

Bob's Opera World

Opera Libretti

La Traviata

Opera in 3 acts

Libretto by Francesco Maria Piave

Based on Dumas' play "La dame aux camelias"

English version by T. T. Barker

Music by Giuseppe Verdi

First performance :March 6, 1853, Teatro la Fenice, Venice.

Source: The English libretto was scanned and typed from the Italian/English libretto published by Oliver Ditson Company copyright 1860/1888.

Roles

Violetta Valery, a courtesanSoprano
Flora Bervoix, her friend..... Mezzo-soprano
Annina, Violetta's maidSoprano
Alfredo GermontTenor
Giorgio Germont, his father Baritone
Gastone, Visconte De Letorieres, Alfredo's friend.....Tenor
Baron Douphol, Violetta's protector..... Baritone
Marchese D'Obigny, Flora's friend.....Bass
Doctor GrenvilBass
Giuseppe, Violetta's servantTenor
Flora's Servant.....Bass
CommissioneerBass
Ladies & Gentlemen, friends of Violetta & Flora, matadors, picadors, gypsies, servants of Violetta and Flora, masks, etc.

Scene: Paris, about 1850.

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Preludio



Act I

SCENE 1.

A Saloon in the house of Violetta; in the back scene is a door, which opens into another saloon; there are also side doors; on the left is a fire-place, over which is a mirror.—In the centre of the apartment is a dining-table, elegantly laid.

(Violetta, seated on a couch, is conversing with the Doctor and some Friends, whilst others are receiving the Guests who arrive, among whom are the Baron, and Flora on the arm of the Marquis.)

Chorus 1.

Past already's the hour of appointment—
You are tardy.

Chorus 2.

We play'd deep at Flora's,
And while playing the hours flew away.

Violetta.

Flora and kind friends, the night is before us.
Other pleasures we here will display.

(Goes to meet them.)

'Mid the wine-cups the hours pass more gaily.

Flora & Marquis.

Can you there find enjoyment?

Violetta.

I strive to;
Yes, to pleasure I yield, and endeavor
With such remedies illness to stay.

All.

Yes! enjoyment will lengthen our days.

SCENE 2.

The *same*. Gastone *and* Alfredo enter.

(Servants are busy about the table.)

Gastone.

In Alfredo Germont, fairest lady,
Another behold, who esteems you;
There are few friends like him; he's a treasure.

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Violetta.

Thanks, dear Viscount, for so great a pleasure.

(She gives her hand to Alfredo, who kisses it.)

Marquis.

Dear Alfredo!

Alfredo.

Kind Marquis!

(They shake hands.)

Gastone.

(To Alfredo.)

I told you
That combin'd here are friendship and pleasure.

(During this dialogue the Servants have placed the vianeu upon the table.)

Violetta.

All is ready?

(A Servant bows assent.)

My dear friends, be seated;
'Tis at the banquet that each heart unfolds.

Chorus.

Thou hast wisely the maxim repeated,
Cure for trouble the wine-cup still holds.

(They seat themselves, Violetta between Alfred and Gas tone, and opposite to them Flora, the Marquis, and the Baron; the rest take their seats promiscuously, there is a momentary silence, during which the dishes are passed round, and Violetta and Gastone converses in an under-tone.)

Gastone.

(To Violetta.)

Thou'rt the sole thought of Alfred.

Violetta.

Art jesting?

Gastone.

Thou wert ill, and each day in distress
He came to ask thy condition.

Violetta.

Be silent
No, I am naught to him.

Gastone.

I deceive not.



Violetta.

(To Alfredo.)

Is it true then? Can it *be*? Ah! I know not.

Alfredo.

(sighing.)

Yes, it is true.

Violetta.

(To Alfredo.)

Grateful thanks, then, I give you.

(To the Baron.)

You, dear Baron, were not so en- amor'd.

Baron.

But 'tis only a year I have known you.

Violetta.

And Alfred a few minutes only.

Flora.

(Softly to the Baron.)

'Twould be better if you had not spoken.

Baron.

(Softly to Flora.)

For this youth I've no liking.

Flora.

But why?

As for me, now, he pleases me well.

Gastone.

(To Alfredo.)

Thou art silent; hast nothing to offer?

Marquis.

Madame alone has the power to arouse him.

Violetta.

(Fills the glass of Alfred.)

I will fill then, like Hebe.

Alfred.

And, like her,

I proclaim thee immortal.

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All.

We pledge thee!

Gastone.

(To the Baron.)

Can, you not, in this moment of pleasure,
Give a toast, or a gay tuneful measure

(The Baron declines.)

(To Alfredo.)

Then wilt thou—

All.

Yes, yes, a drinking song.

Alfredo.

I've no inspiration.

Gastone.

Art thou not then, a singer?

(To Violetta.)

Will it please you?

Violetta.

Yes.

Alfred.

(Rising.)

Yes? Then I yield.

Marquis.

Pay attention!

All.

Yes, attention we'll pay!

A BUMPER WE'LL DRAIN.

Alfredo.

A bumper we'll drain from the wine cup flowing
That fresh charms to beauty is lending;
O'er fleeting moments, so quickly ending,
Gay pleasure alone should reign.
We'll drink the thrilling ecstasies,
That love excites with in us,
When her bright eye doth win us,
And ev'ry heart retain
A bumper to love, mid the wine-cups flowing,
Fresh warmth will our pleasures regain.

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All.

Ah! to love, 'mid wine-cups flowing
New delight our joys will gain.

Violetta.

Surrounded by you, I shall learn to lighten
The footsteps of time with gladness;
All of this world is but folly and madness
That is not pleasure gay.
Enjoy the hour, for rapidly
The joys of life are flying—
Like summer flow'rets dying—
Improve them while we may!
Enjoy! the present with fervor invites us,
Its flattering call obey.

All.

Enjoy then the wine-cup with songs of pleasure
That make night so cheerful and smiling,
In this charming paradise, beguiling,
That scarcely we heed the day.

Violetta.

(to Alfredo.)

The sum of life is pleasure.

Alfredo.

(To Violetta.)

While still unlov'd, unloving!

Violetta.

(To Alfredo.)

Experience ne'er has taught me.

Alfredo.

(To Violetta.)

And thus my fate must be.

(Music is heard in another room.)

All.

What's this?

Violetta.

Will you not join the gay group of dancers?

All.

Oh! a happy thought! We'll gladly join them.

Violetta.

Then let us enter!

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(Approaching the door, Violetta, seized with a sudden faintness, cries out.)

Alas!

All.

What ails thee?

Violetta.

Nothing, nothing.

All.

Why do you pause then?

Violetta.

Let's go now.

(takes a few steps, but is obliged to re-seat herself.)

Oh, Heaven!

A sudden tremor seized me. Now—there, pray enter ere long.

All.

As you desire, then.

(All pass into the other room, except Alfredo.)

SCENE 3.

Violetta, Alfredo, afterward Gastone.

Violetta.

(Rises and regards herself in a mirror.)

An me! how pale

You here!

(Turning, she perceives Alfredo.)

Alfredo.

Are you relieved from recent distress?

Violetta.

I'm better!

Alfredo.

Ah, these gay revels soon will destroy thee.

Great care is needful—on this depends your being.

Violetta.

Can'st thou then aid me?

Alfredo.

Oh! wert thou mine now, with vigilance untiring

I'd guard thee with tend'rest care.



Violetta.

What say'st thou
Some one, perchance, then, cares for me?

(Confusedly.)

No one in all the world doth love you..

Alfredo.

I, only, love you.

Violetta.

Ah! truly!

(Laughing.)

Your great devotion I had quite forgotten.

Alfredo.

Dost mock me? Have you a heart then
Yes—happily—but why do you thus question?

Alfredo.

Ah, if you had one yon would not thus trifle with me

Violetta.

Are you then truthful?

Alfredo.

You, I deceive not.

Violetta.

'Tis long, that you have thus loved me.

Alfredo.

An, yes, a year now.

ONE DAY, A RAPTURE

Alfredo.

One day, a rapture ethereal
Flash'd on my heart its brightness,
And, since that day of lightness,
Life's only aim has been love—
Ah yes, of love, of the love that palpitates
Thro' all the world, thro' creation wide, extended;
Oh power mysterious, pow'r yet uncomprehended,
Torment, torment and rapture, torment and rapture, each I do prove.

Violetta.

If this be true, ah! fly from me,
Friendship alone I offer,
I neither know nor suffer
A feeling of such devotion.



I am sincere and frank with thee;
Look for one warmer, kinder;
'Twill not be hard to find her,
Then think no more of me.

Alfredo.

Oh love, sublime, yet mysterious,
Power ne'er yet comprehended,
Torments and raptures of love!

Gastone.

(Appearing at the door.)

How now? What here employs you?

Violetta.

Trifles and folly.

Gastone.

Ah, that is well. Remain then.

(Goes back.)

Violetta.

(To Alfredo.)

Of love speak we no more. Is it agreed on?

Alfredo.

I will obey you—farewell.

(About to depart.)

Is such your pleasure?

(Takes a flower from her bosom.)

Then take with thee this flow'ret.

Alfredo.

And why?

Violetta.

Soon to return it.

Alfredo.

(Returning.)

How soon?

Violetta.

When its gay bloom is faded.

Alfredo.

Oh, joy!



Violetta.

'Tis well—to-morrow !

Alfredo.

I am at last so happy!

(Seizes the flower with transport.)

Violetta.

You still declare you love me?

Alfredo.

How much I love thee!

(Going.)

Violetta.

You go then.

Alfredo.

Yes, love.

(Returns, and kisses her hand.)

Violetta.

To-morrow—

Alfredo.

More I will ask not.

(Exit.)

SCENE 4.

Violetta, and all the others,
returning from the dining-room.

All.

In the east the dawn is breaking,
And perforce we must depart,
Gentle lady, leave now taking.
Thanks we give thee from each heart.
Full the city is of pleasure,
Brief the time for love and joy,
To repose give needful measure,
Lest enjoyment we destroy!

(Exeunt.)



SCENE 5.

Violetta.

(alone.)

How wondrous! how wondrous! those accents
Upon my heart are graven!
Will it misfortune bring me, a love in earnest?
What shall he thy resolve, my troubled spirit?
No living man bath yet enflam'd thee!
Oh rapture that I have known not, to be loved and loving!
Can my heart still disdain it
For follies dry and heartless, which now enchain me?

'T WAS HE, PERCHANCE.

Violetta.

'Twas he, perchance, my longing soul,
Lonely, 'mid scenes of pleasures, lonely, 'mid scenes of pleasure,
Oft lov'd to painting colors bright,
In its gold and azure,
In its own gold and azure.
He, who with modest vigilance,
To my sick room returning,
Kindled new flames, still burning,
Destin'd my heart to love!
Yes! this is love, 'tis the love that palpitates
Through all the world, through creation widely extended,
Oh, pow'r mysterious,
Pow'r ne'er yet comprehended,
Torment, torment and rapture, torment and rapture each do we prove.
To my young heart, all guileless then,
Fill'd with intrepid yearning,
This dream was imaged, fair, serene,
Bright o'er my pathway burning.
When like a star from heaven,
Radiant he stood before me,
Visions of hope came o'er me,
Like the fond dreams I wove.
Then beat my heart with the love that palpitates
Through all the world, thro' creation wide extended,
Oh! pow'r mysterious, pow'r ne'er yet comprehend.
Torment and rapture, each do we prove.

(Remains for an instant buried in thought, then says.)

What folly ! All this is vain delirium!
Child of misfortune, lonely,
By all abandoned, in this gay crowded desert
This vortex of pleasure they call Paris,
What hope remains? what must I do, then?
Surrender to pleasure's madd'ning whirl again?

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EVER FREE, SHALL I STILL WANDER.

Violetta.

Ever free, shall I still wander
Madly on, from pleasure to pleasure?
Life's short; moments shall I squander
In pursuit of follies gay?
Days pass by me in rapid measure,
Happiest where light hearts are thronging,
For new pleasures ever longing,
Shall my thoughts fly idly away,
Shall my thoughts fly idly away.

(Exit, on the left.)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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Act II

SCENE 1.

A Country House near Paris

(A Saloon on the ground floor—At the back, facing the Audience, a Fireplace, over which is a Looking-glass—A Clock hangs between the Glass Doors, which are closed.—There are also two side doors, seats, tables, and writing materials.)

(Alfredo enters, in sporting costume.)

Alfredo.

Out from her presence, for me there's no enjoyment

(Puts down his gun.)

Three months have flown already
Since my beloved Violetta
So kindly left for me her riches, admirers,
And all the haunts of pleasure,
Where she had been accustomed
To homage from all hearts, for charms transcendent,
Yet now contented in this retreat, so quiet,
She forgets all for me. Here, near my loved one,
New life springs within me;
From the trials of love restored and strengthened,
Ah! in my present rapture past sorrows are forgotten.

ALL MY IMPULSIVE EXTASIES.

Alfredo.

All my impulsive extasies,
Sprung from a youthful ardor,
She hath subdued with peaceful smiles,
The smiles of happy love, happy love!
Thus, since she whispered, "live for me,
Still faithful, I will be true to thee."
Off all the world forgetful, free,
The earth seems like Heav'n to me,
Yes, I seem in Heav'n to be.
Thus, since she whispered, "live for me,
I will be true to thee," ah! yes, off all the world forgetful, free,
The earth seems Heav'n to me, now,
I seem to Heav'n to be! 'tis Heav'n to me,
Of all the world forgetful, now I seem to Heav'n to be,
Ah yes, in Heav'n I seem to be.

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SCENE 2.—

The same, Annina, entering hastily, in a travelling dress.

Alfredo.

Whence have you come, Annina?

Annina.

From the city

Alfredo.

By whom sent thither?

Annina.

My kind mistress sent me

Alfredo.

For what?

Annina.

To sell her jewels, horses, carriages, and all that's hers.

Alfredo.

Heard I rightly?

Annina.

Great are the expense. of living here secluded.

Alfredo.

You ne'er told me?

Annina.

My silence was commanded.

Alfredo.

Commanded! Much still is needed?

Annina.

One thousand louis'!

Alfredo.

Now leave me. I go to Paris. questions;
Mind that your mistress knows nothing of these
Ere long I shall be able to repair all. Go—go!

(Annina goes out.)



SCENE 3.

Alfredo.

(alone.)

OH! DARK REMORSE!

Alfredo.

Oh, dark remorse! Ah! infamy!
To live in such blind error!
From dreams so base,
I wake at last
To truth, all now reveal'd!
One moment more, thy voice restrain,
Oh cry, oh cry of injured honor!
For soon, expunged shall be the stain,
such shameful acts repeal'd.
Oh, blush of shame! Ah, baseness!
Ah yes, such acts must be repeal'd.

(Departs.)

SCENE 4.

Violetta enters with papers in her hands.
Annina, Joseph.

Violetta.

(To Annina.)

Alfredo?

Annina.

He has gone to Paris, Madame.

Violetta.

When to return?

Annina.

Before the day is ended,
He bade me tell you.

Violetta.

'Tis strange, this!

Joseph.

(Presents a letter.)

For you.

Violetta.

'Tis well. A business agent shortly will arrive home;
At once admit him.





(Exeunt Annina and Joseph.)

SCENE 5.

(Violetta, afterwards Germont, introduced by Joseph, who places two chairs, and goes out.)

Violetta.

(Reading the letter.)

Ah, ah!
So Flora hath my home discover'd,
And invites me to join a dance this evening!
She'll look for me in vain!

(Throws the letter on a table and seats herself.)

Joseph.

A man would see you.

Violetta.

'Tis the one I look'd for.

(Bids Joseph show him in.)

Germont.

Are you the lady of the house?

Violetta.

I am, Sir.

Germont.

In me, behold Alfred's father.

Violetta.

You?

(With surprise, invites him to be seated.)

Germont.

Yes, of the imprudent, who goes fast to ruin,
Led away by your follies.

Violetta.

(Rising, resentfully.)

Stay, Sir, I am lady in my own dwelling,
And perforce I must leave you, for your sake more than mine.

(About to retire.)

Germont.

(What manners!) But then—

Violetta.

You have been led in error.

(Returns to her seat.)



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Germont.

He will spend all his fortune upon you.

Violetta.

He has not yet offered. I should refuse.

Germont.

How then such grandeur

(Looking around)

Violetta.

(Gives him a paper.)

This deed is to all else a mystery—to you twill not he.

Germont.

(Reads the paper.)

Heav'n, what a statement!

Have you then determin'd all your wealth to dispose of?

But, your past life, ah, why must that accuse yes?

Violetta.

It does so no longer; Alfred I love now, and Heav'n
Has cancell'd all the past with my repentance.

Germont.

Ah, you have noble feelings.

Violetta.

Like sweet music, my ear receives your accents.

Germont.

(Rising.)

And of such feelings a sacrifice I ask now.

Violetta.

(Rising.)

Ah, no, pray do not!

A dreadful thing thou wouldst require, I'm certain

I foresaw it, with terror; ah, I was far too happy.

Germont.

A father's honor requires it,
And the future of his two dear children claims it.

Violetta.

Of two children?

Germont.

Yes.

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PURE AS AN ANGEL.

Germont.

Pure as an angel from above,
Kind Heav'n a daughter gave me.
If, now, Alfredo to our love
Will not return and save us;
He, the belov'd and loving youth,
Who soon should wed my daughter,
Must then withdraw his plighted truth,
With all the joy, the joy it brought her.
then do not change love's roses fair
To thorns of grief and pain,
Ah, do not change love's roses fair
To thorns of grief and pain,
Your gen'rous heart, to my fond prayer, no, no,
Will not oppose'd remain no, no,

Violetta.

Ah! I see now, that I must for a season
Be from Alfredo parted. 'Twill be painful,
Dreary for me, yet—

Germont.

That will not suffice me!

Violetta.

Heav'ns ! What more dost seek for?
Enough I've offer'd!

Germont.

No, not quite yet.

Violetta.

You wish that I forever should renounce him?

Germont.

It must be.

Violetta.

Ah no! I cannot—never!
Ah! thou know'st not what affection
Burns within me, ardent, living!
Not one kind friend or connexion
Can I number, still surviving
But Alfredo has declar'd it,
All in him my heart should find!
Ah! thou know'st not what dark sorrow
Mock'd my being with its shadow?
All is over—how sad the morrow
Parted thus from dear Alfredo!
Ah! the trial is too cruel;
It were better far to die.

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Germont.

The sacrifice is heavy;
But hear me with tranquility.
Lovely thou art, still, and youthful, too,
Hereafter—

Violetta.

No more persuade me. I know all,
But it can not be. Him only I love and live for!

Germont.

So be it.—But the men are oft unfaithful still—

Violetta.

(Astounded.)

Great Heaven!

Germont.

Some day, when love hath colder grown,
And time's broad gulf yawns wider;
When all the joys of life have flown,
What then will be? Consider!
No healing balm shall soothe your rest,
No warm and deep affection,
Since Heav'n your ties will ne'er have blest
With holy benediction. Violetta. 'Tis all true!

Germont.

Then haste to dissipate the spell
Of this bright dream, controlling;
Be to my home and lov'd ones
Our angel, good, consoling.
Violetta, oh, consider well
While yet there may be time.
'Tis Heav'u itself that bids me speak,
'Tis Heav'n inspiring
These words in faith sublime.

Violetta.

Thus, to the wretched, who falls, frail and erring,
When once again she would rise, hope is silent.
Though Heaven's indulgent, its pardon conferring,
Man unforgiving to her will be.
Say to this child of thine, young, pure and lovely,
Thou hast a victim found, whose life of sadness
Had but one single ray of rapture and gladness,
Which she will yield to her, then gladly die.

Germont.

Weep on, thou hapless one,
Weep on; I witness thy trial
In what I ask of thy self denial.
Bear up, thou noble heart, triumph is nigh.



Violetta.

Now command me.

Germont.

Tell him that thou lov'st him not.

Violetta.

He'll not believe.

Germont.

Then leave him.

Violetta.

He'll follow.

Germont.

Well then—

Violetta.

Embrace me as thy daughter, then will my heart be strong.

(They embrace.)

Ere long, restor'd you'll find him; but sad beyond all telling.

Then, to console him, from the arbor approach him

(Points to the garden and sits to write.)

Germont.

What art thinking?

Violetta.

If you my thought could know, you would thou oppose me.

Germont.

Gen'rous hearted ! How can I o'er repay thee!

Violetta.

I shall die ! let not my memory
By him be execrated,
But let my woes and trials dark
To him be all related.
This sacrifice o'erwhelming
I make of love to duty,
Will be the end of all my woo,
The last sigh of my heart.

Germont.

No, noble heart, thou still shalt live!
A bright fate shall redress thee;
These tears announce the happy day
That heav'n will send to bless thee.
This sacrifice unbounded
You make of love to duty,



So noble is, 'twill soon a glow
Of pride to you impart.

Violetta.

Some one comes, retire now.

Germont.

Oh, how my heart is grateful!

Violetta.

We meet no more forever!

(They embrace.)

Germont.

May you be happy—Heav'n bless thee!

(Germont goes out by the garden door.)

SCENE 6.

Violetta, then Annina, then Alfredo.

Violetta.

Oh grant me strength, kind Heaven!

Annina.

Do you require me?

Violetta.

Yes; take and deliver thou this letter.

Annina.

(Looks at the direction with surprise.)

Oh!

Violetta.

Be silent; go directly.

(Exit Annina.)

I must write to him now. What shall I say?
Where shall I find the courage?

Alfredo.

(Coming in.)

What now?

Violetta.

(conceals the letter.)

Nothing.

Alfredo.

Wert writing?





Violetta.

Yes—no—

Alfredo.

What strange confusion! To whom wert writing?

Violetta.

To thee

Alfredo.

Give me the letter.

Violetta.

No—directly.

Alfredo.

Forgive me; my thoughts are quite disturbed;

Violetta.

(Rising)

By what?

Alfredo.

Ah no! but he hath sent a cruel letter!
I soon expect him. At a glance he will love thee.

Violetta.

(With agitation.)

Let him not here surprise me.
Allow me to retire now, thou wilt calm him;
Then at his feet—I'll humbly fall—

(Scarcely restraining her tears.)

He cannot 'will that we should part—we shall be happy—
Because thou lov'st me, Alfredo—is it not so ?

Alfredo.

Oh dearly! Why dost weep thus'

Violetta.

My heart, o'ercharg'd, had need of weeping—I now am tranquil,
Thou see'st it ?—Smiling on thee!

(With great effort.)

I'll be there—'mid the flow'rs, ever near thee,—
Love me, Alfredo, love me as I now love thee.
Farewell, love!

(Runs to the garden.)

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SCENE 7.

Alfredo, then Joseph, then a Messenger.

Alfredo.

Ah, that fond heart lives only in my devotion!

(Sits down and opens a book, reads a little, then rises, and looks at the clock, which is upon the chimney piece.)

'Tis late now! to-day it's doubtful
If I shall see my father.

Joseph.

(Enters hurriedly.)

Sir, my lady has departed,
In a carriage that awaited,
And is already upon the road to Paris.
Annina, too, disappear'd some time before her.

Alfredo.

I know—be quiet.

Joseph.

(What does this mean?)

(Retires)

Alfredo.

She goes, perhaps, to hasten
The sale of all her property
Annina will stay all that.

(His father is seen in the distance, crossing the garden.)

Some one is in the garden!
Who's there?

(Going out.)

Messenger.

(At the door.)

You, Sir, are Germont?

Alfredo.

I am, Sir.

Messenger.

Sir, a lady in a coach, gave me,
Not far from this place, a note, to you directed.

(Gives a letter to Alfredo, is paid and departs.)

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SCENE 8.

Alfredo, then Germont, from the garden.

Alfredo.

From Violetta ! ah, why am I thus moved?
To rejoin her, perhaps she now invites me. I tremble.
Oh Heav'n ! send courage!

(Opens and reads.)

“Alfredo, at the moment this note shall reach you”—
Ah!

(He utters a cry like one struck by a thunderbolt, and in turning finds himself in the presence of his father, into whose arms he throws himself exclaiming—)

Oh, my father!

Germont.

My dear son!
How thou dost suffer! restrain thy weeping.
Return and be the glory, the pride of thy father.

(Alfredo despairingly sits at a table, with his face concealed in his hands.)

FROM FAIR PROVENCE'S SOIL AND SEA.

Germont.

From far Provence's soil and sea,
Who hath won thy heart away,
Who hath won thy heart away,
From fair Provenç's soil and sea?
From thy native sunny clime,
What strange fate caus'd thee to stray
From thy native sunny clime?
Oh, remember in thy woe
All the joy that waits for thee,
All the peace thy heart would know,
Only there, still found may be.
At the peace thy heart would know,
Only there, still found may be.
Heav'n guided me!
Heav'n guided me!
Heav'n guided me!
Ah! thy father old and worn,
What he felt, thou ne'er canst know,
In thine absence, so forlorn
Seem'd his home, with grief and woe.
But I find thee now again,
If my hope doth not mislead,
If yet honor doth remain
With its voice not mute or dead,
Heav'n sends me aid!
Wilt not answer a father's affection?

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(Embracing him.)

Alfredo.

Countless furies within my heart are raging!
Go and leave me—

(Repulses his father.)

Germont.

How, leave thee!

Alfredo.

(Oh, for vengeance!)

Germont.

Do not linger, let's go now, oh, haste thee!

Alfredo.

(It was Dauphol!)

Germont.

Dost thou not hear!

Alfredo.

No!

Germont.

All in vain then my search will have been!
No, no, I will not chide thee now,
But hide the past forever;
The love that guides me ever
Full pardon will bestow.
Then come and drown thy cares in joy
With me again returning;
For thee lov'd ones are yearning;
Such hopes thou'lt not destroy!
Pond hearts at home are burning
Their soothing care to show.

Alfredo.

(Arousing himself; sees upon the table the letter of Flora, glances at its contents, and exclaims,)

Ah! She's at the fête, then!
Thither will I fly, and seek revenge.

Germont.

What say'st thou ah, stay thee!

(Alfredo. departs precipitately, followed by his father.)

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SCENE 9.

A Saloon in Flora's Palace,
richly furnishsd and lighted up.

(A door in the back scene, and two lateral ones. On the right, a little forward, a table, on which are cards and other implements of play. On the left a small table, with flowers and refreshments; chairs and a settee.)

(Flora, the Marquis, the Doctor, and other Guests, enter from the left, and converse amongst themselves.)

Flora.

There'll be fun here to-night with maskers merry;
The Count will be their leader;
Violetta and Alfred both will be here.

Marquis.

Have you not heard the news then!
Germont and Violetta are divided.

Flora & Doctor.

Is that true?

Marquis.

Yes, and she will come with the Baron.

Doctor.

I saw them yesterday, appearing quite happy.

(A noise is heard on the right.)

Flora.

Be silent—you hear them?

All.

Yes, our friends are coming.

SCENE 10.

(The same, and a number of Ladies masked as Gipsies, some of which hold a staff in the hand, some have tamborines, with which to beat time.)

WE'RE GIPSIES GAY AND YOUTHFUL.

Chorus.

We're gypsies gay and youthful,
From distant shores arriving;
With skillful art contriving
The future to foretell,
We read the planets truthful, read the planets truthful,
Their secrets dark unfolding, all their secrets dark unfold,
The realms of fate beholding,
We can your fortunes tell.



We read the planets truthful,
Their secrets dark unfold,
The realms of fate beholding,
We can your fortunes tell, *etc.*

First Gipsy.

(Examining the hand of Flora.)

Let's see now. You, fair lady,
Have rivals gay and sprightly.

Second Gipsy.

(Examining the hand of the Marquis.)

And you, if we read rightly,
Are not the type of truth.

Flora.

(To the Marquis.)

You play me false already?
I'll take good care to pay on.

Marquis.

(To Flora.)

Ah, what the deuce thus say you?
The charge is base untruth.

Flora.

The fox, howe'er disguising,
Will yet be low and vicious
Gay Marquis, be judicious,
Or else you may repent.

All.

Let now a veil oblivious
Be o'er the past extended;
What's done may not be mended
But future wrongs prevent.

(Flora and the Marquis shake hands.)

SCENE 11.

(The same; Gastone and others, masked as Spanish Mattadores, and others as Piccadores, who enter in a lively manner from the right.)

Gastone & Tenors.

We are Mattadores from Madrid, no famous.
Bold and valiant in Bull-fights all name us;
Just arriv'd here, to join with discretion
In the fun of the "Fat ox" procession.
If a tale may command your attention,
You will find us gallants of pretention.

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All the others.

Yes, yes, bravi! go on now relating,
With much pleasure we'll listen.

Gastone & Chorus.

Hear then.

YOUNG PIQUILLO.

Gastone.

Young Piquillo, gay and daring,
Was a valiant mattadore.
Strong his arm was, proud his bearing,
In all sports, the prize he bore.
One of Spain's fair maids enchanting,
With this youth fell madly in love:
But the maid, ere favors granting,
Bade him thus his valor prove—
Five stout Bulls, in one brief morning
I would see thee meet and slay;
If successful, here returning,
Hand and heart shall thee repay.
Then the mattadore assented,
To the trial led the way;
Five fierce bulls, in turn presented,
His strong arm did vanquish that day.
Five fierce bulls in turn presented,
His strong arm did vanquish that day.

Flora & others.

Bravely he with courage daring
Did his gallantry display!
While his love, with strength unsparing,
He declar'd in such gallant way.

Gastone & Chorus.

Then, 'mid plaudits loud, returning
To the maid, with winning grace,
Took the prize with blushes burning.
Held her fast in love's embrace.

Others of the Chorus.

Proofs, we Mattadores thus render,
How we can vanquish all the fair!

Gastone.

Here, the hearts are far more tender,
We, content with trifling are.

All.

Yes, let's try now to discover
All the various moods of fate;



The arena we uncover,
And for all bold players wait!

(The men take off their masks—some walk about, while others commence playing.)

SCENE 12.

The same, and Alfredo; then Violetta,
with the Baron; afterwards, a Servant.

All.

Alfredo I—you!

Alfredo.

Yes, my kind friends.

Flora.

Violetta?

Alfredo.

I don't know.

All.

What cool indiff' rence! Bravo!
We'll now commence to play.

(Gastone Shuffles the cards, Alfredo and other, put up their stakes. Violetta enters, leaning on the arm of the Baron.)

Flora.

(Going to meet them.)

Here comes the guest most welcome.

Violetta.

To your kind wish I yielded.

Flora.

Thanks to you, also, Baron, for your polite acceptance.

Baron.

(Softly to Violetta.)

Germont is here! do you see him?

Violetta.

(Heav'n I 'tis he, truly!) I see him.

Baron.

Let not one word escape you, address'd to this Alfredo!

Violetta.

(Why, ah, why came I hither?
In mercy, Heaven, thy pity send to me!)

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Flora.

Bit here beside me.
Tell me now, what new and strange is passing.

(To Violetta, making her sit beside her on the settee. The Doctor approaches them while they are conversing in an undertone. The Marquis converses with the Baron. Gastone continues to play. Alfredo and others stake, and the rest walk about.)

Alfredo.

A four spot!

Gastone.

Ah! thou hast won it.

Alfredo.

(Stakes again and wins.)

Unfortunate in loving, makes fortunate in gaming—

All.

Still he remains the victor.

Alfredo.

O I shall gain this evening, and with my golden winnings.
To the green fields returning, I shall again be happy

Flora.

Singly?

Alfredo.

No, no. With some one like her who once was with me, but fled and left me!

Violetta.

(Oh Heaven!)

Gastone.

(To Alfredo, pointing to Violetta.)

Some pity show!

Baron.

(With ill-restrained anger.)

Beware!

Violetta.

(Softly to the Baron.)

Be calm, or I must leave you.

Alfredo.

(Carelessly.)

Did you address me, Baron?

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Baron.

(Ironically.)

You are in such good fortune
I fain would try against you.

Alfredo.

Yes? I accept your challenge.

Violetta.

(Who'll aid me? Death seems approaching!
O Heaven, look down and pity me!)

Baron.

(Staking.)

Here at the right one hundred

Alfredo.

(Staking.)

I, at the left one hundred.

Gastone.

(Dealing off.)

(To Alfred.)

An ace there, a knave, too; thou'st won it!

Baron.

Wilt double?

Alfredo.

A double be it.

Gastone.

(Dealing off.)

A four spot—a seven.

Alfredo.

Then I'm again victorious.

All.

Bravely indeed ! good fortune seems partial to Alfredo!

Flora.

Ah! for the rustic dwelling the Baron pays expenses.

Alfredo.

(To the Baron.)

Now we'll go on!



Servant.

(Entering.)

The banquet is ready!

Flora.

Let's go then.

All.

(Starting.)

Let's go, then.

Alfredo.

(To the Baron.)

Shall we our game continue?

Baron.

At present, no, we cannot;
Ere long, my losses I'll regain.

Alfredo.

At any game that suits you.

Baron.

Our friends we'll follow. After—

Alfredo.

Whene'er you call, you'll find me.

(All retire through a door in the centre—the stage is empty for a moment.)

SCENE 13.

(Violetta returns, breathless, followed by Alfredo.)

Violetta.

I have ask'd him to come hither.
Will he do so? And will he hear me?
Yes, he will, for bitter hate
Controls him more than my sad accents.

Alfredo.

Didst thou call me! What dost wish for?

Violetta.

Quickly leave this place, I pray you;
Danger o'er you is suspended.

Alfredo.

Ah! you're clearly comprehended.
E'en so base you then believe me!



Violetta.

Ah no, no, never!

Alfredo.

But what then fear you!

Violetta.

Ah, I fear the Baron's fury.

Alfredo.

An affair of death's between us;
Should this hand in death extend him,
One sole blow would then deprive thee
Both of lover and protector;
Would such losses sorrow give thee?

Violetta.

But if he should prove the victor!
There behold the sole misfortune,
That, I fear, would prove me fatal.

Alfredo.

Pray, what care you for my safety?

Violetta.

Hence, depart now, this present instant.

Alfredo.

I will go, but swear this moment,
Thou wilt follow now and ever,
Where I wander.

Violetta.

Ah, no; never.

Alfredo.

No! and never!

Violetta.

Go, thou, unhappy! and forget me,
Thus degraded, go and leave me!
At this moment, to escape thee
I a sacred oath have taken!

Alfredo.

To whom? tell me! who could claim it?

Violetta.

One who had the right to name it.

Alfredo.

'Twas Dauphol!



Violetta.

(With great effort.)

Yes.

Alfredo.

Then thou lov'st me?

Violetta.

Ah, well, I love him.

Alfredo.

(Runs furiously, throws open the doors and cries out—)

Come hither all!

SCENE 14.

The same, and all the others,
who enter in confusion.

All.

Did you call us! Now what would you!

Alfredo.

(Pointing to Violetta, who leans fainting against the table.)

Know ye all this woman present?

All.

Who? Violetta!

Alfredo.

Know ye, too, her base misconduct?

Violetta.

Ah! spare me!

All.

No!

Alfredo.

All she possess'd, this woman here
Hath for my love expended.
I, blindly, basely, wretchedly,
This to accept, condescended.
But there is time to purge me yet
From stains that shame, confound me.
Bear witness all around me
That here I pay the debt.

(In a violent rage he throws a purse at Violetta's feet— she faints in the arms of Flora and the Doctor. At this moment Alfredo's Father enters.)

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SCENE 15.

The same, and Germont the elder,
who has entered at the last words.

All.

Oh to what baseness thy passions have moved thee
To wound thus fatally one who has loved thee!
Shameless traducer of woman defenceless,
Depart hence, speedily, scorn'd and despised!

Germont.

Of scorn most worthy himself doth render
Who wounds in anger a woman tender!
My son, where is he? No more I see him;
In thee, Alfred, I seek him, but in vain.

Alfredo.

(Aside.)

Ah! yes, 'twas shameful! a deed abhorrent
A jealous fury—love's madd'ning torrent
Oppress'd my senses, destroy'd my reason;
From her, no pardon shall I obtain!
To fly and leave her, strength was denied me,
My angry passions did hither guide me.
But now that fury is all expended,
Remorse and horror to me remain.

Germont.

(Aside.)

I 'mid them only know what bright virtue.
Dwell in that sad heart so torn and bleeding.
I know she loves him, all else unheeding;
Yet must, tho' cruel, silent remain.

Gastone & Flora.

Oh! thou dost suffer! but cheer thy heart,
Here in thy trials we all take part.
Kind friends surround thee, care o'er thee keeping,
Cease then thy weeping, thy tears restrain.

Baron.

This shameful insult against this lady
Offends all present; behold me ready
To punish outrage! Here now declaring
Such pride o'erbearing I will restrain.

Violetta.

(Reviving.)

Ah, lov'd Alfredo, this heart's devotion
Thou can'st not fathom yet—its fond emotion!
Thou'rt still unknowing that at the measure



Of this displeasure, 'tis prov'd again.
But when, hereafter, the truth comes o'er thee,
And my affection shall rise before thee,
May Heav'n in pity then spare thee remorse.
Ah, tho' dead, still loving, ever will I remain!

(Germont takes his son with him; the Baron follows Violetta is taken into an adjoining room by the Doctor and Flora, and the rest disperse.)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

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Act III

SCENE 1.

Violetta's Bedroom.

At the back a Bed, with the curtains partly drawn—A window shut in by inside shutters—Near the bed a stool with a bottle of water, a crystal cup, and different kinds of medicine on it—In the middle of the room a toilet-table and settee; a little apart from which is another piece of furniture, upon which a night-lamp is burning—Chairs and other articles of furniture—On the left a fireplace with a fire in it.

(Violetta discovered sleeping on the bed—Annina, seated near the fireplace, has fallen asleep.)

Violetta.

(Awaking.)

Annina!

Annina.

(Waking up, confusedly.)

Did you call me?

Violetta.

Poor creature, were you sleeping?

Annina.

Yes, but forgive me.

Violetta.

Bring me here some water.

(Annina does so.)

Look out now—is it yet daylight!

Annina.

It is seven.

Violetta.

To a little light give access.

(Annina opens the blinds, and looks into the street.)

Annina.

Doctor Grenvil has come—

Violetta.

A friend most faithful!
I wish to rise, assist me.

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(She rises, but falls again—then, supported by Annina, she walks slowly towards the settee, and the Doctor enters in time to assist her to sit upon it—Annina places cushions about her.)

SCENE 2.

The same, and the Doctor.

Violetta.

How kind in you thinking of me thus early.

Doctor.

(Feeling her pulse.)

Yes, are you somewhat better!

Violetta.

With pain I suffer; but my mind is tranquil.
A priest came here last evening and brought me comfort.
Ah! religion is a solace to us in affliction.

Doctor.

Last night, how were you?

Violetta.

Calmly I slept till morning.

Doctor.

Then keep your courage.
Convalescence, haply, is not far distant.

Violetta.

Oh! that's a kind deception
Allow'd to all physicians.

Doctor.

(Pressing her hand.)

Farewell now. I'll return soon!

Violetta.

Be not forgetful.

Annina.

(In a low tone, whilst following the Doctor.)

Is her case more hopeful?

Doctor.

But few brief hours of life are to her remaining.

(Departs.)

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SCENE 3.

Violetta and Annina.

Annina.

Now cheer thy heart.

Violetta.

Is this a festal morning?

Annina.

Paris gives up to folly—'tis carnival day.

Violetta.

Ah, 'mid this gay rejoicing, Heav'n alone doth know
How the poor are suff'ring! What amount
Is there in that casket?

Annina.

(Opens and counts.)

Just twenty Louis'.

Violetta.

Take from it ten, and give them to the needy.

Annina.

Little you'll have remaining.

Violetta.

(Sighing.)

Oh, twill for me be plenty!
You can bring then my letters here.

Annina.

But you?

Violetta.

Naught will occur. You need not long be absent.

(Exit Annina.)

SCENE 4.

Violetta takes a letter from her bosom, and reads.

Violetta.

“Thou hast kept thy promise. The duel took place The Baron was wounded, hut is improving. Alfredo is in foreign countries. Your sacrifice has been revealed to him by me. He will return to you for pardon. I too will return. Haste to recover, thou deservest a bright future. Georgio Germont.”

'Tis too late!

Still watching and waiting, but to me they come not!



(Looking in the mirror.)

Oh, how I'm faded and faded!
But the Doctor doth exhort me to be hopeful!
Ah! thus afflicted, all hope is dead within me!

FAREWELL TO THE BRIGHT VISIONS.

Violetta.

Farewell to the bright visions I once fondly cherish'd,
Already the roses that deck'd me have perish'd;
The love of Alfredo is lost, past regaining,
That cheer'd me when fainting, my spirit sustaining sole comfort support, ah!
Pity the stray one, and send her consolation,
Oh, pardon her transgressions, and grant her salvation.
Ah! thus all of life doth end,
Ah! thus all of life doth end.
The sorrows and enjoyments of life will soon be over
The dark tomb in oblivion this mortal form will cover!
No flow'rs for my grave, no kind friends o'er me weeping.
No cross, with my name, mark the spot where I'm sleeping.
Ah, pity the stray one, and send her consolation!
Oh, pardon her transgressions, and send her salvation.
Thus all of life doth end.

(Sits down.)

Bacchanalian Chorus.

(outside.)

Room for the prize-ox, with honors appearing!
Gay flow'rs and vine-leaves in garlands he's wearing
Boom for the gentlest one of like creation,
Give him, with fife and horn, loud salutation.
Now, Parisians, make concession,
Clear the way for our procession.
Asia or Afric' ne'er saw one to beat him!
He is the proud boast of all those who meet him
Maskers and merry boys with fun o'erflowing,
Songs in his honor raise, plaudits bestowing
Now. Parisians. &c.

SCENE 5.

Violetta and Alfredo, entering hastily

Annina.

(Hesitating.)

My lady

Violetta.

What has happened



Annina.

This morning—'tis true then?
You are really better?

Violetta.

Yes; but why?

Annina.

Will you promise to be tranquil?

Violetta.

Yes, what wouldst tell me?

Annina.

I would now prepare you
For a pleasure, unexpected.

Violetta.

For a pleasure, thou sayest?

Annina.

Yes, gentle mistress.

Violetta.

Alfredo! Ah, thou hast seen him?
He comes! oh, haste thee!

(Annina makes signs with her hand in the affirmation, and goes to open the door.)

SCENE 6.

Violetta, Alfredo, and Annina.

Violetta.

Alfredo?

(Going towards the door.)

(Alfred enters, pale with emotion, and they throw themselves into each other's arms, exclaiming)

Violetta.

Belov'd Alfredo!

Alfredo.

My own Violetta!
Ah, I am guilty ! I know all, dearest.

Violetta.

I only know, love, that thou art near me!

Alfredo.

This throbbing heart will show how I still love thee,
I could no more exist, if from thee parted.



Violetta.

If thou hast found me yet with the lying,
Believe that grief and woe no more can kill.

Alfredo.

Forget the sorrow in love forgiving,
Both sire and son thou'lt pardon still.

Violetta.

Ask me for pardon
'Tis I am guilty,
Thus rendered by my loving heart.

Both.

No earthly pow'r, nor friend, beloved,
Shall tear us hence apart.

GAY PARIS, DEAREST. DUET.

Alfredo.

Gay Paris, dearest, we'll leave with gladness,
Our lives united, fly we from sadness.
Joy shall repay thee for each dark sorrow,
Thy cheek so faded, shall bloom again.
Life, light and breath from thee will I borrow,
O'er coming years, love, bright smiles shall reign.

Violetta.

Gay Paris, dearest, we'll leave with gladness,
Our lives united, fly we from sadness.

Alfredo.

Joy shall repay thee for each dark sorrow,
Thy cheek so faded, shall bloom again.
Life, light and breath from thee will I borrow,
O'er coming years, love, bright smiles shall reign.

Violetta.

Gay Paris, dearest, we'll leave with gladness,
Joy shall repay us for each dark sorrow,
O'er coming years, love, bright smiles shall reign.
Our lives united, fly we from sadness.
Joy shall repay thee for each dark sorrow,
O'er coming years, love, bright smiles shall reign.

Alfredo.

For all thy sorrows thou'lt comfort find
Ah! yes, thy cheek so faded, shall bloom again.

Violetta.

For ev'ry dark sorrow some joy shall repay thee,
My cheek so faded,
My cheek so faded, shall bloom again.





Alfredo.

Gay Paris, dearest, we'll leave with gladness,
Yes, we'll leave with gladness,
Our lives united, fly we from sadness, no!
we'll fly from sadness, each hour of sorrow joy shall repay.
Ah! yes, thy cheek so faded, thy cheek so faded, shall bloom again,
Joy shall repay thee for each dark sorrow,
Thy cheek so faded, shall bloom again. *etc.*

Violetta.

Joy shall repay us for every sorrow,
O'er coming years, love, bright smiles shall reign.
Joy shall repay us for every sorrow,
O'er coming years, love, bright smiles shall reign.
For each hour of sorrow seems joy shall repay thee,
My cheek, so faded, ah! yes, shall bloom again.

Violetta.

Ah, no more! to church let us be going,
Our thanks to render with hearts o'erflowing.

(Staggers.)

Alfredo. Thou'rt growing pale!

Violetta.

'Tis nothing, mark me; unlook'd for pleasure can never enter
Without disturbing a heart o'erburden'd.

Alfredo.

(She sinks on a chair fainting, and her head falls backwards.)

Great Heaven!—Violetta!

(Alarmed, and supporting her.)

Violetta.

'Tis but the weakness
From recent illness. Now, love, I'm stronger—

(With effort.)

See't thou? and smiling—

Alfredo.

(Ah, cruel fortune!)

Violetta.

'Twas nothing! Annina, a shawl bring hither.

Alfredo.

What now, love? but wait then—

Violetta.

No! I will go now.

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(Annina presents the Maid, which she makes an effort to put on, but finds she is too weak, and exclaims—)

Great Heav'n. I cannot.

(She throws away the shawl vexedly, and sinks again to the chair.)

Alfredo.

Heavens, what is it?

(To Annina.)

Go, call the Doctor.

Violetta.

Ah, tell him—say that Alfredo is now beside me,
Return'd and faithful to my affection—
Tell him I wish still to live.

(Annina returns.)

(To Alfredo.)

But though return'd, love, thou hast not sav'd me,
No earthly pow'r from the tomb can shield me.

SCENE 7.

Violetta and Alfredo.

Violetta.

Ah, cruel fate to die so young,
Tho' much I've borne of sorrow;
To die when hopes, to which I clung,
Reveal a brighter morrow !
Ah! then 'twas naught but madness,
The love to which I yielded!
In vain my heart was shielded,
Arm'd with faith, all, all in vain.

Alfredo.

Oh, dearer far, than breath or life,
Belov'd one, fondly treasur'd!
My burning tears, in this dark hour,
With thine shall flow, unmeasur'd.
But, ah ! far more than e'er before
I need thy fond devotion;
Yield not to sad emotion
While hope doth still remain!

(Violetta throws herself upon the lounge.)

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SCENE THE LAST.

The same, Germont, and the Doctor.

Germont.

(Entering.)

Ah! Violetta—

Violetta.

You, my friend?

Alfredo.

My father—

Violetta.

Thou'st not forgot me?

Germont.

I redeem my promise—
And come, thou noble hearted,
As my daughter to embrace thee.

Violetta.

Alas, too late thou comest!
Yet, in truth, I am grateful.

(They embrace.)

You see me, Grenvil? dying in th' embraces
Of those I love most dearly!

Germont.

Ah, what say'at thou ?

(Looking at her, aside)

Oh Heaven! 'tis true!
Oh, father, dost thou see her
Withhold! no more thus rend me;
For dark remorse devours my heart already!
Like the pealing of thunder each word confounds
Ah, incautious old father!
The wrong accomplish'd, now stands before me!

Violetta.

(Having opened a drawer over her toilet-table, she takes out a medallion and says—)

Approach more nearly, belov'd Alfredo, and hear me
Take this, a fair resemblance still
Of me in days of gladness;
A thought 'twill bring in sadness
Of her who lov'd thee well.



Alfredo.

Oh, say not so, thou wilt not die,
But live, with love to bless me!
With such a dread bereavement
Kind Heav'n will not distress me.

Germont.

Oh, noble victim! noble sacrifice
To generous devotion!
Forgive me all the anguish
Thy heart has borne thro' me!

Violetta.

Should some young maiden, young and fair,
Fresh as a flow'r, *just* blowing,
Love thee with heart o'erflowing,
Make her, I wish it, thy bride;
Show her this pictur'd likeness.
Say, 'tia a gift from me,
Who, now in heav'n, 'mid angela bright,
Prayeth for her, for thee.

Germont, Doctor, Annina.

While yet these eyes have tears to flow,
I shall still weep, still weep for thee.
Go, join the blessed spirits now:
God calls thee heav'nward, his own to be.

Violetta.

(Reviving.)

'Tis wondrous!

All.

What?

Violetta.

(Speaking.)

They all have ceased,
The paroxysms that distress'd me.
Fresh life awakens within me, giving me
A vigor new and rare!
I am to life restor'd now!
Oh rapture!

(She falls upon the sofa.)

All.

Oh heaven! Dead!

Alfredo.

Violetta?

**Bob's
Opera World**

All.

May Heav'n her soul receive!

Doctor.

(Examining the pulse.)

'Tis over!

All.

Oh, grief and woe!



The End