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, April 25, 1926

English translation by James Meena

**Characters**

- Princess Turandot, soprano
- The Emperor of China, her father, tenor
- Timur, deposed Tatar King, bass
- Calàf, 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!

**Calàf** Father! My father!

Oh, father! Yes, I have found you!

Look at me! It’s not a dream!

**Liu** My lord.

**Calàf** 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?

**Calàf** 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.

**Calàf** 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 your 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 that 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!

Calàf 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!

Calàf 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!

Calàf I will listen no more!

Minis. Take him away from here!

Calàf 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!

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

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

Calàf 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!

Calàf *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!”

Ping    Eight in the year of the dog!
Pang    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!

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

Pang    Remember the Prince from India,
      with his earrings like little bells?
      He searched for love,
      and found beheading instead!
Pong    And the Burman?
Pang    And the Prince of Kirghisi?
Togeth. 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 Calàf

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!

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

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

Calàf 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!”

Calàf 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!

Calàf 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 Calàf
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.

Calàf 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 Calàf

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

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

People Courageous one! Audacious one! Strong one!

Calàf 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!

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.

Calàf 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!

Calàf 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
Calàf  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 Calàf’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 Calàf’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!

Calàf  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!

Calàf  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!

Calàf  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!

Calàf  They know nothing!

Ping  They were seen  
speaking to you yesterday.

Calàf  Leave them alone!

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

Guards  By the walls of the tower.

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.

Calàf   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!

Calàf   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!

Calàf   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?

Calàf   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!

Calàf   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 daffer from one of the guards  
and kills herself

People Tell us! His name!

Calàf 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

Calàf 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.

Calàf 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!

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

Turan. Get back! No one will have me!

Calàf I want you to be mine!

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

Calàf I want you to be mine!

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

Calàf No! Your kiss will be blessed for Eternity!

He kisses her

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

Calàf 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.

Calàf You are mine!

Calàf You’re crying?
It is dawn.

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

Princess, such sweetness in your tears.”

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

Calàf No! It is just beginning!

Turan. I am shamed!

Calàf 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!

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

Leave, stranger! Leave with your mystery.

Calàf 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 Calàf, son of Timur!

Turan. I know your name!

Calàf 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! Calàf, 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