

THE
BRIDES OF VENICE;

A GRAND OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS:

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

ON MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1844.

THE MUSIC,

(COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS THEATRE,) BY

M. BENEDICT.

WITH

A PREFACE BY

ALFRED BUNN, ESQ.,

Author of "The Bohemian Girl," "The Maid of Artois," "The Minister and
Mercer," "Lestocq," "The Bronze Horse," "My Neighbour's Wife," &c.

THE SCENERY BY

MR. GRIEVE, MR. T. GRIEVE, AND MR. W. GRIEVE.

LONDON:—W. S. JOHNSON, "NASSAU STEAM PRESS," SOHO.

Price One Shilling.

[Ent. at Stationers' Hall.]

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FR. NIC. MANSKOPFSCHES
MUSIKHISTORISCHES
MUSEUM. FRANKFURT A.M.

Sg kanske km II 180/85

Dramatis Personæ.

Doge of Venice,	Mr. CHAPMAN.	
Count Alberto,	Mr. W. HARRISON.	
Count Orio Soranzo, (<i>the Pirate Chief</i>)	Mr. BORRANI.	
Naama, (<i>his Arab Page</i>)	Mrs. ALFRED SHAW.	
Giotti,	} <i>Lords of Venice,</i> {	Mr. T. RIDGWAY.
Juliano,		Mr. HOWELL.
Leontio, (<i>Lieut. of the Pirate Band</i>)	Mr. G. HORNCastle.	
Geraltiero,	} <i>other Pirates</i> {	Mr. BINGE.
Astolfo,		Mr. H. HORNCastle.
Geraldo, (<i>a Pirate Boy</i>)	Madlle. ALBERTAZZI.	
Francesca Morosini,	Miss ROMER.	

Venetian Nobles, and Ladies, Peasants, Pirates, &c.

P R E F A C E.

THE romantic incident on which this Opera is founded, is treated of by those eminent authorities, M. Simonde de Sismondi and the Comte Daru, is further enlarged upon in the "Sketches from Venetian History," collated therefrom by the late Rev. Edward Smedley, and is moreover commemorated by Mr. Rogers in his elegant poem of "Italy." The following extract from those "Sketches" will explain the action of the piece, although a liberty has been taken with the date of its taking place.

"Under Candiano II., occurred one of those events which vividly depict the manners of the age to which they belong; and which, though affecting individuals rather than a nation, excite nevertheless very powerful interest and almost connect History with Romance. According to an ancient usage, the marriages among the chief families at Venice were celebrated publicly. The same day and the same hour witnessed the union of numerous betrothed; and the Eve of the Feast of the Purification, on the return of which the Republic gave portions to twelve young maidens, was the season of this joyous anniversary. It was to Olivolo, the residence of the Patriarch, on the extreme verge of the city, that the ornamented gondolas repaired on this happy morning. There, hailed by music and the gratulations of their assembled kindred, the lovers disembarked; and the festive pomp, swelled by a long train of friends, richly clad, and bearing with them, in proud display, the jewels and nuptial presents of the brides, proceeded to the Cathedral. The Pirates of Istria had long marked this peaceful show as affording a rich promise of booty; for, at the time of which we are writing, the Arsenal and its surrounding mansions were not yet in existence, Olivolo was untenanted, except by Priests, and its neighbourhood was entirely without inhabitants. In these deserted spots, the Corsairs laid

there on ambush the night before the ceremony; and while the unarmed and unsuspecting citizens were yet engaged in the marriage rites before the altar, a rude and ferocious troop burst the gates of the Cathedral. Not content with seizing the costly ornaments which became their prize, they tore away also the weeping and heart-broken brides and hurried them to their vessels. The Doge had honoured the Festival with his presence, and, deeply touched by the rage and despair of the disappointed bridegrooms, he summoned the citizens to arms. Hastily assembling such galleys as were in the harbour, they profited by a favourable wind; and overtook the ravishers before they were extricated from the *Lagune* of Caorlo. Candiano led the attack, and, such was its fury, that not a single Istriote escaped the death which he merited. The maidens were brought back in triumph; and, on the evening of the same day, the interrupted rites were solemnized with joy, no doubt much heightened by a remembrance of the peril which had so well nigh prevented their completion. The memory of this singular event was long kept alive by an annual procession of Venetian women on the Eve of the Purification, and by a solemn visit paid by the Doge to the Church of *Sta. Maria Formosa*."

My esteemed friend, Mr. Benedict, having submitted to me the materials of an Opera, on which he had been long engaged, based upon this occurrence, with a complimentary request that I would connect them together, I have had great pleasure in meeting his wishes; but, to prevent the possibility of my being charged with laying claim to any portion of a work I have not contributed, I take the liberty of stating that the only part of the first Act, beyond a slight assistance in its construction, written by me is marked with inverted commas.

For the whole of the second Act, except *Soranzo's* "Recitative and Aria," I have to solicit the indulgence of those whose patience I fear I have too often put to the trial.

A. B.

London, April 22nd, 1844.

THE BRIDES OF VENICE,

A GRAND OPERA, IN TWO ACTS.

—o—

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Saloon in Count Soranzo's Villa.*

In the foreground are tables covered with the remains of a feast. LEONTIO
NOBLES and others discovered.

INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS.

Another cup! fill high! fill high!
Nor heed though day be in the sky!
Old Wisdom's rules we scorn!
'Tis but the gloomy owls that fly
In terror at the morn,
Another cup! fill high! &c.

Enter SORANZO.

And now to play—while aching head, *[they rise.*
And trembling hand creep home to bed,
Let Orio name the stake!

Sor. Not I—adieu to sport and sin;
A sober life I now begin,
For he who woes and hopes to win,
Must such free joys forsake.

Chor. Hal ha! ha! ha! the rover's caught,
Too long by beauty vainly sought.

Sor. *[Ironically.]* Alas! 'tis true; past hope I'm caught,
So long by beauty vainly sought!
But drink again to drown the thought,
And keep ourselves awake.

(Da capo.)

Another cup! fill high, &c.

[After they have risen, Servants remove the table, &c. and exeunt.]

Jul. To play! to play, Soranzo! no denial.

Sor. Have with you then, gentlemen: 'tis for you to fear, not me. I am the spoiled child of fortune, and like other spoiled children, the darkest frowns of my parent have no terror for me.

Jul. Well, thou hast a right to say so, for thy worst luck hath ever led to some increase of wealth or reputation.

Sor. My paternal estate I ran through like a gentleman; and then took to a gentleman's resource—my sword.

Jul. That won honour for thee, as well as fortune; for thy little galley was the terror of the Mediterranean, and the thanks of the republic were added to the spoils of the Turk.

Sor. Taken by the infidels, and flung into prison at Patras, with but a beggarly half hour between my neck and the bowstring, I made a vow to sup that day month in Venice, and I did so; though in a skirmish with those devils of pirates, I had a hard fight for it.

Gio. Aye! thanks to the young Arab, who opened your prison door for you.

Sor. Granted.

Jul. It matters not; it was still his good fortune.

Sor. And now I am come home to try and win the love of the richest heiress in Lombardy; the peerless beauty, Francesca Morosini, niece of the Admiral of Venice, though she be affianced to Count Alberto, who—instead of making war abroad, would do a wiser thing to make love at home.

Jul. He is expected to return; for this beauty of his, or yours, as it may be, is appointed to head the Brides of Venice at the approaching festival. I am afraid, Soranzo, your chance is but a poor one.

Sor. That we shall see forthwith—my faithful Arab now awaits her final answer, and I await his speedy presence with it. But come—the day is breaking—if you are bent on playing, have with you. But lay not your losses at my door—I have warned you.

All. Come on! come on!

[*Exeunt SORANZO and Nobles into inner Apartment, and enter NAAMA through doors, holding a letter in her hand.*]

ARIA.—NAAMA.

RECITATIVE.

Why do I love him still? forlorn, cast by,

Like weed flung on the shore by careless ocean;

Did he not swear by yonder vaulted sky,

His long life's faith should pay my bold devotion?

Ah! fled for ever are those rapturous times!

Sunk to a slave! made mental to a stranger!

And shall I still be comrade of his crimes?

Endure his cold neglect, without avenger?

Am I grown craven? I!—who did not fear

To break his chain, defying fire and slaughter?

No!—still my heart is firm!

[*laying her hand on her dagger.*]

My weapon here!

Her angel hath not left the desert's daughter:

Once having given him all—lov'd—sav'd—obey'd him!

Come change, come care, come death! my tongue shall ne'er
upbraid him.

THE BRIDES OF VENICE.

AIR.

Oh, memory! cease to grieve me,
 Though joy, alas! be over,
 No tears the heart recover,
 That once its flight has ta'en.
 Dark thoughts of vengeance, leave me!
 Ye bring him not again!
 Ah, no! myself too lonely,
 Poor rival! to scorn thee—
 Be mine to guard and warn thee!
 With noble hand and heart—
 I'll hide my jealous grieving,
 Tho' hard for pride to bear,
 And make with love forgiving,
 Another's bliss my care.

Re-enter SORANZO through the centre opening.

Sor. " Fortune her bounty doth withdraw awhile;
 " But I will woo, and win again, her smile—
 " Ah! my good Naama— [Seeing NAAMA.]

" The letter—speak!
 " I read its answer in thy changing cheek.

Naa. " Master—

Sor. " Master! so cold?

Naa. " Friend—brother! if thou wilt.

Sor. " And why not lover?

Naa. " On that word were built

" Hopes that have passed, and passion hath no tones
 " To breath a language which the heart disowns.

Sor. [*Affecting gaiety.*] " Thou art jealous of Francesca?

Naa. " Had I been,

" Our meeting now had widely changed its scene.

Sor. " Then still thou lov'st?

Naa. " To love is not to change—

" And Arab faith was never known to range;
 " Not more unlike in hue of brow and clime,
 " Than in my sense of right, and dread of crime,
 " Thy law is not my law—thy heart my heart,
 " And in thy creed I seek to bear no part—
 " If wrong, I have deserved not, I outlive,
 " 'Tis not that I forget, but I forgive;
 " I am your slave— (*gives him letter*).

Sor. " So haughty; you will find
 " Such thoughts are not the fetters man to bind. [*Aside*]

" What is my fate? (*opening the letter*)

" Ah, she with scorn may treat
 " The heart whose object she shall ne'er defeat;
 " The *Brides of Venice* are a lovely throng,
 " And she, their beauty's chief, may pass along;
 " But if her stately halls are closed to me,
 " I've halls as stately on the boundless sea,
 " Whose mirth's the storm, whose music is the gale,
 " Whose walls are secret, and can tell no tale.

[*Turning to NAAMA*]

" Hie thee again unto Francesca—say,
 " Cold though her will—that will I do obey—
 " Once more I seek to see her ; but to tell
 " What those can only feel who breathe the farewell.
 (Re-perusing the letter, and pacing up and down).
 Naa. " Her presence I will seek, (to SORANZO)

[*Aside*] " Though ne'er again
 " His wish can raise a hope, or cause a pain ;

" His words have evil import, and to spare

" Another, grief that I was doomed to bear,

" His fury, wild and lawless, I will brave,

" Perchance his honor, and her life to save.

[*Exit at door.*]

(*Bacchanalian sounds heard within.*)

Sor. " These fools I herd with triumph in their gain ;

" Well, I must manner that I feel not, feign.

" They come (*re-enter NOBLES, &c., through centre, laughing.*)

" Ha ! ha ! well laugh ye as ye may,

" Fortune once more may change, and I repay

" With interest this trick—she's false as fair,

" Whose smile or frown is hardly worth a care.

ARIA (*con coro*) SORANZO.

Laugh, and woo, and flatter,

While fools sit grieving,

Learn from mother nature

The art of living ;

She's ever turning,

"Twixt night and morning,

"Twixt weather foul and fair,

And star and season

Have each their lesson,

To teach thee how to care ;

Laugh at cruel fortune,

Her anger passes,

Quick as bubbles sporting

On brimming glasses.

This world of pleasure

Is full of treasure,

But nothing in it's range

Is worth thy caring,

Is worth thy sharing,

Beside the bliss of change.

Love not too well ; the joy is passing sweet,

But keep thee cool, nor let it all deceive thee,

E'en from thyself the enchantment soon will fleet,

Then break the chain, and leave it, ere it leave thee.

Laugh, and woo, and flatter, &c., &c.

[*Exeunt all.*]

SCENE II.—*Interior of the Morosini Palace.*

Enter FRANCESCA.

RECITATIVE.—FRANCESCA.

How weary is this long delay ;

Another night, another day,

The joyous bridal hour comes on
 And I am still a watcher lone
 To strive with maiden's darkest care.
 Why was I won? Be still, forbear
 Ye boding thoughts, nor thus oppress
 A heart made weak by loneliness.

ROMANZA.

Ah! now the summer day
 Blithe is returning,
 And pain and grief away
 Vanish with morning;
 But my heart's early dream
 Is lost, is over,
 Whither by dell and stream
 Wanders my rover?
 Can he who knew me long
 Trust aught they told him?
 Oh once to hear his song
 Once to behold him.

Enter CHORUS of LADIES with baskets of flowers.

Good morrow, lady rare,
 For whom the angels care
 The earth, and sea, and air
 For thee are glad and gay.
 Behold! a bridal ring
 And bridal veil we bring
 While lovingly we sing
 A blessing on the day!

FRANCESCA (*taking up the flowers.*)

Away with bridal ring and chain
 Your joyous songs are all in vain.

CHORUS.

Nay, never turn away
 From such a bright display,
 Nor scorning lute and lay,
 So melancholy stand.
 If all we offer here
 Thy sadness fail to cheer
 Behold a gift more dear,
 A letter from his hand,

Then smile my lady rare, &c.

Fra. Where? where? (*seizing letter.*)

CHORUS (*retiring*)

Those blushes tell,

Dear lady, how she loves him well.

Fra. What means this fluttering in my heart?

These tears of joy, too quick to start.

What means the tongue that scarce can speak

And quivering foot, and burning cheek?

Dear herald of my gladness, say— (*reading letter*)

He comes to-day! he comes to-day!

ARIA. (*Con coro.*)

Oh, tell me not of sadness !
 I never had a care ;
 This extacy of gladness,
 Is all too great to bear.
 Talk not of prudence frozen,
 I hear not what you say,
 My lord, my love, my chosen,
 He comes ! he comes to-day.
 Look how the sun smiles o'er us,
 As though he loved like me ;
 Hark ! how the sweet birds chorus
 My bliss from every tree !
 All heaven, all earth is teeming
 With bright enchantments new ;
 And yet I am not dreaming,
 My joy ! my joy is true !

RECITATIVE.

Fra. Now leave me, gentle friends. At noon
 We meet again.

Cho. Adieu ! and soon
 May thy brave lord be here.

Fra. They're gone ! [*Exeunt Chorus.*]

O, lovers should but meet alone— [*Kissing the letter.*
Alberto comes—hark ! on the stair

A step ! [*Running forward to meet him.*

Enter NAAMA.

Who dares ?

Naa.

My lady rare,
 The Count Soranzo comes to pray
 One last brief audience.

Fra.

Hence ! I say ;
 I have nor time, nor heart, nor ear,
 For his audacious suit—away !

Naa.

(*To herself.*) Joy ! she is firm !
 (To FRANCESCA.) You do not fear
 The anger of rejected pride ?

Fra.

Fear ! I, a conqueror's chosen bride,
 My answer—my defence is—

Enter ALBERTO.

Fra.

(*pointing to Alberto*) Here !

Alb.

(*Rushing into FRANCESCA'S arms*) Francesca mine !

Fra.

Nor chide At last [*They embrace.*]

Alb.

This long delay—a duty stern
 Kept me far hence—a pirate chase !

Naa.

(*Listening from a distance.*)
 Ah ! they have met.

Alb. And thou must share
The lot of soldier in disgrace,
A fatal chance my barque befel—
The foe escaped!

Naa. (*To herself.*) Aye, on the sea,
Soranzo's lord.

Alb. (*To FRANCESCA.*) Nay, never fear,
Nor trembling gaze upon my face.

Fra. How was't? my lord—I prithee tell?

[*They sit down unheeding NAAMA, who listens.*]

Naa. Allah! his foot! There'll mischief be
If here the rivals meet.

QUINTETTE.

1.

Alb. 'Twi'x the night and the morning in storm 'twas we met,
On the right, on the left, by the miscreants beset,
'Mid fire and 'mid thunder, we fought hand in hand,
And the decks ran with blood from the best of their band.

Fra. Ah!

Alb. But St. Mark, the benign, by some merciful charm,
Protected his servant from wound and from harm.

Naa. He is here! on the stair! what distress! what alarm!
Protect him, good angels, from wound and from harm.

2.

Alb. (*as before.*)

The chief strove to shun me, his ruffians among
But to meet the fierce monster I rushed thro' the throng.
I should know him again—

Enter SORANZO and LEONTIO.

Tho' all masked he appeared

In a turban of red and a long flowing beard.

Fra. [*seeing SORANZO*] Ah!

[*commands herself.*]

Sor. [*starting.*] My rival before me!

Naa. Away, and beware!

Alb. [*Not seeing SORANZO.*]

But St. Mark, the benign, with a merciful charm,
Protected his servant from wound and from harm.

SORANZO and LEONTIO.

Dost thou hear how he taunts now the danger is o'er,
Let him tell his tale on—he shall tell it no more.

Naa. He is here; in the snare. O, distress and alarm, &c.

Sor. [*advancing to FRANCESCA.*]

One instant, fair lady.

Alb. [*turning suddenly.*] Ah! whom do I see

And do you dare to brave me?

Sor.

What frenzy is here?

In each friend of your lady's a foeman you fear?

[*To Fran.*] Proud beauty—Oh pardon—I seek at your feet,
For your gentle forgiveness once more to entreat,
Ere I go—

Fra. [To LEONTIO contemptuously, not looking at SORANZO.]

— Tell your master my bridal is near,
In his bearing so humble there dwells no deceit,
But his love or his rage I nor pity, nor fear!

Alb. You are answered, Soranzo!

Ser. [furiously.] You mock me!

Naa. [interposing FRANCESCA.] Away!

Aside.] There's peril in Venice—dark rumours are stirred.

Sor. [controlling himself.]

Farewell gentle lady—and joy to the day,
Though your hatred so cruel, condemns me unheard.

Naa. Away! while you trifle, the peril is deep
There are spies on your brow, there are spies on your lip.
Away! since the hope of your bridal is o'er
It were well for your life to see Venice no more.

Alb. In vain would he feign, a strict watch will I keep
On his brow so deceitful, and pale guilty lip—
And St. Mark shall take heed—once the bridal is o'er
But patience an hour—he shall foil me no more.

Sor. and Leo. Yes cautious awhile that suspicion may sleep,
Set a watch on each word—set a watch on each lip—
But a voice shall be heard ere the bridal is o'er.
And you, fair haughty lady, for pity implore.

Fra. [To ALBERTO]

Nay what peril's at hand? There's a mystery deep
On his brow so deceitful and pale guilty lip.

[To SORANZO proudly.]

Away and another for pity implore.

'Tis in vain you would feign—let me see you no more!

[Exit SORANZO, LEONTIO, and NAAMA.]

Fra. “A tremor steals upon me, which 'twere vain attempting to
“conceal. In Soranzo's eye there lurked a spirit which tells of some
“latent danger, more than all his speech.”

Alb. “What can a *Bride of Venice* fear, by the side of him she
“blesses with her affection?”

Fra. “His Arab page, to whom I own the feelings of a friend, be-
“trayed by word and look, a deep apprehension of some foreboding
“evil. Be cautious, and let not thy noble nature expose thee to
“further peril.”

Alb. “I have marked this Soranzo; and did I not shrink from
“disturbing the festivities of this all joyous day, the dungeons of St.
“Mark might by this time be his portion. Once thine, my fond
“Francesca, I will strive to punish, as his crimes deserve, him,
“who could for a moment disturb thy peace. I grieve to see the
“generous bearing of that youthful Arab linked to the destinies of so
“vile a wretch. (*Here the mirthful sound of music &c., &c., is*
“*heard.*) Hark to that happy hearing—the festival begins—hasten,
“or we—who should be first—may damp its joyous progress.”

Fra. “It were to doubt thy love to entertain another feeling—and
“if I seemed to apprehend alarm, 'twas but for thy dear sake.”

Alb. “Away, all care, all thought, save of thee, my own affianced
“bride. Think not of sorrow—but even if it *should* befall, always
“let hope be thy guide.”

BALLAD. ALBERTO.

" If a tear should repose
 " On that beautiful cheek,
 " Where the smile of content
 " Its pillow should seek !
 " The sad source whence it sprang,
 " Although dark be the tide,
 " Will for ever be stopped
 " If hope be thy guide.
 " Though the world should forsake,
 " And though some should be cold ;
 " And those feelings be changed
 " Which fond were of old ;
 " And though grief should those hearts
 " Linked together divide,
 " They will meet once again
 " If hope be their guide.

[*Exeunt* FRANCESCA and ALBERTO.]

SCENE III.—*Festival of the Brides of Venice, with a view of St. George Maggiore and Porto Franco.*

Enter NAAMA.

RECITATIVE.

" This gaudy scene in which I take a part
 " Bears not the weight from off the saddened heart ;
 " Linked with the fate of one, held once so dear,
 " The force of feeling is subdued by fear,
 " Mingling those sorrows I in vain deplore
 " With brighter hours which I shall see no more."

ROMANCE.

By the sad sea waves, I listen while they moan
 A lament o'er graves of hope and pleasure gone ;
 I am young, I was fair,
 I had once not a care
 From the rising of the morn, till the setting of the sun !
 Yet I pine like a slave,
 By the sad sea wave,
 Come again bright days of hope, and pleasure gone !
 From my care last night, by holy sleep beguil'd,
 In the fair dream-light, my home upon me smil'd ;
 Oh, how sweet, 'mid the dew,
 Every flower that I knew,
 Breath'd a welcome back, to the worn and weary child !
 I awake, in my grave,
 By the sad sea wave,
 Come again bright dream, so peacefully that smil'd.

[*Exit mournfully.*]

Enter SORANZO, LEONTIO, GERLTIERO, and ASTOLFO, *advancing stealthily, followed by PIRATES masked and disguised.*

As mute as the dead, as light as the air,
 Go east, go west, and o'er all have care ;
 And 'twas bold indeed will matrons say
 To steal our wives in broad noon-day.
 No eye of revenge shall find us—
 No trace we will leave behind us—
 But a moment yet beware.

[*They disperse at the back of the stage. The stage is gradually filled by MASKERS in gay dresses, PEASANTS, GIRLS, SAILORS arriving in their gondolas, forming an animated Tableau.*]

CHORUS.

'Tis merry on earth—'tis merry in air—
The revel all mirth—the sunshine so rare ;
Come dance to our song in frolicsome play,
The day is not long, ye noble and gay.

BALLET.

PIFFERARI *bringing their offerings to the MADONNA.*

GENERAL DANCE.—*Furlana.*

[*The distant sounds of a March are heard; a HERALD announces that the procession of the BRIDES is about to begin, and the people rush out to witness it. The PIRATES gather again, and repeat the Chorus, "As mute as the dead."*]

[*NAAMA re-enters, masked.*]

Leo. What have we here? A meddling spy;

Or some too willing prey?

[*Plucks off her mask.*]

Naa.

'Tis I—

Sor. Naama! I bade thee tarry yonder!

Naa. And if thy path I may not leave,

Perchance the Arab girl is fonder

Than Christian could e'er conceive!

What means thy band? their strange disguising?

Thy look that counts the tardy chime?

What guilty daring art devising?

Retreat—beware—there yet is time!

Soranzo! by the love I bore thee,

By thine own youth so glad and free;

Turn from the gulph that lies before thee—

Turn from the demon tempting thee!

LEONTIO and PIRATES.

Away with such a doleful preacher!

Back! back! nor think to mar our scheme!

Sor. (*To the Pirates*). Nay, faith; let's hear the dainty teacher!

(*To Naama*). Why silly child; 'tis all a dream!

What moves thee to this dark suspecting

Of sudden shame and coming ill?

Go, go! thy charge no more neglecting,

Wait me on board! I love thee still!

[*March heard at a distance.*]

Naa. Nay, let me stay!

Sor.

Then have thy will—

Tremble and beware!

Naa.

The boding chill

Of death is at my heart.

Chorus. (*Keeping back NAAMA*). Stand by!

Place for the Bridal pageantry!

[PROCESSION—preceded by girls throwing flowers. The CLERGY with Crosses and Burners of Saints. The COUNCIL OF TEN followed by the DOGE, with FRANCESCA and ELEVEN OTHER BRIDES, all attired in white, with veils, &c., &c.]

BRIDAL CHORUS.

Strew, strew joyously, with hand and heart o'erflowing,
 All that sweetest are of flowers blown to-day!
 Strew, strew daintily—for fairy feet are going
 Soon to tread upon the carpet that we lay.
 Envy and feigning pride, for ever craving,
 Turn your sullen brows from our delight aside,
 While hope, joyously, her sunny tresses waving,
 Singeth clear her "fal lal la," and a blessing on the Bride!

A DANCE. The BRIDESMAIDS are crowned with wreaths of orange flowers. During the second verse ALBERTO, followed by eleven young VENETIAN NOBLEMEN, and with a rich retinue enter, and place themselves at the side of their brides.

SECOND VERSE.

Hark, hark, suddenly a flourish blithe and daring,
 Tells they come this way with triumph in its tone.
 Look, look gallantly, with high and gentle bearing—
 Youth on the threshold stands with beauty all his own!
 Softly he leads her, despite of all her splendour,
 Blushing with virgin fears she vainly tries to hide—
 Joy, joy! Conqueror, as thou art brave, be tender!
 Welcome, with a "fal lal la," and a blessing on the bride!

SORANZO. (*interrupting and seizing FRANCESCA.*)

Halt at my bidding—ye die who advance!
 Maidens of Venice—rejoice! ye are free!
 Elsewhere the revel, and elsewhere the dance,
 Waiteth the brides of the lords of the sea!

Alb. (*furiously*). Traitor!

Sor. (*To his band*) Disarm him.

(*the PIRATES rush upon ALBERTO.*)

(*To Alberto*) Thy passion I scorn;
 Mock at thine anguish; thy boasting deride;
 Come if thou wilt to my palace at morn;
 Join our gay revel, and envy my bride.

Fra. Save me! oh, save me, before I be torn
 From my dear home—from my Alberto's side!
 Robber and outlaw, thy flattery I scorn,
 Death if thou wilt, I will ne'er be thy bride.

ALBERTO (*breaking from his guards*) and

CHORUS OF VENETIANS.

Treason! oh, treason! to rescue! to aid!
 Fear not, fair lady, thy lover is nigh,
 Nobles of Venice, of ruffians afraid?
 Come, rally round me, to conquer or die.

* CHORUS OF VENETIAN LADIES.

Aid us, the tyrant would make us his scorn.

Mercy; O, mercy! betrayed and undone.

Naa. (to Soranzo) Mercy; O, mercy! your madness restrain
Lest of her terror the gentle one die.

(To Alberto) Caution, brave knight, to resist is in vain,
Well will I guard her, and aid her to fly.

LEONTIO AND CHORUS OF PIRATES.

On to the sea! of the treasure take care,

We must be far ere the set of the sun;

Lovers of Venice, pursue if you dare.

Triumph! triumph! the rovers have won!

[The PIRATES are in the act of bearing away the BRIDES, Soranzo having seized on FRANCESCA, and another part of the band secure ALBERTO, throwing him down on the elevated steps of the Church and standing with drawn swords over him, while the Ladies of the Court, &c., rush about screaming; the DOGE, COUNCIL, CITIZENS, &c., thrown into utter confusion, and the populace suspending the festivities, in a general Tableau, as the curtain descends.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Court Yard of a Castle, the Battlements of which overlook the Sea, on the L. H. side the entrance to the Castle—above a turret window—sunset.*

LEONTIO and other Pirates discovered grouped about.

CHORUS.

Over the sea
As far as the favouring gale
Hath ever yet wafted sail,
Over beds of coral ground
That plummet would scorn to sound;
Where steersman eye can mark
A port for our winged barque,
Rove we!
Talk of the free
Who revel in lordly halls of clay,
And have vassals their lordly wills to obey;
Ah, little these craven sons of the land
Can dream of the freedom the rover's band
Have in *their* home
Wherever they roam,
Over the sea!

SOLO.—GERALDO (*the Pirate Boy.*)

The glowing tints
The light imprints
On the brightest of tropic isles,
Whose varied ray
Gives life to the day,
Where eternal summer smiles;
Fair though they be
Yet their lustre they lose
When compared with the hues
Over a sunset sea!

CHORUS.

Happy and free the rovers be
Who plough through the tranquil sea!

[*During this solo the horizon has gradually become obscured, and presents an indication of a storm.*]

SOLO.—LEONTIO.

When the angry storm
Doth its brow deform
And its waves begin to leap,
And chime, as they dash
With the lightning's flash
And shake the cells of the deep—
Wild though they be,
Their surge is a pillow to him
Who sleeps, assured his vessel can skim
Over the stormy sea.

CHORUS.

Fearless and free the rovers be
Who plough through the stormy sea!

[*A vessel has been seen labouring with the gale, and as she is supposed to be wrecked, the Pirates spring up.*]

LEONTIO AND CHORUS.

Leo. Blow on good storm—she struggles, she sinks,
And her deck the foam of the ocean drinks,
A noble booty for all behold;
The pirates aim
For ever the same
Is lovely woman, and gold.

CHORUS.

Dash away, dash away,
Let the waves lash away
As long as we
Lords of the sea
The noble booty we seek can hold;
The pirates aim,
For ever the same,
Is lovely woman, and gold.

LEONTIO followed by the Band rushes out towards the beach, and NAAMA enters from the Castle, L. H.

RECITATIVE.

Captive to one I hate—once loved too well—
The pangs which rent my heart I've learn'd to quell;
For that mistaken love I would atone,
By soothing sorrows that were once mine own.

SONG.

The smile that plays on woman's cheek,
The sigh which breaks her rest,
Though bright, or sad, but ill bespeak
The feelings of her breast:
They may some anxious thought impart,
But those who've most relied,
Know not the love of woman's heart,
Until that heart be tried!

There may in her uncertain smile,
Some token be of grief,
Some impulse which may for awhile
In sorrow seek relief;
But those who most have watched the part
Pourtrayed by hope or pride,
Know least the love of woman's heart,
Until that heart be tried!

Naa. Here in this isle, Soranzo still pursues
 That lawless life which crime ne'er fears to lose ;
 And if I seek the scenes such life await,
 'Tis but to watch Francesca's pending fate,
 Within this dungeon fort condemned to pine
 Until her wealth amassed from line to line
 His coffers fill ;
 Until she shall consent to part
 With what is worth it all—the heart,
 Sole treasure of the will !
 Mine be the task to aid her, or to share
 The doom reserved her hapless lot to bear ;
 And while no eye beholds, let me impart,
 A transient balm to that afflicted heart.

[Goes up to turret door, opens it, and comes forward with FRANCESCA.]

DUETT—FRANCESCA AND NAAMA.

Like the storm now died away,
 Which a moment past was loud,
 Are the thoughts with varied play
 Which on the feelings crowd—
 Now they are decked in bright array,
 Now wrapped in memory's shroud !

[At the conclusion of the Duet, NAAMA, watching where the Pirates had gone, and seeing them about to return—

Naa. Retire, thee, lady,—danger may be near.

Fra. With thee to aid me, I have less to fear.

Naa. His minions come, my vigil here I keep.

[FRANCESCA retires into the turret. The storm has comparatively abated, and the Pirates return, bearing in ALBERTO, whom they place on one of the gun-carriages, while NAAMA retires by the portico of the Castle entrance.]

CHORUS OF PIRATES.

There—living or dead—let him sleep,
 While calm in his rest
 Let us go in quest
 Of what has been saved from the deep.
 Come away, come away,
 Let us seize on our prey,
 And all we can seize upon, keep!

[Exit Pirates. ALBERTO partially recovers, while NAAMA advances, as if to assist him.]

Alb.

Rude though the wind,
 And the tempest's din,
 Its fury but mocks
 The storm within.

[Touching his heart, and then turning and perceiving NAAMA.]

Stranger—your aid,
 Let the care-worn crave—
 Escaped from the grasp
 Of the ruthless wave
 —Shelter and rest—
 —They are thine.

Naa:

Alb. Blessed be e who soothes
Sorrow like mine.
Naa. You may trust me, if 'tis your wish
Your grief I know.
Alb. Few will one feeling lend
To a tale of woe.

RECITATIVE.

I wander in vain, over pathless main,
Over every track of its shore,
To gaze on the sight of a spirit of light,
From my arms some demon bore;
With charms imbued, which in fondest mood
Even fancy can ne'er restore.

SONG.

At morn upon the beach I stood,
And saw the waves depart,
Which bore upon their briny flood,
The treasure of my heart.
At eve, upon the shore again,
I watched the ebbing tide,
And sought that treasure all in vain,
For which my heart so sighed.
And thus it is with life—its cares
Are like yon mighty sea,
As boundless as the waves it bears,
And wild as they can be:
While all the happiness our lot
Can ever hope to reach,
Is like unto one sunny spot
Upon the barren beach.

[During the song, NAAMA has been attentively watching ALBERTO, who retires up the stage.]

Naa. These eyes deceive me not—'tis he—worn, though, in form and garb—Alberto!

Alb. (*aside*) Some voice pronounced my name, and in tones familiar to mine ear. (*Feeling for his dirk.*) If my life is to be sold, beaten down tho' I am, my assailant shall pay dearly for it! (*Drawing his dirk, and advancing.*) Who art thou?

Naa. One who can be of the utmost service to thee—and thou, perchance to him—dost thou not know the faithful Arab page?

Alb. Naama! powers of mercy! (*rushing to NAAMA's feet, and taking his hand.*) Tell me, oh, God! tell me—all that I fear to ask, yet wish to know—Francesca!

Naa. She is a captive within this castle, where Soranzo holds sway. But say—whence come ye?

Alb. I sailed with the Venetian fleet; and parted from them in the late gale. My vessel has been wrecked; and, as if by the hand of Providence, on the beach below this fort. But, tell me of Francesca?

Naa. The slightest word from your lips may bring down ruin on us all.

Alb. Let me fly to see and rescue her!

[Attempts to cross, but is kept back by NAAMA.]

CONCERTED PIECE.

Naa. You are lost if you quit this spot!—
Her gaolers return—on me rely,
Who to serve, or to save her, would gladly die!

[LEONTIO and PIRATES re-enter. ALBERTO goes up.]

Leo. She has drifted away,
And the breakers' spray,
Foams over our promised prize.
(*seeing ALBERTO, who advances.*)
How! alive, my friend!

Alb. Your protection extend,
And shelter from threatening skies.

Leo. (*Pointing to castle entrance.*)
None enter here but they of the band.

Naa. (*Pointedly to ALBERTO.*)
Having lost your vessel and wealth as well,
Why join the band, where in freedom we dwell?

Alb. (*Advancing among the Pirates.*)
Gladly I offer you heart and hand,
And ask of your chief a trusty brand?

Leo. Our chief! Ha! ha! well, be it so; [Pointing to NAAMA.]

Yon stripling will point you the way to go.

[Then to NAAMA.]

Tell him the Rover's aim,
Let him play the Rover's game,
And lead well the life of the Rover's crew.

[NAAMA assents—points out the entrance to the castle and exit, followed by ALBERTO. LEONTIO then beckons the PIRATES around him.]

ARIA with CHORUS.

Leo. To that chief, to that chief repair,
Our part of the spoil
Of our recent toil,
Let us boldly demand, and share.

Cho. Agreed!

Leo. Let him say what he will,
If there's roof to fire or blood to spill,
His tongue is fair of speech;
So those who have won the glittering heaps
Which in deepest dungeons, in secret he keeps,
Through his miser's heart we'll reach.

Cho. Agreed!

Leo. Though its depths be known
To this chief alone,
Yet our wrongs shall an entrance find;
There's a path for the free,
Which revenge can see,
Though justice chance to be blind!

Cho. Agreed!

The Pirates, aim,
For ever the same,
Is lovely woman, and gold!

[All the PIRATES, headed by LEONTIO, rush into the Castle.]

SCENE II.—*Anti-Chamber in the Castle.**Enter SORANZO through the Arras.*

SORANZO.

The hapless *Brides of Venice*! Hum! All dispersed in the clustering isles around, except Francesca, who remains with me here. As persuasion has but little influence on her spirit, I must try what coercion can do. Her enormous wealth can alone repair my broken fortunes, and make me again the wonder of Venice; that wealth can only be mine by a *husband's* right, and wedded with me, she shall be—now she is far away from my rival, Alberto! I have removed her from the turret chamber to the cell beneath the old banquetting room, where her destiny shall be her own choice, —and death after all is an unpleasant companion to dwell with. Ha!

[*Here the arras is lifted up, and NAAMA enters.*]

Who breaks in on my privacy?

Naa. One, always ready to do you service!

Sor. Speak plainer; wherefore come ye?

Naa. A victim of the late gale, wrecked on the Castle beach, has been brought in, and desires to join the band.

Sor. Have we anything to gain, or *he* to lose?

Naa. Nothing—but his life!

Sor. We have enough of such already; but, to weightier matters which I have on hand, and of which you must become the agent. Francesca, this haughty Venetian prize, scoffs at my suit, and rejects every offer I make her. I have removed her from the turret chamber to the dungeon beneath the banquetting hall, known only to you and to myself.

Naa. (*shuddering.*) Not to death?

Sor. That depends upon herself. To that vault you must repair; give her what sustenance her state requires; once consumed, a fresh supply depends upon her compliance with my demand.

Naa. Hapless lady! while you respect *her* honor from necessity, respect *your own* from choice, and spare that life it becomes not man to take.

Sor. She will take it herself—but I have no time for parley—I have not acted without reflection—and for my resolution you can answer.

Naa. Too well, alas! (*aside.*) In the hope to save I will consent to persecute the ill-starred Francesca. (*To SORANZO.*) I will struggle as I best may to fulfil your bidding, though I would the sacrifice of my own life would satiate your will.

[*Exit NAAMA through the arras.*]

Sor. That sacrifice I may perhaps require as well. Outliving love is sorry work—and if that love be transferred to another, jealousy may make its appearance, and there is but one sure way to get rid of that. Who is this wanderer that seeks such a home as ours? Join the band, forsooth! I want to get rid of it altogether—free myself from my old associates, without thinking of forming new.

CHORUS OF PIRATES.

[*Heard outside.*]

Dash away! dash away!
 Let the waves lash away,
 Long as we,
 Lords of the sea,
 The noble booty we seek can hold—
 The pirates' aim,
 For ever the same,
 Is lovely woman, and gold!

Sor. (*who has been thoughtfully listening.*) Well, well—booty it is ye seek—reward for your courage and toil? Well, ye shall have it; but not, perchance, the precise kind of reward ye look for!

RECITATIVE.

Aye! go your way, poor dupes! to dream your fill
 Of Venice Carnivals, and Eastern treasure!
 Soon must you feel a hand with master skill,
 Your hours of life and triumph, sternly measure—
 Your doom is seal'd—as you will know, ere long,
 If poison still have breath, or flame a tongue!

ARIA.

To night! to night! the deed I dare,
 Shall waken earth and sky!
 My strong desires no more can bear
 To wait for maddening joy!
 And when I count at morn my gains,
 In valiant manhood's prime,
 How shall I laugh at all my pains,
 Which cowards rate as crime!

Be firm, my heart! let none remain,
 My secret deeds to keep,
 No whispers summon back the slain,
 Nor call the dead from sleep!
 A lot obscure, I could not bear!
 By nature form'd to climb!
 He should not rise, who will not dare,
 However great the crime!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—DOUBLE SCENE.—*Banqueting Room and Dungeon beneath. In the upper scene a vast column branches off into a sort of aisle, attached to which is a cabinet of antique workmanship, with a mirror, lighted up by old bronze chandeliers. In centre of stage, a table, spread somewhat rudely, is also lighted up; an ancient carved screen at back; tapestry, portraits, &c., &c. In the lower scene, a winding staircase conducts to the base of the column, in which the mirror is imbedded; it is lighted by a solitary lamp.*

[FRANCESCA is discovered, reclining on some straw.

RECITATIVE.

The past appears to me a dream—
From which I wake—and sad remembrance
Only paints days now departed,
Which no more possess the hope or feeling
Of reality!
Alas! and in their flight,
The joy that made them dear
Is gone, and grief its place hath taken!

ARIA.

Tho' the heart, o'er-weighed with sorrow,
And the eye o'er-charg'd with tears,
In their course relief may borrow,
Which its anguish still endears;
There's a grief more deep than any,
For the heart too much to bear,
When not one among the many,
Can be found that grief to share.

Tho' the heart should be elated
With a hope before unknown,
And with feeling unabated,
Should that hope be fonder grown;
There's a joy more bright than any,
More refined and free from care;
'Tis when one among the many,
Can be found that joy to share.

At the end of song, cautiously enters P.S. (in the upper scene.) NAAMA, conducting in ALBERTO; she makes a sign of silence; he follows her across to the column, O.P., during the following

RECITATIVE.

Naa. Hush—hush—let your footsteps sound
Be like that of the snow as it falls to ground.
Alb. Where is't ye lead me? but hence all fear,
If these eyes but gaze on a form so dear!
Naa. Follow, and trust me—(pointing to column)—behold
The secret these walls enfold.
Alb. I gaze in wonder.—

Naa. [Disclosing the opening of the column.
—In this dreary mine,
Are the passes which all thy hopes enshrine.
Lightly tread—not a word—not a breath—
Or thy portion is certain death!

Alb. I obey thee!

Naa. [Showing ALBERTO the secret passage, with lamp.
This way (regarding him)—thou murmurest not?
Examine well each clue to the spot.

[NAAMA and ALBERTO *exit* through the aperture in the column which NAAMA closes. FRANCESCA, who during this action, has taken her lamp to survey the place, and to endeavour to find an outlet, returns just as NAAMA and ALBERTO are seen descending the winding staircase.]

Fra. All search is vain; not a single beam
Breaks through, and darkness reigns supreme.
What sounds are those?

Alb. Francesca!

Fra. Ah, that voice,
Bids my frantic heart rejoice,
'Tis he! Alberto!

Alb. (rushing into her arms). God! do I clasp again
The form beloved so well?
Will reason herself it's seat retain

Naa. (standing at the foot of the stairs with lamp in hand)
Preserve the utmost caution—trust to me,
And the midnight's chime shall set ye free!

[As NAAMA ascends staircase ALBERTO again embraces FRANCESCA,
and they sing.

DUET.

Fra. Banish all fear, this wild surprise,
These blissful thoughts I would controul,
And calm the fears that will arise
To check the fulness of my soul;
That joy no language can explain
When hearts long parted meet again.

Alb. Beloved thus long, as thou hast been,
Theme as thou art of each fond vow,
Thou wert not, in a happier scene,
So dear unto this heart as now!
Oh joy! no language can explain,
When hearts long parted meet again.

Fra. What chance did guide thee here?

Alb. Despair alone.

Fra. The past
Of sorrow be our last;
Speak of my kindred dear!

[NAAMA is here seen to re-open the mirror in the column, to re-enter the hall, trim the lamps, and arrange the table.]

Fra. Hark! Dost thou hear them? Go,
Thy secret they'll betray.

Alb. Why, trembling dost thou shew,
Such sorrow and dismay?

Fra. Think of thy safety—go—

Alb. What mean these fears?

Fra. Away!

ENSEMBLE.

There is not on earth a spot,
However sad and lonely,
But welcome is, if only
Our sorrows are forgot.

FRANC.

The heart whose holy love,
All fondness is above,
The pangs which wound its peace
Can ill dissemble.

But now each word of thine,
Doth some new hope entwine,
And bid that sorrow cease

Which made me tremble.

ALB.

The heart whose faithful love,
I prize all joy above,
The pangs which wound its peace,
Should n'er dissemble.

And with each word of thine,
While all my hopes entwine,
I'll bid each sorrow cease,

Which made thee tremble.

[At the end of the Duet, SORANZO and the Pirates enter, and seat themselves at the table. ALBERTO and FRANCESCA survey the dungeon together, and exeunt into a supposed recess, leaving it in total darkness. SORANZO rises and comes forward.]

Sor. (*aside.*) With all my affection for Francesca, and all my schemes for securing her, a feeling of apprehension sometimes comes over me, that my hopes will never be realised! (*Calls.*) Come hither, Naama! (*NAAMA advances.*) What says Francesca?

Naa. She is still obdurate.

Sor. (*enraged.*) Then I must try what force will do. I will descend myself into her dungeon.

Naa. (*letting fall a salver.*) Heavens! and Alberto there?

Sor. Give me the lamp. What makes you tremble? (*Taking lamp.*)

Naa. (*hesitating.*) If I do tremble—'tis—'tis for thy safety.

Leo. (*his attention having been attracted by the fall of the salver, and addressing his comrades, aside.*) I don't think well of your whisperers. They are about no good for us, whatever it may be for themselves. See! see! he gives him the lamp, no doubt to pay a visit to the mine where that treasure is concealed, which belongs quite as much to us as to him. Naama is evidently in the secret: so, comrades, prepare; he shall trifle no more with us. Follow me!

[MUSIC. *During this, SORANZO, who has taken the lamp, goes round the column. NAAMA, in a state of mental abstraction, follows, when LEONTIO and the other PIRATES advance on tiptoe, seize him by the arms, and drag him back to the table, at the moment when SORANZO closes the mirror and disappears, to the amazement of LEONTIO, who passes round the pillar in search of him.*

Leo. So, my meddling page, you turn traitor to your own party, do you? and conspire to rob us, who have conspired together to rob all the world! We'll put a stop to your trade, however. Show us, this instant, the secret pass to all the booty, which is ours by conquest.

Naa. (falling on his knees.) Spare me, I—I—

Leo. (with his sword over NAAMA.) Not a moment pause, or death shall be your portion, and thank yourself it is no worse. The fleet of Venice is within sight, sent here to raze this blood-stained roof to the ground. [Report of guns heard.—That's the culverin's music, and we shall very soon hear a little more of it!

Naa. (aside.) Still hope is left. (To LEONTIO.) Is the fleet of Venice really so near at hand?

Leo. We shall hardly have time to secure our booty, and put out our boats to sea.

Naa. Follow me, then, and you shall find I am not the traitor you deem me.

[MUSIC. *During this, SORANZO is seen descending. He appears to hear the guns, stops and listens, while ALBERTO and FRANCESCA return, their lamp having gone out. They perceive SORANZO in the act of listening. ALBERTO is about to draw his sword, when FRANCESCA stops him, and creeping softly towards SORANZO, whose back is to her, blows out his lamp also. Thinking it is the wind, he is about to return: but, suddenly recollecting that FRANCESCA should have a lamp, calls—*

Sor. Francesca! how is it you are in darkness?

Fra. I left my lamp in the inner cell, and have lost my way in this cold and damp dungeon.

Sor. I know every pass of it, and will conduct you.

[MUSIC.—*As he is descending, they cross him in the dark, and reach the staircase just as NAAMA has conducted the PIRATES to the secret door in the column, and by the flash of the torches, is seen descending. ALBERTO and FRANCESCA, hurry back and crouch under the stairs, as SORANZO, who has groped his way out, returns, and encounters LEONTIO.*

Sor. Villain! whence come ye—who has betrayed?

Let him beware my rage.

Leo. One whom thine arts betrayed long since;

Thy faithful page!

Pir. (in derision.) Thy faithful page!

Sor. Ha! traitress! no more woman—fiend—

This to thy craven soul.

[As he is rushing towards NAAMA, LEONTIO arrests his arm; the PIRATES all surround SORANZO and disarm him; NAAMA then comes forward and confronts SORANZO.

SOLO.

Let me look my last, ere I snap the string
Of the fondest ties to the heart that cling;
Forsaken love, and blighted fame,
Bespeak my sex revealed;
And broken faith, and tears of shame,
Its feelings long have steeled;
Yet! oh! with griefs 'twere mine to brook,
Did'st thou that faith fulfil;
I had, though all the world forsook,
In ruin loved the still!

This maddened brain, these pangs wherewith I bleed,
This vengeance, this remorse, are—MAN! thy guilty deed!

LEONTIO and CHORUS.

Leo. (Standing over him with drawn sword.)
Yield up the harvest, by others gleamed;
The wealth thy treason stole!

Pir. Booty! booty! yield up the whole
Of the wealth thy treason stole!

[ALBERTO and FRANCESCA, preceded by NAAMA, escape by the staircase, and enter the hall through the column, just as a second gun strikes down a part of the back scene; NAAMA runs up the screen to the cavity, and waving a banner hanging there; SOLDIERS, SAILORS, &c., headed by the DOG, OFFICERS, &c., &c., rush in; ALBERTO points out the secret pass to the soldiers, who descend, levelling their muskets, &c.; at the report of the gun the PIRATES all start—pause—and listen.

FINALE—(LEONTIO and PIRATES below).

That wonted sound booms on the ear,
As if it imparted some sudden fear;
From hostile guns
We sea-born sons
Have hitherto loved to hear.

[NAAMA and Chorus of Soldiers (above) as ALBERTO directs the Venetian Soldiers to the column.

Hither, hither, the scene is of strife,
The traitors to Venice care little for life,
Hither your footsteps bend,
And thus their treason end.

Leo. and Pir. (below)

The mingling of voices, the clatter of arms,
Bespeak something more than common alarms.

Sor. (below—partially rising and seeing the soldiers on the stairs.)

Ha, ha, ha, the Venetian fleet,
Are your masters—avenged, I die.
Ye shall never again rove over the main
As your vessels were wont to fly.

Pir. (below) Captives although we be at last,
They cannot take from us the thoughts of the past.

Sols. (below) Traitors, at length your doom is cast,
No pardon expect for the wrongs of the past.

Alb. and Naa. (above)
Freedom at length her beams hath cast,
And chaseth away all the gloom of the past.

Fra. (above)
Like the fettered bird
That hath burst it's prison bond,
Is the heart restored to those
It loves, all love beyond ;
It's extacy of joy,
Which lighteth up the soul ;
It's fulness of delight
No reason can control.

Doge, Nobles, and All (above)
Freedom at length her beams hath cast
And chaseth away all the gloom of the past.

END OF OPERA.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE MUSIC
IN THE OPERA OF
THE BRIDES OF VENICE,

As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,

Composed by J. BENEDICT.

LONDON:

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ACT I.

No.		s.	d.
1.	Overture,	3	0
2.	"Another cup, fill high,"		
3.	"O! memory cease to grieve me,"		
4.	"Laugh and woo and flatter,"		
5.	"How weary is this long delay,"		
6.	"Ah! how the summer day,"		
7.	"Good morrow, lady fair,"	3	0
8.	"What means this fluttering,"		
9.	"O! tell me not of sadness,"		
10.	"Twixt the night and the morning,"		
11.	"If a tear should repose,"	2	0
12.	or "Hope be thy guide,"		
13.	"By the sad sea waves,"	2	0
14.	"As mute as the dead,"	2	0
15.	"'Tis merry on earth,"	2	0
16.	Dance and Tarantella,		
17.	"What have we here,"		
18.	The Venetian March,	2	0
19.	"Strew, strew, joyously,"		
20.	Dance,		
21.	Finale,		

[TURN OVER.]

ACT II.

19. "Over the sea,"	- - - - -	Chorus,	
20. "Over a sunset sea,"	- - - - -	Song, Madlle Albertazzi,	
21. "Blow on, good storm,"	- - - - -	Song, Mr. Borrani and Chorus,	
23. "The smile that plays,"	- - - - -	Ballad, Mrs. A. Shaw,	2 0
24. "Like the storm now died away,"	- - - - -	Duet, Miss Romer and Mrs. A. Shaw,	2 0
25. "At morn upon the beach,"	- - - - -	Song, Mr. Harrison,	
	- - - - -	Also another edition in a lower key,	2 0
26. "Dash away,"	- - - - -	Chorus of Pirates,	
27. "To-night the deed I dare,"	- - - - -	Recit. and Song, Mr. Stretton,	3 0
28. "One sorrow and one joy ; or, Though the heart overweighed,"	- - - - -	} Song, Miss Romer,	2 0
29. "Banish all fear,"	- - - - -		
30. "Like the fettered bird,"	- - - - -	Rondo Finale, Miss Romer,	

PIANO-FORTE ARRANGEMENTS.

The Overture, arranged by the Author,	- - - - -		3 0
Ditto, as a Piano-forte Duet, with Flute, Violin, and Violon- cello Accompaniments, <i>ad lib.</i> , by W. H. Callcott,	- - - - -		4 0
The favorite Airs, in 3 books, with Flute Accompaniments, <i>ad lib.</i> , by J. F. Burrowes, each	- - - - -		4 0
The favorite Airs, in 2 books, as Piano-forte Duets, with Flute Accompaniment, <i>ad lib.</i> , by W. H. Callcott, each	- - - - -		6 0
The Venetian March, arranged by W. H. Callcott,	- - - - -		2 0
Ditto, as a Piano-forte Duet, by do.	- - - - -		2 0
Fantasia on the favorite Airs; "By the sad sea waves," and "The Venetian March," by W. H. Callcott,	- - - - -		8 0
Quadrilles, from the Opera, by Jullien,	- - - - -		4 0

N.B. Various other Arrangements in the Press.