

IL TROVATORE

(THE TROUBADOUR).

A GRAND OPERA IN FOUR ACTS.

THE MUSIC BY VERDI.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, LONDON, AND THE ACADEMY
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From Mme. ADELINA PATTI.

CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 4th, 1882.

To Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS, New York.

DEAR SIRs:—Allow me to express to you the great satisfaction and pleasure that I have experienced from the use of your famous Pianos, which you have placed at my disposal during the Concert tour now in course of progress in the United States.

During my artistic career in the art centres of the world, I have used the pianos of nearly all celebrated manufacturers, but none of them can be compared to yours—none possess to such a marvellous degree that sympathetic, poetic, and singing tone quality which distinguishes the Steinway as peerless among them all. Before returning to Europe, I shall select and purchase one of your Grand pianos for Craig-y-nos Castle, my residence in South Wales.

Respectfully yours,

ADELINA PATTI.

CHARACTERS.

COUNT DI LUNA.
LEONORA.
AZUCENA *a Gipsy.*
MANRICO, *the Troubadour.*
FERRANDO.
INES.

RUIZ.
An Old Gipsy.
A Messenger.
Friends of the Count, Men at Arms, Gipsies,
Ladies, etc.
Epoch of the Action, 1409.

A R G U M E N T .

ACT I.

COUNT DI LUNA, in love with Leonora, a Court lady, has his jealousy aroused by hearing a serenade beneath her window—watching, he sees her descend from her chamber to the garden to meet the serenader, and she in the darkness mistaking the COUNT for MANRICO her lover, addresses him in tender accents, but discovers her mistake when MANRICO advances from his concealment and, in his turn, accuses her of being inconstant to her troth. She immediately explains, and this wounds the pride of DI LUNA, who, demanding the name of his rival discovers that it is MANRICO, a rebel chieftain then in arms against his sovereign. He challenges him to mortal combat, and as they quit the scene LEONORA faints in despair.

ACT II.

MANRICO, wounded in the duel and scarcely recovered, is in the Gipsy Camp. AZUCENA, his supposed mother, tells him that years since the young brother of the COUNT was thought to be poisoned by a Gipsy woman her own mother, who, in consequence, was burnt at the stake, imploring her daughter to avenge her. Returning from the horrible scene, with her own child in her arms, she met the son of the COUNT, whom she seized and concealed, until every one had quitted the spot of her mother's murder. Maddened by revenge, she then casts the child of the COUNT into the burning ashes. What was her anguish on discovering that, in her fury, she had destroyed her own infant by mistake. Scarcely has MANRICO recovered from his horror at this wild and fearful tale, than he is summoned to take charge of the defence of the Castle of Castellor, which has fallen into the hands of his retainers. At the same time, he hears that LEONORA, supposing him to be dead, is about to take the veil. He hurries to prevent it, and meets the COUNT, who had laid a plan to carry her off by force. He baffles him, and bears away LEONORA to Castellor.

ACT III.

The COUNT is preparing to attack Castellor. AZUCENA, who has been captured as a spy, is dragged before him. She is recognized by FERRANDO as the daughter of the Gipsy who had poisoned the brother of the Count, and is threatened with death. She calls on her son MANRICO for help, and the COUNT then learns that the mother of his enemy is in his power. He orders a stake to be erected in sight of the castle, and with savage exultation determines to have her burnt before the eyes of her son. MANRICO has observed these dread preparations, and, determined to save his mother, he rushes upon the enemy with his followers.

ACT IV.

MANRICO has failed. Confined in the same cell with AZUCENA, both are condemned to death. LEONORA demands an interview with the COUNT, and offers her hand as the price of MANRICO'S liberty. The offer is accepted, and she is permitted to carry him the tidings. He refuses to accept his freedom, and as LEONORA urges him to do so, she sinks upon the ground. Determined to free him, she had promised her hand to the Count; but had then taken poison. The Count enters and finds her dying; but MANRICO is still in his power. He bids his guards to drag him out immediately to the gibbet. AZUCENA, who has been sleeping, is awakened by the noise, and asks for her son. DI LUNA points to the window. She rushes towards it, and, beholding the inanimate remains of MANRICO, she cries "Wretch, thou hast slain thy brother! Oh mother, thou art indeed avenged!"

IL TROVATORE.

PARTE PRIMA.

Atrio nel palazzo dell'Aliaferia : porta da un lato, che mette agli appartamenti del Conte di Luna.

SCENA I.

FERRANDO, e molti *Famigliari del Conte*, che giacciono presso la porta : alcuni *Uomini d'arme* che passeggiano in fondo.

Ferr. [*Parla ai famigliari vicini ad assopirsi.*]

All'erta, all'erta : il Conte
N'è d'uopo attender vigilando : ed egli
Talor presso i veroni
Della sua vaga, intere
Passa le notti.

Fam. Gelosia le fiere
Serpi gli avventa in petto.

Ferr. Nel Trovator, che dai giardini nuove
Notturmo il canto, d'un rivale a dritto
Ei teme.

Fam. Dalle gravi
Palpèbre il sonno a discacciar, la vera
Storia ci narra di Garzia, germano
Al nostro Conte.

Ferr. La dirò : venite
Intorno a me [*I famigliari cseguiscono.*]

Arm. Noi pure. [*Accostandosi pur essi.*]

Fam. Udite, udite.
Ferr. Di due figli vivea, padre beato,
Il buon Conte di Luna ;
Fida nutrice del secondo nato
Dormia presso la cuna

Sul romper dell'aurora un bel mattino
Ella dischiude i rai,
E chi trova d'accanto a quel bambino ?

Coro. Chi?... Favella... chi mai ?

Ferr. Abbieta Zingara, fosca vegliarda !
Mostrava al tremito l'alma bugiarda
E sul fanciullo, con viso arcigno,
L'occhio affiggeva torvo, sanguigno !...
D'orror compresa è la nutrice...
Acuto un grido all'aura scioglie,
Ed ecco, in meno che il labbro il dice,
I servi accorrono in quelle soglie ;
E fra minacce, urti e percosse

La rea discacciano ch'entrarvi osò.

Coro. Giusto quei petti sdegnò commosse ;
L'insana vecchia lo provoco.

Ferr. Asseri che tirar del fanciullino
L'oroscope volea...

Bugiard !...lenta rebbre del meschino
La salute struggea !

Coverto di pallor, languido, affranto
Ei tremava la sera,

Il dì traeva in lamenteval pianto...

Avvelenato egli era [*Il coro inorridisce.*]

La delinquente perseguitata
Fu presa, e al rogo fu condannata :

Marimanea la maledetta
Figlia ministra di rea vendetta !
Compi quest'empia nefando eccesso !...
Sparve il bambino ..e si rinvenne
Mal spenta brace, nel sito stesso
Ove la Zingara arsa un dì venne
E d'un fanciullo...obimè !...l'ossame
Bruciato a mezzo, fumante ancor.

Coro. Oh sce'lerata !...oh donna infame !—
Del par m'investe ira ed orror !

Alcuni. E il padre ?

Ferr. Brevi e tristi giorni visse :

Pure ignoto del cor presentimento
Gli diceva, che spento
Non era il figlio ; ed a morir vicino
Bramò che il Signor nostro a lui giurasse
Di non cessar le indagini...ah fur vane !—

Arm. E di colei non si ebbe
Contezza mai ?

Ferr. Nulla contezza...oh dato
Mi fosse rintracciarla

Un dì !

Fam. Ma ravvisarla

Potresti ?

Ferr. Calcolando

Gli anni trascorsi...lo potrei

Arm. Sarebbe

Tempo presso la madre,

Senza pietà spedirla.

Ferr. Alla madre ?...È credenza che dimori

Ancor nel Mondo, dal supplizio tolta.

L'empia vegliarda, e quando il ciel è nero

In varie forme altrui si mostri.

Coro. E vero !

Alcuni. Sull'orlo dei tetti alcun l'ha veduta

In upupa o strige talora si muta !

Altri. In corvo tal'altra ; più spesso in civetta,

Sull'alba fuggente al par di saetta !

Ferr. Morì di paura un servo del Conte,

Che avea della zingara percossa la fronte !

[*Tutti si pingono di superstizioso terror*]

Apparve a costui d'un gufo in sembianza !

THE TROUBADOUR.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.—*The Palace of Aliaferia. A door at the side, which leads to the apartments of the COUNT DI LUNA. FERRANDO and some other friends of the Count are seated near the door. Some armed men are seen walking in the background.*

Ferr. [*Speaking to his friends, who seem absorbed in what he is relating.*]

How watchful is the Count! Full of hope—
Eagerly watching. Beneath the window,
On the balcony which surrounds it,
He passes the night.

Friends. Jealousy, like a serpent,
Has stung his breast!

Ferr. Jealousy of the Troubadour!
Who walks in the garden
And sings throughout the night?—
A rival—he has a right to fear!—

Friends. To keep us from weariness and sleep,
Relate the story that is told
Of Garzia, the brother of the Count—
The Count di Luna.

Ferr. I will narrate it.
Come, draw close around. [*They surround him.*]
Cho. of Soldiers. We will overhear.

[*They whisper among themselves.*]
Friends. Listen—listen.

Ferr. Of two living beauteous children
Was the old Count the happy father.
The faithful nurse of the younger child
One night slept beside its cradle;
The beams of the early morning sun,
Glancing through the windows, awakened her,
And, sitting beside the child, she saw—

Friends. What? Speak!—tell us!—

Ferr. A wretched gipsy, through whose darken'd
skin

Spoke out a soul of wickedness and malice.
Upon the child she gazed with evil eye—
The nurse was seized with dread and horror,
And shrieked aloud at the discovery.
Her cries aroused the sleeping servants,
Who rushed to her assistance, and with curses
Drove the wretched gipsy from the house,
Where she had entered so silently by stealth
And brought such terror with her.

Cho. Just were the anger and the curses
Which the old crone provoked!

Ferr. She asserted that she only sought the child,
That she might draw its horoscope!
But this was false—a story made
To shield her from the anger of the Count.

For soon we found her spells begin to work—
The child grew pale and languid with suffering.
All was dismay: but tears availed us nothing—
The child was poisoned!

[*All show signs of horror.*]

The murd'ress was pursued, taken,
Condemned, and burnt at the stake!
But her daughter, to avenge her mother's death,
With devilish cunning, stole the suffering child
And struck new terror into every heart.
Pursuit was all in vain—but, horror yet untold!
Where the old gipsy suffered 'er just doom
Were found, but half consumed, the bones of
a young child!—

Choro. O wretch accurs'd—O tale of woe!
Our hearts are thrilled with horror!

All. How fared the father?—

Ferr. Sorrowfully his brief life glided on,
His child's fate shrouded still in mystery;
But still he hoped and trusted to the last—
How vain that hope we know. The old man
came at last,
To end his days with his dear son, our lord;
who swore

He ne'er would cease to search for his lost
brother!

Cho. of Soldiers. Has his search, then, been in
vain—

Has he gained no tidings of the lost one?—

Ferr. None! O! that the time would come
When his search shall be rewarded!

Choro. Say, Ferrando! If thou shouldst meet
this gipsy

Wouldst thou know her?—
Ferr. Though many, many years have passed,
I still should know her at a glance!—

Cho. of Sol. If she were caught,
Without one thought of pity or remorse,
She soon should share her mother's doom!

Ferr. It is believed by many
That the mother still dwells upon the earth.
A hundred tales are told by those who say
In various shapes and forms they oft have
seen her!

Choro. It is true!

Some. By some she has been seen in dusky eve,
Hovering about the housetops!—

Others. And some have seen her floating in the
air,
O'er desert heath, or barren mountain!

Ferr. A servant of the Count who saw her face,
Died suddenly!—

[*All tremble with superstitious horror.*]

She appeared to that man in the form of an
owl,

Nell' alta quiete di facita stanza!...
 Con gli occhi lucenti guardava, guardava,
 Il Cielo attristando con urlo feral!
 Allor mezza notte appunto suonava...

[Suona mezza notte.

Tutti. Ah! Donna perversa!...orrore mortal!
 [Con subito soprassalto: odonsi alcuni tocchi di tamburro. Gli uomini d'arme accorrono in fondo, i famigliari tengonsi verso la porta.

SCENA II.—Giardini del palazzo: sulla destra marmorea scalinata che mette negli appartamenti. Dense nubi cuoprono la Luna.

LEONORA ed INES.

Ines. Che più t' arresti?...l' ora è tarda; vieni:
 De te la regal donna
 Ch'iese l' udisti.

Leo. Un'altra notte ancora
 Senza vederlo!

Ines. Perigliosa fiamma
 Tu nutri!...O come, dove
 La primiera favilla
 In te s' apprese?

Leo. Ne' tornei, V' apparve
 Bruno le vesti ed il cimier, lo scudo
 Bruno e di stemma ignudo,
 Sconosciuto guerrier che dell' agone
 Gli onori otterne...Al vincitor sul crine
 Il cinto io posi...D' aspra guerra il grido
 Surs...nol vidi più...come d' aurato
 Sogno fuggente immago!...ed era volta
 Lunga stagione...ma poi...

Ines. Che avvenne?

Leo. Ascolta.

Tacea la notte placida,
 Bella d' un ciel sereno
 La luna il vise argenteo
 Lieto mostrava appieno...
 Quando suonar per l' aere,
 Infino allor si mutò
 Dolci s' urdio e flebili
 Gli accordi d' un liuto
 E versi malinconici
 Un trovator cantò.

Versi di prece ed umile,
 Qual d' nom che prega Iddio,
 In quella ripeteasi
 Un nome...Il nome mio!
 Corsi al ve on sollecita.
 Egli era, egli era desso!
 Gioja provai che a ogni anima
 Non è provar concesso!...
 Al core, al guardo estatico
 La terra un ciel sembrò!

Ines. Quanto narrasti di turbamento
 Mi ha piena l' anima!...Io temo...

Leo. Invano!

Ines. Dubbio, ma tristo presentimento
 In me risveglia quest' uomo arcano!
 Tenta obliarlo...

Leo. Che dici!...Oh basti!

Ines. Cedi al consiglio dell' amistà...

Cedi...

Leo. Obliarlo!—Ah! tu parlasti
 Voce, che intendere l' alma non sa.

Amor, che non può dirsi
 Dalla mortal parola,
 Amor che intendo io sola
 Il cor m' inebriò.
 Il mio destin compirsi
 Non può che a lui d' appresso...
 S' io non vivrò per esso,
 Per esso io morirò.

Ines. [da se.] (Non debba mia pentirsi
 Chi tante un giorno amò.)

[Ascendono agli appartamenti]

SCENA III.—IL CONTE.

Tace la notte! Immersa
 Nel sonno è, certo, la regal Signora;
 Ma veglia la sua dama...Oh! Leonora,
 Tu desta sei; mel dice
 Da quel verone tremolante un raggio
 Della notturna lampa...
 Ah!...l' amorosa vampa

M' arde ogni fibra!...Ch' io ti vegga è d'uopo,
 Cho tu m' intenda...Vengo...a noi supremo
 E tal momento...

[Cieco d' amore avviato alla gradinata...odonsi gli accordi i un liuto; egli si arresta.

Il Trovator! Io fremo!

La voce del Trovatore.

Deserto sulla terra,
 Col rio destino in guerra,
 E sola sprema un cor,

Al Trovator!

Ma se quel cor possiede,
 Bello di casta fede,
 Egli è d' ogni uom maggoir

Il Trovator.

Conte. Oh detti, oh gelosia!

Non m' inganno...Ella scende!

[Si avvolge nel suo mantello.

SCENA IV.—LEONORA. CONTE.

Leo. [Correndo verso il Conte.] Anima mia!

Conte. (Che far?)

Leo. Più dell' usato
 E tarda l' ora; io ne contai gl' istanti
 Coi palpiti del core!...Alfin ti guida
 Pietoso amor alla tua sposa...

La voce del Trovat. Infida!

[Esclama dal mezzo delle piante. Nel tempo stesso la luna mostrasi dai nugli, e lascia scorgere una persona, di cui la visiera nasconde il volto.

SCENA V.—MANRICO. DETTI.

Leo. Qual voce!...Ah dalle tenebre
 Tratta in errore io fui.

[Riconoscendo entrambi, e gittandosi ai piedi di Manrico.

A te credei rivolgere
 L' accento, e non a lui...

Gloomily crouching upon the uppermost turret;
With eyes of living fire she glared at him,
Waking the solemn silence of the place
With wild ferocious cries—
It was just midnight striking—

[The turret clock strikes twelve.

All. How strange! how terrible! O mortal horror!

[A superstitious fear creeps over all. The armed men retire awe-stricken, and the others enter the palace, impressed by the strange coincidence.

SCENE II.—The garden of the palace. On one side a marble staircase leading to the apartment of Leonora. Heavy clouds partly obscure the moon.

Enter LEONORA and INES.

Ines. Why dost thou loiter?—the hour is late—come;

Our royal mistress waits thee!
Come, Leonora! dost hear?

Leo. Yet another night
Without seeing him?

Ines. Thou nourishest a perilous passion!
Come! tell me—
Relate the story of this love!
Say how it first began.

Leo. 'Twas at the tournament,
A knight appeared; his armor—surcoat too—
The hue of sombre brown.
Brown too his shield, and that without device.
This unknown knight was victor of the day,
And on his head I placed the victor's crown.
But brief his stay—he left me for the wars—
I saw him not again. But in my dreams
His form was ever present. Only in dreams—
Until—I saw him—

Ines. How? speak!

Leo. Listen.

The night was full of dreamy calmness,
The star-gemmed heaven serene;
The moon was rising slowly o'er the scene,
The garden lay in shadow at my feet—
My thoughts were far away.
My heart was faint with grief,
When through the air, so quiet until now,
I heard a lute's soft-whispered tones,
And then a lay of gentle sadness.
A voice began to sing—

A song of deep humility and prayer
Seemed breathed from out his heart,
And ever with the prayer
Was breathed a name—'twas mine!
With faltering steps I hastened down—
O heaven! 'twas he—'twas he himself!
The ecstasy of joy my heart then felt
No words—no tongue can tell!
To heart and eye the world around
Seemed a bright, glorious heaven!

Ines. Your words, so passionate, so earnest,
Fill my soul with terror!

Leo. In vain!

Ines. I doubt!—a sad presentiment
Of sorrow through that man,
Fills me with dread!—Forget him!

Leo. What sayest thou?—cease—cease!

Ines. Listen to the counsels of a friend!

Leo. Forget him!—Thou speakest words
That my soul cannot understand.

Words cannot tell the passionate love
That burns within my heart—

Rushes like fire through each vein—
Inebriates the brain!

He is my fate—with his
My destiny is interwoven!
If I live not for him,
For him I will die!

Ines. [Aside.] O that thou may'st never repent
To have loved thus madly.

[They ascend to their apartments.

Enter the COUNT DI LUNA.

Count. The night is still! our royal mistress sleeps!

But there is one who wakes and watches!
O Leonora! thou art there the flickering lamp
In yonder casement tells me so.

The fire of love burns through my every nerve.
I live but in thy presence—but for thee!
O that I could see thee alone—for then,
By my burning words, thou couldst understand my love.

I will take courage—approach the window—
The moment is favorable.

[He is about to ascend the staircase, when the sound of a lute is heard.

The Troubadour! I tremble!

Manrico sings without.

Desolate on the earth!
At war with my guilty conscience!
One heart alone is the hope
Of the Troubadour!

O! if that heart were his;—
Purged by its truth and innocence,
What man so proud, so blest
As the Troubadour?

Count. O jealousy! I am not deceived—
She is coming down—

[Throws his cloak around him. Leonora descending the stairway stumbles against the Count, and exclaims:

Life of my soul!

Count. How shall I act?

Leo. I have watched for thee!

The hour has long gone by;
I counted the moments with an anxious heart.
But now thou art come! Thy holy love
Has led thee to thy love, thy bride!

[The Troubadour, from amidst the shrubbery, is heard to exclaim:

False one!

[At this moment the moon shines forth, and an armed figure approaches, with the visor down, concealing his features.

Leo. That voice!—I was deceived
By the darkness of the night.

[She recognizes both, and falls at the feet of Manrico.

Ah! believe me—'twas thy voice alone
That called me forth.

A te, che l' alma mia
Sol chiede, sol desia
Io t' amo, il giuro, io t' amo
D' immenso, eterno amor!

Conte. Ed osi!

Man. (Ah più non bramo.)

[Solleandola.

Conte. Avvampo di furor!

Se un v l non sei discovriti.

Leo. (Ohimè!)

Conte. Palesa il nome.

Leo. Del, per pietà!...

[Sommessamente a Manrico.

Ravvisami,

Manrico io son.

Conte. Tu!... Come!

Insano, temerario!
D' Urgel seguace, a morte
Dannato, ardisci volgerli
A queste regie porte?

Man. Che tardi?... or via le guardie
Appella, ed il rivale
Al ferro del Carnefice
Consegna.

Conte. Il tuo fatale
Istante assai più prossimo
E disennato. Vieni...

Leo. Conte...

Cont. Al mio sdegno vittima

E forza ch' io ti sveni.

Leo. Oh ciel!... t' arresta ..

Cont. Seguimi...

Man. Andiam...

Leo. (Che mai farò?...)

Un sol mio grido perdere

Lo pueto!...) M' odi

Cont. Nò.

Di geloso amor sprezzato
Arde in me tremendo fuoco?
Il tuo sangue, o sciagurato,
Ad estinguerlo fia poco?

Dirgli, o folle, io t' amo; ardisti!... [a Leo.

Ei più vivere non può...

Un accento proferisti,

Che a morir lo condannò.

Leo. Un istan. o almen dia l' eo

Il tuo sdegno alla ragione.

Io, sol io ti tanto fuoco...

Son, purtroppo, la cazione!

Piombi, ah! piombi il tuo furore

Sulla rea che t' oltraggiò...

Vibra il ferro in questo core.

Che se amar non vuol, non può.

Man. Del superbo vana è l' ira;

Ei cadrà da me trafitto.

Il Mortal, che amor t' inspira,

Dall' amor fu reso invito.

La tua sorte è già compita...

L' ora omai per te suonò

Il suo cuore, o la tua vita

Il destino a me serbò.

[I due rivali si allontanano con le spade, sguainate,
Leonora cade priva di sentimento.

FINE DELLA PRIMA PARTE.

PARTE SECONDA.

Un deserto abituro sulle falde di un monte della Bis-
caglia; nel fondo tutto aperto arde un gran fuoco.
I primi alberi.

SCENA I.—AZUCENA siede presso il fuoco, MAN-
RICO le sta disteso accanto sopra una coltrice, ed
avviluppato nel suo mantello: ha l'elmo ai piedi,
fra le mani la spada, si cui figge immobilmente
lo sguardo. Una banda di Zingari è sparsa all'
interno.

Zingari. Vedi? le fosche notturne spoglie
De cieli sveste l' immensa volta
Sembra una vedova che alfin si toglie
I brnni panni ond' era involta.

All' opra, all' opra. Dagli, martella!

[Danno di piglio ai loro ferri di mestiere, al misu-
rato tempear dei martelli cadenti sulti incudini,
or uomini, or donne, e tutti in un tempo, infine
intuonano la cantilena seguente.

Chi del Gitano i giorno abbella!

La Zingarella.

Gli Uom. [alle donne, sostando un poco dal lavoro.]
Versami un tratto: lena e coraggio
Il corpo e l' anima traggon dal bere.

[Le donne mescono ad essi in rozze coppe.

Tutti. Oh guarda, guarda! del sole un raggio

Batte più vivido nel tuo bichiere.

All' opra, all' opra... Dagli, martella...

Quale a voi noi splende propizia stella?

La Zingarella.

Azuc. canta: [gli Zingari le si fanno allatto.]

Stride la vampa,—la folla indomita

Corre a quel fuoco—lieta in sembianza:

Urli di gioja—d' intorno echeggiano

Cinta di sgheri—donna s' avanza!

Sinistra splende—su' volti orribili

Le tetra fiamma—che s' alza al ciel!

Stride la vampa—giunge la vittima

Nero vestita—discinta e scalza!

Grido feroce—di morte levasi;

L' eco il ripete di balza in balza!

Sinistra splende—su' volti orribili

La tetra fiamma che s' alza al ciel!

Zing. Mesta è la tua canzon!

Azuc. Del pari mesta

Che la storia funesta

Da cui tragge argomento! [rivolge il capo
dalla parte di Manrico, e mormora sup-
amente:

Mi vendica... mi vendica!

Man. (L' arcana

Parola ognor!)

Vecchio Zing. Compagni, avanza il giorno:

A procacciarci un pan, su su!—scendiamo

Por le propinque ville.

Uomini. Andiamo.

Donne. Andiamo.

[Tutti scendono alla rinfusa giù per la china tratto
tratto, e sempre a maggior distanza, odesi il loro
canto.

Zing. Chi del Gitano i giorni abella?
La Zingarella!

'Tis thee alone that my soul loves;
To love thee is all I desire.
I have vow'd my heart to thee,
With a love that is eternal!
Count. Thou darest!
Man. Now I fear nothing!

[*Marrico raises her up.*]

Count. I burn with rage. If thou art no villain,
Raise thy visor—reveal thyself.

Leo. O heaven!—

Count. Speak!—your name!—

Leo. O pity—pity!

Man. Know me now—I am Manrico!

Count. Thou!—thou?

Madman! Desperado!—

A follower of *Urgel*—outlawed—

Condemned to a shameful death!—

How darest thou approach

This royal palace?—

Man. Thou art tardy!—Why delay?

Call the guards, and give thy rival

To the mercies of the jailer

And the prison.

Count. Thy doom is seal'd,

Thy hour has arrived;

Thy life belongs to me. Come!

Leo. Count!

Count. He is the victim of my revenge!

I must tear him from thee!

Leo. O heavens! stay!

Count. Follow me!

Man. Lead on!

Leo. How shall I act? One cry of mine
Would bring the guards, and he would perish.
Hear me—O hear me!

Count. No!
Jealousy and rejected love in my heart
Burn with unquenchable fire;
Thy blood alone, infamous traitor,
Is not enough to quench it.
Thou darest to tell him, "I love thee"—

[*To Leo.*]

To declare thy passions in my presence?
The words that thou hast said
Have seal'd his doom—he dies!

Leo. One moment; let thy rage
Give way to reason's voice!
I am alone the wretched cause
Of all this grief and woe.

Let thy fury fall upon the guilty;
Plunge thy steel in this heart,
Which cannot love but him,
And dies if he should perish.

Man. How vain is all thy proud boasting:
Thou wilt perish by my sword!
The arm that is inspired by love—
True love—is invincible.
Thy fate is already sealed;
The morn will never rise again for thee;
Destiny has given thy life to me,
And Leonora's cherish'd love.

[*They go out to fight—Leonora falls fainting on the ground.*]

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT SECOND.

A deserted habitation on the side of a Mountain in the province of Biscay. A bright fire is burning; time—the dawn of day.

SCENE I.—AZUCENA seated near the fire. MANRICO is seated a short distance from her, on a sort of couch, enveloped in his cloak; at his feet is his helmet, at his side his sword. He remains immovable, gazing vacantly. A band of Gipsies dispersed about the Scene.

Gipsies. See! the deep shades which clothed the arch of heav'n

All disappear before the morning sun,

As some sad widow, but now in weeds array'd,

Bursts from her woes, in bridal dress adorn'd.

To work—to work.—Bring here the hammer!

[*They take the implements belonging to their trade, and the hammers fall in measured strokes upon the anvil. Men and women are all at work. Together they sing the following Chorus:*]

Who of the Gipsies adorns the bright day?

The Zingarella.

Men. [*To the women, stopping their labor.*]

Who can o'erthrow us! In courage and strength,

Activity, skill, who can compete?

All. [*The women show some roughly manufactured cups.*] See, see! how heat of the fire

Has moulded thy drinking cups.

To work, to work! give us the hammer.

Which is ^{our} bright, guiding star?

The Zingarella.

Azuc. [*Singing, the men go out.*]

The cry of fury—that ruthless crowd—

How they rush to the fire, which seems

To curl and crisp with joy!

Surrounded by coarse men—maidens come hither!

Terrible light—horrible phantoms,

Mid lurid flames, which flash up to heaven!

The fire comes nearer—it reaches the victim—

Blacken'd with smoke—the flames rise and fall!

I hear the wild shrieks of the dying wretch

Echoing far and near!

Terrible light! Horrible phantoms,

Mid lurid flames, which flash up to heaven!

Zing. Thy tale is wild and mysterious!

Azuc. Out of such a wild and terrible mystery

Thou mayst trace the tale of horror.

[*Turning her head towards Manrico, she murmurs:*]

My vengeance! my vengeance!

Man. (Every word seems to me

Full of strange meaning.)

An Old Gipsy. Friends, the morning is approaching.

Let us try to get something for our kettle;

Let us go down to the great city.

Men. Let us go.

Women. Let us go.

[*The chorus go off to the accompaniment of the Chinatratto-tratto, which is heard for some time, until it dies away in the distance.*]

Zing. Who is the gipsy adorns the bright day?

The Zingarella.

Man. [*sorgendo.*] Soli or siamo: deh narra
Quella storia funesta.

Azuc. E tu la ignori?
Tu pur!...Ma giovinetto i passi tuoi
D'ambizion lo sprone
Lungi traeva!—dell'ava il fine acerbo
E quella storia...la incolpò superbo
Conte di veneficio, onde asseria
Spento un bambin suo figlio...Essa brunata
Su rego infame venne!

Man. Ah! sciagurata.

Azuc. Condotta Ell'era in ceppi, al suo destin
tremendo

Col figlio...teco in braccio io la segnia piangendo
Infino ad esse un varcotentai, ma invano, aprirmi
Invan tentò la misera fermarsi, e benedirmi!
Che tra i più duri oltraggi, pungendola coi ferri,
Al rogo ta cacciavano gli scellerati sgherri!...
Allor, con tronco accento, mi vendica!; esclamo
Quel detto un eco eterno in questo cor lascio.

Man. La vendicastro.

Azuc. Il figlio giunsi a rapir del Conte;
Lo trascinai qui meco...le fiamme ardean già
pronte.

Man. Le fiamme?...oh ciel!...tu forse?...

Azuc. Ei distruggeasi in pianto...

Io mi sentiva il core dilaniato, infranto!...

Quand'ecco agl'egri spiriti, come in un sogno
apparve.

La vision ferale di spaventose larve!...

Gli sgherri ed il supplizio! la madre smorta
in volto.

Scalza, discinta!...il grido, il noto grido ascolto...

Mi vendica!...Da mano convulsa tendo...
stringo...

La vittima...nel foco la traggo, la sospingo!...

Cessa il fatal delirio...l'orrida scena fugge...

La fiamma sol divampa, e la sua pedita
strugge!...

Pur Volgo intorno il guardo, e innazzi a me
veggio.

Dell'empio Conte il figlio!

Man. Ah!...come?

Azuc. Il figlio mio,

Mio figlio avea bruciato!

Man. Che dici? quale orror!

Azuc. Sul capo mio le chiome sento drizzarmi
ancor!

[*Azucena ricarde trambasciata sul proprio seggio:*
Manrico ammutisce, colpito d'orrore ci sorpresa.
Momenti di silenzio.

Man. Non son tuo figlio...E chi sou io, chi
dunque?

Azuc. Tu sei mio figlio! [*Con sollecitudine di
chi cerca emendare involontario fallo.*

Man. Eppur dicesti...

Azuc. Ah!...forse...

Che vuoi?...Quando al pensier s'affaccia il
truce

Caso, lo spirito intenebrato pone

Stolte parole sul mio labbro...Madre,

Tenera Madre son m'avesti ognora?

Man. Potrei Negarlo?

Azuc. A me, se vivi ancora,

Nol dei? Notturna, nei pugnati campi

Di Pelilla, ove spento

Fama ti desse, a darti

Sepoltura non mossi? La fuggente

Aura vital non iscovri nel seno,

Non ti arrestò materno affeto?...E quante

Cure non spesi a risanar le tante

Ferite!

Man. Che portai quel di fatale.

[*Con nobile orgoglio.*

Ma tutte qui, nel petto!...Io sol, fra mille

Già sbandati al nemico

Volgendo ancor la faccia!...Il rio de-Luna

Su me piombò col suo drap ello, io caddi

Però da forte io caddi.

Azuc. Ecco mercede

Ai giorni, che l'infame

Nel singolar certame

Ebbe salvi da te!...qual ti accecava

Strana pietà per esso?

Man. Oh madre!...non saprei dirlo a me stesso!

Mal reggendo all'aspro assalto,

Ei già tocco il suolo avea:

Balenava il colpo in alto

Che trafiggerlo dovea...

Quando arresta un moto arcano

Nel discender questa mano...

Le mie fibre acuto gelo

Fa repente abbrividir!...

Mentre un grido vien dal cielo,

Che mi dice...non ferir!

Azuc. Ma nell'alma dell'ingrato

Non parlò del ciel'accento.

Oh se ancor ti spinge il fato

Contro il crudo in dubbio evento,

Compi, o figlio, il cenno mio,

Spegni, ah! spegni allor quel rio...

Di vendetta ultima brama

Sorga, accenda il tuo furor...

Sino all'elsa questa lama

Vibra, immergi all'empio in cor.

[*Odesi un prolungato suono di corno.*

Man. L'usato messo Ruiz invia!...

Forse. [*Dà flato anch'esso al corno che tiene
ad armacollo.*

Azuc. Mi vendica! [*Resta concentrata, quasi
inconsapevole di ciò che succede.*

SCENA II.

MESSO. DETTI.

Man. Inoltra il piè [*al Messo.*

Guerresco evento, dimmi, seguia?

Messo. Risponda il foglio che reco a te.

[*porgendo il foglio, che Manrico legge.*

Man. („ In nostrà possa è Castellor; ne dei

„Finchè Urgel non vi riede

„Vigilar le difese. Ove ti è dato,

„Affrettati a venir. Giunta la sera

„Tratta in inganno di tua morte al grido

„Per sempre in ermo impenetrabil loco

„Fuggira Leonora,) Oh giusto Cielo!

[*con dolorosa esclamazione.*

Azuc. Che fia?

[*scuotendosi.*

Man. (*al Messo*) Veloce scendi in balza

E d'un cavallo a me pr vvedi.

Messo. Corro.

Azuc. Manrico!...

[*frapponendosi*

Man. [*Thoughtfully.*] Now that we are alone,
Tell me that dreadful story.

Azuc. And dost thou not know it?

Thy youth is full of ambition,
And spurs thee ever onward.
This story has a bitter end.
The proud Count accused my mother
Of killing his child—his son.
It was poisoned—and he condemned her
And burnt her at the stake!

Man. Merciful heaven!

Azuc. I saw her borne along to her fearful doom!
I followed tremblingly, with my child in my
arms.

I tried to get near her, but in vain;
In vain she strove to approach and bless me.
With jeers and scorn—goaded her with their
swords,
The miscreants drove her to the stake.
In terrible tones she cried to me, "Revenge
me!"

Those tones still echo in my heart.

Man. Didst thou revenge her?

Azuc. The son of the Count was coming along—
I took him with me—the blazing flames were
ready.

Man. O heavens!—you did not dare?

Azuc. He was weeping bitterly.

My heart was in delirium—frantic—
It seemed I was haunted by evil spirits—
I was in a dream—hideous faces were around
me.

I saw the executioner—the blazing fire
Surrounding my mother—I heard that cry of
horror—

Again that exclamation, that I still hear,
Crying "Revenge me! Revenge me!"
Convulsively I stretched forth my hand—
I press my victim—I thrust him over the fire
And cast him in—my dream was o'er, my mad-
ness passed—

And by the dying flames I saw alive—the son
of the Count!

Man. How! Speak!

Azuc. My son—my own dear son was burned
By mistake—burned!

Man. What dost thou say?—O horror!

Azuc. E'en now I feel the deadly horror of that
hour!

[*Azucena falls back upon her seat—Manrico
stands aghast with horror—A moment of silence
ensues.*]

Man. Am I not thy son?—who am I?—speak!

Azuc. [*Embarrassed.*] Yes—thou art my son.

Man. And yet thou sayst!—

Azuc. Ah! well, it may be,
When thoughts of that dreadful night
Recur to my shattered mind,
I utter wild, unconscious words.

Say hast thou ever known me other
Than a fond and tender mother?

Man. Never! never!

Azuc. Dost thou not owe to me once more thy
life?

At the camp of Peilla, where thou won'st
fame and honor,

Covered with wounds thou wert left for dead—
Life seemed indeed to have departed from
thee.

Did not maternal affection restore thee?
I sought thee out—brought thee to life,
And healed thy many wounds.

Man. Yes, my wounds were many and sore—
But all in front! [*Proudly.*]

While thousands fled before the foe,
I turned and faced them—but Di Luna's
bands

Surrounded me in numbers, and against such
odds resistance was in vain—I fell!

Azuc. And yet to thee

The craven owes his life:
What madness stayed thy hand,
And saved him from the blow?

Man. O, mother! I cannot tell the cause,

But weakly he resisted the charge—
The 'vantage I had already gained—
He was completely within my power.

I raised my arm to strike the blow
Which should have annihilated him,
When my arm was stayed by some mystic
power—

My nerves were paralyzed—I could not strike.
Some unknown feeling rose within my heart—
While from the heavens methought I heard a
voice

Which cried aloud—"Strike him not!"

Azuc. But in the soul of the ungrateful

No heavenly gratitude is found.

When again fate opposes thee
Against this cruel man,

Then, my son, fulfill my stern command—

Let him pay the penalty of his sins!

Pause not in thy revenge—fear not—

Let thy fury rage—throw all control aside,

And plunge thy steel into his traitor heart!

[*Prolonged sounds of a horn are heard.*]

Man. Ruiz calls me—I will answer him!

[*Manrico sounds his horn in answer.*]

Azuc. Revenge me. [*She remains quiet—un-
heeding what is going on around her.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Man. What dost thou want with me?

[*To Messenger.*]

Why dost thou follow me?

Mess. This letter will explain.

Man. [*Reads.*] "We have taken Castellor.

Until *Urgel* returns its defence

Belongs to thee. Hasten then to us.

Since the night of thy duel, it is falsely said

That thou art dead—and *Leonora*,

In agony of grief, has withdrawn from the
court

To mourn in solitude." O heaven!

Azuc. What do I hear? [*Starts up.*]

Man. [*To Messenger.*] Quick, begone!

Without delay bring hither my horse.

Mess. I hasten to obey.

Azuc. Manrico!

Man. Il tempo incalza...
Vola; m'aspetta del colle a' piedi.
[*Il messo parte affrettatamente.*]

Azuc. E spero, e vuoi?
Man. (Perderla!... Oh ambascia?...
Ah no; è impossibile!)

Azuc. (E fuor di se!)
Man. Addio! [*postosi l'elmo sul cape, ed affer-
rando il mantello.*]

Azuc. No...ferma...odi...

Man. Mi lascia...

Azuc. Fermo...Son io che parlo a te!
[*auterevole.*]

Perigliarti ancor languente
Per cammin deserto ed ermo!...

Le ferite vuoi demente!

Riaprir del petto infermo?

No, soffrirlo non pos'io...

Il tuo sangue è sangue mio!

Ogni stilla che ne versi

Tu la spremi dal mio cor!

Man. Un momento può involarmi

Il mio ben, la mia speranza!

No, che basti ad arrestarmi

Niuno in terra avrà possanza...

Ah! mi sgombra, o madre i passi...

Guai per te, se io qui restassi!

Tu vedresti a' piedi tuoi

Spento il figlio di dolor!

[*Si allontana, indarno trattenuto da Azucena.*]

SCENA III.—*Antico edificio in vicinanza di Cas-
tellor. Alberti nel fondo.—E notte. Il CONTE
FERRANDO ed alcuni SEGUACI inoltrandosi cau-
tamente, ed avviluppati nei loro mantelli.*

Conte. Tutto è deserto; nè per l'aura ancora
Suon l'usato carne...

In tempo io giungo!

Ferr. Ardita opra, Signore,
Imprendi.

Cont. Ardita e qual furente amore
Ed irritato orgoglio

Chiesero a me. Spento il rival, caduto

Ogni ostacol sembrava a' miei desiri:

Novello, in questo asilo, ella ne appresta...

Il vedi!... [*indicando l'edificio*] Ah no, non fia

D' altri Leonora mai! ..Leonora è mia!

Il balen del suo sorriso

D' uua stella vince il raggio!

Il fulgor del suo bel viso

Nuovo infonde in me coraggio!

Ah! l'amor, l'amore ond' ardo

Le favelli in mio favor!

Sperda il sole d' un suo sguardo

La tempesta del mio cor.

[*Odesi il rintoco de' bronzo.*]

Qual suono! oh ciel!

Ferr. La squilla

Vicina l'ora annunzia!

Cont. Ah! pria che varchi

La soglia si rapisca!

Ferr. Oh bada!

Cont. Taci!

Non odo...andate... Di quei faggi all'ombra
Celatevi...

[*Ferr. e gli altri seguaci si allontanano.*]

Ah fra poco

Mia diverrà!... Tutto m'investe un fuoco.

[*Ansio, guardingo osserva dalla parte onde deve
venire Leonora, mentre Ferr. e i Seguaci
discorrono sotto voce.*]

Ferr. Ardire! Andiam...celiamoci

Segu. Tra l'ombra nel mister...

Ardire! Andiam...silenzio...

Si compia il suo voler!

Conte [*Nell' eccesso del furore.*]

Ora per ne fatale

I tuoi momenti affretta:

La gioja che mi aspetta,

Gioja mortal non è

Invano all'amor mio

S' oppone un core altero,

Non puote il Mondo intero,

Donna, rapirli a me.

[*Raggiunge i suoi nell' interno.*]

Coro. [*interno*] Ah!...se l'error t'ingombra,

O figlia d'Eva, i rai,

Presso a morir, vedrai

Che un'ombra, un sogno fu;

Anzi del sogno un'ombra

La speme di quaggiù

Vieni, a tranquilla stanza

Il tuo destin ti chiama;

Pace, che ogn'alma brama,

Pose qui solo il piè.

Or vieni, e la speranza

Riada ch'è morta in te.

SCENA IV.—*LEONORA con Seguito Maliebre,
INES, poi il CONTE, FERRANDO, Seguaci, indi
MANRICO.*

Leo. Perchè piangete?

Ines. Ah!...dunque

Tu per sempre ne lasci!

Leo. O dolci amiche,

Un riso, una speranza, un fior la terra

Non ha per me! Degg'io

In questo asil remoto, ad ogni incauto

Sguardo celarmi ognor e i mesti giorni

Trar nel dolor, che il mio perduto bene

Destommi eterno in cor!... Tergete i rai...

Il mio destin si compia! [*Incamminanc.osi.*]

Cont. [*Irrompendo ad un tratto.*] No, giammai!..

Donne. Il Conte!

Leo. Giusto ciel!

Cont. Per te non avvi

Altro destin che Imen!

Donne. Cotanto ardia!...

Leo. Insano!...e quì venisti?...

Cont. A farti mia.

[*E si dicendo, scagliasi verso di Leon. crede im-
padronirsi di lei, ma fra esso e la preda trovasi,
qual fantasma sorto di sotterra, Manrico. Un
grido universale irrompe.*]

Leo. E deggio...e posso crederlo?

Ti veggio a me d'accanto!

E questo un sogno, un'estasi,

Un sovrumano incanto!

Non regge a tanto giubilo.

Rapito, il cor, sorpreso!

Sei tu dal ciel disceso.

O in ciel son io con te?

Man. The time is short—fly—wait for me at the foot of the hill!

[*Messenger goes out.*]

Azuc. And thou hop'st!

To lose her! impossible!

Azuc. He heeds me not—he raves!

Man. Adieu!—farewell!

[*He puts on his visor and resumes his cloak.*]

Azuc. Stop—hear me.

Man. No—I must away!

Azuc. Stay—'tis thy mother who calls!

Wilt thou risk thy life again

Through that lone deserted way?

In thy mad haste thou wilt reope

Thy wounds but scarcely heal'd.

No—it must not be—thy blood is my blood—

And every drop that thou sheddest

Is robbed from my heart!

Man. One moment's delay would endanger for ever

My only good—my only hope.

No one hath power to keep me longer back.

Strive not to cross my will, my mother;

Thwart not my earnest purpose;

For did I consent to stay, 'twould only be

To die of bitter sorrow at your feet,

A victim to my blighted hopes.

SCENE III.—*An antique building in the vicinity of Castellor, surrounded by a deep wood. Time, Night. The COUNT DI LUNA, FERRANDO, and followers approach, enveloped in their cloaks.*

Count. All is deserted yet. Not yet are heard The sounds that e'er precede the break of day. We are in time!

Ferr. Most arduous is the task, sir!

That you have undertaken!

Count. Most hard it is to bear this struggle in my heart,

Of burning love and irritated pride!

Now that my rival is dead,

The only hindrance to my love must be removed.

She will come to this place,—I will see her!

She will come—mi e, Leonora! mine!

Against the whole world, I will win her!

The placid beauty of her smile

Is brighter, softer than a star-beam!

One glance of her dear face

Gives to my faltering heart new strength!

Ah, love! may thy fire which thrills my heart

Find favor in the eyes of my belov'd!

The sight of her alone

Can quell the raging tempest of my soul!

[*The sound of a bell is heard.*]

What sound is that? Oh heavens!

Ferr. The clock now warns us Of the approaching morn.

Count. Before you go

I will approach her.

Ferr. Be on your guard!

Count. Silence—I'll hear no more—begone. Retires into the shadow of the wood.

[*Ferrando and followers slowly retire.*]

My heart beats with wild emotion,

My blood seems on fire!

[*In sad mood, he looks towards the path by which Leonora will approach. Ferrando and followers converse in low whispers.*]

Ferr. } Let us depart and conceal ourselves
and } Amid the shades, in silence and in
mystery.

others. } Let us go in silence, and in mystery,
That his bidding may be fulfilled.

Count. [*In an ecstasy of passionate emotion*]

The moment now approaches,

Which seals my fate for ever:

The joys of anticipated pleasure

Are more than mortal—they are divine!

In vain against my love

Another heart opposes,

Not all the world combined

Shall rob my arms of thee!

Cho. [*Inside.*] If errors lead your heart astray,

O thou fair daughter of Eve,

Pause and reflect while time is thine;

When death is near at hand,

Thine eyes will then perceive

How worse than vanity were all thy dreams!

Come to the quiet, peaceful home,

And here fulfill thy destiny;

The peace that every heart would wish,

Will meet thee here.

O come! and hope will beam for thee,

Though now all hope seems dead!

Enter LEONORA and INES, etc., etc.

Leo. Why do you weep?

Ines. Ah! can it be?

Canst thou leave us for ever?

Leo. Ah! my sweet friend

The world has now for me

Nor flowers, nor smile, nor hope!

Here, in this lonely place I'll live,

And hide myself from all intruding eyes,

To mourn and weep for my lost love,

Who lives for ever in my heart of hearts.

My destiny must be fulfilled. [*Going.*]

Count. Nay—stay! [*Stopping her.*]

Cho. The Count!

Leo. Just heavens!

Count. Again I tell thee,

There is no other destiny for thee but to be mine!

Ladies. What audacity!

Leo. Insane man—why comest thou here?

Count. To make thee mine!

[*The Count approaches Leonora, and attempts to seize her, when Manrico steps forth between them.*]

Leo. It is Manrico! Can I believe my eyes?

Do I see thee before me? Is it a dream?

A phantom of the wandering brain?

A wild and fearful illusion?

My heart so throbs with love and joy

I scarce can think and live!

Say, didst thou from heaven come,

Or am I now in heaven with thee?

Cont. Dunque gli estinti lasciano
Di morte il regno eterno!
A danno mio rinunzia
Le prede sue l' averno!...
Ma se non mai si fransero
De' giorni tuoi gli stami,
Se vivi, e viver brami,
Fuggi da lei, da me.

Man. Nè m' ebbe il ciel, nè l' orride
Varco infernal sentiero...
Infami sgherri vibrano
Colpi mortali, è vero!
Potenza irresistibile
Hanno de' fiumi l' onde!...
Ma gli empj un Dio confonde!...
Quel Dio soccorre a me!

Donne. Il cielo, in cui fidasti,
Pietade avea di te.

Ferr. Tu col destin contrast [Al Conte.
Suo difensore egli è.

SCENA V.—*Ruiz seguito da lunga tratta d' armati, detti.*

Ruiz. Urgel viva!
Man. Miei prodi guerrieri!
Ruiz. Vieni...
Man. Donna, mi segui. [A Leonora.
Cont. E tu sperì?... [Opponendosi.
Leo. Oh!...
Man. T' arretra... [Al Conte.
Conte. Involarmi costei!...
No! [Sguainando la spada.
Ruiz. Vaneggia! [Accerchiando il Conte.
Armati.
Ferr. Che tenti, signor!
Segu.

[Il Conte è disarmato da quei di Ruiz.
Conte. Di ragione ogni lume perdei!
[Con gesti ed accenti di maniaco furore.
Leo. M'atterrisce!...
Cont. Ho le furie nel cor!
Seguaci Vieni; è lieta la sorte per te.
di Ruiz. [A Manrico.

Seguaci Cedi; or ceder viltade non è.
del Conte. [Al Conte.

[Manrico tragge seco Leonora. Il Conte è respinto.—
Cala la tela.

FINE DELLA SECONDA PARTE.

PARTE TERZA.

Accampamento—A destra il padiglione del CONTE
DI LUNA, su cui sventola la bandiera in segno di
supremo comando. Da Lungi torreggia l'astel-
lor.

SCENA I.—*Scolte di uomini d' arme da per tutto;
altri giuocano, altri fabbricano le armi, altri pas-
seggianno: poi FERRANDO dal padiglione del
CONTE.*

Alcuni
Uomini Or co' dadi, ma fra poco
d' arme. Giuocherem ben altro giuoco!
Questo acciar, dal sangue or terso,
Fia di sangue in breve asperso!

[*Odoni strumenti guerriero: tutti si volgono là,
dove si avanza il suono.*

Alcuni. Il soccorso dimandato!

[*Un grosso drappello di Balestrieri, in completa
armatura traversa il campo.*

Altri. Han l' aspetto del valor!

Tutti. Più l' as alto ritardato
Or non fa di Castellor.

Ferr. Sì, prodi amici; al dì novello è mente
Del Capitan, la rocca
Investir da ogni parte.
Cola piugue bottino
Certezza è rinvenir, più che speranza,
Si vinca; è nostro.

Uomini d' arme. Tu c' inviti a danza.

Tutti. Squilli, echeggi la tromba guerriera,
Chiami a l' armi alla pugna all' assalto.
Fia demani la nostra bandiera
Di quei merli piantata sull' alto.
No, giammai non sorrise vittoria
Di più liete speranze finor!...
Ivi l' util ci aspetta e la gloria;
Ivi opima la preda, e l' onor!

[*Si disperdono.*

SCENA II.—*IL CONTE. Il CONTE, uscito dalla
tenda, volge uno sguardo bieco a Castellor.*

In braccio al mio rival!...questo pensiero
Come persecutor demone ovunque
M' insegue! In braccio al mio rival!...Ma
corro,
Surta appena l' aurora,
Io corro a separarvi... Oh Leonora!
[*Odesi tumulto.*

SCENA III.—*FERRANDO detto.*

Cont. Che fu?
Ferr. D' appresso il campo
Si aggrava una zingara: sorpresa
Da' nostri esploratori,
Si volse in fuga: essi, a ragion temendo
Una spia nella trista,
L' inseguir...

Cont. Fu raggiunta?
Ferr. E presa.
Cont. Vista

L' hai tu?
Ferr. No: della scorta
Il condottier m' apprese
L' eventa. [Tumulto più vicino.
Cont. Eccola.

SCENA IV.—*Entra AZUCENA con le mani avvinte,
è trascinata dagli esploratori: un codazzo d' altri
Soldati.*

Esplorat. Innanzi, iniqua, innanzi...
Azuc. Aita!...Mi lasciate...Oh! furibondi,
Che mal fec' io?

Cont. Si appressi
[*Azuc. è tratta immanai al Conte*
A me rispondi,

E trema dal mentir.

Azuc. Chiedi.
Cont. Ove vai!
Azuc. Nol so.
Cont. Che!...

Count. Can the graves give up the dead?
To thwart me do they yield their prey?
Why from the eternal realms of death
Comest thou, again to cross my path?
But if indeed thou yet dost live,
And would retain thy wretched life,
Fly, for ever, fly from her,
And never cross my way, or will!

Man. I have not yet enjoyed the bliss of heaven,
Nor tasted of the bitterness of death.

A potent power, which I could not resist,
Enchained and held me in its grasp.
But heaven confounds thy wicked schemes
And stretch'd its hands in pity forth to me.

Cho. The heaven in which thou hast such faith,
Will ne'er desert thee in thy need.

Ferr. [To the Count.] Thou fightest against thy
destiny,
He will o'ercome thee.

Enter RUIZ with armed men.

Ruiz. Urgel, viva—viva!

Man. My brave soldiers!

Ruiz. Come!

Man. Lady, come, follow me.

Count. And dost thou hope?—[Opposes.

Leo. O heaven!—

Man. [To the Count.] Stay!

Count. Thou wouldst take her from me?

No! [Draws his sword.

Ruiz and others. He raves!

[They surround the Count.

Ferr. and followers. What wouldst thou do?

[The Count is disarmed by Ruiz.

Count. My brain is turned with rage!

[His gestures and accents are those of a madman.

Leo. I am terrified!—bewildered!

Count. Hell's flames are in my breast.

Ruiz. [To Manrico.] Come sir!

Thy way is all prepared!

Followers of the Count. Yield; to yield is no
disgrace. [To the Count.

[Manrico leads off Leonora. The Count is re-
strained.

END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT THIRD.

The Encampment. On the right hand, the tent of
COUNT DI LUNA, bearing the flag of supreme
command. In the back-ground, the heights of
Castellor.

SCENE I.—Soldiers passing to and fro; some
gambling, others fixing arms. FERRANDO comes
from the COUNT'S tent.

Cho. Come, now, let us play—in a short time
We shall play another kind of game.
Our swords, now bright and clear,
Will soon be dipt in blood again.

[Sounds of warlike instruments are heard. The sol-
diers turn around, and look to side from whence
the sounds approach.

Cho. The looked-for aid arrives!

[Bodies of soldiers cross the scene in full armor.

Cho. They have the aspect of valor.

All. The attack of Castellor, so long postponed,
Will now take place.

Ferr. Yes, proud friends, by break of day
The General will invest the fortress.
A bold and swift attack

Will insure the capture of the place.
With eager hopes, and hearts of steel,
We shall win it! 'twill be ours!

Cho. Thou invitest to a sport we love.

All. Let the trumpet of war sound aloud—
It calls us to arms—to the assault.

To-morrow, our flag shall triumphantly wave
Above the trembling walls and fallen foes.

Never did the god of glorious war
More smilingly invite us to the field!

Glory, honor, and smiles of the fair await us,
While the rich plunder is within our reach.

*Enter the COUNT, from his tent, looking anxiously
towards the castle.*

Count. In the arms of my rival! This thought
Follows me as a persecuting demon.

In the arms of my rival! By the dawn of
day,

I will disturb their dreams of happiness!

I will separate them for ever, O Leonora!

[Sounds of a tumult outside.

Enter FERRANDO hastily.

Count. What means that tumult?

Ferr. Beyond the camp, a loitering gipsy

Was surprised by our outposts.

Finding herself observed, she turned to fly.

Fearing her some spy of the foe,

They pursued her.

Count. Was she captured?

Ferr. They can hit her, and now bring her
hither.

Count. Hast thou seen her?

Ferr. No!—

I heard the tale from the guard.

[Footsteps approach outside.

Count. They come.

AZUCENA, her hands bound, is dragged in by the
soldiers.

Guard. Come here, wretch, come here!—

Azuc. Help—release me! Man of blood!

What have I done to thee?—

Count.

Approach.

[She is brought to the Count.

Answer—and tremble if thou deceivest!

Azuc. Ask me—I will answer.

Count. Where art thou going?

Azuc.

I do not know.

Count. How—not know?—

Azuc. D' una zingara è costume
Muover senza disegno
Il passo vagabondo,
Ed è suo tetto il Ciel, la patria, il Mondo.

Cont. E vieni?

Azuc. Da Biscaglia, ove finora
Le sterili montagne ebbi ricetto.

Cont. (Da Biscaglia!)

Ferr. (Che intesi!... Oh qual sospetto!)

Azuc. Ivi povera vivea,
Pur contenta del mio stato.
Sola speme un figlio avea...
Mi lascio!... M' oblia, l' ingrato!
Io deserta, vado errando,
Di quel figlio ricercando,
Di quel figlio, che al mio core
Pene orribili costò!
Qual per esso provo amore
Madre in terra non provò.

Ferr. (Il suo volto!)

Cont. Di; traesti
Lunga etade fra quei monti?

Azuc. Lunga, sì.

Cont. Rimmenteresti
Un fanciul, prole di conti.
Involato al suo castello,
Son tre lustri, e tratto quivi?

Azuc. E tu parla... sei?

Cont. Fratello
Del rapito.

Azuc. (Ah!)

Ferr. (Sì!)

Cont. Ne udivi
Mai novella?

Azuc. Io?... No... Concedi
Che del figlio l' orme io scuopra.

Ferr. Resta, iniqua...

Azuc. (Ohimè!...)

Ferr. Tu vedi
Chi l' infame, orribil opra.
Commettea!...

Cont. Finisci!

Ferr. E dessa!...

Azuc. (Taci!) [Piano a Ferrando.]

Ferr. E dess, che il bambino
Arse!

Cont. Ah perfida!

Coro. Ella stessa!

Azuc. Ei mentisce...

Cont. Al tuo destino
Or non fuggi.

Azuc. Deh!..

Cont. Quei nodi
Più stringete.

Azuc. Oh Dio!... oh Dio!

Coro. Urla pure.

Azuc. E tu non m' odi,
O Manrico, o figlio mio?
Non soccorri all' infelice
Madre tua?

Cont. Sarebbe ver!

Ferr. Trema...

Cont. Oh sorte!.. in mio poter

Azuc. Feh, rallentate, o barbari,
Le acerbe mie ritorte...

Questo crudel supplizio
E prolungata morte!...
D' iniquo genitore
Empio figliuol peggiore,
Trema!... V' è il ciel pe' miseri,
E il ciel ti punirà.

Cont. Tta prole, o turpe zingara,
Co'ui, quel traditore?...
Potrò col tuo supplizio
Ferirlo in mezzo al coro!
Gioja m' inonda il petto,
Cui non esprime il detto!...
Meco il fraterno cenere
Piena vendetta avrà!

Ferr. Infame pira sorgere.

Coro. Empia, vendrai tra poco...
Nè solo tuo supplizio
Sarà l' orrendo fuoco!...
Di sangue un capo intriso
Balzar vedrai reciso!...
Innorrir pel figlio
L' anima tua dovrà!

[All cenno del Conte i soldati traggono seco loro
Azucena. Egli entra nella sua tenda seguito da
Ferrando.]

SCENA V.—Sala in Castellor, con verone in fondo.

MANRICO—LEONORA—RUIZ.

Leo. Quale d' armi fragore
Poc' anzi intesi?

Man. Alto è il per glio... vano
Dissimularlo fora!
Alla novella aurora
Assaliti saremo...

Leo. Ohimè!... che dici!...

Man. Ma de' nostri nemici
Avrem vittoria... Pari
Abbiamo al loro ardir, brando e craggio
Tu vè; [a Ruiz] le belliche ope
Nell' assenza mia breve, a te con motto.
Che nulla manchi. [It is part]

SCENA VI.—MANRICO—LEONORA

Leo. Di qual tetra luce
Il nostro imen risplende!

Man. Il presagio funesto,
Deh, sperdi, o cara!...

Leo. E il posso

Man. Amor... sublime amore,
In tal istante, ti favelli al core.
Ah! sì, ben mio, coll' essere
Io tuo, tu mia consorte,
Avrò più l' alma intrepida,
Il braccio avrò più forte.
Ma pur, se nella pagina
De' miei destini è scritto
Ch' io resti tra le vittime,
Dal ferro ostil trafitto,
Tra quelli estremi aneliti
A te il pensier verrà,
E solo in ciel precederti
Ma morte a me parrà.
[In questo odesi un suono interno.]

Azuc. It is the custom of the gipsy
To wander on without design!—
His vagabond steps roam where they will,—
The earth his bed, the world his country.

Count. Where comest thou from?

Azuc. From Biscaglia, where until now
In the sterile mountains I have wandered.

Count. (From Biscaglia!)

Ferr. (What do I hear? What do I suspect?)

Azuc. There in poverty I lived,
Contented with my fate,
My only hope, an only son—
But he ungrateful has left me!

Deserted me! And I am wand'ring now
In search of him who has caused
Such sorrow to my lonely heart.

The tender love I bore to him
Has met with poor return.

Ferr. [*Aside.*] Where have I seen that face?

Count. Say, hast thou been long
Among those mountains?

Azuc. Long, long! very long!

Count. Rememberest thou
A child, the offspring of the Count di Luna,
Who was stolen from his castle
Some fifteen years ago?

Azuc. And you—you—who are you?

Count. The brother of that stolen child!

Azuc. [*Starting.*] Ah!

Ferr. Observe!

Count. Didst thou ever hear news of him?

Azuc. I? no! never!

Let me go to seek for my son.

Ferr. Stop, iniquitous wretch!—

Azuc. O heavens!—

Ferr. Behold, my lord!

Behold the miserable wretch,
Who committed the horrible deed!

Count. Proceed!

Ferr. 'Tis she, herself!—

Azuc. [*Softly to Ferrando.*] Silence!

Ferr. By her was burned
The loved and gentle child!

Count. Perfidious wretch!

Cho. 'Tis she!—'tis she!

Azuc. They lie! they lie!—

Count. Thy destiny

Thou shalt not escape!

Azuc. What?—

Count. Seize her!

Bind her more firmly.

Azuc. Oh, heaven!—Oh heaven!

Cho. Bear her away.

Azuc. And thou art not here!

Thou com'st not, Manrico, my son,

To succor from cruel death

Thy hapless mother!—

Count. Can it be possible?

Ferr. Tremble!

Count. Oh fate! I thank thee—she is in my
power!

Azuc. Stay your bitter cruelty!

The torture you^r inflict,

Is to my bleeding heart
A death prolonged!—
Of an impious father,
Thou art the worthy son!
Tremble—there is a heaven above,
To punish thy murderous deeds.

Count. Thy offspring, vile zingara,
Is he that foul traitor?—

Thy just and terrible punishment
Shall find its way to his heart!

The joy which fills my heart
Is too great for expro sior!
At length by me my brother's ashes
Shall be reveng'd!

Ferr. O wretch accursed, soon shalt thou meet

Cho. Thy fearful destiny;
Already is the burning pile prepared
To light thee to thy death!

Thy guilty head with bright flames
crowned

Shall smoulder into ashes—

Let thy soul tremble, too,

For the son thou so much lovest!

[*At the bidding of the Count the soldiers bear off
Azucena. The Count enters the tent, followed
by Ferrando.*]

SCENE II.—*Saloon in Castellor. A balcony in the
rear.* LEONORA, MANRICO and RUIZ.

Leo. Do you not hear

The clashing noise of arms?

Man. Our peril is great. It were vain

To attempt to dissemble it.

Before the dawn of day, I fear,

We shall be attacked in force.

Leo. Oh, heavens! what dost thou say?

Man. Nay, do not tremble. Rest assured

We shall o'ercome our bitter foes.

We shall meet their zeal, their fiery courage,

With a fury which shall strike them with ter-
ror.

[*To Ruiz.*] Go—in my short absence I trust to
thee

The care of all the preparations for defence.

[*Ruiz goes out.*]

Leo. The light which seemed to brighten on
our nuptials

Is becoming darkened!

Man. These sad forebodings, my beloved,

Will disappear.

Leo. Can it be? Is it possible?

Man. Love! sublime love in this moment

Speaks to thy heart.

Ah, yes! to know that thou art mine,

Will give new courage to my heart,

Will give new strength unto my arm

To conquer all for thee!

But, if 'tis written in the page of my destiny

That I should be a victim in the fight,

That I should fall before the vengeful foe,

Pierced by the fatal steel!

Then, even in the agonies of death,

My thoughts shall be of thee!

My joy to think that heaven opens its gates,

That I may meet thee there in bliss!

[*Sounds are heard within.*]

L'onda de' suoi mistici
L'ira discende al cor!...
Vieni; ci schiude il Tempio
Gioje di casto amor!

[Centre s' avviano giubilanti, Ruiz sopraggiunge
frettoloso.]

Ruiz. Manrico!...

Man. Che?...

Ruiz. La zingara,
Vieni tra ceppi mira ..

Man. Oh Dio!

Ruiz. Per man de' barbari

Accessa è già la pira...

Man. Oh ciel!... mie membra oscillano...
Nube mi cuopre il ciglio!

[Accostandosi al verone.]

Leo. Tu fremi!..

Man. E il deggio!...Sappilo,

Io son...

Leo. Chi mai?

Man. Suo figlio!—

Ah vili!. il rio spettacolo
Quasi il respir m' invola...
Raduna i nostri... affretati,
Qui...va...torna...vola! [Ruiz parte.]

Di quella pira l' o'endo fuoco
Tutte le fibre m' arse, avvampò!...
Empj spegnetela, o ch' io tra poco,
Col sangue vostro la spegnerò!...

Era già figlio prima d' amarti,
Non può frenarmi il tuo martir!...
Madre infelice, corro a salvarti,
O teco almeno corro a morir!

Leo. Non reggo a colgi tanto funesti...
Oh quauto meglio saria morir.

[Ruiz torna con armati.]

Ruiz. All' armi, all' armi!...Eccone prestil
Armati. A pagnar teco, teco a morir.

[Manrico parte frettoloso, seguito da Ruiz e dagli
armati, mentre odesi dall' interno fragor d' armi
e di bellici strumenti.]

FINE DELLA PARTE TERZA.

PARTE QUARTE.

Un ala del palazzo dell' Aliaferia: all' angolo una
torre, con finestre assicurate da spranghe di ferro.
Notte oscurissima.

SCENA I.—Si avanzano due persone ammantellate:
sono RUIZ—LEONORA.

Ruiz. [sommessamente.]

Siam giunti: ecco la torre, ove fu tratto
Prigionier l' infelice...ah già ogni sperie
A lui fu tolta!

Leo. Vanne...

Lasciami, nè timor di me ti prenda..
Salvarlo io potrò, forse [Ruiz si allontana.]
Timor di me!...sicura,

Presta è la mia difesa! In questa oscura
Notte ravalto, presso a te son io,
E tu nol sai!...Gemente
Aura, che intorno spiri,
Deh, pietosa gli arrea i miei sospiri

D' amor sui ali rosee
Vanne, sospir dolente,
Del prigionier misero
Conforta l' egra mente...

Com' aura di speranza
Aleggia in quella stanza;
Lo desta alle memorie,
Ai sogni dell' amor!...
Ma, deh, non dirgli, improvvido,
Le pene del mio cor!

[Suona la campana.]

Voci interne. (Ah! pietade d'un' alma già vicina

Alla partenza che non ha ritorno:
Ah! pietade di lei che si avvicina
Allo splendor dell' immortal soggiorno.)

Leo. Quel suon, quelle preci solemni, funeste,
Riempion, quest' aere di cupo terrore!...
Contende l' ambascia che tutta m' investe
Al labbro il respiro. i palpiti al core!—
Sull' orrida torre, ah! par che la morte
Con l' ali di tenebre librando si va!...
Ahi! forse dischiuse gli fian queste porte
Sol quando cadavero già freddo ei sarà!

[Rimane assorta: dopo qualche momento scuotesi, ed
è in procinto di partire, allorchè viene dalla torre
un gemito, e quindi un mesto suono: Ella si
ferma.]

Man. [di dentro] (Ah, che la morte ognora
E tarda nel venir
A chi desia morir?—
Addio Leonora!)

Leo. Oh ciel?...sento mancarmi!

Voci interne. (Ah, pietade d'un' alma già vicina

Alla partenza che non ha ritorno!
Ah pietade di lei che s' avvicina
Allo splendor del' immortal soggiorno!)

Man. [dall' torre] Sconto col sangue mio
L'amor che posi in te!...
Non ti scordar di me,
Leonora, addio!

Leo. Di te di te scordarmi!

Tu vedrai che amore in terga
Mai non fu del mio più forte:
Vinse il fato in aspra guerra,
Vincerà la stessa morte.—

O col prazzo pi mia vita
La tua vita io salverò,
O con te per sempre unita
Nella tomba io scenderò!

SCENA II.—S'apre una porta, n' esce il CONTE
ed alcuni SEGUACI. LEONORA si pone in dis-
parte.

Cont. Udiste? Come albeggi.

La scure al figlio ed alla madre il rogo.

[I seguaci entrano per un piccolo uscio nella torre]

Giusto è il rigor: perversa stirpe è questa,
D' ogni delitto piena...Ed essa l' ama!...
Donna per me funesta...Ov' ella è mai?

Ripreso Castellor, di lei contezza

Non ebbi, e furo indarno

Tante ricerche e tante!...

Oh! dove sei crudele?

Leo. A te d' innante—

Its mysteries are unveiled to my sight,
Their purity descends upon my heart.
There the temples will be opened
To the joys of a chaste love.

[Ruiz enters in great haste.

Ruiz. Manrico!

Man. What dost thou want?

Ruiz. The zingara!

Look—there—through the trees!

Man. O, heavens!

Ruiz. Those demons o' cruelty
Have already lighted the pile!

Man. O, heavens! I tremble in every limb!
Clouds are before my eyes.

[He approaches the window.

Leo. Thou ravest!

Man. I have wild reason—know it—I am—

Leo. Who?—speak!

Man. Her son!

Ah! villains—that fearful spectacle
Robs me of breath. I will save her.
Call together our men. Quick—
Lose not a moment—fly—begone.

[Ruiz goes out.

The fire of yonder horrible pyre
Scorches every fibre in my frame.
Extinguish it, ye fiends! or I will soon
Drown with your blood its livid flame!
My mother claimed my love ere I loved thee—
My heart bleeds to cause thee woe!
Mother, I come to rescue thee from death,
Or die in the attempt.

Leo. I cannot combat these thick-coming
sorrows.

My soul is sick—'twere best to die!

[Ruiz enters with armed men.

Cho. To arms!—to arms!—let us haste!

Forward—we'll punish them or die!

*Manrico rushes out, followed by the armed men,
amidst the clashing of arms and warlike instru-
ments.*

END OF THIRD ACT.

ACT FOURTH.

*Palace of Aliaferia: on one side a dark tower with
barred window. Darkest night.*

SCENE I.—Two persons, in cloaks, approach:
they are LEONORA and RUIZ.

Ruiz. We are on the spot—here is the tower
in which the prisoner is confined.

All hope is lost to him.

Leo. Leave me—

Go—have no fear for me.

Perhaps I can save him—have no fear for me:
Secure and quick is my defence.

[Ruiz goes out.

In the dark night, I am near thee,
And thou dost not know it!
Kind zephyrs bear my sighs to him,
That they may reach his heart!

On rosy wings, let sighs of love,
Fly through thy prison bars,
And to the wretched pris'ner bring
Some comfort midst despair!
And as the dawn of hope
Breaks through his prison's gloom,
'Twill wake within his memory
Fond dreams of happy love.
E at ah! in mercy tell him not
The pangs that tear my heart!

[Sounds of a bell are heard.

Voices without. (Oh! pity the soul so soon to depart
To that bourne from whence none e'er return!
Ah! pity him who soon shall approach
The realms of eternal light and glory.)

Leo. What sounds! what solemn prayer
Fill this area of sorrow?—
It stops my breath—it penetrates my whole
being!

Forces from my lips deep sighs,
And stays the beating of my heart!
Ah! in this horrible tower, Death seems to
stalk
In strides of darkness. I fear—I fear those
doors

Will only ope to bear away his corse!
[Overcome by her feelings, she sinks to the earth,
from which she is aroused by hearing Manrico's
voice from his prison.

Man. } Ah! how tardily comes death
[in the } To him who waits—to him
tower.] } Who wishes to die. Farewell, Leo-
nora!

Leo. Oh heavens!—I hear him call me!

Voices without. Oh pity the soul now soon to depart
To that bourne from whence none e'er return.
Oh, pity him who soon will approach
The realms of eternal light and glory.

Man. } I pay with my blood
[in the } The love I gave to thee.
tower.] } Think of me no more.—
Adieu, Leonora!

Leo. Thee! thee! shall I forget?—
Thou shalt know that earthly love
Was ne'er more strong than mine!
I scorn, I trample upon fate!—
My love shall triumph over death!
With the price of my young life
I will save thy life,
Or united with thee,
Descend to the grave!

[The Count comes from the door, followed by attend-
ants. Leonora hides herself.

Count. Hear me! The gallows for the son—
The stake for the mother.

[The followers retire.

Just is the rigor—the race is thoroughly bad—
And steeped in crime—And she loves him!
Ill omen'd love for me! Where is she now?
Castellor taken and Leonora
Not within its walls—search was in vain!
Ah! where art thou?—unkind—ungrateful—

Leo. Here, before you—

Cont. Qual voce !... Come ! tu donna ?...
 Leo. Il vedi.
 Cont. A che venisti !
 Leo. Egli è già presso
 All' ora estrema, e tu lo chiedi ?
 Cont. Osar potresti ?...
 Leo. Ah, sì per esso
 Pietà domando...
 Cont. Che !... tu deliri !
 Io del rivale sentir pietà !
 Leo. Clemente il Nume a te l' ispiri...
 Cont. E sol Vendetta mio Nume...và !
 [*Leono. si getta disperata alle suepiante.*
 Leo. Mira, di acerbe lagrime
 Spargo al tuo piede un rio :
 Non basta il dianto ? svenami,
 Ti bevi il sangue mio...
 Calpesta il mio cadavere,
 Ma salva il Trovator !
 Cont. Ah !... dell' indegno rendere
 Vorrei peggior la sorte ..
 Fra mille atroci spasimi
 Centuplicar sua morte...
 Più l' ami, e più terribile
 Divvampa il mio furor !
 [*Vuol partire Leon. si avvitichia ad esse.*
 Leo. Conte...
 Cont. Nè cessi ?...
 Leo. Grazia...
 Cont. Prezzo non avvi alcuno
 Ad ottenerla...scostati
 Leo. Uno ve n' ha...sol uno !
 Ed io te l' offero.
 Cont. Spiegati,
 Qual prezzo di ?
 Leo. La mano !
 [*Stendendo la sua destra con dolore.*
 Conte. Ciel !...tu dicesti ?
 Leo. Credimi,
 Mai non promisi invano.
 Conte. E sogno il mio ?
 Leo. Dischiudimi
 La via tra quelle mura...
 Che mio oda...che la vittima
 Fugga e son tua.
 Conte. Lo giura !
 Leo. Lo giuro al Ciel, che l' anima
 Tutta mi scerne !
 Conte. Olà !
 [*Correndo all' uscio della torre. Si presenta un
 Custode; mentre il Conte le parla all' orecchio,
 Leonora resta innanzi.*
 Leo. M' avrai, ma fredda, esanime
 Spoglia !
 Conte. Colui vivrà.
 [*A Leonora, tornando.*
 Leo. (Vivrà !...Contende il giubilo.
 [*Alzando gli occhi, cui fan velo lagrime de letizia.*
 I detti a me, Signore...
 Ma coi frequenti palpiti
 Mercè ti rende il core !
 Ora il mio fine, impavida,
 Piena de gioia attendo...
 Dirgli potrò morendo,
 Salvo tu sei per me !)
 Conte. Fra te che parli ? ah ! volgimi

Volgimi il detto ancora !
 O mi parrà delirio
 Quanto ascoltai finora...
 Tu mia !...tu mia !...ripetilo,
 Il dubbio cor serena...
 Ah !...che io lo credo appena,
 Udendolo da te !

Leo. Andiam !
 Conte. Giurasti...pensaci !
 Leo. E sacra la mia fè. [*Entrano nella torre.*

SCENA III.— *Orrido carcere. In un canto finestra
 con inferriata; porta nel fondo. Smorto funale,
 pendente dalla volta. AZUCENA giacente sopra una
 specie di rozza coltre. MANRICO seduto a lei d' ap-
 presso.*

Man. Madre !...Non dormi ?
 Azuc. L' iuvocai più volte,
 Ma fugge il sonno a queste luci...Prego.
 Man. L' aura fredda, è molesta
 Alle tue membra forse ?
 Azuc. Nò ; da questa
 Tomba di vivi sol fuggir vorrel,
 Perchè sento il respiro soffocarmi.
 Man. Fuggir ! [*Torcendosi le mani.*
 Azuc. Non attristarsi, : [*Sorgendo.*
 Far di me strazio non potranno i crudi !
 Man. Ahi, come !
 Azuc. Vedi ?...le sue fosche impronte
 M' ha già stampate in fronte
 Il dito della morte !
 Man. Ahi ?
 Azuc. Troveranno
 Un cadavere muto, gelido !...auzi
 Uno scheletro !
 Man. Cessa !
 Azuc. Non odi...gente appressa...
 I carnefici son... vogliono al rogo
 Trarmi !...Difendi la tua madre !...
 Man. Alcuno,
 Ti rassicura, qui non volge . .
 Azuc. Il rogo !...
 Parola orrenda !
 Man. Oh madre !...oh madre !
 Azuc. Un giorno
 Turba feroce l' ava tua condusse
 Al rogo...Mira la terribil vampa !...
 Ella n' è tocca già !...già l' arso crine
 Al ciel manda faville !...
 Osserva le pupille
 Fuor dell' orbita lor !...ahi !...chi mi toglie
 A spettacolo sì atroce ! [*Cadendo tutta
 convulsa tra le braccia di Manrico.*
 Man. Se mi ami ancor, se voce
 Di figlio ha possa di una madre in seno,
 Ai terrori dell' alma
 Oblio cerca nel sono, e posa e calma.
 [*La conduce presso la coltre.*
 Azuc. Sì ; la stanchezza m' opprime, o figlio...
 Alla quiete io chiudo il ciglio...
 Ma se del rogo arde si veda
 L' orrida fiamma, destami allor !
 Man. Riposa, o Madre ; il ciel conceda
 Men triste immagini al tuo sopor.

[*Da se.*

Count. That voice!—how?—thou, lady?...

Leo. Thou see'st!

Count. Whom do you seek?

Leo. He is near to his last hour:—
And canst thou ask?

Count. Dost thou dare?

Leo. Yes! for him I demand grace!

Count. What! thou are surely mad!
What! I show pity to my rival?

Leo. Heaven will inspire thee with pity!

Count. Vengeance alone I seek—leave me.

[*Leonora falls at his feet and implores.*]

Leo. See me here! with bitter tears

I wet thy feet—art thou not satisfied?

Then pierce my heart—instead of tears,

Let my life's blood well out beneath thy feet,

Then spurn my corse—do this—do all,

But save the Troubadour!

Count. If I could heap more bitter scorn upon
his head,

More deep indignity, it should be his!

I fain would multiply the pangs of death

A thousand-fold for him.

The more your love is shown for that vile
wretch,

More deadly shall my rage and vengeance be.

[*Is going out, Leonora stops him.*]

Leo. Count!

Count. I'll hear no more—

Leo. Grace—pardon—

Count. There is do bribe could purchase it.

Leo. One I have—only one!

I offer it to thee.

Count. Explain—what is the offer?

Speak!

Leo. My hand! [*Leonora offers him
her hand.*]

Count. Heavens! Can this be so?

Leo. Believe me,

It is no idle promise.

Count. Am I dreaming?

Leo. Open for me

The way through yonder wall:—

Let him hear me;

Let the victim fly,

And I am thine!

Count. Swear it!

Leo. To heaven, I swear that my soul

Is earnest in the offer!

Count. Within there.

[*The Count approaches the tower. The Tailor ap-
pears at the door, and the Count confers with him.
Leonora trembles with anxiety.*]

Leo. Thou wilt have in me a wife,
But—cold and lifeless!

Count. He shall live. [*To Leonora.*]

Leo. [*Aside.*] Live—I must conceal my joy.

I thank thee for those words, my lord!

The beating of my troubled heart

Tells how I thank thee!

My end is gained, my course is clear—

A joy serene comes o'er my soul!

Dying I can tell thee, Manrico!

Thou art sav'd, and saved by me!

Count. Why speak'st thou to thyself; Repeat—

Repeat to me again those words!

It seems to me delirium—madness,

What thou hast said to me and sworn!

Thou mine—thou mine—repeat it,

For doubts yet fill my heart!

Such rapture I can scarce believe,

Though promised by thy lips!

Leo. Let me go!

Count. Thou hast sworn! Remember.

Leo. My word is sacred. [*She enters the tower.*]

SCENE III.—*A dungeon in the tower. On one side
a barred window, in the centre a door. A dim lan-
tern, suspended from above. AZUCENA seated upon
a rough couch. MANRICO seated near by.*

Man. Mother! dost thou sleep?

Azuc. I have tried to sleep,

But it forsakes my eyelids! Pray!

Man. The morning air is cold for thee!

It chills—it freezes thee!

Azuc. No! from this living tomb

I should like to fly—I cannot breathe—

It suffocates me!

Man. Fly! fly!

Azuc. Think not of me! These cruel men

Cannot trouble me long!

Man. Ah! Misery!

Azuc. See!

Already the mark of death

Is traced upon my brow!

Man. Alas!

Azuc. They will seek me—

They will find a frozen corse!

Lifeless—lifeless!

Man. Cease—oh! cease!

Azuc. Hear—hear! Men are approaching!

They are hangmen, come to drag me

To the stake. Defend thy mother!

Man. Reassure thyself—be calm—

They come not here!

Azuc. The stake!

Oh, word of horror!

Man. Oh, mother!—mother!

Azuc. One day

Ferocious men bore thy old grandmother

To the stake! Look at the terrible flames!

See how they leap to her—her hair is burning!

To heaven she cries for succor!

Look at her eyes! they start from her head!

Alas! alas! take away, take away—

That spectacle of horror!

[*She falls in convulsions in the arms of Manrico.*]

Man. Oh! if thou lov'st me yet—if the voice of
a son

Can move a mother's heart—forget in sleep

The deadly terrors which possess thy soul.

Sleep—repose in peace!

[*Leads her to the couch.*]

Azuc. Yes! fatigue has made me weak—

But when in sleep my eyes will close,

The vision of the fearful stake will come

And wake me up to horror!

Man. Repose, my mother—heaven will send to
thee

Happier thoughts and dreams!

Azuc. Ai nostri monti ritorneremo...
L' antica pace ivi godremo...
Tu canterai... Sul tuo liuto...
In sonno placido...io dormirò!...

Man. Riposa, o madre, io prono e muto
La mente al cielo rivolgerò.

[*Azucena si addormenta; Manrico resta genuflesso ed accanto a lei.*]

SCENA ULTIMA.—*Si apre la porta entra LEONORA, gli anzidetti, in ultimo il CONTE con seguito di Armati.*

Man. Ciel!...non m' inganno!...qual fioco lume.

Leo. Son io, Manrico...

Man. Oh, mia Leonora!

Ah, mi concedi, pietoso Nume.

Gioja sì grande anzi ch' io mora?

Leo. Tu non morrai...vengo o salvarti...

Man. Come!...a salvarmi? fia vero!

Leo. Addio...

Tronca ogni indugio...t' affretta...parti...

Man. E tu non vieni?

Leo. Restar degg' io!

Man. Restar!

Leo. Deh fuggi!

Man. No.

Leo. Guai se tardi!

[*Cercando di trarlo verso l'uscio.*]

Man. No.

Leo. La tua vita...

Man. Io la disprezzo...

Pur...figgi, o donna, in me glisguardi!...

Da chi l' avesti!...ed a qual prezzo?

Parlar non vuoi?...balen tremendo!...

Dal mio rivale!...intendo...intendo!

Ha, questa infame l' amor venduto...

Venduto un core che mio giuro.

Leo. Ah, come l' ira rende cieco!

Ani, quanto ingiusto, crudel sei meco!

Ti arrendi...fuggi, o sei perduto,

O il ciel soltanto salvarti può.

[*Leo. e caduta ai piedi di Manrico.*]

Azuc. [*dormendo.*] Ai nostri monti ritorneremo,

L' antica pace ivi godremo,

Tu canterai...sul tuo liuto...

In sonno placido...io dormirò.

Man. Tis scosta...

Leo. Non respingermi...

Vedi? languente, oppressa,

Io manco.

Man. Và...ti abomini...

Ti maledico...

Leo. Ah cessa!

Non d' imprecar, di volgere

Per me la prece a Dio

È questa l' ora!

Man. Un brivido

Corse nel petto mio!

Leo. Manrico! [*Cade boccone*]

Man. [*accorrendo a sollevarla*] Donna, svelami...

Narra...

Leo. Ho la morte in seno...

Man. La morte!

Leo. Ah, fu più rapida.

Ch' io non pensava...almeno

Presso te spirò!

Man. Oh, fulmine!

Leo. Senti! la mano è gelo...

Ma quì...quì foco orribile

Arde! [*Toccandosi il petto.*]

Man. Che festi...oh cielo!

Leo. Prima che di altri vivere.

Io voglio tua morir...

Man. Insano! o sì bell' anima

Osava maledir!

Leo. Più non resisto!

Man. Ah misera!

[*Entra il Conte arrestando si sulla soglia.*]

Leo. Ecco l' istante...io moro...

Manrico!

[*Stringendogli la destra in segno d' addio.*]

Padre del cielo imploro,

Man. Insano...e sì bell' anima

Osava maledir?

Leo. Prima che di altri vivere,

Io voglio tua morir! [*Spira.*]

Cont. Ah, volle me deludere,

E per costui morir!

Sia tratto al ceppo.

[*Indicando agli armati Manrico.*]

Man. Madre!...oh madre, addio!

[*Parte tra gli armati.*]

Azuc. [*destandosi*] Manrico?...Ov' è mio figlio!

Cont. A morte ei corre...

Azuc. Ah ferma!...m' odi..

Cont. [*transcinando Azuc. presso la finestra.*]

Vedi?

Azuc. Cielo!

Cont. È spento!

Azuc. Egli era tuo fratello!

Cont. Ei!...quale orror!

Azuc. Sei vendicata, o madre!

[*Cade ai piedi della finestra.*]

Cont. E vivo ancor! [*Inorridita*]

FINE DEL DRAMMA.

Azuc. Yes! we will return to our mountain home.

The old peace will come to our hearts again!
Thou wilt sing gay songs to thy lute,
And I shall sleep once more in peace!

Man. Sleep—sleep, dear mother!

To heaven I now must tune my thoughts!

[*Azucena sleeps. Manrico on his knees near her.*]

LEONORA enters through the door.

Man. Oh, heaven! am I dreaming—Who is't I see?

Leo. 'Tis I! Manrico!

Man. Oh! my Leonora?

I thank thee, gracious heaven,
For this great joy before my death!

Leo. Thou shalt not die—I come to save thee

Man. How—save me—is it possible?

Leo. Adieu!

Doubt not—but fly at once—farewell!

Man. Dost thou not fly with me?

Leo. I must remain!

Man. Remain!

Leo. Fly—fly! in mercy fly!

Man. Never! never!

Leo. Do not delay [*tries to thrust him forth*] fly!

Man. No!

Leo. 'Tis for thy life!

Man. I disdain it!

Fix thine eyes on me, O lady!

From whom didst thou receive this gift of life?

Say what price was paid for it.

Wilt thou not speak?—O fearful thought—

From my rival! I know it all.

For my life thou hast bartered thy love,

The love that belongs to me alone!

Leo. His fury makes him blind!

Thou art cruel, most cruel, and unjust.

Be pacified—fly, or thou art lost!

Heav'n alone can save me!

[*Leonora falls at the feet of Manrico.*]

Azuc. We shall return again to our mountains;

[*Dreaming.*] The old peace shall come back to us again;

Thou wilt sing gay songs unto thy lute,

And I shall sleep once more in peace!

Man. [*To Leonora.*] Leave me.

Leo. Do not send me from you!

Lauguid—oppressed—my heart

Is faint within me!

Man. Go!—thou art hateful to my sight—

I curse thee—

Leo. Hold—hold—ah! cease.

Curse me not!—this is not a time

To divert my thoughts from heav'n!

Man. A lightning thought

Passes through my brain!

Leo. Manrico! [*She seems sinking.*]

Man. [*Rushing to aid her.*] Lady—arouse thee—

Tell me—

Leo. Death is in my soul!

Man. Death!

Leo. How rapidly it courses through my veins!

Alas! I knew not its course would be so swift.

Man. Where are heav'n's thunderbolts?

Leo. Feel! my hands are cold. But, oh!

Here in my heart rages a fire!

Man. What hast thou done?—speak—speak!

Leo. I would not live for others!

And now I die for thee!

Man. Madness!—It must not be!

O, faithful heart—and I dar'd curse thee!

Leo. Refuse me no more—fly!

Man. Ah! misery!

[*The Count appears at the door.*]

Leo. Fly on the instant—I die!

Manrico!

[*Leonora, dying, still claps Manrico's hand.*]

Father of heaven,

Thy grace and pardon I implore!

Man. Ah, madness—such a soul

I dar'd to curse!

Leo. I would not live for another;

I die for thee!—for thee!

Count. She would have deceived me! [*She dies*]

Bear him to the gallows!

Man. Mother—adieu! adieu!

[*Armed men bear off Manrico.*]

Azuc. [*Awaking.*] Manrico! my son!

Where is my son!

Count. To death they bear him!

Azuc. Stay them—hear me!

Count. [*Dragging Azucena to the window.*] Behold!

Azuc. Heavens!

Count. He is dead!

Azuc. Madman—he was thy brother!

Count. Horror on horror!

Azuc. [*Falling to the ground.*]

Mother! thou art, indeed, avenged!

Count. Perhaps he yet lives.

[*Trembling with horror*]

END OF THE OPERA.

RICHARD WAGNER.

TWO LETTERS FROM RICHARD WAGNER.

During the Grand Operatic Festival at Bayreuth in 1876, a number of new Grand Pianos of the most celebrated European as well as of several American makers had been placed at Mr. Richard Wagner's disposal; among them a new Centennial Concert Grand piano made by "Steinway & Sons" of New York, which from its wonderful power, beauty and sympathetic quality far outshone all rival instruments and which Mr. Richard Wagner at once chose for his own private use.

In the beginning of 1879, Mr. Wagner was requested by Mr. Theo. Steinway to send this piano to the Steinway Central European depot, in order to receive the latest invention, the "Tone Pulsator," patented July, 1878. On sending the Grand, Mr. Wagner wrote as follows:

"BAYREUTH, March 11th, 1879.

My dear Mr. Steinway.

I miss my Steinway Grand as one misses a beloved wife; it is wanting constantly, wanting everywhere. I no longer indulge in music since that Grand is gone, and trust its absence will not be too long protracted.

Very truly yours,

RICHARD WAGNER."

The following letter was written to Mr. Theodore Steinway by the great master shortly after the return of the Steinway Grand (now containing the Tone Pulsator) to his home:

"BAYREUTH, April 11th, 1879.

My dear Mr. Steinway.

Really, you ought personally to have witnessed the gratification which I experienced upon receiving back your magnificent Grand piano; you certainly would not have asked me to add another word.

I do indeed deem it humiliating for so many other branches of art, that this art of building piano-fortes alone should so closely approach such undeniable ideal perfection. I know of nothing in Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Literature and unfortunately also Music, which—since I have comprehension of same—could compare with the masterly perfection reached in piano-forte building.

From your communication, however, I readily perceive with what enthusiastic love you seek to attain the incorporation of the most "spirituelle" tone into the piano which heretofore had only served as the exponent of actual musical sound. Our great Tone-Masters, when writing the grandest creations for the piano-forte, seem to have had a presentiment of the ideal Grand Piano, as now attained by yourselves. A Beethoven Sonata, a Bach Chromatic Fantasia can only be appreciated when rendered upon one of your piano-fortes.

Although I do not possess the slightest dexterity in piano-forte playing, I delight in being able to do justice to your assumption of my inborn and cultivated sense of tone. For Sounds of such Beauty as those coming from my Steinway Grand, flatter and coax the most agreeable Tone-picture from my harmonic melodic senses.

In a word, "*I find your Grand piano of wondrous beauty. It is a noble work of Art.*" And with a thousand thanks for this attention, I delight in being able to call myself,

Your friend,

RICHARD WAGNER."

IL TROVATORE.

CORO DI ZINGALI.

First system of the musical score, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes a trill (*tr*) in the first measure. The melody is characterized by eighth-note patterns and slurs.

Second system of the musical score, divided into two parts: *1mo.* (first ending) and *2do.* (second ending). The *1mo.* section contains eighth-note triplets (*3*) and slurs. The *2do.* section continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The bass staff features a trill (*tr*) in the first measure.

Third system of the musical score, continuing the melodic and harmonic development. It features eighth-note triplets (*3*) and slurs in both the treble and bass staves.

Fourth system of the musical score, marked *8va.* (octave). This system consists of a single melodic line in the treble staff, with a dotted line indicating the continuation of the bass line from the previous system.

Fifth system of the musical score, divided into *1mo.* and *2do.* sections. The *1mo.* section features a piano-piano (*pp*) dynamic. The *2do.* section continues with a melodic line in the treble staff and a bass line in the bass staff.

Sixth system of the musical score, also divided into *1mo.* and *2do.* sections. The *1mo.* section begins with a piano-piano (*pp*) dynamic. The *2do.* section continues with a melodic line in the treble staff and a bass line in the bass staff.

First system of musical notation, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The music features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Second system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The first staff begins with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The music continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.

Third system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The music continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.

Fourth system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The music concludes with a double bar line.

GAVATINA.

"DI TALE AMONCHEDIR."

*Allegro**Giuſto.*

First system of musical notation for the Gavatina, consisting of two staves. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked *Allegro* and the mood is *Giuſto.* The music features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Second system of musical notation for the Gavatina, consisting of two staves. The music continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.

IL TROVATORE.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill and a grace note. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The second system continues the musical piece with two staves. The upper staff shows a melodic line with various ornaments and a trill. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with a steady rhythmic pattern.

The third system features two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with a trill and a grace note. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. The tempo marking *poco più mosso.* is written in the right margin of the system.

The fourth system consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a melodic line marked *pp cres.* (pianissimo crescendo). It features a series of repeated rhythmic figures with trills. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

The fifth system shows two staves. The upper staff contains a melodic line with a trill and a grace note. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The sixth system consists of two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with a trill and a grace note. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

IL TROVATORE.

ARIA.

'DI QUELLA PIRA L'ORENDO.'

All.^{mo}.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of six systems of two staves each. The first system is marked *All.^{mo}.* and begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment features dense chordal textures. The second system continues the piece. The third system includes the instruction *Con tutta forza. f* and a *Nva* (New) marking above the staff. The fourth system continues the dense piano accompaniment. The fifth system also features a *Nva* marking. The sixth system concludes the piece with a *p* (piano) marking.

VI TROVATORE.

Sra.

piu vivo

ff

f

The first system of the piano accompaniment features a complex rhythmic pattern with sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The second system includes a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking. The third system concludes with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C).

ARIA.

"VL BALEN DEL SUO SORRISO."

argo.

dolcis.

The aria begins with a vocal line in a B-flat major key signature and common time. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line. The tempo is marked *argo.* (slow). The piece concludes with a *dolcis.* (softly) marking. The key signature remains one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C).

pp

First system of musical notation, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with various ornaments and slurs. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The dynamic marking *pp* is placed between the staves.

dolce.

Second system of musical notation, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff continues the melodic line. The bass staff accompaniment is more rhythmic. The dynamic marking *dolce.* is placed above the treble staff.

Third system of musical notation, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a more active melodic line with slurs. The bass staff accompaniment includes some chordal textures.

f pp

Fourth system of musical notation, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with slurs. The bass staff accompaniment is characterized by dense, rhythmic chords. The dynamic markings *f* and *pp* are placed above and below the bass staff respectively.

f

Fifth system of musical notation, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff continues with a melodic line. The bass staff accompaniment remains dense and rhythmic. The dynamic marking *f* is placed above the bass staff.

Sixth system of musical notation, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melodic line with a long slur. The bass staff accompaniment consists of rhythmic chords.

FRÄNZ LISZT.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:

GENTS: The magnificent STEINWAY Grand Piano now stands in my music room, and presents a *harmonic totality of admirable qualities*, a detailed enumeration of which is the more superfluous as this instrument fully justifies the world-wide reputation that for years you have everywhere enjoyed.

After so much well-deserved praise, permit me also to add my homage, and the expression of my undisguised admiration, with which I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

FRANZ LISZT.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

NEW YORK, May 24, 1873.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:

GENTLEMEN: On the eve of returning to Europe, I deem it my pleasant duty to express to you my most heartfelt thanks for all the kindness and courtesy you have shown me during my stay in the United States; but also, and above all, for your unrivaled Piano-Fortes, which once more have done full justice to their world-wide reputation, both for excellence and capacity of enduring the severest trials. For during all my long and difficult journeys all over America, in a very inclement season, I used and have been enabled to use, your Pianos exclusively in my Two Hundred and Fifteen Concerts, and also in private, with the most eminent satisfaction and effect.

Yours very truly,

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

THEODORE THOMAS.

CINCINNATI, July 19th, 1879.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:

GENTLEMEN: I consider the Steinway Piano the best Piano at present made, and that is the reason why I use it in private and also in all my public concerts.

As long as the Pianos of Messrs. Steinway & Sons retain that high degree of excellence of manufacture, and those admirable qualities which have always distinguished them, I shall continue to use them in preference to all other Pianos.

Respectfully Yours,

THEODORE THOMAS.

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THE LIBRETTI, AS FOLLOWS, ARE SELECTED FROM THE IMMENSE STOCK:

English and Italian.

Aida,
Aroldo,
Belisario,
Betty,
Carmen,
Carnavale di Venezia (Carnival of Venice)
Cenerentola (Cinderella),
Crispino e la Comare (The Cobbler and the Fairy),
Der Freischütz,
Dinorah (A Pilgrimage at Plöermel),
Don Bucefalo,
Don Carlos,
Don Giovanni (Don Juan),
Don Pasquale,
Don Sebastian,
Ernani,
Faust,
Fidelio,
Fra Diavolo,
Gemma di Vergy,
Giuditta (Judith),
Giuglielmo Tell (William Tell),
Gli Ugonotti (The Huguenots),
Gli Ultimi Giorni di Pompeii (Last Days of Pompeii),
Hamlet,
Ione,
I Due Foscari (The Two Foscari),
Il Barbiere di Seviglia (The Barber of Seville),
Il Flauto Magico (Magic Flute),
Il Gurany,
Il Profeta (The Prophet),
Il Tancredi (Tancred),
Il Trovatore (The Trovatore),
Il Vascello Fantasma (The Flying Dutchman),
I Puritani (Puritans),
Joseph in Egypt,
L'Africaine,
L'Ebreo (La Juive) (The Jewess),
L'Elisir d'Amore (Elixir of Love),
L'Ombrà,
La Favorita (The Favorite),
La Figlia del Regimento (The Daughter of the Regiment),
La Forza del Destino (The Force of Destiny),
La Gazza Ladra (Maid and Magpie),
La Gioconda,
La Serva Padrona (The Servant Mistress),
La Sonnambula (The Sonnambule),
La Stella del Norte (Star of the North),
La Traviata,
La Zingara (The Bohemian Girl),
Le Nozze di Figaro (The Marriage of Figaro),
Les Noces de Jeannette (Jeannette's Wedding),
Linda di Chamounix,
Lohengrin,
Lombardi,
Lucia di Lammermoor (Lucy of Lammermoor),
Lucrezia Borgia,
Luisa Miller (Louisa Miller),
Macbeth,

English and Italian.

Manon,
Marco Visconti,
Maria di Rohan,
Maritana,
Martha,
Masaniello (The Dumb Girl of Portici),
Medea,
Mefestofele,
Mignon,
Mirella,
Mose in Egitto (Moses in Egypt),
Nabuco (Nabuchodonosor),
Nebucudiezza,
Norma,
Oberon,
Orfeo (Orpheus),
Otello (Othello),
Pipeli,
Poliuto (The Martyrs),
Promessi Sposi,
Rigoletto,
Roberto Devereux (Robert Devereux),
Roberto il Diavolo (Robert the Devil),
Romeo e Giulietta (Romeo and Juliet),
Ruy Blas,
Safò (Sapho),
Semiramide,
Sicilian Vespers (Vespri Siciliani),
Talisman,
Un Ballo in Maschera (Masked Ball),
Zampa.

English and German.

Golden Cross,
Gottterdammerung,
Jessonda,
Joseph in Egypt (Joseph in Egypt),
Lohengrin,
Lucia von Lammermoor,
Lucrezia Borgia,
Martha,
Maurer und Schlosser (Mason and Locksmith),
Meistersinger,
Merlin,
Mirella,
Nachtlager in Granada (A Night in Granada),
Norma,
Oberon,
Queen of Sheba,
Rienzi,
Rigoletto,
Robert der Teufel (Robert the Devil),
Siegfried,
Stradella,
Tannhäuser (Tannhäuser),
Tristan and Isolde,
Undine,
William Tell
Zauberflöte (Magic Flute).

Spanish and English.

Favorita,
Fri Diavolo,
La Gatina,
Marco Visconti,
Martha.

Orpheus,
Traviata,
Trovatore,
Safò.

English and German.

Aida,
Carmen,
Child of the Regiment,
Czar and Zimmermann (Czar and Carpenter),
Der Fliegende Holländer (The Flying Dutchman),
Der Freischütz (Der Freischütz),
Der Maskenball (Masked Ball),
Der Postillon von Lonjumeau (Postillon of Lonjumeau),
Der Prophet,
Der Templer und die Jüdin (Templar and Jewess),
Der Troubadour (The Trovatore),
Der Wildschütz (The Poacher),
Die Afrikanerin,
Die Hugenotten (The Huguenots),
Die Jüdin (The Jewess),
Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor (Merry Wives of Windsor),
Die Stumme von Portici (The Dumb Girl of Portici),
Die Walküre,
Die weisse Dame (White Lady),
Dinorah,
Don Juan,
Euryanthe,
Faust,
Fidelio,
Figaro's Hochzeit (The Marriage of Figaro),
Fra Diavolo,
Gioconda,

English.

Boccaccio,
Colleen Bawn,
Fatinitza,
Maritana,
Paul and Virginia,
Rose of Castil.

Sleepy Hollow,
Summer Night's Dream,
The Two Peters,
Two Cavaliers,

Oratorios in English.

Creation, with Life of Haydn,
Elijah, with Life of Mendelssohn,
Messiah,
Samson, with Life of Handel,
Seasons,
Stabat Mater.

French and English Plays.

Adrienne Lecouveau,
Antony,
Camille,
Divorgons,
Frou Frou,
Hernani,
La Cosaque,
La Femme à Papa,
La Passant,
La Roussotte,
L'Etrangère,
Lili,
Niniche,
Nitouche,
Phèdre,
Princess George
Sphinx,

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