Official Souvenir Program: Second Annual Festival, Central Maine Festival Association

Central Maine Festival Association

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JOAN RUTH
ALFREDO GANDOLFI
BENNO RABINOFF
DEVORA NADWORNEY
LEONARD SNYDER
WILLIAM GUSTAFSON
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FOREWORD

The FIRST Musical Festival in Lewiston has passed into history. Together with the dedication of the new Armory, it will form one of the most pleasing pages of local history for the future reader. The success of the First Festival was instantaneous and even more brilliant than the most optimistic hoped for. The belief of the local leaders in things musical that this community has an appreciation of the higher and finer things in music was abundantly justified in the presence of attending interested throngs. Never before, we venture to assert, had the community been stirred to such enthusiastic approval of such a venture. The more modest and retiring critic feared lest the day of ripening for such an event had yet arrived. This fear, happily, was unfounded. Apparently the community was eager to testify to its keen interest in cultural things, especially in music. The enthusiasm of the great audiences filling the vast spaces of the Armory was inspiring. The interpretation of some of the masterpieces of music by notable artists apparently was received with the keeonest pleasure.

The seed of better things in music have been well planted. How about the harvest to be reaped? No one is able even to approximate the value to a community of people lifted to a higher plane by interest in things cultural and sentimental. There is something else in life to strive for than the eternal search for material things. If the First Musical Festival has accomplished anything toward the good of the community in endeavoring to foster love for the beautiful, whether it be in music or any other art, it has served a useful purpose.

So the Second Musical Festival draws aside the curtain and presents to the loyal and appreciative thousands its second program of musical events. It does so with a feeling of gratitude for the happy and enthusiastic co-operation of the past and with the present hope that it may furnish joy and pleasure in as abundant a measure as heretofore. It bespeaks for Professor Chapman its appreciation of his tireless and unfailing energy and enthusiasm, has but the greatest praise for the local directors, and for the members of the choruses trusts that their devotion to the preparations for this Second Musical Festival may be repaid in the knowledge that they are doing something in the advancement of the greatest of all arts, Music.

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Margaret Matzenauer
Prima-Donna Contralto

The name of Margaret Matzenauer signifies the finest in musical art. Besides being one of the leading singers at the Metropolitan Opera House, Mme Matzenauer is one of the really great artists singing on the concert stage to-day. Her voice, her art, her charm and her personality are well known.

Mme. Matzenauer comes by her gifts most logically, as her father was a director of the Royal Theatre Orchestra and her mother a singer in the opera house of the small town in Hungary where she was born. With this combination of inherited musical talent, it is small wonder that at twenty Margaret Matzenauer made her operatic debut as Puck in “Oberon.” Three years later she had the great honor of being called to the Court Theatre in Munich, where for seven years she was the leading contralto at the Wagner Festivals. During that time she was also guest singer in the leading cities of Europe. At the request of the Metropolitan Opera Company she came to America in 1911, making her debut as Amneris in “Aida.”

At first engaged for contralto roles only, she scored such a triumph in her hurried assumption of the soprano role of Kundry in “Parsifal,” on New Year’s Day, 1912, that she has since been identified with such soprano roles as Brunhilde, Isolde, Kundry, Venus and Fidelio, as well as the contralto and mezzo roles of Orpheus, Amneris, Brangaene, Ortrud, Delilah, Azucena, etc. She demonstrated her versatility and role “preparedness,” when recently, at a moment’s notice, she gave a striking interpretation of Carmen.

Aside from her operatic career, Mme Matzenauer has achieved enviable distinction on the concert stage, where she is admired not only for the opulent beauty of her voice, but for her radiant personality and magnificent stage presence.

The following press notices indicate the favor she has attained:

“Not this season has anything else approached in sheer greatness and sublime beauty her final selection.”—Philadelphia North American.

“It was a magnificent performance.”—Philadelphia Record.

“Mme Matzenauer sang with a strange, dark beauty of tone, in texture like to the pile of some thick, warm velvet, steadily sustained and moulded to the contours of the music. The gentle loveliness, the tender sentiment of Brahms’ song have seldom stood clearer. With like beauty of tone, discretion of means, fineness of feeling for music, text and the art of song, Mme. Matzenauer interpreted the two songs of Schumann. As life and work through recent years have mellowed her, so she has refined upon herself.

Margaret Matzenauer

“Not within long memory has singing actress in or out of the opera house declaimed Brynhild’s monologue with such sustained beauty of song, with such depth and height of tragic passion. With reason Mme. Matzenauer’s hearers lingered to release in applause their answering emotion.”—Boston Transcript.

“The world probably has never heard a voice like Mme. Matzenauer’s. Rich, beautiful, deep and susceptible of the finest flexibility, it can soar into the realms of the soprano with wondrous clearness, sweetness and beauty. This, with her splendid power of emotional and dramatic portrayal and her pleasing personality, is what makes Mme. Matzenauer incomparable.”—Washington Star.
Were it not for music, we might in these days say the beautiful is dead.—D’Israeli.

Compliments of a Friend of the Festival

Seldon T. Crafts, Conductor of the Central Maine and Portland Festival Choruses

The Central Maine Festival Chorus is fortunate in having as its conductor, Seldon T. Crafts, of Lewiston, recognized as one of the best choral conductors in the State. This good fortune it shares with the Portland Festival Chorus, of which he has been conductor eleven years.

Mr. Crafts has been interested in the Maine Music Festival and in the Lewiston-Auburn Festival Chorus in particular, from its inception. He attended rehearsals whenever possible the first year of the Lewiston-Auburn Chorus and soon after became a member. Six years ago he was elected director and has been re-elected each year to that position.

In addition to his work with the Festival Chorus, Mr. Crafts is organist and choral conductor at the State Street Congregational Church, Portland, a position he has held for fifteen years, and, in that time has conducted numerous cantatas and concerts at the church. He formerly held a similar position at the old Main Street Baptist Church, Lewiston. He also rehearses and conducts the chorus of the Lewiston-Auburn Philharmonic Club.

Mr. Crafts is a thorough musician. He is always active in every educational musical movement and is, himself, a teacher of the organ, piano and harmony. He completed his own training in organ and harmony under Everett Truette of Boston, after studying with the best Maine teachers, including E. W. Hanscom of Auburn and Frank L. Rankin of Portland.

Since Mr. Crafts has been director of the Lewiston-Auburn Chorus it has made a large gain in membership and splendid progress in its work until it is one of the best choruses in the State.
Let our souls pursue some calm, high, spheric tune, and prove our work the better for the sweetness of our song.—E. Browning.

DEVORA NADWORNEY

Since last year when Devora Nadworney made her first appearance at the Maine Festival in concert and in the opera “Faust,” she has been winning new successes in the busiest season of her young career. She has the unique distinction of being the first contralto to interpret “La Belle Dame Sans Merci,” the 1924 Coolidge Thousand Dollar Prize Composition (at the 1924 Berkshire Festival). Added to this, she has been engaged for leading Wagnerian roles and will make her first appearance in the opera “Rheingold” at the opening performance in New York City on November 10, 1924. To the many glowing tributes of critics from the various cities where Nadworney has sung have been added the praises of the New York press:

“She disclosed a rich, resonant voice and admirable interpretative power.”—New York Sun, April 4, 1924.

“This artist possesses a remarkably beautiful voice of absolutely operatic quality, and she has a true sense of the theatre.—Theodore Stearns in New York Morning Telegraph, April 4, 1924.

“Nadworney is gifted with a voice of beautiful and sympathetic quality, temperament, intelligence, and broad powers as a linguist.”—Grena Bennett in New York American, April 4, 1924.

A world-famous musician enthusiastically summed her up thus after her New York concert: “Nadworney! Thrice gifted— First, the Divine gift of a glorious voice; second, the gift of her pure Russian ancestry in her dramatic interpretative powers; and third, her own individual gift of a charming personality.”

MARCELLA ROESELER

Marcella Roeseler, one of the leading dramatic sopranos of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has for the last eight years been a member of the most important European opera houses, including Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Amsterdam, and most of the large European cities. Miss Roeseler’s musical education was obtained in Berlin, Paris, Milan and in New York with Estelle Liebling. During this summer, Miss Roeseler has been appearing as guest artist at the Berlin Opera. In June she gave a Berlin recital with enormous success and is now completing a tour in Holland. She has deservedly earned a reputation for original and individual characterizations of her roles. The parts for which she is engaged for the Metropolitan include Santuzza, Elsa, The Rosenkavalier, Aida and all of the leading dramatic soprano roles in the German Italian and French repertoire. Miss Roeseler is only thirty-one years of age and has already made a host of friends in America.

Among numerous engagements for the coming winter is an appearance with the New York Friends of Music of which Arthur Bodansky is the conductor.
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The human voice is really the foundation of all music.—Wagner

**JERALDINE CALLA**

Bursting from her chrysalis, Miss Jeraldine Calla, a new American singer, is fluttering her wings to fame. Beautiful as a tropical butterfly, possessed of a phenomenal voice and excellent technique, she is just on the threshold of her career. In her New York appearance last March in Aeolian Hall, and in Jordan Hall, Boston, in April, she was heralded by musical critics as an artist with all the equipment necessary to revive operas unsung for years for want of the vocal material to cope with them. The voice has a range of three octaves of a warm, appealing quality with a strong, dramatic note seldom heard in a coloratura voice, except in those of the great old singers, such as Patti and Sembrich. Born in Boston twenty-two years ago, she has studied music as far back as her earliest recollection; and for the past four years she has been perfecting her art in a famous New York studio. She is wholly American trained, born of American parents, and will win her way into the hearts of the American public through her God-given voice and magnetic charm.

*Jeraldine Calla, Soprano*

**WILLIAM GUSTAFSON**

Mr. Gustafson was born in Arlington, Massachusetts. His home life was replete with musical influences for his father was a well-known amateur organist and he recalls his mother's beautiful voice with enthusiastic pride. His musical training has all been gained in this country though his conceptions have been enlarged by European travel.

Before going into the army, William Gustafson did a considerable amount of concert work, but was assigned to the 17th U. S. Infantry in 1917 and served as Second Lieutenant until the close of the war. He is a splendidly athletic type of manhood,—a very erect six feet. His voice is one of extraordinary beauty and he is an excellent musician and a most convincing interpreter.

He has appeared with the Metropolitan Opera Company frequently in New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia. He sang the baritone role in "The Missa Solemnis," by Beethoven, with the New York Oratorio Society at Carnegie Hall on April 9th and has made himself increasingly popular as a Festival and concert artist, notwithstanding his unbroken association at the Metropolitan Opera.

*William Gustafson, Bass-Baritone*

**LEONARD V. SNYDER**

Leonard V. Snyder, was born at Madison, S. D. and has lived in Watertown since early childhood. He studied in Europe for seven years with the great Maestro Vincenzo Vanini at Florence, Italy, and for three years appeared in grand opera in the great centres of Europe, being received with favor, and recognized as one of the world's greatest tenors. Mr. Snyder made his debut in Grand Opera at the Royal Theatre, Piza, Italy in the opera "Andrea Chenier." His success was instantaneous. Mr. Snyder was selected by the great composer Mascagni to sing his opera "Isabeau" at Milan, Italy, which was conducted personally by the composer. He also sang Samson and Delilah in the Arena at Verona, before over 20,000 people. His coming to this side of the Atlantic a few months ago was heralded by the musical papers of this country, and looked forward to with great interest. His appearance in the United States, Canada, and Cuba in the last few months in Grand Opera has been sensational. He sang until recently under the name of Leonardo Del Credo, but prefers to keep his American birthright and name. He was a law student at the University of South Dakota when he left for Italy to complete his musical education.
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JOAN RUTH

Joan Ruth, perhaps the youngest member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was born in Boston of musical parents. Miss Ruth received most of her musical training from Estelle Liebling of New York City. Last season as a member of the Wagnerian Opera Company, her debut was made in Washington, D. C. as Cherubino in the “Marriage of Figaro,” under the baton of Joseph Stransky. October 17th, 1923. A few notices of her New York debut follows:

“Miss Ruth as Cherubino, was better than the rest, she played the part with zest and a real sense of comedy, and did much to inject life into her scenes.” —Deems Taylor.

“Two singers make conspicuous debuts. A pretty little slip of a novice, Joan Ruth by name, came a league along the road to popularity by sheer twinkle of personality. She is very winsome, and has all the potentialities of a new Babe Ruth.” —Gilbert Gabriel.

The Maine Festival is the first of many splendid engagements for the fall.

ALFREDO GANDOLFI

Born in the city of Turin, Piedmont, Italy, and a member of one of its most prominent families, Alfredo Gandolfi began his career as a business man, specializing, for the most part, in chemistry. He spent four years studying in Germany. He went to Milan and in two years was prepared to make his operatic debut. His first appearance was in September, 1910, at Venice, Italy, as Escamillo in “Carmen.” Following his success he was engaged to sing in all the leading opera houses in Italy, France, Egypt and Spain. He was one of the best interpreters of German Opera in Italy. When “Parsifal” was produced in Italy, as Amfortas he created a sensation. During the World War he was in the army service of his country for four years. He has mastered Italian, French, German, Spanish and English and has a repertoire of forty or more operas.

BENNO RABINOFF

Benno Rabinoff, the violinist, was born of Russian parentage but claims to be an American, and is a genius of whom any country should be proud. He won the free scholarship for the Auer Prize Contest offered in Chicago a few years ago, and studied diligently, attaining a technique and perfection of bowing rarely excelled. In fact, Prof. Auer acknowledges him as one of his best pupils. He has had marked success whenever he has played, and is ready for an artistic career. He will play the Tschaikowsky Concerto which has never been given at a Festival. He is only twenty-one years old, and surely has a great future before him. He was the one violinist chosen to appear at the Stadium Concerts this summer, from a class of over two hundred. He has a pleasing personality, a forceful way, an artistic conception, and will surely prove a treat to the Festival patrons this year.
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Fine art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart of a man go together.—Ruskin.

FIRST CONCERT
Lewiston, Thursday, October Ninth at 2:30 P. M.

ARTISTS’ MATINEE

SOLOISTS
Miss Joan Ruth Soprano
From Metropolitan Opera Company

Signor Alfredo Gandolfi Baritone
From Chicago Opera Company

Festival Chorus and Orchestra

PART FIRST

Tchaikowsky Casse Noisette Suite, No. One
Overture Miniature
Danse Châractéristique
FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA

Mendelssohn Be Not Afraid Elijah
FESTIVAL CHORUS

Johann Strauss Waltz Straussiana
Arr. by Estelle Liebling
JOAN RUTH

Liadow Russian Fairy Tales
(a) Le Lac Enchanté, Op. 62
(b) Kikimora
FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA

PART SECOND

Godfrey Shaw Worship
FESTIVAL CHORUS

Bizet Toreador Song Carmen
ALFREDO GANDOLFI

(a) Heron-Maxwell Keep on Hopin’
(b) Dorey-Salter
When my Ships Come Sailing Home
FESTIVAL CHORUS

Wagner Overture Tannhauser
FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA

Words of Choral Numbers Page 19

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SECOND CONCERT
Lewiston, Thursday, October Ninth at Eight O'clock

Only Appearance of
Margaret Matzenauer
Prima-Donna Contralto
Metropolitan Opera Company
Mr. GEORGE VAUSE, at the Piano
AND
Mr. Leonard Snyder
Tenor
La Scala Theatre, Milan

Festival Chorus and Orchestra

PART FIRST
MENDELSSOHN Overture "Ruy Blas" FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA
HANDEL Hallelujah Chorus Messiah FESTIVAL CHORUS
VERDI Aria, "Oh don fatale" Don Carlos MME. MATZENAUER
VICTOR HERBERT Air de Ballet FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA
HORATIO W. PARKER Cometh Earth's Latest Hour Hora Novissima FESTIVAL CHORUS
LEONCAVALLO Aria, Vesti la Guibba P'Pagliacci LEONARD SNYDER
RACHMANINOW In the Silent Night

PART SECOND
WAGNER Introduction Act III Lohengrin FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA

CHAPMAN Sanctus Incidental Solo by Mr. SNYDER FESTIVAL CHORUS
SAINT-SAENS Aria, "Mon coeur s'ouvre à la voix" Samson et Delilah MME. MATZENAUER
LISZT Rhapsodie Number One FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA

DEL RIEGO Homing FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA
Folk Songs Estrellita En Cuba
Arranged by Frank LaForge
MME. MATZENAUER

MENDELSSOHN Thanks Be To God Elijah FESTIVAL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA
Words of Choral Numbers—Page 19

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THIRD CONCERT
Lewiston, Friday, October Tenth at 2.30 P. M.
Orchestral Matinee

SOLOIST
Only Appearance of the Great Russian Violinist
BENNO RABINOFF
ALSO
Jeraldine Calla Coloratura Soprano
Festival Orchestra

PART FIRST
Tchaikowsky Symphonie Pathétique
1st and 3rd Movements
FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA
Bellini Ah non credea Nurarti
La Sonnambula
JERALDINE CALLA
Czibulka After the Ball
FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA

PART SECOND
Tchaikowsky Concerto
(First Time in Maine)
BENNO RABINOFF and FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA
AMMANN THOMAS Overture Mignon
FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA

FOURTH CONCERT
Lewiston, Friday, October Tenth at Eight O’clock
Grand Opera Night

OPERA OF
“Il Trovatore”
Characters of the Drama

LEONORA Soprano
MME. MARCELLA ROESELER
AELENA Mezzo-Soprano
MISS DEVORA NADWORNEY
INEZ Soprano
MISS JOAN RUTH
MANRICO Tenor
MR. LEONARD SNYDER
COUNT DI LUNA Baritone
MR. ALFREDO GANDOLFI
FERRANDO Deep Bass
MR. WILLIAM GUSTAFSON
RUZ Baritone
MR. HARRY T. RAEBURN

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1. Introduction and Chorus

ACT I
2. Song
3. Solo with Romance
4. Scena and Aria

ACT II
7. Chorus
8. Canzone
9. Chorus
10. Recitative and Aria
11. Recitative and Duet
12. Recitative and Duet
13. Finale: Chorus
14. Finale (cont.)
15. Finale (cont.)

ACT III
16. Chorus
17. Duet
18. Recitative and Air
19. Recitative and Duet
20. Recitative and Trio
21. Duet
22. Recitative and Song
23. Last Scene

ACT IV
Dancers from the Fannie T. Heth Dancing School

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formerly of the Congress Square Hotel, Portland, Me.
Go deep enough; there is music everywhere.—Carlyle.

Officers and Members of the Lewiston and Auburn Festival Chorus

The Officers

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<tr>
<th>Position</th>
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<tr>
<td>Pres.</td>
<td>Mr. E. S. Pitcher</td>
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<td>Vice-Pre.</td>
<td>Mr. A. W. Coté</td>
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<td>Sec.</td>
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<td>Treas.</td>
<td>Mrs. Frank Cummings</td>
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<td>Librarian</td>
<td>Mrs. Martha Low</td>
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<td>Asst Librarian</td>
<td>Miss Florence Judkins</td>
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Board of Governors

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<td>Mrs. Seldon Crafts</td>
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Director | Mr. Seldon Crafts
Accompanist | Miss Helen Watson

Membership Committee

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<tr>
<td>Mr. Geo. W. Horne</td>
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<td>Mrs. Anna Deshaies</td>
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<td>Mr. A. P. Roy</td>
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<td>Mrs. A. E. Turgeon</td>
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Ballet

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<td>Virginia Wallace</td>
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Sopranos

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<td>Chadbourn, Mrs. Herman</td>
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<td>Jackson, Mrs. J. J.</td>
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Sopranos

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Altos

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<td>Scott, Mrs. Hazel</td>
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<td>Soule, Miss Lillian</td>
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Tenors

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Basses

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<td>Atwood, Willis P.</td>
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<td>Begin, Alfred</td>
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Music clears the cobwebs out of many minds, so they can think better, act better, and live better.—O. S. Marsden.

Words of the Choral Numbers

FIRST CONCERT

Be Not Afraid

FROM THE ORATORIO OF ELIJAH Mendelssohn

Mendelssohn

He not afraid, saith God the Lord.
Be not afraid, thy help is near,
God, the Lord thy God, saith unto thee.
Be not afraid!

Though thousands languish and fall beside thee,
And ten of thousands around thee perish,
Yet still it shall not come nigh thee;
Be not afraid, thy help is near, for He is near,
"Be not afraid!" saith God the Lord.

Worship

Words by John Greenleaf Whittier

Oh, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good";
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the hateful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

Keep On Hopin'

Words by Frank Stanton

Keep on lookin' for the bright, bright skies,
Keep on hopin' that the sun'll rise;
Keep on singin' when the whole world sighs,
And you'll get there in the mornin'.

Keep on savin' when you've missed the crops,
Keep on dancin' when the fiddle stops
Keep on faithful till the curtain drops,
And you'll get there in the mornin'.

Keep on trustin' in the cause of Right,
Keep on lookin' to the dawn of Light,
Keep on fightin' 'til you've won the fight,
And you'll get there in the mornin'.

When My Ships Come Sailing Home

Words by Reginald Dorel-Salter

In my dreams, fairy dreams, when the shadows begin to fall,
Oh come to me, for the night breathes a spell over all:
In my dreams through the garden of love we shall roam,
And life shall be filled with fairest roses,
When my ships come sailing home.

SECOND CONCERT

Hallelujah Chorus

HALLELUJAH CHORUS ("The Messiah") Handel

Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.
The Kingdom of this world is become
The kingdom of our Lord and ofHis Christ,
And He shall reign forever and ever,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.
And He shall reign forever and ever, Hallelujah!

Cometh Earth's Latest Hour

(HORA NOVEMBER) Horatio W. Parker

Cometh earth's latest hour, evil hath mighty power:
Now watch we ever, keep we vigili.
Lo, the great Judge appears! O'er the unfolding years
Watching forever, Mightiest, He is made manifest,
Right ever crowning.

True hearts in mansion fair, free from all anxious care,
Ever enthralling.

Bears He the palaeful good, lightens the heavy load,
Heary it must be. Giveth the rich reward,
Meeteth the penance hard, each given justly.

Cometh earth's latest hour, evil hath mighty power:
Keep we vigili.

Sanctus

WITH THE Rogers Chapman

Holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts,
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.
Heaven and earth are full of thy glory,
Hoananna in the highest!

Thanks Be to God

FROM THE ORATORIO OF ELIJAH Mendelssohn

Thanks be to God! He loveth the thirsty land,
The waters gather, they rush along!
They are lifting their voices:
The stormy billows are hush, their fury is mighty:
But the Lord is above them and Almighty.

Compliments of Auburn Chamber of Commerce

Compliments of Lewiston Chamber of Commerce
Compliments of

Lunn and Sweet, Inc.
Auburn, Maine

Compliments of

A Friend of the Festival
THE STORY OF "IL TROVATORE"

The good nurse found employment. One morning, as the dawn’s first rays were breaking through the eastern sky, she came to the nobleman’s chamber. From her pillow she rose.—

"Who is that, think ye, near the child—grieving?"

"Chorus,"

"Who?" Pray tell us, speak, disclose!"

"Piero."

"Set there a yon gipsy witch-like appearing; Of her dark mysteries strange symbols wear—

Or the ebe sleeping with fierce looks bending—

Gazed she upon him, black deeds intending!"

"Han her hands folded, the nurse at that dark vision—

"Sharp eras of terror soon rend the air above her,

And swiftly as thought flies with speedy decision."

"The servants, all alarm’d, the round about the threshold hover.

When by their threats, nations, and yealings—

The dark intruder soon expediti’d."

The queen just resumpt their bosoms swelling; For her offences was she expelled.

"Pierino."

She declart that to read the starr prevailing of her mission."

"Topes falsehood! Soon they found the child was failing—

In what her condition:—

With features pale and wan, languid, weak;

The child vanished, is the looking in lamentations dreary—

The dark’s spell enthralled her!"

"(All appear horror’d.) Sought they the gipsy on all sides turning—

Seiz’d, and condemned her to death by burning.

One child, accurst, left she remaining, quick to avenge her, no means dissembling. Thus she accomplished her dark retribution!"

"Lost was the young child; no mark unavailing;

But on the site of her banishment they found, ‘mid the embers (a scene of their eyes assailing), of a young infant, baby! the bones half consumed and burning."

Chorus:--

"Ah! bend thine heart! each deed revolting

With horror and hatred fill!"

Sect of Chorus—

"The father?"

"Pierino."

Few days he saw, and filled with sorrow—

Yet secret mourning at heart made him so still hopeful."

"It tol’d him her son was living—

And in his dying bed he clai’m’d of the Count, our master."

"His solemn promise, a careful search to inqu-di—

Ah! how valid!

Chorus of Soldiers.

But what of her?"

"No tidings as yet you’ve heard;"

Ferrando.

No word hath reach’d us! Oh, heaven grant

That haply we may meet one day!"

Chorus of Servants.

And were it so, wouldst thou know her?

Ferrando.

Yes, by counting the years

That have vanish’d, I should know her.

Chorus of Soldiers.

But that the moment, down near her mother

In peril to send her!

Ferrando."

To rev迩tion? ‘Tis believ’d, that on this earth

She’s deem’d to wonder—she, the soul-enranged—

With witch infil’d."

And when the alps are darkened, in forms of-changing have some beheld her.

Chorus, "Tis true!"
THE STORY OF IL TROVATORE—(Continued)

SOME OF CHORUS.
They may some have seen her o'er housespans warring!
OTHERS.
Transformed to a bird, or a vampire appearing!
STILL OTHERS.
Sometimes like a raven, or owl, shrilly crying.
From daytime and thunder she's seen madly flying!
FREQUENTLY.
The Count's faithful servant, the old witch no singing.
Soon died in an access of terror revolting!
(All met now great terror.)
She came to his chamber, an owl's form assuming.
The silence disturbing, the darkness illumining;
She gnawed on him fiercely with eyes brightly burning.
With loud cries of anguish the still air was rent.
The moment the bell struck, midnight proclaiming.
(A bell suddenly strikes the hour of midnight.)
CROWD.
Ah! maladies fall on the witch of Infante!
To her! To her! (The servants hasten towards the door. The soldiers retire in the background.)
SCENE I.—Gardens of the Palace: on one side a belt of marble steps, leading to the apartments. Thick clouds conceal the moon.
(Enter Leonora and Inez.)
INÉS.
What still deftains thee? late 'tis growing; Come thou! already her Highness has called thee!
Didst hear her?
LEONORA.
Another night goes by, Yet him I behold not!
INÉS.
Peril tends the flame That thou dost nourish. Oh, tell me, prithee, how the spark First was kindled in thy bosom?
LEONORA.
At the tournaie. He entered: Dark were his vestments and his crest; His shield and banner no devices bearing; An unknown Knight he came, And in the lists bore away all the honors; Mine was the hand That crowned his brow as victor. Soon, a civil war outbreaking, He disappeared. Ah! like a golden vision Fleed his dear image! One other month. Long after this— but then—
INÉS.
What changed thee then?
LEONORA.
Now hear!
LEONORA.
The night, calmly and peacefully, In beauty seem'd repose; The moon shone in silver light. Her fairest beams disclosing, When thru' the air resounding clear, Till then in silence weeping, Gently and sadly on mine ear A lute's sweet chords were breathing And words that pensive import bear, A wandering minstrel sang, Words, like the prayers, a humble heart Outpours to heaven when lonely. In which one well-known name was oft Repeated, 'twas mine, mine only! Reaching in haste the balcony, I saw him, standing before me! Joy, such as only angels know. With swelling thrill came o'er me! To heart, and eyes, with rapture filled, The earth like heaven appeared.
INÉS.
What then related sadly disturbs me, Filling my bosom with terror.
LEONORA.
'Tis idle!
INÉS.
Do unctions and dark forebodings arise within me.
Concerning this Knight's strange movements! Try to forget him!
LEONORA.
What saidst thou! No more, then!
INÉS.
Heed friendly counsel; heed it, I pray; heed it!
LEONORA.
To forget him! Ah, thou art speaking words Which the soul can never comprehend.
LEONORA.
Of love like this, how vainly Do words attempt expression; A love, at whose confession The heart with rapture glows. My fate would not be completed, If he were not beside me; Were life with him I denied me. Then welcome death's repose.
INÉS.
No cause for sad repentance May coming time dissolve. (They ascend to the apartments.) (Enter the Count.)
COUNT.
Night reins in silence! Her Highness, no doubt, Is now immersed in peaceful slumber. Not yet slumber— Oh! Leonora. Thou art still wakeful; the tremendous light Now shining from thy casement tells Of thy nocturnal vigil— Ah! how this amorous passion Thrills each nerve within me!—I must now behold The countenance which I am about to see. And thou shalt hear me! Loved one! To us belong This blissful moment— (Blinded by passion, he approaches the steps, But suddeintly pauses, on hearing the sound of a late.) The Troubadour! I tremble!
MANRICO.
Lonely on earth shivering. Warning against fate's cruel shivering. Hope doth one heart inspire, To love the Troubadour!
COUNT.
Oh, accents! I shudder!
COUNT.
But that fond treasure gaining, Its faith and love obtaining. Hie o'er all kings leading near, The happy Troubadour!
COUNT.
Oh, accents! Oh! jealous anger! 'Tis no error—she approaches! (Wraps himself in his mantle.) (Enter Leonora.)
LEONORA.
(grasping towards the Count.)
Oh my beloved!
COUNT.
What now?
LEONORA.
More late than usual Is thy coming; each moment have I counted With heart and pulses beating—At length Tis love filled with pity that brings thee to those loving arms.
VOICE OF THE TROUBADOUR.
Deceiver! (The moon emerging from the clouds reveals the figure of a masked cavalier.) (Enter Mauricio.)
LEONORA.
(revealing each and falling at the feet of Mauricio.)
That voice!—Ah, darkness and unrest My eyes are thus misguided! Twas thee, I thought, my words addressed! In thee, my soul expanded! To thee, my soul expanded! No other bliss demands! I love thee, thou wondrous one! With lasting, boundless love!
COUNT.
And dost thou?
MANRICO (raising Leonora.)
Enough, forgive me!
COUNT.
With rage my heart doth move! If thou'rt not base, reveal thyself!
LEONORA.
Alas!
COUNT.
Thy name declaring—
THE STORY OF IL TROVATORE—(Continued)

They take up the implements of labor, and strike with their hammers upon steel, in regular measure.

(MEN. (eatingumble from their labor, they address the women.)
Fill me a bumper; both arm and hand
New strength and courage draw from flowing brakes.
(The women pour out wine for them in rustic cups.)

ALDO. See how the sunlight, radiantly glowing,
Becomes the new beams from our wine-cups overflowing
Resound our labor! Take each his hammer!
Who makes the clasp's a life with pleasure laden.
The gipsy maidsen!

AZUCENA. (As she begins to sing, the gipsies gather about her.)
Upward the flames roll; crowds pressing far up;
Rush to the burning with seeming gladness;
Loud cries of pleasure from all sides resounding!
By guards surrounded forth comes a woman!
While, o'er them shining, with wild, unearthly glare,
Darkest shapes and phantoms brought the dark scene before me;
The guardians, this place of torture, the mother pale, confounded.
Beneath, ungrided, the outcry of anguish.
That cry within me resounded: "Avenue thou me!
All beclouded, my hand extended held fast the victim pale;
The flames rolled expectant; in I hurled him,
Colored was the fatal madness, fled was the horrid vision;
Gazing around in sadness, I saw the infant cherished.
Of that vile Count approaching me?
Ah, what say'st thou?

AZUCENA. My child had perished,
My child through me had perished!

MARRICO. Horrid crime!

AZUCENA. Once more my thin looks with horror rise up, unscooped by time!
(Azucena falls fainting on her seat; Mannrico in straddling大专, and horror.)
I'm not thy son, then? tell me, who am I
pray thee?

AZUCENA. (hastily, as if to repair an involuntary admission.)
Mine art thou even.

MARRICO. Thy words denied it.

AZUCENA. It may be: what wouldst thou?
When wandering thoughts such terrible scenes encountered?
The mind, disordered, heard not all the follies,
Unhurried lips may utter. Mother tender and true,
Hast thou not found me ever?

MARRICO. Can I discern it?

AZUCENA. To me thy life's protection
Thou owest. At midnight, on the field of battle
At Petilia, where reports declared thou hadst fallen.
Did I not come to give thee fit burial?
In thy breast my cares revived the vital spark,
But there my affection fond, maternal, stayed not.
How many hours did I tend thee, healing thy wounds and so shabbily and numerous?
MARRICO (with shrill pride.)
Wounds obtained on that dark morrow;
My breast alone received them! 'Mid all the thousands that disdained
I always favored thee, still firm unyielding.
The vile de Lune then charred me with his troops o'erwhelming;
I faltered and fell,
Yet brave and uncomparted?

AZUCENA. Such were the thanks
Whence did they repay thee,
For saving his base life in that combat at night?
What then did blind thee?
Was it a strange compulsion?

MARRICO. Oh, mother! I cannot tell thee! I know not!

MARRICO. Ill sustaining the furious encounter.
At my mercy be fell unendeavored;
Bravely gleaming, my sword was uplifted
Soon to pierce his heart intended.
With some secret pow'r, the blow suspending.
Fiercely withheld my arm descending;
Thru' each thror cold chill suppress me,
Silvings through my pulsating flow:
With cries of warning, Heau'n thus address'd me,
"Spare thy foe."

AZUCENA. But within that soul ungrateful
Not one word from heaven hath resounded!
Oh! if with that villain hateful
Thou in flight shouldst be confounded,
Haste to accomplish (Heau'n doth will it)
What I command thee, hear and fold it!
To the handle send this weapon
Through the monster's cruel heart.

(The prolonged note of a horn is heard.)

MARRICO. Ruins sends hither th' accosted courier, Hajfy
(Reads his horn in reply.)

AZUCENA. Anne thus thou me!
(Reflections in thought and seemingly unconscious of what is passing.)

(Enter a Messenger.)

MARRICO (to the Messenger.)
Approach this way. Proceed And tell me what news thou bringest.

MESSENGER. The scroll I bring here will tell thee all.
(Reading.)

MARRICO (reads.)
Within our power is Castellor;
By the order of our prince thou must watch and play
And defend it. Wherever this may reach thee,
Come in haste. Kept in error still by thy reported death,
This very evening Leonora will assume the sun's dark veil within the neighboring
Just heaven forbid it!
(With exclamations of sorrow.)

AZUCENA. (starting.)
What dost thou?

MARRICO (to the Messenger.)
Hence quickly down to the valley
Without delay, a steed provide me.

MESSENGER. Be it so.

AZUCENA (interposing.)
Manrico!

MARRICO.
The time flies swiftly. Haste thee, and speed.
My coming awaits thee.
(The Messenger departs hastily.)

AZUCENA. What hopest thou? what wouldst thou?

MARRICO. (Lose her thus! Oh, torment!
Thus lose that angel?)

AZUCENA. (His brain is turned!)

MARRICO. Farewell now.
(Replacing his helmet upon his head,) and wrapping his cloak around him.

AZUCENA. No! stay thee! hear me!

MARRICO. Release me!
But a moment lost may wither
All the hopes that now sustain me: Earth and heaven, combined together, Would be powerless to restrain me!

AZUCENA. Insensate!

MARRICO. Ah, release me, O mother, I pray thee! Woe betide if here I stay me! Thou wilt thy son, extended
At thy feet, with grief expire.

AZUCENA. No, I'll ne'er permit thy going.
In thy veins my blood is flowing;
Every crimson drop thou hast From thy mother's heart doth flow.
(Manners departs. Azucena striving in vain to detain him.)

23
THE STORY OF IL TROVATORE—(Continued)

SCENE II.—Cloister of a Convent in the vicinity of Castellor. Night.

(The Count Ferrando and followers advance rustically, enveloped in their cloaks.)

**COUNT.**
All is deserted; through the air comes yet No sound of the accustomed chanting.
I come in time then.

**FERRANDO.**
A daring labor here, my lord.
Await's thee.

**COUNT.**
Tis daring; and such alone as burning passion
And wounded pride from me should demand.
My rival dead—each hindrance opposed to my ways
Seemed fallen and vanquished;
'Till lately she discovered one still more potent.
Thou art, Ah, no! For none else is Leonora!
She is mine, mine only!

**COUNT.**
Of her smile, the radiant gleaming
Pales the starlight's brightest reflection;
While her face, with beauty beaming,
Brings me fresh ardor, ardor lends to my affection.
Ah! this love within me burning,
More than words shall plead on my part.
Her bright glances on me turning,
Calm the tempest in my heart.
(Aside.) What soundeth? Oh, heaven!

**FERRANDO.**
The bell.
Hast that proclaims the rite's commencing.

**COUNT.**
Kneel at the altar she kneels
I must reseal her.

**FERRANDO.**
Ah! unheard thee!

**COUNT.**
Silence, O ladies, and followers retire.
Ah! how quickly mine she will be!
Fires in my heart are burning;
(Watching anxiously in the direction from which Leonora is expected.)

**FERRANDO AND FOLLOWERS.**
How bold! Let's go—conceal ourselves
Amid the shades in haste.
How bold! Come on—and silence keep,
The prize he soon will hold.

**COUNT.**
Oh, fatal hour impending,
Their more and glare with speeding elation.
The joy my heart's awaiting
Is not of mortal birth, of mortal birth no, it cannot be.
In vein doth Neva's, contending
With rival claims, oppose me.
If every hand an arm entwist thee,
No power in heaven or earth shall tear thee from me.

(Enter Leonora with ladies and female followers.)

**Leonora.**
Why art thou weeping?

**Inez.**
Ah! truly
Thou wilt leave us forever!

**Leonora.**
Oh, dear companions,
No sound smile, no hope to cheer me.
No flower remaining on earth for me.
Now must I turn unto Him, the whole support.
Of those in affliction, and after days of prayer and penance.
I may again revisit my beloved one
When the blest is in heaven. Restrain thy weeping.
To the scene now lead me.
(Aside.) To proceed. (Enter the Count, suddenly.)

**COUNT.**
What? undeceived?

**Inez.**
The Count here!
THE STORY OF IL TROVATORE—(Continued)

COUNT. How now?

AZUCENA. 'Tis a custom of the pipiés Without purgative to wander Wherever fancy leads them, Their only shelter heaven, The wide world their country.

COUNT. Whence comest thou?

AZUCENA. From Biscala, where, till of late, Was my sole abode, amid its wild, barren mountains.

COUNT. (From Biscala!)

FERNANDO. (What heard I? oh, dark suspicion.)

AZUCENA. I was poor, yet uncomplaining, Lived contented, grateful hearted With one son, now hope remaining, But, alas! from me he hath parted. Now I wander sad and lonely Through the world, seeking him only; All my heart's troubled emotion For his loss no words can show! Ah! for him my warm devotion, No earthly mother else can know.

FERNANDO. Ah! those features!

COUNT. Say, long time Didst thou abide among those mountains?

AZUCENA. Long time, yes.

COUNT. But thou remember A child, son of a noble, Who was stolen from his castle Many years since and carried thither?

AZUCENA. And thou, tell me—art?

COUNT. A brother Of the lost one.

AZUCENA. Ah!

FERNANDO. Yes! (Noting the incriminated terror of Azucena.)

COUNT. Hast heard what there befell him?

AZUCENA. Lt. No!—Oh! grant That I may now my search continue.

FERNANDO. Stay, impostor!

AZUCENA. (Alas!)

FERNANDO. Thou seest here The guilty wretch who that dark crime Committed!

COUNT. Continue!

FERNANDO. Behold her.

AZUCENA. Silence! (Softly to Fernando.)

FERNANDO. Who is she, who stole the child, and burned him?

COUNT. Ah! guilty one!

CHORUS. Is that the same one?

AZUCENA. He speaks falsehood.

COUNT. Thou cannot fly Thy fancy tempting.

AZUCENA. Ah!

COUNT. Those bonds Draw still more closely. (The soldiers obey.)

AZUCENA. Oh! heaven! Oh! heaven!

CHORUS. Vent thy rage!

AZUCENA. And comest thou not, My son, Manrico, to release me? Thy unhappy mother now To aid and succour?

COUNT. Thou the mother of Manrico?

FERNANDO. Tremble!

COUNT. Oh! fate! thus in my power!

AZUCENA. Ah! loose awhile, ye monsters vile, These bonds that now confine me. Such fierce and cruel torments To lingering death consign me! Descendent of a wicked sire, Than he more guilty, tremble! For God protects the weak And he will punish thee!

COUNT. Thy son, oh, wretched Zingara, Is he that base betrayer? And can I, thee condemning, Strike, too, the traitor's heart? The joy my soul o'ershowing Words lack the power of showing To my arm, for vengeance, a brother's ashes fall! Avenged in full shall they be!

FERNANDO and CHORUS. Base rattle, the fatal pile prepared, Ah! yes, thou soon shall see! Bright flames the heavens illumine! Not this alone awaits thee, These earthly fires consuming! Condemned to flames infernal! There shall thy wicked spirit dwell! (Azucena is dragged away by the soldiers, by command of the Count. He enters the tent, followed by Fernando.)

SCENE II—Hall adjoining the Chapel of Castello; a balcony in the background.

LEONORA. Ah! what storier of arms Is that which reached me?

MANRICO. Great is the danger; Vain are all my courage's gaining. (Enter Leonora and Ruiz, enveloped in clouds.)

LEONORA. Ah! what sayest thou?

MANRICO. Be assured that our swords will be victorious! We can equal them In arms, boldness, and courage, Depart. (To Ruiz.)

The preparations for the strife In my absence, thou wilt accomplish, Let not good be wanting. (Exit Ruiz.)

LEONORA. What a sombre splendor Is o'er our bridal shining! MANRICO. All this mournful forchoing Pray banish, dearest!

LEONORA. And can I?

MANRICO. 'Tis love, sublime emotion, at such a moment Bids thy heart still be hopeful. Ah! love; how blest our life will be Our fond desires attaining. My soul shall win fresh ardor, My arm new courage gaining. But, if, upon the fatal page Of destiny impending, I'm doomed among the slain to fall, Calmly heeds arms contending, In life's last hour, with faltering breath, My thoughts will turn to thee, Proceeding thee to beaver, will death Alone appear to me. (Tones of organs heard from the neighboring chapel.)

LEONORA. The mystic tide of harmony Within our hearts doth flow! the church unfeels the raprets From holy love that grow!

(While they are about to enter the chapel Ruiz enters hurriedly.)

RUZI. Manrico!

MANRICO. Now, Ruiz.

RUZI. The Zingara...

MANRICO. Oh, heaven! Yonder, in chains, behold her!

RUZI. Led on by cruel men. They near the stake already.

MANRICO. Oh, heavens! my limbs are failing me; Shadows my eyes are veiling! (Approaching the balcony.)

LEONORA. Thou tremblest!

MANRICO. With reason. Know the cause: I am—

LEONORA. Thou wh't what?

MANRICO. Her offspring.

RUZI. (Aha! monsters! this dark revolting scene Almost of my breath deprives me!) Collect our forces without the least delay. Ruiz—so—speed thee, quickly! (Ruiz departs hastily.)

MANRICO. Of that dark scaffold, those flames ascending Thrill me each fibre with maddening glow! Quench them, ye monsters vile or, still oft— To stay their fury, your blood shall flow! I was her offspring, ere I gave birth. In vain to hold me, thy grisly work would try Mother unhappy! I fly to save thee, Or else all failing, with thee to die.

LEONORA. Such heavy sorrows my heart o'erpowering. Oh! better far would it be to die! (Re-enter Ruiz, with Soldiers.)

RUZI. Arrow ye to arms now! The foe we will defy! (Manrico rushes out, followed by Ruiz and Soldiers. From within a noise of arms and war-like evens is heard.)

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

THE PUNISHMENT.

SCENE I—A wing of the palace of Alhambra; in the angle, a tower with window secured by iron bars. Night; dark and clouded. (Enter Leonora and Ruiz, enveloped in clouds.)

RUZI (in an undertone). Here stay we; Yonder's the tower where are confined the prisoners for state offences. Hilber they brought him whom we are seeking.

LEONORA. Go thou: Leave me here; be not anxious for my safety; (Ruiz retireth.)

AFRAID FOR ME? Secure And ready are my defences! (She gazes upon a jewel which she wears on her right hand.)

In this dark hour of midnight I hover round thee near approaching. Unknown to thee, love! Ye mourning breasts around me. In pity aid me, my sighs to him conveying.

LEONORA. On roof wings of love depart. Bearing my heart's sad waiting, Visit the prison's lonely cell, Console his spirit failing. Let hope's soft whispers wafting Around him, comfort breathing, Recall to his fond remembrance Sweet visions of our love; But, let no secret reveal to him The sorrows, the griefs my heart doth prove. (The pæans bell.)

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THE STORY OF IL TROVATORE—(Continued)

LEONORA. (within.)

When compassion upon a soul departing
For that abode, from whence there's no returning
Thy forgiveness, oh! power divine imparting
Let him not be a prey to endless burning.

LEONORA. (Trembling.)

That solemn petition, so sadly ascending,
With terror and mystery the air seems to fill!
'Gainst fatal forebodings my heart is contending,
And my breath is suspended, my pulses are still.

MANRICO. Ah! bow death still delayeth,
Leonora, let all to thee return.
From him, who longeth, from him who longs to die!

Farewell, love, farewell, Leonora!

LEONORA. O, heaven! faintness o'erpowers me!

MANRICO. (within.)

Have compassion upon a soul departing
For that abode, from whence there's no returning;
Thy forgiveness oh! power divine, imparting,
Let him not fall a prey to endless burning.

LEONORA. O'er yonder dark tower, ah, death visits the morrow
With wings pale and shadowy his watch seems to hold.
Ah! ne'er will they open those portals of sorrow!
'Till after the victim is lifeless and cold.

MANRICO (to the tower.)

Now with my life fulfilling
Love's fervent vows to thee!
Do not forget; let me remember he,
Farewell, my love, farewell, Leonora!

LEONORA. (aside, sobbing.)

And can I ever forget thee?
Thou shalt see that more enduring
Love, than mine, ne'er bad existence,
Triumph over fate securing,
Death shall yield to its resistance.
At the price of mine, now blighted,
Thy dear life will I defend,
Or again with thee united,
To the tomb will I descend.

(Enter the Count and his followers. Leonora stands aside.)

COUNT. Thou art not the last to the scene.

At break of day; lead to the stake the mother.

(They enter the tower.)

Perhaps, thou fitting I abuse the power
The prince to me confided.
To such excesses that woman's love constrains me!
But where to find her? Since Castellaro is ours
Of her no tidings have reached me;
All my love, every side are fruitless!
Ah! cruel love, where art thou?

LEONORA (aside.)

Standing before thee!

COUNT. Those accents! Lady! thus near me?

LEONORA. Thou seest me.

COUNT. What brought thee hither?

LEONORA. Already his last hour approaches
And thou dost ask me?

COUNT. Thou still wouldst dare me?

LEONORA. Ah! yes! for him
I would ask of thee compassion.

COUNT. How art thou raving?

LEONORA. Move to him, my rival, show!

LEONORA. May heaven with mercy inspire thee!

COUNT. My whole desire is for vengeance. Go!

(Leonora throws herself despairingly at his feet) Leonora.

Witless the tears of agony
Here, at thy feet, now raining
If these suffice not, torture me,
My life's crimson current draining.

Torture me, my life's crimson current draining
Breathe less, thy feet may trample me,
But spare thou the Troubadour!

COUNT. Ah! rather would I speedily
Add to his fate impending
Thousands of bitter eruptions,
Torments and death unending;
The more thy love to his replies
My rage inflames the more.

(To go.)

LEONORA. (Clinging to him.)

Hear me!

COUNT. What more now?

LEONORA. Mercy!

COUNT. Pity is there none, which offered
Could obtain it. Leave me now!

LEONORA. One yet there is, one only.
And that, I now offer.

COUNT. Offer, what?

LEONORA. Explain then! speak!

COUNT. Myself, then!

(Ending her right hand to the Count, with anguish.)

COUNT. Heaven! what dost tell me?

LEONORA. That I will perform
What here I proceed.

COUNT. Am I not dreaming?

LEONORA. Unless for me
The gates of vendor prison;
Escaping, let the prisoner but hear me—
Then I'll be thine.

COUNT. Wilt swear it?

LEONORA. Wilt swear to him, whom my innermost spirit
Beholdeth!

COUNT. What he!

(A jailer appears, in whose ear the Count whispers. While the Count is speaking to him,
Leonora sees the poison concealed in the ring.)

LEONORA. (Aside.)

(A cold and lifeless bride
Thou wilt have in me!)
THE STORY OF IL TROVATORE—(Continued)

LEONORA,
Thou shalt not die, love! I come to save thee.

MANRICO.
Truly! to save me? What meanest thou?

LEONORA.
Farewell, love! Let not our delay thee, depart now, quickly!

MANRICO.
Thou comest not with me?

LEONORA.
I must remain here!

MANRICO.
But,

LEONORA.
Ah, by thee!

MANRICO.
No.

LEONORA.
Woe awaits thee!
(Endeavoring to force him towards the door.)

MANRICO.
No!

LEONORA.
Life's before thee!

MANRICO.
Ah! no, I scorn it!
But, lady, bend thy gaze upon me!
Where's comes this power? what price has
bought it?
Thus wilt not speak? oh, dark suspicion!
Twixt from my rival thou purchased thy
mission?
Ah! thou hast sold him thy heart's affection!
Bartered a love, once devoted to me!

LEONORA.
Oh, how thine anger doth blind thy vision!
Oh, how unjust is thy cruel suspicion!
Obey, and by thee not heaven's protection.
If thou dost linger, can succor thee!

AZUCENA (sleeping.)
Back to our mountains, our steps retracing.
There peace and quiet once more embracing.
Songs thou wilt sing me with late attending.
Sweet dreams shall visit our sleep as of yore.

MANRICO.
Begone now!

LEONORA.
(covering herself down at the feet of Manrico.)
Oh! repulse me not!
Such thou? I languish,
Oppressed and fainting.

MANRICO.
Go! I hate thee now;
May curses blight thee!

LEONORA.
Ah! cease reviling;
Curse me no more, but raise thy thoughts
To heaven in prayers for me
At this dark moment!

MANRICO.
A chill through my bosom is swiftly coursing.

LEONORA.
Manrico!
(Falls on her face.)

MANRICO (hastening to lift her up.)
Lady! what mean you?
Tell me!

LEONORA.
Death's cold hand is on me!

MANRICO.
What, dying?

LEONORA.
Ah! far more rapidly
The poison sped its mission
Than I intended!

MANRICO.
Ah! mortal blow!

LEONORA.
Feel now, my hand is freezing—
But here, within me, dread fires are burning!
(Placing her hand on her breast.)

MANRICO.
Oh, heaven, what didst thou?

LEONORA.
Sooner than live, another's bride.
Near thee, I preferred to die!

MANRICO.
Innamorata! and I this angel's love
With curses dared repay!

LEONORA.
I strive no longer!

MANRICO.
Ah! hapless one!
(The Count enters but stays on the threshold.)

LEONORA.
Behold the moment! I'm dying, Manrico!
Now, heavenly Father, pardon me, I implore
Thee!

COUNT.
(Ah! she deceived me purposely,
That for him she might die!)
The block awaits him!
(To the soldiers, pointing out Manrico.)

MANRICO.
Mother! farewell forever!
(Goes out with the soldiers.)

AZUCENA (wakening.)
Manrico! my son, where art thou?

COUNT.
To death delivered!

AZUCENA.
Ah, stay thee! hear me—
(The Count draws Azucena to the window.)

COUNT.
Look ye!

AZUCENA.
Heaven!

COUNT.
'Tis over!

AZUCENA.
The victim was thy brother!

COUNT.
He! horrid fate!

AZUCENA.
The man was avenged, O mother!

COUNT (with horror.)
And I still live!

(END OF THE OPERA.)

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