

# No. 19 Recitative and Solo - (Julia)

Andante

JULIA: *Recit.*

So ends my dream— So fades my vi- sion fair! Of hope no

gleam— dis - trac-tion and des - pair! My cher - ish'd dream, the Du - cal throne to share,

17

Andante con molto espressione

That aim su-preme has fa-ded in - to air!—

All\_ is dark - some— All\_ is drea - ry— Bro - ken ev - 'ry

26

pro - promise blight - ed - Sad - and sor - ry - weak - and wea - -

32

37

ry, Ev - 'ry new - born hope - is blight - ed! Death - the Friend or

38

Death - the Foe, Shall - I call up - on - thee? No!

44

I - will go on liv - ing, liv - ing, tho' Sad - and sor - ry -

52

50 *p*

weak and wea - ry! Sad and sor - ry- weak and wea - ry!

56 *dim.* *cresc.*

Sad and sor - ry- weak and wea - ry! I will go on

56 *cresc.*

62 *Lento*

liv - ing, sad and sor - ry- Sad and sor - ry-

62 *f* *dim.* *p colla voce*

68 *ad lib.*

Sad and sor - ry- weak and wea - - - - ry!

68 *f* *p*

73

## Allegro vivace

73

No, no! No, no!

*f*

80

No, no! No, no!

87

*tr* Ah! No,

*f* Gaily

95

95

no! Let the by - gone go by! For no good ev-er came of re - pin - - ing:

*p*

102

If to - day there are clouds o'er the sky, Yet to - mor - row the sun may be

108

shin - - ing! To - mor - row, be kind, To - mor - row, to me! With

115

loy - al - ty blind I bow\_ me to thee! To - mor - row, be

121

kind,\_\_\_ to - mor - row, to me!\_\_\_ With loy - al - ty

*cresc.*

128

blind I bow me to thee! To -

128

*f* *dim.*

135

135

day is a day of il - lu - sion and sor - row, So vi - va To - mor - - -

135

*p*

141

row! God save you, To - mor - row! Your ser - vant,

141

*pp*

148

To - mor - row! God save you, To - mor - row! Your

148

155 *rall.*

ser - - - vant, To - mor - row! Your

155 *rall.*

*mf*

161

ser - - - vant, To - mor - row!

161 *a tempo*

*ff*

(Exit JULIA.)

(Enter ERNEST.)

ERNEST: It's of no use— I can't wait any longer. At any risk I must gratify my urgent desire to know what is going on. (*Looking off.*) Why, what's that? Surely I see a wedding procession winding down the hill, dressed in my *Troilus and Cressida* costumes! That's Ludwig's doing! I see how it is— amusing himself by getting married to Lisa. No— it can't be to Lisa, for here she is!

(Enter LISA.)

LISA: (*not seeing him*) I really cannot stand seeing my Ludwig married twice in one day to somebody else!

ERNEST: Lisa! (*LISA sees him, and stands as if transfixed with horror.*) Come here— don't be a little fool (*LISA suddenly turns and bolts off.*) Why, what's the matter with the little donkey? One would think she saw a ghost! But if he's not marrying Lisa, who *is* he marrying? (*suddenly*) Julia! (*much overcome*) I see it all! The scoundrel! He had to adopt all my responsibilities, and he's shabbily taken advantage of the situation to marry the girl I'm engaged to! But no, it can't be Julia, for here *she* is!