23. In days gone by
Alfredo, Teresa, Ultrice

Andante

1st verse Alfredo
2nd verse Teresa

In days gone by,
But soon to come again,
With ardour

by, by,
I played an idle part,
With scornful

pure smile, and used to pine
And strove to lure that heart of thine
With

all my might and main
I know not why,
But now, for thee, I

grieved thy faith-ful heart.

232
find I do not care; To be ex-act, Thy beau-ty rare Does not at-tract, To
cline Is now the breath of life to me. And till kind Death Shall set me free My

all thy charms I'm blind! But take good heart, an
love shall live for thine! Be brave, poor heart, an

hour will pass a-main, And all my love will then come back a-again, But
hour will pass a-main, And all his love will then come back a-again, Be

take brave, poor heart, an hour will pass a-main, And all my love will then come

233
(Leaving Teresa and rushing to Ultrice as if under the influence of a spell.)

Alfredo

Pasionately loved one! Thy dainty hand I kiss, I mean the

gloved one! Oh thou adored with passion most romantic! Worshipped with

Alfredo

So, I have found you!

Ultrice

Allegro

back again!

back again!
Alfredo

all the fire of frenzy frantic! For one short hour my love consent to

piano

Alfredo

share it, It won't last longer than an hour, I swear! The

piano

Teresa

An hour will soon have passed, With passion I'm declaring

Ultrace

days of score are past, With passion he's declaring

Alfredo

score I felt is past, With passion I'm declaring

piano

ment - ed! Tri - umph - ant I, at last, My

But still, it will not last, With

that I'll be con - ten - ted. A sup - liant

that I'll be con - ten - ted. A sup - pliant

feet, Thanks to the wizard's po - tion, An

at my feet, Thanks to the wizard's po - tion, With

at her feet, Thanks to the wizard's po - tion, An
Teresa: hour and obsolete His newly born deliverance.

Ultrace: in so lence I'll treat his newly born deliverance.

Alfredo: hour, and obsolete, My newly born deliverance.

Teresa: vo tion! An hour will soon have past, With

Ultrace: vo tion. The days if scorn are aost, With

Alfredo: vo tion. The scorn I felt is past, With

Teresa: pas sion I'm ce men ted! It won't much longer er

Ultrace: pas sion he's de men ted! Tri umphant, I, at

Alfredo: pas sion I'm de men ted! but still, it will not
Teresa last, With that I'll be content. Though

Ultrace last! My heart is now content. A

Alfredo last, With that I'll be content, A

piano

64

Teresa

With that I'll be content. Though

Ultrace

My heart is now content. A

Alfredo

With that I'll be content. A

piano

67

Teresa he is at her feet, Thanks to the wizard's

Ultrace suppliant at my feet, Thanks to the wizard's

Alfredo suppliant at her feet, Thanks to the wizard's

piano

70

Teresa portion, An hour and obsolete His

Ultrace portion, With insolence I'll treat His

Alfredo portion, An hour, and obsolete My

piano

238
(Exit Alfredo into monastery. Teresa attempts to follow him; she is stopped by Ultrice, who sends her off in the opposite direction. Ultrice remains.)