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LA TRAVIATA
Opera in Three Acts

by
GIUSEPPE VERDI

LIBRETTO BY FRANCESCO MARIA PIAVE

THE ENGLISH VERSION BY
NATALIE MACFARREN

VOCAL SCORE
EDITED AND THE PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT REVISED BY
BERTHOLD TOURS

WITH AN ESSAY ON THE HISTORY OF THE OPERA BY
H. E. KREHBIEL

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LA TRAVIATA.
An Opera in Three Acts.

First Performance at the Gran Teatro La Fenice, in Venice, March 6, 1853.

Characters of the Opera,
With the Original Cast as Presented at the First Performance.

VIOLETTA VALERY, . . . . Soprano . . . . SALVINI-DONATELLI
FLORA BEROIX, . . . . Mezzo-Soprano SPERANZA
ANNINA, . . . . Soprano . . . . CARLOTTA BERINI
ALFREDO GERMONT, . . . . Tenor . . . . LODOV GRAZIANI
GIOGIO GERMONT, his father, . . . . Baritone . . . . FELICE VARESE
GASTONE, Viscount of Letorieres, . . Tenor . . . . ZULIANI
BARON DOUPHOL, . . . . Baritone . . . . DRAGONE
MARQUIS D'OBIGNY, . . . . Bass . . . . SILVESTRI
DOCTOR GRENVIL, . . . . Bass . . . . BELLINI
GIUSEPPE, servant to Violetta, . . Tenor . . . . BORSATO
SERVANT TO FLORA, . . . . Bass . . . . TONA
MESSENGER, . . . . Bass . . . . MANZINI

Chorus of Ladies and Gentlemen, friends of Violetta and Flora.
Mute Personages: Matadors, Picadors, Gypsies, Servants, Masks, etc.

Scene and Period: Paris and environs, about the year 1700.

La Traviata.

The story upon which "La Traviata" is based is that of the book and play "La Dame aux Camélias" of the younger Dumas, the story which is familiar to the English stage under the name of "Camille." The three acts of the opera present the principal incidents of the play and book. A gay party is in progress in the house of Violetta (Marguerite Gautier in the original story), a Parisian courtesan. Alfredo, a young man of respectable Provençal family, who loves the
woman, joins in the merry-making; his love is passionate and earnest, and is met by the love of Violetta, who at his solicitation agrees to abandon her dissolute life and live with him alone. In Act II the pair are found housed in the suburbs of Paris. Alfredo learns that Violetta has sold her city property to maintain their country home, and goes to Paris to recover it; he returns to find his companion gone. In his absence Germont, Alfredo's father, had visited her and persuaded her, by appeals to her love and sympathy for his son, to abandon him. She returns to her old life in the city. There, at a ball given by one of her associates, Alfredo finds her again, overwhelsms her with reproaches, and ends a scene of excitement by denouncing her publicly and throwing his gambling gains at her feet. In the last act Violetta dies in the arms of her lover, who had learned of her sacrifice for his family and hurried to her side to find her in the last stages of consumption.

Dumas, in the preface to his romance, says that the main incidents of the story are true, and it is said that Dickens had it in his mind to write a novel on the subject before Dumas. The facts, while they may be interesting from a biographical point of view, have no bearing on the moral and aesthetic questions raised by the opera, which have remained open for over forty years, despite the popularity won by Verdi's music. Dumas's book appeared in 1848, his play in 1852. Verdi saw the latter in Paris while it was new, and, though he was at work at the time on "Il Trovatore," he laid out the plan of "La Traviata" and sent it to Piave, the librettist who had written the books of "Ernani," "I due Foscari," "Macbeth," "Il Corsaro," "Stiffelio" and "Rigoletto" for him. The composer's creative capacity was at its high-water mark, and his eagerness and energy are illustrated in the fact that he worked concurrently on the two operas. "Il Trovatore" was produced at Rome on January 19, 1853, and "La Traviata" less than seven weeks later, on March 6, 1853, at the Fenice Theatre, Venice. He wrote the music within a month, according to the evidence of the autograph, which is in the possession of the publisher, Ricordi. Eighteen operas from Verdi's pen had preceded "La Traviata," and the sun of his fame stood at its zenith, yet the opera failed lamentably on its first production. The reason? Verdi seems to have known it, in part, at least. On the day after the first performance he wrote to his friend and pupil Salvini-Muzio: "La Traviata" last night a failure. Was the fault mine or the singers'? Time will tell; I only knew the singer who had been entrusted with the part of Germont, which he thought beneath his dignity, came to him and offered him his condolences, Verdi declined to receive them. "Make them to yourself and your companions, who have not understood my music," he said. This does not seem to have been an altogether accurate description of the case. Graziani, the tenor, was hoarse and could not sing well, and Verdi exacted, perhaps, more than he ought when he wanted Signora Donatelli to overcome the absurdity of the stage-picture by the illusive power of her singing. The lady was monstrously stout, and the contradictions in the death-scene of the last act appealed too strongly to the Venetian sense of humor to permit the best of Verdi's dramatic accents to have the effect which had filled his fancy. The opera ended with shrieks of laughter when the too generously upholstered Violetta was heard to declare that
she was on the edge of a consumptive’s grave. Moreover, the public found amusement in the circumstance that the personages of the opera were clad in conventional modern dress. This led to a revision, in which costumes and stage-furniture belonging to an earlier century (it is not well to try to be explicit in such matters) were substituted for those of fifty years ago. Thus, revised as to its dress and with a few changes in the score, the opera was launched again in the same city after the lapse of about a year, and set out on its successful voyage around the world. It reached London on May 24, 1856; St. Petersburg, November 1, 1856; New York, December 3, 1856, and Paris, December 6, 1856. Piccolomini, who had enacted the rôle of Violetta in Turin in 1855, chose it for her début in London, and to her personality, and possibly also to other extraneous causes, the prompt and emphatic triumph of the opera, in spite of the judgment of the critics, was due.

“La Traviata” belongs to those dramatic works which, on their first appearance, cause more discussion because of their subject-matter than their artistic excellence. Whether the anathema pronounced against them by individual and official censorship helps or hinders the growth of these works into popularity, I shall not attempt to say. There can scarcely be a doubt, however, that many latter-day theatrical managers would hail with pleasure and expectation of profit such a controversy as greeted “La Traviata” in London. The Lord Chamberlain had refused to sanction the English adaptations of “La Dame aux Camélias,” and when the opera, based on the play, was brought forward, pulpit and press thundered in denunciation of it. Mr. Lumley, manager of Her Majesty’s Theatre, came to the defence of the work in a letter to the all-powerful Times newspaper, but his purpose was plainly more to encourage the popular excitement and irritate curiosity than to shield the opera from condemnation. Indeed, he had every reason to be contented. “The Traviata” had made a complete fiasco on its production in Italy, where no one dreamed of objecting to its story; in London there was a loud outcry against the “foul and hideous horrors of the book,” and the critics found little to praise in its music, yet the opera scored a tremendous popular success and helped rescue Her Majesty’s from threatened ruin. “Once more frantic crowds struggled in the lobbies of the theatre,” writes Mr. Lumley in his “Reminiscences”; “once more dresses were torn and hats crushed in the conflict; once more a mania possessed the public.” Was it the music alone? That is scarcely to be believed, for the opera was not well sung, and the critical taste of the English, as voiced by their writers for the press, was opposed to the strenuous style of Signor Verdi. Was it the libretto? Alas! who cared much for the libretto of an opera then, and who could have gone to the opera for the sake of so badly diluted a play, sung, moreover, in a foreign tongue! The fact that the language was Italian, robbed the opera of whatever charm it might have had for those who would have found pleasure in the odor of moral decay. Plainly, the success of “La Traviata” in London was chiefly due to Marietta Piccolomini, who effected her English début in it. It is an amusing chapter which this winsome little lady contributed to the history of opera during her brief career. Two years later she became as much of a rage in New York as she had been in London; yet she was in no sense a great singer. A bewitching per-
sonality and ingenious advertising were her conquering arms. She belonged to the ancient Italian nobility. It was given out that the family was one which dated back to the time of Charlemagne, and had given two popes and a cardinal to the Church, to say nothing of the hero of the second drama in Schiller’s ‘Wallenstein’ trilogy. Here was brave advertising material, and right bravely was it exploited.

The charming little woman, who had a weak mezzo-soprano voice, limited in range to an octave and a half, little or no execution, and uncertain intonation; who, Mr. Chorley would have us believe, was little better than a comedy soubrette, a vaudeville singer, “a Columbine, born ‘to make eyes’ over an apron with pockets,” compelled success for ‘Traviata’ in the city where success was least to have been expected. “Her best appearance was in ‘La Traviata,’” wrote Mr. Chorley in summing up the season of 1856 at Her Majesty’s Theatre. “The music of the first act pleased, perhaps, because it is almost the solitary act of gay music from the composer’s pen; and her effrontery of behaviour passed for being dramatically true to the character, and not, as it afterward proved, her habitual manner of accosting the public. In the repulsive death-act, too, she had one or two good moments of serious emotion, though this was driven at times to the verge of caricature, as when every clause of her last song was interrupted by the cough which belongs to the character.”

There is no reason to question the correctness of this judgment by the critic of The Athenæum. A different Violetta was disclosed when Bosio sang the part in London, when Patti made it scintillant with gems of vocalization, and even when Christine Nilsson chose a new French adaptation of the opera for her public début in Paris on October 27, 1864. Verdi’s music had won the French capital so completely in 1856 that Scudo despaired of Italy’s musical future, because of the “prodigious success” of “La Traviata.” The circumstances surrounding the production of the opera in New York did not permit many repetitions of it. There had been a destructive competition between Mr. Max Maretzek’s Italian company at the Academy of Music and a German company at Niblo’s Garden. The regular Italian season had been brought to an end by a quarrel between Mr. Maretzek and the directors of the Academy of Music, but the troupe returned to give a brief season under the style of the La Grange Opera Company, before proceeding to Havana. In this interregnum ‘La Traviata’ was given, and concerning its reception I cannot do better than to quote at some length the criticism which appeared on December 5 in the New York Tribune newspaper:

“The plot of ‘La Traviata’ we have already given to our readers. It is simply ‘Camille.’ The first scene affords us some waltzing music, appropriate in its place, on which a (musical) dialogue takes place. The waltz is not specially good, nor is there any masterly out-working of detail. A fair drinking song was afforded, which pleased but was not encored. A pretty duet, by Mad. de la Grange and Signor Brignoli, may be noticed also in this act; and the final air by Mad. de la Grange, ‘Ah fors’è lui che l’anima,’ contained a brilliant, florid close, which brought down the house, and the curtain had to be re-raised to admit of a repetition. Act II. admits of more intensified music than Act I. A brief air by Alfred (Brignoli) is followed by an air by Germont (Amadio), and by a duet, Violetta (La Grange) and
Germont. The duet is well worked up, and is rousing, passionate music. Verdi's mastery of dramatic accent—of the modern school of declamation—is here evident. Some dramatic work, the orchestra leading, follows—bringing an air by Germont. 'Di Provenza il mar.' This is a 2-4 travesty of the waltz known as 'Weber's Last Waltz' (which, however, Weber never wrote); and is too uniform in the length of its notes to have dramatic breadth or eloquence. A good hit is the sudden exit of Alfred thereupon, not stopping to make an andiamo duet, as is so often done. It is dramatic. The next scene introduces us to a masquerade, where are choruses of quasi-gypsies, matadors, and picadors—sufficiently characteristic. The scene after the card playing, which is so fine in the play, is inefficient in music. Act III. in the book (though it was made Act IV. on this occasion by subdividing the second) reveals the sick-room of La Traviata. A sweet air—minor and major by turns, with some hautboy wailing—paints the sufferer's sorrows. A duet by the lovers, 'Parigi, o cara,' is especially original in its peroration. The closing trio has due culmination of anguish, though we would have preferred a quiet ending to a hectic shriek and a doubly loud force in the orchestra.

"Goldsmith's rule in the Vicar for criticising a painting was always to say that 'the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains.' Perhaps the same might be said of 'La Traviata'; but whether it would have pleased the public more is another question. Some of the airs certainly would bear substitution by others in the author's happier vein. The opera was well received. Three times the singers were called before the curtain. The piece was well put upon the stage. Mad. La Grange never looked so well. Her toilet was charming."

H. E. Krehbiel.
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La Traviata.
Act I.
No. 1. Prelude.
GIUSEPPE VERDI.

Piano.

Violin divided.

Viola & Cello.

Tutti
con espress.

Piano.

Cello.

Cl. Fag. & Cello.
Introduction.

Drawing-room in the house of Violetta; doors in centre leading into another room, and at each side a mantelpiece L. R. surmounted by a mirror; in the centre of the room a table richly spread.

Allegro brillantissimo e molto vivace.

Piano.

Violetta, seated on a sofa, is conversing with her Doctor and several friends; others receive the arriving guests, among whom are the Marquis, with Flora on his arm, and the Baron.
**TENOR.**
Del-lin-vi-to trascor-sai, già ló-ra, voi tar-

**BASS.**
Long o'er past is the hour we appointed, why so
daste-tardy?

Gio-cammo da Flor-a, e gio-can-do quel ló-re vo-lár.
'Twas Flora de-lay'd us, time flies fast where there's beauty and play.

**Violetta (going forward to receive them.)**
Fló-ra, a-mi-ci, la not-te che re-sta
Flo-ra, be wel-come; my friends, I sa-lute ye;

This night, let all be mirth ful and gay. Naught so
tazze più viva è la festa.
Lo voglio! al piacere
bright as when wine cups are flashing.
Why ask me? 'tis in
Flora.

E go-der voi po-tre-te?
Hast thou health for en-joyment?
Marquis.

Baron.

Doctor.

SOPRANO.

TENOR.

Marquis with BASS.

Flora.

Doctor.

SOPRANO.

14300
pleasure alone we are sure.

In Alfred.

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In Alfred.
(Violetta gives her hand to Alfred, who kisses it)

Mio Vi-seon-te, mer-ce, di tal
For his own sake and thine, he is

si-mi-li so-no.
love as in honor.

(The servants meanwhile have completed serving the table.)

Gaston.

Marquis.

Alfred (they shake hands) (to Alfred)

do-no. wel-come.

Ca-ro Al-fre-do! Al-fred, lis-ten!

Mar-ches-se! Tho com-mand me! I

Violetta (to the servants) (A servant makes an affirma-tive sign)

det-to: l'a-mi-stà qui s'in-tree-cial di-le-to. Pron-to ej tut-to? Miei
told thee, this a-bode is the home of the Graces. All is ready? My

ca-ri, se-de-te; è al con-vi-to che s'a-pre-o-gni
friends, pray be seat-ed; at this car-ou-sal all hearts shall di-

1400
(All seat themselves: Violetta between Alfred and Gaston, and, opposite them, Flora between the Baron and the Marquis: the others ad libitum.)
At this carousal all hearts shall dilate.
Gaston (at first whispers to Violetta, then says):

Sempre Al-fre-do a voi
Al-fred thinks on you

Violetta.
Gaston.

pen-sa. Scherza-te? E-grafo-ste,e-o-gni di con af-fan-no qui vo-
al-ways. You’re jest-ing. Ev-ry morning, while late you were suf-f’ring, round your

Violetta.
Alfred.

do- way he hov-er’d. No fur-ther. I can be naught to him. What an er-ror! Says he

Alfred (sighing) Violetta (to Alfred.)

dun-que? On-de cîo? Nol com-pren-do. Si,e-gli e ver. Le mie gra-zie vi tru-ly? Was it so? Tell, ah tell me! Yes, it is true. From my heart, then, I
(to the Baron.)

ren-do.

thank you.

Voi, baro-ne, non

You, good Bar-ron, not

thus have been tro-oubled. Tis a sum-mer at most we're ac-

Violetta.

tan-to. Ed ei so-le da qual-che mi-nu-to.
quaint-ed. Him I know for the first time this eve-ning

Flora (aside to the Baron.)

Meglio far se-a-vete tan-

It were best not to speak your re-

Baron. (aside to Flora.) Flora.
ciu-to. M'e in-cre-seio-se quel gio-vin. Per-che?
flec-tions. I dis-like him by in-stinct. And why?

I have
Gaston. (to Alfred.)

And have you made a vow to be seen naught in him to dislike.

Marquis (to Violetta.)

Violetta (fills Alfred's glass.)

Nay, I'll pledge him as

Flora.

He be. Alfred. (with gallantry.)

Ah, I would, thou, like her, wert immortal.

Baron.

Doctor.

Marquis.
(The Baron makes a gesture of refusal.)

"No Alfred."

"Ah, then, viva tro-ve-re in que-sta giu-li-va? Dun-que a te-
singus a mirth-stirring ditty, Thouwert ev-er facetious and witty. Then wilt thou__

..."
brin-di-si.
drinking-song.

brin-di-si.
drinking-song.

(to Violetta.)

L'e-stron non m'ar-ri-de.
I've no mood for singing.

Vi fia gra-to?
Is it thy wish?

E non sei tu ma-e-stro?
Shall thy mood dis-ap-point us?
Si.
Yes.

Si, at-ten-tial can-tor!
We will list to thy song!

(rises.)

Si? Tho gia in cor.
Yes? then I'll sing.

Si, at-ten-tial can-tor!
We will list to thy song!

Dun-que at-ten-ti, at-ten-tial can-tor!
All be si-lent, we'll list to thy song!

Si, at-ten-tial can-tor!
We will list to thy song!

Si, at-ten-tial can-tor!
We will list to thy song!
No. 3. "Libiamo ne' lieti calici."

Drinking-song.

Allegretto (d=69)

Piano.

Alfred. con grazia leggierissimo

Libiamo, libiamo ne' lieti calici,
Where beauty, where beauty and mirth are beckoning,

Seize the swift-winged hours, Let joy crown the
While youth's swift fire with us burns, shall love's delight in

libiam ne' dolci fremiti che suscita la

more, poiché quel locchio al core onnipopolare

sustain.

mor frai calici più caldi baci a

love is beckoning, life is a short dream of bliss.
pro _ di _ vi _ de _ re il tempo mio gio _ con _ do; tut _ to è fol _ li _ à, fol _ li _ a nel mon _ do ciò che non e pi a _ me a mea _ sure of rap _ ture un _ bound _ ed, There is no _ life but

cer. Go _ diam, fu _ ga _ ce _ e ra _ pi _ do è il gau _ dio del _ la _

mo _ re; è un fior che na _ sce _ e muo _ re, né più si può go _

flow _ ers, Too soon will fade the bow _ ers, Then vain to sigh for

der. Go _ diam! cin _ vi _ tà, cin _ vi _ ta un fer _ vi _ do _ ac _

bliss. En _ joy while plea _ sure and mirth are beck _ on _ ing,
There's no life but this. Flora.

Gaston. Ah!—Go-dia-mo, la taz-za, la taz-za e ji we, where pleasure and mirth are.

SOPRANO. Ah!—Go-dia-mo, la taz-za, la taz-za e ji we, where pleasure and mirth are.

Bari, Docto, & Marquis with BASS. Ah!—Go-dia-mo, la taz-za, la taz-za e ji we, where pleasure and mirth are.

Can-ti-co la not-te ab-bel-la e il ri-so, in quest'o, in can-ti-co la not-te ab-bel-la e il ri-so, in quest'o, in can-ti-co la not-te ab-bel-la e il ri-so, in quest'o, in can-ti-co la not-te ab-bel-la e il ri-so, in quest'o, in
There's naught in life but pleasure.

(To Violetta)

Violetta (to Alfred.)

(con grazia)

La vita è nel trionfo.

There's naught in life but pleasure—Alfred. (to Violetta)

Noi, quando non s'annuncia.

Until one heart you can treasure.

Di-te a chi l'ignora.

Ah go-

love I know no measure. (to Violetta)

Ah en-

E il mio destino cosi.

My heart loves one alone. En-
When pleasure and mirth are beckoning, While love and

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Violetta.

Ah, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, la tazza e il can-tico la not-te-ab-

Flora.

Oh yes, en-joy we, en-joy we, when pleasure and mirth thus are beck-on-ing, While love and

Alfred.

Ah, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, la tazza e il can-tico la not-te-ab-

Gaston.

Oh yes, en-joy we, en-joy we, when pleasure and mirth thus are beck-on-ing, While love and

Baron.

Ah, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, la tazza e il can-tico la not-te-ab-

Doctor.

Oh yes, en-joy we, en-joy we, when pleasure and mirth thus are beck-on-ing, While love and

Marquis.

Ah, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, la tazza e il can-tico la not-te-ab-

Soprano.

Oh yes, en-joy we, en-joy we, when pleasure and mirth thus are beck-on-ing, While love and

Tenor.

Ah, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, la tazza e il can-tico la not-te-ab-

Bass.

Oh yes, en-joy we, en-joy we, when pleasure and mirth thus are beck-on-ing, While love and
bel-la e il ri-so, in que-sto, in que-sto pa-ra-
wine yet in-vite us. When they no more, no more de-

bel-la el ri-so, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, in que-sto pa-ra-
wine yet in-vite us, en-joy we, en-joy we, en-joy we. When they no more de-

bel-la e il ri-so, in que-sto, in que-sto pa-ra-
wine yet in-vite us, When they no more de-

bel-la e il ri-so, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, in que-sto pa-ra-
wine yet in-vite us, en-joy we, en-joy we, en-joy we. When they no more de-

bel-la e il ri-so, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, in que-sto pa-ra-
wine yet in-vite us, en-joy we, en-joy we, en-joy we. When they no more de-

bel-la e il ri-so, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, in que-sto pa-ra-
wine yet in-vite us, en-joy we, en-joy we, en-joy we, When they no more de-

bel-la e il ri-so, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, in que-sto pa-ra-
wine yet in-vite us, en-joy we, en-joy we, en-joy we, When they no more de-

bel-la e il ri-so, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, in que-sto pa-ra-
wine yet in-vite us, en-joy we, en-joy we, en-joy we, When they no more de-

bel-la e il ri-so, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, in que-sto pa-ra-
wine yet in-vite us, en-joy we, en-joy we, en-joy we, When they no more de-

bel-la e il ri-so, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, go-dia-mo, in que-sto pa-ra-
wine yet in-vite us, en-joy we, en-joy we, en-joy we, When they no more de-
diso ne sco-pra il novo di, ah, ah, ah ne
light us, A-way with this dull, cold earth, ah, ah, ah, a-

diso ne sco-pra il novo di, ne sco-pra il novo di, ah, ah, ah, ah ne
light us, a-way, A-way with this dull, cold earth, a-way, a-way with

light us, a-way, ah, A-way with this dull, cold earth, a-way, a-way with

light us, a-way, ah, A-way with this dull, cold earth, a-way, a-way with

diso, ne sco-pra, ne sco-pra il novo di, ne sco-pra il novo di, ah, ah, ah, a-
light us, a-way, A-way with this dull, cold earth, a-way, a-way with

light us, a-way, ah, A-way with this dull, cold earth, a-way, a-way with

diso, ne sco-pra, ne sco-pra il novo di, ne sco-pra il novo di, ah, ah, ah, ah, ne
light us, a-way, ah, A-way with this dull, cold earth, a-way, a-way with

light us, a-way, ah, A-way with this dull, cold earth, a-way, a-way with

diso, ne sco-pra, ne sco-pra il novo di, ne sco-pra il novo di, ah, ah, ah, ah, ne
light us, a-way, ah, A-way with this dull, cold earth, a-way, a-way with

light us, a-way, ah, A-way with this dull, cold earth, a-way, a-way with

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sco-pra il nuovo di!
way with this dull, cold earth!
No. 4. "Un di felice, eterea."

Valse and Duet.

Violetta.

Allegro brillante.

Flora.

(Music is heard in the further room)

Alfred.

Che è ciò? What sounds? Oh! gen-

Yes, a

Gaston.

Che è ciò? What sounds? Oh! gen-

Yes, a

Baron.

Che è ciò? What sounds? Oh! gen-

Yes, a

Doctor.

Che è ciò? What sounds? Oh! gen-

Yes, a

Marquis.

Che è ciò? What sounds? Oh! gen-

Yes, a

SOPRANO.

Che è ciò? What sounds? Oh! gen-

Yes, a

Chorus.

Che è ciò? What sounds? Oh! gen-

Yes, a

Piano.

Allegro brillante. (d-r listening)

Military Band (on the stage)
U-scia mo dunque.
Then I will lead ye.
(They approach the centre door, when Violetta, suddenly turning pale, cries:)

Ohi-mé!
Alas!
Oh-la-me!
A-la!

Chea-ve-te?
What ails thee?
Chea-ve-te?
What ails thee?
Chea-ve-te?
What ails thee?
Chea-ve-te?
What ails thee?
Chea-ve-te?
What ails thee?
Chea-ve-te?
What ails thee?
(She attempts to walk a few steps)

(She is obliged to desist.)

mul-lâ!
no-thing!

Che mai vâr-re-sta?
Say, what disturbs thee?

Che mai vâr-re-sta?
Say, what disturbs thee?

Che mai vâr-re-sta?
Say, what disturbs thee?

Che mai vâr-re-sta?
Say, what disturbs thee?

Che mai vâr-re-sta?
Say, what disturbs thee?
Oh Dio!
Great Heaven!

An-co-ra!
What hast thou?

Voi sof-fri-te.
Ah, you suffer!

An-co-ra!
What hast thou?

An-co-ra!
What hast thou?

An-co-ra!
What hast thou?

An-co-ra!
What hast thou?
Un tre-mi-to che pro-vo! Or_ la pas-
'Tis naught, a pass-ing faintness. Go, friends, I

O ciel! chè que-sto?
Oh say, what ails thee?

O ciel! chè que-sto?
Oh say, what ails thee?

O ciel! chè que-sto?
Oh say, what ails thee?

O ciel! chè que-sto?
Oh say, what ails thee?

O ciel! chè que-sto?
Oh say, what ails thee?
pray you, soon I will join you within.

Come brama-te.
We will o-bey you.

Come brama-te.
We will o-bey you.

Come brama-te.
We will o-bey you.

Come brama-te.
We will o-bey you.

Come brama-te.
We will o-bey you.

Come brama-te.
We will o-bey you.

Come brama-te.
We will o-bey you.
(All go into the further room except Alfred.)

(Violetta rises, and looks at herself in the glass.)

Violetta.

Oh how pale I look!

Violetta. (turns, and perceives Alfred.)

Alfred.

Voi qui! You here?

Ces-sa-ta è Ah, tell me,
Violetta.

Ah in co-tal gui-sa vuc ci de-re-le, These midnight re-v'els some day will kill you. Let

Sto me-glio. 'Tis bet-ter.
Violetta.

- i pe' vo-stri so-a-vi di. Che di-te?
you, and guard your gentle life. What say you?

Alfred. (ardently).

Ha for-se al-cu-no cu-ra di me? Per-ché nes-
There lives not one who cares aught for me! Dost thou be-

Violetta.

su-no al mon-do vâ-ma-
lieve that no one loves thee? I do.

Alfred.

Tran-nê sol i-
I love you dear

Violetta. (laughing).

Gli ê ve-ro! si gran-de a-mior di-men-
How, won-drous! I am not learn-ed in the

Alfred.

cat-oa-ve-a. Ri-de-te!
tender passion. You're jest-ing!

Have you no heart, then?
Violetta.

Un cor? si, forse, e a che
No heart? yes, may be, but why.

Alfred.

lo richi-de-te? Ah se ciò fos-se, non po-tre-sta-al-
why do you ask me? Ah, if you had one, at my words you

Violetta. Alfred.

lo ra ce-liar, Di-te dav-ve-ro? lo non vin-gan-no.
scarce-ly would jest. Do you say tru-ly? With true de-v-o-tion.

Violetta. Alfred.

Da mol-to e che mia-ma-te! Ah si, dam an-no. I'm
list long since first you have loved me? A year and lon-ger. Ah!

Andantino (96.)

di fe-li-ce, e-te-re-a, mi Ba-le-na-ste in-
day for ev-er re-mem-berd, when first I gaz'd up-
in the Orches-tra.

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te, e da quel di tre-mante vis-si di-gno-to thee. Though thy sweet eyes did shun me. Love in my heart then had

Di quel-la-mor, quel-la-mor ch'è pal-pito del lu-ni-ver-so, del-birth All that hath life hath its breath, its breath from thee. Love thou'rt the soul of, the

lu-ni-ver-so in-te-ro, mi-ste-ri-o-so, mi-ste-ri-o-so, al-te-ro, croce, cro-ce e de-life, the life un-i-ver-sal, my-sterious pow-er, guiding the fate of mor-tals, Sorrows, sor-row and

li-zia, cro-cee de-li-zia, de-li-zia al cor. Ah se ciò è ver, fug-gi-te-mi! sweetness, sorrow and sweetness, of this poor earth. If this is true, ah fly from me!

So-lo a-mi-sta-dejo vof-fro, a-mar non so,ne sof-fro un co-si e-roi-co a-Friendship is all I of-fer, No love have I to pro-f-fer, I know not such de-
Non ardov trove re te
dimen ti car mi al lor.
Alfred.

Oha-mo-re!
Thou lovest not!

Non ar duo tro ve re te
dimen ti car mi al-
miste rio so, misterioso, al te ro,

my ste ri ous pow er, guid ing the fate of mor tals,

lo ra, dim en ti car mi, di men ti car mi
get me, thou wilt for get me, thou wilt for get me, al-

lore, di men ti car mi, di men ti car mi
get me, thou wilt for get me, thou wilt for get me, al-

fate well, f fate well,

cro ce, cro ce de li zia, cro ce de li zia, de li zia al lor,
sor row, sor row and sweetness, sor row and sweetness, of this poor earth.
Tempo I.

Gaston. (at the door.)

Eb-ben?  che dia-vol fa-te?  Ah! ah! sta
Still here?  What are you do-ing?  Ha, ha, that's

Si fol- leg-gia-va!  Naught else but fol- ly!

Violetta.

Violetta. (to Alfred.)

(Alfred.)

(pers. back)

Of

ben!  well!  go on then.

re-sta-te!

mor-

love you.

mone non piu!  Vi gar-baj paf-fo?

more.  Is that a com-pact?

Alfred.

(goes back)

(goes back).

I sha-ll ob-ey you.

Par-lo.  A tal giun-

Good-bye.  So soon you
(takes a flower from her breast)

Alfred.

Violetta.

Soon to return it.

Quando?

Eh-ben-

Tis well.

And

Pren-de-
te que-sto fio-re. Per-

first take this flower. And

Ah stay.

Per ri-por-tar-lo.

So you stay, (returning.)

Per-

first take this flower.
Violetta.

Son, io son felice! D'amari mi di te an-cor'a?
Sweet, oh blissful token! And still thou say'st, thou lov'st me?

Alfred.

Cora? Oh quanto, quanto va-mo! oh
lovest me? I cannot, cannot say how I

Violetta.

D'amari mi! Thou lov'st me!

Oh quanto! Oh quanto va-mo! oh
love thee, ah how I love thee! Oh sweet, oh
Alfred.

Thou lovest.

Oh quanto, quanto v'amo! oh quanto v'amo, oh
I cannot, cannot say how I love thee, ah how I

mil! me! (going)

Part te?

We part then? (returns and)

quanto!

(love thee!

Part to.

I leavethree.

Ad dio.

Fare well.

kisses her hand.

Ad dio.

Fare well then.

Di più non bramo.

Ah, more I ask not.

Ad dio.

Fare well then.

Ad dio.

Fare well then.

Ad dio.

Fare well then.

(farther away)

Ad dio.

Fare well then.

Ad dio.

Fare well then.

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No. 5. Stretta of the Introduction.

Piano.

Flora (returns with the others; all are heated with dancing) pp

Si riedestain ciel l'au-
See the morning sun is-

Gaston pp

Si riedestain ciel l'au-
See the morning sun is-

SOPR. pp

Si riedestain ciel l'au-
See the morning sun is-

TENOR pp

Si riedestain ciel l'au-
See the morning sun is-

BARON, DOCTOR and MARQUIS with BASS

Si riedestain ciel l'au-
See the morning sun is

f cresc.

ro-ra, e nè forza di par-
fe; merèca voi, gentil si-
gnora, di si-
gleam-ing. Let us now de-part from hence; In ob-
livious slumber dreaming. Let us-

ro-ra, e nè forza di par-
fe; merèca voi, gentil si-
gnora, di si-
gleam-ing. Let us now de-part from hence; In ob-
livious slumber dreaming. Let us-

ro-ra, e nè forza di par-
fe; merèca voi, gentil si-
gnora, di si-
gleam-ing. Let us now de-part from hence; In ob-
livious slumber dreaming. Let us-

ro-ra, e nè forza di par-
fe; merèca voi, gentil si-
gnora, di si-
gleam-ing. Let us now de-part from hence; In ob-
livious slumber dreaming. Let us-

ppp legg. est. sc.

s.
pp e staccate incominciandopp per fareun cresce
splendidogioir. Si redesta in cieli l'aurora,
steep each languid sense. See, the morning sun is gleaming, pp

See, the

splendidogioir.

See, the

splendidogioir.

See, the

Let us now de-part from hence;

destain ciel l'aurora,
morning sun is gleaming,

destain ciel l'aurora,
morning sun is gleaming,

destain ciel l'aurora,
morning sun is gleaming,

destain ciel l'aurora,
morning sun is gleaming,

Let us now de-part from hence;

Let us now de-part from

Let us now de-part from

Let us now de-part from
mer-cèa voi, gen-til si- signo-ra,
In ob-liv-i-ous slum-ber dream-ing,
mer-cèa voi, gen-til si- signo-ra,
In ob-liv-i-ous slum-ber dream-ing,
mer-cèa voi, gen-til si- signo-ra,
In ob-liv-i-ous slum-ber dream-ing,
mer-cèa voi, gen-til si- signo-ra,
In ob-liv-i-ous slum-ber dream-ing,
mer-cèa voi, gen-til si- signo-ra,
In ob-liv-i-ous slum-ber dream-ing,
mer-cèa voi, gen-til si- signo-ra,
In ob-liv-i-ous slum-ber dream-ing,
mer-cèa voi, gen-til si- signo-ra,
In ob-liv-i-ous slum-ber dream-ing,
mer-cèa voi, gen-til si- signo-ra,
In ob-liv-i-ous slum-ber dream-ing.
La città di festèe pie-na,
Take our thanks, oh fairest lady;

ir. sense.

La città di festèe pie-na,
Take our thanks, oh fairest lady;

ir. sense.

La città di festèe pie-na,
Take our thanks, oh fairest lady;

ir. sense.

La città di festèe pie-na,
Take our thanks, oh fairest lady;

add Cor. & Fag.

volge il tempo dei pia-cer;
For the pleasure of to-night,

pie-na, la-dy;

For the pleasure of to-

pie-na, la-dy;

For the pleasure of to-

pie-na, la-dy;

For the pleasure of to-

pie-na, la-dy;
Each and all are ever ready,

Doctor.

Marquis.

Add Fl. & Picc.
tem-pri, si ri-tem-pri per go-der, si, nel ri-poso_ancor la le-na si ri-
read-y To com-pa-nion thy de-light, yes, each and all are ev-er read-y, each and

tem-pri, si ri-tem-pri per go-der, si, nel ri-poso_ancor la le-na si ri-
read-y To com-pa-nion thy de-light, yes, each and all are ev-er read-y, each and

tem-pri per go-der, si, nel ri-poso_ancor la le-na si ri-
share in thy de-light, yes, each and all are ev-er read-y, each and

tem-pri per go-der, si, nel ri-poso_ancor la le-na si ri-
share in thy de-light, yes, each and all are ev-er read-y, each and

tem-pri, si ri-tem-pri per go-der,
read-y To com-pa-nion thy de-light,

tem-pri per go-der, si, nel ri-poso_ancor la le-na si ri-
share in thy de-light, yes, each and all are ev-er read-y, each and

tem-pri, si ri-tem-pri per go-der,
read-y To com-pa-nion thy de-light,

tem-pri per go-der, si, nel ri-poso_ancor la le-na si ri-
share in thy de-light, yes, each and all are ev-er read-y, each and

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All are ever ready to companion thy delight, yes, each and all are ever

All will ever share in thy delight, yes, each and all are ever

All will ever share in thy delight, yes, each and all are ever
le-na si ri-tempri per go-der,
ready to companion thy de-light,
(Exeunt all R.H.)
No. 6. "Ah, forse lui che l’anima,"

Recit. and Air.

E strano! è strano! in core scolpit’ho queste gli ogli.
How wondrous! how wondrous! his words deep within my heart are

Saria per me sventura un seren.
And would it bring me sorrow to love sin.

Che risolvi, o tu, stanco mirta?
Oh, my heart, why so sorely art thou troubled? No

Oh gioja chi non co

Oh rap ture I nev er

Non mecora facendo va.
Love of mortal yet hath mov’d thee.

E scogna la pos si o per

Shall I dare to disdain it, and

nobbiesser amatamando!
choose the empty follies that now surround me?

Ah, for sô lui che l'ani-
Ah, was it him my heart fore-

maso linga ne' tumulti, so linga ne' tumulti, go dea so-
told, when in the throng of pleasure, when in the throng of pleasure Oft have I

vente pin ge re de suoi co lo rioc cul ti, de suoi co lo rioc joy'd to shadow forth onewhomalone I'd trea sure, onewhomalone I'd

cul ti! Luiche mo de stoe vi gi le al le gre soglie as sese, trea sure? He who with watchful tender ness Guarded my waning pow ers,
e nuovo, febbre, cessare, destan mi amor!
Strewing my way with flowers, Waking my heart to love!

Ah, now I feel that tis love, and love alone,

breath of all in the life, the life universal, mysterious

power, guiding the fate of mortals, sorrow, sorrow and sweetness, sorrow and

sweetness of this poor earth.
A me, tau-ciul-la, an cau-di-do e tre-pi-do de-si-re, I have that image hid-den;
Fondly with-in my heart en-shrin'd I have that image hid-den.

I have that image hid-den; Now with the sov'-reign pow'r of love,

It doth a-rise un-bid-den, it doth a-rise un-bid-den; And o'er my heav'n o'f

Beckons my soul to glad-ness; Oh, if the dream be mad-ness,

Life hath no longer worth.

Sen-tia che a-mo-re, ché a-

Ah, no, I feel, 'that tis
Joni's breath of also, delirious, life, the life universal, mysterious power,
guiding the fate of mortals, sorrow, sorrow and sweetness, sorrow and
sweetness of this poor earth! sorrow and sweetness of this poor earth!

(stands pensively) (rousing herself)

ah! delizial cor! ah! delizial cor! Fol-li-e! fol-

What fol-ly! what
Allegro (d = 120)

Nel ciel del delirio vano é questo!
Po-ve-ra
Ah, I am

Donna, sola, abbandonata in questo po-polo-so de-
helpless, lonely, without a friend; for me this thronging city doth

Sec-to-che appella-no Pa-ri-gi, che spero r piu' che fardeg-gio-o? gio-i-re! di seem as a vast and empty desert: What can I hope? Where can I turn me? to pleasure in

Vo-lut-tà ne' vor ev-ry fierce and wild
de-light I'll steep my sense and

Dolce a piacere
die! Of joy I'll die!
Allegró brillante.(cresc.)

Sempre li - be-ra_ deg-
ill ful - fil the round of

Assai brillante

gi - o fol - leg - gia - re di gio - ja in gio - ja, vo' che scor - ra il vi - ver
plea - sure, Joy - ing, toy - ing from flow - er to flow - er, I will drain a brim-ming

mi - o pei se - tic - ri del - pla - cer. Nasce il giorno, o il gior - no
mea - sure From the cup of ros - y joy. Nev - er weary, each dawning
morrow Flies to bear me some new rapture; Ever

let - ti sem - pre muo - vi dee vo - la - re il mio pensier, dee vo -
fresh delights I'll borrow, I will banish all annoy, all an -

lar, dee vo - lar dee vo - la - re il mio pensier, dee vo -
noy, all annoy, I will banish all annoy, all an -

lar, dee vo - lar

il pen -
noy, all annoy; all an -
Andantino.

sier!
noy!

Alfred (under the balcony)

Ah!

Andantino (★ 1.96)

Almor, amor è pal-pito del lu- nin-ver-so, del lu- nin-ver-so.

All hath life, hath life and breath from thee, Love, thou'ret the soul of the life, the life uni-

Ver-sal, mys-terious pow-er, guiding the fate of mor-tals, sorrow, sorrow and

Allegrò.

In-izia, croce de-li- zia, de-li-zia al cor!

sweetness, sorrow and sweetness of this poor earth!

Allegro

dolce piacere

gio-

gio-

All'enerò.
Tempo I. (d=84) assai brillante

Sempre li-be-ra_de-gi-o_fol-le-g
die!

I'll fulfil the round of pleasure, joying,
gia-re_di_gio-ja_in_gio-ja,_vo_che_scor-ra-il vi-ver mi-o pei sen-
toy-ing from flow'r to flow-er, I will drain a brimming mea-
sure From the
tie-ri_del_pia-cer._Na-sca_il gior-no, o_i_l gior-no muo-ja, sem-pre
cup of ro-sy joy. Nev-er wea-ry, each dawning mor-
row Flies to

lie-ta ne_ri-tro-
vi,_ a_di-le-t-ti_sem-pre
bear me some new rap-
ture, Ev-er fresh delights I'll

nuo-vi dee vo-la-re il_nio pen-sier, dee_vo-lar, dee_vo-
bor-row, I will ban-ish all an- noy, all an-noy, all an-
lar, devo - lare il mio pen - sier, devo - lar, devo-
noy, I will ban - ish all an - noy, all an - noy, all an-

lar, il pen - noy,

Alfred (under the balcony)

Amor è pal-pi-to del lu - ni - ver-so.
Love, thou art life and breath of all cre - a - tion.

lar, ah! ah! devo - lar il pen-
noy, ah! ah! ban - ish all an-
sier, devo- lar, sier, devo-
noy, all an-

Love thou art life and breath of all cre-a-tion.

Amor è pal-pi-to del lu-ni-ver-so.

sier, il mio pensier, il mio pens-
noy, il ban- ish all, yes, all an-

Go through door, L.H.

sier! noy!

End of Act I.
Act II.

A room on the ground-floor of a country-house near Paris. In the centre, at the back, a mantelpiece with clock, mirror, &c. A glass door on each side shows the garden; two other doors opposite each other. Chairs, tables, books, writing-materials, etc.

No. 7. "De' mici bollenti spiriti."
Recit. and Air.

(Enter Alfred in hunting-costume.)

Allegro vivace. ($=132$)

Piano.

Alfred.

Lunge da
When we are

Recit.

(puts away his gun)

le - i per me non vha di - let-to!
part-ed, of life it-self I'm wea-ry.

Vo-la - ron gia tre
Three months have nearly
In the dace I left Violetta agi per me lasciò, do-vizie, a-vanished since my be-lov'd Violetta left, for my sake, the world, its pleasures and

mo-ri, e le pom-po-se fe-ste, ov', a-gli o-maggi-va-zza, ve-dea schia-vo clas-splendors, the gay and bril-liant cir-cle where she, the star of beau-ty, enslav'd the hearts of

Andante.

cun di sua bel-lez-za. Ed or con-ten-ta in que-sti a-me ni luo-ghi tut-to scor-da per all to do her homage. And here con-tent-ed with me to roan the meadows, she for-getts all for

Adagio.

me. Qui pres-so a lei io ri-na-scer mi sen-to, e dal me. Her gra-cious pres-ence re-news all my be-ing, sweet en-

sof-fio d'amor ri-ge-ne-ra-to scor-do ne' gau-di suo i tut-to il pas-chantment of love, in thee is can-cell'd all dark re-mem-brance of a past dis-

Andante. (J = 60)
De' miei bollenti spiriti
Fevered and wild my dream of youth,
Il giovanelear
no star on high to
do—re
guide me,
el—la temprò col placido sor

stent.

risodel'amor, del amor!
trouble fled a-way, fled a-way!
Dal ti che disse:

“Live for me,
On earth, on earth I love but thee;”

del lumi—vero immem—ore io vivo, io vivo
Ah, since that bright, that blessed day, in heaven'mid joys ce—
quasi, io vivo quasi in cielo. Dal dice dis-se: ti-re io vegliato se-les-tial, in heavin I dream to be. When low she whisper’d: “Live for me, on earth I love but

del, si, si, del lu-ni-ver-se im-mo-re io thee, but thee;” Ah, since that bright, that blessed day, in

vi-vovo, vi-vovo qua-si, io vi-vovo qua-si in cielo, io heav’n mid joys ce-les-tial, in heav’n I dream to be, ah,

since that day, in heav’n itself I dream to be,
(Enter Annina, agitated)

Annina.

viene? Da Parigi. Chi tel commisce? Fu la mia si-

Alfred.

come you? Straight from Paris. Who thither sent you? Who else but my

Annina.

Alfred.


Annina.

mistress? Wherefore? It is her wish that all she owns shall be at once disposed of. Ah, what

Alfred.

Annina.

sen-to! Lo spendio grande a vi-ver qui so-lin-ghi. E ta-

Annina.

say'st thou? It is expensive to live like this, se-

Alfred.

quester'd. And I
Annina. Alfred.

ce-vi? Mi fu il silenzio im-posto.
knew not! She bade me not to tell you.

Im-po-sto?
She bade you?

or v'ab-bi so-gna? Mil-le lu- i-gi!
What sum is needed? Two thou-sand lou-is.

Mil-le lu-i-gi!

v'an-ne. An-drò a Pa-ri-gi,
van-ne. An-drò a Pa-ri-gi,
questo col-lo-quo igno-ri la si-
guesto col-lo-quo igno-ri la si-

gho-ra; il tuo val-go a ri-pa-ra-re an-co-
mistress; there yet is time to can-ceal all my er-

(Exit Annina)
Allegro. (d = 108)

Oh, deep remorse, oh, infamy! In

Vis-si in tale er ro-re! Mail turn-ge-re son- no-a

Frang-re il ver mi ba-le-nò! Per

Por-co jù se-no ac-que-ta-ti, o gri-do o gri-do del-lo-

No-re; mà-vrai se-cu-ro vin-di-ce; que

Hon-or, re-morse pur-sue me, or I'll do't, be-
st'ôn-ta la-ve-ró, Oh mio ros-sor! oh in-fa-
fore the mor-row's beam. Oh deep re-morse! oh in-

mi-a! ah sí, que-st'ôn-ta la-ve-ró, si la-ve-
my! ah yes, I'll have my shame be-fore the mor-
row's beam. Oh deep re-morse! oh in-

st'ôn-ta la-ve-ró, que-st'ôn-ta, que-st'ôn-ta la-ve-
fore the mor-row's beam. I'll have it be-fore the mor-row's beam!
Alfred.

O mio rimorso! oh in-famia! io
Oh deep remorse, oh infamy! in-

vis-si in tale er ro-re! mal tur-pe son-no a
selfish joys I lingered, but ruthless fate hath

fran-get re il ver mi ba-le-nò! Per
rent in twain my sweet, fallacious dream! Be

po-co in se-no ac-que-ta-ti, gri-
still a-while, and bide, my heart, thou shalt, thou shalt retrievethy
st'ontà, si, que' st'ontà la-ve-ro!

Oh mio ros-sor! oh in-fa-

mia! Ah si, que' st'ontà la-ve-ro, si, la-ve-

mia! Ah yes, I'll lave my shame be-fore the mor-row's beam!

No-re, ma vrai se-cu-ro vin-di-ce, que-

re-morse pursue me, or I'll do't, be-

Oh deep re-morse! oh in fa-

imo!
ro, ah, l'onta, l'onta
beam, it shall, it shall be lav'd be-

ro, si, lave-ro, ah, l'onta, l'onta
fore the morrow's beam, it shall, it shall be lav'd be-

ro, si, lave-ro, lave-ro, lave-ro, lave-ro, lave-ro, lave-ro,
fore the morrow's beam! Oh remorse, oh remorse, oh

(Exit)

(E-ve- ro!) re-morse!
No. 8. "Pura siccome un angelo."

Recit. and Duet.

Allegro.

(Enter Violetta with papers)

Violetta.  
Annina.  
Violetta.

Piano.

Annina.  
Violetta.

Per voi.  Sta ben.  In brev' ormai giungera un uom d'affari; entrai-li-stante.  Ah, ah! Scopri-va Flora il mio riparo, e m'invita a danzar per que-sta ser-a! In-van m'aspet-te-a!  Stranger, at once admit him.  Ha, ha! So Flora knows where I am hiding, asks that I shall attend her ball this evening! She will wait for me in

Violetta.
Joseph is to admit him.

It is he I wait for.

Madame, a stranger.

You see before you Alfred's father. Yes, I'm the father of this cautious mad-man you are luring to ruin.

Donna son io, sir; you're beneath my roof-tree, and I'm a woman; pray permit me to leave you, for your sake more than...
(going)

Tratto in error, vo 

Quai modi!)

(What bearing!)

Madam

De' suoi bene e gli dono vol

Non l'uso finorari finirei.

He hath given me nothing: I should refuse.

Farvi.

sessions.

Pur tanto busso.

But all this splendor.

Moderato.

(Germont reads it)

Ciel! che discopri!

What a discovery! Then you would relinquish all your worldly be-

Gliarvi! Ahil pasto to perché perché vaeacu sa! Più non ese ste. Or a-no Al-

longings! But, oh sorrow, the past will still accuse you! The past is cancelld, I love but
Alfred, and Heaven has blotted out my sin with my re-

Allegro.
a tempo

Alle

mi-o! No-bi-li sen-si in-ve-ro! Oh co-me dol-ce mi tuo-nai vo-stro ac-
pen-tance! Ah yes, thy heart is no-ble! Oh gentle words, how they soothe my troubled

Germont. (rising)

Allegro.

Violetta. (rising)

cento! Ed a tai sen-si un sa-cri-fi-zio chie-ggo. Ah no-fa-ce-te ter-ri-bil
spirit! And from that heart I would ask a great concession. Ah no I cannot some dreadful

presto

cos-achie-de-re-ste, cer-to il pre-vi-di vat-te-si e-ra fe-li-ce sa-
crifice I see im-pend-ing, I fore-saw it I knew it ah me! we were too

trop-po! D’Al-fre-do il pa-dre la sor-te, l’av-ve-nir de-man-da or hap-py! I charge thee, hear me. In thy hands I will lay the fu-ture
Violetta.

Germont.

Allegro moderato (=84)

"Qui de suoi due figli. Di due figli? Si.
"Fate of my two children. Your two children? Yes.

"Dolciiss. cantabile

"Pura sie-co-me un an-ge-lo, Id-dio mi di-e u-na fi-glia;
"Fair as a rose in Para-disc, Heavenly to me a daugh-ter,

"Se Al-fre-do ne-ga rie-de-re in se-no al-la fa-mi-glia,
"Our tranquil days would bliss-ful-ly like calm, un-trou-bled wa-ter.

"La-mate camante gio-vi-ne, cui spo-sa-andar do-ve-a.
"Loving and lov'd the maid-en was, fondest of hopes she cer-lish'd:

"Ori ri-cu-sa al vin-co-lo che lie-ti, lie-ti ne ren-de-va.
"Thou art, alas, the un-hap-py cause that those, those sweet hopes have per-ish'd.
Deh non mutate in triboli, le rose del'amor, ah non mutate in
Ne'er will my daughter wedded be, while Alfred is thy thrall, ne'er will my daughter

triboli le rose del'amor, a prie-ghi miei resiste-re no, no, non wedded be while Alfred is thy thrall, Oh grant a father's fervent pray'r, and may a

voglia il vo-stro cor, no, no.
blessing yet upon thee fall.

prendo do-vrò per al-cun tempo da Alfredo al-lon-tan-ar-mi; do-lo-
meaning is, that we should be parted un-t'il his sister's marriage; it will

ro-so fo-ra per me pur. Non è ciò che chiedo. Cielo! che più cer-
grieve me, but if I must. 'Tis not that I ask you. Heaven, what more then
Germont.

Violetta.

Germont.

Violetta. 

Ei a poco —m—m—L^ Violetta. 

ca-te? of-fer-si as-sa-i! Pur non ba-sta. Vo-lete che per would you? I cannot bear this. That were nothing. You do not mean that

sempre a lui re-nun-zi? È du-o-po! Ah no! giam-
we should part for ev-er? It must be! Ah no! ah

mai! no, mai! Non sa-
no! never! Ah, you

pe-te qua-le af-fet-to vi-vo, im-men-so _ m’ar-da in pet-to? che né a-
know not how I love him, how I treasure naught a-bove him; neither

mi-ci, né pa-ren-ti io non con-to tra’vi-ven- ti? e che Al-
father, friend or brother lives to comfort or to guide me but to

p p sia

f colla parte
Non sa-love me and pro-TECT me there is none but on-ly he!

Ah, you

pe-te che col-pi-ta d'a-tro mor-bo è la mia vi-ta? che gia know not, o'er my life-spring dead-ly sick-ness is im-pend-ing; dai-ly,

presso il fi-n ne ve-do? Ch'io mi se-pa-ri da Al-fre-do! Ah il sup-hour-ly, death hovers o'er me: No I can-not part from Al-fred! What you

Ancor piu vivo.

pli-zio è si spie-ta-to, il sup-pli-zio è si spie-ta-to, che a mo-as-kr, ah what you ask my aeh-ing spir-it can-not bear it, ra-ther, ah,

r-rir, a mo-rir pre-fe-ri-ro, si, mo-rir pre-ra-ther than part, oh let me die, ra-ther, ra-ther
Geront. a piacere

Ah! prefe-rirò morir!
Ah! far ra-ther let me die!

E gra-ve il
The sa-cri-

Sa-cri-fi-zio;
Sacrifice is heavy;

Ma pur, tran-quil-la-n-di-te-mi;
Yet pray, in calm-ness list to me.
Andante piuttosto mosso ($\textstyle \frac{\text{d}}{\text{f}} = 96$)

Violetta.

Bella voi sie-te, e gio-ve-ne; col tem-po Ah piu non di-te, v'in-tend-o, me impos-
Radiant in beauty and youthfulness some other. No more, I pray you. No other can I

Violetta.

si-bi-le, lui so-lo a-mar vo-gli-o.
love on earth, but Alfred, with love un-dy-ing.

Sia

pura-re, ma vo-lu-bi-le so-
tran-qui-l. But the hearts of men are

Violetta. (confounded)

Germont, con sempli-ci-tà

ven-te è hom.
change-a-ble.

Gan Di-ò! Un di, quan-do le

Ve-ne-ri, il tem-po a-vrà fu-

speedi-ly, when all thy youth-ful beau-

ve-ne-ri, il tem-po a-vrà fu-

il tem-po a-vrà fu-

gate, fia pre-stol te-dio a

Fia pre-stol te-dio a

Fran Di-ò! Un di, quan-do le

The time will come, and

ve-ne-ri, il tem-po a-vrà fu-

il tem-po a-vrà fu-

gate, fia pre-stol te-dio a

Fia pre-stol te-dio a

Fran Di-ò! Un di, quan-do le

The time will come, and
sor-ge-re_ Che sa-ra a-t-ler? Pen-sa-te! Per voi non a-vran
troying time, how will it be then? Be-think thee! No years will bring thee

bal-sa-mo i piu so-a-vi-a-fet-ti, po-lche dal ciel non
gentle rest, nor ties of home and kin-dred, nor ne-ther Heav’n nor

Violetta.

E ve-ro! è
Oh sor-row! oh

fu-ro-no ta-i no-di be-ne-det-ti. Ah
man hath blest the u-nion of thy way-ward heart. Oh

ve-ro! sor-row!

dum-que, dum-que sper-da-si tal so-gno se-dut-
har-bor no de-lus-sive dreams, thou canst not thus be
E vero! è vero! Oh sorrow! 'tis true!

Oh sorrow! 'tis true!

to - re - sia - te di mia fa - but thou canst be my

hap - py; mi - glia chil - dren's

l'an - gel con - so - la - an - gel, bear - ing sweet

for - re - Vio - let - ta, deh pen - sa - te - ci, ne sie - te in tempo ancor. E Dio che ispira, o

comfort; Vio - let - ta, ah, be - think thou well, resolve ere' tis too late, 'tis Heav'n it-self that

cl.

comfort; Vio - let - ta, ah, be - think thou well, resolve ere' tis too late, 'tis Heav'n it-self that

Vio - let - ta, ah, be - think he well, resolve ere' tis too late, 'tis Heav'n it-self that

gio - vi - ne, è Dio che ispi - ra, o gio - vi - ne, è Dio che is - pi - ra tai detti a unge - ni,
speaks thro' me, 'tis Heav'n it-self that speaks thro' me, to turn my lov'd ones! to turn my lov'd ones!

gio - vi - ne, è Dio che ispi - ra, o gio - vi - ne, è Dio che is - pi - ra tai detti a unge - ni,
speaks thro' me, 'tis Heav'n it-self that speaks thro' me, to turn my lov'd ones! to turn my lov'd ones!

gio - vi - ne, è Dio che ispi - ra, o gio - vi - ne, è Dio che is - pi - ra tai detti a unge - ni,
speaks thro' me, 'tis Heav'n it-self that speaks thro' me, to turn my lov'd ones! to turn my lov'd ones!

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speaks thro' me, 'tis Heav'n it-self that speaks thro' me, to turn my lov'd ones! to turn my lov'd ones!

gio - vi - ne, è Dio che ispi - ra, o gio - vi - ne, è Dio che is - pi - ra tai detti a unge - ni,
speaks thro' me, 'tis Heav'n it-self that speaks thro' me, to turn my lov'd ones! to turn my lov'd ones!

gio - vi - ne, è Dio che ispi - ra, o gio - vi - ne, è Dio che is - pi - ra tai detti a unge - ni,
speaks thro' me, 'tis Heav'n it-self that speaks thro' me, to turn my lov'd ones! to turn my lov'd ones!

gio - vi - ne, è Dio che ispi - ra, o gio - vi - ne, è Dio che is - pi - ra tai detti a unge - ni,
speaks thro' me, 'tis Heav'n it-self that speaks thro' me, to turn my lov'd ones! to turn my lov'd ones!

gio - vi - ne, è Dio che ispi - ra, o gio - vi - ne, è Dio che is - pi - ra tai detti a unge - ni,
speaks thro' me, 'tis Heav'n it-self that speaks thro' me, to turn my lov'd ones! to turn my lov'd ones!

gio - vi - ne, è Dio che ispi - ra, o gio - vi - ne, è Dio che is - pi - ra tai detti a unge - ni,
speaks thro' me, 'tis Heav'n it-self that speaks thro' me, to turn my lov'd ones! to turn my lov'd ones!
Ah! lost! Ah! For the sake of our angel, be-think thee well, ah be thou our angel, be-think thee.

That one unhappy heart hath perished.

One single hope had she, but one single hope e'er did bless her.

That blessed hope she hath now sacrificed, for her sake, for her.
Piangi, piang-gi, piang-gi, o mi-sera, piang-gi, piang-gi, piang-gi. Su-pre-mo il
Bitter, bitter sorrow speaks in thy words, bitter, bitter sorrow speaks in thy

veg-go, supremo il veg-go, è il sa-cri-fi-zio, è il sa-cri-fi-zio ch’o-ra ti
ac-cent, great is thy an-guish, great thy de-votion; great is thy an-guish, great thy de-

chieggo sento nel-l’a-ni-ma-gia le tua pe-ne co-rag-gio e il no-bil tuo cor vi-ce-
vo-tion, and while I ask the boon, I sorrow for thee, thy no-ble heart Heav’n will never for-

Violetta.

Di-te al-la gio-vi-ne si bel-la
dim.allarg. Say to thy daugh-ter dear, guard-ed and

ra, ed il cor vi-ce-ra! Ah su-pre-mo, il veg-go,
sake, Heav’n will never for-sake!

Ah, I see thy an-guish,
ra piangi, piangi, piangi, o misera, coraggio, o nobile cor, vince s'hai;
Bitter, bitter sorrow's in thy woods! thy noble heart Heaven will never for
ra, che morrà, che morrà, che morrà che morrà,
that blessed hope, that blessed hope, that blest hope, is sacrificed for her
ra, coraggio, ah sì, il nobil cor vince-ra, ah sì, il nobil cor vince-
sake; have courage, thy noble heart, no thy heart, no thy heart Heaven never will for
Sostenuto.
ra. sake. Im-pone-te. Now command me. Nol crede-
ra. I cie-co. Segui-rammi. Qual Em-
ra. I cie-co. Par-ti-te. Then leave him—
Al lor—Then try—
Fi-glia, qual fi-glia miabbrac-cia-te. For-te co-sí sa-ro. Tra brace me, em-brace me as your daugh-ter— for I would now be strong. He

bre-ve ci vi fia re-so, ma af-flit-to ol-tre o-gni soon shall be re-stor’d to you, his heart will break, I

di-re - A suo con-for-to di co-la vo-le - re-te. fear me; a-wait him yonder, to comfort him be ready.

Che pen-sa-te? Sa-pen-dol, v’op-po-re-ste al pen-sier Your in-ten-tion? I know you would op-pose me if that I

mi-o. Ge-ne-ro- sa! e per told you. Gen-yous dam-sel, how can
Violetta
(turning to him.)

Allegro moderato. ($=108$)

Mor - sa!

Voi che far pos-si-o? che far pos-si-o? o ge-ne-
I re-pay thy good-ness? how can I ev-er re-pay thy

cresc.

moro! mor-ro! la mia me-mo-ri-a non fi-a chei ma-le-di-ca, se
need! 'tis death a-lone can give me rest, but ah! do not let him curse me, but

morendo

le mie pen-geri bii-li vi sia ch' almen gli di-ca. No, ge-ne-ro-sa,
let his tender me-mo-ry en-shrine my name un-hap-py. No, noble heart, thou

vi-vè-re e lie-ta. voi do-vre-te. Mer-cè di queste la-grime dal
yet shalt live, shalt live and_yet be hap-py, thy bitter tears, thy sa-crifice in
Violetta, animando con molta passione

Ciè lo un giorno a-vre-te? Co-nosca il sa-ci-fi-zio ch'io con-su-mai dà-
Heav-en shall be re-ward-ed! May he be spared the an-guish that rends my soul tor-

No, no, thou shalt not lan-guish, thy days shall glide con-tent-ed, the ef-fort of thy

No-bi-le sa-re-te fi-cra, al-ler, si, si, si.
gen’rous de-ed shall cheer thy latest sigh, ahyes, yes,

Sempre più animando
con-su-mai da-mo-re, che sa-ra suo fin ful-ti-mo so-
renders my soul tor-ment-ed, but may he know, for him a-
lone
fier-a ill or, dun' o-pra co-si no-bi-le sa-
ne'er despair, this ef-fort of thy gen-'rous heart shall

spi-ro del mio cor, che sa-ra
breath'd my lat-est sigh, ah may he
re-te fie-ra al-lor; pre-mia-to il sa-cri-fi-zio, pre-mia-to il sa-cri-
cheer thy lat-est sigh; ah no, thou shalt not lan-guish, thy days shall glide con-

su-o fin ful-ti-mo so-spir,
know, for him was my lat-est sigh, ah,
fi-zio sa-ra del vo-stro cor, ah si, dun' o-pra co-si-
tent-ed, this ef-fort of thy gen-'rous heart shall cheer thy lat-est

sa-ra suo fin ful-ti-mo so-spir-ro so-
may-he know, for him was my lat-est sigh, for him
no-bi-l'dun' o-pra-co-si no-bi-l sa-re-te fie-ra al-lor, dun'
sigh, it shall cheer thy lat-est sigh, yes, this ef-fort of thy gen-'rous
(They embrace) dolce

Sia-te fel-lice. Ad-di-o.

May you be hap-py. Fare-well.

Sia-te fel-lice.

May you be hap-py.

Fare-well.

Co-nosca il sa-cri-fi-zio che con-su-nai d’a-mo-re.

May he be spare’d the an-guish that rends my soul tor-men-ted.

Sia-te fel-lice. Ad-di-o.

Fare-well! May you be hap-py, ah

Ad-di-o! fe-li-ce sia-te, ad-

Ah, leave me!

Ad-di-o! fe-li-ce sia-te, ad-

Fare-well! May you be hap-py, ah

Exit by the garden-door.

May he be spar’d the an-guish that rends my soul tor-men-ted.

Si, Nay, Si, may,

Si, Nay, Si, may,

Ad-di-o! fare you well!

Ad-di-o! fare you well!
No 9. "Dammi tu forza, o cielo."

Recitative.

Violetta.
Adagio.
(seats herself and writes.)

Voice.

Dammi tu for-za o cie-lo-

Heaving grant me strength to bear it!

Adagio. (6-63)

Piano.

Violetta.

Recitative.

Violetta.

Adagio.

Voice.

Dammi tu forza, o cielo.

Violetta.

Adagio. (seats herself and writes.)

Piano.

Violetta.

Voice.

Mi riche-de-ste?—Si;
Do you re-quire me? Yes;

Violetta.

Annina.

Violetta.

Annina.

(Exit Annina.)

Violetta.

Music notation:

(see the address, surprised.)

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Music notation:

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

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Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

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Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.

Violetta.
105

Allegro. Violetta (hiding her letter.) (with embarrassment.)

Enter Alfred.

Nul-la.

Si-no-

St-

Noth-ing.

yes-no-

Che fa!?

Scri-ve-vi?

Qual fur-ba-

What dost thou?

A let-ter

Why this con-

men-to! a chi scri-ve-vi?

fus-sion?

Dannu quel fo-glio.

To whom was writ-

Give me the letter.

ting?

(rising.)

o-ra.

presents.

Mi per-do-na, son io preo-cu-pa-to.

Let it be, then, my mind's disturbed and anx-i-ous.

Che Ab-

fu?

Lo ve-de-sti?

why?

You have seen him?

Giun-se mio pa-dre-

Ah no: se-ve-ro scri-to mi la-

Here came my fa-ther-

not yet; he left for me an an-gry
sciava! pe-rò l'a-ten-do, t'a-me-rà in ve-der-ti. Chèi qui non mi sor-litter-ter! I now a-wait him—he will love, when he sees thee. No, no, he must not

prenda, lascia che n'al-lon-ta-ni, tu la cal-ma,- Ai piedi suoi mi get-te-find me, let me go hence, I pray you; you will soothe him, and I will fall before his

(scarcely repressing her tears.)

ro-di-vi-si-più non ne vor-rà, sarem fe-li-ci. sa-rem fel-feet, he will not ask of us to part, and blissful mo-ments shall yet be

li-ci, per-chè tu m'ai-ami. tu m'ai-ami. Al-fre-do, tu m'ai-mi non e ours, because you love me, you love me, oh Al-fred, you love me, say you

(Alfred.)

ve-ro? tu m'ai-mi? Al-fred, tu m'ai-mi. Al-fred, non è ve-ro? Oh love me, you love me? oh Alfred, you love me, oh Alfred, say you love me? I
Di l'ag'ri-me ave-a d'u-po-or son tran-
My heart has need of tears to calm it, I can be

(tis o-ver, I am smil-ing, tis

an effo-rt.)

or son tran-qui-la. ti sor-ri-do. Sa-ro
o-ver, I can be calm now I am smil-ing. I'll be

la, tra que-fior, presso-a te
there, 'mongst the flowers, near when you
sem-pre, sem-pre, sem-pre pres-so-a-ye.
call me, al-ways, al-ways near to thee.

(With passion and force.)

A-ma-mi, Al-fre-do, a-ma-mi quan-t'io
Al-fred, oh love me, love me as I do

ta-mo, a-ma-mi, Al-fre-do, quan-t'io
love thee, Al-fred, oh love me, love me

(Exit hastily)

ta-mo, quan-t'io ta-mo Ad-di-o!
ev-er as I love thee, now fare thee well!

into the garden.)
Andante.

Alfred.

Voice.

Ah, vi-ve sol quel co-re al-la-nor mi-o!
Oh, precious heart, I know it, indeed thou lovest me!

Piano.

E tar-di! ed og-gi for-se piu non ver-ramio padre.
Sotardy! maybe my father will not come etomorrow.

Allegro. (d=104)

Joseph. (enters hastily)

La si-gno-ra è par-ti-ta.
Sir. madame has depart-ed.

fat-ten-de-vaun ca-les-se, e sul-la vi-a già cor-re di Pa-
shved a coach read-y wait-ing, she's by this time far up-on the way to

ri-gi; An-ni-na pu-re pri-ma di lei spa-ri-va. Il so, ti
Paris, An-ni-na, too, dis-appear'd be-fore her mist-ress. I know, be
Joseph. (exit) Alfred.

(calm) (Che vuol dire ciò?) Va forse dogna ve re ad af fret tar la tran quill! (What can this mean?) No doubt, of her be long ings she's gone to make the

(Germont is seen at a distance, crossing the gar.

per di ta ma An ni ha lo im pe di ra.
sa cri fice, but that An ni na will pre vent.

A Commissionaire.

(about to go out) (at the door) Alfred. Commis

den) Qual cu no è nel giar di no. Chi è là? Il si gnor Germont? Son i o. U na

There's some one in the garden. Who's there? Istmonsieur Germont? I am he. I've a

sionaire.

(He gives a letter to Alfred, receives money from him and exit) Alfred.

da ma dama coc chio, per voi, di qua non lunge, mi die de questo scrit to. Di Vio-

note that a la dy just now bade me de liv er with out de lay to you, Sir. From Vio-

Andante. (d = 80)

let ta! Per ché son io com mos so? A rag gius ner la for se el la min let ta! Why does this note dis turb me? She in vites me, no doubt, to meet her
Vi-ta.
Lo tre-mo!
Oh ciel!
Co-
y-
der.
I trem-ble!
Oh heav'n!
No

(opens the letter)

Allegro

(Turns and finds)

rag-gio! "Al-fre-do, al giun-ger-vi di que-sto fo-glio..."
Ah!
weakness! "When Alfred, you will receive these lines, we're sunder'd!"

Ah!

himself in the arms of his father.

Padre mi-o!
Mio fi-glio!
Oh qua-

Des-pair not!
My son, take

sof-fri!
Oh te-giil pian-to, ri-tor-na di tuo pa-dre or-go-glio e
com-fort!
Ah, cease from weep-ing, re-turn un-to thy fa-ther, his pride and his

Andante piu-tosto mosso.
(Alfred seats himself by the table in des-pair, his face buried in his hands)
Di Pro-ven-za il mar, il suo el dal
Hath thy home in fair Provence from thy

heart then pass'd away, hath it quite then pass'd away, thy blest home in fair Provence? Doth no

Of thy child-hood's happy day? Of thy child-hood's happy day doth no

rest thy heart forlorn in thy sun-ny native land, Come and rest thy heart forlorn in thy
splendere ancor può. Dio mi gui-do! Dio mi gui-do!
sunny native land. Heav'n calls thee home, Heav'n speaks th' home, and calls thee home! 

vecchio genitor tu non sai quanto soffri, tu non sai quanto soffri il tuo
waited thy return till our hearts have wearied sore, till our hearts have wearied sore we have

vecchio genitor! T' lon-ta-no, di squal-lo-re, il suo tet-to si co-prì, il suo
wait-ed thy return! Shall thy gentle sis-ter mourn, Shall thy sire in vain implore, shall thy

tet-to si co-prì, di squal-lo-re, di squal-lo-re. Mas-cia-fin ti trovo an-cor, se in me
sire in vain implore, shall thy gentle sis-ter mourn? All for-got shall be our tears If thou
se la voce del lontan in teappienon amarti, ma seal
now wilt be our own. Come and share the blissful years. Let our love for all a-tone, come and

fin ti trovo ancor, sei me spe me non fal-li,
share the blissful years, let our love for all a-tone.

Heaven calls thee home,

Heaven speaks thro' me and calls thee home. 

Heaven calls thee home,

Heaven calls thee home, my son, Heaven calls thee home.

Heaven calls thee home, Heaven calls thee home, Heaven calls thee

Allegro (c = 138)

Germont (rousing Alfred)

Ne rispondi d'un prode al lal-
f
Oh my son, say a word to thy

col canto

morendo
Alfred.

Germont.

Alfred, (resolved)

Germont.

Alfred.

Germont.

Germont.

Alfred.

Germont.

Alfred.

Germont.

Dunque i counsel, then prove all in vain?

Shall
No, non u-drai rim-pro-ve-ri, co-priam do-bloji pas-sa-to; la-mor che m'ha gui-
I will not blame thee, oh, my son, The past hence-forth be buried, Too long thou hast

da-to sa tut-to per-do-nar. Vie-ni,i tuoi carin giu-bi-lo con me rive-dian-
tar-ried, Oh come and make us blest. Such love as ours can wake a-again Thy youths unclouded

do-ra, a chi pe-ero fi-no-ra tal gio-ja non ne-gar. Un pa-dreed u-na splendor, Mid spir-its true and ten-der, Re-turn and be at rest. Thy fa-ther's pray'r de-

su-o-ra taf-fret-ta a con-so-la-re, un pa-dreed u-na su-o-ra taf-fret-ta conso-
ny not, Thy home and friends oh fly not, Thy fa-ther's pray'r de-ny not, Oh come and be at
No, non u-drai rim-pro-ve-ri, co-priam do-bbio il pas-sa-to: la-mor sa rest. I will not blame thee, oh my son; The past hence-forth be burried; Th' home, oh

I will not blame thee, oh my son, The past hence-forth be buried; Th' home, oh

but be at rest, oh come, my son, and be at rest. Oh dis-

op. 14600 Alfred.
ser-pì
traction! what tor-
ments devour me!

Germont.

miscel-tì tu?
My son, dost hear?

Un pa-dred u - na su-
ra taf-fret-ta a con-
so-

Thy father's prayr de-
ny not, Thy home and friends oh

Alfred.

No!
No!

La-re, Un pa-dred u - na su-
ra taf-fret-ta a con-so-
lar. No, non u-drai rim-
fly not, Thy father's prayr de-
ny not, Oh come and be at rest. I will not blame thee,

pro-ve-rì, co-priam do-bhojì pas-
sa-to, la-
mo-
re sa tu-
to, sa tu-
to per-
do-
oh my son, The past hence-forth be buried, Thy home, oh fly not, Return and make us
Un padre ed una sua figlia, consolare, t'affretta, t'affretta, t'affretta.
Thy father's prayer deny, Thy home and friends oh fly, oh fly, oh

fretta a consolare, ah si, t'affretta a consolare, fly not, but be at rest, oh come, my son, and be at rest,

vie-ni, t'affretta a consolare, un padre ed una sua figlia, si, t'aff.
Oh come, my son, and be at rest, Thy father's prayer deny, thou not, my

fretta, ah si, t'affretta, ah si, t'affretta, t'affretta, t'affretta consolare, come, and be at rest, come, and be at rest, and be at rest.
Alfred (rousing himself, sees the letter of Floria still on the table, reads it again, and exclaims)

Ah!
Ah!
El-le-al-la fe-sta! voi-li-si lof-

lar! rest!

colla parte

(rushes off distractedly, followed by Germont)

Fe-saa ven-di-car!
there, my wrongs l'a-venge!

Che di-er? ah for-
What say'st thou? oh mad-

ma!
man!

(crescendo, tutti)
No 11. "Avrem lieta di maschere la notte..."

Finale II.

A richly furnished apartment in Flora's mansion. Doors at both sides and in centre. A gaming-table R.H. A table with flowers and refreshments L.H. Sofas, etc. Flora, the Marquis, Doctor, and other guests enter L.H. in conversation.

Allegro brillante.

Voice.

Piano.
With enjoyment this night shall be resplendent, the Viscount leads the maskers.

Viola and Alfred, both I expect.

You have not heard the news, then? That Alfred and she are disguised.

If she comes, she will be with the Baron.
(a noise is heard R. H.)

Si-len-zio—U—
Be si-lent, you

vi-di-er i-an-cor!
par-e-an fe-li-ci.
saw them but last night, they both seemed so happy!

(they advance towards R. H.)

di-te!
Giu-n-go-no gli-a-mi-ci.
bear them?
Wel-come to the mask-ers.

Giu-n-go-no gli-a-mi-ci.
Wel-come to the mask-ers.

Giu-n-go-no gli-a-mi-ci.
Wel-come to the mask-ers.

Wha-le.
cresc.

Tutti.
N° 12. "Noi siamo zingarelle."
Chorus of Gipsies.

(Some of the Gipsies hold wands in their hands, others tambourines, to beat the time.)

Allegro moderato.

Voices.

SOPRANO and ALTO.

(Piano.

(Wherever the Sign * occurs, the Gipsies strike their tambourines.)

(Wherever the Sign * occurs, the Gipsies strike their tambourines.)

(l'av-vi a noi d'o-sce-ro, no, nul l'av-vi a noi d'o-sce-ro, e i ca-si del fu-
nought that can from us, there's naught that can from us be hid, The fu-
ture comes un-
tu - ro pos-sia-mo al - trui pre - dir. Se con-sul-tiam le
bid - den And yields be - fore our
spell. Hold forth your hand, fair

stel-le nu-lav-via noi do-seur, e i ca-si del fu - tu - ro pos-sia-mo al trui pre-
la - dy. Naught can from us be hid, The fu-ture comes un-bid - den and yields before our

dir, e i ca-si del fu-tu-ro, e i ca-si del fu - tur, e i ca-si del fu-
spell; the fu-ture comes un - bid - den and from us there's nothing hid, no the future comes un-

tu - ro pos-sia-mo al - trui, pos-siamo al trui pre - dir. e i ca-si del fu -
bid - den, and naught, no naught, naught can from us be hid, yea, the fu-ture comes un -
tu-ro, e-i ca-si del fu-tur, e-i ca-si del fu-

bid-den, and from us there's no-thing hid, no, the fu-ture comes un-

future comes un-

Ah, my fa-dy, a ri-val would a-buse you.

Mar-che-se, voi non
Good Sir, none can ac-
Flora. (to the Marquis.)

Fa-te il ga-lan-te an-
You still are then a

tsie- te mo-del di fe-
del-ta.
cuse you of con-
stan-cy in love.

Marquis. (to Flora.)

coro? ben,vo'me la pa-
ghia-te.Che diacini vi pen-
sa-te?l'acu-sa e fal-si-
roamer? With torments you shall pay me. Your anger, dear, would slay me. My heart now more shall

ta. La vol-pe la-scia il pe-
lo, non ab-ban-
do-na il
rove. The wolf may cast his gar-
ment, Yet ne'er the less be

vi-
zio.Marche-se mio, giu-
dizio, o vi fa-
ro pen-tir.Marchese mio, giu-
cru-
el, Give, mysuspi-
fu-
el, And Marquis, thou wilt repent, oh Marquis mine, be-

Cello

di-zio, o vi fa-
ro pen-
tir. Marche-
se mio, giu-
dizio, o vi fa-
ro pen-
ware, or sore thou shalt re-
pent, oh Marquis mine, be-
ware, or sore thou shalt re-
Flora.

Su via, si stenda un velo sui fatti del pasto;
A-way, where joy invites ye, And bid a truce to

Chorus.

Su via, si stenda un velo sui fatti del pasto;
A-way, where joy invites us, We bid a truce to

Flora.

Su via, si stenda un velo sui fatti del pasto;
A-way, where joy invites us, We bid a truce to

Marquis.

Su via, si stenda un velo sui fatti del pasto;
A-way, where joy invites us, We bid a truce to
sor- row, We think not of to-morrow, While pleasure gives con-

nir, già quel ch'è stato è stato, ba-diamo al-l'av-ve-
tent, We think not of to-morrow While pleasure gives content, while pleasure gives con-

nir, già quel ch'è stato è stato, ba-diamo al-l'av-ve-
tent, We think not of to-morrow While pleasure gives content, while pleasure gives con-

nir, già quel ch'è stato è stato, ba-diamo al-l'av-ve-
tent, We think not of to-morrow While pleasure gives content, while pleasure gives con-

nir, già quel ch'è stato è stato, ba-diamo al-l'av-ve-
tent, We think not of to-morrow While pleasure gives content, while pleasure gives con-

nir, già quel ch'è stato è stato, ba-diamo al-l'av-ve-
tent, We think not of to-morrow While pleasure gives content, while pleasure gives con-

nir, già quel ch'è stato è stato, ba-diamo al-l'av-ve-
tent, We think not of to-morrow While pleasure gives content, while pleasure gives con-
nir, bada-te, bada-te al-l'av-ve-nir; già quel ch'è stato è
tent, while pleasure gives, while pleasure gives content; we think not of to-
tent, while pleasure gives, while pleasure gives content; we think not of to-
tent, while pleasure gives, while pleasure gives content; we think not of to-
no, si, bada-mo al-l'av-ve-nir; già quel ch'è stato è
gives, yes while pleasure gives content, we think not of to-
gives, no while pleasure gives content, we think not of to-
gives, no while pleasure gives content, we think not of to-
sta-to, bada-mo al-l'av-ve-nir, bada-mo al-la-ve-nir, bada-
morrow while pleasure gives content, while pleasure
sta-to, bada-te al-l'av-ve-nir, bada-te, bada-
morrow while pleasure gives content, while pleasure
sta-to, bada-mo al-l'av-ve-nir, bada-mo, sì, bada-
morrow while pleasure gives content, while pleasure
sta-to, bada-te al-l'av-ve-nir, bada-te al-l'av-ve-nir, bada-
morrow while pleasure gives content, while pleasure
no, ba-dia-mo al-l'av-ve-nir, ah si, ba-dia-mo al-l'av-ve

gives, while plea-sure gives con-tent, no, no, we think not of to-

te, ba-da-te al-l'av-ve-nir, si, ba-da-te al-l'av-ve-
gives, while plea-sure gives con-tent, no, ye think not of to-

dia-mo al-l'av-ve-nir, si, ba-dia-mo al-l'av-ve-
plea-sure gives con-tent, ah no, we think not of to-

te, ba-da-te al-l'av-ve-nir, si, ba-da-te al-l'av-ve-
gives, while plea-sure gives con-tent, no, we think not of to-

(The Marquis presses Flora's hand.)

uir, si, si, ba-dia-mo al-l'av-ve-nir.
mor-row, no, while plea-sure gives con-tent.

uir, si, si, ba-da-te al-l'av-ve-nir.
mor-row, no, while plea-sure gives con-tent.

uir, si, si, ba-dia-mo al-l'av-ve-nir.
mor-row, no, while plea-sure gives con-tent.
132. "Di Madride noi siam mattadori.,
Chorus of Spanish Matadors.

(Gaston and others, disguised as Spanish Matadors and Picadors, rush in R.H.)

Allegrò assai mosso.

Piano.

Chorus. Gaston with 1st Tenors.)

TENOR.

BASS.

Di Madride noi siam... mattadori, siamoj prodi del circo dei
We are brave... come in glory From the bull-fights of Spain, gay and

torri te-stè giumtía go-de re del chiasso chea Parigi si fal pel Bue
go-ry; We have come to this fair town of Paris For the feast of the bull here yet

torri te-stè giumtía go-de re del chiasso chea Parigi si fal pel Bue
ngo-ry; We have come to this fair town of Paris For the feast of the bull here yet

grasso; e-u-na sto-ria, sen-di-re vor-re-te, qua-li-a-man- ti noi sia-mo, sa-
tarries; We will tell ye, an if ye will hear us, How in love and in war-fare we

grasso; e-u-na sto-ria, sen-di-re vor-re-te, qua-li-a-man- ti noi sia-mo, sa-
tarries; We will tell ye, an if ye will hear us, How in love and in war-fare we
Flora.

Doctor.

Marquis.

Chorus of Ladies.

Yes, yes, brave ones, we hear ye with wonder, Tell the
pre- te.
be- ar us.

ce- re lu- dre-mo,
tale of your prowess.

ce- re lu- dre-mo,
tale of your prowess.

ce- re lu- dre-mo,
tale of your prowess.

ce- re lu- dre-mo,
tale of your prowess.

Matadors and A-seol- ta- le.
Picadors. Hear and pon- der.
Allegro assai vivo.

E Pi- quil-lo un bel ga-gliar-do bi-sca-
Young Pi- quil-lo in Bis-cay-a was the

Allegro assai vivo.

first of Ma-ta-dors; Strong and stal-wart, fierce in com-bat, pride and

E Pi- quil-lo un bel ga-gliar-do bi-sca-
Young Pi- quil-lo in Bis-cay-a was the

E Pi- quil-lo un bel ga-gliar-do bi-sca-
Young Pi- quil-lo in Bis-cay-a was the

first of Ma-ta-dors; Strong and stal-wart, fierce in com-bat, pride and

Dan-da-lu-sa gio-vi-net-ta
To a maid of An-da-lu-sia,

Dan-da-lu-sa gio-vi-net-ta
To a maid of An-da-lu-sia,

when he of-fer'd his hand and heart, This re-ply the haugh-ty fair one

fol-le men-te in-na-mo- rò; ma-la bel-la ri-tro-set-ta
when he of-fer'd his hand and heart, This re-ply the haugh-ty fair one
cos'ial giova- nie par- lo; Cin que
co- sial giova- nie par- lo; Cin que

to her suit- or did im- part; When five
to her suit- or did im- part; When five

bells thy spear has van-quish'd, sin- gle- hand- ed in one day,
bells thy spear has van-quish'd, sin- gle- hand- ed in one day,

Claim my hand at thy return- ing, and I will not
Claim my hand at thy return- ing, and I will not

say thee nay. I o- bey thee, said Pi- qui- llo, to the
say thee nay. I o- bey thee, said Pi- qui- llo, to the
The Picadors strike the ground with their staves wherever the sign + occurs.

gio-stre mo-seil pie; bull-fight straight he flew; cinque to-ri, vin-cie-to-re,

gio-stre mo-seil pie; bull-fight straight he flew; cinque to-ri, vin-cie-to-re,

sul-la-re-na e-gli sten-de, cinque to-ri,
he in the are-na slew, five the bulls that
sul-la-re-na e-gli sten-de, cinque to-ri,
he in the are-na slew, five the bulls that

vin-cie-to-re, sul-la-re-na e-gli sten-de,
day-ere sundown he in the are-na slew.
vin-cie-to-re, sul-la-re-na e-gli sten-de,
day-ere sundown he in the are-na slew.
Flora.

**pp**

Bravo, brav’oil mat-ta-do-re, ben ga-gliar-do si mo-strò,
Strong indeed the youth, and valiant, well his passion did he prove;

**pp**

Doctor.

Bravo, brav’oil mat-ta-do-re, ben ga-gliar-do si mo-strò,
Strong indeed the youth, and valiant, well his passion did he prove;

**pp**

Marquis.

Bravo, brav’oil mat-ta-do-re, ben ga-gliar-do si mo-strò,
Strong indeed the youth, and valiant, well his passion did he prove;

**pp**

Ladies.

Bravo, brav’oil mat-ta-do-re, ben ga-gliar-do si mo-strò,
Strong indeed the youth, and valiant, well his passion did he prove;

Oh & Cl.

**pp**

Bravo, brav’oil mat-ta-do-re, ben ga-gliar-do si mo-strò,
Strong indeed the youth, and valiant, well his passion did he prove;

Tell us how his brave encounter did the haughty damsel move!

Tell us how his brave encounter did the haughty damsel move!

Tell us how his brave encounter did the haughty damsel move!

Tell us how his brave encounter did the haughty damsel move!

Tell us how his brave encounter did the haughty damsel move!

Tell us how his brave encounter did the haughty damsel move!
Matadors and Picadors.

Gaston with 1st TENORS.

Poi, tra plau-si, rí-tor-na-to al-la bel-la del suo cor,
With a ten-der smile she met him, when 'mid plau-dits he re-turn'd,

Poi, tra plau-si, rí-tor-na-to al-la bel-la del suo cor,
With a ten-der smile she met him, when 'mid plau-dits he re-turn'd,

And her heart and hand be-stow-ing, love for love the maid had learn'd.

col-se il premio de-si-a-to tra le brac-eia del Ta-mor.

And her heart and hand be-stow-ing, love for love the maid had learn'd.

Flora.

Con tai pro-vei mat-ta-do-ri san-le bel-le con-qui-star.
Thus by prow-ess fierce and dar-ing Proves his love the Ma-ta-dor.

Con tai pro-vei mat-ta-do-ri san-le bel-le con-qui-star.
Thus by prow-ess fierce and dar-ing Proves his love the Ma-ta-dor.

Con tai pro-vei mat-ta-do-ri san-le bel-le con-qui-star.
Thus by prow-ess fierce and dar-ing Proves his love the Ma-ta-dor.

Con tai pro-vei mat-ta-do-ri san-le bel-le con-qui-star.
Thus by prow-ess fierce and dar-ing Proves his love the Ma-ta-dor.

Con tai pro-vei mat-ta-do-ri san-le bel-le con-qui-star.
Thus by prow-ess fierce and dar-ing Proves his love the Ma-ta-dor.

Con tai pro-vei mat-ta-do-ri san-le bel-le con-qui-star.
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Thus by prow-ess fierce and dar-ing Proves his love the Ma-ta-dor.

Con tai pro-vei mat-ta-do-ri san-le bel-le con-qui-star.
Thus by prow-ess fierce and dar-ing Proves his love the Ma-ta-dor.
Chorus of Men.
Gaston with 1st TENORS.

Ma qui son piú miti cori, a noi bastà follegiar.
Soft-er aims and pleasures shar-ing, joy alone our hearts adore.

Ma qui son piú miti cori, a noi bastà follegiar.
Soft-er aims and pleasures shar-ing, joy alone our hearts adore.

(The Gipsies strike their tambourines * and the Picadors their pikes ♩ on the ground.)

Flora.

Si, al-le-gri or prìa ten-tia-mo del-la sorte il va-ri-o-n-mor;
Come and tempt we Fortune’s chanc-es, See, the fick-le goddess smiles,

Doctor.

Si, al-le-gri or prìa ten-tia-mo del-la sorte il va-ri-o-n-mor;
Come and tempt we Fortune’s chanc-es, See, the fick-le goddess smiles;

Marquis.

Si, al-le-gri or prìa ten-tia-mo del-la sorte il va-ri-o-n-mor;
Come and tempt we Fortune’s chanc-es, See, the fick-le goddess smiles;

Gaston with 1st TENORS.

Si, al-le-gri or prìa ten-tia-mo del-la sorte il va-ri-o-n-mor;
Come and tempt we Fortune’s chanc-es, See, the fick-le goddess smiles;

Si, al-le-gri or prìa ten-tia-mo del-la sorte il va-ri-o-n-mor;
Come and tempt we Fortune’s chanc-es, See, the fick-le goddess smiles;

Si, al-le-gri or prìa ten-tia-mo del-la sorte il va-ri-o-n-mor;
Come and tempt we Fortune’s chanc-es, See, the fick-le goddess smiles;

Si, al-le-gri or prìa ten-tia-mo del-la sorte il va-ri-o-n-mor;
Come and tempt we Fortune’s chanc-es, See, the fick-le goddess smiles;

Tutti.
Play alone the heart entrances, Play our life with bliss be-guiles,
Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri-or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri-or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

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Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle

Sì, alle-gri.or pri-ten-tia-mo del la sor-te-il

Come and tempt we Fortune's chances,  See, the fickle
(The men unmask; some disperse, and some begin to play at the gambling-table.)
**№ 14. “Alfredo! Voi!,”**

**Continuation of Finale II.**

(Enter Alfred.)

**Flora.**

(Allegro)

**Gaston.**

**Doctor.**

**Chorus.**

(SOPRANO & ALTO.)

**TENOR.**

**Marquis with BASS.**

(Piano)

- Flora.
- Alfred.
- Flora.

-mici.
-wonder.

-vio-letta?

-Non ne so. Ben di-sin-

-naught of her. What, are you

-Ben di-sin-

-What, are you

-Ben di-sin-

-What, are you

-Ben di-sin-

-What, are you

-Ben di-sin-

-What, are you
Allegro agitato.

(Gaston goes to the table. Alfred and others stake money.)

(Enter Violetta leaning on the Baron's arm. Flora goes forward to meet them.)
A. Flora.

Violetta.  Vi-de-si-a-ta giungi.
How I have long'd to see you.

Ces-si a le cor-te-se in-vi-to.
Thanks for your friendly greeting.

Violetta.  Gra-ta vi sen, ba-ro-ne,
Kind'tis of you, good Baron,

d'a-ver-lo pur gra-di-to.
to bring her back among us.

Flora.  Qui-de-si-a-ta giungi.
How I have long'd to see you.

Baron. (aside to Violetta.)
Ger-mont è
Ger-mont is

Violetta. (aside.)  (to the Baron.)
qui!  Il ve-de-te?  (Cie-lo! gli è ve-ro!)
Do you see him? (Oh, heaven, is Alfred!)

Il ve-do.  Da
I see him.  Take

Baron. (frowning.)

voi non un sol de-tto
Care, with this intruder
si voi-ga a que-sto Al-fredo,
a word you inter-change not,
Violetta. (aside.)

(Why, ah why
non un det-to!
mark my words,
(Oh.

non un det-to!
mark my words.

ven-ni, in-cau-ta! Pie-tà, gran Dio, pie-tà, gran Dio, di me!
came hither! For-sake me not; Heaven, for-sake me not!

me-co'tas-si-di; nar-ra-mi; quai no-vi-tà veg-
Sit here beside me; speak to me; say what of late has

(Flora and Violetta converse aside.)

(Flora invites Violetta to sit on the sofa beside her, the Doctor stands beside them; the Marquis converses apart with the Baron; Gaston cuts; Alfred and others stake, some saunter about.)

Flora.

(Flora and Violetta converse aside.)

Alfred.

Un
quattro! Ancora! four! Once more a winner. They say, mischance in loving makes

(stakes and wins.)

Gaston.

È sempre vincitore!
He always is the winner!

Marquis.

È sempre vincitore!
He always is the winner!

Chorus of Men.

È sempre vincitore!
He always is the winner!

Alfred.

Oh vincero stata! e Toro guadagna!
Yes, fortune smiles upon me, and all my golden treasure

11100
Flora.

poscia a go-de tr' cam - pi ri - tor-ne-ro be - a - to.

On my return I'll show er, in my a-bode of plea - sure. A -

Alfred.

So-lo? No, no, con ta - le che lone? No! no! with one who ere -

Gaston.  
(to Alfred, indicating Viole - tta)

Violetta.  
(Violetta)

vi fu me - co an-co - ra, poi mi sfug - gi-a. (Mio Di - o!)(Pie - while has shar'd my pas - times, and since has left me. (Great Heaven) (Ch

Baron. (to Alfred, with il suppressed anger.) Violetta. (aside to the Baron)

Alfred.  
(carelessly)

(Good sir.) (For - bare, or else I leave you.) Why,
Baron. (Ironically.)

ro-ne, m'ap-pel-la-ste? Such is your wondrous for-tune, that
Baron, did you call me?

Violetta. (Aside.)

(Che fi-

gi-no-co mi ten-ta-ste. Si?

I to play am tempt-ed. Do!

 Alfred. (Ironically.)

(What will be-

a-mo-rir mi sen-to! pie-tà, gran Dio, pie-tà, gran Dio, di-
tide? oh I must part them! for-sake me not, oh Heav'n, for-sake me

Alfred. (Stakes.)

me-la

not!

Baron. (Stakes.)

Ed al-la man-ca cento.

And I a hun-dred also.

Cen-to lu-i-gia de-tra.

I stake a hun-dred lou-is.

pp Cello.
Gaston. (cutting.)

Un ass-o- un fan-te- hai vin-to! Il
An ace- a knave, you've won! Two

Alfred.

hundred? The stakes are doubled.

Gaston. (cutting.)

quattro un set-te- Fur la vit-to-ria è mi-a!
four a seven- Doctor.

Must I be still a winner?

Alfred.

An-co-ra!
For Alfred!

Marquis.

An-co-ra!
For Alfred!

Chorus.

An-co-ra!
For Alfred!

An-co-ra!
For Alfred!

An-co-ra!
For Alfred!
Gaston.

Bravo dav-ve! la sorte è tutta per Alfredo!
Well done, in-deed! and each time the game has turn'd for Alfred!

Flora.

Del vil-leg-giar la spesa farà il baron, già il ve-do.
Plain-ly, our friend the Baron will bear the night's expenses.

Alfred (to the Baron.)

Segui-te pur! La cena è pronta. 
Will you go on? The supper's read-y. Let's
Violetta (aside.)

They go out, leaving

Alfred (to the Baron.)

Se continuare vagata Per ora non possiamo: più
Would you the game continue? To-night it is concluded, an-
Alfred.

tardi la rinvienta. Al ginoeco che vorrete.
other time I'll take revenge. At any game you please, sir.

Baron.

Segueamigliami ci.
Our friends await us.

Alfred.

poscia Sarro qual brame te.
After I shall be at your service.

(they go out.)

Baron (off the stage.)

Andiam.
Away.

Andiam.
Away.
(Re-enter Violetta in great agitation, afterwards Alfred.)

Allegro agitato assai vivo.

In-vi-ta-to a qui se-

Ei ver-

follow; will he see me? oh will he hear me?

But deadly hatred will prevail before my plead -

a tempo
Alfred.  
Violetta.

Mi chia-ma-ste?  che bra-ma-te?  Que-sti
You have called me— Say your pleasure? Ah! de-

luo-ghiabban-do-nare;  un pe-riglio  vi so-vra-sta. Ah com-
part from hence, I pray thee; naught but perils here surround you. I can

prendo!  Ba-sta, basta.  E si vi-le mi ere-de-te? Ah no, no,
guess them! Shame, be silent. And so vile indeed you hold me? Ah no, be-

ma-i! Ma che te-me-te?  Tremo se-mpre del ba-ro-ne.  E fra
lieve me? Then why your terrors? Ah, I tremble lest the Baron— We are

noi mor-tal qui-stone.  Sei ca-drà per ma-no mi-a, un sol
foes in mor-tal quarrel. If my hand indeed should slay him, your pro-

14400
col-po vi tor-ri-a, un sol col-po vi tor-ri-a col-la-
tect-or and your joy-er, your pro-ect-or and your lov-er, By one

man-teil pro-tet-to-re. Vat-ter-ri-see tal scia-gura? Ma se'i
blow you lose for ev-er. All your joys would then be over. But if

fos-se luce-isore! eeco lu-ni-ca sven-tu-ra chio pa-
he should be the slay-er! ah, bethink thee, I im-plore thee, 'tis for

ven-ta me fa-ta-le. La mia mor-te! che ven
that a-lone I trem-ble. If he kill me_ why should

ca-le? Deh, par-ti-te e sul-fi-stante. Par-ti-
you care? I be-seech thee, go hence, de-lay not. I will
romagiarinnante che do-vunque segui-rai, segui-go. if first thou swear me that from hence thou too wilt tear thee, that my

Violetta.

Ah no, giam-ma-i.
Va, sciagu-

A-las, I can-not;
Oh me, un-

rai i pas-si mie-i.
No, giam-ma-i?

footsteps thou wilt fol-low.
What! you can-not?

ra-to! scordaunnome ch'eiunfa-mato, va, mi la-scia sul mo-
happy! Go, for-get me and my sor-row. I con-jure thee, nor re-

men-to__ di fug-gir-fium giu-ra-men-to sa-crojo
member that a fa-tal oath com-pels me to re-
Alfred.

Fe ci. A chi? dil to chi po te a? A chi fuse thee. For whom? Tell me who com pes thee? One to

Violetta.

(With painful effort.)

Si. Dun que l'a mi? Yes. Then you love him? A-

Alfred.

Fruit to pieu na ve a. Fu Dou phol? Whom I owe sub mis sion. Was t Dou phol?

Violetta.

(Altogether with pain ful effort.)

ben las! fa mo. I love him. Or tut ti a

Alfred.

(furiously rushing to throw open the door.)

me! hear!

(All re-enter hurriedly.)
Flora.

Neapel-laste? che volle-te? Alfred (pointing to Violetta, who, overwhelmed with grief, leans on a table to support herself.)

Gaston.

Neapel-laste? che volle-te?

What has happen'd? Why this summons?

Baron, Doctor and Marquis

Why this summons? With BASS.

Chorus.

Violetta.

Chi! Violetta? (Ah! ta-ci.) No.

Who, Violetta? (Oh, silence.) No.

Fagg, Ophicleide & D.B.

Who, Violetta? No.

Violetta.

Che fa-cese non sa-pe-te?

Have ye known the bond between us!

No.

Flora.

No.

Who, Violetta?

No.

Who, Violetta?

No.

Who, Violetta?

No.

Who, Violetta?
Allegro sostenuto.

Alfred.

Ognissanover tal fem-mi-na per a-mor mio sper-de-a, io
Twas up-on me this crea-ture vile lav-ished her whole pos-sessions, I

cie-co, vi-le, mi-sero, tut-to ace-cttar po-te-a.
wretched, blinded, cred-ulous, trust-ed her base pro-fes-sions.

Ma è tempo anco-ra! ter-ger-mi da tan-ta mac-chia bra-mo,
All I ac-cpt-ed, lov-ing her, but since I have un-mask’d her,

qui-te-sti-mon vi chiamo, or te-stimon vi chia-mo,
I call on you to wit-ness, I call on you to wit-ness,

or te-sti-mon vi chia-mo che qui, che qui pa-ga-tajo
friends, up-on you to wit-ness I call, that I have paid her

Fare. 

Tutti.

Poco allegro.

Allegretto.
(With furious disdain he throws a purse at the feet of Violetta, who faints in Flora's arms.)

(Enter Germont.)

**Velocissimo.**

I’ho! now.

**Gaston.**

Oh, in-fam-ia or-ri-bi-le tu com-met-te-sti! un cor sen-si-bi-le co-sti-ge-ci.

Shame on the cru-el-ty thy lips have spoken! A fond and faithful heart foul-ly thou'rt

**Baron, Doctor and Marquis.**

Oh, in-fam-ia or-ri-bi-le tu com-met-te-sti! un cor sen-si-bi-le co-sti-ge-ci.

Shame on the cru-el-ty thy lips have spoken! A fond and faithful heart foul-ly thou'rt

Oh, in-fam-ia or-ri-bi-le tu com-met-te-sti! un cor sen-si-bi-le co-sti-ge-ci.

Shame on the cru-el-ty thy lips have spoken! A fond and faithful heart foul-ly thou'rt

**Chorus.**

**Velocissimo.**

De-sti! Di donne igno-bi-le in-sul-ta-to-re, di qua-al-lon-

bro-ken! He who a wo-man de-fenceless in-sul-ted, des-pis'd and

De-sti! Di donne igno-bi-le in-sul-ta-to-re, di qua-al-lon-

bro-ken! He who a wo-man de-fenceless in-sul-ted, des-pis'd and

De-sti! Di donne igno-bi-le in-sul-ta-to-re, di qua-al-lon-

bro-ken! He who a wo-man de-fenceless in-sul-ted, des-pis'd and

De-sti! Di donne igno-bi-le in-sul-ta-to-re, di qua-al-lon-

bro-ken! He who a wo-man de-fenceless in-sul-ted, des-pis'd and
ta-nati, ne de-stior-ror! Va, va, va, va, we will not shunnd from our midst shall de-part. Go, go, go, go, go.

De-stior-ror! Di don-ne igno-bi-le in-sul-ta-to-re, di qual-lon-call thee friend! He who a wo-man de-fence-less in-sult-ed, shunnd and des-

des-tior-ror! Di don-ne igno-bi-le in-sul-ta-to-re, di qual-lon-call thee friend! He who a wo-man de-fence-less in-sult-ed, shunnd and des-
ror, ne de-stior-ror, ne de-stior-ror, ne de-stior-ror, pis'd thou shalt de-part, shunnd and des-pis'd thou shalt de-part,
ror, ne de-stior-ror, ne de-stior-ror, ne de-stior-ror, pis'd thou shalt de-part, shunnd and des-pis'd thou shalt de-part,
ror, ne de-stior-ror, ne de-stior-ror, ne de-stior-ror, pis'd thou shalt de-part, shunnd and des-pis'd thou shalt de-part,
ror, ne de-stior-ror, ne de-stior-ror, ne de-stior-ror, pis'd thou shalt de-part, shunnd and des-pis'd thou shalt de-part,
Continuation of Finale II.

Germont (dignified, but angry.)

Largó.

Voice.

Di sprezzo de-gno se stes-so ren-de,
i n-tin-sult a wo-man.

Tis shame to man-hood of o-dious

Piano.

Grandioso

fi - ra la don-na of-fen-de. Dov'è mio
harsh-ness thou hast been guilt-y. The son

fi-glio? più non lo ve-do; in te, in te piú Al-
cher-ishid is lost for ev-er. I must, I must re-

fre-do tro-var no, no, non so! Dov'è mio fi-glio? più non lo
nounce thee, my child thou art no more! I must renounce thee, I must re-

ve-do; in te piú Alfre-do tro-var, no,piú Alfre-do tro-var non
nounce thee, thou art my child, ah, no, no, thou art my child, my child now no
(Ah sì! che se- ci! ne sen- to or-ro-re! Ge- lo-sa sma-nia, de- fu-so, a-
Sermont. (Oh, I am wretched! now I have lost her! My jealous fu- ry tor-ments has
sul roce
more.

mo-re mi strazia lal-ma, più non ra-gio-no da lei per do-no più non a-
cost her. Madness inspir'd me, hopeless of pardon death would be welcome, all hope is

vrò. Vo-lea fug-gir-la, non ho po-tu-to, dal-li ra spin-to son qui ve-o' er. Vain-ly to fly her when I en-deavor'd, My heart de-vot-ed would not be

nu-to! Or che lo sde-gno ho di-sfo-ga-to, me scia gu-ra-to! ri- mor-so sev- er'd! While I with hatred fain would pursue her. Her sweet remembrance still I a-
Violetta.  

Flora. (to Violetta)

O quan-to pe-nil! ma pur fa
Sad heart, have cou-rage, we share thy

Alfred.

n'ho! dore!

Caston.

O quan-to pe-nil! ma pu-re fa
Sad heart, have cou-rage, we share in thy

Germont. (aside)

Io, sol fra tan-ti so-qual vir-
(Ah, none but I must know what

Baron. (aside to Alfred)

A que-sta a que-sta don-na, a que-sta don-na fa-tro-ce in-
I warn thee, for this in-sult, that for this in-sult I will have

Doctor.

A que-sta a que-sta don-na, a que-sta don-na fa-tro-ce in-
I warn thee, for this in-sult, that for this in-sult I will have

Marquis.

A que-sta a que-sta don-na, a que-sta don-na fa-tro-ce in-
I warn thee, for this in-sult, that for this in-sult I will have
cor, qui soffre-gno del tuo do-
woe, all here thy heart's true de-
vo-tion

wretched! A-
cor, qui soffre-gno del tuo do-
woe, all here thy heart's true de-
vo-tion

tuo de di quel-la mi-se-ra il sen_rac-
vir-tue dwells in that heart so be-reft and for-

sul-to qui tut-tiof-fe-se, ma non i-nul-to fia tan-to ol-
vengeance both swift and speedy, where'er I meet thee my sword is

cor, qui soffre-gno del tuo do-
woe, all here thy heart's true de-
vo-tion

cor, qui soffre-gno del tuo do-
woe, all here thy heart's true de-
vo-tion

cor, qui soffre-gno del tuo do-
woe, all here thy heart's true de-
vo-tion

cor, qui soffre-gno del tuo do-
woe, all here thy heart's true de-
vo-tion

cor, qui soffre-gno del tuo do-
woe, all here thy heart's true de-
vo-tion

Tutti. Wha-
The friends that love thee shall re-as-

me! Ah, I have lost her! hopeless of

lor; fra ca-ria-mi-ci qui sei sol-
know: The friends that love thee shall re-as-

chiude, io so che la-ma, che gli è fe-
saken, A-las, she loves him, her heart is

trag-gio, pro-var vi vo-glio, pro-var vi
ready, My sword is ready, my sword is

lor; fra ca-ria-mi-ci qui sei sol-
know: The friends that love thee shall re-as-

lor, fra ca-ria-mi-ci qui sei sol-
know: The friends that love thee shall re-as-

lor; fra ca-ria-mi-ci qui sei sol-
know: The friends that love thee shall re-as-

lor; fra ca-ria-mi-ci qui sei sol-
know: The friends that love thee shall re-as-

lor; fra ca-ria-mi-ci qui sei sol-
know: The friends that love thee shall re-as-

lor; fra ca-ria-mi-ci qui sei sol-
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lor; fra ca-ria-mi-ci qui sei sol-
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lor; fra ca-ria-mi-ci qui sei sol-
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lor; fra ca-ria-mi-ci qui sei sol-
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lor; fra ca-ria-mi-ci qui sei sol-
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lor; fra ca-ria-mi-ci qui sei sol-
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lor; fra ca-ria-mi-ci qui sei sol-
know: The friends that love thee shall re-as-

lor; fra ca-ria-mi-ci qui sei sol-
know: The friends that love thee shall re-as-

lor; fra ca-ria-mi-ci qui sei sol-
know: The friends that love thee shall re-as-

lor; fra ca-ria-mi-ci qui sei sol-
know: The friends that love thee shall re-as-

lor; fra ca-ria-mi-c
(with a faint voice, 

Alfred, Alfred, 
Oh Alfred,

returned to consciousness.)

but impassioned manner,

Alfred, alas, thou know'st not How true and tenderly this heart hath
show thee, alas, too surely,

How thou hast

Oh have courage, sad heart!

Oh, I have lost her, all hope is o'er!

Oh I have lost her, all hope is o'er!

Oh have courage, sad heart!

Oh have courage, sad heart!

Oh have courage, sad heart!

Oh have courage, sad heart!

Oh I have lost her, all hope is o'er!

Oh I have lost her, all hope is o'er!

Oh have courage, sad heart!

Oh have courage, sad heart!

Oh have courage, sad heart!
mas - si con-fes-se-ra - i,  Dio dai ri
wrong’d one who lov’d thee pure - ly  That on

quanto pe - ni! fa cor!  oh have cour - age, sad heart!

che gli è fe-de - le;  her heart is faith - ful,

flac-car of that  be sure.

quanto pe - ni! fa cor!  oh have cour - age, sad heart!

quanto pe - ni! fa cor!  oh have cour - age, sad heart!

quanto pe - ni! fa cor!  oh have cour - age, sad heart!

quanto pe - ni! fa cor!  oh have cour - age, sad heart!

quanto pe - ni! fa cor!  oh have cour - age, sad heart!

quanto pe - ni! fa cor!  oh have cour - age, sad heart!

quanto pe - ni! fa cor!  oh have cour - age, sad heart!
mor-si ti sal-
vi al-lo-ra, dai ri-
mor-si, dai ri-
mor-si Diotti salvi, salvi-
day fell remorse
may spare thee, that remorse, remorse may spare thee, [Heavn,] Heav'n will im-

Fra ca-ri-am-ei sel! We share thy bitter woe!

Ge-lo-sa sma-nia, de-lu-so a-
mor! My jealous rage I in vain de-
plore!

Fra ca-ri-am-ei! We share thy bitter woe!

Ep-pur crude-le! I must be cruel!

Che il vos-tro or-go-
glio, Yes, thou shalt be pun-
ish'd,

Fra ca-ri-am-ei sel! We share thy bitter woe!

Fra ca-ri-am-ei sel! We share thy bitter woe!

staccato
Oh I am wretched, now I have lost her! all hope of pardon for me is
cora ta me ro, ta me
morse may spare thee, I'll
Heavin im
piano to che t'i non
hearts true de vo tion

mo re mi stra zian l'al ma, piu non rag io no; da lei per do no piu non a
o ver, madness inspir'd me, hope less of pa rdon, death would be wel come, all hope is
piano to che t'i non
hearts true de vo tion
de le ta cer do
part now for ev er

go glio fiac car sa
pun ish'd of that be
go glio fiac car sa
hearts true de vo tion
piano to che t'i non
hearts true de vo tion
piano to che t'i non
hearts true de vo tion
piano to che t'i non
hearts true de vo tion
piano to che t'i non
hearts true de vo tion

14000
sdenzno ho disfogato, me sciagurato! rimorso
ha-tred fain would pursue her, her sweet remem-brance yet I a-

dele tacer dovrò, part now for ever more.

trag-gio, pro-var vi voglio che tan-to or-go-glio fiac-car sa-
meet thee, my sword is ready, thou soon shalt be punishd, of that be

mici tu se-i sol-tan-to, ra-sciuga il pian-to che tì non-
love thee, shall re-as-sure thee, give o-ver thy sorrow, time will re-

mici tu se-i sol-tan-to, ra-sciuga il pian-to che tì non-
love thee, shall re-as-sure thee, give o-ver thy sorrow, time will re-

sì, fra carità mici
friends that love thee share thy

sì, fra carità mici
friends that love thee share thy

sì, fra carità mici
friends that love thee share thy

sì, fra carità mici
friends that love thee share thy
ro, get, although thou for

do, store, oh give

m'ho, ri-mor-so n'ho, ri-mor-so n'ho! or che lo sde-
dore, oh my re-morse, oh my re-morse! when I with ha-
do, store, give

ép-pur cru-del, ép-pur cru-del, I must be stern, I must be stern, and

pro, pro-var vi voglio che tanto or go-glio fae car sa-
sure, my sword is ready, thou shalt be punished, of that be

do, fra car-a-mi-ci tu sei sol-tan-to, ra-scui-ga il store, the friends that love thee shall re-assure thee, give o-ver thy

do, fra car-a-mi-ci tu sei sol-tan-to, ra-scui-ga il store, the friends that love thee shall re-assure thee, give o-ver thy

sei, ra-scui-ga il plan to che woe, give o'er thy sor-row, time sei, ra-scui-ga il plan to che woe, give o'er thy sor-row, time sei, ra-scui-ga il plan to che woe, give o'er thy sor-row, time
co'ra, spen-ta-al'co'ra, ta-me-ro, ta-me-get, thou for-get me, I am thine ever-
seic'ga il pian-to che ti-non-dó, che ti-non-
cer thy sorrow, time will re-store, time will re-
sho, ri-mor-so n'ho, ri-mor-so
tred would fain pursue her, her sweet re-mem-brance I a-
seic'ga il pian-to che ti-non-dó, che ti-non-
o-ver thy sorrow, time will re-store, time will re-
cer, ep-pur cru-de-le, ep-pur cru-del ta-cer do-
they must part, for ev'er, yes, they must part for ev-
pro, pro-var vi voglio che tan-to or-go-glio fiac-car sa-
sure, my sword is ready, thou soon shalt be punish'd, of that be
piano che ti-non-dó, ra-sciuga il piano che ti-non-
sorrow, time will re-store, give o-ver thy sorrow, time will re-
piano che ti-non-dó, ra-sciuga il piano che ti-non-
sorrow, time will re-store, give o-ver thy sorrow, time will re-
will re-store, time will re-
ti-non-dó, che ti-non-
will re-
ti-non-dó, ra-sciuga il pian-
will re-
ti-non-dó, ra-sciuga il piano che ti-non-
will re-
will re-
will re-
will re-
will re-
will re-
will re-
will re-
ti-non-dó, ra-sciuga il piano che ti-non-
Vainly to fly her when I endeavor, ah, my dò, store, proposa give o'er

Oh yes, she loves, him, her heart is true,

I will have vengeance both swift and speedy, wherever I dò; ah quanto pe'ni! ma pur fa core, qui sofre; o store, the friends that love thee shall reassure thee, give over thy

dò; ah quanto pe'ni! ma pur fa core, qui sofre o store, the friends that love thee shall reassure thee, give over thy

dò, si, fra ca ria

dò, si, fra ca ria

dò, si, fra ca ria

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Dio ti salvial-lor, thou. tho' thou forget, oh my

spen-ta-an-

gail pian-to che

thy sor-row.

spin-to-son qui ve-ni-to! or che lo sde-gno ho disfo-

heart would not be sev-er'd! when I with ha-tred fain would pur-

gail pian-to che

thy sor-row.

è fe-del, ep-pur cru-de-le ta-cer do-

she is true, yet they must part now for ev-

fer-

fe-se, ma non i-nui-to fia tan-to ol-frag-gio, pro-var-vi

meet thee. my sword is read-y, where-ev-er I meet thee. my sword is

guno del tuo do-lo-re, fra ca-ri a-mici tu se-i sol-
sorrow, and time will re-store thee, the friends that love thee shall re-as-

guno del tuo do-lo-re, fra ca-ri a-mici tu se-i sol-
sorrow, and time will re-store thee, the friends that love thee shall re-as-

mi-die sei, ah! si, fra

share thy woe, the friends that

mi-die sei, ah! si, fra

share thy woe, the friends that

mi-die sei, ah! si, fra

share thy woe, the friends that
co - ra - pur ta - me - rò;
love, al - though thou for - get,
ti - non - do,
will re - store,

Ga - to, me scia - gu - ra - to! ri - mor-so n'ho, ri - mor-so
sue her, her sweet remem - brance yet I a - dore, Oh my re

Vo - glio, che tan - to or - go - glio fiac-car sa - pro, pro - var vi
read - y, thou soon shalt be punish - d, of that be sure, my sword is

tan - to, ra - sciu - ga il pian - to che ti - non - do, fra ca - ria -
sure thee, give o - ver thy sor - row, time will re - store, the friends that

Tan - to, ra - sciu - ga il pian - to che ti - non - do, fra ca - ria -
sure thee, give o - ver thy sor - row, time will re - store, the friends that

Love thee share thy sei, ra -
woe, give

Love thee share thy sei, ra -
woe, give

Love thee share thy sei, ra -
woe, give
Ah! give o'er thy sigh!

n'ho, ri-mor-so n'ho! or che lo sde-gno ho di-sfoga -

ra-scui-ga il pain-to che ti -

love thee shall re-as-sure thee, give o-ver thy sor-row, time will re-


Ah! give o'er thy sigh!

n'ho, ri-mor-so n'ho! or che lo sde-gno ho di-sfoga -

ra-scui-ga il pain-to che ti -

love thee shall re-as-sure thee, give o-ver thy sor-row, time will re-


Ah! give o'er thy sigh!

n'ho, ri-mor-so n'ho! or che lo sde-gno ho di-sfoga -

ra-scui-ga il pain-to che ti -

love thee shall re-as-sure thee, give o-ver thy sor-row, time will re-


Ah! give o'er thy sigh!

n'ho, ri-mor-so n'ho! or che lo sde-gno ho di-sfoga -

ra-scui-ga il pain-to che ti -

love thee shall re-as-sure thee, give o-ver thy sor-row, time will re-


Ah! give o'er thy sigh!

n'ho, ri-mor-so n'ho! or che lo sde-gno ho di-sfoga -

ra-scui-ga il pain-to che ti -

love thee shall re-as-sure thee, give o-ver thy sor-row, time will re-
cora ta - me - rò, ta - me - rò, ah!
get me, I am thine ev - er - more, ah!
pian - to che tì - non - dò, che tì - non - dò, ah!
sor - row, time will re - store, time will re - store, ah!

to, ri - mor - so n' ho, ri - mor - so n' ho! me - scia - gu - her, her sweet re - mem - brance I a - dore, a - las! her re -
pian - to che tì - non - dò, che tì - non - dò, si, ra - sciu - ga il sor - row, time will re - store, time will re - store, ah give o - ver thy de - le, cp - pur cru - del ta - cer do - vrò; so che la - ma, che ev - er, yes, they must part for ev - er - more, ah she loves him, she vor - glio, che tan - to or - go - glio fia - car sa - pro, e che tan - to or - read - y, thou soon shalt be punish'd, of that be - sure, yes, thou soon shalt be do, ra - sciu - ga il pian - to che tì - non - dò, si, ra - sciu - ga il store, give o - ver thy sor - row, time will re - store, ah give o - ver thy do, ra - sciu - ga il pian - to che tì - non - dò, si, ra - sciu - ga il store, give o - ver thy sor - row, time will re - store, ah give o - ver thy do, store, che tì - non - dò, che tì - non - dò, ah!
store, time will re - store, time will re - store, ah!
do, ra - sciu - ga il pian - to, si, ra - sciu - ga il store, time will re - store, ah give o - ver thy do, ra - sciu - ga il pian - to che tì - non - dò, si, ra - sciu - ga il store, give o - ver thy sor - row, time will re - store, ah give o - ver thy
ta-mere, io spenta an-cor, pur fra-me-re, pur fra-me-

oh my love, though you forget, still I am thine, thine ev-er-

give o'er, time will re-store, time will re-store, time will re-

ra-to! ri-mor-so io n'ho, ri-mor-so n'ho, ri-mor-so n'ho, ri-mor-so n'ho, mem-branch I still must a-dore, oh my re-morse, oh my re-morse, oh my re-

piano che t'io non dò, qui soffre o-gnun, qui soffre o-gnun del tuo do-

sorrow, and time will re-store, time will re-store, time will re-store, time will re-

Fa-ma, che gli è fe-del, che gli è fe-del, cp-par cruel, fa- cer do-

loves him, but yet they must part, but they must part, but they must part for ev-er-

go-glio fiac-car sa-prò, fiac-car sa-prò, fiac-car sa-prò, fiac-car sa-

punish'd, of that be sure, of that be sure, of that be sure, of that be

piano che t'io non dò, fa cor, fa cor, qui soffre o-gnun del tuo do-

sorrow, and time will re-store, time will re-store, time will re-store, time will re-

piano che t'io non dò, fa cor, fa cor, qui soffre o-gnun del tuo do-

sorrow, and time will re-store, time will re-store, time will re-store, time will re-

fa cor, qui soffre o-gnun, qui soffre o-gnun del tuo do-

give o'er, time will re-store, time will re-store, time will re-

piano che t'io non dò, sorrow, and time will re-store,

piano che t'io non dò, sorrow, and time will re-store,
more, ah, t'amor, oh my love, though thou for.

store, ah, give o'er, time will re.

n'ho, mescegatempo, rimorsio non vro, so che l'am, che l'am, che gli è fedel, che gliè fedel, she loves him, she loves him, but yet they must part, but they must

pro, e che tan-togliogliocacciaresaprio, flaccara, sure, yes, thou soon shalt be punish'd, of that be thou sure, of that be

store, ah give o'ver thy sorrow, and time will restore, time will re.

store, ah give over thy sorrow, and time will restore, time will re.

store, ah give over thy sorrow, and time will restore,

si, ra-scui-ga il pian-to che t'io non do, fa cor, fa

si, ra-scui-ga il pian-to che t'io non do, fa cor, fa

si, ra-scui-ga il pian-to che t'io non do, fa cor, fa
(Germont leads off his son, followed by the Baron. The Doctor and Flora conduct Violetta away; the rest disperse.)

End of the Second Act.
Act III.

Violetta's bedroom. A bed with curtains half-drawn at the back; window closed by shutters; on a small table by the bed are a decanter with water, a glass, and various medicines. In the centre of the stage is a toilet-table, and beside it a sofa; other furniture; a nightlight is burning. There is a door L. II.; fire is in the grate.

No 16. "Addio del passato."
Recit. and Aria.

Andante, (d. 66.)

Piano.

Recit. and Aria.
(Violetta discovered asleep on the bed, Annina seated by the fireplace, also asleep.)

Violetta (waking)

An-ni-na!
An-ni-na!

Annina (rousing herself)

Poor maid-en! you were sleeping!

Co-man-da-te?

Did you call me?

Recit.

(Annina obeys)

Dam-mi d'ac-quain sor-so.

Let me have some wa-ter.

Look

Vil. divided.
Annina. 
Violetta.

ser-va! è pie-no il gior-no? Son set-t'o-re. Dà ac-ces-so a un po' di yon-der, is it not morning? Eight has sound-ed. Let me have the win-

(Amina opens the shutters, and looks out on the street.)

lu-ce, Il si-gnor di Gren-vil. Oh il ve-ro a-
o-pen. 'Tis the Doc-tor be-low. Oh friend true-

mi-ce! Al-zar-mi vo' ma-i-ta. hearted! I wish to rise. oh help me!

Quan-ta bon-
Kind-est of 

Sof-fer il mio friends! ah, do you bring me com-fort! Yes. Do you not feel better? Yes, spite of

Doctor (feeling her pulse.) Violetta.
cor-po, ma tranqui-l'ha fal-ma. Mi con-for-tò ier se-ra un pio mi-
faintness, for my mind is tranquil. A heav'n-ly con-so-la-tion hath dawn'd up-

mi-stro, ah! re-li-gi-o-ne è sel-lie-ve ai sof-fer-en-ti. E que-sta on me, ah! naught else but prayer can relieve the suffer-ing spirit. Have you been

not-te? Eb-bi tran-qui-l'lo son-no. Co-rag-gio a-dun-que, sleep-ing? Yes, I this night slept sound-ly. Then have good cour-age;

la con-va-le-scen-za non è lon-ta-na. Oh! la bu-gia pie-
now be sure your ill-ness will soon be con-quer'd. Ah, tho' my case were

to-sa ai me-di-ei è con-ces-sa! Ad-di-o, a più hope-less, you still would try to cheer me! Good-bye, now, till this
(Exit Doctor, Annina goes out with him.)

Violetta.  Annina (in a rapid whisper.)  Doctor.

tar-di! Non vi scor-da-te.
evening!  Do not forget me.
Come va, si-gno-re?  Is she really bet-ter?
La ti-si non le-ac-

(Exit)  Annina.

cor-da che po-che o-re.
few hours ere all is o-ver.
Or fa-te  Be of good
cheer.  Do I not hear re-joicing?  Yes, tis the time of mask-ing, Paris is crazy.

Violetta.  Annina.

Ah nel com-mu tri-pa-di, sa-lò-lò di-o qua-ni in-fe-li-ci sof-fron!  Qua-le
Ah, in the throng of plea-sure, many a mourner si-lently bears his bur-den!  How much

somma va in quello sti-po?
money is in my drawer?  Die-ci ne re-ca a po-ve-ri tu

Annina. (opens and counts.)

Ven-ti lu-i-gi.
But twenty lou-Is.
con dolore

stes-sa.
need-y.

Oh mi sa-ran ba-stant-fi! Cer-ca po-scia mie

Po-co ri-man-vi al-lo-ra.
Lit-tle will then be left thee.

let-ter's come. I shall be safe, ah hast-en, as thou lov'st me.

Ma voi?
But you?

(Draws a letter from her bosom and reads.)

Andantino. (In a low voice, "Teneste la pro-messa. La disfida ebbe but in time, "You have kept your promise. the duel took

luogo. Il barone fu ferito, però migliora. Alfredo è in stranio suolo. Il vostro sacri-
place. the Baron was wounded, but he is recov'ring. Alfred is in a foreign land. I have myself
fizio io stesso gli ho svelato. Egli a voi tornerà pel suo perdono; io pur verò, revealed your sacrifice to him. He will return to implore your pardon. I too shall

Curatevi... mertate un avvenir migliore. — Giorgio Germont... È tardi! Take care of your health—and trust in a happy future... George Germont? It is late!

At-ten-do, at-ten-do, ne a me giun-gon ma-i! Oh co-me son nu-ta-ta! Ma il Dot-to-re à sperar pur-re m'e-sor-ta! Ah, con tal al-ter'! But the Doctor said that soon I should re-co-ver! Ah, but this

Adagio. Andante mosso. (d=50) dolente e pp

faintness tells plainly all is hope-less. For
legato e dolce

*di-o del pas-sa-to,* beì_ so-gni ri-den-ti, le
ev-er, I must leave thee, thou fair world of sor-row, My

*ro-se del vol-to, già so-no pal len- ti; l'a-
roses all fad-ed no sun-light can bor-row, The

con esp.

*mo-re d'Al-fre-do per-fi no mi man-ca, con-for-to, so-
*hope that sus-tain'd me, a-las, now hath per-ish'd, In vain are the

pp dolciss.

*ste-gno del-l'a-ni-ma stanca,
dreams that so fond-ly I cherish'd,

I'm
forto, weary
sostegno. Ah!

viata sorridi al desio, allei del per-
erors may yet be forgiven; If men are re-

do nona, tuae cogli la, o Dio!
lentless, there's mercy in Heaven!

Ah! tutto, tutto fini, or tutto, tutto fini!
Ah! for me now all is o'er, for me, for me now all is o'er!
Le gioie, i dolorosi
With pleasure and with

La tomba al morire
The grave will soon close

Non lagrimo
A cross or a

Mia fossa!
No corner to the

C'era un fiore
There was a flower

Che coprì quell'osso!
That covered that bone!

14400
Non cro-cce, non fior! Ah!

No flow-er, no cross! Ah!

del la yon-der

Tra-via-ta sor

my er-rors may

yet be for

pp legg.

con forza

si-o, a le i deh per do na, tu ace
giv en; If men are re lent less, there's mer cy in

Di-o! Heaven!

Ah, tut to, tut to fi

Ah, for me now all is

allarg e morendo

m, or tut to, tut to fi aj!

o'er, for me, for me, now all is o'er!

colla parte
No. 17. “Largo al quadrupede,”

Bacchanal Chorus.

Allegro vivacissimo.

SOPRANO.

Chorus.

(Outside.)

Piano.

Allegro vivacissimo.

TENOR.

Lo, where the pride of the people advances, Crown him with garlands, surround him with dancel, Gentle as glorious, dear to the

BASS.

Lo, where the pride of the people advances, Crown him with garlands, surround him with dancel, Gentle as glorious, dear to the

Pianist.

nun-to, di corne pif-fe-ri a-bbia il sa-lu-to, Pa-ri-

c- tion, Hail him with minstrelsy, in an cient fashion. Come, Pa-


gi-ni, da-ta pas-so al tri-on-fo del Bue gras-so, al tri-on-fo del Bue gras-so, al tri-on-fo del Bue gras-so, al tri-on-fo del Bue gras-so, al tri-on-fo del Bue gras-so, al tri-on-fo del Bue gras-so.

gi-ni, da-ta pas-so al tri-on-fo del Bue gras-so, al tri-on-fo del Bue gras-so, al tri-on-fo del Bue gras-so, al tri-on-fo del Bue gras-so, al tri-on-fo del Bue gras-so, al tri-on-fo del Bue gras-so.

grass-so, al tri-on-fo del Bue gras-so, L'As-sia, fe A-sia nor A-fri-ca

grass-so, al tri-on-fo del Bue gras-so, L'As-sia, fe A-sia nor A-fri-ca

vi-deil più Quel-lo, van-toed or-go-li-o do-gni ma cel-lo. Al-le-gré
can boast a fí-ner, Pride of the slaught-ter-er, joy of the di-né-rer. Come, mer-ry

vi-deil più Quel-lo, van-toed or-go-li-o do-gni ma cel-lo. Al-le-gré
can boast a fí-ner, Pride of the slaught-ter-er, joy of the di-né-rer. Come, mer-ry
masche-re, masked throng, paz-zi gar-zo-ni, come, lads and lass-es, Praise him with dance and song, con canti-e shout as he
masche-re, masked throng, paz-zi gar-zo-ni, come, lads and lass-es, Praise him with dance and song, con canti-e shout as he

suo-pass-es! Pa-ri-gi-ni, da-te pas-so al tri-on-fo del Bue-risians, quit your houses, While the fat-ted bull is
suo-pass-es! Pa-ri-gi-ni, da-te pas-so al tri-on-fo del Bue-risians, quit your houses, While the fat-ted bull is

gras-so, al tri-pass-ing, the on-fo del Bue-grasso, al tri-on-fo del Bue-grasso! the fat-ted bull is passing, while the fat-ted bull is
gras-so, al tri-pass-ing, the on-fo del Bue-grasso, al tri-on-fo del Bue-grasso! the fat-ted bull is passing, while the fat-ted bull is

velociss. scivolato
No. 18. "Parigi, o cara, noi lasceremo."
Recit. and Duet.

Allegro assai vivo. \( \left( \frac{\text{d}}{2} = 108 \right) \)  Annina (with hesitation.)  Violetta.

Voice.

Piano.

(Enter Annina hastily.)  
Si-gno-ra.  Che tae-
Oh Madam—  What has

Annina.

happen'd?  I left you this morning  strength-en-ing and

Violetta.

me-glio?  Sì,  per-ché?  D'es-ser cal-ma pro-met-
hope-ful?  Yes,  why so?  Will you prom-ise to be

Annina.

ta-te?  Si,  che vuoi dir-mi?  Pre-ve-nir vi
tranquil?  Yes,  why, I pray thee?  Ah, I came to
Annina, Violetta. (Annina nods affirmatively)

Are you? Ah, dearest lady, 'Tis Alfred! And thou hast seen him! He

(Alfred appears) (They embrace)

viens, e'fretta, Alfred? Ama-to Alfred, oh my love, my love, my dearest Al

letta, oh mia Violetta, oh mia Violetta, oh my love, my own beloved Violetta

ja! Colpevol so no, so tutto, o cara ta! Oh love, forgive me, what hast thou suffered?
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Alfred.

fii - ne re - so mi se - i! Da que-sto pal - pi - to, s'io t'am'mi in-
got now, in thy re-turn - ing! Oh, by this beat - ing heart, learn how I

Violetta.

pa - ra, sen-za te e si ste-re piu non po - tre - i. Ah's'an-co in
love thee, no pow'r in Heav'n or earth from thee shall move me. If I was

vi - ta m'hai ri-tro - va - ta, cre-di che re - ci de - re non puoi i do-
spar'd till this blessed meet - ing, I'll not be - lieve that now I am to

Alfred.

lor. Scor-da l'af - fa - no, don-na a - do - ra - fa, a me per - do-na e al ge - ni-
die. A-way with fears, love, that were but fleet - ing, And oh, thy par - don not de-

Violetta.

tor. Ch'io ti per - do - ni? la rea son i - c, ma so - lo a-mor tal mi ren-
ny. Speak not of par - don, I err'd in lov - ing, none was to blame but on - ly
Nul-l'uo-mo de-mon, an-giol mio, mai più di-vi-der-mi po-trà da
de. No fiend or an-gel shall have pow-er, oh my on-ly love, to part us

Niil-luo-mom, an-giol mio, mai più di-vi-der-mi, mai
No fiend or an-gel shall have pow-er, oh my on-ly love, to

più no, no, no, no, no, no, mai più da te.
part us, ah, no, no, no, no, naught can part us now.

mai più no, no, no, no, no, no, mai più da te.
to part us, no, no, no, no, naught can part us now.

Andante mosso, \( \frac{d}{d} = 112 \)
Far from the busy throng I will guide thee, Naught from this hour from thee shall divide me, Past days of sorrow no more remember, Thy health remaining, new-ly shall dawn.

Far from the busy throng thou wilt Radiant the morrow beckons us on.

Far from the busy throng, noi lascere, la vita unifi trascorremo, de' cor-siaf-ni compen-soa-vrai, la tua sa-vide me, Past days of sorrow no more re-member, Thy health re-

Far from the busy throng I will guide thee, Naught from this hour from thee shall di-vide me, Past days of sor-row no more re-mem-ber, Thy health re-

Far from the busy throng I will guide thee, Naught from this hour from thee shall di-vide me, Past days of sor-row no more re-mem-ber, Thy health re-

Radiant the morrow beckons us on.

Far from the busy throng, noi lascere, la vita unifi trascorremo, de' cor-siaf-ni compen-soa-vrai, la tua sa-vide me, Past days of sor-row no more re-mem-ber, Thy health re-

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Radiant the morrow beckons us on.

Far from the busy throng I will guide thee, Naught from this hour from thee shall di-vide me, Past days of sor-row no more re-mem-ber, Thy health re-

Radiant the morrow beckons us on.
De' cor.siaf-fani compen.so a-
My days of sor-row no more ro-

hour from thee shall divide me, naught from

vra-i, tut-te il fu-tu-ro near.ri-de-ra,
dè' cor-siaf-fani

member'd, my health return-ing shall dawn a-new,

thee divide me, Thy days of sor-row

fan-ni compen-so a-vrai, la mia sa-lu-te, la mia sa-
o more re-member'd, my health re-turn-ing, my health re-

com-pen-so a-vrai, ah-si, la tua sa-lu-te, la tua sa-
shall be for-got, ah-yes, thy health re-turn-ing, thy health re-
Lu-te ri-fio-ri-ra, ri-fio-ri-ra; 
turning shall dawn a-new, shall dawn a-new;

Lu-te ri-fio-ri-ra. 
Far from the busy throng I will

My days of sorrow no more rememb'red, my health returning shall dawn a-

Nought from this hour from thee shall divide me.

Leggero e stent.

de' cor-si af-a-ni com-pen-sea-vra-i, tut-to il cre-a-to near ri-de-

My days of leggero e stent.

decor-siaf

la vi-ta un-ni-ti tra-scor-re no,

Naught from this

pp
fan-ni compen-so-a-vrai, tut-toil fu-tu-ro near-ri-de-rà;
sor-row no more re-mem-ber'd, my health re-turn-ing shall dawn a-new,

noi tra-scor-re-re-me, de' cor-si af-
naught from thee di-vide me, thy days of

fan-ni com-pen-so-a-vrai, ah-si, la tua sa-
sor-row shall be for-got, ah-yes, thy health re-

lu-te, la mia sa-lu-te ri-fio-ri-rà, ri-fio-ri-rà, ri-fio-ri-
turning, my health re-turning shall dawn a-new, shall dawn a-

lu-te, la tua sa-lu-te ri-fio-ri-rà, ri-fio-ri-rà, ri-fio-ri-
turning, thy health re-turning shall dawn a-new, shall dawn a-
De' corsiaffani, de' corsiaffani compen-sea-vra-i, my days of sorrow, my days of sorrow no more remember'd,

De' corsiaffani, de' corsiaffani compen-sea-vra-i, thy days of sorrow, thy days of sorrow no more remember'd,

De' corsiaffani, de' corsiaffani compen-sea-vra-i, la mia salute, ah sì, rifiori, my days of sorrow no more remember'd, my health returning, ah, yes, shall dawn a-

De' corsiaffani, de' corsiaffani compen-sea-vra-i, la tua salute, ah sì, rifiori, thy days of sorrow no more remember'd, thy health returning, ah, yes, shall dawn a-

Ah non più a un tempio, Alfre-do-an-
Ah, no more, oh come, love, and let us

Allegra.
(faltering.) Alfred. Violetta.

both render thanks to heav'en for thy return-ing. Ah, why so pale, love? 'Tis nothing,

(Violetta sinks exhausted on a couch.)

co-re. Filmio ma-lo-re! In de-bo-lez-za.

Alfred. (with alarm, sustaining her.) Nay, be not anxious, 'tis but my weakness,

Gran Di-o! Vi-o-let-ta!

Oh Heaven! Vi-o-let-ta!

Violetta.
Alfred, (despairingly.)
Più mosso.
Violetta.

Alfred.

Violetta. (rising.)

Gran Great

Violetta. (to Annina.)

(falls back on the seat.)

(to Annina.)

((Annina gives her a garment, which she begins to put on, but from faintness is obliged to desert; she lets it fall and exclaims despairingly.)

'Ah! It's over! An-

No! I am well now.

Non posso! (Cielo! che ve-do!) Va pel' dot-to-re! Ah!

Di- e! I can-not! (Heaven! what sorrow!) Go for the Doctor. Ah!
di-gli, di-gli che Alfre-do è ri-tor-na-to, è ri-tor-na-to al-la-mor
tell him, tell him that Alfred has come to com-fort, has come to save me, say that he

di-gli che Alfre-do è ri-tor-na-to, è ri-tor-na-to al-la-mor
tell him, tell him that Alfred has come to com-fort, has come to save me, say that he

loves me, and that I now would live, oh tell him that I now would live.

Ma se tor-nan-do non mi hai sal-ver-to, a niu-noin ter-ra sal-var-mi è
If thy re-turn-ing cannot re-call me, no pow’r on earth can pre-vent my

(rising impetuously)

Ah! gran Ah! great

Heav’n! and must I die so young, I, that have known but sor-row? The flow’r’s that on my
tergere il mio sì lungo pianto! Ah! dunque fu deliverio la path have sprung. Shall see no blooming morrow! Des-\pressive hope my heart begnild, But

cre-du-la spe-ranza! in-va-no di co-stanza arma-to a-vró, a-vró il mio cor. Oh fate hath prov'd re-lentless! No hope for me remains on earth. Despairing I must die. Oh

fondere deg-gi-o! Ma più chenamched! cre-di-lo, è d'uo-pe di co-stanza ah hope is past re-call-ing! But ah! let not thy con-stan-cy De-\sert thee in this trial; Fate

tutto-al-la spe-ranza non chiudere il tuo cor! will have no de-mal! Ah! that we both might die!

Oh Alfred. Oh Alfred! il cruel my love, and is it
Alfredo! cruel termine, 
thus we part?

Violetta, mia, deh! calma-ti!
Violetta, call thy troubled heart!

Violetta, mia, deh! calma-ti,
Violetta, call thy troubled heart,

O my love, and is it thus we part, when happiness was nigh?

Oh Alfredo! cruel termine ser biau al nostro amor!

O my love and is it thus we part, when happiness was nigh!

Ah! gran Dio! morir si giovine, io che pena to ho tanto! mon.
Ah! great Heav'n, and must I, be so young, I, that have known but sorrow? The

londell, calma-ti, calma-ti!
L, thy love, am nigh, Oh my love!
ririer press a ter-gere il mio si lun-go pian-to! Ah dunque fu de-
flow' that on my path had sprung Shall see no blooming morrow! De-
his take hope my
Cal-ma-ti, Vio-le-ta-mia!
Calm thy troubled heart, Vio-
letta!

li-ri-o la cre-du-la spe-ran-za! in-van- no di co-
heart beguil'd, But fate has provid'd re-
 lent-less, No hope for me re-

Vio-le-ta mi-a! Oh my Vio-
eletta!

Vio-le-ta mi-a! Oh my Vio-
eletta!
deh cal-ma-ti! n'uc-ci-
tis 1, thy love, tis 1, thy

Più mosso,
stan-zar ma-to a-vró, a-vró il mio cor! Al-fre-do
mains on earth, des-pair-ing I must die!
Ah must I

de il tuo do-lor, il tuo do-
love, 'tis 1, 'tis 1, thy love, am
lor! Vio-le-ta-mia, deh! cal-ma-ti!
night! Vio-le-ta-mia 'n thy trou-

mi-o! leave thee,
or il cru-do ter-
mi-ne ser-
an! is it thus we part? when

n'uc-ci-de il tuo do-
'Tis 1, thy love, am night!
lor! 'tis 1, ah 'tis

ah n'uc-ci-de, n'uc-

ah, 'tis 1, ah 'tis
Happiness was night when happiness at last was

ci-de il tuo dolor!

morte oh, mio Alfre-do, il crude, il crude-

nigh! ah, must I leave thee, alas, my love, and

lor! oh mia Vio-letta, nude il tuo do

hish, si, nude il tuo dolor! Viola-

lor, ah si, nude il tuo dolor! Viola-

(Violetta sinks upon the couch.)

pair-to al nostro amor!

let that we both might die!
Illegible text
Germin, ve-de-te? Fra le braccia iospiro di quanti cari ho al
Ah see, good Doctor, all on earth that dear est is near me at the

Germin. (gazing at Violetta)

A mon-do. Che mai di-te? (Oh cie-lo! è ver!)
part-ing. Ah, what part-ing? (Great heaven! 'tis true!)

Alfred.

La ve-di, padre mio? Oh Father, look upon her.
Vi-mer. non la-ce-

Di più, non la-ce-

No more, don't rend my heart with un-a-vail-ing an-guish; 'tis as

rar-mi, troppo ri-mor-so l'al-mami di-vo-ra,
more, don't rend my heart with un-a-vail-ing an-guish; 'tis as

(Violetta opens

ful-light-ning from heav-en, her gen-tle accents.

Cello & Gb.
a casket and takes a medallion out of it.)

Ah, malcontento ve-gliardo! Il mal ch'io feci, ora sol ve-do!
ill-advised my precautions! too late I feel it, I've finally wronged her!

Violetta.

Pit a me 'impres-sa, ascol-ta, ama-to Alfredo;
Ah, come, draw near-er, and hear me; oh how I love thee!

Andante sostenuto. (d=56) (with a hollow voice.)

Prendi, queste fima-gi-ne de' Alfredo, receive this part-ing gift. The-

mici pas-sa-ti gior-ni, a rau-men-tar ti form of one who lov'd thee; When Heav'n hath hence re-

Alfred.

tor-ni co-tei che si fa-mo. No, non mor-rai, non mov'd me My im-age'twill re-call. Thou shalt not die! ah

Ca-ra, su-

Oh heart of
dir-mele, d'chi vi-ver, a-mor mi-o, a stra-zio si ter-

bli-me, su-blime vit-ti-ma dun di-spe-ra-to a-

wo-man, sublime in sac-ri-tice, a-las, I share the

ri-bil qui non mi tras-se lid-dio, qui non mi tras-

anguish from thee I will not sev-er from thee I will not

mo-ree, per-do-na-mi lo stra-zio re-ca-tol tuo bel

anguish, a-las, I share the an-guish, their tender heartsmust

Poco più animato,(d=76)

Violetta.

Se-qua pu-di-ea ver-gi-ne, degl'ai a-ni suoi sul

If e'er thou meet a gen-tle maid, Ho-ly and pure and
fior - re,  a te do - nas - se il co - re,  spo-sa ti
ten - der,  If she her heart sur - render,  Althen, I

sia,  spo-sa sì sia, lo vo'.

Le per - gique's ef -

ask thee, that thou wilt make her thy wife.

Then give theerthis

erese accentato con passione

fi - gie,  dil - le che do-noel-lè  di chi nelcicl fra
to - ken,  tell her whosegift it is,  that one in yonder

ghiange - li  pre-ga per lei, per te.

shining sky  prayeth for her, for thee.

Annina.

Fin-chè  So long
Alfred.  as

Si  pre - sto, ah
So soon, ah

Germont.

Finchè avrà il ci-glio la - gri-mic lo pia - ge -
A-las, so long as frommineeyes the tears can

Doctor.

Finchè  So long

a -
Vra from il ciglio la groma my eyes the tears can flow;

no, ah no, ah no divider ti.

no, ah ah no, I can not part from thee.

Vra from il ciglio la groma my eyes the tears can flow,

Io pia ne rò per te, per te; vola a beati.

Io pia ne rò per te, per te; vola a beat ti.

Il pia ne rò per te, per te; vola a beat ti.

The Tears can flow, I'll weep for thee, 'tis Heav'n that calls thy

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Io pia ne rò per te, per te; vola a beat ti.

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Il pia ne rò per te, per te; vola a beat ti.

The Tears can flow, I'll weep for thee, 'tis Heav'n that calls thy
Le por gi quest'ef - fi - gie,
Then give to her this to - ken.

Vola' be - a - ti
Tis Heav'n that calls thy thee.

Ah vi - vi, o so - lom
Or if the angels me.

Vola' be - a - ti
Tis Heav'n that calls thy free.

Vola' be - a - ti
Tis Heav'n that calls thy thee.

Tell h-er whose gift it is,
That one in di chi fra
spirit, Id-dio ti chia - ma - a se, Id -
spirit, 'tis Heav'n that calls thee home, from
call thee home, m'a - co - glie - ra con te, con
fe re dro
spir - ti, Id-dio ti chia - ma - a se, Id -
spir - it, 'tis Heav'n that calls thee home, from
spir - it,Id - dio ti chia - ma - a se, Id -
spir it, 'tis Heav'n that calls thee home, from
Andantino.

Gli angeli prega per lei, per te.

Lio ti chiamà a sé.

Dio ti chiamà a sé.

Te, mac-cogliera, mac-cogliera con te.

Dio ti chiamà a sé.

Dio ti chiamà a sé.

Dio ti chiamà a sé.

E strano!

' Tis wondrous!

Che!

Che!

Che!

Che!

Che!
O Dio, soc-cor-ra-si!
O help, thou gracious Heav'n!

(After feeling her pulse.)

Oh mio
do lor!
Oh grief pro-found!

Oh mio
do lor!
Oh my des-pair!

Oh mio
do lor!
Oh grief pro-found!

End of the Opera.