

**TOSCA, AN OPERA
IN THREE ACTS**

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Tosca, an Opera in Three Acts by V. Sardou & L. Illica & G. Giacosa

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V. SARDOU & L. ILLICA & G. GIACOSA

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IN THREE ACTS**

TOSCA

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS

BY

V. SARDOU - L. ILLICA - G. GIACOSA

(English version by W. Beatty-Kingston.)

MUSIC BY

G. PUCCINI

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GF 3

Miss
Patterson
(17)

CHARACTERS.

FLORIA TOSCA, a celebrated songstress . . .	<i>Soprano</i>
MARIO CAVARADOSSI, painter	<i>Tenor</i>
BARON SCARPIA, Chief of the Police . . .	<i>Baritone</i>
CESARE ANGELOTTI	<i>Bass</i>
A SACRISTAN	<i>Baritone</i>
SPOLETTA, Police Agent	<i>Tenor</i>
SCIARRONE, Gendarme	<i>Bass</i>
A GAOLER	<i>Bass</i>
A SHEPHERD-BOY	<i>Contralto</i>

Roberti, Executioner.

A Cardinal.

A Judge.

A Scribe.

An Officer.

A Sergeant.

Soldiers, Police-Agents, Ladies, Nobles, Citizens, Artisans, etc.

Rome, June, 1800.

ATTO PRIMO

La Chiesa di Sant'Andrea alla Valle.

A destra la Cappella Attavanti. A sinistra un impalcato: su di esso un gran quadro coperto da tela. Attrezzi vari da pittore. Un panier.

Angelotti

(vestito da prigioniero; lacero, sfatto, tremante della paura, entra ansante, quasi correndo, dalla porta laterale. Dà una rapida occhiata intorno)

Ah!... Finalmente!... Nel terror mio stolto
vedea cefi di birro in ogni volto.

(torna a guardare attentamente intorno a sé con più calma a riconoscere il luogo. — Dà un sospiro di sollievo vedendo la colonna colla pila dell'acqua santa e la Madonna)

La pila... la colonna...
“ A piè della Madonna ”
mi scrisse mia sorella...

(vi si avvicina, cerca ai piedi della Madonna e ne ritira, con un soffocato grido di gioia, una chiave)

Ecco la chiave... ed ecco la cappella!...

(addita la Cappella Attavanti; con gran precauzione introduce la chiave nella serratura, apre la cancellata, penetra nella Cappella, rinchiusa... e scompare).

Il Sagrestano

(entra dal fondo tenendo fra le mani un mazzo di pennelli e parlando ad alta voce come se rivolgesse la parola a qualcuno)

E frega e lava!... Ogni pennello è sozzo
peggio che il collarin d'uno scagnozzo.
Signor pittore... Tò!...

(guarda verso l'impalcato dove sta il quadro, e vedendolo deserto, esclama sorpreso)

Nessuno. — Avrei giurato
che fosse ritornato
il cavalier Cavaradossi.

ACT I.

Scene: The Church of Sant'Andrea alla Valle.

R.—The Attavanti Chapel. L.—Scaffolding, dala, easel supporting a large picture covered by a cloth. Accessories of the painting craft. A basket.

(Enter Angelotti L., in prison garb, harassed, dishevelled, panic-stricken, well-nigh breathless with fear and hurry. He casts a hasty glance around him)

Angelotti

Ah! I have baulked them ... dread imagination

Made me quake with uncalled-for perturbation.

(shuddering, he again looks round him, curiously and somewhat more calmly, heaving a sigh of relief as he recognizes a pillar-shrine containing an image of the Virgin and surmounting a receptacle for Holy Water)

The pila ... and the column.

My sister wrote to tell me

"At the foot of the Madonna" ...

(he approaches the column and searches for the key beneath the feet of the Holy Virgin's image. Not finding it immediately, he appears discouraged, and renews his quest in a state of manifest agitation. Presently, stifling an exclamation of joy, he discovers the key)

This is the key,

(quickly passing his hand over the portals of Attavanti Chapel)

and this the Chapel entrance.

(Stricken anew with alarm by the notion that he has been followed, he looks timorously about him, creeps up to the chapel-gates, carefully inserts the key in the keyhole, opens the folding-doors and passes through them, closing them behind him)

(Enter the Sacristan C., grasping in one hand a bundle of paint-brushes; he crosses from L. to R., and takes up his stand in the nave of the church, for a time, eventually moving towards the scaffolding while talking loudly, as though he were addressing some unseen person)

The Sacristan

(who has a nervous trick of twitching his neck and shoulders)

Vainly I soak them! Dirty they are and sticky,

Fouler than any frowy choir-boy's dicky...

Good sir, I pray you...

(staring at the dala, and amazed to see it vacant)

What! Nobody! I could have sworn

I should have found Cavaradossi

busily working at his easel.

(depone i pennelli, sale sull'impalcato, guarda dentro il paniere e dice)

No,

sbaglio. — Il paniere è intatto.

(suona l'Angelus. Il Sagrestano si inginocchia e prega sommessamente).

CAVARADOSSI — SAGRESTANO.

Cavaradossi

(dalla porta laterale, vedendo il Sagrestano in ginocchio)

Che fai?

Sagrestano

(alzandosi)

Recito l'Angelus.

(Cavaradossi sale sull'impalcato e scopre il quadro. È una Maria Maddalena a grandi occhi azzurri con una gran pioggia di capelli dorati. Il pittore vi sta dinanzi unto attentamente osservando).

(Il Sagrestano, volgendosi verso Cavaradossi per dirgergli la parola, vede il quadro scoperto e dà in un grido di meraviglia)

O santo

ampolle! Il suo ritratto l...

Cavaradossi

Di chi?

Sagrestano

Di quell'ignota

che i di passati a pregar qui venia

tutta devota — e pia.

(e accenna verso la Madonna dalla quale Angelotti trae la chiave)

Cavaradossi

(sorridente)

È vero. E tanto ell'era

infervorata nella sua preghiera

oh'io ne pinsi, non visto, il bel semblante.

Sagrestano

(Fuori, Satana, fuori!)

Cavaradossi

Dammi i colori!

(Il Sagrestano esguisce. Cavaradossi dipinge con rapidità e si sofferma spesso a riguardare: il Sagrestano va e viene, portando una catinella entro la quale continua a lavare i pennelli).

(A un tratto Cavaradossi si rietà di dipingere; leva di tasca un medaglione contenente una minitura e gli occhi suoi vanno dal medaglione al quadro)

(He looks into the basket)

No, wrong again.

Nothing has been touched here.

(he steps down from the dais. The Angelus is rung. He kneels, and intones the prayer. Bell. Enter Cavaradossi L. He sees the Sacristan kneeling)

Cavaradossi

What now ?

Sacristan

(rising)

Only the Angelus.

(Cavaradossi ascends the dais and uncovers the picture, which represents a Mary Magdalen with large blue eyes and masses of golden hair. The painter stands facing it, gazing upon it in silent and intent contemplation. Turning towards Cavaradossi to speak to him, the Sacristan catches sight of the uncovered picture and exclaims in great amazement :)

Saints and Martyrs ! It is the portrait...

Cavaradossi

(turning towards the Sacristan)

Of whom ?

Sacristan

Of that fair lady who, day by day,
lately, to pray came hither.

(reverently bowing before the Virgin's image beneath which Angelotti had found the key)

Deeply devout was her worship...

Cavaradossi

(smiling)

Ay, truly ! While thus absorbed in her
devotions, plunged in dreamy rapture
then unseen, I depicted her lovely semblance.

Sacristan

(seandalized)

Get thee, Satan, behind me !

Cavaradossi

(to the Sacristan, who obeys him)

Give me the colours !

(he begins to paint rapidly, often pausing to look at his own work, while the Sacristan fidgets backwards and forwards, eventually picking up the brushes and dabbling them in a bucket at the foot of the scaffolding. Cavaradossi suddenly stops painting, takes out of his breast-pocket a medallion containing a miniature, and compares the latter with the picture on the easel)