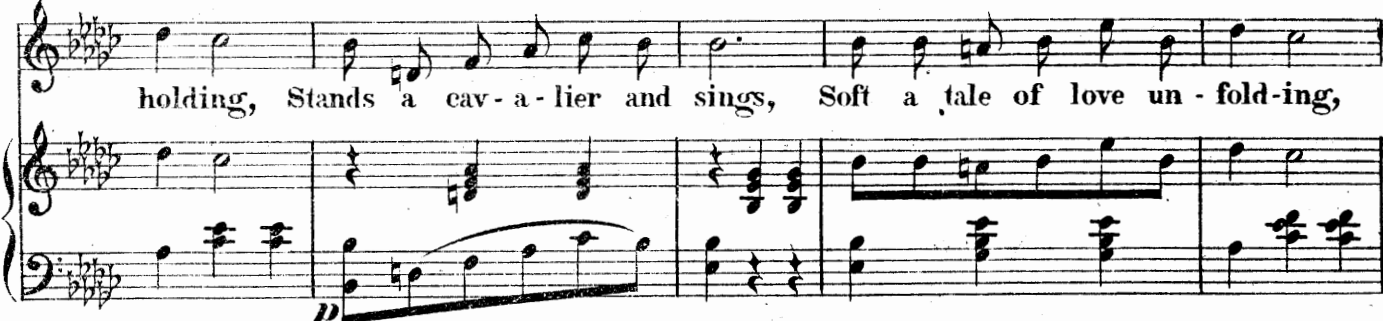


Nº15.COUPLET.

SANCHO.  In the night his zith-er

PIANO.  *f* *p* *pp*


holding, Stands a cav-a-lier and sings, Soft a tale of love un-fold-ing,



'Tis a ser-e-nade he brings. Shall my mu-sic soft and pleading, Shall it ne'er more welcome



be? Will she still re-main un-heed-ing? Fair-est moon, oh tell it



me. Thy sweet beam now doth stream, Oh bear my song to her on thy gleam.

stringendo.



Andantino

Ah ah ah ah

pp

Poco piu mosso.

Ah, there's no use ^{tr}try-ing, She will not be re-^{tr}ply-ing, I could have guessed be-

p

-fore That of lov-ers she's a score. 'Tis useless sing-ing here, She will not lend an

pp

ear. 'Tis as well to stop it, Since she will not ap-pear.

pp allargando, *p*, *pp*

fz