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
Story of the Opera by
E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON

AGRA

Ed. 361

G. SCHIRMER  New York/London
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 presented at the first performance.

Miss Lucia, his sister . . . Soprano . . Tachinardi-Persiani.
Alisa, companion to Lucia . . . Mezzo-Soprano Zappucci.
Normanno, Captain of the Guard at Ravenswood . . . Tenor . . Rossi.

Ladies and Knights related to the Ashton family; Inhabitants of Lammermoor; Pages and Soudiery and Domestic in the Ashton family.

The action takes place in Scotland, in part in Ravenswood Castle, in part in the ruined tower of Wollascrag. 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 Salvadore 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 fullest 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 riper 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 (1829), 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 sharp interview, Enrico now enjoins 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 Wollscrag 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.
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 Balderton 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 “Eliseire” 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.

“Lucía” 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 1848.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.
### Index

#### ACT I.

**PROLOGUE.**—THE DEPARTURE.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Text</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Prelude and Chorus</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Recit. and Cavatina</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Chorus of Huntsmen</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>Recit. and Cavatina</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>Recit. and Duet; Finale I.</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**THE MARRIAGE-CONTRACT.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Text</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>Introduction and Recit.</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>Recit. and Duet</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Soffriva nel pianto (Lucy)</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Se tradirmi tu potrai (Henry)</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>Recit. and Aria</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ah cedi, cedi (Bide-the-Bent, Lucy)</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td>Finale II. Chor. and Cavatina</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Per te d'immenso giubilo</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9.</td>
<td>Recit. and Sextet</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Dove Lucia? (Arthur, Henry; Lucy et al.)</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10.</td>
<td>Recit. and Stretto of Finale II.</td>
<td>123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>T' allontana, sciagurato (Arthur, Henry)</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### ACT III.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Text</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11.</td>
<td>Storm; Recit. and Duet</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Orrida a questa notte (Edgar)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Qui del padre ancor respira (Edgar, Henry)</td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12.</td>
<td>Chorus</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>D'immenso giubilo</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13.</td>
<td>Recit. and Chorus</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Cessi, ah cessi (Bide-the-Bent)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14.</td>
<td>Recit. and Aria</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ahi nem son tua (Lucy)</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>O gioia che si sente (Lucy)</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Spargi d'amaro pianto (Lucy)</td>
<td>206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15.</td>
<td>Recitative</td>
<td>217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Si tragg altrove (Henry, Bide-the-Bent, Norman)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16.</td>
<td>Recit. and Aria. Finale III.</td>
<td>220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Fra poco a me ricovery (Edgar; then Bide-the-Bent and Chorus)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Tu che a Dio spiegasti l'ali (Edgar)</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
TRADITIONS OF PERFORMANCE
By Estelle Liebling

In Italian opera of this period, it is traditional to use passing and auxiliary notes. Indeed, it was the intention of the composer that they should be used.

PASSING NOTES

In recitativo passages, when the interval is a third, followed by two notes of the same pitch, the scalic note between is used instead of going directly to the third. Care should be taken that these notes are in the prevailing tonality. The tonality may have been temporarily changed by means of accidentals. The opportunities to use the passing note are numerous throughout the score. Three examples may suffice.

Page 9. Norman: \( \text{Tu sei tur-ba-to!} \)

Page 10. Henry: \( \text{Il sa-i} \)

Page 10. Henry: \( \text{mia pro-siap} \)

AUXILIARY NOTES

The auxiliary note is generally used at the end of a phrase, where the two final notes are of the same pitch and may be approached from any interval if attractive to the musical ear. This note is usually better as the scalic note above the final note.

As with passing notes, the tonality must be observed carefully.

CUTS

In performance, certain cuts in this opera have become almost a rule. Those listed below may be designated as authentic, for it is thus that the opera is performed by all leading opera companies.

Page 11. After "Oh detto!" (Bide-the-Bent) in 7th measure, cut to last note in 11th measure, page 12 (Henry) "Io fremo!"

Page 14. The 9th measure may be sung thus: \( \text{per-fi-do-a} \)

Page 15. In the 2nd measure Norman and Bide-the-Bent are silent. In the two final measures on this page, Henry may sing as follows:

\( \text{fo-ra, fo-ra menRio do-lor.} \)
At the end of 8th measure, cut to 8th measure, page 27.

Last four bars of baritone solo may be sung thus:

```
\[ \text{rub} \quad \text{spe - gne \ - rù!} \]
```

The 7th measure is usually sung as follows:

```
\[ \text{scol - ta.} \]
```

The aria “Regnava nel silenzio”, with its many traditional changes, cadenzas, and variants, is published separately by G. Schirmer, Inc.

The following cadenza replaces the 5th and 6th measures.

```
\[ \text{for - to, ah \quad si, ah} \quad \text{con - for - to, al mio pe - nar.} \]
```

There is a cut from the end of the 12th measure on page 40, to 1st measure on page 42. Use the word “me” in this latter measure. Alice tace in last 5 measures.

Page 42, No. 4, 1st measure Alice

```
\[ \text{E-gli s\-a - van - za!} \]
```

Page 46, 6th measure Edgar

```
\[ \text{tre - ma!} \]
```

Page 46, 23rd measure

```
\[ \text{trei, ahl...} \]
```

Page 48, 10th measure

```
\[ \text{pet -} \quad \text{tre -} \]
```

Page 49, 5th measure Edgar

```
\[ \text{trei \quad com - pir-lo, an - cor,} \]
```

Measures 20 to 25 for Lucy are silent.

The vocal parts in the first 11 measures are silent.
Page 58. The 5th, 6th, and 7th measures are sung in unison by Lucy and Edgar thus:

Page 59. Measures 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18 are treated thus:

and sung by Soprano and Tenor in unison.

Page 65. Cut from end of 2nd measure to beginning of 9th.

Page 65. Cadenza for 12th measure:

Page 67. Cut from end of 5th measure to beginning of 12th.

Page 70. The 12th measure is sung as follows:

Lucy

Page 72, 1st measure:

Page 72, last part of measure 7:

Page 77. The 32nd measure should be sung thus:

Then cut to 22nd measure on page 79 (a tempo).

Page 80. Cut from the end of the 7th measure to the 2nd measure on page 81.

Page 81. Last two vocal measures:

Lucy

Then from the end of this page, cut to page 92, No. 8.

Page 122. It is traditional to allow Edgar and Henry to finish their phrases before the others join them in the last 3 measures. The parts of Lucy and Alice are here added to make the explanation clear.
Page 138. Cut from the end of the page to the 5th measure of page 153.
Page 156. Cut to page 173 (No. 11, at beginning of Act III, is omitted).
Page 182, 8th measure. Instead of last beat of measure, the following cadenza is used:

ment-te la vir tu de a lei man-cô! la vir tu de a lei man-cô!

Page 185. From end of 2nd measure, cut to 4th measure (Più mosso) of page 187.
Page 190. "The Mad Scene" is published separately by G. Schirmer, Inc., and includes the well-known cadenzas, etc.
Pages 198 and 199. After the cadenza with Flute at the conclusion of the Mad Scene, Norman, Bide-the-Bent, and Chorus are silent. Cut to 4th measure (Moderato) on page 206.
Pages 208 and 209. The voices of Henry and Bide-the-Bent are omitted.

Page 210, 1st measure:

Measures 7–8:

Measure 9:

Measures 14–16:
Page 211, measures 5–8:

Page 211. Cut from last measure to 8th measure on page 214, thus:

Lucy tacet the 7 succeeding measures, and finishes thus:

The last five measures for chorus are omitted.
LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR
Lucia di Lammermoor.

Act I.
La Partenza. (The Departure)
No 1. "Percorriamo le spiagge vicine."
Prelude and Introductory Chorus.

Scene—Grounds near the Castle of Ravenswood.

G. DONIZETTI
Allegro giusto.
Norman.

Per-cor-re-te le spiagg-ge vi-ci-ne,
Let us roam thro' these ru-ins de-sert-ed,

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

Percor-ria-
Let us roam

TENORS.

BASSES.

Let no longer the truth be a-

vi-ne:
Let the

cadaill

Tromb. Cl. Cor. etc. as before.

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

omo le spiagg-ge vi-

tho' these ru-ins de-
sert-ed,

ria-mo le spiagg-ge vi-

roam thro' these ru-ins de-
sert-ed,

Let no long-
er the truth be a-

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

Let no long-
er the truth be a-

vert-ed,
vel di si tur-pe mi-ste-ro, lo do-man-da, lo im-po-ne l'o-nor, lo im-
veil now of doubt rend as-un-der, And re-veal what to hon-or is due, to

cad-al vel di si tur-pe mi-ste-ro,
Let the veil now of doubt rend as-un-der,

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

To hon-or'tis due.
Splen-de-

To hon-or'tis due.
Splen-de-

Splen-de-

As a

Splen-de-

Splen-de-

As a

Splen-de-

As a

As a

As a

As a

As a

As a

Splen-de-

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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-
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.

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

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

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

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

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

We will speak, tho' this day we may rue, this day we may

We will speak, tho' this day we may rue, this day we may

We will speak, tho' this day we may rue, this day we may

We will speak, tho' this day we may rue, this day we may

We will speak, tho' this day we may rue, this day we may
Ca-dai il vel di si tur-pe mi-ste-ro, si,
Let the veil now of doubtrend a- sun-der, Yes,
Ca-dai il vel
fra this nu-bi d'or-ror.
Ca-dai il vel
fra this day we may rue,
Ca-dai il vel
Let the veil!

Lo im-po-ne l'o-nor, ca-da il vel, ca-da il vel,
and re-veal what to hon-or is due,
da, lo im-po-ne l'o-nor, ca-da il vel, ca-da il vel,
what to hon-or is due, what to hon-or is due,
da, lo im-po-ne l'o-nor;
what to Hon-er is due, che l'im-po-ne l'o-
As a flash, all do, all do,
And reveal what to honor is due, all do,

As a flash, all do, all do,
And reveal what to honor is due, all do.

Più Allegro.

Vuo - le lo - nor, lo vuol lo - nor, lo vuol lo - nor.
Hon - or is due, we will reveal, lo vuol lo - nor.
Hon - or is due, we will reveal, lo vuol lo - nor.

Più Allegro.

Lo vuol lo - nor, lo vuol lo - nor.
Is to hon - or due, to hon - or due.
(Exeunt Chorus rapidly.)

Lo vuol lo - nor, lo vuol lo - nor.
Is to hon - or due, to hon - or due.

Lo vuol lo - nor, lo vuol lo - nor.
Is to hon - or due, to hon - or due.

4047
No. 2. "Cruda, funesta smania."
Recitative and Cavatina.

Norman. (respectfully approaching Sir Henry.) Henry Ashton. (crown-

Voice.

Piano.

Tu sei turbato! E n'ho bendonde. Il

Thou art dis-or-der'd! And well I may be! Thou

ing haughtily.)

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

Strings, Corni sustain.

a tempo.

Strings, Cl. Cor. & Fag. Vin. Fl., Corne.

In-tan-to Ed-gar-do, quel morta-le ne-

While haught-ty Ed-gar seesthetem-pest de-

I a o 47
mico di mia prosapia, dal le sue rovine erge la fronte baldan-
scending, sees we are ruind, in his crumbling towers, lonely and proud, he is in

Recit.

zosanna, e ride! Soluna mano raffer mar mi
safety and mocks us! One hand alone can now from ruin

puote nel vacillante mio poter. Lucia osa respinger quella
save me, avert our fortune's total wreck. 'Tis Lucy; and if she dare to diso-

Bide-the-Bent. (in a con-

mano! Ah! suo-ranon mè co-le-li!
bevy me; Ah! I am no more her brother!

Do-lente
Oh, have com-

ciliary tone.)

vergin, che gemo sull'urna recente di cara madre, al
passion. She yet for her mother is mourning in bitter sorrow, So
H. A. G. B., \textit{ta-lamo po-tri-à volger lo sguardo?} \textit{Ri-spettiamun co-re, che trasfitti-todai}
soon, how can she think of joy or of marriage! Let her tears pro-lect her for to that gentle

\textit{duol, schi-vo è dà-mo-re. Schi-vo d'amor! Lu-cia d'a-more-a-vam-pa.}
heart love is a stran-ger. She strange to love? Her heart with love is burn-ing.

\textit{Henry.} \textit{Norman. Moderato assai.}

\textit{Che fa-vel-lil!} \textit{Mu-di-te:} \textit{El-la sen gia co-}
Dost thou tell me. Now hear me: Sadly one day she

\textit{Bide-the-Bent.} \textit{(Oh det-to!) \textit{(Oh heaven!)}} \textit{Moderato assai.}

\textit{là del par-co nel so-lin-go vi-al do-ve la ma-dre glia-
rovd, her moth-er had not long been en-tom'd, thro' lone-ly path-ways dream-

\textit{pol-la. Im-pe-tu-o-so to-ro É co su lei sav-en-ta, quan-do per}
wand'ring, When from a neigh-b'ring thicket t'ward her a boar rush'd wild-ly; She stood af-

\textit{Cl.}
Allegro.

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

Henry.

bel-ve. E chi vi-brò quel col-pó? 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

Norman.

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

Henry.


Norman.

Sos-spe-to non ho sol-tanto. E tuo ne-mi-co. Tu lo de-Ah, par-la! Ah, tell me! It is thy foeman; He, whom thou

Maestoso.

Tis on-ly a sus-pi-cion. Bide-the Bent. (oh ciél!) (Oh heav'n!)
fron-te, sole-va in fron-te il crin!
heart, his traitor's heart I'll cleave!
Col-ma di tan-to ob-
I from this hour re-

Bide-the-Bent.

bro-brio, chi su- ra me na-sce-a!
nounce thee, If base-ly thou'ast be-tray'd me,

to-so al tuo de-co-ro,
spoke to pro-ect thy hon-or,
io fui con te cru-

(La tua ole-men-za im-plo-ro;
(Heavn, keep thy watch up-on her,
'tu lo smen-ti-sei-o
Thou wilt not let her

pulse of scorn.)

Ah! pri-a che d'a-mor si per-fi-do a me sve-lar-ti
del.) griev.

Ah! ra-ther than see thee vile-ly wed,
Threat'nings and force shall
grieve.

ciel!) griev.)
Allegro giusto.

Chorus of Huntsmen. (to Norman)

Il tuo dubbio mai, certo,
Now we know our fear's well founded.

Norman. (to Henry)

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

Henry.

Oh Well! gior tell no! thee:

Andantino.

Andantino.

Strings, Corni & Fag.
COME VINCI "STAN-CHEZ-ZA, DOPO lUN-GO'erra-ri
Thro' the wood we gai-ly bound-ed, Near yon path-way by the

TORNO, NOI pos-ammo del-la tor-re nel ve-sti-bolo ca-den-te: ee-co meadows, There we thought a while to rest us, Toil and heat had sore oppres's'd us; Thro' the

to-sto lo tra-scorre in si-len-zio un uom pale-len-te. Co-me appres-so, si nève
cas-tle's ru-ined gate-way A horse-man pale came rid-ing, Swift-ly, si-lent-ly he

nu-to rav-vi
siam lo se-co-no-sei-to: ei su rap-ido de
look or word he cast us, Dark and noise-less as a shad-ow In-to

nu-to rav-vi
siam lo se-co-no-sei-to: ei su rap-ido de
look or word he cast us, Dark and noise-less as a shad-ow In-to

TUTTI Strings.
lo dal nostro sguardo.
Distance soon he faded;

Qual s'ap-
But a

Strings, Fl.

fp

lo dal nostro sguardo.
Distance soon he faded;

Qual s'ap-
But a

Cor. & Bassi.

Henry.

Who

pel-la unfa-
Huntsman of our num-
vel s'appel-

la.
ber knew his name, and hath betray'd it.

pel-la unfa-
Huntsman of our num-
vel s'appel-

la.
ber knew his name, and hath betray'd it.

Cl. Fag. Tym.

Allegro vivace.

qua-le?
Is he?

Egli!
Edgar!

Lord Edgar.

Lord Edgar.

Edgar.

Edgar.

Allegro vivace.

f Strings, Brass & Tym.
Oh, rab-bia, oh! rab-bia che m'ac-<br>ven-<br>gageance, oh! ven-<br>gageance on the<br><br>cen-<br>trai-<br>tor! con-<br>Doth -<br>the<br><br>ner-<br>dare -<br>tiun my cor<br>wrath non<br><br>può. fy?<br>Bide-the-Bent.<br>Ah, no, non cre-de-re, no, no_ deh so_<br>Ah, on her guile-less heart re-ly_ She's thy<br><br>No, con-te-t-
struggle, io col sangue spegne-ro, io col sangue, yes, his life-blood; naught can stay me, for his life-blood shall a-

ro, spegne-ro, col sangue spegne-
tone, shall tone, his life-blood shall a-

Più mosso

Bide-the-Bent.

Ti raffre- na al nuo-vol-bo-re ei da te fuggir non può, no, Calm thy wrath, he'll not escape thee, With his blood he shall a-tone, he

Ti raffre- na al nuo-vol-bo-re ei da te fuggir non può, no, Calm thy wrath, he'll not escape thee, With his blood he shall a-tone, he
mu - be di ter - ro - re.

no, non

no, non

no, non

no, non

do - be of grie -ving!

può, ti raf - fre - na, al nuo - vo al - bo - re ei da te fuggir non
tone! Calm thy wrath, he'll not es - cape thee, With his blood he shall a -
cresc.

Henry.

Que - sta ca - sa cir - con - dò! Ah qual nu - be di ter -
All our an - cient glo - ry flown! Ah! what days are these of
può, no, non

tone, he shall a -

può. Ti raf - fre - na, al

tone, Calm thy wrath, he

cen - te, ta - ce - te!
si-lent, be si - lent.

Ah! Ah!
ror, ah qual nu - be di ter - ror, sì, que - sta ca - sa cir - con - dò! ah sì!
grief, Ah! what days are these of grief, is all our an - cient glo - ry flown? all flown?
nuo - vo, al nuo - vo al - bo - re ei da te fuggir non

can - not, he can - not es - cape thee, With his blood he shall a - tone, a - tone.
From revenge now naught can stay me,
And his life-blood shall a-
dō!
row!
si!
What
si!
days!

Poco più.

ro, io col san-
tone, yes, his life-
Egli a te fugir non
With his blood he shall a-

Poco più.

strugge spegne-
life-blood shall a-
casa circon-
audience glo-
non puo.
non puo.
non puo.
non puo.
Meno mosso.

Tempo I.

rò, l'em-pia_fiam-ma che_vi strug_ge, io col san-gue spe-gne-tone, he_ shall a_tone, he_ shall a_tone, yes, his life-blood shall a-

Meno mosso.

Tempo I Wood.

si, col san-gue

Qual nu-be di ter-ro-re que-sta

What days are these of griev-ing, all our

Ei da te__ blood he__

Ei da te__ blood he__

Meno mosso.

spe-gne-rò, l'em-pia_fiam-ma che_vi strug-shall a-tone, he_ shall a-tone, he_ shall a-

cas-sa cir-con-dò, si, cir-con-

ancient glo-ry flown, our glo-ry

gir non può, fug-gir non

shall a-tone, he_ shall a-

gir non può, fug-gir non

shall a-tone, he_ shall a-
rò, si spe - gne - rò, spe - gne - rò, spe - gne -
tone, he shall a - tone, with his life, with his

dò, si, cir - con - dò, cir - con - dò, cir - con -
flown, yes, all is flown, all is flown, all is

può, no, non può, no, non può, no, non
tone, he shall a - tone, shall a - tone, shall a -

(Exeunt all.)

ro, col, san - gue, spe - gne - rò!
life, yes, with his life a - tone!

dò, si, que - sta. ca - sa cir - con - dò!
flown, our an - cient glo - ry all is flown!)

può, non può, no, no, non può!
tone, yes, with his life shall a - tone!
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.

An-cor non
Hath he for-

giunse! In-cau-ta! A-che mi trag-gi! Av-ven-tu-rar-ti, or chel fra-tel qui
got me? Im-prudent! To ask him hith-er! Think of thy broth-er, what if he should dis-

Strings.
Lucy.
venne, è folle ardir. Ben parli! Edgardo
cov-er thou lov'st his foe? I'd warn him! I've call'd him

Alice.
sappia quale circonda orribile periglio. Perchè din-torno il
hith-er that I may tell him what danger lurks a-round him. Ah, where-fore roam thy

Lucy.
ciglio vol-giat-ter-ri-ta? Quel-la fon-te, ah!
glances 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.
warm, ar-den-do di ge-fo-so fu-ror, la-ma-ta don-na co-là tra-
spot, they say so, that a Ravens-wood slew the maid that lov'd him, in jeal-ous
fis-se, e l'in-fé-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

col-ta. Map-par-ve l'om-bra su-a che di-ci! A-
ev-er. Her wraith once stood be-fore me. What say'st thou? I'll

Larghetto.

Re-gna-va nel si-len-zio
In si-lence all lay slum-ber-ing,

al-ta la not-te e bru-na,
Dark was the night, and o'er-cloud-ed,
col-pia la fon-te un
No star was gleaming, the
pal - li - do      rug - gio di - te - tra
pal - lid moon    In veils of storm was shrouded.

quan - do un som - mes - so ge - mi - to
When on the air a sigh was borne,
and then a sor - r' wing
fra l'au - re u - di - si

fe',
ed ec - co, ec - co su quel mar - gi - ne,
I saw her, on the mar - gin of the tide,

(Covering her face with her hands.)

lom - bra mo - strarsi, lom - bra mo - strarsia me, Ah!
There stood a shadow, there stood a shad - ow pale, Ah!

Qual di chi par - la, muo - ver - si
She mov'ed her lips as if to speak,
il lab - bro su - o
But I, a - las, could not
dear, and with a warning she waved her hand,

I did not dare draw near her; And while I watch'd her

motionless, She vanished from my

Tempo I.

And o'er the streamlet's silver tide Shone

for a lurid light, the streamlet's silver tide shone with a lurid
giô, sì, prìa sì lim-pi-da, ah, sì ros-seg-
light, thereshone a lu-rìd lìght, a lu-rìd

Allegro. Alice.

Chia-
-ri, oh Di-
-ro! ben
pess-
age of sor-
row, that

vi-
-sion fore-bod-
ed! Thus do I

dir
fear
pre-
thy fu-
ture is cloud-
ed!

Ah Lu-
ci-a, Lu-
ci-a, de-
si-stì daun a-
mer co-sì tre-

Dear-
est Lucy, I pray thee for-go thy fa-
tal love; ere grief d'èr-
Lucy.

Mendo. Eglis luce a' gior- ni miei, è con-
whelm thee. Grief dissolveth beneath his glances, life is

rall.

for-to, è con-for-to al mi-o, al mi-o pe-
rapture, life is rapture when he, when he is near.

colla parte

Strings & Harp.

Quan-do ra-pi-to in
Were he but here, oh

Strings & Harp.

Cor. & Fag.”

e-stasi del più ocen-te ar-do-re, col fa-
vel-lar del
ec-stasy, Naught should I know of sor-row, Bring me a hap-py

Cor.
Poco più mosso. Alice.

me. way.

Ah! gior-ni d'a-ma-ro
May heav'n all thy wish-es

pian-to, gran-t thee,

ah! But, oh,

pre-sta-no per-te, sì, sì, gior-ni da-ma-ro
may'st thou ne'er re-gret this day, heav'n all thy wish-es
men-ti-co, gio-ja di-vie-ne il pian-to,
now for-got, One hour of joy, oh grant 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-
way,
si schiu-da il ciel per
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,

14047
schin-da il ciel, il ciel per me, ah!

let trouble flee for e'er away; One

lui d'ac can to, si schin-da
hour, one hour of joy, one bright hour of

ciel, il ciel per me, ah!
si schin-da il
joy grant me, ah!

flee for e'er away, one hour, oh, grant one hour of

Gior - ni d'a - ma - ro
Heavn all thy wish - es
par si_ schiud_ da il ciel per me!
grant, oh _ grant one hour of joy!

pian _to, s'ap _pre _sta _ no per te!
grant thee, mayst thou never rue this day!

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

Alice.

Egli s'avanza! I hear him coming.
La vi-cina I will stay no
so-glia io cau ta ve-glie-

Piano.

(re-enters the castle.)

Tutti.

Allegro.

Edgar.

Lu-ci-a, per do-na se ad o-rai mu si ta ta io ve-der ti chie-
Forgive me, oh Lu-cy, if at an hour un-wont-ed I have ask'd thee to
de-a: ragion pos-sen-te a ci-o mi trasse. Pri-a che in ciel bian-
meet me, but short the moments I yet may tar-ry, when the ear-ly

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

Lucy.

Che di-ci!
Oh sorrow!
ro. Pe fran-chi li-di-a-mi-ci scio-lo-le ve-le: i-vi tritar m'e
far. Oursails are set to southward, France will re-ceive us, thither I bear a

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

Edgar.

si? Pri-a di la-sciar-ti A-shton mi veg-gaIo sten-de-rò pla-
mourn? 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-
tween us, strife be for-
got-ten; in pledge of lasting friendship, I then will ask him for thy

Moderato.

scol-
to! Ah no, ri-
man-ga nel si-
len-zio se-

Edgar (ironically) Allegro.
pol-
to per or l'ar-
ca-no af-
et-to. In-
ten-
do! Di mia
hid-den; I know'twere vain to ask him.

stir-pe il reo per-
sce-tor de ma-
liti mie-
an-cor pa-
go non
doth per-
sce-cute my race, whose un-
just fu-
ry time nor reason can

Edgar (ironically) Allegro.
Adagio.

è! Mi tol-se il pa-dre, il mio ret-ta-gio-a-vi-to. Nè ba-sta? Che bra-ma an-tum!
Heslew my fa-ther, my her-i-tage he plun-der’d, What would he? Is’t not e-
cor quel cor fe-ro-ce e ri-o? la mia per-di-ta in-te-ra? il sangue
ough? Will but my life-blood suf-fice him, by whose craft I am ruined? E-ter-nal

Allegro vivace.

Lucy. Edgar. 

Lucy.

mi-o? E-gli m’o-dia! Ah no! M’ab-bor-re! Cal-ma, oh ciel, quel-l’i-rae-
hatred he hath sworn me! Ah no! Oh vengeance! Ah, be calm, thy an-ger

Edgar.

stre-ma! Fiamma ar-den-te in sen mi corre! blinds thee. Fire con-sum-ing with-in me rag-es!

Lucy.

Mó-di! Ed-gar-do!
Hear me! Oh Ed-

14047
Edgar.

M'odi, e trem-ma!
Hear me, and trem-ble!

Larghetto.
By the ashes of my fathers, By their tombs, un-weep, un-guarded, On thy

Ah! Ah! dolce

sangue e-ter-nal vengeance I have sworn, my vow's re-corded; But I

ved-e in cor mi nac-que al-tro af-let-to, e li-ra tac-que. Pur quel
saw-thée, 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 com-pir-lo an-drive me in-
to mad-ness, And that vow, ah yes, that vow I may ful-fill it
Lucy. (con affetto.)

Deh! ti pla-ca, deh! ti pla-ca, deh! ti fre-na!
Calm thy an-ger, calm thy an-ger, turn and heed me,

cor! yet!

Può tra-dir-ne, può tra-dir-ne im so-lo-ac-cen-to! Non ti
Though he wrong'd thee, though he wrong'd thee, it was in er-ror! See'st thou

cl- la!
Luc-y.

basta la mia pe-na? Voi chi no-ra di spa-ven-to?
not how I am grie-v-ing? Wilt thou have me die of ter-ror?

Ah! no, no, no,
Ah! no, no, no,
cresc.

Ce-da, ce-da o gn'al-tro af-fet-to, so-lo-a-
Let not ha-tred, not ha-tred in- spir-e thee, Let a-

no! no!
mor, ah, so-lo, si, so-lo a-mor, ah, so-lo a-mor 
tre-lo, ah, so-lo, si, so-lo a-mor! 

rall. rall. rall.

a tempo

a tempo

a tempo

affrett.
Ce-dì, ce-di a me,
Heed, oh heed what I say,

trei com-pìrlo an-cór,
may ful-fill it yet,
sì, po-

un poco
cresc.

ce-di, ce-di al-là mor!
Heed, oh heed what I say!
trei com-pìrlo an-cór, an-cór!

may ful-fill it yet, my vow!

 totalement

Allegro.

(With sudden determination.)

Edgar

Qui di spo-sae-ter-na fe-de, qui mi giu-ra al cié-lo in
Here, be-fore the face of heav-en, Wilt thou swear to be mine for
nante.

Dio ci ascot a, Dio ci

ev er?

Spir its blest are nigh to

ve de; tem plied a ra e un co re ama te;

al tuo hear us, Say thou r t mine, tho we parted for ev er;

Here I

(putting a ring upon her finger.)

fa to plight thee

uni scuj mi o;

my faith e ter nal,

Thine for

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

Et tua son i o. Ah! sol-

I'm thine till dy ing! Ah! the

spo so.

Ah! sol-

Ah! the

spoe-

er.
Oh can I separate me no longer!
For a while I now must leave thee.
Il mio core non vuoi resta il mio
Joy thou dost bereave me. Ah, I quit thee broken-hearted, yes, I

Edgar.

Lucy.

Edgar.

Ah! Edgar! Ah! Edgar! Sepa
quit thee broken-hearted, Edgar, ah, belov-ed Edgar! Yes, be-

Lucy a piacere

Ah! loved one, we must part.

Ah! and
lor del tuo pensiero 
vegna unmessaggiero, e la vita fug-
wilt thou send a token, That thy faith remains unbroken, While I sigh for thy re-

Edgar.

Ah! 
Ver nano a te sul lau re i 
Ah! When twi light shad ows low er, My 
cara, se be ro.
memory I shall live.

Lucy.

Modenro assai.

Ah! 
Um ino a te sul lau re i 
Ah! When twi light shad ows low er, My 
cara, se be ro.
memory I shall live.

Moderato assai.

Ah! 
Ver nano a te sul lau re i 
Ah! When twi light shad ows low er, My 
cara, se be ro.
memory I shall live.

Moderato assai.

Ah! 
Ver nano a te sul lau re i 
Ah! When twi light shad ows low er, My 
cara, se be ro.
memory I shall live.

Moderato assai.

Ah! 
Ver nano a te sul lau re i 
Ah! When twi light shad ows low er, My 
cara, se be ro.
memory I shall live.

Moderato assai.

Ah! 
Ver nano a te sul lau re i 
Ah! When twi light shad ows low er, My 
cara, se be ro.
memory I shall live.

Moderato assai.

Ah! 
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Ah! When twi light shad ows low er, My 
cara, se be ro.
memory I shall live.

Moderato assai.

Ah! 
Ver nano a te sul lau re i 
Ah! When twi light shad ows low er, My 
cara, se be ro.
memory I shall live.

Moderato assai.

Ah! 
Ver nano a te sul lau re i 
Ah! When twi light shad ows low er, My 
cara, se be ro.
memory I shall live.

Moderato assai.

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Ah! When twi light shad ows low er, My 
cara, se be ro.
memory I shall live.

Moderato assai.

Ah! 
Ver nano a te sul lau re i 
Ah! When twi light shad ows low er, My 
cara, se be ro.
memory I shall live.

Moderato assai.

Ah! 
Ver nano a te sul lau re i 
Ah! When twi light shad ows low er, My 
cara, se be ro.
memory I shall live.

Moderato assai.

Ah! 
Ver nano a te sul lau re i 
Ah! When twi light shad ows low er, My 
cara, se be ro.
memory I shall live.

Moderato assai.

Ah! 
Ver nano a te sul lau re i 
Ah! When twi light shad ows low er, My 
cara, se be ro.
memory I shall live.

Moderato assai.
pa-co de di do-lo-r, spar-gi-un'a ma-ra la-gri-ma su-ti our part-ing's o'er; Ah, let this to-ken say to thee, I

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

que-sto pe-gno al-lor. ah! su quel love thee

Ver-ran-ne a te sul la-u-re i miei so-spi-ri ar-den-
When twi-light shad-ows low-er, My ar-dent pray-ers as-cend-

pe-gno al-lor.
ev-er-more!

Tempo I.

ti, u-drai nel mar che mor-mo-ra. l'e-co de' miei la-men-
ing, Will ask that joy on thee may show'r, Our days of sor-row end.
ti. Pen-san-do ch'io di ge-mi-ti mi pa-sco e di do-lor,
ing. On sighs and pray'rs I now shall live, Un-til our part-ings o'er,

– spar-giun'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-do,

more, my Ed-gar

lor, ah!

more, I

su quel pe-gno-al-lor.

su quel pe-gno-al-lor.

Poco più mosso.

Poco più mosso.
While the flame of life is burning, On thy memory I shall keep
Ca-ra! De-arest!

Si, si, Lu-ci-a, si, si.
Ah, dear-est Lu- cy, fare-well!

Ver-

ran-nó a me sul-la-ure i tuo-i sos-pire-ar-
twi-light shad-ows low-er, My ar-dent pray- ers as-

Cor. and Fag. sus-tain.

Bary.

Tempo I.

Tempo I.

Vin. Ob. Cl. with voices.

den-tì, ud-ò nel mar che mor-mo-ra-
cend-ing, Will ask that joy on thee may show-er,

den-
tì, ud-ò nel mar che mor-

cend-ing; Will ask that joy on thee may show-

p rall.

Ah!

rall.

p rall.

rall. pp legato

Fag.
le co de' miei lamenti. Pen-sando che di
Our days of sorrow end-ing. On sighs and pray'r s I

ge-mi-ti mi pas-ce di dol-or,
now shall live un-till our part-ing's o'er.

Edgar.

spar-gi su que-sto pe-gno-al-
Ah yes, I love thee ev-er-

Spar-giu'n' a-ma-ra la-gri-ma su que-sto pe-gno-al-
Ah! let this to-ken say to thee, I love thee ev-er-

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

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

Questo peggio al lor, ah!

Yes, I love, yes, I love

Yes, I love, yes, I love

Più Allegro.

Yes, I live, yes, I love

Yes, I live, yes, I love

Più Allegro.

Si, thee ever-more, si, thee ever-more, si, thee ever-more

Si, thee ever-more! Si, thee ever-more!

Si, thee ever-more! Io par...
Edgar. *rall. non tanto*

Ram-menta-ti, ne stringe il Ciel!
Remember me, thoust plight ed thy faith!

(Lucy retires into the castle.)

Edgar - do!
I am thine.

(Exit Edgar.)

Ah, fare-well!

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.)

Lucia fra poco a te verrà. Tremante l'aspetto.
Thy sister will soon attend thee here. In fear I expect her.
A festegiar le nozze il
With pomp to celebrate the

lu-stri, già nel ca-stel-lo i no-bi-li pa-renti giunser-di mia fa-mi-glia; in
nuptial, I've bidden hither our friends and noble kinsmen; du-ly let them be welcom'd. Sir

(rising in extreme agitation.)

breve Ar-tu-ro qui vol-ge. E s'è l-la per-ti-na-ce osas-se d'oppor-si? Non te-
Arthur, too, will come shortly. But what if she be stubborn, and dare to re-sist me? Fear it

mer: la lun-gas-sen-za del tuo ne-mi-co, i fo-gli da noi ra-
mer: the long absence of your ene-my, the letters we inter-

pi-ti, e la bu-giar-da nuo-va che-gli s'ac-ce-se dal tra-
accepted, and the re-port sent fly-ing that he an-o-th-er bride hath

fiam-ma, in co-re di Lu-ci-a spe-gne-ran-no il cie-co-a-
flame, will rouse her to re-sent-ment, And to cast off her fool-ish

14047
Henry.

more. Ella s'avanza. Il simulato foglio porgimi.

passion. See, where she cometh. Where's the pretend-ed let-ter? give it me!

(Norman gives him a letter.)

Ed e-sci sul-lavia 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-

plau-si-e he-te gri-da con-duci Ar-tu-ro.
til thou meetest Arthur, and bid him hither.

N° 6. "Il pallor funesto, orrendo."

Recitative and Duet.

Larghetto. Lucy Ashton enters and stands near the doorway.

Recit. Henry.

Henry.

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

pressa-ti, Luc-i-a.
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'a-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, e ta-cí?
My sis-ter, why si-lent?

Moderato.

Lucy.

Il sal-
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! l'inuman no tuo rigor,
lieving, Ah, heav'n forgive thy harsh resolve,

l'inuman no tuo rigor, il tuo rigor, el'il
heav'n forgive thy harsh resolve, for-

mi o dolor!
give thee thy resolve!

Henry.

A ra-

Ev-er-
Meno mosso.

gion mi fe' spie-ta-to quel che t'ar-se-in-de-gna-ta-to;
more thou hast o-bey'd me; Wilt thou now in all re-sist me?

ma si tac-cia del pas-sa-to; tuo fra-tel-lo, tuo fra-suade thee This un-hal-low'd, this un-

tel-lo so-no an-cor. Spen-ta è hallow'd vow to dis-solve. Fond-ness and

rì-ra nel-mi-o pet-to, spe-gni du-ty, all should as-sist me, That thou

140427
tu l'insano amor, spente l'ira nel mio petto, spegni tu l'insano amor, si, spegni
yield to my resolve, Love and duty should as sist me, That thou yield to my resolve, yes, that thou

tu l'insano amor, ah, spegni yield thee to my resolve, ah, that thou
tu l'insano amor, l'insano amor, l'insano amor, l'insano amor, spegni tu l'insano amor. Nobil solve, to my resolve, to my resolve, that thou yield to my resolve. Come, thy
Più Allegro. Lucy. Henry. Lucy.

spo-so—Ces-sa, ces-sa! Co-me? Ad al-tr’uom giu-
husband—Ah, be si-lent! Where-fore? To an-oth-er I’ve

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

Henry. (angrily.)

Lucy. (restraining himself.)

law-ful. My heart is an-oth-er’s, to him I have giv’n my faith. Si-lence!

(giving her the letter he received from Norman.)

Que-sto 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! Ah! 

il core mi balzo! Tu va-

Thou art

oh, heav'n, my heart will break!

to her assistance)

vil-lil! Me in-fe-li-ce! ahi! la fol-go-re plombó!
trembling—Ah, what sorrow! Ah! The bolt of fate hath fall'n!

Larghetto. Corna

pp

Lucy.

Sof

In

fri-va nel pian-to, lan-gui-a nel do-lo-re, la

silence and sorrow I languish un-re-pin-ing, One
spe - me, la vi - ta ri po - sì in un
hope - shone be - fore me, that I was be -

affrett. e cres. di forza

cor, li - stan - te di mor - te è giun - to per
lov'd, In mer - cy re - call - then the words thou hast
affrett. e cres. di forza

me! said,
quel co - re in - fe -

solfato parle

de - le ad al - tra ad al - tra si diè! Un fol - le t'ac -
faith - less, I would but that I were dead. I can - not re -

Strings Cor. & Fag.

call them, the traitor de - sign ing Thy heart hath en -

Henry.
...-re in-fe-de-le, quel co-re in-fe-de-le ad al-tra si if he is faith-less, Ah yes, if he is faith-less, I would I were
bis im-age soon will, Yes, soon will from thy mem'-ry, thy mem-o-ry

die, ad al-tra si die, ad al-tra, ad die, 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! faith less, I would I were dead!
alsorn bim, bring pride to thy aid!

(Festive music is heard in the distance.)

Lucy. Henry.

Che ri-a! Suo-
What mu-sic? A

Vivace
narr di giu-bi-lo
strain of fes-tive mirth,
sen-ti la ri-va.
All are re-joic-ing.

Lucy.

Henry.

Eb-be-ne? Giun-ge il tuo spo-so.
And wherefore? To wel-come thy hus-band.

Lucy.

Henry.

Un bri-vi-do mi cor-se per le ve-ne! A te s'ap-pre-sta-il
A dea-ly chill be-numbs my scatter'd sens-es! The nuptial hour ap-

Lucy.

La tom-ba, la tom-ba a me s'ap-pre-sta!
Ah! no, 'tis the hour of my doom ap-proach-es!

ta-la-mo.
proach-es.

O-ra fa-
Spare me thy
Meno Allegro.

Ho sü glochion vel!
Ah! my sight grows dim!

tale è que sta! Mò-di! Spento è Guglielmo... a
vain reproach es! Listen to what I tell thee: Since

Meno Allegro.  

Viole

Fag. II.

seen de re ve dre mo il tro no Mar ia Pro
William lives no more, our party is fallen, Up

stra tae nel la pol ve re la par te chio se
on the throne of Scotland now will reign the hated

Ah! io tre mo!
Woe upon us!

gui a
Dal precipizio Ar tu ro può sot
Ma ry
In this sad hour none can from ru in
Ed i-o? ed
And I am the

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

i-o?
vic-tim?

Sal var mi de-vi.
Yes, thou must save me.

ri-co!
broth-er!

Ad al-tri giu-ra-i.
My faith I have plight-ed.

Vie-nial-lo spo-so.
Come to the nup-tials.

De-vi sal-
That was in

a piacere

Ma- (about to go)
Oh ciel! oh ciel!
Ah me, ah me!

var-mi.
II de-vi.
mad-ness. Twas mad-ness.
Henry. (returning, with rapid, tho' energetic accent.)

Vivace.

Se tra-dir-mi tu po-tra-i, la mia sor-te è
to my ru-in then con-sent-ing, Cold and si-lent, thou

 già com-pi-ta; tu min-vo-ligo-no-re-e vi-ta, tu la
yet dot brave me, From the scaf-fold naught can save me, Be my

Poco meno.

scu-reap-pre-stia-me. Ne'tuoi so-gni mi ve-dra-i,
blood up-on thy head. Cease thy use-less, vain la-ment-ing,

Tempo I.

om-brai-ra-ta e mi-nac-cio-sa! quel-la scu-re san-gui-
Go, and to the foe be-tray me, Let thy sense-less pas-sion

no-sa sta- rà sem-pre in-nanzia-te, sta-rà sem-pre, sta-rà
sway thee, But my ven-geance ye both shall dread; yes, my ven-geance, yes, my
sem-pre in-nan-zia te, sta-ræ sem-pre, sem-pre, sem-pre in-
ven-geance ye both shall dread, yes, my ven-geance ye

Lucy. (turning her tearful eyes to heaven)

nan-zia te! Tu che ve-dîl pian-to mi-o, tu che
both shall dread! Oh, have mer-cy, pit-ying heav-en, Read the

leg-gi in que-sto co-re, se re-spin-to il mio do-lo-re,
heart that bows be-fore thee, Guide my spir-it, I im-plore thee,

co-me in ter-ra, in ciel-non e; tu mi to-gli-er-ter-no Je-
By thee on-ly I would be-led. See my heart with sor-row-

di-o, que-sta vi-ta dis-sper-a-ta, io son tan-to
riv-en, See my life for-ev-er blighted, Ah, un-less to
sventura, che la morte è un ben per me, si, la
him united, Take me from the doom I dread, take me,
morte, si, la morte è un ben per me, si, la morte, si, la
take me from the doom, from the doom I dread, take me, take me from the

Henry.

Henry.

Thy nuptial

Lucy.

Ah! la tomba! Salvar mi devi.

Ah! be silent! 'Tis thou must save me.

Lucy.

Ah! sugli occhi un vel!

Ah! my sight grows dim!

Ah! Se tradirmi tu poi

Ah! To my ruin then con-
tra' i la mia sorte è già compiuta, tu m'in
tendent, Cold and silent thou yet dost brave me, From the

volo non re vita, tu la scura appresta
scaffold naught can save me, Be my blood upon thy

Lucy.
Meno.

me. Ah, mi toglie ter no lido,
head. See my heart with sorrow riven,

Meno.

a tempo

guesta vita dissipata, io son tan to sventu
See my life forever blighted, Ah, unless with him u

Mi vedrai ombrata, quel la scura san giun
To the foe then betray me, let thy fatal passion

a tempo!

ragata, che la morte è un ben per me, si, la morte, si, la
nited, Take me from the fate I dread, take me, take me from the

nosa sta rà sempre inanzi a te, sempre, sempre, sempre,
sway thee, But my vengeance ye shall dread, yes, my vengeance, yes my
per the me, è un ben fate per
zi a te, in - nan - zi aoth shall dread, Yes, ye both shall
dread, in - nan - zi a te,
dread, my ven - gence ye both
è un ben, è un ben, è un
the fate, the fate, the
a shall te, a te, a
shall dread, ah, yes, ye

(She sinks on a chair)

bene per me. (Exit hastily.)

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

**Bide-the-Bent.**

*What news?*

Di tua speranza, l'ultimo rag-gio tra-mon-
Ah do not ask me! Naught but of woe have I to
tò! Ora, al tuo so-spet-to, che il fra-tel chiu-des-se tutte e
tell. Suspecting that to mis-lead thee, ti-dings from thy lover were in-ter-

strade on-de sul franco suo-lo, all’uom che amar giu-ra-sti, non giunge-s-ser tue
rupted, or that thy brother’s harshness withheld from him thy letters, so as quite to di-
Indovine: io stesso un foglio da te verga-to per secura man no re-car gli vind e you; one of thy letters came to my hands by a trusty bearer. I know it

fe ci
reach'd him
'Twas use-less! Still he is si lent: Doubt no

len zio as sai d' in fe del ta ti par la! E me con si gli? Di pie gar ti al de longer, his silence tells that he is faithless. What dost thou counsel? That thou yield to thy

stino. E il giura men to? Tu pur va neg gl i nu zi a li vo ti che il mi brother. The vows I plighted? They were un law ful! Vows that are rashly spoken, without

ni stro di Dio non be ne di ce, nè il ciel, nè il mondo rico no sce. Ah! sanction from God or priest, are not binding; from them this moment I re lease thee. Ah!
cede persuade la mente, ma sorda alla leave me, thou persuade my reason, but never can this

Bide-the-Bent. Lucy.
gion resiste il core! Vincerlo e forza. Oh sventurato amore! heart yield love to reason. Make but an effort. Ah me, unhappy! I cannot!

Bide-the-Bent Cantabile.

Ah! cedi, cedi, o più scia guerre ti so-
Ah! 'tis to succor thy hopeless brother That I

vrestantì so-vrestano, infelice. Per te ne mie
ask thee, that I ask thee to obey me, By the memory of thy

cuore, per l'estinta generatrice, il po-
mothert Let a sister's duty sway thee; Cast a
ri-glio, il pe-ri-glio d'un fra-tel-lo, il pe-ri-glio d'un fra-
way, oh cast a-way a fleet-ing pas-sion, cast a-way, a fleet-
ing.

tel-lo deh ti nuo-va,e can-gi il cor.
pas-sion, And_to us thy heart re-
store. Utt

ma-dre, o la ma-dre nel l'a-vel-lo fre-me-ra, fre-
me-ra per te d'or-life by wayward fan-cy thou wilt fash-ion I dis-
own, I disown thee ev-

ror. Ah, ce-di, ce-di, il pe-ri-glio d'un fra-tel-lo ti com-
more, Ah, cast a-way then, cast a-way a fleet-ing pas-sion, And to

Allegro.  Lucy.

mo-va e can-gi,e can-gi il cor. Ta-
us, yes, to us thy heart thy heart re-
ci, ta-
Thou art cru-
ci!
el!
No, no, cease to save thee. Ah! ah! tacci. La

Tis to save thee. Ah! no, leave me! Thy

Ah! Ah, how cruel! Ah! I

madre il fratello. Brother will be ruined!

ce sti. Non son tanto snatus.

yield then! Not by me shall he be

Bide-the-Bent.

ra ta. Oh! qual gioia? ruined. Ah! what sayst thou? Thou wilt obey me?

in me tu desti! in me tu de sti!

Ah what joy thy words awaken!
Ah!
Ah!

P

Bass pizz

Moderato.

Qual thou'lt save him!

Wood

Al ben de'tuoi qual vit-ti-ma of-fi, Lucia, te
If it be done in sac-ri-fice, For a be-loved

Strings and ff.

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

ff

nel ciel sa-rà. Of-fi, Lu-cia, te stes-sa,
yes, heav'n will guard. For a be-lov-ed broth-er,

f

ff

p

p
e tan-to sa-cri-fi-zio, scrit-to nel ciel sa-rà.
On high 'twill be re-cord-ed, Heav'n will thy fu-ture guard;
Se la pietà de-
She who renounces

gli uo-mi-ni a te non fia con-ces-sa, vè un Di-o, vè un Di-o che ter-
gl earth-ly joy That she may bless an-oth-er, The angels thro' life her steps will lead, In

death the prize a-
dead

prà, il pian-
ward in death

the prix a-
ward in death

the prix a-
ward in death

the prix a-
ward in death...
Lucy.
Più allegro.

Guida-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!

prà. ward.

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

take

Più allegro.

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

rag-gio! cour-age, Qual nube hai disgom-bra-ta! What joy thy words a-waken! Oh fi-glia mia, co-
cour-age,

Tempo I.

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

rag-gio! cour-age! Ah! Al ben de'tuoi qual ah! If it be done in Tempo I.

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

14047
fi - zio  scrí-tó  nel ciel  sa - rà,  

Lucy.

Nel ciel  sa - rà,  sì.

Yes, heav'n will guard me!

cord - ed,  Heav'n will thy fu - ture guard;

raf, Lucia, te stes - sa,

Of-frí, Lucia, te stes - sa,

For a be-lov - ed broth - er,

yes, heav'n will

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

Ah!  Ah!

e tan - to  sa - cri - fi - zio  scrí-tó  nel ciel sa - rà.

Son fuor'di me!

Se la pietà de - gli uo - mi - ni  a te non fia con - ces - sa, vè-un

She who renounces earth - ly joy,  That she may bless an - oth - er, The

Son fuor'di me!

bwill be my lot!
Di-o, v'è un Dio, che ter-gere il pian-to tuo sa-
angels thro' life her steps will lead. In death the prize a-

(weeping.)

Edgar do in-gra-to!
thou hast for-got me!

prà.
Se la pie-tà de-gli uo-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 ter-gere il pian-to tuo sa-
oth-er, The an-gels 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-

Più allegro.

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

14027
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 tut-to sav-vi-vaj-n-
Hail to the hap-py brid-al day, Hence, ev'-ry thought of

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

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

tor-no, per te veg-giam ri-na-see-re
sor-row, Let ev'-ry heart with hope be gay,
Bright be to thee each 

giorno, 

Friendship and love will 

Bright be to thee each 

quì la - mi - stà ti 

giorno, 

Far from temp-ta-tion and dan-ger,

Far from temp-ta-tion and dan-ger,

May ev'ry good be-tide thee, That on thy head we im-

May ev'ry good be-tide thee, That on thy head we im-

May ev'ry good be-tide thee, That on thy head we im-
Sir Arthur Bucklaw.
Meno mosso.

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

Ob. & Strings
Vl. & Bassi pizz.

ri la vo - stra stel - la: io la fa - ro 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 - gi a que - sto
broth - er's hand I of - fer, A broth - er's faith I

broth - cor, a te ne ven - go a - mi - co, fra-
sware, My hand and for - tune I prof - fer To
giorno, qui l’amistà ti guida,
morrow, Friendship and love will guide thee,

giorno, qui l’amistà ti guida,
morrow, Friendship and love will guide thee,

Far from temptation and danger, May ev’ry good be-
qui ti conduce amore, tutto ravi-vai

Far from temptation and danger, May ev’ry good be-
qui ti conduce amore, tutto ravi-vai

That on thy head we implore, qual
tor no, qui ti conduce amor,
tide thee, That on thy head we implore, May

tor no, qui ti conduce amor,
tide thee, That on thy head we implore, May

tor no, qui ti conduce amor,
tide thee, That on thy head we implore, May
Arthur.

Ate ne ven-go a-mi-co, fra-tele lo e di fen-
Fortune and hand I prof-fer To her whom I a-
as-tro in not-te in-fi-da, qual ri-so nel do-
nought e'er on earth divide ye, Who now will part no-
as-tro in not-te in-fi-da, qual ri-so nel do-
nought e'er on earth divide ye, Who now will part no-

so-dore, a-te ne ven-go a-mi-co, fra-
more, Fortune and hand I prof-fer To

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

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

4047
"Chi mi frena in tal momento."

Finale II... Recitative and Quartet.

Arthur.

Maestoso.

Dov'è Lucia?
But where is Lucy?

Henry.

Qui giungerà o la vedrem.
Ere this I thought she had been here.

Piano.

Maestoso.

Moderato.

Henry (aside to Arthur.)

Se in lei soverchia la mestizia, maravigliosi.
Thou'rt see her pale and heavy-hearted, Let it not

gliar-ti, no, non de-1. Dal duolo oppresso vinta,
grieve thee, seem not to heed it. Her mother's death she mourneth,

Pian ge la madre estinta.
All thought of joy she scorn eth.

M'è noto,
I thought so,

14047
Henry.

si, si, m'è no-to. Soverchia la me-sti-zia, ma ian-ge la
Yes, I ob-ser-v'dit. She's sad and heav-y-heart-ed, but'tis for her

Arthur.

ma-dre. Or sol-vium dub-bio.
moth-er. One question an-swer:

Fama, fa-ma sto-no ch'Ed-gar-do
Late-ly ru-mor hath said that Ed-gar so-

vres-sa, so-vres-sa te-me-ra-rio al-za-re-so-lo
rash-ly, hath mad-ly dared to love her, and that his fa-

calando

temera-río.
by thy sis-

Henry.

sguar-do pas-sion by thy sis-

E
The
Ah! Well?
SOPRANO.

TENOR. Behold the bride, the peerless one.

BASS. Behold the bride, the peerless one.

Henry. (to Arthur.) Pian ge la madre sinta. Those tears are for her mother.

Andante. (Enter Lucy supported by Bide-the-Bent and Alice. She is in great despondency.)
(presenting Arthur to Lucy, who shrinks from him.) (whispers to Lucy)

Ecco il tuo sposo.
There comes thy husband.

(Incauta! perder mi
<Be cautious! wilt thou un-

Lucy.

(Gran Dio!)
Oh mercy!

Arthur.

Ti piace? vi voli accontentare del
Oh fairest, deign to receive the vows my

duo si?)
do me?

Henry.

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

(Incauta! O mai si compi il rito.
<Be cautious!) Tis time to sign the contract; come,
(Io va - do al
My death-wa - rant

(He goes to the table and signs the deed. Bide-
the-Bent and Alice lead the trembling Lucy to
the table.)

Oh dol - ce in - vi - to!
Oh rap - t'rous mo - ment!

pres - sa.
Ar - thur!

Bide-the-Bent.

Lucy.

sa - cri - fi - zio!
he is sign - ing!

Henry.

Ah,

Bide-the-Bent.

(Dio, thou
sustain -
her.)

Lucy.

(Lucy signs the contract.)

mi - se - ra!

wretch - ed me!

Henry.

(La mia con - dan - na ho
Now naught but death can re -

scri - vil)
sign it!)

calando
Allegro mosso.

Henry.  Lucy.  (leans upon Bide-the-Bent.)

scripted) (Re-spir-er) (lo ge-lo ed ar-do! io man-
lease me!) (Tis o-ver!) My heart burns and freez-es! Oh help

Viole & Cello.  Far. sustain.

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.)

Arthur.  Ed-gar-
'Tis Ed-

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?

Chorus.

Qual_ fra-gor! Chi giunge?
Who is this! a stranger?
Alice.

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

Edgar-do!
Oh Edgar!

Bide-the-Bent.

Oh terror!
Day of woe!

Edgar-do!
Lord Edgar!

Oh terror!
Day of woe!

Oh terror!
Day of woe!

Larghetto. Edgar. (aside.) P

Chi mi fre na in tal mo me to? chi tron-

Henry. (aside.) P

Chi raf fre na il mio fu ro re, e la

What from ven geance yet re strains me, Words suf-

Larghetto.

Strings pizz.

What from ven geance yet re strains me, Will he

Cl. sustain.

Printed in the U. S.
Lucy.

( denounced to Alice)

Twas my

mos. so! ta-mo-in-gra-ta, ta-mo, ta-mo-in-gra-ta, ta-mo, an-

arm me, Faith-less maid-en, faith-less maid, a-las, I love thee

Henry.

pos. so, i ri-mor-si del mio co-re, del mio

farm me, Name-less ter-rows, name-less fears my bo-

som

Bide-the-Bent.

(Aside.)

Qual ter-

Oh, may

rai che a me la vi-ta tron-ca-ves-se il mio spa-

hope that death would hide me From a doom of shame and

cor! still.

cor! fill!

Ec mio san-gue! I ho tra-

Ah, she dreads me, and dis-

ri-bi-le mo-men-to! piu for-mar non so pa-

heav'n in mer-cy guide thee In this hour of wrath and

Fl. & Cl. with voice.

14047
ven-to, ma la mor-te non m’a-i-ta, vi-vo an-
guish, But that com-fort is de-nied me, In de-
Chi mi fre-na in tal mo-men-to?
What restrains me From deeds of ven-geance?
di-ta!
dains me!
ro-le! den-sa nu-be di spa-ven-to par che
an-guish, Tho’ af-flic-tion new be-tide thee, Not for

cor-per mio tor-men-to! Da’ miei lu-mi cad-de il
spair I yet must lan-guish, None will coun-sel, none will
ma chi? chi?
Come oh, false-hood!
Like a
ah! si, si! el-la sta
ah! ah no! never-more
co-praj rai del so-le! Co-me ro-sa-nar-i-
ev-er shalt thou lan-guish, Like a rose mid tempest
Ve-lo, mi tra-di-la, ter-rae il, cie-lo! Vor-rei aid me, Heav'n and earth have both bet-ray'd me, Love, do

rosa ina ri-di-ta el-la sta fra mor-te e rose to the tempest bending, Grief and guilt thy heart are

fra mor-te e vi-ta, fra mor-te e vi-ta, fra no more I'll per-suade her, no more per-suade
di-ta, el-la sta fra mor-te e vi-ta, chi per bend-ing, Pale re-morse thy heart is rend-ing, Oh, may

pian ge-re, non pos-so, m'ab-ban-do-na, m'ab-ban-thou with cour-age arm me, give me strength, oh give me

vi-ta! In-gra-ta, t'a mo an-

rend-ing! Un-grate-ful, Ah, I

spe-gne-re non pos-so i ri-
ta! Day of wrath, oh what will be thy

lei non è com-mos-so, ha di heav'n with cour-age arm thee, And a-
Lucy.

do - nail pian-to-an-cor;
strength to do thy will.

Alice.

Come ro-sai-na - ri-di-ta,
Like a rose 'mid tem-pest bend-ing,
cor, si, ta-mean-cor!
love thee, love thee still!

Edgar.

Arthur.

Henry.

Bide-the-Bent.

mor-si!
Ah! è mio san-gue,
end-ing!
Ah! day of wrath,
vert im-pend-ing ill.

Chorus.

Come me
Like a

Come me
Like a

Come me
Like a

Vln. & Fl.
legg.
piange ree non pos
thou with courage arm me,
chi per lei non è com mos so,
Oh may heav’n with courage arm thee,
vin to son com mos so, f’a mo, in-
spair ing looks dis arm me, Ah, faith less
ven to par che co pra i rai del
tide us, Not for ev er let us
ah, che spe gnere non pos so i ri-
Her de spair ing looks a - larm me, New
ha di ti gre in pet to il
and a vert, and a vert the im -
el la sta fra mor te e vi ta.
Pale re morse her heart now is rend ing.
sta morse her heart now is vi ta.
sta morse her heart now is read ing.
m'abbandona il pianto ancor!
give me strength to do thy will,
And avert impending ill; Like a
I love thee still!

Come
Like a

sol-le.
lan-guish.
mor-si del mio cor; ah! è mio
fears my bosom fill; Ah! day of
cor, pending ill!

Chi per
Oh may
Chi per
Oh may
Vorrei piantare,
None to counsel me,
rose mid tempest bending, Pale remorse thy heart is

sangue, I have betrayed, Elia stands from mortality
wrath, what will be thy ending, Further grief may be implanted

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

lei heav'n non è com mosso,
lei heav'n with courage arm thee,
ah! vorrei piange re non pos-

Love, oh do thou with courage arm

vi ta; chi per lei non è com-

rend ing, Oh, may heav'nh with courage

ah! son vin to, son com mos so,

Her despair ing looks disarm me,

vi ta, chi per lei non è com mos so ha di

rend ing, Thy despair ing looks alarm me, Name less

vi ta, ah, che spegne re non

pending, Her despair ing looks a-

mos so, ha di ti gre in

arm thee, and a vert, and a

mos so, ha di ti grejn pet to il

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

ha di ti grejn pet to il

oh, may heav' nh with courage now

ha di ti grejn pet to il

oh, may heav' nh with courage now
cor,  il pian-to_a_n-cor,  il pian-to
will,  Oh love,  give me_ strength,  oh help_ me,

ah!  il  cor,  in pet-toi! cor,
and  a- vert  im-pending ill

cor,  t'a-mo an-cor,  si,  si,  t'a-mo an-cor,
still,  I love thee still,  yes,  I love thee still

ha di ti-gre!n pet-toi! cor,  ha di ti-gre!n pet-toi! cor,
Name-less fears my bo-som fill,  name-less fears my bo-som fill,

cor,  non pos-so i ri-mor-si del cor,
fill,  A name-less fear my bo-som doth fill,

cor,  si,  di ti-gre,  su,  il cor,
ill,  and a-vert im-pend-ing ill,

cor,  in pet-toi! cor,  il cor,
vert im-pend-ing ill from her,

18047
Ungrateful maid, I love, love thee still!

New grief may be impending, ah me!

il cor! il cor! from her! from her!

il cor! il cor! il cor! from her! from her!

il cor! il cor! il cor! from her! from her!

ah spe-gner non li pos-se, ahi-mè!

in-gra-ta, fa-mo-an-cor, sì, an-cor!
No. 10. "Tallontana, sciagurato."

Last Scene of Finale II.

Allegro.

Arthur.

Henry.

Strings.

Piano.

(Rushing with their swords toward Edgar)

Thlon-ta-na, sciagurato.

Get thee gone from hence, thou

Traitor, or, with thy blood thou shalt atone it.

Tal-lon-ta-na, sciagurato.

Get thee gone from hence, thou

Traitor, or, with thy blood thou shalt atone it.

Chorus.

Talon-ta-na, sciagurato.

Get thee gone from hence, thou

Tenor.

Bass.

Edgar (drawing his sword)

Mori-ro, ma insiem col mio al tro sangue scor re-

Do your worst, but I can also draw the sword of swift re-

ra-to! trai-tor!

ra-to! trai-tor!
Bide-the-Bent
(interrupting them in a tone of authority.)

ra. Ri - spet - ta - te in me di Di - o la tre - men - da ma - c - venge. Stay your hands, nor rash - ly dare to take the life by heav'nh be -

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

ne - te l'I - ra ejl bran - do. Pa - ce, mand you shearthe your weap - ons. Ye are

pa - ce, e - gli ab - 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
Henry (advancing towards Edgar.)

Sconsiglia to!
Rash intruder,

in queste porte chi ti guida? La mia sorte,
say, what design hath brought thee hither? Fate so will'd it,

in queste porte chi ti guida? La mia sorte,
say, what design hath brought thee hither? Fate so will'd it,

Henry.
Edgar.

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

Edgar.

Poeco più Allegro. (showing him the contract. Edgar, having read it, fixes his eyes upon Lucy.)
LUCY. (her voice sounding like a groan.)

Sil! Yes! Ah!

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

Riprendi il tuo pe'gno, infido cor... Il mio Allegro vivace.

Ah! Ah!

Almen... Edgar do! Edgar do! have mercy!

Ahno! oh Edgar! dammi. Loren di! gave thee, return it!

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

EDGAR. a piac. (throws it down and stamps on it.) Più mosso.

Hai tradi to il cie lo amor. Male det to, male-

Thou'rt betray'd me 'fore heaven and earth, Mal e dic tion mai-

Strings & Flg.
det to sia li stan te, che di te, si, che di
dic tion be up on thee, Curs'd for ev er be the

Tutt!

Fl.

Ob.

Tymp.

Lucy.

Ah!

ve a da te fug gir. Ah! ma di Dio la ma no i ra ta vi di
shun ye for ev er more. E ter nal venge ance here I vow ye, and may

Fl. & Cl.

Cor. & Fug.
Edgar.

sper-da-
heav-en-

Henry.

In - sa - noar - dir!

Ah, curse no more!

Bide-the-Bent.

SOPRANO.

In - sa - noar - dir!

Ah, curse no more!

Chorus.

TENOR.

In - sa - noar - dir! in - 

Ah, curse no more! Ah,

BASS.

Tutti.

In - sa - noar - dir! in - 

Ah, curse no more! Ah,

E - sei!
Leave us!

E - sei!
Leave us!

Pa - ce!
Silence!

s a - noar - dir! in - s a - noar - dir!

curse no more! oh, curse no more!

s a - noar - dir! in - s a - noar - dir!

curse no more! oh, curse no more!

s a - noar - dir! in - s a - noar - dir!

curse no more! oh, curse no more!
E - sci, fug - gi il fu - ror - che mac - cen - de
Hence, be - gone, ere our fu - ry as - sail thee,

In - fe - li - ce, lin - vo - la, ta - fret - ta,
Hap - less Ed - gar, oh leave us, I pray thee,

E - sci, fug - gi il fu - ror - che mac - cen - de
Hence, be - gone, ere our fu - ry as - sail thee,

In - fe - li - ce, lin - vo - la, ta - fret - ta,
Hap - less Ed - gar, oh leave us, I pray thee,

TENOR.

E - sci, fug - gi il fu - ror - che mac - cen - de
Hence, be - gone, ere our fu - ry as - sail thee,

E - sci, fug - gi il fu - ror - che mac - cen - de
Hence, be - gone, ere our fu - ry as - sail thee,

BASS.

E - sci, fug - gi il fu - ror - che mac - cen - de
Hence, be - gone, ere our fu - ry as - sail thee,

E - sci, fug - gi il fu - ror - che mac - cen - de
Hence, be - gone, ere our fu - ry as - sail thee,

Vivace.

Tutti throughout.

so - lo un pun - toj suoi col - pi so - spen - de, ma fra -
Threats and de - fi - ance now naught will a - vail thee, Though our

so - lo un pun - toj suoi col - pi so - spen - de, ma fra -
Threats and de - fi - ance now naught will a - vail thee, Though our

Let not rash - ly thy fu - ror be - tray thee, Peace will

so - lo un pun - toj suoi col - pi so - spen - de, ma fra -
Threats and de - fi - ance now naught will a - vail thee, Though our

so - lo un pun - toj suoi col - pi so - spen - de, ma fra -
Threats and de - fi - ance now naught will a - vail thee, Though our
poco più a troce, più fiero sul tuo ca poab-bor-
ven-geance may now be a vert ed, Yet, ere long, on thy

for-se il tuo duo lo fia spen to: tut to è lie ve al le-
come with the dawn of to mor row, Let not an gery thy

ri to ca drà, ma fra poco più a-
head it shall fall, Though our ven geance may

ri to ca drà, ma fra poco più a-
head it shall fall, Though our ven geance may

ter na pie tà; vi vie for se il tuo
reason en thrall, Peace will come with the

ri to ca drà, ma fra poco più a-
head it shall fall, Though our ven geance may

131
Lucy. (falling on her knees)

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

Truce, piu fiero, sul tuo capo abborr.
Dio, lo salva, non si venga in simil maniera.

Truce, piu fiero, sul tuo capo abborr.
Dio, lo salva, non si venga in simil maniera.

Hand it shall fall.

Hand it shall fall.

Terna pace, reason enthral.

Hand it shall fall.

Hand it shall fall.
fiercely momento d'un miserable
structure and danger, pour me all the
pronounced arieto, sia lo semplio d'un
Bide-the-Bent.

infe - li - -
Hap - less Ed -

Lucy.

scol - tail la - men - to. É la pre - ce d'immenso do -
flood of thy anger; Grant the pray'r of a heart that is
Edgar.

cor - re tra - di - to. Del mio sangue coperta la -
earth I did cherish: Let my life-blood be shed on the
Arthur.

E - sci! Leave us!

Henry.

Bide-the-Bent.

Leave us!

Leave us!

Ce!

gar!

Leave us!

Leave us!

Leave us!
Lo- re, che piu in ter- ra spe- ran- za non ha,
bro- ken, Let not blood shed my sens- es ap- ple.

Edgar.

So- glia, dol- ce vi- sta per lempia sa- ra!
al- tar, I am read- y your vic- tim to fall,

Arthur.

Henry.

Bide- the- Bent. (to Edgar)

Deh, ti sal- va! Go, I pray thee!

Lucy.

è l'e- stre- ma do- man- da del co- re, che sul
Love de- vot ed, un- dy- ing, un- spo- ken, Binds me
Alice.

(to Edgar).

Edgar.

In- fe- li- ce! Hap- less loy- ers!

cal- pe- stan- do le- san- gue mi- a spo- glia, al- l'Al-
From her pur- pose it will not make her fal- ter, She is

Henry.

Bide- the- Bent.

Tin- vo- la,
Thou trai- tor!

Vi- vi, for- se il tuo du- lo, il tuo
Peace will come with dawn to- mor- row, Peace will
Lucy.
lab - bro spi - ran - do mi sta, Grant the pray'r of a

to him be - yond re - call, e

Alice.
c' in - vo - la, t'af - fret - ta! Oh leave us, I pray thee!

Edgar.
ta - re più lie - ta ne an - dra, Let my life - blood be
lost to my heart past re - call, e

Arthur.
Va col san -

Henry.
Yes, ere long va, va, The maid - en's mac -

Bide-the-Bent.
vi lo fi - a spen - to, tut - to è lie - ve,
come with dawn to - mor - row, let not an - ger,

Chorus.
Va, col san -
Va, Yes, col san -

Yes, ere long
manda d'un core che spirando sul labbro mesta,
heart that is broken, let not blood-shed my senses appall,

sangue mia spoglia all'altare più lieva ne andrà,
shed on the altar, I am ready your victim to fall,

gue tuo la vata sarà,
our vengeance on thee shall fall;

chia d'oltraggio si ne ro,
thou alone hast perverted, We

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

gue tuo la vata sarà,
our vengeance on thee shall fall,

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

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

alla l'altra pie lieta ne andrà, lie-
I am ready your victim to fall, your_

sì, sì, sara, va_
It soon shall fall, go_

have doom'd thee to per-

tutto è lieve, tuttoto, al-
let not anger, anger thus

sì, sì, sara, fall,
si, soon shall fall,
Più Allegro.

sta.
heav'n.

va! In-fel-i-ces, t'in-vo-la, t'af-fret-

go, hap-less Ed-gar, oh leave us, I pray

drà.
fall.

No,
Strike,

E
Fly

è
Fly.

SOPRANOS.

in-
fe-
li-
ce, t'in-
vo-

e.

Hap-
less Ed-gar, oh leave
lo sal - va!  

him, save him!

- ta,  

thee, Let not rash thy

no,  no  tru-ci-da-te-mi.  

strike, I'll be your vic - tim.

sei,  

then, leave us.

sei,  

then, leave us.

sei il tuo duo - lo fia spen - to,  

gar, peace will come with to mor - row. Ah!

la,  t'af - frei - ta,  

us, we pray thee,  

sei,  

then, leave us,

sei,  

then, leave.
In si fiero momento,
Pour on me all thy anger,

sta to 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'accede
We have doom'd thee to perish,

fugi, vanissime,
Hear, or perish,

let not anger thus thy reason enthrall, have

to e lieve all'eter na pie tta, si,

Ah, have

ly thy anger betray thee,

il furor che m'accede,
We have doom'd thee to perish,
Ah, grant the pray'r of a heart that is brok-en, heav'n, oh

for-se il tuo du-o-lo fia spen-to, tut-toè lie-ve al-le-
come with the dawn of to-mor-row, Let not an-ger thy

del mio san-gue co-per-ta la so-glia, la so-
From her pur-pose'twill not make her fal-ter, I've lost

so-lo-un pun-to i suoi col-pi so-spen-
Thou, yes, thou the maid-en's heart hast per-vert-

la mac-chia la va-ta col san-gue sa-
We've doom'd thee to per-ish be-yond all re-

tut-to si, tut-to, si, tut-to, al Pe-
pa-tience, have pa-tience, have pa-tience, time has

vi-vi, pa-tience, have pa-tience, let not an-ger thy

so-lo-un pun-to i suoi col-pi so-spen-
Thou, yes, thou the maid-en's heart hast per-vert-

so-lo-un pun-to i suoi col-pi so-spen-
Thou, yes, thou the maid-en's heart hast per-vert-
salva, save, him,
Dio, Dio, save him,
terna pietà, reason enthral,
Ah, si, Ah, no, ah, si,
traglia dolce vista sarà,
Ah, her, for ever lost her,
si, si, si, si, si,
Ah, yes, ah, yes,
ra, lavata col sangue, lavata sarà,
call, we've doom'd the eto perish beyond all recall, yes,

terna pietà, tutto, si, si,
solace for all, patience, patience,
spento, Ah! Ah! si, no!
reason enthral, Ah, no!
de, ed, si, si, si, si,
ed, ed, Ah, yes, Ah, yes,
è Pe-stre-ma,
Love-de-vot-ed,
Di-
leave
tru-ci-da-te,
let-me-per-ish,
e-sci-
Hence, be-gone, ere our fu-ry as-sail thee,
Threats and de-
Hence, be-gone, ere our fu-ry as-sail thee,
Threats and de-
in-fe-li-ce, t’in-vo-la, t’af-fret-ta, i__tuo__
Hap-less, Ed-gar, oh leave us, I pray thee, Let___not__

fug-gi-gi, then,
e-sci-
Hence, be-
gone, ere our fu-ry as-sail thee, Threats and de-
e-sci-
Hence, be-
gone, ere our fu-ry as-sail thee, Threats and de-
l'estrema domanda che sul labbro mi
undying, unspoken, Binds me to him past re-
o! Di - o! fug - gi,
leave us! fly then,
truci - date, calpesta - te, calpe -
Let me perish, strike, and spare not, strike, and
puntoi suoi colpi sospende, ma -Fra po - co più a - tro - ce, più
fi - ance no more. will a - vail thee, Though our vengeance may now be a -
puntoi suoi colpi sospende, ma -Fra po - co più a - tro - ce, più
fi - ance no more. will a - vail thee, Though our vengeance may now be a -
gio - ni, il suo sta - to rispetta, vi - vi, e for - sejì tuo duo - lo fia
rashly thy fury betray thee, Peace will come with the dawn of to -
e - leave - sci, e - fly - sci, then,
puntoi suoi colpi sospende, ma -Fra po - co più a - tro - ce, più
fi - ance no more. will a - vail thee, Though our vengeance may now be a -
puntoi suoi colpi sospende, ma -Fra po - co più a - tro - ce, più
fi - ance no more. will a - vail thee, Though our vengeance may now be a -
sta, Ah, ________ si, che sul
call, ________ yes, binds me

tut - to è lie - ve al - le - ter - na pie - tà, al - l'e-
Let not an - ger thy réa - son en - thral, not_ thy

sta - te, ________ not, She is

sul tuo ca - po ab - bor - ri - to ca - drà, sul tuo_.
vert - ed, yet, ere_ long, on thy head it shall fall, Yes, ere_

spen - to, tut - to è lie - ve al - l'e - ter - na pie - tà, tut - to è
morrow, Let not an - ger thy rea - son en - thral, Let not

fie - ro sul tuo ca - po ab - bor - ri - to ca - drà, sul tuo_.
vert - ed, yet, ere_ long, on thy head it shall fall, Yes, ere_

fie - ro, sul tuo ca - po ab - bor - ri - to ca - drà, sul tuo_.
vert - ed, yet, ere_ long, on thy head it shall fall, Yes, ere_

fie - ro, sul tuo ca - po ab - bor - ri - to ca - drà, sul tuo_.
vert - ed, yet, ere_ long, on thy head it shall fall, Yes, ere_
Più allegro.

sta, sì, è l’estrema domanda del core che spic

call, yes, love devoted, undying, unspoken, binds me,

tà, sì, quante volte ad un solo tormento milles

thral, ah, heav'nly love hath a balm for thy sorrow. Time hath

drà, sì, calpestando l’asangue mia spoglia, sì, più

call, ah, let my life-blood be shed on the altar. She is

drà, sì, si, la macchia d’oltraggio si nero col tuo

fall, The maiden’s heart hath by thee been perverted. Thou art

drà, sì, si, la macchia d’oltraggio si nero col tuo

fall, The maiden’s heart hath by thee been perverted. We have

ve, sì, quante volte ad un solo tormento,

heav'nly love hath balm, it hath balm for thy sorrow,

tà, sì, quante volte ad un solo tormento

thral, ah, heav'nly love hath a balm for thy sorrow,

drà, sì, si, la macchia d’oltraggio si nero

fall, the maiden’s heart hath by thee been perverted,

drà, sì, si, la macchia d’oltraggio si nero col tuo

fall, the maiden’s heart hath by thee been perverted. We have

Più allegro.
bends me to him, yes, love devoted, undying, un

research non ha, sí, quant te vol ted un solo tort

lie ta nan dra, sí, cal pe stan do l e san gue mia

sangue lavata sarà, sí, col tuo sangue lavata sa
doomd thee, beyond all recall, yes, we have doomd thee be yond all re

sangue lavata sarà, sí, col tuo sangue lavata sa
doomd thee, beyond all recall, yes, we have doomd thee be yond all re

Time hath a sol ace for all, yes, heavn ly love hath a balm for thy

Then have patience, yes, heavn ly love hath a balm for thy

Thou rt doomd past recall, yes, we have sangue lavata sa

sangue lavata sarà, sí, col tuo sangue lavata sa
doomd thee be yond all recall, yes, we have doomd thee be yond all re
SPOGLIA,
sorrow, Time hath solace,

AL TÀL TA-
she is lost,
call.

RÀ,
call.

SÌ, COL TUA sangu la va-
call.

RÀ,
call.

RÀ,
call.

COL TUA

WE HAVE

F ly
tuo

then,

F ly
tuo

then,
Sul labbro mi sta, sì,
Call, beyond all recall, be-

Ha, apprestate non ha! E-
Balm, heavily love hath a balm. Fly

Drà, più liletta ne andrà, si,
Call, she's lost past recall, all!

Rà, lavata sarà! E-
Call, beyond all recall. Fly

Rà, lavata sarà! E-
call, beyond all recall. Fly

Ha, apprestate non ha! E-
All, time hath comfort for all. Fly

Ha, apprestate non ha, ah
All, heav'n hath solace for all. For

Rà, lavata sarà! E-
call, beyond all recall. Fly

Rà, lavata sarà! E-
call, beyond all recall. Fly
si, mi resisti, ahi

sei, fuggi, si, tutto è lieve al l'eter na pie
then, fly then, let not thy anger thy reason en

si, ne andrà, si, sì, più lieta ne an
yes, she's lost, for ever more, to me she's

sei, fuggi, o col tuo sangu la va ta sa
then, traitor, for we have doom'd thee beyond all re

sei, fuggi, o col tuo sangu la va ta sa
then,traitor, for we have doom'd thee beyond all re

sei, fuggi, si, tutto è lieve al l'eter na pie
then, fly then, be ware, lest thy an ger thy rea son en

si, all, non ha, si, quante gioie ap pre state non
for all, yes, hea'n hath sol ace and com fort for

sei, fuggi, o col tuo sangu la va ta sa
then,traitor, for we have doom'd thee beyond all re

sei, fuggi, o col tuo sangu la va ta sa
then,traitor, for we have doom'd thee beyond all re
Act III.
No. II. "Qui del padre ancor 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.

Or-rida este notte co-mej de-sti-no mi-o!
Dark is the night and stormy, like to my ad-verse for-tune!

(Thunder is heard.)

Recit.

Si, tuo-nao cie-lo im-per-ver-sa-te,o
Flash, oh ye lightnings burst forth a-new, ye
Allegro.

ful-mi-ni, scon-vol-to sia l'or-din di na-tu-ra, e pe-ra-il
thun-der-bolts, thou tempest, convulse the heart of na-ture, let all things

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

Viola, Fag. & Cello.
cresc.

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-nac-ce fi-ra, chi puo-te me ve-light-ing, who comes in night and darkness, a-mid the rag-ing tempest, to this desert-ed

Allegro.

Henry. (throwing off his cloak.)

Edgar.

ni-re? mansion?

I-o! Qua-lear-
See me! What hath
Andante.

Henry.

dire!
brought thee?

Aston!
Ashton!
Si!
Ay!

p Strings.

Edgar.

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

Fag.sustain. Tymp.

Henry.

Edgar.

spet-to! Io vi sto pertua scia-
blight-ed? I have come to avenge my honor. Thy

Hera. Tutti.

Henry.

Moderato.

mia? Non venisti nel mio tet-to? hon-or? Yes I've vow'd I will chas-tise thee.

Brusa.

Edgar

Qui del Here a-
padre ancora respira l'ombra infelice

giving shades surround thee Of thy victims, slain by

frema! morte ogn'aura, a te spirra! il ter-
treason! Oh beware, lest they confound thee, Thou art

ren, il terreno qui trema! Nel vardar la soglia oc-
come, thou art come in evil season! Still my race thou perse-

ren da ben dovresti pietar, come

cutest, Ever by wrathful passion led, Now my

poco a tempo

uom che vivo scen da la sua tomba alber-
threshold thou pollut est, Be my ven-
geance on thy

affrett. un

affrett.
gar, nel varcar la soglia orrenda, nel varcar la soglia orrenda; Still my race thou persecutest, still my race thou persecutest.

p tratt., colla parte

ren-dan ben dovresti palpitar, come un uom che vivo cut-est, By thy wrathful passions led, Now my threshold thou poll-

ff p cresc.

scendan, come un uom che vivo scendan la sua tomba e alber-
lust-est, now my threshold thou pollut-est, Be my vengeance on thy

affrett. cres.

gar, ad albergar, ad albergar, la sua tomba, la sua head, yes, be my vengeance on thy head, be my my

a tempo Henry. (with savage joy)

tomba ad albergar! Fu con-

ven-geance up on thy head. I am

a tempo
plausi rimombava; ma più forte al cor d'intones of mirth and gladness, From my heart all joy re-
terno la vendetta, la vendetta mi parlava! Qui mi bounded, For the thought of thee, the thought of thee was madness! Mortal
tras si in mezzo ai venti, la sua voce alia tut ha tred I have sworn thee, From my fury naught can

Tempo I.
tor, e il furor degliamenti rispon save, I'll chastise thee, as I scorn thee, And my

tratt e rall.
deva al mio furor, il furor degliamenti, il furor degli le scorn thou shalt not brave, I'll chastise thee, as I scorn thee, I'll chastise thee, as I
(Oh tor-men-to, oh ge-lo-

men-ti ri-spon-de-va al 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

affrett. cresc.

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

Edgar (with haughty im-pa-tience)

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

scorn thee, and my scorn, ah, no, my scorn thou shalt not brave! What dost thou
bra-mi? A-scol-ta-mi!
seek here? To chal-len-ge thee!

On-de pu-nir_ l'o-f-"fe-sa,
Yes, I to death de-fy thee:

de'-mie-i, de'-mie-i, la spa-da_
Destruc-tion, de-struc-tion I have

vin-di-ci pen-de su te so-spe-sa, on-de pu-nir l'o-f-
swor-n to thee, Come, to the com-bat fly we, I to the death de-

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

**rall.**

So cheek pa-ter-no ce-ne-re giu-rai strap-par-ti al
Know then, that by my father's tomb to thee I've sworn de-

chi dee sve-nar- ti il sa-i!
None but my - self who have doom'd thee!

Edgar (with lofty disdain.)

**a tempo**

Allegro.

co - re.
Si.
struc-tion.
Ay!

We

Allegro.

Tu! - Thou!
Tu! Thou!

Henry.  
Menno.

Quan - do? Al pri - mo sorge-re del mat - tu - ti - no al-
meet, then? I'll meet thee when to - mor - row's dawn be - gins to

Tempo I.  
Edgar.  
Henry.

ho - re. O - ve? Fra l'ur-ne ge - li - de
bright-en. Where? Near to the mouldring tombs

Edgar.

di Ravenswood. Ver - ro.  
of Ravenswood. 'Tis well.  
Sì, ver -
landa funesta, con quella rischia l'orribile
gain thou shalt parry, The morning that dooms thee, the grave that enf
landa funesta, con quella rischia l'orribile
gain thou shalt parry, The morning that dooms thee, the grave that enf

sempre stacc.

rall.

garra d'un odio mortale, d'un cieco furore, o
tombs thee No earthly resistance can longer avert. The

rall.

Oh.

tombs thee No earthly resistance can longer avert. The

a tempo

affrett.

a tempo

'affrett.'

so le più ratto risorgie rischia d'un odio mortale
day of my vengeance no longer shall tarry. No earthly re-
as le più ratto risorgie rischia d'un odio mortale
day of my vengeance no longer shall tarry. No

affrett.

f a tempo

affrett.

tasis
tance thy doom now can longer a-

odio mortale il cieco, il cieco fu-
earthly resistance thy doom now can longer a-

14047
Giu-ra-i strap-
Ah, yes, to thee I've

par-ti il co-re.
sworn de-struc-tion.

spa-da pen-de su-te.
I who have doom'd thee to die.

Fur-ne di Ravens-wood-
me at morn by the tomb.

Al I'll meet thee, be
Ah! Fa-rà di nostr'al-me a-tro-ce go-
Ah! En-san-guined and lur-rid the day is a-
rò. Ah! Fa-rà di nostr'al-me a-tro-ce go-
sure. Ah! En-san-guined and lur-rid the day is a-

ver-no gri-dan-do ven-det-ta lo spir-to d'A-ver-no. del
ris-ing, When ha-tred and fu-ry no more need dis-guising, 'Mid

ver-no gri-dan-do ven-det-ta lo spir-to d'A-ver-no. del
ris-ing, When ha-tred and fu-ry no more need dis-guising, 'Mid

(The storm is at its height.)

tuo-no che mug-ge, del nem-bo che rug-ge, più
lightning and thunder I'd rend thee a-sun-der, Though

tuo-no che mug-ge, del nem-bo che rug-ge, più
lightning and thunder I'd rend thee a-sun-der, Though

sempre stacc.

li-ra è tre-men-da che m'ar-de nel co-re. O
demons of e-vil would shield thee from harm. The

li-ra è tre-men-da che m'ar-de nel co-re. O
demons of e-vil would shield thee from harm. The
cie - co fu - ror, d'un cie - co fu - ror, d'un
long - er a - vert, no, naught can a - vert, no,

cie - co fu - ror, d'un cie - co fu - ror, d'un
long - er a - vert, no, naught can a - vert, no,

(Exeunt.)

ror!
vert!
ror!
vert!
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.
lido, eav-ter-taj
joices, Sound it from
lido, eav-ter-taj
joices, Sound it from
lido, eav-ter-taj
joices, Sound it from
che a noi sor ri-do-no le stelle an cor, eav-ver-taj
Fate smiles up on us, and strife is no more; Sound it from
che a noi sor ri-do-no le stelle an cor, eav-ver-taj
Fate smiles up on us, and strife is no more; Sound it from
che a noi sor ri-do-no le stelle an cor, eav-ver-taj
Fate smiles up on us, and strife is no more; Sound it from
per-fi-di no-stri ne mi-ci, che a noi sor ri-do-no le
fall’n is the foe-man, Fate smiles up on us now, And
per-fi-di no-stri ne mi-ci, che a noi sor ri-do-no le
fall’n is the foe-man, Fate smiles up on us now, And
per-fi-di no-stri ne mi-ci, che a noi sor ri-do-no le
fall’n is the foe-man, Fate smiles up on us now, And

cresc.
stel - le an - cér.
strife is no more.

BASS.

Che più ter - ri - bi - li,
Rest now, ye war - riors,

Sing it, oh wom - en,
Let it re -
No 13: "Dalle stanze, ove Lucia."
Recit. and Chorus.

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

Voice.

Ces-si, ah ces-si quel con-ten-to!
Cease ye, oh cease these sounds of gladness!

Chorus.

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

Piano.

Allegro vivace.

Strings.

Un fiero e-ven-to!
Adiremis-for-
tune!

SOPRANO.

lor! pears!

Tu ne ag-
Ah, what

Ciel! che re-chi?
What hath happened?

lor! pears!

Tu ne ag-
Ah, what

Ciel! che re-chi?
What hath happened?
Maestoso.

(making signs that all are to gather round him.)

Ah!
Ah!

Dal-le
From the

ghiae-dì di ter-ror!
What hath be-fall'n?

ghiae-dì di ter-ror!
What hath be-fall'n?

ghiae-di di ter-ror!
What hath be-fall'n?

Maestoso.
Cor. & Fag. sustain.

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

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

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

Tymp.
mu-ramen! Ter-rible! see-gu-ra! Ste-so-Ar-
on them, Sigh-off dread appall'd my-sens-es, By her

tu-ro al suol gia-ce-va mu-to, fred-do, in-san-gui-
hus-band the-bride was kneel-ing, He lay life-less, his wounds con-

Poco più
na-to! e Lu-cia l'aec-ciar strin-ge-va, che fu già del tru-ci-
geal-ing, In her hand she held the dag-ger, and her un-guish re-com-

Tempo I.

da-to! El-la in me le lu-ciaf-fis-se- "Il mio
menc-es. Wretched maid, she'd slain her hus-band! Gaz-ing

spo-so, ov' è? mi dis-se, e nel vol-to suo pal-
on me with eyes all va-cant, She be-lieved 'twas Ed-
gar
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-de a 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-de a 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-fortune, oh day of sor-row,

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

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


B. pizz.
What gloomy ending of happy morn\-row! Night, cast thy shadow.

What gloomy ending of happy morn\-row! Night, cast thy shadow.

What gloomy ending of happy morn\-row! Night, cast thy shadow.

Bide-the-Bent.

Ah! quel\-la de\-stra di san\-gue impu\-ra li\-ra non
Oh! heav'n in mer\-cy the crime for\-give her, Sad was her
chiammi su noi del ciel,  
Ah! quel-la
fate, cruel hatred's prey,
Oh heav'n, in

Ah! quel-la

Tutti.

destra di sangue impura, li-ra non
mercy the crime forgive her, sad was her

destra di sangue impura, li-ra non
mercy the crime forgive her, sad was her

destra di sangue impura, li-ra non
mercy the crime forgive her, sad was her

destra di sangue impura, li-ra non
mercy the crime forgive her, sad was her
chiama sui noi del ciel. Elia in me le luci affate, cruel hatred's prey. Gaz ing forth with eyes all.

chiama sui noi del ciel.

fate, cruel hatred's prey.

fate, cruel hatred's prey.

fate, cruel hatred's prey.

Fis.

colando

Vin.

fis-se, e l'acciar, l'acciar stringeva!

vacant, in her hand she held the dagger.

E In l'ac her

E In l'ac her

E In l'ac her

Tromboli & Bassi.
Ah!
Ah!

ciar, Pac-ciar stringe-va!
hand she held the dag-ger!

Ah!
Ah me!

ciar, Pac-ciar stringe-va! Pac-ciar!
hand she held the dag-ger! Ah me!

Ah!
Ah me!

ah! quel-la de-stra:
may heav'n in mer-cy
di san-gue im-pu-ra
the crime for-give her,
li-ra su no-i del ciel, li-ra del fate, cruel hatred's prey, sad was her
li-ra su no-i del ciel, li-ra del fate, cruel hatred's prey, sad was her
noi del ciel, li-ra del ciel, i'sad was her
noi del ciel, li-ra del ciel, i'sad was her

ciel, si, si, li-ra del fate, ah yes, sad was her ciel, si, si, li-ra del fate, ah yes, sad was her ciel.
ciel, si, si, li-ra del fate, ah yes, sad was her ciel, si, si, li-ra del fate, ah yes, sad was her ciel.
ciel, si, si, li-ra del fate, ah yes, sad was her ciel, si, si, li-ra del fate, ah yes, sad was her ciel.
ciel, si, si, li-ra del fate, ah yes, sad was her ciel, si, si, li-ra del fate, ah yes, sad was her ciel.

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.

Eco-la! See she comes!

Soprano.

Oh gusto cie-lo!
Oh sight of sor-row,

Tenor.

Oh gusto cie-lo!
Oh sight of sor-row,

Bass.

Oh gusto cie-lo!
Oh sight of sor-row,

Chorus.

Andante.

Strings, Corni, Tromba, &c. Fig.
Par dal-la tomba sei-ta!
as from the grave ar-is-en.

Lucy.

Il dol-ce suo-no mi col-pì di sua vo-ce!  
I hear the breathing of his voice low and tender,

Ah! quel-la

That voice re-

vo-ce m'è qui nel cor di-see-sa!  
Edgar-do! io ti son soundeth within my heart for ev-er.  
Oh Edgar, why were we

re-sa, Ed-gar-do! ah! Ed-gar-do mi-o!  
si, ti son part-ed? oh Edgar, say, why didst thou leave me?  
Let me not
Resa; fuggiato son da' tuoi nemici, da' tuoi nemici,
mourn thee; see, for thy sake I've all forsaken, I've all forsaken.

Shudder do I feel through my veins!
My heart is

Fibra! Vaci-laj pié! - Presso la fonte meco t'as-si-dial-
trembling, my senses fall! Come to the fountain, there let us rest to-

Quant' - to, sí, presso la fonte meco t'as-sidil!
Gather, Yes, yes, by the fountain thou'lt rest beside me.
Allegro vivace. Ohi-mè!  sor-gejl tre-men-do fan-

Ah me! Look where the spec-tre a-
tas-ma ris-es: e ne se-pa-ra!

Stand-ing be-tween us! Ohi-
me! ohi-mè! Ed-gar-do! Ed-
las, a-las, oh Ed-

gar-lost thee, ah! il fa-
three, ah, see, the spec-tre,
il fantasma ne sepa-
the spectre, it di-

Recit.

Qui rico-vria-no, Edgardo, a piè del-
Here we will seek for shelter, be-

Recit.

l'a-ra.
al-
tar.

Larghetto. Sparsaè di ro-se!
'Tis strewn with roses!

Un' ar-mo-nia ce-le-ste, di', non a-
Hear'st the sounds celestial, Soaring be-

Andante.

Ah!
Hark!

'Fin-no suo-na di
'tis the hymn for our
noz-ze! nuptials!

Ah, ah, ah! fin-no di

Fl.

Il ri-to per noi s'appre-sta! Oh me fe-li-ce!

singing:
The al-tar for us is deck'd thus! Oh, hap-py morn-ing!

Ed-gar-do! Ed-gar-do! Oh!

Ed-gar, my Ed-gar! Oh!

Allegro.

me-fel-lice!
bless-ed morn-ing!

Oh gio-ja che si-

Oh joy un-told, un-

sen-te, oh gio-ja che si-
fathom'd, With-in my heart be-
ev-er, be ev-er hid-
Larghetto.

Splend' on le sa- cre fa-ci, splend' on in-

Tor-no! Ec-co il mi-nistro!

See them, the priest is ready!

"With this ring I wed thee!"

Lie-to gior-no! oh__lie-to!

Day of rap-ture, oh__rap-ture!

At last, I'm thine, love,

Al-fin sei mi-o, a me ti do-na, a

At last thou'rt mine, love, Heav'n smiles up-on us, And
See me, conte diviso, conte, convided, 'Tis heav'n to be with thee, with thee, with
gno-re, di lei pietà, Si-gnor, the faith she vow'd,
gno-re, di lei pietà, Si-gnor, Si-gnor, pie-
gno-re, di lei pietà, Si-gnor, Si-gnor, pie-
gno-re, di lei pietà, Si-gnor, Si-gnor, pie-
true to the faith she vow'd, the faith, the faith she
true to the faith she vow'd, the faith, the faith she
tee, Del ciel clemen-te, del
true to the faith she vow'd, Si-gnor, Si-gnor, pie-
true to the faith she vow'd, the faith, the faith she
true to the faith she vow'd, Si-gnor, Si-gnor, pie-
true to the faith she vow'd, the faith, the faith she
te, Del ciel clemen-te, del
true to the faith she vow'd, Si-gnor, Si-gnor, pie-
true to the faith she vow'd, the faith, the faith she
tee, Del ciel clemen-te, del
true to the faith she vow'd, Si-gnor, Si-gnor, pie-
true to the faith she vow'd, the faith, the faith she
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true to the faith she vow'd, Si-gnor, Si-gnor, pie-
true to the faith she vow'd, the faith, the faith she
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true to the faith she vow'd, Si-gnor, Si-gnor, pie-
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tee, Del ciel clemen-te, del
true to the faith she vow'd, Si-gnor, Si-gnor, pie-
true to the faith she vow'd, the faith, the faith she
tee, Del ciel clemen-te, del
true to the faith she vow'd, Si-gnor, Si-gnor, pie-
true to the faith she vow'd, the faith, the faith she
Bright dawns the future, without a cloud, smiling before us, smiling before us, bright dawns the future, without a cloud, yes, without a cloud, smiling without a cloud, smiling without a cloud.

Ah, la vita a noi sarà, la vita a noi sarà, la vita a noi sarà, la vita a noi sarà.
rä. cloud.

tå! vow'd!

tå! vow'd!

Bide-the-Bent.

Sä-vän-za En-ri-co!
Here comes her broth-er!

Henry. (rushing in.)

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

(Hastily approaching Lucy.)

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

Tar - re - sta! Oh leave her-

Tar - re - sta! Oh leave her-

Lucy. (in delirium.)

Che

What

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

chie - di? (gazing on her)

Henry.

What would he?

Oh, qual pal - lor!

Bide-the-Bent.

why so pale?

Ha la ragion smar -

She is bereft of

Ah me mi - se - ra!

Ah, un - hap - py me!

Gran Dí - o!

Oh, heav - en!

ri - ta. Tre - ma - re, o bar - ba - ro, tu

rea - son. Oh, trem - ble, thou cru - el man, 'tis

Lucy.

Meno.

Bide-the-Bent.

Non mi guardar si fie - ro, se -

Look not so dark - ly on - me, it

dèi per la sua vi - ta.

thou to this hast brought her.

Meno

Strings.

Bassi.

gnai quel fo - glio, è ve - ro, si, si, si, è ve -

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

ro-Nel'l'ira sua terribile calpesto trà, la-nel-lo! mi male dice! Ah!

me? Oh say, what mean those wrathful words, Why take the ring thou gav'st me? Why dost thou curse me? Ah,

\[ \text{\textit{f rall.}} \]

Allegro mosso.

vit-ti-ma fui d'un crudel fratelo: ma ognor, ognor, t'amai, ah!

know'st thou not I must obey my brother! My heart is thine for

ma-i, ognora, Ed-gar-do, si, ognor, ognor t'amai, ah! e

ev'er, for ev'er, Oh, Ed-gar, my heart is thine for ev'er; ah,

for

Lucy.

\[ \text{\textit{Henry.}} \]

t'amo ancora, Ed-gar-do mio, si, te lo giuro, ognor t'amai, ev'er I'm thine! Turn to me, Ed-gar, Say thou believest me, I love thee

Bide the Bent.

\[ \text{\textit{Bide the Bent.}} \]

Ah! diei, Si-gnor, pie-tà! Ah sí, di Heav'n, have pit-y up-on her woe! Oh heav'n, have
Chi mi fo-mas-ti?
Who stands be-side thee?
Ar-

Tis

Tu no-mas-ti... Ar-tu-ro!
Ah, what would he-
Not Ar-thur!

Ah! non fug-gir!
Ah! let me fly-
Ah! Mer-ci-ful heav'n!

no, non fug-gir!
ah per-don!
ah where art

Ed-gar mine,

Lucy.

Henry.

Bide-the-Bent.

Maid un-hap-py! Heav'n be-hold
In-fe-li ce! ah pie-ta, Si

Bide-the-Bent.

Maid un-hap-py! Heav'n be-hold
In-fe-li ce! ah pie-ta, Si

Chorus.

Maid un-hap-py! Heav'n be-hold
In-fe-li ce! ah pie-ta, Si
Ah! no, non fug-
off on her knees)

Ah! no, non fug-
off on her knees)

Ah! no, non fug-
off on her knees)

Ah! no, non fug-
off on her knees)

Ah! no, leave me
Moderato.

Gir, Ed-gar-do!

Wood.

String pizz.

Cor.

Tymp.

Cor and Fag.

Lucy.

Spar-gi da-ma-ro pian-to il mio ter-

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

String

Cl.

F1.

Cor and Fag.

rall. e portando la voce

Flaut and Clp.
Più mosso.

Lucy.

me.
him.

Henry.

Gior ni d'a ma ro pian to
Oh grief be yond all me asure,

Bide-the-Bent.

Più raf fre na reil pian to
Short were thy days of plea sure,

TENOR.

Chorus.

Più raf fre na reil
Short were thy days of

Più mosso.

Henry.

ser bajl ri mor soa me, si,
Oh most unhap py day,

Bide-the-Bent.

pos si bi le non e,
Grief stole thy life a way,

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

pian to sure, pos si bi le non
Grief stole thy life a -
pian to sure, pos si bi le non
Grief stole thy life a -
Spargli d'amaro pianto
Cast on my grave a flower,
But let there be no ve
weeping,
mentre las sù nel
cielo lo preghero, preghero per te;
I'm sleeping, Let not an eye, not an eye grow dim; For mid the
tuo sol tanto
fields of azur, I go to wait for

me! ah sì, ah sì, ah sì, per me,
him, ah yes, ah yes, ah yes, ah yes,
Ah, piú raf-fre-na-re il
short were thy days of

Più Allegro.
(falls swooning into Alice's arms.)

tel!
love!
me!
me!

è!
way!
è!
way!
è!
way!
è!
way!
No 15. “Si tragga altrove...”

Recit.

Henry.

(to Bide-the-Bent)

Si tragga al-tro-ve. A-li-sa, uom del Si-gnor, ‘deh!
She needs as-sistance; thou, A-lie; thou faith-ful friend, ah,

Piano.

Strings throughout.

(Alice and Ladies lead off Lucy)

vo-i la mi-se-ra ve-glia-te lo più me stes-so in me non
has-ten, be near-her in her sor-row; I can-not bear it, my grief o'er-

(Exit in extreme consternation)

tro-vo! whelms me!

Bide-the-Bent. (to Norman)

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

Norman.

Che par-li? Thou'rt raving!

tu-a! Si, del-l'in-cen-dio che di-vam-pare strugge que-sta
on us. Ay! Thine the tell-tale tongue hath done the mischief, now re-

Page 247
ca-sai-nfe-li-ce, hai tu de-sta-ta la pri-mie-ra sein-ti-l-la! Io non cre-
joice in thy do-ing. Thou vile in-former, 'twas thrdhee all was known. I ne'er in-

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 chastise-
ment

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

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

mal!
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

Maestoso.

Piano.
Edgar.

Tomb of mysainted

miei, l'ultimavanzod'unainterielce, dehraccolieti
fatherstoportals; I, the last of mykindred, amcometorestbe-

Cessodelliarilbreve

Theflameofangerhathspentits

 foco; sulhemiacoacciore abandonarmi
fury, formywearyspiritthegravealonehath

Larghetto.

vo'

Per melavi
ta etorrendo

Strings.

peace.

Why shouldI

linger, naught, naught is
peso!
lost me,

serto per me senza Lucia!
Di
desert, a desert, black and lonely!

Allegro.

facci tutta a splendido castello. Ah! scarsa fu la notte al tri-
see the castle gleaming with festive torches; Ah! gladness and rejoicing sur-

pu dio! Ingrata donna! mentre mi struggo
round thee! Ungrateful maiden! While I, despairing,

in disperato pian-to, tu ridi sul tiacanto al felice con-
mourn that my hopes have perished, beside thy chosen consort 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

se-no,  io del-la mor-te!
gladness,  I die de-spair-ing!

Larghetto.  Fra

Cor.

Cor. and Fag.

po-coa me ri-co-ve-ro da-ra ne-glet-toa vel-lo,
earth I bid a last fare-well, The tomb will soon close o'er me,

u-na pie-to-sa la-grama non-sende-ra su quel-lo! ah!
Friendless, un-wept and un-belov'd, No ray of hope be-fore me, ah!

Tromba and Tymp.

Viol and Cello.
fin de-gl'io-stin-ti, ah! mi-se-ro! man-cai! con-for-to.

Tears, that are balm for mis-e-ry, Ne'er will be shed for

a tempo

me. Tu pur, Tu pur di-men-ti-ca quel

me. Viol.I. Forget, Forget a heart betrayed, For-

a tempo

mar-mo di-spre-gia-to:

get the grave that hides me,

Mai non pas-sar-vi, o bar-ba-ra, del

But ne'er, thou false one, near it stray, With

tuo con-sor-te a la-to. Ah! ri-spet-ta al-men le

him whose joy de-rides me. Ah! nor vex the spir-its
ceased
last place of rest for whom he died for thee, not the spirit's
cease
last place of rest for him who died for thee, not the spirit's
Ah, yes, for...

forgotten, thou false one, not my last place, the false one, oh, vex not my spirit's last place, and oh
Questo di che sta sor - gen - do tra - mon - tar piú non ve -
Ah, this day that dawn'd in glad - ness, Must in tears and mourning:

Questo di che sta sor - gen - do tra - mon - tar piú non ve -
Ah, this day that dawn'd in glad - ness, Must in tears and mourning:

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 pian -
Say for whom, for whom ye

Schi - sor - na!
row!

Schi - sor - na!
row!

Ge - sor - row? Ah, in pit - y, ah, in pit - y tell me
Edgar.

Ah! Luci-a! Ah! I wrong'd her!
Questo di che sta sor-
chie-de, per te gem-e-
dying breath she calls thee.

Questo di che sta sor-
Ah, this day that dawn'd in
chie-de, per te gem-e-
dying breath she calls thee.

muo-re! Luci-a! ah!
gendo tramontar piu non ve-
gladness Must in tears and mourn ing close!

gendo tramontar piu non ve-
gladness Must in tears and mourning close!
Heavn of

gion la tras-sea-mo-re, e te chie-de, per te gem-
reason hath bereft her, With her dying breath she calls thee.

Questo Ah, this
gion la tras-sea-mo-re, e te chie-de, per te gem-
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.

Meno Allegro.

Ah!

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

Meno Allegro.

lento
Quel suo-no 'n cor mi piom-ba!
It is my knell 'tis sounding.

E de-ci-sa la mia sor-te!
Naught shall longer now restrainme.

Oh Di-o!
What wouldst thou?

Gli-o, ri-ve-de-ri -
hold her-
I will see her, un-

Qual tra-spor-to, soon si-glia-to! ah de-si-sti,a hie di-jin
Calm, oh calm thee, it were mad-ness, oh, we pray thee, change thy

Qual tra-spor-to, soon si-glia-to! ah de-si-sti,a hie di-jin
Calm, oh calm thee, it were mad-ness, oh, we pray thee, change thy
(rushing off)

po-scia-me-

rash in solve.
te.

tere.

Bide-the-Bent.

Dove corri, sventurato?
Whither dost thou bend thy foot-steps?

El- lain terra piu non e.
She on earth has ceased to be.

Edgar.

Lu-cia!
What say'st thou?

Bide-the-Bent.

Sven-tu-ra-to!
Yes, thou'st lost her!
Edgar.  

Inter ra più non e? 
Ah no, those words unsay. Speak, where

Bide-the-Bent.  Edgar.  Mono

dunque?  È in cielo.  Lucia più non è!
is she?  In heaven.  My Lucy is no more!

Chorus.  Edison.  Sven-ut ra-to!  Oh what sor-row!
Sven-ut ra-to!  Oh what sor-row!
Sven-ut ra-to!  Oh what sor-row!

Moderato.  

Ob. etc.

Strings pizz.
Edgar (rousing himself.)

Tu che a Dio spiega sti
Thou hast spread thy wings to

la- li, o bel- l'al ma in - ra - mo - ra - ta, ti ri-
heaven, Oh thou spir-it, pure and ten - der, From on

oppure.
vol-gia me pla - ca-ta, te - co a - scenda, te - co ascenda il tuo fe -
high, mid star - ry splendor, Look down in pit-y, look in pit-y and for -

del. Ah! se li-ra dei mor-ta-li fe - ce a noi si cru-da
give. Tho' by mor-tals doom'd to - sever, Ours a love that can-not

a tempo
Bide-the-Bent.

Segue. For sen-na-to! for sen-na-to! Ah! che fa-i? ah! che fol-low. 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.

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

Bide-the-Bent.

fa-i? pun-ish!

Ri-tor-na in

fa-i? pun-ish!

Ri-tor-na in

fa-i? pun-ish!

Ri-tor-na in

Oh, calm thy

Ri-tor-na in

Oh, calm thy

Bide-the-Bent.

Edgar stabs himself

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

140 47
Edgar (with broken voice)

Moderato. Larghetto.

Che fa-ce-sti!
Fa-tal rashness!

A te ven-go-o be-
None shall part us-Oh, be-

l'al-ma, ti ri-vol-gi, ah! al tuo fe-
lov'd one, Lookin pit-y, ah, look and for-

Sci-agu-ra-to!
Day of sorrow!

del. Ah se li-ra dei mor-ta-li give.
Thoughby mort-tals doom'd to sev-er,

Pens-saal 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!

Cello and Ob.

Cello and Cl.
sicrada guerra, o bel-
love cannot perish, Reft of

Oh Dio, per dona,
Oh heav'n forgive thee,

ravvivando il tempo
l'alma, ne congiunga il Nome in ciel, o bel-l'alma inna-more-
thee, of thee, I cannot, I cannot live, oh, thou spirit pure and

Pensa al ciel.
Turn to heav'n.

Oh heav'n tre-
Oh heav'n tre-

ravvivando il tempo
l'arata, bel-l'alma inna-morata, ne con-giugn-ga il Nome in
tender, thou spirit pure and tender, Reft of thee, I will not

pen-sa al
Oh for

mer-
dar, oh ne-
mer-
dar, oh ne-

men-
cy, oh for -
men-
cy, oh for -
vi-si fummo in-ter-ra ne con-giun-ga il mor-tals do-o-d to sev-er, Reft of thee, bereft of thee, I no
per-do-na, per-do-na tan-to or-ror, per-do-na, per-do-na tan-to or-ror, per-do-na, per-do-na tan-to or-ror,
for-give him, in mer-cy, do thou for-give,
for-give him, in mer-cy, oh, for-give,
for-give him, in mer-cy, do thou for-give,
cresc.

Poco più.

Nu-me in ciel, no more will live, Nu-me in
more il Nu-me in
per-don, per-don,
per-don,
per-don,
for-give, for-give, for-give;
for-give, for-give;
for-give, for-give;

4047
(Falls and dies)

Nu more in ciel!
more I will live!

tan to or ror!
tan to or ror!
tan to or ror!

tan mer cy for give!
tan mer cy for give!
tan mer cy for give!