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Oliver Ditson Company's Standard Edition of Opera Librettos.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Composed by GOUNOD,

With Italian and English Words.

ITALIAN AND ENGLISH WITH MUSIC.

MAINE (I')	Meyerbeer	LINDA DI CFAMOUNX	Donizetti
BOLENA	Verdi	LOHENGREN	Wagner
O (Un) IN MASCHERA (Masked Ball)	Donizetti	LOMBARDI (I)	Verdi
IERE (II) DI SIVIGLIA (Barber of Seville)	Verdi	LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR	Donizetti
MIAN GIRL (La Zingara)	Rossini	LUCREZIA BORGIA	Donizetti
IVAL OF VENICE	Balfe	LUISA MILLER	Verdi
EN	Petrella	LURLINE	Wallace
RENTOLA (La) (Ginderella)	Bizet	MARIA DE ROHAN	Donizetti
INO E LA COMARE (The Cobbler and the Fairy)	Rossini	MARRIAGE OF FIGARO	Mozart
FREYSCHÜTZ	Ricci	MARTHA	Flotow
IAH (La Pardon de Ploermel)	Weber	MASANIELLO	Auber
BUCEFALO	Meyerbeer	MEFISTOFELE	Boito
JARLOS	Cagnoni	MIGNON	A. Thomas
GIOVANNI (Don Juan)	Verdi	MIPELLA	Gounod
MASQUALE	Mozart	MOSES IN EGYPT	Rossini
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NI	Donizetti	OMBRA (L') (The Shadow)	Flotow
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DIABOLO	Donizetti	PURITANI (I)	Bellini
(La) LADRA (The Thieving Magpie)	Donizetti	RIGOLETTO	Verdi
ANDA (La)	Auber	ROBERT LE DIABLE	Meyerbeer
AMENTO (II) (The Oath)	Rossini	ROMEO AND JULIET	Gounod
ENOTS (Les)	Ponchielli	SAFFO	Pacini
ULETTI E MONTECOHI (Romeo and Juliet)	Mercadante	SEMIRAMIDE	Rossini
RATA	Meyerbeer	SICILIAN VESPERS (I Vespri Siciliani)	Verdi
AUTO MAGICO (Magic Finte)	Bellini	SONNAMBULA (La) (The Sonnambulist)	Bellini
RTIRI (Poluto)	Bellini	TRAVIATA (La)	Verdi
(La) (The Jewess)	Mozart	TROVATORE (II)	Verdi
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	Petrella	JUSTIC CHIVALRY	Mascagni
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Grand Duchess of Gerolstein	French and English words.	<i>Offenbach</i>
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Under the Direction of

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OPENING

ROMEO ET JULIETTE

MONDAY EVENING

at

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BOOK BY JULES BARBIER AND MICHEL CARRÉ
(IN FRENCH)

MUSIC BY CHARLES COUNOD

Roméo

OPERA	JULIETTE.....	LUCREZIA BORI
	STEPHANO.....	RAYMONDE DELAUNOIS
	GERTRUDE.....	HENRIETTE WAKEFIELD
AND	ROMEO.....	BENIAMINO GIGLI
(Preceded by)	TYBALT.....	ANGELO BADA
	BENVOLIO.....	GIORDANO PALTRINIER
	MERCUTIO.....	GIUSEPPE DE LUCA
MUSIC BY	PARIS.....	MILLO PICCOLI
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	CAPULET.....	ADAMO DIDURI
	FRÈRE LAURENT.....	LEON ROTHIER
	THE DUKE OF VERONA.....	LOUIS D'ANGELO

JULIETTE (Her first appearance)..... CONDUCTOR..... LOUIS HASSELMANS

STEPHANO..... MME. JACOBY
GERTRUDE..... MME. NEUENDORFF

ROMEO..... MR. ROUSSELIÈRE
(His first appearance.)

FRÈRE LAURENT..... MR. POL PLANÇON
CAPULET..... MR. JOURNET
TYBALT..... MR. BARS

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ENGLISH TRANSLATION,

Principal Airs.

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at 8 o'clock.

Roméo et Juliette

OPERA IN FIVE ACTS
AND SIX SCENES.

(Preceded by a Prologue.)

MUSIC by GOUNOD

Book by Jules Barbier and Michel Carré.

(IN FRENCH.)

JULIETTE MISS GERALDINE FARRAR
(Her first appearance.)

STEPHANO MME. JACOBY
GERTRUDE MME. NEUENDORFF

ROMEO MR. ROUSSELIÈRE
(His first appearance.)

FRÈRE LAURENT MR. POL PLANÇON
CAPULET MR. JOURNET
TYBALT MR. BARS

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, 1906

AT 8 O'CLOCK

ALFREDO CATALANI

LORETTA

Incidental Dance
MM. Gigli, Danise, Mardone
ROSINA GALLI, Première Danseuse
and CORPS DE BALLET
Conductor, Mr. M.

THURSDAY EVENING, 1906

AT 8 O'CLOCK

MOUSSORGSKY'S

BORIS GODUNOV

(In Italian)

Mmes. Perini, Dalossy, Delaunay
field,
MM. Chaliapin, Johnson, Rot
Paltrinieri, D'Angelo, Reschi
Aulfsio.
Conductor, Mr.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, 1906

AT 1 O'CLOCK

SPECIAL MATINEE

RICHARD WAGNER

ENGLISH TRANSLATION,

Principal Airs.

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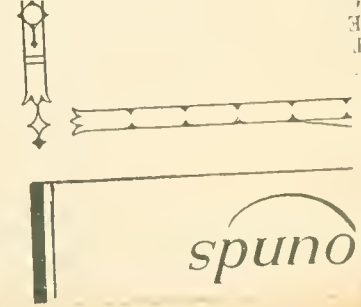
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OPERA OF

ROMEO AND JULIET.

CONTAINING THE

ITALIAN TEXT, WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION,

And the Music of all the Principal Airs.



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OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

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D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ .

THE DUKE OF VERONA.	BASSO.
CAPULET.	BASSO.
TYBALT, Nephew to Capulet.	TENOR.
GREGORY.	BARITONE.
PARIS.	BARITONE.
ROMEO.	TENOR.
MERCUTIO, Friend of Romeo.	BARITONE.
BENVOLIO, Friend of Romeo.	TENOR.
STEPHANO, Page to Romeo.	SOPRANO.
FRIAR LAWRENCE.	BASSO.
JULIET, Daughter of Capulet.	SOPRANO.
GERTRUDE, the Nurse.	M. SOPRANO.

Ladies and Nobles of Verona, Citizens, Soldiers, Monks, Pages, and Retainers of both Houses.

THE ACTION TAKES PLACE AT VERONA.

A R G U M E N T .

Shakespeare's drama is very closely followed, both in structure and dialogue, in the present lyrical version of Romeo and Juliet. The book is in Five Acts. In the first, the house of Capulet is discovered *en tête*. Amongst the crowd of maskers comes Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio and their friends on a youthful frolic. Juliet and Romeo meet—and mutually love at first sight, *malgré* the fair Capulet's betrothal to Paris. Tybalt, a hot-blooded kinsman, pierces through Romeo's disguise, and wishes to bring him to task then and there, but Capulet himself, in the true spirit of hospitality, restrains him, and the act terminates as it begins, with dance and song. Act second is devoted to the Balcony scene—almost literally transcribed from Shakespeare, with an episodic interruption by some retainers of the house, who fancy that something is amiss, but fail to discover what. Act third is divided into two scenes,—the first is the Friar's cell, and the business of this division of the act is the clandestine marriage of the two lovers. In the second scene, Romeo's page, Stephano—an invention of the librettist's—is discovered searching by Capulet's door in Verona for his missing master. A boyish bit of arrogance on his part provokes the servants of the house into drawing on him, and speedily the combat becomes general, through the entrance of Mercutio, Paris, Benvolio, Tybalt, Romeo, and their several adherents. One grievance leads quickly to another, and Mercutio is slain by Tybalt, who, in his turn is killed by Romeo. Then Capulet arrives on the scene, closely followed by the Duke and his suite. After a short investigation, the latter adjudges banishment to Romeo, who vows he will see Juliet once more, at all hazard, and so the act closes. In Act fourth there are also two scenes,—the first is Juliet's room at night, when occurs the second grand duet for the lovers, also faithfully taken from Shakespeare. After Romeo departs at dawn, Capulet comes with Friar Lawrence to tell his daughter of her intended marriage with Paris, and that the ceremony will straightway be performed. He then retires to receive his guests, and in her despair Juliet asks the Friar's help. This he gives her in the shape of a potion, describing its effects. The next scene is the wedding party in Capulet's great hall. The epithalamium is interrupted by the illness of Juliet, who finally falls insensible. "She is dead," all cry as the act drop descends. Act fifth takes place in the tomb of all the Capulets. Here, as in the Shakespearean version, Romeo arrives, believes his mistress dead, and takes poison. Juliet only revives to find her lover beyond mortal aid, and stabbing herself with a dagger, she dies in his arms.

ROMEO E GIULIETTA.

ATTO I.

SCENA I.—*Una galleria riccamente illuminata nel palazzo de' Capuleti.*

Dame e Cavalieri in domino e mascherati.

Uovo.
Ne' dì feliei
L' ore protrate,
Fuggon ratte
Come il balen.
Cogliamo amici
Cogliam la rosa
Chè rigogliosa
Coll' alba vien.

Tomini.
O ridente
Stuol d' amor,
Rifulgente
D' ostro e d' or.
Il tuo brio.
Ci seduce
Ci conduce,
Dietro a te.

Donne.
E desio
D' esultanza,
Alla danza
Spinge il piè.
Bella notte

Di piacer
Di tripudio
Lusinghier.
Chi furtivo
Baci miete,
Nella rete
Piomberà.
Coll' abbrivo
Della danza,
L' esultanza
Fine avrà.

Tutti.
Ne' dì felici, &c. &c.

Entrano PARI, e TED, essi tengono la loro maschera in mano.

SCENA II.—*PARI, TEBALDO, e Detti.*

Teb. Or dimmi o Pari con franchezza

Della festa che ti par?

Pari. L' opulenza e la bellezza,
Quivi albergano del par.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall magnificently decorated, in CAPULET'S house.*

Lords and Ladies in masks and dominoes are discovered.

Chorus. Swift hours of pleasure
Pass to gay measure
Danced in the maze of glimmering feet;
While at the closes
Red wreck of roses
From our chaplets fall crush'd, but sweet!

Lords. Happy masks that kiss fair maid,
Do but tell the grace they shade,
Half concealing,
Half revealing,
Love, in every charm array'd!
Gleams of Heav'n—but sparely given—
Yet for these a heart is paid!

Ladies. Night of fancy—lustrous night,
All thy stars to love invite;
Sweet laugh calling,
Light foot falling,
And low cadence,
Sung by maidens,
Smooth rough man to woman's will!

Chorus. Swift hours of pleasure
Pass to gay measure
Danced in the maze of glimmering feet;
While at the closes
Red wreck of roses
From our chaplets fall crush'd, but sweet!

[Enter TYBALT and PARIS, with their vizors in their hand

SCENE II.—*PARI, TYBALT, and the above.*

Tyb. Well Paris, my friend, what say'st thou?
Was there ever a nobler feast?

Par. What earth holds of beauty excelling
Have these halls assembled as guest!

Rom. No, no, coovenimmo già.
Di nulla osar or quì che nessun ne sospetti,
Partiam senza bravar il vecchio Capuletti,
Mer. Ah! se de' Capuletti così la tempra è rià
Fora il fuggirli codardia [*Volendo agguinare.*]
Nati non siamo all'ontè,
Abbiam di che fa fronte.
Coro (*Ripetendo.*) Nati non siamo all'onte, etc.

Rom No vo partir lontan da quì
Essere agoguo.

Ms. Perché?

Rom. Io m'ebbi un sogno—

Mer. (*Interrompendolo e comic.*)
Ahi! presagi tremendi!—
La fata Mab ti visitò.

Rom. (*Con distrazione.*) Che intendi?
[*Rom. siede in disparte, MER. gli si mette dietro.*]

Rom. No—take not off your mask,
Be prudent still—that no one may suspect us!
The Capulet's our foe—beware his anger!

Mer. Bah! If they think we come to scorn and jeer
Their feast—why then we're not the cow'ards to hide
And should they question us, our swords shall give
The answer!

Chorus. Ay! should they question us, our swords,
Shall give them answer!

Rom. Pray you, forbear—
My soul is sad with foreboding—

Mer. How's that?

Rom. I have been dreaming!

Mer. Ah! but dreams oft lie!
So then Queen Mab hath been with you?

Rom. Queen Mab!

BALLATA DELL REGINA MAB.—BALLAD OF QUEEN MAB. MERCUTIO.

Mab, re - gi - na di men - zo - gne, Pres - ai - ede a' so - gni, Più leg -
Mab, the fai - ry queen of false - hood, Presides o'er vi - sions! Light as

gie - ra Più leg - gie - ra Del - la brez - za pas - eg - gie - ra, Quando il sol de - cli - na,
air is she, yes, light - er than the soft breezes of summer, When the sun de - cli - neth,

Sù per l'an - ra rien E cam - mi - na Qual ba - len, E cam - mi - na Qual ba - len.
Through the air she comes, Journeying on - ward like a flash, Journeying onward like a flash.

Il carro suo che via per l'etra
Fende lieve muto l'ombra tetra
E fra i mortali altero vola,
Composto fu d' una nocciuola,
Bardatura fornita a briglia
Coll' ali sue la cociniglia
E la formica esperta auriga
Seppe assestarle all' agilibga.
Somministrava una farfalla,
La sferza: splende il bianco fiocco,
Come sfavilla per l'etra stella
Allor che più l'ombra è tetra.
Ogni notte in quest' equipaggio,
Mab, sorride nel suo passaggio
A chi desia vedovanza
A chi d'Imen nutre speranza.
Al giunger suo fa la Civetta
Mille progetti di toletta
Il cortigian sue curve addoppia,
Ed il Poeta rime accoppia,
All'avar che dovizie anela
Reconditi tesori svela,
Libertà promette, o da speme,
Al prigionier che in ferri geme,
Il guerrier sogna onori e glorio,
Mischie ardite, sconfitte, vittorio
Poi ripensando a' suoi sudori,
Spera il suo crin cinger d' allori
E a te vereconda fanciulla,
Quando le coltri vai stancando

For atomies draw her ('tis said),
Athwart poor sleeping mortal's noses,
In chariot then she reposes.
That of a hazel-nut is made:
And the wagon-spokes, of the spinner's legs slender
and long;
The coachman, a small grey-coated gnat,
Who wields a cricket-bone whip, film'd for a thong!
The traces are made of a small spider's web,
Collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beam,
So in royal state she comes,
While we sleep and dream!
O'er a lawyer's finger she gallops,
And with fees all his dream is glowing,
Then o'er the nose of courtier going,
Straight that nose will smell out a suit;
Or with a tithe-pig's tail she'll tickle
Reverend parson soundly snoring,
Then of advancement he'll be dreaming,
And a better living to boot!
Then the miser in dreams beholdeth,
Vain wealth that wicked Mab upholdeth,
And to captive pining all loose,
Liberty smileth through bar and stone!
O'er the neck of the soldier driving,
Swift he dreameth of foreign battle,
Of Spanish blade and cannon's rattle,

Le tue molli labbra sfiorando

Mab, fa dolci baci sognar!

Mab, regina di menzogne,

Pressiede a sogni, &c. &c.

Rom. (*Alzandosi.*) Ebben, l' avvertimento arcano,

Venga da Mab o d' altri,

In tal luogo in tal momento,

Io mi sento attristar

Da rio presentimento.

Mer. (*Scherzando.*) La tua pena, io l' indovino,

Provien dal non trovar qui dentro Rosalina,

Saprà fra poco altra nuova bellezza

Leur tua tristezza.

Vien!

Rom. (*A MER., indicando GIU. cui vede da lungi.*)

Ah! rimira!

Mer. Che vuoi dir?

Rom. Quella beltà celeste

Un raggio di stella par.

Mer. Quell' altra che presso s' arresta

Ha beltà più modesta.

Rom. O tesor degno de' cieli!

Qual face arcana abbaglia repente gli occhi miei?

Alfin tu ti riveli, O purissimo amore,

No pria d' or non amai! non amai!

Mer. Ah! obbliato ha Rosalina

E preveduto l' avevamo!

L' amica abbandona

E vedi dolor!

Ei l' opra corona

D' un novello amor.

Corò. (*Sotto voce.*) L' amica abbandona, etc.

[MER. trascina seco ROM. nel mentre che GIU. entra seguita da

GEL.

SCENA V.—GIULETTA, GELTRUDE.

Giu. Ebben, Geltrude, parla omai, urge l' ora.

Gel. Lascia almen ch' io riposi!

Qual mai pensier t' accora?

[*Sorridendo maliziosamente.*

Il Conte Pari cerchi tu forse?

Giu. (*Con indifferenza.*) Chi Pari?—

Gel. La perla degli sposi

In essa troverai

Giu. Ah! ah! or ben pensando sto

A farmi sposa.

Gel. Nella tua verde età

Era già collocata.

Giu. No, no! non ti vo più pel momento ascoltar

Vo nell' ingauno mio restar!

Then wakes—and swears a pray'r or two.

To thee, Mab will come, gentle maiden,

Sleeping thy tender grace array'd in,

And, sly kisses on thee bestowing,

Make thee dream of love's kisses too!

Mab! Queen Mab, &c.

Rom. No more! thou talkest but of nought—of fantasy

Idly begotten: yet to-night, my friend, my mind

Misgives me, of sad consequence

That hangeth yet in the stars!

Mer. Little marvel

Thy sad demeanour. The pretty Rosaline

Is not among the dancers. But faces fair

They are here that, once shown thee,

Will make thee think thy swan is but a crow!

Come!

Rom. (*Looking off.*) Ah! behold!

Mer. What is't now?

Rom. Beauty that showeth the torches

To burn in the darkness more bright!

Mer. (*The beldame that follows behind*

Is not, by my troth, so lovely!)

Rom. Like rich gem on Ethiop's ear,

Her beauty bangs upon the cheek of night!

Oh, never till this hour,

Have I met with true beauty! Did my heart

Love then before? No—ne'er till now!

Mer. & Cho. Good!

Gone is Rosaline's dominion,

Dead the old desire doth lie!

The fair he groan'd for, and would gladly die

With the tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair!

Cho. Gone is Rosaline's dominion, &c

[MER., ROM., &c., exeunt

SCENA V.—Enter JULIET, followed by the NURSE.

Jul. What is't you'd tell me? Good nurse, speak!

Speak, I pray thee!

Nur. O, my back! my poor back!

Marry, go to your mother—to your mother,

And Paris your bridegroom!

Jul. That's all?

Nur. A proper man, I trow; you've made a happy choice.

Jul. (*Laughing.*) Ah, ah! Good nurse, my maiden heart

Thinks not of marriage.

Nur. Go to! go to!

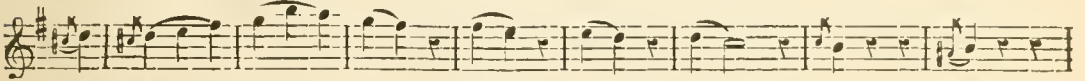
At your age, i' faith I was married.

Jul. No more! Leave me now, I pray, to the fair dream.

NELLA CALMA D'UN BEL SORRISO.—IN THE CALMNESS OF A VISION. ABIETTA VALSE. JULIET.



Nel - la cal - - ma.... D'un bel so - - gno,.... dol -
In the calm - - ness.... of a vis - - ion,.... sweet



ce all' al - - ma..... Vi - - vo o - - gnor; E a - -
and tra - - quil..... I dwell a - - part, Fond - - ly

den - - te..... Lo va - - gheg - - gio..... Nel-
hid - - ing..... Love's soft pas - sion..... Like

la men - - te..... Co - - me un te - sor.....
a trea - - sure..... deep..... in my heart

Quest' ebbrezza
Si fugace!—
Non dura ohimè che un di.
Vien l' istante
Che tremante
All' amor s' apre il cor
E tutto, ohimè, svanisce allor.
Lungi dal verno algente
Voglio ancor spirar
L' aura d' April tepente
Che fa baci sognar.
Quest' ebbrezza
Di giovinezza'
Dolce parlar al cor
Più d' ogni amor!
[GRE. compare dal fondo e s' avviene in ROM.]

SCENA VI.—GREGORIO, ROMEO e detti.

Rom. (A GRE. indicandogli GIU.)

Qual' è il nome di colei!

Gre. E tu l' ignori? è Geltrude?

Gel. (Volgendosi indietro.) Ebben?—

Gre. (Avvicinandosi a GEL.) Bella e gentil mia Dama
La cena ad imbandir la fuori alcun vi chiama.

Gel. Or ben, corro allor.

Giu. (a GEL.) Va!

[Ella far per andarsene.]

GEL. sorte accompagnata da GRE.

SCENA VII.—ROMEO e GIULIETTA.

Rom. Di grazia, t' arresta ancor!

As in fair dream enfolden,
Born of fantasy golden,
Spirits from fairy land olden,
On me now tend!
Ah! for ever would this gladness
Shine on me brightly as now,
Would that never age and sadness
T' rew their shade o'er my brow!
But, short as day,
Youth passes away!
Song, jest, perfume and dances, &c.
Then ere the summer's falling,
Pluck the rose that bloometh to die,
Love with its breath inhaling,
Love that steals in its odorous sign!

[Goes to NUR.]

SCENA VI.—ROMEO, GREGORY, and the above.

Rom. What lady's that, holds converse there?

Gre. Easily told; that is Gertrude!

Nur. Who calls?

Gre (to NUR) Lady! for thee they're seeking, and the
varlets

But lag without thee to bestir them.

Nur. Good lack! its true!

Jul. Go!

[JUL. is following when ROM. restrains her.]

SCENE VII.—ROMEO and JULIET.

Rom. I pray thee go not yet!

ANGIOL CHE VESTI.—ANGEL THAT WEAREST. ROMEO.

An - giol che ves - ti Gra - zie ce - les - ti, per - don, se o - sai toe - car.
An - gel that wear - est Gra - ces the fair - est, For - give, if to touch I dare,

L'a - la - ba - stri - na, Tu - a ma - ni - na Che fatta in cie - - lo par!
The mar - ble whiteness Of thy hands brightness That Heav'n hath formed so fair!

Scon - tar il fi - o, Del fal - lo mi - o Un mol - le ba - cio può.
Claim, then, un - spar - ing, That for my dar - ing I one soft kiss be fined.

Un ba - cio sfac - cia L' in - deg - na trac - cia Che que - sta man las - ciò.
Kiss, that ef - fa - ces un - wor - thy tra - ces, This hand hath left be - hind.

Giu. Calma il ti timore
Il cor concessa
Al pellegrin tanto osar
Pel suo amore
Le sante istesse
Soglion spesso perdonar
Ma alla sua bocca
La man ch' ei tocca
Con prudenza deen rieursar.
Dover le dice
Che a lor non lice
Il bacio incautatore d' accetar.
Rom. Le santo hanno pur,
Un bel labbro vermiglio.
Giu. Sì, ma sol per pregar.
Rom. Non odon elle mai,
Nel cor un pio consiglio.
Piu clemente desir?
Giu. Alle preci d' amor
Ognor han chiuso il cor
Pure nell' esaudir.
Rom. Esaudi allor miei voti,
Ed il volto a me volgi
Che già vedo arrossir.
Giu. Ah! io non seppi fiugere.
E il peccato resta a me.
Rom. Or per calmar vostr' anzia.
Quel peccato rendi a me. *(Le bacia una mano.)*
Giu. No m' appartieu
Lo la-cia a me.
Rom. Non t' appartieu
Lo rendi a me.

SCENA VIII.—TEBALDO e detti.

Rom. *(Volgendosi.)* Aleu— *[Si ripone la maschera.]*
Giu. E Tebaldo mio cugino.
Rom. *(Con sorpresa.)* Eeche!—tu sei?—
Giu. La figlia son di Capuletto.
Rom. *(Fra se.)* Ciel!—
Teb. *(A Giu. inoltrandosi.)* Perdon, cugina
Languir farai la festa
Se più t' involi a noi, a venir deh! t' appresta. *[Sotto voce.]*
Chi è mai quel pellegrin che tosto si copria
Il volto al giuuger mio?—
Giu. Io no 'l so.
Teb. *(fissandolo minaccioso.)* Par che cerchi evitarmi.
Rom. *(Salutando.)* Io vi salvi signor. *[Esce.]*

SCENA IX.—TEBALDO, GIULIETTA, poi CAPULETO.

Teb. Ah! l'ho riconosciuto a' suoi detti! al mio sdegno!
Ed esso—egl' è Romeo.
Giu. *(Fra se.)* Romeo?—
Teb. Sull' onor
Io ben saprò, lo giuro, punir quel traditore. *[Esce.]*
Giu. Egl' era Romeo
Ah! io lo viddi omai senz' apprezzarlo!
All' odio fù cuna questo amor fatal
Oh! destin se mi divieti amarlo
Sol gia la tomba
Il mio letto nuzial.

[Ella s' allontana lentamente. I convitati entrano. PARI e TEB. compajono da un lato mentra dall' altro entrano ROM., MER., e BEN. seguiti dai loro amici.]

Jul. Thy hand, good pilgrim, this fieu but wrongeth
For thou dost blame it o'ermueh,
To pure devotion surely belongeth.
Saintly palm that thou may'st touch.
Hands there are, sacred to pilgrim's greeting,
But ah me! not such as this,
Palm unto palm, not red lips meeting,
Is a holy palmer's kiss!
Rom. To palmer and to saint, have not lips too been giv'n?
Jul. Yes; but only for pray'r!
Rom. Then grant my pray'r, dear saint, or faith may else
be driv'n,
Unto deepest despair!
Jul. Know, the saints ne'er are movèd,
And if they graut a pray'r, 'tis for the prayer's sake
Rom. Then move not, sweetest saint,
Whilst th' effect of my pray'r, from thy lips
I shall take! *[He kisses her.]*
Jul. Ah! now my lips from thine burning,
Have the sin that they have tak'n.
Rom. O give that sin back again,
To my lips their fault returning.
Jul. } No, not again! no, not again!
Rom. } O give the sin to me again!
[Enter TYB., ROM. re-masks.]

SCENE VIII.—TYBALT and the above.

Rom. Who comes?
Jul. Tybalt, my cousin dear!
Rom. Then say, who art thou?
Jul. Daughter
Of Capulet, sir, am I!
Rom. Ah!
Tyb. *(Coming down.)*
I faith, sweet Juliet, though our sport
Be not yet at the best, still our guests will go,
An' thou art not there! Come away—come away!
And tell me true sweet coz; knowest thou *[Aside to JUL.]*
That stranger pilgrim, who so quickly mask'd?
Jul. No—not I!
Tyb. It would seem that he shuns me!
Rom. *(To TYB.)* Sir, I give thee good den! *[Exit]*

SCENE IX.—TYBALT, JULIET, afterwards CAPULET.

Tyb. Ha! 'tis a Montague by his voice—it is Romeo!
Even so—it is he, I'll swear!
Jul. Romeo! ah!
Tyb. Daring slave! now by my stock and honor of kin
I will slay him! *[Exit]*
Jul. 'Twas Romeo, he said!
Ah! 'twas the only son of our great foeman—
The cold grave then is to be my wedding-bed!
—Only love springing from my only hate!
Seen all too early—and known all to late!

SCENA X.—TEBALDO, PARI, ROMEO, MERCUZIO, BENVOLIO, invitati, poi CAPULETO.

Teb. Eccolo!—ei vien.

Pari. Ma chi mai?

Teb. Romeo.

Par. Desso in ver!

Rom. (*Mestamenta fra se, guardando GIU.*) Il mio nome
A lei suona delitto
O dolor! Capuleto è suo padre, ed io l' amo.

Mer. Vedete, quai torbidi sguardi lancia Tebaldo,
L' uragan presso stà.

Teb. (*Contenendosi a stento.*) La rabbia m' accieca!—

Cap. (*A gl' invitati.*)
Che! voi partite già? rimanete o signori!

Teb. (*Fra se*) Ah crudele sofferenza!
Già langue la mia pazienza!
Quivi io giuro sull' onor
Di punir il traditor.

Mer. (*Piano agli amici.*)
Ei ci minaccia prudenza!
Ah! non facciam resistenza!
Bene potria talor,
Far oltraggio il suo furor.

Cap. Notte è questa d' esultanza;
Via s' intrecci un'altra danza
Di voi tutti ero assai più
Gajo e snello in gioventù.

Coro. Via! si mesca e l' esultanza
Meglio allegri nuova danza
Il bollor di gioventù
Presto passa e non vien più.

[MER. seguito da' suoi amici sorte trascinando seco ROM.]

Teb. Egli ei sfugge!—
Chi vuol seguirmi? egli è mestier che lo sfidi.

[Seguita da PARI a da alcuni suoi amici fu per seguire lo stuolo de' Montecchi.]

Cap. (*A TEB. accostando.*)
Mai no! qui scandali non voglio,
M' odi tu? Magherato ei venia,
Deggio e voglio ignorar come ha nome e chi sia!
Guai se t' attenti un passo far.

[*Volgendosi agli invitati.*]

Su, baldi garzon
Su vaghe donzelle;
Venite o campion,
Scegliete le belle.
Lunge ogni pensier
Cui dolga esultanza,
A fervida danza
Dia loco il piacer.

Coro. Lunge ogni pensier
Cui dolga esultanza,
A fervida danza
Dia loco il piacer.

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

SCENE X.—TYBALT, PARIS, ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO *Guests, afterwards* CAPULET.

Tyb. There he stands!

Par. What is't now?

Tyb. (*Pointing at Rom.*) Romeo's there!

Par. Romeo there?

[*Movements of surprise*—TYB. is about to rush upon the Montague when CAP. enters. TYB. points out ROM. CAP. restrains him with a gesture.]

Rom. (*Aside.*)
To be Romeo is a crime in her eyes! fatal name!
Capulet is her father; and I love her!

Mer. (*To Romeo.*) Beware—
For see how with anger the fiery Tybalt is chafing:
There's a storm brewing fast!

Tyb. I burn for vengeance!

Cap. (*To guests going.*)
What! quit the floor so soon? Nay, then, gentlemen,
Prepare not to begone, for a trifling banquet awaits.

Tyb. Vengeance cometh! vengeance cometh!
And for this intrusion shameful, blood
Alone shall make amends: death to Romeo
Then I swear!

Mer. See how they watch us!
Nay, stir not—and use thy wit more than valour;
We heard the foe in their camp; let us not
Wake their ire!

Cap. Rouse again the sound of pleasure,
Crush the wine-cup, tread the measure,
Time has been (I swear to you)
When I danced and drank for two!

Chorus. Rouse again the sound of pleasure,
Crush the wine-cup, tread the measure,
Youth's a stuff will not endure
Nought beyond the present's sure!

MER. drags ROM. away, followed by BEN. and friends.
Exeunt.

Tyb. Romeo will 'scape me! let who will, follow!
I shall stroke his pretty face with my gauntlet.

[*Makes as if to pursue ROM. CAP. restrains him impetuously.*]

Cap. (*Aside to TYB.*) Not so! I will not brook disorder!
Dost thou hear? Thou shalt not follow Romeo!
What a plague is't to me what this youngster is called?
From this thy place thou shalt not stir!

A hall, sirs, a hall! [*To the guests*]

Lead forth now each maiden,
Earth treading stars all,
With bright beauty laden!
Like to April on the heel,
Of lame winter pressing,
Its coldness caressing,
So love young hearts feel!

Chorus. Like to April on the heel,
Of lame winter pressing,
Its coldness caressing,
So love young hearts feel!

END OF THE FIRST ACT

ATTO II.

ACT II.

Un giardino. A manca la dimora di GIULIETTA. Al primo piano una finestra con balcone. Infondo una gradinata che domina altri giardini. È notte.

A Garden. JULIET's apartments. Window and balcony At back a parapet overhanging the gardens. Night.

SCENE I.—STEFANO, ROMEO.

SCENE I.—STEPHANO and ROMEO.

STEFANO dietro la gradinata del fondo tiene una scala di seta ed ajuta ROMEO a scavalcare il muro, quindi si ritira portando seco la scala.

STEPHANO, the page, discovered against the parapet, helping up ROMEO by means of a rope ladder. Exit the page, bearing away the ladder.

Rom. (Solo.) Notte! qui fra l' ombre tue fitte,
Asil mi dà!

Rom. O night! spread thy pinions above me,
And hide me now!

Mer. (Al di fuori, chiamando.) Romeo! Romeo!

Mer. (Off.) Romeo! Romeo!

Rom. Di Mercuzio la voce ell' è:
Ei beffeggia i barbari lai d' amor
Che non provò giammai.

Rom. 'Tis Mercutio that mocking calls! Ever so!
He jesteth at scars that never felt a wound!

Coro al di fuori.

Egli s' avvia e tace;
Più non ode, lontano egli è
Sol d' ombre amor si piace
Per l' ombre amor scorga il suo piè!

Mer. } (Off.) Love sick, and sad, and pining,
Ben. } Hither Romeo was seen to wend:
} May night, fond lovers shrining
Cho. } Now to the pair a covert lend!

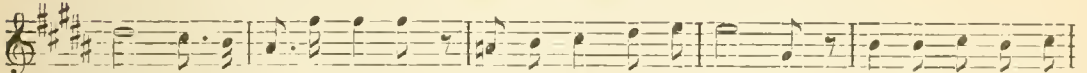
[Le voci si allontanano.

Rom. Amor!
Si, l' esser mio tutto accende e seduce
[La finestra di GIU. s'illumina.

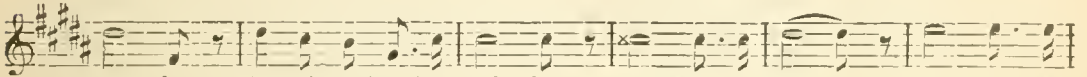
Rom. Ah! it is love that bath stirr'd all my being!

[A light appears in Juliet's window

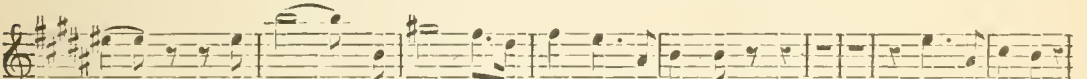
DEH! SORGI O LUCE.—RISE, FAIREST SUN! CAVATINA. ROMEO.



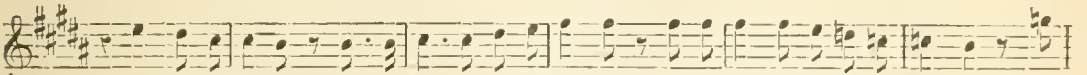
Deh! sorgi o luce in cie - lo. E di - ra - da le stel - le Che span-don sen - za
Rise, fair - est sun in heav-en! Quench the stars with thy brightness, That o'er the vault at



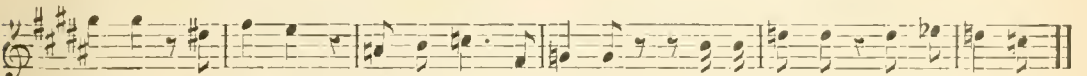
ve - lo Le nui - te lor fiam - mel - le, Deh! sorgi al - fin, Deh! sorgi al -
e - ven Shine with a fee - ble light - ness, Oh! rise a - gain Oh! rise a -



- fin, dis - gom - bra, L' al - to or - ror di quest' ombra. El - la veglia.
- gain; and ban - ish Nights dark shades, bid them van-ish. She is watching,



Ah! scioglie i no-di De suoi ful - gi - di ca-pel - li, Ne' miei preghi, Amor, se m'o - di, A
Ah! ever untwining From their bonds her tresses shin - ing! If my prayers, love, shall reach thy hearing, Ap -



le - i, a le - i reca i vo - ti mie - i, El - la par - la quanto e bel - la!
proach her, approach her, All my fond vows bear - ing, Now she speaketh. Ah! how charming.

Ah! nulla intesi o dolor
Mi parlava il suo sguardo,
Rispondeva a lei il mio cor

By her beauty's brilliant ray,
As burneth, ashamed and jaded,
A lamp by the light of day!
At her window, on her fair hand,

Ah! sorgi appar o sol, &c.

Ah! sorgi amai

Astro puro incantator

Appar! vien! appar!

[*La finestra si apre. GIU. compare al balcone. Rom. si nasconde nell' ombra.*]

SCENA II.—ROMEO, GIULIETTA.

Giu. Odia! potrollo oime! Odio barbaro e reo
O Romeo! perchè tal nome si fece il tuo?
Ripudia omai tal nome al nostro amor fatale
O ripudia il mio.

Rom. Che di tu? e fia ver? Ah! distogli da me
Quel fatal dubbio oh! Dio.

Giu. Chi m' ascolta,
Chi sorprender osò le pene del mio cor?

Rom. Nomarmi io non potrei, per dirti omai chi son!

Giu. Che, non sei tu Romeo?

Rom. No, no! sarò più mai
Vo rinascere omai altro nome m' avrò
Ah! per amarte sola
Del tuo amor rinascereò.

Giu. Ah! tu sai che quest' ombra il viso mio ti cela—

Ben lo sai—ah! se tu ne vedesti il rossor!

Tutto, il candor esso rivela

E la purità del mio cor.

Di motteggiar sostiam! m' ami tu?

Indovino la tua risposta già

Vani giuri non far,

Latona, co' snoi rai ch' io ben credo incostanti,

Rischia la spergiuo e deride gl' amanti

Caro Romeo leal e dimi sol—"Io t' amo"—

E eredere;

E l' onor mio affido a te o mio Signor

Come potrai in me fidarti ognor

Il mio sorpreso cor

Accusar tu non dei di leggerezza.

Per non saper tacere.

Ma la notte indiscreta accusano sol

Che tradiva il mistero.

Rom. Nanti a dio

Che n' ascolta, io ti giuro mia fe.

Giu. Ascolta! alen—ti scosta, va.

[*Rom. s' allontana e scompare dietro gli alberi. GIU. si ritira dal balcone e chiude cautamente la finestra.*]

SCENA III.—GREGORIO seguito da alcuni famigliari poi
GELTRUDE. GREGORIO ed i famigliari entrano con lan-
terne sorde e cercano per ogni parte.

Coro. Nessuno!—nessuno!—

Vestigio non v' ha;—

Di cui l' impertuno

Fuggito sarà.

Quel vile, quel reo

Attendea Romeo—

Ma l' avverso fato

A noi l' ha involato?

E beffe egli già

De' nostri si fa.

Nessuno, nessuno, etc.

Gel. (*Entrando, a GRE.*) Chi cercate voi qui.

Gre. D' un paggio de' rei Montecch; il traditor
Nel lasciar queste soglie,

See now she leaneth her cheek.

On that hand, were I a glove,

That I might touch that cheek!

Ah, fairest sun, arise, &c.

[*The window opens, JUL. comes on to the balcony. Rom. conceals himself.*]

SCENE II.—ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Ah me!—And still I love him!
Romeo, why art thou Romeo?
Doff then thy name, for't is no part,
My love, of thee! What rose we call
By other name would smell as sweetly:
Thou'rt no foe, 'tis thy name!

Rom. Can it be
That thou'rt mine? Romeo henceforth
I never more will be!

Jul. Who art thou, say,
That, be-screen'd by the night,
So stumblest on my dream?

Rom. I know not how
To tell thee who I am by name.

Jul. Thou art Romeo, I know!

Rom. Nay,
Ne'er shall I be known again, dear saint,
By a name that is foe unto thee!
Yet, oh speak!—speak to my soul, bright angel,
To the night thou'rt glorious, as a messenger
From heav'n!

Jul. Ah! thou knowest the mask of night
Is on my face,—or my brow would be red
With a maidenly blush for the words
I've spoken unto thee: wherefore yet deny
What I've said? then, compliment farewell!
Lov'st thou me?
If so be that thou answerest me, ay,
Swear thou not by the moon—th' inconstant moon
That monthly in circled orb changeth;
But by thy gracious self and the oath I'll believe!
If me thou lov'st—pronounce it faithfully,
"I love thee!"—and I am thine!
But, if thou think'st me quickly won,
Ah, then, I'll frown, and say thee nay,
So that thou wilt but woe me. But trust me I
Will prove far more faithful to thee than those
Who have the cunning to be stranger!
O impute not to light love
My passion so true, which the night hath discovered!

Rom. Ah, my heart is true—and 'tis all, love, for thee!

Jul. But hearken!—a noise!—ah, Romeo,
Fly, ere they come. (*Exits from balcony*)

SCENE III.—*Enter GREGORY and retainers with lanterns*
They grope about the stage.

Chorus. There's no one! there's no one!

The page, too, is fled,

We owe to the rascal

The dance we've been led!

Confusion! disaster!

On him and his master—

Why did fortune save

The sorry scurvy knave!

He will tell to-morrow

How the slip he gave!

There's no one! there's no one, &c.

Nur. Marry—what is this coil?

Gre. A scurvy Montague trick!
Over the threshold of Capulet's house,

Osate ha tar oltraggio
Al nostro almo Signor.
Gel. Mi dite il ver?
Gre. Si narro il vero.
Un de' Montecchi in compagnia d' alcuni scoi
Turbar ardia la nostra festa.
Gel. Un de' Montecchi?
Gre. Un de' Montecchi.
Coro. Forse pegl' occhi tuoi qui venuto è il fellow?
Gel. Ah! l'osi ancora!—giuro sull' onor mio
Io 'l farò venir dritto a voi
Che non avrà desio di ritornar.
Gre. Lo erdiam.
Coro. Lo erdiam noi pur
Buona notte, amabil Signora
Le tue virtùdi aceresi ognor
Ogni grazia dio t' infonda
Ei Montecchi sperda ogor.
[GRE. ed i famigliari s'allontanano.]

SCENA IV.—GELTRUDE, poi GIULIETTA.

Gel. Benedetto il baston che mi farà vendetta
Di que' fellow!
Giu. (*Comparendo sulle soglie.*)
Sci tu Geltrude?
Gel. Sì, mia diletta;
Ma si tardi perchè ancor vegliando stai?
Giu. T'atteadea—
Entriam.
Ti segno va.
[Ella volge lo sguardo a se d' intorno, poi rientra, ROM. ricompare.]

SCENA V.—ROMEO poi GIULIETTA.

Rom. Notte divina, io t' imploro
Lasciammi al sogno che incanta il mio cor
Destarmi non vorrei
Alla realità erder non posso ancor.
Giu. (*Ricomparendo sulle soglie, sotto voce.*)
Romeo!—
Rom. (*Rivolgendosi.*) Angiol mio!
Giu. (*Sotto voce.*)
Anco un detto, poseia addio!
A te verranno alcuno doman.
Se tu m'ami se tua mi vuoi e sposa,
Fammi dir in qual dì, a qual ora in qual parte
Dell' Eterno al cospetto
Il nostro Iten fia benedetto.
Allor o mio signor mia volontà sarai.
E l' intiera mia vita avrai
Sarò a te solo. Ah! sol vivò per te.
Ma, se tua fiamma
Er folle amor sol bramasse da me
Ah! te ne scongiuro allor
Per quest' ora d' incanto non rivedermi più.
M' abbandona al mio pianto, mi lascia al mio dolor.
Rom. (*Inginocchiandosi.*)
Ah! io già te 'l dissi t' adoro
Io t' amo, e sol tu sii l' aurora
Ovunque il cor si volgerà.
Ho! mio tesoro
Disponi di mia vita;—
Nell' alma mia smarita
Tutte infondi le gioiè del Ciel.
Gel. (*Chiamando.*) Giulietta!

Have two Montagues past; ay, and laughed
At his beard!
Nur. Truly you're mad!
Gre. No, by our ladye, on this very night
Hath a Montague been rash enough
To join our merry making!
Nur. Is't as you say?
Gre. Just as I say!
Cho. Ah! donthless 'tis thy beauty that brings him this
way!
Nur. I' faith, perhaps so! but I'm no flirt-gill—
And if e'er he cometh again—the knave!—
I'll treat him so—I'll warrant
He'll not plague me more!
Gre. Not a doubt!
Cho. As for that, good nurse—not a doubt!
Nurse, good night! so pray me devoutly
Gre. } For one as virtuous as she is fair,
and }
Cho. } And likewise—urse we stoutly
All our foes such 'venture as dare!
[*Exeunt GRE: and retainers follow.*]
Nur. Now heshrew them, for that they use me
At their pleasure.—The sorry knaves!
[*Enter JUI from house*]

SCENE IV.—The NURSE and JULIET

Jul. 'Tis thou, nurse, speakest?
Nur. Ay lady, truly!
But the night doth advance; 'tis time
Thou wert a-bed.
Jul. Is it so late?
Nur. (*Going.*) To bed!
Jul. Lead on, good nurse!
[*Exit NUR. to house, followed by JUL., who looks inquiringly into the garden. Enter ROMEO.*]

SCENE V.—ROMEO, then JULIET.

Rom. Night all too blessed! I am fearful,
Being in night, this is all but a dream,
That, waking, I may find too flattering sweet,
To 'bide the dawn. [*Enter JUL. from house*]
Jul. Love of mine!
Rom. Speak, my dearest!
Jul. But a word,
Then farewell!
If that the faith thou pledged be true,
If in honor me for thy wife thou takest,
Then to-morrow my love, send a message unto me,
Telling me where and when will be perform'd
The rite of marriage. Then all I have, my lord,
Low at thy feet I'll lay; through the whole world,
Thy steps I'll follow, though my kinsmen,
Dearest, should say me nay! Yet,
If true love feigning, thou mean'st not well,
And thy vows all are vain, I do beseech thee then
Cease thy wooing and leave me—
Leave me to my grief that will always fill my days
Rom. Ah, my sweet! Doubt not my affection,
For, so thrive my soul, I do love thee!
And my life is in thy love.
Like softest music to ears the sound attending,
So silver sweet thy tones are falling,
Soul now with soul in love is blending,
And for ever, sweet, thou art mine!
Nur. (*Calling.*) Juliet!

Giu. (*Rivolgendosi e porgendo orecchio.*)
Son chiamata.

Rom. (*Rialzandosi e prendendola una mano.*)
Ah! di già?

Giu. Parti, io temo che alcun ci vegga insieme.

Gel. (*Chiamando.*) Giulietta!

Jul. Or vengo.

Rom. Ascolta ancor!—

Giu. Somesso!—

Rom. No, no, nessun t' appella—

Giu. Ohime piano favella!

Rom. (*Prendendola per uno mano e conducendola sulla scena.*)

Jul. Hark! they call me

Rom. Ah! not yet.

Jul. Go!
I'd not for the world they saw thee here, love.

Jul. I come!

Rom. ▲ moment more—

Jul. Away!

Rom. Fear not! I'm hidden in night's cloak!

Jul. Speak low!

[ROM. restrains her, they come down the stage.]

AH! NON PARTIR.—AH! GO NOT YET. DUET. ROMEO and JULIET.

ROMEO. Ah! non par - tir, deh! ta - ci! Ah! non par - tir, deh! ta - ci! La - scia! la - scia che ancor
Ah! go not yet, but stay thee! Ah! go not yet, but stay thee! Let me, let me once more

Le tua ma - no io ba - - - ci. Te - mo che alcun s'ag - gi - ri, Las - cia,
kiss thy dear hand, I pray..... thee.

JULIET. Ta - ci, qui presso a no - i

Si - lence, a step is near us, Some one, I fear will hear us, Let me,

ROMEO. JULIET
la - scia che alfin la mia ma - no ri - ti - ri! Ad - di - o! Ad - di - o! Ad -
let me at least take my hand from thy keeping. Good night, love. Good night, love. Good

BOTH.

- di - o! Ad - di - - o! Ah! ques - to ad - dio si dol - ce al nos - tro
night, love! Good night!..... Dear - est, this fond good night is such sweet

co - re, Du rar, du - rar dov - rebbe in - si - - no al primo al - bor.
sor - row, That I should say, good night, good night.... till it be dawn,

Giu. Ed or io ten scongiuro,
Va!—

Rom. Ah! crudele!—

Giu. Perchè ti richiamava? O follia!
Appena sei presso a me che all' istante il core obblia
Partito io ti vorrei, non per altro lontan
Qual prigioniero angel, tenuto da un bambin
Con un fil di seta avvinto al piè
Appena verso il ciel scioglie l' ali il meschin
Che il fanciullo ver se l' attira pien di gioja,
Tanto è geloso amor se dona liberta.

Rom. Ah! non fuggir ancora, etc. etc.

Giu. Addio! mille volte addio!

Jul. Now indeed, I do entreat thee—go!

Rom. Yet a moment—

[*Is going, when she beckons him involuntarily to return.*]

Jul. For what do I recall thee?

Ah, I know not! and when thou'rt near me, my sweet,

All the less do I remember. Yes!

I would have thee gone, but no further from me,
Than hops the captive bird from lady's idle hand,

With silken gyves its flight restraining;

And as she plucks it back with a gentle command,

So, if thou wert my bird, within my bower remaining,

I too would hold thee captive, bound with silken band!

Rom. Ah, might I stay for ever?

Jul. Alas, we must part!

Farewell!

Rom. { Parting from thee is, oh! so sweet a sorrow,

Jul. { That I could say, "good night" till dawn!

[*Ella sfugge dalle braccia di ROM. e rientra nella sua camera.*
Rom. (Solo.) Val e dormi omai! riposa!
 Che nu sorriso infantil
 Le tue labbra vermiglie
 Dolcemente accarezzi ognor.
 E mormorar nel sonno: io t' amo ndrai
 E l' amretta ti porga
 Questo mio bacio d' amor!

FINE DELL' TO SECONDO.

ATTO III.

QUADRO PRIMO.

La cella di FRA LORENZO. Aggiorna.

SCENA I.—FRA LORENZO e ROMEO.

Rom. O padre, Dio vi salvi!
Fra L. Eechè! l' aurora appena
 Dirada l' ombra, e già desto sei?
 Qual pensier ti scorge a me!—
 Forse d' amor novella pena!

Rom. Lo diceste d' amor mio padro pena ell' è.

Fra L. D' amor?—tu sempre peosi a Rosalina?

Rom. Qual nome odo suonar? Noto ei non giunge a me
 Oeghio mortal che s' apre a bellezza divina.
 Può ricordarsi aneor
 D' un suo tras-corso error?
 Come amar Rosalina ove splende Giulietta!

Fra L. Che! la figlia di Capuleto?
 [Indicando GIU. che entra dal fondo.]

SCENA II.—GIULIETTA, GELTRUDE e detti.

Rom. Sì la vedi.
Giu. Romeo!
Rom. Chiedevati il mio cor
 Ma ti veggo—e muto ahi! divento
Giu. (Indicando ROM.)
 Mio Padre. Avoi lo presento:
 Voi conoscete il core che gli dono
 [Rivalgendosi a FRA L. e presentandogli ROM.]
 Tutto a sna fede io l' abbandono
 Deh! benedite il nostro amor!
Fra J. Si dovessi affrontar mille atroci agonie,
 Socorrerovi ognor
 Possa la nimistà di vostre dinastie
 Finir pel vostro amor!
Rom. (A GEL.) Tu veglia al di fuor.

[GEL. sorte.]

SCENA III.—ROMEO, GIULIETTA, FRA LORENZO.

Fra L. Al vostro amor cocente
 Se fausto il ciel consente
 Vegli su voi sempre il Sigour
 [S'inginocchiano.]
 Tu che degnasti a poca argilla
 Comunicar di vita alta immortal scintilla;
 Tu che di rose ordita hai d' amor la catena

Jul. Good night, O my love!
 [They embrace—JUL. exits to the house]
Rom. Soft be thy repose, till morning!
 On thine eyes slumber dwell, and sweet peace
 In thy bosom: would I were sleep, and peace
 So sweet to rest!

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

PART I.

SCENE I.—The cell of FRIAR LAWRENCE.

The friar discovered kneeling before a crucifix.

Rom. Good morrow, holy father—fair good-morrow!
Law. (Rising.)
 My son? Ah, Romeo! How comes so early
 Thy salutation sweet? Art uproused
 By son e secret care? Or is it love alone
 Doth vex thee?

Rom. Ah, the last is the truth,
 My father, for I love!

Law. You love?
 (God pardon sin.) Is't Rosaline still?

Rom. That name I have forgotten,
 And with it all its woe!
 Shall then the eye
 That opens on the light of morning, weep
 With a fond regret the darkness that hath fled?
 Rosaline is no match, I trow,
 For my fairest Juliet!

Law. What! is it then
 A foe you love?

SCENE II.—Enter JULIET followed by GERTRUDE.

Rom. Lo, she comes!
Jul. Ah! my own!
Rom. My soul, my life, my love!
 Thou art mine—ay, mine now for ever!
Jul. (To Law.)
 My father! 'Tis marriage we seek,
 To none but Romeo shall I e'er be wedded,
 So are we come to seek thy office.
 That holy church make us two one!

Law. Strange! that children of two rival houses
 Should marry: but in this your help I shall prove;
 Who knoweth but this match may bind the foes
 Together; and turn all their rancour to love!

Rom. (To GER.) Nurse, wait thou outside. [Exit GER.]

SCENE III.—ROMEO, JULIET, FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Law. To bless the marriage token
 The solemn vow now spoken
 O supplicate high heav'ns this day.
 Let us pray—let us pray!
 O smile, fair heaven, upon this marriage,
 And ye, fond pair, when by our holy church united
 See that ye live, that sorrow thenceforth

Consacrando i nodi d' imene dal sacro suol d' Israel.
Arresta il tuo sguardo clemente su questa pia coppia
fidente.

Che si prostra innanzi a te

Shall not chide thee; and remember aye
That delights vi'lently enjoyed, quickly fade!
O heaven in thy great mercy hear us,
When unto thee we call, be near us,
Who bow before thy awful throne!

SIGNOR, NOI PROMETTIAM.—OH, LORD, WE PROMISE. TRIO. ROMEO, JULIET, LAWRENCE.

ROMEO and JULIET. LAWRENCE.

Si - gnor noi pro-met-tiam a tue leg - gi obbe - dir. Se - con - da la lor brama o - ne - sta.
O Lord, meek-ly we promise thy laws to o - bey. Support them in each good en - deav - or.

Fà che l'uniòne a sui s'ap - pre - sta Sempre sia di pace e d'a - mor, D'ogni vir-tùde abbia do -
Grant that this un - ion may be ev - er One of peaceful joy and of love. Bless them with virtue's heav'nly

ROM. and JUL.

- viz - ia, Deg - na con-ser - va le, o si - gnor. In - te - me - ra - to il cor! Si - gnor, sia nostra
rich - es, Make them pure and ho - ly. O Lord, In hearts like spir - its a - bove. O Lord, be thou our

LAWRENCE.

scor - ta e nostra a - mor! Deh! fà che in sua ca - ni - zia! Vegga sua prole - ir pel cammin del
lead - er, be thou our love. Then, as old age ad - van - ces, May they behold their children walk up -

ROM. L. JUL.

ret - to, Nel sa - lu - ta - re tuo ti - mor. Si - gnor preserva o - gnor nostri alme dell' er - ror.
- rightly, As in thy fear, from day to day. O Lord, preserve, we pray, our souls from error's way.

Fra L. Fra che questa coppia innocente
Da te qui o congiunta al presente,
Posa al premio eterno arrivar!

Rom. e Giu. Signor, gli sguardi tuoi
Degna su noi piegar!

Fra L. O Romeo, scegli tu per tua sposa Giulietta?

Rom. Sì, mio Padre

Fra L. (A GIU.) Unirti a Romeo, vuoi tu?

Giu. Sì, mio Padre.

Fra L. Per mia man dal ciel benedetta,

Sorgete or mai! [ROM. e GIU. abbrasciati.

A 4.

Santo piacer, gioia infinita!
Fauste il ciel accoglieva i miei voti d' amor
Dio di bontà, fonte di vita
Deh! sia tu, benedetto ognor, etc.

*ROM. e GIU. si separano. ROM. sorte con FRA L., GIU.
con GEL. Cambiamento a vista.

QUADRO SECONDO.

Una via di Verona. A manca il palazzo de' Capuleti.

SCENA I.—STEFANO, solo.

Da jeri indarno il mio Signor io cerco;
[V'andosi al palazzo de Capuleti.]

Law. And when life and love both are over,
And death breaks the dream of the lover,
O grant that they yet meet above!

Rom. & Jul. Oh thou father of all! deign now to bless our love!

Law. Romeo, say, for thy wife takest now this woman!

Rom. Yes, my father!

Law. (To JUL.) For husband thou takest this man?

Jul. Yes, my father! [They exchange rings.

Law. (Joining their hands together.)

In his name who marriage ordaineth
I join your hands—be man and wife!

[ROM. and JUL. rise and embrace.

A 4.

Two hearts now one—no more to sever,
Gracious heav'n in thy mercy thy favour now lend,
Grant that our love be now and for ever,
Holy—pure—till our life shall end!

[ROM. and JUL. exeunt separately. JUL. with GER ROM.
with LAW.

PART II.

A street in Verona. CAPULET'S house.

SCENE I.—Enter STEPHANO.

Ste. Since yesterday, I've sought in vain my master,

Rimanso ancor fra voi Capuleti codardi ?
 Vediamo allor se de' vostri l'ardir
 Qui a' avvisa staman affrontar l'ira mia.
 [Prendendo la sua spada a mo' di chitarra.]

O Capulet, perchance ho yet honora thy house
 I'll sing a stave, so the servants will rouse,
 Flocking out to repair yesterday's sad disaster !

AH! COL NIBBIO MICIDIALE.—AH! WITH KITES OF MURD'ROUS INSTINCTS. CANZONE. STEPHANO.

Ah! col nib - bio mi - ci - dia - le, Tor - te - rel - la che fai tu? Da qui
 Ah! with kites of murd'rous in - stincts, Ten - der dove, why still re - main? Far a -

lun - ge ah! spie - ga l'a - le, E fra lor non tor - na più, Del ta lot - ta ne' pe -
 way fly with outspread pinions, And re - turn, nev - er a - gain, In thy strug - gle snares sur -

ri - gli, Gio - van sol ri - eur - vi ar - ti - gli Fer - mo piè ros - tro cru - del.
 round thee, Young, a - lone, with claws they will wound thee, Tal - ons strong, and cru - el beak.

Lunge omai da questo suolo,
 Tortorella, spiega il volo
 Cerca pace ad altro Ciel!
 Ah! mi credi, o bella,
 Chi vivrà vedrà;
 La tua tortorella
 Un di se ne andrà.
 Qui vicino a questo speco,
 Del periglio ignaro ancor,
 Un colombo dianzi teco
 Favellò cred'io d'amor.
 Lo sparvierco che mai non dormo
 Dell'incanto batte ah! l'ormo
 L'insidia notte e di.
 Mal si tien la coppia allerta;
 V'ha chi veglia all'aura aperta.
 E tutto già scopri.
 Ah! credimi, o bella,
 Chi vivrà vedrà,
 La tua tortorella
 Un di se ne andrà!

[GRE. ed alcuni famigliari sortono dal palazzo de' Capuleti.]

SCENA II.—STEFANO, GREGORIO, famigli.

Ste. Ah! ah! giungono alfin!
 Gre. Chi presso a queste porte,
 Viene a garrir sì forte?
 Ste. Spiace a lor la canzon.
 Gre. (Ai famigli.) Giuro al ciel! non è lui,
 Che col ferro alla man jeri inseguivam?
 I famigli. Egli è desso: quale audaccia!

Ste. (Fingendo di non occuparsi dei nuovi sopraggiunti.)
 Ah! credimi o bella
 Chi vivrà vedrà;
 La tua tortorella
 Un di se ne andrà.

Gre. Egli è per corbellar, galante camerata
 Che spifferando vai sì bella serenata?

Ste. Amo assai la musica.

Unlike thine, soft and true and slender,
 Unlike thine, laid to lips more tender,
 In kisses warm and long!
 See you guard her safely,
 They that live will know;
 Or your dove may flutter
 From her cage and go!
 Now it happ'd that a ring-dove flying,
 From his wood-land so green,
 To that eryic came one eve sighing
 For her young love I ween!
 O'er a banquet of prey they'd mangled,
 In the vale the vultures loud wrangled,
 Harsh rose their cry afar!
 But the doves, for the past-atonng,
 Heeded not, while their love-vows moaning;
 And rose the first bright star!
 See you guard her safely,
 They that live will know;
 Or your dove may flutter
 From her cage and go!

[Enter GRE. and retainers from CAP'S. house.]

SCENE II.—STEPHANO, GREGORY, and retainers

Ste. At last the warriors come!
 Gre. In truth I'm in a passion!
 No wonder—disturb'd in this fashion!
 Ste. (They object to my song!)
 Gre. What! I' faith,
 'Tis the page, that, sword in hand, last night
 We hunted to the door!

Chorus. 'Tis the rascal!

Ste. Andacious varlet!
 See you guard her safely,
 They that live will know;
 Or your dove may flutter
 From her cage and go!

Gre. A quarrel dost thou seek,
 O minstrel most alarming!
 And is it to provoke,
 Thou trollest songs so charming!

Ste. I'm fond of music!

Gre. Se non muti canzon, giacerai sulla strada :
Tu puoi la ghitarra spezzar.

Ste. Per ghitarra cingo il ferro
E sò più d' un aria suonar.

Gre. Viva il ciel ! l' effetto fia bello :
Ci metteremo un ritornello.

Ste. Ebbene, un tantino suoniam.

Gre. In guardia !
I famigli. (*Ridendo.*) *La canzon ascoltiám !*
Mentre STE. e GRE. si battono.
Qual furore, Da campione
Giusto Ciel !— Vuol morir.
Via fa core Pronto ha schermo,
Giovinciel ! Passo fermo :
Quel oppone Per mia fe,
Franco ardir ! Destro egli è.

SCENA III.—*I medesimi, MERCUZIO, BENVOLIO, poi*
TEBALDO, PARI, ROMEO, e partigiani delle due case.

Mer. Sovverchiare un faociul !
[*Squaina la spada e si getta fra i combattenti.*
Affè ! tal eodardia

De' Capuleti è degna e della lor genia !

[*TEB. e PARI entrano s'guiti da alcuni loro amici.*

Teb. (*MER. impugnando l' elsa della sua spada.*)
Pronta hai troppo la lingua al parlar.

Mer. Più pronto il braccio ancor.

Teb. (*Squainando.*) Ah ! lo vorrei veder !

Mer. (*Facendo lo stesso.*) Vedilo tosto allor.

[*Mentre fanno per incrociarsi la spada ROM. entro e si precipita fra i combattenti per separarli.*

Rom. (*A MER.*) Tregua, oia !

Mer. Tu Romeo ?

Teb. E Romeo ?

Ah ! l' averno a me il tragge !

(*A MER.*) Deh ! concedi che seo io misuri pria l' acciar.

(*A ROM.*) Orsù, vile Montecco, il Brando alin disnuda :

E se nostra maggion jeri osasti insultar,

Amara, omai, mertata ammenda

Del vile insulto qui dèi far.

Tu, che con lingua arrogante,

Jeri a Giulietta tremante,

D' amor osasti favellar,

Ascolta orciò che solo il disprezzo m' ispira :

Un vil tu sei.

[*ROM. poggia prontamente la mano sull' elsa della sua spada e la squaina a metà, ma dopo un breve istante di riflessione la rimette nel fodero.*

Rom. Andian, non mi conosci ancor Tebaldo

Un tal insulto è vano

No nel mio cor ben d' amarti ragion

Mal grado me or disarmo ogni furor

Ma un vil io no 'l fui mai—Addio,

[*Fa per dilungarsi.*

Teb. A quanto ascolto,

Chiedi perdon del tuo fallire—stolto !—

Rom. Tebaldo io mai non t' offesi

Di rancori più tempo non è.

Mer. Il sanguinoso e vile oltraggio

Così soffrir puoi tu ?

Ebben ! se più lento ti mostri al cimento

Solo omai questo acciar

Basti l' onta a lavar.

Rom. Sospendi ohimè t' arresta oh dio !

Mer. No, qui vendicar ti deggio

[*Volgendosi a TEB.*

Vieni, o vil traditor ! ti para innanzi a me !

Gre. — Of course—of course !

Yet I've known for such pranks the gay serenader
Has had his guitar broke in two !

Ste. Ah !

Very likely—but then good fellow—

My guitar's a sword, hard to break !

Gre. Save my soul ! if that be your music,

Perhaps we may give you the answer !

Ste. (*Drawing.*) Let's try then, if we are in tune !

Gre. (*Drawing.*) Have at you ! [*They fight*

Chorus. (*Laughing.*) We will hear how they play !

How they parry—how they thrust,

Quick as lightning ! soon shall one bite the dust !

Strong the boy is in defence ;

Faith ! the issue's in suspense !

Was a soldier ever bolder,

Than this slip of a boy ?

SCENE III.—*Enter MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO. MERCUTIO draws his sword and interrupts the combat.*

Mer. So you draw on a child ! Go to !

'Tis an achievement worthy Capulet's fame :

Like master—so like man !

[*Enter TYB., PARIS, and friends.*

Tyb. (*Drawing to MER.*) Sir, your word
Seemeth over-ready to me !

Mer. We'll join it

With a blow !

Tyb. You'll find me apt enough.

Mer. That I can prove at once !

[*They engage. ROM. enters hastily and throws himself between them.*

Rom. Gentles, hold !

Mer. Romeo here !

Tyb. Romeo here !

It is fate that hath led him !

[*To MER., with ironical politeness.*

For a time peace be with you : here cometh

The man I must fight ! (*To ROM.*) Now draw !

Draw for your life ! A spy thou art

And traitor,—draw an' thou be a man !

Dost thou think I forget the night thou earnest

Without a bidding ? Now for that insult

Thou shouldst pay !—

Ay ! and the more by this token,

That to my Juliet thou hast spoken.

Unhappy man, thou'lt rue the day !

No better term than this my hatred affords me—

Thou art a villain !

[*ROM. half-draws his sword, then sheathes it calmly*

Rom. But no—yet villain am I none, Tybalt,

Reason have I to love thee—which doth excuse

All the rage of thy words. Be satisfied,

Nor seek quarrel with me ! I see

'Thou dost not know me—farewell !

[*Retires a step*

Tyb. Thou canst not thus, boy, excuse

All the wrong that thou hast done me ! Traitor !

Rom. Never have I wrong'd thee, I do protest !

Thy name to me is dear as my own.

Mer. Calm and dishonorable yielding !

How is this ? I heard I aught ? So be it,

I'll reply with an à la stoccata.

[*Draws.*] So sir, pluck out your sword—for now

I am your man !

Rom. (*Restraining him.*) Put up thy rapier,

Good Mercutio—

Mer. No ! Come now, Sir,

Show your passado ; draw, you rat catcher, draw

Make haste—else I may strike !

Teb. (*Avanzandosi.*) Eccomi a te!

Rom. Sospendi, ohimè!

Mer. Lasciama deh!

Coro. In caso fè Ripor si dè!

Schiatta vil! vil genia!

Gelia alfin di terror!—

D' Averoo l' ira or sia

Sostegno al suo furor!

[ROM. si precipita fra MER. a TEB., la spada di quest' ultimo passa sotto il braccio di ROM. eferisce MER.

Mer. Ah! ferito!

Rom. Ferito?—

Mer. Maledetti!—

Sieno i vostri rancor!

[A ROM. con rimprovero.
Perchè intromesso ti sei?—

Rom. O sorte ria!

Deh si soccorra!

Mer. (*Vacillando.*) Io maneo onimè!—

[*Alcuni da' Montecchi traggon fuori MER.*

Rom. Ah! vanne alfin,

Lontan da me,

Prudenza indegna!—

E tu furor,

Tremendo, regna,

Nel mio bollente offeso cor.

(*A TEB. sguainando la sua spada.*) Tebaldo,

Quì non respira altro vil fuor di te.

Teb. Sciagura a te

Rom. Largo a me.

Tutti. Schiatta vil—

Vil genia

Gela al fin

Di terror,

D' averoo l' ira or sia

Propizia al suo furor, &c. &c.

[*Il cielo comincia ad imbrunire.*

Rom. (*Ferendo TEB.*) Muor!

Teb. Vacilla, CAP. entra e lo sostiene fra le braccia.

SCENA IV.—*Detti, CAPULETO, Cittadini, poi IL DUCA col suo seguito.*

Cap. O ciel! Tebaldo!—

[*CAP. Ajutato da' suoi stende a terra TEB. e gli sostiene il capo.*

Ben. (*A ROM.*) La ferita è mortale!—

Fuggi tosto di qui!

Rom. (*Son dolore.*) Che feci, ohimè!

[*Ripensando a GIU.*

Ah! fuggir lunge da lei!—

Ben. Qui puoi. morte trovar!

Rom. Venga dunque a me! io l' invoco!

Teb. (*A CAP. con voce morente,*)

Ordini deh!

Un voto mio—giura compir!

Cap. Giuro a te sull' onor obbedir—

[*Una folla di cittadini invade la scena: poce stante IL D. entra con seguito di gentiluomi e di paggi. Questi ultimi portano della torchie.*

Coro. Il duca!

Tyb. I am for you!

Rom. I pray you, hold!

Mer. No! let us be!

Cho. Montagues—Montagues—race offending

Tremble all in alarm,

May demon, dark aid lending,

Now nerve his 'venging arm!

Ben., *Ste. & Mon's. retainers.*

Capulets—Capulets—race offending

Tremble all in alarm,

May demon dark aid lending,

Now nerve his 'venging arm!

Rom. Rancour and hate ne'er ending,

From age to age yet stronger grow,

Our homes rending

In sorrow and in woe!

Mer. Ah! I'm hurt!

Rom. Thou hurt?

Mer. (*Staggering.*) I am pepper'd.

Plague o' your houses, both—but why

Did you come us between?

Rom. Alas!

Hurt for my honour! A surgeon, quick!

Mer. Now help me, there!

[*Exits leaning on his friends*

Rom. Ah! he is slain!—Away to heav'n

Respective mercy! And thou, O fire-ey'd fury,

Shalt be alone my conduct now.

(*Drawing sword and advancing.*) Tybalt!

Mercutio's soul hovers—waiting for thine.

Rom. No hurt the wrong's transcending

Wrought to honour's harm;

May demon, dark aid lending,

Now nerve my 'venging arm!

[*Night approaches.*

Rom. (*To TYB.*) Fall on! [*Wounds him mortally.*

Tyb. totters and falls into the arms of CAP. who enters.

SCENE IV.—*The same, CAPULET, Citizens, afterwards the DUKE.*

Cap. Ah heav'n! Tybalt!

Ben. (*To ROM.*) He is mortally wounded. Hence begone

Quick, away!

Rom. O evil fate—dead!—

And he was her kinsman!

Ben. If thou stay,

It is death!

Rom. Let it then be so,

I am ready!

Tyb. (*Dying, to CAP.*) Yet a word more—

This my last pray'r—see ye fulfil!

Cap. On my soul do I swear that thy will

Shall be done!

[*Emer Citizens*

Citizens. How now? Tybalt is slain!

Ben. (*To ROM.*)

Be thyself!

Chorus The Duke!

[*Enter the DUKE with suite and torch bearers*

I Capuleti. A noi giustizia! —
I Montecchi. Giustizia a essi, Signore!
Cap. (Al duca indicandogli *TEB. morto.*) Giustizia!
Tutti i Capuleti. Giustizia!
Cap. E Tebaldo qui: testè—
 Svenato da Romeo.
Rom. In Mercuzio l' acciar primiero egli torcea
 L' amistade e l' onor vendicar io dovea!

I Montecchi. Giustizia!
I Capuleti. Giustizia!
Il D. Ecche! delitti ognor? Nel crudo vostro cor
 Nulla dunque potrà l' ire ultrici calmar
 Nulla dunque di mano il brandio a voi strappar,
 Chi più farete segno All' odio vostro indegno!
 [Volgendosi a *ROM.*
 Pel tuo fallir a morte la legge ti dannà
 Ma l' aggressor non sei, basti il bando.

Rom. (Cospira.) O ciel!
Il D. Se all' imbrunir non segui il mio comando,
 N' ascrivi solo i danni a te!
 Sarò d' or innanzi tremendo:
 Da questo di por fine intendo, All' indulgenza
 del mio core.
 [Il D. s' allontana col seguito.
Rom. (Fra se, con disperazione.) Sorte crudel! l' ensigli!
 Ah! morirò, ma la vò riveder!

FINE DELL' ATTO TERZO.

ATTO IV.

La Camera di GIULIETTA.

Notte.—La scena è illuminata da un doppiere.

SCENA I.—ROMEO, GIULIETTA.

GIULIETTA è seduta: ROMEO sta a suoi piedi.

Giu. Va, t' ho già perdonato:
 Tebaldo t' abberria,
 E se tu no' l' spegnevi,
 Sento il crudele t' avria,
 A' bia or regna il dolor
 No, rimorsi non ho.
 Et t' esecrava, ed io t' amo.
Rom. Ah! di te ancora si disse ancora
Giu. Io t' amo mie ben, mio sposo.
 Oh! mio Romeo.

Cap. (To *DUKE.*) Avenge me!
Retainers. Avenge us!
Cap. (Pointing to *TEB's corpse.*)
 Tybalt's slain—my near friend; on Romeo
 Is his blood.

Rom. From Mercutio first
 He struck out lusty life. Then I swore
 His revenge; for my fate I am ready!
Montagues. Avenge us!
Omnes. Avenge us!
Duke. How now? In this sad fray
 Hath your anger found vent? O deem ye not
 My love for your brawls lies a-bleeding?
 Nought seemeth strong to keep your hands
 From off your hilts. Who knoweth, I
 May be next victim of your faction! [To *ROM.*
 For this offence, oh Romeo, thou
 Deservest death: but as thou didst speak him fair,
 Then thou art banished!
Rom. (Aside.) O fate!
Duke. If from this night
 Within the walls thou tarry, nor pray's
 Nor tears shall avail; and deaf shall I be
 To all pleading; for I hold that mercy
 But murders—when those that kill
 It weakly pardons!
Rom. O cruel fate!
 Exiled!—exiled! No—come what will
 I will see her again!

END OF THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

The chamber of JULIET.

It is night. The room is lit by a torch.

SCENE I.—ROMEO, JULIET.

JULIET, discovered on a couch, ROMEO at her feet

Jul. Yes, I pardon thee this—
 That Tybalt thou hast kill'd: for if Tybalt
 Had liv'd, perchance thou wouldst have fallen,
 Comfort all this to me! 'twas thy life he sought
 And I love thee!
Rom. O speak again
 That word so fair!
Jul. Ah, Romeo
 Thee I love—my husband—dear unto me!

NOTTE GENTIL D' IMENE.—OH! BLESSED NIGHT HYMENIAL. DUET. ROMEO and JULIET.

JULIET.

Not-te gen-til d' i-me-ne, O-re so-avi al cor! Per noi di rose Amor, Tes-
 Oh! bless-ed night Hy-me-nial Hours to the heart so dear, Love weaves the chains we wear Of

ROMEO.

su-te ha su - e ca - te - ne, Ca - ri di-vini ac - cen - ti; Mis - stichie vo - lu - ta!
 blooming ro - ses per - en - nial, Ho - ly and dear con - fess - ion, Mys - te - ry sweet of love.

No che più bei mo - menti In cie - lo Id - dio non hà, Schiu - der tu fai le
 No more enraptured moments Are found in heav'n a - bove, Thou dost unfold the

por - te, Schiu - der tu fai le por - te Del pa - ra - diso a me!
 por - tal, Thou dost un - fold the por - tal Of Par - a dise for me!

[I primi raggi dell' alba rischiaran gradatamente le invetriate. Odesi il canto d' un allodola.]

[Day breaks: the lark is heard.]

Giu. O Romeo, deh! che hai, tu?—

Jul. Wilt begone?—Nay, not yet!

Rom. Aseolta o mia Giulietta:
Messaggiera del di
Canta l' Allodoletta.

Rom. (*Rising.*) Ah! hearken,
Dearest Juliet, 'tis the lark that thou hearest,
The herald of morn.

Giu. No, non albeggia ancor;
La gentil melodia
Che pur dianzi, o mio ben,
I tuoi sensi feria.
Era il dolce n-signuol
Col suo canto d' amor.

Jul. (*Restraining him.*) No! 'tis not yet near day,
'Twas no lark pierced thine ear, love.
But the strain thou dost hear
From the pomegranate rising
Is the nightingale's note
That she nightly sings there!

Rom. L' allodoletta ohimè
Messagera del di
Mira i gelosi rai
Che l' orizzonte indora
E pur vedi sparir
La stella e l' aurora,
Che sorridente e bella
Di rose adorna appar.

Rom. Nay, 'tis the lark, alas!
Early herald of morn; look, love,
What envious streaks, clouds in the east
Are lacing! now night's candles
Are burning palely: on the mountains,
On tip-toe standeth joyous day;
I must begone—or die!

Giu. No, non albeggia ancor!
Inopportuna e mesta
E di luna il haglior
Resta ancor! t' amo, sai!

Jul. No!
No, love, it is not day—
Rather some wandering meteor
For thee the sun's exhaled, as a torch
On thy way! Stay, then, stay!

Rom. Venga la notte omai—io resto

[ROM embraces JUL. passionately]

Giu. Ah! è pur vero spunta il di
Va, forza è lasciar la tua Giulietta.

Jul. Ah! thou wert right, it is day!
Go! hie hence away—tarry no longer!

Rom. Ah! non albeggia ancor,
La gentil melodia
D' usignuolo è gli è
Col suo canto d' amor.

Rom. No, no! 'tis not yet near day,
'Twas no lark pierc'd thine ear, love;
'Twas the nightingale's note
On the pomegranate tree!

Giu. L' allodolatta ohimè
Che avverte il mio cor.
Parti mia vita—

Jul. Nay!
'Tis the lark, alas, early herald of morn,
Love, now leave me!

Rom. Anco na bacio—e parto.

Rom. One kiss more.
And I go!

Giu. Oh, dolore! legge crudele.

Rom. Ah!
Sul mio seno così!
Resta ancor! resta ancor!
Sarà dolcezza al cor
E al nostro amor fedele
La sorte un dì crudele
Rimembrar allor.

Giu. Tu dei partir, ohimè!
Romeo lasciarmi mi dè,
Il cor si spezza.
Debbo strapparti à questa dolce ebbrezza.

Giu. } Tu dei }
Rom. } Dovro }
} partirti ohimè!

Romeo lasciarmi { mi } dè
 } ti }
Il cor si spezza,
{ Debbo strapparti à questa dolce ebbrezza
{ Deh! non rapirmi a sì celeste ebbrezza!
La sorte ria
Che da te mi separa,
Piu dogni morte
E crudele ed amara,
Tu dei partir ohimè! etc. etc.

Rom. Addio! mia Giulietta! Addio!

Giu. Addio!
Ognor à tè! *[Egli scende dal balcone e dispare.]*

Giu. (Sola.) Addio, mia vita
Addio amor!
Santi del cielo
A voi confido il mio core.

SCENA II.—GIULIETTA, GELTRUDE, poi CAPULETO
e F. LORENZO.

Gel. (Entrando.)
Giulietta!—ah! sia lode al ciel!
Il tuo sposo partì, ecco il genitore.

Giu. Ciel!—egli sa?
Gel. Nulla, io spero
Padre Lorenzo il segna.

Giu. Signor dì noi pietà.
[Entrano CAP e F. LOR.]

Cap. Chè, mia figlia, appena in ciel sorge l'aurora,
E già desta se' tu?—perchè non dormi ancora?
Ohimè! certo un medesimo pensier, ben lo sò
Uno stesso dolor, col mattin ne destò—

▲ tanto lutto omai d'Imen succeda il canto
Fedele ai voti estremi che Tebaldo formò
Lo sposo prendi al fin che morendo ei nomò
Sorriddi, tergi omai tuo lungo pianto!

Giu. Questo sposo sarebbe?—
Cap. De può valenti il fior
Il conte Pàri.

Giu. Ciel!—
F. Lor. (c. s.) Ah! taci.
Gel. (Piano a GIU.) Taci deh! per pietà.

Cap. L'altar l'attende già; si compia il sacro rito!

Uniti siate entrambi, siate uniti all'istante

E l'ombra di Tebaldo a queste imene innante,

Si plachi, algine e ti conforti.

Jul. Morn grows lighter,
Fate grows darker!

Rom. Yet doubt not
That we'll meet, my Juliet, again!

And all these woes shall serve, love,
For sweet discourses in our time to come!

Jul. But now indeed farewell!
For dawn doth end the spell
With young love glowing,
And thou my soul's delight,
Afar art going!

Rom. But now indeed farewell!
For dawn doth end the spell
With young love glowing,
From thee my soul's delight,
Afar I'm going!

Jul. O fortune, grant
Though we part now in sorrow,
Our love may blossom
More brightly to-morrow!

Rom. Farewell!—lo, it is morning,
Jul. & Rom. Farewell! my soul, my love!
[ROM. goes off the balcony. JUL. watches his descent.]

Jul. Farewell oh dear one! Angels above,
To you, to you, I now confide my love!
[Enter GER. hastily.]

SCENE II.—JULIET, GERTRUDE, afterwards CAPULET
and FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Ger. Where is Juliet? *(sees her.)* ah! a mercy my child
That your husband is gone! your father is coming!

Jul. Heav'n! will he know?
Ger. Nay, that he will not;

With him the friar comes—
Jul. In heav'n
I put my trust!

Cap. How now daughter! the day-light yet is young
In heaven—and behold! thou'rt awake,
As if thou had'st not slumber'd. Alack!
On thee, too, weigheth my care, I can see,
And a deep regret for the youth we have lost!

I'll have the knot tied up,
Before this time to-morrow,
A husband soon will dry all her grief for the slain,
Now that the wayward girl knows her duty again,
My heart feeleth
No more its sorrow!

Jul. Who is he, I'm to wed?
Cap. The noblest of us all! Paris, brave and true!

Jul. (In terror.) Ah!
Law. (Aside to JUL.) Be silent!
Ger. (Aside to JUL.) On your guard!

Cap. Sleep, Tybalt, sleep in peace! though
The gay marriage-train carouseth,
Worthy is the county, that thy bride espouseth.
So, Tybalt sleep in peace!
At holy Peter's shrine
My child shall Paris marry.
For all things now are well, and my heart's won-
drous light.

L' alto voler de' morti come fosse di Dio è sacro :
 Legge ell' è suprema, di natura è legge
 Noi dobbiam venerar, la loro volontà
 a 4.

Giu. (Fra se.) Non temer o mio oen, rimorso il cor non ha.

Gel. (Fra se.) Nella tomba lasciam dormir chi sceso è già.

Cap. Noi dobbiam venerar la loro volontà.

F.Lor. (Fra se.) Ella trema ed io purgìa sento in cor di lei
 lei pietà.

Cap. Padre Lorenzo, norma a te saprà qui dettar.
 Gli amici giungon già; Li vado ad incontrar.
 [Egli sorte con GEL.]

SCENA III.—FRA LORENZO, —GIULIETTA.

Giu. Mio padre, più non reggo, tutto è perduto—
 Io v' ho per obbedir celato il mio dolor

La mia colpevol speme. Deh! lenite il mio martir

Vogliateuni sottrar al dolor che mi preme:

Pietade o Padre! oppur qui m' appresto a morir.

F. Lor. Ebben, timor nullo hai tu della morte?

Giu. No! meglio è morir, che sopportar tal sorte.

F. Lor. (Porgendole un ampolla.)

Bevi allor questo filtro: per le membra e nel cor

Serpeggiar sentirai repentino languor

Come fossi all' estremo spiro

Del tue sangue, fra poco, arresterassi il corso.

Fra poco un livido pallor di morte,

Offuscherà di tue guancie le rose;

Socchiuderansi immoti i tuoi fulgenti rai,

E mille voce l' aura assorderan di lai

Ah! non è più diran le paleoti tue forme

Ma gli spirti del Ciel canteranno: "Ella dorme."

E dopo un giorno appena, i tuoi begl' occhi oppressi,

Siccome in morta brage fuscello che s' avvivi,

Scuoteranno alfine il letargo lor,

Il tuo diletto ed io, la nell' ombra fartivi,

Vigili attenderem del tuo risorge l' ora

Poi seco fuggirai pria che sponti l' aurora.

Esiti ancor?

Giu. (Prendendo l' ampolla.)

No, in voi mio padre spero e m' affido.

F. Lor. A diman!

Giu. A diman! [F. LOR. sorte.]

[Odesi un preludio d' organo. Entra CAP., PARI, e
 alcuni amici.]

Cap. (Offrendo la mano a GIU. che s' alza.)

O figlia, l' eccheggiar

Odi di suoni e Canti

Al imeneo t' appresta

Di rose ciota appar

E felice tu sarai

Al piè del santo Altar.

[PAR. s' avvanza per mettere il suo anello in dito
 a GIU]

For joy of this glad news, I will not sleep to-night,
 Prepare ye—and see
 That mirth nor music tarry!
 a 4.

Jul. (Aside.) Still my heart is thine, my love for aye!

Ger. (Aside.) Let the dead in cold obstruction rest for aye!

Law. (Aside.) How she trembles! still her heart will love
 obey,

Cap. Rest, O Tybalt in peace—the dead I shall obey!

Daughter, remain!

To receive the guests while I go—

Father Lawrence, to thee,

Thy duty now will show!

[Exit, followed by GER]

SCENE III.—FRIAR LAWRENCE and JULIET.

Jul. (In despair.) My father!

I am past cure, past hope, past help!

Love, and my secret troth I've kept hid in my breast,

For thou did'st so advise me. In my need

Now to thee I turn; from out thy long

Experience, O give present counsel.

O give me, my father, a hope—if not.

Then I'm ready to die!

[She takes a dagger from her breast.]

Law. My child! then death has for thee no terrors?

Jul. No!—none—far worse than death

Living a wife, shame-stained!

[LAW. takes out a phial.]

Law. Drink then, drink of this potion,

When thou shalt be alone: quick, a drowsy humor

Shall run thro' thy veins: and shall seize on

Each vital spirit: then its progress

No pulse shall keep, but shall cease to beat!

All soon the roses on thy lip, and on

Thy cheek shall wither and fade into ashes;

Thine eyelids too will close—as life is shut

By death.

In vain

Loud will they raise the sound of lamentation,

"Juliet is dead! Juliet is dead!" For so

Shall they deem thee reposing. But

The angels above will reply "she but sleeps!"

For two-and-forty hours, thou shalt lie in death's
 seeming,

And then, to life awaking as from a pleasant dreaming,

From the ancient vault thou shalt haste away;

Thy husband shall be there, in the night to watch

o'er thee,

Nigh to thee ever, on thy waking we will stay,

So shall this draught once more to life and love

restore thee.

Art thou afraid?

Jul. (Taking the phial.) No! love gives me strength,

And that strength help affordeth!

Law. Till the hour!

Jul. Till the hour! [Exit LAW.]

[The organ is heard. Enter CAP., PARIS, and several
 friends.]

Cap My daughter! this thy hand

On thy betroth'd bestowing,

His spouse now shalt thou be,

By the sanction divine;

May fortune fair be thine,

And happiness o'erflowing.

Come! stay the marriage rite,

Seek we the holy shrine!

[PAR. tries to put the wedding ring on JUL's finger. She
 shudders and withdraws it.]

Giù. (Ritirando la sua mano e sotto voce come in sogno.)

Nell' odio fu concetto, quest' in felice amor,
Fôra l' avel mio soggiorno nuzial!

[Ella si stacca dal capo la corona nuziale: i suoi capelli si snodano e le ricadono sulle spalle.]

Cap. Figlia mia ritorna in te?

Giù. Ah! mi sorregete! Manca mi sento!—

[Gli astanti la circondano.]

Deh! qual tremito e il mio! qual odo arcano accento?—

E forse di morte? io manco. Ah! padre—Addio!
[Ella cade esanime.]

Cap. O Giulietta! O figlio

Ah! Spenta!

Tù. (Con terrore.) Spenta! Giusto Ciel!

FINE DELL' ATTO QUARTO.

ATTO V.

Le tombe de' Capuleti sotterraneo.

SCENA I.—GIULIETTA, poi ROMEO.

Sinfonia.

In capo a qualche istanti, s' ode il fracasso d' una leva che forza la porta. Questa cade con rumore. ROMEO compare.

Rom. Salve! oh! tomba salve spietato avel!

Un avel! no! no!

Un asilo più bello. E vano il cercar nel ciel!

Ah! Salve maggion raggiaute di splendor!

[Scorrendo GIÙ. a precipitandosi verso di lei.]

Ah! ell' è là—è dessa!

Prende la lampada che sta sulla tomba e osserva il volto di GIÙ.

O, mia sposa!—tu o mia diletta

La morte, nel rapir l' immortal tua bell' alma

Non volle offuscar tua beltà.

No, no; questa beltà che m' accende,

Sul tuo volto sereno ancor intera splende,

E sorride all' eternità.

[Ripone la lampada sulla tomba.]

Perchè la mostri a me sì bella o livida morte?

Forsa per affrettarmi la bell' alma a seguir

Va! questo è il solo ben ch' appagar può mia sorte

E la tua preda omai non ti potrà fuggir

[Guardando a se d' intorno.]

Cara mi sei tu fatta adesso

Tomba pietosa or dei

Per sempre onirni a lei

O mio braccio dalle ancor tuo amplesso

Mia bocca dalle pur l' estremo bacio d' amor.

[Abbraccia e bacia GIÙ., poi tagliandosi dal giuoco cuona un ampolla di metallo ne beve il contenuto.]

Ti segno mia Giulietta—

Giù. (Scuotandosi; poco a poco.) Ove son io?

Rom. (Fissando gli occhi su GIÙ.) Gran dio!

Sua bocca morinorò—

*Jul. (In a frenzy.) My one love on the earth,
Sprung from my only hate! Then shall the grave
Be my cold wedding-bed!*

[She plucks off her marriage wreath, and unlooses her tresses. She grows fainter and fainter.]

*Cap. Come!
My daughter, be not afraid!*

Jul. Ah! help, I say!

I'm falling—

[She totters—they support her]

And what meaneth this darkness!

Whose is that voice that calls me? can it be death?
O Heav'n!—my father!—farewell!

[She falls insensible in his arms]

*Cap. My Juliet!
My daughter!—lifeless!—dead!*

All. She is dead!

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

The vault of the Capulets.

SCENE I.—ROMEO, then JULIET.

Symphony, then the noise of a crowbar is heard. The door yields. Enter ROM. with the iron bar in his hand.

Rom. 'Tis here! *[Throws aside his bar.]*

All hail, O tomb, home of the silent dead!

Not a tomb! No! for here Juliet is lying,

Making the grim vault full of light.

All hail! O shrine, radiant and bright!

[Perceives and rushes towards her]

Ah! she is there—my Juliet!

[Takes the lamp to see her the more distinctly]

Burn,

O torch in the gloom! to me, show her again

Wife beloved!—Ah, thou art not conquered;

For death, though it has drawn from thy breath

All the honey, to change thee yet lack'd

The pow'r. No, still beauty's ensign is crimson

In thy lips, love—and death's pale flag

Is not advanced there!

[Replaces the lamp on the tomb.]

O, is it,

Unsubstantial death of thee is amorous,

And that the lean abhorred monster keeps

Thee here? For fear of that I'll stay with thee,

My beloved, nor again from this palace

Of dim night depart.

Yes, my weary yoke

Now off-shaking, O, here will I set up

My everlasting rest. Eyes, O look your last;

Arms, take your last embrace; and kiss her, lips,

That are the doors of breath!

[He embraces JUL. then takes a phial of poison from his pouch.]

My love,

Thus do I pledge thee!

[He drinks the poison.]

Jul. (Half awaking.) Where am I?

Rom. (Startled.) 'Twas but fancy! Am I dreaming?

Yet surely she did speak! *(Seizes her hand)*

Mia mano—ah! tremo ancor!
Si, la mia man sentì—palpitare il suo cor—
 [GIU. guarda ROM. con ismarrimento.
 Ella schiude i rai!—ella sorge!—

Giu. (Sospirando.) Romeo!
Rom. Vergia benedetta!
 [GIU. posca un piede sui gradini della tomba.
 Vive ancor, mia Giulietta.
Giu. Deh! qual è questa voce che m'empie il cor di
 [speme?
Rom. Son lo lo sposo tuo!
 Che moria di dolor ma più felice amante,
 Ei ridona al tuo cor la luce inebriante,
 Dell' amor e del ciel.

Giu. (Precipitandosi fra la braccia di ROM.)
 Ah! sei tu?—
Rom. Vieni! fuggi con me!—
Giu. Oh trasporto!—
Rom. e Giu. Vieni un più pietoso suolo
 Vieni scordando il duolo
 Felici ncor vivrem
 Deh! vien!
 Dio di bontà, fonte di vita,
 Oh! Signor
 Benedetto ognor.
Rom. (Con un grido straziante.)
 Ah! dei parenti il cor è macigno crudel!
Giu. Che di tu? Romeo!
Rom. Non pianti, ne preghiere
 Nulla puote intenerir—
 Alla porta del ciel Giulietta, già felice con te, e morir,
Giu. Morir!—ah! la febbre t'ofusca!
 Di te qual delirio s'indona?
 Rientra in te, ti parli la ragione.
Rom. Ohimè ti credetti moria
 E—ed io bevei—il velen!—
Giu. Ua velen! giusto ciel!—

Rom. (Stringendo GIU. fra la sue braccia)
 Consolati fu sogno
 Ah! troppo breve e bello
 L' amor celeste fiamma
 Sorvive oltre l'avello
 E nell'etra scolpito
 Va fra gl'angeli eletti
 Come luce divina
 In sen all'infinito.

Giu. (Con disperaz.) Oh dolor!—oh tortura!—
Rom. (Con languente.)
 Ascolta, o mia Giulietta
 Messaggiera del dì canta l'allodeotta
 Ah! non albergia ancor
 Egli è il dolce usignuolo
 Che so-pira il suo duolo
 Canta e more d' amor
 [Sei sola dalle braccia di GIU. e cade sui gradini del sepolcro.
Giu. (Raccogliendo l'ampolla.)
 Ah! sposo crudel! di quel veleno
 Re-tasse ancor un serzo almeno;
 [Getta l'ampolla e resta alquanto indecisa: poi scorgendo
 tutto a un tratto il pugnale che ROM. cinge al fianco, lo
 strappa repentinamente.
 Ah! ben giungi, o Pugnai!
 Le nostre alme unirai
]Sife-isce.

Rom. Rialzandosi alquanto.)
 Ciel! che festi mai!
Giu. (Gettandosi fra le braccia di ROM.)

My hands,
 Trembling the while, feel in hers
 That the life-blood is still running warm!
 [She opens her eyes, raises her head slightly, and looks at him
 Now her eyes open! She ariseth!
Jul. (Moving.) Where's my lord?
Rom. O thou merciful heav'n!
 She's alive! she's alive!
Jul. Sits up, and puts her feet on the ground.
Jul. Ah! methought that I heard,
 Tones that I lov'd, soft falling!
Rom. 'Tis I! Romeo—thine own—
 Who thy slumbers have stir'd,
 Led by my heart alone,
 Thee, my bride, unto love
 And the fair world recalling!
]JUL. falls into his arms
Jul. O mine own!
Rom. Come let's fly hence!
Jul. Happy dawn!
Rom. } Come, the world is nil before us,
 & } Two hearts, yet one!
Jul. } Grant that our love—
 Be now and ever
 Holy and pure, till our life shall end.

Rom. (Tottering.)
 Ah! hearts of stone—ay, harder than stone,
 Have our fathers!
Jul. (Frightened.)
 But thy words are so wild!
Rom. Nor sorrow, nor entreaty, softened them
 To their children's prayer! on the threshold
 Of joy we are standing—yet we die!
Jul. We die!! Romeo, sure thou wanderest!
 What strange terrors seize on thy fancy?
 My love—my lord, recall thee to thyself.
Rom. Alas! I believed thee dead, love, and—
 I drank of this draught!
]Shows the phial.
Jul. Of that draught!
 It is death!
]They embrace.
Rom. Yield not thyself to sorrow,
 Our dream was all too bright,
 Now dawns a fairer morning,
 Shall never set in night!
 From a dull slumber waking,
 In a fair dawn I rise,
 Chains my soul now is breaking,
 To heav'n dove-like it flies!

Jul. O my heart—break, break in sorrow!
Rom. (Wandering.)
 Yet hark! Juliet my dearest—'tis the lark,
 Early herald proclaiming the day!
 No, no!
 'Tis not yet near day! 'Tis no lark
 Thou dost hear, love! but the nightingale tone
 On the pomegranate tree!
]He slips from her arms, and falls on the stems of the bier.
Jul. (Taking the phial.) Ah! thou churl,
 Drink all! no friendly drop thou'st left me,
 To help me, so I die with thee!
]She flings the phial away, then remembering the dagger,
 draws it from her breast.
 Ah!
 Here's my dagger still! I'd forgotten thee.—
 Friend: now happy dagger, behold thy sheath!
]She stabs herself. With a supreme effort, ROM. half rais-
 es himself, JUL. sinks in his arms.
Rom. Hold! hold thy hand!
Jul. Ah, happy moment.

Ah! lieta appieno or son!—

[Lascia cadere il pugnale.]

M' è caro in quest' ora suprema

Il morir quì con te

Vien! prendi un bacio—Io t' amo

[Facendo un ultimo sforzo, si rialza a mezzo.]

Giu. Signor, di noi pietà!—

[Spirano. Cade la tela.]

Stay! My soul now with rapture is swelling,

Thus to die, love, with thee.

[She lets fall the dagger]

Yet one embrace!

I love thee!

[They half rise in each others arms.]

Jul. O heav'n grant us thy grace!

[They die.]

FINE DELL' OPERA

THE END.

BRILLIANT SCENE MARKS OPENING OF NEW OPERA SEASON

Radiant Beauty, Rare Toilets and
Flashing Gems Illume Boxes
of Society Leaders in
Metropolitan.

AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA MAKES BRILLIANT DEBUT

Geraldine Farrar, in Her First Appearance Before Audience of Her Fellow Countrymen, Carries House by Storm.

With a scene of wonderful brilliance both on the stage and in the great auditorium, and a dazzling display of jewels and beauty among the many hundreds of society leaders in the boxes, the grand opera season in New York got into full swing last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. Marking the beginning of Herr Corried's fourth year of managerial regime, this opening performance of tonight's "Romeo et Juliette" was especially notable as introducing to the American public Miss Geraldine Farrar, an American girl who has won great renown as a soprano in the cities. Next week the Manhattan Opera Company, under the direction of Herr Corried, will present its first season of music lovers will be compelled to give their allegiance. The audience, which filled the vast

Brilliant Audience Gathers in "Horseshoe"

Some Familiar Faces Missing at Opera's
Premiere, but Majority of "Regulars"
Appears.

There was a wonderfully brilliant audience at the opera premiere not only in the double horse shoe of boxes, but in the orchestra as well. While several familiar faces were missing from the boxes, the majority of the regular habitués were in evidence.

For the first time in several years Mrs. Astor, who has not been in the best of health lately, was not in her accustomed box, No. 7, nor was her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who is in deep mourning, and who will not be seen in society for some time. In the Astor box were Mr. and Mrs. Orme Wilson, the latter a daughter of Mrs. Astor; Mr. and Mrs. Cordiant Field Bishop and Colonel John Jacob Astor.

There were several diplomats and persons of title in the boxes. With Mr. and Mrs. William W. Sloane, in box No. 17, were the German Ambassador at Washington, Baron Speck von Sternburg, Mr. J. Coleman Drayton also being in the box. Mr. Henry White, American Ambassador to Rome, was with Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt in box 6, and Lady Herbert, widow of Sir Michael Henry Herbert, who was British Ambassador at Washington, was with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Wilson, in their parterre box. Prince del Drago was also in the audience. He has for several seasons been identified with the life of New York society. Mr. and Mrs. Murray Guthrie of England, who were here several seasons ago, were in evidence last night, being guests of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont.

Other parterre boxes were occupied as follows.—Box 5, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Hyde. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. John Nolinan.

Box 11.—Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont; guests, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Guthrie, of London.

Box 12.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews; guests, Mr. and Mrs. George Jay Gould.

Irington, Mr. Center Hitchcock and Mr. Hamilton W. Cary.
Box No. 35.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan; guests, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hamilton and Mrs. W. Fliverson Hamilton and Miss Anne Morgan.

Box No. 34.—Mr. and Mrs. James B. Haggis. The occupants were Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Butler Preston, Miss Janet Fish, Mr. Lawrence L. Gillespie and Mr. Frank A. Plummer. Mrs. Haeglin, being in mourning, was not present.
Box 14.—Mr. and Mrs. George Henry Warren; guests, Miss Constance Warren, Mr. L'Esperand Stewart, Mr. Phoenix Ingraham and Mr. I. Townsend Burden, Jr.
Box 27.—Mr. and Mrs. George S. Bowdoin; guests, Mr. and Mrs. Temple Bowdoin, Miss Powderin, Miss Belgrave, Mr. Charles Lanier and Mr. William Reese.
Box 26.—Estate of Samuel D. Babcock; occupants, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Lord, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. Murray Witherspoon, Mr. Samuel D. Babcock, Jr., and Mr. Charles Lawrance.

Box 15.—Mr. and Mrs. William Iselin; guests, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Iselin and Miss Louise Iselin, debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Iselin.
Box 9.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tracy Barney; guests, Miss Jean Reid, daughter of the American Ambassador to London, and Mrs. Whiteley Reid, Miss Katherine Barney, Mr. Courtland D. Barnes and Mrs. Asibel P. Barney.
Box 2.—Mr. and Mrs. Philip M. Lydig; guests, Mr. and Mrs. J. Burden Harriman, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Gray.
Box 4.—Mr. August Belmont; guests, Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, Jr., Miss Nadca and Mrs. August Belmont.
Box 6.—Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Havermeyer and Mr. Henry White, American Ambassador to Rome.
Box 10.—Mr. and Mrs. George F. Baker; guests, Mr. and Mrs. Goadby Loew, Mrs. Edward V. Loew and Mr. George F. Baker, Jr.
Box 29.—Mr. D. O. Mills; guests, Mr. and

back on the stage to compliment Miss Geraldine Farrar and his new tenor, Mr. Charles Rouselle, as well as the other members of the cast.

"It is a great night for the newcomers in the company who are singing," Mr. Corried said. "And," he added, "a very trying one. The audience, so far as I can judge, is about the most brilliant that I have ever seen during my tenancy of the Metropolitan."

There was the usual atmosphere of subdued excitement inside the Metropolitan after the box holders were thrown open. As usual, the box holders were late in arriving, but down in the orchestra and up in the balcony and other parts of the house the seats were nearly all taken by the time the curtain rose.

New Singers Delighted.

Behind the scenes at the Metropolitan last night one might have thought the singers were getting ready to hold a levee instead of preparing for the first night of the season. There was no confusion, yet those who were to be on the cast of "Romeo et Juliette" seemed a trifle nervous until after the second act was over.

Mr. Corried made an early visit to the stage, but remained only a few moments. After the second act Miss Farrar was complimented by Mr. Corried and the singers on her debut.

"After the third act Miss Farrar said:—'I am grateful and glad, happier than I express to you to be singing in my native country, and in New York, the goal of every artist's ambition after she has stepped on the grand opera stage of Europe. I cannot find words to tell of my delight at the brilliant audience and the many kindnesses that have been shown me to-night.'

"It is a great pleasure to be in such a splendid company and to sing with so such an admirable Romeo as Mr. Rouselle. Together is not the first time we have sung in Monte Carlo."

Mr. Charles Rouselle, who made his American debut as Romeo, said:—"I was frightened almost out of my wits when I made my first entrance to-night, but the indulgent attitude of this huge, dazzling audience soon showed me that I would not be judged too harshly, although I had almost lost my voice for the moment. "This is an astonishing opera house. The audience I faced to-night was the most brilliant I have ever seen and the sight that met my eyes as I stepped on the stage will never be forgotten. Mr. Charles S. Seward, who made his first appearance in America as Mercutio, said:—"It was a beautiful audience. They all seemed to thoroughly enjoy the performance, and I consider it a rare treat to have been cast to sing on the opening night. Hundreds of the old patrons of the Met."

◇ MUSICAL LITERATURE. ◇

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