



## STREAMING THE FIRST CENTURY

### SESSION 3: Italian Roots

#### FEATURED CAST AND LIBRETTO EXCERPTS: *Il Trovatore*, 1971

## IL TROVATORE

(in Italian)

Music by Giuseppe Verdi

Libretto by Salvatore Cammarano

War Memorial Opera House

October 26, 1971 (Audience recording)

### CAST

Leonora	Leontyne Price
Count di Luna	Raymond Wolansky
Ruiz	Joe Pinedo

Conductor	Carlo Felice Cillario
Production	Paul Hager

**Clip 1:** Act IV. Ruiz brings Leonora to the tower where Manrico is being held, awaiting likely execution. Alone in the gloomy night, she contemplates how to save him or die trying.

<p>RUIZ Siam giunti; ecco la torre, ove di Stato gemono i prigionieri. Ah! l'infelice ivi fu tratto!</p> <p>LEONORA Vanne ... lasciami, né timor di me ti prenda. Salvarlo io potrò, forse. Timor di me? ... Sicura, presta è la mia difesa. In quest'oscura notte ravvolta, presso a te son io, e tu nol sai!</p>	<p>RUIZ We've arrived; there's the tower, where the State's prisoners languish. Ah, the unfortunate man was brought here!</p> <p>LEONORA Go ... leave me, and don't be afraid for me. I can save him, perhaps. Afraid for me? ... Secure and ready is my protection. Hidden in this dark night, I'm near you, and you don't know it!</p>
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Gemente aura, che intorno spiri, deh, pietosa gli arreca i miei sospiri.	Moaning wind, you who blow here, please take pity and carry my sighs to him.
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**Clip 2:** Act IV. “On the rosy wings of love, go, oh mournful sigh” – Leonora’s lament flies to her imprisoned Manrico, yet she hopes he feels her love and not the pain in her heart.

LEONORA Le pene, le pene, le pene del mio cor!	LEONORA The pains, the pains, the pains of my heart!
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**Clip 3:** Leonora implores that the Count di Luna spare Manrico, but his rage is inflamed by the love she has for his rival. .

LEONORA Mira, d'acerbe lagrime spargo al tuo piede un rio; non basta il pianto? Svenami, ti bevi il sangue mio. Calpesta il mio cadavere, ma salva il Trovator!	LEONORA Look, at your feet I shed a river of bitter tears; Isn't my weeping enough? Kill me and drink my blood, Stomp upon my corpse, but save the Troubadour!
CONTE Ah! dell'indegno rendere vorrei peggior la sorte, fra mille atroci spasimi centuplicar sua morte.	COUNT Ah! I wish I could worsen the unworthy man's fate, making him suffer a thousand agonies and die a hundred times over.
LEONORA Svenami...	LEONORA Then kill me...
CONTE Più l'ami e più terribile divampa il mio furor!	COUNT The more you love him, the more terrible my fury!

**Clip 4:** After promising herself to the Count to save Manrico, Leonora rejoices that her beloved will live though she knows that she will die from the poison she has taken.

LEONORA (Vivrà! Contende il giubilo i detti a me, Signore, ma coi frequenti palpiti mercè ti rende il core! Or il mio fine impavida, piena di gioia attendo, potrò dirgli morendo, salvo tu sei per me!)	LEONORA (He'll live! My joy makes me speechless, O Lord, but my bursting heart thanks you! Now, I can await my end, fearless, filled with joy, and as I die, I can tell him, I have saved you!)
CONTE Fra te che parli? Volgimi, mi volgi il detto ancora, o mi parrà delirio quanto ascoltai finora!	COUNT What are you whispering? Come, say those words to me again, or what I heard before will seem a dream!

LEONORA

Vivrà!

CONTE

Tu mia! tu mia! ripetilo,  
il dubbio cor serena,  
ah! ch'io credo appena udendolo da te!

LEONORA

He'll live!

COUNT

You're mine! Mine! Repeat it,  
reassure my doubting heart;  
ah, I can scarcely believe what I'm hearing!