three valiant men have captured a – woman.

1st Sold Bold talking – bold talking

Domen (*aside*) Thank heaven, Rovigo is safe

(*Exeunt*)

Rovigo (*steals forward and watches them*) Matchless woman! I will way lay them and will, at least, attempt her rescue. In the olive grove, I can make surer work of it. **{754b}** But I have a rival? Maddening thought! What did he call him? Oh Angelo! Her child! Would I had him but I dare not confess he is no longer in existence. That would madden her. I should lose her forever! Good! There they go (watches over the rocks. A shot is fired from be3hind and he falls – draws his pistol) Ah, discovered and hit –

(*Soldiers enter and seize him*)

3rd Sold Yes, he's down. I knew it was a hat I saw. One of the band by all that's lucky! Quick or he may be rescued. You?

Rovigo (*aside*) Curse on me for leaving my hiding place. That girl (?) will be lost! (*aloud*) Here, tie up this arm of mine. It bleeds.

3rd Sold (*Tieing*[sic] *up his arm*) I'd wager something you are one of the Brigand rascals. If so, I would not give a paoli[11] for your life.

Rovigo Perhaps so. Give the handkerchief another turn

3rd Sold Though there's a way to save it too (*still tying it*)

Rovigo Indeed! (*Coolly*) tighter

[11] A paoli was an old Italian coin

3rd Sold Your captain, Rovigo, is worth something. Who ever will put him into our hands will have a free pardon and two or three hundred dollars to boot.

Rovigo Humph! You are generous. Now I have heard that if he were taken, two thousand dollars would be the reward. Concealed too in a safe place – to him who would be sleepy or careless – or three – or four – (*watching them closely*)

3rd Sold He's too greater a rascal to be trusted – and these hints won't serve him or you, most noble cut throat.

(*Enter Angelo not seeing them*)

Angelo I incur some risk in venturing here alone, but a report that Domenica was seen coming in this direction – ah! (*sees the soldiers*)

3rd Sold Ah! Now for a bit of examination. That's Signor Angelo **{755a}** the Governor's secretary.

Rovigo (*aside*) That's Angelo, the secretary! My rival!

Angelo How! Rov-

Rovigo (*making a sign of silence*) The fortune of war (*pointing to his arm*) (*aside to Angelo*) Unless I am mistaken you feel some interest in Domenica Monti

Angelo What mean you? Domenica!

Rovigo (*aside*) True by hell! (*aside to Angelo*) Make known who I am and Domenica's life is lost.

Angelo How! Where is she?

Rovigo We parted but now (*watching the effect of his words upon Angelo*) and met by appointment

Angelo Villain! 'tis false (*aside*) what dreadful surmise is this? Was this the mystery? A Brigand lover! And I betrayed – duped

Rovigo Keep our Counsel – Domenica will give her life to save mine (*to himself*) 'Tis true. He dares to love her. Oh that this hand were (---?)

<u>Duo</u>

Angelo

What dread suspicions fill my mind
A hated rival blasts my sight
Despair and jealousy combined
A storm within my breast excite

Rovigo

Unarm'd – in bonds – a cruel fate
Now would revenge indeed be sweet
Thus would I strike with deadly hate
And dash my rival to my feet

Duo

With triumph beams his fatal eye
I read my fatal sentence there
{755b} Better at once, betrayed to die
Than living, linger in despair

Angelo (to Soldiers) Forward! Conduct him to the chateau. Oh Domenica!
(*Exit*)

3rd Sold Let us be moving and we may perhaps come up with the Corporal, who should be on this beat.
(*They are preparing to go. Two Brigands appear on the rock above. Rovigo sees and makes signs to them. He suddenly falters*)

Rovigo (*aside*) My trusty fellows ! (*aloud*) Ah, soldiers – I – I am faint. A few minutes will restore me. My arm pains me sorely (*They halt*) (*aside*) Curse on these knots, if I could but disengage my arms (*aloud*) There should be a spring below there. A drop, a little water - would - restore me.

3rd Sold Stay with him. I will go. It won't do to let him die till we have done
(*Exit*)

He places his musket against the rock and leaves the spot. The Brigands above let down a rope, which Rovigo contrives to fasten round his body having disengaged one arm. He then seizes the musket and is gently drawn up, pointing the musket towards the sentry, who is left to watch him but who is musing on his firelock. A company enters at the moment Rovigo is landed above. Symphony – Sentinel fires – A shot is answered

<u>Chorus and Finale</u>

Brigands on the Rocks

Hurrah! Hurrah! All fear is past,
Our leader bold and brave
Our gallant chief Rovigo lives,
His trusty band to save

{756a}

Soldiers below

He's lost, he's lost, our prize is fled
The boldest and the brave
The robber chief Rovigo lives
His ruffian band to save

Curtain falls
End of Act First

{757} **Act 2nd Scene 1**

Domenica's Cottage. Angelo enters and looks around

Song (Angelo)

E'en as the wand'rer who from far
Hath trod the desert's sandy way;
Enchanted hails the evening Star,
Which closes on his weary way.

So after long and anxious fears
Of hope, the lover greets his bower,
Then joy dispelling each eager care
Shall o'er his soul soft rapture pour

Angelo Yet what hope. What joy is there for me? It is true, Domenica is in custody and refuses to make any confession. Yes, she must love Rivago.

(*Enter Ninetta*)

Ninetta Ah, Signor Angelo, so you can't stay away from your turtle's nest. Well then, I won't joke you about it; but just please to tell me what is become of Domenica. She's been away, I don't know how long.

Angelo (*aside*) I will not appear to know anything. (aloud) It I know not. I thought to find her here. Oh Ninetta!

Ninetta Ah, Signor Angelo! (*mimicking*)

Angelo You are in Domenica's confidence, surely you know –

Ninetta (*interrupting him*) Well, perhaps I do, but I won't be pumped. I'm one of her own sect (Sex(?))[12]

Angelo It is so, she knows the mystery. (*aside*)[13]. You know then the hidden cause of her happiness.

Ninetta (*aside*) What stupid things men are! (*aloud*) Yes, Signor Angelo (*sighs*) and perhaps there's a reason for that **{757b}** Don't you know anything?

Angelo I suspect – ah – why, I have my suspicions – alas!

Ninetta (*archly*) Alas! I think it a very bad case.

Angelo No – forbid it heaven!

[12] There is a word in brackets after "sect". It looks as if it might be Sex, presumably in case the singers don't get the clumsy joke or some sort of stage direction.

[13] The "aside" should surely go before the first sentence and then he speaks the second sentence aloud, as in Ninetta's following speech.

Ninetta La! Signor Angelo!

Angelo Then you think she loves?

Ninetta In confidence – I do (*slowly*)

Angelo Dreadful confirmation! I cannot stay here – farewell! farewell! But breathe not a word of this conversation as you value Domenica's life.

(*Exit Angelo hurriedly*)

Ninetta Well, I never heard anything like that. Why he's mad! And everything today seems odd and strange. Now to think of her leaving home without saying a word to anybody and staying away so long. Then there's Pippo. He gets lost and, when he comes back, he chooses to go on with our quarrel. It was my fault certainly but bless me how foolish it is in the men to think we're in earnest when we take so much pains to annoy them. Oh, love, love, you are a great plague.

Air (Ninetta)

Ever full of care – misgivings
Thus does love his captives vex
Dreaming, hoping, wishing, fearing
All in turn our hearts perplex
Why not chase the tyrant from us
Why his flattering tale believe
Kindly why afford him shelter,
Whose delight is to deceive?

{758a}

Well, I've thought, but truly maidens
Love must e'en preserve his sway
Spite of all his evil doings,
Me (?) can't drive the boy away.
Nay, I press him all the closer
To his home is my fond heart;
Cruel, kind, in joy, in sorrow
Never, never love depart.

(*She sits down*)

Well, I suppose I'm to sit alone here all night. By the bye, there was an air of particular mystery about master Pippo's meeting Domenica this morning. I should like to know the meaning of that – and I will too.

(*Enter Pippo behind*)

Pippo (aside) Ah, ha! Ninetta. I'll punish her for her last night's performance – tum- tum – tum – ti

Ninetta Ah, Pippo

Pippo Tum – tum – ti – Oh Ninetta, is it you?

Ninetta Me! What – didn't you come on purpose?

Pippo She doesn't care a bunch of grapes for me. – Fine evening

Nintta Pippo, I – I have finished the new net for your hair –

Pippo (*aside*) Dash her net – and her black eyes too – (*aloud*) you are very kind, very particularly attentive, but it won't be of the slightest service.

Ninetta No?

Pippo No. For the best reason in the world. I think of cutting off my hair

Ninetta You don't, you shan't, not a single lock of it. Pippo, how cross you are. Let me try it on, do (*coaxing*)

Pippo As you please, as you please, but (*aside*) little coaxing thing

Ninetta How charming you will look in it! (*as she puts it on with* **{758b}** *her arms raised, she looks at him archly*) Pippo, let us be friends.

Pippo Oh, get out with your friends. You have lacerated my feelings.

Ninetta I declare I only meant to teaze you

Pippo Was that all? To – to – there – there -. (*seizes her round the waist, hisses her*) Well, I feel a great deal better.

Duo (Ninetta and Pippo)

Pippo
Nina, you are too provoking
Always trying thus to teaze me;
By the saints, it is past joking,
And such treatment does not please me.

Ninetta
Pippo, yours is wilful blindness
But in time you'll learn to mend
All my teazing's meant for kindness
Only men can't comprehend.

Together

Ninetta	Pippo
Pippo, am I still provoking	Nina, no, you're not provoking
When, I out of love would tease thee	When, you out of love would tease me
When you know I'm only joking	Now, I know you're only joking
Try to think I mean to please thee	I'll just think you mean to please me

Pippo (*aside*)Lord, how they do wind us round their fingers. But I wish to make one observation, my Bettina

Ninetta No, no, you shan't say another word about it.

Pippo There it is. So now we're friends again for an hour. All (?) the talk to yourself as usual

Ninetta No Pippo. Only the worst of it is, when you men do talk, you are such pompous, dictatorial, tyrannical –

Pippo And you , everything that's delightful, of course, **{759a}** but 'Netta. I have something to tell you about Domenica – bad

Ninetta Bad! Bad about Domenica!

Pippo Worser than bad. Domenica has been found with the brigands

Ninetta With the Brigands! Impossible!

Pippo Yes, you are all very good and respectable till you are found out. Now there's Domenica. Mrs Innocence, who, by your account is always weeping like a watering pot, is more connected with those rascals *(looking round*) , yes, rascals, than your unsophisticated brain dreams of, young woman.

Ninetta Young woman! You men

Pippo Are Lords of the Creation and – hem!

Ninetta And if you are, let me tell you it's a pity you don't make a better job of yourselves.

Pippo There she goes again! A barrel of gunpowder's a joke to her. But come, Netta, have you ever had a secret to keep?

Ninetta You know I have. Haven't I told you many and many

Pippo Fasten the doors and come here. This morning, you know, we missed one of our goats, and I, innocent enough, like, went to look for it. Oh gads! Ninetta

Ninetta Eh? – What?

Pippo He came behind me and with a large cloak developed [sic] me

Ninetta How! Who! The goat? Ha! ha! ha!

Pippo The goat! No – Oh, there's nothing to be facetious about, as the catastrophe will show. He then knocked me down, told me to lie on my face and afterwards wrote a note on my back.

Ninetta Pippo. The goat told you to lie – eh?

Pippo You will interrupt me. Well, says he, with most diabolical threats and language. Ninetta, my hair started up like vine poles and absolutely knocked my hat off my head. Says he, making allowances for the softness of my voice, "If you don't carry this paper to Domenica do Monti, you're a dead corpse" said he.

Ninetta But you didn't touch it

{759b}

Pippo I dare say you'd like to be made a corpse of – eh!. Perhaps you think he ordered me to button it up in my breeches pocket. No such simple thing. Seizing me by the head, he thrust the note into it – bang.

Ninetta Right into your head!

Pippo Into my head? No. How could anybody ever get anything into my head? Into my hair. Never mention putting hair into paper again. Well *(knocking*) hollow? What's that? The least noise makes one feel quite teeth-on-edge. "I may be at your elbow" (*more knocking*) Ah! Well, we're coming. 'Netta , just open the door (*Both hesitate and each tries to have the other to do it. At last Ninetta opens it. Enter officer and two or three soldiers*)

Pippo The devil and Doctor Faustus! What's the matter now?

Officer (*to Ninetta*) Do you belong to Domenica Monti?

Ninetta Yes, Signor, I do – where is she?

Officer In custody. Go (to a *soldier*) into the other rooms and see if there is anything that indicates a correspondence with the Brigands.

Ninetta The Brigands!

Pippo The Brigands! (*aside*) I'm in a perfect perspiration

Officer (*To Pippo*) And pray, who are you? Do you belong to the house.

Pippo I? on no – not exactly. I'm only visiting (*aside to Ninetta*) I'll be your cousin (*aloud*) I've just called to speak to my cousin.

Officer Oh, your cousin. I understand (*nodding*) and what's your name?

Pippo Eh – I oh. My name (*aside*) how uncommonly fond people are of enquiring one's name. (*aloud*) I'm not ashamed of my name – Tatti.

Officer Tatti – Nothing else?

Pippo Oh, dear me! Yes. Giuseppe, Andrea, Giovanni, Girolamo, **{760a}** Tatti – commonly called for short, Pippo Tatti. And that's the long and the short of it (*testily*)

Officer Pippo Tatti (*sits down*) Very well, Pippo Tatti. You seem to be a very touchy little fellow. I suppose – your - cousin is unkind.
(*he accidentally moves something on the table and the rolled up paper falls. Pippo sees it and in the anxiety to secure it excites the attention of the officer*)
What's that? Let's see (*Picks it up*)

Pippo Good morning (*moving off*)

Officer One moment – your name catches my eye. (*reads paper aloud*) Your most obedient Pippo Tatti

Ninetta Pippo! That can't be you. Pippo- speak, explain!

Pippo I will elucidate. Signor Capitano (*very nervous*)

Officer Pippo Tatti – Stand – you are arrested

Pippo Arrested! I am slaughtered

Ninetta But signor. Pippo is not my cousin. I'm sure he's innocent5.

Officer I am sorry, my dear, to distress you. If your friend can clear himself, so much the better for him. I must do my duty (*The soldier enters and reports*) Very well

Pippo Ah Ninetta. I'm as good as a dead corpse

Ninetta Tell me Pippo – whisper me – are you guilty? Oh signor whither will you lead him?

Officer He will be well quartered.

Pippo Q – Qua-rter'd! Ask no more questions, wretched little individual that I am! Quartered!

(*Exit Pippo in custody*)

Ninetta Here's a pretty business! Domenica in custody and Pippo arrested! He'll be carried to prison. No bed. Nobody with him – bread and water (*cries*) and all for what? (*roused to a passion*). Oh, these Brigands! Government! Call this government – a pack of old wo – I mean <u>he</u> old women. They go to sleep over their work. If I were to command for a week, I'd Brigand them. Let the soldiers go and find Rovigo and leave honest **{760b}** men who have sweethearts alone. Could it have been that letter he was talking about? I will go to the General's and try to see Domenica – or to the General himself and tell him everything I know – and more if necessary. A pretty business indeed – why at this rate, there'll not be a marrying man left in the country.

Scene 2nd

Wood
Symphony, Enter Rovigo

Rovigo Yes – no fears shall restrain me. I will at all risks penetrate even to her prison and carry her away from a hated rival. I have sent my companions forward to wait for me and with the good saints help Domenica shall be mine

Ballad

Ah, vainly I struggle
My heart sore oppressed
With dark thoughts of guilt
Can never know rest!
And Time's weary progress
Relief can not bring
While mem'ry thus goads one
With her keen sting

Will sorrow never cancel
Nor wipe off the stain?
And sighs ne'er restore
My peace once again?
Though – cruel – remorseless
The deed I have done
'Twas love unrequited
That hurried me on

(*Exit*)

{761a}

Scene 3rd

A room in the General's house
A window to the back of the stage
Domenica discovered

Domen A prisoner! And accused of being in correspondence with the Brigands! What will become of me? Of my child? What's to be done? Confess all to the Count and bespeak his mercy for – no, no – Rovigo is condemn'd – outlawed – If I could see Pippo. Perhaps through (?) his assistance I might gain intelligence.

Air

Rest have I none, my heart is sore
My peace is gone, forever more!
Without him, all around is gloom,
Life's sweets are gall, the world a tomb!

A wretch forlorn, my peace is fled
My brain is torn, my sense is fled;
I look about the lattice through
For him and out to meet him I go.

His waving hair of auburn bright
His smile, his mouth, his eyes of light!
His speech is such it magic is
Thrill'd me his touch – and oh, his kiss!
Rest have I none, my heart is sore
My peace is gone for ever more.

(*The window is opened gently from without.*
Rovigo appears as climbing – falls – she starts but does not see him)

What noise was that? Ah, the wind has forced open the window

Rovigo (*raising his head*) Hist! Domenica!

Domen Rovigo! And here! This is madness! Fly! You know not where you are

Rovigo I do – and I risk my life in the hope of saving yours. There's no time to be lost. Two of my band are below among the orange (?) **{761b}** trees. Drop from the window and they will receive you

Domen (*she first motions to go but returns*) No. I don't desire life. Leave me.

Rovigo Live, live Domenica to bless me

Domen Monster! Give me my child! I am here, a wretched, widowed, childless woman made so by you and now am a prisoner to preserve your life. But for my child's sake, I bid you, nay, I beseech you to leave this place.

Rovigo Fool! Are you mad? The proclamation leaves you no hope. I have myself been taken but have escaped – wounded. The soldiers are more annoyed than ever and every day renders our escape from the neighbourhood more difficult than ever. Listen then, listen to me, Domenica

Domen (*with passion*) Listen to me. I am a mother. Your cruelty, your hard-hearted sporting with my feelings have lashed me into madness. I hate, I detest, I abhor you. Talk not to me of love – Villain! Murderer! But my child. I would cling to your knees to have but one look of my dear – dear child! Stand where you are. Dare to approach me and I'll seize you like a tigress and scream out your hated name till I fill the chamber with your deadliest enemies.

Rovigo (*Embarrassed*) What! What can I do? I have not the child

Domen Coward! *No* at his moment you have not. If you had I'd tear him from you. But you know where he is

Rovigo No. I do not. (*aside*) I dare not

Domen Ah – what! 'Tis false! You do know. You have him. Yes, yes, Rovigo, you have him safe – alive – well. Is it not so? He is, he is – I do not ask him of you -but his well?

Rovigo Domenica – the child

{762a}

Domen Speak, speak (*listens*) Footsteps! Oh heavens! We are interrupted. You were saying. One word, Rovigo – Ah! They come! To the window again. But my Carlo – what of him? (*He goes towards the window. Persons approach and she cries out*)
Tis too late! Behind the cloak. Do not fear me. I will not betray you (*he conceals himself*) Pitying heaven look down upon me and help me.

Quartet (*Rovigo behind cloak*)

Domen
Oh, when will gentle peace
To my torn breast return?
My sorrows ne'er will cease
While heaven its suppliant spurns

Ninetta Angelo
Oh when will gentle peace
To her torn breast return
Her sorrows ne'er will cease
While she all comfort spurns.

Rovigo
In vain she hopes for peace
Till she my love returns
Her sorrow ne'er shall cease
While thus my love she spurns.

Ninetta Domenica (*comes forward with Angelo*).

Domen My kind Ninetta – and you too Angelo (*aside*) See Rovigo (*aloud*) Thanks

Angelo The quarrel (?) [14] has permitted me to conduct Ninetta to you. I would return to him but will endeavour to visit you again by and bye. Farewell.

Domen Farewell – Angelo – perhaps for ever

{762b}

Angelo For ever! – yes – Oh Domenica, is it come to this? (*aside*) I will see whether my fears are well founded. I have seen Rovigo

Domen (*aside to him*) Ah! Then save him! Save him!

[14] The word looks like "quarrel" but that makes no sense. The most likely word would be "general" and it was perhaps a slip of the pen on Ellerton's part.

Angelo (*aside*) It is so (*to her*) False woman! He wants not my aid.

Domen Oh, Angelo. Do not misunderstand me. But I dare not now explain (*stealing glances at Rovigo's hiding place*)

Angelo And Ninetta too, your confidante

Ninetta (*coming forward*) yes! But I haven't told him a word. Why I never knew anything like him.

Domen (*aside*) I must not let him remain here. (*To Angelo*) Angelo, still trust me. There is a secret but I dare not yet unfold it.

Ninetta No, Signor Angelo, you make us more miserable than we need be. Let us at least hope for the best.

Trio

Domenica Ninetta Angelo

Come hope with rosy wings and sparkling eye
And shed thy brightness o'er our fainting hearts
Dispel the clouds that now obscure our sky
And bid despair with his full train depart.

Angelo
With prayer for thee, I sigh a fond adieu

Domenica
How blest I am to find a heart as true

Ninetta
Yet why this haste Angelo
Yes I must hence away
Ninetta
Not yet Angelo
Farewell Domenica
I dare not bid thee stay
(*Exit Angelo*)

Ninetta Oh, Domenica, I am quite broken hearted. I little thought such wretched days were in store for us. I will not **{763a}** upbraid you. Own you are in trouble but how could you injure me, who loved you so dearly (*cries*)

Domen Injure you, my kind dear Ninetta – how!

Ninetta Pippo

Domen Pippo! What of him? (*keeping her attention from Rovigo*)

Ninetta Did he not bring you a letter from that wretch Rovigo?

Domen Ah!

Ninetta He did, though if Rovigo should discover that he told me, the monster would murder us all.

Domen Hush! No. You are mistaken, perhaps

Ninetta No, I am not mistaken in anybody but you, Domenica and it breaks my heart. As for those Brigands, I did not so much care while they only interfered with gentlefolks, but it's too bad to come and make us poor folks unhappy. I only hope they catch this Rovigo and just shoot him out of the way.

Domen (*aside*) What can I do? But, Ninetta, where is Pippo?

Ninetta Arrested. The soldiers searched our house, discovered a letter from the Brigands, Pippo's name was on it and – Oh, I can't bear to think of it. And all through you Domenica (*cries*)

Domen (*steps back, aside to Rovigo*) Now, from the window, lose no time. See what you have done.

Ninetta What do you say?

Domen Nothing. I was thinking how I could assist Pippo. He is innocent of any bad intention.

Ninetta That he is. He never had any intentions in his life. I'm sure or he would have told me. I know it will break my heart.

(*Music. During this, Rovigo, to Domenica's great dismay but unseen by Ninetta, writes. Domenica occupies Ninetta'a attention. Rovigo steals behind Domenica and slips the paper into her hand. Draws the handkerchief from* ***{763b}*** *her neck and puts it in his hat. He then retires to the window, mounts and just as he leaps down, Ninetta sees him and screams*)

Domen What's the matter? (*trembling violently*).

Ninetta A man! A Brigand! I saw him at the window

Domen Impossible! It was fancy (*holding her back*) One moment! (*aside*) Now for intelligence of my child! (*reads*) No – no – no. Why thus ungenerous to alarm me. Here Ninetta it is for you.

Ninetta (*reads*) Pippo Tatti is innocent. I forced him to carry the note. Hurt not a hair of his head or dread the vengeance of Rovigo!" Rovigo! How is this? The ink is still wet. Domenica, tell me who wrote this.

Domen (*Points slowly to the window, holding it firmly*) Rovigo!

Ninetta The Brigand chief that-

Domen Concealed behind that cloak, he has heard all you have said and has written that to perceive your lover.

Ninetta Well, he is not so ugly, I declare and what a very kind man! But Domenica, he deserves to be – you know what. Why and how are you connected with him?

Domen The time will soon arrive, Ninetta, when I may explain all. But quick fly to the Count, and, if possible, procure the liberation of Pippo

Ninetta But cannot I help you also Domenica?

Domen Not now. Return to me if it may be permitted. But now every moment is precious. (*Conducts Ninetta to the door, she exits*)
Miserable wretch that I am – and not only unhappy myself, but the cause of sorrow to all about me (*musing*). **{764a}** Yes, I will tell the count all. But he may doubt me, disbelieve my story. If you should – mad! I would go mad! I have suffered much, would suffer more, but to be treated as Rovigo's accomplice in crime – horrid thought. No, he shall hear all, hear me talk of my child - and how I will talk of him. No, no. There shall be no doubt.

(---?) I have the general's orders to conduct you to him.

Domen Ah, it is well. Now may my saint assist me. If I betray Rivago, I may lose my child and dash my fondest hopes to earth. If not, my life on Pippo's and Ninetta's testimony must be forfeited. That is a dreadful thought! I am ready.

(*Exeunt*)

Scene 4th

A saloon in the Count's villa
Enter servants in alarm

1st Serv Saint Antonio, what a row! What is all this hubbub about?

2nd Serv Row! Hubbub! Why murder's the matter. Have you not heard that young Giulio, who was playing on the terrace, has been carried away? A Brigand hat has been picked up in the garden and the Count, our master, is in despair.

1st Serv The Brigands! When did this happen?

2nd Serv Just now. The Count has sent off for a detachment to go in pursuit. But lord bless us! Those fellows may be far out of reach before any soldiers can get information of their line of march.

1st Serv Come, let us scour the grounds

(*Exeunt*)

(*Enter Count and Angelo meeting*)

Angelo Well, my lord

{764b}

Count No tidings. The servants are out in all directions but hitherto, our search has been fruitless. Those wretches' treatment of him. Oh, 'tis too dreadful to think of it.

Angelo Be calm, your Excellency. Though your feelings as a father, are but natural – and I am not surprised at your –

Count (*with feeling*) There it is. Oh Angelo, I am doubly childless. I have no child! No son – you start- but it is too true. I found Giulio, a deserted orphan, and adopted him some years ago, when I lost by death my own dear boy.

Angelo Is it possible that Giulio is not your son!

Count It is too true. But someone approaches. Ah, it is the young man discovered in the cottage of the woman who was arrested this morning as she was lurking about the Brigand's haunts

(*Enter Pippo in custody*)

Pippo (*Falling on his knees*) Oh Signor Count. I am innocent all over. Appearances may be against me but I am not to blame.

Count You shall have justice. But before entering on your own case, I wish to ask you a few questions.

(*Takes out the handkerchief Rovigo took from Domenica*)

Did you ever see this handkerchief before? Rise

Pippo To be sure I have

Count Good. To whom does it belong?

Pippo To, I'm sure of it, because I gave it to her at the Festival (?) of San Giovanni, just before –

Count Never mind that. To whom does it belong? (*anxiously*)

Pippo To my Ninetta!

(*Angelo makes an exclamation of satisfaction* (?))

Count The Handkerchief was found in this hat

Pippo (*aside*) Eh! I'll be hang'd if I did not see that hat on a rascal's head this very day. There's no virtue in this **{765a}** world. The curate is right after all. It was Angelo and Ninetta. Oh the vile decepteous (?) crocodile.

Count No sir, when were you last in communication with the Brigand.

Pippo I'll tell you everything. I met one of them by mere – just the merest most innocent accident in the world this morning and he threatened to shoot and stick me if I did not carry a note for him.

Count Oh, now we are coming to the point – to whom, pray.

Pippo Signor Count-General, don't ask me. I'll tell you everything about myself but, as for getting other people into a scrape, it's not what I consider handsome

(*Enter servant whispers Angelo*)

Angelo My lord, the young woman I mentioned is here and

Count Let her enter (*Enter Ninetta*) Who are you?

Ninetta I'm Ninetta, Signor.

Count That person has imputed you in a very serious charge

Ninetta (*joyfully*) Ah! Pippo!

Pippo Who – I – come come. Ninetta that's a - but don't mind them

Count Silence, Sirah! Keep that fellow silent

Pippo No, no. I won't – dash it. You shan't hurt her.

Count Is that handkerchief yours?

Ninetta To be sure it is. I lent it to Domenica Monti

Angelo (*aside*) Domenica!

Count Ah, we return again to Domenica Monti

Pippo (*aside*) I thought she would not give it away. Come here. Bless you and stand by me.

Count Silence, Sir. (*In P* (?))You must have known by my proclamation that any communication with the Brigands would be visited with the greatest severity. Now carrying – or receiving notes -

Pippo Ah!

Ninetta Oh Signor, here's a note for you from Rovigo. I declare I quite forgot it

{765b}

Count From Rovigo! How!

Pippo Oh, hang it Ninetta. You'll play the very devil again

Ninetta Be quiet and trust to me.

Count Where did this come from?

Ninetta Why that's – but never mind. Rovigo wrote it himself just now.

Pippo Hullo! receiving notes from the Bri –
(*Enter Domenica guarded*)

Count When I sent for you, I little dreamt that we in this house were to be made the victims of those miscreants with whom you seem so intimately connected. We have proof of your being in direct correspondence with the Brigands. When did you last wear this handkerchief?

Domen Ah, what do I see. The handkerchief Rovigo took from me! Is – is he taken? (*faultering*)[15]

Angelo (*aside*) I am lost in amazement and doubt

Count Wretched woman! When did you last see Rovigo?

Domen Within this half hour, in this very house

Count Is it possible! So near my grasp. Domenica Monti, within this half hour has my child been carried away and this hat was found in the garden. Be but instrumental in restoring my boy to me and I here offer you a full and free pardon.

Ninetta There Domenica

Pippo Come, that's liberal, I must say.

Angelo Silence! (*aside*) what a situation is mine, but I cannot, will not believe her guilty

Domen Rovigo will not listen to me. He is a villain.

Angelo How! What then do you know of him?

Domen Evil! Evil! He murdered my husband!

Ninetta /Pippo Her husband! murdered!

{766a}

Angelo What dreadful disclosure is this?

Count Incredible! Woman beware!

Domen Oh Count – Oh Signor! Angelo. You see before you a broken hearted, distracted mother. That I hate Rovigo you will believe when you have heard my tale. I cannot save your child. I could not even plead as a mother (*covers her face*)

[15] Archaic form of "faltering"

Cheer without and distant Chorus

Chorus[16] Come let peace and gladness reign

Angelo Ah, what sounds of joy!

Domen For me no sounds of joy

(*Enter Chorus – soldiers, peasants and others with Giulio, with Rovigo, Marco and Barbone and prisoners. The boy runs to the Count*)

Chorus
Let us now triumphant sing
The Bandit chief we captive bring
'Gainst Heav'ns decree let none contend
The reign of crime will have an end.

(*During this, Domenica shows great anxiety and is attended by Ninetta*)

Pippo That, that's Rovigo! Hold him tight

Count My Giulio, my dear child. But what is this Rovigo, we have met before

Rovigo We have and parted too soon

Count Captain, I act upon my commission. A file of soldiers at tomorrow's dawn – death to Rovigo.

Pippo That's right – shoot him

Domen No, no, not death. Spare him, spare his life (*kneels*)

Count How! You his advocate! For shame! Is it possible that you have linked your fate and interest with your husband's **{766b}** murderer?

Domen No, no. I love him not. Do not mistake me, but he has my boy, my child! You felt for yours just now. I am a mother! Spare him! Pippo, Ninetta, pray for him - he saved Pippo. Rovigo, my child, give me my boy. He stole him from me hoping to force me to return his hated love. He has him. If he dies, my boy is lost to me forever. Oh Angelo, plead for me, for him!

Count If this story be indeed true, it will influence your own fate but Rovigo's life is forfeit to the laws. (To Rovigo) Speak and if you would have a sin less on your soul restore this woman's child. I offer a reprieve from death to either of the prisoners who will establish the truth of her story and lead to the recovery of her child.

[16] It is not clear whether these three lines were spoken or sung

Marco I can give some account of the boy. I carried him away by the Captain's orders.

Rovigo Villain! Traitor!

Marco He was put on a felucca going to Sicily, where Rovigo intended he should be kept concealed. We were wrecked on that Coast and, I believe, all perished but myself.

Domen (*anxiously listening*) Lost! Lost! Lost!

Count (*to Rovigo*) Is this true?

Rovigo I suppose it is – yes

Domen Widowed, childless, abandoned!

Count Domenica, be comforted. Your child may yet live. How old was he when you lost him?

Domen Four, only four. He would now be ten

Count Had he no mark, no peculiarity.

{767a}

Domen No, no, except indeed his Patron image, the blessed San Carlo burnt upon his breast (*a scream from Giulio who opens his breast*)

Giulio My mother. I am your child – see here.

Domen Ah! That voice! Carlo- Carlini. My child! Yes I know him again, my boy's hair and beautiful eyes (*kissing them*)

Count Can this be possible? Giulio, come hither.

Domen Do not touch him! He is my Carlo – Carlini, Do you remember me – your mother. I who kissed you and played with you when you were a little laughing child. Yes, yes. He will. Give him time.

Count Be calm. Giulio, I have concealed from you the circumstances under which I first found you and I cannot doubt that a kind providence has watched over you and restored you at length to a longing parent's arms.

Giulio Oh, kind and generous master – father, for you have ever been a father to me. Kneel with me, my mother, to my dearest protector (*they kneel*).

Count Giulio, for this I named him when I found him a forlorn outcast, must still be my care.

Domen A mother's thanks. But , signor, my friends who have watched over me, have suffered for me.

Count I understand. Tatti, you are at liberty but a word of good advice at parting, never carry suspicious letters again. Had the centinels [sic] caught you and shot you on the spot, I could hardly have accused them for exceeding my orders.

Ninetta And it would have served him right, almost, for frightening one so

Pippo We'll thank heaven I can't read --- and I only hope I **{769b}** shall never have another letter in my life. I never knew any good come of reading and writing and learning.

Ninetta Yes, the curate says that poor people have nothing to do with learning.

Domen Ninetta, my kind Ninetta, you and Pippo will now be happy. I shall be blessed in my dear boy and we shall all recollect with gratitude the events of this day.

Finale and Chorus

Domen
Kind heaven my prayer hath granted
With joy, my hope is crown'd
(*to Angelo*) For thee my heart hath panted
My long lost child is found.

Chorus
Kind heaven her prayer hath granted
With joy her hope is crowned
With love her heart hath panted
My long lost child is found.

Duo (Domen & Angelo)
Sweet content with placid mien
Shall throw its sunshine o'er our day
And life again, all bright and green
Shall be renew'd by its pure rays

Duo (Ninetta and Pippo)
Joy and gladness then are one
Grief dispelling and despair
Heaven its bounty on us pour
And bids us own its watchful care

Curtain