27. Act II Finale

Ensemble

Andante

Teresa

Hope lived, and free from fear
Love sang her roundelay.
La, la, la,

piano

Teresa

la, la, la, la, la!
Hope died, and at his bier
Love pined away.
La, la, la,
Teresa

la, la, la, la, la, la! For Love and Hope are one in joy and pain, and

piano
dim.

Teresa

naught beneath the sun Shall make them twain. La, la, la,

piano
dim.

Teresa

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, lan

piano
Teresa

la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

Recit.

Ha! false one! Thou knowest now The torture of a

Ultrace

Ah! spare me!

love that's gone a-stray! Thou knowest now The fate of those who
Ah! spare me! Alfredo!

will not when they may!

My pride is bowed, and I lie on yonder strand.

head, Who could be proud Whom thou hast banished? A

lost In yonder eclipse, Why should I

30

33

36

39
(kissing Ultrice, who remains motionless.)

(Teresa)

My sun has set
Her tale is told!

(Allegro)

Hold! Stay thy hand!
Theresa, come to me!

(Ultrice)

My soul is
Ultrice

soft - ened and my heart is stirred!  Come to me Quick - ly I have

Teresa

Ul - tri - ce!

Ultrice

wrong - ed thee.  Par - don, Te - re - sa, I have great - ly erred!  Take

Ultrice

heart, take heart, for thou shalt right - ed be;  Live for thy love shall be re -

(Enter all the characters from different directions, Pietro in great agony.)

Ultrice

stored to thee!  Come hi - ther, all!
Now, what is this, and what is that? We wish to go to yonder.
Valley. What do you want? What are you at? Explain your conduct generally!
Proud of my new-born rank
Which raised me from my clan,
From yonder mountain
Which raised me from my clan.
I stole the talisman!
Ah, false one!
From
Ah, false one!
From
Pietro

Women

Tenors

Basses

piano

(A light is given to him - he burns the parchment.)
(Gong. All change to their original characters: the Monks becoming brigands, Minestra becoming a young woman, Alfredo and Ultrice becoming peasants, Bartolo and Nina are restored to humanity, and Pietro recovers his health. Alfredo embraces Teresa.)
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Women

rah! The spell's re-moved,
Hur-rah! The men we loved,

Tenors

rah! The spell's re-moved,
Hur-rah! The girls they loved,

Basses

Men

rah! Are ours a-gain,
Hur-rah! With might and main,

Basses

aren't a-gain,
Hur-rah! With might and main,

Piano

260
Women

Tenors

Basses

piano

Arrostino

The Duke and the Duchess, When they travel thro' the land, How the pair they will stare, with their high jery ho! They will
yet fall a prey to the valour of our bank, For we shall not be happy til we

get them; With our high jerry ho! And our canticle pedan-tical, And our

mystic, tho’ artistic, Jerry high, herry ho! With their high jerry ho! their

With their high jerry ho! their

With their high jerry ho! their

With their high jerry ho! their
Arrostino

can-ticle pe-dan-ti-cal, And their my-stic, tho' ar-tis-tic, Jer-ry high, jer-ry ho! Their

Women

can-ticle pe-dan-ti-cal, And their my-stic, tho' ar-tis-tic, Jer-ry high, jer-ry ho! Their

Tenors

can-ticle pe-dan-ti-cal, And their my-stic, tho' ar-tis-tic, Jer-ry high, jer-ry ho! Their

Basses

can-ticle pe-dan-ti-cal, And their my-stic, tho' ar-tis-tic, Jer-ry high, jer-ry ho! Their

piano

can-ticle pe-dan-ti-cal, And their my-stic, tho' ar-tis-tic, Jer-ry high, jer-ry ho! Their

Arrostino

high, high, high, high, high, high, high, their high jer-ry ho!

Women

high, high, high, high, high, high, high, their high jer-ry ho!

Tenors

high, high, high, high, high, high, high, their high jer-ry ho!

Basses

high, high, high, high, high, high, high, their high jer-ry ho!

piano

high, high, high, high, high, high, high, their high jer-ry ho!
1. Pietro, Bartolo and Nita

The

Duke and the Duchess, had they travel’d thro’ our land, With their cries of surprise and their

They’d have seen many things that they wouldn’t understand; Not the

least is our show, you may bet them, With our high jerry ho! And our

The
Solos

Women

Tenors

Basses

piano

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Solos

Women

Tenors

Basses

piano

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