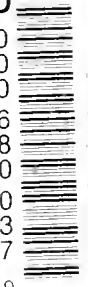


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# ROMEO AND JULIET

Composed by GOUNOD,

With Italian and English Words.

ITALIAN AND ENGLISH WITH MUSIC.

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SIAN GIRL (La Zingara)	Rossini	LUCREZIA BORGIA	Donizetti
IVAL OF VENICE	Balfe	LUISA MILLER	Verdi
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RATA	Bellini	SICILIAN VESPERS (I Vespri Siciliani)	Verdi
AUTO MAGICO (Magic Fante)	Mozart	SONNAMBULA (La) (The Sleepwalker)	Bellini
ITIRI (Polito)	Donizetti	TRAVIATA (La)	Verdi
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## Metropolitan Opera House

GRAND OPERA SEASON 1922-1923

Giulio Gatti Casazza, *General Manager*

GRAND SEAS

Under the Direction of

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER THE 11<sup>TH</sup> AT 8 O'CLOCK

**OPENING**  
MONDAY EVENING  
at

# ROMEO ET JULIETTE

OPERA IN FIVE ACTS AND SIX TABLEAUX  
BOOK BY JULES BARBIER AND MICHEL CARRÉ  
(IN FRENCH)

MUSIC BY CHARLES GOUNOD

# Roméo

OPERA	JULIETTE.....	LUCREZIA BORI
AND	STEPHANO.....	RAYMONDE DELAUNOIS
(Preceded by)	GERTRUDE.....	HENRIETTE WAKEFIELD
	ROMEO.....	BENIAMINO GIGLI
	TYBALT.....	ANGELO BADI
	BENVOLIO.....	GIORDANO PALTRINIER
	MERCUTIO.....	GIUSEPPE DE LUGI
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Book by Jules B.	GREGORIO.....	PAOLO ANANIAN
	CAPULET.....	ADAMO DIDI
	FRÈRE LAURENT.....	LEON ROTHIEL
	THE DUKE OF VERONA.....	LOUIS D'ANGELO

JULIETTE.....	(Her first appearance.)	CONDUCTOR.....	LOUIS HASSELMANS
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GERTRUDE.....		MME. NEUENDORFF	
ROMEO.....	MR. ROUSSELIÈRE		
FRÈRE LAURENT.....	MR. POL PLANÇON		
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MM. Gigli, Damico, Martone

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BORIS GODUNOV

(In Italian)

Mmes. Perini, Dalossy, Delaunay

field.

MM. Chaliapin, Johnson, Rolfe

Paltrinieri, D'Angelo, Resch

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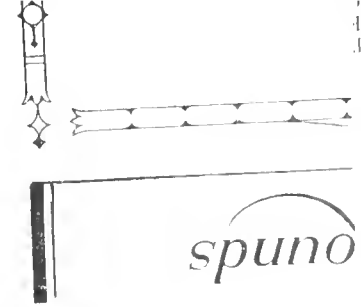
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# ROMEO AND JULIET.

CONTAINING THE

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And the Music of all the Principal Airs.



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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 di-guise, 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 domina e mascherati.*

*Coro.* Ne' dì feliei  
L' ore protrate,  
Fuggon ratte  
Come il balen.  
Cogliamo amici  
Cogham la rosa  
Che 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.  
E desio  
D' esultanza,  
Alla danza  
Spinge il piè.  
*Donne.* Bella notte

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

*Tutti.* Ne' dì feliei, &c. &c.

*Entrano PARI, e TEB. 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 alberghano 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 exelling  
Have these halls assembled as guest !

**Rom.** No, no, convenimmo 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 fugarli codardia [Volendo agguinare.  
Nati non siamo all'ontè,  
Abbiam di che fa fronte.  
**Coro** (*Ripetendo.*) Nati non siamo all'ontè, etc.

**Rom** No vo partir lontan da quì  
Essere agogno.

**Ms.** Perché?

**Rom.** Io m'ebbi un sogno—

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

**Rom.** (*Con distrazione.*) Che intendi?  
[*Rom. si ele 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 DELLA REGINA MAB.—BALLAD OF QUEEN MAB. MERCUTIO.

Mab, re-gi-na di men-zo-gne, Pres-si-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-clineth,

Sù per l'au-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 nudo l'ombra tetra  
E fra i mortali altero vola,  
Composto fa d'una nocciuola,  
Bardatura fornita a briglia  
Coll'ali sue la cociniglia  
E la formica aspetta anza  
Seppe assestarle all'agilbiga.  
Somministrava una farfalla,  
La sferza: splende il bianco fiocco,  
Come sfavilla per l'etra stela  
Allor che più l'ombra è tetra.  
Ogni notte in quest'equipaggio,  
Mab sorride nel suo passaggio  
A chi desia velocità  
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, e da speme,  
Al prigionier che in ferri geme,  
I guerrier sogna onori e glorie,  
Mischie ardite, sconfitte, vittorie  
Poi ripensando a' suoi sudori,  
Spera il suo crin cinger d'allori  
E a te verconda 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 tittle-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 lone,  
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  
 Lenir 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 pres-o s' arresta  
 Ha beltà più modesta.

Rom. O tesor degno de' cieli!  
 Qual face areana abbaglia repente gli occhi miei?  
 Altin tu ti riveli, O paris-imo amore,  
 Non pria d' or non amai! non amai!

Mer. Ah! obliato ha Rosalina  
 E preveduto l' avevamo!  
 L' amica abbandona  
 E vedi dolor!  
 Ei l' opra corona  
 D' un novello amor.

Coro. (*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.*

Giu. Il Conte Pari cerchi tu forse?  
 (*Con indifferenza.*) Chi Pari?—

Gel. La perla degli sposi  
 In esso 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  
 Illy 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 hangs 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., *exunt*

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. ARIETTA VAUSE. 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 qua - - ..... 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 co' ei!

Gre. E tu l' ignori? è Geltrude?

Gel. (Volgendosi indietro.) Ebben?—

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

Gel. Or ben, corro allor.

Giù. (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 failing,  
Pluck the rose that bloometh to die,  
Love with its breath inhaling,  
Love that steals in its odorous sign!

[Goes to NUR.]

SCENE 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! it's 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 toc - 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 eio - - lo par!  
The mar - ble whiteness Of thy hands brightness That Heav'n hath formed so fair!

Seon - 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 concesse  
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 ricensar.  
Dover le dice  
Che a lor non lice  
Il bacio incantatore d' acce tar.  
*Rom.* Le sante 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' esandar.  
*Rom.* Esaudi allor miei voti,  
Ed il volto a me volgi  
Che già vedo arrossir.  
*Giu.* Ah! io non seppi fingere.  
E il peccato resta a me.  
*Rom.* Or per calmar vostr' anzia.  
Quel peccato rendi a me. *(Le bacia una mano.)*  
*Giu.* No m' appatien  
Lo la-cia a me.  
*Rom.* Non t' appartien  
Lo rendi a me.

SCENA VIII.—TEBALDO e detti.

*Rom.* *(Volgendosi.)* Alcu— *[Si ripone la maschera.]*  
*Giu.* E Tebaldo mio eugino.  
*Rom.* *(Con sorpresa.)* Ecche!—ta 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 giunger mio?—  
*Giu.* Io no 'l so.  
*Teb.* *(fissandolo minaccioso.)* Par che cerchi evitarmi.  
*Rom.* *(Salutando.)* Io vi salvì 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 fu cuna questo amor fatal  
Oh! destin se mi divieti amarlo  
Sol già la tomba  
Il mio letto nuzial.  
*[Ella s' allontana lentamente. I convitati entrano. PARI e TEB. compajono da un lato mentre dall' altro entrano ROM., MER., e BEN. sequiti dai loro amici.]*

*Jul.* Thy hand, good pilgrim, this fine but wrongeth  
For thou dost blame it o'ermuch,  
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 grant 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 too 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 sno 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 lancie la mia pazienza!  
Qui vi io giro sull' onor  
Di parir 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 sfuggir!—  
Chi vuol seguirmi? egli è mestier che lo sfidi.

[*Segue 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? Mascherato 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.  
Lunze ogni pensier  
Cui dolga esultanza,  
A fervida danza  
Dia loco il piacer.

*Coro* Lunze 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 hanquet 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 belleggia 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;  
Piu 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. } Either Romeo was seen to wend;  
& } May night, fond lovers shrieking  
Cho. } Now to the pair a covert lend!

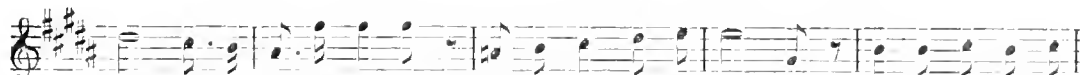
Rom. Amor!  
Si, l' esser mio tutto accende e soluce

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

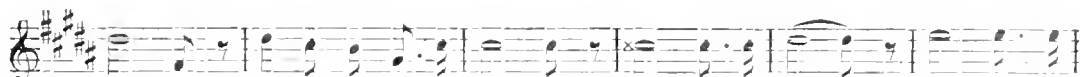
[Le voci si allontanano.  
La finestra di GIU. s'illumina.]

[A light appears in Juliet's window]

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



Deh! sorgi o luce in cie - le. 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



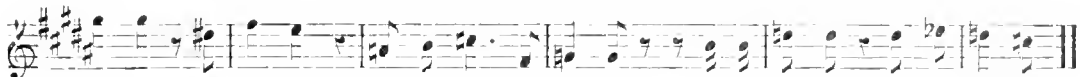
ve - lo Le nui - te lor fiam - mel - le, Deh! sorgi al - fin, Deh! sorgi al -  
e - ven Shine with a fee - ble light - ness, Oh! rise a - gain Oh! rise a -



- 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 witching,



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, None 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 band,

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.* Rom.]

SCENA II.—ROMEO, GIULIETTA.

*Giù.* Odiar! pottollo 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.

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

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

*Giù.* Che, non sei tu Romeo?

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

*Giù.* 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 metteggiar sostiam! m' ami tu?  
Indovino la tua risposta già

Vani giuri non far.

Latona, co' suoi rai ch' io ben credo incostanti,  
Rischiara lo spergino e deride gl' amanti  
Caro Romeo leal e dimi sol—"Io t' amo"—

E credero;

E l' onor mio affido a te o mio Sigaor

Come potrai in me fidarti ognor

Il mio sorpreso cor

Accusar tu non dei di leggerezza.

Per non saper tacere

Ma la notte indiscreta accusane sol

Che tradiva il mistero.

*Rom.* Nanti a dio

Che n' ascolta, io ti ginno mia fe.

*Giù.* Ascolta! almen—ti scosta, va.

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

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!—

Vestigi non v' ha;

Di cui l' importuno

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.

*Gre.* (*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.* Rom.]

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, 't is 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 woo 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 far 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 fellon?  
*Gel.* Ah! l'osi ancora!—giuro sull' onor mio  
Io 'l farò venir dritto a voi  
Che non avrà desio di ritornar.  
*Gre.* Lo crediam.  
*Coro.* Lo crediam noi pur  
Buona notte, amabil Signora  
Le tue virtù accresci ognor  
Ogni grazia dio t'infonda  
Ei Montecchi sperda ognor.  
[GRE. ed i famigliari s'allontanano.]

SCENA IV.—GELTRUDE, poi GIULIETTA.

*Gel.* Benedetto il baston che mi farà vendetta  
Di que' fellon!  
*Giu.* (*Comparendo sulle soglie.*)  
Sei tu Geltrude?  
*Gel.* Sì, mia diletta;  
Ma sì tardi perchè ancor vegliando stai?  
*Giu.* T'attendea—  
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 realtà erder non posso ancor.  
*Giu.* (*Ricomparendo sulle soglie, sotto voce.*)  
Romeo!  
*Rom.* (*Rivolgendosi.*) Angiol mio!  
*Giu.* (*Sotto voce.*)  
Anco un detto, poscia 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 co-spetto  
Il nostro Imen fa benedetto.  
Allor o mio signor mia volontà sarai.  
E l'intera mia vita avrai  
Sarò a te solo. Ah! sol vivò per te.  
Ma, se tua fiamma  
E r folle amor sol bramasse da me  
Ah! te ne scongiuro allor  
Per quest' ora d' in tanto non rivedermi più.  
M' abbandona al mio pianto, mi lascia al mio dolor.  
*Rom.* (*Ingincocchiandosi.*)  
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 head!  
*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! doubtless 'tis thy beauty that brings him this  
way!  
*Nur.* 'T' 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!  
*Nur.* Nurse, good night! so pray me devoutly  
*Gre.* } For one as virtuous as she is fair,  
*and* } And likewise—curse we stoutly  
*Cho.* } All our foes such 'venture as dare!  
[*Exeunt GRE; and retainers follow.*]  
*Nur.* Now beshrew them, for that they use me  
At their pleasure.—The sorry knaves!  
[*Enter JUL. 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 pldgest 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 una 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. A 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

eo - 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'attra 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 farther 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.) Va! e dormi omai! riposa!  
 Che un sorriso infantil  
 Le tue labbra vermiglie  
 Dolcemente accarezzi ognor.  
 E mormorar nel sonno: io t'amo udrai  
 E l'auretta ti porga  
 Questo mio bacio d'amor!

FINE DEL 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.* Ecchè! 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 padre pena ell'è.

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

*Rom.* Qual nome odo suonar? Noto ei non giunge a me  
 Occhio mortal che s'apre a bellezza divina.  
 Può ricordarsi ancor  
 D'un suo trascorso 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 miocor  
 Ma ti veggio—e muto ah! divento  
*Giu.* (Indicando ROM.)  
 Mio Padre. Avoi lo presento:  
 Voi conoscete il core che gli dono  
 [Rivolgendosi a FRA L. e presentandogli ROM.]  
 Tutto a sua fede io l'abbandono  
 Deh! benedite il nostro amor!

*Fra L.* Sì 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 Signor [S'inginocchiano.]  
 Tu che degnasti a poca argilla  
 Commenciar 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 some 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! (They embrace.)

*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'n this day.  
 Let us pray—let us pray! [They kneel]  
 O smile, fair heaven, upon this marriage,  
 And ye, fond pair, when by our holy church unued  
 See that ye live, that sorrow thenceforth

Consacrando i nodi d' imene dal sacro suol d' Israel.  
Arresta il tuo sguardo elemento 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, week-ly we promise thy laws to o - bey. Support them in each good en - deav - or.

Fà che l'unione a cui 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 ebe 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,  
Pensa 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.

Giu. I Per mia man dal ciel benedetta,

Sia quest' union  
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.

Ste. Da jeri indarno il mio. Signor lo 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.

SCENA I.—Enter STEPHANO.

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

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

O Capulet, perchance he yet honors 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 sparvierro che mai non dorme  
 Dell' incanto batte ah! l'orme  
 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 si forte?

Ste. Spiace a lor la canzon.  
 Gre. (Ai famigli.) Giuro al ciel! non è lui,  
 Che col ferro alla man jeri insegnavam?  
 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 si 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 cryic came one eye 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 atoning,  
 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. Audacious 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 cinge il ferro  
E sò piú 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 cauzon ascolciam !  
*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 fanciul !  
[*Squaino la spada e si getta fra i combattenti.*  
Affè ! tal codardia  
De' Capuleti è degna e della lor genia !  
[*TEB. e PARI entrano s'guiti da alcuni loro amici.*

*Teb.* (*MER. imp' quando 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 incrocicchiare la spada ROM. entro e si precipita fra i combattenti per separarli.*

*Rom.* (*A MER.*) Tregua, o là !

*Mer.* Tu Romeo ?  
*Teb.* E Romeo ?

Ah ! l' averno a me il tragge !  
(*A MER.*) Deh ! concedi che seco io misuri pria l' acciar.  
(*A ROM.*) Orsù, vile Montecco, il Brandito allin 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' alsa della sua spada e la squaina a metà, ma dopo un breve istante di riflessione la rinette nel fodero.*

*Rom.* Amdiam, non mi conosci ancor Tebaldo  
Un tal insulto è vano  
Ho nel mio cor ben d' amarti ragion  
Mal grado me or disarmo ogni furor  
Ma un vil io no 'l fui mi—Addio.

[*Fa per dilungarsi.*

*Teb.* A quanto ascolto,  
*Rom.* Tebaldo io mai non t' offesi

Di rancori più tempo non è.  
*Mer.* Il sanguinoso e vile oltraggio  
Così soffrir puoi a ?  
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 ? Heard I right ? 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.* Lasciamla deh!

*Coro.* In esso fè Ripor si dè!

Schiatta vil! vil genia!

Gelia alfin di terror!—

D' Averdo 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 manco onimè!—

[*Alcuni de' 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' averno 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),

Odimi 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 'veging arm!

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

Capulets—Capulets—race offending

Tremble all in alarm,

May demon dark aid lending,

Now nerve his 'veging arm!

*Rom.* Rancor 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!*

Mercentio'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 'veging 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!

[*Enter 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 noi, Signore!  
*Cap.* *(Alf. non indifferenzi.)* FEB. morto.) Giustizia!  
*Tutti Capuleti.* Giustizia!  
*Cap.* E Teta lo qui restè —  
 Svanato da R. ueno.  
*Rom.* In Mercurio l' arciar primiero egli torcea  
 L' arcaide e l' onor vendiar io dovea!

*I Montecchi.* Giustizia!  
*I Capuleti.* Giustizia!  
*I D.* E se l' d' iudic' arca? Nel crulo vostro cor  
 Nula dunque p' a l' ire altri i calmar  
 Nula dunque il' mano il' car in a voi strapper,  
 Chi p' a fare s' gno. All' odio vostro in l'erno?  
 [ *Vendendosi a Rom.*  
 Pel tuo fallir a morte la legge ti donna  
 Ma l' aggressor non sei, basti il bando.

*Rom.* *Capuleti.* O s' i!  
*I D.* Se a l' iudic' arca non segui il mio comando,  
 N' a l' on' s' iudic' darai a re!  
 S' a l' on' arca non t' uermer lo:  
 Da qu' arca il' por fine intendi, A l' iudic' arca  
 d' iudic' arca.  
*Rom.* *Fra se con disperazione.)* S' iudic' arca crudele l' ensigli!  
 Ah! m' arca, ma a l' on' arca!

*Cap.* *(T. DUKE.)* Avenge me!  
*Retainers.* Avenge us!  
*Cap.* *(Pointing to TYB's corpse.)*  
 Tybalt's slain—my near friend; on Romeo  
 Is his blood.  
*Rom.* From Mercurio first  
 He struck out lusty life. Then I swore  
 His revenge; for my fate I am ready!  
*Montagus.* 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 brawl lies a-bleeding?  
 Nought seemeth strong to keep your hands  
 From off your blades. Who knoweth, I  
 May be next victim of your faction! [ *T. 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 carry, nor play'st  
 No tears shall avail; and if I shall I be  
 To all pleadings; 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!

FINE DELL' ATTO TERZO.

END OF THIRD ACT.

ATTO IV.

ACT IV.

La Camera di GIULIETTA.

The chamber of JULIET.

Notte — La stanza è illuminata da una lampada.

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

SCENA I. — ROMEO, GIULIETTA.

SCENE I.—ROMEO, JULIET.

GIULIETTA è seduta: ROMEO sta ai suoi piedi.

JULIET, discovered on a couch. ROMEO at her feet

*Giul.* Vado a farvi un bacio:  
 Torna a dormire,  
 E se non vi sono  
 Sognate di me.  
 A l' on' arca non t' uermer lo:  
 N' a l' on' arca non t' uermer lo:  
 E se non vi sono  
 Sognate di me.  
*Rom.* A l' on' arca non t' uermer lo:  
 N' a l' on' arca non t' uermer lo:  
*Giul.* I do not mean to be unkind,  
 O Romeo.

*Jul.* Yes, I bade you sleep—  
 That Tybalt thou shouldst die of Tybalt  
 Had by thy presence 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.*  
 Notte gentil d' Ime-ne, O-re so-avi al cor! Per noi di rose Amor, Tes-  
 O! Bless'd night Hymenial Hours to the heart so dear, Love weaves the chains we wear Of

*ROMEO.*

- au-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 - love, 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 gravitamento le invetriate. Odisi 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. Ascolta 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 abbezzia ancor;  
La gentil melodia  
Che pur dianzi, o mio ben,  
I tuoi sensi feria.  
Era il dolce usignuol  
Col suo canto d' amor.

Jul. (*Restraining him.*) No! 'tis not yet near day,  
'Twas no lark pierc'd 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  
Messaggiera 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 facing! now night's candles  
Are burning pale; on the mountains,  
On tip-toe standeth jound day;  
I must begone—or die!

Giu. No, non abbezzia ancor!  
Inopportuna e mesta  
E di luna il baglior  
Resta ancor! l' amo, sai!

Jul. No! 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 embraces JUL. *per amore*]

Rom. Venga la morte omai—io resto

Rom. Let me be put to death.—how wiltst!

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

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

Rom. Ah! non abbezzia 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 ma vita—

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

Rom. Anco na baecio—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 lasciar mi dè,  
Il cor si spezza.  
Debbo strapparti à questa dolce ebrezza.

*Giu.* } Tu dei }  
*Rom.* } Dovro } partir ohimè!

Romeo lasciar } mi } dè  
                                      } ti }

Il cor si spezza,  
{ Debbo strapparti à questa dolce ebrezza  
{ Deh! non rapirmi a sì celeste ebrezza!  
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 parti, ecco il genitore.

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

*Giu.* Signor di 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—  
A tanto lutto omai d'Imen succeda il canto  
Fedele ai voti estremi che Tebaldo formò  
Lo sposo prendi al fin che morendo ei nomò  
Sorrisi, tergi omai tuo lungo pianto!

*Giu.* Questo sposo sarebbe?—  
*Cap.* De più 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 ntachi, alfine e u 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 merey my echild  
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!  
[*Enter CAP. and F. LAW.*]

*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 caronseth,  
Worthy is the county, that thy bride esposeth.  
Worthy her, worthy thee,  
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 seeso è già.

*Cap.* Noi dobbiam venerar la loro volontà.

*F. Lor. (Fra se.)* Ella treina ed io purgià 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

Vogliatemi 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 pallenti 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,

Senoteianno affine il letargo lor,

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

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 imenco t' appresta

Di rose cinta appar

E felice tu sarai

Al piè del santo Altar.

[PARI. 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!

*Lav. (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.*]

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

*Jul.* No!—none—far worse than death

Living a wife, shame-stained!

[*LAV. takes out a phial.*]

*Lav.* 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!

*Lav.* Till the hour!

*Jul.* Till the hour! [*Exit LAV.*]

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

*Cap.* My daughter! this thy hand

On thy betroth'd hestowing,

His spouse now shalt thou be,

By the sanction divine;

May fortune fair be thine,

And happiness o'erflowing.

Come! stays the marriage rite,

Seek we the holy shrine!

[PARI. 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 sorreggete! Mancar mi sento!—

[*Gli astanti la circondano.*]

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

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

Cap. O Giulietta! O figlio

Ah! Spenta!

Tut. (*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 avel più bello. E vano il cercar nel ciel!

Ah! Salve maggior raggiante di splendor!

[*Scorgendo GIU. a precipitandosi verso di lei.*]

Ah! ell' è là—è dessa!

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

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 affiettar mi 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 nurmi a lei

O mio braccio dalle ancor tuo amplesso

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

[*Abbraccia e bacia GIU., poi togliendosi dal giusta cuore un ampolla di metallo ne beve il contenuto.*]

Ti segno mia Giulietta—

Giù. (*Scuotendosi: poco a poco.*) Ove son io?

Rom. (*Fissando gli occhi su GIU.*) Gran dio!

Sua bocca mormora—

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 fall 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 sneak!

[*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.* Vergio benedetta!  
 [GIU. posca un piede sui gradini della tomba.  
 Vive ancor, mia Giulietta.

*Giu.* Doh! qual è questa voce che m'empie il cor di  
 [speme?  
*Rom.* Son io lo sposo tuo!  
 Che maria 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 ancor 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 nianti, ne preghiere  
 Nulla puote intenerir—  
 Alla porta del ciel Giulietta, già felice con te, e morir,  
*Giu.* Morir!—ah! la febbre t'ofasca!  
 Di te qual delirio s'indona?  
 Rientra in te, ti parli la ragione.  
*Rom.* Ohimè ti credetti morta  
 E—ed io bevei—il velen!—  
*Giu.* Un velen! giusto ciel!—

*Rom. (Stringendo Giu. fra le 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 ail'infinito.

*Giu. (Con disperaz.)* Oh oolor!—oh tortura!—  
*Rom. (Con languente.)*  
 Ascolta, o mia Giulietta  
 Mes-aggiara del dì canta l'allodoletta  
 Ah! non albeggia ancor  
 Egli è il dolce usignuolo  
 Che so-pira il suo duolo  
 Canta e more d'amor  
 [Scivola dalle braccia di GIU. e cade sui gradini del sepolcro.  
*Giu. (Ravvolgendo l'ampolla.)*  
 Ah! sposo crudel! di quel veleno  
 Re-tasse ancor un scro almeno;  
 [Getta l'ampolla e resta alquanto indecisa: poi scorrendo  
 tutto a un tratto il pupule che ROM. cinge al fianco, lo  
 strappa repentinamente.  
 Ah! ben giungì, o Pugnai!  
 Le nostre alme unirai ]Sifè-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. (Mocing.)* 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,  
 'Twas 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.* } Con.e, the world is all 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. (Frighten'd.)*  
 But thy words are so wild!  
*Rom.* Nor sorrow, nor entreaty, softened them  
 To their children's prayer! on the threshola  
 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 morrow,  
 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 back! 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 steps 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.]*

*Giul.* 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 Ap-  
pearance Before Audience of  
Her Fellow Countrymen, Car-  
ries House by Storm.

With a scene of wonderful brilliancy both on the stage and in the great auditorium, the opening of the Metropolitan opera season was marked by the brilliant debut of Geraldine Farrar, the American prima donna. Her performance in the role of Desdemona in the first scene of "Othello" was a triumph. The audience, which was the largest yet seen at the Metropolitan, was carried away by the beauty of her voice and the grace of her acting. Her husband, John H. Packer, and her mother, Mrs. Packer, were both present. The American public has never before seen such a brilliant performance by a foreign artist. The Metropolitan Opera House was filled to the top, and the audience was in high spirits throughout the evening. The performance was a great success, and it is expected that the American prima donna will continue to carry the Metropolitan House by storm.

# 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 Metropolitan for a long time, was not in her accustomed box, No. 1, 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 Mrs. and Mrs. Orme Welsh, the latter for a while, Mrs. Astor, Mr. and 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 Mrs. and Mrs. Orme Welsh, the latter for a while, Mrs. Astor, Mr. and 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 Mrs. and Mrs. Orme Welsh, the latter for a while, Mrs. Astor, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who is in deep mourning, and who will not be seen in society for some time.

back on the stage to compliment Miss Geraldine Farrar and his new tenor, Mr. Charles Rousselet, as well as the other members of the cast.  
"It is a great night for the newcomers in the company who are singing," Mr. Compad said. "And," he added, "by 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 doors 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 first instead of preparing for the first night of the season. There was no confusion, yet those who were to appear in the cast of "Romeo et Juliette" seemed a little nervous until after the second act was over.  
Mr. Compad made an early visit to the stage, but remained only a few moments. After the second act Miss Farrar and the singers all very kindly.  
After the grand yet, Miss Farrar said: "I am glad to see you in singing in my native country, and in New York, the goal of every artist's ambition. After six years of touring on the grand opera stage of Europe, I found it was to tell of my debt to my country's brilliant audience and the many addresses that have been shown me."  
A great pleasure to be in such a splendid company and to sing with so well an orchestra as the House of Mrs. Packer's.  
The first performance of the opera was a great success. The audience was in high spirits throughout the evening. The performance was a great success, and it is expected that the American prima donna will continue to carry the Metropolitan House by storm.

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