

**PARADISE LOST:
SYMPHONIC POEM
IN A PROLOGUE
AND THREE PARTS**

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Paradise Lost: Symphonic Poem in a Prologue and Three Parts by M. Enrico Bossi

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M. ENRICO BOSSI

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SYMPHONIC POEM
IN A PROLOGUE
AND THREE PARTS**

THE BOSTON MUSIC COMPANY
Edition of Librettos and Texts

714 103
PARADISE LOST

Symphonic Poem

In 2 a Prologue and Three Parts

FOR SOLO VOICES, CHORUS
ORCHESTRA AND ORGAN

Dramatic Poem after John Milton
by Luigi Alberto Villanis

GERMAN BY JOHN BERNHOFF AND WILHELM WEBER
ENGLISH WORDS ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN TEXT BY
FLORENCE HOARE

BY
M. ENRICO BOSSI

Op. 125

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Introductions, Intermezcos, and Descriptions

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IN undertaking this work I have chiefly borne in mind the requirements of the music and the wishes of the composer, therefore the translation into Italian after Milton is necessarily very free, especially in the prologue and third part, and but little remains of the original text, though the conception of the poet has in all cases been carefully preserved.

L. A. VILLANI

Turin, Autumn, 1901

CHARACTERS

ADAM	BARITONE
EVE	SOPRANO
SATAN	BARITONE
MOLOCH	BASS
BELIAL }	CONTRALTO
URIEL }	
VOICE OF THE FATHER	CHORUS
VOICE OF THE SON	TENORS (<i>Chorus</i>)

PROLOGUE

PART I. Hell

PART II. Paradise

PART III. Earth

The text in italics is taken as the idea or foundation for the Orchestral Introductions, Intermezzos, and Descriptions.

IL PARADISO PERDUTO

PROLOGO

ERA il nulla increato, e sull'abisso
l'eterno Tutto impenetrabil: Dio.
Del tempo ancora ignota
l'onda fluente: immota
l'eternità: l'essenza ponderosa
dei mondi, come aligera semente,
solcava quella che mai non riposa
dell'eterno Signor profonda mente.
Nei raggi, d'albe e di tramonti ignari,
le sante voci alate
cantavan l'apparir d'opre create.

“Sotto la mitica falange, ai secoli
ignota, immemore d'ogni sua genesi,
nel tempo, che il moto rinserra,
sarà la terra.

“Fiori avrà, vite, tramonti, placide
notti lunari, meriggi splendidi.
Avrà di felici una prole:
l'Ente lo vuole!,,

Ave, dell'infinito
Dominator! Nell'ombra inviolata
del nulla, il tuo pensiero
accenderà la luce sterminata.
E le stelle rotanti a mille a mille,
nimbi d'eternità, sul glauco fondo,
il ritmo scanderan d'ogni creata
cosa nel mondo.

Ave! Ne le pupille
dell'uom la vita riderà soave:
e le corolle su dai prati in fiore
olezzeran, turiboli
di novo incenso, a te. Gloria, o Signore!

PARADISE LOST

PROLOGUE

CHORUS:

VOID and black lay the earth,
Amid the chaos no life had being
Save Eternal God.
There all things slept in silence,
Formless, sublime, unknowing the flight of Time.
The Everlasting, mighty, all present,
Like a rushing tempest swept thro' the boding stillness:
As corn-sheaves, down-bending, fell before Him
The worlds in order made.
Dim the first light that was not dawn or even,
When holy Angels, singing 'mid the Heaven,
Saw created Earth uprising
Pure and perfect—undefiled.

THE PROPHECY (*small chorus from a distance*):

Out of the void beneath, the legions of Seraphs
Heard that Voice Eternal, that called to being
Worlds of wondrous likeness, in fairness decked,
New born, created.
"Let there be flow'rs and twilight,
Nights that are splendid with starshine,
Days that are sunlit bright:
Let plenty be witness of glory—
It is His Will."

CHORUS: All hail! Great God!

All hail! Almighty Being, Eternal Power!
Who at Thy Word evolved from chaos
A world of glory—from darkness light;
And lit the Heavens with splendor,
And the planets in thousands fulfilling
Thy bidding, moving in ceaseless flight
'Mid the blue Heaven in measureless duration,
Thy mighty Will obeying,
Show forth Thy glory, world without end.
All hail!
From mortal eyes, clearer beaming,
Smiles forth the golden joy of living;
See now the flowers, in the meadows growing,
O'er moor and field their fragrance yield
Like incense rising to Thee:
All hail! Great God!
Glory now be given, glory to God!

PARTE PRIMA

L'INFERNO

LA pura immensità, queta profonda,
che il genio uman rispecchia, accesa apparme
d'orrendi fuochi e di terror. Muggendo
furibondi uragani, in turbo ignivomo
l'esercito ribelle
contro il Signor precipitò. L'immota
ineffabil virtù del Creatore
stette, in nimbo di luce: e fiammeggianti
ròte, lamenti ed ululi
d'angioli sfolgorati
fu in alto.

Or tacque in cielo ogni clamore.
Cantan l'orde serafiche

“Gloria al Signore!,,

Sol da l'abisso, dove il fuoco impera,
sorge Satàn terribile
sulla battuta schiera.

Alto si leva: con orrendo ghigno

“A noi

— tuona —

o compagni maledetti!,,
e percuote l'acciar sopra il macigno.

Romba alla voce sua l'orrendo loco:
ad ogni appello franco
per le aperte voragini
nuovi abissi di fuoco.

Protervo egli erge la gran mole, e intorno
cento falangi sorgono
per l'infernal soggiorno.

“Pugnammo! Se il vigor che al mal ne cresce,
poichè il bene spari, mai non si spenga,
tornate all'armi, e le fiammanti lacrime
ciascun di voi rattenga.

Egli ne fulminò: tra immense pene
l'angelico valor mise in catene . . .
Sorgete or dunque: il Paradiso a noi!

PART I

HELL

THE brooding peace that filled with sweet repose
The sempiternal spaces of the Sphere
Was now disturbed. Wild raged the battle din.—
Like hurricanes down-beating swept along
The army of rebellion. Heaven's High Lord
With invocations vain the hosts menaced
That still unvanquished stood, enwrapped in flames;
Wild shrieking rent the air and filled the heights
Proclaiming war.

Then suddenly silence fell,
And once again the Angel psalm arose —

CHORUS: Glory to God!

— while from the gates of Hell
Stood Satan forth, and with an eye of flame
Surveyed the leaguered armies of his hosts,
His head upraised with gesture terrible.

SATAN: Hither,

cries he,
comrades accursed of God!
And smote the rock with his enraptured sword.

Rumbling, Hell trembled, and its boulders fell;
Earth yawned anew and caverns gave forth fire;
While, meditating vengeance, proudly stood
The Prince of Hell with his unholy band.

Arise, my compeers in damnation!
We labored, vanquish'd oft, yet ne'er despairing,
Our pride dauntless thro' all,
Keeping our courage, scornful, relentless.
Back to your weapons, my counsel follow,
Awake and conquer once for all;
Your tears forgetting, craven tears, degrading.
High from His mighty Throne,
Sent He His thunder-bolt:
With lightnings flashing, the Angel from His Holy sight
He banished. Arise, my compeers!
Be Paradise our goal.