The Garden of Mystery

A GRAND OPERA

In One Act - Three Scenes

LIBRETTO BY

NELLE RICHMOND EBERHART

(Founded by permission on
"*Rappaccini's Daughter*" by Nathaniel Hawthorne)

MUSIC BY

Charles Wakefield Cadman

No. 5510

Vocal Score
$2.00
(In U. S. only)

J. FISCHER & BRO., NEW YORK
3, NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

CHARACTERS

Dr. Giacomo Rappaccini.....Bass
Giovanni Guasconti, a student in Padua.....Tenor
Beatrice Rappaccini, the Doctor's daughter.....Contralto
Bianca, her cousin, visiting from Naples.....Soprano
Enrico, a neighbor; Bianca's lover.....Baritone

Poison Elementals....Ballet.

Time and Place: Padua, Italy. 16th century.

But one stage-setting is used—The Garden—and the opera is divided into three parts:

Part One—"The Garden"—(Early morning.)
Part Two—"Love"—(Moonlight.)
Part Three—"Death"—(Sunset).

which are connected by instrumental intermezzi founded upon old Italian folk-songs.

CAST OF FIRST PERFORMANCE

CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK
March 20th, 1925

Rappaccini (*Bass*).....George Walker
Beatrice (*Contralto*).....Helene Cadmus
Bianca (*Soprano*).....Yvonne de Treville
Giovanni (*Tenor*).....Ernest Davis
Enrico (*Baritone*).....Hubert Linscott

and the
American National Orchestra
Howard Barlow, Conductor

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ARGUMENT

Dr. Giacomo Rappaccini, a brilliant physician of Padua, Italy, is an experimenter of marvelous skill who lived with his daughter, Beatrice, beside a beautiful but deadly garden where he carried on his researches in vegetable poisons. He cared infinitely more for science than for mankind. His patients were interesting to him only as subjects for some new daring. He would sacrifice human life, his own among the rest, or whatever else was dearest to him, for the sake of adding so much as a grain of mustard seed to the great heap of his accumulated knowledge.

To the palace on the other side of the garden came Giovanni Guasconti, a youth from southern Italy, to study in the great University. His window-balcony overlooked the garden and he soon became interested in the beautiful Beatrice and her father. One of his professors at the University, an old friend of his father's, further stimulated a curiosity fast growing morbid.

He soon noted queer, fantastic happenings in the strange enclosure below him. He observed with uneasy surmise that the father was afraid of his own drugged plants, particularly one magnificent shrub, while Beatrice handled them freely and with intense pleasure. One day he saw an insect fly over the wall and die at the girl's feet as if her breath were fatal. As he grew more fascinated by the beauty of the girl, he doubted his own senses, and dismissed his misgivings with the easy optimism of a rather shallow nature.

Finally his old maid-servant found him a secret entrance in the vine-covered wall through which he entered and made the acquaintance of Beatrice. They loved—Beatrice with an eager and simple sincerity; Giovanni with imaginative madness rather than deep-rooted affection. At last their love culminated in a fervent love scene beside the fountain. As Giovanni turned to embrace Beatrice, she remembered in time and sprang away. Then she explained that she had been nourished on poisons—that her embrace was deadly and her kiss was death.

Horrified and speechless, Giovanni backed from the garden, while poison elementals glided forth in metallic scarlet and green, casting an uncanny, ghastly glimmer over the dying white flowers.

That night Giovanni visited his father's friend who gave him an antidote for Beatrice, but roused in his breast a fear for himself. By morning he was still more fearful that he might have been an object of experimentation to Rappaccini and might have become as poisonous as Beatrice. He tested his breath upon a huge spider which dangled from its web near his window. To his horror the insect died. Frantically, forgetting the antidote, he rushed down to reproach Beatrice. Calmed by her grief, he remembered the antidote. Beatrice, knowing she could never be happy now that the true nature of her lover had been revealed to her, insisted upon taking the first draught. She realized that poison was so integral a part of her physical constitution, that whatever destroyed the poison would also destroy her life. Giovanni, she thought, might drink in safety. Her intuition proved correct. She quaffed the potion and died urging Giovanni to drink, pass from the Garden of Death and, forgetting Beatrice, resume his normal life in the world.

Nelle Richmond Eberhart.

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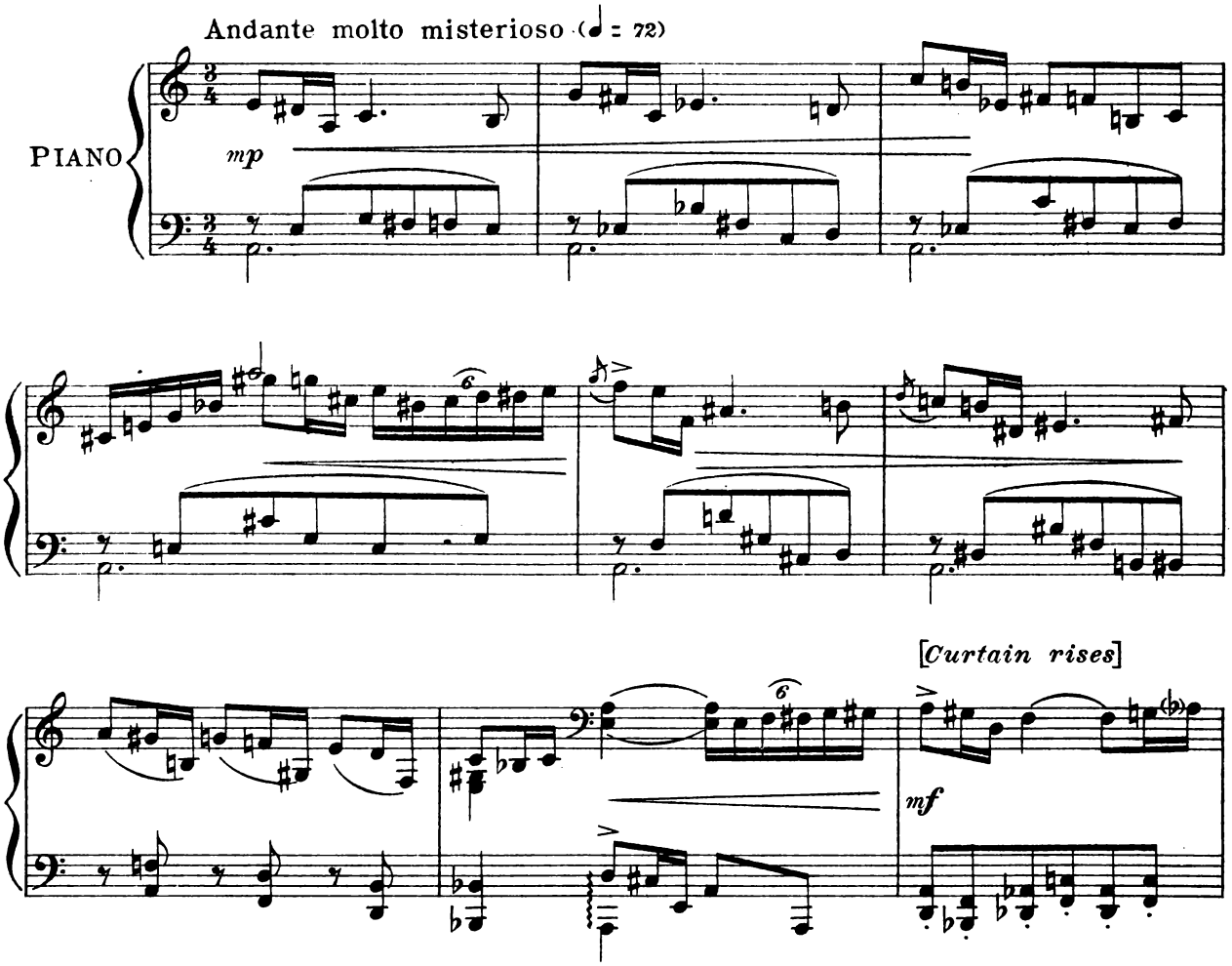
The Garden of Mystery

PART I
(The Garden)

NELLE RICHMOND EBERHART

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

[*Early morning in the garden, which occupies practically the whole stage. It is confined at the right and left by two old palaces, one the home of the* RAPPACCINIS *and the other containing the chamber where* GIOVANNI *lodges. Giovanni's upper story window opens on a small balcony overhanging the garden. The Rappaccini entrance to the enclosure is by means of an "ancient sculptured portal." At the back a wall, heavily screened by vines and shrubs, separates the garden from the street. Behind this leafy screen, under Giovanni's window, is the secret passage through the wall by which Giovanni enters the garden.* As curtain rises *Rappaccini is seen working over the plants. "His face was all over-spread with a most sickly and sallow hue, but yet so pervaded with an expression of piercing and active intellect that an observer might easily have overlooked the merely physical attributes and have seen only this wonderful energy." Giovanni is just within his open window.*]



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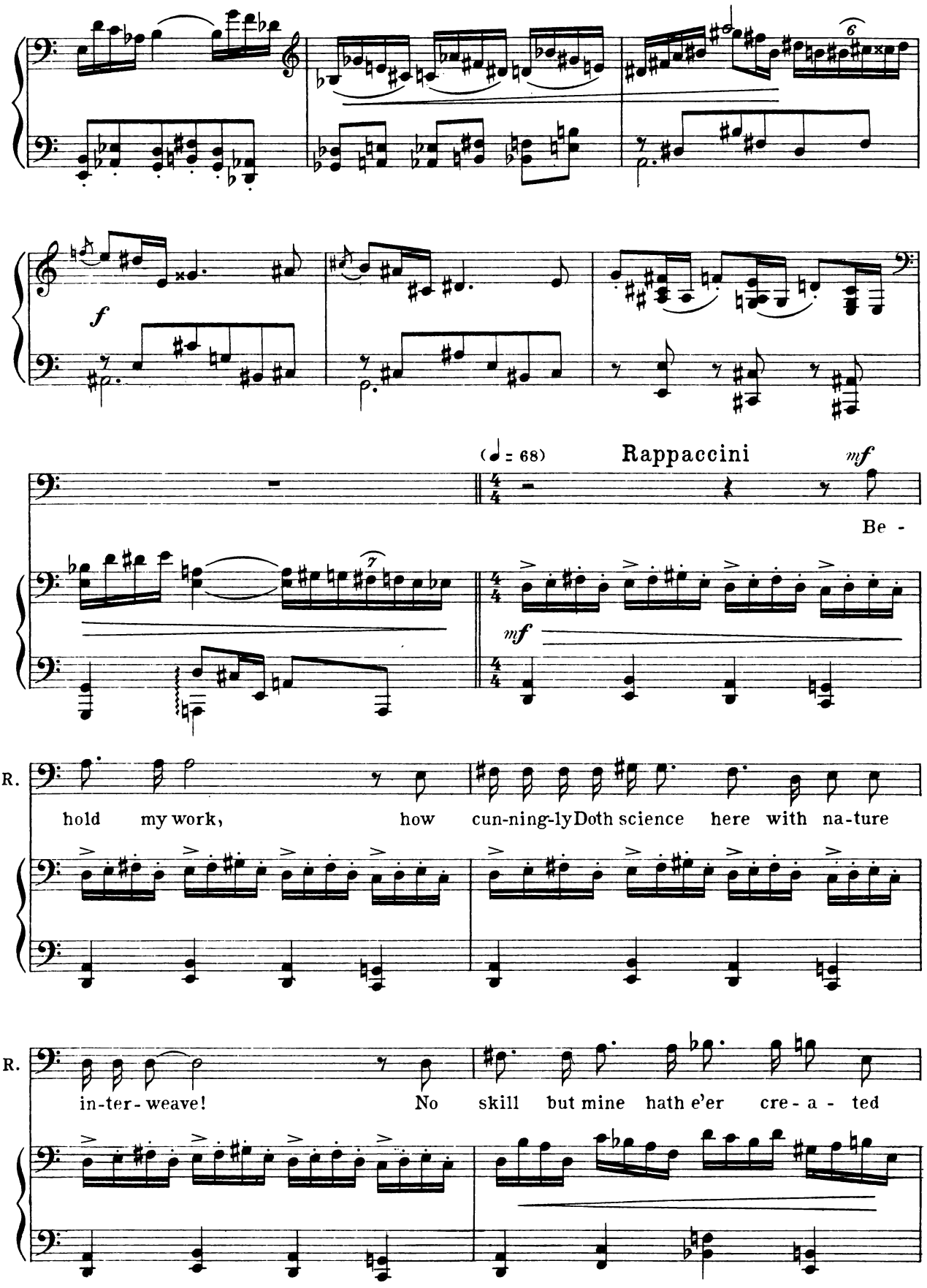
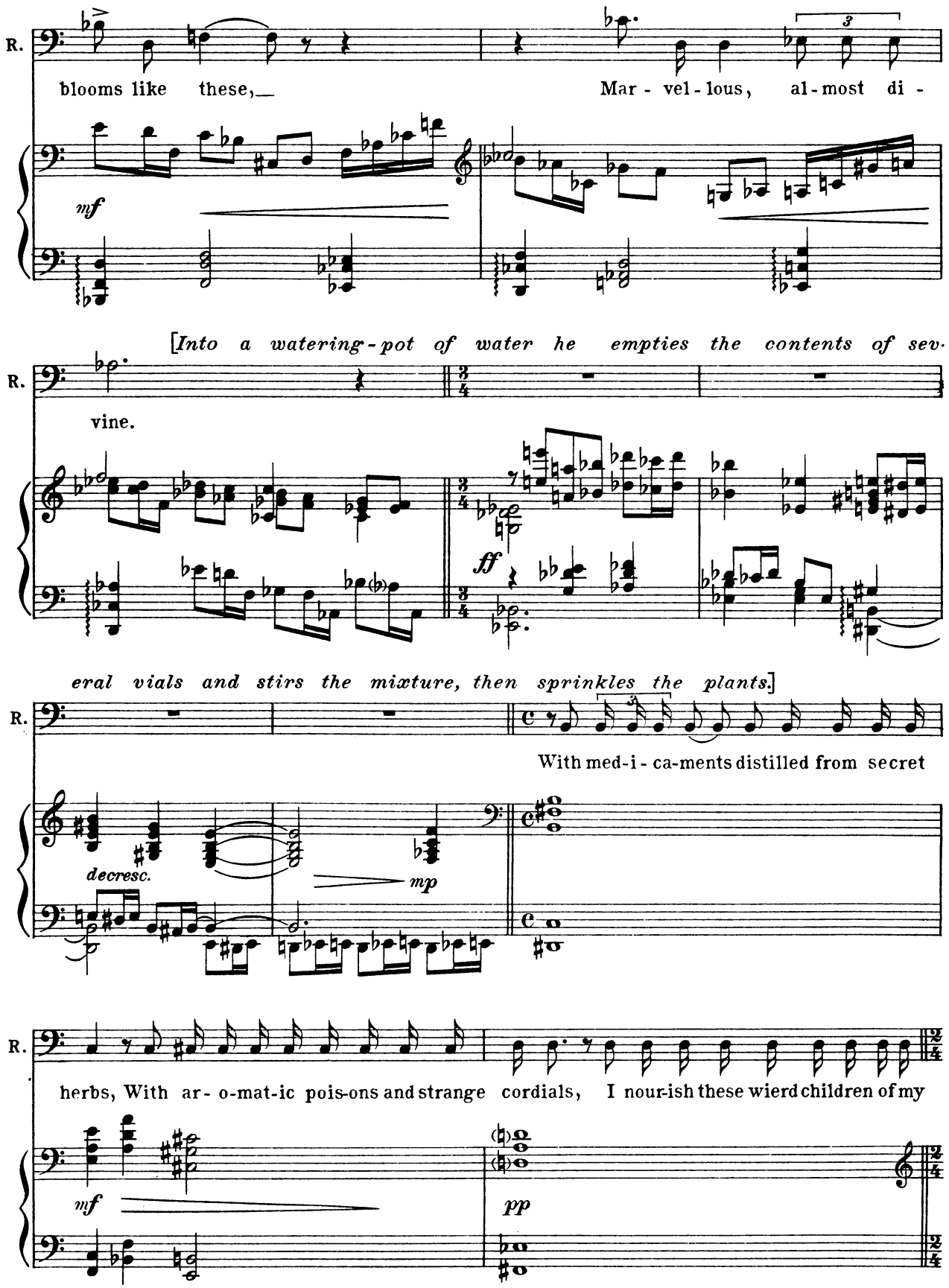
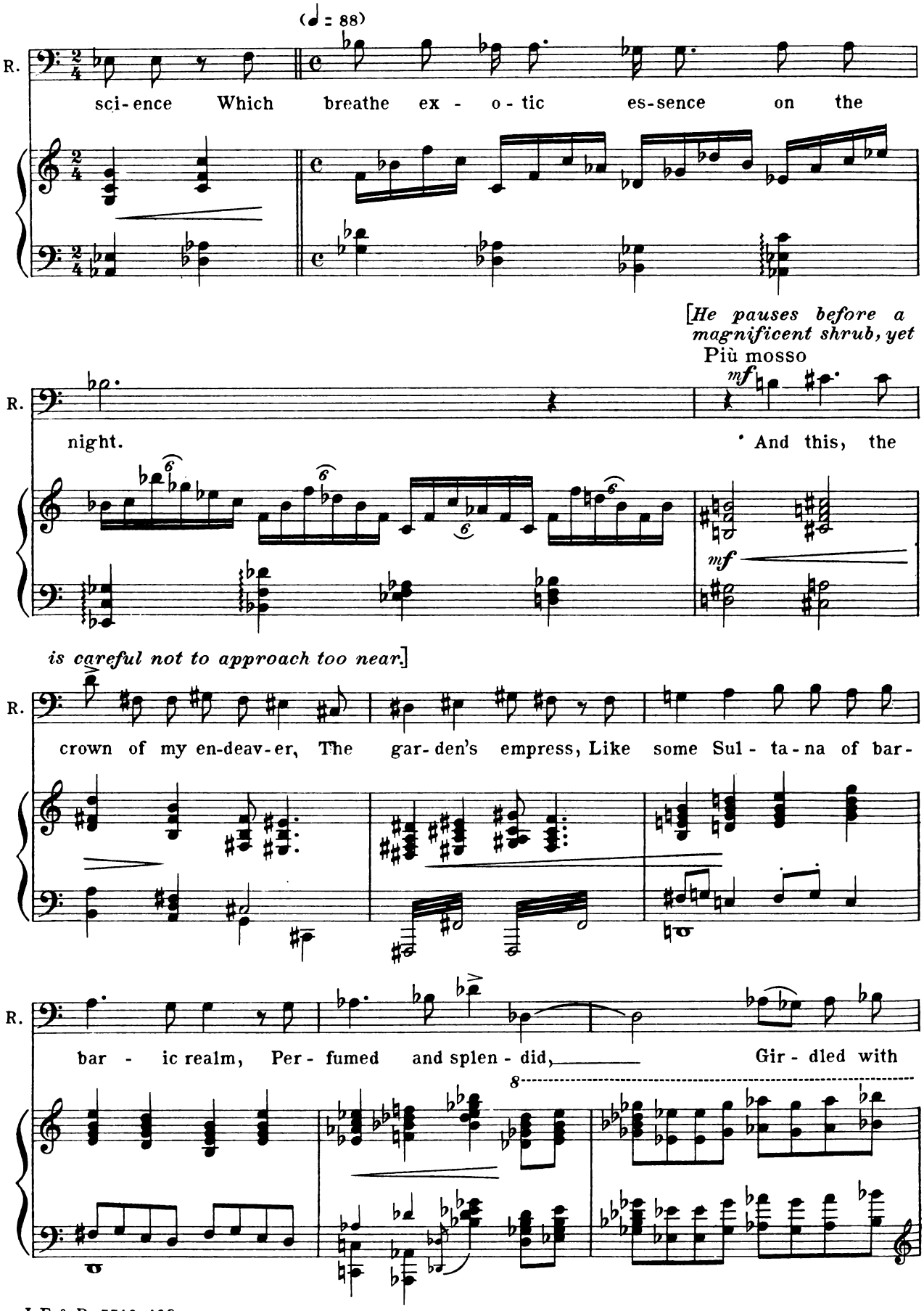
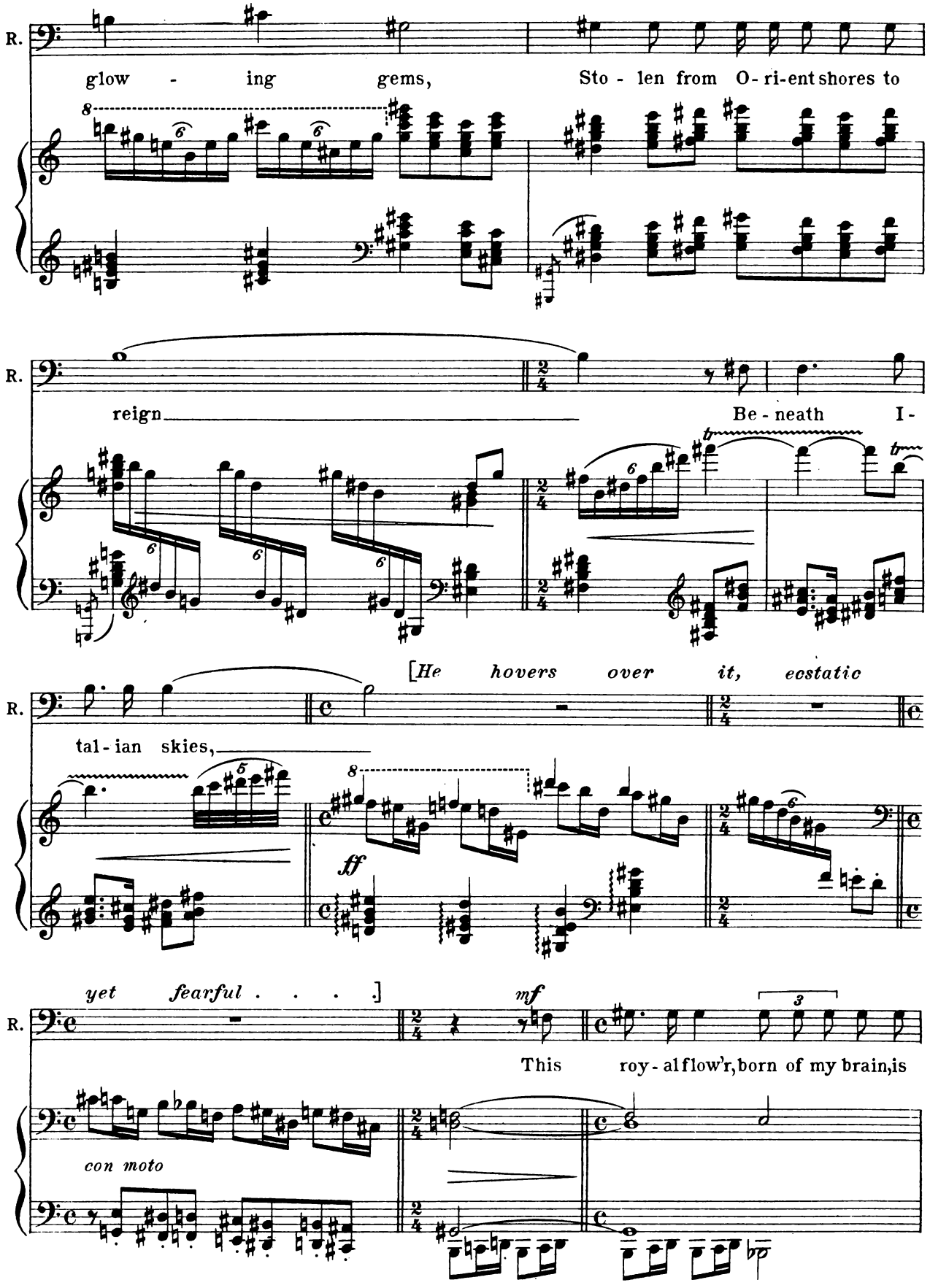
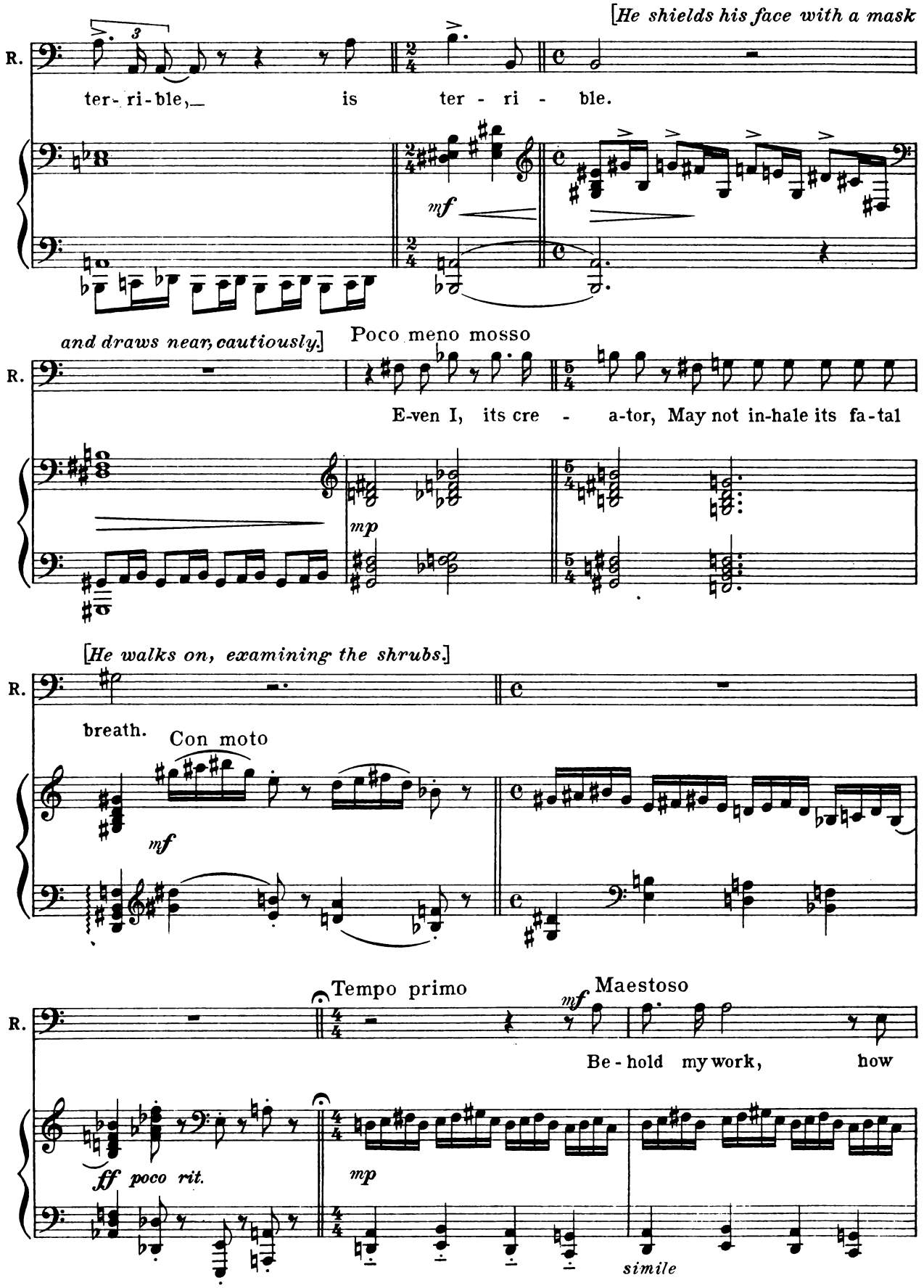
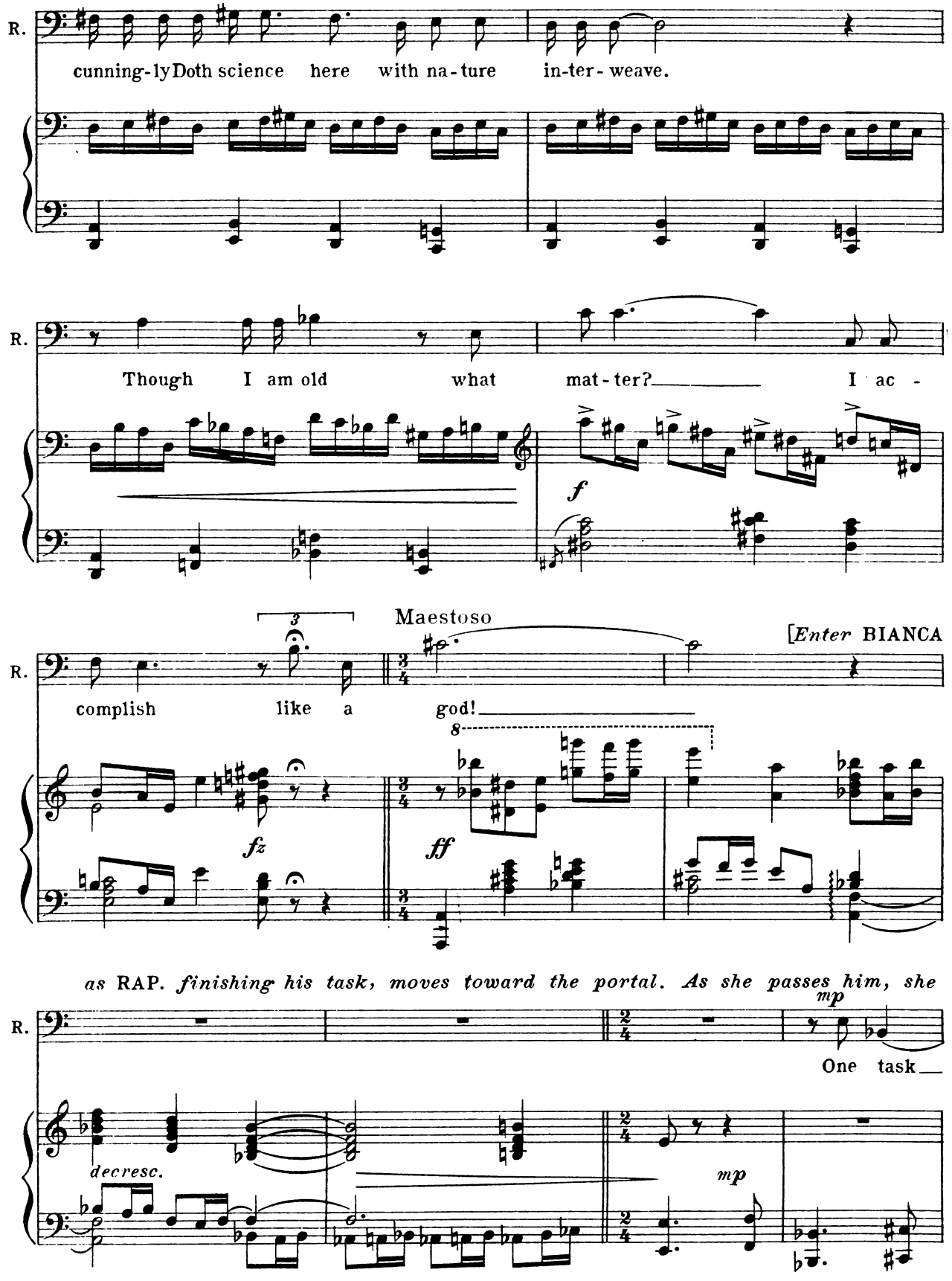

f
(♩ = 68)
Rappaccini
mf
Be -
mf
R.
hold my work, how cun-ning-ly Doth science here with na-ture
R.
in-ter-weave! No skill but mine hath e'er cre-a-ted

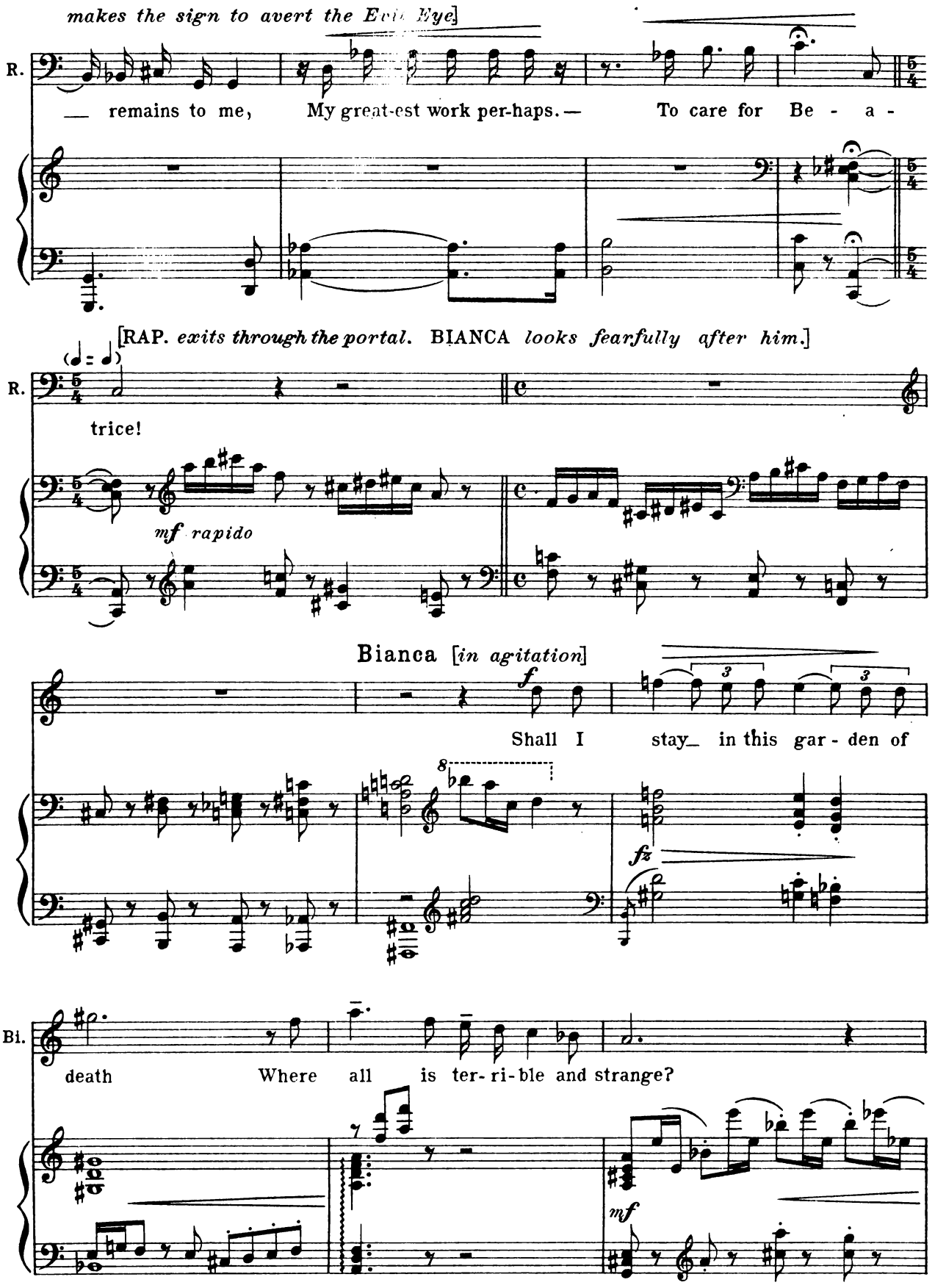

R.
blooms like these,—
Mar - vel - lous, al - most di -
mf
[Into a watering-pot of water he empties the contents of sev·
R.
vine.
ff
eral vials and stirs the mixture, then sprinkles the plants.]
R.
With med-i - ca-ments distilled from secret
decresc.
mp
R.
herbs, With ar- o-mat-ic pois-ons and strange cordials, I nour-ish these wierd children of my
mf
pp

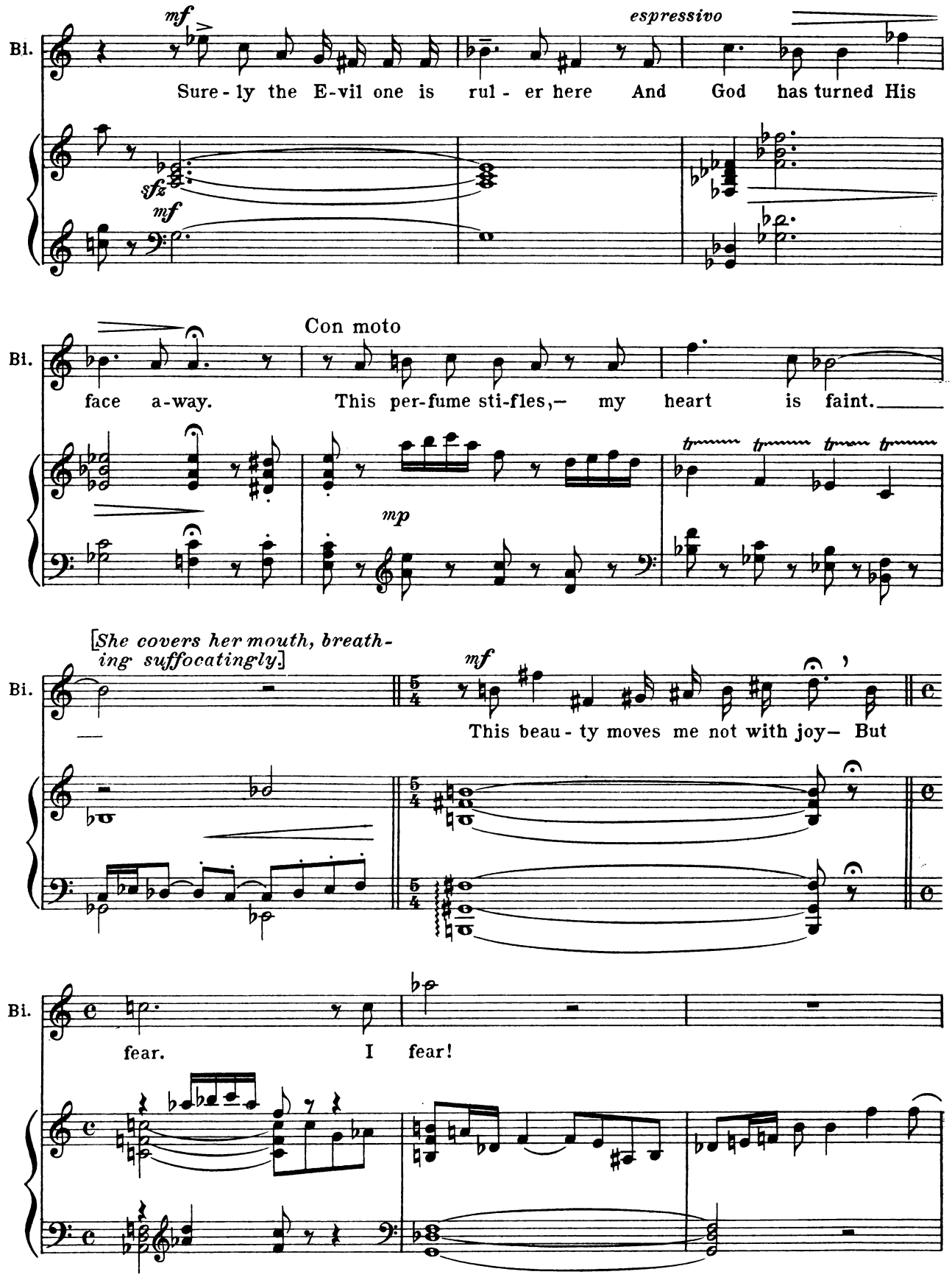

(♩ = 88)
R.
sci-ence Which breathe ex - o - tic es-sence on the
[He pauses before a magnificent shrub, yet
Più mosso
mf
night.
And this, the
mf
is careful not to approach too near.]
crown of my en-deav-er, The gar-den's empress, Like some Sul - ta - na of bar-
bar - ic realm, Per - fumed and splen - did, Gir - dled with
8

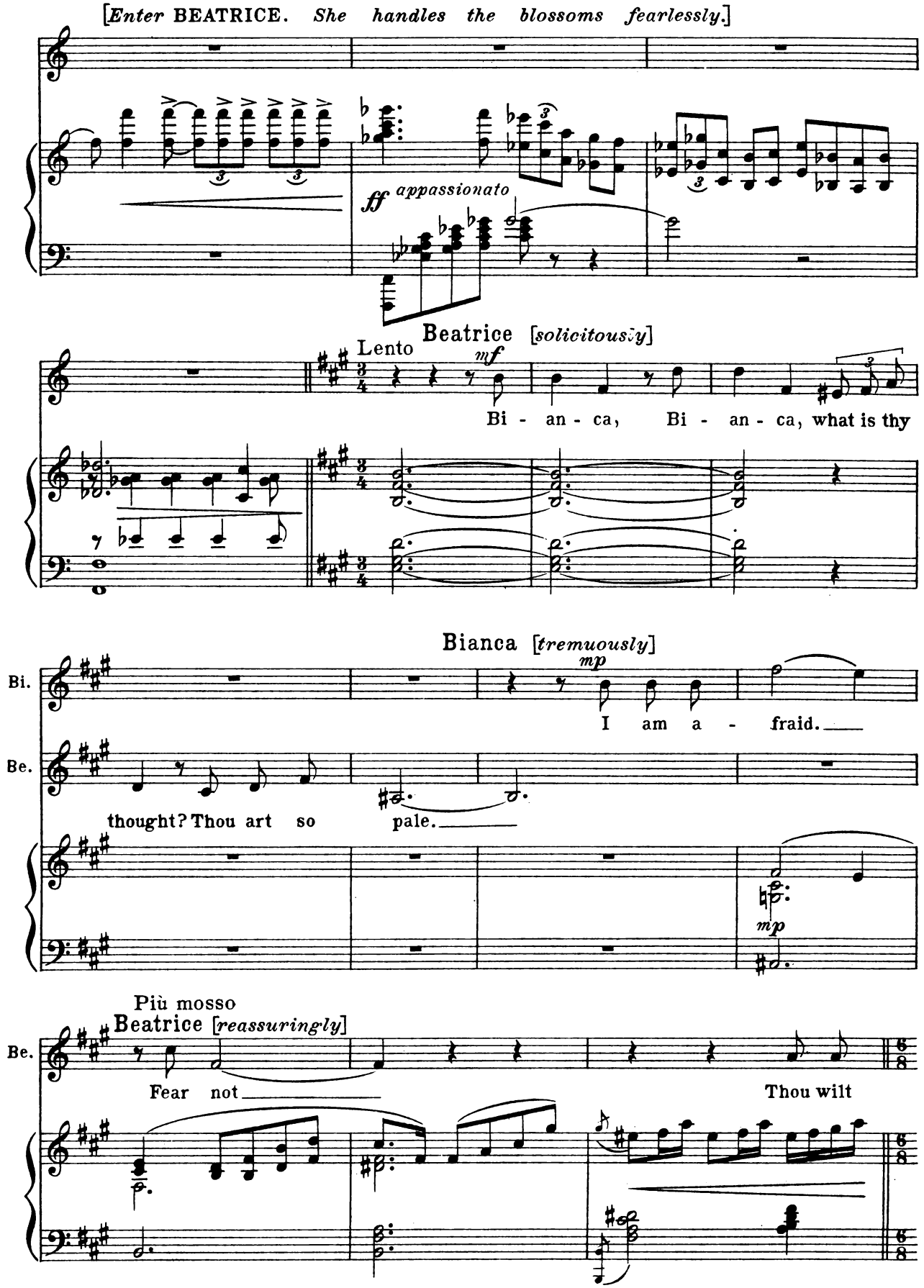

R.
glow - ing gems, Sto - len from O - ri-ent shores to
R.
reign Be - neath I -
[He hovers over it, ecstatic
R.
tal - ian skies,
ff
yet fearful . . .]
mf
R.
This roy - al flow'r, born of my brain, is
con moto

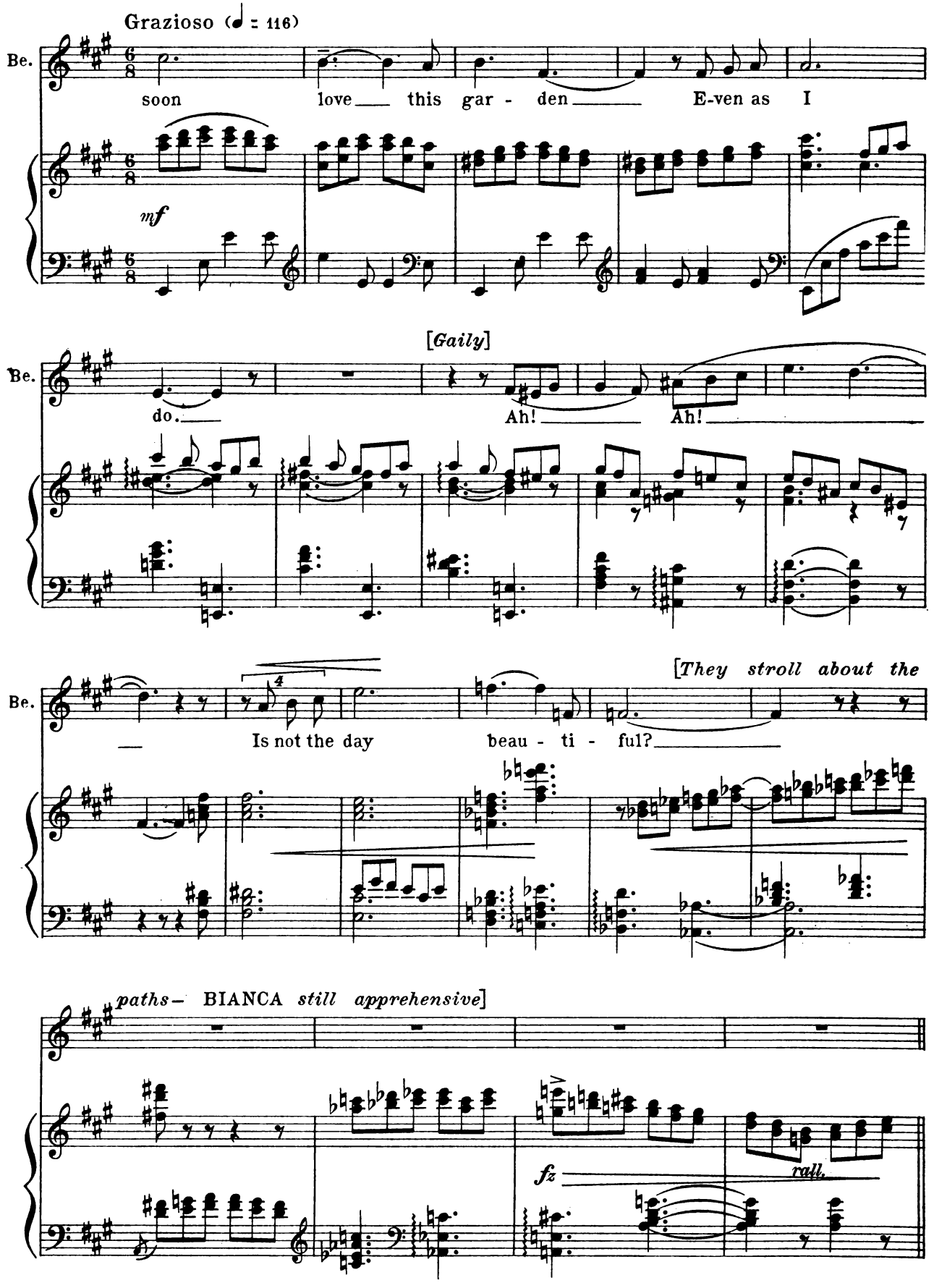

[He shields his face with a mask
R.
ter- ri- ble,
is
ter - ri - ble.
mf
and draws near, cautiously.]
Poco meno mosso
R.
E-ven I, its cre - a-tor, May not in-hale its fa-tal
mp
[He walks on, examining the shrubs.]
R.
breath.
Con moto
mf
Tempo primo
Maestoso
mf
R.
Be - hold my work, how
ff poco rit.
mp
simile

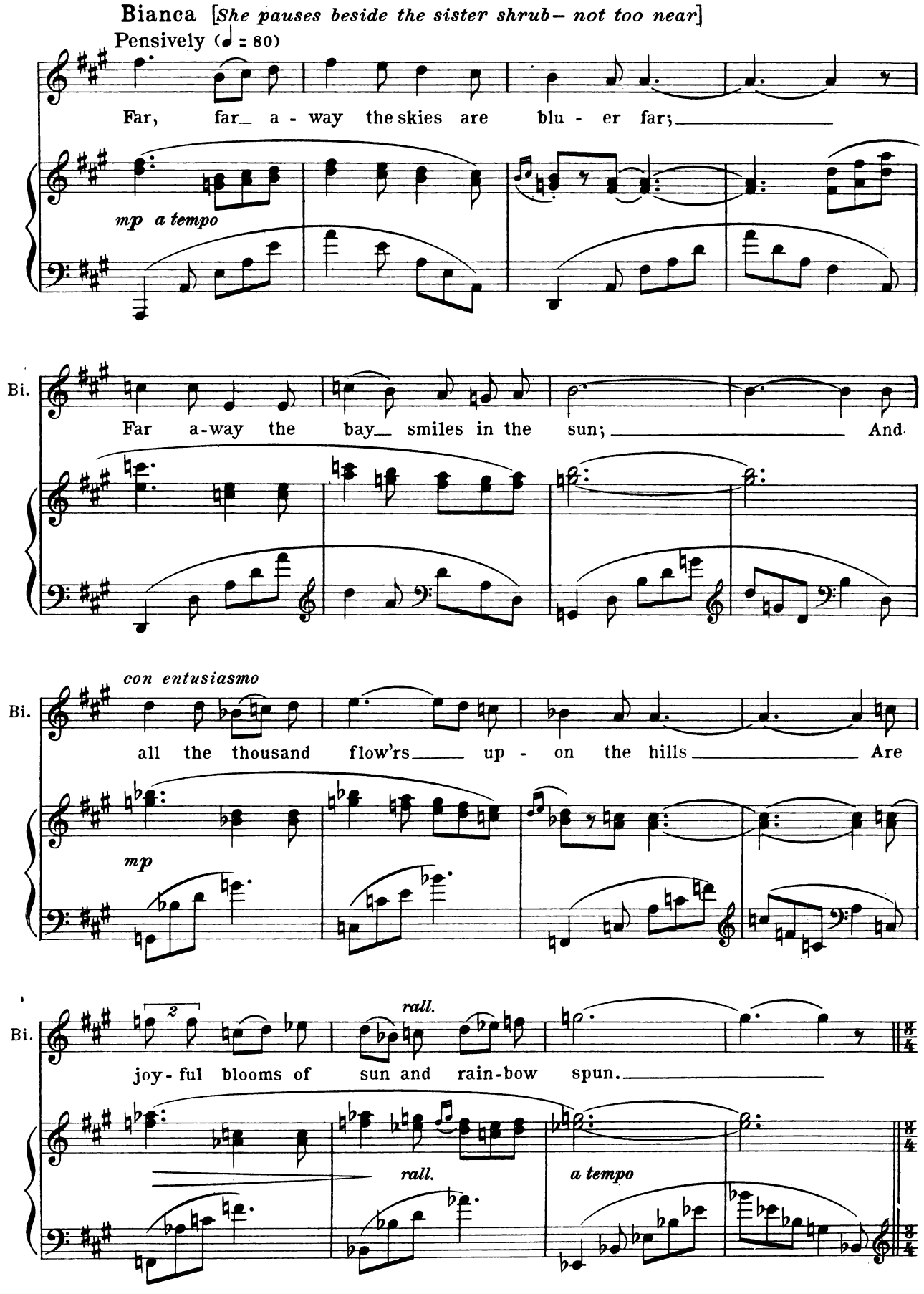

R.
cunning-ly Doth science here with na-ture in-ter-weave.
R.
Though I am old what mat-ter? I ac -
f
3
Maestoso
[Enter BIANCA
R.
complish like a god!
fz
ff
as RAP. finishing his task, moves toward the portal. As she passes him, she
mp
R.
One task
decresc.
mp


makes the sign to avert the Evil Eye.
R.
— remains to me, My great-est work per-haps. — To care for Be - a -
[RAP. exits through the portal. BIANCA looks fearfully after him.]
R.
trice!
mf rapido
Bianca [in agitation]
f
Shall I stay_ in this gar - den of
fz
Bi.
death Where all is ter- ri- ble and strange?
mf


Bi.
mf
espressivo
Sure - ly the E-vil one is rul - er here And God has turned His
sfz
mf
Con moto
face a-way. This per-fume sti-fles,— my heart is faint.
mp
tr
[She covers her mouth, breath-
ing suffocatingly.]
mf
This beau - ty moves me not with joy— But
fear. I fear!


[Enter BEATRICE. She handles the blossoms fearlessly.]
ff appassionato
Lento
Beatrice [solicitously]
mf
Bi - an - ca, Bi - an - ca, what is thy
Bianca [tremuously]
mp
Bi.
I am a - fraid.
Be.
thought? Thou art so pale.
mp
Più mosso
Beatrice [reassuringly]
Be.
Fear not
Thou wilt


Grazioso (♩ = 116)
Be.
soon love this gar - den E-ven as I
mf
[Gaily]
Be.
do. Ah! Ah!
Be.
[They stroll about the
Is not the day beau - ti - ful?
paths— BIANCA still apprehensive]
fz
rall.


Bianca [She pauses beside the sister shrub– not too near]
Pensively (♩ = 80)
Far, far_ a - way the skies are blu - er far;
mp a tempo
Bi.
Far a-way the bay_ smiles in the sun; And
con entusiasmo
Bi.
all the thousand flow'rs up - on the hills Are
mp
Bi.
joy - ful blooms of sun and rain-bow spun.
rall.
rall.
a tempo

[*She turns aside passionately*]

Con moto (♩= ♩.)

Tempo primo

Bi. *mf*

These are hor-ri-ble blossoms, Born of enchantment and strange drugs.

mf *mp*

Beatrice [*reprovingly*]

Be.

Nay,— not enchantment. My fa-ther Is no ma-gi-cian,

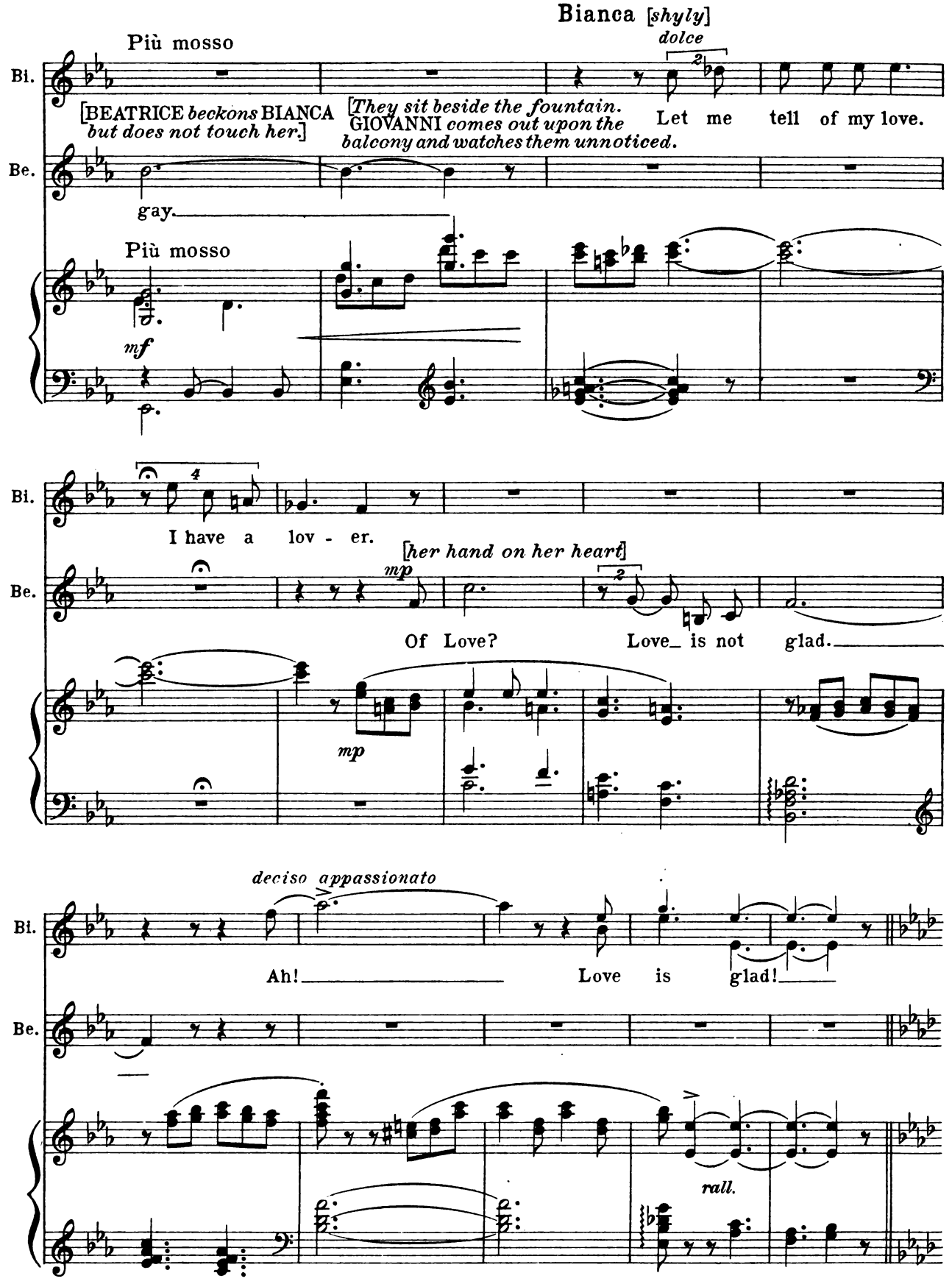
Be.

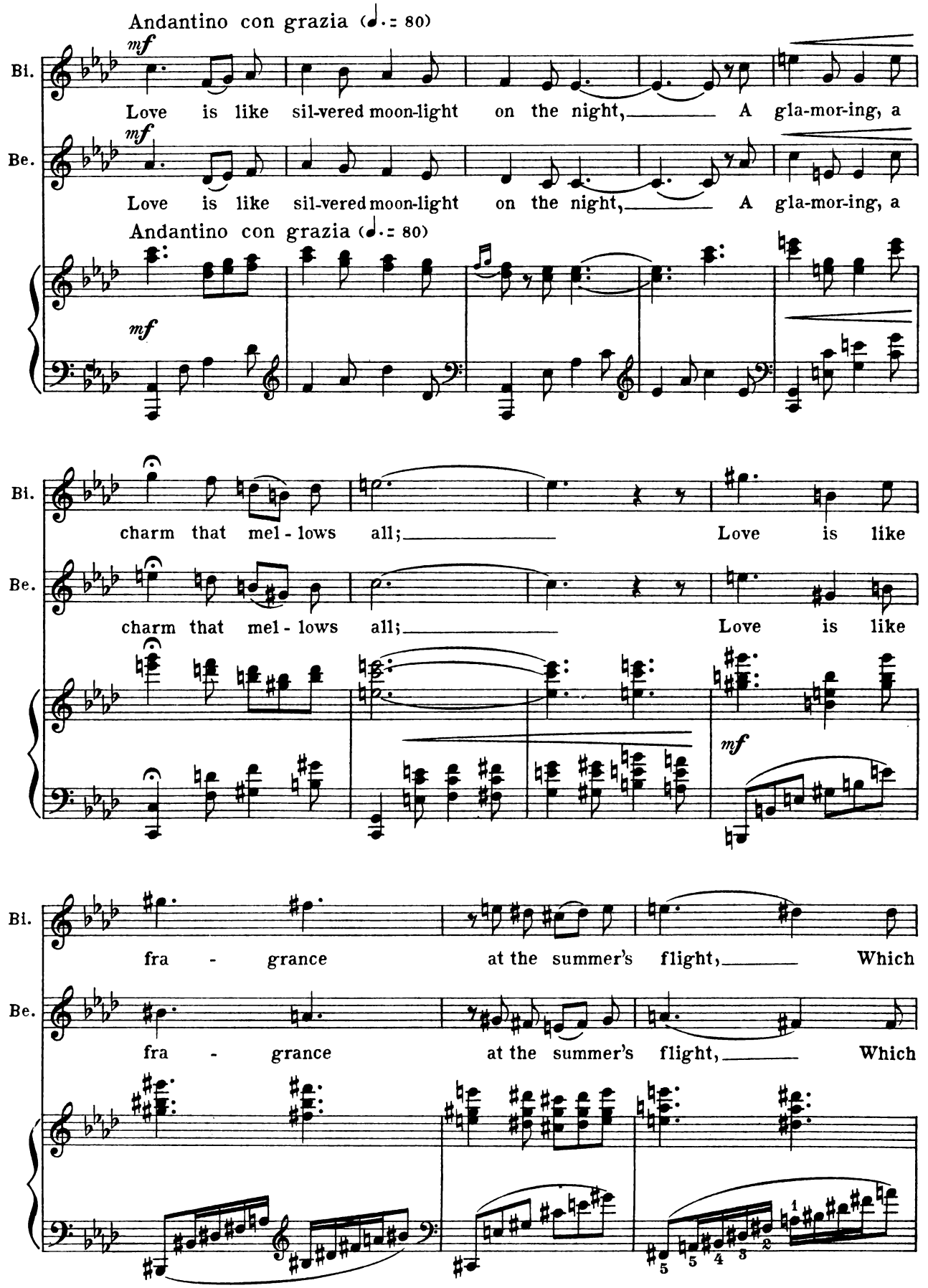
but a man of sci-ence.— Thou dost not un-der-stand.—

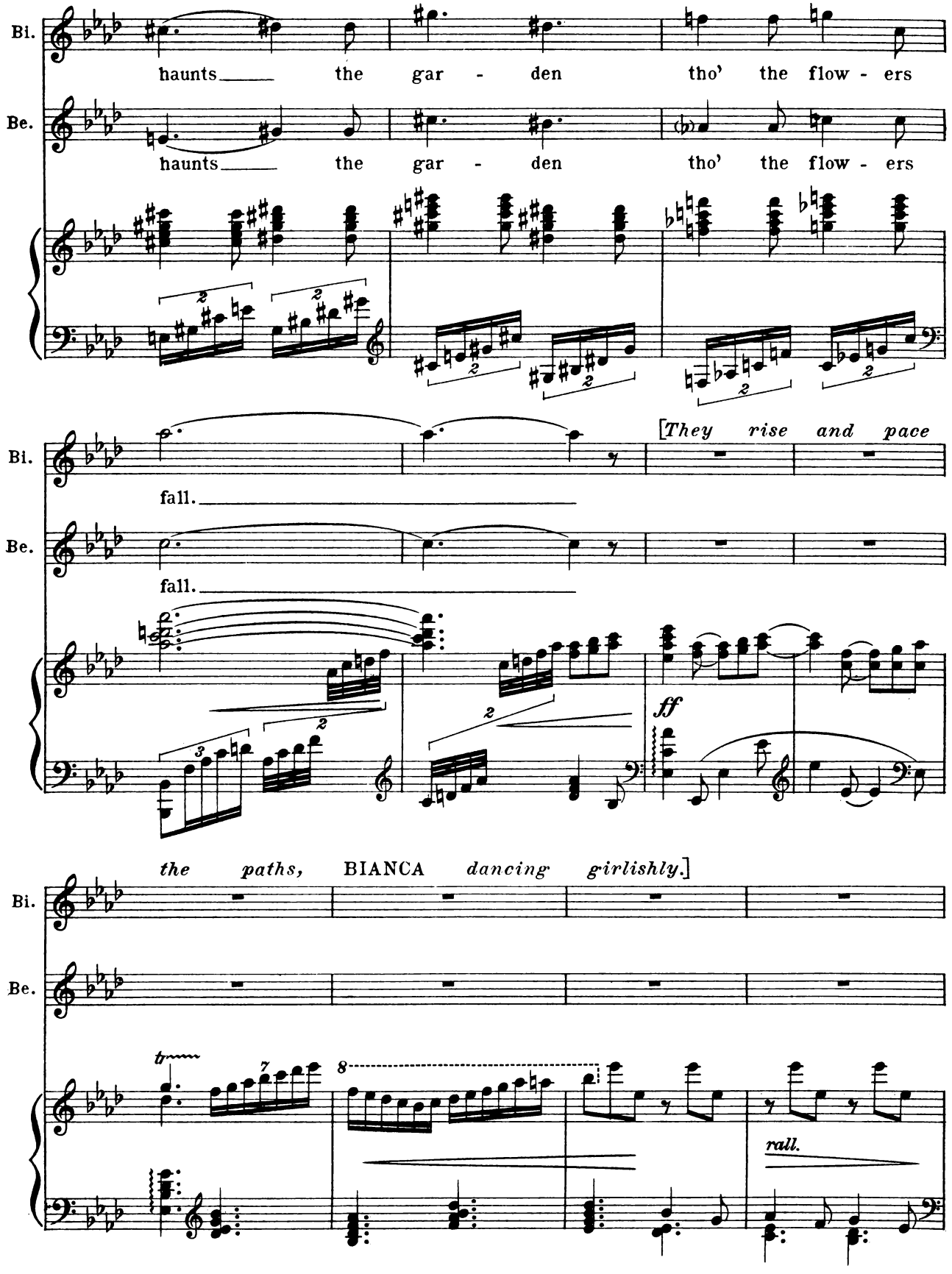
cresc.

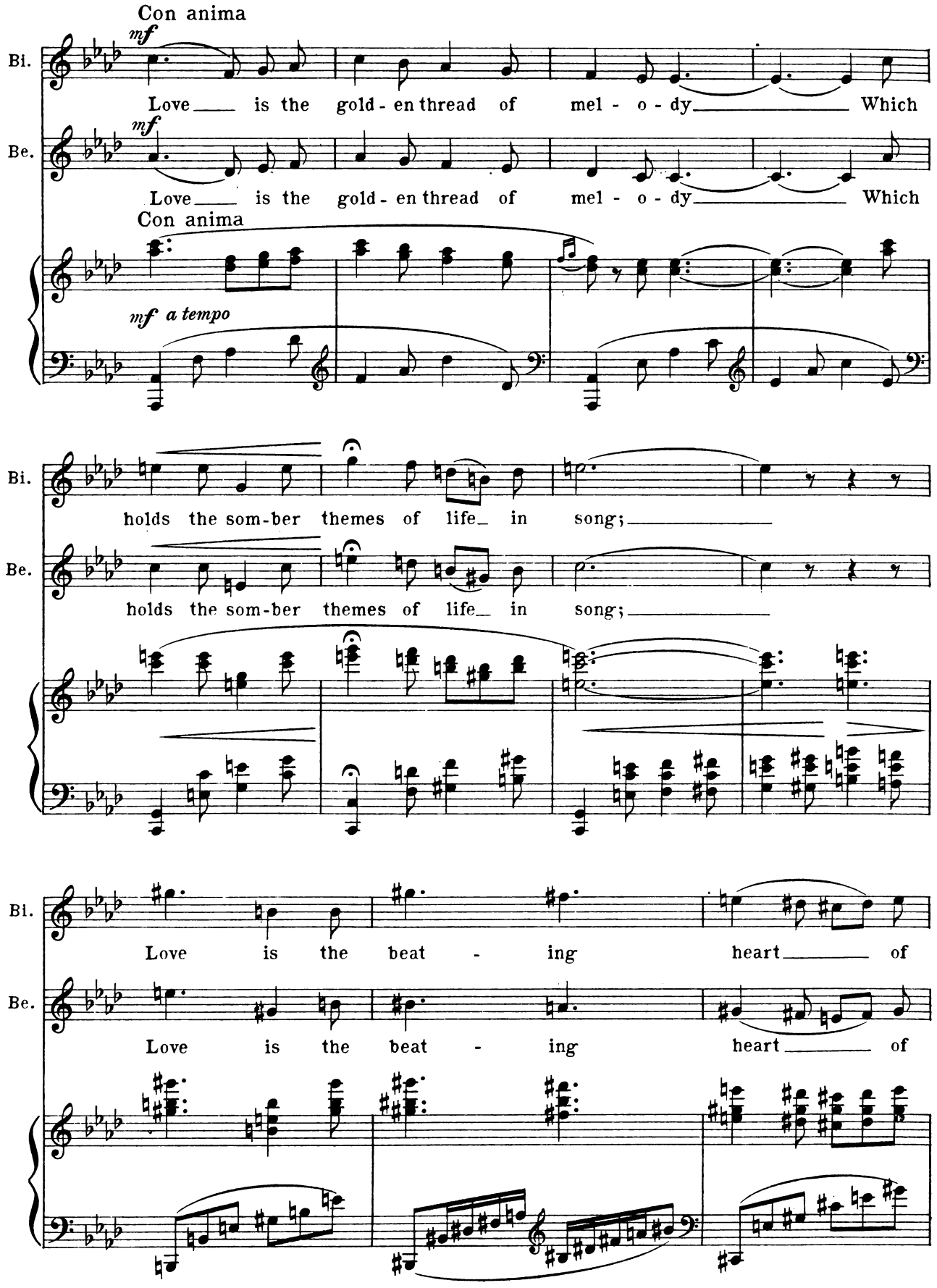
Be.

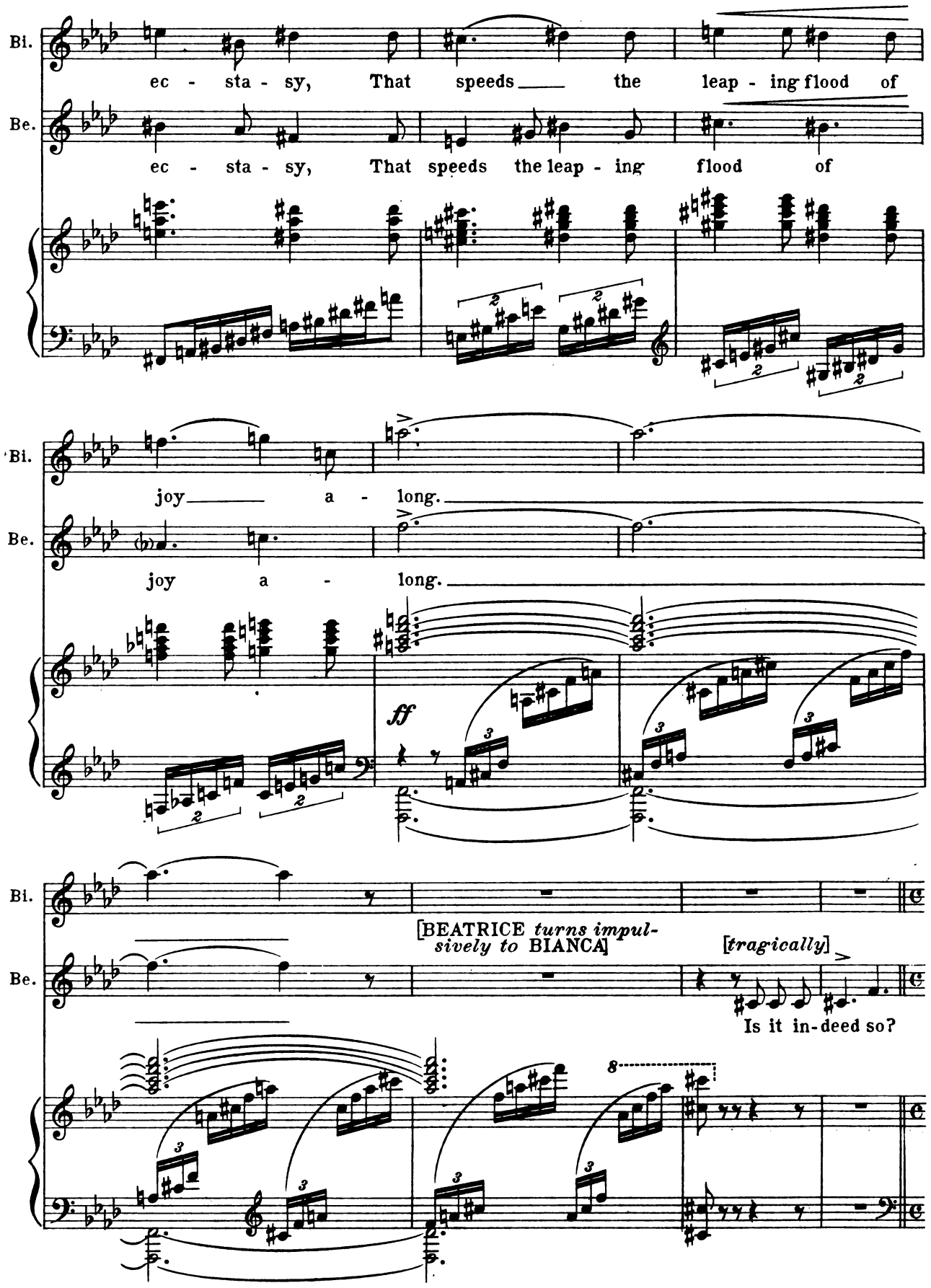
For-get what trou-bles thee. Come, let us be


Più mosso
Bianca [shyly]
dolce
Bi.
[BEATRICE beckons BIANCA but does not touch her.]
[They sit beside the fountain. GIOVANNI comes out upon the balcony and watches them unnoticed.]
Let me tell of my love.
Be.
gay.
Più mosso
mf
I have a lov - er.
[her hand on her heart]
mp
Of Love?
Love_ is not glad.
deciso appassionato
Ah!
Love is glad!
rall.

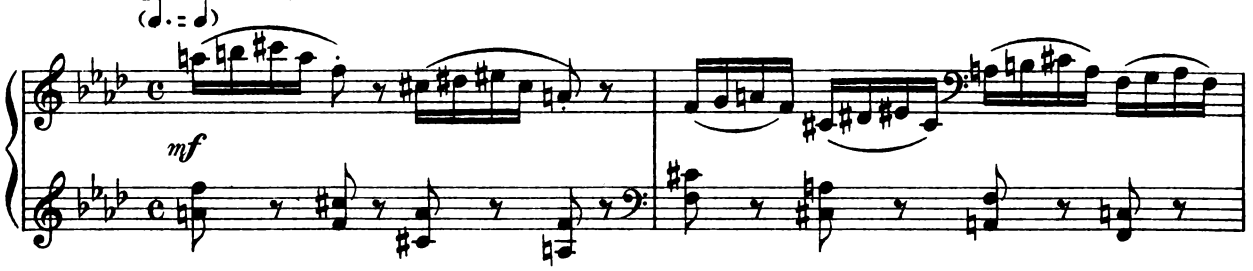

Andantino con grazia (♩. = 80)
mf
Bi.
Love is like sil-vered moon-light on the night, A gla-mor-ing, a
Be.
Love is like sil-vered moon-light on the night, A gla-mor-ing, a
Andantino con grazia (♩. = 80)
mf
charm that mel - lows all; Love is like
charm that mel - lows all; Love is like
mf
fra - grance at the summer's flight, Which
fra - grance at the summer's flight, Which


Bi.
haunts the gar - den tho' the flow - ers
Be.
haunts the gar - den tho' the flow - ers
Bi.
fall.
[They rise and pace
Be.
fall.
ff
the paths, BIANCA dancing girlishly.]
Bi.
Be.
tr
rall.

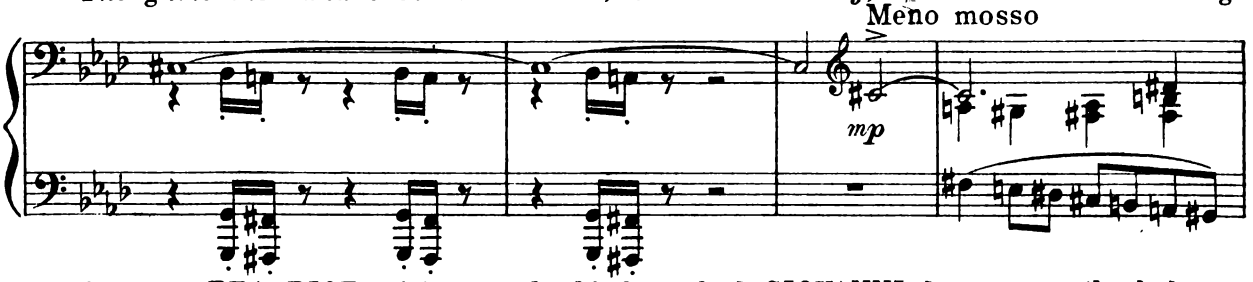

Con anima
mf
Bi.
Love is the gold - en thread of mel - o - dy Which
mf
Be.
Love is the gold - en thread of mel - o - dy Which
Con anima
mf a tempo
Bi.
holds the som-ber themes of life in song;
Be.
holds the som-ber themes of life in song;
Bi.
Love is the beat - ing heart of
Be.
Love is the beat - ing heart of


Bi.
ec - sta - sy, That speeds the leap - ing flood of
Be.
ec - sta - sy, That speeds the leap - ing flood of
joy a - long.
joy a - long.
ff
[BEATRICE turns impulsively to BIANCA]
[tragically]
Is it in-deed so?

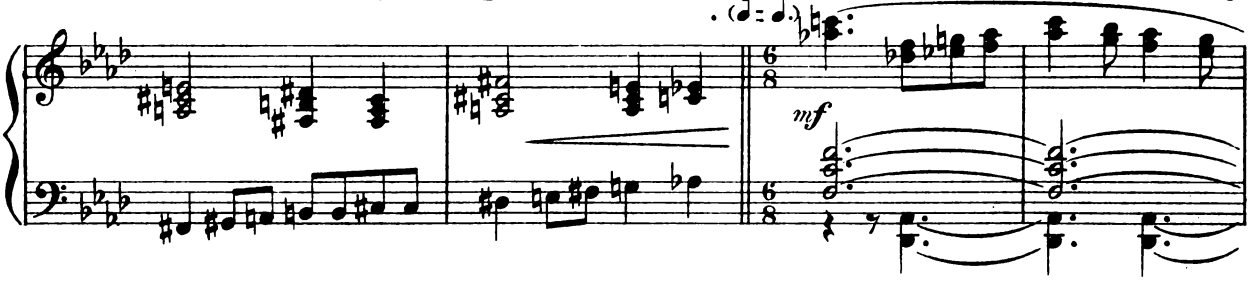
[A bird flying over the garden, drops dead at the feet of BEATRICE –



The girls rise and cross themselves, BEATRICE *sadly,* BIANCA *with shuddering*



horror. BEATRICE *picks up the bird tenderly.* GIOVANNI *leans over the balcony,*



watching intently.]

Beatrice *mp*

So ter - ri - ble is life!

Bianca *[passionately]*

Bi. *mf*

Life is not ter - ri - ble, It

Be. *f*

How can we for - get?

mf

Più mosso

Bi. is this dread - ful gar - den.

rall. *pp*

[*They exit with the dead bird.* BEATRICE *smoothes its plumage sorrowfully.*

poco *a* *poco* -

BIANCA *shows distress. As they approach the portal,* BEATRICE *looks up, catch-*

decresc.

ing GIOVANNI'S *horrified gaze. She clasps her hand to her heart, dropping the bird.*] [BIANCA *picks it up.*] [*They exeunt hurriedly*]

ppp

Giovanni [*horrified*] Andante con moto

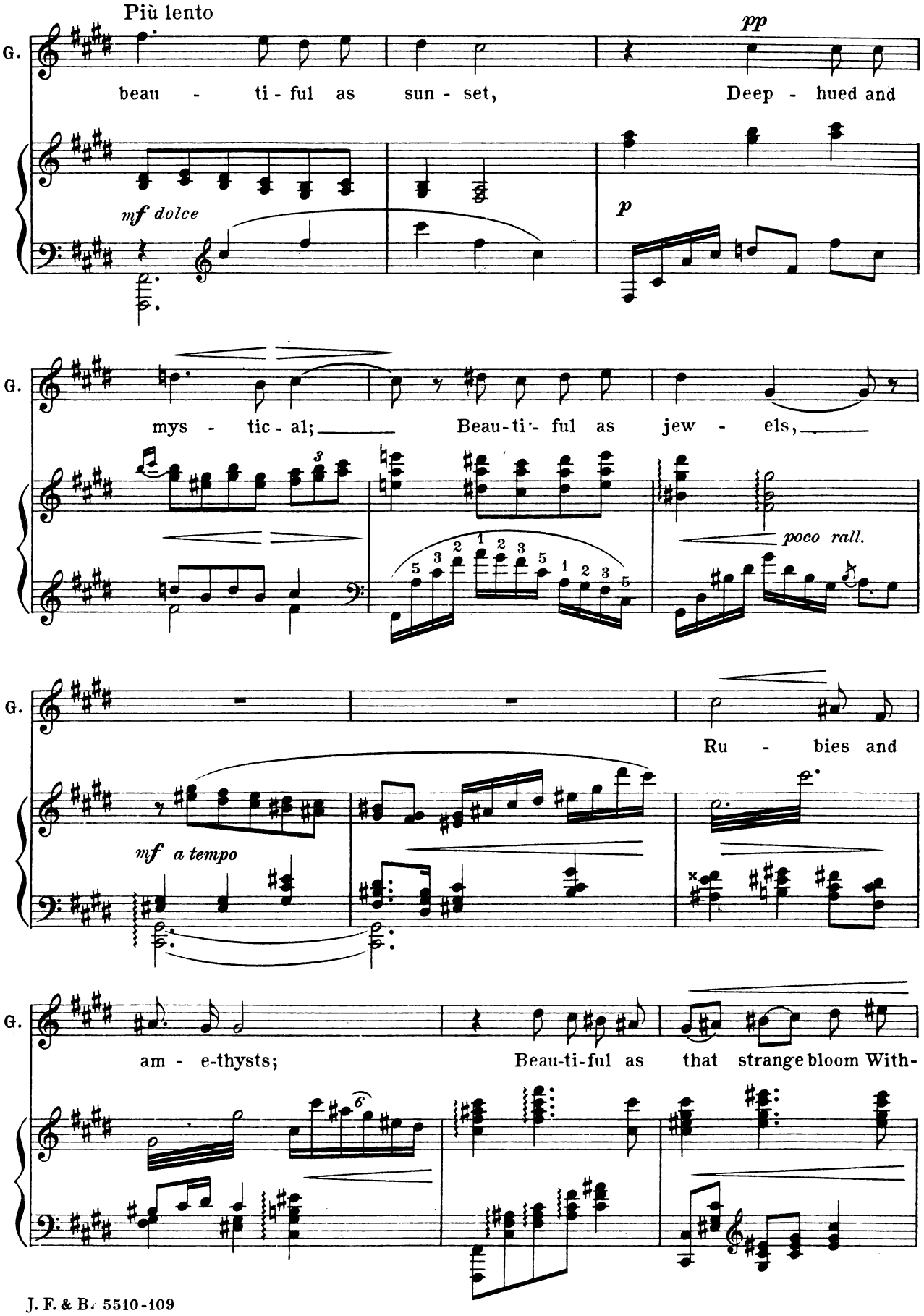
Agitato

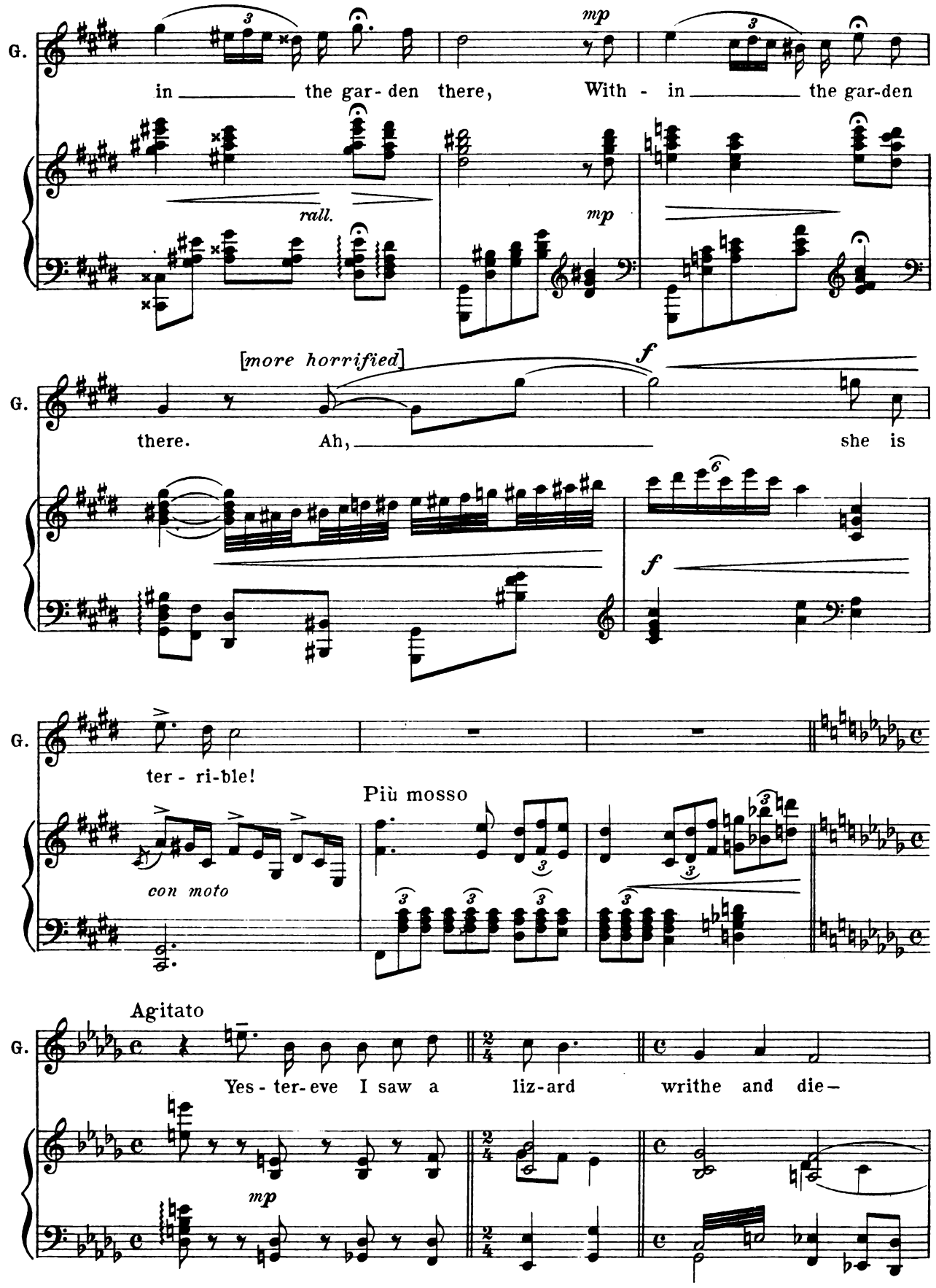
f *dolce*

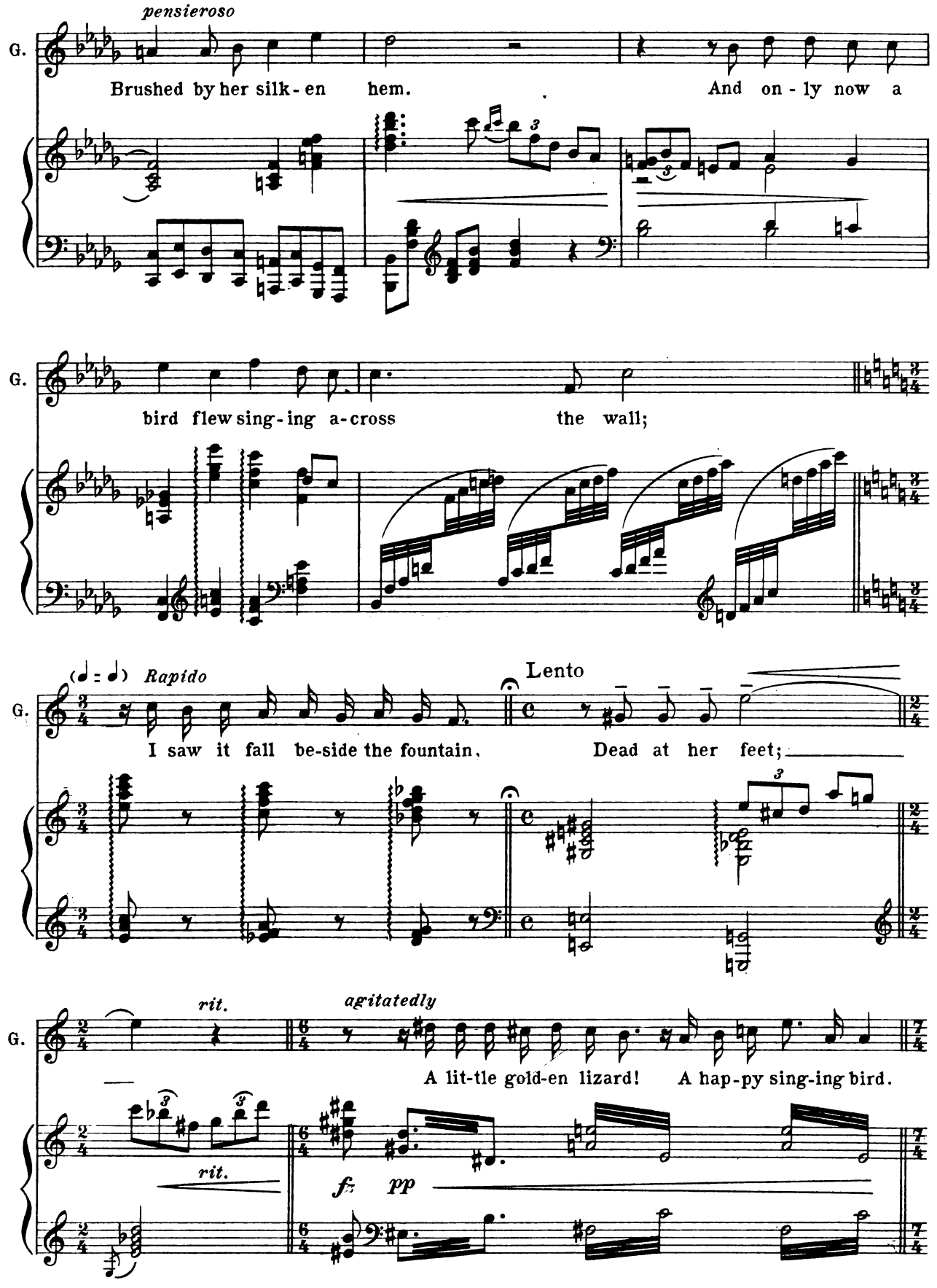
Ah, she is ter - ri-ble! Yet

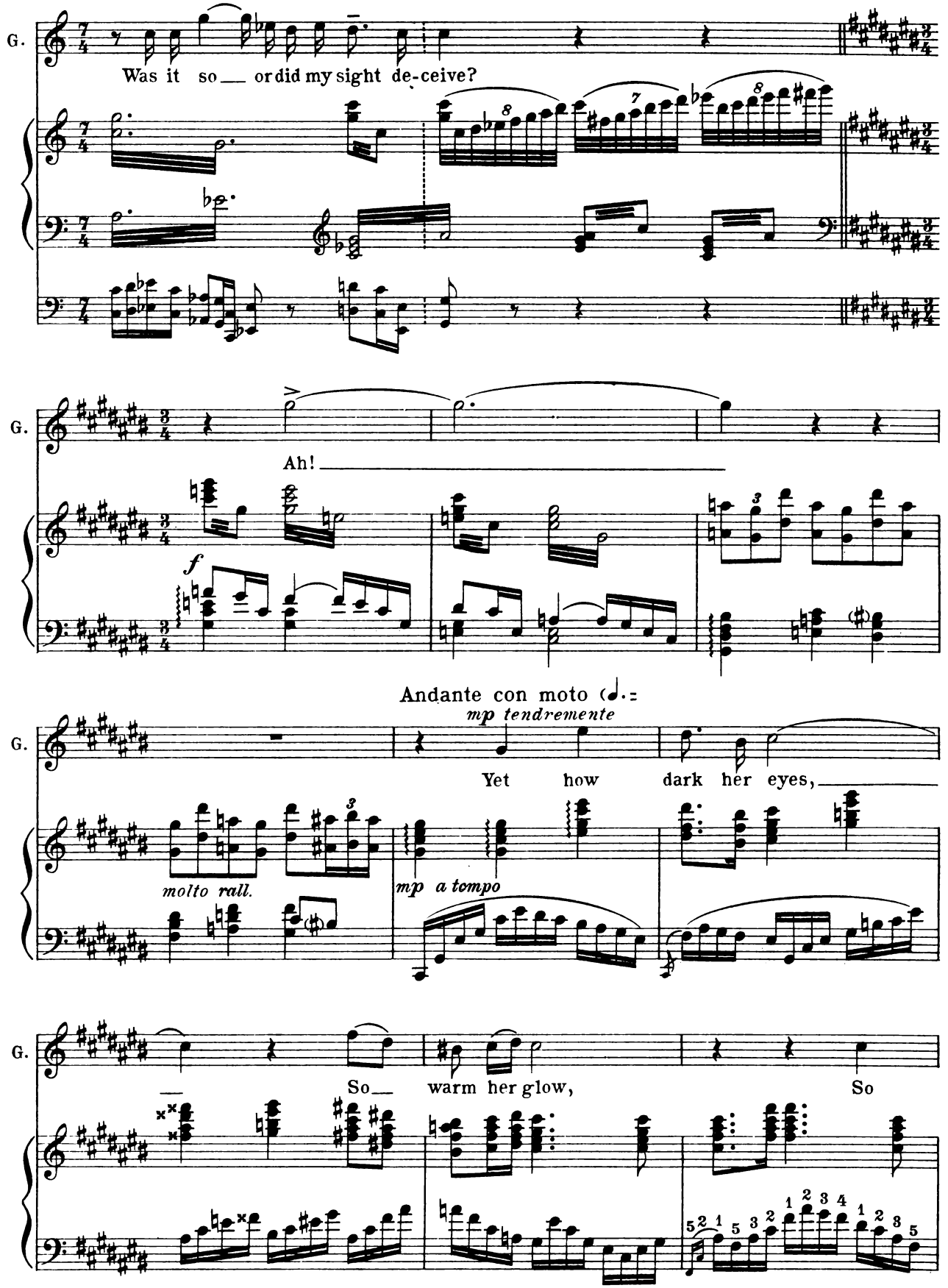
mp *cresc.*

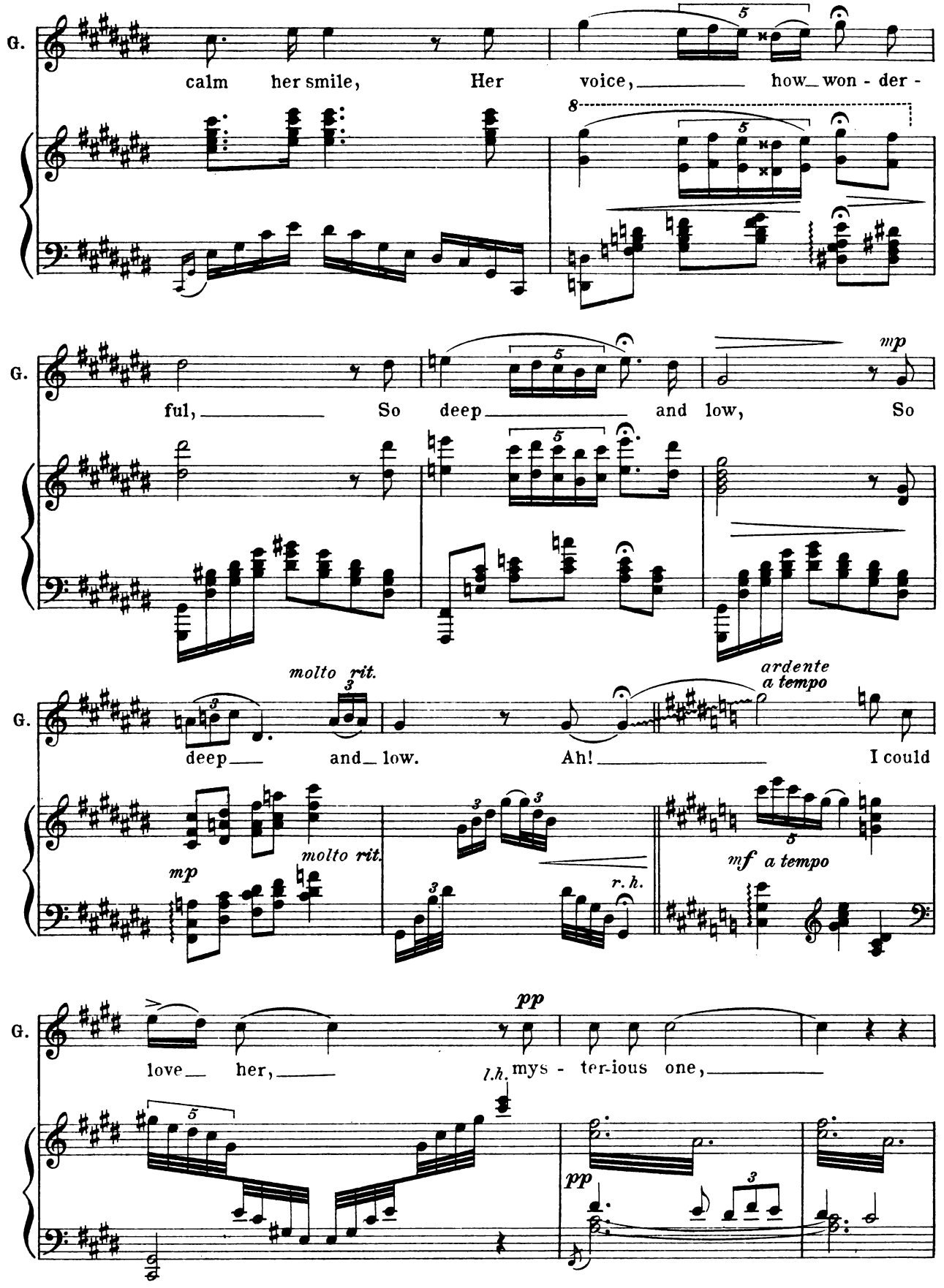
Ped. *

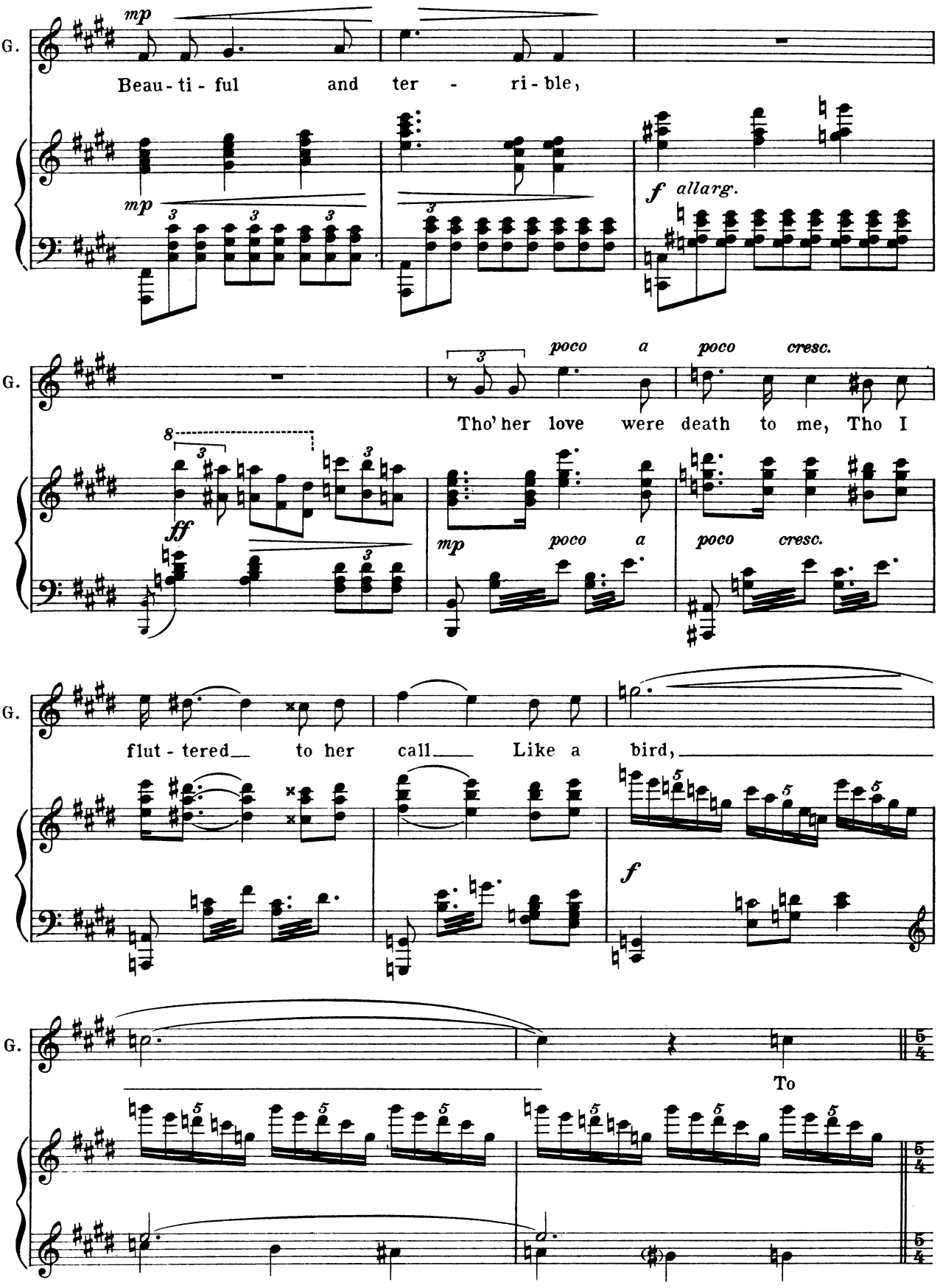

Più lento
G.
beau - ti - ful as sun - set,
Deep - hued and
mf dolce
pp
p
mys - tic - al;
Beau-ti- ful as jew - els,
poco rall.
Ru - bies and
mf a tempo
am - e-thysts;
Beau-ti-ful as that strange bloom With-

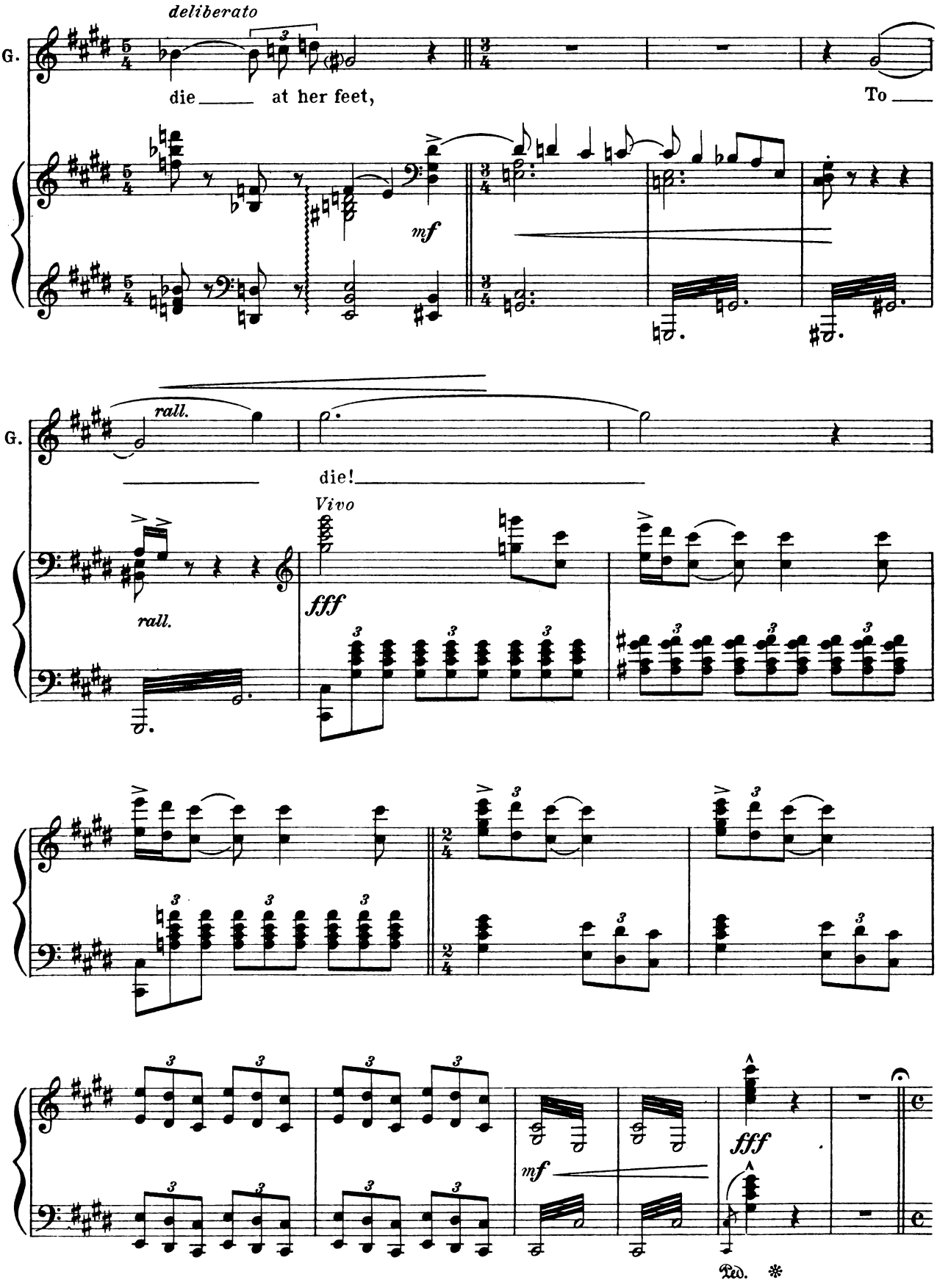

G.
in the gar- den there,
With - in the gar-den
rall.
mp
mp
[more horrified]
f
G.
there.
Ah,
she is
f
G.
ter - ri-ble!
Più mosso
con moto
Agitato
G.
Yes - ter- eve I saw a liz-ard writhe and die—
mp


pensieroso
G.
Brushed by her silk - en hem.
And on - ly now a
G.
bird flew sing - ing a - cross the wall;
(♩ = ♩) Rapido
Lento
G.
I saw it fall be-side the fountain,
Dead at her feet;
rit.
agitatedly
G.
A lit-tle gold-en lizard! A hap-py sing-ing bird.
rit.
f
pp


G.
Was it so__ or did my sight de-ceive?
G.
Ah!
f
Andante con moto
mp tendremente
G.
Yet how dark her eyes,
molto rall.
mp a tempo
G.
So__ warm her glow,
So


G.
calm her smile, Her voice, how won - der -
G.
ful, So deep and low, So
mp
G.
molto rit.
deep and low.
Ah! I could
ardente
a tempo
mp
molto rit.
r. h.
mf a tempo
G.
love her,
pp
l.h.
mys - ter-ious one,
pp


G.
mp
Beau - ti - ful and ter - ri - ble,
mp
f allarg.
G.
poco a poco cresc.
Tho' her love were death to me, Tho I
ff
mp poco a poco cresc.
G.
flut - tered to her call Like a bird,
f
G.
To


deliberato
G.
die at her feet,
To
mf
rall.
G.
die!
Vivo
fff
rall.
fff
mf
Ped.

[BEATRICE *re-enters and goes to the sister-shrub. She opens her arms and em-*

braces it. GIOVANNI
watches fascinated.]

Beatrice

Moderato con passione

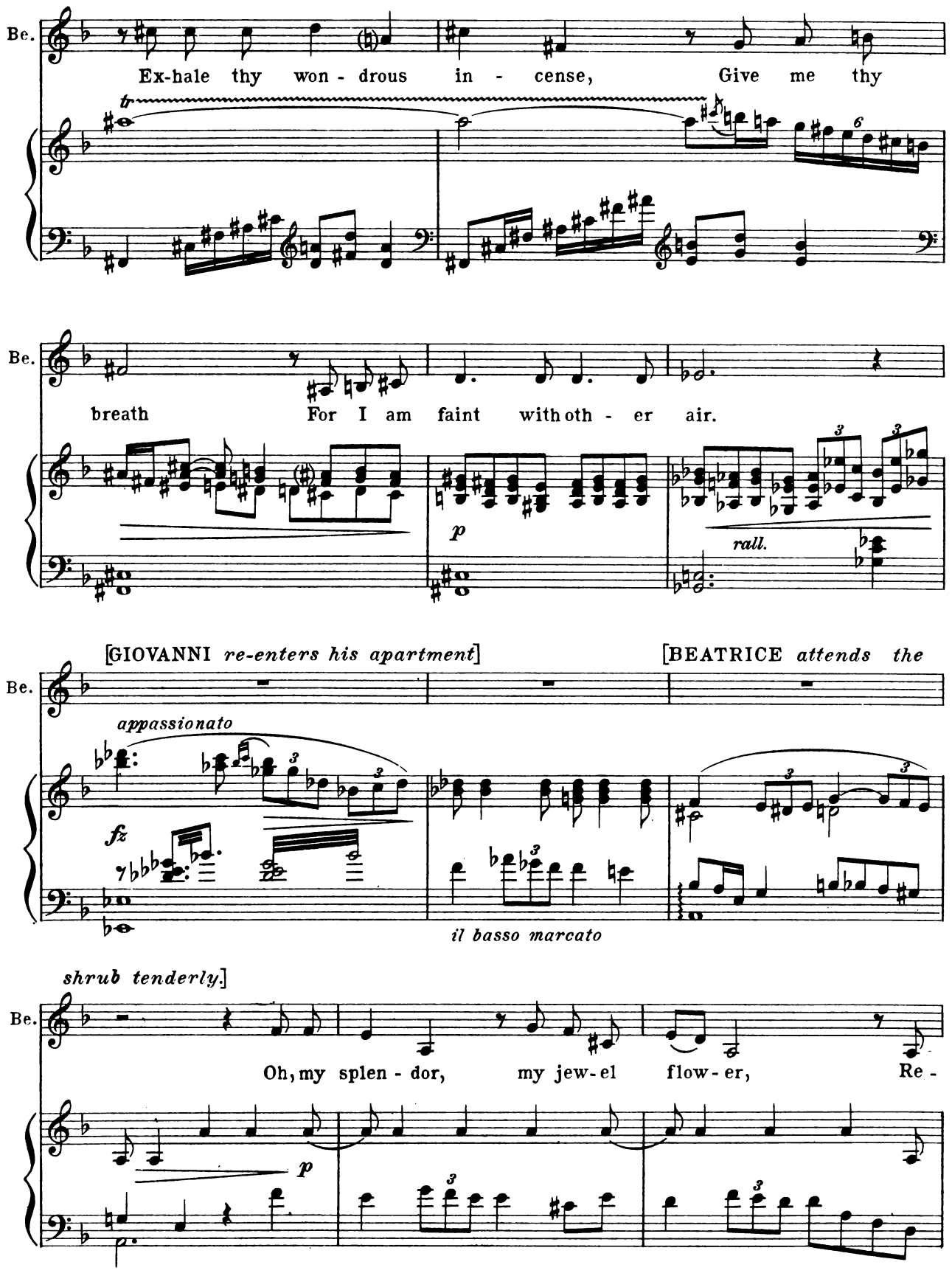
mp

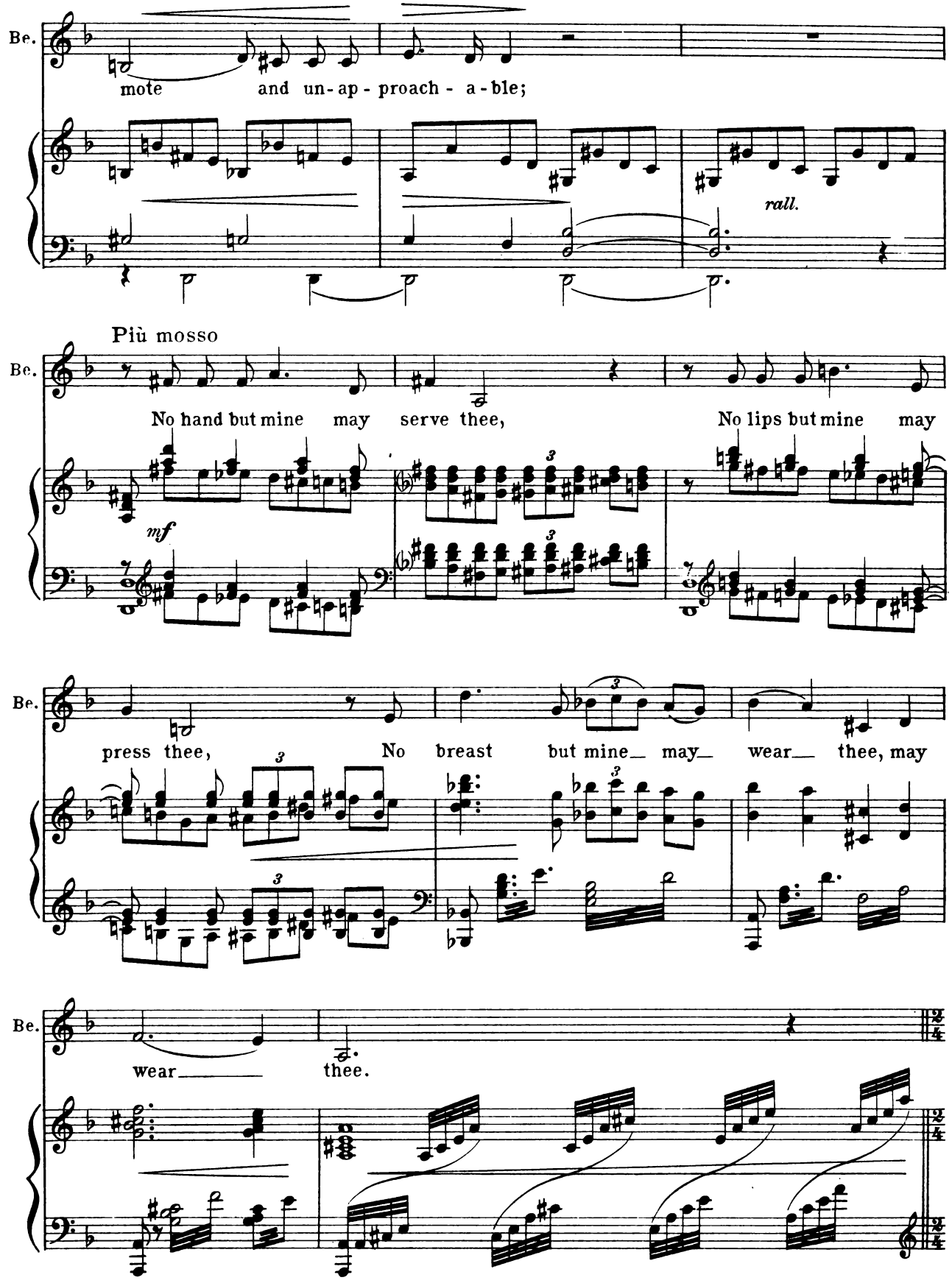
Be. Oh, my splen - dor, my jew-el flow-er, Born up-

mp

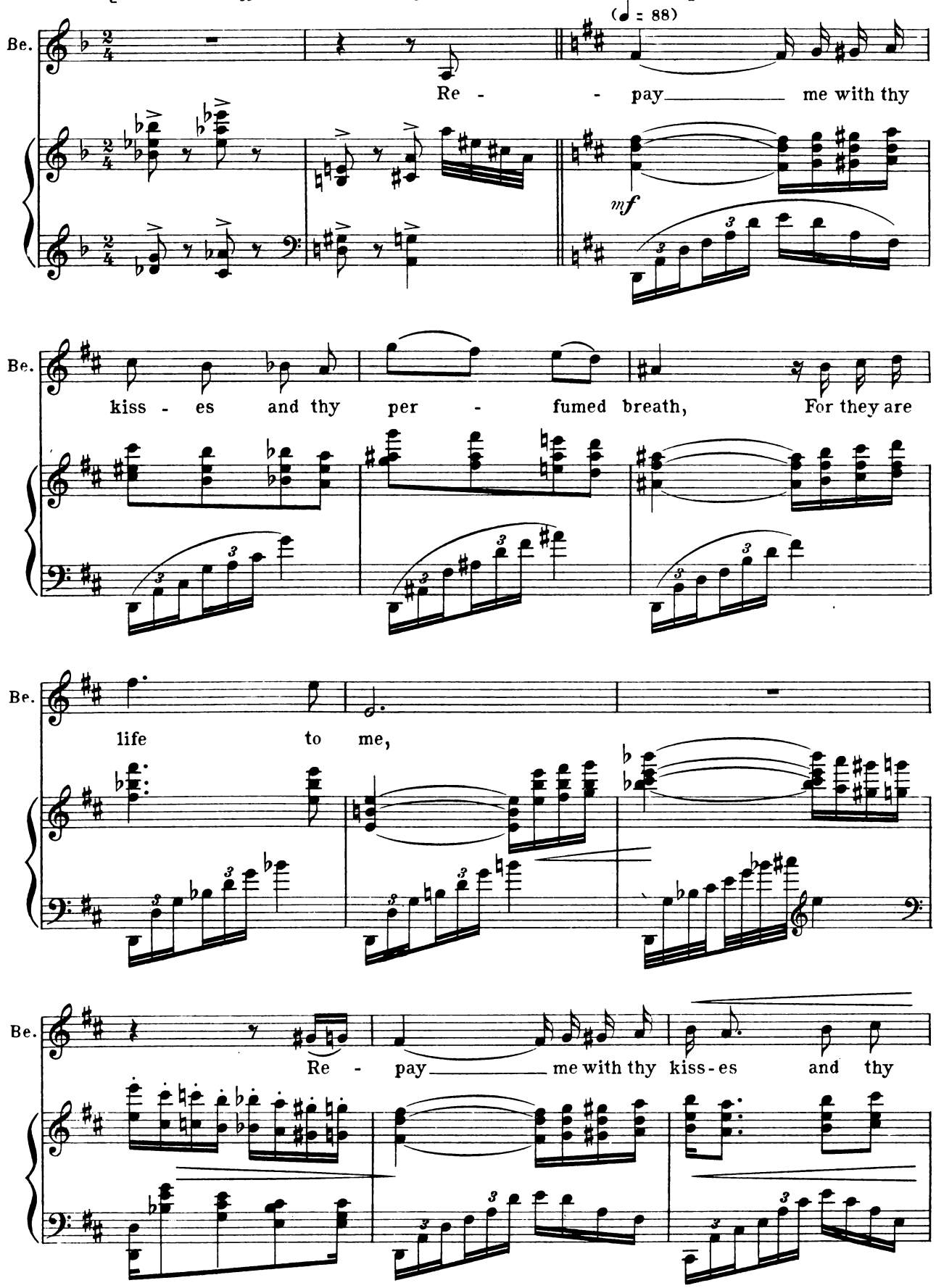
Be. on my na-tal day, Un-der the same dark star,

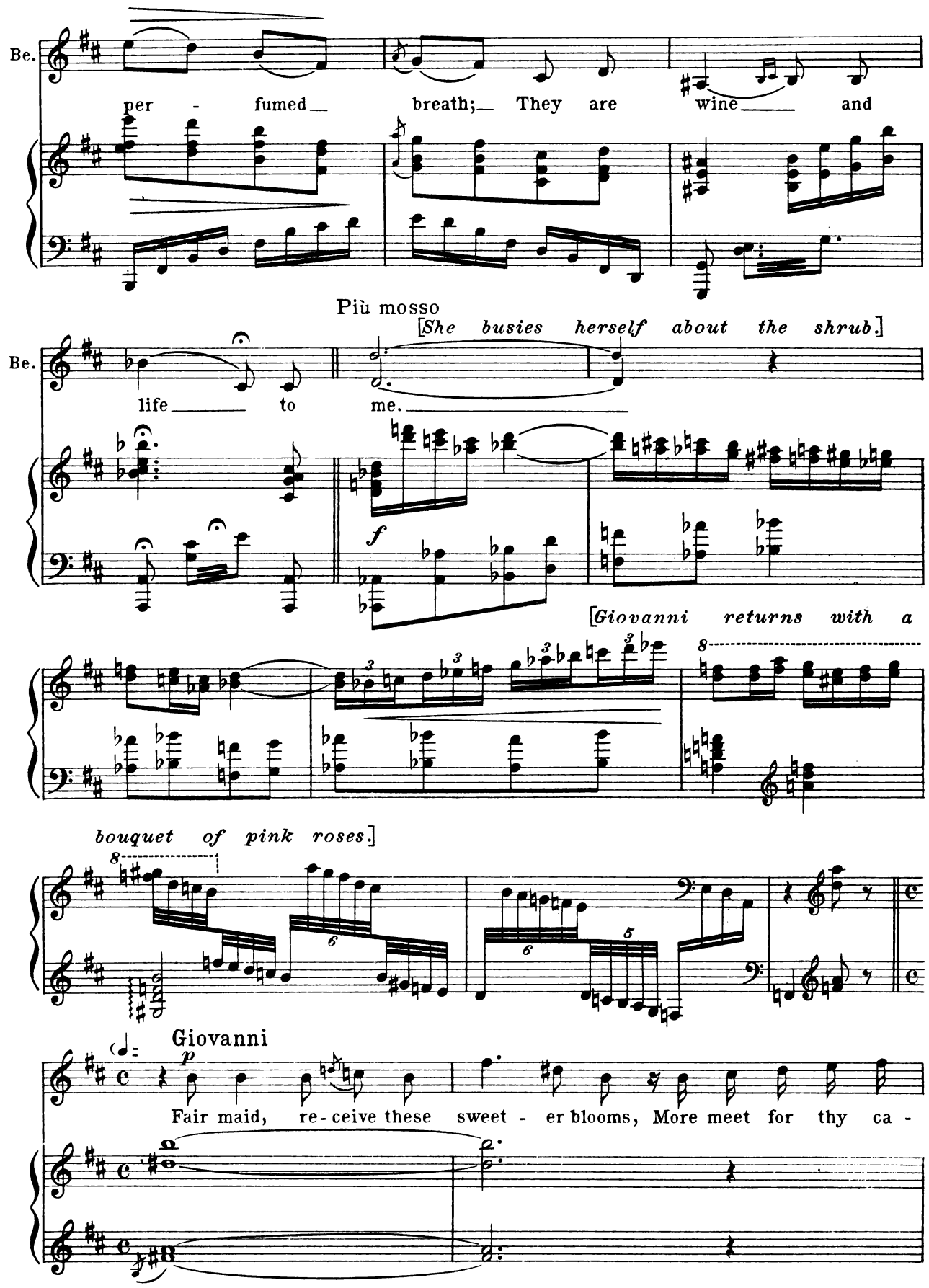
Be. Fa-ted like me to bloom a-lone;


Be.
Ex-hale thy won - drous in - cense, Give me thy
tr
6
Be.
breath For I am faint with oth - er air.
p
rall.
3
3
[GIOVANNI re-enters his apartment]
[BEATRICE attends the
Be.
appassionato
fz
3
3
3
3
il basso marcato
shrub tenderly.]
Be.
Oh, my splen - dor, my jew-el flow - er, Re -
p
3
3

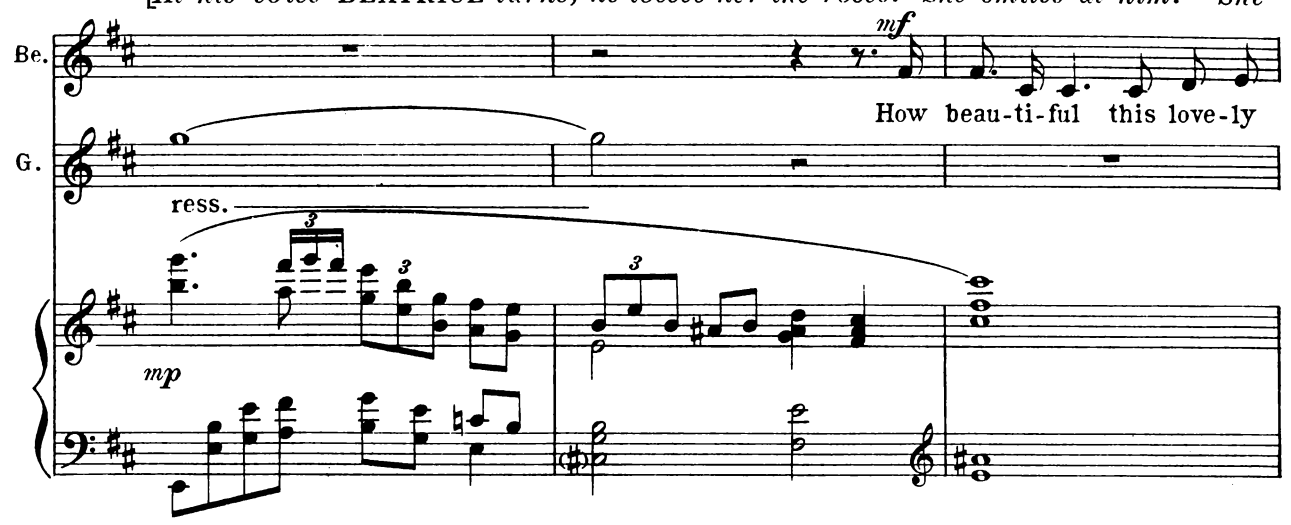

Be.
mote and un-ap-proach-a-ble;
rall.
Più mosso
Be.
No hand but mine may serve thee,
No lips but mine may
mf
Be.
press thee,
No breast but mine may wear thee, may
Be.
wear
thee.

[She breaks off a bloom and fastens it above her heart.]

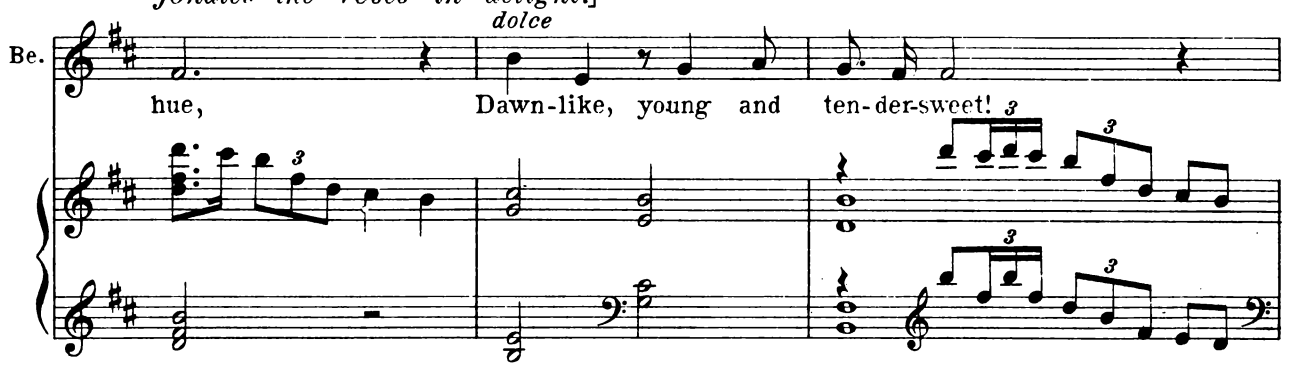


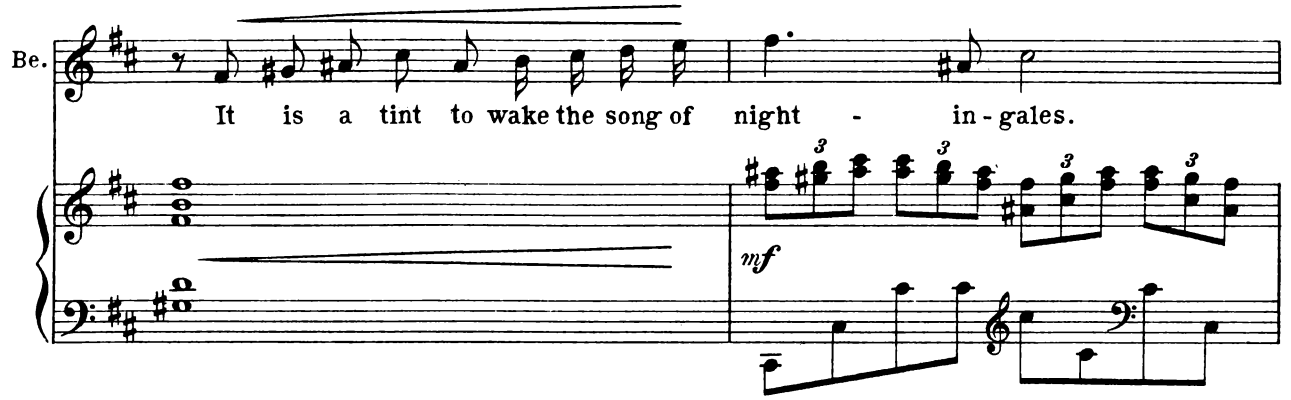

Be.
per - fumed breath; They are wine and
Più mosso
[She busies herself about the shrub.]
Be.
life to me.
f
[Giovanni returns with a
bouquet of pink roses.]
Giovanni
p
Fair maid, re-ceive these sweet - er blooms, More meet for thy ca -

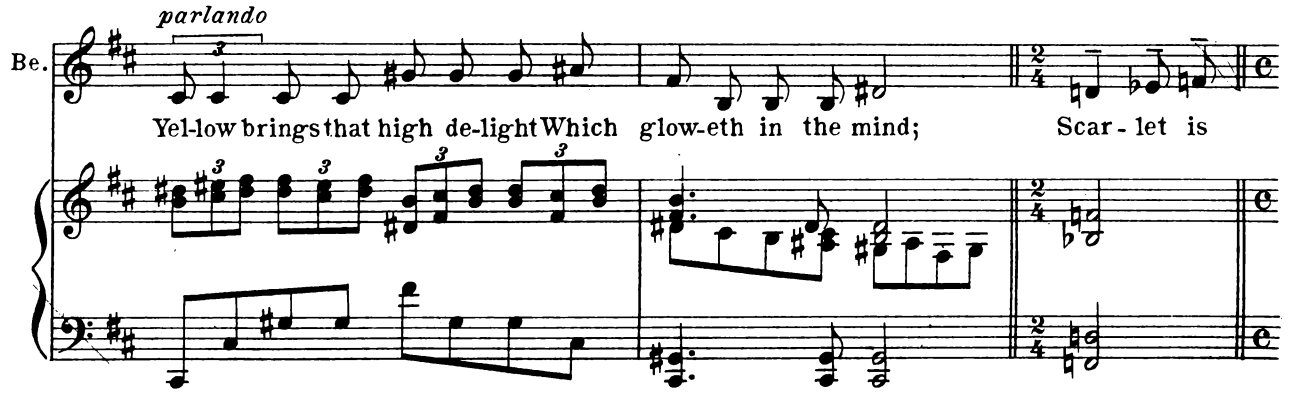
[*At his voice* BEATRICE *turns; he tosses her the roses. She smiles at him. She*

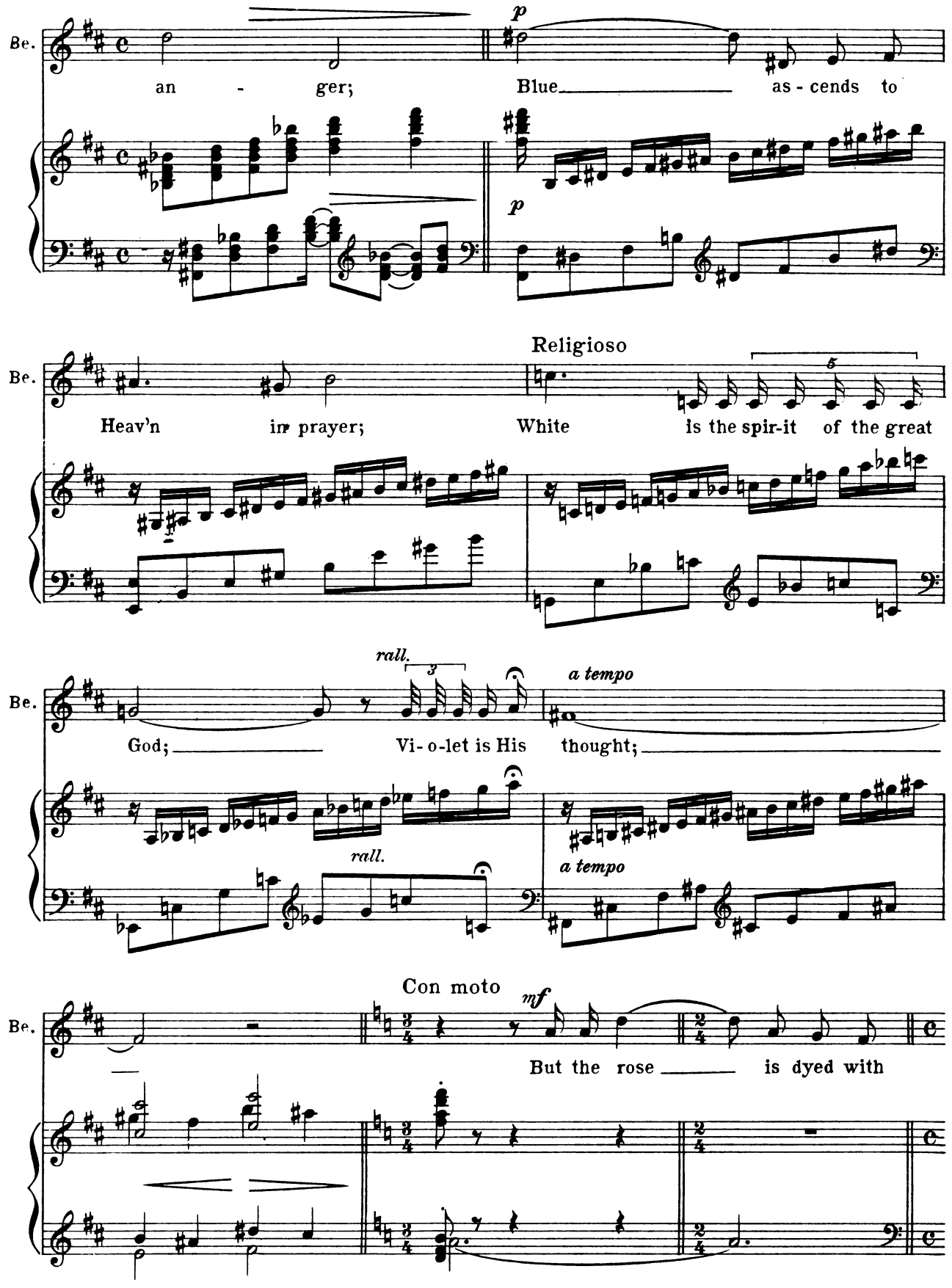


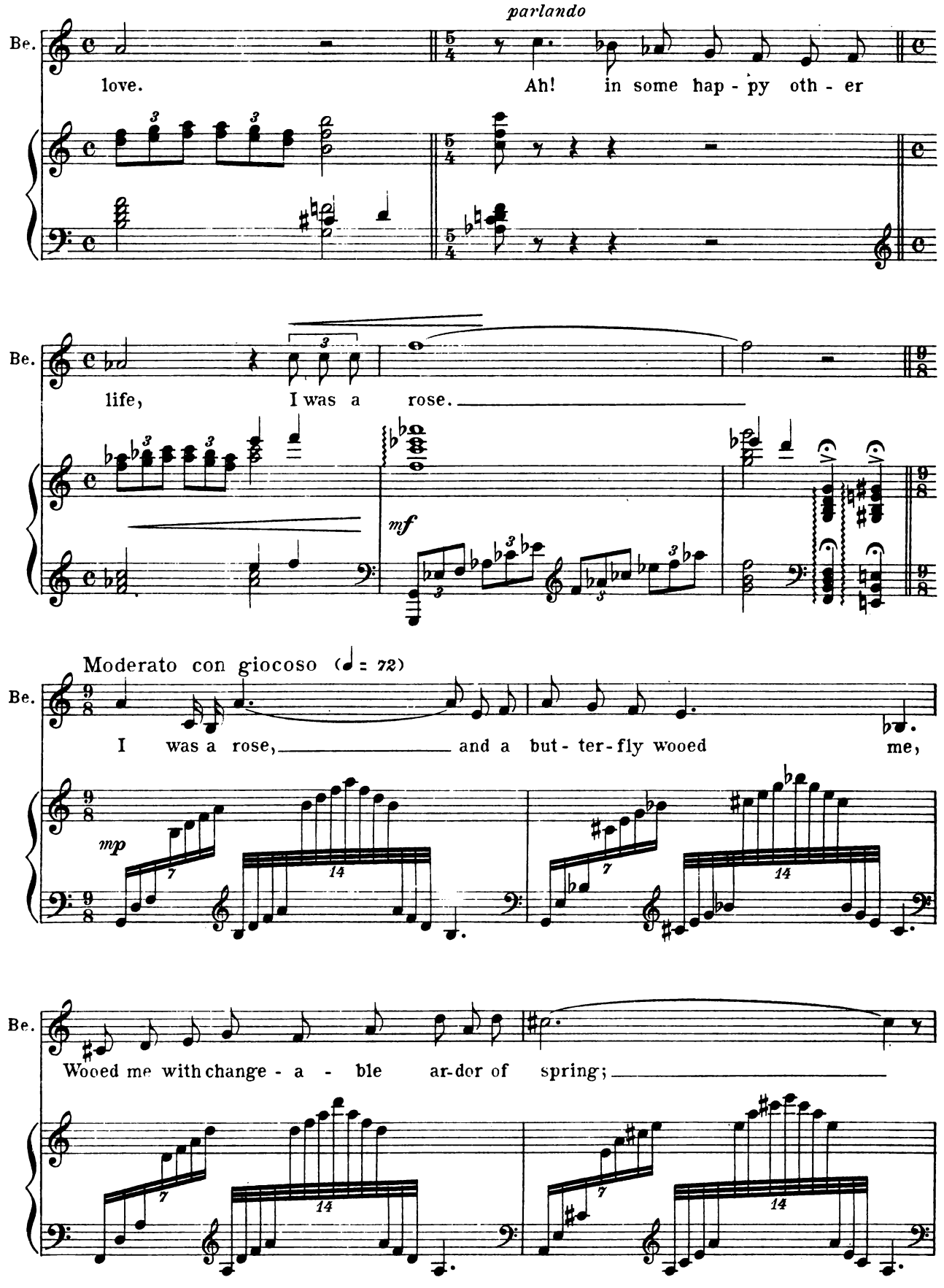
fondles the roses in delight.]

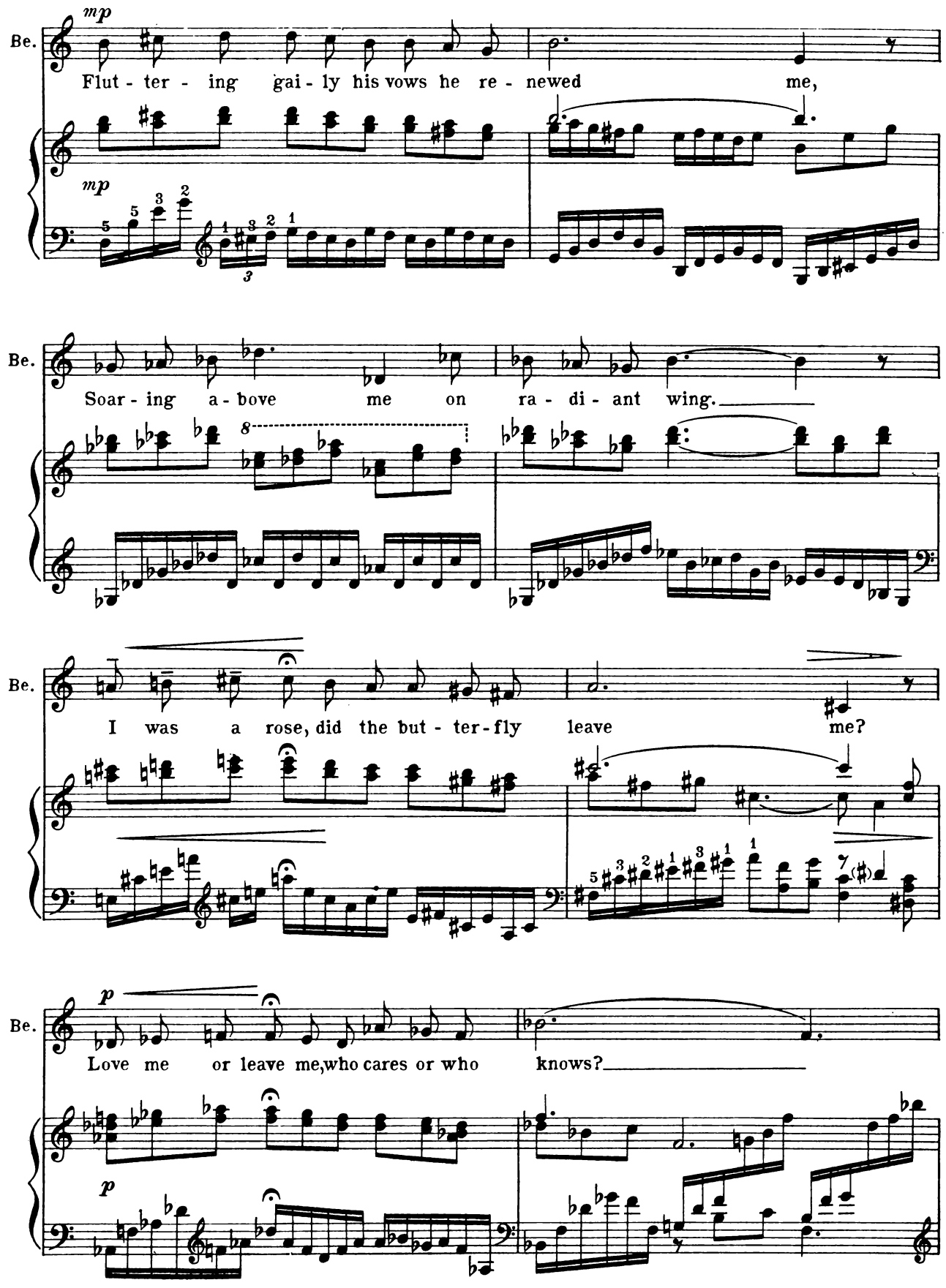


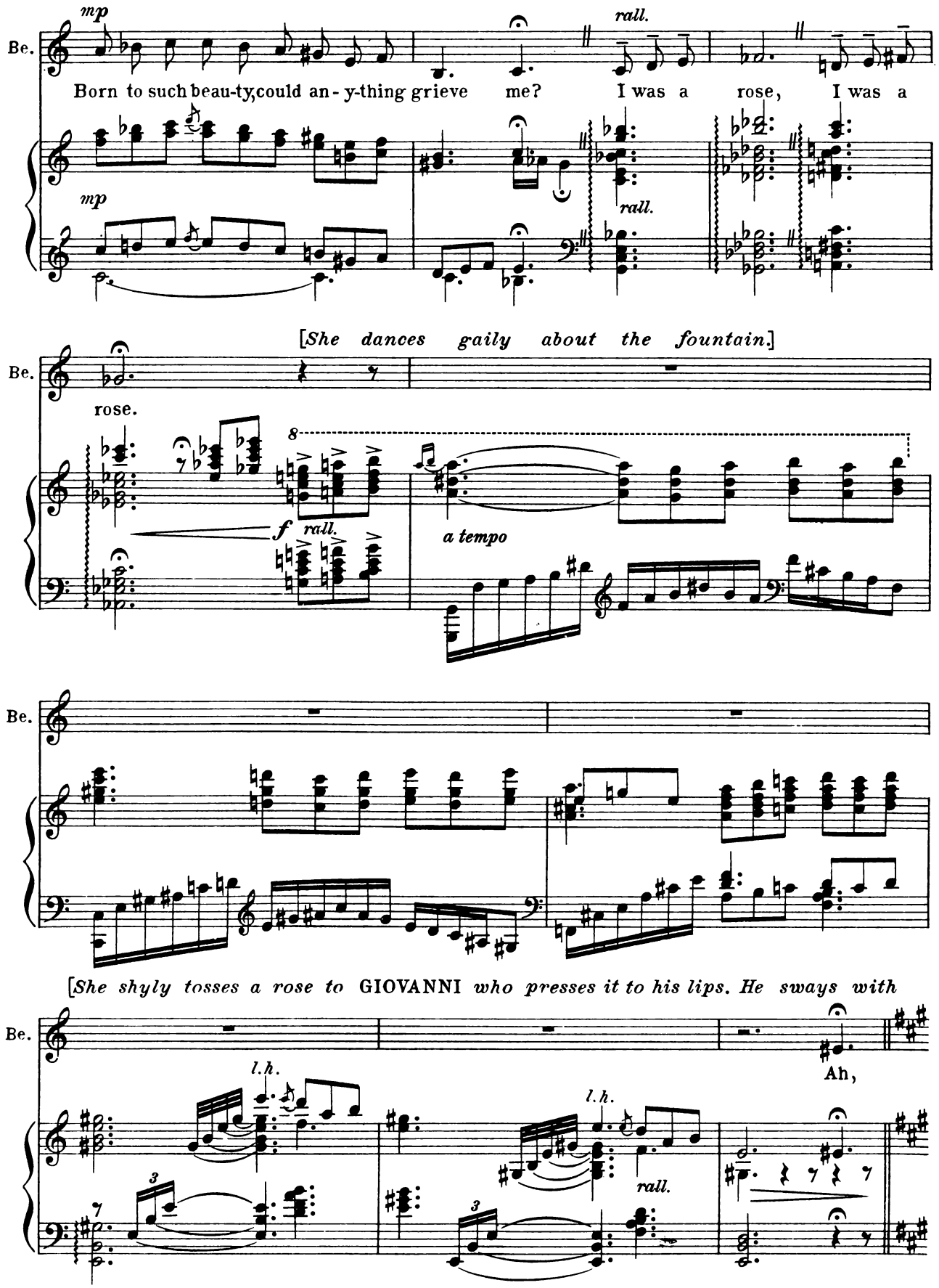





Be.
an - ger;
Blue as - cends to
p
p
Religioso
Be.
Heav'n in prayer;
White is the spir-it of the great
5
Be.
rall.
3
a tempo
God;
Vi- o-let is His thought;
rall.
a tempo
Con moto
Be.
mf
But the rose is dyed with

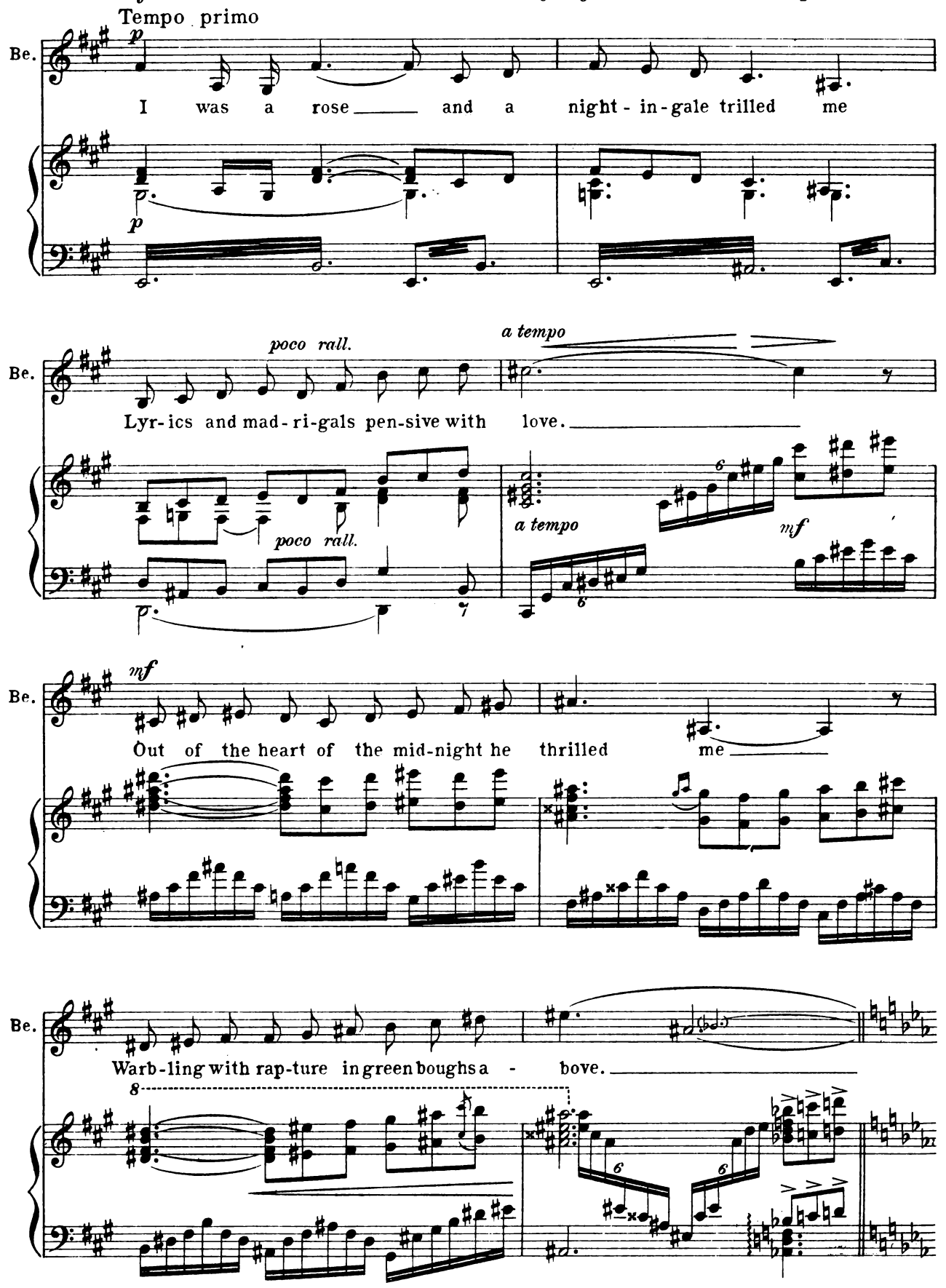

parlando
Be.
love.
Ah! in some hap - py oth - er
Be.
life,
I was a rose.
mf
Moderato con giocoso (♩ = 72)
Be.
I was a rose, and a but - ter - fly wooed me,
mp
Be.
Wooed me with change - a - ble ar-dor of spring;

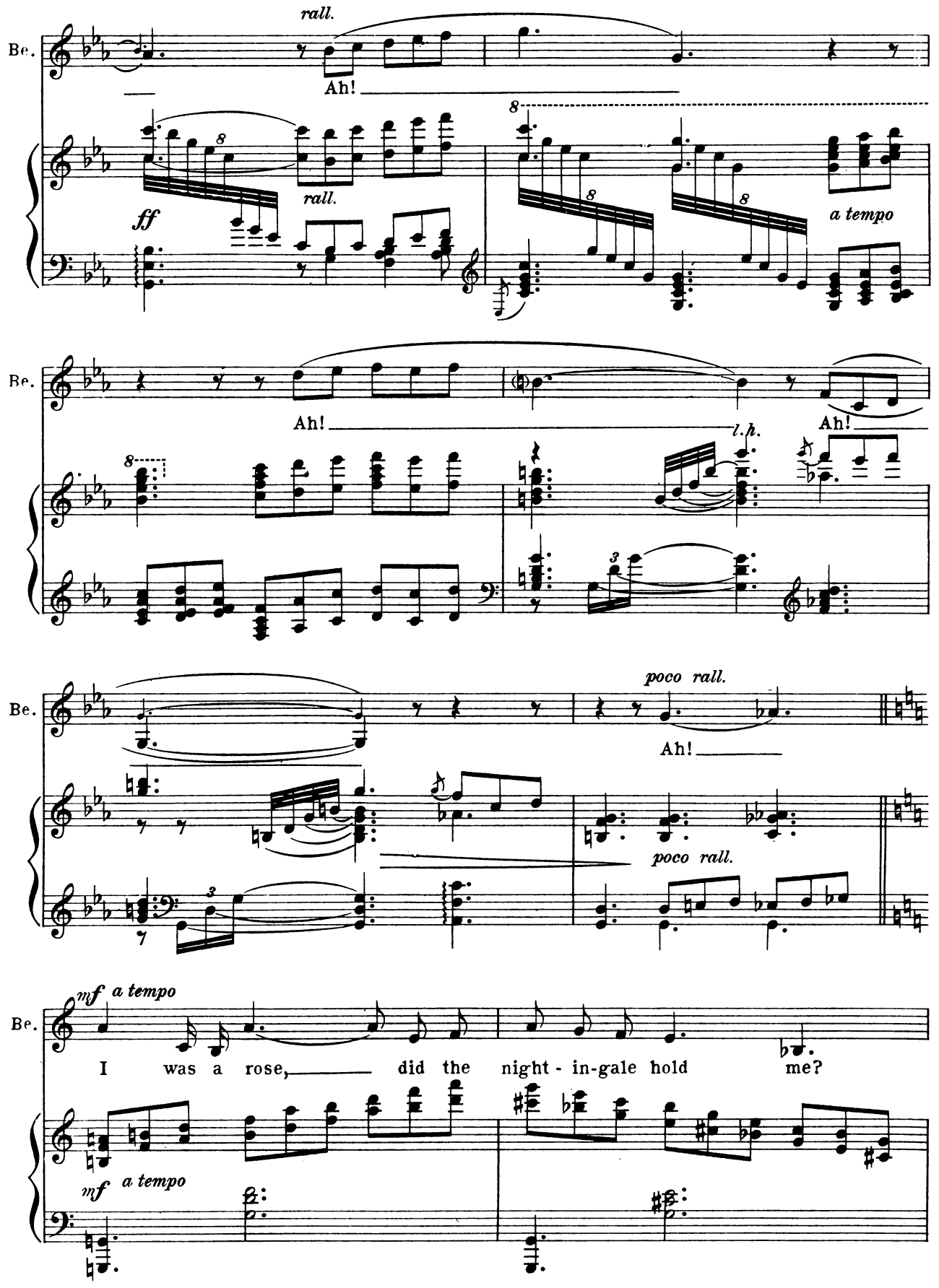

mp
Be.
Flut - ter - ing gai - ly his vows he re - newed me,
mp
Be.
Soar - ing a - bove me on ra - di - ant wing.
Be.
I was a rose, did the but - ter - fly leave me?
p
Be.
Love me or leave me, who cares or who knows?
p

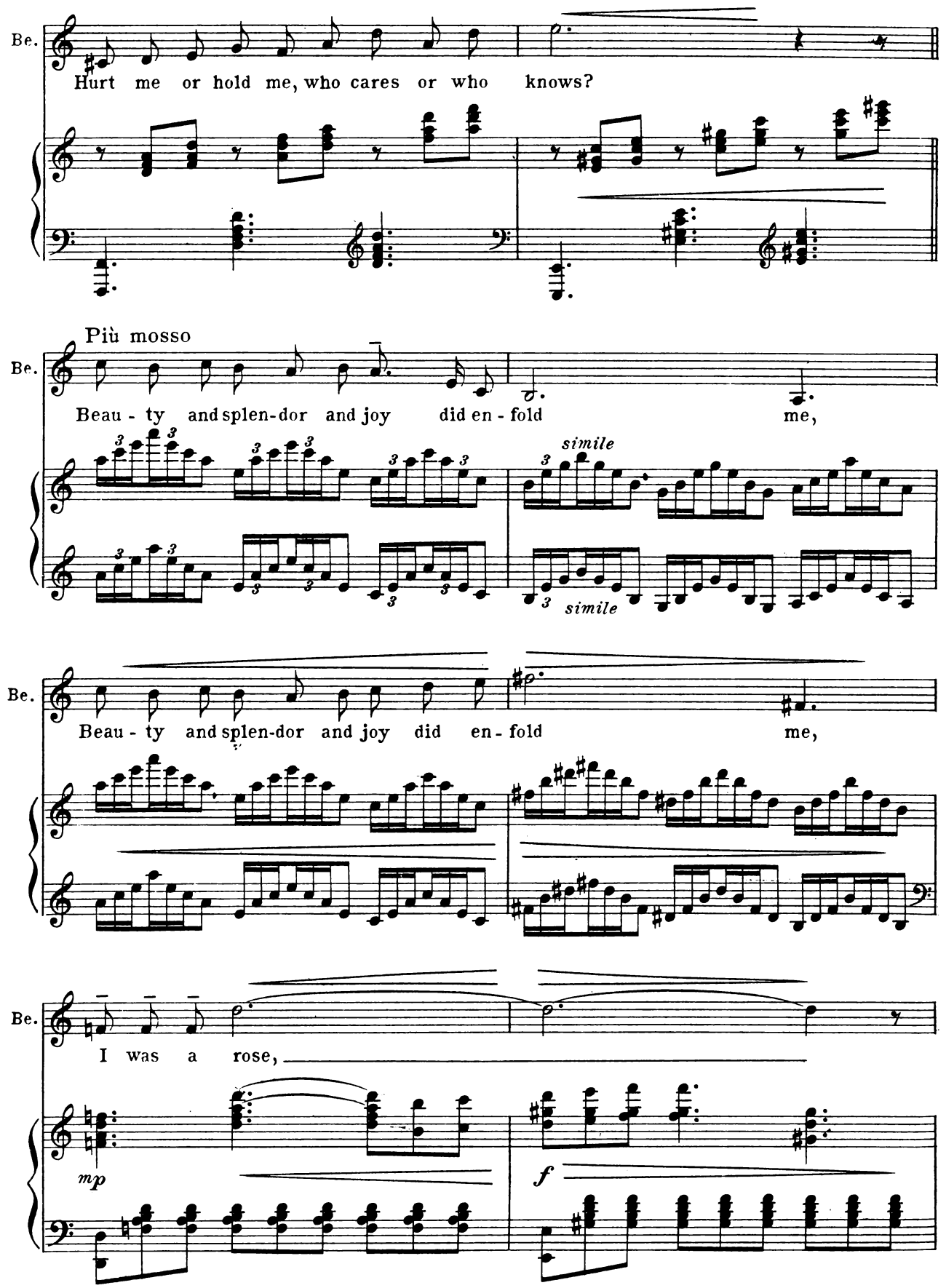

mp
rall.
Be.
Born to such beau-ty, could an-y-thing grieve me? I was a rose, I was a
mp
rall.
[She dances gaily about the fountain.]
Be.
rose.
8
f
rall.
a tempo
Be.
[She shyly tosses a rose to GIOVANNI who presses it to his lips. He sways with
Be.
l.h.
Ah,
l.h.
rall.

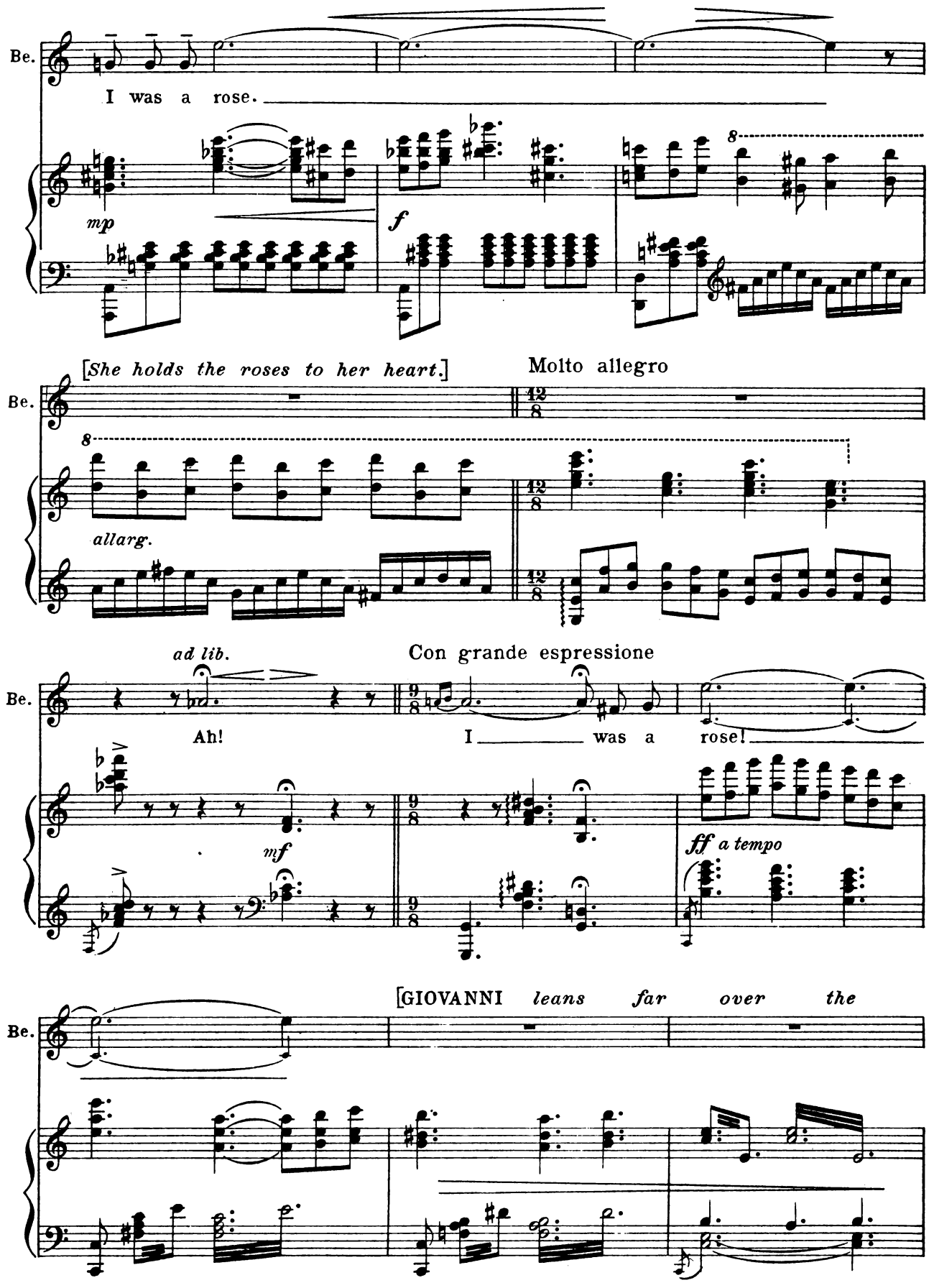
sudden faintness and looks at the rose distrustfully, but soon recovers.]

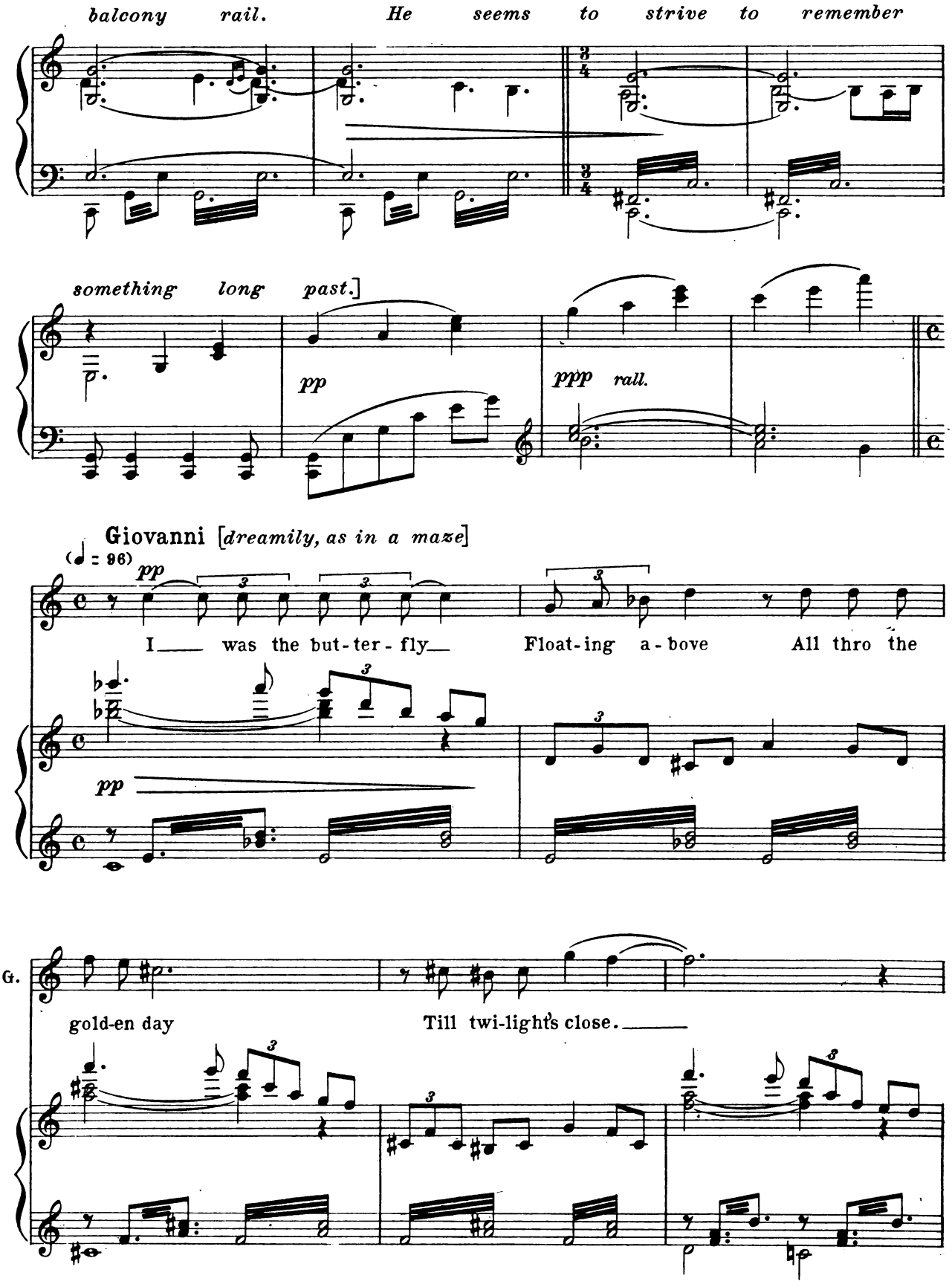
Tempo primo

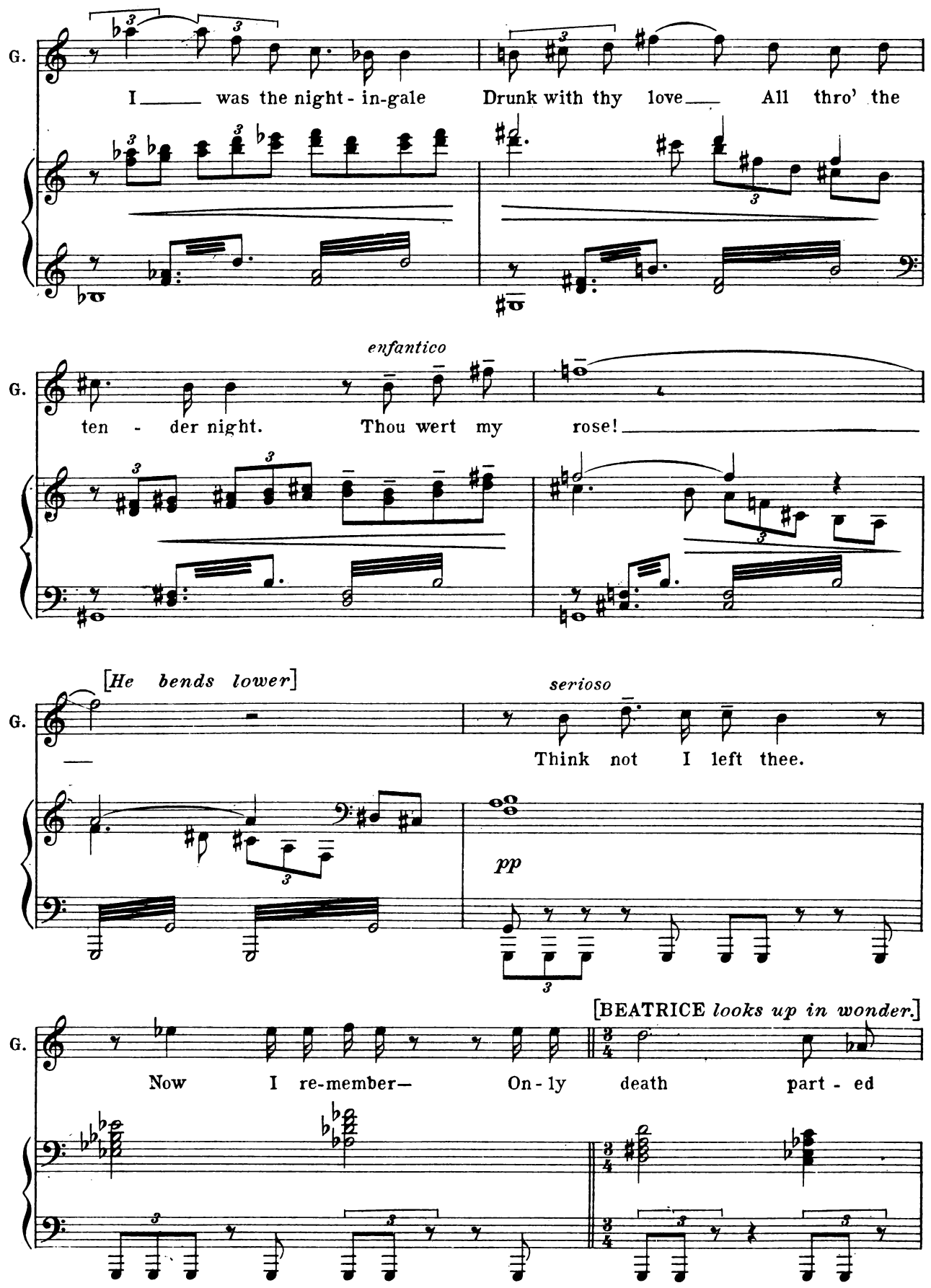


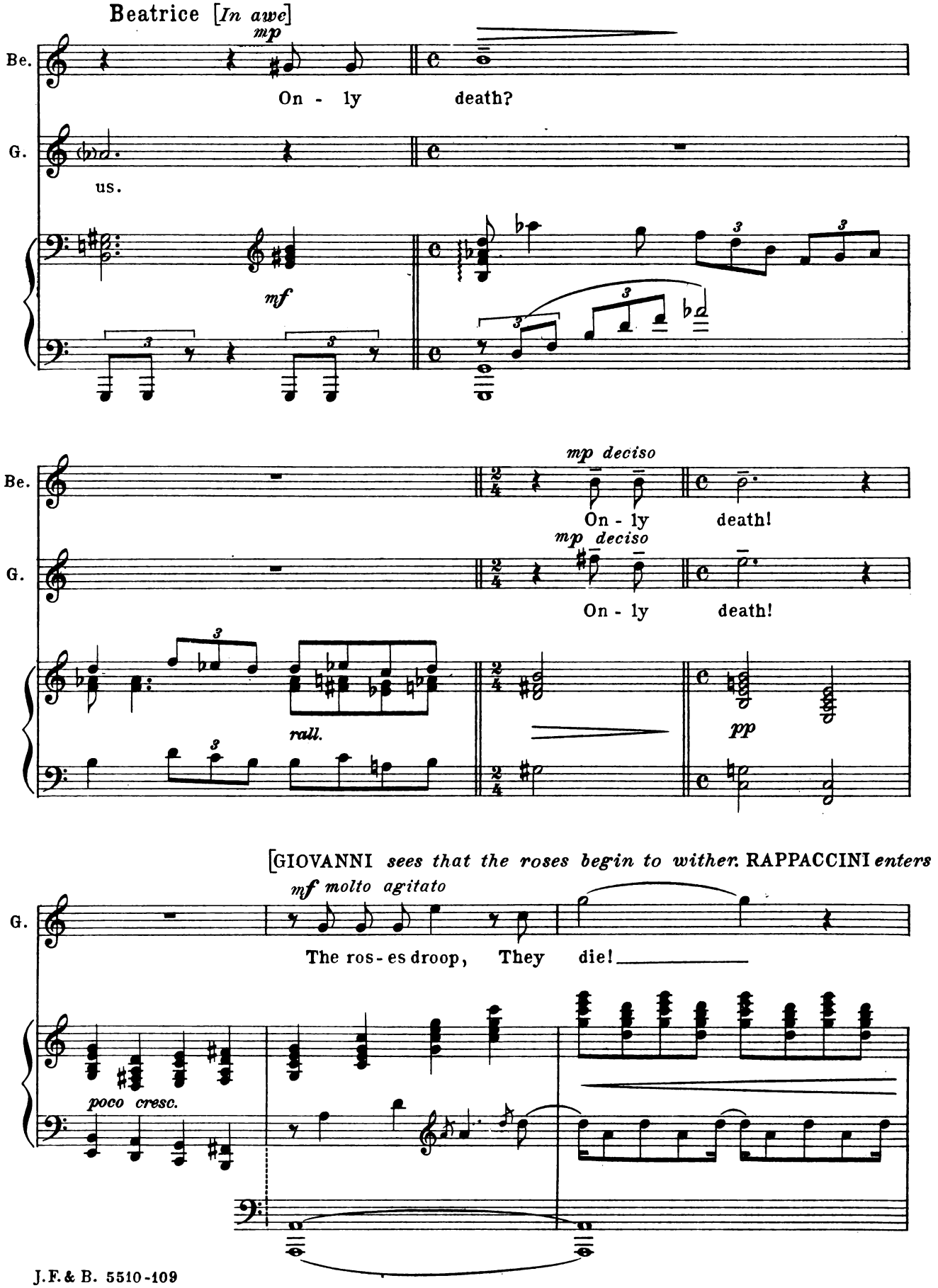

Be.
rall.
Ah!
ff
rall.
a tempo
Be.
Ah!
l.h.
Ah!
Be.
poco rall.
Ah!
poco rall.
Be.
mf a tempo
I was a rose, did the night - in-gale hold me?
mf a tempo


Be.
Hurt me or hold me, who cares or who knows?
Più mosso
Be.
Beau - ty and splen-dor and joy did en - fold me,
simile
simile
Be.
Beau - ty and splen-dor and joy did en - fold me,
Be.
I was a rose,
mp
f

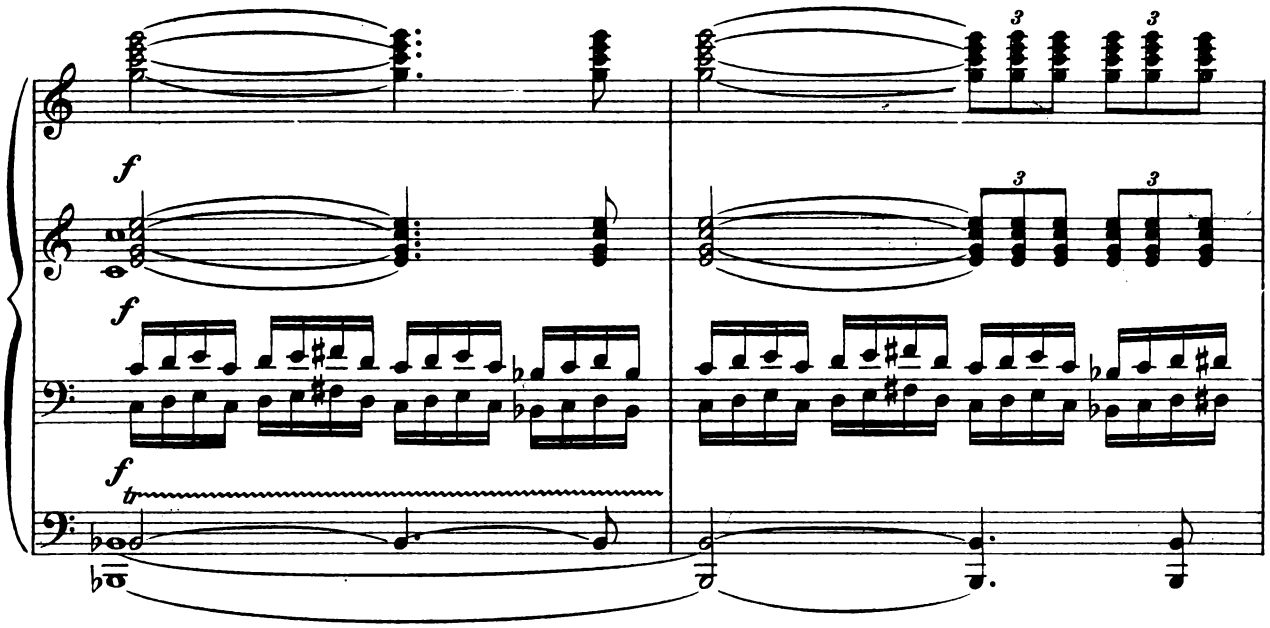

Be.
I was a rose.
mp
f
8
[She holds the roses to her heart.]
Molto allegro
12/8
allarg.
ad lib.
Con grande espressione
Ah!
I was a rose!
9/8
mf
ff a tempo
[GIOVANNI leans far over the


balcony rail. He seems to strive to remember
something long past.]
pp
ppp rall.
Giovanni [dreamily, as in a maze]
(♩ = 96)
pp
I was the but-ter-fly Float-ing a-bove All thro the
pp
G.
gold-en day Till twi-light's close.


G.
I ___ was the night - in-gale
Drunk with thy love ___ All thro' the
enfantico
ten - der night.
Thou wert my rose! ___
[He bends lower]
serioso
Think not I left thee.
pp
[BEATRICE looks up in wonder.]
Now I re-member—
On - ly death part - ed

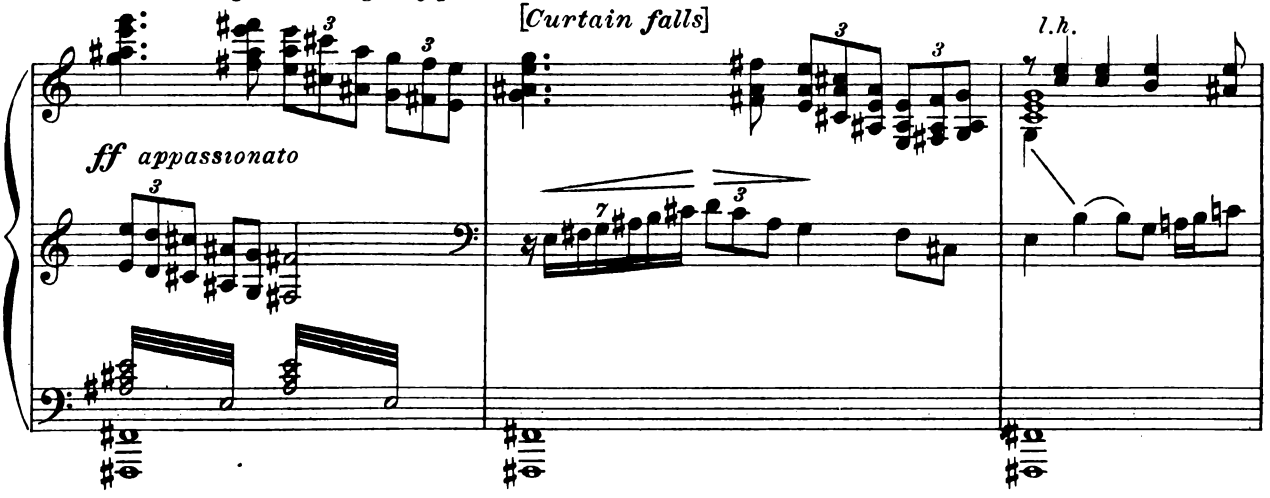

Beatrice [In awe]
mp
Be.
On - ly death?
G.
us.
mf
mp deciso
On - ly death!
mp deciso
On - ly death!
rall.
pp
[GIOVANNI sees that the roses begin to wither. RAPPACCINI enters
mf molto agitato
The ros - es droop, They die!
poco cresc.

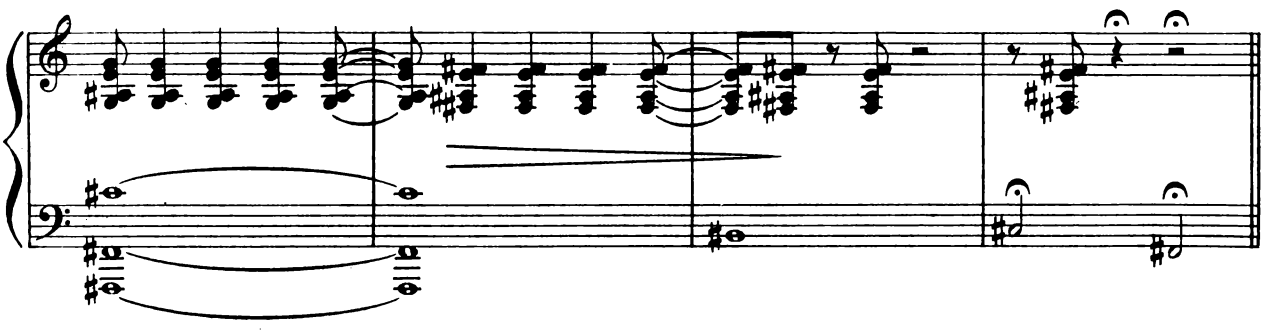
the garden, casts a searching glance at BEATRICE, *then* GIOVANNI. *His face lights*



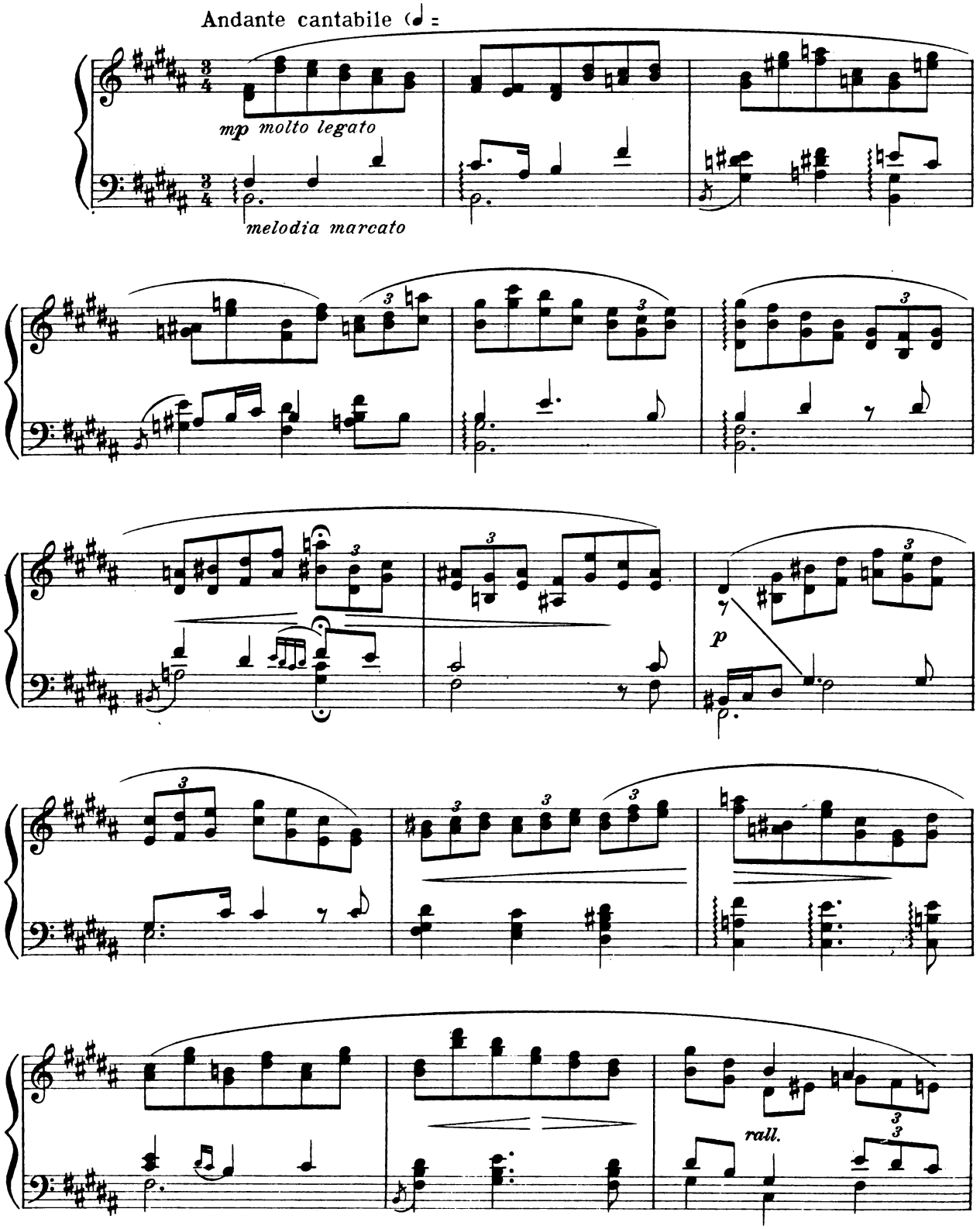
with a scholar's joy. He rubs his hands together slightly.]

[*Curtain falls*]

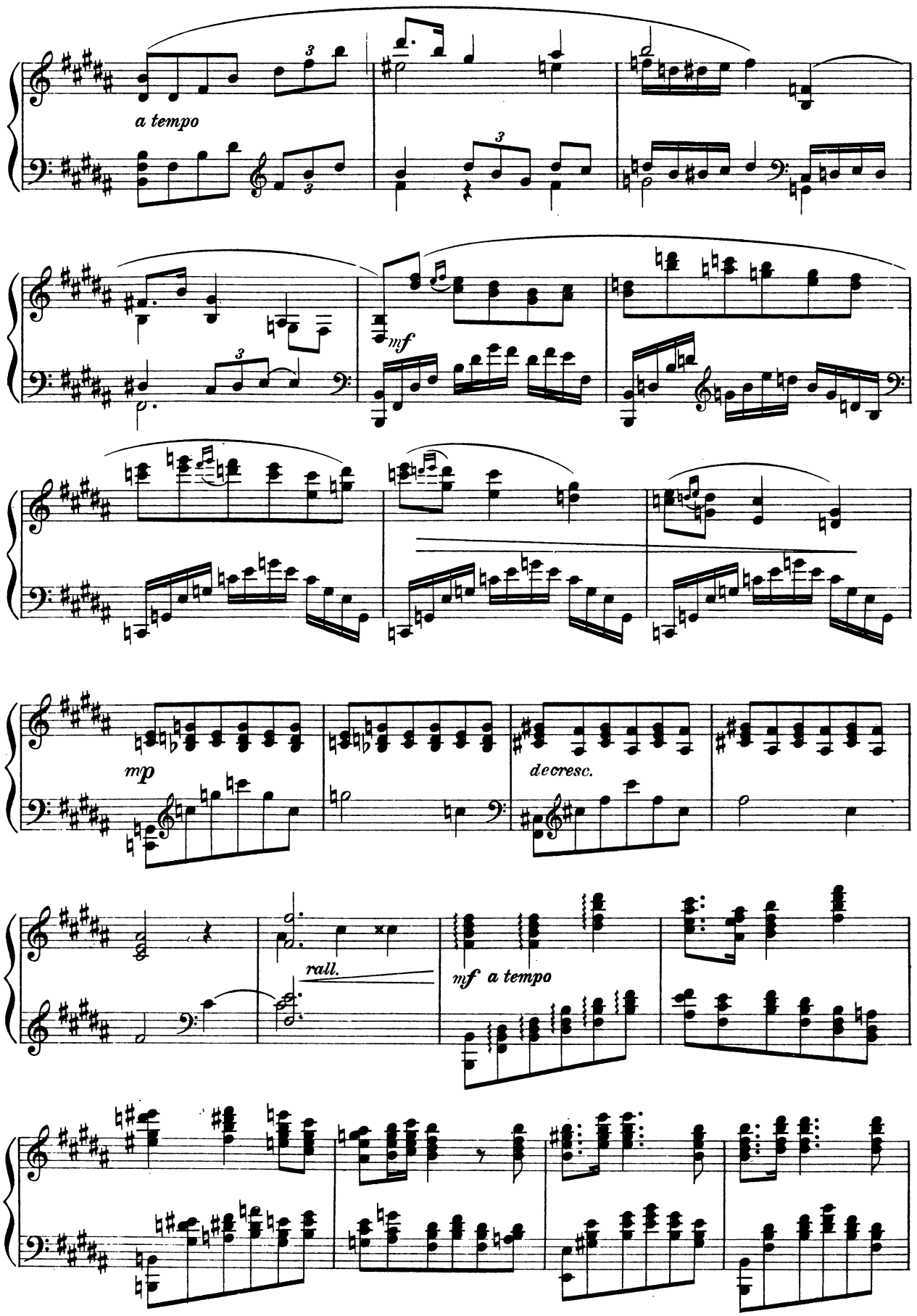


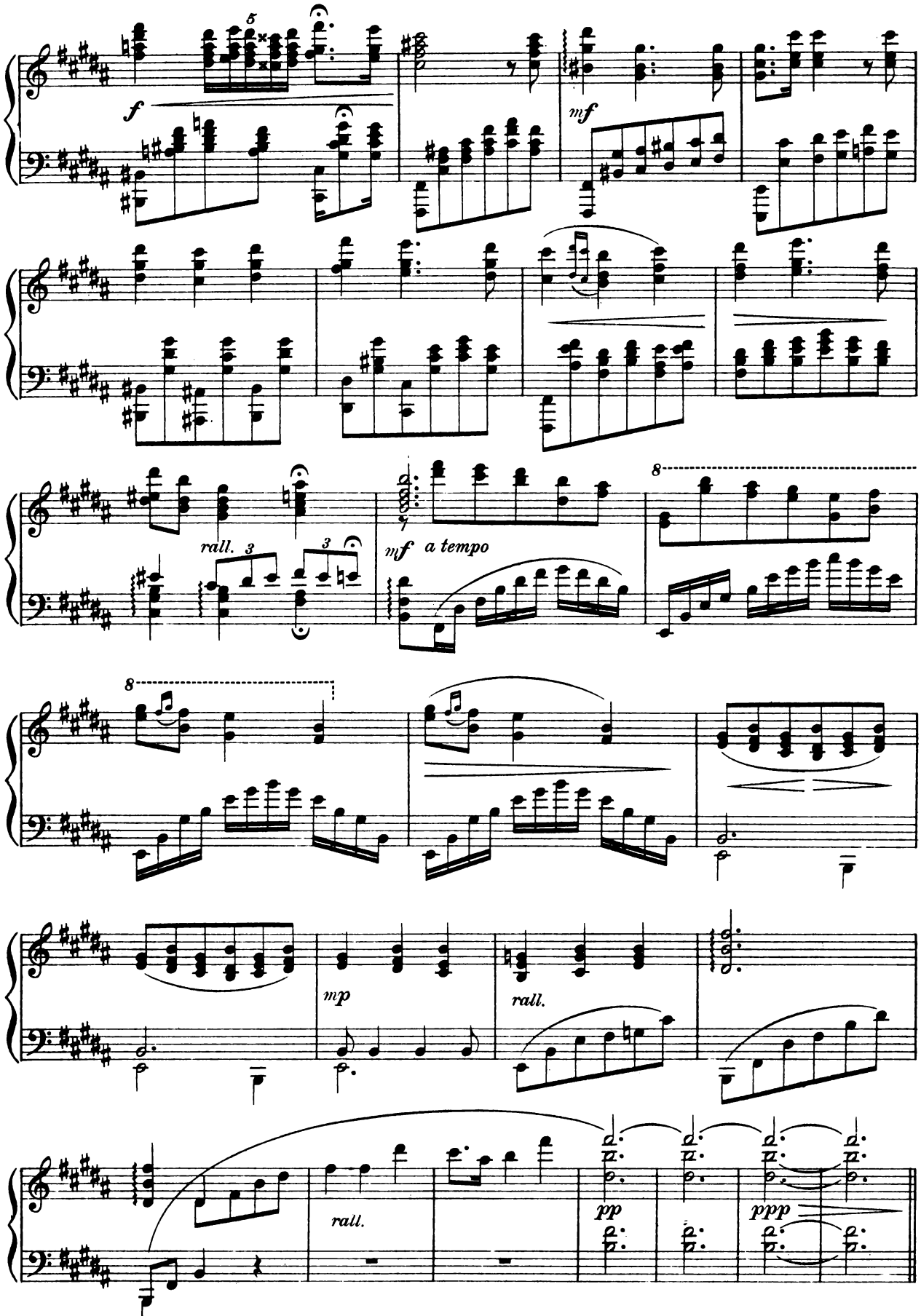


INTERMEZZO*



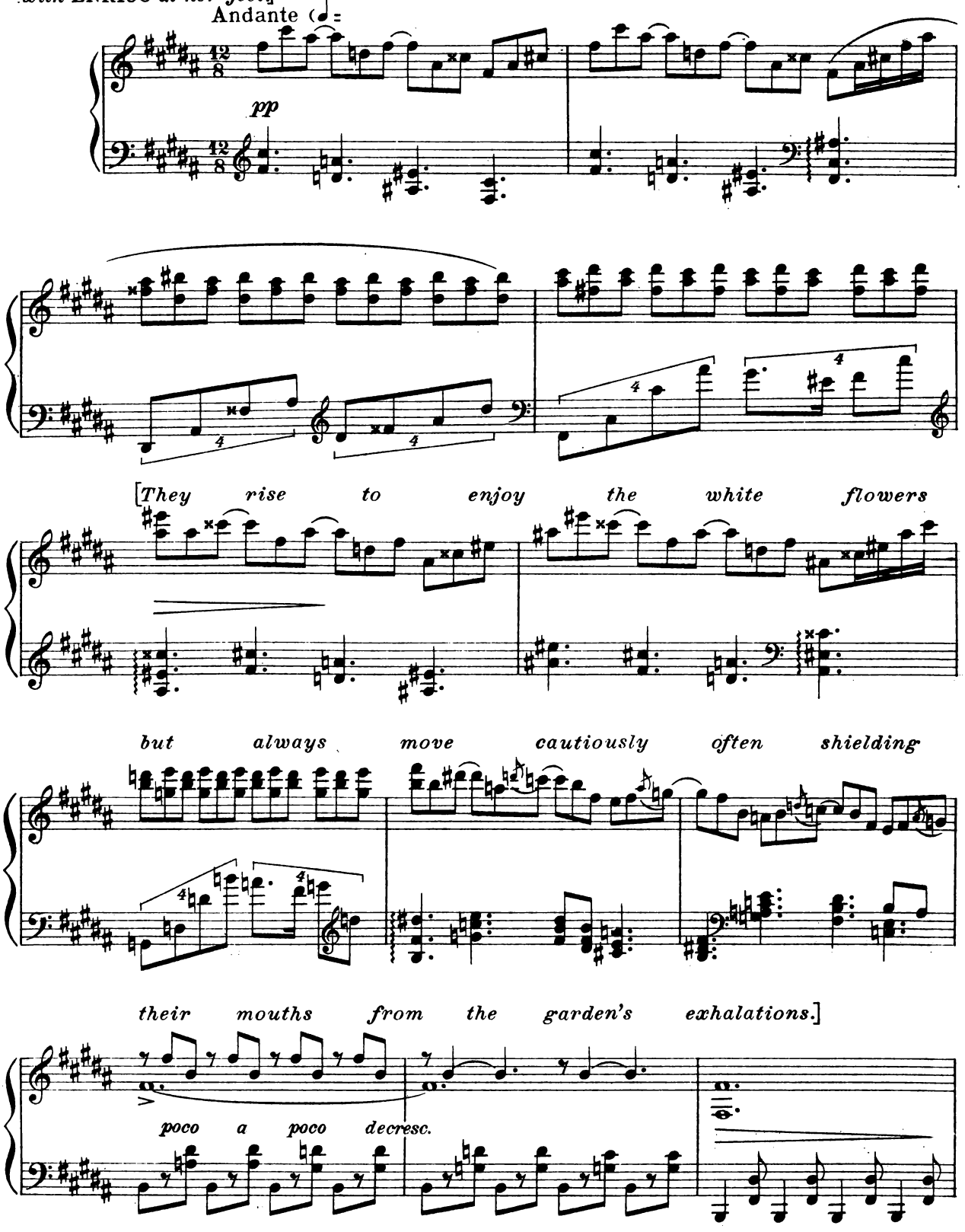
* Founded on an old Italian Barcarolle.

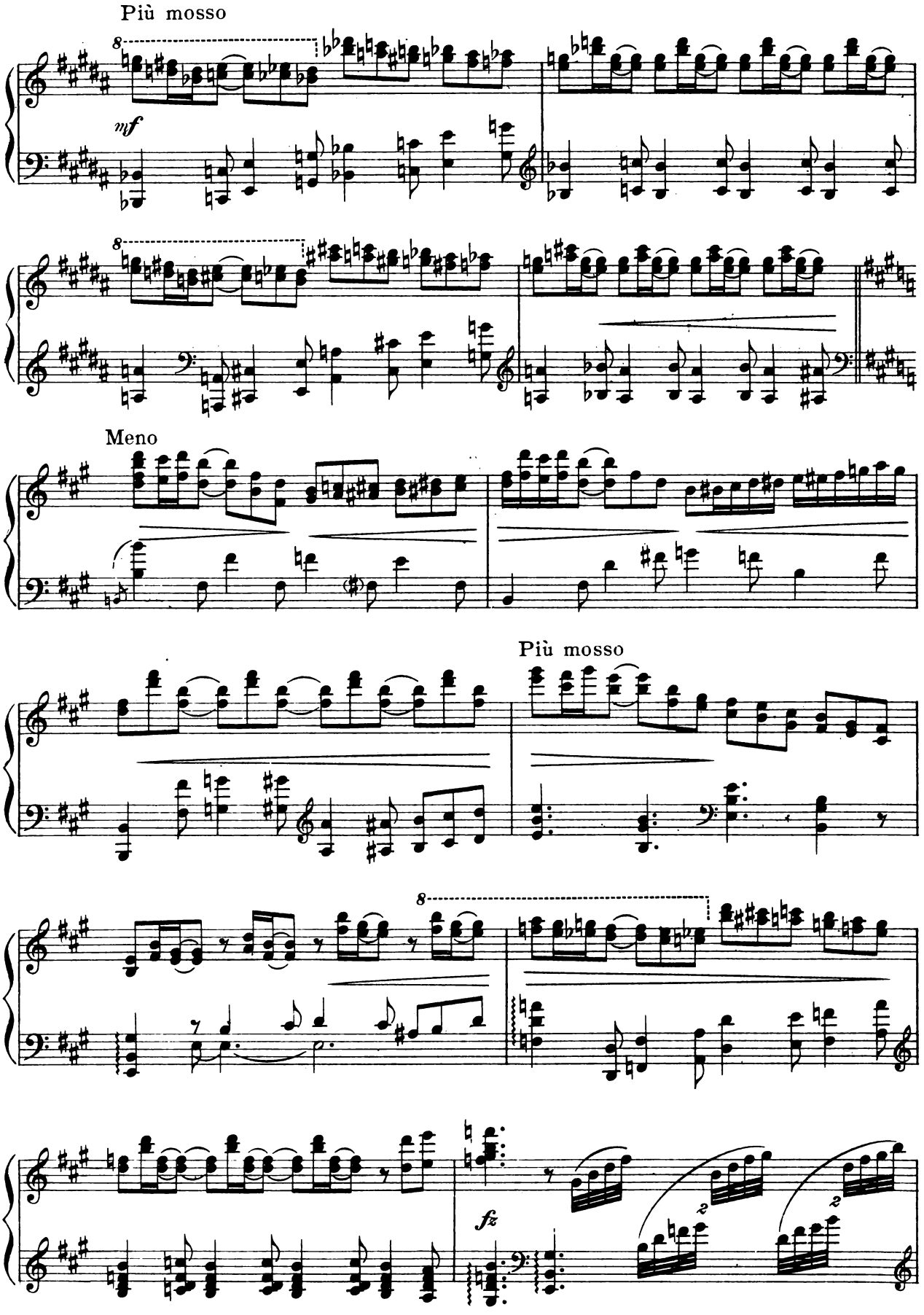

a tempo
mf
mp
decresc.
rall.
mf a tempo

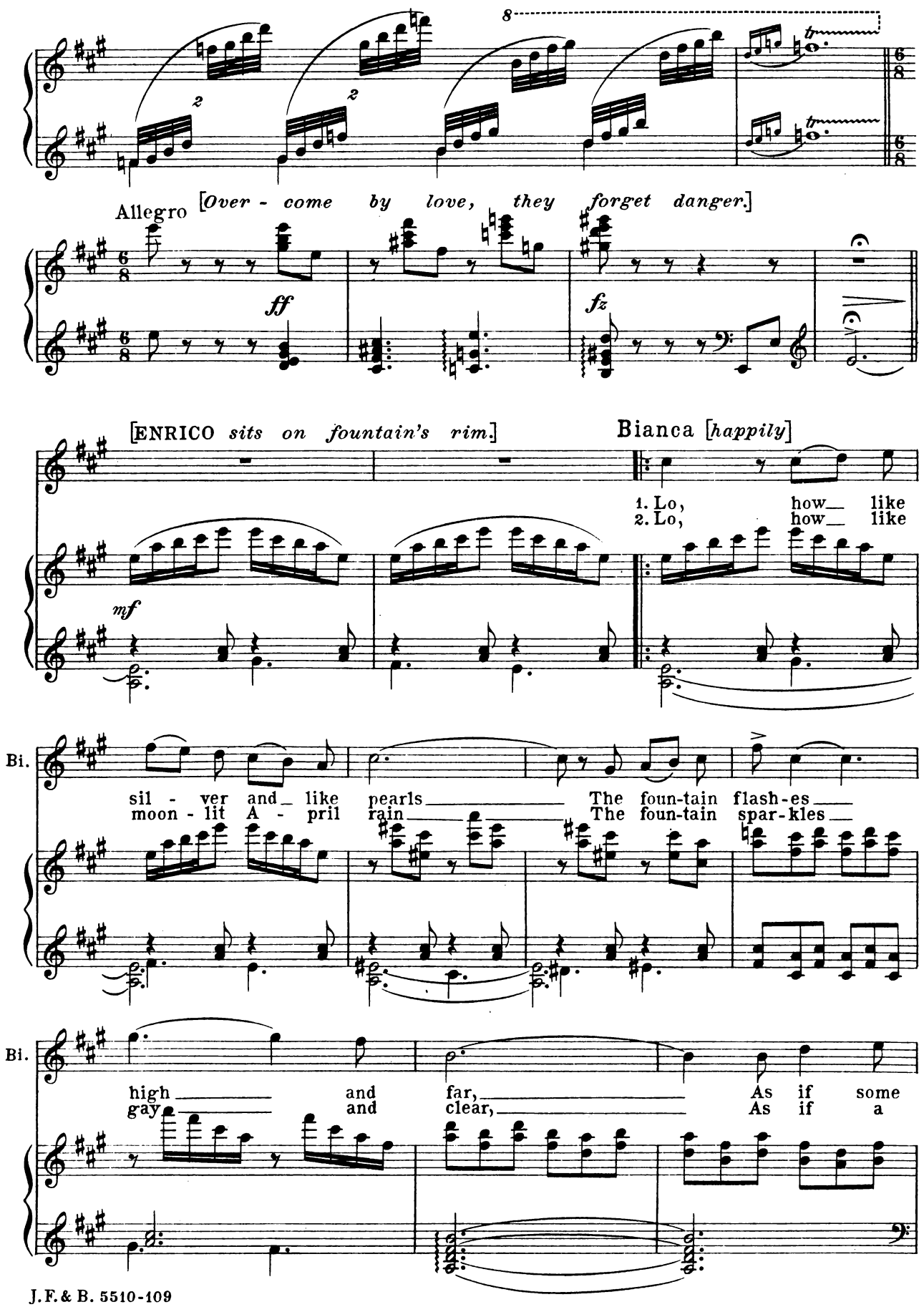

5
f
mf
rall. 3
3
mf a tempo
8
8
mp
rall.
rall.
pp
ppp

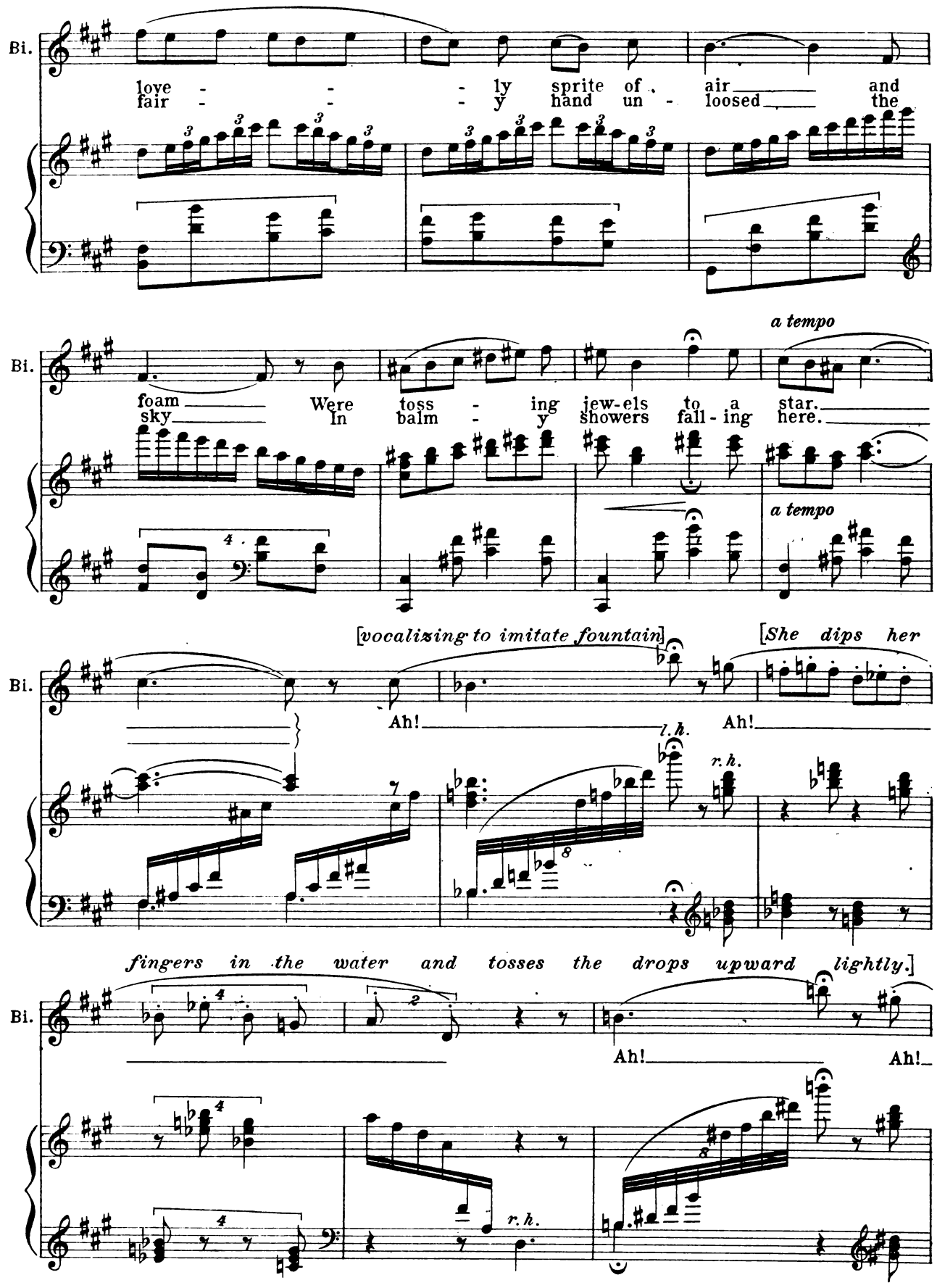
PART II
(Love)

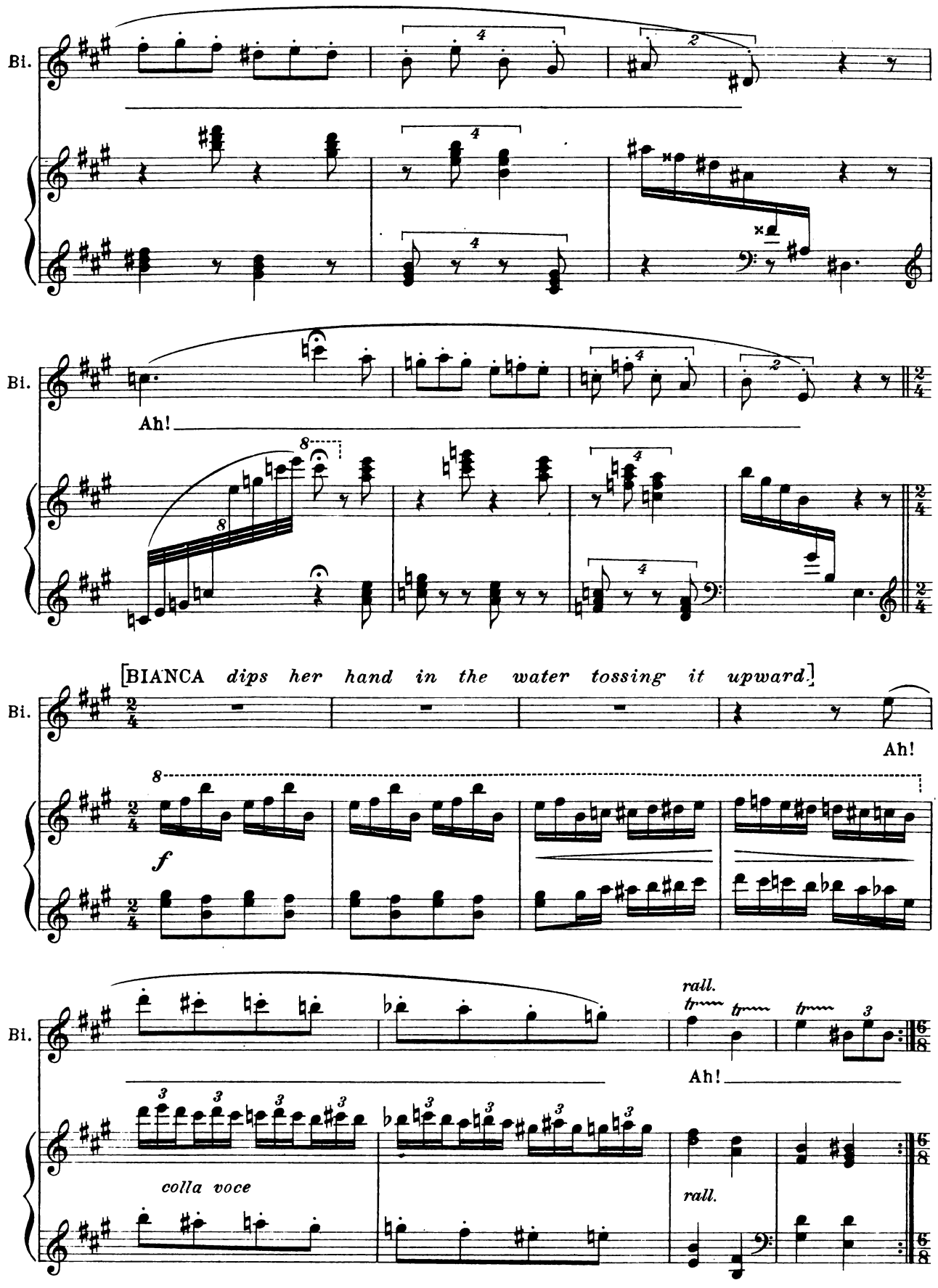
[*Moonlight in the garden— The flowers are closed, except the sister-shrub and many plants of night blooming cereus which are slowly opening,* BIANCA *sits on the fountain edge with* ENRICO *at her feet.*]

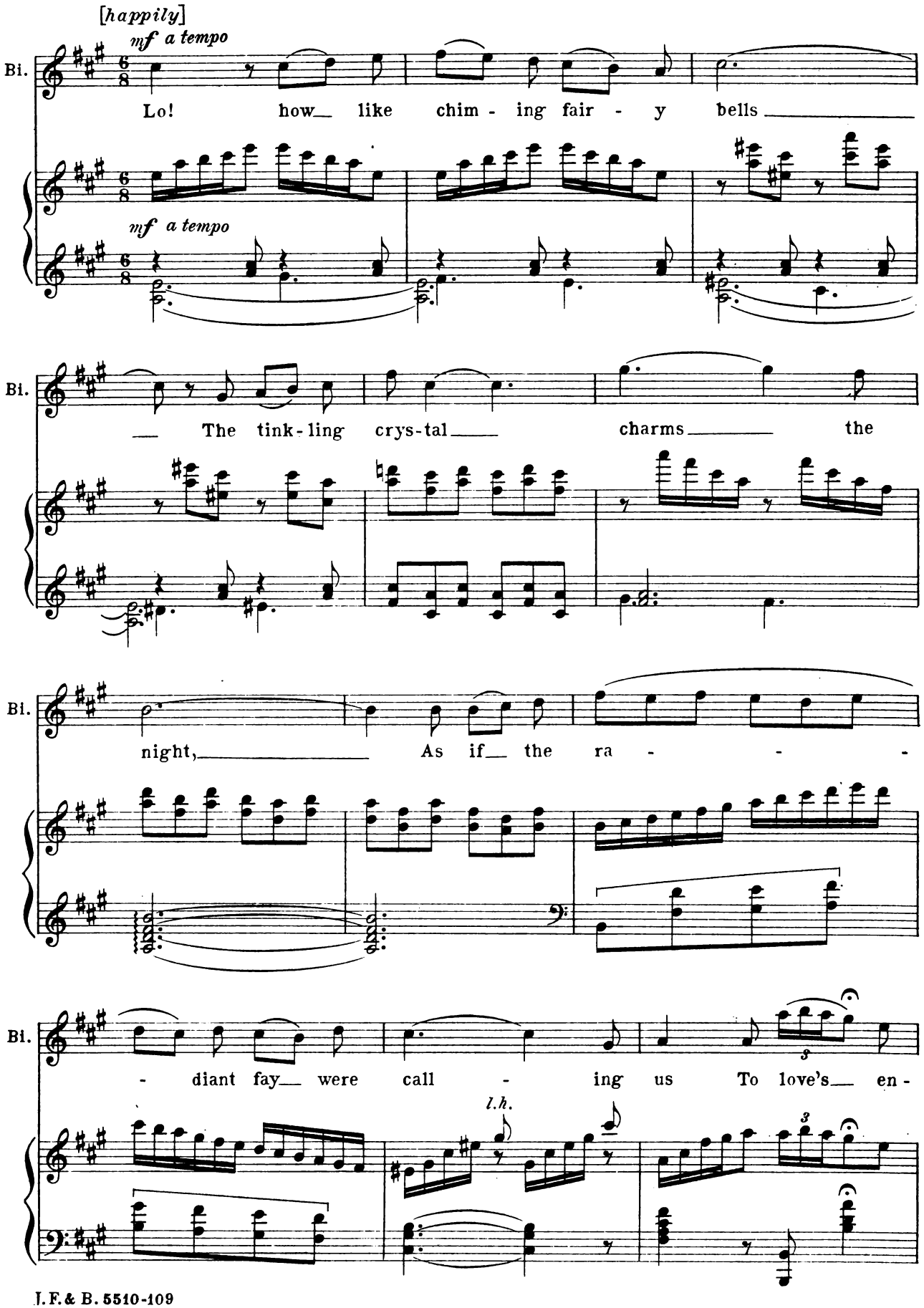


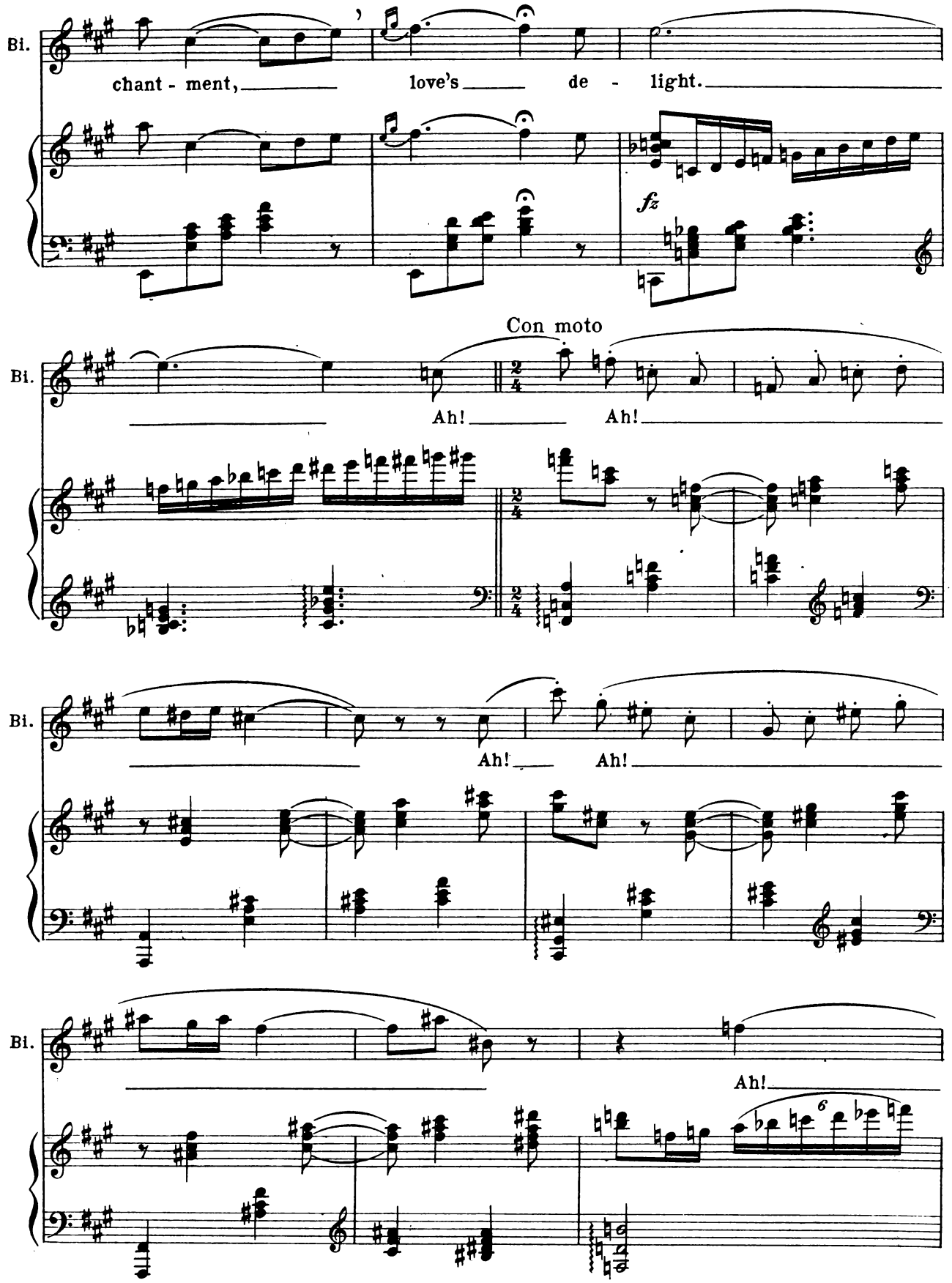

Più mosso
mf
Meno
Più mosso
fz

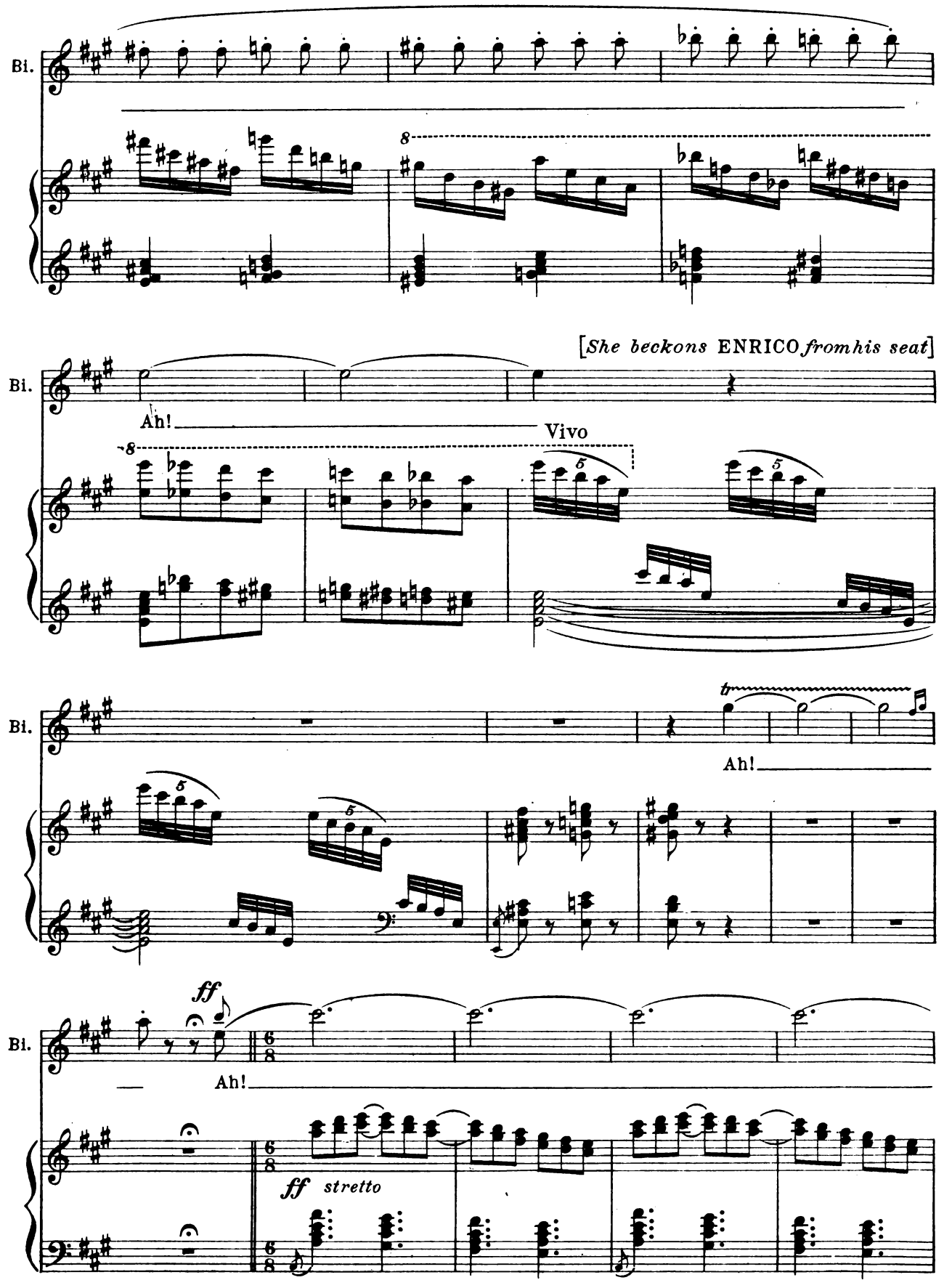

8
Allegro
[Over - come by love, they forget danger.]
ff
fz
[ENRICO sits on fountain's rim.]
Bianca [happily]
1. Lo, how like
2. Lo, how like
mf
Bi.
sil - ver and like pearls The foun-tain flash-es
moon - lit A - pril rain The foun-tain spar-kles
Bi.
high and far, As if some
gay and clear, As if a

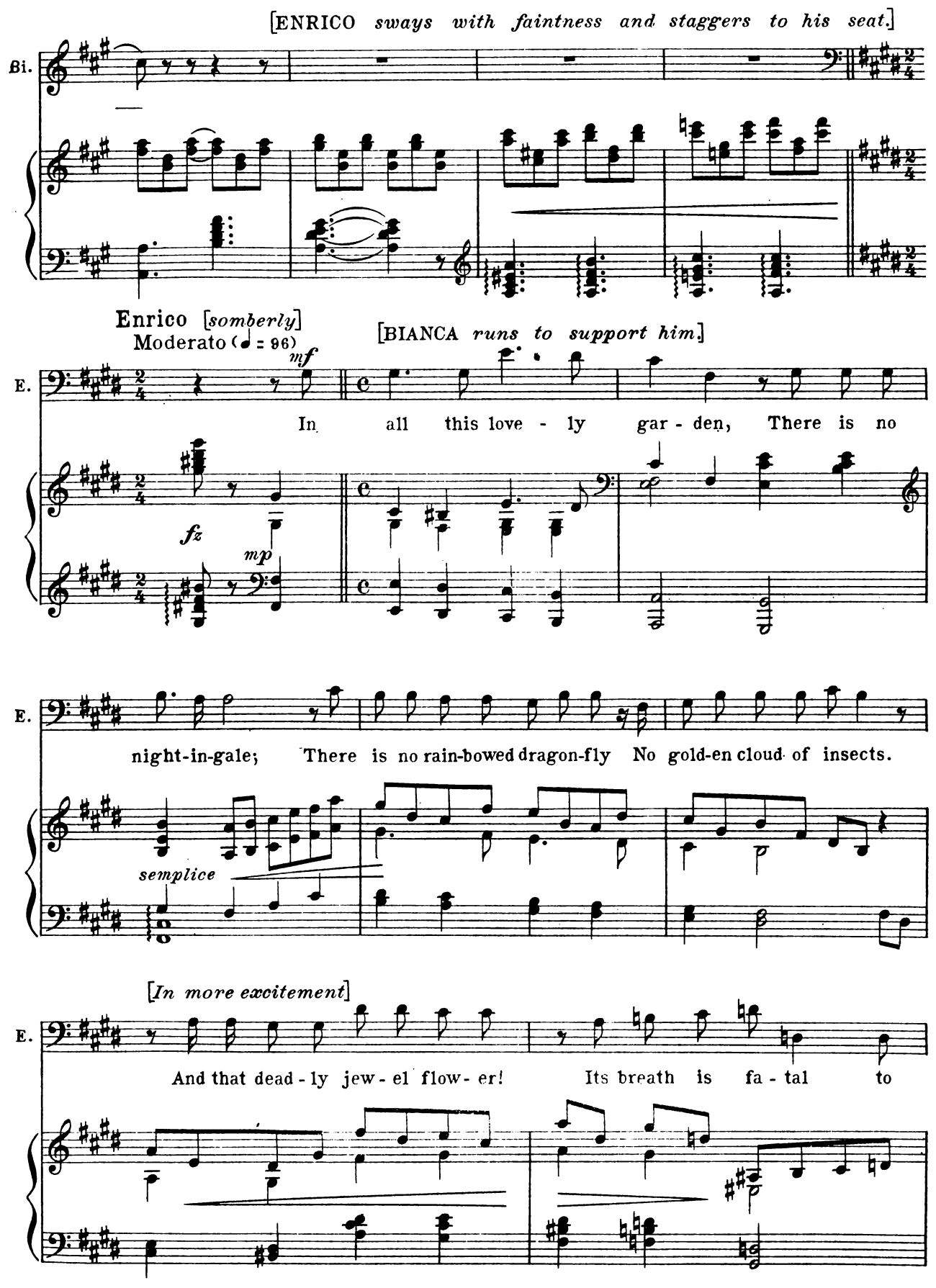

Bi.
love - - - ly sprite of air and
fair - - - y hand un - loosed the
Bi.
foam Were toss - ing jew-els to a star.
sky In balm - y showers fall - ing here.
a tempo
a tempo
Bi.
[vocalizing to imitate fountain]
[She dips her
Ah!
Ah!
l.h.
r.h.
Bi.
fingers in the water and tosses the drops upward lightly.]
Ah!
Ah!
r.h.

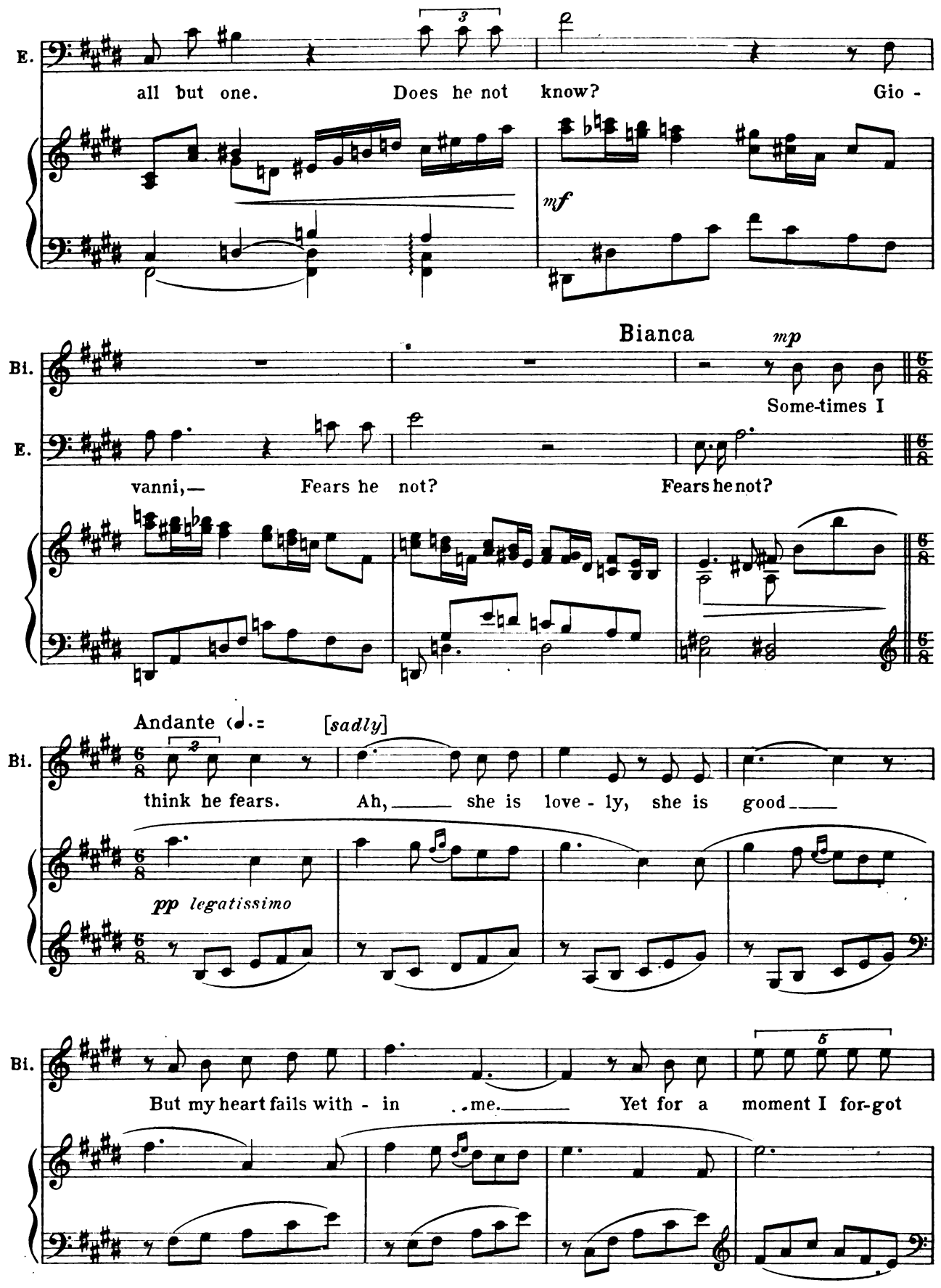

Bi.
Ah!
Bi.
[BIANCA dips her hand in the water tossing it upward.]
Bi.
Ah!
f
Bi.
rall.
Ah!
colla voce
rall.

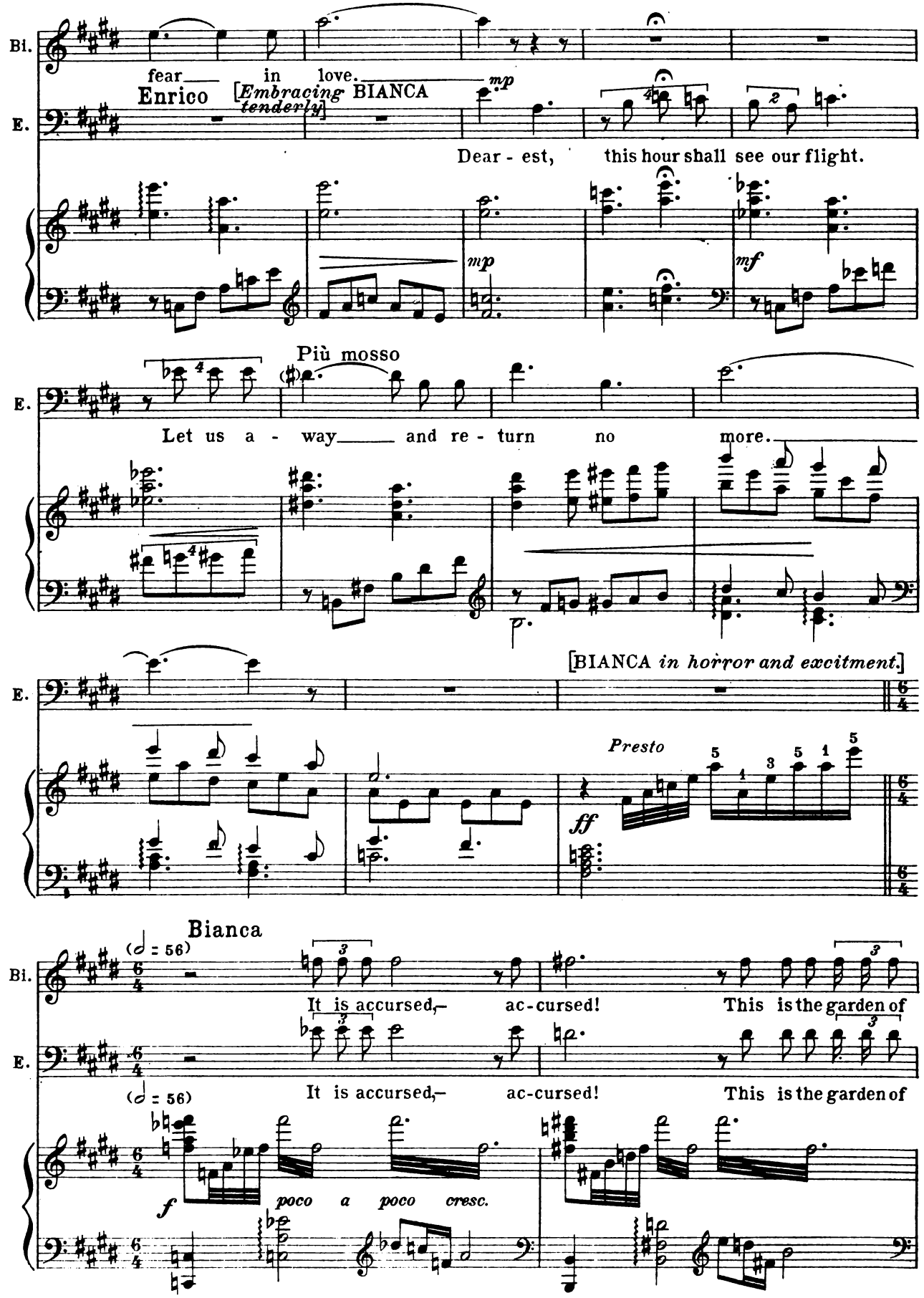

[happily]
mf a tempo
Bi.
Lo! how like chim - ing fair - y bells
mf a tempo
Bi.
The tink - ling crys-tal charms the
Bi.
night, As if the ra - - -
Bi.
- diant fay were call - ing us To love's en -
l.h.

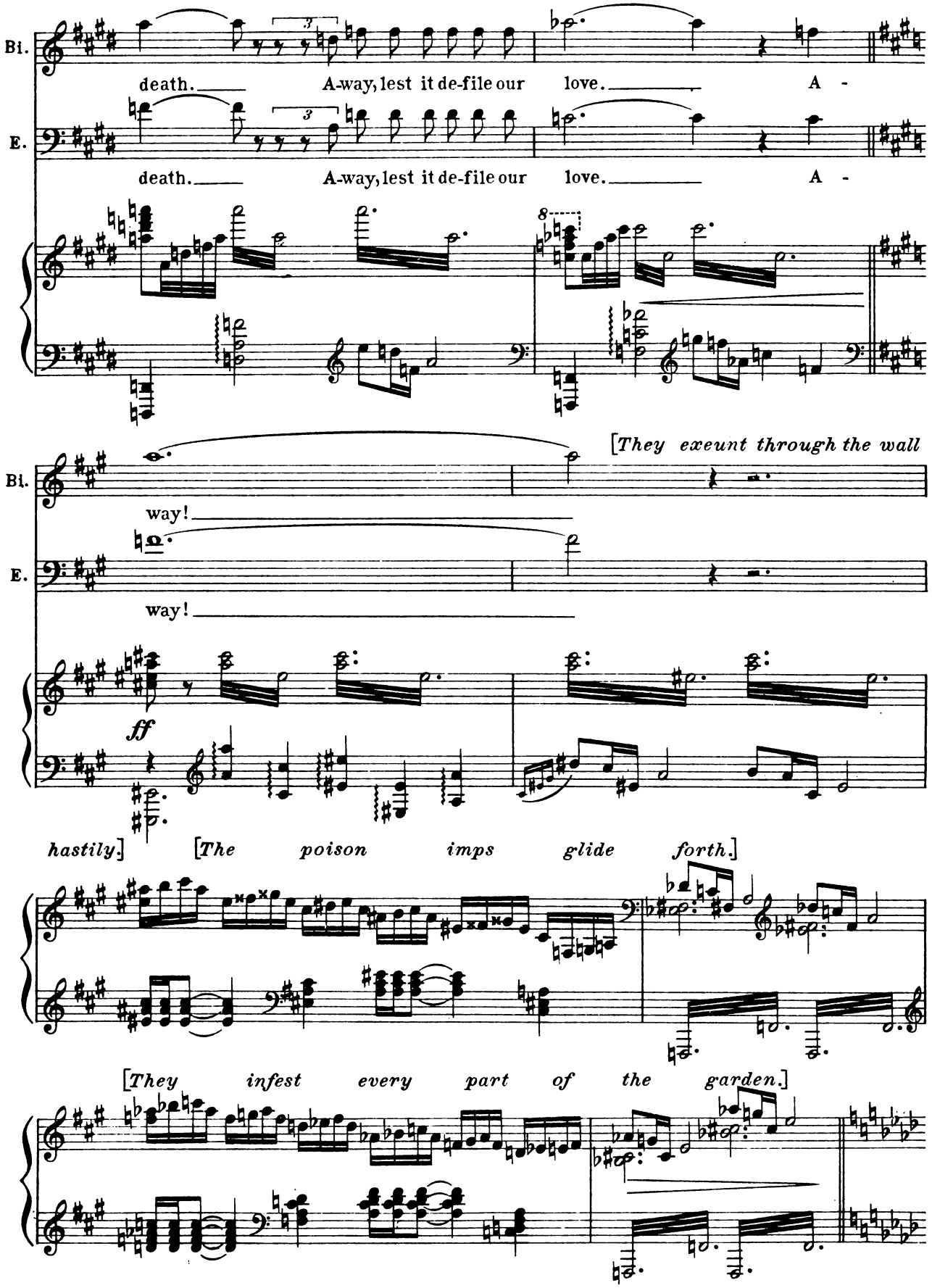

Bi.
chant - ment, love's de - light.
fz
Con moto
Bi.
Ah! Ah!
Bi.
Ah! Ah!
Bi.
Ah!
6


Bi.
[She beckons ENRICO from his seat]
Ah!
Vivo
Bi.
Ah!
Bi.
ff
Ah!
6/8
ff stretto

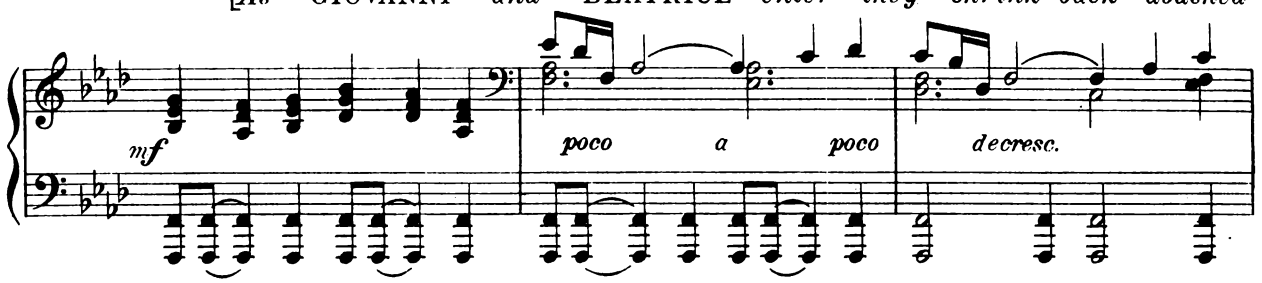

[ENRICO sways with faintness and staggers to his seat.]
Bi.
Enrico [somberly]
Moderato (♩ = 96)
mf
[BIANCA runs to support him.]
E.
In all this love - ly gar - den, There is no
fz
mp
night-in-gale; There is no rain-bowed dragon-fly No gold-en cloud of insects.
semplice
[In more excitement]
And that dead - ly jew - el flow - er! Its breath is fa - tal to


E.
all but one. Does he not know? Gio -
mf
Bi.
Bianca
mp
Some-times I
E.
vanni,— Fears he not? Fears he not?
Andante
[sadly]
Bi.
think he fears. Ah, she is love - ly, she is good
pp legatissimo
Bi.
But my heart fails with - in me. Yet for a moment I for-got

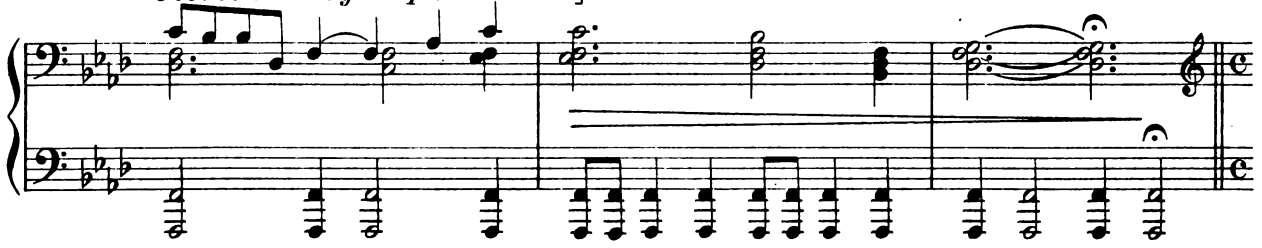

Bi.
E.
fear in love.
Enrico [Embracing tenderly] BIANCA
mp
Dear - est, this hour shall see our flight.
mp
mf
Più mosso
Let us a - way and re - turn no more.
[BIANCA in horror and excitment.]
Presto
ff
Bianca
(𝅗𝅥 = 56)
It is accursed,– ac-cursed! This is the garden of
It is accursed,– ac-cursed! This is the garden of
f
poco a poco cresc.


Bl.
death. A-way, lest it de-file our love. A -
E.
death. A-way, lest it de-file our love. A -
8
[They exeunt through the wall
Bl.
way!
E.
way!
ff
hastily.] [The poison imps glide forth.]
[They infest every part of the garden.]

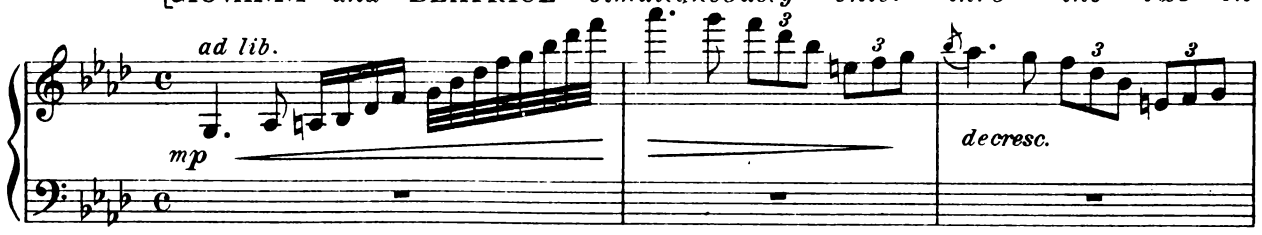
[*As* GIOVANNI *and* BEATRICE *enter they shrink back abashed*



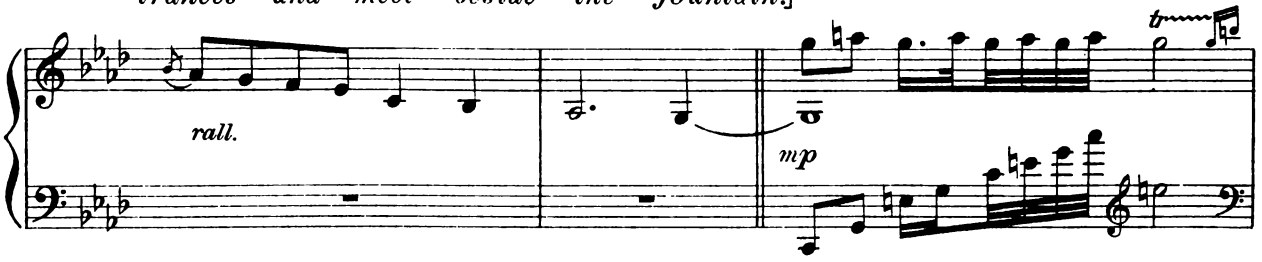
overcome by pure love.]



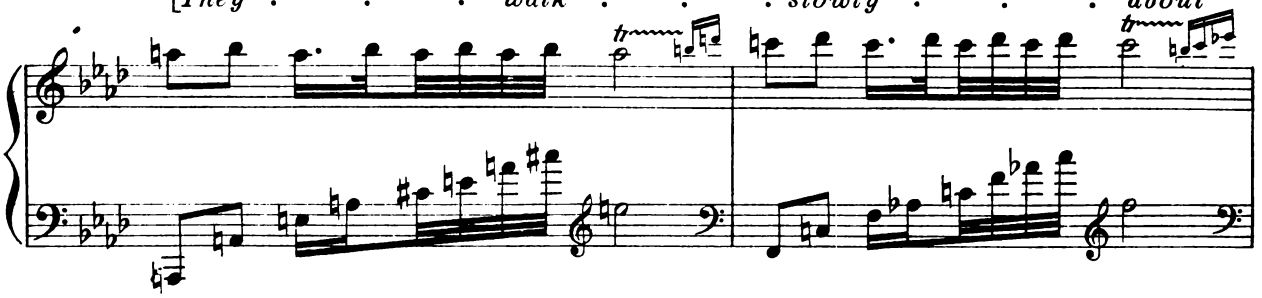
[GIOVANNI *and* BEATRICE *simultaneously enter thro' the two en-*



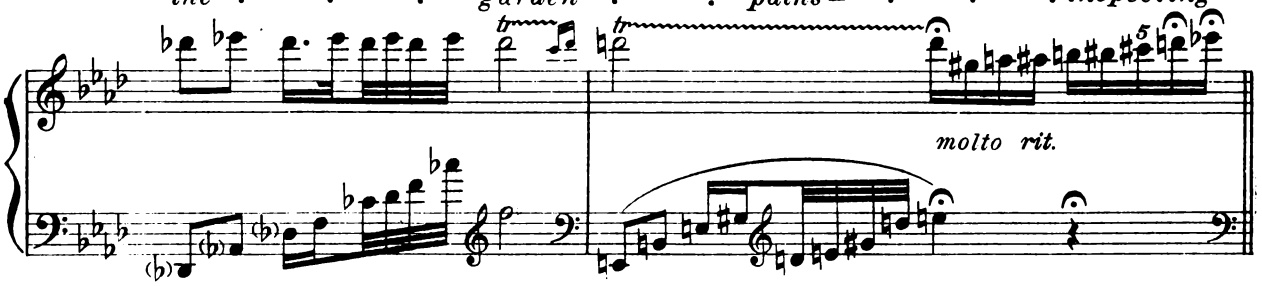
trances and meet beside the fountain.]



[*They . . . walk . . . slowly . . . about*



the . . . garden . . paths— . . . inspecting



and admiring the white blossoms.]

Moderato tranquillo (♩ = 72)

pp *rall.*

Giovanni [*amorously, yet dreamily*]

G. *mp*

My love is a great white flow'r,

mp a tempo

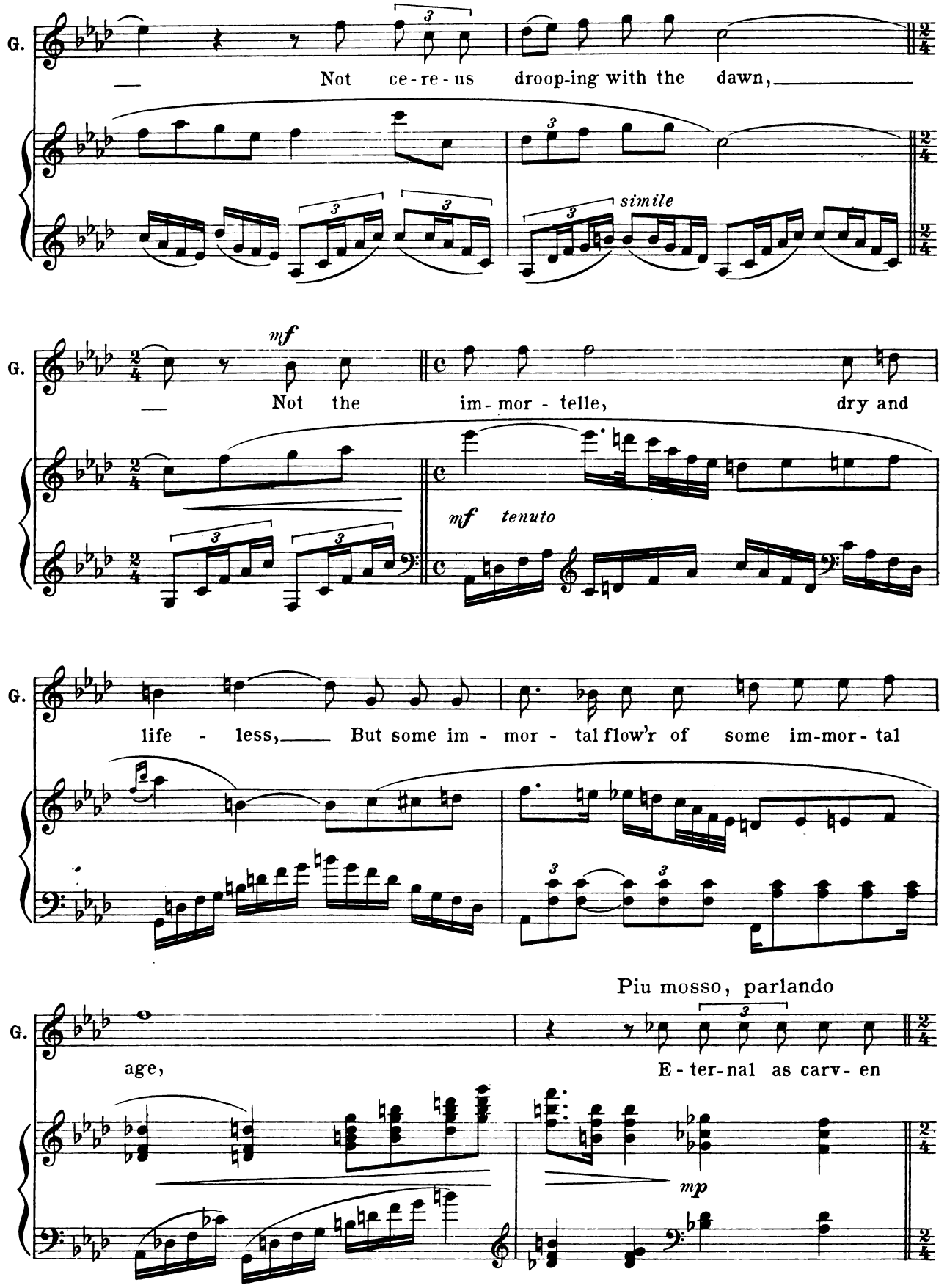
G.

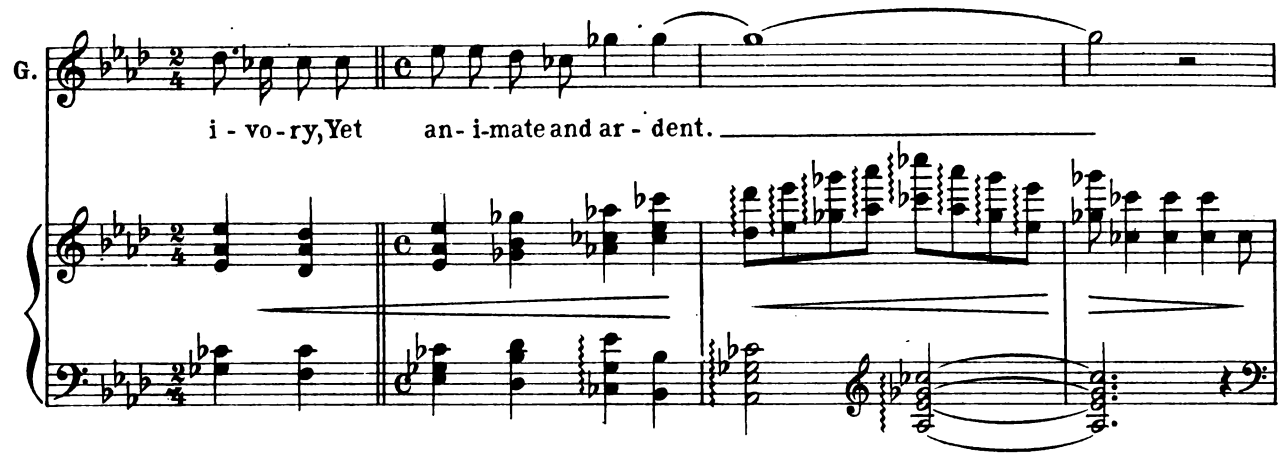
Some mys - tic bloom which eye hath not be-held.

G. *mf*

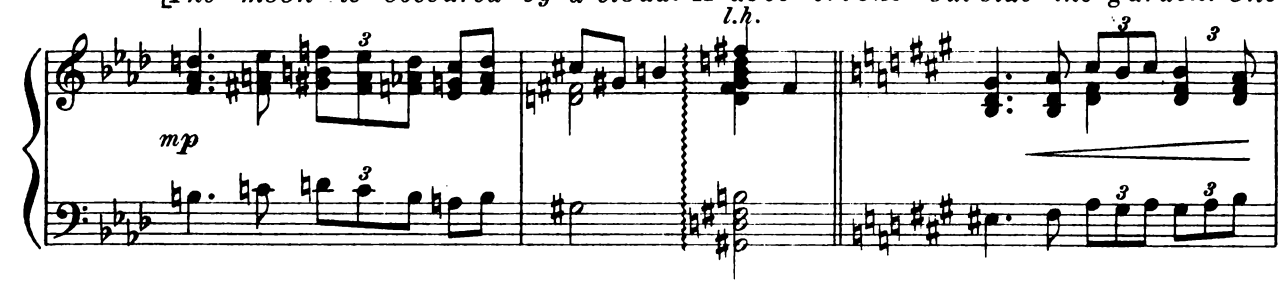
Not wa-ter - li - ly clos - ing with the eve,

mf

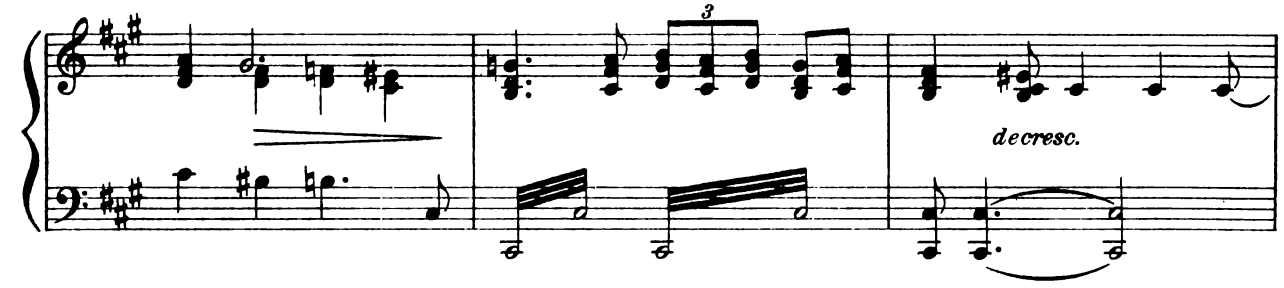

G.
Not ce-re-us droop-ing with the dawn,
simile
G.
mf
Not the im-mor-telle, dry and
mf tenuto
G.
life - less, But some im-mor-tal flow'r of some im-mor-tal
G.
Piu mosso, parlando
age, E-ter-nal as carv-en
mp



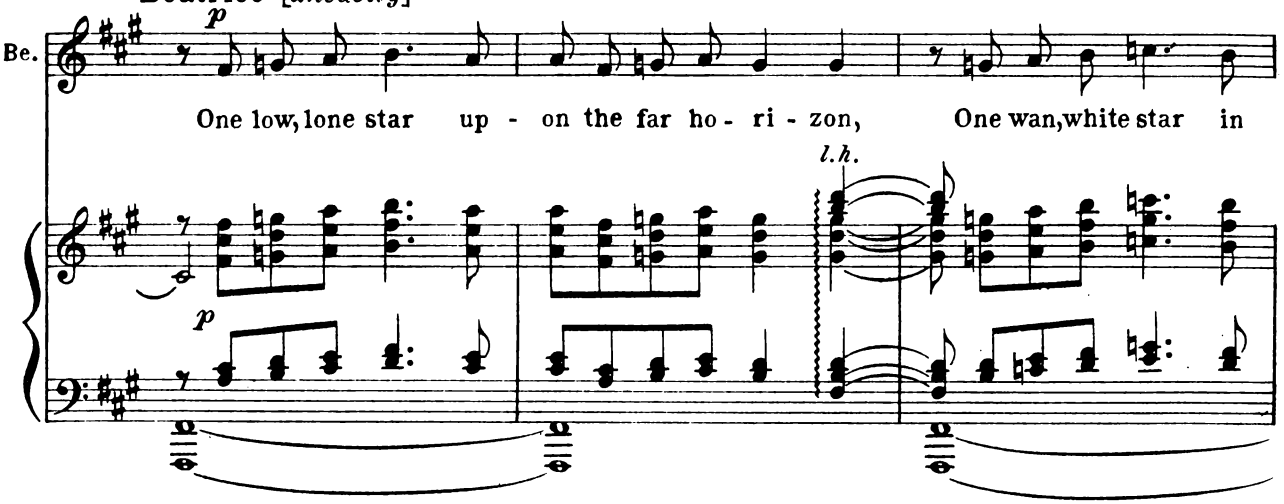
[*The moon is obscured by a cloud. A dove croons out-side the garden. One*

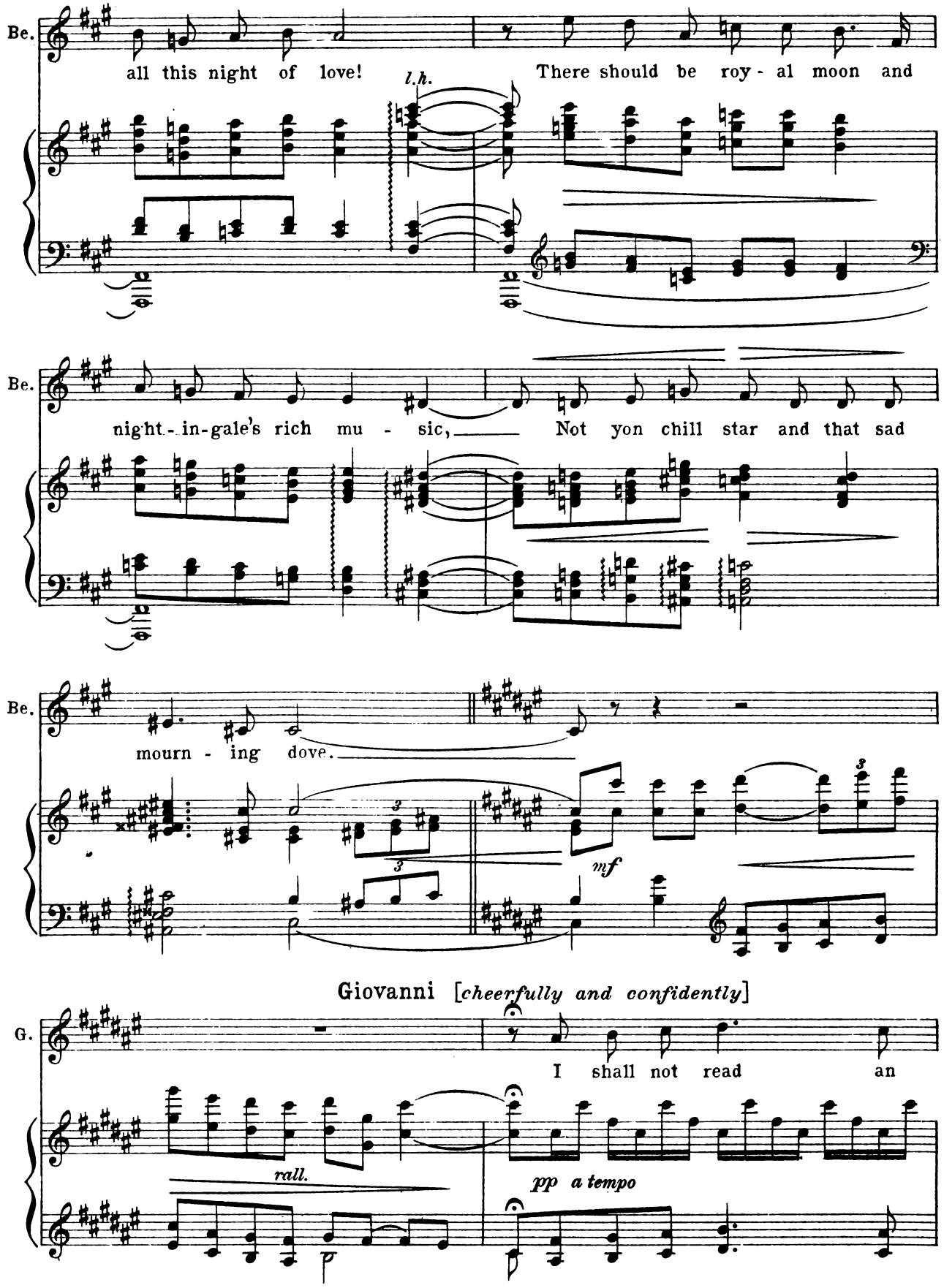


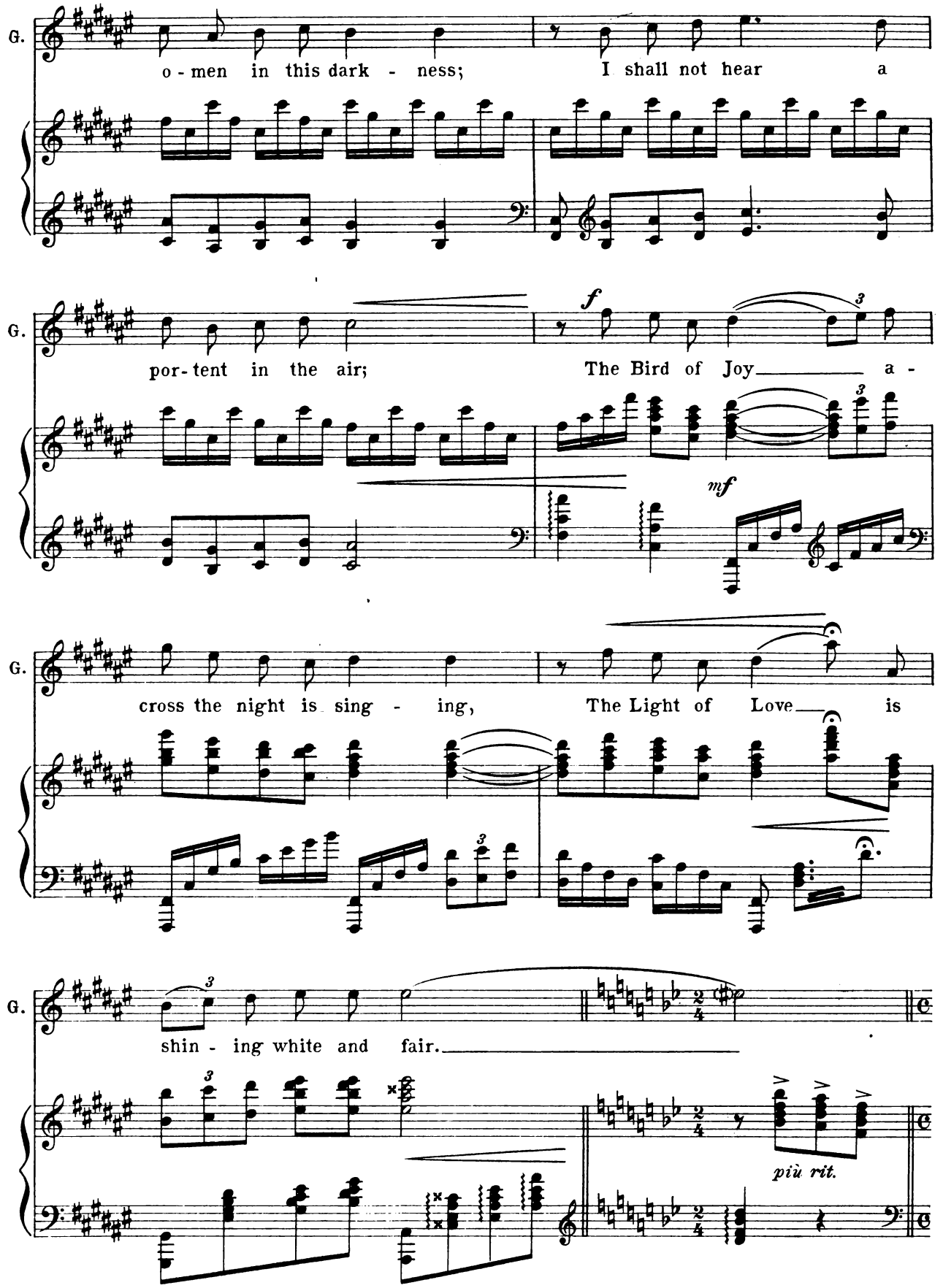
star shows through a rift in the cloud. BEATRICE *becomes apprehensive.*]



Beatrice [*uneasily*]




Be.
all this night of love!
l.h.
There should be roy - al moon and
Be.
night - in-gale's rich mu - sic,
Not yon chill star and that sad
Be.
mourn - ing dove.
mf
Giovanni [cheerfully and confidently]
G.
I shall not read an
rall.
pp a tempo


G.
o - men in this dark - ness; I shall not hear a
G.
por - tent in the air; The Bird of Joy a -
f
mf
G.
cross the night is sing - ing, The Light of Love is
G.
shin - ing white and fair.
più rit.

[*The moon emerges brilliantly*]

Molto maestoso

[BEATRICE *plucks a bloom from the sister shrub, kisses it passionately then fastens it to her breast.*]

[GIOVANNI *draws her away.*]

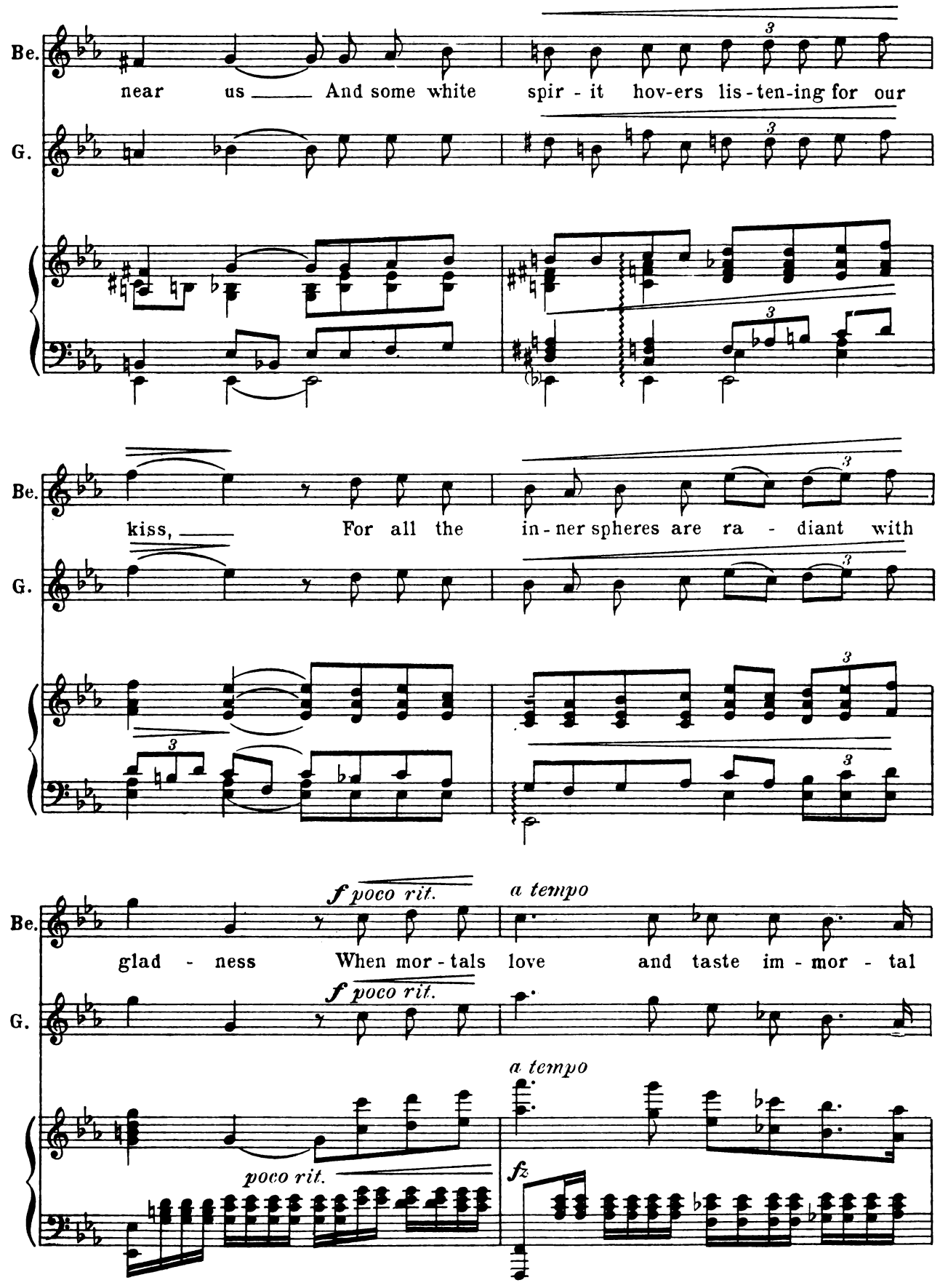
Be. *pp rall.* *with exultant passion*

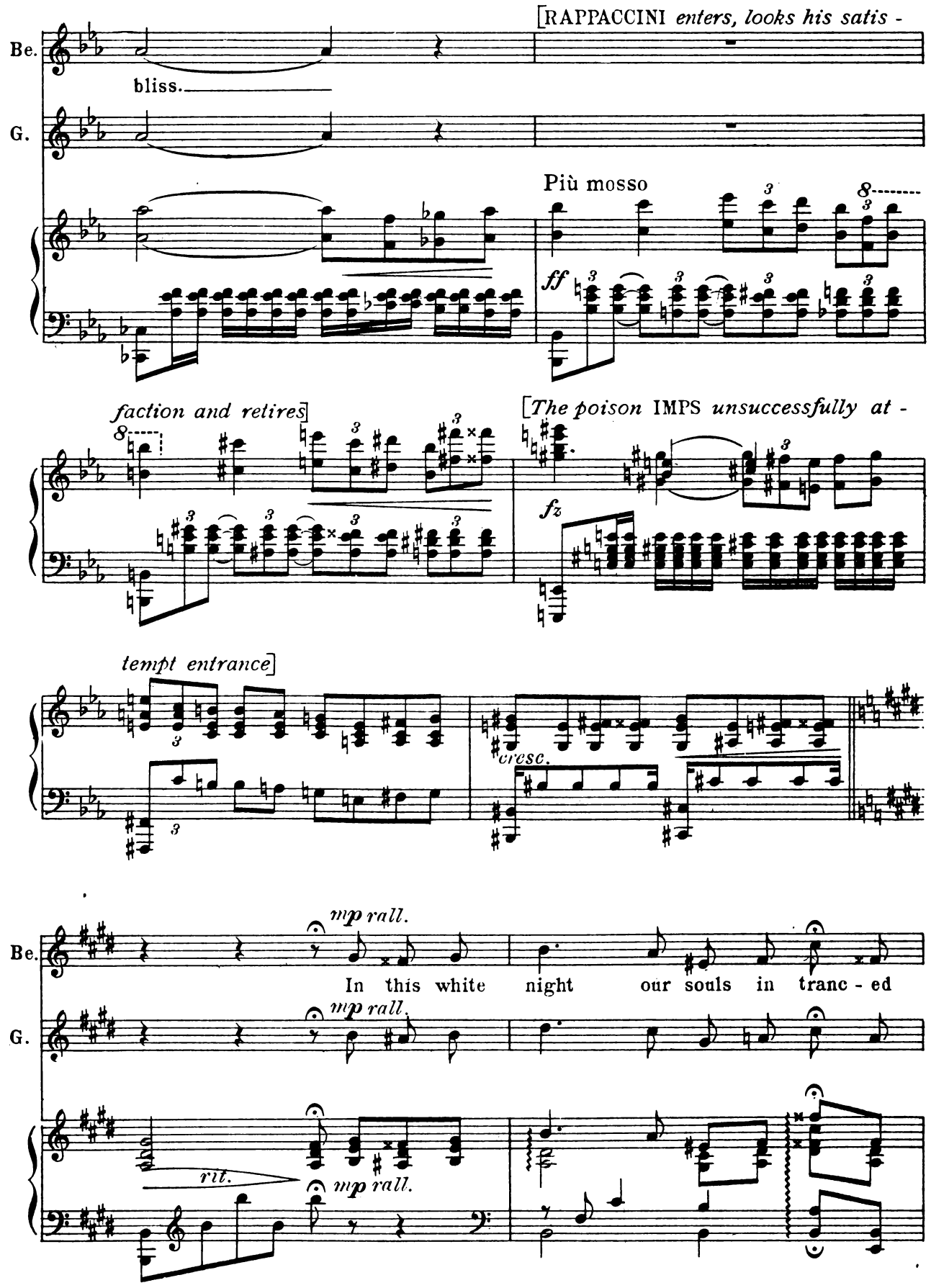
In this white night the Soul of Life draws

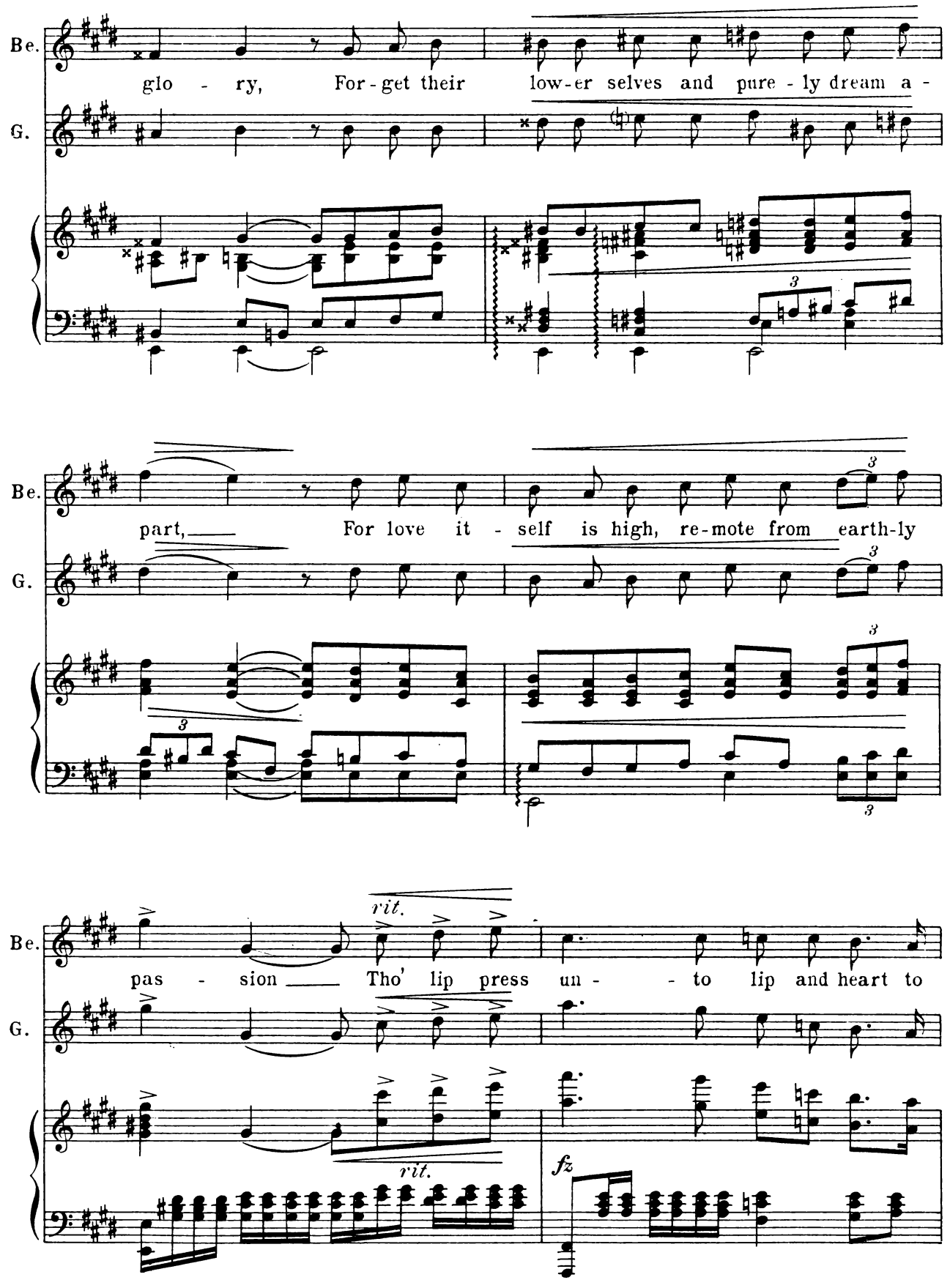
G. *pp rall.*

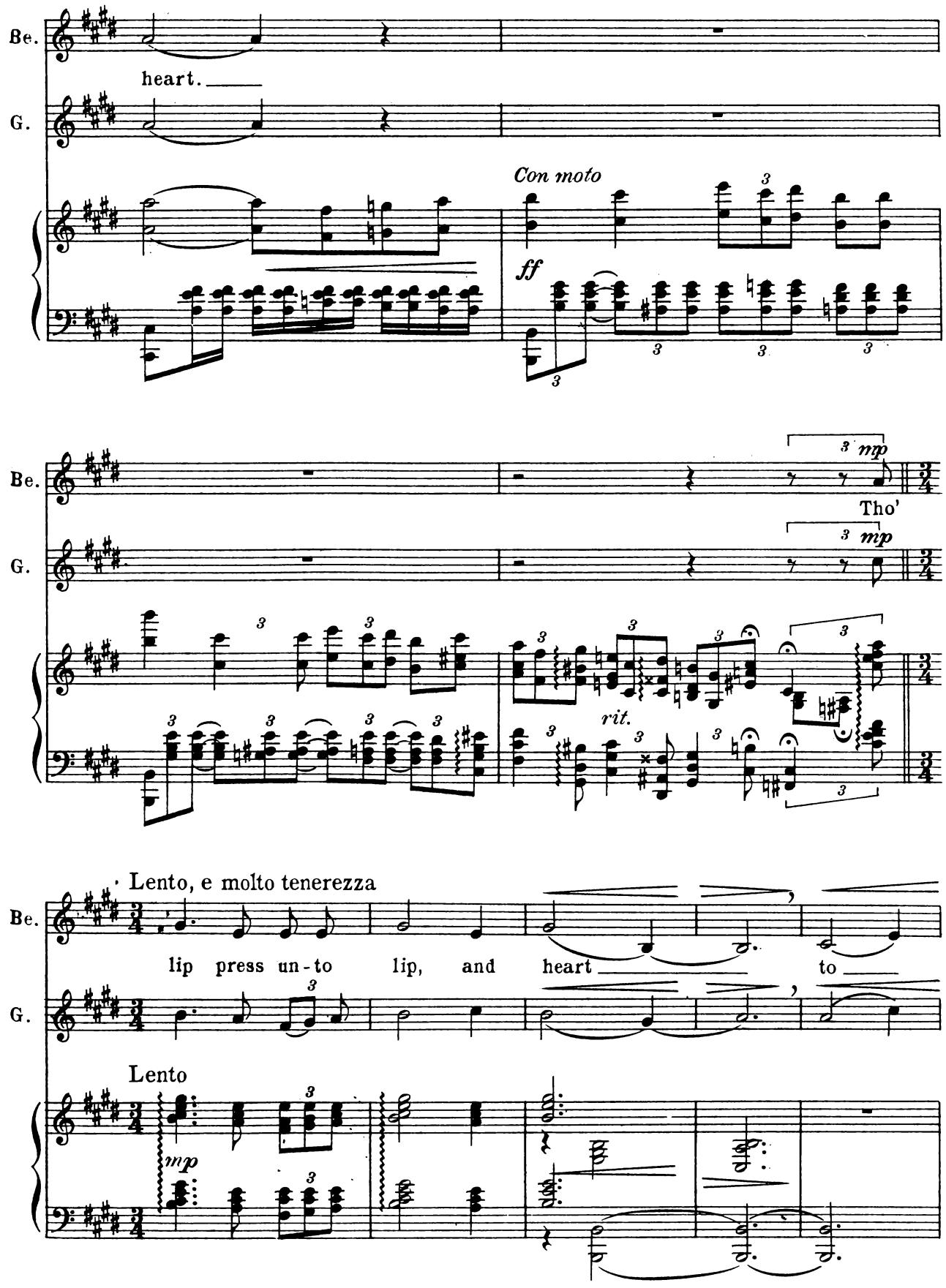
L. H.

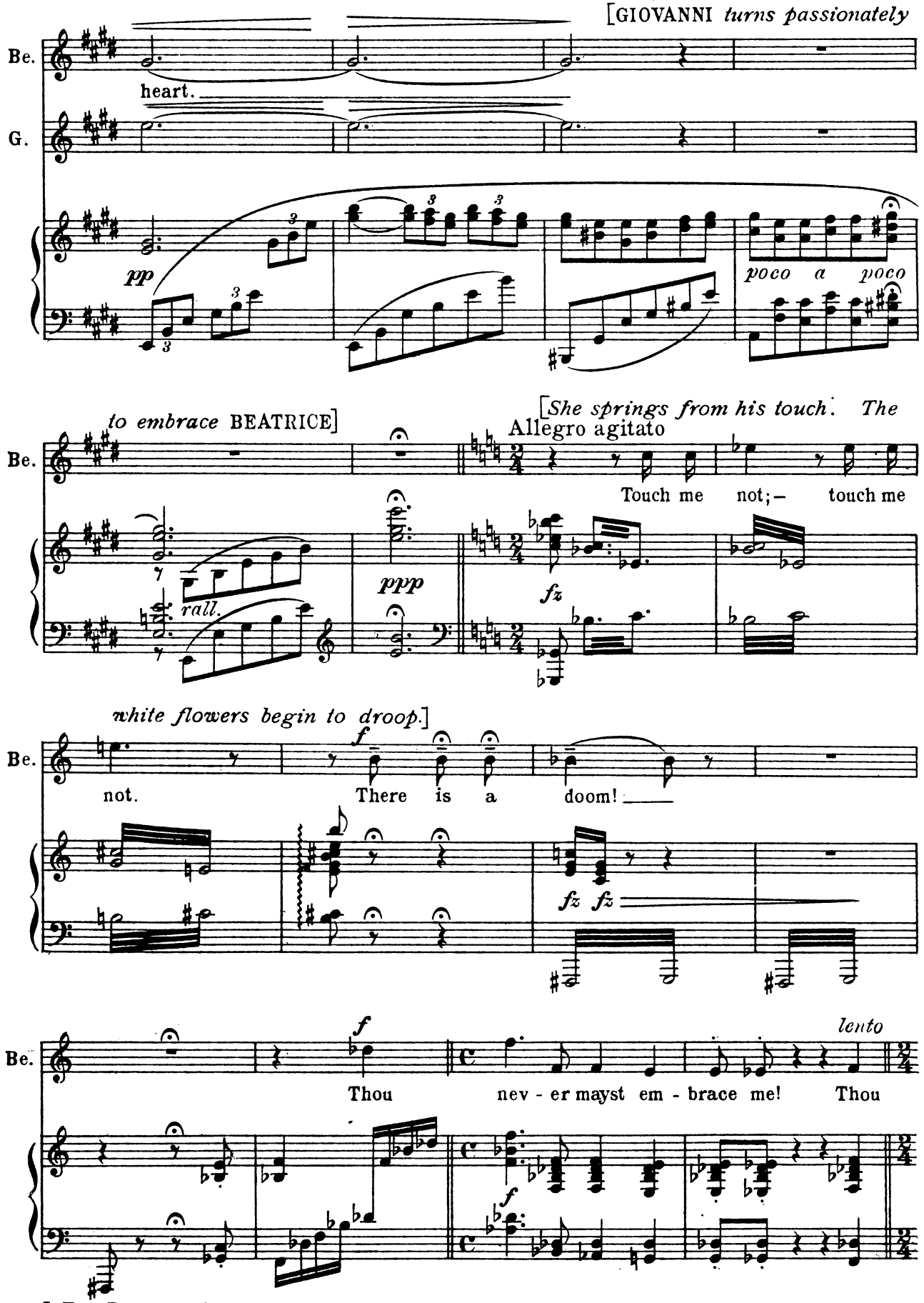
pp rall.

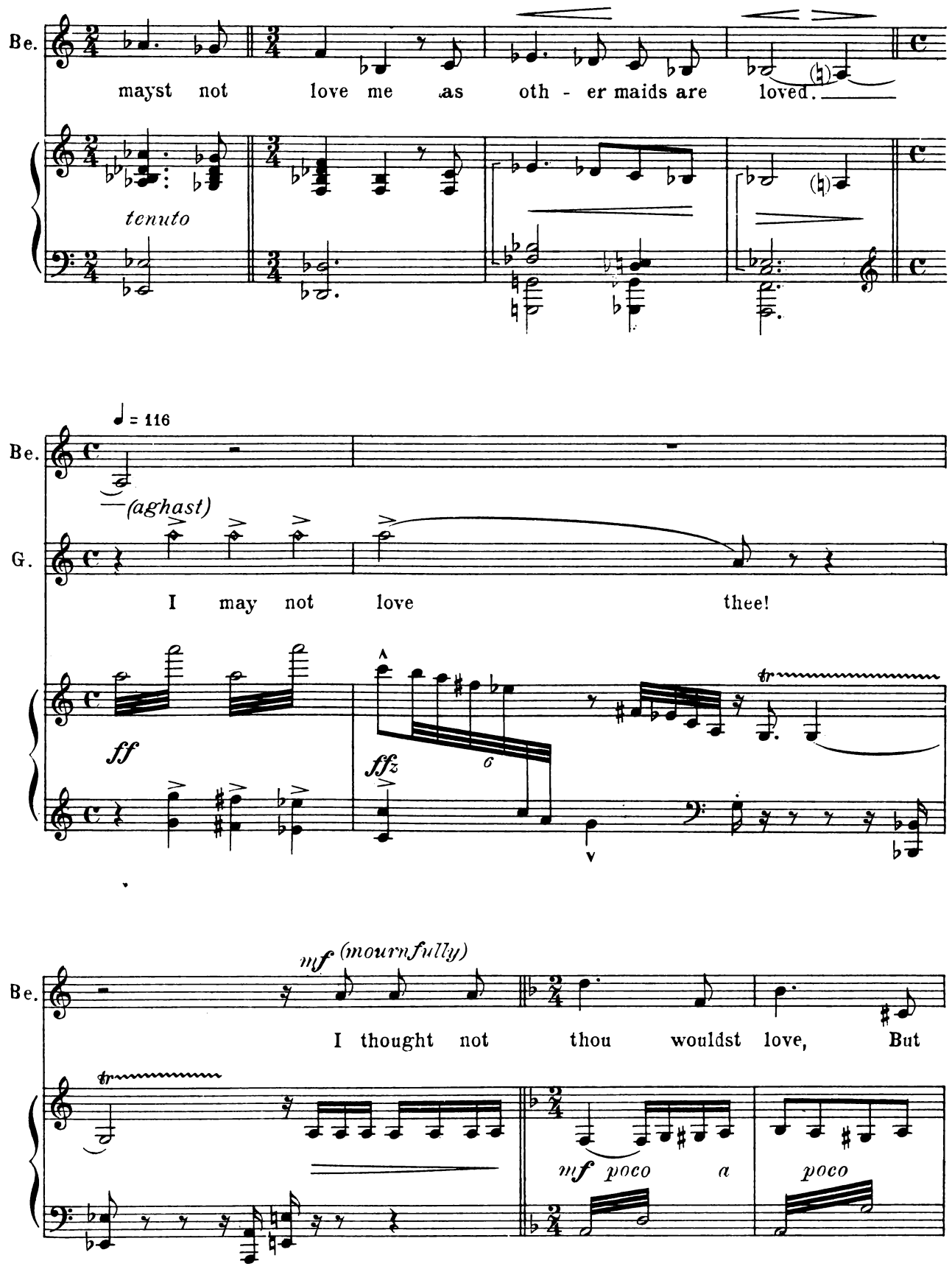

Be.
near us And some white spir - it hov-ers lis - ten-ing for our
G.
Be.
kiss, For all the in - ner spheres are ra - diant with
G.
Be.
f poco rit.
a tempo
glad - ness When mor - tals love and taste im - mor - tal
f poco rit.
G.
a tempo
poco rit.
fz

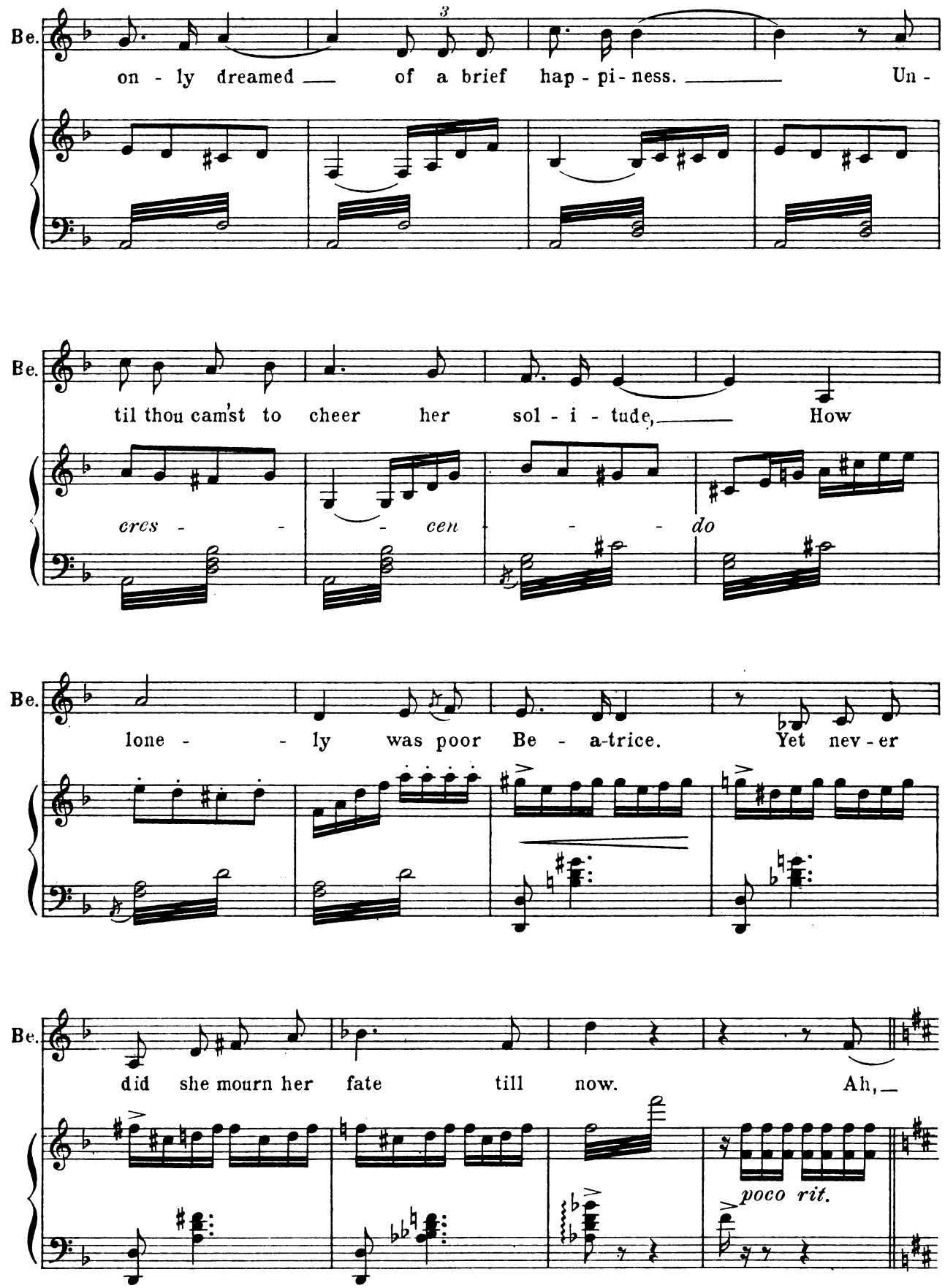

[RAPPACCINI enters, looks his satis -
Be.
bliss.
G.
Più mosso
ff
faction and retires]
[The poison IMPS unsuccessfully at -
fz
tempt entrance]
cresc.
mp rall.
Be.
In this white night our souls in tranc - ed
mp rall.
G.
rit.
mp rall.

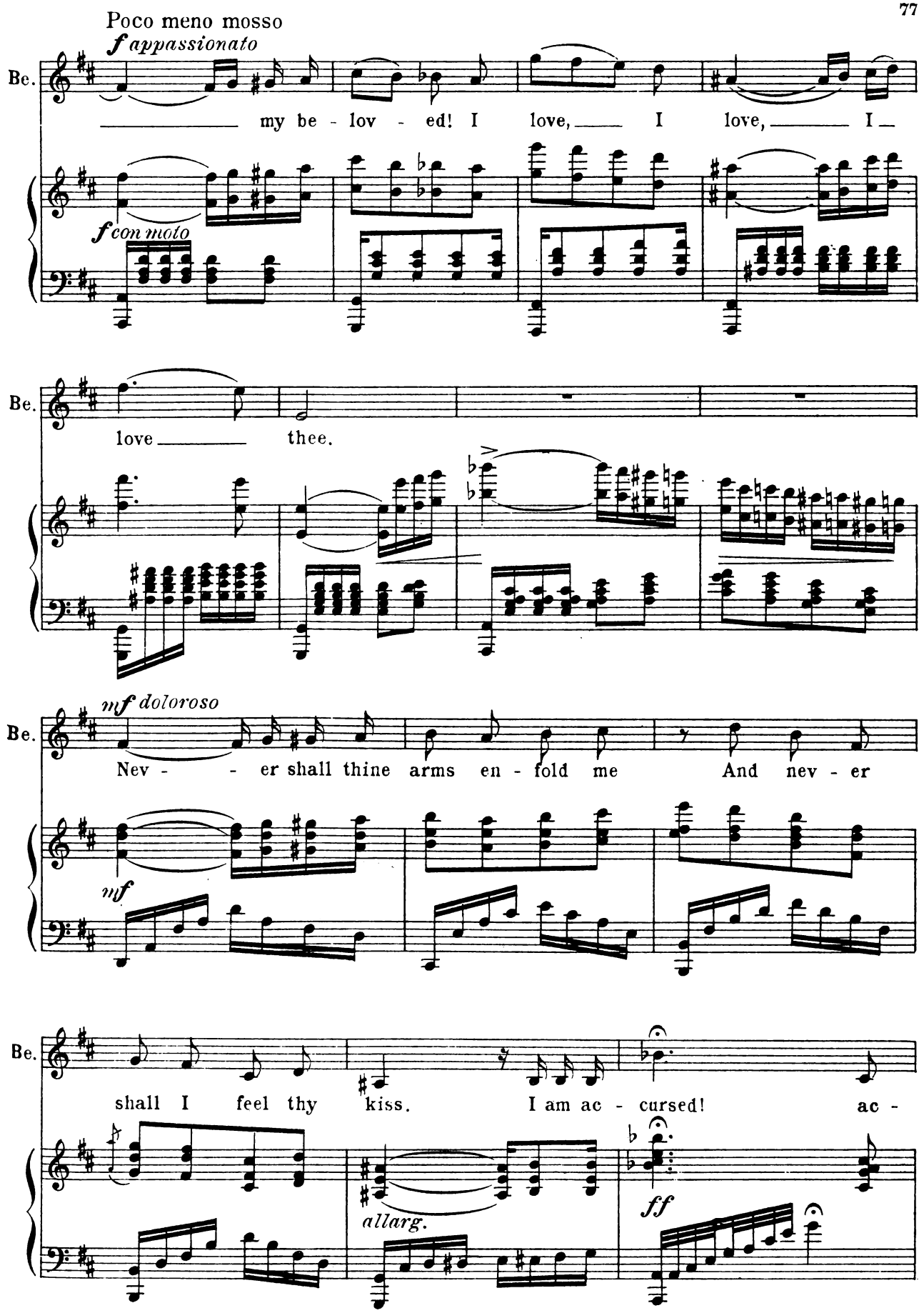

Be.
G.
glo - ry, For-get their low-er selves and pure - ly dream a -
part, For love it - self is high, re-mote from earth-ly
pas - sion Tho' lip press un - - to lip and heart to
rit.
rit.
fz

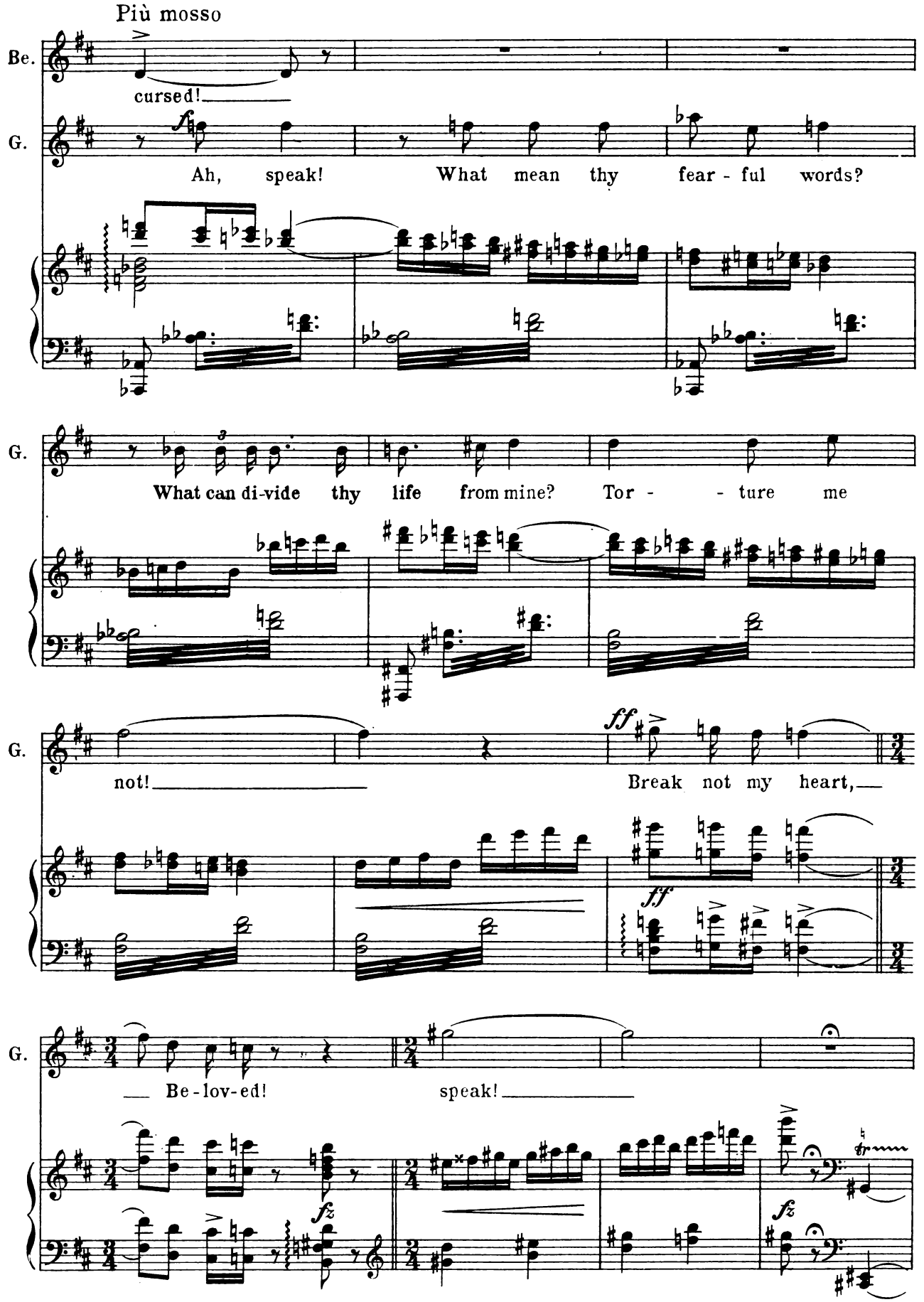

Be.
heart.
G.
Con moto
ff
Be.
mp
Tho'
G.
mp
rit.
Lento, e molto tenerezza
Be.
lip press un-to lip, and heart to
G.
Lento
mp

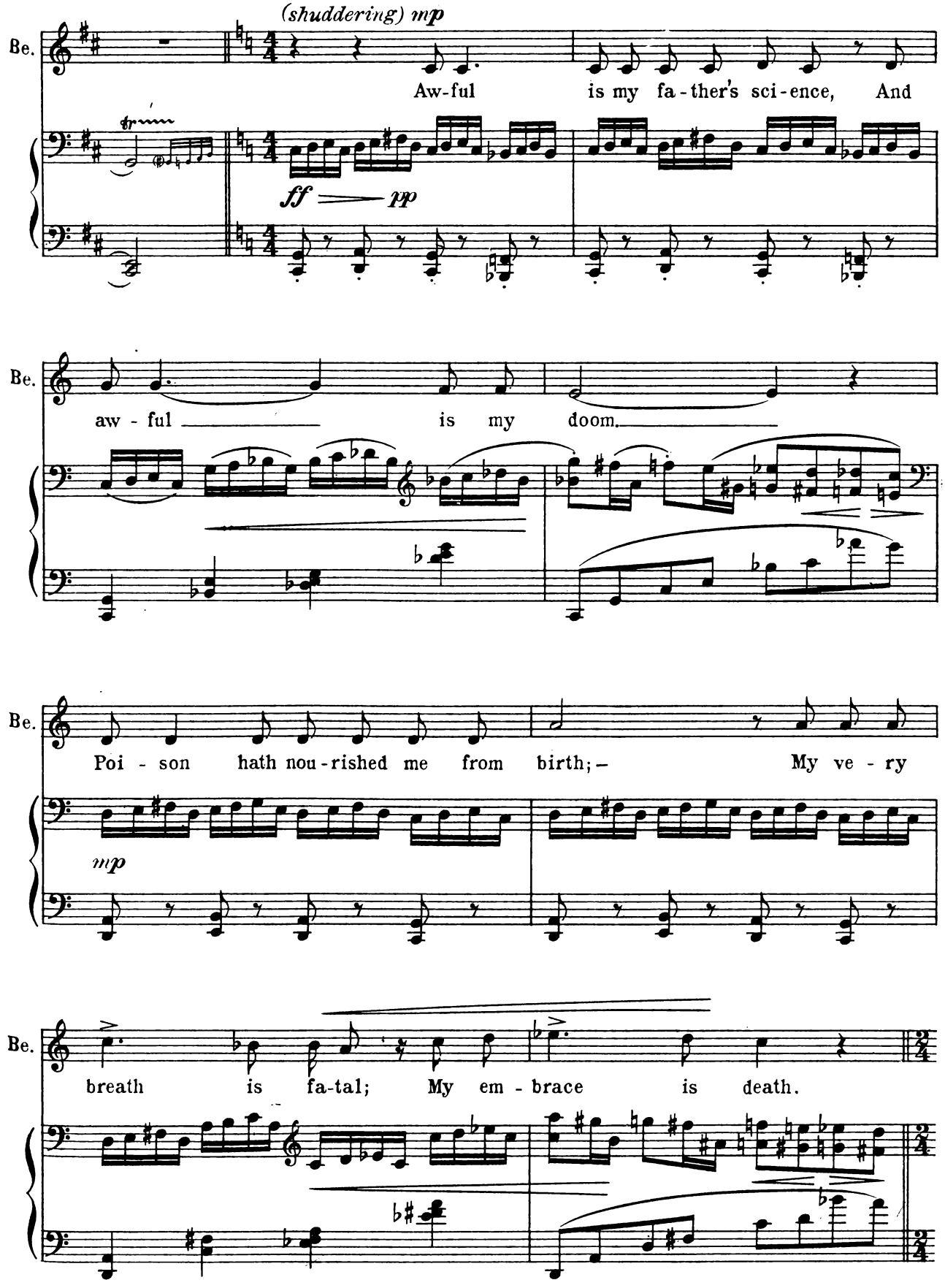

[GIOVANNI turns passionately
Be.
heart.
G.
pp
poco a poco
to embrace BEATRICE]
[She springs from his touch. The
Allegro agitato
Be.
Touch me not;— touch me
ppp
fz
rall.
white flowers begin to droop.]
Be.
f
not.
There is a doom!
fz fz
Be.
f
lento
Thou nev - er mayst em - brace me! Thou
f

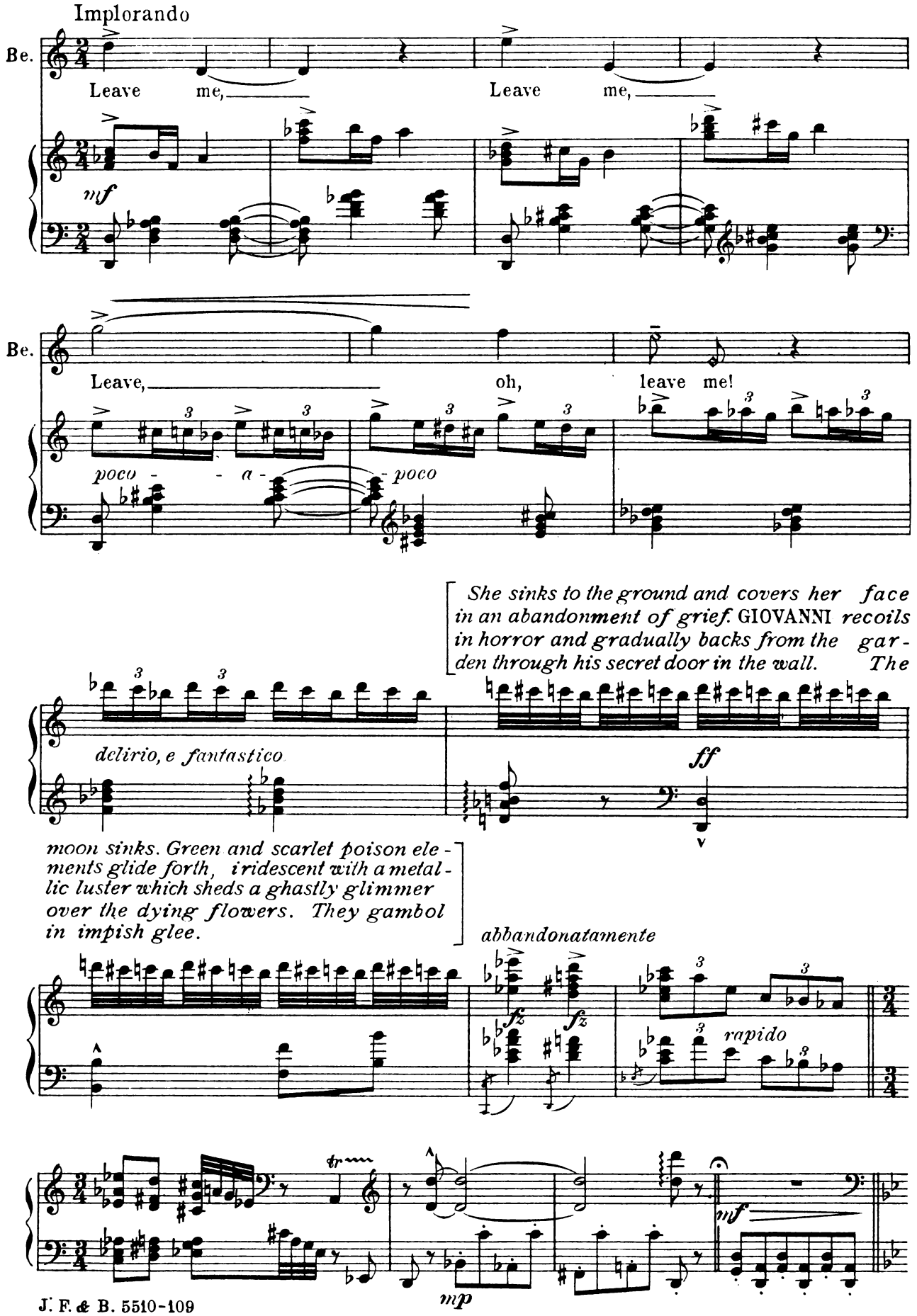

Be.
mayst not love me as oth - er maids are loved.
tenuto
♩ = 116
(aghast)
G.
I may not love thee!
ff
fffz
tr
mf (mournfully)
I thought not thou wouldst love, But
mf poco a poco


Be.
on - ly dreamed of a brief hap - pi - ness. Un -
Be.
til thou cam'st to cheer her sol - i - tude, How
cres - - - cen - - - do
Be.
lone - - ly was poor Be - a-trice. Yet nev - er
Be.
did she mourn her fate till now. Ah,
poco rit.

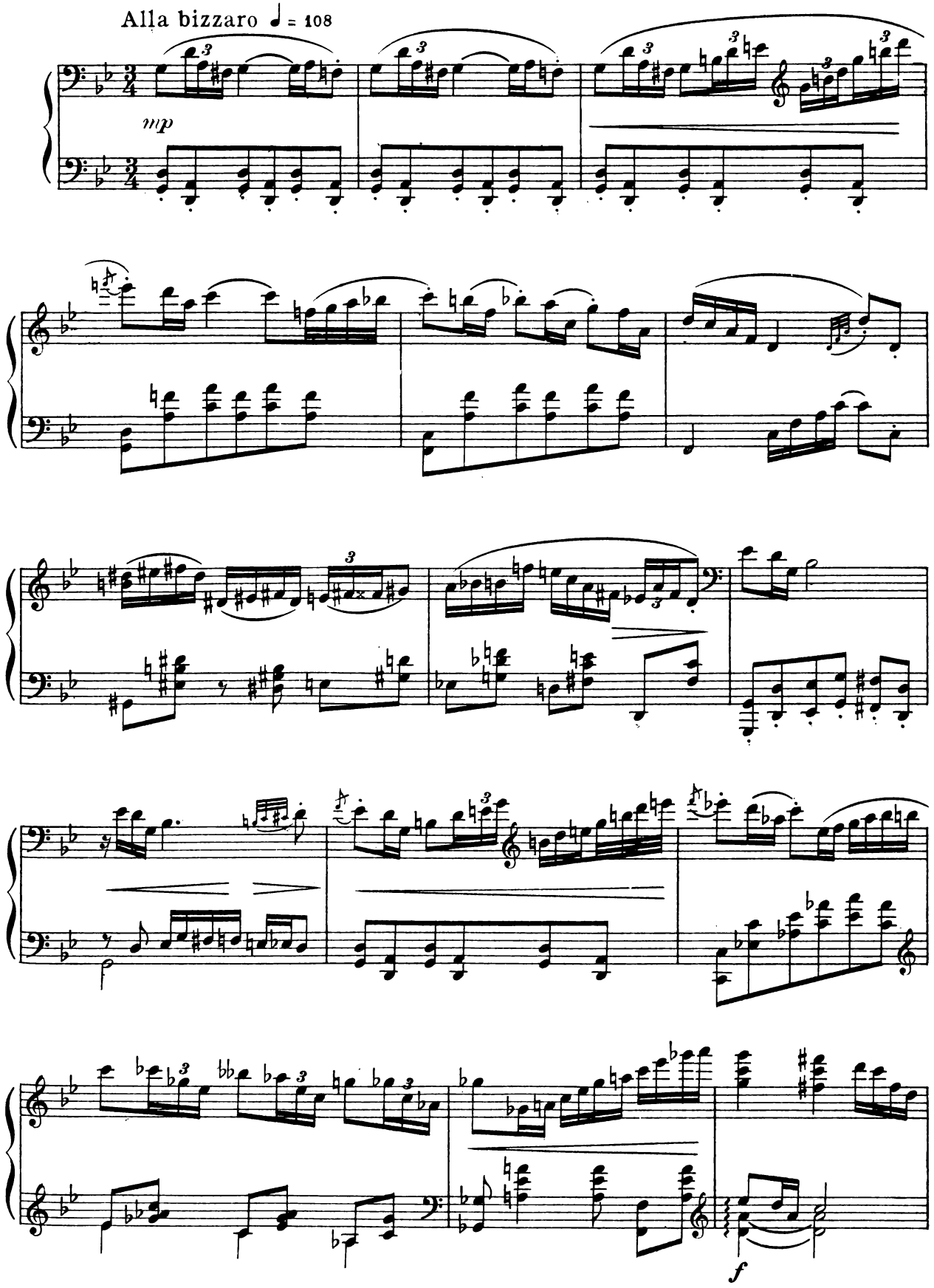

Poco meno mosso
f appassionato
Be.
my be - lov - ed! I love, I love, I
f con moto
Be.
love thee.
mf doloroso
Be.
Nev - er shall thine arms en - fold me And nev - er
mf
Be.
shall I feel thy kiss. I am ac - cursed! ac -
allarg.
ff

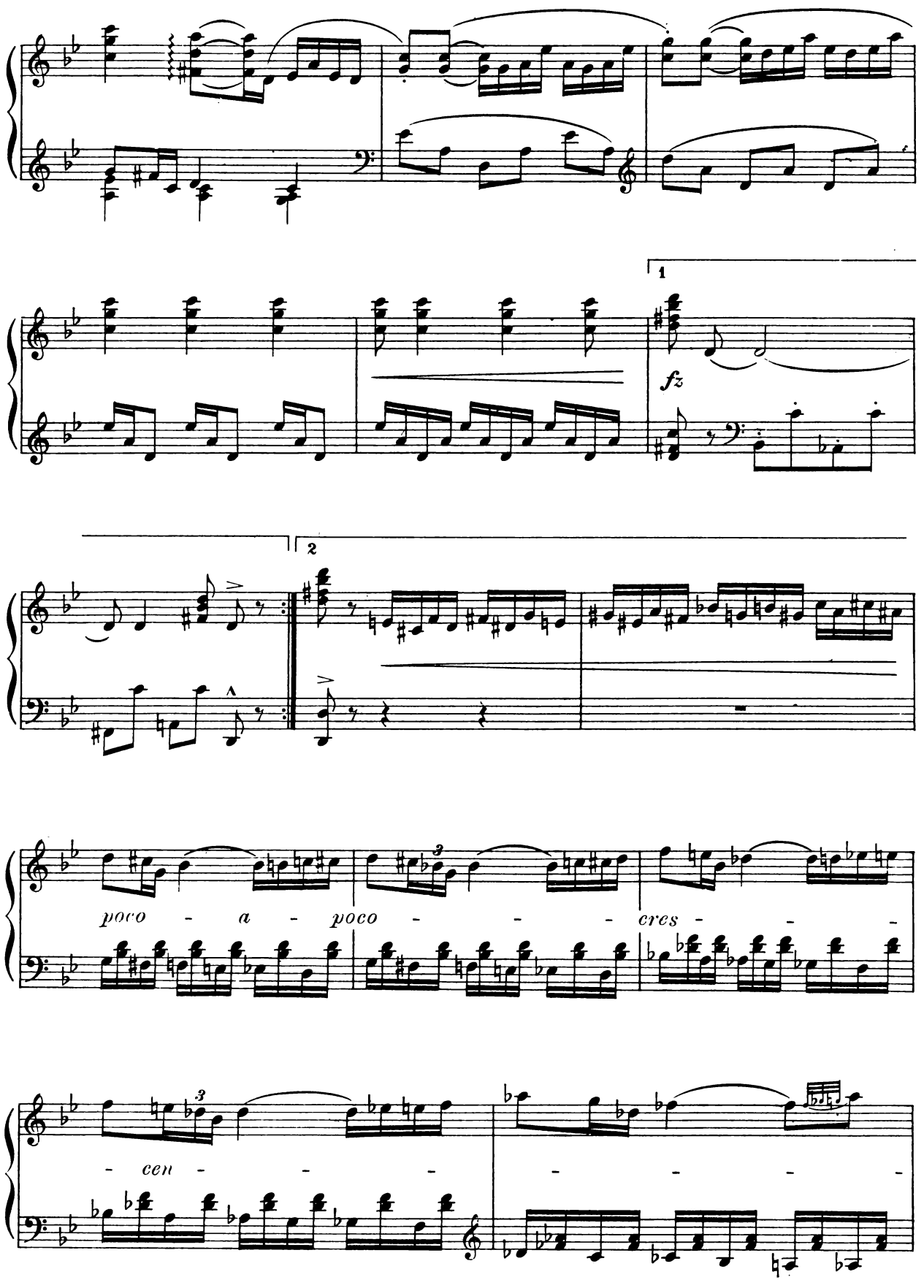

Più mosso
Be.
cursed!
G.
Ah, speak! What mean thy fear - ful words?
G.
What can di-vide thy life from mine? Tor - - ture me
G.
not!
ff
Break not my heart,
ff
G.
Be - lov-ed!
speak!
fz
fz

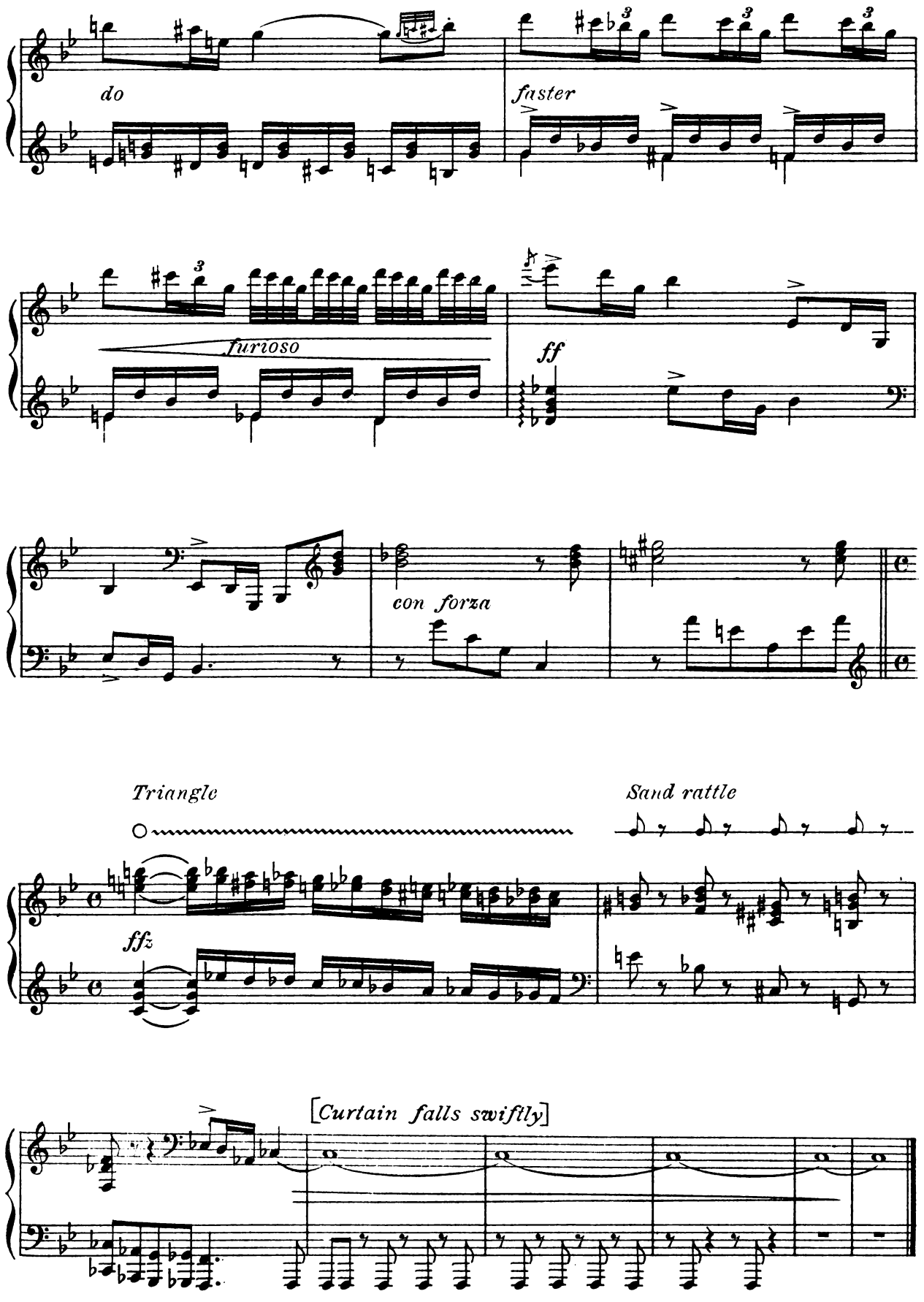

(shuddering) mp
Be.
Aw-ful is my fa-ther's sci-ence, And
ff pp
Be.
aw-ful is my doom.
Be.
Poi-son hath nou-rished me from birth;– My ve-ry
mp
Be.
breath is fa-tal; My em-brace is death.


Implorando
Be.
Leave me, Leave me,
mf
Be.
Leave, oh, leave me!
poco - a - poco
She sinks to the ground and covers her face in an abandonment of grief. GIOVANNI recoils in horror and gradually backs from the garden through his secret door in the wall. The
delirio, e fantastico
ff
moon sinks. Green and scarlet poison elements glide forth, iridescent with a metallic luster which sheds a ghastly glimmer over the dying flowers. They gambol in impish glee.
abbandonatamente
fz
fz
rapido
tr
mf
mp

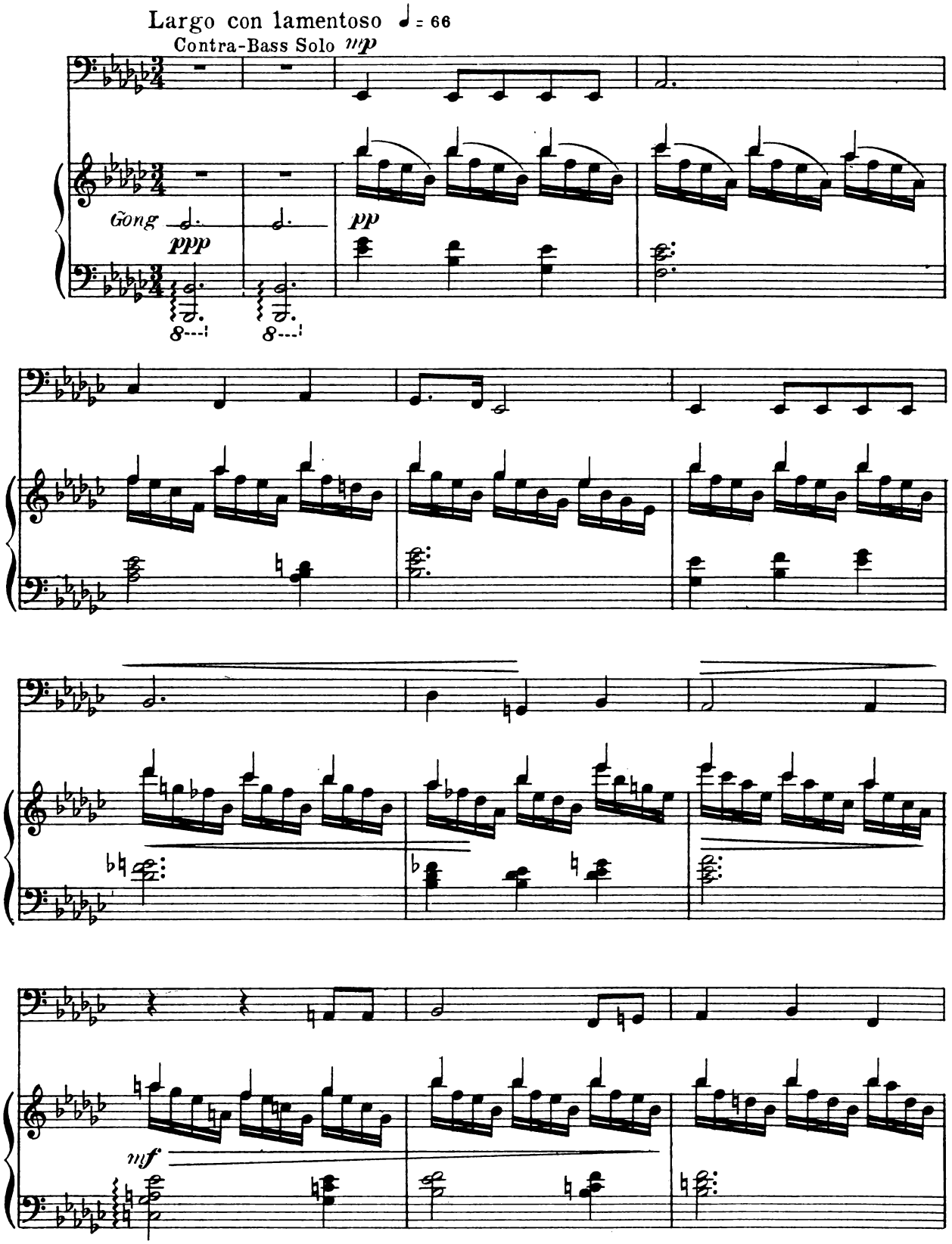
Ballet of Poison Imps

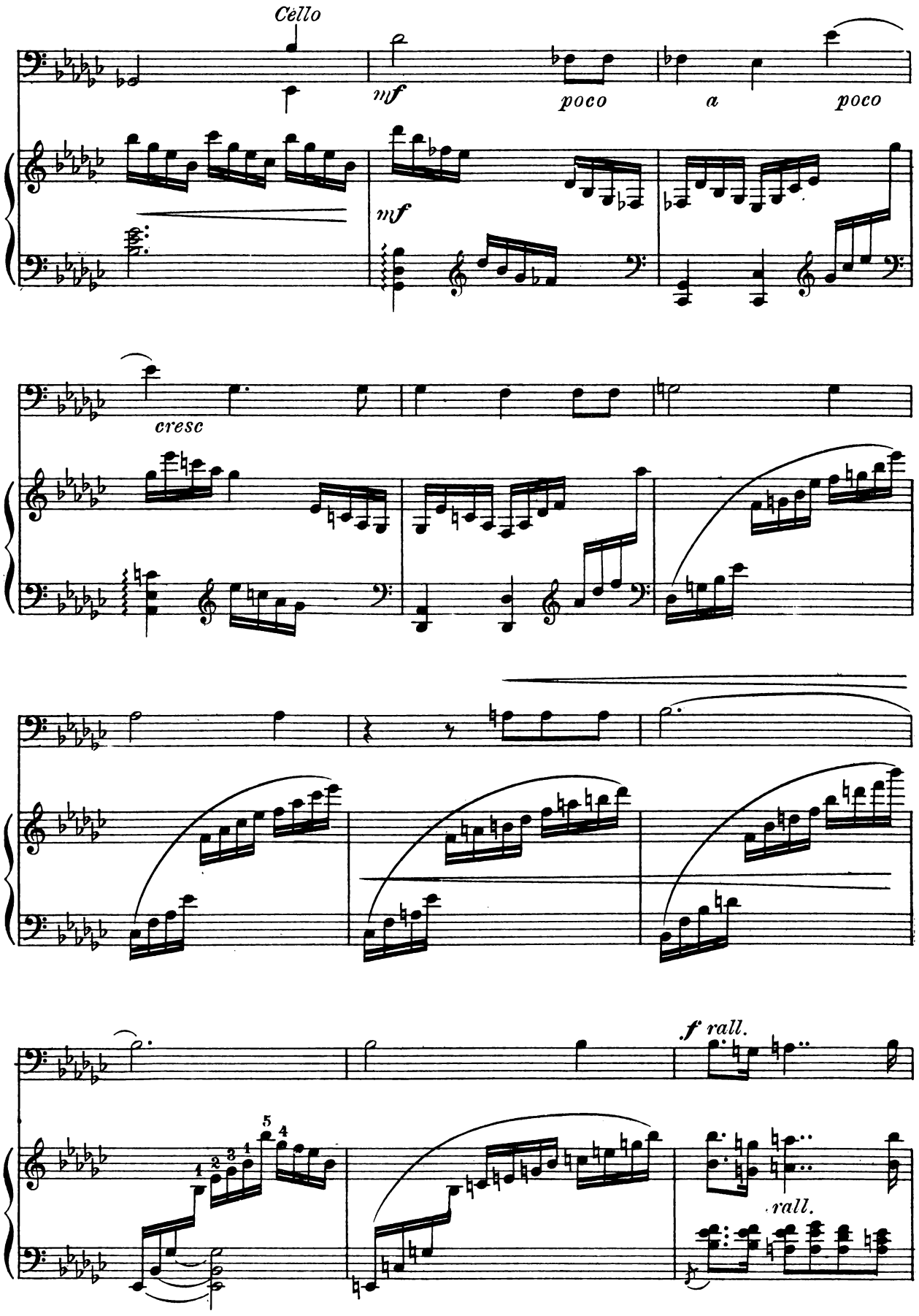


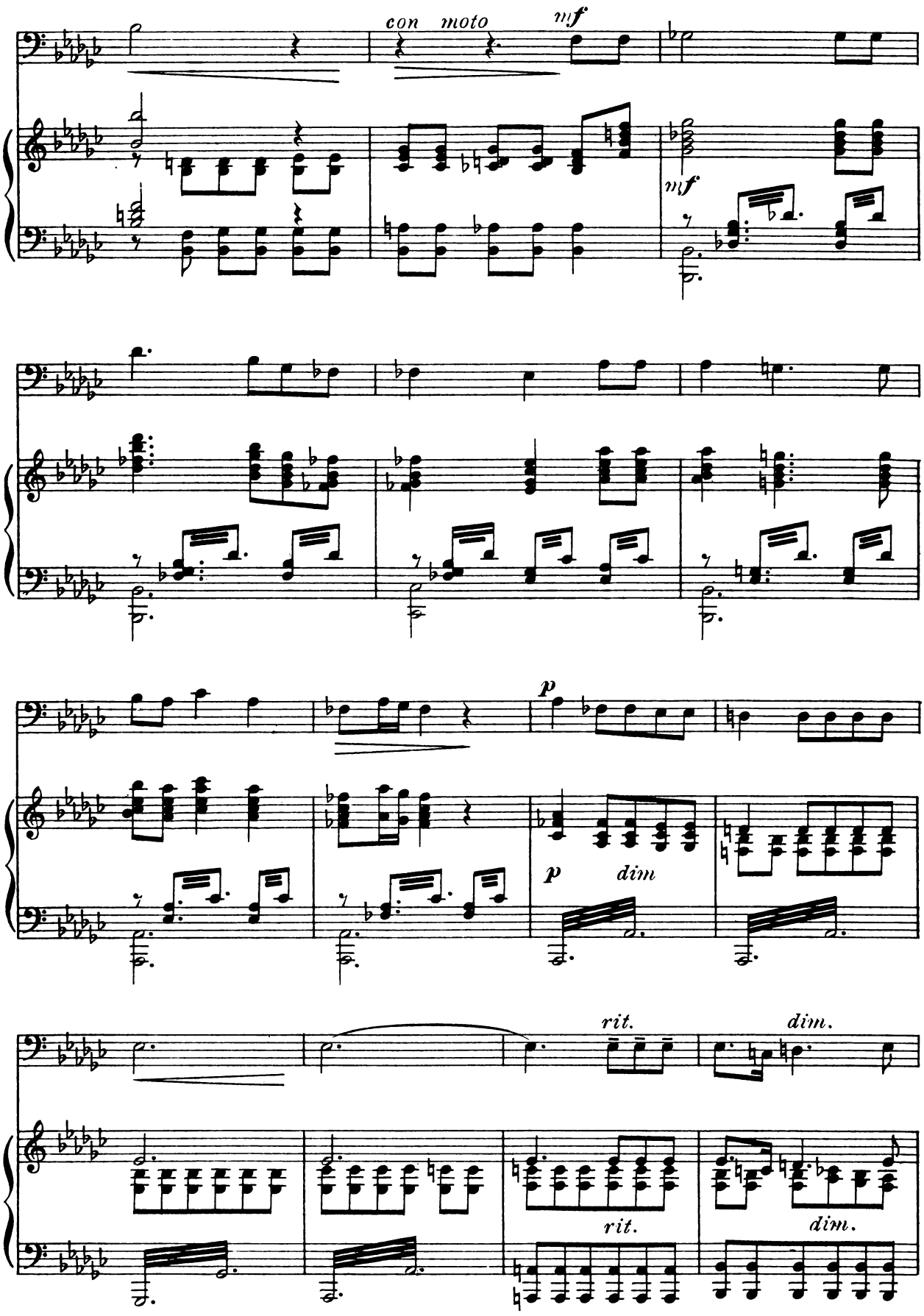

1
fz
2
poco - a - poco - - - - cres - - -
- cen - - -

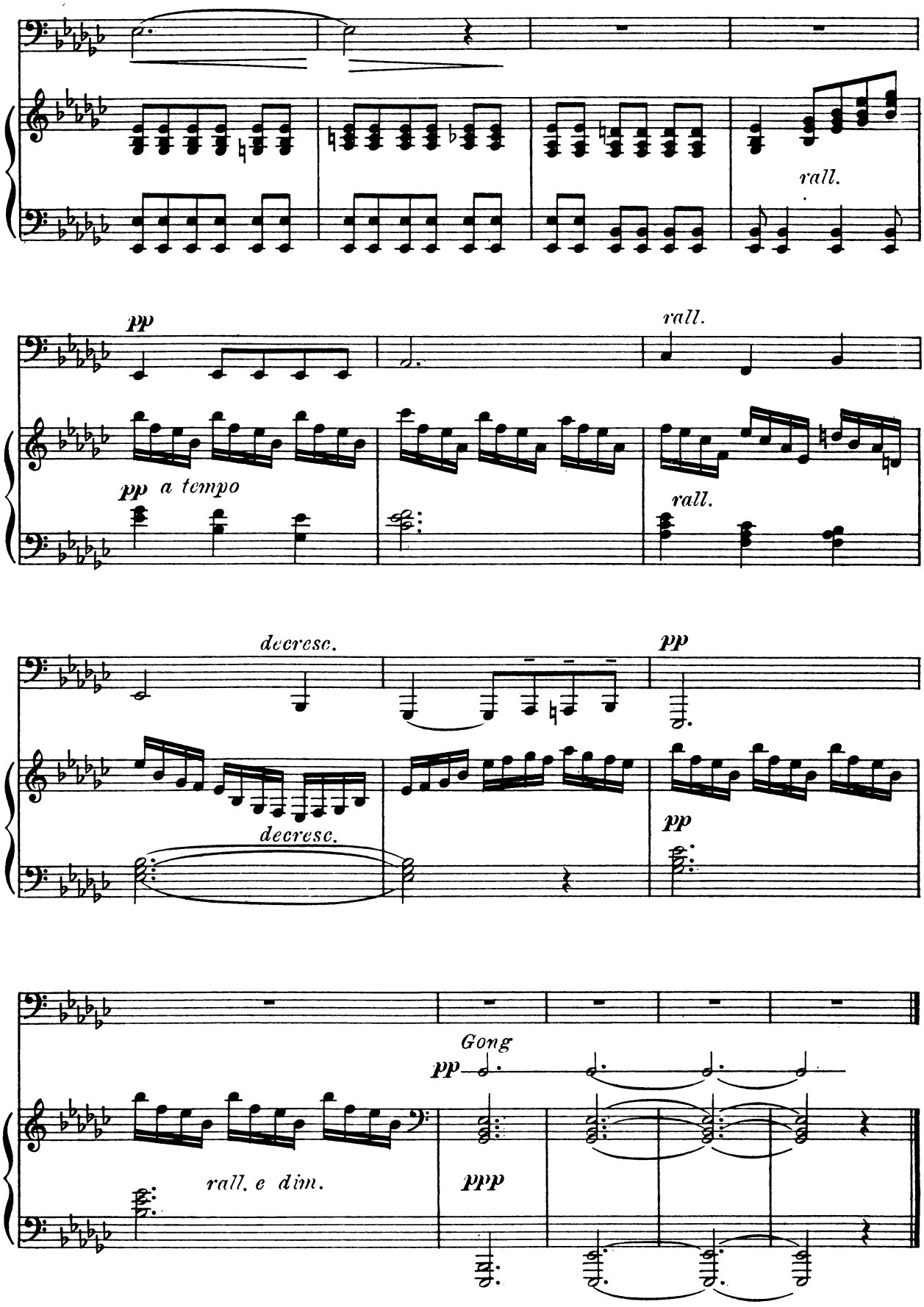

do
faster
furioso
ff
con forza
Triangle
Sand rattle
fffz
[Curtain falls swiftly]

Intermezzo
(Death)




Cello
mf
poco
a
poco
mf
cresc
f rall.
rall.

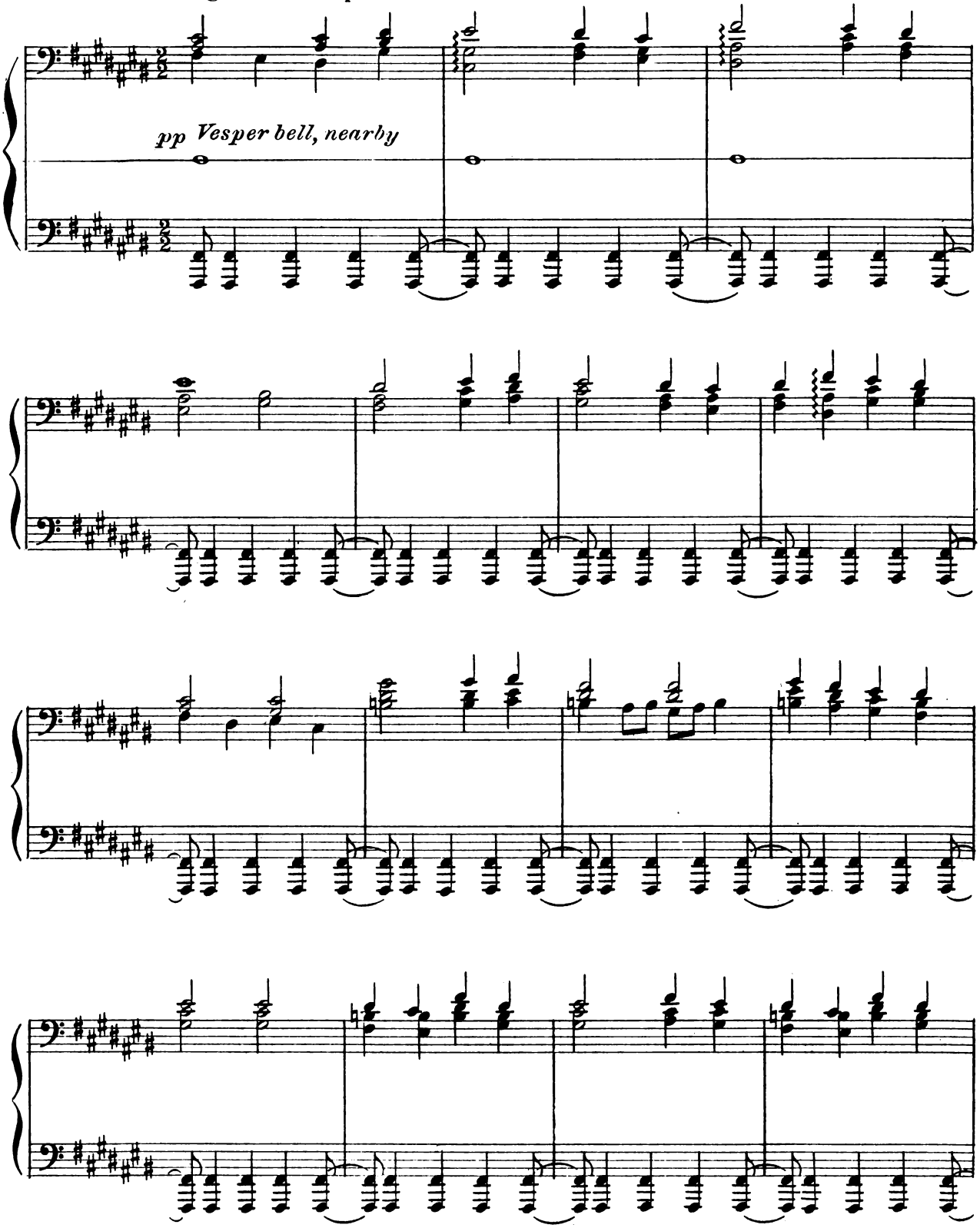

con moto
mf
mf
p
p
dim
rit.
dim.
rit.
dim.


rall.
pp
rall.
pp a tempo
rall.
decresc.
pp
decresc.
pp
Gong
pp
rall. e dim.
ppp

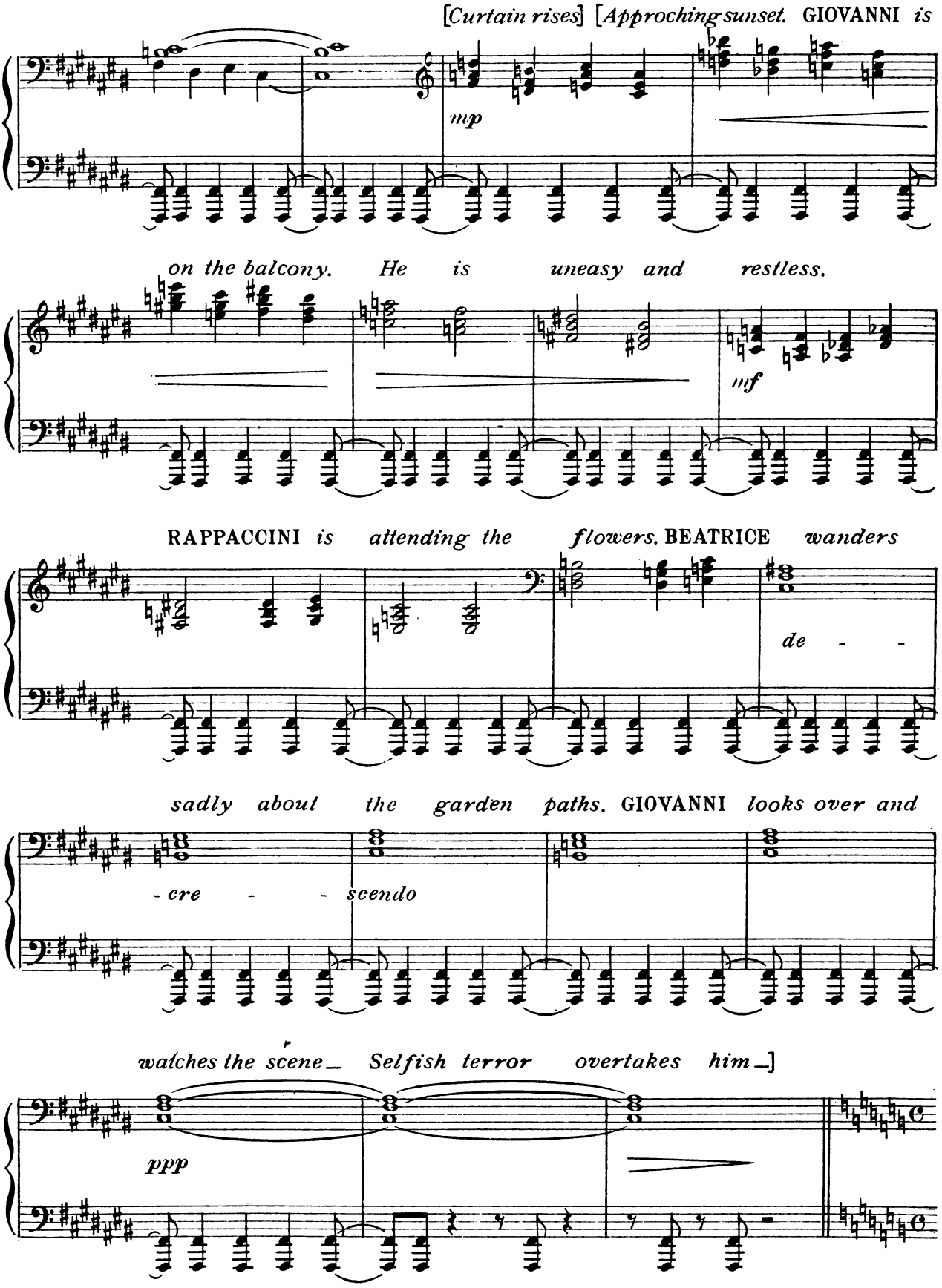
PART III

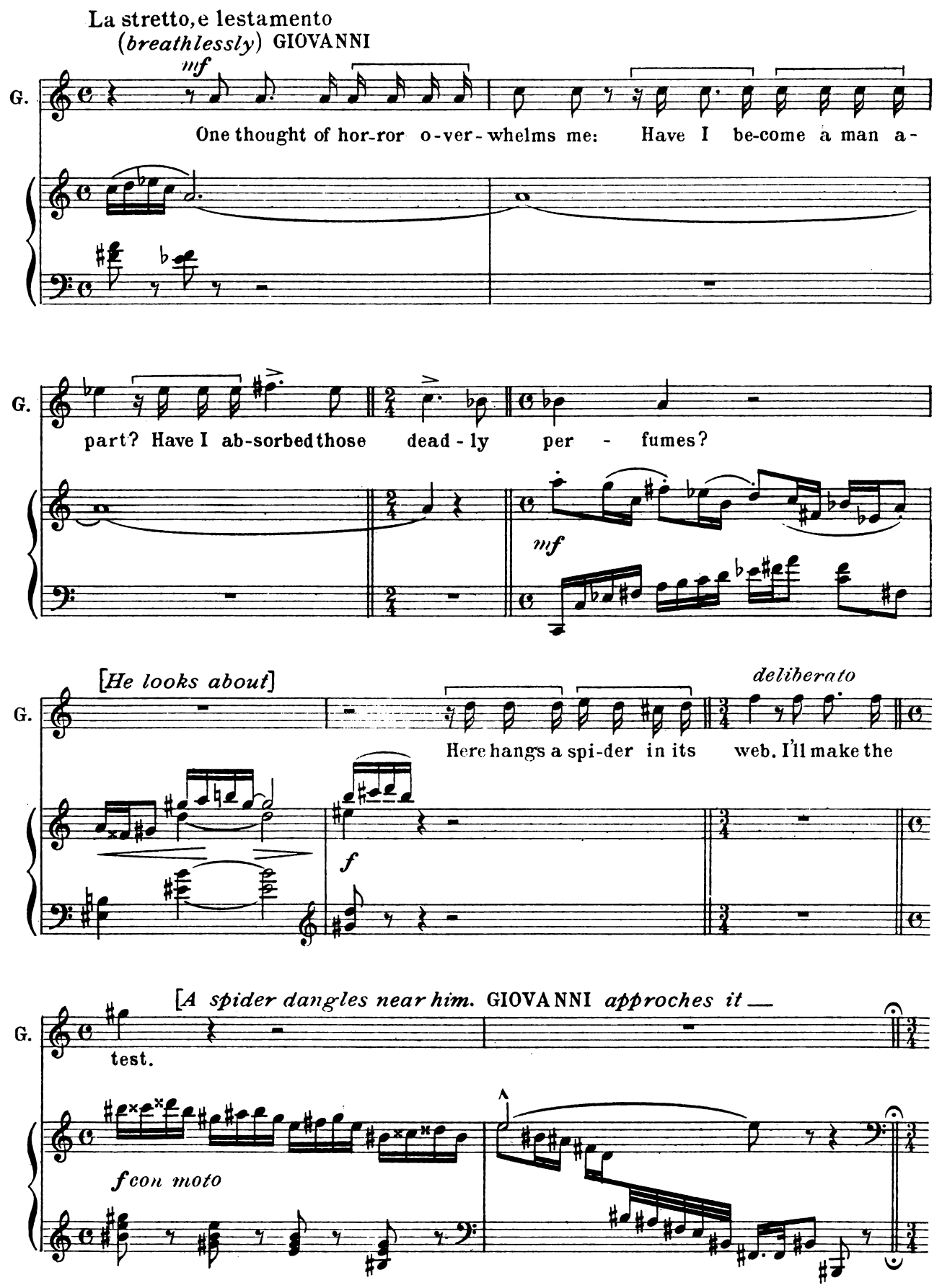
Death*

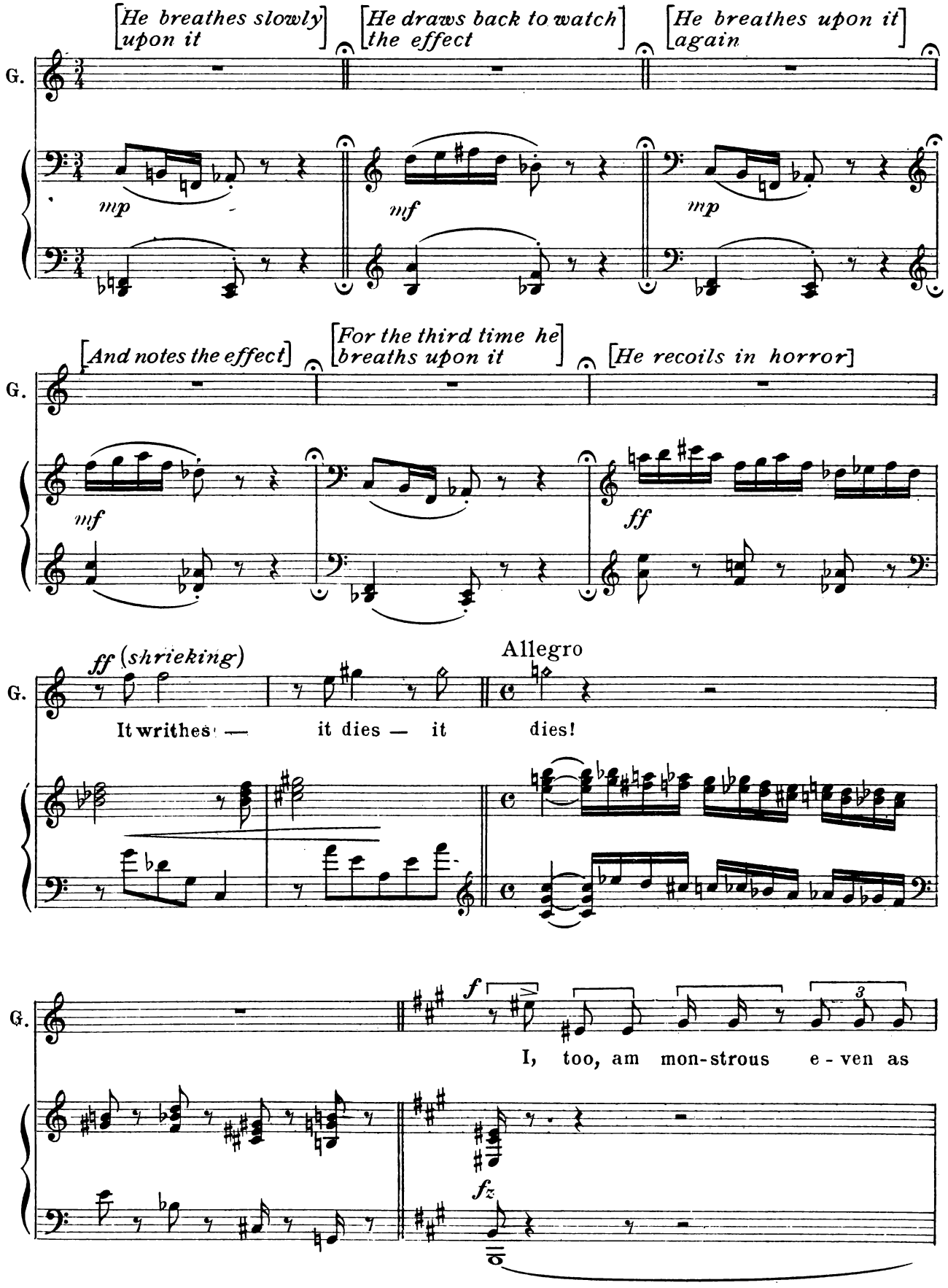
Religioso con espressivo (♩ = 56)

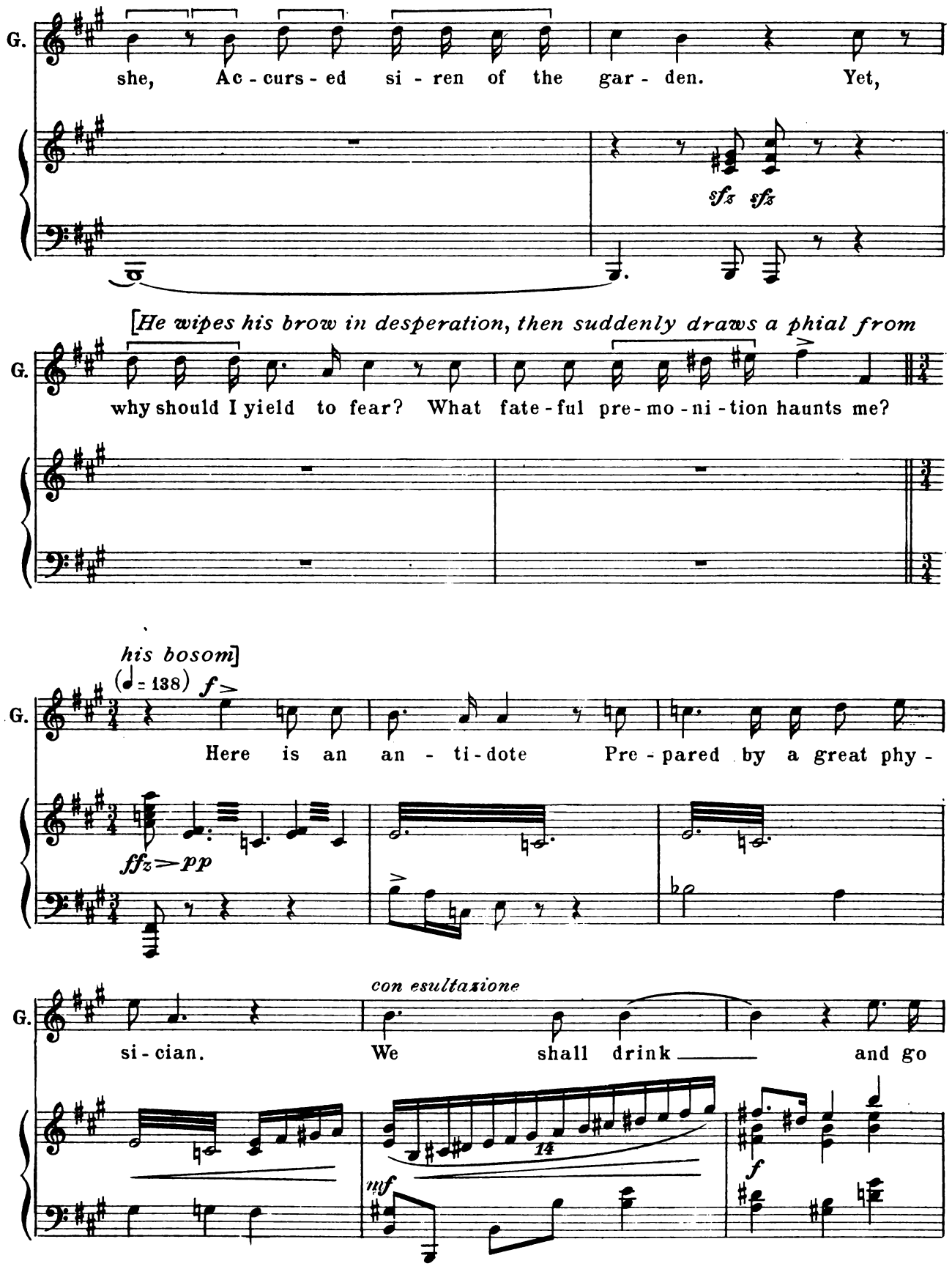


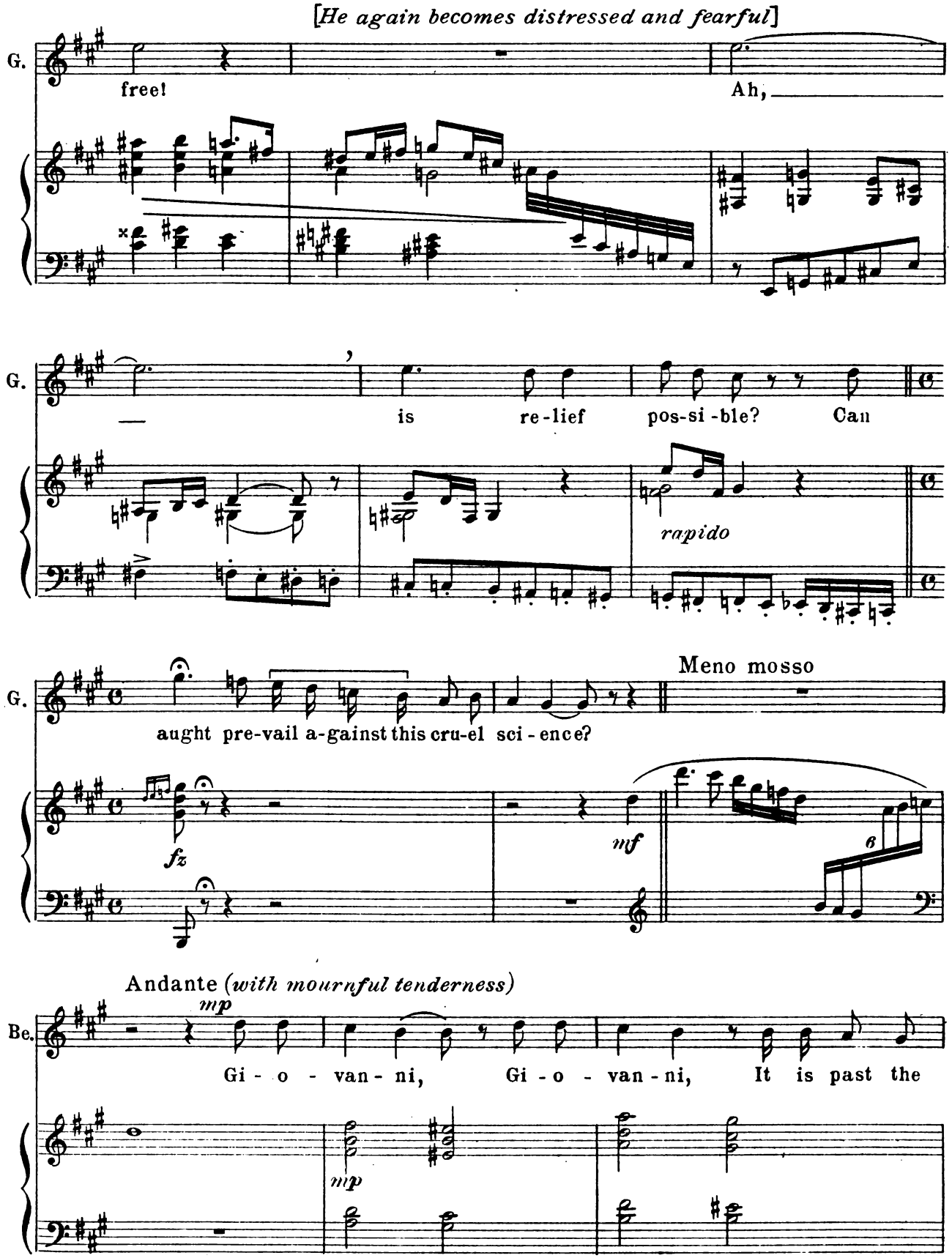
Hymn to the Trinity. A.D. 1415

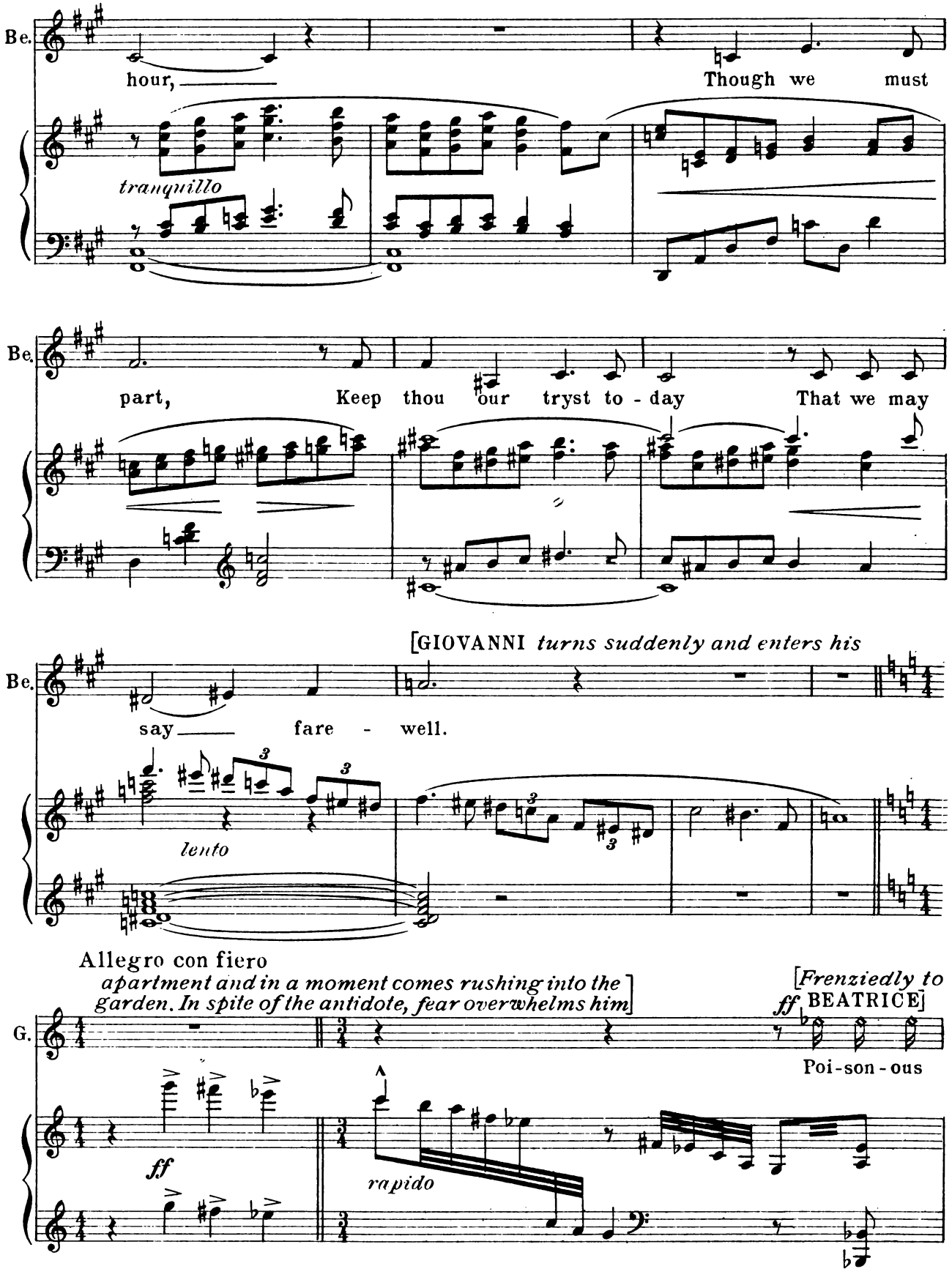

[Curtain rises] [Approching sunset. GIOVANNI is
mp
on the balcony. He is uneasy and restless.
mf
RAPPACCINI is attending the flowers. BEATRICE wanders
de - -
sadly about the garden paths. GIOVANNI looks over and
- cre - - scendo
watches the scene_ Selfish terror overtakes him_]
ppp

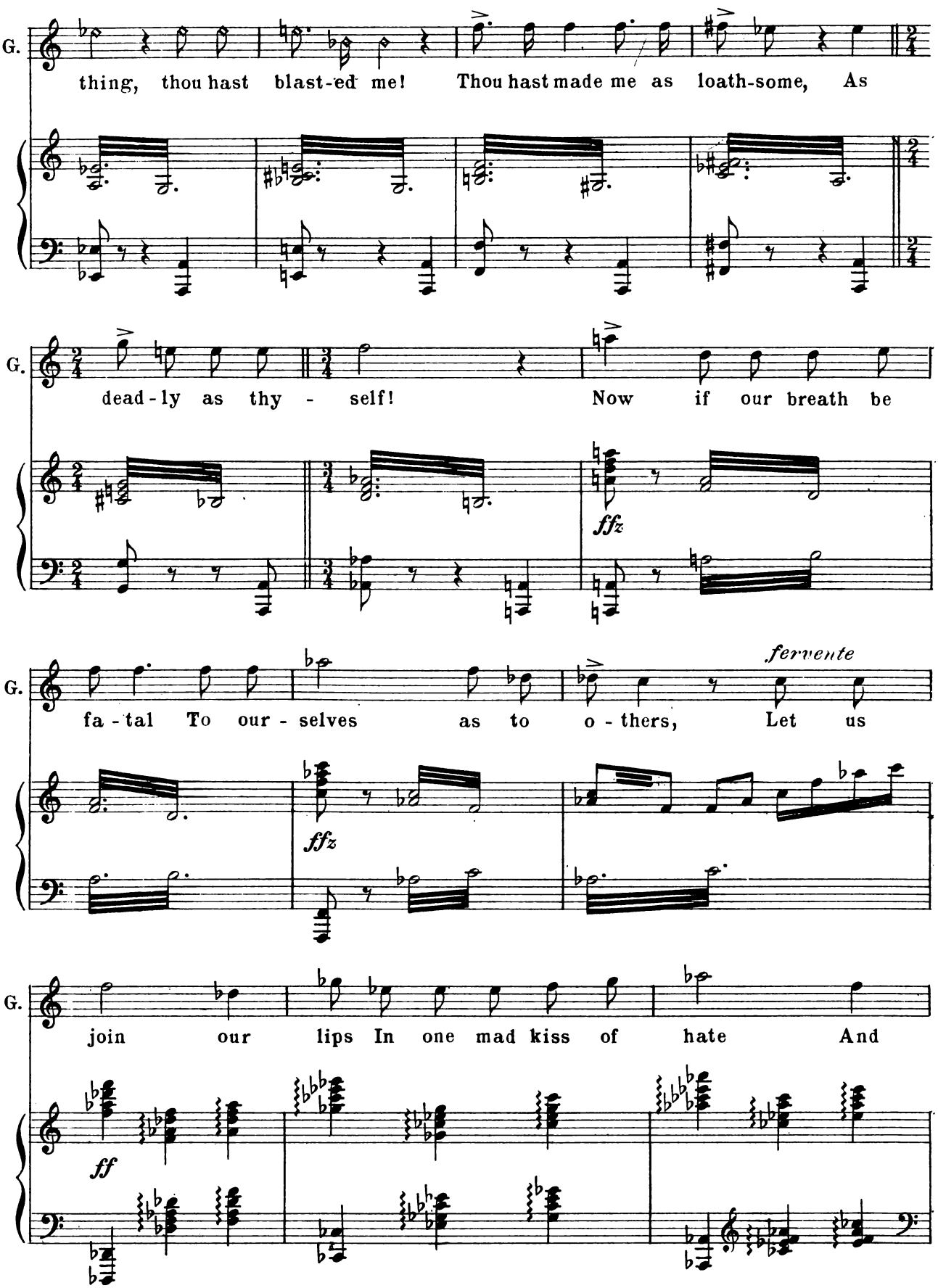

La stretto, e lestamento
(breathlessly) GIOVANNI
mf
G.
One thought of hor-ror o-ver-whelms me: Have I be-come a man a-
part? Have I ab-sorbed those dead-ly per - fumes?
mf
[He looks about]
deliberato
Here hangs a spi-der in its web. I'll make the
f
[A spider dangles near him. GIOVANNI approches it
test.
f con moto


[He breathes slowly upon it]
[He draws back to watch the effect]
[He breathes upon it again]
G.
mp
mf
mp
[And notes the effect]
[For the third time he breaths upon it]
[He recoils in horror]
G.
mf
ff
ff (shrieking)
Allegro
G.
It writhes! —
it dies — it
dies!
f
G.
I, too, am mon-strous e - ven as
fz


G.
she, Ac - curs - ed si - ren of the gar - den. Yet,
sfz sfz
[He wipes his brow in desperation, then suddenly draws a phial from
why should I yield to fear? What fate - ful pre - mo - ni - tion haunts me?
his bosom]
(♩= 138) f>
Here is an an - ti - dote Pre - pared by a great phy -
ffz>pp
con esultazione
si - cian. We shall drink and go
14
mf
f


[He again becomes distressed and fearful]
G.
free!
Ah,
G.
is re-lief pos-si-ble? Can
rapido
G.
Meno mosso
aught pre-vail a-gainst this cru-el sci-ence?
fz
mf
Andante (with mournful tenderness)
Be.
mp
Gi - o - van - ni, Gi - o - van - ni, It is past the
mp


Be.
hour,
Though we must
tranquillo
Be.
part,
Keep thou our tryst to - day
That we may
[GIOVANNI turns suddenly and enters his
Be.
say
fare - well.
lento
Allegro con fiero
apartment and in a moment comes rushing into the garden. In spite of the antidote, fear overwhelms him]
[Frenziedly to
ff BEATRICE]
G.
Poi - son - ous
ff
rapido


G.
thing, thou hast blast-ed me! Thou hast made me as loath-some, As
G.
dead-ly as thy - self! Now if our breath be
ffz
G.
fa-tal To our-selves as to o-thers, Let us
fervente
ffz
G.
join our lips In one mad kiss of hate And
ff

BEATRICE

[Recoiling in horror]

Be. *f* Thou too, Be -

G. die!

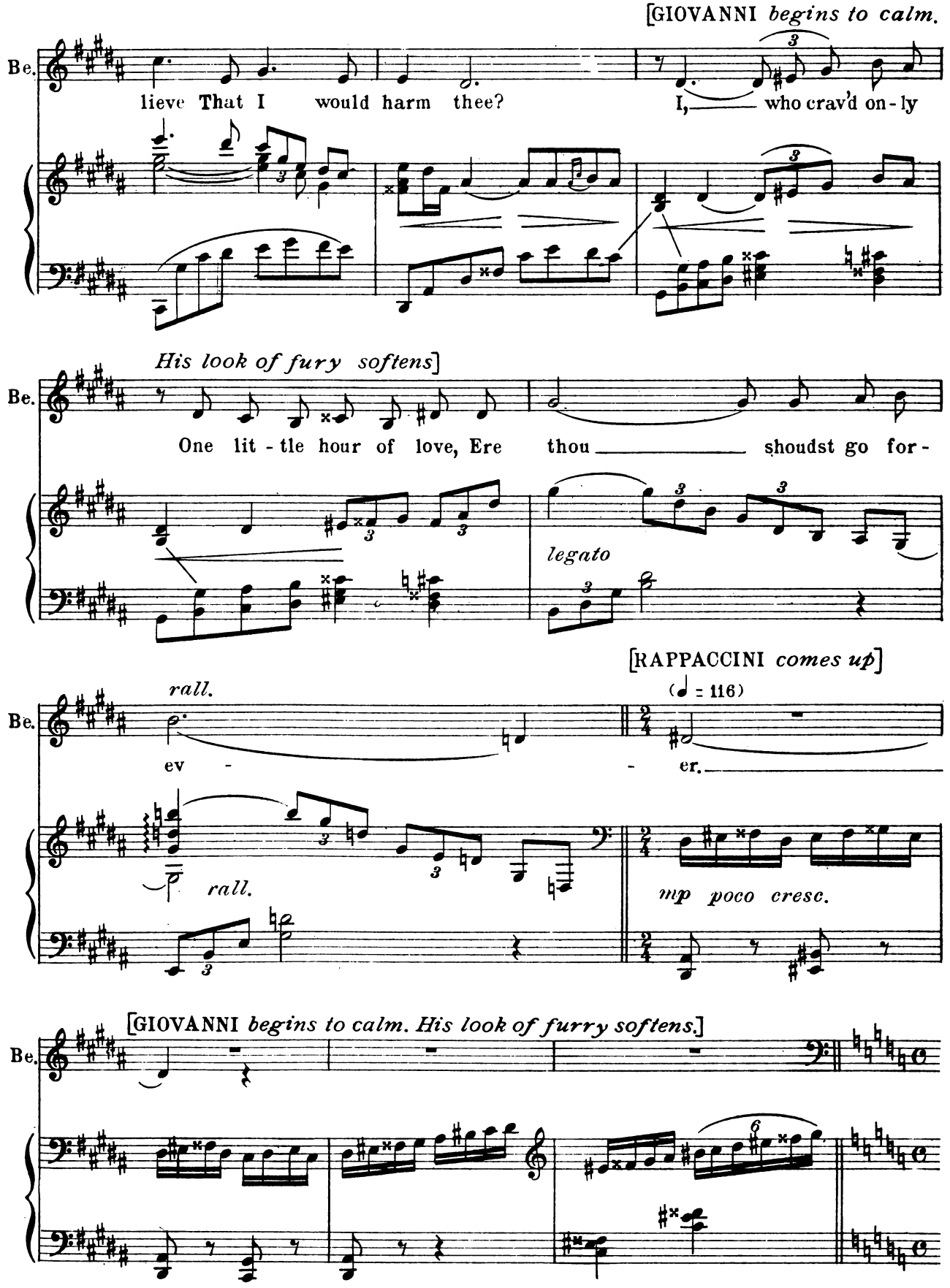
fff

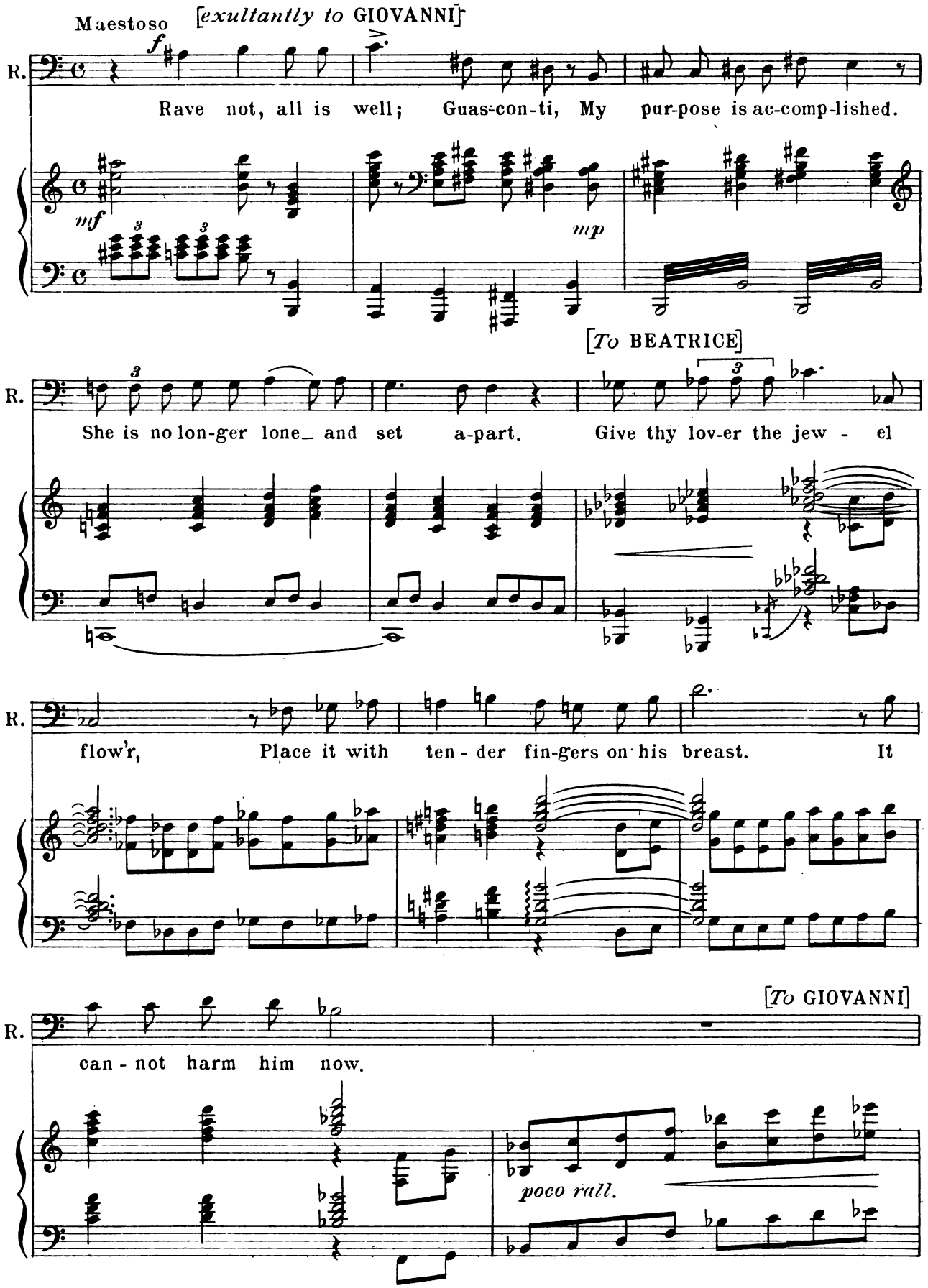
Be. lov - ed?

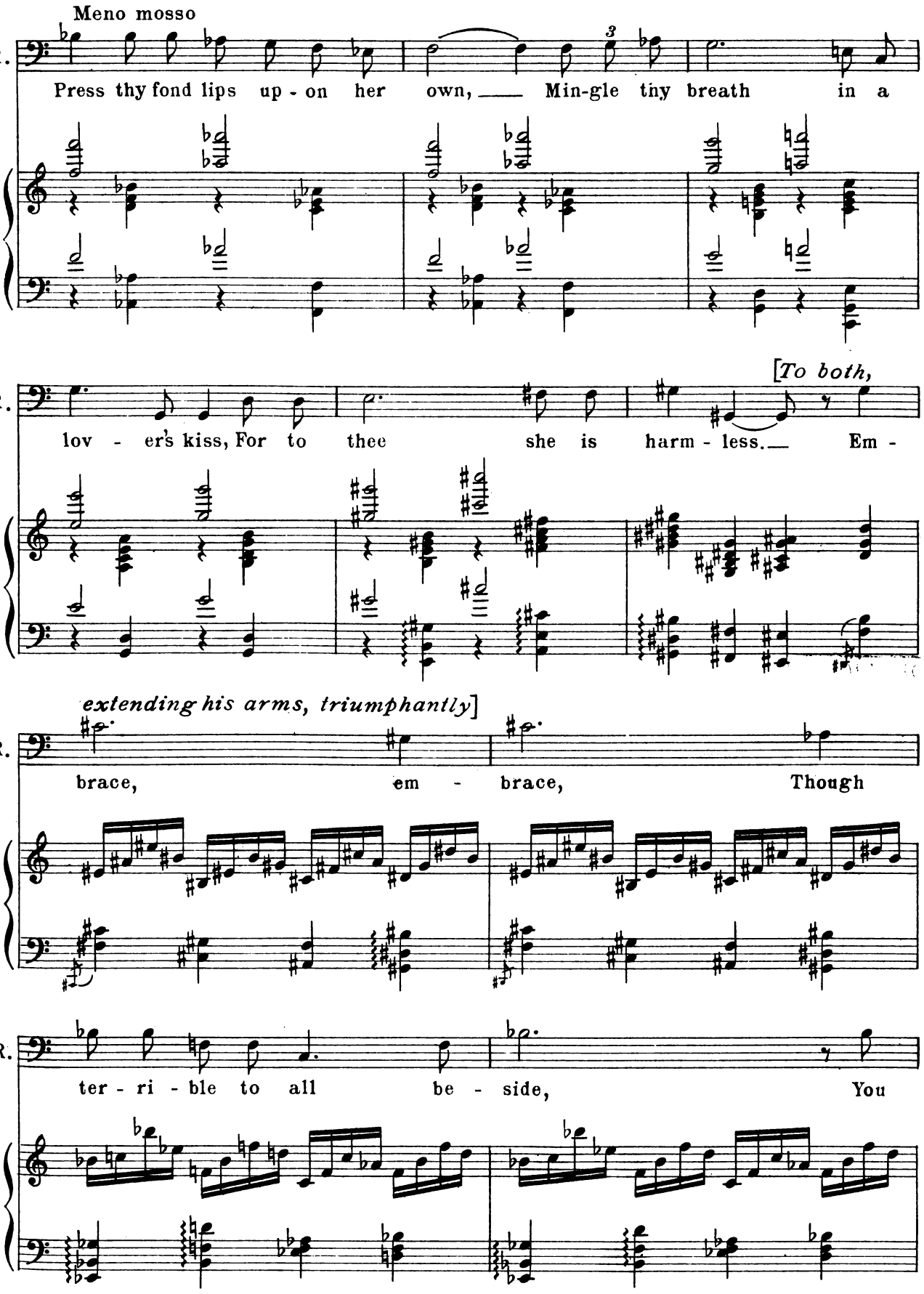
G. *(in fury)* I, too!

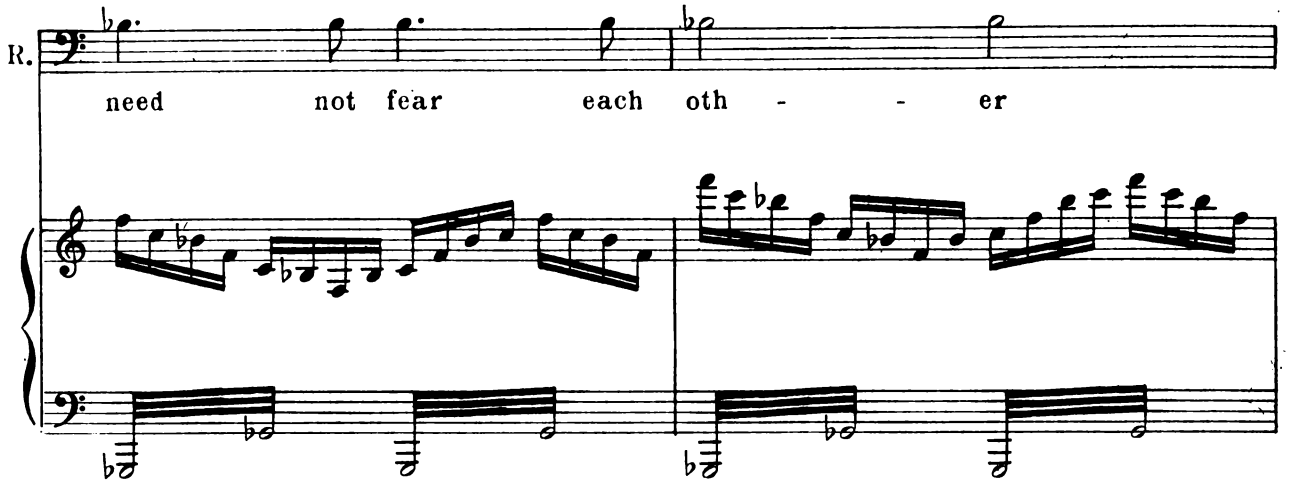
Be. *mp* *[in mournful reproach]* And thou canst be-lieve The fault is mine? Thou canst be -

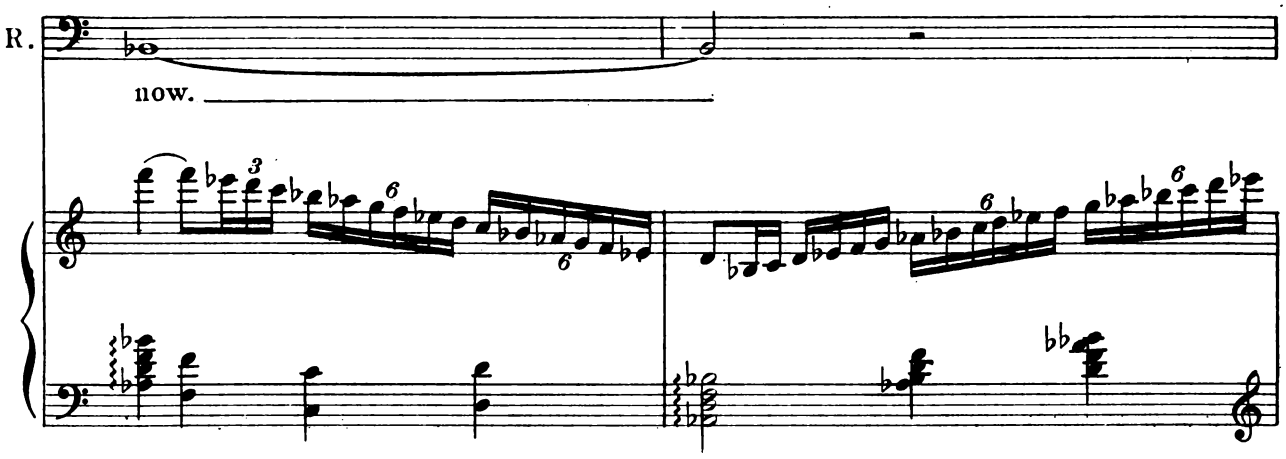
mp


[GIOVANNI begins to calm.
Be.
lieve That I would harm thee?
I, who crav'd on-ly
His look of fury softens]
Be.
One lit-tle hour of love, Ere thou shoudst go for-
legato
[RAPPACCINI comes up]
rall.
(♩ = 116)
Be.
ev - er.
rall.
mp poco cresc.
[GIOVANNI begins to calm. His look of furry softens.]
Be.

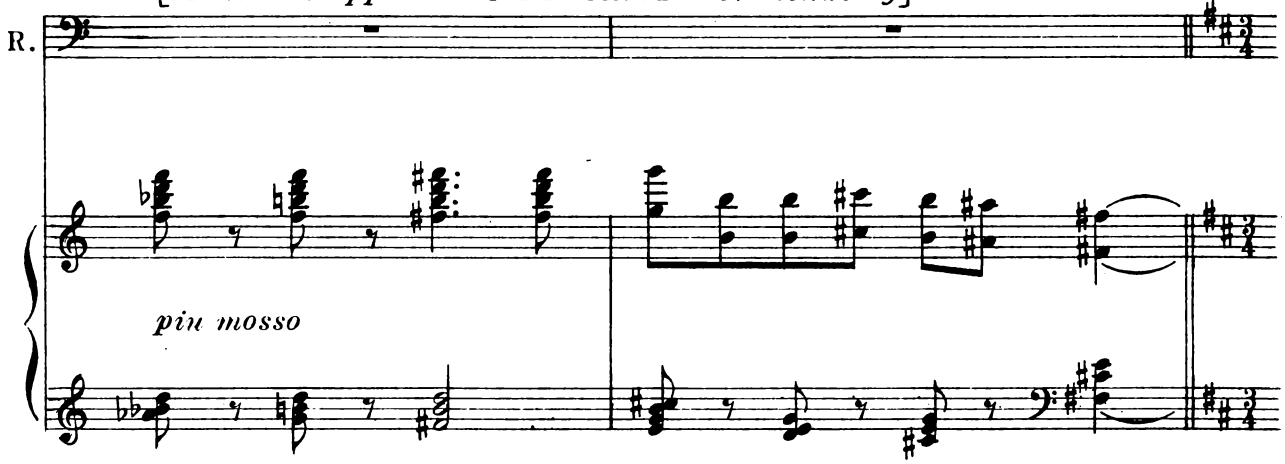

Maestoso
[exultantly to GIOVANNI]
R.
Rave not, all is well; Guas-con-ti, My pur-pose is ac-comp-lished.
mf
mp
[To BEATRICE]
She is no lon-ger lone_ and set a-part. Give thy lov-er the jew - el
flow'r, Place it with ten - der fin-gers on his breast. It
[To GIOVANNI]
can - not harm him now.
poco rall.

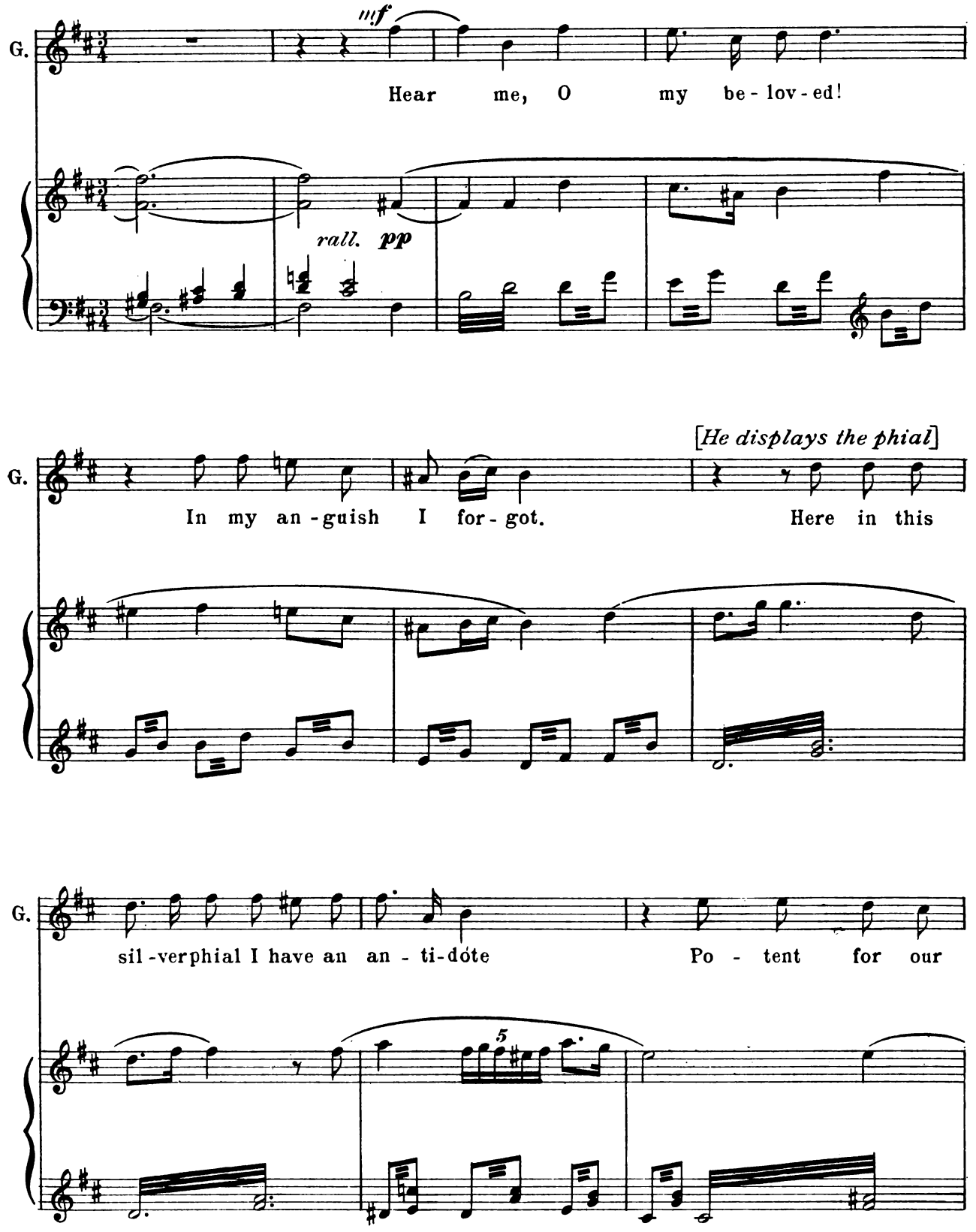

Meno mosso
R.
Press thy fond lips up - on her own, Min-gle thy breath in a
[To both,
R.
lov - er's kiss, For to thee she is harm - less. Em -
extending his arms, triumphantly]
R.
brace, em - brace, Though
R.
ter - ri - ble to all be - side, You

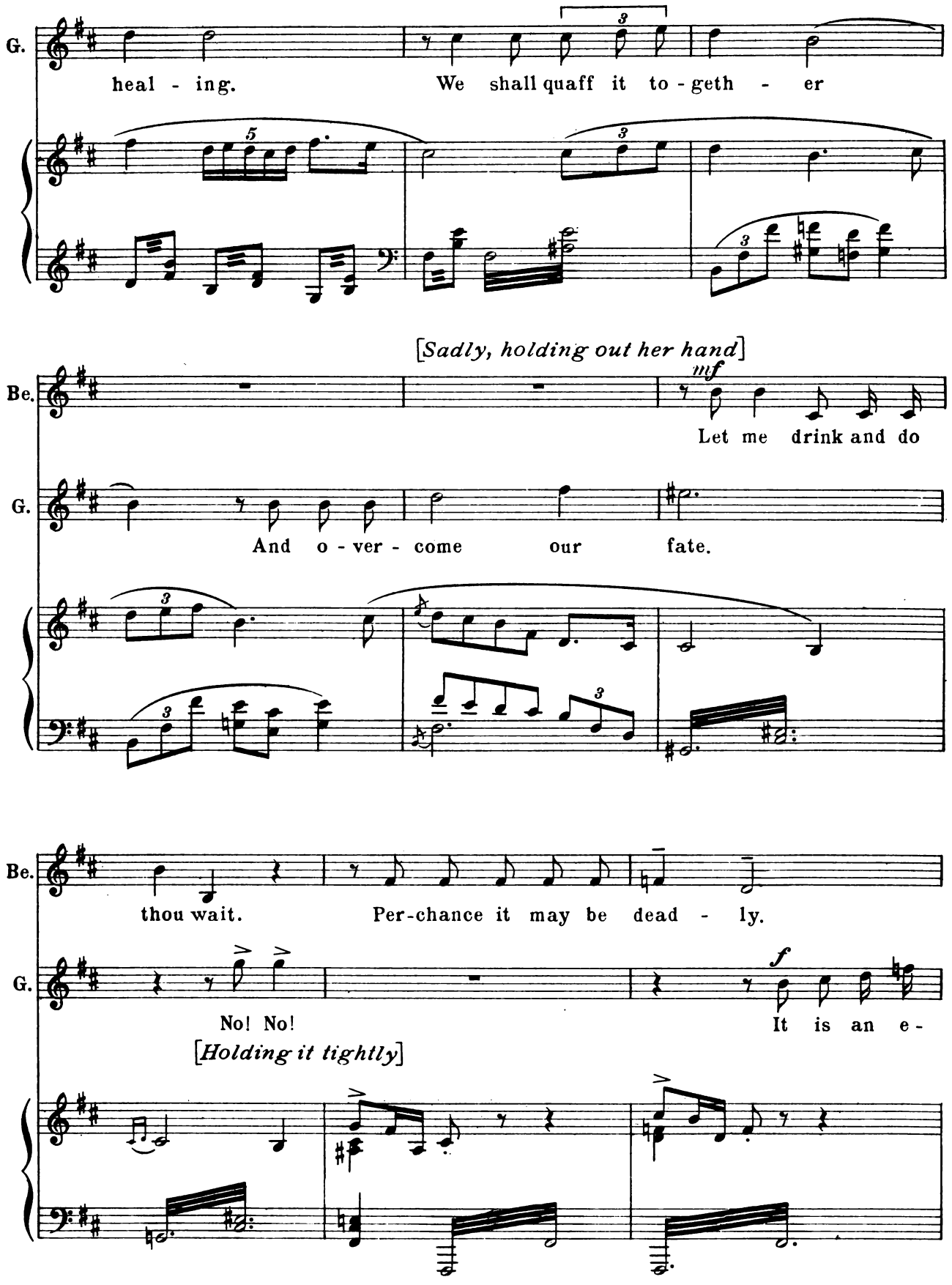


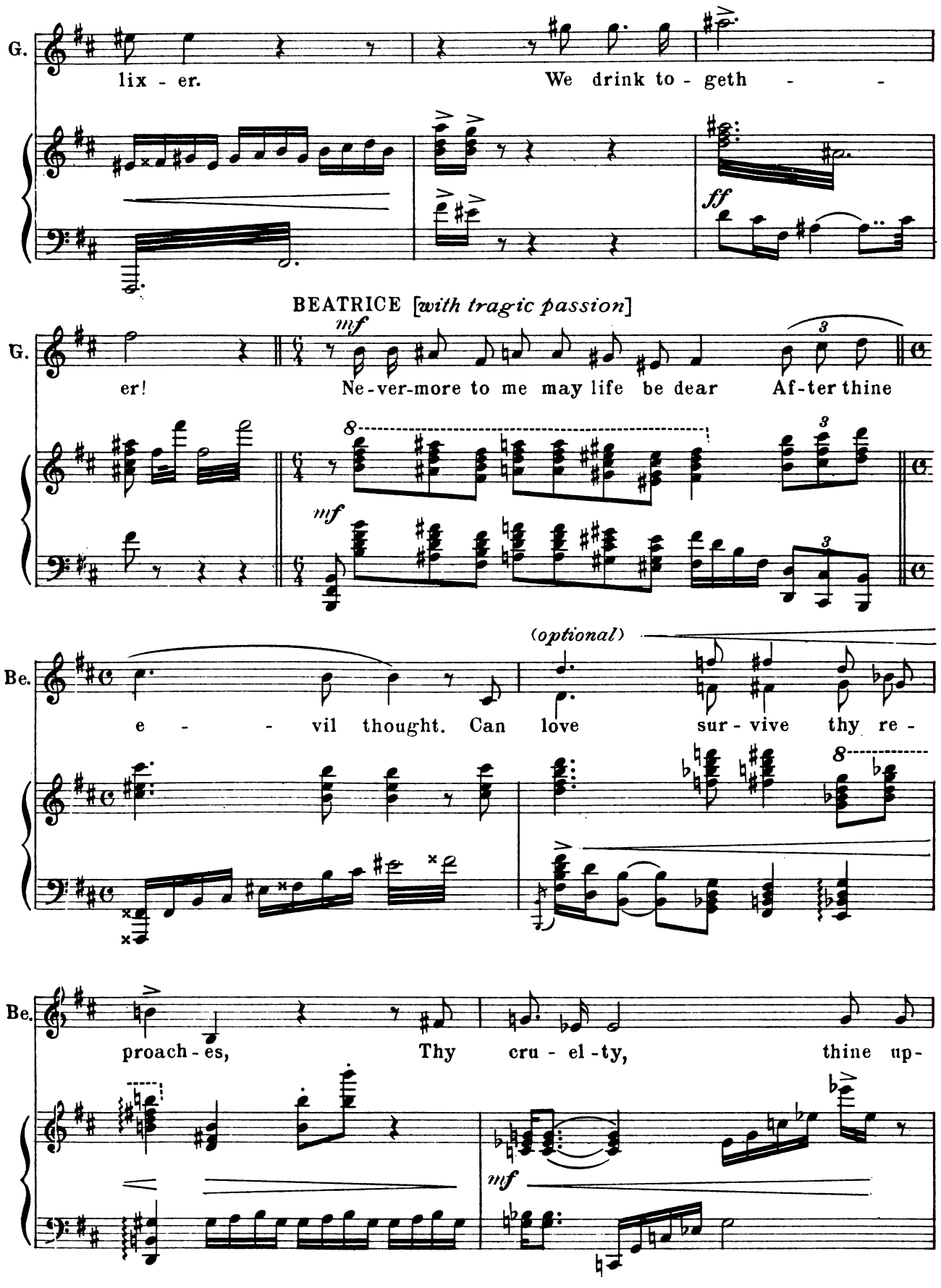


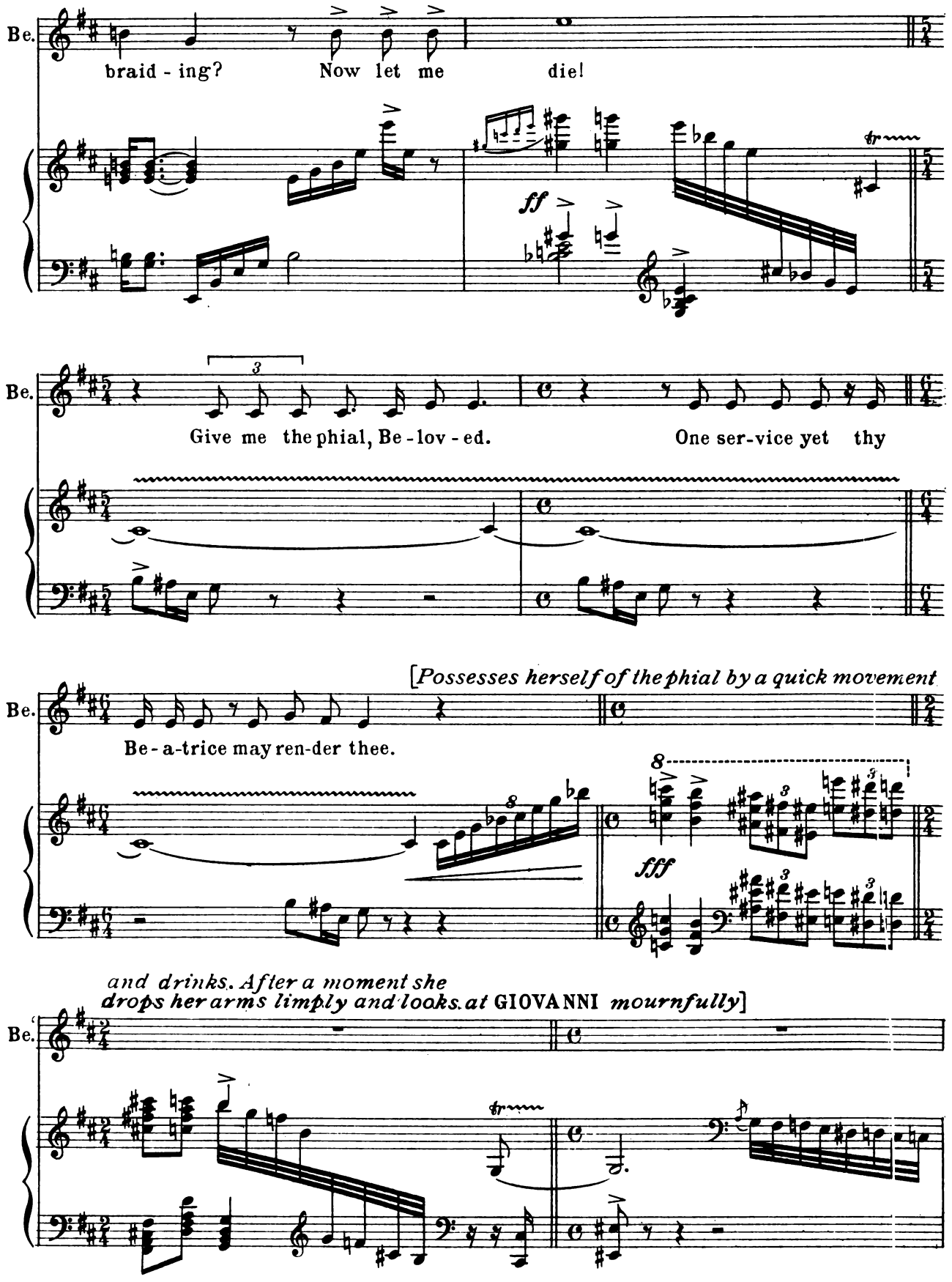
[GIOVANNI *approaches* BEATRICE *more tenderly*]

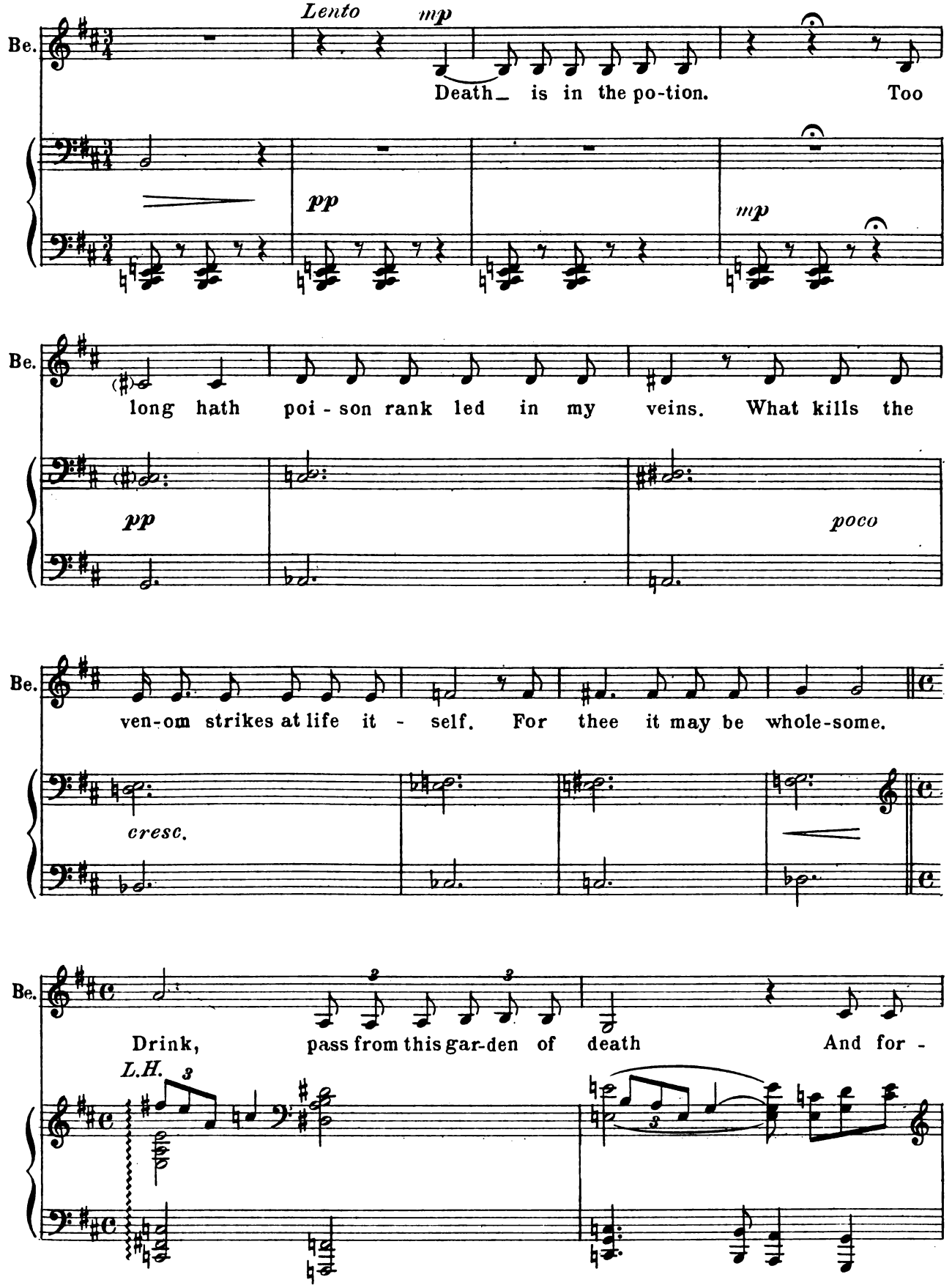


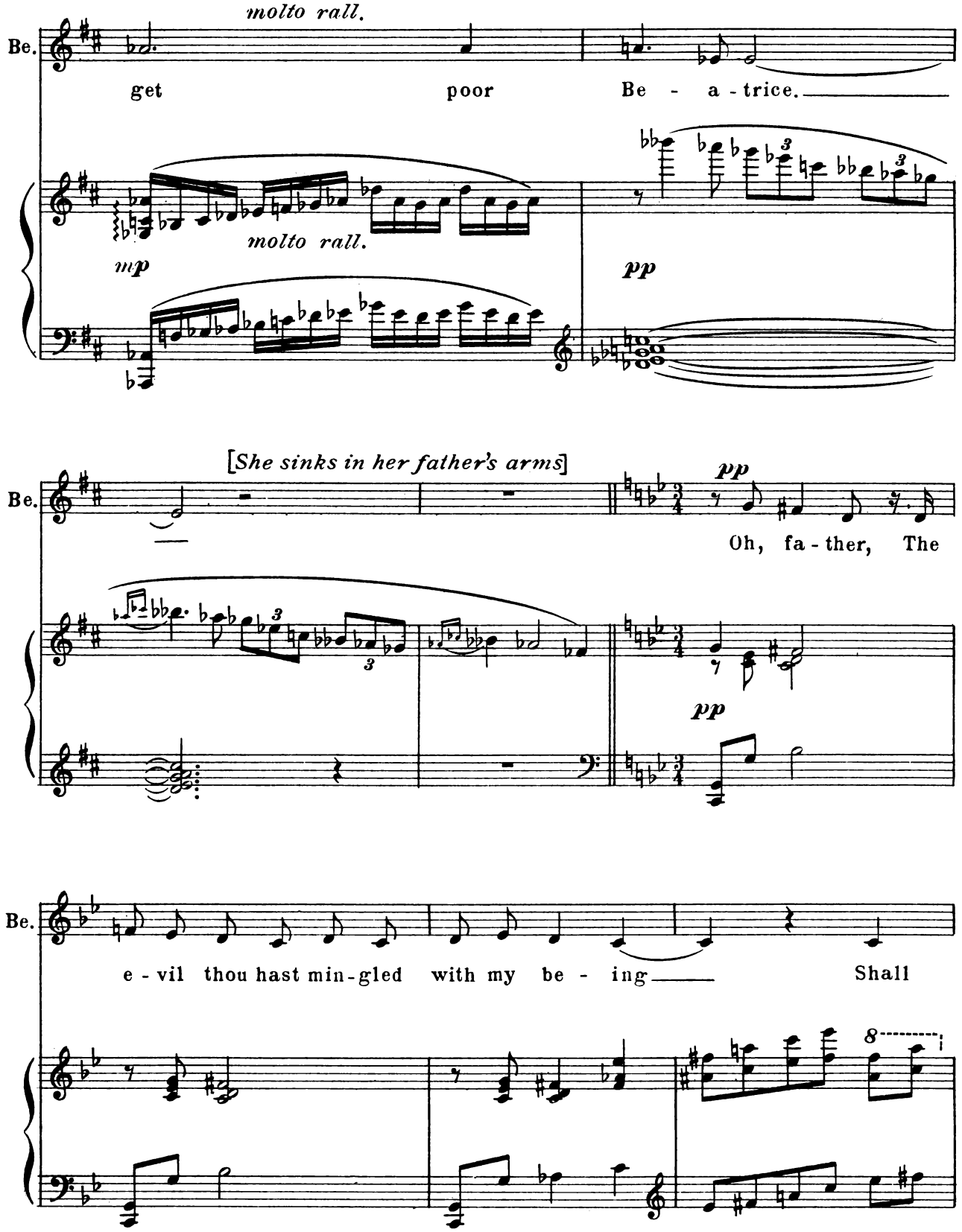

G.
mf
Hear me, O my be - lov - ed!
rall. pp
[He displays the phial]
G.
In my an - guish I for - got. Here in this
G.
sil - ver phial I have an an - ti - dote Po - tent for our
5

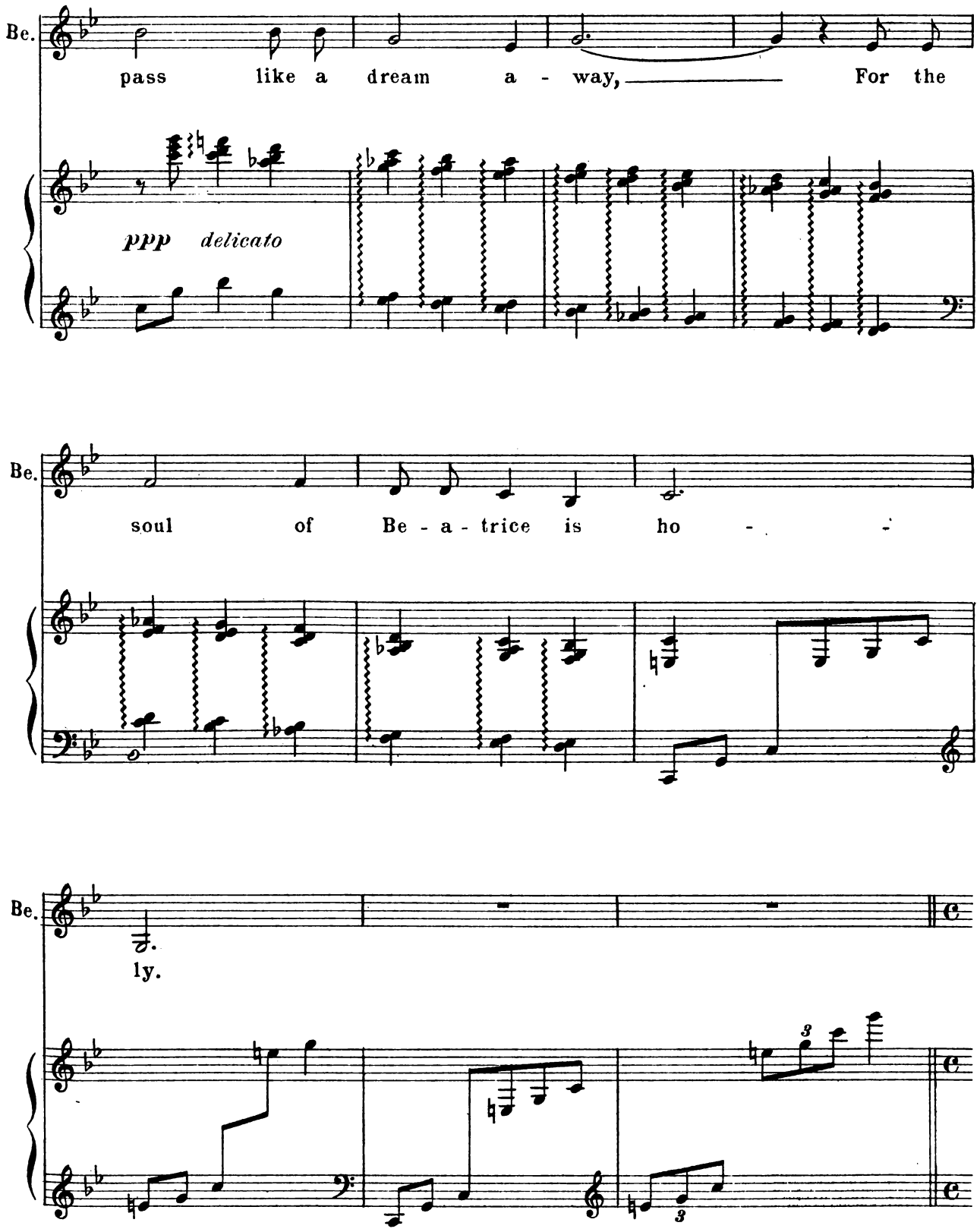

G.
heal - ing.
We shall quaff it to - geth - er
[Sadly, holding out her hand]
Be.
mf
Let me drink and do
G.
And o - ver - come our fate.
Be.
thou wait.
Per-chance it may be dead - ly.
G.
No! No!
f
It is an e-
[Holding it tightly]

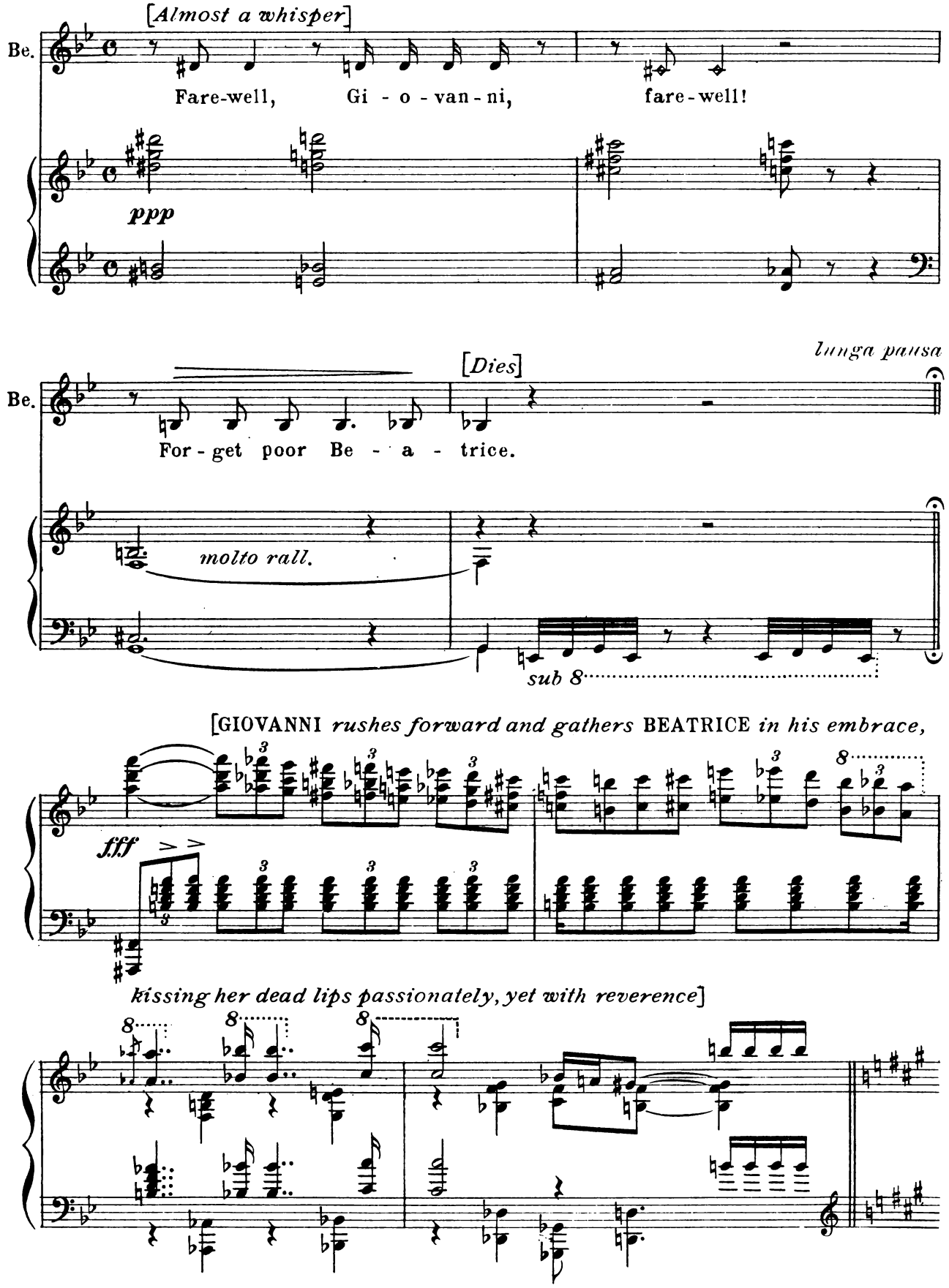

G.
lix - er.
We drink to - geth - -
ff
BEATRICE [with tragic passion]
G.
mf
er!
Ne-ver-more to me may life be dear
Af-ter thine
mf
Be.
(optional)
e - - - vil thought. Can love
sur - vive thy re -
Be.
proach - es,
Thy
cru - el - ty,
thine up-
mf

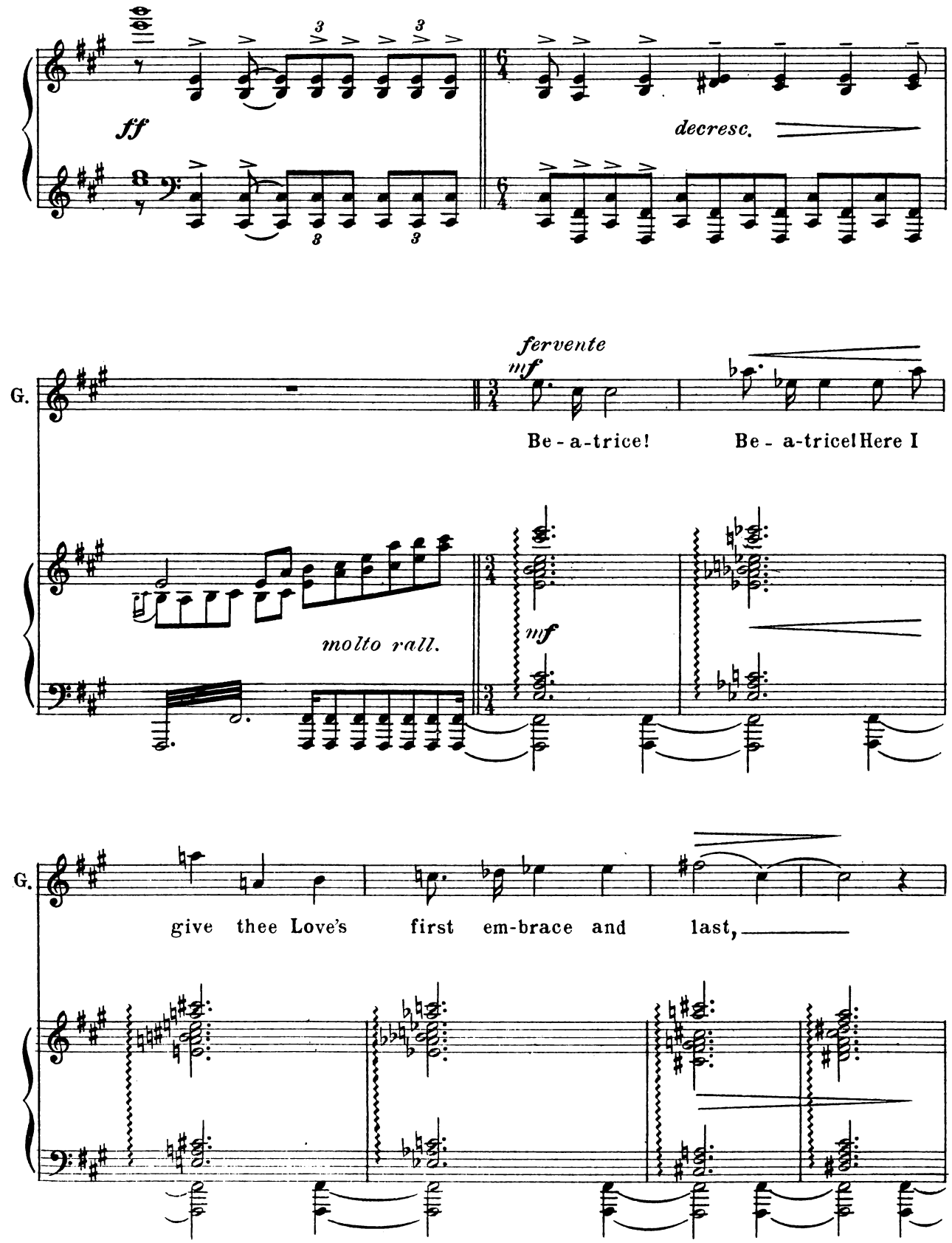

Be.
braid - ing? Now let me die!
ff
Be.
Give me the phial, Be - lov - ed. One ser-vice yet thy
[Possesses herself of the phial by a quick movement
Be.
Be - a-trice may ren-der thee.
fff
and drinks. After a moment she drops her arms limply and looks at GIOVANNI mournfully]
Be.

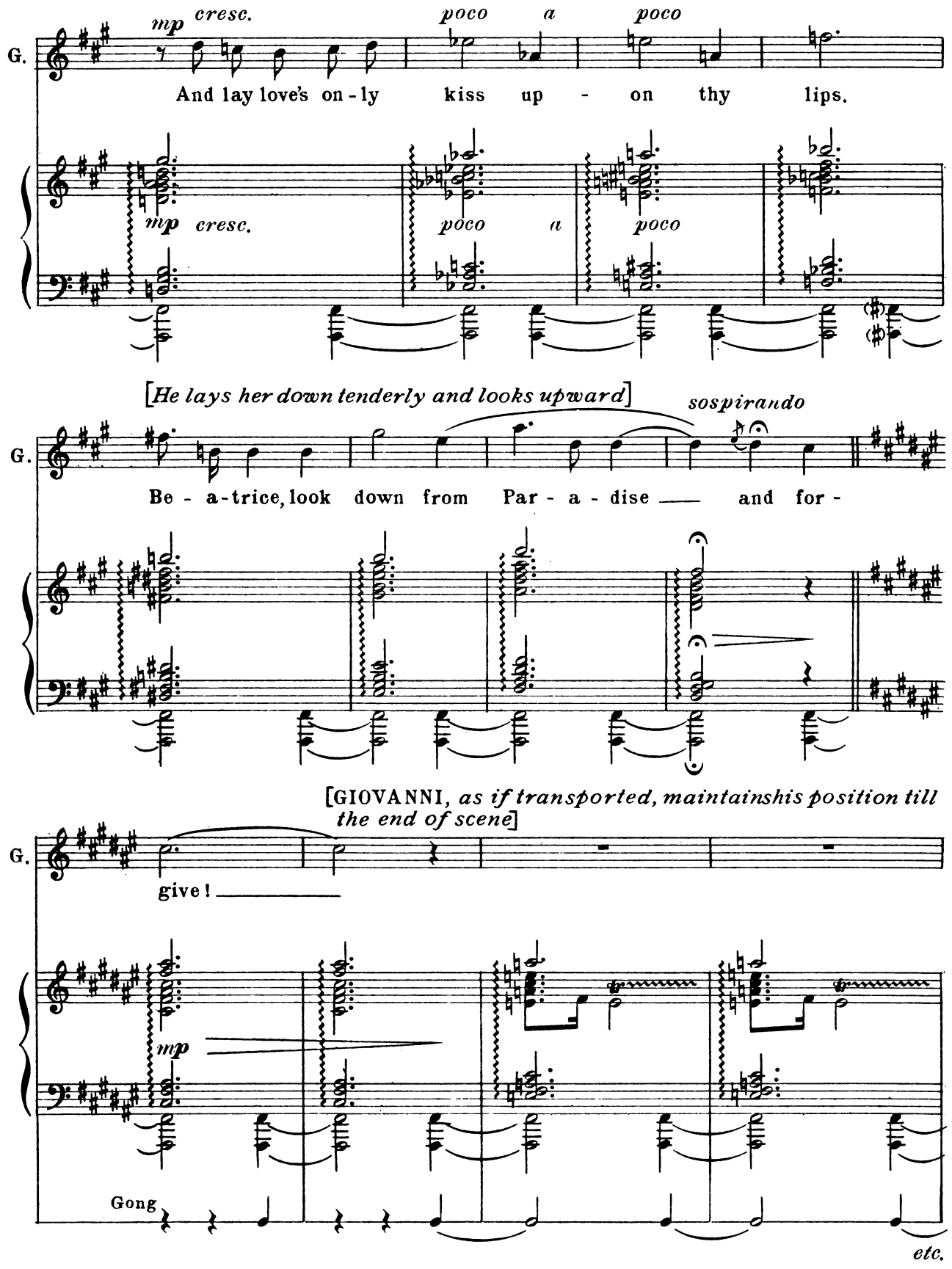

Lento
mp
Be.
Death_ is in the po-tion. Too
pp
mp
Be.
long hath poi - son rank led in my veins. What kills the
pp
poco
Be.
ven-om strikes at life it - self. For thee it may be whole-some.
cresc.
Be.
Drink, pass from this gar-den of death And for -
L.H.

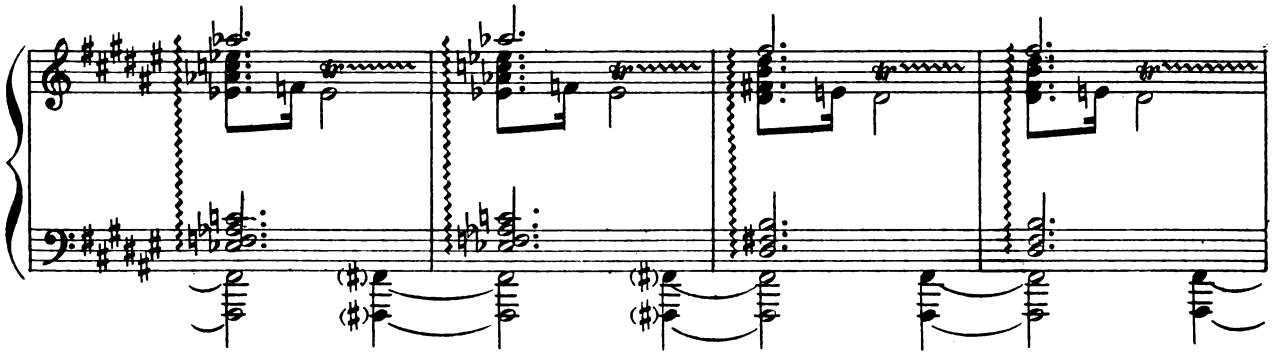

molto rall.
Be.
get poor Be - a - trice.
molto rall.
mp
pp
[She sinks in her father's arms]
Be.
pp
Oh, fa - ther, The
pp
Be.
e - vil thou hast min - gled with my be - ing Shall
8

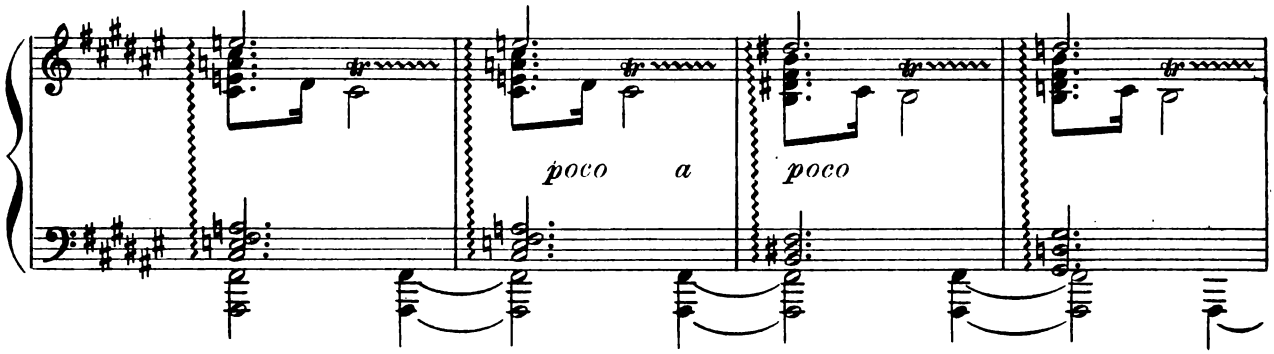

Be.
pass like a dream a - way, For the
ppp delicato
Be.
soul of Be - a - trice is ho -
Be.
ly.

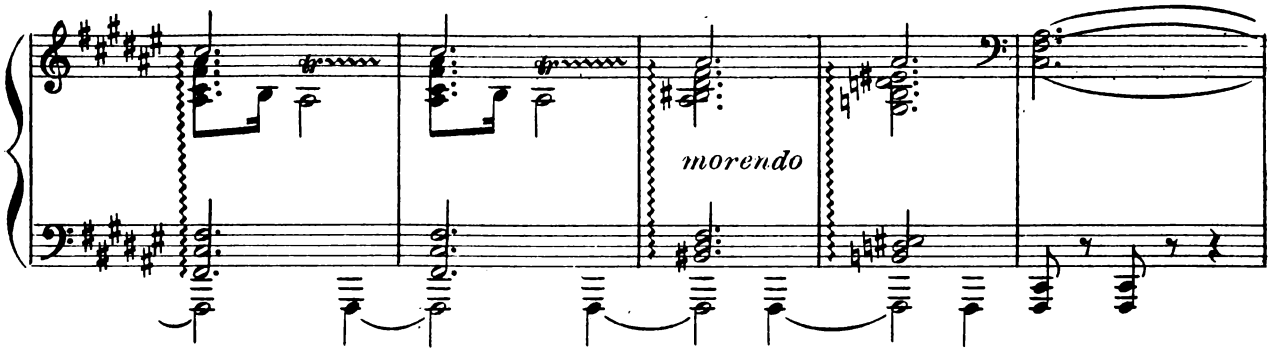
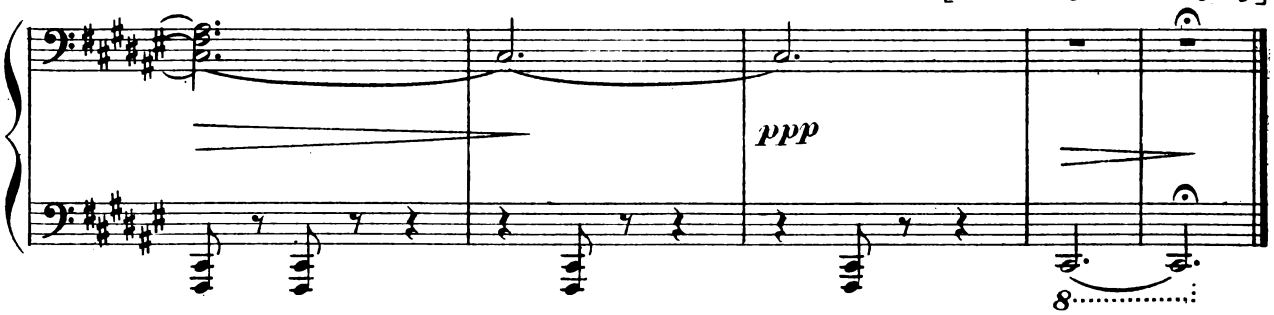

[Almost a whisper]
Be.
Fare-well, Gi - o - van - ni, fare - well!
ppp
[Dies]
lunga pausa
Be.
For - get poor Be - a - trice.
molto rall.
sub 8
[GIOVANNI rushes forward and gathers BEATRICE in his embrace,
fff
kissing her dead lips passionately, yet with reverence]


ff
decresc.
fervente
mf
G.
Be - a-trice!
Be - a-trice! Here I
molto rall.
mf
G.
give thee Love's first em-brace and last,


mp cresc.
poco a poco
G.
And lay love's on - ly kiss up - on thy lips.
mp cresc.
poco a poco
[He lays her down tenderly and looks upward]
sospirando
G.
Be - a - trice, look down from Par - a - dise — and for -
[GIOVANNI, as if transported, maintainshis position till the end of scene]
G.
give! —
mp
Gong
etc.







[*Curtain falls swiftly*]