Act II.

An anti-chamber in the ducal palace; two side-doors, and large folding doors at the back, which are shut. On each side of the folding doors hangs a large portrait; on the left, that of the Duke, on the right, that of his Duchess. There is an armchair beside a table covered with velvet, and other furniture.

No. ii. “Parmi veder le lagrime."

Recitative and Aria.

Agitato assai. \(d = 100\)

(Enter the Duke, in great agitation)


El-la mi fu ra-
Ah, cruel fate, I've
parting; back to her door-way I bent my anxious foot-steps!

The mansion seemed deserted!

Ah, whither have they borne my fairest angel? She who hath kindled the flame of love
doest the heart of steadfast affection? To what fond and timid glance was that charm'd me?
Where that voice, that to a
tù ta-lor mi cre-do! El-la mi fu ra-pi-ta!
constant love had warm'd me? Ah, can I then have lost her?

E chi l'ar-di-va? Ma ne a-
Who dard assail her? Vengeance shall

vró, ma ne a-vró ven-del-ta.
light up-on the base of-fend-er.

lo chie-de il pian-to
Though now she's weep-ing,
del-
short shall be her per-

Adagio.
Par-mi ve-de-ri la-gri-me scor-ren-ti da quel
Art thou weeping in lone-li-ness, De-spair-ing and un-

ci-glio, quan-do fra il du-bio e l'an-sia del su-bi-to pe-
friend-ed, Call-ing on him whose life-blood Had thine with joy de-

del-l'amor no-stro,
Fond-ly re-call-ing,

ri-glio, del-l'amor nostro me-mo-re,
dell'amor nostro me-mo-re, il suo Gualtier chi-
fond-ed? Fondly recalling mem-o ries, fondly recalling mem-
o-ries of bliss that fled too

mò,
Ned ei po-tea so-cor-ri-ti, cara fan-ciul-
soon?
Would that my arm could re-
cue thee, would that some fate re-
Diana

ma-ta; ei che vorria del-la-ni-ma
Un-to thy lov-er's long-ing as
far-ti guag-iu be-
oc-toed thee

Il-cea-ven-ual joy af-

Ei che le sfe-re,
Rob me of all,

a-ta; ei che le sfe-re ag-lan-ge-li, ei che le sfe-re a-
ford me! Rob me of ev-ry oth-er bliss, rob me of ev-ry

legato

te, no no, per te no in-
me this on-

gl'an-ge-li per te non in-
vi-diò, ei che le oth-
er bliss, Grant me this on-
ly boon, This joy af-

Diana

sfe-re, le sfe-re ag-lan-ge-li per te, per te
le sfe-re a-
ford me, rob me of ev-ry oth-er bliss, ah, rob me of ev-

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Allarg. dolcis.

Duke.

Marullia.

Borsa. (with Tenor I.)

Coprano. (with Bass II.)

Et-ben!

What news?

Duchess! Our lord and Duke, we've captured the jester's tidings!