



COPPELIA.

by

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FIRST ACT.

A public Square in a small town, on the borders of Galicia, with high wooden houses painted with bright colors and some ornamented with frescoes. One house stands out in marked contrast to the others, with grating before the windows and the door securely fastened with iron bolts. This is the residence of Coppélius.

At one of the houses at the back of the Square a window stands open. A young lady appears, and coming out, stops on the threshold of the door. She looks up and down to see that no one observes her, and then descends to the street.

She is alone; and approaching the house of COPPELIUS, raises her eyes to a large window, behind which a young girl is seen, sitting with book in her hands apparently absorbed in her reading.

SWANILDA knows well that the young girl is COPPELIA, the daughter of old COPPELIUS. Every morning she is seen at the same window and in the same attitude, and then disappears. But she never goes out from this mysterious residence. No one has ever met her, nor heard her voice. She appears to be pretty, however, and many young men in the town have passed long hours beneath her window, beseeching for one look, one smile; and more than one has tried in vain to enter the house of COPPELIUS. But the doors are always closed; the gratings are securely fastened and old COPPELIUS receives no one.

The curiosity of SWANILDA, however, is particularly excited, because she suspects that her fiance, FRANTZ, is not indifferent to the beauty of COPPELIA. Perhaps he loves her; and SWANILDA looks with suspicion on her rival who appears to be always motionless and mute. She tries to attract her attention. She passes and re-passes before her; she dances; she looks up at her, but cannot attract her attention. COPPELIA has her eyes always fixed on her book, of which she does not even turn the leaves.

SWANILDA is irritated and cannot contain her feelings of anger. She starts to knock at the door of the house, but stops herself. She hears a noise; COPPELIUS appears at one of the lower windows. SWANILDA stays in the shadow of the house and at the same time she perceives FRANTZ approaching, and remains in hiding to see what he is going to do.

FRANTZ, who at first was going toward SWANILDA'S house, suddenly stops. He casts one glance at the house of COPPELIUS. COPPELIA is at the window. He bows to her. At the same time she turns her head; the hand which held the book, drops; and with the other hand the young lady appears to return FRANTZ'S salute, and then hurriedly seats herself again.

All this is done in a moment. FRANTZ scarcely has time to throw a kiss to COPPELIA before old COPPELIUS has re-opened his window, and seems to know and to be amused at what has been going on. SWANILDA has seen him, and asks herself, what is his plan? Will he try to entice FRANTZ into his house? The girl is furious against COPPELIUS and against FRANTZ. However, she remains quiet and pretends to have seen nothing. She runs after a butterfly. FRANTZ runs with her, and catching it, pins it in the collar of his coat. SWANILDA reproaches him for his cruelty. "What has this poor insect done to you?" she says. Then, after many reproaches, the young maid brings herself to tell him, that she knows all. He has deceived her. He loves COPPELIA. He has just been throwing kisses to her. FRANTZ tries in vain to defend himself, but SWANILDA will not listen to him. She loves him no longer.

At this moment, many lads and lasses and old folks come on the scene.

<<<POLKA MAZURKA pg.8-14>>>

The Burgomaster has called them together to announce that on the next day a grand fête will take place. The Lord of the manor has given a bell to the Town; there will be dancing, and the day will end in general rejoicing and festivities, in which the prettiest girls will have their part to play. They crowd round the Burgomaster. Every one relates the good news. But in a moment, the attention of everyone is attracted by the noise that is being made in COPPELIUS' house. Odd looking lights are shining at the windows. Some of the young girls shrink with fear from this mysterious abode.

It is nothing but the clash of the hammer on the anvil, and the light is the

reflection from the forge. COPPELIUS is an old fool who is always working. At what? No one knows-and who cares? He must be left alone and not be stopped from amusing himself.

The Burgomaster approaches SWANILDA. He tells her that to-morrow the lord of the manor will give a dowry and marriage to several couples. She is betrothed to FRANTZ; shall they not be united to-morrow?

Ah! but there is time yet, and the young girl looking spitefully at FRANTZ, tells the Burgomaster that she will tell him a story.

It is the story of a straw which will reveal all secrets.

## THE STORY OF THE STRAW

SWANILDA takes the straw from a bundle, and placing it to her ear, pretends to listen; then she tells FRANTZ to listen also. Does it not tell him that he is unfaithful; that he does not love SWANILDA; but loves another. FRANTZ answers that he hears nothing. It is because he does not want to hear! So SWANILDA tries it with one of FRANTZ'S friends, who smiles and pretends to hear very distinctly what the straw says. FRANTZ tries to protest, but SWANILDA stops him and breaking the straw before his eyes, tells him that everything is brokwn between them.

FRANTZ goes away, while SWANILDA dances in the midst of her companions; glasses are placed on the tables, and they drink the health of the lord of the manor and the Burgomaster.

CZARDAS.

(HUNGARIAN DANCE.)

Night comes on and the crowd gradually disperses; but all promise to meet again on the morrow for the fête. The Burgomaster also retires.

COPPELIUS now leaves his house and sees that the door is securely fastened. He has not gone many steps, before he is surrounded by a crowd of young fellows; some of whom want to take him away with them, while the others want to make him dance. The old man in angry humor leaves them and goes off swearing.

SWANILDA is just going home. She is bidding adieu to some of her friends, when one of them sees something shining on the ground. It is a key; and the key too of COPPELIUS' house, which COPPELIUS must have dropped but a few moments before, when he was breaking away from the crowd of young men.

COPPELIUS is now out of sight; and the girls suggest to SWANILDA, that they should take advantage of his absence, to visit the mysterious house which no stranger has ever entered and of which so many strange tales have been related.

At first SWANILDA hesitates, but she has a stronger reason than her companions for wishing to enter COPPELIUS' house. She wants to meet this rival, to whom FRANTZ has thrown kisses.

But FRANTZ all the time is hiding behind the thick shrubs and is doubtless waiting an opportunity of again seeing COPPELIA. Jealousy soon gets the better of SWANILDA'S scruples. "Well, then, let us enter," she says to her companions.

One of them puts the heavy key into the lock and opens the door.

The girls for a moment think they had better not go further; but their curiosity is too strong, and SWANILDA and her friends enter the house of COPPELIUS. They have no sooner disappeared within the house than FRANTZ is seen coming up, carrying a ladder. He has been discovered by SWANILDA and has determined to see what chance he has with COPPELIA. "Who knows?" he says to himself. "Has she not thrown me kisses? Perhaps she would like nothing better than to escape from this house where a jealous old man keeps her a prisoner. The opportunity is most favorable and COPPELIUS is far off!"

But it is not so, for just as FRANTZ is steadying the ladder against the balcony, he sees COPPELIUS returning and looking anxiously upon the ground. He has discovered that he has lost his massive latch-key, and is coming back to try and find it.

As he gets near to his house, he sees FRANTZ just about to climb the ladder and can scarcely restrain his anger. FRANTZ hears him approaching, and springing lightly to the ground, runs away.

SECOND ACT.

FIRST TABLEAU.

The studio of Coppélius—a large room full of all kinds of instruments and tools. There are several automata on pedestals. On one side is a figure of an old man with a long white beard, dressed in Persian costume and sitting at a table reading a book. Near the door is a negro in threatening attitude; at the back a little Moorish cymbal-player is sitting on a cushion; on the right sits a Chinaman with a tympanon before him. Here and there are scattered books, pieces of colored cloth, and unfinished automata.

It is night. A lamp throws a soft light over the thousand and one things which adorn the old man's house.

The girls, with SWANILDA, cautiously enter COPPELIUS' house by the back way. They step slowly up the old staircase with carved balustrades. They move boldly forward and then step back; huddling together from sheer fright. Who are those people standing still in the dark shadows? Soon their curiosity gives them courage and they are face to face with the strange figures which a moment before had so frightened them.

SWANILDA goes near to the window and draws aside the heavy curtains. There she sees COPPELIA seated, as usual, on her chair with her book in her hand.

SWANILDA is in a hurry to get through with her investigations. She salutes the strange girl who remains motionless. She speaks to her, but gets no answer. Is she asleep? No, for her eyes are wide open.

SWANILDA'S companions are astonished, but encourage her to go further into the matter. SWANILDA comes closer. She touches the young girl's arm and she starts back through fear. Can it be a living creature? She puts her hand to the heart, but it does not beat. The young girls then all approach in turn, and quickly perceive the true state of affairs. This fascinating young lady is an automaton, and the handy-work of COPPELIUS. They all laugh heartily at their mistake. And FRANTZ! thinks SWANILDA, here is the beautiful young lady to whom he was throwing kisses. SWANILDA doesn't worry herself any more about her rival, but looks forward to the fun of telling FRANTZ all about her discovery, later on.

The girls run laughing, around the studio. They have nothing to fear now. Presently one of them in passing by the Tympanon player, touches it by accident. The automaton raises its arms, turns its head and begins playing a tune. The girls are at first bewildered, but soon begin dancing to the music. They then look for the spring, which sets the little Moorish figure in motion. They find it and immediately the automaton plays the cymbals, accompanying with the clang of the brass the weird melody of the Tympanon player.

COPPELIUS returns suddenly; rushing up the back stairs in a furious rage. He draws together the curtains which conceal COPPELIA; stops the automata and

runs after the girls. They run away and try to hide themselves. They are more active than the old man and easily evading him, they slip through his hands and disappear one by one down the back stairs. SWANILDA however, with two of her companions, is hiding behind the window curtains. Her companions are the last to escape and leave her alone. She pulls back the curtain, but draws it quickly together again, for COPPELIUS is coming to that side of the room. She is caught! but no; crouching in a corner she remains unseen when he looks behind the curtain. He examines COPPELIA and finds that no harm has been done. He breathes more freely; but what is that noise?

The window at the back has been left open. He sees the top of a ladder and then FRANTZ appears. FRANTZ is evidently persisting in his plan. COPPELIUS does not show himself, but lets FRANTZ enter unmolested.

FRANTZ springs through the little window and thinks he is alone. He is going toward the spot where he has seen COPPELIA, when two stout hands seize him and hold him in an iron grip.

FRANTZ nearly dead with fright, implores COPPELIUS to forgive him. He tries to escape, but the old man holds him tightly. "What are you up to here?" he asks; "why have you entered my house?" FRANTZ confesses that he is in love. "Well," answers COPPELIUS, "I am not so bad as people say. Sit down and let us take a drink together and have a chat."

COPPELIUS goes out and gets an old flagon of wine and two goblets. He takes a sip with FRANTZ, and then, when FRANTZ is not looking, he throws away the wine he had poured out for himself.

FRANTZ finds that the wine has a peculiar taste. He tosses it down, however, and it makes him talk with apparent freedom and good humor.

"Have you a little money?" COPPELIUS asks. "No," replies FRANTZ, "I have none at all." "But you have plenty of love." "Oh yes! lots of that!"

And COPPELIUS makes him drink more and more until FRANTZ confesses his passion to COPPELIUS, and tries to get near the window where he has seen COPPELIA. But his head is giddy and his legs give way. COPPELIUS pushes him toward the table. FRANTZ falls heavily on the bench and is soon asleep.

COPPELIUS waves his hands in triumph. He can accomplish the charm. He



gets a magic book and studies its pages.

Then he opens the curtain and rolls the pedestal which holds COPPELIA, bringing the figure nearer to the sleeping FRANTZ. Then placing his trembling hands over the heart and forehead of the young man, he tries to take away his soul to give life to the young girl he has made with so much care and trouble. He redoubles his invocations and magnetic passes. COPPELIA rises up as usual... She begins the same mechanical motions and then lets go the book she was holding in her hand.

COPPELIUS is transfixed with joy and amazement; he gaves at her intently, when she even makes the slightest movements. She takes one step and then another. She descends the first step of the pedstal and then the second. She walks! She lives!!

COPPELIUS is almost beside himself with joy. At last he has succeeded; his work has surpassed all that human hand has ever created! While he is contemplating his own joy, the face of the girl, hitherto motionless, becomes animated. She strikes a threatening attitude and then resumes her former position, keeping her eyes fixed upon COPPELIUS. Yes! she is looking at him... Is it a dream! It seems to him that she also moves and raises her shoulders. But he is mistaken.

He is going to take a few more sparks of life from FRANTZ to give to COPPELIA. Now she is walking. At each step her movements become more perfect and she steps lightly forward. She soon beings to dance slowly, and then all at once darts off so quickly that COPPELIUS can scarcely follow her. All at once her fixed look becomes full of animated expression. She smiles; a color comes to her cheeks and she is full of life! She becomes a living woman!!

<<<VALE OF THE AUTOMATON pg.18-25>>>

And then with life is born curiosity. She is full of caprices. She sees the vial which has been used to make FRANTZ intoxicated; she wishes to drink and places it to her lips. COPPELIUS is just in time to snatch the flagon from her hands. She perceives the book thrown on the floor and with her foot she moves its leaves, and asks COPPELIUS what it means. "They are impenetrable secrets," he answers, and closes the book.

She then with eager curiosity examines the Automata.

“I have made then all,” COPPELIUS says.

She stops in front of FRANTZ.

“And that one?” she asks.

“It is like the rest,” he answers, and then tries to distract her attention.

She sees a dagger and seizes it.

“Take care,” says COPPELIUS, “it is not made for a young girl to handle.”

She pricks her own finger with the point of it and then amuses herself by thrusting it at the image of the little Moor.

COPPELIUS roars with laughter... But she approaches FRANTZ and seems to be intent on doing some mischief. The old man stops her and she turns against him and chases him around the studio.

At last he disarms her. He does not know how to calm her. He throws a cloak over her shoulders, and the very touch of the cloak seems to awaken in her a world of new ideas.

<<<BOLEROpg.25-28>>>

Then she finds in the cloak a Scotch scarf-pin and taking it in her hands, she dances a jig.

THE JIG.

COPPELIUS tries to catch her, but she escapes from him; she jumps and runs around, throwing everything within her reach to the ground and breaking it! She is decidedly too lively! What shall he do! Just at that moment, in the midst of all the noise and confusion, FRANTZ revives from his drunken stupor, and wakes up. He presses his hand to his forehead, he tries to regain his senses.

COPPELIUS now seizes COPPELIA and replacing her by main force on the pedestal, draws the curtains. He then goes up to FRANTZ and pushing him towards the window orders him to leave by the same way that he came. “Go along, go along!” he cries, “you are good for nothing.”

Then all of a sudden he stops and listens. Did he not hear the tune which generally accompanies the movement of the automata? He jumps and while he is staring at COPPELIA, who has started the old movement with mechanical stiffness, SWANILDA skips out unobserved from behind the curtain. She sets the other two automata going. "What!... are these two also moving by themselves?" COPPELIUS exclaims.

All at once COPPELIUS turns round and sees SWANILDA disappearing with FRANTZ. He does not know what to make of it. He has a vague notion, that some game has been played on him and thinking that he is losing his reason, he falls heavily in the midst of the automata which keep moving as if to mock at their master's grief and despair.

## SECOND TABLEAU.

A lawn sided by large trees, in front of the baronial castle. At the back, the bell, the gift of the lord of the manor, is hung from poles, decorated with garlands and banners. A car covered with allegorical designs and on which are grouped the various actors for the fête, has just stopped in front of the bell. Platforms have been erected and decorated for the lord of the manor and his special guests. The guards keep back the crowd.

The priests have pronounced a benediction over the bell. They present to the lord of the manor the betrothed couples who are to be given a dowry, and are to be united on this festal day. While the two first couples go and bow before the baron, FRANTZ and SWANILDA complete their mutual reconciliation. FRANTZ has disabused himself of his temporary infatuation and thinks no more of the mysterious girl he used to see at COPPELIUS' window. He knows what a joke has been played upon him. SWANILDA forgives him and giving him her hand, advances with him before the lord of the manor.

All at once there is a stir among the crowd. Old COPPELIUS has pushed his way past the guards. He comes to implore and even to demand justice; they have ridiculed him and have upset and broken everything in his house. Some of his grandest pieces of workmanship made with the greatest labor and patience, have been smashed to atoms. Who is going to pay him? Who is to repair the damage?

SWANILDA who has just received her dowry, quickly offers it to COPPELIUS. She asks only from him, that he will accept the money and let her

and FRANTZ be unmolested and happy together. But the lord of the manor stops SWANILDA. She may keep her dowry: He will see that COPPELIUS is fairly treated. He throws a purse to him and then mounts the platform which has been reserved for him, and whilst COPPELIUS departs with his money, he gives the signal for the festivities to begin.

THIRD ACT.

THE FÊTE OF THE BELL.

The Bell-ringer alights first from the car.

He summons the Morning Hours.

<<VALSE OF THE HOURS pg. 30-35>>

They appear, quickly followed by Aurora who is surrounded by Wild Flowers.

The bell rings! It is the Hour of Prayer.

Aurora vanishes, chased by the Hours of the Day.

The bell rings again! It announces a wedding, and Hymen appears accompanied by a little Cupid.

All at once the air is rent with discord and sounds. It is War, it is Discord. Arms are raised, and flames or fire illumine the darkened sky.

But soon all is calm again. The bell which a few moments before was calling to arms, makes the glad sound for the return of peace. Discord is dispelled and with the evening hours and night, begin pleasures and joys.

DIVERTISSEMENT-GRAND FINALE.

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