No. 13. INCANTATION—Aline, Alexis, Mr. Wells, and Chorus.

Mr. Wells.

Sprites of earth and air.
Fiends of flame and fire!

Demon-souls, come here in shoals. This fearful deed in spire! Appear! Ap...
Chorus.

Good master, we are here!

Mr. Wells.

Noisome hags of night! Imps of deadly shade! Palid ghosts, arise in hosts, And lend me all your aid! Appear! Appear! Appear!
CHORUS.

Good mas - ter, we are

ALEXIS.

Hark! hark! they as-semble,

ALINE.

These fiends of the night! Oh, A-lex-is, I trem-ble! Seek safe-ty in flight!

Let us fly . . . to the far off land, Where peace and plen-ty dwell Where the
sigh . . . of the sil- ver strand Is echoed in ev'-ry shell. To the joys . . . that land will give On the

wings . . . of love we'll fly, In in-no-cence there . . . to live, In

in-no-cence there . . . to die, In in-no-cence there to

live . . . there to die, . . . . . . . to live . . . and
Aline.

Too late! too late!

Alexis.

Too late! too late!

Mr. Wells.

Too late! too late!

That may not be!

Too late! too late!

That may not be!

That may not be!

That happy fate is not for thee.
Now, shrivelled bags, was, poison bags
Discharge your loathsome loads!
Spit flame and fire, un-

holy choir! Belch forth your venom, toads!
Ye demons fall, with yelp and yell, Shed

curses far a-field! Ye fiends of night, your filthy blight.
In noisome plenty
yield! (Spoken)—Number one!
(Spoken)—Number two!

Chorus,

It is done!

One too few!

It is done!

One too few!

(Spoken)—Number three!

Set us free! set us free! our work is done!

Set us free! set us free! our work is done!

ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

done! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

done! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
ALICE.
Let us fly to a far off land, Where peace and plenty dwell, Where the
ALEXIS.
Let us fly to a far off land, Where peace and plenty dwell, Where the
MR. WELLS.
Too late! too

CHORUS.
Set us free! set us free!

sigh of the silver strand is echoed in ev'ry shell. Let us fly! let us
sigh of the silver strand is echoed in ev'ry shell. Let us fly!

late!

Too late! too late! too late! too

Set us free! set us free! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha!
No. 14.

FINALE—“Now to the Banquet we Press.”

ALLEGRO.