(Loud shouts and alarms are heard, which become more and more distinct, when a body of huntsmen are seen to cross a chasm in the rocks which is bridged by a fallen tree, &c., and exent by the path on which Arline, &c., went off.)


(Alarms continue, when Florestin rushes in, apparently frightened to death.)

"Is no succor near at hand?"
(Original key B minor.)

Allegro agitato. Aria.
Florestein.

Is no succor near at hand? For my intellect so reels, I am

doubtful if I stand on my head or on my heels; No

gentle-man, it's very clear, Such a shock should ever know; When I

once become a peer, They shall not treat me so; No

gentle-man, it's very clear, Such a shock should ever know, And when
once I become a peer, They shall not treat me so, no,

they shall not treat me so, no, they shall not treat me

so!

Then let every vassal arm, For my thanks he well deserves, Who from

tthis state, this state of alarm Will protect my shattered nerves! To
think that one unused to fear. Such a fright should ever know! When I once become a peer, They shall not treat me so! No
gentleman, it's very clear, Such a shock should ever know, And when once I become a peer, They shall not treat me so, no,
they shall not treat me so, no,
(At the end of song, Thaddeus and Peasantry rush in, the latter evincing the greatest alarm and terror.)

Melodramatic Music.