Ah! Ah! Dal-le
From the

Maestoso.

Cor. & Fag. sustain.

stanz-ze, o-ve Lu-ci-a trat-ta-vea col suo con-
cham-ber, where sad and si- lent, To her lord I Lu- cy

sor-te, un la-men-to— un gri-do-sci-a, co-me
guid-ed, Cries of an-guish broke loud up-on us, Twixtsur-

duom vi-ci-no a mor-te! Cor-si rat-to in quel-le
prise and four sore di-vid-ed, Ter-ror seized me, I burst up-

Tym-
mu-ra-ah! ter-ri-bi-le scia-gu-ra! Ste-so Ar-
on them, Sight of dread appalled
Cl. and Fl.

mu-to, fred-do, in-sangui-
hus-band the bride was kneeling, He lay life-less, his wounds con-

Poco più
na-to! e Lu-cia l'ac-iar strin-
ge-va, che fu già del tru-cl-
geal-ing, In her hand she held the dag-ger, and her un-guish re-com-

Tempo I.
da-to! El-lain me, le lu-ciaf-fis-se- "Il mio
menc-es.
Tutti: Wretched maid, she'd slain her hus-band! Gaz-ing

sopo-so, ov' è?, mi dis-se, e nel vol-
ton me with eyes all va-cant, She be-lieved 'twas Ed-

Hn. sustain
len-te un sor-ri-so ba-le-nó! In-fe-li-ce! del-la near, And from her lips a smile broke forth! Ah, her spirit, most un-
men-te la vir-tu-de a lei man-có, a le-i, a lei, in-fe-
hap-py, Reason's bonds had cast a-way, her spir-it, un-hap-py! her

li-ce, in-fe-li-ce! del-la men-te la vir-tu-de a lei man-có! ah! spir-it most un-hap-py, Reason's bonds, ay, reason's bonds had cast a-way! Ah!

Maestoso. p legato
Oh! qual fu-ne-sto, av-ve-ni-men-to!
Oh! dire mis-fortune, oh-day of sor-row,

Oh! qual fu-ne-sto, av-ve-ni-men-to!
Oh! dire mis-fortune, oh-day of sor-row,
What gloomy ending! Night, cast thy shadow.

What gloomy ending! Night, cast thy shadow.

What gloomy ending! Night, cast thy shadow.

What gloomy ending! Night, cast thy shadow.

la riasventu-ra, o' er ourlament-ing, col te ne bro so tuo den so vel.
Soon free her spirit from bonds of earth.

Bide-the-Bent.

Ah! quella destra di sanguemura l'ira non
Oh! heav'n in mercy the crime forgive her, Sad was her
chiammi su noi del ciel.

fate, cruel hatred's prey,

Ah! quel la

Oh heav'n, in

Tutti.

destra
di sangue impura

mercy
the crime forgive her,

li ra non
sad was her
chiammi su noi del ciel. El la in me le luci affate, cruel hatred's prey. Gaz ing forth with eyes all

fis se, e l'ac ciar, l'ac ciar stringe va! vacant, in her hand she held the dag ger.
Ah!
Ah!

ciar, la ciar stringeva!
hand she held the dagger!

ciar, la ciar stringeva! l'ac ciar!
hand she held the dagger! Ah me!

ciar, la ciar stringeva!
hand she held the dagger!

ah! quella destra
di sangue impura
may heav'n in mercy
the crime for-give her,

Ah! quella destra
di sangue impura
may heav'n in mercy
the crime for-give her,

Recitative and Aria.

(Lucy Ashton enters in a plain white dress; her hair dishevelled. She is deathly pale, and out of her senses.)

Bide-the-Bent. Andante.

Ec-co-la! See she comes!

Soprano.

Oh giu-sto cie-lo!

Oh sight of sor-row,

Tenor.

Oh giu-sto cie-lo!

Oh sight of sor-row,

Bass.

Oh giu-sto cie-lo!

Oh sight of sor-row,

Andante.

Strings, CoraI, Tromba, Fag.