

“Il dolce suono...” (I heard the sweet sound of his voice) ”“Mad scene,” LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR, Act III, Gaetano Donizetti, libretto by Salvatore Cammarano, 1835, based on Sir Walter Scott’s novel, *The Bride of Lammermoor*..

SYNOPSIS: Lucie and Edgardo pledge their eternal love and exchange what they consider wedding rings before he leaves on a diplomatic mission. During Edgardo’s absence, Lucie’s ambitious and scheming brother forces her to marry Arturo, having tricked her into thinking Edgardo has abandoned her. On their wedding night, Lucie kills Arturo and comes downstairs, stained with his blood, to reveal her deranged mental state to the assembled shocked wedding guests.

LUCIE

Il dolce suono mi colpi di sua voce!
Ah, quella voce m'e qui nel cor discesa!
Edgardo! io ti son resa,
Edgardo, ah! Edgardo mio,
Sì, ti son resa.
Fuggita io son de tuoi nemici.
Un gelo me serpeggia nel sen!
Trema ogni fibra!
Vacilla il pie!
Presso la fonte meco t'assidi al quanto!

I heard the sweet sound of his voice!
Ah, that voice touched my very heart!
Edgardo, once more I'm yours,
Ah, Edgardo, my Edgardo!
Yes, I'm yours once more.
I've escaped from your enemies.
An icy chill fills my being.
Every part of me trembles
And I can hardly stand!
Come sit with me by the fountain.

Ohimè, sorge il tremendo fantasma e ne separa! Alas! There's the phantom come to part us!
Ohimè, ohimè!
Edgardo! Edgardo! Ah, il fantasma
il fantasma ne separa!
Qui ricovriamo, Edgardo, a pie dell'ara.
Sparsa e di rose!
Un armonia celeste, di', non ascolti?
Ah, l'inno suona di nozze!
Ah, ah, ah! l'inno di nozze!
Il rito per noi s'appresta! Ah, me felice!
Edgardo, Edgardo, ah me felice!
Oh gioia che si sente, e non si dice!

Alas! Alas!
Edgardo! Edgardo! Ah, the phantom
has come back to part us!
Let's hide from him, my love, at the foot of the altar.
It's all covered with roses!
That heavenly music—can't you hear it?
Ah, they're playing the wedding song!
Ah, ah, ah! the wedding song!
Our wedding will soon begin! Oh, I'm happy!
Edgardo, Edgardo, I'm so happy!
Such joy cannot be told—it's only felt.

Ardon gl'incensi
Splendon le sacre faci, splendon intorno!
Ecco il ministro!
Porgime la destra!
Oh lieto giorno, oh lieto!
Al fin son tua, al fin sei mia,
a me ti dona un Dio.
Ogni piacer più grato
sì, ogni piacere mi fia con te diviso,
con te, con te!
Del ciel clemente un riso
la vita a noi sarà, etc.

I smell the incense.
The candles are all glowing, everything's glowing!
The priest is here now.
Give me your right hand.
Oh, happy day, so happy!
At last, I am yours and you are mine
and God gives you to me.
Every pleasure will be greater,
yes, every pleasure I will share with you,
with you, with you!
Our life will be a blissful smile
from a gentle heaven...

*Spargi d'amaro pianto
il mio terrestre velo,
mentre lassù nel cielo,
io pregherò per te,
Al giunger tu soltanto
fia bello il ciel per me, ah, sì, etc. *
Ah, sì, etc.
Spargi d'amoro pianto....

Sprinkle with bitter teardrops
what's left of my body.
while up there in heav'n
I'll say a prayer for you.
Not until you join me
will heav'n be sweet for me, ah, yes,
Ah, yes, etc.
Sprinkle with bitter teardrops, etc...

(*repeat)

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