# *The Sicilian Bride*

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**Libretto by Alfred Bunn / Jules-Henri Vernoy de St Georges**

**Music by Michael William Balfe**

**Drury Lane, London, March 6, 1852.**

This libretto is a transcription from the printed libretto published by John K. Chapman in London in 1852 together with the main additions or differences from the manuscript held in the British Library at Add MS 52930 J.

Vocal items are placed in the centre of the page or in two columns with singer in the left column about one third of the page width in. The dialogue is in two columns with the speaker in the left column on the extreme left of the page. Lines in green appear in the manuscript, but not in the printed libretto. Lines in red appear in the printed libretto, but not in the manuscript. Lines in black, the vast majority, appear in both the manuscript and the printed libretto as would be expected. The stage directions are as in the printed libretto. A few, in green, have been included from the manuscript where they add detail.

The handwriting in the manuscript was neat and legible. Spellings are as in the manuscript and include such words as "honor" for "honour". The capitalisation of words is usually as in the printed libretto. **[x]** denotes the pages of the printed libretto. **{xxa}** denotes the leading side of a page of the manuscript and **{xxb}** the trailing side.

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

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# *The Sicilian Bride*

**[3] {2a}**

## Act 1, Scene 1

A *rich Country near Syracuse, with "Ætna" seen in the distance.*
*On the left of the Spectator is the Portico of a Chapel.*

Introduction

*Sirena and a body of Girls and Youths wreathing flowers round the Image of the Madonna*[1]*, placed under a Tree opposite the Portico of the Chapel. Another party of Girls and young Sicilian Huntsmen are dancing together.*

Chorus of females

With wreaths the Madonna entwining,
No longer the mountaineer pining,
The sun, too, thus joyously shining,
We'll dance and sing!

Chorus of Huntsmen

In full pursuit, to the chase we are bounding,
Soon as the horn through the valley is sounding,
Then dance and sing!

Sirena [*pointing to the mountains is the back ground*]

Some one draws near! –'Tis he, an instinct tells me,
To whom I shall united be!
My Pietro comes! Ah, blissful moment!
[*Seeing a stranger approach.*
Ah, no, alas! It is not he!

Chorus

It is the wonder of our valley,
Satanico, we laugh at so!
Who reads the stars, and tells you truly
More than some folks wish to know!

**[4]**

[*Enter Satanico*]

**{2b}** Air

Come here to me, each pretty maiden,
And listen to what I shall tell
(Although with joy, or sorrow, laden)
Of lovers, and yourselves, as well.
I'm well known, both to peer and peasant,
And, by the lines upon each hand,
'Tis not alone the past and present,
I can the future understand!

[1] The *Lord Chamberlain's Day Book, 1852-1865.* Add. MS 53703, stipulated that "In the opening scene the image introduced must be simply that of a female figure and not conspicuously an image of the Madonna".

For if your husbands should be jealous,
And into your secrets should pry,
I very soon settle such fellows,
By closing up a watchful eye.
I scatter, with my wand, at pleasure,
Alarm, and hope, and joy, or pain:
From me, then, you may learn at leisure
All the knowledge you may wish to gain!
Come here to me, each pretty maiden,
And listen to what I shall tell –
Although with joy, or sorrow, laden
Of lovers, and yourselves, as well!

Sireno & Chorus

Go now to
Let's go to | him, each pretty maiden,
And listen to what he shall tell –
Although with joy, or sorrow, laden
Of lovers, and | yourselves | as well
ourselves

Satanico

Come here to me, each pretty maiden,
And listen to what I shall tell -
Although with joy, or sorrow, laden -
Of lovers, and yourselves as well.

**{3a}** [*to the Peasants*]

To you, now, young fellows of bravery,
I predict –

Pietro [*suddenly enters followed by his Workmen*]

- Aye, predict to them, they'll he in slavery,
If they have not the heart to throw off the yoke,
And of France the rule –

All

'Tis Pietro who hath spoke.

Ensemble. [*all alarmed*]

What means he? what strange language
That he speaks in such spite!
Yet all he says inspires one
Both with trouble and affright!

End of Introduction

*Recitative or dialogue*

*All* What, then, has happened?

*Pietro* A new edict of our French Governor - this terrible Marquis de Montluc, who rules Sicily, our beloved and lovely country, in the name of our conqueror, Charles of Anjou.

*Sir* Some further tyranny of France - but, thou hast nothing to do with that, my own betrothed, my dear Pietro!

*Pietro* It concerns me more than any one else, particularly to-day; for the Governor's edict forbids any Sicilian to intermarry without his permission.

*All the young girls* Outrageous!

**[5]**

*Sir* What, then, becomes of our marriage, that was to have taken place this morning in the chapel of Santa Maria Majore?

*Pietro* Oh! our marriage shall take place, my pretty Sirena but[2] must be a private one, for these rascally fellows, and odious Governor, are quite capable of playing us a trick.

*Sir* How! play a trick upon the brave armourer of Syracuse?

**{3b}**

*Pietro* Not upon me, but upon thee! I suspect some treachery - then thou art so handsome, and our enemies are so gallant and so impudent, where any pretty girls are in question!

*Sir* Oh! I fear nothing - as being the protege of the noble Bianca Andréozzi, daughter of the first grandee in Sicily, whom the French, and their Governor in the bargain, are forced to pay respect to – for the whole country would make a rampart of their hearts in his defence, if they dared to hurt his.

*Sat* His daughter, Bianca Andréozzi, is called the angel of Sicily, over the whole island.

*Pietro* [*in a subdued voice*] Now, tell me, all of ye, are you not is weary as I am of the odious yoke we are under, and of the strangers who have conquered our lovely country?

*All* All! all!

*Pietro* And, if you had an opportunity of becoming free, would you not seize it?

*All* At once!

*Sat* [*in a tone of alarm - to the peasantry and workmen*] Hush! hush! Suppose the Government spies should hear you!

[2] The printed libretto has “odious” rather than “but”, clearly misplaced from the following line

*All* [*Drawing their hitherto concealed poignards*] We defy their spies!

*Sat* [*aside*] That's all very well; but, as I defy nobody, I must take care of myself. A learned man need not be a brave one; courage is not his profession.

[*Retires*

*Pietro* [*to the villagers*} Well, sooner or later, we'll put you to the proof; in the meantime, we have had dancing and festivity enough for the day; so now, my worthy sons of the forge, to work.

Air

**{4a}**

The moment invites us,
To labour away;
That which delights us
Others yet shall pay;
While forging the fetter
Doom'd yourselves to wear,
Think it is better
Other hands should bear!

Chorus. [*repeating it*

The moment invites us,
To labour away;
That which delights us
Others yet shall pay;
While forging the fetter
Doom'd yourselves to wear,
Think it is better
Other hands should bear.

Pietro

For thee, my sweet Sirena, this bondage I have borne
But to redeem the vows of faith which I to thee have sworn!
Tonight, [*pointing to the chapel*] when the hymn of the Angelus swells,
At that altar, where love in its purity dwells;
Though foemen oppose me, all banded in line,
The heart I adore shall for ever be mine.

All [*mysteriously separating,*

[*in a subdued tone*

**[6]**

Chorus

Till the night
Not a grievance mutter!
Till the night
Not a whisper utter!

[*exeunt all, mysteriously, except Sirena*]

*Sir* Married to-night-how very delightful! I should not have a wish ungratified if I could but see my godmother, the charming Bianca, happy - she, whom all Sicily worships as they do their Madonna. Alas she is forever absorbed in her thoughts, and I cannot find out the secret. At this very hour, and every day, she leaves her

father's chateau to visit this ancient chapel. Someone approaches -'tis she! - it is the noble Bianca!

Bianca [*entering without observing Sirena*]

**{4b}**

Ballad

'Tis mine to weep, 'tis mine to sigh,
When others round me smile -
To gaze upon a cloudless sky,
And earth as light the while;
When glides the streamlet pure and calm,
In undulating tone,
And blossoms o'er it breathe their balm,
I weep, and weep alone!

'Tis mine to weep, ‘tis mine to sigh,
When birds upon the wing,
Beneath each leafy shelter nigh
Their wildest warblings sing;
When nature in her mantled green
Such charms around hath thrown,
And eyes as bright as hers are seen,
I weep, and weep alone!

*Bian* [*perceiving Sirena*] Someone approaches!

[*Recitative or dialogue*]

*Sir* It is me, dear lady - afflicted to the utmost, to see you thus forever weeping, and not to know its secret.

*Bian* My secret, dear Sirena - if it were only my secret - but it is that of another.

*Sir* Bianca Andreozzi has no longer confidence in the poor girl she brought up under her noble father's roof - she who would give up her life, her happiness, even her very love for her betrothed Pietro, to make her happy!

*Bian* Listen, then. Thou know'st that my illustrious family, and **{5a}** especially my father, the Count Andreozzi, has long been the open enemy of the old Duke of Sangenaro

*Sir* Oh! these family feuds, that no ties of blood can extinguish!

*Bian* Well, then, it is to Sangenaro's heir, the young Count of that name, I would, by every human means, reconcile my father.

*Sir* Explain, dear lady!

*Bian*

One day, when riding in the forest, my restless horse suddenly rushed off at fullest speed, and was on the very brink of a precipice, with certain death before me, when a youth on the instant emerged from a thicket, and, with daring hand, checked the course of the infuriated animal.

*Sir*

The noble youth!-Oh, how I love him for having preserved thy life!

*Bian*

From that day I made a vow to my sainted mother to give **[7]** him though in secret, my heart and soul, and to consider him, in the eye of heaven, my future husband.

*Sir*

Oh ! should your respective parents but know of this love –

*Bian*

May Heaven protect us! Day by day, at this hour, amidst these ruins do we meet; and three sounds of the horn announce tome his arrival.

*Sir*

Listen, madame, listen!

*The sound of a horn is heard in the mountain.*

*Bian*

[*affectionately]* 'Tis he, - kind heaven, 'tis he!

*Sir*

[*seeing a horseman enter, enveloped in a cloak*] 'Tis he, madam - fear nothing, I'll keep watch.

[*Sir. retires to one side*]

[*Enter Rudolfo rushing up to Bianca*]

DUET.

**{5b}**

Oh, delight! Oh, hour enchanting!
All pain, all grief supplanting,
My heart this moment granting
Hope and joy unknown before;
While again I entwine, love,
Thy gentle hand in mine, love.

Ensemble

*Bian* And the calm which fled front me returneth once more

*Rod* And the calm which fled from me returneth once more
But, on thy brow of beauty, pure as an angel's beaming,
I still can trace a pallid hue

*Bian* [*adagio*]
In the silence of night, the restless spirit's dreaming
Will the grief of the day yet more sadly renew!
And the future, though dark, still then darker appeareth,
While the anguish I feel my very reason seareth!
In the sweet hour of slumber, when others are reposing,
A spectre seems around me closing –
Ah! [*screams*]

*Rod* Such phantoms away from thee chasing,

Of all such fears the memory effacing,
Above there's a light to guide through danger's ways!

*Bian* My mother dwells there, and for our safety prays!

*Rod* Though from me no lament thou hearest
A deeper torment wrings my soul:
That the land to me the dearest
Is now beneath *his* control
Who loves thee!

*Bian* Yes, I know it-but, what from him dost fear?

*Rod* All, if I'm from thee, love - nothing, to thee when near.
But, when such fatal discord
Our kindred thus divideth
When such unequall'd hatred
Can sunder me from thee,
**{6a}** In whom my love so prideth,
The tempest I foresee
That wrecks our hearts forever!

*Bian* Which death alone can sever!
She who doth thy love so treasure
Would die with far more pleasure
Than live apart from thee!

**[8]**

Cabaletta

*Bian* Joy, which Hope the brightest
Can impart
Flies, with wing the lightest,
O'er my heart:
Heaven looks smiling o'er me
From above,
Lighting all before me
To thy love!

*Rod.* Joy, which Hope the brightest
Can impart,
Flies, with wing the lightest,
O'er my heart:
Heaven looks smiling o'er us
From above,
Waking all before us
Into love!

Recitative

*Sir.*

[*running to Bianca*]
Thy father comes!

*Bian.*
[*in alarm, to Rodolfo*]
Oh, heaven! his presence shun.

*Sir.*
Surrounded by his friends –

*Bian*
[to *Rodolfo*] We are undone!
Fly, fly, thy life to save.

*Rod*
Their vengeance I will brave

*Bian*
[*imploring him*]
**{6b}** Oh! let my love thy passion sway,

*Rod*
It's gentle impulse I obey!
[*He goes into the chapel.*

*Enter Count Andreozzi*, *followed by Oliviero, Perrugino*, *and other Sicilian Nobles. Bianca and Sirena standing near the chapel*

Song (Andreozzi)
I have convoked ye here, unwearied friends,
That feeling, so imbittered, to exclude
Which, in all actions, Sangenaro blends,
Breathing the rancour of our ancient feud –
Hereditary hatred, breaking forth
In thoughts, unknown to dignity or worth.

Chorus of Nobles
Long as a hope remains
Firmly with thee allied,
We come from our native plains,
And the halls where we abide.

And.
Hearken! Hearken! - e'en now in the valley
Their footsteps resound.

Chorus of Nobles
They will find us, wherever they rally,
In unity bound!

*The old Duke Sangenaro enters, supported and surrounded by his partisans, Botta, Lotto, Montanelli and others*

*Sang.* [*to his friends, on perceiving Andreozzi and his party* ]
Ensemble.

Behold! united here we see, at length,
Our foes all banded in their fullest strength.

**[9]**

Bianca [*aside*]
Oh, heavens! Rodolfo's father, in his hate
Leagued against mine, opposing fate to fate.

General Chorus
The day for which hatred
**{7a}** With justice hath strived,
That moment of vengeance
At length is arrived.
The spirit bequeathed us
Within us yet glows,
While the blood of our fathers
As ardently flows!

[*The chiefs of either party are about to precipitate themselves on each other, sword in hand – Bianca and Sirena utter a shriek of terror - Rodolfo appears on the threshold of the chapel – and Pietro rushes forward from the back, at the head of his workmen*.]

And [*placing himself in the middle of the combatants*.]
Withdraw! it was not to uphold
A hapless quarrel form'd of old,
I called ye hither – no - a cause
Dearer to honor's sacred laws
Summons ye now-the petty pangs forget
Of private wrong, and be united yet.
Revenge the blood your native land that stains,
And meet like men, whose country is in chains!

Ensemble.
The cherished hate of years renounce
And the springs of resentment be dried at once
The dead from each martyr's shroud
In curses would shriek aloud.

And
And shall I then vainly call
In the name of our country, they now enthral?
Fair land, which the beauty of nature hath blest,
Which in envy the foot of the stranger hath prest
If a victim must be
Immolate me!
[*offers his breast – they drop their swords*]

**{7b}**

All [*aside*]
He hath truly spoken, each heart must obey
The call of its country, to bondage a prey

And

The pride of honor, thro' their passion breaks
And in their breast, a noble spirit wakes

All
'Tis the voice of our country, that spoke
Bidding us throw off this shameless yoke,
Give then our hearts, our arms and blood
In all their force
And onward Freedom's flood
Flows with resistless course!

*Between the partizans of Sangenaro and Andreozzi*

*All* [*uniting their hands and swords with enthusiasm to*]
'Tis the voice of our country that spoke,
Bidding us throw off this shameless yoke
Give, then, our hearts, our arms, and blood,
In all their force.
And, onward Freedom's flood
Flows with resistless course !

*Bian and Sir* Oh! joy, succeeding grief,
Sacred beyond belief,
Dearer than words can say

*And* [*aside e to Sang*] Why, at such moment, is thy son away?

*Sang* With the revolt's first sound lie will appear,
I answer, on my life- -

*Rod* [*appearing*] Father, thy son is here!

*All* Strangely hath Sangenaro's purport swerved

*Bian* [*falling at the feet of Andreozzi*]
I feel your anger I deserved
Fearing the issue of your deadly strife,
I did conceal his name who saved my life;
But now this tutelary bond of peace,
Caused by our love, shall only with it cease!

Bian and Rod
My heart so long with anguish riven,
Its pledge of faith to him/her hath given;
And this new bond of peace
With our loves alone shall cease!

All
Their hearts so long with anguish riven,
A pledge of faith to each bath given ;
And this new bond of peace
With their loves alone shall cease!

**[10] {8a}**

*Sang.* To cement this alliance with former band
[*to And.*] I unite my son's and thy daughter's hand.

[*pointing to the chapel*]
Be the altar prepared, and thither we wend
Soon as the light
Gives way to-night,
Our cause in one feeling, forever, to blend!

*All* Oh, happy day!

*Sang* The day which makes us free!
Happy, all hearts united thus to see!

Chorus
Happy, all hearts united thus to see!

*And* My child, inscribe the names of all
[*to Bian*] Who here obey their country's call,
That each may know when danger is around,
What part he has to fill - where to be found!

*Bian* With transport, and with pride,
Thy summons I abide.

*A rough table is brought in – Bianca sits an a piece of rock and writes down the names of the conspirators, by the light of a torch held by Pietro, the armourer*

*Day begins to decline. All range themselves round Andreozzi*

*And* [*dictating to his daughter*]
"On the fête of St Chair, before the break of day,
In the cavern where Pietro, the armourer, works,
The chiefs of revolt with their summons obey-
No fear that treason ever lurks
In those who love their country. Lotto,
Then Salviati, Polo, Strozzi, too.
Botta, and others, to their leaders true,
The bonds of tyrants will asunder burst,
Guerro gives up the citadel-on high
The flag of Sicily shall proudly fly;
**{8b}** And when the tocsin, from its heights, shall sound,
The shouts of freedom shall re-echo round!"

Chorus [*Repeated*]
'Tis the voice of our country that spoke,
Bidding us throw off this shameless yoke!
Give, then, our hearts, and arms, and blood,
In all their force;
And onward freedom's flood
Flows with resistless force.

[*The distant sound of a trumpet*]

*Sir.* A page from the palace in sight,
Attended by a brilliant train, draws near.

Chorus
E'en on the very mountain's height,
That name is grating to a freeman's ear.

*And* To blind their vigilance, conceal our hate.
Join in the dance of the mountaineer's fête.

*General Dance is begun by the Mountaineers, during which the Governor's Page, attended by a splendid retinue is seen descending the mountain. It is dark.*

**[11]**

*Page* [*advancing with a dispatch in his hand and addressing And.*]
Here, by the Governor's express commands,
I place his wishes in your highness's hands.

*And* "Count, at the Palace fête, to-morrow night,
[*reading*] Thyself, and thy fair daughter, I invite;
And, the bright list of chivalry to swell,
I seek such honour from thy friends as well."

Ensemble.

Rod.[*aside*]
At each audacious word
My very life blood's stirr'd;
But caution must conceal
The madden'd hate I feel
.

And [*to the Page*]
Be with each gracious word,
Our gratitude averr'd;
[*then aside*]
But caution must conceal
The lasting hate we feel

Bian. [*aside, pointing to Rod*]
At each exciting word **{9a}**
His very soul seems stirr'd;
May all he seems to feel
His caution still conceal.

Pietro and the Sicilians [*aside*]
Ne'er has more daring word
From tyranny been heard;
But still we must conceal
The settled hate we feel.

*All* [*in a low tone to And*] You will refuse it?

*And* [*to the Page*] Say, that with delight
This honour we accept.

*All* [*amongst themselves*] What does he say?

*And* [*continuing. and looking at his friends*]
The chiefs of Sicily his wish obey;
So tell the noble marquis, and from me,
Myself and child his guests will also be.

*Rod* What do I hear?

*All* [*aside*] This is some secret snare.

*And* [*dismissing the Page*] Each, at the hour appointed, will be there.
[*Exeunt the Page and retinue.*

*Rod* Of the oppressor would you join the throng,
[*to And*] And lead us there?

*All* My lord, you do us wrong -
Not on such spot should injured honour stand,
Nor should the conquer'd grasp the conqueror's hand!

*And* It is to make the deed more sure we go,
To hide the poignard that must strike the blow,
To give them smile for smile (which shame should pale),
Yet, still, beneath that smile our purpose veil.
**{9b}** And, when in seeming amity-upraise
Our hidden arms.

*All* His scheme deserves our praise!

*Rod* And, can it be to thee unknown,
That he with passion's daring tone,
Has sought your daughter's love?

*Bian* [*to Andreozzi*] Oh ! force me not,
For pity's sake, to that detested spot!

*And* Have I not told thee that this very night
[*to Bianca*] Thy marriage bond shall seal?

*Rod* [*passionately enfolding Bianca in his arms*]
And, when thy love with mine shall once unite,
No dread of future danger can I feel!

*Pietro* [*Taking the hand of Sirena and presenting at to Andreozzi*]
While all with hand and hand united,
Love to their kindred vow,
Oh! let the faith that we have plighted
Be strengthened now!

*Rod* Blest be the day that can with such delight
All hearts alike elate
With feelings which our love unite,
And yet cement our hate !

*Ronotro takes the hand of Bianca and Pietro that of Sirena., and each kneel before the Count Andreozzi and Duke Sangenero, who give them their blessing. They enter the Chapel during*

*the following Chorus, which is accompanied by the Organ and the Bells of the Chapel, which lightly ring* **{10a}** *to announce the solemnity of the Marriage.*
*The Moon rises, and brilliantly lights up the Scene.*

*Chorus* [*subdued*]
Let the light choral voice
Bid their young hearts rejoice,
While before Heaven they kneel,
Their destiny to seal.
And, as each gentle sigh
Seeks for its fond reply,
Oh! may, from lip to lip, the strain
Be echoed back again

*The Sicilians kneel around the Portico, and the Curtain falls on this Tableau, as the Page and his Retinue are seen winding round and down the defiles of the Mountain.*

**End of Act 1**

**[13]**

## Act 2, Scene 1

*The Festal Hall in the Palace of the Governor of Syracuse*

*It is supported by Marble Columns, and closed in by vast Screens, or Curtains of rich brocade, which open and shut in at pleasure. In the background two large Staircases, each side, communicating with a Gallery which surrounds the Hall*

*On the rising of the Curtain the Screens are all closed in. It is night. Sumptuous Chandeliers light up the Scene; and, at the termination of a joyous orgie,*[3] *the Marquis of Montluc and other French Noblemen, richly dressed, enter attended by pages.*

Chorus
[*each holding a glass in his hand*].

**{10b}**
To France! to lovely France! fill up,
Until it mantle[4] high, the cup,
And the beads o'er the surface play;
For nectar, sweet as woman's lip,
For wine, as bright as man's can sip,
The conquer'd have to pay!

Solo (Montluc)

[3] Probably meaning some wild celebration rather than orgy in the modern sexual sense.
[4] Cover

This ruby charm, for mortal thirst,
Is like the life-blood in the vein,
And, if with heart we pledge the first,
With honour 'tis the last we drain!

Chorus
To France! to lovely France! fill up,
Until it mantle high, the cup!
Solo (Montluc)
Second verse
If pleasure, as 'tis said, hath wings
To fly from Time's pursuit away,
Oh! gather up life's choicest things,
And live an age in every day!

Chorus
To France! to lovely France! fill up,
Until it mantle high, the cup.

*Enter the officer page seen in the 1st Act*

*Officer* [*saluting the Governor*]
*Page* The Nobles, here invited, one and all
Attend, with pleasure, at your Highness's call!

*Mont* [*to the Lords around him*]
'Tis as I told ye-Sicily bows down
And hither's flocking to partake our splendour;
Her haughty Lords shall bend to France's Crown,
And, as they did before –

*Chorus* Again surrender!

*A Lord* [*to Montluc*]
The beautiful Bianca - she, who seems
The bright creation of your brightest dreams, -
Will she come also ?

*Page* [*advancing*] Sire, amongst the rest
Her father brings her –

**{11a}**
*Mont* The most welcome guest!
Implacable thus far, a sure design,
Despite her firm resolve, shall make her mine.

*Page* The guests, within the gardens, are arrived.
[*to Mont*.]
*Mont* 'Tis well - be all magnificence contrived,
That Sicily, by France now welcome here,
Shall see the pomp in which she can appear!

[*to his officers*.

Withdraw awhile, prepare ye for the fête;
Some moments given to affairs of state,
And you shall find me with you.

[*Respectfully bowing, as they withdraw*.

*Chorus* Sire, impell'd
By honour, France shall be, by us, upheld.

[*The Lords and Officers exeunt.*

*Mont* [*to a page*]
Bring hither that magician whom, to-day,
We told a moment's summons to obey.

[*The page bows, and exit.*

*Mont* [*alone*]
'Tis done - and, though my project shakes each nerve,
From my resolve no doubt shall make me swerve :
'Twere happier far with fame and life to part,
Than brave this anguish which consumes my heart.

Air

Thy beauty, while it thrills my soul,
Cannot dispel its gloom,
But beams with a deceptive light
Like roses on a tomb;

And, yet, by thee beguiled, enchained,
I still would at its shrine,
To win thy love, lay down my life, -
**{11b}** My fame - to call thee mine!

Then, lady, while thy radiant smiles
Each stricken sense subdue,
Oh! May they, as they rend the heart,
Allay its sorrows, too!

**[15]**

*Enter Satanico conducted by the Page, who immediately exits*

Duet

*Mont.* Reply - and, briefly as you can,
Are you the Necromancer named?

*Sat.* My Lord - I - am an honest man,
[*trembling*] And, most unjustly blamed!

*Mont* The venom of vipers, the poisonous plant,
Are part of thy science;
With charms that have power, and spells that enchant,
Thou holdest alliance!

*Sat* [*more and more alarmed*]
What? - 1? - of evil beings so afraid,
I would not have one near me

For the whole world –

*Mont* Be silent-hear me.
I have need of thine aid!

*Sat* [*suddenly lighting up his countenance,*
*from the depths of fear to joy*]
How! can it be? Sire, place reliance
Upon my very life and science!
I will fulfil whate'er you ask me,
[*Aside*] But pay me well for what you task me.
[*Then aloud, in a mystic manner*.]
O'er the jealous eye shall I weave a chain?
Or bewitch the sense of a jealous brain?
I have those who delight
In the shadow of night,
**{12a}** To lead-and mislead,
And to shake any creed.

It is not a husband that tortures my mind,
*Mont* Try again, sorcerer, - seek till you find!

Of a rival's lip, whose beguiling word,
*Sat* By greedy ear is too faithfully heard,
Shall I shorten the breath?
With the wave of my hand
I can many command
Who are dealers in death!!

It is not a rival that tortures my mind,
*Mont* Try again, sorcerer - seek till you find!

It is not a rival who troubles his mind!
*Sat* Yes, I will try, and will seek till I find.
[*aside*] [*aloud*] Would you steep the sense of a maiden's brain
In lethargy, free from danger or pain?
A drug I can mix
Will the faculty fix,
In a depth as profound
As if death dwelt around.

[*hastily throwing a purse to Satanico*]
*Mont* It is that - it is that! but breathe not a word
Of what thou hast uttered, and what I have heard.

[*aside*] Yes, silence, by all means - I value my head
*Sat* Too much to repeat the least word I have said.
[*aloud, presenting a bottle to Montluc*]
Two drops from this phial
Will work its own trial:

They must mix it up
**[16]{12b}** In a crimson cup.
Thin soften all anger,
Diffuse such a langour,
That, as its influence sweeps,
The charmed victim sleeps!

[*hastily seizing upon the bottle.*]
*Mont* Give it - but hear me, and answer me clear,
Is there danger?

Oh, no ! there is nothing to fear.
*Sat*

This secret charm
*Mont* Can break the vow
[*aside*] And the frown disarm
Of that haughty brow!
Like the slimy asp
It will stealthily blind her,
And firm in my grasp
For ever will bind her.

Ensemble

My magic charm
*Sat* He will allow;
[*aside*] 'Twill quickly disarm
An angry brow.
Each sense it will clasp,
And will suddenly blind her,
And firm in his grasp
'Twill certainly bind her.

*Exit Satanico*

*At the same moment the screens suddenly open, and the whole of the Guests stream in at the different entrances. By one of the great staircases Bianca is seen, conducted by her Father, and followed by the whole Sicilian Nobility.* **{13a}** *The Galleries are filled by Spectators. Montluc is surrounded by his Staff. Sirena is in attendance on Bianca. Andreozzi and others of the Sicilian Nobility, with a body of the French Peers and Peeresses, form part of the Governor's Suite.*

Chorus of Sicilians
What riches and what splendour!
All anger'd feeling throw aside;
To beauty, which cloth here preside,
All manly tribute Tender.

Montluc [*bowing to Bianca, whom he goes up to receive at the Grand Staircase of Honour*]
A bonded knee could not convey
The homage that we ought to pay –
No mortal abode, - not even a throne,

Were fit for such charms to repose upon.
'Tis in heaven alone such beauty and grace
Can find a befitting dwelling place!

Full Chorus

[*Mont. and the French Ladies surrounding Bianca*]

**[17]** Oh! blest he the clime,
In its glory and worth,
And hallowed by Time
As the brightest on earth
That gave to the world such a prizeless gem,
As she who outvieth its diadem!
Each lustre that shineth,
Each flower that twineth,
Will faintly compare to the halo, around thee,
Of light, in which Nature hath lavishly bound thee.

Ensemble

Andreozzi and Sicilian Lords [*aside*]

Oh! let not the clime
Which has given us birth,
Be rule o'er by crime
Most detested on earth.
But prove to the world, which upholdeth them
That if they enslave, they shall not contemn
Each life drop that turneth,
Each heart where it shineth
Shall flow to uphold in that glory around them
Fair clime in which nature hath lavishly bound them

Bianca [*aside to And*]

Oh, torture why my father, why
Far from my bosom's Lord away
Hast thou beguiled me here? Ah, let me fly
From this hateful scene.

Andreozzi

Yet stay!
Thy secret marriage is one link the more
In our great project – well assured before.

*A brilliant fête takes place - Bianca is seated between the Duke and her father.*

Ballet [*To the air of the following*]

Chorus

Why should pleasure cease to reign?
Who would mirth or joy restrain?
Why should folly *die?*
If far from scenes of strife

It calm the cares of life,

Why? why?
This is not the season
For one thought of reason!
**{14a}** Let the prudent sigh,
We can but reply,
Why? why ?

Sirena - Ballad
Like a bright dream that fleeteth,
And leaves no trace -
Like the thought of one moment,
The next cloth efface :
Like the young rose of morning
Ere night that may fall,
Are the bright hours of rapture
We ne'er can recall!

Like the fresh breeze that sweepeth
Around its blight,
Unknown whence it cometh,
Or whither its flight:
Like the wild stream that glideth,
Though wanton its play,
Roll the bright hours of rapture
As swiftly away!

Chorus with Ballet [*Repeated*
Why should pleasure cease to reign?
Who would mirth or joy restrain?
Why should folly die?
If far from scenes of strife,
They calm the cares of life,
Why? why?
This is not the season
For one thought of reason:
Let the prudent sigh,
We can but reply,
Why? why?

[*At the end of the dance, the Marquis rises*

**[18]**

Montluc [*offering his hand to Bianca.*]
Alike for beauty and for virtue famed,
Queen of this humble fête be justly named!

*The splendid cortege defiles during the repeat of the*

**{14b}**

Sicilian Chorus

What riches, and what splendour,
All anger'd feeling throw aside!
To beauty, which doth here preside,
All manly tribute render!

[*As the chorus dies away, the entire Company is seen to pass into the Banquet Hall, and the scene closes.*]

## Scene 2

*Interior of an elegant and sumptuous Kiosk, in the Palace Gardens, washed by the sea and lighted by the moon. A candelabra throws a partial light over the scene. Distant sounds of music and revelry are heard at intervals.*

Sirena [*mysteriously gliding into the Kiosk.*]
Recitative

My mind misgives me, - tremblingly, I fear
Some danger waits my noble mistress here:
Though bound to him whose love my heart doth fill,
The ties of friendship must be sacred still.

Ballad
Friendship and Love

My happy home condemned to leave
Almost as soon as wed,
I bid my lover not to grieve,
And thus consoling, said:
"Fear not, our lives shall glide away
All dreams of bliss above,
If we to friendship give one day,
And all the rest to love."

His happy heart relieved from doubt,
At once on mine relied,
And caring not the cause about,
Thus feelingly replied:
**{15a}** "Their lives, indeed, must glide away
All dreams of bliss above,
Who but to *friendship* give one day,
And all the rest to love!

Footsteps approach - I must not here be seen,
[*Turning round.*
Bianca borne this way? - what may it mean?

[*Sirena retires back, as Bianca is borne in on a couch, surrounded by French Ladies of Honour, and followed by Pages.*

Chorus [*In a subdued tone*.]

E'en at the festive board, where joy held sway,
Sleep closed her lids –

*Sir.* [*advancing to the Ladies*] Who has her father told?

*Page* A stranger called him suddenly away

*Sir* [*seeing the Governor enter the Kiosk*]
The Governor!-he must not me behold!

*Sirena conceals herself, as Montluc enters with great precaution*

**[19]** Cavatina

Montluc [*gazing on Bianca with apparent tenderness*]
Sweet moment that o'erwhelms the soul
At once with passion, hope, and shame;
(For reason rarely can control
The heart where Love hath lit the flame.)
**{15b}** Fair creature - she is mine at last -
Through scenes of cold and deep disdain
My daring mind hath firmly past,
A prize worth all its cost to gain.

[*At this moment Sirena, opening one of the doors at the back of the Scene, appears; she is silent, motionless, and unseen by Montluc. Montluc is about to approach Bianca; she rises up, and seems to move in her sleep. Montluc reels back, stupefied.*

Trio

*Bian* [*dreaming*]
Leagued with these French-dragg'd to this gaudy fête! Well, be it so –

*Mont* [*alarmed*] She speaks! 'tis mine to listen!

*Bian* Little they deem what dangers now await,
For, while they sleep, a thousand weapons glisten!

*Mont* [*terrified*] A plot!

*A stifled cry is heard at the end of the Kiosk, when Montluc turns, and perceives Sirena, pale and trembling, in the act qf rushing up to Bianca. He holds her back, with a threatening attitude.*

Ensemble. [*For two Voices only.*]

*Sir.*
Here let me die,
Or thy mercy impart.
My Lord, oh, have pity
Upon this sad heart!

*Mont.* [*with uplifted dagger*]
Traitor, or spy!
Or whatever thou art,
One word, and I bury
This steel in thy heart!

*Bian* [*continuing*] Yes, soon - perchance before another sun,
**{16a}** Perfidious France shall expiate the victory she won!

*Sir* [*escaping from the Governor and running to Bianca*]
Bianca! Bianca! oh, list to what I say!

*Mont* [*maddened, lifts his dagger to strike Sirena*, *suddenly stops, and says, aside*]
A woman, though a fiend, this hand could not slay
[*Then, to Sirena*
Be silent! and, of what thou do'st hear, or see,
[*Pointing to Bianca*
Should but a word escape, thy life shall forfeit be.

Repeat of the Ensemble. [*In a subdued tone*]

*Sir.*
Here let me die,
Or thy mercy impart.
My Lord, oh, have pity
Upon this sad heart!

*Mont.* [*with uplifted dagger*]
Traitor, or spy!
Or whatever thou art,
One word, and I bury
This steel in thy heart!

**[20]**

*Bianca still asleep, rises up, and slowly advances to* a *table covered with papers. She seats herself, while Montluc keeps back Sirena*, *still holding up his dagger, and threatening both her and Bianca*

*Bian.* [*seated, dreaming*]
All is prepared, and our deliverance sure,
Far from the walls wherein they now immure
Sicilia's sons! Upon a sacred scroll,
Dear as his noble fame,
My father sternly bid the chieftains to enrol
I recollect each name.

[*She takes a pen and writes exactly what she had previously written, under her father's dictation, in the First Act.*]

*Bian.* On the fête of St. Clair, before the break of day,
In the cavern where Pietro the armourer works,
The chiefs of revolt will their summons obey -
No fear that treason ever lurks
**{16b}** In those who love their country - Lotto first,
Then Salviati, Polo, Strozzi, too,
Botta, and others to their leaden true,
The bonds of tyrants will asunder burst!
Guerro gives up the citadel, - on high
The flag of Sicily shall proudly fly ;
And, when the tocsin from its heights shall sound,
The shouts of Freedom shall re-echo round.

*Sir.* [*throwing herself in distraction at the Governor's feet*]
She raves! - she dreams!
Great sir, oh, heed her not!
Note not whate'er she says, or seems.
[*aside*] Oh! how can I avert her lot?

[*Montluc after rapidly seizing up the paper that Bianca has just written, draws a drapery aside, through which a Guard enters. He whispers to the Officer, pointing to Sirena*]

*Mont.* This crazy person seize upon with care,
And, on the instant, to the palace bear;-
Her tale the very blood within me stirs!

*Sir* [*held by the Guards*]
Great Heaven! here take *my* life, but pardon hers!
[*As the Guards lead off Sirena*, *stupefied and alarmed, Bianca slowly rises* up,
*goes to the couch, and falls insensibly upon it*]

*Mont.* [*contemplating her with a mixed feeling of love and terror*]
Bianca, those in league with thee I know,
And France had fallen beneath treason's blow -
The force of love it is with duty strives,
'Tis thou alone that can'st redeem their lives.

[*He takes up, in an impassioned manner, the motive of the preceding cavatina*]

**{17a}**

Cavatina
Fair creature, she is mine at last -
Through scenes of cold and deep disdain,
My daring mind hath firmly past,
A prize worth all its cost to gain.

[*On the last bar of the air Bianca begins* to *awaken. Montluc opens the door at the back of the stage, points out Bianca to the Ladies grouped outside, and, holding up the paper inscribed by Bianca*, *goes out with an air of triumph.*
*The moon lights up the gardens, as the curtain falls* on *this tableau*].

**End of Act 2**

**[21]**

## Act 3, Scene 1

*The Nuptial Chamber of Bianca in the Andreozzi Palace. In the left angle is a window opening on a balcony, with a View of the Sea on the Horizon, obscured by the Night. On the right is the Image of the Virgin, before which a Lamp is burning. There are likewise Side Doors.*

*On the rising of the curtain, Bianca* is *surrounded by her Attendants, assisting to finish her Toilette.*

Chorus of Young Girls
The distant sound of the holy bell
So faintly sighing
The air so calm you scarce can tell
Its breath is dying
The tide whose wave has ceased to swell
In slumber lying

Are all in solemn keeping
With the city's tranquil sleeping
The midnight's deep'ning sound
Echoes around
And should thine eyelid close
Soft be thy heart's repose!

Bianca
Recitative

Freed from those hated scenes which vice enthrals
Once more I breathe in my father's halls
Escaped from those with passions guilty tone
To whom my marriage secret is unknown

Ballad

I have no doubt I have no fear
No impulse that can clouded be
Absorbed in one sole thought I see
A vision of futurity
The brightest memory can endure
It is that he will soon be here
**{18b}** The useless grief is hushed the tear
Has ebb'd and ne'er again can flow
The feeling in my soul that glow
One throb and one alone can know,
For life has not a joy so dear
It is that he will soon be here.

Chorus repeated

The midnight's deep'ning sound
Echoes around
And should thine eyelid close
Soft be thy heart's repose!

[*Exeunt, respectfully saluting Bianca*

*Bian.* The dead of night! yet, not a sound I hear
Which gives assurance that Rodolfo's near -
[*She goes out on the balcony, and looks around,*
Yet, 'tis that morrow, with whose dawn of clay
The chains of bondage shall be borne away:
From Pietro's forge, along Sicilia's sky,
The flag of freedom shall in triumph fly.
[A *distant sound is heard.*
What noise is that? - 'tis he, perchance!
The joy that did my soul entrance
Seems from my grasp to disappear-
No! - 'twas a moment's idle fear.
[*A door opens, and a man enters wrapped in a cloak.*

*Bian.* [*running up to him, and then suddenly exclaiming in an accent of alarm*]

The Governor!

*Mont* [*throwing off his cloak*] Forgive me!

*Bian.* [*indignantly*] To intrude
Here, at this hour, and with a front so rude!

*Mont.* Thy moments are number'd -
My fate, too, is cast--
And Justice, that slumberld,
Awakens at last.

**{19a}**

*Bian* [*haughtily*] Begone, nor dare my father's halls profane.

*Mont* Time presses - let me not now plead in vain.

*Bian* Begone! nor here a moment longer stay.
I do command – 'tis yours, sir, to obey.

*Mont* No - no, thy utmost fury I will brave,
And here remain, for 'tis thy life to save.
Although from duty I may swerve,
'Tis thee, and thee alone, to serve.
Hemm'd round by foes, their banded phalanx through
A path of safety I, for thee, would hew.
**[22]** Danger and death their folds around thee twine,
And fortune's strangest chance hath made thee mine!

*Bian* [*in bewilderment*] What says he ?

*Mont* Duty, and my country's call -
Here, at thy feet, I sacrifice them all.
Beloved by thee, all else I would forget,
But, if disdained, revenge is left me yet !

*Bian* Audacious wretch! Begone - nor think
Thy shameless point to gain:
If standing on perdition's brink,
Thy threats I would disdain.

*Bian* Audacious wretch! Begone - nor think
Thy shameless point to gain:
If standing on perdition's brink,
Thy threats I would disdain. Ensemble

*Mont* Audacious girl! she does not think
[*aside*] My point I can attain ;
And, standing on perdition's brink,
My threats would still disdain;

Bianca [*To Montluc, who refuses to leave the room*]

Bravura Ballad

Hear, then, and if thou can'st, withstand
My bursting feeling now,
While I affix the brand
Of shame upon thy brow!
With schemes that only spies
Their victims overpower,
A helpless maiden to surprise
In her unguarded hour!

When France thy name essayed
In chivalry to lift,
She thought not to what noble trade
**{19b}** Thou woulds't devote the gift!
To knighthood a disgrace
No time can ill efface.
Listen to me,
And start not ;
*Duke* thou may'st be,
But man thou art not!

Treason has soiled thy name,
Blighted thy warrior's fame;
Dishonour thy renown
At once has trampled down,
And mine shall be the task
Thy baseness to unmask!

Montluc [*at her feet.*]

Here at thy feet I kneel
Thy pardon to implore;
The anguish of that heart to heal
I madly must adore.
If at the altar's shrine
Thou wilt be mine!

Montluc [*Still at her feet.*]

Here I at once would yield,
With pangs my heart that rend,
My honour and my life,
Thy spirit to unbend.

**[23]** Ensemble

Bianca

[*Threatening him and with great disdain*]

With firmness and with scorn
A deadly hate I blend;
And would give up my life
Before I would unbend!

*Montluc attempts to prevent her leaving the room. She repulses him, when a door at the back is violently thrown open, and Rodolfo enters, pale, his dress in disorder, and sword in hand.*

Bianca [*with an exclamation of joy.*]
I am saved!

*She throws herself in the arms of Rodolfo*
Trio

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Rod.* | What do I see? - here, and by night? | |
| [*to Mont*] | From whence does this audacity proceed? | |
| **{20a}** | | |
| Mont [*to Rod*] | What right did here *thy* daring, footsteps lead? | |
| *Rod* | What right? then learn, mine is a *husband's* right! | |
| *Mont* [*stupefied*] | Her husband! | |
| *Mont* | The secret now is solved<br>That hath their fate involved –<br>The pang it doth impart,<br>Although it crush my heart,<br>Upon their steps shall wait,<br>With unconsuming hate.<br>*Husband,* as well as wife,<br>Though now your lamp of life<br>Be in its brightest noon,<br>It shall be darkened soon.<br>Revenge, with deadly oath,<br>Shall light upon them both. | |
| *Bian* | The secret is dissolved,<br>In which our fate's involved,<br>Whose nature doth impart<br>Such rapture to my heart;<br>Nor heed I now what fate<br>Upon my steps may wait.<br>The sacred name of wife,<br>Which links to him my life,<br>As destiny's high boon,<br>Shall be acknowledged soon; | |
| [*to Rod*] | And love with firmer growth<br>More fondly bind us both. | Ensemble |
| *Rod* | The secret is dissolved,<br>In which my fate's involved;<br>While I a truth impart,<br>Whose weight may crush my heart.<br>Yet, now my deadly hate | |

Upon his steps shall wait;
The sacred name of wife,
Which links her to my life,
As destiny's high boon,
Shall be acknowledged soon;
[*to Bianca*] And with increasing growth,
**{20b}** Love fondly bind us both.

*Mont* [*Threatening them*]
On both shall vengeance light;
Deride my folly, but beware its might!

**[24]**

*Rod* Pay all respect to *her,* and answer *me;*
In the base blood of France this sword you see
Already steeped - in you I hope to find
One who may prove more worthy of his kind -
Defend yourself!
[*Montluc draws his sword*

*Bian* [*Rushing between them*.]
No blood! Upon this spot
My sainted mother died. Pollute it not!
[*to Mont*] Montluc depart, while yet thy path is free,
And claim the rights of hospitality!

Ensemble

Bian. and Rod. *[to Mont*.]
Beneath this roof, by pride impell'd,
Thy worthless life is sacred held;
Deep as may be *thy* honour's stain,
It is *our own* we must maintain.

Mont. [*aside.*]
Although by rage and sham impell'd,
My purpose must be yet with held;
Yet they for aid shall plead in vain,
My honour who have dar'd to stain.

*Montluc exit by secret door, while Bianca falls in a state of exhaustion into the arms of Rodolfo*

*Rod* [*supporting Bianca*, *aside, and placing Bianca in an arm chair* ]
Her nature was not framed to bear
The weight of so much care!

Ballad
Sweet spirit of my thought
Let not thy light decay !
Let not thy mind, o'erwrought,
Wither away :
Though pale and cold thy cheek,
Though thy sad heart repine;
Come, gentle love, and seek
Shelter in mine!

Bright vision of my soul,

**{21a}**

Waken again to-day!
Break through the dark control
Clouding thy ray.
Though pale and cold thy cheek,
Though thy sad heart repine;
Come, gentle love, and seek
Shelter in mine.

*Bian* [*to Rod, recovering herself*]
Thy fond embrace each feeling can restore

*Rod* I came to press thee to my heart once more!
Then leave –

*Bian* [*interrupting him*] The place of rendezvous I know -
Where peril waits thee, there thy wife should go.

*Rod* Amidst the faction:.

*Bian* [*proudly*] Aye, in danger's day
All fear for safety must at once give way,
'Till tyranny's no more-

**[25]**

*Rod* [*pressing her to his heart*] - One smile from thee
Shall be the beacon light of liberty!

Solo.
Come with me! dry thy tears,
Hush all thy vain alarms,
And, banishing thy fears,
Add vigour to our arms!

*Bian* Henceforth I'll dry these tears
Hush all these vain alarms
And, freed from idle fears
Give vigour to thy arms!

[*Rodolfo rushes out, leading Bianca in his hand*]

## Scene 2

A *Vast Cavern* to *a Mountain, fitted up as the Forge, or Workshop, of Pietro***,** *the Armourer*

*In the back-ground, on the O.P. side, is an immense door closed, which opens upon ruins; on the P.S.. side is a Furnace, a-light, to which are attached huge bellows. In the centre is an anvil; and on either side are hanging-up implements and tools belonging to tie trade. In the foreground, in a niche, is a figure of the Madonna. The Scene is lighted-up with a bright moon, the rays of which*

*penetrate into the vault, through a* **{21b}** *practicable opening, at the top of the Cavern. The light of the moon forms a strong contrast with the bright and red fire issuing from the Forge. Pietro and his workmen are discovered; and amongst them are concealed Andreozzi, Botta, Strozzi, Salviati***,** *and other Sicilian Nobles, disguised as smiths. A party of French Soldiers, and others, are scattered here and there, examining the Sicilians. Those in disguise mix up with the others-some holding bars of iron which others hammer upon, some cleaning up arms, others blowing the fire, etc.*

Chorus

Strike! strike! at each stroke ye give
A tyrant shall cease to live!
Strike! strike! at each blow
Ye lay a despot low !
Pan! pan! pan! pan! poignard, and sword, and helm!
Pan! pan! pan! pan! shall tyranny overwhelm!
Friends and allies alike,
Strike! strike! strike!
Pan! pan! pan! pan! long as the metal endure,
Pan! pan! pan! pan! so long is the carnage sure!
Friends and allies alike,
Strike! strike! strike!

*And.* [*Aside to Pietro***,** *pointing to a party of French, who are bargaining for arms*]
I do suspect those men –

*Piet.* They are from France,
And deal with us. [*Then turning round to the smiths, and their companions*]
Come, let us drink and dance:
And to lull all suspicion, or notion of wrong,
I'll sing you the lay of the armourer's song.

**[26]**

Pietro – Rondo

The armourer loves his trade
Of the iron helm and blade,
But he loves fair woman more,
For her heart is of softer ore;
**{22a}** And the flash of his eyes
Surpasses the light
From his anvil that flies
At woman's very sight ;
And thus, while the sound of his hammer rings,
The armourer sings:
" Forge, forge, workmen, with zeal!
Forge the rough metal of iron and steel!
With all true to love, and to labour as well,
Health and contentment are certain to dwell!"

Chorus

[*Repeating the burthen, accompanied by their hammers, while other are dancing.*]
"Forge, forge, workmen, with zeal!

Forge the rough metal of iron and steel!
With all true to love, and to labour as well,
Health and contentment are certain to dwell!"
The armourer, light and gay,
May laugh as he toils away
To mould into form the arms
That surrender to woman's charms.
For her smile can prevail,
Where once it hath played,
More than all the bright mail
That ever was made.
And thus, while the sound of his hammer rings,
The armourer sings:
" Forge, forge, workmen, with zeal!
Forge the rough metal of iron and steel!
With all true to love, and to labour as well,
Health and contentment are certain to dwell!"

Chorus [*Repeating*]
" Forge, forge, workmen, with zeal!
Forge the rough metal of iron and steel!
With all true to love, and to labour as well,
Health and contentment are certain to dwell!"

*And.* [*in a suppressed voice, after looking at the back of the scene.*]
My son and his companions, have no fear,
Will, with the earliest blush of day, be here.

**{22b}**

[*They then join all the rest, who, striking their anvils with increased energy, take up the burthen of the first chorus.*]

Chorus
Strike! strike! at each stroke ye give
A tyrant shall cease to live!
Strike! strike! at each blow
Ye lay a despot low !
Pan! pan! pan! pan! poignard, and sword, and helm!
Pan! pan! pan! pan! shall tyranny overwhelm!
**[27]** Friends and allies alike,
Strike! strike! strike!
Pan! pan! pan! pan! long as the metal endure,
Pan! pan! pan! pan! so long is the carnage sure!

[*Here the French party is seen to leave the forge and And, Bot, Sal, Stroz and other sicilian nobles strip off their smiths' aprons etc and appear in suits of mail, fully armed and equipped*

Chorus of Conspirators
Gather, gather, gather,
The moment is nigh ;
The sun o'er the mountains hath risen,
And his beams that play on the waves

Are the signal to open the prison,
Where freemen repine as slaves.
Gather, gather, gather,
Fear not to die.
Oh, let us remember in deadliest fight,
That the combat is one for Sicilia's right.
*Rodolfo enters, followed by Bianca*

Recitative

*Rod.* Wherever the pennon of freedom hath floated,
Young spirits spring forth to her banner devoted,
And not through the land is one heart that would falter
To bleed for his country, his home, and his altar

*All* Be Rodolph (*sic*) our chosen chief!

*Rod.* [*with enthusiasm*]
This honour you dispense
**{23a}** Is worth all other recompense.
For Sicilia's relief
In the foremost rank will I take my stand,
But only to combat, and not to command!

*And* [*to Bianca*] My child! in scenes that bid the firmest shake,
Why dost thou come?

*Bian.* [*enthusiastically*] Their danger to partake,
And with devotion to a husband due,
His triumph see, or with *him* perish, too!

*And* The solemn hour is near!
Heaven! are appeal will hear
If humbly as we may
With supplicant knee we pray

*All* [*Kneeling to the Madonna*]
Thou who the fallen dost defend
Oh! animate each bbreast
Thy mighty succour lend
To strengthen the oppressed
Dost thou make right the wrong
Oh! Grant the boon we seek
Suffer no more the strong
To trample on the week

[*The alarm bell is heard. They all rise.*

*Rod* List to the loud alarum bell!

*And*

List to its accents while they swell,
As signal to our glory !

*Piet*

Be every weapon gory

*Rpd*

With the best blood of those
Who freedom's cause oppose.

*At this moment the great gates at the further end of the tavern aro suddenly broken in, and along the whole extent of the ruins outside the French troops are drawn up in order of battle. The rude and half-broken steps which form an entrance to the cavern are covered with soldiers. Sentinels are placed at every outlet, aid another force lines the side arches. Montluc is at their head, surrounded by a brilliant staff. The alarm bell* **{23b}** *still rings, and the distant roar of cannon and musketry is heard.*

**[28]** And, San., Rod., and the rest [*horror struck*] Betrayed! - the French!

*Mont* [*advancing*] The bright, the sure success
Of all our measures fortune deigns to bless!
All your accomplices are seized, and you
Shall meet that death which to such crime is due!

Ensemble

| The Sicilians | The French [*aside*] |
|---|---|
| Oh, terror Oh surprise! | The terror, the surprise |
| Our griefs will never end! | With which their griefs they blend |
| Our land all fallen lies | Has crush'd the force which vainly tries |
| That none can now defend! | Their purport to defend! |

*And.* [*to Rodolfo*] All then is lost -

*All* There is no longer hope!

*Rod* [*with grief.*]
Oh! who with traitors ever yet could cope?

*And* [*indignantly.*]
Not we, but France it is stands so disgraced

*Mont* [*to the conspirators,* and *pointing to a paper in his hand.*]
And yet 'tis one of you these lines who trac'd !

*Rod* [*furious.*] Thou liest!

*Mont* Hear what cannot be effaced

*All* Listen, and hear the lines some wretch hath traced.

*Mont* [*reading the paper, written by Bianca during her sleep in 2nd Act*]
" At the fête of St. Clair, towards the break of day,
In the cavern where Pietro, the armourer, works,

The chiefs of revolt will their summons obey -
No fear that treason lurks
In those who love their country - Lotto, first,
Then Salviati, Polo, Strozzi, too,
Botta, and others, to their leader's true,
The bonds of tyrants will asunder burst!
Guerro gives up the citadel - on high.
**{24a}** The flag of Sicily shall proudly fly -
And, when the tocsin from its heights shall sound,
The shouts of freedom shall re-echo round!!!"

[*addressing Montluc*]
*All* Name - name the author of the scroll you read.

We all revolt at such a darkened deed.
*Piet*

Shame be upon him!
*Bian*

[*to Bianca*] *You* demand it? then
*Mont* [*Pointing to Rodolfo*
'Tis from your noble Lord Rodolfo's pen!

*Bian.,and* Rodolfo! calumny on insult piled!
*The other*
*Sicilians.* [*with the utmost indignation, and addressing his friends*]
*Rod* Believe him not! he sought to have defiled
My cherished wife, and now, my fame to blast,
He has this outrage on mine honour cast.

[*to Rodolfo*, *with great energy*]
*All* We do believe thee, our esteem is thine.

[*pointing to Rodolfo*]
*Mont* If in a victim's garb he wish to shine,
Read what his anger seems so to inflame;
And, if it be not he, the author name-
[*In a whisper to Rodolfo*, *as he presents the paper.*
Or shall I name him ?

**[29]** [*aside, as he recognises the handwriting of Bianca*]
*Rod* Heavens! what do I see?

[*pointing to Rodolfo* ]
*Mont* In shame and guilt, behold your chieftain stand!

[*aside, and stupefied* ]
*Rod* The writing here is by Bianca's hand!!!

[*in a subdued voice, but watching him*]
*All*

Silent ! Silent ! He seems to be
Bound as if by some spell
Can he this charge of infamy
By evidence repel?

*Sang and And* [*to Rodolfo*]
Thine honour vindicate!
*All* How, silent still?
**{24b}**
*Bian* By all our love!

*Rod* Do with me as you will!

*All* Our vengeance beware! - the traitor avow!

*Rod* I cannot reply -

*All* Then, that traitor art thou!

*Rod* Rage and distraction through my bosom sweep-
[*Then pointing to Bianca*
But, for her sake, this secret I must keep!

*Conspirators* [*to Rodolfo*]
Curses upon thee! may the brand of shame
Affix its blight for ever on thy name;
The voice of unregarded comrades, whom
Thy recreant heart now hastens to their tomb,
Shall, 'till it closes over them, exclaim,
Curse upon curse against thy perjured name!

*Bian* Have pity on him.

*Rod* Do not yet condemn !

*Sang* [*to his son, Rodolfo*]
Ah, no! no more thyself deceive, nor them.

*Piet* [*pointing to Rodolfo* ]
I will not doubt him till the truth be told.

*And* [*keeping aloof from him, Bianca almost overcome*.]
Cursed be the traitor who his country sold.
*Mont.* Who mock'd your griefs, with your misfortunes played?

*All* [*except Pietro*]
'Tis he ! tis he! by whom we are betrayed!

Ensemble
Curses upon thee! may the brand of shame

Affix a blight for ever on thy name.
The voice of unregarded comrades, whom
Thy recreant heart now hastens to their tomb,
Shall, till it closes over thee, exclaim
Curse upon curse, against thy perjured name!

*Piet/Bian* Do not thy faith in me/him recall
Alas their blood on me/him will fall

*Rodolfo rushes out, overcome with passion and grief, Andreozzi supports Bianca, who has fainted away, while Montluc gives a signal to the Guards to lead the Conspirators to death, and with this tableau*

**THE THIRD ACT ENDS**

**{25a}[30]**

## Act 4, Scene 1

*A Picturesque Scene, entitled The Demon's Valley, situated at the bottom of a deep vale, or ravine, near Syracuse. An extensive view of the sea in the back ground. The entrance, or descent into the valley,* is *by steps cut out of the surrounding rocks. On the* O. P. *side are the ruins of an ancient chapel. A clear and brilliant moon lights up the scene. On every projection of the rocks the Sicilian peasants are placed as sentinels, holding torches in their hands. Count Andreozzi, Botta, Salviati, and other Sicilian nobles, seated here and there upon various parts of the rocks, are holding a secret tribunal. Count Sangenaro, father of Rodolfo,* is *standing in front of them. Pietro, the young armourer, is seated on one side, his head in his hands, and apparently overwhelmed with grief.*

Chorus of Judges
By him who hath his country once betray'd,
Deep reparation should be made!
He for our lives who no regard hath shown,
Deserves to lose his own!
[*This chorus is heard in fall repetition, but not so loudly among the rocks around.*
By him who hath his country once betray'd,
Deep reparation should be made !
He for our lives who no regard hath shown,
Deserves to lose his own!

Sang. [*in a subdued sorrowful and solemn tone*.]
My son, to Sicily's renown allied,
Was in that light, my glory, hope and pride;
That son is lost for ever, and I see
Death is the only hope now left for me!

And. [*rising*]
On him who high in honour bore his part,
Who gain'd my own, and won my daughter's heart;
On him all ties of blood I here reverse,
He, who had once my blessing, has my curse!

[*All the Conspirators rise tip and repeat in a solemn manner the preceding Chorus, which is heard to die away in the distance.*

**{25b}**

By him who has his country once betray'd,
Deep reparation should be made!
He for our lives who no regard hath shown,
Deserves to lose his own!

**[31]**

*Piet* Condemned before defence one word hath said!

*And.* To this tribunal he dares not appear.

*All* He knows that death's suspended o'er his head,
And fears to face it-

*Rod* [*appearing*] Father, I am here!

*All* Chorus
Great Heaven! and dares he thus to brave
Those whom his treason would enslave, -
Those whom his guilty breath
Consigned to death?

*Sang* Accursed son! what coms't thou here to say

*And* Unto thy treason would'st thou insult add?

*Piet* [*with an affectionate tone, pointing to Rodolfo*]
Ah, no ! that heart none other can betray
Which fame and honour for its guide hath had.

*Rod* Would I thy friendship could repay; the thought
Of pending danger weighs with me as naught
Compared with recollections, which now seem
The wild creation of some baseless dream.

Ballad (Rodolfo)
When we recall the happy scenes
Of love's young days we knew,
To which remembrance fondly leans,
Unconscious how they flew;
And those we prized, perchance too well,
All cold, or false, we see,
'Tis only mem'ry that can tell
How changed this world can be.

When hearts for which we lived alone
We can no more believe,
And passion's most exciting tone
Is breathed but to deceive;

When hopes on which we loved to dwell
Contrasted thus we see,
'Tis only mem'ry that can tell
How changed the world can be.

*And and Sang.* [*to Rodolfo*]
And dost thou know the deadly hate
Felt for thee here?

*Rod* I shrink not from my fate
**{26a}** I am not guilty, or, like guilt, should fly
No falsehood stains *his* lips about to die!

*All* Denounce the guilty wretch! his name reveal!

*Rod* Never! But [*opening his vest*] rather death my lips shall seal!

[*They all lift their poignards, as Bianca rushes in suddenly from the ruins.*

*Bian* Withhold! withhold! your withering curse recall,
Until ye know on whom its weight should fall.
Here, as his wife, that secret I shall claim;
And here, when known, I will disclose the name!

*And* [*to all*] Retire! and wait in silence some brief space;
[*then to Bianca*
Our claims to vengeance in thy hands we place
**[32]** [*Pointing to Rod.*]
Let him give up the name we here decry,
Unmask the traitor, or prepare to die.

Repeat of Chorus
By him, who hath his country once betray'd,
Deep reparation should be made!
He, for our lives who no regard hath shown,
Deserves to lose his own.

[*They all silently retire, and disappear among the windings of the valley, pointing out Rod. to Bian. as they exeunt.*]

Duet

*Rod* [*aside, without regarding Bian.*]
In this extreme, can she deny that deed?
That shameless writing I was doom'd to read?

*Bian* Solo
Here, on my knees, to agony a prey,
From my distraction do not turn away;
Hope of my charmed soul, the only thought
Of pure affection with my being wrought.
Here to this bosom, with devotion's care,

The secrets of thine own at once lay bare;
Prepared, as thy afflicted, saddened bride,
To live with thee, or perish at thy side!

*Rod* [*aside*]
In this extreme, can she deny that deed?
That shameless writing I was doom'd to read

*Bian* Speak I implore thee with these pleading sighs
These broken accents and these streaming eyes
Thine honor - ever deem'd so high and pure
***{26b}*** By all that's dear to it, I thee adjure
Here to this bosom, with devotion's care,
The secrets of thine own at once lay bare;
Prepared, as thy afflicted, saddened bride,
To live with thee, or perish at thy side!

*Rod* Too much! too much! My courage now must yield.
Nor longer such audacious falsehood shield;
And *thou* would'st know by whom we are betrayed?
By whom our secrets vilely were displayed?

*Bian* Tell me his name.

*Rod* [*almost beside himself*] His name thou would'st have known!
'Tis thine!

*Bian* [*stupefied*] 'Tis mine?

*Rod* Yes, yes, it is thine own!
Daughter of Andreozzi, thus disgraced!
That fatal writing which thy hand had traced
I recognised too well - and I resign
My life, in deep disgrace, to shelter thine.
If further question thou would'st ask of me,
Who has denounced us? - I reply - 'twas thee!!

*Bian* [*in a state of distraction*]
By some design abused,
Deviced but to mislead,
I now stand here accused
Of this detested deed! Ensemble

*Rod*
All efforts vainly used,
It is at length decreed,
That she stands here accused
Of this detested deed!

*Bian* If reason hast not left thee - can to me
Such outrage be applied?

For honour due to me, and fame to thee
Say that thy lip hath lied!!!

*Rod* By the proud names of my ancestral line,
Where I had hoped to sec emblazoned mine
**[33]** By all the hopes that may support the soul,
Thy hand I traced in that condemning scroll

*Bian* Thou, whom I love, as none
Ever loved before,
Thou, the fond only one,
I ever can adore:
**{27a}** Here, at thy feet, all form of life efface,
Ere load that life with such a deep disgrace!

*Rod* [*aside*] That gentle voice - impassioned, yet so sweet,
Heart of *my* heart, thus pleading at my feet;
Those cherished accents, all deceit above,
Could but betray me when she ceased to love!

*Bian* [*in an impassioned tone*]
Oh! die a thousand deaths, e'er cease to love!!

Ensemble

| Rod | Bian |
|---|---|
| All thought of guilt, or shame | When thoughts of guilt, or shame |
| I do forego ; | He can forego; |
| Oh! may'st thou ne'er the name | That I may not the name |
| Of sorrow know. | Of sorrow know. |
| Thy voice my soul disarms, | His voice my soul disarms |
| With its soft breath, | With its soft breath; |
| Come, and within these arms | Let me, then, in these arms |
| Repose till death! | Repose till death! |

Rod [*with the utmost fondness*]
Despite this fatal deed, despite each sense
Of startling fact, borne out by evidence,
All I accuse - by shame, by grief inflamed –
All but the heart of such devotion framed.

Repeat of Ensemble

| Rod [*embracing in the most impassioned manner*] | Bian |
|---|---|
| All thought of guilt, or shame | When thoughts of guilt, or shame |
| I do forego ; | He can forego; |
| Oh! may'st thou ne'er the name | That I may not the name |
| Of sorrow know. | Of sorrow know. |
| Thy voice my soul disarms, | His voice my soul disarms |
| With its soft breath, | With its soft breath; |
| Come, and within these arms | Let me, then, in these arms |
| Repose till death! | Repose till death! |

[*At the end of the Duet, a Stranger, masked, is brought in by a party of the Conspirators*].

*Stranger* I come to tell ye, that, borne down in fight,
Your foes are conquered, and their chief in flight;
That paper, which your secret did unfold
**{27b}** Unto Moutluc, within this hand I hold!
[*A general feeling of honor, yet curiosity, pervades.*

*Rod* [*aside*] Then, she is lost!

*Stranger* [*to Andreozzi*] This scroll, of such disgrace
As now it seems, within thy hands I place!
[*He gives the scroll to Andreozzi, who reads it.*
*And* [*with an exclamation of terror*]
Great Heavens! the cipher of my daughter's hand!
[*Lets fall the paper, which the conspirators immediately seize.*
**[34]**
*All* His daughter's writing! Now we understand
Rodolfo s noble heart! At once to her
Our vows of vengeance we, from him, transfer.
[*They all brandish their weapons, and are about to rush on Bianca*

*Stranger* He who accuses her stands here prepared
Her honour to defend - her life to guard!
[*Throwing off his mask.*
It is Montluc before ye!!!
[*The conspirators utter an exclamation of horror and surprise, and are about to seize upon him.*

Pray ye, stay!
Witness the debt of justice he will pay. [*Pointing to Rodolfo*.
His honor to give back and then far more
[*Pointing to Bianca*
Her innocence - so injured – to restore
Alone I come – and with the words I speak
I yield the life your thirsty weapons seek!
I would no to avert the driest (direst?) doom
Bear with me, such remorse into the tomb
As that of having cost the life of one
I so much loved! Whose love I would have won.
Listen!
Remember the departed eve
Which saw my halls thrown open to receive
Sicilia's nobles - profiting thereby,
I to the wrong'd Bianca did apply
A drug which had narcotic power, to steep
Her reason in forgetfulness - in sleep,
Unconscious what she did, she traced that deed
[*Pointing to the paper*
Whereby I hoped my project would succeed!
**{28a}** Her honour, thus unstained, let none malign,

The shame, disgrace, and agony, are mine!
In proof of this, yon girl - [*Pointing to Sirena*
Whom my control
Arrested had, was witness of the whole!

*Sirena* [*energetically*]
The truth of this I swear!

*Rod* [*passionately*] I felt, I knew
Bianca spotless, as her love was true

Rodolfo
All thought of guilt, or shame
I do forego ;
Oh! may'st thou ne'er the name
Of sorrow know.
Thy voice my soul disarms,
With its soft breath,
Come, and within these arms
Repose till death!

Bianca
When thoughts of guilt, or shame
He can forego;
That I may not the name
Of sorrow know.
His voice my soul disarms
With its soft breath;
Let me, then, in these arms
Repose till death!

And, Sang, and the whole body surrounding Rod and Bian

Chorus
Blest be the moment which thus blends
Those we deem'd foes with those we feel are friends.

Bianca [*to Andreozzi*]
My father! he whose courage thus could dare
His life expose, his error to repair,
And me to justify, such noble foe
Ought not to fall beneath a worthless blow!

Andreozzi
Let him depart! the cause we have sustain'd
Shall not by such remorseless death be stain'd.
Montluc is free! he may rejoin his fleet –

Montluc
Though on this rescued soil no more we meet,
Montluc will not forget, that life for life
Has closed this scene of most unhappy strife;
Nor cease, though all his hopes were form'd in vain,
To love the land where he has ceased to reign.

*The whole body salute Montluc, who is conducted off by a party. This is succeeded by a loud discharge of cannon, mingled with the shouts of the populace, and at the same time every point of the rocks is covered with the flags of Sicily. The sun throws his bright beams over the sea, whereby the French flotilla is seen to sail off in the distance. Bells ringing, etc., and the whole body joining in a general chorus.*

**[35]**

Aria Nationale

Flag of our country, whose meteor
Beams brightly in the sky
Pennon of Freedom, whose feature
Emblazoned is on high!
Flag of our country, whose beauty
Sends forth its light around –
See, by thy standard, in duty,
Thy son's together bound!

*Every point of view is occupied by the Nobles, Conspirators, and other associates; while the Sea, covered with Ships, forms a double Tableau. In the midst of this general excitement, firing of cannon and waving of flags.*

**The Curtain falls**