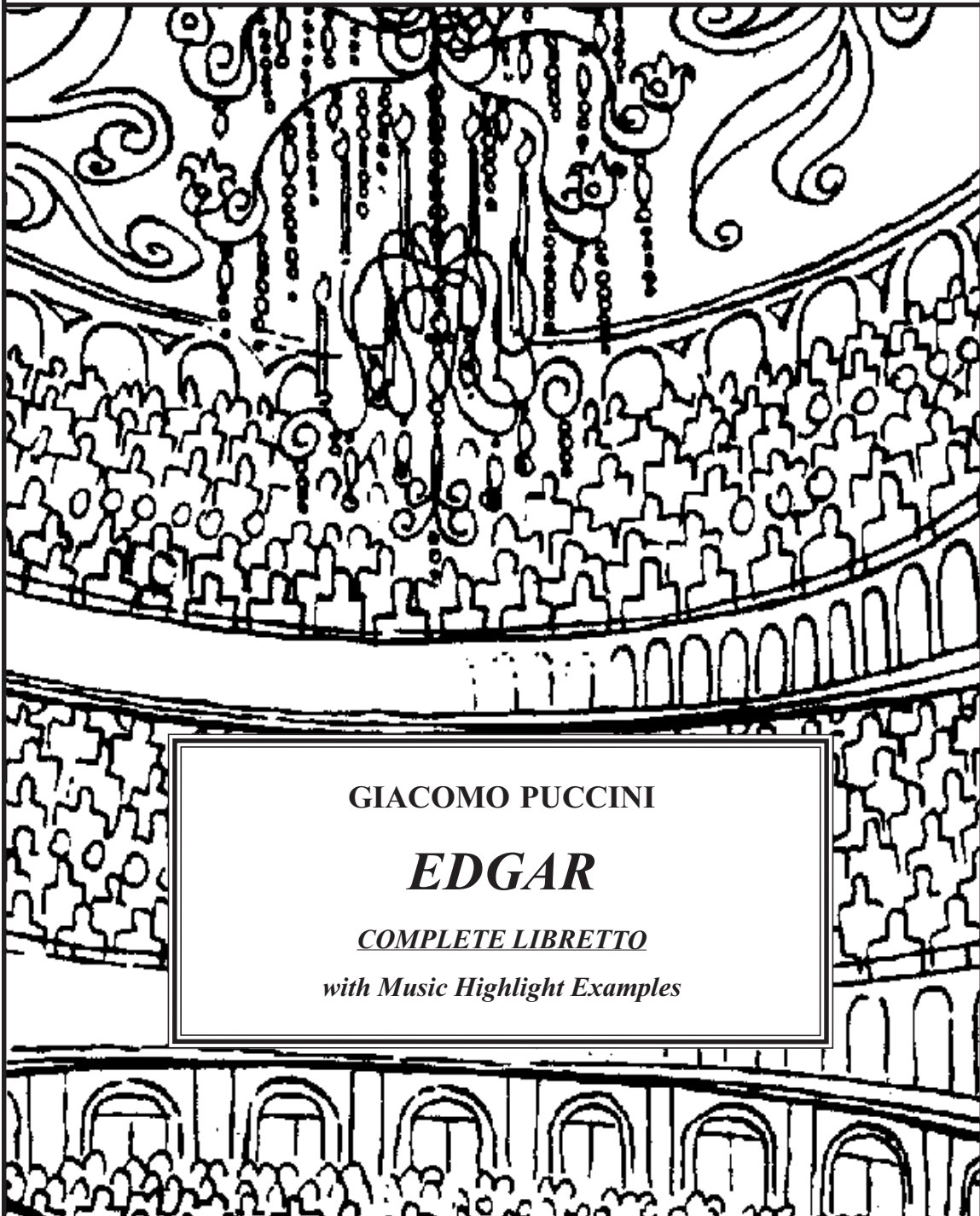


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OPERA JOURNEYS LIBRETTO SERIES

PUCCINI'S

EDGAR

**TRANSLATED FROM ITALIAN
and including music highlight transcriptions**

Edited by Burton D. Fisher
Principal lecturer, *Opera Journeys Lecture Series*

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Edgar

Opera in Italian in three acts

Music
by
Giacomo Puccini

Libretto by Ferdinando Fontana,
based on Alfred de Musset's verse drama,
"La coupe et les lèvres" ("Between Cup and Lips") 1832

Premiere:

Four-act version: Teatro alla Scala, Milan, April 1889

Three-act version: Ferrara, February 1892

Principal Characters in Edgar

Edgar, a young man, later disguised as a friar	Tenor
Fidelia, a young Flemish girl in love with Edgar	Soprano
Tigrana, a temptress, in love with Edgar	Mezzo-soprano
Frank, Fidelia's brother, passionately in love with Tigrana	Baritone
Gualtiero, father of Frank and Fidelia	Bass

Villagers, soldiers, monks, children and townspeople

TIME: 1302

PLACE: Flanders

Brief Story Synopsis

Edgar is torn between his love for the chaste Fidelia, and his sensual attraction to the temptress Tigrana, a woman born of Moors who was abandoned as a child, and brought up by Fidelia's father, Frank.

Tigrana attempts to lure Edgar away from his love for the innocent Fidelia; she want to return with him to their former passion, in which they abandoned themselves to sensual pleasures. But Tigrana's efforts are in vain; Edgar denounces Tigrana as a demon. Frank, Fidelia's brother, is desperately in love with Tigrana, but she spurns him.

While villagers pray in church, Tigrana angers them with a blasphemous song. They order her to leave the village. Tigrana retreats towards Edgar's house. With sword in hand, Edgar defends Tigrana, threatening anyone who would harm her; he declares that he will leave the village with her, and in defiance, sets fire to his house. As Edgar and Tigrana are about to leave, Frank challenges Edgar, his rival for Tigrana. Frank's father, Gualtiero, intervenes, but Tigrana succeeds in urging the rivals to duel. Frank falls wounded, as the villagers curse the fleeing lovers.

Edgar and Tigrana lead a life of debauchery, but he is tired of that life and yearns to return to Fidelia. Soldiers approach, and Edgar is surprised to find that Frank is their captain. After Edgar apologizes to Frank, he is allowed to join the regiment. Tigrana swears vengeance on Edgar for abandoning her.

There is a funeral procession for Edgar, who has apparently fallen in battle. The townspeople praise Edgar's valor, but a monk refutes them, claiming that he heard Edgar's confession, a revelation that Edgar led a dissolute life. The monk succeeds in persuading the crowd to condemn Edgar, except Fidelia, who proclaims his innocence.

Tigrana appears, and tempted by jewels, confirms that Edgar agreed to betray his country for gold. In outrage, the soldiers rush to Edgar's bier; but they only find a suit of armor. The monk reveals himself as Edgar. He admits that he has been cured of his unholy passion for Tigrana, and embraces Fidelia. Tigrana approaches Fidelia and stabs her to death. Edgar falls broken-hearted over the corpse of Fidelia, as soldiers grab Tigrana to punish her crime.

Act I

*A square in a Flemish village. Edgar's house is the background,
bordered by an almond tree, a church, and a tavern.*

It is a bright dawn. Edgar sleeps in front of the tavern.

*The "angelus" is heard from inside the church. Villagers and shepherds fill the square,
greet each other, and then go off to perform their chores.*

Coro:

Qual voce lontana squillò la campana
e l'ultima stella fulgor più non ha!

Chorus: (from afar)

The bell blared like a distant voice
and the brilliance of the last star faded!

Andante mosso**FIDELIA**

O fior del gior - no, sal-ve al - ba se - re - na! Sper-
Hail morning flower, serene dawn!

an - za ed e - sul - tan - za! In - no gen - til, del gior - no fior.
Hope and joy! Gentle hymn of the unfolding day.

Fidelia:

O fior del giorno, salve alba serena!
Speranza ed esultanza!
Inno gentil, del giono fior.
Di celestial profumo è l'aura piena.
O fior dell'anno,
salve alba d'april, o fior!

Fidelia:

Hail morning flower, serene dawn!
Hope and joy!
Gentle hymn of the unfolding day.
Dawn is filled with heavenly perfume.
Oh first flower of the year,
hail the dawn of April!

Fidelia sees Edgar asleep and calls to him.

Edgar...

Edgar...

Edgar:

Chi mi chiamò?
Sei tu, fanciulla?

Edgar: (awakening and startled)

Who called me?
Girl, is it you?

Fidelia:

Buon dì!

Fidelia:

Good day!

Edgar:

Buon dì.

Edgar:

Good day!

Fidelia:

Dunque non ha riposo per te la notte,
se qui il sol ti ha còlto ancor vinto dal
sonno.

Fidelia:

Then you didn't rest during the night,
since it is dawn and you're still overcome by
sleep.

Edgar:
Io non son lieto come sempre sei tu.

Fidelia:
Lieta non sono se ti veggo così.

Edgar:
Va! Ti saluto, o Fidelia gentil.

Fidelia:
Senti lo strano pensier
ch'io feci quando mi svegliai:
Già il mandorlo vicino
dei primi fior si ornò.

Se sovra il mio cammino
Edgar incontrerò,
troncar ne voglio un ramo
e a lui lo vo' gettar.
Il mattinal saluto così
gli voglio dar!

Edgar:
I'm not as blessed as you.

Fidelia:
I'm not pleased to see you like this.

Edgar:
See! Gentle Fidelia, I greet you.

Fidelia:
Listen to the strange thought
I had when I awakened:
that the nearby almond tree
suddenly began to bloom.

If I should meet Edgar
on my way,
I want to break a twig of the almond tree
and toss it to him.
That is how I want to greet him in the
morning.

*Fidelia cuts a twig from the almond tree, kisses the flower,
and then tosses it to Edgar.*

Eccolo!

Here it is!

Edgar:
Grazie!

Edgar:
Thanks!

Fidelia sees someone approaching, becomes fearful, and quickly disappears.

Edgar:
Fermati!

Edgar: *(running after Fidelia)*
Stop!

Coro:
O fior dei giorno, salve, alba serena!
O fior dell'anno,
salve alba d'april!

Chorus:
Hail morning flower, serene dawn!
Oh first flower of the year,
hail the dawn of April!

*Tigrana appears, a stringed instrument (dembal) across her shoulder.
She approaches Edgar from behind and surprises him.
She scoffs when she notices that Edgar holds an almond twig tenderly.*

Tigrana:
Ah!. Ah! Ah!

Tigrana:
Ah! Ah! Ah!

Edgar:
Tu qui?

Edgar: *(turning in surprise)*
You here?

Tigrana:

Tenera scena dunque venni a turbar.
Fuggir di balzo la colombella io feci!
Io non credea che a te piacesse
il miele di pastorali amor!

Tigrana: *(with irony)*

What a tender scene I've disturbed.
I made the little dove fly away!
I didn't think you cared
to love a shepherdess's honey!

Edgar:

Evvia! Mi lascia!

Edgar:

Go away! Leave me!

An organ is heard from inside the church.

Gualtiero and villagers appear in the square and then enter the church.

Tigrana approaches Edgar, her demeanor both scornful and alluring.

Andante Religioso sostenuto**TIGRANA**

Tu vo-lut- tà di fuoco, ardenti baci, sognavi un dì, non pastorali amor!
You were inflamed with lust, and one day dreamed of impassioned kisses,
not the love of a shepherdess!

Tigrana:

Tu voluttà di fuoco,
ardenti baci, sognavi un dì,
non pastorali amor!
Era un desio febril d'orgia e di gioco,
Era un desio febril di vizio e d'ôr.

Tigrana:

You were inflamed with lust,
and one day dreamed of impassioned kisses,
not the love of a shepherdess!
It was a feverish desire for orgies and play.
It was a feverish desire for vice and gold.

Edgar:

Taci, demonio! Taci!

Edgar: *(resisting her)*

Quiet, demon!

Tigrana:

Fur vani sogni, Edgar!
Sogni fugaci di chi nacque per gemere e
tacer.
Nella chiesa tu pur dovresti entrar,
non ha d'aquila i voli il tuo pensier!

Tigrana: *(with increasing irony)*

Edgar, what vain dreams!
Fleeting dreams of someone born to suffer
and keep silent.
You should also go into the church,
so your thoughts don't disappear like the
flight of an eagle!

Edgar:

Taci, demonio. Taci!

Edgar: *(agitated, Edgar runs into the house)*

Be quiet, demon!

Tigrana:

Tu il cuor mi strazii. Io muoio!
Che feci a te, crudel?
Belava all'avoltoio nell'agonia l'agnel.

Tigrana:

You torture my heart. I am dying!
What did I do to you, you cruel man?
The lamb in its agony bleated at the vulture.

*Tigrana watches Edgar and laughs scornfully. As she begins to leave,
Frank emerges from the tavern and bars her way.*

Frank:
Ove fosti stanotte?

Frank:
Where were you last night?

Tigrana:
A te che importa ?

Tigrana: *(trying to avoid him)*
What does it matter to you?

Frank:
T'attesi iersera.

Frank: *(impassioned)*
I waited for you last night.

Tigrana:
Ed io non venni!

Tigrana: *(scornfully)*
And I didn't come!

Frank:
Tigrana!

Frank: *(angrily)*
Tigrana!

Tigrana:
Evvia! Non ho di te paura!
Il tuo amor mi dà noia.

Tigrana: *(arrogantly)*
Be off! I'm not afraid of you!
Your love bores me.

Frank:
Chi detto a me l'avrebbe mai
che della vita mia l'angoscia più crudel
saresti stata!

Frank: *(with profound emotion)*
Who would have ever believed that you
would become the most cruel anguish of my
life!

Tigrana:
Chiuder dovea l'oroscopo tua madre
all'errabonda schiera di Morischi che,
or fanno quindici anni, bambina qui
m'abbandonò!

Tigrana: *(sarcastically)*
Your mother should have consulted the
horoscope of those roving moors,
who abandoned me here fifteen years ago!

Frank:
Figlia di tutti, in mezzo a noi crescesti.
Aimè! Nel nostro seno la vipera scaldammo!

Frank:
You were raised as everyone's daughter.
Alas! We nurtured a viper in our bosom!

Tigrana:
Se della virtù cara hai la fama fa che con me
non t'abbiamo a veder!

Tigrana:
If you care about your dear reputation
make sure no one sees you with me!

*Frank sits with his head in his hands, and sobs in a fit of passion.
Tigrana shrugs her shoulders, laughs scornfully, and then enters the tavern.*

Andante lento
FRANK



Que - sto a - mor, vergogna mi - a, io spez-zar, scordar vor - rei;
This love has become my shame. I wish I could break it and forget,

Frank:

Questo amor, vergogna mia,
io spezzar, scordar vorrei;
ma d'un' orrida malia
sono schiavi i sensi miei.

Mille volte al ciel giurai
di fuggirla e a lei tornai!
Ella ride del mio pianto
ed io, vil, col cuore infranto,
ai suoi piedi mi prosterno.

E lei sola io sogno, bramo!
Ah sventura! Io l'amo!

Frank:

This love has become my shame.
I wish I could break it and forget,
but my emotions are enslaved
by this ghastly enchantment.

I swore to heaven a thousand times
that I would escape from her!
She laughs at my tears,
and I prostrate myself at her feet,
a coward with a crushed heart.

It is only she whom I desire and dream of!
Ah, the misfortune that I love her!

*Frank leaves in despair. A group of villagers, finding no seats in the church,
kneel outside and pray.*

*Tigrana emerges from the tavern and sits upon a table,
her demeanor insolent and rude.*

Contadini:

Dio non benedice che gli umili quaggiù.
Viver può sol felice chi segue la virtù.
Ave, Signor!
Non gloria ed'ôr noi ti chiediam,
ma pace e amor!
Ave, Signor!

Villagers:

God bless the humble here on earth.
Only one who follows the faith can live in
happiness. Hail to the Lord!
We offer you not glory or gold,
but peace and love!
Hail, Lord!

Tigrana nears the door of the church, accompanying herself on her dembal.

Allegro satanico
TIGRANA



Tu il cuor mi stra-zi. Io muo - io! Che fe-ci a te, cru - del?
You tear out my heart. I am dying! What did I do to you, cruel one?

Tigrana:

Tu il cuor mi strazii.
Io muoio!
Che feci a te, crudel ?
Belava all'avoltoio nell'agonia l'agnol.
Agnellin, pietà!

Tigrana:

You tear out my heart.
I am dying!
What did I do to you, cruel one?
The lamb in its agony bleated at the vulture.
Pity the little lamb!

Villagers emerge from the church.

Contadini:

Dal bieco canto cessa!

Villagers: (indignantly to Tigrana)

Cease your blasphemous song!

Tigrana:

Evvia! Perché?

Contadini:

Di qui ten va!
Lontana di qui ten va!

Tigrana:

Sia per voi l'orazion,
è per me la canzon!
Vo' cantar, vo' trillar!
Chi non vuole ascoltar
torni in chiesa a pregar!

Contadini:

Vanne, sciagurata!
Serpe, t'allontana!
Va, scomunicata! Vile cortigiana!
T'allontana!

Non vogliam la canzon
che lo scherno ha nel suon!
Non trillar, non cantar!
Dove, chini all'altar,
noi veniamo a pregar!
Vattene, va! va!

Tigrana:

L'ira vostra o il perdon
io del par sprezzero!
L'abborrita canzon, ah, canterò!
Vo' cantar! Vo' trillar!
Chi non vuole ascoltar
torni in chiesa a pregar!

Contadini:

Cortigiana! Via di qui, va!
Vattene!
Vil cortigiana! T'allontana!
D'ogni sozzura simbolo,
fra noi perchè torva la sorte bella e fatal così
giunger ti fè?

Dei tuoi sorrisi il fascino
sol può recar sciagura e morte!
Pietà perdon non puoi sperar!

Tigrana: (arrogantly)

Go away! Why?

Villagers:

Go away from here!
Go far away from here!

Tigrana:

Let prayer be for you,
and the song for me!
I want to sing, I want to trill!
Whoever doesn't want to listen,
return to church to pray!

Villagers:

Wretch, get out of here!
Viper, go far from here!
Go, excommunicated one! Vile courtesan!
Go far away from us!

We don't want your song
that has scorn in its sound!
Don't trill, and don't sing
where we come to pray
and kneel at the altar!
Leave here, go! Go!

Tigrana:

I will equally despise
your anger or your forgiveness!
I will sing the abhorred song!
I want to sing! I want to trill!
Whoever doesn't want to listen,
return to church and pray!

Villagers:

Courtesan! Go away from here!
Go away from here!
Vile courtesan! Go far away!
You are a symbol of all filth.
Why does dark fate bring someone as
beautiful and deadly as you?

Misfortune and death can only come from
the fascination of your smiles!
Don't hope for mercy or forgiveness from us!

As the villagers rush menacingly towards Tigrana, she retreats towards Edgar's house.

Edgar:

Che fu ?

Edgar: *(appearing at the door)*

What happened?

Contadini:

Col canti suoi le nostre preci
 ella osava schernir.
 Vattene!

Villagers: *(indicating Tigrana)*

She dared to mock our prayers with her
 songs.
 Get out of here!

Edgar:

Indietro, turba idiota!

Edgar: *(intervening)*

Step back, you mob of idiots!

Contadini:

Tu la difendi?

Villagers: *(in amazement)*

Are you defending her?

Edgar:

Se alla devota nenia non torni di questo
 acciar, a te la lama farò provar!
 Ed or da voi men vo stolido gregge,
 per non tornar mai più!
 Maledetto paterno tetto su te fra poco
 ruggendo il fuoco per mano mia divamperà!

Edgar: *(touching his sword with intent)*

If you don't return to the solemn hymns
 I'll make you taste the blade of my sword!
 And now, stupid flock, I'm leaving you,
 never to return again!
 Curse this house of my forefathers, that I
 will soon set ablaze with my own hand!

Contadini:

Orror!

Villagers:

Horror!

Edgar enters the house. Suddenly sparks and smoke emerge from the house.

Scentura! Al fuoco!

What misfortune! To the fire!

*Some of the villagers enter the house to try to extinguish the fire,
 but they are soon pushed out by Edgar, who now appears at the door
 with a lighted firebrand in his hand.*

Edgar:

Fuori di qui! Nessuno queste soglie
 osi varcar!
 Nessuno d'imporsi a me pretenda!
 È mia la casa ed ardere dovrà!

Edgar:

Get out of here! No one dare cross this
 threshold!
 No one try to force me to stop!
 This is my house, and I must burn it!

Edgar throws the firebrand into the house. Then he addresses Tigrana rapturously.

Tigrana, vieni!

Noi pure accenda di nuova vita la voluttà!

Tigrana, come!

May our lust also be ignited with new life!

*Edgar takes Tigrana's hand and starts to leave.
 The villagers are horrified. Frank appears to block their way.*

Frank:

T'arresta!

Frank: *(to Edgar)*

Stop!

Contadini:

Frank!

Peasants:

Frank!

Edgar:

Sgombrami il passo!

Edgar: *(to Frank)*

Get out of my way!

Frank:

Teco non dee partir!

Frank: *(indicating Tigrana)*

She must not leave with you!

Edgar:

Di riso è degna la tua parola!

Edgar:

Your words make me laugh!

Frank:

Questa lama a te l'apprenderà!

Frank: *(touching the hilt of his sword)*

This blade will teach you!

Edgar:

Sta ben!

Edgar:

Very well!

Gualtiero emerges from the church and runs to Frank.

Gualtiero:

Mio figlio!

Gualtiero:

My son!

Fidelia:

Edgar!

Fidelia: *(running to Edgar)*

Edgar!

Gualtiero:

Giù l'armi!

La voce d' un vecchio ascoltate!

Del sangue lo sdegno frenate!

Gualtiero:

Put down the weapons!

Listen to the voice of an old man!

Restrain the anger in your blood!

Contadini:

Giù l'armi!

Villagers:

Put down the weapons!

Edgar:

D'un vecchio che prega la voce tremante

quai tristi memorie nel cuor mi destò.

O della mia vita terribile istante,

di colpe novelle macchiarmi non vo'.

Edgar:

The old man's trembling voice has

awakened sad memories in my heart.

Oh what a terrible moment in my life.

I don't want to stain it with new crimes.

Fidelia:

D'entrambi nel sangue qual nembo veloce

il cieco delirio dell'ira scoppiò!

Ma a un tratto l'insania dell'impeto atroce

d'un vecchio la voce a vincer bastò.

Lo sdegno frenate, olà!

Fidelia:

Like a dark cloud, the blind frenzy in their blood has burst quickly.

But all of a sudden, an old man's voice was sufficient to quench the madness of the

outrageous impulses! May the anger cease!

Gualtiero:

Del giovane sangue lo sdegno frenate!
 D'un vecchio la voce ascoltate!
 La mano vi pose sull'elsa soltanto il torvo
 consiglio d'un cieco delir.
 Ah, un padre, un vegliardo nell'onta e nel
 pianto, o figli, o fratelli, non fate morir!

Frank:

D'un padre la voce mi supplica invano,
 placar del mio sdegno la fiamma non può!

Qual fascino arcano, qual turbido incanto
 nel cor mi gettò!
 Tigrana, il tuo sguardo nel cor mi gettò!

Tigrana:

D'un vecchio alla voce a spegner bastò!
 Al suolo si chinan gli sguardi,
 ah, la man già l'elsa lasciò!

Ah, al suolo d'entrambi si chinan gli
 sguardi.
 La mano delle spade già l'elsa lasciò!
 A spegner dell'ira la fiamma, o codardi,
 la voce d'un vecchio bastò!

Gualtiero:

Restrain the anger of your young blood!
 Listen to the voice of an old man.
 An old man counsels you to remove your
 hands from the hilts of your swords.
 Oh sons and brothers, don't let an old man
 die in shame and in tears.

Frank:

My father's voice begs me to extinguish the
 flames of my anger, but it is in vain, because
 I cannot!

What a mysterious charm, and what troubled
 enchantment Tigrana has thrown into my
 heart!

Tigrana:

An old man's voice was sufficient to
 extinguish their anger! Heads are lowered,
 and hands are removed from their swords!

Both of them have lowered their heads.

Their hands let go of their sword hilts!
 You cowards! An old man's voice was sufficient
 to extinguish your inflamed anger!

Moderato con agitazione**CHORUS****Contadini:**

La voce d'un vecchio ascoltate,
 del giovane sangue lo sdegno frenate!
 Il ciglio bagnato è di pianto.
 Il cuore con te palpitò!
 Il cielo un soave mestissimo incanto d'un
 padre alla voce che implora donò.
 O vecchio, ogni ciglio bagnato è di pianto!
 Lo sdegno frenate, olà!

Villagers:

Listen to an old man's voice and stem your
 anger!
 We are all bathed in tears.
 Our hearts beat for you!
 Heaven gave a soft, but very sad magic to
 the voice of a pleading father.
 Oh old man, every eye is bathed in tears!
 Let the anger cease!

Edgar:

Or dunque, addio!

Edgar:

Now then, good-bye!

Frank draws his sword to bar the departure of Edgar and Tigrana.

Frank:
No. Tu non passerai!

Frank:
No! You will not pass!

Edgar draws his sword.

Edgar:
Egli lo vuole!

Edgar:
It is his wish!

Gualtiero, Fidelia:
Frank! Edgar!

Gualtiero, Fidelia: *(trying to stop them)*
Frank! Edgar!

Edgar e Frank:
Parli il pugnale!

Edgar and Frank:
May the sword speak!

Edgar and Frank duel.

Fidelia:
Edgar!

Fidelia:
Edgar!

Gualtiero:
Olà!

Gualtiero:
Stop!

Contadini:
Terror, olà!

Villagers:
Terror, stop!

Fidelia:
Fratello! Ferma, Edgar!

Fidelia: *(to Frank and Edgar)*
Brother! Stop, Edgar!

Gualtiero:
Figlio! Cessate! Olà!

Gualtiero:
You boys! Cease! Stop!

Tigrana:
Su! Ferisci!
Terror! Incalza! Su!

Tigrana:
Come on! Wound him!
Terror! Drive on! Come on!

Contadini:
Per pietà! Fermi olà! No!
Oh terror! Qual furor!
Qual demonio li spinge!
Giù il pugnale!

Villagers:
For pity's sake! Stop there! No!
Oh terror! What furor!
What demon drives them!
Put the sword down!

Ah, crude! Tacì tu!
L'armi a lo, su, strappiam!
Ah, non più, che tardiam?

to Tigrana
Ah, cruel one! Be quiet!
Let's take away their weapons!
Ah, no more, what are we waiting for?

Edgar:
Sei ferito!

Edgar: *(to Frank, stepping back)*
You are wounded!

Frank:

No! No!

Frank:

No!

Tigrana:

Vieni! Fuggiam! Ferito egli è.
Perchè restar?

Tigrana: *(to Edgar)*

Come! Let's flee! He's wounded.
Why stay here?

Frank:

Deve un di noi lasciar la vita qui!

Frank: *(with anger)*

One of us must die here!

Gualtiero throws himself on Frank and wrenches the sword from him.

Gualtiero:

Per Dio, quell' arme a me!

Gualtiero:

By God, give me those weapons!

Edgar:

Partiamo!

Edgar: *(to Tigrana)*

Let's go!

Edgar and Tigrana quickly depart.

Frank makes a supreme effort to follow her, but the villagers hold him back.

Frank:

Abbietta creatura!
Maledizione a te!

Frank:

Despicable creature!
Curses on you!

Fidelia rushes to Frank as he falls into Gualtiero's arms. The fire continues to rage.

Tutti:

Maledizione!

All:

Curses!

END OF EDGAR ACT I

Act II

*A bright moonlit evening. A terrace of a palace that overlooks several gardens;
in the background there is a vast expanse of countryside, crossed by silvery streams.
From the sumptuously lit palace, an orgy is in progress;
there is much laughter and cries of delight are heard.*

Coro:

Splendida notte! Notte gioconda!
E dolci olezzi mandano i fior!
Godiam la vita!
D'argentea luce la luna inonda la terra e il
ciel!
Godiam la vita, doman si muor!

Chorus: (inside the palace)

Splendid night! Joyful night!
The flowers send sweet scents!
Let us enjoy life!
The moon floods the earth and the sky with
silvery light!
Let us enjoy life; tomorrow one dies!

Edgar appears on the terrace, looking tired and bored.

Edgar:

Orgia, chimera dall'occhio vitreo
dal soffio ardente che i sensi incendia,
tu a me, dell'alta notte nel glauco
mister silente, invan ritorni.

Edgar:

The orgy is a glossy illusion of burning
breath that ignites the senses.
In vain you return to me in the middle of the
night in silent greenish mystery.

Non più dai tuoi sguardi ammaliato sarà il
mio cor!
Ne più m'avvince a te la voluttà.

My heart will no longer be bewitched by
your glances!
I am no longer bound by lust.

Ma ho terror del doman;
un vigliacco terror che l'onor mio
combattere non sa!

But I have fear of tomorrow;
there is a cowardly terror that my honor is
unable to fight!

Andante espressivo
EDGAR



O soave vision di quell'alba d'april,
o vision gentil d'amore e di splendor!
Nell'abisso fatal, dove caduto io son,
rimpianta vision, Ah!
Te il mio pensiero evoca sempre ancor!
Sovra un sereno cielo si disegna il profil
dolcissimo dell'angiol che mi amò!

Oh gentle vision of April's dawn,
oh gentle vision of splendor and love!
I can see the vision I yearn for from the fatal
abyss into which I have fallen!
You still evoke my thoughts!
The sweet profile of that angel who loved
me is outlined in the serene sky!

Tigrana appears on the terrace and approaches Edgar with determination.

Tigrana:

Edgar, sulla tua fronte erran tetri pensieri.

Tigrana:

Edgar, dark thoughts are wandering through your mind.

Edgar:

Essi son neri come l'abisso immondo ove scesi con te!

Edgar:

They are black like the filthy abyss into which I have descended with you!

Tigrana:

Tu più non m'ami!

Tigrana:

You don't love me anymore!

Edgar:

La parola d'amor non profanar!

Edgar:

Do not profane the word love!

Lento

TIGRANA



*Quel che sognavi un dì d'orgie i dì baci sogno febril, donar io seppi a te. Per sempre il fato ci unì,
One day you had feverish dreams of orgies and kisses, and I knew how to give them to you.
Do you realize that fate has us united forever?*

Tigrana:

Quel che sognavi un dì d'orgie e di baci,
sogno febril, donar io seppi a te.

Tigrana:

One day you had feverish dreams of orgies
and kisses, and I knew how to give them to
you.

Per sempre il fato ci unì, intendi?
Un mendico sarai lungi da me!

Do you realize that fate has united us forever?
You will become a beggar if you leave me!

Edgar:

Taci, demonio!

Edgar:

Be quiet, you demon!

Tigrana:

Dalla valle natia perchè fuggir,
e la casa paterna, perchè incendiar?

Tigrana:

Why did you flee from your homeland, and
why did you set the house of your forefathers
ablaze?

Or la tua sorte è mia, tutto perdesti!

You have lost everything, and now your fate
is mine!

Edgar:

Taci, demonio!

Edgar:

Be quiet, you demon!

Tigrana:

In me soltanto, Edgar, tu puoi sperar!

Tigrana:

Edgar, your only hope rests with me!

Dal labbro mio suggi l'oblio
e a te il doman sorriderà.
Nuovi deliri di voluttà a te darà di voluttà la
mia beltà.

Edgar:

Ogni velen, demon, tu chiudi in sen.
Nè mai da te fuggir potrò?
Nè un raggio a me brillar vedrò,
un raggio sol di speme ancor?
Nè mai da te fuggir potrò
da quest'abisso d'onta e d'orror.

Tigrana:

Vano è lottar, il fato ci unì!
Ora il fato ci unì!

Draw forgetfulness from my lips,
and tomorrow you will smile.
My beauty will give you new passions of
lust.

Edgar:

Demon, you hide every poison in your breast.
Will I ever be able to flee from you?
I will never see a ray of shining hope,
or even a ray of hope?
I will never be able to flee
from this abyss of shame and horror.

Tigrana:

It's useless to fight, fate has us united!
Fate has us united now!

The sounds of drums and trumpets are heard from the distance.

Soldati:

Urrò!

Soldiers:

Hurrah!

Edgar:

Uno squillo marzial!
Passa una schiera di soldati alla porta del
castel.

Edgar:

A martial blast!
There's a platoon of soldiers filing past the
castle door.

Tigrana:

Come sfavillan l'armi al raggio della luna!

Tigrana:

How their arms shine from the rays of the
moon!

Edgar:

(Ah! Qual pensiero, a me lo manda Iddio!)

Edgar: (to himself)

(Ah! What an idea God has sent me!)

Olà, soldati, sostate!
Una coppa di vino d'accettare vi piaccia?
Stringer voglio la mano al capitan!

Hey, soldiers, stop!
Would you like to have a glass of wine?
I'd like to shake hands with the captain!

Tigrana:

Or ben, che intendi far?

Tigrana:

Now then, what do you intend to do?

Edgar:

Mi lascia!

Edgar:

Leave me alone!

Frank, leading the soldiers, recognizes Edgar and Tigrana.

Frank:

(Tigrana! Edgar!)

Frank: (to himself)

(Tigrana! Edgar!)

Edgar, Tigrana:

Frank!

Edgar, Tigrana:

Frank!

Frank:

Perchè voi ancor sul mio cammin?

Frank:

Why are you two still in my way?

*Frank begins to depart.***Edgar:**

Ah no! Fermati! M'ascolta!

S'io t'offesi, mi perdona!

Edgar: *(stopping him)*

No! Stop! Listen to me!

If I offended you, forgive me!

Frank:

D'un amore abietto, indegno,

il tuo ferro mi guari!

Frank:

Your sword cured me of a cursed and

unworthy love!

Tigrana:

(Perchè in lor non più lo sdegno?

Perchè prega Edgar così?)

Tigrana: *(to herself)*

(Why aren't they angry anymore?

Why does Edgar beg like that?)

Edgar:

Fui colpevol, ma atroce fu la pena!

Edgar:

I was guilty but the punishment was painful!

Tigrana:

(Egli mi sfugge!)

Tigrana: *(to herself)*

(He's escaping from me!)

Edgar:

Oggi salvarmi tu puoi!

Puoi spezzar la mia catena!

Edgar:

You can save me today!

You can break the chain that binds me!

Tigrana:

(Mi sfugge!)

Tigrana: *(to herself)*

(He's getting away from me!)

Frank:

Io, salvarti? Parla!

Aprimi il tuo cuore!

Palesa il tuo pensiero!

Frank:

I, save you? Speak!

Open your heart to me!

Reveal your thoughts!

Edgar:

Per redimerme e combattere al tuo fianco io

con te voglio partir!

Edgar:

I want to fight at your side and redeem

myself. I want to go with you!

Tigrana:

Se è ver che un dì m'amasti,

deh, non toglierlo a me!

Tigrana: *(grabbing Frank and begging)*

If it is true that one day you loved me, then

don't take him away from me!

Frank:

Lasciami, ti disprezzo

Frank:

Leave me, I despise you!

Tigrana:

Ah, non abbandonarmi!
D'amarti io non credea come t'amo in
quest'ora!
Viver senza di te più non potrei!

Tigrana: *(to Edgar)*

Ah, don't abandon me!
I didn't believe I could love you as much as
I love you at this moment!
I could never live without you !

Edgar:

Com'io saprò dimenticarti, tu pur mi
scorderai!

Edgar: *(haughtily)*

You will also forget me, just as I will learn to
forget you!

Edgar pushes Tigrana away.

A te soltanto mi voto, o Gloria!!

Oh Glory, I consecrate myself only to you !

Edgar, Frank, Soldati:

Or la Patria sacra in cuor ci sta!

Edgar, Frank, Soldiers:

Only sacred thoughts of my country dwell in
my heart!

Chi dà la vita a lei giammai morrà!

Whoever gives his life for his country will
achieve immortality!

Tigrana:

O della morte, o mio tu sarai!

Tigrana:

You will either die, or you will be mine!

*Tigrana tries to stop Edgar from leaving, but he repulses her.
Tigrana makes a menacing gesture, swearing vengeance.*

END OF EDGAR ACT II

Act III

*The bastion of a fortress near the city of Courtray.
A catafalque is covered by veils that hang from a tree.*

*The sun is setting and black clouds mingle with the falling sky.
Faraway trumpets announce the approach of a funeral procession.
An officer places sentinels near the catafalque;
four pages place lighted candles all around.*

*The funeral procession files past, the coffin bearing a dead knight in armor.
Laurel leaves are strewn over the coffin.
Frank appears with a Friar, his face concealed by his habit.
Fidelia, Gualtiero, and soldiers watch as the coffin is lowered onto the catafalque.*

Fanciulli:

*Requiem aeternam!
In pace factus est locus ejus!
Et in Sion habitatio ejus!*

Del Signor la pupilla veglia nell'ombre
eterne.

Coro:

Ora pro eo!
Il bene e il mal discerne.
Ei vede il giusto e il reo.
Entra nel cielo il buon che cade
sotto le inique spade!

Fidelia:

(Non basta il pianto al mio dolor,
o Edgar, mio solo amor!)

Tutti:

Riposa in pace, o pio guerriero,
salva hai la patria tua diletta!
In noi non vive che un pensiero;
quel di compir la tua vendetta!

I Monaci:

*Deus, in virtute tua judica me!
Deus, exaudi orationem meam!*
Noi, nel tuo nome, pel patrio suol
il sangue nostro saprem versar.
Iddio la Fiandra schiava non vuol.
Per te e la Fiandra morremo, Edgar!

Boys:

*Rest in eternity!
In peace he has taken his place!
And in Zion is his dwelling!*

The eye of the Lord watches in the eternal
shadows.

Chorus:

Pray for him!
He sees the good and the bad.
And he sees the just and the guilty.
The good one who fails enters into Heaven
under the evil swords!

Fidelia: (to herself)

(Oh Edgar, my only love, tears are not
enough to express my pain!)

All:

Rest in peace, oh pious warrior,
who has saved your beloved country!
Only one thought lives within us:
that of fulfilling your vengeance!

The Friars:

*Lord, in your goodness, judge me!
Lord, hear my prayers!*
We will know how to shed our blood for our
native land in Your name.
God does not wish Flanders to be enslaved.
Edgar, we will die for you and our fatherland!

Lento**FIDELIA****Fidelia:**

Addio, mio dolce amore!
 Nell'ombra ove discendi,
 solenne, infinita anch'io verrò. M'attendi!
 Dove tu solo regni, dolor
 la gioventù non ha più fior!
 Addio ancor, o Edgar, la tua memoria
 sarà il mio sol pensiero!
 Lassù, nella tua gloria m'attendi, Edgar!

Tutti:

O Edgar, o pio guerriero,
 a te in eterno gloria!
 La sacra tua memoria
 non perirà mai più!

I Monaci:

*In pace factus est locus ejus
 et in Sion habitatio ejus.*

Fidelia:

Farewell, my sweet love!
 I will also enter the solemn, infinite shadows
 where you descend. Wait for me!
 Pain, where you alone reign, youth is
 despoiled of its flowers!
 Farewell again, oh Edgar, your memory will
 be my sole thought!
 Up there, in your glory, await me, Edgar!

All:

Oh Edgar, oh pious warrior,
 to you, glory forever!
 Your sacred memory
 will live eternally!

The Friars:

*He has taken his place in peace
 and his dwelling is Zion!*

Frank delivers the eulogy.

Frank:

Del prode Edgar, del nostro capitano
 glorioso il nome suoni!
 Fu brezza pei buoni,
 per gli empi fu uragano!
 Nel suo nobil cuor, due nomi eran scolpiti:
 Patria e Onor!

Frank:

May the glorious name of our valiant captain
 Edgar resound!
 He was an inspiration for good men,
 and he was a hurricane for the wicked!
 Two words were engraved in his noble heart:
 Country and Honor!

Edgar, disguised as a Friar, advances with a few soldiers and townspeople.

Il Frate (Edgar):

D'Edgar l'onor io contestar non vo'.
 Ma la casa paterna egli incendiò
 e l'orgia amò.
 Voi forse l'ignorate, ma sincero è il mio dir.

Friar (Edgar):

I do not wish to question Edgar's honor.
 But he burned his forefather's house,
 and he loved debauchery.
 Perhaps you don't know it, but my words
 are sincere.

Tutti:

Silenzio, frate!

All:

Silence, friar!

Frank:

Alto l'acciar, dove batteva il cuore
della battaglia,
egli era per noi viva bandiera,
pei nemici terrore, il suo nome vivrà
perché suona: libertà!

Il Frate (Edgar):

Fu prode, è ver!
Ma d'un avventurier fu il suo valor.
Tutto ei perduto avea e tutto osar potea!
Non rammentate di tal genia l'ardir?

Frank:

Silenzio, Frate!

Coro:

No! Lascialo parlar!

Il Frate (Edgar):

Edgar mi impose di rivelar le colpe sue
morendo;
di penitenza e insiem d'esempio in segno,
ogni inganno a bandir!

Some the crowd come closer to the Friar (Edgar) and signal others to do the same.

Coro:

Udite! Parla!

Il Frate (Edgar):

V'è alcun fra voi del suo villaggio?

Alcuni Uomini:

Noi!

Il Frate (Edgar):

Sta bene! Or dunque rispondete:
È ver ch'ei la sua casa un dì incendiò?

Alcuni Uomini:

Sì è ver!

Il Frate (Edgar):

Che a voi scherni ed insulti osò scagliar?
Or dunque rispondete!

Alcuni Uomini:

Sì, è ver!

Frank: (continuing the eulogy)

He was a living example for us,
with his sword held high
in the midst of the battle:
a terror to the enemy, and his name will live
because it means Liberty!

Friar (Edgar):

It is true that he was valiant!
But his valor was that of an adventurer.
He lost everything and could dare anything!
Remember the daring of such rabble?

Frank:

Silence, friar!

Chorus:

No! Let him speak!

Friar (Edgar):

As he was dying, Edgar asked me to reveal
every one his sins;
as a sign of penitence and also as an
example!

Chorus:

Listen! Speak!

Friar (Edgar):

Is there someone here from his village?

Some Men:

We are!

Friar (Edgar):

All right! Now then answer:
Is it true that one day he set his house ablaze?

Some Men:

Yes, it's true!

Friar (Edgar):

That he dared to ridicule and insult you?
Now then, answer!

Some Men:

Yes, it's true!

Il Frate (Edgar):

È ver che Frank ferì ?
Che con Tigrana la cortigiana allor fuggia?

Alcuni Uomini:

È ver, è ver!!

Il Frate (Edgar):

Or, se gioco non son le umane leggi,
un empio fu!

Coro:

Un empio, è ver!

Fidelia:

(Orror!)

Gualtiero:

O figlia mia, partiamo, il sol già tramontò!

Friar (Edgar):

Is it true that he wounded Frank?
That he fled with the courtesan Tigrana?

Some Men:

It's true, it's true!

Friar (Edgar):

Now, if human and divine laws are not a
game, he was a villain!

Chorus:

It's true, a villain!

Fidelia: (to herself)

(What a horror!)

Gualtiero: (to Fidelia)

My daughter, let's leave, the sun has already
set!

The Friar urges everyone to come around him.

Il Frate (Edgar):

Ei tutto nell'orgia nel gioco perdea.
ma cari i suoi baci Tigrana vendea.
Ei visse dell'ôr che dà il disonor!

Friar (Edgar):

Tigrana sold her kisses at a dear price, and
he lost everything in orgies and gambling.
He lived for gold that he acquired dishonestly!

Tutti:

Vergogna!

All:

What shame!

Fidelia:

(Oh terror!)

Fidelia: (to herself)

(Oh terror!)

Il Frate (Edgar):

Al suo castello era un bosco vicino
e più d' un viandante ivi perì!

Friar (Edgar):

There was a forest near his castle, and more
than one traveller perished in there!

Tutti:

Assassino!

All: (horrified)

Assassin!

The crowd rushes menacingly toward the coffin.

Onta su lui!

Ai corvi il suo cadavere!

Vergogna e orror la sua memoria

d'oggi fiammingo desterà nel cuor!

Shame on him!

Let his corpse be thrown to the crows!

His memory will awaken shame and horror
in the heart of every Fleming!

As they rush to grab the corpse. Fidelia intercedes, blocking them with her body.

Fidelia:

Non più ! Fermate!

Fidelia:

No more! Stop!

The crowd backs down. Edgar looks at Fidelia expressing great emotion.

Il Frate (Edgar):

(Angiolo santo!
Osò difenderlo ella soltanto!

Friar (Edgar)

(Saintly angel!
She alone dared to defend him!

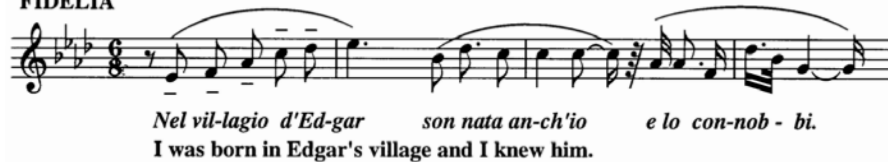
Fidelia:

D'ogni dolor questo è il più gran dolor:
Insultato veder chi si adorò!
No, puro Edgar tu sei,
Edgar mio solo amor, io ti difenderò!

Fidelia:

To see the one you adore be insulted is the
greatest of all sorrows!
No, Edgar, you are pure,
Edgar, my only love, I will defend you!

Andante calmo
FIDELIA



Nel villaggio d;Edgar son nata anch'io
e lo conobbi.
Errò che importa!
Pio era il suo cor,
se ardente il suo pensier.
E della giovinezza il breve error
scontò col sangue suo, col suo valor!

I was also born in Edgar's village and I
knew him.
He erred, but that doesn't matter!
His heart was righteous,
even if his thoughts were impassioned.
He paid for the small error of his youth with
his valor and his blood!

Coro:

Bella e gentil!

Chorus:

She's so beautiful and gentle!

Frank:

Gentil ell'è davver!

Frank:

She is indeed gentle!

Fidelia:

Or là attender io vo' che spunti il giorno.
Con me al villaggio ancor ei tornerà!
Riposerà nel nostro cimiter
finchè con lui nell'ideal soggiorno
a me la pace eterna il ciel darà!

Fidelia:

Now I want to wait until dawn.
He will return with me to our village!
He will rest in our cemetery until such time
when Heaven grants me the ideal of eternal
peace together with him!

Al vostro capitano v'inchinate, o soldati!

Soldiers, bow to your captain!

The soldiers kneel. Frank dismisses the people.

Frank:
Andate!

Frank:
Go!

*Fidelia signals her father to allow her one last moment at the coffin.
She picks up some flowers and laurel fronds, kisses them,
and strews them over the coffin. Everyone slowly leaves.*

*The Friar (Edgar) kneels before the coffin.
Fidelia glances backward as Gualtiero accompanies her away.*

*Frank approaches the Friar., both watch Fidelia and Gualtiero.
Suddenly, Tigrana appears.*

Voce di Tigrana:
Voglio passar!

Tigrana:
I want to pass!

Il Frate (Edgar):
La voce di Tigrana!
Nella mia coppa rimane la feccia!

Friar (Edgar):
Tigrana's voice!
The filth remains in my cup!

Tigrana forces her way past a sentinel.

Tigrana:
Il passo mi sgombrate!

Tigrana:
Let me through!

Tigrana addresses the Friar.

A me concesso, o frate, sia di vegliar
pregando del capitano Edgar presso la
salma.

Friar, I wish to be allowed to pray and keep a
vigil near Captain Edgar's body.

Il Frate (Edgar):
Eccola!

Friar (Edgar):
There it is!

Tigrana:
(Aimè, finite son le esequie.
Nessun vedrà il mio lutto!)

Tigrana: (to herself)
(Woe is me, the funeral rites are over.
No one will see me mourning!)

Tigrana approaches the coffin.

Il Frate (Edgar):
In lei tanta pietà?
Menzogna è questa al par dell'altre sue!
Ma sia l'estrema!

Friar (Edgar): (to himself)
Is there so much pity in her?
It is a lie, just like all of her others!
But let this be the last one!

No con me resta. Ascolta!

to Frank
No, stay with me. Listen!

Pregare, amar non seppe mai chi visse sol di
voluttà.
Del suo dolor, tu lo vedrai, solo a far pompa
ella qui sta.
Nel perfido suo cuor fra poco io leggerò.

Frank:

Sempre ignorerò preghiera e amore chi visse
sol di voluttà.
Ma spesso il ciel redime un cuore
con un istante di pietà.
Se mente il suo dolor interroga il suo cuor.
Io ti seconderò! Va!

Tigrana:

Edgar, quanto t'amai!
Questo mio labbro dir non può.
Edgar, om mio perduto ben!

*Tigrana kneels before the coffin. Frank indicates his understanding of the Friar
and is ready to follow his lead.*

Frate (Edgar):

Bella signora, il pianto sciupa gli occhi;
avvizzano i sospiri un bianco sen;
Io vi chieggo pietà per quei ginocchi
che voi dannate ai morsi del terren!

Tigrana:

V'allontanate, lasciatemi pregar!

Il Frate (Edgar):

Io vi chieggo pietà per quei ginocchi.

Tigrana:

Silenzio frate!
Lasciatemi pregar! V'allontanate!

Frank:

Bella signora, il morto esser vorrei
che il vostro lutto avrei, dama gentil!
Del vostro pianto una perla soltanto
le mille perle val d'ogni monil!

A person who lived for lust never knew how
to love or pray.
You will see that her sorrow here is but a
pretence.
I will soon be able to read her wicked heart.

Frank:

A person who lived for lust never knew how
to love or pray.
But often Heaven redeems a heart in a
moment of compassion.
If her sorrow is false question her heart.
I will support your actions! Go!

Tigrana:

Edgar, how much I loved you!
These lips cannot say how much.
Edgar, oh my lost love!

Friar (Edgar): (approaching Tigrana)

Beautiful lady, weeping spoils the eyes;
your white bosom wilts from sighing;
I ask you to pity your knees, which are
being harmed by the rough ground!

Tigrana:

Go away, leave me to pray!

Friar (Edgar):

I ask you to pity your knees.

Tigrana:

Silence, Friar!
Let me pray! Go away!

Frank:

Beautiful lady, I wish I was the deceased and
mourned by such a charming lady.
One of your pearly tears is worth the
thousand pearls in this necklace!

Frank show Tigrana a necklace of pearls.

Tigrana:

Ah ! Va! Non tentarmi!

Tigrana: (excitedly)

Go! Don't tempt me!

Il Frate (Edgar):

Guarda!

Tigrana:

O meraviglia!

Frank:Come da fiamma maliarda osserva,
affascinata ell'è diggià!**Il Frate (Edgar):**Un detto della tua bocca vermiglia ed il
monile è tuo!**Tigrana:**

Un detto!

Il Frate (Edgar), Frank:

Prezzo non ha, bella Signora, questo vizzo!

Tigrana:

Qual baglior!

Il Frate (Edgar):

Capitan, la tenti invan! Guarda!

Tigrana:

Oh portento!

Il Frate (Edgar):Dal labbro tuo vermiglio un detto sol e tuo
sarà l'anel!**Frank:**

E tuo sarà il monil!

Tigrana:

(Perchè mi tenta così?)

Il Frate (Edgar):Queste gemme avrai se all'odio mio oggi
servir vorrai!**Tigrana:**

All'odio tuo?

Il Frate (Edgar):

Sì!

Friar (Edgar): *(showing another necklace)*

Look!

Tigrana:

Oh, what a marvel!

Frank:She is already fascinated, observing it as if
possessed by a bewitching flame.**Friar (Edgar):**One word from your red mouth and the
necklace is yours!**Tigrana:**

A word!

Friar (Edgar), Frank:

Lovely lady, the necklace is priceless!

Tigrana: *(contemplating the jewels)*

What luster!

Friar (Edgar): *(to Frank)*

Captain, you tempt her in vain! Look!

Tigrana:

Oh, wonder!

Friar (Edgar):I want only one word from your red mouth
and this ring is yours!**Frank:**

And the necklace will also be yours!

Tigrana: *(to herself)*

(Why does he tempt me like that?)

Friar (Edgar):Today, you will have these gems if you will
help serve my hatred.**Tigrana:**

To serve your hatred?

Friar (Edgar):

Yes!

Tigrana:
Strane parole!

Tigrana:
Strange words!

Il Frate (edgar):
Guarda! Risplende al par del sol!
Or ben?

Friar (Edgar): *(tempting her)*
Look! It shines like the sun!
Well now?

*Tigrana is still unresolved. Edgar and Frank urge her on,
offering her the jewels with increasing insistence.
After some hesitation, Tigrana stares at the necklace and exclaims resolutely.*

Tigrana:
Vincesti!

Tigrana:
You've won!

Frank and Edgar take the jewels from Tigrana.

Frank, Il Frate (Edgar):
Squillin le trombe!

Frank, Friar (Edgar):
Let the trumpets blare!

Soldati:
All'armi!

Soldiers: *(from inside)*
To arms!

Tigrana:
Or quale mister?

Tigrana:
What is this mystery now?

Il Frate (Edgar):
Attendi!

Friar (Edgar): *(to Tigrana)*
Wait!

Soldati:
Che fu?

Soldiers: *(entering from all sides)*
What was it?

Il Frate (Edgar):
Venite! Soldati!
Io d'una tomba l'onor contesi a Edgar.

Friar (Edgar):
Come! Soldiers!
I questioned Edgar's honor at his grave.

Soldati:
È ver!

Soldiers:
It's true!

Il Frate (Edgar):
M'han detto: "tu i morti offendi!"
Alla mia voce fé non prestâr!

Friar (Edgar):
You told me: "You offend the dead!"
Nobody heeded my voice!

Or dunque a voi risponda costei d'Edgar
l'amante!

Indicating Tigrana
Now then, may she, Edgar's mistress,
answer you!

Soldati:
Ella?!

Soldiers: *(surprised)*
She?!

Il Frate (Edgar):

Sì!

Parla: È ver che Edgar, avido d'ôr, volea
tradir la patria?

Frank, Tigrana, Soldati:

Ciel!

Il Frate (Edgar):

Lo afferma e tuo sarà il monil!

Friar (Edgar):

Yes!

to Tigrana

Speak: Is it true that Edgar, avid for gold,
wanted to betray his country?

Frank, Tigrana, Soldiers:

Heavens!

Friar (Edgar):

Admit it and the necklace will be yours!

Showing Tigrana the necklace.

Guarda!

Look!

Frank e Soldati:

Rispondi!

Frank and Soldiers:

Answer!

Il Frate (Edgar):

Avrai, se affermì, mille gemme al par di
questa.

Io t'amo! Edgar tu amasti. Io l'odio!

Friar (Edgar)

If you admit it, you will have a thousand
gems like this one.

I love you! You loved Edgar. I hate him!

Frank e Soldati:

Parla! Rispondi!

Frank, Soldiers: (to Tigrana)

Speak! Answer!

*Tigrana takes the necklace from the Friar.***Tigrana:**

È ver!

Tigrana:

It's true!

Soldati:

Maledizione a lui!

Ai corvi il suo cadavere!

Maledizion a lui!

Soldiers:

Curses!

Throw his corpse to the crows!

Curse him!

*The soldiers go to the coffin to grab the body, but only find pieces of armor.
They become terrified.*

Gran Dio!

Great God!

Il Frate (Edgar):

Che fu?

Friar (Edgar): (ironically)

What was it?

Soldati:

Non vedi? Vuota è l'armatura!

Soldiers:

Don't you see? The armor is empty!

Il Frate (Edgar):

Sì! Poichè vive Edgar!

Friar (Edgar): (removing his vestment)

Yes! Because Edgar lives!

Fidelia:

Ah!

Fidelia:

Ah!

Soldati:

Onta su noi!

Soldiers:

Shame on us!

Edgar:

Sì, poichè Edgar vive!

Edgar:

Yes, because Edgar lives!

Edgar releases himself from Fidelia's embrace and violently threatens Tigrana, who draws back in fear.

O lebbra, sozzura del mondo,
o fronte di bronzo e di fango.
tortura e gingillo giocondo,
va, fuggi, o t'infrango!

Oh leper, filth of the world,
oh face of bronze and of mud,
you playful, torturing bit of filth,
go, run off, or I'll crush you!

Edgar goes to grab Tigrana, who seeks refuge near the soldiers.

Tigrana:

Oh il vil! Mi difendete!

Tigrana: *(screaming to the soldiers)*

Oh, the wretch! Defend me!

Soldati, Frank:

Va! T'allontana abbieta cortigiana!

Soldiers, Frank: *(repulsing Tigrana)*

Go far from here, despicable courtesan!

Edgar:

Maledizione a voi! Redento io son!

Edgar: *(to the humiliated soldiers)*

Curses on you! I have been redeemed!

Embracing Fidelia.

Io ritorno alla vita!
O gloria, o voluttà!
Bieche illusion,
addio per sempre. Addio!

I return to life!
Oh glory, oh lust!
Evil illusions,
farewell forever!

Edgar begins to leave with Fidelia. Tigrana, crawling and unseen, approaches Fidelia and stabs her with a dagger. Fidelia falls, as if struck by lightning. The horrified crowd screams. Frank and Edgar seek Tigrana, who disappears into the crowd, but then soldiers seize her.

Coro, Soldati:

Horror!

Chorus, Soldiers:

Horror!

Frank:

A morte!

Frank:

Kill her!

Coro, Soldati:

A morte! Horror!

Chorus, Soldiers:

To death! Horror!

Sobbing, Edgar throws himself on Fidelia's corpse. Frank embraces and consoles Gualtiero. Some soldiers drag Tigrana's body away, while some grieving women encircle Fidelia's corpse. All kneel in prayer.

END OF OPERA

