DUET. (Darine and Sir Phyllon.)

Allegro con spirito.

Piano.

Darine.

But dost thou hear? I love thee not!

Sir Phyllon (indifferently)

Oh,

Darine.

A favoured rival thou hast got!

Sir P.

Yes, you put it clearly.
And envy him sincerely!

Canst thou contemplate Darine With Ethais fondly toy ing-

Fond care ss and rapture keen, His social charm enjoying?
Unhappy Phyllon, think of this: These eyes—thou burn for

Ethias; These lips— which thou shalt never kiss; This

form—deigned to crown—his bliss!
B

It is annoying?

Well, it's annoying!

Yes, it's an-

Unhappy Phyllion, think of this: These eyes—they burn for

Those eyes—they burn for Etha; These
lips—which thou shalt never kiss; This form, designed to crown his bliss?

lips—which I shall never kiss;

It is annoying?

Well, it's annoying!

The
state of your emotions you Declinate sue-

cinctly: But come what would you have me do? Tell me the truth distinctly. Do? Hurl thy self to

yon der earth, With sorrow unabated, And end a life from
hour of birth To bitter anguish fated!

see your point, but (pardon me) Did all heart-broken youths agree in
dearth to drown their misery, The world within a year would

be

24072
De-populated?

Sir P.

-la-ted!

De-populated?

His difficulty I can see; Did all heart-broken youths agree,

Sir P.

-la-ted!

Did all heart-broken youths agree in

Sir P.

heart-broken youths agree in
death to drown their misery, The world within a year would be,

The world within a week, The world within a year would be
a tempo p.

De u lated!

Sir P. pop lated!

Exit Sir PHYLON.