# FRANCESCA DORIA:

OR,

## THE BANDIT OF THE ABRUZZI.

A NEW AND ORIGINAL OPERA, IN TWO ACTS,

THE LIBRETTO BY

VAL MORRIS.

The Poetry, Overture, and the whole of the Music by

GEORGE LINLEY.

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FIRST PERFORMED AT

**THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE,**

*OXFORD STREET,*

ON SATURDAY, MARCH 3rd, 1849.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

J. M. MADDOX, Esq.

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LONDON:
*Printed by S. G. Fairbrother, 31, Bow Street, Covent Garden.*

**PRICE ONE SHILLING.**

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count Marco di Peruzzi.... (*disguissd as a peasant*).... Mr. ALLEN

Domenico Bruno, .. (*a Farmer of the Abruzzi*) .. Mr. WEISS

Carlo Zampieri, .. (*a Noble and the Bandit Chief*).... Herr MENGIS

Pietro Pulci, ..... (*his Lieutenant*) ..... Mr. WYNN

Francesca Doria, ..... Miss LANZA

Lizetta. ..... (*Niece of Domenico*) ..... Miss POOLE

*Brigands, Peasants, Soldiers, &c.*




**The Scene is laid in the Mountains of the Abruzzi.**

# FRANCESCA DORIA.

## *ACT FIRST.*

### A Romantic View in the Abruzzi.

PIETRO *and Brigands discovered carousing.*

*Chorus of Brigands.*

Comrades ! quaff, the day is sinking,
Night's pale shadows hasten near;
Drink and laugh; a truce to thinking,
Wine the thirsty soul can cheer.
Viva Zampieri !

At our feet, pride of birth,
Crouching lie and humbled;
Palaces, by proud ones rear'd,
Into dust are crumbled.
Comrades, quaff, &c. &c

RECIT PIETRO.

Behold our chief!
Receive him with respect.
[*Brigands all rise, and resume their arms.*

*Enter* ZAMPIERI.

RECIT. ZAMPIERI.

At length the hated house of the Peruzzi is no more. Count Marco's in my power

*Pie.* Count Marco has escaped.

*Zam.* Remember, he must be mine to-day ! Yes, *you* shall reap reward, and I have vengeanee.

PIETRO *and Chorus.*

Long live Zampieri !

*Zam.* Where are the prisoners ?

*Pie.* Yonder noble captain ! [*Points off.*] What fate's reserved for them ?

*Zam.* Let both prepare for instant death.

*Pie.* I will observe your orders.

*Zam.* Look out ! Danger may menace [PIETRO *goes out, and* ZAMPIERI *remains thoughtful*] Love within my breas glows for Francesca. Yes, she shall be mine; she is reserved for me.

*Re-enter* PIETRO.

Thy news !

*Pie.* The peasants of the valley are in arms

*Zam.* No matter, we aspire to nobler game; strike our proud foemen down.

AIR. ZAMPIERI *and Chorus.*

Strike our foemen down,
Let none e'er oppress you;
Brave the tyrant's frown,
Slaves we'll ne'er remain.

Nature formed you free;
Who shall e'er redress you
If you tamely wear
Oppression's galling chain?

Give laws to those that need 'em,
They were only made for knaves,
One hour of glorious freedom
Is worth ages passed as slaves.
Then strike our foemen down,
Or fill ignoble graves!

[*At the end of Chorus, the Brigands followed by* ZAMPIERI *and* PIETRO, *defile over the mountains.—Immediately the march commences, the chapel bell begins to ring slowly, gradually increasing as the Brigands withdraw, then ceases*

*Enter* DOMENICO *from Cottage.*

*Dom.* Thank Heaven! they are gone at last; the chapel bell has summoned our neighbours to evening prayer, and with them, I hope, Marco. Would that my poor boy stood by me now, I should not feel so helpless. Ah, why was spared the aged oak, and the young sapling torn away?

AIR.

Now my home's deserted,
Life's fond ties are broken;
Desolation's lip hath spoken,
"Wail not for the dead!"
Comfort is departed—
Joy for ever fled!
Now around thee, dying,
Glory's wreaths are lying.
Old man, put thy trust in Heaven,
Where all things are forgiven,
Where hearts, that fate hath rent in twain,
Meet ne'er to part again.

Ah! where'er I wander,
All seems dark and blighted,
Those whom love to me united,
Greet my steps no more.

Though they are departed,
Though I am lone hearted,
I will put my trust in Heaven!
Where all things are forgiven,
Where hearts that fate hath rent in twain,
Meet, ne'er to part again.

[*At the end of solo, and during symphony of hymn, bell again tolls, and peasants, male and female, enter, some from the hills, some from the valley, chapel, &c.*

HYMN.

Virgin blest! the innocent befriending,
Hearken to our humble, heartfelt prayer;
At thy sainted shrine behold us bending,
Lift us from the depths of our despair.
Ave Maria!

Nerve our hearts in time of need and danger,
On thy power and love our hopes repose;
Of our bitter wrongs be thou the avenger,
Save us from the fury of our foes.
Ave Maria!

*Enter* MARCO *from hunting.*

RECIT. MARCO.

What scene of riot hath been here—what guests?

DOMFNICO.

Guests most unwelcome truly—
The Brigands of the Abruzzi!
Who having sack'd and burnt
The castle of the Duke Andrea, have led him
And his ward Francesca, hence as captives.

MARCO. [*Aside.*]

Ah!
What do I hear—Francesca,
My betrothed, in Zampieri's power?

DOMENICO.

Alas!
The good old Duke Andrea!

SOLO. DOMENICO.

Well may we mourn,
The noble ones have perished—
The fierce touch of rapine
Is blazing thro' their homes!
Woe to the day!
The good and brave have fallen!
The wolves of the Abruzzi
Are howling round their tombs!
Gloom sits on my brow,
I am desolate now;
The sons of my bosom
Lie bleeding and low!

[*During the Solo, Peasants have gone out by degrees, and return armed with rifles, &c. A distant bugle is heard—the bell of the chapel is rung—and the stage gradually becomes filled. Peasants prepare their arms.*

RECIT. MARCO.

The tocsin sounds,
Companions, arm ye for the fight!
Peruzzi will be crushed if we remain
Inactive! We must all take up arms
Against the Brigand Zampieri!

AIR.

Arm, and aid our noble cause,
Let the tide of valour flow,
To uphold our faith and laws
'Gainst a base, relentless foe!
With crime and with bloodshed
His legions are stained;
Our homes are invaded,
Our altars profaned;
Terror reigns throughout the land,
Yet be firm, together cling—
Heart to heart, and hand to hand,
For our country and our King!

CHORUS.

Arm, and aid our noble cause, &c.

[*At the end of Chorus,* MARCO, *followed by Peasants, rushes out, brandishing their arms. The females retire gradually, watching the departure of their friends over the mountain.*

## SCENE II.

### A Pass in the Abruzzi.

*Enter* DOMENICO

*Dom.* Would to Heaven that these aged limbs could carry me to the fight! At this moment I feel myself young again!

BALLAD. DOMENICO.

Oh! for the olden glories,
The days of manhood's prime;
Oh! for the brave companions
Who shared that valiant time!
No hand ruled with oppression,
No slave *then* bent the knee;
Thrice welcome be the blessed light,
That shines upon the free!
Oh for the olden, &c.

Oh! for the homes we cherish,
The altars we revere;
Better to nobly perish,
Than chains of bondage wear!
On, on, the bugle summons,
Arouse thee—heart rejoice!
The tyrant foe they fly to meet,
Will quail at Freedom's voice!
Oh for the altar, &c.

*Enter* FRANCESCA.

RECIT. FRANCESCA.

Save me, kind stranger,
Brigands pursue me;
Weary and friendless,
Hither I flee!
Shield me from danger—
Helpless thus view me—
All that I treasured
Is lost now to me!

AIR.

'Neath your roof let me rest,
Till the din of war be o'er;
Mine is now a lot unblest,
Give me a shelter, I implore!
Who from death a sire can waken?
Who restore a father's love?
I am now by all forsaken,
Save a Providence above!
By the woes that rack my breast,
Doom me not unto despair;
Here, in mercy, let me rest—
Do not spurn the orphan's prayer!

*Dom.* [*Takes* FRANCESCA's *hand*] Fear not, lady! Courage! No one shall harm you, if it be in the power of Domenico Bruno to prevent it.

*Fra.* Thanks, kind old man! Francesca Doria, now an orphan indeed, is doubly grateful for your kindness.

*Dom.* You are, then, ——

*Fra.* The ward of the Duke Andrea di Peruzzi—he, who having fallen into the hands of Zampieri and his banditti, was cruelly shot before mine eyes? With difficulty I effected my escape, during an attack made on them by the brave peasantry, and am closely pursued by the whole band.

*Dom.* Trust in me, Signora, I will find you an asylum. A friend of the house of Peruzzi shall never want protection while I can give it.

*Fra.* Bless you! [*They exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

### A spacious Room in the House of Domenico Bruno.

*Enter* LIZETTA, *with a basket on her arm.*

*Liz.* I am glad to find myself safe back again. The night is so dark, and I fancied I saw, on every side, the Evil Eye! The farm is very dull; for, excepting Uncle Domenico and Marco, I seldom see a living thing but my goats and my poultry. [*Takes ribbons and cap out of basket, and begins to work.*] Why should I care to make up this smart cap, when there's nobody to look at it! True, Marco *does sometimes* look at me with his handsome eyes! I wish he would marry me, and take me to see Naples, for I really shall *die* if I don't get away from this dreary farm.

SONG. LIZETTA.

I mope just like an owl,
In this dull and dreary place,
Where I meet no living thing,
Nor behold a human face.
'Tis what I can't endure,
'Twill kill me, I am sure!
Oh if to Naples I could go,
I know there, soon, I'd find a beau;
And then, what charming sights I'd see!
Yes, Naples is the place for me!
Oh! yes, oh yes!
La, la, la, la, la, la!
What charming sights I'd see
Yes, Naples is the place
For a pretty girl like me!

Old folks don't think it wrong,
A youg girl to pen up so;
But I will not bear it long,
No, indeed I wont—no, no!
I'm weary of my life!
I wish I were a wife.
Oh, yes, to Naples I will go,
For there I'm sure to find a beau;
And then what charming sights I'd see!
Yes, Naples is the place for me.
Oh yes, oh yes, &c.

[*At the end of the Song,* LIZETTA *is going up stairs, when a knocking is heard at the door.*

*Liz.* Coming! coming! [*Descends, and opens door*] What a hurry some people are in, to be sure!

*Enter* MARCO.

What's the matter ? You look ill—fatigued—let me give you some wine—[*hands him wine.*]

*Mar.* The Brigands are again victorious. I lose heart, Lizetta. [*Drinks.*]

*Liz.* I wish you would stay at home, and mind your work, and leave fighting to those that like it. You won't be quiet till you get killed, and then what will become of me ? [*Sobs.*]

*Mar.* [*Taking off pouch-belt and horn.*] Foolish girl! [*Aloud.*] Where is your uncle ?

*Liz.* Penning up the sheep and the goats for the nigh t, suppose. We have had visitors to day.

*Mar* Would I had been here to receive them—they should have had a warm reception !

*Liz.* You know them then—tell me who they were ?

*Mar.* The Brigands of the Abruzzi !

*Liz.* Santa Maria protect me ! I shall faint—the wretches!

*Mar.* There is no danger, girl—they are far away by this time, and their prisoners with them.

*Liz* Girl, indeed ! Now I should not wonder if there were some lady in the case !

*Mar.* And if there were—what matter ?

*Liz* Oh nothing—no consequence ! [*Aside.*] Let me catch him making love to any one but me, and I'll—wont I—

*Enter* DOMENICO.

*Dom.* What news, good Marco ?

*Mar.* After a sharp encounter the Brigands beat us off, and all attempts to rescue the prisoners were in vain.

*Dom.* [*Aside to* MARCO.] One has escaped.

*Mar.* Francesca !

*Dom.* And is now safe in yonder secret room. We must inform Lizetta of our plans, and warn her of the danger of talking in her usual idle way. [*To* LIZETTA] Lizetta, I have a secret to impart to you, on which all our lives depend. A lady of noble blood, pursued by Zampieri, and his lawless crew, has taken refuge here. You will attend her, and see she wants for nothing our means can procure. Not a word of this to a living soul, or your life may answer for your imprudence. Now, make fast the door, and prepare supper

[LIZETTA *draws curtain across the window—bolts door, and commences preparations for supper.*

*Dom.* [*In a low voice*] I read in your looks, that you are anxious to see our lady visitor. Doubtless you know her !

*Mar.* Scarcely—for since my proscription by the King, opportunities of visiting our family estates have been too rare

to admit of my seeing her. She was my father's ward, and e loved one another as children ; and although she must be ow in the bloom of womanhood, methinks she is not changed —I am not, for I love her still!

*Dom.* [*Going to secret door* ] Signora, you may venture out —the house is closed for the night,

*Enter* FRANCESCA.

*Fran.* [*Starts at seeing* MARCO] A stranger!

*Dom.* Be not afraid, Signora, 'tis only Marco.

*Fra.* The blood of my more than father, cries for vengeance on Zampieri and his followers.

*Mar.* Has he dared then to shed the blood of the old Duke of Peruzzi? Then vengeance shall fall on him and his hated band.

*Dom.* Lizetta, be quick with the supper while I get the wine. [*Exit.*

*Mar.* Place entire reliance, dear lady, on one who will serve and protect you as a brother.

*Fra.* I know not how to thank you. [*Aside.*] How sad and melancholy he seems. His presence inspires me with hope.

[*As* MARCO *raises the hand of* FRANCESCA *to his lips*, LIZETTA *enters with the supper, and perceiving them, shrieks and throws herself into a chair.*

*Liz.* O, dear!

*Enter* DOMENICO *with the wine.*

*Mar.* What-ails you, Lizetta?

*Liz.* I am better now.

*Dom.* [*Offering her wine*] Drink, 'twill revive you,

*Liz.* Thanks. [*Drinks*] I am much better. [*She rises and goes to supper table.*

RECITATIVE. DOMENICO.

What sounds are those? Lizetta,
Quick, to the casement hie.
[LIZETTA *looks out of casement.*

FRANCESCA.

I dread that I'm pursued,

LIZETTA.

'Tis but the night winds' sigh.

QUARTETTO.

LIZETTA.

Hark! the distant tramp of footsteps,
From the hill they now descend,
List, the mingled sound of voices.
With the mountain breezes blend.

MARCO.

'Tis Zampieri hovering near us,
Caution, friends, all danger shun;
Safe within our secret hiding,
We must rest till search be done.

FRANCESCA.

O! I tremble for my safety,
Fear, my every feeling chills,
When I think on foes so ruthless,
Ev'ry vein with horror thrills.

*Ensemble.*

Tho' each honest heart be hunted
By a base and lawless crew,
Fear not! soon the right will prosper,
Heaven will guard the good and true.

DOMENICO.

Shame! that the poor peasant's dwelling,
Cannot e'en enjoy repose,
Shame! that we our door must open
To our fell, detested foes.

FRANCESCA *and* MARCO.

Caution, friends, all danger shun,
We must hide till search be done.

LIZETTA *and* DOMENICO.

Caution, friends, all danger shun,
You must hide till search be done,

[*Exeunt* FRANCESCA, MARCO, *and* DOMENICO.

*A knocking is heard at the door. Lizetta opens it.*

*Enter* PIETRO.

*Pie.* I'm glad you're not gone to bed, Lizetta, for I and some friends require refreshment.

*Liz.* You gentlemen soldiers don't stand on much ceremony.

*Pie.* We don't [*kisses her*] That's a sample.

*Liz.* [*Smacks his face*] That's a liberty.

*Pie.* [*Aside*] What a hard hand the little devil has. [*Pompously.*] Do you know you have broken the articles of war.

*Liz.* I should have served you right, if I had broken your head.

*Pie.* You forget old friends.

*Liz.* Friends, indeed!

*Pie.* [*Uncovers*] Have you forgotten me, who swore to marry and make a lady of you?

*Liz.* Why, now I look at you, (what a strange dress.) You look like one of Zampieri's bandits, instead of the handsome young soldier you were formerly.

*Pie.* 'Tis, a matter of business; the fact is, a young lady has been lost in the mountains, and I am sent in search of her, and the young Count Peruzzi. You have not any one at the farm answering the description?

*Liz.* Uncle Domenico, myself, hens, turkies, and a few goats, are all the society of which I can boast.

*Pie.* Very well in their way, but excepting yourself, not what I want. Dear Lizetta, won't you leave off churning, &c., and come and see the world with me?

*Liz.* I should like to see Naples.

*Pie.* You shall. [*Aside.*] The citadel's won. [*Noise of knocking.*] Here are my comrades.

*Enter* BRIGANDS.

AIR AND CHORUS.

PIETRO.

Comrades, here awhile content you.

CHORUS.

Comrades, here awhile content us,
Rest and food we all require;
With good wine and such a larder,
We have all we can desire.

PIETRO.

Quick, to work, boys, quickly go,
You've short time to stay;
Hunger's not a foe,
So easily driv'n away.

CHORUS.

Quick, to work, boys, &c.

PIETRO.

Fill, comrades, fill!
A bumper toast,
With right good will,
First, drink to our absent host.

CHORUS.

Fill, comrades, fill,
A bumper toast;
With right good will,
We drink to our absent host.

*Pie.* [*To* LIZETTA.] More wine, my pretty maid; my companions are thirsty fellows.

*Liz.* [*Going out.*] They won't be denied anything. [*Exit.*

*Pie.* Lizetta is the handsomest girl in the province. Fill, comrades! [*They fill.*] To the health of the sex in general, and Lizetta in particular. [*They drink the toast.*

*All.* Lizetta, Lizetta! more wine.

*Re-enter* LIZETTA *with wine.*

*Liz.* Coming, coming! what a noise you do make.

*Pie.* Thanks, my pretty lass. Another cup, comrades, and then to our posts. [*They fill.*]

AIR AND CHORUS RESUMED.

PIETRO.

Comrades, now once more to duty.

CHORUS.

Comrades, now once more to duty,
We have plenteously regaled;
We have naught to fear from hunger,
If by other foes assailed.

PIETRO.

All who labour, young and old,
Ne'er should comfort lack;
Naught keeps out the cold,
Like smoking prime tabac.

[*They all light their cigarettes.*

Fill, bumpers fill,
The last you'll get;
With right good will,
A health to the fair Lizette.

CHORUS.

Fill, bumpers fill, &c.

[PIETRO *and the* BRIGANDS *exeunt.*

*Liz* Well, I am sure, for Brigands they are very polite, although they do eat and drink just what they like, and so do the soldiers; but then *they* pay for it. He is a pleasant, impudent fellow, that Pietro; but I do not like him half so well as before he joined these savage looking fellows. I should like to see Naples, and get away from this dull farm; but I can't leave Marco, [*Sighs.*] and although he does slight me, if I were to find him out in love with another, and I've my suspicions, woe betide him and her too. [*She goes to the secret door and taps.*] Lady, come forth!

*Enter* FRANCESCA.

We are safe for the night.

*Fra.* Tell me, Lizetta, is Marco really a peasant?

*Liz.* To be sure he is. For what else do you take him?

*Fra.* He does not look like a peasant.

*Liz.* Many people don't *look* like what they really *are*? But why is the Signora so particular in inquiring about Marco? I suppose you think him handsome?

*Fra.* I do: and, he seems besides, to have a noble and generous heart.

*Liz.* I only wish he would marry me and take me away from this dreary farm.

*Fra.* Marry *you!*

*Liz.* Yes, *me?*

*Fra.* Has he the intention to do so?

*Liz.* I do not know about *his* intention: but, 'tis *mine* to marry *him*, if I can.

*Fra.* [*Aside*] 'Tis then as I suspected, this peasant girl loves Marco.

*Liz.* [*Taking lamp*] But, come, Signora, 'tis late, and, I must rise early to-morrow.

*Fra.* Good night.

*Liz.* Good night Signora. [*Exit Francesca*] She thinks I don't suspect, but, I have not forgotten the way Marco kissed her hand. [*Going up stairs*] She may be unfortunate; but, that's no reason why she should rob me of my sweetheart.

[*Exit, taking the lamp—the room is left in darkness.*

*Enter* MARCO.

*Mar.* My lamp has gone out, and all have retired to rest If I had but light enough to examine the priming of my pistols. [*Undraws window curtains—the room is lighted a little by the moon*] Sweet moon! would that thy beams could soothe the heart of yonder hapless lady.

[*Advances towards Francesca's door.*

AIR.

Fair one, good night! be thy dream,
Bright as moonlight on the stream;
May no dark thought cloud thy rest,
No rude terror fill thy breast.
Oh! gentle sleep, soft and calm
Now, o'er her soul, pour thy sweet balm.

Slumber! slumber!
There is nought to fear thee,
Slumber! slumber!
Faithful hearts are near thee.
Sleep, lady, sleep! fair one, good night!
Slumber! slumber!
Safe from woe and weeping,
Slumber! slumber!
Love, a watch is keeping.
Sleep, lady, sleep! fair one, good night.

[*Enter* FRANCESCA *unseen by* MARCO, *while he is examining his pistols.*

*Fra.* I am in no mood for sleep. Lizetta loves Marco, and I feel my presence inflicts pain upon her—yes; there would be danger if I remained here. I will quit this and seek another asylum.

[*Sees* MARCO—*utters a faint scream and retreats towards her door.*

*Mar.* Who's that?—Lizetta?

*Fra.* [*Timidly*] 'Tis I.

*Mar.* You, Signora!

*Fra.* I could not sleep, and left my chamber to enjoy the calm of this sweet night.

*Mar.* And you would have ventured out alone at this hour?

*Fra.* Yes.

*Mar.* Imprudent! to become the prey of Zampieri's lawless bloodhounds.

LIZETTA *appears on landing.*

*Liz.* I certainly heard my name, [*Starts as she sees* FRANCESCA *and* MARCO] Ha!

*Fra.* I have no one to regret me, should I become the victim of my enemies.

*Mar.* Your safety is dear to us all—to *me*, more than I dare reveal. [*Takes her hand.*]

*Liz.* [*Aside.*] He takes her hand.

*Fra.* I must not listen to you. Think of Lizetta, who loves you.

*Mar.* Lizetta—poor foolish girl!

*Liz.* [*Aside—coming down stairs*] I can't bear this.

*Fra.* Then you do *not* love her?

*Mar.* Lizetta has no claim whatever on my regard. From the first moment I beheld you, your beauty and your misfortunes awakened in my breast the tenderest sympathy.

*Liz.* [*Aside*] I'll be revenged! [*Exit* LIZETTA.

DUET.

*Ensemble.*

Oh! I could love thee,
The stars above thee
Beam not more truly,
Than my warm gaze!
All heart could be, love,
I'd be to thee, love.
One only feeling
My bosom sways!

FRANCESCA.

To joy awaking,
Each fear forsaking,
Past hours of pleasure
Thy smile restores!
On wings of Freedom
My spirit soars.

MARCO.

Hope rekindles
Her fading beam!

FRANCESCA.

Memory rises
From sorrow's dream!

*Ensemble.*

No more shall grief distress us,
Nor thoughts of gloom oppress us,
Each pulse throbs with delight!
Our hearts we'll join for ever
In bonds no time can sever;
Our fates we thus unite!

[*Exeunt* MARCO *and* FRANCESCA.

LIZETTA *re-enters, advances to secret door, raises her hand in token of menace, and is going to her chamber up stairs, when a loud and continuous knocking is heard.* LIZETTA *descends the stairs, and as she is about to unbar the door,* DOMENICO *enters.*

## FINALE.

RECIT. DOMENICO.

What means this tumult? Answer me, Lizetta. [*She shrinks from inquiry.*] Base girl! thou hast betrayed us! thou hast brought a stain of treachery on my hearth. False one! false one! out upon thee—hence—begone!

[*The knocking is resumed, and continues until* DOMENICO *unbars door.*

*Enter* ZAMPIERI *and Brigands.*

ZAMPIERI *to* DOMENICO.

You harbour enemies of Zampieri.

CHORUS.

Yes, he harbours enemies of Zampieri!

ZAMPIERI.

The Donna Francesca, ward of Peruzzi,
Is now concealed within this house—
Resign her, or prepare for instant death!

DOMENICO.

I fear not death, and ne'er
Will prove a traitor!

[BRIGANDS *seize* DOMENICO.

ZAMPIERI.

Old man, beware—I pledge to save your life,
If Francesca Doria be yielded up.

DOMENICO.

My life is not worth saving.

[*Secret panel opens, and* FRANCESCA *appears.*]

Heavens!

[FRANCESCA *advancing to* ZAMPIERI.]

I claim your promise,
You have sworn to spare that old man's life,

If Francesca Doria be yielded up—Behold!
She stands before you!

ZAMPIERI [*gazing with astonishment.*]

What boldness!

[*Points to* DOMENICO.]

To him I'll keep my word—set him free.

[BRIGANDS *release* DOMENICO, *and* FRANCESCA *flies to embrace him.*

DOMENICO.

Lady, bless you!
The treachery of Lizetta has betrayed us.

ZAMPIERI [*to Brigands.*]

Lead her hence away.

LIZETTA.

Mercy!
On me let vengeance fall! [*Kneels to* ZAMPIERI.

[ZAMPIERI *signals* LIZETTA *to rise.*

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.

*Ensemble.*

LIZETTA.

Oh! now do I repent me,
The deed that I have done;
To death one word hath doom'd her,
Her fate she cannot shun.

ZAMPIERI.

Oh! why should'st thou repent thee,
The deed that thou hast done?
To justice we will doom her,
Her fate she cannot shun.

FRANCESCA.

Grieve not—I do forgive thee,
The deed that thou hast done;
Our hated foes will triumph,
My fate I cannot shun.

DOMENICO.

Ah! well may'st thou repent thee,
The deed that thou hast done;
Each noble heart will spurn thee,
Thou base and guilty one.

RECIT. ZAMPIERI.

Chance makes thee mine again:
No hand shall wrench from me the prize.
Safe within my keeping—
No power shall set thee free!
Vainly would'st thou shun me—
Mine only canst thou be!

FRANCESCA.
[*To* ZAMPIERI.]
Though my foes betray me,
I am not forsaken;
Soon an arm will waken
To hurl thee, tyrant, down!
Death shall ne'er dismay me!
In my soul I cherish
The cause for which I perish—
For which I brave thy frown!

*Ensemble.*

ZAMPIERI.
In my toils thou'rt fairly taken,
Freedom dawns no more for thee;
Soon thy courage will be shaken,
When a dungeon thou shalt see!

CHORUS.
In his toils thou'rt fairly taken,
Freedom dawns no more for thee;
Soon thy courage will be shaken,
When a dungeon thou shalt see.

LIZETTA.
[*To* FRANCESCA.]
Though I did betray thee,
Thou art not forsaken;
Faith to thee, unshaken,
Henceforth shall be my pride;
Nought shall now dismay me—
The noble hearts we cherish
Shall rescue thee, or perish
With honor by thy side!

DOMENICO,
Tho' thy foes betray thee,
Thou art not forsaken;
Oh could I awaken
My sons unto my side!
None should dare dismay thee,
The rightful cause we cherish
Should doom our hearts to perish,
Or triumph by thy side!

[*The Brigands are dragging out* FRANCESCA, *by order of* ZAMPIERI, *while* LIZETTA *and* DOMENICO *are in attitudes of despair as the curtain falls.*

END OF FIRST ACT.

## *ACT SECOND.*

### A Valley in the Abruzzi.

*Enter* MARCO. [*Dejectedly.*

RECITATIVE.

Grief throws her shadows round me,
In despair I languish,
What now can soothe the anguish
I am doom'd to bear?

Torn from all I prized on earth!
All the ties that bound me!
Where shall flee my stricken heart?
Who now my sorrow shar

Ah! I am sad and lonely,
And my soul is weary,
All now seems dark and dreary,
Naught is left me but despair
[*A bugle is heard.*

'Tis the bugle of my gallant comrades,
This way their footsteps bend.

*Enter Peasants.*

FULL CHORUS.

Wake, wake to freedom's light,
Yie'd thee not to sorrow,
Vengeance shall yet be ours,
Ere arise the morrow.

We are one, in heart and will,
One great cause unites us still,
Oh! lead on! we'll follow thee.
Set the captive free!

Wake, wake, to freedom's light, &c.
Rouse, gallant heart! again,
Foremost be in duty,
Who can resist our swords
Drawn for home and beauty?

Soon the oppressor's blood shall flow,
Vanquish'd be our hated foe.
Oh! lead on! we'll follow thee!
Set the captive free.
Wake, wake, to Freedom's light, &c.

[MARCO *draws his sword*—DOMNEICO *and the rest brandish their arms, and all rush out.*

CAVATINA.

She is lost to me for ever,
Ne'er again shall I behold her,
In these arms, ah! ne'er enfold
Dear object of my h

All the hopes I fondly nourish'd,
Like Spring's early flow'rs have perish'd.
All the visions of fancy cherish'd,
Like April gleams depart.

Yet within this breast confiding,
Love has fix'd his tender dwelling,
And each darksome thought dispelling,
He forbids me to despair.
Yes she still shall be my care.
Love forbids me to despair.

## SCENE II.

### A Splendid Saloon in the Palace Zampieri.

FRANCESCA *is discovered, near the window, listening to the convent bells, she comes forward during the introductory symphony.*

AIR. FRANCESCA.

Ring no more, ye merry bells!
My heart with sad emotion swells;
To listen while your notes repeat,
That air of olden time.
Oft, at day's declining beam,
I've sat beside yon tranquil stream;
With those who joy'd with me to hear,
Your well remember'd chime.
Now, to me ye breathe no gladness,
Those I lov'd are cold and gone;
Ah! these tears I weep in sadness,
Prove how much I feel each tone.
Ring no more, &c.

How changed my fate!
How dark and drear,
All earthly hopes to me appear;
Oh! worse than death,
This tyrant's chains;
His passion base,
My soul disdains.
List again that soft chime peeling.
Ring no more, &c., &c.,

*Fra.* Flight is impossible! each day I am doom'd to submit to Zampieri's odious advances, but he knows not Francesca Doria; should he drive me to extremes, he will find I prefer death in any shape to dishonor. [*A mandoline is heard—she goes to the window.*] 'Tis a poor young Savoyard, who I have observed loitering about. He comes, perhaps, for alms, and I have none to bestow. [*Beckons from window for the Savoyard to advance.*]

*Enter* LIZETTA, *as a Savoyard.*

What would you, boy?

SONG. LIZETTA.

Far do I roam
From my own native shore,
Far from my home
Where the blue mountains soar.
Friends I have none,
All, all are gone,
Wandering, alone,
Is my constant employ,
Few look with joy
On the poor mountain boy.

Early and late
Through the streets I am straying,
Chanting my lay
A few sous to obtain,
Seldom I'm sad
When my mandoline playing,
Hard tho' my fate,
None hear me complain.
Far do I roam, &c.

Oh! could I find
In this world, dark and drear,
A heart that was kind
To the young mountaineer.
Even a smile
Would labour beguile.
Light were my toil,

Did no sorrow annoy;
Look then with joy
On the poor mountain boy!

Once I could wake
To a fond father's blessing.
Blythe as the lark,
When he carols on high;
Once my breast warm'd
At a mother's caressing,
None was more blest,
None more happy than I.
Now do I roam, &c.

*Fra.* And you would ask charity of me? I who am poor and miserable as yourself!

*Liz.* No, Signora, I only seek to serve, to save you! Once I wrong'd—deeply wrong'd you!

*Fra.* You!

*Liz.* [*Uncovering*] Behold!

*Fra.* Lizetta!

*Liz.* Yes; and, under my guidance, Marco and his brave companions will attempt your rescue

[*Distant bugle.*

*Liz.* That signal tells me that they are now assembled. Fear not and trust me.

*Fra.* I will. [*Exit* LIZETTA.] Yes, my prayer is heard. Marco will free me from the monster's power.

*Enter* ZAMPIERI.

*Zam.* Good morrow! [*At the sound of his voice,* FRANCESCA *turns away in disgust.*] Still a cloud upon that brow! Why so sad, when you are mistress of all that surrounds you? I will strive to dispel your sorrow.

AIR. ZAMPIERI.

[*Who takes up a mandoline and accompanies himself.*]

O! gentle lady, hear me
Thy grief dispel;
My lute, in softest numbers,
Thy praises would tell;
Each tender glance disarms
The fury of my soul;
Before thy matchless charms,
I yield to love's controul.
Hence! all disdain,
Thy fortune choose;
Seldom, in vain,
Zampieri woos.

Thy kindred's ancient glory,
Sinks to decay ;
Their deeds of martial story,
Have passed away.
Thou fair and fragile flow'r!
Alone art left for me ;
I take thee without dow'r,
My gentle bride to be.

Hence all disdain, &c.

RECITATIVE. ZAMPIERI,

*Recit.* Remember you are in my power. Beware!
You do not turn my love to hate.

DUET.

FRANCESCA.

Ne'er will I prove slave to thee,
Death were far more dear to me ;
Tho' a woman's power be frail,
Virtue's strong, if guilt assail.

ZAMPIERI.

Would'st thou avoid the tiger's wrath,
Venture ne'er to cross his path ;
Once my love is turned to hate,
Vengeance soon shall seal thy fate.

*Ensemble.*

Ne'er will I, &c.
Would'st thou avoid, &c.

FRANCESCA.

Tyrant I scorn thee.
Scorn and defy!

[*Snatches a pistol from his girdle, and points it at him.*

Feel thus my vengeance,
Follow, you die!

ZAMPIERI.

Dost thou thus scorn me,
Scorn and defy?
Dread then my vengeance,
Yield thee, or die!

[FRANCESCA, *still keeping* ZAMPIERI *at bay with the pistol, gradually retires backwards to her chamber as Scene changes.*

## SCENE III.

### Entrance to the Keep of Zampieri's Castle.

*Enter* PIETRO *at the head of Recruits. Quick March.*

*Pie* Halt! front! [*The file halt irregularly*] Here's a pretty line for you. [*They dress up*] That's better—that's respectable—order arms—stand at ease.

[*Lights a cigarette which he takes from his pocket.*

*Enter* LIZETTA.

*Liz.* Where's the lieutenant!

*Pie* I'm the lieutenant! what is it, my little fandango?

*Liz.* [*Giving letter*] Read that. [*Aside*] 'Tis from my sister.

*Pie.* Who's your sister?

*Liz.* Lizetta!

*Pie.* What! my little farm house beauty? [*Advanc to Recruits*] Shoulder arms. Left faea. Quick march.

[*Exeunt Recrutts.*

*Pie* [*Looking at* LIZETVA.] Now I look at you, you're the very picture of your sister. You seem tired.

*Liz.* I've come a long way.

*Pie.* (*Offering pipe*] Take a cigarette, it will refresh you, while I read your sister's letter.

*Liz.* Thank you, I don't smoke.

*Pie.* Ha! ha! not smoke—you'll never do for a soldier, [*Reads letter.*] "You swore to love me—I have quitted the "farm, and am ready to marry and accompany you to Naples. "I send my brother Paolo to claim your promise." (Signed) "Lizetta." [*Aside.*] The girl writes sensibly enough, and very much to the point. I did promise, and where's the woman who ever forgets a promise of marriage. [*To* LIZETTA] Well, your sister shall not be disappointed; and since we are to marry, why the sooner the better.

*Liz* [*Uncovering, and looking hard at* PIETRO] I echo that sentiment.

*Pie.* [*surprised*] Lizetta! [*Aside*] Oh! I smoke! [*To her*] So, so, you little little rogue, you came to reconnoitre under false colours?

*Liz.* I shall not be happy till I know the fate of Signora Francesca.

*Pie.* Listen to me, Lizetta. You see, in me, no longer one of Zampieri's band, but a friend, ready to give hislife to save the Signora Francesca!

*Liz.* Can it be true? Oh! you dear, good Pietro!

[*Embraces him.*

*Pie.* And as soon as the Visconti has collected his friends, we will hazard all to liberate the Signora.

*Pie.* Cheer up, Lizetta, we will be as happy as two turtle doves.

## DUET.

PIETRO.

Charming Lizetta,
When we are married,
We shall be happy
As birds on the win
It will delight me
Ever to please you,
How I will pet you,
You dear little thing.

LIZETTA.

Do not deceive me;
Men are so changeful;
Fairly they promise
*Before* the knot's tied;
*After* they alter,
Scold and neglect us;
Yes, then their feelings
No more they can hide.

*Ensemble.*

PIETRO.

Trust me, Lizetta,
I'll never scold you,
I'll ne'er deceive you,
Sooner I'd die!

LIZETTA.

Ah! dear Lizetta,
If you should scold me,
If you deceive me,
Soon I should die.

*Together.*

Ha! ha! ha! ha!
The world shall see
How blest and happy
We can be! [*They dance off*

LAST SCENE.

**A Prison Chamber in the Keep of Zampieri's Castle.**

FRANCESCA *is discovered at her devotions.*

PRAYER. FRANCESCA.

Guardian spirit! in love descending,
Give my wounded bosom rest;
Sooth the tumult now contending,
In this lone and aching breast.
Holy mother, hear me!
From life's thorny valley take me,
To that haven of repose;
Where no care or grief can wake me,
Where I'm freed from earthly woes
Holy Mother, hear me!

Now forsaken, none to cheer me,
Whither can the wretched flee?
Virgin saint! in mercy hear me,
Grant I soon at peace may be:
Holy mother, hear me!
[*The Brigands laugh without.*

*Fra.* Hark! to the lawless strain of Zampieri's band
[*A noise of opening centre door is heard.*]

*Enter* LIZETTA.

*Fra.* By what means gained you admission? Speak—what news bring you?

*Liz.* The best of news, Signora—in an hour at latest you will be free! Pietro, my future husband, is our friend. A body of faithful peasants are already within the walls, and—listen—'tis Marco's signal.

AIR. MARCO. [*Outside.*]

Moor'd is my boat
Upon the star-lit river;
Silence now reigns
Within the tyrant's walls,
Look from thy tower,
Oh, lady fair! and hear me,
List to the voice,
That fondly on thee calls!

Trust to my sword
To succour and defend thee;
True is my heart
As yonder star above!
Grav'n in my soul,
The motto that still guides me,
Honor in arms.
And constancy in love!

Soon thou shalt be
Where blooms the orange blossom,
Where the blue wave
Lies rippling at our feet;
There shall each breeze.
With mingled odours laden,
Fan thee to rest
In murmurs wild and sweet!
Trust to my sword, &c.

[*At the end of the air, a paper is thrown in at the window, which Lizetta picks up and gives to Francesca.*]

*Fra.* [*Reads.*] "Marco is near! Fear not! in spite of Zampieri, before the clock again chimes, you shall be free!" Thanks, brave Marco! Thanks, generous girl! your noble devotion amply repays your first fault. Hark! I hear footsteps—let us retire.

[Francesca *and* Lizetta *exeunt, as* Zampieri *enters at side door.*]

RECIT. Zampieri.

At length the hour of vengeance is arrived!
The last of the Peruzzi's hated race
Within my power. Yes,
Francesca too, for whom my bosom glows
With passion's wildest flame,
She must be mine, or die!
Die! so young, so fair a flower!—ah no!
I will her love, and she shall yet love me!

AIR.

Since the happy dawn of childhood,
I ne'er dream'd so sweet a dream!
I am spell-bound by her beauty,
She is now my fondest theme!

Like a spirit she seems hovering
O'er my dark and wayward path
To avert each guily purpose,
To subdue my bosom's wrath!

Come, then come, thou sweetest flower,
Oh, restore my childhood's dream!
I am spell-bound by thy beauty,
Thou art now my fondest dream!

[ZAMPIERI *goes to door, as* FRANCESCA *enters.*

*Zam.* How gentle!

*Fra.* [*Aside.*] I tremble for Marco's enterprise.

*Zam.* In gazing on you, Francesca, I forget all my past schemes of vengeance, and feel, for the first time, the power of mercy.

*Fra.* Restore me to the Duke Andrea!

*Zam* Ask it not. For one tender smile I will give you worlds of treasure; and for your love, I will resign my liberty! Smile on me! smile!

*Fra.* Away! where is my aged guardian?

*Zam.* Sweet Francesca, without you, my life is dark and cheerless! Come, then come, I am at your feet! [*Knocks.*]

*Fra.* Assassin, away! I prefer death to your hated presence!

*Zam.* Ha! you despise me! Then once more I am Zampieri!

[ZAMPIERI *seizes* FRANCESCA, *and endeavours to drag her to side door, when the doors on either side the window are forced open, and through one door Brigands are driven in by* PIETRO *and his party now in the uniform of Neapolitan soldiers, carrying torches, followed by* LIZETTA; *while at the other door enters* MARCO, *in the uniform of colonel of the royal body guard, followed by Soldiers and Villagers. The Brigands throw down their arms.* FRANCESCA *and* LIZETTA *cross, under the protection of the Soldiers.* ZAMPIERI *seems stupified.*

*Mar* Guards sieze him! [*Points to* ZAMPIERI.

[*Soldiers advance to sieze him.*]

*Zam.* Think not to triumph! Zampieri ne'er will yield to a Peruzzi! [*Stabs himself.*] I am free!

[*Falls in the arms of the Soldiers.*

*Mar.* Remove him. [*Soldiers carry off* ZAMPIERI.] Signora, you behold the peasant Marco no longer; reinstated in his honors and dignities by his King, the Duke de Peruzzi now claims the honor of your hand.

*Fra.* Ah, Marco!

## RONDO, FINALE AND CHORUS.

FRANCESCA.

Gaily throbs my breast,
Now each fear's at rest,
Oh yes, I am blest,
Near my soul's fond treasure:

Freedom's welcome light,
Glads once more my sight,
Ev'ry voice unite,
Wake the song of pleasure!

LIZETTA.

Love, with rosy garlands crown you,
Heaven its sacred blessing send;
May eternal calm and sunshine
All your steps attend!

Ah! fair day to see
Brightly beam on me;
May they happy be.
Fondly thus united!

Now my care is past,
All is joy at last;
They will grieve no more,
Sorrow's reign is o'er!

CHORUS.

Fallen is our hated foe,
Fallen ne'er again to soar;
Let each heart with rapture flow,
Sorrow's reign is o'er!

END OF OPERA.

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SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, &c., FROM THE OPERA

OF

# FRANCESCA DORIA:

OR,

## THE BANDIT OF THE ABRUZZI.

OVERTURE.

**ACT I.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | Chorus..... | *Comrades quaff.* |
| 2 | Air and Chorus..... Herr MENGIS .... | *Strike our foemen down.* |
| | Ballad.....Mr. WEISS ..... | *Now my home's deserted.* |
| 4 | Hymn and Chorus..... | *Virgin blest.* |
| 5 | Ballad.....Mr. WEISS ..... | *Well may we mourn.* |
| 6 | Recit. and Cavatina..Mr. ALLEN ..... | *Arm and aid.* |
| 7 | Ballad.....Mr. WEISS ..... | *Oh! for the olden glories.* |
| 8 | Air .....Miss LANZA..... | *Save me, kind stranger.* |
| 8 | *(bis)* Air.....Miss LANZA.... . | *'Neath your roof.* |
| 9 | Song .....Miss POOLE ..... | *I mope just like an owl.* |
| 10 | Quartett, {Miss LANZA, Miss POOLE. Herr MENGIS & Mr WEISS} | *Hark the distant tramp.* |
| 11 | Air and Chorus.....Mr. WYNN..... | *Comrades, here awhile.* |
| 12 | Serenade .....Mr. ALLEN ..... | *Fair one, good night.* |
| 13 | Duet.....Miss LANZA and Mr. ALLEN | *Oh! I could love thee.* |
| 14 | Finale ..... | *Oh! now I do repent me.* |

**ACT II.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 15 | Recit. and Air .....Mr. ALLEN ..... | *Wake to freedom's light.* |
| 16 | Cavatina .....Mr. ALLEN ..... | *She is lost to me for ever.* |
| 17 | Ballad .....Miss LANZA ..... | *Ring no more, ye merry bells.* |
| 18 | Song .....Miss POOLE ..... | *Far do I roam.* |
| 19 | Barcarole .....Herr MENGIS .... | *Oh! gentle lady me.* |
| 20 | Duet ..Miss LANZA and Herr MENGIS | *Ne'er will I prove slave to thee.* |
| 21 | Duet.....Miss POOLE and Mr. WYNN | *Charming Lizetta.* |
| 22 | Prayer .....Miss LANZA ..... | *Guardian spirit.* |
| 23 | Serenade .....Mr. ALLEN ..... | *Moor'd is my boat.* |
| 24 | Recit and Cavatina ..Herr MENGIS .... | *Since the happy dawn.* |
| 25 | Rondo, Finale and Chorus {Miss LANZA, Miss POOLE, Herr MENGIS & Mr WYNN} | *Gaily throbs each breast.* |

Quadrilles on favorite subjects from the Opera, by VAL MORRIS

Polka ditto ditto DITTO

Arrangement of the Airs, by . . . . . J. F. BURROWES.

*Fantasias, &c., by various Composers are in course of publication.*

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