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# The Duenna

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Minden jog fenntartva!

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*The Street before DON JEROME'S House.*

*Enter LOPEZ, with a dark lantern.*

*Lop.* Past three o'clock!—Soh! a notable hour for one of my regular disposition, to be strolling like a bravo through the streets of Seville! Well, of all services, to serve a young lover is the hardest.—Not that I am an enemy to love; but my love and my master's differ strangely.—Don Ferdinand is much too gallant to eat, drink, or sleep:—now my love gives me an appetite—then I am fond of dreaming of my mistress, and I love dearly to toast her.—This cannot be done without good sleep and good liquor: hence my partiality to a feather-bed and a bottle. What a pity, now, that I have not further time, for reflections! but my master expects thee, honest Lopez, to secure his retreat from Donna Clara's window, as I guess.—[*Music without.*] Hey! sure, I heard music! So, so! Who have we here? Oh, Don Antonio, my master's friend, come from the masquerade, to serenade my young mistress, Donna Louisa, I suppose: so! we shall have the old gentleman up presently.—Lest he should miss his son, I had best lose no time in getting to my post. [*Exit.*]

*Enter DON ANTONIO, with MASQUERADERS and music.*

SONG.—*Don Ant.*

Tell me, my lute, can thy soft strain  
So gently speak thy master's pain?  
So softly sing, so humbly sigh,  
That, though my sleeping love shall know  
Who sings—who sighs below,  
Her rosy slumbers shall not fly?  
Thus, may some vision whisper more  
Than ever I dare speak before.

*I. Mas.* Antonio, your mistress will never wake, while you sing so dolefully; love, like a cradled infant, is lulled by a sad melody.

*Don Ant.* I do not wish to disturb her rest.

*I. Mas.* The reason is, because you know she does not regard you enough to appear, if you awaked her.

*Don Ant.* Nay, then, I'll convince you. [*Sings.*]

The breath of morn bids hence the night,  
Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair;  
For till the dawn of love is there,  
I feel no day, I own no light.

DONNA LOUISA—*replies from a window.*

Waking, I heard thy numbers chide,  
Waking, the dawn did bless my sight;  
'Tis Phoebus sure that woos, I cried,  
Who speaks in song, who moves in light.

DON JEROME—*from a window.*

What vagabonds are these I hear,  
Fiddling, fluting, rhyming, ranting,  
Piping, scraping, whining, canting?  
Fly, scurvy minstrels, fly!

**TRIO.**

*Don. Louisa.*  
Nay, prithee, father, why so rough?

*Don Ant.*  
An humble lover I.

*Don Jer.*  
How durst you, daughter, lend an ear  
To such deceitful stuff?  
Quick, from the window fly!

*Don. Louisa*  
Adieu, Antonio!

*Don Ant*  
Must you go?

*Don. Louisa. & Don Ant.*  
We soon, perhaps, may meet again.  
For though hard fortune is our foe,  
The God of love will fight for us.

*Don Jer.*  
Reach me the blunderbuss.

*Don Ant. & Don. Louisa.*  
The god of love, who knows our pain—

*Don Jer.*  
Hence, or these slugs are through your brain.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

**SCENE II—A Piazza.**

*Enter DON FERDINAND and LOPEZ.*

*Lop.* Truly, sir, I think that a little sleep once in a week or so—

*Don Ferd.* Peace, fool! don't mention sleep to me.

*Lop.* No, no, sir, I don't mention your lowbred, vulgar, sound sleep; but I can't help thinking that a gentle slumber, or half an hour's dozing, if it were only for the novelty of the thing—

*Don Ferd.* Peace, booby, I say!—Oh, Clara dear, cruel disturber of my rest!

*Lop.* [*Aside.*] And of mine too.

*Don Ferd.* 'Sdeath, to trifle with me at such a juncture as this!— now to stand on punctilios!—Love me! I don't believe she ever did.

*Lop.* [*Aside.*] Nor I either.

*Don Ferd.* Or is it, that her sex never know their desires for an hour together?

*Lop.* [*Aside.*] Ah, they know them oftener than they'll own them.

*Don Ferd.* Is there, in the world, so inconsistent a creature as Clara?

*Lop.* [*Aside.*] I could name one.

*Don Ferd.* Yes; the tame fool who submits to her caprice.

*Lop.* [*Aside.*] I thought he couldn't miss it.

*Don Ferd.* Is she not capricious, teasing, tyrannical, obstinate, perverse, absurd? ay, a wilderness of faults and follies; her looks are scorn, and her very smiles—'Sdeath! I wish I hadn't mentioned her smiles; for she does smile such beaming loveliness, such fascinating brightness—Oh, death and madness! I shall die if I lose her.

*Lop.* [*Aside.*] Oh, those damned smiles have undone all!

AIR—*Don Ferd.*

Could I her faults remember,  
Forgetting every charm,  
Soon would impartial reason  
The tyrant love disarm:  
But when enraged I number  
Each failing of her mind,  
Love still suggests each beauty,  
And sees—while reason's blind.

*Lop.* Here comes Don Antonio, sir.

*Don Ferd.* Well, go you home—I shall be there presently.

*Lop.* Ah, those cursed smiles! [*Exit.*]

*Enter* DON ANTONIO.

*Don Ferd.* Antonio, Lopez tells me he left you chanting before our door—was my father waked?

*Don Ant.* Yes, yes; he has a singular affection for music; so I left him roaring at his barred window, like the print of Bajazet in the cage. And what brings you out so early?

*Don Ferd.* I believe I told you, that to-morrow was the day fixed by Don Pedro and Clara's unnatural step-mother, for her to enter a convent, in order that her brat might possess her fortune: made desperate by this, I procured a key to the door, and bribed Clara's maid to leave it unbolted; at two this morning, I entered unperceived, and stole to her chamber—I found her waking and weeping.

*Don Ant.* Happy Ferdinand!

*Don Ferd.* 'Sdeath! hear the conclusion.—I was rated as the most confident ruffian, for daring to approach her room at that hour of the night.

*Don Ant.* Ay, ay, this was at first.

*Don Ferd.* No such thing! she would not hear a word from me, but threatened to raise her mother, if I did not instantly leave her.

*Don Ant.* Well, but at last?

*Don Ferd.* At last! why I was forced to leave the house as I came in.

*Don Ant.* And did you do nothing to offend her?

*Don Ferd.* Nothing, as I hope to be saved!—I believe, I might snatch a dozen or two of kisses.

*Don Ant.* Was that all? well, I think, I never heard of such assurance!

*Don Ferd.* Zounds! I tell you I behaved with the utmost respect.

*Don Ant.* O Lord! I don't mean you, but in her. But, hark ye, Ferdinand, did you leave your key with them?

*Don Ferd.* Yes; the maid who saw me out, took it from the door.

*Don Ant.* Then, my life for it, her mistress elopes after you.

*Don Ferd.* Ay, to bless my rival, perhaps. I am in a humour to suspect everybody.—You loved her once, and thought her an angel, as I do now.

*Don Ant.* Yes, I loved her, till I found she wouldn't love me, and then I discovered that she hadn't a good feature in her face.

## **AIR.**

I ne'er could any lustre see  
In eyes that would not look on me;  
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,  
But where my own did hope to sip.  
Has the maid who seeks my heart  
Cheeks of rose, untouch'd by art?  
I will own the colour true,  
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?  
I must press it, to be sure;  
Nor can I be certain then,  
Till it, grateful, press again.  
Must I, with attentive eye,  
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?  
I will do so, when I see  
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

Besides, Ferdinand, you have full security in my love for your sister; help me there, and I can never disturb you with Clara.

*Don Ferd.* As far as I can, consistently with the honour of our family, you know I will; but there must be no eloping.