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TROVATORE

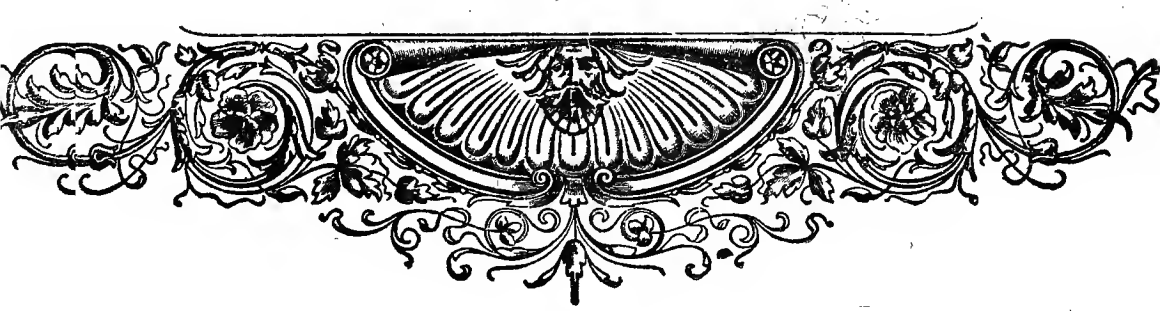
AN OPERA IN FOUR ACTS.

BY GIUSEPPE VERDI.

LIBRETTO:

ENGLISH WORDS.

NEW YORK:
CHARLES F. TRETBAR, PUBLISHER,
STEINWAY HALL.



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THE TROUBADOUR.

AN OPERA IN FOUR ACTS.

BY

GIUSEPPE VERDI.

ENGLISH WORDS BY THEODORE T. BARKER.

CHARLES F. TRETBAR, Publisher, Steinway Hall,
NEW YORK.

MUSIC
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1890

ARGUMENT.

The old COUNT DE LUNA, now deceased, had two sons, not much apart in age. One night, while they were both yet in their infancy and under the care of a nurse, an old gipsy-woman—a tribe which, at that dark age, was universally believed to be closely allied to evil spirits, and possessing great magic powers—was discovered by the servants near the cradle of the youngest of the two children, to whose chamber she had stealthily gained access, while the nurse was asleep. The gipsy was quickly and violently expelled from the castle; but from that day the child's health began to fail. No remedies proving of avail, the old gipsy was suspected of having bewitched the child. Search was instituted, the woman taken prisoner, and, agreeably to the barbarous modes of punishment of the times, burned alive. A daughter of the gipsy, with her child in her arms, witnessed the execution. To her the unhappy victim of superstition bequeathed the task of vengeance. During the night following, the young gipsy managed to steal the youngest child of the Count from the castle. She hurried with it to the stake, where the flames were still raging over the remains of her ill-fated mother. Arrived there, and almost out of her senses by the vivid recollection of the horrible scene she had just witnessed, she, by a fatal mistake, hurled her own child into the flames instead of the young Count. She discovered her error too late. But still she was not to be baffled in her dark designs. She fled, taking the child with her, joined her tribe, and brought him up—MANRICO, the Troubadour—as her own son, trusting the secret of his parentage to no one and awaiting for a favorable moment to make him the tool of her vengeance against his own kindred.

In the meanwhile the old Count died, leaving the oldest son sole heir of his title and possessions, but doubting, up to his last moment, the death of his last born, although a heap of infant's bones found among the ashes around the stake seemed to be proof conclusive.

After this preliminary knowledge, we now come to the actual business of the piece.

Manrico, grown up a valiant and daring knight, well skilled in arms, and of high mind and bearing, entered the contest at a tourney disguised, won all the honors, and was crowned victor by the hands of the DUCHESS LEONORA, Lady attendant on the Queen. From this moment dated a passionate love, shared by both. The Troubadour made his feelings known by nightly serenades performed below the window of the Duchess.

Unhappily, the Count de Luna (brother to Manrico, although this was unknown to both of them) was also smitten with a deep passion for the Duchess. One night while the Count was lingering in the gardens attached to the Royal palaces, he suddenly heard the voice of the Troubadour in a thicket close by. Presently a door in the palace buildings opened, the Duchess stole out, and mistaking the Count for his sweet-voiced rival, she hastens towards him. Manrico stepping out from the foliage, she saw her mistake and sought his protection. Hard words passed between the two rivals. The Troubadour unmasked himself, revealing to his antagonist the features of one whose life had been forfeited to the laws by some act of violence against the existing government. The two knights retired with drawn swords to a more retired spot, leaving the Duchess insensible on the ground.

The duel—this we learn from a conversation between AZUCENA and her supposed son, at the beginning of the Second Act—quickly terminated in favor of the Troubadour. The latter had already lifted his sword to pierce the heart of his adversary, when he felt the influence of some secret power suspending the intended motion. A voice from heaven seemed to say to him: "Spare thy foe." Manrico, obeying reluctantly, retired. Joining the army, opposing his

country's forces, he was left for dead on the battle-field of Pelilla. His mother sought him out by night, intending to give him fit burial. She discovered that life was not yet extinct, and had him removed to one of the mountain resorts of her tribe, and there restored him to health. Thus we find him at the beginning of Act Second, yet feeble and suffering.

His Prince having heard of Manrico's being still alive, he dispatched a messenger to his retreat, bidding him to repair to the fortress of Castellor and to defend it against the forces of the Count de Luna. At the same time he communicated to him that the Duchess Leonora, believing in the current reports of his death, was about to take the veil that very evening, at a Convent in the neighborhood of Castellor. Upon receipt of this message Manrico at once departed, and arrived at the Convent just in time to rescue Leonora, who was about to be carried off forcibly by the Count de Luna and his followers. The Troubadour conducted the Duchess to Castellor, which place was immediately enclosed and besieged by the Count de Luna's troops.

Azucena, following Manrico (to whom she had become unconsciously attached) to Castellor, had ventured too far in the lines of the enemy, was taken prisoner and led before the Count, charged with being a spy. Here it happened that an old servant of the house of Luna, FERRANDO, recognized her features. The gipsy, frightened and confounded by this unexpected discovery, called for her son Manrico to protect her. This only added to the Count's wrath, who gave orders to have her burned immediately in face of the castle.

The Troubadour in the meanwhile, was making preparations to celebrate his union with Leonora on the morrow, when he was informed by the sentinels that a gipsy woman was about to be burned alive in front of the enemy's camp. Quickly recognizing the form of his mother, he gathered a squad of his troops around him and sallied out to rescue his ill-fated mother. But fortune was against him: his forces were repulsed, and himself taken.

The Count de Luna, after storming the fortress of Castellor on the day following—but without finding a trace of Leonora—took his prisoners to the Capitol of the province. Here, on the eve before the day fixed for the execution of son and mother, Leonora suddenly appeared before the Count, offering him her hand in exchange for the life of Manrico. The Count consents, and Leonora is admitted into the dungeon, to restore Manrico to liberty. Before she enters, however, she takes poison, which she carried concealed in a ring on her finger. Manrico refuses to accept of his liberty, accusing the Duchess of basely betraying his affections. During this delay the poison begins to take its effect. Manrico discovers the extent of her sacrifice too late. The Count enters, understands at a glance what has happened, and orders Manrico to be beheaded immediately. While his order is being obeyed, he rouses the gipsy from the stupor in which she has been lying, motionless, in a corner of the dungeon. He drags her to the window, showing her the execution of her supposed son. Then the gipsy, triumphantly, divulges her secret. "Manrico is thy brother!" exclaims she to the horror-stricken Count, and with a "Mother! thou art avenged," she falls lifeless.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE COUNT DE LUNA.	AZUCENA, a gipsy.
FERRANDO, in his service.	MANRICO, the Troubadour, her reputed son.
THE DUCHESS LEONORA.	RUIZ, in his service.
INEZ, in her service.	

Followers of the Count, Guards, Nuns, Gipsies, &c.

THE SCENE is laid partly in Biscay and partly in Arragon.

TIME: Beginning of the Fifteenth Century.

THE STORY is taken from a Drama of Antonio Garcia Gatteerez, with the same title.

THE TROUBADOUR.

ACT I.

THE DUEL.

SCENE I.—*Vestibule in the palace of Aliaferia, with side-door conducting to the apartments of Count di Luna. Ferrando and Servants of the Count reclining near the door. Armed men are seen walking in the background.*

Ferrando.

[*To the Servants, who are falling asleep.*]

Arouse ye! arouse ye! The Count's approach
Must find us watchful:
Ye know 'tis his wont
Under the casement of his beloved one
To pass whole nights unsleeping.

Servants.

'Tis the venom of jealous doubt
That has enter'd his bosom.

Ferrando.

This minstrel knight, who in the garden
Sings with his lute at midnight,
Seems a rival not idly dreaded.

Servants.

Pray dispel from our eyelids
The sleep that on us falls,
By now relating the truthful tale
Of Garzia, late brother to Count Luna.

Ferrando.

Be it so:
Come close around me here.

[*The servants cluster around him.*]

Soldier.

We're ready.

Servants.

We hear thee. [*All surround Ferrando.*]

Ferrando.

With two sons, heirs of fortune and affection,
Liv'd the Count in enjoyment;
Watching the younger for his safe protection
The good nurse found employment.
One morning, as the dawn's first rays were shining,
From her pillow she rose,—
Who was found, think ye, near the child reclining?

Chorus.

Who? Pray tell us! speak, disclose!

Ferrando.

Sat there a gipsy-hag, witch-like appearing;
Of her dark mysteries, strange symbols wearing.
O'er the babe sleeping—with fierce looks bending,
Gaz'd she upon him, black deeds intending!
Horror profound seiz'd the nurse at that dark vision;
Sharp cries of terror soon rent the air above her,
And swiftly as thought flies, with speedy decision,
The servants all alarm'd, round about the threshold hover;
When by their threat'nings, beatings, and yelling,
The dark intruder was soon expell'd

Chorus.

'Twas just resentment their bosoms swelling;
For her offences was she expell'd.

Ferrando.

She declared that to read the stars prevailing
At his birth, was her mission.
'Twas falsehood! Soon they found the child was failing,
And in wasting condition,
With features pale and wan, languid, weak and weary;
Coming darkness appall'd him,
The days passed slowly in lamentations dreary;
The hag's dark spell enthrall'd him!
[*All appear horrified.*]
Sought they the gipsy on all sides turning,
Seiz'd and condemn'd her to death, by burning.
One child, accursed, left she remaining,
Quick to avenge her, no means disdaining.
Thus she accomplish'd her dark retribution!
Lost was the young child; search unavailing;
But on the site of the hag's execution
They found, 'mid the embers, (a scene of horror
Their eyes assailing,) of a young infant,
Alas! the bones half consumed and burning.

Chorus.

Ah! fiend inhuman! such deeds revolting
My soul with horror and hatred fill!

Some of Chorus.

The father?

Ferrando.

Few his days, and fill'd with sorrow:
Yet a secret presentiment at heart made him still hopeful;
It told him his son was living!
And on his dying bed he claim'd of the Count, our master,
His solemn promise, a careful search to instigate.
Ah! how vainly!

Chorus of Soldiers.

But what of her?
No tidings as yet you've heard?

Ferrando.

No word hath reach'd us! Oh, heaven grant
That haply we may meet one day!

Chorus of Servants.

And were it so, would'st thou know her?

Ferrando.

Yes, by counting the years
That have vanish'd, I should know her.

Chorus of Soldiers.

Be that
The moment, down near her mother,
In perdition to send her.

Ferrando.

To perdition? 'Tis believed, that on this earth
She's doomed to wander—she, the soul-accursed, the witch infernal.
And when the skies are darken'd,
In forms oft-changing have some beheld her.

Chorus.

'Tis true!

Some of Chorus.

They say some have seen her o'er house-tops carreering!

Others.

Transform'd to a bird, or a vampire appearing!

Still others.

Sometimes like a raven, or owl, shrilly crying,
From daylight and thunder she's seen madly flying!

Ferrando.

The Count's faithful servant, the old witch assaulting,
Soon died in an access of terror revolting!
[*All manifest great terror*]
She came to his chamber, an owl's form assuming.
The silence disturbing, the darkness illuming;
She gaz'd on him fiercely with eyes brightly flaming;

With loud cries of anguish the still air was rent!
That moment the bell struck, midnight proclaiming.

[*A bell suddenly strikes the hour of midnight.*]

Chorus.

Ah! maledictions fall on the witch of infernal descent!

[*The Servants hasten towards the door. The Soldiers retire in the background.*]

SCENE II.—*Gardens of the Palace: on one side a flight of marble steps, leading to the apartments. Thick clouds conceal the moon.*

[*Enter Leonora and Inez.*]

Inez.

What still detains thee? late 'tis growing;
Come then: already her Highness has call'd thee;
Did'st hear her?

Leonora.

Another night goes by,
Yet him I behold not!

Inez.

Peril tends the flame
That thou dost nourish.
Oh, tell me, prithee, how the spark
First was kindled in thy bosom?

Leonora.

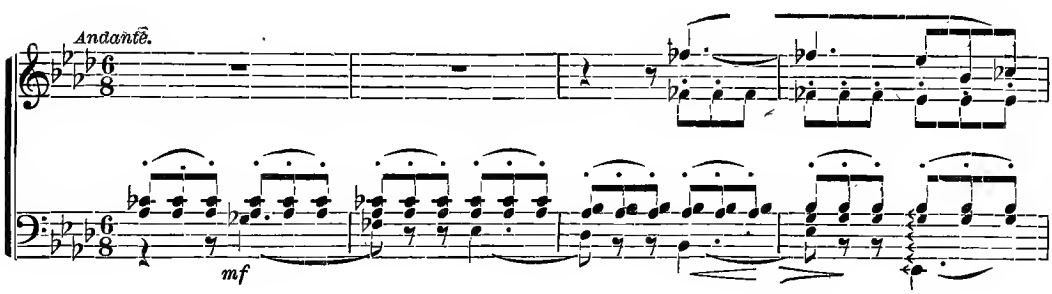
At the Tournay. He entered:
Dark were his vestments and his crest;
His shield and banner no devices bearing;
An unknown knight he came,
And in the lists bore away all the honors; mine was the hand
That crown'd his brow as victor. Soon, a civil war outbreaking,
He disappeared. Ah! like a golden vision
Fled his dear image! One other moment,
Long after this,—but then—

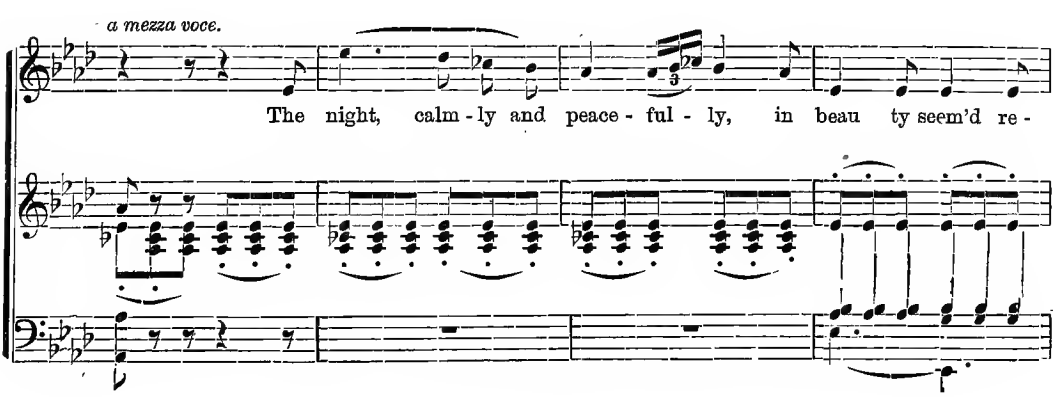
Inez.

What chanc'd then?

Leonora.

Now hear me!





- pos - - ing, The moon float-ed in sil - ver light, her fair - est beams dis-

animando un poco.

- clos - - ing; When thro' the air re-sound - ing clear, Till then in si-lence wreathing,

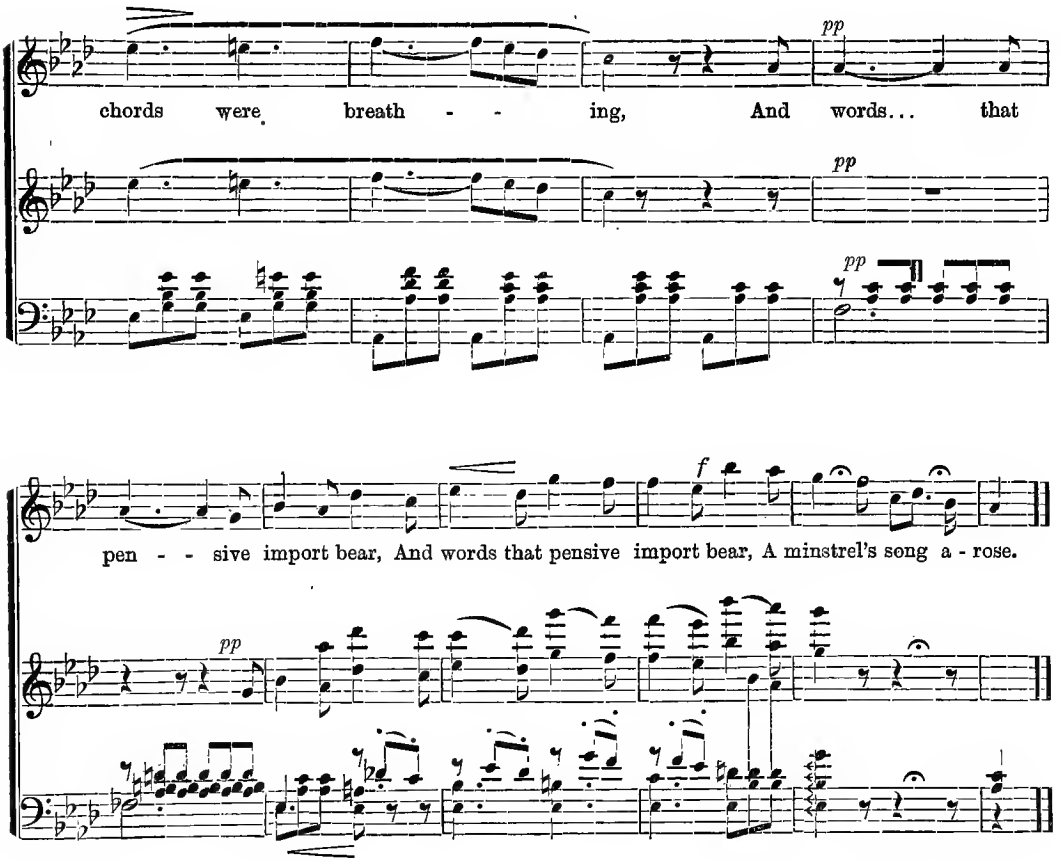
animando un poco

con espansione. *animando un poco.*

Gent - ly and sad - ly on.....mine ear. A lute's sweet

un poco piu animato.

con espansione.



Words, like the prayers, a humble heart
Outpours to heaven when lonely:
In which one well-known name was oft
Repeated: 'twas mine, mine only!
Reaching in haste the balcony,
I saw him standing before me!
Joy, such as only angels know,
With glowing thrill came o'er me!
To heart, and eyes, with rapture fill'd,
The earth like heav'n appear'd.

Inez.

What thou relatest sadly disturbs me,
Filling my bosom with terror.

Leonora.

'Tis idle!

Inez.

Doubtings and dark forebodings arise within me,
Concerning this Knight's strange movements!
Try to forget him!

Leonora.

What saidst thou! No more then!

Inez.

Heed friendly counsel; heed it,
I pray: heed it!

Leonora.

To forget him! Ah, thou art speaking words
Which the soul can ne'er comprehend.

Leonora.

Of love like this, how vainly
Do words attempt expression;
A love, at whose confession
The heart with rapture glows.
My fate would not completed be,
If he were not beside me;
Were life with him denied me,
Then welcome death's repose.

Inez. [*Aside.*]

No cause for sad repentance
May coming time disclose!

[*They ascend to the apartments.*]

[*Enter the Count.*]

Count.

Night reigns in silence! Her Highness, no doubt,
Is now immersed in peaceful slumber;
Not yet sleeps her companion.—Oh! Leonora,
Thou art still wakeful; the tremulous light
Now shining from thy casement tells me
Of thy nocturnal vigils—
Ah! how this am'rous passion
Thrills each nerve within me!—I must now behold thee,
And thou shalt hear me! Lov'd one! To us belongs
This blissful moment—

[*Blinded by passion, he approaches the steps, but suddenly pauses, on hearing the sound of a lute.*]

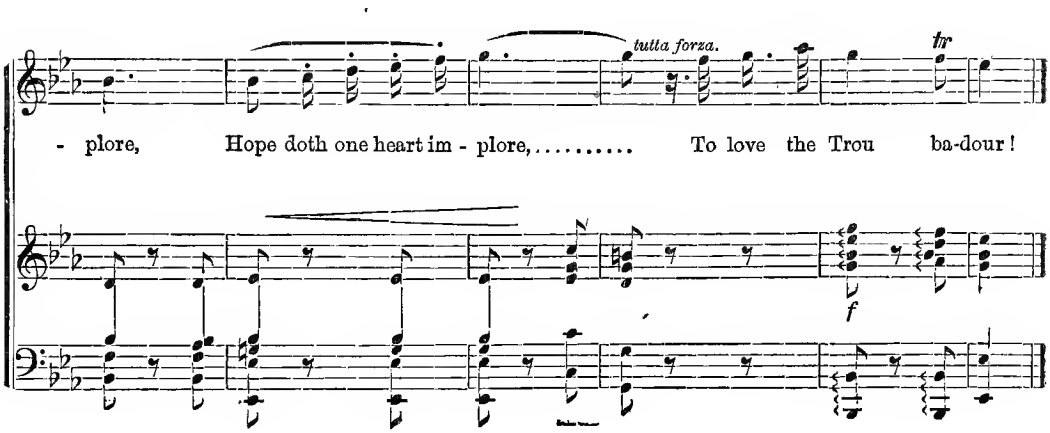
The troubadour! I tremble!

MANRICO, THE TROUBADOUR.

a mezzo voce.

Lone-ly on earth a - bid - ing, Warring 'gainst fate's cru - el

chid - - ing, Hope doth one heart im - plore, Hope doth one heart im



Count.

Oh accents! I shudder!

Manrico.

But that fond treasure gaining,
Its faith and love obtaining,
High o'er all kings would soar,
The happy Troubadour!

Count.

Oh accents! Oh jealous anger!
'Tis no error—she approaches!
[*Wraps himself in his cloak.*]
[*Enter Leonora.*]

Leonora.

[*Hastening towards the Count.*]
Oh my beloved!

Count.

What now?

Leonora.

More late than usual
Is thy coming: each moment have I counted
With heart and pulses beating!—At length
'Tis love fill'd with pity that brings thee to these loving arms.
[*Voice of the Troubadour.*]
Deceiver!
[*The moon emerging from the clouds reveals the figure of a masked Cavalier.*]
[*Enter Manrico*]

Leonora.

[*Recognizing each and falling at the feet of Manrico.*]
That voice!—Ah, darkness and unrest
My eager steps misguided!
'Twas thee, I thought, my words address'd!
In thee, not him, confided.
To thee my soul expandeth,
No other bliss demandeth!
I love thee, ah, believe me,
With lasting, boundless love!

Count.

And dar'st thou?

Manrico. [*Raising Leonora.*]

Enough, forgive me!

Count.

With rage my heart doth move!
If thou'rt not base, reveal thyself.

Leonora.

Alas!

Count.

Thy name declaring—

Leonora.

Oh, speak, I pray! [*Aside to Manrico.*]

Manrico.

Behold me, then,
Manrico!

Count.

Thou?—wherefore?
Rash traitor! bold and daring!
Urgel's accomplice, the laws have condemn'd thee,
And dar'st thou thus return
Within these royal portals?

Manrico.

What stays thee? Go call the guards, to aid thee!
Seize me, thy rival,
And to the headsman's gleaming axe
Consign me.

Count.

Thy fatal hour,
Perchance, already is at hand!
Oh, insensate! Come then—

Leonora.

Stay thee!

Count.

To my rage thou'rt victim doom'd,
And fate wills I must slay thee.

Leonora.

One moment stay thee!

Count.

Follow me.

Manrico.

Lead on!

Leonora.

(What must I do?—
A single cry from me
May cause his ruin!) Hear me.

Count.

No!
Fires of jealous, despised affection
In my heart are fiercely raging!
Wretch! thy blood for this foul defection
Soon shall flow, its pains assuaging!
[*To Leonora.*]
Thou hast dar'd me, thy passion revealing!
He thou lov'st in death shall lie,—
Thy fond words his fate now sealing,
By this hand he's doom'd to die!

Leonora.

One short moment thy fury restraining,
Let thine anger give way to reason;
I, alone, thy base passion disdaining,
Roused thy hateful charge of treason!
Let thy vengeance on me then descending,
Who have scorned thee, and still can defy,—
Strike thy dagger in this heart offending,
From thy love that dared to fly.

Manrico.

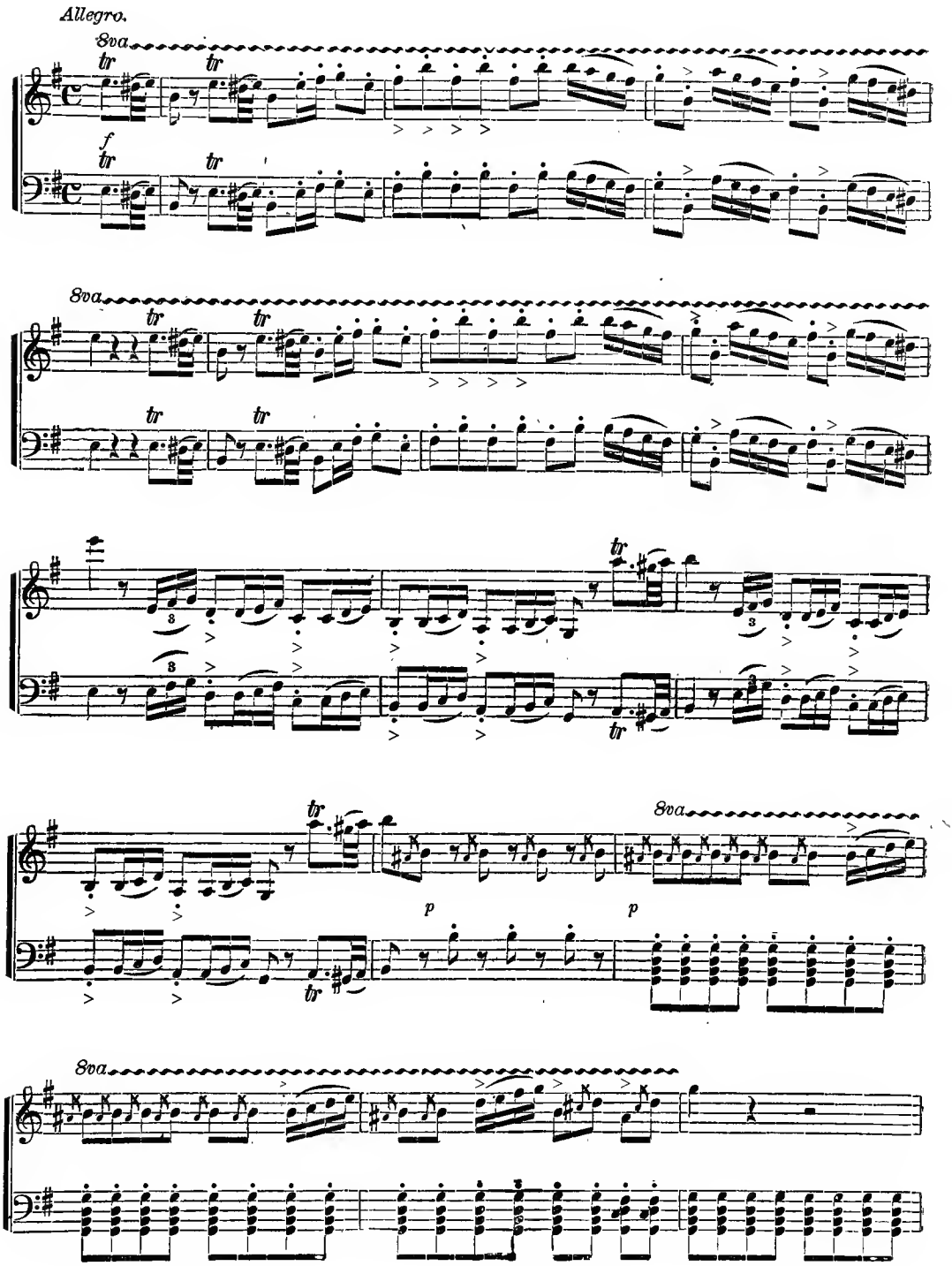
Vainly anger his proud heart is moving,
He shall soon fall by death inglorious;
Haply he who inspires thee with loving
Is by thy love made ever victorious.
[*To the Count.*]
Thy dark fate is already decided,
Doom'd to perish, thy last hour is nigh!
Heart and life to my hand are confided,
Heaven condemns thee, and thou shalt die.

[*The two rivals retire with drawn swords. Leonora falls senseless.*]

ACT II.

THE GIPSY.

SCENE I.—*A ruined house at the foot of a mountain in Biscay; the interior is partly exposed to view; within, a great fire is lighted. Day begins to dawn.—Azucena is seated near the fire. Manrico, enveloped in his mantle, is lying upon a mattress; his helmet is at his feet; in his hand he holds a sword, which he regards fixedly. A band of gipsies are sitting in scattered groups around them.*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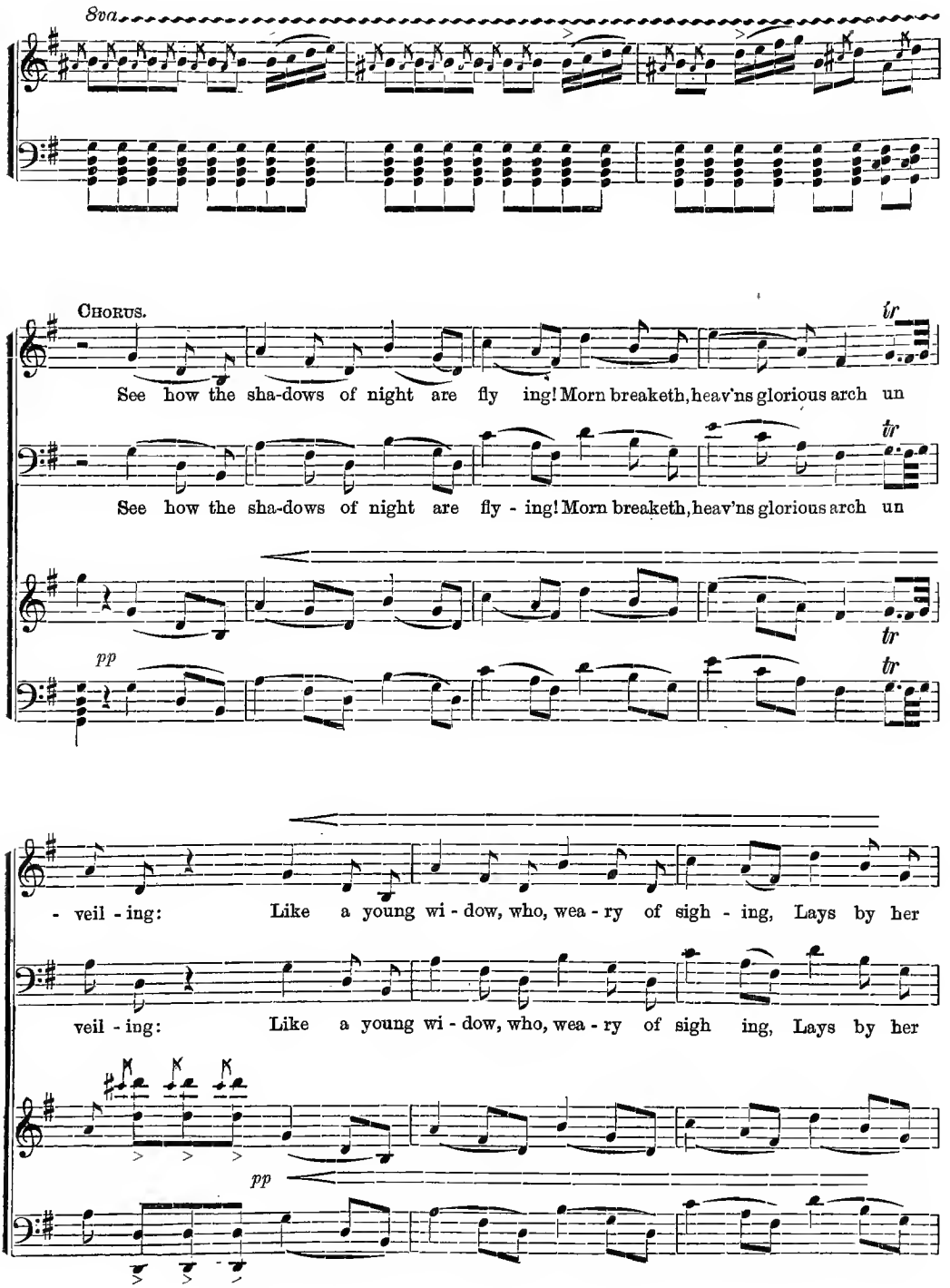
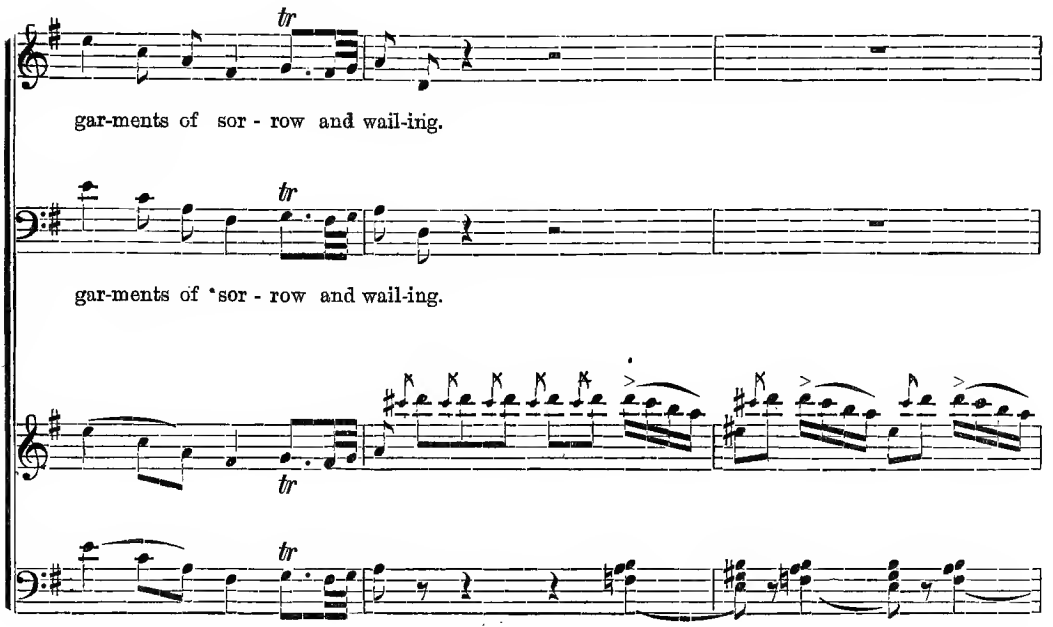

8va
Chorus.
tr
See how the sha-dows of night are fly ing! Morn breaketh, heav'ns glorious arch un
See how the sha-dows of night are fly - ing! Morn breaketh, heav'ns glorious arch un
pp
- veil - ing: Like a young wi - dow, who, wea - ry of sigh - ing, Lays by her
veil - ing: Like a young wi - dow, who, wea - ry of sigh ing, Lays by her
pp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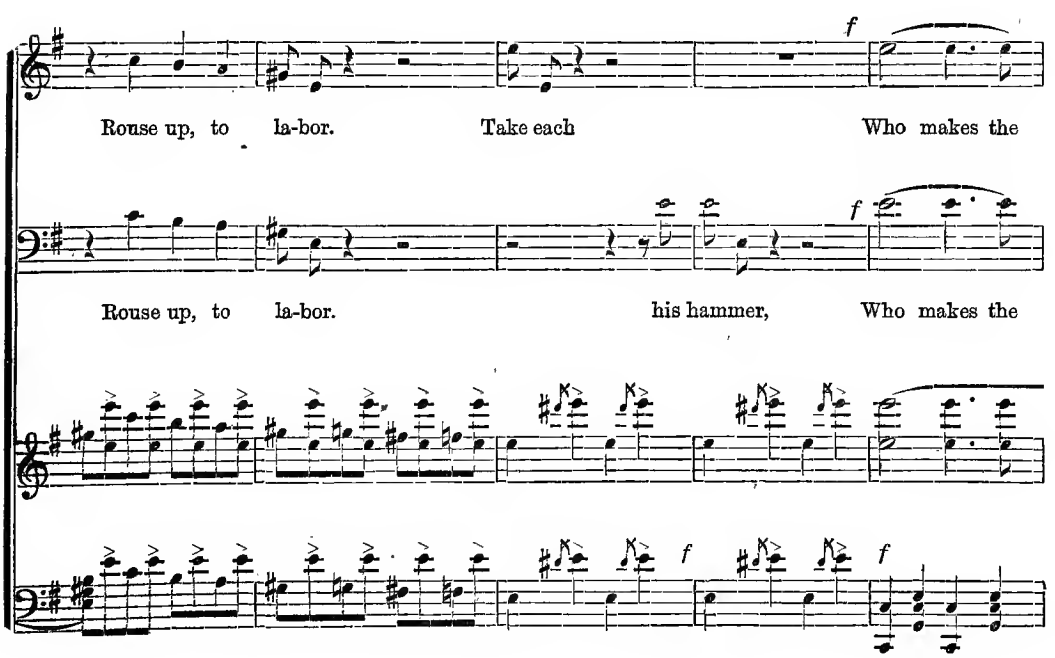
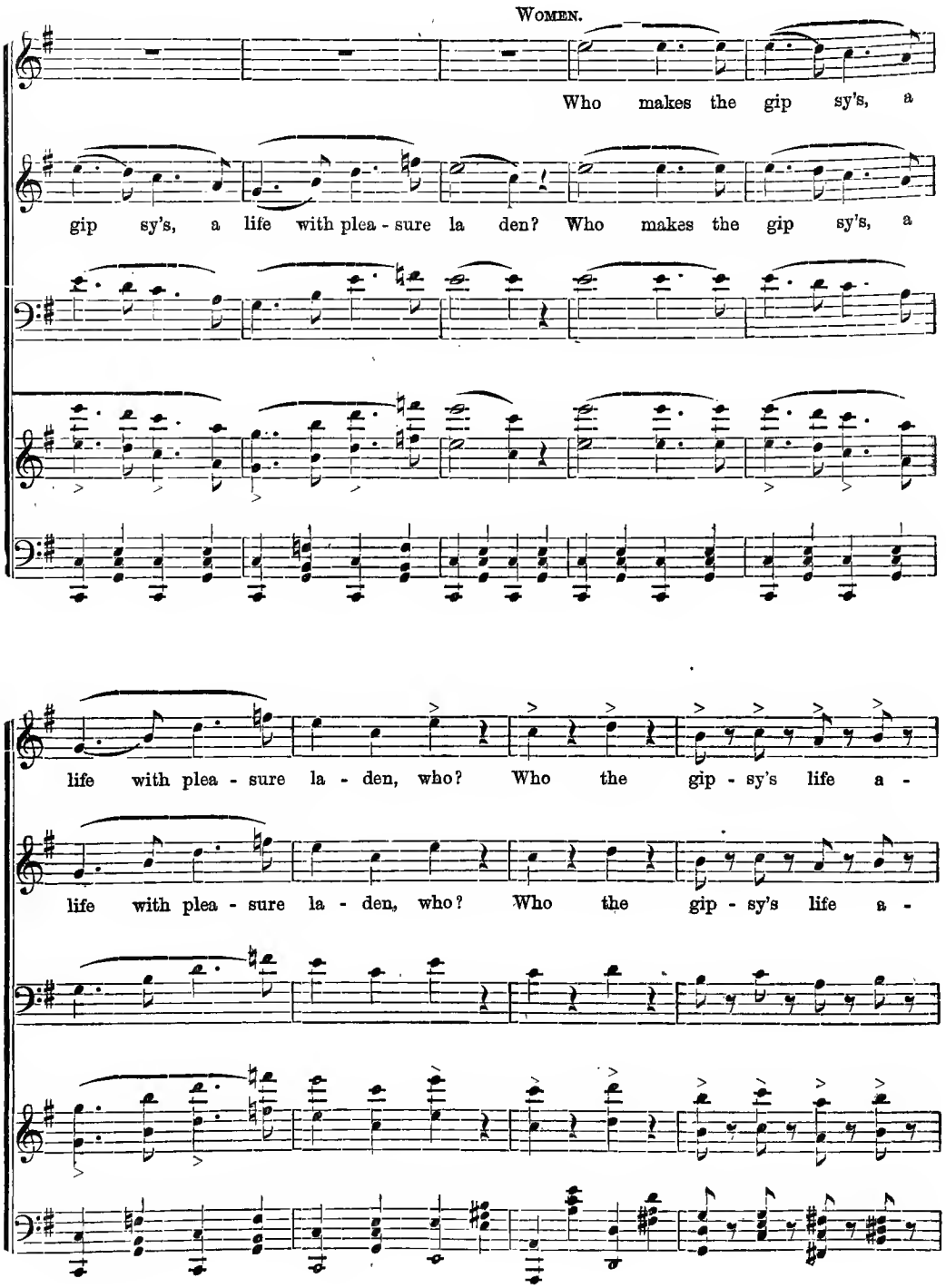
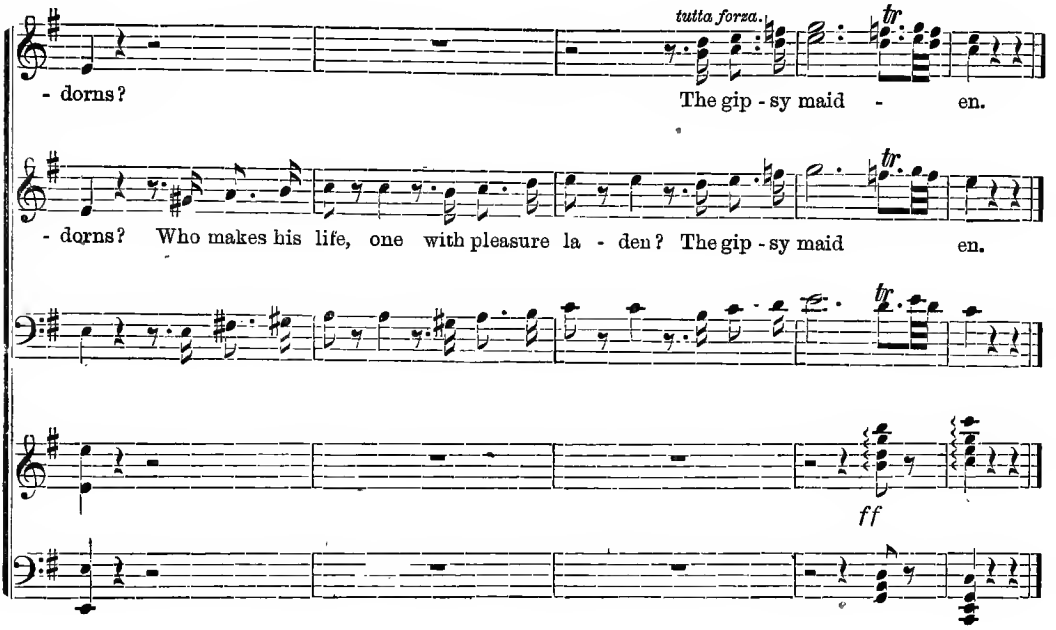
gar-ments of sor - row and wail-ing.
tr
gar-ments of sor - row and wail-ing.
tr
tr


f
Rouse up, to la-bor. Take each Who makes the
f
Rouse up, to la-bor. his hammer, Who makes the
f
f


WOMEN.
Who makes the gip sy's, a
gip sy's, a life with plea - sure la den? Who makes the gip sy's, a
life with plea - sure la - den, who? Who the gip - sy's life a -
life with plea - sure la - den, who? Who the gip - sy's life a -



[*They take up the implements of labor, and strike with their hammers upon anvils, in regular measure.*]

Men.

[*Resting awhile from their labor, they address the women.*]

Fill me a bumper: both arm and hand
New strength and courage draw from flowing beakers.

[*The women pour out wine for them in rustic cups.*]

All.

See how the sunlight, radiantly glowing,
Borrows new beams from our wine-cups o'erflowing!
Resume our labor! Take each his hammer!
Who makes the gipsy's a life with pleasure laden?
The gipsy-maiden!

Azucena.

[*As she begins to sing, the gipsies gather about her.*]

Upward the flames roll; crowds pressing fiercely on,
Rush to the burning with seeming gladness;
Loud cries of pleasure from all sides reechoing!
By guards surrounded—forth comes a woman!
While, o'er them shining, with wild, unearthly glare,
Dark wreaths of flame curl, ascending to heaven.
Upward the flames roll! on comes the victim still;
Robed in dark garments, ungirt, unsandal'd;
Fierce cries of vengeance from that dark crowd arise;
Echo repeats them from mountain to mountain.
O'er them reflecting, with wild, unearthly glare,
Dark wreaths of flame curl, ascending to heaven.

Gipsy.

Thine is a mournful song!

Azucena.

Yes, sad indeed,
As is the mournful story,
From which it draws its dreary burthen.
[*Turns her face to Manrico and murmurs.*]
Avenge thou me!

Manrico.

(Again those mysterious words!)

Elderly Gipsy.

Companions, day advances;
'Tis time to seek for food; let us descend
To the towns that lie beneath us.

Men.

Come on then!
[*Putting away their tools.*]

Women.

Come on then!
[*Commence descending promiscuously: their song is heard growing fainter in the distance.*]

Gipsy.

Who makes the gipsy's a life with pleasure laden?
The gipsy maiden!

Manrico. [*Rising.*]

All have left us; ah, now relate
That dark mournful story!

Azucena.

Thou dost not know it as yet?
Thou wert but still young, when,
Spurr'd on by ambition, far away
Thou didst wander!—My mother's final doom
This tale relateth. She was charg'd
With fearful crimes by a haughty noble,
Whose failing infant she was accus'd of charming!
Doom'd to the stake, she perish'd
Where this fire is burning!

Manrico.

Ah, fate unhappy!
[*Drawing back with horror from the fire.*]

Azucena.

In fetters, they led her onward to meet her dark fate impending;
With babe in hand, I follow'd sadly, with tears descending.
In vain tried I to approach her through crowds that round her were pressing;
In vain did she attempt to stay, to leave with me her blessing.
Goaded by spears and lances, with oaths and jeers assaulted,
The guards pursued her ruthlessly 'till at the stake they halted.
At length, with broken accents, 'Avenge thou me,' she cried!
Those dying words will ever within my heart abide.

Manrico.

Didst thou avenge her?

Azucena.

The Count's young child, ere the day was ended,
I stole and brought him hither, the flames still to heav'n ascended!

Manrico.

The flames?—Oh, heav'n—thou couldst not—

Azucena.

Sadly the child began weeping;
Rent was my heart with his sorrow, o'er me pity was creeping,
When quickly, my mind disorder'd, saw what like dreams came o'er me,
Deadly shapes and phantoms brought the dark scene before me;
The guardsmen, this place of torture, the mother, pale, confounded,
Barefoot, ungirdled, the outcry of anguish,
That cry within me resounded: "Avenge thou me!"
All heedless, my hand extended held fast the victim pale:
The flames roll'd expectant; in I hurl'd him!
Calmed was the fatal madness, fled was the horrid vision;
The fire still glow'd in silence, gorg'd with its foul commission!
Gazing around in sadness, I saw the infant cherish'd
Of that vile count approaching!

Manrico.

Ah, what say'st thou?

Azucena.

My child had perish'd,
My child through me had perish'd!

Manrico.

Horrid crime!

Azucena.

Once more my thin locks with horror rise
up unsooth'd by time!

[*Azucena falls fainting on her seat; Manrico is struck dumb with surprise and horror.*]

Manrico.

I'm not thy son, then? tell me, who am I? I pray thee?

Azucena.

[*Hastily, as if to repair an unvoluntary admission.*]
Mine art thou ever.

Manrico.

Thy words denied it.

Azucena.

It may be; what wouldst thou?
When wandering thoughts such terrible
scenes encounter,
The mind, disorder'd, heeds not all the
follies
Unguarded lips may utter.—Mother, tender
and true,
Hast thou not found me ever?

Manrico.

Can I disown it?

Azucena.

To me thy life's protection
Thou owest. At midnight, on the field of
battle
At Petilla, where reports declar'd thou
hadst fallen;
Did I not come to give thee fit burial?
In thy breast, my cares reviv'd the vital
spark,
But there the affection fond, maternal,
stay'd not.
How many hours did I tend thee, healing
thy wounds
So ghastly and num'rous?

Manrico. [*With noble pride.*]

Wounds obtain'd on that dark morning;
My breast alone receiv'd them! 'Mid all
the thousands that disbanded,
I alone fac'd the foe, still firm, unyielding.
The vile de Luna then
Charg'd me with his troops o'erwhelming;
I falter'd and fell,
Yet brave and unconquer'd!

Azucena.

Such were the thanks
Which the villain did repay thee,
For sparing his base life in that combat at
night!
What then did blind thee?
Was it a strange compassion?

Manrico.

Oh mother! I cannot tell thee! I know not!

Ill sustaining the furious encounter,
At my mercy he fell undefended;
Brightly gleaming, my sword was up-
lifted—
Soon to strike his heart, to pierce his
heart intended.
When some secret pow'r the blow sus-
pending,
Firmly held my arm descending;
Thro' each fibre cold chills oppress'd
me,
Shiv'rings through my pulses flow;
With cries of warning,
Heav'n address'd me, with a loud com-
manding cry,
Heav'n thus address'd me, "spare thy
foe."

Azucena.

But within that soul ungrateful
Not one word from heav'n hath resounded!
Oh! if with that villain hateful
Thou in fight shouldst be confounded,
Haste to accomplish. (Heav'n doth will it)
What I command thee, hear and fulfil it!
To the handle send this weapon
Through the monster's cruel heart.

[*The prolonged note of a horn is heard.*]

Manrico.

Ruiz sends hither th' accustom'd courier,
Haply—

[*Sounds his horn in reply.*]

Azucena.

Avenge thou me!

[*Remains in thought and seemingly unconscious of what is passing.*]

[*Enter a messenger.*]

Manrico. [*To the messenger.*]

Approach this way. Proceed
And tell me what news thou bringest.

Messenger.

The scroll I bring here, will tell thee all.

[*Presenting a letter.*]

Manrico. [*Reads.*]

"Within our pow'r is Castellor;
By the order of our prince thou must watch o'er
And defend it. Wherever this may reach thee
Come in haste. Kept in error still by thy reported death,
This very evening Leonora will assume the nun's dark veil within the neighboring convent."
Just heav'n, forbid it!

[*With exclamations of sorrow.*]

Azucena. [*Starting.*]

What dost thou?

Manrico.

[*To the Messenger.*]

Hence quickly down to the valley
Without delay, a steed provide me.

Messenger.

Be't so.

Azucena. [*Interposing.*]

Manrico!

Manrico.

The time flies swiftly. Haste thee, and yonder
My coming await thee.

[*The messenger departs, hastily.*]

Azucena.

What hop'st thou? what wouldst thou?

Manrico.

(Lose her thus! Oh torment,
Thus lose that angel!)

Azucena.

(His brain is turn'd!)

Manrico.

Farewell now.

[*Replacing his helmet upon his head, and wrapping his cloak around him.*]

Azucena.

No! stay thee! hear me!

Manrico.

Release me!
But a moment lost may wither
All the hopes that now sustain me;
Earth and heav'n combin'd together
Would be pow'rless, to restrain me!

Azucena.

Insensate!

Manrico.

Ah, release me, O mother, I pray thee!
Woe betide if here I stay me!
Thou wilt see thy son, extended,
At thy feet, with grief expire.

Azucena.

No, I'll ne'er permit thy going.
In thy veins my blood is flowing;
Ev'ry crimson drop thou losest
From thy mother's heart doth flow.

[*Manrico departs, Azucena striving in vain to detain him.*]

SCENE II.—*Cloister of a Convent in the vicinity of Castellor. Night.*

The Count, Ferrando, and Followers advance cautiously enveloped in their cloaks.

Count.

All is deserted; through the air comes yet
No sound of th' accustom'd chanting.
I come in time then,

Ferrando.

A daring labor here, my lord,
Awaits thee.

Count.

'Tis daring: and such alone as burning passion
And wounded pride from me should demand.
My rival dead—each hindrance oppos'd to my wishes
Seem'd fall'n and vanquish'd:
Till lately she discover'd one still more potent,
The altar. Ah, no! For none else is Leonora!
She is mine, mine only!

Of her smile, the radiant gleaming
Pales the starlight's brightest reflection,
While her face with beauty beaming,
Brings me fresh ardor, lends to my affection.
Ah! this love within me burning,
More than words shall plead on my part,
Her bright glances on me turning,
Calm the tempest in my heart.

[*A sound of belles is heard.*]

What soundeth? Oh, heaven!

Ferrando.

The bell
That proclaims the rite's commencing.

Count.

Ere at the altar she kneels
I must seize her.

Ferrando.

Ah! heed thee!

Count.

Silence!
Did'st hear not? Depart then! 'Mid the trees' dark shadows
Conceal yourselves.

[*Ferrando and Followers retire.*]

Ah! how quickly mine she will be!
Fires in my heart are burning!

[*Watching anxiously in the direction from which Leonore is expected.*]

Ferrando and Followers.

How bold! Let's go—conceal ourselves
Amid the shades in haste.
How bold!—Come on—and silence keep,
The prize he soon will hold.

Count.

Oh, fatal hour impending,
Thy moments urge with speed elating,
The joy my heart's awaiting,
Is not of mortal birth,
No, it cannot be.
In vain doth Heaven, contending
With rival claims, oppose me,
If once these arms enclose thee,
No power in heav'n or earth,
No pow'r shall tear thee from me.

Chorus of Nuns within.

Error thy soul encumbers,
Daughter of Eve, but know thee,
Death's swift approach will show thee
Life's but a fleeting dream.
Phantoms in restless slumbers
All earthly hopes will seem!
Come, let this veil concealing,
Hide thee from human vision,
Nor worldly thought, nor feeling
Can here admitted be.
To heaven, for grace appealing,
Op'ning it waits for thee.

[*Enter Leonora, with Inez and female followers.*]

Leonora.

Why art thou weeping?

Inez.

Ah! truly
Thou wilt leave us forever!

Leonora.

Oh, dear companions,
No fond smile, no hope to cheer me,
No flower remaining on earth for me!
Now must I turn unto Him, the whole support
Of those in affliction, and after days of prayer and penitence,
I may haply rejoin my lost belov'd one
With the blest in heaven. Restrain thy weeping;
To the altar now lead me. [*About to proceed.*]

[*Enter the Count suddenly.*]

Count.

No, withhold!

Ladies.

The Count here?

Leonora.

Gracious heaven!

Count.

For thee no altar now waits
But one hymenial.

Ladies.

Such daring boldness!

Leonora.

Why com'st thou here, insensate?

Count.

To make thee mine now!

[*On saying so, he approaches, and seizes Leonora—but Manrico appears, like a phantom, and places himself between them—general consternation.*]

Leonora.

And can I still my eyes believe
That see thee here before me!
Or is it but a dream of bliss,
A charm that hovers o'er me!
Unused to such excessive joy
My heart with doubts contended!
Art thou from heav'n descended,
Or am I there with thee?

Count.

Do souls departed thus return
From death's domains eternal?
Thus to condemn me, doth hell indeed
Renounce its prey infernal!
But if as yet thy fatal thread
Of time remains unmeasured,
If life by thee is treasured,
Then fly from her and me.

Manrico.

Heaven's blest abode, nor regions infernal
Have yet possess'd me.
True, base assassins mortal blows may deal,
Thy deeds impress'd me.
O'erwhelming power that naught can stay
Have ocean's waves unbounded!
He, who thy guilt confounded!
His arm has aided me.

Ladies. [*To Leonora.*]

In heaven thy faith reposing,
Thence comes this aid to thee.

Ferrando and Followers.

'Tis fate thou'rt now opposing,
From harm it holds him free.

[*Enter Ruiz and Soldiers.*]

Ruiz and Followers.

Long live Urgel!

Manrico.

My brave hearted soldiers!

Ruiz.

Come then.

Manrico. [*To Leonora.*]

Lady, I wait thee.

Count.

Wouldst thou rob me of her?

[*Opposing him.*]

Leonora.

Oh!

Manrico. [*To the Count.*]

Withhold there!

Count.

Wouldst thou deprive me of her?
No! [*Drawing his sword.*]

Ruiz and Soldiers.

He raveth! [*Surrounding the Court.*]

Ferrando and Followers.

What would'st thou, my lord?

[*The Count is disarmed by the Soldiers of Ruiz.*]

Count.

All my reason in fury is lost!

[*With gestures and accents of a fury.*]

Leonora.

(He affrights me!)

Count.

Furies dwell in my heart!

Ruiz and Soldiers.

[*To Manrico.*]

Come then, a future of smiles waits for thee.

Ferrando and Followers.

Yield thee, since yielding no baseness implies.

[*Exit Manrico, leading Leonora—the Count is driven back, the Ladies retreat to the Convent, as the Curtain falls.*]

ACT III.

THE GIPSY'S SON.

SCENE I.—*A Camp.—On the right, the Tent of the Count di Luna, on which is displayed a banner, indicative of his supremacy—the Fortress of Castellor seen in the distance. The Scene full of Soldiers, some playing, some polishing their accoutrements, some walking in apparent conversation, while others are on duty as Sentinels.*

[*Enter Ferrando, from the Tent of the Count.*]

Chorus—Some of the Soldiers.

Now with dice, may fortune speed us;
Other games will shortly need us!
From our swords this blood we burnish,
Coming deeds fresh stains will furnish.

[*Sounds of warlike instruments are heard; all start and turn towards the sounds.*]

Some Soldiers.

Lo! they come for succor praying!

[*A strong band of soldiers crosses the camp.*]

Other Soldiers.

Still, they make a brave display!

All.

Let us, without more delaying
Castellor attack to-day.

Ferrando.

Yes, brave companions: at dawn, to-morrow,
Our leader has now resolved,
On storming the fortress on all sides.
Within its walls a booty immense
We're sure to find; 'tis more than hopeful:
If conquer'd 'tis ours then.

Some of Soldiers.

Pleasure there invites us.

Ferrando and Chorus.

Now let the trumpet in war tones resounding,
Call to arms, with courage bold, we'll march undaunted.
Haply, to-morrow, our proud foes confounding
On those walls shall our banners be planted.
Ne'er more brilliant were prospects victorious
Than the hopes which our hearts now elate.
Thence, we'll gather renown, bright and glorious
Pleasure, honor and profit there await us.
Honor and booty for us there await.

[*Enter the Count, from the tent; turns with lowering gaze towards Castellor.*]

Count.

Within my rival's arms! How this reflection
Like a taunting demon, follows me
Wherever I wander. Within my rival's arms! To-morrow
Ere the day dawns, I'll hasten to sunder them forever!
Oh! Leonora! [*A tumult is heard.*]

[*Enter Ferrando.*]

Count.

What now?

Ferrando.

Around the camp
Was seen a gipsy-woman, loitering:
Surprised by the sentinels on duty
To escape she attempted. With reason
They suspected her of spying out our movements,
And pursued.

Count.

Was she taken?

Ferrando.

They seiz'd her.

Count.

Hast seen her yet?

Ferrando.

No: the conductor
Of the escort hath so
Inform'd me.

Count.

Here she comes.

[*Azucena, with her hands bound together, is dragged in by the sentinels.*]

Soldiers.

Come on, thou sorc'ress, come forward!

Azucena.

Oh, help me! Pray release me! Ah, madden'd wretches,
Of what accuse me?

Count.

Come hither. [*Azucena is led before the Count.*]
To me reply now, and tremble if thou liest.

Azucena.

Ask, then.

Count.

Wither bound?

Azucena.

I know not.

Count.

How?

Azucena.

'Tis a custom of the gipsies
Without purpose to wander
Wherever fancy leads them,
Their only shelter, heav'n,
The wide world their country.

Count.

Whence com'st thou?

Azucena.

From Biscalia, where, till of late,
Was my sole abode, amid its wild, barren mountains.

Count.

(From Biscalia!)

Ferrando.

(What heard I? oh, dark suspicion.)

Azucena.

I was poor, yet uncomplaining—
Liv'd contented, grateful hearted,
With one son, sole hope remaining,
But, alas! from me he hath parted.
Now, I wander sad and lonely
Through the world, seeking him only;
All my heart's troubled emotion
For his loss, no words can show—
Ah! for him my warm devotion,
No earthly mother else can know.

Ferrando.

Ah! those features!

Count.

Say, longtime
Didst thou abide among those mountains?

Azucena.

Long time, yes.

Count.

Dost thou remember
Of a child, son of a noble,
Who was stolen from his castle
Many years since and carried thither?

Azucena.

And thou, tell me—art?

Count.

A brother
Of the lost one.

Azucena.

Ah!

Ferrando.

Yes!
[*Noting the ill-concealed terror of Azucena.*]

Count.

Hast heard what there befell him?

Azucena.

I?—No!—Oh! grant
That I may now my search continue.

Ferrando.

Stay, impostor!

Azucena.

(Alas!)

Ferrando.

Thou seest here
The guilty wretch who that dark crime
Committed!

Count.

Continue!

Ferrando.

Behold her.

Azucena. [*Softly to Ferrando.*]

Silence!

Ferrando.

'Tis she, who stole the child, and burn'd him!

Count.

Ah! guilty one!

Chorus.

'Tis the same one!

Azucena.

He speaks falsehood.

Count.

Thou can'st not fly
Thy fate impending.

Azucena.

Ah!

Count.

Those bonds
Draw still more closely. [*The soldiers obey.*]

Azucena.

Oh! heaven! Oh! heaven!

Chorus.

Vent thy rage!

Azucena.

And com'st thou not,
My son, Manrico, to release me!
Thy unhappy mother now
To aid and succor?

Count.

Thou the mother of Manrico?

Ferrando.

Tremble!

Count.

Oh! fate! thus in my pow'r!

Azucena.

Ah! loose awhile, ye monsters vile,
These bonds that now confine me.
Such fierce and cruel torments
To ling'ring death consign me!
Descendant of a wicked sire,
Than he more guilty, tremble!
For God protects the weak,
And he will punish thee!

Count.

Thy son, oh wretched Zingara,
Is he that base betrayer?
And can I, thee condemning,
Strike, too, the traitor's heart?
The joy my soul o'erflowing,
Words lack the pow'r of showing!
To my arm, for vengeance, a brother's ashes call!
Aveng'd in full shall they be!

Ferrando and Chorus.

Base wretch, the fatal pile prepar'd,
Ah! yes, thou soon shalt see
Bright flames the heav'ns illuming!
Not this alone awaits thee,
These earthly fires consuming!
Condemn'd to flames infernal
There shall thy wicked spirit dwell!

[*Azucena is dragged away by the soldiers, by command of the Count. He enters the tent, followed by Ferrando.*]

SCENE II.—*Hall adjoining the Chapel of Castellor; a balcony in the background.*

Leonora.

Ah! what clamor of arms
Is that which reach'd me?

Manrico.

Great is the danger;
Vain are all my attempts to hide it!
At early dawn to-morrow
The foe will assail us.

Leonora.

Alas! what say'st thou?

Manrico.

Be assured that our swords will be victorious?
We can equal them
In arms, boldness and courage.
Depart. [*To Ruiz.*] The preparations for the strife
In my absence, thou wilt accomplish.
Let nought be wanting. [*Exit Ruiz.*]

Leonora.

What a sombre splendor
Is o'er our bridal shining!

Manrico.

All this mournful foreboding
Pray banish, dearest!

Leonora.

And can I?

Manrico.

'Tis love, sublime emotion, at such a moment
Bids thy heart still be hopeful.
Ah! love; how blest our life will be
Our fond desires attaining,

My soul shall win fresh ardor,
My arm new courage gaining.
But, if, upon the fatal page
Of destiny impending,
I'm doom'd among the slain to fall,
'Gainst hostile arms contending,
In life's last hour, with fainting breath,
My thoughts will turn to thee.
Preceding thee to heav'n, will death
Alone appear to me.

[*Tones of organ heard from the neighboring Chapel.*]

Leonora.

The mystic tide of harmony
Within our hearts doth flow!
The church unfolds the raptures
From holy love that grow!

[*While they are about to enter the Chapel, Ruiz enters hurriedly.*]

Ruiz.

Manrico!

Manrico.

How?

Ruiz.

The Zingara,
Yonder, in chains, behold her!

Manrico.

Oh, heaven!

Ruiz.

Led on by cruel men,
They near the stake already.

Manrico.

Oh heav'ns! my limbs are failing me;
Shadows my eyes are veiling!

[*Approaching the balcony.*]

Leonora.

Thou tremblest!

Manrico.

With reason. Know the cause:
I am—

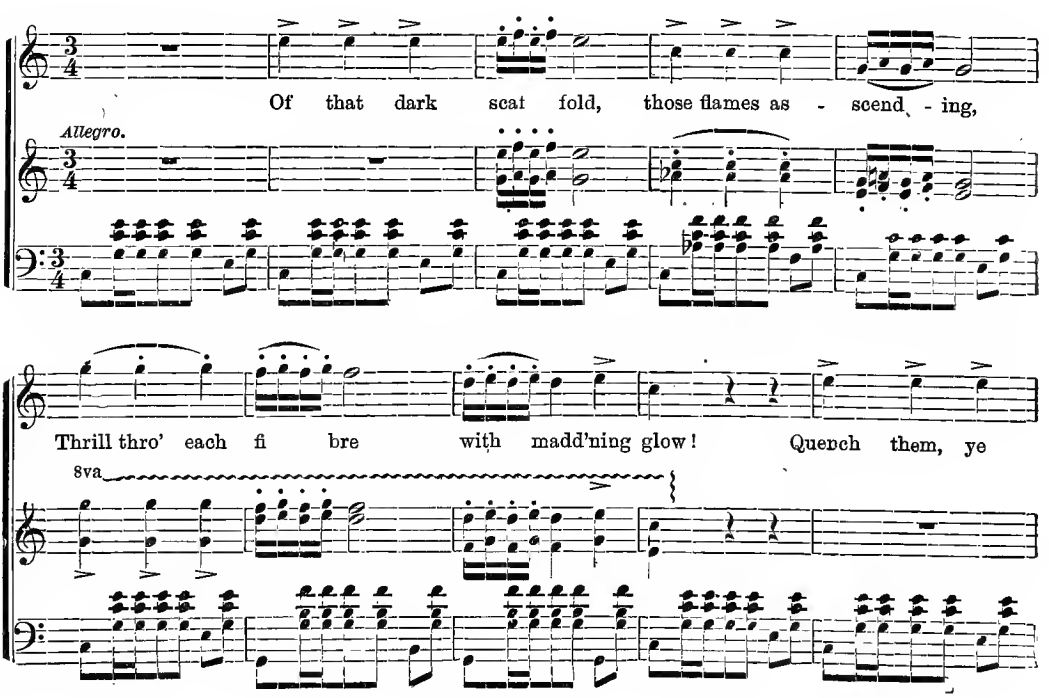
Leonora.

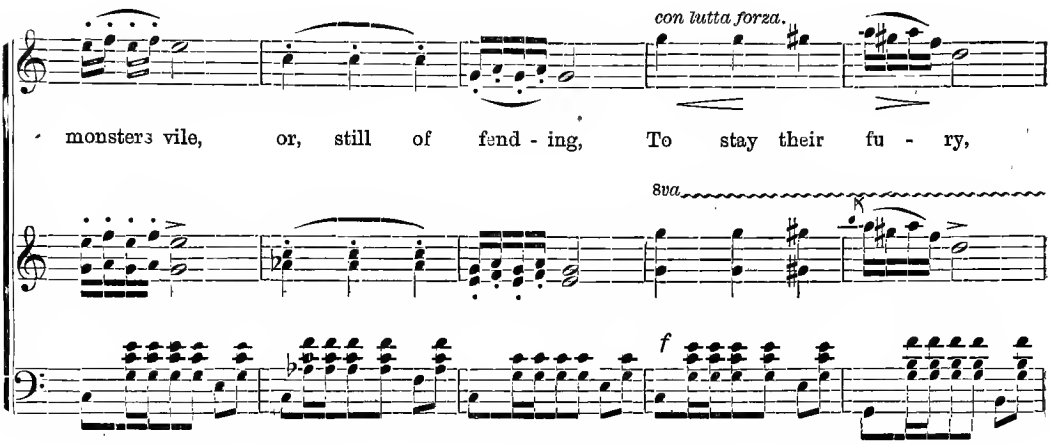
Thou'rt what?

Manrico.

Her offspring.
Ah! monsters! this dark revolting scene
Almost of my breath deprives me!
Collect our forces without the least delay.
Ruiz—go—speed thee, quickly!

[*Ruiz departs hastily.*]




con lutta forza.
monsters vile, or, still of fend - ing, To stay their fu - ry,
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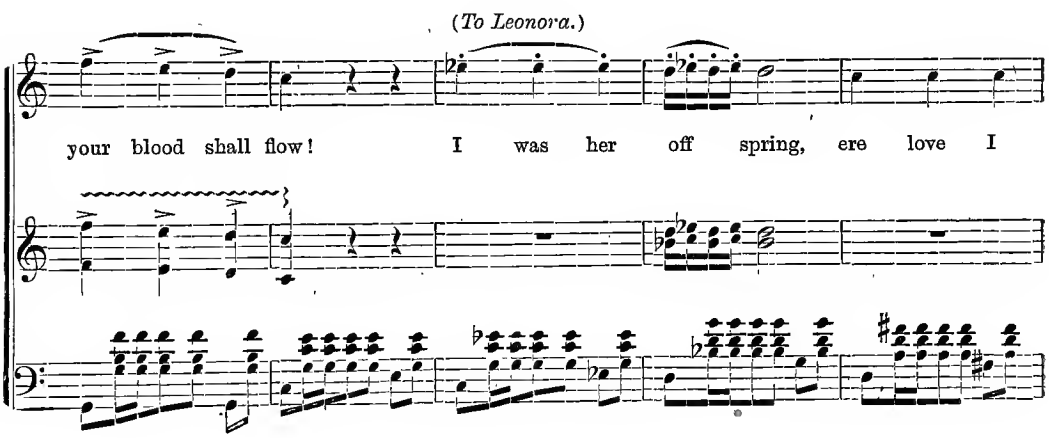
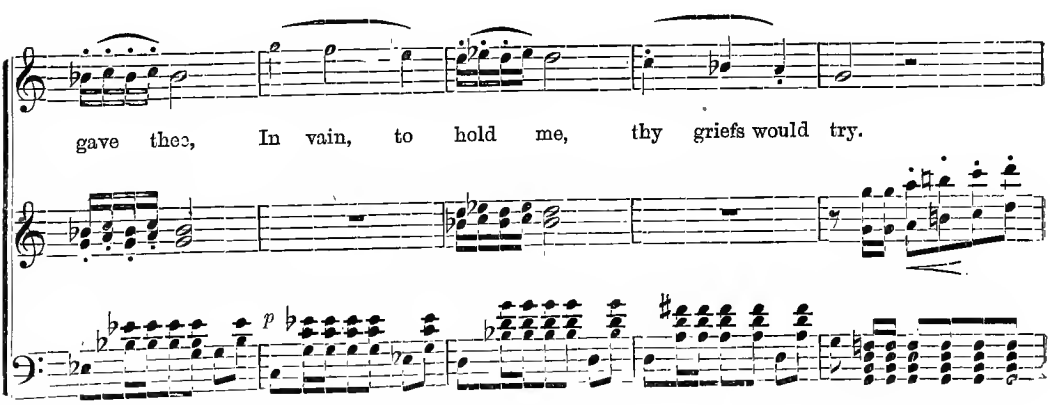

(To Leonora.)
your blood shall flow! I was her off spring, ere love I


gave thee, In vain, to hold me, thy griefs would try.
p

f

Moth - er, un - hap - py! I fly to save thee, or, all else

8va

p

fail ing, with thee to die, Or fail - - ing that, with thee to

8va

Piu vivo.

mf

die, or, fail ing that, with thee..... will I die!

ff *p*

Leonora.

Such heavy sorrows my heart o'erpow'ring.
Oh! better far would it be to die!

[*Re-enter Ruiz, with soldiers.*]

Ruiz.

Arouse ye to arms now!
The foe we will defy!

[*Manrico rushes out, followed by Ruiz and Soldiers. From within a noise of arms and warlike instruments is heard.*]

ACT IV.

THE PUNISHMENT.

SCENE I.—*A wing of the palace of Aliaferia: in the angle a tower with window secured by iron bars. Night: dark and clouded.*

[*Enter Leonora and Ruiz, enveloped in cloaks.*]

Ruiz. [*In an under tone.*]

Yonder's the tower where are confin'd the pris'ners for state offences;
Hither they brought him whom we are seeking.

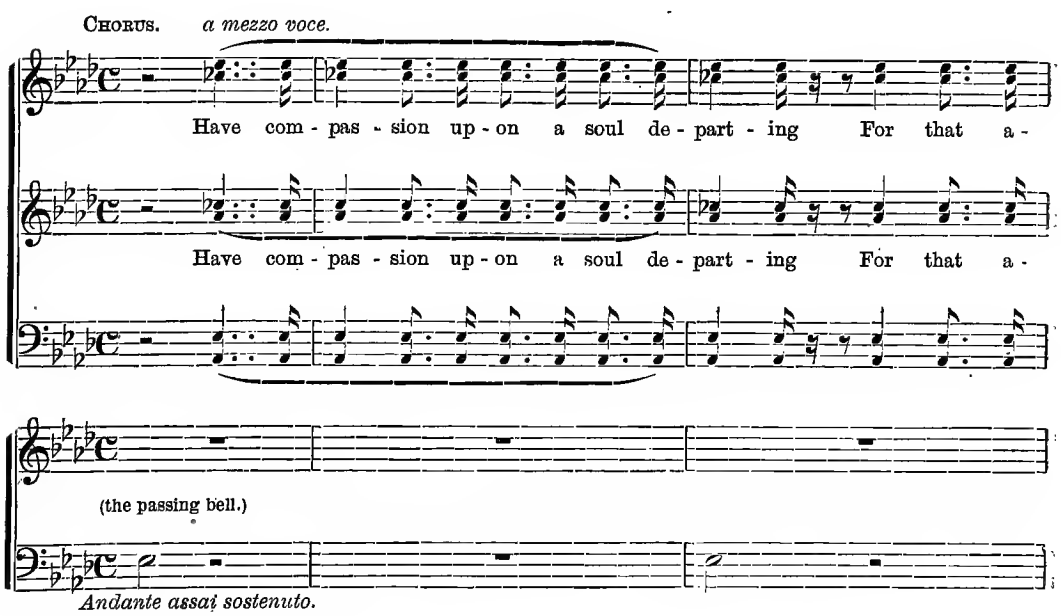
Leonora.

Go thou:
Leave me here; be not anxious for my safety;
Perchance I yet may save him. [*Ruiz retires.*]
Afraid for me? Secure
And ready are my defenses!

[*She gazes upon a jewel which she wears on her right hand.*]

In this dark hour of midnight
I hover round thee near approaching,
Unknown to thee, love! Ye moaning breezes around me playing,
In pity aid me, my sighs to him conveying!

On rosy wings of love depart,
Bearing my heart's sad wailing,
Visit the prisoner's lonely cell,
Console his spirit failing:
Let hope's soft whispers wreathing
Around him, comfort breathing,
Recall to his fond remembrance
Sweet visions of our love;
But, let no accent reveal to him
The sorrows, the griefs my heart doth prove.



bode, from whence there's no re - turn - ing; Thy for - give-ness, oh! pow'r di - vine im -

- bode, from wheuce there's no re - turn - ing; Thy for - give-ness, oh! pow'r di - vine im -

dim.

LEO.

- part-ing, Let him not be a prey to end - less burn ing. That solemn pe -

part-ing, Let him not be a prey to end - less burn - ing.

ppp

ti tion, so sad ly as - cend - ing, With ter - ror and

mys te - ry the air seems to fill! 'Gainst fa - tal fore-

- bod ing my heart is con-tend - ing, My breath is sus-pend-ing. my pul-ses are

still, my breath fails me, my pul ses are

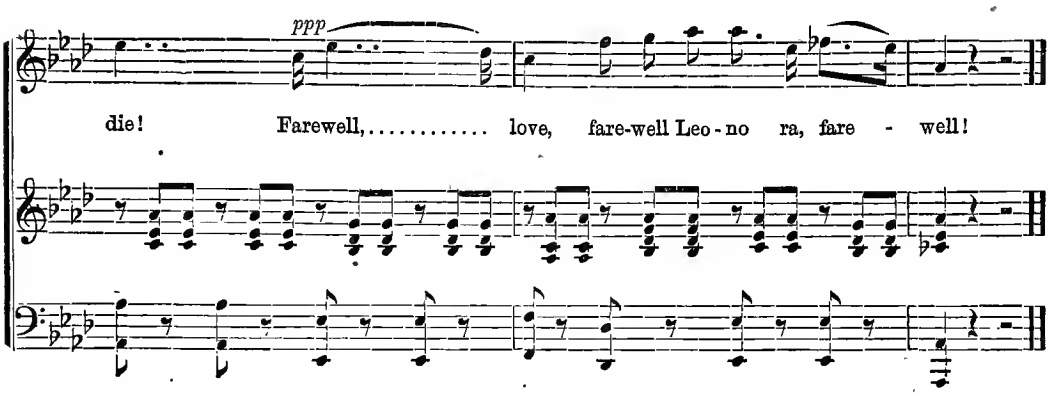
still.

TROVATORE. (*from the tower.*)

Ah!..... how death still de-lay - eth, Lin - gers, or seems to

ARPA.

fly From him, who long eth, from him who long-eth to



Leonora.

Oh, heav'n! faintness o'erpow'rs me!

Chorus. [*Within.*]

Have compassion on a soul departing
For that abode, from whence there's no returning;
Thy forgiveness, oh! power divine imparting,
Let him not fall a prey to endless burning.

Leonora.

O'er yonder dark tower, ah, death waits the morrow,
With wings pale and shadowy his watch seems to hold.
Ah! ne'er will they open those portals of sorrow
'Till after the victim is lifeless and cold.

Manrico. [*In the Tower.*]

Now with my life fulfilling
Love's fervent vows to thee!
Do not forget; let me remember'd be.
Farewell my love, farewell, Leonora!
And can I ever forget thee!
Thou shalt see that more enduring
Love, than mine, had ne'er existence,
Triumph over fate securing,
Death shall yield to its resistance.
At the price of mine, now blighted,
Thy dear life will I defend,
Or again with thee united,
To the tomb will I descend!

[*Enter the Count and his Followers. Leonora stands aside.*]

Count.

You hear me? Give the son to the axe
At daybreak; lead to the stake the mother.

[*The Followers enter the tower.*]

Perhaps thus acting, I abuse the power
The prince to me confided.
To such excesses that woman's love constrains me!
But where to find her? Since Castellor is ours
Of her no tidings have reach'd me;
All my researches on ev'ry side are fruitless!
Ah! cruel love, where art thou?

Leonora. [*Advancing.*]

Standing before thee!

Count.

Those accents! lady! thus near me?

Leonora.

Thou see'st me.

Count.

What brought thee hither?

Leonora.

Already his last hour approaches,
And thou dost ask me?

Count.

Thou still wouldst dare me?

Leonora.

Ah yes! for him
I would ask of thee compassion.

Count.

How? art thou raving?
Mercy to him, my rival show?

Leonora.

May heav'n with mercy inspire thee!

Count.

My whole desire is for vengeance. Go!

[*Leonora throws herself despairingly at his feet.*]

Leonora.

Witness the tears of agony
Here, at thy feet, now raining.
If these suffice not, torture me,
My life's crimson current draining!
Breathless, thy feet may trample me,
But spare thou the Troubadour!

Count.

Ah! rather would I speedily
Add to his fate impending
Thousands of bitter cruelties,
Torments and death unending;
The more thy love to his replies
My rage inflames the more.

[*About to go.*]

Leonora. [*Clinging to him.*]

Hear me!

Count.

What more now?

Leonora.

Mercy!

Count.

Price is there none, which offer'd
Could obtain it. Leave me now!

Leonora.

One yet there is, one only,
And that price I offer.

Count.

Offer, what?
Explain then! speak!

Leonora.

Myself, then!

[*Extending her right hand to the Count, with anguish.*]

Count.

Heav'n! what dost tell me?

Leonora.

That I will perform
What here I promise.

Count.

Am I not dreaming?

Leonora.

Unclose for me
The gates of yonder prison:
Escaping, let the pris'ner but hear me—
Then I'll be thine.

Count.

Wilt swear it?

Leonora.

I swear to him, whom my innermost spirit
Beholdeth!

Count.

What ho!

[*A jailor appears, in whose ear the Count whispers.—While the Count is speaking to him, Leonora sucks the poison concealed in the ring.*]

Leonora.

(A cold and lifeless bride
Thou wilt have me!)

Count.

[*Turning to Leonora.*]

My foe shall live!

Leonora.

[*Aside, her eyes filled with tears of joy.*]

Shall live! Oh heav'n! this boundless joy
Too great is for words' expression;
But from my throbbing, panting heart
Flow thanks in grateful confession!
Unmov'd, my fate I now await;
Rapture, thus life, completing,
With dying breath repeating
Thou'rt sav'd from death through me!

Count.

What words are those? oh! turn once more
To me thy thoughts confiding,
Ah! like a rapt'rous vision
Seemeth thy kind decision.
Thou wilt be mine! again declare,
My heart of doubts relieving,
Scarce in its bliss believing,
Though promis'd still by thee!

Leonora.

Now come—

Count.

Remember! Thou hast sworn!

Leonora.

My oath is sacred still.

[*They enter the tower.*]

SCENE II.—*A gloomy dungeon.*

[*Azucena lying upon an old mattress, Manrico seated near her.*]

Manrico.

Mother, thou sleep'st not?

Azucena.

I have sought for slumber,
But, ah! it flies from my weary eyelids!—
I'll pray.

Manrico.

'Tis the air, cold and damp,
Perchance, with chills disturbs thee?

Azucena.

No: but from this tomb
Of the living would I escape forever,
Where confinement o'erpow'rs and suffocates me.

Manrico.

[*Wringing his hands.*]

Escape!

Azucena. [*Rising.*]

Do not distress thee;
These cruel tyrants cannot long oppress me.

Manrico.

Ah, wherefore?

Azucena.

Look ye! and behold already upon my brow
The finger of death has left its impress!

Manrico.

Ah!

Azucena.

They will find here
But a lifeless form, silent, cold and dead!
Merely a skeleton!

Manrico.

Cease ye!

Azucena.

Dost hear not?—coming footsteps—
Ah! the jailors approach, who to the stake will drag me!
Defend and save thy mother!

Manrico.

There's no one,
Resume thy courage. There's no one here approaching.

Azucena.

The scaffold:
That word of terror!

Manrico.

Oh! mother! oh! mother!

Azucena.

One morning
Fierce crowds assembled, seized my mother and led her
To torture! Mark how the abhorrent flames curl!
Round her they madly cling! her hair consuming
Now streams upward to heaven!
Observe the glaring eyeballs
From their orbits protruding! Ah! who has brought me
To behold this dread vision?

[*Falls convulsed in the arms of Manrico.*]

Manrico.

If filial love and words of affection
Have power to move thy feelings maternal,
Strive to banish these terrors,
And seek in slumbers forgetful, both rest and composure.

[*Conducts her to the mattress.*]

Azucena.

Yes; heavy woes, and fatigue oppress me,
Closing my eyes, I to sleep address me.
But, should that dark pile rise up before thee,
With flames ascending, wake me again.

Manrico.

Repose, oh, mother: may Heaven watching o'er thee
Send thee bright visions, soothing thy pain.

Azucena.

Back to our mountains, our steps retracing,
There peace and quiet once more embracing,
Songs thou wilt sing me, with lute attending,
Sweet dreams shall visit our sleep as of yore.

Manrico.

Repose, oh! mother, silently bending
O'er thee, my spirit heav'nward shall soar.

[*Azucena yields herself to sleep; Manrico remains kneeling beside her.*]

SCENE III.—*The door opens; enter Leonora.*

Manrico.

How! In this darkness do I deceive me?

Leonora.

'Tis I, Manrico!

Manrico.

Oh! my Leonora!
Oh heaven, dost grant me in thy compassion
Rapture so boundless ere to death they lead me?

Leonora.

Thou shalt not die, love! I come to save thee.

Manrico.

Truly! to save me? What mean'st thou!

Leonora.

Farewell, love!
Let nought delay thee, depart now, quickly!

Manrico.

Thou com'st not with me?

Leonora.

I must remain here!

Manrico.

Remain!

Leonora.

Ah, fly thee!

Manrico.

No.

Leonora.

Woe awaits thee!

[*Endeavoring to force him towards the door.*]

Manrico.

No!

Leonora.

Life's before thee!

Manrico.

Ah! no, I scorn it!
But, lady, bend thy gaze upon me!
Whence comes this power? what price has bought it?
Thou wilt not speak? oh, dark suspicion!
'Twas from my rival thou purchas'd thy mission!
Ah! thou hast sold him thy heart's affection!
Barter'd a love, once devoted to me!

Leonora.

Oh, how thine anger doth blind thy vision!
Oh, how unjust is thy cruel suspicion
Obey, and fly thee, not heaven's protection,
If thou dost linger, can succor thee!

Azucena. [*Sleeping.*]

Back to our mountains, our steps retracing,
There peace and quiet once more embracing.
Songs thou wilt sing me with lute attending,
Sweet dreams shall visit our sleep as of yore.

[*Casting herself down at the feet of Manrico.*]

Manrico.

Begone now!

Leonora.

Oh! repulse me not!
See'st thou? I languish,
Oppress'd and fainting.

Manrico.

Go! I hate thee now;
May curses blight thee!

Leonora.

Ah! cease reviling;
Curse me no more, but raise thy thoughts
To heav'n in prayers for me
At this dark moment!

Manrico.

A chill through my bosom is swiftly coursing.

Leonora.

Manrico! [*Falls on her face.*]

Manrico.

[*Hastening to lift her up.*]

Lady! what mean you?
Tell me!

Leonora.

Death's cold hand is on me!

Manrico.

What, dying?

Leonora.

Ah! far more rapidly
The poison sped its mission
Than I intended!

Manrico.

Oh! mortal blow!

Leonora.

Feel now, my hand is freezing—
But here, within me, dread fires are burning!

[*Placing her hand on her breast.*]

Manrico.

Oh, heav'n, what didst thou?

Leonora.

Sooner than live, another's bride,
Near thee, I preferr'd to die!

Manrico.

Insensate! and I this angel's love
With curses dar'd reply!

Leonora.

I strive no longer!

Manrico.

Ah! hapless one!

[*The Count enters, but stops on the threshold.*]

Leonora.

Behold the moment! I'm dying, Manrico!
Now, heav'nly father, pardon me, I implore thee.

Count.

(Ah! she deceived me purposely,
That for him she might die!)
The block awaits him!

[*To the Soldiers, pointing out Manrico.*]

Manrico.

Mother! farewell forever!

[*Goes out with the Soldiers.*]

Azucena. [*Awaking.*]

Manrico! my son, where art thou?

Count.

To death deliver'd!

Azucena.

Ah, stay thee! hear me—

[*The Count drags Azucena to the window.*]

Count.

Look ye!

Azucena.

Heaven!

Count.

'Tis over!

Azucena.

The victim was thy brother!

Count.

He! horrid fate!

Azucena.

Thou art aveng'd, O mother!

[*Falls near the window.*]

Count. [*With horror.*]

And I still live!

END OF THE OPERA.

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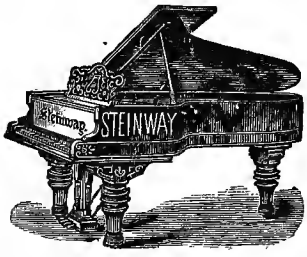

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