LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR
(The Bride of Lammermoor)

Opera in Three Acts

BY

G. DONIZETTI

THE ITALIAN LIBRETTO BASED ON
WALTER SCOTT'S NOVEL

THE ENGLISH VERSION BY
NATALIA MACFARREN

WITH AN ESSAY ON THE HISTORY OF THE OPERA BY

E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON

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LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

A Tragic Drama in Three Acts.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE TEATRO FONDO, NAPLES, SEPTEMBER 26, 1835. SUCCEEDING FIRST PERFORMANCES AS TO OTHER LOCALITIES INCLUDED LONDON, 1838; PARIS, 1839; NEW YORK, IN ENGLISH, AT THE PARK THEATRE, 1843, AND IN ITALIAN, 1849; ETC., ETC.

Characters of the Drama,
With the Original Cast as Présenté at the First Performance.

LORD ENRICO ASHTON . . . . Baritone . . . . COSSELLI.
MISS LUCIA, his Sister . . . . Soprano . . . . TACCHINARDI-PERSIANI.
SIR EDGARDO DI RAVENSWOOD . . . Tenor . . . . DUPREZ.
LORD ARTURO BUCKLAW . . . Tenor . . . . GIACCHINI.
RAIMONDO BIDEBENT, tutor and confidant of Lucia . . . . Bass . . . . PORTO.
ALISA, companion to Lucia . . . . Mezzo-Soprano ZAPPUCCI.
NORMANNO, Captain of the Guard at Ravenswood . . . . Tenor . . . . ROSSI.

Ladies and Knights related to the Ashtons; Inhabitants of Lammermoor; Pages; Soldier; and Domestics in the Ashton family.

The action takes place in Scotland, in part in Ravenswood Castle, in part in the ruined tower of Wolscrag. The time is the close of the Sixteenth Century.

Lucia di Lammermoor.

A just enthusiasm for the novels of Scott was universal when Donizetti, at the height of a brilliant career (to be so tragically shortened), sat down to work into music a libretto sketched by Salvatore Cammerano on the lines of "The Bride of Lammermoor." Every Italian opera-maker of the hour—an hour highly expressive of Italy's lyric drama—burned to set a Walter Scott story to music. The hack-librettist was doing some of his feeblest work. Scott was a special favorite of Donizetti's active and decidedly literary mind. He had already produced one "Scott opera" (to-day quite properly forgotten), "Il Castello di Kenilworth," written at about the same time with "Parisina" and "Anna Bolena." With maturer powers, and with the ripener art of his "Lucrezia Borgia" (1833), he now began to dress the simple tale of Lucy Ashton and the Master of Ravenswood—as diluted for him by Cammerano. It was, as has been noted, a time of flimsy Italian opera-books. Composers were not fussy. But we know that Donizetti was so little suited with Cammerano's way of making a text for "Lucia," that he re-wrote parts of it, and practically supplied the words and situation for the last act, as he is said to have done for "La Favorita." Let us be kind, and believe that Donizetti improved on Cammerano, and that the French librettists who, in time, revised all the text, improved on Donizetti.
It was not the first time that Scott’s touching romance had been turned into opera. But the scores by Donizetti’s contemporaries—Carafa (1830), Ricci, by Mazzucato (1834), and Bredal (1832)—are long ago forgotten, with their thin contents. The story of the unhappy Bride, as transcribed by Cammerano and Donizetti himself, is a waterish and feeble report of Scott. It is so familiar that it need not be recited now in detail. We will sketch it briefly. The opera was originally written and given as a two-act work: now it is made a three-act one.

The opera opens in the sombre gardens of Ravenswood Castle, with a group of its guards, and Normanno, their head, excitedly talking of discovering whether some stranger is not prowling around the estate on secret mischief. Lord Enrico Ashton learns from Normanno that the intruder may be no less than Edgardo di Ravenswood, their dispossessed enemy. But, worse still, Normanno soon adds, in the hearing of the grave Raimondo (who, to do him justice, seems not to have guessed it), that Lucia is stealing interviews with a mysterious lover, who must be the hated Edgardo; and relates the story of Lucia’s deliverance from a mad bull “while returning from a visit to the grave of her mother.” The retainers come in, their errand successful, and describe how a stranger has dashed away from them, on his charger, at the ruined tower. Enrico swears vengeance, and the chorus unite in his wish.

The second scene introduces Lucia, with Alisa, awaiting Edgardo in the lonely park, by the haunted spring. Lucia has scarcely finished telling its legend of ill-omen, and her own dark dreams of a wretched ending to their secret love-affair, when Edgardo enters. He announces that this is a parting; he must leave Scotland that night, on a political errand to France. They discuss—in operatic fashion—their dangers and plans; pledge their mutual faithfulness, and separate in anguish.

With the third tableau, a lapse of some months is supposed to have occurred. The tyrannical Enrico has arranged to give Lucia’s hand to Arturo Bucklaw. Lucia has not heard from Edgardo, the cruel brother having suppressed the lover’s letters. She already half-doubts. In a harsh interview, Enrico now enjoinis the marriage with Bucklaw. He produces the usual operatic and dramatic convenience, a forged letter, that makes Edgardo faithless to Lucia. The unhappy girl is overcome. The guests for the betrothal are already come. A jubilant ceremony begins. The contract is signed by the half-swooning Lucia, when Edgardo enters. In a tempest of misunderstanding and wounded pride, he denounces Lucia, insults her brother and the guests, and quits the apartment with life only through Raimondo’s good offices in the turbulent scene.

The third act finds Edgardo gloomily reflecting, while a storm is crashing around his lonely chamber in the Wolscrag Tower. But even here Enrico Ashton seeks him out with a challenge, and a meeting is arranged. The act’s second scene is the wedding of Lucia and Bucklaw. The festive choruses are broken by Raimondo’s sudden entrance with the news that Lucia is a maniac-bride, and that she has taken her new-made husband’s life. The distracted girl comes into the room as Raimondo ends his story. She raves—melodiously—and even her brother’s anger cannot calm her. As Lucia is led away, Raimondo rebukes Normanno as the tale-teller who has brought all this misery on the Ashtons.

IV
The opera’s final scene presents Edgardo among the graves of his race. Grief and despair have broken his heart. He is resolved to take his own life. With his last reflections, the sad-hearted Lammermoor folk and some of the Castle guests approach; singing a doleful chant; and a passing-bell is heard. Raimondo appears and discloses the fact that Lucia’s madness has ended in her own death. Edgardo apostrophizes her pure spirit, declares that he and she will not long be parted, and stabs himself—dying as the chorus about him piously pray that Heaven may pardon such human errors.

Such is Scott’s novel as utilized by Donizetti, in a way amusingly unjust to its own episodes and characters. This operatic Lucia has none of that queer mixture of levity, caprice and pride possessing Lucy Ashton, along with all her sentimentality. The Edgardo in this libretto is merely a regulation betrayed-lover of the stage, with no touch of Ravenswood’s morbid dignity, except where we just catch it in Donizetti’s last scene. Our operatic Arturo Ashton has few traces of the original Sholto Ashton. And as for the strongest types in “The Bride of Lammermoor,” Lord Ashton, the Keeper, Lady Ashton, the impressive figure of Blind Alice (not even caricatured by Cammerano’s Alisa), old Balderstone the garrulous, and the swaggering Craigengelt—alas, they are left out altogether! We have paper-doll personages, compared with those in the tale. But still there is a general if far-away consonance with it. And it is only fair to remark, in reviewing this typical libretto of the Donizettian, Bellinian, and early-Verdian epoch, that Scott himself slighted opportunities in his book. Donizetti’s warbling young lady in her bridal frock does not hint at Scott’s poor Lucy Ashton, shuddering in the chimney, raving mad, and hissing out: “So, you’ve ta’en up your bonny bridegroom!” But Scott failed to make his characters act out the bloody tragedy of Lucy’s wedding; he merely described it. Perhaps, faithfulness to it, in any way save by a conventional “madness” for Lucia, seemed to Donizetti too brutal for the public. It is interesting to speculate what some of the librettists and composer-librettists of our day—Boito, du Locle, Illica—would make of “The Bride of Lammermoor.” I suspect that Donizetti’s method of disposing of Edgardo by a public decease, amid his ancestral tombs, with Lucia’s funeral train at hand (in which “situation” Donizetti and Wagner’s “Tannhäuser” are curiously brought together), would never be encouraged nowadays. We should have Edgardo struggling in the “Kelpie” quicksand behind blue gauzes, with a frantic aria parlante and very stormy orchestration. I expect, too, that we would begin the opera with the novel’s wild bull, and the deliverance of the heroine and Sir Henry. We can hardly keep the bulls out of “Carmen.” But, seriously, there is eternally good stuff for a tragic opera in Scott’s novel. Be it commended to Puccini or Leoncavallo or Smareglia.

Moreover, while we may smile over the libretto of “Lucia di Lammermoor,” it is unfair in these days of Wagnerian and French influences on Italian opera, to treat Donizetti’s work with contempt, and to regard it as does one critic of note, who calls it “a sham tragedy”—an “obsolete prima-donna opera.” “Lucia di Lammermoor” is sentimental; it is wide of the Gluck and Mozart and Beethoven and pre-Wagnerian model, to a fault. But it has musical beauty in lavish measure, and
constant throbs of true dramatic feeling. Its best pages do just what they should do—express the sentimental course of a slight, sad, old-fashioned love-story with a background of romance. There is no hint of local color in its music, but there is not much of that in Scott. There is a poignant sweetness, every now and then, to haunt the ear. Now it is a cavatina like "Regnava nel silenzio," or the grave little introductions to certain scenes, or the passionate sextet "Chi mi frena," or Edgardo’s "Tu che a Dio" scena, that attests how the composer expressed the spirit of a story as melancholy as the soul of Shakespeare’s Jacques. The jiggling choruses and thin instrumentation grieve our ears, but there is less conventionality in the latter business, at least, than Donizetti often shows. Wagner writes in 1841, of "La Favorita," that that work of Donizetti, "besides the acknowledged merits of the Italian school," possessed "superior refinement and dignity." The same comment applies to "Lucia"; borrowed from the pen of a master least apt to praise music of such a flavor. The slight, fluent partition is Italian in its casual elegance.

And as to its popularity, "Lucia" seems to be perennial so long as singers really sing. Every leading soprano di coloratura studies it and keeps Lucia a part in repertory. Every tenor must have Edgardo’s rôle at command, and his black cloak in wardrobe. To sing Lucia perfectly is to be a consummate vocalist. As to deeper qualities, why, if singers will not think of anything but their scales and their shakes, then probably they will not realize with what effect Donizetti’s simple recitatives may be delivered. Any such part is a lesson in pure diction.

Indeed, "Lucia di Lammermoor" illustrates Donizetti when serious—not laughing, as when he composes the "Elisire" or "La Figlia del Reggimento," or the equally inimitable "Don Pasquale"—perhaps better than any of his works. It has always divided supremacy with the firmer "La Favorita." It fuses, as does not even "La Favorita," his florid and his dramatic manners. Of all his long list of works—some sixty-seven operas, grave and gay—few survive: really no more than the three humorous masterpieces named and "La Favorita," "Lucia," "Lucrezia Borgia," and "Linda." But they are enough to represent firmly a genius surpassing Bellini, and influencing the early Verdiian scores, more directly than generally is understood, and Ponchielli, to say nothing of others. And it is interesting to notice that out of all the endless list of "Walter Scott operas" by composers of almost every nationality to "books" in as many tongues, only "Lucia di Lammermoor" can be considered as keeping the stage, in real repertory to-day; with the exception of Marschner’s fine "Templer und Jüdin" (based on "Ivanhoe"), still a favorite in German and Austrian opera-houses. The rival "Lucias" noted above, Carafa’s "Prison d’Edimbourg" (on "The Heart of Midlothian"), Bizet’s "Jolie Fille de Perth," Balfe’s "Il Talismano," and dozens more, are all mute to-day. Sir Arthur Sullivan’s recent "Ivanhoe" has not made its way with much vigor or probability of life.

"Lucia" was no heroic score. But it was the outcome of a musical fecundity that we may believe would have achieved higher fruits, but for the cloud of madness—a strange coincidence in the case of a composer who wrote so many "mad-scenes"—coming to Donizetti in Paris, in 1845, and imprisoning him in an asylum until his merciful death in 1849.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.
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Lucia di Lammermoor.

Act I.

La Partenza. (The Departure)

No. 1. "Percorriamo le spiagge vicine."

Prelude and Introductory Chorus.

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Scene... Grounds near the Castle of Ravenswood.

G. DONIZETTI.

Maestoso.

Piano.

Tymp. Soli.

Cl.

Ob.

Cor.

Cl.

Tutti.
Norman.

Per-cor-re-te le spiagge vi-ci-ne,
Let us roam thro' these ruins deserted,

TENORS.

(Sir Henry Ashton's retainers, in hunting-array.)
BASSES.

Let us roam.

Tromb.

Cl. Cor. et al. as before.

Let no longer the truth be averted,

del-la tor-re le va-ste ro-

- mo le spiagge vi-ci-ne,
thro' these ruins deserted,

roam thro' these ruins deserted,

vi-ne:
vert-ed,

ca-dal
Let the

Let no longer the truth be averted,
vel di si tur-pe mi-ste-ro, lo do-man-da, lo im-po-ne l'o-nor, lo im-
veil now of doubtrend a-sun-der, And re-veal what to hon-or is due, to

ca-daj vel di si tur-pe mi-ste-ro,
Let the veil now, of doubtrend a-
sun-der,

ca-daj vel di si tur-pe mi-ste-ro,
Let the veil now, of doubtrend a-
sun-der,

po-ne l'o-nor.
Splen-de-hon-or is due.

lojm po-ne l'o-nor.
To hon-or'tis due.
Splen-de
As a

rà l'e-se-cra-bi-le ve-ro co-me lam-po fra
flash from the cloud af-ter thun-der, We will speak, tho' this

rà l'e-se-cra-bi-le ve-ro bo-me lam-po fra
flash from the cloud af-ter thun-der, We will speak, tho' this

rà l'e-se-cra-bi-le ve-ro co-me lam-po fra
flash from the cloud af-ter thun-der, We will speak, tho' this
nu-bi d'or-ror, splen-de-rà, splen-de-
day we may rue; As a flash, as a

nu-bi d'or-ror, splen-de-rà, splen-de-
day we may rue; As a flash, as a

nu-bi d'or-ror, splen-de-rà, splen-de-
day we may rue; As a flash, as a

nu-bi d'or-ror, splen-de-rà, splen-de-
day we may rue; As a flash, as a

nu-bi d'or-ror, splen-de-rà, splen-de-
day we may rue; As a flash, as a

nu-bi d'or-ror, splen-de-rà, splen-de-

Vin. II. Viola & Tromb.

Cor.

ra, splen-de-rà le-se-cra-bi-le ve-ro
flash, as a flash from the cloud af-ter thun-der,

ra, splen-de-rà le-se-cra-bi-le ve-ro
flash, as a flash from the cloud af-ter thun-der,

ra, splen-de-rà le-se-cra-bi-le ve-ro
flash, as a flash from the cloud af-ter thun-der,

ra, splen-de-rà le-se-cra-bi-le ve-ro
flash, as a flash from the cloud af-ter thun-der,
si l'im-po-ne, l'im-po-
and re-veal what to hon-

nor,  l'im-po-ne l'o-
due,      l'im-to
nor,      l'im-to

nor, ca-da-il vel, ca-da-il vel,  si, l'im-po-ne, l'im-
due,what to hon-or is due,  and re-veal what to
nor, ca-da-il vel, ca-da-il vel,  chè l'im-po-ne l'o-nor,
due,what to hon-or is due,  what to hon-or is due,

don-
ne l'o-nor,

to
hon-or is due,

to
hon-or is due,

to
hon-or is due,

Vinc. Fl. & Cl.
As a flash, lo domanda, lo

And reveal what to honor is due, lo domanda, lo

As a flash, as a flash, lo domanda, lo

Vuole l'onor, lo vuol l'onor, vuole l'onor, lo vuol l'onor, lo vuol l'onor.

Honors are due, we will reveal, lo vuol l'onor, lo vuol l'onor, lo vuol l'onor.

Honors are due, we will reveal, lo vuol l'onor, lo vuol l'onor, lo vuol l'onor.

Più Allegro.

(Exeunt Chorus rapidly.)

Nor, lo vuol l'onor, lo vuol l'onor, lo vuol l'onor.

Is to honor due, to honor due, lo vuol l'onor, lo vuol l'onor, lo vuol l'onor.
No. 2. "Cruda, funesta smania."
Recitative and Cavatina.

Voice.

Tu sei turbato! E n'ho bendone. Il
Thou art dis-ordered! And well I may be! Thou

Piano.

sa-i: de' miei de-sti-ni im-pal-li-di la stel-la,
know-est, the an-cient glo-ry hath from our house de-part-ed,

Strings, Corno sustain.
a tempo.

Trum. & Basso. P

In-tan-to Ed-gar-do,
While haugh-ty Ed-gar
quel mor-ta-le ne-
seesthetem-pest de-

Tutti.
mi-co di mia pro-sapia, dal-le sue ro-vi-ne-ge la fron-te bal-dan-
scending, sees we are ru-in'd, in his crumbling towers, lonely and proud, he is in

Recit.
zo-sa, e ri-de! So-lo-una ma-no raf-fer-mar mi
safe-ty and mocks us! One hand a-lone can now from ru-in

puo-te nel va-cil-lan-te mio po-ter. Lu-ci-a o-sa re-spin-ger quel-la
save me, a-ver-tour fortu-ne's to-tal wreck: 'tis Lu-cy; and if she dare to dis-o-

Bide-the-Bent. (in a con-
ma-no! Ah! suo-ranon m'è co-le-l!
bey me; Ah! I am no more her broth-er!

Do-len-te
Oh, have com-

ce-lia-tory töne.)
ver-gin, che ge-me sull'ur-na re-cen-te di ca-ra ma-dre, al
pas-sion. She yet for her moth-er is mourn-ing in bit-ter sor-row, So
talamo potria volgerlo sguardo? Rispettiamo un cuore, che trafitto dal soon, how can she think of joy or of marriage! Let her tears protect her, for to that gentle
duo, schivo è d'amore. Schivo d'amore! Lucia d'amore, esaminare.
heart love is a stranger. She strange to love? Her heart with love is burning.


Che fa vel i l! Mu di te: E la sen gia co
Dost thou tell me. Now hear me: Sadly one day she

Bide-the-Bent.

(Oh det-to!) (Oh heaven!) Moderato assai. Vln. 1.

Vln. II & Viole.

là del parco nel solingo vial dove la madre giace se
rovved, her mother had not long been entom'd, thro' lonely pathways dreamily
polta. Impetuoso foro ecco su lei s'avvena, quanto per wandring, When from a neighboring thicket 'tward her a boar rush'd wildly, She stood af

cl. cl. cl.
Allegro.

l'aria rim-bombar si sen-te-un col-po, e al suol re-pen-te ca-de la fright-ed, When a sword came brightly flashing, and in a mo-ment slain was the

Henry.  Normal.

be-lve. E chi vi-brò quel col-po? Tal che il suo no-me ri-co-pri d'un monster. Who struck the blow that kill'd him? He, whom to men-tion, would offend thy

Henry.

ve-lo. Lu-ci-a for-se? L'a-mo. Dun-que il ri-presence. And did my sis-ter. She loves. Since, has she

Henry.


Henry.

Maestoso.

Sos-petto jon'hosoltanto. E tuo ne-mi-co. Tu lo de-tor? name! Ah, par-la! (Oh cie!)

Allegro.  Bide-the Bent.

'Tis on-ly a sus-pi-cion. It is thy foe-man: He whom thou Ah, tell me! (Oh heav'n!)

Allegro.

Corni, etc.
te-sti.
hat-est.

Bide-the-Bent.

Oh mysuspi-cion! 'Tis Edgar? Yes, 'tis Edgar.

(Ah!)

(Ah!)

Larghetto.

Henry.

Cru-da, fu-ne-sta sma-nia,
tu m'hai sve-glia-to in
Tor-ments of hate and ven-geance,
Now in my heart a-

pet-lo!
È tro-po, è tro-po or-ri-bile,
que-sto fa-tal so-
wak-en,
Her false-hood to me I can-not bear;
Grief hath my days o'er-

spe-t-to!
Mi fa ge-la-re e fre-me-re,
sol-le-va in fron-te il
ták-en!
I'll die un-less I pun-ish him,
His trai-tor's heart I'll

affrett. e cres.

Tempo I.

crin, ah,
cleave, ah,

mi fa ge-la-re e fre-me-re, sol-le-va in
I'll die un-less I pun-ish him, his trai-tor's

affrett. e cres.
calando
Chorus of Huntsmen. (to Norman)

Il tuo dubbioso mai corteziandosi.
Now we know our fears well founded.


O di tu? Narrate.
Dost thou hear? What mean ye?

Oh well tell no! thee:
Oh we'll tell thee:

Andantino.
lo dal nostro sguardo.

**Henry.**

pella un falco

huntsman of our num-ber knew his name, and hath be-tray'd it.

**Allegro vivace.**

qua-le?
is he?

Eglit-

Edgar!

Lord Ed-

do.

gar.

Edgar.

Lord Edgar.

**Allegro vivace.**
La pietà del suo far,  
If thou plead'st for her, I

vo - re  
scorn thee,
Mi - ti sen - si  
Cast thee from me,
in - van mi det - ta -
then let me warn thee,

si mi par - li di ven - det - ta  
For my wrongs I will have ven - geance,
so - lojn - ten - der - ti  
it shall fall on him a -
po -

tro.  
Sola - gu - ra - ti! il mi - o fu - ro - re già su -
Wretch-ed sis - ter, thou yet shalt re - pent it! Dost thou

Ob... with voice.

vol - tre - men - do rug - ge _
From re - venge now naught can
dare _ to _ dis _ o - bey _ me?
strugge, io col sangue spegne-ro, io col sangue, yes, his life-blood; naught can stay me, for his life-blood shall a-

gue, io col sanguem pia famma che vi strugge spegne-

ro, spegne-ro, col sangues sagne-
tone, shall a-tone, his life-blood shall a-

Più mosso

Bide-the-Bent.

ro! tone! unis. (Ah! qual what

Ti raf-fre-na al nuo-vol-bo-re ei da te fuggir non puo, no,

Calmy wrath, he'll not es-cape thee, With his blood he shall a-tone, he

Ti raf-fre-na al nuo-vol-bo-re ei da te fuggir non puo, no,

Calmy wrath, he'll not es-cape thee, With his blood he shall a-tone, he
Poco più.

rò, io col san-
gue, io col san-
gue l'empia flamma che vi
tone, yes, his life-
blood, yes, his life-
blood, naught can stay me, for his

Bide the Bent.

questa casa cir-
condò!
All our glory now is flown!
questa

Egli a
With his
tone,

Egli a
With his
tone,

strugge spe-
gnerò, spe-
gnerò, col sangue spe-
gnerò, his life-blood shall a-

ca-
sa cir-
condò, questa ca-
sa cir-
condò, cir-
condò! ancient glory flown, all our an-
cient glory flown, all is flown,

no, with his
tone,

no, with his
tone.
Tempo I.

dó! flown.

può.
tone.

Str. and Fag.

Tempo I.
cresc.

spe - gne - rò, si, si, col san - gue
shall a - tone, yes, with his life he

ah, Que - sta our can - sa
yes, All our ancient

spe - gne - rò, si, spe - gne -
shall a - tone, he shall a -

cir - con - dò, si, cir - con -
glo - ry's flown, yes, all is

non a - può, no, no, shall hon -
No. 3. "Regnava nel silenzio."
Recitative and Cavatina.

The entrance of a park. At the back a practicable gateway: towards the front, a fountain. Lucy Ashton comes out of the Castle, followed by Alice; both are much agitated; they look round, as though seeking some one and perceiving the fountain, turn away from it.
Recit. Lucy Ashton.

Antonnov

Hath he for-

Alice.

giunse! Incaut-
A che mi trag-
Avvenutari, or che il fratel qui
got me? Imprudent! To ask him hith-

Strings.
Lucy.

venne, è fol-le ar-dir. Ben par-li! Ed-gar-do
cov-er thou lov'st his foe? I'd warn him! I've call'd him

Alice.
sappia quale cir-con-da or-ri-bi-le pe-ri-gio. Per-chè d'in-tor-no il
hith-er that I may tell him what dan-ger lurks a- round him. Ah, where-fore roam thy

Tutti:

Lucy.
glanc-es wild and af-fright-ed? 'Tis the foun-tain, I

ma-i, sen-za tre-mar, non veg-go. Ah, tu lo sa-i: Un Ravens-
tremble, when-ev-er I be-hold it. Know'st thou the le-gend? Up-on this

cresc. di forza. a tempo.

wood, ar-den-do di ge-lo-so fu-ror, la-ma-ta don-na co-la tra-
spot, they say so, that a Rav-ens-wood slew the maid that lov'd him, in jeal-ous
Fis-se, e l'in-fel-li-ce cad-de nel-lon-da, ed i-vi ri-ma-nea se-madness!

The hapless maid-en rests in its waters, its tide clos'd o-ver her for


What say'st thou? I'll

Larghetto.

scol-ta. tell thee.

Wind & Brass, p

Re-gna-va nel-si-ten-zi-o

In si-lence all lay slum-ber-ing,

al-ta la not-te o bru-na, col-pia la fon-te un

Dark was the night, and o'er-cloud-ed, No star was gleaming, the
pallido rag-gio di te-tra lu-na,
In veils of storm was shrouded.

quando un som-mes-so ge-mi-to fra l'al-re-u-dir si
When on the air a sigh was borne, And then a sor-rowing

affrett.

fe; ed ec-co, ec-co su_ quel_mar-gi-ne,
wall, I saw her, on the mar-gin of the tide,

affrett.

(Covering her face with her hands.)

lum-bra mo-strarsi, l'om-bra mo-strarsi a me, Ah! a tempo
There stood a shadow, there stood a shad-ow pale, Ah!

Qual di chin par-la, muo-ver-si
She mov'd her lips as if to speak, But I, alas, could not

Strings pizz.
Then, as in warning she waved her hand,
I did not dare draw near her;
And while I watch'd her
motionless,
She vanished from my

And o'er the streamlet's silver tide Shone

forth a lurid light, the streamlet's silver tide shone with a lurid
giò, sì, priam lim-pi-dá, ah, sì fos-seg-
light, there's none a lu-rid light, a lu-rid

Allegro. Alice.

Chia-
ri, oh Di-
row, that

vi-
sion fore-
ed! Thus

dir fear pres-
thy fu-
in-
do!

dest Lucy, I pray thee for-
gi future is cloud-
god! thy fa-
ed!

tal love, ere grief o' er-

Ah Luc-
-cia, Luc-
-sti daun a-
mor co-si tre-

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Lucy.

men-do. E-gli e lu-ce a-gior-ni mie-i, è con-
whelm thee. Grief dissolveth beneath his glances, life is

colla parte

rall. E con-for-to al mi-o, al mi-o pe-

Moderato.

rapture, life is rapture when he, when he is near.

Where he but here, oh

Quan-do ra-pi-to in

E-sta-si del più co-cen-te-ar-do-re, col fa-vel-lar del

ec-stasy, Naught should I know of sorrow, Bring me a hap-py

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Poco più mosso.

Alice.

Ah!
May
heaven all thy wishes.

But, oh,

pre-sta-no per-te, si, si,
may'st thou ne'er regret this day, heaven all thy wishes.

piano-to,
grant-thee,
pian-te, sappremastero, pero
grant-thee, but may'st thou ne'er regret, re-
te, per this day. Dear est Lucy, hear, I
Ah! L u c i - a! ah, de-
si-still pray thee.

Lucy.

p a tempo

Ah! Quan-do ra-pi-to in e-sta-hi
Ah! Were he but here, oh ec-sta-sy,

p rall. a tempo

del piu co- cen-te ar-do re, col fa-vel-lar del co-
Naught should I know of sor-row, Bring me a hap-py mor-

mi giu-rae-ter-na fe; gli af-fan-ni misi di-
Oh, love, to thee I pray Oh, let my fears be
men-ti-co, gio-ja di-vie-ne il pian-to,
now for-got, One hour of joy, oh gran-t me,
par-mi che a lui d'a-can-to si schiu-da il ciel per
Let words of love en-chant me, Let trou-ble now flee a-
me, way, si let trou-ble now flee a-
me, way, si schiu-da il ciel per
now flee a-
Poco più mosso.
me, way. a lui d'ac-can-to, si
One hour of joy, si one
schiu-da il ciel per me, ah!
bright hour of joy grant me, ah!

si schiu-da il ciel, il ciel per me, a
let trouble flee for e'er away;

lui d'ac-can-to
hour, one hour of joy, si schiu-da il

luci ...

Gior-ni d'a-ma-ro
Heav'n all thy wish-es

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No. 4. "Sulla tomba che rinserra."
Recitative and Duet—Finale I.

Alice.

Egli s'avanza! La vicina so-glia io cauta ve-glie-
I hear him coming. I will stay no longer, but o'er thy safety

Piano.

(re-enters the castle.)

watch.

Tutti.

Allegro.

Edgar.

Luci-a, per-do-na send o-rai-nu-si-ta- ta lo ve-der-ti chi-
Forgive me, oh Lu-cy, if at an hour un-wont-ed I have ask'd thee to
de- a: ra-gion pos-sen-te a ciò mi trasse. Pria che in ciel bian-
meet me, but short the moments I yet may tar-ry; when the ear-

che-gi l'al-ba no-vel-la, dal-le pa-trie spon-de lun-gi sa-
twi-light brightens to morn-ing, from the shores of Scot-land I shall be

Lucy.

Che di-ci!
Oh sorrow!

rò. Pe' fran-chi li-dia-mi-ci scio-lo ge ve-le: i-vi trattar mè far. Oursails are set to southward, France will receive us, thither I bear a

Lucy.
da-to le sor-ti del-la Scozia. E me nel pian-to ab-ban-do-ni co-
mission that may re-trive our country. And canst thou leave me, for thy ab-sence to

Edgar.
si? Pria di la-sciar- ti A-sthon mi veg-ga io sten-de-rò pla-
meurn? Ere my de-parture, I'll seek thy brother, There shall be peace be-
ca-to a lui la de-stra, e la tua de-stra, pe-gno fra noi di pa-ce, chie-de-
tween us, strife be for-got-ten; in pledge of lasting friendship, I then will ask him for thy

Moderato.

(scel-to! Ah no, ri-man-ga nel si-len-zio se-
ro.

Moderato. subito affrett.

Edgar (ironically) Allegro.
pol-to per or l’ar-ca-no af-fet-to. In-ten-do! Di mia
hid-den; I know’t were vain to ask him. Thou know’st him! Him who

stir-pe il reo per-se-cu-tor de’ ma-li mie-i an-cor pa-go non
torily doth per-se-cute my race, whose un-just fu-ry time nor reason can
Adagio.

È! Mi tolse il padre, il mio retaggio avuto. Né basta? Che brama unturn?
He slew my father, my heritage he plundered. What would he? Is't not e-

Cor quel cor feroce e rio? La mia perdita in terra? Il sangue
nough? Will but my life-blood suffice him, by whose craft I am ruined? E-ternal

Allegro vivace.

Lucy. Edgar

Mi o? E-gli m' o dia! Ah no! M'habbor re! Calma, oh ciel, quel-l'ira e
hatred he hath sworn me! Ah no! Oh vengeance! Ah, be calm, thy anger

Tutti.

Edgar.

Sooma! Flamma arden te in sen mi corre! blinks thee. Fire consum ing with in me rag es!

Lucy.

M'odi! Edgar do!
Hear me! Oh Edgar!
Edgar. rall.

Larghetto.

M'odi, e trema!
Hear me, and tremble!

Sul-la tomba che rincerà il tra-dite genitore, al tuo
By the ashes of my fathers, By their tombs, unwept, unguarded, On thy

(a cry)

Ah! Ah! dolce

sangue e-ter-na guerra io giurai nel mio furore, ma ti
kindred e-ter-nal vengeance I have sworn, my vow's re-corded; But I

vi-die in cor mi nacque altro afet-to, e l'ira tacque. Pur quel
saw thee, my heart re-lent-ed, Thoughts of vengeance I then re-pent-ed, But they

vo-to non è in-fran-to, io po-trei, si, si, si, po-trei compi-lor
drive me in-to mad-ness, And that vow, ah yes, that vow I may ful-fill, it

fl.cl.

p Fac. colla voce
Deh! thy anger, deh! thy anger, deh! ti fre na!

Può tradirne, può tradirne un so-lo so-cen-to! Non ti

basta la mia pena? Voi chi è mora di spa-vien-to?

Ce da, ce da og-na-tro af-fet-to, so-lo a-

Ah! no, no, no,

Ah! no, no, no,

Let not hatred, let not hatred in-spire thee, Let a
Ce-di, ce-di a me,
Heed, oh heed what I say,

Si, po-

trei com-pirlo an-cor,
may ful-fil it yet,

an-

calando

Heed, oh heed what I say!

trei com-pirlo an-cor,
may ful-fil it yet,

my vow!

calando

Allegro.

(With sudden determination.)

Qui di spo-sa-ter-na fe-de, qui mi giu-ra al cie-join-
Here, be-fore the face of heav-en, Wilt thou swear to be mine for

Edgar
Dio ci-a-scol-ta, Dio ci-
Spir- its blest are_nigh to-
ve-de; tem-pie_d a-ra\dot{e} \text{un} co-re a-man-te;
hear us, Say thou\'rt mine, tho\' we parted for ev-er;
Here I

(putting a ring upon her finger.)

fa-to
plight thee
my faith e-ter-nal,
Thine for

Lucy. (giving in turn her own ring to Edgar.)

E tua-son_i-o. Ah! sol-
I\'m thine till dy-ing! Ah! the

spo-
ev-
so.

Ah! sol-

Ah! the
Poco più.

тан-то́й ностро́ фо́ко спегне́ра́ ди морте́ и́ гел. А’ мие́ благ-су́ сву́р ре́ корд-ед, Де́ сат а-ло́не о́ур харте́н са́н ди-виде. Фром а́л

тан-то́й ностро́ фо́ко спегне́ра́ ди морте́ и́ гел.

bliss-ful vow's rec-cord-ed, Death a- lone our hearts can di- vide. From all

Poco più. Ob. with voices. C.L. Cor. Fag. & Tromb. sustän.

Vo-ti амо́ реин-во-ко, а’ мие вó ти ин-во-ко и́л чил,

danger, oh be thou guarded, To my pray-er hath heav-en re-plied,

A’ мие́ вó ти ин-во-ко и́л чил, ин-во-ко и́л

From all danger, oh be thou guarded, To my pray' r hath heaven re-

плид, Фром а́л дэн-гер бэ_грауд-ед фо́р эв-ер! ах,

ciel, вó ти ин-во-ко и́л чил, ин-

плид, From all dan- ger be_ guarded for ev- er! ah,

нау_ло, ин-во-ко и́л чил.

Сиям_ло, ин-во-ко и́л чил.

 heav'n to my pray-er now hath re-plied.

vo-ко и́л чил, ин-во-ко и́л чил.

heaven now to my pray' r hath re-plied.
Oh, farewell! for a while I now must leave thee.

Do not leave me! live and from thee be parted?

Edgar.

Both. Wherefore? I quit thee broken-hearted, Yes, I

Lucy. Edgar. Wherefore? Ah! Edgar! Ah! Edgar! Se-

Ah, thou dost bereave me. Ah, I quit thee broken-hearted. Edgar, ah, beloved Edgar! Yes, be-

Lucy. a piacere

Ah! the beloved one, we must part.

Ah! and
lor del tuo pensiero venga un fuggiasco, e la vita fugghivilt thou send a token, That thy faith remains un-broken, While I sigh for thy re-

Edgar.

ti va di speranze nude. lo di te memoria viva sempre, o turning? On that hope my heart shall live. While the flame of life is burning, On thy

Lucy.

Ah! Ver ran no a sul la u re i Ah! When twilight shadows lower, My

cara, ser be ro. mem'ry I shall live. Moderato assai.

miei so spri ar den ti, ur dal nel mar che mor sara, ard ent prays as - send ing, Will ask that joy on thee may show'r,

Our days of sorrow ending. On sighs and prays I now shall live, Un-

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passe di dolore,
spargi un amaro lamento su

till our parting's o'er; Ah, let this token say to thee, I

questo peigno al lor, ah! su questo peigno al lor, ah! su

love thee evermore, ah! I love thee evermore, ah! I

Tempo I.

peigno al lor. evermore!

Verrea te sul lauro i miei sospiri ardenti

When twilight shadows lower, My ardent prayers ascend

Tempo I.

ti, udrai nel mar che mor so la mor so ing, Will ask that joy on thee may show, Our days of sorrow end

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ti. Pen-sa-do ch'io di gemi-ti mi pa-so-ce di do-lor,
ing. On sighs and pray'rs I now shall live, Un-till our part-ing's o'er,

— spar-gi'un' a-ma-ra la-grima su que-sto pe-gno-al-lor, ah!
— Ah, let this to-ken say to thee, I love thee ev-er-more, ah!

Lucy.

Ah! si, su quel pe-gno-al
Ah! I love thee ev-er-

— su que-sto pe-gno-al-lor, ah! — su que-sto pe-gno-al
— I love thee ev-er-more, ah! — I love thee ev-er-

lor, Ed-gar de-
more, my Ed-gar

Poco più mosso.

lor, ah! — su quel pe-gno-al-lor.
more, I love thee ev-er-more.

Poco più mosso.
Il tuo sorriso sempre vivace la memoria in me terrà.

While the flame of life is burning, On thy memory I shall bear!

Caro! Dearest!

Si, si, Lucia, si, si. Ah! Ah! When

Ah, dearest Lucy, farewell!

Tempo I.

ran-no a me sul-la u-re i tuoi sos-pi-ar

twilight shadows lower, My ardent pray'r as

Tempo I.

Cor. and Fag. sustain.

Tymn.

den-ti, u-drà nel mar che mormora
cending, Will ask that joy on thee may shower,

denti, u-drà nel mar che mormora
cending, Will ask that joy on thee may shower,
le - co de' mie - i la - men - ti. Pen - san - do che di
Our days of sor - row end - ing. On sighs and pray'rs I

lor, ah!__su__que - sto pe - gnos - lor, ah!__su__
more, ah! I love thee ev - er - more, ah! I

Edgar. spar - gi su que - sto pe - gnos - lor.
Ah yes, I love thee ever -
questo peggio al lor, ah!
love thee ever more, ah!

questo peggio al lor, ah!
love thee ever more, ah!

Più Allegro.

yes, I love, yes, I love

Più Allegro.

si, thee ever more, si,

si, thee ever more, si,

si, al lor! Farewell
si, al lor! Farewell
Edgar. rall. non tanto

Remember me, thou'rt plighted thy faith!

(Lucy retires into the castle.)

Edgar do!

I am thine.

(Exit Edgar.)

Ah, farewell!

End of Act I.
Act II.
Il Contratto nuziale. (The Marriage-contract.)
No 5. "Lucia fra poco a te verrà."

Introduction and Recit.
Apartments of Sir Henry Ashton.

Norman. Recit.                Sir Henry Ashton. (seated beside a table.)

Luci-a fra po-co a te ver-ra.   Tremante l'aspet-to.
Thy sis-ter will soon attend thee here. In fear I ex-pect her.

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A festegiar le nozze il
With pomp to celebrate the

lu-stri, gia nel castello
nuptial, I've bidden hither our friends and noble kinsmen; duly let them be welcomed. Sir

(rising in extreme agitation.)

Norman.

breve Arturo qui volge. E sel-la per-tina-ce o-sas-se d'oppor-si? Non te-
Arthur, too, will come shortly. But what if she be stubborn, and dare to resist me? Fear it

mer: la lunga sensa del tuo neo-mico, i fogli da noi re-
Continued absence will have estranged her, the letters we inter-

pi-ti, e la bugiarda nuova che gli s'ace-se dall'altr
accepted, and the report sent flying that he another bride hath

flamma, in core di Lucia spe-gnea-rono il cieco-
will rouse her to resentment, And to cast off her foolish

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Henry.

more. El-la s’a-van-za. Il si-mu-la-to fo-glio por-gi-mi.

(See, where she com-eth. Where’s the pretend-ed let-ter? give it me!

(Norman gives him a letter.)

Ed e-sci sul-la via che tragge al-la cit-tà re-gi-na di Scozia, e qui fra
And now to horse, upon the highway that doth lead to our King’s royal cit-y,

Proceed un-

Allegro. (Exit Norman.)


Ar-tu-ro.

Henry.

Recit. Henry.

Larghetto. Lucy Ashton enters and stands near the doorway.

(Lucy Ashton comes forward listlessly, looking fixedly at her brother.)

near to me, oh, sis-ter!
Spe- rai più lie- ta in que-sto di ve-
With looks more joyful this day I thought to

der- ti, in que-sto di, che d'I-me-neo le fa-ci s'ac-cen-do-no per
find thee, upon the morn when love and all its bliss-es in-vite thy heart to

Larghetto.

Mi guar-di, o ta-ci?
My sis-ter, why si-lent?

Moderato.

Lucy.

Il pal-
If my

lor fu-ne-sto or-ren-do, che ri-co-pre il vol-to mi-
cheek is blanch'd with ter-ror, Well thou knowest my cause of griev-

ing;
dio, ah! li-ma-nu-tuo-rigor,
lieving, Ah, heav'n forgive thy harsh resolve.

Ri-nu-mano-tuo-rigor,
heav'n forgive thy harsh resolve.

Gor, il tuo rigo-
so, oh heav'n forgive thy harsh resolve.

gor, il tuo rigo-
for-

mi-o do-
give thee thy resolve!

Henry.

A ra-

Ever-
Meno mosso.

* Let a brother's love persuade thee, this un-hallowed, this un-
  tel-lo so-no an-cor.
  Spen-ta e
  hallow'd vow to dis-solve.
  Fond-ness and

* Duty, all should ass-is-t me, That thou

* More thou hast o-beyd me; Wilt thou now in all resis-t me?

* My self to quel che t'ar-se-n-de-gnaf-fet-

* Ma si tac-cia del pas-

* I'll ra nel mi-o pet-to, spe-gni

* Gion mi f'e spi-e-ta-to
tu l'in-sa-nos-a-mor, spen-te la fi-ra nel mio yield to my re-solve, Love and du-ty should as-

gni tu l'in-sa-nos-a-mor, si, spe-gni sist me, That thou yield to my re-solve, yes, that thou

tu l'in-sa-no a-mor, ah, spe-gni yield thee to my re-solve, ah, that thou

tu l'in-sa-nos-a-mor, l'in-sa-nos-a-mor, l'in-sa-
yield to my re-solve, to my re-

mor, l'in-sa-no a-mor, spe-gni tu l'in-sa-no a-mor. No-bil solve, to my re-solve, that thou yield to my re solve. Come, thy

spose - so _ Ces - sa, ces - sa! Co - me? Ad al - truom _ giu-
husband Ah, be si - lent! Where - fore? To an - oth - er I've

Henry. (angrilly) Lucy. Henry.

ra - i mi - a fe. Nol po - te - vi. En - ri - co! Nol po-
plight - ed my faith. 'Tis not law - ful. Oh, broth - er! 'Tis not

Lucy. Henry. (restaining himself.)

tevi Ad al - tro giu-ra - i, ad al - tro giu - rai mia fe. Ba - sti!
law - ful. My heart is an - oth - ers, to him I have giv'n my faith. Si - lence!

(giving her the letter he received from Norman.)

Questo foglio appien ti di - ce qual cru - del, qual em-pio - ma - sti.
Read this let - ter, it will tell thee, to a trai - tor thou hast giv'n it.

Allegro. (Lucy reads the letter; struck with horror and dismay, she is seized with a sudden trem-

Leg - gi. Read it!
Ah! my heart will break! Thou art to her assistance)

Cil-li- Me in-fel- li-ce! ahi! la fol-go-re piom-bo!
trembling— Ah! what sor-row! Ah!— The bolt of fate hath fall'n!

Lucy.

Larghetto.

Cl.

Tromba.

Strings.

Sof-
sanguis per vil seduto re, dea dea del cielo ne ave stimer-
snared, but he never hath loved thee. Arouse thee, and scorn him, bring pride to thy

Ahime! Lissante tre-
Ahime! In merce re-

cesserel quel corregnfe de le altra si diè. Un folle tac-
aid; His image will soon from thy memory fade. A-
rouse thee, and

mendeo eguinto per me, si, quel corregnfe de le altra si
call then the word thou hast said, for if he is faithless, for if he is

cese, un per fido amoro; tradistillo tu sanguis per vil sedut-
scorn him, he never hath

diede, quel corregnfe de le altra si diè, quel co-
faithless, I would I were dead. Yes, I would I were dead. A-

otre, dea dea del cielo ne ave stimerco: quel co-
loved thee. His image will soon from thy memory fade. Ah, yes!
...re in-fede-le, quel co-re in-fede-le ad al-tra si
de ad al-tra si die, si, si die, ad al-tra, ad
fade, a-rouse thee, and scorn, ah, yes, scorn him, a-rouse thee, and

al-TRA, ad al-tra si die!

Lucy.  Henry.

(Vestive music is heard in the distance.)

Che fi-al!  Suo.

What mu-sic?  A
narrative:  strain of festive mirth,  All are rejoicing.

Lucy.  Henry.

Ebbe ne?  Giunge il tuo sposo.
And wherefore?  To welcome thy husband.

Lucy.  Henry.

Un bri-vi-do mi crese per le vene!  A te sapresti.
A deadly chill be-numbs my scatter'd senses!  The nuptial hour ap-

Lucy.

La tomba, la tomba a me sapresta!
Ah! no, 'tis the hour of my doom approaches!

Ora fa-
Spare me thy
Meno Allegro.

Ho sugli occhi vel!
Ah! my sight grows dim!

tale è questa! Mo-di! Spen-to è Guglielmo... a
vain reproach! Listen to what I tell thee: Since

Meno Allegro.

Fag. I.

Viole

Fag. II.

scende re vedere mo il tro no Mar ia Pro-
William lives no more, our party is fallen, Up-

stratà nel la polvere la parte chio se-
on the throne of Scotland now will reign the hated

Ah! io tremo!
Woeful upon us!

Viole.

gui a
Dal precipizio Ar tu ro può sot-
Mary
In this sad hour none can from ruin

Viole.
Ed io? And I am the

trar-mi, sol save me but e-gli-

Ar-thur-

vic-tim?

Sal-var mi de-vi.

Yes, thou must save me.

ri-oo! broth-er!

Ad al-tri giu-ra-i.

My faith I have plight-ed.

Vie-ni al-lo spo-so.

Come to the nup-tials.

De-vi sal-

That was in

a piacere

Ma-

(about to go)

Ah! Oh ciel! Oh ciel!

var-mi. Il de-

mad-ness. Twas mad-

ve-i.
Henry. (returning, with rapid, tho' energetic accent.)
Vivace.

Se tradir-mi tu potrai, la mia sorte è
to my ruin then consenting, Cold and silent, thou

già compiuta; tu minvolgo no re vi ta, tu la
yet dost brave me, From the scaffold naught can save me, Be my

scura appresta me. No' tuoi sogni mi vedrai,
blood upon thy head. Cease thy useless, vain lamenting,

Tempo I.

ombrata minacciosa! quella scura sanguine.
Go, and to the foe betray me, Let thy senseless passion

nosa starà sempre innanzi te, starà sempre, starà sway thee, But my vengeance ye both shall dread; yes, my vengeance, yes, my
Lucy. (turning her tearful eyes to heaven)

_nan-zia te!_ Tu che ve-di il piano mio, tu che both shall dread! Oh, have mercy, pitying heaven, Read the

_ven-geance ye both shall dread, yes, my vengeance, yes, my ven-geance ye_

_ven-geance ye_

_fe_ _ _

_leg-gi in que-sto co-re, se re-spin-to il mio do-lo-re, heart that bows before thee, Guide my spir-it, I implore thee,

_fe_ _ _

_co-me in terre-ra, in ciel non e; tu mi to-glie ter-no Io_

_By thee only I would be led. See my heart with sorrow_

_fe_ _ _

_di-o, que-sta vi-ta di-spe-ra-ta, io son tan to riv-en, See my life forever blighted, Ah, unless to_

_fe_ _ _
sventurata, che la morte è un ben per me, sì, la
him united, Take me from the doom I dread, take me,
morte, sì, la morte è un ben per me, sì, la
take me from the doom, from the doom I dread, take me, take me from the

Henry.

mor-te à un ben per me. Thy nuptial

Henry.

doom, from the doom I dread. Thou s'ap-

Lucy.

pre-sta il ta-lamo. Ah! la tomba! Salv-var mi de-vi.
hour is drawing nigh. Ah! be si-lent! 'Tis thou must save me.

Lucy.

Ho sugl'occhi un vel! Ah! my sight grows dim!

Ah! Se tra-dir-mi tu po-

Ah! To my ru-in then con-
tra - i, la mia sor - te e già com - pi - ta, tu m'in - 
sent - ing, Cold and si - lent thou yet dost brave me, From the

vo - li o - no - re e vi - ta, fu la scu - re ap - pre - sti - a
scaf - fold naught can save me, Be my blood up - on thy

Lucy.  
Meno.

me.  
Ah, See my heart with sor - row, riv - en,

Meno.

a tempo

gue - sta vi - ta di - spe - ra - ta, io son tan - to sven - tu
See my life for - ev - er blight - ed, Ah, un - less with him u -

Mi ve - drai, om - bra - ra - ta, quel - la scu - re san - gu -
To the foe then be - tray me, let thy fa - tal pas - sion

a tempo

ra - ta, che la mor - te è un ben per me, si, la mor - te, si, la
nit - ed, Take me from the fate I dread, take me, take me from the

ho - sa sta - rà sem - pre in - nan - zi - a te, sem - pre, sem - pre, sem - pre,
sway thee, But my ven - geance ye shall dread, yes, my ven - geance, yes my

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mor-te è un ben per me, si, la mor-te, si, la mor-
fate, from the fate I dread, take me, take me from the fate

sem-pre in-nan-zi-a te, sem-pre, sem-pre, sem-pre, sem-
ven-geance ye both shall dread, Yes, my vengeance, yes, my ven-

-te è un ben per me, la mor-te è un ben e un
ah, from the fate I dread, ah, take me from the fate

-pre in- nan-zia te, si, sem-pre, sem-pre in-
-geance ye both shall dread, ah yes, my ven-geance

ben per me, si, si, la mor-
that I dread, ah, take me, take

nan-zia te, in-nan-zia te, a
ye shall dread, my ven-geance ye shall

-te, si, la mor-te è un ben, e un ben
me from the fate, from the fate that I dread,

tee, si, si, sta-rà sem-pre in
-geance ye both, ah, yes,
per the me, the fate, I
zi a te, in nan zi a
both shall dread, ye both shall
Yes, ye both shall
dread,
my ven geance ye both
dread,

è un ben, è un ben, è un
the fate, the fate, the

a shall te, a ah, yes, ye

(She sinks on a chair)

ben fate per me.
(Exit hastily.)

te, both shall te.
dread.
Lucy Ashton. (Seeing Bide-the-Bent approaching, anxiously hastens to meet him.)

**Lucy Ashton.**

*What news?*

**Bide-the-Bent.**

*Di tua speranza l'ultimo raggio tramonta.*

Ah do not ask me! Naught but of woe have I to tell. Suspecting that to mislead thee, tidings from thy lover were interred, or that thy brother's harshness withheld from him thy letters, so as quite to disrupt.
nuovo: io steso un foglio da te vergato per secura mano recar gli vide you; one of thy letters came to my hands by a trusty bearer. I know it

fece: reached him. 'Twas useless! Still he is silent. Doubt no

Lucy.  Bide-the-Bent.

lenzio as-sai d'infeletta parla! E me consigli? Di piegar ti al de longer, his silence tells that he is faithless. What dost thou counsel? That thou yield to thy

Lucy.  Bide-the-Bent.

stimo. E il giuramento? Tu pur neggi! I nuziali vostro che il mio-brother. The vows I plighted? They were unlawful! Vows that are rashly spoken, without

Lucy.

nistro di Dio non benedicce, nel ciel, nel mondo riconosce. Ah! sanction from God or priest, are not binding; from them this moment I re-lease thee. Ah!
cede persuade sal men-te, ma sor-de al-la
leave me, thou persuad-est my rea-son, but nev-er can this

Bide-the-Bent. Lucy.
region re-si-ste il co-re! Vin-cer-le for-za. Oh sven-tu-ra-to a-mo-re!
heart yield love to reason. Make but an ef-fort. Ah me, un-hap-py! I cannot!

Bide-the-Bent Cantabile.
Ah! ce-di, ce-di, o piu scia-gu-re ti so-
Ah! 'tis to suc-cor thy hap-less broth-er That I

vra sta, ti so vra sta-no, in-fe li-ce. Per le te-ne-re mie
ask thee, that I ask thee to o bey me, By the mem'ry of thy

cu re, per l'est-in ta ge ni tri ce, il pe-
mother Let a sis ter's du ty sway thee; Cast a-
No, no, ce-di.
Tis to save thee.
Ah! ah! ta-ci.
La

Ah! ah! ta-ci.
Ah! how cruel!
Ah! I

madre il fratello.
brother will be ruined!

ce-sti.
yield then!
Non son tan...
Not by me...
shall he be

Bide-the-Bent.

ra-ta. Oh! qual gioja?
ruined. Ah! what sayst thou?
in me tu de-sti!

Oh what joy thy words a-waken!
Ah! Ah!

Qual thou'lt gio save ja! him!

Al ben de' tuo qual vit - ti - ma of - fri, Lucia, te
If it be done in sac ri - fice, For a be - lov - ed

stes - sa; e tan - to sacri - fi - zio scriuito nel ciel sa - rà,
broth - er, On high'twill be rec - cord - ed, Heav'n will thy fu - ture guard,

nel ciel sa - rà.
yes, heav'n will guard.

Of - fri, Lucia, te stes - sa,
For a be - lov - ed broth - er,
e tan-to sa-cri-fi-zio scri-t-to nel ciel sa-rà. Se la pietà de-
On high'twill be re-cord-ed, Heav'n will thy fu-ture guard; She who renounces

giu-omini a te non fia con-cos-sa, vè un Di-o, vè un Dio che ter-ge-re il
earth-ly joy That she may bless an-oth-er, The angels thro' life her steps will lead, In

pian-to tuo sa-prà. Se la pietà de-gli uo-mi-ni
deadth the prize a-ward; She who renounces earth-ly joy

a te non fia con-cos-sa, vè un Di-o, vè un Di-o, che ter-ge-re il pian-to tuo sa-
That she may bless an-oth-er, The angels thro' life her steps will lead, In death the prize a-

prà, il pian-to tuo sa-prà, il pian-to tuo sa-
ward, in death the prize a-ward, in death the prize a-

15047
Lucy.
Piu allegro.

Gui-da-mi tu_ tu_ reg-gi-mi, son fuo-ri di me stes-sa!
Lead me, and coun-sel me a-right, And let me save my broth-er!

prá.-ward.

Si., fi-glia,
Thou'lt save him,

take

Piu allegro.
cresc.

Lun-go, crudel sup-pli-zio la vi-ta a me sa-rà!
Dreary will be my fu-ture, If now I my faith dis-card!

rag-gio!

cour-age,

Qual nube haidisgom-bra-ta! Oh fi-glia mia, co-
What joy thy words a-waken! Oh daugh-ter mine, take

Tempo I.

Si, gui-da-mi, sì, sì.
Yes, coun-sel me a-right.

rag-gio!
cour-age!

Ah! Al ben de'tuo qual ah! If it be done in

vit-ti-ma of-fri, Lucia, te stes-sa, e tan-to sa-crificio For a be-lov-ed broth-er, On high'twill be re-

18687
Nel ciel sarà, sí.
Yes, heav'n will guard me!

Of-fri, Lucia, te stes-se,
For a be-loved broth-er,

On high'twill be re-cord-ed,
Heav'n will thy fu-ture guard.

Ah! Ah!

Se la pieta degli uo-mini
She who renounces earth-ly joy,

a te non fia con-ces-sa, v'è un
That she may bless an-o-ther, The

Son fuordi me!
Ah, wretched will be my lot!
Oh, Edgar,
Ingrato!

Di-o, v'è un Dio, che terge-re il pianto tuo sac-
an-gels thro' life her steps will lead, In death the prize a-

(weeping.)

Edgar do ingrato!

Edgar do ingrato!

prà, il pianto tuo sa-prà, il pianto tuo sa-
ward, in death the prize a-ward, in death the prize a-

Più allegro.

prà, il pianto tuo sa-prà, il pianto tuo sa-
ward, in death the prize a-ward, in death the prize a-

prà. Se la pie-tà de gli o-mi-ni a te non fia con-
ward. She who renounces earth-ly joy, That she may bless an-

ces-sa, v'è un Di-o, v'è un Di-o, che terge-re il pianto tuo sa-
oth-er, The an-gels thro' life her steps will lead, In death the prize a-
No. 8. “Per poco fra le tenebre.”
Finale II. Chorus and Cavatina.

(A festive hall, prepared for the reception of Sir Arthur Bucklaw. At the back a practicable door.)

Moderato mosso.
SOPRANO.
Per te dim-men-so giu-bi-lo
Hail to the hap-py brid-al-day,
Hence, ev-ry thought of

TENOR.
Per te dim-men-so giu-bi-lo
Hail to the hap-py brid-al-day,
Hence, ev-ry thought of

BASS.
Per te dim-men-so giu-bi-lo
Hail to the hap-py brid-al-day,
Hence, ev-ry thought of

Sor-row, per te veg-giam ri-na-se-re
Let ev-ry heart with hope be gay,

Sor-row, per te veg-giam ri-na-se-re
Let ev-ry heart with hope be gay,

Sor-row, per te veg-giam ri-na-se-re
Let ev-ry heart with hope be gay,
Sir Arthur Bucklaw.
Meno mosso.

Per po - co fra le te - ne-bre, spa-
By Fortu - ne's fic-kle frowns be-tray'd, Thy

Oh. a Strings
Vi. a Bassi pizz.

ri - la vo - stra stel - la; to la fa - re ri-
star hath long been shroud - ed, Now it shall break from

Cl. with voice.

sor - ge-re, piu ful - gi - da, piu bel - la. La
sor - row's shade, And beam with light un-cloud - ed. A

man - mi por-gi En-ri - co, ti strin - gia que-sto
broth - er's hand I of - fer, A broth - er's faith I

cor, a te ne ven - go a - mi - co, fra-
sware, My hand and for - tune I prof - fer To
Arthur.

A te ne ven-go a-mi-co, fra-tel-lo e di-fen-
Fortune and hand I prof-fer To her whom I a-
a-stro in not-te in-fi-da, qual ri-so nel do-
naught e'er on earth di-vide-yo, Who now will part no

a-stro in not-te in-fi-da, qual ri-so nel do-
naught e'er on earth di-vide-yo, Who now will part no

so-re, a- te ne ven-go a-mi-co, fra-
dor, lor, more,

qual a-stro in not-te in-fi-da, qual
Be thou to grief a stran-ger, From
lor, more,

qual a-stro in not-te in-fi-da, qual
Be thou to grief a stran-ger, From
Più allegro.

Tel lo e di - fen sor, fra - tel lo e di - fen
her whom I a - dore. Ah no, let naught di - fen

ri - so nel thy bri - dal hour.
ri - so nel thy bri - dal hour.

May naught di - fen

sor, fra - tel lo e di - fen
vide us, who will part no

They di - fen

sor, fra - tel lo e di - fen
vide ye, who will part no

sor, di - fen sor, di - fen sor, fra - tel lo e
more, part no more, part no more, ah no, we

sor, di - fen sor, di - fen sor, fra - tel lo e
more, part no more, part no more, ye

sor, di - fen sor, di - fen sor, fra - tel lo e
more, part no more, part no more, Ah, no, ye
"Di - fen - sor, a te ne
more, we part no

Di - fen - sor, e di - fen -
more, ye part no

Di - fen - sor, e di - fen -
more, ye part no

Ven - go di - fen - sor.
more, we part no more.

Sor, e di - fen - sor.
more, ye part no more.

Sor, e di - fen - sor.
more, ye part no more."
N° 9. "Chi mi frena in tal momento."
Finale II. Recitative and Quartet.

Arthur.

Maestoso.

Dov'è Lucia?
But where is Lucy?

Henry.

Qui giunge-reme o la vedrem.
Ere this I thought she had been here.

Piano.

Mossa.

Henry (aside to Arthur.)

Se in lei so-ver-chia la me-stizia, ma-ra-vi-
Thou'lt see her pale and heav-y-heart-ed, Let it not

gliar-ti, no, no, non de-li.
Dai duo-lo oppre-sa e vin-ta,
grieve thee, seem not to heed it. Her moth-er's death she mourn-eth

Fag. sustain.

Arthur.

pian-ge la madre e-stin-ta.
All thought of joy she scorn-eth.

M'è no-to,
I thought so,
Henry.

Yes, I observed it. She's sad and heavy-hearted, but 'tis for her

Arthur.

One question answer:

Fama, fama suo-no ch'Edgar do so-
Late ly rumor hath said that Edgar hath

vres sa, so-vresa temerario al-za re sò lo rash ly, hath mad ly dared to love her, and that his fa-

Henry.

sguardo temerario. By thy sis-

The

4047
Ah!
Well?

SOPRANO.

TENOR.

BASS.

Henry. (to Arthur.)

Pian-ge la ma-dre e-stin-ta.
Those tears are for her mother.
(presenting Arthur to Lucy, who shrinks from him)

(whispers to Lucy)

Eccoti il tuo sposo.
There comes thy husband.

(In-cauta! per-der mi)
(Be cautious! wilt thou un-

Lucy.

(Gran Dio!)
Oh mercy!

Arthur.

Ti piacè il volere accogliere del
Oh faire, deign to receive the vows my

Henry.

Vuoil'
do me?

(In-cauta! O mai si compi il ritto.
(Be cautious!) 'Tis time to sign the contract; come,

(Gran Dio!) Oh heaven!

tete-ro amor mio.
heart would fondly plight thee. (going towards the table on which lies the marriage contract, and interrupting Arthur.)

(Vio)
(I go to the table and sign the deed. Bide-the-Bent and Alice lead the trembling Lucy to the table.)

Oh dolce invitato!
Oh rapitrous moment!

pres-sa.
Ar-thur!

Bide-the-Bent.

(Reggi, buon do)
(Heaven,

Lucy.

sacri-fi-zi o!
he is sign-ing!

Henry.

Ah,

Bide-the-Bent.

(Non esitar!
(O bey at once,

Scri-vi,

sign it,

Dio, thou sus-tain-her.)

Lucy.

(Lucy signs the contract.)

mi-se-ral!) wretch-ed me!

Henry.

La mia con-dan-na ho

Now naught but death can re-

scri-vi!

sign it!)
Allegro mosso.

Henry. Lucy.

(Allegro upon Bide-the-Bent.)

Lucy.

Alice. (The door opens.)

Qual fra-gor! Chi giunge?
Who is this! a stranger?

Edgar. (His features concealed by a cloak, appears at the back.) (With a terrible voice.)

Tis Edgar.

Arthur. Qual fra-gor! Chi giunge?
Who is this! a stranger?

Henry. Qual fra-gor! Chi giunge?
Who is this! a stranger?

Bide-the-Bent. Qual fra-gor! Chi giunge?
Who is this! a stranger?
"What from vengeance yet restrains me?"

(General consternation. Alice, aided by some ladies, raises Lucy and leads her to a seat.)

Alice.

Ed - gar - do!
Oh Ed-gar!

Bide-the-Bent.

Oh ter - ror!
Day of woe!

Ed - gar - do!
Lord Ed-gar!

Oh ter - ror!
Day of woe!

Chi mi fre - na in tal mo - me - to? chi tron -
What from ven - geance yet re - strains me, Words suf -

Henry. (aside.) p.

Chi raf - fre - na il mio fu - ro - re, e la
What from ven - geance yet re - strains me, Will he


Larghetto.

Strings pizz.

PP e sempre cresc.

Cl. sustain.
co del-li-re il cor-so? Il suo duo-lo, il suo spa-ven-to son la fice not to up-braid thee, E'enthe ter-ror that thus en-chainsthee Prove that man che albran-do cor-se? Del-la mi-se-ra in fa-vo-re nel mio mad-ly dare up-braid her? Ah, she dreads me, and dis-dains me, Nev-ver

pro-va, son la pro-va d'un ri-mor-so! Ma, qual ro-sai-na-ri-false-ly, prove that false-ly thou'st be-tray'd me! As a rose 'mid tempest pet-to un gri-do sor-se! E mio san-gue! The tra-more will I thus per-suade her! Day of wrath, what will bethy

di-ta, el-la sta-framor-te vi-ta! Io son vin-to, son com-bend-ing, Grief and guilt thy heart are rend-ing, Thy des-pair-ing looks dis-di-ta! El-la sta-framor-te vi-ta! Ah! che spe-gne-re non end-ing! Fur-ther grief may be im-pend-ing! Her des-pair-ing looks a-
Lucy.

Edgar.

Twas my
mossel tamojingratatamomejojingratatamome your
arm me, Faithless maiden, faithless maid, alas, I love thee

Henry.

posso

Bide-the-Bent.

(Aside.)

Qual ter-

Oh, may

rai che a me la vita troncavesejilmio spa-
hope that death would hide me From a doom of shame and
cor!
cor!
filll!
E mio sangue! I'ho tra-
Ah, she dreads me, and dis-
ri-bile momento! più formarnon soppan-
 heav'n in mercy guide thee In this hour of wrath and

Fl. & Cl. with voice.

pp
Chi mi fre - na in tal mo-men - to?  
What restrains me From deeds of vengeances?

io l'hotra-di - ta!  
he'll not upbraid her!

cor - per mio tor - men - to!  
De' miei lu - mi cad-de-jil

ma chi?  
oh, false - hood!

el - la sta  
.never-more.

cor - pri - rai del so - le!  
Co - me ro - sja - na - ri-

ci.

co - praj rai del so - le!  
Co - me ro - sja - na - ri-

ev - er shalt thou lan - guish, Like a rose 'mid tempest
Lucy.

do - najl pian - to, an - cor;
strength to do thy will.

Alice.

Co - me ro - saj - na - ri-di - ta,
Like a rose 'mid tem - pest bend - ing,

cor, si, t'a - mo, san - cor!
love thee, love thee still!

Edgar.

Qual ter - ri - bi - le mo-men - to,
Oh, may heav'n in mer - cy guide us,

Henry.

mor - si!
Ah! è mio san - gue, l'ho - tra -
end - ing!
Ah! day of wrath, what will be thy

Bide-the-Bent.

ti - gre in pet - to il cor.
vert im - pend - ing ill.

Arthur.

Co - me ro - saj - na - ri-di - ta,
Like a rose 'mid tem - pest bend - ing,

Chorus.

Co - me ro - saj - na - ri-di - ta,
Like a rose 'mid tem - pest bend - ing.

Vin. & Fl.

Segn.

Viola.

Legg.

Viola.
pian-ge-re, ah, vor-rei
ounsel me, Love, oh do

el- la sta fra mor-te e vi-ta,
Pale remorse thy heart is rend-ing,

Ah! son
Her de-

più for-mar non so pa-ro le, den-so ve-lo di spa-
In this hour of wrath and anguish, Tho' affliction now be-

di-ta! el-la sta fra mor-te e vi-ta,
end-ing! Further grief may be im-pend-ing,

Chi per lei non è com-mos-so,
Oh may heav'n with courage arm thee,
so, m'abbandona il piano ancora!

give me strength to do thy will,

ha di tigrin petto il cor. Come me
And avert impending ill; Like a

grata, t'amo ancora!
maid, I love thee still!

sole.
languish.

Come me
Like a

fear my bosom fill, Ah! day of

cor, pending ill!

Chi per may

Chi per may

calando
Vorrei piangere,
None to counsel me,

rose midst tempest bending, Pale remorse thy heart is

sangue, l'ho tradita, what will be thy ending, Further grief may be immediate

chi per lei non è com-
Oh may heav'n with courage

Chi per lei non è com-
Oh may heav'n now with courage

lei non è com-
lei non è com-

lei
heav'n
heav'n

heav'n
heav'n

lei non è com-
lei non è com-

heav'n with courage arm thee,
heav'n with courage arm thee,
Ah! vorrei piantare non pos-

Love, oh do thou with courage arm

via; chi per lei non è com-

rending, Oh, may heav'n with courage

Ah! son vinto, son com-

Her despairing looks disarm me,

via, chi per lei non è com-

rending, Thy despairing looks alarm me, Nameless

via, ah, che spegne non

pending, Her despairing looks a-

mosso, ha di tirare in

arm thee, and avert, and a-

mosso, ha di tirare in petto il

arm thee, oh, may heav'n with courage now

ha di tirare in petto il

oh, may heav'n with courage now

ha di tirare in petto il

oh, may heav'n with courage now
Il piano, ancora, oh love, give me strength, oh help me,
and avert impending ill,
still, I love thee still, yes, I love thee still

Non posso il rimor si del cor,
fill, A nameless fear my bosom doth fill,
ill, and avert impending ill,

Vert impend ing ill from her,
ancor! oh, love!

il cor! from her!

ingrata, t'amo ancôr, si, ancôr!
Ungrateful maid, I love, love thee still!

il cor! from her!

ah spegner non li posso, ahime!
New grief may be impending, ah me!

il cor! from her!
No 10. "T'allontana, sciagurato."
Last Scene of Finale II.

Arthur.

Allegro.

Tal-lon-ta-na, sciagurato.
Get thee gone from hence, thou

Henry.

Allegro.

Strings

Tal-lon-ta-na, sciagurato.
Get thee gone from hence, thou

Piano.

(Rushing with their swords toward Edgar)

ra-to, o tu-o san-que fia ver-sa-to.
traitor, or with thy blood thou shalt a-tone it.

ra-to, o tu-o san-que fia ver-sa-to.
traitor, or with thy blood thou shalt a-tone it.

Chorus.

TENOR.

BASS.

Tal-lon-ta-na, sciagurato.
Get thee gone from hence, thou

Edgar (drawing his sword)

Mori-rò, ma insiem col mio altro san-gue scor-re.
Do your worst, but I can also draw the sword of swift re-

ra-to!
traitor!

ra-to!
traitor!

Strings
Bide-the-Bent
(interrupting them in a tone of authority.)

ra. Ri-speta-tej me di Dio la tre-men-da ma-ces-venge. Stay your hands, nor rash-ly dare to take the life by heavn be-

a tempo
sta. In suo no-me vel co-man-do, de-po-stowed. In the name of law and hon-or, I com-

a tempo
ne-te li-raeji bran-do. Pae-ce, Ya are
mand yousheathe your weap-ons.

pa-ce, e-gliab-bor-ri-sce l'o-mi-neigh-bors, peace be be-tween ye, it is

ci-da, e scrit-to sta: "Chi di writ-ten up-on the law: "Who the-
fer-ro al-trui fer-ri-sce, pur di
sword lifts a-against his brother, by the

(all sheathe their swords.)

fer-ro per-i-ra. Pa-ce,
sword shall be be slain. Peace then,

Henry (advancing towards Edgar.)

pa-ce. Scon-si-glia-to!
charge ye. Rash in-trud-er,

Meno mosso.

Edgar (haughtily.)

in-que-ste por-te chi ti gui-da? La mia sor-te,
say,what de-sign hath brought thee hith-er? Fate so will'd it,

calando

Henry. Edgar.

il mio drit-to. Scia-gu-ra-to! Si;
and my purpose. What, thy purpose? Yes, thy
Bide-the-Bent
(coming between them.)

ci - a la sua fe - de a me giu - rò! Ah! que - sto-
sis - ter gave to me her plight - ed troth. That vow for

\[
\text{Edgar.} \]

mor fu - ne - sto ob - bli - a: el - la d'al - tri. D'al-tri!
ev - er now is can - cell'd, she's an - other's. Nev - er!

Poco più Allegro. (showing him the contract. Edgar, having read it, fixes his eyes upon Lucy.)

no.

Mi - ra.

Read then.

\[
\text{Edgar.} \]

Trembling, ti con - fon - di...
and dis - tracted.

Son tuo ci - fre? A me ri - spon -

Didst thou sign this? I will be an -
(pointing to the signature.)

di: son tue ci-fre? Ri-spondi!
swer'd! Ist' thy writ-ing? Give an-swer!

Lucy. (her voice sounding like a groan.)

Si! Ah!
Yes! Ah!

Edgar. (stifling his rage, he gives her his ring.)

Ripren-dì il tuo pe-gno, in-fi-do cor... Il mio
Then take back thy tok-en, perfid-ious heart; That I

Allegro vivace.

If "Piu mosso."

Almen... Edgar do! Edgar do!
Ahno! Oh Edgar! have mer-cy!

dam-mi. Lo rendi!
gave thee, return it!

(Lucy, in her anguish scarcely knowing what she is doing, takes off her ring, which Edgar snatch-es from her.)

Edgar. a piac.(throws it down and stamps on it.)

Più mosso.

Hai tra-di-to il cie-lo ea-mor. Ma-le-det-to, ma-le-
Thou'st be-tray'd me 'foreheaven and earth. Ma-
e-dic-tion, ma-le-

Strings & Fag.
Edgar.

sper - da -
hev - en -
Henry.

Ah, curse no more!

In - sa - no ar -
dir!

Bide-the-Bent.

Ah, curse no more!

Soprano.

In - sa - no ar -
dir!

Ah, curse no more!

Tenor.

In - sa - no ar -
dir!

Ah, curse no more!

Tutti.

E - sci! Leave us!

Pace! Silence!

E - sci! Leave us!

Ah, curse no more!

In - sa - no ar -
dir!

Bass.

In - sa - no ar -
dir!

Ah, curse no more!

In - sa - no ar -
dir!

In - sa - no ar -
dir!

In - sa - no ar -
dir!
Lucy. (falling on her knees)

Dio, lo salva in si
Save him, heav'n from de-

Edgar. (throwing away his sword, and offering his breast for them to strike)

Truci da te mi e
Let me die then, for

ri to ca dra.
Head it shall fall.

ri to ca dra.
Head it shall fall.

ter na ple ta.
Reason enthrall.

ri to ca dra.
Head it shall fall.

ri to ca dra.
Head it shall fall.
Lucy.

lo-ree, che__più_in_terra_spe-ranza_non_ha,
bro-ken, Let__not_blood-shed__my_sens-es_ap-pal,

Edgar.

so-glia, dol-ce_vi-sa_per_l'em-pia_sarà!
al-tar, I__am_read-y_your_vic-tim_to_fail,

Arthur.

Henry.

Bide-the-Bent. (to Edgar.)

Val! Go!

Bide-the-Bent. (to Edgar.)

Deh, ti sal-
Go, I pray

Val! Go!

Deh, ti sal-
Go, I pray

Val! Go!

Lucy.

è__le-stre-ma_do-man-da_del_cor-e__che__sul
Love_de-vot-ed, un-dy-ing, un-spoken, Binds_me

Alice.

(to Edgar.)

In-fe-ri-ce!
Hap-less_los-ers!

Edgar.

cal-pe-stan-do_i-sangue_mi-aスポ-glia_al_l'al-
From__her_pur-pose_it_will_not_make_her_fal-

Henry.

She__is

Bide-the-Bent.

Tin-vo-la,
Thou_trai-tor!

Peace_will__come_with_dawn_to-mor-row, Peace_will
Lucy.

lab - bro spi - ran - do mi sta, è l'e - stre - ma do

to him be - yond re - call, Grant the pray'r of a

Alice.

f'in - vo - la, t'affret - ta! Oh leave us, I pray thee!

Edgar.

ta - re più lie - ta ne an - dra, cal - pe - stan - do l'e-

lost to my heart_past re - call, Let my life - blood be

Arthur.

Va col san -

Yes, ere long

Henry.

va, va, la mac -

The maid - en's heart

Bide-the-Bent.

duo - lo fi - a spen - to, tut - to è lie - ve,

come with dawn to - mor - row, let not an - ger,

Chorus.

Va, col san -

Yes, ere long

Va, col san -

Yes, ere long
mandà d'un core che spirando sul labbro mista,
heart that is broken, Let not blood-shed my senses appal,

sangue mia spoglia al l'altare piú lieta ne andrà,
shed on the altar, I am ready your victim to fall,

gue tuo laveata sarà,
our vengeance on thee shall fall;

chia d'oltraggio si nero, ah!
thou alone hast perverted, We

tutto è lieve all'eterna pietà,
let not anger then thy reason enthral,

gue tuo laveata sarà,
our vengeance on thee shall fall,

gue tuo laveata sarà,
our vengeance on thee shall fall,
che spirando sul labbro mi sta,
Let not bloodshed my senses appall,

il suo stato, i suoi giorni rispetta, ah,
Let not rashly thy fury betray thee, ah,

all'altrare più lieta ne andrà, lie-
I am ready your victim to fall, your

sì, sì, sarà, va,
it soon shall fall, go,

have doom'd thee to perish

let not anger, anger thus

sì, sì, sarà, fall,
it soon shall fall,
Più Allegro

Dio, Save

val! In-fel-i-ces, t'in-vola, t'af-fret-
ge, hap-less Ed-gar, oh leave us, I pray

No,

Strike,

SOPRANOS.

In-fel-i-ces, t'in-vola,

Hap-less Ed-gar, oh leave

E Fly

Fly

Ah, vi-vi, e for-
thal. Ah go, hap-less Ed-

E Fly

E Fly

E Fly

Fly
lo salva!
him, save him!

-i tuo giorni, il suo thee, Let not rash thy

— no, truci...date mi.
— strike, I'll be your victim.

sei il tuo duolo fia spento, tutgar, peace will come with to morrow. Ah!

la, t'af us, we pray thee, Let not gior rash

sci, fuggi! us,
then, leave us.

sci, fuggi! us,
then, leave us.
In si fiero momento,
Pour on me all thy anger,
stato rispetta, vivi, e
fury betray thee, Peace will

No, no, no, no, calpesta temi, si,
Yes, let my blood flow upon the altar,
il furor che m'accende
We have doom'd thee to perish,

Hear, or perish,

lieve all'erta
let not anger thus thy reason enthral, have

nilli suo stato rispetta.
ly thy anger betray thee,

Ah, have

il furor che m'accende,
We have doom'd thee to perish,

il furor che m'accende,
We have doom'd thee to perish,
Ah, grant the prayer of a heart that is broken, heaven, oh

Come with the dawn of tomorrow, let not anger thy

From her purpose will not make her falter, I've lost

Thou, yes, thou the maiden's heart hast perverted

We've doomed thee to perish beyond all re-

Have patience, have patience, time has

Thou, yes, thou the maiden's heart hast perverted

Thou, yes, thou the maiden's heart hast perverted

Thou, yes, thou the maiden's heart hast perverted

Thou, yes, thou the maiden's heart hath perverted
sal va,  
save him,

Di o,  
save him,

Di o,  
save him,

ter na pie tâ,  
reason enthral,

ah,  
si,  
ah,  
si,

Ah,  
no,  
Ah,  
no,

glia  
her,  
Ah,  
for ever lost her,

de,  
si,  
si,  
si,

ed,  
Ah,  
yes,  
Ah,  
yes,

era,  
lavata col sangue,  
lavata sarà,  
si,

call,  
we've doom'd the eto perish beyond all recall,  
si,

ter na pie tâ,  
sol ace for all,  
tutto,  
si,  
si,

spento,  
reason son.

ah!  
si,  
Ah!  
si,

en thral,  
Ah,  
no!

ed,  
si,  
si,  
si,

Ah,  
yes,  
Ah,  
yes,

ed,  
si,  
si,  
si,

Ah,  
yes,  
Ah,  
yes,
Hence, be gone, ere our fury assails thee, Threats and desteinated.

Let me perish,
Ah, yes, binds me
al l'eto
ah, my reason enthrall,
not thy
She is

fierro sul tuo capoabborito cadra,
sul tuo.
vert ed, yet, ere long, on thy head it shall fall,
Yes, ere.

spento, tutto è lieve al Lowerna pietà,
tutto è
morrow, Let not anger thy reason enthrall,
Let not

fierro, sul tuo capoabborrito cadra,
sul tuo.
vert ed, yet, ere long, on thy head it shall fall,
Yes, ere.

fierro, sul tuo capoabborrito cadra,
sul tuo.
vert ed, yet, ere long, on thy head it shall fall.
Yes, ere.
Più allegro.

sta, si, è l'estr-ema do-man-da del co-re che spi-
call, yes, love de-vot-ed, un-dy-ing, un-spo-ken, binds me,
tà, si, quan-te vol-te-ad un so-lo tor-men-to mil-le
thral, ah, heav'n-ly love hath a balm for thy sor-row, Time hath

drà, si, cal-pe stan-do l'es-san-gue mia spo-glia, si, più
call, ah, let my life-blood be shed on the al-tar, She is

ve, si, quan-te vol-te-ad un so-lo tor-men-to,
heav'n-ly love hath balm, it hath balm for thy sor-row,

Più allegro.
ran-dó mi sta, sí, è le-stre ma do-man-da del
bi-nos me te him, yes, love de-vot-ed, un-dy-ing, un-
gio-jep-pre-sta-te non ha, sí, quan-te vol-te-ad un so-lo tor-
sol-ace and com-fort for all, Yes, heavn-ly love hath a balm for thy
lie-ta ran-drà, sí, cal-pe-stan-do l’e-san-gue mia
lost past re-call, ah, let my life-blood be shed on the
sang-gue la-vata sa-rà, sí, col tuo sang-gue la-vata sa-
doom’d thee, be-yond all re-call, yes, we have doom’d thee be-yond all re-
sang-gue la-vata sa-rà, sí, col tuo sang-gue la-vata sa-
doom’d thee, be-yond all re-call, yes, we have doom’d thee be-yond all re-
gio-jep-pre-sta-te non ha, sí, quan-te vol-te-ad un so-lo tor-
Time hath a sol-ace for all, yes, heavn-ly love hath a balm for thy
mil-le gio-je, sí, quan-te vol-te-ad un so-lo tor-
Then have pa-tience, yes, heavn-ly love hath a balm for thy
la-vata sa-rà, sí, col tuo sang-gue la-vata sa-
Thourt doom’d past re-call, yes, we have doom’d thee be-yond all re-
sang-gue la-vata sa-rà, sí, col tuo sang-gue la-vata sa-
doom’d thee be-yond all re-call, yes, we have doom’d thee be-yond all re-
che morbidezza accoglie sul labbro,
quant'è la felicità di possederla!

She is lost to my heart,
and fate, solace, and comfort,
and comfort, solace, and comfort,
and comfort, solace, and comfort,
and comfort, solace, and comfort,
and comfort, solace, and comfort,
and comfort, solace, and comfort,
and comfort, solace, and comfort,
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and comfort, solace, and comfort,
and comfort, solace, and comfort,
and comfort, solace, and comfort,
and comfort, solace, and comfort,
and comfort, solace, and comfort,
and comfort, solace, and comfort,
and comfort, solace, and comfort,
End of Act II.
Act III.
No. II. "Qui del padre ancora respira."
Storm, Recitative and Duet.

Hall in the Castle of Ravenswood; a rude table and an old arm-chair are the only furniture. At the back a practicable door and an open casement. It is night, and a storm is raging. Edgar is seated by the table, plunged in thought; after a few moments he rises, goes to the window and looks out.
Edgar. Recit.

Allegro vivace.

Or-ridas que-sta not-te co-mel de-sti-no mi-o!
Dark is the night, and stormy, like to my ad-verse for-tune!

(Te-nor)

Recit.

Si, tuo-na, cie-lo, im-per-ver-sa-te,9
Flash, oh ye lightnings, burst forth a-new, ye
ful-mi-nil scon-vol-to sia Por-din di na-tu-ra e pe-rajl
thun-der-bolts, thou tempest, convulse the heart of na-ture, let all things

Allegro.
mon-do!
per-ish.
Ma non m'in-gan-no!
But what ap-proaches?

Scal-pi-tar d'ap-pres-so o-do-un de-strier! S'ar-
Do my ears de-ceive me? Hoofs sound be-low! A-

Recit.
resta! Chi mai del-la tem-pe-sta fra le ni-nace e li-ra, chi puo-te a me ve-
light-ing, who comes in night and darkness, a-mid the rag-ing tempest, to this de-sert-ed

Allegro.
Henry. (throwing off his cloak.) Edgar.
ni-re? ma-nis-ion?
I-o! Que-lear-
See me! What hath
Andante.

Henry.

dire!
brought thee?

Edgar.

Fra queste mura o sigfridi al mio co-
Thou dar'st to brave me, whom thy treacherous arts have

Henry.

spetto! lo vi sto persuadu sciaguara. Per
blight-ed? I have come to avenge my honor. Thy

Henry.

mi-a? Non venisti nel mio tet-to?
honor? Yes I've vowed I will chastise thee.

Edgar

Qui del
Here a-
papadapherrespurara lombrauli taeparchevengingshadessurroundthee Of thy victims, slain by
frema! mortegau raquisspira! il treason! Oh beware, lest they confused thee, Thou art
ren, il terren pertequirema! Nel varcar la sogliaorcocome, thou art come in evil season! Still my race thou perse-
rendadaben dovresipitar, co-me un cutest, Eer by wrathful pasison led, Now my
unomchevivoscena lassatombad alber
thresholdthoupolutest, Be my vengeancethy
gar, nel var-car la soglia or-ren da, nel var-car la soglia or-
head; Still my race thou perse-cut-est, still my race thou perse-

p tratt. colla parte

ren-da ben do-vre-sti pal-pi-tar, co-me un uom che vi-vo
cut-est, By thy wrath-ful pas-sions lied, Now my thresh-old thou pol-

ff p cresc.

scen-da, co-me un uom che vi-vo scen-da la sua tom-bad al-ber-
lut-est, now my thresh-old thou pol-lut-est, Be my ven-geance on thy

affect. cresc.

a tempo Henry (with savage joy)

tom-ba ad al-ber-gar! Fu con-
ven-geance up-on thy head. I am

a tempo
Edgar.

Ei più squarci il cor fermo! Oh tornato!

Hand and heart she gave

Thought of dis-

Eb- ben? What wilt thou here?

Di lepiaz il mio soggiorno e di

While my castle's walls resounded.
plan-si rim-bom-ba-va; ma più for-te al cor d'in-
tones of mirth and glad-ness, From my heart all joy_re-

ter-no la ven-det-ta, la ven-det-ta mi par-la-va! Qui mi
bounded, For the thought of thee, the thought of thee was mad-
ness! Mor-tal

tras-si in mez. zo al ven-ti, la sua vo-ce u-dia tut-
ha-tred I have sworn thee, From my fu-ry naught can

Tempo I.

affrett. I'll chastise thee, as I scorn thee, And my
tor, e il fu-ror de-gl'e-le-men-ti ri-spon-
save,

affrett. for a tempo

dec-va al mio fu-ror, il fu-ror de-gl'e-le-
scorn thou shalt not brave; I'll chastise thee, as I scorn thee, I'll chastise thee, as I
Edgar.

Oh tormento, oh gelo-
(Oh, my heart will rend a-
men-ti ri-spon-de-vai mio fu-ror, il fu-ror de-gli e-le-
scorn thee, And my scorn thou shalt not brave, I'll chas-tise thee, as I

si-a!)
sun-der!

men-ti, il fu-ror de-gli e-le-men-ti ri-spon-de-vai mio fu-
scorn thee, I'll chastise thee, as I scorn thee, and my scorn thou shalt not

affrett. orec.

ror, al mio fu-ror, al mio fu-ror, il fu-ror de-gli e-le-
brave, no, no, my scorn thou shalt not brave, I'll chastise thee, as I

men-ti ri-spon-de-va, ri-spon-de-va al mio fu-ror!

Edgar (with haughty impa-
tienecce.)

scorn thee, and my scorn, ah, no, my scorn thou shalt not brave!

What dost thou

14047
bra - mi? A - scol - tami!
seek here? Tochal - lenge thee!

On-de pu-nir_l'of - fe - sa,
Yes, I to death de - fy thee:

de' mie - i, de' mie - i, la spa - da
Destruc - tion, destruc - tion I have

vin - di - ci, pen - de su te so - spe - sa, on-de pu-nir l'of - sworn to thee, Come, to the com - bat we, I to the death de -

fe - sa, ma ch'al - tri ti spen - ga, ma - l-
fy thee, None now shall take vengeance on thee,
Edgar.

So cheat pa-ter-no ce-ne-re giu-raj strappar-ti al
Know then, that by my father's tomb to thee I've sworn de-
nchi dee sve-nar-ti li sa-li!
None but my-self who have doom'd thee!

Allegro.

Edgar (with lofty disdain).

coro-
struction.

Si.
Ay!

We

Allegro.

Tu!-
Thou!

Tu!
Thou!

Henry. Meno.

Quan-do? Al pri-mo sor-ge-re del ma-tu-ti-nal
meet, then? I'll meet thee when to-mor-row's dawn begins to


bo-re.
O-ve?
bright-en.
Where?

Fra
Near

tu-neh ge-li-de
to the mouldring tombs

Edgar.

di Ravenswood. Ver-
ro.

Si.

Ver

Yes

ill
Giura i straportal.
Ah, yes, to thee I've sworn destruction.

 particle il core.

spada who have doom'd thee to die.

Lurne di Ravenswood me at morn by the tomb.

Al I'll meet thee, be
Ah! Ferà di nostri alme atroce giorno.
Ensan guined and lurid the day is a-
uro.
Ah! Ferà di nostri alme atroce giorno.
Ensan guined and lurid the day is a-
ure.
Ah! Ferà di nostri alme atroce giorno.
Ensan guined and lurid the day is a-

ver-no grib-an-do ven-det-ta lo spir-to d’A-ver-no. del ris-ing, When ha-tred and fu-ry no more need dis-guis-ing, ’Mid

(The storm is at its height.)

tu-no che mug-ge, del nem-bo che rug-ge, più
Lightning and thunder I’d rend thee a-sun-dar, Though

tu-no che mug-ge, del nem-bo che rug-ge, più
Lightning and thunder I’d rend thee a-sun-dar, Though

Sempre stacc.

Pi-ra te tremen-da che m-ar-de nel co-re. O
de-mons of e-vil would shield thee from harm. The

Pi-ra te tremen-da che m-ar-de nel co-re. O
de-mons of e-vil would shield thee from harm. The
sole, più rat-to risorgie rischia-ra d'un odio mor-

day of my vengeance no longer shall tar-ry, No earth-ly re-

sole, più rat-to risorgie rischia-ra d'un

day of my vengeance no longer shall tar-ry, No


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A hall at Sir Henry Ashton's, as in Act I. From the neighboring rooms dance-music is heard. At the back of the Stage are the guests and inmates of the castle, who converse in groups.
BASS.

Che più terribili, che più felici, ne rende
Rest now, ye warriors, Sing it, oh women, Let it re-

dallo favor, dallo favor, dallo favor, dallo favor
from shore to shore, from shore to shore, from shore to shore, from shore to shore

l'aura
sound from shore to shore from shore to shore from shore to shore
N° 13. "Dalle stanze, ove Lucia."
Recit. and Chorus.

Bide-the-Bent. (enters, advancing with faltering steps.)
Allegro vivace.

Voice.
Cesi, ah cesi quel contento!
Cese, ye, oh cease these sounds of gladness!

Moderato.

Tenor.
Sei co-spar-so di pal-Pale and breathless he ap-

Chorus.

Bass.
Sei co-spar-so di pal-Pale and breathless he ap-

Allegro vivace.

Moderato.

Piano.

Strings.

Soprano.
Cesi, cessi! Un fiero ven to!
Grief I bring ye, Adiremis-tune!

Ah, what

Brass.
lor! What hath happened?
lor! What hath happened?

Ah, what

lor! What hath happened?
lor! What hath happened?
Ah!
Ah!

Dal le
From the

ghiaec di ter ror!
A what hath be fall’n?

ghiaec di ter ror!
A what hath be fall’n?

ghiaec di ter ror!
A what hath be fall’n?

Maestoso.
Cor. & Fag. sustain.

stan-ze, o-ve Lu-oi-a trata-a-vea col suo con-
cham-ber, where sad and si lent, To her lord I Lu-cy

dsor-te, un la-men-to- un gri-do u-sci-a, co-me
guid-ed, Cries of an guish broke loud up-on us, 'Twixt sur-

duom vi-ci-no a mor-te! Cor si rat to in quel-le
prise and fear sore di vid-ed, Ter ror seiz’d me, I burst up-

Tymp.
len-te un sor-ri-so ba-le-nò! In-fe-li-ce! del-la near, And from her lips a smile broke forth, Ah, her spirit, most un-

men-te la vir-tu-dea lei man-cò, a le-i, a lei, in-fe-
hap-py, Reason's bonds had cast a-way, her spir-it, un-hap-py! her li-ce, in-fe-li-ce! del-la men-te la vir-tu-dea lei man-cò! ah! spir-it most un-hap-py, Reason's bonds, ay, reason's bonds had cast a-way! Ah!

Maestoso. 

p legato

Oh! qual fu-ne-sto av-ve-ni-men-to! Oh! dire mis-for-tune, oh-day of sor-row,

Oh! qual fu-ne-sto av-ve-ni-men-to! Oh! dire mis-for-tune, oh-day of sor-row,

Oh! qual fu-ne-sto av-ve-ni-men-to! Oh! dire mis-for-tune, oh-day of sor-row,

Oh! qual fu-ne-sto av-ve-ni-men-to! Oh! dire mis-for-tune, oh-day of sor-row,

Vln. and Tpt.

B. pizz.
Bide-the-Bent.

Ah! quel la destra di sanguin pura l'ira non

Oh! heav'n in mercy the crime forgive her, Sad was her
chi - mi su noi del ciel.

fate, cru - el ha - tred's prey,

Ah! quel - la

Oh heav'n, in

Tutti.

di san-gue im-pur - ra

mer - cy the crime for-give her,

lì - ra non

sad was her

di san-gue im-pur - ra

mer - cy the crime for-give her,

lì - ra non

sad was her

di san-gue im-pur - ra

mer - cy the crime for-give her,

lì - ra non

sad was her

di san-gue im-pur - ra

mer - cy the crime for-give her,

lì - ra non

sad was her
call me to the skies, cruel hatred's prey. Gazing forth with eyes all

fiss - se, e l'ac - chiar, l'ac - chiar stringeva!

vacant, in her hand she held the dagger.
Ah! hand she held the dagger!

Ah! hand she held the dagger! Ah me!

Ah! quella destra di sangue impura
may heav'n in mercy the crime forgive her,

Ah! quel la de stra di san-gue impu- ra
may heav'n in mer - cy the crime for-give her,
Più mosso.

Fi - ra non chia - mi su noi del ciel, non chia - mi
Sad was her fate, cru - el ha - tred's prey, sad was her

Fi - ra non chia - mi su noi del ciel, non chiarni
Sad was her fate, cru - el ha - tred's prey, sad was her

Fi - ra nonchiamis su noi del ciel, fi - ra nonchiamis su
Sad was her fate, cru - el ha - tred's prey, sad was her fate, cru - el

Fi - ra su no - i - del ciel, non chi - mi
Sad was her fate, cru - el ha - tred's prey, sad was her

Fi - ra su no - i - del ciel, non chi - mi
Sad was her fate, cru - el ha - tred's prey, sad was her

noi del ciel, fi - ra nonchiamis - mi su
Sad was her fate, cru - el

noi del ciel, fi - ra nonchiamis - mi su
Sad was her fate, cru - el
Recitative and Aria.

(Lucy Ashton enters in a plain white dress; her hair dishevelled. She is deathly pale, and out of her senses.)

Bide-the-Bent. Andante.
Ec-co-la!
See she comes!

Soprano.
Oh giusto
Oh sight of cie-lo!

Tenor.
Oh giusto
Oh sight of sor-row,

Bass.
Oh giusto
Oh sight of sor-row,

Andante.
Oh giusto cie-lo!
Oh sight of sor-row,

Strings, Corni, Tromba, & Fag.
Lucy.

Il dolce suono mi colpisce di sua voce! Ah! quel la
I hear the breathing of his voice low and tender, That voice re-

voce m'è qui nel cor disse sa! Ed gar do! Io ti son
soundeth within my heart for ever. Oh Edgar, why were we

resa, Ed gas do! ah! Ed gar do mi o! si, ti son
parted? oh Edgar, say, why didst thou leave me? Let me not
resa; fug-gi-tajo son da' tuo ne-mi-ci, da' tuo ne-mi-mourn thee; see, for thy sake I've all for-sack-en, I've all for-sack-
il fantasma ne separa!
Qui ricoveriamo, Edgardo, a piedi delus!
Here we will seek for shelter, beside the
altar.
Larghetto.
'Tis strewn with roses!
Sparsa è di rose!

Un'armonia celeste, di', non ascolti?
Hear'st thou the sounds celestial, Soaring beyond us?

Andante.
Ah! Hark!
'tis the hymn for our
Ah, ah, ah! fin-no di nuptials!

Il ritro per noi s'appresta! Oh me felice!

The altar for us is deck'd thus! Oh, happy morning!

Edgar! Edgar! Oh!

Edgar, my Edgar! Oh!

Allegro.

Oh gioja che sì blessed morn-ing!

Oh joy untold, un-

sent, oh gioja che si- fathom'd, With-in my heart be- ev-er, be ev-er hid.
Oh, send her re-

Ab-bi in si

Viola and C.

O-gni- piacer piu' gra-to, si, o-gni piac-

Ah! we're no more di-vid-ed, no, no more di-

er-do sta-to di lei, Si-

er-do sta-to di lei, Si-

er-do sta-to di lei, Si-

er-do sta-to di lei, Si-

Poor maid-en,

Poor maid-en,

Poor maid-en,
Tis heav'n to be with thee, with thee, with thee,

My own forever, By
ciel clemente un riso, la vita a noi sara

heaven to me thou wert guided, And smiling before us
Rà, del ciel clemente, clemente un riso la vita no è, a noi sara,
cloud, smiling before us, smiling before us, bright dawns the future, without a-

Ah, yes, without a cloud,

Noi sara, smiling without a

Norman

Bideshe Bent

Chorus.
Allegro.

tà!
cloud.
vow’d!

tà!

tà!
vow’d!

tà!
vow’d!

tà!
vow’d!

Bide-the-Bent.

S’a-van-za En-ri-co!
Here comes her broth-er!

Henry. (rushing in.)

Dite-mi: vera è l’a-tro-ce scene? Ve-
Is it true; hath she the crime com-mit-ted? Ah,
ra, pur trop - po!
'tis but too true!
Ah per-fi-da! nea-
Per-fid-ious girl, may

vrai con-de-gna pe-
con-sor-row fall up-on thee,

Tar-re-sta!
Oh leave her-
Oh leave her-
Oh leave her-

Lucy. (in delirium.)

Che

heav'n!
Non
nor
 ne-
ve-di lo sta-to su-o?
nor sor-row nor joy can reach her.
Lucy.

Oh, qual pal-lor!

Henry.

Oh, why so pale?

Bide-the-Bent.

Ha la ragion smar-
She is bereft of

Ah, me mi-se-ra!
Ah, un-hap-py me!

Gran Di-o!
Oh, heav-en!

ri-ta. Tre-ma-re, o bar-bar-ro, tu
reason. Oh, trem-ble, thou cru-eel man, tis

Lucy.

Bide-the-Bent.

Non mi guar-di fie-ro, se-
Look not so dark-ly on me, It
dei per la sua vi-ta.
thou to this hast brought her.

Meno.

Meno

is my writing, why shun me?
Why, ah why dost shun
(as in a vision.)

Nel l'ira sua terribile calpestò oh Dio, l'a nel lo! — mi male diced! Ah! me? Oh say, what mean those wrathful words, Why take the ring thou gav'st me? Why dost thou curse me? Ah,

 Allegro mosso.

vit- ti-ma fui d'un crudel fratello: mag-nor, ognor, t'amai, know'st thou not I must obeymy broth-er! My heart is thine for

ma-i, ognora, Ed-gar-do, si, ognor, ognor t'amai, ah! ever, for ever, Oh, Ed-gar, my heart is thine for ever, ah, for

Lucy.

t'am an-cor Ed-gar-do mi-o, si, te lo giuro, ognor t'amai, ever I'm thine!Turn to me, Ed-gar, Say thou believest me, I love thee

Henry.

Ah! di lei, Si-gnor, pie-tà! Ah si, di

Bide the Bent.

Heav'n, have pity upon her woe! Oh heav'n, have

Pie-tà di lei,

Oh heav'n, pity
ma i e t'am anz-cor, o-gnor, o-gnor t'am ai, ah! e

le i, Si-gnor, pie-tà, pie-tà, di lei pie-tà!

pit y up on her woe, oh, heav'n, have pit y on her woe!

Si-gnor, pie-tà, pie-tà!

her woe, her woe!

Ah Si-gnor, pie-tà, pie-tà!

heav'n have pit y, pit y

Ah Si-gnor, pie-tà, pie-tà!

heav'n have pit y, pit y

Ah Si-gnor, pie-tà, pie-tà!

heav'n have pit y, pit y

Ah Si-gnor, pie-tà, pie-tà!

heav'n have pit y, pit y

Ah Si-gnor, pie-tà, pie-tà!

heav'n have pit y, pit y

Ah Si-gnor, pie-tà, pie-tà!

heav'n have pit y, pit y

Ah Si-gnor, pie-tà, pie-tà!

heav'n have pit y, pit y

Ah Si-gnor, pie-tà, pie-tà!

heav'n have pit y, pit y

Ah Si-gnor, pie-tà, pie-tà!

heav'n have pit y, pit y

Ah Si-gnor, pie-tà, pie-tà!
Ah! no, non fug.
Ah! no, leave me

Ah! Luci-a!

Ah! Luci-a!

What sorrow!
Lucy:

Spar- gi d'amor piano, il mio ter- rito- rio preghero, preghetro.

Wood.

Cast on my grave a flower, But let there be no weep-

Strings pizz.

ing; Whenneath the turf I'm sleep-

Cor and Fag.

ing, Let not an eye, not an

Tym.

ro per te. Al giunger tu- o sol- tan- to

Cl.

eye grow dim, For'mid the fields of a-

Cl.

zure,
Più mosso.

Lucy.

me.

him.

Henry.

Gior- ni d'a- ma- ro pian- to
Oh grief be- yond all mea- sure,

Bide-the-Bent.

Più raf- fre- na- re il pian- to
Short were thy days of plea- sure,

Chorus.

TENOR.

Più raf- fre- na- re il
Short were thy days of

BASS.

Più mosso.

Più raf- fre- na- re il
Short were thy days of

Henry.

ser- ba- jì ri- mor- so a me,
Oh most un- hap- py day,

Bide-the-Bent.

poss- si- bi- le non è,
Grief stole thy life a- way,

Ah,
Ah,

più raf- fre- na- re il
short were thy young days of

pian- plea- sure,
pian- plea- sure,

pos- si- bi- le non
Grief stole thy life a-

pos- si- bi- le non
Grief stole thy life a-
Oh most unhappy day,

pos - si - ble non è,
grief stole thy life a - way,

pian - to, pos - si - ble non è,
plea - sure, grief stole thy life a - way,

è, no, no, pos - si - ble non è,
way, ah yes, grief stole thy life a - way,

è, pos - si - ble non è,
grief stole thy life a - way,

Lucy.

Ah!

ah - si, a me.

ah - no, non è.

ah - no, non è.

ah - no, non è.

ah - no, non è.

ah - no, non è.

ah - no, non è.
'Mid fields of azure I wait
per me, ah
si, ah si, per me, wait,
yes, ah yes, I wait,

string e cresc.
Più Allegro.

Lucy.

me.
him.
Henry.

Ah, gi-
Ah, grief be-
Bide-the-Bent.

yi-
stand-
Ah, short were thy days of

Ah, più raf-
short were thy days of

Ah, più raf-
short were thy days of

Ah, più raf-
short were thy days of

Ah, più raf-
short were thy days of

Ah, più raf-
short were thy days of

Più Allegro.
Io vado a te, acconto
Seraf che rimorosa
Oh, most unhappy day,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
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No, no, possibile non è, no,
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No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
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No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
No, no, possibile non è, no,
Ah, yes, grief stole thy life away,
(falls swooning into Alice's arms.)

tel!
love!

me!
me!

eway!

way!

way!

way!

way!
No. 15. "Si-tragga altrove."

Recit.

Henry.

(to Bide-the-Bent)

Voice.

Si traggas al trove. Alice, uom del Signor, deh!
She needs assistance; thou, Alice; thou faithful friend, ah,

Piano.

Strings throughout.

(Alice and Ladies lead off Lucy)

voi la misera vegliate. Io piu me steso in me non
has-ten, be near her in her sorrow; I cannot bear it, my grief over-

(Exit in extreme consternation)

tro-vo! welumbs me!

Bide-the-Bent.

(to Norman)

De-la-tor! gio-iso del-lo-pra
'Twas thro' thee this grief hath fallen up-

Norman.

Che parli? Thou'ret raving!

tua! Si, del-l'in-cen-dio che di-vampa e strugge questa
on us. Ay! Thine the tell-tale tongue hath done the mischief; now re-
ca-sa-jne-li-ce, hai tu de-sta-ta la pri-mie-ra soin-till-la! Io non cre-
joice in thy do-ing. Thou vile in-former, 'twas th'oth thee all was known. I ne'er in-

Bide-the-Bent.

de-i_ Tu del ver-sa-to san-gue, em-pio, tu se-i la ria ca-
tend-ed_ Thou of this grief art guilty, trai-tor, the grief and guilt we de-
gion! Quel san-gue al ciel t'ac-cu-sa, e già la man su-
plore! The ven-geance of heav'n be on thee, yet ere chas-tise-ment

pre-ma se-gna la sua sen-ten-za! Or vanne, e tre-
reach thee, I bid thee quit my pres-ence, for ev-er, or trem-

(Bide-the-Bent follows Lucy; exit Norman at the opposite side)

ma-
ble!
No. 16. "Fra poco a me ricovero,"
Final Aria.

A place outside the Castle of Wolf's-crag; there is a practicable gateway. An illuminated hall seen in the distance. Tombs of the Ravenswoods. Night.

Maestoso.

Piano.
Edgar.

Tombe de gl'avi
Tomb of my sainted

mi e i, l'ulti mag van zo du na stir pe in fe li ce, deh! rac co glo te
fa thers, o pen your por tals; I, the last of my kin dred, am come to rest be

vo i. side them. a tempo

Cessò del li ra il bre ve
The flame of an ger hath spent its

fo co; sul he mi co ac cia ro ab ban do nar mi
fur y, for my wea ry spir it the grave a lone hath

Larghetto.

vo'. peace.

Per me la vi ta è or ren do
Why should I linger, naught, naught is

Strings.
pes- so! left me, With- out her this world is but a

ser- to per me sen- za Lu- ci-a! Di
des- ert, a des- ert, black and lone- ly! I

Alle- gro.

fa- ci tut- ta- vi- a splen- deil ca- stel- lo Ah! scarsa fu la not- te al tri-
see the castle gleam- ing with fes- tive torch- es; Ah! gladness and rejoic- ing sur-

pu- dio! In- gra- ta don- na! men- trio mi strug- go
round thee! Un- grate- ful maid- en! While I, de- spair- ing,

in di- spe- ra- to pian- to, tu ri- die- sul- ti ac- can- to al fe- li- ce con-
mourn that my hopes have perished, be- side thy chosen con- sort thou art beaming with
Larghetto.

sor-te!  Tu del-le gio-jein se-no,  tu del-le gio-jein
pleasure!  Thou full of hope and gladness,  thou full of hope and

gladness,  I die despairing!

Larghetto.

poco me rico-vero da-rà neglet-toa-vel-lo,  earth I bid a last fare-well,  The tomb will soon close d'er me,

una pie-to-sa la-grim-a non scende-rà su quel-lo! ah!  Friend-less, un-wept and un-belové,  No ray of hope be-fore me, ah!
Tears, that are balm for misery, ne'er will be shed for me.

Forget a heart betrayed, forget the grave that hides me.

But ne'er, thou false one, near it stray, with him whose joy deserts me. Ah! respect the spirit's.
ce ne ri di chi moria per te, rispetta almen le
last re-pose of him who died for thee, vex not the spirit's

rit.      Poco più
ce ne ri di chi moria per te!
last re-pose of him who died for thee.
Ah yes, for-

p col canto Poco più
sar vi, tu lo dimentica, rispetta almeno chi muore per
get me, for get a heart betray't, thou false one, vex not my last re-

con calore
cresc.     rit.
sar vi, tu lo dimentica, rispetta almeno chi muore per
get me, for get a heart betray'd, but oh, thou

a tempo
mai non pas sar vi, tu lo dimentica, rispetta almeno chi muore per
pose, Ah yes, for get me, for get a heart betray'd, but oh, thou

me no chi muore, chi muore per te,
false one, oh vex not my spirit's last re- pose,

corni oh
Moderato.

**TENOR.** (Coming from the Castle)

Chorus.

**BASS.**

Moderato.

Brass

Stings and Timp.

Oh me-schi-na!

Oh what sorrow!

Oh me-schi-na!

Oh what sorrow!

Oh far-ren-do!

Our hopes are ended!

più spe-rar non gio-van-

Death in mer-cy soon re-

Oh far-ren-do!

Our hopes are ended!

più spe-rar non gio-van-

Death in mer-cy soon re-

Ma-lease her,

O ma-lease her!

Ma-lease her,

O ma-lease her!
Edgar.

/drà! Giusto cie-lo! rispon-de-te, ri-spon-de-te... ah!
close! Why la-ment ye! tell, oh tell me, why lament ye?... ah!

/drà! close!

/drà! close!

Di chi mai, di chi plan-
Say for whom, for whom ye-

ge-sor-

row? Ah, in pit-y, ah, in pit-y... tell me
ta!
all.
Ah, what of Lucy!
what, oh tell me,

Tis for Lucy,
La meschi-na,
hapless maiden,
Si, la mi-se-ra sen
hap-less maiden, she is

Ah!
Ah!
Dying, Since the hour of her es-pous-al,
Heav'n of
Dying, Since the hour of her es-pous-al,
Heav'n of

Moderato.

gion la tras-se-a-mo-re,
sav-vi-ci-na-al-lo-re-e-stre-me, e te
reason hath be-reft her,
Every pulse of life hath left her, With her

Moderato.
Edgar.

Ah! Luci—al!
Ah! I wrong'd her!
Questo di che sta sor-
Ah, this day that dawn'd in
chie-de, per te ge-me-
dying breath she calls thee—
Questo di che sta sor-
Ah, this day that dawn'd in
chie-de, per te ge-me-
dying breath she calls thee—
Ah, day that dawn'd in
muo-re!
Dying!
Lucci—al! ah!
gen-do, tram-on-tar più non ve-drà!
Gladness Must in tears and mourning close!
Heav'n of
gen-do
Gladness
Must in tears and mourning close!
Heav'n of
gen-do
Gladness
Must in tears and mourning close!
Heav'n of
Edgar.

gion la tras-se-a-mo- re, e te chie-de, per te ge-me-
reason hath bereft her, With her dying breath she calls thee.

Heav'n of

Edgar.

gion la tras-se-a-mo- re, e te chie-de, per te ge-me-
reason hath bereft her, With her dying breath she calls thee.
di che sta sor-gen-do tra-mon-tar più non ve-drà la mia Lu-ci-a?
Day that dawn'd in gladness Must in tears and mourning close,a- las! I wrong'd her!

Chorus.

Ah!

Rim-bom-ba già la squil-la in suon di mor-te.
Oh, hark, the deathbell tolls for one de-part-ing.

Meno Allegro.

Lento
Quel suono in cor mi piomba!
It is my knell 'tis sounding.

E decisa la mia sorte!
Naught shall longer now restrain me, (detaining him)

Oh Dio!
What wouldest thou?

Qual trasporto, so non si gilia!
Calm, oh calm thee, it were madness, oh, we pray thee, change thy

Oh Dio!
What wouldest thou?

Qual trasporto, so non si gilia!
Calm, oh calm thee, it were madness, oh, we pray thee, change thy
(rushing off)

po - hand

scia - me

re - te.
solve.

re - te.
solve.

Bide-the-Bent.

Do - ve cor - ri, sven - tu - ra - to?
Whith - er dost thou bend thy foot-steps?

El - laj terr - ra più non è.
She on earth has ceased to be.

Edgar.

Bide-the-Bent.

Lu - ci - a! Sven - tu - ra - to!
What say'st thou? Yes, thou'st lost her!
Edgar.

In terra più non è?
el-la
Ah no, those words unsay. Speak, where

Bide-the-Bent.

Edgar.

dunque_ È in cielo.
is she? In heaven.
Lu-cia più non è!
My Lucy is no more!

Chorus.

Sven-tu-ra-to!
Oh what sorrow!

Sven-tu-ra-to!
Oh what sorrow!

Sven-tu-ra-to!
Oh what sorrow!

Moderato.

Strung piez.

Oh, etc.

Cor. Fag.
Edgar (rousing himself.)

Tu che a Dio spiega
Thou hast spread thy wings to

La li, o bel' al main-
heaven, Oh thou spirit, pure and

volgia me placata, te co ascenda, te co ascenda il tuo fe-
high, mid starry splendor, Look down in pit-y, look in pit-y and for-

del. Ah! se li-ra dei mortali, fece a noi si cruda
give. Tho' by mortals doom'd to sever, Ours a love that can-not

a tempo
guerra, se divisi fummo in terra, ne con-
per- 

Thee on earth alone I cherish, Rest of 

Poco più mosso.

giunga il Numè in ciel, o bel-l'al-maj-na-
thee, rest of thee I will not live, no, thou spirit pure and 

calando 

ra-ta, bel-l'al-maj-na-mo-rata, ne congiunga il Numè in 
tender, thou spirit pure and tender, rest of thee, I will not 

Cor. & Fag., sustain, 

calando 

ciel, o bel-l'al-maj-na-mo-rata, bel-l'al-maj-na-mo-
live, no, thou spirit pure and tender, thou spirit pure and 

Allegro. 

ra-ta, ne congiunga il Numè in ciel! Io ti 
ten-der, rest of thee, rest of thee, I'll not live. 

Thee I
Bide-the-Bent.

se-guo. For-sen-na-to! for-sen-na-to! Ah! che fa-i? ah! che follow. Tempt not heav-en with thy rash-ness, Ah, thy mad-ness heav'n will Chorus.

Ah! che fa-i? ah! che Ah! thy mad-ness heav'n will

Ah! che fa-i? ah! che Ah! thy mad-ness heav'n will

Edgar.

Bide-the-Bent.

fa-i? Mo-rir vo-glio, mo-rir vo-glio. Ri-tor-nai
pun-ish! Life is hate-ful where she is not! Oh, calm thy

fa-i? pun-ish!

Edgar (stabs himself)

Bide-the-Bent.

te, ri-tor-na in te, ri-tor-na in te. No, no, no! Ah!
grief, 'Twas heav-en's de-cree, 'Twas heav-en's de-cree. No more, no, _Ah!

te, ri-tor-na in te, ri-tor-na in te. grie

'thethe' th:

'thethe' hea:

'thethe' hea:

'thethe' hea:

'thethe' hea:

'thethe' hea:

'thethe' hea:

'thethe' hea:

'thethe' hea:

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'thethe' hea:

'thethe' hea:

'thethe' hea:

'thethe' hea:

'thethe' hea:
Edgar (with broken voice)

Moderato. Larghetto.

Che face-stif
Fatal rashness!

l' alma,
loved one,

al tuo fe-
ti rivolgi, ah!
Look in pity, ah,

Scia-
Day of
gu-
sorrow!
ra-to!

del.
Ah se lira
give.

Pensagl ciel.
Turn to heav'n.

Chorus.

Qua-le-gorr!
Day of woe!

Qua-le-gorr!
Day of woe!

Qua-le-gorr!
Day of woe!

Qua-le-gorr!
Day of woe!

Qua-le-gorr!
Day of woe!
Oh Dio, perdona,
Oh heav'n forgive thee,

ravvivando il tempo

l'alma, ne congiunga il Nume in ciel, o bel' alma innamorata, ne congiunga il Nume in ciel,

Turn to heav'n.

Pen sal ciel.

Oh Heav'n trely

ravvivando il tempo

ra-ta, bel-l'al-maj-nna-mo-ra-ta, ne con-giun-ga il Nume in ten-dre, thou spir-it pure and ten-dre, Reft of thee, I will not

Pen sal

Oh for-

mer-cy, oh ne-ro for-

mer-cy, oh ne-ro for-
ciel, o bel-l'almajna-morata, bel-l'almajna-morata.
ciel, al give, al give, al
ciel, give, give, give.

dio, dio, dio, dio,

ciel, ah-scia-gura-to, pensas al ciel.
ciel, ah-scia-gura-to, pensas al ciel.

give, give, give, give,

give, the crime forgive, the crime forgive,

dio, dio, dio, dio,

give, the crime forgive, the crime forgive,

give, the crime forgive, the crime forgive,
ciel, live, no more, I'll live, no
Oh, heav'n, per-don, oh heav'n, in
Oh, heav'n, per-don, oh heav'n, in
Oh, heav'n, per-don, oh heav'n, in

(Falls and dies)

Nu-more, I will live!

mer-cy for-give!

mer-cy for-give!

mer-cy for-give!

End of the Opera.