ACT THE SECOND.

The stage represents a dark and subterranean dungeon of the State-Prison; the massive vaultings of this place are carried by short stout columns divested of any attempt at ornamentation, and only showing at intervals large iron rings securely let into their sturdy shafts, the vaulted ceiling they carry, reeks with damp and dependant moisture; in the background, the far wall is pierced by several openings strongly grated and barred with iron, through which gratings, a winding stone-staircase is perceived, leading from the Prison above; a door high in the wall gives access to the vault by means of a continuation of these steps winding down on the right-hand; on the left-hand side, are the ruins of what was once a sort of reservoir or tank, the walls of which having fallen in, the aperture is choked with the rubbish, on a bracket projecting from one of the columns, a lamp feebly burning, only serves to render the murky gloom and darkness of the dungeon still more visible.

At the rising of the curtain, Don Florestan is discovered seated on a large stone by one of the columns on the right, he is heavily fettered, and around his waist is a long chain the other end of which is securely fastened to one of the iron rings — he lays with his head on his hand; want, misery, and disease are depicted in his emaciated limbs and countenance, and in his sombre prison-garb — at first, he seems hardly to possess the little life still left him in his solitary and dark place of confinement.

SCENE I.

DON FLORESTAN. solus.
FIDELIO.

L. van BEETHOVEN.
here, kier!

Viol: 1mo e Strom: di Flauto.

Viol: 2do e = cello.

Viol: 3do e = cello.

Tym: solo.

Grief could I grieve—might cheer!

öd ist en um mich her,

Death
nichts, nichts le - bet aus - ser mir,

Se - verest

poco Andante.

Prüfung! — Ob e Fag:

yet; so be, if God so
doch gerecht ist Gottes

p Viol: e Bassi.

L.von BEETHOVEN.
"quird and won my duty, Chains and slavery my re-
wagt ich kühn zu sagen, und die Ketten sind mein.

Though their pangs and want oppress me, Through its

Though their pangs and want oppress me, Through its

Though their pangs and want oppress me, Through its

Though their pangs and want oppress me, Through its
Heaven allows one thought to bless me—
I was true, you, I was
Sicher, sicher Trost in meinem Herzen
meine Pflicht, ja, meine
Clara Fagi, sempre.

Fagi. Corni sempre.

Dou Flo

true at Duty's call!
Pflicht hab' ich gethan.
 strozzato, piano.
Oboe solo.

Viol. Bassi.

as far as his chain will permit him, though moved by his thoughts to enthusiasm, he still is calm.)

Dou Flo

What

Und

dim.

Dou Flo

feeling ariseth, unwanted all new!
spirit my

Oboe sempre.

Viol. Bassi e Corni sempre 'sin' at Fine.

Ludwig BEETHOVEN.
An Angel, and resembling my wife, 
leono-ra, Leono-ra, gleicht, der, 
leono-ren, der Gattin no 
leono-ren, der Gattin no, 

FIDELIO. 
L. van BEETHOVEN.
(sinking again on the stone seat, exhausted by these ideal emotions, he conceals his face in his hands — Leon.

Fiera! Reich!

Fiera and Rocco are now observed through the grated openings, descending the winding staircase, they carry implements for dig-


Viola. Viole Viola.

2 = celli. 3 = celli. Bassi = cello.

L.v. van Beethoven
SCENE II.

The same: LEONORA; ROCCO.

LEONORA, (as they descend, in an undertone to
ROCCO:) How cold within this subterranean vault!
ROCCO: And naturally so: it is so deep.

LEONORA, (halb laut.) Wie kalt ist es in diesem
unterirdischen Gewölb be.
ROCCO: Das ist natürlich! Es ist ja so tief.

LEONOR: (looking with agitation
round about her.) Methought the
entrance would have ne'er been
found.

LEON: (sicht unruhig nach allen
Seiten umher.) Ich glaubte schon,
werden den Eingang nicht
finden.

ROCCO: (turning towards Florestan.)
Hush! there is the Prisoner.

ROCC: Da ist er.

LEON: (her voice almost inarticu-
late with emotion, as she seeks to re-
ocnize him.) Who seems almost with-
out nor life nor motion.

LEON: Er scheint ganz ohne Bewe-
gung.

ROCCO: (softly.)
Vielleicht ist er tod.
You think so?

LEON: (vivaciously.)
Viel lebt es, ihr meint es?

ROCCO:
No, no, he doth but sleep.

LEON: (Oboe solo.)

Con' accompagnamenti di 2 Violini, Viola, Violoncello, Contr-basso, 1 Oboe e 2 Corpi in Mi.
LEON: (aside.) It is not possible as yet to recognize one feature.

LEON: (Es ist unmöglich, seine Züge zu unterscheiden.)

help me, thou God—if it be he!

Gott steh mich bei, wenn es ist!

ROC: looking about, and pointing out the ruined cistern. Behold the reservoir of which I told thee;


a speedy service brings us to its opening; hand me the pick-axe; place thyself then here;

wir brauchen nicht viel zu graben, um an die Öffnung zu kommen, gib mir eine Haupte, und stelle dich hierher.
(observing Leonora's agitation.)

**Leon:** (doing as he has desired.) No, no; 'tis but the cold.

**Roc:** (beginning to dig.) To work! I warrant thou wilt quick be warm.

**Leon:** O no, es ist mir so kalt.

**Roc:** So mache fort, beim Arbeiten wird dir schon warm werden.

---

**Duetto.**

**Leonora takes a sort of spade or hoe, and removes the great stones as Rocco displaces them with his pick.**
To work! and ply the spade with vigor,

Nur kurz'g fort, nur frisch ge-ge-aben!

For soon I make the fa-tal
es währt nicht lang, er kämmt in-

Leonora. (during the pro-

sign, For soon I make, for soon I make the fa-tal sign.
To give ef-

es währt nicht lang, es währt nicht lang, er kämmt in-

Leonor. (in a undertone whilst at work.)

Frequent aid, I urge With best mine ef-

nicht zu klagen haben, ihr sollt ge-

den

Leonor.

To work! to work! ply spade with vi-gor, For soon I

Nur kurz'g fort, nur frisch ge-ge-aben, es währt nicht

Leonor. (in a undertone whilst at work.)

Violi: Bassi e Strumi di Fiuto.

Violi: Bassi e Strumi di Fiuto.

Viol: Bassi e Strumi di Fiuto.

Viol: Bassi e Strumi di Fiuto.

Fidelio.

Leon Beethoven.
Leon:

make the fatal sign. To give formal aid. I

Roco:

Your help, your help, this heavy stone re-

Luci:

mov ing; he ben.

Take care! hab' Acht!

Take care! hab' Acht!
toil not great, And lighten'd by thy kind souping.

(Exerting himself.)

LEON:

ROC:

thinking they have quite cleared the stone.)

LEON:

(still persevering.)

ROC:

(almost exhausted.)

LEON:

ROC:

FIDELIO. Contra Fugotto e Basso.

LEON (cheerfully.)

it hath its weight. The help is true.

er hat Gewicht. Ich helfe schoo.

Viol: &c.

2 Viole. Stradi Fatio. 2 Viole. Stradi Fatio.

Contra Fugotto e Basso.

Contra Fugotto e Basso.

Fug.: Contra Fugotto e Basso.

Fug.: Contra Fugotto e Basso.

still.

Nur.

's far from light. Still farther, yet — 'Tis far from light.

Es ist nicht leicht! Nur etwas noch! Es ist nicht!
Light! Still further, yet —
leicht! Nur etwas noch! —
To work! to work! 
Nur Kurtig fort, 
Es wahr nicht lang, er kommt her.

(aside, as she passes from her work, and speaks)

(Who e'er thou
wer
du auch

a look at Florestan.)

art, thy cause I better, By Heaven! by Heaven! the not spread shall not

sign, with dark de-sign.

Viole Streichte Flute tenutii.

Basso e Contra Fagotto.
twine! I dash, I dash
to dust thine every

sag'ga ge-wiss, ge-wiss, ich löse dein'

pp Tutt.

fetter, and freedom o'er thee yet shall shine.
Ketten, ich will du Armer, dich befrey.

ich

break thine every fetter, you
löse dein'ne Ketten, ja, ich will du Armer, dich be-


shine
frey

yet shall, dich be-

FIDELIO.
Nay, father, nay! I linger not— I linger not—
nein, Vater! nein, ich zaudre nicht, ich zaudre nicht.

Is duty then so soon forgot?
Wus zauderst du in deiner Pflicht?

Then work! and ply the spade with
nur kur-tig fort, nur frisch ge-

Bassi e Corsi.
Il'll win your praise, not urge your rigor,
Ihr sollt ja nicht zu klagen haben,

The hour is nigh that brings him here.
Es währt nicht lang, so kommt er her,

Yes, the hour is nigh, yes, yes; the hour is nigh.
Ja, ja, es währt nicht lang, so kommt, es währt nicht lang, so kommt er

In this, no toil were too severe, none were too severe.
Denn mir wird keine Arbeit schwer, keine Arbeit schwer.
In this no toil were too severe, none were too severe; Ill who your
denn mir wird keine Arbeit schwer, keine Arbeit schwer; lasst mich nur
here, that brings, that brings him here. To work! and
her, er kommt, er kommt er her, nur kurz

prove, not urge your vigor in this, no toil were
wieder Kräfte haben denn mir wird keine

ply the spade with vigor. The hour is nigh that
nur früh ge-grabt, es währt nicht lang,

too severe. (Rocco now pauses—applies the pitcher to his lips and refreshes himself with a draught. Florestan now having partly recovered from his emotions, feebly raises his head, but does not at first perceive either Rocco or Leonora.)

brings him here.
kömt er her.

FIBELJO.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.
LEONORA: (who has been intently watching him to Rocco.) He wakes —
Rocco: (suddenly ceasing to drink.) He wakes, say'st thou?
LEON: (in confusion — her eyes fixed on Florestan.) Ay! — this moment hath he even raised his head.
Rocco: Perhaps a thousand times to question me again — I must a word with him alone, how soon to be his last! (he comes up out of the grave) — descend in my place, clear 'til the Cistern's open.

LEON: (aside — as trembling, she descends a step or two.) (Within me that which passeth, is unspeakable.)
Rocco: (approaching Don Florestan, and speaking to him in a kind low voice.) Well! have you had scanty need of rest?
Don Florestan: (with bitter anguish.) Of "rest"! — where can I find rest?
LEON: (aside, straying from her remote position to observe him.) (That voice! 0, could I see his face?)
Don Flo: (to Rocco.) Thou still art ever deaf unto my plaint, most cruel man? (at these words, he turns his face toward Leonora.)

LEON: God! 'tis he! (she falls senseless from emotion on the side of the grave.)
Rocco: (to Florestan.) What more do ye require at my hands? I do but execute my lord's command — such is mine office, such my portion'd duty.
Don Flo: Be thou then telling of that master's name.
Rocco: (aside.) (A query which 'till now, I might not answer.) (aloud, to Florestan.) This Prison's Governor, is Don Pizarro.
LEON: (who has been gradually recovering; aside, as aroused by this name.) (Barbarian! that merest mention kindles up a thousand valors in this love-worn breast!)

Leon: Er erwacht!
Rocco: (plötzlich im Trinken inne haltend.) Er erwacht, sagst du?
LEON: (in grösster Verwirrung, immer noch Florestan sehend) Ja, er hat eben den Kopf in die Höhe gehoben.
RIN: Ohne Zweifel wird er wieder tausend Fragen an mich stellen. Ich muss allein mit ihm reden. Nun bald hat er's überstanden (er steigt aus der Grube.) Steig du, statt meiner, hinab, und räume noch so viel hinweg, dass man die Cisterno öffnen kann.
LEON: (sie steigt zitternd ein paar Stufen hinab.) Was in mir vorgeht, ist unansprechlich!
RIN: (zu Florestan.) Nun, ihr habt wieder einige Augenblicke geruht?

DON FLORESTAN. Geruht? Wie fände ich Ruhe?
LEON: (für sich.) Diese Stimme! — Wenn ich nur einen Augenblick sein Gesicht sehen könnte.
Don Flo: Werdet Ihr immer bei meinem Kragen taub seyn, grausamer Mann? (mit den letzten Worten wendet er sein Gesicht gegen Leonoren.)
LEON: Gott! Er ist's! (sie fällt ohne Bewusstsein an den Rand der Grube.)
RIN: Was verlangt Ihr denn von mir? Ich verlische die Befehle die man mir giebt; das ist mein Amt, meine Pflicht.

DON FLO: Saget mir endlich einmal, wer ist der Gouverneur dieses Gefängnisses?
RIN: (bei Seite.) Jetzt kann ich ihm ja ohne Gefahr genug thun. (Laut.) Der Gouverneur dieses Gefängnisses ist Don Pizarro.
LEON: (sich allmählich erhölland.) (0 Barbar! deine Grausamkeit giebt mir meine Kräfte wieder.)
DON FLO: O send as soon as might his post to Seville — make all enquiry for Leonora Florestan —
LEON: (aside, with emotion) (He little wist that now she digs his grave.)
DON FLO: Tell her, I lie here, slave-bound and in chains.
ROC: (sorrowfully shaking his head) Impossible! 'twould not bring benefit to you nor me.
DON FLO: (in agony at this fresh repulse) If then indeed condemned to perish here; why Death! art thou thus tardy?
LEON: (springing up vehemently — then, aside — as she recollects and restrains her self.) (O God! this passes all endurance!)
DON FLO: (to Rocco) For pity's sake, one little drop of water! — that, surely is the slenderest request.
ROC: (aside.) (And one that pierces my heart through and through.)
LEON: (aside, watching Florestan and Rocco.) (So can he but relent.)
DON FLO: (mournfully.) No answer yet again?
ROC: Your late entreaty meets a poor compliance. (pointing to the pitcher.) My all to proffer is a little wine left in the pitcher yonder.
LEON: (brining the pitcher forward, in the greatest haste.) O take, O take it then! —
DON FLO: (addressing Rocco, after looking with interest on Leonora.) And who is that?
ROC: My helmsman, soon to be — my son; (hands the pitcher to Florestan, who seizes it eagerly and drinks.) this slight wine-offering hath this heart's best blessing. (to Leonora, observing her tremble,) but why thine agitation, boy?
LEON: (in a under-tone, and in confusion.) In moment so sad, who could stand unmoved? yourself? good Master Rocco?
ROC: (also, in a low-tone.) 'Tis true; — the man hath such a voice.
LEON: (earnestly.) A voice that knells deep in my deepest heart!
TERZETTO.

LEONORA;

DON FLORESTAN;

ROCCO.

Allegro.

May bet-ter worlds re-cord thy
Euch wer-de Lohn in ben-ner
Ewig Bassi sempre.

Welt'en, der Him-mel, der Him-mel hat euch mir ge-schickt:

All thanks, for that thou hast bade me live, Re-cive from
Dank! ihr habt mich süß er-quickt, ich kann die

my poor and wound-ed, wound-ed spi-rit. Re-cive, re-cive from
Wohlthat, ich kann sie nicht ver-gel-ten, ich kann sie nicht, ich

Con accompagnamenti di 2 Violini, Viola, Violoncello, Contra-basso, 1 Flauto, 1 Oboe, 2 Clarinetti in La, 2 Fagotti e 2 Corni in La.

FIDELIO.

L.VAN BEETHOVEN
ROCCO. (in an undertone to Leonora.)

ROCCO.

my poor wounded spirit.  
I freely

Ich habe ihn

Viola Bassi.

Viola primo

2 Corni tenuti.

Leonora. (wild.)

(Alternate) thrives or droops my heart;

Now

Alte, der heftig pochet dieses Herz,

Str. di Fiate.

Viol. Bassi.

Viol. Bassi.

Leonora.

Fear, now Hope, now Fear; their hope, their hope

es wagt, es wagt in Freud' und tiefem

FP

FP

FP

FP

L. van BEETHOVEN.
Leon: Alternate thrives or droops my heart.

Don Flo: (aside.)

Roer: Bringt dich ich den Jungling hier,

I do what Duty thrusts on me.

Leon: Each noise less second

Don Flo: And kindly men in Rococo scars! O God! O God! thy blessings

Roer: I do what Duty

Leon: Herz, droops my heart; this heart, die heere banze.

Don Flo: Und Rührung zeigt auch dieser Mann, o Gott, o Gott, du sendest.

Roer: me, heur, Ich thu was meine
From the boom that Death or Freedom
Stunde cinsst, die Tod mir, oder Ret-

dom
nung

hover near, The ember of my hope to fan,
The flame of
Hoffnung mir, dass ich sie noch gewinnen kann,
dass ich sie

thrusts on me, But hate all tyranny!
Hsfliek gebeut, doch kann' ich alle Grausamkeit,

doch kann' ich

Violi.

2 Clar.e Fag.

Violi.

Violi. Bassi.

brings, that Death or that Freedom brings.)
bracht, die Tod, oder Ret-

dom
bung


Violi.

Tutti.

Basso.

E. van BEETHOVEN.
LEON: (softly and winningly to Rosina, taking a piece of bread from her pocket.)

ventura About my person I conceal.

Tagen trag ich es immer sich bei mir.

I must be stern — yet lack the will — 'Twould subject us to too much censure, too much censure; aye, too much wa-gen, den heisse wirklich zu viel wa-gen, zu viel wa-gen, ja, zu viel

LEON: (softly and winningly to Rosina, taking a piece of bread from her pocket.)

ventura About my person I conceal.

Tagen trag ich es immer sich bei mir.

I must be stern — yet lack the will — 'Twould subject us to too much censure, too much censure; aye, too much wa-gen, den heisse wirklich zu viel wa-gen, zu viel wa-gen, ja, zu viel
Leon: (still appealing tenderly to him.)

Ah! you "freely labored"
Ihr "labort" gern den armen Mann.
Das geht nicht an, das geht nicht.

ROC: (shaking his head.)

Leon: 

plan. "His moments dwindle to a sparit."
Es ist ja bald um ihn gethan. Das geht nicht.

ROC: (shaking his head.)

Leon:

can not aid thy plan. "His moments dwindle to a
an, das geht nicht an. "Es ist ja bald um ihn ge-

Leon: 

Fidelio.

Leo BEETHOVEN.
Leon:  
span: "ye, to a span,"

then, ihn ge-

ROC: (resenting.)

So; be it yes, so bet; that you may venture.

So sey es, ja, so sey's, du kannst es wagen.

**Ohe Fug:**

(approaching Florestan, and giving him the bread with the deepest emotion.)

Then take, then take this bread, poor woe-worn, poor woe-worn man! poor

Da nim'm, du nim'm das Brod, du armer, du armer Mann, du

Viole Bassi.

**DON FLO:** (taking Leonora's hand, and pressing it with gratitude.)

May, my better words re-

cuck, euch wer'de Lohn in

Viole Bassi Str. di Fiate.

Leon:  
woe-worn, poor woe-worn man. O thank thee! thanks, all thanks! all

armer, du armer Mann! O, Dank dir, Dank, o Dank! o

Clar e Fug.

Viole Bassi Str. di Fiate.

Don Flo:  
thanks! Dank!
May Heaven send thee
Der Himmel schicke

And Heaven who sends, who
Der Himmel hat euch

I pitied oft thy
Mich rührte oft dein

Freedom near! I seek no higher blest re-
Freiheit näh', ich suche kein höherer Lohn, mehr

sends thee, give! O, thanks! all thanks! May Heaven who
sends thee, euch gibt o Dank! o Dank! der Himmel

Leid'en here. Thou succor, thou succor
Leid' hier. Doch Hilfe, doch Hilfe

FIDELIO.
ward, more blest reward. I seek no higher, higher blest reward.  

Don Flo: seems thou, good one give! O thanks, all thanks! for thou hast bene me that eich mir geschickt, o Dank! o Dank! ihr habt mich küß ver-

Roe: none might here afford; Thou succor, succor none might here, here afford mir streng verworrt, doch Hilfe, hilfe war mir streng, streng ver-

{ cresc. |

Stradi Fiato soli. |

(to Roeo.)

Leon: You freely cheered the wretched man. Ihr labt ihn gern, den armen

Don Flo: live. (I view that youth with interest here, and kindly midst in Roeo quiekst. (bewegt acht ich den Jungling hier, auch Rührung zeigt mir die ander (aside to Leon.)

Roe: forth. Had freely cheered the wretched man, whose moments swindle to a wehrt. ich labt' ihn gern, den armen Mann, es ist ja bald um ihr ge-

{ p Violin, Bu-si e Stradi Fiato.

FIDELIO.  

L. van BEETHOVEN.
Leon: the wretched, wretched man.

Don Flo: I, kindly mien in Pauco scient) In

Man; o wenn ich sie gewinnen kann.) o

Roc: the wretched, wretched man.
than, den armen, armen, armen Mann.

Un poco più Allegro.

Leon: (aside)

Don Flo: thanking thee, release began, release began;

O, more to bear than

( O mehr, also ich er-

Un poco più Allegro.

Clar e Fag

His moments

Viole&c.

Un poco più Allegro.

Buono.

Un poco più Allegro.

L.van BERTUCCARI.
frail heart can! O, more to bear than frail heart

- tra- gen kann. o nöhr, als ich er- tragen

Don Flo:

- lease be- gan! O thanks! all thanks!

ioh- nen kann, o Dank! o Dank!

Ren:

to a span, His moments now become a span.

ihn ge- than, es ist ja bald um ihn ge- than.

Lein:

can! O more than frail heart can! pur woe-worn

kann, als ich er- tra- gen kann, du ar- mer

Don Flo:

Re- ceive from my poor wound- ed spi- rit O thanks!

ich kann die Wohl- that nicht ver- gel- ten, o Dank!

Ren:

His moments dwindle to a span, His moments now

es ist ja bald um ihn ge- than, es ist ja bald.
man! poor woe-worn man!
O, more to

O Dank! o Dank!

become a span.

poor wretched man!

boor than frail heart can;
O, more than frail

, release began! Thank
nicht lah-nen kann, dass

poor wretched man!

His moments dwindle to a

Viol: e Bassi.
can; more to bear than frail
kann, ja, als ich ertragen kann, than

-Dot Flot-
- gan! Thanking thee, release began!
-kann, dass ich euch nicht los
nen kann, pp nicht

Rosc:
spon: Ay; his moments dwindle to a
than, ja es ist ja bald um ihn gethan, der arme,
colta parte.

-Leon-
frail heart cant!
-tragen kann!) (he eats the bread she has given to him)

-Dot Flot-
release began!
-losten kann!

Rosc:
-wretched man! 
ar-me Mann!

Obi Clar: Obi Flute Clar:

decres.


LEON BEETHOVEN.
ROCCO. (after a few moments of silence, drawing Leonora aside, and addressing her.) All is prepar'd, I haste to give the signal—(he withdraws to the back.)

DON FLORESTAN. (to Leonora, as Rocco ascends the stairs toward the door.) Whither goeth he? (Rocco opens the door, and gives the appointed sign by a loud whistle.) Is that the knell rings in nine hour of death?

LEONORA. (most violently agitated.) No, no! I pray thee be composed, dear prisoner.

DON FLO: (with an outburst of grief, burying his head in his hands.) My Leonora! shall I then see thee never again?

LEON: (aside, as yearning to throw herself into Florestan's arms; she seeks to overcome the impulse.) Stand fast, my heart! ere thou be all undone, (addressing Florestan) whatsoever thou seest and hearest, be composed! Forget not—Providence overwatcheth all—And bids the fallen live—the living fall! (leaving his side, she approaches the reservoir, and taking up one of the implements, seems to be buried about the grave; Rocco now descends the steps again, preceding Don Pizarro, who enters digressed in a long black mantle.)

SCENE III.

The same; DON PIZARRO.

DON PIZARRO. (addressing Rocco in an undertone, and in a feigned voice.) Is all prepar'd?

ROC: E'en so; the Cistern but remaineth to be open'd.

DON PIZ: (denoting Leonora.) Good!—send the lad away.

ROC: (to Leon.) Withdraw!

LEON: (perplexed.) Who? I! and you?

ROC: Must doff the prisoner's irons—get thee hence! (Leonora withdraws silently to the background, and creeping round be-

FIDELIO.

DON PIZARRO. (zu Rokko, die Stimme verstellend.) Ist Alles bereit?

ROK: Ja, die Cistern braucht nur geöffnet zu werden.

DON PIZ: Gut!—der Bursche soll sich entfemern.

ROV: (zu Leonore.) Geh, entferne dich!

LEON: (in grösster Vermuhrung.) Wo? ich?—and Ihr?


L.v. BEETHOVEN
leaves the columns close to Florestan; she, unseen from behind, watches Don Pizarro's movements intently.

DON PIZ: (aside, casting a glance at Rocco, and Leonora, ere she draws back.) These twain must sleep eternally this day; that all be ever hush'd in deepest darkness.

ROC: (to Pizarro.) Shall I un-hasp his chain?

DON PIZ: No! (drawing a dagger, he approaches Florestan.)

No 14.

QU A R T E T T O.

LEONORA;

DON FLORESTAN;

DON PIZARRO;

ROCCO.

Allegro con brio.

DON PIZARRO.

He dieth!

Er sterbe!

yet, shall learn— not wonder
doch, er soll erst wissen,

Who strikes his
wer ihm sein

Tromboni.

pp Stradi Fiato tenuti sempre. cresc. poco a poco

Allegro con brio.

Con accompagnamenti di 2 Violini, Viola, Violoncello, Contra-basso, 2 Flauti, 2 Oboi, 2 Clarinetti in La, 2 Fagotti, 2 Corni in Re, 2 Corni in Sol, 2 Trombe in Re, 2 Tromboni (Tenore e Basso) Tromboni in Re, 2 Trombe di dentro.

L. van BEETHOVEN.
holds thou in his power,
den du stürzen wolltest,

whom thou sought'st to cowar

den du fürchtest wolltest, steht

stands A venger, now stands A

As Rächer, steht nun als

A venger, As Rächer, als

Il sem pre piu

Tutti senza Tromboni
Don Pizarro holds thee in his

Don Pizarro, whom thou soughtst to cow,
Now stands A-

Viol:

Bass & Fag:

Don Florestan. (coolly and unperturbed.)

Don Pizarro here!

2 Trombe.

FIDELIO.
mörder doth appear.  
Mörder, steht vor mir.

I need not make it clear. How

Noch einmal ruf' ich dir,

thust wert o- ver- bold;

du gethan, zurück,

With- hold! — DON FLORENTAN. (surprised and moved.)

Zu- rück! — DON FLORENTAN.

O God!  
O Gott!

This dagger's point —  
Augenblick, und dieser Dolch —

ROCCO. (alarmed at the supposed leas presuming.)

How

Was

Virtue Bassi.
Florestan with her body from Pizarro's fury.

Leon:

First sheathe it, first sheathe it Within this willing
durch-boh-ren, durch-boh-ren mussst du erst diese
now? sollt?

Str: di Fiato tenuti.

breast, Or thing shall bleed beneath it; Now-
Brust, der Tod sei dir ge-schworen, für

Violi; Bassi.

Str: di Fiato.

glut thy murderous host! Or
deine Mör-der-lust.

DON PIZ: (endeavouring to thrust her aside.)

DON FLO: der

DON PIZ: (endeavouring to thrust her aside.)

Im Wahn - - potent fool!
sin-ni-ge!

Make way! make
Halt sin! halt

L. van BEETHOVEN.
Leon:

thine shall bleed beneath it. 
Tod sei dir geschworen für deine Mörder.

Don Flo:

God!
Gott!

Don Piz:

Breast! For thine shall bleed beneath it. 
O God! 
O Gott!

Role:

Impotent fool! 
Wahn-sinnige! 
Give him way!
Kalt ein!

Ludwig BEETHOVEN.
(again throwing herself between Figaro and her husband.)

Leon:

glut thy murtherous host!

dei ne Mör dentant.

First—slay his wife!
todt erst sein Weib—

Don Pinto:

Hav'n! mighty Hav'n!

Gott! o mein Gott!

sley, yes! Justice hath bade me slay!

selyn, er, er soll bestrafet selyn.

Roth:

make way! make way!

halt ein! halt ein!

(half turning to Florestan.)

Leon:

wonder-struck, and strongly moved by conflicting feelings.

Aye, here see Leo—

Don Pinto:

starting back in astonishment.

My wife? mein Weib?

His wife! sein Weib?

(remarked.)

His wife! sein Weib?

2 Ob:

2 Fag:

FIDELIO.

L.van BEETHOVEN.
DON FLO: (bewildered.)

LEON: (to Fidelio.)

DON FLO: No, no, no! Leco-no-ree!

LEON: Yes, believing.

DON FLO: All before her Toward his rescue, and

LEON: And my sworn help to him, and

DON FLO: It is gone, dir! You; thus bearing

LEON: Ja, ich bin sein

DON FLO: My wife?

LEON: My wife?

DON FLO: His wife?

LEON: His wife?

DON FLO: His wife?


DON FLO:

all before her Toward his release.

DON PITZ:

geschworen hab' ich ihm Trost, Leu.

ROCI:

Virole Busin.

(to Pizarro, firmly.)

Leon:

thy sure death! His wife defies thy
derben dir! Ich trotzte weiser.

DON FLO:

Joy blooms on earth beneath!
Ver. Xreu.de starret mein Blut.

DON PITZ:

'(what unexampled faith!'
(welch unerhört ter Mut!)

ROCI:

A maze,ment steals by
Mir starret vor Angst mein

FIDELIO.

L. van BEETHOVEN.
Leon: Thy steed! Thy steed shall bleed beneath it.

Don Pizarro: Purpose kept at distance? Is thus my purpose kept at
einem Weibe been?

Leon: Thy self, thy self shall bleed beneath it;

Don Pizarro: Must I then, must I a feeble woman
behen? So opfr' ich, so opfr' ich bei de meinem

Leon: First sheathe it, first sheathe it. With in this willing

durch bok ren, durch bok ren muust du erst diese

Don Pizarro: Bravo? Thou hast par ta'en — thou hast par ta ken his ex —

Grimm, ge theilt hast du, — ge theilt hast du mit ihm das

L. van Beethoven

Fidelio.
First sheathe it, first sheathe it. Within this breast.

Brust. durch-boh-ren, durch-boh-ren must du erst.

existence. Both you partaker, be partaker, then partake.

Leben, so theile nun, so theile nun den Tod mit.

(he is about to assail Leonora, when, still shielding her husband, she suddenly draws a small pistol from her belt, and presents it at Pizarro's head -- he, dismayed and affrighted, draws back.)

Un poco sostenuto.

Willing breast! One word, and thou becom'st a cloud!

die-ne Brust! noch einen Laut und du bist tod!

Un poco sostenuto.

- taker of his grave!

ihm, den Tod mit ihm.

Un poco sostenuto.

(a distant trumpet sounds from the Castle tower without.)
SCENE IV.
The same; JAQUINO; TWO OFFICERS; SOLDIERS of the GUARD.

JAQUINO. (spreicht während der angezeigten Musikaus.)
Vater Rokcolo! der Herr Minis-
ter kommt an! seine Gefolge
ist schon vor dem Schlossthore.

ROKKO. (freudig und üb-
errascht für sich.) (zu Jaquino, sehr laut.)
Wir kommen! ja, wir kom-
men augenblicklich! und die
Leute mit Fackeln sol-
len heruntersteigen und den
Herrn Gouverneur hinaufsche-
gleiten. (die Soldaten kom-
bien an die Thüre he-
runter, die Offiziere und Ja-
quino gehen oben ab.)
SCENE V.

The same; without JACQUINO, and the two OFFICERS.

(in the arms of Florestan)

Our tyrant-ruled dissensions, our
Es schlägt der Rachte Stunde, der

Minot orb by Hell's dark engines eclips'd! e-
Verflucht sey diese Stunde! verflucht, ver-

(Feudate his curlst intention,
Frus-
(O fürcher-li-che Stunde! o

forc'd dissensions O'er-leap their bounds' confine; O'er-
Rauche Stunde, du sollst ge-rettet seyn, du

forc'd dissensions,
Rauche Stunde,

-eclips'd! by Hell's dark engines Eclips'd, must now decline; Eclips'd, must now de-
-flucht sey diese Stunde! die Herkler spot-tes mein, die Herkler spot-
ten

-trate his curlst intention, Frus-trate his curlst intention, Just
fürcher-li-che Stunde! o fürcher-li-che Stunde! o

FIDELIO.

L.W. VEBERGEN.
Leon:

shine! Love’s whisper only mentions How bright our bright stars

Don Flo:

shine! Love’s whisper only mentions How bright our bright stars

Don Piet:

bine! Despairs, with hid—den revenge To thwart my rage, com-

Roc:

sign. With his vile serf-right pensions Clear quit at once I

Leon:

shine! yes; how bright they shine! Loves whisper only

Don Flo:

shine! yes; how bright they shine! Loves whisper only mentions

Don Piet:

bine! To thwart my rage, com—bine! Despairs, too,

Roc:

sign. Clear quit at once I sign. With his vile serf-right

PAPYLO.

LIES BEETHOVEN.
mentions How bright our bright stars shine! Love's whisper only mentions mit Muthe, mit Muthe mich befreyen, die Liebe wird im Bund.

Despair, too, with their vengeance to thwart my rage, combine! Despair mit dieser Wuthrecht seyn. ich will nicht mehr im Bund.

Clear quit, clear quit at once! With his vile servitude!
mentions How bright our bright stars shine!

Bunde mit Mu-the dich beleyn.

Don Pio

— Don vengeance To thwart my rage, combine!

im Bunde mit meiner Rache seyn!

Rocco

pensions Clear quit at once I sign—)

Bunde mit diessem Wuthrick seyn—)

Presto.

in haste, beckoning to Rocco to follow him; the latter, taking advantage of the brief moment of Pizarro's departure,

grasps the hands of both husband and wife, presses them fervently to his bosom, prays in gratitude toward Heaven,

and hastes after the Governor— the Soldiers light them both up the staircase.

Fidelio.

L. van Beethoven.
SCENE VI.

LEONORA; DON FLORESTAN.

DON FLORESTAN. Most faithful among wom-

en! so great thy sufferings on my poor ac-
count—how poor my thanks account thes-
for the suffering—

LEONORA. (cheerfully.) Tis nought—all
nought, my Florestan; such hardship proved
my sweet, most sweet of deeds—

DON FLORESTAN. Trenz! Welch! Was hast du
meinetwegen erduldet?

LEONORA. Nichts, nichts! mein Florest-

n! 

No 15.

DUETTO.

LEONORA;

DON FLORESTAN.

O boundless, boundless glow of passion;
O na—men, na-men-lo-se Freude!

DON FLORESTAN. (crying both in his arms.)

O joy, O joy Thought scarce can fashion;
o na—men, na-men-lo-se Freude!

Con accompagnamenti di 2 Violini, Viola, Violoncello, Contra-basso, 2 Flauti, 2 Oboi, 2 Flauti, e 2 Corni in Sol.

FIDELIO.

L. Van BEETHOVEN.
sorrows rest; And bade our sorrows rest; And bade our sorrows

grosse Lust, so übergrosse Lust, so übergrosse Lust,

rest. Again, again do I bend
Lust! Du wieder nun in meinen

rest. Lust! Viel

Stridi Fialto tenuti.

over thee?
Armien!

Still, Angel, still do I adore thee!
o Gott! wie gross ist dein Erwarten!

DELIO.

L. van BEETHOVEN.
Leon: 
Again, again, do I bend o'er thee? Do
Du wieder nun in meinen Armen, in

Don Flo: 
Still, Angel, still! aye; still, do
O Gott! wie gross, wie gross ist

Leon: 
I bend o'er thee?
meinen Armen!

Don Flo: 
I adore thee!
Dein erbarmen!

Leon: 
All praise to

Don Flo: 
Him who shields th'op'rest!
Gott, für diese Lust!

Ob: Ob: Ob: Fug:
Him who shields thy breast! My husband here upon my breast!

Gott, für diese Lust! mein Mann, mein Mann an meiner Brust!

breast!

Brust!

With Leonora I am blest! again am blest! O joy!

Brust! an meiner Brust! Brust! du bist's.

Violi: Basso.

Violon: Strad. Flauto tenuti.

Basso. L. van BEETHOVEN.
Leon: joy! bins, (with increasing rapture.)

Don Flo: Sweet holiest enchantment! O himm.liches Entzücken!

Leo: Tis joy! Du bist's!

Don Flo: Too Ich

Leon: Sweet holiest enchantment! O himm.liches Entzücken!

Flo: pure! bins!

Leon: Leono-ra!

Don Flo: Flo: Leono-ve!

Leon: tan! tan!

Don Flo: Dear Leono-ra! E-leono-re!

Viol: Violie Russi.
Flowers, O boundless, na-men, O boundless, na-men,

boundless glow of passion! Kind Heaven had compassion,
name-lo-se Freude, nach un-nenn-baren Leiden,

boundless glow of passion! Kind Heaven had compassion,
name-lo-se Freude, nach un-nenn-baren Leiden,

And bade our sorrows rest.

And bade our sorrows rest.

L. van BEETHOVEN.
O boundless, boundless glow of passion!

O nameless, nameless Freude!

O boundless, nameless Freude!

Again with Leonora hiest!
press thee to my breast!

A gain I press thee to my breast!

praise to him who shields theoprest!

praise to him who shields theoprest!

who shields theoprest!

who shields, who shields theoprest!

Dank dir Gott, für diese Lust,

Dank dir Gott, für diese Lust,

f Tutti sempre.

für diese Lust!

für diese, diese Lust!

Bassai.

L.von BEETHOVEN.
SCENE VII.

The same: ROCCO.

ROCCO. The goodliest of tiding; suffering pair! O, let your souls be drunk with blissfulness, poor treble;—this Minister doth hold authentic list of all our Prisoners, and all are ordered to his presence—(to FLOREncH.) your name, alone a blank upon the sheet, proves your detention of Pizarro's act—be sprightly then to follow in my wake! (preceding them, he lights LEONGER AND FLORESTAN up out of the dungeon.)

ROCCO. (kerein-stürzend.) Gute Botschaft! ihr armen Leidenden! Der Herr Minister hat eine Liste aller Gefangenen — alle sollen ihm vorgeführt worden. (zu Florestan.) Ich allein seyd nicht erwähnt; euer Aufenthalt hier, ist eine Eigenmächtigkeit des Gouvernaires. Kommt, folget mir hinauf.(alle drei ab.)
The scene changes.

The stage represents the Parade of the Castle; to the right-hand is the Governor's dwelling; to the left, the lofty walls and towers of the Prison-buildings; in the centre of this Parade ground, elevated on an allegorical pedestal, and surrounded by trophies and insignia, is a statue of the King of Spain; the middle distance is closed in by a strongly battlemented and guarded wall, seeming as if it were the crest of a lofty precipice, for, beyond this wall, stretching far away to Sevilla, an open expanse of the beautiful and picturesque scenery surrounding that city, is seen. The battlemented wall is guarded by sentries, who pace to and fro; At the change of scene, the Castle-guard enters, performs the necessary evolutions, and falls into open square. The Attendants on the Prison, Country people, and under-escort of Don Ferdinand, crowd in, and range themselves behind the Soldiers; Don Ferdinand da Zelva, accompanied by Don Pizarro, the Captain and Officers of the Prison guard, the Officers and Pages of his own escort, Alguacils and Judicial authorities, enter from the side on which stands the Governor's house; at the same time, that, marshalled by Jacquino and Marcellina, the State-Prisoners appear on the opposite side, the Soldiers open, and make way for the Prisoners, who, advancing into the centre of the square, kneel to Don Ferdinand.

SCENE VIII.

MARCELLINA; JACQUINO; DON FERDINAND DA ZELVA; DON PIZARRO;
The CAPTAIN of the GUARD; OFFICERS of the GUARD;
CHORUS of PRISONERS and of PEOPLE.

No. 16.
FINALE.

MARCELLINA; LEONORA; DON FLORESTAN;
JACQUINO; DON FERDINAND; DON PIZARRO;
CHORUS of PRISONERS;
CHORUS of PEOPLE.

Con accompagnamenti di 2 Violini, Violoncello, Violone, Ottavino, 2 Flauti, 2 Oboi, 2 Clarinetti in Do, 2 Fagotti, 4 Corni in Do, 2 Trombe in Do e Tympani in Do Sol.

FIDELIO.

L. van BEETHOVEN.
Hail, Hail!
Heil! Heil!
hail, blessed day!
Heil sey dem Tag!

CHORUS OF PEOPLE.

Hail, Hail!
Heil! Heil!
hail, blessed day!
Heil sey dem Tag!

Tenori.

Hail, Hail!
Heil! Heil!
hail, blessed day!
Heil sey dem Tag!

Bassi.

Hail, Hail!
Heil! Heil!
hail, blessed day!
Heil sey dem Tag!

Tenori.

CHORUS OF PRISONERS.

Hail, Hail!
Heil! Heil!
hail, blessed day!
Heil sey dem Tag!

Bassi.

Hail, Hail!
Heil! Heil!
hail, blessed day!
Heil sey dem Tag!
hail, hour of gladness! So long delay'd, now timely come; When Mercy's call disp...
pells all sadness, dispels all sadness, and wakes the echoes of our tomb, and
Huld im Bunde, mit Huld im Bunde vor unsern Gräben thron er scheint, vor

Mercy's call dispels all sadness, and wakes the echoes of our tomb, and
rech- tigkeit mit Huld im Bunde vor unsern Gräben thron erscheint, vor

L.
wakes the echoes of our tomb.

unsers Grabe Thors erscheint.

Hail, hail, blessed day!

Heil! Heil! ney dem Tag!

wakes the echoes of our tomb.

unsers Grabe Thors erscheint.

Hail, hail, blessed
day.

Heil! Heil! ney dem Tag.

wakes the echoes of our tomb.

unsers Grabe Thors erscheint.

wakes the echoes of our tomb.

unsers Grabe Thors erscheint.

wakes the echoes of our tomb.

unsers Grabe Thors erscheint.

FIDELIO.
Hail, hail, hour of gladness!
Heil! Heil! heil, heyl der Stunde!
now timely come; doch un-ver-meint;

Hail, hail, hour of gladness!
Heil! Heil! heil, heyl der Stunde!
now timely come; doch un-ver-meint;

Hail, hail, hour of gladness!
Heil! Heil! heil, heyl der Stunde!
now timely come; doch un-ver-meint;
long de-Lyd,
lang er-sehnt,
doch unvermeint

so long de-Lyd.
die lang er-sehnt,

now timely come;
When Mercy's call dispels all sadness, dis-

now timely come;
When Mercy's call dispels all sadness, dis-

now timely come;
When Mercy's call dispels all sadness, dis-

FIDELIO,
L. van BEETHOVEN.
When Mercy's call dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all sadness, dispels all 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sadness, dispels all sadn
hail, hour of glad-ness!
Heil! sey der Stun-de!

hail, hour of glad-ness!
Heil! sey der Stun-de!

hail, hour of glad-ness!
Heil! sey der Stun-de!

hail, hour of glad-ness!
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Heil! sey der Stun-de!

hail, hour of glad-ness!
Heil! sey der Stun-de!

hail, hour of glad-ness!
Heil! sey der Stun-de!

hail, hour of glad-ness!
Heil! sey der Stun-de!

hail, blessed day! Heil! hail!
Heil! sey der Tag! Heil! Heil!

hail, blessed day! Heil! hail!
Heil! sey der Tag! Heil! Heil!

Obre Clar. Obre Clar.

Tutti. Tutti.

Corni. Corni.

DON FERDINAND DA ZELVA. (hengaly to them.)

A gracious mon-arch kindly will-lenth
That I, amongst ye

smente mone. Wink und Will-le
fühlt mich zu euch, ihr

Un poco maestoso.

FIDELIO.

L. van BEETHOVEN.
suffer here.
Amen here.
Probewhere the night of malice fills
with
dass ich der Frevel Nicht enthüt- te,

And finding darkness, leave all clear. Rise! arise! I pray ye, know no
die Austum- gen, schwarz und schwer.
Nicht, nicht länger kniet ablatisch

further. No fresh-fledged tyrant see in me; I
nieder, Ti- ran- nen-stre- ne- ge sey mir fern;

seeks my brethren as a brother. To give all aid, where aid may
sucht der Bruder seine Brü- der und kann er hel- fen, hilft er

FIDEJIO.
L. van BEETHOVEN.
Hail, blessed day! hail, hour of gladness! Hail!
Heil! sey dem Tag! Heil! sey der Stun-de! Heil!

CHORUS
Hail, blessed day! hail, hour of gladness! Hail!
Heil! sey dem Tag! Heil! sey der Stun-de! Heil!

Hail, blessed day! hail, hour of gladness! Hail!
Heil! sey dem Tag! Heil! sey der Stun-de! Heil!

Il primo tempo del Coro,
()as he utters these last words, Rocco, leading by the hands Leonora and Florestan, presses through the crowd, and advances to Don Ferdinand.)

seck my brethren as a brother, To give all aid where aid may
sucht der Brüder sei-ne Brü-der, und kann er helfen, hilft er

FIDELIO.
L.van BEETHOVEN
SCENE IX.

The same. LEONORA; FLORESTAN; ROCCO.

DON PIZARRO. (starting and advancing.) (to Rocco.)

Whom see I? 
Wus seh ich? 
ah! 
A-
fort!

ROCCO.

Well said! so help most suffering merit, 
Wohl' ins! so hel-fet, helft den Armen, 
Art thou then mov'd? 
bewegt es dich?

DON PIZARRO.

why!
for!

( interposing.)

Speak out, man.
Nun rede.

leading Florestan for-

Mercy's spirit, Mercy's sp-
rit descend on these who
All' erbarmen, all' er-
men ver-eine die-

VIVACE AGITATO.

VIVACE AGITATO.
DON FERDINAND. (starting forward, and embracing him.)

With dead long number'd, the hero! who so
Der Tod-ge-glaub-te, der Ed-te, der für

truly lovd—Don Florestan!
Paare sich, Don Florestan!

strive for Truth?
Wahr-heit stritt?

And perill'd Free-dom, Life and Youth.
und Qualen oh-ne Zahl er-litt.

fate thy course hath cumber'd?
Freund der Tod-ge-glaub-te?
LEON: (advancing.)

DON PER:


gefesselt, gefesselt, bleich stehst er vor mir.

BEO: (advancing.)

'Tis.
Ja.

'Tis.
Ja.

Viola, Basso Str., di Fiate tenuti.

Più Allegro.

DON PER:

Florestan, Florestan, whom you see here.

Florestan, ihr seht ihn hier. (the more and more surprised.)

Le-o.

(Florestan, who you see here. And Le-o nu-ra)

Le-o.

Più Allegro.

FIDELIO.

Più Allegro. L. van Beethoven.
Don Ferd: (menacingly)

— no ra? A heroine of her sex before? She came disinclined. Say one word.
— no-te? Der Frauen Ehre führe ich vor, sie kam sieher. Zwei Worte

(by his hand to his sword.)

Don Pizz: (turning to Rocco.)

don Ferd: (to him authoritatively.)

Don Ferd: Have peace! she came?

kein Wort! sie kam.

Rocco:

There, to my door; And served me so with faith un-
Dort an mein Thor, und trat als Knecht in mein ne

Rocco:—swearing, I deemed this bravest lad deserving to be—God wot—my son-in-
Dienste, und dass so brave, treue Dienste, dass ich zum Eh- dam sie er-

Fidelio.

L. van Beethoven.
MARCELLINA. (aside, at this disclosure.)

(A cruel, cruel fraud I never foresaw.)

(O weh mir! weh mir! was verminnt mein Ohn!

(still addressing Ferdinand.)

You monster

Der Unmensch

DON PIZ: (pointing to Rocco.)

In league -

Vollzieh'n!

not an hour from this time To murder wollt' in die-ner Stun-de voll-ziehn an Florestan had plan-d

Florestan den Mord.

ROC: (advancing with Leonora.)

with him -

Bade uns assist him; But your blest advent, your blest advent

mit ihm -

Mit uns im Bunde, nur euer Kommen, euer Kommen

L. van BEETHOVEN.
Stood his hand. But your blest advent,
rief ihn fort. nur eu – er Kom – men,

But your blest advent,
but your blest ad – vent
nur eu – er Kom – men

Stay'd his hand. Molto vivace. (as the officer of the Guard, at a sign from Don Per-
rief ihm fort. Let him who treads on Innocence, Who

Let him who treads on Innocence, Who
Be – stra – fet sei der Böswicht, der
Let him who treads on Innocence, Who
Be – stra – fet sei der Böswicht, der
Let him who treads on Innocence, Who
Be – stra – fet sei der Böswicht, der

Molto vivace. Molto vivace.
Virtue can waste, Know, Justice in her righteous
Unschuld unterdrückt, Gerechtigkeit hält zum Ge-

of arrest.)

Tempo primo.

sense: Shall crush him in return! Shall crush him, crush him in return!
richt der Rache Schwerdt gezückt bestrafet sey der Böswicht!

sense: Shall crush him in return! Shall crush him, crush him in return!
richt der Rache Schwerdt gezückt bestrafet sey der Böswicht!

sense: Shall crush him in return! Shall crush him, crush him in return!
richt der Rache Schwerdt gezückt bestrafet sey der Böswicht!

Fidelio.

L. van Beethoven. Tempo primo.
DON FERDINAND DA ZELVA. (to Rocco.)

Since you were forc'd to dig his grave;
Du schlossen auf den Edlen Grab,

Up! up! doff the chains that bound him slave; Yet hold,
jetzt. ndi m ihm sel-ne Ket-ten ab, doch halt.

the keys from Rocco's hand, turning and handing them with reverence to Leonora.

Take noble wife the key, Re't thine a-lone to set him free!
Vielere Frau, allein, euch ziemt es ganz, ihn zu be-

(Leonora bows with the deepest gratitude, and taking the keys from the hands of Ferdinand, with the greatest emotion unlocks her husband's fetters; they fall off, and he drops into her arms.)

Sostenuto assai. LEONORA. (bursting into tears as she presses him to her bosom.)

VIDELIO. L. van BEETHOVEN
DON FLORESTAN. (covering her with his knees, both for some time unable to constrain their emotions.)

DON FERDINAND. (turning away, deeply affected.)

MARCELLINA.

ROCCO.

VIDELIO.
LEONORA.

MARCELLINA.

O God, what pure delight is this!
O Gott! o welch' ein Augenblick!

DON FLORESTAN.

O God, what pure delight is this!
O Gott! o welch' ein Augenblick!

DON FERDINAND.

O God, what pure delight is this!
O Gott! o welch' ein Augenblick!

ROCCO.

O God, what pure delight is this!
O Gott! o welch' ein Augenblick!

They share a more than
O Gott! o welch' ein Augenblick!

(All moved at this affecting sight.)

CHORUS OF PEOPLE.

O God, what pure delight is this!
O Gott! o welch' ein Augenblick!

They share a more than
O Gott! o welch' ein Augenblick!

CHORUS OF PRISONERS.

O God, what pure delight is this!
O Gott! o welch' ein Augenblick!

They share a more than
O Gott! o welch' ein Augenblick!

WIDELIO.

L. van BEETHOVEN.
Allegro ma non troppo.

Who in such a wife rejoices, Wünsch auf
Wer ein hol-des Weib er-rungen, stimmt in

CHORUS
of
PEOPLE.

Who in such a wife rejoices, Wünsch auf
Wer ein hol-des Weib er-rungen, stimmt in

Who in such a wife rejoices, Wünsch auf
Wer ein hol-des Weib er-rungen, stimmt in

CHORUS
of
PRISONERS.

Who in such a wife rejoices, Wünsch auf
Wer ein hol-des Weib er-rungen, stimmt in

Allegro ma non troppo.

S.LUCIO.

L.von BEETHOVEN.
earth a prize divine, Wiss on earth a prize divine; Shout! shout! shout! let hearts as
unsern Jubel ein, stimmen in unsern Jubel ein; nie, nie, nie wird es zu

carth a prize divine, Wiss on earth a prize divine; Shout! shout! shout! let hearts as
unsern Jubel ein, stimmen in unsern Jubel ein; nie, nie, nie wird es zu

carth a prize divine, Wiss on earth a prize divine; Shout! shout! shout! let hearts as
unsern Jubel ein, stimmen in unsern Jubel ein; nie, nie, nie wird es zu

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unsern Jubel ein, stimmen in unsern Jubel ein; nie, nie, nie wird es zu

carth a prize divine, Wiss on earth a prize divine; Shout! shout! shout! let hearts as
unsern Jubel ein, stimmen in unsern Jubel ein; nie, nie, nie wird es zu

FIDELIO.

EINER BEETHOVEN.
well as voices Praising her, praising her, together
hoch be-sungen, Ret-terin, Ret-terin, des Gut-ten
Shout! Let hearts as well, as voices praising, together,
neyn, nie wird es zu hoch, beschungen, Retterin des Guten.

Praising her, praising her, together,
Retterin, Retterin des Guten.
Hope's star glimmering thro' the distance, Lighted
Lie - be führte mein Be-streben, wah-re

Though thy Faith restor'd existence, though thy Faith restor'd ex istence,
Dei - ne Treu erhielt mein Le - ben, dei - ne Treu erhielt mein Le - ben,
both to gain the strife, Lighted both to gain the strife.
Lie-be furchtet nicht, wah-re Lie-be furchtet nicht.

Love will yield yet more than life, yet more than life.
Tugend schreckt den Böse-wicht, den Bö-se-wicht.

{with exultation.}
Praise, Preisant

Praise, Preisant

Praise, Preisant

Praise, Preisant

Praise, Preisant

Praise, Preisant

Praise, Preisant

Praise, Preisant

Fize Clar:

Tutti.

FIDELIO.

L.VAN BEETHOVEN.
preis, O manhood, age and youth, Leono-ra's no-blest Truth
preis, mit hoher Freude - Glut Leono-ren ed-len Muth

preis, O manhood, age and youth, Leono-ra's no-blest Truth
preis, mit hoher Freude - Glut Leono-ren ed-len Muth

preis, O manhood, age and youth, Leono-ra's no-blest Truth
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preis, O manhood, age and youth, Leono-ra's no-blest Truth
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preis, O manhood, age and youth, Leono-ra's no-blest Truth
preis, mit hoher Freude - Glut Leono-ren ed-len Muth

preis, O manhood, age and youth, Leono-ra's no-blest Truth
preis, mit hoher Freude - Glut Leono-ren ed-len Muth
DON FLORESTAN. (leading Leonora forward, and pointing to her with pride.)

Who ___ in such a wife re-

Wer ___ ein sol - chen Weib er-

FIDELIO.

L. van BEETHOVEN.
Who in such a wife rejoices,
Wer ein solches Weib errungen,
Who in such a wife rejoices,
Wer ein solches Weib errungen,

Shout! Shout! Shout! Let hearts as well
ein, nie, nie, nie wird es zu hoch be-
Praising her, praising her together
Ret-terin, Ret-terin den Gut-ten

Praising her, praising her, together
Ret-terin, Ret-terin den Gut-ten

Praising her, praising her, together
Ret-terin, Ret-terin den Gut-ten

Shout! let hearts as well as voices praising her together
Nie wird es zu hoch besie-gen Ret-terin den Gut-ten

Praising her, praising her, together
Ret-terin, Ret-terin

Praising her, praising her, together
Ret-terin, Ret-terin
Leone:

wine. Ang. — gels, an — gels, an — gels blend with

Mara:
vine. lie — bend, lie — bend lie — bend nay es

Jaqu:
vine. Shout! nie, shout! nie,

Don Fef:

vne. Shout! nie, shout! nie,

Roer:

Strempo a poco.

Leone:

earth — ly voices, "Flo — restan,

Mara:

Shout! let hearts as well as voices

Jaqu:

Shout! let hearts as well as voices

Don Fef:

Shout! let hearts as well as voices

Roe:

Shout! let hearts as well as voices

FIDELIO.
L. van BEETHOVEN.
Flor es-tan again is thing. Ang els blend with
Flo re-stan ist wie der mein lie bend seyn en

Praising her, to get her join.
Ret terin des Guten seyn.

Praising her, to get her join.
Ret terin des Guten seyn.

Praising her, to get her join.
Ret terin des Guten seyn.

Praising her, to get her join.
Ret terin des Guten seyn.

Praising her, to get her join.
Ret terin des Guten seyn.

Praising her, to get her join.
Ret terin des Guten seyn.
Who in such a wife rejoices, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins on
Wer ein holdes Weib er-rungen, wer ein holdes Weib er-rungen, stim' in

CHORUS of
PRISONERS &
of PEOPLE.

Who in such a wife rejoices, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins on
Wer ein holdes Weib er-rungen, wer ein holdes Weib er-rungen, stim' in

Who in such a wife rejoices, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins on
Wer ein holdes Weib er-rungen, wer ein holdes Weib er-rungen, stim' in

FIDELIO.

L. VAN BEETHOVEN.
earth a prize divine, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins on earth a prize divine, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins on earth a prize divine, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins on earth a prize divine, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins on earth a prize divine, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins on earth a prize divine, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins on earth a prize divine, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins on earth a prize divine, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins on earth a prize divine, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins on earth a prize divine, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins on earth a prize divine, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins on earth a prize divine, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins on earth a prize divine, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins on earth a prize divine, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins on earth a prize divine, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins on earth a prize divine, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins on earth a prize divine, Who in such a wife rejoices, Wins 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FIDELIO.

L. van Beethoven.
Shout! let hearts as well as voices
Nie wird es zu hoch bewun gen,

Praising her, together join.
Ret ter in den Guten seyn.

Praising her, together join.
Ret ter in den Guten seyn.

Praising her, together join.
Ret ter in den Guten seyn.

Praising her, together join.
Ret ter in den Guten seyn.

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Ret ter in den Guten seyn.

Praising her, together join.
Ret ter in den Guten seyn.

Praising her, together join.
Ret ter in den Guten seyn.

Praising her, together join.
Ret ter in den Guten seyn.

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Praising her, together join.
Ret ter in den Guten seyn.

Praising her, together join.
Ret ter in den Guten seyn.

Praising her, together join.
Ret ter in den Guten seyn.
LEON:

Angels blend with earthly voices
Nie wird es zu hoch be

MARC:

"Flo-

"Res-

DON FLO:

Shout! let hearts as well as voices
Nie wird es zu hoch be

DON FERD:

Shout! let hearts as well as voices
Nie wird es zu hoch be

RECE:

Shout! let hearts as well as voices
Nie wird es zu hoch be

Who in such a wife rejoices,
Wer ein holdes Weib er

Corni e Fag.

Fidelio.

L. Van Beethoven.
Leon:  
"-tan a-gain is, thine!"  
"-tan ist wie- der mein."

Marc:  
"both, to-ge-ther join."
"-rin des Gät-ten seyn."

Shout! let hearts as
Nie wird es zu

Don Flo:  
"her to-ge-ther join."
"-rin des Gät-ten seyn."

Shout! let hearts as
Nie wird es zu

Jacqi:  
"both, to-ge-ther join."
"-rin des Gät-ten seyn."

Shout! let hearts as
Nie wird es zu

Don Fer:  
"both, to-ge-ther join."
"-rin des Gät-ten seyn."

Shout! let hearts as
Nie wird es zu

Roe:  
"both, to-ge-ther join."
"-rin des Gät-ten seyn."

Shout! let hearts as
Nie wird es zu

FIDELIO.  
L. van BEETHOVEN
Florestan, Florestan,
Florestan, Florestan,

Praising both,
Retten, Retten,

Praising her, praising her,
Retten, Retten,

Praising both,
Retten,

Praising both,
Retten,

Praising both,
Retten,

Praising her, praising her,
Retten, Retten,

Praising both,
Retten,

Praising both,
Retten,

Praising both,
Retten,

Praising her, praising her,
Retten, Retten,
Florestan again is thine!
Florestan ist wieder mein.

Praising her, together join!
Ret-terin den Gatten seyn,

her, praising her,
-rin, Ret-te-rin,

her, praising her,
-rin, Ret-te-rin,

her, praising her,
-rin, Ret-te-rin,

FIDELIO.
L. van BEETHOVEN.
Henceforth these chains round thee twine,
Dich aus Ket-ten zu be-freyn.

Wins on earth a prize divine;
Mich aus Ket-ten zu be-freyn.

Wins on earth a prize divine;
Ihn aus Ket-ten zu be-freyn.

Wins on earth a prize divine;
Ihn aus Ket-ten zu be-freyn.

Wins on earth a prize divine;
Ihn aus Ket-ten zu be-freyn.

Join, together join, Praising her, together join!

Join, together join, Praising her, together join!

Join, together join, Praising her, together join!

Join, together join, Praising her, together join!
Flor-est-an again is thine!"
Flor-es-tan ist wieder mei-

to-ge-ther join!
des Gat-ten seyn,

praising her, togeth-er join!
Ret-te-rin des Gatten seyn,

to-ge-ther join!
des Gat-ten seyn,


to-ge-ther join!
des Gat-ten seyn,
Joy on the verge of madness poisons.

Who in such a wife rejoices,

Who in such a wife rejoices,

Who in such a wife rejoices,

Who in such a wife rejoices,

Who in such a wife rejoices,

Who in such a wife rejoices,

Who in such a wife rejoices,

Who in such a wife rejoices,

Who in such a wife rejoices,

Who in such a wife rejoices,

Who in such a wife rejoices,

Who in such a wife rejoices,

Who in such a wife rejoices.

FIDELIO.

L.v. BEETHOVEN.
Hence forth these chains round thee twine,
dich aus Ket-ten zu be-frey'n,

Wins on earth a prize di-vine;
ihn aus Ket-ten zu be-frey'n,

Wins on earth a prize di-vine;
mich aus Ket-ten zu be-frey'n,

Wins on earth a prize di-vine;
ihn aus Ket-ten zu be-frey'n,

Wins on earth a prize di-vine;
ihn aus Ket-ten zu be-frey'n,

Wins on earth a prize di-vine;
ihn aus Ket-ten zu be-frey'n,
join!  aeyn!

The end.

Ludwig van Beethoven.