

ORB1

GAETANO DONIZETTI

*L'assedio di Calais*

*Dramma lirico* in 3 acts

Libretto by Salvatore Cammarano

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## CD1

## ACT ONE

## SCENE I

[1] *The advanced positions of the English force: at the rear, part of the walls of Calais, washed by the sea. The English soldiers lie deep in sleep. Aurelio, with the help of a rope ladder, descends from the battlements, and having stolen some loaves he ties them to the end of a rope quickly lowered for his escape. Unfortunately, a soldier is disturbed, and raises the alarm: part of the encampment is roused by the noise.*

## SOLDIERS

All'armi...	To arms...
Circondatelo...	Surround him...
Non abbia via di scampo...	Don't let him get away...
Protetto dalle tenebre	Hidden by the shadows
Ei qualche trama ordì!...	He is up to something!...
All'armi...	To arms...
Orrende insidie	Horrible traps
Certo son tese al campo!...	Are certainly set about the camp!...

*Meanwhile Aurelio takes flight, but prevented from reaching the walls, he hurls himself into the sea, and swims away to safety.*

Ov'è?...	Where is he?...
Disparve!...	He disappeared!...
Ah! rapido	Ah! Swiftly he escaped
Solcando il mar fuggì!	By ploughing through the sea!

*Many run to the shore, vainly despatching a hail of arrows in Aurelio's direction.*

[2] Fuggi, codardo! un'aura	Flee, coward! only a day
Ti resta ancor di vita:	Of your life remains:
Ah, per te non fia ricovero	Ah, there will be no refuge for you,
Ma tomba la città.	The city will be your tomb.
ODove le mura or sorgono	Where the walls of such
Di questa terra ardita,	A proud land now loom,
Un monte di cadaveri	A mountain of corpses
Fra poco sorgerà.	Will soon arise.

*They leave.*

## SCENE II

*A vestibule of the Municipal Palace: beyond, a view over Calais, and part of its fortifications. Dawn approaches. Everywhere is quiet. Eustachio approaches dejectedly, deep in thought.*

## EUSTACHIO

[3] Qual silenzio funesto! Un gemer fioco	What an ominous silence! Just a faint sigh
---	--

Sol, tratto tratto, l'interrompe!... Ahi! il pianto  
È dell'afflitto, che spirarsi accanto  
Vede il padre, o il fratello! È derelitta  
Sposa, che plora del compagno estinto  
Sulla gelida salma!  
È singhiozzo di madre, a cui le fonti  
Inaridir, che vita  
Furo al lattante pargolo... ed ei muore  
Nel grembo onde già nacque.  
Orrendo stato!  
Fatal penuria! Omai  
E soccorso, e alimenti, e speme... e tutto,  
Tutto ne manca...tranne l'amore  
Di patria. Ecco raggiorna affatto,  
E ancora il figlio mio  
Non veggo!

From time to time disturbs it!... Ah! it is the cry  
Of one afflicted, who sees his father or brother  
Die beside him! It is the lonely wife  
Weeping over the cold remains  
Of her dead partner!  
It is a mother sobbing, who has no more milk  
To give, robbing of life  
Her hungry babe... and he dies  
In her lap whence once it was born.  
Fearful situation!  
Extreme deprivation! Now  
Help, food, hope... everything  
Is lost to us... except love  
Of our country. Another day dawns  
And still I have not seen  
My son!

### SCENE III

**ELEONORA** *in acute distress*

Egli è perduto!

He has perished!

**EUSTACHIO**

Egli!... Gran Dio!...

He!... Dear Lord!...

Che dicesti?... Ah! parla! narra...

What are you saying?... Ah! speak!

Il figlio mio... perduto... egli!

Ah! tell me... my son... lost... he!

**ELEONORA**

Gran Dio! Il pegno

Dear God! The fruit

Del soave imeneo che a lui mi strinse

Of that sweet union that bound me to him

Già langue da più dì, che scarso il nudre

Has languished for days, because the unhealthy food

Cibo malsano, il padre

Scarcely satisfied him; his father

Lo guarda e geme... e volge entro la mente

Seeing this and lamenting it... then took it

Il pensier di salvarlo...

Into his head to save him...

**EUSTACHIO**

Ebben?

And then?

**ELEONORA**

Fra l'ombra

Wrapped in the shadow

Della notte r avvolto

Of night,

Nel campo ostil discende...

He goes down to the enemy camp...

**EUSTACHIO**

Ohimè!... Che ascolto!

Alas!... What do I hear!

**ELEONORA**

Alcun lo scorge...

Someone saw him...

Io palpito!...

Suona dell'arme il grido...  
Di guerrieri innumeri  
Tutto si copre il lido...

Figlio!...

Lo incalza un turbine  
Di strali...

Oh mio terror!

E l'infelice

Acquetati  
Che t'ode il genitor.  
[4] Le fibre, oh Dio! m'investe  
Orrida man di gelo!  
Trema il terren!... si veste  
Per me di lutto il cielo!  
D'ogni crudel sciagura  
E colma la misura!...  
Oh! sventurata patria,  
Il tuo guerrier perì.

Fero, mortal periglio  
Il patrio suol minaccia!  
Egro, languente il figlio  
Mi stende invan le braccia!...  
In tanto acerbo duolo  
M'era conforto ei solo...  
Ah quel conforto, ah misera!  
Il fato a me rapì.

**EUSTACHIO**

I tremble!...

**ELEONORA**

A call to arms rings out...  
The whole beach is covered  
With countless soldiers...

**EUSTACHIO**

My son!...

**ELEONORA**

A hail of arrows  
Is showered on him...

**EUSTACHIO**

Oh, I am terrified!

**ELEONORA**

And the unfortunate...

**EUSTACHIO**

Be silent,  
For his father hears you  
A dreadful icy hand, oh God,  
Assails my flesh!  
The earth moves!... for me  
Heaven is dressed in mourning!  
Every cruel misfortune is there  
In full measure!...  
Oh! hapless country,  
Your warrior perished.

**ELEONORA**

A fierce and deadly peril  
Threatens our homeland!  
Sick and weak, in vain my child  
Stretches out his arms to me!...  
In so much bitter grief  
He alone consoled me...  
Fate has stolen that comfort from me,  
Unhappy that I am.

#### SCENE IV

**GIOVANNI** *entering in a great hurry*

[5] Ah! Signor...

Ah! Sire...

**EUSTACHIO**

Ne' sguardi tuoi

I see by your face

Balenar la gioia io veggo!...

You have good news!...

**GIOVANNI**

Vive il figlio, e riede a noi.

Your son is alive and returns to us.

**EUSTACHIO/ELEONORA**

Ciel!

Heavens!

**EUSTACHIO**

Ah! son desto?...

Ah! am I awake?...

**ELEONORA**

Non vaneggio!...

I am not imagining it!...

**GIOVANNI**

Presso a morte, il mar gli offria

Near to death, the sea offered him

Di salvezza, incerta via...

A possible way of escape...

Ei sicuro ed animoso

And being confident and brave

Il cimento superò.

He overcame the dangers.

**EUSTACHIO**

Figlio mio!

My son!...

**ELEONORA**

Diletto sposo!...

My dear husband!...

**EUSTACHIO/ELEONORA**

Ah tu vivi!

You are alive!

Al sen ti stringerò!...

I will hold you in my arms!...

*carried away with happiness*

Un istante i mali oblio

In one moment I forget the troubles

Dell'orrenda e lunga guerra!...

Of the long, horrendous war!...

Un istante sulla terra

In one moment, the fortunes

Il destin sorrise a me!

Of this world smiled on me!

Ah! gioisci, o suol natio,

Ah! our country can rejoice

Senno e brando in lui ti resta...

In him you have both wisdom and sword...

Splende in mezza alla tempesta

In the midst of tribulation

Una stella ancor per te!

One star still shines for you!

*Pietro enters.*

**GIOVANNI**

[6] Ebben, teco non giunge

Has Eustachio's son

D'Eustachio il figlio?

Not come with you?

**PIETRO**

La stillante veste egli cangiò

He changed his dripping raiment

Fra poco qui lo vedrai.

And you will see him shortly.

Ma dimmi alla consorte al genitor

But did you tell his father

Dicesti ch'ei non peria? Spesso

And his wife that he is not lost? Often

Improvvisa gioia nuoce più dell'affanno.

unexpected joy brings more harm than good.

*He exits.*

### GIOVANNI

Io loro appresi.

I told them.

### ELEONORA

Il figlio a me

Bring my son to me.

*Giovanni goes through a door leading to the upstairs rooms.*

Quanto per lui rinserra

Let him see how much love

Di caro il mondo, al giunger suo qui vegga

The world holds for him, gathered together here,

Insieme raccolto...

When he arrives...

### EUSTACHIO

Non udisti, o figlia,

Do you hear, daughter,

Un suon di passi?...

The sound of footsteps?...

Oh! come

Oh! how

Il cor mi balza!...

My heart is racing!...

### ELEONORA

È desso!

It really is he!

### SCENE V

*Aurelio enters from the rear, with Giovanni who returns leading young Filippo. Some servants join them.*

### AURELIO

Ah! padre mio!...

Ah! father!...

Sposa!... figlio diletto!...

My wife!... my beloved son!...

Chi prima stringer deggio a questo petto?

Whom should I take first in my arms?

*Eustachio and Eleonora clasp him in their embrace,  
while Giovanni lifts the boy into his arms: all are moved to tears.*

[7] Al mio core oggetti amati

Let me hold to my heart

Vi congiunga un solo amplesso...

All my dearest in one embrace...

Ah! de' giorni a me serbati

Ah! now I know the value of

Tutto il prezzo io sento adesso!

The days that are left to me!

Il terren ch'è tomba agli avi

How sweet it is to see again the land

Com'è dolce riveder!

Where my ancestors rest!

Spargo lagrime soavi

I weep tears of joy

Nell'eccesso del piacer!

From so much pleasure!

*After giving full expression to his feelings,  
he frees himself from their embraces, wiping away the tears.*

[8] Basti... ah! basti, di natura

Enough... ah! we have given enough

Secondammo i sacri moti:

Vent to our emotions:

Or n'è d'uopo ad altra cura

Now we must turn our minds

Innalzare la mente e i voti

And prayers to other matters

*He motions to the servants to take the boy away.*

Qualche raggio di speranza

Do you hold

Per Calais, signor, t'avanza?

Some measure of hope for Calais?

*to Eustachio, who raises his eyes to the heavens, sighs heavily but is silent*

Ah! compresi!

Ah! I understand!

**ELEONORA**

Oh Dio!

Oh God!

**GIOVANNI**

Ei tace

He says nothing,

Ma tacendo è assai loquace!

But his silence speaks volumes!

Della patria già s'appressa

The last hour of our homeland

L'ora estrema.

Draws near.

**ELEONORA/EUSTACHIO**

Ah! ho in petto un gel!

Ah! ice freezes my breast!

**GIOVANNI**

Nulla omai possiam per essa!...

And we can do nothing for her!...

**AURELIO** *in a reproving tone*

Nulla!

Nothing!

**GIOVANNI**

E che...

But...

**AURELIO**

...morire per essa.

... but die for her.

**ELEONORA**

Oh ciel!

Oh heavens!

**AURELIO**

[9] Giammai del forte ardir non langue:

Never may our courage grow less:

L'ultima stilla del nostro sangue,

The last drop of our blood, our last

L'estremo anelito la patria avrà...

Breath our homeland will have...

Cadrem raggianti d'eterna gloria!

We shall die shining with eternal glory!

Più luminosa d'ogni vittoria

For us defeat will be

È la sconfitta per noi sarà!...

More splendid than any victory!...

**ALL**

Patria infelice!... Una memoria

Unhappy land!... Only a memory

Di te soltanto avvanzerà!

Of you will remain!

Cadrem raggianti d'eterna gloria!

We shall die shining with eternal glory!

E la sconfitta più luminosa per noi sarà

For us defeat will be even more splendid...

**GIOVANNI**

[10] All'affidato incarco

I return to my responsibility

Di vigilar le mura

For keeping watch

Io riedo.

On the city walls.

**EUSTACHIO**

E sia tua cura

And let it be your duty

Di ristorarne le recenti offese,

To repair the recent damage done

Ed i merli crollati

To the battlements,



Sotto l'assiduo fulminar de' cavi  
Bronzi tonanti.

Shattered by the incessant thunder  
Of those noisy cannons.<sup>1</sup>

*Giovanni leaves.*

**ELEONORA**

E pertinace ognora  
L'anglo regnante, la cittade a patti  
Aver disdegna, o padre?

And does the English  
Monarch still stubbornly disdain  
To come to terms with the town?

**EUSTACHIO**

Egli lo scempio  
Di noi tutti giurava

He swore  
All of us would be destroyed.

**AURELIO**

E ben s'avvisa  
Imperar di Calais fra le deserte  
Mura tacenti. Qui non batte un core  
Che non arda d'affetto  
Pel regnator che Iddio  
Ne dava...

And he truly believes  
He will rule the empty and quiet  
Walls of Calais. There is not one heart here  
Which does not beat with love  
For the sovereign whom the Lord  
Gave us...

**ELEONORA**

Un mormorio  
Per l'aura si diffonde!...

A murmuring  
Pervades the air!...

**EUSTACHIO**

E più s'avanza!

And it is getting nearer!

**AURELIO**

Rimbomba la città, qual vasta riva  
Cui flagella mugghiante orrido flutto!

It echoes through the town, like  
Monstrous waves beating on some great shore!

**EUSTACHIO**

*to Giovanni who returns, out of breath and with a pale face*

Che avvenne?

What is happening?

**SCENE VI**

**GIOVANNI**

Il popol tutto  
Tremendamente in surge...  
Un uom feroce gli è guida e sprone.  
Divulgar lo senti che vuota d'alimenti  
Sia la cittade al nuovo dì.  
La plebe già furioso irrompe a questa volta  
Chiedendo il sangue...

The whole populace  
Has rebelled  
A fierce man guides and spurs them.  
I heard him say that the city will be without food  
By the break of day.  
The people already wild, at this burst out  
Are calling for blood...

---

<sup>1</sup> History attributes the reported advantage to Edward III during the war, of which the siege of Calais was part, to the aid of six cannons; the English employed them for the first time, and their use was unknown in France.



Ah! Dir non l'oso...Ascolta!

Ah! I cannot go on...Listen!

Muoia Eustachio...

**THE CROWD**

Death to Eustachio...

Traditori!...

**AURELIO**

Traitors!...

Deh! Ti salva...

**ELEONORA**

Come! Escape...

Io qui starò!

**EUSTACHIO**

I shall remain here!

**SCENE VII**

*Armando, Giacomo, Pietro, soldiers, a stranger and citizens enter. Some soldiers position themselves at the entrance, their pikes crossed to keep out the stranger.*

Muoia!

**THE CROWD**

Death!

**THE STRANGER**

*pointing at Eustachio who motions to the soldiers to lower their weapons and let him pass*

Ecco l'empio...

Here is the evil man...

Muori!... muori...

**THE CROWD**

Die!... die!...

Giusto ciel!...

**ELEONORA**

Merciful heaven!...

Ferite!

**EUSTACHIO**

Strike me!

Ah! no...

**AURELIO/ELEONORA**

Ah! no...

*Eustachio's followers rush to his defence with drawn swords, but he confronts the madmen, offering his chest to their swords: they remain motionless, struck by the dignified bravery of the Mayor, and by his venerable aspect.*

**EUSTACHIO**

[11] Che s'indugia? In questo petto

What stops you? Let the treacherous

Scenda il ferro parricida.

Sword plunge into this heart.

Popol cieco, quel furore

Blind men, vent that guilty fury

*to the stranger and his two followers*

Sfoga pur il reo furor a me ti guida.

That leads you to me.

Ah! vendetta innanzi a Dio

Ah! may my spilt blood never demand

Mai non chieda il sangue mio;

Retribution before God ;

Morir bramo invendicato,

I wish to die unavenged

Perdonando il fallo a te.

Pardoning the error of your ways.

**AURELIO/ELEONORA/GIOVANNI/ARMANDO/GIACOMO/PIETRO**

Plebe ingrata non è questi

Ingrates, has this man not been

Il tuo padre il tuo sostegno?

Father and provider to you?

E immolarlo tu potresti  
Al tuo folle iniquo sdegno?  
Ah! delitto così rio  
Griderà innanzi a Dio  
E quel sangue il cielo irato  
Ricader farebbe in te!

And you could sacrifice him  
To your foolish, evil indignation?  
Ah! such a wicked crime  
Will proclaim itself to God,  
And heaven, so angered, would have  
His blood fall back upon you!

**THE STRANGER**

(Non previsto e ferro inciampo  
Si frappone al mio disegno...  
Ah! fugace al par del lampo  
In quei petti fu lo sdegno.  
Denso turbine veggio  
Passeggiar sul capo mio!...  
E di te più forsennato  
Plebe vil, chi fida in te.)

(An unforeseen and iron obstacle  
Thwarts my plan...  
Ah! the anger in those hearts  
was like a flash of lightning.  
I see a fearful storm  
About to break on my head!...  
The foul mob who trust you  
Are madder than you.)

**CROWD**

(A quei sensi, a quell'aspetto  
Più lo sdegno non m'invade...  
No, ferir non so quel petto...  
Dalla man l'acciar mi cade,  
Ah! delitto così rio  
Griderebbe innanzi a Dio,  
E quel sangue il cielo irato  
Ricader farebbe in me!)

(Those sentiments, that bearing...  
I am moved by anger no longer...  
No, I cannot would that heart...  
The sword slips from my hand.  
Ah! such an evil action  
Would cry out to God,  
And heaven, so angered, would have  
His blood fall back upon me!)

**THE STRANGER**

[12] (Si tenti ancor.)

(Let me try again.)

*to the people*

Destatevi,  
L'indegno percuotete.

Wake up,  
Kill the wretch.

**EUSTACHIO**

Del sangue mio, rispondimi,  
Ond'hai cotanta sete?

Why, tell me, do you have such  
A thirst for my blood?

**THE STRANGER**

Ondo punir quel perfido  
Tuo baldanzoso ardire.  
Te spento, umano al popolo  
Fia l'anglo invitto Sire:  
Ché tu di giusta collera  
Le fiamme in lui sol desti.

From the desire to punish  
Your faithless, haughty presumption.  
With you slain, the invincible  
English Lord will treat the people well:  
Because it is only you who fans  
The flames of his just anger.

**EUSTACHIO**

Oh! qual balen tralucere

Oh! in that moment you have made me

Al mio pensier facesti!  
Lo sguardo in volto affiggimi...

See things clearly!  
Look me in the face...

*The stranger becomes uneasy and cannot return the Mayor's gaze.*

Franco non è costui!  
Puote alcun qui sorgere  
Mallevalor per lui?  
V'ha chi di sua progenie  
Svelar qui possa il nome?

He is no Frenchman  
Can anyone here stand up  
And be his guarantor?  
Who is here of his family  
That can tell us his name?

*All look at one another: silence reigns.*

Ti strappa quel silenzio  
Omai la benda.

The silence has stripped away  
Your mask.

**THE STRANGER**

Un Anglo egli è, sì, di fraudi  
Macchinatore astuto.

He is an Englishman, yes,  
A cunning deceiver.

**ALL**

Fia ver!...

Can it be true!...

**EUSTACHIO**

Se puoi, smentiscimi.

Prove me wrong if you can.

**AURELIO/ELEONORA/GIOVANNI/ARMANDO/GIACOMO/PIETRO**

Che tardi?

Why do you hesitate?

**THE STRANGER**

(Ah! son perduto!)

(Ah! I am done for!)

*After a moment's hesitation, he throws himself on Eustachio in a murderous attack.*

**AURELIO/ELEONORA/GIOVANNI/ARMANDO/GIACOMO/PIETRO**

Vile assassini!

Hateful assassins!

*The men disarm him and throw him to the ground, threatening him with their swords as though about to kill him.*

**EUSTACHIO**

Fermatevi:

Stop:

Morrà, ma non di spada.

He shall die, but not by the sword.

*The stranger is surrounded by soldiers.*

**THE CROWD**

Ah! ne sedusse un demone!...

Ah! a devil made us do it!...

A piè di suoi si cada.

We fall at your feet.

Signor...perdono.

Sire, forgive us.

*They throw themselves down before the Mayor.*

**EUSTACHIO**

Alzatevi,

Arise,

E quest'infame apprenda

And let this villain see

Come fia chiara e nobile

How sweet and noble

Del vostro cor l'ammenda.

Is your punishment.

Pria che perir qui vittime

Rather than perish here as victims

D'orrida fame, a danno  
Usciam dell'implacabile  
Usurpator brittanno.  
Morte, ma in campo.

Of horrible hunger, let us go out  
And face the implacable  
English usurper.  
Death, but on the battlefield.

### PEOPLE OF CALAIS

Si! guidaci,  
Saprem morir per te.  
Sarà di guerra unanime  
Grido: la patria, il re.

Yes! lead us,  
We will die for you.  
It will be an unanimous  
War cry: for country and for King.

### ALL

*with all the vehemence of extreme desperation*

[13] Come tigri di strage anelanti  
Piomberem sul nemico spietato,  
Negli sguardi, nel volto spiranti  
Ira estrema, furor disperato...  
Scorreranno terrenti di sangue  
Tutto il campo or lavato sarà.

As tigers longing for carnage  
We will fall on the pitiless enemy,  
In our eyes, in our dying looks,  
Supreme anger, desperate fury...  
Blood shall run in torrents  
The whole battlefield will be awash with it.

### ELEONORA/WOMEN OF CALAIS

Della tromba lo squillo ferale  
Fia tremendo presagio di morte,  
S'avvicina il momento fatale...  
Piano o prece non cangia la sorte.  
Ne persegue condanna di sangue  
Ed è morte per noi la pietà.

The wild trumpet call  
Will be the awful portent of death,  
The fatal hour approaches...  
Neither tears nor prayers can change our destiny  
We are condemned to die  
And there is no more pity.

### THE STRANGER

Il momento terribile è giunto  
Di noi tutti è segnata la sorte.  
M'uccidete ma solo d'un punto  
Io precedo le vostre rovine,  
Ma d'un popolo intero col sangue  
Il mio sangue lavato sarà

The terrible moment is here  
Our fate has been decided.  
You may kill me, but my death  
Precedes yours by a mere instant,  
And my blood shall be washed away  
By the blood of a whole nation.

*There is general commotion. The troops form up at the command of their officers and divide off into platoons,  
leaving in different directions; the sound of trumpets and drums are heard.*

*The populace follows the Mayor and his relatives: the stranger is dragged off. Eleonora retires, the ladies disperse.*

## ACT TWO

### SCENE 1

[14] *A room in Aurelio's quarters; at the back, a bed set in an alcove, where young Filippo is lying; to one side, a door leading to a chapel. Eleonora; and Aurelio who sits near the bed with his head resting on the pillow; he is asleep.*

**ELEONORA**

[15] Breve riposo a lui concede il sonno  
Nell'amplesso del figlio.  
A ridestarlo un suon funereo batterà  
Di tenzon sanguinosa e disperate  
L'ora fatal!

May sleep grant him a short rest  
In the arms of his son.  
Soon the bell will sound the fatal hour  
to waken him to the desperate  
And bloody conflict!

*Plaintive music is heard from the oratory chapel.*

Drappel di meste donne,  
Al domestico altar geme dappresso

A group of sad women lament  
At the family altar.

*Voices are heard from the chapel.*

Il più devoto incenso  
È degli afflitti il pianto...  
Di tua pietade il manto  
Copra, Signor, Calais

The most devout incense  
Is the weeping of the afflicted...  
May the mantle of your pity  
Oh Lord, shelter Calais.

*Eleonora prostrates herself at the threshold of the chapel.*

**AURELIO** (*dreaming*)

[16] Figlio!... t'arresta  
O barbari!

My son!... Stop,  
You evil men!

*He gives a start: his face, extremely pale, reveals his consternation, and he is clearly gasping for breath.*

*Eleonora hurries to her husband's side.*

Sognai!... Tutto disparvel...

I was dreaming!... It has all disappeared!...

**ELEONORA**

Consorte.

My husband

**AURELIO**

Orrende larve!

Dreadful spectres!

**ELEONORA**

Narra, deh! narra...

Tell me, oh, tell me...

**AURELIO**

M'odi.

Listen.

La spada ostil, divoratrici fiamme

The enemy swords and devouring flames

Struggean Calais... trafitto

Were destroying Calais... assailed

Da mille colpi ed a spirar vicino

By a thousand blows and, near death,

Io mordeva il terren... quando feroce

My face was in the dirt... when I saw

Un guerrier vidi, che stringea pel crin

A fierce soldier, who seized our son

Il figlio in sua difesa io sorger volli,

By the hair! I wanted to save him,

Ma nol potei che d'Angli un fero stuolo

But I could not, for a wild group of Englishmen

Me ratteneva al suolo...

Held me on the ground...

Ed il fanciullo, a cui pendea sul capo

And the boy, over whose head was poised

L'iniquo brando, a me volgea lo sguardo

The frightful sword, turned his face to me,

E le pietose strida, e le innocenti

And his pitiful cries, his helpless

Sue pargolette braccia... Oh! quai momenti!

Little arms... Oh! what a terrible moment!

[17] Io l'udia chiamarmi a nome  
Fra i singhiozzi ed il terrore,  
Ed intanto nel suo core  
Discendea quel crudo acciar...  
Ah! mi sento ancor le chiome  
Sulla fronte sollevar.

In his sobs and terror  
I heard him call my name,  
And then that rough blade  
Plunged into his heart...  
Ah! I can still feel the hair  
Standing up on my head

**ELEONORA**

Rio presagio!... amato figlio...  
Sul mio cor discende un gelo...  
Ah! dilegua o giusto cielo  
Questa immagine d'orror.

An evil omen!... my beloved son...  
An icy coldness falls on my heart...  
Ah! may merciful heaven dispel  
This horrible image.

**AURELIO/ELEONORA**

Serba tu quel puro giglio  
D'innocenza e di candor.

May you preserve that pure lily  
Of innocence and honesty.

*The alarm sounds.*

**ELEONORA**

[18] Suon tremendo!

What an terrible sound!

**AURELIO**

L'ora è questa...

The moment has come...

**ELEONORA**

Deh!...

Alas!...

**AURELIO**

Rimani...

Stay here...

**SCENE II**

*Giovanni joins them.*

**GIOVANNI**

Aurelio, e dove?

Aurelio, where are you going?

**AURELIO**

Alla pugna!

To fight!

**GIOVANNI**

No, t'arresta.

No, stop.

Annunzio io son di liete nuove.

I am the bearer of good news.

**AURELIO/ELEONORA**

Liete nuove!...

Good news!...

**GIOVANNI**

Il Sire inglese

The English king

Di pietà la voce udia:

Has heeded the cry for mercy:

Ed ai patti alfin discese...

And has agreed, at last, to parlay...

Ad offerirli un messo invia...

He sends a messenger with terms...

Già son tutti i Magistrati,

Already all the Magistrates

Tutti i Duci radunati...

And other leaders are assembled...

Un momento, e poi la sorte  
Fia decisa di Calais  
Vieni, ah! vieni...

In a moment the fate of Calais  
Will be decided.  
Come on, ah! come on...

*He exits.*

**ELEONORA**

O mio consorte!...

Oh my husband!...

**AURELIO**

Figlio mio... vivrò per te.

My son... I will live for you.

**AURELIO/ELEONORA**

La speme un dolce palpito  
Mi ridestò nel seno...  
Piango, ma son le lagrime  
Conforto e non dolor.  
A dir la mia letizia  
Non giunge il labbro appieno,  
Potria soltanto esprimerla  
Se voce avesse il cor.

Hope aroused sweet expectation  
In my breast...  
I weep, but tears are  
Relief and not sorrow.  
My words cannot fully  
Tell of my happiness,  
They could express it only  
If my heart could speak.

**AURELIO**

Ah, vieni al sen.

Ah, embrace me.

*Aurelio exits hurriedly; Eleonora returns to her son.*

## CD2

### SCENE III

*A large circular room designed for public gatherings: there is a column near the door on the base of which the French flag is prominent. The Mayor is seated before a table with a brocade cloth, on which there are writing implements. The Magistrates, the Citizens Deputation, and a Corps of French officials are standing among the soldiers.*

*Giacomo and Piero with the Magistrates, Guards are on duty at the doors.*

**ALL**

[1] D'un popolo afflitto il grido dolente  
Al cielo s'innalza e chiede pietà.  
O padre de' miseri, o numi clemente,  
Deh! salva gli avanzi d'oppressa città.

The despairing cry of an afflicted people  
Ascends to Heaven, beseeching pity.  
O Father of the wretched, merciful Father,  
Pray! save what is left of this oppressed city.

### SCENE IV

*They are joined by Edmondo, Aurelio, and a detachment of French soldiers. Edmondo seats himself opposite Estachio.*

*Aurelio stands in front of the soldiers.*

**EUSTACHIO**

[2] Araldo, esponi.

Herald, explain your visit.



**EDMONDO**

Il terzo Edoardo, Signor dell'Inghilterra  
 E del Franco Reame  
 Gli abitatori di Calais perdona,  
 E lor fa grazia della vita.  
 Un patto sol chiede...  
 E guai se opporvi osate!  
 All'armi oggi tregua è concessa,  
 Che la donna real, trionfatrice,  
 Di Scozia in campo giunge: il di novello  
 Fia segnai dell'assalto e a voi l'estremo.

Edward the Third, King of England  
 And the Kingdom of France  
 Pardons the people of Calais  
 And grants them their lives.  
 One condition is all he asks...  
 And woe if you dare refuse!  
 From today there will be a truce,  
 For the King's consort, conqueror  
 Of Scotland, arrives at the battlefield: tomorrow  
 Will see the assault restart; it will be the final one.

**EUSTACHIO/SOLDIERS**

*with ill-concealed anger*

Svelane il patto omai.

So reveal this condition.

**EDMONDO**

Voler supremo  
 È del monarca, le città ribelli  
 Della Francia atterrir con memorando  
 Severo esempio: quindi  
 Sei Cittadini di Calais, sortiti  
 Di nobil sangue, fian condotti al campo  
 Cinti d'aspre ritorte,  
 E piomberà su loro infamia e morte.

It is the absolute wish  
 Of his Majesty that rebellious cities  
 Throughout France be warned by  
 Example of unforgettable severity:  
 Thus six citizens of Calais  
 Of noble birth, shall be brought to the battlefield  
 Bound by rough bonds,  
 And there death will strike down their infamy.

*The whole assembly, horror struck, jumps to its feet.*

**ALL**

[3] (Oh colpo!)  
 (Oh morte!)

(What a blow!)  
 (To die!)

**AURELIO**

(Infamia!...)

(What disgrace!...)

**EUSTACHIO**

(Eterno Iddio, che intendo!...)  
 (Quel detto, come fulmine  
 Suonò per noi tremendo!)

(Everlasting God, what do I hear!...)  
 (That word strikes us  
 Like a terrible thunderbolt!)

*There is a moment of anguished silence.*

(In sen mi corse un brivido  
 Più della morte atroce!...  
 Riman sul labbro gelido  
 Spento il respir, la voce!...  
 Non ha, non ha più palpiti  
 Raccapricciato il cor!)

(I am consumed by an outrage  
 Crueller than death itself...  
 My breath, my voice lie dead  
 On my frozen lips!...  
 My terror-stricken heart  
 Has no more capacity for life!)

*with ever-increasing force*

(E crudo il patto! È orribile!  
Troppo da noi si chiede!  
Già sorge intorno un fremito!  
L'ira al terror succede!...)

(It is a cruel offer, and horrible!  
Too much is asked of us!  
Already a clamour grows amongst us!  
Terror gives way to anger!...)

*looking at each other*

**ALL** *except Eustachio*

(Di rio destin siam vittime,  
Ma siam francesi ancor.)

(Although we are victims of evil destiny,  
We remain Frenchmen.)

**EUSTACHIO**

(Tutto m'infiamma, o patria  
Del tuo possente amor.)

(Oh my homeland, I am  
Aflame with your powerful love.)

**AURELIO**

*no longer restraining his wrath, he turns on the Herald, like a man in a blind rage*

[4] Esci, e sappi chi t'invia  
Che aborriam tal patto infame.  
Sappia il barbaro, che pria  
Di piegarsi all'empie brame,  
Di Calais sapran le genti  
Darsi in preda a fiamme ardenti,  
Ch'ei su' muri ancor crollanti  
Sulle ceneri fumanti  
I suoi nobili trofei  
Il suo trono innalzerà.  
Qui ciascun co' detti miei  
Ti rispose.

Go, and tell him who sends you  
That we abhor his terms.  
Let the barbarian understand that,  
Before submitting to these iniquitous demands,  
The people of Calais will  
Yield themselves to the fiery blaze,  
That he will set his proud  
Standard and erect his throne  
On walls that will be crumbling  
On smouldering ashes.  
Everyone here answers you  
With these, my words.

**THE FRENCH** *except Eustachio*

Udisti? Or va.

Did you hear? Now leave.

**EUSTACHIO**

Cessi, ah cessi omai l'estremo  
Furor vostro, e la minaccia...  
Magistrato qui supreme  
Io rispondo... ognun si taccia.

Stop, ah stop, your anger  
Goes too far, as do your threats...  
I, the senior official here,  
Will give answer... let everyone be silent.

*The crowd becomes orderly as before.*

Odi or tu le mie parole.

Now listen to my words.

*to the Herald*

Pria che in mar discenda il sole,  
Tratte in campo al Re britannico  
Le sei vittime saranno.

Before the sun sets on the horizon,  
the six victims will be brought  
To the camp of the English king.

**THE FRENCH**

Che! Vuoi tu la legge orrenda?...

What! You yield to the fearful command?...

Ne do in pegno la mia fé.

**EUSTACHIO**

I pledge you my honour on it.

*still to the Herald*

Pria che il sole in mar discenda?

**EDMONDO**

Before the sun sets on the horizon?

Lo dicesti. Or vane al Re.

**EUSTACHIO**

I have spoken. Now go to the King.

*Edmondo leaves.*

[5] Padre, ah! di!

**AURELIO**

Father, ah! speak!...

**THE OTHERS**

Signor?...

Sir?...

*all surround the Mayor, filled with an awful anxiety*

**EUSTACHIO**

Di scampo

Fate closes

Ogni via preclude il fato:

Every avenue of escape.

**THE OTHERS**

Non si parli più!

Speak no more of escape!

Noi sfidiamo l'avverso fato!

We challenge adverse fate!

**EUSTACHIO**

Solo a noi morir nel campo,

There is nothing else for us

Sol morir non altro è dato...

But to die in battle...

*No one seems frightened by this suggestion; on the contrary, all raise a unanimous and proud shout of 'Let us die!'.*

**THE OTHERS**

Il morir da prode in campo

Dying as a hero on the battlefield

Non può torna il cielo irato...

Unable to turn away heaven's wrath...

**EUSTACHIO**

Ma cadràn le spose, i figli

But our wives and children

Del nemico fra gli artigli...

Will fall into the enemy's hands...

**THE OTHERS**

Ah cadranno le spose, i figli

Ah, but our wives and children

Del nemico fra gli artigli...

Will fall into the enemy's hands...

Questa immagine d'orror

This picture of horror

Mi scompiglia e gela il cor,

Confounds me and freezes my heart,

E le vergini, e le afflitte

And our daughters, and the infirm

Orbe madri e derelitte!...

Mothers bereaved and deserted!...

*There is lamenting and consternation amongst them.*

**EUSTACHIO**

Ah, di pochi l'alma forte

Ah, may the resolute spirit

Salvi tutta la Città.

Of a few save the whole city.

[6] Io la pagina di morte

I will sign

Segno il primo.

The page of death first.

*He moves to the table and writes his name on a piece of paper.*

**AURELIO**

Arresta...

Stop

**THE OTHERS** *surprised and terrified*

Egli! Ah!

He! Ah!

*A powerful desire to emulate this noble act awakens in many breasts: several groups can be seen trying to add their names, held back by their relatives until, freeing themselves from restraining hands, they subscribe their names to the paper amid the admiration of those around them. While all this goes on in the background, Eustachio and Aurelio have the following exchange.*

**AURELIO**

Col mio nome il tuo cancello

My name replaces yours,

Per te muoio...

I will die in your place...

**EUSTACHIO** *restraining him*

Ah vana speme:

Ah vain hope:

Già discesi nell'avello.

I have faced death before.

*Giacomo de Wisants signs his name.*

**OTHERS**

De Wisantis!

De Wisants!

**AURELIO**

Padre, morremo insieme...

Father, we shall die together...

*He is about to sign, but his father holds him back.*

**EUSTACHIO**

Ah!.. che tenti?... Viver dei

Ah!... what are you doing?... You

Per la sposa...

Must live for your wife's sake...

*Pietro de Wisants signs the paper.*

**OTHERS**

Pietro!... Anch'ei!...

Pietro!.. He as well!..

**AURELIO**

Ah no...

Ah no...

**EUSTACHIO**

Ritratti.

Retract.

**AURELIO**

E speri?

Do you think I would?

*Armando signs.*

**OTHERS**

Armando!

Armando!

**AURELIO**

No!

No!

**EUSTACHIO**

Obbedisci... Tel comando...

Obey... I command you...

Sei mio figlio.

You are my son.

**AURELIO**

Son cittadino di Calais!

I am a citizen of Calais !

*Giovanni d'Aire signs his name.*

**OTHERS**

D'Aire!

D'Aire!

*Freeing himself from his father, Aurelio runs to the table. Many rush forward in order to sign the list:*

*Aurelio anticipates them.*

Aurelio! Ah!

Aurelio! Ah!

*Eustachio throws his arms around Aurelio's neck and weeps.*

**EUSTACHIO**

Dono al figlio il pianto mio,

My tears are for my son,

Il mio sangue, o patria, a te.

My blood, O my country, is for you.

*Father and son remain in an embrace for a few moments; some of the others are overcome by compassion, the rest by sorrow.*

Volge al tramonto il sol: compiasi adunque

The sun is beginning to set: now then

Il sacrificio. Asciutto

Let the sacrifice be made. Look

Ecco il mio ciglio. Andiam sereni in fronte

My eyes are dry. Let us go calmly to face

Al superbo Edoardo.

Proud Edward

*AURELIO to the brave hearts who have signed the paper*

Egli ne vegga scintillar nel guardo

Let him see the pride of victory

L'orgoglio d'un trionfo.

Shining on our faces.

**THE CHOSEN**

Vadasi

Let us go!

**EUSTACHIO**

O prodi, o miei fratelli, è questo

Oh heroes, oh my brothers, this is

L'ultimo istante in cui spirar ne lice

The last chance allowed us to breathe

Le dolci aure natie,

The sweet air of our homeland,

Qui proni e genuflessi

Here on our knees with heads bowed

Baciam la terra, che per noi fu culla...

May we kiss the earth that gave us life...

E tomba non sarà! Le menti alzate

But it will not be our tomb! Raise a

Al Signor che ne aspetta. E voi pregate

Thought to Him who awaits them; and pray.

*All fall upon their knees.*

**THE CHOSEN**

[7] O sacra polve, o suol natio

Oh treasured soil, our homeland,

È giunta l'ora... per sempre addio.

The hour has come... Farewell forever.

Onde salvarti andiamo a morte,

We leave you to go to our deaths

Benedicendo la nostra sorte:

Blessing our fate:

E quando accolti in ciel saremo,

And when we are received in Heaven

Del sangue in premio domanderemo

We will ask, in return for our lives,

Che volga il ciglio sul Franco Regno

That in His mercy the King of Kings

In sua pietade il Re dei Re.

May look on the Kingdom of France.

### THE OTHERS

Troppa...è l'angoscia del core infranto...

It is too much... the anguish of a breaking heart...

Son... le parole... rotte dal... pianto..

Words... are lost... in our tears...

Ma tu che scerni ogni pensiero,

But you who perceive every thought,

Fonte di vita, luce del vero,

Fountain of life, light of truth,

A questi martiri del patrio zelo

Admit these martyrs, zealous

L'immense volte apri del cielo...

Patriots, to eternal heaven...

Sol fia per loro premio condegno

Let their just reward be a seat

Seder tra gli angeli, vicino a te.

Among the angels, near to You.

### EUSTACHIO/AURELIO

Addio per sempre!

Goodbye forever!

### ALL

Partiam!

Let us go!

*They rise and exchange farewells: the chosen ones leave, passing the flag which they kiss fervently.*

*When the intrepid band has gone, the others burst into tears.*

## ACT THREE

### SCENE I

*The English encampment. To one side, the King's magnificent tent with a canopy:  
at the rear, a beach and a view of that stretch of water forming the Straits of Calais*

### EDOARDO

*to an officer who leaves after receiving the order*

[8] Tosto che approdi alla vicina sponda

When my unvanquished wife arrives

L'invitta mia consorte, a salutarla

On the nearby shore, fire a salute

Tuoni il bronzo guerrier.

To her with the cannon.

Dalla cittade

The messenger

Ancor non riede il messo!... Impaziente

Has still not returned from the city!... How

Desio m'arde le vene!...

This impatience consumes me!...

Ribelli, e osereste

Would those rebels still dare

Provocarmi tuttora? Io poche stille

Provoke me? I demand of them

Vi domando di sangue, allor ch'io posso

A few drops of blood, at a time

Versarne un mar...

When I can shed an ocean...

### SCENE II

*Edmondo arrives.*

### EDMONDO

Viva Inghilterra! Il patto

Long live England! The city accepts

Che a lei dettasti la città riceve.

The treaty you dictated.

E le vittime?

**EDOARDO**

And the victims?

Avrai.

**EDMONDO**

You shall have them

Ma quando?

**EDOARDO**

But when?

In breve.

**EDMONDO**

Shortly

[9] Ogn'inciampo è alfin distrutto

**EDOARDO**

Every obstacle to my glory

Che s'oppose alla mia gloria!

Is overcome at last!

L'avvenir per me fia tutto

The future holds only

Un trionfo, una vittoria.

Triumph and victory for me.

Francia, Scozia ed Albione

France, Scotland and Albion

Un sol freno reggerà.

Will be ruled by one hand.

Il balen di tre corone

My head shall bear

Sul mio capo splenderà.

The splendour of three crowns.

*A cannon blast and loud celebrations are heard.*

### SCENE III

*Some officers, then the Queen, her retinue and soldiers approach.*

[10] Ebben?

**EDOARDO**

Well

Fra lieti evviva

**EDMONDO/OFFICERS**

Your consort arrives

La tua consorte arriva.

Among joyful cheers.

*Edoardo goes to meet his Queen: the army forms into ranks.*

La Regina!

**EDOARDO**

The Queen!

Astro del ciel britannico

**EDMONDO/SOLDIERS**

Star of the British firmament

Splendor delle regine,

Exemplar of Queens,

Cingi d'eterno lauro

Let everlasting laurel crown

Inclita donna il crine,

Your brow, glorious lady,

E sia la vinta Scozia

And may vanquished Scotland

Trofeo del tuo valor.

Be a trophy of your courage.

Evviva la Regina!

Hail to the Queen!

Sposa regal!

**EDOARDO**

My royal wife!

Monarca,

**THE QUEEN**

My King,



D'alto stupor son carca!

I am absolutely astonished!

**EDOARDO**

E la cagion?

For what reason?

**THE QUEEN**

Raggiungerti

I hoped to meet you again

Entro Calais sperai.

Inside the walls of Calais.

**EDOARDO**

Tosto ridotte in cenere

Soon you will see those walls

Le mura sue vedrai,

Reduced to ashes,

Se a' cenni miei resistere

Should this proud city

Superba attenda ancor.

Continue to resist my demands.

**EDMONDO/SOLDIERS**

Le mura in cenere vedrai!

You will see the walls in ashes!

*The camp resounds again to the acclamations for the Queen.*

**EDOARDO**

[11] Il suon di tanto plauso

The resounding cries

Di sue vittorie il grido

Acclaiming her victories

Echeggia qual rimprovero

Echo as a reproach

Nel mio fremente cor.

In my quaking heart.

Darti, Regina, in premio

I would give you, my Queen,

Vorrei del mondo il regno.

The kingdom of the world as reward.

Ma premio un'alma nobile

But a noble spirit finds

Trova più grande in sé.

A greater prize within itself.

**SOLDIERS**

Sia la domata Scozia

May vanquished Scotland

Trofeo dal tuo valor.

Be a trophy to your courage.

**THE QUEEN**

Al ciel s'innalzi un cantico,

Raise a hymn to God

Vinsi nel suo favor.

Who helped me to victory.

*Edoardo escorts the Queen to a throne set up before his tent.*

*A military show prepared to honour the conqueror of Scotland now takes place.*

[12] Ballabile

[13] Danza militare

**SCENE IV**

*Edmondo returns. Edoardo expecting the worst, anxiously goes to meet him.*

**EDMONDO**

[14] Signor, giunsero al campo

Sire, the hostages we required

Le domandate vittime.

Have arrived on the field.

Sien tratte  
Entro la tenda mia.

Regina, io deggio  
Recarmi ove mi appella  
Grave cura e solenne...  
(Il patibol s'appresti a le bipenne).

*He leaves. The Queen retires with her court. There is a gloomy silence.*

Disparve ogni letizia  
Qual breve lampo!  
Cupa, feral mestizia  
Regna nel campo!  
Orribile s'appresta  
Scena funesta!

## EDOARDO

Have them taken  
To my tent

*Edmondo leaves.*

My Queen, I must go,  
I am summoned to  
A grave and solemn duty...  
(Prepare the scaffold and the axe).

## SOLDIERS

Every happiness ceases  
In a flash!  
A deep and gloomy silence  
Enfolds us.  
A fearful and tragic  
Event draws near!

*They leave in a subdued manner.*

## SCENE V

*Inside the royal tent, hung with trophies. The King's guard surround the pavilion: the hostages at the rear.*

*Edoardo advances followed by senior officers of the English force.*

**EDOARDO** *surprised at seeing the Mayor leading the hostages*

(Eustachio!..)

(Eustachio!..)

*seating himself with a severe bearing at a table*

**EUSTACHIO** *placing the keys to the city before the King*

Sire, la mia fé mantenni  
La tua mantieni, e la città languente  
Sorga dall'orlo della tomba.

Sire, I have honoured my word,  
If you do likewise, then the oppressed  
City may rise from the graveside.

## EDOARDO

È sacra  
D'un regnante la fede.  
Ma voi ribelli che impugnaste i dritti  
In me trasfusi dalla madre al serto  
Di Francia, il fio del tracotante orgoglio  
A scontar v'apprestate: il palco e morte  
V'attendo obbrobriosa.

The word  
Of a monarch is sacred.  
But you, rebels who contested the rights  
To the crown of France inherited from  
My mother, must prepare yourselves to pay  
The penalty of overbearing pride: the scaffold  
And an infamous death await you.

## EUSTACHIO

Sublime e gloriosa  
Morte ne attende, e fia del sangue nostro  
Il patibol grondante  
Altar di patrio amore.

A sublime and glorious  
End awaits us, and may the scaffold,  
Running with our blood, be  
The altar of our patriotic love.

**EDOARDO**

La scure che percuota... Oh! qual fragore!

Let the axe fall... Oh! what is that noise!

**ELEONORA**

*outside the tent, shouting tearfully and in desperation to the townsfolk*

Deh! se in petto un core avete,

If you have a heart within you,

Al monarca ne traete.

Bring it to the King.

**HOSTAGES**

(Ah!..)

(Ah!..)

**SCENE VI**

*Edmondo arrives.*

**EDOARDO**

Chi mosse quelle grida?

Who is that crying out?

**EDMONDO**

I congiunti di costoro.

The victims' relatives.

Speme forse a te li guida...

Hope brings them to you...

**EDOARDO**

Speme!.. Indarno! Vanne, e loro

Hope!... In vain! Go, take

D'inoltrarsi a me sia tolto...

Them away...

Tolto a forza...

Take them forcibly...

*The Queen and the hostages' families enter.*

**SCENE VII**

**THE QUEEN** *who has heard Edoardo's orders*

O Ciel!... Perché?

Heavens!... Why?

Dio ne porge a tutti ascolto?

Does not God hear everyone?

È di Dio più grande un re?

Is a King greater than God?

*Edoardo hesitates. Eleonora and the victims' relatives throw themselves at his feet.*

**EDOARDO**

(Ella...)

(That woman...)

**ELEONORA**

Grazia, o sire...

Mercy, oh Sire...

**EDOARDO**

Invan pregate...

You beseech in vain...

Ha confini la pietade:

Pity has its limits:

S'ella eccede, è ognor funesta.

Its excess results in misery

E pei troni!

for Kings!

**ELEONORA**

Grazia!

I beseech you!

**EDOARDO**

No!

No!

E vuoi?

Lo scempio  
Che di pochi omai s'appresta,  
Esser deve a molti esempio.

Omai sorgete...  
Abbia un limite il dolor.  
Cancellar voi non potete  
Nei decreti del Signor.  
Separiamoci, e non si pianga,  
Questa gloria a noi rimanga...  
I nemici al punto estremo  
D'ammirarci sian costretti.  
Oh figli addio; ci rivedremo  
Nella patria degli eletti.

O consortel..

O suora mia!..

Padre!

Vieni a questo sen...

*Everyone embraces a husband or brother or son, brave at this moment of separation.*

Sposo...

Donna... Parti.

Benedici il figlio almen.

[15] Raddoppia i baci tuoi

Parte di me più cara...

La vita degli eroi

Nel mio supplizio impara.

A te riman la madre...

**AURELIO**

And your wish?

**EDOARDO**

That the slaughter  
Awaiting the few,  
Shall be an example to the many.

**EUSTACHIO**

Stand up now...  
Sorrowing too has its limits.  
You cannot avoid  
The will of our Lord.  
Let us go our separate ways, without  
Tears – let this be our fame...  
Let our enemies be obliged  
To admire us at the end.  
My children, goodbye, we shall meet  
Once more in the land of the chosen.

**GIOVANNI**

My dear wife!..

**GIACOMO**

Oh my sister!..

**ARMANDO**

Father!

**PIETRO/ELEONORA/LADIES OF CALAIS**

Come to my arms...

**ELEONORA**

Husband...

**AURELIO**

My wife... Leave now.

**ELEONORA**

At least bless our son.

**AURELIO**

*Taking the boy on his knee and placing a right hand on his head, he turns his eyes to heaven as if asking for a blessing for his son, then he rises and covers the boy's face with kisses; the boy responds with great affection.*

Dearest part of me

Kiss me again and again...

Learn of the life

Of heroes from my torment.

You have your mother...

*to Eleonora*

Ti resta il figlio ancor.	You still have your son.
Dammi l'estremo amplesso.	Give me a last embrace
Addio... per sempre... addio...	Farewell... forever... farewell...
Oh figlio, oh sposa, vi lascio.	My son, my wife, I leave you.
Il pianto invan represso	In vain I hold back
Sporga dal ciglio mio...	the tears in my eyes...

*with a choking voice and then bursting into uncontrolled weeping which, until then, he was able to curb with difficulty.*

Son uomo alfin!.. son padre!..	I am but a man!.. a father!...
Non ho di belva il cor!	I do not have a wild beast's heart!

**ELEONORA/EUSTACHIO/THE HOSTAGES**

(Non regge a duol cotanto,	(No one can bear such sorrow,
Non regge umano cor!)	No one that has a heart!)

**THE QUEEN/RELATIVES/SOLDIERS**

(A quell'acerbo pianto	(No heart can withstand
Non regge umano cor!)	Such bitter tears!)

**EDOARDO**

(Oh trista scena... Oh quanto	(Oh what a pitiful sight!... Oh what
Mi costi o mio rigor!)	My severity costs me!)

**THE HOSTAGES**

*recovering their self-control, they turn to the guards.*

[16] Al supplizio ne traete.	Take us to our punishment.
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**THE ENGLISH OFFICERS**

(Qual coraggio!...)	(What courage!...)
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**THE QUEEN**

No... fermate...	No... stop...
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*to Edoardo*

Di re figlia, vincitrice	As a King's daughter, as a victor
Io mi prostro a te d'innante...	I prostrate myself before you...
Si mercé sperar mi lice,	If it is in your plans to give me
Qui l'imploro, alle tue piante...	Some reward, I beg you for it now...
Di quel sangue generoso	Do not let such noble blood
Non rosseggiino i trofei...	Stain our victories...
Cedi... ah! cedi invitto sposo,	Relent... ah! my invincible husband,
Al mio pianto... a' preghi miei...	Yield to my pleas... to my prayers...

**THE ENGLISH OFFICERS** *in an imploring tone*

Gran monarca... Cedi, cedi!	Noble monarch... Relent, relent!
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**EDOARDO** *raising the Queen from her knees*

Tu vincesti...	You have conquered me...
Io perdono.	I pardon them.

Ciell...

**ALL**

Heavens!...

Fia vero!..

Can it be true!...

**EUSTACHIO**

Gioia immensa in noi tu desti!...

You give us enormous happiness!...

**SOLDIERS**

Tu più grande di te

Your mercy, oh Sire,

Stresso rende, o Sire, la pietà!

Is even greater than you yourself!

**THE QUEEN**

Sia palese al campo intero

Let everyone be told

Il perdono a lor concesso...

Of the pardon that has been granted...

**EUSTACHIO**

Goda tosta la città.

Let the city rejoice.

*At a sign from Edmondo, the tent is opened: officers run through the encampment to spread the happy news.*

*Eustachio, holding his son tight, approaches the King: his emotion is such that he is robbed of words: he falls at Edoardo's feet to express his thanks: those that were to have followed him to the scaffold do likewise.*

*The King helps them up and embraces Eustachio. Every voice is raised in a resounding cry of joy.*

**ALL except Edoardo**

[17] Fin che i secoli vivranno

As long as the centuries progress

Le tue laudi un eco avranno,

Your praises will echo through them,

Non ti prenda più desio

Do not let the desire for other crowns,

D'altri serti e d'altri allori;

Other glory, carry you away;

Trionfasti dell'oblio,

Your memory will live forever,

Regnerai su tutti i cori.

You will reign in every heart.

Sulla terra è un nume il Re.

The King is a god on this earth.

**EDOARDO**

D'un trionfo è assai più grato

This jubilation is more gratifying

Questo giubbilo per me!

To me than any victory!

*The citizens of Calais have hastened to the walls: the peace flag flies in the camp and on the battlements of the city.*

*They come to open the city gates, towards which the King and Queen set off, followed by the Mayor, his relatives and friends and by the whole English army: the scene echoes to celebratory military music.*

**END OF THE OPERA**

## APPENDIX

### ELEONORA

[18] Questo pianto che sul ciglio  
È l'eccesso del contento,  
Quel che dire non può l'accento  
Questo pianto esprime a te.  
Padre mio, consorte, il figlio,  
Vi stringete a questo petto.  
Ah! mi dice il vostro amplesso  
Che delirio il mio non è.

These tears in my eyes  
Are tears of overwhelming joy,  
What words cannot say  
Let these tears express to you.  
Father, husband, son,  
Press yourself to my breast.  
Ah! your embraces tell me  
That this is no wild dream.

### AURELIO/ALL *except Edoardo*

Se clemente altrui perdona  
Sulla terra è un Nume il Re.

If he merc pardons others,  
The King is a god on this earth.

### EDOARDO

D'un trionfo è assai più grato  
Questo giubilo per me!

This jubilation is more gratifying  
To me than any victory!