

Count.

(a noise is heard at the window) Lisa (aside).

L. C. ce-ro. E que-sto è molto. Ma qual ro-mo-re-a-scolto? (Mal venga all'impor-  
 vot.-ed. 'Twas sweet to gain it. But are we not a-lone here? Who can this be to

Count.

(the window is thrown open)

(She runs into the cabinet and, in her haste, drops a veil. The Count picks it up and throws it on the sofa.)

L. C. tu-no!) Don-de provien? Che non mi veg-ga-al-cu-no.  
 ver me!) What can it be? Ah, I would not be found here.

(Amina appears in a simple white garment. At the window is seen the top of the ladder by which she ascended. She is walking in her sleep, and advances slowly to the middle of the room.)

Andante.

Count.

L. C. Che veggio? sa-ria for-se il not-tur-no fan-  
 A-mazement! Can this be the far-far'd up-pa-

*pp* *And. Mos. sost. in*

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L. C. tas-ma? Ah! non m'in-gan-no... que-st'è la vil-la-nel-la che di-  
 ri-tion? Ah! I mistake not... It is the peasant maiden who so

*pp* *sr.* *pp*

Amina.

L. C. an-zi a-gli occhi mie-i par-ve sì bel-la. El-vi-no!.. El-vi-no!..  
 lately stirr'd in my bosom my long-lost visions. El-vi-no!.. El-vi-no!..