

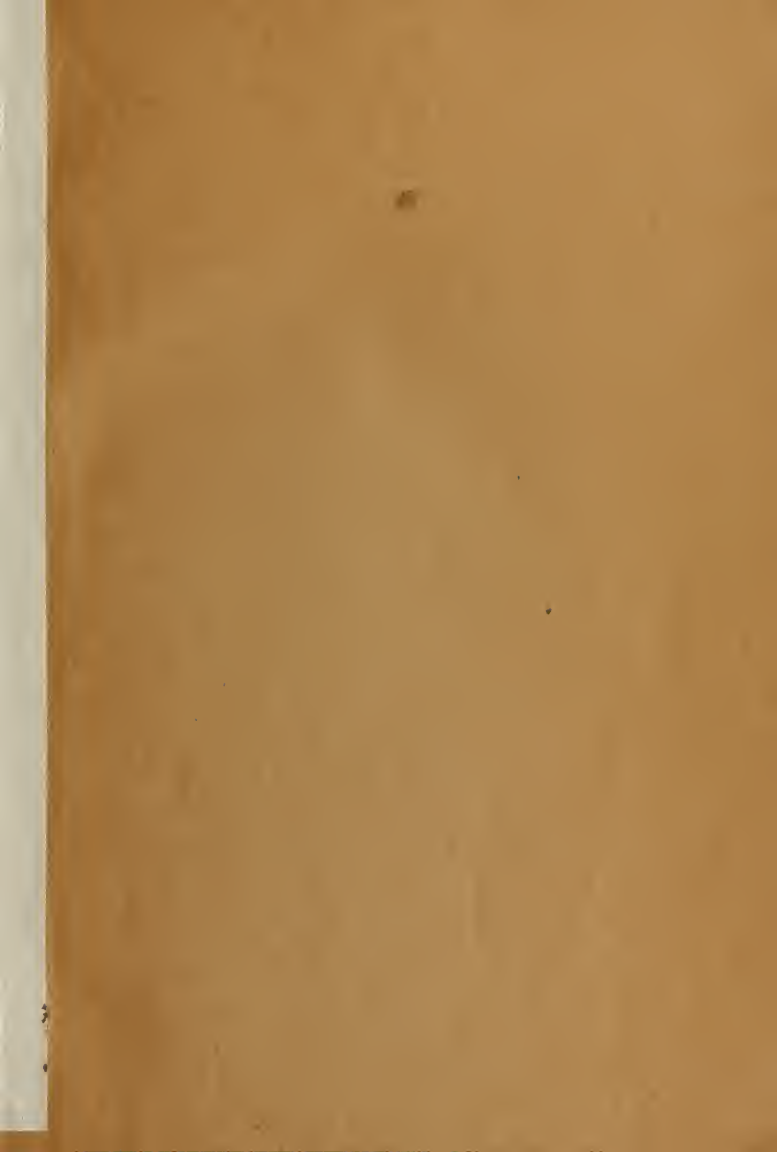
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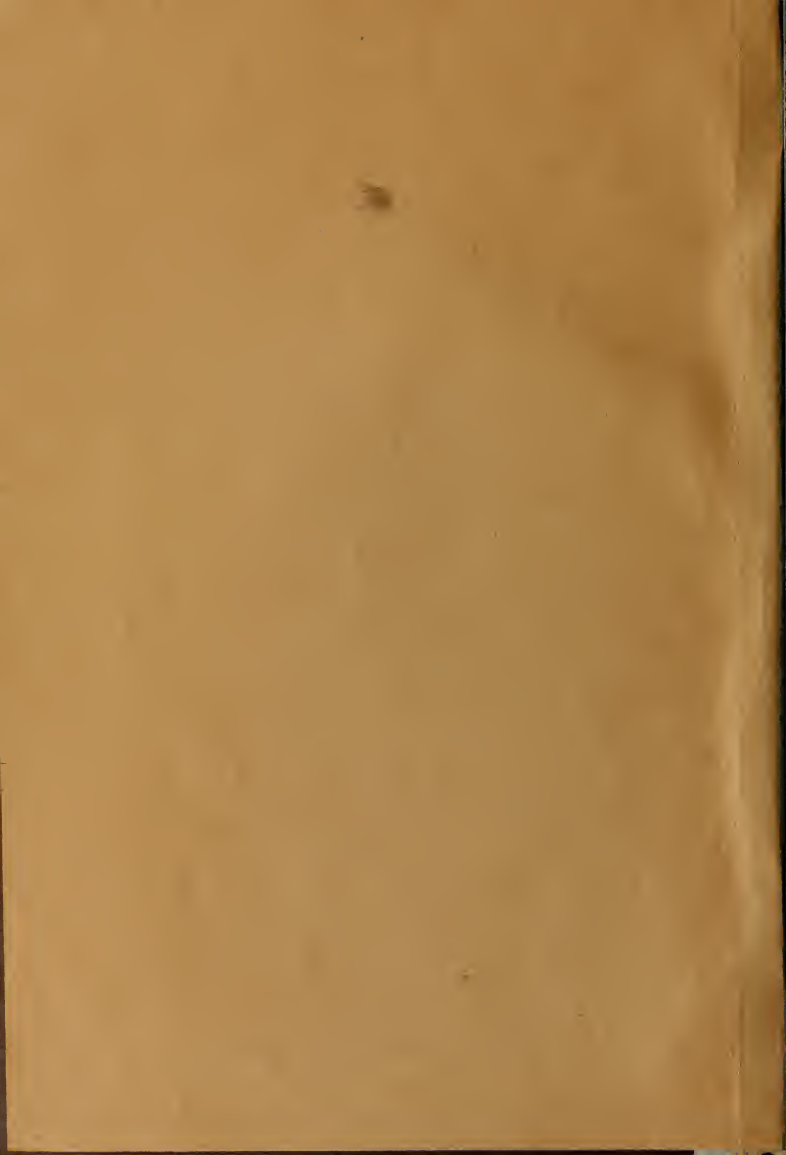
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SKETCH OF THE PLOT OF LUCIA.



AT the rising of the curtain, NORMAN, the chief of the retainers of HENRY ASHTON, the Lord of Lammermoor, is directing his followers to explore well the neighboring country, the motive for doing which soon becomes apparent. HENRY enters with RAYMOND, the tutor of LUCY his sister, and laments to NORMAN that EDGAR OF RAVENSWOOD, his hereditary enemy, still confronts him, and that his own fall is certain unless Lucy will consent to give her hand to the only man that can save him. RAYMOND supposes her repugnance to marriage to arise from respect to the memory of her recently-deceased mother, but NORMAN tells HENRY that, on the contrary, Lucy is already in love with another, who had saved her life when furiously attacked by an enraged bull, and that he believes the unknown lover to be no other than EDGAR. On the return of the retainers the truth of these suspicions becomes confirmed. The scene now changes to a park, in which Lucy and EDGAR meet and mutually exchange vows and tokens of undying fidelity. The interest of Scotland requiring the presence of EDGAR in France, with this their last meeting previous to his departure, the Act closes.

At the commencement of the SECOND ACT, NORMAN admits to HENRY the possession of intercepted letters from EDGAR to LUCY, and hands him a forged one, calculated to induce a belief that he has transferred his affections to another. HENRY, at an interview with his sister, reproaches her with still retaining love for one who is false, and to prove his assertion produces the forged letter, which has a crushing effect on her. He then follows up his advantage by informing her that he (HENRY) is implicated in a conspiracy against the existing government, and that his life will be forfeit if she will not consent to marry ARTHUR, whose powerful influence may save him. Believing EDGAR to be false, and that it is her duty to save her brother's life, she consents to marry ARTHUR. The latter accordingly arrives, attended by a brilliant suite, and all parties proceed to sign the marriage contract, which is no sooner completed than, to their great astonishment, EDGAR appears. On being angrily bade to depart, he declares that Lucy has plighted her faith to him alone; on beholding her signature to the contract, and hearing her confession that it is hers, he with scorn returns her once-cherished keepsake, and tears from her the one he had given; then, showering maledictions on her, he leaves her for ever.

The THIRD ACT is commenced by a jubilant banquet, held in the castle of Ashton, when the assembly are horrified by the announcement of RAYMOND, that Lucy, seized with madness, had on their retirement to the nuptial chamber, plunged a sword into her husband, who was at this moment lying dead and reeking in his blood! The truth of this statement is soon confirmed by the appearance of Lucy, who in her madness reverts to each scene of joy and sorrow with which her life had been chequered; and the anguish of her brother is extreme at beholding, on his return, the pitiable state to which his conduct has reduced her. EDGAR, amidst the graves of his ancestors, indulges in a gloomy retrospect of his past life, and longs for the hour when he also may slumber there in peace. He is interrupted by the news of the catastrophe that has occurred, and is told that Lucy still fondly breathes his name. He is on the point of rushing to see her, when RAYMOND enters and informs him that she is dead! After imploring that in Heaven they may be united, he plunges a dagger into his breast, and expires.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDGAR, of Ravenswood.
HENRY ASHTON, Brother of Lucy.
NORMAN, his chief Retainer.
RAYMOND, Tutor to Lucy.

ARTHUR, wedded to Lucy.
LUCY, of Lammermoor.
ALICE, her Attendant.

CHORUS.

FRIENDS, RELATIVES, AND RETAINERS OF HENRY ASHTON.

Scene, Scotland.—Period, the 18th Century.

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LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.

A Vestibule.

NORMAN and CHORUS.

We'll explore in the neighboring woodland
And the vaults in the old ruined tower,
Then no longer will mystery lower:
We'll accomplish what honor demands.
Then will truth be revealed as brightly
As fierce lightning illumines murky night!

[Exit Chorus.]

[Enter HENRY and RAYMOND.]

NORMAN. Thou seemest troubled?

HENRY.

Not without reason. Thou knowest the star
Is darkened once did cheer my destiny;
For still doth Edgar, the presumptuous enemy
Of my race, from his murky ruins,
Audaciously my power deride and laugh at.
One hand alone can prevent my falling,
Confirm me in my tottering power:
Yet Lucy dares refuse that hand, though of-
fered!

Ah! sister, I now disclaim thee!

RAYMOND. Alas! Poor maiden,

Still mourning o'er her great affliction,
A mother's death, oh! let us pay respect
To sorrow like hers! Can she think of hymen
Ere her tears are yet dried?—Yet think of
love?

NORMAN. Not think of love!

With love her heart's consuming!

HENRY. Ah! What hear I?

RAYMOND. What say'st thou?

NORMAN. Now listen. Lucy was in the park,
And near that lone and deep-secluded spot
Where her lost mother's tomb
Of attracts her,
When a most furious bull
In maddest rage pursued her;
Then through the air
A rifle-ball did whistle—
Dead at her feet the monster fell!

HENRY. Oh, say, who fired that shot?

NORMAN.

One who in myst'ry seeks his name to hide.

HENRY. Whom Lucy, then—

NORMAN. Doth love!

HENRY. Met they again, then?

NORMAN. Each morning!

HENRY. And where?

NORMAN. On that same spot.

HENRY. Oh, fury!

And did you recognize him?

NORMAN. Yet by suspicion only.

HENRY. Ah, speak, then!

NORMAN. He is thine enemy!

RAYMOND. (Oh heaven!)

NORMAN. One whom thou hatest!

HENRY. Ah! Who can it be—is't Edgar?

NORMAN. Thou hast named him.

FURY, REMORSELESS, TERRIBLE.

HENRY. Fury, remorseless, terrible,

Thou in my breast hast wakened!

Renewing forebodings horrible,

By fell suspicions blackened!

They fire, with rage amazing!

With terror lift my hair!

O'erwhelmed with shame so hideous,

A sister's guilty failing!

Ah! ere love that's thus perfidious,

Base slave, shall be prevailing,

Struck by a thunderbolt, to thee

Less dreadful far such fate would be.

NORMAN. Through pity for thine honor,

I've cruel been to thee!

RAYMOND. Take pity, I implore thee!

Of reason he's bereft—ah, great heaven!

[Re-enter Chorus of Hunters.]

CHORUS. Now all doubt we may make certain.

NORMAN. Dost thou hear?

HENRY. Ah, tell me!

CHORUS. (Oh, mis'ry!)

FAINT AND SPENT.

CHORUS. Faint and spent, fatigued and weary,
 Long we searched from hour to hour,
 Seeking rest, through portals dreary,
 Entered we the ruined tower.
 Then, with look so wildly glancing,
 Pale and mute, with aspect daring,
 One came forth who, when advancing,
 Showed the unknown's form and bearing.
 On a charger standing ready,
 Soon like lightning he was flying,
 When a falconer declared
 His name—'tis one belief defying.

HENRY. Oh, speak it?

CHORUS. 'Tis Edgar!

HENRY. He! Ah, madness!
 My rage doth now consume me!
 Filled with hate, my heart will burst!

NOW NO PITY FOR HIM RESTRAINS ME.

Now no pity for him restrains me.
 To revenge doth hatred constrain me,
 The desire for his death that enchains me,
 But his life-blood can allay.

It with fury my bosom is firing,
 And with madness my heart inspiring!
 His destruction alone desiring,
 Nought but vengeance can repay.

NORMAN and CHORUS.

With his life the worthless traitor
 Shall the injury repay!

RAYMOND.

(Though dark clouds are o'er thee lowering,
 May they soon be chased away!)

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE SECOND.

A Park.

[*LUCY and ALICE.*]

LUCY. Ah! Still he comes not!

ALICE. Imprudent is thy adventure,
 Fate rashly braving;
 For should thy brother meet thee,
 Dread then his rage!

LUCY. Yes, truly!
 And yet should Edgar know all the perils
 By which we are surrounded.

ALICE. At what is it thou'rt gazing
 With looks of terror?

LUCY. At that fountain! Ah! with horror
 It ever doth inspire me!
 There did a Ravenswood, by jealous thoughts
 And passions of all reason bereft,
 His loving lady most basely murder!
 And her unhappy spirit wanders
 Beneath the waters of that stream,
 And once did I behold it!

ALICE. What say'st thou?

LUCY. Oh, listen.

NATURE SEEMED WRAPT IN SILENCE.

Nature seemed wrapt in silence,
 Darkness o'er all was spreading,
 Save one pale ray on the fountain
 Faintly the moon was shedding.

When from its water on mine ear
 Sighs of deep anguish fell,
 Before me her spirit did appear
 As if its woe to tell.

Its ghostly hand did motion,
 Its bloodless lips were parted,
 As though to speak essaying,
 It seemed to me to beckon;

Motionless for a while it stood,
 Then from my sight did fade,
 Now did the water of that stream
 To blood its color change.
 This fatal sight doth warn me
 To chase from my inmost soul
 The image so dearly and fatally loved;
 But no, I cannot—ah no, I cannot!
 To me it is the light of heaven!
 The boon that comforts my wounded heart!

LOVE WRAPS MY SOUL IN ECSTASY.

Love wraps my soul in ecstasy,
 Filling my heart with gladness,
 Shadowing forth his faith to me,—
 The thought alone dispels all sadness.
 No more my tears of grief must flow,
 Sorrow before it must vanish;
 Once more I shall be happy
 In love restored to me.

ALICE. Ah! Trust not to hope so joyously,
 Grief yet may be in store. [*Perceiving EDGAR.*]
 He now approaches—
 Soon will he be with thee.
 With caution will I watch. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter EDGAR.*]

EDGAR. Ah, dear Lucy, thy pardon
 I solicit for desiring this meeting.
 Strong was the reason I had to ask it:
 Ere another morning on me is dawning,
 From my dear-loved country
 I must depart.

LUCY. What say'st thou?

EDGAR. To France my course will lead me;
 Reasons of import there my presence calls for:
 The interest of Scotland.

LUCY. And thus abandon me to grief and despair?

EDGAR. Nay, ere I leave thee, I will seek Ashton;
My hand I'll proffer, thus friendship showing,
And, as a bond of peace, thy hand
Of him will I demand.

LUCY. What hear I?

Ah, no! In silence remaining will I suffer
From him our love concealing.

EDGAR. Thy motive this: still doth hatred
His revengeful breast inflame;
The persecutor still is he of my race.

My father slaying,
My heritage usurping,
What would he? Is't not enough?
Ferocious being, my ruin

His fell heart still is seeking!
My death desiring, he detests me!

LUCY. Ah, no!

EDGAR. Abhors me!

LUCY. Calm, oh heaven, his o'erwrought anger!

EDGAR. Ah! with passion my heart consumeth!
Hear me!

LUCY. Oh, Edgar!

EDGAR. Hear me, and tremble!

O'er the ashes of my father,
In the grave that now lie mold'ring,
To thy kindred did I vow warfare
By an oath in heaven recorded!

I beheld thee but to repent it,
Wishing that vow could be rescinded.
Yet it still remains recorded;
Spite of fate, that vow can be fulfilled!

LUCY. Oh! this anger, pray subdue it—
These wild accents will but betray thee!
My deep suff'ring should suffice thee;
Wouldst thou give me greater mis'ry?
Let not love by anger e'er be weakened,
'Tis a passion far more holy!

Let it, then, the noblest prove
Of all thy vows, the vows of love!

EDGAR. Here to me, then, before high heaven,
Plight a wife's eternal love!
Let thy vows, if truly given,
Sanctioned be by one above!
Fate unites us, ne'er more to sever.
We're betrothed!

LUCY. I'm thine, I'm thine!

BOTH. Hear our vows of true affection!

Hear, oh heaven, we implore!
Shield our love with thy protection!
Grant but this, we ask no more!

EDGAR. Now, thou dear one, I must leave thee.

LUCY. Ah! Those words with fear appal me!

With thy heart mine flies for ever!

EDGAR. With thy heart mine's left for ever!

Yes, thou dear one, fly I must.

LUCY. Sometimes, when gone, oh, send me

But a leaf thy love to tell;

Thus my fleeting hope sustaining,

Thus all fear and doubt dispel.

EDGAR. In my heart and thought thy image,

Dear one, e'er will treasured be.

UPON THE BREEZE TO THEE—DUET.

LUCY and EDGAR.

Upon the breeze to thee shall fly

My sighs and vows the sincerest;

The wave my plaints shall murmur by

In echoes the fondest, dearest!

Think, on my bosom's anguish deep

I pine, nor this deny,—

One tear of pity weep, oh weep,

And breathe one ardent sigh.

EDGAR. I now depart!

LUCY. Adieu.

EDGAR. Thy vows to me are witnessed in heaven!

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT SECOND.

An Apartment.

[HENRY and NORMAN.]

NORMAN. Lucy thy summons will attend.

HENRY. I tremblingly await her;
For to complete these splendid nuptials
My friends already assemble in this castle,—
All my most honored kinsmen;
And Arthur soon will arrive here.
Yet should she, still obdurate,
Oppose this marriage?

NORMAN. Fear thee not:
He she mourns too long hath been absent:
The intercepted letters,
With all our new-coined fictions,
That in his heart new love was lighted,

Will, in the breast of Lucy,
Now extinguish the love she bore him.

HENRY. Soft, she approaches!

Quickly thy last-forged letter give to me,
Then take the road that leads most promptly
To the regal, stately city of Scotland,
And here to me conduct in triumph
The bridegroom, Arthur! [Exit NORMAN.]

[Enter LUCY.]

HENRY. Draw nearer me, dear Lucy!
I had hoped this day to see thee in greater joy,
When the bright torch of hymen
Is lighted up for thee.
You hear not—you speak not!

LUCY. O'er my face this hue, so death-like
 In expression, bespeaks my sadness;
 Doth it not in silence tell thee
 All my anguish, all my madness?
 Oh! May heaven its pardon bestow,
 Though thou hast filled my heart with woe.

HENRY. Now desist from wild complaining,
 From thy guilty love refraining,
 Thus no longer need restraining;
 Then thy brother will forgive.
 Hence with anger; this I but ask thee,
 Banish that guilty insaneness, thy love.
 Accept a noble husband!

LUCY. Cease, oh cease!

HENRY. How?

LUCY. To another
 I long since pledged my faith.

HENRY. Ah! Thou couldst not!

LUCY. Oh, Henry!

HENRY. Cease thee!
 Read this letter—'twill completely
 Prove to thee that he's a traitor!
 Read it!

LUCY. Be still, my trembling heart!

HENRY. Why thus hesitate?

LUCY. Oh, unhappy!

Now, alas! my heart is chilled!

WITH SUFFERING AND WEeping.

With suffering and weeping,
 I languish in sorrow,
 My hope, my existence,
 Were fixed in one heart!
 If that heart prove faithless,
 The moment of death
 Most welcome will be.

HENRY. His heart, so insidious,
 Is base and perfidious;
 From thy love abstaining,
 Thy passion disdaining,
 A meet gerudon given
 Thou'lt yet have from heaven:
 That heart, to thee faithless,
 Another's will be.

LUCY. What hear I?

HENRY. Those sounds of joy denote his arrival.

[Festive sounds are heard in the distance.]

LUCY. Say whom, then?

HENRY. Thy future husband!

LUCY. An icy chill

Through my poor heart is coursing!

HENRY. For thee alone thy bridegroom waits.

LUCY. The tomb is my only refuge.

HENRY. Fate this dark hour must have marked its
 own.

Listen. Against King William have I,
 With others, long been planning rebellion;
 But now those plans are all revealed—
 Our treason is detected.

Arthur alone can save me
 From the death now impending.

LUCY. What wouldst thou?

HENRY. Wed him; thus save me!

LUCY. Oh, Henry!

HENRY. Come—to thy husband!

LUCY. My heart is another's!

O'ER THY BROTHER DEATH'S IMPENDING—Duet.

HENRY. O'er thy brother death's impending,
 On thy answer my life's depending;
 Thy refusal will be sending
 Me to meet a rebel's fate!
 In thy dreams thou'lt see me glaring,
 To thy sight my shade appearing,
 Will to thee bring grief despairing—
 Oh! comply, ere it be too late.

LUCY. Canst thou see me, weeping, languish,
 And behold my heart's deep anguish,
 Yet expect that thou canst vanquish
 All my loathing for such a fate?
 Though on earth all hope's departed,
 Though despairing, broken-hearted,
 Joy in heaven will be imparted,—
 Death, thy coming I await. [Exit.]

[Enter ARTHUR, NORMAN, Knights and Ladies related to ASHTON, Pages, Squires, Inhabitants of Lammermoor, and Domestic.]

HAIL TO THIS DAY OF JUBILEE.

CHORUS. Hail to this day of jubilee!
 Hence ev'ry thought of sadness!
 Bright hope, through thee, new-born will be,
 Day of delight and gladness!
 Love's star doth hither guide thee,
 Friendship awaiteth beside thee,
 Bright star, no night can hide thee,
 Nor thy refugence impair.

ARTHUR. But where is Lucy?

HENRY. Not long thou'lt wait—she soon will come
 But if in grief to thee she seemeth,
 Be not astonished—pray do not heed it,
 For woe still holds its empire:
 Her mother's death she mourneth.

ARTHUR. Fear not, I will respect it. But solve
 this doubt.

Fame doth report young Edgar
 Did dare, with mad presumption,
 Himself to woo the maiden.

HENRY. Yes, truly, his folly reached thus far.
 NORMAN and CHORUS.

See, now thy bride doth approach!

[Enter LUCY, ALICE, and RAYMOND.]

HENRY. (Presenting ARTHUR to LUCY.)

There is thy husband!
 (Oh, ingrate! Cause not my ruin!)
 LUCY. (Ah, great heaven!)

ARTHUR. Receive the vows of endless love,

Dear maid, which now I offer!

HENRY. (Going to the table on which the Marriage
 Contract lies, and interrupting ARTHUR.)

At once the rite accomplish
 Now haste thee!

ARTHUR. Oh, blissful moment!

LUCY. (A victim to sacrifice forced!)

RAYMOND. (May heaven extend to her support!)

LUCY. (*Approaches the table and signs the contract.*)
(Oh, misery! By fate constrained,
I have signed it!)

HENRY. (Once more I breathe!)

LUCY. (What feeling comes o'er me? Oh, help me!)

CHORUS. Whence that noise? Who comes there?

[*Enter EDGAR.*]

EDGAR. It is Edgar!

LUCY. 'Tis Edgar! But ah, too late!

CHORUS. Edgar here—ah, stern fate!

[*The consternation is general.—ALICE, with the help of some of the Ladies, raises LUCY, and places her on a chair.*]

HENRY. (Why am I my arm restraining,
And from vengeance still refraining?
Doth her mis'ry, uncomplaining,
Draw from me pity still remaining?
In my veins her blood is flowing,
Yet 'twixt life and death she's how'ring!
In my breast affection lingers,
Remorse arises in my heart.)

EDGAR. (Why am I my arm restraining?
And from vengeance still refraining?
Doth her suff'ring, her uncomplaining,
Tell of love within her heart remaining?
Like a rose that blooms and withers,
So 'twixt life and death she hovers!
And, though false to me,
Still love my heart inspires.)

LUCY. (Now I call on death to take me,
In this hour of bitter trial,
But to mis'ry death forsakes me—
E'en that hope meets with denial.
Ah! Too late the truth's imparted;
I'm betrayed by earth and heaven!
Would I weep, tears are denied me:
Despair consumes my heart!)

ARTHUR, RAYMOND, ALICE, NORMAN, and CHORUS.
(Ah! These words with doubts confound me;
All seems mystery around me;
Now distrust and fear enthrall me,
And the dark clouds of fate appal me.
Like a rose that blooms and withers,
So 'twixt life and death she hovers!
He who hath for her no pity,
Of a tiger hath the heart!)

HENRY, ARTHUR, NORMAN, and KNIGHTS.
Now depart from here this moment,
Or thy blood full soon will flow!

EDGAR. I may die, but with me others
To their last account shall go!

RAYMOND. Hold, rash man: all-seeing heaven,
In its power and majesty,
By my voice doth here command ye,
Cease your strife, subdue your anger,
Heaven doth abhor it; oh, be peaceful—
Do no murder! For thus 'tis writ:
"He who sheds another's life-blood,
Such shall also be his doom!"

HENRY. Why hath Edgar within
My castle-walls intruded?

EDGAR. I will tell thee: 'twas for Lucy,
Who to me her faith did plight.

RAYMOND. Know that she is now another's,
And forget her.

EDGAR. Forget!—no!

RAYMOND. (*Showing the Marriage Contract.*) See!

EDGAR. (*To LUCY, after reading the Contract.*)

Tremble!

Thou'rt confounded—didst thou sign this?
Give me thy answer?

LUCY. (*In a trembling and subdued tone.*) Yes!

EDGAR. (*Enraged, and returning her ring.*)

Take back this token, unfaithful heart!
Mine return me!

LUCY. Ah me!

EDGAR. Return it!

[*Lucy, completely bewildered, is hardly conscious of what is going on.—She takes the ring from her finger, which EDGAR hastily snatches.—Giving way to his fury, he throws it down and stamps on it.*]

False thou hast been to heaven and love!
May the hour be accursed when I beheld thee!
When I madly thought thy vows were faithful.
Thou art shameless, like thy kindred—
Why did I not shun all thy race?
May high heaven's just hand o'ertake thee,
And avenge me!

HENRY, ARTHUR, NORMAN, and KNIGHTS.
He madly raves!

HENCE FROM MY SIGHT.

CHORUS. Hence from my sight, ere my vengeance
descending—

But for a moment its fury suspending—
Shall, with the force of a hatred ne'er ending,
On thy bare head for thy treachery fall.
Yes, the stain left by an outrage so dire,
Cannot be effaced till thy life-blood expire!

EDGAR. Spare me not! Let thy fury be sat'd;
Death will be welcome to one thus betrayed!
With my blood seal the bond of your hatred,
Here at the feet of a false perjured maid,
To the altar, my corpse her footsteps spurning,
More enjoyment to all it will afford.

LUCY. Ah! great heaven, afford thy protection,
Deign to hear me in this hour of danger!
Hear the cry of a heart that is breaking—
Oh, spare his life I in anguish implore!
In life no ray of hope is left me:
Grant this prayer, I'll ne'er supplicate more!

RAYMOND, ALICE, and LADIES.

Go, unhappy man, go quickly!
Prudence now doth bid thee fly;
Thy woes may then inspire some pity,—
Let her not behold thee die!
Her grief demands thy forbearance;
And woes like thine joys may succeed!

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE FIRST.

A Hall.

LOUD SHOUTS OF JUBILEE.

CHORUS. Loud shouts of jubilee in joy arising;
Waking on Scotia's shore echo on echo,
Warning shall be to thee, treacherous enemy,
That all thy wiles can affect us no more.

[Enter RAYMOND and NORMAN.]

RAYMOND.

Cease those sounds of glad contentment!

CHORUS. Why art thou so deadly pale?

Speak thy tidings.

RAYMOND. A deed of horror!

CHORUS. Ah! Thy words with fear affright!

RAYMOND. From the chamber in which with Lucy

The fond bridegroom sought retirement,

Soon did issue a groan of terror,

As from one in death departing.

Swiftly there I ran and entered:

Ah! Wretched sight! Deed of horror!

There lay Arthur, at length extended,

Mute and death-struck, his life-blood welling!

There, too, Lucy stood in triumph,

With a sword still waving o'er him.

With wild glare, her eyes fixed on me,

"Where's my husband?" she whispered;

And upon her bloodless countenance

A smile of pleasure flashed.

Ah! Too plainly from her mind

All reason hath for ever fled!

ALL. Ah! Fatal moment! Dark deed of horror!

It doth inspire us with fears appalling!

Night, hide for ever this dread misfortune

With thy impervious and gloomy veil!

CHORUS. Oh, may that hand stained with blood
impurely

Not draw upon us the wrath of heaven!

RAYMOND. Behold her!

[Enter Lucy.]

Lucy.

Sweetly on my ear

His dear voice now is sounding!

Those loved tones fill my heart with rapture!

Oh, Edgar, I am restored to thee,

And all thy enemies have vanished!

Through my bosom icy chills now do creep—

Each fibre trembles—my footsteps falter!

Near to the fountain, oh, let us rest together!

Alas! What horrid phantom arises!

Quickly from here, dear Edgar,

We'll fly to the altar! Roses bestrew it—

Harmony celestial greets us—

Dost thou not hear it?

Ah! 'Tis to consecrate our marriage!

Oh, hasten to seek the altar!

Ah, what felicity!

THE JOY THAT NOW INSPIRES ME.

The joy that now inspires me, no lips can utter!

The censor's lighted,

Brightly, too, burn the tapers,

And, robed in splendor,

The priest is waiting.

Give to me thy right hand—

Oh, happy day!

Till death shall part us thy bride am I, love!

This blissful moment repays for all my suffer-
ing.

Now, in sweet calm united,

All, all that I hoped for is mine for ever.

Oh, heavenly Father, to thee my thanks now I
render,

For love restored to me.

RAYMOND. Henry approaches!

[Enter HENRY.]

HENRY. Tell me, can what I've heard be true?

RAYMOND. Ah yes, 'tis too true!

HENRY.

What perfidy!

Her punishment shall be condign!

CHORUS. Have mercy!

RAYMOND.

Oh heaven!

Canst thou not see her state is hopeless?

LUCY. What hear I?

Glare not on me so fiercely,

That pledge, so fatal, 'tis true I signed,—

And in his anger terrible

He spurned the ring I gave him!

Heaped curses on me, poor victim

Of a most cruel brother!

I love but thee—no other,

Dear Edgar, can I love.

Who didst thou name? Was it Arthur?

Ah! Do not fly! Pity, pardon me!

HENRY. Oh Lucy!—Great heaven, lost for ever!

OH, SHED ONE TEAR OF PITY.

LUCY. Oh, shed one tear of pity,

When in the grave I'm lying!

Though I may be in heaven,

Yet still I'll pray for thee.

Till thou hast joined me there, lov

Heaven hath no joy for me!

HENRY. Who can refrain from weeping

Tears of remorse must flow!

LUCY. Oh, shed one tear, etc.

SCENE SECOND.

Exterior of a Castle.—Night.

[Enter EDGAR.]

EDGAR. Tombs of my sires departed,
 The last descendant of a race most unhappy
 Receive now here amongst you.
 The flame of anger now hath vanished;
 From my foe's sharp dagger
 Death but a boon would be.
 For me this life now is but a torture,
 And the universe entire a desert,
 Without 'tis shared with Lucy.
 Resplendent lights are gleaming
 Forth from the castle. Ah! quickly
 'Mid their joy night is waning.
 Ungrateful woman, while I, despairing,
 Bitter tears am shedding,
 Thou art with joy exulting
 By the side of thy consort.
 Joy is thy happy portion—
 Death alone I embrace.

A PEACEFUL HOME AND REFUGE.

A peaceful home and refuge
 A mould'ring grave will give me;
 No tear of pity will be shed,
 No one will mourn dejected!
 Ah! Even in death, wretch that I am,
 Such comfort is denied!
 Thou, false one, should at least forget
 That tomb, despised, neglected:
 Ah! faithless woman, pass it not
 Upon thy husband leaning;
 Ah! respect at least the ashes
 Of him who died for thee!

[Enter Inhabitants of Lammermoor, from the Castle.]

CHORUS. Ah, poor maiden!—Ah, day of horror!
 Hope 'twere vain to cherish longer.
 Dawning day will close in sorrow,
 Ne'er to dawn on her again.

EDGAR. Righteous heaven! Answer quickly,
 Say for whom ye are lamenting?

CHORUS. 'Tis for Lucy!

EDGAR. For Lucy, said ye? Hear I rightly?

CHORUS. Yes, in mis'ry she is dying!

SINCE HER MOST UNHAPPY UNION.

Since her most unhappy union,
 She hath been bereft of reason;
 Her last hour with speed approacheth,
 Yet her love for thee remaineth.
 Dawning day will close in sorrow
 Ne'er to dawn on her again.
 The passing-bell breathes forth
 The sounds of death!

EDGAR. That sound my heart is piercing!
 It at last decides my fate:

Now once more will I behold her!

CHORUS. Quell thy transports, born of madness!
 Ah, desist—to fate submit.

[Enter RAYMOND.]

RAYMOND. Stay, rash man, where art thou rushing!
 From this world her spirit's fled!

EDGAR. On earth she's lost to me—soon I'll follow!

THOUGH TO HEAVEN FROM SORROW FLYING.

Though to heaven from sorrow flying,
 Oh, thou loved one, thou adored one,
 Look on me in anguish dying—
 To thee thy faithful one will fly.
 Though on earth, love, mortal hatred
 Strove so long our hearts to sever,
 Yet above I will rejoin thee,
 There united we shall be!
 I'll rejoin thee!

[Plunges his poniard in his heart.]

RAYMOND. What madness!

RAYMOND and CHORUS. Ah! What wouldst thou?
 EDGAR. Die to find her!

CHORUS. Height of mis'ry! Cruel fate!
 May he pardon find above!

[Raising his hands to heaven, EDGAR expires.]

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Bright Youthful Dreams.

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I Shall Behold Her Form Again.
From Earth to Heaven.

BOHEMIAN GIRL. Balfe.
' Dreamt that I Dwell in Marble Halls.
Then You'll Remember Me.
When the Fair Land of Poland.
Oh, What Full Delight! Finale.

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Beauteous as an Angel Fair.
My Pretty Tales and Charms.

CROWN DIAMONDS. Auber.
Young Pedrillo.
Oh, Whisper what Thou Feelest.

DER FREISCHUTZ. Weber.
Thro' the Forests.
Tho' Clouds Around you Sun.

ERNANI. Verdi.
As Dew unto the Withered Flower.
Oh, Thou Who E'er My Soul Adores!
Ernani Fly with Me!
Thy Fond Image, Loved Ernani.

FAUST. Gounod.
All Hail!
Holy Angel, in Heaven Blest. Prayer.

FRA DIAVOLO. Auber.
Forever Thine. Romance.
Oh, Hour of Joy.
Young Agnes, Beauteous Flower.
On Yonder Rock Reclining.

FILLE DU REGIMENT. Donizetti.
Dear Francoe, All Hail to Thee!
Search Thro' the Wide World.
Dear Friends, Farewell.

HUGUENOTS. Meyerbeer.
Fairer than Fairest Lily.
Lovely Land of Touraine.

LOHENGRIN. Wagner.
Believe Me, for My Champion.
Dost Thou not Breathe.
On Distant Shores.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR. Donizetti.
To Earth I Bid a Last Farewell.

LUCREZIA BORGIA. Donizetti.
Holy Beauty.
Make Me no Gandy Chaplet

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Come Loved One, Smile.
My Soul in One Unbroken Sigh.

MASANIELLO. Auber.
Behold, the Morn' is Breaking.

MARITANA. Wallace.
It was a Knight. Romance.
'Tis the Harp in the Air.
Yes, Let Me like a Soldier Fall!
There is a Flower that Bloometh.

MARTHA. Flotow.
Like a Dream.

MIGNON. Thomas.
Ah, Little Thought.
I'm Fair Titania.

MARRIAGE OF FIGARO. Mozart.
Could'st Thou, Love.

NORMA. Bellini.
Ah! Were My Love Requited.
Queen of Heaven.
Both Protecting and Defending.

RIGOLETTO. Verdi.
'Mid the Fair Throng.
ROBERTO DEVEREUX. Donizetti.
Like to an Angel from the skies.

ROBERT LE DIABLE. Meyerbeer.
Robert, My Beloved.
Once Swayed a Prince.

SEMIRAMIDE. Rossini.
My Fond Thoughts.

SONNAMBULA. Bellini.
Sounds so Joyful.
Ah, Don't Mingle.
Still so Gently O'er Me stealing.

STRADELLA. Flotow.
Over Hills, Through Valleys.
Oh, Italy, My Native Land.
Ye Clouds, The Azure Sky.
Stradella's Prayer.

TANNHAUSER. Wagner.
All Praise be Thine.

TRAVIATA. Verdi.
Ah, Was it He Who Filled My Heart

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'Twas Night, and All Around.
To Tell of Love so Glowing.
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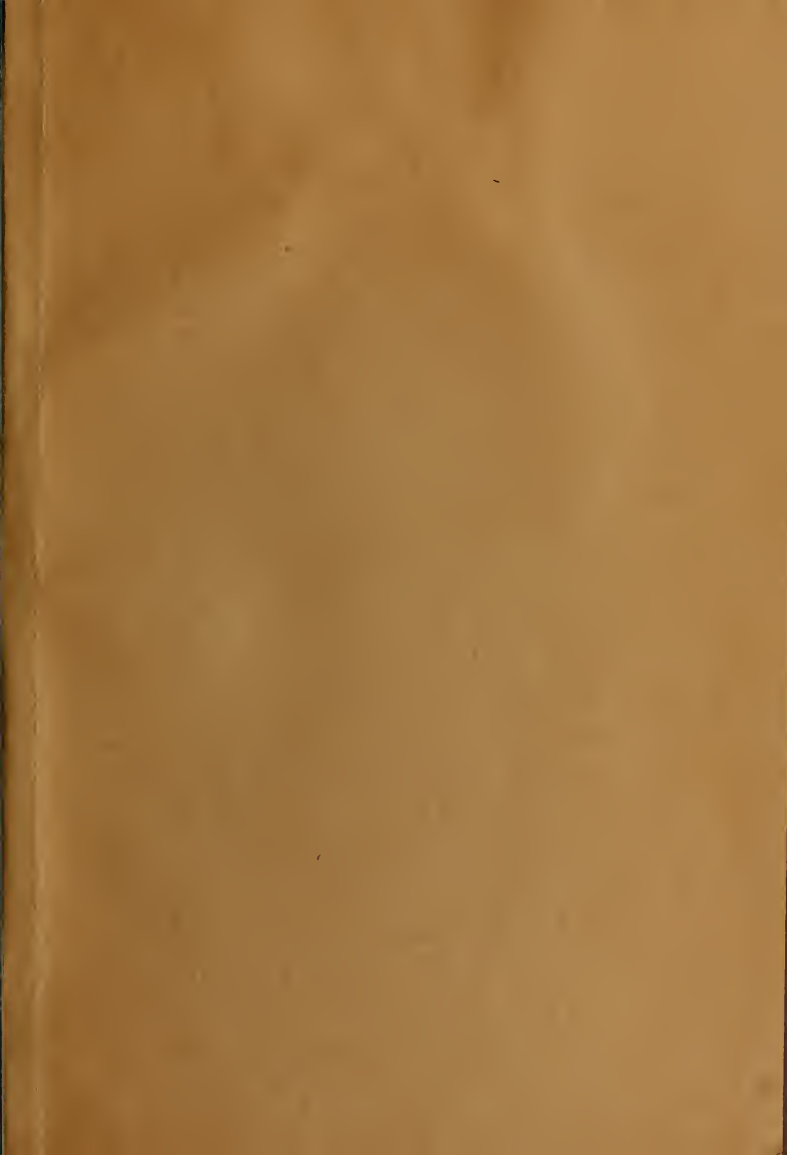
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