NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

I PURITANI,
(THE PURITANS.)

AN OPERA
IN THREE ACTS,

COMPOSED BY
VINCENZO BELLINI.

EDITED AND TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY
NATALIA MACFARREN.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

There are various readings of some portions of this work in different editions; the present agrees with the Score used in performance at the Italian Opera in London.

Many incongruous harmonies and progressions throughout the work can only be accounted for by their being in accordance with the composer’s intention, and stand in his score. Bellini attempted to break new ground in "The Puritans:" he stepped out of the ordinary round of chords that bear his melodies through "Norma" and "Sonnambula," but in venturing upon a new element, he could not fail to manifest his want of solid musicianship.
I PURITANI.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LORD ARTHUR TALBOT, Cavalier (an adherent of the Stuarts) 1st Tenor.
LORD WALTON (Governor of the Fortress) 2nd Bass.
SIR GEORGE (his brother) 1st Bass.
SIR RICHARD FORTH 2nd Tenor.
BENGO (an officer) (Puritan.)
HENRIETTA OF FRANCE (widow of Charles I.) 2nd Soprano.
ELVIRA (daughter of Lord Walton) 1st Soprano.

Chorus of Puritan Soldiers and followers of Lord Arthur. Ladies of the Castle, Pages and Servants.

In the first two Acts the scene is laid in a fortress near Plymouth; in the third in a garden near the fortress.

The scene of the Opera is laid in the time of the war between the Royalists and Puritans. Walter, (Lord Walton) Governor-General of a Fortress near Plymouth, has a daughter, Elvira, whom he is anxious to bestow in marriage upon Sir Richard Forth, a Colonel in the Puritan army. Elvira, however, is in love with Lord Arthur Talbot, an adherent of the Stuarts; and only obtains her father's sanction to her union with him through the intercession of her Uncle, Sir George Walton, himself a Puritan. Sir Richard, enraged at losing his bride, is determined to be revenged on his rival. Amongst the prisoners in the Fortress is a lady, under the name of Madame Villa Forte, but who is in reality Henrietta, widow of Charles I. Lord Walton has received orders from the Parliament to send this prisoner to London; he therefore charges his soldiers to keep strict watch over her; and when Lord Arthur arrives, bearing the wedding presents to Elvira, he finds that he is chosen to arrest his Queen. Elvira enters, dressed as a bride, and in playfulness throws her veil over Henrietta's head. Arthur, knowing that the soldiers have had orders to allow the bridal party to leave the Fortress, entreats Henrietta to retain the veil and escape with him as the bride, during the temporary absence of Elvira. Sir Richard, entering at this moment, recognises Henrietta and Arthur, but permits them to pass, and then informs Elvira that her lover has eloped with another lady. After Arthur has conducted the Queen to a place of safety, he returns to find Elvira out of her mind, and himself condemned to death. Her joy at again seeing her lover restores her reason; and while she is bewailing his punishment, news arrives that Cromwell has granted a free pardon to all captives and political offenders, the Stuarts being completely conquered and the peace of England re-established.
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No. 1.  
Prelude and Introduction.—"AROUSE YE."

The stage represents a spacious courtyard in the fortress, of which the turrets, battlements and drawbridges are seen. Distant prospect of mountains. The sun rises during the Introduction and illuminates the scene. On the walls sentinels are on guard.

Flute, Bassoon, Oboe, Clarionets, Horns in D, Trumpets in D, 3 Trombones, Kettle Drum, Big Drum, Cymbals, & Strings.

Allegro assai.

Piano.

Allegro assai.

Wind.

Allegro sostenuto.
Chorus of Soldiers (within). Bruno with 1st Tenors.

**A-rouse ye!**

L'istesso tempo.

1st and 2nd Tenors.

**A-rouse we!**

Daylight appears!

Basses.

**A-rouse we!**

Daylight appears!

Wood & Brass.

"I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
daylight appears!
nun-zia del di!

The bugle re-soun-deth,
La trom-ba rin-bon-ba!

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Drums beat on the snare from opposite sides.

Allegro sostenuto e marziale. \( \frac{d}{d} \) \text{-} 138.
Ct., Bassoon, 2 Horns, K. Drum, & Strings.

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Chorus (at the front of the stage).

When yonder bugle calls us,
Quan-do la trom-ba squila,
Viola, C. & Bassoon.

Gaily we seize our fal-chions,
L'ar-me tre-men-de ap-pre-sta,
Tutti.

Horn, Tenor & Cello.

Danger nor death appals us,
Re-to il guer-ri-ro,
D. Bass.

When yonder bugle calls us,
Quan-do la trom-ba squila,
When yonder bugle calls us,
Quan-do la trom-ba squila,

Gaily we seize our fal-chions,
L'ar-me tre-men-de ap-pre-sta,
And to the battle, to the battle
Al-la vit-to-ria, al-la vit-to-ria

Gaily we seize our fal-chions,
L'ar-me tre-men-de ap-pre-sta,
And to the battle

Yes, when the bugle calls us to glory,
Quan-do la trom-ba squila,

No. 115, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
When we to glory, when we straightway to glory fly, yes, to

When we to Al-la-vit-toria, straightway to Al-la-vit-toria sappresta, allavita.

Swift as the lightning rends dark clouds a-tovia; Pi-ri del ferro al lampo, al-

Swift as the lightning rends dark clouds a-tovia; Pi-ri del ferro al lampo.
(With suppressed ferocity.)

thun - der, Death to the da - ring Stu - ards, shall be our bat - tle
vil - la, De - gli Stu - ar-di il cam - po in ce - ne - re ca -

thun - der, Death to the da - ring Stu - ards, shall be our bat - tle
vil - la, De - gli Stu - ar-di il cam - po in ce - ne - re ca -

pp

cresc.

cry! death to the da - ring Stu - ards, shall be our bat - tle
drai! de - gli Stu - ar-di il cam - po in ce - ne - re ca -

sf

pp

cresc.

cry! yes, death, ca - dra, yes, death!
drai! ca - dra, ca - dra!

sf

sf

cresc.

tutta forza.

You bugle calls, calls on us to bat - tle,
Bat to it guer - rier, il guer - rier si de - sta,

You bugle calls, calls on us to bat - tle,
Bat to it guer - rier, il guer - rier si de - sta,

Bu - gle calls, calls on us to bat - tle,
Bat to it guer - rier, il guer - rier si de - sta,
Seize we our fal-chious, nought shall appal us,
L'arme tre-men-de, tre-men-de ap-pre-sta;

Swift as the light-ning rends dark clouds a-sunder,
Pa-ri del fer-ro al lam-po, al lam-po,

Threat-ning, we rush on our foe like heav-en's thun-der,
Se l'ira in co-re, se l'ira in cor sfu vil-la,

Death to the da-ring Stu-ar-ta, shall be our bat-tle cry!
De-gli Stu-ar-di it cam-po in ce-ne-re ca-drà!

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
death to the da-ring Stu-arts, shall be our bat-tle cry!

deo gli Stu-ard il cam-po in ce-ne-re ca-dri!

in calcando cresce.

death, to the da-ring Stu-arts, shall be our bat-tle cry! yes, death,
deo gli Stu-ardu il cam-po in ce-ne-re ca-dri! ca-dri!

Sea

yén bu-gle Rat - to il guer -

yes, death, ca-dri!

yén bu-gle Rat - to il guer -

yes, death!

yes, death!

calls, calls us on to bat-tle, Seize we our

calls, calls us on to bat-tle, Seize we our

fast - chions, nought shall ap- pal us, Swift as the

fast - chions, nought shall ap- pal us, Swift as the

Tutti Forza.

lightning renders clouds a-sunder, Threat'ning like ferro, del ferro al lampo, Se Pirain

lightning renders clouds a-sunder, Threat'ning like ferro, del ferro al lampo, Se Pirain.

heaven's thunder, Death to the daring Stuart,
cor sfavelba, De gli Stuar-di il campo

heaven's thunder, Death to the daring Stuart,
cor sfavelba, De gli Stuar-di il campo

shall be our battle cry! Yes, in cenere cadre, 

shall be our battle cry! Yes, in cenere cadre,

Dellini's "I Pardinii."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 2. PRAYER.—"THE SUN ON HIGH ASCENDING."

\textit{C} in B flat, \textit{H} horns in F, \& in B flat, Trumpets in B flat.

\begin{align*}
\text{Voice.} & \quad \text{Larghetto maestoso.} \\
\text{Piano.} & \quad \text{Bruno.}
\end{align*}

(The sound of solemn music is heard from the fortress.)

\begin{align*}
\text{Up, Cromwell's trus-ty warriors, up -}
\text{O di Crom-vel guer-ri - ri, pie -}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
- & \quad \text{lift your hearts in pray'r, In - tone a so - lemn can - ti - cle,}
- & \quad \text{ghiam la men-te e il cor, A' mat - tu - ti - ni can - ti - ci,}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Elvira (within).} & \quad \text{The sun on high asc - cend - ing, The stars with sil - v'ry rays, Their}
\text{La lu - na, il sol, le stel - le, Le te - ne - bre, il ful - gor, Dan}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Arthur (within).} & \quad \text{The sun on high asc - cend - ing, The stars with sil - v'ry rays, Their}
\text{La lu - na, il sol, le stel - le, Le te - ne - bre, il ful - gor, Dan}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Bruno.} & \quad \text{The sun on high asc - cend - ing, The stars with sil - v'ry rays, Their}
\text{La lu - na, il sol, le stel - le, Le te - ne - bre, il ful - gor, Dan}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Heav'n's glo - ry to de - claim!}
\text{sa - cri al di - vin Fat - tor!}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Richard (within).} & \quad \text{The sun on high asc - cend - ing, The stars with sil - v'ry rays, Their}
\text{La lu - na, il sol, le stel - le, Le te - ne - bre, il ful - gor, Dan}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Sir George (within).} & \quad \text{The sun on high asc - cend - ing, The stars with sil - v'ry rays, Their}
\text{La lu - na, il sol, le stel - le, Le te - ne - bre, il ful - gor, Dan}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Cu., Horns & Bassoons behind the stage.}
\end{align*}

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
great Creator praise With light un-ending, they all give praise with light un-ending. Thy
gloria al Creator. In tor faelic, al Creator. in tor faelic, La

great Creator praise With light un-ending, they all give praise with light un-ending. Thy
gloria al Creator. In tor faelic, al Creator. in tor faelic, La

great Creator praise With light un-ending, they all give praise with light un-ending. Thy
gloria al Creator. In tor faelic, al Creator. in tor faelic, La

firma ment of splendor Shall praise Thee evermore; Thy mighty name a-
ter-rcae fir-mamen ti Es-sal-ta-nol Si-gnor... A Lui dian laudi co

firma ment of splendor Shall praise Thee evermore; Thy mighty name a-
ter-rcae fir-mamen ti Es-sal-ta-nol Si-gnor... A Lui dian laudi co

firma ment of splendor Shall praise Thee evermore; Thy mighty name a-
ter-rcae fir-mamen ti Es-sal-ta-nol Si-gnor... A Lui dian laudi co

firma ment of splendor Shall praise Thee evermore; Thy mighty name a-
ter-rcae fir-mamen ti Es-sal-ta-nol Si-gnor... A Lui dian laudi co

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Thomas Arne "Rule, Britannia!"

Belzoni’s "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co’s Octavo Edition.
We too Thy name a-dore,
the
diegloria al Cre-a-tor,
la

We too Thy name a-dore,
their Cre-a-tor praise,

Oh Lord!

Oh Lord!

Our

Their great Cre-a-tor praise,

Thee
diegloria al Cre-a-tor,
al Cre-a-

Praise,

To Thee give

Praise,

To Thee give
Bedno. 

jiraise 

tor, 

to Thee give praise! 

(Sotto voce throughout this scene.) 

praise, 

tor, 

to Thee give praise! 

al Cre-a-tor! 

praise, 

tor, 

to Thee give praise! 

al Cre-a-tor! 

praise, 

tor, 

to Thee give praise! 

al Cre-a-tor! 

Chorus of Soldiers, Tenor. 

We hear! 

A-way! 

We hear! 

A-way! 

Strings with sforzando. 

cept, 

di 

li-sing from grate-ful hearts, 

L'in no dei pu-ri 

cor 

cept, 

di 

li-sing from grate-ful hearts, 

L'in no dei pu-ri 

cor 

cept, 

di 

li-sing from grate-ful hearts, 

L'in no dei pu-ri 

cor 

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 3. **Continuation of Introduction.**—"REJOICE WE."

**Piano.**

\[ \text{Allegro brillant.} \]

Chorus of Ladies (within).

**Treble and Alto.**

(Tutti, Strings.)

(Enter Ladies of the Castle.)

**Treble and Alto.**

(Enter Ladies of the Castle.)

Belshazzar's Feast.——Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Rejoice we, let ev'ry heart be gay!
A tut-ti, a tut-ti ri-dal il cor!

To welcome the hap-py bri-dal day, what glad-ness!
Can-ta-te, can-ta-te un san-to a-mor, a fe-sta!
Who'er hath seen El-
Gar-zon che mi-ra El-

Who'er hath seen El-
Gar-zon che mi-ra El-

Who'er hath seen El-
Gar-zon che mi-ra El-

Who'er hath seen El-
Gar-zon che mi-ra El-

Who'er hath seen El-
Gar-zon che mi-ra El-

Who'er hath seen El-
Gar-zon che mi-ra El-

Who'er hath seen El-
Gar-zon che mi-ra El-

Who'er hath seen El-
Gar-zon che mi-ra El-

Who'er hath seen El-
Gar-zon che mi-ra El-

Who'er hath seen El-
Gar-zon che mi-ra El-

Who'er hath seen El-
Gar-zon che mi-ra El-

Who'er hath seen El-
Gar-zon che mi-ra El-

Who'er hath seen El-
Gar-zon che mi-ra El-

Who'er hath seen El-
Gar-zon che mi-ra El-

Who'er hath seen El-
Gar-zon che mi-ra El-

Who'er hath seen El-
Gar-zon che mi-ra El-

Who'er hath seen El-
Gar-zon che mi-ra El-

Who'er hath seen El-
Gar-zon che mi-ra El-

Who'er hath seen El-
Gar-zon che mi-ra El-

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Rejoice we! Rejoice we! Rejoice we! Rejoice we! Rejoice we!

Every heart be gay! Every heart be gay! Every heart be gay! Every heart be gay! Every heart be gay!

day, welcome, welcome, welcome the happy
mor, cantiam, cantiam un san-to, un san-to a
mor, cantiam, cantiam un san-to, un san-to a
mor, cantiam, cantiam un san-to, un san-to a

2nd time, sf

day, to sing the happy bridal day, sing and welcome this
tiam un san-to a mor, cantiam, cantiam mo un san to a
tiam un san-to a mor, cantiam, cantiam mo un san to a
tiam un san-to a mor, cantiam, cantiam mo un san to a

day, to sing the happy bridal day, sing and welcome this
tiam un san-to a mor, cantiam, cantiam mo un san to a
tiam un san-to a mor, cantiam, cantiam mo un san to a
tiam un san-to a mor, cantiam, cantiam mo un san to a

Deliotio's "I Turistiadi."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 4. Recit. and Aria.—"OH, HAVE I FOR EVER LOST THEE!"

Recit. Richard.

Oh, where shall I find comfort? Where shall I hide my despair, my burning soul? Where shall I find the comfort of my heart? Where shall I find the solace of my soul?

Ah, their rejoicing seems to taunt and deride me! bitter revenge—

Comme quel est la—mi—re—n—no all' al—mo, a ma—ri slow.

Andante agitato. $=50$

membrane: El—vi—ra, El—vi—ra, Thou so fondly cherish'd, Oh, per—de—ri—ver—lost thee? Hope within me is dead,
hope within me is dead, My heart is joy-less, what now on earth remains? what now on earth re-

main? Thy faith, thy country! Those ae-cents! ah, what say'st thou? oh, voice of

warning! O-pen thy heart to friendship, tell me thy griefs; twill soothe and calm thee. I'll tell thee, though

nought can give me calm. Know, then, El-vi-ra was pledged tome, I had her father's

sanc-tion, when I went forth to bat-tle, But, yes-ter-night re-tur-ning, in

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
hope to see my idol, sought I her father's castle, and found him. How did he

**Richard.**

greet thee? He said: "El-va-ra is betrothed to Tal-bot; to rule her heart her father's will is

**Bruno.**
pow'r-less! Thou must forget her! I'll never forget her, or have rest up on earth,

till in the tomb I hide my weary spirit...

Dellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Have I lost thee indeed for ever? Flow'r of beauty, must we sever? Sad and lonesome, yet I linger, lost and joy-less, lone and joyful, refl of thee, Hope beguiled me with blissful dreams, Through long years, I loved and waited, But my

Debell's "I Puritans."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Allegro moderato, \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{q}} = 120 \).

(The soldiers pass across the stage.)

**Richard.**

The troops call their leader, go forth 'gainst the foe!

**Bruno.**

Longer for glory or conquest I glow!

For honour and

**Richard.**

Knighthood thy valour a-roused! The maid I had plighted hath

Dellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
lov'd thee, who slighted thy faith.

Oh dream of enchantment, Too

brief thus to perish, Thy bliss I will

cherish, Nor ever forget! Oh

bitter remembrance of joy that hath

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
va - nish'd! When hope long is ba - nish'd, Oh

When hope re.

Oh tor - ment of me - mo - ry, Un - en - ding re - gret!

Oh tor - ment of me - mo - ry, oh

me - mo - ry, un - en - ding re - gret!

Hearst thou?

Hearst thou?

The troops call their leader, go forth 'gainst the

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
sighed thy faith!
spec me e d'amer!

Oh dream of enchantment, too brief
thus to perish, Thy bliss I will cherish

Oh! Nor ever for get, Oh! bitter memory of joy that hath

nished, When hope long is banished, Oh terror

Bellini's "I Puritani,"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
ment of memory, unending regret.

oh torment of memory, oh memory, unending regret.

Pia rivo, Bruno.

Be tranquil, forget her, who ne'er can have

loved thee, who slighted thy faith.

Richard.

Oh torment, oh torment.

Oh torment of memory, I
Oh dolce memoria, d'un

cannot forget!
ne re a - mor!
No. 5.

**Recit. and Duet.** "WELL THOU KNOW'ST A FOND EMOTION."

(The stage represents Elvira's chamber; Gothic windows, open, through which are seen the fortifications.)

Piccolo and Flute, Oboes, 4 Clarionets, Bassoons, 2 Horns in F, Trumpets in D, Trombones, K. Drums and Strings.

**Elvira.**

Here at last I find thee, oh tender-est of guardians!

_Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition._
Sir George.

Why this cloud on thy brow?
Per-cho me sta co-si!

Embrace me, Elvira!
M'abbracia Elvira!

Ah!

Sir George.

why not call me daughter? My daughter I call thee! by this tender token of fon-dest af-
chiamo mi tua figlia!
Oh figlia, Oh no-me che la vecchiazia mia a
con-so-la
toni.

Ah!

Ah!

Strings.

fection, by that sweet name that cheers my life de-clining, by ev'ry hope that I for thee have cherish'd, Yea, by these tearful;
let-ta, pel dol-ee ten-po ch'to ti vegliosa-can-to, pel pul-pitar del mio patri-no co-re, o pel so-a-re

(with decision.)

No! never!
No! mail!

 Allegro giusto, $d = 120.$

Well thou
Sai co-

know est a fond emo tion In my heart hath long been
me or de in per to mi o. Bel la fiam
me on ni pos

glow ing, Wouldst thou can cel my true de vo tion, Will thou
sen te, Sai che pu ro e il mio de si o, Che in no

doom my heart ed to lan guish? Wouldst thou can cel my true de
en te e que sto cor, Obs. added. Sai che pu ro e il mio de
If to speak a vow that's faithless, E'en my trembling lips thou
From its taint yet shall I be scatheless, I shall die from my soul's re-
From its taint shall I be scatheless, I shall die from my soul's re-

Dellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
soul's, yes, from my soul's remorse, if thou

force me to speak that vow, I shall die from remorse.

Dwell no longer on such forebodings. Than be morir

false, sooner I'll perish! But supposing thy destin'd

bridegroom were thine own, thy chosen knight? Ah, what

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
say'st thou? Can it be? Name him, who? I may
pe-ti, chi ver- ra? e-gli! chi! e gia

Sir George,

Yes, believe me! Tis Arthur!
E-gli stes-vo Ar-tu-ro!

(Beside herself with joy.)

Hope then? Ver- ro?

Heaven, tis Ar-thur, my

My child, I swear it!
Oh fi-glia, il giu-ro!

Yes, Ar-thur,
Ar-tu-ro,
cresc.

own! It is true then!

Oh rap-tu-re! oh

Yes, thou shalt be hap-py,
re-pine no

Tutti. si, oh si, t'al- le
in calz. in tempo.

rap-tu-re,
gio-ja! oh rap-

lon-ger,
ri-ra, re-pine no lon-
gra!
Sir George (Soprano) — Weep, my child, but not in sorrow, if thy gentle eyes do ever flow, must from grief this token borrow, let thy tears be all of joy, gracious Heaven, look down on her, on this li ly so pure and tender, oh thy choi est bles sings send her. Spare her heart from all an —


Ah! so used am I to sor-row, That my heart with bliss o'er-flow-ing, Searce be-heves a hap-py mor-row. Bringeth all joy, Searce be-heves a hap-py mor-row, Bringeth all joy. Let thy tears be all of joy, Searce be-lieves a hap-py mor-row, Bringeth all joy, Let thy tears be all of joy, Searce be-lieves a hap-py mor-row, Bringeth all joy.

Fellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Who was't that mov'd my Che mou - se a' mie de.

Sir George.

sire to give consent? I'll tell thee. When Sir.

sir il ge - ni - tor? A scol-ta.

midnight had de - seen-ded, And all lay hush'd in darkness, My lone-ly way I wended, My gea la not - te fol - ta, Ta - cea la ter-ra e il cie - to, Pa - rea na - tu-ra av - vol - ta, Ar...
heart oppress'd with care. Then in the mystic solitude,
The thought of thee my steps pursued.

Thy vol-ta in ne-sto vel,
Lo-ra pro-pi-zia d' mi-se-ri, Il tuo pre-gar, tue la-gri-me M'av.

destin'd fate, thy mi-se-ry, thy mi-se-ry so mov'd me, I sought thy fa-ther's
va-lo-rar si l'a-ni-ma, si l'a-ni-ma, ch'io co-rsi, ch'io cor-stal ge-ni-

Ah, what did then he fall?
Ah! mio con-so-la-to-r!

Thus I began: "My bro-ther!" I scarce a word could say, I
Lo co-minciai: "Ger-ma-no!" nè più po-tei par-lar, Al-

press'd his hand in si-
lence. Lest tears my words should stay.
When lor ba-gnai sua ma-
oD'un mu-to la-gri-mar.

con-rage I had gain'd at last;
Said: "Ar-thur loves thy ri-
ri-pi-gliai tra' ge-
mi-ti:" 

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
daughter, And hath in marriage sought her, For him her heart beats high, If thou his

vi-ra Pel pro-de Ar-tur so spi-ra, Se ad al-tre noz-ze an-dra, Se ad al-tre

suit de- ny... Hopeless, the maid-en will sure-ly die! An an-gel from on

noz-se an-dra... Hi-se-ra, mi-se-ra pe-ri çé l' An an-gel di pie

high, Speaketh when thou art night! My fa-ther? and then? Sir GEORGE.

See so dal ciel per me! E il pa-dre? E poi?

First he was si-lent, then he o-gnor ta-ce a, si di-

answer'd: "I can-not, long since I gave my pro-mise, Richard must have her

ce a: "Ric-car do chie-se e al-te-nor mia fe de, ci la mia fi-glia a-

hand. Ah! doubt-ing and fear thy words re-new! pro-ceed! "Then of a broken heart," I said, "El-

voi. Ciel! sos-to a u-di-ril io pal-pi-to! E tu! "La fi-glia mi-se-ra, io ri-pe-
vi - ra will sure - ly
tea, ri - pe - tea,"mor - ra."
"Then of a bro - ken heart," I said once more; "she will sure - ly
la jil - gia mi - se - ra," te ri - pe - tea, vi - pe - tea," mor -

f

child
shall
not die!
her choice

shall
be gran - ted, oh may
she . be
d'a

Allegro assai. 160.

Oh bro - ther," then re - phed he;
"Ah! ri - ra, ei mi di - ce - a,
my

Acc.

Allegro moderato. 168.
(The sounds of hunting bugles are heard outside the fortress.)

Elvira.

blest!"
Lis - ten! what
mor.
quit

4 Horns in D, behind the scenes.

Bellini's "I Puritani,"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Sir George.


sounds approach us? sounds si de-sta?
Wind, Orchestra. Horns on stage.

It is he! A-scol-tiam! è il se-gnal di

(Eliza stands watchful and motionless. Her face expresses increasing joy, which rises to enthusiasm when she hears the name of Arthur.)

martial honours!
gen-te d'ar-me:

Chorus (outside the fortress). Tenor.

Be thou wel-come!
Be thou wel-come!
Tie-ne il pro-de!

Chorus (outside the fortress). Tenor.

Be thou wel-come!
Be thou wel-come!
Tie-ne il pro-de!

Sir George.


Listen! Silence! Sen-it! Ta-et!

Our no-ble hero!
Our no-ble hero!
e nobil con-te! e nobil con-te!
Sir George.

Elvira.

I told thee truly? My heart is trembling!

Ah non tel dis - si! Ah non re - si - sto!

Ar - thur Tal - bot!

Ar - tar Tal - bo!

Ar - thur Tal - bot!

Ar - tar Tal - bo!

Sir George.

Elvira (embracing her uncle).

Nay, take courage!

Doh ti cal - ma!

Ah . . . be thou near me!

Ah . . . pa - dre mi - o!

Ca - va - lier!

Cu - va - lier!

Ca - va - lier!

Ca - va - lier!

WEL - come him with war - like ho - nours!

Lord Ar - tu - ro var - chi - il pon - te!

WEL - come him with war - like ho - nours!

Lord Ar - tu - ro var - chi - il pon - te!

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Elvira.  Piu mosso.

Can I trust to my
A quel nome, al

Sir George.

Now thy hand shall to
A quel nome, al

Songs of triumph, waving banners!
Fate cam' po al pro' guer' ric' ro!

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Scarcely can I... from tears refrain, Ah! Can I
Non... ho le na a so... stener, Ah!

Thou, fair child, wilt smile again, yes! Now thy
D'o... gui gio... ta sta... fo... riere, A quel

trust... to my heart... de... lighted, Can it be... that our hands will be
no... me, al mio, conteneto, Al mio core io credo op

hand shall to him... be united, Not by grief... shall thy life be
suo... na, al no... me amato, Al tuo core or pro... sta

... gradually animating the time.

plighted, All... my sorrow is now requited
pa... na, Tantas gio... ta, oh Dio, paces to,

plighted, Ev... ery sorrow past requited,
fe... de, Que... sto gior... no ven... tuarato,

I can scarcely from tears refrain,... I can scarcely
Non... ho le na a so... stener, non ho le na

Thou, my daughter, shalt smile again, thou, my daughter,
D'o... gui gio... ta... a... ri... rier, a... gui gio... ta...
TRELLE. (Behind the scenes.)

ELVIRA.

CHORUS.

Tenor.

Hail, Lord Ar-thur! Listen! Scien-ti?

Hail, Lord Ar-thur! De' Ca-va

Hail, Lord Ar-thur! De' Ca-va

Hail, Lord Ar-thur! De' Ca-va

Elvira.

Divine-ly! for e-ver more!

Thou'rt blest then? Thy love they wel-come with

Sir George.

Ap-pie no! Gli fun-no o-nor!

Noble cham-pion. Let cam-pio-ne live in

Noble cham-pion. Let cam-pio-ne live in

No ble cham-pion. Let cam-pio ne live in

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
I hear them!

Lo sensi ti? 

songs of triumph!

gioia e amore!

long in glory, Tender maids and doughy warriors Shall thy

giostra e amore, Le donzel ed i guerrieri Fan no

long in glory, Tender maids and doughy warriors Shall thy

giostra e amore, Le donzel ed i guerrieri Fan no

long in glory, Tender maids and doughy warriors Shall thy

giostra e amore, Le donzel ed i guerrieri Fan no

Tempo I ma.

Can I trust to my heart delighted! Can it

A quel no me, al mio con ten to, A tuo

Now thy hand shall to him be united, Not by

A quel suo no, al no me a ma to, A tuo

gallant deeds pro claim.

fe sta e fan no o nor.

gallant deeds pro claim.

fe sta e fan no o nor.

gallant deeds pro claim.

fe sta e fan no o nor.

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
scarce-ly

from tears re-frain, I

can scarce-ly

from

d laughter,

will smile a-gain, thou,

my laughter,

now wilt

See

daughter,

will smile a-gain, thou my laughter,

now wilt

See

can I trust my heart de-lighted? I

thou'll smile a-gain, thou'll smile a-gain, to him un

ited,

in

scarce-ly can from tears re-frain, from

every sorrow past requited, thou fair

Dellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
tis. re - train,   Ah   no!
so - ste - ver,   Ah,   no!

thou wilt smile   a   gain! (Exeunt.)
bel fo - rier,   fo - rier!

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 6.

Chorus.—"NOBLE ARTHUR, WELCOME!"

A hall of arms, open at the back; the fortifications are seen beyond. Lord Arthur, with his Squires and Pages, bearing bridal gifts, one of which is a magnificent white veil, &c. Eleira, Walton, Sir George, Ladies and Retainers of the Castle, with garlands of flowers, enter L.H. The back of the stage is occupied by Bruno with an escort of soldiers.

A Clarionets, Horns and Trumpets in D.

Maestoso assai.

Piano.

A Clarionets, Horns and Trumpets in D.

Allegro vivo. $d=168.$

Cello.

No. Treble and Alto.

Noble Arthur, welcome!

Noble Arthur, welcome!

Noble Arthur, welcome!

Bellini's "I Puritani." Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition—(61.)
Fair ad El vi ra, wel

Hail co to ro nia

tutta forza.

Crown Bel faith ful love!

She of ev'ry maid the fairest, Rose of sweetness, gem the richest,
Ko si el la è di ver gi nel he, Bel la al par di pri ma ce ra,

May the happy lot, thou sharpest Bring thee bles sing s from a bove,
Co me l'a stro del la se ra, Spi ra all' al ma pa ce e a mor.

- bove, Yes, bring thee bles sing s from a bove.
- mor, Spi ra all' al ma pa ce e a mor.

Like the state ly ce dar soaring, By his side the maid a
Bel lo e gii è tra' ca va lie ri, Co me il ce dro al la fo

Like the state ly ce dar soaring, By his side the maid a
Bel lo e gii è tra' ca va lie ri, Co me il ce dro al la fo

Like the state ly ce dar soaring, By his side the maid a
Bel lo e gii è tra' ca va lie ri, Co me il ce dro al la fo

Blest in love, She of ev'ry maid the fairest, Rose of giostra e amor, Ro-sa'ell' è di ver-gi-nel-le, Spi-ra'ell'

Blest in love, She of ev'ry maid the fairest, Rose of giostra e amor, Ro-sa'ell' è di ver-gi-nel-le, Spi-ra'ell'

Blest in love, She of ev'ry maid the fairest, Rose of giostra e amor, Ro-sa'ell' è di ver-gi-nel-le, Spi-ra'ell'

Sweetness, gem most rare, May the happy lot thou shar'rest alma pacce e amor, Co-me l'a-stro del-la se-ra,

Sweetness, gem most rare, May the happy lot thou shar'rest alma pacce e amor, Co-me l'a-stro del-la se-ra,

Sweetness, gem most rare, May the happy lot thou shar'rest alma pacce e amor, Co-me l'a-stro del-la se-ra,
Bring thee blessings from above, Like the state-ly ce-dar
Spira all' alma pa-ce e amor, Bel-lo e gli è tra' ca-va

pp

Bring thee blessings from above, Like the state-ly ce-dar
Spira all' alma pa-ce e amor, Bel-lo e gli è tra' ca-va

Bring thee blessings from above, Like the state-ly ce-dar
Spira all' alma pa-ce e amor, Bel-lo e gli è tra' ca-va

Bring thee blessings from above, Like the state-ly ce-dar
Spira all' alma pa-ce e amor, Bel-lo e gli è tra' ca-va

By his side the maid adoring, Live thy days in
lie-ri, Co-me il ce-dro al-la, fo-re-sta, In bat-ta-glia e

By his side the maid adoring, Live thy days in
lie-ri, Co-me il ce-dro al-la, fo-re-sta, In bat-ta-glia e

By his side the maid adoring, Live thy days in
lie-ri, Co-me il ce-dro al-la, fo-re-sta, In bat-ta-glia e

By his side the maid adoring, Live thy days in
lie-ri, Co-me il ce-dro al-la, fo-re-sta, In bat-ta-glia e

joy en-du-ring, Bold in war and blest in love, live thy
gli e tem-pe-sta, E cam-pio ne in gio-sta e a-mor, in

joy en-du-ring, Bold in war and blest in love, live thy
gli e tem-pe-sta, E cam-pio ne in gio-sta e a-mor, in

joy en-du-ring, Bold in war and blest in love, live thy
gli e tem-pe-sta, E cam-pio ne in gio-sta e a-mor, in

joy en-du-ring, Bold in war and blest in love, live thy
gli e tem-pe-sta, E cam-pio ne in gio-sta e a-mor, in

più mosso.

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 7. *Quartet and Chorus.—"ONCE I SOUGHT THEE IN DOUBT AND DANGER."*

Largo, con grande espressione.

Piano.

---

Once I sought thee, in doubt and danger, in doubt and danger once I sought thee, oh my 
co-ra, a-mor ta-lo-ra, a-mor ta-lo-ra mi gui-dó far-tí-ro e in

A te, o

sought thee in doubt and danger, in doubt and danger once I sought thee, oh my 
cora, a-mor ta-lo-ra, a-mor ta-lo-ra mi gui-do far-tí-ro e in

Cfs. sustain.

trea-sure! All is chang’d now, a-mid re-joic-ing and sounds of
plan-to, Or mi gui-da a te d’ac-can-to a te d’ac-

morendo.

plea-sure I may claim, then I may claim thee for my own, I may claim thee for my 
can-to, tra la gio-ia, tra la gio-ia, e l’e-sul-tor, tra la gio-ia e l’e-sul-

Long may blissful days be-tide ye, Long in joy may dawn each mor-row, Be you free from ev'ry
Senza oc-ca-so que-sta au-ro-ra Mai null'om-bra, o duol vi di-a, San-ta in voi la fi-amma
Chorus, Treble and Tenor.

Kind Heav'n, oh may their
Ciel, ar-re-di

Wind.

Kind Heav'n, oh may their
Ciel, ar-re-di

Arthur.

Ar-thur de-ar-est! thine at last!
Ah mio Ar-tu-ro! or son tu-a!

Ah, . . my trea-sure! My own El-vi-ra!
Ah . . mio be-ne, a-EI-vi-ra mi-a!

sor-row, Till the sands of life have run,
Un-til the
si-a, Pa-ce o-gnor val-lee ti il cor, ciel, be-ne-

Chorus.

own! Ah . . what rap-ture!
Sir George and Walton.

Ah . . con-ten-to!

Yes, thou art
si, mia tu

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Heavn, look down and bless our love, Joy supreme hath now be-gun, joy supreme hath now be-
Cie-lo ar ri - di a' co - ti mie, Be ne - di - cia tan - to a - mor, be ne - di - cia tan-to a-
mine now! Heavn look down and bless our love, Joy supreme hath now be-gun, joy supreme hath now be-
ve - i, Cie-lo ar ri - di a' vo - ti mie, Be ne - di - cia tan - to a - mor, be ne - di - cia tan-to a-
sands of life on earth have
til their life is
til their life is

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
o'er us, Now that hope smi-leth be-fore us, The re-mem-brance of va-nish'd o-ra, Si ram-men-to il mio tor-men-to, Si rad-dop-pia... il mio con-

sor-row, of vanisht'd sorrow, From our hearts hath like a dream for ever flown, like a dream for e'er hath ten-to, il mio con-ten-to, M'e più ca-ro, mi' più ca-ro il pulpi-tar, m'e più ca-ro il pal-pi-

Elvira.

Ah... what rap-ture!
Oh... con-ten-to!

Long may bliss-ful days be-tide ye, Long in joy may dawn each morn-ow, Be you free from ev'-ry
Sen-za oc-ca-so que-sta au-ro-ra Mai null'o-mbre, o dnot vi-di-a: San-te in voil la flam-ma

Chorus. Treble and Tenor.

Kind Heav'n, oh may their Bass.

Choral Society's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Look down, oh

earth have run; Heav'n, look down, and bless their
tan to mor, be ne-di-ci a tan to a

Treble.

earth is done; Heav'n, look down, and bless their
tan to mor, be ne-di-ci a tan to a

Alto.

earth is done; Heav'n, look down, and bless their
tan to mor, be ne-di-ci a tan to a

1st Tenor.

earth is done; Heav'n, look down, and bless their
tan to mor, be ne-di-ci a tan to a

2nd Tenor.

earth is done; Heav'n, look down, and bless their
tan to mor, be ne-di-ci a tan to a

Bass.

earth is done; Heav'n, look down, and bless their
tan to mor, be ne-di-ci a tan to a

pp cresc.
Heav'n, look down and bless us, joy supreme hath now begun, 
love, be you free from every sorrow, till your days on earth are done, 
love, oh bless their love, Heav'n, look down

down, oh Hea
tan to a

prem.. hath now begun, Gracious Heav'n, look down and bless us, joy supreme hath now be-
dici a tan to amor, Cielo, ar-ri-di'a vo-ti mic-i, be-ne-dici a tan-to a-
down and bless their love, be you free from ev-ry sorrow, till your days on earth are
dici a tan to amor, cie-lo, ar-ri-di'a vo-ti mic-i, be-ne-dici a tan-to a-
and bless their love, oh bless their
a... tan to amor, a tan to a

down and bless their love, oh bless their
dici a tan to amor, a tan to a
and bless their love, oh bless their
a... tan to amor, a tan to a

down and bless their love, oh bless their
dici a tan to amor, a tan to a

BELLINI'S "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
ven on us, oh Heav'n, look down on
gun, oh joy supreme, hath begun, oh joy su

Treble and Alto.
done, look down, Heav'n, look down and bless their

love, look down, Heav'n, look down and bless their

1st & 2nd Tenor.
love, look down, Heav'n, look down and bless their

love, look down, Heav'n, look down and bless their

No. 8. FINALE I.—"WITHOUT MY PRESENCE."

Without my presence th' es-pousals must pro-ceed!
By virtue of this

mandate you and your train will have en-trance to the chap-el.

Then, guide them to the

Asse più lento.

Eng-laan de-mands thy in-stant pre-sence, I will es-cort thee. (What doth this bode me!)

Oh what is their in-tent? (All then is hope-less!) The vassal's du-ty is in silence to ob-ey, I never

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Tempo primo.

ARTHUR (aside to Sir George).

Doth she be-friend the Stu-arts? She is a pris-ner since man-ny

months; 'tis sus-pe- ted that she fa-vours the Royal cause and is perhaps their creature, sent as a spy a-

la- ne, e fu da ognun cre-da-ta a-mi-ca de' Stu-

ar-di e messag-gie-ra, so-t-o men-ti-

to

ARTHUR (observing Henrietta with interest).

mongst us. (Oh heav'n, a Stu-art') her fate then is cer-tain, un-hap-py la-dy! no pow' r can

no-me. (Oh Dio, che a-scol-to) de-ci-so e il suo fa-

to, es ca e per-du-ta, oh sten-ta-

Presto. HENRIETTA (perceiving Arthur).

save her! (In that face there is mer-cy!)

ra-ta! (Quel pie-ta-de in quel vol-to!)

Maestoso. WALTON.

My children, Pre-

Oh fi-gli! Al

pare yo to so-lem-nize the marriage, no more de-lay; Let bri-dal robes a-dorn thee, oh my daughter be-

ri-to, al-le pom-po so fe-sto s'ap-pres-stio-nun, La nu-zia a le ve-sta ve, o di-fa-ta pa-

(to Elvira.)

Dellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
(to the ladies.) lov'd!
You will attend her.
Outside the gates let my horses be in waiting.

(to Bruno.)

Let to col. se. co.

Our destin'd journey no more must be delay'd.

May Heaven bestow its
Blessing on you dear children!

Henrietta.

(His mien be tokens)

Pie-te e do-lore

con passion!

Gentle

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
sir!
La· dy, say, if a· ny coun· sel or as· sis· tance thon· need, to
Allegro risoluto.
Se fe d' sa· po di con· si· glio, di soc· cor· so, d'a· i· ta, in

Henrietta (mysteriously).
me confide it.
me t'aj· ji· da.

Arthur.
Were I threat· en'd by danger, would'st thou befriend me?
Se mi stes· se sul ca· po al· to pe· ri· glio!
Ah?

Henrietta.
tell me, and trust me, what dan· ger?
par· la— oh De· o!— che te· mi?
Bree' o· ra, e sa· ro spen· ta!—

Arthur.
Thou art trem· bling!
Ma tu fre· mi:
For thee, for me, and for my
Per te, per me, pel pa· dre mi· o che spen· to ca· de· a fido· Stu·

Henrietta.
Arthur (with great ardour).
Stu· art! Ah!
But say, who art thou? Ah, I will save thee,whose'er thou
- ar· di! Ah!
Ma tu chi se· i?
oh! chi tu si· a, ti vo' sal.

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Allegro agitato assai. $d = 112.$

**Henrietta.**

art! Thou canst not! Thou canst not! Thou canst not! Thou canst not! Thou canst not! Thou canst not!

Tutti.

France my country, France my country, King Charles my husband, Swift de-

Fi-glia a En-ri-co, a Car-lo spo-sa, Parì ad

estruc-tion o'er me is fa-ted. Ah! thou my sov'reign? Yea,

es-si a-crod la sor-te. Ah! tu Re-gi-na? Si,

Arthur (kneele).

and death a-waits me! Ah, be si-lent, say no

at-tendo mor-te! Ta-ci, ta-ci, per pie-

Arthur (rising).

(mysteriously.)

more! I can guide thee out-side the fortress,

-ta! I can guide thee a tut-te a-sco-sa,

more! I can guide thee out-side the fortress,

by a way unknown, in safety.

Trust to me, escape is certain. No, no, escape is hopeless!

I would but hasten my certain death!

Arthur.

Ah! now c'è sperme!

Hear me!

There is hope yet.

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Henrietta.

or die be-side thee! No, I will not let thee perish. Think how much thou hast to

cherish! Danger and death will be thine if we're detected, Ah, re-

member that thy bride soon awaits thee by her side, Go,

ten-de al sa-cro al-tar, che t'at-tend-de al sa-cro al-tar; Va!

ah!... pri-thee, say no more, ah, pri-thee, say no

more. Ah, de-prise me not of con-

nia.

Non par-lar di lei che a-do-ro,
do not say that name ador'd,
Hon. 

bids me guard my sovr' reign's life, or perish
sal • va, o ev'n • ta • ra • ta, o • la • mor • te,

if all is lost. But when death is hov'ring
in • con • tre • rò. E la ver • gin mia a • do •

near me, Hers shall be my par • ting sigh. Ah de •
• ra • ta, nel mo • ri • re in • ro • che • rò. Non par •

is about to speak,

prive me not of cou • rage, do not say that name ador'd! Hon • nour bids me guard my

sigh, or if all is lost, with her to die, Ah, do

...non mi spoglar, Non parler

will not let thee perish, Think how much thou hast to

to Arthur.

Hush, ah, be silent,

cherish, think how much thou'st to cherish, death and
danger will be thine if we're detected.
Arthur

No! No! Ah! deh tu et!

say no more! sacerdotor.

Ah, deprive me not of courage, do not parlar di lei che adoro, di ra-

say that name ador'd, Honour bids me lor non mi sposar, Sarai salvo, o

guard my sov'reign's life, or perish

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
if all is lost, But when death is in controlo, e la vergine

hov'ring near me, Hers shall be mine.

roll, un poco.

parting sigh. Ah deprive me not of courage, do not

roll, un poco.

say that name adored; Honour bids me guard my sovereign,

in tempo.

reign, or if all is lost, with her to die. Ah, do

rall. un poco.

Bellini's "I Puritani"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
prive me not of courage, do not say that name ador'd; honour

bids me guard my sov' reign, or if all is

lost, to perish by her side. But when death is hov'ring near me, hers shall

be my parting sigh!

Elvira (enters with Sir George and hears the last words of Arthur.)

Ah! Ah!

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Polacca.—“A Chaplet of Roses.”

(Elvira comes forward, her head crowned with roses and wearing a splendid necklace of pearls. It is seen, however, that her bridal attire is not complete; she holds in her hand the veil given her by Arthur.)

Brillante. Allegro moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

White as the lily that blossoms in May,

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
This fair and tender flower, On whom such clouds may pour.
So mi-ro il suo can-do-re, Mi par la luna al-lor.

This fair and tender flower, On whom such clouds may pour.
So mi-ro il suo can-do-re, Mi par la luna al-lor.

This fair and tender flower, On whom such clouds may pour.
So a-re to il suo can-do-re Un an-ge-lo mi par.

Wind & Strings.

I'm white... I'm
Son bian-ca.

Shines in her maiden bower, A star of purest ray, Or
Che tra le nobli op- para, La not-te a con-so lar, se a.

Shines in her maiden bower, A star of purest ray, Or
Che tra le nobli op- para, La not-te a con-so lar, se a.

Shines in her maiden bower, A star of purest ray, Or
che in-tuo ni al pri-no al-bo re, In ni al-si per no a-mor, se a.

white as the li-ly that blos-soms in May, yes,
mi-le qual gi-glio d'a-pri-le, son bian-ca, si,

soft sil-very moon-beam chasing dark-ness a-way, yes,
scol to un ros-si-gnaul mi par, si, mi par... si,

soft sil-very moon-beam chasing dark-ness a-way, yes,
scol to un ros-si-gnaul mi par, si, mi par... si,

soft sil-very moon-beam chasing dark-ness a-way, yes,
scol to un ros-si-gnaul mi par, si, mi par... si,

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Yes, yes, a chapter of roses, my dear
This fair and tender flower, o'er whom such clouds may tour, Doth shine in maiden bow'r, a star of purest ray, or soft and silver moonbeam, soft and silver moonbeam.
This fair and tender flower, o'er whom such clouds may tour, Doth shine in maiden bow'r, a star of purest ray, or soft and silver moonbeam, soft and silver moonbeam.
This fair and tender flower, o'er whom such clouds may tour, Doth shine in maiden bow'r, a star of purest ray, or soft and silver moonbeam, soft and silver moonbeam.
This fair and tender flower, o'er whom such clouds may tour, Doth shine in maiden bow'r, a star of purest ray, or soft and silver moonbeam, soft and silver moonbeam.
This fair and tender flower, o'er whom such clouds may tour, Doth shine in maiden bow'r, a star of purest ray, or soft and silver moonbeam, soft and silver moonbeam.
This fair and tender flower, o'er whom such clouds may tour, Doth shine in maiden bow'r, a star of purest ray, or soft and silver moonbeam, soft and silver moonbeam.
This fair and tender flower, o'er whom such clouds may tour, Doth shine in maiden bow'r, a star of purest ray, or soft and silver moonbeam, soft and silver moonbeam.
This fair and tender flower, o'er whom such clouds may tour, Doth shine in maiden bow'r, a star of purest ray, or soft and silver moonbeam, soft and silver moonbeam.
This fair and tender flower, o'er whom such clouds may tour, Doth shine in maiden bow'r, a star of purest ray, or soft and silver moonbeam, soft and silver moonbeam.
This fair and tender flower, o'er whom such clouds may tour, Doth shine in maiden bow'r, a star of purest ray, or soft and silver moonbeam, soft and silver moonbeam.
This fair and tender flower, o'er whom such clouds may tour, Doth shine in maiden bow'r, a star of purest ray, or soft and silver moonbeam, soft and silver moonbeam.
This fair and tender flower, o'er whom such clouds may tour, Doth shine in maiden bow'r, a star of purest ray, or soft and silver moonbeam, soft and silver moonbeam.
This fair and tender flower, o'er whom such clouds may tour, Doth shine in maiden bow'r, a star of purest ray, or soft and silver moonbeam, soft and silver moonbeam.
near the dawn is heard, The heart to joy is stirr'd, That hears her sweet and art-less lay!

near the dawn is heard, The heart to joy is stirr'd, That hears her sweet and art-less lay!

near the dawn is heard, The heart to joy is stirr'd, That hears her sweet and art-less lay!

Lady, a favour grant me,
Dama, s'è ver che m'ami-

Speak, (how she doth enchant me!) Oh, like some star of morning,
Dim-mil, o gentil, che bramili! Qual mat-ti-n' sta-lar,
(Eliza approaches Henrietta requesting her to put on her veil.)

this day, zia, Henrietta.

Oh like the star of
gai-ditr la

Yes, sweet maid, I will obey,
Si, son presto al tuo pregar,

Her fond and tender sal del ta
Sir George.

Fair lady, Deh scu-sa,

morning, Let beauty round me play,
pro va, Deh, non aver a-vil,

Let me have thy a-

Sweet maiden, I'll obey thee, I
di let-ta fanciul let- ta, son

fancies, None ever could gain-say,
vi- ta, Comin-cia or a vo-lar,

What joy is in those
Deh scu-sa, e tu fa-

for-give her, fair lady, for-give her, let her joy ex-
cuse her, she
Pa i- ta, deh scu-sa, Pa i-ta, tu Pa i-ta, scu-sas, Pa
day, let beauty round me play upon this festival day, let beauty round me play upon this festival
day, let beauty round me play upon this festival day, let beauty round me play upon this festival
May, thou gentle Queen of May, I cannot say thee may, thou gentle Queen of May, thy wish I will o
May, thou gentle Queen of May, I cannot say thee may, thou gentle Queen of May, thy wish I will o

Tempo Largo.

(Elvira places the veil on Henrietta's head.)

Thy dark waving
beneath this bridal veil I'll
You bridal veil can hide
A vision both sweet and

A.>
hide me, wan and pale if ev'ry hope must fail, un-no-ticed let medie, look down, oh bounteous Heavn, see
pos-so al-men ce - bar laf - foon-no, il pal - pi - tar, l'af - fan - no al-men ce - bar, sti, al-men ce-
sov-reign or a bride, what fate so - e'er be-tide, 'twill serve her hence to dy, look down, oh bounteous Heavn, see
le na-con-de il erin veg - gio un splendor di - erin di spe - me a bar - le - nar, deh tu pi - to so ciel, rac-

fair and ro-sy dream'd, sum - mer dawn a glean, or
zef - fi - ret - to ap - par, un' ri - de sul mar, un
ire - grant tower of May, oh child of my de-light, my
al - men - ce - lar Vaf - fan - no, il pal - pi - tar.

how my heart is riv'n, oh send thy pi-ting help, I pray! Beneath this bri-dal veil I'll
co - gli con fa - cor, lu pre - ce ch' - so a te le - cor, A - sco - sa den-tro il ret, or

how her heart is riv'n, oh send thy pi-ting help, I pray! You bri-dal veil can hide a
cor - da il tuo fa - cor la vit - ti ma a sal - cor, tal' ca - me da quel ret che

Hea-ven keep thee bright, when years take flight, as on this day! Oh child of my de-light, May
ro - sco suo fa - cor, tal ch'io ti veg - gia ognor glo - ir, Tar - ri - da, o ca - ra, il ciel col

rende' who see thee in bri-

Hea-ven keep thee bright, when years have ta - ken flight, may Heavn e'er keep thee bright, yes, keep thee as
ro - sco suo fa - cor tal ch'io ti veg - gia ognor tra ves - zi a giu - bi - lar, sti, a giu - bi -

Oh! bounteous Heav'n, look down in
bar, si, t'uf-fan-no al-men ce-bar,
bar, si, t'uf-fan-no il pal-pi-tar, t'an-

fly, yes, twill serve her from hence to fly.
La vita nel sol e la vita nel tor-bur ba

bright, ever as on this blissful day.
May He-sen-ten keep thee bright When

A ray of hope doth beam From out its snow-y-gleam Beneath its folds thou'st fly!
out its snow-y-gleam Beneath its folds thou'st fly!

years have taken flight As on this day, this day!

El-vi-ra! El-vi-ra! El-vi-ra! the

WALTON with the Bases.

Hark! they call me! they call me! they

Ah! se li pa dre, s'a-di-ra, to

Beneath this bro-dal veil, I'll hide me, wan and
A-sco-sa den-tro il vel, or pos-so al-men ce-

A ray of hope doth beam From out its snow-y

Deh! tu, pi-to- so cicl, mar-ri-di col fa-

Ah!... go.

pp Arthur

Ah!

Deh!... ric

pp
call me, I go

vo lo n

nin stan

pale, if every hope must fail, un-notic'd let me die, un-notic'd let me die,

for 'twixt sun, the pale, if every hope must fail, un-notic'd let me die, un-notic'd let me die,

pale, if every hope must fail, un-notic'd let me die, un-notic'd let me die,

but the sun, the pale, if every hope must fail, un-notic'd let me die, un-notic'd let me die,

gleam, unchalleng'd un-secur, beneath its folds thou shalt fly, from tyrants thou shalt fly,

cor, mi fa da ree fa cor la vit li ma sal cor, la vit li ma sal cor,

hear they are, call ing, yes, go, they are

di a in a stan za, mu del del

from tyrants thou shalt

el vi ra! el vi ra! the moments are fly ing!

cor.

el vi ra! el vi ra! the moments are fly ing!

fly! el vi ra! el vi ra! the moments are fly ing!

tar.

el vi ra! el vi ra! the moments are fly ing!

walton with the pass.

el vi ra! el vi ra! the moments are fly ing!

vel.

el vi ra! el vi ra! the moments are fly ing!

*Delinio's "I Puritani."--Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Beneath this bridal veil I'll hide me, wan and pale, if ev'ry hope must fail, unnoticed let me die, unchalleng'd, and unseen, beneath its folds thou'lt find me. 

A ray of hope doth beam from out its snowy gleam, unchallenged and unseen, beneath its folds thou'lt find me.

Ah! go, they are calling thee, go, they are calling thee, thy love shall put on thy veil, ah! 

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
As I love my soul,
you shall give me my soul.

Yes, from the rants of heaven,
you shall deliver me.

Yes, thy love shall deliver me.

(Exit Eletra, Sir George, and the Ladies.)

Veil, my bridal veil!

Nigh, oh be thou nigh!

Fly, yes, thou shalt fly!

Thee, thy bridal veil!
No. 10.  **CONTINUATION OF FINALE I.**—"**SOFT MAY THIS SNOWY VEIL REPOSE.**"

*(Arthur, after looking round to see that they are unobserved, takes from his belt the paper given him by Walton.)*

**Recit. HENRIETTA.**

*Soft may this snowy veil re-pose on her tresses, it
Sul-la ver-gi-nea te-sta d'u-na fe-li-ce, un*

**Voice.**

*(about to take off the veil)*

**Arthur (preventing her).**

*well becomes her gladness, but suits not me. Nay, leave it! it seems the will of*

**Piano.**

*(with resolution)*

*Heav’n! its folds conceal thee, thus thou ummatt’st pass the watchful sentry, they will think thee El-
co-sì rav-col-ta, de-lu-de-ra-i la vi-gi-ban-te scol-ta, tu mia spo-sa par-

**Strings.**

*vi-ra, Come, then! Oh stay this rashness! nor rush up on thy ru-in, and my destruc-
ra-i, Vie-ni! Che di-ci ma-i? ta cor-r’a tu-ta ru-b-a, a in-fi-me sor-te!*

**Henrietta.**

**(setting her hand
as though to urge her to fly),**

*Trust me, oh come, thou shalt be say’d, delay not, here death a-waits thee.*

**Arthur.**

*Vie-ni—ah vie-ni per piu-thi, t’ino-lo a cer-ta mor-te.

Bellini’s "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.
all my joy be-reave me, Ah, in vain thou wouldst es-cape me, Yes, in
ben ch'io ave - a in tor - ra, o-gni ben ch'io ave - a in tor - ra,
"Chs. & Bassoons sustain."

in vain . . . thou wouldst es-cape me of my on-ly joy be-
van ro-pir pre-ten di a-gni ben ch'io ave a in

reave me, in vain, in vain, trai-
ter - ra, in - van, in - van, trai-

"Chs. Bassoons & Tenor."

pp marcato, in tempo.

To the death I here defy thee, Thou shalt tremble, yea, traitor, thou shalt tremble 'neath my sword. In vain thou seest thus to escape me. Of all I trust me, Come on then, to the death I here defy thee, Thou shalt tremble, shalt tremble 'neath my sword. In vain thou seest thus to escape me. Of all I trust me, Come on then, to the death I here defy thee, Thou shalt tremble, shalt tremble 'neath my sword. In vain thou seest thus to escape me. Of all I trust me, Come on then, to the death I here defy thee, Thou shalt tremble, shalt tremble 'neath my sword. In vain thou seest thus to escape me. Of all I trust me, Come on then, to the death I here defy thee, Thou shalt tremble, shalt tremble 'neath my sword.
yea, thou shalt tremble beneath my sword, yea, thou shalt
in vain pretend, pretend in vain, ah! tremble,

Trem-blé, ah! trem-blé, beneath my sword!

Ah! trem-ble, ah! trem-ble, del mio ac-iar!

I disdain thy threats, and scorn thy vengeance, And with
Sprez-to, au-da-ce, au-da-ce, il tuo fu-ro-re, la mor-tal

Joy accept thy challenge, yes, with joy accept thy
Mortal di-ji-da ac-ceto, la mor-tal di-ji-da ac-

I defy them, and scorn thy vengeance, I de-
Sprez-to au-da-ce, il tuo fu-ro-re, sprezz-to au-

Bellini's "I Puritani,"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
To the hilt
I'll sheathe my weapon.

To the hilt
I'll sheathe my weapon.

false and beastful heart,
Yea, I defy thee,
I scorn thy

vengeance, and I with gladness accept thy challenge, thy threat'ning I dis-

\textit{Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.}
dain, yea, thy threat'ning I dis-dain, thy threat'ning, thy threat'ning I, dis-
dain, yea, thy threat'ning I dis-dain, yea, thy threat'ning I dis-
dain, ye, as I scorn thy vengeance, with joy I thy chal-lenge ac-
dain, yea, as I scorn thy vengeance, with joy I thy chal-lenge ac-

(THEY ARE ABOUT TO FIGHT)

HENRIETTA.

except! Ah, in pi-ty, stay your vengeance. Nor for

pp Vio.

(throwing herself between them,

my sake unsheathe your weapons!

Arthur.

Stay, stay your

no, wear-te-

Oh Heav’n, what doest thou? Oh ! cie! che fa-i!

Richard.

Go, and leave us!

Va, ti sos-ta!

her veil becomes disordered, and reveals her features.

vengeance, Nor for my sake unsheathe your weapons! Ah, what madness!

Arthur.

for me san-gue ah, non ver-sa-te! Ah, che fe-ste!

Richard (astonished).

Henrietta (with majesty).

The unknown captive?

La pri-gio-nie-ra?

Yes, ’tis I! Come!

Arthur.

Des sa io son! Vien!

and for thy challenge— I ere long shall know to find thee.

Tua vo-ce al-te-ra or col fer ro so ster-ra-i!

Richard (coldly).

Nay, to-ge-ther.
No, con-le-i

Richard.

Un-mo-les-ted, in safety go forth. 

Heneietta.

-gether- she is safe?
-le-i e-fia ver?

Richard. Aethue.

(Wondrous!)
(So-gno!)


(Oh come, a-way!)
An-diam, an-diam.

Richard. Aethue.

- way. (Oh madman!)
-diam. (O edo-to !)

Richard. Aethue.

Now let us hast-en, nor moments
Ad-dio, o El-ci-ra, ad-dio, mio
colla parte.

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
(All behind the scenes.)

Allegro moderato.

ELVIRA.

Now let us haste, Nor moments waste, For
Al tempo an-diam, a festa an-diam, an-

Arthur.

BRUNO.

Waste! Now let us haste, Nor moments waste, For
Al tempo an-diam, a festa an-diam, an-

Sir George.

CHORUS. TREBLE.

Now let us haste, Nor moments waste, For
Al tempo an-diam, a festa an-diam, an-

Tenor.

Now let us haste, Nor moments waste, For
Al tempo an-diam, a festa an-diam, an-

Tenor.

Now let us haste, Nor moments waste, For
Al tempo an-diam, a festa an-diam, an-

Basses and Walton.

Now let us haste, Nor moments waste, For
Al tempo an-diam, a festa an-diam, an-

Allegro moderato. \( \text{f} \) – 120.

Strings.

Now let us haste, Nor moments waste, For
Al tempo an-diam, a festa an-diam, an-

Arthur.

Time flies fast, ah too fast! Come a-way! ere they come
Diamo, a festa an-diam! Ah pur-tiam! al cum s’ap-

Time flies fast, ah too fast!
Diamo, a festa an-diam!

Time flies fast, ah too fast!
Diamo, a festa an-diam!

Time flies fast, ah too fast!
Diamo, a festa an-diam!

Time flies fast, ah too fast!
Diamo, a festa an-diam!

Time flies fast, ah too fast!
Diamo, a festa an-diam!

Time flies fast, ah too fast!
Diamo, a festa an-diam!

Time flies fast, ah too fast!
Diamo, a festa an-diam!

Time flies fast, ah too fast!
Diamo, a festa an-diam!

Time flies fast, ah too fast!
Diamo, a festa an-diam!

Time flies fast, ah too fast!
Diamo, a festa an-diam!

Time flies fast, ah too fast!
Diamo, a festa an-diam!

Richard.  

hither! haste, delay not, 'tis heaven so wills it.

Arthur.

not a word till we're in.

De-lay not!
a festa!

De-lay not!
a festa!

De-lay not!
a festa!

De-lay not!
a festa!

De-lay not!
a festa!

Wind & Strings

safety, dost thou promise?

Call heaven to witness!

Nay, not a whisper!

Heaven be, si, to

Richard.

mu-rra, par-le-ra-la!

Eb-beo lo glia-ra!

Nay, t'as-si-cu-ra!

As we're parted, after love in prose,

Oh, my El-vi-ra! though we be parted, I love thee.

Away then! Ad-di-o!

Away then! Ad-di-o!

Away then! Ad-di-o!

Away then! Ad-di-o!

Away then! Ad-di-o!

My child be-lov'd, ah si, n'an-dro,

what joy to meet thee, al fi-glio accan-to

(From home and love) si, tu-me-

(St, pe'-tria, amor, tu per-de-ra-i,

what joy to meet thee!

still, with love true hearted!

long shalt thou rue the doom thou'rt courted!

Over the drawbridge, past the gate!

through the gateway out of sight!

Allegro veloc. $\frac{3}{4} = 116$. (Enter Elvira, Sir George, Walton, Ladies, &c.)
Elvira.

Chorus. Treble (calling off the stage).

Elvira.

Sir George.

Walton.

Elvira.

Bruno.

Sir George.

Walton.

Elvira.

Where is Arthur? Here but just now.


Oh where is my love?

O-re set, o Ar-tur?

Haste, oh Ar-thur, de-lay not!

O-re se-i, o Ar-tu-ro?

Haste, oh Ar-thur, de-lay not!

O-re se-i, o Ar-tu-ro?

Where dost linger?

O-re se-i?

Where dost linger?

O-re se-i?

Oh come! Oh come!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Oh come! Oh come!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ah come! Ah come!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ah come! Ah come!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Where dost linger?

O-re se-i?

Where dost linger?

O-re se-i?

Where dost linger?

O-re se-i?

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

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Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

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Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!

Ar-tur! Ar-tur!
(General movement. Elektra and Sir George go to the window and look off the stage.)

He's far from the castle.

He crosses the moorland!

He's far from the castle.

He crosses the moorland!

Ah where is the traitor?

Ah where is the traitor?
Let Gia Bruno.

She's fled with the false one!

Let Gia

She's fled with the false one!

Let Gia

She's fled with the false one!

Col vil ca-ra lie ro!

Sir George.

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Richard.

Ye soldiers, a-way now, Your task is before
Sol-da-ri, cor-re-te, Coi brou-zi two-na

Sir George.

Ye soldiers, a-way now, Your task is before
Sol-da-ri, cor-re-te, Coi brou-zi two-na

Ye, Th'a-larm shall be soun-ded, may vic-try be o'er ye,
All er-me op-pel-la te, cor-re-te, vo-la-te

ye, Th'a-larm shall be soun-ded, may vic-try be o'er ye,
All er-me op-pel-la te, cor-re-te, vo-la-te
This day must the traitors be brought back in
Pet creu trai- scia- te i due tra-di-

This day must the traitors be brought back in
Pet creu trai- scia- te i due tra-di-

Bruno.

To arms then!
All' ar - me!

chains!
- tor!

chains!
- tor! Wal- ton.

To arms then!
All' ar - me!

Chorus.

We'll bring them both
Cor - re-te sui

To arms then, We'll bring them both
All' ar - me! Cor - re-te sui

To arms then! This day we will bring them both
All' ar - me! Cor - re-te, cor-re-te sui

Ye sol-diers, ... a-way now, your task is be-

back in chains.

fore ye, Th'a-larm shall be soun-ded, may vie-

to arms then!

fore ye, Th'a-larm shall be soun-ded, may vie-

to arms then!

Bruno.

Ye sol-diers, ... a-way now, your task is be-

SIR GEORGE.

Ye sol-diers, ... a-way now, your task is be-

Bellini's "I Puritani,"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Elvira.

A - las! . . . a - las! . . . a - las!
Ahi - me! . . . ahi - me! . . . ahi - me!

- t'ry. be yours. To arms, . . . to arms, . . . to arms.
tra - di - tor. All' ar - me, all' ar - me, all' ar...

- t'ry. be yours. Oh how doth . . . the sight . . . her sor-
tra - di - tor. Oh co - me . . . nel se - no . . . si me -

- t'ry. be yours. Th' a- arm shall . . . be soum - ded . . . this day
tra - di - tor. I bron - zi . . . tvo - na - te . . . cor - re -

Treble.

To arms, . . . to arms, . . . to arms, . . .
all' ar - - me, all' ar - - me, all' ar -

Alto.

to arms, . . . to arms, . . . to arms, . . .
all' ar - - me, all' ar - - me, all' ar -

Tenor.

then! to arms, . . . to arms, . . . to arms, . . .
me! all' ar - - me, all' ar - - me, all' ar -

Bass.

then! to arms, . . . to arms, . . . to arms, . . .
me! all' ar - - me, all' ar - - me, all' ar -

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
back in chains! To arms, to arms, to arms, all' ar-me, all' ar-me, all' ar-me, all'
of love! Oh how doth the sight

Th'a-larm shall be somn

in chains! To arms, to arms, to

di - tor! All' ar - me, all' ar - me, all'
in chains! To arms, to arms, to

di - tor! All' ar - me, all' ar - me, all'
in chains! To arms, to arms, to

di - tor! All' ar - me, all' ar - me, all'
in chains, To arms, to arms, to

di - tor! All' ar - me, all' ar - me, all'
in chains, To arms, to arms, to

di - tor! All' ar - me, all' ar - me, all'

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
day ye shall bring both the traitors in chains, yes, yes, in chains!

Sir George.

Yes, bring them in chains, yes, yes, in chains!

Tenor.

Heav'n! Ciel!

(All perceive the madness of Elvira.)

Heav'n! Ciel!

Heav'n! Ciel!

Heav'n! Ciel!

Heav'n! Ciel!

Horn.

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
ELVIRA (sorrowfully),

The maiden of Arthur!

She's pallid and sorrowful.

Bruno with 1st Tenors.

She's pallid and sorrowful.

Richard, Walton, and Sir George, with the Bassecres.

She's pallid and sorrowful.

Was veiled for a bridal!

Fulda.

She's tremulous.

Fulda.

She's tremulous.

Fulda.

She's tremulous.

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
He saith, 

La guardar, 

tendly sigh. 

bling and motion less! 

bling and motion less! 

bling and motion less! 

bling and motion less! 

Who was it? 

Oh Arthur! 

Heav'n! 

Ciel! 

Heav'n! 

Ciel!
(despairingly).

No, alas!

Heav'n! Ciel!

El - vi - ra: what say'st thou? El - vi - ra?

El - vi - ra: what say'st thou? El - vi - ra?

El - vi - ra: what say'st thou? El - vi - ra?

El - vi - ra: what say'st thou? El - vi - ra?

Heav'n! Ciel!

Heav'n! Ciel!

Heav'n! Ciel!

Heav'n! Ciel!

Heav'n! Ciel!

Heav'n! Ciel!

Heav'n! Ciel!

Heav'n! Ciel!

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Heav'n! Ciel!

Heav'n! Ciel!

Heav'n! Ciel!

Heav'n! Ciel!

Heav'n! Ciel!

Heav'n! Ciel!

Heav'n! Ciel!

Heav'n! Ciel!

Heav'n! Ciel!

Heav'n! Ciel!
Elvira.

No!

Arouse thee, Elvira!

Tis now, Elvira!

Arouse thee, Elvira!

Rouse thee, Elvira!

Rouse thee, Elvira!

Rouse thee, Elvira!

Her sen-

De-

Her sen-

De-

Her sen-

De-

Her sen-

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Her sen-

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Her sen-

De-

Bellini’s "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.
ELVIRA (out of her senses, imagines she sees Arthur).

My Ar-thur!
Ar-tu-ro!

Oh return thou! for sake

me no more, no

no more! cor.

be-lov’d one, Ah, come!

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co's Octavo Edition
No. 11. **QUARTET AND CHORUS.—“O COME, BELOVED ONE.”**

Larghetto maestoso. Elvira. *(To be sung with all the fervour of happiness.)*

**Voice.**

Oh come, beloved one, before the altar, The hands we

Piano.

Oh view at temple, feed the Ar - tu - ro, E - ter - na

**Larghetto maestoso.** Elvira.

[To sung with all the fervour of happiness.)

Oh come, beloved one, before the altar, The hands we

**Tenor.** Oh ciel pie - ta!

What grief to hear how her sad spirit wa - leth, Oh heav'n - ly

**Bass.** Oh ciel pie - ta!

What grief to hear how her sad spirit wa - leth, Oh heav'n - ly

**Tenor.** Oh ciel pie - ta!

What grief to hear how her sad spirit wa - leth, Oh heav'n - ly

? A 1
- lov'd one, oh be-lov'd one, I am thine.
- ten-to, ah mio be-ne, vie-ni a me!

What grief to hear how her sad spirit wail's, oh com' ho l'a ni ma tri sta e do-len-te!

justice, thy shaft ne'er fail, plan-ti dell'in-noc en- te, Sia sem-pre in-fa-me il tra-di-

wail's, Hea'ven, on his per-i-ny thy vengeance pour, Hea'ven send her justice!

Pa-ni ma tri sta e do-len-te, tri sta e do-len-te!

What grief to hear how her sad spirit wail's!

Oh come, be-lov'd one, be-fore the
Ah vie-ni al tem-pio, fè de-le Ar-

Look, she is dreaming! Si cre-do all' a-ra!

-more, Whose false-hood thus doth her heart de-lore!
-tor, Che in-tan-te pe-ne la-sea quel cor!

-more, Whose false-hood thus doth her heart de-lore!
-tor, Che in-tan-te pe-ne in-sea quel cor!

Send jus-tice, Hea'ven! thy shaft ne'er
Oh com' ho l'a ma bus-ea e do-

Look, she is dreaming! Si cre-do all' a-ra!
She's at the altar, 

Richard and Sir George. 

She's at the altar, 

Richard and Sir George. 

She's at the altar, 

Richard and Sir George. 

She's at the altar, 

Richard and Sir George. 

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
come then, I'm time for evermore, come life or death. Ah!

Richard.

come then, I'm time for evermore, come life or death. Ah!

Sir George.

thus doth her heart, her heart deplore, her heart deplore.

thus doth her heart, her heart deplore, her heart deplore.

Sir George.

What grief to hear her, Dio di che menza, si erede all'anima, giunta al tempio.

What grief to hear her, Dio di che menza, si erede all'anima, giunta al tempio.

What grief to hear her, Dio di che menza, si erede all'anima, giunta al tempio.

What grief to hear her, Dio di che menza, si erede all'anima, giunta al tempio.

Thus doth her heart, her heart deplore, her heart deplore.

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Thus doth her heart, her heart deplore, her heart deplore.

Thus doth her heart, her heart deplore, her heart deplore.
death, I'm only love, I'm
ill-fated flow'r, torn from her bow'er,
maiden, Ah, whom for ever, for ever my heart must a-
trai tor, whom for ever, for ever her heart will de-
plore, oh send her comfort, the
d'ame, whom for ever my heart must adore, 
More, mor re, d'amore,
more, mor re d'amore,
ill-fated flow'r, torn from her bow'er,
fa il traditore, che in ton te pie ne,

Look, she is dreaming!
Oh come ho l'alma

What grief to hear her, ah how she waileth,
Oh come ho l'alma trista e de-leu-te,

What grief to hear her, ah how she waileth,
Dio di clemenza, t'offre mia ci-te,

What grief to hear her, ah how she waileth,
Si crede all'era, giu-ta ad Ar-tu-ro,

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
come, come then, on come then to
the altar, look, she is dreaming

Heaven send thy justice, u-den-doi pian-ti
dell' in- no cen-te, oh come crudo fail tra-di-to-re,

Heaven send thy justice, salll' in-no cen-te
gio-vi d'a-l-ta, deh, sii cle-mon-te, a un pu-ro co-re,

Heaven send thy justice, el-la si fi-da, el si sper-giu-ro, el-la si pu-ra, ci tra-di-to-re,

she's at the altar, look, she is dreaming

dell' in-no cen-te, u-den-doi pian-ti,

me, me! ah! come then, I'm

she's at the altar, ah, the de-cel-ver

dell' in-no cen-te, oh come crudo,

yes, send thy justice and comfort the maiden, whom for e- ver my heart must a-
si, piia la miro ho piia do-pia pro-fon-da, e piia l'ai-ma s'e cen-de in a-

yes, send thy justice up on the vile traitor, who for e-ver her heart will de-
si, la mia pro-ce pie-to-se e pro-fon-da, che a te vica sui so-rir del do-

She, hapless maiden, on him whom
mi-ce-ra fi-pila, mor rà d'a,

she's at the altar, ah, the de-cel-ver

dell' in-no cen-te, oh come crudo,
No. 12.  

**END OF FINALE I.—“OH DAY OF LAMENTING.”**

**VOICE.**

Lento a piècerre. ELVIRA (makes a movement as though she would retain Arthur who flies from her), innon.

But why dost thou fly me? why leave me in sorrow? thy love and thy bride? I am

Ma tu gii mi fugi, crud-e-le, ah ban-do- ni chi tan-to ta-no, ah eru-

Piano.

col canto,

**Allegro vivace.**

Oh day of lamenting!

Ahi du-ra scia-gu-ra,

RICHARD.

Oh day of lamenting! Oh day of lamenting, of

Ahi du-ra scia-gu-ra, ahi lut-to e do-lo-re, ahi

Sir GEORGE.

Oh day of lamenting! Oh day of lamenting, of

Ahi du-ra scia-gu-ra, ahi lut-to e do-lo-re, ahi

CHORUS.

Oh day of lamenting!

Ahi du-ra scia-gu-ra,

Oh day of lamenting!

Ahi du-ra scia-gu-ra,

Walton with the Bass.

Oh day of lamenting! Oh day of lamenting, of

Ahi du-ra scia-gu-ra, ahi lut-to e do-lo-re, ahi

Allegro vivace.  \( \text{d=190}, \)

Tutti (Triangle added).

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
fever is raging within me? De-

Day of woe, day of sorrow!

Richard and Sir George.

mourning and woe, ah... So young and... so

What a day of lamenting!

What a day of lamenting!

mourning and woe, ah... So young and... so

What a day of lamenting!

You ring flames consume me!

day of woe! But we will avenge her!

Ah! but we will a-purate del edel cre-ata ra.

Ah! but we will a-purate del edel cre-ata ra.

Ah! but we will a-purate del edel cre-ata ra.

Ah! but we will a-purate del edel cre-ata ra.

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Dark phantoms deride me, dim terrors di-

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
ride me, what terrors divide me, Now
ver, si, fugi te disper si, o in

wan der, Nor rest may ye find in the dim regions yonder, Ac curs'd and be rest of
\( \text{guer - ra}, \) Col cie lo e ter ra, il mar, gli le men ti, O gnor male det it in

wan der, Nor rest may ye find in the dim regions yonder! Ac curs'd and be rest of
\( \text{guer - ra}, \) Col cie lo e ter ra, il mar, gli le men ti, O gnor male det it in

wan der, Nor rest may ye find in the dim regions yonder! Ac curs'd and be rest of
\( \text{guer - ra}, \) Col cie lo e ter ra, il mar, gli le men ti, O gnor male det it in

wan der, Nor rest may ye find in the dim regions yonder! Ac curs'd and be rest of
\( \text{guer - ra}, \) Col cie lo e ter ra, il mar, gli le men ti, O gnor male det it in

wan der, Nor rest may ye find in the dim regions yonder! Ac curs'd and be rest of
\( \text{guer - ra}, \) Col cie lo e ter ra, il mar, gli le men ti, O gnor male det it in

hope is no more. and Heavin clouded o'er, now hope
\( \text{ton - to fu - sor elra no te - mi il cor, il cor,} \)

hope be ye e ver more, yes, be rest of hope
\( \text{ri - ta ed in mor te e ter na lor sor te e ter} \)

hope be ye e ver more, In shame and in mourning, mid, ha - tred and
\( \text{ri - ta ed in mor te o gnor, in ri ta ed in mor te, sia e ter na lor} \)

- curs'd be ye e ver more, yes, be rest of hope
\( \text{ri - ta ed in mor te e ter na lor sor te e ter} \)

hope be ye e ver more, yes, be rest of hope,
\( \text{ri - ta ed in mor te e ter na lor sor te e ter} \)

hope be ye e ver more, In shame and in mourning, mid ha - tred and
\( \text{ri - ta ed in mor te o gnor, in ri ta ed in mor te, sia e ter na lor} \)

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
"I Puritani."
—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
hope is no more, and Heav'n clouded o'er, Ah,
tau to fa - rer obra - na fe - mi il cor, si!

ven - gence is sure, his life - blood I'll pour, Yen,
det - ta ca - dra, sul vil tra - di - tor, si!

his life - blood I will pour, Yen,
a - tre, ven - det - ta a - treis, si!

ven - gence is sure, his life - blood we'll pour, Yen,
det - ta ca - dra, sul vil tra - di - tor, si!

ven - gence is sure, his life - blood we'll pour, Yen,
det - ta ca - dra, sul vil tra - di - tor, si!

his life - blood we will pour, Yen,
a - tre, ven - det - ta a - treis, si!

May hor - ror and dark - ness and e - vil o'er
Non ca - sa, non splag - gia rac - col - ga i fug -

May hor - ror and dark - ness and e - vil o'er
Non ca - sa, non splag - gia rac - col - ga i fug -

May hor - ror and dark - ness and e - vil o'er
Non ca - sa, non splag - gia rac - col - ga i fug -

May hor - ror and dark - ness and e - vil o'er
Non ca - sa, non splag - gia rac - col - ga i fug -

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
What fever is raging,
Quaf feb - bre mi sfa - ce,

- take them, May Heav'n and its mer - cy for e - ver for - sake them, On
gen - ti, In o - dio del cie - lo, in o - dio, ai vi - ren - ti, But -

- take them, May Heav'n and its mer - cy for e - ver for - sake them, On
gen - ti, In o - dio del cie - lo, in o - dio, ai vi - ren - ti, But -

- take them, May Heav'n and its mer - cy for e - ver for - sake them, On
gen - ti, In o - dio del cie - lo, in o - dio, ai vi - ren - ti, But -

May sor - row o'er - take them,
si bel - la, si pu - ra,

- take them, May Heav'n and its mer - cy for e - ver for - sake them, On
gen - ti, In o - dio del cie - lo, in o - dio, ai vi - ren - ti, But -

is ra -

quat fiam -

earth be their names and their crime e - ver hate - ful, Ab-hor'd be their false -
hood by
ta - ti dai cen - ti, da or-ren - de tem - pe - ste, Le o - dia - te lor te - te non

earth be their names and their crime e - ver hate - ful, Ab-hor'd be their false -
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ta - ti dai cen - ti, da or-ren - de tem - pe - ste, Le o - dia - te lor te - te non

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ta - ti dai cen - ti, da or-ren - de tem - pe - ste, Le o - dia - te lor te - te non

earth be their names and their crime e - ver hate - ful, Ab-hor'd be their false -
hood by
ta - ti dai cen - ti, da or-ren - de tem - pe - ste, Le o - dia - te lor te - te non

May Hea -

Del cied

Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ever and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
now hope is no more, and
Heavn clouded o'er,
ret of hope be ye e-ver-more,
Yes, be rett.
ret of hope be ye e-ver-more,
In shame and in
Acours'd be ye e-ver-more,
Yes, be rett.
ret of hope be ye e-ver-more,
In shame and in
Bellini's "I Puritani."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Bellini's "I Puritani"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
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