

**Nº 12. "Il balen del suo sorriso.,
Recit. and Aria.**

Cloisters of a Convent near Castellor. Trees at the back. Night.

Piano. *Andante mosso. (♩=80.)*
Vlins. pizz.
Bassi pizz.

(The Count, Ferrando and several followers enter furtively, wrapped in their cloaks.)

Count. Recit.

Tut-to è de-ser-to; nè per l'au-re an-co-ra suo-na lu-sa-to car-me_ Intempojo
 All here is silent, From th'ac-cus-tom'd o-ris-ons thy are yet re-pos-ing; We are in

Ferrando.

Count.

giungo! Ar-di-ta o-pra, o si-gno-re, im-pren-di. Ar-di-ta, e qual fu-ren-tea-
 safety. A bold ad-venture thou hast un-der-tak-en. 'Tis daring, 'tis such as slight-ed

Strings arco
p

mo-re ed ir-ri-ta-to or-go-glio chie-se-ro a me. Spen-to il ri-
 love, and scorn, shown me by that out-cast, from me de-mand. She thought him

val, ca-du-to o-gnio-sta-col sem-bra-va a' miei de-si-ri; no-vel-lo piu pos-
 dead, and ev-'ry ob-sta-cle had vanish'd, that now im-pedes me, When yet an-oth-er

Allegro.
 sen-te el-la ne ap-pre-sta L'al-ta-re! Ah no— non fia d'al-tri Le-o-
 pre-text she had dis-covered: the cloister! Ah no, I will nev-er-more re-

no-ra! Le-o-no-ra è mi-a!
 sign thee! Mine art thou, Leo-no-ra!

Largo. (♩=50) cantabile
 Il ba-len del suo sor-ri-so d'u-na
 In the light of her sweet glanc-es, Joy ce-

stel-la vin-ce il rag-gio! il ful-gor del suo bel vi-so no-vo in-
 les-tial beameth up-on-me; When her smile mysoul en-tranc-es Death were

dolciss. *pp*

fonde, no-vo in-fon-de a me co-rag-gio. Ah! l'a-mor, l'a-mo-re on-pleasant, with that smile she hath un-done me. Ah, these pangs that now make me

d'ar-do, le fa-vel-lin mi-o fa-vor! sper-da il lan-guish, But with life a-lone will de-part, Shed thy

dolce *opp.* *dolce*

so-le d'un suo sguar-do la tem-pe-sta del mio balm on my an-guish, Lull the tempest of my

con espansione

cor. Ah! l'a-mor, l'a-mor on-d'ar-do, le fa-vel-lin mio fa-heart. Ah, the pangs that make me lan-guish, But with life will they de-

Fl. & Cl.

f vo - re, sper - da il so - le d'un suo sguar - do la - tem - pe - sta del mio
 part, — Shed thy balm up - on my an - guish, Lull the tem - pest of my

dim. dolce

Vln.
Ob.
etc.

f *pp*

cor. Ah! l'a - mor, l'a - mor on - d'ar - do, le fa - vel - li in mio fa -
 heart. Ah, the pangs that make me lan - guish, But with life they will de -

vor, — sper - da il so - le d'un suo sguar - do la - tem - pe - sta,
 part, — Shed thy balm up - on my an - guish, Lull the tem - pest,

f

ah! la tem - pe - sta del mio
 ah! lull the tem - pest of my

(A bell is heard.)

cor! Qual suo - no! Oh
 heart! That ring - ing: She

Bell.

p