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**V E R D I ' S**

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**CONTAINING THE**

**ITALIAN TEXT, WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION,**

**AND**

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M.  
50  
VIOLETTA

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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VIOLETTA VALERE.	SOPRANO.
FLORA BERVOIX. *Her Friend.	SOPRANO.
GIORGIO GERMONT.	BARITONE.
ALFREDO GERMONT. His Son.	TENOR.
BARON DAUPHOL.	BASS.
GASTONE DE LETORIERES.	TENOR.
DOTTORE GRENVIL.	BASS.
MARQUIS D'OBIGNY.	BASS.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends and Guests of Violetta, Servants, &c.

THE SCENE IS LAID IN AND NEAR PARIS.

THE LIBRETTO HAS BEEN ADAPTED FROM THE DRAMA OF ALEXANDER DUMAS THE YOUNGER, ENTITLED "LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS."

## A R G U M E N T .

The first act commences with a gay party in the house of Violetta (the heroine), a young and beautiful creature, thrown by circumstances, and the loss of her parents in childhood, into a course of voluptuous living. She is surrounded by a circle of gay and thoughtless beings like herself, who devote their lives to pleasure. Amongst the throng who crowd to her shrine is Alfred Germont, a young man, who becomes seriously enamored with Violetta. Touched by the sincerity of his passion, she yields to its influence, a new and pure love springs up in her heart, and for the first time she becomes conscious of the misery of her position, and the hollowness of the pleasures in which she has basked. In the second act, we discover her living in seclusion with her lover, in a country-house near Paris, three months after the events narrated in the preceding act. Alfred accidentally discovers that Violetta has been secretly selling her houses and property in Paris, in order to maintain this establishment; and, revolting at the idea of being a dependant on her bounty, he leaves hurriedly for Paris, to redeem his honor from this disgrace. During his absence, his Father, who has discovered his retreat, arrives, and, representing to Violetta that his son's connexion with her is not only lowering him in the opinion of the world, but will be ruinous to his family, inasmuch as his sister was betrothed to a wealthy noble, who had however declared his intention of renouncing her, unless Alfred would

give up Violetta, the generous girl resolves to sacrifice her affections and happiness for her lover's sake, and returns alone to Paris, whither Alfred, overwhelmed with despair when he discovers her flight, follows her. We are then transported to a saloon in the hotel of Flora, one of Violetta's former friends, during a festival given by the fair mistress of the mansion. There Alfred again meets Violetta, now under the protection of the Baron Dauphol, and being unaware of the generous motive which made her desert him, he overwhelms her with reproaches, and flings a purse containing money at her feet, in the presence of the company. Degraded and heart broken, the unfortunate Violetta returns home to die; and in the last act we find the sad romance of her life drawing to its close. Alfred, too late, learns the truth, and discovers the sacrifice she has made to secure his happiness. Penetrated with grief and shame, he hastens, with his Father, to comfort and console her, and to offer her his hand and name in reparation of the wrong he has done her;—but too late. The fragile flower, broken on its stem, can never more raise its beauteous head. One gleam of happiness, the purest and brightest that she has known, arising from her lover's assurance of his truth, and his desire to restore her reputation, gilds the closing moments of her life, and in a transport of joy her soul suddenly quits its fragile tenement of clay.

# LA TRAVIATA.

(THE ESTRAY.)

## ATTO I.

SCENA I.—*Salotto in casa di Violetta; nel fondo è la porta che mette ad altra sala; ve ne sono altre due laterali; a sinistra un caminetto con sopra uno specchio.—Nel mezzo è una tavola riccamente imbandita.*

VIOLETTA seduta sur un divano sta discorrendo col DOTTORE, e con alcuni Amici, mentre altri vanno ad incontrare quelli che sopraggiungono, tra' quali sono il BARONE e FLORA al braccio del MARCHESE.

Coro 1. Dell' invito trascorsa è già l' ora—  
Voi tardaste.

Coro 2. Giocammo da Flora,  
E giocando quell' ore volâr.

Vio. Flora, amici, la notte che resta  
D' altre gioie qui fate brilla—  
[Andando oro incontro.

Flo. Fra le tazze è più viva la festa.

Flo. { E godet voi potrete ?

Mar. { Lo voglio;  
Alla danza m' affido, ed io soglio  
Con tal farmaco i mali sopir.

Tutti. Sì, la vita s' addoppia al gioir.

SCENA II.—*Detti, il Visconte GASTONE DI LETORIERES, ALFREDO GERMONT; Servi affacciandati intorno alla mensa.*

Gas. In Alfredo Germont, o signora,  
Ecco un altro che molto vi onora;  
Pochi amici a lui simili sono.

Vio. Mio Visconte, mercè di tal dono.

[Da la mano ad Alfredo, che gliela bacia.

Mar. Caro Alfredo !

Alf. Marchese ! [Si stringono la mano.

Gas. [Ad Alfredo.] T' ho detto  
L' amistà qui s' intreccia al diletto.

[I Servi frattanto avranno imbandite le vivande.

Vio. Fronto è il tutto ? [Un Servo accenna che sì.  
Miei cari, sedete ;  
E al convito che s' apre ogni cor.

Tutti. Ben diceste—le cure segrete

Fuga sempre l'amico licor.

[Siedono in modo che Violetta resti tra Alfredo e Gastone;  
di fronte vi sarà Flora, il Marchese ed il Barone;  
gli altri siedono a piacere. Vi ha un momento di  
silenzio : frattanto passano i piatti, e Violetta e Gastone  
parlano sotto voce tra loro.

Gas. Sempre Alfredo a voi pensa.

Vio. Scherzate !

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Saloon in the house of Violetta; in the back scene is a door, which opens into another saloon; there are also side doors; on the left is a fire-place, over which is a mirror.—In the centre of the apartment is a dining-table, elegantly laid.*

VIOLETTA, seated on a couch, is conversing with the DOCTOR and some Friends, whilst others are receiving the Guests who arrive, among whom are the BARON, and FLORA on the arm of the MARQUIS.

Cho. 1. Past already's the hour of appointment—  
You are tardy.

Cho. 2. We play'd deep at Flora's,  
And while playing the hours flew away.

Vio. Flora and kind friends, the night is before us.  
Other pleasures we here will display.

[Goes to meet them.

Flo. 'Mid the wine-cups the hours pass more gaily.

Mar. { Can you there find enjoyment ?

Vio. I strive to;  
Yes, to pleasure I yield, and endeavor  
With such remedies illness to stay.

All. Yes ! enjoyment will lengthen our days.

SCENA II.—*The same. GASTONE and ALFRED enter.  
Servants are busy about the table.*

Gas. In Alfredo Germont, fairest lady,  
Another behold, who esteems you ;  
There are few friends like him ; he's a treasure.

Vio. Thanks, dear Viscount, for so great a pleasure.  
[She gives her hand to Alfredo, who kisses it.

Mar. Dear Alfredo !

Alf. Kind Marquis ! [They shake hands.

Gas. [To Alfredo.] I told you  
That combin'd here are friendship and pleasure.

\* [During this dialogue the Servants have placed the viands upon the table.

Vio. All is ready ? [A Servant bows assent.  
My dear friends, be seated ;

'Tis at the banquet that each heart unfolds.

Cho. Thou hast wisely the maxim repeated,

Cure for trouble the wine-cup still holds.

[They seat themselves, Violetta between Alfred and Gastone, and opposite to them Flora, the Marquis, and the Baron; the rest take their seats promiscuously; there is a momentary silence, during which the dishes are passed round, and Violetta and Gastone converse in an under-tone.

Gas. [To Violetta.] Thou'rt the sole thought of Alfred.

Vio. Art jesting ?

## LA TRAVIATA.

- Gus.* Egra foste, e ogni dì con affanno  
Quì volò, di voi chiese.  
*Vio.* Cessate.  
Nulla son io per lui.  
*Gas.* Non v' inganno.  
*Vio.* Vero è dunque?—Onde ciò?—Nol comprendo.  
*Alf.* Sì, egli è ver.  
*Vio.* Le mie grazie vi rendo.  
Voi, barone, non festè altrettanto.  
*Bar.* Vi conosco da un anno soltanto.  
*Vio.* Ed ei solo da qualche minuto.  
*Flo.* Meglio fora, se aveste tacito. [Piano al Barone.]  
*Bar.* M' è increscioso quel giovin. [Piano a Flora.]  
*Flo.* Perchè?  
A me invece simpatico egli è.  
*Gas.* E tu dunque non apri più bocca? [Ad Alfredo.]  
*Mar.* E a madama che scuotero tocca. [A Violetta.]  
*Vio.* Sarò l'Ebe che versa. [Mesce ad Alfredo.]  
*Alf.* E ch' io bramo  
Immortal come quella. [Con galanteria.]  
*Tutti.* Beviamo.  
*Gas.* O barone, nè un verso, nè un viva  
Troverete in quest' ora giuliva?  
Dunque a te. [Barone accenna di nò.]  
*Tutti.* Sì, sì, un brindisi.  
*Alf.* L'estro non m' arride.  
*Gas.* E non se' tu maestro?  
*Alf.* Vi fia grata?  
*Vio.* Sì.  
*Alf.* Si?—L'ho in cor. [Si alza.]  
*Mar.* Dunque attenti.  
*Tutti.* Sì, attenti al cantor.
- Gas.* Thou wert ill, and each day in distress  
He came to ask thy condition.  
*Vio.* No, I am naught to him. Be silent.  
*Gas.* I deceive not.  
*Vio.* [To Alfred.] Is it true then? Can it be? Ah! I know not.  
*Alf.* [Sighing.] Yes, it is true.  
*Vio.* [To Alfred.] Grateful thanks, then, I give you.  
[To the Baron.] You, dear Baron, were not so enamored'.  
*Bar.* But 'tis only a year I have known you.  
*Vio.* And Alfred a few minutes only.  
*Flo.* [Softly to the Baron.] 'Twould be better if you had not spoken.  
*Bar.* [Softly to Flora.] For this youth I've no liking.  
*Flo.* But why?  
As for me, now, he pleases me well.  
*Gas.* [To Alfred.] Thou art silent; hast nothing to offer?  
*Mar.* Madame alone has the power to arouse him.  
*Vio.* [Fills the glass of Alfred.] I will fill then, like Hebe.  
*Alf.* And, like her,  
I proclaim thee immortal.  
*All.* We pledge thee!  
*Gas.* [To the Baron.] Can you not, in this moment of pleasure,  
Give a toast, or a gay tuneful measure?  
[The Baron declines.]  
[To Alfred.] Then wilt thou—  
*All.* Yes, yes, a drinking song.  
*Alf.* I've no inspiration.  
*Gas.* Art thou not then, a singer?  
*Alf.* [To Violetta.] Will it please you?  
*Vio.* Yes.  
*Alf.* [Rising.] Yes? Then I yield.  
*Mar.* Pay attention!  
*All.* Yes, attention we'll pay!

## LIBIAMO NE' LIETI—A BUMPER WE'LL DRAIN. ALFRED.

Li - bia - - mo li - bia - mo ne' lie - - ti ca - - li - ci che la bel - lez - za in-  
A bum - - per we'll drain from the wine - cup flow - - ing, That fresh charms to beau - ty is

fio - - ra, e la..... fug - ge - vol, fug - ge - vol o - - - ra s'in - ne - brii a  
lend - - ing; O'er fleet - - - ing mo - ments, so quick - ly end - - ing, Gay pleas - ure a-

vo - lut - - tà. Li-biam ne' dol - ci..... fre - mi - ti che su - sci - ta l'a -  
lone should reign. Well drink the thrill - ing..... ex - ia - sies, That love ex - citates with - -

mo - re, poi - chè quel l'oc - chio al co - re on - ni - po - ten - te..... vù..... Li -  
in us, When her bright eye doth win us, And ev' - ry heart re - tain..... A

bia - - mo, a - mo - re a - mor fra i ca - - - li - ci più cal - di ba - ci a - vrà.  
bum - - per to love, mid the wine - cups flow - - ing, Fresh warmth will our pleas - ures re - gain.

# LA TRAVIATA.

7

*Tutti.* Libiamo ; amor fra i calici  
Più caldi baci avrà.  
*Vio.* Tra voi, saprò dividere  
Il tempo mio giocondo ;  
Tutto è follia nel mondo  
Ciò che non è piacer.  
Godiam ; fugace e rapido  
E il gaudio dell' amore ;  
E un fior che nasce e muore  
Nè più si può godere.  
Godiam—c' invita un fervido  
Accento lusingher.  
*Tutti.* Godiam—la tazza e il cantico  
Le notti abbella e il riso ;  
In questo paradiso  
Ne scuopra il nuovo dì.  
*Vio.* La vita è nel tripudio.  
*Alf.* Quando non s' ami ancora.  
*Vio.* Nol dite a chi l' ignora.  
*Alf.* E il mio destin così.

[S' ode musica dall' altra sala.]

*Vio.* Non gradireste ora le danze ?  
*Tutti.* Oh, il gentile pensier !—Tutti accetiamo.  
*Vio.* Usciamo dunque ?  
[S' avviano alla porta di mezzo, ma Violetta è colta da subito pallore.] Ohimè !  
*Tutti.* Che avete ?  
*Vio.* Nulla, nulla.  
*Tutti.* Che mai v' arresta ?  
*Vio.* Usciamo.  
[Fa qualche passo, ma è obbligata a nuovamente fermarsi e sedere.] Oh Dio !  
*Tutti.* Ancora !  
*Alf.* Voi soffrite.  
*Tutti.* Oh ciel !—ch' è questo !  
*Vio.* E un tremito che provo—or là passate,  
[Indicando l' altra stanza.]  
Tra poco anch' io sarò.  
*Tutti.* Come bramate.  
[Tutti passano all' altra sala, meno Alfreda, che resta indietro.]

SCENA III.—VIOLETTA, ALFREDO, e GASTONE, a tempo.

*Vio.* [Si guarda nello specchio.] Oh, qual pallor !  
Voi qui ! [Volgendosi s' accorge d' Alfredo.]  
*Alf.* Cessata è l' ansia, che vi turbò ?  
*Vio.* Sto meglio.  
*Alf.* Ah, in tal guisa v' ucciderete !  
Aver v' è d' uopo cura dell' esser vostro.  
*Vio.* E lo potrei ?  
*Alf.* Se mia fosse, custode io veglierei  
Pe' vostri soavi dì.  
*Vio.* Che dite ?  
Ha forse alcuno cura di me ?  
*Alf.* Perchè nessuno al mondo v'ama.  
*Vio.* Nessun ?  
*Alf.* Tranne sol io.  
*Vio.* Gli è vero !  
Si grande amor dimenticato avea.  
*Alf.* Ridete !—e in voi v' ha un core ?  
*Vio.* Un cor ? Sì, forse—e a che lo richiedete ?  
*Alf.* Oh, se ciò fosse, non potreste allora celiar.  
*Vio.* Dite davvero ?  
*Alf.* Io non v' inganno.  
*Vio.* Di molto è che mi amate ?  
*Alf.* Ahi sì, da un anno.

[Ridendo.]

*All.* Ah ! to love, 'mid wine-cups flowing  
New delight our joys will gain.  
*Vio.* Surrounded by you, I shall learn to lighten  
The footsteps of time with gladness ;  
All of this world is but folly and madness  
That is not pleasure gay.  
Enjoy the hour, for rapidly  
The joys of life are flying—  
Like summer flow'rets dying—  
Improve them while we may !  
Enjoy ! the present with fervor invites us,  
Its flattering call obey.  
*All.* Enjoy then the wine-cup with songs of pleasure  
That make night so cheerful and smiling,  
In this charming paradise, beguiling,  
That scarcely we heed the day.  
*Vio.* [To Alfred.] The sum of life is pleasure.  
*Alf.* [To Violetta.] While still unlov'd, unloving ?  
*Vio.* [To Alfred.] Experience ne'er has taught me.  
*Alf.* [To Violetta.] And thus my fate must be.

[Music is heard in another room.]

*All.* What's this ?  
*Vio.* Will you not join the gay group of dancers ?  
*All.* Oh ! a happy thought ! We'll gladly join them.  
*Vio.* Then let us enter !  
[Approaching the door, Violetta, seized with a sudden faintness, cries out.] Alas !  
*All.* What ails thee ?  
*Vio.* Nothing, nothing.  
*All.* Why do you pause then ?  
*Vio.* Let's go now.  
[Takes a few steps, but is obliged to re-seat herself.] Oh, Heaven !  
*All.* Again still !  
*Alf.* Ah ! you suffer—  
*All.* Oh Heaven ! what means this ?  
*Vio.* A sudden tremor seized me. Now—there, pray enter.  
[Pointing to the other room.] I will rejoin you ere long.  
*All.* As you desire, then.  
[All pass into the other room, except Alfred.]

SCENE III.—VIOLETTA, ALFRED, afterward GASTON.

*Vio.* [Rises and regards herself in a mirror.] Ah me ! how pale !  
You here ! [Turning, she perceives Alfred.]  
*Alf.* Are you relieved from recent distress ?  
*Vio.* I'm better !  
*Alf.* Ah, these gay revels soon will destroy thee.  
Great care is needful—on this depends your being.  
*Vio.* Can't thou then aid me ?  
*Alf.* Oh ! wert thou mine now, with vigilance untiring  
I'd guard thee with tend'rest care.  
*Vio.* What say'st thou ?  
Some one, perchance, then, cares for me ?  
*Alf.* [Confusedly.] No one in all the world doth love you.  
*Vio.* No one ?  
*Alf.* I, only, love you.  
*Vio.* Ah ! truly ! [Laughing.] Your great devotion I had quite forgotten.  
*Alf.* Dost mock me ? Have you a heart then ?  
*Vio.* A heart ? Yes—haply—but why do you thus question ?  
*Alf.* Ah, if you had one you would not thus trifle with me.  
*Vio.* Are you then truthful ?  
*Alf.* You, I deceive not.  
*Vio.* 'Tis long, that you have thus loved me.  
*Alf.* Ah, yes, a year now.

## LA TRAVIATA.

UN DI FELICE—ONE DAY, A RAPTURE. ALFREDO.

Un dì fe - li - ce e - te - re - a mi ba - le - na - stein - nan - - - te,  
One day, a raptne e - the - re - al Flash'd on my heart its bright - - ness,

e da quel dì tre - man - te vis - si d'ig - no - to a - mor Di quell' a - mor quell' a -  
And, since that day of light - ness, Life's on - ly aim has been love— Ah yes, of love, of the

- mor ch'e pal - pi - to dell' u - ni - ver - so dell' u - ni - verso in - te - ro, mi - ste - ri -  
love that pal - pi - tates Thro' all the world, thro' cre - a - tion wide, ex - tend - ed; Oh power mys -

- o - so, mi - ste - ri - oso al - te - ro, cro - ce, croce e de - li - zia, croce e de - li - zia, de - li - zia al cor.  
- terious, pow'r yet uncompre - hended, Torment, torment and rapture, torment and rapture, each do I prove.

Vio. Ah, se ciò è ver, fuggitemi—

Pura amistade io v' offro ;

Amar non sò, nè soffro

Di così eroico ardor.

Io sono franca, ingenua ;

Altra cercar dovere—

Non arduo troverete

Dimentecarmi allor.

Alf. Oh amore misterioso,

Misterioso altero,

Croce e delizia al cor.

Gas. [Presentandosi sulla porta di mezzo.]

Ebben?—che diavol fate?

Vio. Si folleggiava.

Gas. [Rientra.] Ah, ah! —stà ben—restate.

Vio. Amor, dunque, non più—vi garba il patto?

Alf. Io v' obbedisco.—Partò.

[Par andarsene.]

Vio. A tal giungeste?

[Si toglie un fiore dal seno.]

Prendete questo fiore.

Alf. Perche?

Vio. Per riportarlo.

Alf. Quando?

Vio. Quando sarà appassito.

Alf. Allor domani?

Vio. Ebbene domani.

Alf. Io son felice!

[Prende con trasporto il fiore.]

Vio. D' amarmi dite ancora?

Alf. Oh, quanto v' amo!

[Per partire.]

Vio. Partite?

[Torna a lei, e le bacia la mano.]

Alf. Parto.

Vio. Addio.

Alf. Di più non bramo.

[Esce.]

SCENA IV.—VIOLETTA e tutti gli altri che tornano dalla sala della danza.

Tutti. Si ridesta in ciel l' aurora,  
E n' è forza ripartire;  
Merçè a voi, gentil signora,  
Di sì splendido gioir.

[A Violetta.]

Vio. If this be true, ah! fly from me,

Friendship alone I offer,

I neither know nor suffer

A feeling of such devotion.

I am sincere and frank with thee;

Look for one warmer, kinder;

'Twill not be hard to find her,

Then think no more of me.

Alf. Oh love, sublime, yet mysterious,

Power ne'er yet comprehended,

Torments and raptures of love!

Gas. [Appearing at the door.] How now? What here em -

ploys you?

Vio. Trifles and folly.

Gas. Ah, that is well. Remain then. [Goes back.]

Vio. [To Alfred.] Of love speak we no more. Is it agreed

on?

Alf. I will obey you—farewell. [About to depart.]

Vio. Is such your pleasure?

[Takes a flower from her bosom.]

Then take with thee this flow'ret.

And why?

Alf. Soon to return it.

Vio. [Returning.] How soon?

When its gay bloom is faded.

Alf. Oh, joy! To-morrow!

Vio. 'Tis well—to-morrow!

Alf. I am at last so happy!

[Seizes the flower with transport.]

Vio. You still declare you love me?

Alf. How much I love thee! [Going.]

Vio. You go then.

Alf. Yes, love. [Returns, and kisses her hand.]

Vio. To-morrow—

Alf. More I will ask not. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—VIOLETTA, and all the others, returning from the dancing-room.

All. In the east the dawn is breaking,  
And perforce we must depart,  
Gentle lady, leave now taking,  
Thanks we give thee from each heart.

La città di feste è piena,  
Volge il tempo del piacer;  
Nel riposo omai la lena  
Si ritempi per goder. *Partono dalla destra.*

## SCENA V.—VIOLETTA sola.

E strano!—è strano!—In core  
Scolpiti ho quegli accenti!  
Saria per mia sventura un serio amore?  
Che risolvi, o turbata anima mia?  
Null' uomo ancora t' accendeva.—Oh, gioia,  
Ch' io non conobbi, esser amata amando!  
E sdegnarla poss' io  
Per l' arida follie del viver mio?

AH, FORS' E LUI—'TWAS HE, PERCHANCE. VIOLETTA.

Ah fors' è lui che l'a - ni - ma so - lin - ga ne' tu - mul - ti, so - lin - ga ne' tu -  
'Twas he, per - chance, my long - ing soul, Lone - ly, 'mid scenes of pleas - ure, lone - ly, 'mid scenes of

mul - ti go - dea so - ven - te pin - gō - re de' suoi co - lo - ri oc - cul - ti,  
pleas - ure, Oft lov'd to paint in col - ors bright, In its own gold and a - zure,

de' suoi co-lo-ri oc - cul - ti! Lui che, mo-des-to e vi - gi - le, all' e-gre sog - lie a - see - se, e nuova feb - bre ac -  
In its own gold and a - zure. He, who with mod - est vig - i-lance, To my sick room returning, Kindled new flames, still

ce - se des - tan-domi all' a - mor! A quell' a - mor quell' a - mor che è pal - pi - to  
burn - ing, Des-tin'd my heart to love! Yes! this is love, 'tis the love that pal - pi - tates

dell' u - ni - ver - so dell' u - ni - ver - so in - te - ro, mi - ste - ri - o - so,  
Through all the world, through cre - a - tion wide-ly ex - tend - ed, Oh, pow'r mys - te - rious,

mi - ste - ri - o - so al - te - ro, cro - ce cro - ce e de - li - zia, cro - ce e de - li - zia, de - li - zia al cor.  
Pow'r ne'er yet com-pre - hend - ed, Tor - ment, tor - ment and rap - ture, tor - ment and rap - ture each do we prove.

A me, fanciulla, un candido  
E trepido desire  
Quest' effigio, dolcissimo  
Signor dell' avvenire,  
Quando ne' cieli il raggio  
Di sua beltà vedea,  
E tutta me pascea  
Di quel soave error.  
Sentia che amore è palpito  
Dell' universo intero,  
Misterioso, altero,  
Pena e delizia al cor.  
*[Resta concentrata un istante, poi dice.]*

Full the city is of pleasure,  
Brief the time for love and joy,  
To repose give needful measure,  
Lest enjoyment we destroy!

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE V.—VIOLETTA, alone.

How wondrous! how wondrous! those accents  
Upon my heart are graven!  
Will it misfortune bring me, a love in earnest?  
What shall be thy resolve, my troubled spirit?  
No living man hath yet enflam'd thee! [loving!  
Oh rapture that I have known not, to be loved and  
Can my heart still disdain it.  
For follies dry and heartless, which now enchain me?

AH, FORS' E LUI—'TWAS HE, PERCHANCE. VIOLETTA.

To my young heart, all guileless then,  
Fill'd with intrepid yearning,  
This dream was imaged, fair, serene,  
Bright o'er my pathway burning.  
When like a star from heaven,  
Radiant he stood before me,  
Visions of hope came o'er me,  
Like the fond dreams I wove.  
Then beat my heart with the love that palpitates  
Through all the world, thro' creation wide extended,  
Oh! pow'r mysterious, pow'r ne'er yet comprehend -  
Torment and rapture, each do we prove. [ed.  
[Remains for an instant buried in thought, then says]

## LA TRAVIATA.

Follie!—follie!—delirio vano è questo!  
In quai sogni mi perdo!  
Povera donna, sola,  
Abbandonata in questo popoloso deserto,  
Che appellan Parigi,  
Che spero or più?—Che far degg' io?—gioire.  
Di voluttà nei vortici finire.

What folly! All this is vain delirium!  
Child of misfortune, lonely,  
By all abandoned, in this gay crowded desert,  
This vortex of pleasure they call Paris,  
What hope remains? what must I do, then?  
Surrender to pleasure's madd'ning whirl again?

## SEMPRE LIBERA—EVER FREE, SHALL I STILL WANDER. VIOLETTA.

The musical score consists of two staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass F-clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The vocal part includes dynamic markings like 'tr' (trill) and 'tr. f' (trill forte). The piano part features various chords and arpeggiated patterns. The lyrics describe a life of pleasure and regret, with Violetta reflecting on her past and present.

Follie!—follie!—delirio vano è questo!  
In quai sogni mi perdo!  
Povera donna, sola,  
Abbandonata in questo popoloso deserto,  
Che appellan Parigi,  
Che spero or più?—Che far degg' io?—gioire.  
Di voluttà nei vortici finire.

What folly! All this is vain delirium!  
Child of misfortune, lonely,  
By all abandoned, in this gay crowded desert,  
This vortex of pleasure they call Paris,  
What hope remains? what must I do, then?  
Surrender to pleasure's madd'ning whirl again?

Sem-pre li-be-ra..... degg' i-o fol-leg-gia-re di gio-ja in gio-ja, vo' che  
Ev-er free, shall I..... still wan-der Mad-ly on, from pleas-ure to pleasure? Life's short

scor-ra il vi-ver mi-o pei sen-tie-ri del..... pia-cer? Nasca il gior-no, o il gior-no  
mo-ments shall.... I squan-der In pur-suit of fol-lies gay? Days pass by me in rap-id

muo-ju sem-pre lie-ta ne'.... ri-tró-vi,..... a di-let-ti sem-pre  
meas-ure, Hap-piest where light hearts.. are throng-ing,..... For new pleasures ev-er

nuo-vi dee vo-la-re il.... mio pen-sier, dee..... vo-lar dee..... vo-lar dee..... vo-  
long-ing, Shall my thoughts fly i-dly a-way, fly..... a-way, fly..... a-way, Shall.... my

la-re il mio pen-sier dee..... vo-lar dee..... vo-lar.....  
thoughts fly i-dly a-way, fly..... a-way, i-dly fly.....

il pen-sier.  
fly a-way.

[Parte, a sinistra.]

[Exit, on the left.]

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ATTO II.

SCENA I.—Casa di Campagna presso Parigi.—Salotto terreno.—Nel fondo, in faccia agli Spettatori, è un camino, sopra il quale uno specchio ed un orologio, fra due porte chiuse da cristalli, che mettono ad un giardino.—Al primo panno due altre porte, una di fronte all'altra.—Sedie, tavolini, qualche libro, l'occorrente per scrivere.

ALFREDO entra, in costume da caccia.

Alf. Lunge da lei per me non v' ha diletto!  
[Depone il fucile.]  
Volaron già tre lune  
Dacchè la mia Violetta  
Agi per me lasciò, dovizie, onori,

SCENE I.—A Country House near Paris—A Saloon on the ground floor—At the back, facing the Audience, a Fireplace, over which is a Looking-glass—A Clock hangs between two Glass Doors, which are closed.—There are also two side doors, seats, tables, and writing materials.

ALFRED enters, in sporting costume.

Alf. Out from her presence, for me there's no enjoyment!  
[Puts down his gun.]  
Three months have flown already  
Since my belov'd Violetta  
So kindly left for me her riches, admirers,

## ACT II.

E le pompose feste,  
Ove agli omaggi avvezza,  
Vedea schiavo ciascun di sua bellezza--  
Ed or contenta in questi ameni luoghi  
Solo esiste per me—qui presso a lei  
Io rinascer mi sento,  
E dal soffio d' amor rigenerato  
Scordo ne' gaudj suoi tuttò il passato.

And all the haunts of pleasure,  
Where she had been accustom'd  
To homage from all hearts, for charms transcendent,  
Yet now contented in this retreat, so quiet,  
She forgets all for me. Here, near my lov'd one,  
New life springs within me;  
From the trials of love restor'd and strengthen'd,  
Ah! in my present rapture past sorrows are forgotten.

## DI MIEI BOLLENTI SPIRITI—ALL MY IMPULSIVE EXTASIES. ALFREDO.

De' miei bol-len - ti spi - ri - ti il gio - va - ni le ar - do - re el - la tem - prò col  
*All my im-pul - sive ex - ta - sies, Sprung from a youth - ful ar - dor, She hath sub-dued with*

pla - ci - do sor - ri - so dell' a - mor, dell' a - mor! Dal dì che dis - se: vi - ve - re io  
*peace-ful smiles, The smiles of hap - py love, hap - py love! Thus, since she whisper'd, "live for me, Still*

vo - glio io vo-glio a te fe - del, dell' u - ni - ver - so imme-mo - re io vi - - vo io vi - vo  
*faith-ful, I will be true to thee." Of all the world for-get - ful, free, The earth seems like Heav'n to*

qua - si io vi - vo qua - si in ciel. Dal dì che dis - se: vi - ve - re io vo - glio a te fe -  
*me, Yes, I seem in Heav'n to be. Thus, since she whisper'd, "live for me, I will be true to*

del sì sì, dell' u - ni - ver - so im - me - mo - re io vi - - vo vi - vo  
*thee," ah! yes, of all the world for - get - ful, free, The earth..... seems Heav'n to*

qua - si io vi - vo qua - si in ciel, io vi - - vo in ciel, dell, u - - ni - ver - so im - me - mo - re  
*me, now, I seem in Heav'n to be! 'tis Heav'n.... to me, Of all..... the world for - get - ful, now*

io vi - vo qua - si in ciel... ah sì, io vi - vo qua-si in cie - lo, io vi - vo qua - si in ciel.  
*I seem in Heav'n to be,... Ah yes, in Heav'n I seem to be, now, in Heav'n I seem to be.*

## SCENA II.—Detto ed ANNINA in arnese da viaggio.

- Alf. Annina! donde vieni?  
 Ann. Da Parigi.  
 Alf. Chi tel commise?  
 Ann. Fu la mia signora.  
 Alf. Perchè?  
 Ann. Per alienar cavalli, cocchi, e quanto ancor possiede.  
 Alf. Che mai sento!  
 Ann. Lo spendio è grande a viver quì solinghi.  
 Alf. E tacevi?  
 Ann. Mi fu il silenzio imposto.  
 Alf. Imposto! — e v' abbisogna?—  
 Ann. Mille luigi.

## SCENE II.—The same, ANNINA, entering hastily, in a travelling dress.

- Alf. Whence have you come, Annina?  
 Ann. From the city.  
 Alf. By whom sent thither?  
 Ann. My kind mistress sent me.  
 Alf. For what?  
 Ann. To sell her jewels, horses, carriages, and all that's left her.  
 Alf. Heard I rightly?  
 Ann. Great are the expenses of living here secluded.  
 Alf. You ne'er told me?  
 Ann. My silence was commanded.  
 Alf. Commanded! Much still is needed?  
 Ann. One thousand louis!

*Alf.* Or vanne—Andrò a Parigi—  
Questo colloquio ignori la signora—  
Il tutto valgo a riparere ancora.

[*Annina parte.*]

SCENA III.—ALFREDO solo.

*Alf.* Now leave me. I go to Paris. [questions;  
Mind that your mistress knows nothing of these  
Ere long I shall be able to repair all. Go—go!  
[*Annina goes out.*]

SCENE III.—ALFRED, alone.

*O MIO RIMORSO!—OH! DARK REMORSE!* ALFREDO.

O mio ri - mor - so! oh in - fa - mia! io..... vis - si in ta - le er - - ro - - re! ma il  
Oh, dark re-morse! oh! in - fa - my! To..... live in such blind..... er - - ror! From  
tur - pe son no a fran - ge - re il..... ver mi ba - le - - no! Per  
dreams so base, I wake at last To..... truth, all now re - - veal'd! One  
po-co in se - no ac-que - ta - ti, o gri-do o gri - do dell' o - no - re.... m'a - vrai se - cu - ro  
mo-ment more, thy voice re-strain, Oh cry, oh cry of in-jured hon - or!.... For soon, ex-punged shall  
vin - di - ce, quest'.... on - ta la ve - - rò. oh mio ros - sor! oh infa - - mia! ah sì quest'  
be the stain, Such.... shame-fal acts re - peal'd. Oh, blush of shame! oh, base - ness! ah yes, such  
on - ta la - ve - rò si la - ve - rò oh mio ros - sor! oh in - fa - - mia! ah sì quest'  
acts must be re-pealed, must be repealed. Oh blush of shame! oh, base - ness! ah yes, this  
on - ta sì quest' on - ta la - ve - rò quest' on - - ta quest' on - ta la - ve - rò.  
base-ness, yes, this shame must be re-pealed. This base - - ness, this act must be re - peal'd.

[*Esce.*]

SCENA IV.—VIOLETTA, ch' entra con alcune carte, parlando, con ANNINA, poi GIUSEPPE a tempo.

*Vio.* Alfredo!  
*Ann.* Per Parigi or or partiva.

*Vio.* E tornerà?—

*Ann.* Pria che tramonti il giorno—dirvel m' impose.

*Vio.* E strano!

*Giu.* Per voi. [*Le presenta una lettera.*]

*Vio.* [*La prende.*] Sta bene. In breve  
Giungerà un uom d'affari—entri all' istante.

[*Annina e Giuseppe escono.*]

SCENA V.—VIOLETTA, quindi il Sig. GERMONT, introdotto da GIUSEPPE, che, avanza due siede, e parte.

*Vio.* Ah, ah! [*Leggendo la lettera.*]  
Scoupriva Flora il mio ritiro!—  
E m' invita a danzar per questa sera!—  
Invan m' aspetterà.

[*Getta il foglio sul tavolino e siede.*]

[*Departs.*]  
SCENE IV.—VIOLETTA enters with papers in her hand;  
ANNINA, JOSEPH.

*Vio.* [To Annina.] Alfred?

*Ann.* He has gone to Paris, Madame.

*Vio.* When to return?

*Ann.* Before the day is ended,  
He bade me tell you,

*Vio.* 'Tis strange, this!

*Jos.* [Presents a letter.] For you.

*Vio.* 'Tis well. A business agent shortly will arrive here;

At once admit him.

[*Exeunt Annina and Joseph.*]

SCENE V.—VIOLETTA, afterwards GERMONT, introduced by JOSEPH, who places two chairs, and goes out.

*Vio.* [Reading the letter.] Ah, ah!  
So Flora hath my home discover'd,  
And invites me to join a dance this evening!  
She'll look for me in vain!

[*Throws the letter on a table and seats herself.*]

- Giu.* Giunse un signore.  
*Vio.* Ah ! sarà lui che attendo. [*Accenna a Giuseppe d' introd.*]  
*Ger.* Madamigella Valery ?  
*Vio.* Son io.  
*Ger.* D' Alfredo il padre in me vedete.  
*Vio.* Voi ! [*Sorpresa gli accenna di sedere.*]  
*Ger.* Sì, dell' incanto, che a rovina corre,  
 Ammalato da voi. [*Sedendo.*]  
*Vie.* Donna son io, signore, ed in mia casa; [*Alzandosi risentita.*]  
 Ch' io vi lasci assentite,  
 Più per voi, che per me. [*Per uscire.*]  
*Ger.* (Quai modi !) Pure—  
*Vio.* Tratto in error voi foste. [*Torna a sedere.*]  
*Ger.* De' suoi beni donovuo farvi.  
*Vio.* Non l' osò finora.—Rifiuterai.  
*Ger.* Pur tanto lusso—  
*Vio.* A tutti è mistero quest' atto.—A voi nol sia. [*Gli da le carte.*]  
*Ger.* [Dopo averle scorse coll' occhio.] D' ogni avere pensate dispiogliarvi !—Ah, il passato perchè, perchè v' accusa !  
*Vio.* Più non esiste—or amo Alfredo, e Dio Lo cancellò col pentimento mio.  
*Ger.* Nobile sensi invero !  
*Vio.* Oh, come dolce mi suona il vostra accento !  
*Ger.* Ed a tali sensi un sacrificio chieggio. [*S' abbracciamo.*]  
*Vio.* [Alzandosi.] Ah no, tacete—Terribil cosa chiedereste, certo—Il predevi, v' attesi, era felice troppo.  
*Ger.* D' Alfredo il padre la sorte, L' avvenir domanda or qui de' suoi due figli.  
*Vio.* Di due figli ?  
*Ger.* Sì.
- Jos.* A man would see you.  
*Vio.* 'Tis the one I look'd for. [*Bids Joseph show him in.*]  
*Ger.* Are you the lady of the house ?  
*Vio.* I am, Sir.  
*Ger.* In me, behold Alfred's father.  
*Vio.* You ? [*With surprise, invites him to be seated.*]  
*Ger.* Yes, of the imprudent, who goes fast to ruin, Led away by your follies.  
*Vio.* [Rising, resentfully.] Stay, Sir, I am a lady in my own dwelling, And perfuse I must leave you, for your sake more than mine. [*About to retire.*]  
*Ger.* (What manners !) But then—  
*Vio.* You have been led in error. [*Returns to her seat.*]  
*Ger.* He will spend all his fortune upon you.  
*Vio.* He has not yet offered. I should refuse.  
*Ger.* How then such grandeur ? [*Looking around*]  
*Vio.* [Gives him a paper.] This deed is to all else a mystery—to you 'twill not be.  
*Ger.* [Reads the paper.] Heav'n, what a statement ! Have you then determin'd all your wealth to dispose of ? But, your past life, ah, why must that accuse **you** ?  
*Vio.* It does so no longer ; Alfred I love now, and Heav'n Has cancell'd all the past with my repentance.  
*Ger.* Ah, you have noble feelings.  
*Vio.* Like sweet music, my ear receives your accents.  
*Ger.* [Rising.] And of such feelings a sacrifice I ask now.  
*Vio.* [Rising.] Ah, no, pray do not ! A dreadful thing thou wouldest require, I'm certain. I foresaw it, with terror ; ah, I was far too happy.  
*Ger.* A father's honor requires it, And the future of his two dear children claims it.  
*Vio.* Of two children ?  
*Ger.* Yes.

PURA SICCOME UN ANGELO—PURE AS AN ANGEL. GERMONT.

*Allegro Moderato.*

Pu - ra sic - co - me un an - ge - lo      Id - dio mi diè u - na fi - - - glia;  
*Pure as an an - gel from a - bove,*      *Kind Heav'n a daugh - ter gave..... me.*

se Al - fre - do nie - ga rie - de - re in se - no al-la fa - mi - glia,  
*If, now, Al - fre - do to our love Will not re - turn and save me;*

l'am-a-to e a-man - te gio - vi - ne, cui spo-sa an-dar do - ve - a,  
*He, the be-lov'd and lov - - ing youth, Who soon should wed my daugh - - - ter,*

or si ri - cu - sa al vin - co - lo che lie - ti lie - ti ne ren - de - - va.  
*Must then withdraw his plight-ed troth, With all the joy, the joy it brought..... her.*

Deh non mu - ta - te in tri - bo - li le ro - se dell' a - mor, ah non mu - ta - te in  
*Then do not change love's ro - ses fair To thorns of grief and pain, Ah, do not change love's*

tri - bo - li le ro - se dell' a - mor a' prie-ghi miei re - sis - te - re no, no, non vo-glia il vostro cor, no no.  
*roses fair To thorns of grief and pain, Your gen'rous heart, to my find prayer, no,no, Will not oppos'd remain, no, no.*

*Vio.* Ah, comprendo—dovrò per alcun tempo  
Da Alfredo allontanarmi—doloroso  
Fora per me—pur.  
*Ger.* Non è ciò che chiedo.  
*Vio.* Cielo!—che più cércate?—offersi assai!

*Ger.* Pur non basta.  
*Vio.* Volete che per sempre a lui rinunzi?  
*Ger.* E duopo.  
*Vio.* Ah no—giam no, mai!  
Non sapete quale affetto  
Vivo, immensò m' arda il petto?  
Che nè amici, nè parenti  
Io non conto tra' viventi?  
E che Alfredo m' ha giurato  
Che in lui tutto io troverò?  
Non sapete che colpita  
D' atro murbo è la mia vita?  
Che già presso il fin ne vedo?  
Ch' io mi separi da Alfredo!  
Ah, il supplice è si spietato,  
Che morir preferird.

*Ger.* E grave il sacrificio,  
Ma pur, tranquilla udite.  
Bella voi siete e giovane—  
Col tempo—

*Vio.* Ah, più non dite—' intendo—  
M' è impossibile.—Lui solo amar vogl' io.

*Ger.* Sia pure—ma volubile sovente è l'uom.

*Vio.* Gran Dio!

*Ger.* Un di, quando le veneri  
Il tempo avrà fugate,  
Fia presto il tedi a sorgere—  
Che sarà allor?—pensate—  
Per voi non avran balsamo  
I più soavi affetti!  
Da un genitor non furono  
Tai nodi benedetti.

*Vio.* E vero!

*Ger.* Ah, dunque, sperdasi  
Tal sogno seduttore—  
Siate di mia famiglia—  
L' angiol consolatore—  
Violetta, deh pensateci,  
Ne siete in tempo ancor.  
E Dio che inspira, o giovane,  
Tai detti a un genitor.

*Vio.* (Così alla misera ch' è un di caduta,  
Di più risorgere speranza è muta!  
Se pur benefico le indulga Iddio  
L' uomo implacabile per lei sarà.  
Dite alla giovine si bella e pura  
Ch' avvi una vittima, della sventura  
Cui resta un unico raggio di bene  
Che a lei il sacrifica e che morrà.

*Ger.* Piangi, piangi, o misera,  
Supremo il veggo, è il sacrificio  
Ch' orati chieggio.  
Sento nell' anima già le tue pene.  
Coraggio, e il nobile cor vincerà.

*Vio.* Imponete.

*Ger.* Non amarlo ditegli.

*Vio.* Nol crederà.

*Ger.* Partite.

*Vio.* Seguirammi.

*Ger.* Allor.

*Vio.* Qual figlia m'abbracciate—forte così sarò.  
[*S' abbracciano.*

Tra breve ei vi fia reso, ma afflitto oltare ogni dire;  
A suo conforto di colà volerete.

[*Indicandogli il giardino, va ver iscrivere.*

*Vio.* Ah! I see now, that I must for a season  
Be from Alfredo parted. 'Twill be painful,  
Dreary for me, yet—  
*Ger.* That will not suffice me!  
*Vio.* Heav'n's! What more dost seek for? Enough I've  
Offer'd!

*Ger.* No, not quite yet.

*Vio.* You wish that I forever should renounce him?

*Ger.* It must be.

*Vio.* Ah no! I can't—never!

*Ger.* Ah! thou know'st not what affection

Burns within me, ardent, living!

Not one kind friend or connexion

Can I number, still surviving?

But Alfredo has declar'd it,

All in him my heart should find!

Ah! thou know'st not what dark sorrow

Mock'd my being with its shadow?

All is over—how sad the morrow

Parted thus from dear Alfredo!

Ah! the trial is too cruel;

It were better far to die.

*Ger.* The sacrifice is heavy;  
But hear me with tranquillity.  
Lovely thou art, still, and youthful, too,  
Hereafter—

*Vio.* No more persuade me. I know all,  
But it cannot be. Him only I love and live for!

*Ger.* So be it.—But the men are oft unfaithful still—

*Vio.* [Astounded.] Great Heaven!

*Ger.* Some day, when love hath colder grown,  
And time's broad gulf yawns wider;  
When all the joys of life have flown,  
What then will be? Consider!  
No healing balm shall soothe your rest,  
No warm and deep affection,  
Since Heav'n your ties will ne'er have blest  
With holy benediction.

*Vio.* 'Tis all true!

*Ger.* Then haste to dissipate the spell  
Of this bright dream, controlling;

Be to my home and lov'd ones

Our angel, good, consoling.

Violetta, oh, consider well

While yet there may be time.

'Tis Heav'n itself that bids me speak,

'Tis Heav'n inspiring

These words in faith sublime.

*Vio.* Thus, to the wretched, who falls, frail and erring,  
When once again she would rise, hope is silent.  
Though Heaven's indulgent, its pardon conferring,  
Man unforgiving to her will be.  
Say to this child of thine, young, pure and lovely,  
Thou hast a victim found, whose life of sadness  
Had but one single ray of rapture and gladness,  
Which she will yield to her, then gladly die.

*Ger.* Weep on, thou hapless one,  
Weep on; I witness thy trial  
In what I ask of thy self denial.  
Bear up, thou noble heart, triumph is nigh.

*Vio.* Now command me.

*Ger.* Tell him that thou lov'st him not.

*Vio.* He'll not believe.

*Ger.* Then leave him.

*Vio.* He'll follow.

*Ger.* Well then—

*Vio.* Embrace me as thy daughter, then will my heart be  
strong. [They embrace.]

Ere long, restor'd you'll find him; but sad beyond  
all telling.

Then, to console him, from the arbor approach him.

[Points to the garden and sits down to write.]

*Ger.* Or che pensate ?  
*Vio.* Sapendo, v' opporreste al pensier mio.  
*Ger.* Generosa !—e per voi che far poss' io ?  
*Vio.* [Tornando a lui.] Morrò !—la mia memoria  
Non fia ch' ei maledica,  
Se le mie pene orribili  
Vi sia chi almen gli dica.  
Conosca il sacrificio  
Ch' io consumai d' amor.  
Che sarà suo fin l' ultimo  
Sospiro del mio cor.  
*Ger.* No, generosa, vivere,  
E lieta voi dovrete,  
Mercè di queste lagrime  
Dal cielo un giorno avrete,  
Premiato il sacrificio  
Sarà del vostro cor.  
D' un' opra così nobile  
Andrete fiera allor.  
*Vio.* Qui giunge alcun ; partite !  
*Ger.* Ah, grato v' è il cor mio !  
*Vio.* Non ci vedrem più, forse.  
*A 2.* Felice siate—Addio !  
[Germont esce la porta del giardino.]

## SCENA VI.—VIOLETTA, poi ANNINA, quindi ALFREDO.

*Vio.* Dammi tu forza, o cielo !  
[Siede, scrive, poi suona il campanello.]  
*Ann.* Mi chiedeste ?  
*Vio.* Sì, reca tu stessa questa foglio.  
*Ann.* Oh ! [Ne guarda la direzione, e se ne mostra sorpresa.]  
*Vio.* Silenzio—va all' istante. [Annina parte.]  
Ed or si scriva a lui—che gli dirò ?  
Chi men darà il coraggio ?  
[Scrive e poi suggella.]  
*Alf.* Che fai ?  
*Vio.* Nulla. [Nascondendo la lettera.]  
*Alf.* Scriveri !  
*Vio.* No—sì—  
[Confusa.]  
*Alf.* Qual turbamento ?—a chi scrivevi ?  
*Vio.* A te.  
*Alf.* Dammi quel foglio.  
*Vio.* No, per ora.  
*Alf.* Mi perdona—son io preoccupato.  
*Vio.* Che fu ?  
[Alzandosi.]  
*Alf.* Giunse mio padre.  
*Vio.* Lo vedesti ?  
*Alf.* No, no : un severo scritto mi lasciava—  
Ma verrà—t' amerà solo in vederti.  
*Vio.* Ch' io qui non mi sorprenda—  
Lascia che m' allontani—tu lo calma—  
Ai piedi suoi mi getterò—divisi  
[Mal frenando il pianto.]  
Ei più non è vorrà—sarem felici—  
Perchè tu m' ami, Alfredo, non è vero ?

*Alf.* Oh quanto !—perchè piangi ?  
*Vio.* Di lagrime avea duopo—or son tranquilla—  
Lo vedi ?—ti sorrido—  
[Forzandosi.]  
Sarò là, tra quei fior, presso a te sempre—  
Amami, Alfredo, quant' io t' amo.—Addio.  
[Corre in giardino.]

## SCENA VII.—ALFREDO, poi GIUSEPPE, indi un COMMISSIONARIO, a tempo.

*Alf.* Ah, vive sol quel core all' amor mio !  
[Siede, prende a caso un libro, legge alquanto, quindi s' alza, guarda l' ora sull' orologio sovrapposto al camino.]  
E tardi ; ed oggi, forse,  
Più non verrà mio padre.

*Ger.* What art thinking ?  
*Vio.* If you my thought could know, you would then oppose me.  
*Ger.* Gen'rous hearted ! How can I e'er repay thee ?  
*Vio.* I shall die ! let not my memory  
By him be execrated,  
But let my woes and trials dark  
To him be all related.  
This sacrifice o'erwhelming  
I make of love to duty,  
Will be the end of all my woe,  
The last sigh of my heart.  
*Ger.* No, noble heart, thou still shalt live !  
A bright fate shall redress thee ;  
These tears announce the happy day  
That heav'n will send to bless thee.  
This sacrifice unbounded  
You make of love to duty,  
So noble is, 'twill soon a glow  
Of pride to you impart.  
*Vio.* Some one comes, retire now.  
*Ger.* Oh, how my heart is grateful !  
*Vio.* We meet no more forever !  
*Ger.* May you be happy—Heav'n bless thee !  
[They embrace.]  
[Germont goes out by the garden door.]

## SCENE VI.—VIOLETTA, then ANNINA, then ALFRED.

*Vio.* Oh grant me strength, kind Heaven !  
[Sits down, writes, and then rings the bell.]  
*Ann.* Do you require me ?  
*Vio.* Yes ; take and deliver thou this letter.  
*Ann.* [Looks at the direction with surprise.] Oh !  
*Vio.* Be silent ; go directly. [Exit Annina.]  
I must write to him now. What shall I say ?  
Where shall I find the courage ?  
[Writes, then seals the letter.]  
*Alf.* [Coming in.] What now ?  
*Vio.* [Conceals the letter.] Nothing.  
*Alf.* Wert writing ?  
*Vio.* Yes—no—  
*Alf.* What strange confusion ! To whom wert writing ?  
*Vio.* To thee.  
*Alf.* Give me the letter.  
*Vio.* No—directly.  
*Alf.* Forgive me ; my thoughts are quite disturbed ;  
*Vio.* [Rising.] By what ?  
*Alf.* News from my father.  
*Vio.* Hast seen him ?  
*Alf.* Ah no ! but he hath sent a cruel letter !  
I soon expect him. At a glance he will love thee.  
*Vio.* [With agitation.] Let him not here surprise me.  
Allow me to retire now, thou wilt calm him ;  
Then at his feet—I'll humbly fall—  
[Scarcely restraining her tears.]  
He cannot will that we should part—we shall be happy—  
Because thou lov'st me, Alfredo—is it not so ?  
*Alf.* Oh, dearly ! Why dost weep thus ?  
*Vio.* My heart, o'ercharg'd, had need of weeping—I now am tranquil,  
Thou see'st it ?—Smiling on thee ! [With great effort.]  
I'll be there—'mid the flow'rs, ever near thee,—  
Love me, Alfredo, love me as I now love thee.  
Farewell, love !  
[Runs to the garden.]

## SCENE VII.—ALFRED, then JOSEPH, then a MESSENER.

*Alf.* Ah, that fond heart lives only in my devotion !  
[Sits down and opens a book, reads a little, then rises, and looks at the clock, which is upon the chimney piece.]  
'Tis late now !—to-day it's doubtful  
If I shall see my father.

## LA TRAVIATA.

- Giul. La signora è partita— [Entrando frettoloso.] L'attendeva un calesse, e sulla via Già corre di Parigi.—Annina pure Prima di lei spariva.*
- Alf. Il sò, ti calma.*
- Giul. [Da se.] Che vuol dir ciò! [Esce.] Va forse d'ogni avere Ad affrettar la perdita— Ma Annina la impedirà.*
- [Si vede il Padre attraversare in lontano il giardino. Qualcuno è nel giardino! Chi è là? [Per uscire.] Com. [Alla porta.] Il Signor Germont? Alf. Son io.*
- Com. Una dama, da un cocchio, per voi, Di qua non lungo mi diede questo scritto.*
- [Da una lettera ad Alfredo, ne riceve qualche moneta, e parte.]*
- SCENA VIII.—ALFREDO, poi GERMONT, ch' entra dal giardino.**
- Alf. Di Violetta!—Perchè son io commosso?— A raggiungerla forse ella m' invita— Io tremo!—Oh ciel!—Coraggio! [Apre e legge. “Alfredo, al giungervi di questo foglio”— [Come fulminato, grida.*
- [Volvendosi, si trova a fronte del Padre, nelle cui braccia si abbandona, esclamando— Ah!—Padre mio!*
- Ger. Mio figlio! Oh, quanto soffri—tergi, ah tergi il pianto— Ritorna di tuo padre orgoglio e vanto.*
- [Alfredo disperato siede presso il tavolino col volto tra le mani.]*
- Jos. [Enters hurriedly.] Sir, my lady has departed, In a carriage that awaited, And is already upon the road to Paris. Annina, too, disappear'd some time before her.*
- Alf. I know—be quiet.*
- Jos. (What does this mean?) [Retires.] Alf. She goes, perhaps, to hasten The sale of all her property. Annina will stay all that.*
- [His father is seen in the distance, crossing the garden. Some one is in the garden! Who's there? [Going out.] Mes. [At the door.] You, Sir, are Germont?*
- Alf. I am, Sir.*
- Mes. Sir, a lady in a coach, gave me, Not far from this place, a note, to you directed.*
- [Gives a letter to Alfred, is paid and departs.]*
- SCENE VIII.—ALFRED, then GERMONT, from the garden.**
- Alf. From Violetta! ah, why am I thus moved? To rejoin her, perhaps she now invites me. I tremble. Oh Heav'n! send courage! [Opens and reads. “Alfredo, at the moment this note shall reach you”— Ah!*
- [He utters a cry like one struck by a thunderbolt, and in turning finds himself in the presence of his Father, into whose arms he throws himself, exclaiming— Oh, my father!*
- Ger. My dear son! How thou dost suffer! restrain thy weeping, Return and be the glory, the pride of thy father.*
- [Alfredo despairingly sits at a table, with his face concealed in his hands.]*

## DI PROVENZA IL MAR—FROM FAIR PROVENCE'S SOIL AND SEA. GERMONT.

Di Pro - ven - za il mar, il suol chi dal cor ti can - cel - lò? chi dal cor ti can - cel - lò? di Pro  
From fair Provence's soil and sea, Who hath won thy heart away, Who hath won thy heart away, From fair

ven - za il mar, il suol? al na - tio ful - gen - te sol qual de - sti - no ti fu - rò? qual de  
Provence's soil and sea? From thy na - tive sunny clime, What strange fate caus'd thee to stray, What strange

sti - no ti fu - rò? al na - tio ful - gen - te sol? Oh ram - men - ta pur nel duol ch'i - vi  
fate caus'd thee to stray From thy na - tive sun - ny clime? Oh, re - mem - ber in thy woe All the

gio - ja a te bri - lò, e che pa - ce co - la sol su te splen - dere an - cor può, e che  
joy that waits for thee, All the peace thy heart would know, On - ly there, still found may be. All the

pa - ce co - la sol su te splendere an - cor può. Dio mi gui - dò!.... Dio mi gui - do! Dio mi gui - do!  
peace thy heart would know, Only there, still found may be. Heav'n guided me! Heav'n guided me! Heav'n guided me!

Ah ! il tuo vecchio genitor  
Tu non sai quanto soffri—  
Te lontano, di squallor  
Il suo tetto si copri—  
Ma se alfin ti trovo ancor  
Se in me speme non falli.  
Se la voce dell' onor  
In te appien non ammuti—  
Dio m' esaudi !  
Nè rispondi d' un padre all' affetto.

Alf. Mille furie divisorami il petto—  
Mi lasciate—  
Ger. Lasciarti !  
Alf. (Oh, vendetta !)  
Ger. Non più indugi; partiamo—t' affretta.  
Alf. (Ah fu Douchol !)  
Ger. M' ascolti tu ?  
Alf. No !  
Ger. Dunque invano trovato t' avrò !  
No, non udrai rimproveri;  
Copriam d' oblio il passato :  
L' amor che m' ha guidato  
Sa tutto perdonar.  
Vieni, i tuoi cari in giubilo  
Con me rivedi ancora ;  
A chi penò finora  
Tal gioja non niegar.  
Un padre ed una suora  
T' affretta a consolar.

Alf. [Scuotendosi, getta a caso gli occhi sulla tavola, e vede la lettera di Flora, la scorre ed esclama,

Ah !—ell' è alla festa !—volisi  
L' offesa a vendicar.

Ger. Che dice ? ah ferma !

[Fugge precipitoso seguito dal Padre.

**SCENA IX.**—Galleria nel Palazzo di Flora, riccamente addobbata e illuminata. Una porta nel fondo e due laterali. A destra più avanti un tavoliere con quanto occorre per gioco; a sinistra, ricco tavolino con fiori e rinfreschi, varie sedie e un divano.

**FLORA, il MARCHESE, il DOTTORE, ed altri invitati entrano dalla sinistra, discorrendo tra loro.**

Flo. Avrem lieta di maschere la notte ;  
N' è duce il viscontino—

Mar. Violetta ed Alfredo anco invitai.  
La novità ignorate ?

Violetta e Germont son disgiunti.

Dot. e } Fia vero.

Flo. Ella verrà qui col barone.

Dot. Li vidi ieri ancor—parean felici.

[S' ode rumore a destra.

Flo. Silenzio—Udite ?

Tutti. [Vanno verso la destra.] Giungono gli amici.

**SCENA X.**—Detti, e molte Signore mascherate da ZINGARE, che entrano dalla destra.

[Abbracciandolo.

[Respingendolo.

[Risoluto.

Ah ! thy father old and worn,  
What he felt, thou ne'er canst know,  
In thine absence, so forlorn  
Seem'd his home, with grief and woe.  
But I find thee now again,  
If my hope doth not mislead,  
If yet honor doth remain  
With its voice not mute or dead,  
Heav'n sends me aid !  
Wilt not answer a father's affection ?

[Embracing him.

Alf. Countless furies within my heart are raging !

[Repulses his father.

Ger. How, leave thee !

Alf. (Oh, for vengeance !)

Ger. Do not linger, let's go now, oh, haste thee !

Alf. (It was Dauphol !)

Ger. Dost thou not hear ?

No !

Ger. All in vain then my search will have been ?

No, no, I will not chide thee now,

But hide the past forever ;

The love that guides me ever

Full pardon will bestow.

Then come and drown thy cares in joy

With me again returning ;

For thee lov'd ones are yearning ;

Such hopes thou'l not destroy !

Fond hearts at home are burning

Their soothing care to show.

Alf. [Arousing himself; sees upon the table the letter of Flora, glances at its contents, and exclaims,

Ah ! She's at the fête, then !

Whither will I fly, and seek revenge.

Ger. What say'st thou ? ah, stay thee !

[Alfredo departs precipitately, followed by his father.

**SCENE IX.**—A Saloon in Flora's Palace, richly furnished and lighted up. A door in the back scene, and two lateral ones. On the right, a little forward, a table, on which are cards and other implements of play. On the left a small table, with flowers and refreshments; chairs and a settee.

**FLORA, the MARQUIS, the DOCTOR, and other Guests, enter from the left, and converse amongst themselves.**

Flo. There'll be fun here to-night with maskers merry ;  
The Count will be their leader ;

Violetta and Alfred both will be here.

Mar. Have you not heard the news then ?

Germont and Violetta are divided.

Flo. & } Is that true ?

Doc. Mar. Yes, and she will come with the Baron.

Doc. I saw them yesterday, appearing quite happy.

[A noise is heard on the right.

Flo. Be silent—you hear them ?

All. Yes, our friends are coming.

**SCENE X.**—The same, and a number of Ladies, masked as GIPSIES, some of which hold a staff in the hand, some have tambourines, with which to beat time.

**NOI SIAMO ZINGARELLE—WE'RE GIPSIES GAY AND YOUTHFUL. CHORUS.**

*Allo. Moderato.*



gun - no sul - la ma - no leg - gia - mo l'av - ve - nir, Se  
skill - ful art con - triv - ing The fu - ture to fore - tell, We

con-sul-tiam le stel - le con - sul-tiam le stel - le null' av - via noi d'os cu - ro no, null'  
read the plan - ets truth-ful, read the plan - ets truth-ful, Their se - crets dark un-fold - ing, all their

av - vi a noi d'os - cu - ro e i ca - si del fu - tu - ro pos - sia - mo al - trui pre -  
se - crets dark un - fold, The realms of fate be - hold - ing, We can your for - tunes

dir. Se - con - sul-tiam le stel - le null' av - via noi d'oscur, e i ca - si del fu -  
tell. We read the plan - ets truth - ful, Their se - crets dark un-fold, The realms of fate be -

tu - ro pos - sia - mo altrui pre-dir, e i ca - si del fu - tu - ro e i ca - si del fu -  
hold - ing, We can your for - tunes tell, The realms of fate be - hold - ing, We can thus your fortunes

tur e i ca - si del fu - tu - ro pos - sia - mo al - trui possiamo altrui pre - dir e i ca - si del fu -  
tell, All the realms of fate behold - ing, we thus can tell, Fortunes we thus can tell, All the realms of fate be -

tu - ro e i ca - si del fu - tur e i ca - si del fu - tu - ro possia - mo al - trui possiamo altrui pre - dir.  
holding, We can thus your fortunes tell, All the realms of fate beholding, We thus can tell fortunes, we thus can tell.

[Prendono la mano a Flora, e la osservano.]

1. Vediamo?—Voi, signora,  
Rivali alquante avete.  
[Fanno lo stesso al Marchese.]
2. Marchese, voi non siete  
Model di fedeltà.

Flo. Fate il galante ancora?  
Ben vo' me la paghiate.  
Mar. Che diacon vi pensate?  
L'accusa è falsità.

Flo. La volpe lascia il pelo,  
Non abbandona il vizio—  
Marchese mio, giudizio,  
O vi faro pentir.

Tutti. Su via, si stenda un velo  
Sui fatti del passato;  
Già quel ch' è stato è stato,  
Badiamo all'avvenir.

[Flora ed il Marchese si stringono la mano.]

First Gipsy. [Examining the hand of Flora.]

Let's see now. You, fair lady,  
Have rivals gay and sprightly.

Second Gipsy. [Examining the hand of the Marquis.]

And you, if we read rightly,

Are not the type of truth.

Flo. [To the Marquis.] You play me false already?

I'll take good care to pay you.

Mar. [To Flora.] Ah, what the deuce thus say you?

The charge is base untruth.

Flo. The fox, howe'er disguising,  
Will yet be low and vicious;

Gay Marquis, be judicious,

Or else you may repent.

All. Let now a veil oblivious

Be o'er the past extended;

What's done may not be mended,

But future wrongs prevent.

[Flora and the Marquis shake hands.]

SCENA XI.—*Detti, GASTONE ed altri mascherati di Mattadori e Piccadori spagnuoli, ch' entrano vivacemente dalla destra.*

*Gas. e Mat.* Di Ma tride noi siam mattadori,  
Siamo i prodi del circo de' tori;

Testè giunti a godere del chiasso  
Che a Pa'igi si fa pel Bue grasso;  
E, una storia se udire vorrete,  
Quali amanti noi siamo, saprete.

*Gli Altri.* Sì, sì, bravi; narrate, narrate;  
Con piace'r l'udremo.

*Gas. e Mat.* Ascoltate.

SCENE XI.—*The same; GASTONE and others, masked as Spanish Mattadores, and others as Piccadore, who enter in a lively manner from the right.*

*Gas. & Tenors.* We are Mattadores from Madrid, so famous,  
Bold and valiant in Bull-fights all name us;

Just arriv'd here, to join with discretion  
In the fun of the "Fat ox" procession.

If a tale may command your attention,  
You will find us gallants of pretension.

*All the others.* Yes, yes, bravi! go on now relating,  
With much pleasure we'll listen.

*Gas. & Chorus.* Hear then.

E PIQUILLO UN BEL GAGLIARDO—YOUNG PIQUILLO. GASTON.

The musical score consists of ten staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal parts are in three languages: Italian, English, and French. The piano part is in French. The lyrics are as follows:

E..... Pi - quil-lo un bel.... ga - gliar - do bi - - sca - gli - no mat - - ta - dor  
*Young Pi - quil - lo, gay.... and dar - ing, Was.... a val - iant mat - - ta - dore.*

for - - te il brac-cio, fie - - ro il guar - do, del - - le gio-stre e gli è. sig-nor.  
*Strong hi: arm was, proud his bear - ing, In.... all sports, the prize.... he bore.*

D'An - da - lu - - sa gio - - vi - net - ta fol - le - men - te in - na - mo - rò;  
*One of Spain's fair maids en-chant-ing, With this youth fell mad - ly in love:*

ma - - la bel - la ri - - tro-set - ta co - - sì al gio - va - ne..... par - lò:  
*But.... th: maid, ere fa - - vors grant-ing, Bade him thus his val - - or prove-*

Cin - - que to - ri in un sol gior - no vo' ve - der - ti ad at - ter - rar,  
*Five stou Buls, in one brief morn - ing I would see thee meet and slay;*

e se vin - ci, al tuo ri - tor - - no ma - - noe cor ti vo' do - nar.  
*If 'suc - cess - ful, here re - turn - - ing, Hand and heart shall thee re - pay.*

Si..... gli dis - se il mat - - ta - do - re al - - le gio - stre mos - - se il piè;  
*Then the mat - ta - dore.... as - sent - ed, To..... the tri - al led..... the way;*

cin - que to - - ri vin - ci - to - re sull' a - re - na e - gli "sten - dè,  
*Five fierce bulls, in turn pre-sent - ed, His strong arm did van-quish that day,*

cin - que to - - ri - - vin - ci - to - re sull' a - re - na e - gli sten - dè.  
*Five fierce bulls, in turn pre - sent - ed, His strong arm did vanquish that day.*

*Gli Altri.* Bravo invero, il mattadore  
Ben gagliardo si mostrò,  
Se alla giovine l' amore  
In tal guisa egli provò.

*Gas. e l.* Poi, tra plausi, ritornato  
*Mat.* Alla bella del suo cor,  
Colse il premio desiato  
Dal a fede, dall' amor.

*Gli Altri.* Con tali prove i Mattadore  
San le amanti conquistar !  
*Gas. e l.* Ma qui son più miti i cori;  
*Mat.* A noi basta folleggiar.  
*Tutti.* Sì, sì, allegri—Or pria tentiamo  
Della sorte il vario humor.  
La palestra dischiudiamo  
Agli audaci giuocatori.  
[Gli uomini si tolgono la maschera, chi passeggiava e chi si accinge a giuocare.

SCENA XII.—*Detti, ed ALFREDO, quindi VIOLETTA col BARONE; un Servo a tempo.*

*Tutti.* Alfredo!—Voi!

*Alf.* Sì, amici.

*Flo.* Violetta?

*Alf.* Non ne so.

*Tutti.* Ben disinvolto!—Bravo!—Or via, giuocar si può.

[*Gastone si pone a tagliare: Alfredo ed altri puntano.—Violetta entra al braccia del Barone.*

*Flo.* Qui desiderata giungi.

[*Andandole incontro.*

*Vio.* Cessi al cortese invito.

*Flo.* Grata vi son, Barone, d' averlo pur gradito.

*Bar.* Germont è qui! il vedete? [Piano a Violetta.]

*Vio.* Cielo!—egli è vero! [Du sé.] Il vedo.

*Bar.* Da voi non un sol detto si volga a questo Alfredo. [Piano a Violetta.]

*Vio.* Ah, perchè venni incanta! Pieta di me, gran Dio! [Da se.]

*Flo.* Meco t' assidi; narrami—quai novità vegg' io?

[A] *Violetta, facendola sedere presso dis è sul divano. Il Dottore si avvicina ad esse, che sommessamente conversano. Il Marchese si trattiene a parte col Barone; Gastone taglia; Alfredo ed altri puntano, altri passeggiando.*

*Alf.* Un quattro!

*Ges.* Ancora hai vinto!

*Alf.* Sfortuna nell'amore vale fortuna al giuoco.

[*Punta e vince.*

*Tutti.* E sempre vincitore!

*Alf.* Oh, vincerò stassera; e l' oro guadagnato  
Poscia a goder fra' campi ritornerò beato.

*Flo.* Solo?

*Alf.* No, no, con tale, che vi fu meco ancor,  
Poi mi sfuggìa.

*Vio.* Mio Dio! [Da se.]

*Gas.* Pietà di lei. [Ad Alfredo indic. Violetta.]

*Bar.* [Ad Alfredo, con mal frenata ira.] Signor!

*Vio.* Frenatevi, o vi lascio. [Piano al Barone.]

*Alf.* [Disinvolto.] Barone, m' appellaste?

*Bar.* Siete in si gran fortuna,  
Che al gioco mi tentaste.

*Alf.* Si!—la fiducia accetto.

*Vio.* [Du se.] Che fia?—morir mi sento!

Pieta, gran Dio, di me!

*Bar.* Centro lungi a destra.

*Alf.* Ed alla manca cento.

*Flo. & others.* Bravely he with courage daring  
Did his gallantry display!  
While his love, with strength unsparing,  
He declar'd in such gallant way.

*Gas. & Chorus.* Then, 'mid plaudits loud, returning  
To the maid, with winning grace,  
Took the prize with blushes burning.  
Held her fast in love's embrace.

*Others of the Chorus.* Proofs, we Mattadores thus render,  
How we can vanquish all the fair!

*Gas.* Here, the hearts are far more tender,

We, content with trifling are.

*All.* Yes, let's try now to discover  
All the various moods of fate;  
The arena we uncover,  
And for all bold players wait!

[*The men take off their masks—some walk about, while others commence playing.*

SCENE XII.—*The same, and ALFRED; then VIOLETTA, with the BARON; afterwards, a Servant.*

*All.* Alfredo!—you!

*Alf.* Yes, my kind friends.

*Flo.* Violetta?

*Alf.* I don't know.

*All.* What cool indiff'rence! Bravo! We'll now commence to play.

[*Gastone shuffles the cards, Alfredo and others put up their stakes. Violetta enters, leaning on the arm of the Baron.*

*Flo.* [Going to meet them.] Here comes the guest most welcome.

*Vio.* To your kind wish I yielded.

*Flo.* Thanks to you, also, Baron, for your polite acceptance.

*Bar.* [Softly to Violetta.] Germont is here! do you see him?

*Vio.* (Heav'n! 'tis he, truly!) I see him.

*Bar.* Let not one word escape you, address'd to this Alfredo!

*Vio.* (Why, ah, why came I hither? In mercy, Heaven, thy pity send to me!)

*Flo.* Sit here beside me. Tell me now, what new and strange is passing.

[*To Violetta, making her sit beside her on the settee. The Doctor approaches them while they are conversing in an undertone. The Marquis converses with the Baron. Gastone continues to play. Alfred and others stake, and the rest walk about.*

*Alf.* A four spot!

*Gas.* Ah! thou hast won it.

*Alf.* Unfortunate in loving, makes fortunate in gaming—[Stakes again and wins.]

*All.* Still he remains the victor.  
*Alf.* O I shall gain this evening, and with my golden winnings,

To the green fields returning, I shall again be happy. Singly?

*Alf.* No, no. With some one like her who once was with me, but fled and left me!

*Vio.* (Oh Heaven!)

*Gas.* [To Alfredo, pointing to Violetta.] Some pity show!

*Bar.* [With ill-restrained anger.] Beware!

*Vio.* [Softly to the Baron.] Be calm, or I must leave you!

*Alf.* [Carelessly.] Did you address me, Baron?

*Bar.* [Ironically.] You are in such good fortune I fair would try against you.

*Alf.* Yes? I accept your challenge.

*Vio.* (Who'll aid me? Death seems approaching!  
O Heaven, look down and pity me!)

*Bar.* [Staking.] Here at the right one hundred.

*Alf.* [Staking.] I, at the left one hundred.

*Gas.* Un asso—un fante—hai vinto !

[*Ad Alfredo.*

*Bar.* Il doppio ?

*Alf.* Il doppio sia.

*Gas.* Un quattro, un sette.

*Tutti.* Ancora !

*Alf.* Pur la vittoria è mia !

*Coro.* Bravo davver !—la sorte è tutta per Alfredo !

*Flo.* Del villeggiar la s'esa farà il Baron, già il vedo.

*Alf.* Seguite pur.

*Servo.* La cena è pronta.

*Flo.* Andiamo.

*Coro.* [Avviandosi.] Anciamo.

*Alf.* Se continuav' aggrada—

*Bar.* Per ora nol possiamo :

Più tardi la rinvici a.

*Alf.* Al gioco che vorre e.

*Bar.* Seguiam gli amici poscia—

*Alf.* Sarò qual mi vorre e.

[*Tutti entrano nella porta di mezzo : la scena rimane un istante vuota.*

SCENA XIII.—VIOLETTA, che ritorna affannata, indi ALFREDO.

*Vio.* Invitato a qui seguirmi,

Verrà desso ?—vorrà udirmi ?

Ei verrà—chè l' odio atroce

Puote in lui più di mia voce.

*Alf.* Mi chiamaste ?—Che bramate ?

*Vio.* Questi luoghi abbandonate—

Un periglio vi sovrasta.

*Alf.* Ah, comprendo !—E asta, basta—

E si vole mi credete ?

*Vio.* Ah, no, mai.

*Alf.* Ma che temete ?

*Vio.* Tremo sempre del Baron.

*Alf.* E tra noi mortal quistione—

S' ei cadrà per manc mia

Un sol colpo vi torri a

Coll' amante il protettore—

V'atterrisce tal sciagura ?

*Vio.* Ma s' ei fosse l' uccidore !—

Ecco l' unica sventura —

Ch' io pavento a me fatale !

*Alf.* La mia morte !—Che vencale ?

*Vio.* Deh, partite, e sull' istante.

*Alf.* Partirò, ma giura innante

Che dovunque seguirai

I miei passi.

*Vio.* Ah no, giammai.

*Alf.* No !—giammai !

*Vio.* Va, sciagurato,

Scorda un nome ch' è infamato—

Va—mi lascia sul momento—

Di fuggirti un giuramento

Sacro io feci.

*Alf.* E chi potea ?

*Vio.* Chi diritto pien ne avea.

*Alf.* Fu Douphol ?

*Vio.* [Con supremo sforzo.] Sì.

*Alf.* Dunque l' ami ?

*Vio.* Ebben—l' amo.

*Alf.* [Corre furiente sulla porta, e grida—]

Or tutti a me.

SCENA XIV.—Detti, e TUTTI i precedenti, che confusa mente ritornano.

*Tutti.* Ne appellaste ?—Che volete ?

*Alf.* Questa donna conoscete ?

[Additando Violetta che s'abbatuta, si appoggia al tavolino.

[*Ad Alfredo.*

*Gas.* [Dealing off.] An ace there, a knave, too ; thou'st won it !

[*To Alfredo.*

*Bar.* Wilt double ?

*Alf.* A double be it.

*Gas.* [Dealing off.] A four spot—a seven.

*Alf.* Then I'm again victorious !

*All.* Bravely indeed ! good fortune seems partial to Alfredo !

*Flo.* Ah ! for the rustic dwelling the Baron pays expenses.

*Alf.* [To the Baron.] Now we'll go on !

*Servant.* [Entering.] The banquet is ready !

*Flo.* Let's go then.

*All.* [Starting.] Let's go, then.

*Alf.* [To the Baron.] Shall we our game continue ?

*Bar.* At present, no, we cannot ;

Ere long, my losses I'll regain.

*Alf.* At any game that suits you.

*Bar.* Our friends we'll follow. After—

*Alf.* Whene'er you call, you'll find me.

[All retire through a door in the centre—the stage is left empty for a moment.

SCENE XIII.—VIOLETTA returns, breathless, followed by ALFRED.

*Vio.* I have ask'd him to come hither.

Will he do so ? And will he hear me ?

Yes, he will, for bitter hate

Controls him more than my sad accents.

*Alf.* Didst thou call me ? What dost wish for ?

*Vio.* Quickly leave this place, I pray you ;

Danger o'er you is suspended.

*Alf.* Ah ! you're clearly comprehended.

E'en so base you then believe me ?

*Vio.* Ah no, no, never !

*Alf.* But what then fear you ?

*Vio.* Ah, I fear the Baron's fury.

*Alf.* An affair of death's between us ;

Should this hand in death extend him,

One sole blow would then deprive thee

Both of lover and protector ;

Would such losses sorrow give thee ?

*Vio.* But if he should prove the victor !

There behold the sole misfortune,

That, I fear, would prove me fatal.

*Alf.* Pray, what care you for my safety ?

*Vio.* Hence, depart now, this present instant.

*Alf.* I will go, but swear this moment,

Thou wilt follow now and ever,

Where I wander.

*Vio.* Ah, no ; never.

*Alf.* No ! and never !

*Vio.* Go, thou, unhappy ! and forget me,

Thus degraded, go and leave me !

At this moment, to escape thee

I a sacred oath have taken !

*Alf.* To whom ? tell me ! who could claim it ?

*Vio.* One who had the right to name it.

*Alf.* 'Twas Dauphol ?

*Vio.* [With great effort.] Yes.

*Alf.* Then thou lov'st him ?

*Vio.* Ah, well, I love him.

*Alf.* [Runs furiously, throws open the doors and cries out—]

Come hither all !

SCENE XIV.—The same, and all the others, who enter in confusion.

*All.* Did you call us ? Now what would you ?

*Alf.* [Pointing to Violetta, who leans fainting against the table.] Know ye all this woman present ?

Tutti. Chi?—Violetta?  
Alf. Che facesse  
Non sapete?

Vio. Ah, tacì.  
Tutti. No.

Alf. Ogni suo aver tal femina  
Per amor mio sperde;  
Io cicco, vile, misero,  
Tutto accettar potea,  
Ma, è tempo ancora! tergermi  
Da tanta macchia bramo  
Qui testimon vi chiamo,  
Che qui pagato io l'ho!

[Alfred getta con furente sprezzo il ritratto di Violetta ai piedi di lei, ed essa sviene tra le braccia di Flora e del Dottore. In tal momento entra il Padre.

SCENE XV.—Detti ed il SIGNOR GERMONT, ch' entra all'ultime parole.

Tutti. Oh, infamia orribile tu commettesti!—  
Un cor sensibile così uccidesti!—  
Di donne ignobile insultatore,  
Di qua allontanati, ne desti orror.

Ger. Di sprezzo degno sè stesso rende  
Chi pur nell'ira la donna offendé.  
Dov'è mio figlio?—Più non lo vedo,  
In te più Alfredo—trovar non so.

Alf. [Da se.] Ah, sì!—che feci!—ne sento orrore!—  
Gelosa smania, deluso amore  
Mi strazian l'alma—più non ragiono—  
Da lei perdonò—più non avrà.  
Volea fuggirla—non ho potuto!—  
Dall'ira spinto, son qui venuto!—  
Or che lo sdegno ho disfogato,  
Me sciagurato!—rimorso io n'ho.

Ger. [Da se.] Io sol fra tutti se qual virtude  
Di quella misera il sen racchiude—  
Io so che l'ama, che gli è fedele;  
Eppur, crudele, tacer dovrò!

Gas. Oh quanto peni! ma pur fi cor

Flo. { Qui soffre ognuno del tuo dolor;  
Fracari amici qui sei soltanto,

Bar. A questa donna l'atroce insulto  
Qui tutti offesi ma non insulto

Fia tanto oltraggio! Provar vi voglio  
Che il vostro orgoglio fiaccar saprò!

Vio. Alfredo, Alfredo, di questo core  
Non puoi comprendere tutto l'amore;  
Tu non conosci che fino prezzo  
Del tuo disprezzo—provato io l'ho!  
Ma verrà giorno, in che il saprai—  
Com'io t'amassi confesserai—  
Dio dai rimorsi ti salgi allora  
Io spenta ancora—pur t'amerò.

[Germont trae seco il figlio; il Barone lo segue. Violetta è condotta in altra stanza dal Dottore e da Flora; gli altri si disperdano.

FINE DELL' ATTO SECONDO.

All. Who? Violetta?  
Alf. Know ye, too, her base misconduct?

Vio. Ah! spare me!  
All. No!  
Alf. All she possess'd, this woman here,  
Hath for my love expended.  
I, blindly, basely, wretchedly,  
This to accept, condescended.  
But there is time to purge me yet  
From stains that shame, confound me.  
Bear witness all around me  
That here I pay the debt.

[In a violent rage he throws a purse at Violetta's feet—she faints in the arms of Flora and the Doctor. At this moment Alfred's Father enters.

SCENE XV.—The same, and GERMONT the elder, who had entered at the last words.

All. Oh to what baseness thy passions have moved thee!  
To wound thus fatally one who has loved thee!  
Shameless traducer of woman defenceless,  
Depart hence, speedily, scorn'd and despised!

Ger. Of scorn most worthy himself doth render  
Who wounds in anger a woman tender!  
My son, where is he? No more I see him;  
In thee, Alfred, I seek him, but in vain.

Alf. [Aside.] Ah! yes, 'twas shameful! a deed abhorrent!  
A jealous fury—love's madd'ning torrent  
Oppress'd my senses, destroy'd my reason;  
From her, no pardon shall I obtain!  
To fly and leave her, strength was denied me,  
My angry passions did hither guide me.  
But now that fury is all expended,  
Remorse and horror to me remain.

Ger. [Aside.] I 'mid them only know what bright virtues  
Dwell in that sad heart so torn and bleeding.  
I know she loves him, all else unheeding;  
Yet must, tho' cruel, silent remain.

Gas. Oh! thou dost suffer! but cheer thy heart,  
Flo. { Here in thy trials we all take part.  
Kind friends surround thee, care o'er thee keeping.  
Cease then thy weeping, thy tears restrain.

Bar. This shameful insult against this lady  
Offends all present; behold me ready  
To punish outrage! Here now declaring  
Such pride o'erbearing I will restrain.

Vio. [Reviving.] Ah, lov'd Alfredo, this heart's devotion!  
Thou canst not fathom yet—its fond emotion!  
Thou'rt still unknowing that at the measure  
Of this displeasure, 'tis prov'd again.  
But when, hereafter, the truth comes o'er thee,  
And my affection shall rise before thee,  
May Heav'n in pity then spare thee remorse.  
Ah, tho' dead, still loving, ever will I remain!

[Germont takes his son with him; the Baron follows.  
Violetta is taken into an adjoining room by the Doctor and Flora, and the rest disperse.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## ATTO III.

**SCENA I.**—*Camera da letto di Violetta.*—*Nel fondo e un letto con cortine mezzo tira' e; una finestra chiusa da imposte interne; presso il letto uno sgabello su cui una bottiglia d'acqua, una tazza di cristallo, diverse medicine.*—*A metà della scena una toilette, viino un canapè; più distante un altro mobile, su cui arde un lume da notte, varie sedie ed altri mobili. La porta è a sinistra; di fronte v'è un caminetto con fuoco acceso.*

**VIOLETTA** dorme sul letto—**ANNINA**, seduta presso il caminetto, è pure addormita.

**Vio.** Annina ? [Destandosi.]  
**Ann.** Comandate ? [Svegliandosi confusa.]  
**Vio.** Dormivi, poveretta ?  
**Ann.** Sì, perdonate.  
**Vio.** Dammi d' acqua un sorso. [Annina eseguisce.]  
**Ann.** Osserva, è pieno il giorno ? Son sett' ore.  
**Vio.** Dà accesso a un pò di luce.  
**Ann.** [Apri le imposte, e guarda nella via.] Il Signore Grenvil !  
**Vio.** Oh, il vero amico !—Alzar mi vo'—m' aiti.

[Si alza e ricade; poi sostenuta da Annina va lentamente verso il canapè, ed il Dottore entra in tempo per assistirla ad adagiarvisi—Annina vi aggiunge dei cuscini.]

SCENA II.—*Dottore, ed il Dottore.*

**Vio.** Quanta bontà !—Pensaste a me per tempo !  
**Dot.** Or come vi sentite ? [Le tocca il polso.]  
**Vio.** Soffre il mio corpo, ma tranquilla ho l' alma.  
 Mi conferò ier sera un pio ministro,  
 Religione è sollevo a' sofferenti.  
**Dot.** E questa notte ?  
**Vio.** Ebbei tranquillo il son io.  
**Dot.** Coraggio adunque—la convalescenza  
 Non è lontana.  
**Vio.** Oh, la bugia pietosa  
 A' medici è concessa.  
**Dot.** Addio—a più tardi. [Stringendole la mano.]  
**Vio.** Non mi scordate.  
**Ann.** [Piano al Dottore, accompagnandolo.] Come va, Signore ?  
**Dot.** La tisi non le accorda che poch' ore. [Piano, e parte.]

SCENA III.—*VIOLETTA e ANNINA.*

**Ann.** Or fate cor.  
**Vio.** Giorno di festa è questo ?  
**Ann.** Tutta Parigi impazza—è carnevale.  
**Vio.** Oh, nel comun tripudio, sallo il cielo  
 Quanti infelici gemon —Quale somma  
 V' ha in quello stipo ? [Indicandolo.]  
**Ann.** [L' apre e conta.] Venti luigi.  
**Vio.** Dieci ne reca ai poveri tu stessa.  
**Ann.** Poco rimanvi allora.  
**Vio.** Oh, mi sarà bastante !—[Sospirando.]  
 Cerca poscia mie lettere.  
**Ann.** Ma voi ?  
**Vio.** Nulla occorrà—sollecita, se puoi.

[Annina esce.]

## ACT III.

**SCENE I.**—*Violetta's Bed-room*—*At the back a Bed, with the curtains partly drawn—A window shut in by inside shutters—Near the bed, a stool with a bottle of water, a crystal cup, and different kinds of medicine on it—in the middle of the room a toilet-table and settee; a little apart from which is another piece of furniture, upon which a night-lamp is burning—Chairs and other articles of furniture—On the left a fireplace with a fire in it.*

**VIOLETTA** discovered sleeping on the bed—**ANNINA**, seated near the fireplace, has fallen asleep.

**Vio.** [Awakiny.] Annina !  
**Ann.** [Walking up, confusedly.] Did you call me ?  
**Vio.** Poor creature, were you sleeping ?  
**Ann.** Yes, but for: ive me.  
**Vio.** Bring me here some water. Look out now—is it yet daylight ? [Annina does so.]  
**Ann.** It is seven.  
**Vio.** To a little light give access. [Annina opens the blinds, and looks into the street.]  
**Ann.** Doctor Grenvil has come—  
**Vio.** A friend most faithful ! I wish to rise, assist me. [She rises, but falls again—then, supported by Annina, she walks slowly towards the settee, and the Doctor enters in time to assist her to sit upon it—Annina places cushions about her.]

SCENE II.—*The same, and the Doctor.*

**Vio.** How kind in you thinking of me thus early.  
**Doc.** [Feeling her pulse.] Yes, are you somewhat better ?  
**Vio.** With pain I suffer; but my mind is tranquil.  
 A priest came here last evening and brought me comfort.  
 Ah ! religion is a solace to us in affliction.  
**Doc.** Last night, how were you ?  
**Vio.** Calmly I slept till morning.  
**Doc.** Then keep your courage.  
 Convalescence, haply, is not far distant.  
**Vio.** Oh ! that's a kind deception Allow'd to all physicians.  
**Doc.** [Pressing her hand.] Farewell now. I'll return soon !  
**Vio.** Be not forgetful.  
**Ann.** [In a low tone, whilst following the Doctor.] Is her case more hopeful ?  
**Doc.** But few brief hours of life are to her remaining. [Departs.]

SCENE III.—*VIOLETTA and ANNINA.*

**Ann.** Now cheer thy heart.  
**Vio.** Is this a festal morning ?  
**Ann.** Paris gives up to folly—tis carnival day.  
**Vio.** Ah, 'mid this gay rejoicing, Heav'n alone doth know How the poor are suff'ring ! What amount Is there in that casket ?  
**Ann.** [Opens and counts.] Just twenty Louis'.  
**Vio.** Take from it ten, and give them to the needy.  
**Ann.** Little you'll have remaining.  
**Vio.** Oh, 'twill for me be plenty ! [Sighing.] You can bring them my letters here.  
**Ann.** But you ?  
**Vio.** Naught will occur. You need not long be absent. [Exit Annina.]

## LA TRAVIATA.

SCENA IV.—VIOLETTA, che trae dal seno una lettera, e legge.

“Teneste la promessa—La disfida ebbe luogo : il barone fu ferito, però migliora—Alfredo e in strano suolo ; il vostro sacrificio io stesso gli ho svelato. Egli a voi tornerà pel suo perdono ; io pur verrò—Curatevi—meritate un avvenir migliore.

GIORGIO GERMONT.”

Vio.

Etardi!— [Desolata.]

Attendo, attendo—Nè a me giungon mai ?  
[Si guarda nello specchio.]

Oh, come son mutata !—

Ma il Dottore a sperar pure m' escorta !—  
Ah, con tal morbo ognì speranza è morta.

SCENE IV.—VIOLETTA takes a letter from her bosom, and reads.

“Thou hast kept thy promise. The duel took place. The Baron was wounded, but is improving. Alfredo is in foreign countries. Your sacrifice has been revealed to him by me. He will return to you for pardon. I too will return. Haste to recover, thou deservest a bright future.

GEORGIO GERMONT.”

Vio.

”Tis too late!

Still watching and waiting, but to me they come not !  
[Looking in the mirror.] Oh, how I'm changed and faded !

But the Doctor doth exhort me to be hopeful !  
Ah ! thus afflicted, all hope is dead within me !

## ADDIO DEL PASSATO—FAREWELL TO THE BRIGHT VISIONS. VIOLETTA.

Ad - di - o..... del pas - sa - to..... bei sog - ni..... ri - den - ti, le ro - se.... del vol - to gia  
Farewell to the bright vis - ions I once fond - ly cher-ish'd, Al-read - y.... the ro - ses that

so - no pal - len - ti l'a-mo-re d'Al-fre - do per - fi - no mi man-ca, con-for-to, so-ste - gno dell'  
deck'd me have per - ish'd; The love of Al-fre - do is lost, past regaining, That cheer'd me when fainting, my

a - ni - ma stan-ca con - for-to, so - ste-gno, ah!  
spir - it sus - tain-ing, sole comfort, sup-port, ah!

del - la tra - via - ta sor - ri - di al de - si - o, a le - i delh per - do - na tu ac-co - gli-la, o Dio-o!  
Pi - ty the stray one, and send her con - so - la-tion, Oh, pardon her transgressions, and grant her sal-va-tion.

ah tut - to tut - to fi - ni, or tut - - to tut - to fi - ni.  
Ah ! thus all of life doth end, Ah ! thus..... all of life doth end.

Le gioie, i dolori fra poco avran fine ;  
La tomba ai mortali di tutto è confine !—  
Non lagrima o fiore avrà la mia fossa,  
Non croce, col nome, che copra quest' ossa !—  
Ah, della Traviata sorridi al desio,  
A lei, deh perdonà, tu accoglila, o Dio !  
Or tutto finì.

[Siede.]

## CORO BACCANTE esterno.

Largo al quadrupede sir della festa—  
Dio fiori e pampini cinto la testa—  
Largo al più docile d' ogni cornuto,  
Di corni e pifferi abbia il saluto.  
Parigini, date passo al trionfo del Bue grasso.

L' Asia, nè L' Africa vide il più bello,  
Vanto ed orgoglio d' ogni macello—  
Allegre maschere, pazzi garzoni,  
Tutti plauditelo con canti e suoni !—  
Parigini, etc.

The sorrows and enjoyments of life will soon be over,  
The dark tomb in oblivion this mortal form will cover !  
No flow'r's for my grave, no kind friends o'er me No cross, with my name, mark the spot where I'm sleeping.  
Ah, pity the stray one, and send her consolation !  
Oh, pardon her transgressions, and send her salvation.  
Thus all of life doth end. [Sits down.]

## BACCHANALIAN CHORUS, (outside.)

Room for the prize-ox, with honors appearing !  
Gay flow'r's and vine-leaves in garlands he's wearing.  
Room for the gentlest one of like creation,  
Give him, with fife and horn, loud salutation.

Now, Parisians, make concession,  
Clear the way for our procession.

Asia or Afric ne'er saw one to beat him !  
He is the proud boast of all those who meet him.  
Maskers and merry boys with fun o'erflowing,  
Songs in his honor raise, plaudits bestowing.

Now, Parisians, &c.

SCENA V.—*Detta ed ANNINA, che torna frettolosa.*

*Ann.* Signora.  
*Vio.* Che t' accadde?  
*Ann.* Quest' oggi, è vero ? vi sentite meglio.  
*Vio.* Sì ; perchè ?  
*Ann.* D' esser calma promettete ?  
*Vio.* Si : che vuoi dirmi ?  
*Ann.* Prevenir vi volli—  
*Vio.* Una gioia improvvisa.  
*Ann.* Una gioia !—dicesti ?  
*Vio.* Sì, o Signora.  
*Vio.* Alfredo !—Ah, tu il vedesti !  
*Ei* vien ! l'affretta.

[*Annina afferma col capo, e va ad aprire la porta.*

## SCENA VI.—VIOLETTA, ALFREDO, e ANNINA.

*Vie.* Alfredo ?— [Andando verso l' uscio.  
*Alf.* [Comparisce, pallido pilla commozione, ed ambidue gettandosi le braccia al collo, esclamano—  
*Vio.* Amato Alfredo !  
*Alf.* Mia Violetta !—  
*Vio.* Colpevol sono—so tutto, o cara—  
*Vio.* Io so che alfine reso mi sei.  
*Alf.* Da questo palpito, s' io t' ami, impara—  
*Vio.* Senza te esistere più non potrei.  
*Vio.* Ah, s' anco in vita m' hai ritrovata,  
*Credi, che uccidere non può il dolor.*  
*Alf.* Scorda l' affanno, donna adorata,  
*A me perdonà e al genitor.*  
*Vio.* Ch' io ti perdoni ?— La rea son io ;  
*Ma solo amore tal mi rende.*  
*Alf. e Vio.* Null' uomo o demon, angelo mio,  
*Mai più staccarti potrò da me.*

[Esitando.]

## SCENE V.—VIOLETTA and ANNINA, returning hastily.

*Ann.* [Hesitating.] My lady—  
*Vio.* What has happened ?  
*Ann.* This morning—'tis true then ? You are really better ?  
*Vio.* Yes ; but why ?  
*Ann.* Will you promise to be tranquil ?  
*Vio.* Yes, what wouldst tell me ?  
*Ann.* I would now prepare you  
*For a pleasure, unexpected.*  
*Vio.* For a pleasure, thou sayest ?  
*Ann.* Yes, gentle mistress.  
*Vio.* Alfredo ! Ah, thou hast seen him ?  
*He comes ! oh, haste thee !*

[*Annina makes signs with her hand in the affirmative, and goes to open the door.*

## SCENE VI.—VIOLETTA, ALFRED, and ANNINA.

*Vio.* Alfredo ? [Going towards the door.  
*Alfred enters, pale with emotion, and they throw themselves into each other's arms, exclaiming—*  
*Vio.* Belov'd Alfredo !  
*Alf.* My own Violetta !  
*Vio.* Ah, I am guilty ! I know all, dearest.  
*Vio.* I only know, love, that thou art near me !  
*Alf.* This throbbing heart will show how I still love thee ;  
*I could no more exist, if from thee parted.*  
*Vio.* If thou hast found me yet with the living,  
*Believe that grief and woe no more can kill.*  
*Alf.* Forget the sorrow in love forgiving,  
*Both sire and son thou'lt pardon still.*  
*Vio.* Ask me for pardon ? 'Tis I am guilty,  
*Thus rendered by my loving heart.*  
*Both.* No earthly pow'r, nor friend, beloved,  
*Shall tear us hence apart.*

## PARIGIO CARA—GAY PARIS, DEAREST. DUET.

*Andante mosso.*

Pa - ri - gi, o ca - - ra, noi la-sce - re-mo la vi-ta u-ni - ti tra - scor-re-re - mo de' cor-si af -  
 Gay Pa-ris, dear - est, we'll leave with gladness, Our lives u-ni - ted, fly we from sadness. Joy shall re -

fan - ni com-pen-so a-vra - i, la tua sa - lu - te ri - fio - ri - rà. So - spi-ro e lu-ce tu mi sa -  
 pay.. thee for each dark sorrow, My cheek so faded, shall bloom again. Life, light and breath from thee will I

VIOL.

ra - i, tut - to il fu - tu - ro ne ar - ri - de - rà. Pa - ri - gio ca - - ro, noi la-sce - re - mo  
 borrow, O'er coming years, love, bright smiles shall reign. Gay Paris, dear - est, we'll leave with gladness,

ALF:

la vi-ta u-ni - ti tra-scor-re re-mo de' cor-si af-fan - ni com-pen-so a-vra - i la mia sa - lu - te ri - fio - ri - rà.  
 Our lives united, fly we from sadness, Joy shall repay thee for each dark sorrow, My cheek, so faded, shall bloom again.

So - spi-ro e lu - ce tu mi sa - ra - i, tut - to il fu - tu - ro ne ar - ri - de -  
 Life, light and breath from thee will I bor - row, O'er com - ing years, love, bright smiles shall

## LA TRAVIATA.

Pa - ri - gio ca - ra, noi las - ce - re - mo. De' cor-si af - fan - ni com - pen-so av-  
 Gay Pa - ris, dear - est, we'll leave with glad - ness, Joy shall re - pay us for each dark  
 reign.  
 ra - i, tut-to il cre - a - to ne ar - ri de-rà. la vi - ta u - ni - ti tra - - scor - re  
 sor - row, O'er com-ing years, love, bright smiles shall reign. Our lives u - ni - ted, fly we from  
 re - mo, De' cor-si af - fan - ni com - pen - so a - vra - i, tut-to il fu - tu - ro ne ar-ri - de  
 sad - ness, Joy shall re - pay thee for each dark sor - row, O'er coming years, love, bright smiles shall  
 rà, de' cor - si af - fan - ni com - pen - so a - vra - i, la mia sa  
 reign. For ev - 'ry dark sor - row some joy shall re - pay thee, My cheek so  
 de' cor-si af - fan - ni com - pen-so a-vrai, ah! sì la tua sa  
 For all thy sor - - rows thou'l comfort finā. Ah! yes, thy cheek so  
 lu - te la mia sa - lu - te ri - fio ri - rà ri - fio - ri - ra  
 fa - ded, My cheek, so fa - ded, shall bloom a-gain, shall bloom a-gain.  
 lu - te, la tua sa - lu - te ri - fio - ri - rà. Pa - ri-gio ca - ra, noi la - sce -  
 fa - ded, thy cheek so fa - ded, shall bloom a-gain. Gay Paris, dear - est, we'll leave with  
 De' cor-si af - fan - ni com - pen - so a - vra - i, tut-to il cre - a - to ne ar-ri - de - rà.  
 Joy shall re - pay thee for ev'ry sor - row, O'er coming years, love, bright smiles shall reign.  
 re - mo, sì noi la - - - see - re - - - mo la vi - ta - u  
 glad - ness, Yes, we'll leave with glad - - - ness, Our lives u -  
 De' cor - si af - fan - ni com - pen - so a - vra - i tut-to il fu -  
 Joy shall re - pay thee for ev' - ry sor - row, O'er coming  
 ni - ti tra - scor - re - re - mo, noi tra - scor - - - re -  
 ni - ted, fly we from sad - ness, we will fly from

tu - ro ne ur-ri - de - rà, de' cor - si af - fan - ni com-pen - so a-  
 years, love, bright smiles shall reign. For each hour of sor - row some joy shall re-  
 re - - - mo, de' cor - si af fan - ni com-pen - so a-vrai,  
 sad - - - ness, each hour of sor - row joy shall re - pay.  
  
 vra - i la mia sa - lu - te la mia sa - lu - te ri - fio - ri - rà ri - fio - ri - rà  
 pay thee, my creek so fa - ded, my cheek so fa - ded, shall bloom again, shall bloom a - gain,  
  
 ah! sì la tua sa - lu - te la tua sa - lu - te ri - fio - ri - rà ri - fio - ri - rà  
 Ah! yes, thy cheek so fa - ded, thy cheek so fa - ded, shall bloom a - gain, shall bloom a - gain,  
  
 ri - fio - ri - rà De'..... cor-si af-fan - ni de' cor-si af-fan-ni com-pen - so a-vra - i,  
 shall bloom a - gain. Joy..... shall re-pay thee for ev' - ry sorrow, shall joy re - pay thee,  
  
 ri - fio - ri - rà De'..... cor-si af-fan - ni de' cor-si af-fan-ni com-pen - so a - vra - i,  
 shall bloom a - gain. Joy..... shall re - pay thee for ev' - ry sorrow, shall joy re - pay thee,  
  
 de' cor-si af-fan - ni com - pen so a - vra - i, la mia sa - lu - te ah sì ri - fio - ri - rà.....  
 for ev' - ry sor - row, shall joy re - pay thee, my cheek, so fa - ded, ah! yes, shall bloom a - gain....  
 de' cor-si af-fan - ni com - pen - so a - vra - i, la mia sa - lu - te ah sì ri - fio - ri - rà.....  
 for ev' - ry sor - row shall joy re - pay thee, thy cheek, so fa - ded, ah! yes, shall bloom a - gain....

Vio. Ah, non più—a un tempio—Alfredo, andiamo,  
Del tuo ritorno grazie rendiamo. [Vaccilla.

Alf. Tu impallidisce!

Vio. E nulla, sai? Gioja improvvisa non entra mai,  
Senza turbarlo, in mes' o core.

[S'abbandona, come sfinita, sopra una sedia, col capo pendente all' indietro.

Alf. Gran Dio!—Violetta!

[Spaventato, sorreggendola.

Vio. E il mio malore.  
Fe debolezza—ora son forte—

Vedi?—sorriso.

(Ahi, cruda sorte!)

Vio. Fu nulla—Annina, danimi a vestire.

Alf. Adesso!—Attendi.

Vio. No—vo-glio uscire.

[Annina le presenta una vesta ch' ella fa per indossare, e impeditane dalla debolezza, esclama—

Gran Dio!—non posso!

Vio. Ah, no more! to church let us be going,  
Our thanks to render with hearts o'erflowing.

[Staggers.

Alf. Thou'rt growing pale!

Vio. 'Tis nothing, mark me; unlook'd for pleasure can never enter

Without disturbing a heart o'erburden'd.

[She sinks on a chair fainting, and her head falls backwards.

Alf. Great Heaven!—Violetta!

[Alarmed, and supporting her.

Vio. 'Tis but the weakness  
From recent illness. Now, love, I'm stronger—

See'st thou? and smiling— [With effort.

Alf. (Ah, cruel fortune!)

Vio. 'Twas nothing! Annina, a shawl bring hither.

Alf. What now, love? but wait then—

Vio. No! I will go now.

[Annina presents the shawl, which she makes an effort to put on, but finds she is too weak, and exclaims—

Great Heav'n, I cannot.

## LA TRAVIATA.

[*Getta con dispetto la veste, e ricade sulla sedia.*

- Alf.* Cielo, che vedo !  
Va pel Dottore.  
*Vio.* Digli che Alfredo  
E ritornato all' amor mio—  
Digli che vivere ancor vogl' io.  
Ma se tornando non m' hai salvato,  
A niuno in terra salvarmi è dato.
- [*Ad Annina.*      *Annina parte.*      *Ad Alfredo.*]

[She throws away the shawl vexedly, and sinks again on the chair.]

- Alf.* Heavens, what is it !  
Go, call the Doctor.  
*Vio.* Ah, tell him—say that Alfredo is now beside me.  
Return'd and faithful to my affection—  
Tell him I wish still to live.  
[*Annina retires.*]  
[*To Alfredo.*] But though return'd, love, thou hast  
not sav'd me,  
No earthly pow'r from the tomb can shield me.

## SCENA VII.—VIOLETTA e ALFREDO.

- Vio.* Gran Dio ! morir sì giovane,  
Io, che penato ho tanto !  
Morir si presso a tergere  
Il mio si lungo pianto !  
Ah, dunque fu delirio  
La credula speranza ;  
Invano di costanza  
Armato avrò il mio cor !  
Alfredo—oh, il crudo termine  
Serbato al nostro amor !  
*Alf.* Oh, mio sospiro,—oh, palpito  
Diletto del cor mio !  
Le mie colle tue lagrime  
Confondere degg' io—  
Or più che mai nost'r' anime  
Hai duope di costanza—  
Ah, tutto alla speranza  
Non chiudere il tuo cor !  
Violetta mia, deh calmati,  
M' uccide il tuo dolor.  
[*Violetta s' abbandona sul canapè.*]

## SCENE VII.—VIOLETTA and ALFRED.

- Vio.* Ah, cruel fate to die so young,  
Tho' much I've borne of sorrow ;  
To die when hopes, to which I clung,  
Reveal a brighter morrow !  
Ah ! then 'twas naught but madness,  
The love to which I yielded !  
In vain my heart was shielded,  
Arm'd with faith, all, all in vain.

- Alf.* Oh, dearer far, than breath or life,  
Belov'd one, fondly treasur'd !  
My burning tears, in this dark hour,  
With thine shall flow, unmeasur'd.  
But, ah ! far more than e'er before  
I need thy fond devotion ;  
Yield not to sad emotion  
While hope doth still remain !  
[*Violetta throws herself upon the lounge.*]

SCENA ULTIMA.—*Detti, GERMONT, ed il DOTTORE.*

- Ger.* Ah, Violetta !  
*Vio.* Voi, signor !  
*Alf.* Mio padre !  
*Vio.* Non mi scordaste ?  
*Ger.* La promessa adempio—  
A stringervi qual figlia vengo al seno,  
O generosa.  
*Vio.* Oimè, tardi giungeste !  
Pure, grata ven sono—  
Grenvil, vedete ?—Tra le braccia io spiro  
Di quanti ho cari al mondo.  
*Ger.* Che mai dite !  
[*Da se.*] Oh cielo !—è ver !  
*Alf.* La vedi, padre mio ?  
*Ger.* Di più, non lacerarmi—  
Troppo rimorso l' alma mi divora—  
Quasi fulmin mi atterrà ogni suo detto—  
Oh, mal cauto vegliardo !  
Ah, tutto il mal che feci ora sol vedo !  
*Vio.* [Frattanto avrà aperto a stento un ripostiglio della toilette, e toltono un medaglione, dici—  
Prendi, quest' è l' immagine  
De' miei passati giorni,  
A rammendar ti torni  
Colei che sì t' amò.
- [*Entrando.*      *Lo abbraccia.*      *La osserva.*]

SCENE THE LAST.—*The same, GERMONT, and the DOCTOR.*

- Ger.* [*Entering.*] Ah ! Violetta—  
*Vio.* You, my friend ?  
*Alf.* My father—  
*Vio.* Thou'st not forgot me ?  
*Ger.* I redeem my promise—  
And come, thou noble hearted,  
As my daughter to embrace thee.  
*Vio.* Alas, too late thou comest !  
Yet, in truth, I am grateful.  
You see me, Grenvil ? dying in th' embraces  
Of those I love most dearly !  
*Ger.* Ah, what say'st thou ?  
[*Looking at her, aside.*] Oh Heaven ! 'tis true !  
*Alf.* Oh, father, dost thou see hér ?  
*Ger.* Withdraw ! no more thus rend me ;  
For dark remorse devours my heart already !  
Like the pealing of thunder each word confounds me.  
Ah, incautious old father !  
The wrong accomplish'd, now stands before me !  
*Vio.* [Having opened a drawer over her toilet-table, she takes out a medallion, and says—  
Approach more nearly, belov'd Alfredo, and hear me !  
Take this, a fair resemblance still  
Of me in days of gladness ;  
A thought 'twill bring in sadness  
Of her who lov'd thee well.  
*Alf.* Oh, say not so, thou wilt not die,  
But live, with love to bless me !  
With such a dread bereavement  
Kind Heav'n will not distress me.  
*Ger.* Oh, noble victim ! noble sacrifice  
To generous devotion !  
Forgive me all the anguish  
Thy heart has borne thro' me !

- Vio.* Se una pudica vergine  
Dagli anni suoi nel fìcre  
A te donasse il core—  
Sposa ti sia—lo vo'.  
Le porgi questa effigie,  
Dille che dono all' è  
Di chi, nel ciel tra gli angeli  
Pregna per lei, per te.  
*Ger.* Finche avrà il ciglio lagrime  
*Dot. e* Io piangerò per te.  
*Ann.* Vola a' beati spiriti;  
Iddio ti chiama a sè.  
*Vio.* E strano!  
*Tutti.* Che!  
*Vio.* Cessarono  
Gli spasmi del dolore.  
In me rinasce, m' anima  
Insolito vigore!  
Ah!—io ritorno a vivere!  
Oh, gio—ia!  
*Tutti.* Oh, cielo!—muor!  
*Alf.* Violetta?  
*Tutti.* Oh, Dio!—soccorsasi.  
*Dot.* E spenta!  
*Alf. e* Oh, mio dolor!  
*Tutti.* Oh, mio dolor!
- [Alzandosi rianimata.]*
- Vio.* Should some young maiden, young and fair,  
Fresh as a flow'r, just blowing,  
Love thee with heart o'erflowing,  
Make her, I wish it, thy bride;  
Show her this pictur'd likeness,  
Say, 'tis a gift from me,  
Who, now in heav'n, 'mid angels bright,  
Prayeth for her, for thee.  
*Ger.* While yet these eyes have tears to flow,  
*Doc. &* I shall still weep, still weep for thee.  
*Ann.* Go, join the blessed spirits now:  
God calls thee heav'nward, his own to be.  
*Vio.* [Reviving.] 'Tis wondrous!  
*All.* What?  
*Vio.* [Speaking.] They all have ceased,  
The paroxysms that distress'd me.  
Fresh life awakens within me, giving me  
A vigor new and rare!  
I am to life restor'd now!  
Oh rapture!  
*All.* Oh heaven! Dead!  
*Alf.* Violetta?  
*All.* May Heav'n her soul receive!  
*Doc.* [Examining the pulse.] 'Tis over!  
*All.* Oh, grief and woe!
- [She falls upon the sofa.]*
- [Trasalendo.]*
- Ricade sul canapè.*
- [Dopo averle toccato il polso.]*

THE END.

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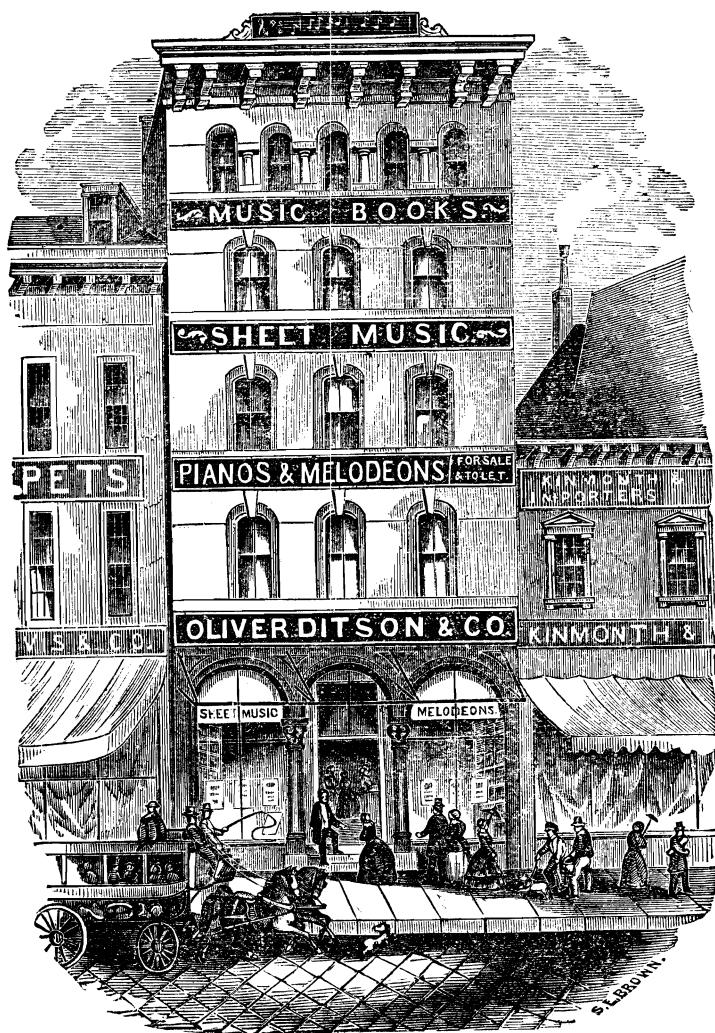
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