IL TROVATORE

AN OPERA IN FOUR ACTS

BOOK BY
SALVATORE CAMMARANO

MUSIC BY
GIUSEPPI VERDI

ENGLISH VERSION BY
NATALIA MACFARRENN

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY BY
PHILIP HALE

BOSTON: OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
NEW YORK: CHAS. H. DITSON & CO. CHICAGO: LYON & HEALY
VERDI'S IL TROVATORE

N March 1, 1836, "El Trovador" a drama in five acts was produced at the theatre Del Principe in Madrid. This theatre, built in 1806, contained twelve hundred spectators. It was described by Richard Ford, in 1847, as "dirty and ill-lighted." The play in prose and verse was characterized by the author, Antonio García Gutiérrez as a "drama caballeresco" (chivalric drama).

Antonio García Gutiérrez was born on July 5, 1812, at Chiclona, thirteen miles from Cadiz, the "landing, not watering place of the Cadiz merchants, who, weary of their sea-prison, come here to enjoy the terra firma, yet, with all its gardens, it is a nasty place and full of foul open drains." Ford, whose "Handbook for Travellers in Spain," is delightful reading after many years, made this additional note about the town: "It is, however, much recommended by the faculty, who prescribe bathing here, ass's milk, and a broth made of a long harmless snake."

Tales of a more or less legendary character are told about the dramatist. Arthur Pougin, as a rule punctiliously accurate, having stated that García Gutiérrez was born in 1815, and "El Trovador" was accepted and put in rehearsal at the theatre in 1832, says that he there drew a number which forced him to become a soldier without delay. Poor, he could not provide a substitute, but the success of the play furnished him the means, and he was enabled to follow the literary career in peace. But he had written comedies and articles for newspapers in Madrid after he had studied Latin, philosophy and medicine. He abandoned medicine for literary work. The romantic school of France influenced him greatly. He translated as well as wrote. In 1844, he went to Cuba where he dwelt for a time, and then to Yucatan. Returning to Spain in 1850, he was busied in the supervision of theatres. He was sent on a mission to England. In 1872, he was appointed director of the archaeological museum in Madrid, where he died August 26, 1884. He wrote over sixty plays. The most famous are "El Trovador," "Simon Boccanegra" and "La Venganza Catalana." Regarded as one of the chief dramatists of Spain, he was much less esteemed as a lyric poet.

The success of "El Trovador" was instantaneous and long-continued. Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly speaks of the play as "still reproduced, still read, still praised by critics who enjoy the pleasures of memory and association; but a detached foreigner, although he take his life in his hand when he ventures on the confession, is inclined to associate García Gutiérrez and Hartzenbusch with Sheridan Knowles and Lytton."

The cast at the first performance was as follows:

*Don* Núñez de Artal, *Conde de Luna*  Don J. Romea
*Don* Manrique               Don C. Latore
*Don* Guillén de Sesé       Don F. Romea
*Don* Lope de Urrea          Don P. López
*Doña* Leonor de Sesé        Doña C. Rodríguez
*Doña* Jimena                Doña I. Boldún
**Azucena**                  Doña B. Lamadrid
*Guzmán, criado del Conde de Luna*  Don N. Lombía
*Jimeno, idem, id.*           Don J. Fabiani
*Ferrando, idem, id.*         Don J. Guzmán
*Ruiz, criado de Don Manrique* Don G. Monreal
**Un Soldado**                N. N.

The scene is Aragon; the time is the fifteenth century. The acts are entitled and the scenes indicated in this manner:


Act II. **EL CONVENTO** (The Convent). Chamber of Don Nuño. Convent.


Act IV. **LA REVELACIÓN** (The Discovery). Soldiers in camp.


It will be observed that in the drama the Convent Scene precedes that of the gypsy encampment. Don Guillén and Don Lope de Urrea were thrown overboard by Verdi’s librettist, who raised Ferrando to the rank of the Count’s chief follower.

There is a story that García Gutiérrez fashioned his gypsy woman after Scott’s Meg Merriles.

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“Rigoletto” had been produced in Venice with great success in 1851. Verdi saw in Paris “La Dame aux Camélias” of the younger Dumas and was moved by it. As the management of the Fenice Theatre in Venice had demanded from him a new opera, Verdi at once chose this subject and entrusted the task of arranging the libretto to his friend Piave, the librettist of “Ernani” (1844); “I due Foscari” (1844); “Macbeth” (1847); “Il Corsaro” (1848); “Stiffelio” (1850); “Rigoletto” (1851) and in later years “Simon Boccanegra” (1857); “Aroldo” (1857); “La Forza del Destino” (1862). But the labor of turning the Spanish play into a libretto was given to Salvatore Cammarano, who had been associated with Verdi in a complete failure: “Alzira” (Naples, 1845), an opera based on a tragedy by Voltaire, and “La Battaglia di Legnano” (Rome, 1849), which had more political than musical importance. Yet Cammarano, born at Naples on March 19, 1801, was regarded

†Aljafería was built by the Moor Abu G'lafar Ahmed, King of Saragossa as a palatial fortress. Ferdinand the Catholic assigned it to the Inquisition. It afterwards became in turn, a barracks, military hospital, and prison. The first gold brought from the New World was employed by Ferdinand in gilding the ceiling of one room, El Salon de Santa Isabel of Hungary.
in his time as the leading librettist of Italy. He had shared glory with popular composers, especially with Donizetti: witness “Belisario,” “Roberto Devereux,” “Maria di Rohan,” “Lúcia di Lammermoor,” “Il Poliuto.” For Pacini he had written “Saffo;” for Mercadante, “La Vestale.” The libretto of “Il Trovatore” was his last. He died on July 17, 1852. Verdi had consulted with him about an opera founded on Shakespeare’s “King Lear,” a subject that tempted Verdi even in his old age.

Biographers say that Verdi worked at the same time on “Il Trovatore” and “La Traviata”; that with the exception of four months he was idle during the two years after the production of “Rigoletto.” But Verdi was thinking of “Il Trovatore” as early as 1851. On April 9th of that year, less than a month after “Rigoletto” was produced, Verdi wrote from Busseto a long letter to Cammarano in which he discussed the men and women of “Il Trovatore,” and criticised the scenario.* He spoke of Azucena as a new and strange character, with two passions raging in her breast, maternal love and filial love. In the last act she should not be represented as insane. How could Leonora be made interesting? Verdi’s criticisms and suggestions in this letter show his intimate knowledge of the stage, his instinct for dramatic effects. The statement that “Il Trovatore” was hurriedly composed with the inference that it was also written carelessly is unfounded.

Verdi took the score of “Il Trovatore,” ready for rehearsal, to Rome on Christmas Day of 1852. “La Traviata” was produced at Venice on March 6, 1853. It failed in a dismal manner. Verdi wrote to Emanuele Muzio: “‘La Traviata’ last evening, fiasco. Am I to blame, or the singers? Time will judge.” “Il Trovatore” was at once received enthusiastically. The fame of it spread through Europe. The composer wrote to Ricordi after the first performance that the performance “could have gone worse.”

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The first performance of “Il Trovatore” was at the Apollo Theatre, Rome, on January 19, 1853. Biographers and compilers of operatic dictionaries differ concerning the date, the names of the singers, and even the theatre. Thus Mr. Perinello says that the performance was at the Argentina. Dr. Hugo Riemann in his “Opera-Handbuch” gives the erroneous date January 17, thus following the “Dictionnaire des Opéras” by Clément and Larousse, which swarms with mistakes, as in the article “Il Trovatore” where it is gravely stated that the libretto was based on a Spanish drama “Gutiérrez” by Antonio García, who in turn probably derived it from an old nursery tale. Mr. Perinello says that the name of the first Azucena is Gozzi. The name of the first Manrico is spelled indifferently Boucardé, Baucardé, Beaucardé, Baucardi.

The original cast was as follows:

Leonora, a noble lady at the Court of the Princess of Aragon
Soprano
Mme. Penco

Azucena, a wandering gypsy of Biscay
Mezzo-Soprano
Mme. Goggi

Inez, an attendant on Leonora
Soprano
Mme. Quadri

*This letter is published in Musica e Musicioli of Milan, February 15, 1904.

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Manrico, a young chieftain under the Prince of Biscay, birth unknown, but in reality a brother of the Count di Luna

The Count di Luna, a young noble under the Prince of Aragon

Ferrando, a captain of the guard under di Luna

Ruiz, a soldier under Manrico

A messenger

An old Gypsy

Jailor, soldiers, nuns, gypsies, attendants.

Angiolini was then the chief conductor at the Apollo.

At the time of the first performance in Rome, the Tiber had overflowed its banks. The streets near the Apollo Theatre were flooded. In spite of the cold, the wet, and the mud, a great crowd waited at the doors of the Apollo from early morning, standing with water above their ankles. And so long afterwards there was excitement over the first performance of "Otello" and "Falstaff" in Milan, where cab drivers and loungers in the cafés read the librettos, published in advance of the performance, and were wildly curious concerning the music. As has already been stated, the success, according to all the biographers of Verdi, who do not hesitate to record his failures, was instantaneous and overwhelming; yet the Roman correspondent of the "Recueil et Gazette Musicale" (Paris) wrote that the enthusiasm was even greater at the second performance; he also wrote, that the "atrocity of the dénouement" injured the musical effect, and there was a lack of pezzi concertati (ensemble numbers). An idea of the prevailing and long-continued enthusiasm aroused by the opera is given by two stories related by Gino Montaldi. The statesman Cavour, like Charles Lamb, had no ear. To him music was only a disagreeable noise. Operatic performances as a rule left him cold or vexed him. But there was one opera that made an indelible impression on him, it was "Il Trovatore" and he loved Verdi for having written it. When he was informed that the political candidacy of Verdi was in reality a republican manifestation and told it was his duty to fight it, he answered: "Nevertheless I cannot declare war against the composer of 'Il Trovatore.'" The other story runs as follows: In the year 1859, the Austrians had crossed the Ticino. Cavour, in his study with the poet, Prati, was silent, darksome, extremely nervous, for he was hourly expecting the desired dispatch which should let him know that the crossing had been effected, that the conditio sine qua non for the intervention of the French had been fulfilled. At last the messenger arrived. The letter was opened, Cavour read and still was silent; but his face lightened and his eyes flashed behind his spectacles. Suddenly he rushed to a window, threw it open and with the voice and attitude of a heroic tenor shouted "Di quella pira." It was the only musical phrase that Cavour knew by heart, the only one that he could sing.

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Act I. The Duel. Scene 1. It is nearly midnight. Ferrando with soldiers and servants are in a vestibule of the Palace of Aljaferia. In the service of the Count di
Luna, they wait his return, for of late it has been his habit to watch beneath Leonora's window. He is jealous of a troubadour who serenades her. To divert the servants Ferrando tells them the grisly story of Garcia, the Count's brother. The old Count di Luna had two young children. One day the nurse of the younger surprised a swarthy hag of a gypsy gazing with evil eyes on the child in its cradle. The gypsy was driven from the palace, although she protested she was there only to cast its horoscope. The child soon sickened and was sore distressed. The sorceress was captured and burnt at the stake. Her daughter, Azucena, escaping and swearing revenge, bore off the boy. No one saw the horrid deed, but one morning the calcined bones of a young child were found. No one could persuade the old Count that his child had perished. On his death bed he commanded his son, the present Count, to seek his brother. The search had so far been in vain. The spirit of the old hag was said to haunt the palace. Ferrando tells this story and the midnight bell strikes terror to his hearers.

Scene 2. The gardens of the palace. It is night. Leonora, who should be in attendance on the queen, tells Inez of an unknown knight who overthrew the nobles in the tournament. She crowned him with the wreath of honor. Civil war broke out and she saw him no more. A troubadour now sings to her. Inez chides her, but Leonora boasts of her love for him. They go into the palace. The Count advances and declares his passion. He is about to go to Leonora when he hears the voice of the serenading troubadour. The moon is clouded, and Leonora descending into the garden, mistakes the Count for her beloved. The troubadour accuses her of treachery. Leonora, recognizing her mistake, assures the troubadour of her devotion. He raises his visor, and the Count sees Manrico, in the service of Urgel, condemned as an outlaw. The men draw their swords and Leonora faints.

Act II. THE GYPSY. Scene 1. Gypsies are encamped at the foot of a mountain in Biscay. Azucena is seated by the fire; Manrico is lying on a couch by her side. The gypsies sing of women and wine and beat time with their hammers on the anvils. Azucena suddenly sings a wild song of a woman burned at the stake while a cruel crowd exults. She says in low tones to Manrico "Avenge thou me," and after the gypsies have gone away for the day, she tells him the story of her mother's fate and of her proposed vengeance; the child in her arms moved her to pity, but the vision of her mother crying for revenge arose before her, and she threw the child into the flames; alas, it was her own she had sacrificed; the hated one still lives. To Manrico asking, "Am I not your son? Who am I?" Azucena answers hurriedly that she is his mother; that in her madness she had uttered wild and whirring words. He reminds her of her tender care of him. She recalls the day when on the ramparts of Pelilla she saved him left for dead by his comrades; she nursed him back to life. In that fight, for some strange reason unknown to him, he had spared the Count. Azucena begs him if he again meets the Count to strike home and spare not. A messenger enters bearing a letter calling him to defend Castellor by order of the Prince and saying that Leonora, thinking Manrico dead, is about to take the veil. In spite of Azucena's frenzied entreaties Manrico rushes to the rescue.

Scene 2. The cloisters of a convent near Castellor. It is night. The Count, Ferrando and followers, cloaked, are ready to kidnap Leonora. The Count again
declares his consuming passion. He will brook no rival on earth or in heaven. The nuns are heard singing behind the scenes. Leonora enters with her attendants. As the Count is about to seize her, Manrico with armed followers appears. He bears off Leonora.

Act III. The Gypsy's Son. Scene 1. A camp. The Count's tent at the right with a banner floating from the top. The towers of Castellor in the distance. The soldiers sing of war and glory. There is tumult without. The Count inquires into the cause. Ferrando tells him soldiers have surprised a gypsy wandering in the camp. They suspect her of being a spy. She is dragged in, her hands bound, and brought before the Count who questions her. She has no home, for the gypsy is a roamer. "I'm from Biscay." This at once arouses the suspicion of Ferrando. She seeks her son. The Count asks her if she remembers an infant stolen from a noble and carried to the Biscayan mountains fifteen years before: "The stolen one was my brother." Ferrando denounces the frightened woman. Azucena in despair calls for Manrico. The Count's joy is doubled at learning that the murderess is the mother of his rival. She is doomed to the stake.

Scene 2. A hall near the chapel in Castellor. Manrico and Leonora are alone, and in danger. The foe will soon be at the gates. Manrico is sure of victory. The organ sounds in the chapel and calls the lovers to the shrine, there to be united. Ruiz enters hurriedly to tell Manrico that the gypsy woman is sentenced to be burned alive. Manrico, having told Leonora that the gypsy is his mother, summons his followers and rushes out to battle.

Act IV. The Execution. Scene 1. A wing of the palace of Aljaferia. There is a tower on one side. The night is black. Ruiz accompanies Leonora and points out to her the tower in which Manrico is imprisoned. She begs to be left alone—she has a safeguard ever with it—a ring on her hand. Beneath the tower she sighs her love and begs that Manrico may have rest and hope. The death bell tolls, and monks behind the scenes sing a Miserere, interrupted by Leonora's lament and Manrico's farewell to her. There is one way left by which she can save her lover. That he may live she will gladly die. The Count entering, not seeing her, orders Manrico to be beheaded at dawn, the mother to be burned. If he thus exceeds the authority given him by his Prince, it is love for Leonora that impels him. But where is Leonora? No tidings of her have reached him since the capture of Castellor. She throws herself at his feet, begging for mercy. The Count is the more enraged. At last she offers herself as the price of Manrico's liberty. If the Count will lead her to the dungeon that she herself may bear the news, she swears she will be his. Swearing this she takes the poison from the ring. They enter the tower.

Scene 2. A Dungeon. There is a barred window; at the back a door. Azucena is lying on a rough bed. Manrico is seated near her. Azucena feels that death will take her before her foe can wreak his vengeance. Again the vision of her mother's fate rises before her. Manrico begs her to sleep and forget her woes. Between sleeping and waking she sings of their return to the mountains. The door opens and Leonora urges him to escape. A moment and it will be too late. But at what price did she gain his freedom? Manrico denounces her bitterly for having sold herself to the Count, nor will he listen to her protestations. Azucena in a dream sings of the
mountains where there will be no care, no sorrow. Manrico commands Leonora to leave the dungeon before he curses her. The poison is working. Leonora falls and with words of love dies as the Count stands on the threshold. Raging, because he has thus been mocked, he orders the guards to lead Manrico to the scaffold. He drags Azucena to the window.

"He's punished."

"Manrico was thy brother; thou art avenged, O mother."

"And I still live!"

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This libretto at first excited horror, then ridicule. Arthur Pougin, saying that García Gutiérrez was one of the most brilliant and renowned dramatist of Spain, was anxious to believe that his play "El Trovador" was much clearer and more intelligible than the strange libretto derived from it by Cammarano for Verdi's opera. Many have complained that the plot is hopelessly confused, but in the fifties the outcry was against the horrible nature of the subject. When "Il Trovatore" was produced in French at the Paris Opéra, Paul Smith, describing it as an absurd drama full of atrocities, said that, seeing performances of it at the Imperial Italian Theatre, Parisians were not eager to know which child was burned alive, and not understanding Italian, were interested solely in the music; but when they heard the singing in French they at once realized the horror of subject and treatment: "The libretto is the thing that will injure 'Le Trouvère.'" And M. Smith digressed entertainingly on the impossibility of translation in opera; how all rules must be violated because the musical phrase makes imperious demands.

In nearly every city where "Il Trovatore" was heard for the first time there was the same outcry. The Musical World of London (May 12, 19, 1855) said that the subject was too revolting for musical illustration. "The final scene is horrible, without relief and ineffective in the bargain." Chorley, of London, described the story as a "tangled monstrosity." Hanslick, of Vienna, as "hideous and obscure." The Evening Post of New York found the ending equal in horror to anything that could be reasonably hoped for in modern Italian Opera; "the exponent of all that is atrocious and extravagant upon the lyric stage." John S. Dwight who journeyed from Boston to New York for the first performance in the United States wrote at great length.* "The plot is about as far-fetched and full of vicious appetite for horrors as the plot of 'Rigoletto.' Nothing but ginger and red pepper seems to suit the modern Italian appetite." He gave a summary of the libretto. "There is a plot for you! To see and hear all that scenically and musically illustrated, must it not be almost as good as 'going to a hanging,' if one have a taste for that! The narrative is none of the clearest; through the whirling, smoky atmosphere of so many burnings alive, you discern things with that vagueness that is necessary to enhance the mystery and horror of the story to the pitch required."

The libretto also excited ridicule. The California Pioneer† entitled the opera "The Burnt Child, or the Harmonious Blacksmith." A quotation from "The Opera in Swineville," by Mr. Muller will give an idea of the prevailing tone: "Two bellicose

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* Dwight's Journal of Music, May 12, 1855.
† Quoted in Dwight's Journal of Music, February 9, 1856.

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individuals appear with an extensive plume apiece and most truculent raiment, each of whom reveals to a large and discriminating audience, in the presence of the other, the secret of his love for the prima donna, a practice which in private life would cause some bitterness of feeling, but which upon the stage only tends to additional harmony.” Punch devoted a page to an amusing account in verse of the first act.* Henry Morley (“Journal of a London Playgoer”) forgot his customary attitude of dignity: “The poor old gypsy may have visited the Count de Luna only for his spoons; at any rate, it was a cruel thing to burn her, and so thought her daughter Azucena, a most sensitive and loving woman... Now there was a certain fair lady of whom nothing is known beyond the fact that she was called Leonora, that she lived in a good house with a great deal of attached garden-ground.” Hanslick also had his little joke: “It is well known from treatises on natural history that gypsies are afflicted with an inextinguishable longing to steal little children with birth marks who will be recognized and commandeered by aristocratic parents in the fifth act. ‘Il Trovatore,’ however, treats this subject in a far more complicated and unintelligible manner... The old Azucena (a translation of the insufferable Fidès into gypsy life) opens on her part the second act with a tale similar to Ferrando’s (in a melancholy waltz time) of a burnt and uninsured child, which she had not stolen, while another little child, which she had stolen, was not burnt, or vice versa... Which one of the two knights, the one with the tenor or the one with the baritone voice was the stolen and burnt child, will never be determined.” When “H. M. S. Pinafore” was produced, Gilbert was accused of stealing his plot from “Il Trovatore” and modelling Little Buttercup on Azucena.

No doubt the first translation of the libretto into English gave many a confused idea of the original. In the second act when the gypsies leave Azucena and Manrico there is a stage direction ending “giù per la china tratto tratto” (down the declivity gradually). The translator made this astonishing version “they go off to the accompaniment of the China tratto-tratto,” a musical instrument not to be found even in the Museum of the Royal Conservatory of Music at Brussels. Clara Louise Kellogg in her anecdotal, amusing, shrewd, but too often bitter and malicious memories, speaks of the wretched translation for singers in English.

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Verdi, however, was satisfied with the libretto. It was a libretto for the people; it was one peculiarly suited to the period and his own nature. He wrote to Luccardi from Busseto, December 14, 1852: “‘Il Trovatore’ is completely ready. There is not a single note lacking, and I am satisfied with it.”

We have seen that the Roman correspondent of a Parisian musical periodical, one of authority, wrote that the opera lacked ensemble numbers.

When the opera was produced in Paris, late in 1854, the critics found that Verdi had gained in effective accentuation, in rhythmic vigor, and in a ferocious impetuosity, but there was not the wealth of melody that enriched his former operas. The chorus of soldiers, the air of Manrico in the third act, and the prison scene were pointed out for special approval. But it was not necessary to sing this music. Strong voices, a fiery disposition, and lungs of leather, only these were required.

*See Punch of July 21, 1855.
In London the *Musical World*, reviewing the performance at Convent Garden, admitted that the opera was written with more care than the majority of his works. "The unisons are fewer, and the desire to give a true dramatic interest to the scene is more manifest. On the other hand, which surprised us, the tunes are not so frequent as in his former operas. Much of the music, however, has character." The air of Manrico in the third act—"Ah ben mio" was "worthy of unqualified praise." The writer of an editorial article the next week, probably James William Davison, did not find any transformation of style. The opera was written in contempt of all rules: there was the "same straining of voices, same choruses in unison, same violent contrasts, same poverty of instrumentation." The composer had taken his cue from mobs, and wrote exclusively for them. "Verdi should communicate with Richard Wagner, the other red republican of music, who wants to revolutionize the art after a fashion of his own. Richard would whisper something in his ear by which Joseph (Giuseppe) might benefit. The firm of Wagner and Verdi would then be able to export their musical wares to all parts of the world."

Chorley, no more friendly as a rule towards Verdi than he was towards Schumann, took a more favorable view. *"The mixture of platitude with rugged invention, the struggle to express passion, the attempt at effect—in two important points (the *Miserere* one of these) wholly successful, have been equalled by Signor Verdi in no subsequent opera; nor did he before, nor has he since, been so happy in tenderness, in beauty, in melody. 'Il Balen' has been the ruling London tune for five years, as undeniably as 'Di tanti palpiti' was the tune some forty years ago!—when barrel organs were (and brass bands) as one to ten!"* Morley spoke of the "rather effective gipsy chorus," Azucena's "wild Moorish chant"; and had much to say about the genius of Mme. Viardot as Azucena. "The very defects of Verdi's music are wrested to the purpose of the artist and serve to give dramatic color to the fitful spirit of the gipsy. By the omission of a weak scene between the Count and Leonora, the fourth act, as presented now (1855) at Convent Garden, will do more for Verdi's reputation than anything of his that the English public has yet heard."†

Hanslick thought the music was at once the full expression of Verdi's artistic rawness and his intense talent. In the best pages he outstripped in dramatic energy his predecessors Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti, who as musicians were superior to him. The fourth act with the exception of an ugly florid air for Leonora belonged to the best music of the later Italian school.

When "*Il Trovatore*" was produced in New York the *Tribune*, although the performance was liberally advertised, was silent as far as any review was concerned. The *Evening Post* said that the defects of the libretto were eclipsed by the real beauty of the music and the excellent rendering. The composer aimed at striking effects; he was seeking to intensify the action rather than to give melodic or even natural expression. The writer accused Verdi of repeating himself, because he wrote rapidly

*"'Thirty Years' Musical Recollections," published in 1862.
†The prevailing opinion for many years in England of Verdi's operas was expressed by George Augustus Sala in "*Thrice Round the Block*" (London, 1863): "There is lately come to town, at least within these latter years an Italian gentleman, to whose brassy acceler and tinkling cymbales, it is expected that all debthats of the opera must listen, to the utter exclusion and oblivion of the old musical worthies who delighted the world with their immortal works before Signor Verdi was born." And again: "Those rare old glees which were written by the honest old masters before the Father of Evil had invented Signor Giuseppe (no) Verdi.
and carelessly, and he suspected from the "mildness of the brass," that the score had been written from some pianoforte arrangement. The Anvil chorus was one of the "most naive and freshest bits of melody," that has yet been heard from Verdi. Mr. Dwight sighed for the mellifluous strains of Bellini, Donizetti, and above all Rossini. To him the music of "Il Trovatore" was never sincere. It was all for "the glory of brass instruments and lungs, and because natural exhibitions of human life and passion could not be deemed effective enough for this modern and advanced age of Art!" Mr. Dwight was in an unhappy mood. There was Vestvali on the stage, "young and splendid looking" as Manrico's mother. "We regretted that the clumsy gypsy toggerly covered up the large and noble form, which we had heard so much about."

While the critics were thus "discriminative," or lukewarm, or ill at ease, the people everywhere in the earlier years of the opera echoed the lines of Owen Meredith:

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best to my taste is the Trovatore
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
The souls in Purgatory.

In Paris after the success at the Italian opera house, "Il Trovatore" shared with "Lucia di Lammermoor" the greatest favor shown towards any opera translated for the Paris Opéra. In all the cities of Europe the popularity was immediate and immense. Even the Rev. J. E. Cox, who found "flimsiness in every act but the last, which is from beginning to end a direct plagiarism of Beethoven"—an astonishing statement even from the Reverend Mr. Cox—admitted in 1872 that "'Il Trovatore' has been and still is 'the rage' all over Europe—and has brought more money into theatrical treasuries than any other production of modern times."* Richard Grant White in his "Opera in New York" says that "'Il Trovatore' at once became a favorite.† Today its popularity is widespread and great. If it has grown a little less of late years, the almost total disappearance of singers versed in the grand style has much to do with it. The great public was not disconcerted by the libretto. The music delighted and thrilled. Verdi wrote for "'the mob," that is for human beings, creatures of flesh and blood.

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There is no overture. After a few introductory measures, the simple unison for the servants with the still simpler accompaniment creates a mood. Hanslick sneers at Ferrando's recital, "to a mazurka melody," but the tune has character, and when it is sung according to the indications of the composer, it is effective. So is the introduction sung by Ferrando, Lento, to the more conventional chorus of servants. Leonora's air, "Tacea la notte," which in these days is usually taken at too fast a pace by sopranos, so that there is no contrast between the first and the second sections, is poetic, singularly beautiful in its pure melodic flow. The florid air that follows "Di tale amor" with its hiccups and clumsy ornamentation is in Verdi's early and worst manner. The simplicity of the Troubadour's Serenade leads tenors to

†The date, April 30, 1855, given by White as that of the first performance in New York is erroneous.
bawl it, to excite applause and at the same time insure correct intonation. The scene, *Allegro agitate*, between Leonora and the rival lovers, the Count's "Di geloso amor" and the final trio are in a breathless, fiery vein peculiar to Verdi; music, which even when it is indifferently sung, sweeps everything before it, nor does the effect depend at all on the final D-flat above the staff which is sometimes taken by the brazen-lunged.

The second act introduces Azucena, one of the most striking characters on the operatic stage, remarkably portrayed in music by the composer. Chorley, one of the first Englishmen to dilate on national color in music,* writes: "one of the points of 'Il Trovatore'—which may be found worthy of remembering—after this or the other tune has passed into the limbo of old tunes—is Signor Verdi's essay at vocal Spanish gypsy color. The chorus of waifs and strays opening the second act has an uncouthness,—a bar or two of oriental drawl,—before the Italian anvils begin,—which must remind anyone of such real gypsy music, as can be heard and seen in Spain. Thus, also, is the monotonous, inexpressive narration of the gypsy mother, Azucena, to be animated only by her own passion,—all the more truthful (possibly) from its want of character. No melody really exists among these people,—and the wild cries which they give out could not be reduced to notation, were it not for the dance which they accompany. Signor Verdi may have comprehended this—though with insufficient means of expression; at all events, some notion of the kind is to be found in what may be called the characteristic music of 'Il Trovatore.'" Many of us, who do not recognize the Oriental drawl, and are no longer excited by the Anvil chorus, take exceptions to Chorley's description of Azucena's song and narrative as lacking in character. There is a wild if subdued intensity in the song, "Stride la vampa" which is strengthened by the inexorable rhythmic form in which it is cast.

In the story told by her to Manrico, comes the first effective orchestral stroke in the opera. The orchestration of "Il Trovatore" is, on the whole inferior to that of "Rigoletto" and "La Traviata." For purely orchestral effect there is nothing in "Il Trovatore" comparable with the superbly original and dramatic meeting of Rigoletto and Sparafucile; nor is there in "Il Trovatore" the distinction in simplicity to be found often in "La Traviata." Too often in "Il Trovatore" the hearer is reminded of Browning's lines in "Bishop Blougram's Apology":

Like Verdi when at his worst opera's end
(The thing they gave at Florence,—what's its name?)
While the mad houseful's plaudits near out-bang
His orchestra of salt-box, tongs, and bones,
He looks through all the roarings and the wreaths
Where sits Rossini patient in his stall.

But the ever recurring wailing of the oboe as the Gypsy tells her ghastly story, "Condotta ell'era in ceppi," produces an effect like that of the ascending crescendo of violins in the Nile Scene in "Aida." In each instance the instrumental voice enters into the narration, intensifying the rhetorical effect, without distracting the at-

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*See his "National Music of the World" (1880), a collection of lectures delivered in 1862. Here he again speaks of the "genuine gypsy drawing in the anvil chorus," and the touch of the right spirit shown by "Signor Verdi, whose use of local material is habitually slight and thrown into the most conventional of forms."
tention from the singer. Manrico's story of the combat, "Ma reggendo," is ordinary stuff. The drama begins again with the counsel of Azucena "Ma nell'alma." Would that contraltos would sing it sotto voce, as Verdi directed! The effect would be the more tigerish. The final duet between Azucena and Manrico is insignificant, vulgar, but there is a fine moment in the immediately preceding measures of Azucena: "No, soffrirlo non poss'io."

The Count's suave and long famous air "Il balen" is now a stumbling-block for many baritones who shine in ultra-modern and realistic operas. His air "Per me ora" is more in the line of tonal portraiture. And it may here be said that of the characters in the opera Azucena stands out the most boldly as drawn and painted by the composer. Next to her stands the Count—and at a distance, Ferrando. Leonora is any prima donna in distress. Manrico is for the most part a walking gentleman compelled to serve a prince. Only twice is he more than an agreeable tenor: once when in woe and anger he thunders out "Di quella pira"; and at the end when he denounces Leonora for her supposed infidelity. The choral measures of the Count's retainers are of sufficiently melodramatic working, although the conventional finale before the song of the nuns is absurd. The song of the nuns, charming in its serenity, is dramatically in contrast with the threats of the Count and the mutterings of his soldiers. Admirable, too, is the entrance of Leonora: "Degg'io volgermi." The measures "E deggio e posso" with those of Troubadour and Count are genuinely effective melodically and dramatically, but the grand finale has the old-fashioned mechanical brilliance that is now hopelessly tarnished.

In Act III, the soldiers chorus is almost as uninteresting as that of the Duke's companions in the third act of "Rigoletto," but in this act Verdi rises, as in the fourth, to a supreme height. The answers of Azucena to the Count beginning "D'una zingara è costume," and the whole of the scene in which she is identified have a dramatic force combined with a direct appeal of melodic beauty that are seldom found in opera. Mark well the simplicity of it all, the thin orchestration, the insistence of the motive for violins as the Count questions, finally the wild cry for Manrico. The air that follows for Azucena "Deh rallentate, o barbari" is of baser metal relieved only a little by the chromatic progression given to Ferrando and the chorus. In this scene, and in the fourth act when Azucena tells of her loved mountains, loved for their wildness and remoteness, Verdi shows the intense passion for native soil that distinguishes the great scene between Amonasro and Aida. We know of nothing that produces a somewhat similar effect on a sensitive hearer except the few measures in which there is talk of the lovers dancing the jota in Massenet's "Navarraise." The grand aria of Manrico, "Ah si, ben mio," which used to excite enthusiasm when it was sung by Tamberlik, may now be omitted without loss to the opera or the hearer. And what shall be said of "Di quella pira"? When it is sung with full justice to its feverish ferocity by a Tamagno, it is overwhelming, a mad cry for blood and slaughter. When sung by an ordinary tenor, the chief interest of the hearer is in wondering whether the air is transposed and even then whether the singer will take the anticipated "high note" with a chest tone.

If a few pages were torn out, the fourth act would be a masterpiece of dramatic, emotional feeling expressed in haunting melodic form. The opening of the act with
its ritornello of clarinets and bassoons at once foretells the tragedy to come as decisively as the measures of orchestral introduction to the fourth act of "Otello." Leonora's recitative is not characterless, nor is the floridity of the aria "D'amor sull'a li rose" wholly incompatible with dramatic expression. The "Miserere" has undergone the severe test of sixty years and more. Today it compels admiration; it stirs the soul to its depths. All that we associate with the Italy endowed with fatal beauty is in the song of the Troubadour from the tower. No one is seriously disturbed because the dread effect produced by the trombones is also found in the last scene of "La Traviata," but there is no excuse for the air of Leonora that follows: "Tu vedrai che amore in terra." This air and the duet between Leonora and the Count "Vivra!" show Verdi at his worst. The pages immediately before this duet, with the hurried entreaties and stern refusals of the Count, all set to a galloping headlong accompaniment, are of the old school, but are still theatrical in the better sense of the word. There is nothing in the final scene that one would wish away. Nothing could be added to it in the hope of an additional effect. In his later years Verdi was asked more than once why he would not re-orchestrate his "Rigoletto," "I Trovatore," "La Traviata." He smiled and made no answer. The melodic and harmonic effects are inseparably connected with the orchestral. The opera must be accepted in bulk, as Hugo accepted Shakespeare, or be wholly rejected. The Prison Scene is remarkable not only for its dramatically emotional qualities, for the wealth of melodic beauty, but for the close association of sheer beauty with dramatic intensity. Take only one instance: Manrico's frenzied denunciation of Leonora "Ha quest' infame l'amor venduto!" Verdi, always singularly effective in the last acts of his chief operas, for this one worked wonders with the simplest means. Here is the proof of proofs that so-called "Italian" melody is not incompatible with genuine and irresistible dramatic expression.

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"Il Trovatore," then, like the greater operas by Verdi before "Aida" is a mixture of the beautiful and passionate with the commonplace and the vulgar. Is "vulgar" the word? Was Verdi's purpose, as his enemy Scudo insisted, to excite the hearer as if he were at the stock exchange or at a circus in the old Roman days? One might answer with Giuseppe Revere: "Yes, 'Il Trovatore' is vulgar, as true passion is vulgar when it lays strong hold of one, vulgar as the finest scenes in Shakespeare, from which every artificial refinement is excluded, for the polishing of emphasis would detract from its truthfulness." The words of Bizet might be quoted, although they are extravagant. They were written in 1867, when as Gaston de Betzi, he wrote for the Revue Nationale et Étrangère: "Let us be naïve, frank. Let us not demand of a great composer qualities that he lacks; let us try to profit by those he possesses. When a nature that is passionate, violent, even brutal; when a Verdi gives to art a strong and vivid work, made up of gold, mud, gall and blood, let us not go to him and say coldly, 'But, my dear Sir, this lacks taste, it has no distinction.' Distinction! Had Michael Angelo, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Beethoven, Cervantes, Rabelais distinction?"

There are pages that are "vulgar" in ears that have forgotten the period in which it was written, the feverish excitement of the Italian people in the years when revo-
lution was in the air, when Verdi's name was a cry for a change in government, for a greater personal liberty. Even in the Fifties, Verdi as a romantist was nearer the Hugo of "Hernani" and the Dumas of "Antony," than were the French operatic composers contemporary with the two dramatists.

The most absurd charge brought against the Verdi of the Fifties is insincerity. If ever a composer was honest in expression that composer was Verdi. As the man, so the composer. There was no trickery, no dishonesty in his nature. He was as sincere writing the wretched florid aria of Leonora as he was when he put on paper the "Miserere" and the Prison Scene. Had he thrown aside his convictions, had he aped the style of this one or that one, the opera might have had a temporary success: it would today be in the dust-bin of Time.

The inherent strength of "Il Trovatore" is shown by the fact that now, over sixty years from its birth, its popularity does not depend on gorgeous scenery, painstaking mise-en-scène, or extraordinary singers. It was an old reproach against Verdi that his music was ruinous to the voice or in other ways prejudicial to the singer. The reproach has been urged against others from Gluck to Debussy. The charge now seems unwarranted, foolish. That many singers who are famous in the later operas of Puccini are unable to sing "Tacea la notte" or the music of Aida, her lover and her rival is true; but neither can they sing the music of Handel and Mozart, Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti.

Chorley writing his reminiscences of opera and publishing them in 1862, when Verdi in his "Ballo in Maschera" of three years before had shown a change in manner, had the courage to prophesy concerning the fate of "Il Trovatore"; "possibly, too, "Il Trovatore" has already lost that popularity, in all its fulness, which its music enjoyed for awhile. There is no returning to the work as a whole, for reasons already indicated—the essentially superficial and showy nature of its effects." Has "Il Trovatore" no life today? A glance at the record of performances in the opera houses of the world since 1862, shows the danger, the folly of prophecy. The realistic "Cavalleria Rusticana" is now older and staler than "Il Trovatore" with the "absurd, unintelligible, repulsive" plot, with the music now "vulgar," now "unsingable" and above all "insincere."

There are elemental passions furiously in action on the stage. It matters not whether Manrico is the Count's brother or the son of the gypsy. There are two men fighting for a woman. There is the superb character of Azucena. The music will long work its spell. The pulse of the hearer will quicken with the galloping rhythms. The "Miserere" with the matchless song of the man in the tower, the scene of tenderness, jealousy and horror in the prison, will move and thrill.

* * *

Boston, October, 1916.
FIRST SINGERS AND PERFORMANCES

THE immediate success of "Il Trovatore" was undoubtedly due in part to brilliant singers. There are few tenors today who are equally effective in Manrico's romantic air in the third act and in "Di quella pira," and in these days there are few dramatic sopranos who can sing with abandon the florid airs of Leonora. It is well therefore to speak a few words about the first interpreters of "Il Trovatore" at Rome and New York. The biographical dictionaries, general and musical, are unfortunately incomplete. Many singers famous in their day and generation receive scanty or no attention. Furthermore, information, when it is given, is often confusing or erroneous. Col. T. Allston Brown's "History of the New York Stage," is often untrustworthy in the matter of dates.

At Rome the part of Leonora was taken by Mme. Penco, generally known as Rosina Penco, although on an Italian print of her the Christian name is Amalia. She was born at Naples of Genoese parents, in April, 1830. She began her career at Copenhagen and after a season there and engagements in Sweden, she sang in Berlin (1849), Constantinople (1850-51), and last in Italy. She made her first appearance in Paris at the Théâtre Italien in 1855. For about eighteen years she pleased the Parisians. She is described as radiantly beautiful, "a beauty truly sculptural"; her voice was rich and firm, warm, sympathetic, emotional, as an actress in tragedy, she was passionate and convincing; in comedy, graceful and spontaneously humorous. Verdi wrote from Paris in December, 1853, when he was thinking of a production of "La Traviata," asking whether Mme. de Roisi was a better singer and actress than Mme. Penco. "Has she a soul? Does she leave one cold?" Mme. Penco left the stage in the Seventies and died at the baths of Poerita late in 1894.

Baucarde was of French origin, but he was trained in Italy, and of this the French critics complained when he first sang in Paris. It was said in London when Verdi's "I Lombardi" was revived there for him (1850), that he had been employed in the palace kitchen of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and attracted attention by his skill in cookery. Whether he sang as he cooked is not related, but he was given a sound musical training. Lumley, a manager, also a bit of a critic, described him as he sang in 1850: "with a charmingly sweet, but still robust voice of wonderful extension; with a style wherein the use of the falsetto was at once sparingly and judiciously employed, this young artist won easily upon a public accustomed to give a preference to national gifts over the display of skill. Not that Baucarde was deficient in skill; on the contrary, his 'school' was excellent. As an actor he rose scarcely above mediocrity, but any deficiency in this respect was overlooked in the splendor of his organ." He married Mme. Albertini, the opera singer.

* * * *
The first performance of "Il Trovatore" in the United States was at the Academy of Music, New York, on May 2, 1855.

Leonora          Bina Steffenone
Azucena          Felicita Vestvali
Inez             Mme. Avogadro
Manrico          Pasquale Brignoli
Count di Luna    Alessandro Amodio
Ferrando         Mr. Quinto
Old Gypsy        Mr. Muller

Max Maretzek conducted

This performance was conspicuous for the care taken in matters of scenery and mise-en-scène.

Bina or Balbina Steffenone* was born at Turin in 1825. Trained as a singer by Bertinotti of Bologna, she made her début in 1842, at Macerata. Having sung in many cities of Italy she went to London for two seasons, then came to America. She met with great success in American cities and in Cuba. Returning to Europe at the end of seven years she sang in Vienna, Paris and Naples. About 1862, she disappeared from the stage. In December, 1896, she died at Naples. European critics say that her voice was beautiful, pure, and of extended compass; that her singing was conspicuous for taste and dramatic intelligence and force. She came to New York with a Havana Company and made her début as Norma, March 11, 1850. Richard Grant White remembered her "satisfying voice, her admirable style, and her pleasing although notably ample person. It seemed as if she might and should have been a great prima donna; and, always pleasing to the most exacting hearers, at certain moments, on certain nights, she rose to grandeur, and aroused her audiences to enthusiasm. But as time went on she deteriorated rather than improved; and it was said—truly, I believe—that she was addicted to habits of self-indulgence, which in the end are ruinous to a man and are swiftly destructive to a woman." Long ago George William Curtis gossiping in the Easy Chair of Harper's Magazine about old operatic days in New York spoke of Steffenone and told a story of a woman asking her if she were really dissipated. The singer laughed and replied: "Oh, yes, I drink, I smoke, I do everything that is vicious."

Felicita Vestvali, dramatic singer and play-actress, known as "Vestvali the magnificent," was born, according to some, at Stettin in 1829; others say at Warsaw in 1831. Her father had the title of count and the rank of general in the Prussian army. She died at Warsaw, April 3, 1880. In her youth she began as a play-actress in Berlin, but, finding she had an unusual contralto voice, she took singing lessons of Mercadante and Pietro Romani in Italy, and, according to Pougoin, made her début at the Scala, Milan, in 1853, as Azucena; but Cambiasi, in his history of that theatre, states that Azucena in 1853 was impersonated by Mistrali. However, as there were twenty-three performances of "Il Trovatore" that season, Pougoin's statement may be correct. After singing in London she came to America. She sang in New York for the first time in 1854. In 1859 she impersonated Romeo in Bellini's "Romeo

*The name in this country was usually spelled Steffanone. Max Maretzek in his "Crotchetts and Quavers" (New York, 1859), spells it in both ways.

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and Juliet" (with a fourth act from Vaccai's "Giulettta e Romeo"'), at the Paris Opéra, September 7, 1859. There were eleven performances. She returned to America, and at last abandoned opera for the drama. Thus she was seen in 1864 in "Gamea; or, The Jewish Mother," with songs by Robert Stoepel; as de Lagadaire in "The Duke's Motto"; as Massaroni and di Strozzi in "The Brigands." Richard Grant White described Vestvali when she appeared as Arsace in "Semiramide" with Grisi and Mario. "On this occasion Signorina Vestvali burst upon the astonished gaze of New York, which, as Arsace, the Assyrian commander-in-chief, she might have expected to take by storm. And rarely, indeed, had a more formidably handsome woman made that attack. Her contralto voice was fresh, full, sympathetic, and of unusual compass, but it had the happiness to dwell in a body of such entire and stately symmetry, and to be aided by a countenance so blooming with healthful beauty, so radiant and so expressive, that her singing could not be judged with exact and impartial justice, until her judges were smitten with blindness. She was the tallest woman that I ever saw upon the stage; I believe the tallest woman I ever encountered; but she was also one of the most beautifully formed. Indeed, as she moved so superbly about as the martial Arsace, her helmed head over-topping that of every woman on the stage, it seemed as if Britomart had stepped out of the pictured pages of the 'Faerie Queen,' or, 'so proud were her looks yet sweet,' as if, Argante-like, we saw the vision of Tasso's Clarinda in her panoply. For, in his own words, as they were translated two hundred and fifty years ago by Fairfax:

Like her it was in armor and in weed,
In stature, beauty, countenance, and face,
In looks, in speech, in gesture, and in pace.

"She made, for the moment, a tremendous sensation; but it was soon discovered by her eye-charmed New York audience that this magnificent singing animal was a very incomplete artist; that her voice, although equal in all its registers, had not been sufficiently worked to conceal its breaks, as it passed from one register to another, that her method was imperfect, that her style was always declamatory, and that she frequently sang out of tune. Moreover, magnificent as she was, she was too large. Of all which the consequence was that she soon disappeared from the opera boards of New York, and was no more heard of."

Berlioz wrote to the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein from Paris, June 20, 1859: "They are going to put Bellini's 'Capuletti' on the stage at the Opéra, with a third act of Vaccai, for a grande gaillarde named Vestvali, who thinks that she looks like a man, and wishes to play Romeo."

Pasquale, or, as he preferred to call himself Pasquilino, Brignoli was born at Naples about 1827. He died in New York on October 30, 1884. He studied the piano-forte and singing at Naples, then at the Paris Conservatory, and in Paris he sang at the Italian Theatre (1850 and later) and at the Paris Opéra (1854). He also sang in Brussels and Berlin. Max Maretzek engaged him for New York where he made his first appearance at the Academy of Music as Edgardo, March 12, 1855. For some years he was a great favorite; 'chiefly with very young ladies,' as White maliciously observed. "For the temper and the constitution of the New York audiences had
changed; and the young woman of the period had elbowed her way much nearer the
front as an arbiter in art and elegance. Her admiration of Brignoli was not greatly
to the credit of her taste. He had one of those tenor voices that seem like the bleating
of a sheep made musical. His method was perfectly good; but he sang in a very
commonplace style, and was as awkward as the man that a child makes by sticking
two skewers into a long potato; and he walked the stage hitching forward, first one
side and then the other, much as the child would make his creature walk. But he
was a very 'nice' young man, was always ready to sing, and faute de mieux, it became
the fashion with very young ladies to like him. But there never was a tenor of any
note in New York, whose singing was so utterly without character or significance,
and who was so deficient in histrionic ability. His high and long-continued favor is
one of those puzzling popular freaks not uncommon in dramatic annals." This is
hardly fair, for although Brignoli was a laughably inefficient actor, his voice, even in
the later years when he was singing with Emma Abbott in English Opera, had a
charming quality. A man of whims and caprices, fastidious in dress, extravagant in
money matters, vain as a child, he was a prodigious eater. He composed, and at least
one of his orchestral pieces, "The Sailor's Dream" was played in concerts. He
married Kate Duckworth, an English contralto, known as Mlle. Morensi. She died.
His second wife was Isabella McCulloough, an American operatic and concert singer;
but the marriage was an unhappy one and the two were divorced. Vanity Fair of
November 15, 1862, published an amusing caricature of "Signor Brignoli: who
personifies the crescendo, or swell, of song."

Alessandro Amodio, born at Naples in 1831, died on shipboard of yellow fever,
as he was returning from Caracas to New York in June, 1861. At Naples he studied
the flute, then singing under Glosa and Biassacia. Against the wishes of his parents
he became an opera singer, making his début at Naples, and singing with great suc-
cess in other Italian cities. He was first heard in America at New York in the first
performance of "Il Trovatore." White described him as follows: "Amodio had
one of the most beautiful baritone voices ever heard. It was of almost unexampled
richness and sweetness—a large free-flowing voice, and seeming almost as flexible
as that of a tenore di grazia. His vocalization was remarkably good, and his style
pleasing—a serene, very simple cantabile style. But he had little dramatic power, and
his deficiency in this respect was emphasized by the unfitness of his person for the
stage. He was fatter than Alboni and no taller. He was Falstaff singing in Italian.
When he appeared in a close and antique costume, with a little round hat upon his
little head, he looked like a plum pudding set upon sausages. And yet so beautiful
was his voice and so pleasing his style, that he was the favorite baritone in New York
for some years."

* * * *

The cast of the first performance in Paris, Théâtre Italien, December 23, 1854,
was as follows:

Leonora  Mme. Frezzolini
Azucena  Mme. Borghi-Mano
Manrico  Bauardé

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Count de Luna
Ferrando

Graziani
Gassier

Bonetti conducted

Verdi was in Paris to oversee the production. There were two hundred and seventy-eight performances at this theatre.

The cast of the first performance at the Paris Opéra, with the libretto translated into French by Emilien Pacini, January 12, 1857:

Léonore
Azucèna
Manrique
Le Comte
Ferrando

Mme. Lautero
Mme. Borghi-Mano
Gueymard
Bonnehée

It is stated in contemporary Parisian musical periodicals that Verdi wrote some ballet music for the third act, "music of mediocre worth"; also an air for Azucena in the same act. At the end of 1912 there had been two hundred and twenty-three performances at this opera house.

First performance in London, Convent Garden, May 10, 1855:

Leonora
Azucena
Inez
Manrico
Le Comte
Ruiz

Mme. Jenny Ney
Mme. Pauline Viardot
Miss Bellini
Tamberlik
Grazianlik
Soldi

Costa conducted

First performance at La Scala, Milan, September 15, 1853:

Leonora
Azucena
Manrico
Count di Luna
Ferrando

Mme. Gariboldi
Mme. Mistrali
Bettini
Gilardoni
Nerini

There were twenty-three performances in that fall season.

First performance at Petrograd, December, 1855:

Leonora
Azucena
Manrico
Count di Luna

Mme. Bosio
Mme. de Méric
Tamberlik
De Bassini

P. H.
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IL TROVATORE

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA

Leonora . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Soprano
Azucena . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Mezzo Soprano
Inez . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Soprano
Manrico . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Tenor
Count di Luna . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Baritone
Ferrando . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Deep Bass
Ruiz . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Second Tenor
An Old Gypsy . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Second Baritone

Messenger, a Jailer, Soldiers, Nuns, Gypsies, Attendants, etc.

The scenes are laid alternately in the provinces of Aragon and Biscay, in Northern Spain
The time is the fifteenth century
IL TROVATORE

Act I (The Duel)

N° 1 INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS

GIUSEPPE VERDI

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

Allegro assai sostenuto

Tutti (J = 88)

PIANO

(Tymps.)

Strings

Curtain

(Ferrando and a number of the Count's servants reclining near the doorway; some soldiers walking to and fro at the back.)

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Ferrando (To the servants, who are falling asleep.)

All' er-ta! All' er-ta!
A-rouse ye! a-rouse ye!

Recit.

Il Con-te n'é d'uo-poat-
Be wake-ful, the Count's re-
ten-der vi-gi-lando; ed e-gli ta-lor pres-soi ve-ro-ni del-la suo
turn a-wait not sleep-ing, he of-ten doth watch, un-till the dark-ness melts in-to

Allegro

c-a-ra, in-te-re pas-sa le not-ti.
morn-ing, be-neath his fair la-dy's win-dow.

Tenors pp

TENORS

Servants

Ge-lo-

Tis the

Basses pp

Ge-lo-

Tis the

Allegro

Strings

p
La diró, ve-ni-te in-tor-no a
Yes, I will draw near-er un-to

zi-a, ger-ma-no al no-stro Con-te.
Gar-sia, our Count's ill-fat-ed broth-er?

zi-a, ger-ma-no al no-stro Con-te.
Gar-sia, our Count's ill-fat-ed broth-er?

Andante mosso

me.
me.

Di due fi-gli vi-vea, pa-dré be-
When the good Count di Lu-na here re-

SOLDIERS
(coming forward)

Noi pu-re. U-di-te, u-di-te!
And we too. O hear him, O hear him!

Andante mosso (d=88)

a-to, il buon con-te di Lu-na; fi-da nu-tri-ce del se-con-do
sid-ed, Two fair chil-dren he num-ber'd; One to a faith-ful nurse was once con-

Strings
na-ta__ dor-mia pres-so la cu__-na. Sul__

fid-ed, By the cra-dle she slum-ber'd: At__

pp

rom-per dell' au-ro-rai un bel ma-ti-no el-la di-schiu-dei rai: e chi
mor-ning, when she woke and gazed a-round her, Sore-ly strick-en was she, And what

tro-va d'ac-can-to a quel bam-bi-no?
sight do ye think did so con-founded her?

ALL THE CHORUS

Chi? Fa-vel-la! Chi? chi mai?
What, O tell us, did she see?

Chi? Fa-vel-la! Chi? chi mai?
What, O tell us, did she see?
Allegretto (♩= 112)

No. 2 SONG
(Ferrando)

Mysteriously

Ab-biet-ta zin-ga-ra, fo-sca ve-gliar-dal!
Swarthy and threat-en-ing, a Gip-sy wom-an,

Strings, Cor., & Fag.

Cin-ge-vai sim-bo-li, di-ma-li-ar-da, E sul fan-
Wear-ing of fiend-ish art sym-bols in-hu-man, Up-on the

ciul-lo, con-vi-so-ar-ci-gno, l'oc-chio af-fig-ge-a
in-fant fierce-ly she gas-es, As if to seize him

Dor-vo, san-gui-gno! D'or-ror com-pre-sa-
er-arm she rais-es! Spell-bound the nurse watch-

com-pre-sa é la nu-tri-ce. A-cu-to un gri-do,
at first, the bel-dame hoar-y, But soon her shriek-

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un grido, all'aura sciolge; ed eco, in men, o che
was answered in the distance, And quicker than now— I can

labbro il dice, i servi, i servi, ac-coro-no, i servi, ac-tell— you the story, The servants of the castle one and all came
corono in quelle soglie; e fra minaccie, running to her assistance; They on the Gipsy

urli, perso-se e fra minac-cie, ur-lye per-pour, im-pre-ca-tions, They on the Gipsy pour, im-pre-
cresc. sempre a poco
cresc. sempre a poco
cresc. poco a poco
cresc. poco a poco

cosse la rea di-scacciano ch'en-trar-vio-sò, la rea, la rea di-
car, tions, And drove the soc-cer-ess from that a-bode, and drove the dar-ing

b-148-71913-839
scaccia no ch'entravviso, la rea, la rea di scaccia no ch'entravviso sorceress from that abode, and drove the daring sorceress from that a-

sù! bode!

Giusto quei petti sdegno commosse; l'infame vecchia lo pro vocò. Well did she merit their indignation; They had done will if her blood had flow'd.

Giusto quei petti sdegno commosse; l'infame vecchia lo pro vocò. Well did she merit their indignation; They had done will if her blood had flow'd.

Andante mosso come prima

Asseri che tirar del fanciullo! lo rascopo volere.
'Twas for casting the horoscope un holy of that infant, she en-

(speaking)

a-Bugiar da! Len ta febbre del meschino la salute struggere.

But 'twas false, from that day slowly Deafly pains on him cen.
a! Covered to pale, languid, afrighted, it trembled aside. Consumed by inward fire, restless ever with anguish. More and more did he

sickened. In pain, and weeping, he yet a while did languish. By fatal illness

(The chorus are struck with horror)

La fatuchiera perseguir.

Soon was the sorcery once more re-

taken, burnt for her misdeeds, by all forsaken.

But her vile daughter justice eluded; sworn to a
mè!

Los sa me bru cia to a mez zo, bru cia to a mez zo, bru cia to a

One morning the black-ened cin ders, the black-ened cin ders, the black-ened

me zo, fu man tean cor, bru cia to a mez zo, fu man tean cor, bru cia to a

Cin ders of a young child, the black-ened cin ders of a young child, the black-ened

me zo, fu man tean cor!

Cin ders of a young child!

Ah scel le ra tal oh don naj fa me! Del par m'in

Oh witch ac curred! Thy crime we're scorn ing, un to all

Ah scel le ra tal oh don naj fa me! Del par m'in

Oh witch ac curred! Thy crime we're scorn ing, un to all

Ve ste odio ed or ror!

Ages be thou re viled!

Ve ste odio ed or ror!

Ages be thou re viled!

Morendo ed allarg.

5-146-71913-239
Andante
Bre-vie tri-sti gior-ni vis-se; pu-rei-

Adagio
Soon his days of sor-row end-ed; but he

FERRANDO

CHORUS

Soon his days of sorrow ended; but he

E il pa-dre?
The fa-ther?

E il pa-dre?
The fa-ther?

Adagio (d: 80)

Strings

Andante

BASSI e FAG.

pi-utto del cor pre-sen-ti-men-to, gli di-ce-va, che spen-to no-er il
ne'er could be-lieve his child had per-ish-ed; in his heart a pre-sen-ti-ment ever

fi-glio; ed, a mo-rir vi-ci-no, bra-mo che il si-gnor no-stra a lui giu-
lin-ger'd, that he should find the lost one; and when up-on his death-bed, he made his

Poco più mosso

ras-se di non ces-sar le in-da-gi-ni Ah! fur va-ne!
son swear to seek the boy un-ceas-ing-ly Vain his man-date!

SOLDIERS

E di co-
And of that

E di co-
And of that

Poco più mosso (d: 100)
Lento
(with a dark voice)

All' infer-no?
Speak not lightly!

È cre-

madre all' infer-no spe-
mother and the devil to send her.

madre all' infer-no spe-
mother and the devil to send her.

Lento (÷ 2)
Strings only

den-za, che di-
not that it is said her spirit hovers
mon-do la-
Near the scenes where living on earth she

a-ni-ma per-
dell' em-pia

du-ta

stre-
when all is gloomy midnight the darkness

g-ia,

sempre più p

man-
in various

der'd?

form of one's true self shows unearthly.

È vero!
We know it!

Tenors of the Servants (with terror) Tenors

È ve-

altrui si mo-

covers in shapes unearthly.

We

We
of the Soldiers (with terror) Basses of the Servant Basses of the Soldiers

ve - ro!
know it!
E ve - ro!
We know it!
E ver!
'Tis true!

Allegro assai agitato

Sull' or - lo dei tet - ti al - cun_ l'ha ve - du - ta! In
A - non_ on the eaves of the house-tops you'll see her, In

Sull' or - lo dei tet - ti al - cun_ l'ha ve - du - ta! In
A - non_ on the eaves of the house-tops you'll see her, In

Allegro assai agitato (d-72)

leggteriss.

SERVANTS

u - pu-pa o stri - ge ta - lo-ra si mu-ta! In cor - vo tal'
form of a vampire, 'tis then you must flee her! A crow of ill

u - pu-pa o stri - ge ta - lo-ra si mu-ta! In cor - vo tal'
form of a vampire, 'tis then you must flee her! A crow of ill

al-tra; piu spes-so in ci - vet - ta, sull'al - ba fug - gen-te al
o-men she of - ten is roaming, Or else as an owl that flits

al-tra; piu spes-so in ci - vet - ta, sull'al - ba fug - gen-te al
o-men she of - ten is roaming, Or else as an owl that flits
FERRANDO

Mo-ri-di-pa-ura-un-servo-del
Of him you have heard who in torments pro-
par-di sa-et-ta!
by at the gloam-ing.
par-di sa-et-ta!
by at the gloam-ing.

con-te-che-a-vea-de-del-la-zin-ga-ra-per-cos-sa-la-fron-tel-mo-
tract-ed For strik-ing the sor-cer-ess ere-while died dis-tract-ed! He

(All are struck with superstitious terror)

ri, mo-ri, mo-ri! di pa-ura! mo-ri, mo-
died, he died! he died! Yes, dis-tract-ed, he died, a-

SOLDIERS
Ah! ah! mo-ri! Ah!
Ah!
Ah! ah! he died! Ah!
Ah!
Ah! ah! he died! Ah!

Cl. & Fug.
fu - insem bia nza, nell' alta qui e te di ta - ci ta
cham - ber long haunt ed, With fierce stead y gaz ing his cour age she

Dun gu - fo!
She haunt ed All the BASSES

Dun gu -
bin cham -

sempre pppp

stan - za! Con oc chio lu cen te guar da va, guar da va, il
daunt ed; And once when in si lence and ter ror he watch ed her, A -

Guar-
cle-lo at-trian-do d'un ur-lo fe-ral! Al-lor mezz-a-

dar-val!

Guarda-val!

(A bell unexpectedly (all cry) strike the midnight hour)

not-te ap-pun-to suona-val. Ah!

hour when mid-night was strik-ing. Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

BELL

poco più mosso
(with full force)

Ah!

Curs-es be-up-on thee, thou de-mon of

Ah!

Curs-es be-up-on thee, thou de-mon of

Ah!

Curs-es be-up-on thee, thou de-mon of

Ah!

Curs-es be-up-on thee, thou de-mon of

TUTTI

ff poco più mosso
Scene 2. Gardens of the Palace; on the right, a marble staircase. Dense clouds pass over the moon.

Andante mosso (♩:80)

Recit.

Che più t'ar-re-sti? L'ora è tar-da, vie-ni: di te la re-gal don-na chie-se, l'u-

Why dost thou linger? Let us en-ter, ha-sten, the queen hath desired thy at-ten-dance, I

Inez

di-sti? Un al-tra not-te an-co-ra sen-za ve-der-lo! Pe-ri-glio-

heard her. And shall an-oth-er night pass, and I not see him? Per-i-lous the

Leona-ra

fiam-ma tu nu-tri! Oh co-me, do-ve la-prim-e-ra fa-vil-laj in te sap-

flame thou dost nour-ish; I pray thee, tell me how at first it was kin-died in thy

Leona-ra Allegro

pre-se? Ne' tor-ne-i. V'ap-par-ve, bro-no le vesti ed il ci-

bos-om? At the tour-ney! An un-known knight, clad in ar-mor all of
mier, lo scudo brunno e di stemmaju-gnu-do, scuro sciu-to guer-rifer, chedell'a-
black, upon his helmet waved a sable plume, no device was on his shield, en-ter'd the

gone glione-ri ot-ten-ne— Al vincitor sul crinej1 ser-tojo
lists and o'er-threw all our no-bles. I on his brow be-stow'd the wreath of

Andante (J = 68)

porsi— Ci-vil guer-rajtan-te ar-se— novi-di piu!
honor. Then the war our land di-vid-ed; he came no more.

como d'au-ra-to so-gno fug-gen-te im-ma-gol! ed era
Fled, like a dream of morn-ing was that blest vis-ion, in lonely

VOICEs

vol- ta lun-ga sta-gion-ma poi— Che av-venne? A-scol-
sor-row lin-ger'd my days, and then—What hap-pen'd? I'll tell__

INEZ LEONORA
Andante (d=80) a messa voce

ta.
thee.

cea la not-te pla-ci-da e bel-laj ciel se- re-no; la lu-naj vi-so ar-
star shone in the heav'n-ly vault, In si-lence all was sleep-ing, The moon trod on her

animando un poco

gen-te-o mo-str-a va lie-to ap-pie-no- quan-do suonar per l'a-e-re,
lon-ly path, The night in sil-ver sleep-ing, When there a-rose a mel-o-dy

animando un poco

con espressione

in-fi-no al-lor si mu-to, dol-ci su-di-re e fle-bi-
On the soft breezes soaring, Sounds of a lute harmonious

animando un poco

con espressione

gli ac-cor-di d'un li- u-to, e
ly Were blended with song im-por-
ing. That
versi melancolici, e versi melancolici un
strain so soft and low, so soft and low, it was a

trovator cantò.
troubadour who sang.

Versi di prece ed umile, qual d’uom che pregò dulce:
in
Words of devotion and prayer he breathed, as thou he seemed entreated, and

quel la ripete a si un nome, il mio, il mio!
ofrì murmuring low a name familiar, my own, repeated!

Cor-sial ver-sor sol-le-ci-ta... E-glie-ra, e-glie-ra des-sol...
And from my casement glancing I saw him, he stood before me!
Allegro vivo (d. 80)

ra
those
un cielo seemed
brok.

Quanto narrasti di turba-
All thou hast told me fills me with
men-to m'ha piena l' Alma! I
ter-ror; think that this stranger we

Leonora

In-vano!
Oh, fear not!

temo, dubbio, ma tristo,
know not. My heart is heavy

presentimento in me ri-
with sad foreboding; Would that th'un-
sveglia que-st'u-no ma-r-ca-no!
known one had never met thee.

LEONORA
Che di-ci! Oh ba-sti!
For-get him! Ah, nev-er!

Ten-ta-bli-ar-lo
Try to for-get him!
Ce-dial con-
Thou know'st I

si-glio dell'
love thee, oh,
ami-stà,
be ad-vised:

LEONORA
a piacere
ce-di! Ob-bli-ar-lo!
fly him! Oh, be si-lent!
Ah! tu par-la-sti det-to, che in-
colla parte

ten-der l'al-ma non sa.
can-st not un-der-stand.
Di tale amor, che dirsi mal può dalla pala-

The love my heart o'er-flowing, No earthly word can

ral, d'amor che inten-do e sod-
der, With rapture I sur-ren-

la, il cor, il cor, il cor s'in-ne-bri-o. Il mio de-sti-no-
der My heart, my heart, myheart to be his own. On him my faith be-

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com-pier-si non può che a lui d'ap-pres-sion.
No more in life we see

so-s'o non vi-vró per es-so, per es-so, per-
er; Come life or death, for es-
er; My heart, my-

Poco più mosso

es-so, per es-so mo-ri-ró s'i-o non vi-vró per es-so, per es-so, mo-
heart, my heart is his a-

Poco più mosso

cresc.

ró ah, si, per es-so mo-ri-ró, per es-so mo-ri-ró, mo-
lone, is his a-

Opp. ri-
ró! INEZ (aside)

Non deb-ba mai pen-
ri-ró! May'st thou re-gret it

alone!
pPoco più mosso

My heart, my heart, my heart is his alone, yes, my heart is his alone,

Cresc.

Yes, my heart is his alone, is his alone, is his alone,

Cresc.

Non debba mai pentirsi chi tanto un

May's thou regret it never, The trust thy
es - so mo - ri - rò, ah! si, per es - so mo - ri
heart is his a - lone, ah, yes, my heart is his a

gior - no a - mò, non deb - ba mai pen - tir
heart hath shown, May'ist thou re - gret if neu

rò, per es - so mo - ri - rò, mo
lone, my heart is his a - lone, his

si chi tan - to un gior - no a - mò, chi tan - to un er, the trust thy heart hath shown, the trust thy

(They ascend the staircase into the palace)

- - - - ri - rò!
a - lone!

 gior - no un gior - no a - mò!
heart, thy heart hath shown.
No. 5 MANRICO AND di LUNA
Recitative and Romance

Andante (d = 80)

COUNT di LUNA

Tace la notte! Immersa nel sonno.
All here is silent. The queen now in slumber.

Certo la regal signora; m Hew glia la sua dama!
O, Leonora! tu desti;
Rests, her court is all resting; my lady fair is watching.
Oh, Leonora! thou yet art

Sei; mel dice da quel vero ne, tremolan-ten raggio del la notturna
Watching, I know it by yonder taper, tremulously gleaming from out thy lattice

Lam-pa.

Ah! l'amo-rosa fiama ma rde ogni fi

Window.

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

bra! Ch'io ti veg-ga è d'u-po che tu m'in-ten-da
es! Let me now be-hold thee, Come forth, my fair-est,

Andante ($f=70$)

Ven-go a noi su-pre-mo tal mo-men-to.
hear me, and let me lay my heart be-fore thy feet.

the staircase, when the sound of a harp stays him.)

Il Tro-va-tor!
The Trou-ba-dour!
Per-di-tion!

MANRICO (The Troubadour)
cantabile a mezza voce

De-ser-to sul-la ter-ra, col rio de-
Nought up-on earth-is left-me, Fate of all

sti-no in guer-ra, è so-la spe-meuncor, è so-la spe-me un
joy hath be-refi me, But one heart firm and pure, but one heart firm and
No. 6. SCENA AND TRIO
(Leonora, Manrico and di Luna)

Allegro (D 144) count
(The Count wraps himself in his cloak. Leonora hastens towards him.)

Manrico

Allegro agitato
(cia.
arms. (amongst the trees)

Qual vo-ce!
What ac-cents?

The moon shines out, and shows a knight with closed visor.

Ah, trai-
tress!

Allegro agitato (D 100)
Ah! dal-le te-ne-bre
Ah! night hath blind- ed me.

(Recognizing both, and throwing herself at Manrico's feet.)

trat-ta in erro-re, jo fu-il!
Those words to him were spo-ken!
A te cre-dea ri-
For thee a-lone my

vol-ge-re l'ac-cen-to, e non a lu-i--
A te, che l'al-ma
words were meant, My faith is thine un-bro-ken,
Yes, thee a-lone I

mi-a sol chie-de, sol de-si-a!
cher-ish,
Believe me, or I per-ish,

T'as-mo, il giu-ro, t'a-mo
heart can-not de-ceive thee, 'Tis thine, and thine a-
MANRICO (raising Leonora)

mor! lone! (Ah più non bramo!)

COUNT

Ed ossi! Audacious!

Leonora

lo t'amò! I love thee!

MANRICO

(Yes, più non be-
vampo di furor! Au-

for this thou shalt a-
tone!)

(Seun vil non sei, discovriti!)

Love thee!

Leonora

(Ohimè!)

(Alas!)

Pa - le - saij de -
LEONORA (aside to Manrico)  
MANNRICO

Deh per pie-tà!  
Oh, woeeful hour!  
Kav-vi sa-mi, Man-

no-me!  
mam dit!

(Raising his visor)

ri-cojo son!  
Tu!  
Come?

COUNT

Man-ri-co!  
Thou  
In-

sano!  
mad-man!

sa-no!

sano!

sano!

D'Urb-

Urb-

gel's  
se-gua-ce,  
a mor-te pro-

os-nin  
com-strain  
as an

scrit-to  
ou-law,

Ar-di-sci vol-ger-ti  
Thy dar-ing in-so-lence  
from
que - ste re - gie por - te?

Che
tre - pass hath not hemm'd thee?

Or via le guar - die ap-

lay not,

thy guards thou canst as -

pel - la, ed il ri - va - le al

Thou canst de - stroy me, thou

sem - ble,

fer - ro del car - ne - fi - ce con - se - gnal! Il
canst not make me, canst not make me trem - ble. Thy

cresc.

Wind.

tuo fa - ta - le i - stan-te as - sai più pro - si - mo è, dis-sen-
hour of doom is near - er, far than now per - chance thou.
Allegro assai mosso (d: 132)
agitatissimo

Di ge lo so a mor spreza to, ar de in
Ra ging flames in my breast are stir ring, From my
Oh Cl. Tromba & Fug. with voice

Stts
sf > pp

mec tremendo il feu co! Il tuo
ven geance now naught can sure thee, Death hath

san gue, o scia gu ra to, ad e
mark thee with shaft un er ring, Trai tor,
rinf.

stinguer lo fia poco! Dir gli o fol le, io
dost thou dare to brave me? That thou lov st him, thy


ta mo, ar di sti! Ei piu vi ve re non puo
mad ness confess it, Thus my faith thou dost de ny,
Un accento preferisti, che a momento
Since thy fatal lips expressed it, I have sworn

Tromba tacet

f allarg. a piacere

rir lo condannò, un accento preferisti, che a momento morir lo condannò
sworn that he shall die, Since thy

colla voce

Leonora
marcato

Un istante almeno dà loco, il tuo sdegno
Oh, in pity one moment yet turn thee, And thy jealously

Manrico
marcato

Del superbo è vano l'ira, eira cadrà,
Vain his threat'ning, and vain his anger. He shall perish,

COUNT

nò! die!
Vin. Fl. Ob. & Cl. with voice

marcato
alla ragione: io, solio di tanto foco
madness restrain thou, I, 'twas I who while did spurn thee,

dame trasfigtò: il mortale, che amor t'inspira.
I here declare it, He thou lov'est can heed no danger,

folle!
Madness!

sonpur trop-po, la ca-gi-one! Piombi, piombi il
Me a lone then arraign thou, Yes, I glory that

dall'amor fu re-soin-vito. La tua sor-te è
I'll defeat him, hear me swear it. Ah, beware then, thou

Dirgli, t'a-mo,
That thou lov'st him,


tuo fu-ro-re sul-la rea che tbl-trag-gio,
I have confess'd it, Ne'er that word will I deny.

già compi-ta, l'ob- rap mai per te suo-nò!
Tyrant de-test ed, I thy boast ful threats de fy.

oh fol-le ar-di-sti!
Oh fol-le ar-
thou hast confess'd it!
Dost dare to


vicirail ferro in questo core. che te a-

Strike my heart, since love hath. blessed it. Love will

Il suo core e la tua vita il de-

She is mine, she hath confessed it. And with

disti!

brave me!

mar non vuol nè puo.

show me how to die.

stimo a me serbo.

joy for her I'll die.

Il tuo sanguo, o scia gu-

Raging flames in my breast are

rat to, ad estinguere lo fia poco!

stirring, From my vengeance naught can save thee!

Dirgli folle, io tamo, ard thes! Ei piu vive re non

Death hath markd thee, with shaft under ring Traitor, dost thou dare to
può, no, ei, più vive non può, no, no, non può, no, no, non può, no, ei, più brave me? Trattor, dost thou dare to brave me? I have sworn that thou shalt die, yes, I have

LEONORA

Piom-bi, ah pi - om - bi il tuo fu-
Yes, I glo - ry that I have con-

MANEICO

La tua sor - te è già com-
Ah, be - ware now, thou tyr - ant de-

COUNT

vi - ve - re non puo! Ah! di ge - lo - so, di ge - lo - so a - mor sprezz-
sworn that thou shalt die, Ah, raging flames my heart are stir - ing, From my

FA TEMPO

sul-la re - a che t'ol - drag
fessit it, Never that word will I de -

pi - ta, l'ora o - mai per te suo-
test - ed, I shy boast - ful threats de -

za - to ar - dej - me tre - men - do - jil fo - co, ar - dej - me tre - men - do - jil
vengeance, from my vengeance naught can save thee, from my vengeance naught can
giò,

vi-

bra il fer-

ro in que-

sto

ny.

my heart, since love hath

nò,

il suo co-

re e la tu-

a

fy.

She is mine, she hath con-

fo-

col Un ac-

cen to pro-

fe ri sti,

un ac-

cen to pro-

fe

save thee, from my vengeance naught can save thee, from my vengeance naught can

corere che te a-

mar non vou-

lè

bless'd it, Love will show me how to

vita il de-

сти no a me ser-

fess'id it, And with joy for her I'll

ri-

sti che a mo-

rir lo con dan-

nò, che a mo-

rir lo con-

save thee, I have sworn that thou shalt die, yes, I have sworn that thou shalt

Poco più mosso

può, che te a-

mar non vuol
die, yes, love will show me how

bò, a me ser-

bò, a me

die for her I'll die, for her

nò, lo con-

dan nò, ah sì, un ac-
din, yes, thou shalt die! No, no... from my

Poco più mosso
Exeunt Maurico and the Count, with drawn swords; Leonora falls senseless

End of Act I
Act II (The Gipsy)

Scene. — A ruined dwelling at the foot of a mountain in Biscay; 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 gazing intently. The gipsies are scattered about the stage.

No. 7—CHORUS OF GIPSIES

Allegro (♩=138)

Piano
See how the darkness of night dissolves away when the sunlight from heaven descends.

As when a widow to put off her weeds resolves When her sembruna volta: sendeth,

The sorrowful mourning endeth.

See how the darkness of night dissolves away when the sunlight from heaven descends.

As when a widow to put off her weeds resolves When her sembruna volta: sendeth,

The sorrowful mourning endeth.
(They beat time with their hammers on the anvil; the Basses on the strong beats and the Tenors on the weak.)

All' o-pra! all' o-pra!
Come, lads, be - stir ye!
Dag-li give me

Mar-tel-la.
the ham-mer.

Who cheers the days of the roving Gip-sy? Say, who, who is it cheers his

Chi del gi-
Who cheers the
gi-
Who cheers the

Chi del gi-
Who cheers the
gi-
Who cheers the

Ta-
days of the roving Gip-sy? Say, who, who is it cheers his
La zingarella
Chi del gitanino i giorniabel-fa?
La zingarella
Chi del gitanino i giorniabel-fa?

Tis the gypsy
Who cheers the days of the roving Gipsy?
Tis the gypsy
Who cheers the days of the roving Gipsy?

They rest awhile from their work, and turn toward the women.

Pour me a

Tis wine alone that makes my courage rise; let us be

Pour me a

Tis wine alone that makes my courage rise; let us be
(The women pour them wine in rustic cups.)

be-re.
drink-ing.

Oh, guar-da, guar-dal del sale un
Look how the sun rises higher and

Oh, guar-da, guar-dal del sale un
Look how the sun rises higher and

Oh, guar-da, guar-dal del sale un
Look how the sun rises higher and
rag-gio_bril-la più
high-er, Look how his
rays in the cup are_blink-ing!

rag-gio_bril-la più
high-er, Look how his
rays in the cup are_blink-ing!

rag-gio_bril-la più
high-er, Look how his
rays in the cup are_blink-ing!

All' o-pra all o-pra!
Come, lads, be-stir ye!

All' o-pra all o-pra!
Come, lads, be-stir ye!

Chi del gi-ta-no i
gior-ni ab-bel-la?
Who cheers the days_of the
roving Gip-sy?

Chi del gi-ta-no i
gior-ni ab-bel-la?
Who cheers the days_of the
roving Gip-sy?
Who cheers the days of the roving Gipsy, say,

Chi del gitano i giorni abbel la, chi?

Who, who is it cheers his days?

chi, i giorni abbel la? 

La zingarela!

la zingarela, 'tis the gitana!

rela, la zingarela, la zingarela!

Rela, la zingarela, la zingarela!

rela, la zingarela, la zingarela!

rela, la zingarela, la zingarela!
No. 8 Canzone
AZUCENA

Allegretto (a tempo)

Stride la vamp - pa! Fierce flames are soaring, the

Strings

Piano

fol - la - in - do - mi - ta cor - re a quel fo - co lie -
cru - el mul - ti - tude Rush to the pas - time, laugh

in their mad - ness, Fren - zied with pleas - ure, shout

Cl. & Fag.

marcato

-tor - no eco - cheg - gia - no: cin - ta di sgher - ri

ing as vultures cry. Forth comes the vic - tim,

marcato
Donna s'avanza! Sinistra splendente
girl with her sadness. Rough guards with curs.

de sui volti orribili la tetra
drag her amid the crowd, Over all the

fiamma che salza, che salza al ciel,
flame rushed upward, accusing the sky,

che salza al ciel!
the silent sky!

Ob Cl.
AZUCENA

Stride the vamps! Bring forth the victim
Fierce flames are roaring, barefoot, unshod.

Victima, negro vestita, in garment sabre, yells of derision.

Gri do ferro di scintile scalza! Yells of derision greeted her agony, writing they

marchato

marchato
pette di balza in balza! Si
bound her, mid cries as of Bab el, And

ni stra splen de sui vol ti or ri bi li
there they watch'd her scorch at the fie ry stake,

la te tra fiam ma che s'al-za, che s'al-za al ciel,
O'er all the flame rusk es up ward, ac cus ing the sky,

che s'al za al ciel!
the si lent sky!
Assai moderato
cupo ed allarg.

AZUCENA

Del pari me-sta che la sto-ri-a fu-
Tis sad in-deed, but sad-der still the dire-

Me-sta è la tua can-
zon!
Sad is thymorn-ing song.

Me-sta è la tua can-
zon!
Sad is thymorn-ing song.

Me-sta è la tua can-
zon!
Sad is thymorn-ing song.

Assai moderato

(Turns towards Manrico and says in an undertone)

ne-sta da cui trag-ge ar-go-men-to! Mi ven-di-
cal! (L'ar-ca-na pa-ro-la-o-gnor!) Com-pa-gni-van-e il gior-no; a pro-
sto-ry that I ev-ver must re-mem-ber. A-venge thou me!
me! (A-gain those mys-te-rious words!) Com-pa-nions, now'tis day-light, come forth to seek your

(MANRICO)

A Gip-sy

Ob. & Cl.

always \( p \) ed allarg.
Allegro

pan, su su! scen-dia-mo per le pro-pin-que vil-le.  An-bread, A-rise! de-scend we up-on the near-est vil-lage.

vi-

di-

A-

dia-

A-

A-

A-

(Away then! They carefully replace their tools in their sacks and descend from the height, singing as they go.)

An-dia-mo! A-way then!

An-dia-mo! A-way then!

An-dia-mo! A-way then!

Chi del gi-ta-no i gior-ni ab-bel-la? Who cheers the days of the roving Gip-sy?

Chi del gi-ta-no i gior-ni ab-bel-la? Who cheers the days of the roving Gip-sy?

Chi del gi-ta-no i gior-ni ab-bel-la? Who cheers the days of the roving Gip-sy?

WOMEN (withdrawing)

mf Strings
(far away)

La zin-ga-rel-la! 'Tis the gi-ta-na!

La zin-ga-rel-la! 'Tis the gi-ta-na!

La zin-ga-rel-la! 'Tis the gi-ta-na! Cl. Fag.

La zin-ga-rel-la! 'Tis the gi-ta-na! Fl. Ob. Cl.

La zin-ga-rel-la! 'Tis the gi-ta-na!

La zin-ga-rel-la! 'Tis the gi-ta-na!

La zin-ga-rel-la! 'Tis the gi-ta-na!

La zin-ga-rel-la! 'Tis the gi-ta-na!

La zin-ga-rel-la! 'Tis the gi-ta-na!
(Azucena and Manrico)

E tu lai-gno-ri, tu
Dost thou not know it, in-

So li or sia-mo! Deh, nar-ra quel-la sto-ria fu-ne-sta.
None can hear us! Oh, tell me of that sor-row-ful sto-ry.

pur? Ma, gio-vi-net-toi pas-si tuoi d’am-bi-zion lo spro-ne lun-gi tra-
deed? Long by the wars thou from thy peo-ple hast been di-cid-ed, or thou hadst

Allegro

Del’ a-vai fi-ne a-cer-bo è quest’i-sto-ria.
That sto-ry tells my moth-er’s bit-ter end ing:

La in-col-

heard it.

She was

pò su-per-bo con-te di ma-le-fi-zio, on-de as-se ri-a, cól-to un bam-bi-en suo
charged with ma-gic arts by a cru-el no-ble, thro’ her en-chant-ments one of his sons had
figlio
Es-sabru-cia-ta ven-ne ov'ar-de quel fo-co!
per-ish'd,
There at the stake they burnt her, where now thou art standing!

Andante mosso (d. 120)

MANZICO (starts away from the spot with dread)

AZUCENA

Ahi! scia-gu-ra-ta!
Oh, spot of hor-ror!

Con-

Cl. & F1n.

In

String.

sotto voce

dot-ta el-le-ra in cep-pli al su-o de-stin tre-
chains to her doom they dragg'd her, no hope was there of as-

men-do; col fi-glio sul-le brac-cia, io la se-gnia pian-
sis-tance; My ba-by on my shoul-der, I fol-low'd at a

-gen-do. In-fi-no ad es-san-var-co ten-tai, ma in-va-no-a-
dis-tance; In vain I sought to ap-proach her, in vain my un-hap-py
Primiero, invanento la misera fermaresie benedir-
mother. To bless me put forth her hands, ere flames her breath could smoth-
mi! Ché! fra be-stem-mie sce-ne, punge
er! Guards, savage and ferocious, With jeers brulal-
ferri, al ro-go la cac-cia-va-no gli scel-lera-
load her, With spears and cruel taun-
ting words in to the flames they

gheri-

goat her; pp

Al-

lor, con tron-co accen-
to: "mi

And in her dying strug-gle, "A-

venge thou me," she cried: Those words I hear for ev-

Cl. & Fag.

Cl. & Fag.

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cor, in questo cor lascio. La vendi-
go, wher'e'er I go or bide. Didst thou a-

AZUCENA
ca-sti? Il figlio giunsi a rapir del con-
ta; lo trasci-nai qui venge her? I stole the child of that cru-el no-
bile; I, too, a fire had

me-co- le fiamme ar-dean gia pron-te. kin-died, a-ven-ving my tears and trou-
bile. (shrink-

MANRICO Le fiam-me? Oh, ciel! Oh, moth-er, with fire? tu

MANRICO Ei di-strug-ge-a-si in pian-
to-

for-se? say'st thou?

Fl. & Ob.
Pity was stirred in my bosom, I my purpose re-

frant-to!

Quand' ec-co agli e-gri

Then dark-ly a cloud came

spir-iti,

o'er me,

Up-rose that fa-tal

co-me in un so-gno, a-

par-ve

vi-sion:

Lu-rid flames a-

ra-le

scend-ing,

di spa-ven-to-se

shout-ings of fierce de-

Allegretto (J: 6o)

sotto voce e declamato

ppp sempre

Vln. 2di

Vln.
lar-ve! gli sgher-ri! ed it sup-
ris-\ion, the sol-di ers point-ing their

Volo

pli-ziol la ma dre smor-tain
lan-ces, my moth-er, wan and

Vio-

vol-to, bleed-ing,
sca-za, bare-foot,
di-

and

scin-tal faint-ing,
il gri-do, il

I hear her, I

grì-do, il no-to gri-do a-scol-to! "Mi
hear her, for re-tri-bu-tion she's plead-ing: "A
allegro agitato

ven - di - cal

venge thou me!

ff Tutti agitiss. declamato

La ma - no con-vul - sa sten - do
The shud - der of death then seized me.

Corni, etc.

strin - go la vit - ti - ma nel fo - co la trag-go,
o - ver Her hap - less head the flames rose de - voir - ing,

la so-spin-gro!

in they drove her!

Ces - sa - il fa - tal de -
Hor - vor my sens - es

li - rio Tor - ri - da sce - na fug - ge
cloud - ed, from that dread vis - ion turn - ing,

ff
fiamma sol di-vampa, e la sua pre-da
saw the fire be-fore me, my strug-gling vic-tim

strug-gel! Pur vol-gu-in-tor-no il guar-do e in-
burn-ing! And when I look'd a-round me, in-

nan-zia me vegg'i-o dell'empio con-te-il fi-glio!
stead of him I cher-ish'd, I saw the hat-ed in-fant!

Ah! che
Ah, what

Il fi-glio mi-o, mio fi-glio a-vea bru-cia-to!
My own had per-ish'd, And I, and I had slain him!

di-ci? says thou? Ah!

Qua-le or-tale of

Cl. & Fag.
AZUCENA

Mio figlio, mio figlio,
Oh, horror! oh, horror!

Ah! Ah!
Qual leord of

ror! ror! ror!
me! me! me!
oh, qual more!
say no more!

il figlio mio! il figlio mio!
my son had perished, and I myself!

- o a vea bru cia to!
my self had slain him!

MANRICO

Or-ror!
No more!
Qua-le or-ror!  
Say no more!

AZUCENA

ror!  
more!  
Sul capo mio le chio-

Ah! let me think on that day

allarg. poco a poco e morendo

me sen-to driz-zar-si an-cor!  
no more, the remem-brance is death,  

I driz-

allarg. poco a poco e morendo

(Azucena falls fainting on her seat; Manrico is struck dumb with horror and astonishment.)

zar-si an-cor!  
driz-zar-si an-cor!

can no more!  
I can no more!

allarg. morendo
No. 11 Recitative and Duet

AZUCENA

Tu sei mio
I am thy

MANRICO

Non son tuo figliol! E chi son i-o? chi dun-que?
Was I that child then? Thow'r't not my moth-er? Who am I?

PIANO

Ah for-se? che vuoi! Quando al pensiero s'affaccia il truce
What said I? I know not! when I re-call that day of de-spair and

Ep-pur dice-sti._
And yet thy sto-ry.

ca so lo spirito ine-bra-to po-ne stol-te pa-ro-le sul mio lab-bro._
Madder,

an-guish, my dark-ed rea-son sees im-ag-ined vi-sions of hor-ror and de-lu-sion. Moth-er,

MANRICO

tutto questo Re c
do-

AZUCENA

tutto questo Mo-lo
tutto questo Re c
do-

con passione

te-ne-ra ma-dre non ma-ve-stio-gno-ra? Po-trei ne-gar-lo? A me, se vi-vian-

fond lov-ing moth-er thou hast found me ev-er. I'll ne'er de-ny it! To me thou ow-sth thy

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cora, nol déi? Not-tur-na, nei pu-gna-ti cam-pi di Pe-life, for I saved thee. Re-men-ber, when up-on the ram-parths of Pe-

lil-la, o-ve spen-to fa-ma ti dis-se, a dar ti se-pol-tu-ra non lii-la, 'mid the dead thy com-rades had left thee, did I not seek thee out to en-

mos-si? La fugg-gen-teu-ra vi-tal non i-sco-vri nel se-no, non tar-re-tomb thee? Who re-vived the dy-ing spark of vi-tal flame, who watched thy re-turn-

stò ma-ter-no af-fet-to? E quan-te cu-re non spe-si a ri-sa-breath, who but thy moth-er? Think of the care un-ceas-ing with which thy

nar te tan-te ferieti!
wounds I fond-ly tend-ed!
MANRICO (with noble pride)

Che por-tai quel di fa-ta-le, ma tut-te qui, nel Yes, I thought my days were num-berd, but dy-ing still I
pet-tol lo sol, frami-le già sban-da-ti, al ne-mi-co vol gen-do an-cor la glo-rie that on my breast a-lone 1 bore them, I a-lone faced the foe, of all my

fac-cial! Il rio Di Lu-na su me piom-bo col su-drap-pel-lo: io cad-di! pe-squadron. 'Twas there the curs-ed di Lu-na with his troops sur-prised me, and wounded I

Allegro AZUCENA
ro-da for-te io cad-di! Eco-co mer-ce-de ai gior-ni, che l'in-fell, fell like a sol-dier. And what re-turn for thy mer-cy hath he

fa-me nel sin-go-lar cer tame eb-be sal-va da te! Qual tao-cie-ca va made thee? He vile-ly doth pur-sue thee, who spared him that day. Tell me what moved thee

stran-pie-tà per es-so? Oh ma-dre! non-sa-prei dir-lo a me stes-so! then to re-frain from strik-ing? Oh, moth-er, I in that mo-ment was spell-bound!
Strange are thy words, strange are thy words!

When a magic power
drew him for the hatred that he bore me:

When a magic power

resta un moto arcano
nel discender, nel di-
stay'd my arm uplifted; Wrath and scorn had from my

scener questa mano, le mie fibre acutegelo fa re-
heart that moment drifted, And a tremor of awe withheld my arm, I

dared not shed his blood! Words as of warping

pen-te ab-bri-vi-dir!
mentre un grido

dal cielo, mentre un grido vien
close beside me, words of warning close beside me, thus they

vienn dal cielo, mentre un grido vien dal cie-lo che mi

AZUCENA

Meno mosso

Ma nell'alma dell' ingra-to non parlo del ciel un
Oh my son, wouldst thou but heed me, Or that speedy death would

di-ce: non ferir!
whisper'd: End this feud.

Meno mosso (f 92)
det-to, non par-lò del cielo un det-to! Oh! se an-corti spinge il blight him, or that speed-y death would blight him! Oh, if fate a-gain should

fa-to a pu-gnar col ma-le-det-to, a pu-gnar col ma-le-
lead thee Where thy dead-ly blade can smite him, where thy dead-ly blade can

det-to, com-pio fi-glio, qual d'un Di-o, com-pio al-
smite him, Show no mer-cy, ne'er gain-say me, Strike him

lo-ra il cen-no mi-o! Si-no all'el-sa que-sta sure-ly, son, then o-bey me, Sheathe thy dag-ger to the

la-ma vi-bra-im-mer-gial-lem-pio in cor, vi-bra-im-mer-ga all-em-pio in kilt with-in th'un-grate-ful trai-tor's heart, Sheathe thy dag-g er with-in his...
Si, lo giuro, questa lama scompierà.
Yes, I swear it, yes, this dagger will be sheathed within his heart.
cor, all' em-pio in cor, si!
heart, in his trait-or heart, yes,
cor, dell' em-pio in cor, si!
heart, in his trait-or heart, yes,

vi-bra-im-per-gial' em-pio in cor, vi-bra-im-per-gial' em-pio in cor!
sheathe thy dag-ger in his heart, sheathe thy dag-ger in his heart!

scen-de-ra dell' em-pio in cor, scen-de-ra dell' em-pio in cor!
I will sheathe it in his heart, I will sheathe it in his heart!

(The prolonged note of a horn is heard)

L'u-sa-to mes-so Ru-iz in-vi-a For-se-
The won't-ed sig-nal, per-chance 'tis Ru-iz, An-swer.

(Sounds his horn in answer)

Corno
Allegro

AZUCENA (sits absorbed, unconscious of what passes)

"Mi. ven-di-cal!
'A-venge thou me!"

MANRICO (to a Messenger, who has entered)

I-nol-tra-il
Thou mayst ap-

Allegro
Messer (giving a letter)

pie—Guer-resco e-ven-to, dim-mi, se-gui-a? Ri-spon-dal fo-glio che re-coa
froch, Say what hath brought thee? tid-ings of war-fare? I bear a let-ter,'twill tell thee

MANRICO (reading)

"In no-stra pos-sa è Castellor; ne déi tu, per cen-no del pren-ce, vi-gi-lar le di-se-
all. "Our men have tak-en Castellor. The prince's or-der is that thou come instantly to de-fend it;

O-ve ti è da-to af-fret-ta-ti a ve-nir. Giun-ta la se-ra, trat-tain ing-an-no di
Un-less thy wounds un-heal'd have laid thee low, I shall ex-pect thee; know that, de-ceived by tid-

(desparingly)

tuamor-teal gri-do, nel vi-cin-chio-stro del-la Cro-ce il ve-lo cin-ge-rà Leo-no-ra. "Oh giu-sto
ings of thy death, the fair Leo-no-ra will this day be-come the bride e-lect of heav-en! Oh, cru-el

Allegro agitato mosso (d=100)

AZUCENA (starting up) MANRICO (to the Messenger)

cie-lo! Che fi-a? Ve-lo-ce scen-di la
for-tune! What saith he? Go, ha-sten, bring me a
"BALZA, ED UN CAVALLO A ME PROVVEDI.
CHARGER, DESCEND THE HILL AND THERE A-WAIT ME.
MESSENER

CENA (INTERPOSING) MANRICO

RICCO! IL TEMPO IN CALZA! VOLA, MA-SPETTA DEL COLLE AI
RICCO! LOSE NOT A MOMENT, FLY THEN, A-WAIT ME, THE MOMENTS ARE

AZUCENA (THE MESSENER DEPARTS IN HASTE) MANRICO

PIEDI. E SPEZI? E VUOI? (PERDER-LA! OH AMBASSADOR-
PRESSING. MANRICO, WHAT WILT THOU? (IF I BE TOO TAR-DY!

AZUCENA MANRICO (PUTS ON HIS HELMET AND SEIZES HIS MANTLE)

PERDER QUELL' ANGEL! (E FUOR DI SEL!) AD-DIOL
OH, CRUEL TORMENT! (HE'S IN DESPAIR.) I LEAVE THEE.

AZUCENA MANRICO AZUCENA

NO, FERMA, ODI-MI LASCIAR! FERMA!
NO, TELL ME, WHEREFORE I CANNOT. LISTEN—

SENSISSI

5-146-79193-239
spre-mi dal mio cor! tu la spre-mi dal mio cor!
break thy moth-er's heart, It will break thy moth-er's heart,

spre-mi dal mio cor, ah! ah! tu la spre-mi dal mio cor,
it will break thy moth-er's heart! Ah! ah! canst thou
cresc.

MANrico
strong accents

spre-mi, leave me? spre-mi dal cor! Un mo-

men-to può in-vol-ar-mi il mio ben, la mia spe-ran-
go, no more de-tain me, May I per-ish if I lose

za! No, che ba-sti ad ar-re-star-mi, ter-rae ciel non
ker! Heav'n and earth shall not re-strain me, I must fly to
AZUCENA

De-men-te!
'Tis mad-ness!

ha pos-san-za!
Ah! mi sgom-bra, o ma-dre,i pas-si, Guai per
dis-a-buse her.
'Tis in vain to re-sist, O moth-er, Thy fore-

te, s'io qui re-stas-si! tu ve-dre-sti a' pie-di tuo-
bod-ing thou must smoth-er, From the maid whom I have chos-

AZUCENA

i spen-to il fi-glio di do-lor! No, sof-frir-lo non pos-si-
en, I would rather die than part. No, thou must not leave me weep-

AZUCENA

ol-ing.

MANRICO

Guai per te, s'io qui re-stas-si!
Thy fore-bod-ing thou must smoth-er!
'Tis in vain to re-

No, sof-frir-lo
No, thou must not
non poss'io, il tuo sangue è sangue mio! Ogni
leave me weeping, Thou my life hast in thy keeping, If a
pie-di tuo i spen-to-il figlio di dolor! Tu ve-
sist, O mother, Thy foreboding thou must smother! From the
tutta forza
stilla che ne versi tu la spre-mi dal mio-cor!
danger now come nigh thee, It will break thy moth-er's heart!
tutta forza
dresti a pie-di tuo i spen-to-il figlio di dolor!
maid whom I have chosen, I would rather die than part!
tutta forza
ferma, deh! ferma!
Stay then, oh, stay then!
Mo-di, deh! mo-di!
Hear me, oh, hear me!
Mio lascia, mio lascia!
No longer detain me!
Ah! Ah!
fer-mal m'o-di, son
stay, my son, leave me
Per-der quell' an-
gelo! Mi lascia, mi
Heav-en and earth shall not, re-strain me, I
Tis I, thy mother, who speaks, my son, oh, stay, my
ma, ferma, ah ferma, ferma, ferma! deh! ferma,
son, oh, stay, oh, stay, oh, hear thy mother,
my son, oh,
la scia, mi lascia, mi lascia! deh lascia, ad-
must go, O mother, I must go; I go, O
ferma, ah ferma, ferma, ferma! (Eust Monrce, Azucena
hear me, oh, stay! oh, hear thy mother!
trying in vain to detain him.)
di o, mi lascia, adnio, ad dio ol
mother, O mother, mother, farewell!
Scene II. Cloisters of a Convent near Castellor. Trees at the back. Night

Andante mosso (j:90)

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

count Recit.

Ferrando

COUNT

mo-re, ed ir-ri-ta-to or-go-glio chie-se-rea me. Spen-to il ri-love and scorn, shown me by that out-cast, from me de-mand. She thought him
val, cadu- to- gnio- sta- col sem- bra- va a miei de- si- ri; no- vello piu' pos-
dead, and ev- ry ob- sta- cile had van- ished, that now im- pedes me, When yet an- oth- er

Allegro

sen- te el- la nea- ppre- sta__ L'al- fa- re! Ah non__ no fia d'al- tri Le- o-
pre-text she had dis- covered: the cloister! Ah no, I will nev- er more re-

no- ra!__ Le- o- no-ra è mi- a! sign thee! Mine art thou, Leo- no- ra!

Largo (E. 50) cantabile

Il ba- len del suo sor- ri- so d'u- na__ In the light of her sweet glan- ces, joy ce-

viola

p Cl.

Bassi pizz.

stel- la vin- ce il rag- gio! il ful- gor del suo bel vi- so no- vo in-
les- tial beam- eth up on me; When her smile my soul en- tran- ces Death were
fonde, no-vo in fon-de, a me cor-ag-gio. Ah! la-am or, la-am or e ond’ pleas-ant, with that smile she hath un-done me. Ah, these pangs that now make me

ar-do, le fa-vel-li in mio fa-vor! sper-da il lan-guish, But with life a-lone will de-part, Shed thy

so-le d’un suo sguar-do la tem-pe-sta del mio balm on my an-guish, Lull the tem-pest of my

con espansione
cor. Ah! la-am or, la-am or ond’ ar-do le fa-vel-li in mio fa-

Fl. & Cl.
vo- re, sper dal so-le d'un suo sguar-do la tem-pe-sta del mio part._

Shed thy balm up-on my an-guish, Lull the tem-pest of my cor._

Ah! la-mor, la-mor ond' ar-do, le fa-vel-lijn mio fa-

heart. Ah, the pang that make me lan-guish, But with life they will de-
vor._ sper-dal so-le d'un suo sguar-do la tem-pe-sta,

part._ Shed thy balm up-on my an-guish, Lull the tem-pest,

A-Bell is heard)

Qual suo-no! That ring-ing:

A heart!

She Bell
Allegro assai mosso

Ah, pria che giungi a l'al-
ciell.

comes!

FERRANEO

Before the shrine she can

La squil-

la vi-

ci-noj

ti-to-

an-
u

nun-

zia.
The bell

sum-

mons-

all be-

fore the

al-
tar.

FERRANDO COUNT

tar,

si

ra-

pi-

scala!

Oh ba-

da--

Ta-

ci!

non o-

do? an-

reach,

I

will seize her.

Be care-

ful!

Si-

lence! now leave me, and

da-

te

di quei

fag

gi all'om-

bra ce-

la-

tevi.

hide thee.

Go, con-

ceal

your-selves in the
grove be-
yond.

(ferrando and the

followers withdraw gradually)

Ah! fra po-

to

co

mia

di-

ver-

She ap-

proch-

es

mine

she shall
Ferrando and followers, sotto voce

Ar-dir! an-diam, ce-lia-mo-ci fra l'om-bre, nel
dir! an-diam, ce-lia-mo-ci fra l'om-bre, nel mi-
go, we-go, in se-cre-cy, thy man-date to

Ar-dir! an-diam, ce-lia-mo-ci fra l'om-bre, nel
We-go, we-go, in se-cre-cy, thy man-date to o-

mi-ster! ar-dir! ar-dir! an-diam, si-len-zi-o!
o-bey; we go, A-way, a-way, with si-lent step,

ste-ro, nel mi-ster! ar-dir! an-diam, si-len-zi-o!
bey, yes, to o-bey, A-way, a-way, with si-lent step, si

mi-ster! ar-dir! ar-dir! an-diam, si-len-zi-o!
date to o-bey, A-way, a-way, with si-lent step,
va - no un Dio ri - va - le s'op - po - ne all'a - mor
sist - less ar - dor fires me, No ri - val shall pos-

mi - o, non può nem-men un Di - o, don - na, ra-
ness thee, Thy fate, with love to bless me, Thou peer-less

pir - ti a me, non può ra-pir - ti a me!
maid di - vine, thou peer-less maid-en di-vine.

Chorus

Tempo I
FERRANDO

Ar-dir! an-diam, ce-lia-mo-ci fra l'om - bre, nel
We go, we go, in se - cre - cy, thy man - date to
dir! an-diam, ce - lia-mo-ci fra l'om - bre, nel mi-
go, we go, in se - cre - cy, thy man - date to o-

Ar-dir! an-diam, ce-lia-mo-ci fra l'om - bre, nel
We go, we go, in se - cre - cy, we go, thy man -

ppp ed assai stacc.
mi-ster, ar-dir! o-be-y; we go;
ste-ro, nel mi-ster! Ar-dir! be-y, yes, to o-be-y; A-way, a-way, with si-lent step,
mi-ster! ar-dir! date to o-be-y; A-way, a-way, with si-lent step,

si com-pia-il suo vol-er! ar-dir! Per no sound our pres-ence shall be-tray. The
com-pia-il suo vol-er, il suo vol-er! sound, no sound our pres-ence shall be-tray.
no sound our pres-ence shall be-tray.

un poco meno
me o-ra fa-ta-le, i tuo mo-men-ti af-
un poco meno

un poco meno
fretta fretta: la gioja che m'aspetta, gioja mortale, no!

No more delaying, No more with scorn repaying, I swear thou shalt be mine, thou shalt be mine, ay! thou shalt be mine! Re-

va no un Dio riva le soppone all'amor

sisterless ardor fires me, No rival shall possess thee, Thy fate, with love to bless me, Thou peerless

pirmaid divine, thou peerless maid en di-
sotto voce.

Non può nem-men, nem-men un
It is thy fate with love to

Ar-dir! ar-dir!
We go! we go!

Ar-dir! ar-dir!
we go! we go!

Di-o bless me,
ra-pir-tia me, ra-pir-tia

ar-dir! ar-dir!
we go! we go!

ar-dir! ar-dir!
we go! we go!

me, no, no, non puó
sess thee, no, no, no,

si-len-zio! ar-dir! ar-dir!
Thy man-date to o-

si-len-zio! ar-dir! ar-dir!
Thy man-date to o-

ah, si-len-zio! ar-dir! ar-dir! ce-
yes, si-len-zio! ar-dir! ar-dir! ce-
lia-mo-ci fra lom-bre, nel mi-ster, ce-lia-mo-ci fra lom-bre,
se-cre-cy my man-date to o-bey, in se-cre-cy my man-date
lia-mo-ci, ce-lia-mo-ci fra lom-bre,
se-cre-cy, in se-cre-cy thy man-date
lia-mo-ci, ce-lia-mo-ci fra lom-bre,
se-cre-cy, in se-cre-cy thy man-date
lia-mo-ci fra lom-bre, nel mi-ster, ar-dir!
to o-bey, in se-cre-cy my man-date to o-bey; a-way,
se-cre-cy thy man-date to o-bey; a-way,
se-cre-cy thy man-date to o-bey; a-way,
(n. going off) morendo
a-way, a-way, a-way!

va-way, a-way, a-way, a-way!

va-way, a-way, a-way, a-way!

va-way, a-way, a-way, a-way!

va-way, a-way, a-way, a-way!

va-way, a-way, a-way, a-way!

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va-way, a-way, a-way, a-way!

va-way, a-way, a-way, a-way!

va-way, a-way, a-way, a-way!

va-way, a-way, a-way, a-way!

va-way, a-way, a-way, a-way!
Andante
(Voices alone)

Ah! se terror t'in-gom-bra, o fi-glia d'E-vai ra-i,
Ah! mid the shades of er-ror, Daugh-ter of Eve, be-think thee,

Chorus of Nuns
(behind the scenes)

Andante (j-jo)

Piano
(ad libitum)

pres-so a mo-rir, ve-dra-i che un'om-bra un so-gno fu: an-zì del sognò un
Not to a shad-ow link thee, Not to the joys that fade; Turn un-to vis-ions

COUNT (hidden among the trees)

sotto voce

No, no, non può nem-men un
No, no, I swear thou shalt be

FERRANDO (hidden among the trees)

sotto voce

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

om-bra la spe-me di qua-giù!
fair-er, Where hope is ne'er be-tray'd.

Followers of the Count

sotto voce

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

sotto voce

Str.

(Ochestra)
Dio rapir 'tia me, Tho' heav'n it self should give a

si compia il suo, the sound of prayer is on the air.

si compia il suo, the sound of prayer is on the air.

si compia il suo, the sound of prayer is on the air.

Chorus of Nuns (voices alone as at first)

Vie nle t'a sconda il ve lo ad o gni sguardo uma no,

Strife shall not here come nigh thee, Come, let the veil en fold thee,

ad libitum

au rao pen sier mon da no qui vi vo piu non è. Al ciel ti vol gie il

Come, let its grace up hold thee, Here be thy heart in peace. Neer shall temp ta tion

au rao pen sier mon da no qui vi vo piu non è. Al ciel ti vol gie il

Come, let its grace up hold thee, Here be thy heart in peace. Neer shall temp ta tion
No, no, I swear
thou shalt be

Corraggio, ardir!
Be-ware, be-ware,

cielo si schiude-rà per te.
try thee, Here will thy sorrows cease.

Corraggio, ardir!
Be-ware, be-ware,

Corraggio, ardir!
Be-ware, be-ware,

Dio rapirìa me,
Thou heaun it self
should give a

si compia il suo,
the voice of pray'r
is on the air!

si compia il suo,
the voice of pray'r
is on the air!

si compia il suo,
the voice of pray'r
is on the air!
me, No, no, non può rapirtìa me,
sign, No, no, I swear thou shalt be mine,
corraggio ar-
te, earth
si schiude
te, earth
si schiude
corraggio ar-
corraggio ar-
corraggio ar-
morendo
No, no, non può rapirtìa me!
Tho' heav'n it-self should give a sign.
dir! pray'r
corraggio ar-dir!
corraggio ar-dir!
corraggio ar-dir!
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corraggio ar-dir!
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corraggio ar-dir!
corraggio ar-dir!
corraggio ar-dir!
No. 14. FINALE (continued)

Andante
Strings

(Enter Leonora with Inez and female attendants)

LEONORA Recit.

Per-ché pian-gé-te?
O why this weep-ing?

Ah!
Shall

O dol-cia-
Oh, heart of

dun-que tu per sem-pre ne la-sci!
we not ev-er hence-forth be par-ted?

mi-che, un ri-so, u-na sper-an-za, un fior la ter-ra non ha per
kind-ness! this par-ting for me re-gret not, no joy, no fu-ture is left to
Andante (d = 60)

me! Deggi o volgermi a Quel che de-gli as-
me! I turn to Him who a- lone can dry the

flitti è solo soste-gno, e do-po i pe-ni-ten-
mourn-er's tears of sorrow, and when my days of grief are

giorni, può fra gli esletti al mio perdueto be-ne ri-con-giun-germi un
over, mer cy e ter nal may guid em weary spir it yet to meet him a-

di! Terge-tei rai, e gui-da-te-mi all' ara! (turning to go) gain. Weep not, I pray thee, let us haste to the altar.
count (suddenly interrupting her)

No! giam-
No, re-
Allegro assai

LEONORA

Giusto ciel!
Help, O Heav'n!

INEZ

Il Conte!
The Count!

mail
main!

Il Conte!
The Count!

Il Conte!
The Count!

Chorus of Nuns

Allegro assai (d=64)

In-sano! e qui venisti?
This sacri-lege thou dar-est?

Co-tanto ar-di-a!
What pro-fa-nation!

ne-o.
Hy-men;

Co-tanto ar-di-a!
What pro-fa-nation!

Co-tanto ar-di-a!
What pro-fa-na-tion!

Per te non havvi che l'ara d'ime-
The altar des-tined for thee is that of

A far-ti
For mine I
(Manrico appears)

LEONORA

INÉZ

Ah!

Ah!

COUNT

Ah!

Ah!

mi - 

claim

a,

thee,

Ah!

Ah!

FERRANDO

Ah!

Ah!

FOLLOWERS OF THE COUNT

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!
Andante mosso (J.78)

VOICE

E deg-gio pos-so cre-der-lo? Ti veg-goja me d'ac-

Can I be-lieve the vis-ion blest, And art thou here be-

can-to!

E que-sto un so-gno un'e-sta-si, un so-vru-ma-nein-

side me!

Or ist a dream of ec-sta-sy? What an-gel here did

guide thee?

Non re-gre-a tan-to giu-bi-lo rapi to il cor, sor-

Such rap-ture is too great to bear. 'Tis joy and ter-

tre-s! Sei tu dal ciel di-sce-so, o incli-ci son io con

blend-ed! From heav'n art thou de-scend-ed, Or um I there with

con espansione e slancio

te? sei tu dal ciel di-sce-so, oin ciel soni-o con

thee? From heav'n art thou de-scend-ed, Or am I there with

Strings p colla parte

balzante stentate lunga

can-to!

guide thee?

Non re-gre-a tan-to giu-bi-lo rapi to il cor, sor-

Such rap-ture is too great to bear. 'Tis joy and ter-

pre-so! Sei tu dal ciel di-sce-so, o incli-ci son io con

blend-ed! From heav'n art thou de-scend-ed, Or um I there with
Dunque gli stin ti lasciano di morte il re igno-
Thus from the shades of death art thou returned for my un-

No mebej ciel, nè lorrido var-cointernal sen-
Death and his awful shades have not yet with their terrors

tie-ro.
seized me.

A dannomio rinnunzia le presede sue l'in-
Traitor, beware, I cease not my prise from pur-

Infamisgherri vi-brano mortali colpe
Thou, thou hast fallen, but for mis-guided pity that re-

fer-no!
suing!
vedro!

potenza irrestitibile

Ma se non mai si francesco,

If till this hour thy life is spared,

My

le stroni; To do thy worst I

francesco de' giorni tuoi gli

vow is passed that surely I'll de

O in ciel, in ciel son io con

O in heav'n, in heav'n am I then with

hanono de' fuumi

strike; To do thy worst I
me, si, si, quel Dio soccorse a me!
cree, yes, she is mine by Heavn's decree!

me, fuggi da lei, fuggi da me!
See, Ah yes, that day thy death shall see!

dim. ed allarg.

leggieriss. e brillantisstmo

LEONORA

E questo un sogno, un sogno è stato, un sogno è stato.
Can I, can I believe that this is not a dream of ec.

INEZ (to Leonora)

Il cielo in cui, in cui fi-
The heav'n in whom thy heart con

MANRICO

Magnificun Dio con-
Eterna l'ha tred here I

COUNT

Se vi-ve vi- per, vi-
Thou traitor, if a-gain I meet thee, I have vowed that thy death that day shall

FERRANDO (to Count)

Tu col de-stin con-tra-
She hath in heav'n, con-fid ed, and heav'n it self now hath rescued her from

CHORUS OF NUNS (to Leonora)

(to Count)

Il cielo in cui, in cui, fi-
The heav'n, in whom thy heart con

FOLLOWERS of the COUNT

Tu col de-stin, col de-stin con-
She hath in heav'n, yes, in heav'n con

Wood and Strings

pp dolce

Bass' pizz.
sì, è questo un sonno, un sonno, un estasi, un sonno, un'estasi,
can I, can I believe that this is not a dream of ecstasy

da sti, ah! pietà de avea di
fid ed, sent him here to set thee

fondel! quel Dio soccorse, soccor se a
swear thee, She's mine, she's mine by Heav'n's de-

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

e, tu col de stin contra sti, suo difensor, suo difenso re degli thee, She hath in heav'n con fid ed, and heav'n it self now hath rescued her from

da sti, ah! pietà de avea di
fid ed, sent him here to set thee

transi: suo difensor
fid ed, and kind heav'n hath set her

transi: suo difensor
fid ed, and kind heav'n hath set her
si! Sei tu dal cie-lo, sei tu dal cie-te,
free, The heav'n
me, soc-cor-se a me, soc-cor-se a me,
cree, yes, she is mine,
be! Be-ware, thou trai-
è, thee, ah, si, tu
te, free, pie-tà, pie-in
è, free, Ah, yes, she
è, free, Ah, yes, she
io, oin ciel, oin ciel son io_ con te? É que-stoun so-gno,un so-gno,un'
I in heav'n, or I_ in heav'n with thee? Can I_, can I_ be-lie-ve that

ta-dea vea di te, il cie-lo in
him to set thee free, the heav'n in

me, soc-cor-se a me, ma gliem-plun
cree, by heav'n's de-cree. E-ter-nal

fug-gi da lei, da me, se-vi-vice vi-ver, vi-ver
day thy death shall be, thou-trai-tor, if a-gain I

di-fen-so-re gl'_è, tu col de-stin con-tra-
res-cued her from thee, she hath in heav'n con-fid-

vea di te, il cie-lo in
set thee free, the heav'n in

di-fen-so-re gl'_è, tu col de-
heav'n hath set her free, she hath in

heav'n hath set her free, she hath in
esta-si, un sogno, un'estasi! Sei tu dal cie-
this is not a dream of ec-
sta-cy? Art thou from heav-
ta-dea-vea di te, pie-
here to set thee free.
The

cor-se, soc-cor-sea me, soc cor-sea mine by Heavn's de-
bra-mi, fug-gi, fug-gi da lei, da lei, da me, se-vi-ve bra-
meet thee, I have vowed that thy death that day shall be! Be-ware, thou trai-
sti, suo di-fen-sor, suo di-fen-so-re-gli è, ah,
ed, and heav'n it-self now hath res-cued her from thee. Ah,

ta-dea-vea di te, pie-
here to set thee free.
The
di-fen-so-re è, ah,
heavn hath set her free. Ah,
di-fen-so-re è, ah,
heavn hath set her free. Ah,
Allegro vivo

Me. Ruiz (with armed followers) My daunt-less com-pan-ions!

Me. Urgel vi-va!

Be. Urgel con-quers!

Te. Free.

Followers of the Troubadour

Te. Free.

Urgel vi-va!

Urgel con-quers!

Allegro vivo (d. 84)

Tutti

Leona (to Leonora) Ah! Ah! (to the Count)

Don- na, mi se-gui. Come, let me lead thee.

Tar-

Ruíz (to the Count opposing him)

Vie-ni!

Join us!

Et tu spe-ri?

Dar-ing trai- tor!
(Ruiz and Manrico's followers surround and disarm the Count)

COUNT (draws his sword) Va-neg-gia!
She shall come but with me! Go!

In-vo-lar - mi co-stei! No!

Ferrando

Che ten-ti, si-Thou art o-ver.

Followers of Manrico Va-neg-gia!
He's rav-ing!

Followers of the Count Va-neg-gia!
He's rav-ing!

Di ra-

Ha'l'tis
LEONORA

M'ater-ri-sce,
Dream of heav-en,
m'ater-
dream of

INEE

Ah!
Ah!
si
yes,

MANRICO

Fia sup-pli-zio,
Let me lead thee,

FERRANDO (to the Count)

Vie-ni,
Come
then,
come

gio-ne-o-gni lu-me per-dei!
mad-ness that burns in my heart,
but I will be re-venged,

Ferrando (to the Count)

Ce-di,
Leave
them,
leave

Chorus of Nuns

Ah!
Ah!
si,
yes,

Followers of Manrico

Vie-ni,
Come
then,
come

Followers of the Count

Ce-di,
Leave
them,
leave
Sei tu dal ciel disceso, o in ciel son io con te! — sei tu dal ciel di-
Art thou from heav'n descended, or am I there with thee? — art thou from heav'n de-

Allegro

See tu dal ciel disceso, o in ciel son io con te, con te, in ciel con
csend-ed, or am — I there with thee am in heav'n with

Pie-ta-de-vea di
Ahi, yes, to set thee

Vie-ni, ah vie-ni,
Yes, mine by heav'n's de-

Vie-ni, cap tain thou shalt
Our, cap — ah vie-ni, tain thou shalt

Ho-le su-rue nel
Yes, I will be re-

Ce-di, ah, ce-di,
By heav'n rescued from

Pie-Ahi, yes, to set thee

Vie-ni, cap — ah vie-ni, tain thou shalt
Our, cap — ah vie-ni, tain thou shalt

Ce-di, ah ce-di,
By heav'n rescued from

Ce-di, ah ce-di,
By heav'n rescued from
Act III (The Gipsy's Son)
No. 16 CHORUS OF SOLDIERS

Scene I. 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 Casticillo.

Allegro (d = 88)

PIANO

Tutti

[Music notation image]

5-146-71913
A Party of Soldiers

Now the dice invite our leisure While in peace we are so

Another Party of Soldiers (brightening their armor)

Brief the soldier's hour of pleasure, Blood will

(A strong band of cross-bowmen crosses the back of the stage)

Corni and Tromb. 

Those are troops to reinforce us!
All the soldiers
A Party of Soldiers

Now the dice invite our leisure While in peace we are so

Another Party of Soldiers (brightening their armor)

Brief the soldier's hour of pleasure, Blood will

(A strong band of cross-bowmen crosses the back of the stage.)

Corni and Tromb.
All the soldiers

Piu l'as-sal-to ri-tar-da-to or non fia di Castel-
lor! With de-lay none shall re-proach us, Up, and van-quish Castel-

lor, piu l'as-sal-to ri-tar-da-to or non fia di Castel-
lor; With de-lay none shall re-proach us, Up, and van-quish Castel-

lor; Up, no, non fia piu, no, non fia up, and a-
lor; Up, no, non fia piu, no, non fia up, and a-

5-146-71913-7
Si, pro- di- mi- ci; al di no- vel- lo, è men- te del ca- pi-

Yes, brace com- pan- ions, the Count com- mands us, with- out an- y more de-

più.

way!

più.

way!

tan la roc- cajn-ves- tir do- gni par- te. Co- là pin- gue bot- ti- no cer- tez- za rinn- ve-

lay, to storm Cas- tel- lor, and to take it. Our soldiers will find boot- y ex- ceed- ing all their

Oh Con- s Eng.

nir, più che spe- ran- za. Si vin- ca; e no- stro.

hopes: Then go, and con- quer, be for- tune your guer- don.

Brass

All the Soldiers

Moderato

Tu c'in- vi- tia dan- za!

Lead us on to con- quer!

Tu c'in- vi- tia dan- za!

Lead us on to con- quer!

Brass

Moderato (4-8e)
Livy and Cicero, la gloria, i-vi-opi-mi la pr-e-dae l-a-

Grant, O Fortune, the boon we are craving and with lau-rels our hel-mets a-

no-re, i-vi opi-mi la pr-e-dae l-o-
dorn thou, Grant us, O Fortune, O Fortune, grant the

Tutti

Squill, che giga la tromba guerre-rua, chia-miau!

Cra-ions blow-ing and bugles resounding, Call us

nor! boom!

Squill, che giga la tromba guerre-rua, chia-miau!

Cra-ions blow-ing and bugles resounding, Call us

ar-mial la pu-gna all'as-sal-to, fi-a do-ma-ni la

forth to the fight and to glo-ry, Von-der are lau-rels and

ar-mial la pu-gna all'as-sal-to, fi-a do-ma-ni la

forth to the fight and to glo-ry, Von-der are lau-rels and
nour ish ban-die-ra di quei
ntreasures abounding, let us
ueri piantata sul pal-to.

nour ish ban-die-ra di quei
ntreasures abounding, let us
ueri piantata sul pal-to.

Ogiammai non sorrisse vittoria di più
On those rams' parts our flag shall be waving, ere the
tie spereanze fii-
darkness hath melt-ed to

Ogiammai non sorrisse vittoria di più
On those rams' parts our flag shall be waving, ere the
tie spereanze fii-

ti-til ciaster-ta e la gloria, i-vi-
grant, o fortune, the boon we are craving, and with

nti-til ciaster-ta e la gloria, i-vi-
grant, o fortune, the boon we are craving, and with

pimi la pre-da e l'po-
laurels our hel-mets adorn!

pimi la pre-da e l'po-
laurels our hel-mets adorn!

Ogiammai non sorrisse vittoria di più
On those rams' parts our flag shall be waving, ere the
tie spereanze fii-

Ogiammai non sorrisse vittoria di più
On those rams' parts our flag shall be waving, ere the
tie spereanze fii-

Trombones & Basses
6-144-71913-289
til ciaspetta e la gloria, i-vio-pimi la pre-da e l'on-nor,

dorn, And with lau-rels, with lau-rels our hel-mets a-dorn.

Fortune, grant us the boon that we are craving, And with lau-

re-dorn, And with lau-rels, with lau-rels our hel-mets a-

re-dorn, And with lau-rels, with lau-rels our hel-mets a-

Pon -
Nor, i-vio-pi-mi la pre-da, la pre-da e la-
dorn, And with lau-rels, with lau-rels our hel-
moets a-

Nor, ah si, la pre-da e l-o-nor, ah si, la pre-da e l-
dorn, O For-tune, For-tune, grant the boon, O For-tune, For-
tune, grant the boon,

(growing off)

No, gliam-mai non sor-
boon.

No, gliam-mai non sor-
boon.

No, gliam-mai non sor-

ri-se vit-to-ria di più lie-te spe-ran-ze fi-
flags shall be wav-ing Ere the dark-ness hath melt-ed to morn.

ri-se vit-to-ria di più lie-te spe-ran-ze fi-
flags shall be wav-ing Ere the dark-ness hath melt-ed to morn.
The Count issues from his tent, with an ireful glance at Castellor

COUNT

In braccio all mio rival! Questo pen-sie-ro co-me per-se-cu-tor
Within my rival's arms! Oh, thought of torment! 'Tis a de-mon eer pur-

Strings

PIANO

de-me-ne, o-vun-que min-se-gue. In braccio all mio rival! Ma
su-ing me, 'tis rage and dis-trac-tion. With-in my rival's arms! But

But

cor-ro, sur-ta appe-na l'au-ro-ra, io cor-ru a se-pa-rar-vi.
vengeance I will yet take up on him, my love I'll ne'er re-lin-quish.

dolce

(Enter Ferrando) (a confused noise is heard)

Oh, Le-o-no-ra!
Oh, Le-o-no-ra!

Allegro agitato (d.93) Che

What

FERRANDO

fu? D'appresso al cam-po sh-gi-ra-va u-na zin-ga-ra: Sor-
sounds? About the camp the sol-diers spied a wander-ing Gip-
sy, Her


press'd by the enemy to watch us, and she's here. As a prisoner? A

pre-sa. Vi-sta lhai tu? No. Del-lascortail con-dot-tier map-pre-se le-

prisner. By thy command? No; tis the captain of the guard who sends her for

vento. Ec-co-la. There she comes.

In-nan-zio Come on, thou

In-nan-zio Come on, thou
AZUCENA (her hands bound, is dragged on by Guards)

A - i - ta!  Mi la -
Have mer - cy!  oh, re -

stre - ga, in - nan - zi!
In-nan - zi!

sor - d'ress, come for - ward!
Come for - ward

In-nan - zi!
Come for - ward

sci-a-te!  Ah, fu - ri - bon - di!
Che mal fe -
leave me!  Ah, cru - el mon - sters!
What have I

in-nan - zi!
Come for - ward!

in-nan - zi!
Come for - ward!

COUNT  (Azucena is led before the Count)

C'i - o?  S'appres - si - A'me ri - spon - di, e tre - ma dal men - tir!
done ye?  Re - lease her.  Re - ply, I charge thee, on per - il of thy life!

AZUCENA  COUNT  AZUCENA  COUNT  Adagio (d: ss)

Chie-di.  O - ve vai?  Nol so. Che?
Ask me.  Where's thy home?  Not here. Where?

D'u - na zin-ga-ra è co -
'Tis the cus-tom of the
COUNT  AZUCENA

mond-o, E vie-ni? Da Bis-caglia, o-ve fi-
homestead. Whence art thou? I'm from Bis-cay. There, till of

no-ra le ste-ri-li mon-ta-gne eb-bia ri-cet-to. (Da Bi-
late, 'mid its bare and lone-ly moun-tains, we have a-
(b)od-ed. (She's from

Allegro  FERRANDO

sca-glia! (Che in-te-si!—oh! qual so-spet-tol!
Bis-cay! (Oh, won-der! fear-ful sus-pi-cion!)
Andante mosso (§-120)

AZUCENA con espressione

Giorni poveri viva, pur contenta
There my days obscurely glided, Naught to cheer me,

dei mio stato, sola spero un figlio aveva—Mi lasciato, so a glimpse of love—My despair, lone and forsaken

suo! mobilo l'ingrato! Io, deserta, va-do erran-
loved! oh, why did he leave me! My despair, lone and forsaken

Do, di quel figlio ricercando, di quel figlio che amai
Sought the road my son had taken. Him I seek. Where'er I

core penorribilicostò! Qual per
wander, But for him this life I prize. Oh, in
Es so pro vo a mo re, qual per es so pro vo a mo re,
peace let me go yon der, Oh, a moth er's plead ing, Oh, a

FERRANDO

ma dre in ter ra non pro vò! (Il suo vol to!)  
moth er's plead ing do not de spise. (Those the fea tures!)

CORNMI

COUNT

AZUCENA

Di, tra esti lun ga e ta de fra quei mon ti? 
Say, how long a mong the moun tain hasti thou wan der d? All my

FR

COUNT

si.  
Dost thou re mem ber, there a bouts, that a young

con ti, in vo la to al suo ca stel lo, son tre lu stri, e
in fant, fifteen years a go, was sto len from a no ble, and
ri - bil o - pra com - met - te - a! Fi - ni - sci È
that foul crime hath per - pe - trat - ed! This wom - an? This

AZUCENA (aside to Ferrando) FERRANDO (aloud)
des - sa! Ta - cil! È des - sa che il bam - bi -
sor - cress! Si - lence! This witch it was who burnt

cresc.

AZUCENA
no ar - se! Ah! per-fi-da! Ei men -
thy brother! Ah! mur-der-ess! He says

Chorus
Tutti

Strings

AZUCENA
El - la stes - sa! She's a mur-dress!

COUNT

ti - sce! Al tuo de - sti - no or non fug - gli! Deh! Quei
false - ly! Thy crime this in - stant shall be pun - ish'd! Oh! Bind
(The guards obey)

no - di piu stringe - te! Oh Di - o, oh Di - o!

fast - er yet her fet - ters! O heav - en, have mer - cy!

con disperazione

E tu non vie - ni, o Man - ri - co o fi - glio

Where art thou, oh, my son Man - ri - co? Oh, re -

Ur - la pur!

Howl, thou witch!

Ur - la pur!

Howl, thou witch! Strings only

mi - o? non soc - cor - rjall' in - fe - li - ce ma - dre tu - a?

leaze me from these tyr - ants! Aid thy most un - hap - py moth - er!

COUNT

Di Man -

She the

ri - co ge - ni - tri - ce!

moth - er of Man - ri - co?

Oh sor - te! in mio po -

FERRANDO And fast with - in my

Tre - ma!

Trem ble!
Allegro (d'88) con forza

ter! pow'r? termal! trem-ble, trem-ble!

Allegro (d: 88)
con forza

rallentato o barbari, leacerbe mieri torte Quedy rants, loose these cruel bonds, That grievously confine me, Oh,

sto crudel martirio è prolunghata morte! Di-
cease these painful tor tures; To death at once consign me. Thou

ni quo gni-to-reem-pio figliuol peg-gio-re, im-pious son of cru-el sire I here de-fy thee.

\(5-146\) 71918-239
acclamato ppp

tre-mal v'è Dio pei mi-se-ri, v'è Dio pei mi-se-ri, tre-mal!
Trem-ble, there lives a pit-ying God, His wrath on thee shall fall, Trem-ble!

Tua pro-leo tur-pe
This Gip-sy is the

zi-ga-ra, co-lui, quel tra-di-to-re? Po-trò, po-
mo-her then of that most vile se-du-cer? Oh, joy, thro'

FERRANDO

In-fa-me pi-ra sor-ge-re, ah si, ve-
Thou im-pious witch, at last thou'rt known! Soon will the

Chorus

In-fa-me pi-ra sor-ge-re, ah si, ve-
Thou im-pious witch, at last thou'rt known! Soon will the
Deh!
Ok,

On thee my vengeance shall

Thy soul with crime be

Thy tyrants, loose these cruel bonds,

Tua pro-le, o tur-pe zin-ga-ra,

This Gip-sy is the moth-er them.

To ever-last-ing
Vercelli: miei ritorni! Que sto crudele supplici, quel sedutore.

Levam-pe dell'inferno, le vampi dell'inferno.
To everlasting burning, to everlasting burning.

Pliuzio e prolungata torture; To death at once con
to re?

ducer.

A te fian rogo eterno!
From whence there's no returning!

A te fian rogo
g From whence there's no re-

A te fian rogo
g From whence there's no re-
morte!

signe!

me!

Thou impi-ous son of

Ma-coil fra-ter-no ce-ne-re!

The mur-dress of my broth-er!

I-vi pe-na-reed

The de-mons of in-

ter-nol turn-ing!

ter-nol turn-ing!

to-re-em-pio fi-gliuol

cru-el sire, I here peg-

ar-de-re,

fer-nal wrath

I-vi pe-na-reed ar-de-re, i-vi pe-na-reed

The de-mons of in-

fer-nal wrath, the de-mons of in-

I-vi pe-na-reed ar-de-re, i-vi pe-na-reed

The de-mons of in-

fer-nal wrath, the de-mons of in-
Joy, tremble, there lives a
Be wary, thou sorcery city,
Through thee, through

The soul shall, to endless fire,
Eternal wrath
Eternal wrath

Pitying God, His wrath on thee shall
Thee I'll be avenged
Avenged on

The soul shall, to endless fire
Thy spirit call,
I vi penar, penar ed arde re l'anima tua do-

The demons of infernal wrath To endless fire thy spirit,

Yes, now his known, it is

Di- vi ng God, His wrath on thee shall

cenere piena vendetta a vra, si, si, piena vendetta a-
known thou'rt guilty, sorceress, beware, thou'rt guilt y, sorceress, be-

vra, i vi penar, penar ed arde re l'anima tua do-
call, The demons of infernal wrath To endless fire thy spirit

vra, i vi penar, penar ed arde re l'anima tua do-
call, The demons of infernal wrath To endless fire thy spirit

vra, i vi penar, penar ed arde re l'anima tua do-
call, The demons of infernal wrath To endless fire thy spirit
rā, ah, sl, ah, sl, v'e Dio pel mi-se-ri, e
fail, ah, yes, ah, yes, there lives a pit-ying God, and

vrā, pie-na ven-det-ta a-vrā, pie-na ven-det-ta a-
ware, ah, now be-ware, yes, be-ware, thou'rt guilt-y, sor-cress, be-

vrā, i-vi pe-nar, pe-nar ed ar-de-re l'a-ni-ma tua do-
call, To end-less fire thy spir-it call, To end-less fire thy spir-it

vrā, do-vrā, do-vrā, pe-nar l'a-ni-ma tua do-
call, ah, yes, ah, yes, To end-less fire thy spir-it

vrā, i-vi pe-nar, pe-nar ed ar-de-re l'a-ni-ma tua do-
call, To end-less fire thy spir-it call; To end-less fire thy spir-it

His wrath on thee shall fall, shall

vrā, pie-na ven-det-ta a-vrā, pie-na ven-det-ta a-
ware, thou sor-cress, be-ware, ah, now be-ware, yes, be-

vrā, l'a-ni-ma tua do-vrā, i-vi pe-nar, pe-nar ed
call, thy im-pious spir-it call, To end-less fire thy spir-it

vrā, l'a-ni-ma tua do-vrā, do-vrā, do-vrā, do-
call, thy im-pious spir-it call, ah, yes, ah,

vrā, l'a-ni-ma tua do-vrā, i-vi pe-nar, pe-nar ed
call, thy im-pious spir-it call, To end-less fire thy spir-it
si, vè Dio pei mi-sirì, e Dio ti punifal, there lives a pit-ying God, and His wrath on thee shall

vrà, pie-na ven-det-ta a-vrà, pie-na ven-det-ta-a-care, thou guil-y sor-cer-ess, be-care, thou sor-cer-ess, be-
call, Tò end-less fire thy spir-it call, thy im-pious spir-it

vrà, pe-nar la-nima tua do-vrà, la-nima tua do-
call, Tò end-less fire thy spir-it call, thy im-pious spir-it

rà, si, puni-rà, ti puni-rà, ti puni-

vrà, pie-na ven-det-ta a-vrà, pie-na ven-det-ta a-vrà, ven-det-ta a-care, thou guil-y

call, thy im-pious spir-it call, thy im-pious spir-it call, Tò end-less
At a sign from the Count, Azucena is led off by the Guards, while he enters his tent, followed by Ferrando.
No. 18. Recitative and Air

Scene II  A hall adjacent to the chapel in Castellor; a balcony at the back.

Allegro assai vivo (d:88)

PIANO

Strings f

Allegro  LEONORA

Qua-le d'ar-mi fra-gor poc'an-zijn-te-si?  Al-toèl pe-

Doth the clam-or of war éen here pur-sue us?  Dan-ger sur-

ri-glio!  Va-no dis-si-mu-lar-lo fo-ra!  Al-la no-vel-la au-

rounds us, vain-ly I would con-ceal it from thee!  Day-light will see the

LEONORA

MANRICO

,ro-raas-sa-li-ti sa-re-mo.  Ahime!  che di-ci?  Ma de' no-stri ne-

foe at our gates, to re-take them.  A-las, what tur-moil!  Fear thou not, for our
miciavrem vittoria Parlabianlo regadir brandoe troops will be victorious, they are brave and full of zeal, and I shall

raggio. Tu vale bellicospre, nell'asenza mia brevedate comlead them. Go thou, prepare the soldiers for a stormy encounter. Let all be

metto. Che nulamanchi!
read-y. I soon shall follow. Adagio Oh, what gloomy

dolce

lucente il nostri men ri-splende! Il presagio funesto, deh! sperlo pre-sage on our es-pousal darkens! Cast away thoughts of sorrow, oh, my be-

Lento LEONORA MANRICO

charal Fil posso? Amor sublime amore, in tale i-
loved one? How can I? The love that hath united our hearts for

5-146-71918-239
Adagio

stand to the vel-ly al co-re.
Ev-er, shall sus-tain and in-spire us.

col canto
a tempo
rall.

Manrico cantabile con espress.

Ah si, ben mio; col' es-se-re fo
Oh, come, let links e-ter-nal bind The

Strings:

 tuo, tu mio con-sor-te, a-vrò più l'al-maj-
vows ne fond-ly plight- ed, My soul is strong to

Viola:

tre-pi-da-il brac-cio a-vrò più for-te. Ma

dare Ev-ry foe with thee un-nit-ed; And

Wood:

dolare

pur, se nel-la pa-gi-na de' miei de-sti-ni è
if, up-on the scroll of fate, My name hath been re-

Con:

S-116-71913-239
solo in ciel precederti la morte a me partirà

rara; fra quegli es tremia nel ti ti a
dwell; My dying breath shall fly to thee, And

teil pensier ver rà, ver rà, e solo in ciel pre
bear my fond and last fare well, Beyond the sky I

ceder ti la morte a me partirà, la morte a

wait for thee, While thou on earth dost dwell, Beyond the
me, a me par-rà, e so-loin ciel, e so-loin ciel pre-ce-der-ti
I wait for thee, beyond the sky beyond the sky I wait for thee,

la mor-tea me par-rà, la mor-tea me par-rà!
While thou on earth dost dwell, while thou on earth dost dwell.

Allegro (d-so.)

LEONORA

L'on-da de' suo-ni
The chapel's mystic

Organ in the adjacent chapel.

MAMERICO

L'on-da de' suo-ni mis-ti-ci pu-ra di-scen-da-al cor, al cor!
The chapel's mystic harmony Dost summon us before the shrine,

mis-ti-ci pu-ra di-scen-da-al
har-mo-ny Dost summon to the
(in haste) RUIZ MANRICO RUIZ

Man - ri - co? Che? La zin - ga - ra,
Man - ri - co? What? The Gip - sy see,

Bassi, Fag. & Cl.

MANRICO

Oh, Di - o!
Oh, heav - en!

vie - ni, tra' cep - pi mi - ra... Per man de:
cap - tive, in chains they lead her, to die a

MANRICO (leaning against the balcony)

bar - ba - ri ac - ce - sa già la pi - ra... Oh
crue - el death, the fun - 'ral pile is light - ed. Oh,

ciel! memem - bra o - scil - la - no
heav'n! I am of strength be - rest

Nu - be mi co - pre il
Faint - ness of death hath

Oh.Cl.

Fag.
LEONORA

ci-gliol
seized me!

MANRICO

Tu fre-mil!
Thou're trem-bling!

E'il de-ggio!
That Gip-sy-

Vi(o)lo sustain

Sap-pi-lo,
didst thou know/

Chi mai?
she is-

su(o) fi-

Oh, say!
my moth-

Oh.Ci.Fug.

Ah!
Ah!

gliol-
er!

Ah! vi-lil' il rio spe(ta-co-lo
Ye wretch-es! I fly to pun-ish ye,

ff Tutti
Strings, Vi(o)lo sustain

quasi il re-spir m'in-vo-la!
When I can col-lect my sens-es!

Ra-du-nai no-str! af-fret-ta-ti, Ru-
my faith-ful Ru-is, call out an arm-ed

Cor.& Fug.
Più vivo

meno corro a morir, o te coa-men cor-ro a mo-
moth-er can-not for-sake, My moth-er I can-not for-

rir, o te coa-men, sake, can-not for-sake,
can-not for-

LEONORA

rir! Non reg-go a col-pi tan-to fu-ne-sti... Oh quan-to sake! Oh, my be-loved, and must thou leave me, Oh, would in

meglio sa-ria mo-rir! Oh quan-to me death that I might a-wake! Oh, would in death that I

dria mo-rir! might a-wake!
Di quel-la pi-ra
Trem-blé, ye ty-rans,
I will chas-tise ye,

Tut-te le fi-bre
My flam-ing bea-con
ye__have up-raised.

Em-pi, spe-

con tutta forza

gne-te-la,
burn-ing pile,

o ch'io fra po-co col san-gue vo-stro
my wrath de-fies__ye, Your blood I'll scat-ter

la spe-gne-rò!
where it hath blazed!

E-ra gia fi-glio pri-ma d'a-
She was my moth-er ere I a-

mar-ti, non può fre-nar-mi il tuo mar-
dored thee, I'll not de-sert her, Though my heart

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Ma-dre in-see-lence, cor-ro a sal-var-ti,

Fore-well, be-loved one, I, who im-plored thee,

O te-co al-me-no cor-ro a mo-rir, o te-co al-
My wretched moth-er can-not for-sake, my moth-er

I can-not for-sake, can-not for-sake, can-not for-

Poco più vivo

ruiz with TENORS (Rui-z returns with Soldiers)

All' ar-mil! all' ar-mil! all' ar-mil! all' ar-
Com-mand us, we fol-low, we will o-be-y

Poco più vivo

Com-mand us, we fol-low, we will o-be-y

sino alla fine
(Exit Manrico in haste, followed by Ruiz and the Soldiers, amid a din of arms, the trumpet calling to battle.)

End of Act III
Act IV. (The Torture)

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

(Enter Leonora and Ruis enveloped in cloaks)

RUIZ (in a whisper)

Siam giunto; ecco la torre, ove di Stat to gemo no i prig i o.
No further; that is the tower, within whose dungeons prisoners groan un-

LEONORA

die... Ah! l'in-fel i-ce i vi fu trat to! Van ne... lascia mi,
heed ed. O day un hap py, when here they bore him. Leave me, say no more.

Tempo I (Ruis retires)

ne ti mor di me ti pren da. Sal va r lo po tro, for se.
Here I would a while be lone ly; who knows but I may save him.
Ti-mor di me? Si-cu-ra, pre-sta è la mia di-
Why fear for me? my safe-guard, ev-er I have thee

Strings
(pp)

(Fixing her eyes upon a ring that she wears on her right hand)

fe-sal!
In quest’ o-scu-ra
near-me.
The night is dark and

not-te rav-vo-lat-a, pres-so a te: son i-o, e tu no-l sa-i!
Gemen-te
threat-ning, and here I wan-der near thy dun-geon, O my be-loved one! Ye sigh-ing

au-ra, chei-nor-no spi-ri, deb, pi-e-to-sa, deb, pi-e-
breezes, I hear la-ment-ing, oh, fly and tell him, oh, fly and

dolce
to-sa gial-ar-re-cai miei so-spi-ri!
tell him his love doth near him lin-
ger!

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D'amor sull'alito rosso, so-spirando,

Love, fly on rosy pinions, float in a dream a-

dolce

lento; del prigioniero misero con-

round him; Bear to the captive some repose, Ah!

forte leggiermente. Come aura di speranza a-

with thy spell surround him. A breath of hope, oh, send thou, His

leggiero in quella stanza; lo desatai l'ultimo momento

lone-ly hours attend thou, In memory, oh,

dolce secondando il canto

moria, ai sogni, ai sogni dell'amor!

wilt him. The visions of our happy days.
Ma, deh! non dirgli improvvi do le penne, le
But tell him not, tell him not, my heart will break. If

oppure

pe-ne, le pe-ne del mio cor,
fate ev-er-more our hope be-trays,

com forza
dolce

prov-vi-do le pe-ne del mio
cor, le
heart will break if fate ev-er be-trays,

pe-ne; le pe-ne del
Fortune our hope e'er be-
Quel suon, quel-le pre-ci so-len-ni, fu-
What vo-ices of ter-ror! for whom are they

ne-ste, em-pli-ron quest'a-e-re di cu-go ter-
pray-ing? With o-mens of fear un-known they dark-en the

ror! Con-ten-de l'am-ba-scia, che tut-ta min-
air! New hor-rors as-sail me, my sens-es are

ve-ste, al lab-bro il re-spi-ro, i pal-pi-ti al cor, il re-spi-ro, i
stray-ing, My vis-ion is dim, is it death that is near? Ah is if death,
MANRICO (from the tower)
Ah! che la mor-te-o-
Ah! send thy beams, Au-

Harp

gno-rara, è tar-da nel ve-

Light me to ear-ly

nir death, Waft her my long-ing, Waft her my lat-est

LEONORA
Oh! ciel!
O heav'n!

rir! ad-di-o, ad-dio, Leo-no-ra, ad-di-

breath! I leave thee, Leo-no-ra, ah, I leave
Sen-to man-car-mi!
I am dis-tract-ed!

ol thee.

TENOR I

Mi-se-re-re d'un al-ma già vi-

TENOR II Pray that peace may at-tend a soul de-

BAR. & BASS

Mi-se-re-re d'un al-ma già vi-

Strings Pray that peace may at-tend a soul de-

Ci-na al-la par-tien-za che non ha ri-tor-no; mi-se-

care or thought of earth can fol-low, Heav'n-ly

Ci-na al-la par-

tien-za che non ha ri-
tor-no; mi-
care or thought of earth can fol-

Ci-na al-la par-
tien-za che non ha ri-
tor-no; mi-
care or thought of earth can fol-

Bell

re-re di lei, bon-tà di-

vi-na, pre-da non sia dell'in-fer-nal sog-gior-

mer-cy al-lays the pangs of

part-ing, Look up, be-yond this life's de-
lusions hol-

re-re di lei, bon-tà di-

vi-na, pre-da non sia dell'in-fer-nal sog-gior-

mer-cy al-lays the pangs of

part-ing, Look up, be-
yond this life's de-
lusions hol-

re-re di lei, bon-tà di-

vi-na, pre-da non sia dell'in-fer-nal sog-gior-

mer-cy al-lays the pangs of

part-ing, Look up, be-
yond this life's de-
lusions hol-
Sull'orrida torre, ahi! par che la
Oh, night full of anguish, what will be thy

Mi-se-re-re!
Heaven have mercy

per mor-te, con a-li di te-ne-bre, li-brando si
With lowering pinnion destruction is

Mi-se-re-re!
Heaven have mercy
on thy spirit!

Mi-se-re-re!
Heaven have mercy
on thy spirit!

Va-
near!
Ah, for-se di-schius-se gli fians queste
Oh, gloomy foreboding, his doom is im-

Mi-se-re-re!
Heaven have mercy
on thy spirit!

Mi-se-re-re!
Heaven have mercy
on thy spirit!

Mi-se-re-re!
Heaven have mercy
on thy spirit!
vi-ta la tua vi-ta sal-ve-rò, o con-te per sem-pre un-

save thee, And per-chance with thee to fly, Or I seal the love I

ni-ta nel-la tom-ba scen-de-rò, con-te per sem-pre uni-
gave thee, And with joy for thee I die, I'll seal the love I gave

ta, si, nel-la tom-ba scen-de-rò! O col prez-zo di mia
thee, With joy, with joy for thee I die: One more ef fort yet to

vi-ta la tua vi-ta sal-ve-rò, o con-te u-
save thee, And per-chance with thee to fly, Or the love

ni-ta nel-la tom-ba scen-de-rò! o con-te per sem-pre un-
gave, I will seal, And for thee die, I will seal the love I

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Yes, I will.

Ah, yes!

Ah, sit!
No. 20 Recitative and Duet

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

**Allegro (The attendants enter the tower)**

Al-ber-go.

**Mother.**

A-bu-so

If I ex-

for-se quel po-ter che pie-no in me tra-smi-se-il prenc-e!
A tal mi
ceed my pow'r for life and jus-tice the Prince to me con-fid-ed,
'tis love im-

trag-gi, don-na per me fu-ne-sta!
O-ve-lia ma-i?
pels me, it is her fu-tal beau-ty!
And have I lost her?

Ri-pre-so Cas-te-l-lor, di lei con-tez-za non eb-bi, e fu-ron-
Sinc Cas-te-l-lor hath fall'n, of her no tid-ings have reach'd me; in vain I've
Dar no tan te ri-cer che tan te! Ah, do ve sei, cru
question id, vain ly have striv'n to find her! Ah, cru el maid, where

Leonora
Allegro vivo (dss)

(COUNT)

Leonora

(coming forward)

Coun t

Leonora

De le? A te da va nte. Qual vo ce, co me! tu, don na? li
art thou? I'm here, be side thee. Those ac cents, thou here! and where fore! Be

Vin Fl. Ob. & Cl.

Vini Fl. Ob. & Cl.

Vini Fl. Ob. & Cl.

Vini Fl. Ob. & Cl.

Vini Fl. Ob. & Cl.

Vini Fl. Ob. & Cl.

Vini Fl. Ob. & Cl.

Vini Fl. Ob. & Cl.

Vini Fl. Ob. & Cl.

Vini Fl. Ob. & Cl.

Vini Fl. Ob. & Cl.

Vini Fl. Ob. & Cl.

Vini Fl. Ob. & Cl.

Vini Fl. Ob. & Cl.

Vini Fl. Ob. & Cl.

(VINI Fl. Ob. & Cl.)

Struc tion, how canst thou ask me? The trait or name not. It is for

Coun t

Leonora

Coun t

Leonora

Coun t

Leonora

Est so pie t a, pie t a do man do! Che? tu de
him I am come to ask for mer cy! Go, thou art
Pie-ta! Ah, no! Pia-te! Ah, no!
li-ri! Tu de-li-ri! Ah! io del ri-val sentir pie-

Cle-men-te Nu-me-a te li-spi-ri.
More thou his heart, O Heav'n, to mer-cy!

E sol ven-
No, naught shall
det-ta mio Nu-me, ven-det-ta sol mio
more—me but ven-geance, no thought have I but
Nu-me, ven-det-ta' è sol mio
ven-geance, no thought have I but

LEONORA

Pie-tà! pie-tà, do-man-do pie-tà! pie-tà, pie-tà,
Oh, hear my pray'r, for pit-y I sue, oh, hear my

Na-me!
ven-geance!

va! val! va!
Ask me not!

Andante con moto (d = 88)
LEONORA (throws herself in despair at his feet)

Mi-ra, dia-cer-be la-grime
Here at thy feet in tears I bow,
spar-go-al tuo pie-de un ri-o! non ba-sta il pia-no?
Oh, Oh, let my pray'rs im-plore thee! If nei-ther tears nor

portando la voce

sve-na-mi, ti be-vi il san-gue mi-o—
pray'rs a-vail My life-blood I'll pour be-four-thee.

sve-na-mi, sve-na-mi, ti be-vi il san-gue
Let me die, let me die, if vain-ly I kneel be-

mi-o- cal-pe-sta-il mio ca-da-ve-re, ma
fore thee, Then tread up-on my life-less corse But

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salva il Trovatore!

Ah!

Tromba, Cor. & Fag.

sor- te, fra mil-le-a-tro-ci spa-si-mi

LEONORA

Sve-nami!

Let me die!

Thus I would have him lan-guish;
I hate him the more thou lovest him, That love I will not endure.

Yes, tread upon my life lessor c.

But...
mi sve - na,    cal-pe-sta    il mi-o
im-plor-ing,    be-hold me    im-plor-ing,
vam-pa il mio fu-ro-re,    più là - mi, e più ter-
love    I will not en-dure,    I hate him, the more thou

ca-da-ver, ma sal-va, sal-va, deh!
Oh, let me im-plore thee, spare him, oh,
ri-bil di vam-pa il mio fu-ror!
love that love I will not en-dure.

sal-va, sal-va il Tro-va-tor!
spare thou, spare the Trou-ba-dour!

E più ter -
No, no, that
Ob. Cl. & Cello
Lo salva,
Oh, spare him,

ri-bi-le di-vam-pa il mio fu-ror!
I'll not en-dure, I'll not en-dure. Vi. & Fl.

lo sal-va,
oh, spare him,

I à-mi e più ter-ri-bi-le di-vam-pa il mio fo-ror!
I will not en-dure.

Più mosso

pe-sta il mio ca-da-ve-re, ma sal-va il Tro-va-tor!
tread thou upon my life-less corse, but harm not the Trou-badour!

Più mosso (d=104)

I à-mie più ter-ri-bi-le di-vam-pa il mio fu-ror!
hate him, the more thou lov-est him, that love I will not en-dure.

Allegro assai vivo (d=94)

LEONORA (the Count is going, but Leonora clings to him)

Con-te! Nè ces-si?
Hear me! Gra-zia!

Né ces-si? Re-lease me! Mer-cy!
Prezzo non avviauto ad otenia scosta-ti!
Naught upon earth can buy the traitor's freedom. Leave me now!

Leonora

Unovehna, sol uno, ed io te l'of-fro!
There is a price, one only, thou wilt not refuse it!

Count

Spie-ga-ti, qual
Strange thy words, thy

String & Wood

(extending her right hand to him, with grief)

Mesessai!
Myself!

prezzo, di?
meaning say?

Ciel! tu di-ce-sti?
Say'st thou sin-cere-ly?

Complete spro, la mia pro-messa.
Ofer thee my hand, thou hast my promise!

E so-gno il
Or am

Dim.
Di-schiu-di-mi la via fra quel-le
Under those gates, and to his dungeon

mi-o? dreaming?

mu-ra: Chei mò-da, che la vit-ti-ma fug-ga, e son lead me, And let me bêt-him tid-ings of free-dom, And I'm

COUN opn. LEONORA

Tu-a. Lo giu-ra. Lo giu-roa Di-o che l'a-ni-ma tut-ta mi thine. Oh, swear it. I swear by Heav-en, who knows my in-most

Tutti

COUN (A Guard appears, to whom the Count whispers)

vedèl! pur-pose! O-là! Hol-la!

(Leonora takes poison from the ring)

LEONORA

(Mà-vrai, ma fred-da e-sa ni-me I shall be thine, but mute, cold and

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Allegro brillante (J. 132)

(to Leonora, turning around.)
COUNT

spoglia.)
Co-1u i-vrÀ. 
(Vi - vrÀ! Con-tén-de il giu-bi-lo i
life-less.)
I spare his life. 
(Oh joy! he's saved, my beat-ing heart with

motto vivace

Abajo

det-ti a me,
Signore, ma coi
thanks to heav'n o'er-flow eth, The pow-er that on

brillante

pal-pi-ti-mer-cé-ti ren-de il
core! Or
high doth reign a lone my pur-pose know-eth; O

brillante

il mio fi-ne, im-pa-vi-da,
la-ne di gio-ja-tten-do, po-
death, come on, I fear thee not, gladly I a-wait thee, I'll

trò dir-gii, moren-do, sal-vo tu sei per-
tell him with my dy-ing breath that through me he's
Fra te che parli? Volgi mi, me!

Volgi il detto ancora, o mi parrà deve

Vi-vrai!

Leonor

Ah! ch'io lo credo as-pe- na u-den-do-lo da te! ah!

Gladly do I receive it, The boon for which I craved, Ah!
io lo cre-do ap-pe-na, u-den-do-lo do te!
I can scarce-ly be-lieve ti, The boon for which I craved!

giu-bi-lo i det-ti a me, Si-gno-re, Po-trio dir-gli, mo-
beating heart with thankstO, heav'n over-flow eth, I'll tell him with my
g

ren-do, sal-vo tu se-i per me! sal-vo tu
Can I be-lieve

se-i, tu se-i per me! ah! sal-vo tu se-i per
ah, he is saved ah!

a, tumia tu mi-
ti, can I be-lieve it? ah!

5-148-71913-239
Scene II  A gloomy dungeon; in one corner, a barred window; door at back; a dimly burning lamp hangs from the ceiling. Azucena is lying on a rough pallet, Manrico seated near her.

Largo (d'8o)

PIANO

MANRICO  Recit.

AZUCENA

Ma-dre, non dor-mi? L'in-vo-cai, piu vo-tele, ma fug-ge il son-no a que-ste
Mother, thou'rt mak-ing? Would that I could slum-ber! Vain-ly I

Strings

MANRICO

Lu-ci! Pre-go. L'au-ra fred-da è mo-le-sta al-le tue mem-bra
eye-lids! Raise me! 'Tis the damp air of night with-in this dun-geon

AZUCENA

for-se? No; da que sta tom-ba di vi-vi so-lo fug-gir vor-
chills thee. Ah! from out this tomb of the liv-ing, would that we were in

MANRICO

(re-wring his hands)  AZUCENA

(re-rising)

re-i, per-chè sen-to il res-pi- ro sof-fo-car-mi. Fug-gir! Non at tri-
safely! In this dun-geon the air I breathe doth choke me. Al-la! O son, de-
Largo

star-ti: Far-di me stra-zio non po-tran-no-i cru-dil!
spair not; it is not fat-ed that our foe de-stroy us.

MANRICO

Largo

Ah! co-me?
Ah, why not?

AZUCENA

Ve-di? le sue fo-sche im-pron-te m’ha-già se-gna-to in fron-te il di-to del-la
Why not? with a veil of dark-ness, with cold and warn-ing fin-ger the hand of death is

(speaking)
mor-te!
on me!

MANRICO

Ah!

Fag & Basso

(with fierce exultation)
u-nu-to ge-li-do! an-ziu-no sche-le-tro!
icy, mo-tion-less! Ty-rants, I fear ye not.

Non

Oh,
Allegro (d: 84)

o-di? gen-teap-pres-sa, i car-ne-fi-ci son... vo-gli-o-no al ro-go
lis-ten! They are com-ing! 'Tis the hour of my doom, See, where the stake is

trar-mil! burn-ing!
Difen-di la tua ma-dre! Oh, save me, save thy moth-er!

Andante (d: 86)

Man-ri-co

Al cu-no, ti ras-si-
There's no one, cast off thy

(Azucena (paying no attention to him)

Il ro-gol! I hear them!
Il ro-gol il The tor-ture, the

cu-ra, al cu-no qui non vol-ge.
ter-rors, there's no one, oh, be-lieve me.
ro-go! il ro-go! pa-ro la-or-ren-dal!
fire! 'tis light-ed! Oh, doom of ter-ror!

Oh, ma-dre, oh, ma-dre!
O moth-er, my moth-er!

Allegretto (d=60)

AEUGENA

Allegro animato

tu-a con-dus-se al ro.
dun-geon with curs-es, and burn

5-146-71913-33
Mi-ra la ter-ri-bil vam-pa!
See, high up the flames are ris-ing!
Soar-ing a-bove her

già! già l'ar-so cri-ne al ciel man-da fa-vil-le!
Dost hear the scorch-ing? Her fren-zied cry at part-ing? See, from their or-bits

pil-le start-ing,
fuor del l'or-bi-ta lo-ro!
those sad eyes glazed with hor-ror!

tutta forza
dim.
Ahi, chi mi to-glie a-spet-ta-col si a-tro-
Take me a-way! ah! no long-er can I bear.

Falls overwhelmed into the arms of Manrico

Se mà-mi-jan-
If an-y
cor, se voce di figlio ha possa d'unamadre in seno, ai ter
love remains in thy bosom, if thou art yet my mother, oh, hear me; Cease thy

Cello

allo del l'alma obilo cerca nel sonno, e posse cal
terrors to number. And seek repose from thy sorrows in soothing slum

(tutto a mezza voce)

Azucena

ma.
ber.

Andantino (♩: 72)

Strings pizz.

Si, la stanchezza m'opprimo figlio,
Yes, I will rest, for my soul is weary,

alla quiete io chiedo il ciglio, ma se del rogo
Let me forget that the past is dreary, But if the visions

Ob. Cl. Fag.

arder si veda l'orrida fiamma, de-stamiallor.
Fearful that haunt me Darken my slumber, make me, my son.

Ob. Cl. Fag.
sul tuo li-u-to, in son-no pla-ci-do io dor-mi-rò.
lull me with sing-ing, As in those bless-ed days, I shall have rest.

MANRICO

ri-po-sa-o
Rest thee, O

ma-dre, io pro-no-e mu-to la men-te al cie-lo ri-vol-gemoth-er, to heav-en wing-ing, My heart shall pray that thou may'st have

AZUCENA

Tu can-te-ra-i sul tu-o li-u-to, in son-no pla-ci-do
In hap-py slum-ber, oh, lull me with sing-ing, Oh, bless-ed ro.
rest.

La men-te al cie-lo
I watch here and pray that

(gradually falls asleep)

io dor-mi-rò, tu can-te-ra-i sul tu-o li-u-to, in son-no
I shall have rest, In hap-py slum-ber, oh, lull me with sing-ing, Oh, bless-ed ri-vol-gè-rò, la men-te al thou may'st have rest.

I watch here and
Placido, Io dormirò, days, thou and I shall have rest, Oh, blessed days,
Cielo, rivolge, pray that thou may'st have rest. Vln. & Viole divisi, Riposa, o
Madré, riposa, o madre, Then rest thee, O mother,
Allarg. Io dormirò, we shall have rest, we shall have rest.
Rò, Io dormirò, rest, we shall have rest, we shall have rest.
Allarg. (Manrico remains kneeling beside her) Drei, la men-te-al ciel, ripolge, dre, thou shalt have rest, thou shalt have rest.
Allarg. a poco a poco, morendo
No. 22. Recitative and Trio
(The door opens, and Leonora enters)

Allegro assai vivo ($\text{\text{d}}$=100)

**VOICE**

Che! Non m'in-gan-nol quel fio-co
She! do my eyes in the gloom de-

**PIANO**

Son io, Man-ri-co, mio Man-ri-co!
'Tis I, Man-ri-co, my Man-ri-co!

lu-me? ceive me?
Oh, mio Leo-no-ra!

**MANRICO**

Oh! mi con-
Oh, thou hast re-

ce- di, pie-to-so Nu-me, gio-ja si gran-de-
lent-ed, O mer-ci-ful Heav-en! How could I hope, ere-

**LEONORA**

an-zi ch'i-o mo-ra? Tu non mor-rai_ ven-go a sal-var-ti! Co-me! A sal-
dy-ing, for such rap-ture? Thou shalt not die_ I come to save thee. Save me? Ah, how

**MANRICO**

Oh, Pugotti sustain

**VOICE**

Cresc. Corni

Cresc.

Pp
canst thou? Who sent thee? Oh, leave me, stay not a mo-men-t! oh, ha-sten!

par-ti! Re-star degg'-i-o! Deh!
Ma-nri-co I must re-main here! Fly,

E tu non vie-ni? I go with-out thee? Re-star! Re-main!

(fushing to the door)

fug-gi! Thou will per-ish Ha-sten! if thou lin-ger!

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

No, No! Lo la di-for death I

No!

Co.r. sus-tain

Par-ti, par-ti! La tua vi-ta! Go, I pray thee, I en-teat thee!

sprez-zol! No! Io la di-sprez-zol! care not.

No, for death I care not!

Tutti
Pur – Fig-gio don-najin me gli sguar-di! Da chi là – ve-sti? ed a qual prezz- zo?
But – say, what mean those looks of an-guish? Who gives me free-dom? what hath it cost thee?

Andante (d = 60)
Par-lar non vuoi?
No word or sign?

Ba-len tre-men-do!
These to-kens show it!

DAL mio ri-
It is my

va-le! In-tend-o, in-tend-o!
val who sent thee, I'll know it!

Vins. & Wind

parlando

ff Tulli

LEONORA
Oh, quant’in-
Be not so

Ha, quest’in-fa-me li-mor ven-
du-to!
Ah! hast thou sold thy self to that trai-
tor?

Oh. & Celli.
Con. Poo & Cl.

giu-sto!
Just el!

Vins.
Sold what on earth a-

8-166-71913-239
Oh come li - ra ti ren - de, ti ren - de.
Oh, by thy wrath thou art blind ed, these ac - cents

rò!
prize!

cie - co! Oh quan - toj - giu - sto, cru - del, cru - del sei,
show it, I have not wrong'd thee; too late, too late thou'lt

The
In

me-co! Tar-ren-di, fug-gi! o sei per - du - to nem-me no il cie - lo sal-var ti
know it! But now, oh, list - en! de - lay no long - er, no pow'rcan save thee when this hour

fa - me!
trait - tor!
Ha, quest' in-fame l'a-mor ven-
Ah, hast thou sold thy-self to that

Vlns. Fl. Ob. Cl. & Cello

Fl. Ob. Trombe & Cello

Cl. Cor. Fag.

Oh, co-me l'i-ra ti ren-de, ti ren-de cie-co!
Oh, by thy wrath thou art blind-ed, these ac-cents show it!

du-tot!

Vend-u-taur

Sold what on

Fl. Ob. Tr. Cello

Fl. Cl.

Oh, co-me l'i-ra ti ren-de, ti ren-de-
I have not wrong'd thee, too late, ah, too late, thou'lt

co-re, che mi-o giu-rò!
earth a-lone I prize!

In-
The

Cor. Fag.
cie-co! Oh quanto ingiusto, crude, crude, sei-
know it, I have not wrong'd thee, too late, too late thou'll

fa-me!
trai-tor!
V.i., Fl., Ob.Ci.
ha
De-

me-co! T'ar-ren-di, fug-gi, o sei per-du-to! nem-meno il cielo salvar ti
know it! But now, oh, ha-sten, de-lay no long-er, no pow'r can save thee, when this hour
quest-
test
in-
ed

può, nem-meno il cielo salvar ti può, nem-meno il cielo salvar ti
flies! De-lay no more, de-lay no more, no pow'r can save when this hour
AZUCENA (dreaming)

dim.

Ahl.
Ahl.

fa-me
trai-tor!
Cor. & Viole

ven-du-
to un cor
the heart
che mio
that most

giu-

I
Meno mosso, come prima

Ah! fuggi, fuggi, o sei perduto, nemmeno il cielo
Ah, haste, haste, de-lay no long-er, no pow'r can save

No!

No!

Meno mosso, come prima

Strings pizz.

Io salvar ti puoi!
Ah! fuggi, fuggi, o sei per-

thee
when this hour flies!

Oh, haste, haste, de-lay no

pace i-vi go-
dre-mo, tu suo-ne-ra-
isul tuo li-

sor-row there shall o'er-
take thee, In hap-

py slum-

ber lull me with

Ha questi infa-

me!

No!

Sold to a trai-
tor,

No!

Sold to a trai-

tor,

lo
sal-var ti
when this hour

u-to, in son-no pla-
ci-do io dor-

mi-

sing-
ing, As in those bless-ed days I shall have

l'a-mor ven-

du-


Fl.
può; Ah! fug-gi, fug-gi, o sei per-du-to nem-me-ne il ciel sal-var ti
flies; Oh, ha-sten, haste, de-lay no long-er, no pow'r can save when this hour
rò, in son-no
to.
lor!

può, sal-var ti
flies, when this hour
bless-ci-do dor-mi-
plac-ed days I shall

Ven-du-to un cor che mi-o, che mio giu-

Ah, thou hast sold the heart that a-lone I
cor-se nel pet-to mio! Man-ri-co!
anguish doth freeze my sens-es? Man-ri-co!

Ho la mor-te in Ah, I feel I'm

Don-nal sve-la-mi-nar-ra-
Dear one! turn to me, tell me-
La Thou'rt

se-no! Ah! fu piú ra-pi-da la for-za del ve-le-no
dy-ing! Ah, 'tis the poi-son, 'twas swift-er than I thought: now
mor-te! dy-ing!

chio non pen-sa-va!
death is up-on me!

Oh ful-mi-ne!
Oh, ter-rible!

Bassi
LEONORA

Sentir la mano è gelo, ma
Touch me, my hand is icy, but

her breast)

qui, qui foco terribil arde!
here, 'tis burning, 'tis fire and torment!

MANRICO

Che festi, o cielo!
O Heaven, have mercy!

Andante

Prima che d'altri vivere, io volli tua mor-
Rather a thousand deaths I'd die, than without thee to

Andante (d=50)

Strings pizz.

Cl. Fag. Cl. dolce

sano! ed io quest'angelo o sava na-le-
madness, to lose this angel, Ah! say that thou wilt for-

Cor. Fag.
Più mosso

Più non re-si-sto! Ec-co li-stan-te! io
dir! Ahi mi-se-ra! I doubt-ed thee!
My sens-es van-ish, death is up-on me, I'm

dolce
mo-ro, Man-ri-co! Or la tua gra-zia, pa-dre del cie-lo, im-
dy-ing, Man-ri-co! An-gels of mer-cy, leave me not, I im-

Ciel! Ah!

Ah!

'Ceilo & Fag.

Tempo I

plo-ro.
fiore you!

Pri-ma ched'al-tri
Rath-er a thou-sand

Ah! vol-le me de-lu-de-re, e per co-stui mo-rir!
For this they have de-lud-ed me, Their scorn I'll not for-give.

Tempo I

5-146-74363-13
vi-vè-re, io vol-li tua mo-rir!
deads I'd die, than without thee to live!

In-sa-no! ed io quest'
Oh, madness! to lose this

Ah! vol-le me de-
Ah! they have both de-

dolce

pri-ma che d'al-tri, d'al-tri
rather a thou-sand, thou-sand

an-ge-lo o-sa-va ma-le-dir!
an-gel. Ah! say that thou wilt for-give!
ed

lu-de-re, e per co-stui mo-rir!
lud-ed me! their scorn I'll not for-give! Ah!

vi-vè-re, io vol-li tua mo-rir! pri-ma che d'al-tri, d'al-tri
deads I'd die, than without thee to live, rather a thou-sand, thou-sand

doub-ted this an-gel for-give

vol-le me de-lu-de-re, e per co-stui mo-
they have both de-lud-ed me, their scorn I'll not for-

Cl. Tromba Fag. Cello

Vln. arco Cl. & Ob.
vi - ve - re, io vol - li, vol - li tua mo -
deaths I'd die, I'd die, than with - out thee to
sa - va, ed io quest' an - ge - lo o - sa - va ma -
me, doubl - ed this an - gel! Oh, say thou dost for -
rir, e per co - stui mo -
give, their scorn I'll not for -

rir! pri - ma che d'al - tri, d'al - tri vi - ve - re, io vol - li tua mo -
live, rath - er a thou - sand, thou - sand deaths I'd die, than with - out thee to
dir! give! I doubt - ed quest'

rir! give! Ah! vol - le me de -
give! Ah! they have both de -

rir! pri - ma che d'al - tri, d'al - tri vi - ve - re, io vol -
live, rath - er a thou - sand, thou - sand deaths I'd die, I'd die, an - ge - lo o - sa - va, ed io quest'
an - gel! for - give me! doubt - ed this

lu - de - re, e per co - stui mo - rir, e per co -
lud - ed me, their scorn I'll not for - give, their scorn I'll
li, vol-li tua mo-rir! Man-ri-co!
Fare-well then, I leave.

an-ge-lo o-sa-va ma-le-dir!
Leo-no-tal ah! shi mi-se-

not for-give!
ppp colla parte

Allegro
(dies)

ro! thee!
ral me!
(singing to the guards to lead away Manrico)

Sia trot-toal cep-pol
To death ye lead him!

Allegro (d.88)

MANRICO (led off by guards)
AZUCENA (scarcely awake)

Ma-drel ah, ma-drelad-di-o!
Mother, fare-well, O mother!

ri-co! My son, where art thou?
ri-co!

Amor-te
Up-on the
(The Count drags Azucena to the window)

corre. Ah fer-ma! Mo-di! Ve-di!
scaffold! Oh, stay them! Hear me! See him!

AZUCENA  COUNT
Cielo! Espen-to. Egl!
Stay them! He's fun... Is he? Man-

AZUCENA
era tuo fratello!
ri-co was thy broth-er!
Sei vendi-
count

Eil! qua-le or-ror!
Oh, fear-ful day!

(sinks in front of the window)

ca-ta, o ma-dre!
venged, O moth-er!
(horror-stricken)

E vi-van-cor!
And yet I live!

End of Opera