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MADAM BUTTERFLY

A JAPANESE TRAGEDY

MUSIC BY

G. PUCCINI.

Price 1s. 6d. net.



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MADAM BUTTERFLY

A JAPANESE TRAGEDY

*Founded on the book by John L. Long
and
the drama by David Belasco*

ITALIAN LIBRETTO BY

L. ILLICA AND G. GIACOSA

English version by R. H. ELKIN

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CHARACTERS

MADAM BUTTERFLY (<i>Cho-Cho-San</i>)	- - - -	<i>Soprano</i>
SUZUKI (<i>Cho-Cho-San's Servant</i>)	- - -	<i>Mezzo-Soprano</i>
KATE PINKERTON	- - - -	<i>Mezzo-Soprano</i>
B. F. PINKERTON (<i>Lieutenant in the United States Navy</i>)		<i>Tenor</i>
SHARPLESS (<i>United States Consul at Nagasaki</i>)	- -	<i>Baritone</i>
GORO (<i>a Marriage Broker</i>)	- - - -	<i>Tenor</i>
PRINCE YAMADORI	- - - -	<i>Baritone</i>
THE BONZE (<i>Cho-Cho-San's Uncle</i>)	- - - -	<i>Bass</i>
YAKUSIDÉ	- - - -	<i>Baritone</i>
THE IMPERIAL COMMISSIONER	- - - -	<i>Bass</i>
THE OFFICIAL REGISTRAR	- - - -	<i>Baritone</i>
CHO-CHO-SAN'S MOTHER	- - -	<i>Mezzo-Soprano</i>
THE AUNT	- - - -	<i>Mezzo-Soprano</i>
THE COUSIN	- - - -	<i>Soprano</i>
TRouble (<i>Cho-Cho-San's Child</i>)	- - - -	—

} Members of
the Chorus

Cho-Cho-San's Relations and Friends. Servants.

AT NAGASAKI.

PRESENT DAY.



ARGUMENT.

ACT I.

LIEUTENANT B. F. PINKERTON, of the United States Navy, is about to contract a "Japanese Marriage" with Cho-Cho-San, known among her friends as BUTTERFLY. When the curtain rises he is being shown over the little house on the hill, which he has leased at Nagasaki and is about to occupy with his Japanese wife. GORO, the nakodo or marriage broker, who has arranged the match, has also found him the house and is enjoying PINKERTON'S surprise and pleasure at the ingenious contrivances of the building. PINKERTON is then introduced to the three Japanese servants, one of whom is SUZUKI, BUTTERFLY'S faithful maid. His friend SHARPLESS, the American Consul, arrives, and the two men settle down to an intimate chat. SHARPLESS looks upon PINKERTON'S projected alliance with disfavour, and begs him to reflect before taking the step. He urges that what is a mere pastime to PINKERTON may be a very serious matter—a matter of life or death—to the Japanese girl. PINKERTON laughs at his friend's apprehensions, and their discussion is interrupted by the arrival of the bride and her friends. Greetings are interchanged; SHARPLESS takes the opportunity of getting into conversation with BUTTERFLY and is more than ever convinced that she is taking her marriage very seriously. That his misgivings are not groundless is soon proved, for in a pretty interview with PINKERTON, BUTTERFLY confides to him that she has secretly and quite unknown to her relations, renounced her faith, the faith of her forefathers, before entering on her new life with him; a step which means cutting herself adrift from all her old associations and belongings, and entrusting her future entirely to her husband.

The relations arrive, together with the Japanese officials, and the marriage contract is signed with due ceremony. While the guests are joyfully drinking the newly-wedded pair's health, a weird figure suddenly appears on the scene, shouting and cursing wildly. It is BUTTERFLY'S uncle, the Bonze (Japanese priest), who has discovered her renunciation of faith and has come to curse her for it. He insists on all her relations, including her mother, renouncing her for ever; whereupon PINKERTON, annoyed at the disturbance, turns the whole lot out of his house, and they depart, shaking the air with their imprecations. BUTTERFLY is left weeping bitterly, and PINKERTON proceeds to comfort his poor little Japanese wife. He soon woos her back to smiles and happiness, and a passionate love scene follows. And so we leave this strangely-assorted pair on the threshold of their life together. . . .

ACT II.—Part I.

Three years have passed. PINKERTON has long since been recalled to America, promising his little wife to return to her "when the robins nest." The curtain rises on a sadder and wiser SUZUKI, praying against all conviction for PINKERTON'S return, and on a faithful, ever-trusting, never-doubting BUTTERFLY. She declines to listen to SUZUKI'S misgivings: "'Tis *faith* you are lacking!" she says, and in most touching language she draws a vivid picture of PINKERTON'S speedy return: "This will all come to pass just as I tell you. Banish your idle fears, for he'll return, I know it!"

She is interrupted by a visit from the Consul SHARPLESS, who has been entrusted by PINKERTON with a very cruel task, viz. : to break to BUTTERFLY the news that he is returning to Nagasaki, but that he is now married—really married this time!—to an American wife. But with the best intentions, SHARPLESS is unable to deliver his message. The very sight of a letter from PINKERTON throws BUTTERFLY into such a transport of excitement and joy

that she is unable to listen to its contents. He has written, he has remembered her, and of course he must be returning! Then they are disturbed by a visit from YAMADORI, a wealthy Japanese suitor, whom GORO is urging BUTTERFLY to marry. She is very indignant. "How can I marry him" she protests "when I am already married?" And when GORO and SHARPLESS, appalled at her blindness, suggest that PINKERTON's desertion of her constitutes divorce, she proudly tells them: "That may be Japanese law, but not the law of my country, America!" It is a hopeless task to try and undeceive a faith such as hers. After YAMADORI has taken his departure, SHARPLESS makes one more attempt to open her eyes to the truth, but she silences him once for all by fetching in her baby boy, a blue-eyed, fair-haired replica of PINKERTON. "Look," she says, with maternal pride, "can such as *this* well be forgotten? When PINKERTON hears what a fine son is waiting for him, will he not hasten back to Japan?" And the poor Consul has reluctantly to take his leave without having achieved his mission.

He has hardly gone before the harbour cannons announce the arrival of a man-of-war. Their eyes dim with happy tears; their hands shaking with excitement so that they can hardly hold the telescope, BUTTERFLY and SUZUKI discover it is PINKERTON's ship, the *Abraham Lincoln*! Now BUTTERFLY's transports know no bounds. She has proved herself right! Her faith is rewarded! Her husband is returning to her! She and SUZUKI decorate the little home with flowers until it is a very bower. She and the baby are adorned in their very best, and then she stations herself, SUZUKI and the baby in front of three holes she has pierced in the *Shoji*, there to watch for PINKERTON's arrival. As night falls, SUZUKI and the baby drop off to sleep. The curtain falls on the pathetic picture of BUTTERFLY, rigid and motionless, waiting and watching in unshaken faith for the return of the husband who has forsaken her. . . .

ACT II.—Part 2.

. . . The weary night has passed, and the breaking dawn discovers SUZUKI and the baby fast asleep while BUTTERFLY still stands waiting, watching. The sunshine awakes SUZUKI who persuades BUTTERFLY to go and rest, promising to call her as soon as PINKERTON arrives. Hardly has BUTTERFLY gone up with her baby, than PINKERTON and SHARPLESS appear on the scene. SUZUKI's joyful surprise is soon changed to consternation when she finds that PINKERTON is accompanied by a strange lady—his wife! PINKERTON, surrounded by proofs of BUTTERFLY's unbroken faith and devotion, now at last realises the truth of the Consul's warnings, and the heartlessness of his own conduct. Overcome by remorse and the anguish of the situation, he rushes away, leaving SHARPLESS to arrange things as best he can. The Consul has hard work to pacify SUZUKI. At last he persuades her to break the news to her poor little mistress and to try and induce her to give up her baby to Mrs. PINKERTON, who will bestow a mother's care on it. Before SUZUKI has time to prevent her, BUTTERFLY comes down, radiantly expecting to find her husband, and in a scene, the pathos of which cannot well be surpassed, she learns the terrible truth. She bears the blow with a gentle dignity more touching than any lamentation. She even wishes the "real American wife" every happiness, and sends PINKERTON a message that she herself will "find peace," and that he shall have his son if he will come and fetch him himself in half an hour's time. And then SHARPLESS and Mrs. PINKERTON withdraw and leave the poor little girl alone with her broken heart.

But when, in half an hour's time, PINKERTON and SHARPLESS return to keep their appointment, the faithful little broken heart has ceased to beat. BUTTERFLY has killed herself with her father's sword, the blade of which bears the inscription:

"To die with honour
When one can no longer live with honour."

R. H. ELKIN.

ATTO PRIMO.

Collina presso Nagasaki.

Casa giapponese, terrazza e giardino.
In fondo, al basso, la rada, il porto, la città di Nagasaki.

Pinkerton e Goro.

Goro fa visitare la casa a Pinkerton, che passa di sorpresa in sorpresa.

PINKERTON

E soffitto...e pareti...

GORO

(godendo delle sorprese)

Vanno e vengono a prova
a norma che vi giova
nello stesso locale
alternar nuovi aspetti ai consueti.

PINKERTON

(cercando intorno)

Il nido nuziale
dov'è?

GORO

(accennando a due locali)

Qui, o là !...secondo...

PINKERTON

Anch'esso a doppio fondo !
La sala ?

GORO

(mostra la terrazza)

Ecco !

PINKERTON

(stupito)

All'aperto ?...

GORO

(mostrando il chiudersi d'una parete)

Un fianco scorre...

PINKERTON

Capisco ! Un altro..

ACT I.

Hill near Nagasaki.

A Japanese house, terrace and garden.
Below, in the background, the bay, the harbour and
the town of Nagasaki.

Pinkerton and Goro.

*Goro is showing Pinkerton over the house. Pinkerton passes from one surprise
to another.*

PINKERTON

And the walls—and the ceiling—

GORO

(enjoying his surprise)

They will come and will go,
Just as it may suit your fancy
To exchange or to vary
New and old in the same surroundings.

PINKERTON

(looking around)

The marriage-chamber,
Where is it?

GORO

(pointing in two directions)

Here, or there!—according—

PINKERTON

A wonderful contrivance!
The hall?

GORO

(showing the terrace)

Behold!

PINKERTON

(amazed)

In the open?

GORO

(making a partition slide out)

A wall slides outward—

PINKERTON

I see now! Another—

GORO

Scivola!

PINKERTON

E la dimora frivola...

GORO

(protestando)

Salda come una torre
da terra, infino al tetto...

PINKERTON

È una casa a soffietto.

GORO

(batte tre volte le mani palma a palma: entrano due uomini ed una donna e si genuflettono innanzi a Pinkerton)

Questa è la cameriera
che della vostra sposa
fu già serva amorosa.
Il cuoco—il servitor. Sono confusi
del grande onore.

PINKERTON

I nomi?

GORO

(presentando)

*Miss Nuvola leggiara.—
Raggio di sol nascente.—Esala aromi.*

PINKERTON

Nomi di scherno o scherzo.

Io li chiamerò: musi!

(indicando)

Muso primo, secondo, e muso terzo.

SUZUKI

(fatta ardita)

Sorridente Vostro Onore?—

Il riso è frutto e fiore.

Disse il savio Ocumama:

dei crucci la trama

smaglia il sorriso. Schiude alla perla il guscio,

apre all' uom l'uscio

del Paradiso.

Profumo degli Dei...

Fontana della vita...

(Goro accorgendosi che Pinkerton comincia ad essere infastidito dalla loquela di Suzuki batte le mani.—I tre si alzano e fuggono rapidamente rientrando in casa)

PINKERTON

A chiacchiere costei

GORO

Runs along!

PINKERTON

And so the fairy dwelling—

GORO

Springs like a tow'r from nowhere,
Complete from base to attic!—

PINKERTON

It comes and goes by magic!

GORO

(claps his hands loudly twice: enter two men and a woman, who go down on their hands and knees in front of Pinkerton)

This is the trusty handmaid,
Who waits upon your wife,
Faithful and devoted.
The cook—the servant. They're embarrass'd
At such great honour.

PINKERTON

Their names?

GORO

(introducing them)

“*Miss Gentle-Breeze-of-morning.—
Ray-of-the-golden-sun.—Sweet-scented-pine-tree.*”

PINKERTON

Foolishly chosen nicknames!
I will call them: scarecrows!
(pointing to them one by one)
Scarecrow first; scarecrow second; and scarecrow
third!

SUZUKI

(grown bolder)

Your Honour deigns to smile?—
Your smile is fair as flowers.
Thus spake the wise Ogunama:
A smile conquers all, and defies
Ev'ry trouble. Pearls may be won by smiling.
Smiles can ope the portals
Of Paradise.
The Perfume of the Gods—
The Fountain of Life—

(Goro, perceiving that Pinkerton begins to be bored at Suzuki's loquacity, claps his hands thrice. The three rise and quickly disappear into the house)

PINKERTON

When they begin to talk,

mi par cosmopolita.

(a Goro andato in fondo ad osservare)

Che guardi?

GORO

Se non giunge ancor la sposa.

PINKERTON

Tutto è pronto?

GORO

Ogni cosa.

PINKERTON

Gran perla di sensale!

GORO

(ringrazia con profondo inchino)

Qui verranno: l'Ufficiale
del registro, i parenti, il vostro Console,
la fidanzata. Qui si firma l'atto
e il matrimonio è fatto.

PINKERTON

E son molti i parenti?

GORO

La suocera, la nonna, lo zio Bonzo
(che non ci degnerà di sua presenza)
e cugini! e cugine...
Mettiam fra gli ascendenti
ed i collaterali, un due dozzine.
Quanto alla discendenza...

(con malizia ossequiosa)

provvederanno assai

Vostra Grazia e la bella Butterfly.

(si ode la voce di Sharpless il Console, che sale il colle)

LA VOCE DI SHARPLESS

(un po' lontano)

E suda e arrampica!
e sbuffa e inciampica!
—Erta letale!

GORO

(che è accorso al fondo, annuncia a Pinkerton)

—Il Consol sale.

SHARPLESS

(appare sbuffando: Goro si prosterna innanzi al Console)

Ah!... quei viottoli
irti di ciottoli
m'hanno sfiaccato!

PINKERTON

(va incontro a Sharpless—i due si stringono a mano)

Bene arrivato.

Alike I find all women.

(to Goro who has gone to the back to look out)

Why look you?

GORO

Watching for the bride's arrival.

PINKERTON

All is ready?

GORO

Ev'ry detail.

PINKERTON

You shining light of brokers!

GORO

(thanks with a deep bow)

There will come : the official registrar,
The relations, your country's Consul,
Your future wife. Here you'll sign the contract,
And solemnize the marriage.

PINKERTON

Are there many relations?

GORO

Her mother, grandam, and the Bonze, her uncle,
(Who'll scarcely honour us with his appearance)
Her cousins, male and female—
Of ancestors I reckon, and other blood relations,
A round two dozen.
As to the descendants—

(with obsequious presumption)

That may be left, I reckon,
To your Honour and the fair Butterfly—

(the voice of the Consul Sharpless, who is climbing the hill, is heard)

THE VOICE OF SHARPLESS

(rather far off)

A plague on this steep ascent!
Stumbling, and spluttering—

GORO

(who has run to the back, announces)

Here comes the Consul.

SHARPLESS

(enters, quite out of breath. Goro bows low before him)

Ah! the scramble up
Has left me breathless!

PINKERTON

(goes to meet the Consul: they shake hands)

Good-day, friend! Welcome!

SHARPLESS

Ouff !

PINKERTON

Presto Goro
qualche ristoro.

(Goro entra in casa frettoloso)

SHARPLESS

(guardando intorno)

Alto.

PINKERTON

(mostrandogli il panorama)

Ma bello !

SHARPLESS

(contemplando il mare e la città sottoposti)

Nagasaki, il mare !

il porto...

PINKERTON

(accennando alla casa)

e una casetta
che obbedisce a bacchetta.

SHARPLESS

Vostra?

PINKERTON

La comperai
per novecento novantanove anni,
con facoltà, ogni mese,
di rescindere i patti.
Sono in questo paese
elastici del par, case e contratti.

SHARPLESS

E l' uomo esperto ne profitta.

(Goro viene frettoloso dalla casa, seguito dai due servi: portano bicchieri, bottiglie e due poltrone di vimini: depongono bicchieri e bottiglie su di un piccolo tavolo e tornano in casa)

PINKERTON

(invitando a sedersi)

Certo.

Dovunque al mondo il yankee vagabondo
si gode e traffica
sprezzando i rischi.

Affonda l' ancora alla ventura
finchè una raffica...

(Pinkerton s'interrompe per offrire da bere a Sharpless)

Milk-Punch, o Wisky?

(riprende)

...scompigli nave, ormeggi, alberatura.
La vita ei non appaga
se non fa suo tesoro

SHARPLESS

Ough!

PINKERTON

Quickly, Goro,
Fetch some refreshment.

(Goro hurries into the house)

SHARPLESS

(looking about)

Lofty!

PINKERTON

(showing him the view)

But lovely!

SHARPLESS

(looking at the sea and the town below)

Nagasaki,—the ocean,—

The harbour—

PINKERTON

(pointing to the house)

This is a dwelling
Which is managed by magic.

SHARPLESS

Yours?

PINKERTON

I bought this house
For nine hundred and ninety-nine years,
But with the option, at every month,
To cancel the contract!
I must say, in this country
The houses and the contracts are elastic!

SHARPLESS

The man of bus'ness profits by it.

(Goro comes bustling out of the house, followed by the two servants. They bring glasses, bottles and two wicker lounges: place the glasses and bottles on a small table, and return to the house)

PINKERTON

(inviting him to be seated)

Surely.

The whole world over,
On bus'ness and pleasure bent
The Yankee travels, all dangers scorning.
His anchor boldly he casts at random—
Until a sudden squall—

(breaking off to offer Sharpless a drink)

Milk-Punch or whisky?

(resuming)

—Upsets his ship, then up go sails and rigging;
And life is not worth living
If he can't win the best

le stelle d' ogni cielo
i fiori d' ogni plaga,
d' ogni bella gli amor.

SHARPLESS

È un facile vangelo
che fa la vita vaga
ma che intristisce il cuor.

PINKERTON

(continuando)

Vinto si tuffa e la sorte riacciuffa.
Il suo talento
fa in ogni dove.
Così mi sposo all' uso giapponese
per novecento
novantanove
anni. Salvo a prosciogliermi ogni mese.
“America for ever!”

SHARPLESS

Ed è bella

la sposa?

GORO

(che ha udito, si affaccia al terrazzo premuroso ed insinuante)

Una ghirlanda
di fior freschi. Una stella
dai raggi d' oro.
E per nulla : sol cento
yen.

(al Console)

Se la Grazia Vostra mi comanda
ce n' ho un assortimento.

(il Console ridendo, ringrazia)

PINKERTON

(con viva impazienza)

Va, conducila Goro.

(Goro corre in fondo e scompare discendendo il colle)

SHARPLESS

Quale smania vi prende !
Sareste addirittura
cotto?

PINKERTON

(impaziente si alza e Sharpless anch' esso)

Non so ! Dipende
dal grado di cottura !
Amore o grillo—donna o gingillo
dir non saprei.—Certo colei
m' ha colle ingenue—arti invescato.

And fairest of each country,
The heart of each fair maid!

SHARPLESS

That's an easy-going gospel
Which makes life very pleasant,
But is fatal in the end—

PINKERTON

(continuing)

Fate cannot crush him, he tries again undaunted.
No one and nothing
Breaks his plucky spirit.
And so I'm marrying in Japanese fashion,
Tied for nine-hundred
And ninety-nine years,
Free, though, to annul the marriage monthly.
"America for ever!"

SHARPLESS

Is the bride very pretty?

GORO

(who has overheard, approaches the terrace officiously)

Fair as a garland
Of fragrant flowers! Brighter
Than a star in the heavens!
And for nothing: one hundred
Yen.

(to the Consul)

If your Augustness will entrust me,
I have a fine selection?

(the Consul laughingly declines)

PINKERTON

(very impatiently)

Go and fetch her, Goro.

(Goro runs to the back and disappears down the hill)

SHARPLESS

What folly has seized you!
D' you think you are
Intoxicated?

PINKERTON

(rises impatiently. Sharpless rises also)

May be! Depends
On what you call intoxication!
Is't love or fancy, maid or myth—
I cannot tell you—all that I know
She, with her innocent charm, has entranc'd me

Lieve qual tenue—vetro soffiato
 alla statura—al portamento
 sembra figura—da paravento.
 Ma dal suo lucido—fondo di lacca
 come con subito—moto si stacca,
 qual farfalletta—svolazza e posa
 con tal grazietta—silenziosa
 che di rincorrerla—furor m'assale
 se pure infrangerne—dovessi l'ale.

SHARPLESS

(seriamente e bonario)

Ier l'altro, il Consolato
 sen' venne a visitar!
 Io non la vidi, ma l' udii parlar.
 Di sua voce il mistero
 l'anima mi colpi.
 Certo quando è sincero
 l'amor parla così.
 Sarebbe gran peccato
 le lievi ali strappar
 e desolar forse un credulo cuor.
 Quella—divina
 mite—vocina
 non dovrebbe dar note di dolor

PINKERTON

Console mio garbato,
 quietatevi! Si sa,
 la vostra età è di flebile umor.
 Non c'è gran male
 s'io vo' quell'ale
 drizzar ai dolci voli dell'amor!

(offre di nuovo da bere)

Whisky?

SHARPLESS

Un altro bicchiere.

(Pinkerton colma anche il proprio bicchiere)

Bevo alla vostra famiglia lontana.

PINKERTON

(leva il calice)

E al giorno in cui mi sposerò con vere
 nozze, a una vera sposa...americana.

GORO

(riappare correndo, venendo dal basso della collina)

Ecco! Son giunte al sommo del pendio.

(accennando verso il sentiero)

Già del femminile sciame
 qual di vento in fogliame

Almost transparently fragile and slender,
 Dainty in stature, quaint little figure,
 Seems to have stepped down
 Straight from a screen.—
 But from her background of varnish and lacquer—
 Suddenly, light as a feather she flutters,
 And, like a butterfly, hovers and settles,
 With so much charm and such seductive graces,
 That to pursue her a wild wish seized me—
 Though in the quest her frail wings should be broken.

SHARPLESS

(seriously and kindly)

The other day, she came up
 To call at the Consulate!
 I did not see her, but I heard her speak.
 And the mystery of her voice
 Touched my very soul.
 Surely love that is pure and true speaks like that.
 It were indeed sad pity
 To tear those dainty wings,
 And perchance to torment a trusting heart.
 No cry of anguish should e'er be uttered
 By that gentle and trusting little voice.

PINKERTON

Dearly beloved Consul,
 Allay your fears! We know
 Men of your age look on life with mournful eyes.
 No harm I reckon these wings to raise,
 And guide them to the tender flights of love!

(offers him more drink)

Whisky?

SHARPLESS

Yes, mix me another.

(Pinkerton fills up his own glass as well)

Here's to your friends and relations at home.

PINKERTON

(raising his glass)

And to the day on which I'll wed
 In real marriage—a real American wife!

GORO

(re-appears, running breathlessly up the hill)

See them! they've climbed the summit of the hill!

(pointing towards the path)

A crowd of women hustling,
 Like the wind in branches rustling,

s'ode il brusio.

Su dal sentiero si avvicina un confuso e gaio grido. Pinkerton e Sharpless si recano in fondo al giardino osservando verso il sentiero della collina)

VOCE DI BUTTERFLY

Ancora un passo or via.

ALTRE VOCI

Come sei tarda.

--Ecco la vetta.--

--Aspetta.--

--Guarda, guarda.

VOCE DI BUTTERFLY

Spira sul mare e sulla
terra un primaveril soffio giocondo.
Io sono la fanciulla
più lieta del Giappone, anzi del mondo.
Dalle vie, dalle ville
la città colle mille
sue voci mi saluta.
Amiche, io son venuta
al richiamo d'amor
nelle gaudiose soglie
ove tutto s'accoglie
il bene di chi vive e di chi muor.

LE AMICHE

Gioia a te sia
dolce amica, ma pria
di varcare la soglia che ti attira
volgiti indietro e mira
le cose tutte che ti son sì care.
Quanti fior! Quanto cielo! Quanto mare?

SHARPLESS

O allegro cinguettar di gioventù!

(Appaiono, superato il pendio della collina, Butterfly colle amiche, tutte hanno grandi ombrelli aperti, a vivi colori).

BUTTERFLY

Siam giunte.

(vede il gruppo dei tre uomini e riconosce Pinkerton. Chiude subito l'ombrello e pronta addita Pinkerton alle amiche)

B. F. Pinkerton. Giù.

(si genuflette)

LE AMICHE

(chiudono gli ombrelli e si genuflettono)

Giù.

(poi tutte si alzano e si avvicinano a Pinkerton cerimoniosamente)

BUTTERFLY

Gran ventura.

LE AMICHE

Riverenza.

Here they come bustling !

(The confused and lively hubbub of many voices is heard from the path. Pinkerton and Sharpless retire to the back of the garden, watching the path on the hill)

BUTTERFLY'S VOICE

There's one step more to climb.

OTHER VOICES

How long you tarry—here is the summit—
One moment——look, oh look !

BUTTERFLY'S VOICE

Across the earth and o'er the ocean
Balmy breeze and scent of Spring are blowing—
I am the happiest maiden,
The happiest in Japan—
In all the world.
From ev'ry nook and corner
The city sends me greeting
With a thousand voices.
Friends, I have obeyed
The summons of love,
Upon the threshold standing,
Where all the glory awaits me,
That life or death can offer.

HER GIRL FRIENDS

The best of luck attend you,
Gentle maiden, but ere
You cross the threshold which invites you,
Turn and admire the things you hold so dear.
What lovely flow'rs ! what lovely sky, and lovely sea !

SHARPLESS

O happy prattle, careless days of youth !

(Butterfly and her girl friends appear on the brow of the hill. They all carry large brightly-coloured sunshades, open).

BUTTERFLY

We're there now.

(she sees the three men standing together and recognises Pinkerton. She promptly closes her sunshade and introduces Pinkerton to her friends)

B. F. Pinkerton. Down.

(goes down on her knees)

THE GIRL FRIENDS

(close their sunshades and go on their knees)

Down.

(then they all rise and ceremoniously approach Pinkerton)

BUTTERFLY

Augustly welcome—

THE GIRL FRIENDS

Hail, most mighty !

PINKERTON

(sorridente)

È un po' dura
la scalata?

BUTTERFLY

(compassata)

A una sposa
costumata
più penosa
l'impazienza.

PINKERTON

(un po' derisorio)

Molto raro
complimento.

BUTTERFLY

(ingenua)

Dei più belli
ancor ne so.

PINKERTON

(rincalzando)

Dei gioielli!

BUTTERFLY

(volendo sfoggiare il suo repertorio di complimenti)

Se vi è caro
sul momento...

PINKERTON

Grazie—no.

SHARPLESS

(ha osservato prima curiosamente il gruppo delle fanciulle, poi si è avvicinato a Butterfly che lo ascolta con attenzione)

Miss "Butterfly." Bel nome che vi sta a meraviglia.
Siete di Nagasaki?

BUTTERFLY

Signor sì. Di famiglia
assai prospera un tempo.

(alle amiche)

Verità?

LE AMICHE

(approvando premurose)

Verità!

BUTTERFLY

Nessuno si confessa mai nato in povertà,
e non c'è vagabondo che a sentirlo non sia
di gran prosapia. Eppure senza millanteria
conobbi la ricchezza. Ma il turbine rovescia
le quercie più robuste—e abbiam fatto la gheschia
per sostentarci. (alle amiche) Vero?

PINKERTON

(smiling)

The ascent
Is rather trying?

BUTTERFLY

(measuredly)

Not so trying
To a bride
As are the weary hours
Of waiting.

PINKERTON

(rather sarcastically)

What a pretty
Compliment!

BUTTERFLY

(ingenuously)

I know better ones
Than that—

PINKERTON

(good humouredly)

Gems, I doubt not!

BUTTERFLY

anxious to show off her stock of compliments)

If you care for some
At present...

PINKERTON

(gently)

Thank you—no.

SHARPLESS

(after scanning the group of maidens with curiosity, approaches Butterfly, who listens to him attentively)

Miss "Butterfly"—How pretty!—Your name
Was well chosen. Are you from Nagasaki?

BUTTERFLY

Sir, I am. My people
Were formerly wealthy.

(to her friends)

Say so!

HER GIRL FRIENDS

(assenting with alacrity)

It is so!

BUTTERFLY

There's no one cares to own he was born in poverty;
Is not ev'ry vagrant, when you listen to his tale,
Of ancient lineage? But yet indeed
I have known riches. But the strongest oak
Must fall when the storm-wind wrecks the forest.
And we had to go as geishas, to earn our living.

(to her friends) Say so!

LE AMICHE

(confermano)

Vero!

BUTTERFLY

Non lo nascondo,
nè mi adonto.

(vedendo che Sharpless sorride)

Ridete? Perchè?...Cose del mondo.

PINKERTON

(ha ascoltato con interesse e si rivolge a Sharpless)

(Con quel fare di bambola quando parla m'infiamma).

SHARPLESS

(anch'esso interessato dalle chiacchiere di Butterfly, continua a interrogarla)

E ci avete sorelle?

BUTTERFLY

Non signore. Ho la mamma.

GORO

(con importanza)

Una nobile dama.

BUTTERFLY

Ma senza farle torto
povera molto anch'essa.

SHARPLESS

E vostro padre?

BUTTERFLY

(si arresta sorpresa—poi secco secco risponde)

Morto.

(Le amiche chinano la testa. Goro è imbarazzato. Silenzio. Tutte si sventolano nervosamente coi ventagli—poi Butterfly, per rompere il penoso silenzio, si rivolge a Pinkerton)

Ma ho degli altri parenti :
uno zio Bonzo.

PINKERTON

(con esagerata ammirazione)

Senti!

LE AMICHE

Un mostro di sapienza!

GORO

(incalzando)

Un fiume d'eloquenza!

PINKERTON

Grazia, grazia, mio Dio!

BUTTERFLY

Ci ho pure un altro zio!
Ma quello...

THE FRIENDS

(corroborating)

Truly!

BUTTERFLY

I frankly own it,
And don't blush for it.

(seeing that Sharpless smiles)

You're laughing? And why? That's how the world runs!

PINKERTON

(has listened with interest and turns to Sharpless)

(With her innocent baby-face, she sets my heart throbbing).

SHARPLESS

(he also is interested in Butterfly's prattle, and continues to question her)

And have you no sisters?

BUTTERFLY

None, Augustness. I've my mother.

GORO

(importantly)

A most notable lady.

BUTTERFLY

But through no fault whatever,
Dreadfully poor is she.

SHARPLESS

And where's your father?

BUTTERFLY

(steps short in surprise, then answers very shortly:)

Dead!

The friends hang their heads. Goro is embarrassed. They all fan themselves nervously—then Butterfly, to break the painful silence, turns to Pinkerton)

But I've other relations:

I've one uncle, the Bonze.

PINKERTON

(with exaggerated surprise)

Never!

THE FRIENDS

A miracle of wisdom!

GORO

Of eloquence a fountain!

PINKERTON

Thank you, thank you, kind fate!

BUTTERFLY

And yet another uncle,
But that one's—

LE AMICHE
Gran corbello !

BUTTERFLY
(volendo bonariamente mitigare)
Ha un po' la testa a zonzo

LE AMICHE
Perpetuo tavernaio.

PINKERTON
Capisco—un Bonzo e un gonzo.—
I due mi fanno il paio.

BUTTERFLY
(mortificata)
Ve ne rincresce ?

PINKERTON
Ohibò
Per quel che me ne fo !

SHARPLESS
(a Butterfly)
Quanti anni avete ?

BUTTERFLY
(con civetteria quasi infan
Indovinate.

PINKERTON
Dieci.

BUTTERFLY
Crescete.

SHARPLESS
Venti.

BUTTERFLY
Calate.
Quindici netti, netti ;
sono vecchia diggià.

SHARPLESS
Quindici anni ! L'età
dei giuochi...

PINKERTON
e dei confetti.

(a Goro, che batte le mani, chiamando i tre servi, i quali accorrono dalla casa : Goro impartisce loro gli ordini, man mano che li riceve da Pinkerton)

Qua i tre musì. Servite
ragni e mosche candite.
Nidi al giulebbe e quale
è licor più indigesto

THE FRIENDS

A good-for-nothing!

BUTTERFLY

(Kind-heartedly trying to hush them)

He's just a little wanting.

THE FRIENDS

An everlasting tippler.

PINKERTON

One thinker—and one drinker!

They make a pretty couple.

BUTTERFLY

(mortified)

You are not angry?

PINKERTON

Not I!

I do not care a jot!

SHARPLESS

(to Butterfly)

What might your age be?

BUTTERFLY

(with almost childish coquetry)

Now try to guess it!

PINKERTON

Ten years.

BUTTERFLY

Guess higher.

SHARPLESS

Twenty.

BUTTERFLY

Guess lower.

Fifteen, exactly fifteen!

I am old, am I not?

SHARPLESS

Fifteen years old! The age

Of playthings—

PINKERTON

And of sweetmeats!

(To Goro, who claps his hands, summoning the three servants, who come running out from the house: Goro gives them the orders which he takes from Pinkerton)

Call my scarecrows to hand round
Candied flies and spiders,
Preserves and pastry, and all
Sorts of curious liquors,

e più nauseabonda leccornia
della Nipponeria.

(Goro nel seguire i servi che rientrano in casa si accorge che altre persone salgono il colle e osserva; poi corre ad annunciare a Pinkerton e a Sharpless:)

GORO

(con importanza)

L'imperial Commissario e l'Ufficiale
del registro—i congiunti.

PINKERTON

a Goro)

Fate presto.

(Goro corre in casa)

(Dal sentiero in fondo si vedono salire e sfilare i parenti di Butterfly: questa va loro incontro, insieme alle amiche: grandi saluti, riverenze: i parenti osservano curiosamente i due americani, chiedendo spiegazioni a Butterfly. Ultimi arrivano il Commissario imperiale e l'Ufficiale del registro, che si fermano in fondo. Pinkerton ha preso sottobraccio Sharpless e condottolo da un lato, gli fa osservare il bizzarro gruppo dei parenti)

PINKERTON

(osserva commentando)

Che burletta la sfilata
della nova parentela,
tolta in prestito, a mesata.

Certo dietro a quella vela
di ventaglio pavonazzo,
la mia suocera si cela.

E quel coso da strapazzo
che fa salti di rannocchio
è lo zio briaco e pazzo.

Manco male anche il marmocchio,
lustro giallo e grassottino.—

Or complottan, stretti a crocchio,
e mi ponzano l'inchino.

SHARPLESS

(a Pinkerton)

Pinkerton fortunato
che in sorte v'è toccato
un fior pur mò sbocciato!

Non più bella e d'assai
fanciulla io vidi mai
di questa Butterfly.

How-exciting! Giudizio:
o il pseudo spozalizio
vi mena al precipizio.
E se a voi sembran scede
il patto e la sua fede
badate!... Ella ci crede.

(accenna a Butterfly)

And most peculiar delicacies
They fancy in Japan.

(Goro is just about to follow the servants into the house, when he perceives more people climbing the hill: he goes to look, then runs to announce the new arrivals to Pinkerton and to Sharpless:)

GORO

(importantly)

The august High Commiss'ner—
The official Registrar—the relations.

PINKERTON

(to Goro)

Come now, hurry.

(Goro runs into the house)

(From the path in the background Butterfly's relations are seen climbing the hill and passing along: Butterfly and her friends go to meet them, bowing and kow-towing: the relatives stare curiously at the two Americans, asking Butterfly for explanations. Last of all arrive the Imperial Commissioner and the official Registrar who remain in the background. Pinkerton has taken Sharpless by the arm and leading him to one side, laughingly makes him look at the quaint group of relations.)

PINKERTON

What a farce is this procession
Of my worthy new relations,
Held on terms of monthly contract!—

I feel sure that there behind the
Mighty fan of peacock's feathers
My moth'r-in-law is hiding.—

And that shabby-looking ninny,
Jumping like a frog in action,
Is the mad and boozy uncle!

Then there's even a small urchin,
Shining, yellow, and all greasy.

Look at them, intently chatting,
Trying to kow-tow before me.

SHARPLESS

(to Pinkerton)

Oh, trebly lucky Pinkerton,
Since Fate has let you gather
A flower hardly open'd!

I have ne'er seen fairer
Nor sweeter maiden than
This little Butterfly.

How exciting! Be prudent!
Or this pseudo-marriage
Will lead you into trouble.
Do not look on this contract,
And on her faith as pastime—
I warn you! For she trusts **you**.

(points to Butterfly)

ALCUNI PARENTI
(con molta curiosità a Butterfly)
Dov' è? dov' è?

BUTTERFLY
(indicando Pinkerton)
Eccolo là!

PRIMA CUGINA
In verità
bello non è.—

BUTTERFLY
(offesa)
Bello è così
che non si può
sognar di più.

LA MADRE DI BUTTERFLY
Mi pare un re!

LO ZIO
Vale un Perù.

PRIMA CUGINA
Goro l'offri
pur anche a me.
Ma s' ebbe un no!

BUTTERFLY
(sdegnosa)
Sì, giusto tu!

ALCUNI AMICI *ad alcune* AMICHE

Ecco, perchè
prescelta fù,
vuol far con te
la soprappiù.

ALTRE AMICHE
La sua beltà
già disfiò.

CUGINI e CUGINE
Divorzierà.

ALTRI
Spero di sì.—

GORO
Per carità
tacete un po'...
chi v' insegnò
la civiltà?

SOME OF THE RELATIONS

(with great curiosity, to Butterfly)

Where is he? Where?

BUTTERFLY

(pointing to Pinkerton)

That is he—there!

FIRST COUSIN

To tell the truth,
Handsome he's not—

BUTTERFLY

(offended)

Handsome man
You never saw—
Not in your dreams.

BUTTERFLY'S MOTHER

I think him fine!

THE UNCLE

He's worth a lot!

FIRST COUSIN

Why, Goro offered him to me
But I said no!

BUTTERFLY

(contemptuously)

To *you*, my dear!

SOME MALE AND FEMALE FRIENDS

Because on her
His choice did fall,
She would look down
Upon us all!

SOME OTHER GIRL FRIENDS

I think her beauty's
On the wane.

MALE AND FEMALE COUSINS

She'll be divorc'd!

OTHERS

I hope she may.

GORO

For goodness sake
Be silent now—
Where did you get
Your manners from?

LA MADRE DI BUTTERFLY e alcune CUGINE

Oh quella lì
non smette più.

GORO

Stoltezza fu
condurla qui.

LO ZIO

Vino ce n'è?

LA MADRE e LA ZIA
Guardiamo un po'.

ALCUNE AMICHE

Ne vidi già
color di thè,
e chermisi!

LO ZIO

Se ne berrò!

IL BAMBINO

E chicche?

SUA MADRE

Sì.

IL BAMBINO

(gongolante)

Curucucu!

BUTTERFLY

(a sua madre)

Mamma, vien qua
(agli altri)

Badate a me :
attenti, orsù,
uno—due—tre
e tutti giù.

(e tutti si inchinano innanzi a Pinkerton, tranne il Commissario e l'Ufficiale).

(Intanto Goro ha fatto portare dai servi alcuni tavolini, sui quali dispongonsi varie confetture, pasticciotti, liquori, vini e servizi da thè; si portano alcuni cuscini e un tavolino a parte, col-
l'occorrente per scrivere. Parenti, amici guardano con molta soddisfazione i dolciumi portati.
Butterfly presenta i parenti a Pinkerton).

BUTTERFLY

Mia madre.

PINKERTON

Riverenza.

LA MADRE

La Grazia Vostra ha lo splendor del giglio.

BUTTERFLY

Mia cugina e suo figlio.

BUTTERFLY'S MOTHER AND A FEW COUSINS

Why, that one there
Won't let her be.

GORO

The more fools you
To bring her here.

THE UNCLE

Is there no wine?

THE MOTHER AND THE AUNT

Let's look about.

SOME FRIENDS

I've just seen some,
The hue of tea—
And crimson too!

THE UNCLE

I'd like a drink!

THE CHILD

And sweetmeats.

HIS MOTHER

Yes.

THE CHILD

(capering for joy)

Hurrah! Hurrah!

BUTTERFLY

Mother come here.

(to the others)

Listen to me:
All of you, look,
One—two—three—
All of you: down!

(They all bow low before Pinkerton.)

(Meanwhile, Goro has made the servants bring out some small tables, on which they place a variety of cakes, sweetmeats, liquors, wines and tea-sets. They set some cushions and a small table with writing-materials apart. The friends and relations evince great satisfaction at the refreshments. Butterfly presents her relations to Pinkerton.)

BUTTERFLY

My mother—

PINKERTON

Most charmed to meet you.

THE MOTHER

Your Augustness dazzles me with fairness.

BUTTERFLY

My cousin and her son—

PINKERTON

(dando un buffetto al bambino, che si ritrae pauroso)

È ben piantato —promette.

LA CUGINA

(salutando cerimoniosa)

Eccellenza!

BUTTERFLY

Lo zio Yakusidé.

PINKERTON

È quello?... Ah! ah!

YAKUSIDÉ

Eh! Eh!

Salute agli avi e gloriose gesta.

ALCUNI PARENTI

Buona vista ai tuoi occhi.

ALTRI

Buone pianelle ai piedi e il cielo in testa.

PINKERTON

(ringrazia tutti e per liberarsene indica loro le ghiottonerie servite, poi si rivolge a Sharpless)

Dio, come sono sciocchi!

I parenti e gli amici si precipitano ai tavolini; i servi distribuiscono saki, dolci, pasticciotti, vino e liquori: esclamazioni acute delle amiche e parenti. Butterfly ha fatto sedere sua madre presso di sè e ne modera la ghiottoneria).

Goro accompagna il Console, il Commissario e l'Ufficiale presso un tavolino coll' occorrenza per scrivere. Il Console rivede le carte e fa preparare la scritta. Pinkerton si avvicina a Butterfly e le offre graziosamente confetti)

All' amor mio!

(vedendo che Butterfly rimane impacciata)

Vi spiacciono i confetti?

BUTTERFLY

(alzandosi)

Signor B. F. Pinkerton, perdono...

(mostra le mani e le braccia che sono impacciate dalle maniche rigonfie)

Io vorrei...pochi oggetti
da donna...

PINKERTON

Dove sono?

PINKERTON

(giving the child a playful smack; the latter draws back timidly)

He bids fair to grow sturdy!

THE COUSIN

(bowing with much ceremony)

Your Augustness!

BUTTERFLY

My uncle Yakusidé.

PINKERTON

Is that he? Ha! Ha!

YAKUSIDÉ

Your antecedents shall live for ever!

SOME RELATIONS

May the Heavens smile upon thee!

OTHERS

May your path be strewn with roses!

PINKERTON

(thanks them all, and to get rid of them, shows them the delicacies spread out: then he turns to Sharpless)

Lord, what foolish people!

(The Friends and Relations rush to the tables; the servants hand round saki, sweets, pastry, wine and liquors: lively ejaculations of the guests. Butterfly seats her Mother and her Cousin close to her, and tries to restrain their greediness.)

(Goro accompanies the Consul, the Commissioner and the Registrar to the table with writing materials. The Consul examines the papers and gets the bond ready. Pinkerton draws near to Butterfly and gently offers her some sweets)

Here's to our love!

(seeing that Butterfly appears embarrassed)

What, don't you like the sweetmeats?

BUTTERFLY

Mr. B. F. Pinkerton, forgive me—

(shows her hands and arms, which are encumbered by stuffed-out sleeves)

I should like—a young girl's few possessions—

PINKERTON

But where are they?

BUTTERFLY

(indicando le maniche)

Sono qui—vi dispiace ?

PINKERTON

(un po' sorpreso, sorride...poi subito acconsente, con galanteria)

O perchè mai,
mia bella Butterfly ?

BUTTERFLY

(a mano a mano cava dalle maniche gli oggetti e li depone sopra uno sgabello)

Fazzoletti.—La pipa.—Una cintura.—

Un piccolo fermaglio.—

Uno specchio.—Un ventaglio

PINKERTON

(vede un vasetto)

Quel barattolo ?

BUTTERFLY

Un vaso di tintura.

PINKERTON

Ohibò !

BUTTERFLY

Vi spiace?...
(lo getta)

Via !

(trae un astuccio lungo e stretto)

PINKERTON

E quello ?

BUTTERFLY

(molto seria)

Cosa sacra e mia.

PINKERTON

E non si può veder ?

BUTTERFLY

(supplichevole e grave)

C'è troppa gente.

Perdonate.

(e depone l'astuccio con gran rispetto)

BUTTERFLY

(pointing to her sleeves)

They are here—are you angry?

PINKERTON

(rather astonished, smiles—then quickly and gallantly reassures her)

Nay, angry,

Why, dear little Butterfly?

BUTTERFLY

(empties her sleeves, placing their contents one by one on a stool)

Kerchiefs—a pipe—a buckle—

A coloured ribbon—

A mirror—and a fan—

PINKERTON

(sees a jar)

What is that little pot?

BUTTERFLY

A little jar of paint.

PINKERTON

Oh, fie!

BUTTERFLY

You mind it?

(throws it away)

There!

(draws out a long and narrow sheath)

PINKERTON

And that thing?

BUTTERFLY

(very gravely)

That I hold most sacred.

PINKERTON

And am I not to see it?

BUTTERFLY

(beseeching and grave)

Not here in public.

Pray excuse me.

(she lays down the sheath very reverently)

GORO

(intanto si è avvicinato e dice all' orecchio di Pinkerton :)

È un presente
del Mikado a suo padre... coll' invito...
(fa il gesto di chi s'apre il ventre)

PINKERTON

(piano a Goro)

E...suo padre?

GORO

Ha obbedito.

(s' allontana, mescolandosi agli invitati)

BUTTERFLY

(leva dalle maniche alcune statuette e le mostra a Pinkerton)

Gli Ottoké.

PINKERTON

(ne prende una e la esamina con curiosità)

Quei pupazzi?...Avete detto?

BUTTERFLY

Son l' anime degli avi.

PINKERTON

Ah !...il mio rispetto.

(e depone la statuetta presso le altre)

BUTTERFLY

(trae Pinkerton in disparte e con tenera e rispettosa confidenza gli dice

Ieri sono salita
tutta sola in secreto alla Missione.
Colla nuova mia vita
posso adottare nuova religione.
Lo zio Bonzo nol sa,
nè i miei lo sanno. Io seguo il mio destino
e piena d' umiltà
al Dio del signor Pinkerton m' inchino.
Per me spendeste cento
yen, ma vivrò con molta economia.
E per farvi contento
potrò quasi obliar la gente mia.

(va a prendere le statuette)

E questi : via!

(li nasconde. Intanto Goro si è avvicinato al Console, e ricevutone gli ordini, grida con voce tonante da banditore :)

GORO

Tutti zitti!

(cessano le chiacchiere : tutti tralasciano di mangiare e di bere e si avanzano in circolo ascoltando con grande raccoglimento : Pinkerton e Butterfly stanno nel mezzo)

GORO

(has meanwhile approached and whispers to Pinkerton :)

It was sent

By the Mikado to her father, with a message—
(imitating the action of suicide by *hara-kiri*)

PINKERTON

(softly to Goro)

And—her father ?

GORO

Was obedient.

(he withdraws, mingling with the guests)

BUTTERFLY

(takes some images from her sleeves and shows them to Pinkerton)

The Ottoki.

PINKERTON

(takes one and examines it curiously)

These small figures?—Can you mean it ?

BUTTERFLY

The souls of my Forefathers.

PINKERTON

Ah ! I bow before them.

(he puts down the image near the others, then rises)

BUTTERFLY

(leads Pinkerton on one side and says to him in respectfully confiding tones :)

Hear what I would tell you :

Yesterday I crept softly to the Mission :

Entering on my new life

I wish to adopt a new religion.

No one knows what I've done,

Neither friends nor relations. My fate I have to follow,

And full of humble faith,

I bow before the God of my dear master.

For me you spent a hundred yen,

But I shall try to be most frugal.

And to give you more pleasure,

I can almost forget my race and people.

(goes to take up the images)

Away they go !

(throws them down. Meanwhile, Goro has approached the Consul, and, having received his orders, thunders forth in stentorian tones :)

GORO

Silence ! silence !

(The chattering ceases: they all leave off eating and drinking and come forward in a circle, listening with much interest: Pinkerton and Butterfly stand in the centre)

IL COMMISSARIO IMPERIALE

(legge)

È concesso al nominato

Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton,
 Luogotenente nella cannoniera
Lincoln, marina degli Stati Uniti
 America del Nord :
 ed alla damigella Butterfly
 del quartiere di Omara-Nagasaki,
 finor non maritata e in conseguenza
 non divorziata mai,
 di unirsi in matrimonio, per diritto
 il primo della propria volontà,
 ed ella per consenso dei parenti
 qui testimonî all' atto.

(porge l' atto per la firma)

GORO

(cerimonioso)

Lo sposo.

(Pinkerton firma)

Poi la sposa.

(Butterfly firma)

E tutto è fatto.

LE AMICHE

(circondano Butterfly festeggiandola)

Madama Butterfly !

BUTTERFLY

(le corregge)

Madama B. F. Pinkerton.

(L'Ufficiale dello Stato Civile ritira l'atto e avverte il Commissario che tutto è finito)

IL COMMISSARIO IMPERIALE

(congedandosi da Pinkerton)

Augurî molti.

PINKERTON

I miei ringraziamenti.

IL COMMISSARIO IMPERIALE

(al Console)

Il signor Consol scende ?

SHARPLESS

L' accompagno.

UFFICIALE

(congedandosi da Pinkerton)

Posterità.

PINKERTON

Mi proverò.

THE IMPERIAL COMMISSIONER

(reads)

Leave is given to the undersign'd,
 Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton,
 Lieutenant, serving on the gunboat
Abra'm Lincoln, of the United States Navy,
 Of North America ;
 And to the spinster, known as Butterfly,
 Inhabitant of Omara-Nagasaki,
 Hitherto single, and in consequence
 Never divorced,
 To join in bonds of wedlock ; to wit
 The former of his free accord and will,
 The latter with consent of her relations,
 Witnesses of the contract.

(hands the bond for signature)

GORO

(with much unction)

The bridegroom.

(Pinkerton signs)

Now the bride.

(Butterfly signs)

And all is settled.

THE GIRL FRIENDS

(surround Butterfly, congratulating her)

Dear Madam Butterfly.

BUTTERFLY

(corrects them)

Nay, Madam B. F. Pinkerton.

(The Civil Registrar withdraws the bond and informs the Commissioner that the ceremony is over)

THE COMMISSIONER

(taking leave of Pinkerton)

The best of wishes.

PINKERTON

I thank you most sincerely.

THE COMMISSIONER

(to the Consul)

May I ask, are you going ?

SHARPLESS

I'll go with you.

THE REGISTRAR

(taking leave of Pinkerton)

The best of luck.

PINKERTON

I'm much obliged.

SHARPLESS

(stringendo la mano a Pinkerton)

Giudizio!

Ci vedrem domattina.

PINKERTON

A meraviglia.

(Pinkerton accompagna i tre sino al sentiero che scende alla città e li saluta di nuovo quando già sono fuori di vista: sono passati prima fra due schiere di parenti e di amiche che li hanno salutati con molti cerimoniosi inchini. Butterfly si è recata presso sua madre. Pinkerton ritorna, e si capisce che è deliberato di sbarazzarsi dei parenti e delle amiche).

(Ed eccoci in famiglia.

Sbrighiamoci al più presto—in modo onesto).

Qua, signor Zio.

(mesce, ridendo, del Wisky a Yakusidé)

Il bicchier della staffa.

YAKUSIDÉ.

Magari due dozzine!

PINKERTON

(dandogli la bottiglia)

E allora la caraffa.

YAKASIDÉ.

(sentenzioso)

Bevi il tuo Saki e a Dio piega il ginocchio.

PINKERTON

(vuol mescere alla madre di Butterfly)

La suocera...

BUTTERFLY

(impedisce di versare)

Non beve.

PINKERTON

(volgendosi intorno)

Le cugine,

le amiche—due confetti ed un bicchiere di Porto.

YAKUSIDÉ

(avanzandosi premuroso)

Con piacere!

LE AMICHE

(scacciandolo)

Il beone, il beone!

GORO

(a Pinkerton perchè non incoraggi troppo quel beone)

Piano, signore, piano!

ch' egli berrebbe il gran padre oceano!

PINKERTON

(al bambino)

A te marmocchio;

SHARPLESS

(shaking hands with Pinkerton)

We shall meet to-morrow ! Be careful !

PINKERTON

To-morrow, surely.

(Pinkerton accompanies the three as far as the path which leads down to the town, and waves his hand to them as they vanish from sight. They had first to pass between two files of friends and relatives, who saluted them with many ceremonious bows. Butterfly has withdrawn close to her mother. Pinkerton returns and is naturally anxious to get rid of the wedding guests).

(Now quickly to get rid
Of this little family party! How shall I do it?)
This way, good uncle.

(laughingly mixes some whisky for Yakusidé)

Here, the stirrup-cup for you I'm mixing.

YAKUSIDÉ

Yes, rather ! let's have twenty !

PINKERTON

(giving him the decanter)

And here's the whisky-bottle !

YAKUSIDÉ

(sententiously)

Drink up your saki, and kneel to the Almighty !

PINKERTON

(about to mix some drink for Butterfly's mother)

Here's some for you—

BUTTERFLY

(prevents him from pouring out)

No, thank you.

PINKERTON

(turning from one to another)

And the friends

And relations—take some cakes and a
Glass of sherry.

YAKUSIDÉ

(advancing eagerly)

With pleasure !

THE FRIENDS

(driving him away)

Oh, the drunkard ! Oh, the drunkard !

GORO

(to Pinkerton, so that he may not encourage the drunkard too much)

Gently, sir ; gently !

Give him a chance, and he'd drink up the ocean !

PINKERTON

(to the child, giving him a lot of sweets)

Your turn, young rascal ;

spalanca le tue maniche ed insacca
chicche e pasticci a macca.

(leva il proprio bicchiere)

Ip! Ip!

TUTTI

(brindando)

O Kami! O Kami!

PINKERTON

E beviamo ai novissimi legami.

TUTTI

O Kami! O Kami!

(Grida terribili dal sentiero della collina interrompono i brindisi: ad un tratto appare dal fondo uno strano personaggio, la cui vista fa allibire tutti. È il Bonzo che si fa innanzi furibondo e vista Butterfly, stende le mani minacciose verso di lei, gridando:)

IL BONZO

Cio-Cio-San!... Cio-Cio-San!...

Abbominazione!

GORO

(infastidito dalla venuta del Bonzo)

Un corno al guastafeste!

Chi ci leva d' intorno

le persone moleste?!

fa cenno ai servi di asportare tavolini, sgabelli, cuscini e prudentemente se ne parte adiratissimo, borbottando)

TUTTI

(impauriti, si raccolgono in un angolo balbettando)

Lo zio Bonzo!

(Pinkerton guarda la strana figura del Bonzo e ride)

IL BONZO

(a Butterfly, che s'è scostata da tutti)

Che hai

tu fatto alla Missione?

PINKERTON

Che mi strilla quel matto?

IL BONZO

Rispondi, che hai tu fatto?

TUTTI

Rispondi Cio-Cio-San!

IL BONZO

Come, hai tu gli occhi asciutti?

Son questi dunque i frutti?

(urlando)

Ci ha rinnegato tutti!

TUTTI

Hou! Cio-Cio-San!

Spread out your hands, and stuff up your sleeves
With cakes and sweets and lots of pastry.

(raising his own glass)

Hip! Hip!

ALL

(toasting)

O Kami! O Kami!

PINKERTON

Let's drink to the newly-married couple.

ALL

O Kami! O Kami!

(The toasts are interrupted by strange cries from the hill; all of a sudden a weird figure appears in the background, at the sight of whom all are thunderstruck. It is the Bonze who comes forward in a towering rage, and, catching sight of Butterfly, stretches out threatening hands towards her, crying:)

THE BONZE

Cho-Cho-San! Cho-Cho-San!
Abomination!

GORO

(annoyed at the Bonze's intrusion)

A plague on this intruder!
What on earth brought him hither,
Of all troublesome people?

(signs to the servants to remove the tables, cushions and stools; and then prudently retires himself, grumbling furiously)

ALL

(huddling together in a corner in terror)

The Bonze, her uncle!

(Pinkerton looks at the Bonze's weird figure and laughs)

THE BONZE

(to Butterfly, who stands isolated from the rest)

What were
You doing at the Mission?

PINKERTON

What is that madman shrieking?

THE BONZE

Give answer, what were you doing?

ALL

Give answer, Cho-Cho-San!

THE BONZE

How then, don't you even falter?
Are these the fruits of evil?

(shouting)

She has renounced us all!

ALL

Hou! Cho-Cho-San!

IL BONZO

Rinnegato, vi dico,
degli avi il culto antico.

TUTTI

Hou ! Cio-Cio-San !

(Butterfly si copre il viso vergognosa)

IL BONZO

(gridando sul viso a Butterfly)

All' anima tua guasta
qual supplizio sovrasta !

(La madre s' interpone per difendere Butterfly, ma il Bonzo la respinge brutalmente. Pinkerton infastidito, si alza e grida al Bonzo :)

PINKERTON

(infastidito)

Ehi, dico : basta, basta !

(alla voce di Pinkerton il Bonzo si arresta stupefatto !...poi con subita risoluzione invita i parenti e la amiche a partire)

IL BONZO

Venite tutti.—Andiamo !

(a Butterfly)

Ci hai rinnegato e noi...

TUTTI

Ti rinneghiamo !

PINKERTON

(autorevolmente)

Sbarazzate all' istante. In casa mia
niente baccano e niente bonzeria.

(Tutti, parenti, amiche, il Bonzo, partono in gran fretta, scendendo la collina e continuando a strillare e imprecare contro Butterfly. Le voci a poco a poco si allontanano. Butterfly che stette sempre immobile e muta colla faccia nelle mani, scoppia in pianto infantile. Comincia poco a poco a calare la sera : poi notte serena e stellata).

PINKERTON

(va presso Butterfly e con delicatezza le toglie le mani dal viso)

Bimba, bimba, non piangere
per gracchiar di ranocchi.

BUTTERFLY

(udendo ancora le grida dei parenti, si tura colle mani le orecchie)

Urlano ancor !

PINKERTON

(rincorandola)

Tutta la tua tribù
e i Bonzi tutti del Giappon non valgono
il pianto di quegli occhi
cari e belli.

BUTTERFLY

(sorridente infantilmente)

Davver ? Non piango più.
E quasi del ripudio non mi duole

THE BONZE

She's renounced, let me tell you,
Her true religion !

ALL

Hou ! Cho-Cho-San !

(Butterfly, overcome with shame, hides her face in her hands)

THE BONZE

(shouting into her face)

In everlasting torment
May your wicked soul perish !

(Butterfly's mother comes forward to protect her, but the Bonze roughly pushes her away. Pinkerton loses patience, rises and shouts to the Bonze :)

PINKERTON

(out of patience)

Be silent now, d'you hear me ?

(At the sound of Pinkerton's voice, the Bonze stops short in amazement, then with a sudden resolve he invites friends and relations to come away)

THE BONZE

Come with me, all. We'll leave her.

(to Butterfly)

You have renounced us all—and we—

ALL

Renounce you !

PINKERTON

(authoritatively)

Leave this place on the instant ! Here I am master.
I'll have no turmoil and no disturbance here !

All the guests, including the Bonze, depart in great haste, going down the hillside and continuing to hurl threats and imprecations at Butterfly. By degrees the voices die away in the distance. Butterfly, who has been standing motionless and mute with her face buried in her hands, bursts into childish tears. Evening begins to draw in gradually, then night sets in, serene and starlit).

PINKERTON

(goes up to Butterfly and gently draws her hands from her face)

Dearest, my dearest, weep no more !
Let the frogs croak their loudest.

BUTTERFLY

(still hears the yells of her relations and holds her ears)

Hark how they ye

PINKERTON

(cheering her)

All your respected tribe,
And all the Bonzes in Japan
Are not worth a tear
From those dear eyes of yours.

BUTTERFLY

(smiling with childlike pleasure)

Indeed ? I'll weep no more—
And now I'm scarcely grieved at their desertion.

per le vostre parole
 che mi suonan così dolci nel cuor.
 (sì china per baciare la mano a Pinkerton)

PINKERTON
 (sorpreso a quell'atto, dolcemente lo impedisce)
 Che fai?...la man?

BUTTERFLY
 Mi han detto
 che laggiù fra la gente costumata
 è questo il segno del maggior rispetto.

PINKERTON
 (sente un sordo bisbiglio)
 Chi brontola lassù?

BUTTERFLY
 È Suzuki che fa la sua preghiera
 seral.

PINKERTON
 (attirandola)
 Viene la sera...

BUTTERFLY
 e l'ombra e la quiete.

PINKERTON
 E sei qui sola.

BUTTERFLY
 Sola e rinnegata!
 Rinnegata e felice!

PINKERTON
 (ha battuto le mani, ed i servi sono accorsi)
 A voi—chiudete.

BUTTERFLY
 (i servi chiudono le pareti che danno sul terrazzo poi si ritirano)
 Sì, sì, noi tutti soli...
 E fuori il mondo.

PINKERTON
 (ridendo)
 E il Bonzo furibondo.

BUTTERFLY
 (a Suzuki, che è venuta coi servi e sta aspettando gli ordini)
 Suzuki, le mie vesti.

(Suzuki fruga in un cofano di latta, mentre Pinkerton guarda i servi che stanno tramutando parte del terrazzo in una camera)

So sweet are your words of comfort
Which fall like gentle balm on my poor heart.

(stoops to kiss Pinkerton's hand)

PINKERTON

(surprised at her action, gently stops her)

What's this?—My hand?

BUTTERFLY

They tell me

That abroad, where the people are more cultured,
This is a token of the highest honour.

PINKERTON

(hears a subdued murmuring)

Who's murmuring in there?

BUTTERFLY

'Tis Suzuki who offers up
Her evening prayer.

PINKERTON

(drawing her close to him)

Evening is falling—

BUTTERFLY

With shadows and quiet—

PINKERTON

You're here alone—

BUTTERFLY

Alone and renounced!

They've renounced me, and yet I'm happy!

PINKERTON

(has clapped his hands and the servants have hastened in)

Come hither—the shosi.

BUTTERFLY

(the servants close the partitions which run along the terrace, and then retire)

Yes, we are all alone—

The world is yonder.

PINKERTON

(laughing)

And your uncle breathing thunder!

BUTTERFLY

(to Suzuki, who has come in with the servants and is awaiting orders)

Suzuki, bring my garments.

(Suzuki rummages in a lacquer trunk, whilst Pinkerton watches the servants who are changing part of the terrace into a room)

SUZUKI

dopo di aver dato a Butterfly gli abiti per la notte ed un cofanetto co' l' occorrente per la toeletta, si inchina innanzi a Pinkerton)

Buona notte.

aiutata da Suzuki, Butterfly si reca in un angolo al fondo e fa cautelosamente la sua toeletta da notte, levandosi poi la veste nuziale ed indossandone una tutta bianca. Suzuki esce, Pinkerton dondolandosi sulla poltrona e prendendo una sigaretta guarda Butterfly che è intenta ad acconciarsi)

BUTTERFLY

Quest' obi pomposa
di scioglier mi tarda
si vesta la sposa
di puro candor.

Tra motti sommessi
sorridente...mi guarda.
Celarmi potessi!
ne ho tanto rossor!

E ancor dentro l' irata
voce mi maledice...
Butterfly...rinnegata—
Rinnegata...e felice.

PINKERTON

Con moti di scojattolo
i nodi allenta e scioglie!
Pensar che quel giocattolo
è mia moglie. Mia moglie!

Se ne ricerco piena
la forma, in lei ravviso
quanto di donna appena
basta a fare un sorriso.

Ma tale muliebre
grazia dispiega, ch'io
mi struggo per la febre
d' un subito desio.

PINKERTON

(andando verso Butterfly, la solleva e si avvia con essa sul terrazzo esterno)

Bimba dagli occhi pieni di malla
ora sei tutta mia.
Sei tutta vestita di giglio.
Mi piace la treccia tua bruna
fra i candidi veli...

BUTTERFLY

(scendendo dal terrazzo)

Somiglio
la piccola Dea della luna,
la Dea della luna che scende
la notte dal ponte del ciel...

PINKERTON

(la segue)

E affascina i cuori...

BUTTERFLY

E li prende,
li avvolge nel bianco mantel.
E via se li reca al diletto
suo nido, negli alti reami,

PINKERTON

Ma intanto finor non m' hai detto,
ancor non m' hai detto che m' ami.
Le sa quella Dea le parole
che appagan gli ardenti desir?

SUZUKI

(after having given Butterfly her night-attire and a small box with toilet necessaries, bows ow to Pinkerton)

Good-night, Augustness.

(Butterfly retires to a corner, and, assisted by Suzuki, carefully performs her toilet for the night, exchanging her wedding-garment for one of pure white. Suzuki goes out. Pinkerton, lolling on the wicker lounge, takes a cigarette and watches Butterfly, who is busy adorning herself)

BUTTERFLY

I long to be rid
Of this ponderous obi,
A bride must be rob'd
In a garment of white.
He's peeping and smiling,
Conceal'd by the lattice—
Oh, could I but vanish
My blushes to hide!
I hear that angry voice
Still shouting curses—
Butterfly—they've renounced her,
Renounced her— still she's happy.

PINKERTON

Just like a little squirrel
Are all her pretty movements.
To think that pretty plaything
Is my wife! my wife!
Gazing upon that baby-form
I scarce can find a trace
Of womanhood, scarce enough
To raise a smile—
But her charm
Is so alluring,
That my heart
Is beating madly,
With passionate longing!

PINKERTON

(goes up to Butterfly, raises her gently and goes out on to the terrace with her)

Child, from whose eyes the witchery is shining,
Now you are all my own!
You're clad all in lily-white raiment,
How sweet are your tresses of brown
In your snowy-white garment—

BUTTERFLY

(goes down from the terrace)

I am like
The little Moon-Goddess,
The little Moon-Goddess who comes down by night
From her bridge in the star-lighted sky—

PINKERTON

(following her)

Bewitching all mortals—

BUTTERFLY

Then she takes them
And she wraps them in mantle of white,
And away she bears them, to realms high above.

PINKERTON

But, dearest, as yet you've not told me,
You've not told me yet that you love me.
Do you think that my goddess
Knows the words I am yearning to hear?

BUTTERFLY

Le sa. Forse dirle non vuole
per tema d' averne a morir!

PINKERTON

Stolta paura, l' amor non uccide
ma dà vita, e sorride
per gioie celestiali
come ora fa nei tuoi lunghi occhi ovali.
(avvicinandosi a lei e prendendole la faccia)

BUTTERFLY

(come per ritrarsi dalla carezza ardente di Pinkerton, e allontanandosi)

Pensavo: se qualcuno mi volesse...

(s' interrompe)

PINKERTON

Perchè t' arresti? Andiamo...su, racconta.

BUTTERFLY

...pensavo: se qualcuno mi volesse
forse lo sposerei per qualche tempo.
Fu allora che il nakodo
le vostre nozze ci propose. Ma,
vi dico in verità,
a tutta prima le proposte invano
Un uomo americano!
Un barbaro! una vespa! mi dicevo.
Scusate—non sapevo...

PINKERTON

Amor mio dolce! E poi?
Racconta.

BUTTERFLY

Adesso voi
siete per me l' occhio del firmamento.
E mi piaceste dal primo momento
che vi ho veduto.—Siete
alto, forte.—Ridete
con modi si palesi!
E dite cose che mai non intesi.
Or son contenta.—Vogliatemi bene,
un bene piccolino,
un bene da bambino
quale a me si conviene.
Noi siamo gente avvezza
alle piccole cose
umili e silenziose,
ad una tenerezza
sfiorante e pur profonda
come il ciel, come l' onda
lieve e forte del mare.

BUTTERFLY

She knows, but perhaps will not say them,
For fear she may die of her love !

PINKERTON

Fear not, my dearest, for love does not mean dying,
But rather living ; and it
Radiates happiness celestial.
I see it shine, as in your eyes I'm gazing.
(drawing close to her and taking her face in his hands)

BUTTERFLY

(withdrawing from his ardent embrace and moving away)
I used to think : if anyone should want me—
(stops short)

PINKERTON

Why do you falter ? Come, end your sweet confession.

BUTTERFLY

I used to think, if anyone should want me,
Then perhaps for a time I might have married.
'Twas then that the Nakodo
Came to me with your marriage offer.
But,—the truth I must confess,—
At the beginning, all he said was useless.
A stranger from America !
A foreigner ! a barbarian !
Forgive me—I did not know—

PINKERTON

My gentle darling ! And then ?
Continue.

BUTTERFLY

But now, beloved !
You are the world, more than the world to me.
Indeed, I liked you the very first moment
That I saw you.—You're so strong,
So handsome !—Your laugh
Is so open and so hearty !
The things you say are so fascinating.
Now I am happy.—Ah, love me a little,
Oh just a very little,—
As you would love a baby,
'Tis all I ask for.
I come of a race
Accustom'd to little ;
Grateful for love that's silent,
Light as a blossom,
And yet everlasting.
As the sky, as the fathomless ocean.

PINKERTON

Dammi ch' io baci le tue mani care.

*(prorompe con grande tenerezza)*Mia Butterfly!... come t' han ben nomata
tenue farfalla...

BUTTERFLY

*(a queste parole si rattrista e ritira le mani)*Dicon che oltre mare
se cade in man dell' uom, ogni farfalla
da uno spillo è trafitta
ed in tavola infitta!

PINKERTON

*(riprendendole dolcemente le mani e sorridendo)*Un po' di vero c' è.
E lo sai tu perchè?
Perchè non fugga più.*(abbracciandola)*

Io t' ho ghermita...

Ti serro palpitante.

Sei mia.

BUTTERFLY

(abbandonandosi)

Sì, per la vita.

PINKERTON

Vieni, vieni.

BUTTERFLY

(titubante)

Un istante...

PINKERTON

Via dall' anima in pena
l'angoscia paurosa.*(indicando a Butterfly il cielo stellato)*

Guarda: è notte serena!

Guarda: dorme ogni cosa!

BUTTERFLY

*(estatica)*Dolce notte! Quante stelle!
Non le vidi mai sì belle!
Trema, brilla ogni favilla
col baglior d' una pupilla.
Oh! quanti occhi fisi, attenti
d' ogni parte a riguardare!
Lungi, via pei firmamenti,
via pei lidi, via pel mare
quanti fiammei sguardi pieni
d' ineffabile languor!
Tutto estatico d' amor
ride il cielo...

PINKERTON

(con cupo amore)

Vieni, vieni...

Butterfly e Pinkerton entrano nella camera nuziale.

PINKERTON

Give me your darling hands, that I may kiss them !
(bursts out very tenderly)

My Butterfly!—aptly your name was chosen.
 Gossamer creation!—

BUTTERFLY

(at these words her face clouds over, and she draws away her hands)

They say that in your country

If a butterfly is caught by man,
 He'll pierce its heart with a needle.
 And then leave it to perish !

PINKERTON

(gently taking her hands again and smiling)

Some truth there is in that.
 And can you tell me why?
 That you may not escape.

(embracing her)

See I have caught you—

I hold you as you flutter—
 Be mine.

BUTTERFLY

(throwing herself in his arms)

Yes, yours for ever.

PINKERTON

Come then, come then—

BUTTERFLY

(hesitating)

One moment—

PINKERTON

Love, what fear holds you trembling?
 Have done with all misgivings.
(pointing to the starlit sky)

See, the night doth enfold us!
 See, all the world lies sleeping !

BUTTERFLY

(enraptured)

Ah! Night of rapture! Stars unending!
 Never have I seen such glory!
 Throbbing, sparkling, each star in heaven
 Like a fiery eye is flashing.
 Oh! how kindly are the heavens!
 Every star that shines afar
 Is gazing on us, lighting our future for us
 Ah! lovely night! Thy perfect calm
 Is breathing love near and far!—

PINKERTON

(with passionate longing)

Come, then, come!—

(They go into the marriage-chamber)

ATTO SECONDO.

Interno della casetta di Butterfly.

PARTE PRIMA

Suzuki *prega, raggomitolata davanti all'immagine di Budda: suona di quando in quando la campanella della preghiera.*

Butterfly *sta ritta ed immobile presso un paravento.*

SUZUKI
(pregando)

E Izaghi ed Izanami
Sarundasico e Kami...

(interrompendosi)

Oh! la mia testa!

(suona la campanella per richiamare l'attenzione dei Numi)

E tu

e tu Ten-Sjoo-daj!

(guardando Butterfly)

Fate che Butterfly
non pianga più, mai più, mai più, mai più.

BUTTERFLY

Pigri ed obesi
son gli Dei Giapponesi.
L' americano Iddio son persuasa
ben più presto risponde a chi l' implori.
Ma temo ch' egli ignori
che noi stiam qui di casa.

rimane pensierosa, poi si rivolge a Suzuki che si è alzata n piedi ed ha aperto la parete verso il giardino)

Suzuki, è lungi la miseria?

SUZUKI

(apre un piccolo mobile e vi prende poche monete mostrandole a Butterfly)

Questo

l' ultimo fondo.

BUTTERFLY

Questo? Oh! Troppe spese!

SUZUKI

(ripone il danaro e chiude il piccolo mobile, mentre sospirando dice:)

S' egli non torna e presto,
siamo male in arnese.

ACT II.

Inside Butterfly's Little House.

PART I.

Suzuki, coiled up in front of the image of Buddha, is praying: from time to time she rings the prayer-bell.

Butterfly is standing rigid and motionless near a screen.

SUZUKI

(praying)

And Izaghi and Izanami

Sarundasico and Kami—

(breaking off)

My head is throbbing!

(rings the prayer-bell to invoke the attention of the Gods)

And thou

Ten-Sjoo-daj!

(looking at Butterfly)

Grant me that Butterfly

Shall weep no more, no more, no more.

BUTTERFLY

Lazy and idle

Are the Gods of Japan.

The God my husband prays to

Will give an answer far more quickly

To those who bow before Him.

But I'm afraid He knows not

That here we are dwelling.

(Remains pensive, then she turns to Suzuki, who has risen to her feet and has drawn back the partition leading to the garden)

Suzuki, how soon shall we be starving?

SUZUKI

(opens a small cabinet, and, taking a few coins from it, shows them to Butterfly)

This is all that is left us.

BUTTERFLY

No more? Oh, we've been spendthrifts!

SUZUKI

(replaces the money in the cabinet, which she closes, saying, with a sigh:)

Unless he comes, and quickly,

Our plight is a bad one.

BUTTERFLY

(decisa)

Ma torna.

SUZUKI

(crollando il capo)

Tornerà !

BUTTERFLY

(indispettita a Suzuki)

Perchè dispone

che il Console provveda alla pignore,
rispondi, su !Perchè con tante cure
la casa rifornì di serrature,
s' ei non volesse ritornar mai più ?

SUZUKI

Non lo so.

BUTTERFLY

(meravigliata a tanta ignoranza)

Non lo sai ?

(con orgoglio)

Io te lo dico. Per tener ben fuori
le zanzare, i parenti ed i dolori
e dentro, con gelosa
custodia, la sua sposa
che son io : Butterfly.

SUZUKI

(poco convinta)

Mai non s' è udito
di straniero marito
che sia tornato al nido.

BUTTERFLY

(furibonda)

Taci, o t' uccido.

(insistendo nel persuadere Suzuki)

Quell'ultima mattina :
tornerete signor ?—gli domandai.
Egli, col cuore grosso,
per celarmi la pena
sorridente rispose :

(cerca imitare Pinkerton)

—O Butterfly
piccina mogliettina,
tornerò colle rose
alla stagion serena
quando fa la nidiata il pettirosso.—

(calma e convinta)

E tornerà.

BUTTERFLY

(with decision)

He'll come, though.

SUZUKI

(shaking her head)

Will he come?

BUTTERFLY

(vexed, to Suzuki)

Why did he order the Consul
To provide this dwelling for us?
Now answer that!
And why was he so careful
To have the house provided with safe locks
If he did not intend to come again?

SUZUKI

I know not.

BUTTERFLY

(surprised at such ignorance)

Know you not?

(with proud confidence)

Then I will tell you. 'Twas to keep outside
Those spiteful plagues, my own relations.
And inside, 'twas to give to me, protection.
Me, his beloved wife—his Butterfly.

SUZUKI

(still far from convinced)

I never heard as yet
Of foreign husband
Who returned to his nest.

BUTTERFLY

(furious)

Silence, or I'll kill you.

(still trying to persuade Suzuki)

Why, just before he went,
I asked of him: "You'll come back again to me?"
And with his heart so heavy,
To conceal his trouble,
With a smile he made answer:

(imitating Pinkerton)

O Butterfly,

My tiny little child-wife,
I'll return with the roses,
The warm and sunny season
When the red-breasted robins
Are busy nesting.

(calm and convinced)

And he'll return.

SUZUKI
(con incredulità)

Speriam.

BUTTERFLY
(insistendo)

Dillo con me :

Tornerà.

SUZUKI
(per compiacerla ripete)

Tornerà...
(poi si mette a piangere)

BUTTERFLY
(sorpresa)

Piangi? Perché?

Ah la fede ti manca !

(poi continua fiducioso e sorridente)

Senti.—Un bel dì, vedremo
levarsi un fil di fumo sull' estremo
confin del mare.

E poi la nave appare

E poi la nave è bianca.

Entra nel porto, romba il suo saluto.

Vedi? È venuto !

Io non gli scendo incontro. Io no. Mi metto
là sul ciglio del colle e aspetto, aspetto
gran tempo e non mi pesa
la lunga attesa.

E...uscito dalla folla cittadina

un uomo, un picciol punto

s' avvia per la collina.

Chi sarà? chi sarà?

E come sarà giunto

che dirà? che dirà?

Chiamerà Butterfly dalla lontana.

Io senza far risposta

me ne starò nascosta

un po' per celia, un po' per non morire

al primo incontro, ed egli alquanto in pena

chiamerà, chiamerà :

“ *Piccina—mogliettina
olezzo di verbena* ”

i nomi che mi dava al suo venire.

(a Suzuki)

Tutto questo avverrà, te lo prometto.

Tienti la tua paura—io con sicura

fede lo aspetto.

(congeda Suzuki)

(Suzuki esce dalla porta di sinistra. Butterfly la segue mestamente collo sguardo.)

(Nel giardino compagno Mr. Sharpless e Goro ; Goro guarda entro la camera, scorge Butterfly e dice a Sharpless :)

SUZUKI

(still incredulous)

We'll hope so.

BUTTERFLY

(insisting)

Say it with me :

He'll return !

SUZUKI

(repeats, to please her)

He'll return !

(then she bursts out weeping)

BUTTERFLY

(surprised)

Weeping ? and why ?

Ah, 'tis faith you are lacking !

(she then continues, full of faith, and smiling)

Hear me.—One fine day, we'll notice

A thread of smoke arising on the sea

In the far horizon,

And then the ship appearing ;—

Then the trim white vessel

Glides into the harbour, thunders forth her cannon.

See you ? He is coming !—

I do not go to meet him. Not I. I stay

Upon the brow of the hillock and wait, and wait

For a long time, but never weary

Of the long waiting.

From out the crowded city,

There is coming a man—

A little speck in the distance, climbing the hillock.

Can you guess who it is ?

And when he's reached the summit

Can you guess what he'll say ?

He will call " Butterfly " from the distance.

I, without answering,

Hold myself quietly concealed,

A bit to tease him, and a bit so as not to die

At our first meeting ; and then, a little troubled,

He will call, he will call :

" Dear baby-wife of mine, dear little orange-blossom ! "

The names he used to call me when he came here.

(to Suzuki)

This will all come to pass, just as I tell you.

Banish your idle fears—for he'll return, I know it.

(dismisses Suzuki, who goes out of door on left. Butterfly looks after her, sadly)

(Goro and Sharpless appear in the garden : Goro looks into the room, sees Butterfly and says to Sharpless :)

GORO

C'è.—Entrate.

(introduce Sharpless: poi torna subito fuori, e spia di quando in quando dal giardino)

SHARPLESS

(affacciandosi, bussa discretamente contro la porta di destra)

Chiedo scusa...

(vede Butterfly che udendo entrare alcuno si è mossa)

Madama Butterfly...

BUTTERFLY

(senza volgersi, ma correggendo)

Madama Pinkerton.

Prego.

(si volge, riconosce il Console e giubilante batte le mani)

Oh il mio signor Console!

(Suzuki entra premurosa e prepara un tavolino coll'occorrente per fumare, alcuni cuscini ed uno sgabello)

SHARPLESS

(sorpreso)

Mi ravvisate?

BUTTERFLY

(facendo gli onori di casa)

Benvenuto in casa

americana.

SHARPLESS

Grazie.

BUTTERFLY

(invita il Console a sedere presso il tavolino: Sharpless si lascia cadere grottescamente su di un cuscino: Butterfly si siede dall'altra parte e sorride con malizia dietro il ventaglio vedendo l'imbarazzo del Console; poi con molta grazia gli chiede:)

Avi—antenati

tutti bene?

SHARPLESS

(sorride ringraziando)

Ma spero.

BUTTERFLY

(fa cenno a Suzuki che prepari la pipa)

Fumate?

SHARPLESS

Grazie.

(e desideroso di spiegare lo scopo per cui è venuto, cava una lettera di tasca)

Ho qui...

BUTTERFLY

(gentilmente interrompendolo)

Signore—io vedo

il cielo azzurro.

(dopo aver tirato una boccata dalla pipa che Suzuki ha preparata, l'offre al Console)

GORO

Come!—She's in here.

(brings Sharpless in; then goes outside again at once, and peeps in from the garden every now and then)

SHARPLESS

(knocks cautiously at the door on the right)

I am seeking—

(catches sight of Butterfly who has risen on hearing him enter)

Madam Butterfly—

BUTTERFLY

(corrects him, without turning round)

Nay, Madam Pinkerton,

Excuse me.

(she turns round, recognises the Consul, and claps her hands for joy)

Why here is the Consul; yes, the Consul!

(Suzuki enters eagerly and prepares a small table with smoking materials, some cushions and a stool)

SHARPLESS

(surprised)

What, you remember—?

BUTTERFLY

(doing the honours of the house)

You are welcome; be seated,

You're most honourably welcome.

SHARPLESS

Thank you.

BUTTERFLY

(invites the Consul to be seated near the table: Sharpless drops awkwardly on to a cushion: Butterfly sits down on the other side and slyly smiles behind her fan at his discomfort: then with much grace:)

And your honourable ancestors,

Is their health good?

SHARPLESS

(thanks her, smiling)

I hope so.

BUTTERFLY

(signs to Suzuki, who prepares the pipe)

You smoke?

SHARPLESS

Thank you.

(he is anxious to explain the object of his visit, and draws a letter from his pocket)

I've here—

BUTTERFLY

(prettily interrupting him)

Augustness, the sky

Is quite unclouded.

(after having taken a draw at the pipe, she offers it to the Consul)

SHARPLESS

(rifiutando)

Grazie...

(e tenta riprendere il suo discorso)

Ho...

BUTTERFLY

(depone la pipa sul tavolino e assai premurosa dice:)

Preferite

forse le sigarette?

(ne offre)

Americane

SHARPLESS

(ne prende una)

Ma grazie.

(si alza e tenta continuare il discorso)

Ho da mostrarvi...

BUTTERFLY

(porge un fiammifero acceso)

A voi.

SHARPLESS

(accende la sigaretta, ma poi la depone subito e presentando la lettera si siede sullo sgabello)

Mi scrisse

Mr. B. F. Pinkerton...

BUTTERFLY

(premuosissima)

Davvero!

È in salute?

SHARPLESS

Perfetta.

BUTTERFLY

(alzandosi, lietissima)

Io son la donna

più lieta del Giappone.—Potrei farvi
una domanda?

(Suzuki è in faccende per preparare il thé)

SHARPLESS

Certo.

BUTTERFLY

(torna a sedere)

Quando fanno

il lor nido in America

i pettirossi?

SHARPLESS

(stupito)

Come dite?

BUTTERFLY

Sì,

prima o dopo di qui?

SHARPLESS

(refusing)

Thank you.

(trying again to resume the thread of his talk)

I've—

BUTTERFLY

(lays down the pipe on the table and says very pressingly :)

You prefer most likely
To smoke American cigarettes?

(offers him some)

SHARPLESS

(taking one)

Well, thank you.

(rises and tries to resume)

I have to show you—

BUTTERFLY

(hands him a lighted taper)

A light?

SHARPLESS

(lights his cigarette, but then puffs it down at once, and showing her the letter, sits down on the stool)

I've a letter from Mr. Pinkerton.

BUTTERFLY

(with intense earnestness)

What? Really?

How's his honourable health?

SHARPLESS

He's quite well.

BUTTERFLY

(jumping up very joyfully)

Then I'm the happiest
Woman in Japan. Would you
Answer me a question?

(Suzuki is busy preparing tea)

SHARPLESS

Gladly.

BUTTERFLY

(sits down again)

At what time of the year
Do robins nest, in America?

SHARPLESS

(amazed)

Are you serious?

BUTTERFLY

Yes.

Sooner or later than here

SHARPLESS

Ma...perchè?

Goro sale dal terrazzo del giardino ed ascolta, non visto, quanto dice Butterfly)

BUTTERFLY

Mio marito m' ha promesso
di ritornar nella stagion beata
che il pettirosso rifà la nidiata.
Qui l' ha rifatta ben tre volte, ma
può darsi che di là
usi nidiar men spesso.

(Goro scoppia in ridere)

BUTTERFLY

Chi ride?

(vede Goro)

Oh, c' è il Nakodo.

(piano a Sharpless)

Un uom cattivo.

GORO

(ossequioso, inchinandosi)

Godo...

BUTTERFLY

(a Goro)

Zitto.

(a Sharpless)

Egli osò...No, prima rispondete
alla domanda mia.

SHARPLESS

(imbarazzato)

Mi rincresce, ma...ignoro...
Non ho studiato l' ornitologia.

BUTTERFLY

(tenta di capire)

Ah ! l' orni...

SHARPLESS

...tologia.

BUTTERFLY

Non lo sapete

insomma.

SHARPLESS

No.

(ritenta di tornare in argomento)

Dicevamo...

BUTTERFLY

(lo interrompe seguendo la sua idea)

Ah, sì—Goro,

appena B. F. Pinkerton fu in mare

SHARPLESS

Tell me—why?

Goro comes up from the garden on to the terrace, and listens unseen by Butterfly)

BUTTERFLY

My husband gave his promise
He would return in the joyous season,
When robin redbreasts rebuild their nests.
Here they have built them thrice already,
But I thought that over there
They might nest less often.

(Goro bursts out laughing)

BUTTERFLY

Who's laughing?

(Sees Goro)

Oh, the Nakodo.

(softly to Sharpless)

A wicked fellow.

GORO

(bowing obsequiously)

I was—

BUTTERFLY

Silence.

(to Sharpless)

Why, he dared—No, first I'd like
An answer. Answer me what I asked you.

SHARPLESS

(embarrassed)

I am sorry, but—I don't—
I never studied ornithology.

BUTTERFLY

(trying to understand)

Ah! orni—

SHARPLESS

—thology.

BUTTERFLY

Ah, then

You cannot tell me?

SHARPLESS

No.

(tries to return to his point)

We were saying—

BUTTERFLY

(interrupts him, pursuing her thoughts)

Scarcely was B. F. Pinkerton away,

Ah, yes,

mi venne ad assediare
con ciarle e con presenti
per ridarmi ora questo, or quel marito.
Or promette tesori
per uno scimunito...

GORO

(per giustificarsi, spiega la cosa a Sharpless)

Il ricco Yamadori.

Ella è povera in canna—I suoi parenti
l'han tutti rinnegata.

(il Principe Yamadori attraversa il giardino seguito da due servi che portano fiori)

BUTTERFLY

(vede Yamadori e lo indica a Sharpless sorridendo)

Eccolo. Attenti.

(Yamadori entra con grande imponenza, fa un graziosissimo inchino a Butterfly, poi saluta il Console. I due servi consegnano i fiori a Suzuki e si ritirano nel fondo. Goro, servilissimo, porta uno sgabello a Yamadori, fra Sharpless e Butterfly, ed è dappertutto durante la conversazione. Sharpless e Yamadori siedono)

(a Yamadori)

Yamadori—ancor...le pene
dell'amor, non v'han deluso?
Vi tagliate ancor le vene
se il mio bacio vi ricuso?

YAMADORI

(a Sharpless)

Tra le cose più moleste
è l'inutil sospirar.

BUTTERFLY

(con graziosa malizia)

Tante mogli omai toglieste,
vi doveste abitar.

YAMADORI

Le ho sposate tutte quante
e il divorzio mi francò.

BUTTERFLY

Obbligata.

YAMADORI

(premuroso)

A voi però
giurerei fede costante.

SHARPLESS

(sospirando, rimette in tasca la lettera)

(Temo assai che il mio messaggio
a transmetter non riesco).

Than Goro came hither
 And besought me,
 With arguments and presents, to re-marry.
 He'd half-a-dozen suitors.
 Now he offers me riches
 If I will wed an idiot—

GORO

(to justify himself, tries to explain to Sharpless)

The wealthy Yamadori.
 She's as poor as she can be—and her relations
 Have cast her off completely.

Beyond the terrace the Prince Yamadori is seen, followed by two servants carrying flowers)

BUTTERFLY.

(sees Yamadori, and points him out to Sharpless with a smile)

Here he is. Now listen.

Yamadori enters with much pomp, bows gracefully to Butterfly, then salutes the Consul. The two servants deliver their flowers to Suzuki, and retire to the back. Goro, full of servility, brings a stool for Yamadori, between Sharpless and Butterfly, and is very much in evidence throughout the interview. Sharpless and Yamadori sit down)

(to Yamadori)

Yamadori—and have the throes
 Of unrequited love not yet released you?
 Do you still intend to die
 If I withhold my kisses?

YAMADORI

(to Sharpless)

There is naught on earth more cruel
 Than the pangs of hopeless love.

BUTTERFLY

(with graceful raillery)

You have had so many consorts
 Surely you must be inured!

YAMADORI

Ev'ry one of them I married,
 And divorce has set me free.

BUTTERFLY

Thank you kindly!

YAMADORI

(eagerly)

But yet to you,
 I would swear eternal faith.

SHARPLESS

sighing, replaces the letter in his pocket)

(I am very much afraid
 My message will not be delivered.)

GORO

(con enfasi indicando Yamadori a Sharpless)
 Ville, servi, oro, il retaggio
 d' un palazzo principesco !

BUTTERFLY

(con serietà)

Già legata è la mia fede.

GORO e YAMADORI

(a Sharpless)

Maritata ancor si crede.

BUTTERFLY

(con forza)

Non mi credo : sono—sono.

GORO

Ma la legge...

BUTTERFLY

(interrompendolo)

Io non la so.

GORO

(continua)

...per la moglie, l' abbandono
 al divorzio equiparò.

BUTTERFLY

(crollando vivamente il capo)

La legge giapponese...
 non già del mio paese.

GORO

Quale ?

BUTTERFLY

(con forza)

Gli Stati Uniti.

SHARPLESS

(Oh, l' infelice !)

BUTTERFLY

(nervosissima, accalorandosi)

Si sa che aprir la porta
 e la moglie cacciar per la più corta
 qui divorziar si dice.

Ma in America questo non si può.

(a Sharpless)

Vero ?

SHARPLESS

(imbarazzato)

Vero... Però...

GORO

(pointing out Yamadori to Sharpless, with emphasis)

Houses, servants, treasures, and
A regal palace at Omara !

BUTTERFLY

(seriously)

But my hand's bestowed already—

GORO AND YAMADORI

(to Sharpless)

She believes she still is married—

BUTTERFLY

(emphatically)

I don't believe, for I *know* it.

GORO

But the law says—

BUTTERFLY

(interrupting him)

I know it not.

GORO

(continues)

For the wife, desertion
Gives the right of divorce.

BUTTERFLY

(shaking her head)

That may be Japanese law,
But not in my country.

GORO

Which one ?

BUTTERFLY

(with emphasis)

The United States.

SHARPLESS

(Poor little creature !)

BUTTERFLY

(strenuously, and growing excited)

I know, of course, to open the door
And to turn out your wife at any moment,
Here, constitutes divorce.

But in America, that cannot be done.

(to Sharpless)

Say so !

SHARPLESS

(embarrassed)

Yes, yes—but yet—

BUTTERFLY

(lo interrompe rivolgendosi a Yamadori ed a Goro, trionfanti)

Là un bravo giudice
serio, impettito
dice al marito :

“ Lei vuole andarsene ?

“ Sentiam perchè ?—

“ Sono seccato

“ del coniugato !

E il magistrato :

“ Ah, mascalzone,

“ presto in prigione !

(e per troncarsi alza ed ordina)

Suzuki, il thè.

(va anche lei presso Suzuki)

YAMADORI

(sottovoce a Sharpless, mentre Butterfly prepara il thè)

L'udite ?

SHARPLESS

Mi rattrista una sì piena
cecità.

GORO

(sottovoce a Sharpless e Yamadori)

Segnalata è già la nave
di Pinkerton.

YAMADORI

(disperato)

Quand' essa lo riveda...

SHARPLESS

(pure sottovoce ai due)

Egli non vuol mostrarsi.—Io venni appunto
per levarla d'inganno.—Ho qui una lettera
di lui che la riflette...

(vedendo Butterfly che si avvicina per offrire il thè, tronca il discorso)

BUTTERFLY

(con grazia, servendo a Sharpless una tazza di thè)

Vostra Grazia permette...

(poi apre il ventaglio e dietro a questo accenna ai due, ridendo)

Che persone moleste !

(offre il thè a Yamadori, che rifiuta)

YAMADORI

(sospirando si alza e si inchina a Butterfly, mettendo la mano sul cuore)

Addio. Vi lascio il cuor pien di cordoglio :
ma spero ancor.

BUTTERFLY

Padrone.

YAMADORI

(s'avvia, poi torna, presso Butterfly)

Ah ! se voleste...

BUTTERFLY

(interrupts him, turning to Yamadori and Goro in triumph)

There, a true, honest
 And unbiassed judge
 Says to the husband :
 " You wish to free yourself ?
 " Let us hear why ?—
 " I am sick and tired
 " Of conjugal fetters ! "

Then the good judge says :

" Ah, wicked scoundrel,
 " Clap him in prison ! "

(to put an end to the subject, she orders Suzuki)

Suzuki, tea.

YAMADORI

(softly, to Sharpless, whilst Butterfly makes tea)

You hear her ?

SHARPLESS

I am grieved at such hopeless blindness.

GORO

(whispers to Yamadori and Sharpless)

Mr. Pinkerton's ship is already
 Signalled.

YAMADORI

(in despair)

And when they meet again—

SHARPLESS

(whispers to both)

He does not want to see her.—It is for that I came
 To try and prepare her.—I have here a letter
 From him, which—

(seeing that Butterfly is approaching him with tea, he cuts short his sentence)

BUTTERFLY

(charmingly, offering Sharpless a cup of tea)

Will your Honour allow me—

(opens her fan, and behind it points to the two others, laughing)

What troublesome people !

(offers tea to Yamadori, who refuses)

YAMADORI

(rises with a sigh and bows to Butterfly with hand on heart)

Farewell, then. I go, my heart heavy with sorrow,
 But still I hope—

BUTTERFLY

So be it.

YAMADORI

(is leaving, but returns to Butterfly)

Ah, if you would but—

BUTTERFLY

Il guaio è che non voglio...

(Yamadori sospira di nuovo: saluta Sharpless, poi se ne va, seguito dai servi. Butterfly fa cenno a Suzuki di preparare il thè: Suzuki eseguisce, poi va in fondo alla camera. Goro segue premurosamente Yamadori).

SHARPLESS

(assume un fare grave, serio, però con gran rispetto e con una certa commozione invita Butterfly a sedere, e torna a tirar fuori di tasca la lettera)

Ora a noi.—Qui sedete.

(Butterfly, tutta allegra, siede vicino a Sharpless, che gli presenta la lettera)

Legger con me volete
questa lettera?

BUTTERFLY

Date.

(prende la lettera, la bacia e poi se la mette sul cuore)

Sulla bocca, sul cuore...

(rende la lettera a Sharpless e gli dice graziosamente:)

Siete l' uomo migliore
del mondo.—Incominciate.

SHARPLESS

(legge)

“ Amico cercherai
quel bel fior di fanciulla...”

BUTTERFLY

(interrompendolo con gioia)

Dice proprio così?

SHARPLESS

Sì, così dice,

ma se ad ogni momento...

BUTTERFLY

(rimettendosi tranquilla)

Taccio, taccio—più nulla.

SHARPLESS

(riprende)

“ Da quel tempo felice
tre anni son passati.”

BUTTERFLY

(non può trattenersi)

Anche lui li ha contati.

SHARPLESS

(continua)

“ E forse Butterfly
non mi rammenta più.”

BUTTERFLY

(sorpresa)

Non lo rammento?

(rivolgendosi a Suzuki)

BUTTERFLY

The pity is : I will not !—

(Yamadori, after having bowed to Sharpless, goes off sighing, followed by his servants. Butterfly signs to Suzuki to remove the tea. Suzuki obeys, then retires to the back of the room. Goro promptly follows Yamadori.)

SHARPLESS

(assumes a grave and serious aspect ; with great respect, however, and some emotion, he invites Butterfly to be seated, and once more draws the letter from his pocket)

Now at last ! Now if you please, be seated.

(Butterfly merrily seats herself near Sharpless, who shows her the letter)

And read this letter through with me.

BUTTERFLY

Show me.

(takes the letter, kisses it, then places it on her heart)

On my lips, on my heart—

(gives it back to Sharpless, saying, prettily :)

You are the best man

That ever lived. Begin, I beg you.

SHARPLESS

(reads)

“Dear Friend, I beg you seek out

“That child, that pretty flower——”

BUTTERFLY

(interrupting him joyfully)

Does he truly say that ?

SHARPLESS

Yes, he truly says so,

But if you interrupt so—

BUTTERFLY

(calming down again)

I'll be quiet—and listen.

SHARPLESS

(resumes)

“Those were happy days together ;

“Three years have now gone by since——”

BUTTERFLY

(unable to contain herself)

Then he too has counted !

SHARPLESS

(continues)

“And perhaps Butterfly

“Remembers me no more.”

BUTTERFLY

(surprised)

I not remember ?

(turning to Suzuki)

Suzuki, dillo tu.

(ripete come scandolezzata le parole della lettera)

“ Non mi rammenta più ! ”

(Suzuki accenna affermando, poi entra nella stanza a sinistra)

SHARPLESS

(fra sè)

(Pazienza !)

(seguita a leggere)

“ Se mi vuole
bene ancora, se mi aspetta... ”

BUTTERFLY

(assai commossa)

Oh le dolci parole !

(prende la lettera e la bacia)

Tu benedetta !

SHARPLESS

(riprende la lettera e seguita a leggere impertterrito, ma con voce commossa)

“ A voi mi raccomando
perchè vogliate con circospezione
prepararla... ”

BUTTERFLY

(ansiosa e raggianti)

Ritorna...

SHARPLESS

“ Al colpo... ”

BUTTERFLY

(salta di gioia e batte le mani)

Quando ?

Presto ! presto !

SHARPLESS

(rassegnato piega la lettera e la ripone in tasca)

(Benone.

Qui troncarla conviene...

(crollando il capo indispettito)

Quel diavolo d' un Pinkerton !)

(si alza e seriissimo, guardando negli occhi Butterfly, le dice :)

Ebbene,

che fareste Madama Butterfly
s' ei non dovesse ritornar più mai ?

BUTTERFLY

(immobile, come colpita a morte, china la testa e dice con sommissione infantile :)

Due cose potrei fare :
tornare a divertire
la gente col cantare
oppur, meglio, morire.

Suzuki, tell him quickly.

(repeats as though scandalized at the words of the letter :)

“ Remembers me no more ! ”

(Suzuki nods her head affirmatively, then goes into room on left)

SHARPLESS

(to himself)

Oh, patience !

(continues reading)

“ If she still

“ Cares for me and expects me—”

BUTTERFLY

(deeply moved)

Oh, what glorious tidings !

(takes the letter and kisses it)

You blessed letter !

SHARPLESS

(takes the letter back and boldly resumes reading, though his voice is trembling with emotion)

“ On you I am relying

“ To act discreetly, and with tact

“ And caution to prepare her—”

BUTTERFLY

(anxiously, but radiant)

He's coming—

SHARPLESS

“ For the shock—”

BUTTERFLY

(jumping for joy and clapping her hands)

Tell me, quickly, quickly !

SHARPLESS

(resignedly folds up the letter and replaces it in his pocket ;

(Well, really !

Here I ought to prevent her—

(shaking his head in vexation)

That fiend of a Pinkerton !)

(rises, and looking straight into Butterfly's eyes, very seriously)

Now say,

What would you do, tell me, Madam Butterfly,

If he were never to return again ?

BUTTERFLY

(motionless, like one who has received a death blow, bows her head, and says with childlike
submissiveness :)

Two things I might do :

Go back and entertain

The people with my songs—

Or else,—better—to die.

SHARPLESS

(vivamente commosso passeggia agitatissimo, poi torna verso Butterfly, le prende le due mani e con paterna tenerezza le dice:)

Di strapparvi assai mi costa
dai miraggi ingannatori.
Accogliete la proposta
di quel ricco Yamadori.

BUTTERFLY

(ritirando le mani)

Voi, signor, mi dite questo!

SHARPLESS

(imbarazzato)

Santo Iddio, come si fa?

BUTTERFLY

(batte le mani; Suzuki accorre)

Qui, Suzuki, presto presto
che Sua Grazia se ne va.

SHARPLESS

Mi scacciate?

(fa per avviarsi, ma Butterfly corre a lui singhiozzando e lo trattiene)

BUTTERFLY

Ve ne prego,
già l' insistere non vale.
(congeda Suzuki, la quale va nel giardino)

SHARPLESS

(scusandosi)

Fui brutale, non lo nego.

BUTTERFLY

(dolorosamente, portandosi la mano al cuore)

Oh, mi fate tanto male,
tanto male, tanto, tanto!

SHARPLESS

(commosso)

Poveretta!...

(Butterfly vacilla; Sharpless fa per sorreggerla)

BUTTERFLY

(subito dominandosi)

Niente, Niente!

Ho creduto morir.—Ma passa presto
come passan le nuvole sul mare...
Ah!...mi ha scordata?

(corre nella stanza di sinistra, rientra trionfalmente tenendo il suo bambino seduto sulla spalla e lo mostra a Sharpless gloriandosene)

E questo?...e questo?...e questo
dite che lo potrà pure scordare?...

(depone il bambino a terra e lo tiene stretto a sé)

SHARPLESS

(is deeply moved, and walks up and down excitedly—then he turns to Butterfly, takes her hands in his, and says with fatherly tenderness :)

I am loth indeed to tear you
From illusions so beguiling,
But I urge you to accept the hand
Of wealthy Yamadori.

BUTTERFLY

(withdrawing her hands from his

You, Augustness, you tell me this !

SHARPLESS

(embarrassed)

Holy powers, what can I do ?

BUTTERFLY

(claps her hands—Suzuki hastens in)

Here, Suzuki, come quickly please.
Show his Honour to the door.

SHARPLESS

You dismiss me ?

(is on the point of leaving, but Butterfly runs to him sobbing, and holds him back)

BUTTERFLY

I beseech you,
Let my words be quite forgotten.
(dismisses Suzuki, who goes into the garden)

SHARPLESS

(making excuses)

I was brutal, I admit it.

BUTTERFLY

(sadly, laying her hand on her heart)

Oh, you've wounded me so deeply,
Wounded me so very deeply !

SHARPLESS

(with emotion)

Poor little creature !

Butterfly totters ; Sharpless is about to support her, but she quickly rallies)

BUTTERFLY

'Tis nothing, nothing !
I felt ready to die !—But see, it passes,
Swift as shadows that flit across the ocean.
Ah ! am I forgotten ?

(runs into the room on the left, and comes back in triumph, carrying her baby on her shoulders, and shows him to Sharpless, full of pride)

Look here then ! look here !
Can such as *this* well be forgotten ?

(puts the child down on the ground and holds him close to her)

SHARPLESS
(con emozione)

Egli è suo?

BUTTERFLY
(indicando mano, mano)

Chi mia vide
a bimbo del Giappone occhi azzurrini?
E il labbro? E i ricciolini
d'oro schietto?

SHARPLESS
(sempre più commosso)

È palese.
E... Pinkerton lo sa?

BUTTERFLY

No. È nato quando già
egli stava in quel suo grande paese.
(accarezza il suo bambino)

Ma voi gli scriverete che lo aspetta
un figlio senza pari!
e mi saprete dir s'ei non s'affretta
per le terre e pei mari!

(fa sedere il bimbo sul cuscino e lo bacia teneramente)

Sai tu cos'ebbe cuore
(gli indica Sharpless)

di pensar quel signore?
Che tua madre dovrà
prenderti in braccio ed alla pioggia e al vento
andar per la città
a guadagnarti il pane e il vestimento.
Ed alle impietosite
genti, ballando de' suoi canti al suon,
gridare:—" Udite, udite,
" udite la bellissima canzon
" delle ottocentomila
" divinità vestite di splendor."

E passerà una fila
di guerrieri coll'Imperator,
cui dirò:—" Sommo duce
" ferma i tuoi servi e sosta a riguardar
(mostrando il bimbo e carezzandolo)

" quest'occhi, ove la luce
" dal cielo azzurro onde scendesti appar."

(si accoscia presso il bambino e continua con voce carezzante e lacrimosa)

E allor fermato il piè
l'Imperatore d'ogni grazia degno,
(mette la sua guancia presso la guancia del bimbo)

forse farà di te
il principe più bello del suo regno.

(abbraccia stretto il bimbo, poi, accosciandosi per terra, lo accarezza con moto convulsivo)

SHARPLESS

(deeply touched)

Is it his ?

BUTTERFLY

(pointing to his features one by one)

What Japanese

Baby was ever born with azure eyes ?
Such lips too ? and such a head
Of golden curls ?

SHARPLESS

(more and more moved)

It is his image.

Has Pinkerton been told ?

BUTTERFLY

No, I bore him when he
Was far off in his big native country.

(caressing the child)

But you will write and tell him
There awaits him a son, who has no equal !
And would you tell me then, that he won't hasten
Over land and over sea !

(seats the child on the cushion, and kisses him fondly)

Do you know, my sweet, what that bad man

(points to Sharpless)

Had heart to fancy ?

That your mother should take you on her shoulder
And forth should wander in rain and tempest
Through the town, seeking to earn enough
For food and clothing.

And then, before the pitying people
To dance in measure to her song, and cry out :

“ Oh, listen, good people,

“ Listen for the love of all

“ The eight hundred thousand gods and goddesses of
Japan ! ”

And there will pass a band of valiant warriors
With their Emp'ror, to whom I'll say :

“ Noble Ruler, tarry thy footsteps

“ And deign to stop and look

(showing the child and caressing him)

“ At these blue eyes, as blue as the azure heaven

“ Whence you, Most High, are come ! ”

(she crouches down beside the child, and continues in caressing and tearful tones)

And then, the noble King

Will stay his progress, full of gracious kindness,

(pressing her cheek next to the baby's cheek)

Who knows ? he'll make of you

The most exalted ruler of his kingdom.

(she strains the child to her heart, and crouching down on the ground, hugs him passionately)

SHARPLESS

(non può trattenere le lagrime)

(Quanta pietà !)

(poi, vincendo la propria emozione, dice :)

Vien sera. Io scendo al piano.

(Butterfly si alza in piedi e con atto gentile dà la mano a Sharpless che la stringe con ambo le mani con effusione)

Mi perdonate ?

BUTTERFLY

(al bimbo)

A te, dagli la mano.

SHARPLESS

(prende il bambino in braccio)

I bei capelli biondi !

(lo bacia)

Caro : come ti chiamano ?

BUTTERFLY

Rispondi :

Oggi il mio nome è : *Dolore*. Però dite al babbo, scrivendogli, che il giorno del suo ritorno *Gioia*, mi chiamerò.

SHARPLESS

Tuo padre lo saprà, te lo prometto.

(mette il bambino in terra, fa un saluto a Butterfly, ed esce rapidamente)

BUTTERFLY

(battendo le mani)

Suzuki.

SUZUKI

(di fuori grida)

Vespa ! Rospo maledetto !

(poi entra trascinando con violenza Goro che tenta inutilmente di sfuggirle)

BUTTERFLY

Che fu ?

SUZUKI

Ci ronza intorno
il vampiro ! e ogni giorno
ai quattro venti
spargendo va
che niuno sa
chi padre al bimbo sia !

(Suzuki lascia Goro, il quale tenta di giustificarsi)

GORO

Dicevo solo
che qui i vostri parenti
non han pietà ;
che quel figliuolo

SHARPLESS

(cannot restrain his tears)

(Poor faithful soul !)

(then, conquering his emotion, he says :)

'Tis evening. I must be going.

(Butterfly rises to her feet and with a charming gesture gives Sharpless her hand ; he shakes it cordially with both of his)

You will excuse me ?

BUTTERFLY

(to the child)

Now you—give him your hand, love.

SHARPLESS

(takes the child in his arms)

What pretty golden ringlets !

(kisses him)

Darling, what do they call you ?

BUTTERFLY

Give answer :

Sir, to-day my name is *Trouble*. But yet
 Write and tell my father, on the day
 Of his returning,
Joy shall be my name.

SHARPLESS

Your father shall be told, that I will promise.

(puts down the child, bows to Butterfly, and goes out quickly by door on the right)

BUTTERFLY

(clapping her hands)

Suzuki.

SUZUKI

(shouting outside)

Scoundrel ! Rascal ! Wretched coward !

(she then comes in, roughly dragging in Goro, who tries in vain to escape)

BUTTERFLY

Who's that ?

SUZUKI

He prowls around here,
 Evil reptile ! from morn to evening,
 And tells this scandal
 All through the town :
 That no one knows
 Who is this baby's father !

(she releases Goro, who tries to justify himself)

GORO

I only told her
 That out in America
 Whene'er a baby
 Is born in such conditions,

padre non ha.
Che stolto è lo sperare...

(Butterfly, furente, corre al reliquiario e prende il coltello che servi per l'*hara-kiri*—suicidio per condanna—di suo padre, gridando:)

BUTTERFLY

Ah! menti! menti!

(afferra Goro, che cade a terra, e minaccia d'ucciderlo: Goro grida disperatamente)
Dillo ancora e t'uccido!

SUZUKI

(intromettendosi)

No!

(spaventata a tale scena prende il bimbo e lo porta nella stanza a sinistra)

BUTTERFLY

(presa da disgusto, respinge Goro col piede)

Va via!

(Goro fugge: poi Butterfly si scuote, va a riporre il coltello e volgendo il pensiero al suo bambino, esclama:)

O mio piccolo amore,
mia pena e mio conforto,
il tuo vendicatore
ci porterà lontan nella sua terra
dove...

(un colpo di cannone)

SUZUKI

(entrando affannosamente)

Il cannon del porto!

(corre verso il terrazzo: Butterfly la segue)

Una nave da guerra.

BUTTERFLY

(giubilante, ansante)

Bianca...bianca...il vessillo americano
delle stelle...Or governa
per ancorare.

(prende sul tavolino un cannocchiale e corre sul terrazzo: tutta tremante per l'emozione, appunta il cannocchiale verso il porto e dice a Suzuki:)

Reggimi la mano

ch'io ne discerna
il nome, il nome, il nome. Eccolo: ABRAMO
LINCOLN.

(fa il cannocchiale a Suzuki, poi in preda a grande esaltazione scendendo dal terrazzo, esclama:)

Tutti han mentito!

tutti!...tutti!...sol io
lo sapevo—io—che l'amo.

(a Suzuki)

Vedi lo scimunito
tuo dubbio? È giunto! è giunto!
proprio nel punto
che mi diceva ognun: piangi e dispera.
Trionfa il mio

He will be shunned throughout his life
And treated as an outcast—

(Butterfly, enraged, runs to the shrine, and takes down the sword which was used for the *harakiri*—condemned suicide—of her father, crying :)

BUTTERFLY

Ah, you're lying, lying!

(seizes Goro, who falls down, and threatens to kill him : Goro utters desperate howls)

Say't again and I'll kill you !

SUZUKI

(thrusts herself between them)

No!

(horrified at such a scene, she takes the baby and carries him into the room on the left)

BUTTERFLY

(seized with disgust, pushes him away with her foot)

Begone!

(Goro makes his escape ; Butterfly rouses herself and goes to put away the dagger, and her thoughts turning to her child, she exclaims :)

Oh, you'll see, love of my heart,
My grief and yet my comfort,
That your avenger soon will be here
And take you and me to his own country,
Where—

(a cannon-shot)

SUZUKI

(enters breathlessly)

The harbour cannon !

(runs towards the terrace—Butterfly follows her)

Look, 'tis a man-of-war.

BUTTERFLY

(breathless with excitement)

White—white—the American
Stars and stripes—'tis putting
Into port to anchor.

(takes a telescope from the table and runs on to the terrace : all trembling with excitement, she directs the telescope towards the harbour, and says to Suzuki :)

Keep my hand steady,

That I may read the name,

The name, the name. Here it is : Abraham Lincoln !

(gives the telescope to Suzuki, and goes down from the terrace in the greatest state of excitement)

They all were liars !

Liars ! liars ! But I

Knew it always—I—who love him.

(to Suzuki)

Now do you see the folly of your doubting ?

He's coming ! He's coming !

Just at the moment you all were saying :

Weep and forget him. My love wins the day !

amor, trionfa la mia fede intera.
 Ei torna e m' ama.—

(e in preda ad una esaltazione giubilante va al terrazzo, dicendo a Suzuki :)

Scuoti quella fronda
 e dei suoi fior m' innonda.—
 Nella pioggia odorosa io vo' tuffare
 l' arsa fronte.

(singhiozzando per tenerezza)

SUZUKI

(calmandola)

Signora

quetatevi : quel pianto...

BUTTERFLY

No : rido, rido ! Quanto
 lo dovremo aspettare ?
 Che pensi ? Un' ora ?

SUZUKI

Di più.

BUTTERFLY

(giudiziosa)

Certo di più.
 Due ore forse. Tu
 va per fiori. Che qui tutto sia pieno
 di fior, come la notte è di faville.

(accenna a Suzuki di andare nel giardino)

SUZUKI

(dal terrazzo)

Tutti i fior ?...

BUTTERFLY

Tutti. Pescio, viola, gelsomino,
 quanto di cespo, o d' erba, o d' albero fiori.

SUZUKI

Uno squallor d' inverno sarà tutto il giardino.

(scende nel giardino)

BUTTERFLY

Tutta la primavera voglio che olezzi qui.

My love and faith have won completely—
He's here—he loves me!

(a prey to the greatest excitement and joy, she goes on to the terrace, saying :)

Shake that cherry-tree till ev'ry flower,
White as snow, flutters down—
His noble brow, in a sweet scented shower
I would smother.

(sobbing for tenderness)

SUZUKI

(soothing her)

Sweet Madam,
Be calm, I pray : this weeping—

BUTTERFLY

Nay, laughing, laughing ! When
May we expect him up here ?
What think you ? In an hour ?

SUZUKI

Too soon.

BUTTERFLY

(thoughtfully)

Yes, 'tis too soon.
Two hours more likely. You
Go for flowers. Flowers be everywhere,
As close as stars are in the heavens.

(signs to Suzuki to go into the garden)

SUZUKI

(from the terrace)

All the flowers ?

BUTTERFLY

All—Peaches, violets, jessamine,
Ev'ry spray of gorse or grass or flow'ring tree.

SUZUKI

Desolate as in winter the garden will appear.

(goes into the garden)

BUTTERFLY

Ah ! but the balmy breath of spring shall shed her
sweetness here.

SUZUKI

(appare sul terrazzo e sporge un fascio di fiori e di ronde)

A voi signora.

BUTTERFLY

(prendendo il fascio)

Cogline ancora.

(Butterfly sparge i fiori nella stanza, mentre Suzuki ritorna nel giardino)

SUZUKI

(dal giardino)

Soventi a questa siepe veniste a riguardare
lunghi, piangendo nella deserta immensità.

BUTTERFLY

Giunse l' atteso, nulla ormai più chiedo al mare ;
diedi pianto alla zolla, essa i suoi fior mi dà.

SUZUKI

(appare nuovamente sul terrazzo con un altro gran fascio di fiori)

Spoglio è l' orto.

BUTTERFLY

(predendo i fiori)

Qua il tuo carico.

Vien, m' aiuta.

(spargono fiori ovunque)

SUZUKI

Rose al varco

della soglia.

BUTTERFLY

Il suo sedil

di convolvi s' inghirlandi.

SUZUKI

Gigli?... viole?...

BUTTERFLY

intorno spandi.

BUTTERFLY e SUZUKI

Seminiamo intorno april.

(con leggero ondulamento di danza spargono ovunque fiori)

Gettiamo a mani piene
mammole e tuberose,
corolle di verbene
petali d' ogni fior !

(Butterfly, aiutata da Suzuki, va a prendere il necessario per la toeletta)

SUZUKI

(appears on the terrace and holds out a large bunch of flowers and foliage to Butterfly)

Here's more, dear mistress.

BUTTERFLY

(taking the bunch)

'Tis not enough yet.

(Butterfly distributes the flowers about the room, while Suzuki goes back to the garden)

SUZUKI

*(from the garden)*How often at this window you've stood and wept, and waited.
Gazing and gazing into the wide, wide world beyond.

BUTTERFLY

No more need I pray for, since the kind sea has brought him
I gave my tears to the earth, and it returns me flow'rs!

SUZUKI

(re-appears on the terrace with another load of flower)

Not a flow'r left.

BUTTERFLY

(taking the flowers)

Give me your burden.

Come and help me.

(they scatter flowers everywhere)

SUZUKI

Roses shall adorn

The threshold.

BUTTERFLY

Now round his seat

Entwine convolvulus.

SUZUKI

Lilies?—Violets?

BUTTERFLY

Come, scatter flowers.

BUTTERFLY *and* SUZUKI

Let us sow fair April here.

(lightly swaying their bodies to a dance measure, they scatter flowers everywhere)

In handfuls let us scatter

Violets and roses white,

Sprays of scented sweet verbena,

And the petals of all flowers!

(Butterfly, assisted by Suzuki, fetches out her toilet requirements)

BUTTERFLY

(a Suzuki)

Vienmi ad ornar...

No. Pria, portami il bimbo.

(Suzuki va nella stanza a sinistra e porta il bambino che fa sedere vicino a Butterfly, la quale, intanto, si guarda in un piccolo specchio e dice tristamente:)

Ahimè, non son più quella!
 Troppi sospiri la bocca mandò,
 e l'occhio riguardò
 nel lontan troppo fiso.

(si getta a terra, appoggiando la testa sui piedi di Suzuki)

Suzuki, fammi bella, fammi bella!

SUZUKI

(accarezzando la testa di Butterfly, per calmarla)

Gioia e riposo accrescono beltà.

BUTTERFLY

Chissà! Chissà!

(si alza, torna alla toeletta e dice a Suzuki:)

Dammi sul viso
 un tocco di carmino...
 (prende un pennello e mette del rosso sul'e guancie del suo bimbo)
 ed anche a te piccino
 perchè la veglia non ti faccia vote
 per pallore le gote.

SUZUKI

(a Butterfly)

Ferma che v'ho i capelli a ravviare.

BUTTERFLY

(seguendo una sua idea)

Che ne diranno
 ora i parenti!
 E che dirà lo zio
 Bonzo? Qual cicallo
 faranno in coro
 le comari con Goro,
 già del mio danno
 tutti contenti!
 E Yamadori
 coi suoi languori!
 Beffati,
 scornati,
 spennati
 gl' ingrati!

SUZUKI

(ha terminato la toeletta)

È fatto.

BUTTERFLY

(to Suzuki)

Now, come and make me fine—

No, first bring me the baby.

(Suzuki goes into the room on the left and brings the child, whom she seats near Butterfly, who meanwhile, looks at herself in a small hand-mirror, and says sadly :)

Alas, how changed he'll find me !

Drawn, weary mouth from overmuch sighing,
And poor tired eyes from overmuch crying.*(throws herself on the ground, laying her head on Suzuki's feet)*

Suzuki, make me pretty, make me pretty !

SUZUKI

(stroking Butterfly's head, to soothe her)

Rest calm and happy, and you'll be fair once more.

BUTTERFLY

Who knows ? who knows ?

(rises, resumes her toilet and says to Suzuki :)

Put on each cheek

A little touch of carmine—

(takes a paintbrush and puts a dab of rouge on the baby's cheeks)

And also for my darling

So that the watching may not make his face

Heavy and pallid.

SUZUKI

Nay, but keep still, till I've finished arranging your hair.

BUTTERFLY

(pursuing her thoughts)

What a surprise

For all my relations !

And for the Bonze

My uncle ! How they

Will prate and shout in chorus !

Oh what a hubbub I can hear

The gossips make with Goro !

All of them sure and glad

Of my downfall !

And Yamadori

With his airs and graces !

My scorn and derision,

My jeers and contempt

For the wretches !

SUZUKI

(has finished Butterfly's toilet)

I've finished.

BUTTERFLY

L'obi che vestii da sposa.

(Suzuki va ad un cassetton, vi cerca la veste bianca e l'obi; quindi torna con due vesti e ne dà una coll'obi a Butterfly)

BUTTERFLY

(depone il bimbo)

Qua ch'io lo vesta.

(mentre indossa la veste, Suzuki mette l'altra al bambino, avvolgendolo quasi tutto nelle pieghe ampie e leggiere)

Vo' che mi veda indosso
 il vel del primo di.
 E un papavero rosso
 nei capelli...

(Suzuki, che ha finito d'abbigliare il bambino, cerca il fiore e lo punta nei capelli di Butterfly che se ne compiace, guardandosi nello specchio)

Così.

(poi fa cenno a Suzuki di abbassare lo *shosi*)

Nello *shosi* or farem tre forellini
 per riguardar,
 e starem zitti come topolini
 ad aspettar.

Porta il bambino presso lo *shosi*, ne quale fa tre fori: uno alto per sè, uno più basso per Suzuki e il terzo ancor più basso pel bimbo, che fa sedere su di un cuscino, accennandogli di guardare attento fuori del foro preparatogli. Suzuki si accoscia e spia essa pure all'esterno. Butterfly si pone innanzi al foro più alto e spia da quello. Dopo qualche tempo Suzuki ed il bambino si addormentano. Intanto si è fatta notte ed i raggi lunari illuminano dall'esterno lo *shosi*. Butterfly rimane immobile, rigida come una statua.

BUTTERFLY

Bring me my wedding-garment.

(Suzuki goes to a small coffer and brings out the obi and the white garment, returns with two garments, and gives one with the obi to Butterfly)

BUTTERFLY

(puts down the child)

Bring it hither quickly.

(while she puts on her garment, Suzuki dresses the child in the other one, wrapping him up almost entirely in the ample and light draperies)

I would have him see me in it
As on my wedding-day.
In my hair we will put
A scarlet poppy—

(Suzuki, who has finished dressing the baby, fetches the flower and places it in Butterfly's hair. The latter looks at herself in the glass, and is pleased with the effect)

Like this.

(she then signs to Suzuki to lower the *shosi*)

In the *shosi* we'll make three little holes
That we can look out,
And still as little mice we'll stay here
To watch and wait.

She carries the child close to the *shosi*, in which she makes three holes; one high up for herself, one lower down for Suzuki, and a third one lower still for the baby, whom she seats on a cushion, showing him how to look out of his hole. Suzuki crouches down and also gazes out through her hole. Butterfly stands in front of the top hole and gazes through it. After some time Suzuki and the child fall asleep. Meanwhile night has fallen, and the rays of the moon shed their lights from without the *shosi*. Butterfly remains motionless, rigid as a statue.

ATTO SECONDO.

PARTE SECONDA

Passa a notte angosciosa.—Dal porto al basso della collina salgono voci confuse di marinai e rumori diversi.—All' alzarsi del sipario è già l'alba : Butterfly spia sempre al di fuori.

SUZUKI

(svegliandosi di soprassalto)

Già il sole

(si alza e batte dolcemente sulla spalla a Butterfly)

Cio-Cio-San !

BUTTERFLY

(si scuote e fidente dice :)

Verrà col pieno sole.

(vede il bimbo addormentato e lo prende sulle braccia)

SUZUKI

Salite a riposar, si affranta e si pallida siete !
Al suo venire tosto vi chiamerò.

BUTTERFLY

(cantando dolcemente s' avvia per la scaletta)

Dormi amor mio
dormi sul mio cor.
Tu sei con Dio
ed io col mio dolor.
A te i rai
degli astri d' or :
dormi tesor !

(entra nelle camera superiore)

SUZUKI

(la guarda salire e dice con gran pietà :)

Povera Butterfly !

(Suzuki si inginocchia innanzi al simulacro di Budda, poi va ad aprire lo *shosi*).

Pinkerton e Sharpless picchiano lievemente all'uscio d'ingresso.

SUZUKI

Chi sia ?...

(va ad aprire l'uscio d'ingresso e rimane grandemente sorpresa)

Oh !...

SHARPLESS

(facendole cenno di non far rumore)

Zitta ! zitta !

(Pinkerton e Sharpless entrano cautamente in punta di piedi)

ACT II.

PART II.

The weary night of watching passes. The clanging of chains and anchors and the distant voices of sailors rise from the harbour at the foot of the hill. At the rising of the curtain it is already dawn; Butterfly still motionless, is gazing out into the distance.

SUZUKI

(awakening with a start)

'Tis daylight.

(rises and taps Butterfly lightly on the shoulder)

Cho-Cho-San!

BUTTERFLY

(starts, and says confidently:)

He'll come; he'll come—I know he'll come.

(sees that the child has fallen asleep, and takes him in her arms)

SUZUKI

I pray you, go and rest, for you are weary,
And I will call you when he arrives.

BUTTERFLY

(singing softly as she goes up the staircase)

Sweet, thou art sleeping,
Cradled on my heart;
Safe in God's keeping,
While I must weep apart;
Around thy head the moonbeams dart,
Sleep, my beloved!

(goes into the room above)

SUZUKI

(watches her go, and says with deep pity:)

Poor Madam Butterfly!

(Suzuki kneels before the image of Buddha, then goes to open the *shoji*)

Pinkerton and Sharpless knock gently at the door.

SUZUKI

Who is it?

(goes to open the door, and stands greatly surprised)

Oh!

SHARPLESS

(signing her not to make a noise)

Hush! Hush!

(Pinkerton and Sharpless enter cautiously on tiptoe)

PINKERTON

(premurosamente a Suzuki:)

Dorme? Non la destate.

SUZUKI

Ell'era tanto stanca! Vi stette ad aspettare
tutta notte col bimbo.

PINKERTON

Come sapea?...

SUZUKI

Non giunge
da tre anni una nave nel porto, che da lunge
Butterfly non ne scruti il color, la bandiera.

SHARPLESS

(a Pinkerton)

Ve lo dissi? !...

SUZUKI

(per andare)

La chiamo...

PINKERTON

(fermandola)

Non ancora...

SUZUKI

Ier sera,
lo vedete, la stanza volle sparger di fiori.

SHARPLESS

(commosso)

Ve lo dissi?...

PINKERTON

(turbato)

Che pena!

SUZUKI

(sorpresa)

Pena!

(sente rumore nel giardino)

Chi c'è là fuori

nel giardino?

(va a guardare fuori dallo *shoji* e con meraviglia esclama:)

Una donna ! !...

PINKERTON

(la riconduce sul davanti)

Zitta!

SUZUKI

(agitata)

Chi è? chi è?

PINKERTON

(anxiously, to Suzuki)

Is she asleep? Disturb her not.

SUZUKI

She was so very weary!
 She stood expecting you
 All through the night, with the baby.

PINKERTON

How did she know?

SUZUKI

No ship has crossed the harbour these three years
 Whose flags and colours Butterfly has not
 Eagerly examined.

SHARPLESS

(to Pinkerton)

Did I not tell you?

SUZUKI

(going)

I'll call her—

PINKERTON

(stopping her)

No, not yet.

SUZUKI

Look around you,

Last night she would have the room
 Decorated with flowers.

SHARPLESS

(deeply touched)

Did I not tell you?

PINKERTON

(distressed)

Oh, torment!

SUZUKI

(surprised)

Torment?

(hears sounds from the garden)

Who's that outside there

In the garden?

(goes to look through the *shoji* and exclaims in surprise)

A lady!!—

PINKERTON

(leading her forward again)

Hush!

SUZUKI

(excitedly)

Who's that? Who's that?

SHARPLESS

Meglio dirle ogni cosa.

PINKERTON

(imbarazzato)

È venuta con me.

SHARPLESS

(deliberatamente)

Sua moglie!

SUZUKI

(sbalordita, alza le braccia al cielo, poi si precipita in ginocchio colla faccia contro terra)

Anime sante degli avi!...Alla piccina
è spento il sol!

SHARPLESS

(calmando Suzuki e sollevandola da terra)

Scegliemmo quest'ora mattutina
per ritrovarti sola, Suzuki, e alla gran prova
un aiuto, un sostegno cercar con te.

SUZUKI

(desolata)

Che giova?

Sharpless prende a parte Suzuki e cerca colla preghiera e colla persuasione di averne il
consenso: Pinkerton, sempre più agitato, si aggira per la stanza ed osserva)

SHARPLESS

(a Suzuki)

Io so che alle sue pene
non ci sono conforti!
Ma del bimbo conviene
assicurar le sorti!La pietosa
che entrar non osa
materna cura
del bimbo avrà.

SUZUKI

E volete ch'io chieda
a una madre...

SHARPLESS

(insistendo)

Suvvia,

parla con quella pia
e conducila qui—s'anche la veda
Butterfly, non importa.
Anzi—meglio se accorta
del vero si facesse alla sua vista.
Vieni, vieni!...

SUZUKI

Oh me trista!

(spinta da Sharpless va nel giardino a raggiungere la signora Pinkerton)

SHARPLESS

Better tell her all.

PINKERTON

(in confusion)

She came with me.—

SHARPLESS

(deliberately)

She's his wife.

SUZUKI

*stupified, raises her arms to Heaven, then falls on her knees with her face to the ground)*Hallowed souls of my fathers!
The world is plunged in gloom!

SHARPLESS

*(calming her, and raising her from the ground)*We came here so early in the morning
To find you all alone, that you might give us
Your help and guidance in this our plight.

SUZUKI

(in despair)

How can I?

Sharpless takes her aside and tries with prayers and entreaties to get her consent, whilst Pinkerton, getting more and more agitated, wanders about the room, noting every detail).

SHARPLESS

*(to Suzuki)*I know that for such a trouble
There is no consolation!
But the future of the baby
Must be our first and special thought!
This gentle lady
Who dare not enter
Will give the child a mother's care.

SUZUKI

Woe is me! do you ask me
To go and tell a mother—

SHARPLESS

(persisting)

Delay not, call her,

Call in that gentle lady
And conduct her here—if even
Butterfly should see her, no matter.
Then with her eyes she will learn
The cruel truth we dare not tell her.

SUZUKI

Oh, woe is me!

(Sharpless pushes her into the garden, where she joins Mrs. Pinkerton)

PINKERTON

Oh! l'amara fragranza
 di questi fiori
 velenosa al cor mi va.
 Immutata è la stanza
 dei nostri amori...
 ma un gel di morte vi sta.

(vede il proprio ritratto, lo osserva)

Il mio ritratto!—Svanita è l'immagine
 qual foglia in chiuse pagine.

(lo depone)

Tre anni son passati—e noverati
 ella n'ha i giorni e l'ore
 nell'immobile fede...

(agitatissimo a queste rimembranze, si rivolge a Sharpless che è ritornato a lui vicino)

Non posso rimaner.—Sharpless vi aspetto
 per via. Datele voi... qualche soccorso...

(consegna danari al Console)

Mi struggo dal rimorso.

SHARPLESS

Non ve l'avevo detto?

PINKERTON

Sì. Tutto in un istante
 vedo il mio fallo e sento
 che di questo tormento
 tregua mai non avrò.
 Sempre il mite semblante
 vedrò, con strazio atroce,
 sempre la dolce voce
 lamentosa udirò.
 Addio fiorito asil
 di letizia e d'amor.
 Non reggo al tuo squallor!
 Fuggo, fuggo—son vil.

SHARPLESS

Vel dissi...vi ricorda?
 quando la man vi diede:
 "Badate, ella ci crede."
 E fui profeta allor.
 Sorda ai consigli, sorda
 ai dubbi—vilipesa
 nell'ostinata attesa
 tutto raccolse il cor.
 Ma ormai quel cor sincero
 forse presago è già.
 Andate—il triste vero
 da sola apprenderà.

(Pinkerton, strette le mani al Console, esce rapidamente, mentre Kate e Suzuki vengono dal giardino)

PINKERTON

Oh, the bitter fragrance
 Of these flowers,
 It is poison to my heart.
 Unchanged is the chamber
 Where once we loved—
 But a deathly chill haunts the air.

(sees his own likeness and takes it up)

And here my portrait !
 (puts it down)

Faded is the likeness,
 Just like a leaf pressed between pages.
 Three years have passed away,
 And ev'ry day, every hour she counted—

(agitated by these reminiscences he turns to Sharpless)

I cannot remain,—Sharpless, I'll wait for you
 Outside. Give her this money, just to support her—

(gives the Consul some money)

Remorse and anguish choke me.

SHARPLESS

Is it not as I told you ?

PINKERTON

Yes. In one sudden moment
 I see my heartless action,
 And feel that I shall never free myself
 From remorse.
 Haunted for ever I shall be
 By her reproachful eyes.
 Farewell, O happy home !
 Farewell, home of love !
 I cannot bear to stay !
 Like a coward let me fly—
 Farewell !

SHARPLESS

I warned you—you remember ?
 When in your hand she laid hers :
 " Be careful, for she believes you."
 Alas, how true I spoke !
 Deaf to doubting, humiliation,
 Blindly trusting to your promise
 Her heart will break.
 But now this faithful heart
 Has perhaps already divined.
 Now go—the cruel truth
 She best should hear alone.

(Pinkerton, wringing the Consul's hands, goes out quickly as Kate and Suzuki come in from the garden)

KATE
(a Suzuki)

Glielo dirai?

SUZUKI
Prometto.

KATE
E le darai consiglio
di affidarmi?...

SUZUKI
Prometto.

KATE
Lo terrò come un figlio.

SUZUKI
Vi credo. Ma bisogna ch'io le sia sola accanto...
Nella grande ora—sola!—Piangerà tanto tanto!

BUTTERFLY
(dall' interno della camera superiore)
Suzuki, dove sei... parla...
(appare in cima alla scaletta)

Suzuki!...

SUZUKI
(fa cenno agli altri di tacere, poi risponde :)
Son qui...pregavo e rimettevo a posto...
(Butterfly scende : Suzuki si precipita verso la scaletta per impedire a Butterfly di scendere)
No...non scendete....

BUTTERFLY
discende precipitosa, svincolandosi da Suzuki che cerca invano di trattenerla, poi si aggira per
la stanza con grande agitazione, ma giubilante)

È qui... dov' è nascosto...

(vede Sharpless)

Ecco il Console...e...dove? dove?...

(cerca dietro ai paraventi)

Non c' è.

(si volge e vede Madama Pinkerton)

Chi siete?

Perchè veniste? ..Niuno parla!...Perchè piangete?
No : non ditemi nulla...nulla—forse potrei
cader morta sull' attimo.—Tu Suzuki che sei
tanto buona—non piangere!— e mi vuoi tanto bene,
un Sì od un No—di' piano—Vive?

SUZUKI

Sì.

BUTTERFLY

Ma non viene

più. Te l' han detto!...

(irritata al silenzio di Suzuki)

Vespa! Voglio che tu risponda.

KATE
(to Suzuki)

Then you will tell her?

SUZUKI

I promise.

KATE

And you will counsel her

To trust me?

SUZUKI

I promise.

KATE

Like my son will I tend him.

SUZUKI

I trust you! But I must be alone beside her
In this cruel hour! She will weep so sorely!

BUTTERFLY

(calling from the room above)

Suzuki, Suzuki, where are you?

(appears at the head of the staircase)

SUZUKI

(signs to the others to keep quiet, then answers:)

I'm here. I was praying, and going back to watch—

(Butterfly comes down. Suzuki rushes towards the staircase to prevent her from coming)

No, no, do not come down.

BUTTERFLY

(comes down quickly, freeing herself from Suzuki, who tries in vain to hold her back; then she paces the room in a state of great excitement but happiness.)

He's here—where is he hidden?

(sees Sharpless)

Here is the Consul—and where is?—where is?—

(looks behind the screens)

Not here!

(turns and sees Mrs. Pinkerton)

Who are you?

Why have you come?—No one answers!—Why are you weeping?

No, no, tell me nothing—nothing—lest I fall dead

At your feet at the words I hear. You, Suzuki,

Are always so faithful—do not weep, I pray!

Since you love me so dearly, say "yes" or "no" quite softly,

He lives?

SUZUKI

Yes.

BUTTERFLY

But he'll come

No more. They have told you!—

(angered at Suzuki's silence)

Woman, I want you to reply.

SUZUKI

Mai più.

BUTTERFLY

Ma è giunto ieri?

SUZUKI

Sì.

BUTTERFLY

(guarda Kate, quasi affascinata)

Quella donna bionda
mi fa tanta paura! Mi fa tanta paura!

KATE

Son la causa innocente d' ogni vostra sciagura.
Perdonatemi.

(fa per avvicinarsi a Butterfly, ma questa, imperiosa, le fa cenno di starle lontano)

BUTTERFLY

No—non mi toccate.

(lungo, penoso silenzio; poi Butterfly riprende con voce calma:)

Quanto
tempo è che vi ha sposata—voi?

KATE

Un anno, soltanto!

(Butterfly tace)

E non mi lascerete far nulla pel bambino?
Io lo terrei con cura affettuosa...

(Butterfly non risponde: Kate, impressionata da questo silenzio, insiste commossa:)

È triste, triste cosa!
ma fatelo pel suo meglio...

BUTTERFLY

(dopo lungo silenzio)

Chissà!?

Tutto è compiuto ormai!

KATE

(dolcemente)

Potete perdonarmi, Butterfly?

BUTTERFLY

(con aria grave)

Sotto il gran ponte del cielo non v' è
donna di voi più felice.
Siatelo sempre felice
e non vi rattristate mai per me.
Mi piacerebbe pur che gli diceste
che pace io troverò.

SUZUKI

No more.

BUTTERFLY

He reached here yesterday?

SUZUKI

Yes.

BUTTERFLY

(looks at Kate as though compelled)

Who is this lady

That terrifies me—terrifies me?

KATE

(simply)

Through no fault of my own

I'm the cause of your trouble. Forgive me, pray.

(is about to approach Butterfly, who imperiously waves her off)

BUTTERFLY

No—do not touch me.

(a long and painful silence; then Butterfly resumes in a calm voice:)

And how long is it since he married—you?

KATE

A year, exactly.

(Butterfly is silent)

And will you let me do nothing for the child?

I will tend him with most loving care—

(Butterfly does not reply; Kate, impressed by her silence, persists, deeply moved.)

'Tis hard for you, very hard!

But take the step for his welfare.

BUTTERFLY

(after a long silence)

Who knows?!

All is over now!

KATE

(gently)

Can you not forgive me, Butterfly?

BUTTERFLY

(solemnly)

Neath the blue vault of heaven

There is no happier lady than you are—

May you remain so

Nor e'er be saddened through me—

Yet it would please me greatly

That you should tell him

That peace will come to me—

KATE

(stendendo la mano)

E la mano...la man...me la darestè ?

BUTTERFLY

(ritraendosi un poco, ma rispondendo con dolcezza)

Vi prego—questo...no...

Andate adesso.

KATE

(avviandosi, dice a Sharpless :)

Povera piccina !

SHARPLESS

(assai commosso)

È un immensa pietà !

KATE

(sottovoce a Sharpless)

E il figlio io darà ?

BUTTERFLY

(che ha udito)

A lui lo potrò dare
se lo verrà a cercare.

Fra mezz' ora salite la collina.

(Suzuki accompagna Kate e Sharpless che escono dalla porta di destra.
Butterfly si regge a stento : Suzuki si affretta a sorreggerla.)

SUZUKI

(mettendo una mano sul cuore a Butterfly)

Come una mosca prigioniera
l'ali batte il piccolo cuor !

BUTTERFLY

(si è riavuta e vedendo che è giorno fatto si scioglie da Suzuki dicendole :)

Troppa luce è di fuor,
e troppa primavera.
Chiudi.(Suzuki chiude porte e tende : la camera rimane quasi in completa oscurità)
(a Suzuki)

Il bimbo ove sia ?

SUZUKI

Giuoca. Lo chiamo ?

BUTTERFLY

Lascialo giuocar.

(congedandola)

Va.—Fagli compagnia.

SUZUKI

Non vi voglio lasciar.

(si getta ai piedi di Butterfly piangendo)

BUTTERFLY

Sai la canzon ? “ Varcò le chiuse porte,
prese il posto di tutto—se ne andò—

KATE

(holding out her hand)

Your hand—your hand, may I not take it?

BUTTERFLY

(drawing back, but replying kindly)

I pray you—no—not that!
Now go and leave me.

KATE

(going away, says to Sharpless:)

Poor little lady!

SHARPLESS

(deeply moved)

Oh, the pity of it all!

KATE

(whispers to Sharpless)

And can he have his son?

BUTTERFLY

(who has heard)

His son I will give him
If he will come and fetch him.
Climb this hill in half an hour from now.

(Suzuki escorts Kate and Sharpless who go out by the door on the right,
Butterfly is on the point of collapsing: Suzuki hastens to support her)

SUZUKI

(laying her hand on Butterfly's heart)

Like to a poor imprison'd bird
Beats this little fluttering heart!

BUTTERFLY

gradually recovers; seeing that it is now broad daylight she disengages herself from Suzuki,
and says:)

Too much light shines outside,
And too much smiling spring.
Close them.

(pointing to the curtains)

(Suzuki closes doors and curtains—the room is almost in total darkness)

Where is the child?

SUZUKI

Playing. Shall I call him?

BUTTERFLY

Leave him at his play.

(dismissing her)

Go.—Go and play with him.

SUZUKI

I will not leave you alone.

(throws herself weeping at Butterfly's feet)

BUTTERFLY

How runs the ditty? "Thro' closed gates he enter'd,

e nulla vi lasciò,
nulla, fuor che la morte.”

SUZUKI
(piangente)

Resto con voi.

BUTTERFLY
(risolutamente batte le mani)

Va—va. Te lo comando.

(fa alzare Suzuki e la spinge fuori dell'uscio di sinistra.—Poi Butterfly va davanti al reliquiario, si inchina e rimane immobile assorta in doloroso pensiero: va allo stipo, ne leva un gran velo bianco che getta sul paravento: prende il coltello che, chiuso in un astuccio di lacca, sta appeso alla parete presso il simulacro di Budda, lo impugna e ne bacia religiosamente la lama tenendola colle due mani per la punta e per l'impugnatura: quindi legge le parole che sono incise sulla lama:

“Con onor muore

Chi non può serbar vita con onore.”

si appunta il coltello alla gola: s'apre la porta di sinistra e si vede il braccio di Suzuki che spinge il bambino verso la madre: il bimbo entra correndo colle manine alzate: Butterfly lascia cadere il coltello, si precipita verso il bambino, lo abbraccia soffocandolo di baci).

Tu, tu, piccolo Iddio!
Amore, amore mio,
fior di giglio e di rosa,
qui la tua testa bionda
qui, ch'io nasconda
la fronte dolorosa
ne' tuoi capelli. Non saperlo mai
per te, per i tuoi puri
occhi, muor Butterfly
perchè tu possa andare
di là dal mare
senza che ti rimorda ai di maturi,
il materno abbandono.

O a me, sceso dal trono
dell'alto Paradiso,
guarda ben fiso, fiso
di tua madre la faccia!...
che te'n resti una traccia,
sia pur pallida e poca.
Che non tutto consunto
vada di mia beltà l'ultimo fior.

(guarda lungamente il suo bimbo e lo bacia ancora)

Addio! piccolo amor!
Va. Gioca, gioca.

(Butterfly prende il bambino, lo mette su di una stuoia col viso voltato verso sinistra, gli dà in mano una banderuola americana ed una puppattola e lo invita a trastullarsi mentre delicatamente gli benda gli occhi. Poi afferra il coltello, chiude la porta di sinistra e collo sguardo sempre fisso sul figlio, va dietro il paravento. Si ode cadere a terra il coltello, mentre il gran velo bianco sparisce come tirato da una mano invisibile. Butterfly scivola a terra, mezza fuori del paravento: il velo le circonda il collo. Con un debole sorriso saluta colla mano il bambino e si trascina presso di lui, avendo ancora forza sufficiente per abbracciarlo, poi gli cade vicino. In questo momento si ode fuori, a destra, la voce affannosa di Pinkerton che chiama ripetutamente:

“Butterfly! Butterfly!”

poi la porta di destra è violentemente scossa ed aperta: Pinkerton e Sharpless si precipitano nella stanza, accorrendo presso Butterfly che con debole gesto indica il bambino e muore. Pinkerton si inginocchia, mentre Sharpless prende il bimbo e lo bacia singhiozzando).

“Life and Love entered with him—then he went—
“And nought was left to us—nought but death.”

SUZUKI
(weeping)

With you I stay.

BUTTERFLY
(resolutely—clapping her hands)

Go—go—obey my orders.

(makes the weeping Suzuki rise, and pushes her outside the exit on the left. Then Butterfly goes in front of the image of Buddha, bows before it and remains motionless, lost in sad thought: she goes to the shrine and takes from it a large white veil which she throws across the screen: she takes the dagger which, in a waxen sheath, is leaning against the wall near the image of Buddha, and piously kisses the blade, holding it with both hands by the point and by the handle: then she reads the word inscribed on the blade:

“To die with honour

When one can no longer live with honour.”

she points the dagger at her throat; the door on the left opens and shows Suzuki's arm pushing in the child to his mother: the child runs to her with outstretched hands. Butterfly lets fall the dagger, darts towards the child and hugs and kisses him almost to suffocation).

You, you, beloved idol!

Adorèd being! Fairest

Flower of beauty!

Here on your dear fair head,

Here let me bury

My tortured brow

Among your curls.

Though you ne'er must know it

'Tis for you I'm dying,

I, poor Butterfly,

That you may go away

Beyond the ocean,

Never to feel the torment when you are older

That your mother forsook you!

O my son, sent to me from Heaven,

Straight from the throne of glory!

Take one last careful look

At your poor mother's face!

That its memory may linger,

Even though it be dim and faint.

Let not my beauty's ling'ring bloom

Be faded quite!

Farewell, beloved!

Go—play—play.

(Butterfly takes the child, seats him on a stool with his face turned to the left, puts the American flag and a doll in his hands and motions him to play with them, while she gently bandages his eyes. Then she seizes the dagger, and her eyes still fixed on the child, goes behind the screen. The knife is heard falling to the ground, and the large white veil disappears, as though drawn by an invisible hand. Butterfly emerges from behind the screen, the large white veil is round her neck. Tottering she gropes her way towards the child, and, smiling feebly, has just enough strength to embrace him before she falls to the ground beside him. At this moment Pinkerton's voice is heard outside, on the right, calling repeatedly:

“Butterfly! Butterfly!”

then the door on the right is violently burst open: Pinkerton and Sharpless rush into the room and up to Butterfly, who, with a feeble gesture, points to the child, and dies. Pinkerton falls on his knees, whilst Sharpless takes the child and kisses him, sobbing).

CHANSON DE L'ADIEU

BY

F. PAOLO TOSTI

Lento.



Fare-well! ah, that wea-ry sigh! When our hearts are al-most
Par - tir, c'est mou - rir un peu, C'est mou - rir à ce qu'on



breaking, Some tender love we're for-saking, At each parting we seem to
ai - me : On laisse un peu de soi - mè-me, En toute heu - re et dans tout

Partir, c'est mourir un peu,
C'est mourir à ce qu'on aime :
On laisse un peu de soi-même,
En toute heure et dans tout lieu.

C'est toujours le deuil d'un vœu,
Le dernier vers d'un poème.
Partir, c'est mourir un peu,
C'est mourir à ce qu'on aime.

Et l'on part, et c'est un jeu,
Et jusqu'à l'adieu suprême,
C'est son âme que l'on sème,
Que l'on sème en chaque adieu :
Partir c'est mourir un peu !

Edmund d'Haraucourt.

Farewell ! ah, that weary sigh !
When our hearts are almost breaking,
Some tender love we're forsaking.
At each parting we seem to die !

Ot our joy the lullaby,
Of some fair dream 'tis the waking.
Farewell ! ah, that weary sigh !
When our hearts are almost breaking.

Though the time goes swiftly by,
Our soul for love is aching,
'Till the sleep that knows no waking.
Our last parting, our last good-bye
Farewell ! ah, that weary sigh !

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Allegro moderato.



There's a blue in the sky beyond words, And new bloom on the



spray..... And a sing-ing of tre-mu-lous birds In my gar-den all

There's a blue in the sky beyond words,
And new bloom on the spray,
And a singing of tremulous birds
In my garden all day;
And the voices that long have been dumb
Fill the young world with tune,
And I dream of the joy that will come,
With the roses in June.

There are butterflies waking again,
And the lark blithely sings,
And the summer wind sweeps o'er the plain,
With its song-laden wings;
And the first of the swallows is here,
Not a moment too soon;
I am waiting for you to draw near,
O red roses of June!

One by one with a murmur'd good-bye,
All the dark days depart;
There is joy in the earth and the sky,
There is joy in my heart.
And I watch night and day for a sign
Of a rose breaking soon;
For my love will come back to be mine,
With the roses in June.

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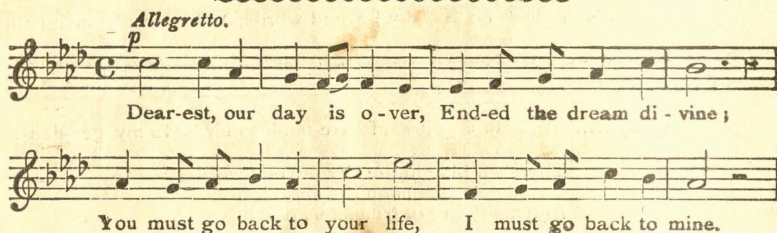
Sung by Mr. BEN DAVIES

PARTED

BY

F. PAOLO TOSTI

Allegretto.
p



Dear-est, our day is o-ver, End-ed the dream di-vine ;
You must go back to your life, I must go back to mine.

Dearest, our day is over,
Ended the dream divine ;
You must go back to your life,
I must go back to mine.
Back to the joyless duties,
Back to the fruitless tears ;
Loving and yet divided,
All through the empty years.
How can I live without you ?
How can I let you go ?
I that you love so well, dear,
You that I worship so !

Dearest, the night is passing,
Waneth the trembling moon ;
Hark ! how the wind ariseth,
Morn will be here so soon.
Tell me again you love me,
Kiss me on lips and brow ;
Love of my soul, I love you,
How can I leave you now ?

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