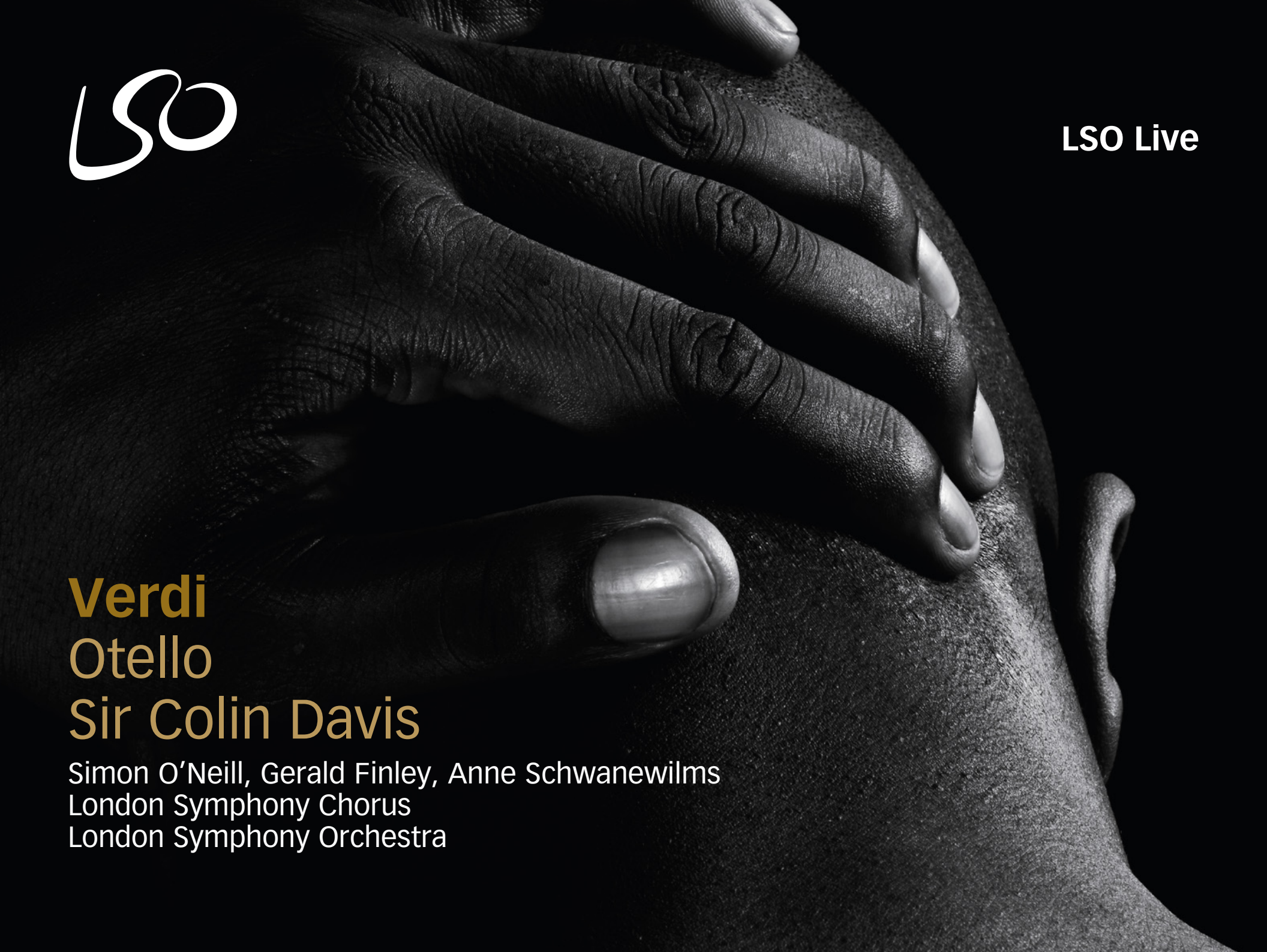

LSO Live

Verdi
Otello
Sir Colin Davis

Simon O'Neill, Gerald Finley, Anne Schwanewilms
London Symphony Chorus
London Symphony Orchestra

Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901)
Otello (1887)

Simon O'Neill *tenor*	Otello (a Moor, General of the Venetian forces)
Gerald Finley *bass-baritone*	Jago (his ensign)
Anne Schwanewilms *soprano*	Desdemona (wife of Otello)
Allan Clayton *tenor*	Cassio (a Captain, Otello's lieutenant)
Ben Johnson *tenor*	Roderigo (a Venetian gentleman)
Alexander Tsymbalyuk *bass*	Lodovico (Ambassador of the Venetian Republic)
Matthew Rose *bass*	Montàno (Otello's predecessor as Governor of Cyprus)
Lukas Jakobski *bass*	Araldo (Herald)
Eufemia Tufano *mezzo-soprano*	Emilia (wife of Jago)

Sir Colin Davis conductor
London Symphony Chorus
London Symphony Orchestra

Joseph Cullen chorus director
Jocelyne Dienst repetiteur and vocal coach

Recorded live 1–6 December 2009 at the Barbican, London

James Mallinson producer
Daniele Quilleri casting consultant

Classic Sound Ltd recording, editing and mastering facilities
Jonathan Stokes and **Neil Hutchinson** for *Classic Sound Ltd* balance engineers
Jonathan Stokes and **Neil Hutchinson** for *Classic Sound Ltd* audio editors

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3	‘Roderigo, ebben, che pensi’	*Jago, Roderigo*	p15	2’26’’
4	‘Fuoco di gioia!’	*Coro*	p16	2’40’’
5	‘Roderigo, beviam’	*Jago, Cassio, Coro, Roderigo*	p16	1’32’’
6	‘I naffia l’ugola’	*Jago, Cassio, Roderigo, Coro*	p17	3’39’’
7	‘Capitano, v’attende’	*Montàno, Cassio, Jago, Roderigo, Coro*	p18	0’41”
8	‘Va al porto’	*Jago, Coro, Otello, Cassio, Montàno*	p19	3’29”
9	‘Già nella notte densa’	*Otello, Desdemona*	p20	9’24”

Atto Secondo — 34’16’’

10	Prelude – ‘Non ti crucciar’	*Jago, Cassio*	p21	2’57’’
11	‘Credo in un Dio crudel’	*Jago*	p22	5’38’’
12	‘Ciò m’accora’	*Jago, Otello*	p22	4’13’’
13	Flower Chorus: ‘Un tal proposto’	*Jago, Coro, Fanciulli, Desdemona, Otello*	p23	4’23’’
14	‘D’un uom che gemme’	*Desdemona, Otello*	p24	2’06’’
15	‘Dammi la dolce’	*Desdemona, Otello, Jago, Emilia*	p25	4’06”
16	‘Ora e per sempre addio’	*Otello, Jago*	p26	3’49”
17	‘Era la notte’	*Jago, Otello*	p27	4’34”
18	‘Si, pel ciel’	*Otello, Jago*	p28	2’31”

Atto Terzo — 37’10’’

19	Prelude		p28	1’13’’
20	‘La vedetta del porto’	*Araldo, Otello, Jago, Desdemona*	p28	6’08’’
21	‘Esterrefatta’	*Desdemona, Otello*	p30	5’13’’
22	‘Dio! mi potevi scagliar tutti i mali’	*Otello, Jago*	p31	4’33’’
23	‘Vieni, l’aula è deserta’	*Jago, Cassio, Otello*	p31	5’00’’
24	‘Bada’	*Jago, Cassio, Otello, Coro, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, Roderigo*	p33	5’10’’
25	‘Messeri!’	*Otello, Jago, Cassio, Lodovico*	p36	1’49’’
26	‘A terra! ... sì’	*Desdemona, Emilia, Cassio, Roderigo, Lodovico, Otello, Jago, Coro*	p36	8’04’’

Atto Quarto — 29’44’’

27	Prelude – ‘Era più calmo?’	*Emilia, Desdemona*	p39	4’38’’
28	‘Piangea cantando’	*Desdemona*	p39	6’11’’
29	‘Ave Maria’	*Desdemona*	p40	4’15’’

Track listing

30	'Chi è là?'	*Desdemona, Otello*	p40	3'09''
31	'Diceste questa sera'	*Otello, Desdemona, Emilia*	p40	4'34''
32	'O mentitrice!'	*Otello, Emilia, Cassio, Jago, Lodovico, Montàno*	p42	1'43''
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Total Time 131'21''

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Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901)
Otello (1887)

Lyric drama in four acts

Having achieved a huge degree of international recognition by the time he brought *Aida* to production in 1871, as well as his personal goal of a substantial country estate where he could devote himself to farming and other rural pursuits, it was not easy to entice Verdi back into the theatre. In fact, it took a good deal of persuasion on the part of a number of individuals, among them the composer's wife, the former soprano Giuseppina Strepponi, and his publisher, Giulio Ricordi; and the involvement of two figures above all – the composer-librettist Boito and the playwright Shakespeare.

Shakespeare's involvement, necessarily, was not an active one. Arrigo Boito (1842–1918) was one of the most talented figures working in the 19th-century Italian operatic environment, but also one whose complex relationship with Verdi had not always been easy. A former student at the Milan Conservatory, as a young man, Boito had allied himself to an iconoclastic artistic movement known as the *Scapigliature* ('the Unkempt Ones') who set themselves up to reform Italian art, and specifically opera, on more international lines. The influences of Meyerbeer and Wagner were held up as exemplars to follow. In 1863, despite having collaborated with Verdi on the *Inno delle nazione* ('Hymn of the Nations'), Boito took it upon himself to launch an attack on the present state of Italian art in a poem which advocated the cleansing of the altar currently 'soiled like the street walls of a brothel'. Verdi was understandably insulted, and for years afterwards would quote this text when the name of Boito came up.

Boito himself, having produced a *Hamlet* libretto for his friend and fellow-progressive, the conductor and composer Franco Faccio in 1865, reached the apogee of fame – or perhaps notoriety – with the première of his own hugely ambitious *Mefistofele* at La Scala in 1868. The work divided the audience and caused a scandal, though some years later, and in revised form, it would enter the international repertoire. But because of its highly mixed initial reception, Boito spent much of the succeeding decades either translating foreign librettos or writing new ones for other composers – notably *La falce* for Catalani in 1875 and *La Gioconda* for Ponchielli the following year. His second major opera, *Nerone*, first contemplated during the early 1860s, was left incomplete at his death nearly 60 years later.

It was only in 1879, when Verdi was already eight years into his 'retirement' from stage composition, that a rapprochement between the two was effected through the offices of Faccio and Ricordi. A collaboration on Shakespeare's *Othello* was mooted, but Verdi, ever cautious about committing himself to a major undertaking, and now in his mid-sixties, took his time to ponder the matter. By way of a trial run, he set Boito the task of helping him refashion *Simon Boccanegra*, one of his most forward-looking and original operas, which had fallen largely on deaf ears at its première in 1857. Likening it to a three-legged table, Verdi suggested that working with his new collaborator might 'set it on its feet'. The result, unveiled at La Scala in 1881, turned an interesting yet problematic work into a masterpiece.

The collaborative process had been a happy one. In Boito, Verdi found not merely an immensely skilled and supremely practical writer for the musical stage, but – almost unique among librettists – one who had an equal understanding of opera from a composer's viewpoint. His compression of Shakespeare's text has frequently and justly been termed masterly. In his additions and alterations, too, the effect of his work is telling, and very much of a piece with what we know of his own metaphysical beliefs. Boito was an adherent of dualism who believed that human existence was shaped and influenced by the independent principles of good and evil. Among his published works is the allegorical poem *Re Orso*, which focuses on the image of the 'eternal worm' – the destructive force whose dynamic energy interposes itself within and poisons all human endeavours. Central to his treatment of the demon Mephistopheles in his operatic version of Goethe's *Faust* is the concept of the spirit of negation. 'I am the spirit that forever negates all', Mephistopheles tells Faust, 'I wish for nothingness and the universal ruin of all creation'. In the famous *Credo* in Act II of *Otello* – a piece that has no counterpart in Shakespeare – he tells us: 'I am evil because I am a man, and feel the primæval slime within me'. Unlike Shakespeare's Iago, who is caught and held for questioning, Boito's Jago flees into the night.

Metaphysics apart, there is a sense too in which Boito discovered in Verdi the composer he had been looking for, and probably had himself hoped to become. Back in his heady youth as a reformist he had penned articles outlining a future for Italian opera with specific prescriptions for its return to artistic health. In the magazine *Figaro*, in 1864, for example, he had advocated:

1 – The complete obliteration of formula [by which he meant – as another of his articles makes clear – arias, rondos, cabalettas, strettos, ritornellos, concerted pieces and so forth – the stock-in-trade construction blocks utilised by Verdi and his predecessors].

2 – The creation of form [which Boito defined, rather vaguely, as 'the extrinsic manifestation, the fine clay of art'].

3 – The actualisation of the vastest tonal and rhythmic development possible today.

4 – The supreme incarnation of the drama.

Verdi himself would never have tabulated such a programme for artistic action; he himself preferred rather to act. And while modern commentators might regard it as facile to refer to Verdi's complex development as one of simple straightforward progress, there is an undoubted correlation between the hypothetical composer Boito was seeking to encourage in 1864 and the real composer Verdi – working by his own methods, and at his own pace – had become by the 1880s.

In setting out his theoretical policies, Boito was hoping to inspire a leap of artistic imagination. In subsequently joining forces with Verdi, he was able to achieve far more than that, for together they created a masterpiece, a miracle, even, of musical theatre. And there was one further miracle still to come, for six years later they produced *Falstaff*, the antipole to *Otello*, and a work in which Boito's eternal spirit of negation is finally drowned out by the sound of human laughter.

Programme note © George Hall
George Hall writes widely on classical music for *BBC Opera*, *Opera Now* and *Opera News*, amongst others.

Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901)
Otello (1887)

Drame lyrique en quatre actes

Comme Verdi jouissait d'une reconnaissance internationale gigantesque depuis l'époque où il avait créé *Aida* (1871), et qu'il avait atteint le but qu'il s'était fixé de posséder un vaste domaine à la campagne et de s'y adonner à l'agriculture et à d'autres activités rurales, il ne fut pas aisé de le ramener au théâtre. En fait, il fallut une certaine force de persuasion à plusieurs personnes, au nombre desquelles l'épouse du compositeur, l'ancienne soprano Giuseppina Strepponi, et son éditeur, Giulio Ricordi ; il fallut surtout impliquer deux personnalités hors du commun : le compositeur et librettiste Arrigo Boito et le dramaturge William Shakespeare.

Par la force des choses, la collaboration de Shakespeare resta passive. Quant à Arrigo Boito (1842–1918), c'était l'un des plus grands talents naviguant autour de l'opéra italien du XIXe siècle, mais ses relations, complexes, avec Verdi ne furent pas toujours faciles. Ancien élève du Conservatoire de Milan, Boito s'était allié, dans sa jeunesse, à un mouvement artistique iconoclaste, la Scapigliatura (« la Bohème »), qui avait pour ambition de réformer l'art italien, tout spécialement l'opéra, pour lui conférer un statut plus international. Les influences de Meyerbeer et Wagner furent cités comme les exemples à suivre. En 1863, bien qu'il eût collaboré avec Verdi dans l'*Inno delle nazione* (« Hymne des nations »), Boito prit l'initiative d'une attaque contre l'état présent de l'art italien, dans un poème qui préconisait le nettoyage de l'autel alors « souillé comme les murs extérieurs d'un bordel ». On comprend que Verdi se soit senti insulté ; il continua, bien des années après cela, à citer ce texte lorsque le nom de Boito venait dans la conversation.

Boito lui-même, qui en 1865 avait écrit un livret sur *Hamlet* pour son ami le chef d'orchestre et compositeur Franco Faccio, lui aussi progressiste, atteint le sommet de sa renommée – ou peut-être de sa notoriété – avec la création de son propre opéra, un ouvrage extrêmement ambitieux, *Mefistofele*, à la Scala en 1868. L'œuvre partagea le public et fit scandale, même si elle devait quelques années plus tard, dans une version remaniée, s'imposer au répertoire international. Mais, à cause de cet accueil pour le moins divisé, Boito passa l'essentiel des décennies suivantes à traduire plutôt des livrets étrangers ou à en écrire de nouveaux à l'intention d'autres compositeurs – notamment *La falce* pour Catalani en 1875 et *La Gioconda* pour Ponchielli l'année suivante. Son second opéra majeur, *Nerone*, auquel il avait commencé à songer dans les années 1860, resterait inachevé à sa mort, près de soixante ans plus tard.

C'est seulement en 1879, alors que Verdi s'était retiré depuis huit ans déjà de la composition d'opéras, qu'un rapprochement entre les deux hommes fut opéré par l'entremise de Faccio et Ricordi. On discuta d'une collaboration sur l'*Othello* de Shakespeare, mais Verdi, toujours prudent avant de s'engager dans une entreprise d'envergure, et désormais au milieu de la soixantaine, prit son temps pour réfléchir à la situation. A titre d'essai, il confia à Boito la tâche de l'aider dans la refonte de *Simon Boccanegra*, un de ses opéras les plus innovateurs et originaux, qui était largement tombé dans l'oubli après sa création en 1857. Comparant l'ouvrage à une table à trois pieds, Verdi pensait que travailler avec son nouveau collaborateur le « remettr[ait] sur pied ». Le résultat, dévoilé à la Scala en 1881, transforma une partition intéressante mais problématique en chef-d'œuvre.

La collaboration s'était déroulée pour le mieux. En Boito, Verdi avait trouvé un écrivain pour la scène lyrique non seulement extrêmement doué et suprêmement pragmatique, mais – fait pour ainsi dire unique parmi les librettistes – qui comprenait l'opéra également du point de vue du compositeur. La manière dont Boito a condensé le texte de Shakespeare a souvent été qualifiée de magistrale, à juste titre. Les ajouts et les altérations qu'il y a apportées sont également parlantes, et nous renseignent sur ce que nous connaissons de ses croyances métaphysiques. Boito adhérait au dualisme, qui croyait que l'existence humaine était façonnée et influencée par les principes indépendants du bien et du mal. Parmi ses œuvres publiées figure le poème allégorique *Re Orso*, centré sur l'image du « ver éternel » – la force destructive dont l'énergie dynamique s'interpose pour empoisonner toutes les entreprises humaines. Fondamental, dans la manière dont il traite le démon Méphistophélès dans sa version lyrique du *Faust* de Goethe, est le concept de l'esprit de négation. « Je suis l'esprit qui toujours nie », dit Méphistophélès à Faust, « j'aspire au néant et je souhaite l'anéantissement de toute création ». Dans son célèbre *Credo* de l'acte II d'*Otello* – un passage qui n'existe pas chez Shakespeare – il nous dit : « Je suis scélérat parce que je suis homme, et je sens la fange originelle à l'intérieur de moi. » A la différence du Iago de Shakespeare, qui est attrapé et interrogé, celui de Boito s'enfuit dans la nuit.

Si l'on excepte la métaphysique, il y a un autre aspect sous lequel Boito découvrit en Verdi le compositeur qu'il appelait de ses vœux, et probablement celui qu'il aurait voulu être lui-même. Dans sa jeunesse exaltée de réformiste,

il avait écrit des articles qui dessinaient un futur pour l'opéra italien en prônant spécifiquement son retour à la santé artistique. Dans le magazine *Figaro*, en 1864, il avait par exemple défendu les idées suivantes :

1) L'abandon total des formules [il désignait ainsi – comme le définit clairement un autre de ses articles – arias, rondos, cabalettes, strettes, ritournelles, morceaux concertants et ainsi de suite – le stock de briques de construction utilisé par Verdi et ses prédécesseurs].

2) La création d'une forme [que Boito définissait, d'une manière assez vague, comme « la manifestation extrinsèque, la belle argile de l'art »].

3) La mise au goût du jour des développements tonals et rythmiques le plus larges possible à l'époque.

4) L'incarnation suprême du drame.

Verdi n'aurait lui-même jamais établi un tel programme d'action artistique ; pour sa part, il préférait agir. Et, si certains commentateurs modernes trouvent facile d'appréhender son développement complexe comme une progression en ligne droite, il y a une corrélation irréfutable entre le compositeur hypothétique que Boito désirait encourager en 1864 et le compositeur réel que Verdi – qui travaillait selon ses propres méthodes, et à son propre rythme – était devenu dans les années 1880.

En formulant ses lignes de conduite théoriques, Boito espérait susciter un bond dans l'imagination artistique. En joignant par la suite ses forces à celles de Verdi, il eut la possibilité d'accomplir bien plus encore, car ils créèrent ensemble un chef-d'œuvre, un miracle, même, de théâtre lyrique. Et il y aurait encore un miracle à venir, puisque six ans plus tard ils firent naître *Falstaff*, l'antipode d'*Otello*, un ouvrage dans lequel l'éternel esprit de négation de Boito serait finalement englouti sous les résonances du rire humain.

Notes de programme © George Hall
George Hall écrit de nombreux articles sur la musique, notamment pour *BBC Opera*, *Opera Now* et *Opera News*.

Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901)
Otello (1887)

Lyrisches Drama in vier Akten

Als Verdi 1871 *Aida* zur Inszenierung freigab, genoss er eine riesige internationale Anerkennung und hatte mit dem Erwerb eines beachtlichen Landguts sein persönliches Ziel erreicht, wo er sich der Landwirtschaft und anderen ländlichen Beschäftigungen widmen konnte. Unter diesen Umständen war es nicht einfach, Verdi zurück ins Theater zu locken. Tatsächlich bedurfte es erheblicher Überzeugungsarbeit diverser Personen, wie zum Beispiel der Frau des Komponisten, der ehemaligen Sopranistin Giuseppina Strepponi, und seines Verlegers Giulio Ricordi. Allen voran machten zwei Menschen ihren Einfluss geltend – der Komponist und Librettist Boito und der Autor Shakespeare.

Shakespeare nahm offensichtlich keinen aktiven Einfluss. Arrigo Boito (1842–1918) gehörte zu den talentiertesten Persönlichkeiten in den italienischen Opernkreisen des 19. Jahrhunderts. Seine komplexe Beziehung zu Verdi verlief jedoch nicht immer einfach. Boito hatte am Mailänder Konservatorium studiert und sich als junger Mann einer ikonoklastischen Künstlerbewegung angeschlossen, die als *Scapigliature* (ungefähr „die Gruppe mit den zerzausten Haaren") bekannt wurde und sich zum Ziel gesetzt hatte, die italienische Kunst und dabei besonders die Oper stärker international auszurichten. Die Gruppe pries die Werke von Meyerbeer und Wagner als Vorbilder zur Nachahmung. Trotz der Zusammenarbeit mit Verdi an der *Inno delle nazione* (Hymne der Völker) 1863 meinte Boito in einem seiner Gedichte, einen Angriff auf den herrschenden Zustand der italienischen Kunst starten zu müssen. Das Gedicht rief zur Reinigung des Altars auf, vom dem Boito behauptete, er wäre damals „verdreckt wie die Straßenwände eines Bordells". [Alle Zitate sind Übersetzungen aus dem Englischen, d. Ü.] Verdi fühlte sich verständlicherweise beleidigt, und noch viele Jahre danach zitierte er diesen Text bei der Erwähnung des Namens Boito.

Boito wiederum erreichte, nachdem er 1865 für seinen Freund und Mitstreiter für das Progressive, den Dirigenten und Komponisten Franco Faccio, ein *Hamlet*-Libretto geschrieben hatte, mit der Uraufführung seiner eigenen, ungeheuer ehrgeizigen Oper *Mefistofele* 1868 an der La Scala den Zenit seines Ruhms – oder vielleicht seines berühmt-berüchtigten Rufes. Das Werk schied das Publikum in Befürworter und Gegner und erregte einen Skandal. Jedoch sollte es einige Jahre später und in überarbeiteter Form weltweit Eingang in das Bühnenrepertoire finden. Aber aufgrund der sehr geteilten Aufnahme des Werkes bei seiner Uraufführung widmete sich Boito in den darauf folgenden Jahrzehnten hauptsächlich dem Übersetzen von ausländischen Libretti oder dem Verfassen von neuen Libretti für andere Komponisten. Besondere Erwähnung verdienen hier *La falce* für Catalani 1875 und *La Gioconda* für Ponchielli im Jahr darauf. Boitos zweite große Oper, *Nerone*, die er erstmals in den frühen 1860ern in Erwägung zog, war noch bei seinem Tod fast 60 Jahre später unvollendet.

Erst 1879, als Verdi schon acht Jahre lang keine Bühnenwerke mehr komponiert hatte, wurde eine Versöhnung mit Boito durch die Vermittlung von Faccio und Ricordi erwirkt. Es kursierten Gerüchte über eine Zusammenarbeit an Shakespeares *Othello*. Doch Verdi, der nun Mitte sechzig war und sich schon immer nur mit großer Vorsicht an ein großes Projekt gebunden hatte, ließ sich Zeit, über die Sache nachzudenken. Versuchsweise bat er Boito um Hilfe bei der Bearbeitung von *Simon Boccanegra*, einer der zukunftsträchtigsten und originellsten Opern Verdis, die bei ihrer Uraufführung 1857 mehr oder weniger auf Unverständnis gestoßen war. Verdi wählte den Vergleich mit einem dreibeinigen Tisch und meinte, die Arbeit mit seinem neuen Mitarbeiter würde die Oper „auf ihre Füße stellen". Das Resultat wurde 1881 an der La Scala enthüllt: Ein interessantes, wenn auch problematisches Stück hatte sich in ein Meisterwerk verwandelt.

Die Zusammenarbeit war produktiv verlaufen. Verdi hatte in Boito nicht nur einen äußerst fähigen und extrem praktisch denkenden Librettisten für das Musiktheater gefunden, sondern auch einen, der – fast einzigartig unter Librettisten – ein ebenso großes Verständnis für die Oper aus dem Gesichtspunkt eines Komponisten aufbrachte. Boitos Komprimierung von Shakespeares Text wurde häufig und mit Recht als meisterhaft bezeichnet. Seine Zusätze und Änderungen prägen das Werk sehr und bringen stark das zum Ausdruck, was wir von seinen eigenen metaphysischen Ansichten wissen. Boito war ein Anhänger des Dualismus und glaubte deshalb, dass die menschliche Existenz von den voneinander unabhängigen Prinzipien des Guten und des Bösen geformt und beeinflusst wird. Zu seinen veröffentlichten Arbeiten gehört das allegorische Gedicht *Re Orso*, das sich mit dem Bildnis eines „ewigen Wurms" beschäftigt – eine destruktive Kraft, deren dynamische Energie sich durch alle menschlichen Bemühungen zieht und sie vergiftet. Entscheidend für Boitos Behandlung des Teufels Mephisto in seiner Opernfassung von Goethes *Faust* ist das Konzept vom Geist der Verneinung. „Ich bin der Geist, der stets verneint", erklärt Mephisto dem Faust, „Ich strebe nach dem Nichts und dem völligen Untergang aller Schöpfung." In dem berühmten Kredo im zweiten Akt des *Otellos* – ein Abschnitt ohne Vorbild in Shakespeare –

erklärt uns Boitos Jago: „Ich bin schlecht, weil ich ein Mensch bin, und fühle den Urschleim in mir.“ Im Gegensatz zu Shakespeares Jago, der gefangen und verhört wird, flieht Boitos Jago in die Nacht.

Mal von der Metaphysik abgesehen entsteht auch der Eindruck, als ob Boito in Verdi den Komponisten fand, nach dem er gesucht hatte und der er womöglich selber einmal werden wollte. Damals in seiner unbesonnenen Jugend als Erneuerer hatte er Artikel über die Zukunft der italienischen Oper verfasst einschließlich genauer Vorschriften, unter Befolgung derer die Oper angeblich ihre künstlerische Gesundheit wiedergewinnen könnte. In der Zeitschrift Figaro proklamierte er 1864 zum Beispiel:

1 Die vollständige Zerstörung von Formeln [damit meinte er – wie ein anderer Artikel von ihm ausspricht – Arien, Rondos, Cabaletten, Strettas, Ritornelle, konzertante Stücke usw., also das feste Repertoire der von Verdi und seinen Vorgängern verwendeten Konstruktionsblöcke].

2 Die Schaffung von Form [die Boito ziemlich wage als „die äußere Manifestation, die Modelliermasse der Kunst“ definierte].

3 Die Realisierung der heutzutage größtmöglichen tonalen und rhythmischen Entwicklung.

4 Die äußerste Verkörperung des Dramas.

Verdi hätte nie so ein Programm zum künstlerischen Handeln vorgeschrieben, er selber zog das Handeln vor. Nun mögen einige moderne Kommentatoren eine Beschreibung von Verdis komplexer Entwicklung als einen einfachen geradlinigen Verlauf für oberflächlich halten, doch gibt es zweifellos eine Beziehung zwischen dem hypothetischen Komponisten, den sich Boito 1864 agitierend erhoffte, und dem realen Komponisten Verdi der 1880er Jahre – der mit seinen eigenen Methoden und in seinem eigenen Tempo arbeitete.

Mit der Darlegung seiner theoretischen Prinzipien hoffte Boito, zu Höhenflügen künstlerischer Kreativität anzuregen. Als er sich später mit Verdi zusammenschloss, konnte er viel mehr erreichen, denn zusammen gelang ihnen ein Meisterwerk, ja geradezu ein Wunder des Musiktheaters. Noch ein weiteres Wunder sollte geschehen. Denn sechs Jahre danach schufen die beiden Künstler den Falstaff, das Gegenstück zum Otello und ein Werk, in dem Boitos Geist der ewigen Verneinung endlich vom Schall menschlichen Lachens übertönt wird.

Einführungstext © George Hall
George Hall schreibt für unter anderem die britischen Zeitschriften *BBC Opera*, *Opera Now* und *Opera News* über ein breites Themenspektrum in klassischer Musik.

Synopsis

Act One
A seaport in Cyprus towards the end of the 15th century. The populace watches a sea-battle raging during a fierce storm. Otello and his Venetian forces triumph over the Turks and he enters to universal acclaim. Jago, Otello's ensign, comforts Roderigo, who has fallen in love with Otello's wife, Desdemona. Jago admits to him that he hates the Moorish leader and will aid him in his quest. As the Cypriots celebrate, Cassio, Otello's second in command, egged on by Jago, becomes increasingly drunk. Jago tells the former Cypriot governor Montàno that this is habitual. Roderigo instigates a fight with Cassio that quickly escalates and involves Montàno, who is wounded. Otello arrives to restore order and dismisses Cassio from his post. Desdemona, disturbed by the noise, enters, and as the crowd disperses she and Otello contemplate the rocky path of their love, which they reaffirm with a kiss.

Act Two
Inside the castle, Jago, joking with Cassio about Cassio's mistress, Bianca, tells him that the way back into Otello's favour is through Desdemona. He sees this as an opportunity to further his scheme to destroy Otello and, left alone, ponders his own evil nature as the creation of a cruel God. Desdemona is walking in the garden and Jago sends Cassio off to speak with her. When Otello enters, Jago begins to insinuate that there is an illicit relationship between Cassio and Desdemona. Insecure and jealous by nature, Otello quickly takes the bait. Warning Otello of jealousy, Jago suggests he watch them closely. Cypriot women and children pay homage to Desdemona. She intercedes with Otello for the contrite Cassio. Otello drops her handkerchief to the ground, which Emilia – Jago's wife – picks up. Jago wrenches it from her. Disconcerted by Otello's ill-humour, Desdemona leaves. Jago continues to poison Otello's mind against her. Otello quickly assumes the worst and demands proof of Desdemona's unfaithfulness. Jago describes Cassio muttering about making love to Desdemona when half asleep, and says he has seen him with her handkerchief. Otello is convinced, and Jago joins with him in a vow of bloody vengeance.

Act Three
In the castle's great hall, the Herald announces the arrival of Lodovico, the Venetian ambassador. As Jago whispers to Otello about Cassio's guilt, he scarcely notices. Desdemona enters to find her husband a changed man, full of barely repressed anger towards her. He demands her handkerchief, and when she cannot produce it warns her of dire consequences. Misguidedly she returns to her pleas for Cassio to be forgiven. Otello, now furious, accuses her of unfaithfulness. Perplexed and miserable, she begins to weep. He pushes her out and contemplates his own despair. Jago brings Cassio in and Otello hides behind a pillar. As he listens to their conversation, Otello misinterprets, as Jago intends, Cassio's joking about Bianca to refer to Desdemona. Cassio has discovered Desdemona's handkerchief left at his lodgings by an unknown hand (Jago's). Otello is now utterly convinced. Trumpets sound and Lodovico and the entire court enter. Lodovico brings Otello instructions nominating Cassio as his successor in Cyprus. Beside himself with grief and anger, Otello flings the weeping Desdemona to the ground. All are horrified. In the confusion, Jago offers to murder Cassio while Otello will strangle Desdemona. Otello dismisses the assembly and curses Desdemona, then collapses. As off-stage voices formally praise Otello, Jago places his foot on his unconscious body.

Act Four
Desdemona's bedroom. Her maid Emilia is helping her prepare to sleep. She has a premonition of death and sings an old song she learned from her own mother's maid, the 'Willow Song'. She embraces Emilia, who leaves, then prays to the Virgin. She lies down. Otello enters, carrying a scimitar, extinguishes the candle and, contemplating his sleeping wife, kisses her three times. She awakens. He accuses her of infidelity, which she denies, and announces that he is going to kill her. She pleads her innocence to no avail. He strangles her. Emilia knocks at the door, announcing that Cassio has killed Roderigo. As Emilia enters, she hears Desdemona's dying groans. She declares that she has killed herself. As Emilia accuses Otello, he tells her of Jago's evidence, which she refutes. She calls for help and Cassio rushes in with Jago and Lodovico. Montàno enters with further information about Jago's treachery, which is finally revealed. He flees. Otello seizes his scimitar, warding off Lodovico. He mourns Desdemona, and then stabs himself, struggling in his final moments to kiss her once more.

Synopsis © George Hall

Synopsis

Acte I
Un port maritime à Chypre à la fin du XVe siècle. Sous les yeux du peuple, une bataille navale fait rage au milieu d'une violente tempête. A la tête de ses troupes vénitiennes, Otello l'emporte sur les Turcs, et il fait son arrivée sous les acclamations générales. Iago, l'enseigne d'Otello, console Roderigo, qui est tombé amoureux de l'épouse d'Otello, Desdemona. Iago lui avoue qu'il hait le chef maure et va aider Roderigo dans sa quête. Tandis que les Chypriotes célèbrent la victoire, Cassio, le second d'Otello, sombre dans l'ivresse, poussé par Iago. Ce dernier dit à l'ancien gouverneur chypriote Montàno qu'une telle conduite est habituelle. Roderigo provoque une bagarre avec Cassio, bagarre qui dégénère rapidement et implique Montàno, lequel est blessé. Otello arrive à restaurer l'ordre et démet Cassio de ses fonctions. Desdemona, dérangée par le bruit, fait son entrée ; tandis que la foule se disperse, Otello et elle considèrent le chemin escarpé de leur amour, qu'ils se réaffirment d'un baiser.

Acte II
A l'intérieur du château, Iago plaisante avec Cassio à propos de la maîtresse de celui-ci, Bianca ; il lui dit que, grâce à Desdemona, il peut regagner les faveurs d'Otello. Il là un biais pour parvenir à ses fins : détruire Otello ; resté seul, il médite sur sa propre nature maléfique, créature d'un dieu cruel. Desdemona se promène dans le jardin, et Iago envoie Cassio lui parler. A l'entrée d'Otello, Iago commence à insinuer qu'une relation illégitime s'est nouée entre Cassio et Desdemona. Inquiet et jaloux de nature, Otello mord aussitôt à l'hameçon. Tout en mettant Otello en garde contre toute jalousie, Iago lui suggère de les observer de près. Les femmes et les enfants de Chypre rendent hommage à Desdemona. Celle-ci intercède auprès d'Otello en faveur de Cassio repentant. Otello laisse tomber son mouchoir à terre, et Emilia – la femme de Iago – le ramasse. Iago le lui arrache. Déconcertée par la mauvaise humeur d'Otello, Desdemona quitte les lieux. Iago continue de distiller son poison dans l'esprit d'Otello. Celui-ci imagine bientôt le pire et demande la preuve de l'infidélité de Desdemona. Iago décrit comment Cassio racontait, en marmonnant dans un demi-sommeil, avoir fait l'amour à Desdemona ; il ajoute avoir vu Cassio en possession du mouchoir de la jeune femme. Otello est convaincu, et Iago se joint à lui dans un serment de vengeance sanglante.

Acte III
Dans le grand hall du château, le Héraut annonce l'arrivée de Lodovico, l'ambassadeur de Venise. Comme Iago parle à voix basse, avec Otello, de la culpabilité de Cassio, il le remarque à peine. Desdemona entre et trouve en son mari totalement changé, empli d'une colère à peine contenue à son égard. Otello lui demande son mouchoir et, comme elle n'est pas en mesure de le lui donner, il la menace des pires représailles. D'une manière

peu avisée, elle le supplie à nouveau de pardonner à Cassio. A présent hors de lui, Otello l'accuse d'infidélité. Interloquée et accablée, elle se met à pleurer. Otello renvoie sa femme et médite sur son propre désespoir. Iago fait entrer Cassio et Otello se cache derrière un pilier. Entendant leur conversation, Otello en tire des conclusions erronées, comme c'était le dessein de Iago, pensant que les railleries de Cassio à propos de Bianca font référence à Desdemona. Cassio a découvert le mouchoir de Desdemona, laissé dans ses appartements par une main inconnue (celle de Iago). Otello est à présent complètement convaincu. Des trompettes résonnent et Lodovico fait son entrée, accompagné de la cour au complet. Il transmet à Otello des instructions faisant de Cassio son successeur à Chypre. Hors de lui de chagrin et de colère, Otello jette au sol Desdemona, en pleurs, déclenchant l'horreur générale. Dans la confusion, Iago propose d'assassiner Cassio, tandis qu'Otello veut étrangler Desdemona. Otello chasse l'assemblée et maudit Desdemona avant de s'évanouir. Tandis que des voix en coulisse chantent solennellement les louanges d'Otello, Iago pose son pied sur son corps inanimé.

Acte IV
La chambre à coucher de Desdemona. Sa femme de chambre Emilia l'aide à se préparer pour la nuit. Dans une prémonition de sa mort, elle chante une vieille chanson qu'elle a apprise de la femme de chambre de sa propre mère, la « Chanson du saule ». Elle embrasse Emilia, qui s'en va, puis prie la Vierge. Elle se couche. Otello entre, portant une cimeterre ; il éteint la chandelle puis, contemplant sa femme endormie, l'embrasse à trois reprises. Elle se réveille. Il l'accuse d'infidélité, ce qu'elle nie, et lui annonce qu'il va la tuer. Elle proteste en vain de son innocence. Il l'étrangle. Emilia frappe à la porte, annonçant que Cassio a tué Roderigo. En pénétrant dans la chambre, Emilia entend les râles de Desdemona mourante, qui prétend s'être donné la mort. Lorsque Emilia accuse Otello, il lui fait part du témoignage de Iago, qu'elle dénie. Elle appelle à l'aide et Cassio se précipite dans la chambre avec Iago et Lodovico. Montàno entre avec de nouvelles révélations sur la traîtrise de Iago, qui éclate à présent au grand jour. Iago s'enfuit. Otello saisit sa cimeterre, évitant Lodovico. Il pleure la mort de Desdemona, puis se poignarde, rassemblant ses dernières forces pour embrasser sa femme une dernière fois.

Synopsis © George Hall

Traduction: Claire Delamarche

Handlung

Erster Akt
Eine Hafenstadt in Zypern gegen Ende des 15. Jahrhunderts. Das Volk sieht einer Seeschlacht zu, die während eines heftigen Unwetters ausgetragen wird. Otello und seine venezianischen Truppen siegen über die Türken. Umjubelt tritt Otello auf die Bühne. Jago, Otellos Fähnrich, tröstet Rodrigo, der sich in Otellos Frau Desdemona verliebt hat. Jago offenbart Rodrigo, dass er den dunkelhäutigen Vorgesetzten hasst und Rodrigo in seinem Streben unterstützen wird. Bei den Festlichkeiten der Zyprier wird Cassio, Otellos zweiter Befehlshaber, von Jago animiert zunehmend betrunken. Jago erzählt dem ehemaligen Kommandanten von Zypern, Montàno, Cassio würde auch sonst viel trinken. Rodrigo zettelt einen Streit mit Cassio an, der schnell eskaliert und Montàno mit hineinzieht, der dabei verwundet wird. Otello kommt hinzu, stellt die Ordnung wieder her und degradiert Cassio. Die vom Lärm beunruhigte Desdemona tritt auf. Nachdem sich das Volk wieder verstreut hat, reflektieren sie und Otello über die Schwierigkeiten, mit denen ihre Liebe konfrontiert war. Mit einem Kuss beteuern sie sich erneut ihre Liebe.

Zweiter Akt
Im Schloss scherzt Jago mit Cassio über Cassios Geliebte Bianca. Jago meint, Cassio könne sich bei Otello über Desdemona wieder einen guten Stand verschaffen. Jago glaubt damit, seinen Plan zur Beseitigung Otellos zu fördern. Wieder allein denkt er über seine eigene böse Natur nach und erklärt sie als die Schöpfung eines grausamen Gottes. Desdemona spaziert gerade durch den Garten, und Jago empfiehlt Cassio, mit ihr zu sprechen. Wenn Otello auftritt, beginnt Jago Andeutungen fallen zu lassen, es gäbe eine unlautere Beziehung zwischen Cassio und Desdemona. Von Natur aus unsicher und eifersüchtig beißt Otello schnell an. Jago mag zwar Otello vor der Eifersucht warnen, legt ihm aber gleichzeitig nahe, die beiden genauer zu beobachten. Zypriotische Frauen und Kinder huldigen Desdemona. Sie setzt sich bei Otello für den reumütigen Cassio ein. Otello wirft ihr Taschentuch zu Boden, das Emilia – Jagos Frau – aufhebt. Jago entreißt es ihr. Verwirrt durch Otellos schlechte Laune tritt Desdemona ab. Jago vergiftet weiter Otellos Glauben an Desdemonas Liebe. Otello denkt schnell an das Schlimmste und fordert Beweise für ihre Untreue. Jago behauptet, Cassio hätte schlaftrunken gebrummelt, wie er und Desdemona miteinander geschlafen hätten. Jago sagt auch, Cassio trüge ihr Taschentuch bei sich. Otello ist überzeugt, und zusammen mit Jago schwört er blutige Rache.

Dritter Akt
Im Hauptsaal des Schlosses kündigt der Herold die Ankunft des venezianischen Gesandten Lodovico an. Als Jago dem Otello etwas über Cassios Schuld zuflüstert, nimmt er davon kaum Notiz. Desdemona tritt auf und trifft auf einen völlig veränderten Mann, voller unterdrückter Rage ihr gegenüber. Er fordert ihr Taschentuch, und als sie es nicht vorzeigen kann, droht er ihr schreckliche Folgen an. Töricht bittet sie erneut um Cassios Vergebung. Der mittlerweile völlig rasende Otello wirft ihr Untreue vor. Vor den Kopf geschlagen und hilflos beginnt sie zu weinen. Er schmeißt sie heraus und gibt sich seiner eigenen Verzweiflung hin. Jago bringt Cassio herein, und Otello versteckt sich hinter einer Säule. Beim Belauschen ihrer Konversation glaubt Otello fälschlicherweise, jedoch genau nach Jagos Plan, Cassio würde über Desdemona scherzen. Dabei hatte er über Bianca gesprochen. Cassio zeigt auch das in seiner Unterkunft von unbekannter Hand (Jago) hinterlegte Taschentuch Desdemonas vor. Otello ist nun völlig überzeugt. Unter Trompetenklängen kommen Lodovico und der gesamte Hof auf die Bühne. Lodovico übermittelt an Otello die Aufforderung, Cassio als seinen Nachfolger in Zypern zu ernennen. Völlig außer sich vor Verzweiflung und Wut schleudert Otello die weinende Desdemona zu Boden. Alle sind entsetzt. In dem Durcheinander bietet sich Jago an, Cassio zu töten, während Otello Desdemona erwürgen soll. Otello schickt die versammelte Masse weg, verflucht Desdemona und bricht dann zusammen. Während Stimmen hinter der Bühne Otello preisen, wie es die Form verlangt, setzt Jago seinen Fuß auf den bewusstlosen Körper.

Vierter Akt
Desdemonas Schlafzimmer. Ihre Hofdame Emilia hilft ihr, sich auf die Bettruhe vorzubereiten. Desdemona hat Vorahnungen vom Tod und singt ein altes Lied, das sie von der Maid ihrer Mutter gelernt hatte, das "Weidenlied". Desdemona umarmt Emilia, die dann das Zimmer verlässt, und betet zur Jungfrau Maria. Sie geht zu Bett. Otello tritt ein und trägt einen Dolch bei sich. Er löscht die Kerze und küsst seine schlafende Frau drei Mal, während er über sie nachdenkt. Sie wacht auf. Er wirft ihr Untreue vor, was sie bestreitet, und kündigt an, dass er sie töten wird. Sie beteuert vergebens ihre Unschuld. Er erwürgt sie. Emilia klopft an die Tür und ruft, dass Cassio Rodrigo ermordet hat. Als Emilia eintritt, hört sie Desdemonas sterbendes Geröchel. Desdemona behauptet, sie habe Selbstmord begangen. Als Emilia Otello anklagt, erzählt er ihr von Jagos Beweis, den sie entkräftet. Sie ruft um Hilfe, und Cassio stürzt mit Jago und Lodovico herein. Montàno tritt mit weiteren Informationen über Jagos Verrat auf, der sich schließlich erhärtet. Jago flieht. Otello ergreift seinen Dolch und pariert dabei Lodovico. Er trauert um Desdemona und ersticht sich dann. In seinen letzten Augenblicken versucht er verzweifelt, sie noch einmal zu küssen.

Handlung © George Hall

Übersetzung aus dem Englischen: Elke Hockings

Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901)

Verdi revolutionised Italian opera, finding a powerful musical expression for such themes as abduction, murder, premature death and seduction in early mature works like *Rigoletto* and *La traviata* and, in later life, brilliantly translating Shakespeare's 'heroes' Othello and Falstaff to the operatic stage. Keyboard and other musical studies in Le Roncole and nearby Busseto nurtured the boy's natural talent; however, he failed to gain a place at the Milan Conservatory. Undeterred, Verdi studied privately with Vincenzo Lavigna and duly became Maestro di Cappella in Busseto.

His first marriage ended tragically with the death of his wife in 1840. By then Verdi had completed his first opera, *Oberto*, which was performed in 1839 at La Scala, Milan. A series of works was commissioned by the illustrious Milanese theatre, including *Nabucco* and *I Lombardi*. Their public success led to further commissions elsewhere, with new works created for Venice, Paris, London and Florence. His international profile was enhanced with the triumphant first productions of *Rigoletto* (1851), *Il trovatore* (1853) and *La traviata* (1853). In 1859, Verdi married the soprano Giuseppina Strepponi.

After the censors refused to allow the theme of regicide in *Un ballo in maschera* (1859), Verdi's work was championed by Italy's nationalist movement. By coincidence the letters of his name stood as an acrostic for 'Vittorio Emanuele, Re D'Italia', allowing partisan opera fans to cry 'Viva Verdi' in support of both the composer and Italy's future king.

Between the composition of *Aida* (1871) and *Otello*, created for La Scala in 1887, Verdi wrote little for the stage. His final opera, *Falstaff*, was immediately recognised as a masterpiece.

Profile © Andrew Stewart
Andrew Stewart is a freelance music journalist and writer. He is the author of *The LSO at 90*, and contributes to a wide variety of specialist classical music publications.

Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901)

Verdi a bouleversé l'opéra italien, trouvant une expression musicale puissante à des sujets comme l'enlèvement, le meurtre, la mort prématurée et la séduction, dès ses premières œuvres de maturité telles que *Rigoletto* et *La traviata* et, à la fin de sa vie, en transportant à la scène lyrique d'une manière brillantissime les personnages shakespeariens d'Othello et Falstaff. L'étude des instruments à claviers et d'autres matières musicales, suivies aux Roncole puis dans la cité proche de Busseto, nourrirent le talent inné du jeune garçon. Verdi échoua à l'entrée du conservatoire de Milan. Sans se laisser démonter, il prit alors des leçons privées auprès de Vincenzo Lavigna et devint comme il se doit maestro di cappella à Busseto.

Son premier mariage se termina tragiquement avec la mort de son épouse en 1840. A cette époque, Verdi avait déjà composé son premier opéra, *Oberto*, représenté en 1839 à la Scala de Milan. L'illustre théâtre milanais passa commande d'une série d'ouvrages, au nombre desquels *Nabucco* et *Les Lombards*. Leur succès public entraîna des commandes d'autres établissements, et de nouvelles partitions furent créées à Venise, Paris, Londres et Florence. Les productions triomphales de *Rigoletto* (1851), *Le Trouvère* (1853) et *La Traviata* (1853) établirent la réputation internationale de Verdi qui, en 1859, épousa la soprano Giuseppina Strepponi.

Après le rejet par la censure du sujet d'*Un bal masqué* (1859), qui met en scène un régicide, l'œuvre de Verdi trouva le soutien du mouvement nationaliste italien. La coïncidence voulait que les lettres de son nom forment l'acrostiche de « Vittorio Emanuele, re d'Italia » ; ainsi les amateurs d'opéras pouvaient-ils, en criant « Viva Verdi », manifester leur engouement pour le compositeur autant que pour le futur roi d'Italie.

Entre la composition d'*Aida* (1871) et celle d'*Otello*, créé à la Scala en 1887, Verdi composa peu pour la scène. Son dernier opéra, *Falstaff* (1893), fut immédiatement salué comme un chef-d'œuvre.

Portrait © Andrew Stewart
Andrew Stewart est un journaliste et écrivain indépendant spécialisé en musique. Il est l'auteur de *The LSO at 90*, et contribue à toutes sortes de publications consacrées à la musique classique.

Traduction: Claire Delamarche

Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901)

Verdi revolutionierte die italienische Oper. Schon in frühen Werken wie *Rigoletto* und *La traviata* fand er beeindruckenden musikalischen Ausdruck für solche Themen wie Entführung, Mord, frühzeitiger Tod und Verführung. Im späteren Leben brachte er Shakespeares Charaktere Othello und Falstaff auf die Opernbühne. Unterweisungen auf Tasteninstrumenten und in Musik in Le Roncole und dem nahe gelegenen Busseto förderten das natürliche Talent des Jungen. Allerdings gelang es ihm nicht, sich einen Platz am Mailänder Konservatorium zu sichern. Unbeeindruckt studierte Verdi privat bei Vincenzo Lavigna und wurde ordnungsgemäß Maestro di cappella in Busseto.

Seine erste Ehe endete 1840 tragisch mit dem Tod seiner Frau. Zuvor hatte Verdi seine erste Oper, *Oberto*, abgeschlossen, die 1839 am Teatro alla Scala, Mailand aufgeführt wurde. Im Auftrag dieses berühmten Mailänder Theaters entstanden eine Reihe von Werken wie zum Beispiel *Nebukadnezar* [Nabucco] und *I Lombardi* [Die Lombarden]. Ihr Erfolg beim Publikum führte zu Aufträgen von anderen Auftraggebern, was neue Werke für Venedig, Paris, London und Florenz bedeutete. Verdis internationale Anerkennung wurde durch die triumphierenden ersten Inszenierungen des *Rigoletto* (1851), *Il trovatore* [Der Troubadour] (1853) und *La traviata* (1853) gestärkt. 1859 heiratete Verdi die Sopranistin Giuseppina Strepponi.

Nachdem die Zensoren ihre Zustimmung zum Thema des Königsmordes in *Un ballo in maschera* [Ein Maskenball] (1859) verweigert hatten, wurde Verdis Werk von Italiens Unabhängigkeitsbewegung gefördert. Zufällig ließen sich die Buchstaben von Verdis Namen als ein Akrostichon für „Vittorio Emanuele, Re D'Italia" interpretieren, was den opernliebenden Partisanen erlaubte, zur Unterstützung sowohl des Komponisten als auch des zukünftigen Königs von Italien „Viva Verdi" zu rufen.

Zwischen der Komposition der *Aida* (1871) und des für die La Scala 1887 geschaffenen *Otello* schrieb Verdi wenig für die Bühne. Seine letzte Oper, *Falstaff*, wurde sofort als ein Meisterwerk verstanden.

Kurzbiographie © Andrew Stewart
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Übersetzung aus dem Englischen: Elke Hockings

ATTO PRIMO

L'esterno del Castello. Una taverna con pergolato. Gli spaldi nel fondo e il mare. È sera. Lampi, tuoni, uragano.

SCENA I

Cipriotti *(tenori)*
1 Una vela!

Cipriotti *(bassi)*
Una vela!

Lampi.

Il Primero Grupo
Un vessillo!

Il Secondo Grupo
Un vessillo!

Un fulmine, lampi e tuoni.

Montàno
È l'alato Leon!

Cassio
Or la folgor lo svela.

Trombe sul palco.

Altri *(che sopraggiungono)*
Uno squillo!

Altri *(che sopraggiungono)*
Uno squillo!

Colpo di Cannone.

Tutti
Ha tuonato il cannon!

Cassio
È la nave del Duce.

ACT ONE

The castle exterior. An inn with a trellised arbor. In the background the quayside and sea. It is evening. Lightning. A thunder-storm rages.

SCENE I

Cypriots *(tenors)*
1 A sail!

Cypriots *(basses)*
A sail!

Lightning.

First Group
A flag!

Second Group
A flag!

Thunder and a flash of lightning.

Montano
It is the winged lion.

Cassio
The lightning reveals it now.

Trumpets sound on stage.

Others *(who are arriving)*
A trumpet blast!

Another group *(who are arriving)*
A trumpet blast!

A cannon shot is heard.

All
The cannon has thundered.

Cassio
It's the General's ship.

Montàno
Or s'affonda, or s'inciela …

Cassio
Erge il rostro dall' onda.

Continui lampi.

Metà del Coro
Nelle nubi si cela e nel mar,
E alla luce dei lampi ne appar.

Lampi e tuoni continui.

Tutti
Lampi! tuoni! gorghi!
turbi tempestosi e fulmini!

Un fulmine.

Treman l'onde! Treman l'aure!
Treman basi e culmini.

Entrano dal fondo molte donne del popolo.

Fende l'etra un torvo
E cieco spirto di vertigine. Ah!
Iddio scuote il cielo bieco,
Come un tetro vel. Ah!
Tutto è fumo! tutto è fuoco! l'orrida caligine
Si fa incendio, poi si spegne più funesta.
Spasima l'universo, accorre a valchi
L'aquilon fantasima,
I titanici oricalchi squillano nel ciel.

Lampi, tuoni e fulmini continui.

Tutti *(con gesti spavento e di supplicazione e rivolti verso lo spaldo)*
Dio, fulgor della bufera!
Dio, sorriso della duna!
Salva l'arca e la bandiera
Della veneta fortuna!
Tu, che reggi gli astri e il Fato!
Tu, che imperi al mondo e al ciel!
Fa che in fondo al mar placato
Posi l'àncora fedel.

Montano
First it sinks down, then it rears up …

Cassio
Its prow rises from the waves.

The lightning continues.

Half of the Chorus
She is lost in the sea and the night
But the lightning reveals her to sight.

The thunder and lightning continue.

All
Lightning! Thunder! Whirlpools!
Storm winds and thunderbolts!

A flash of lightning.

The waves heave! The winds howl,
The sea and mountains quake.

Many townswomen enter from the back.

Through the air some gloomy spectre
Seems to rush and threaten us. Ah!
God shakes the white heavens
Like a gloomy curtain. Ah!
All is smoke! All is fire! The horrible soot
Turns to fire, then dies, still more ghastly.
The universe writhes, the phantom north wind
Rushes through the passes,
Titanic trumpets blare out in the sky.

Continual flashes of lightning and thunder.

All *(with gestures of fright and supplication, facing toward the bastion)*
God, the eye of the storm!
God, the smile of the shore!
Save the vessel and the flag
Of Venetian destiny!
Thou, who rulest the stars and Fate!
Thou, who governest world and sky!
Grant that the faithful anchor
Rest on the bottom of the calmed sea.

Un lampo.

Jago
È infranto l'artimon!

Altro lampo.

Roderigo
Il rostro piomba su quello scoglio!

Coro
Aita! Aita!

Ancora un lampo.

Jago *(a Roderigo)*
L'alvo frenetico del mar sia la sua tomba!

Coro
È salvo! è salvo!

Voci Interne
Gittate i palischermi!

Tuono lontano.

Mano alle funi! Fermi!

Lampo.

Prima Parte del Coro
Forza ai remi!

Seconda Parte del Coro *(scendono la scala dello spaldo)*
Alla riva!

Tuono lontano.

Voci Interne
All'approdo! allo sbarco!

Altre Voci Interne
Evviva! Evviva! Evviva!

Otello *(dalla scala della spiaggia salendo sullo spaldo con seguito di marinai e di soldati)*
2 Esultate!
L'orgoglio musulmano sepolto è in mar;
Nostra e del ciel è gloria!
Dopo l'armi lo vinse l'uragano.

A lightning strike.

Iago
The mainsail's ripped!

Another lightning strike.

Roderigo
The vessel is hurtling towards the cliff!

Chorus
Help! Help!

Another lightning strike.

Iago *(to Roderigo)*
Let the frenzied bed of the sea be his grave!

Chorus
He's safe! He's safe!

Off-stage Voices
Lower the small boats!

Distant thunder.

All hands to the ropes! Make fast!

Lightning.

First Part of the Chorus
Row with all your might!

Second Part of the Chorus *(descending the bastion stairway)*
To the shore!

Distant thunder.

Off-stage Voices
To the landing place! Disembark!

Other Voices Off-stage
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Othello *(climbing to the bastion by the stairs from the beach followed by sailors and soldiers)*
2 Rejoice!
The Moslem's pride is buried in the sea,
The glory is ours and heaven's!
After our arms, the storm defeated him.

Tutti
Evviva Otello! Evviva! Evviva! Evviva! Vittoria! Vittoria! Vittoria!

Otello entra nella ròcca, seguito da Cassio, Montàno e soldati.

Coro
Vittoria! Stermino!
Dispersi, distrutti,
Sepolti nell' orrido
Tumulto piombàr.
Avranno per requie
La sferza dei flutti,
La ridda dei turbini,
L'abisso del mar.
Vittoria! Evviva!

Tuono lontano.

Coro
Si calma la bufera.

Jago *(in disparte a Roderigo)*
3 Roderigo, ebben, che pensi?

Roderigo
D'affogarmi …

Nel fondo è un andirivieni della ciurma che sale dalla scala della spiaggia ed entra nel castello portando armi e bagagli, mentre dei popolani escono da dietro la ròcca portando dei rami da ardere presso lo spaldo; alcuni soldati con fiaccole illuminano la via percorsa da questa gente.

Jago
Stolto è chi s'affoga per amor di donna.

Roderigo
Vincer nol so.

Alcuni del popolo formano da un lato una catasta di legna: la folla s'accalca intorno turbolenta e curiosa.

Jago
Suvvia, fa senno,
Aspetta l'opra del tempo;
A Desdemona bella,
Che nel segreto de' tuoi sogni adori,

All
Long live Othello! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Victory! Victory! Victory!

Othello enters the fortress, followed by Cassio, Montano, and the soldiers.

Chorus
Victory! Destruction!
Scattered, destroyed,
Their galleys are buried
Deep in the horrible sea.
Their rest will be
The lash of the waves,
The riot of the whirlwinds,
The abyss of the sea.
Victory! Hurrah!

Distant thunder.

Chorus
The storm is dying down.

Iago *(aside to Roderigo)*
3 Well, Roderigo, what are you thinking?

Roderigo
Of drowning myself …

In the background the crew goes back and forth between the beach and the castle carrying weapons and baggage, while some of the people come from behind the castle, carrying firewood up near the ramparts; some soldiers with torches light the way for them.

Iago
A fool is he who drowns himself for a woman's love.

Roderigo
I cannot overcome it.

Some of the people heap the wood in a pile to one side: the crowd mills around, restless and curious.

Iago
Come to your senses now,
Wait for time to do its work.
The lovely Desdemona,
Whom you adore in your secret dreams,

Presto in uggia verranno i foschi baci
Di quel selvaggio dalle gonfie labbra.
Buon Roderigo, amico tuo sincero
Mi ti professo, nè in più forte ambascia
Soccorrerti potrei. Se un fragil voto
Di femmina non è tropp'arduo nodo
Pel genio mio nè per l'inferno, giuro
Che quella donna sarà tua. M'ascolta:
Benchè finga d'amarlo, odio quel Moro …

Entra Cassio: poi s'unisce a un crocchio di soldati.

Jago *(sempre in disparte a Roderigo)*
… E una cagion dell'ira, eccola, guarda.

(indicando Cassio)
Quell'azzimato capitano usurpa il grado mio,
Il grado mio che in cento
Ben pugnate battaglie ho meritato;

Continua il passaggio della bassa ciurma nel fondo.

Tal fu il voler d'Otello, ed io rimango
Di sua Moresca Signoria l'alfiere!

Dalla catasta incominciano ad alzarsi dei globi di fumo sempre più denso.

Ma, come è ver che tu Roderigo sei,
Così è pur vero che se il Moro io fossi
Vedermi non vorrei d'attorno un Jago.
Se tu m'ascolti …

Jago conduce Roderigo verso il fondo : il fuoco divampa. I soldati s'affollano intorno alle tavole della taverna.

Mentre dura il canto intorno al fuoco di gioia, i tavernier appenderanno al pergolato dell' osteria della lanterne veneziane a vari colori che illumineranno gaiamente la scena. I soldati si saranno adunati intorno alle tavole, parte seduti, parte in piedi, ciarlando e bevendo.

Coro
4 Fuoco di gioia!
L'ilare vampa, fuga la notte col suo splendor.
Guizza, sfavilla, crepita, avvampa,
Fulgido incendio che invade il cor.
Dal raggio attratti vaghi sembianti

Will soon come to dislike the dark kisses
Of that savage with swollen lips.
Good Roderigo, I, your sincere friend,
I can see your suffering and declare myself
Able to help. If a woman's fragile vow
Is not too tough a knot
For my wits or for hell's, I swear
That woman shall be yours. Listen to me:
Though I pretend to love him, I hate that Moor …

Cassio enters, then joins a group of soldiers.

Iago *(still aside to Roderigo)*
… And there is a reason for my wrath, look.

(pointing to Cassio)
That dandified captain usurps my rank,
The rank I have deserved
For fighting well in a hundred battles;

The crew continues to move back and forth in the background.

This was Othello's wish, and I remain
His Moorish Lordship's ensign!

Denser and denser clouds of smoke begin to rise from the pile of wood.

But, as surely as you are Roderigo,
So it is sure that if I were the Moor
I shouldn't want to see an Iago around me.
If you listen to me …

Iago leads Roderigo toward the back: the fire leaps up. The soldiers crowd around the tables of the tavern.

As the singing goes on around the fire of rejoicing, the tavern-keepers hang Venetian lanterns of various colours from the pergola, giving a festive illumination to the scene. The soldiers gather around the tables, some sitting, some standing, chattering and drinking.

Chorus
4 Fire of rejoicing!
The merry flame banishes night by its brightness
It darts, sparkles, crackles, and blazes,
The shining fire that invades our hearts.
Drawn by the light, lovely forms

Movono intorno mutando stuol,
E son fanciulle dai lieti canti,
E son farfalle dall'igneo vol.
Arde la palma col sicomoro,
Canta la sposa col suo fedel;
Sull'aurea fiamma, sul lieto coro
Soffia l'ardente spiro del ciel.
Fuoco di gioia, rapido brilla!
Rapido passa, fuoco d'amor!
Splende, s'oscura, palpita, oscilla,
L'ultimo guizzo lampeggia e muor.

Il fuoco si spegne a poco a poco: la bufera è cessata.

Jago, Roderigo, Cassio e parecchi altri uomini d'arme intorno a un tavolo dove c'è del vino: parte in piedi, parte seduti.

Jago
5 Roderigo, beviam! qua la tazza, Capitano.

Cassio
Non bevo più.

Jago *(avvicinando il boccale alla tazza di Cassio)*
Ingoia questo sorso.

Cassio *(ritirando il bicchiere)*
No!

Jago
Guarda! oggi impazza tutta Cipro!
È una notte di gioia, dunque …

Cassio
Cessa. Già m'arde il cervello
Per un nappo vuotato.

Jago
Sì, ancora bever devi.
Alle nozze d'Otello e Desdemona!

Tutti *(tranne Roderigo)*
Evviva!

Cassio *(alzando il bicchiere e bevendo un poco)*
Essa infiora questo lido.

Jago *(sotto voce a Roderigo)*
Lo ascolta.

Move about, a changing mass,
Now they are maidens with joyful songs,
Now they are butterflies with fiery flights.
The palm log burns with the sycamore,
The bride sings with her faithful beloved,
Over the golden flame, over the happy chorus
Plays the ardent breath of heaven.
The joyful fire quickly gleams!
Quickly passes the fire of love!
It glows, darkens, throbs, and wavers,
The last flame flickers and dies.

The fire slowly dies out; the storm is over.

Iago, Roderigo, Cassio and several other armed men are around a table where there is wine: some are standing, some sitting.

Iago
5 Roderigo, let's drink! Your cup's here, Captain.

Cassio
I'll drink no more.

Iago *(holding the pitcher toward Cassio's cup)*
Swallow this drop.

Cassio *(drawing back his glass)*
No!

Iago
Look! All of Cyprus is running riot!
It's a night of joy, so …

Cassio
Stop. My brain is already on fire
From a glass I drained.

Iago
Yes, you must drink more.
To the marriage of Othello and Desdemona!

Tutti *(except Roderigo)*
Hurrah!

Cassio *(raising his glass and drinking a little)*
She bedecks this island like a flower.

Iago *(whispering to Roderigo)*
Listen to him.

Cassio
Col vago suo raggiar chiama i cuori a raccolta.

Roderigo
Pur modesta essa è tanto.

Cassio
Tu, Jago, canterai le sue lodi!

Jago *(piano a Roderigo)*
Lo ascolta.

(forte a Cassio)
Io non sono che un critico.

Cassio
Ed ella d'ogni lode è più bella.

Jago *(come sopra, a Roderigo, a parte)*
Ti guarda da quel Cassio.

Roderigo
Che temi?

Jago *(ancora a piano a Roderigo; sempre più incalzante)*
Ei favella già con troppo bollor,
La gagliarda giovinezza lo sprona,
è un astuto seduttor che
T'ingombra il cammino.
Bada …

Roderigo
Ebben?

Jago
S'ei inebria è perduto!
Fallo ber.

(ai tavernieri)
Qua, ragazzi, del vino!

Jago riempie tre bicchieri: uno per sè, uno per Roderigo, uno per Cassio. I tavernieri circolano colle anfore.

Jago *(a Cassio, col bicchiere in mano: la folla gli si avvicina e lo guarda curiosamente)*
6 Inaffia l'ugola! Trinca, tracanna!
Prima che svampino canto e bicchier.

Cassio
With her sweet radiance she gathers all hearts.

Roderigo
And yet she is very modest.

Cassio
You, Iago, will sing her praises!

Iago *(softly to Roderigo)*
Listen to him.

(aloud to Cassio)
I am nothing but a critic.

Cassio
And she is more beautiful than any praise.

Iago *(as before, to Roderigo, aside)*
Beware of that Cassio.

Roderigo
What do you fear?

Iago *(again quietly to Roderigo; becoming more and more insistent)*
He speaks already with too much ardour,
His bold youth spurs him on,
Your path is blocked
By a clever seducer.
Watch out …

Roderigo
Yes?

Iago
If he becomes drunk, he is lost!
Make him drink.

(to the servers)
Here, boys, some wine!

Iago fills three glasses: one for himself, one for Roderigo, and one for Cassio. The waiters move about with pitchers.

Iago *(to Cassio, glass in hand; the crowd gathers around and watches him with curiosity)*
6 Wet your gullet! Drink up, gulp it down!
Before song and glass disappear.

Cassio *(a Jago, col bicchiere in mano)*
Questa del pampino verace manna
Di vaghe annugola
Nebbie il pensier.

Jago *(a tutti)*
Chi all'esca ha morso
Del ditirambo
Spavaldo e strambo
Beva con me!
Roderigo e Coro
Chi all'esca ha morso, etc.
… beve, beve con te, etc.

Jago *(piano a Roderigo indicando Cassio)*
Un altro sorso e brillo egli è.

Roderigo *(a Jago)*
Un altro sorso e brillo egli è.

Jago *(ad alta voce)*
Il mondo palpita quand'io son brillo!
Sfido l'ironico Nume e il destin!

Cassio *(bevendo ancora)*
Come un armonico liuto oscillo;
La gioia scalpita sul mio cammin!

Jago *(come sopra)*
Chi all'esca ha morso, etc.

Roderigo e Coro
Chi all'esca ha morso, etc.

Jago *(a Roderigo)*
Un altro sorso e brillo egli è!

Roderigo *(a Jago)*
Un altro sorso e brillo egli è!

Jago *(a tutti)*
Fuggan dal vivido nappo i codardi …

Cassio *(interrompendo; alzando il bicchiere, al colmo dell'esaltazione)*
In fondo all'anima ciascun mi guardi! …

Beve.

Jago *(interrompendo)*
… Che in cor nascondono frodi.

Cassio *(to Iago, glass in hand)*
The vine's truth-giving manna
Beclouds my mind
With lovely mists.

Iago *(to all)*
He who has succumbed
To this magic brink,
Bold and strange,
Drink with me.
Roderigo and Chorus
He who has succumbed, etc.
… drink, drink with me, etc.

Iago *(softly to Roderigo, pointing at Cassio)*
Another sip and he's drunk.

Roderigo *(to Iago)*
Another sip and he's drunk.

Iago *(aloud)*
The world spins when I am drunk!
I defy Fate and its destiny!

Cassio *(drinking again)*
I sway like a tuned lute;
Joy waits impatiently on my path!

Iago *(as above)*
He who has succumbed, etc.

Roderigo and Chorus
He who has succumbed, etc.

Iago *(to Roderigo)*
Another sip and he's drunk.

Roderigo *(to Iago)*
Another sip and he's drunk.

Iago *(aloud)*
He who flees from the glowing cup …

Cassio *(interrupting him; lifting his glass, with extreme excitement)*
Let each man look into the depths of my soul! …

He drinks.

Iago *(interrupting him)*
… His heart conceals deadly secrets.

Cassio
Non temo, non temo il ver …

Jago
Chi all'esca ha mor …

Cassio *(barcollando)*
Non temo il ver …

Jago
Del ditiramb …

Cassio
Non temo il ver …

Jago
Bevi con me …

Cassio
Non temo il ver …

Jago
Bevi con me …

Cassio
Non temo il ver … e bevo …

Tutti *(la metà del Coro; ridendo)*
Ah! ah!

Cassio *(vorrebbe ripetere il primo motivo, ma non si sovviene)*
Del calice …

Jago *(a Roderigo)*
Egli è briaco fradicio.
Ti scuoti,
Lo trascina a contesa;
È pronto all'ira …

Cassio
Del calice … gl'orli …

Tutti *(gli altri ridono di Cassio)*
Ah ah! Ah ah!

Jago
T'offenderà … ne seguirà tumulto!

Cassio *(ripiglia, ma con voce soffocata)*
Del calice … gl'orli …

Cassio
I've nothing to hide …

Iago
He who has succumbed …

Cassio *(tottering)*
I don't fear the truth …

Iago
To this brink …

Cassio
I've nothing to hide …

Iago
Drink with me …

Cassio
I don't fear the truth …

Iago
Drink with me …

Cassio
I've nothing to fear … whilst drinking …

All *(half of the Chorus; laughing)*
Ha! Ha!

Cassio *(tries to repeat the first theme, but he cannot remember it)*
The glass …

Iago *(aside to Roderigo)*
He's blind drunk.
Bestir yourself,
Draw him into an argument;
He is quick to anger …

Cassio
The glass … is overflowing …

All *(they laugh at Cassio)*
Ha ha! Ha ha!

Iago
He will insult you … a brawl will follow!

Cassio *(resumes, but with a choked voice)*
The glass … the bubbles …

Jago *(a Roderigo, in disparte mentre gli altri ridono de Cassio)*
Pensa che puoi cosi del lieto Otello
Turbar la prima vigilia d'amore!

Roderigo *(risoluto)*
Ed è ciò che mi spinge.

Cassio
… S'impor … s'impor … s'imporporino …

Roderigo e Coro
Ah! Ah ah! Ah ah!

Tutti
Bevi, bevi con me, bevi con me.

Tutti bevono.

Montàno *(venendo dal Castello, e rivolgendosi a Cassio)*
7 Capitano, v'attende la fazione ai baluardi.

Cassio *(barcollando)*
Andiamo!

Montàno
Che vedo?

Jago *(a Montàno)*
Ogni notte in tal guisa Cassio preludia al sonno.

Montàno *(a Jago)*
Otello il sappia.

Cassio
Andiamo ai baluardi.

Roderigo e Coro
Ah, ah! Ah, ah!

Cassio
Chi ride?

Roderigo *(provocandolo)*
Rido d'un ebro …

Cassio *(scagliandosi contro Roderigo)*
Bada alle tue spalle! Furfante!

Iago *(aside to Roderigo, whilst the others laugh at Cassio)*
Think that thus you can disturb happy
Othello's first night of love!

Roderigo *(resolutely)*
And that is what drives me on.

Cassio
… Are wink … are wink … are winking …

Roderigo and Chorus
Ha! Ha ha! Ha ha!

All
Drink, drink with me, drink with me.

They all drink.

Montano *(entering and addressing Cassio)*
7 Captain, the guard awaits you on the ramparts.

Cassio *(tottering)*
Let's go!

Montano
What do I see?

Iago *(to Montano)*
Every night Cassio prepares for sleep in this fashion.

Montano
Othello must know this.

Cassio
Let's go to the ramparts.

Roderigo and Chorus
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Cassio
Who's laughing?

Roderigo *(provoking him)*
I'm laughing at a drunkard …

Cassio *(hurling himself at Roderigo)*
Watch your back! Scoundrel!

Roderigo *(difendendosi)*
Briaco ribaldo!

Cassio
Marrano! Nessun più ti salva!

Montàno *(separandoli a forza e dirigendosi a Cassio)*
Frenate la mano, Signor, ve ne prego.

Cassio *(a Montàno)*
Ti spacco il cerèbro se qui t'interponi.

Montàno
Parole d'un ebro …

Cassio
D'un ebro?!

Cassio sguainando la spada. Montàno s'arma anch'esso. Assalto furibondo. La folla si ritrae.

Jago *(a parte a Roderigo, rapidamente)*
8 Va al porto, con quanta più possa
Ti resta, gridando: sommossa! sommossa!
Va! spargi il tumulto, l'orror;
Le campane risuonino a stormo.

Roderigo esce correndo. Jago si rivolge rapidamente ai due combattenti.

Jago
Fratelli! l'immane conflitto cessate!

Molte Donne del Coro *(fuggendo)*
Fuggiam!

Jago
Ciel! già gronda di sangue Montàno!
Tenzon furibonda!

Altre Donne
Fuggiam!

Jago
Tregua!

Tutti
Tregua!

Roderigo *(defending himself)*
Drunken knave!

Cassio
Rogue! No one can save you now!

Montano *(forcing them apart and speaking to Cassio)*
Restrain your hand, Sir, I beseech you.

Cassio *(to Montano)*
I'll split your skull if you interfere here.

Montano
The words of a drunkard …

Cassio
A drunkard?!

Cassio draws his sword. Montano also takes arms. A furious fight ensues. The crowd draws back.

Iago *(aside to Roderigo, quickly)*
8 Go to the port, shouting with all the strength
You have left: rebellion! rebellion!
Go! Spread disorder, horror;
Let the bells ring the alarm.

Roderigo runs out. Iago turns rapidly to the two men who are fighting.

Iago
Brothers! Stop this monstrous fight!

Women of the Chorus *(fleeing)*
Let's flee!

Iago
Heaven! Montano is already drenched in blood!
Oh, murderous fight!

Other Women
Let's flee!

Iago
A truce!

All
A truce!

Donne *(fuggendo)*
S'uccidono!

Uomini *(ai combattenti)*
Pace!

Jago *(agli astanti)*
Nessun più raffrena quel nembo pugnace!
Si gridi l'allarme! Satana li invade!!

Continua il combattimento. Donne fuggendo ed altre entro le scene.

Voci *(in scena e dentro)*
All'armi!! All'armi!! Soccorso!! Soccorso!!

Campane a stormo.

Tutti
Soccorso!

Women *(fleeing)*
They're killing each other!

Men *(to the two fighters)*
Peace!

Iago *(to the bystanders)*
No one can now restrain that fighting tempest!
Give the alarm! Satan possesses them!!

They continue to fight. The women and others flee the scene.

Voices *(on-stage and off-stage)*
To arms!! To arms!! Help!! Help!!

Bells sound the alarm.

All
Help!

SCENA II

Otello seguito da genti con fiaccole.

Otello
Abbasso le spade!

I combattenti s'arrestano. Montàno s'appoggia a un soldato. Le nubi si diradano a poco a poco.

Olà! Che avvien?
Son io fra i Saraceni?
O la turchesa rabbia è in voi trasfusa
Da sbranarvi l'un l'altro?
Onesto Jago, per quell'amor che tu mi porti, parla.

Jago
Non so … qui tutti eran cortesi amici,
Dianzi, e giocondi … ma ad un tratto, come
Se un pianeta maligno avesse a quelli
Smagato il senno, sguainando l'arme
S'avventano furenti … avess' io prima
Stroncati i piè che qui m'addusser!

Otello
Cassio, come obliasti te stesso a tal segno?

SCENE II

Othello enters followed by men bearing torches.

Othello
Lower your swords!

The men stop fighting. Montano leans on a soldier. The clouds slowly disperse.

What's this?! What's happening?
Am I among the Saracens?
Or has Turkish fury filled you,
So that you tear each other to pieces?
Honest Iago, by the love that you bear me, speak.

Iago
I don't know … here all were courteous friends,
Before, and merry … but suddenly, as if
An evil planet had bewitched the minds
Of those two, drawing their weapons
They hurled themselves on each other furiously …
Would I had chopped off the feet that brought me here!

Othello
Cassio, how did you so far forget yourself?

Cassio
Grazia … perdon … parlar non so …

Otello
Montàno …

Montàno *(sostenuto da un soldato)*
Son ferito …

Otello
Ferito! … pel cielo
Già il sangue mio ribolle. Ah!
L'ira volge l'angelo nostro tutelare in fuga!
Entra Desdemona. Otello accorre ad essa.

Otello
Che? La mia dolce Desdemona anch'essa
Per voi distolta da' suoi sogni?
Cassio, non sei più capitano.

Cassio lascia cadere la spada che è raccolta da Jago.

Jago *(porgendo la spada di Cassio ad un soldato; a se stesso)*
Oh, mio trionfo!

Otello
Jago, tu va nella città sgomenta
Con quella squadra a ricompor la pace.

Jago esce.

Si soccorra Montàno.

Montàno è accompagnato nel Castello.

Al proprio tetto ritorni ognun.

(a tutti con gesto imperioso)
Io da qui non mi parto
Se pria non vedo deserti gli spaldi.

La scena si vuota. Otello fa cenno agli uomini colle fiaccole che lo accompagnavano di rientrare nel Castello. Restano soli Otello e Desdemona.

SCENA III

Otello
9 Già nella notte densa s'estingue ogni clamor.

Cassio
Mercy … forgive me … I cannot speak …

Othello
Montano …

Montano *(supported by a soldier)*
I am wounded …

Othello
Wounded! … By heaven
My blood is already boiling. Ah!
Anger puts our guardian angel to flight!
Desdemona enters. Otello hurries to her.

Othello
What? My sweet Desdemona also
Roused from her dreams on your account?
Cassio, you are no longer captain.

Cassio drops his sword, which is picked up by Iago.

Iago *(handing Cassio's sword to an officer; to himself)*
Oh, my triumph!

Othello
Iago, go into the frightened city
With that squad of soldiers and restore peace.

Iago goes out.

Assist Montano.

Montano is taken into the castle.

Let everyone return to his own home.

(to all, with an authoritative gesture)
I will not leave here
Until I see the ramparts deserted.

The stage empties. Othello motions to the torch-bearers to go back into the castle. Only Othello and Desdemona remain.

SCENE III

Othello
9 Now in the dense night every noise is silenced.

Già il mio cor fremebondo
S'ammansa in quest'amplesso e si rinsensa.
Tuoni la guerra e s'inabissi il mondo
Se dopo l'ira immensa
Vien quest'immenso amor!

Desdemona
Mio superbo guerrier!
Quanti tormenti,
Quanti mesti sospiri e
Quanta speme
Ci condusse ai soavi abbracciamenti!
Oh! com'è dolce il mormorare insieme:
Te ne rammenti!
Quando narravi l'esule tua vita
E i fieri eventi e i lunghi tuoi dolor,
Ed io t'udia coll'anima rapita
In quei spaventi e coll'estasi in cor.

Otello
Pingea dell'armi il fremito, la pugna
E il vol gagliardo alla breccia mortal,
L'assalto, orribil edera, coll'ugna
Al baluardo e il sibilante stral.

Desdemona
Poi mi guidavi ai fulgidi deserti,
All'arse arene, al tuo materno suol;
Narravi allor gli spasimi sofferti
E le catene e dello schiavo il duol.

Otello
Ingentilìa di lagrime la storia
Il tuo bel viso e il labbro di sospir;
Scendean sulle mie tenebre la gloria,
Il paradiso e gli astri a benedir.

Desdemona
Ed io vedea fra le tue tempie oscure
Splender del genio l'eterea beltà.

Otello
E tu m'amavi per le mie sventure
Ed io t'amavo per la tua pietà.

Desdemona
Ed io t'amavo per le tue sventure
E tu m'amavi per la mia pietà.

Otello
E tu m'amavi …

Now my furious heart
Is appeased in this embrace and grows calm.
Let war thunder and the world be engulfed
If after such immense wrath
Comes this immense love!

Desdemona
My superb warrior!
How many torments,
How many sad sighs,
And how much hope
Led us to these tender embraces!
Ah! How sweet it is to murmur together:
Do you remember!
When you told of your life in exile
The fierce events and your long sorrows,
And I listened to you with my soul enthralled
In those fears and with ecstasy in my heart.

Othello
I described the clang of arms, the fighting,
And the bold rush into the mortal breach,
The attack, hanging like horrible ivy on
The rampart by our nails, while arrows whistled past.

Desdemona
Then you led me to the shining deserts,
The burning sands, your native land;
Then you told me of the sufferings undergone,
The chains and the slave's sorrow.

Othello
Your lovely face ennobled the story
With tears and your lips with sighs;
On my darkness descended glory,
Paradise, and the stars to give their blessing.

Desdemona
And at your dark temples I saw
The ethereal beauty of genius shine.

Othello
And you loved me for my misfortunes
And I loved you for your pity.

Desdemona
And I loved you for your misfortunes
And you loved me for my pity.

Othello
And you loved me …

Desdemona
E tu m'amavi …

Otello
Ed io t'amavo …

Otello e Desdemona
… Per la tua / mia pietà.

Otello
Venga la morte! e mi colga nell'estasi
Di quest'amplesso
Il momento supremo!

Il cielo si sarà tutto rasserenato: si vedranno alcune stelle e sul lembo dell'orizzonte il riflesso ceruleo della nascente luna.

Tale è il gaudio dell'anima che temo,
Temo che piu non mi sara concesso
Quest'attimo divino
Nell'ignoto avvenir del mio destino.

Desdemona
Disperda il ciel gli affanni
E amor non muti col mutar degli anni.

Otello
A questa tua preghiera
Amen risponda la celeste schiera.

Desdemona
Amen risponda.

Otello *(appoggiandosi ad un rialzo degli spaldi)*
Ah! la gioia m'innonda
Si fieramente … che ansante mi giacio.
Un bacio …

Desdemona
Otello!

Otello *(alzandosi e mirando il cielo)*
Un bacio … ancora un bacio.
Già la pleiade ardente al mar discende.

Desdemona
Tarda è la notte.

Otello
Vien … Venere splende.

Desdemona
And you loved me …

Othello
And I loved you …

Othello and Desdemona
… For your / my pity.

Othello
Let death come! Let it take me in the ecstasy
Of this embrace,
The supreme moment!

The sky has become completely serene: some stars can be seen, and at one side of the horizon the azure reaction of the rising moon.

Such is the joy of my soul that I am afraid,
I am afraid that I will not again be granted
This divine moment
In the unknown future of my destiny.

Desdemona
Let heaven dispel all sorrows
And may love not change as the years change.

Othello
To this prayer of yours
May the heavenly host answer "Amen."

Desdemona
May it answer "Amen."

Othello *(leaning against a step of the ramparts)*
Ah! Joy engulfs me
So fiercely … that I lie breathless.
A kiss …

Desdemona
Othello!

Othello *(rising and looking at the starry sky)*
A kiss … another kiss.
The glowing Pleiades already descend to the sea.

Desdemona
It is late.

Othello
Come … Venus is shining.

Desdemona
Otello!

S'avviano abbracciati verso il castello.

Fine dell'Atto primo.

Desdemona
Othello!

Embracing, they go toward the castle.

End of Act One.

ATTO SECONDO

Una sala terrena nel Castello. Una invetriata la divide da un grande giardino. Un verone.

SCENA I

Jago *(al di qua del verone, a Cassio)*
10 Non ti crucciar. Se credi a me, tra poco
Farai ritorno ai folleggianti amori
Di Monna Bianca, altiero capitano,
Coll'elsa d'oro e col balteo fregiato.

Cassio *(al di là del verone)*
Non lusingarmi …

Jago
Attendi a ciò ch'io dico.
Tu dêi saper che Desdemona è il Duce
Del nostro Duce, sol per essa ei vive.
Pregala tu, quell'anima cortese
Per te interceda e il tuo perdono è certo.

Cassio
Ma come favellarle?

Jago
È suo costume
Girsene a meriggiar fra quelle fronde
Colla consorte mia. Quivi l'aspetta.
Or t'è aperta la via di salvazione. Vanne.

Cassio s'allontana.

SCENA II

Jago *(seguendo coll'occhio Cassio)*
Vanne; la tua meta già vedo.
Ti spinge il tuo dimone,

ACT TWO

A room on the ground floor of the castle. Through a window a large garden is seen. A balcony.

SCENE I

Iago *(to Cassio, from this side of the balcony)*
10 Don't torment yourself. If you believe me, soon
You will return to the frivolous loves
Of Monna Bianca, a proud captain,
With a gold hilt and embroidered belt.

Cassio *(from the other side of the balcony)*
Don't flatter me …

Iago
Listen to what I say to you.
You must know that Desdemona is the commander
Of our Commander, he lives only for her.
Beseech her, that kindly soul
To intercede for you and your pardon is assured.

Cassio
But how can I speak with her?

Iago
It is her habit
To stroll among those trees at noontime
With my wife. Await her here.
Now the way to salvation is open to you. Go.

Cassio leaves.

SCENE II

Iago *(following Cassio with his eye)*
Go; I see your destination already.
Your demon drives you,

E il tuo dimon son io.
E me trascina il mio, nel quale io credo,
Inesorato Iddio.

(allontanandosi dal verone senza più guardar Cassio che sarà scomparso fra gli alberi)
11 Credo in un Dio crudel che m'ha creato
Simile a sè e che nell'ira io nomo.
Dalla viltà d'un germe o d'un atòmo
Vile son nato.
Son scellerato perchè son uomo;
E sento il fango originario in me.
Si! questa è la mia fè!
Credo con fermo cuor, siccome crede
La vedovella al tempio,
Che il mal ch'io penso e che da me procede,
Per il mio destino adempio.
Credo che il guisto è un istrion beffardo,
E nel viso e nel cuor,
Che tutto è in lui bugiardo:
Lagrima, bacio, sguardo,
Sacrificio ed onor.
E credo l'uom gioco d'iniqua sorte
Dal germe della culla
Al verme dell'avel.
Vien dopo tanta irrision la Morte.
E poi? E poi? La Morte è'il Nulla.
È vecchia fola il Ciel.

Si vede passare nel giardino Desdemona con Emilia. Jago si slancia ad verone, al di là del quale si sarà appostato Cassio.

Jago *(a Cassio)*
Eccola … Cassio … a te …
Questo è il momento.
Ti scuoti … vien Desdemona.

Cassio va verso Desdemona, la saluta, le s'accosta.

S'è mosso; la saluta
E s'avvicina.
Or qui si tragga Otello! … aiuta, aiuta
Sàtana il mio cimento!

Sempre al verone, osservando, ma un poco discosto, si vedono ripassare nel giardino Cassio e Desdemona.

And I am your demon.
Mine drives me, and I believe in it,
An inexorable God.

(moving away from the balcony without looking any longer in the direction of Cassio, who has disappeared among the trees)
11 I believe in a cruel God who created me
Similar to Himself, and whom I name in my wrath.
From the baseness of a germ or an atom,
Basely I was born.
I am wicked because I am a man;
And I feel the mud of my origin in me.
Yes! This is my creed!
I believe with a firm heart, just as
The little widow in church believes,
That the evil I think, the evil that comes from me,
Is wrought by my destiny.
I believe the honest man is a mocking actor
In his face and in his heart,
That everything in him is falsehood:
His tears, kiss, gaze,
Sacrifice, and honour.
And I believe that man is the plaything of unjust fate
From the germ of the cradle
To the worm of the grave.
After so much derision comes Death.
And then? And then? Death is Nothingness
And heaven an old wives' tale.

Desdemona is seen passing through the garden with Emilia. Iago dashes to the balcony, beyond which Cassio has taken his stand.

Iago *(to Cassio)*
There she is … Cassio … it's up to you …
This is the moment.
Bestir yourself … Desdemona's coming.

Cassio goes toward Desdemona, greets her, walks beside her.

He has moved; he's greeted her
And is approaching her.
Now let Othello be drawn here! … help, help
Satan, help my cause! …

Still on the balcony, observing, but keeping his distance, he watches Cassio and Desdemona cross the garden once more.

Già conversano insieme … ed essa inclina,
Sorridendo, il bel viso.
Mi basta un lampo sol di quel sorriso
Per trascinare Otello alla ruina.
Andiam …

Fa per avviarsi rapdio all'uscio del lato destro, ma s'arresta subitamente.

… Ma il caso in mio favor s'adopra.
Eccolo … al posto, all'opra.

Si colloca immoto al verone di sinistra, guardando fissamente verso il giardino, dovestanno Cassio e Desdemona.

SCENA III

Jago *(simulando di non aver visto Otello il quale gli sarà avvicinato fingendo di parlare fra sè)*
12 Ciò m'accora …

Otello
Che parli?

Jago
Nulla … voi qui?
Una vana voce m'uscì dal labbro …

Otello
Colui che s'allontana
Dalla mia sposa, è Cassio?

E l'uno e l'altro si staccano dai verone.

Jago
Cassio? No … quei si scosse
Come un reo nel vedervi.

Otello
Credo che Cassio ei fosse.

Jago *(dolce)*
Mio signore …

Otello
Che brami?

They are already talking together … and she inclines
Her beautiful face, smiling.
I need only one flash of that smile
To drag Othello to his ruin.
Let us go …

He starts to go quickly toward the door at the right, but suddenly stops.

… But chance is working in my favour.
There he is … to my position, to work.

He takes his place, motionless, on the balcony, staring toward the garden, where Cassio and Desdemona are.

SCENE III

Iago *(pretending that he hasn't seen Othello approaching, and appearing to talk to himself)*
12 That distresses me …

Othello
What are you saying?

Iago
Nothing … you here?
An idle word escaped my lips …

Othello
That man going away from
My wife, is it Cassio?

The two of them move from the balcony.

Iago
Cassio? No … that man started
As if guilty, on seeing you.

Othello
I believe it was Cassio.

Iago *(softly)*
My Lord …

Othello
What do you want?

Jago
Cassio, nei primi dì del vostro amor,
Desdemona non conosceva?

Otello
Sì. Perchè fai tale inchiesta?

Jago
Il mio pensiero è vago d'ubbie, non di malizia.

Otello
Di' il tuo pensiero, Jago.

Jago
Vi confidaste a Cassio?

Otello
Spesso un mio dono o un cenno portava alla mia sposa.

Jago
Dassenno?

Otello *(calmo)*
Si, dassenno.
Nol credi onesto?

Jago *(imitando Otello)*
Onesto?

Otello
Che ascondi nel tuo core?

Jago
Che asondo in cor, signore?

Otello
"Che ascondo in cor, signore?"
Pel cielo ! tu sei l'eco dei detti miei,
Nel chiostro dell'anima ricetti qualche terribil mostro.
Sì, ben t'udii poc'anzi mormorar:
"Ciò m'accora."
Ma di che t'accoravi?
Nomini Cassio e allora tu corrughi la fronte.
Suvvia, parla, se m'ami.

Jago
Voi sapete ch'io v'amo.

Iago
In the first days of your love,
Didn't Cassio know Desdemona?

Othello
Yes. Why do you ask such a question?

Iago
My thought is vague, a whim, with no malice.

Othello
Speak your thought, Iago.

Iago
You confided in Cassio?

Othello
Often he carried a gift or a word from me to my wife.

Iago
Really?

Othello *(calmly)*
Yes, really.
Don't you believe him honest?

Iago *(imitating Othello)*
Honest?

Othello
What are you hiding in your heart?

Iago
What am I hiding in my heart, my Lord?

Othello
"What am I hiding in my heart, my Lord?"
By heaven! You are the echo of my words;
In the cloister of your soul you harbour some terrible monster.
Yes, I clearly heard you murmur just now:
"that distresses me".
But what distressed you?
You mention Cassio and then you frown.
Come, if you love me, speak.

Iago
You know that I love you.

Otello
Dunque senza velami
T'esprimi, e senza ambagi.
T'esca fuor dalla gola
Il tuo piì rio pensiero colla più ria parola.

Jago
S'anco teneste in mano tutta l'anima mia
Nol sapreste.

Otello
Ah!

Jago *(avvicinandosi molto ad Otello e sottovoce)*
Temete, signor, la gelosia!
È un'idra fosca, livida, cieca,
Col suo veleno sè stessa attosca,
Vivida piaga le squarcia il seno.

Otello
Miseria mia! No!
Il vano sospettar nulla giova.
Pria del dubbio l'indagine,
Dopo il dubbio la prova,
Dopo la prova,

(a se stesso)
Otello ha sue leggi supreme,

(a voce alta)
Amore e gelosia vadan dispersi insieme!

Jago *(con piglio più ardito)*
13 Un tal proposto spezza di mie labbra il suggello.
Non parlo ancor di prova, pur, generoso Otello,
Vigilate … soventi le oneste e ben create
Coscienze non vedono la frode: vigilate.
Scrutate le parole di Desdemona, un detto
Può ricondur la fede, può affermare il sospetto.

Coro *(nel giardino)*
Dove guardi splendono raggi,
Avvampan cuori,
Dove passi scendono
Nuvole di fiori.
Qui fra gigli e rose,
Come a un casto altare,
Padri, bimbi, spose
Vengono a cantar.

Othello
Then without veils and without
Ambiguous words express yourself.
Let your worst thought
Come from your throat with the worst words!

Iago
Even if you held my whole soul in your hand
You would not know it.

Othello
Ah!

Iago *(coming very close to Othello and whispering)*
Fear jealousy, my Lord!
It is a dark, leaden, blind hydra
That poisons itself with its own venom,
Tearing an open wound in its breast.

Othello
O misery!! No!
Vain suspicions are no help.
Before doubt, inquiry.
After doubt, the proof.
After the proof,

(to himself)
Othello turns thoughts to actions,

(aloud)
Let love and jealousy be dispelled together!

Iago *(with a bolder mien)*
13 Such a proposal breaks the seal on my lips.
I do not yet speak of proof; still, generous Othello,
Keep watch; often honest and well-disposed
Minds do not see deceit: keep watch.
Examine Desdemona's words; a remark
Can restore trust or confirm suspicion.

Chorus *(in the garden)*
At your glances a flame in our hearts
Leaps up to meet you,
Round your footsteps carpets of flow'rs
Spring up to greet you.
Here amid rose and lily,
As at sacred altars
Fathers, children, maidens
Join to sing your praise.

Jago
Eccola; vigilate …

Si vede ricomparire Desdemona nel giardino, dalla vasta apertura del fondo: è circondata da Donne, da Fanciulli, da Marinai Cipriotti e Albanesi che si avanzano e le offrono fiori ed altri doni. Alcuni s'accompagnano, cantando, sulla Guzla, altri su delle piccole arpe.

Fanciulli *(spargendo al suolo fiori di giglio)*
T'offriamo il giglio soave stel
Che in man degl' angeli fu assunto in ciel,
Che abbella il fulgido manto
E la gonna della Madonna
E il santo vel.

Donne e Marinai
Mentre all' aura vola
Lieta la canzon,
L'agile mandòla
Ne accompagna il suon.

Marinai *(offrendo a Desdemona dei monili di corallo e di perle)*
A te le porpore, le perle e gli ostri,
Nella voragine còlti del mar.
Vogliam Desdemona coi doni nostri
Come un'immagine sacra adornar.

Donne e Fanciulli
Mentre all' aura vola
Lieta la canzon,
L'agile mandòla
Ne accompagna il suon.

Le Donne *(spargendo fronde e fiori)*
A te la florida messe dai grembi
Spargiam al suolo, a nembi, a nembi.
L'april circonda la sposa bionda
D'un etra rorida che vibra al sol.

Fanciulli e Marinai
Mentre all' aura vola, *etc.*

Tutti
Dove guardi splendono raggi, *etc.*

Iago
There she is; keep watch …

Desdemona is seen again in the garden, through the broad open window at the back: she is surrounded by Women, Children, Cypriots and Sailors, who come forward and offer her flowers and other presents. Some sing, accompanying themselves on the guzla, others on little harps.

Children *(scattering lilies on the ground)*
We offer you the lily, the tender stalk
That in the angels' hands was borne up to heaven,
That bedecks the gleaming mantle
And the gown of the Madonna
And her holy veil.

Women and Sailors
As the happy song
Is wafted on the air,
The agile mandolin
Accompanies its sound.

Sailors *(offering pearl and coral jewels to Desdemona)*
For you the purple conches, the pearls and the coral,
Gathered in the abyss of the sea.
We wish to adorn Desdemona with our gifts
Like a holy image.

Women and Children
As the happy song
Is wafted on the air
The agile mandolin
Accompanies its sound.

Women *(scattering branches and flowers)*
For you we scatter from our laps in clouds, in
clouds the harvest of flowers to the ground.
April surrounds the blond bride
With dewy air that shimmers in the sun.

Children and Sailors
As the happy song, *etc.*

All
At your glances a flame in our hearts, *etc.*

Desdemona
Splende il cielo, danza l'aura,
Olezza il fior.
Gioia, amor, speranza cantan mio cor.

Coro
Vivi felice! Addio. Qui regna Amore.

Durante il Coro, Otello osserva con Jago.

Otello *(soavemente commosso)*
Quel canto mi conquide.
No, no, s'ella m'inganna,
Il ciel sè stesso irride!

Jago *(aparte)*
Beltà ed amor in dolce inno concordi!
I vostri infrangerò soavi accordi.

Finito il coro, Desdemona bacia la testa d'alcuni tra fanciulli, e alcune donne le baciano il limbo della veste, ed essa porge una borsa ai marinai. Il Coro s'allontana: Desdemona, seguìta poi da Emilia entra nella sala e s'avanza verso Otello.

SCENA IV

Desdemona *(a Otello)*
14 D'un uom che geme sotto il tuo disdegno
la preghiera ti porto.

Otello
Chi è costui?

Desdemona
Cassio.

Otello
Era lui che ti parlava sotto quelle fronde?

Desdemona
Lui stesso, e il suo dolor che in me s'infonde
Tanto è verace che di grazia è degno.
Intercedo per lui, per lui ti prego.
Tu gli perdona.

Otello
Non ora.

Desdemona
The sky is bright, the air dances,
The flowers are perfumed.
Joy, love, and hope sing in my heart.

Chorus
May you live happily! Goodbye. Here Love reigns.

During the chorus, Othello looks on with Iago.

Othello *(softly moved)*
That song overcomes me.
No, no, if she is betraying me,
Heaven is mocking itself!

Iago *(aside)*
Beauty and love united in sweet song!
I will interrupt your tender chords.

When the chorus is over, Desdemona kisses the heads of some of the children, and some of the women kiss the hem of her dress; she hands a purse to the sailors. The chorus goes away: Desdemona, followed by Emilia, enters into the room and goes toward Othello.

SCENE IV

Desdemona *(to Othello)*
14 I bring you the plea of a man
Who is suffering at your displeasure.

Othello
Who is he?

Desdemona
Cassio.

Othello
Was it he who spoke to you under those trees?

Desdemona
He himself, and his grief, which I feel,
Is so real that it merits forgiveness.
I intercede for him. I beg you, on his behalf.
Forgive him.

Othello
Not now.

Desdemona
Non oppormi il tuo diniego.
Gli perdona.

Otello
Non ora.

Desdemona
Perché torbida suona la voce tua?
Qual pena t'addolora?

Otello
M'ardon le tempie.

Desdemona *(spiegando il suo fazzoletto come per fasciare la fronte d'Otello)*
Quell'ardor molesto
Svanirà, se con questo
Morbido lino la mia man ti fascia.

Otello *(getta il fazzoletto a terra)*
Non ho d'uopo di ciò.

Desdemona
Tu sei crucciato, signor.

Otello *(aspramente)*
Mi lascia! Mi lascia!

Emilia raccoglie il fazzoletto dal suolo.

Desdemona
Se inconscia, contro te, sposo, ho peccato,
15 Dammi la dolce e lieta parola del perdono …

Otello *(a parte)*
Forse perchè gl'inganni
D'arguto amor non tendo …

Desdemona
… La tua fanciulla io sono
Umile e mansueta;
Ma il labbro tuo sospira,
Hai l'occhio fiso al suol.
Guardami in volto e mira
Come favella amor.
Vien ch'io t'allieti il core,
Ch'io ti lenisca il duol.

Jago *(a Emilia sottovoce)*
Quel vel mi porgi ch'or hai raccolto.

Desdemona
Don't deny me.
Forgive him.

Othello
Not now.

Desdemona
Why does your voice sound shaken?
What grief saddens you?

Othello
My temples burn.

Desdemona *(unfolding her handkerchief, as if to bandage Othello's forehead)*
That troublesome burning
Will disappear if my hand
Bandages you with this soft linen.

Othello *(throwing the handkerchief on the ground)*
I do not need that.

Desdemona
You are worried, my Lord.

Othello *(harshly)*
Leave me! Leave me!

Emilia picks up the handkerchief from the ground.

Desdemona
If, unwittingly, I have offended you, my husband,
15 Give me your sweet and happy word of pardon …

Othello *(aside)*
Perhaps because I do not understand
The deceits of sly love …

Desdemona
… I am your maiden
Humble and obedient;
But your lip sighs,
Your eyes are on the ground.
Look into my face and see
How love speaks.
Come, let me gladden your heart,
Let me ease your suffering.

Iago *(to Emilia in a low voice)*
Give me that handkerchief you just picked up.

Emilia *(sottovoce a Jago)*
Qual frode scorgi?
Ti leggo in volto.

Otello *(a parte)*
… Forse perchè discendo
Nella valle degli anni.
Forse perchè ho sul viso
Quest'atro tenebror.
Forse perchè gl'inganni d'arguto
Amor non tendo.
Forse perchè discendo, *etc.*

Jago
T'opponi a vôto
Quand'io commando.

Emilia
Il tuo nefando livor m'è noto.

Jago
Sospetto insano!

Emilia
Guardia fedel è questa mano.

Jago *(afferra violentemente il braccio di Emilia)*
Dammi quel vel!
Su te l'irosa mia man s'aggrava!

Emilia
Son la tua sposa, non la tua schiava.

Jago
La schiava impura tu sei di Jago.

Emilia
Ho il cor presago d'una sventura.

Jago
Nè mi paventi?

Emilia
Uomo crudel!

Jago
A me …

Emilia
Che tenti?

Emilia *(to Iago in a low voice)*
What deceit are you planning?
I can read your face.

Othello *(aside)*
… Perhaps because I am declining
Into the valley of my years.
Perhaps because on my face
There is this darkness.
Perhaps because I do not understand
The deceits of sly love.
Perhaps because I am declining, *etc.*

Iago
You oppose me in vain
When I command.

Emilia
I know your unspeakable rancor.

Iago
Insane suspicion!

Emilia
My hand is a loyal guard.

Iago *(violently seizing Emilia's arm)*
Give me that handkerchief!
My angry hand is poised over you!

Emilia
I am your wife, not your slave.

Iago
You are the unchaste slave of Iago.

Emilia
My heart has a presentiment of misfortune.

Iago
Do you not fear me?

Emilia
Cruel man!

Iago
Give it to me …

Emilia
What are you attempting?

Jago
A me quel vel!

Emilia
Uomo crudel!

Con un colpo di mano Jago ha carpito il fazzoletto ad Emilia.

Desdemona
Guardami in volto e mira
Come favella amor.

Otello
Ella è perduta e irriso
Io sono e il core m'infrango
E ruinar nel fango
Vedo il mio sogno d'or.
Ella è perduta e irriso, etc.

Jago *(e se stesso)*
Già la mia brama conquido,
Ed ora su questa trama Jago lavora!

Emilia *(e se stessa)*
Vinser gli artigli truci e codardi.
Dio dai perigli sempre ci guardi.

Desdemona
Dammi la dolce e lieta parola del perdon.

Otello
Escite! Solo vo' restar.

Jago *(sottovoce ad Emilia che sta per escire)*
Ti giova tacer. Intendi?

Desdemona ed Emilia escono. Jago finge d'escire dalla porta del fondo, ma giuntovi s'arresta.

SCENA V

Otello *(accasciato, su d'un sedile)*
Desdemona rea!

Jago *(nel fondo guardando di nascosto il fazzoletto, poi riponendolo con cura nel giustacuore)*
Con questi fili

Iago
Give me that handkerchief!

Emilia
Cruel man!

With a sudden movement, Iago seizes the handkerchief from Emilia.

Desdemona
Look into my face and see
How love speaks.

Othello
She is lost and I am
Mocked and my heart breaks
And, ruined in the mire,
I see my golden dream.
She is lost and I am, etc.

Iago *(to himself)*
I am already achieving my desire,
And now Iago is at work on this plot!

Emilia *(to herself)*
His grim and cowardly claws overpowered me.
God guard us always from dangers.

Desdemona
Give me your sweet and happy word of pardon.

Othello
Leave! I want to be alone.

Iago *(in a low voice to Emilia, who is about to go)*
It's best for you to keep silent. Understand?

Desdemona and Emilia go out. Iago pretends to leave by the door at the back, but when he reaches it he stops.

SCENE V

Othello *(slumped in a chair)*
Desdemona guilty!

Iago *(at the back, covertly looking at the handkerchief, then carefully placing it in his doublet)*
With these threads

Tramerò la prova del peccato d'amor.
Nella dimora di Cassio ciò s'asconda.

Otello
Atroce idea!

Jago *(fra sè, fissando Otello)*
Il mio velen lavora.

Otello
Rea contro me! contro me!

Jago *(cupo)*
Soffri e ruggi!

Otello
Atroce! atroce!

Jago *(dopo essersi portato accanto ad Otello, bonariamente)*
Non pensateci più.

Otello *(balzando)*
Tu? Indietro! fuggi!
M'hai legato alla croce! Ahimè!
Più orrendo d'ogni orrenda inguiria
Dell' ingiuria è il sospetto.
Nell' ore arcane della suà lussuria
(E a me furate!) m'agitava il petto
Forse un presagio ? Ero baldo, giulivo.
Nulla sapevo ancor; io non sentivo
Sul suo corpo divin che m'innamora
E sui labbri mendaci
Gli ardenti baci di Cassio!
Ed ora! ed ora …
16 Ora e per sempre addio sante memorie,
Addio, sublimi incanti del pensier!
Addio schiere fulgenti, addio vittorie,
Dardi volanti e volanti corsier!
Addio, vessillo trionfale e pio,
E diane squillanti in sul mattin!
Clamori e canti di battaglia, addio!
Della gloria d'Otello è questo il fin.

Jago
Pace, signor.

Otello
Sciagurato! mi trova una prova secura
Che Desdemona è impura …
Non sfuggir! non sfuggir ! nulla ti giova!

I will weave the proof of sinful love.
It shall be hidden in Cassio's house.

Othello
Horrible idea!

Iago *(to himself, gazing at Othello)*
My poison is working.

Othello
False to me! Against me!!!

Iago *(darkly)*
Suffer and roar!

Othello
Horrible! Horrible!

Iago *(good-humouredly, having moved to Otello's side)*
Think no more about it.

Othello *(springing up)*
You? Stand back! Flee!
You have nailed me to the cross! Alas!
More horrible than any horrible injury
Is the injury of suspicion.
In the secret hours of her lust
(And stolen from me!) did any presentiment
Perhaps stir in my breast? I was confident, joyful.
I knew nothing yet; I didn't feel
On her divine body that makes me love her
And on her false lips
The ardent kisses of Cassio!
And now! And now …
16 Now and forever, farewell, sacred memories,
Farewell sublime enchantments of my thought!
Farewell, gleaming troops, farewell victories,
Flying arrows and flying chargers!
Farewell holy, triumphant banner,
And trumpets blaring at early morning!
Sounds and songs of battle, farewell!
This is the end of Othello's glory.

Iago
Peace, my Lord.

Othello
Wretch! Find me
Certain proof that Desdemona is unchaste …
Don't flee! Don't flee! Nothing avails you!

Vo' una secura, una visibil prova!
O sulla tua testa
S'accenda e precipiti il fulmine
Del mio spaventoso furor che si desta!

Afferra Jago alla gola e lo atterrandolo.

Jago *(rialzandosi)*
Divina grazia difendimi!
Il cielo vi protegga.
Non son più vostro alfiere.
Voglio che il mondo testimon mi sia
Che l'onestà è periglio.

Fa per andarsene.

Otello
No … rimani. Forse onesto tu sei.

Jago *(sulla soglia fingendo d'andarsene)*
Meglio varebbe ch'io fossi un ciurmador.

Otello
Per l'universo!
Credo leale Desdemona
E credo che non lo sia.
Te credo onesto
E credo disleale …
La prova io voglio! Voglio la certezza!

Jago (*ritornando verso Otello)*
Signor, frenate l'ansie.
E qual certezza v'abbisogna?
Avvinti verderli forse?

Otello
Ah, morte e dannazione!

Jago
Ardua impresa sarebbe; e qual certezza
Sognate voi se quell' immondo fatto
Sempre vi sfuggirà? Ma pur se guida
è la ragione al vero, una si forte
Congettura riserbo che per poco alla
Certezza vi conduce. Udite.

Avvicinandosi molto ad Otello e sottovoce.

17 Era la notte, Cassio dormia,
Gli stavo accanto.

I want certain, visible proof!
Or else on your head
Let the thunderbolt of my fearful,
Wakening fury kindle and fall!

He seizes Iago by the throat and hurls him to the ground.

Iago *(picking himself up)*
Divine grace, defend me!
Heaven protect you.
I am your ensign no longer.
I want the world to be my witness
That honesty is a danger.

He starts to leave.

Othello
No … stay. Perhaps you are honest.

Iago *(on the threshold, pretending to go)*
It would be better for me if I were a deceiver.

Othello
By the universe!
I believe Desdemona faithful,
And I believe that she is not;
I believe you honest,
And I believe you disloyal …
I want the proof! I want certainty!

Iago *(coming back toward Othello)*
My lord, restrain your anxiety.
What certainty do you need?
To see them embracing perhaps?

Othello
Ah! Death and damnation!

Iago
That would be a difficult undertaking; and of
What certainty do you dream, if that foul act
Will always elude you? But if reason
Be the guide to truth, I have such a strong
Conjecture that it leads almost
To certainty. Listen.

Coming very close to Othello and in a low voice.

17 It was night, Cassio was sleeping,
I was beside him.

Con interrotte voci tradia
L'intimo incanto.
Le labbra lente, lente movea,
Nell' abbandono
Del sogno ardente, e allor dicea,
Con flebil suono:

(sottovoce parlate)
"Desdemona soave!
Il nostro amor s'asconda.
Cauti vegliamo!
L'estasi del ciel tutto m'innonda."
Seguia più vago l'incubo blando;
Con molle angoscia
L'interna imago quasi baciando,

(parlando)
Ei disse poscia:

(sempre sottovoce)
"Il rio destino impreco
che al Moro ti donò."
E allora il sogno
In cieco letargo si mutò.

Otello
Oh! mostuosa colpa!

Jago
Io non narrai che un sogno.

Otello
Un sogno che rivela un fatto.

Jago
Un sogno che può dar forma di prova ad
altro indizio.

Otello
E qual?

Jago
Talor vedeste in mano di Desdemona
un tessuto
Trapunto a fior e più sottil d'un velo?

Otello
È il fazzoletto ch'io le diedi,
Pegno primo d'amor.

With faltering words he betrayed
His inner enchantment.
His lips moved very slowly
In the abandon
Of his ardent dream; and then he said,
In a faint tone:

(speaking softly)
"Sweet Desdemona!
Let our love be kept hidden.
We must keep careful watch!
Heavenly ecstasy engulfs me wholly."
The tender nightmare continued more sweetly;
With soft anguish,
As if kissing the inner vision,

(speaking)
He then said:

(still softly)
"I curse wicked fate,
Which gave you to the Moor."
Then the dream
Turned into blind sleep.

Othello
Oh! Monstrous guilt!

Iago
I related only a dream.

Othello
A dream that reveals an act.

Iago
A dream that can make another clue
become proof.

Othello
What clue?

Iago
Have you seen sometimes in Desdemona's hand
a handkerchief
Embroidered with flowers and finer than gauze?

Othello
It's the handkerchief I gave her,
My first pledge of love.

Jago
Quel fazzoletto ieri (certo ne son)

(cupo e lento)
Lo vidi in man di Cassio.

Otello *(con forza)*
Ah! Mille vite gli donassse Iddio!
Una è povera preda al furor mio!
Jago, ho il cor di gelo.
Lungi da me le pietose larve!
Tutto il mio vano amor esalo al cielo,
Guardami, ei sparve.
Nelle sue spire d'angue l'idra m'avvince!
Ah! sangue! sangue! sangue!

S'inginocchia.

(solenne)
18 Si, pel ciel marmoreo guiro!
Per le attorte folgori!
Per la Morte e per l'oscuro mar sterminator!
D'ira e d'impeto tremendo presto fia
Che sfolgori questa man

(levando le mani al cielo)
Ch'io levo e stendo!
Fa per alzarsi, Jago lo trattiene inginocchiato.

Jago *(s'inginocchia anch'esso)*
Non v'alzate ancor!
Testimon è il Sol ch'io miro,
Che m'irradia e inanima
L'ampia terra e il vasto spiro
Del Creato inter,
Che ad Otello io sacro ardenti,
Core, braccio ed anima
S'anco ad opere cruenti
S'armi il suo voler!

Jago e Otello *(alzando le mani al cielo come chi guira)*
Si, pel ciel marmoreo guiro!
Per le attorte folgori!
Per la Morte e per l'oscuro mar sterminator!
D'ira e d'impeto tremendo presto fia
Che sfolgori questa man ch'io levo e stendo!
Dio vendicator!

Fine dell'Atto secondo.

Iago
That handkerchief yesterday (I'm certain of it)

(slowly and darkly)
I saw in Cassio's hand.

Othello *(forcefully)*
Ah! If God gave him a thousand lives!
One of those lives is a poor prey to my rage!!
Iago, my heart is frozen.
Far from me every form of pity!
I breathe all my vain love to heaven;
Look at me, it vanishes.
In its serpent's coils the hydra grips me.
Ah! Blood! Blood! Blood!

He kneels.

(solemnly)
18 Yes, I swear by the heaven of marble!
By the forked lightning!
By Death and by the dark, murderous sea!
With rage and terrible force
Let this hand that I raise and extend

(raising his hands toward heaven)
Soon blaze out!
Otello starts to rise, but Iago keeps him on his knees.

Iago *(kneeling with him)*
Don't rise yet!
My witness is the Sun that I see,
That shines on me and animates me,
The broad earth and the vast
Breath of all Creation,
That to Othello I consecrate my ardent
Heart, arm and soul
Even if his will
Arms itself for bloody tasks!

Iago and Othello *(together, raising their arms to heaven, as if swearing)*
Yes, I swear by the heaven of marble!
By the forked lightning!
By Death and by the dark, murderous sea!
With rage and terrible force let this hand
That I raise and extend soon blaze out.
Avenging God!

End of Act Two.

ATTO TERZO

19 *La gran sala del Castello. A destra un vasto peristilio a colonne. Questo peristilio è annesso ad una sala di minori proporzioni; nel fondo della sala un verone.*

SCENA I

Araldo *(dal peristilio, a Otello che sarà con Jago nella sala)*
20 La vedetta del porto ha segnalato
La veneta galea che a Cipro adduce
Gli ambasciatori.

Otello *(all'araldo, fa cenno all'Araldo di allontanarsi)*
Bene sta.

L'araldo lascia.

(a Jago)
Continua.

Jago
Qui trarrò Cassio e con astute inchieste
Lo adescherò a ciarlar.

Indicando il vano del verone.

Voi là nascosto
Scrutate i modi suoi, le sue parole,
I lazzi, i gesti. Paziente siate
O la prova vi sfugge.
Ecco Desdemona.
Finger conviene … io vado.

S'allontana come per escire, poi s'arresta e si riavvicina ad Otello.

Il fazzoletto …

Otello
Va! volentieri obliato l'avrei.

Jago esce.

ACT THREE

19 *The great hall of the castle. To the right is a vast courtyard with a colonnade. This courtyard is connected to a smaller room; at the back of the hall is a balcony.*

SCENE I

Herald *(from the colonade, to Othello and Iago who are in the hall)*
20 The sentry at the harbour has sighted
The Venetian galley that is bringing
The ambassadors to Cyprus.

Othello *(to the herald, motioning to him to go)*
Very well.

The herald leaves.

(to Iago)
Go on.

Iago
I'll bring Cassio here and with clever questions
I'll lure him to prattle.

Pointing to the door to the balcony.

You, hidden there,
Observe his manners, his words,
His jokes and gestures. Be patient
Or the proof will elude you.
Here is Desdemona.
It's best to pretend … I am going.

He moves away as if to leave, then stops and approaches Othello again.

The handkerchief …

Othello
Go! I would happily have forgotten it.

Iago leaves.

SCENA II

Otello e Desdemona dalla porta di sinistra.

Desdemona *(ancora presso alla soglia)*
Dio ti giocondi, o sposo dell'alma mia sovrano.

Otello *(andando incontro a Desdemona e prendendole la mano)*
Grazie, madonna, datemi la vostra eburnea mano.
Caldo mador ne irrora la morbida beltà.

Desdemona
Essa ancor l'orme ignora del duolo e dell'età.

Otello
Eppur qui annida il demone gentil del
mal consiglio,
Che il vago avorio allumina del piccioletto artiglio.
Mollemente alla prece s'atteggia
E al pio fervore …

Desdemona
Eppur con questa mano io v'ho donato il core.
Ma riparlar vi debbo di Cassio.

Otello
Ancor l'ambascia del mio morbo m'assale;
Tu la fronte mi fascia.

Desdemona *(sciogliendo un fazzoletto)*
A te.

Otello
No; il fazzoletto voglio ch'io ti donai.

Desdemona
Non l'ho meco.

Otello
Desdemona, guai se lo perdi! guai!
Una possente maga ne ordia lo stame arcano.
Ivi è riposta l'alta malia d'un talismano.
Bada! smarrirlo, oppur donarlo,
è ria sventura!

Desdemona
Il vero parli?

Otello
Il vero parlo.

SCENE II

Othello and Desdemona from the door on the left.

Desdemona *(still near the threshold)*
God rest you merry, o husband, sovereign of my soul.

Othello *(going toward Desdemona and taking her hand)*
Thank you, my Lady, give me your ivory hand.
Warm moisture bedews its soft beauty.

Desdemona
It is still unaware of the stamp of grief and of age.

Othello
And yet the courteous demon of ill counsel
nests here,
Illuminating the lovely ivory of this little claw.
Gently it assumes the attitude of prayer
And of pious fervour …

Desdemona
And yet with this hand I gave you my heart.
But I must speak to you again of Cassio.

Othello
Again the pain of my illness attacks me;
Bandage my forehead.

Desdemona *(handing him a handkerchief)*
Here.

Othello
No, I want the handkerchief I gave you.

Desdemona
I don't have it with me.

Othello
Desdemona, woe, if you have lost it! Woe!
It was woven by a mighty sorceress.
It contains the lofty magic of a talisman.
Take care! To lose it, or to give it away,
is terrible misfortune!

Desdemona
Are you speaking the truth?

Othello
I speak the truth.

Desdemona
Mi fai paura!

Otello
Che? l'hai perduto forse?

Desdemona
No.

Otello
Lo cerca.

Desdemona
Fra poco … lo cercherò …

Otello
No, tosto!

Desdemona
Tu di me ti fai gioco.
Storni cosi l'inchiesta di Cassio;
Astuzia è questa del tuo pensier.

Otello
Pel cielo! l'anima mia si desta!
Il fazzoletto …

Desdemona
È Cassio l'amico tuo diletto.

Otello
Il fazzoletto!

Desdemona
A Cassio, a Cassio perdona …

Otello
Il fazzoletto!

Desdemona
Gran Dio! nella tua voce v'è un grido di minaccia!

Otello
Alza quegli occhi!

Desdemona
Atroce idea!

Prendendola a forza sotto il mento e per le spalle e obbligandola a guardarlo.

Desdemona
You frighten me!

Othello
What?! Have you lost it perhaps?

Desdemona
No.

Othello
Look for it.

Desdemona
In a little while … I'll look for it …

Othello
No, at once!

Desdemona
You are teasing me.
This way you ward off the question of Cassio;
This is the cleverness of your thinking.

Othello
By heaven! my soul is aroused!
The handkerchief …

Desdemona
Cassio is your beloved friend.

Othello
The handkerchief!!

Desdemona
Cassio, forgive Cassio …

Othello
The handkerchief!

Desdemona
Great God! Your voice is a menacing cry!

Othello
Raise those eyes!

Desdemona
Horrible idea!

Seizing her by the neck and shoulders and forcing her to look at him.

Otello
Guardami in faccia! Dimmi chi sei!

Desdemona
La sposa fedel d'Otello.

Otello
Giura!
Giura e ti danna …

Desdemona
Otello fedel mi crede.

Otello
Impura ti credo.

Desdemona
Iddio m'aiuti!

Otello
Corri alla tua condanna,
Di' che sei casta.

Desdemona *(fissandolo)*
Casta … Io son …

Otello
Giura e ti danna!

Desdemona
21 Esterrefatta fisso lo sguardo tuo tremendo,
In te parla una Furia, la sento e non l'intendo.

(dolce)
Mi guarda!

(con passione)
Il volto e l'anima ti svelo; il core infranto
Mi scruta…io prego il cielo per te con
questo pianto,
Per te con queste stille cocenti aspergo
il suol.

(animando)
Guarda le prime lagrime, che da me spreme il duol.

Otello
S'or ti scorge il tuo demone,
Un angelo ti crede
E non t'afferra.

Othello
Look me in the face! Tell me who you are!

Desdemona
Othello's faithful wife.

Othello
Swear!
Swear and damn yourself …

Desdemona
Othello believes me faithful.

Othello
I believe you impure.

Desdemona
God help me!

Othello
You are running to your damnation,
Say that you are chaste.

Desdemona *(fixing him with her eyes)*
I am … chaste …

Othello
Swear and damn yourself!!!

Desdemona
21 Terrified, I look into your fearful gaze, A Fury
speaks in you; I hear it and don't understand it.

(softly)
Look at me!

(passionately)
I reveal my face and my soul to you; examine
My broken heart … with these tears I pray to
heaven for you.
For you I sprinkle the ground with these
burning drops.

(animatedly)
Look at the first tears that grief presses from me.

Othello
If your devil could see you now,
He would take you for an angel
And would not seize you.

Desdemona *(con energia)*
Vede l'Eterno la mia fede!

Otello
No! la vede l'inferno.

Desdemona
La tua giustizia impetro, sposo mio!

Otello
Ah! Desdemona! Indietro! indietro! indietro!

Desdemona
Tu pur piangi?
… e gemendo freni del cor lo schianto!

(con disperazione)
E son io l'innocente cagion di tanto pianto!
Qual è il mio fallo?

Otello
E il chiedi? … Il più nero delitto
sovra il candido giglio della tua fronte è scritto.

Desdemona
Ahimè!

Otello
Che? non sei forse una vil cortigiana?

Desdemona
Ciel!
No … no … pel battesmo della fede cristiana!

Otello
Che?

Desdemona
Ah! … non son ciò che esprime quella
parola orrenda.

Otello, mutando d'un tratto l'ira nella più terribile calma dell'ironia, prende Desdemona per mano e la conduce alla porta d'onde entrò.

Otello
Datemi ancor l'eburnea mano,
Vo'fare ammenda.
Vi credea, perdonate se il mio pensiero è fello,
Quella vil cortigana che è la sposa d'Otello.

Desdemona *(with energy)*
The Eternal One sees my loyalty!

Othello
No! hell sees it.

Desdemona
For justice I implore you, my husband!

Othello
Ah! Desdemona! Away! Away! Away!

Desdemona
You're weeping too?
… and groaning, holding back your breaking heart!

(with desperation)
And I am the innocent cause of such weeping!
What have I done wrong?

Othello
You ask me? … The blackest crime
Is written on the white lily of your forehead.

Desdemona
Alas!

Othello
What? Aren't you perhaps a base harlot?

Desdemona
Heaven!
No … no … by my baptism in the Christian faith!

Othello
What?

Desdemona
I am not what that horrible word expresses.

Changing suddenly from anger to a more frightening ironic calm, Othello takes Desdemona by the hand and leads her to the door by which she entered.

Othello
Give me your ivory hand again;
I want to make amends.
I thought you, forgive me if my thought is wicked,
That base harlot who is Othello's wife.

Otello sforza con un'inflessione del braccio, ma senza scomporsi, Desdemona ad escire. Poi ritorna verso il contro della scena nel massimo grado dell'abbattimento.

SCENA III

Otello
22 Dio! mi potevi scagliar tutti i mali
Della miseria, della vergogna,
Far de' miei baldi trofei trionfali
Una maceria, una menzogna …
E avrei portàto la croce crudel
D'angoscie e d'onte
Con calma fronte
E rassegnato al volere del ciel.
Ma, o pianto, o duol!
M'han rapito il mirraggio
Dov'io, giulivo, l'anima acqueto.
Spento è quel sol, quel sorriso, quel raggio
Che mi fa vivo, che mi fa lieto!
Tu alfin, Clemenza, pio genio immortal
Dal roseo riso,
Copri il tuo viso
Santo coll'orrida larva infernal!

SCENA IV

Otello
Ah! Dannazione!
Pria confessi il delitto e poscia muoia!
Confession! Confession! …
La prova! …

Entra Jago.

Jago *(indicando l'ingresso)*
Cassio è là!

Otello
Là? Cielo! Oh, gioia!

(con raccapriccio)
Orror! Supplizi immondi!

Jago
Ti frena! Ti nascondi!

With these words, Othello bends his arm and forces Desdemona to leave. Then he comes back to the centre of the stage in the deepest stage of dejection.

SCENE III

Othello
22 God! you could have hurled at me all the ills
Of poverty, of shame,
Made of my bold, triumphal trophies
A ruin, a falsehood …
And I would have carried the cruel cross
Of anguish and shame
With a serene brow
Resigned to the will of heaven.
But, oh tears, oh grief!
They have taken from me the vision
Where, rejoicing, I stilled my spirit.
Extinct is that sun, that smile, that radiance
That makes me alive, that makes me happy!
And you, finally, Clemency, pious, immortal spirit
Of rosy laughter,
Cover your holy face
With a horrible, hellish apparition!

SCENE IV

Othello
Ahl Damnation!
Let her first confess the crime and then die!
Confession! Confession! …
The proof! …

Iago enters.

Iago *(beside Othello and pointing to the entrance)*
Cassio is there!

Othello
There?! Heaven! Oh, joy!!

(with a sudden shudder of horror)
Horror! Foul torments!!

Iago
Now hurry! Into hiding.

Conduce rapidamente Otello, nel fondo a sinistra dove c' è il vano del verone corre verso il fondo del peristilio dove incontra Cassio che esita ad entrare.

SCENA V

Jago *(a Cassio)*
23 Vieni, l'aula è deserta.
T'inoltra, o Capitano.

Cassio
Questo nome d'onor suona ancor vano per me.

Jago
Fa cor, la tua causa è in tal mano
Che la vittoria è certa.

Cassio
Io qui credea di ritrovar Desdemona.

Otello *(nascosto)*
Ei la nomò!

Cassio
Vorrei parlarle ancora,
per saper se la mia grazia è profferta.

Jago *(gaiamente; onducendo Cassio accanto alla prima colonna del peristilio)*
L'attendi … e intanto, giacchè non si stanca
Mai la tua lingua nelle fole gaie,
Narrami un po' di lei che t'innamora.

Cassio
Di chi?

Jago *(sottovoce assai)*
Di Bianca

Otello
Sorride!

Cassio
Baie!

Jago
Essa t'avvince coi vaghi rai.

He quickly leads Othello to the back, towards the balcony; he runs to the back of the courtyard where Cassio is standing, undecided about whether to enter.

SCENE V

Iago *(to Cassio)*
23 Come; the hall is deserted.
Come inside, Captain.

Cassio
That honoured word still rings in vain for me.

Iago
Take heart, your cause is in such hands
That your victory is certain.

Cassio
I thought I would find Desdemona here.

Othello *(hidden)*
He spoke her name.

Cassio
I would like to speak to her again,
To know if my pardon has been proclaimed.

Iago *(gaily; leading Cassio next to the first column in the courtyard)*
Wait for her; and meanwhile, as your tongue
Never wearies of gay tales,
Tell me a little of her whom you love.

Cassio
Of whom?

Iago *(in a very low voice)*
Of Bianca.

Othello
He smiles!

Cassio
Foolishness!

Iago
She ensnares you with her lovely glances.

Cassio
Rider mi fai.

Jago
Ride chi vince.

Cassio *(ridendo)*
In tai difide, per verità,
Vince chi ride. Ah! Ah!

Jago *(ridendo)*
Ah! Ah!

Otello *(dal verone)*
L'empio trionfa, il suo scherno m'uccide;
Dio frena l'ansia che in core mi sta!

Cassio
Son già di baci sazio e di lai.

Jago
Rider mi fai.

Cassio
O amor' fugaci!

Jago
Vagheggi il regno … d'altra beltà.
Colgo nel segno?

Cassio
Ah! Ah!

Jago
Ah! Ah!

Otello *(dal verone)*
L'empio trionfa, il suo scherno m'uccide.
Dio frena l'ansia che in core mi sta!

Cassio
Nel segno hai côlto. Si, lo confesso. M'odi …

Jago *(assai sottovoce)*
Sommesso parla. T'ascolto.

Jago conduce Cassio in porto più lontano da Otello.

Cassio *(molto sottovoce)*
Jago, t'è nota la mia dimora …

Cassio
You make me laugh.

Iago
He laughs who wins.

Cassio *(laughing)*
In such duels, in truth,
He wins who laughs. Ha! Ha!

Iago *(laughing)*
Ha! Ha!

Othello *(from the balcony)*
The villain's triumphant; his contempt kills me;
God curb the anxiety that is in my heart!

Cassio
I am already sated with kisses and poems.

Iago
You make me laugh.

Cassio
Oh fleeting loves!

Iago
You dream of the reign of another beauty.
Have I struck home?

Cassio
Ha! Ha!

Iago
Ha! Ha!

Othello *(as before)*
The villain mocks me, his contempt kills me;
God curb the anxiety that is in my heart!

Cassio
You've struck home. Yes, I confess it. Hear me …

Iago *(in a very low voice)*
Speak softly. I'm listening to you.

Iago leads Cassio to a place further away from Otello.

Cassio *(in a whisper)*
Iago, you know my house …

Le parole si perdono.

Otello *(avvicinandosi un poco e cautamente per udir le parole)*
Or gli racconta il modo,
Il luogo e l'ora …

Cassio *(sempre sottovoce)*
… Da mano ignota …

Le parole si perdono ancora.

Otello
Le parole non odo …
Lasso! e udir le vorrei! Dove son guinto!

Cassio
… Un vel trapunto …

Jago *(come sopra)*
È strano! è strano!

Otello
D'avvicinarmi Jago mi fa cenno.

Passo con lenta cautela, Otello, nascondendosi dietro le colonne, arriverà più tardi vicino ai due.

Jago *(sottovoce)*
Da ignota mano?

(molto forte)
Baie!

Cassio
Da senno. Quanto mi tarda saper chi sia …

Fa cenno a Cassio di parlare ancora sottovoce.

Jago *(guardando rapidamente dalla parte d'Otello, fra sè)*
Otello spia.

Jago *(a Cassio ad alta voce)*
L'hai teco?

Cassio *(estrae dal giusta-cuore il fazzoletto di Desdemona)*
Guarda.

His words are lost.

Othello *(coming a little closer, cautiously, to hear what they say)*
Now he's telling him the manner,
The place and the time …

Cassio *(still in a low voice)*
… By an unknown hand …

The words are lost again.

Othello
I can't hear the words …
Alas! I want to hear them! What have I come to!!

Cassio
… An embroidered handkerchief …

Iago *(as above)*
It's strange! It's strange!

Othello
Iago motions me to come closer.

Gradually, Othello, moving behind the columns with great caution, manages to draw close to the pair.

Iago *(whispered)*
By an unknown hand?

(loudly)
Nonsense!

Cassio
Truly. How eager I am to know who it is …

Iago motions to him to speak softly still.

Iago *(looking quickly toward Othello; to himself)*
Othello is watching.

Iago *(to Cassio in a loud voice)*
You have it with you?

Cassio *(takes Desdemona's handkerchief from his doublet)*
Look.

Jago *(prendendo il fazzoletto)*
Qual meraviglia!

(a parte)
Otello origlia.
Ei s'avvicina con mosse accorte.

(a Cassio scherzando)
Bel cavaliere, nel vostro ostello perdono
Gli angeli l'aureola e il vel.

Mettendo le mani dietro la schiena perché Otello possa osservare il fazzoletto.

Otello *(avvicinandosi assai al fazzoletto, dietro le spalle di Jago e nascosta dalla prima colonna)*
È quello! è quello!
Ruina e morte!

Jago *(e se stesso)*
Origlia Otello.

Otello *(a parte sottovoce; nascosta dietro la colonna e guardando di tratto in tratto il fazzoletto nelle mani di Cassio)*
Tutto è spento! Amore e duol.
L'alma mia nessun più smuova.

Jago *(a Cassio indicando il fazzoletto)*
Questa è una ragna
Dove il tuo cuor
Casca, si lagna,
S'impiglia e muor.
Troppo l'ammiri,
Troppo la guardi;
Bada ai deliri
Vani e bugiardi.
Questa è una ragna, etc.

Cassio *(guardando il fazzoletto che avrà ritolto a Jago)*
Miracolo vago dell'aspo e dell'ago
Che in raggi tramuta
Le fila d'un vel,
Più bianco, più leve
Che fiocco di neve,
Che nube tessuta
Dall'aure del ciel.

Jago
Questa è una ragna dove il tuo cuor …

Iago *(taking the handkerchief)*
What a marvel!

(aside)
Othello's listening.
He's approaching with cautious movements.

(towards Cassio, laughingly)
Handsome knight, in your dwelling,
The angels loose their halos and veils.

He puts his hands behind his back so that Othello can see the handkerchief.

Othello *(coming very close to the handkerchief, behind Iago's back, still hidden by the first column)*
That's the one! That's the one!
Ruination and Death!

Iago *(to himself)*
Othello's listening.

Othello *(aside, quietly; hidden behind the column and from time to time looking at the handkerchief in Cassio's hands)*
All is dead! Love and grief.
No one can move my soul any more.

Iago *(to Cassio, pointing to the handkerchief)*
This is a cobweb
In which your heart
Falls, complains,
Is entangled and dies.
You admire it too much,
You look at it too much;
Beware of vain
And false ravings.
This is a cobweb, etc.

Cassio *(looking at the handkerchief, which he has taken back from Iago)*
Lovely miracle of the spool and the needle
That changes into rays
The threads of a cloth;
Whiter, lighter
Than a snowflake,
Than a cloud woven
From the sky's breezes.

Iago
This is a cobweb in which your heart …

Cassio
Miracolo vago …

Jago
… Casca, si lagna,
S'impiglia e muor.
Questa è una ragna, etc.
Troppo l'ammiri,
Troppo la guardi;
Bada ai deliri
Vani e bugiardi.

Cassio
Più bianco, più leve
Che fiocco di neve,
Che nube tessuta
Dalla'aure del ciel.
Miracolo vago!

Otello *(e se stesso)*
Tradimento, tradimento, tradimento,
La tua prova, la tua prova
Spaventosa mostri al Sol.

Cassio
Miracolo vago!

Otello
Tradimento!

Jago *(a Cassio)*
Troppo l'ammiri.

Otello
Tradimento!

Jago
Bada!
24 Bada!

Squillo di tromba interno, poi un colpo di canonne; Otello sarà ritornato nel vano del verone. Rispondono dal Castello.

Jago
Quest'è il segnale che annuncia
L'approdo della trireme veneziana.

Trombe da altra parte.

Cassio
Lovely miracle …

Iago
… Falls, complains,
Is entangled and dies.
This is a cobweb, etc.
You admire it too much,
You look at it too much;
Beware of vain
And false ravings.

Cassio
Whiter, lighter
Than a snowflake,
Than a cloud woven
From the sky's breezes.
Lovely miracle!

Othello *(to himself)*
Treason, treason, betrayal
Your proof, your proof
Crimes of darkness shine by day.

Cassio
Lovely miracle!

Othello
Treason!

Iago *(to Cassio)*
You admire it too much.

Othello
Treason!

Iago
Listen!
24 Listen!

Trumpet fanfare off-stage, then a cannon shot. Othello has returned to the balcony. There are signals in answer from the castle.

Iago
That is the signal to announce the landing
Of the Venetian trireme.

Trumpet blasts from several directions.

Jago
Ascolta.
Tutto il castel co'suoi squilli risponde.
Se qui non vuoi con Otello scontrarti, fuggi.

Cassio
Addio.

Jago
Va.

Cassio esce velocemente dal fondo.

SCENA VI

Otello *(avvicinandosi a Jago)*
Come la ucciderò?

Jago
Vedeste ben com'egli ha riso?

Otello
Vidi.

Di tanto in tanto salve di gioia e squilli che si avvicinana.

Jago
E il fazzoletto?

Otello
Tutto vidi.

Voci *(dal di fuori, lontane)*
Evviva! Alla riva! Allo sbarco!

Otello
È condannata.

Voci
Evviva!

Otello
Fa ch'io m'abbia un velen per questa notte.

Jago
Il tosco, no …

Voci *(più vicine)*
Evviva il Leon di San Marco!

Iago
Now listen.
The whole castle answers with its trumpet blasts.
If you don't want to encounter Othello here, flee.

Cassio
Goodbye.

Iago
Go.

Cassio goes out quickly at the back.

SCENE VI

Othello *(coming over to Iago)*
How will I kill her?

Iago
You saw clearly how he laughed?

Othello
I saw.

Intermittent fanfares and shouts of joy are heard.

Iago
And the handkerchief?

Othello
I saw everything.

Voices *(off-stage, distant)*
Hurrah! To the shore! To the landing!

Othello
She is condemned.

Voices
Hurrah!

Othello
See that I have a poison for tonight.

Iago
Poison, no …

Voices *(nearer)*
Hurrah! Long live the Lion of St. Mark!

Jago
… Val meglio soffocarla,
Là nel suo letto, là, dove ha peccato.

Otello
Questa giustizia tua mi piace.

Jago
A Cassio Jago provvederà.

Otello
Jago, fin d'ora mio Capitano t'eleggo.

Jago
Mio Duce, grazie vi rendo.

Il tumluto è sempre più vicino. Fanfare e grida.

Ecco gli Ambasciatori.
Li accogliete. Ma ad evitar sospetti,
Desdemona si mostri a quei Messeri.

Otello
Si, qui l'adduci.

Jago esce dalla porta di sinistra: Otello s'avvia verso il fondo per ricevere gli Ambasciatori.

SCENA VII

Entrano Jago, Lodovico, Roderigo, l'Araldo – Desdemona con Emilia – Dignitari della Republica Veneta – Gentiluomini e Dame – Soldati – Trombettieri, poi Cassio.

Tutti
Viva! Evviva!
Viva il Leon di San Marco!

Lodovico *(tenendo una pergamena avvoltolata in mano)*
Il Doge ed il Senato
Salutano l'eroe trionfatore
Di Cipro. Io reco nelle vostre mani
Il messaggio dogale.

Otello *(prendendo il messaggio e baciando il suggello)*
Io bacio il segno della Sovrana Maestà.

Iago
… Better to smother her,
There, in her bed, there, where she has sinned.

Othello
I like this justice of yours.

Iago
Iago will see to Cassio.

Othello
Iago, starting now I name you my Captain.

Iago
My General, I give you my thanks.

The noises grow louder. Fanfares and shouts.

Here are the Ambassadors.
Receive them. But, to avoid suspicion,
Let Desdemona show herself to those gentlemen.

Othello
Yes, bring her here.

Iago goes out through the door at left. Othello goes toward the back to receive the Ambassadors.

SCENE VII

Enter Iago, Lodovico, Roderigo, the Herald – Desdemona with Emilia – Dignitaries of the Venetian Republic – Gentlemen and Ladies – Soldiers – Trumpeters and, afterwards, Cassio.

All
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Long live the Lion of St. Mark!

Lodovico *(holding a rolled parchment in his hand)*
The Doge and the Senate
Greet the triumphant hero
Of Cyprus. I convey to your hands
The Doge's message.

Othello *(taking the message and kissing the seal)*
I kiss the symbol of the Sovereign Majesty.

Lo spiega e legge.

Lodovico *(avvicinandosi a Desdemona)*
Madonna,
V'abbia il ciel in sua guardia.

Desdemona
E il ciel v'ascolti.

Emilia *(a Desdemona, a parte)*
Come sei mesta!

Desdemona *(ad Emilia, a parte)*
Emilia, una gran nube
Turba il senno d'Otello e il mio destino.

Jago *(andando a Lodovico)*
Messere, son lieto di vedervi.

Lodovico, Desdemona e Jago formano crocchio insieme.

Lodovico
Jago, quali nuove? …
Ma in mezzo a voi non trovo Cassio.

Jago
Con lui crucciato è Otello.

Desdemona *(dolce)*
Credo che in grazia tornerà.

Otello *(sempre in atto di leggere a Desdemona rapidamente)*
Ne siete certa?

Desdemona
Che dite?

Lodovico
Ei legge, non vi parla.

Jago
Forse che in grazia tornerà.

Desdemona
Jago, lo spero;
Sai se un verace affetto io porti a Cassio …

He opens the letter and reads it.

Lodovico *(approaching Desdemona)*
My lady,
May heaven keep you.

Desdemona
And may heaven listen to you.

Emilia *(to Desdemona, aside)*
How sad you are!

Desdemona *(to Emilia, aside)*
Emilia! A great cloud
Disturbs Othello's wisdom and my destiny.

Iago *(approaching Lodovico)*
Sir, I am happy to see you.

Lodovico, Desdemona, and Iago gather in a group.

Lodovico
Iago, what news? …
But I do not find Cassio in your midst.

Iago
Othello is angry with him.

Desdemona *(softly)*
I believe he will return to favour.

Othello *(to Desdemona quickly as he continues reading)*
Are you certain of it?

Desdemona
What do you say?

Lodovico
He is reading, he isn't speaking to you.

Iago
Perhaps he will return to favour.

Desdemona
Iago, I hope so;
You know that I am truly fond of Cassio …

Otello *(sempre in atto di leggere, ma febbrilmente a Desdemona, sottovoce)*
Frenate dunque le labbra loquaci …

Desdemona
Perdonate, signor …

Otello *(avventandosi contro Desdemona)*
Demonio, taci!

Lodovico *(arrestando il gesto d'Otello)*
Ferma!

Tutti
Orrore!

Lodovico
La mente mia non osa
Pensar ch'io vidi il vero.

Otello *(all'Araldo, con accento imperioso)*
A me Cassio!

Jago *(ad Otello a bassa voce)*
Che tenti?

L'araldo esce.

Otello *(a Jago sottovoce)*
Guardala mentre ei giunge.

Gentil Uomini
Ah! triste sposa!

Lodovico *(a bassa voce avvicinandosi a Jago che si sarà un po' allontanato da Otello)*
Quest'è dunque l'erore?
Quest'è il guerriero dai sublimi ardimenti?

Jago *(a Lodovico, alzando le spalle)*
È quel ch'egli è.

Lodovico
Palesa il tuo pensiero.

Jago
Meglio è tener su ciò la lingua muta.

Othello *(still reading, but in a low, feverish voice, to Desdemona)*
Then restrain your talkative lips …

Desdemona
Forgive me, My Lord …

Othello *(hurling himself at Desdemona)*
Be silent, you devil!!

Lodovico *(arresting Othello's gesture)*
Stop!

All
Horror!

Lodovico
My mind doesn't dare
Believe that what I saw was true.

Othello *(to the herald, in a commanding voice)*
Bring Cassio to me!

Iago *(to Othello, speaking in a low voice)*
What are you attempting?

The herald goes out.

Othello *(to Iago in a low voice)*
Watch her when he arrives.

Gentlemen
Ah! Unhappy wife!

Lodovico *(in a low voice, drawing nearer to Iago, who has moved a short way away from Othello)*
Is this then the hero?
This the warrior of sublime daring?

Iago *(to Lodovico, shrugging)*
He is what he is.

Lodovico
Reveal what you are thinking.

Iago
Better to keep my tongue dumb on that score.

SCENA VIII

Cassio seguito dall' Araldo, e detti.

Otello *(che avrà sempre fissato la porta)*
Eccolo! È lui!

Appare Cassio.

(avvicinandosi a Jago mentre Cassio è sulla soglia)
Nell'animo lo scruta.

(ad alta voce a tutti)
25 Messeri! Il Doge …

(a parte a Desdemona)
… Ben tu fingi il pianto …

(ad alta voce a tutti)
… Mi richiama a Venezia.

Roderigo *(e se stesso)*
Infida sorte!

Otello *(continuando ad alta voce e dominandosi)*
E in Cipro elegge
Mio successor colui che stava accanto
Al mio vessillo, Cassio.

Jago *(fieramente e sorpreso)*
Inferno e morte!

Otello *(continuando e mostrando la pergamena)*
La parola Ducale è nostra legge.

Cassio *(inchinandosi ad Otello)*
Obbedirò.

Otello *(rapidamente a Jago ed accennando a Cassio)*
Vedi? … Non par che esulti l'infame?

Jago
No.

Otello *(ancora ad alta voce a tutti)*
La ciurma e la coorte …

(a Desdemona sottovoce e rapidissimo)
Continua i tuoi singulti …

SCENE VIII

Cassio followed by the Herald, and the above.

Othello *(who has been staring at the door)*
Here he is! It is he!

Cassio is seen.

(moving toward Iago as Cassio is about to enter)
Stare into his soul.

(in a loud voice, to all)
25 Gentlemen! The Doge …

(harshly, but whispered, to Desdemona)
… Pretend to weep …

(in a loud voice to all)
… Recalls me to Venice.

Roderigo *(to himself)*
Treacherous fortune!

Othello *(continuing to speak loudly but in control of himself)*
And elects as my successor
In Cyprus the man who stood beside
My banner, Cassio.

Iago *(fiercely, surprised)*
Hell and death!

Othello *(continuing as above, he displays the parchment)*
The Doge's word is our law.

Cassio *(bowing to Othello)*
I shall obey.

Othello *(quickly to Iago, indicating Cassio)*
You see? The villain doesn't seem to rejoice.

Iago
No.

Othello *(again in a loud voice to all)*
The crew and the troops …

(speaking very rapidly in a low voice to Desdemona)
Continue your sobbing …

(ad alta voce a tutti, senza più guardar Cassio)
… E le navi e il castello
Lascio in poter del nuovo Duce.

Lodovico *(additando Desdemona che s'avvicina supplichevole)*
Otello, per pietà la conforta o il cor le infrangi.

Otello *(a Lodovico e Desdemona)*
Noi salperem domani.

Afferra Desdemona furiosamente. Desdemona cade.

(a Desdemona)
A terra! … e piangi!

Otello avrà, nel suo gesto terribile, gettata la pergamena al suolo, e Jago la raccoglie e legge di nascosto. Emilia e Lodovico sollevano pietosamente Desdemona.

Desdemona
26 A terra! … si … nel livido
Fango…percossa…io giacio…
Piango…m'agghiaccia il brivido
Dell'anima che muor.
E un dì sul mio sorriso
Fioria la speme e il bacio,
Ed or … l'angoscia in viso
E l'agonia nel cor.
Quel Sol sereno e vivido
Che allieta il cielo e il mare
Non può asciugar le amare
Stille del mio dolor.

Tutti (Emilia, Cassio, Roderigo, Lodovico, Dame e Uomini)

Emilia
Quell' innocente un fremito
D'odio non ha nè un gesto,
Trattiene in petto il gemito
Con doloroso fren.
La lagrima si frange
Muta sul volto mesto;
No, chi per lei non piange
Non ha pietade in sen.

(loudly for all to hear, no longer looking at Cassio)
… And the ships and the castle
I leave in the power of the new General.

Lodovico *(pointing to Desdemona, who approaches pleadingly)*
Othello, have pity, comfort her or you will break her heart.

Othello *(to Lodovico and Desdemona)*
We'll sail tomorrow.

He seizes Desdemona furiously. Desdemona falls.

(to Desdemona)
To the ground! … And weep!

Othello, in a fearsome rage, has thrown the parchment to the ground. Iago retrieves it and secretly reads it. Emilia and Lodovico run to Desdemona's aid, raising her gently.

Desdemona
26 To the ground! … yes … in the livid
Mire … beaten … I lie …
I weep … and the shudder of my
Dying soul chills me.
And one day in my smile
Hope and a kiss blossomed
And now … anguish in my face
And agony in my heart.
The serene, bright Sun
That gladdens sky and sea
Cannot dry the bitter
Drops of my grief.

All (Emilia, Cassio, Roderigo, Lodovico, Ladies and Gentlemen)

Emilia
That innocent one makes no gesture
Or shudder of hatred,
She checks the moan in her breast
With mournful restraint.
Her tears start
Silently on her sad face;
No, whoever does not weep for her
Has no mercy in his breast.

Cassio
L'ora è fatal! un fulmine
Sul mio cammin l'addita.
Già di mia sorte il culmine
S'offre all'inerte incalza
L'ebbra fortuna incalza
La fuga della vita.
Questa che al ciel m'innalza
è un'onda d'uragan.

Roderigo
Per me s'oscura il mondo,
S'annuvola il destin,
L'angiol soave e biondo
Scompar dal mio cammin.

Lodovico
Egli la man funerea
Scuote anelando d'ira,
Essa la faccia eterea
Volge piangendo al ciel.
Nel contemplar quel pianto
La carità sospira,
E un tenero compianto
Stempra del core il gel.

Desdemona
E un dì sul mio sorriso
Fioria la speme e il bacio,
Ed or … l'angoscia in viso
E l'agonia nel cor.
A terra … nel fango …
Percossa … io giacio …
M'agghiaccia il brivido
Dell'anima che muor.

Dame
Pietà! Pietà! Pietà!
Ansia mortale, bieca,
Ne ingombra, anime assorte in lungo orror.
Vista crudel! Ei la colpi!
Quel viso santo, pallido,
Blando, si china e tace e piange e muor.
Piangon così nel ciel lor pianto gli angeli
Quando perduto giace il peccator.

Uomini
Mistero! Mistero! Mistero!
Quell'uomo nero è sepolcrale, e cieca
Un'ombra è in lui di morte e di terror!
Strazia coll'ugna l'orrido petto!

Cassio
The hour is decisive! A thunderbolt
On my path indicates it.
The climax of my fate
Is offered to my inert hand.
Drunken fortune presses on
The race of life.
This wave that lifts me to heaven
Is a hurricane's wave.

Roderigo
The world darkens for me,
My destiny is clouded;
The blond, tender angel
Disappears from my path.

Lodovico
He shakes his gloomy hand,
Gasping with anger,
She turns her ethereal face,
Weeping, toward heaven.
Observing those tears,
Charity sighs,
And a tender compassion
Melts the chill of the heart.

Desdemona
And one day in my smile
Hope and a kiss blossomed
And now … anguish in my face
And agony in my heart.
The serene, bright Sun
That gladdens sky and sea
Cannot dry the bitter
Drops of my grief.

Ladies
Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!
Mortal, grim anxiety
Obstructs them, souls long obsessed in horror.
Cruel sight! He struck her!
That sainted, pale, innocent
Face is bent, silent; she weeps and dies.
So the angels in heaven weep their tears
When the sinner lies lost.

Gentlemen
Mystery! Mystery! Mystery!
That black man is tomb-like, and in him
There is a blind shadow of death and terror.
With his nails he rends his fearful breast!

Gli sguardi figge immoti al suol.
Poi sfida il ciel coll'atre pugna, l'ispido
Aspetto ergendo ai dardi alti del Sol.

Jago *(avvicinandosi a Otello che si sarà accasciato su d'una sedia)*
Una parola.

Otello
E che?

Jago
T'affretta! Rapido slancia la tua vendetta! Il tempo vola.

Otello
Ben parli.

Jago
È l'ira inutil ciancia. Scuotiti!
All'opra ergi tua mira! All'opra sola!
Io penso a Cassio. Ei le sue trame espia.
L'infame anima ria l'averno inghiotte!

Otello
Chi gliela svelle?

Jago
Io!

Otello
Tu?

Jago
Giurai.

Otello
Tal sia.

Jago
Tu avrai le sue novelle questa notte.

Abbandona Otello e si dirige verso Roderigo.

Jago *(ironicamente a Roderigo)*
I sogni tuoi saranno in mar domani
E tu sull'aspra terra.

Roderigo *(a Jago)*
Ahi triste!

His eyes are motionless, fixed on the ground.
Then with his grim fist he defies heaven, raising
His rough visage to the high rays of the Sun.

Iago *(approaching Othello, who has slumped on a chair)*
A word.

Othello
What?

Iago
Make haste. Unleash your vengeance rapidly.
Time flies.

Othello
You are right.

Iago
Anger is idle chatter. Bestir yourself!
Raise your eyes to the task! To the task only!
I think of Cassio. Let him expiate his plots
And the grave swallow his foul, guilty soul.

Othello
Who is to tear it from him?

Iago
I!

Othello
You?

Iago
I swore.

Othello
So be it.

Iago
You will have news of him tonight.

He leaves Othello and moves toward Roderigo.

Iago *(ironically to Roderigo)*
Your dreams will be on the sea tomorrow,
And you on the harsh land!

Roderigo *(to Iago)*
Ah, how sad I feel!

Jago
Ahi stolto! stolto!
Se vuoi, tu puoi sperar; gli umani,
Orsù! cimenti afferra, e m'odi.

Roderigo
T'ascolto.

Jago
Col primo albor salpa il vascello.
Or Cassio è il Duce.
Eppur se avvien che a questi accada sventura

(toccando la spada)
Allor qui resta Otello.

Roderigo
Lugubre luce d'atro balen!

Jago
Mano alla spada!
A notte folta io la sua traccia vigilo,
E il varco e l'ora scruto;
Il resto a te.
Sarò tuo scolta.
A caccia! a caccia!
Cingiti l'arco!

Roderigo
Si! t'ho venduto onore e fè.

Dame
Quel viso santo, pallido,
Blando, si china e tace e piange e muor.
Piangon così nel ciel lor pianto gli angeli
Quando perduto giace il peccator.

Uomini
Quell'uomo nero è sepolcrale
Figge gli sguardi immoti al suol.
Poi sfida il ciel coll'atre pugna, l'ispido
Aspetto ergendo ai dardi alti del Sol.

Jago
Corri al miraggio! Il fragile tuo senno
Ha già confuso un sogno menzogner.
Segui l'astuto ed agile mio cenno,
Amante illuso, io seguo il mio pensier.

Roderigo *(a stesso)*
Il dado è tratto! Impavido t'attendo,

Iago
Ah, fool! Fool!
If you wish, you can hope; come,
Grasp human boldness, and listen to me.

Roderigo
I am listening to you.

Iago
The ship sails at the break of dawn.
Now Cassio is the Commander. And yet,
If it should happen that misfortune befall him

(touching his sword)
Then Othello remains here.

Roderigo
Doleful light of a grim lightning!

Iago
Hand on your sword!
At dead of night I will watch his path,
I'll observe the place and the hour;
The rest is up to you.
I will be your sentry.
To the hunt! to the hunt!
Take up your bow!

Roderigo
Yes! I have sold you my honour and loyalty.

Ladies
That sainted, pale, innocent
Face is bent, silent; she weeps and dies.
So the angels in heaven weep their tears
When the sinner lies lost.

Gentlemen
That black man is tomb-like
His eyes are motionless, fixed on the ground.
Then with his grim fist he defies heaven, raising
His rough visage to the high rays of the Sun.

Iago
Hasten to your mirage! Your fragile intelligence
Has already confused a false dream.
Follow my sly and quick indication,
Deluded lover, I follow my thought.

Roderigo *(to himself)*
The die is cast! Fearless, I await you,

Ultima sorte, occulto mio destin.
Mi sprona amor, ma un avido, tremendo
Astro di morte infesta il mio cammin.

Otello *(ergendosi e rivolto alla folla, terribilmente)*
Fuggite!

Tutti
Ciel!

Otello *(slanciandosi contro la folla)*
Tutti fuggite Otello!

Fanfara fuggite.

Jago *(a tutti)*
Lo assale una malia
che d'ogni senso il priva.

Otello *(con forza)*
Chi non si scosta è contro me rubello.

Lodovico *(fa per trascinare lontano Desdemona)*
Mi segui …

Voci *(dal di fuori)*
Evviva!

Desdemona *(sciogliendosi da Lodovico e accorendo verso Otello)*
Mio sposo!

Otello *(terribile a Desdemona)*
Anima mia, ti maledico!

Tutti
Orror!

Desdemona, fra Emilia e Lodovico, esce. Tutti escono inorriditi.

SCENA IX

Restano Otello e Jago soli.

Otello
Fuggirmi io sol non so! Sangue!

Ultimate fate, my hidden destiny.
Love spurs me on, but an avid, terrible
Star of death infests my path.

Othello *(rising and addressing the crowd, with a terrifying expression)*
Begone!

All
Heaven!

Othello *(hurling himself at the crowd)*
Flee from Othello, all of you!

Off-stage fanfare.

Iago *(to the onlookers)*
A spell attacks him
That robs him of all feeling.

Othello *(vigorously)*
He who does not leave is a rebel against me.

Lodovico *(starts to draw Desdemona away)*
Follow me …

Voices *(from outside)*
Hurrah!

Desdemona *(freeing herself from Lodovico and running toward Othello)*
My husband!

Othello *(in a terrible voice, to Desdemona)*
My soul, I curse you!

All
Horror!

Desdemona is led away by Emilia and Lodovico. All go out, horrified.

SCENE IX

Othello and Iago alone remain.

Othello
Only I cannot flee from myself! Blood!

(sempre più affannoso)
Ah! l'abbietto pensiero! Ciò m'accora!

(convulsivamente, delirando)
Vederli insieme avvinti …
Il fazzoletto! Il fazzoletto!
Il fazzoletto! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Sviene.

Jago
Il mio valen lavora.

Fanfare e Voci dal di fuori.

Voci *(interno)*
Viva Otello!

Jago *(ascoltando le grida)*
L'eco della vittoria …

Cipriotti
Evviva, evviva!

Jago *(osserva Otello disteso a terra tramortito)*
… Porge sua laude estrema.

Cipriotti *(interno)*
Evviva!

Dopo una pausa.

Jago
Chi può vietar che questa fronte prema col mio tallone?

Cipriotti *(interno e più vicino)*
Evviva! Evviva Otello!
Gloria al Leon di Venezia!

Jago *(ritto e con gesto d'orrendo trionfo, indicando il corpo inerte d'Otello)*
Ecco il Leone!

Cipriotti
Viva! Viva! Viva Otello!

Fine dell'Atto terzo.

(more and more excited)
Ah! the despicable thought! … That distresses me!

(convulsively, raving)
To see them together, embracing …
The handkerchief! The handkerchief!
The handkerchief! Ah! Ah! Ah!

He faints.

Iago
My poison is working.

Fanfares and Voices from outside.

Voices *(from afar)*
Hail Othello!

Iago *(listening to the shouts)*
The echo of victory …

Cypriots
Hail! hail!

Iago *(looking at Othello prostrate and senseless on the ground)*
… Offers its last praise.

Cypriots *(from afar)*
Hail!

After a pause.

Iago
Who can prevent me from pressing my heel on that forehead?

Cypriots *(behind, coming nearer)*
Hail! Long live Othello!
Glory to the Lion of Venice!

Iago *(standing, with a gesture of gloating triumph, pointing to Othello, inert on the ground)*
There is the Lion!

Cypriots
Hail! Hail! Hail Othello!

End of Act Three.

ATTO QUARTO

La Camera di Desdemona. Letto, inginocchiatoio, tavolo, specchio, sedie. Una lampada arde appesa davanti all'immagine della Madonna che sta al disopra dell'inginocchiatoio. Porta a destra. Un lume acceso sul tavolo. È notte.

SCENA I

Emilia
27 Era più calmo?

Desdemona
Mi parea. M'ingiunse
Di coricarmi e d'attenderlo. Emilia,
Te ne prego, distendi sul mio letto
La mia candida veste nuziale.

Emilia eseguisce.

Senti. Se pria di te morir dovessi
Mi seppellisci con un di quei veli.

Emilia
Scacciate queste idee.

Desdemona
Son mesta, tanto, tanto.

(sedendo macchinalmente davanti allo specchio)
Mia madre aveva una povera ancella,
Innamorata e bella;
Era il suo nome Barbara.
Amava un uom che poi l'abbandonò;
Cantava una canzone: la canzon del Salice.

(ad Emilia)
Mi disciogli le chiome …
Io questa sera ho la memoria piena
Di quella cantilena …
28 "Piangea cantando
Nell'erma landa,
Piangea la mesta …
O Salce! Salce! Salce!
Sedea chinando
Sul sen la testa!
Salce! Salce! Salce!
Cantiamo! Cantiamo! Il Salce funebre
Sarà la mia ghirlanda."

ACT FOUR

Desdemona's bedroom. Bed, prie-Dieu, table, looking-glass, chairs. A lamp is burning, hanging in front of the image of the Madonna that stands above the prie-Dieu. A door at right. A lighted lamp on the table. It is night.

SCENE I

Emilia
27 Was he calmer?

Desdemona
He seemed so to me. He bade me
Go to bed and await him. Emilia,
Please spread out on my bed
My white nuptial gown.

Emilia obeys.

Listen. If I should die before you,
Bury me with one of those veils.

Emilia
Banish these ideas.

Desdemona
I am sad, very sad.

(sitting down mechanically before the looking-glass)
My mother had a poor maidservant,
Beautiful and in love;
Her name was Barbara.
She loved a man who later abandoned her;
She used to sing a song: "The Willow Song."

(to Emilia)
Loosen my hair:
This evening my memory is filled
With that dirge:
28 "She wept, singing,
On the lonely heath,
The sad girl wept.
O Willow! Willow! Willow!
She sat, hanging
Her head on her breast!
O Willow! Willow! Willow!
Let us sing! The funereal willow
Shall be my garland."

(ad Emilia)
Affrettati; fra poco giunge Otello.
"Scorreano i rivi fra le zolle in fior,
Gemea quel core affranto,
E dalle ciglia le sgorgava il cor
L'amara onda del pianto.
Salce! Salce! Salce!
Cantiamo! Cantiamo! Il Salce funebre
Sarà la mia ghirlanda."

"Scendean l'augelli a vol dai rami cupi
Verso quel dolce canto.
E gli occhi suoi piangean tanto, tanto,
Da impietosir le rupi."

(a Emilia, levandosi un anello dal dito)
Riponi quest'anello.

(alzandosi)
Povera Barbara!
Solea la storia con questo semplice suono finir:
"Egli era nato per la sua gloria, io per amar … "

(ad Emilia, parlante)
Ascolta. Odo un lamento.

Emilia fa qualche passo.

Desdemona
Taci. Chi batte a quella porta?

Emilia
È il vento.

Desdemona
"Io per amarlo e per morir …
Cantiamo! Cantiamo! Salce! Salce! Salce!"

Emilia, addio. Come m'ardon le ciglia!
È presagio di pianto. Buona notte.

Emilia si volge per partire.

Ah! Emilia, Emilia, addio,

Emilia ritorna e Desdemona l'abbraccia.

Emilia, addio!

Emilia esce.

(to Emilia)
Hurry; Othello is coming shortly.
"The brooks flowed among the flowering fields,
That broken heart moaned,
And her heart released from her eyelids
The bitter wave of tears.
O Willow! Willow! Willow!
Let us sing! The funereal willow
Shall be my garland."

"The birds came flying down from the dark branches
Toward that sweet song,
And her eyes wept so much, so much
They would have moved stones to pity."

(to Emilia, taking a ring from her finger)
Guard this ring.

(rising)
Poor Barbara!
The story used to end with this simple tune:
"He was born for his glory, I to love … "

(to Emilia)
Listen. I hear a moan.

Emilia goes towards the window.

Desdemona
Be silent. Who is knocking at that door?

Emilia
It is the wind.

Desdemona
"I to love him and to die.
Let us sing! Willow! Willow! Willow!"

Emilia, goodbye. How my eyelids burn!
It is a presentiment of weeping. Good night.

Emilia turns to leave.

Ah! Emilia, Emilia, goodbye,

Emilia comes back to Desdemona and embraces her.

Emilia, goodbye!

Emilia exits.

SCENA II

Desdemona *(all'inginocchiatoio)*
29 Ave Maria, piena di grazia, eletta
Fra le spose e le vergini sei tu,
Sia benedetto il frutto, o benedetta,
Di tue materne viscere, Gesù.

Prega per chi adorando a te,
si prostra,
Prega pel peccator, per l'innocente,
E pel debole oppresso e pel possente,
Misero anch'esso, tua pietà dimostra.
Prega per chi sotto l'oltraggio piega
La fronte e sotto la malvagia sorte;
Per noi, per noi tu prega, prega
Sempre e nell'ora della morte nostra,
Prega per noi, prega per noi, prega.

Resta ancora inginocchiata e appoggiando la fronte sull'inginocchiatoio ripete mentalmente l'orazione di cui non s'odono che le prime e le ultime parole.

Ave Maria …
Nell'ora della morte.
Ave! … Amen!

Si alza e va a coricasi.

SCENA III

Otello entra da una porta segreta, depone una scimitarra sul tavolo, s'arresta davanti alla face, titubante se spegnerla o no. Guarda Desdemona. Spegne la face. La scena resta rischiarata dal solo lume dell' inginocchiatoio. Otello spinto da un impeto di furore, s'avvicina al letto; ma là s'arresta. Contempla lungamente Desdemona che dorme. La bacia tre volte. All' ultimo bacia Desdemona si desta.

Desdemona *(si alza)*
30 Chi è là? Otello?

Otello
Sì!
31 Diceste questa sera le vostre preci?

SCENE II

Desdemona *(before the prie-Dieu)*
29 Hail Mary, full of grace, chosen
Are you among brides and maidens;
O blessed one, may the fruit be blessed
Of your maternal womb, Jesus.

Pray for those who prostrate themselves
before you, adoring,
Pray for the sinner, for the innocent,
For the weak and oppressed and for the mighty,
Also for the wretched, display your mercy.
Pray for those who bow their heads beneath
Outrage and evil destiny;
For us, pray for us,
Always and in the hour of our death,
Pray for us, pray for us, I pray.

She remains still kneeling, resting her forehead against the prie-Dieu, mentally repeats the prayer, of which we hear only the first and last words.

Hail Mary …
At the hour of death.
Ave! … Amen!

She rises and goes to bed.

SCENE III

Othello enters by a secret door, places a scimitar on the table, and pauses before the light, undecided whether to extinguish it. He looks at Desdemona. He puts out the light. The scene is illuminated only by the light from the prie-Dieu. Othello, driven by a sudden burst of fury, approaches the bed; there he pauses. He gazes at Desdemona who is sleeping. He kisses her three times. At the third kiss, Desdemona awakens.

Desdemona *(she raises herself)*
30 Who is there? Othello?

Othello
Yes!
31 Did you say your prayers this evening?

Desdemona
Orai …

Otello
Se vi sovviene
Di qualche colpa commessa che attenda
Grazia dal ciel, imploratela tosto.

Desdemona
Perchè?

Otello
T'affretta! Uccidere non voglio l'anima tua.

Desdemona
D'uccider parli?

Otello
Sì.

Desdemona
Pietà di me, mio Dio!

Otello
Amen.

Desdemona
E abbiate pietà voi pure.

Otello
Pensa ai tuoi peccati.

Desdemona
Mio peccato è l'amor.

Otello
Perciò tu muori.

Desdemona
E perchè t'amo m'uccidi?

Otello
Ami Cassio.

Desdemona
No! Sull'anima mia!

Otello
Quel fazzoletto ch'io ti donai gli desti.

Desdemona
I prayed.

Othello
If you remember
Some sin you have committed that awaits
Forgiveness from heaven, implore it at once.

Desdemona
Why?

Othello
Make haste! I don't want to kill your soul.

Desdemona
You speak of killing?

Othello
Yes.

Desdemona
Have pity on me, God.

Othello
Amen.

Desdemona
And you too have pity.

Othello
Think of your sins.

Desdemona
My sin is love.

Othello
For that you die.

Desdemona
You kill me because I love you?

Othello
You love Cassio.

Desdemona
No! On my soul!

Othello
You gave him that handkerchief I gave you.

Desdemona
Non è vero!

Otello
Nella sua man lo vidi.

Desdemona
Io rea non sono!

Otello
Confessa!

Desdemona
Giuro!

Otello
Bada allo spergiuro …
Pensa che sei sul tuo letto di morte.

Desdemona
Non per morir.

Otello
Per morir tosto.

Desdemona
Aita! Cassio non amo …
Ch'ei qui venga … ei parli.

Otello
Muto è per sempre.

Desdemona
Cielo! Morto?

Otello *(freddo)*
Morto.

Desdemona
Son perduta! Ei tradito!

Otello *(con forza)*
E pianger l'osi?

Desdemona
Otello … non uccidermi …

Otello
Tu invano ti difendi.

Desdemona
That is not true!

Othello
I saw it in his hand.

Desdemona
I am not guilty!

Othello
Confess!

Desdemona
I swear!

Othello
Beware of your perjury …
Think, you are on your deathbed.

Desdemona
Not to die.

Othello
To die at once.

Desdemona
Help! I do not love Cassio …
Let him come here … let him speak.

Othello
He is silent forever.

Desdemona
Heaven! Dead?

Othello *(coldly)*
Dead.

Desdemona
I am lost! He, betrayed!

Othello *(fiercely)*
And you dare weep for him?

Desdemona
Othello … do not kill me …

Othello
You defend yourself in vain.

Desdemona *(con disperazione)*
Ch'io viva ancor … ch'io viva ancor …
Ch'io viva ancor …

Otello
Giù! cadi, giù, cadi, prostituta …

Desdemona
Pietà!

Otello
Muori!!

Desdemona
Ch'io viva questa notte …

Otello
No!

Desdemona
Un'ora …

Otello
No!

Desdemona
Un istante …

Otello
No!

Desdemona
Sol ch'io dica un'Ave.

Otello
È tardi!

La soffoca. Un grido di Desdemona.

Desdemona *(grido)*
Ah!

Dal di fuori, bussa alla porta.

Otello *(contemplando il corpo di Desdemona inerte)*
Calma come la tomba.

Emilia *(picchia di nuovo)*
Aprite! Aprite!

Desdemona *(in desperation)*
Let me still live … let me still live …
Let me still live …

Othello
Fall down! Fall down! Prostitute! …

Desdemona
Pity!

Othello
Die!!

Desdemona
Let me live this night …

Othello
No!

Desdemona
An hour.

Othello
No!

Desdemona
A moment.

Othello
No!

Desdemona
Let me say only a prayer.

Othello
It is too late!

He smothers her. Desdemona cries out.

Desdemona *(shrieking)*
Ah!

A knocking at the door is heard.

Othello *(contemplating the motionless body of Desdemona)*
Still as a tomb.

Emilia *(again beating at the door)*
Open! Open!

Otello *(trabalzando)*
Chi è là?

Picchia ancora.

Otello
Chi batte?

Emilia
Signor mio … ven prego, lasciate
ch'io vi parli … Aprite!

Otello *(aprendo)*
Emilia! che avvenne?

Emilia *(entrando)*
Un gran delitto! Cassio uccise Roderigo.

Otello
E Cassio?

Emilia
Vive.

Otello
Cassio vive!!

Desdemona *(dal letto)*
Ingiustamente … uccisa ingiustamente …
Muoio innocente …

Emilia *(accorrendo al letto)*
Chi geme là? … Orror!

Desdemona
Muoio innocente …

Emilia
Gran Dio! … Chi fu? chi fu?

Desdemona
Nessuno … io stessa … Al mio
Signor mi raccomanda … muoio innocente …
Addio.

Muore.

Otello
32 O mentitrice! io l'uccisi.

Othello *(faltering)*
Who is there?

Another knock.

Othello
Who knocks?

Emilia
My Lord … I beseech you,
Let me speak to you … Open!

Othello *(opening the door)*
Emilia! What is happening?

Emilia *(entering)*
A great crime! Cassio killed Roderigo.

Othello
And Cassio?

Emilia
He lives.

Othello
Cassio lives!!

Desdemona *(from the bed)*
Unjustly … killed unjustly …
I die innocent …

Emilia *(running to the bed)*
Who is moaning there? … Horror!

Desdemona
I die innocent …

Emilia
Great God! … Who was it?

Desdemona
No one … I myself … Commend me
To my lord … I die innocent …
Farewell …

She dies.

Othello
32 O liar! I killed her.

Emilia
Assassino!

Otello
Fu di Cassio la druda. A Jago il chiedi.

Emilia
A Jago?!

Otello
A Jago.

Emilia
Stolto!! e tu il credesti?

Otello *(fa per avventarsi contro Emilia)*
Negarlo ardisci?

Emilia
Non ti temo.

Otello *(la afferra)*
Bada!

Emilia *(si vincola e corre verso la porta, gridando disperatamente)*
Olà! Soccorso! Aiuto!
Otello uccise Desdemona!

SCENA IV

Entrano Lodovico, Cassio e Jago, più tardi Montàno con gente armata.

Cassio, Jago e Lodovico
Quai grida!

(vedendo Desdemona)
Orrore! Orror!

Emilia *(a Jago)*
Jago, smentisci quel vile assassino.
Hai tu creduto Desdemona infida? Parla!

Jago
Tal la credea.

Otello
Quel fazzoletto che un dì le diedi,
A Cassio essa donava.

Emilia
Murderer!

Othello
She was Cassio's mistress. Ask Iago.

Emilia
Iago?!

Othello
Iago.

Emilia
Fool! And you believed him?

Othello *(threatening Emilia)*
You dare deny it?!

Emilia
I do not fear you.

Othello *(he seizes her)*
Beware!

Emilia *(frees herself and runs toward the door, shouting desperately)*
Hey! Help! Help!
Othello has killed Desdemona!

SCENE IV

Lodovico, Cassio and Iago enter, then Montano and armed soldiers.

Cassio, Iago and Lodovico
What are these shouts!

(seeing Othello and Desdemona)
Horror! Horror!

Emilia *(to Iago)*
Iago, contradict that base murderer.
Did you believe Desdemona unfaithful? Speak!

Iago
So I believed her.

Othello
That handkerchief that I once gave her,
She gave to Cassio.

Emilia
O potenza divina!

Jago *(ad Emilia)*
Taci!

Emilia
No, tutto rivelo!

Jago
Taci!

Emilia
No! Costui dalla mia man quel fazzoletto
Svelse a viva forza.

Cassio
E nella mia dimora
Trovai quel vel.

Montàno *(entrando ed indicando Jago)*
Rodrigo morente mi svelò
di quest'uom l'arti nefande.

Otello *(a Jago)*
Ah! discolpati!

Jago *(fuggendo)*
No!

Lodovico
Ferma!

Montàno
S'insegua.

Cassio e Lodovico
Afferratelo!

Alcuni escono inseguendo Jago.

Otello *(slanciandosi per afferrar la spada)*
E il ciel non ha più fulmini?

Lodovico
La spada a me!

Otello
Tant'osi?
33 Niun mi tema

Emilia
O divine powers!

Iago *(to Emilia)*
Be silent!

Emilia
No! I will reveal everything!

Iago
Be silent!

Emilia
No! He tore that handkerchief
From my hand by force.

Cassio
And I found that handkerchief
In my house.

Montano *(entering with armed men and pointing to Iago)*
Dying, Roderigo revealed
this man's vile plottings to me.

Othello *(to Iago)*
Ah! Prove your innocence!

Iago *(fleeing)*
No!

Lodovico
Stop him!

Montano
Pursue him.

Cassio and Lodovico
Seize him!

Some men go out, pursuing Iago.

Othello *(rushing forward to seize his sword)*
Has heaven no more thunderbolts?!

Lodovico
Give me that sword!

Othello
You dare?
33 Let no one fear me

S'anco armato mi vede.
Ecco la fine
Del mio camin …
Oh! Gloria! Otello fu.

Lascia cadere la spada e va presso al letto, contemplando Desdemona.

Otello
E tu … come sei pallida!
E stanca, e muta, e bella,
Pia creatura nata sotto maligna stella.
Fredda come la casta tua vita …
E in cielo assorta.
Desdemona! Desdemona! …
Ah! … Morta! morta! morta!

Estraendo furtivamente dalle vesti un pugnale.

Otello
Ho un'arma ancor!

Si ferisce.

Cassio
Ah! ferma!

Lodovico e Montàno
Sciagurato!

Otello
Pria d'ucciderti …
Sposa … ti baciai.
Or morendo …
Nell'ombra … in cui mi giacio …
Un bacio … un bacio ancora …
Ah! … un altro bacio …

Muore.

Fine dell'Opera.

Even seeing me armed.
This is the end
Of my road …
Oh! Glory! Othello is dead.

He drops the sword, goes to the bed, and contemplates Desdemona.

Othello
And you … how pale you are!
And weary, and silent, and beautiful,
Sainted creature born under a malign star.
Cold as your chaste life …
And borne up to heaven.
Desdemona! Desdemona! …
Ah! … Dead! … Dead! … Dead! …

He furtively draws a dagger from his garment.

Othello
I still have a weapon!

He stabs himself.

Cassio
Ah! Stop!

Lodovico and Montano
Wretched man!

Othello
Before killing you …
Wife … I kissed you.
Now, dying …
In the darkness … where I lie …
A kiss … a kiss again …
Ah! … another kiss …

He dies.

End of the Opera.

Sir Colin Davis conductor

Sir Colin Davis is the London Symphony Orchestra's President and was the Orchestra's Principal Conductor between 1995 and 2006. He has recorded widely with Philips, BMG and Erato as well as LSO Live. His releases on LSO Live have won numerous prizes including Grammy and Gramophone Awards and have covered music by Berlioz, Verdi, Beethoven and Sibelius among others. Sir Colin has been awarded international honours by Italy, France, Germany and Finland and, in the Queen's Birthday Honours 2002, he was named a Member of the Order of the Companions of Honour. In 2002 Sir Colin received the Classical BRIT award for Best Male Artist and in 2003 was given the Yehudi Menuhin Prize by the Queen of Spain for his work with young people. Sir Colin began his career at the BBC Scottish Orchestra, moving to Sadler's Wells in 1959. Following four years as Chief Conductor of the BBC Symphony Orchestra, he became Music Director of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden in 1971 and Principal Guest Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1972. Between 1983 and 1992 he worked with the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra. He was Principal Guest Conductor of the New York Philharmonic from 1998 through to the 2002/2003 season, and has been Honorary Conductor of the Dresden Staatskapelle since 1990.

Sir Colin Davis est le président du London Symphony Orchestra et a été son chef principal de 1995 à 2006. Il a réalisé de nombreux enregistrements chez Philips, BMG et Erato, ainsi que chez LSO Live. Ses disques publiés chez LSO Live ont remporté de nombreuses distinctions, notamment des Grammy et Gramophone Awards, et l'on peut y entendre, entre autres, des ouvres de Berlioz, Verdi, Beethoven et Sibelius. Sir Colin a reçu des distinctions internationales en Italie, en France, en Allemagne et en Finlande et, l'occasion des Queen's Birthday Honours 2002, il a été nommé membre de l'ordre des Companions of Honour. Sir Colin a été récompensé par les BRIT awards et, en 2003 la reine d'Espagne lui a remis le Prix Yehudi Menuhin pour son travail avec les enfants. Sir Colin a débuté au BBC Scottish Orchestra, passant en 1959 au Théâtre de Sadler's Wells, Londres. Après avoir été pendant quatre ans le Premier Chef du BBC Symphony Orchestra, il est devenu Directeur musical du Royal Opera House de Covent Garden en 1971 et Premier Chef invité du Boston Symphony Orchestra l'année suivante. De 1983 et 1992, il a travaillé avec l'Orchestre symphonique de la Radio Bavaroise et il a été Premier Chef invité du New York Philharmonic de 1998 la saison 2002/2003 et il est chef honoraire de la Staatskapelle de Dresde depuis 1990.

Sir Colin Davis ist Präsident des London Symphony Orchestras und war zwischen 1995 und 2006 dessen Chefdirigent. Er nahm umfangreich bei Philips, BMG, Erato und beim LSO Live-Label auf. Seine Einspielungen beim LSO Live-Label wurden häufig ausgezeichnet, zum Beispiel mit Grammy- und Gramophone-Preisen. Zu diesen Aufnahmen gehören Interpretationen von unter anderem Berlioz, Verdi, Beethoven und Sibelius. Sir Colin erhielt internationale Auszeichnungen in Italien, Frankreich, Deutschland und Finnland, und während der Titelverleihung zum Geburtstag der britischen Königin Elizabeth II. 2002 wurde er zum Mitglied des Ordens der Companions of Honour ernannt. Sir Colin sicherte sich diverse BRIT-Awards, und im Jahre 2003 erhielt er den Yehudi-Menuhin-Preis von der spanischen Königin für seine Arbeit mit jungen Menschen. Sir Colin begann seine Laufbahn beim BBC Scottish Orchestra. 1959 wechselte er zur Sadler's Wells Opera Company nach London. Nach vier Jahren als Chefdirigent des BBC Symphony Orchestra wurde er 1971 zum Musikdirektor des Royal Opera Houses Covent Garden ernannt und 1972 zum ersten Gastdirigenten des Boston Symphony Orchestra. Zwischen 1983–1992 arbeitete Sir Colin mit dem Symhonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks, und von 1998 bis zur Spielzeit 2002/2003 war er erster Gastdirigent des New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Ehrendirigent der Dresdner Staatskapelle ist er seit 1990.

Simon O'Neill tenor – *Otello*

New Zealander Simon O'Neill has rapidly established himself as one of the finest young heldentenors on the international stage. He is a principal artist with the Metropolitan Opera (New York), the Royal Opera House (Covent Garden, London), and the Salzburg Festival. Simon has performed many roles including the title role in *Lohengrin*, Max (*Der Freischütz*), Jeník (*The Bartered Bride*), Gran Sacerdote (*Idomeneo*), *Die Zauberflöte*, *Parsifal*, Janaček's *Glagolitic Mass*, Mahler's Eighth Symphony, *Das Lied von der Erde* with Pappano, and Beethoven's *Fidelio* and Symphony No 9. His debut EMI CD of Wagner scenes and arias has recently been released.

Simon will sing in *Die Walküre* at La Scala during 2010 and in *Boris Godunov* in 2012. Other forthcoming engagements include Siegfried in *Götterdämmerung*, *Parsifal* (Vienna, Barcelona and London), the Bayreuth Festival, Samson in *Samson et Delilah* (Concertgebouw), Cavaradossi in *Tosca* (Deutsche Oper Berlin and Hamburg State Opera), and *Die Meistersinger* at Covent Garden.

Simon O'Neill is a graduate of the University of Otago, Victoria University of Wellington, and the Manhattan School of Music, and studied at the Juilliard Opera Center.

Le Néo-Zélandais Simon O'Neill s'est rapidement imposé comme l'un des meilleurs ténors héroïques de la scène internationale. Il tient des premiers rôles au Metropolitan Opera (New York), à l'Opéra royal de Covent Garden (Londres) et au Festival de Salzbourg. A son large répertoire figurent notamment le rôle titre de *Lohengrin*, Max (*Der Freischütz*), Jeník (*La Fiancée vendue*), le Grand Prêtre (*Idomeneo*) ; il a chanté également *La Flûte enchantée*, *Parsifal*, la *Messe glagolitique* de Janáček, la Huitième Symphonie de Mahler ainsi que son *Chant de la terre* avec Pappano, et *Fidelio* et la Neuvième Symphonie de Beethoven. Son premier CD chez EMI, avec des airs et des scènes de Wagner, est sorti récemment.

Simon O'Neill chantera *La Walkyrie* à la Scala de Milan en 2010 et *Boris Godounov* en 2012. Parmi ses autres engagements à venir, citons Siegfried dans *Le Crépuscule des dieux*, *Parsifal* (Vienne, Barcelone et Londres), le Festival de Bayreuth, Samson dans *Samson et Dalila* (Concertgebouw), Cavaradossi dans *Tosca* (Deutsche Oper de Berlin et Staatsoper de Hambourg) et *Les Maîtres chanteurs* à Covent Garden.

Simon O'Neill est diplômé de l'université d'Otago, de l'université du Victoria à Wellington et de la Manhattan School of Music ; il a aussi étudié au Juilliard Opera Center.

Der Neuseeländer Simon O'Neill hat sich äußerst schnell den Ruf als einen der besten jungen Heldentenöre auf internationaler Ebene erobert. Er tritt häufig an der Metropolitan Opera (New York), dem Royal Opera House Covent Garden (London) und bei den Salzburger Festspielen auf. Zu seinen zahlreichen Rollen gehörten die Titelrolle im *Lohengrin*, der Max (*Der Freischütz*), der Hans (*Prodaná nevěsta* [Die verkaufte Braut]) und der Oberpriester des Poseidon/Gran Sacerdote di Nettuno (*Idomeneo*). Zudem war er in der *Zauberflöte*, im *Parsifal*, in Janáčeks *Glagolská mše* [Glagolitischer Messe], in Beethovens *Fidelio* und dessen 9. Sinfonie zu hören. Simon O'Neills erste CD, mit Szenen und Arien aus Wagners Opern, wurde vor kurzem von EMI veröffentlicht.

Für die Zukunft sind Auftritte in der *Walküre* an der La Scala für 2010 und im *Boris Godunow* für 2012 geplant. Darüber hinaus wurde Simon O'Neill für den Siegfried in der *Götterdämmerung*, Auftritte im *Parsifal* (Wien, Barcelona und London) und bei den Bayreuther Festspielen, den Samson in *Samson et Dalila* (Concertgebouw), den Cavaradossi in der *Tosca* (Deutsche Oper Berlin und Hamburger Staatsoper) sowie für *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* am Royal Opera House, Covent Garden engagiert.

Simon O'Neill hat Studienabschlüsse von der University of Otago, Victoria University of Wellington und der Manhattan School of Music und studierte am Juilliard Opera Center.

Gerald Finley bass-baritone – *Jago*

Canadian baritone Gerald Finley began singing as a chorister in Ottawa before completing his musical studies in the UK at the Royal College of Music, King's College, Cambridge, and the National Opera Studio.

After early appearances at Glyndebourne in Mozart's baritone roles, he has since appeared in leading roles at the world's opera houses including London, Berlin, Paris, Amsterdam, Salzburg, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. He created the lead roles in major premières, including J Robert Oppenheimer (*Doctor Atomic*), Harry Heegan (*The Silver Tassie*), Mr Fox (*Fantastic Mr Fox*) and Jaufre Rudel (*L'amour de loin*), and he played Owen Wingrave in the Channel 4 (UK) film of Britten's opera.

His discography includes work with Sir Simon Rattle, Bernard Haitink, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Kurt Masur and Vladimir Jurowski. His releases on Hyperion Records include a highly acclaimed disc of Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, and he won a *Gramophone* award for *Songs by Samuel Barber* with Julius Drake. He has been twice nominated as *Gramophone*'s Artist of the Year in 2006 and 2009.

Le baryton canadien Gerald Finley a commencé à chanter comme choriste à Ottawa avant de parfaire ses études musicales au Royaume-Uni, au Royal College of Music de Londres, au King's College de Cambridge et au National Opera Studio.

Engagé très vite à Glyndebourne dans des rôles de barytons mozartiens, il s'est produit ensuite sur les scènes lyriques du monde entier, notamment à Londres, Berlin, Paris, Amsterdam, Salzbourg, New York, Chicago et San Francisco. Il a incarné les rôles principaux dans des créations mondiales importantes, notamment J. Robert Oppenheimer (*Doctor Atomic*), Harry Heegan (*The Silver Tassie*), Mr Fox (*Fantastic Mr Fox*) et Jaufré Rudel (*L'Amour de loin*), et il a chanté Owen Wingrave dans l'opéra de Britten pour un film de Channel 4 (Royaume-Uni).

Sa discographie comprend des collaborations avec Sir Simon Rattle, Bernard Haitink, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Kurt Masur et Vladimir Jurowski. Parmi ses publications chez Hyperion Records, on remarque un enregistrement très bien accueilli des *Amours du poète* de Schumann, et il a obtenu un Gramophone Award pour son disque de mélodies de Samuel Barber avec Julius Drake. Il a été nommé à deux reprises Artiste de l'année par le magazine *Gramophone*, en 2006 et 2009.

Der kanadische Baritonsänger Gerald Finley begann seine Gesangslaufbahn als Chorknabe in Ottawa, bevor er in Großbritannien am Royal College of Music in London, King's College in Cambridge und am National Opera Studio in London seine musikalische Ausbildung abschloss.

Nach den ersten Auftritten in Glyndebourne in Baritonrollen von Mozart sang er gewichtige Rollen an den großen Opernhäusern der Welt wie z. B. in London, Berlin, Paris, Amsterdam, Salzburg, New York, Chicago und San Francisco. Er schuf die führenden Rollen in bedeutsamen Uraufführungen wie z. B. den J. Robert Oppenheimer (*Doctor Atomic*), Harry Heegan (*The Silver Tassie*), Mr. Fox (*Fantastic Mr Fox*) und Jaufre Rudel (*L'amour de loin*). Er sang auch den Owen Wingrave in der beim britischen Fernsehsender Channel 4 geschaffenen Produktion von Brittens gleichnamiger Fernsehoper.

Zu Gerald Finleys Einspielungen gehören Aufnahmen unter Sir Simon Rattle, Bernard Haitink, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Kurt Masur und Wladimir Jurowski. Bei Hyperion Records nahm er die hochgepriesene CD mit Schumanns *Dichterliebe* auf, und für die CD *Lieder von Samuel Barber* gewann er zusammen mit Julius Drake einen Preis der britischen Musikzeitschrift *Gramophone*. Für diese Preisverleihungen bei *Gramophone* wurde er auch zweimal, nämlich 2006 und 2009, zum Künstler des Jahres nominiert.

Anne Schwanewilms soprano – *Desdemona*

Anne Schwanewilms was born into a musical family in Gelsenkirchen in Germany, but studied gardening before training as a singer with the great German bass Hans Sotin in Cologne. Her first soprano role was Gutrune in *Götterdämmerung* for the 1996 Bayreuth Festival, and she quickly came to specialise in the German Romantic soprano repertory, performing at Glyndebourne in the title role of Weber's *Euryanthe* (2002), and as Elettra in *Idomeneo* (2003) under Simon Rattle.

She has recently sung Roxana in Szymanowski's *King Roger* in Barcelona, and the Countess in *The Marriage of Figaro* at the Lyric Opera of Chicago. She has sung in concert with the Berlin Philharmonic, Leipzig Gewandhaus, Concertgebouw, French National and Hallé orchestras, and with conductors including Sir Colin Davis, Sir Simon Rattle, Daniel Barenboim, Riccardo Chailly and Christoph von Dohnányi amongst others.

Anne Schwanewilms works with British accompanists Malcolm Martineau and Roger Vignoles, with whom she has recorded a Strauss collection which was nominated as Vocal Recording of 2008 by *BBC Music Magazine*. In 2002 she was named Singer of the Year by the German magazine *Opernwelt*.

Anne Schwanewilms est née au sein d'une famille de musiciens à Gelsenkirchen, en Allemagne, mais a étudié le jardinage avant d'apprendre le chant auprès de la grande basse allemande Hans Sotin à Cologne. Son premier rôle de soprano a été Gutrune dans *Le Crépuscule des dieux* au Festival de Bayreuth 1996, et elle s'est rapidement spécialisée dans le répertoire romantique allemand pour soprano, se produisant à Glyndebourne dans le rôle titre d'*Euryanthe* de Weber (2002) et en Elettra dans *Idomeneo* (2003) sous la direction de Simon Rattle.

Elle a incarné récemment Roxana dans *Le Roi Roger* de Szymanowski à Barcelone, et la Comtesse des *Noces de Figaro* au Lyric Opera de Chicago. Elle a chanté en concert avec des orchestres comme le Philharmonique de Berlin, le Gewandhaus de Leipzig, le Concertgebouw d'Amsterdam, le National de France et le Hallé de Manchester, et sous la direction de chefs tels Sir Colin Davis, Sir Simon Rattle, Daniel Barenboim, Riccardo Chailly et Christoph von Dohnányi, entre autres.

Anne Schwanewilms travaille avec les accompagnateurs britanniques Malcolm Martineau et Roger Vignoles ; avec ce dernier, elle a enregistré une anthologie Strauss nommée comme Enregistrement vocal en 2008 par le *BBC Music Magazine*. En 2002, elle a été désignée comme Chanteuse de l'année par le magazine allemand *Opernwelt*.

Anne Schwanewilms wurde in eine musikalische Familie in Gelsenkirchen geboren, studierte jedoch zuerst Gartenbau, bevor sie sich bei dem großartigen deutschen Bassisten Hans Sotin in Köln zur Sängerin ausbildete. Ihre erste Sopranrolle war die Gutrune in der *Götterdämmerung* für die Bayreuther Festspiele 1996. Schnell spezialisierte sie sich auf das deutschromantische Sopranrepertoire, trat in Glyndebourne in der Titelrolle von Webers *Euryanthe* (2002) auf und sang auch die Elektra in *Idomeneo* (2003) unter Sir Simon Rattle.

Vor kurzem war sie als Roxana in Szymanowskis *Król Roger* [König Roger] in Barcelona und als Gräfin in *Le nozze di Figaro* [Figaros Hochzeit] an der Lyric Opera of Chicago zu hören. Im Konzert sang sie mit den Berliner Philharmonikern, dem Leipziger Gewandhausorchester, Koninklijk Concertgebouworkest, Orchestre National de France und dem Hallé Symphony Orchestra unter anderem unter solchen Dirigenten wie Sir Colin Davis, Sir Simon Rattle, Daniel Barenboim, Riccardo Chailly und Christoph von Dohnányi.

Anne Schwanewilms arbeitet mit den britischen Pianisten Malcolm Martineau und Roger Vignoles zusammen, mit denen sie eine Strauss-CD eingespielt hat, die 2008 vom *BBC Music Magazine* in der Kategorie Gesang als beste Aufnahme des Jahres nominiert wurde. 2002 zeichnete die Zeitschrift *Opernwelt* Anne Schwanewilms zur besten GesangsinterpretIn des Jahres aus.

Allan Clayton tenor – *Cassio*

Allan Clayton was a chorister at Worcester Cathedral and studied at St John's College, Cambridge (on a choral scholarship) and at the Royal Academy of Music, where he was awarded an inaugural Sir Elton John Scholarship and a John Lewis Award.

He was a member of the BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artists scheme between 2007–2009, and was awarded a Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship in 2008, and the John Christie Award at the 2008 Glyndebourne Festival. He was also nominated for both the 2009 RPS Young Artist award and the 2009 *South Bank Show* Breakthrough Award.

His stage roles have included the title role in *Albert Herring* for Opéra Comique in Paris, the Glyndebourne Festival and the Britten Pears School; the title role in *Peter Grimes*; Tamino (*The Magic Flute*); and Count Vandemont (*Iolanta*). Concert engagements have included Bach's *St Matthew Passion* and *St John Passion*, Bruckner's *Te Deum*, Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius* and Britten's *War Requiem*. Allan Clayton has given recitals at the Cheltenham Music Festival, the City of London Festival, Aldeburgh Festival, Wigmore Hall, St John's Smith Square, and Kettle's Yard in Cambridge.

Allan Clayton a été choriste à la cathédrale de Worcester et a étudié au St John's College de Cambridge (bénéficiant d'une bourse) et à la Royal Academy of Music de Londres, où il a obtenu l'une des premières bourses Sir-Elton-John et le prix John-Lewis.

Il a fait partie du programme Artistes de la Nouvelle Génération de la BBC Radio 3 de 2007 à 2009, et en 2008 a reçu une bourse du Borletti-Buitoni Trust et le prix John-Christie au Festival de Glyndebourne. Il a également été nommé à la fois au prix RPS Young Artist 2009 et au prix *South Bank Show* Breakthrough 2009.

A la scène, il a chanté le rôle titre d'*Albert Herring* à l'Opéra-Comique (Paris), au Festival de Glyndebourne et à la Britten Pears School ; le rôle titre de *Peter Grimes* ; Tamino (*La Flûte enchantée*) et le Comte Vandemont (*Iolanta*). Parmi ses engagements au concert, citons les *Passions selon saint Matthieu* et *saint Jean*, le *Te Deum* de Bruckner, *The Dream of Gerontius* d'Elgar et le *War Requiem* de Britten. Allan Clayton a donné des récitals au Festival de musique de Cheltenham, au Festival de la Ville de Londres, au Festival d'Aldeburgh, au Wigmore Hall et à St John's, Smith Square (Londres), et à Kettle's Yard (Cambridge).

Allan Clayton war Chorknabe an der Kathedrale in Worcester und studierte sowohl am St John's College, Cambridge (mit einem Chorstipendium) als auch an der Royal Academy of Music, London, wo er das erste Sir-Elton-John-Stipendium sowie einen John-Lewis-Preis erhielt.

Er nahm zwischen 2007 und 2009 am Förderprogramm des Radiosenders BBC Radio 3 für junge Künstler *New Generation Artists* teil, erhielt 2008 ein Förderstipendium für angehende Musiker (Fellowship) des Borletti-Buitoni-Trusts und wurde beim Glyndebourne Festival 2008 mit dem John-Christie-Preis ausgezeichnet. Er war 2009 auch für den Preis der britischen Royal Philharmonic Society in der Kategorie Junge Künstler sowie 2009 für den Förderpreis *Breakthrough Award* der Londoner *South Bank Show* nominiert.

Zu seinen Bühnenrollen gehörten unter anderem die Titelrolle in *Albert Herring* für die Opéra Comique in Paris, das Glyndebourne Festival und die Britten Pears School, die Titelrolle in *Peter Grimes*, Tamino (*Die Zauberflöte*) und der Graf von Vaudemont (*Jolanthe*). Im Konzert war Allan Clayton in Bachs *Matthäuspassion* und *Johannespassion*, Bruckners *Te Deum*, Elgars *Dream of Gerontius* und Brittens *War Requiem* zu hören. Allan Clayton gab Solokonzerte beim Cheltenham Music Festival, City of London Festival, Aldeburgh Festival, in der Wigmore Hall in London, in der Londoner Konzertkirche im St John's Smith Square und im Kettle's Yard in Cambridge.

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Ben Johnson tenor – *Roderigo*

Ben Johnson studied at the Royal College of Music and at the Benjamin Britten International Opera School.

He won the First Prize at the 2008 Kathleen Ferrier awards, and is increasingly in demand as an oratorio soloist around the UK and Europe. He has worked with such conductors as Sir Charles Mackerras and Harry Bicket, with whom he made his BBC Proms debut singing Handel's *Samson* in 2009. He has recently debuted with Scottish Opera, the Classical Opera Company, English National Opera and the Glyndebourne Festival Opera.

Engagements in 2009 and 2010 include *Wozzeck* in concert with Esa-Pekka Salonen at the Royal Festival Hall and the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, Britten's *Les Illuminations* with the Orchestra of Scottish Opera under Francesco Corti, a return to Scottish Opera to cover Nemorino (*The Elixir of Love*), Novice (*Billy Budd*) in a new Glyndebourne production conducted by Sir Mark Elder, his debut with Opéra de Lyon, and recitals at the Gergiev Festival in Rotterdam, the Chelsea Schubert and Oxford Lieder festivals, and a recording of Britten's *John Donne Sonnets* with Malcolm Martineau.

Ben Johnson a étudié au Royal College of Music et à la Benjamin Britten International Opera School à Londres.

Il a remporté en 2008 le premier prix aux Kathleen Ferrier Awards, et c'est un chanteur d'oratorio de plus en plus recherché au Royaume-Uni et en Europe. Il a collaboré avec des chefs comme Sir Charles Mackerras et Harry Bicket, avec lequel il a fait ses débuts aux BBC Proms dans *Samson* de Haendel en 2009. Récemment, il a fait ses débuts au Scottish Opera, à la Classical Opera Company, à l'English National Opera et à l'Opéra du Festival de Glyndebourne.

Ses engagements en 2009 et 2010 incluent *Wozzeck* en concert avec Esa-Pekka Salonen au Royal Festival Hall (Londres) et au Théâtre des Champs-Elysées (Paris), *Les Illuminations* de Britten avec l'Orchestre du Scottish Opera sous la direction de Francesco Corti, un retour au Scottish Opera en Nemorino (*L'Elixir d'amour*), le Novice (*Billy Budd*) dans une nouvelle production à Glyndebourne dirigée par Sir Mark Elder, ses débuts à l'Opéra de Lyon, des récitals au Festival Gergiev de Rotterdam, au Festival Schubert de Chelsea et au Festival de lieder d'Oxford, et un enregistrement des *Sonnets de John Donne* de Britten avec Malcolm Martineau.

Ben Johnson studierte am Royal College of Music in London und an dem mit dieser Einrichtung verbundenen postgradualen Operninstitut *Benjamin Britten International Opera School*.

Seitdem er 2008 bei den Kathleen-Ferrier-Preisverleihungen mit dem Ersten Preis ausgezeichnet wurde, möchten ihn immer mehr Ensembles in Großbritannien und Europa als Oratoriensolisten engagieren. Er arbeitete mit solchen Dirigenten wie z. B. Sir Charles Mackerras und Harry Bicket zusammen. Mit Letztgenantem bestritt er 2009 sein BBC Proms-Debüt, wo er in Händels Samson sang. In jüngster Zeit war er an der Scottish Opera, mit der Classical Opera Company, an der English National Opera und der Glyndebourne Festival Opera zu hören.

Zu seinen Verpflichtungen 2009 und 2010 gehören der Wozzeck am Théâtre des Champs-Élysées und in einer Konzertaufführung unter Esa-Pekka Salonen in der Royal Festival Hall in London, Brittens *Les Illuminations* mit dem Orchester der Scottish Opera unter Francesco Corti, eine Rückkehr zur Scottish Opera als Ersatzbesetzung für den Nemorino (*L'elisir d'amore* [Der Liebestrank]), der Neuling (*Billy Budd*) in einer neuen Inszenierung in Glyndebourne unter der musikalischen Leitung von Sir Mark Elder, das Debüt an der Opéra de Lyon und Solokonzerte beim Gergiev Festival in Rotterdam, dem Chelsea Schubert Festival und dem Oxford Lieder Festival sowie eine Aufnahme von Brittens *John-Donne-Sonetten* mit Malcolm Martineau.

Alexander Tsymbalyuk bass – *Lodovico*

Born in the Ukraine in 1976, Alexander Tsymbalyuk studied at the Odessa Conservatory. He was a member of the International Opera Studio in Hamburg (2001–03) and is currently a member of the Hamburg State Opera, with whom he has performed *La traviata*, *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, *Rigoletto*, *La bohème*, *Tannhäuser*, *Billy Budd*, Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and Gounod's *Faust*. He has recently performed in a new production of *The Tales of Hoffman* and *Rheingold* at Hamburg, toured in Japan, and debuted at the Palau de les Arts 'Reina Sofia' in Valencia in *Turandot*.

Alexander Tsymbalyuk's repertoire also includes *The Marriage of Figaro*, *A Masked Ball*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Falstaff*, *The Barber of Seville* and Verdi's *Attila*. In concert he has appeared at the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino under the baton of Zubin Mehta, as well as the Prologue in Boito's *Mefistofeles* with the Accademia Santa Cecilia conducted by Antonio Pappano. Future highlights include debuts at the Metropolitan Opera (New York), Bayerische Staatsoper (Munich) and Royal Danish Opera (Copenhagen).

He has won numerous awards including most recently at the 2007 International Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow.

Né en Ukraine en 1976, Alexander Tsymbalyuk a étudié au Conservatoire d'Odessa. Membre de l'Opéra-Studio à Hambourg de 2001 à 2003, il fait partie actuellement de la troupe de la Staatsoper de Hambourg, avec laquelle il a interprété *La Traviata*, *La Femme sans ombre*, *Rigoletto*, *La Bohème*, *Tannhäuser*, *Billy Budd*, *Lucia di Lammermoor* de Donizetti et *Faust* de Gounod. Il a récemment participé à une nouvelle production des *Contes d'Hoffmann* et de *L'Or du Rhin* à Hambourg, fait une tournée au Japon et débuté au Palau de les Arts « Reina Sofia » à Valence dans *Turandot*.

Alexander Tsymbalyuk a également à son répertoire *Les Noces de Figaro*, *Un bal masqué*, *Les Maîtres chanteurs*, *Falstaff*, *Le Barbier de Séville* et *Attila* de Verdi. En concert, il s'est produit au Mai musical florentin sous la direction de Zubin Mehta, ainsi que dans le rôle du Prologue in dans *Mefistofele* de Boito avec l'Académie Sainte-Cécile dirigée par Antonio Pappano. Parmi les faits marquants à venir, citons ses débuts au Metropolitan Opera (New York), à la Staatsoper de Bavière (Munich) et à l'Opéra royal danois (Copenhague).

Il a remporté de nombreux prix, notamment au Concours international Tchaïkovski de Moscou en 2007.

Alexandr Zymbaljuk wurde 1976 in der Ukraine geboren und studierte am Konservatorium in Odessa. Er war Mitglied des Internationalen Opernstudios in Hamburg (2001-2003) und ist zurzeit festes Ensemblemitglied an der Hamburgischen Staatsoper, wo er in *La Traviata*, *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, *Rigoletto*, *La Bohème*, *Tannhäuser*, *Billy Budd*, Donizettis *Lucia di Lammermoor* und Gounods *Faust* auftrat. In letzter Zeit war er in neuen Inszenierungen von *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* [Hoffmanns Erzählungen] und *Das Rheingold* in Hamburg zu hören und auf Konzertreise in Japan. Zudem bestritt er in Turandot sein Debüt am Palau de les Arts „Reina Sofia" in Valencia.

Alexandr Zymbaljuks hat auch *Le nozze di Figaro* [Figaros Hochzeit], *Un ballo in maschera* [Ein Maskenball], *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, *Falstaff*, *Il barbiere di Seviglia* [Der Barbier von Sevilla] und Verdis *Attila* in seinem Repertoire. Im Konzert trat er bei den Festspielen Maggio Musicale Fiorentino unter der Leitung von Zubin Mehta sowie im Prolog von Boitos *Mefistofeles* mit der Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia unter der Leitung von Antonio Pappano auf. Zu den zukünftigen Höhepunkten zählen seine Debüts an der Metropolitan Opera (New York), Bayerischen Staatsoper (München) und dem Kongelige Teater (Kopenhagen).

Alexandr Zymbaljuk gewann zahlreiche Preise wie z. B. unlängst den Internationalen Tschaikowski-Wettbewerb in Moskau 2007.

Matthew Rose bass – *Montàno*

British bass Matthew Rose studied at the Curtis Institute of Music in the USA, and has sung with many of the world's opera companies including La Scala, the Royal Opera House (Covent Garden, UK), Glyndebourne Festival, English National, Welsh National, and Houston Grand Opera, Teatro Réal, and Opéra National de Lyon. His roles have included Polyphemus (*Acis and Galatea*), Colline (*La bohème*), Masetto (*Don Giovanni*), Mozart's Figaro, Leporello (*Don Giovanni*), and Speaker (*The Magic Flute*).

He has appeared at the Edinburgh, Chester and Cheltenham International festivals and at St John's, Smith Square, in London, and alongside performers including the London Symphony Orchestra (Sir Colin Davis, Daniel Harding, and Michael Tilson Thomas), the Dresden Staatskapelle (Sir Charles Mackerras), and the Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra (Charles Dutoit).

Future engagements include his debut at the Metropolitan Opera (New York), a return to Covent Garden for *The Cunning Little Vixen* and the Glyndebourne Festival for *The Rake's Progress*, Beethoven's Symphony No 9 with the Los Angeles Philharmonic (Gustavo Dudamel), and Haydn's *The Creation* and *The Seasons* with the Monteverdi Choir (Sir John Eliot Gardiner) at Carnegie Hall (New York).

La basse britannique Matthew Rose a étudié au Curtis Institute of Music (USA) et a chanté sur les plus grandes scènes mondiales, tels l'Opéra royal de Covent Garden et l'English National Opera (Londres), le Festival de Glyndebourne, l'Opéra national gallois, le Grand Opera de Houston, le Teatro Real de Madrid et l'Opéra national de Lyon. Parmi ses rôles, citons Polyphème (*Acis et Galatée*), Colline (*La Bohème*), Masetto (*Don Giovanni*), le Figaro de Mozart, Leporello (*Don Giovanni*) et l'Orateur (*La Flûte enchantée*).

Il s'est produit aux Festivals internationaux d'Edimbourg, Chester et Cheltenham et à St John's, Smith Square (Londres), chantant avec le London Symphony Orchestra (Sir Colin Davis, Daniel Harding et Michael Tilson Thomas), la Staatskapelle de Dresde (Sir Charles Mackerras) et l'Orchestre de la Tonhalle de Zurich (Charles Dutoit).

Parmi ses engagements à venir, on remarque ses débuts au Metropolitan Opera (New York), une nouvelle invitation à Covent Garden pour *La Petite Renarde rusée* et une autre au Festival de Glyndebourne pour *The Rake's Progress*, la *Neuvième Symphonie* avec le Los Angeles Philharmonic (Gustavo Dudamel), et *La Création* et *Les Saisons* de Haendel avec le Monteverdi Choir (Sir John Eliot Gardiner) au Carnegie Hall (New York).

Der britische Bassist Matthew Rose studierte am Curtis Institute of Music in den USA und hat an vielen führenden Opernhäusern der Welt gesungen einschließlich der La Scala, dem Royal Opera House Covent Garden, der Glyndebourne Festival Opera, English National Opera, Welsh National Opera, Houston Grand Opera, dem Teatro Real und der Opéra National de Lyon. Zu seinen Rollen gehörten der Polyphemus (*Acis and Galatea*), Colline (*La Bohème*), Masetto (*Don Giovanni*), Mozarts Figaro, Leporello (*Don Giovanni*) und der Sprecher (*Die Zauberflöte*).

Er trat bei den internationalen Festivals in Edinburgh, Chester und Cheltenham auf und war auch in der Londoner Konzertkirche im St John's Smith Square zu hören. Er arbeitete u. a. mit solchen Orchestern und Dirigenten zusammen wie dem London Symphony Orchestra (Sir Colin Davis, Daniel Harding und Michael Tilson Thomas), der Sächsischen Staatskapelle Dresden (Sir Charles Mackerras) und dem Tonhalle-Orchester Zürich (Charles Dutoit).

Für die Zukunft sind Matthew Roses Debüt an der Metropolitan Opera (New York) geplant, eine Rückkehr an das Royal Opera House, Covent Garden für *Přihody lišky bystroušky* [Das listige Füchslein] und zur Glyndebourne Festival Opera für den *Rake's Progress* [Der Wüstling]. Zudem stehen Beethovens 9. Sinfonie mit der Los Angeles Philharmonic (Gustavo Dudamel) und von Haydn sowohl *Die Schöpfung* und *Die Jahreszeiten* mit dem Monteverdi Choir (Sir John Eliot Gardiner) in der Carnegie Hall (New York) auf dem Plan.

Lukas Jakobski bass – *Araldo (Herald)*

Polish born Lukas Jakobski recently joined the Jette Parker Young Artists Programme at the Royal Opera House (Covent Garden, London). In his first season he sang roles in Verdi's *Don Carlo*, Prokofiev's *The Gambler* and Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*.

He studied singing at the Academy of Music in Poznań, performing in various roles, culminating in a critically acclaimed performance as Leporello in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. In 2004 he moved to London to study at the Royal College of Music with Graeme Broadbent, and was awarded the Kathleen Ferrier Bursary and the Concordia Serena Nevill Award.

Lukas Jakobski recently sang in *The Magic Flute* and *Carmen* for Glyndebourne Touring Opera, as well as Bach's *St Matthew Passion* for Glyndebourne Festival Opera, *The Barber of Seville* (Grange Park Opera), *The Magic Flute* (Dartington Opera Festival) and *Orfeo* (English Bach Festival). Concerts have included Bach's *St John Passion* with Stephen Layton and Polyphony, *Acis and Galatea* at the London Handel Festival, and Bach's *St Matthew Passion* with the Dunedin Consort. His repertoire also includes Verdi's Requiem, Beethoven's Symphony No 9, Mozart's *Coronation Mass* and Requiem, and Handel's *The Resurrection* and *Messiah*.

D'origine polonaise, Lukas Jakobski a récemment rejoint le Programme pour jeunes artistes Jette Parker de l'Opéra royal de Covent Garden (Londres). Au cours de sa première saison, il a chanté dans *Don Carlo* de Verdi, *Le Joueur* de Prokofiev et *Simon Boccanegra* de Verdi.

Il a étudié le chant à l'Académie de musique de Poznań, se produisant dans plusieurs rôles, avec comme prestation la plus marquante un Leporello, dans *Don Giovanni* de Mozart, acclamé par la critique. En 2004, il s'est installé à Londres afin d'étudier avec Graeme Broadbent au Royal College of Music, et a obtenu la Bourse Kathleen-Ferrier et le prix Concordia-Serena-Nevill.

Lukas Jakobski a chanté récemment dans *La Flûte enchantée* et *Carmen* avec le Glyndebourne Touring Opera, ainsi que dans la *Passion selon saint Matthieu* de Bach à l'Opéra du Festival de Glyndebourne, *Le Barbier de Séville* (Grange Park Opera), *La Flûte enchantée* (Festival d'opéra de Dartington) et *Orfeo* (English Bach Festival). Au concert, il a chanté la *Passion selon saint Jean* de Bach avec Stephen Layton et Polyphony, *Acis et Galatée* au Festival Haendel de Londres et la *Passion selon saint Matthieu* de Bach avec le Dunedin Consort. Son répertoire compte également le *Requiem* de Verdi, la *Neuvième Symphonie* de Beethoven, la *Messe du couronnement* et le *Requiem* de Mozart, et *La Résurrection* et *Le Messie* de Haendel.

Der in Polen geborene Lukas Jakobski begann unlängst mit dem Förderprogramm des Royal Opera House, Covent Garden (London), dem *Jette Parker Young Artists Programme*. In seiner ersten Spielzeit sang er Rollen in Verdis *Don Carlos*, Prokofjews *Die Spieler* und Verdis *Simon Boccanegra*.

Lukas Jakobski studierte Gesang an der Akademia Muzyczna in Posen [Poznań] und trat dort in diversen Rollen auf, die in einer hochgepriesenen Interpretation des Leporellos in Mozarts *Don Giovanni* kulminierten. 2004 zog er nach London, um bei Graeme Broadbent am Royal College of Music zu studieren. Luka Jakobski erhielt ein Kathleen-Ferrier-Stipendium [Busary] und den Serena-Nevill-Preis der britischen Concordia-Stiftung.

Lukas Jakobski sang vor kurzem in der *Zauberflöte* und *Carmen* für die Glyndebourne Touring Opera sowie in Bachs *Matthäuspassion* für die Glyndebourne Festival Opera, im *Barbiere di Seviglia* [Der Barbier von Sevilla] (Grange Park Opera), in der *Zauberflöte* (Dartington Opera Festival) und im *Orfeo* (English Bach Festival). Zu Konzertauftritten gehörten Bachs *Johannespassion* mit Polyphony unter Stephen Layton, *Acis and Galatea* beim London Handel Festival und Bachs *Matthäuspassion* mit dem Dunedin Consort. Sein Repertoire umfasst auch Verdis Requiem, Beethovens Sinfonie Nr. 9, Mozarts *Krönungsmesse* und Requiem sowie Händels Oratorien *La ressurezione* und *Messiah*.

Eufemia Tufano mezzo-soprano – *Emilia*

Italian mezzo-soprano Eufemia Tufano was born in Naples, and studied at the Conservatory of Salerno, the Conservatorio San Pietro a Maiella, and the Academy of Martina Franca in Italy. She made her opera debut in 2000, performing in Rossini's *Cenerentola* at the Siena Theatre and at Le Jongleur de Notre Dame, both under Gianluigi Gelmetti, and in *Carmen* at the Ravenna Festival.

In 2004 she sang Flora (*La traviata*) conducted by Lorin Maazel in the production that officially re-opened La Fenice in Venice after a fire in 1996. In 2007 she sang Meg (*Falstaff*) conducted by Jeffrey Tate at the opening season of the theatre of San Carlo in Naples, and in 2008 she was Fenena in *Nabucco* at the Arena of Verona, conducted by Daniel Oren. Recent engagements include Vivaldi's *Stabat Mater* with Antonio Florio, Adalgisa in *Norma* at the Teatro Politeama Greco in Lecce, and Regan in Cagnoni's *King Lear* in the Martina Franca Festival.

Eufemia Tufano is also a committed performer of lieder and oratorio, in a repertoire ranging from Bach, Purcell and Scarlatti to Stravinsky, de Falla and Weill.

La mezzo-soprano italienne Eufemia Tufano est née à Naples et a étudié au Conservatoire de Salerne, au Conservatoire San Pietro a Maiella de Naples et à l'Académie de Martina Franca en Italie. Elle a fait ses débuts scéniques en 2000, dans *La Cenerentola* de Rossini, au Théâtre de Sienne et dans *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame*, ces deux ouvrages sous la direction de Gianluigi Gelmetti, et dans *Carmen* au Festival de Ravenne.

En 2004, elle a chanté Flora (*La Traviata*) sous la direction de Lorin Maazel dans la production qui a marqué la réouverture officielle de la Fenice de Venise après l'incendie de 1996. En 2007, elle a incarné Meg (*Falstaff*) sous la direction de Jeffrey Tate lors de la saison d'ouverture du Théâtre San Carlo de Naples et, en 2008, elle était Fenena dans Nabucco aux Arènes de Vérone, sous la baguette de Daniel Oren. Parmi ses engagements récents, on remarque le *Stabat Mater* de Vivaldi avec Antonio Florio, Adalgisa dans *Norma* au Teatro Politeama Greco de Lecce et Regan dans *Le Roi Lear* de Cagnoni au Festival de Martina Franca.

Eufemia Tufano consacre une part importante de sa carrière au lied et à l'oratorio, dans un répertoire allant de Bach, Purcell et Scarlatti à Stravinsky, Falla et Weill.

Die italienische Altistin Eufemia Tufano wurde in Neapel geboren und studierte in Italien am Conservatorio San Pietro a Maiella in Salerno und an der Accademia Paolo Grassi in Martina Franca. Ihre ersten großen Opernauftritte bestritt sie 2000, wo sie in Rossinis *Cenerentola* [Aschenbrödel] am Teatro dei Rinnovati in Siena und in Massenets *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame* [Der Gaukler unserer Lieben Frau] – beide unter Gianluigi Gelmetti – sowie in *Carmen* beim Ravenna Festival zu hören war.

2004 sang sie die Flora (*La Traviata*) unter Lorin Maazel in der Inszenierung, die zur offiziellen Wiedereröffnung des Teatro La Fenice in Venedig nach dem Brand von 1996 gespielt wurde. 2007 war sie unter Jeffrey Tate als Mrs. Meg Page bei der ersten Stagione des Teatro di San Carlo in Neapel zu hören. 2008 trat sie in der Arena von Verona als Fenena im *Nabucco* [Nebukadnezar] unter der musikalischen Leitung von Daniel Oren auf. In jüngster Zeit wurde Eufemia Tufano für Vivaldis *Stabat mater* unter Antonio Florio, als Adalgisa in *Norma* am Teatro Politeama Greco in Lecce und als Regan in Cagnonis *Re Lear* [König Lear] beim Festival della Valle d'Itria in Martina Franca engagiert.

Eufemia Tufano ist auch eine fleißige Interpretin von Liedern und Oratorien, und ihr Repertoire erstreckt sich von Bach, Purcell und Scarlatti bis zu Strawinsky, Falla und Weill.

London Symphony Chorus

President
Sir Colin Davis CH

President Emeritus
André Previn KBE

Vice Presidents
Claudio Abbado
Michael Tilson Thomas

Chorus Director
Joseph Cullen

Chairman
James Warbis

Accompanist
Roger Sayer

Since its formation in 1966 the London Symphony Chorus has consolidated a broad repertoire and has commissioned works from Sir John Tavener, Sir Peter Maxwell Davies, Michael Berkeley and Jonathan Dove. In 2008 the Chorus also took part in the world première of James MacMillan's *St John Passion* with the London Symphony Orchestra and Sir Colin Davis.

As well as appearing regularly in the major London venues, the LSC tours extensively throughout Europe and has visited North America, Israel, Australia and the Far East. Tours in 2009 included Luxembourg, Eire, Rome and Valencia.

The Chorus has an extensive discography of over 140 recordings, more than 20 of them on LSO Live. Recent releases include the world première recording of MacMillan's *St John Passion*, Haydn's *The Creation*, and Verdi's Requiem under Sir Colin Davis. The Chorus also appears with the LSO on Valery Gergiev's recordings of Mahler's Symphonies Nos 2, 3 and 8.

While maintaining special links with the LSO, the Chorus has partnered all the principal UK orchestras including the Philharmonia, the Royal Philharmonic, the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, the BBC Symphony Orchestra, the Hallé and the BBC National Orchestra of Wales. Internationally the Chorus has worked with many of the world's leading orchestras including the Berlin Philharmonic, Boston Symphony Orchestra, European Union Youth Orchestra and the Vienna Philharmonic.

The London Symphony Chorus is always interested in recruiting new members, welcoming applications from singers of all backgrounds, subject to an audition. Visit **www.lsc.org.uk**

Sopranos
Kerry Baker, Ann Cole, Debra Colvin, Lucy Craig, Emma Craven, Anna Daventry, Gabrielle Edwards, Sophie Fetocacis, Eileen Fox, Kate Gardner, Joanna Gueritz, Helen Gilheany, Irene Gough, Judith Harris, Jessica Harris, Carolin Harvey, Emily Hoffnung*, Gladys Hosken, Claire Hussey, Debbie Jones*, Helen Lawford*, Cinde Lee, Priscilla Macpherson, Meg Makower, Alison Marshall, Jane Morley, Dorothy Nesbit, Jennifer Norman, Emily Norton, Andra Patterson, Ann Pfeiffer, Sue Pollard, Maria Simoes, Jenny Thomas, Julia Warner

Altos
Mary Baker, Sarah Biggs, Katrina Bishop, Elizabeth Boyden, Jo Buchan*, Alexis Calice, Lizzy Campbell, Sarah Castleton, Rosemary Chute, Yvonne Cohen, Liz Cole, Genevieve Cope, Janette Daines, Maggie Donnelly, Diane Dwyer, Linda Evans, Lydia Frankenburg*, Christina Gibbs, Yoko Harada, Amanda Holden, Dee Home, Jo Houston, Elisabeth Iles, Sue Jones, Vanessa Knapp, Gillian Lawson, Susan Lee, Selena Lemalu, Catherine Lenson, Belinda Liao, Etsuko Makita, Barbara Marchbank, Aoife McInerney, Caroline Mustill, Helen Palmer, Susannah Priede, Lucy Reay, Clare Rowe, Nesta Scott, Lis Smith, Jane Steele, Claire Trocmé, Agnes Vigh, Mimi Zadeh

Tenors
Paul Allatt, Robin Anderson, Lorne Cuthbert, John Farrington, Matthew Flood, Stephen Hogg, Anthony Instrall, Francis Letschka, John Marks, Alastair Mathews, John Moses, Malcolm Nightingale, Panos Ntourntoufis, Daniel Owers, Harold Raitt, John Slade, Richard Street, Anthony Stutchbury, Malcolm Taylor, Owen Toller, James Warbis*, Brad Warburton, Robert Ward*, Paul Willams-Burton

Basses
David Armour, Bruce Boyd, Andy Chan, Steve Chevis, James Chute, Damian Day, Alastair Forbes, Robert Garbolinski*, John Graham, Robin Hall, Owen Hanmer*, Christopher Harvey, Derrick Hogermeer, Anthony Howick*, Alex Kidney, Gregor Kowalski, Geoffrey Newman, William Nicholson, Peter Niven, Montague Ring, Malcolm Rowat, Nicholas Seager, Edwin Smith*, Gordon Thomson, Paul Warburton, Jez Wareing, Nicholas Weekes, Paul Wright

* Denotes council member

Orchestra featured on this recording:

First Violins
Gordan Nikolitch LEADER
Carmine Lauri
Lennox Mackenzie
Nicholas Wright
Nigel Broadbent
Michael Humphrey
Ginette Decuyper
Jörg Hammann
Maxine Kwok-Adams
Claire Parfitt
Laurent Quenelle
Harriet Rayfield
Colin Renwick
Ian Rhodes
Sylvain Vasseur
Rhys Watkins

Second Violins
Evgeny Grach *
Sarah Quinn
Miya Ichinose
David Ballesteros
Matthew Gardner
Belinda McFarlane
Iwona Muszynska
Philip Nolte
Paul Robson
Stephen Rowlinson
Louise Shackelton
Eleanor Fagg
Hazel Mulligan
Alina Petrenko

Violas
Paul Silverthorne *
Gillianne Haddow
Malcolm Johnston
German Clavijo
Richard Holttum
Robert Turner
Jonathan Welch
Michelle Bruil
Melanie Martin
Caroline O'Neill
Fiona Opie
Heather Wallington

Cellos
Rebecca Gilliver *
Alastair Blayden
Jennifer Brown
Minat Lyons
Mary Bergin
Daniel Gardner
Keith Glossop
Hilary Jones
Amanda Truelove
Kim Mackrell

Double Basses
Rinat Ibragimov *
Colin Paris
Nicholas Worters
Patrick Laurence
Matthew Gibson
Thomas Goodman
Jani Pensola
Benjamin Griffiths

Flutes
Gareth Davies *
Siobhan Grealy
Sharon Williams

Piccolo
Sharon Williams *

Oboes
Emanuel Abbühl *
Alice Pullen
Joseph Sanders ** ^
John Lawley ^

Cor Anglais
Christine Pendrill *

Clarinets
Richard Hosford **
Jane Calderbank

Bass Clarinet
Lorenzo Iosco *

Bassoons
Rachel Gough *
Joost Bosdijk
Dominic Morgan
Susan Frankel

Horns
Timothy Jones *
Angela Barnes
Antonio Geremia Iezzi
Jonathan Lipton
Tim Ball

Trumpets
Roderick Franks *
Gerald Ruddock
Nigel Gomm * #
Christopher Evans #
Robin Totterdell #
Joe Sharp #
Ruth Ross #
Andrew Hendrie #

Cornets
Philip Cobb *
Edward Hobart

Trombones
Dudley Bright *
James Maynard

Bass Trombone
Paul Milner *

Cimbasso
Patrick Harrild *

Timpani
Nigel Thomas *

Percussion
Neil Percy *
David Jackson
Adam Clifford
Jeremy Cornes

Harp
Karen Vaughan *

Guitars
Colin Downs ** ^
Daniel Thomas ** ^

Mandolins
James Ellis ** ^
NIgel Woodhouse ** ^

* Principal
** Guest Principal
^ On-stage band
\# Off-stage players

London Symphony Orchestra

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Principal Conductor
Valery Gergiev

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Daniel Harding
Michael Tilson Thomas

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André Previn KBE

The LSO was formed in 1904 as London's first self-governing orchestra and has been resident orchestra at the Barbican since 1982. Valery Gergiev became Principal Conductor in 2007 following in the footsteps of Hans Richter, Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Thomas Beecham, André Previn, Claudio Abbado and Michael Tilson Thomas among others. Sir Colin Davis had previously held the position since 1995 and from 2007 became the LSO's first President since Leonard Bernstein. The Orchestra gives numerous concerts around the world each year, plus more performances in London than any other orchestra. It is the world's most recorded symphony orchestra and has appeared on some of the greatest classical recordings and film soundtracks. The LSO also runs LSO Discovery, its ground-breaking education programme that is dedicated to introducing the finest music to young and old alike and lets everyone learn more from the Orchestra's players. For more information visit **lso.co.uk**

Premier orchestre autogéré de Londres, le LSO fut fondé en 1904. Il est en résidence au Barbican depuis 1982. Valery Gergiev a été nommé premier chef en 2007, succédant à Hans Richter, Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Thomas Beecham, André Previn, Claudio Abbado et Michael Tilson Thomas, entre autres. Sir Colin Davis occupait auparavant le poste depuis 1995 et, en 2007, il devint le premier président du LSO depuis Leonard Bernstein.Chaque année, l'Orchestre donne de nombreux concerts à travers le monde, tout en se produisant plus souvent à Londres que n'importe quel autre orchestre. C'est l'orchestre au monde qui a le plus enregistré, et on le retrouve sur des enregistrements devenus de grands classiques, ainsi que sur les bandes son des films les plus célèbres. Grâce à LSO Discovery, l'Orchestre est également un pionnier en matière de pédagogie; ce programme s'attache à faire découvrir les plus belles pages du répertoire aux enfants comme aux adultes, et à permettre à chacun de s'enrichir au contact des musiciens de l'Orchestre. Pour plus d'informations, rendez vous sur le site **lso.co.uk**

Das LSO wurde 1904 als erstes selbstverwaltetes Orchester in London gegründet und ist seit 1982 im dortigen Barbican beheimatet. Valery Gergiev wurde 2007 zum Chefdirigenten ernannt und trat damit in die Fußstapfen von Hans Richter, Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Thomas Beecham, André Previn, Claudio Abbado, Michael Tilson Thomas und anderen. Sir Colin Davis hatte diese Position seit 1995 inne und wurde 2007 zum ersten Präsidenten des London Symphony Orchestra seit Leonard Bernstein erkoren. Das Orchester gibt jedes Jahr zahlreiche Konzerte in aller Welt und tritt darüber hinaus häufiger in London auf als jedes andere Orchester. Es ist das meistaufgenommene Orchester der Welt und hat einige der bedeutendsten klassischen Schallplattenaufnahmen und Filmmusiken eingespielt. Daneben zeichnet das LSO verantwortlich für LSO Discovery, ein bahnbrechendes pädagogisches Programm mit dem Ziel, Jung und Alt die schönste Musik nahe zu bringen und mehr von den Musikern des Orchesters zu lernen. Wenn Sie mehr erfahren möchten, schauen Sie bei uns herein: **lso.co.uk**

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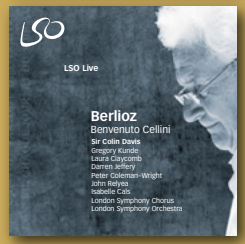

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