

**DON CARLOS:
OPERA IN
FOUR ACTS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649317288

Don Carlos: Opera in Four Acts by Giuseppe Verdi

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

GIUSEPPE VERDI

**DON CARLOS:
OPERA IN
FOUR ACTS**

mus
74
178
0

PRICE 50 CENTS

OFFICIAL LIBRETTO



THE ORIGINAL ITALIAN, FRENCH OR
GERMAN LIBRETTO WITH A CORRECT
ENGLISH TRANSLATION

DON CARLOS

1
DON CARLOS,

OPERA
IN FOUR ACTS

BY
GIUSEPPE VERDI

Copyright, 1920, by Fred Rullman, Inc.

PUBLISHED BY
FRED RULLMAN, INC.

NEW YORK

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
EDA KUHN LOEB MUSIC LIBRARY
CAMBRIDGE 38. MASS.

NOV 23 1976
ARGUMENT

DON CARLOS, son of PHILIP II., and Crown Prince of Spain, is the affianced lover of the beautiful ELIZABETH OF VALOIS, daughter of HENRY II., of France. State reasons, however, induce the French monarch to set aside the engagement contracted by the young lovers, and to confer his daughter's hand on PHILIP II., the powerful King of Spain. The royal marriage is duly solemnized, but the unfortunate DON CARLOS finds himself utterly unable to subdue his passion for ELIZABETH, now his father's bride. He confides the secret of his passion to his trusty friend and companion, the MARQUIS OF POSA, who enjoins him to banish the recollection of his ill-starred affection by departing for Flanders, and protecting the oppressed inhabitants from the cruel ravages of the Spanish soldiers. DON CARLOS, through the medium of his friend, obtains an interview with the QUEEN, and implores her to procure for him the requisite permission from the KING. Their interview, however, only serves to re-awaken, with increased intensity, their ill-concealed affection. ELIZABETH, overcome by the vehemence of the young PRINCE'S passion confesses that she still loves him, and DON CARLOS, tortured by conflicting emotions, and forgetful of aught else save his unconquerable passion, presses the QUEEN to his heart, and flies hurriedly from the spot. The secret of the QUEEN'S ardent, though innocent affection for DON CARLOS, is discovered by the PRINCESS EBOLI, who is herself deeply attached to the young PRINCE. Stung to the quick by the PRINCE'S rejection of her love, EBOLI makes known to PHILIP the affection existing between the QUEEN and DON CARLOS. By EBOLI'S intervention, PHILIP obtains possession of the QUEEN'S casket, which is found to contain a portrait of the young PRINCE. The KING, already deeply incensed against his son for his sympathy with the oppressed Flemings, is now almost maddened by the fearful suspicions, which lie gnawing at his heart and drive sleep from his pillow. He holds counsel with the GRAND INQUISITOR, as to the course to be adopted, and forthwith causes his son to be immured in a dungeon. While in prison, CARLOS is visited by his faithful friend, RODRIGO. This nobleman's merits have attracted the notice of the KING, whose favorite and confidant he has now become. RODRIGO'S enlightened views and "innovating" tendencies, have, however, excited the suspicion of the GRAND INQUISITOR, who accuses him to the KING of fostering heretical opinions in the mind not only of DON CARLOS, but even in that of his royal master. His death is resolved on, and while consoling the afflicted CARLOS in his gloomy prison, a shot from an arquebuse reaches RODRIGO'S heart. CARLOS falls senseless on the body of his murdered friend. The populace incensed at the imprisonment of their beloved prince, clamor furiously at the

Palace gates, and a serious outbreak is only prevented by the timely intercession of the GRAND INQUISITOR. CARLOS, released from prison, hastens to the monastery of St. Just, to bid a last farewell to the QUEEN, who has appointed to meet him under cover of night, amid the deserted cloisters, which the shade of the mighty Charles V., in the semblance of a monk, is said at times to revisit. The QUEEN is earnestly exhorting DON CARLOS to seek forgetfulness of the past in heroic efforts on behalf of the suffering Flemings, when their interview is suddenly interrupted by the arrival of the KING, who has received information of their clandestine meeting. Heedless of aught, save his unjust suspicions, the infuriated monarch delivers his son to the officers of the Inquisition, and as the unhappy CARLOS is borne away by the myrmidons of the dreaded institution, the curtain falls.

CHARACTERS

PHILIP II., <i>King of Spain.</i>	ELIZABETH OF VALOIS.
DON CARLOS, <i>"Infant" of Spain.</i>	THE PRINCESS EBOLI.
RODRIGO, <i>Marquis of Posa.</i>	THEOBALD, <i>Elizabeth's Page.</i>
GRAND INQUISITOR, <i>Aged 90, Blind.</i>	THE COUNTESS OF AREMBERG.
A FRIAR.	THE COUNT OF LERMA.
A ROYAL HERALD.	

Flemish Ladies, Inquisitors, Gentlemen and Ladies of the Courts of France and Spain. Members of the Populace, Pages, Guards, Familiars of the Holy Office, Soldiers, Magistrates, Deputies from the various provinces constituting the Spanish Empire, etc.
 Period about 1560.

DON CARLO

ATTO PRIMO.

(*La foresta di Fontainebleau. L'inverno. A destra un grande masso forma una specie di anatro. Nel fondo in lontananza il palazzo reale.*)

SCENA I.

(*Alcuni boscaioli stanno tagliando legna: le loro mogli sono sedute presso un gran fuoco. ELISABETTA di VALOIS da sinistra a cavallo condotta da TEBALDO suo paggio. Numerooso seguito di CACCIATORI.*)

CORO INTERNO DI CACCIATORI
(*a destra.*)

Su, cacciator! pronti o la belva ci sfuggerà.

CORO INTERNO DI CACCIATORI
(*a sinistra.*)

E noi l'avrem, pria ch'alla selva notte verrà.

(*ELISABETTA traversa la scena in mezzo al suono delle fanfare, e getta delle monete ai boscaioli. DON CARLO appare a sinistra nascondendosi fra gli alberi. I BOSCAIUOLI guardano la PRINCIPessa che si allontana, e riprendendo i loro utensili si mettono in cammino, e si disperdono nei sentieri del fondo.*)

SCENA II.

DON CARLO.

Fontainebleau! foresta immensa e solitaria!

Quai giardin, quai rosai, qual Eden di splendore

Per Don Carlo potrà questo bosco valer.

Ove Elisabetta sua sorridente apparì!
Lasciai l'Iberia, la corte lasciai,
Di Filippo sfidando il tremendo furore.

x

Confuso nel corteo del regio Ambasciator;

Potei mirar l'alfin, la bella fidanzata!

Colei che vidi pria regnar sull'anima mia,

Colei che per l'amor regnerà sul mio cor!

Io la vidi e al suo sorriso
Scintillar mi parve il sole;

Come l'anima al paradiso
Schiuse a lei la speme il vol.

Tanta gioia a me prometto

Che s'innebria questo cor;

Dio, sorridi al nostro affetto,

Benedici una casto amor.

(*DON CARLO corre sulle tracce d'ELISABETTA; ma s'arresta incerto ed ascolta. Un suono di corno si fa udire di lontano, poi tutto ritorna nel silenzio.*)

Il suon del corno alfin nel bosco tace.
(*Ascoltando.*)

Non più dei cacciator echeggiano i clamor!

Cadde il dì! Tace ognun! E la stella primiera

Scintilla nel lontan spazio azzurrin.

Come del regio ostel rinvenire il cammino?

Questa selva è tanto nera!

TEBALDO (*di dentro*).

Olà scudier! olà! paggi del Re!

DON CARLO.

Qual voce risuonò nell'oscura foresta?

TEBALDO.

Olà venite, boscaioli, a me!

(*TEBALDO ed ELISABETTA scendono da un sentiero.*)

DON CARLO

(*Ritirandosi in disparte.*)

Oh! vision gentile, ver me s'avanza!

TEBALDO (*con terrore*).

Non trovo più la via per ritornar

DON CARLOS

ACT FIRST.

(*The forest of Fontainebleau in winter. At the right a mass of rock forming a sort of shelter. In the distant background the royal palace.*)

SCENE I.

(*A few woodcutters engaged in cutting wood, their wives standing near a large bonfire. ELIZABETH OF VA-LOIS enters the scene from the left, mounted on a steed led by her page*
THEOBALD. *A party of hunters serve as her escort.*)

CHORUS OF HUNTERS (*at right*).

Hasten hunters, hasten or the prey will escape us.

BAND OF HUNTERS (*at left*).

But we will overtake them before night envelops the forest.

(*ELIZABETH to the fanfare of trumpets crosses the scene, throwing money to the woodcutters as she passes.—DON CARLOS appears at the left, half concealing himself among the trees. The woodcutters and their wives after respectfully saluting the princess take their axes and baskets and disappear through the woodland paths.*)

SCENE II.

DON CARLOS (*alone*).

Fontainebleau, immense and solitary forest,
Whose gardens, those rose scented bowers, that Eden of splendor
Are less prized by Don Carlos than this rude forest,
Where his Elizabeth has smilingly appeared!
I have left the Iberian soil, have left my court,
Defying the tremendous fury of Philip,
That mingling unknown in the train of the roval ambassador,

I may behold her, my beautiful betrothed—

She who when first seen took her throne in my heart,

She who will ever reign over this dotting heart.

I saw her and at her smile

The very ground seemed to shine unto light

As a soul in Paradise

She opened to me a dream of hope.

So much joy destined to me,

Overwhelmed my soul with ecstasy.

Heaven smile upon our affection,

Bless this chaste and holy love—

(*Starts to follow ELIZABETH, but checks himself and listens attentively. The sound of a horn is heard in the distance and silence ensues.*)

The sound of the horn is silent through the forest,

(*Listen ing.*)

No longer is heard the clamor of the hunters.

The day is dying. All is silent, and the evening star

Glances in the far-off azure space,

How shall I retrace my steps to the royal palace,

And find my way through this dark wood?

THEOBALD (*from within*).

What ho there! body guard. Ho! pages of the King.

CARLOS.

What voice resounds in the dark forest?

THEOBALD.

Ho! woodmen come hither.

(*Enter ELIZABETH and THEOBALD*)

CARLOS (*retiring a little*).

Oh! what vision of beauty approaches.

THEOBALD (*in terror*).

I cannot find the path. Lady take my arm.

Ecco il mio braccio; sostegno a voi fia.
La notte è buia, il gel vi fa tremar;
Andiam ancor.....

ELISABETTA.

Ahi! come stanca sono!

(DON CARLO appare e s'inchina ad
ELISABETTA.)

TEBALDO

(Atterrito a DON CARLO).

Ciel! ma chi sei tu?

DON CARLO (ad ELISABETTA).

Io sono uno stranier, uno spagnuol.

ELISABETTA (vivamente).

Di quei del corteo ch'accompagnan
Il signore di Lerma, Ambasciator di
Spagna?

DON CARLO (con foco).

Si, nobil donna? E scudo a voi sarò.

TEBALDO.

(In fondo al teatro).

Qual piacer! brillar lontano
Laggiu mirai Fontainebleau.
Per ricondervi al regio ostello
Sino al castel io correrò.

ELISABETTA (con autortà).

Va, non temer per me:
La regal fidanzata di Don Carlo son
io!

Ho fe' nell'onore spagnuol!
Paggio, al castel t'affretta!

(Mostrando DON CARLO.)

Ei difender saprà la figlia del tuo Re.
(DON CARLO la saluta, e, la mano sulla
spada, si pone dignitosamente alla
destra d'ELISABETTA. TEBALDO s'in-
china ed esce dal fondo.)

SCENA III.

ELISABETTA, DON CARLO.

(ELISABETTA si pone a sedere sopra
un masso di roccia ed alza lo sguardo
su DON CARLO in piedi innanzi ad
essa. DON CARLO rompe alcuni
ramoscelli sparsi a terra ed avviva
il fuoco.)

ELISABETTA (sorpresa).

Al mio piè perchè!

x

DON CARLO

(Mirando la REGINA, piega il ginocchio).

Alla guerra, quando il ciel per tenda
abbiam,
Sterpi chiedere alla terra per la fiam-
ma noi dobbiam!

Già, già.....la stipa diè la bramata
scintilla,

E la fiamma ecco già brilla.

Al campo allor che splende così vivace
e bella

La messaggiera ell'è di vittoria, d'amor.

ELISABETTA.

E lasciate Madrid?

DON CARLO.

Si.

ELISABETTA.

Conchiuder questa sera la pace si
potrà?

DON CARLO.

Si, pria del dì novel stipular l'imeneo
Col figlio del mio Re, con Don Carlo
si dè.

ELISABETTA.

Ah! favelliam di lui.

Ah! Terror arcano invade questo core
Esul lontana andrò, la Francia lascierò!

Ma pari al mio vorrei di lui l'amore.

DON CARLO.

Carlo vorrà viver al vostro piè,
Arde d'amore; nel vostro core ha fè

ELISABETTA.

Io lascierò la Francia e il padre in-
sieme;

Dio lo vuol, partirò; un'altra patria
avrò,

N'andrò giuliva e pieno il cor di
speme.

DON CARLO.

E Carlo pur amandovi vivrà;

Al vostro piè lo giuro, ei v'amerà.

ELISABETTA.

Perchè mi balza il cor? Ciel! chi
siete mai?

DON CARLO

(Dandole una busta ornata di gemme.)

Del prence messenger, per voi questo
recai.