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DONIZETTI
THE ELIXIR OF LOVE

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Donizetti



The Elixir of Love

(L'Elisir d'amore)

ITALIAN-ENGLISH LIBRETTO

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The Elixir of Love

(L'Elisir d'amore)

OPERA IN TWO ACTS

Music by

GAETANO DONIZETTI

Libretto by

FELICE ROMANI

after Scribe's *Le Philtre*

English translation by

WILLIAM FENSE WEAVER

*First performed at the Teatro della Canobbiana, Milan
May 12, 1832*

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The Elixir of Love

ADINA, a wealthy and independent young woman Margherita Carosio, soprano

NEMORINO, a young peasant, in love with Adina Nicola Monti, tenor

BELCORE, a sergeant of the village garrison Tito Gobbi, baritone

DR. DULCAMARA, a traveling quack doctor Melchiorre Luise, bass

GIANNETTA, a peasant girl Loretta di Lelio, soprano

A landlord, a notary, peasants, soldiers, villagers.

Orchestra and Chorus of the Opera House, Rome, Gabriele Santini, Conductor.

The action takes place in a little Italian village during the nineteenth century.

Donizetti: The Elixir of Love

(L'Elisir d'amore)

BY LOUIS BIANCOLLI

When Donizetti was told that it took Rossini thirteen days to compose *The Barber of Seville*, his answer was a clue to his own standards of speed: "What do you expect? Rossini is a notoriously lazy man." One can sympathize with such a point of view if one is capable, as Donizetti was, of composing the entire last act of an opera in four hours. That opera was *La Favorita*, the last act of which was long regarded as Donizetti's masterpiece. Such being the case, Donizetti must have thought himself guilty of unpardonable indolence in the case of *L'Elisir d'amore*. That enduring gem of a comedy consumed all of fourteen days in the making.

Abnormal speed and facility were Donizetti's from the start. In the course of twenty-five years of active composition he averaged two to five operas a year, reaching a total of sixty-five before overwork, disease, and deepening gloom destroyed his reason at the age of forty-seven. This facility had brought him fame and fortune; it had enabled him to meet demands for new operas from many countries and countless cities. This same facility, according to some, robbed him of a greater place in the history of music than is usually accorded him. Is this true?

Would Donizetti have fashioned greater music, more profound works of artistic expression, had he lingered longer over each of his sixty-five operas? Or was this tempo of composition the very essence of the man? It is debatable whether elaborate revision and concentration would have "improved" Donizetti's music. His was a limitless spontaneity, certainly of a considerably lower order than Mozart's or Schubert's, yet there it was—a gushing ease and naturalness of invention, a free velocity of musical thought that by its very nature could not tarry.

That very facility, with its inevitable dangers, has no doubt condemned the bulk of Donizetti's operas to a kind oblivion. But it accounts, too, for the amazing freshness and durability of the four or five operas that pass from generation to generation of opera-lovers with enduring affection and warmth. Beyond that sheaf of survivors there are perhaps a half dozen others that would repay the efforts of an enterprising impresario in his search for melodious and picturesque revivals.

As one casts a glance over the period covered by Donizetti's career one comes to understand the function he so deftly served in the evolution of Italian opera. He came between two giants—Rossini and Verdi. Without possessing the brilliance and ingenuity of Rossini or the profound expressive power of Verdi, he vividly

recalls the first and just as vividly foreshadows the second. He is the link between a style that had played out its historic role and a style that pointed to the future, between an excess of convention and a new freedom and realism.

After the retirement of Rossini, the field had been left to two young Italians—Bellini and Donizetti. Bellini, gifted with an inimitable melodic line, died too soon to provide any serious professional rivalry in the opera arena. For years Donizetti reigned supreme in the theater of Italy and this supremacy was unique in more ways than one. The theater of Italy had come to mean opera and opera alone. There was no operetta to speak of, and the Parisian vaudeville, except as a source of plot, had never succeeded in crossing the French border with any degree of comfort. The spoken drama was in a state of high-flown romantic *petrifaction*.

Since Rossini's earliest days, the opera house had been the center of entertainment. Each of the great Italian cities boasted at least one such edifice and each of them subsisted on the nourishment of new operas. The demand for new works was enormous, and the rewards were often spectacular. Adventurers and gamblers blossomed overnight as impresarios. One has only to name Domenico Barbaja, impresario of the historic San Carlo. By shrewd appraisal of public needs and an unscrupulous flair for intrigue, this illiterate bottle-washer had maneuvered himself into the most coveted theatrical position in Naples. It is scarcely surprising to learn that Barbaja had at one time run a gambling casino and that, versatility itself, he was the first man to serve coffee with whipped cream in one of his cafés. If the gifted scalawag had made considerable money with his gambling and his "Viennese coffee," he made even more with grand opera at the San Carlo of Naples and the La Scala of Milan. Barbaja, sly gamester that he was, could always spot a winner. Rossini had been one, and now he had Donizetti. To this unlettered genius of whipped cream and finance we owe, among other things, *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Even as a youth Donizetti had sensed that constant facility and an instinct for theatrical effect would carry the day. Most influential of his masters was Johann Simon Mayr, with whom he studied at Bergamo. Mayr had achieved phenomenal success with a long but ephemeral parade of Italian operas. They were not to be taken seriously—except, perhaps, by the two entities that counted most to a man with an eye to material return—the box office and the public. Mayr's glib and pattery operas had dominated the Italian theater till the arrival of the young Rossini, whereupon they lapsed

into a complete and irrevocable obscurity. It was probably while he was with Mayr that Donizetti resolved to embark on an opera career. From Mayr's studio he absorbed what he would need in the way of orchestral accompaniment. Mayr did not have to tell him the rest: that what the public relished in opera, besides spectacle, was the agility of the human voice and sweet, tender, sentimental melody. These Donizetti would know how to take care of himself.

Before he was twenty, Donizetti had devised his formula. Given the smooth-flowing words of the Italian librettists, the music poured from him almost unasked. There was the melody — limpid, easy, graceful — or a staccato rush of coloratura, and there was the simplest harmony for the orchestra to apply against it. The formula worked like magic. Theater after theater in Italy commissioned operas from the young conqueror. Librettists eagerly supplied him with books about far-off places and distant epochs. World history and world geography were generously represented in the operas of Donizetti. This Cook's Tour of opera finally touched England, and Donizetti gave the world *Anna Bolena* — his thirty-third opera and the first to carry his name far beyond the borders of his native country. He composed it for Milan and for two of the reigning favorites of the day, Pasta and Rubini. That was late in 1830. When early the next year *Anna Bolena* reached the England of its locale, its success was phenomenal, owing, in large part, to the overpowering portrayal of Henry VIII by Luigi Lablache, the greatest basso of his time.

This *Anna Bolena* marks the dividing line in the career of Donizetti. It is, numerically, the exact mid-point in his sequence of operas, the thirty-third of sixty-five. It is the beginning of a new and international vogue for the music of Donizetti; it inaugurates a maturer style, a firmer control over material, and a surer sense of dramatic effect. After that come the operas upon which his subsequent fame has rested: *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *La Favorita*, *Linda di Chamounix*, and the three comedies *L'Elisir d'amore*, *La Fille du Régiment* and *Don Pasquale*. And it was perhaps because of Lablache's stirring impersonation in *Anna Bolena* that a fifteen-year-old girl who was to become Queen of England resolved to study singing. Victoria heard Lablache in 1834, and under the date of 1835 her diary reveals her intention of studying with the visiting basso. Arrangements were made and the lessons began early in 1836. As one leafs through Victoria's diary one pauses at times to evoke in one's mind the amiable picture of the most celebrated Henry VIII of his day confronted as pupil by England's most proper and punctilious sovereign.

Before long the Neapolitan basso and royal soprano were singing duets. There were selections from Rossini, from Bellini and from Donizetti. More and more, master and pupil reverted to a new opera that had already endeared itself to the English public —

L'Elisir d'amore. Lablache could hardly be blamed for proposing to sing the music with the royal princess, nor she for joyfully consenting. Donizetti's comic masterpiece had reached England three years after its première in Milan in 1832 and Lablache had become its most illustrious Doctor Dulcamara. Victoria had heard him in the role and loved every note of the score.

She loved, in particular, the duet *Voglio dire*, which she confessed to preferring over all operatic duets. This she sang with Lablache, as she did the delicious barcarolle, *Io son ricco e tu sei bella*, (*I'm rich and you're beautiful*). One gathers that the queen-to-be did not hesitate to sing tenor arias when the melodies appealed to her. A diary entry informs us that at one of her very last lessons she repeated a "pretty little aria from the same opera," the aria in question being *Una furtiva lagrima* and the opera, of course, *L'Elisir d'amore*. That particular entry is dated April, 1837. "In less than two months," to quote Robert Rushmore, "the lessons were to be interrupted by an event of serious consequence. Victoria's uncle, William IV, died, and early on the morning of June 20, 1837, the eighteen-year-old girl found herself Queen of England."

One can understand Victoria's fondness for the music of *L'Elisir d'amore* in general and for *Una furtiva lagrima* in particular. That "pretty little aria," as she called it, is possibly Donizetti's greatest single achievement in melodic invention. It is a melody of tender, romantic wistfulness, gently, almost religiously spun out in its suave grace. Gustave Kobbé once wrote that if the opera was the *Elixir of Love*, this tenor aria was the opera's *Elixir of Life*. That, of course, is gross exaggeration. There is more, much more, to *L'Elisir* than the sighing beauty of Nemorino's *romanza*. Still, one must agree that it would be hard to conceive of this delectable opera without that bright, untarnished jewel of a song that casts a lingering glow over its last act. Tenors have been known to stop the show for fifteen minutes after delivering this aria. One recalls that at the first Metropolitan *L'Elisir*, on January 23, 1904, Enrico Caruso sang *Una furtiva lagrima* so ravishingly that — in violation of a sedulously observed tradition — the performance could continue only after he had repeated it.

Yet, if the librettist had had his way, this enchanting *romanza* would never have been written. Felice Romani fought against its incorporation in the last act. Composer and librettist had collaborated beautifully in the first two acts. Romani was a poet and librettist of power and distinction. He had supplied Rossini and Bellini with some of their most effective books. He had written the libretto of *Anna Bolena*, which had signaled a monumental change in the fortunes of Donizetti. He was a man of authority; but he was obstinate too. Donizetti pointed out the need of a *romanza* towards the end of the third act. Romani replied it would be out of place; Donizetti became obdurate. Romani finally threw up his hands and dashed off the verses. In a flash, Donizetti confected the

melody for them. It was virtually an improvisation, so readily did Romani's smooth verses invite the mellifluous music from the mind of the composer. And of course, Donizetti was right and Romani wrong about the *romanza*. It was not only a triumph in itself; it was essential to the dramatic and psychological movement of the opera.

It is the point at which the mood of the opera undergoes a wondrous change. There has been farce and burlesque; there has been a facetiously timid and one-sided romance; there has been a buffo atmosphere fostered and personalized by that superb and grandiloquent quack, Doctor Dulcamara; there has been much rustic hilarity at the expense of the shy and lovelorn country bumpkin; there has been, in short, an air of comedy, of carnival gaiety and holiday drollery, of spoofing. Now comes the change.

Thanks to the "potion," Nemorino is a bumpkin no longer. A new courage has seized him; a bold carelessness about wine and women is upon him. Adina, the town flirt, suddenly realizes her love for this simple and honest youth. She cries, and as Nemorino beholds her tears a profound realization comes to him, too. Nemorino sings his *romanza*.

"All the world loves a lover, and here apparently is a young peasant pouring out his heart," wrote Max de Schauensee in *Opera News* for the Metropolitan revival of 1948-49. "The moment is real. The audience senses Nemorino's passion is no counterfeited; it is utterly genuine. . . . Nemorino has hitherto appeared as a country lout . . . who can't even write his own name . . . Suddenly Nemorino is genuinely touched. The sight of his sweetheart's tears produces an instant change. Gone are the coquetries, gone are the pretensions and subterfuges as Nemorino finds himself transformed from a tipsy bumpkin into a young man speaking of love and its longing. He speaks with deepest sincerity and simplicity. These qualities are the very fibre of Donizetti's instinctive fashioning of this moment."

For all the perfection of this one aria, *L'Elisir* could scarcely have achieved the endurance and popularity that have been its lot on that one priceless moment alone. It is a lovable opera as a whole, heartwarming and romantic, and in those scenes in which the loquacious Dulcamara is peddling his bottled blandishments it advances nobly the great buffo tradition of Italian opera. There are vivacious and sprightly solos and duets all through the opera. The melodic line never abandons its Donizetti hallmark of suavity. *L'Elisir* is an eminently singable opera, and for all its little flourishes of dated vocal convention, an incredibly fresh and appealing one. It reaches its high point of dramatic and vocal beauty in the tenor's *Una furtiva lagrima* and its hilarious crest of basso buffoonery in Dulcamara's *Udite, udite o rustici!*

L'Elisir leaves us convinced that there was a good deal of fun in

this debonair and likable Gaetano Donizetti. True, of his sixty-five operas only four are comedies, but into those four Donizetti poured considerable mirth and lighthearted cheer. Till he was forty, life was unusually good to Donizetti. Wealth and glory were at the command of his facile pen. Vienna, Paris, Naples, Rome competed for his favors. For thirteen years he was happily married to Virginia Vasselli, a beautiful and gifted girl of his native Bergamo, who idolized him. Then, in 1837, tragedy struck with irreparable bluntness. Virginia died, and with her died much that was Donizetti the man. After a period of violent grief, he lapsed into a state of brooding loneliness that deepened with the years. In 1845 a disease that had proved intractable finally brought on a crisis. He was found unconscious one day on the floor of his bedroom, the victim of a paralytic stroke that had permanently damaged his mind. Helpless and deranged, Donizetti was confined for a time in a French asylum, and then brought back to Bergamo, where death mercifully overtook him on April 8, 1848.

This generous-hearted man, who had written of death and bereavement and madness in so many of his operas, had himself lived long enough to experience the full weight of their horror. We have only to listen to the limpid, smiling melodies of *L'Elisir d'amore* to know that he had loved life too, and could laugh at its little ironies and oddities. We have in *L'Elisir*, as we have in *Don Pasquale*, a lasting memorial of that love and laughter.

* * *

L'Elisir was first performed at the Teatro della Canobbiana, Milan, on May 12, 1832. Its reception was cause for high jubilation on the part of the composer, the librettist, and the management. The opera ran for thirty-two consecutive nights. The Dulcamara of that occasion was Frezzolini and the Adina, Sabina Heinefetter, who had been described as "one of six singing sisters." The opera reached America with a performance in English at the Park Theatre, New York, on June 18, 1838. America first heard it in the original Italian at Palmo's Opera House, New York, on May 22, 1844. In the first Metropolitan performance of January 23, 1904, besides Enrico Caruso, the cast included Marcella Sembrich as Adina, Antonio Scotti as Belcore, and Archangelo Rossi as Dulcamara.

Nemorino was one of Caruso's favorite roles, yet it "proved ultimately thankless to its superb interpreter," in the words of Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock. It was while the beloved Italian tenor was singing Nemorino in a performance of *L'Elisir* at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on December 11, 1920, that he suffered the attack of pleurisy that was to lead to his death eight months later, on August 2, 1921, in the city of his birth, Naples — the Naples which a century earlier had so bewitched the young Gaetano Donizetti with its warm voices, melting speech, and sunny melodies.

The Story of the Opera

ACT I

SCENE: *The homestead of Adina's farm.* It is a glorious summer's day, and Adina sits surrounded by her friends, reading a romance. From a distance the lovesick Nemorino gazes at her with rapture and expresses his feelings in the aria *Quanto è bella (How lovely she is)*.

A burst of laughter from Adina startles everyone. She reads the legend of Tristan and Isolde, in which the knight wins the lady's affection by means of a wonderful elixir. Nemorino sees no mirth in the tale and sighs wishfully for some of the magical draught.

Martial music is heard, and the dashing Sergeant Belcore appears with a bouquet for Adina. She has but few smiles for him, and Nemorino, somewhat encouraged, renews his suit as soon as Belcore departs. Adina, though respecting this worthy young fellow, finds him rather dull and tells him to go visit his sick uncle, and that his suit is useless.

A commotion among the villagers is heard, and Dulcamara, a quack doctor, riding in a splendid carriage, appears. He has a whole trunkful of wonderful nostrums whose virtues he extols in the comic aria *Udite, udite, o rustici (Hear me, good folk)*. To Nemorino, the doctor seems heaven-sent, and he immediately petitions him for some love elixir. Although a bit puzzled, the doctor loses no time in producing a bottle of strong wine which he says is the coveted potion. Nemorino gives the doctor his last coin, and, as soon as he sees him depart, drinks the elixir.

Nemorino feels exalted and begins to sing and dance, and Adina, coming in, is astonished to see her lovesick swain so merry. Feeling sure that the potion will bring the lady to his feet, he pays no attention to her, which piques her so much that when the sergeant arrives and renews his suit, she consents to wed him in three days. Nemorino laughs loudly at this, which so enrages the lady that she sets the wedding for that very day. This, in turn, sobers Nemorino, who fears that the marriage may take place before the potion works, and he begs for delay, singing his heartfelt plea, *Adina credimi*. Adina and the others only laugh at him and begin preparations for the wedding.

ACT II

SCENE: *Interior of the farmhouse.* There is a great wedding-day feast. The notary arrives, and the party goes to an inner room to sign the contract. Dulcamara, however, remains loyal to the table. To him comes Nemorino, whose uncle is dying, and whose sweetheart is marrying another. And the elixir did not work! Dulcamara produces another bottle, but pockets it when Nemorino is unable to pay for it. Belcore appears, and Nemorino desperately confides his misery to him. Belcore suggests that he enlist as a soldier, for which he will receive twenty crowns.

This colloquy takes the form of a wonderfully melodious duet in which the sly sergeant cajoles the hesitating swain with promises of pay and renown. Finally, Nemorino signs the articles, and each sings of what is uppermost in his mind.

Nemorino takes the money, runs in search of the doctor, and drinks the second bottle of love potion!

The peasant girls, having heard that the death of Nemorino's uncle has just made him rich, begin to pay him attention. Adina capitulates when she sees her now freshly heartened lover approach, surrounded by sixteen girls. Nemorino is thus convinced that the elixir has worked and, moved to compassion at the sight of Adina's tears, sings the romance *Una furtiva lagrima (A Furtive Tear)*, a remarkably beautiful melodic inspiration.

Adina soon returns, bringing the soldier's contract, and says that Nemorino must not go away. All misunderstandings are now cleared, and Belcore arrives to find his bride-to-be embracing another. He considers the situation with true soldierly philosophy, saying, "There are other women." As he goes off, the villagers tell Adina and Nemorino of the latter's good fortune. The doctor claims credit for the reconciliation, and the curtain falls as he is relieving the peasants of their wages in return for bottles of his wonderful elixir of love.

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The Elixir of Love

(L'Elisir d'amore)

LIBRETTO

in

ITALIAN and ENGLISH

Libretto

ACT ONE

THE HOMESTEAD OF ADINA'S FARM

The scene represents the entrance to a farm. In the background is the open country with a stream on whose banks some women are doing their washing. At center a large tree in whose shade GIANNETTA is resting with the harvesters, men and women. ADINA is seated to one side, reading. NEMORINO watches her from a distance.

GIANNETTA e CORO

Bel conforto al mietitore,
Quando il sol più ferve e bolle,
Sotto un faggio, appiè di un colle,
Riposarsi e respirar!
Del meriggio il vivo ardore
Tempran l'ombre e il rio corrente
Ma d'amor la vampa ardente
Ombra o rio non può temprar.
Fortunato il mietitore,
Che da lui si può guardar!

NEMORINO

Quanto è bella, quanto è cara!
Più la vedo e più mi piace...
Ma in quel cor non son capace
Lieve affetto ad inspirar.
Essa legge, studia, impara...
Non v'è cosa ad essa ignota...
Io son sempre un idiota,
Io non so che sospirar.
Chi la mente mi rischiara?
Chi m'insegna a farmi amar?

ADINA

Benedette queste carte!
E bizzarra l'avventura.

CORO

Di che ridi? Fanne a parte
Di tua lepida lettura.

ADINA

È la storia di Tristano!
È un cronaca d'amor.

GIANNETTA and CHORUS

What comfort to the harvester,
When the sun is blazing hot,
To rest beneath the tree
That stands below the hill!
The noonday's burning heat
Is cooled by the shady stream,
But the ardent flame of love
No stream can ever cool.
Oh, lucky harvester,
Who can defend himself!

NEMORINO

How beautiful she is! how dear!
The more I see her, the more I love.
But in her heart I cannot
Inspire the slightest love.
She reads, studies, learns...
There's nothing she doesn't know...
And I remain a fool,
Only good for sighing.
Who can enlighten me?
Teach me to make myself loved?

ADINA

(laughing)

Oh, these wonderful words!
Such a strange tale!

CHORUS

What makes you laugh? Let us share
Your amusing reading.

ADINA

It's the story of Tristan!
A tale of love.

CORO

Leggi, leggi.

NEMORINO

(A lei pian piano
Vo' accostarmi, entrar fra lor.)

ADINA

*Della crudele Isotta
Il bel Tristano ardea,
Nè fil di speme avea
Di possederla un dì.
Quando si trasse al piede
Di saggio incantatore,
Che in un vassel gli diede
Certo elisir d'amore,
Per cui la bella Isotta
Da lui più non fuggì.*

TUTTI

Elisir di sì perfetta,
Di sì rara qualità,
Ne sapessi la ricetta,
Conoscessi chi ti fa!
Leggi, leggi, leggi!

ADINA

*Appena ei bebbe un sorso
Del magico vasello,
Che tosto il cor rubello
D'Isotta intenerì.
Cambiata in un istante
Quella beltà crudele
Fu di Tristano amante
Visse a Tristan fedele;
E quel primiero sorso
Per sempre ei benedì.*

TUTTI

Elisir di sì perfetta,
Di sì rara qualità,
Ne sapessi la ricetta,
Conoscessi chi ti fa!

(There is the sound of a drum; all stand up. BELCORE enters, leading a squad of soldiers who remain, still in rank, in the background. He goes up to ADINA, greets her and hands her a bunch of flowers.)

CHORUS

Read it, read it.

NEMORINO

(I'll draw near her
And mix with them.)

ADINA

(reading)

*Tristan burned with love
For the cruel Isolde,
Nor had he any hope
Of ever winning her.
When he sought the favor
Of a wise magician,
Who in a phial gave him
A certain elixir of love,
Whereby the fair Isolde
No more from him could flee.*

ALL

Oh, elixir so perfect,
So rare in the world,
Could I learn your receipt!
Could I know your maker!
Read it, read it!

ADINA

*No sooner he took one taste
From the enchanted phial,
Than Isolde's rebel heart
At once succumbed to his.
Changed all in a moment
That beauty so cruel
Was Tristan's beloved,
Lived only for him;
And that first magic drink
He blessed for all his days.*

ALL

Oh, elixir so perfect,
So rare in the world,
Could I learn your receipt!
Could I know your maker!

BELCORE

Come Paride vezzoso
Porse il pomo alla più bella,
Mia diletta villanella
Io ti porgo questi fior.
Ma di lui più glorioso,
Più di lui felice io sono,
Poichè in premio del mio dono
Ne riporto il tuo bel cor.

ADINA

(È modesto il signorino!)

(Sì, davvero.)

NEMORINO

(Oh! mio dispetto!)

BELCORE

Veggio chiaro in quel visino
Ch'io fo breccia nel tuo petto.
Non è cosa sorprendente;
Son galante, son sargente.
Non v'ha bella che resista
Alla vista d'un cimiero;
Cede a Marte, Iddio guerriero,
Fin la madre dell'Amor.

ADINA

(È modesto!)

(Sì, davvero.)

NEMORINO

(Oh, mio dolor!)

BELCORE

Or se m'ami, com'io t'amo,
Che più tardi a render l'armi?
Idol mio, capitoliamo;
In qual dì vuoi tu sposarmi?

ADINA

Signorino, io non ho fretta;
Un tantin pensar ci vo'.

NEMORINO

(Me infelice, s'ella accetta!
Disperato io morirò.)

BELCORE

Più tempo, oh Dio, non perdere;
Volan i giorni e l'ore:
In guerra ed in amore
È fallo l'indugiare.
Al vincitor arrenditi;
Da me non puoi scappar, no, no!

ADINA

Vedete di quest' uomini,
Vedete un po' la boria!
Già cantano vittoria
Innanzi di pugnare.
Non è, non è sì facile
Adina a conquistar.

BELCORE

As the handsome Paris
Gave an apple to the fairest,
My lovely village maid,
I give you this bouquet.
But more glorious than he,
Happier by far am I;
In return for my gift
I will have your heart's love.

ADINA

(to the women)

(The young man is modest!)

(He is, indeed.)

NEMORINO

(Ah! I am lost!)

BELCORE

From your expression I can see
That I have touched your heart.
And I'm really not surprised;
I'm so gallant, I'm a sergeant.
No beauty is able to resist
A helmet when she sees one.
And Venus, deity of Love,
Cedes to Mars, the god of war.

ADINA

(How modest he is!)

(Yes, indeed!)

NEMORINO

(Oh, woe is me!)

BELCORE

If you love me as I love you,
Why delay your surrender?
My beloved, sign the truce;
On what day shall we be wed?

ADINA

Young man, I'm in no hurry;
Let me reflect a little while.

NEMORINO

(Oh wretched me, if she accepts!
In despair I'll surely die.)

BELCORE

Lose no time in vain delay;
Days and hours flee.
In love as well as war
Who hesitates is lost.
Surrender to the victor;
There's no escaping me.

ADINA

Just look at what men are,
Just see how they all swagger!
Already shouting victory
Before the fight's begun.
No, no, it's not so simple
To vanquish me, Adina.

NEMORINO

(Un po' del suo coraggio
Amor mi desse almeno!
Direi siccome io peno,
Pietà potrei trovar.
Ma sono troppo timido
Ma non poss'io parlar.)

GIANNETTA e CORO

(Davver, saria da ridere)
Se Adina ci cascasse,
Se tutti vendicasse
Codesto militar!
Sì, sì; ma è volpe vecchia
E a lei non si può far.)

BELCORE

Intanto, o mia ragazza,
Occuperò la piazza. Alcuni istanti
Concedi a' miei guerrieri
Al coperto posar.

ADINA

Ben volentieri.
Mi chiamo fortunata
Di potervi offerir una bottiglia.

BELCORE

Obbligato.

(Io son già della famiglia.)

ADINA

Voi ripigliar potete
Gl'interrotti lavori.
Il sol declina.

CORO

Andiam.

(BELCORE, GIANNETTA and CHORUS
leave.)

NEMORINO

Una parola, o Adina.

ADINA

L'usata seccatura!
I soliti sospir! Faresti meglio
A recarti in città
Presso tuo zio, che si dice
Malato, e gravemente.

NEMORINO

Il suo mal non è niente—
Appresso al mio.
Partirmi non poss'io...
Mille volte il tentai...

ADINA

Ma s'egli muore,
E lascia erede un altro?

NEMORINO

E che m'importa?

ADINA

Morra di fame,
E senza appoggio alcuno.

NEMORINO

(If only Love would give me
A little of his daring!
I'd tell her how I suffer,
And pity I'd obtain.
But I am always timid,
And so I cannot speak.)

GIANNETTA and CHORUS

(It would be just too funny
If Adina should be caught.
If this very soldier
Avenged the other men!
Ah yes! but she's too clever;
He'll never take her in.)

BELCORE

Meanwhile, my dear girl,
I'll occupy the town—
Permit my warriors to rest
A few minutes in the shade.

ADINA

With pleasure.
I'm delighted to offer you
A bottle of wine.

BELCORE

Much obliged.

(aside)

(I'm already in the family.)

ADINA

You others can continue
Your interrupted work.
The sun is setting.

CHORUS

Let us be gone.

NEMORINO

Just one word, Adina.

ADINA

The same old annoyance!
The usual sighs! You'd do better
To visit your uncle in the city.
They say he's ill,
Seriously ill.

NEMORINO

His illness is nothing—
Next to mine.
I cannot leave...
I've tried a thousand times...

ADINA

But if he dies
And makes another his heir?

NEMORINO

What's the difference to me?

ADINA

You'll die of starvation,
With no help from anyone.

NEMORINO
O di fame o d'amor . . . per me è tutt'uno.

ADINA
Odimi. Tu sei buono,
Modesto sei, nè al par di quel sargente
Ti credi certo d'ispirarmi affetto;
Così ti parlo schietto,
E ti dico che invano amor tu speri,
Che capricciosa io sono,
E non v'ha brama che in me tosto
Non muoia appena è desta.

NEMORINO
Oh! Adina! . . . e perchè mai?

ADINA
Bella richiesta!
Chiedi all'aura lusinghiera
Perchè vola senza posa
Or sul giglio, or sulla rosa,
Or sul prato, or sul ruscel:
Ti dirà che è in lei natura
L'esser mobile e infedel.

NEMORINO
Dunque io deggio? . . .

ADINA
All'amor mio
Rinunziar, fuggir da me.

NEMORINO
Cara Adina! . . . Nol poss'io.

ADINA
Tu nol puoi? Perchè?

NEMORINO
Perchè? Perchè?
Chiedi al rio perchè gemente
Dalla balza ov'ebbe vita
Corre al mar che a sè l'invita,
E nel mar sen va a morir:
Ti dirà che lo trascina
Un poter che non sa dir.

ADINA
Dunque vuoi? . . .

NEMORINO
Morir com'esso,
Ma morir seguendo te.

ADINA
Ama altrove: è a te concesso.

NEMORINO
Ah! possibile non è.

ADINA
Per guarir di tal pazzia
Che è pazzia l'amor costante,
Dèi seguir l'usanza mia,
Ogni dì cambiar d'amante.
Come chiodo scaccia chiodo,
Così amor discaccia amor.
In tal guisa io me la godo,
In tal guisa ho sciolto il cor.

NEMORINO
Starvation or love . . . it's the same to me.

ADINA
Now listen. You're a good boy,
And you're modest. You surely can think
Of competing with that sergeant.
So I'll tell you frankly
That your hopes are in vain:
For I am capricious,
And no love is born in me
But that it dies at once.

NEMORINO
Oh! Adina! . . . Why is that?

ADINA
What a question!
Ask of the welcoming breeze
Why she flies without rest
Over the lily, over the rose,
Over the field and the brook:
She'll tell you it's her nature
To be fickle and unfaithful.

NEMORINO
And so I must? . . .

ADINA
Give up
Loving me. Flee.

NEMORINO
Oh, dear Adina, I can't.

ADINA
You can't? And why not?

NEMORINO
Why not? Why not?
Ask the stream why he must murmur
From the hill where he begins
And runs to the inviting sea,
To the sea, where he must die.
He'll tell you that he is drawn
By a power he can't explain.

ADINA
And you want? . . .

NEMORINO
To die like him.
But to die, pursuing you.

ADINA
Love another. You can do that.

NEMORINO
Ah no, that's impossible.

ADINA
To cure yourself of such madness,
This folly of constant love,
You should imitate my custom:
Love a new one every day.
As one nail drives out another,
So the new love drives the old.
In this way I laugh with pleasure
In this way my heart is free.

NEMORINO
Ah! te sola io vedo, io sento,
Giorno e notte, e in ogni oggetto;
D'obblarti in vano io tento.
Il tuo viso ho sculto in petto . . .
Col cambiarsi qual tu fai,
Può cambiarsi ogn' altro amor,
Ma non può, non può giammai
Il primiero uscir dal cor.

(They leave.)

THE VILLAGE SQUARE

VILLAGERS come and go, busy with various occupations. The sound of a trumpet is heard; the WOMEN, curious, leave their houses; then the MEN appear on the scene, etc.

DONNE
Che vuol dire codesta sonata?

UOMINI
La gran nuova! venite a vedere.
In carrozza dorata
È arrivato un signor forestiere.
Se vedeste che nobil sembante!
Che vestito! che treno brillante!

TUTTI
Certo, certo egli è un gran personaggio,
Un barone, un marchese in viaggio . . .
Qualche grande che corre la posta . . .
Forse un duca . . . fors'anche di più.
Osservate . . . ver noi già s'avanza:
I berretti, i cappelli giù, giù . . .

(DOCTOR DULCAMARA enters in a gilded coach. He holds bottles and papers in his hand. A servant follows, blowing a trumpet. All the Villagers gather around the coach.)

DULCAMARA
Udite, udite, o rustici;
Attenti, non fiatate.
Io già suppongo e immagino
Che al par di me sappiate
Ch'io sono quel gran medico,
Dottore enciclopedico
Chiamato Dulcamara,
La cui virtù preclara,
E i portentosi infiniti
Son noti all' universo e . . . in altri siti.

Benefattor degli uomini,
Riparator dei mali,
In pochi giorni sgombero,
Io spazzo gli spedali,
E la salute a vendere
Per tutto il mondo io vo.
Compratela, compratela,
Per poco io ve la do.

NEMORINO
Only you I see or think of,
Night and day in every place;
I'm unable to forget you,
On my heart your face is stamped . . .
With this changing whim of yours
Any other love might change,
But never, never, ah no, never
Can the first love leave my heart.

WOMEN
What's this noise all about?

MEN
Great news! Come and see.
In a gilded coach
A foreign gentleman has come.
If you could see what noble features!
What clothes! What entourage!

ALL
Surely he is some great figure,
A marquis, a baron on his travels . . .
Some grandee in his carriage . . .
Perhaps a duke . . . or even higher . . .
Look! He's coming towards us now:
Off with our hats, bow down, bow . . .

DULCAMARA
Listen, listen, o villagers;
Pay attention. No talking.
I already presume and suppose
That you're aware who I am:
That well-known physician,
Compendious Doctor,
Known as Dulcamara,
Whose great ability
And infinite powers
Are known to the universe and . . .
elsewhere.
Benefactor of mankind,
Curer of all ills,
In a single day or two
I clear out hospitals.
And with good health for sale
I travel through the world.
Come buy it, come buy it.
I'll sell it to you cheap.

E questo l'odontalgico
Mirabile liquore,
Dei topi e delle cimici
Possente distruttore.
I cui certificati
Autentici, bollati.
Toccar, vedere e leggere
A ciaschedun farò.

Per questo mio specifico,
Simpatico, prolifico,
Un uom settuagenario
E valetudinario
Nonno di dieci bambini
Ancora diventò,
Di dieci o venti bambini
Fin nonno diventò.
Per questo *Tocca e sana*
In breve settimana
Più d'un'afflitta vedova
Di piangere cessò.

O voi matrone rigide,
Ringiovanir bramate?
Le vostre rughe incommode
Con esso cancellate.
Volete voi donzelle
Ben liscia aver la pelle?
Voi giovani galanti
Per sempre aver amanti?
Comprate il mio specifico,
Per poco ve lo do.
Da bravi giovanotti,
Da brave vedovette,
Comprate il mio specifico,
Per poco ve lo do.

Ei move i paralitici;
Spedisce gli apoplectici,
Gli asmatici, gli asfittici,
G'isterici, i diabetici,
Guarisce i timpanitidi,
E scrofole e rachitidi,
E fin il mal di fegato
Che in moda diventò;
Mirabile pe' cimici,
Mirabile pel fegato,
Guarisce i paralitici,
Spedisce gli apoplectici.
Comprate il mio specifico,
Voi vedove e donzelle,
Voi giovani galanti,
Per poco io ve lo do.
Avanti, avanti, vedove,
Avanti, avanti, bambini,
Comprate il mio specifico,
Per poco io ve lo do.

L'ho portato per la posta
Da lontano mille miglia.
Mi direte: quanto costa?
Quanto vale la bottiglia?
Cento scudi? . . . No.
Trenta? . . . No.
Venti? . . . nessuno si sgomenti.
Per provarvi il mio contento
Di sì amico accoglimento,
Io vi voglio, o buona gente,
Uno scudo regalar.

This is that odontalgical,
That remedy miraculous,
A powerful destroyer
Of mice and rats and bugs.
And its certificates,
All of them signed and sealed,
Are here for you to see,
To read or even touch.

By taking my prescription—
So pleasant and prolific—
A gentleman of seventy
Whose health was rather poor
Still lived to be grandfather
Of children, ten of them;
Yes, ten or twenty children
He saw into the world.
Through this my Magic Touch
In only seven days
More than one poor widow
Learned to dry her tears.

And you, o hardened matrons,
Do you want back your youth?
Then let my remedy
Erase those ugly wrinkles.
And do you, young damsels,
Dream of a smooth skin?
Do you, young gallants,
Want plenty of girls?
Buy, buy my specific;
I'll sell it to you cheap.
All you bright gallants!
All you young widows!
Buy, buy my specific;
I'll sell it to you cheap.

It moves all paralytics;
Cures the apoplectics,
The asthmatics, asphitics,
Hysterics and diabetics,
Cures the tympanitis,
Scrofula and rickets,
And even liver trouble,
So fashionable these days.
Wonderful for lice,
Wonderful for liver,
Cures the paralytic,
Heals the apoplectic.
Come buy my prescription,
You widows and you maidens,
All you young gallants,
I'll sell it to you cheap.
Forward, widows, forward,
Forward, children, forward,
Come buy my specific;
I'll sell it to you cheap.

I've brought it here by coach
From a thousand miles away.
Now you ask: what's its price?
How much is it per bottle?
A hundred crowns? . . . No.
Thirty? . . . No.
Twenty? . . . Now don't be surprised!
To show how pleased I am
With your cordial welcome,
I'm delighted, my good people,
To hand you a crown free.

CORO
Un scudo! veramente?
Più brav'uom non si può dar.

DULCAMARA
Ecco qua: così stupendo,
Sì balsamico elisire,
Tutta Europa sa ch'io vendo
Niente men di nove lire:
Ma siccome è pur palese,
Ch'io son nato nel paese,
Per tre lire a voi lo cedo:
Sol tre lire a voi richiedo;
Momento! Musica!
Così chiaro è come il sole,
Che a ciascuno che lo vuole
Uno scudo bello e netto
In saccoccia io faccio entrar.

CORO
È verissimo: porgete.
Gran dottore che voi siete!
Noi ci abbiam del vostro arrivo
Lungamente a ricordar.

DULCAMARA
Ah! di patria il dolce affetto
Gran miracoli può far. . . .

NEMORINO
(Ardir! Ha forse il cielo
Mandato espressamente per mio bene
Quest'uom miracoloso nel villaggio.
Della scienza sua voglio far saggio.)
Dottore perdonate . . .
È ver che possediate
Segreti portentosi? . . .

DULCAMARA
Sorprendenti.
La mia saccoccia è di Pandora il vaso.

NEMORINO
Avreste voi . . . per caso . . .
Le bevanda amorosa
Della regina Isotta?

DULCAMARA
Ah! . . . che? . . . che cosa?

NEMORINO
Voglio dire . . . lo stupendo
Elisir che desta amore . . .

DULCAMARA
Ah, sì, sì, capisco, intendo,
Io ne son distillatore.

NEMORINO
E fia vero?

DULCAMARA
Sì, se ne fa
Gran consumo in questa età.

CHORUS
A crown! Honestly?
There can be no finer man.

DULCAMARA
Here it is: so stupendous,
So healing an elixir,
All Europe knows full well
That I sell it for nine *lire*:
But since it's also clear
That I'm from your neighborhood,
I'm selling it for three,
For three *lire* it is yours;
One moment! Music please!
So it's clear as is the sun,
That to each of you who buys
I'm putting in his purse
A crown, all clear, net gain.

CHORUS
How true! Give us the bottle!
What a gentleman you are!
Your arrival here, dear doctor,
We can never more forget.

DULCAMARA
Ah! the sweet love of home
Can work great miracles!

(Enter NEMORINO.)

NEMORINO
(Courage! Heaven may have sent
This wondrous man to town
Just for my benefit.
I'll give his learning a try.)
Excuse me, doctor . . .
Is it true that you possess
Portentous secrets? . . .

DULCAMARA
Astounding . . .
My valise is like Pandora's box.

NEMORINO
Would you have . . . by any chance . . .
The love potion
Of Queen Isolde?

DULCAMARA
Eh? . . . What? . . . What's that?

NEMORINO
I mean . . . the marvelous
Elixir that awakens love . . .

DULCAMARA
I see, yes, I understand . . .
I distill it myself.

NEMORINO
Can this be true?

DULCAMARA
Yes, it's very much
In use nowadays.

NEMORINO
Oh! fortuna! e ne vendete? ...

DULCAMARA
Ogni giorno a tutto il mondo.

NEMORINO
E qual prezzo ne volete?

DULCAMARA
Poco assai ...

NEMORINO
Poco?

DULCAMARA
Cioè ... secondo ...

NEMORINO
Un zecchin ... null'altro ho qua ...

DULCAMARA
È la somma che ci va.

NEMORINO
Ah! prendetelo, dottore.

DULCAMARA
Ecco il magico liquore.

NEMORINO
Obbligato, ah! sì, obbligato!
Son felice, son contento.
Elisire di tal bontà.
Benedetto chi ti fa!

DULCAMARA
(Nel paese che ho girato
Più d'un gonzo ho ritrovato,
Ma un eguale in verità
Non ve n'è, non se ne dà.)

NEMORINO
Ehi ... Dottore ... un momentino ...
In qual modo usar si puote?

DULCAMARA
Con riguardo; pian, pianino
La bottiglia un po' si scuote ...
Poi si stura ... ma si bada ...
Che il vapor non se ne vada.
Quindi al labbro lo avvicini
E lo bevi a centellini,
E l'effetto sorprendente
Non ne tardi a conseguir.

NEMORINO
Sul momento?

DULCAMARA
A dire il vero,
Necessario è un giorno intero.
(Tanto tempo sufficiente
Per cavarmela e fuggir.)

NEMORINO
E il sapore?

NEMORINO
What luck! And do you sell it?

DULCAMARA
Every day to everyone.

NEMORINO
And what price are you asking?

DULCAMARA
Very little ...

NEMORINO
Little?

DULCAMARA
That is ... according ...

NEMORINO
A florin ... that's all I have ...

DULCAMARA
That's just the right amount.

NEMORINO
Then take it, Doctor!

DULCAMARA
And here's the magic potion.

NEMORINO
Much obliged, oh, much obliged!
How happy I am! What bliss!
Oh elixir of such goodness,
Blessings on your maker!

DULCAMARA
(In the lands where I have traveled
I've seen fools—more than one—
But the likes of this one here
I've never seen—they don't exist.)

NEMORINO
Say ... Doctor ... just a minute ...
What are the directions for taking?

DULCAMARA
Very gently, with great care,
Shake the bottle just a little.
Then uncork it ... but watch out ...
That the aroma isn't lost.
Put it after to your mouth
And drink it down in little sips,
And the miraculous effect
Won't be long in taking hold.

NEMORINO
Immediately?

DULCAMARA
To tell the truth
It takes a full day.
(Just time enough for me
To pack my things and go.)

NEMORINO
And the taste?

DULCAMARA
Eccellente ...
(È Bordò, non elisir.)

NEMORINO
Obbligato, ah! sì, obbligato!
Son felice, son contento.
Elisire di tal bontà,
Benedetto chi ti fa!

DULCAMARA
(Nel paese che ho girato
Più d'un gonzo ho ritrovato
Ma un eguale in verità
Non ve n'è, non se ne dà.)
Giovinotto! ehi? ehi? ...

NEMORINO
Signore?

DULCAMARA
Sovra, ciò ... silenzio ... sai?
Oggidi spacciar l'amore
È un affar geloso assai:

NEMORINO
Oh!

DULCAMARA
Sicuramente è un affar geloso assai:
Impacciar se ne potria
Untantin l'Autorità.

NEMORINO
Ve ne do la fede mia:
Nè anche un'anima il saprà.

DULCAMARA
Va mortale fortunato;
Un tesoro io t'ho dato:
Tutto il sesso femminino
Te doman sospirerà.
(Ma doman di buon mattino
Ben lontan sarò di qua.)

NEMORINO
Ah! dottor, vi do parola
Ch'io berrò per una sola:
Nè per altra, e sia pur bella,
Una stilla avvanzerà.
(Veramente amica stella
Ha costui condotto qua.)

(DULCAMARA goes into the tavern.)

NEMORINO
Caro elisir! sei mio!
Sì, tutto mio! Com'esser dee possente
La tua virtù se, non bevuto ancora,
Di tanta gioia già mi colmi il petto!
Ma perchè mai l'effetto
Non ne poss'io vedere
Prima che un giorno inter
Non sia trascorso?
Bevasi.

(He drinks.)

DULCAMARA
Excellent ...
(It's Bordeaux, not elixir.)

NEMORINO
Much obliged, oh, much obliged!
What joy! I'm so happy!
Oh elixir of such goodness,
Blessings on your maker!

DULCAMARA
(In the lands where I have traveled
I've seen fools—more than one—
But the likes of this one here
I've never seen—they don't exist.)
Young man! Say there!

NEMORINO
Sir?

DULCAMARA
In this matter ... silence ... right?
Nowadays to sell such love
Is a highly secret business.

NEMORINO
Oh!

DULCAMARA
It surely is a highly secret business:
And in fact, the government
Might be a little bit disturbed.

NEMORINO
I give you my word of honor:
Not a living soul shall know.

DULCAMARA
On your way, oh lucky mortal!
You've received a boon from me:
The entire female gender
Will go mad for you tomorrow.
(But tomorrow good and early
I'll be far away from here.)

NEMORINO
Oh no, doctor, word of honor:
I will drink for one alone:
Not a drop will be left over
For another, however fair.
(Ah, indeed, a kindly Fate
Brought this man here to me.)

Oh! buono! Oh! caro! Un altro sorso.
Oh! qual di vena in vena
Dolce calor mi scorre!
Ah forse anch'essa
Forse la fiamma istessa
Incomincia a sentir. Certo la sente ...
Me l'annunzia la gioia e l'appetito
Che in me si risvegliò tutto in un tratto.

Oh! Wonderful! Another taste!
What a pleasant warmth
Runs through my veins ...
Perhaps she ... perhaps she begins
To feel the same flame ...
Surely she does ... I know it
Because of the joy and the appetite
I feel all at once.

(He sits on a bench in front of the
tavern, takes bread and fruit from his
knapsack, eats, singing loudly.)
La la la la la.
(Enter ADINA.)

ADINA
(Chi è mai quel matto?)
Traveggo? O è Nemorino?
Così allegro! e perchè?

ADINA
(Who is that idiot?)
Am I seeing things or is it Nemorino?
So happy! I wonder why?

NEMORINO
La la la ...
(Diamine! è dessa ...
(Starts to run to her, then stops, sits
down again)

ADINA
Ma no ... non ci appressiam.
De' miei sospiri
Non si stanchi per or. Tant'è ...
Domani adorar mi dovrà
Quel cor spietato.)

ADINA
(Non mi guarda neppur!
Com'è cambiato!)

NEMORINO
La la la la lera ...

ADINA
(Non so se è finta o vera
La sua giocondità.)

NEMORINO
(Finora amor non sente.)

ADINA
(Vuol far l'indifferente.)

NEMORINO
(Finora amor non sente.)

ADINA
(Vuol far l'indifferente.)

NEMORINO
(Esulti pur la barbara
Per poco alle mie pene!
Domani avranno termine,
Domani m'amerà.)

ADINA
Spezzar vorria lo stolido,
Gettar le sue catene;
Ma gravi più del solito
Pesar le sentirà.)

ADINA
(Vuol far l'indifferente.)

NEMORINO
(Let her gloat, the cruel girl,
Over my pain for now!
Tomorrow all will be done;
Tomorrow she'll love me.)

ADINA
(This simpleton would like to break
And throw away his chains,
But weightier far than usual
He'll have to feel them soon.)

NEMORINO
La ra, la ra ...

ADINA
(Drawing closer to him)

ADINA
Bravissimo!
La lezion ti giova.

NEMORINO
È ver; la metto in opera
Così per una prova.

ADINA
Dunque il soffrir primiero?

NEMORINO
Dimenticarlo io spero.

ADINA
Dunque l'antico foco?

NEMORINO
Si estinguerà fra poco.
Ancora un giorno solo,
E il core guarirà.

ADINA
Davver? me ne consolo ...
Ma pure ... si vedrà ...

NEMORINO
Un giorno solo.

ADINA
Si vedrà, si vedrà.

NEMORINO
(Esulti pur la barbara
Per poco alle mie pene!
Domani avranno termine,
Domani m'amerà.)

ADINA
(Spezzar vorria lo stolido,
Gettar le sue catene;
Ma gravi più del solito
Pesar le sentirà.)

(Enter BELCORE.)

BELCORE
Tran tran, tran tran, tran tran.
In guerra ed in amor
L'assedio annoia e stanca.

ADINA
(A tempo vien Belcore.)

BELCORE
Io vado all'arma bianca
In guerra ed in amor. Tran tran.

NEMORINO
(È qua quel seccator.)

ADINA
Ebben, gentil sargente,
La piazza vi è piaciuta?

BELCORE
Difesa è bravamente
E invano ell'è battuta.

ADINA
Wonderful!
My lesson helped you.

NEMORINO
That's right.
I'm giving it a try.

ADINA
And your suffering?

NEMORINO
I hope to forget it.

ADINA
The old flame then ...

NEMORINO
Will die before very long.
Just another day
And my heart will be cured.

ADINA
I truly am relieved ...
But yet ... we'll see ...

NEMORINO
One day only.

ADINA
We'll see!

NEMORINO
(Let her gloat, the cruel girl,
Over my pain for now!
Tomorrow all will be done;
Tomorrow she'll love me.)

ADINA
(This simpleton would like to break
And throw away his chains,
But weightier far than usual
He'll have to feel them soon.)

BELCORE
Tran tran, tran tran, tran tran.
In love just as in war
A seige is dull and tiring.

ADINA
(Belcore! Just in time.)

BELCORE
I keep my weapons ready
In love just as in war.

NEMORINO
(That nuisance here again.)

ADINA
Well, dear sergeant,
Did you like the fortress?

BELCORE
It's wonderfully defended
And impossible to storm.

ADINA
E non vi dice il core
Che presto cederà?

BELCORE
Ah! lo volesse Amore!

ADINA
Vedrete che vorrà.

BELCORE
Quando? saria possibile!

NEMORINO
(A mio dispetto io tremo.)

BELCORE
Favella, o mio bell'angelo;
Quando ci sposeremo?

ADINA
Prestissimo.

NEMORINO
(Che sento!)

BELCORE
Ma quando?

ADINA
(*Watching* NEMORINO)

Fra sei dì.

BELCORE
O gioia! son contento.

NEMORINO
Ah! ah! va ben così.

BELCORE
(Che cosa trova a ridere
Cotesto scimunito?
Or or lo piglio a scopole
Se non va via di qua.)

ADINA
(E può sì lieto ed ilare
Sentir che mi marito!
Non posso più nascondere
La rabbia che mi fa.)

NEMORINO
(Gradasso! Ei già s'imagina
Toccare il ciel col dito:
Ma tesa è già la trappola,
Doman se ne avvedrà.)

(*The sound of a drum. GIANNETTA enters with the other women, then the SOLDIERS of BELCORE rush in.*)

GIANNETTA
Signor sargente, signor sargente,
Di voi richiede la vostra gente.

BELCORE
Son qua: che è stato? Perché tal fretta?

ADINA
But doesn't your heart tell you
That soon it will give in?

BELCORE
If Love would only let it!

ADINA
You'll discover that it will.

BELCORE
When? Is it possible?

NEMORINO
(I tremble despite myself.)

BELCORE
Speak, oh my angel,
When will we be wed?

ADINA
Very soon.

NEMORINO
(What's this I hear?)

BELCORE
But when?

ADINA
In six days.

BELCORE
Oh! how happy I am!

NEMORINO
(*laughing*)
Ha! ha! That's just fine.

BELCORE
(What can this silly blockhead
Find to laugh about?
I'm going to box his ears
If he won't go away.)

ADINA
(How can he be so joyful
To know I'm being wed?
I can hide no longer
How furious I am.)

NEMORINO
(The loud-mouth! Imagining
That Heaven's in his grasp.
But the trap is ready:
Tomorrow he will know.)

GIANNETTA
Sergeant, sergeant,
Your men are asking for you.

BELCORE
I'm here. What is it? What's the rush?

SOLDATI
Son due minuti che una staffetta
Non so qual ordine per voi recò.

BELCORE
Il capitano! ah! ah! va bene.
Su, camerati: partir conviene.

CORO
Partire? E quando?

BELCORE
Doman mattina.

CORO
O ciel! sì presto!

NEMORINO
(Affitta è Adina.)

BELCORE
Espresso è l'ordine. Non so che far.

CORO
Maledettissima combinazione!
Cambiar sì spesso di guarnigione!
Dover le (gli) amanti abbandonar.

BELCORE
Carina! Udisti? domani, addio!
Almen ricordati dell'amor mio.

NEMORINO
(Sì, sì, domani ne udrai la nuova.)

ADINA
Di mia costanza ti darò prova:
La mia promessa rammenterò.

NEMORINO
(Sì, sì, domani te lo dirò.)

BELCORE
Se a mantenerla tu sei disposta,
Chè non anticipi? che mai ti costa?
Fin da quest'oggi non puoi sposarmi?

NEMORINO
(Fin da quest'oggi!...)

ADINA
(*observing* NEMORINO)
(Si turba, parmi.)
Ebben quest'oggi...

NEMORINO
Quest'oggi! o Adina!
Quest'oggi, dici?...

ADINA
E perchè no?

NEMORINO
Aspetta almen fin domattina.

ADINA
Perchè? Perchè?

SOLDIERS
A courier came a minute ago
With some new order for you.

BELCORE
(*reading*)
The captain! Well... all right.
Come, men. We have to leave.

CHORUS
Leave? When?

BELCORE
In the morning.

CHORUS
So soon!

NEMORINO
(Adina is upset.)

BELCORE
The order's clear. What can I do?

CHORUS
Oh, most awful complication,
Changing billet without rest,
Forced to leave the ones you love!

BELCORE
You hear, beloved? Tomorrow.
Farewell, remember my love.

NEMORINO
(Yes, yes, you'll hear tomorrow.)

ADINA
I'll prove my constancy to you.
And I will keep my word.

NEMORINO
(Oh yes, I'll tell you tomorrow.)

BELCORE
If you're prepared to keep your promise,
Why not anticipate a little?
Why not marry me today?

NEMORINO
(Today!)

ADINA
(He seems disturbed.)
All right, today...

NEMORINO
Today! Adina!
Today, you say?

ADINA
And why not?

NEMORINO
Wait at least until the morning?

ADINA
Why?

BELCORE
E tu che c'entri? vediamo un po'.

NEMORINO
O Adina, quest'oggi... no...
Adina, credimi, te ne scongiuro...
Non puoi sposarlo, te ne assicuro.
Aspetta ancora... un giorno solo
Un breve giorno... io so perchè.
Domani, o cara, ne avresti pena;
Te ne dorresti al par di me.

BELCORE
Il ciel ringrazia, o babbuino,
Che matto, o preso tu sei dal vino!
Ti avrei strozzato, ridotto in brani,
Se in questo istante tu fossi in te.
Infin ch'io tengo a fren le mani,
Va via buffone, ti ascondi a me.

NEMORINO
(Ah! Dottore!)

ADINA
Lo compatite, egli è un ragazzo;
Un malaccorto, un mezzo pazzo.
Sì è fitto in capo ch'io debba amarlo,
Perch'ei delira d'amor per me.
(Vo' vendicarmi, vo' tormentarlo,
Vo' che pentito mi cada al piè.)

GIANNETTA
Vedete un poco quel semplicione!

CORO
Ha pur la strana presunzione;
Ei pensa farla ad un sargente,
A un uom di mondo, cui par non è.
La bella Adina boccon per te!

ADINA
Andiam, Belcore,
Si avverta il notaro.

NEMORINO
Dottore! Dottore...
Soccorso! riparo!

GIANNETTA e CORO
È matto davvero.

ADINA
(Me l'hai da pagar.)
A lieto convito,
Amici, v'invito.

BELCORE
Giannetta, ragazze,
Vi aspetto a ballar.

GIANNETTA e CORO
Un ballo! un banchetto!
Chi può ricusar?

BELCORE
What's it to you? Tell me that!

NEMORINO
Oh, Adina, not today...
Believe me, Adina, I beseech you...
Don't marry him; I've good reason.
Wait a little... a single day...
Just one day... and I know why...
Tomorrow, beloved, you'd be sorry;
Your grief would be as great as mine.

BELCORE
Thank your stars, young monkey-face
That you're crazy or you're drunk,
Otherwise I'd strangle you,
If you were sane or sober.
But to keep my fists in check,
Clear out fast, and hide from me.

NEMORINO
(Ah! Dottore!)

ADINA
Pity him, he's just a boy,
Clumsy and half-mad.
He's convinced I must love him,
Since he's delirious for me.
(I want revenge, to torment him
Till he's repentant, at my feet.)

GIANNETTA
Just see that simpleton!

CHORUS
He displays an odd presumption,
Thinks he can outdo a sergeant,
With whose style he can't compete.
Ah yes, Adina, just right for you.

ADINA
(*resolved*)
Let's go, Belcore,
To prepare the notary.

NEMORINO
(*beside himself*)
Doctor! Doctor...
Help me! Help!

GIANNETTA and CHORUS
He's really mad.

ADINA
(He'll pay me yet.)
Friends, you're invited,
To a festive dinner.

BELCORE
Giannetta, you girls—
I'll expect a dance.

GIANNETTA and CHORUS
A dance! A banquet!
Who can refuse?

ADINA, BELCORE, GIANNETTA e CORO
Fra lieti concetti—gioconda brigata,
Vogliamo contenti—passar la gior-
nata;
Presente alla festa—Amore verrà.
(Ei perde la testa—da rider mi fa.)

NEMORINO
Mi sprezza il sargente—mi burla l'in-
grata.
Zimbello alla gente—mi fa la spietata.
L'oppresso mio core—più speme non
ha.
Dottore! Dottore!—Soccorso! pietà!
Andiam!...

ADINA, BELCORE, GIANNETTA and
CHORUS
With happy harmony, all joyful together,
We want to spend the day.
Love will also join the feast.
(He's lost his head; it makes me
laugh.)

NEMORINO
The sergeant detests me; Adina is cruel:
She makes me a laughing-stock.
My burdened heart has lost all hope.
Oh! Doctor! Doctor! Help Me! Have
pity!
Let's go.

(ADINA gives her hand to BELCORE; they
leave. NEMORINO's despair is now re-
doubled; the others mock him.)

ACT TWO

INTERIOR OF ADINA'S FARM

*Banquet table to one side at which are
seated ADINA, BELCORE, DULCAMARA and
GIANNETTA. The villagers are standing,
all drinking and singing. The band of
the regiment are mounted on a kind of
platform, where they are playing their
trumpets.*

CORO
Cantiamo, facciam brindisi
A sposi così amabili.
Per lor sian lunghi e stabili
I giorni del piacer.

BELCORE
Per me l'amore e il vino
Due numi ognor saranno.
Compensan d'ogni affanno
La donna ed il bicchier.

ADINA
(Ci fosse Nemorino!
Me lo vorrei goder.)

CORO
Cantiamo, facciam brindisi
A sposi così amabili.
Per lor sian lunghi e stabili
I giorni del piacer.

DULCAMARA
Poichè cantar vi alletta,
Uditemi, signori:
Ho qua una canzonetta
Di fresco data fuori.
Vivace, graziosa
Che gusto vi può dar;
Purchè la bella sposa
Mi voglia secondar.

CHORUS
We'll all drink a toast and sing
To this delightful couple.
Let their days be peaceful,
Happy as they are long.

BELCORE
Love and drink will be for me
Forever like two gods.
For every pain there's comfort
In woman or in wine.

ADINA
(Were Nemorino here!
I would enjoy myself.)

CHORUS
We'll all drink a toast and sing
To this delightful couple.
Let their days be peaceful,
Happy as they are long.

DULCAMARA
Since you enjoy singing,
Listen, all of you:
I've here a little song
Just printed recently.
Lively and amusing,
It should be a success,
If the lovely bride
Will give me her support.

TUTTI
Sì, sì, l'avremo cara:
Dev'esser cosa rara,
Se il grande Dulcamara
È giunto a contentar.

DULCAMARA
(takes sheets of music from his knapsack, gives one to ADINA)

La Nina Gondoliera,
E il Senator Tredenti.
Barcaruola a due voci—
Attenti!

TUTTI
Attenti!

DULCAMARA
Io son ricco, e tu sei bella,
Io ho ducati, e vezzi hai tu.
Perchè a me sarai rubella,
Nina mia, che vuoi di più?

ADINA
Quale onore! un senatore
Me d'amore supplicar!
Ma, modesta gondoliera,
Um par mio mi vuol' sposar.

DULCAMARA
Idol mio, non più rigor,
Fa felice un senator.

ADINA
Eccellenza! troppo onor;
Io non merito un senator.

CORO
Brava, bra . . .

DULCAMARA
Silenzio . . . zitti . . .
Adorata Barcaruola,
Prendi l'oro e lascia amor.
Lieve è questo, e lieve vola:
Pesa quello, e resta ognor.

ADINA
Quale onore! un senatore
Me d'amore supplicar!
Ma Zanetto è un giovinetto;
Ei mi piace, e il vo' sposar.

DULCAMARA
Idol mio, non più rigor;
Fa felice un senator.

ADINA
Eccellenza! troppo onor;
Far felice un senator.

TUTTI
Bravo, bravo Dulcamara!
La canzone è cosa rara,
Sceglie meglio non può certo
Il più esperto cantator.

DULCAMARA
Il dottore Dulcamara
In ogni arte è professor.

ALL
Oh yes! do sing it, please.
It must be exquisite,
If it has satisfied
The great Dulcamara.

DULCAMARA
Nina, the Gondoliera,
And Senator Threeteeth,
Barcarolle for two voices—
Ready, everyone?

ALL
Ready!

DULCAMARA
I am rich, and you are lovely,
I have ducats; you have charms.
Why resist me, Nina mine?
What more could you ask of me?

ADINA
What an honor! To be asked
By a Senator to love him!
But simple boat-girl that I am,
I will wed one of my kind.

DULCAMARA
Ah! my idol, don't deny
Joy to this Senator!

ADINA
Too much honor, Excellency!
I don't deserve a Senator!

CHORUS
Brava, bra . . .

DULCAMARA
Silence . . . quiet . . .
Oh, beloved boat maid mine,
Let love go; stick to gold.
Light is love, light and fleeting.
Gold is weighty and remains.

ADINA
What an honor! to be asked
By a Senator to love him!
But Zanetto is a young man.
I love him, and we will wed.

DULCAMARA
Ah! my idol, don't deny
Joy to this Senator.

ADINA
Too much honor, Excellency!
To give joy to a Senator!

ALL
Bravo, bravo, Dulcamara!
That song is unparalleled!
Surely a professional
Couldn't choose a better one.

DULCAMARA
Doctor Dulcamara
Is master of all arts.

ADINA e CORO
In ogni arte è professor.

BELCORE
Silenzio . . .

È qua il Notaro
Che viene a compier l'atto
Di mia felicità.

TUTTI
Sia il ben venuto.

DULCAMARA
T'abbraccio e ti saluto,
Primo uffizial,
Reclutator d'Imene.

ADINA
(Giunto è il Notaro,
E Nemorino non viene!)

BELCORE
Andiam, mia bella Venere . . .
Ma in quelle luci tenere
Qual veggo nuvoletto?

ADINA
Non è niente.
(S'egli non è presente
Compita non mi par
La mia vendetta.)

BELCORE
Andiamo a segnar l'atto:
Il tempo affretta.

TUTTI
Andiamo!
Cantiamo ancora un brindisi
A sposi così amabili:
Per lor sian lunghi e stabili
I giorni del piacer . . . ecc.

(All leave, then DULCAMARA comes back
and sits down at the table. NEMORINO
then enters.)

DULCAMARA
Le feste nuziali
Son piacevoli assai;
Ma quel che in esse
Mi dà maggior diletto
È l'amabile vista del banchetto.

NEMORINO
Ho veduto il notaro;
Sì, l'ho veduto . . .
Non v'ha più speranza,
Nemorino, per te:
Spezzato ho il core.

ADINA and CHORUS
Is master of all arts.

(Enter a NOTARY.)

BELCORE
Silence! . . .
(All are silent.)

Here's the Notary,
Who comes to set the seal
On my happiness.

ALL
Welcome.

DULCAMARA
(to the NOTARY)

I welcome you and greet you,
Oh specialist of Love,
Oh Hymen's alchemist!

ADINA
(The Notary is here,
And Nemorino's absent!)

BELCORE
Come, my lovely Venus . . .
But do I see a cloud
In those tender eyes?

ADINA
It's nothing.
(If he's not here
My revenge will seem
Incomplete to me.)

BELCORE
Let's go sign the papers:
Time is short.

ALL
Let's go!
Let's all sing another toast
To this delightful couple.
Let their days be peaceful,
Happy as they are long . . . etc.

DULCAMARA
These nuptial festivals
Are decidedly pleasant;
But their aspect I prefer
Is the lovable look
Of the banquet table.

NEMORINO
(lost in thought)

I've seen the Notary.
Yes, I've seen him.
No hope is left
For you, Nemorino.
My heart is broken.

DULCAMARA
Idol mio, non più rigor;
Fa felice un senator.

NEMORINO
Voi qui, dottore!

DULCAMARA
Sì, m'han voluto a pranzo
Questi amabili sposi,
E mi diverto con questi avanzi.

NEMORINO
Ed io son disperato,
Fuori di me son io.
Dottore, ho d'uopo
D'essere amato . . . prima di domani . . .
No . . . adesso . . . su' due piè.

DULCAMARA
(Cospetto, è matto!)
Recipe l'elisir, e il colpo è fatto.

NEMORINO
E veramente amato
Sarò da lei?

DULCAMARA
Da tutte: io tel prometto.
Se anticipar l'effetto
Dell'elisir tu vuoi,
Bevine tosto un'altra dose.
(Io parto tra mezz'ora.)

NEMORINO
Caro dottor, una bottiglia ancora.

DULCAMARA
Ben volontier. Mi piace
Giovare a' bisognosi.
Hai tu danaro?

NEMORINO
Ah! non ne ho più.

DULCAMARA
Mio caro,
La cosa cambia aspetto.
A me verrai subito che ne avrai.
Vieni a trovarmi
Qui presso alla Pernice,
Ci hai tempo un quarto d'ora.

NEMORINO
Oh me infelice!

BELCORE
La donna è un animale
Stravagante davvero.
Adina m'ama,
Di sposarmi è contenta,
E differire pur vuol
Fino a stasera!

(singing to himself)

Ah! my idol, don't deny
Joy to this Senator.

NEMORINO
You here, Doctor!

DULCAMARA
Yes, this charming pair
Asked me to dinner,
And I'm enjoying the remains.

NEMORINO
And I am desperate,
Out of my mind.
Doctor, I must be loved
Before tomorrow . . .
No . . . right away . . .

DULCAMARA
(rises)

(Mercy! he's mad.)
Repeat the elixir, and it's done.

NEMORINO
And I'll be loved
By her . . . truly?

DULCAMARA
By all the girls. I promise.
If you wish to hasten
The elixir's effect,
Drink another dose now.
(I leave in fifteen minutes.)

NEMORINO
My dear doctor, another bottle.

DULCAMARA
Gladly. I enjoy
Helping those in need.
Your money?

NEMORINO
Ah! I have no more.

DULCAMARA
My dear sir,
That changes matters a bit.
Come see me
When you have some.
I'll be nearby at the Partridge.
You have a quarter hour.
(He leaves.)

NEMORINO
(falls on a bench)

Oh! woe is me!

(Enter BELCORE.)

BELCORE
Woman is a creature
Strange indeed.
Adina loves me,
Is glad to be wed, yet
Wants to postpone things
Until this evening.

NEMORINO
(Ecco il rivale!
Mi spezzerai la testa
Di mia mano.)

BELCORE
(Ebbene, che cos'ha questo baggiano?)
Ehi, ehi, quel giovinotto;
Cos'hai che ti disperì?

NEMORINO
Io mi dispero perchè non ho danaro . . .
Nè so come trovarne.

BELCORE
Eh! scimunito!
Se denari non hai,
Fatti soldato . . . e venti scudi avrai.

NEMORINO
Venti scudi!

BELCORE
E ben sonanti.

NEMORINO
Quando? adesso?

BELCORE
Sul momento.

NEMORINO
(Che far deggio?)

BELCORE
E coi contanti
Gloria e onore al reggimento.

NEMORINO
Ah! non è ambizione,
Che seduce questo cor.

BELCORE
Se è l'amore, in guarnigione
Non ti può mancar l'amor.

NEMORINO
Ah no! . . .
(Ai perigli della guerra
Io so ben che esposto sono . . .)

BELCORE
Venti scudi . . .

NEMORINO
(. . . che domani la patria terra,
Zio, congiunti, ahime, abbandonano . . .)

BELCORE
E ben sonanti.

NEMORINO
(Ma so purche fuor di questa,
Altra strada a me non resta
Per poter del cor d'Adina
Solo un giorno trionfar.)

NEMORINO
(Here is my rival!
I could cut my throat
With my own hand!)

BELCORE
(Well, what's ailing this fool?)
Hey, hey, young fellow,
Why are you so sad?

NEMORINO
Because I have no money . . .
And don't know where to find any.

BELCORE
Idiot! If it's money
You need, join the army . . .
And you'll get twenty crowns.

NEMORINO
Twenty crowns!

BELCORE
Hard cash.

NEMORINO
When? Now?

BELCORE
On the spot.

NEMORINO
(What to do?)

BELCORE
And with the money
You'll have glory and honor.

NEMORINO
Ah! it's not ambition
That guides my heart.

BELCORE
If it's love, why, in the army
Love will not be wanting.

NEMORINO
Oh no! . . .
(I realize I'll be exposed
To wars' dangers and, alas . . .)

BELCORE
Twenty crowns!

NEMORINO
(. . . from tomorrow I leave behind
Homeland, uncle, and relations . . .)

BELCORE
Hard cash.

NEMORINO
(But I realize after all
That there is no other means
For me to conquer in a day
And triumph in Adina's heart.)

BELCORE
Del tamburo al suon vivace,
Tra le file e le bandiere,
Aggirarsi Amor si piace
Con le vispe vivandiere. . .

NEMORINO
(Ah! chi un giorno ottiene Adina. . .)

BELCORE
Sempre lieto, sempre gajo
Ha di belle un centinajo
Di costanza non s'annoja,
Non si perde a sospirar.

NEMORINO
(Fin la vita puo lasciar. . .)

BELCORE
Credi a me: la vera gloria
Accompagna il militar.

NEMORINO
Venti scudi!

BELCORE
Su due piedi.

NEMORINO
Ebben, vada. Li prepara.

BELCORE
Ma la carta che tu vedi
Pria di tutto dêi segnar.
Sai scrivere?

NEMORINO
No.

BELCORE
Qua una croce.

(NEMORINO signs hastily and takes the purse.)

NEMORINO
(Dulcamara
Volo tosto a ricercar.)

BELCORE
Qua la mano, giovinotto,
Dell'acquisto mi consolo:
In complesso, sopra e sotto
Tu mi sembri un buon figliuolo.
Sarai presto caporale
Se me prendi ad esemplar.
(Ho ingaggiato il mio rivale:
Anche questa è da contar.)

NEMORINO
Ah! non sai chi m'ha ridotto
A tal passo, a tal partito:
Tu non sai qual cor sta sotto
A sì semplice vestito:
Quel che a me tal somma vale
Non potresti immaginar.
(Ah! non v'ha tesoro eguale
Se riesca a farmi amar.)

(They leave.)

BELCORE
At the drummer's stirring beat,
In among the ranks and flags,
Love takes pleasure in consorting
With the lively *vivandières*. . .

NEMORINO
(Ah! he who'd one day win Adina. . .)

BELCORE
Always happy, always gay,
Of such beauties he's a hundred;
Fidelity's not his concern;
Sighing doesn't bother him.

NEMORINO
(Even his life would sacrifice. . .)

BELCORE
Trust in me: the greatest joy
Lies along the soldier's path.

NEMORINO
Twenty crowns!

BELCORE
Here and now.

NEMORINO
All right! Get them ready!

BELCORE
But you must first of all
Sign this paper here.
Can you write?

NEMORINO
No.

BELCORE
Damn! Make a cross.

NEMORINO
(Now to seek out
Dulcamara at once.)

BELCORE
Here, shake hands, my young man;
I'm pleased with this addition.
Taken all in all, you seem
Not a bad sort on the whole.
You will soon become a corporal
If you follow my example.
(I've recruited now my rival:
This can have a certain use.)

NEMORINO
You can't know who brought me
To this pass, to this decision.
You don't know the heart that beats
Underneath my simple coat.
You could never realize
The value of this sum to me.
(Ah! no treasure equals that
Which can make me loved by her.)

RUSTIC COURTYARD, OPEN AT THE BACK.
Enter GIANNETTA accompanied by the
girls of the neighborhood.

CORO
Saria possibile?

GIANNETTA
Possibilissimo.

CORO
Non è probabile.

GIANNETTA
Probabilissimo.

CORO
Ma come mai? Ma d'onde il sai?
Chi te lo disse? chi è? dov'è?

GIANNETTA
Non fate strepito; parlate piano;
Non anco spargere si può l'arcano:
È noto solo al merciaiuolo,
Che in confidenza l'ha detto a me.

CORO
Il merciaiuolo l'ha detto a te!
Sarà verissimo. . . oh bella affè!

GIANNETTA
Zitto! Zitto! Piano!
Sappiate dunque che l'altro di
Di Nemorino lo zio morì,
Che al giovinetto lasciato egli ha
Cospicua, immensa eredità. . .
Ma zitte. . . piano, per carità.
Non deve dirsi.

CORO
Non si dirà. Piano!

GIANNETTA e CORO
Piano!
Or Nemorino è milionario. . .
È l'Epulone del circondario. . .
Felice quella cui fia marito. . .
Un uom di vaglia, un buon partito. . .
Ma zitte. . . piano. . . per carità.
Non deve dirsi.

CORO
Non si dirà.

(They see NEMORINO approaching and they stand back to watch him with curiosity.)

NEMORINO
Dell'elisir mirabile
Bevuto ho in abbondanza,
E mi promette il medico
Cortese ogni beltà.
In me maggior del solito
Rinata è la speranza,
L'effetto di quel farmaco
Già, già sentir si fa.

CHORUS
Is it possible?

GIANNETTA
Very possible.

CHORUS
But not probable.

GIANNETTA
Very probable.

CHORUS
What happened? How do you know?
Who told you? Who? and where?

GIANNETTA
Softly, softly, not a sound.
Don't begin to spread the news.
Only a pedlar found it out,
And he told me in secrecy.

CHORUS
If the pedlar told you so,
It's the truth! oh wonderful!

GIANNETTA
Be quiet! Quiet! Softly!
It's like this: the other day
Nemorino's uncle died
Making him inheritor
Of a huge, outstanding sum. . .
But be quiet. . . for heaven's sake.
No one must tell.

CHORUS
No one will. Softly!

GIANNETTA and CHORUS
Softly!
Now Nemorino's a millionaire. . .
The neighborhood's rich man. . .
And heir, a splendid catch. . .
Lucky she who weds him!
But be quiet. . . for heaven's sake.
No one must tell.

CHORUS
No one will.

NEMORINO
Now I've drunk a-plenty
Of the miraculous drug
And the doctor's promise
Gives me the beautys' love.
So more than usual
My hope is restored;
The elixir's effect
Can already be felt.

CORO
(È ognor negletto ed umile:
La cosa ancor non sa.)

NEMORINO
Andiam.

GIANNETTA e CORO
Serva umilissima.

NEMORINO
Giannetta!

CORO
A voi m'inchino.

CORO
(one after the other)

NEMORINO
(Ma cos'han codeste giovani!)

GIANNETTA e CORO
Caro quel Nemorino!
Davvero è un uom amabile;
Ha l'aria da signor.

NEMORINO
(Capsico: è questa l'opera
Del magico liquor). . .

(ADINA and DULCAMARA enter separately, stop at a distance, astounded at the sight of NEMORINO being courted by the girls.)

(NEMORINO leaves with GIANNETTA and CHORUS.)

ADINA
Come sen va contento!

DULCAMARA
La lode è mia.

ADINA
Vostra, o dottor?

DULCAMARA
Sì, tutta.

DULCAMARA
La gioia è al mio comando,
Io distillo il piacer, l'amor lambiccio
Come l'acqua di rose; e ciò che adesso
Vi fa maravigliar nel giovinotto
Tutto portento egli è del mio decotto.

ADINA
Pazzie.

DULCAMARA
Pazzie, voi dite?
Incredula! pazzie?
Sapete voi dell'Alchimia
Il poter, il gran valore
Dell'Elisir d'amore
Della regina Isotta.

CHORUS
(His aspect's shy and humble:
He doesn't know the news.)

NEMORINO
(about to leave)

GIANNETTA and CHORUS
(stopping him)

GIANNETTA and CHORUS
(They bow to him.)

NEMORINO
Giannetta!

CHORUS
I bow to you.

NEMORINO
(to himself, surprised)

GIANNETTA and CHORUS
That beloved Nemorino!
How lovable he is!
A real gentleman!

NEMORINO
(I know: here's the result
Of the magic potion.)

ADINA
With what joy he leaves!

DULCAMARA
The merit's mine.

ADINA
Yours, Doctor?

DULCAMARA
Entirely.

ADINA
Joy's at my command.

DULCAMARA
I distill pleasure and love
Like rose-water. And the unusual
Behavior of that youth
Is due completely to my product.

ADINA
Madness!

DULCAMARA
Madness you say?
Unbeliever! Madness?
Do you know the power
Of alchemy, the great worth
Of the Elixir of love
Of Queen Isolde?

ADINA
Isotta?

DULCAMARA
Isotta.
Io n'ho d'ogni mistura
E d'ogni cotta.

ADINA
(Che ascolto?)
E a Nemorino
Voi deste l'Elisir?

DULCAMARA
Ei me lo chiese
Per ottenere l'affetto
Di non so qual crudele. . .

ADINA
Ei dunque amava?

DULCAMARA
Languiva, sospirava
Senz'ombra di speranza;
E per avere una goccia
Del farmaco incantato,
Vendè la libertà,
Si fe' soldato.

ADINA
(Quanto amore! ed io, spietata!
Tormentai sì nobil cor!)

DULCAMARA
(Essa pure è innamorata:
Ha bisogno del liquor.)

ADINA
Dunque. . . adesso. . . è Nemorino
In amor sì fortunato!

DULCAMARA
Tutto il sesso femminino
E pel giovine impazzato.

ADINA
Ah!
È qual donna è lui gradita?
Qual fra tante è preferita?

DULCAMARA
Egli è il gallo della Checca.
Tutte segue, tutte becca.

ADINA
(Ed io sola, sconsigliata,
Possedeo quel nobil cor!)

DULCAMARA
(Essa pure è innamorata:
Ha bisogno del liquor.)

ADINA
Bella Adina, qua un momento. . .
Più dappresso. . . su la testa.
Tu sei cotta. . . io l'argomento
A quell'aria afflitta e mesta.
Se tu vuoi? . . .

DULCAMARA
(This one, too, is full of love;
She's in need of my elixir.)

ADINA
(And I alone, foolish me,
Was the owner of his heart!)

DULCAMARA
(This one, too, is full of love;
She's in need of my elixir.)

ADINA
Fair Adina, just a moment.
Come closer. . . raise your eyes.
You are smitten. . . I can tell
From your sad, afflicted air.
If you want? . . .

ADINA
Isolde?

DULCAMARA
Isolde.
I have it in every shape
And form.

ADINA
(What's this I hear?)
And you gave the Elixir
To Nemorino?

DULCAMARA
He asked me for it
To gain the favor
Of some cruel girl or other. . .

ADINA
So he was in love?

DULCAMARA
He sighed and languished,
Hopeless, and for a drop
Of the enchanted drug
He sold his freedom;
He enlisted as a soldier.

ADINA
(What great love! And I, so cruel,
Tormented that noble heart.)

DULCAMARA
(This one too is full of love;
She's in need of my elixir.)

ADINA
Well. . . so Nemorino now
Is so fortunate in love!

DULCAMARA
All the female sex
Is mad for him.

ADINA
Oh!
And which one has he chosen?
Who's his favorite of them all?

DULCAMARA
He's become cock o' the walk;
He diverts himself with all.

ADINA
(And I alone, foolish me,
Was the owner of his heart!)

DULCAMARA
(This one, too, is full of love;
She's in need of my elixir.)

ADINA
Fair Adina, just a moment.
Come closer. . . raise your eyes.
You are smitten. . . I can tell
From your sad, afflicted air.
If you want? . . .

ADINA
S'io vo'? che cosa?

DULCAMARA
Su la testa, schizzinosa!
Se tu vuoi, ci ho la ricetta
Che il tuo mal guarir potrà.

ADINA
Ah! Dottor, sarà perfetta,
Ma per me virtù non ha.

DULCAMARA
Vuoi vederti mille amanti
Spasimar, languire al piede?

ADINA
Non saprei che far di tanti;
Il mio cor un sol ne chiede.

DULCAMARA
Render vuoi gelose, pazze
Donne, vedove, ragazze?

ADINA
Non mi alletta, non mi piace
Di turbar altrui la pace.

DULCAMARA
Conquistar vorresti un ricco?

ADINA
Di ricchezze non mi picco.

DULCAMARA
Un contino? Un marchesino?

ADINA
Io non vo' che Nemorino.

DULCAMARA
Prendi su la mia ricetta.

ADINA
Ah! Dottor, sarà perfetta.

DULCAMARA
Che l'effetto ti farà.

ADINA
Ma per me virtù non ha.

DULCAMARA
Sciagurata! e avresti core
Di negare il suo valore?

ADINA
Io rispetto l'elisire,
Ma per me ve n'ha un maggiore:
Nemorin, lasciata ogni altra,
Tutto mio, sol mio, sarà.

DULCAMARA
(Ahi Dottore! è troppo scaltra:
Più di te costei ne sa.)

ADINA
If I want—what?

DULCAMARA
Raise your eyes, fastidious!
If you want, I have the secret
That can cure your suffering.

ADINA
Ah! Doctor, I'm sure it's perfect.
But it's powerless for me.

DULCAMARA
Would you have a thousand swains
Sighing, dying at your feet?

ADINA
I'd be helpless with so many;
My heart asks for one alone.

DULCAMARA
Would you make insanely jealous
Widows, girls, and married women?

ADINA
I don't want to gain my joy
By disturbing others' peace.

DULCAMARA
Don't you want to marry riches?

ADINA
Riches don't mean much to me.

DULCAMARA
How about a Count or Marquis?

ADINA
Nemorino's all I want.

DULCAMARA
Take a dose of my elixir.

ADINA
Ah! Doctor, I'm sure it's perfect.

DULCAMARA
It will have the right effect.

ADINA
But it's powerless for me.

DULCAMARA
Wretched girl, you've the nerve
To deny its power?

ADINA
I respect your great elixir,
But I have a greater one.
Nemorino, leaving others,
Will be mine, all mine at last.

DULCAMARA
(Ah! Doctor, she's a sly one:
She is wiser still than you.)

ADINA
Una tenera occhiatina,
Un sorriso, una carezza,
Vincer può chi più s'ostina,
Ammollir chi più ci sprezza.
Ne ho veduti tanti e tanti
Presi, cotti, spasimanti,
Che nemmeno Nemorino
Non potrà da me fuggir.
La ricetta è il mio visino,
In quest'occhi è l'elisir. . .

DULCAMARA
Ah! lo vedo, o bricconcella,
Ne sai più dell'arte mia;
Questa bocca così bella
È d'amor la spezieria:
Hai lambicco ed hai fornello
Caldo più d'un Mongibello,
Per filtrar l'amor che vuoi,
Per bruciar e incenerir.
Ah! vorrei cambiar coi tuoi
I miei vasi d'elisir.

(They leave, then enter NEMORINO.)

NEMORINO
Una furtiva lagrima
Negli occhi suoi spuntò . . .
Quelle festose giovani
Invidiar sembrò . . .
Che più cercando io vo'!
M'ama, si m'ama lo vedo.
Un solo istante i palpiti
Del suo bel cor sentir! . . .
I miei sospir confondere
Per poco a' suoi sospir!
Cielo, si può morir;
Di più non chiedo.
Eccola . . . Oh! qual le accresce
Beltà l'amor nascente!
A far l'indifferente
Si seguiti così, finchè non viene
Ella a spiegarsi.

(Enter ADINA.)

ADINA
Nemorino! . . . ebbene?
Dimmi: perchè partire,
Perchè farti soldato hai risoluto?

NEMORINO
Perchè? . . . perchè ho voluto
Tentar se con tal mezzo
Il mio destino io potea migliorar.

ADINA
La tua persona . . .
La tua vita ci è cara . . .
Io ricomprai il fatale contratto
Da Belcore.

ADINA
Now a tender little glance,
Now a smile or a caress
Has the strength to mollify
The most hardened of male hearts.
I have seen a host of them,
Smitten, burning, passionate.
And not even Nemorino
Can succeed in fleeing me.
The recipe is in my face;
In these eyes is my elixir.

DULCAMARA
Ah! I see, you wily girl,
You know more than all my art.
And that lovely mouth of yours
Is a dispensary of Love.
Your cauldron and your anvil
Are more powerful than Vulcan's
For you to forge the love you want,
To temper and to fire.
I'd be happy to exchange
My elixirs all for yours.

NEMORINO

A single furtive tear
Started in her eye . . .
She seemed to envy
Those happy girls . . .
What more do I want?
She loves me; I've seen it.
Just for a moment to feel
The beating of her heart! . . .
To mix a single moment
All my sighs with hers! . . .
Ah! Heaven above! to die . . .
Then I'd ask no more.
There she is . . . How her beauty
Grows as she falls in love!
But I'll continue my false
Indifference, until she comes forward
To explain herself.

ADINA

Nemorino! . . . well?
Tell me why you're leaving,
Why you've joined the ranks?

NEMORINO
Why? . . . Because I wanted
To see if in that way
I could improve my lot.

ADINA

Your presence . . . your life
Is dear to us.
I bought your contract
From Belcore.

NEMORINO
Voi stessa!
(È naturale: opra è d'amore.)

ADINA
(hands him the contract)
Prendi; per me sei libero:
Resta nel suol natio,
Non v'ha destin sì rio,
Che non si cangi un dì; resta.
Qui dove tutti t'amano,
Saggio, amoroso, onesto,
Sempre scontento e mesto
No, non sarai così.
Addio.

NEMORINO
Che! mi lasciate?

ADINA
Io . . . sì . . .

NEMORINO
Null'altro a dirmi avete?

ADINA
Null'altro.

NEMORINO
(hands back the contract)
Ebben, tenete.
Poichè non sono amato,
Voglio morir soldato;
Non v'ha per me più pace
Se m'ingannò il dottor.

ADINA
Ah! fu con te verace,
Se presti fede al cor.
Sappilo alfine, ah! sappilo,
Tu mi sei caro.

NEMORINO
Io!

ADINA
Sì, mi sei caro e t'amo . . .

NEMORINO
Tu m'ami? Sì . . .

ADINA
Sì, t'amo, t'amo . . .

NEMORINO
Oh! gioia inesprimibile!

ADINA
Quanto ti fèi già misero,
Farti felice or bramo.

NEMORINO
Non m'ingannò il dottor.

ADINA
No.

NEMORINO
Oh! gioia inesprimibile!

NEMORINO
You!
(Naturally: an act of love.)

ADINA
Take it; I've bought your freedom.
Stay in your native home.
There is no lot so bad
That will not change some day.
Here, where everyone loves you,
Good and honest and kind.
You will not remain
Sad and unhappy forever.
Goodbye.

NEMORINO
What! You're leaving me?

ADINA
I . . . yes . . .

NEMORINO
You've nothing more to say.

ADINA
Nothing.

NEMORINO
Here, then.
Since you cannot love me,
I want to die a soldier.
There's no more peace for me
If the Doctor was lying.

ADINA
No, it was the truth he told you,
If you trust your heart.
Yes, you must know at last
I love you.

NEMORINO
Me!

ADINA
Yes, I love you, my beloved . . .

NEMORINO
You love me? You do?

ADINA
Yes, I love you . . .

NEMORINO
My joy's beyond telling!

ADINA
I want to make you happy
As I made you sad before.

NEMORINO
The doctor didn't deceive me.

ADINA
No.

NEMORINO
My joy's beyond telling!

ADINA
Il mio rigor dimentica;
Ti giuro eterno amore. . .

(NEMORINO embraces ADINA. Enter BELCORE with his soldiers, DULCAMARA with all the people of the village.)

BELCORE
Alto! . . . fronte! Che vedo?
Al mio rivale l'armi presento?

ADINA
Ella è così, Belcore,
E convien darsi pace ad ogni patto.
Egli è mio sposo: quel che è fatto . . .

BELCORE
È fatto.
Tientelo pur, briconca.
Peggio per te!
Pieno di donne è il mondo;
E mille e mille ne otterrà Belcore.

DULCAMARA
Ve lo darà questo elisir d'amore.
Ei corregge ogni difetto,
Ogni vizio di natura,
Ei fornisce di belletto
La più brutta creatura;
Camminar ei fa le rôzze,
Schiaccia gobbe, appiana bozze,
Ogni incomodo tumore
Faccia sì che più non è . . .

CORO
Qua, dottore, a me dottore . . .
Un vasetto . . . due . . . tre . . .

(Meanwhile the carriage of DULCAMARA has arrived. He climbs into it; all gather around him.)

DULCAMARA
Prediletti dalle stelle,
Io vi lascio un gran tesoro.
Tutto è in lui; salute e belle,
Allegria, fortuna ed oro.
Rinverdite, rifiorite,
Impinguate ed arricchite:
Dell'amico Dulcamara
Ei vi faccia ricordar.

CORO
Viva il grande Dulcamara,
Possa presto a noi tornar!
Addio!

BELCORE
Che tu possa ribaltar!

(The carriage begins to move. All the villagers wave their hats to say goodbye.)

CURTAIN.

ADINA
Forget my cruelty of the past;
I swear my love's eternal.

BELCORE
Halt! Front! . . . What's this?
Must I present arms to my rival?

ADINA
That's right, Belcore,
And it's better to accept it.
He'll be my husband. What's done . . .

BELCORE
Is done.
Keep him, you minx.
The worse for you!
The world is full of women,
And I'll have thousands of them.

DULCAMARA
This elixir will give them to you.
It corrects each human failing,
Every error of Mother Nature.
It supplies with great beauty
The most hideous of creatures.
It makes hags bestir themselves,
Makes all humps and pimples vanish;
Every inconvenient swelling
Disappears at its command.

CHORUS
Doctor, Doctor, give me some . . .
Give me a bottle . . . two . . . three.

DULCAMARA
Oh! most fortunate of people,
A treasure here I leave with you.
It contains both health and beauty,
Joy and riches—everything.
So grow fat and prosperous,
Blossom and be young again.
And you'll always call to mind
Dulcamara, your old friend.

CHORUS
Long live Doctor Dulcamara
May he soon return to us.

BELCORE
I hope you capsizes on your way!

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RED SEAL

Donizetti
THE ELIXIR OF LOVE
(L'Elisir d'amore)
ACT I
(Part 1)

Loretta di Lelio, *Soprano*; Nicola Monti, *Tenor*
Margherita Carosio, *Soprano*; Tito Gobbi, *Baritone*
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(L'Elixir d'amore)
ACT I
(Part 2)

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SIDE 3
RED SEAL

Donizetti

THE ELIXIR OF LOVE

(L'Elisir d'amore)

Band 1—ACT I (concluded)

Band 2—ACT II (Part 1)

Margherita Carosio, *Soprano*; Tito Gobbi, *Baritone*

Nicola Monti, *Tenor*; Loretta di Lelio, *Soprano*

Melchiorre Luise, *Bass*

Orchestra and Chorus of the Opera House, Rome

Gabriele Santini, *Conductor*

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In Italian

SIDE 4
RED SEAL

Donizetti

THE ELIXIR OF LOVE

(L'Elisir d'amore)

ACT II

(concluded)

Loretta di Lelio, *Soprano*; Nicola Monti, *Tenor*
Margherita Carosio, *Soprano*; Melchiorre Luise, *Bass*
Tito Gobbi, *Baritone*

Orchestra and Chorus of the Opera House, Rome
Gabriele Santini, *Conductor*
(Recorded in Italy)

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