NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

IL TROVATORE

(THE TROUBADOUR)

AN OPERA

IN FOUR PARTS

BY

GIUSEPPE VERDI.

EDITED AND TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY
NATALIA MACFARREN.

Price, in paper cover, 2s. 6d.
scarlet cloth, 4s. od.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

LONDON: NOVELLO, EWER & CO.,
1, BERNERS STREET (W.), AND 80 & 81, QUEEN STREET (E.C.)
BOSTON, NEW YORK, AND PHILADELPHIA: DITSON & CO.
IL TROVATORE,
AN OPERA IN FOUR PARTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MANRICO, The Troubadour ... ... ... Tenor.
THE COUNT DI LUNA ... ... ... ... Baritone.
FERRANDO (his Steward) ... ... ... ... Baritone.
RUZ (a follower of the Troubadour) ... ... ... ... Tenor.
AN OLD GIPSY ... ... ... ... ... ... Bass.
A MESSENGER ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ......
PART I. (THE DUEL.)

Nos. 1, 2, & 3. Introductory Chorus and Song.—"SWARTLY AND THREATENING."

Scene:—A Vestibule in the Palace of Aliaferia; on one side a door, leading to the apartments of the Count di Luna.

Allégro assai sostenuto.

Ferrando. (To the servants, who are going to sleep.)

A - rouse ye! A - rouse ye!

All' er - ta! All' er - ta!

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Bewakeful, the Count's return a-wait not
till the darkness melts into morning, beneath his fair lady's

sleeping, he oft ten doth watch, till the darkness melts into morning, beneath his fair lady's

sand, ed e gli ta lor preso i ve ro ni del la sua ca ra, in te re pas sa le

Allegro.

That Trouba-

not it. Tenors,

Teness, cresc.

That Trouba-

Chorus of Servants.

Tis the ser pent of jea lous fear that a wake doth keep him.

Tis the ser pent of jea lous fear that a wake doth keep him.

Allegro.

strings.

dour, whose voice me lo dious off thro' the night resoundeth, as a ri val he just ly

tor, che dai giar di ni more not tur no il can to, d'un ri va le a drit to ri

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
From our sleep-sunken eye-lids the drowsiness to
le gay-pa-bre il son-nos di sus-case.

From our sleep-sunken eye-lids the drowsiness to
le gay-pa-bre il son-nos di sus-case.

To our sleep-sunken eye-lids the drowsiness to
le gay-pa-bre il son-nos di sus-case.

CHORUS

From our sleep-sunken eye-lids the drowsiness to
le gay-pa-bre il son-nos di sus-case.

From our sleep-sunken eye-lids the drowsiness to
le gay-pa-bre il son-nos di sus-case.

CHORUS

From our sleep-sunken eye-lids the drowsiness to
le gay-pa-bre il son-nos di sus-case.

From our sleep-sunken eye-lids the drowsiness to
le gay-pa-bre il son-nos di sus-case.

FERNANDO

Yes, I will, draw near and unto me.
La di-re, ve- ni-te-n-torno a me.

SERVANTS

Count’s ill-fated brother? And we too.
ma-no al no-stro Con-te.

SOLDIERS, coming forward.
Oh Pu-re.

Count’s ill-fated brother? And we too.
ma-no al no-stro Con-te.

No. 2. Andante mosso. (J = 88.)

Narrative.

When the good Count di Lu-na here re-sid-ed.
Di due ni-ghi vi-vo, po-bre be-a-to, il buon con-te di

hear him, oh hear him.
p-di-te, u-ni-te.

hear him, oh hear him.
p-di-te, u-ni-te.

Andante mosso. (J = 88.)

Struggs.
One to a faithful nurse was once confided; By the cradle she slumber'd, At morning when she woke and gazed a'round her, Sorely stricken was she, And what sight do you think did so confound her? Swarthy and Ab'did'ta

All the Chorus. What? Oh tell us! did she see? Chi? Fa-vol-la, chi! chi mai? What? Oh tell us! did she see? Chi? Fa-vol-la, chi! chi mai?

pp or EDICHE VOICE.

threatening, a gipsy woman, Bearing of fiendish art,
sin-ga-rua, jo-sea ve-glitar-da! Cia-ge va sim-bo-li,  

sym-bol in-hu-man, Up on the infant, fiercely she
al ma-li-ar-da, sul fan-cial to, con-ri-so ar

Verdi's "Il Pretatice" - Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Agent, E. Rubra
Spell-bound the nurse . . . watch'd at first the beldame hoa-ry, But . . . soon her

As if to seize him her . . . arm she rais-sos,

Dur- rer com-pre - sa . . . compre-sa e la nu-tri- ce... A . . . eu - to un

ehr-o - king . . . was answor'd in the dis-tance, And quick'er than now I can
gri - do . . . us grido all' au-ra sco-gite, ed ce - co, in me - mo chu

tell . . you the sto-ry. The ser-vants of the cas-tle one and all came has-tening to her as-
lab-bro il di-ce, i ser - vi, i ser-vi ac-co - ro - no, i ser - vi ac-cor - ro - no in quel-le

sis - tance, They on the gip - sy so - gile, pour'd im-pre-ca - tions, they on the

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
trod. Consum'd by inward fire, restless c'er with anguish, More and more did he sicken, In pain, and

Allegretto come Prima.

soon was the sor' cess once more retaken, Burnt for her

misdeeds, by all forsaken, But her vile daughter

justice o'lu ded, Swearing t'a'venge her, she lives se -
incited. More than her mother she's guilty of murder,
detected. Com-plain! even ne-far deed-

For soon the child was gone; none could find him. With fiendish
Spar-te il fan-cial-lo, ev-er sink-ven- ne

ma-lice her ven-gance had stirr'd her To cap-ture the
brave nel si-to i - stes so ov-ar sa un gior-no ov-ar sa un

stake mur'drous-ly to bind him. None saw the deed done, they
gior-no la stre-pa ven-ne None saw the deed done, they
d'un bu-mbi-no ahi

found one mor-ning The calcined cin-ders, the calcined
eunsa-me bru-cia-to a me-zo, bru-cia-to a mezz-so, bru-cia-to a

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
W.\n\nICLE AN - cined cinders of a young child, the cal - cined mez - zo, fu-man-te an - cor, bru - cia - to a mez - zo, fu-man-te an - cor bru - cia - to a\n\ncinders of a young child! mez - zo, fu-man-te an - cor!\n\nOh witch ac - cur - sed, thy end be scor - ning, un - to all Ah seel-le - ra - ta! oh don-na in - ja - me! Del par m'in -
\nA - ges be thou re - viled. ve - ste o-dio ed or - vor. A - ges be thou re - viled. ve - ste o-dio ed or - vor.
\nVerdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 3.  
**Solo with Chorus—“ANON ON THE EAVES.”**

**Voice.**

*Andante.*  
**Ferrando.**

Soon his days of sorrow ended; but he ne'er could believe his child had

**Adagio.**

**TENORS.**

The father?  
**Ferrando.**

breve tri-sti gior - ni

**Piano.**

*Andante.*

**Basses.**

The father?  
**Ferrando.**

*Adagio (\( \text{\#} = 80 \)).*

**Chorus.**

Death-bed, he made his son swear to search for him unstintingly. Vain his mandate!

Soon his days of sorrow ended; but he ne'er could believe his child had

**Poco più mosso.**

Nought ever heard they! To find and chastise her
Nul-la con-tez-za! Oh! da-to mi us-se
is my greatest

\[ \text{Nul-la con-tez-za! Oh! da-to mi us-se} \]

wish, did none ever hear the fate?
- lei non s'eb-be con-tez-za mai!

But should you now re-cog-nise her?
Ma rav-vi-sar-la po-tre-sti!

Chorus of Servants.

Through the years that have pass'd I re-member ev'ry

But should you now re-cog-nise her?
Ma rav-vi-sar-la po-tre-sti!

All pro.

Speak not

Allegro.

Soldiers.

Chorus of Servants.

Good will the deed be, straight to her mother and the devil to send her.
Sar-bhe tem-po pres-so la ma-bre alla in-fer-no spe-dir-la.

Allegro. \( \text{\textit{Allegro. \( d = 120. \)}} \)

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Tenors of the Soldiers (with terror). Basses of the Servants.

Know ye not that it is said her spirit rovers, Near the scenes where

Tenors of the Servants (with horror).

When all with gloomy,

We know it! E ver!

We know it! E ver!

We know it! E ver!

Tis true! E ver!

Chorus of Soldiers.

Allegro assai agitato. Sull'orlo dei tetti al cuo di v'ha ve dav-tal in

Allegro assai agitato. Sull'orlo dei tetti al cuo di v'ha ve dav-tal in

Allegro assai agitato.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Ah!... Ah!... he died!

Yes, distracted.

He died!

All are struck with superstitious terror.

Ah!... Ah!... he died!

Yes, distracted.

It died!

All the Tenors.

Fierce steady gazing his courage she daunted, And once when in silence and

Ah!... Ah!... he died!

Yes, distracted.

At first as an owl she his chamber long haunted, With

Ah!... Ah!... he died!

Yes, distracted.

She died!

All the Tenors.

The terror he watch’d her, A rose on the darkness a terrible cry, It

Da - va, Guar - da - va, il cielo at - tri - stan - do d’un ur - lo fer - val!... At

Tenors.

Sempre pianissimo.

He watch’d her, Guar - da - va!... Guar - da - va!...
(A bell strikes twelve.)

Legato.

was at the hour when midnight was striking.

(mezza notte ap- punto sonno.)

(All cry.) poco più mosso.

(with full force.)

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

(on thee, thou demon of evil eye!)

Ah!

(on thee, thou demon of evil eye!)

Ah!

(The servants range themselves by the door, and the soldiers retire to the back.)

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 4. Recitative and Aria.—“NO STAR SHONE ON THE HEAV'NLY VAULT.”

Scene.—Gardens of the Palace; on the right, a marble staircase. Dense clouds pass over the moon.

*Andante mosso.* $d = 80.$

*Piano.*

Inez. Recitativo.

Why dost thou linger? Let us enter, hasten, the queen hath desired thy attendance. I

Che più t'arresta? L'ora è tarda, vie-ni: di te la regal dona chied, l'a-
And shall another night pass and I not see him? Perilous the flame thou dost nourish; I pray thee tell me how at first it was kindled in thy bosom? At the tourney. An unknown knight clad in armour all of black, up-on his helmet waw'd a sa-ble plume, no device was on his.

shield, en-ter'd the lists and o'er-throw all our no-bles. I on his brow bestowed the wrath of honour, then the war on our land di-vi-ded, he came no more. Fled, like a dream of

Andante. (d = 69.)

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Animando un poco, con espansione.

Sonnets of a lute harmoniously were blended with lay im-

un poco più animando.

con espansione.

ploring, That strain so soft... and low, so soft and

a to, e versi me... lan - co ni ci e

low... it was a troubadour who sang.

ver si mo lan co ni ci un trova tor can to.

Words of de-vo-tion and pray'r he breath'd As

Versi di pre ce ed u ni te qual

though he heav'n en - tre - ted, And oth murmur ing how a name Fa - mi liar, my own, re

d'orn the pre ga 1d i - o; in quel - ta ri pe te a si on no mer, il mio, il

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Joy, as a lone the angels know, In that bright hour came o'er me. 'Twas bliss supreme, 'twas

con espansione. un poco animando.

con espansione. un poco animando.
Oh fear not, In-va-no!

I know not, Dub-bio, ma tri sto pre sen ti.

Leonora.

Never met thee, try to forget him! Never!

Forget him! Ah never!

Che dì ci? Oh basti!

get him! thou know'st! Ce dì si con si glio

Leonora.

Oh be advised, fly him! Oh be

a placère.

silent! Love such as mine thou canst not, thou canst not un der collo parte.

ar-lo! Ah! tu par-las det to che in ten der Fal-ma non

stand, sì.

Allegro giusto, (d = 100.)  

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
The love my heart overflowing, No earthly word can
rendezvous,

d’amour che dirai, With rapture I surrender,

brillante.

d’amour s’intende so il cor, My heart, my heart, my heart to be his own.

Inez (aside.)

slow com - pier ing, No more in life we so non puo che a lui d'ap - prea -

ver, Come life or death for ever so, S'i non vi - ro per es - ver, My heart, my Sia - non

Poco più mosso, Poco più mosso, pp cres.

heart, my heart is his a lone, yes, my heart is his a lone, yes, my heart is his a -

ro, ah, si per es - so mo - ri - ro, per es - so mo - ri - ro, mo -

Inez (aside.)

a lone. May'st thou re - gret it
The love my heart o'er flow

No earthly word can render,
With rapture I surrender.

No more in life we own,
On him my faith be slow

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
May'st thou regret it no more, Ah! yes, my heart is his alone, his heart hath not shown, my heart is his alone, his heart, thy heart hath shown, the trust thy heart no more, un gior no a

(They ascend the staircase into the palace.)
Recitative and Romance.——"Nought upon earth is left me."

All here is silent. The queen now in slumber

Tace la notte! Immer sa nel son nobi

rests, with all her train posing, my lady fair is watching.

Certo la regal ai guorai ma veglia la sua damai! Oh Leonora! thou yet art

Oh Leonora! tu de sta

I know it by yonder taper, tremulously gleaming from on thy lattice

Sei nel dìce da quel vero re vo lan teun rag gio del la not tur na

window. Ah!... leave me not to languish to the evening breeze.

Ah!... la mano e sa fiamma m'ar de o gui fi

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Atterno.

Let me now behold thee, come forth, my fair-rest, hear me, and let me

lay my heart before thy feet.

Manrico, the Troubadour.

A mezza voce.

The Troubadour! Il Trovatore!

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
pure desire the Troubadour. What means he?

I tremble! No storm of Ma sì sei quel

fate can move me, Ah - sence or death shall

cor pos - ste - de, Bel - lo di ca - sta

prove me, If that one heart is sure, if that one heart is

cor, E' d'ogni re mag - gior, E' d'ogni re mag - gior

Per - di - tion! I will have vengeance. Oh ge - lo - si - a l-

true, if that one heart is sure, Oh happy Trou - ba -

E' d'ogni re mag - gior, E' d'ogni re mag - gior

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 6.

**Recitative and Trio.**—“TRAITRESS, WHERE ART THOU?”

(The Count wraps himself in his cloak, and Leonora rushes towards him.)

**Voice.**

*Allegro.*

- *count.*

- *there, oh wonder,* she approaches!

- *non, fina—pem-no.*

- *el—la secon-de.*

**Piano.**

- *strong.*

- *leonora.*

- *oh, my beloved,* the weary hours were long and lonesome, my heart's impatient

- *ami—mila.*

- *più dell'a—sa—tor da fó—ra; io ne con—sat gl'i—*

- *alsi gui—da pie—to—so a—mor fra que—ste brac—*

- *a piano.*

- *lei.*

- *troubadour.*

- *where art thou?*

- *quai vo—ce?*

- *amongst the trees.*

- *the moon shines out and shows a knight with closed visor.*

- *ah, trai—tre.*

- *in—ji—da.*

- *allegro agitato.*

- *ah!* night hath blinded me,

- *ah!*
(Recognising them both, and throwing herself at the feet of Mauricio.)

Those words to him were spoken! For thee alone my words were meant, My

faith is thine unbroken, Yes, thee alone I cherish, Do-

- reverence to, non a la l... A te, che l' Alma mi... sol

- lievo me, or I perish, My heart cannot deceive thee, Tie-

- chie de, sol de- si- a... Lo l'a- mo, di giu- ro, 'l'a- mo di un-

- thine, and thine alone! Count, I do believe thee!

- men- si, e ter- no a- mor? Ah più non tra- mo!

- 

- Troubadour (raising Leonora),

- 

- Leonora.

- 

- Troubadour. I love thee! I love thee!

- 

- This thou shalt a-tone! for this thou shalt a-tone! If

- 

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Leonora (piano to Manrico.)

**Troubadour.**

For pity's sake—

He-hold me then, I

\[ \text{For pity's sake—}\]

\[ \text{Be-hold me then, I}\]

\[ \text{I am Man rico. Thou, bandit! thou mad-man!}\]

\[ \text{I am Man rico. Thou, bandit! thou mad-man!}\]

\[ \text{Come!... Esa - na - no!}\]

\[ \text{Come!... Esa - na - no!}\]

\[ \text{Thou mad-man!}\]

\[ \text{Thou mad-man!}\]

\[ \text{I am Man rico. Thou, bandit! thou mad-man!}\]

\[ \text{I am Man rico. Thou, bandit! thou mad-man!}\]

\[ \text{Come!... Esa - na - no!}\]

\[ \text{Come!... Esa - na - no!}\]

\[ \text{Thou mad-man!}\]

\[ \text{Thou mad-man!}\]

\[ \text{I am Man rico. Thou, bandit! thou mad-man!}\]

\[ \text{I am Man rico. Thou, bandit! thou mad-man!}\]

\[ \text{Come!... Esa - na - no!}\]

\[ \text{Come!... Esa - na - no!}\]

\[ \text{Thou mad-man!}\]

\[ \text{Thou mad-man!}\]
TROUBADOUR.

Tres pass hath not hemm'd thee. Do lay not, thy guards thou canst as-
gue ste re gia por te? Che tar di... Or via le guar die op-

-semble, Thou canst de stroy me, thou canst not make me,

caus not make me trem ble. Thy hour of doom is nearer far than
ne f ce con gua. Il tuo fa ta be stante ar sai pia

Count.

Leonora.

Hear me! Con te l... (to Manrico.)

now per chance thou knowest, draw then, For thy mad pro sumption thy de-
pres ri ma s, disen na to... Vic ni... Ai mio ed gluo rit ti ma a

TROUBADOUR.

Oh stay in mer cy. Oh cia!... far ro sia. An-

tes ted life thou ow est, d'ac po aht to ti ave ni... Fol low me, Se gual...
Leonora.

(What shall I do?)

If they're dia-

come, I come,
diam...

Come, An-diam...

Follow me,
Se-gui-mi...

Count.

Allegro assai moderato. (q = 132.)

agitatissimo.

strings.

Strings.

covered, it is sure des-truc-

gri-do per-de-re lo-pu-te-

Mercy! No, No!...

Raging...

Strings.

flames in my breast are stir-

lo-so a-mor spe-

to,

From my ven-

genoa now

nought can save thee,

Death hath mark'd thee with slan-

to, Il tuo san-gue, o sicra-

ring, Trai-

tor, dost thou dare

to brave me?

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, E. & Co.'s Octavo Edition.
That thou lov'st him, thy madness confess'd it, Thus my faith thou dost deny.

Since thy fatal lips express'd it, I have sworn that he shall die.

Oh in pity one moment yet turn thee, And thy jealous 

Vain his threat'ning and vain his anger, He shall perish

love hath bless'd it, Love will show me how to die.

hath confess'd it, And with joy for her I'll die.

flames in my breast are stirring, From my vengeance

nought can save thee! Death hath mark'd thee, with shaft un-erring, Traitor, dost thou dare to brave me? Trai-tor, dost thou dare to brave me? I have sworn that thou shalt

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octave Edition.
Leonora.

Yes, Pisoni, I have sworn that thou shalt die, yes I have sworn that thou shalt die, Ah, raging flames my heart are stirring, from my heart, yes, I have sworn that thou shalt die, Ah, raging flames my heart are stirring.

From my heart, yes, I have sworn that thou shalt die, Ah, raging flames my heart are stirring.

Strike my heart, since love hath bless'd it, Love will

She is mine, she hath bless'd it, And with
Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Love will show

Yes, with joy, ah, yes, I've sworn that thou shalt die,

me, how to die.

I've sworn that thou shalt die, yes, I have sworn, yes,

con - dan - no, to con - dan - no, a mo - rir, to

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Excerpt from Verdi's "Il Trovatore":

Text:

"I'll die, yes, I'll die, yes, I'll die, for

thou shalt die, thou shalt die, thou shalt die, yes,

(con dan no, a morir, a morir, lo)

End of the first Part.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
PART II. (THE GIPSY.)

No. 7. 

CHORUS OF GIPSIES—"SEE HOW THE DARKNESS OF NIGHT DISSOLVES."

Scene.—A ruined habitation on the border of the Biscayan mountains; within, through a wide opening, a fire is seen; day is dawning. Azucena is seated by the fire, Manrico is lying on a low couch at her side, wrapped in his mantle, his helmet at his feet, a sword in his hand, on which he is intently gazing. The gipsy band is scattered about the stage.

Allegro. \( \text{Tempo}=128. \)

PIANO.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(43.)
See, how the darkness of night dissolves away when the sunlight from heav'n does

Strings only.

See, how the darkness of night dissolves away when the sunlight from heav'n does

Wind, Tri., etc. pp

Strings.

(They take up their tools.)

Come, lads, be stir you,

Come, lads, be stir you,

Come, lads, be stir you,

(They strike their hammers in time on their anvils.)

Who cheers the days of the roving

Who cheers the days of the roving

Who cheers the days of the roving

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Women.

Who cheers the days of the roving gipsy? Say, who, who

Chi del gi-ta-no i gi-or-ni ab-bel-la, chi? chi i

Who cheers the days of the roving gipsy? Say, who, who

Chi del gi-ta-no i gi-or-ni ab-bel-la, chi? chi i

Who cheers his days? Who cheers the days of the roving gipsy? "Tis the gi-ta

La zin-ga ret la?

is it cheers his days? Who cheers the days of the roving gipsy? "Tis the gi-ta

La zin-ga ret la?

is it cheers his days? Who cheers the days of the roving gipsy? "Tis the gi-ta

La zin-ga ret la?

'Nan-

(They rest awhile from their work, addressing the women.)

'Nan-

Pour me a

Ver-

Sea-

Pour me a

Ver-

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
tankard, trat-to: 'tis wine a lone that makes my courage rise, let us be

Sea tankard, trat-to: 'tis wine a lone that makes my courage rise, let us be

(The women pour them wine in rustic cups.)

drinking, be- re.

drinking, be- re.

Look how the sun rises higher and Oh guar-da, guar-da! del sole un

Look how the sun rises higher and Oh guar-da, guar-da! del sole un

Look how the sun rises higher and Oh guar-da, guar-da! del sole un

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Come, lads, be stir ye.

**Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Dower and Co.'s Octavo Edition.**
No. 8.

Canzona—"Fierce Flames Are Soaring."

While Azucena sings, the Gipsies gather round her.

Allegretto. $d = 60.$

Voice.

Fierce flames are soaring, the

Strings.

Piano.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
in their mad
ta ta eau-hian
ta za. Fren-
ted with plea-
sure shou
in
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
Fierce flames are roaring, bring forth the
sacrifice, barren, ungirdled,
in garment saible, Yellis of deri-

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Dion 

grew 

ted her a-
gry, 

Wri 

thing they

bound 
pe 
mid 
cries as of Ba- 
bel, 

And 

there they watch'd her search at the flo-
ery stake,

O'er all the flame rush-
ces up-
ward, ac-
cus-ing the sky,

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 9.

Chorus of Gipsies.—"SAD IS THY MORNING SONG."

(Sad is thy morning song.) 'Tis sad in deed, but sadder still the direful story that I ever must re-

(Assai moderato.) Sempre più piano ed allarg.

(Me-stà la tua can-son? Del pa-ri me-sta che la sto-ri-a fu me-stà da cui tron-ge ar-go-

(Sad is thy morning song.) Mestà la tua can-son!

(Assai moderato.) Sempre più piano ed allarg.

(Turns towards Manrico and says in an undertone.) Manrico.

(words!) Compa-gni, now 'tis daylight, come forth to seek your bread, Arise! de-scend we up-on the nearest

(Again those myste-

(A-venge thou me! Mi ven-di-ca! mi ven-di-ca! (L'ar-ca-na pa-ro-ta o

(Allegro.) Chorus.


Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
(They carefully replace their tools in their bags and descend from the height, clapping as they go.)

**Tenors.**

Who cheers the days of the Chiel del gi-ta-noi?

---

**Basses.**

Who cheers the days of the Chiel del gi-ta-noi?

---

**Women (in the distance.)**

ro-ving gip-sy? Who cheers the days of the ro-ving gior-ni ab-bel la?

---

Strings.

---

gior-ni ab-bel la?

---

Who is it cheers his days?

---

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 10.  

**RECIPIVE AND NARRATIVE. — "IN CHAINS TO HER DOOM."**

**AZUCENA.**

(rising.)

Dest thou not know it, in

**MANRICO.**

None can hear us! Oh tell me of that sor-row-ful sto-ry.

So-li or sia-no! Deh, nar-ra quel-la sto-ria fa-ne-sta.

**PIANO.**

*r-der?* Long by the wars thou from thy peo-ple hast been di-

vi-ded, or thou has heard it.

That

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
sto-ry tells my mo-ther’s bit-ter en-ding.
She was charg’d with ma-gic arts by a cru-el
La la-col-ph su-pro-bo con-te di ma-le-

no-ble, through her enchantments, one of his sons had po-rich’d.
There at the stake they burn her, where now thou art
Es sa bru-cia-ta ven-ne ou’ ar de quel

In chains to her doom they drap’d her, no hope was there of as-
Con dot - ta el’ fe ra in epi al su - o de stiu tre-

Man-rico. (starts away from the spot with dread.)
Azucena. (J 120.)

Oh spot of hor-ror!
Ahi scia- gu - ra - ta!
Andante e mosso.

in chains to her doom they drag’d her, no hope was there of as-
Con dot - ta el’ fe ra in epi al su - o de stiu tre-

distance, In vain I sought to approach her, in vain joy unhappier

mother To bless me, put forth her hands, ere flames her breath could smother

ther, Guards savage and ferocious, With jeers ben tally

load her, With spears and cruel taunting words in to the flames they高尔 her,

And

in her dying struggle, Avenge thou me, she cried, Thoso Quel

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Manrico.

words I hear for e-
ver where'er I go, where'er I go or hide.

Dids't thou a-

La verdi-

Azucena.

I stole the child of that cruel no-
ca-si ti gi-goto pien-si a ra-pir del con-

tro-

prom-

trou-

ble.

When in my arms he la-

prom-

Manrico.

Oh, mo-

ther, with fire?
Le fiam-

me... Oh eti l...

men-

ted.

pit-
y was stirr'd in my bo-

sen-

I my pur-

pose re-

pen-

ted.

sotto voce.

Then

Quand'
dark ly a cloud came o'er me,

Up rose that fatal vision.

Shoutings of fierce derision, my la

Violet.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
mo - ther, wan - der - ing.

The shudder of death then

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Oratio Edition.
My own had perish'd, And I, and I had stain
him.

sayest thou?

Ah! Ah!

Ah!... Tale of
Qua te or

My son had perish'd, and I myself,

Oh horror! oh horror!

woe, woe! Mio figlio, mio figlio,

myself had slain him!

No more!

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Say no more.
Qua-le or-ror!

Ah! let me think on that day
Sai ca-po ni-o le chio

(Azucena falls exhausted on her seat, Manrico stands for some moments dumb with horror and astonishment.)

Verdi's "II Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 11.  

RECITATIVE AND Duet.—"I ASSAULTED, HE FEEBLY DEFENDED."

AZUCENA.

Manrico.

Was I that child then?  Thou'rt not my mother?  Who am I?

Piano.

Echi son figlio!  Ah for se?... che tuo - i!... Quan do al pen sier s'ef - faccia il true - ce

And yet thy story—

Ep - pur di - ce - sti-

anguish my darken'd reason sees imag'd visions of horror and de - lusion.  Mother, fond loving

cas - so lo spet - to lie - ne - bra - to pa - no stol - te pa - ra - te sal mio lad - bro... Ma - dre, to - ne - ra

con passione.

Mancico.  

Azucena.

mother thou last found me e-ver.  I'll ne'er de - ny it.  To me thou ow'rt thy life, for I

ma - dre non m'a ve - sti o - gna - ra!  Po - trei ne - gar - lo?  A me, se vi - vi au - co - ra, not

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
1. Save thee. Remember when upon the ramparts of Pe - li - la, 'mid the dead thy comrades had left thee, did I not seek thee
de - t! Nottur - ma, nei pa - gna - ti cam - pi di Pe - li - la, o - ve spea - to fa - ma ti dis - se, a dur - ti se - pol -

to en - tomb thee? Who revived the dying spark of vital flame, who watch'd thy returning breath, who but thy
-tu-ra non mos - si? La fug - gente aura vi - ta non insi - ca nel se - no, non t'ar - re - stò ma - terno af -
mother? Think of the care un - ceasing with which thy wounds I fond - ly tended!
-jet - to? E quante cu - re non spe - si a ri - sa - mar le tante fe - ri - te.

Manciò (with noble pride.)
Yes, I thought my days were
Che por - tai nel di fa -

num - ber'd, but dy - ing still I glo - ried that on my breast a - lone I
-ta - le ma tut - te qui, nel pet - to... lo sol, fra null - le gia sham -
bore them, I a - lone face'd the foe, of all my squadron. 'Twas there the
da - ti al ne - mi e vo - len - gen - do anor la fuc - cha!

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
cursed di Luna with his troops surprised me, and wounded I fell, fell like a
Lu-na su me piom-bó col suo drag-pel-lo; to cad-di! pe-ro, da for-te to

AZUCENA
soldier. And what return, for thy mercy hath he made thee? He vilely doth pursue him who spared him that
cad-di! Ec-co me ser-ce de al gior-ni, che l'in-fa-me nel sin-go-lar cer-ta-me eb-be sal-vi da

Manrico.
day. Tell me what movest thee then to re-fain from stri-king? Oh, mo-ther, I in that
scia- ce ca-ta per es-so? Oh ma-dre! non sa-pre

AZUCENA
mo-ment was spell-bound! Strange are thy words, strange are thy words.

Manrico, cantabile.
I assa-ul-ted, he fee-bly de-

Allegro, (d = 108.)

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
At my mercy the foe, I saw to a

Brightly flashing my blade was de-

I owed him for the hated that he bore me.

When a magic power stay'd my arm uplifted,

Wrath and scorn had from my heart that moment drifted, And a
Oh my son, would'st thou but heed, Or that speedy death would blight him, or that

Ma 'n' al ma dell in gra to non par to del cie to, non par to,

If fate again should lead thee Where thy deadly blade can

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
smite him, where thy deadly blade can smite him, Show no mercy, ne'er gain say me, Strike him surely, son, then obey me, A-gil'o quai d'un Dio, com pi al-lo-ra il con-no mi-o

Sheathe thy dagger to the hilt with th'ungrateful traitor's heart, Sheathe thy dagger within his heart. Strike the traitor, strike the traitor, Manrico.

Yes, I swear it, yes, this Sì, lo giur-ro, que-sta

I will sheathe with in his heart, yes, I will... sheathe thy dagger in his heart... sheathe thy

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
dag - ger with-in
his heart. Strike the trai - tor, strike the trai -
mer - gi all' em - pio in cor. Si - no all' el sa que - sta la
sheathe it in his heart. Yes, I swear it, yes, this
Sca

Yes, I will sheathe it in his
heart, in his trai - tor
Sca

I will sheathe it in his
heart, in his trai - tor
Sca

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
(The prolonged note of a horn is heard.)

**Manrico.**

\[ \text{Allegro.} \]

The won- ted sig - nal, per-change 'tis Ru-is, An - swer.

\[ L'au - ta- mos so Ru - is in - vi - a, For - ce. (within.) \]

**(Sounds his horn in answer.)**

**Azzedina.** (sits absorbed, uncomprehending of what passes.)

**Manrico.** (to a Messenger, who has entered).

\[ \text{Allegro.} \]

A - venge thou me!

\[ Mi ren - di - ca! \]

**The Messenger (giving a letter.)**

(proach, Say what hath brought thee? ti - dings of war-fare? I bear a let - ter, 'twill tell thee

\[ Guer - re - co e - ren - te, dim - mi, se - gui - a? ]

Respou-da tu fo - glio che re - co a

\[ Estrap-dai fo - glio che re - co a \]

**Manrico (reading).**

all. "Our men have taken Cas-tel-lor. The prince's or - der is that thou come instantly to de - fend it; te, In no - stra pos-sa e Cas - let-lor; No del tu, per sen - no del pren - ce, vi - gi - lar le ali - fe - se

Unless thy wounds un - heal'd have laid thee low, I shall ex - pect thee, know that, de - sov'ed by ti - dings of thy

\[ O - ve ti e da - to - ef - fret - ta - ti a - ve - sir, gian - ta la se - ra, trat - ta in in - gan - no di tua mor - te al \]
death, the fair Leonora will this day be come the bride elect of heaven. Oh cruel 
grief, let not the cloister of Leo no ra; Oh giu sto 

Allegro agitato mosso. Azucena (rising.) Manrico (to the Messenger.) 
for - tune! What saith he? Go, hasten, bring me a 

Messer. Azucena. (interposing.) 

Yes! Man - ri-co! 

Azucena. (The Messenger departs in haste.) 

moment, fly then, a - wait me, the moments are press-ing. Man - ri-co, what 

Manrico. Azucena. 

wilt thou? (If I be too tardy! oh cruel torment!) (He's in des - 

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Azucena.

Azucena.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.
Thou my life hast in thy keeping, If a danger now come

sigh thee. It will break thy mother's heart, it will break thy

cor si tu la spre mi dal mio cor it will break thy mother's heart. Ah!

ah! canst thou leave me? thou'l break my

(accent the two semiquavers.) MANRICO.

heart! Let me go, no more detain me, May I

(88)
Perich if I lose her. Heav’n and earth shall not restrain...

**AZUCENA.**

Tis madness!
Be men-te!

me, I must fly to dis-nurse her. Tis in vain to resist, Oh mi, terra e ciel non ha pos-san-za, Ah! mi spom-bre, o ma-dre, i

mother, Thy fore-fooding thou must smo-ther. From the maid whom pos.. si Guai per te s’io qui re-stas.. si! tu ve-dre-sta’

I have cho-sen, I would ra-ther die than part. No, thou must not pie.. di tuo.. i spen-to il figlio di do-lor. No, sof-frir-lo

leave me, weep-ing. Thy fore-fooding thou must smo-ther,

Verdi’s "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.
No, thou must not leave me weeping, Thou my life hast in thy

'Tis in vain to resist, oh mother, Thy foreboding thou must

keepe, If a danger now come nigh thee, It will break thy

mother, From the maid whom I have chosen, I would rather

mothers heart. Stay then, oh stay then! Hear me, oh

dis part. No longer detain me.

hear me, Ah stay my son,

Heaven and earth shall not restrain

leave me not, Tis I, thy mother, who speaks, my son, oh
me, I go, mother, fare well, oh mother.

stay, my son, oh stay, oh stay, oh hear thy mother,
ther, I must go, oh mother, I must go.

My son, oh hear, me, oh stay! oh
I go, oh mother, oh mother, o, mi la scia, ad-

hear thy mother.
mother, fare well.

(Exit Manrico, Azucena trying in vain to detain him.)

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 12. RECIT. AND ARIA—"IN THE LIGHT OF HER SWEET GLANCES."


Andante mosso. (\( \frac{4}{4} = 80 \)) Viva piz. 

Piano.

(The Count, Ferrando and several followers enter furtively, wrapped in their cloaks.)

Count. Recit.

All here is si lent, From th'ae cus tom'd o ri sons they are yet re po sing, We are in Tut to è de ser to, né per l'au re an co ra suo na Fu sa to cara me... In tem po to

Ferrando.

saf ty, A bold ad ven ture, thou hast un der ta kon. 'Tis du ring, 'tis such as slight ed giun go! Ar di ta o pra, o ni gno re, in pres di. Ar di ta, e qual fu ren te a

Count.

love and scorn shewn me by that outcast from me demand, She thought him dead, and ev ry ob sta cle had mo re ed Ir ri ta to or go gia che re ro a me. Spen to il ri cat, ca du to ogni o stac col sem

van ish d, that now im pedes me, When yet an o ther pre text she had dis co vered, the cloister, bru va ni n' miei de sti ri, no vol to e gia pos sen te et la ne ap pre sta... Val ta re...

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Ah no, I will ne-ver-more re-sign thee!

Mine art thou, Leo-no-ra!

Ah no... non gia d'ul- tri Le-o-no-ra... Le-o-no-ra è mi-a!

Largo. (\( \text{\textit{d}} = 20. \))

Il ba

In tho

light of her sweet glan-ces, Joy ce-les-tial bea-meth up-on me; When her

len del suo sor-ri-so d'u-na, stel-la vin-ce il rag-gio; il ful-

smile my soul en-tran-ces Death were plea-sant, with that am-ile she hath an-

del suo bel vi-so no-vo in fon-de, no-vo in fon-de a me co-

done me. Ah these pa-ngs that now make me lan-guish, But with

rag-gio. Ah! la mar, la ma-re, and ar-do, le fa

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
life alone will depart.
Shed thy balm on my heart. Ah, the pangs that make me languish, but with life they will depart, shed thy balm upon my heart. Ah! the pangs that make me languish. But with life they will depart, shed thy balm upon my heart. Ah! the pangs that make me languish, but with life they will depart, shed thy balm upon my heart. Ah!

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octave Edition.
(He anxiously watches the door, from which Leonora is to enter.)

Love fiercely burns within me!

Tenors. Chorus. Sotto voce.

We Ar-

Ferrando and followers, sotto voce.

We go, we go, in secrecy, thy mandate to obey; we go,

Ar-dir, an-diam, ce-lia-mo-ci fra l'omb-re, nel mi-stér ar-dir,

go, we go, in secrecy, thy mandate to obey, yes to obey; a-

we go, we go, in secrecy, we go, thy mandate to obey,

Ar-dir, an-diam, ce-lia-mo-ci fra l'omb-re nel mi-stér ar-dir,

A-way, away, with silent step, no sound our presence shall betray.

The Count. Per

- way, away, with silent step, no sound our presence shall betray.

dir, an-diam, si-len-zio! si com- pia il suo vo-ler! il suo vo-ler!

A-way, away, with silent step, no sound our presence shall betray.

a-way, an-diam, si-len-zio, si com-pia il suo vo-ler! ar-dir!

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Un poco meno,

Passion that inspirest me will brook no more, no

Un poco meno.

Re, Fl., Ob., Cts. & Fag. & Tromba with voice.

Strings & Corns,

Strat.

More delaying, no more with scorn repaying, I swear thou

fret-ta, fret-ta: la gioia che m'aspetta, gioja mor-

shalt be mine, thou shalt be mine, yes! thou shalt be mine. Re-

tal non è, gioja morta no, no, no, non è.

In.

Sisterless are our fires, no rival shall possess thee, thy fate, with love to bless me, Thou peerless

Verrilli's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
"It is thy fate with love to bless me,
Non puo nem-men, nem-men un Dio,

No hated rival shall possess thee, no, no, no,
Non puo nem-men un Dio,

No, no, no, no rival shall possess thee, I,

Verdi's "Il Trovatore"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
It is thy fate with love to
non nobis nomines, non nobis un

swear that thou shalt be mine,

man - date to o - bey; we go, we go,

man - date to o - bey; we go, we go,

man - date to o - bey; we go, we go,

bless me,

Di - o,

we go, we go,

we go, we go,

we go, we go,

we go, we go,

we go, we go,

thou shalt be mine,

now ha - ted ri - val shall pos - sess thee, no, no, no,

no ha - ted ri - val shall pos - sess thee, no, no, no,

man - date to o - bey; we go, thy man - date to o - dir, ar - dir, ce - lia - mo - ci fra l'om - bre, nel mi - ster, ar - dir, ar - dir, ce - lia - mo -

man - date to o - bey; we go, thy man - date to o - dir, ar - dir, ce - lia - mo - ci fra l'om - bre, nel mi - ster, ar - dir, ar - dir, ce - lia - mo -

man - date to o - bey; we go, thy man - date to o - dir, ar - dir, ce - lia - mo - ci fra l'om - bre, nel mi - ster, ar - dir, ar - dir, ce - lia - mo -

man - date to o - bey; we go, thy man - date to o - dir, ar - dir, ce - lia - mo - ci fra l'om - bre, nel mi - ster, ar - dir, ar - dir, ce - lia - mo -
s'allontana.

a poco a poco.

s'allontana.

to obey, in se cre cy my man-date to obey; away,

nel mi ster, ce lia mo ci fra l'om bre, nel mi ster, ar-dir !

(too)

morendo.

away, away, away, away,
andiam, ar-dir, ar-dir, ar-dir !

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 13. **FINALE—“AH, 'MID THE SHADES OF ERROR.”**

**Chorus of Nuns.**

*Andante. Voices alone.*

Ah, 'mid the shades of error, Daughters of Eve, be think thee, *Ah! se Ver-ror l'in gom-bra, o figlia di Eva, i ra-i.*

Ah, 'mid the shades of error, Daughters of Eve, be think thee, *Ah! se Ver-ror l'in gom-bra, o figlia di Eva, i ra-i.*

---

**Piano.**

*Andante. d = 76.*

---

Not to a shadow link thee, Not to the joys that fade; Turn unto visions *pres so-nomir, ve drai; che un'ombra un sonno.*

Not to a shadow link thee, Not to the joys that fade; Turn unto visions *pres so-nomir, ve drai; che un'ombra un sonno.*

---

**Count, sotto voce.**

*No, no, I swear thou shalt be non men un.*

**Ferrando (hidden amongst the trees), sotto voce.**

Be ware, be ware, *Cor rag-gio, ar-dir!*

---

**Fai ret, Where hope is ne'er betrayed.**

*Om-bra la gme di quag-gia!*

---

**Followers of the Count. (hidden behind the trees.)**

*Cor rag-gio, ar-dir!*

---

mine, though heav'n it - self should give a
Dio ra - pi - ri a me, ra - pi - ri a me!
the sound of pray'r is on the air,
si com-pia il suo, il suo vo - ler! Voci Sole.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No, no, I swear
No, no, non pub
ten shall be mine,
nummen un
Dio
The' heav'n it self, should give a
ra-pir-ti a me,
ra-pir-ti a

Beware, beware,
Co-rag gio, ar-dir!
the voice of pray'r
si compia il suo,
is on the air!
il suo vo-ler!

Beware, beware,
Co-rag gio, ar-dir!
the voice of pray'r
si compia il suo,
is on the air!
il suo vo-ler!

Beware, beware,
Co-rag gio, ar-dir!
the voice of pray'r
si compia il suo,
is on the air!
il suo vo-ler!

Beware, beware,
Co-rag gio, ar-dir!
the voice of pray'r
si compia il suo,
is in the air,
il suo vo-ler!

Ne'er
Al
shall
temp-tato
ciel
ti vol

Ne'er
Al
shall
temp-tato
ciel
ti vol

Beware, beware,
Corag gio, ar-dir!
the voice of pray'r
si compia il suo,
is in the air,
il suo vo-ler!

Beware, beware,
Corag gio, ar-dir!
the voice of pray'r
si compia il suo,
is in the air,
il suo vo-ler!

Beware, beware,
Corag gio, ar-dir!
the voice of pray'r
si compia il suo,
is in the air,
il suo vo-ler!

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Beware, be-ware, be-ware, cor-rag-gio, ar-dir!
the voice of pray'r

sign, No, no, I swear
me! Dio

No, no, non pub
nem-men

thou shalt be

me mine,
as ra-pir-ti a

sign, no, no, I swear

thou shalt be

mine,

self

should give a

sign, no, no, I swear

thou shalt be

mine,

is on the air,

il suo vo-ter!

yes here will thy

earth
teco,

ly sor-rows

si schiu-

de-

si

is on the air,

il suo vo-ter!

yes here will thy

earth
teco,

ly sor-rows

si schiu-

de-

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
though heav'n itself should give a sign.
no, no, non puh ra - gite ti a me!

pray r dir!
is on the air, dir!

cease, ra
thy sor rows cease.

cease, ra thy sor rows cease.

pray r dir!
is on the air, dir!

pray r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!

prai r dir!
is on the air, dir!
Andante. (f — 60.)

kind-ness! this parting for me re-gret not, no joy, no fa-ture is left to

me! I turn to Him who a-lone can dry the

mourn-er's tears of sor-row, and when my days of grief are

o-ver, Mer-cy o-ter-nal may guide my weary spir-it yet to meet him a-

gain. Weep not, I pray thee, let us haste to the al-tar. (turning to go.)

dr. Ter-ge-te ra-i, e gui-da- te mi all a-ra.

Count. (suddenly interrupting her)

No, re-

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
Help, oh Heav'n!
Inez.  
Gius - sto cie - l!

The Count!
Il Con - te!
Oh vile pro -
Co - tan - to ar -
main!

This sa - cri-lege thou da - rest?
In-sa-no! e qui ve - ni - ni - ti;
Fan - eness!
- di - a!

For mine I claim thee,
A far - ë mi - ni - a,

Chorus.
Followers of the Count.
Ah!

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No 15.

"CAN I BELIEVE THE VISION BLEST."

Andante mosso. ($\frac{3}{4} = 76$)

LEONORA, con tutta forza di sentimento.

Voice.

Can I believe the vision blest, And art thou here be
come! Or is't a dream of ecstasy, What angel here did
guide thee? Such rapture is too great to bear, 'Tis joy and ter-
can to? Non regge a tanto: gioi lo rapito il cor, cor

Piano.

Brill. Colla parte.

...blended! From heav'n art thou descended, Or am I there with
pre-so! 'Tis true, the sky did descend, Or am I there with

Verdi's "II Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Thus from the shades of death art thou return'd for my un

No! m'ebbe il ciel, né l'or caso not my prize from pur

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Oh in hea'n, in hea'n, am I then with
Oh in ciel, in ciel am I then with

Oh in hea'n, in hea'n, I then with
Oh in ciel, in ciel I then with

Thou, thou hast fall'n, but for misguided pity that repining!
If till this hour thy life is spared, my lord

Leonora.

Thy treach'rous dagger yet may
My

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
dare thee! Eter nal hate I swear thee. She's mine by heav'n's decree, yes, she is mine by heav'n's decree, lorn! magli empi un Dio con fon de! quel Dio socio se a me, e si, quel Dio socio se a me.

-feat thee, If ere again I meet thee, That day thy death shall see, Ah yes, that day thy death shall see sta-mi, se vi-ri e vi-ver bru-mi, fug-gi da lei, da me, fug-gi da lei, fug-gi da me.


Leonora.

Can I, can I believe that this is not a dream of co-sta-si, un so-gno un' e sta-si, un so-gno un' e sta-si.

Inez.

The heav'n in whom thy heart con

Troubadour.

E-tor-nal hatred here I ma gli empi un Dio on Dio con

Count.

Thou traitor, if again I meet thee, I have vow'd that thy death that day shall Se vi-ri e vi-ver, vi-ver bru-mi, fug-gi, fug-gi da lei, da lei, da lei, da lei.

Ferrando. (to Count.)

She hath in heav'n con-fi ded, and heav'n it self now hath rescued her from Tu col de- stin con-tra siti: suo di-fon sor suo di-fon so-re e-gli

Chorus of Nuns. (to Leonora.)

The heav'n in whom thy heart con

Followers of the Count.

She hath in heav'n, yes, in heav'n con

Chorus.

She hath in heav'n, yes, in heav'n con

Wood and Strings, PP
dolce.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
- cy, can I, can I believe that this is not a dream of es-
- ti, e - qua - ston so - gno, un so - gno, un e - sta-
- ti, un so - gno, un e - sta-

-fa - ded, sent him here to set thee
-da - sti ah pie - ta - de a - ve a di

swear then, She's mine, she's mine by heav'n's de-
- fon - de! quem Dio soc - corse, soc - cor - se a

be. Thou traitor if again I meet thee, I have vow'd that thy death that day shall
me, se vi - vi e vi - ver, vi - ver bra - mi, fug - gi, fug - gi, da lei, da lei, da

thee, She hath in heav'n con - fi - ded, and heav'n it - self now hath rescued her from
e, tu col des - tia con - tra - sti, suo di - fea - sor, suo di-fea-sor-re e - ali

-fi - ded, sent him here to set thee
-da - sti ah pie - ta - de a - ve a di

-fi - ded, and kind heav'n hath set her
-tra - sti; suo di - fen - so re

-fi - ded, and kind heav'n hath set her
-tra - sti; suo di - fen - so re

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
ven, art thou from heav’n descended, from heav’n, or I, or I in heav’n, or

lo, sei tu dal ciel di-sc-eso, dal ciel, o in ciel son io, o in ciel son

whom thy heart con-fides sent
ta de ave di te, pie

cree, she’s mine by heav-en’s de-

me, quel Dio soc-cor-se a

tor, if e’er I meet thee, on that

mi, se vi-ver bra-ni, fog-gi,

heav’n it-self hath res-cued her, hath
col de-stin con-tras-ti, su-

whom thy heart con-fides, sent him to
ta de ave di te, pie ta de a-

hath in heav’n con-fi-ded, and kind
col de-stin con-tras-ti su-

hath in heav’n con-fi-ded, and kind
col de-stin con-tras-ti su-

I in heav'n, or I in heav'n with thee? Can I, can I believe that

I, o in ciel, o in ciel son io con te e quest'an so-gno, un so-gno un'

him to set thee free, the heav'n in

dei a-ve a di te, il cie-lo in

cree, by heav'n's decree, Eternal

me, soc-cor-se a me, ma-gi em-pi-un

day thy death shall be, Thon traitor, if again I

fug-gi da lei, da me se vi-vi e vi-ver, vi-ver

res-cned her from thee, She hath in heav'n confi-

di-fon-so-re egl'-e, tu col de-stin con-tra-

set thee free, the heav'n in

di-te, il cie-lo in

heav'n hath set her free, She hath in

di-fon-so-re egl'-e, tu col de-

heav'n hath set her free, She hath in

di-fon-so-re egl'-e, tu col de-

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
this is not a dream of ecsta- cy, Can I, can I, be-lieve that
e-sta- ei, un so-gno, un' e-sta- ei, è que-sto un so-gno, un so-gno un

whom thy heart con-fi-ded, sent him
cui, in cui fi-da-sti eh pie-

ha-tred here I swear this! She's mine, she's
 Dio, un Dio con-fon-de! quel Dio soc-

meet thee, I have vow'd that thy death that day shall be, Thou traitor, if a-gain I
bra-mi, fug-gi, fa-gi da lei, da lei, da me, se vi-e vi-er, vi-er

-ded, and heav'n it-self now hath res-cued her from thee, She hath in heav'n con-fi-
sti, suo di-fen-sor, suo di-fen-so-re-gli è, tu col de-stin con-tras-

whom thy heart con-fi-ded sent him
cui, in cui fi-da-sti ah pie-

heav'n, yes, in heav'n con-di-ded and kind
-stin, col de-stin con-tra-sti, su-o

heav'n, yes, in heav'n con-fi-ded and kind
-stin, col de-stin con-tra-sti su-o

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
this is not a dream of ecsta-sy? Art thou from hea-
e-sta-si, un so-gno,un'e-sta-si? sei tu dal ciel-
here to set thee free. The

ta-de-ve a di-te,

mine by heav'n's de-
cree, Yes, she is

cor-so soc-cor-se a me,
soc-cor-se a

meet thee, I have vow'd that thy desti-
bra-mi, fog-gi, fog-gi da iei, da iei, da me, se ei-ver bra-
ded, and heav'n it-self now hath rescued her from thee. Ah

seti, suo di-fon-sor, suo di-fon-so-re e-gli è,

here to set thee free. The

ta-de-ve a di-te,

heav'n hath set her free. Ah

di-fon-so-re è,

heav'n hath set her free. Ah

di-fon-so-re è,
Verdi's "I Trovatore."—Novello's Sons and Co.'s Octavo Edition.

Yes, she hath a heart so true,
In whom thy heart doth dwell?

Yes, she's mine, my dear, mine,
By heaven! while ever thou, girl, art true,

She hath a heart so true,
In whom thy heart doth dwell?

Yes, she's mine, my dear, mine,
By heaven! while ever thou, girl, art true,

She hath a heart so true,
In whom thy heart doth dwell?

Yes, she's mine, my dear, mine,
By heaven! while ever thou, girl, art true,
dim.

heav'n, or I, or I, in heav'n, or I in heav'n, or I in heav'n with

fides, sent him to set thee
tes, pie ta de a ve a
di

heaven's decree, by heav'n's decree

cor se a me, soc-cor se a

meet thee, on that day thy death shall

bra mi, fug gi, fug gi da lei, da

res cued her, hath res cued her from

tra stati, su o di fen so re egit

fides, sent him to set thee
tes, pie ta de a ve a
di

fi ded, and kind heav'n hath set her

tra stati, su o di fen so re egit

fi ded, and kind heav'n hath set her

tra stati, su o di fen so re egit

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
FOLLOWERS OF THE TROUBADOUR.

Troubadour.

Verdi's "I Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Facsimile Edition.
Count, (with furious gestures.)

(He draws his sword.)

She shall come but with me! Go! Thou art overpow'rd!

Followers of the Troubadour.

Followers of the Count.

Vocalis "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Leonora.

Dream of heaven,
Mut-ter-ri-sce!
Ah! ah!

Inez.

Ah!
Ah!
He’s sent by

Troubadour.

Let me lead thee,
Fia sup-plizio,
Mine, thou art

Inez.

Come then,
Come then,
Come, lead us

Count.

Heart,
but I will be re-veng’d,
yes, I will be re-veng’d,

Ferrando to Count.

Leave them,
leave them,
By heav’n it

Chorus of Nuns.

Ah!
Ah!
He’s sent by

Followers of the Troubadour.

Come then,
come then,
come, lead us

Come then,
come then,
come, lead us

Followers of the Count.

Leave them,
leave them,
By heav’n it

Leave them,
leave them,
By heav’n it

dream of heaven!

Art thou from heaven descended, or am I there with

mine, mine, by heaven's decree.

on, thou our captain shall be.

yes, I will be reveng'd.

self, she is rescued from thee.

heaven to set thee free.

on, thou our captain shall be.

self, she is rescued from thee.

self, she is rescued from thee.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Ah, yes, to set thee free.

Yes, mine by heav'n doth croe.

Thou our captain shall be.

Yes, I will be avenged.

By heav'n rescued from thee.

Ah, yes, to set thee free.

Thou our captain shall be.

Thou our captain shall be.

By heav'n rescued from thee.

By heav'n rescued from thee.

By heav'n rescued from thee.

PART III. (THE GIPSY'S SON.)

No. 16. Chorus of Soldiers.—"NOW THE DICE INVITE OUR LEISURE!"

Scene.—The Camp. At the right the Count's tent, with a banner floating at the top, in token of command. In the distance the towers of Castellor.

Piano. \( j = 92. \)

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition. (133.)
All the Soldiers.

Then our res-pite must be o' er. With de-lay none shall as-pere us, Up, and
Han l'a-spet-to del va-lor! Più l'as-sal-to ri-tar-da-to or non

van-qui.sh Cas- tel-lor, With de-lay none shall as-pere us, Up, and van-qui.sh Cas- tel-
la di Cas-tel-lor, più l'as-sal-to ri-tar-da-to or non fi.a di Cas-te-

verdi's "il trovatore."—novello, ewer and co.'s octavo edition.
Villon's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
grandioso.

Claraons blow-ing and bu-gles re-sound-ing, Call us forth to the fight and to
Squil - li, e che - g ga la trom - ba guer - re - ra, cha - mi all’ ar - mi, al - ta pu - gna, all’ as -
Ferrando, coi basi.

Allegro moderato maestoso. (d’ 96)

Deus and Strings piano.

sul - to, fi - a do - ma - ni la no - stra ban-die - ra di quot mer - ri pian-ta - ta sull’

sul - to, fi - a do - ma - ni la no - stra ban-die - ra di quot mer - ri pian-ta - ta sull’

sto - ry. On those ram-parts our flag shall be wa - ving, Ere the dark - ness hath mel - ted to
al - to. No, pian-mai non sor - ri - ze vie - to - rio di più lie - te sper-an - ze fi -

sto - ry. On those ram-parts our flag shall be wa - ving, Ere the dark - ness hath mel - ted to
al - to. No, pian-mai non sor - ri - ze vie - to - rio di più lie - te sper-an - ze fi -

morn, Grant, oh For-tune the boon we are crav-ing and with lau - rels our hel - mets a - dorn thou.

morn, Grant, oh For-tune the boon we are crav-ing and with lau - rels our hel - mets a - dorn thou.

Grant us, oh Fortune, oh Fortune grant the boon,

Call us forth to the fight and to
Squill li, e-cheg gi la trom ba, guer-rie-ra, chia-mi all’ar mi, ai la pu-gna all’as-

Clariions blowing and bugles resounding, Call us forth to the fight and to
Squill li, e-cheg gi la trom ba, guer-rie-ra, chia-mi all’ar mi, ai la pu-gna all’as-

Glo-ry, Yonder are laurels and treasure abounding, Let us
Sal ta:
Glo-ry, Yonder are laurels and treasure abounding, Let us
Sal ta:

win, and be famous in story, On those ramparts our flag shall be waving, Ere the
No, giam-mai non sor-rì-se vito-ria di più

Veni's "II Trovatore."—Novello Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
verdi's "il trovatore."—novello, ewer and co.'s octavo edition.
Oh, Fortune, Fortune grant the boon,

On those ramparts of our flag
Shall be victorious the

earthly host, units in common. Oh, Fortune, Fortune grant thee

sun.
darkness hath melted to morn.

Grant, oh Fortune, the

lie - te spe - ran - ze fi - nor!

Boon, we are craving, and with lau - rels our hel - mets a - dorn.

Oh grant us the

spect - ta e la glo - ria, l - vi o - pi - mi la pre - da e l'o - nor,

boon, we are craving, and with lau - rels our hel - mets a - dorn.

Oh grant us the

spect - ta e la glo - ria, l - vi o - pi - mi la pre - da e l'o - nor,

boon, we are craving, and with lau - rels our hel - mets a - dorn.

Oh grant us the

spect - ta e la glo - ria, l - vi o - pi - mi la pre - da e l'o - nor,

boon, we are craving, and with lau - rels our hel - mets a - dorn.

Oh grant us the

spect - ta e la glo - ria, l - vi o - pi - mi la pre - da e l'o - nor,

boon, we are craving, and with lau - rels our hel - mets a - dorn.

Oh grant us the

spect - ta e la glo - ria, l - vi o - pi - mi la pre - da e l'o - nor,

boon, we are craving, and with lau - rels our hel - mets a - dorn.

Oh grant us the

spect - ta e la glo - ria, l - vi o - pi - mi la pre - da e l'o - nor,

boon, we are craving, and with lau - rels our hel - mets a - dorn.

Oh grant us the

spect - ta e la glo - ria, l - vi o - pi - mi la pre - da e l'o - nor,

boon, we are craving, and with lau - rels our hel - mets a - dorn.

Oh grant us the

spect - ta e la glo - ria, l - vi o - pi - mi la pre - da e l'o - nor,
No. 17. Recitative and Trio.—"There my days obscurely glided"

COUNT.

With in my rival's arms, Oh thought of torment! 'Tis a demon e'er pur-
In braccio al mio rival, Que sto pensiero come per se cur-

Piano.

-suing me, 'tis rage and distraction. Within my rival's arms! But vengeance I will yet take up-
-de-noue o-vuo que m'in se-gue In braccio al mio rival Na cor ro, sor-ta appa-na l'au-

- on him, my love I'll ne'er relinquish.
- ro ra, io cor ro a se pa-rar ri.

(Enter Ferrando.) (a confused noise is heard.)

FERRANDO.

A-bout the camp the soldiers spied a wand'ring
D'appresso al cam po s'ag-gira va

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
spy sent by the enemy to watch us, and she's here. As a pris'ner! A pris'ner. By thy com-

mand? No; 'tis the cap-tain of the guard, who sends her for judgment.

There she comes! Have mer - cy! oh, re-

CHORUS. Come on thou sor - c'ress, come for - ward. Come for - ward!

lease me. Ah, cru - el mon - sters! What have I done ye? Release

the sor - c'ress!
**Azucena**

(Azucena is led before the Count.)

**Count.**

*Be-ple, I charge thee, on peril of thy life: Ask me. Where's thy home?*

123

**Azucena.**

*Ah me rispon di e tremo dal men-tir.**

**Count.**

*Ask me. Where's thy home?* (Adagio. \( d = 32 \))

**Azucena.**

*Tis the custom of the gip-sy to be roaming for mor-ver sen-zà di-

**Count.**

*Not here. Where? Chie-di. O-ve ever, in ev-ry elme a stran-ger; The ca-no-py of heav'n to be roaming for

**Azucena.**

*Not so. Che?* (Piu' na zin-qua \( d = 58 \))

**Count.**

*Il pas-so va-ga-bon-do,* ed è suo let-to il ciel, sua pa-tria il

**Azucena.**

*E vie-ni! Da Bi-sca-glia, o-ve fa-no-ra le ste-ri-li mon-ta-gne eb-bia ri-

**Count.**

*Home-stead. Whence art thou? I'm from Bisca-y. There till of late, mid its bare and lonely mountains we have a mon-do.*

**Count.**

*Bi-ded. (She's from Bis-cay!) (Oh, wonder!) fear-ful sus-pi-cion!*
AZUCENA. Con espressione.

There my days ob-scurely
gli-ded, Nought to cheer me,

Andante mosso. (J=120.)

nought to grieve me,
Heav'n to me a son con-fi-ded,

lovd! oh, why did he leave me!
My des-pair, lone and for-sa-

ken Sought the road my son had tak-en.
Him I seek wher-e'er I

wan-der, But for him this life I prize. Oh, in peace let

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
me no yonder. Oh, a mother's prayer. Oh, a mother's provoca- mo- re, qual per caso provo-a mo- re ma- dre en

Ferrando.

prayer do not despise. (Those the features.)

Say, how long among the
tera non pro- vo, (It suo vol-to!)

Count.

Di, tra-e-sti lan-ga e

Azucena.

mountains hast thou wandered? All my days. Dost thou re-member,
ta de quaet mon- ti? Lun- ga, si. Rannen-te-re-sti

Count.

there a-bouts, that a young in-fant, fif-teen years a-go, was sto-len,
un fancial, pro-le di con- ti, fu- vo- la- to al suo ca-stel-le,

Azucena.

Art thou—cans't thou be?

from a no-ble, and car- ried thither?
son tro la- stri, e trat- to qui- vi?

Verdi's "II Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
(Ah !) FERRANDO.

in-fant was my bro-ther. (Yes.)

tel-lo del ri-pi-to.

allegro.

Know it? I? The tale con-cems not

no... Con-ce-di che del

me. Good sir, dis-miss me. (A-last)

(fasto) per meto

(Oh! nob !)

Stay, and an-swer. Be-hold the wo-man

Re-sto, vi qua... Tu ve-di chi fin-

(f' Allegro, [f = 88])

vile who that foul crime hath per-tras-te-d! This

fi-me or ri-bil o- pra con-met-te-a! Fi

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Azucena. (aside to Ferrando.) Ferrando. (aloud.)

wo-man? This sor-cress! Si-lence! This witch it was who

burnt thy bro-ther! Ah! mur-de-ress! He says

She's a mur-d'ress! El-la stes-la!

false-ly! Thy er-ine this in-stant shall be pun-ish'd! Oh! Blind

tiu de-sti-no or non fui-gi. Deh! Quei

(The guards, obey.)

fes-ta! Yet her fet-ter! Oh heav-en, have mer-cy!

Vercelli's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Where art thou, oh my son Manrico? Oh re-

Howl, thou witch!

Howl, thou witch!

Strings only.

-lease me from these tyrants! Aid thy most un-

mi- o! non soc-cor- ri all' in-

She the

mo-

ther of Manri-co?

And fast with-

Ferrando.

Trem-ble!

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
brother now at last is known. None other. But thou. art guilty! be-ware. thou

And greater torments yet a-wait Thy soul with crime be-nigh-

Oh, tyrants, loose these sor-cerers. On thee my vengeance shall fall! This gipsy is the
ted, thy soul with crime be-nigh-

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
The murderess of my brother,
Me colli fra-ter-no ce-ne-re,
The demons of infernal wrath,
I-vi pe-na-rc ed ar-de-re,
----

The murderess of my brother,
Me colli fra-ter-no ce-ne-re,
The demons of infernal wrath,
I-vi pe-na-rc ed ar-de-re.

Be-sane thou sorceress vile,
pie-ra ven-det-ta a-vrà.

Through thee, through
ven-det-ta a

Ferrando,

To endless fire,
Fal-ma do-vrà.
pi - ty ing God,  
His wrath  
on thee shall fall,  
tremble,  

mi - se - ry,  
v's Dio  
pe - mi - se - ry.  

thee,  
bra,  
'll be re - veng'd,  
re - veng'd on him.  

to end - less fire,  
'th' spi - rit call,  
The de - mons of in - fer - nal  

$t$he ma do - vra,  
t'al ma do - vra,  
t'i - vi pe - nar, pe - nar ed  

there  
is a pi - ty ing God,  
His wrath  
on thee shall  

Dio o,  
e Dio  
ti pu - ni -

Yes, now 'tis known, it  
is known thou'rt guil - ty,  
sor - ce - res be - ware, thou'rt guilty, sor - ce - res be - me - co il fra - ter - no  
ce - ne - re pie - na  
ven - det - ta a - vra i si  
pi - na ven - det - ta a - 

wraith. To end - less fire thy spi - rit call, the de - mons of in - fer - nal wrath to end - less fire thy spi - rit  
ar - de - re t' a - ni - ma tua do - vra,  
t'i - vi pe - nar, pe - nar ed  
ar - de - re t'a - ni - ma tua do - 

spi - ri - ti call, the de - mons of in - fer - nal wrath to end - less fire thy spi - rit  
sar do - vra,  
t'i - vi pe - nar, pe - nar ed  
sar ar - de - re t'a - ni - ma tua do - 

spi - ri - ti call, the de - mons of in - fer - nal wrath to end - less fire thy spi - rit  
sar do - vra,  
t'i - vi pe - nar, pe - nar ed  
sar ar - de - re t'a - ni - ma tua do -

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
His wrath shall fall, shall fall, shall

- ware, thou sor - co - res be - ware, ah, now be - ware, yes, be -
- er, pie - na ven - det - ta a - er, ah, now be - ware, yes, be -

call, thy im - pious spi - rit call, to endless fire thy spi - rit

call, thy im - pious spi - rit call, ah, yes, ah,

call, thy im - pious spi - rit call, to endless fire thy spi - rit

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
fall, there is a pitying God, and His wrath on thee shall fall, His

ware, thou guilty sor - cress be - ware, thou sor - ce - ress be - ware, thou

call, to endless fire thy spir - it call, thy im - pious spir - it call, thy

yes, to endless fire thy spir - it call, thy im - pious spir - it call, thy

call, to endless fire thy spir - it call, thy im - pious spir - it call, thy

wrath shall fall, His wrath shall fall, ah yes, His wrath on thee shall fall,

sor - ce - ress be - ware, thou sor - ce - ress be - ware, thou guilty sor - ce - ress be - ware!

im - pious spir - it call, thy im - pious spir - it call, to endless fire thy spir - it call!

spri - tit call, thy spir - tit call, to endless fire thy spir - it call!

spri - tit call, thy spir - tit call, to endless fire thy spir - it call!

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
At a sign from the Count, Azucena is led off by the Guards, while he enters his tent, followed by Ferrando.

No. 18. Recitativo and Air.—"Oh come, let links eternal bind."

A Hall in Castellor, a window at the back.

Allegro assai vivo. \( \text{\( \frac{3}{4} \)} = 88. \)

Piano.

Allegro. Leonora.

Doth the cha-mour of war e'en here pur-sue us?

Qua-le d'ar-mi fra-gor poe al-zia-te et?

Al-tor il pa-rì glio—Va-no dia ri-nu-lar lo

from thee! Daylight will see the foe at our gates, to re-take them.

A-las, what turmoil! Fear thou not, for our fo-ra! Al-la no-vel-la as-so-li ti sa-re mo.

Ahimè! che di et? Alà de' no-stri ne-

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
troops will be victorious. They are brave and full of zeal, and I shall lead them.

Go, Ruiz.

Go, thou, prepare the soldiers for a stormy encounter. Let all be ready. I soon shall follow.

Oh what gloomy presage... on our espousal darkness! Cast away thoughts of sorrow, oh, my belov'd one! How can I? The love that hath united our hearts forever shall sustain and inspire us.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Manrico. con espress.

Oh come, let links e-ter-nal bind the vows we fond-ly

Adagio. (d = 50.)

Strings

pliè-ted, My soul is strong to dare ev'-ry foe, with thee u-

sor-rect, a-ro, piì l'al-ma in-tre-pi-da, il bruc-
cia a-rov più

con dolore.

for-té, And if upon the scroll of fate, My name hath been re-

for-té, Ma pur, nel-la pa-gi-na cor. de' miei di-sit - ni

cor-ded, As one of those who fall to-day, 'Twas thy dear fate I

ser-ti-to, el'io re-sti fra le vit-te-me, dal for-ro e-still tra

dim.

guar-ded, Ah yes, if I must fall to-day, 'twas thy dear fate I guar-
ded, My dy-ing breath shall

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
fly to thee, And hear my fond and last farewell, Beyond the sky I

wait for thee, While thou on earth dost dwell, My dying breath shall

fly to thee, And bear my fond and last farewell, Beyond the sky I

wait for thee, While thou on earth dost dwell, beyond the sky I wait for

Verdi's "II Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Leonora.

Dwell. 

Allegro. (P = 80.)

Organ in a Chapel close at hand. pp

Harmony, Mystery, Temple's mystical

Summons us to the shrine.

Doth summon us before the shrine.

Oh come, renew thy pledged vow, And for ever be mine, Oh come, renew thy pledged vow, and for ever be

Manrico.

Pie ni, ci schiudeti tempio gio je di casto a.

Cori

Renew thy pledged vow, And for ever be

mine, Oh come, renew thy pledged vow, and for ever be

mor. Vie ni, ci schiude il tempio gio je di casto a.

mine, mor.

Verdi's "I Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
mine, Ah! yes, be for ever mine, Ah! yes, be for ever

mine, Ah! yes, be for ever mine, Ah! yes, be for ever

mine, Ah! yes, be for ever mine, Ah! yes, be for ever

mine, Ah! yes, be for ever mine, Ah! yes, be for ever

mine, Ah! yes, be for ever mine, Ah! yes, be for ever

mine, Ah! yes, be for ever mine, Ah! yes, be for ever

mine, Ah! yes, be for ever mine, Ah! yes, be for ever

mine, Ah! yes, be for ever mine, Ah! yes, be for ever

mine, Ah! yes, be for ever mine, Ah! yes, be for ever

mine, Ah! yes, be for ever mine, Ah! yes, be for ever

mine, Ah! yes, be for ever mine, Ah! yes, be for ever

Verdi's "Il Trovatore"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Ben ses—doia my faithfu Ruiz, call out an armed band, fly,

Cor & Fag.

(Exit Ruiz in haste.)

fly, has-ten, has-ten!

VA tor-na vo-la!

(Tremble, ye tyrants, I will chase—)

Allegro. \( \text{d} = 100 \)

4 Corn, Viola & 2nd Violin.


Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello Ewer, and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Yes, by that burning pile, My wrath do raise'd !

flies ye, Your blood I'll scatter where it hath...
Trem-ble, ye tyrants,
Di quel la pi-ra

I will chastise ye,
For-ven-do fu-co
tut-te le pi-bre

Yes, by that burning pile,
Em-fi,
spe-gne-te-la

My wrath defies ye,
O chio fra po-co
col sun - gne vo-stro

where it hath blazed!
She was my mo-ther ere I a-

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Poco più vivo.   Ruiz returns with Soldiers.
Ruiz with Tenors.

Vivace. Com - mand us, we fol - low, we will o - bey
All' ar - mi! All' ar - mi! All' ar - mi! at ar...
Manrico.

Fare well, beloved one!
Ma-dre in-fi-lco!

thee! Com-mand us, we fol-low, we will o-bey.

All ar-mi! All ar-mi, all ar-mi all ar-mi!

thee! Com-mand us, we fol-low, we will o-bey.

My wret-ched mo-ther, I'll ne-ver for-

Cor-ro a sal-var-ti, o te co al-

thee! Lead us to ven-geance, She

Ee-co ne pre-sti a-

thee! Lead us to ven-geance, She

Dance, I'll ne-ver for-sake, ne-VER for-

Men, o te co al men cor-ro a mo-

shall not die by the fell ty ran-ti's

Guar-te-co, o te co a mo-

shall not die by the fell ty ran-ti's

Guar-te-co, o te co a mo-

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
My wretched mother, I'll never forsake, I'll
Corro a salvar ti, o te co al men, o
thee, mi! Lead us to vengeance, She shall not
thee, mi! Lead us to vengeance, She shall not
Verdi's "II Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.

(Exit Manrico in haste, followed by Ruis and the Soldiers, amid a din of arms, the trumpet calling to battle.)
PART IV. (THE TORTURE.)

No. 19.  Recitative and Aria.—"LOVE, FLY ON ROSY PINIONS."

A wing of the Palace of Aliaferia; on one side a tower with casements, secured by iron bars. Dark night.

Adagio $= 60.$

(Enter Leonora and Ruiz enveloped in cloaks.)

Leonora.

Why fear for Ti-mo-r di

Ruiz (in a whisper.)

No further; that is the to-mer, with-in whose dungs pri-so-ners groan un-Slan gian-til; ec-co la tor-re, o-ve di sta-to ge-mo-no i pri-der

Leonora.

Said the happy, when here they bore him. Leave me, say no more. Here I would awhile be

(Ruiz retires.)

lone-ly, who knows but I may save him!

Verdi's "Il trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—152.
me? my safe-guard, ev-er I have thee near me.
me? Si-cu-ra, pre-sta la mia di-fe-sa!

The night is dark and threat'ning, and here I wan-der near thy dungeon, oh my be-lov'd one,
Ye sigh-ing
In quest'o-seu-ra notte, ran-vol-ta, press-o a te son' ì-o, e tu nol sa-i, G-e-mente

bree-zen, I hear la-men-ting, oh fly and tell him, oh fly and
au-ra che in-tor-no spi-ri, deh, pi-e-to-sa, deh, pi-e-

tell him his love doth near him lin-
-ger!
-to-sa gli ar-re-sa i miei so-spi-
-ri!

pp con express:

Love, fly on ro-
-sy pi-
nions, Float in a dream
D'a-mor sull'a-
-li ro-se-e van-ne, so-spir do-

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Round him; bear to the captive some repose, Ah, with thy spell surround him, A
lassen te; del pri-gio-nie-ro mi-so-ro con for-ta l'eg-ra-men-te, com'

breath of hope, oh send... thou, His lone-ly hours at- tend... thou, In
au-ra di epe-ron-za a-leg-gia la quet-a stan-za, le

mo-men-ty, oh waft... him The vi-sions of our
de-sta al-le me-mo-ri-vi, ai so-gni, ai so-gni

dolce secondando il canto.

kap-py days, but tell him not, tell him not my heart will break If
dell' a-mor, ma, deh! non di-r- gli im-pro-ti-do le pe-ne, le

fate ever-more our hope betrays, tell him not... my
pe-ne, le pe-ne del mio cor, deh! non di-r... gli im-

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
Andante assai sostenuto.

J = 54.

Tenors.

1st. mezza voce.

Pray that peace may attend a soul departing, Whither no care or thought of earth can follow; Heavenly mercy always the pangs of tenza che non ha risorridere; Mi so re re di lei, bon ta di

Tenors. 2nd. mezza voce.

Pray that peace may attend a soul departing, Whither no care or thought of earth can follow; Heavenly mercy always the pangs of tenza che non ha risorridere; Mi so re re di lei, bon ta di

(Tenors, 1st, mezza voce.)

Pray that peace may attend a soul departing, Whither no care or thought of earth can follow; Heavenly mercy always the pangs of tenza che non ha risorridere; Mi so re re di lei, bon ta di

Andante assai sostenuto.

Care or thought of earth can follow; Heavenly mercy always the pangs of tenza che non ha risorridere; Mi so re re di lei, bon ta di

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Air, New horror assail me, my senses are straying, My vision is dim, is it death that is near? Ah is it death, is it death that is near? Ah! send thy beams, Ah! send thy beams, Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Oh heav'n!
Oh! ciel!

Pray for me, and when, at length, I leave you, adieu. "Leo-nor, ah! I leave you."

I am distracted!
Sen-to man-car-mi!

Pray that peace may attend a soul departing. Where no more tears shall fall on you, you shall not share the tears, but rather the comfort of the world.

Strings.

Care or thought of earth can follow; Heavenly mercy lays the pangs of parting. Look up, be-tenza, che non ha re-torno; mi se-re-re di lei, ben-ta di vi-na; pre-da non

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ever and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Oh night full of Sull' er - ri - da

Leonora.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
heaven have mercy
mi - se - re - re!

(bold)

his doom is impending.
We meet not again
until his death-knell

heaven have mercy
mi - se - re - re!

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
'tis not till death do us part, but on thy spirit's | dim.

Though here on earth we say | Thou wilt remember | non ti scordar di me.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
ver-mor's I'm thine, For-get thee can I ne-ver! I'm thine, We part but not for e-ver, Though here on earth we

on thy spi-rit, Heav'n, have mer-cy.

on thy spi-rit, Heav'n, have mer-cy,

on thy spi-rit, Heav'n, have mer-cy,

I'm thine, I'm thine for e-ver, I'm thine for e-ver, I'm thine for e-ver,

on thy spi-rit, Heav'n, have mer-cy,

on thy spi-rit, Heav'n, have mer-cy,

on thy spi-rit, Heav'n, have mer-cy,


Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
I'm thine, Senor Caro. I'm thine, for ever, I'm thine, I'm thine, I'm thine, I'm thine, I'm thine, I'm thine, I'm thine, I'm thine, I'm thine, I'm thine, for ever, I'm thine, I'm thine, I'm thine, I'm thine, I'm thine, I'm thine, I'm thine, I'm thine.

On thy spirit, heav’n have mercy upon thee. On thy spirit, heav’n have mercy upon thee. On thy spirit, heav’n have mercy upon thee.

Leonora, a piacere.

Strings.

(sotto voce ed agitato,)

Thee I love with love eternal, Death it self shall not divide us, In this

Allegro agitato, (d = 116.)

hour of doom supernatural, that boon is not denied us; one more effort yet to save thee, and per chance with thee to fly, or I seal the love I gave thee, and with joy for thee I die, I'll seal the love I gave thee. With joy, with joy for thee I'll seal the love I gave thee. And with joy, with joy for thee I'll seal the love I gave thee.
Tu vortex che a morire mai del mio non fu pila forte vinse il

hour of doom supernatural. That one boon is not denied us. One more effort yet to
save thee, And per-chance with thee to fly. Or I seal the love I gave thee, And with
joy... for thee I die. I'll seal the love I gave... thee, With joy... with
tomba scende ró! con te per sem-pre u-ni-ta, si nel-la
tomba scende ró! O col pre^-zo di mia vi-te, la tua vi-ta sal-ve-
fly, Or the love... I gave... thee, I will seal... and for thee

Verdi's "Il Trovatore"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Ah, yes! with joy for thee, I die!

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Ah, yes! with con te, for thee, yes, with con te.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 20. 

RECIT. AND Duet.—"HERE, AT THY FEET, A SUPPLIANT."

SCENE.—A door opens from which enters the Count, followed by attendants; Leonora stands aside.

COUNT (to his attendants).

You mark me? When 'tis dawn on this spot be-head him. Burn at the stake his

Voice.

U-dile ste? Co-me al-teg-gi, la sce-re al-fio, ed al-la sua-dre il

Piano.

If I ex-cede the pow'r for life and

mo-ther, ro-go.

Strings.

justice the Prince to me con-fid-ed, 'tis love im-pels me, it is her fa-tal bea-uty!

pie-no in me trae mi-se il pren-ce? A tal vi tre-gi, de-mno per me fu-ne-sta!

And have I lost her!

O-vi-el la ma-2? Since Cas-tel-lor hath fall'n, of her no tidings have

reach'd me; in vain I've questioned, vain-ly have striv'n to find her! Ah, cru-el maid, where

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.

art thou? I'm here, be
dee! A te da
car die. Qual voce, thou here and wherefore?

Behold me. Midst strife and

Thou hast doomed him to
destru - tion, how canst thou ask me? The traitor

Ah! per - so I am come to ask for mer - cy! Go, thou art

Ah! Ah! to show pi - ty to my

Ah! to show pi - ty to my foe?

Move thou his

Move thou his

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
heart, oh heav’n, to mercy!

Nu-me, te Pe-spi-re...

No, nought shall move... me but vengeance, no

thought have I but vengeance, no thought have I but

det-ta sol mio Nu-me, ven-det-ta sol mio

Leonora,

Oh hear my pray’r, for pity I sue, oh hear my pray’r, for pity I


vengeance, ask me not! ask me

Nu-me, va! va! va! va! va!

Andante con moto. Leonora, (throws herself in despair at his feet.)

not! va!

Andante con moto. \( \text{d} = 88. \)

Strings.

suppliant, let my tears implore thee!

la - grie me ao, spar go al tuo pie de un ri o!

portando la voce,

If non ba sta il pian to? sve na mi,

My life blood I' ll pour be -

mi o Let me die, let me die,

sve na mi, sve na mi, ti be vi il san gue

Then tread up on my life less corse, But

harm not the Trou - ba-dour! sal va it Tro va - tor?

Sve Oh! would that with a thou sand deaths

Tromba Cor & Fag. Strings Cor. pp. & Bassi pizz.
I could prolong his anguish,
Even with the pangs that rend my heart,
Vor —
Est pentier seu sor —
Fui
Mit-te a — tro — ci
Spa — si — mi

Leonora

Let me die!
Sve — na — mi—

Thus I would have him languish;
I hate him the more thou lovest him. That
Tu — pi a — car sua mor — te —
Più Fa — mi e più ter — ri — bi — le di —

I will not endure,
I hate him the more thou lovest him. That...
Pa — ti mio fa — vor,
Più Fa — mi, e più ter — ri — bi — le di —

Leonora

Yes, tread upon my lifeless corse,
But love I will not endure.
Ca — pe — stia il mio ca — da — ve — re,
Il mio fu — vor!

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
...not the Troubadour!

Be hold me,

I hate him, the more thou lovest him,

That

...not endure, I hate him, the more thou lovest him,

Oh, let me implore thee, spare him, oh, deh!

love thee, spare him, oh, deh!

...not endure, I hate him, the more thou lovest him,

Oh, let me implore thee, spare him, oh, deh!

...not endure, I hate him, the more thou lovest him,

Oh, let me implore thee, spare him, oh, deh!

sparing thou, spare the Troubadour!
Oh, spare him,
Lo sal - va,
I'll not en - dure, I'll not en - dure.

Oh, spare him,
Lo sal - va,
Oh, spare him.
Yes, Cal -
hate him, the more thou lov - est him, that love I will not en - dure.
I'll not en - dure, I'll not en - dure.

Fur mossa. $= 104.$

 tread thou up on my life - less corse, but harm not the Trou - ba - dour!
Pe - sta il mio ca - da - re, ma sal - va il Tro - va - tor!
hate him, the more thou lov - est him, that love I will not en - dure!
La - ni, e più ter - ri - bi - le, di - vam - pa il mio fu - ror!

LEONORA. (The Count is going, but Leonora clings to him.) COUNC -

Hear me, Re - lease me, Mer - ey! Gra - zia!
Con - te, Nè ces - si?

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Count.

Nought up on earth can buy the traitor's freedom. Leave me now.

Leonora.

There is a price, one only, thou wilt not refuse it.

Strange thy words, thy speech.

(extends her hand to him, with grief.)

Myself! I offer thee my meaning, say?

Say'st thou sincerely?

Hand, thou hast my promise, unbar those gates and

Or am I dreaming?

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
to his dungeon lead me, And let me bear him tidings of freedom,
fra queste mura, che la vit-tima fugga,

And I'm thine, Oh swear it. I swear by heaven, who knows my inmost
es son tu-a. Lo giu-ra. Lo giu-ro a Dio che l'amata tutta

purposes! Ho there! O-ha!
(purpose! O-ba!

(I shall be thine, but mute, cold and lifeless.)
(M'hai ma fred-da, e sa-mi-spe-gia.)

Oh joy! he's sav'd, my bea-t'ning heart with thanks to heav'n's ear-
Fi-ve lo! Con-fen de il gia-bilo det-tu-a me. Si-

flow - eth, The pow - er that on high doth reign a - lone, my pur - pose

know - eth, Oh death, come on, I fear thee not, joy - ousl I a -

wait thee, I'll tell him with my dy - ling breath that through me he's

cor - re! Oh turn on me those beam - ing eyes, re - peat those words of hea - ven,

me! Oh turn on me those beam - ing eyes, re - peat those words of hea - ven,

Tell me I was not - dream - ing that thou thy faith hast gi - ven. She's mine, she's mine, oh

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
bliss divine, ah scarce can I believe it; joyously I receive it, tho
pe to do to do te! ah! I can scarce-ly believe it, tho
den do to do te! ah! I can scarce-ly believe it, tho

Leonora.

Oh joy! he’s sav’d, my bea-ting heart with thanks to heav’n o'er
flow eth. I’ll tell him with my dy- ing breath that through me he’s

Poco piu mosso,

sav’d! Ah, he is sav’d, ah, he is sav’d, ah!
can I be-lieve it, can I be-lieve it ah!

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co’s Octavo Edition.
Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Flow...n...th, I'll tell him with my dy...ing breath, y...ll...lie...r...ve it, I scarce be...lie...ve it, this u...

that through me... he's... sav'd, yes, I'll tell him he is sav'd, yes, I'll tell him he is 

boon for which I crav'd, ah the boon for which I crav'd, ah, the boon for which I 


they enter the tower.) sav'd, through me he's sav'd, through me he's sav'd! 

crav'd, for which I crav'd, for which I crav'd. 

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 21.  Finale iv.—Duet.—"YES, I WILL REST, FOR MY SOUL IS WEARY."

A gloomy dungeon, with a barred window; a door at the back, a dimly burning lamp hangs from the ceiling. Azucena repose on a rough pallet, Manrico seated near her.

Manrico.  Azucena.

Largo.  (\( \text{-} = 60 \))

Piano.

Manrico, Azucena.

Mo-th'er, thou'rt waking? Would that I could slum-ber, Vain-ly I close my wea-ry

chills thee. Ah! from out this tomb of the living would that we were in safe-ty! In this dungeon the for-ae? No! da que-sta tom-ba di vi-vi so-lo fug-gir vor-re-i, por-cibo sen-to il re-

Manrico.  Azucena.  (rising.)  Largo.

air I breathe doth choke me. A-la-s! Oh son, des-pair not; it is not

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Manrico.

AZUCENA.

Why not? with a veil of darkness, with cold and warning finger the hand of death is on me! When they find me, I shall be a corpse, motionless, I fear ye not. Oh Manrico.

AZUCENA.

Why not? with a veil of darkness, with cold and warning finger the hand of death is on me! When they find me, I shall be a corpse, motionless, I fear ye not. Oh Manrico.

AZUCENA.

Oh Manrico. (speaking.)

darkness, with cold and warning finger the hand of death is on me! When they find me, I shall be a corpse, motionless, I fear ye not. Oh Manrico.

AZUCENA.

Ah! When they find me, I shall be a corpse, motionless, I fear ye not. Oh Manrico.

AZUCENA.

Oh Manrico.

AZUCENA.

Oh Manrico.

Manrico.

AZUCENA.

azzurra luna.

Manrico.

Mother! Cessa!

Manrico.

Mother! Cessa!

Manrico.

Mother! Cessa!

Manrico.

Mother! Cessa!

Manrico.

Mother! Cessa!

Manrico.

Mother! Cessa!

Manrico.

Mother! Cessa!

Manrico.

Mother! Cessa!

Manrico.

Mother! Cessa!

Manrico.

Mother! Cessa!

Manrico.

Mother! Cessa!

Manrico.

Mother! Cessa!

Manrico.

Mother! Cessa!
Manrico.

There's no one, cast off thy

Azucena.

I hear them!

Il ro-go!...

The torture, the fire 'tis light-

tor-ures, there's no one, oh believe me.
cu-ra, al'cu-no, qui non volge.

Manrico.

Allegretto. \( \frac{d}{d} = 60. \)

Oh doom of ter-

go! pa-ra-la or-ren-da! oh ma-dre, oh ma-dre!

Allegretto. \( \frac{d}{d} = 60. \)

My mo-ther,

Un mo-ther,

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
did they not drag her from her dungeon, with

does and burn her! See, high up the flames are

ri-sing! Soaring above her head! Dost hear the scorching? Her frenzied cry at

parting, See, from their orbits starting, those sad eyes glist'ning with horror!

Ah! chi mi to glie a spettacolo si atroce!
If any love remains in thy bosom, if
Se m'a-mis-cor, se vo-ce di fì-glìo ha

thou art yet my mother, oh hear me; Cease thy terrors to number and seek re-pose from thy
pos-sa d'un-ma ma-drì in se-no, ai ter-ro-ri dell'al-ma o-bli-o cer-ca nel

rest, for my soul is weary, Let me forget that the past is drea-ry,
ches-ca m'op-prì-me, o fì-glìo... Al-la qui-e-te io chiu-do il ci-glìo,

But if the visions fear-ful that haunt me, dar-ken my slumber, wake me, my son,
Ma se del ro-go ar-der si ve-da L'er-ri-da fiam-na, de-sta-mì al-lor.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Manrico.

Sleep, oh my mother, And may heaven grant thee
di-scor-dar, Il di o con-ce-der.

Rest from thy sorrows once a day is done.
Men tri-stissimi sai ni al tuo cor.

Home to our mountains thou yet shalt
At no-stri mon-ti... ri-tor-ne-

take me, No fear or sorrow, there shall o'er take thee, In hap-py slum-
re-mo... L'un-tica pa-ce ti vi go-dre-mo!... Tu can-te-ra-ri...

Ful l me with sing-ing, As in those bless-ed days, I shall have rest...

Verdi's "II Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Mother, to heaven-winging,
My heart shall pray to
La mente'al cie-lo
ri-vol-ge-

In happy slumber, oh
hull me with singing,
Oh blessed days thou and
rest.

I watch here and pray that
La mente'al cie-lo

I shall have rest,
In happy slumber oh
hull me with singing,
Oh blessed
days, thou and
I shall have rest.

Vera's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 22. Recitative and Trio.—"No Word or Sign?"
(The door opens, enter Leonora.)

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Oh! thou hast restored those scenes, so dear.

Leonora.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Oh, leave me, there's not a moment, oh, hasten.

Leonora.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Manrico.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
(Rushing to the door.)

Thou wilt perish if thou linger! Go, I pray thee,

Guat se tar-di! La tua vi-ta!

Pur - ti, par - ti,

Ah! for death I care not, Io la di - sprez - so!

No. No! Tutti.

I en - treat thee!

La tua vi - ta!

for death I care not. But— say, what mean those looks of

Io la di - sprez - so. Pur fig - gi, o don - na, in me gli

anguish? Who gives me freedom? what hath it cost thee? No word or sign? These to - kens

sguardi! Da chi l'a - ve - sti? ed a quat proz - zo? Par - lar non vuoi? ba - ten tre -

Strings.

Andante. d = 60.

Andante.

show it! It is my ri - va - val who sent thee! I'll

Dal mio ri - va - val In - ten - do, in -
Leonora.

Know it! ten-du! Ah, hast thou sold thy-self to that

Flute and Wood.

"Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
know, But now, oh, listen, de-lay no longer, no pow'r can save thee when this hour
trai-tor!
fame!

fies! go!

Ah, hast thou sold thy-self to that
Ha quest in - fa-me in- mor ten

Oh, by thy wrath thou art blin-ded, these ac-
cents shew it.
Oh, come I'ra, ti re-
de, ti ren-de cie-co!

trai-tor!

du-to.

I have not wrong'd thee, too
late, ah, too late thee'll know it, I have not wrong'd thee, too late, too late thou

prize!
The trai-tor!

Cor. Eng.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
know it! But now, oh, hasten, delay no longer, no pow'r can save thee, when this hour me co! Tar-ten-di, fug-gi, o sei per-du-to, nem-me-no il cie-lo, sal-var-te.

sold quest! to a

flees. delay no more, delay no more, no pow'r can save when this hour pub, nem-me-no il ciel, sal-var ti pub, nem-me-no il ciel, sal-var ti

Azucena.

Ah! Ah!

trai-tor, the heart ven-du - on earth that most Cor. & Viola.

Meno mosso come prima.

flees! Ah, hasten, hasten, delay no longer, no pow'r can save thee, when this hour pub. Ah! fuggi, fug-gi, o sei per-du-to, nem-me-no il cie-lo, sal-var ti

Home to our moun-tains thou yet shall tako me, No fear or sor-row there shall o'er -

Ai no-stri mon-ti ri-tor-ne-re-mo-l'an-ti-ca pa-ce i-vi-go

prize! No! Sold to a trai -

Meno mosso come prima.

flies.

Oh, hasten, hasten, delay no longer, no pow'r can save thee, when this hour

takes thee, in happy slumber hush me with singing, As in those blessed days I shall have

dreams—tu sonco ra sul tuo ti u to—In son no pla e chide io dor mi

for, me—No! No! Sold to a traitor

rest. As in son those

to.

flee; Oh, hasten, haste, delay no longer, no pow'r can save, when this hour

rest. As in son those

to.

flee; when this hour flies, oh, hasten, haste, delay no pow'r, ah! fuggi, fuggi, o sei per-

blessed days I shall rest, as

Ah, thou hast sold the heart that a lone I prize,

Ven du to un cor che mio giu ro!
lon-ger, no pow’r can save, when this hour flies,

du-to, nen-ne-no il ciel, sal-var ti puo,

in those bles-sed days I shall

son-no pla-ci do, to dor mi-ro.

All thou hast sold the heart, that a-love I

ven-due-to un cor; che mio, che mio giu-

prize, yes, thou hast sold the heart I prize,

ven-due-to un cor, che mio giu-ro!

No. 23. **Finale IV.—Last Scene.—"RATHER A THOUSAND DEATHS I'D DIE."**

**Manrico.**

*(Leonora has fallen at the feet of Manrico.)*

**Leonora.**

**Voice.**

*Allegro assai mosso.*

Strings arco.

*Be-gone now! Ti sco sta!*

**Piano.**

*EATHER A THOUSAND DEATHS I'D DIE.*

**Manrico.**

*Allegro assai mosso.*

*(O = 108.)*

*Leonora has fallen at the feet of Manrico.*

** voice.**

*Strings arco.*

*Be-gone now! Ti sco sta!*

**Turn thee a moment, my senses* 

*leave thee not,*

*spin-gor-mi...* 

*Turn thee a moment, my senses*

*Vedi... lagnuete,*

*opressa io*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*

*Go, thou faith-less one, go ere I curse thee.*

*Vedi... ti ab bos... ti mas... di vol... per me*

*pray thee! Not in this hour*

*cessa!*
Leonora (falls on her face.)

Manrico (flies to raise her.)

Ah, I feel I'm hostimore in

Ah! fa più rapida la forza del veneto

Strings only.

Cor. Fag. Cello.

Death is upon me!

Oh, terrible!
Leonora.

(touching her breast)

Touch me, my hand is icy, but here, qui, tis burning, tis fire and torment!

Manrico.

Oh, heav'n, have mercy!

Che festi, o cielo!

Andante.

Farther a thousand deaths I'd die than without thee to live!

Più mosso.


Più mosso.

(the Count enters and stands on the threshold.)

My senses vanish, death is upon me, I'm

Più non resisti! Ec co l'i-stan-te!-to

angel, Ah! say that thou wilt forgive!

an-go-lo o-sa va ma-le dir! Più mosso, Oh, Cl. Fag. Ahi mi-se-va!

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
(Seizes his hand in sign of farewell.)

Dying, Mauricio! 
Angela of mercy, leave me not, I implore you.

Ah! 
Count.

Ah! 
Ah!

For this they have deluded me, Their scorn I'll not forgive.

Ah! vol-le me de-lu-de-re, e per eo-stui mor-ir!

Dolce.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
rather a thousand, thousand deaths I'd die, than without thee to live, rather a thousand, thousand
prima che d'al-tri, d'al-tri vi-ve-re, io vol-li tua mo-rir! prima che d'al-tri, d'al-tri
give! 
dir! I dou-ted 
this an-gel, for 
give! 
ard! Ah! they have both de-in-ded me, their scorn I'll not for-ighe
ed to quest' an-go-lo o sa-sa ma-le, 
dir! 
ed
ri-rir! 
Ah! vol-le me de-in-de-re, e per costui mo-
me, dou-
ed this an-gel, oh say thou dost for-give!
ved, 
ed to quest' an-go-lo o sa-sa ma-le, 
dir! 
ed
ri-rir! 
Ah! vol-le me de-in-de-re, e per costui mo-
doub-ted 
this an-gel, for 
give! 
they have both de-in-ded me, their scorn I'll not for-
Vincenzo Bellini's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
(The Count drags Azucena to the window.)

**Count.**

Help me!  See him!  Stay them!  He's punish'd!

**Azucena.**

Manrico was thy brother!

**Count.**

Oh, fearful wanderer!  Thou art a-venge'd, oh mother!  And yet I live!

**Azucena.**

(falls senseless by the window.)

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
INDEX.

PART I.—(The Duel.)

1. Introductory Chorus  .... "Arouse ye"  .... "All'erta"  .... 2
2. Cavatina—(Bass)  .... "When the good Count di Luna"  "Di due figli"  .... 8
3. Solo and Chorus  .... "Anon on the caves"  "Mori di paura"  .... 10
4. Recit. and Cavatina—(Sop.)  .... "No star shone on the hea'ny vault"  "Tacea la notte placida"  .... 16
5. Recit. and Romance—(Ten.)  .... "Nought upon earth is left me"  "Deserto sulla terra"  .... 26
6. Recit. and Trio—(Sop. Ten. & Bar.)  .... "Tra'tress, where art thou?"  "Infida, qual ve'ce"  .... 31

PART II.—(The Gipsy.)

7. Chorus of Gipsies  .... "See how the darkness"  "Tetti le foche notturna"  .... 43
8. Song—(Mezzo-Sop.)  .... "Fierce flames were soaring"  "Stride la campa"  .... 48
9. Chorus and Solo  .... "Sad is thy morning song"  "Mesto è la tua canzon"  .... 52
10. Recit. and Nar.—(Mezzo-Sop.)  .... "In chains to her doom"  "Condotto dall'era"  .... 55
11. Recit. and Duet—(Mezzo-Sop. & Ten.)  .... "I assaulted, he feebly defended"  "Mal raggiunto all'aspri"  .... 63
12. Recit. and Aria—(Bar.)  .... "In the light of her sweet glances"  "Il balen del suo sorriso"  .... 77
13. Finale A. Chorus of Nurses  .... "Ah, 'mid the shades of error"  "Ah, si l'error cinghiera"  .... 89
14. B. Solo—(Sop.)  .... "I turn to Him, who alone"  "Desy' to volgersi a quiet"  .... 93
15. C. Consecrated Piece  .... "Can I believe the vision blest?"  "E deggio e posso credo'lo"  .... 96

PART III.—(The Gipsy's Son.)

16. Chorus of Soldiers  .... "Now the dice invite our leisure"  "Or ei da'li ma fra poco"  .... 113
17. Recit. and Trio—(Mezzo-Sop. Bar. and Bass)  .... "There my days cheverely glided"  "Giorni povere vissi"  .... 121
18. Recit. and Aria—(Ten.)  .... "Oh come, let links eternal bind"  "Ah sì, ben mio col' amore"  .... 137

PART IV.—(The Torture.)

19. Recit. and Aria—(Sop.)  .... "Love, fly on rosy pinions"  "Amor, sull'ali rose"  .... 152
20. Recit. and Duet—(Sop. & Bar.)  .... "Here at thy feet, a suppliant"  "Mira di acerbe lagrime"  .... 170
21. Last Finale A. Duetting—(Mezzo-Sop. & Ten.)  .... "Yes, I will rest, for my soul is weary"  "Sì, la stanchezza mi opprime, oh figlio"  .... 183
22. D. Trio—(Sop. Mezzo-Sop. & Ten.)  .... "No word or sign"  "Parlar non vuoi"  .... 196
23. C. Final Scene  .... "Rather a thousand deaths I'd die"  "Ti scossa! non rapignermi"  .... 195
THE ONLY COMPLETE EDITIONS.

One Volume, 518 pp., folio, handsomely bound, cloth, gilt edges, price 21s.

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND CAREFULLY REVISED EDITION OF

MENDELSSOHN'S

ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS

FOR THE

PIANOFORTE

INCLUDING THE "LIEDER OHNE WORTE."

ALSO

A NEW OCTAVO EDITION (518 pp.)

Price, in paper cover, 7s. 6d. Cloth, gilt edges, 10s. 6d.

LIEDER OHNE WORTE

Folio, cloth, gilt edges, 12s. Octavo, paper cover, 4s.; cloth, gilt edges, 6s.

CHEAP EDITION.

Folio, paper cover, 5s.; cloth, gilt edges, 8s. Octavo, paper cover, 2s. 6d.; cloth, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

THE ONLY COMPLETE EDITION,

CONTAINING THE EIGHT BOOKS.

"The volume before us is, indeed, a model of cheapness combined with elegance and convenient arrangement. It contains, in 518 neatly printed pages, everything Mendelssohn has written for the pianoforte, from the Capriccio in F sharp minor, Op. 5, composed in 1823, at the age of 18, to his latest works, including several published after his death. ... A student will find no end of interesting points in the works here collected, but to the more advanced amateur also they will be a source of parent enjoyment. We need not add that the stately volume before us is eminently adapted to serve as an elegant and valuable gift-book at this, or, indeed, at any season of the year."

—The Times.

"This is a new edition, just issued by the eminent firm in Berners Street, of the complete works of Mendelssohn for pianoforte solo, including the two Concertos, and the other pieces with orchestral accompaniments. These are comprised in one handsome volume, full music size, far less bulky than might be expected from the comprehensiveness of its contents. These comprise all the hitherto published pianoforte works of the composer of the class just specified, including the eight books of 'Lieder ohne Worte.' Some of these and several other pieces are the copyrights of Messrs. Novello, Ewer and Co.; hence this is the only complete edition procurable in this country. The advantages of having all these productions of the great master in a single volume are great, especially for the purposes of ready reference, as in the case of the beautiful one-volume edition of Beethoven's Sonatas issued by the same publishers. Like it, the Mendelssohn collection now under notice is beautifully engraved and printed, and is altogether brought out in a style worthy of the contents and of the high reputation of the firm by which it is issued."—Illustrated London News.

LONDON: NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

BOSTON, NEW YORK, AND PHILADELPHIA: DITSON AND CO.
NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.'S
LIST OF WORKS SUITABLE FOR
PRESENTS AND SCHOOL PRIZES

PIANOFORTE CLASSICS.

BACH.—FORTY-EIGHT PRELUDES AND FUGUES 8 d.

BEETHOVEN.—SONATAS. Edited by Agnes Zimmermann ... Folio, cloth, gilt 6 0

BEETHOVEN.—SONATAS. Edited by Agnes Zimmermann. 8vo, cloth, gilt, 7s. 6d.; paper cover 5 0

HANDEL.—MESSIAH. Arranged for Pianoforte Solo by Berthold Tours ... 3 0

MENDELSSOHN.—PIANOFORTE WORKS (including the Lieder ohne Worte). An entirely new and carefully revised edition. Folio, 518 pages. Handsomely bound ... Cloth, gilt 21 0

MENDELSSOHN.—PIANOFORTE WORKS (including the Lieder ohne Worte). An entirely new and carefully revised edition. 8vo, 518 pages Cloth, gilt, ro. 6d.; paper cover 7 0

MENDELSSOHN.—LIEDER OHNE WORTE. The only complete edition. Containing Books 7 and 8. Elegantly bound. Folio, 145 pages (with Portrait of the Composer) ... 12 0

MENDELSSOHN.—LIEDER OHNE WORTE. The only complete edition. Containing Books 7 and 8. Elegantly bound. Folio, 102 pages. Cloth, gilt, 8s. 1/2; paper cover 5 0

MENDELSSOHN.—LIEDER OHNE WORTE. The only complete edition. Containing Books 7 & 8. 8vo, 155 pages. Cloth, gilt, 6s.; paper cover 4 0

MENDELSSOHN.—LIEDER OHNE WORTE 8 d. Cheap edition. Containing Books 7 and 8. 8vo, 102 pages. Cloth, gilt, 4s. 6d.; paper cover 2 6

MENDELSSOHN.—OVERTURES (Solo). The only complete edition ... Folio, cloth, gilt 12 0

MENDELSSOHN.—OVERTURES (Duet). The only complete edition ... Folio, cloth, gilt 15 0

MENDELSSOHN.—SYMPHONIES (Solo). The only complete edition ... Folio, cloth, gilt 12 0

MENDELSSOHN.—SYMPHONIES (Duet). The only complete edition ... Folio, cloth, gilt 15 0

MENDELSSOHN.—ELIJAH. Arranged for Pianoforte Solo by Berthold Tours ... 5 0

MOZART.—SONATAS. Edited by Agnes Zimmermann. 8vo, cloth, gilt, 5s. 6d.; paper cover 3 0

PIANOFORTE ALBUMS.—Edited by Berthold Tours. Vol. I., Bach; Vol. II., Handel. Cloth, each 4 0

PIANOFORTE ALBUMS.—Edited by Berthold Tours. Nos. 1, 2, and 3, Compositions by Bach; Nos. 4, 5, and 6, Compositions by Handel each 1 0

SCHUMANN.—FOREST SCENES. Paper cover 2 0

SCHUMANN.—PIANOFORTE ALBUM. Op. 68 and 15 (56 pieces). 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d.; paper cover 2 6

ALBUMS.

BENNETT (Sir W. Sterndale).—TWELVE SONGS. Op. 23 and 35 (English and German Words). 8vo, cloth, gilt, 4s. 6d.; paper cover 6 2

BRILLOUIN (Hector).—SUMMER NIGHTS (Les Nuits d'Été). Six Songs by Théophile Gautier. English Version by Francis Hueffer. 8vo, paper cover 2 6

FRANZ.—FOURTEEN SONGS. Set to poems of Robert Burns ... Paper cover 2 6

MENDELSSOHN.—SONGS. The only complete edition. With Portrait of Composer. Folio, cloth, gilt 21 0

MENDELSSOHN.—SONGS. The only complete edition. German and English words. 8vo, cloth, gilt, 6s.; paper cover 4 0

MENDELSSOHN.—SONGS (for Deep Voice). German and English words. 8vo, cloth, gilt, 6s.; paper cover 6 0

MENDELSSOHN.—THIRTEEN TWO-PART SONGS. The only complete edition ... Folio, cloth, gilt, 8s. 1/2; paper cover 2 6

MENDELSSOHN.—THIRTEEN TWO-PART SONGS. With the original words ... 8vo, cloth, 2s.; paper cover 1 0

VOCAL ALBUMS.

MENDELSSOHN.—THIRTEEN TWO-PART SONGS. German and English words. 8vo, cloth, gilt, 4s. 1/2; paper cover 2 0

MOORE.—IRISH MELODIES. Edited by M. W. Balfe ... Folio, cloth, gilt 21 0

MOORE.—IRISH MELODIES. Edited by M. W. Balfe ... 8vo, cloth, gilt, 4s. 8d.; paper cover 2 6

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES. For Two Voices 1 0

RUBINSTEIN.—EIGHTEEN TWO-PART SONGS ... Cloth, 4s. 6d.; paper cover 2 6

SCHUBERT.—TWENTY SONGS. For Mezzo-Soprano. The English version by N. Macfarren 6 0

SCHUMANN.—SONGS. Vol. I., containing Op. 24, 25, 27, and 30. Edited by N. Macfarren. 8vo, cloth, gilt 10 0

SCHUMANN.—VOCAL ALBUM. Containing Thirty of his most celebrated Songs. 8vo, cloth, gilt, 4s. 6d.; paper cover 2 6

VOLKSLIEDER ALBUM.—Forty Songs, with the original words and an English Version by John Oxenford ... Cloth, gilt, 4s. 6d.; paper cover 2 6

DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS. By J. Sinner and W. A. Barrett ... Cloth, gilt 16 0

THE MUSIC OF THE BIBLE. With an Account of the Development of Modern Musical Instruments from Ancient types ... Cloth 2 6

THE GENERAL HISTORY OF THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF MUSIC. By Sir John Hawkins. Two volumes ... Cloth 21 0

SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME OF MEDAL LION PORTRAITS to above. Printed from the Original Plates ... Cloth 16 0

MISCELLANEOUS.

SACRED SONGS FOR LITTLE SINGERS. Words by F. R. Havergal. Music by A. Rangegger. Illustrated. Cloth, gilt, 5s.; paper cover 2 6

NATIONAL NURSERY RHYMES AND SONGS. By J. W. Elliott. With sixty-five illustrations, and elegantly bound ... Cloth, gilt 7 6

THE SUNLIGHT OF SONG. A Collection of Sacred and Moral Songs, with original Music by the most eminent English Composers. With forty-six Illustrations. Handsomely bound Cloth, gilt edges 7 6

LONDON: NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.