

Giacomo Puccini (1858 – 1924)

Turandot

Lyric drama in three acts and five scenes

Libretto by G. Adami and R. Simoni
final scene completed by Franco Alfano

First performance: Milan, Teatro alla Scala,
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English translation by James Meena

Characters

Princess Turandot, soprano
The Emperor of China, her father,
tenor
Timur, deposed Tatar King, bass
Caláf, the unknown Prince, his son,
tenor
Liu, a young slave girl, soprano
Ping, imperial chancellor, baritone
Pang, imperial steward, tenor
Pong, imperial cook, tenor
A Mandarin, baritone
The Prince of Persia
Guards, priests, children,
dignitaries, handmaidens to
Turandot, people of Peking

*The action takes place in Peking, in fairy
tale times*

ACT I *A great courtyard in front of the
Imperial palace. The courtyard is filled with
people, guards, and the executioner.*

Mand. People of Peking
This is the law:
Turandot the pure will marry the
one
born of noble blood
who solves her three enigmas.
But he who tries and fails
will pay for his failure
with his noble head!

The Prince of Persia had Fortune
turn from him;
And at the rising of the moon,

by the hand of the executioner
He will die!

People Kill Him! Yes, kill him!
We want his head!
Quickly! Quickly! Death!
To the executioner with him!
Kill Him! Now!
If you don't bring him to us
we will drag him out ourselves!
Great Pu-Tin-Pao help us!
Rush the palace!

Guards Get Back, you dogs!

*In the crowd is the deposed Tatar king,
Timur. He is blind and infirmed. His slave,
Liu, supports and guides him.*

Liu For the love of heaven, stop!
My master has fallen.
Who will help me lift him?
My master has fallen, have pity!

Caláf Father! My father!
Oh, father! Yes, I have found you!
Look at me! It's not a dream!

Liu My lord.

Caláf Father! Hear me.
It is I, your son.
And blessed are all our sorrows,
In the joy that a merciful God has
now given us.

Timur My son! It's really you! Alive?

Caláf Be careful!
The usurper of your crown
is still searching for me!
There is no asylum for us
anywhere in the world, father!

Timur I have searched for you, son,
and believed you were dead.

Caláf I cried for you, Father.
And I kiss your saintly hands!

Timur Oh my son; returned to me!

People Here are the executioner's
assistants!
Kill him!

Timur Having lost the battle this old king
without a kingdom fled.
I heard a voice say to me:
"Come with me, I will guide you to
safety."
It was Liu!

Calâf She will be blessed forever!

Timur She would lift me whenever
I fell in exhaustion,
And she would dry my old tears,
and she begged for me.

Calâf Liu, tell me. Who are you?

Liu I am no one,
Only a slave, my lord.

Calâf Then why take on such anguish?

Liu Because one day
In the palace
You smiled at me.

People Turn the wheel, sharpen the blade.
Turn it! Sharpen it!
Oil it! Grind it!
So the blade shines.

Sprinkle it with fire and blood!
Our work never ends ...
Where Turandot reigns!

Oil it! Grind it!
Fire and blood!
You sweet lovers -- come -- try your
luck!

With hooks and with knives
we embroider your hide!
Sweet lovers, come -- we are ready.
Strike the gong and she will appear!

Why is the moon hiding?
Pale one, show yourself!

Quickly! Rise!
Oh half-moon!
Oh, unhappy moon!
Come -- Rise!
Show yourself in the heavens!
Oh bloodless and unhappy moon!
Oh silent moon.
Oh pale lover of the condemned.
Oh silent one, show yourself in the
heavens.
The condemned await you.
The cemeteries welcome you.
Oh bloodless one.
Oh unhappy moon.

There, in the distance -- a glimmer!
Come quickly! Rise!
Come, lover of the condemned!
There! Another glimmer!
Come! Flood the sky with light!
Yes, its pale light appears!
Great Pu-Tin-Pao the moon has
appeared!

Child. There, in the eastern mountains the
stork sings,
But April does not bring flowers,
And the snow does not melt.
From the desert to the sea, do you
not hear?
A thousand voices sighing:
"Princess Turandot -- come to me,
And all will bloom and flower."

*The Prince of Persia, condemned for
answering Turandot's riddles incorrectly, is
led to the gallows before the crowd*

People How young he is! Have mercy on
him!
How firm his steps; how courageous
in death!
How sweet his expression!
His eyes seem intoxicated!
Have mercy on him!
Yes, have mercy on him!
Princess, show him mercy!

Calâf *Joining the crowd*
Show yourself, Princess
so I can curse you for his death!

You cruel one –
show yourself so I can curse you!

People Princess! Have mercy on him!

*Turandot appears from the castle,
overlooking the crowd. Immediately, Calâf
is intoxicated by her beauty*

Calâf What divine beauty. Oh, marvel.
You are a dream.
Oh divine beauty!

Priests Great Koung-Tze:
Grant that the spirit of the
condemned youth
Will rise to you in peace!

Timur Son, what are you doing?

Calâf Don't you sense it?
Her perfume is in the air, and in my
soul.

Timur You will be lost in this madness!

Calâf Oh Divine beauty! Oh marvel!
I am suffering, Father!

Timur No! No!
Listen to me!
Liu, speak to him also!
There is no salvation here!
Take his hand in yours.

Liu My lord, we must go far away from
here!

Timur Far from this place a new life awaits
us.

Calâf No, father – Life is here with her!

Timur A new life awaits us.

Calâf I am suffering, Father, Life is here!
Turandot!

Timur Do you want to die like him?

Calâf I will be victorious over her beauty,

Father.

Timur You want to end your life like this?

Calâf I will triumph gloriously!
*Rushes toward the ceremonial gong
that signals a new suitor. The three
ministers, Ping, Pang and Pong
block his way.*

Minis. Stop! What are you doing?
Who are you? What do you want?

Ping Go away! This door leads to the
great butcher!

Minis. Idiot! Go away!
Here one chokes you –
Another drills into you –
One slits your throat –
Another skins you –
One lops off head,
One saws and disembowels you!

Ping Rush back to your own country,
Find a woman there to make babies
with!
But not here!

Minis. Idiot! Go away!

Calâf Let me pass!

Minis. Here all the cemeteries are
occupied!
We have madmen of our own,
And don't need more foreign ones!
Run away!
Or your funeral awaits you!

Calâf Let me pass!

Minis. Why? For a princess?
Peuh! Peuh!
What is she anyway?
A woman with a mantle and crown?
But if she were naked. . .
She'd be meat. . .
Yes, raw meat that one can't eat!

Calâf Let me pass!

Minis. Become celibate!
Or better, take one hundred wives.
For, in the end, the sublime
Turandot. . .
Has only one face,
two arms, and two legs.
Beautiful? Imperial?
Yes! But no more than this!
With a hundred wives, oh foolish
one,
you will have legs overflowing,
Two hundred arms!
A hundred sweet embraces,
Waiting for you in a hundred beds!

Calâf Let me pass!

Minis. Idiot! Go away!

*Handmaidens to Turandot enter the balcony
to the palace*

Maid. Be quiet, there!
Who disturbs us with this talking?
Silence! Silence!
It is the sweet hour for sleep,
Sleep caresses the eyes . . .
It perfumes Turandot in its
obscurity.

Minis. Get out of here, you chattering
women!
We must guard the gong.

Calâf Sleep perfumes
Turandot in its obscurity.

Pang Look at him, Pong!

Pong Look at him, Ping!

Ping Look at him, Pang!

Pang He's deaf! - Stunned!

Pong Hallucinating!

Timur He doesn't even hear us!

Minis. Come on! Let's try to reason with

him together.
Night without a sliver of light,
A passage black as a chimney,
Are clearer than the enigmas of
Turandot!

Iron. Bronze. A wall or a rock;
Your thick head,
Are less durable than the enigmas of
Turandot!

So go! Say farewell,
Cross the mountains and oceans,
Keep away from the enigmas of
Turandot!

*The spirits of Turandot's dead suitors speak
to Calâf*

Spirits Do not wait!
If you call her, she will appear.
We, her dead suitors, still dream of
her.
Make her speak!
Make her hear us!
We love you!

Calâf No! I alone love her!

Minis. You love her?
What? Who? Turandot?

Pong You demented boy!

Pang Turandot doesn't exist!

Ping She exists as a phantom –
as nothingness!

Minis. Turandot does not exist!
You are like all the other
blockheads!
Men! God! Me! The People!
The sovereign! Pu-tin-Pao!
None of them exists!
The heavenly creation
of the Tao alone exists.

Calâf To me the triumph!
To me love!

Minis. *Pointing to the executioner*
Madman! There is your love!
That is how the moon
will kiss your forehead!

Timur My son, do you want to see my old
body dragged through the world
alone?
Help me! Is there no one
who can move your heart to reason?

Liu My lord, hear me!
Ah, my lord, listen to me!
Liu can bear no more.
You're breaking my heart.
Ah! How many steps I have taken
carrying your name in my soul.
With your name on my lips.
But, if your destiny
is to be decided tomorrow,
We will die in the streets in exile!
He will lose his son –
And I the darkness of a smile.
Liu can bear no more!
Ah! Have pity!

Calâf Do not cry, Liu!
If once in a faraway place
I smiled at you,
For that smile, my sweet girl, listen
to me.
Your master may be alone
tomorrow,
Do not leave him . . .
But take him with you.

Liu We will die in the streets in exile.

Timur We will die!

Calâf Lighten the pain before him.
This I ask of you, my poor Liu.
I ask it of your gentle heart that
never falls,
I ask it as one . . .
Who will never smile again.

Timur Ah, for the last time I beg you.

Liu This fascination has won him over.

Minis. Has life no more attraction
that you throw it away?

Liu Have pity on us!
It is I who ask for pity!

Calâf I will listen no more!

Minis. Take him away from here!

Calâf I see her radiant face!
I see her! She calls me! She is
there!
He who smiles no more
asks your forgiveness.

Minis. Come, a last effort.
Let's carry him away from here!

Calâf Leave me! I have suffered enough!
There glory awaits me with her!

Minis. The light that awaits you is for your
funeral.

Calâf No one can hold me back!
I will follow my destiny!

Minis. The grave is already dug for you!
In its darkness is written your cruel
destiny!

Calâf *Striking the gong three times,*
indicating he is prepared to face her
trials

Turandot!

All Ah! Death!

Minis. We leave him to his fate.
It is useless to protest
Not in Sanskrit, in Chinese,
or in his own Mongolian tongue.
When the gong is struck –
Death strikes!

ACT II *A vast hall in the palace, decorated
with fantastic Chinese figures.*

Ping Come here Pang and Pong!

Because the Gong of death awakes
the palace and the entire city,
We must be ready for anything!
If the stranger wins, for a wedding.
And if he loses . . .
For his burial.

Pong I'll prepare the wedding!

Pang And I the funeral!

Pong With the red lanterns of a festival!

Pang With the white lanterns of
mourning!

Pong The incense and the offerings,
Plenty of gilded money,

Pang Tea with sugar and honey,

Pong The wedding litter to ride in,

Pang The grand coffin,

Pong The priests singing,

Pang The priests mourning,

Togeth. And everything else
that goes with the ritual . . .
To the most minute detail!

Ping Oh beloved China!
How troubled you have become.
Awakened from your happy sleep,
of seventy thousand centuries.

All Life smoothly followed the ancient
order,
Until she was born. . .
Turandot!

Ping And now for years our festival of
life has been reduced to this:

All "Three strikes of the gong.
Three guesses."
"And another head falls!"

Pang Six heads in the year of the rat!

Pong Eight in the year of the dog!

All And this year –
The year of the ferocious tiger,
We are already approaching . . .
The thirtieth, with that one out
there!
What labor! What weariness!
To what have we been reduced?
Servants to the executioner!

Ping I have a home in Hunan, with a little
blue lake,
All surrounded by bamboo.
And here I am, squandering my life,
And racking my brains
studying the sacred scrolls.
If I could only return to my little
blue lake,
All surrounded by bamboo!

Pong I have forests near Tsiang,
But their shade is not for me.

Pang And I gardens near Kiu,
I left them to come here.

All We'll never see them again!
What a world!
Filled with madmen in love!

Ping Do you remember the royal Prince
of Samarkan?
He gave his answers,
and she sent him to the executioner!

*The crowd is heard in the streets preparing
for the trial*

Crowd "Sharpen the blade
so it shines and spurts blood!"

Pong Remember the Prince from India,
with his earrings like little bells?
He searched for love,
and found beheading instead!

Pang And the Burman?

Pong And the Prince of Kirghisi?

Together. Beheaded!

Ping And that Tartar with the long bow,
Who wore the rich furs?

All He's extinct!

Ping Decapitated! Slaughtered!

All Farewell to love and merriment!
Farewell to the Empire's divine
lineage!
China is finished!
Farewell to the Empire's divine
lineage!
Yes, China is finished!
For no one can win her!

But if this one wins,
I want to make the wedding bed!
I will spread soft feathers for them,
I will perfume the hallways.
I will guide the bridal pair down the
dark hallway,
Then all three of us
will sing of love until morning,
Like this:

"There is no longer a woman
in China who renounces love,"
There once was one whose heart
was like ice -- but now it is flame."

"Princess, your Empire stretches
from the Tse-Kiang to the Jang-
Tse!"
But now, within the soft tents
there is a husband who rules over
you!"

"From his kisses you sense
the sweet aroma of surrender."
In the garden they whisper of love."

"As golden bells jingle."
They sigh words of love,
of flowers adorned with dew."

"Glory to the undressed beauty
whose mystery is now known!"

Glory to the intoxication,
and to the love that has won!"
Glory to China
that will now have peace!"

Ping We are dreaming! The palace is
swarming with servants and
soldiers!
Hear the great drum of the Temple!
Listen to the shuffling footsteps!

Pong There's the trumpet!

Pang The trial is beginning!

All Let's go and watch him suffer!

*The scene changes to the courtyard, where
the Emperor, Turandot, judges, guards, and
the crowd have gathered*

People The all-wise ones slowly arrive,
carrying the mysteries of the
enigmas.
Here is Ping! Here is Pong! Here is
Pang!

May ten thousand years
be granted to our Emperor!

Glory to you!

Emper. *To Calâf*

An atrocious oath compels me
To continue with this dark pact.
It makes this sacred scepter that I
hold drip with blood!
Enough blood! Young man,
withdraw!

Calâf Son of Heaven, I choose to face the
trial!

Emper. Let me die without the burden
of taking your young life!

Calâf Son of Heaven, I choose to face the
trial!

Emper. I do not want to once again fill the

palace and the world with this horror!

Calâf Son of Heaven, I choose to face the trial!

Emper. Stranger -- drunk with death --
So be it! Fulfill your destiny!

People May ten thousand years
be granted to our Emperor!

Manda. *As at the beginning of the opera*

People of Peking
This is the law:
Turandot, the pure will marry the
one born of noble blood
Who solves her three riddles.
But he who tries and fails
Will pay for his failure with his
noble head!

Child. From the desert to the sea
Do you not hear a thousand voices
sigh:
“Princess, come to me!
All will bloom and flower again.”

Turan. In this royal palace
a thousand and thousand years ago,
A desperate cry resounded.
And that cry has been heard
from daughter to daughter
Until here in my soul it has taken
refuge!

Princess Lo-u-ling,
My serene and sweet ancestor,
Who ruled in joyful seclusion and
silence,
And who challenged the harsh rule
of men
today lives in me.
Long ago when the Tartar king
unfurled his seven flags of war.
Everyone recalls that a war
followed,
And her realm was conquered!
And Lo-u-ling,
my sweet ancestor was captured

By a man like you,
Yes, like you, stranger.
That atrocious night she was
tortured,
And her fresh voice was stilled
forever.

People For ages she has slept in her dark
tomb.

Turan. Oh, you Princes of every sort who
travel here
In your long caravans to tempt
destiny,
I take revenge on you for that pure
one,
For her cry of anguish and for her
death!
No one will ever have me!
No man will win me!
The hatred for the man who killed
Lo-u-ling
Lives on in my heart!
No! No man will have me!
For revived in me are her pride and
her purity.

To Calâf

Stranger! Do not tempt fate!
The enigmas are three – Death is
one!

Calâf No! The enigmas are three –
Life is one!

People To this foreign Prince
offer your bold test, Oh Turandot!

Turan. Stranger – Listen well!

“In the covered night a glowing
phantom flies,
It soars and spreads its wings
over the infinite mass of humanity.
All the world invokes it
and all the world implores it.
But the phantom vanishes with the
dawn,
To be reborn in every heart!
And every night it is born again,

And every day it dies!”

Calâf Yes! It is reborn!
It is reborn in exultation!
It carries me with it, Turandot:
It is Hope!

Judges *They read the correct answer from the scrolls*
It is Hope!

Turan. Yes! It is Hope that will always delude you!

“It flickers like a flame,
But it is not a flame!
Sometimes it is delirious,
It is a fever in an ardent heart!
But inertia will make it languish,
If you lose your life, it grows cold!
If you dream of conquest, it blazes!
It has a voice that makes you tremble,
And like the sunset it beams vividly!”

Emper. Consider well, stranger!

People Your life is at stake!
Tell us! The answer!

Liu Speak for the sake of love!

Calâf Yes, Princess!
It blazes and languishes at the same time.
If you look at me it will blaze in my veins:
It is Blood!

Judges It is Blood!

People *Beginning to side with Calâf*
Have courage, you who solve her riddles!

Turan. Guards! Silence those vile wretches!

“It is the ice that makes you burn,
And from your fire it draws more ice.

Clear and yet obscure!
If you want to be free, it makes you its servant.
If it accepts you as servant,
it makes you King!”

Come, stranger!
You are white with fear!
You must feel that you are lost!

Come, stranger . . .
The ice that gives you fire – what is it?

Calâf My victory is assured.
For you have given me the answer!
My fire will thaw you: It is Turandot!

Judges It is Turandot!

People Glory to the victor!
Life smiles on you!
Love smiles on you!

May ten thousand years
be granted to our Emperor.
Light and King of all the world!

Turan. Son of Heaven! August father,
Do not throw your daughter
into the arms of this stranger!

Emper. It is a sacred oath!

Turan. No, don’t say that!
Your daughter is more sacred!
You can’t give me to him . . .
To him like a slave!
No! Your daughter is sacred!
Don’t give me to him like a slave,
A slave dying of shame.

To Calâf

Don’t you look at me like that!
You, who laugh at my pride,
Don’t look at me like that!
I will not be yours!

Emper. It is a sacred oath.

Turan. No! Don't look at me like that!
I will not be yours!

People He has won, Princess!
He risked his life to win you!

Turan. No one will have me!

People He is to be rewarded!

Turan. *To Calâf*

You want to force me into your
arms?
Reluctant? – Trembling?

Calâf No! Exalted Princess!
I want you ardent with love!

People Courageous one! Audacious one!
Strong one!

Calâf Three riddles you proposed and
three I solved!
Now I propose one to you:

You do not know my name.
Tell me my name before dawn,
And at dawn I will die!

Emper. I pray to Heaven
That at the first light of day,
You will be my son!

People At your feet we fall
Light and King of all the world!
For your wisdom and for your
goodness.
We give to you in all humility
To you we extend our love!
May ten thousand years
be granted to our Emperor!
To you, heir to Hien-Wang we cry:
May ten thousand years
be granted to our Emperor!
Raise the banners high.
Glory to you!

*is late at night. Voices are heard
throughout the streets*

Voices This is the
Princess Turandot's decree:
"This night -- no one shall sleep in
Peking!"

No one shall sleep.

"On pain of death the name of the
stranger . . .
Will be revealed before dawn!"

On pain of death!

"This night no one shall sleep in
Peking!"

No one shall sleep.

Calâf No one shall sleep!
You, oh pure Princess, in your
frozen bedroom
Watch the stars that throb with love,
And with hope!
But my mystery is hidden within
me,
No one will know my name!
No! On your lips alone will
I say it . . .
When morning's light shines!
And my kiss will release the silence
that will make you mine!

Voices His name -- no one will know it . . .
And we, alas, will die!

Calâf Disperse, oh night!
Fade, oh stars!
For at dawn I will win her!

Ping, Pang and Pong enter

Ping You who gaze at the stars –
lower your eyes!
Did you hear the proclamation?
Through the streets of Peking,
At every door, death is knocking
and crying out:
"Tell me his name!"

ACT III *The garden of the palace. It*

Calâf What do you want from me?

Minis. Tell us instead what you want!
Is it love you seek?
Tell us what you want!
Here is love -- Take it!

*A group of beautiful girls are thrown at
Calâf's feet*

Ping Look -- they are beautiful.
Their beauty shines
behind their shimmering veils!

Pong Bodies supple and slender,
& Pang

Ping Filled with promises of intoxication.

Togeth. Do you want riches?
Then all this treasure is yours!

*They throw jewels and sacks of money at
Calâf's chest*

The shining gems break the dark
night!
Blue flames! Green splendor!
A bursting fire of red ruby!
They are drops of stars!
Take them! They are yours!

Calâf No! I do not want riches!

Minis. You want glory?
We will help you rule a far away
land!
Go far from here!
And find glory.

People Go and you will save us!

Calâf Dawn! Rise quickly!
Dissolve this nightmare!

Ping Stranger, you have no idea . . .
What the cruel one is capable of.

Pong Or what horrid martyrs
& Pang China can invent.

All If you remain and do not reveal your
name,
We will be lost.
She will slaughter us horribly!
The sharpened knife!
The torturous wheel!
A slow and painful death!
Do not sacrifice us!

Calâf Your prayers and threats are in vain!
The entire world can collapse!
I want Turandot!

Minis. You'll not have her --
We will kill you first!
You ruthless and cruel one!
Tell us your name!

Guards *Entering dragging Timur and Liu
behind them*

Here is his name --
These two know it!

Calâf They know nothing!

Ping They were seen
speaking to you yesterday.

Calâf Leave them alone!

Ping They know his secret!
Where did you catch them?

Guards By the walls of the tower.

Turandot enters

Minis. Princess!
& Guards

Ping Divine Princess!
The stranger's name
is locked in the mouths of these two.
But we have tools to unlock their
teeth
and hooks to tear his name from
them!

Turan. You are growing pale, stranger!

You see the pallor of dawn in my face.

Calâf These two do not know me!

Turan. We'll see.
You -- Old man -- Speak!
I command you to speak! His name!

Liu I alone know the name you seek.

People We are saved,
The nightmare is over!

Calâf You know nothing, slave!

Liu I know his name.
And it is my supreme joy
To hold it secret.

People Bind her! Torture her!
Make her talk!

Calâf You will pay if she suffers!

Turan. Hold him!

Liu My lord, I will not betray you!

Ping His name!

Liu No! Forgive me, but I cannot obey you.

They begin to torture her. Liu cries out.

Timur Liu, what is happening?

Calâf Leave her alone!

Liu No . . . No . . .
I will cry out no more!
They are not hurting me.
To the guards
Bind my mouth so he does not hear me.
I will not resist!

People Tell us his name!

Turan. Release her!
Now tell me his name!

Liu I would rather die.

Turan. What gives your heart such strength?

Liu Princess, it is love.

Turan. Love?

Liu Such love that I held it secret
and never confessed it to him.
So great that these tortures are sweet to me,
Because I endure them for him,
And because, through my silence . . .
I give him to you, Princess.
And I lose everything,
Even an impossible hope.

So tie me! Torture me!
Torment and suffering I will endure!
They are the supreme offering of my love.

Turan. Tear the secret from her!

Ping Call for Pu-Tin-Pao!

Calâf No! Cursed ones!

People Send her to the executioner!

Ping Torture her! Behead her!

People No! Release me!

Liu I can resist no more!

People Tell us his name first!

Liu Very well, Princess – Hear me!

You, who are surrounded by ice
Will be won by love's flame,
You too will love him!
Before the sunrise,

I will close my tired eyes forever,
Thus he will win . . .
And I will see him no more.

*She takes a dagger from one of the guards
and kills herself*

People Tell us! His name!

Calâf Ah! You have sacrificed yourself,
my sweet Liu!

Timur Liu! Liu! Rise up!
It is the hour when all will be
revealed.
It's dawn. Oh my Liu.
Open your eyes, sweet dove!

Ping Get up, old man! She's dead!

Timur We will all atone for this horrid
crime.

People The sweet soul we have destroyed,
Will be avenged! Sad spirit, forgive
us.

*The guards carry Liu's lifeless body away.
Timur follows.*

Timur Liu . . . Good one.
Liu . . . Sweet one.
Ah! We walk together one final
time,
Like this, with your hand in my
hand!
I know where you go now . . .
And I will soon follow.
I will rest near you . . .
In the night that has no morning.

Minis. For the first time
A death weighs heavy on my heart.

People Liu . . . Good one . . . Forgive us.
Liu . . . Good one . . . Liu, sweet one.
Sleep. Forget.
Liu . . . Gentle as a poem.

*Here, begins the final duet and finale
composed by Franco Alfano*

Calâf Princess of death!
Princess of ice!
From your tragic heaven descend to
earth!
Ah! Tear that veil and look, cruel
one!
Look on that pure blood . . .
That was shed for you!

Turan. How dare you, stranger!
I am not a mere woman,
I am the daughter of Heaven, free
and pure.
You can tear my veil, but my soul is
far away.

Calâf Your soul may be upon high!
But your body is here.
With burning hands I will
tear the borders of your mantle!
And my passionate lips will press to
yours.

Turan. Do not profane me!

Calâf Ah! I feel your passion!
Your icy heart is a lie!

Turan. Get back! No one will have me!

Calâf I want you to be mine!

Turan. The torture of Lo-u-Ling will not be
renewed!

Calâf I want you to be mine!

Turan. Don't touch me, stranger!
It is a sacrilege!

Calâf No! Your kiss will be blessed for
Eternity!

He kisses her

Turan. What has become of me?
I am lost!

Calâf No, my flower!
Oh! My flower of morning,

you are breathing in life!
 Your lily-white bosom trembles
 upon my chest.
 Already I feel you turn to sweetness.
 All white in your silver mantle.

Turan. You have conquered me.

Calâf You're crying?
 It is dawn.

Child. "The dawn is light and life.
 Princess, such sweetness in your
 tears."

Calâf It is dawn!
 And love wakes with the sun.

Turan. Let no one see me.
 My glory is over!

Calâf No! It is just beginning!

Turan. I am shamed!

Calâf Oh! Miracle!
 Your glory shines
 in the magic of that first kiss.
 Your glory shines
 in the magic of that first tear.

Turan. My first tear. . .
 Ah! With that first tear, stranger,
 When you first arrived I felt a
 shiver,
 As though a supreme anguish
 was about to befall me.
 How many I have seen die for me!
 And I despised all of them.
 But I feared you!

There was the light of a hero,
 And a superb confidence in your
 eyes.
 For that, I hated you,
 And for that, I loved you.

Tormented -- torn between two
 terrible choices:
 To defeat you, or to be defeated.
 And now, I am conquered.

Conquered not from the trials, but
 from this fever
 That comes to me from you!

Calâf You are mine!

Turan. This . . . This is what you sought,
 Now you know my secret.
 You can have no greater victory.

Leave, stranger! Leave with your
 mystery.

Calâf My mystery?
 I'll have it no more!
 For you are mine!
 You who tremble if I touch you,
 and turn white when I kiss you.
 I now give you my life and my
 name:
 I am Calâf, son of Timur!

Turan. I know your name!

Calâf My glory is in your embrace.
 Listen, the trumpets are sounding!
 My life is in your kiss.
 Listen! It is time to end the trial.
 I do not fear it!

Turan. Ah! Calâf, come with me
 to greet the people together!
 You have won!

*The scene changes to the courtyard, as in
 the trial scene, filled with people, guards,
 ministers and the Emperor*

People May ten thousand years
 be granted to our Emperor!

Turan. August father,
 I know the name of the stranger.
 His name . . . Is Love!

People Oh sun! Life! Eternity!
 Light of the world and of love.
 We sing to the sun,
 In our infinite joy!

Glory to you! *End*

