

<i>Anna di Resburgo, Act One</i>
<i>The country holdings of Olfredo in Lanerck, at dawn</i>
Now Nature awakens from her sweet rest.
Now rises the star that comes to give her life.
I worship you, o merciful Heaven, that ever rewards the virtuous!
The longed-for day has come! The fair moment arrives.
The content of our spirits knows no equal.
How dear he is to us, how beloved, my father shall know today!
Children, Etelia, this day floods my heart happiness.
And soon rejoicing will smile all around us.
He gives us all a happy life; here, suffering is unknown.
Virtue crowns our pure mutual love.
Here the sweetest friendship lives in harmony with happiness.
For you my friends, and you my child, my heart rejoices always.
No, there is no existence happier than the one we share!
Whose trumpets do we hear?

Who comes to disturb us? Let us observe...
A military banner advances... who can it be?
It is Norcesto, Lord of Lanerck!
Let all make ready to render him homage!
My friends, be not alarmed at the sound of these trumpets!
Only on the battlefield, among enemies, are they heralds of terror.
But you, my dear subjects, draw near as to a father...
Rejoice and rest secure in a father's company!
Let all fears be dispersed!
- We live content in simple joys... - How happy are your lives, o shepherds...
- Peace and love secure our happiness. - Peace and love shine in your hearts.
Draw near, dear subjects, rest secure and banish all fear!
But what edict is this? Let us read...
A command of our lord... what will it say?
<i>It is hereby forbidden to shelter strangers without first confirming their identity.</i>

<i>Infinite rewards await whoever shall discover Edemondo.</i>
Edemondo! the name fills us with horror!
Murderer of his own father, barbarous traitor!
What fury, what a fatal memory, is roused by that hated name...
...by that crime that still makes us shudder!
Carnage, death, terror, vengeance: Nature and the law demand them!
Let him be made an example for all!
Let him tremble; let him perish. Show him no pity!
(What anguish in my breast! How my torment is reawakened!)
(Ah, remorse, be silent! My spirit cannot bear the burden!)
(What anxiety fills my heart! Their fury fills me with fear.)
(Perhaps the poor man is innocent, and yet finds no mercy, dear God!)
Please deign to accept, my lord, my sincerest homage...
- ..upon this your first visit to my lands. - I am most grateful, wise Olfredo.
You follow in the valiant footsteps of Duncalmo your father.
How often our bards have sung his praises!
- 'Tis true. - He was a worthy companion to Roggero, our late lamented lord.
Ah, that unlucky man, who had to die by vile assassination!

- What bitter memory!
- And by whose hand?

- Ah, say no more. - By hand of
his own son, if what they tell be true.

- Oh, why recall such deeds!
- Does it enrage you?

That villain was rejected as heir,
and your good father...

...was named lord of his realms, while
the parricide was doomed to death.

Anna, his wife, chose to share his peril,
and fled with their poor son.

Son of misfortune! Farewell, Olfredo.
I look forward to our next meeting!

(Ah, he has reawakened in my heart
all the torments of hell!)

- How agitated and confused he seemed!
- Oh father, I have a suspicion.

Suspicion of what?
Better to keep quiet!

That orphan Elvino, that you found
abandoned on our doorstep...

...and then the poor shepherdess
you took in shortly afterwards...

Listen! Do you hear? That is
the sound of her harp!

You see? I am sure of it.

How would a peasant learn
to play the harp of the bards?

- That is the skill of a noblewoman.
- Now you are making trouble!

- Let us not disturb her sounds.
- She makes ready to sing. Let's hear!

*Upon the high rocks, sad and alone,
Elga weeps for her son and spouse.*

*Nothing, nothing can console her;
Every day she fears for their peril.*

*And in tender lament, she begs
Heaven for mercy upon them.*

To her tender lament, may Heaven
lend a merciful ear!

*The unhappy husband, meanwhile,
weeps and wanders, perhaps meets death...*

Leave off this sad song!
Egilda should rejoice with us!

- Let your songs be of happiness!
- (Egilda, happy?)

(This kiss alone
can bring her happiness!)

*But after all the sighs and tears
comes the moment of consolation!*

*She sees her child, embraces her spouse,
and in their arms forgets all sorrow.*

*In the profusion of their kisses, the
soul faints with joy and shines with love.*

Yes, after all the sighs and tears
she will find the moment of consolation!

*But after all the sighs and tears
comes the consoling moment!*

Be on your way, my children!
Make ready for the feast.

We are alone at last. The moment
has come, and the peril is great.

- Olfredo!
- Ah, my lady...

What's this? What are you saying?
Rise! Oh, wretched me.

I pray you, be calm:

I swear to defend you.
- How do you know? - A mother's love revealed to me your secret.
Sometimes when you thought you were alone with Elvino...
...you clasped him to your heart. "Dear son!" you called him, weeping.
And then you named Edemondo. Ah, tell me, what is his fate?
Alas, I know not!
Since that night of horror, fleeing the mob Dulcalmo had roused up...
...I found myself separated from Edemondo, and have not seen him again!
- Oh, how I weep with you! - I had heard of your generous heart.
I prayed to Heaven, took my son, and left him at your door.
You mercifully took him in, and at last I could breathe in relief.
In this false disguise, I presented myself as a servant...
...and in your household I found asylum. Since that day...
...I live, an unknown mother, near my son.
And in me, fear not, he now will have a second loving father.
Here I am at last, breathing the air of my native country.
I see you once more, sweet shores, fair flowering hills, rolling meadows...
Ah! the familiar music of our shepherds!
How many sweet and cruel memories. Oh! my wife! my son!
In these very woods I lost you both...

<p>...and what days of horror I have passed since then!</p>
<p>Where and from whom shall I search for them?</p>
<p>More than two years have passed. Hardship and care have worn my face...</p>
<p>...and who could recognize me in such weatherbeaten garb?</p>
<p>But who approaches? Ah, I am not mistaken....</p>
<p>It is Olfredo, who in bygone days... courage...Friend there!</p>
<p>- ('Tis a shepherd.) Stranger, who are you? - As you see, an unfortunate one.</p>
<p>That gives you claim on my sympathy, but without knowing your name....</p>
<p>I am forbidden to give you shelter. It is not I who impose this rule...</p>
<p>- Who then? - Observe this edict.</p>
<p>Good Lord! Unhappy Edemondo!</p>
<p>(He is distressed...) Do you then know Edemondo? Speak!</p>
<p>And can you yet believe him to be a parricide?</p>
<p>Edemondo, proud of loyalty and honor, the hope and glory of his father...</p>
<p>- Him an assassin? Him? - (What fervor...what words...)</p>
<p>Come - in good time Egilda arrives. A careword stranger needs our help.</p>
<p>- Fill the cup of hospitality! - A stranger, in need? Right away.</p>
<p>- That voice! 'Tis she! - Good Lord! Ah, Edemondo!</p>
<p>Oh, my heart's treasure! I shall die of joy in your arms!</p>

<p>You still live! It is not a dream! At last I can breathe freely.</p>
<p>At such an abundance of joy my heart falls weak!</p>
<p>- If you are my rightful lord... - To him you owe our safety...</p>
<p>- Then embrace me! And my son? - He is nearby, and safe!</p>
<p>Praise be to merciful Heaven, protector of the innocent!</p>
<p>May your favor save him from the peril that awaits.</p>
<p>If you be innocent, trust in merciful Heaven.</p>
<p>Under my roof you will find homeland, asylum, life, and honor.</p>
<p>If my rightful lord is returned to me, my heart cannot contain its joy.</p>
<p>Let my soul yield to the sweetest of affections.</p>
<p>Beside my dear spouse and child, what more could I wish?</p>
<p>A ray of hope appears; I shall see you both happy once more.</p>
<p><i>Twenty minute intermission</i></p>
<p><i>Act Two</i></p>
<p><i>In the great hall of Olfredo's house, later in the same day.</i></p>

And my good father has not yet arrived...
He knows that this is the hour of his feast!
All is ready; gifts, songs, flowers. The shepherds are arriving. Elvino!
- Is it he? My son! - Restrain yourself! Behold...
You see your very likeness in his face.
Permit me just one kiss! Two years and more I have lived bereft of them!
Remember: Norcesto is near, and you have promised to evade him...
- ...and prepare your vengeance. - Yes; then let it be in haste.
- Elvino, a kiss for the stranger. - Come, come to my heart.
- Now let him be. - Here is Egilda, here are your shepherds.
See all around you, father, the innocent joy of our good wishes!
Accept our homage in this simple feast of love and faith!
Come, friends, and let your hearts follow their happy inclination.
Let love and pleasure fill the air, for this day is sacred to Olfredo!
- But who approaches? - Oh Heaven! Norcesto!
My men and I are here to celebrate your feast, Olfredo.
And let this be a token of our trust and friendship.
Then, my good shepherds, let your songs do homage to our lord!

Long live our gracious lord,
who protects his subjects...

...as a shepherd
protects his flock.

Tis true, our humble tributes
are not worthy of him.

Small is the gift we can offer,
but great is our love.

And you, Elvino: the wreath
that was prepared for Olfredo...

- ...now offer to your lord.
- (God in Heaven!)

And welcome it will be,
from the hands of innocence.

How I envy you, Olfredo!
Come here, fair child...

But what is this I see?

(Those features! Can it be?
Whom do I see in his face?)

(He awakens in my breast
an unconquerable terror.)

(Paternal love, be silent in my breast;
do not betray me in such a moment.)

(How my heart trembles in my breast
for my son and for my husband!)

(What surprise! How agitated he is!
Whence this terror?)

- Where did you find this lad?
- I took him in as an orphan.

- And when was this?
- Two years and more ago.

- Had the child any name or tokens?
- He had... - Let me see them.

- Here is the emblem he bore. - (Oh fearful moment!)
(Then my suspicion told true! There is no more doubt.)
(My terror grows with each word. My heart weeps and trembles.)
This boy you took in...his story, his age, his face so like his father's...
...the coat of arms he bore... Everything unites to say...
- ...that he is the son of Edemondo. - Of the murderer, the traitor!
- (What misfortune!) - What horror!
- Come with me! - But I swore... - Do you dare oppose me?
Guards! Seize the child from him!
Halt, cruel men! He is my son!
Behold me, I am Anna. I am the wife of Edemondo.
Nothing but death itself will tear you from me, my child!
(The fair hope of joy and peace...
...like a flash of lightning, shone forth, and vanished.)
My lady, return to your honorable station. Leave your suffering and terror.
Towards a traitorous husband fidelity would be guilt!
However cruel my husband's fate, 'Tis sweet to me to share it.
Heaven will be able to reward my fidelity.

- The traitor... - He is innocent!
- Where is he hiding? - (He is present before you!)
- (Restrain yourself! You have sworn!) - You seek for him in vain!
On other shores, far from you, Heaven guides him, and will save him.
He hides in vain. The villain will be found, and he will fall!
Oh fatal, fearful day!
From all sides terror encircles us!
(Merciful Heaven, hide him from their vengeful eyes.)
Let this be our call to arms, let vengeance guide us!
(The poison of remorse fills and torments my guilty heart.)
Let the terrible lightning fall on the head of the traitor!
<i>Fifteen minute intermission</i>
<i>Act Three</i>
<i>In the feudal castle of Norcesto</i>
Well then? Had you better luck in his pursuit?
Have all my efforts come to naught?
He cannot be far away! Anna's agitation at the mention of his name...
...is proof he is nearby, and that she knows his whereabouts.

- This then is his castle? - Yes, the refuge of crime.
And what does Norcesto expect from you?
I can imagine...but he should know too well Olfredo's character.
- That shepherd? - He is safe, I hope. - And our Elvino?....
- Good Lord! Barbarians! - Her voice!
- He is my son! - Anna! - What is happening?
- Let him go! - I am sorry, but it is my duty.
And who gave you such cruel orders?
- Norcesto. - Where is the unworthy man?
- Why must you call me unworthy? - Why take from me my only son?
What harm has he done you? Is it a crime in him to have me as a mother?
Go on and enjoy our stolen lands; Live in tranquillity, if you can...
...but leave to me my son, the only comfort amid all my suffering!
Speak, and your suffering will cease in an instant.
Where is Edemondo? Reveal his hiding place.
You ask me to betray him thus? To put him myself in your power?
You should know better my noble heart. You could save everyone.
- Oh Heaven...what is this tumult? - What would they? - Ah, I feared this.
- Ah, my lord.... - What peril! - (We are here to protect you.)
Save my son!

Reveal him!
Reveal him to us! Lead us to your guilty husband!
Or you will lose your life, and bring death upon your son.
The ghost of the murdered father awaits your answer.
Today he will have his vengeance!
- Edemondo... - (Oh torment!)
- Lead us to Edemondo! - Never! Rather death!
Very well, die then, but first vengeance will fall on his son.
No, stop, cruel men! Have pity!
Here I am before you. Vent your wrath on me.
- Oh my husband! What have you done? - My duty.
Norcesto, nobles, populace: here stands your victim.
Shed my blood; I offer it freely.
But pray, spare an unfortunate wife and an innocent son.
Let your fury exhaust itself on me.
But in God's name, be content with a single sacrifice: my blood.
If harsh fate determines I must die...
...you will come to scatter

tears and flowers on my tomb.

And in the air you will hear me,
a loving ghost, answering your sorrow.

No, do not weep, sweet love!

Come before the council
to hear your sentence.

The sight of you
fills us with horror.

I know that I walk to my death,
but my heart holds no fear.

Only for you, my beloved,
is my soul troubled.

Innocent, I ask no pity.

Innocent will I submit
to the fury of cruel fate.

And you still dare
to boast innocence?

Murderer of your own father!

But the Council will mete out
due punishment for your crime.

I know that I walk to my death,
but my heart holds no fear.

- Norcesto! Stay.
- Unfortunate woman, what would you?

My husband is in peril. The Council's
sentence, I am certain, will be death.

Ah, Norcesto, I pray you,
save my husband!

Save him? What could I do?

You will have to sign their sentence.

And can you do it? Will your hand not tremble?
Tell me, did you witness him -- you, Norcesto....
Did you see him kill his father?
While you stay silent, Anna reads your heart.
- What are you saying? - I am a wife and a mother.
Would you force me to the final step?
Very well, then. I will go before the Council, and proclaim...
...that the true assassin of Roggero is known only to Norcesto.
- Anna, you would dare... - And why do you turn pale?
- And you believe... - That you are a traitor!
Confess, and yield!
Swear to me, if your heart will bear it....
...that you yourself did not kill Roggero.
Villain! Already your blushes reveal your crime!
Yes, swear it if you can!
Cease! Enough!
Such an outrage I will forgive to your grief.
But remember who I am. Honor rules my heart.
No, atrocious treachery reigns in your fierce heart.
Restrain your presumptuous insult!

I am incapable of such villainy.
All Scotland will know your true character...
My suspicion is just. Tremble, traitor!
Scotland already knows my heart.
Your accusation is unjust; I am no traitor.
(My heart fails me in such a moment.)
(It groans in the conflict of anguish and horror.)
(My heart is oppressed in such a moment.)
(It beats uncertainly, torn by anguish and terror.)
Swear your oath! Do you not dare? - (What shall I do? Oh my father!)
Very well: to Heaven and to you I swear it.
I am not the murderer of Roggero.
Traitor! Perjured liar!
And does Heaven not strike you down? Will it still not punish you?
(I cannot bear such horror! What a fatal moment!)
(Who has ever felt such torment?)
Ah, perjured liar!
Yes, I have sworn it: I am not the killer.
And Heaven does not strike you down?

(I cannot bear such horror! Oh fatal moment!)
(Who has ever suffered such anguish?)
And still no word arrives from the Council!
I tremble! I do not dare search for the unfortunate man...
...and what will become of Anna, if...
Ah, father! What news do you bring? What is the fate of Edemondo.
Alas! Edemondo has been condemned to die.
All the elders were already gathered in the Council.
In their faces one could read alternately rigor and pity.
I, among the populace, watched and listened...
My heart wept, and then a ray of hope was lit.
They murmured among themselves, then one spoke up, then another.
Already they were forming their votes, and one by one they disclosed them.
"He is guilty!" came a call from one side. "But he proclaims himself innocent."
"He is ill favored by fate." "But the crime is too clear."
"To exile!" "No, to death!" "Let him live with his remorse."
Their voices rose in crescendo like wind roaring in the forest.
"Let him fall," they cried.
"Let the guilty man be punished beside the tomb of his father."

What terrible words! Unhappy man!
Father, you pierce my heart!

It was then ruled that I
should raise Elvino as my son.

In my house, in my heart, he
should find home and asylum.

It is decided:
Justice and severity.

Let the voice of
the law be heeded.

Let the guilty learn fear,
and let all be at peace.

- My heart will not bear it.
- All hope is now lost.

The law clamors for the parricide;
the murderer must die.

- Oh, barbarous Norcesto.
- Some impenetrable mystery....

...engulfs him, terrifies him,
and torments him.

- What are you saying?
- That Heaven is just...

And Heaven will pierce the veil
of infamous slander!

The tombs of Lanerck

*Among them two inscriptions
are visible:*

One grave holds Donaldo of Lanerck

<i>Above another is written: Roggero of Lanerck, assassinated....</i>
<i>...by the hand of his own son.</i>
Where shall I turn my steps?
Where has a desperate wish led me?
In this refuge of death, where shades lie tranquil in their sepulchres....
...innocent blood will soak the soil.
Edemondo will perish, and I...
But what do I see? What is this tomb that flies open?
A lurid specter rises... It is Roggero!
He cries for vengeance...he threatens...ah, stop!
Do you wish vengeance?
Oh, fearsome voice from the beyond!
Oh, crime! Remorse! Atrocious agony!
I see in every object....
...the image of my father's fatal guilt.
It is written in Heaven and on earth, and carved upon my heart.
If an innocent dies, my soul will never know peace.
The specter unavenged, raging, will haunt me forever.

But what sound draws near?
Father, my heart freezes in my breast!
For the criminal who betrayed you, Roggero, the final hour has sounded.
(Father, shall innocence be oppressed, and your son the oppressor?)
For your cruel killer the last day has come.
(Ah, forgive me, let me not compass an innocent death!)
Peace upon you, oh betrayed father.
(Pray you, be appeased, sad shade of a betrayed father!)
At last my suffering will end! Let it cease, and let me die.
(Pray you, be appeased, and forgive!)
- Oh, my husband... - Great Heaven! You, here?
And can you ask? Am I not your wife? Is not my very life bound to your own?
- Anna, embrace me! - Yes, thus, tenderly joined...
- ...at least, my love, we may die together. - Ah, no! No, you must live, unhappy bride.
Live for our son, and then one day we will be united before God in Heaven.
Death now to the traitor! Too long is the delay.
Stop, all of you!
He is guiltless.

- I can no longer hold silent. - Then who is the killer?
- It was... - Speak, do not hesitate! - Take this, and read.
It was Duncalmo, my own father. Insane ambition seduced him.
But repentant, close to his death, he signed the restoration of your rights and good.
Too long I sought to protect his memory, but at last my heart spoke for you.
I give you back your wife and son; may everlasting love crown you.
You see us astounded, moved, falling at your feet.
Forgive us, o lord, for our unjust fury.
Come to my heart; I will return your love.
Then I may clasp you at last, amid verdant wreaths of love...
At last you are restored to the embraces of a loving spouse.
Oh, let these sweet moments pay compensation for long suffering.
Behold Heaven, serene, placated at the fire of two innocent hearts!
After the blows of merciless fortune, after the anger of barbarous fate...
...dear one, we can rejoice to the full in the bosom of our love.
Let Heaven reward in this sweet moment Faith, constancy, and love!
Where can one ever find hearts more content than theirs!

Let the faith that Love has vindicated
remain forever constant in our hearts!

Let life be ever for us
as a smiling sky at morn.