

# VERDI

## LA TRAVIATA

English Version by Donald Pippin

### ACT ONE

At first glance, it would seem that we have entered the sparkling make believe land of operetta: Parisian gaiety and glitter, chic and sophistication, a party in progress, elegantly dressed people, even a sprinkling of nobility, champagne, a rousing drinking song, followed by dance music. But cracks in the brittle surface are soon exposed. Violetta, hostess of the party, not entirely recovered from a recent illness, falters under the strain of the hectic pace, a stern indication that her illness is a good deal more serious than she is willing to acknowledge.

At the same time, something altogether unexpected happens, something extraordinary, totally alien to the hollow, brightly camouflaged world that she inhabits -- an encounter with a depth of feeling greater, more genuine than she had imagined possible: passionate, romantic love poured from the heart of a shy provincial, literally a young man from Provence, named Alfredo, who has already given quiet evidence of a steadfast devotion. She laughs it off with a warning: "Better to stay far clear of me." But not without a lightly veiled hint of encouragement. And later on, after the party is over, she wonders: could this be the real thing? A dream come true? A gift undeserved? An opening to a new life?

She quickly dismisses this enticing fantasy. Back to reality, live for the moment, enjoy while you can, travel lightly, no serious involvements. But the mysterious tantalizing spark has been ignited.

*Scene: a richly furnished drawing room in Violetta's apartment. Violetta is in animated conversation with her guests, including the doctor, the Baron and Flora, who is arm in arm with the Marquis.*

TENORS: True to form, you are late for the party. Past eleven.

BASSES: Then blame it on Flora.  
Dice and cards made the time slip away.

VIOLETTA: *(as she goes to greet newcomers)*  
Welcome whenever. The night still remaining  
Clearly we'd best enjoy all the more.

FLORA & MARQUIS: What about doctor's orders?

VIOLETTA: What nonsense!  
On my own, I've discovered the cure I prefer:  
Live for today, laugh and forget.

OTHERS: Right you are! Let us live for today.  
Not for me are remorse and regret.

GASTONE: *(entering with Alfredo)*  
Meet Alfredo Germont, unassuming,  
But the warmest of all your admirers.

VIOLETTA: Any friend of yours is welcome already.

MARQUIS: Dear Alfredo!

ALFREDO: Good evening.

GASTONE: I've told you,  
People here are refined but informal.

VIOLETTA: *(to servant)* Are we ready?  
My friends, please be seated.  
Food for the body, and wine for the soul.

OTHERS: A delightful and timely suggestion:  
Food for the body, and wine for the soul.

ALL: Food for the body, and wine for the soul.

GASTONE: *(to Violetta)* He is truly devoted.

VIOLETTA: Alfredo?

GASTONE: In your illness he came every day  
To inquire and seek reassurance.

VIOLETTA: You're joking. Why should he know or care?

GASTONE: You can ask him.

VIOLETTA: Is it true, then? You would come, leaving flowers?

ALFREDO: Yes, very true.

VIOLETTA: Then I thank you sincerely.  
*(to Baron)* Need I mention,  
It's far more than you did?

BARON:  
But it's only a year I've known you.

VIOLETTA:  
He has known me for less than an hour.

FLORA *(softly to the Baron)*  
Baron, sometimes the less you say the better.

BARON, *softly to Flora*  
From the start I dislike him.

FLORA: A shame. He appears rather nice, though naïve.

GASTONE, *to Alfredo*  
Like a fool, are you tongue-tied with passion?

MARQUIS, *to Violetta*  
Ah, but the lady should lead and encourage.

VIOLETTA, *pouring wine*  
Here is champagne to inspire you.

ALFREDO, *gallantly*  
From the hand of a heavenly goddess.

ALL: To beauty! To beauty and health!

GASTONE: Baron, have you a song you can render,  
Either rude, either raucous or tender?  
*(to Alfredo as the Baron declines)* Well, my friend?

ALL: A song to cheer us on!

ALFREDO: I am no performer.

GASTONE: Go ahead. Why so modest?

ALFREDO, *to Violetta*

Would it please you? Yes? Then, for you.

MARQUIS:

Your attention!

ALL:

Shy Alfredo's debut!

ALFREDO:           A song to the season of glory that flowers  
                          In laughter, abandon and revelry,  
                          At ease in a garden of beauty still ours,  
                          Embellished with sweet buds of May.

                          Love on! Explore sheer ecstasy  
                          Found only with shy lovers,  
                          When one rare moment uncovers  
                          What eyes alone convey.

                          Sing on! To the passionate rapture inspired  
                          By the wine turning night into day.

OTHERS:            To love and to rapture inspired  
                          By the wine turning night into day.

VIOLETTA:          I long to share among friends in full measure  
                          A talent for carefree gaiety  
                          Even to squander one moment of pleasure  
                          May dare fickle fortune to frown.

                          Enjoy, for time travels rapidly,  
                          And love that comes to flower  
                          Endures for less than an hour  
                          Before the bloom is gone.

                          Enjoy, for the goddess that looks upon lovers  
                          Stays briefly and then moves on.

OTHERS:            Ah! Sing on, to the goddess of beauty who passes  
                          And pauses a moment, but then moves on.  
                          To love and to laughter, come lift your glasses  
                          And revel from dark till dawn.

VIOLETTA: I live, I love for pleasure ...

ALFREDO: A pledge of love is forever.

VIOLETTA: How charmingly romantic!

ALFREDO: A dream and yet so true.

VIOLETTA & ALFREDO:

We birds of a feather  
Here gather together  
To revel, to revel  
From dark till dawn.  
You preachers of prudence  
Can go to the devil  
For here we shall revel till dawn.

OTHERS: Birds of a feather  
We gather together  
To revel, to revel,  
And preachers of prudence  
Can go to the devil.  
Drink on and on,  
To revel, to revel,  
From dark till dawn.

Drink on and on,  
From dark till dawn.  
Sing on and on,  
Love on and on,  
As we revel, we revel  
From dark till dawn.

*(music is heard from an adjoining room)*

ALL, *except Violetta*: Surprise!

VIOLETTA: Who's in the mood to join me for dancing?

OTHERS: Just the thing we need;  
There we are all agreed.

VIOLETTA: Follow the leader!  
*(as she starts to lead out her guests she suddenly falters)* Oh, my!

OTHERS: What is it?

VIOLETTA: Nothing, nothing.

OTHERS: You seem unsteady.

VIOLETTA: Ignore it.  
*(tries to take a few steps but is forced to sit down)* Oh, mercy!

OTHERS: So fragile!

ALFREDO: Can I help you?

OTHERS: Have you a fever?

VIOLETTA: A trifle ... no cause to worry.  
You go, get started. I need a moment alone.

OTHERS, *except Alfredo*  
As you prefer it. *(they exit)*

VIOLETTA, *looking into the mirror*  
How deathly pale! *(turns and notices Alfredo)* You stayed!

ALFREDO: I had to know that you are all right.

VIOLETTA: Improving.

ALFREDO: This life will kill you if you continue.  
Oh, please! Be careful! Nothing is more important.

VIOLETTA: Why should you worry?

ALFREDO: Safe in my care, in peace and quiet,  
Day by day you'd soon be well again.

VIOLETTA: My future ... You are the first to give it a thought.

ALFREDO: No one before has loved you as I do.

VIOLETTA: So much?

ALFREDO: Silently hoping ...

VIOLETTA: How touching!  
*(laughingly)* Such burning passion I'd almost forgotten.

ALFREDO: You're laughing ... have you no feeling?

VIOLETTA: No heart? Yes ... maybe ... who knows?  
What does it matter?

ALFREDO: Had you a heart,  
My despair would not seem a joke.

VIOLETTA: You truly love me?

ALFREDO: Now and forever.

VIOLETTA: How long have I been so honored?

ALFREDO: Since first I saw you ...  
A day of magic, of fire and air!  
Dazzled at first by beauty,  
One year I've watched and waited,  
Knowing as never before  
Love, total love, born of fire and ecstasy,  
Awesome and vast as the universe around us,  
Love that takes over,  
Love spanning earth and heaven,  
Torment, torture and rapture,  
Torture and rapture, bliss and despair!

VIOLETTA: Better to stay far clear of me!  
I have a heart unfeeling.  
I have little else, little else to offer,  
And find torture unappealing.

Speaking in all sincerity,  
Better go find another.  
The tears you'll soon get over;  
The pain will disappear.  
Thinking it over, you will recover

Wiser than before.  
Soon with another you will forget;  
You will in time forget;

ALFREDO: The awesome love that takes over,  
Love spanning earth and heaven,  
Torment, torture and rapture,  
Pain, rapture, bliss and despair!  
Not for a moment shall I forget;  
Never shall I forget!

*(lively music is heard from the adjoining room)*

GASTONE, *appearing at the door*  
Well, well! Up to what mischief?

VIOLETTA: Getting acquainted.

GASTONE: Ah, in that case, continue. *(he leaves)*

VIOLETTA: So now ... No more of torment, torture and rapture.

ALFREDO: I must be leaving.  
*(on his way out)* So be it.

VIOLETTA: So meek, so docile!  
For me, take this camellia.

ALFREDO: For you?

VIOLETTA: You must return it.

ALFREDO, *returning* May I?

VIOLETTA: Come when the bloom has faded.

ALFREDO: You mean ... tomorrow?

VIOLETTA: All right, tomorrow.

ALFREDO: My cup of joy runs over!

VIOLETTA: You still believe you love me?

ALFREDO: I love you more than words can say.  
Yes, I love, adore you!

VIOLETTA: You love me?

ALFREDO: I've never been so certain.

VIOLETTA: Can I believe you mean it?

ALFREDO: I love you more than words can say.  
Yes, I love, adore you!

VIOLETTA: You love me ... *(as he is about to leave)* You're leaving?

ALFREDO: Till tomorrow!

VIOLETTA: Goodbye, then.

ALFREDO: We can be happy.

BOTH: Tomorrow! Tomorrow! *(Alfredo exits joyfully)*

*(The guests return from the ballroom, exhilarated from dancing)*

GUESTS: See the glow of dawn now breaking,  
So perforce we are departing,  
(So perforce we have to part,)  
Thanking you before leave-taking  
From the bottom of the heart.

In the middle of the season,  
Pleasure, fun and folly reign.  
Sleep is needed for a reason:  
Waking up, we start again! *(exeunt)*

VIOLETTA, *alone* So strange, so strange ...  
I still can't believe it really happened!  
Would love on such a level  
Be so unwelcome?

Fearing, hoping,  
I fumble for the answer.

No man before has stirred the fire.  
Oh, joy I dared not reach for!  
To love the man who loves me ...  
Can I spurn such a blessing  
For the vast and empty desert  
Where long I've wandered?

Ah, just suppose my dream's come true  
After a life so hollow ...  
Only in sleep would he appear  
While I remained in shadow ...

One of a kind, he cares for me;  
Ever alert, he's waited.  
Speaking at last, he's lighted  
Smoldering coals of fire!

Love, total love, born of fire and ecstasy,  
Awesome and vast as the universe around us,  
Love that takes over,  
Love spanning earth and heaven,  
Torment, torture and rapture,  
Torture and rapture, bliss and despair!

How foolish! How crazy!  
A fit of wild delusion!  
No more pretending ...  
Lonely, amid the tangle  
Of this corrupt, unkind, brutal jungle  
That people know as Paris,  
What can I hope? Where find a future?

The present! To perish in the vertigo,  
The giddy swirl of life. Faster! Faster!

Free and easy, lightly travel,  
Burn the candle, shaming the devil.  
Fond of laughter, prone to revel,  
Stir the fire that glows today.

Never ponder the grim hereafter,  
Nor the bill come due tomorrow.  
Live for pleasure, spend and borrow;

Life is short, so on with the play!  
Free as air, I'll go my own way.

ALFREDO. *from outside*

Love, total love, born of fire and ecstasy,  
Awesome and vast as the universe around us,  
Love that takes over,  
Love spanning earth and heaven,  
Torment, torture and rapture,  
Torture and rapture, bliss and despair!

VIOLETTA;

Ah! He loves me ...  
I hear you! I hear you! I waver ... Ah, no! Ah, no!

Free and easy, lightly travel,  
Burn the candle, shaming the devil.  
Fond of laughter, prone to revel,  
Stir the fire that glows today.

Never ponder the grim hereafter,  
Nor the bill come due tomorrow.  
Live for pleasure, spend and borrow;  
Here you are, so on with the play!  
Free as air, I'll go my own way.

## ACT II, SCENE I

Three glorious months have gone by, an all too brief summer of idyllic bliss for Alfredo and Violetta, who have quietly settled down in a secluded country house not far from Paris in terms of mileage, but otherwise light years away. Their dream is soon to be shattered. First, Alfredo is rudely awakened to the ugly realization that he has been living all this time at Violetta's expense, an indignity not permitted to a gentleman of honor. He hurries off to Paris to see about repairing the damage.

*Scene: a country house near Paris. Alfredo enters in hunting clothes..*

ALFREDO: Pleasure is nothing  
Unless my love can share it.  
Three months have passed like minutes  
Since my adored Violetta  
On my account gave up  
The glitter of Paris,

The nightly round of parties,  
Where dozens of admirers  
Were falling at her feet,  
Enslaved by beauty.

Now calm and happy,  
In simple, sweet seclusion,  
She has found inner peace.  
Here close to her,  
My own life has started over,  
By the soft breath of love rejuvenated.  
All former days of turmoil  
I have erased and forgotten.

Passion of wild intensity,  
Fire raging fierce and rampant,  
She laid to rest with but a smile,  
A tender, gentle smile born of love.

After she nodded, whispering,  
“Forever I shall be yours alone,”  
Soaring above the starry skies,  
Together, we’ve found together  
The way to paradise.

*Annina enters in great agitation.*

ALFREDO: Annina, why so breathless?

ANNINA: I come from Paris.

ALFREDO: Did someone send you?

ANNINA: An errand for my mistress.

ALFREDO: Why now?

ANNINA: To sell her coach, her horses,  
And some other few possessions.

ALFREDO: Raising money?

ANNINA: Sir, take my word,

Country living can be costly.

ALFREDO: While I've been dreaming!

ANNINA: She told me to say nothing.

ALFREDO: To spare me ... How much is needed?

ANNINA: At least a thousand.

ALFREDO: Awakened, I'm off to Paris!  
This conversation I trust you not to mention.  
I'll yet repair the damage to my honor.  
Go! Go! (*Annina leaves*)

So gross, obtuse and unaware,  
I lay in mindless slumber.  
Awakened by a flash of light,  
My eyes are open wide.

Be calm and patient, appease for now  
The cry of wounded pride and honor.  
The shameful debt I shall repay,  
The stain I'll wipe away.  
A parasite! A gigolo!  
The grimy stain I'll wipe away.  
The shameful debt I shall in time repay. (*he rushes off*)

During his absence, Violetta receives an unexpected caller. Bear in mind that to a sophisticated Parisian, it is a matter of small concern if a man is living openly with a woman to whom he is not married, even with a woman of tarnished reputation like Violetta. He is more apt to be congratulated than censured. But in the heartland, away from the big city, it is quite a different story. There the moral code is far more rigorous, with much concern and little uncertainty about what is right and what is wrong. A violation of the code exposes an entire family to shame and ostracism.

From the vineyards of Provence, Alfredo's father, comes to plead with Violetta to break off this unhallowed relationship, for the sake of his daughter, Alfredo's younger sister, whose future happiness will be blighted if not destroyed by her brother's self-indulgence. Germont's plea is just and persuasive, certainly not unfeeling, but he is far from realizing the magnitude of the sacrifice that he is demanding.

*Violetta enters from the garden, followed by Annina.*

VIOLETTA: Alfredo?

ANNINA: Now well on his way to Paris.

VIOLETTA: And he'll return?

ANNINA: No later than this evening.  
I was told to tell you.

VIOLETTA: So sudden ...

GIUSEPPE, *entering* A note ...

VIOLETTA: Thank you. A lawyer I'm expecting here on business.  
Don't keep him waiting. (*Giuseppe and Annina leave*)

VIOLETTA, *opening the letter*  
Aha! So Flora knows where I am hiding!  
She invites me to a ball for late this evening.  
I advise her not to wait.

GIUSEPPE, *reappearing* Madame, your caller. (*he leaves*)

VIOLETTA: He arrives on schedule.

GERMONT, *entering* You're Violetta Valery?

VIOLETTA: Come in, sir.

GERMONT: Then know that I'm Alfredo's father.

GERMONT: Can I stand idle  
While in your embraces he is lured to his ruin?

VIOLETTA: Sir, know that I'm a woman.  
My home you've entered.  
So allow me to leave you,  
For your sake, more than mine.

GERMONT: (So poised!) Pardon.

VIOLETTA: Sir, you are much mistaken.

GERMONT: All for you, he would squander his fortune.

VIOLETTA: If he dared to offer, I would refuse.

GERMONT: These lavish quarters ...

VIOLETTA: (*hands him a document*)

This deed I have shown to no one,  
But you may read it.

GERMONT, *reading*

Your entire belongings you propose to relinquish?  
Yet despite all, your past will rise to haunt you.

VIOLETTA: That past is over. I love Alfredo.  
Sincere in my remorse,  
Now God has shown His mercy.

GERMONT: These feelings much commend you.

VIOLETTA: Sweeter than roses,  
Your words are calm and soothing.

GERMONT: Knowing your nature,  
A sacrifice I'm asking.

VIOLETTA: Ah, no! Say nothing!  
I feel a dark and deadly premonition.  
Creeping shadows encroaching ...  
Yes, I was far too happy.

GERMONT: Alfredo's father implores you.  
In your hands you hold the fate of both my children.

VIOLETTA: You've another?

GERMONT: Pure as the dew upon the rose,  
God gave to me a daughter.  
Now is her hope of happiness  
Imperiled by her brother.

Loved by the young man she adores,  
Soon they embark on marriage.

What can he do but break a bond  
So stained by scandal and dishonor?

Must they forego felicity?  
Are they to love in vain?  
Oh, hear a father's plea!  
For now my daughter's fate is in your hands,  
Not mine.

VIOLETTA: Go no further, I follow all too clearly.  
I'll have to leave Alfredo for a little,  
Until the wedding ...

GERMONT: More than that I'm asking.

VIOLETTA: Heavens! So great an offer I've made already ...

GERMONT: Still too meager.

VIOLETTA: You mean that I'm to give him up forever?

GERMONT: Forever!

VIOLETTA: Ah, no! I can't! No, no!

You know nothing of my feeling,  
Of my passion and devotion.  
As an orphan and an outcast,  
No protector can I turn to.  
But Alfredo more than compensates  
To fill the gaping void.

You know nothing of my illness  
And the cold hand coming closer,  
The consumption that will be fatal.  
Can I endure without Alfredo?

Sooner die than bear the torture  
Of a lasting separation!  
Ah, sooner die  
Than to cast him from my heart!  
Ah, sooner let me die – not that!

GERMONT: To part may now seem cruel,  
But let us reason quietly.  
Lovely, resourceful, with years ahead,  
Another ...

VIOLETTA: No more! You mock me!  
You're asking for the impossible.  
Alfredo alone I live for!

GERMONT: Consider... Fire of love in time can turn to ash.

VIOLETTA: Alfredo!

GERMONT: To him as well the day will come  
When heated blood runs colder.  
As boredom enters stealthily ...  
What have you then?

Consider ...  
You'll have no stronger, deeper tie,  
No grace of God, no shelter,  
No sanction of society,  
No appeal to either church or law.

VIOLETTA: How true, how true ...

GERMONT: Awaken from this fantasy  
That lures you toward destruction.  
Find sweeter consolation,  
Show greater love through surrender.

Violetta, make the sacrifice;  
Tomorrow is too late.  
For me and for my family!  
A caring father is speaking from the heart.

VIOLETTA: (Ah, no reprieve for the girl who has fallen!  
Only despair, turned away, unforgiven.  
Even when granted a pardon from heaven,  
Unyielding mortals now bar the door.  
They now bar the door, stern and implacable,  
They bar the door.

GERMONT: Find sweeter consolation,  
Show even greater love,  
And God will bless you evermore,  
Your heart and your conscience  
Made calm and clear.

VIOLETTA: Go tell your daughter  
Soon to be married  
She's not to pay the price  
For my own failings.  
Far though I've gone astray,  
One hope I still live for, one only:  
Through loving sacrifice I may atone  
And at last die in peace.

GERMONT: Bitter, bitter tears let fall as you may,  
Bitter, bitter tears let soften your sorrow.  
Weep as you offer  
So great a sacrifice;  
Pour out your sorrow  
As you surrender.  
Long though you suffer,  
Relief will come later;  
Courage and prayer  
In time will prevail;  
Even sorrow will pass.  
May your tears flow freely  
For the pain is cruel  
And the loving sacrifice  
Calls for true courage.  
Tearful in sympathy,  
I share your sorrow;  
But patience and prayer  
Will prevail by and by.

Bitter, bitter tears now let fall,  
But faith and prayer will prevail by and by.  
With courage, patience and prayer,  
After tears you will find peace by and by.

VIOLETTA: So command me.

GERMONT: Make it clear you're not in love.

VIOLETTA: To no avail.

GERMONT: Then leave him.

VIOLETTA: He would follow.

GERMONT: I know ...

VIOLETTA: Embrace me, embrace me as a daughter.  
I'll do what must be done.  
He soon will be returning  
To a crushing disillusion.  
At hand, be ready  
When a father is needed.

GERMONT: Say what you're planning.

VIOLETTA: I'd rather you not know it;  
You might oppose me.

GERMONT: So deserving! How could I repay your offer?  
How could one ever repay your offer?

VIOLETTA:           You can! So soon to die, I want to be  
                          In death neither cursed nor hated.  
                          Then tell him to remember one  
                          Whose heart in grief lay broken.

GERMONT:           No, look ahead to years of joy;  
                          Your life still lies before you.  
                          And God who watches tenderly  
                          Will bless every tear now falling.

VIOLETTA:           Oh, let him know my sacrifice;  
                          I do what love demanded.  
                          Tell him my final thought will be  
                          Of him, of him alone.

GERMONT:           With noble self-denial  
                          You do what love demanded.  
                          But after pain and agony

A brighter day will dawn;  
You'll be rewarded later on.

He'll know your splendid sacrifice;  
He'll learn from me what you have done,  
What you have done for him. (*steps are heard outside*)

VIOLETTA: You'd better leave. He's coming.

GERMONT: You'll never know how grateful ...

VIOLETTA: No more! We say goodbye forever.

GERMONT: May God be with you.

VIOLETTA: Be happy.

GERMONT: Be happy.

VIOLETTA: Oh, let him know my sacrifice;  
I do what love demanded.  
Tell him my final thought will be ...  
You'll tell him?

GERMONT: I'll tell him. Farewell forever.

BOTH: May God be with you. Forever! (*Germont leaves*)

VIOLETTA, *at the writing table*  
I pray for strength and courage.

ANNINA, *entering*  
Did you call me?

VIOLETTA: Yes. Go and deliver this in person.

ANNINA, *surprised on seeing the address*. Oh?

VIOLETTA: Say nothing ... Go this minute.  
Now for the task so painful.  
What shall I write?  
How hard it is to hurt him ...

ALFREDO, *entering*. You're busy?

VIOLETTA: Somewhat.

ALFREDO: A letter?

VIOLETTA: Yes ... no ...

ALFREDO: Such agitation! To whom are you writing?

VIOLETTA: To you.

ALFREDO: Then let me read it.

VIOLETTA: Not till later.

ALFREDO: Do forgive me ... I'm all on edge, uneasy ...

VIOLETTA: And why?

ALFREDO: I heard from my father.

VIOLETTA: Did you see him?

ALFREDO: Not yet ... He wrote a stern, reproachful letter,  
And I expect him ... He will soon learn to love you.

VIOLETTA: When you've spoken,  
Upon my knees I shall implore ...  
He will come round. He'll understand  
That we are destined to be together,  
Because you love me.  
Oh, tell me, do you really?

ALFREDO: For always! Are you weeping?

VIOLETTA: I cry at times for no good reason.  
Now back to normal.  
You see that I am happy, and smiling ...  
So very happy ... not a shadow ...  
I'll be there, close at hand,  
There among the flowers,  
Ever, ever close to you.

Ah, my beloved!  
Love me as much as I love you.  
Ah, love, remember!  
Promise, promise, love me always,  
Forever ... (*she runs out*)

ALFREDO: Such overflow of feeling! Such adoration ...

GIUSEPPE, *entering*. Sir, Madame has departed ...  
From the gate in her carriage ...  
This very minute she's on the road to Paris.  
Annina also, who started even sooner.

ALFREDO: I know ... don't worry ...

GIUSEPPE: (What's going on?)      (*he leaves*)

ALFREDO: I daresay she is eager  
To sell her trifling odds and ends.  
Annina will head her off.  
There's someone in the garden, but who?

MESSENGER, *entering*. Your name is Germont?

ALFREDO: What is it?

MESSENGER: From a lady in a carriage ...  
For you, she gave me a letter  
That I am to deliver.

ALFREDO: From Violetta? ... Why do I feel uneasy?  
She is surely inviting me to join her.  
I tremble ... O God! Courage!  
"By the time you read this letter ..." Ah!  
(*sees his father*) Oh, my father!

GERMONT: Alfredo! So devastated!  
For peace and comfort  
Return to your old father,  
Then son I'm so proud of ...

From the land of olive trees  
Have you wandered far astray?

Have you wandered far astray  
From the land of olive trees?

From the blue of Southern skies  
What has stolen you away?  
What has stolen you away  
From the blue of Southern skies?

In your grief, remember where  
Simple pleasures yet remain.  
Past the winter of despair  
See the orchards bloom again.  
Come with me there!

Your old father suffered so,  
Yet his love remains the same.  
Yet his love remains the same  
Though you've made him suffer so.

From afar, how could you know  
Of the blight upon our name?  
Of the agony and shame  
From afar, how could you know?

Reconciled, now all is well;  
Finding you is my reward.  
From the fiery pit of hell  
Pride and hope have been restored.

If your conscience now is stirred,  
If my plea has struck a chord,  
I have been heard, my prayer is heard.

Ah, son! But if your heart and conscience  
Have been stirred,  
Then all is well, my prayer is heard.

Have you not a single word for your father?

ALFREDO: I'm devoured by a horde of green-eyed serpents.  
I shall find her!

GERMONT: You mustn't!

ALFREDO: (Now for vengeance!)

GERMONT: We are leaving together ... this minute!

ALFREDO: (Of course! The Baron!)

GERMONT: Do you not hear?

ALFREDO: No!

GERMONT: Was my pleading entirely in vain?

ALFREDO, *noticing Flora's letter.*

At Flora's party! I shall soon be there to seek revenge!

GERMONT, *as Alfredo rushes out.*

Alfredo! I warn you!

## ACT II, SCENE II

Apparently deceived and abandoned by Violetta, Alfredo is beside himself with a combustible mixture of shock, rage, disillusion, jealousy and despair. He rushes from the house and heads to Paris and to Flora's party, where he expects to find Violetta with her well-heeled former lover, the Baron.

We shall get there first. Flora has outdone herself -- a gala masquerade, with by now familiar pleasure-seekers play-acting as gypsy fortune tellers and lusty matadors. And of course, the inevitable card table, where the stakes run high, and vast fortunes can change hands within minutes.

*Scene: a richly furnished room at Flora's, in Paris.*

FLORA: For tonight we have planned a pleasing party

Of merry masqueraders.

Violetta and Alfredo I also expect.

MARQUIS: You haven't heard the latest?

They loved for a day, that day is over.

OTHERS: I doubt it.

MARQUIS: She'll be coming, but with the Baron.

DOCTOR: Yet only yesterday they both seemed so happy.

FLORA: Reserve it for later. Now attend to gypsies!

*Ladies enter dressed as gypsies.*

GYPSIES:           A roving band of gypsies,  
                      From parts unknown we travel,  
                      The future to unravel  
                      As printed in your palm.

                      We trace the moon and planets  
                      From Jupiter to Saturn;  
                      There we chart the pattern  
                      Of seasons rough or calm.

                      Your youthful indiscretions  
                      Are as clear as clear can be.  
                      Little need of frank confessions  
                      For what the eye can see.  
                      Little need of frank confessions  
                      When the eye can see  
                      Simple as one! two! three!

*(taking Flora's hand)*

                      Allow me ... Oh, I see here  
                      That your lover tends to wander.

*(examining the hand of the Marquis)*

                      But sir! Your hand is slanderous!  
                      It tells me you're untrue.

FLORA, *to Marquis*

So again your eyes are roaming –  
Deny it if you can, sir.

MARQUIS, *to Flora*

The charges I can answer –  
Those gypsies I could sue!

FLORA: The leopard and the panther  
More quickly shed their vices.  
Before we reach a crisis,  
Repent a life misled.  
I warn you, take my advice:  
Repent a life misled.

ALL: The past we'll put behind us  
And gently draw the curtain;  
Of one thing we are certain:  
The future lies ahead.

On the past we draw the curtain;  
In the future lies your fate.  
Feast or famine, what you will.  
We/they tell it straight,  
Whether for good or ill.  
(Say what you will,  
They foretell for good or ill.)

We gypsies merely anticipate  
The hand that deals the cards of fate.

*(men enter dressed as matadors)*

MATADORS: Matadors from Madrid, on vacation  
From the roar of the crowded arena,  
Drawn to frolic and mad celebration,  
We arrive, appetites all the keener.  
Let us start with a true, tender story,  
Though for some maybe gruesome and gory.

OTHERS: Go on, tell it if love is the issue.  
Ladies then, if pleased, may kiss you.

GASTONE: Hear the story:

MATADORS: Meet Paquillo, bold and handsome,  
Matador of brawn and brain,  
Brave as Caesar, strong as Samson,  
Stalwart fighter, pride of Spain.

Manly valor notwithstanding,  
He at last was felled by love,  
But his lady was demanding:  
“First your love you’ll have to prove.

“If your love is worth a candle,  
In one day five bulls will fall.  
When that challenge you can handle,  
Take my hand, my heart, my all.”

“As you wish,” replied the fighter,  
“I’ll succeed because I must.”  
Came the day, the sun shone brighter  
When five bulls there fell to the dust.

OTHERS: For that deed so brave, so splendid,  
Bravo for the matador!  
Tell us what our hero then did  
As the blood began to pour.

MATADORS: Mid the wild applause that followed,  
Back to her he so adored.  
Gladly then her pride she swallowed,  
Granting his hard-earned reward.

OTHERS: Thus undaunted, men so gallant  
Win the prize they hope to gain.

MATADORS: Gifted with a lesser talent,  
We’re content to entertain.

ALL: While you follow our example,  
Blood and gore you can forget.  
At the table let us gamble:  
Win or lose, come place your bet.  
Win or lose, come all, gather round!

*Alfredo enters*

ENSEMBLE: Alfredo! Here!

ALFREDO: Yes, none other.

FLORA: Violetta?

ALFREDO: No idea.

OTHERS: So nonchalant! Bravo!  
Sit down and join the game.

*(As they start the card game, Violetta enters on the arm of the Baron. Flora goes to greet them.)*

FLORA, *to Violetta*  
Thank you, my dear, for coming.

VIOLETTA: Pleasure to be invited.

FLORA: Baron, how nice to see you.  
Both of you are more than welcome.

BARON, *quietly to Violetta*.  
Your friend is here, did you notice?

VIOLETTA: (Why did I risk it?) *(to Baron)* No matter.

BARON: Ignore him and say nothing.  
Consider that an order.  
Not a word ... understand?

VIOLETTA: (Though I feared he would follow,  
I pray to God, help me to hide my tears.)

FLORA, *to Violetta*.  
Sit here beside me, talk to me.  
Trust me to keep a secret ...

ALFREDO, *at the table*. A seven!

GASTONE: Lucky Alfredo!

ALFREDO: You know what people often say:  
Unlucky in love, and so it goes. *(takes a trick and wins)*

OTHERS: He is again the winner!

ALFREDO: Here I shall make my fortune,  
And with the gold I win tonight,  
Back to the country gratefully  
I'll return at leisure.

FLORA: Alone?

ALFREDO: No, no! With someone  
Who lately claimed to love me  
Only to leave me.

VIOLETTA: (Have mercy!)

GASTONE, *to Alfredo*. You hurt her so.

BARON, *to Alfredo, with badly concealed fury*. See here!

VIOLETTA, *softly to Baron*)  
Oh, please! Control your temper.

ALFREDO, *indifferently*  
Ah, Baron, did you address me?

BARON: Raking it in, you tempt me  
To follow your example.

ALFREDO: Do! I accept the challenge.

VIOLETTA: (Unable to ward off danger,  
I pray to God, pity my long ordeal.)

BARON: Here on the right, one hundred.

ALFREDO: Here on the left, one hundred.

GASTONE, *dealing*. An ace ... a jack ...  
(*congratulating Alfredo*) Stupendous!

BARON: Two hundred!

ALFREDO: Of course, two hundred.

GASTONE: A four ... a seven ...

OTHERS: The winner!

ALFREDO: Baron, you look unhappy.

OTHERS: Bravo again! A fortune!  
Tonight has made you wealthy.

FLORA: That little place you dream of ...  
Now paid for by the Baron.

ALFREDO, *to the Baron*. Another deal?

SERVANT, *enters, announces* The table's ready.

FLORA: To supper!

OTHERS: Delighted!

FLORA: Do follow.

OTHERS: Lead on!

VIOLETTA: (How much longer can I bear it?  
I pray to God, give me the help I need.) (*all leave except the Baron and Alfredo*)

ALFREDO, *to Baron*  
Shall we continue playing?

BARON: I'll play no more at present.  
But wait a while, my time will come.

ALFREDO: You name the place and hour.

BARON: Let's join the party. Later ...

ALFRED: You'll find me at your service. Till then ...

BARON: Till then ... (*they leave*)

VIOLETTA, *returning in great agitation*  
He agreed to meet me in private.  
He's to follow, but will he listen?

Yes, he'll come ... but so consumed with hate,  
Will he dismiss my warning?

ALFREDO, *entering*

So you summoned ... What's the purpose?

VIOLETTA: Leave at once and ask no questions.  
Here is danger, grimly lurking.

ALFREDO: Danger lurking? Scamper, scamper!  
You believe me such a coward?

VIOLETTA: Ah, no! No coward!

ALFREDO: Then why so frightened?

VIOLETTA: I am fearful of the Baron.

ALFREDO: Our dispute is turning deadly.  
If he falls and I'm the victor  
With one blow I would deprive you,  
With a single blow deprive you  
Both of lover and provider.  
Such a loss you fear is lurking.

VIOLETTA: What if he's instead the killer?  
That alone is the misfortune  
That I fear above all others.

ALFREDO: If I'm slaughtered, does it matter?

VIOLETTA: Go, I beg you, and do not linger.

ALFREDO { I shall leave on one condition:  
Swear to me that you will follow,  
And I'll swear to make you happy.

VIOLETTA: My word was final!

ALFREDO: All is over?

VIOLETTA: Forget a woman so degraded  
Who can offer only scandal and dishonor.

I have sworn an oath to avoid you altogether.

ALFREDO: To whom? Tell me ... to an outsider?

VIOLETTA: One to whose commands I listen.

ALFREDO: You mean the Baron?

VIOLETTA, *with great effort*, Yes ...

ALFREDO: Then you love him?

VIOLETTA: All right ... I love him.

ALFREDO, *calling out*, Come out and hear!

GUESTS: What's the matter? Why the clamor?

ALFREDO: Do you recognize this woman?

GUESTS: Who? Violetta?

ALFREDO: Have you known my false position?

VIOLETTA: Don't say it!

GUESTS: No!

ALFREDO: All that she had of worldly wealth  
On my behalf she squandered.  
Naively, blindly, stupidly,  
I accepted all she gave me.  
Now comes the time to wipe away  
That stain upon my character.  
I call you here as witness  
Upon a point of honor,  
Here on a point of honor.  
You see! She's now repaid in full.  
*(flings down a purse)*

GUESTS: Callous and cruel, this torrent of anger!  
A kind and gentle heart here you have wounded.  
Hurling abuse, out of spite, underhanded,

You bring disgrace on a proud father's name.  
Go, go, go, go! Be off! Depart in shame!

Hurling abuse, out of spite, underhanded,  
You bring disgrace on a proud father's name.  
We will not stand around and hear  
You insult a person near and dear.  
This will not do. Be off with you!

GERMONT, *having entered quietly*,  
However angry, however bitter,  
To abuse a woman is not permitted.  
The son I doted on I see no longer.  
My own, my own Alfredo  
I fail, I fail to find.

Who is that stranger? Where is Alfredo?  
My only son – where has he gone?  
For my Alfredo I search in vain.

ALFREDO, *to himself*,  
My God! So brutal! So heavy handed!  
From desperation and disillusion,  
Beyond excusing, beyond explaining,  
How can she pardon what I have done?

I vowed to leave her, instead I followed.  
By fury blinded, I raved and ranted.  
I'm left with nothing but desolation,  
Remorse and pain.

FLORA, DOCTOR, OTHERS, *to Violetta*,  
Dear, though you suffer, you're not alone.  
All of us love you and share your pain.  
Friends can but offer comfort when needed:  
After the horror life will go on.

GERMONT, *to himself*,  
None but myself knows the heart of the matter.  
True to the love she was forced to surrender,  
Bravely pretending love for another –  
Yet I continue what I began.

BARON, *to Alfredo*,  
This woman you've insulted as you intended,  
But one and all you have much offended.  
Unmanly ranting I'll not pass over.  
With gun or sabre I shall get even,  
And you will never swagger again.  
You never will bluster and swagger again.

VIOLETTA: Alfredo! Alfredo! What silent signal  
Can tell my love for you  
When broken-hearted, in tears I yielded,  
Incurring anger and disillusion  
For love alone?

Some later season you will discover  
My true devotion, my endless sorrow.  
I pray to heaven that God may spare you  
From the burden of remorse when I am gone,  
For though I die, my love lives on.  
Heaven spare you from the burden of remorse.  
Even in death I shall love on,  
Love on and on.

ALFREDO: I'm devastated by what I've done.  
The jealous demon that drove me on!  
So harsh and brutal, so heavy handed,  
Beyond excusing, beyond explaining.  
Though I was bitter and broken hearted,  
How can she pardon what I have done?

Vowing to leave her, I helplessly followed.  
Blinded by fury, I raged and ranted.  
Anger now vented, I'm left with nothing,  
Only remorse, self-loathing and pain.  
How can she pardon what I have done?

GERMONT: I know she loves him.  
Though sorely tested, I must stay silent,  
Aware yet silent, despite the pain.  
Knowing she loves him,  
Knowing full well, I remain  
Stubbornly silent facing the pain.

Yet I wonder, I wonder at what I have done.  
Even till death she will remain  
True to my son, my grieving son.

BARON: With gun or sabre I shall get even.  
I'll bring you down, and when it is over  
You will not swagger and gloat again.

Insulting this woman is what you intended;  
Instead, one and all you have grossly offended.  
With gun or with sabre I mean to get even;  
You never will bluster and swagger again.

FLORA, MARQUIS, OTHERS:  
Dry the tears and go on.  
Dear, you are not alone.  
With you we suffer, we share your pain.  
We are your friends and share your pain.  
Yet tomorrow is coming and life will go on.  
Life will go on.

DOCTOR & MARQUIS:  
With care and concern we stand by as you suffer,  
But know too that sorrow cannot last forever.  
As friends, we have only small comfort to offer:  
Tomorrow will come and life will go on.  
Yes, tomorrow is coming and life will go on.

### ACT III

Winter is not far off. Although only a few weeks have gone by since the scene of pain and humiliation that we just witnessed. Violetta's decline has been rapid and devastating. Despite her kindly doctor's well-meant reassurances, the truth is grim and all too obvious.

When we saw her last, she was surrounded by friends. You may wonder, where are they now? One hope alone is keeping her alive --- a letter from Alfredo's father, read and reread, over and over again. Alfredo, having fled the country after a duel with the Baron, has been told the truth about her heart-rending sacrifice. He is on his way back to beg forgiveness. But will he arrive in time?

*Scene: Violetta's bedroom. Both Violetta and Annina are sleeping, Violetta on the bed, Annina on a chair close by.*

VIOLETTA: Annina!

ANNINA, *starting*, Was I sleeping?

VIOLETTA: Tired out ... and no wonder.

ANNINA: Ah, do forgive me.

VIOLETTA: May I have some water?  
And see if the sun has risen.

ANNINA: Nearly seven.

VIOLETTA: Draw the curtain, make it brighter.

ANNINA: There's your doctor outside.

VIOLETTA: A friend when needed!  
*(she tries to get up, but falls back)*  
Give me a hand ... so helpless!  
*(the Doctor enters)* How very kind to come to me so early.

DOCTOR: And ... how is the patient doing?

VIOLETTA: Weary in body but serene in spirit.  
A kindly priest came calling  
And gave me comfort.  
Ah! His message pours a flood of light  
On darker hours.

DOCTOR: A quiet night?

VIOLETTA: Slept like a newborn baby.

DOCTOR: I'm much encouraged.  
We will have you soon  
On your feet and healthy.

VIOLETTA: Such lies can be forgiven

From a kind, well-meaning doctor.

DOCTOR: Till later ... much improvement.

VIOLETTA: You won't forget me?

ANNINA, *quietly as she escorts him out*,  
Doctor, say, how is she?

DOCTOR: Her time is short.  
By night it will all be over. (*exit*)

ANNINA, *returning*, So be of cheer.

VIOLETTA: Isn't today a holiday?

ANNINA: People are going crazy ... the yearly carnival.

VIOLETTA: Ah, as they shout with laughter  
Only heaven watches the poor that suffer.  
How much money is in the drawer?

ANNINA: Just twenty pieces.

VIOLETTA: Ten you must take.  
Go, give them to the hungry.

ANNINA: Little will be left to live on.

VIOLETTA, *sadly*, For me 'twill be sufficient.  
Then go look in my letter box.

ANNINA: But you?

VIOLETTA: I'll be all right.  
But still you'd best not linger.

*(Annina leaves. Violetta takes out a letter and reads)*

“You held to your promise, even as the duel took place. The Baron wounded, now recovering ... Alfredo left the country and is now on foreign soil. I wrote, told him of your sublime sacrifice. He is rushing back to beg forgive-ness. I shall join the two of you. Get well. Be ready for the brighter future you so deserve.

Georgio Germont.”

Too late! I'm waiting, still waiting ...  
And my days are numbered.  
Oh, how the bloom has faded!  
But the Doctor sounded cheerful, even hopeful ...  
Ah, I know better.  
All hope I must abandon.

My journey nearly over,  
Life's curtain soon closes.  
Farewell, youth and beauty!  
Long gone are the roses.

My love far away,  
By the past we are parted.  
Alone, here I lie,  
Pale and weak, broken hearted.  
Here lonely ... forlorn ...

Ah! Turning unto heaven,  
My soul now I surrender.  
O father! In thy mercy,  
Allow me to enter!  
Ah! Soon total, total dark!

My fire burns low,  
The sun soes down ...

(With pleasure and with sorrow  
My bond soon will have ended.  
The grave soon to enclose me  
Will fester untended.

No cross for my grave,  
Neither tear nor a flower,  
No close friend to soften  
My last lonely hour.  
No flower ... no tear ...

Ah! Turning unto heaven,  
My soul now I surrender.  
O father! In thy mercy,

Allow me to enter!  
Ah! Soon total, total dark!

My fire burns low,  
The sun goes down ...)

REVELERS, *from outside*,  
Hail to the king that the festival features,  
Four-footed, meekest and mildest of creatures.  
Hail to the fatted ox! Shout ever louder.  
Make butchers looking on stand even prouder.

You Parisians, leave your slumbers  
For the lurching ox that lumbers.  
Come all, come show your numbers.  
People all, come leave your slumbers!

Travel from China to Spain for a finer  
Pride of the butcher, delight of the diner.

On with the big parade!  
Sing, lads and lasses!  
Have fife and fiddle played;  
Cheer as it passes!

You Parisians, leave your slumbers  
For the lurching ox that lumbers.  
Come all, come show your numbers.  
People all, come leave your slumbers!

Bring on the king that the festival features,  
Four-footed, meekest and mildest of creatures.  
Hail to the fatted ox! Shout ever louder.  
Make butchers looking on stand even prouder.

ANNINA, *hurriedly returning*, Oh, Madame!

VIOLETTA: What has happened?

ANNINA: Before I go further,  
Say you're feeling stronger.

VIOLETTA: Yes, but why?

ANNINA: Promise not to get too excited.

VIOLETTA: Why keep me waiting?

ANNINA: I hurried back to tell you  
That your prayer will soon be granted.

VIOLETTA: Only one thing I've prayed for.

ANNINA: In just a moment ...

VIOLETTA: Alfredo! You saw Alfredo!  
He's here! He's come! He's found me!  
(*Alfredo enters*) My own Alfredo, my beloved!  
O my love, my own, my all!

ALFREDO: My own Violetta, my beloved!  
O my love, my own, my all!  
How I have hurt you,  
How I have wronged you!

VIOLETTA: But that is over, we are together!

ALFREDO: The bliss of holding you,  
My arms around you,  
Repays the agony of separation.

VIOLETTA: If sorrow killed or if grief were deadly,  
No longer close to you, I would have died.

ALFREDO: For all the heartache that you have suffered  
My father, too, you must forgive.

VIOLETTA: I am the person to be forgiven,  
But what I did was all for you.

ALFREDO: No power on earth, no hell nor heaven,  
None can take you away from me.

VIOLETTA: No power on earth, no hell nor heaven  
Can separate ...

ALFREDO: ... or come between ...

VIOLETTA: Not ever!

No, none can keep us torn apart again!

ALFREDO: Far away from shallow splendor  
We'll start all over,  
New realms of rapture  
There to discover.  
Sorrow's somber dark shadows  
Barely remembered,  
Daily you'll grow stronger  
Under my care.

Arm in arm, we'll wander  
Through greener meadows  
Where flowers blossom  
And skies are fair.

VIOLETTA: Far away from shallow splendor  
We'll start all over,  
New realms of rapture  
There to discover.  
Sorrow's somber dark shadows  
Barely remembered,  
Daily I'll grow stronger  
Under your care.

Arm in arm, we'll wander  
Through greener meadows  
Where flowers blossom  
And skies are fair.

Erasing bitter memories  
To start all over,  
I shall recover  
Because you care.

BOTH:: All will be well. We'll start all over.  
My love, wherever we are together  
You will/I shall recover  
For I'll be/you'll be there.

VIOLETTA: Ah, no more! But hurry!  
We'll go to church to thank the Lord  
And light a candle. *(she falters)*

ALFREDO: You are shaking.

VIOLETTA: But for a moment ...  
The sudden joy unaccustomed ...  
So rich a diet after starvation.  
*(again she staggers and sinks down into a chair)*

ALFREDO: God help us! Violetta!

VIOLETTA: A passing weakness but nothing serious.  
Already recovered! Happy and smiling.

ALFREDO: (Had I come sooner!)

VIOLETTA: A trifle.  
Annina ... help me get ready.

ALFREDO: Go later, be patient.

VIOLETTA: No, I'm determined!  
*(unable to put on her jacket, she throws it down in dismay)*  
I can't seem to manage.

ALFREDO: (Weaker each minute ...)  
*(to Annina)* Go call her doctor.

VIOLETTA: Ah, tell him that my Alfredo again is near me.  
I have a reason to go on living.  
Oh, say that now I want to live!  
I want to live, I must recover!

*(to Alfredo)* If your returning cannot restore me,  
There is no cure in the whole of nature.

Ah, dear God! So young, so young to die!  
My life left uncompleted ...  
Now on the verge of happiness,  
How long I've wept and waited.

Was hope a childish fairytale  
That foolishly I swallowed?  
The thorny path I've followed  
Soon will lead to a lonely grave,  
A silent, cold and lonely grave.

ALFREDO: More certain even than before,  
I love you more than ever,  
And facing grim mortality  
We're in this fight together.

For hope is still the passageway,  
However steep and narrow.  
Released from bonds of sorrow,  
Your life we still can save.

VIOLETTA: O my love! To part so cruelly!

ALFREDO: Ah, Violetta, love! Be comforted.

VIOLETTA: The dream of hope and happiness ...

ALFREDO: For hope is still the passageway.

VIOLETTA: Cut off before begun.

ALFREDO: Your battle can be won.  
My love, do not give up, do not despair!  
You and I will fight together.  
You must be brave,  
We'll start all over.  
Your life I'm here to save.  
With hope, your life we still can save.

VIOLETTA: Our love so soon torn apart ...

ALFREDO: I love you with all my heart!

*Germont enters, followed by the Doctor and Annina.*

GERMONT: Dear Violetta!

VIOLETTA: Ah, you've come!

ALFREDO: Oh, father!

VIOLETTA: You've kept your promise.

GERMONT: A sacred obligation,  
To embrace a daughter as my own,  
And then to plead for pardon.

VIOLETTA: Alas! You're late arriving.  
All the same, I'm grateful.  
My prayer is granted;  
I shall die surrounded  
By those I love most dearly.

GERMONT: Die surrounded?  
(Too plainly I see ...)

ALFREDO: The one you thought so unworthy!

GERMONT: Enough! No words are needed.  
My own remorse has shown no jot of mercy,  
Hurling down a bolt of lightning  
Aimed at my conscience.  
Ill-advised, old and foolish,  
The wrong I've done you  
Now is all too apparent.

VIOLETTA: My dear, come closer and listen.  
I've something for you.  
Take it --- a picture showing me  
The way I used to be,  
To hold and be reminded  
Of one who loved you so.

ALFREDO: Oh, do not die! Oh, say no more!  
I cannot bear to lose you.  
Have we been brought together  
To be so cruelly parted?

GERMONT: So far beyond us, but so unfortunate!  
For love I made you suffer.

Forgive the interference  
That left a broken heart.

VIOLETTA: Later will come a sweeter day.  
Someone is waiting there for you.  
Love will again reflower,  
And you will marry.  
I want you happy ... with her.

This picture you will give her.  
Tell her, a gift from someone  
At peace in heaven, looking down,  
Praying for her, for you.

GERMONT: As long as there are tears to flow,  
I can but weep for you and pray,  
Now soon to be in paradise,  
For God is calling you to come away.

ANNINA & DOCTOR: As long as tears can flow,  
I'll weep for you and pray,  
Now soon to be in heaven,  
For God is calling you,  
Is calling you away.

ALFREDO: Too young to die! Ah, no!  
My darling, stay with me!  
Must grisly death drag you so soon away?  
O let the grave where you shall lie  
Have room enough for two.

VIOLETTA: How strange!  
The chilling signs ... have disappeared ...  
And the seizures ... are gone.  
My prayer ... is answered ...  
Miracle! I feel myself again.  
Ah! I feel ... yes!  
The flow of life returning ... Oh, joy! (*she falls*)

ANNINA & GERMONT: She's fainted! Help!

DOCTOR: Wait!

ALFREDO: Violetta!

ANNINA & GERMONT: O God, be merciful!

DOCTOR: It's over ...

ANNINA & GERMONT: The light is gone.

THE END

