

50  
M 47 P3  
1900



B 4 337 718







Oliver Ditson Company's Standard Edition of Opera Librettos.

# DINDORAK.

(Le Pardon de Ploermel.)

COMPOSED BY MEYERBEER,

WITH ENGLISH AND ITALIAN WORDS,

ITALIAN AND ENGLISH WITH MUSIC.

AFRICAINI (L)	Meyerbeer	LINDA LI CHAMOUNIX	Donizetti
AIDA	Verdi	LOHENGRIK	Wagner
ANNA BOLENA	Donizetti	LOMBARDI (I)	Verdi
BALLO (U) IN MASCHERA (Masked Ball)	Verdi	LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR	Donizetti
BARBIERE (II) DI SIVIGLIA (Barber of Seville)	Rossini	LUCREZIA BORGIA	Donizetti
BOHEMIAN GIRL (La Zingara)	Balfe	LUISA MILLER	Verdi
CARNIVAL (N) DI FNICE	Petrella	LURLINE	Wallace
CARMEN	Bizet	MARIA DE ROHAN	Donizetti
CENERENTOLA (I.) (Cinderella)	Rossini	MARRIAGE OF FIGARO	Mozart
CRISPINO E LA CIOCIARELLA (The Cobbler and the Fairy)	Ricci	MARTHA	Flotow
DER FREYSCHÜTZL	Weber	MASANIELLO	Auber
DINORAH (La Parolm de Ploermel)	Meyerbeer	MEFISTOFELE	Boito
DON BUONFANTINO	Cagnoni	MIGNON	A. Thomas
DON CARLOS	Verdi	MIRELLA	Gounod
DON GIOVANNI (Don Juan)	Mozart	MOSES IN EGYPT	Rossini
DON PASQUALE	Donizetti	NORMA	Bellini
ELISIRE (L) D'AMORE (Elixir of Love)	Donizetti	OMBRA (L') (The Shadow)	Flotow
ERNANI	Verdi	OTELLO	Verdi
ETOILE (L) DU NORD (Star of the North)	Meyerbeer	OTELLO	Rossini
FATUT	Gounod	PROPHETE (Le)	Meyerbeer
FAVORITA (La)	Donizetti	PURITANI (I)	Bellini
FIGLIA (La) DEL REGGIMENTO	Donizetti	RIGOLETTO	Verdi
FRA DIAVOLO	Auber	ROBERT LE DIABLE	Meyerbeer
GAZZA (F) LA DRA (The Thieving Magpie)	Rossini	ROMEO AND JULIET	Gounod
GIOCONDA (La)	Ponchielli	SAFFO	Paolini
GUIRAMENTO (II) (The Oath)	Mercadante	SEMIRAMIDE	Rossini
HUGUENOTS (Les)	Meyerbeer	SICILIAN VESPERS (I Vespri Siciliani)	Verdi
I CAPULETTI E MONTECCHI (Romeo and Juliet)	Bellini	SONNAMBULA (La) (The Sonnambulist)	Bellini
IL PIRATA	Bellini	TRAVIATA (La)	Verdi
IL FLAUTO MAGICO (Maglo Flute)	Mozart	TROVATORE (II)	Verdi
I MARIIRI (P-Vato)	Donizetti	WILLIAM TELL	Rossini
IONE	Petrella	BUSTIC CHIVALRY	Mascagni
JUIVE (La) (The Jewess)	Halevy		

Boston: OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

NEW YORK:  
C. H. Ditson & Co.

CHICAGO:  
Lyon & Healy.

BOSTON:  
John C. Haynes & Co.

PHILA:  
J. E. Ditson & Co.



---

---

# Opera Singers

---

---

By GUSTAV KOBBE

---

---

(FOURTH AND REVISED EDITION)

---

---

A SERIES of costume and other portraits of the grand opera singers best known to American opera-goers of to-day. To these pictures are added authentic biographic sketches of some of the most famous, the data for them being furnished by the singers themselves.

The new edition pictures not only the forces of the Metropolitan Opera House, but the chief singers of the new Hammerstein Company, the Henry W. Savage Company, and the new San Carlo Opera Company, making it beyond question the most complete as well as the most artistic pictorial souvenir of the opera published. The book of 100 pages contains 153 illustrations, of which number 140 are portraits, 28 of them full page in size.

Printed on heavy coated paper and handsomely bound in cloth. Size of page, 9 inches by 12.

*Price, \$1.50 net, post-paid*

---

---

**Boston, OLIVER DITSON COMPANY**

**MEYERBEER'S**

OPERA

**DINORAH,**

(Le Pardon de Ploermel,)

CONTAINING THE

ITALIAN TEXT, WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION,

AND

*The Music of all the Principal Airs.*

---

BOSTON:

**OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.**

NEW YORK:

CHICAGO:

PHILADELPHIA:

BOSTON:

C. H. Ditson & Co. Lyon & Healy. J. E. Ditson & Co. John C. Haynes & Co.

**MUSIC LIBRARY**  
University of California  
Berkeley



ML50  
M47P3  
1900  
Munster  
Library

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

HOËL.	BARITONE
CORENTINO. A Musician.	TENOR.
DINORAH.	SOPRANO.
UN CACCIATORE. A Hunter.	BASS.
UN MIETITORE. A Reaper.	TENOR.
TWO GOATHERDS.	SOPRANI

THE SCENE IS LAID IN BRITTANY.—THE LIBRETTO BY M. CARRE AND J. BARBIER.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE OPERA COMIQUE, PARIS, APRIL 4, 1859.

## ARGUMENT.

It is the yearly practice of the inhabitants of Ploërmel, a village of Brittany, to perform a pilgrimage, in their holiday attire, to the chapel of the Virgin. On one of the days appointed for this solemnity, Hoël, the goat-herd, and Dinorah, his betrothed, together with their friends, had set out at an early hour from the locality entitled Les Herbiere, and, chanting the while hymns to the Virgin, were on their way to receive the nuptial benediction. Suddenly a thunder-storm bursts over their heads, and disperses the procession; the lightning strikes Les Herbiere, the dwelling-place and sole wealth of Dinorah's father, and burns it to the ground. While gazing at its ruins, Hoël sees nought but the wretched future which awaits his betrothed. He therefore lends an ear to the counsels of Tonick, (an old wizard residing in the village,) who holds before his eyes the dazzling temptation of discovering one of those treasures long hidden in the bowels of the earth, the possession of which would enrich him for ever. But, in order to wrest it from its guardians, the Korigans, (supernatural beings indigenous to Brittany,) it is needful forthwith, and without any one's knowledge, to quit the country, and to undergo, in a remote waste, far from human eye, a year of solitary trial. On hearing that Hoël has abandoned her, the unhappy Dinorah, attributing his departure to inconsistency, loses her reason, and perpetually wanders through the woods with her goat, in search of her betrothed. Meanwhile, the year of trial has expired; old Tonick is dead, and Hoël returns, believing himself sole possessor of the secret by means of which he is to become owner of the treasure. Here begins the action of the libretto.

Corentino, the bagpiper, is on his way back from a neighboring village. He has been living lately in the cabin of his uncle, who has been dead for three months, and he himself is almost dying—of terror. He dreams of nothing but spectres, goblins and fairies. Even now they are haunting him. He takes up his bagpipes and tries to divert himself by playing. Dinorah appears and goes in the cottage. Corentino has an idea that she is a fairy, who makes the fellows dance till they die of fatigue. Just then there is a loud rap at the door; the girl escapes by the window, and Hoël enters abruptly.

Hoël has passed his trial-year. He returns ignorant that Dinorah has become crazy because he has deserted her. On this very night, at midnight, he is to follow the goat that will guide him towards the treasure. But the first person that touches the treasure is to die. Hoël can think of nothing better than to get Corentino to touch it. He offers to share it with him if he will go along with him. Corentino, though a natural coward, is brave when he is drunk, so Hoël sends him for wine. When the wine has got the better of Corentino's reason, he easily yields to Hoël's representations, and expresses himself perfectly willing to share the perils and the gain of the adventure.

The second Act begins with a bacchanalian chorus, sung by the peasantry. After they have dispersed, Dinorah appears. The moon rises, and her shadow is thrown upon

the ground, in which the crazy girl sees an animated being, and dances with it. The scene changes, and we are in the Cursed Vale, the *Val Maudit*, where the treasure is hidden. It is night: the Val Maudit bears its name written on its gloomy appearance. The sky is stormy and dark, sprinkled with heavy clouds that now hide and now unveil the melancholy moon struggling among them. Great rocks arise, amid which rushes a torrent, between the rough banks of which lies the trunk of a fallen tree, serving for a bridge. It is near twelve o'clock.

Hoël and Corentino arrive, the latter trembling and shivering from terror and cold. While Hoël goes to reconnoitre the road, Dinorah passes, singing the legend of the treasure. This song opens Corentino's eyes, and he flatly refuses all further participation in Hoël's schemes.

Suddenly the goat appears bounding from rock to rock, and passes over the tree stretched across the torrent. A few minutes more and the treasure may escape them. The thought strikes Corentino to make the crazy girl, who just then appears, touch it first. Hoël recognizes Dinorah, but he thinks it is a vision sent by the spirits to keep him back. Dinorah, apprised of the whereabouts of her pet goat by the cunning Corentino, prepares to follow the animal. She clammers over the rocks, steps on the trembling bridge and begins to cross it. At that moment a gust of wind rushes through the ravine; the thunder bursts, the bridge falls into the torrent, and Dinorah falls with it. Hoël at last realizing that it is the real Dinorah, plunges in to save her, and the curtain falls.

The third Act commences with a lovely morning after the storm. A hunter, a mower and two shepherds meet and converse about the terrors of the past night. When they have separated, each following his avocations, Hoël appears, carrying Dinorah in his arms. He has rescued her from the water. She is not dead, only fainted. Hoël places her on a green bank and sings her back to life. She opens her eyes and looks around her. The fall into the torrent and the sight of her lover have restored her reason. She passes her hands over her brow, and exclaims, "Oh, what a dream!" Hoël seizes the idea, and, in a charming duo, persuades Dinorah that all that has happened in the past year is only a dream. Dinorah has, then, been dreaming; but, says she, "while I slept, I was surrounded by my friends. It was the Pardon of Ploërmel, and they were singing a hymn to the Virgin." She tries to remember the air of this hymn; she seeks it by a succession of charming strains which lead to the air, which, at that moment, the chorus takes up behind the scenes. Her friends surround her; she has only been dreaming, she can no longer doubt it. The hymn to the Virgin rises in all its religious majesty; a procession is formed, with banners fluttering in the wind, and people carrying shrines and votive vessels. Dinorah and Hoël, under a canopy, are going to the hymenial altar, just as they were a year before. But this time nothing interferes with the consummation of their happiness.

LE

# PARDON DE PLOËRMEL.

(DINORAH.)

## ATTO I.

### LA SERA.

*L'ugo alpestre e selvaggio, rischiarato dagli ultimi raggi del tramonto. Sul davanti, la capanna di CORENTINO Porta a dritta. In fondo una finestra bassa. A sinistra un vecchio seggiolone; tavola e credenza rustiche. Molti viattoli s' incrociano ai fianchi della collina che domina la capanna. Qua e là macchie ed alberi torti dal vento. Larghe zone luminose solcano l' orizzonte.*

SCENA I.—Alcuni caprai attraversano il fondo della scena e s' incontrano coi contadini che scendono dalla collina.

I.  
Coro. L' azzurro del cielo  
Si copre d' un velo ;  
Il fior di lavanda  
Profuma ogni landa.  
Caprette gentili,  
Tornate agli ovili,  
Seguite i pastori,  
Chè tardi si fa.  
Non state più fuori,  
Che veggonsi già  
E nani e folletti  
Errare per quà.

II.  
Tra, la, la I  
Andiam giù pel cammino  
Che infiora il romarino,  
Tra, la, la.  
La squilla odo echeggiar  
E il suono pio mischiar  
Al tintinno argentino  
Dell' agnellino,  
Tra, la, la.  
Seguiamo il bel cammino  
Che infiora il romarino.

*Le ultime note del Coro si perdono nel lontano. Una capra bianca traversa la scena nel fondo e dispare saltellando. DINORAH accorre dietro le sue traccie, si sofferma ed ascolta. Essa è vestita elegantemente come le fidanzate della Bretagna.*

SCENA II.—Entra DINORAH.

Din. Bellah, capretta amata,  
Dove ti sei celata I [Con tristezza.  
La mia capra nera e bianca  
Dal mio tetto sen fuggì. [Guardando intorno.

## ACT I.

### EVENING.

*A wild and desert spot, illumined by the last rays of the setting sun. In front CORENTINO'S cottage; to the right, a door; at back, a low window; to the left, an old arm chair, together with a rustic table and buffet. Numerous paths intersect each other on the sides of the mountain overlooking the cottage. Here and there are seen shrubs and trees blown down by the wind. The horizon is streaked with large, luminous rays.*

SCENE I.—Several goat-herds cross the back of the stage, and meet peasants who descend from the mountain.

I.  
Cho. The azure of heaven  
A veil now doth cover,  
The lavender flower  
Sheds fragrance o'er the plain ;  
Ye graceful goats  
Return ye to your folds,  
Your herdsmen follow,  
For it groweth late.  
Remain out no longer,  
For dwarfs and evil spirits  
Now wander abroad.

II.  
Tra, la, la,  
Descend we by this path,  
Luxuriant with rosemary,  
Tra, la, la.  
The church bell I now hear tolling,  
Mingling its holy sounds,  
With our sheep-bells' silvery tinkle,  
Tra, la, la.

Descend we by this path,  
Luxuriant with rosemary.  
[The last notes of the Chorus die away in the distance. A white goat crosses back of the stage and disappears. DINORAH follows on its track; she stops short and listens. She is elegantly attired in the costume of the affianced maidens of Brittany.

SCENE II.—Enter DINORAH.

Din. Bellah, my darling goat,  
Where hast thou concealed thyself ? [Sadly.  
My goat, of color black and white,  
Hath fled from my dwelling. [Looking round

Di cercarti sono stanca  
 Vien' Bellah! già cade il dì. [*Cangiando pensiero.*]  
 Credon che le genti—che siam dementi.  
 Ma non è ver—tu il dei saper.  
 Di noi felice—è men chi 'l dice—  
 Ma tornerà—ecco la qua. [*Credendo rivederla.*]

O qual sorpresa!—dal sonno è presa.  
 Non la turbiam—non la destiam.  
 Ti possa il mio canto  
 Al sonno invitar.

[*Come se cullasse un bambino.*]

I am weary with seeking her.  
 Come, Bellah, already the day doth decline;  
 Folks say we are mad,  
 But 'tis not true: thou well know'st  
 Far happier are we than they who say this!  
 But she'll return—she's here!

[*Imagining that she sees her goat*  
 What glad surprise is this! Sleep hath o'ercome  
 her! [*Cautiously approaching some shrubs.*]  
 Disturb her not, let's not awake her.  
 Ah! may my song  
 To slumber invite thee.  
 [*As though rocking a child to sleep.*]

SI, CARINA—SLUMBER, DARLING. DINORAH.

Si, ca - ri - na, ca - pret - ti - na, dor - mi in pa - oc lal..... Si, ca - ri - na,  
 Slum - ber, dar - ling, sweet - ly slum - ber, Sleep my be - lov'd one, sleep!..... Slum - ber, dar - ling,  
 gen - ti - li - na, dor - mi in pa - ce lal..... Un bel ven - ti - cel a - leg - gia lle - ve dor.....  
 sweet - ly slumber, my be - lov'd one, sleep!.... Soft the evening breeze is play - ing, play - ing; sleep!....

Si, ca - ri - na, gen - ti - li - na, dormi in pa - ce dor!..... L'om - bra in - vi - ta a ri - po - sar,  
 Slum - ber, dar - ling, sweet - ly slum - ber, my be - lov'd one, sleep!..... 'Neath the cool - ing shadows here,

Del rus - cel che cor - real mar al mar S'o - de il mor - mo - ra - re si si  
 Flows a streamlet fresh and clear, Swift, swift, a - mong the flow - ers stray - ing, Swift, swift,

tra' flo - rie tra l'er - bet - te, tra flo - rie tra l'er - bet - te: ah! ca - ri - na, ca - pret - ti - na,  
 a - mong the flow - ers stray - ing, Thro' flow'rs and moss - es stray - ing; Slumber, dar - ling, sweet - ly slumber,

dor - mi in pa - ce, lal..... Si, ca - ri - na, gen - ti - li - na, dor - mi in pa - ce, lal....  
 Sleep, my be - lov'd one, sleep!.... Slumber, dar - ling, sweet - ly slum - ber, my be - lov'd one, sleep!

Ahi! sei dì lontan restò  
 Nè tornò!  
 Forse errò sulle colline!—  
 Fra le spine!—  
 Ma dal lupo se sei presa?—  
 Non temer.  
 Sarò là per tua difesa,  
 Non temer!  
 Sì, carina,  
 Dorm' in pace, ecc.  
 Carì augellin' tregua al garrir,  
 Chè la mia bella, deve dormir.

[*Si allontana con circospezione dietro i cespugli e sparisce.*  
 CORENTINO si mostra all' improvviso sul ciglione della  
 montagna; s' avvanza guardando a destra ed a sinistra  
 con inquietudine, soffiando sempre nella sua cornamusa.  
 Egli scende rapidamente il sentiero che conduce alla  
 capanna, entra precipitosamente, e chiude la porta.

Alas! six days hath she been away,  
 Nor yet returns!  
 Perchance she hath wandered on the hills  
 Amid the thorns!  
 Ah! wert thou to be seized by the wolf,—  
 Fear not!  
 I will be there to defend thee,  
 Fear not!  
 Yes, darling,  
 Sleep in peace, &c.  
 Sweet little birds, your warbling cease,  
 My beauteous one must sleep.

[*Awake her not! Yet softer still!*  
 She retires cautiously behind the shrubs and disappear  
 CORENTINO suddenly appears on the summit of the  
 mountain: he advances, looking anxiously on each side  
 of him, continuing meanwhile to blow his cornemuse.  
 He rapidly descends the path which leads to the cottage,  
 enters hurriedly and shuts the door.

SCENA III.—*Entra CORENTINO.*

Cor. Sto in casa affine! vadano all' inferno  
I folletti ed i nani,  
Le streghe e i Korigani  
Che van vagando quà—  
[Guarda intorno inquieto.

M' han detto or ora

Che la dama dei prati  
La notte quì s' aggira,  
E che a danzar costringe  
L' incanto passegger infin ch' ei spira.  
Può aver per me un capriccio.

[Esaminandosi con compiacenza.

Non sono brutto affatto,  
Son giovine e ben fatto,  
Di me si può invaghir—  
Ne tremo e raccapriccio,  
Mi sembra di svenir!

[La scena s' oscura improvvisamente.

Diavolo! non so se il dì tramonta,  
O s' è un nugol' che passa,  
Ma quì fa buio come in un cammino.  
Si batta l' acciarino—

[Batte l' acciarino, e accende un lume.

Ora accendiamo il lume; ecco ch' è fatto.

[Guarda intorno di nuovo.

Ma seguito a tremare,  
Ogni leggier rumore  
Raddoppia in me il terrore—  
Sono un poltron, lo so.

Dava il cielo a ciascuno in ritaggio  
Un umor differente quaggiù;  
V' ha chi brilla d' immenso coraggio,  
Il valor mia virtù—mai non fu.  
Mensa regale l' uno vuol;  
L' altro frugale l' ama sol.  
Questi nel pianto si smagri;  
Quegli nel riso passa i dì.

E questo—onesto giusto e buon;

L' altro—più scaltro è briccon.

Dava il cielo a ciascuno in ritaggio, &c.

Un le ragazze seguir vuol;  
L' altro le tazze vuotar suol.  
Quell' è meschino senz' amor;  
Quei senza vino langue e muor;  
Uno ha il candore dell' agnel;  
L' altro è nel core tutto fiel.

Dava il cielo a ciascuno in ritaggio, ecc.

Alla fin fine non me ne cale,  
Se son poltrone non è un gran male!

[La finestra si apre bruscamente.

Chi è là! nel mio spavento  
Ho creduto un momento  
Che la dama dei prati  
Fosse entrata in mia casa—E stato il vento.  
Ma se, per dissipare la paura,  
La cormamusa mia  
In aiuto chiamassi,  
E a me stesso suonassi  
L' arie più favorite.

[Va a prendere la cormamusa.

Mezzo non v' ha migliore  
D' un tenero concetto.  
Per dar un buon umore,  
Per vincer lo spavento.  
Più solo non son io  
Quando ti stringo al petto,  
Stromento mio diletto,  
Compagno mio fedel!

\*Suono un' aria sulla cormamusa. DINORAH entra subitaneamente nella capanna. Il lume si spegne.

SCENE III.—*Enter CORENTINO.*

Cor. I'm at home at last! to the devil, say I,  
With the dwarfs and the spirits,  
The fairies and the hobgoblins,  
That are ever wandering about these parts.  
[Looks anxiously aroun

Not long since I was informed  
That the Lady of the Meadows  
Roams nightly in this neighborhood;  
I know that she compels  
The unwary traveller to dance until he dies!  
Perchance she may take a fancy to me!

[Scrutinizing himself with complacency

I'm by no means ill-favored;  
Young, well made, too, am I.  
'Twere easy to fall in love with me!  
The thought makes me shudder with horror.  
Methinks I am going to faint!

[The stage becomes suddenly obscured

I know not whether the day declines,  
Or whether it be a passing cloud,  
But here all's dark as in a chimney.  
Let's strike a light!

[Strikes flint and steel and lights a candle.

Now then to light a candle. That's done!

[Looks around him again.

But still I tremble,  
At each slight sound  
My fear's redoubled  
A coward I am, I know.  
Heaven to each mortal hath allotted  
A different disposition;  
Some there are pre-eminent for courage  
But valor ne'er was quality of mine!  
A princely table pleaseth one,  
While frugal fare delights another.  
Some with grief do pine and sigh,  
Whilst others laugh their days away.  
This man's honest, just and good,  
The other—more cunning, a sad rogue proves!  
Heaven to each mortal hath allotted, &c.  
One the ladies loves to follow,  
To drain the goblet doth please the other.  
This man's wretched without love,  
Were't not for wine the other would die!  
To one an angel's heart is given,  
While others' souls o'erflow with malice.  
Heaven to each mortal hath allotted, &c.  
But after all, 'what need I care,  
If coward I be, 'tis no great crime.

[The window opens suddenly.

Who's there! In my fright  
I really fancied  
That the lady of the meadows  
My house had entered. 'Twas the wind!  
But suppose now, in order to dispel my fear,  
I call my pipes to my assistance,  
And for mine own self perform  
A favorite air or two.

[Takes cormamusa

A better recipe exists not  
Than a mellifluous strain,  
For inspiring good humor  
And driving away fear.  
No longer alone am I,  
When to my heart I press thee,  
Thou instrument of my delight.  
Faithful companion mine!

[Plays an air on the cormamuse. DINORAH suddenly enters the cottage. The light goes out.

## SCENA IV.—CORENTINO e DINORAH.

*Din.* Ancora! ancora! ancora!  
*Cor.* Chi va là!—sono giunto all' ultim' ora!—  
 [*Cadendo boccone.*]

*Din.* Suona, suona, bel pastor,  
 Suona, suona infin ch' hai fiato,  
 Ed un bacio ben di core  
 Ti darò dopo suonato.

*Cor.* Ah! dei Nani è la Regina,  
 N' odo il riso schernitor.

*Din.* E diman che mi fo sposa,  
 Senza posa—dei suonar.

*Cor.* Buon Gesù, Vergin Maria!  
 Ah! pietà, di me pietà!  
 Ne morirò, son ito già!—  
 [*Suona sulla cornamusa un' aria che DIN. ripete.*]

*Din.* Una ridda! presto! presto!  
*Cor.* (Ci mancava ancora questo!  
 Per prudenza il deggio far.)  
 [*Suona un' aria, DIN. la ripete.*]

*Din.* Solo questo suonar sai?  
 Voglio suoni un po' più gai,  
 Presto! un' altra, un' altra, un' altra!

*Cor.* (Ah! son giunto all' ultim' ora  
 Vanne, strega, alla malora!—  
 Per prudenza ho da suonar.)

*Din.* Già le spiche bionde son.  
 Cantar s' odono canzon!—  
 Quanto strepito e che gente!  
 [*COR. cerca di fuggire. DIN. si slancia su lui e lo ferma sulla soglia.*  
 Ah! che veggio! Hoel sei tu!  
 A danzar con me ten vieni—

*Cor.* [*Fra sè.*] (Se potessi, nn' altra danza  
 Io vorrei farti girar!)

[*DIN. prende per mano COR. e lo costringe a ballare con lei.*]

## SCENE IV.—CORENTINO and DINORAH

*Din.* Once more! again! again!  
*Cor.* Who's there? [*Falling with his face to the earth*  
 My last hour is surely come!

*Din.* Play on, good shepherd, play away!  
 Play away while breath is left thee,  
 And when thy playing shall have ceased,  
 A hearty kiss I'll give thee!

*Cor.* Ah! of the hobgoblins this the Queen must be,  
 Yes, yes, her mocking laugh I hear.

*Din.* And as to-morrow is my wedding day,  
 Without ceasing must thou play!

*Cor.* Heavenly powers, ye saints above,  
 Mercy, mercy, I implore!  
 'Twill kill me quite, I'm dead already!—  
 [*Plays on the cornemuse an air, which DIN. repeats.*]

*Din.* A round! quick! quick!  
*Cor.* Ah! this alone was wanting—  
 But 'tis more prudent to comply.  
 [*Plays an air, DIN. sings it after him.*]

*Din.* This tune only dost thou know?  
 Strains I'd have a thought more gay!  
 Quick! quick! another air I pray!

*Cor.* (Alas! my last hour is near at hand,  
 The devil take thee, witch, I say!  
 For prudence sake I must obey!)

*Din.* White are now the ears of corn,  
 Through the air glad songs resound!  
 What noise is this—what crowds of people.  
 [*COR. attempts to escape. DIN. springs after him and stops him on the threshold.*  
 Ah! whom do I see! Hoël is it thou?  
 Come hither then, and dance with me!

*Cor.* [*Aside.*] Had I my will I'd make thee dance,  
 A measure of a different kind!  
 [*DIN. takes COR. by the hand, and makes him dance with her.*]

## NON GIOVA INDUGIAR—THEN LET'S BEGIN NOW. DINORAH.



Non gio - va in - dugiar, Con - vien pro - fit - tar, dell'...  
 Then let's be - gin now; In this one short hour you....

o - ra che cor - re, dell'... o - ra - che cor - re! Non...  
 may learn the meas - ure im - part - ing such pleas - ure! Then....

gio - va non gio - va in - dugiar con - vien con - vien pro - fi - tar dell'...  
 let's be - gin us now; In..... this, this short fleet - ing hour, you....

o - ra che cor - re, dell' o - ra che cor - re.  
 may learn the meas - ure, im - part - ing such pleas - ure.

*Cor.* (La deggio appagar,  
 Ch' è forza danzar!—  
 E niun mi soccorre!)

*Din.* La man nella man,  
 Si corre lontan.  
 Danzando per via.

*Cor.* (I must try to appease her,  
 To dance I'm compelled!—  
 Will no one assist me!)

*Din.* Thy hand in mine,  
 Far, far, we'll on  
 Dancing the road along.

Cor. (Non oso esitar;  
Non giova sperar  
Che tregua mi dia.)  
Din. Tra danze d' amor,  
In mezzo ai pastor,  
Il male s' obblia.  
Cor. (Pregare fia van!  
Infino a diman  
La stess' armonia!) [Stanco e varcolando.  
Non c' è che fare!—Deggio crepar  
Mi fa suonare—mi fa danzare!—  
Ahi! veggo già che Belzebù  
Seco all' inferno mi tira giù!  
Din. Più palpita il core,  
Poi vien' un languore  
Vi par di sognare.  
Cor. E' vano il terror  
Non son morto ancor  
Mi par di sognare!—  
[COR. si lascia cadere sul seggiolone. DIN. sembra presa  
dal sonno e s' appoggia dolcemente sulla spalla di lui.  
A poco a poco s' addormentano ambedue—HOEL  
viene dal fondo con una bacchetta in mano. S' oriz-  
zonta; scorge la capanna di COR.; scende rapida-  
mente pel sentiero che vi conduce, e picchia forte all'  
uscio. COR. cade a terra e si nasconde dietro il  
seggiolone. DIN. si rizza, apre la finestra, e si slan-  
cia fuori. Il giorno riappare a poco a poco durante  
la scena seguente.

SCENA V.—HOEL e CORENTINO.

Hoel. Ehi di là, vecchio Alano! [Spinge la prota.  
Cor. Misericordia! [Spaventato.  
Hoel. Non gridar sì forte,  
Sono amico d' Alano e vo' parlargli.  
Ov' è?  
Cor. Non saprei dirvi—  
Son già quindici dì ch' è trapassato.  
Io ch' era suo nipote, ho ereditato  
Di questo casolare  
Che venni jeri solo ad abitare.  
Hoel. [Fra sè.] (Alano non è più! destin crudele!  
Io che su lui contava pel tesoro)—  
M' odi: [Picchiandogli sulla spalla.  
Cor. [Atterrito.] Che!—che volete?  
Hoel. Perché tremi così?  
Cor. Ah! non sapete? [Con mistero.  
Pocanzi è quì venuta—  
Pocanzi ho quì veduta—  
Chi?  
Hoel. La dama dei prati!  
Cor. Visione!  
Hoel. Se non era la regina  
Degli spettri e della danza,  
Le somiglia—a meraviglia  
N' ha il parlar, n' ha la sembianza;  
A suonare m' ha costretto,  
M' ha voluto far danzar—  
Ah! non ho più lena in petto  
Dal girare e dal suonar.  
Hoel. Son sogni! fantasie!  
Cor. Ma s' era là.  
Hoel. Follie!  
Suvvia! per discacciar sì nere idee  
Cenar si dee—se vòta è la tua borsa,  
Se a secco è la cantina,  
Nell' osteria vicina  
Vanne a cercar del vin.  
Cor. Ma! e come?  
Hoel. Ecco un scudo.  
Cor. Veggo che l' argomento è convincente!

Cor. (I dare not pause,  
Nor is there a hope  
That a respite she'll give me!)  
Din. 'Mid loving dances,  
Among shepherd swains,  
Care's soon forgot.  
Cor. (Entreaties are vain!  
Till day-break to-morrow  
This strain will continue.  
[Tired and tottering.] There's no help for it—lie I must  
She makes me play—she makes me dance!—  
I clearly see that Belzebub  
Doth drag me straight to his abode!  
Din. The heart beats more quickly,  
A languor ensues,  
And all seems a dream.  
My terror is vain,  
I'm not quite dead yet,  
I seem in a dream!  
[COR. falls into the arm-chair. DIN appears overcome  
by sleep, and allows her head to recline gently on  
COR.'s shoulder. Both gradually fall asleep. HOEL  
appears at back of the stage, with a staff in his hand;  
he perceives COR.'s cottage, rapidly descends the path  
leading thereto, and knocks loudly at the door. COR.  
falls on the ground, and conceals himself behind the  
arm-chair. DIN. rises, opens the window, and jumps  
out of it. Daylight gradually returns during the en-  
suing scene.

SCENE V.—HOEL and CORENTINO.

Hoel. [Knocking at the door.] Within there, old Alano!  
Cor. [Terrified.] Mercy on me!  
Hoel. Exclaim not so loudly,  
Alano's friend am I, and fain would speak with him.  
Where is he?  
Cor. I cannot tell you—  
'Tis fourteen days now since he died.  
I, his nephew, have inherited this tenement,  
Wherein but yesterday I came to dwell.  
Hoel. [Aside.] (Alano is no more! Ah! cruel fate!  
I, who for the treasure, did rely on him.)  
Hear me! [Clapping COR. on the shoulder.  
Cor. [Alarmed.] What is't?—what would ye?—  
Hoel. Why tremblest thou thus?  
Cor. Ah! thou know'st not. [Mysteriously  
Just now, there hither came—  
Just now I here did see—  
Whom? What?  
Hoel. The lady of the meadows.  
Hoel. Mere fancy  
Cor. If she were not the Queen  
Of hobgoblins and of dancing too,  
Why then in speech and look  
Most marvellously did she resemble her,  
She forced me to play—  
She compelled me to dance,—  
Ah! what with twirling, what with piping,  
No breath is in my body left.  
Hoel. Chimeras, fancies these!  
Cor. But when I tell you she was there—  
Hoel. Nonsense!  
A truce to this!  
In order such notions to dispel—  
We'd better sup! If thy purse be empty,  
Or, perchance, thy cellar bare,  
Haste thee forth to fetch some wine.  
Cor. But how?  
Hoel. Here, take this crown.  
Cor. The argument, I own, is most convincing!

*Hoel.* [*Pensoso.*] E l' ultimo! che importa a chi domani

Potrà prendere l' oro a piene mani!

*Cor.* A piene mani l' oro!

*Hoel.* (Ci cade.) Va; discorrerem bevendo.

*Cor.* (Dell' oro.) Vado, e torno qui correndo  
[*Esce in fretta.*]

## SCENA VI.—HOEL, solo.

*Hoel.* Se per prender dei dèmoni il tesoro  
Un di noi perir dee, morrà costui.  
Per te, per te, amor mio  
In vita, o Dinorah, restar vogl' io.  
Magia, magia possente, ebbrezza del mio cor,  
Delirio seducente, prestigio incantator,  
Sull' ali del desio portati via da me,  
Il rimorso e il terror, lenite il dolor mio  
Tornate al cor la fè.  
Ricchezze sconosciute nell' ombra contenute,  
Tesor che Dio celò  
Che Dio quaggiù rinserra,  
Sepolti nella terra, ove i suoi raggi il sol  
Spingere mai non suol!  
Il tetto mio paterno abbandonai per l' or,  
Le fiamme dell' inferno sentiva nel mio cor.  
In preda a rio dolor  
Da un anno sto a penare  
Gl' istanti a numerare  
E notte e dì—sempre così  
Vegliando aspetto e spero.  
Alfin l' ora è suonata!  
Oh sorte! Sol degg' io  
Stender la mano, ed il tesoro è mio!

*Hoel.* [*Thoughtfully.*] 'Tis the last! What matters that to one  
Whose hands to-morrow will be filled with gold.

*Cor.* Filled with gold!

*Hoel.* [*Aside.*] The bait attracts him. [*Alou l.*] Go! we'll  
talk of this while drinking!

*Cor.* [*Aside.*] (Gold!) [*Aloud.*] I go and quickly hasten  
back again! [*Exit, hastily.*]

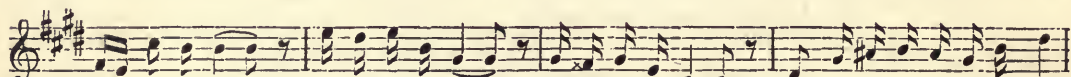
## SCENE VI.—HOEL, alone.

*Hoel.* If, in order to wrest from the demons their treasure  
One of us must perish, 'tis he shall die!  
For thee, for thee, beloved Dinorah,  
Alive would I remain.  
Magic, potent magic! Enchantress of my heart,  
Intoxicating delirium, enchanting delusion,  
On the wings of expectation,  
Waft thou far from me all terror and remorse;  
Lighten thou my anguish, restore faith to my heart.  
O ye riches unknown, 'mid dark gloom immured,  
Treasures which Heaven hath concealed,  
Deep buried in the earth,  
Down, down, where the sun's rays  
Ne'er penetrate.  
The paternal roof for gold have I abandoned,  
The flames of hell I've felt within my heart.  
A prey to cruel cares  
A whole year have I languished,  
The moments ceaselessly enumerating,  
Both night and day;—thus, ever waking,  
Do I await and hope!  
At last the hour hath come!  
Oh fate! I've only to extend my hand,  
And mine the treasure becomes!

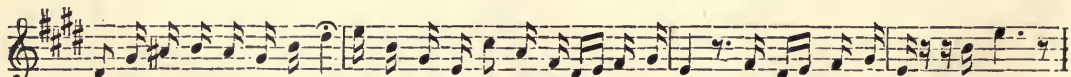
## DELL' ORO, DELL' OR! OF GOLD, OF GOLD! HOEL.



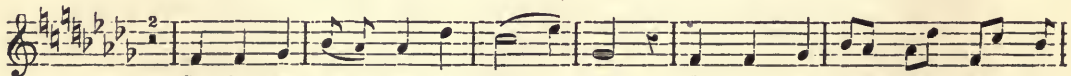
Dell' o - ro, dell' or! An - co - ra ed an-cor! Ric - chezze, te - sor già  
Of gold.... of gold, In sums un - told, Pearls and ru - bies bright, Se-



ven - go - no fu-or. I bel scu-di d'or Ch' han tan-to va - lor, Sì, tut-to, tut-to in mia fè,  
ove - ted from sight, An - ti - qua - ted coin, Deem'd for-ev-er gone, Yes, by my faith, 'tis mine a-lone,



Sì, tut-to, tut-to è per me! Sa - ro al - fi - ne più ric - co d'un fe, plu ric - co d'un re, d'un re!  
Yes, by my faith, 'tis mine alone! Ah! behold me richer than king on his throne, more rich than a king, a king!



So - lo per te che a - do - - ro Io cer - co quel te - so - -  
Dear-est, these treasures rich and glow - - ing, This heart with thoughts of thee o'er -



ro..... Nol bramo che per te che per te Per met - ter - - lo  
flow - - - - ing, Nev - er hath de-sired mine to be, On - ly to be - stow



SCENA VII.—CORENTINO ed HOEL.

SCENE VII.—CORENTINO and HOEL.

**Cor.** Eccomi! se tardai  
Non è mia colpa. L' osteria trovai  
Piena di gente. E natural; domani  
E il giorno del Perdono.  
**Hoel.** [Pensoso.] Alla chiesa del villaggio  
Or fa un anno, il veggio ancor,  
Pel divin pellegrinaggio  
N' andavamo—ebbrì d' amor  
Scioglievamo—i sacri canti  
Alla Madre del Signor.  
**Cor.** [Fa sè.] Non l' intendo affatto affatto—  
[Apparecchiando la cena.  
Parla solo come un matto.  
**Hoel.** [Come sopra.] Quando un turbine repente  
A interromper vien la festa;  
Imperversa la tempesta,  
Rugge il tuono orribilmente.  
Dal terror Dinorah sviene—  
Il mio braccio la sostiene.  
**Cor.** Ma di grazia, mi spiegate,  
Di chi mai, di chi parlate.  
**Hoel.** Dal fulmine colpita  
La capanna del padre è incenerita—  
Dinorah sventurata!  
Eccola condannata—all' miseria!—  
La cosa divien seria!  
**Cor.** [Sedendo.] Tonick allora, il vecchio del villaggio  
A me s' appressa e dice:  
"Se povera divien Dinorah tua  
Io ricco ti farò; dammi la mano;

**Cor.** Here I am! if I have tarried  
'Twas no fault of mine. I found the hostelry  
Quite filled with people. 'Twas natural enough,  
For to-morrow is the day of the Pilgrimage.  
They've all met there to gossip.  
**Hoel.** [Thoughtfully.] A year ago, as for the holy pilgrim-  
age, our way we wended  
Unto the village church,—methinks I see it now,—  
With pious love elated we chanted sacred hymns  
Unto the Virgin Mother.  
**Cor.** I understand him not a whit!  
Insanely to himself he talks!  
**Hoel.** [As above.] When suddenly a storm  
Did interrupt our festival;  
The rain in torrents poured,  
The thunder rolled with hideous roar,  
With terror Dinorah swooned,  
And 'twas my arm that did support her.  
**Cor.** But explain, I do implore thee,  
What is it thou talk'st about?  
**Hoel.** By lightning struck,  
Her father's cottage was consumed.  
Luckless Dinorah!  
Behold her doomed—to misery!  
**Cor.** The affair grows serious.  
**Hoel.** [Sitting down.] 'Twas then that Tonick, the old vit  
lager,  
Drew near to me and said—  
"If poor thy Dinorah hath become,

Un anno intero a vivere lontano  
Dagli uomini ne andremo,  
In fondo ai boschi : ma no 'l sappia alcuno !  
Al termine d' un anno  
L' ora suonar s' udra,  
La croce brillerà  
Ed il tesoro è là."

Cor. Qual tesoro ?

Hoel. Un di quelli  
Che numerosi nani  
E gnomi e Korigani  
Difendono nell' ombra e nel mistero.

Cor. [Spaventato.] Ah! diamine!

Hoel. Messiamo—  
Alla salute tua!

[Urta il suo bicchiere a quello di Cor.

Cor. Grazie! alla vostra!

[Beve.

Hoel. Un anno inter lontano  
Cou lui mi tenni dal consorzio umano,  
L' anno è compito.

Cor. Ed il tesoro ?

Hoel. [Versandogli da bere.] Ahimè!

Se pria del dì segnato non moria!  
Tonick diviso insiem con me l' avria.  
Pazienza! l' ora è giunta.  
Parmi d' udire ancora  
La capra bianca ed il sonaglio d' oro  
Che guida a me saranno.

[Alzandosi.

Cor. Ed il tesoro ?

Hoel. Trovarlo al noto loco  
Saprò—Tonick mi disse:  
"Da Satana ti guarda  
E dagl' inganni suoi.  
Se la tua mano è tarda,  
L' oro trovar non puoi.  
Le sortilegi e incanti  
Egli raddoppierà,  
Non t' arrestar, va innanti,  
Il ciel t' assisterà!  
Se credi il padre tuo veder che muore,  
Se la madre, trafitta dal dolore,  
Se l' amata che piange e chiede amore,  
Infernal menzogna,  
Prestigio ed error  
Mentitor—  
D' uom che sogna,  
Folle error  
Che appar e dispar!"

Cor. Ma se un demonio allora

A voi si mostrava ?

Hoel. Tonick mi disse ancora

Le parole di rito  
Ascolta, eccole quà :  
"Via fuggite, spettri vani  
Voi guardiani—di quest' or,  
Negli spechi più lontani  
Vi celate, uscite fuor  
Quando suona mezzanotte,  
Che la croce brillerà,  
E che il gallo canterà,  
Mio diviene quel tesoro.  
Fuggi, arretrati, Satanno  
Tutto mio sarà quell' or!"

Cor. Vorreste a me ripeterle

Un' altra volta ancor ?

Hoel. [Ripete le parole.] Via fuggite spettri vani, ecc.

Cor. Voi dunque siete certo ?

[Le dice anch' esso per metterselo nella memoria.

Hoel. Il giorno è giunto

La capra bianca vedi, colsi il ramo,  
Ed ora più g' istanti non perdiamo.

I'll undertake to make thee rich—give me thy hand,  
A whole year will we live remote from men,  
In forest depths obscure,—but mark! none this must  
know!

When the year shall have expired  
The hour will strike,  
The fiery cross will gleam,  
And there the treasure will be!  
What treasure ?

Cor. What treasure ?

Hoel. One of those,  
Which dwarfs in crowds,  
And gnomes and Korigans  
'Mid gloom and mystery defend.

Cor. [Alarmed.] The devil!

Hoel. Let's drink together!  
Here's to thy health!

[Approaches his glass to that of Cor

Cor. Thanks! I drink to yours.

[Drinks.

Hoel. One entire year did I remain  
With him, remote from human intercourse;  
The year is now expired!

Cor. And the treasure ?

Hoel. [Helping him to more wine.] Alas!  
Had not Tonick died before the appointed day,  
We should betwixt us have divided it.  
But, patience!—the hour hath come!  
Methinks I hear  
The white goat with the golden bells,  
Which is as guide to serve me!

[Rising

Cor. And the treasure!

Hoel. To find it at the appointed place.  
Full well I'll know—Tonick said to me—  
"Beware of Satan and his wiles!  
If thy hand hesitate  
The gold thou wilt not find,  
His spells and incantations  
The Evil One will then redouble!  
Hold not thy hand, but boldly on,  
And Heaven will aid thee!  
Should'st thou, in fancy, see thy father dying,  
Or thine own mother overcome by grief,  
Should e'en thy lov'd one pass, in tears, thy love  
implore,  
Beware! Abhorred phantoms these,  
Mere tricks and lying snares,  
Unreal as is a dream,  
Delusive fancies  
That appear, and straight  
Are seen no more!"

Cor. But should some devil

Rise up before thee!

Hoel. Tonick e'en told me,  
The words with which to exorcise him.

Listen!—they are these:

"Hence! hence! vain spectres,  
Guardians of this gold!  
In your remotest caves conceal yourselves!  
So soon as midnight shall have tolled,  
And the fiery cross shall shine,  
When, too, the cock his note hath sung,  
The treasure then will mine become!  
Avant thee, Satan! get thee back,—  
This gold shall all be mine!"

Cor. Will you these words repeat to me

Yet once again ?

Hoel. [Repeats the words.] "Hence! vain spectre," etc.

Cor. [Who also repeats them in order to fix them in his memory.] You then are certain ?

Hoel. The day hath come!

I've seen the white goat; the bough too have I plucked,  
The moments therefore let's no longer waste.

[*During these last words Din. è apparsa alla finestra; getta nella camera un mazzolino di fiori di prato, v'è in uno scroscio di riso, e dispare.*]

Cor. Che fu ?

Hoel. Silenzio ! è desso ! [Raccattando il mazzolino.]  
E quel folletto stesso  
Che mi protegge e al piè mi gettai fiori,  
Possente talisman contro i demoni.

Cor. [Fra sè.] (Della dama dei prati  
Io pavento gli agguati.)

Hoel. Ebben ? seguir mi vuoi ?  
Risolviti—quell' oro  
Con me divider puoi.

Cor. [A parte.] (Dividere un tesoro  
Perchè vuol mai con me ?)  
La cosa è ben sicura ?  
Un tesor ?

Hoel. [Versandogli da bere.] Bevi ancor.  
Cor. (Io non ci credo ancor.)

Hoel. Divider lo poss' io.

Cor. Un tesoro !

Hoel. Sì, un tesor !  
Il mio labbro a te lo giura.  
La tua man.

Cor. La mano ?

Hoel. Sì,

Cor. Ma perchè tremar così.  
E la cosa ben sicura ?—

[Accostandosi alla finestra.]

Hoel. Non vedete ?—il ciel s' abbruna.  
Ma fra poco vien la luna  
Che guidare ci dovrà.  
Dunque andiamo. A me la mano !

Cor. Aspettate—piano piano.  
Vo' venir—ma per partir  
Un bicchiere—giova bere !

Hoel. Bevi, se il vuoi,

Cor. Ah ! mi fa rabbia  
Che più valor  
Non ho nel cor !  
Un tesor ?

Hoel. Sì un tesor, ecc.

Cor. [Inpendo.] Or son pronto, vo' venire  
Mi diè il vino un po d' ardire  
Andiamo, su ;—non tremo più.

A 2. Senz' indugiare  
Senza girar,  
Indietro i nostri sguardi :  
Andiamo, ch' è tardi  
Pensarò che val !  
Al vallo infernal  
I passi volgiamo.  
Andiamo—corriam !

Hoel. [Trascinando Cor.] Andiam !

Cor. [Risoluto.] Andiam.

Hoel. Mi segui e non temere.

[Al momento che sono per uscir, s' ode la campanella della capra.]

Cor. Udite ? non vi pare  
Che s' oda tintinnare  
La campanella d' oro ?

Hoel. E la capra che al sito ov' é il tesoro  
Entrambi dèe guidare.

[Din. appare sulla collina.]

## SCENA ULTIMA.—DINORAH, HOEL, CORENTINO.

Din. Odo la mia capretta,  
Alfin, Bellah, t' avrò !

[Sino alla fine della scena si sentirà agitare il sonaglio della capra. Il tintinnio si perde a poco, e poco, in distanza.]

[During the last words, Din. has appeared at the window ; she throws into the room a bouquet of wild flowers, bursts forth into a wild laugh, and disappears.]

Cor. What was that ?

Hoel. Hush ! 'tis there ! [Picking up a nosegay.]  
'Tis the very spirit  
That doth protect me, and who at my feet  
Now throweth flowers, a potent charm 'gainst demons.

Cor. [Aside.] (Of the Lady of the Meadows,  
The snares I much do dread.)

Hoel. Well ! wilt follow me ?  
Decide ! This gold  
Thou canst divide with me.

Cor. [Aside.] (Why should he wish  
This treasure to divide with me !)  
But is the matter really certain—  
A treasure sayest thou—

Hoel. [Pouring him out more wine.] Drink yet more—  
Cor. (The fact as yet I don't believe)—

Hoel. I can share it if I please :

Cor. A treasure !

Hoel. Yes, a treasure !  
This I swear to thee !  
Thy hand—

Cor. My hand ?

Hoel. Yes !

Cor. But why dost tremble thus ?

Cor. Is the matter then quite certain ?

[Approaching the window]

Hoel. See you not—the sky's o'erclouded—  
No matter ! soon the moon will rise,  
The moon—which is to guide us—  
Then let us on ! thy hand now give me.

Cor. Stay yet awhile, not quite so fast—  
I'll come, but—ere we start,  
Another glass 'twere well to take !

Hoel. Drink, an' it so please thee !

Cor. It enrages me to think  
That more courage  
Dwells not within my heart.  
A treasure !

Hoel. Yes, a treasure, &c.

Cor. [Approaching his glass to that of Hoel.] Now I'm  
ready, and will come,  
To me the wine hath valor given,  
Come then, let's on—I quake no more !

Both. A truce to delay,  
Nor will we e'er cast  
E'en one glance behind us !  
On, on ! it grows late,  
To think on't now availeth nought,  
To the haunted vale  
Our steps we will bend,  
On, on ! let us haste !

Hoel. [Drawing onward Cor.] Let us on !

Cor. [Resolutely.] Let us on !

Hoel. Then follow me, cast fear aside !

[Just as they are going out, the goat's bell is heard.]

Cor. Hark ! seems it not to thee  
As though thou heard'st the tinkle  
Of the golden bell ?

Hoel. 'Tis the goat that is to lead us  
To the spot where lies the treasure !

[Din. appears on the hill]

## SCENE THE LAST.—DINORAH, HOEL, CORENTINO.

Din. My goat I hear,  
At length, Bellah, I've found thee !

[The goat's bell is heard to tinkle until the end of this scene when its sound gradually dies away in the distance.]

- Hoel.* Il tintinnar ch'odo echeggiar  
Non par opra infernale;  
La capra è la. Vieni per quà,  
Pìù l'indugiàr non vale.
- Cor.* Il tintinnar ch'odo echeggiar  
Mi sembra opra infernale.  
Chi mai di là ci tirerà!  
Un tremito m'asale!
- Din.* Il tintinnar ch'odo echeggiar  
Non par opra d'incanto;  
Sì sì, è Bellah che corre là,  
Son presto a lei d'accanto!
- Hoel e Cor.* T'è forza venir.  
*Cor.* Non vo' piu venir.  
*Din.* L'istante cogliam.  
*Hoel.* Sonaglio d'or, risuona ancor,  
E il nostro passo guida!  
Ah! scuro è il ciel ed ogni stel  
Al vento par che strida.  
[S'odo soffiare il vento tra le foglie.]
- Din.* Sonaglio d'or, risuona ancor,  
Ed il mio passo guida!  
Bisogna andar non più tardar  
La troverò la prenderò!
- Hoel.* Inoltriamoci nel bosco  
Mentre il cielo è ancora fosco.  
Bisogna andar non esitar.  
Meco ti' vo' ti guiderò.  
[Hoel trascina Cor. fuori della capanna.]
- Cor.* Bisogna andar non c'è che far  
Dirgli di no più non podrò.  
Che scuro cielo! Ho in core un gelo!  
Sento il terrore stringermi il core.  
[Si sente fischiare il vento nelle foglie.]
- Din.* Piano, pianino!  
A te il mio cor s'affida. Conto su te  
Guida il mio piè e Dio dal ciel m'arrida!
- Cor.* Ahi me meschino! Pormi in cammino  
Vorrei, ma chi mi guida? vacilla il piè  
Fermo non è, il ciel fausto m'arrida!
- Hoel.* Presto in cammino! Quell'argentino  
Suono ci sarà guida. Vieni con me  
Temer non de' colui che a me s'affida.
- Din.* Qual piacer! qual piacer!  
Ch'io la possa riveder!
- Hoel.* Vieni, avanziamo,  
Cauti inoltriamo,  
Andiamo—giù nel bosco  
Mentre che il cielo è fosco.
- Cor.* San Corentino! San Valentino! San Niccolo!  
San Barnabò! San Celestino! Sant'Agostino!  
Santi del cielo pietà di me!  
[Hoel trascina Cor. Din. sparisce dietro le rocce.]

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

## ATTO II.

## LA NOTTE.

Un bosco di betulle, schiarate dalla luna.

CENA I.—Legnaiuoli, che vengono dalla taverna.

- Toro.* Com'è buono! com'è buono!  
Il vin schietto  
Che il compare Ivon ci dà.  
Doman giorno di perdono  
Udi, udà, udà  
Doman, festa di precetto  
Via la noia, su il diletto!

- Hoel.* The tinkling tones which meet my ear,  
Have nought infernal in their sound;  
The goat is there, come then—this way—  
Delay availeth not!
- Cor.* The tinkling tones which meet mine ear,  
Infernal sounds appear;  
Who'er will help us out of this,  
I quake—I quake with fear!
- Din.* The tinkling tones which meet mine ear,  
No magic sounds are they;  
Yes, 'tis Bellah, she yonder runs,  
Soon by her side I'll be.
- Hoel to Cor.* Come now thou must.  
*Cor.* Come I will not.  
*Din.* By this moment will I profit.  
*Hoel.* O golden bell, sound, sound again,  
And guide our wand'ring steps;  
The heavens are dark, no star is seen,  
The wind makes hollow moan!  
[The wind is heard sighing amid the trees]
- Din.* O golden bell, sound, sound again,  
And guide my wand'ring steps!  
On must I haste, nor time thus waste,  
I'll find her yet!
- Hoel.* To the wood then let us hie,  
While murky gloom o'erclouds the sky.  
On, onward we must, nor hesitate thus,  
Come with me! I'll guide thee!  
[Hoel drags Cor. out of the cotta.]
- Cor.* There's nought to be done, go with him I must;  
To gainsay him now I ne'er should be able.  
How dark is the sky! Icy cold is my heart  
With terror and fright, 'tis sorely oppressed.  
[The wind is again heard whistling among the trees]
- Din.* Softly, softly, silvery sound,  
In thee my heart doth fondly trust, on thee I rely,  
Guide thou my steps, may heaven its help extend me
- Cor.* Ah! woe is me, I'd gladly start,  
But who's to help me on? my tottering feet  
Do hesitate; O gracious heaven assist me!
- Hoel.* Quick, quick, let's on! That silvery sound  
To us a guide shall be, come thou with me!  
He ne'er should fear who trusts himself to me!
- Din.* What pleasure! what pleasure!  
Bellah I once more may see.
- Hoel.* Come, let us advance,  
With caution we our way will take,  
To the wood then let us hie,  
While murky night o'erclouds the sky!
- Cor.* Saint Corentin! Saint Valentine! Saint Nicholas!  
Saint Barnabas! Saint Celestine! Saint Augustine!  
O all ye saints in heaven, have mercy pray on me!  
[Hoel drags Cor off. Din. disappears behind the rocks]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

## NIGHT.

A wood of Birch-trees.—Moonlight.

SCENE I.—Woodcutters coming from the Tavern

- Cho.* How good! how good!  
Is the pure wine  
Which neighbor Ivon gives us!  
Of the pilgrimage, to-morrow will be the day,  
Ding dong, ding dong.  
To-morrow we hold our yearly feasts.  
Then banish care, let joy abound!

SCENA II.—*Un Capraio giovinetto.*

*Rivolgendosi ai legnaiuoli, ed alle donne che arrivano in iscena.*

- Il capraio.** Ditemi buona gente—  
Vedeste Dinorah ?  
Sì lungo tempo assente  
Nascosta ove sarà ?  
Povera figlia ! l' ho cercata tanto !  
L' infelice è demente !  
Il sarto Perronick, da lei respinto,  
Per vendetta le disse,  
Ch' Hoel suo fidanzato, era sparito,  
Nè più tornar dovea—  
La poverina il senno ne perdea.  
Da quel dì che a lei narrata  
Fu la storia menzognera,  
Ogni dì, da mane a sera  
Del suo sposo in traccia va.  
Da quel dì la sventurata  
Spera, e crede al suo ritorno—  
Tornerà l' infido un giorno,  
La ragion non tornerà.
- Coro.** Tornerà l' infido un giorno  
La ragion non tornerà.
- Il capraio.** Fanciulle che il core  
Schiudete all' amore  
Badate, badate !  
Incaute non siate !  
Il senno e l' amore  
Insiem non stan bene ;  
Appena uno viene  
Che l' altro sen va.
- Coro.** L' amore sen viene,  
Il senno sen va !
- Il capraio.** Povera Dinorah ! di senno priva  
Or piange, or è giuliva,  
Lagrima e riso alterna, danze e canto.  
Egli non torna intanto,  
Ed ella aspetta abbandonata e sola !  
S' ascende in fondo ai boschi, e a noi s' invola.  
L' infido che amore  
V' accesse nel core,  
Sparisce un bel giorno,  
Nè più fa ritorno.  
Allora l' incauta  
Avvedesi alfine,  
Che cinta è di spine  
La rosa d' amor !
- Coro.** E cinta di spine  
La rosa d' amor !
- Tutti.** Dinorah ! Dinorah ! perchè t' ascondi ?  
Ritorna in mezzo a noi !  
Dinorah ! dove corri ? a noi rispondi  
Perchè venir non vuoi ?  
[S' allontanano chiamando a voce alta Dinorah.]

SCENA III.—*DINORAH, arriva correndo.*

- Din.** Dov' è Hoël ! ah ! dov' è Hoël !  
Quì m' aspetta il mio fedel—  
[Guardando intorno.]  
Ma no, quì non veggo alcuno  
Non trovo nessuno  
M' han tatti lasciata.  
Ahimè ! [Si abbandona su d' un sasso.]  
Il ciglio perchè  
Di pianto si bagna  
Qual nuovo dolor,  
Fa mesto il mio cor !

SCENE II.—*Enter a young Goat-herd.*

*Goat-herd addressing the Woodcutters and Peasant women, who now appear on the stage.*

- Tell me, worthy folks,  
Dinorah have ye seen,  
Long absent has she been,  
Where can she have concealed herself ?  
Poor girl ! I long have sought her,  
The luckless one is mad,  
The tailor Perronick, whose suit she did repel,  
To be revenged informed her  
That Hoël—her betrothed—had disappeared,  
And would return no more !  
Through this, the unhappy maid her reason lost !  
From the hour in which this fiction,  
This tale, most false, to her was told,  
Each day, from morn to eve,  
Her bridegroom she doth vainly seek.  
From that time forth, the ill-starred girl  
Hopes on, and looks for his return ;  
The false one will one day return,  
Her reason will return no more !
- Cho.** The false one will one day return,  
Her reason will return no more !
- Goat-herd.** Oh maidens, ye whose hearts  
To love perchance incline,  
Beware ! beware !  
Pray have a care !  
For Love and Reason,  
Seldom do agree ;  
No sooner doth the one arrive  
Than straight the other disappears !
- Cho.** When Love arrives,  
Then Reason straight doth disappear !
- Goat-herd.** Poor Dinorah ! of sense bereft,  
At one moment weeps, anon she doth rejoice,  
Tears and laughter, dance and song in turns succeed  
Meanwhile, he returneth not,  
And she waits on, abandoned and alone !  
In afondest depths she hides, and seeks to escape us.  
The false one, who love  
In your heart hath awakened,  
One day disappears,  
Nor comes he again.  
Ah, then the unwary maid  
At length doth perceive,  
That the fair rose of love  
Is surrounded by thorns !
- Cho.** That the fair rose of love  
Is surrounded by thorns !
- All.** Dinorah ! Dinorah ! why thus conceal thyself ?  
Return unto us !  
Dinorah ! whither hastenest thou ! Reply  
Wherefore wilt' not come ?  
[They withdraw, loudly calling Dinorah.]

SCENE III.—*Enter DINORAH, running*

- Din.** Where is Hoël ! ah ! where is Hoël !  
My faithful one awaits me here—  
[Looking round]  
But no ! no one see I here—  
No one can I find,  
All ! all have left me.  
Ah, woe is me ! [Sinks dejectedly upon a stone]  
Why are mine eyes  
Thus bathed in tears ?  
What new grief is this  
That saddens thus my heart ?

## L' INCANTATORE DELLA MONTAGNA—THE WIZARD ON THE MOUNTAIN. DINORAH.

L' in - can - ta - to - re del - la mon - tag - na del - la mon - tag - - na Sda -  
 The wiz - ard on the moun - tain dwell - ing, on moun - tain dwell ing, While  
 mò, leg - gen - do nella mia man; leg - gen - do nella mia man;  
 gaz - ing on my hand did say, while gaz - ing on my hand;  
 "Po - ve - ro fio - re del - la Bat - tag - na Sa - ral dal ge - lo col - to do - man,  
 Poor lit - tle flower, thy buds now swell - ing, To - mor - row's blast shall rend a - way,  
 sa - rai dal gelo col - to do - man, do - man, do - man".....  
 To - mor - row's blast shall rend a - way, So soon! a - las!.....

L' usignuolino di duol gemendo  
 Il mio dolore gravando vien,  
 In sua favella così dicendo!  
 "Non v' è più amore! non v' è più imen!"  
 [Guardando intorno con timore.

Ahimè! che notte oscura!  
 Fra le tenebre errar mi fa paura!—  
 [Un raggio di luna proietta l' ombra ai suoi piedi.  
 O gioia! alfin più sola non son io  
 Buondi! fedele mia compagna e amica!  
 Venuto quì tu sei  
 Per imparar da me,  
 Quel che cantare o che danzar tu dei,  
 Alle mie nozze con Hoël dimani.

[Alla sua ombra.

The little wren is softly singing, so soft and low,  
 Conceal'd among the wayside flowers,  
 To me his song seems ever ringing  
 Farewell to love and happy hours!

[Looking timidly around her.

Alas! how murky is the night!  
 I fear me thus to wander 'mid its gloom!  
 [A gleam of moonshine now casts her shadow at her feet.  
 O joy! alone am I no longer!  
 Good day to thee! my true and faithful friend!  
 Thon'rt hither come  
 To learn from me,  
 How thou should'st sing and dance  
 To-morrow—at my wedding with Hoël!

[To her shadow

## OMBRA LEGGIERA—LIGHT FLITTING SHADOW. DINORAH.

Om - bra leg - gie - ra Non - te n' an - dar.... Non t' in - vo - lar, No, no, no, Fa - ta o chi -  
 Light flit - ting shad - ow, Com - pan - ion gay.... Go not a - way! No, no, no! Dear sprite or  
 me - ra sei lusing - hie - ra, Non t' in - vo - lar, No, no, no, Ombra a me ca - ra Cor - ria - mo a  
 fai - ry, Or vis - ion air - y, Go not a - way! No, no, no! Play here be - side me, Dark fears be -  
 ga - ra, re - sta con me Al mio piè! Ah!..... non t' in - vo - lar.... Non t' involar!  
 tide me, When thou dost go Far from me! Ah!..... go not..... a - way,.... go not away!

Ad ogni aurora ti vo' trovar  
 Deh resta ancora, vieni a danzar.  
 Se resterei se non t' en vai,  
 M' udrai cantar—così!  
 [Siede e si china come per parlare all' ombra che si delegua  
 a suoi piedi.

Each coming morn I thee would find,  
 Ah pri' thee stay and dance with me!  
 If thou wilt stay, nor go away,  
 Then thus shalt hear me sing.  
 [She sits down and stoops forward, as though to speak to  
 the shadow which is projected at her feet.

Non sai ch' Hoël m' ama ?  
 Che sposa mi chiama ?  
 Legar seppe amor  
 Il suo al mio cor !  
 [Una nuvola passa, l' ombra sparisce.]  
 Ma già ti nascondi !  
 Perché vuoi partir ?  
 Ah ! dimmi, rispondi,  
 Così non fuggir !  
 [Guardando intorno con terrore.]  
 Quà sola soletta  
 Nel buio son già,  
 Deh' torna, t' affretta—  
 [La luna riappare, e con essa l' ombra.]  
 Ah brava ! sei quà—  
 Ingrata, e tu potesti  
 Così da me fuggir !  
 Ombra leggera, ecc. [Si allontana.]

Know'st thou not that Hoël loves me ?  
 That as his bride he claims me !  
 Love well hath known  
 Our two hearts to unite !  
 [A cloud passes over the moon—the shadow disappears]  
 Already thou hid'st thyself,  
 Why wilt thou begone ?  
 Reply then, pray tell me  
 Why flee from me thus ?  
 [Looking around her in terror.]  
 Alone—all alone,  
 In the darkness am I,  
 Return then—ah ! hasten thee,  
 [The moon re-appears, and with it the shadow.]  
 Ah welcome ! thou'rt there !  
 And could'st thou, ungrateful,  
 Away from me fly ?  
 O shadow light, &c. [She withdraws.]

SCENA IV.—Una landa deserta, che si estende a perdita di sguardo fino al mare. Qua e là grandi pietre druidiche. In fondo un burrone, di cui un albero rovesciato riunisce i due capi. Più lontano un largo stagno cinto di canne. Le acque sono ritenute da argini che impediscono di traboccare e d' inondare la landa. E' notte oscura piena. Qualche baleno solca l' orizzonte. Il vento soffia. Spessi nugoli corrono il cielo.

SCENE IV.—A desert plain, extending itself as far as the eye can reach in the direction of the sea. Here and there large Druidical stones ; at back, a ravine, the two sides of which are united by an uprooted tree ; further on, a large pond surrounded by reeds, the waters thereof are enclosed by sluices which prevent them from overflowing and inundating the plain. The night is pitchy dark. Lightnings occasionally illumine the horizon. The wind moans. Thick clouds traverse the heavens.

HOEL e CORENTINO.

HOEL and CORENTINO.

Hoel. T' inoltra.  
 Cor. Son con voi.  
 Hoel. Questo è il burrone ;  
 Siam giunti.  
 Cor. Il ciel s' annera,  
 Non oso più avanzar.  
 Hoel. Somiglia al cielo  
 Dell' anno scorso, il giorno del Perdono.  
 Cor. Ehi ! piove.  
 Hoel. Temi forse d' annegarti ?  
 Cor. Ma l' argine può rompersi al torrente.  
 Hoel. Odi ! [S' ode suonar l' ora.]  
 Cor. Son undici ore.  
 Hoel. A mezzanotte  
 Vedrai la croce sfolorar. Mi segui.  
 Cor. Se v' aspettassi qui ?  
 Hoel. [Volendo trascinarlo.] Vieni, poltrone !  
 Cerchiam la via che mena giù al burrone.  
 Cor. S' andaste solo ; vi sarei d' impaccio.  
 Hoel. Vieni ; serba in tua mano  
 Questo' piccolo ramo ; è un talismano.  
 [Gli dà il ramo di nocciuolo.]

Hoel. Advance, I say.  
 Cor. I'm close at hand.  
 Hoel. This is the ravine.  
 We've reached our destination !  
 Cor. The heavens are black.  
 I dare advance no farther.  
 Hoel. Just such a sky was there  
 Last year, the day of the Pardon.  
 Cor. It rains.  
 Hoel. Fear'st thou lest thou should'st be drowned ?  
 Cor. But the sluices might give way before the torrent.  
 Hoel. Listen ! [A clock strikes]  
 Cor. Eleven o'clock.  
 Hoel. At midnight  
 The fiery cross thou'lt see. Follow me—  
 Cor. Suppose I were to await thee here !  
 Hoel. [Endeavoring to urge him onward.] Coward, come !  
 Let's seek the path that leads unto the ravine !  
 Cor. 'Twere better thou should'st go alone ! I—I should  
 but hinder thee.  
 Hoel. Come ! take in thy hand  
 This little branch, for 'tis a talisman !  
 [Gives him the nut-tree bough.]

SCENA V.—CORENTINO solo.

SCENE V.—CORENTINO alone.

Cor. Non c' è che dir ! E bello aver coraggio !  
 Seguirlo anch' io vorrei,  
 Ma non oso—E sul ponte—  
 Il varca—O cielo !  
 L'ha varcato !—Or son solo !—  
 Ho in core un gelo.  
 Ah ! che terrore !  
 Ah ! qual tremore !  
 Cantiamo un pò per prendere vigore.  
 [Canta presta, ed a voce alta, per darsi coraggio.]  
 " Ci destiamo, spunta il dì,  
 Suona poscia mezzo dì—  
 Alla sera si è così

Cor. 'Tis no use talking ! A fine thing 'tis to be courageous.  
 And follow him I gladly would,  
 But that I dare not ! He's on the bridge—  
 He crosses it. Oh ! heavens !  
 He's on the other side—and I am all alone !  
 An icy chill pervades my heart !  
 Ah ! what terror !  
 Oh ! what fright !  
 Let's seek, by singing, a little strength to gain.  
 [Sings rapidly and in a loud voice to give himself courage]  
 \* " Awake ! awake ! the day doth dawn—  
 Twelve o'clock e'er long will strike—  
 Of an evening thus it is—

\* The reader will of course understand that the confused assemblage of incoherent ejaculations, which constitutes this song, is the result of Corentino's extreme terror while singing.

La giornata—è terminata,  
La giornata—e poi l' amata."

Ah! che tremor!  
Ah! che terror!

*Canta di nuovo.*

"Venti e tre fan ventitre,  
Ancor dieci trentatre,  
Ed ognuno morir dè,  
Quanti s'iam tutti morremo,  
Quando arriva il giorno estremo."  
La canzone m' agghiaccia il cor.

Ah! qual tremor!  
Ah! che terror!

[*Vede Din. che scende verso di lui di roccia in roccia, avviluppata in un lungo mantello bruno, a cappuccio.*]

SCENA VI.—CORENTINO e DINORAH.

Cor. Gran Dio! chi vien? chi è la? più non rammento.  
Le mistiche parole—Il gallo canta  
La croce splende—Io moro—

Din. [*Avvicinandosi.*] Sei tu?

Cor. [*Cadendo.*] Più non mi reggo.

Din. Tu pur l' aspetti? ma venir nol veggo—  
Al tempio lo cercai, non v'era. Il chiamo  
E non risponde—

Cor. [*Alzandosi.*] Chi? che mai vuol dire?  
Non sei tu?—

Din. Son la donna del suo core.  
Ma taci, la mia gioia, a sparir presta,  
E' come l' augellin della foresta:  
Il più lieve rumor la fa fuggire.

Cor. Ah! è la pazza!

Din. La pazza!  
Cor. Or cui rammento

Che di te m' han parlato.  
Ti ravviso.

Din. Silenzio!

Cor. Che?  
Din. Là, in fondo del burrone  
Un sasso a cader venne.

Cor. Il tesoro!—

Din. Il tesoro?  
Cor. Ei lo rinvenne.

The day, I say,—the day's then over;  
The day, I say,—one's well-beloved"—

Ah! what terror!  
Oh! what fright!

[*Sings u xia*]

"Twenty and three make twenty-three,  
Ten more yet make three and thirty,  
Every one must some day die,  
Each of us will die in turn,  
When the appointed hour shall come."  
This song of mine my heart doth freeze.

Ah! what terror!  
Oh! what fright!

*He perceives Din. who descends from rock to rock in his direction, enveloped in a brown mantle and hood.*

SCENE VI.—CORENTINO and DINORAH.

Cor. Great Heavens! who comes—who's there! the mystic words  
I've quite forgotten. "The cock doth crow—  
The cross doth shine!"—I die—I die—

Din. [*Approaching him.*] Is't thou?

Cor. [*Falling down.*] I can contain myself no longer.

Din. Thou, too, awaitest him! Alas! I cannot see him coming—  
I've sought him at the church—he was not there—I call him,  
And he answers not—

Cor. [*Rising.*] Who? What can she mean?  
Art thou not—

Din. The maiden of his heart am I.  
But, hush! my happiness, like to the forest bird,  
Doth quickly disappear,  
The slightest noise puts it to flight.

Cor. Ah! 'tis the mad woman!

Din. The mad woman!  
Cor. I remember—  
They oft have told me of thee—I now do recollect thee.

Din. Hush!

Cor. What is't?  
Din. Yonder, in the ravine's depths,  
A stone has fallen!

Cor. The treasure!

Din. The treasure?  
Cor. He finds it then!

TRIST' ORRENDO FATO—FATE OF GLOOM. DINORAH.

Trist' or-ren-do fa - - to Spir-to con-dan-na - - to Sor-te ria toc-cò,  
Fate of gloom and ter - - ror, Soul condemn'd in er - - ror! Grief the treasure brought

A chi lo cer-cò, A chi lo cer - cò..... A chi lo cer - - - cò.....  
Him who for it sought, Grief the treasure brought Him who for it sought.....

Cor. (Che sta dicendo? questo canto il so.)

Din. "Sorte sciagurata  
Alma condannata  
Chi primo portò—la mano al tesor  
Nell' anno spirò."

Cor. E un avviso del cielo; è la canzone  
Che mia nonna cantava  
Quand' ero ancor bambino, e mi cullava.

Cor. [*Aside.*] What is't she says? This song I surely know

Din. "Luckless fate!  
Soul lost for ever!  
Who first his hand upon the treasure lays,  
Within the year shall die!"

Cor. 'Tis warning from heaven; 'tis the song  
Which my old nurse did sing to me,  
When, yet a child, to sleep she rocked me!



*Din.* "Chi primo al tesor—la mano portò  
Nell' anno spirò."  
[*S' allontana lentamente senza volgere il capo, e sparisce dietro le rupi.*]

## SCENA VII.—CORENTINO, poi HOEL.

*Cor.* Ribaldo! m' avea preso al laccio, e spinto  
M' avrebbe a certa morte.  
*Hoel.* [*Ritornando.*] Corentino!  
*Cor.* Sono qui.  
*Hoel.* L' ora è giunta. Conveniamo  
Di quel che far dobbiamo.  
*Cor.* [*Fra sè.*] (Lasciamolo parlare  
Vo' vedere di me che mai vuol fare.)  
*Hoel.* Quando l' ora suonerà  
Giù nel fondo del burrone,  
Un di noi discenderà,  
*Cor.* [*Con ironia.*] Un di noi discenderà.  
*Hoel.* Con la magica sua verga  
Ogn' nano che qui alberga  
Egli in fuga metterà.  
*Cor.* [*Con ironia.*] Egli in fuga metterà  
*Hoel.* Una pietra allor cadrà,  
E la croce egli vedrà  
Come fiamma scintillar.  
*Cor.* [*Come sopra.*] Come fiamma scintillar.  
*Hoel.* Entro la terra avara ei scoprirà il tesor  
Seco lo prenderà, e qui lo porterà.  
*Cor.* [*Come sopra.*] Seco lo prenderà, e qui lo porterà.  
*Hoel.* Per fuggire l' uragano,  
Ben lontano noi n' andremo  
E il tesoro spartiremo.  
*Cor.* Sta ben! che Dio ci assista—Dite un poco?  
Quando l' ora suonerà  
Giù nel fondo del burrone  
Chi di noi discenderà?—  
*Hoel.* Io ti cedo volentieri  
Quest' onor—  
*Cor.* Ed il tesor  
Chi di noi—di me o di voi  
Per il primo toccherà?  
*Hoel.* Tu. Consento a questo ancor.  
*Cor.* Usurpare il vostro posto?  
No, davvero nol farò.  
*Hoel.* E perchè, se n' ho piacere?  
*Cor.* A voi spetta, a voi conviene.  
*Hoel.* Perchè a me? chi ti trattiene.  
*Cor.* Tant' onore v' appartiene.  
*Hoel.* (Il furbo, lo so, di me sospettò,  
Sì finge poltron, ma sa la ragion.  
Il fatto è ben certo, l' inganno ha scoperto—  
Se oppone un rifiuto perduto—ho il tesoro.)  
*Cor.* (Che vuole lo so, capito già l' ho;  
Udii la canzon più sciocco non son!  
Del fatto son certo, l' inganno ho scoperto;  
E pallido e muto confessò l' error.)  
*Hoel.* Mi devi seguir,  
Mi devi obbedir.  
*Cor.* Ho troppo timor,  
Non voglio tesor.  
*Hoel.* Perchè cangiar d' avviso?  
*Cor.* [*Con dispetto.*] Perchè morir non vo'  
Non mi diceste or ora  
Che maledetto era il tesoro?  
*Hoel.* Ebbene?  
*Cor.* Offender non so il ciel  
Per morir poi nel modo più crudel.  
*Hoel.* [*Ridendo.*] Prestar vuoi fede a quella vecchia storia.  
*Cor.* Ci credo ben!

*Din.* "Who first his hand upon the treasure lays,  
Within the year shall die!"  
[*Retires slowly without looking round, and disappears behind the rocks.*]

## SCENE VII.—CORENTINO, and afterwards HOEL.

*Cor.* The villain! he had caught me in his snare,  
And unto certain death did lure me!  
*Hoel.* [*Returning.*] Corentino!  
*Cor.* I'm here.  
*Hoel.* The hour's at hand! Let's then arrange  
What we ought now to do.  
*Cor.* [*Aside.*] Let him say on,  
I long to see what he would do with me!  
*Hoel.* When the hour shall strike,  
Down into the ravine's depths,  
One of us must then descend!  
*Cor.* [*Ironically.*] One of us must then descend!  
*Hoel.* With his magic rod,  
Each dwarf, who there doth dwell,  
He straight will put to flight.  
*Cor.* [*As above.*] He straight will put to flight!  
*Hoel.* A stone then will fall,  
The cross, too, will he see,  
Glittering like fiery flame.  
*Cor.* [*As above.*] Glittering like fiery flame.  
*Hoel.* Within the niggard earth the treasure he'll discover,  
He then will seize it, and will bring it here!  
*Cor.* [*As above.*] He then will seize it, and will bring it here!  
*Hoel.* To 'scape the hurricane,  
Far hence we then will fly,  
And the treasure we'll divide!  
*Cor.* 'Tis well! May heaven protect us! But I pray—  
When the hour is heard to strike,  
Down into the ravine depths,  
Which of us will then descend?  
*Hoel.* That honor, willingly  
I yield to thee—  
*Cor.* And the treasure—  
Which of us now, you or I,  
Should be the first to touch?  
*Hoel.* Thou! To this I likewise do consent.  
*Cor.* What! thus usurp thy privilege?  
Good sooth! that ne'er will I!  
*Hoel.* And wherefore not, since it so pleases me?  
*Cor.* This right is yours, to you it appertains!  
*Hoel.* Why unto me! what thee impedes?—  
*Cor.* So great an honor's due to thee alone!  
*Hoel.* [*Aside.*] (The rascal, I see, hath suspicions conceived,  
He cowardice feigns, but good reasons has he.  
The fact is most sure, he has discovered my drift!  
Should he persist in refusing, the treasure I've lost.)  
*Cor.* [*Aside.*] ('Tis his wish—that I know—and can well understand;  
But the song I have heard, and my folly is o'er!  
Of the fact I am sure, I've discovered his drift!  
See! pale now and mute, he his fault doth avow.)  
*Hoel.* Thy duty 'tis to follow me—  
Thine 'tis to obey!  
*Cor.* My fears are too great,  
This treasure,—I'll none on't.  
*Hoel.* Why thus change thy mind?  
*Cor.* [*Angrily.*] Because I wish not to die!  
Didst thou not thyself tell me  
That this treasure was accursed?  
*Hoel.* What then?  
*Cor.* I would not heaven offend,  
And straightway perish in manner terrible!  
*Hoel.* [*Laughing.*] What! believ'st thou then in that old story?  
*Cor.* Of course—I do!

*Hoel.* [*Spingendolo.*] Va innanzi.  
*Cor.* A voi! a voi! [*Cedendogli il passo.*]  
 Mostratemi il cammino. Verrò poi.  
*Hoel.* (Il furbo, lo so,  
 Di me sospettò) ecc.  
*Cor.* (Che vuole lo so,  
 Capito già l'ho) ecc.  
*Hoel.* Andiam! Resisti invano.  
 Dei porre il primo sul tesor la mano.  
*Cor.* Fategli voi.  
*Hoel.* Nol posso. Quest' anello  
 Mel vieta; è benedetto.  
*Cor.* Voi ne avete un solo, ed io ne ho due.  
*Hoel.* Trema, se mi resisti, ti strascino.  
 [*Volendo spingerlo a forza.*]  
*Cor.* Giù la man! Corentino  
 Quando teme la morte [*Difendosi.*]  
 Diviene ardito e forte  
 Più forte d' un leon.  
*Din.* [*Di dentro.*] "Chi primo al tesor—la mano portò  
 Nell' anno spirò."  
*Hoel.* Chi favella?  
*Cor.* Siam salvi! A tempo giunge.  
*Hoel.* Chi:  
 [*Din. si china sull' orlo del burrone per cogliere fiori.*]  
*Cor.* Silenzio! E la pazza. Volentier:  
 L' onor le cedo ti toccar la prima  
 Il tesoro.  
*Hoel.* Una donna! qual viltà!  
*Cor.* Grazie! quanta bontà!  
 Dunque meno di lei valgo per voi?  
 Udiste?  
 [*Si sente suonar la mezzanotte in lontananza.*]  
*Hoel.* Mezzanotte!  
 [*La campana suona sino al terzetto seguente.*]  
*Cor.* Che aspettate?  
*Hoel.* E' una dama o uno spettro?  
*Cor.* Attento state.

## SCENA VIII.—HOEL, CORENTINO, e DINORAH.

*Hoel* si tiene in disparte. Corentino si accosta a Dinorah, che, seduta su d' un sasso, aggiusta un mazzolino di fiori selvatici.

*Cor.* Ascolta, mia bella parlare ti vo'.  
*Din.* Chi è là? chi favella?  
*Cor.* Io dare tiov' in dono un anel.  
*Din.* A me l' anel? no  
 Offerlo a me soltanto ei de'.  
*Cor.* Chi?  
*Din.* Quei che m'amò  
 Che sua mi chiamò,  
 Che aspetto quà,  
 Che or or verrà.  
 [*Cangiando bruscamente d' idea e cantando.*]  
 "Usignuolin—ecco il mattin  
 Canta d' amor—deh! canta ancor."—  
*Hoel.* Che ascolto! la sua voce  
 Tonyck il disse a me!  
 "Se credi il padre tuo veder che muore,  
 Se la madre che langue nel dolore,  
 Se l' amata che piange e chiede amore,  
 Infernal menzogna  
 Prestigio ed error  
 Mentitor.  
 D' uom che sogna  
 Vano error  
 Che appar  
 E dispar."  
 [*S' allontana di bel nuvo, e resta nell' ombra addossato ad una rupe.*]

*Hoel.* [*Pushing him.*] On, on, I say!  
*Cor.* [*Making way for him.*] Thine be it rather  
 To show the way. I will follow.  
*Hoel.* (The rascal, I know,  
 Hath suspicions conceived,) etc.  
*Cor.* ('Tis his wish, that I know,  
 And can well understand,) etc.  
*Hoel.* On, then! vainly dost thou resist,  
 'Tis thou who first must grasp the treasure!  
*Cor.* Do so thyself.  
*Hoel.* I cannot. This ring  
 Forbids it! It hath been blessed.  
*Cor.* Thou hast but one, whilst I have two!  
*Hoel.* Tremble! if thou resist, I will compel thee!  
 [*Endeavoring to urge him onward by force*]  
*Cor.* Hands off! for Corentino,  
 When he death doth fear,  
 Becomes as bold and strong—  
 Aye, stronger than a lion!  
*Din.* [*Within.*] "Who first his hand upon the treasure lays,  
 Within the year shall die!"  
*Hoel.* Who is't that speaks?  
*Cor.* We are saved. Her coming is most opportune!  
*Hoel.* She! who?  
 [*Din. leans over the edge of the ravine to gather flowers.*]  
*Cor.* Silence! 'tis the mad woman! to her  
 Right willingly the honor will I yield  
 The treasure first to touch!  
*Hoel.* A woman! what baseness!  
*Cor.* Thanks! you're very kind!  
 Then, in thy eyes, my value must be less than hers!  
 Dost hear?  
 [*Midnight is heard striking in the distance.*]  
*Hoel.* Midnight!  
 [*The bell continues to strike until the commencement of the following terzetto.*]  
*Cor.* Why tarriest thou?  
*Hoel.* A woman is it, or a spectre?  
*Cor.* Now mark, I pray!

## SCENE VIII.—HOEL, CORENTINO, DINORAH.

*Hoel* remains at a little distance. Corentino addresses Dinorah, who, seated on a rock, is engaged in arranging a nosegay of wild flowers.

*Cor.* Hist! pretty one, I'd speak with thee!  
*Din.* Who's there? who is it that speaks?  
*Cor.* A ring I'd give thee!  
*Din.* A ring! and unto me! ah no!  
 'Tis he alone should offer it!  
*Cor.* He! who?  
*Din.* He who once did love me—  
 And who his own did call me.  
 He whom now I here await,  
 And who anon will come!  
 [*Suddenly passing from one idea to another and singing*]  
 "O nightingale—the morn is come!  
 Sing then of love—ah! sing again."  
*Hoel.* What is't I hear? her voice—  
 Tonic did tell me this—  
 "Should'st thou in fancy see thy father dying,  
 Or thine own mother overcome with grief,  
 Should e'en thy lov'd one pass,  
 In tears thy love imploring,  
 Beware! abhorred phantoms these,  
 Mere tricks and lying snares,  
 Unreal as is a dream,  
 Delirious fancies,  
 That appear, and straight  
 Are seen no more!"  
 [*He again retires to a distance, and remains in the shade leaning against a rock.*]

Cor. [*Rispondi.*] Vuoi l' anel ?  
 Din. [*Cantando.*] " L' ali disserra—arcano angel  
 A me la terra—ed a te il ciel ?"  
 Hoel. Sì, parmi udire la sciagurata  
 Da me, l' altr' anno, abbandonata.  
 Cor. Ascolta; nel burrone  
 Tu, sola, scenderai,  
 Un sasso troverai,  
 Che sfolgorar dovrà.  
 Hoel. [*Sottovoce.*] Ebben !  
 Cor. [*Sottovoce.*] Restate la—  
 [A Din. Il sasso spingerai,  
 Ed un tesor vedrai—  
 Teco pigliar lo dei.  
 Hoel. [*Sottovoce.*] Consente ?  
 Cor. [*Sottovoce.*] Non ancor.  
 [A Din.] Tne le gemme tuo fia l' oro  
 Quante perle o quel tesoro  
 Saran tue—Le vuoi, si o no ?

Cor. Reply! wilt have the ring?  
 Din. [*Singing.*] " Mysterious bird—thy wings unfold,  
 Earth is my dwelling place, and heaven thine!"  
 Hoel. Yes! I seem indeed to hear the unhappy one,  
 By me, last year, abandoned!  
 Cor. Listen! down into this ravine  
 Thou wilt descend, alone,  
 And there a stone thou'lt find,  
 Which fiery bright will then become.  
 Hoel. [*To Cor. in a whisper.*] Well!  
 Cor. [*To Hoel in the same manner.*] Stay thou there!  
 [To Din.] The stone thou'lt turn aside,  
 And straight a treasure thou wilt see,  
 Which thou away must bring!  
 Hoel. [*Aside to Cor.*] Consents she?  
 Cor. [*Aside to Hoel.*] Not as yet!  
 [To Din.] Thine the jewels—thine the gold—  
 Thine the pearls the treasure may contain;  
 Wilt have them—yes or no!

GORGHEGGIARE IN MEZZO—THROUGH THE WILDWOOD. DINORAH.

Gorg - heg - giare in mez-zo al pra - to S'o - de ll can - to dell' au -  
 Through the wild - wood, gai - - ly ring - ing, Floats the song - bird's joy - ous  
 gel..... E quel can - to in - na - mo - ra - to em - pie l'a - ri - a e vo - la - al  
 lay..... The soft mur - mur up - ward springing, fills the sweet grove, the grove all the  
 ciel. Svo - laz - zan - do va tra i fi or Can - ta rin - no dell' a -  
 day. Thro' the air he takes his flight. He skims o'er earth but will scarce a -  
 mor. Svo - laz - zan - do va tra i fior, va tra i fior Can - ta l'in - no dell' a -  
 light. Gay and free, all day sings he, all day sings he, sings he, all day sings  
 mor. O do - - lor d'un me - to cor! Co - me pa - - sa o Dio l'a - -  
 he. I still.... weep, bright days fare - well, Naught re - mains of love's sweet....  
 mor.... Co - me.... pas - sa..... l'a - mor..... pas - sa l'a - mor.  
 spell.... But pain, the pain..... a - las!..... of love be - tray'd.

Cor. [A Din.] Quando in ciel l' aurora appare  
 Questo loco dei lasciare,  
 Nel burron se vuoi cercar,  
 Il tesor vedrai brillar,  
 Tue le perle, tuo fia l' or—  
 [Fra sè.] (Ma non par convinta ancor,)  
 Delle gemme lo splendor—  
 [Fra se.] (Vedo in fumo quel tesor.)  
 [La tempesta scoppia con violenza.]  
 Cor. Ah! già scoppia il temporale—  
 Ecco, un tremuto mi assale—

Cor. [To Din.] When in the skies the morn appears,  
 Thou this place must quickly leave.  
 If in the ravine now thou'lt seek,  
 The treasure thou wilt glittering see!  
 Thine then the pearls, thine all the gold shall be!  
 [Aside.] (Unconvinced she still doth seem!)  
 [Aloud.] The sparkle of the gems ontvies—  
 [Aside.] (This treasure sure in smoke will end.)  
 [A storm bursts violently forth.]  
 Cor. Ah! the storm bursts o'er our heads—  
 Lo! a thrill pervades my frame—

Sia vostro l' or,  
Io non ve vo—  
Ah! perchè qui ancor mi sto!

*Hoel.* Ah! già scoppia il temporale,  
Suona già l' ora fatale  
Sin del tuono nel muggir  
La sua voce parmi udir!

*Din.* Qual piacer! Il temporale  
Sembra dire in suon ferale.  
"Sia dannato il traditor  
Che potè scordar l' amor!"

[*Strappasi il monile. Un baleno illumina la scena. Vedesi la capra in fondo al teatro, saltar di roccia in roccia, traversar il ponte e sparire.*]

*Hoel.* Che veggio là? La capra! Ecco il segnale!

*Din.* [*Slanciandosi sul ponte.*]  
Bellah! Bellah! Son qua!

*Hoel.* [*Raccattando il monile.*]  
Cielo! ben lo ravviso! il suo monile!  
T' arresta! per pietà!

*Cor.* Lasciatela! Il tesoro a prender va.

*Hoel.* [*Respingendo Cor.*] Dinorah! Dinorah!

[*Il fulmine scoppia. Gli argini s' infrangono. Le acque del torrente, ingrossate dalla pioggia, si precipitano con fracasso nel burrone. Il ponte precipita sotto il piede di Din. che sparisce nell' abisso gettando un grido. Hoel si slancia in soccorso di Dinorah.*]

FINE DELL' ATTO SECONDO.

## ATTO III.

## IL MATTINO.

SCENA I.—Un sito agreste. Albeggia.

*Un Cacciatore sull' alto delle rocce guarda se i suoi compagni arrivano.*

*Cac.* A caccia! a caccia! a caccia!  
All' erta, o cacciatore! è bel' o alla caccia  
Seguire la traccia, di bèlva o d' angel.

Be thine the gold,  
None on't will I.  
Ah! why do I still here remain!

*Hoel.* Ah! the storm bursts o'er our heads,  
The fatal hour is now at hand,  
Even amid the tempest's roar,  
That once loved voice I seem to hear!

*Din.* Oh! what pleasure! In solemn tones,  
The tempest seems aloud to cry,  
"Perdition will o'ertake the traitor,  
Who his love could thus forget!"

[*Tears off her necklace. A flash of lightning illumines the scene. The goat is seen at back of the stage; it leaps from rock to rock, crosses bridge and disappears.*]

*Hoel.* What see I there! the goat! lo! 'tis the signal.

*Din.* [*Rushing towards the bridge.*]  
Bellah! Bellah! I am here!

*Hoel.* [*Picking up necklace.*]  
I recognize it well! 'tis her necklace!  
Stay! in pity's name! I charge thee, stay!

*Cor.* Now leave her, pray! she goes to fetch the treasure!

*Hoel.* [*Pushing back Cor.*] Dinorah! Dinorah!

[*The thunderbolt falls. The sluices are burst open, the waters of the torrent, swollen by the rains, precipitate themselves tumultuously into the ravine. The bridge gives way whilst Din. is crossing it, Din. utters a shriek and disappears in the abyss. Hoel rushes to Din.'s assistance. Curtain falls.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## ACT III.

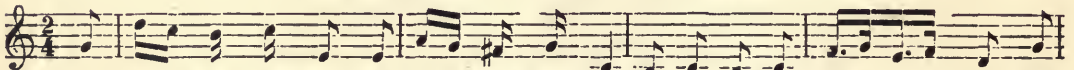
## MORNING.

SCENE I.—A rural spot. The morn is dawning.

*A hunter, on the summit of the rocks, looks forth to see whether his comrades are approaching.*

*Hunter.* On, on to the hunt!  
O huntsman, arouse thee! 'tis sweet in the chase  
To follow the trace of beast or of bird.

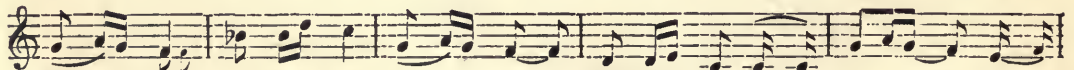
## IL SOL SI LEVO—THE DAY IS AWAKE.



Il sol si le - vò la piog - gia la - vò i di vi ed il pla - - - no, la  
The day is a - wake, The mist from the lake Ris - ing, pass - es o - - - ver, The



brez - za spl - ro e via si por - to, si por - tò le nu - bi lon - ta - noi  
fresh morn - ing breeze Plays light in the trees, Like a young, a young and happy lov - er!



Più..... splen - di - do e bel a..... noi sembra il ciel, sor - ri - dor, sor -  
Now the field shines a - new, With the bright and ear - ly dew, Let us haste..... let us

ri - dor i fio - - ril.... O cac - cia - tor spun-to l'al-bor! a cac - cia  
*haste to the Cov - - er!.... Come, and come all, Fol-low my call, Come, and come*

andiam do-po la poggia, Ess è mi - glio - - rel Il sol si le - vò, la plog-gia la-vò i di - vi id il  
*all, Hunting is jol - ly, when night is o - - - ver, The day is awake, the mist from the lake Rising, pass-es*

pia - - no, la brez - za spi-rò e via si por - tò si por - tò le nu - bi lon - ta-nol  
*o - - - ver, The fresh morning breeze Plays light in the trees, Like a young, a young and happy lov-er!*

A cac - cia, A cac - cia, a cac - cia - tor..... A cac - cia a cac - - - cia!  
*To hunt-ing, To hunting, Come one and all..... A hunt-ing, The night is o - ver!*

[S' avanza un Mietitore colla falce sulla spalla.

[A reaper comes forward with his scythe over his shoulder.

*I. Mietitore.* Già mature son le spiche  
 Mietitor, vieni a falciar!  
 Mentre il cielo s' rischiara.  
 Che il granaio si prepara,  
 Che il mulino è pronto già,  
 Io, presa la falce,  
 Ne affilo l' acciar.  
 Ne affilo cantando  
 Sul sasso l' acciar.  
 Le figliuole—lascia sole,  
 Mietitor—corri al lavor.  
 Mentr' io per falciar  
 Affilo l' acciar.  
 Puoi cantare—puoi danzare,  
 Mietitor, dopo il lavor. [S' allontana.

*The Reaper.* Ripe are now the ears of corn,  
 Reaper, haste thee to thy task,  
 Whilst the heavens above are bright!  
 The granaries are now preparing,  
 And the mill is ready quite.  
 My scythe I have taken,  
 Its blade I now sharpen;  
 While singing, I sharpen  
 Its blade 'gainst a stone!  
 Reaper, think not now of maidens fair,  
 But haste thee to thy work.  
 I meanwhile prepare to reap,  
 By sharpening this blade.  
 Reaper, when the work is done,  
 Time thou'lt have to dance and sing!

[Due piccoli caprai vengono dall' alto della montagna, suonando le loro pive.

[Two young goat-herds descend from the summit of the mountain, playing their pipes.

*I Caprai.* Sui prati tutt' in fior,  
 Asilo dei pastor,  
 Andiamo, andiam, caprette.  
 Per voi crescèan l' erbetta  
 Per voi si rinverdè  
 La zolla, e si fiore.  
 All' ombra assiso io son  
 Sovra la molle erbetta;  
 E cerco una canzon  
 Per la bell' Ivonetta.  
 E voi, caprette, intanto  
 Mangiate l' erbe e i fior.

*Goat-herds.* 'Mid the flow'ry meadows green,  
 Where the shepherds spend their days,  
 Hie we, hie we, little goats;—  
 For you it is the grass doth grow,  
 For you the turf its green renews,  
 For you its flowers it puts forth.  
 Seated 'neath the shade am I,  
 On the grassy sward so soft,  
 And a song I seek to find,  
 For beauteous Ivonetta.  
 Do ye then, young goats, meanwhile,  
 The herbs and flowers browse.

[Ritornano il Cacciator ed il Mietitore. I precedenti.

[The hunter and the reaper return. The before-named characters remain.

*Il Cac.* Buondì Ponick!  
*Il Mie.* Buondì pastor!  
*Il Cap.* Buondì!  
*Un Cap.* Già in piedi, mietitore?  
*Il Mie.* Comincio la giornata.  
*Il Cap.* Le mie capre  
 Stan là pascendo.  
*Il Cac.* Ed io mi son levato  
 Al primo albor—  
*Il Mie.* Che orribile uragano!  
*Il Cac.* Ho inteso dir che il fulmine avea rotto,  
 Il ponticel che mena  
 Al burron maledetto.

*Hunt.* Good day, Ponick.  
*Reap.* Shepherd, good day to thee.  
*Goat-herds.* Good day!  
*A Goat-herd.* Reaper! what afoot already?  
*Reap.* My day's work I now begin.  
*Goat-herd.* My goats are yonder feeding.  
*Hunt.* I at earliest dawn did rise!  
*Reap.* In sooth it was a fearful storm!  
*Hunt.* I've heard the thunderbolt did strike  
 The little bridge which leads  
 Unto the vale accursed!

*Il Mie.* Udir ne parve  
*Il Cap.* Un grido lacerante—  
 Io dormito ho sì ben, nè un solo istante  
 Mi sono ridestato.  
*Il Mie.* L' uragano s' è alfine dissipato.  
 Il sole spunta già.  
*Il Cac.* Qui ci troviamo,  
 E tutti sani e salvi quanti siamo.  
*Il Cap.* Il cielo è ormai sereno.  
*Il Mie.* Rinfrescato è il terreno.  
*Il Cuc.* Or tutti insiem possiamo  
 Intonar la preghiera.  
*Gli Altri.* Sì, preghiamo!  
*Tutti.* Gran Dio, padre nostro,  
 Che in terra regnate,  
 Risplender deh! fate  
 Nel cielo sereno i vaghi colori  
 Dell' arco-baleno!  
 Signor, padre nostro  
 Che in terra regnate  
 Siccome nei ciel!  
 [S' allontanano ciascuno per la sua via.]

## SCENA II.—CORENTINO, solo.

Non ho più fiato in petto—  
 Sento girar la terra,  
 Che orribile tempesta!  
 Non penso più al tesoro!  
 La pazza, il tuono, il ponte,  
 La furia del torrente—  
 Ho tutto ancor presente—  
 Non so se vivo ancor.  
*Hoel.* [Di dentro.] Corentin! Corentino!  
*Cor.* Chi mi chiama?  
 Che vedo? siete vivo!  
*Hoel.* [Portando sulle braccia Din. svenuta, e deponendola su  
 d' un banco.] Mira? è dessa!  
 Cadde giù nel burron, sospesa a un ramo.  
 Accorri, la salvai, la ravvisai—  
 Qual funereo pallore!  
 E gelida la mano,  
 Più non batte il suo core!  
 Invan la chiamo! Invan!  
 E Dinorah, la fidanzata mia!  
 Un portento salvarè la patria!  
 Chi le soccorre?—  
*Cor.* Se al villaggio andassi!  
*Hoel.* Va, corri, vola!  
*Cor.* Iddio non vuol che mora;  
 Fra poco del Perdon suonerà l' ora.  
 [Esce correndo.]

## SCENA III.—HOEL e DINORAH, svenuta.

*Hoel.* In questo loco, un anno appunto or compie,  
 Lo stesso dì scoppiava l' uragano;  
 Ella un asil cercava;  
 Io fra le braccia la stringeva, ed ora!  
 Morta!—crederlo, o ciel, no l' posso ancora!

*Reap.* A harrowing shriek was heard—  
 Therefrom to issue.  
*Goat-herd.* So soundly have I slept that not e'en  
 For a single moment did I wake!  
*Reap.* The storm at length hath passed away!  
 Already doth the sun appear.  
*Hunt.* Here then stand we all,  
 Each safe and sound.  
*Goat-herds.* The sky hath clear become.  
*Reap.* The earth too is refreshed.  
*Hunt.* United then, we now may offer up  
 Our pray'r!  
*The others.* Yes, let us pray!  
*All.* Great Deity, our Father,  
 Who on earth dost reign,  
 Cause thou, in the heavens serene,  
 The rainbow's beauteous hues  
 Brightly to shine forth!  
 O Lord, our Father,  
 Who reign'st on earth  
 E'en as thou dost in heaven!  
 [They retire in different directions]

## SCENE II.—CORENTINO alone.

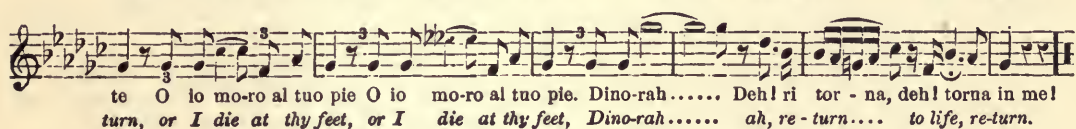
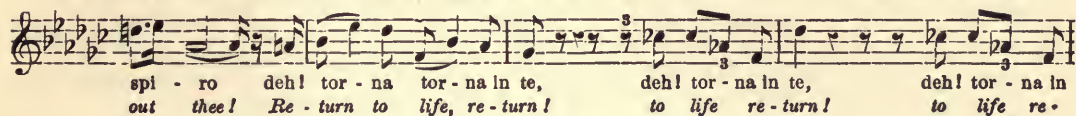
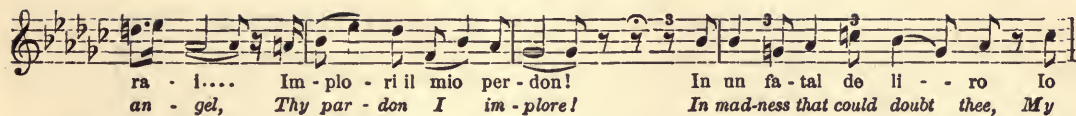
No breath have I left;  
 The ground seems going round and round!  
 Ah! what a fearful tempest!  
 Of the treasure I'll think no more.  
 The mad woman, the thunder, the bridge,  
 The torrent's headlong fury,  
 All still is present to my mind.  
 Scarce know I whether I'm alive!  
*Hoel.* [Within.] Corentino! Corentino!  
*Cor.* Who is't that calls me?  
 Whom see I? what! art thou still living?  
*Hoel.* [Who enters bearing in his arms the fainting Din.,  
 whom he places on a bank.]  
 Behold! 'tis she!  
 She fell into the ravine, but hung suspended from a  
 bough,  
 I hastened to her succor, and did recognize her.  
 What death-like pallor,  
 Her hand is icy cold,  
 Her heart no longer beats!  
 In vain I call on her! In vain!  
 'Tis Dinorah, my betrothed!  
 Nought but a miracle can save her!  
 Ah! who will succor her?—  
*Cor.* Shall I to the village hasten?  
*Hoel.* Hie thee, haste thee! fly!  
*Cor.* Heaven her death will not allow:  
 Anon, the hour of the pilgrimage will strike!  
 [Exit, running.]

## SCENE III.—HOEL, DINORAH still in a swoon.

*Hoel.* 'Twas on this self-same spot—a year hath since  
 elapsed;—  
 This very day it was, the hurricane did rage,  
 An asylum my Dinorah sought;  
 Within these arms I pressed her; and now!  
 Dead!—ah! heaven, I'll not believe it yet!

## SEI VENDICATA ASSAI—MY ANGUISH THEE AVENGETH. HOEL.

Sei ven - di - ca - ta as - sa - i.... Del mio fol - le aban - don; Di schiu - di o ca - ra i  
 My an - guish thee a - veng - eth, For the wrongs I de - plore. Look up a - gain, dea -



Ricchezza menzognera,  
Tormento del mio cor,  
Fallaci ombre, chimere  
Or di voi sento orror—  
Rispondi a chi t' implora,  
O morirò al tuo piè'  
Ah! parla, parla ancora  
Ritorna, o cara, in te

[Guarda in ansietà Din. che a poco a poco rinvieni ed apre gli occhi.]

Gran Dio! la mia preghiera a te salià  
Ah sì! sospira ancora!—Gli occhi schiude!  
Ma perchè le pupille su me fisa—  
Ahi! più non mi ravvisa  
O ciel! scordato avea  
Che il dolor la ragione le togliea!

[Momento di silenzio.]

Din. Hoël!

Hoel. Il nome mio!

Din. Che tardi! Andiamo. [Alzandosi.]

La man mi porgi; al tempio ci rechiamo.

Hoel. [Fra sè.] Che mai sento!

Din. Il mio velo, la ghirlanda

Ove son?—Ma tu taci—non rispondi  
Io tremo!—Ah! mi rammento—  
Sogno crudele! Sogno di spavento!—

Hoel. (Un sogno! O cielo! Veggo la speranza  
Brillare ancor. M' ispira tu, Signore!  
Fa ch' ella creda che fu solo un sogno  
Che con l' alba sparisce,)  
Ah sì! mia cara, un sogno t' atterrisca.

Din. Un sogno!—ove siam noi? perchè m' avete  
Condotta qui!

Hoel. Non vedi dove sei?

Qu' favellar d' amor teco io solea!

Din. [Ripetendo le parole d' Hoel.]

Qu' favellar d' amor teco io solea.

Hoel. Riconosci la gotica cappella,  
In quest' asilo pio  
Noi venivamo ad implorar da Dio,  
Il celeste favore.

Din. [Come sopra.] Noi venivamo ad implorar da Dio,  
Il celeste favore. [Rammentandosi.]

Riches! vain delusions,  
Torment of my heart!  
False visions, vain chimeras.  
With horror ye inspire me!  
Reply to him who thus implores thee,  
Or at thy feet I'll die!  
Ah! speak then, speak again.  
Beloved! be thyself once more.

[He anxiously watches Din., who gradually recovers consciousness and opens her eyes.]

Great heaven! my pray'r hath risen unto thee!  
Yes! she breathes again; her eyes she opens!  
But why thus fixedly gaze they upon me?  
Ah! she knows me not again!  
O heaven! I had forgotten  
That grief of reason had bereft her!

A momentary pause.

Din. Hoël!

Hoel. My name!

Din. Why tarriest thou? come! [Rising.]

Give me thy hand, to the church now we will hasten

Hoel. [Aside.] What words are these?

Din. My veil, my bridal wreath;  
Where are they? But thou'rt silent. Thou answer'st not!

I tremble! alas! I now remember.  
Ah, cruel dream! ah, dream of horror!

Hoel. [Aside.] A dream! oh, heaven! a ray of hope yet  
shines for me!

O Providence, do thou inspire me!  
And teach her to believe that 'twas a dream;  
Nought but a dream, that with the coming morn  
Doth disappear!

[Aloud.] Yes, dear one, a dream it is that thus hath  
terrified thee!

Din. A dream! where are we, then?

Why hast thou brought me here?

Hoel. Dost not see where thou art?  
Here was I wont with thee of love to talk.

Din. [Repeating Hoel's words.]  
Here was I wont with thee of love to talk!

Hoel. Dost recognize the antique chapel?  
Unto its sacred shrine used we to come,  
To implore of Heav'n its holy favor!

Din. [As before.] Used we to come  
To implore of Heav'n its holy favor!

Che! questa mano—

*Hoel.* Entrambi— Sì, vcdi là la valle  
Ed il ruscello dove a ber va il gregge.  
*Din.* Sì, veggio là la valle  
Ed il ruscel dove a ber va il gregge—  
[Guardando fisso Hoel, con terrore.  
Ma, poco fa non era il cielo oscuro,  
Ed ora è azzurro e puro—  
*Hoel.* Scoppiò su noi con furia l' uragano  
E tu, tu vacillante, spaventata,  
In braccio a me cadevi.  
*Din.* E vero, è vero! —  
*Hoel.* Il turbo alfin vedemmo dissipato—  
*Din.* [Agitata.] O gioia! tutto questo un sogno è stato!  
Ma il tuono! ah! l' odo ancora!  
D' un infernal riflesso si colora  
Il cielo; e dalle fiamme,  
Il tugurio paterno è divorato! —  
*Hoel.* All' ombra d' un nocciuolo  
Non vedi tu quel bianco casolare,  
Che all' orizzonte appare  
Sul ciglione del colle? E la capanna,  
La tua capanna, che d' un raggio d' oro  
Par che dal sol sia carezzata.  
*Din.* Quella!  
La mia capanna! O gioia!  
Dunque non fu che un sogno? —  
*Hoel.* Ah, sì! fu un sogno!  
*Din.* [Animandosi.] Felice or son, rinascere mi sento.  
Di tutto or mi rammento.  
Rive fiorite, vi trovo ancor,  
Nostr' alme unite quì volle amor.  
Me sola egli ama, me sola brama,  
Ah! sol per me vivere ci dè!  
*Hoel.* Rive fiorite, vi trovo ancor  
Nostr' alme unite, quì volle amor.  
Te sola adoro, te sola imploro,  
Il ciel ti fe solo per me!  
*Din.* Ma pur, me ne sovviene. I nostri amici  
Eran tutti con noi.  
Ed il pellegrinaggio?  
*Hoel.* [Fra sè.] O ciel!  
*Din.* E i canti  
Festivi che restar nella mia mente  
Come un suono confuso,  
Perchè non gli odo più, come gli udia?  
[Cercando di ricordarsi.  
Par che dicean così: "Santa Maria,"  
[Cerca di nuovo.  
"Santa Maria"—

[Al canto del coro Din. è colpita dallo stupore; ed ascolta con gioia e come in estasi. Il coro, invisibile al pubblico, s' ode cantar di lontano.

[Recollecting.] What, then, this morning  
We both—  
*Hoel.* Yes! see, yonder is the valley,  
And the brook whereat the flocks do drink.  
*Din.* Yes, yonder I see the valley,  
And the brook whereat the flocks do drink.  
[Looking fixedly at Hoel with a terrified expression  
But yet, a short time back, was not the sky o'ercaat,  
And now it azure is and clear!  
*Hoel.* A tempest furiously burst o'er our heads,  
And thou, alarmed and o'ercome with fright,  
Did'st faint within mine arms.  
*Din.* True! true!  
*Hoel.* The storm at last subsided—  
*Din.* Oh, joy! all this hath been a dream!  
[Agitatedly.] But the thunder! ah! I hear it still!  
With hues infernal the sky is tinged,  
And the flames my father's cot consume!  
*Hoel.* 'Neath a spreading nut-tree's shade  
See'st thou not a cottage white,  
That in the distance doth appear,  
On the summit of yon hill? 'Tis thy home,  
Thy dwelling place, which, with golden rays,  
The sun now seems as 'twere caressing!  
*Din.* That cottage—mine?—Oh! joy!  
Then 'twas a dream!  
*Hoel.* Ah, yes! a dream—no more!  
*Din.* How happy am I now! fresh life springs up with-  
in me!  
All, all I now remember!  
Ye flow'ry meads, once more I find ye,  
'Twas here that love our hearts united.  
His only love am I, he sighs for none but me.  
*Hoel.* Ye flow'ry meads, once more I find ye,  
'Twas here that love our hearts united.  
Thee only I adore, none do I love save thee,  
Heaven hath made thee for me alone!  
*Din.* But, yet—I now remember—all our friends  
Were with us—  
And the pilgrimage?  
*Hoel.* [Aside.] Oh! heaven!  
*Din.* And the festive songs!  
Which, like confused murmurs,  
In my memory remain,  
Why hear I not them now as heretofore?  
[Endeavoring to recollect.  
Methinks their burthen ran: "Holy Mary."  
[Tries again to remember.  
"Holy Mary,"—

[On hearing the chorus—who here take up the burthen—  
Din. seems stricken with amazement; she listens with joy and ecstasy whilst the Chorus (unseen by the audience) are heard singing in the distance.

SANTA MARIA—HOLY MARIA. CHORUS.

San-ta Ma - ri - a! San-ta Ma - ri - a! Nostra Donna dell' perdono Tu ci serba i tuoi favor. E l'of-  
Ho - ly Ma - ri - a! Ho - ly Ma - ri - a! Our good la - dy of the par - don To us thy fa - vors grant. We

fer - ta as - sal in mo - des - ta Sono fior' per la tu - a fes - ta E coi fio - ri Il nos - tro cor.  
of - fer thee humble presents Of flowers grown in the meadows, the best we have, from pi - ous hearts.



Santa Maria!  
O madre pia,  
Nostra Donna del Perdono,  
Benedici il nostro cor,  
E ci serba il tuo favor.”  
*Din cade inginocchio. Cor. ci mostra nel fondo. Hoel corre a lui, gli parla sottovoce.*

*Din.* O Maria!  
Madre pia,  
Benedici il nostro amor.  
[*Contadini e contadine giungono sulla scena, per unirsi alla processione. Hoel parla anche ed essi sottovoce mostrando loro Din.*

*Din.* [Ravvisandole.]  
Ivona! Margherita! Anna! compagne,  
Amiche, siete voi?  
*Le Con.* Perché fissa così gli occhi su noi?  
[S' ode la campana.]

*Din.* La campana —  
*Il Con.* Suonò l' Ave Maria!  
E per te suona l' ora del contento,  
Fra poco Hoël sarà lo sposo tuo.

*Din.* Lo sposo mio! [Gettandosi nelle braccia d' Hoel.  
Hoël! ed io sognai  
Che non m' amavi più. Ma un sogno è stato—

*Tutti.* Un sogno, un sogno è stato!  
*Din.* Ma per fiorita via  
Andavamo ambidue. Dietro venìa  
Lo stuolo dei fedeli. E come loro  
Anch' io portava un ramo benedetto!  
[*Hoel mostra a Din. la processione che arriva da lontano. Tutti si gettando in ginocchio. La processione comincia. I suonatori di cornamusa vanno innanzi; poi vengono le bandiere, &c.; finalmente un baldecchino portato da quattro fanciulle vestite di bianco che gettono fiori. Una fanciulla si accosta a Din. e le dà un ramoscello benedetto; un' altra le attacca il velo di fidanzata ed il mazzolino di fiori bianchi.*

*Hoel.* Vedi fra i tanti fiori  
Che il sol di raggi veste,  
Il segno del perdono,  
Il vessillo celeste?—Benedici  
Il divino favore  
Che sperder volle il sogno mentitore.

*Tutti.* Gloria al Signor!  
A voi pace e amor!  
*Hoel e Din.* Gloria al Signor,  
A noi pace e amor!  
*Cor.* [Sottovoce ad Hoel.] Ed il tesoro?  
*Hoel.* Perduto! ma il suo cor  
Per me vale assai più d' ogni tesoro.  
[*I contadini riprendono la via, seguendo la processione con Hoel e Din. che camminano innanzi sotto un baldacchino di fiori. Il Coro rimane in mezzo alla scena. Hoel e Din. salgono su per la collina, diriggendosi verso la cappella ch' è in cima alla montagna.*

*Tutti.* Santa Maria,  
O madre pia,  
Nostra Donna del Perdono,  
Tu ci serba il tuo favor,  
Benedici il nostro cor!

Holy Mary!  
Righteous mother!  
O thou, our Lady of the Pardon,  
Continue unto us thy favours,  
On our hearts thy blessings pour!  
[*Din. falls on her knees. Cor. appears at back. Hoel hastens to him and speaks with him aside.*

*Din.* Holy Mary!  
Righteous mother!  
May thy blessings attend our love!  
[*Peasants and village girls now arrive in order to join the procession. Hoel speaks with them aside, indicating at the same time Din.*

*Din.* [Remembering them.]  
Ivona! Margaret! Anna! friends,  
What! is it you?  
*Village Girls.* Why fixes she her eyes thus on us?  
[*A bell is heard.*

*Din.* That bell!  
*Pea.* It tolls the Ave Maria!  
And the hour of thy happiness as well;  
Thy husband soon Hoël will be!

*Din.* My husband! [*Throwing herself into Hoel's arms.*  
Hoël! and I who dreamed  
That thou no more did'st love me; but 'twas a dream!

*Pea.* A dream! it was a dream!  
*Din.* But 'mid flow'r-strewn paths  
Methought we walked. Behind us came  
The crowd of faithful worshippers.  
Like them, I too did bear a consecrated bough!  
[*Hoel points out to Din. the procession, which is now seen arriving from afar. All kneel. The procession commences. The pipers come first followed by the flag-bearers, &c. Lastly, a palanquin borne by four young girls dressed in white, and scattering flowers. A maiden approaches Din. and presents her with a consecrated bough, another puts on her head the bridal veil and gives her the bouquet of white flowers.*

*Hoel.* See amid so many flowers,  
Which the sun gilds with its beams,  
See the emblem of the Pardon!  
Yon sacred token! blessed be then  
Heaven's mercy,  
For deigning to dispel thy dream!

*All.* Glory be to Heaven!  
Peace and love attend ye!  
*Hoel.* Glory be to Heaven!  
May peace and love attend us!

*Cor.* [Aside to Hoel.] And the treasure?  
*Hoel.* 'Tis lost! but her heart  
To me is far more precious than all other treasures  
[*The peasants resume their way in the order of the procession, as do also Hoel and Din., who walk together beneath a dais of flowers. The chorus occupy the centre of the stage. Hoel and Din. ascend the mountain, directing their steps towards the chapel on the summit thereof.*

*All.* Holy Mary,  
Righteous mother,  
O thou, our Lady of the Pardon,  
Continue unto us thy favor,  
On our hearts thy blessings pour!



# COLLEGE SONG BOOKS

## COLLEGE SONGS

(New and Enlarged Edition)

Price 50 cents, by mail, post-paid

This, by far the most popular college song collection ever published, has been enlarged by the addition of twenty-eight favorites, making a total of one hundred and thirteen songs. Bound in heavy paper.

## COLLEGE SONGS FOR GIRLS

Price, post-paid, \$1.00

A collection of fifty-three songs arranged for women's voices. Bound in heavy paper, cloth back.

## COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY SONGS

Price, \$1.25, post-paid

Much of the new material in this book is original with Columbia men — notably the 'Varsity Show Songs. The football songs of recent years are here published for the first time in complete form. There are sixty-seven songs and one hundred and twenty-eight pages of music. Bound in cloth.

## DARTMOUTH SONGS

Price, post-paid, \$1.00

With one exception, no song in this collection has been previously published. Addison F. Andrews, Etheibert Nevin, Homer N. Bartlett, Frederic Field Bullard, P. A. Schneck, and other well-known composers' contributions to this new book of college songs, attest its worth from a musician's standpoint. Bound in heavy paper.

## HARVARD UNIVERSITY SONGS

Price, post-paid, \$1.50

The music is authoritative in arrangement, and the majority of the songs are not obtainable in any other collection. Each of the twenty-seven songs has a decorative heading, drawn by a Harvard man. Bound in cloth.

## THE NEW HARVARD SONG BOOK

Price, post-paid, \$1.00

A collection of distinctly Harvard Songs. The original edition issued in 1891, contained thirty-four songs. The revised edition contains fifty-five songs, including popular new songs as sung by the Harvard Glee Club. Well bound in heavy paper, cloth back cover.

## TECH SONGS

Edited by **FREDERIC FIELD BULLARD**, '87

Price, post-paid, \$1.25

This, the first published collection of Tech Songs, is due chiefly to the efforts of President Pritchett, whose plan for better and more general comradeship embraced a *Tech Union*, *Tech Kommerz*, and a book of *Tech Songs*. The book is handsomely bound in cloth, with illuminated title and contains forty-nine numbers.

## COLLEGE SONGS AND POPULAR BALLADS FOR THE GUITAR

(Published also with Benjo accompaniment)

Price, \$1.00, post-paid

Among the more than seventy songs in this collection are to be found the favorite songs of the leading American universities and colleges as well as a good variety of popular songs and hits from comic operas. Book sheet-music size, bound in paper, one hundred and twenty pages.

Published by **OLIVER DITSON COMPANY**, Boston



# THE MUSICIANS LIBRARY

THE MOST IMPORTANT SERIES OF VOLUMES of the master-pieces of song and piano music ever issued. Eighteen volumes have already appeared under this title, to be followed by others at frequent intervals, until the whole range of music of living interest (excluding the choral and orchestral) has been covered.

Each volume is independent, complete in itself, and sold by itself; and contains a portrait, elaborate introduction, bibliography and music in full folio size.

Each volume is edited by an authority. Among the editors of volumes already published, and those about to be issued, are the following:—

EUGEN d'ALBERT  
 WM. F. APTHORP  
 CARL ARMBRUSTER  
 S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR  
 FRANK DAMROSCH  
 M. ESPOSITO  
 HENRY T. FINCK  
 WM. ARMS FISHER  
 DR. PERCY GOETSCHUIS  
 PHILIP HALE  
 W. J. HENDERSON  
 HELEN HOPEKIRK  
 RUPERT HUGHES

JAMES HUNEKER  
 HENRY E. KREHBIEL  
 MORITZ MOSZKOWSKI  
 ERNEST NEWMAN  
 ISIDOR PHILIPP  
 DR. EBENEZER PROUT  
 CARL REINECKE  
 XAVER SCHARWENKA  
 OTTO SINGER  
 AUGUST SPANUTH  
 BERTHA FEIRING TAPPER  
 THOMAS TAPPER  
 DR. CHARLES VINCENT

No expense has been spared to insure perfection in every detail. The volumes are beautifully bound in paper, made expressly for THE MUSICIANS LIBRARY, and also in cloth, gilt.

In editorship, accuracy, typography, engraving, binding; in everything that contributes to artistic ensemble and a reliable text, The Musicians Library is an EPOCH-MAKING SERIES in the history of music publishing.

---

Send for our Musicians Library Booklet giving full particulars

---

**OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON**



# THE MUSICIANS LIBRARY

No lover of noble music can possibly do without these matchless volumes. In editorship, comprehensiveness, engraving, printing, binding, they represent the high-water mark of music publishing.

## VOLUMES ISSUED

### FIFTY MASTERSONGS

Edited by HENRY T. FINCK

### JOHANNES BRAHMS FORTY SONGS

Edited by JAMES HUNEKER

### FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN FORTY PIANO COMPOSITIONS

Edited by JAMES HUNEKER

### ROBERT FRANZ FIFTY SONGS

Edited by WILLIAM FOSTER APTHORP

### FRANZ LISZT TWENTY ORIGINAL PIANO COMPOSITIONS

Edited by AUGUST SPANUTH

### FRANZ LISZT TWENTY PIANO TRANSCRIPTIONS

Edited by AUGUST SPANUTH

### FRANZ LISTZ TEN HUNGARIAN RHAPSODIES

Edited by AUGUST SPANUTH and JOHN ORTH

### ROBERT SCHUMANN FIFTY SONGS

Edited by W. J. HENDERSON

### WAGNER LYRICS FOR SOPRANO †

Edited by CARL ARMBRUSTER

### WAGNER LYRICS FOR TENOR †

Edited by CARL ARMBRUSTER

### MODERN FRENCH SONGS VOL. I

### BEMBERG TO FRANCK

Edited by PHILIP HALE

### MODERN FRENCH SONGS VOL. II

### GEORGES TO WIDOR

Edited by PHILIP HALE

### SONGS BY THIRTY AMERICANS

Edited by RUPERT HUGHES

### FRANZ SCHUBERT FIFTY SONGS

Edited by HENRY T. FINCK

### SELECTIONS FROM THE MUSIC DRAMAS OF RICHARD WAGNER

Arranged for the Piano by OTTO SINGER

### ROBERT SCHUMANN FIFTY PIANO COMPOSITIONS

Edited by XAVER SCHARWENKA

### TWENTY-FOUR NEGRO MELODIES

Transcribed for the Piano by  
S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

### SEVENTY SCOTTISH SONGS

Edited with accompaniments by  
HELEN HOPEKIRK

### GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL † VOL. I, SONGS AND AIRS FOR HIGH VOICE

Edited by EBENEZER PROUT

### GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL † VOL. II, SONGS AND AIRS FOR LOW VOICE

Edited by EBENEZER PROUT

All Song Volumes, excepting those marked (†) are issued in editions for High and Low Voice.

Price of each volume, paper, cloth back, \$1.50; full cloth, gilt, \$2.50. Prices include postage

**OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston**

# ELSON'S MUSIC DICTIONARY

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROFESSOR OF THEORY OF MUSIC AT THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Price, in cloth, post-paid, \$1.00. Copies sent for examination

Ever since Tinctor, about 1475, wrote the first music dictionary there has been an endless succession of books dealing with musical definitions. This is but natural and proper since the musical art is constantly changing. A music dictionary, therefore, unless frequently revised, drops behind the times.

There are no obsolete terms in Elson's *Music Dictionary*. The work is modern in spirit, every necessary word is included, and the latest developments in the field of music have been drawn upon.

Such terms as "Pitch," "Sonata," "Temperament," "Turn," "Scale," "Organ," "Notation," "Form," "Key," etc., are explained at length. A half page is often given to a single word, and in some cases from one to three pages. On important subjects bibliographical references are given.

The work is also a Pronouncing Dictionary, not by a system of complicated markings and keys, but on the phonetic basis, the most practical plan for the average student. Phonetic spelling for all doubtful words is given. This applies also to composers' names, for examples: Dvořák = *Dvor-zhak*, Haydn = *Highb-dn*, Rachmaninoff = *Rackh-mahn-nee-noff*.

Besides the 289 dictionary pages are the following:—

Rules for Pronouncing Italian, German, and French.

A list of Popular Errors and Doubtful Terms in music.

A list of Prominent Foreign Composers, Artists, etc., with their chief works, the pronunciation of their names, and the date of their birth and death.

A short Vocabulary of English Musical Terms with their Italian Equivalents.

The book contains 318 pages, serviceably bound in cloth.

**OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston**

15  
Cents  
a  
Copy

# The Musician

\$1.50  
a  
Year

For Teachers, Students, and Lovers of Music

The letter here quoted speaks for itself. We ask all teachers, students, and lovers of Music to read it. It is an earnest and conscientious testimonial from an able educator who has ripe experience in many lines of music work.

ORANGE, N. J., Sept. 7, 1906

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY,

Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen:—

I am very glad to endorse THE MUSICIAN most heartily. I like it for many reasons:—It brings Music into relation with Life; it presents the educational side of music in the most modern manner, giving a true picture of the best teaching methods; in bringing out the plan of "Music in Relation to the Community," it touches my own views as to the true office of Music, and places the Profession upon a distinctly higher level. In the Departments some of the strongest men in the profession are giving us their best ideas and methods,—an inspiration to teacher and pupil alike, in which I wish every pupil to share, and containing an excellent selection of music for Sight Playing and Repertoire. To be in touch with THE MUSICIAN is to broaden one's musicianship, and to keep abreast with modern thought in all that pertains to our professional life.

Very sincerely yours,

F. H. SHEPARD.

---

---

Oliver Ditson Company, Boston

# Standard Opera Librettos

PUBLISHED BY  
**OLIVER DITSON COMPANY**

These librettos, with words of the Opera, and music of the principal airs, are reliable and authoritative, and are the same as those used by all the leading opera companies.

Aida	Italian and English	<i>Verdi</i>	Manon	French and English	<i>Massenet</i>
Barber of Seville	Italian and English	<i>Rossini</i>	Maritana	English	<i>Wallace</i>
Belle Hélène, La	French and English	<i>Offenbach</i>	Marriage of Figaro	Italian and English	<i>Mozart</i>
Bells of Corneville	English	<i>Planquette</i>	Martha	Italian and English	<i>Flotow</i>
Bohemian Girl	Italian and English	<i>Balfe</i>	Masked Ball	Italian and English	<i>Verdi</i>
Carleen	Italian and English	<i>Bizet</i>	Masanieto	English	<i>Auber</i>
Cavalleria Rusticana	Italian and English	<i>Mascagni</i>	Mastersingers of Nuremberg, The	German and English	<i>Wagner</i>
Damnation of Faust	French and English	<i>Berlioz</i>	Mirella	Italian and English	<i>Gounod</i>
Dinorah	Italian and English	<i>Meyerbeer</i>	Mefistofele	Italian and English	<i>Boito</i>
Don Giovanni	Italian and English	<i>Mozart</i>	Merry Wives of Windsor	English	<i>Niccolai</i>
Don Pasquale	Italian and English	<i>Donizetti</i>	Mignon	Italian and English	<i>Thomas</i>
Elaïne	French and English	<i>Bernberg</i>	Norma	Italian and English	<i>Bellini</i>
Ernani	Italian and English	<i>Verdi</i>	Orpheus	English	<i>Chick</i>
Fatinitza	English	<i>Supplé</i>	Orpheus	French and English	<i>Offenbach</i>
Faust	Italian and English	<i>Gounod</i>	Otello	Italian and English	<i>Verdi</i>
Favorita, La	Italian and English	<i>Donizetti</i>	Otello	Italian and English	<i>Rossini</i>
Fidello	German and English	<i>Beethoven</i>	Parsifal	German and English	<i>Wagner</i>
Fille de Madame Angot, La	French and English	<i>Lecocq</i>	Pagliacci	Italian and English	<i>Leoncavallo</i>
Fille du Regiment, La	Italian and English	<i>Donizetti</i>	Perichole, La.	French and English	<i>Offenbach</i>
Flying Dutchman	German and English	<i>Wagner</i>	Poliuto	English	<i>Donizetti</i>
Fra Diavolo	Italian and English	<i>Auber</i>	Prophete, Le	Italian and English	<i>Meyerbeer</i>
Freischütz, Der	German and English	<i>Weber</i>	Puritani, I	Italian and English	<i>Bellini</i>
Freischütz, Der	Italian and English	<i>Weber</i>	Queen of Sheba	German and English	<i>Goldmark</i>
Giaconda, La	Italian and English	<i>Ponchielli</i>	Rhinegold, The	German and English	<i>Wagner</i>
Giroflé-Girofla	French and English	<i>Lecocq</i>	Rigoletto	Italian and English	<i>Verdi</i>
Götterdämmerung	German and English	<i>Wagner</i>	Roberto il Diavolo	Italian and English	<i>Meyerbeer</i>
Grand Duchess of Gerolstein	French and English	<i>Offenbach</i>	Romeo and Juliet	Italian and English	<i>Bellini</i>
Hamlet	English	<i>Thomas</i>	Romeo and Juliet	Italian and English	<i>Gounod</i>
Huguenots, Les	Italian and English	<i>Meyerbeer</i>	Rose of Castile	English	<i>Balfe</i>
Jewess, The	Italian and English	<i>Halevy</i>	Samson and Delilah	French and English	<i>Saint-Saëns</i>
Lakmé	Italian and English	<i>Delibes</i>	Semiramide	Italian and English	<i>Rossini</i>
L'Africaine	Italian and English	<i>Meyerbeer</i>	Siegfried	German and English	<i>Wagner</i>
Lily of Killarney	English	<i>Benedict</i>	Sonnambula, La	Italian and English	<i>Bellini</i>
Linda di Chamounix	Italian and English	<i>Donizetti</i>	Stradella	English	<i>Flotow</i>
Lohengrin	Italian and English	<i>Wagner</i>	Tannhäuser	German and English	<i>Wagner</i>
Luch di Lammermoor	Italian and English	<i>Donizetti</i>	Traviata, La	Italian and English	<i>Verdi</i>
Lucrezia Borgia	Italian and English	<i>Donizetti</i>	Tristan und Isolde	German and English	<i>Wagner</i>
Maec Plute	Italian and English	<i>Mozart</i>	Trovatore, Il	Italian and English	<i>Verdi</i>
			Walküre, Die	German and English	<i>Wagner</i>
			William Tell	Italian and English	<i>Rossini</i>
			Zampa	Italian and English	<i>Herold</i>







ML50.M47.P3 1900

C037471678

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C037471678

**DATE DUE**

**Music Library  
University of California at  
Berkeley**



