
Scena
Ultrice

An hour? Nay, nay. A lifetime rather, that is as I will. His life - time rather, that is as I will.

Love is mine, yes, mine alone, until His dying day! Go, cheat yourselves with promises, poor fools! I hold the talisman that over -
rules The potion's pow'r! Alfredo, till he dies, shall wear my
gyves! An hour? Poor fools, that hour shall last your
lives! Ha! ha! an hour!

When Her
hungry cat

on help-less mouse

in spor-tive hu-mour

pounces,

her play-ful pat

so treach-er-ous

gim,

and, bit by bit

at length to her

dissent,

fell in-tent an-noun-ces:

he thinks she yearns

for

game of friends, pro-voked by pure af-fec-tion, but

fe
care line friends, they're gen-er-al-ly hol-low! so
Exit Ultrice..

Enter all the Chorus of Girls, running. Alfredo comes out of the monastery and joins Ultrice. He is followed by all the monks. Enter, also, Pietro, Bartolo, and Nita, the two last still as clockwork figures.