



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

Ask me not why.

Donizetti, Gaetano, 1797-1848

[s.l.]: [s.n.], 2023-05-19

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/PXU75DMQPTMNV82>

<http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/NKC/1.0/>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

ASK ME NOT WHY.

THE ARGUMENT. During the occupation of the Tyrol by the French and after a skirmish between the hostile ranks, an infant child was found alone in their camp by the 11th Regiment of the Grand Army of Napoleon:— by that regiment she was fostered and beloved and all were proud of the charming Vivandiere: Maria, the name given to the child, upon the attainment of her 18th year was discovered to be the daughter of the Marchioness de Berkenfield: and by her removed to a sphere more consonant to the dignity of her birth: still the affectionate girl found it impossible to shake off the attachment of her childhood and being reproach- ed by her mother with want of pride defended herself in the words of this song, which is so exquisitely sung by the renowned Cantatrice, JENNY LIND, in the Opera of "LA FILLE DE REGIMENT," as to entitle it to be called the GEM of the Opera.

Music by DONIZETTI.

Written by CHARLES JEFFERYS.

Arranged by C.W.GLOVER.

ALLEGRETTE
CON MUOVER.

p

cres. *p* *rall.*

Ask me not why my heart with fond e-mo-tion, Beats for the

p

brave companions of my youth? Had they not ten--ded me with love's de-

-vo--tion, I had not liv'd, a--las, to prove my truth: A help-less

babe, up-on the field I lay, And but for them my life had pass'd a-

--way..... My life had pass'd a--way: Ere I for

get, then, all their lov-ing kindness, Bring o'er my heart oblivion of the



past: But when you win . for me that fa-tal blindness, In mercy let that



a piacere.
mo-ment, that mo-ment be my last.



2nd Verse.
Chide me no

dim.



more, were I devoid of feeling Would my in-gra-ti-tude not wake thy

fears? Worthless would be this moment's fond re-vealing, If I could cast a-

-side the ties of long long years. Thou hast my love; thine is a mother's

claim..... To them for get not that thou owest the name,..... My

mother, my mother dear, Ere I can cease to think of all their

kindness, Bring o'er my heart oblivion of the past: But when you

win for me that fatal blindness, In mercy let that moment - that moment be my

a piacere.

last.

dim.

S. Ackerman.