

Puccini Madama Butterfly

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Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Madama Butterfly (1904/1907)

Opera in two acts

Libretto by Giuseppe Giacosa & Luigi Illica

CD 1

Act I

1	E soffitto... e pareti... (Pinkerton, Goro)	2.22
2	Questa è la cameriera (Goro, Pinkerton, Suzuki, Sharpless)	4.39
3	Dovunque al mondo (Pinkerton, Sharpless, Goro)	4.19
4	Quale smania vi prende! (Sharpless, Pinkerton, Chorus, Goro)	4.16
5	Quanto cielo! ... Ancora un passo or via (Chorus, Butterfly, Sharpless)	3.09
6	Gran ventura (Butterfly, Chorus, Pinkerton, Sharpless, Goro)	3.58
7	L'Imperial Commissario (Goro, Pinkerton, Chorus, Butterfly, Cugina, Madre, Yakusidé, Zia, Sharpless)	2.57
8	Vieni, amor mio! (Pinkerton, Butterfly, Goro)	2.42
9	Ieri son salita tutta sola (Butterfly, Goro, Il Commissario Imperiale, Chorus, Sharpless, L'Ufficiale del registro, Pinkerton)	4.46
10	Ed eccoci in famiglia (Pinkerton, Chorus, Lo Zio Bonzo, Butterfly, Goro, Suzuki)	5.33
11	Viene la sera (Pinkerton, Butterfly, Suzuki)	3.34
12	Bimba dagli occhi pieni di malia (Pinkerton, Butterfly)	4.05
13	Vogliatemi bene, un bene piccolino (Butterfly, Pinkerton)	7.33

Act II, First Part

14	E Izaghi ed Izanami (Suzuki, Butterfly)	7.41
15	Un bel dì, vedremo (Butterfly)	4.36

Total playing time CD 1: 66.19

CD 2

Act II, Continuation of the First Part

1	C'è. Entrate (Goro, Sharpless, Butterfly)	3.49
2	Non lo sapete insomma (Butterfly, Sharpless, Goro, Yamadori)	2.05
3	A voi però giurerei fede costante (Yamadori, Sharpless, Goro, Butterfly)	4.06
4	Ora a noi (Sharpless, Butterfly)	5.57
5	E questo? E questo? (Butterfly, Sharpless)	2.40
6	Che tua madre dovrà (Butterfly, Sharpless)	3.11
7	Io scendo al piano (Sharpless, Butterfly)	1.37
8	Vespa! Rospo maledetto! (Suzuki, Butterfly, Goro)	2.16
9	Una nave da guerra (Suzuki, Butterfly)	2.55
10	Scuoti quella fronda di ciliegio (Butterfly, Suzuki)	5.25
11	Or vienmi ad adornar (Butterfly, Suzuki)	5.08
12	Coro a bocca chiusa (Humming Chorus)	2.52

Act II, Second Part

13	Oh eh! Oh eh! Oh eh! (Chorus)	7.52
14	Già il sole! (Suzuki, Butterfly)	1.49
15	Povera Butterfly (Suzuki, Sharpless, Pinkerton)	3.08
16	Io so che alle sue pene (Sharpless, Pinkerton, Suzuki)	3.55
17	Addio, fiorito asil (Pinkerton, Sharpless)	1.52
18	Glielo dirai? (Kate, Suzuki, Butterfly)	2.56
19	Tu, Suzuki (Butterfly, Suzuki)	1.42
20	Son la causa innocente (Kate, Butterfly)	1.47
21	Sotto il gran ponte del cielo (Butterfly, Kate, Sharpless)	1.30
22	Come una mosca prigioniera (Suzuki, Butterfly)	2.53
23	Con onor muore (Butterfly, Pinkerton)	5.06

Total playing time CD 2: 77.03

Madama Butterfly (Cio-Cio-San)
Pinkerton (Lieutenant in the US Navy)
Suzuki (Cio-Cio-San's Servant)
Sharpless (US Consul at Nagasaki)
Goro (Marriage Broker)
Lo Zio Bonzo (Cio-Cio-San's Uncle)
Il Principe Yamadori
Kate Pinkerton
Il Commissario Imperiale
L'Ufficiale del registro (The Notary)
Lo Zio Yakusidé (Cio-Cio-San's Uncle)
La Madre (Cio-Cio-San's Mother)
La Zia (Cio-Cio-San's Aunt)
La Cugina (Cio-Cio-San's Cousin)

Coro Gulbenkian

Chorus Master: Jorge Matta

Orchestra Gulbenkian

Concertmaster: Maaria Leino

Assistant Conductor: **Clelia Cafiero**

Conducted by **Lawrence Foster**

Melody Moore, Soprano

Stefano Secco, Tenor

Elisabeth Kulman, Mezzo-Soprano

Lester Lynch, Baritone

Alexander Kaimbacher, Tenor

Kevin Short, Bass-Baritone

Amitai Pati, Tenor

Liesbeth Devos, Soprano

Florian Köfler, Bass

Jorge Leiria, Tenor

Tiago Batista, Bass

Cecília Rodrigues, Mezzo-Soprano

Filipa Passos, Soprano

Sara Marques, Soprano



Lawrence Foster
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“Closed, efficient, terrible!”

***Madama Butterfly* as Puccini’s most coherent and symphonic opera**

Giacomo Puccini’s *Madama Butterfly* has gradually turned into a staple of the opera repertoire, but its genesis and first steps onto the opera stage were anything but smooth. The premiere at the Teatro alla Scala in Milan in 1904 was a disaster, but Puccini kept faith in the piece, and polished it into the classic that it has eventually become. Throughout its performing history, *Madama Butterfly* has faced criticism, both for its depiction of the confrontation between Western and Japanese culture, and for the allegedly melodramatic nature of the story. These denunciations, however, fail to assess not only the extreme effectiveness of the piece, but also the originality of its conception and the exceptional quality of Puccini’s score.

Puccini was a man of the world, who gladly travelled and enjoyed setting stories to music that take place in various parts of the world, ranging from Paris (*La Bohème*), the United States (*La Fanciulla del West*) to China (*Turandot*), and often incorporating musical elements from those locales into his personal style. Special about *Madama Butterfly* is that its tragic love affair not only takes place in Japan, but also entails an intercultural confrontation between an American lieutenant and a Japanese geisha. The opera’s plot is clearly part of a tradition that became prominent towards the end of the nineteenth century. After centuries of isolation, Japan opened up in 1853, after which many Westerners, especially men, went to the land of the rising sun in search of financial gain, cultural treasures and exotic women. Many artworks of the time revolve around the relationship between white men and Japanese women, which symbolises the mutual attraction, but

also the fundamental incompatibility of East and West. The French writer Pierre Loti set the tone with his novel *Madame Chrysanthème* (1887), inspired by his own Japanese experiences. While Loti glorifies the beauty and unique nature of Japanese culture, his account of a marriage of convenience with a Japanese woman that he merely sees as an object of desire reveals his sexual adventurism. *Madame Chrysanthème* was extremely popular and was adapted into an opera by André Messager in 1893.

Loti's novel also triggered criticism, particularly in the United States. John Luther Long, for instance, took a stand against Loti in his short-story *Madame Butterfly* (1898), based on a true story that his sister, wife of a missionary stationed in Japan, had told him. After a brief marriage, the Japanese Cho-Cho-San is abandoned by her American husband, Lieutenant Pinkerton. He promises to return when the robins nest. When he

finally returns, years later, he turns out to be married to an American woman, and commands his Japanese wife to give up her child. Cho-Cho-San first considers suicide, but eventually flees, together with her child. Long's sympathy clearly lies with Cho-Cho-San, while Lieutenant Pinkerton is portrayed as an immoral, indecent colonialist.

In 1900, American playwright David Belasco wrote a one-act play of the same name based on Long's short story, taking place entirely in the house of Cho-Cho-San. He also decimated the role of Pinkerton in order to focus all attention on the tragic fate of the title heroine, who actually commits suicide in his rendition. For Belasco, the personal tragedy of Cho-Cho-San was much more important than the cultural criticism of Long's short story. Puccini saw the play in London in 1900 and was moved to tears, despite the fact that he could barely understand English. What Puccini seems to have recognized is the tragic



destruction of an innocent, loving woman, which is likely the most essential dramatic motif of his entire oeuvre, from Anna in *Le Villi* (1884) all the way until Liù in *Turandot* (1926), and many tragic heroines in between. If we are to believe Belasco, Puccini ran straight to his dressing room after the performance, and begged for the rights to an opera adaptation. Belasco later recounted that he immediately agreed, “because it was impossible to discuss arrangements with an impulsive Italian who has tears in his eyes and both arms round your neck.”

This famous anecdote is exaggerated, if not completely made up, as Puccini did not get the performance rights so easily at all. It took almost a year before he and his librettists Luigi Illica and Giuseppe Giacosa finally received permission and an Italian translation. Illica was therefore forced to write the first libretto sketch based on Long’s short story. The first act he sent Puccini was rather long-winded,

full of colourful but somewhat distracting episodes. In addition, Illica had intensified Long’s cultural criticism; both Pinkerton and the American consul Sharpless were extremely unsympathetic. Puccini was rather shocked, because he saw little of what had touched him so much in Belasco’s play. He even suggested going to London with Illica to see a performance, but that never took place.

The genesis of *Madama Butterfly* is largely determined by the fact that Puccini and Illica considered different sources to be important. The former wanted above all to realise the suspense and psychological character of Belasco’s version, while the latter believed in the novelty of an opera that criticised Western imperialism. A long dispute about the work’s ideal form took place, in which Giacosa, as the guardian of opera conventions, regularly put a spanner in the works. Inspired by Long’s short story, in which many events take place in the American consulate, Illica and Giacosa

long insisted on a consulate scene. Puccini, on the other hand, came to the conclusion that the opera should be set entirely in Cio-Cio-San’s house, just like Belasco’s play. In a letter to Illica, he concluded that “the consulate scene would have been a disaster. The opera should have two acts, your first act, and after the interval all the details of Belasco’s play. No intermission in between, we leave the audience riveted to their seats for an hour and a half.” That same day he wrote to his publisher Giulio Ricordi: “The consulate was a huge mistake. The story must unfold without interruption; closed, efficient, terrible!”

Such a dramaturgy, in which all the acts take place in the same location and the final act lasts almost one and a half hours, was quite revolutionary for an Italian opera. Giacosa, therefore, did not see any point in it. Puccini, however, was convinced that such a form was very modern, and moreover, very effective. In fact, one could argue that he modelled the

second act of *Madama Butterfly* on the fin-de-siècle one-act play. In it, the main characters inhabit an oppressive, often prison-like environment, and as the action unfolds without interruption, the audience experiences the increasing threat of the ultimately inevitable catastrophe. This structure characterises many influential plays from that time, such as Maurice Maeterlinck’s *Les aveugles* (The Blind, 1890) and August Strindberg’s *Inför Döden* (Awaiting Death, 1892), while pioneering operas such as Strauss’s *Salome* (1905), Schoenberg’s *Erwartung* (1909) and Bartók’s *Duke Bluebeard’s Castle* (1911) follow a similar trajectory.

In order to focus all attention on the psychology of the title heroine, Puccini wanted to limit Pinkerton’s part in the second act as much as possible. Giacosa warned him that Italian audiences would not be satisfied with such a small and unsympathetic tenor role. Indeed, Pinkerton’s limited share turned out to



be one of the main reasons for the work's dramatic premiere. On top of that, Puccini was accused of self-plagiarism, especially from *La Bohème*. The disapproving cheers during the performance were probably to some extent orchestrated by publisher Edoardo Sonzogno, who fought a fierce battle with Ricordi to dominate the Italian opera market. At the same time, it was a logical outcome of the problematic genesis of the work, uneven due to the many compromises that the creative team had made. The opening night was extremely embarrassing for Puccini, who decided never to have another opera premiered at the Teatro alla Scala.

Embarrassing as it may have been, the fiasco simultaneously offered Puccini and his librettists the opportunity to make the opera more balanced. In the period between the premiere and the publication of the vocal score in 1907, they repeatedly tinkered with their *Butterfly* until the form in which the opera is usually performed

today emerged. With the division of the long second act into two parts and the extra lyrical moment for Pinkerton in the final act ('Addio fiorito asil'), Giacosa and Illica got their way. Puccini, for his part, saw an opportunity to make the first act more concise by eliminating some of the side action. In the process, Pinkerton's condescending remarks about the Japanese house staff and the wedding guests were also dropped.

Some commentators regret the removal of these rough edges, claiming that the later version of the opera has lost its cultural-critical sting. From a musical and dramaturgical point of view, the improvement is quite obvious. For one thing, the cuts in the first act were beneficial to the musical cohesion of the opera, as those deleted scenes not only steered dramatic attention away from the main story line, but also contained many musical motifs that did not recur elsewhere in the opera. In its final form,

Madama Butterfly is composed of a compact collection of recurring leitmotifs, each of which is linked to the psychological development of the title heroine.

In *Puccini, His International Art* (2000) musicologist Michele Girardi shows how Puccini divided his motifs into four categories, linked to four aspects of Cio-Cio-San's tragedy: love and illusion, fate, the curse, and death. In each category, Puccini employs several motifs that are related in character and melodic form, a procedure clearly indebted to Wagner's ingenious network of leitmotifs in works like *Der Ring des Nibelungen* or *Parsifal*. Moreover, individual motifs recur regularly in slightly altered form, so that the music subtly ties together the story. To give an example, the death motif is first heard in the orchestra when during the first act, Cio-Cio-San tells that her father has died long ago. We hear the melody again, this time in a much louder, aggressive variant, after she tells Pinkerton that she

has given up her faith for him. The music conveys the message that her fate is by then already sealed. And, needless to say, we hear the death motif once more in the final scene, when Cio-Cio-San sings that "he who cannot live with honour must die with honour", referring to the Japanese tradition of *hara-kiri*. In addition to the return of this specific motif, which has a sinister connotation from the outset, the final act generally features the return of many melodies that initially sounded quite innocent, but have gradually acquired a dark, menacing character.

All these techniques make *Butterfly* arguably Puccini's most coherent and symphonic opera. This ingenious symphonic music chiefly served to portray Cio-Cio-San's psychological development and personal tragedy. From the outset, depicting her tragic fate has been Puccini's main objective, and presumably also the most important reason for the opera's success through the years, far more than



any allegedly political message of the work. The fact that the opera portrayed the unequal relationship between East and West and thus illuminated a topical theme was a nice trump card for Puccini, but certainly not the main point.

For Puccini, the opportunity to write “Japanese” music for *Madama Butterfly* was much more exciting. As an admirer of Debussy, he had already used so-called musical chinoiserie in earlier operas, employing pentatonic scales, but the setting of *Butterfly* made it possible to go even further. Puccini immersed himself as much as possible in authentic Japanese music and incorporated these examples into his opera. Within this context, two things are noteworthy. Firstly, he may have given Cio-Cio-San Japanese-sounding melodies, but the majority of her music could have been sung by any other Puccini heroine against any other backdrop. In doing so, he seems to emphasise that his *Butterfly* is first and foremost a human

being with universal feelings. This is why an aria such as ‘Un bel di, vedremo’ still reverberates with audiences worldwide today. Secondly, on closer inspection, it is striking that the most Japanese-sounding music in *Madama Butterfly* is not always heard in the passages in which Puccini incorporates authentic, existing Japanese melodies. He succeeded in creating a sound world that has a Japanese flavour, but one in which we undeniably recognise his own style as well, demonstrating the fluid and integrative power of his music.

Although Puccini’s “Japanese” music appealed to the contemporary appetite for non-Western artefacts, it clearly posed a challenge to Italian audiences. In *The Puccini Problem* (2007), Alexandra Wilson subsumes the critical responses to the opera’s premiere under the header of “a frame without a canvas”, pointing to an alleged obsession with surface details which overshadows the piece’s content, or even conceals its lack of content.

A thorough study of the score reveals the exact opposite: *Madama Butterfly*’s most striking feature is its narrative focus and musical coherence. In that respect, the Japanese music and scenery perhaps harmed rather than advanced Puccini’s highly original dramaturgy and aim, that of narrating a psychological drama, a character study of the title heroine, with a dramatic focus that surpasses all his previous works. Later generations have luckily managed to reconcile both aspects in their critical assessment of the opera.

While this recording offers the later, more common version of the work, one short passage from the original 1904 version has been reinstated. This concerns the moment when Cio-Cio-San meets her amorous rival Kate Pinkerton for the first time, shortly before her tragic demise. While the 1907 version has Sharpless tell Cio-Cio-San that this woman is “the innocent cause of her agony”, Kate says it herself in the original version. This small adjustment grants

Pinkerton’s American wife a more humane and empathic character, and ultimately gives the dialogue a more natural logic.

Kasper van Kooten



Libretto

CD 1

ATTO PRIMO

FIRST ACT

Collina presso Nagasaki. Casa giapponese, terrazza e giardino. In fondo, al basso, la rada, il porto e la città di Nagasaki.

A hill near Nagasaki. A Japanese house, terrace and garden. Below, in the background, the bay, the harbour and the town of Nagasaki.

Dalla camera in fondo alla casetta, Goro con molti inchini introduce Pinkerton, al quale con grande prosopopea, ma sempre ossequente, fa ammirare in dettaglio la piccola casa. Goro fa scorrere una parete nel fondo, e ne spiega lo scopo a Pinkerton. Si avanzano un poco sul terrazzo.

From the room at the back of the little house, Goro, with much bowing and scraping, leads in Pinkerton, and with much ostentation but still obsequiously, draws his attention to the details of the structure. Goro makes a partition slide out at the back, and explains its use to Pinkerton. They come forward a little on the terrace.

Pinkerton

*sorpreso per quanto ha visto dice a Goro
E soffitto... e pareti...*

Pinkerton

*surprised at all he has seen, says to Goro
And the walls – and the ceiling...*

Goro

godendo della sorpresa di Pinkerton
 Vanno e vengono a prova
 a norma che vi giova
 nello stesso locale
 alternar nuovi aspetti ai consueti.

Pinkerton

cercando intorno
 Il nido nuzial dov'è?

Goro

accennando a due locali
 Qui, o là... secondo...

Pinkerton

Anch'esso a doppio fondo! La sala?

Goro

mostra la terrazza
 Ecco!

Pinkerton

stupito
 All'aperto?...

Goro

enjoying Pinkerton's surprise
 They will come and will go,
 just as it may suit your fancy
 to exchange and to vary
 new and old in the same surroundings.

Pinkerton

looking around
 The marriage chamber, where is it?

Goro

pointing in two directions
 Here, or there... according...

Pinkerton

A wonderful contrivance! The hall?

Goro

showing the terrace
 Here you are!

Pinkerton

amazed
 In the open?...

*Goro fa scorrere la parete verso
 la terrazza.*

Goro

mostrando il chiudersi d'una parete
 Un fianco scorre...

Pinkerton

mentre Goro fa scorrere le pareti
 Capisco!... Capisco!... Un altro...

Goro

Scivola!

Pinkerton

E la dimora frivola...

Goro

protestando
 Salda come una torre
 da terra, fino al tetto.
invita Pinkerton a scendere nel giardino

*Goro makes the partition slide out towards
 the terrace.*

Goro

shows how to close the partition
 A wall slides outward...

Pinkerton

*whilst Goro is making the partitions
 slide out*
 I see now!... I see it!... Another...

Goro

Runs along!

Pinkerton

And so the fairy dwelling...

Goro

protesting
 Springs like a tower from nowhere,
 complete from base to attic.
*invites Pinkerton to go down into the
 garden*

Pinkerton

È una casa a soffietto.

Goro batte due volte le mani palma a palma. Entrano due uomini ed una donna e si genuflettono innanzi a Pinkerton.

Goro

con una voce un po' nasale, accennando

Questa è la cameriera
che della vostra sposa
lezioso

fu già serva amorosa.

Il cuoco... il servitor...

Son confusi del grande onore.

Pinkerton

impaziente

I nomi?

Goro

indicando Suzuki

Miss Nuvola Leggera.

Pinkerton

Comes and goes as by magic!

Goro claps his hands loudly two times.

Enter two men and a woman who humbly and slowly go down on their knees before Pinkerton.

Goro

in rather nasal tones, pointing to them

This is the trusty handmaid,
who waits upon your wife,
fulsomely

faithful and devoted.

The cook... the servant...

They're embarrassed
at such great honour.

Pinkerton

impatently

Their names?

Goro

pointing to Suzuki

Miss Nimble Cloud.

indicando un servo

Raggio di Sol Nascente.

indicando l'altro servo

Esala aromi.

Suzuki

sempre in ginocchio, ma fatta ardita rialza la testa

Sorride Vostro Onore?

Il riso è frutto e fiore.

Disse il savio Ocnama:

dei crucci la trama
smaglia il sorriso.

Scende nel giardino, seguendo Pinkerton

che si allontana sorridendo

Schiude alla perla il guscio,
apre all'uomo l'uscio
del Paradiso.

Profumo degli Dei...

Fontana della vita...

Disse il savio Ocnama:

dei crucci la trama
smaglia il sorriso.

pointing to one servant

Ray of the Rising Sun.

pointing to the other servant

Aromatic Exhalation.

Suzuki

still on her knees, but grown bolder, raises her head

Your Honour deigns to smile?

Your smile is fair as flowers.

Thus spoke the wise Ocnama:

a smile conquers all,
and defies every trouble.

She descends into the garden, following

Pinkerton who walks away with a smile

Pearls may be won by smiling;
smiles can open the portals
of Paradise.

The perfume of the Gods...

The fountain of life...

Thus spoke the wise Ocnama:

A smile conquers all,
defies every trouble.

Pinkerton è distratto e seccato. Goro, accorgendosi che Pinkerton comincia ad essere infastidito dalla loquela di Suzuki, batte tre volte le mani. I tre si alzano e fuggono rapidamente rientrando in casa.

Pinkerton

A chiacchiere costei
mi par cosmopolita.
*a Goro che è andato verso il fondo
ad osservare*
Che guardi?

Goro

Se non giunge ancor la sposa.

Pinkerton

Tutto è pronto?

Goro

Ogni cosa.

Pinkerton

Gran perla di sensale!

Pinkerton is bored, and his attention wanders. Goro, perceiving that Pinkerton begins to be bored at Suzuki's loquacity, claps his hands thrice. The three rise and quickly disappear into the house.

Pinkerton

When they begin to talk,
alike I find all women.
*to Goro who has gone to the back to
look out*
What are you looking at?

Goro

Watching for the bride's arrival.

Pinkerton

All is ready?

Goro

Every detail.

Pinkerton

You shining light of brokers!

Goro

ringrazia con profondo inchino
Qui verranno: L'Ufficiale del registro, i parenti,
il vostro Console, la fidanzata.
Qui si firma l'atto e il matrimonio è fatto.

Pinkerton

E son molti i parenti?

Goro

La suocera, la nonna, lo zio Bonzo
(che non ci degnerà di sua presenza)
e cugini, e le cugine...
Mettiam fra gli ascendenti...
ed i collaterali, un due dozzine.
Quanto alla discendenza...
provvederanno assai
con malizia ossequente
Vostra Grazia e la bella Butterfly.

Pinkerton

Gran perla di sensale!

Goro

thanks with a deep bow
There will come: the official registrar,
the relations, your country's Consul,
your future wife. Here you'll sign the
contract and solemnize the marriage.

Pinkerton

Are there many relations?

Goro

Your mother-in-law, the grandmother, and
the Bonze, her uncle,
(who'll hardly honour us with his appearance)
and her cousins, male and female...
Of ancestors I reckon... and other blood
relations, around two dozen.
As to the descendants...
that may be left I reckon,
with obsequious presumption
to your Honour and lovely Butterfly.

Pinkerton

You shining light of brokers!

Goro ringrazia con profondo inchino.

Sharpless

dall'interno un po' lontano
E suda e arrampica!
Sbuffa, inciampica!

Goro

ch'è accorso al fondo, annuncia a Pinkerton
Il Consol sale.
si prosterna innanzi al Console

Sharpless

entra stuffando
Ah, quei Viottoli
mi hanno sfacciato!

Pinkerton

va incontro al Consol; i due si stringono la mano.
Bene arrivato.

Goro

al Console
Bene arrivato.

Goro thanks him with a deep bow.

Sharpless

from within, rather far off
A plague on this steep ascent!
Stumbling and spluttering!

Goro

who has run to the background, announces
Here comes the Consul.
bows low before the Consul

Sharpless

enters, quite out of breath
Ah, the scramble up
has left me breathless!

Pinkerton

goes to meet the Consul: they shake hands
Welcome.

Goro

to the Consul
Welcome.

Sharpless

Ouff!

Pinkerton

Presto, Goro, qualche ristoro.

Goro entra in casa frettoloso.

Sharpless

sbuffando e guardando intorno
Alto!

Pinkerton

indicando il panorama
Ma bello!

Sharpless

contemplando la città ed il mare sottoposti
Nagasaki, il mare, il porto...

Pinkerton

accenna alla casa
...e una casetta che obbedisce a bacchetta.

Sharpless

Ough!

Pinkerton

Quickly, Goro, fetch some refreshment.

Goro hurries into the house.

Sharpless

panting and looking around
Lofty!

Pinkerton

pointing to the view
But lovely!

Sharpless

looking at the town and the sea below
Nagasaki, the ocean, the harbour...

Pinkerton

pointing to the house
...this is a dwelling which is managed
by magic.

Goro viene frettoloso dalla casa, seguito da due servi. Portano bicchieri e bottiglie che depongono sulla terrazza; i due servi rientrano in casa e Goro si dà a preparare le bevande.

Sharpless

Vostra?

Pinkerton

La comperai
per novecento-novanta-nove anni,
con facoltà ogni mese,
di rescindere i patti.
Sono in questo paese elastici del par,
case e contratti.

Sharpless

E l'uomo esperto ne profitta.

Pinkerton

Certo.

Pinkerton e Sharpless si siedono sulla terrazza dove Goro ha preparato le bevande.

Goro comes bustling out of the house, followed by the two servants. They place glasses and bottles on a small table, and return to the house. Goro prepares the drinks.

Sharpless

Yours?

Pinkerton

I bought this house
for nine hundred and ninety-nine years,
but with the option, at ev'ry month,
to cancel the contract!
I must say, in this country,
the houses and the contracts are elastic!

Sharpless

The man of business profits by it.

Pinkerton

Surely.

Pinkerton and Sharpless take their seats on the terrace where Goro has prepared the drinks.

Pinkerton

con franchezza
Dovunque al mondo lo Yankee vagabondo
si gode e traffica sprezzando i rischi.
Affonda l'ancora alla ventura...
s'interrompe per offrire da bere a Sharpless
Milk-Punch o Wisky?
riprendendo
Affonda l'ancora alla ventura
finché una raffica
scompigli nave e ormeggi, alberatura.
La vita ei non appaga
se non fa suo tesoro
i fiori d'ogni plaga...

Sharpless

È un facile vangelo...

Pinkerton

continuando
... d'ogni bella gli amor.

Pinkerton

frankly
The whole world over,
on business and pleasure,
the Yankee travels all danger scorning.
His anchor boldly he casts at random...
breaking off to offer Sharpless a drink
Milk-Punch or Whisky?
resuming
His anchor boldly he casts at random,
until a sudden squall upsets his ship,
then up go sails and rigging.
And life is not worth living
if he can't win
the best flowers of each country...

Sharpless

That's an easy-going gospel...

Pinkerton

continuing
... and the heart of each maid.

Sharpless

È un facile vangelo che fa la vita vaga
ma che intristisce il cor...

Pinkerton

Vinto si tuffa, la sorte racchiuffa.
Il suo talento fa in ogni dove.
Così mi sposo all'uso giapponese
per novecento-novanta-nove anni.
Salvo a prosciogliermi ogni mese.

Sharpless

È un facile vangelo.

Pinkerton

si alza, toccando il bicchiere con Sharpless
America forever!

Sharpless

America forever!
Ed è bella la sposa?
Goro che ha udito, si affaccia al terrazzo
pauroso ed insinuante.

Sharpless

A very easy gospel which makes life very pleasant,
but is fatal in the end...

Pinkerton

Fate cannot crush him, he tries again undaunted.
No one and nothing breaks his plucky spirit.
And so I'm marrying in Japanese fashion,
tied for nine hundred and ninety-nine years!
Free, though, to annul the marriage monthly.

Sharpless

An easy-going gospel.

Pinkerton

gets up, clinks the glasses with Sharpless
America forever!

Sharpless

America forever!
Is the bride very pretty?
Goro, who has overheard, approaches the
terrace eagerly and officiously.

Goro

Una ghirlanda di fiori freschi.
Una stella dai raggi d'oro.
E per nulla: sol cento yen.
al Console
Se Vostra Grazia mi comanda
ce n'ho un assortimento.

Il Console ridendo, ringrazia e si alza pure.

Pinkerton

con viva impazienza
Va, conducila, Goro.

Goro corre in fondo e scompare
discendendo il colle.

Sharpless

Quale smania vi prende!
Sareste addirittura cotto?

Pinkerton

Non so!... Non so!
Dipende dal grado di cottura!

Goro

Fair as a garland of fragrant flowers.
Brighter than a star in the heavens.
And for nothing: one hundred yen!
to the Consul
If your Augustness will entrust me,
I have a fine selection...

The Consul laughingly declines

Pinkerton

very impatiently
Go and fetch her, Goro.

Goro runs to the back and disappears
down the hill.

Sharpless

What folly has seized you!
Do you think you are intoxicated?

Pinkerton

May be!... Perhaps!
Depends on what you call intoxication!

Amore o grillo, dir non saprei.
Certo costei m'ha coll'ingenua
arti invescato.
Lieve qual tenue vetro soffiato
alla statura, al portamento
sembra figura da paravento.
Ma dal suo lucido fondo di lacca
come con subito moto si stacca,
qual farfalletta svola e posa
con tal grazietta silenziosa
che di rincorrerla furor m'assale
se pure infrangerne dovessi l'ale.

Sharpless

seriamente e bonario
ler l'altro, il Consolato sen' venne a visitar!
lo non la vidi, ma l'udii parlar.
Di sua voce il mistero l'anima mi colpì.
Certo quando è sincer l'amor parla così.
Sarebbe gran peccato le lievi ali strappar
e desolar forse un credulo cuor.

Is it love or fancy, I cannot tell you.
All that I know is, she, with her innocent charm
has entranced me.
Almost transparently fragile and slender,
dainty in stature, quaint little figure,
seems to have stepped down
straight from a screen.
But from her background of varnish and lacquer,
suddenly light as a feather she flutters,
and like a butterfly, hovers and settles,
with so much charm, such seductive graces,
that to rush after her a wild wish seized me
tho' in the quest her frail wings should be
broken.

Sharpless

seriously and kindly
The other day, she came up to the Consulate!
I did not see her, but I heard her speak.
And the mystery of her voice touched my soul.
Surely, love that is pure and true, speaks like that.
It were indeed sad pity to tear those dainty wings,
and perchance to torment a trusting heart.

Pinkerton

Console mio garbato, quetatevi!
Si sa... la vostra età è di flebile umor.
Non c'è gran male s'io vo' quell'ale
drizzare ai dolci voli dell'amor!

Sharpless

Sarebbe gran peccato...
Quella divina mite vocina
non dovrebbe dar note di dolor.

Pinkerton

offre di nuovo da bere
Whisky?

Sharpless

Un'altro bicchiere.

Pinkerton mesce del whisky a Sharpless
e colma anche il proprio bicchiere.

Sharpless

leva il calice
Bevo alla vostra famiglia lontana.

Pinkerton

Dearly beloved Consul, allay your fears!
We know men of your age look on life
with mournful eyes.
No harm I reckon these wings to raise and
guide them to the tender flights of love!

Sharpless

It were indeed sad pity...
No cry of anguish should ever be uttered
by that gentle and trusting little voice.

Pinkerton

offers him more to drink
Whisky?

Sharpless

Yes, another glass.

*Pinkerton mixes Sharpless some whisky,
and also fills up his own glass.*

Sharpless

raises his glass
Here's to your friends and relations at home.

Pinkerton*leva esso pure il bicchiere*

E al giorno in cui mi sposerò con
vere nozze a una vera sposa americana.

Goro*riappare correndo affannato dal basso
della collina*

Ecco. Son giunte al sommo del pendio.
accena verso il sentiero
Già del femmineo sciame
qual di vento in fogliame
s'ode il brusio.

Le amiche di Butterfly*interno, lontana*
Ah! Ah! Ah!

*Pinkerton e Sharpless si recano in fondo al
giardino osservando verso il sentiero della
collina.*

Amiche

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Pinkerton*also raises his glass*

And to the day on which I'll wed
in real marriage a real bride from America.

Goro*reappears, running breathlessly up the hill*
See them! They've mounted the summit of
the hill.

pointing toward the path
A crowd of women hustling,
like the wind in branches rustling,
here they come bustling!

Butterfly's girl friends*behind the scenes, far off*
Ah! Ah! Ah!

*Pinkerton and Sharpless retire to the
back of the garden, and look out at the
path on the hillside.*

Girl friends

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Amiche

Ah! Quanto cielo! Quanto mar!
Quanto cielo! Quanto mar!

Butterfly*interno*
Ancora un passo or via.**Amiche**

Come sei tarda!

Butterfly

Aspetta.

Amiche

Ecco la vetta.
Guarda, guarda quanti fior!

Butterfly

serenamente
Spira sul mare e sulla terra
un primaver il soffio giocondo.

Girl friends

Ah! What a sky! And what a sea!
What a sky! And what a sea!

Butterfly*within*
There is one step more to climb.**Girl friends**

How long you tarry!

Butterfly

One moment.

Girl friends

At last the summit.
Look, oh look, the mass of flowers!

Butterfly

serenely
Across the earth and over the ocean,
balmy breeze and scent of spring are
blowing.

Amiche

Quanto cielo! Quanto mar!

Sharpless

O allegro cinguettar di gioventù!

Butterfly

Io sono la fanciulla più lieta del Giappone,
anzi del mondo.

Amiche, io son venuta al richiamo d'amor,
d'amor venni alle soglie
ove s'accoglie il bene di chi vive e
di chi muor!
Amiche, io son venuta al richiamo d'amor!

Amiche

Quanti fior! Quanto mar!
Quanto cielo! Quanti fior!
Gioia a te, gioia a te sia, dolce amica,
ma pria di varcar la soglia che t'attira
volgiti e mira le cose che ti son care,
mira quanto cielo, quanti fiori, quanto mar!

Girl friends

What a sky! And what a sea!

Sharpless

O happy prattle, careless days of youth!

Butterfly

I am the happiest maiden in Japan,
in fact in all the world!
My friends, I have obeyed the summons,
of love, upon the threshold standing,
ah, here the glory that life or death
can offer awaits me.
My friends, I have obeyed the summons of love!

Girl friends

How many flowers! What a sea!
What a sky! How many flowers!
Best of fortune attend you, gentle maiden,
but 'ere you go beyond the threshold which
invites you,
turn and admire, all the things your heart
holds so dear;
admire the lovely sky, the lovely flowers and
the sea!

*Butterfly e le amiche appaiono in scena,
hanno tutte grandi ombrelli aperti, a vivi
colori.*

Butterfly

*alle amiche
Siam giunte.
vede il gruppo dei tre uomini e riconosce
Pinkerton. Chiude subito l'ombrello e pronta
lo addita alle amiche.
F. B. Pinkerton. Giù!
si genuflette*

Amiche

*chiudono gli ombrelli e si genuflettono
Giù!*

*Tutte si alzano e si avvicinano a Pinkerton
cerimoniosamente.*

Butterfly

*fa una riverenza
Gran ventura.*

*Butterfly and her girl friends appear on the
stage. They all carry large bright-coloured
sunshades open.*

Butterfly

*to her friends
We're there now.
sees the three men standing together and
recognizes Pinkerton. She closes her
sunshade and introduces him to her friends.
F. B. Pinkerton. Down!
goes down on her knees*

Girl friends

*close their sunshades and go down on
their knees.
Down!*

*They all rise and ceremoniously approach
Pinkerton.*

6

Butterfly

*curtseying
Augustly welcome.*

Amiche

facendo una riverenza

Riverenza.

Pinkerton

sorridendo

È un po' dura la scalata?

Butterfly

A una sposa costumata più penosa

è l'impazienza...

Pinkerton

gentilment, ma u po' derisorio

Molto raro complimento.

Butterfly

con ingenuità

Dei più balli ancor ne so.

Pinkerton

Dei gioielli!

Girl friends

curtseying

Hail.

Pinkerton

smiling

The ascent is rather trying?

Butterfly

Not so trying to a bride

as are the weary hours of waiting...

Pinkerton

rather sarcastically, but not unkindly

What a pretty compliment!

Butterfly

ingenuously

I know better ones than that.

Pinkerton

Gems, I doubt not!

Butterfly

volendo sfoggiare il suo repertorio di

complimenti

Se vi è caro sul momento...

Pinkerton

Grazie, no.

Sharpless ha osservato prima curiosamente il gruppo delle fanciulle, poi si è avvicinato a Butterfly, che lo ascolta con attenzione.

Sharpless

Miss Butterfly. Bel nome, vi sta a meraviglia!

Siete di Nagasaki?

Butterfly

Signor, sì. Di famiglia assai prospera un tempo.

alle amiche

Verità?

Amiche

approvando premurose

Verità!

Butterfly

anxious to show off her stock of

compliments

If you care for some at present...

Pinkerton

Thank you, no.

Sharpless after scanning the group of maidens with curiosity, approaches Butterfly, who listens to him attentively.

Sharpless

Miss Butterfly. How pretty; your name was

well chosen.

Are you from Nagasaki?

Butterfly

Sir, I am. My people were formerly wealthy.

to her friends

True?

Girl friends

assenting with alacrity

True!

Butterfly

con naturalezza

Nessuno si confessa mai nato in povertà;
non c'è vagabondo che a sentirlo non sia
di gran prosapia.

Eppur conobbi la ricchezza.

Ma il turbine rovescia le querce più
robuste...

e abbiam fatto la ghescia per sostentarci.
alle amiche

Vero?

Amiche

confermano

Vero!

Butterfly

Non lo nascondo, nè m'adonto.
vedendo che Sharpless sorride

Ridete? Perché?

Cose del mondo.

Pinkerton

*ha ascoltato con interesse, e si rivolge a
Sharpless*

Butterfly

quite simply

No one likes to confess that he was
born in poverty;
is not every vagrant, when you listen to his
tale, of ancient lineage?
But yet indeed I have known riches.
But the strongest oak must fall in the storm,
and we had to go as geishas to earn our living.
to her friends
True?

Girl friends

corroborating her

True!

Butterfly

I frankly own it, and don't blush for it.
noticing that Sharpless smiles
You're laughing? And why?
That's how the world runs.

Pinkerton

*has listened with interest and turns to
Sharpless*

Con quel fare di bambola quando parla
m'infiamma.

Sharpless

*anch'esso interessato dalle chiacchiere di
Butterfly, continua a interrogarla*

E ci avete sorelle?

Butterfly

Non, Signore. Ho la mamma.

Goro

con importanza

Una nobile dama.

Butterfly

Ma senza farle torto
povera molto anch'essa.

Sharpless

E vostro padre?

Butterfly

si arresta sorpresa, poi secco secco risponde
Morto.

With her innocent baby-face she sets
my heart throbbing.

Sharpless

*he also is interested in Butterfly's prattle,
and continues to question her*

And have you sisters?

Butterfly

None, Sir. I have my mother.

Goro

importantly

A most notable lady.

Butterfly

But through no fault whatever,
dreadfully poor is she.

Sharpless

And where is your father?

Butterfly

stops in surprise, then answers very shortly
Dead.

Le amiche chinano la testa; Goro è imbarazzato. Tutte si sventolano nervosamente coi ventagli.

Sharpless

Quant'anni avete?

Butterfly

con civetteria quasi infantile
Indovinate.

Sharpless

Dieci.

Butterfly

Crescete.

Sharpless

Venti.

Butterfly

Calate. Quindici netti, netti!
con malizia
Sono vecchia diggià.

The friends hang their heads. Goro is embarrassed. They all fan themselves nervously.

Sharpless

What might your age be?

Butterfly

with almost childish coquetry
Now try to guess it!

Sharpless

Ten years.

Butterfly

Guess higher.

Sharpless

Twenty.

Butterfly

Guess lower. Fifteen, exactly, fifteen!
slyly
I am old, am I not?

Sharpless

Quindici anni!

Pinkerton

Quindici anni!

Sharpless

L'età dei giuochi...

Pinkerton

E dei confetti.

Goro

che ha veduto arrivare dal fondo altre persone e le ha riconosciute, annuncia con importanza
L'Imperial Commissario, l'Ufficiale del registro, i congiunti.

Pinkerton

a Goro
Fate presto.

Sharpless

Fifteen years old!

Pinkerton

Fifteen years old!

Sharpless

The age of playthings...

Pinkerton

And of sweetmeats!

Goro

perceiving some more people climbing the hill and recognizing them, announces importantly
The Imperial Commissioner; the official Registrar; the relations.

Pinkerton

to Goro
Come now, hurry.

Goro corre in casa. Dal sentiero in fondo si vendono salire e sfilare i parenti di Butterfly; questa va loro incontro insieme alle amiche. Grandi saluti, riverenze, i parenti osservano curiosamente i due americani.

Pinkerton ha presso sottobraccio Sharpless e, condottolo da un lato, gli fa osservare, ridendo, il bizzarro gruppo dei parenti. Il Commissario Imperiale e l'Ufficiale del registro salutano Pinkerton ed entrano in casa, ricevuti da Goro.

Pinkerton

Che burlletta la sfilata della nuova parentela tolta in prestito, a mesata!

Parenti, amici ed amiche

Dov'è? Dov'è?

Butterfly e delle amiche

indicando Pinkerton

Eccolo là!

Goro runs into the house. From the path in the background Butterfly's relations are seen climbing the hill and passing along; Butterfly and her friends go to meet them. Deep bows and kowtowing, the relations stare curiously at the two Americans.

Pinkerton has taken Sharpless by the arm, and leading him to one side, laughingly makes him look at the quaint group of relations. The Imperial Commissioner and the official Registrar salute Pinkerton and go into the house, where Goro expects them.

Pinkerton

What a farce is this procession of my worthy new relations, held on terms of monthly contract!

Relations and friends

Where is he? Where is he?

Butterfly and some girl friends

pointing to Pinkerton

That is he there!

Cugina ed amici

Bello non è.

Butterfly

offesa

Bello è così che non si può...

sognar di più.

Madre

Mi pare un re!

Parenti, amici ed amiche

Mi pare un re.

Vale un perù.

In verità bello non è.

Pinkerton

osservando il gruppo delle donne

Certo dietro a quella vela di ventaglio

pavonazzo,

la mia suocera si cela.

Cugina

a Butterfly

Goro l'offrì pur anco a me.

Cousin and friends

Handsome he's not.

Butterfly

offended

Handsome man you never saw,

not in your dreams.

Mother

He seems to be a king!

Relations and friends

To me he seems to be a king!

He's worth a lot.

To tell the truth: handsome he's not.

Pinkerton

observing the group of women

I feel sure that there behind the

mighty fan of peacock's feathers,

my mother-in law is hiding.

Cousin

to Butterfly

Goro offered him to me as well.

Butterfly

sdegnosa alla Cugina

Si, giusto tu!

Pinkerton

indicando Yakusidé

E quel coso da strapazzo

è lo zio briaco e pazzo.

Parenti, amici ed amiche

alla Cugina

Ecco, perché prescelta fu,
vuol far con te la soprappiù!

La sua beltà già disfiori.

Divorzierà. Spero di sì.

La sua beltà già disfiori.

Goro

*esce dalla casa e indispettito dal
garrulo cicaglio, va dall'uno all'altro
raccomandando di parlare sottovoce*
Per carità, tacete un po'.

Yakusidé

addocchiando i servi che cominciano a

Butterfly

contemptuously, to the Cousin

To you, my dear!

Pinkerton

pointing to Yakusidé

And that shabby looking ninny

is the mad and boozy uncle.

Relations and friends

to the Cousin

Because on her his choice did fall,
she would look down upon us all!

I think her beauty is on the wane.

He will never stay. I hope he won't.

Her beauty is on the wane.

Goro

*leaves the house and, annoyed at the idle
chatter, goes from one to another, is
entreating them to lower their voices*
For goodness' sake be silent all.

Yakusidé

staring at the servants who are bringing

portare vini e liquori

Vino ce n'è?

Madre e Zia

sbirciando, cercando di non farsi scorgere
Guardiamo un po'.

Parenti ed amiche

con soddisfazione, a Yakusidé

Ne vidi già color di thè,
color di thè e chermisi!

Ah, hu! Ah, hu!

Parenti ed amiche

guardando compassionevolmente Butterfly
La sua beltà già disfiori,
già disfiori. Divorzierà
Ah, hu! Ah, hu!

Madre e Zia

Mi pare un re.

Vale un Perù in verità.

Bello è così che non si può sognar di più.

Mi pare un re.

Bello è così che non si può sognar di più,

wines and liquors

Is there no wine?

Mother and Aunt

leering, trying to keep out of sight
Let's look around.

Relations and girl friends

with satisfaction, to Yakusidé

I've just seen some, the hue of tea,
the hue of tea, and crimson too!

Ah, hu! Ah, hu!

Relations and girl friends

looking pityingly at Butterfly
I think her beauty is on the wane,
it is on the wane. He'll never stay.
Ah, hu! Ah, hu!

Mother and Aunt

To me he seems to be a king.

To tell the truth, he's worth a lot.

You never saw, not in your dreams.

To me he seems to be a king.

A finer man you never saw,

sognar di più.
Mi pare un re. Vale un Perù.

Cugina

Goro l'offrì pur anco a me, ma s'ebbe un no!
Bello non è in verità.
Goro l'offrì pur anco a me, ma s'ebbe un no!
In verità bello non è.
Divorzierà. Spero di sì.

Parenti ed amiche

Bello non è, in verità, bello non è,
bello non è, in verità.
Divorzierà. Spero di sì. Divorzierà!

Altri parenti ed amiche

Bello è così che non si può sognar di più!
Mi pare un re. Vale un Perù!
In verità è così bel
che pare un re, in verità mi par un re, in
verità.
Divorzierà. Spero di sì. Divorzierà!

not in your dreams, not in your dreams.
To me he seems to be a king. He's worth a lot.

Cousin

Goro had offered him to me, but I said no!
Handsome he's not, to tell the truth!
Goro had offered him to me, but I said no!
To tell the truth, he's not handsome.
He will never stay, I hope he won't.

Relations and girl friends

Handsome he's not, to tell the truth,
handsome he's not!
Handsome he's not, to tell the truth!
He'll never stay, I hope he won't!

Other relations and girl friends

A handsomer man you never saw, not in
your dreams!
He seems to be a king. He's worth a lot.
To tell the truth he is so fine, that I consider
him a king.
He'll never stay, I hope he won't!

Yakusidé

Vino ce n'è? Guardiamo un po',
guardiamo un po'.
Ne vidi già color di thè, e chermisi,
color di thè.
Vino ce n'è? Vediamo un po'!

Goro

interviene di nuovo per far cessar il baccano
Per carità tacete un po'!
Sch! Sch! Sch!

Sharpless

a Pinkerton a parte
O amico fortunato!

*Ai cenni di Goro parenti e invitati
si rinniscono in crocchio,
sempre però agitando e chiacchierando.*

Cugina, e dei parenti ed amiche

Ei l'offrì pur anco a me!

Madre, ed altri parenti ed amiche

Egli è bel, mi pare un re!

Yakusidé

Is there no wine? Let's look around,
let's look around.
I've just seen some the hue of tea,
and crimson too.
Is there no wine? Let's look around!

Goro

tries again to stop their chatter
For pity's sake be silent now!
Sh! Sh! Sh!

Sharpless

to Pinkerton, aside
Indeed, my friend, you're lucky!

*At signs from Goro the relations and guests
crowd together in a bunch, but still
chattering excitedly.*

Cousin, relations and girl friends

He offer'd him to me as well!

Mother, other relations and girl friends

He is handsome, he seems to be a king!

Pinkerton

Si, è vero, è un fiore, un fiore!

Sharpless

O fortunato Pinkerton,...

Pinkerton

L'esotico suo odore ...

Sharpless

... che in sorte v'è toccato ...

Cugina, e dei parenti ed amiche

... ma risposi non lo vo' ...

Madre, ed altri parenti ed amiche

Non avrei risposto no!

Pinkerton

... m'ha il cervello sconvolto.

Sharpless

...un fior pur or sbocciato!

Pinkerton

Ah she's a gem, a flower.

Sharpless

Ah trebly lucky Pinkerton,...

Pinkerton

Her exotic smell...

Sharpless

...since fate has let you gather...

Cousin, relations and girl friends

...but my answer was no!

Mother, other relations and girl friends

I would not have answered no!

Pinkerton

...fans the flame of my passion.

Sharpless

...a flower hardly open'd

Cugina, e dei parenti ed amiche

... e risposi: no!

Madre, ed altri parenti ed amiche

... non direi mai no!

Sharpless

Non più bella è d'assai
fanciulla io vidi mai
di questa Butterfly.
E se a voi sembran scede
il patto e la sua fede...

Cugina, dei parenti ed amiche

Senza tanto ricercar
io ne trovo dei miglior,
e gli dirò un bel no,
e gli dirò di no, di no!

Madre, altri parenti ed amiche

No, mie care, non mi par.
È davvero un gran signor,
nè gli direi di no,
nè mai direi di no, di no!

Cousin, relations and girl friends

...but I answered: no!

Mother, other relations and girl friends

...I would not say no!

Sharpless

I have never seen fairer,
nor sweeter maiden
than this little Butterfly.
Do not look on this contract
and on her faith as folly...

Cousin, relations and girl friends

I should not have far to seek,
better men than him to find
and I would answer no,
and I would answer no, no!

Mother, other relations and girl friends

No, my dears, that is not so.
Truly a great lord is he,
I'd never answer no,
I'd never answer no, no!

Butterfly*ai suoi*

Badate, attenti a me.

PinkertonSì, è vero, è un fiore, un fiore,
e in fede mia l'ho colto!**Parenti ed amici**

E divorzierà, e divorzierà, divorzierà!

Sharpless

...badate! Ella vi crede

Butterfly*a sua madre*

Mamma, vien qua.

*agli altri*Badate a me: attenti, orsù
parlato con voce infantile
uno, due tre... e tutti giù!*Al cenno di Butterfly tutti si inchinano
innanzi a Pinkerton ed a Sharpless.
I parenti si rialzano e si spargono nel***Butterfly***to her people*

Attention, if you please.

PinkertonAh she's a gem, a flower
which in good faith I have gathered!**Relations and friends**

He'll never stay, he'll never stay!

Sharpless

...I warn you! For she trusts you.

Butterfly*to her mother*

Mother, come here,

*to the others*Listen to me: all of you look,
spoken, in childish tones
one, two, three... all of you down!*At a sign from Butterfly they all kowtow to
Pinkerton and Sharpless. The relations rise
and go into the garden. Goro accompanies**giardino. Goro ne conduce qualcuno nell'
interno della casa. Pinkerton prende per
mano Butterfly e la conduce verso la casa.**some of them into the house. Pinkerton
takes Butterfly's hand and guides her
towards the house.*

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Pinkerton

Vieni, amor mio!

Vi piace la casetta?

Butterfly

Signor F. B. Pinkerton,

*mostra le mani e le braccia che sono
impacciate dalle maniche rigonfie
perdono... io vorrei...
pochi oggetti da donna...***Pinkerton**

Dove sono?

Butterfly*indicando le maniche*
Sono qui... vi dispiace?**Pinkerton***un poco sorpreso, sorride, poi subito***Pinkerton**

Come, my beloved!

Do you like the little house?

Butterfly

Mister F. B. Pinkerton,

*shows him her hands and arms which are
encumbered by stuffed-out sleeves
forgive me... I would like to...
a young girl's few possessions...***Pinkerton**

But where are they?

Butterfly*pointing to her sleeves*
They are here... are you angry?**Pinkerton***rather astonished, smiles, then quickly and*

acconsente con galanteria

O perché mai, mia bella Butterfly?

Butterfly

a mano a mano cava dalle maniche gli oggetti, li consegna a Suzuki, che è uscita sulla terrazza, e li depone nelle casa Fazzoletti... la pipa... una cintura... un piccolo fermaglio... uno specchio... un ventaglio...

Pinkerton

vede un vasetto
Quel barattolo?

Butterfly

Un vaso di tintura...

Pinkerton

Ohibò!

Butterfly

Vi spiace?... Via!
trae un astuccio lungo e stretto

gallantly reassures her

Nay, angry, why dear little Butterfly?

Butterfly

empties her sleeves, and gives their contents one by one to Suzuki who came out to the terrace, and puts them into the house. Silken kerchiefs... a pipe... a ribbon. a little silver buckle... a mirror... a fan...

Pinkerton

sees a jar
What is that you have?

Butterfly

A little jar of carmine.

Pinkerton

Oh fie!

Butterfly

You mind it?... Away with it!
draws forth a long narrow sheath

Pinkerton

E quello?

Butterfly

molto seria
Cosa sacra è mia.

Pinkerton

curioso
E non si può vedere?

Butterfly

C'è troppa gente.
sparisce nella casa portando con sé l'astuccio
Perdonate.

Goro

che si è avvicinato, dice all'orecchio di Pinkerton
È un presente del Mikado a suo padre...
coll'invito...
fa il gesto di chi s'apre il ventre

Pinkerton

And that thing?

Butterfly

very gravely
That I hold most sacred.

Pinkerton

curiously
And am I not to see it?

Butterfly

Not here in public.
goes into the house, taking the the sheath with her.
Excuse me.

Goro

who has approached, whispers to Pinkerton
It was sent by the Mikado to her father...
with a message...
imitating the action of suicide

Pinkerton

piano a Goro
E... suo padre?

Goro

Ha obbedito.
si allontana, rientrando nella casa

*Butterfly, che è ritornata, va a sedersi sulla
terrazza vicino a Pinkerton e leva dalle
maniche alcune statuette.*

Butterfly

Gli Ottokè.

Pinkerton

ne prende una e la esamina con curiosità
Quei pupazzi?...
Avete detto?

Butterfly

Son l'anime degli avi.
depone le statuette

Pinkerton

softly to Goro
And... her father?

Goro

Was obedient.
withdraws, heading back into the house

*Butterfly comes back, takes a seat next to
Pinkerton on the terrace and takes some
little statues from her sleeves.*

Butterfly

The Ottokè.

Pinkerton

takes one and examines it with curiosity
These small figures?
Can you mean it?

Butterfly

The souls of my forefathers.
puts down the statues

Pinkerton

Ah! Il mio rispetto.

Butterfly

con rispettosa confidenza a Pinkerton
Ieri son salita tutta sola in segreto alla
Missione.

Colla nuova mia vita posso adottare
nuova religione.

con paura
Lo zio Bonzo nol sa, nè i miei lo sanno.

Io seguo il mio destino
e piena d'umiltà,
al Dio del signor Pinkerton m'inchino.
È mio destino.

Nella stessa chiesetta in ginocchio con voi
pregherò lo stesso Dio.

E per farvi contento potrò forse obliar la
gente mia.

si getta nelle braccia di Pinkerton

Amore mio!
*Si arresta come avesse paura d'essere stata
udita dai parenti.*

Pinkerton

Ah! I bow before them.

Butterfly

in respectfully confidential tones to Pinkerton
Yesterday I crept softly to the Mission.

Ent'ring on my new life,
I wish to adopt another religion.

anxiously
Uncle Bonze does not know,
neither do my relations.

My fate I have to follow,
and full of humble faith,
I bow before the God of my dear master
Pinkerton.

The Fates have willed it.
In the same house as you I will pray to the
same God on my knees.

And to please you I can perhaps forget my
own people.

throws herself into Pinkerton's arms

My beloved!
*She cuts the note short, appearing alarmed
lest her relatives should have overheard her.*

Intanto Goro ha aperto lo shosi. Nella stanza dove tutto è pronto pel matrimonio, si trovano Sharpless e le autorità. Butterfly entra nella casa e si inginocchia. Pinkerton è in piedi vicino a lei. I parenti sono nel giardino rivolti verso la casa, inginocchiati.

Goro

Tutti zitti!

Il Commissario Imperiale

legge

È concesso al nominato Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton, Luogotenente nella cannoniera Lincoln, marina degli Stati Uniti, America del Nord: ed alla damigella Butterfly del quartiere d'Omara Nagasaki, d'unirsi in matrimonio, per dritto il primo, della propria volontà, ed ella per consenso dei parenti qui testimoni all'atto. *porge l'atto per la firma*

Meanwhile Goro has opened the shosi. In the room where everything is prepared for the wedding Sharpless and the authorities are waiting. Butterfly enters the house and kneels down. Pinkerton stands beside her. The relations are in the garden, facing the house, on their knees.

Goro

Silence!

The Imperial Commissioner

reads out

Leave is given to the under signed, Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton, Lieutenant serving on the gunboat Lincoln, of the United States Navy of North America: and to the spinster, known as Butterfly, inhabitant of Omara Nagasaki, to join in bonds of wedlock. To wit the former, of his free accord and will, the latter with consent of her relations, witnesses of the contract. *hands the bond for signature*

Goro

molto cerimonioso

Lo sposo.

Pinkerton firma

Poi la sposa.

Butterfly firma

E tutto è fatto.

Le amiche si avvicinano, complimentose, a Butterfly, alla quale fanno ripetuti inchini.

Amiche

Madama Butterfly!

Butterfly

alza un dito, e corregge

Madama F. B. Pinkerton.

Le amiche festeggiano Butterfly, che ne bacia qualcuna. Intanto l'Ufficiale del registro ritira l'atto e le altre carete, poi avverte il Commissario Imperiale che tutto è finito.

Goro

with much unction

The bridegroom.

Pinkerton signs

Now the bride.

Butterfly signs

And all is settled.

The girl friends approach Butterfly, congratulating her and taking deep bows.

Girl friends

Madam Butterfly!

Butterfly

corrects them, with finger raised

Madam F. B. Pinkerton.

The girl friends cluster round Butterfly, who kisses some of them. Meanwhile the Registrar removes the bond and the other papers, then informs the Commissioner that the ceremony is over.

Il Commissario Imperiale

saluta Pinkerton
Auguri molti.

Pinkerton

I miei ringraziamenti.
rende il saluto

Il Commissario Imperiale

si avvicina al Console
Il signor Console scende?

Sharpless

L'accompagno.
saluta Pinkerton
Ci vedrem domani.
stringendo la mano a Pinkerton

Pinkerton

A meraviglia.

L'Ufficiale del registro

congedandosi da Pinkerton
Posterità.

The Imperial Commissioner

congratulating Pinkerton
The best of wishes.

Pinkerton

I thank you most sincerely.
bowing to him

The Imperial Commissioner

approaches the Consul
Consul, are you leaving?

Sharpless

I'll go with him.
nodding to Pinkerton
We shall meet tomorrow.
shaking hands with Pinkerton

Pinkerton

Tomorrow, surely.

The Registrar

taking leave of Pinkerton
The best of luck.

Pinkerton

Mi proverò.

Il Console, il Commissario Imperiale e l'Ufficiale del registro si avviano per scendere alla città.

Sharpless

ritorna indietro, e con accento significativo dice a Pinkerton
Giudizio!

Pinkerton con un gesto lo rassicura e lo saluta colla mano. Sharpless scende pel sentiero.

Pinkerton

ritorna innanzi e stropicciandosi le mani dice fra sè
Ed eccoci in famiglia.
Sbrighiamoci al più presto in modo onesto.

I servi portano delle bottiglie di Saki e distribuiscono i bicchieri agli invitati.

Pinkerton

I'm much obliged.

The Consul, the Imperial Commissioner and the Registrar depart, to go down to the town.

Sharpless

comes back again and says to Pinkerton in significant tones
Be careful!

Pinkerton reassures him with a gesture and gives him a friendly wave of the hand. Sharpless goes down by the path.

Pinkerton

returns to the front, and says to himself, rubbing his hands
Now quickly to get rid of this little family party in the most honest way.

The servants bring bottles of Saki and give the glasses to the guests.

Pinkerton

brindando cogli invitati
Hip! Hip!

Coro degl'invitati

brindando
O Kami! O Kami!

Pinkerton

Beviamo ai novissimi legami.

Invitati e Yakusidé

O Kami! O Kami!

Pinkerton

Beviamo ai novissimi legami.

Cugina e Madre

Beviamo, beviamo.

Invitati, Cugina e Madre

O Kami! O Kami!

Pinkerton

Beviamo ai novissimi legami.

Pinkerton

takes a glass and raises it
Hip! Hip!

The guest's chorus

toasting
O Kami! O Kami!

Pinkerton

Let's drink to the newly married couple.

Guests and Yakusidé

O Kami! O Kami!

Pinkerton

Let's drink to the newly married couple.

Cousin and Mother

Let's drink, let's drink!

Guests, Cousin and Mother

O Kami! O Kami!

Pinkerton

Let's drink to the newly married couple.

I brindisi sono interrotti da strane grida che partono dal sentiero della collina.

Lo Zio Bonzo

dall'interno lontano
Cio-Cio-San!

A questo grido tutti i parenti e gli amici allibiscono e si raccolgono impauriti. Butterfly rimane isolata in un angolo.

Bonzo

Cio-Cio-San! Abbominazione!

Butterfly ed invitati

Lo zio Bonzo!

Goro

Un corno al guastafeste!
Chi ci leva d'intorno
le persone moleste?!...

Bonzo

Cio-Cio-San! Cio-Cio-San!
Cio-Cio-San!

The toasts are interrupted by strange cries coming from the path on the hill.

Uncle Bonze

from the distance
Cio-Cio-San!

At this shout all the relations and friends are thunderstruck, and huddle together in terror. Butterfly remains alone in a corner.

Bonze

Cio-Cio-San! Abomination!

Butterfly and guests

Uncle Bonze!

Goro

A plague on this intruder!
What on earth brought him hither
of all troublesome people?!...

The Bonze

Cio-Cio-San! Cio-Cio-San!
Cio-Cio-San!

Al fondo appare la strana figura del Bonzo, preceduto da due portatori di lanterne e seguito da due Bonzi.

Bonzo

Cio-Cio-San!

vista Butterfly, che si è scostata da tutti, il Bonzo stende le mani minacciose verso di lei

Che hai tu fatto alla Missione?

Parenti ed amici

Rispondi, Cio-Cio-San!

Pinkerton

seccato per la scenata del Bonzo

Che mi strilla quel matto?

Bonzo

Rispondi, che hai tu fatto?

Parenti ed amici

volgendosi, ansiosi, verso Butterfly

Rispondi, Cio-Cio-San!

In the background appears the odd figure of the Bonze; two lantern bearers walk in front of him and two Bonzes behind him.

Bonze

Cio-Cio-San!

at the sight of Butterfly, who stands isolated from the rest, the Bonze stretches out his hands threateningly towards her

What were you doing at the Mission?

Relations and friends

Give answer, Cio-Cio-San!

Pinkerton

angry at the scene made by the Bonze

What's that lunatic shrieking?

Bonze

Give answer, what were you doing?

Relations and friends

anxiously, turning to Butterfly

Give answer, Cio-Cio-San!

Bonzo

Come, hai tu gli occhi asciutti?

Son dunque questi i frutti?

Ci ha rinnegato tutti!

Parenti ed amici

scandolezzati, con grido acuto, prolungato

Hou! Cio-Cio-San!

Bonzo

Rinnegato, vi dico,

il culto antico.

Parenti ed amici

Hou! Cio-Cio-San!

Bonzo

imprecando contro Butterfly, che si copre il volto colle mani. La Madre si avvanza per difenderla, ma il Bonzo duramente la respinge e si avvicina terribile a Butterfly, gridandole sulla faccia

Kami sarundasico!

Bonze

How then, don't you even falter?

Are these the fruits of evil?

She has renounced us all!

Relations and friends

scandalized, shouting long and loud

Hou! Cio-Cio-San!

Bonze

She's renounced, let me tell you, her true religion.

Relations and friends

Hou! Cio-Cio-San!

Bonze

hurls imprecations at Butterfly, who hides her face in her hands. The Mother comes forward to protect her, but the Bonze pushes her away roughly, and approaches Butterfly in a fury, shouting in her face
Kami sarundasico!

Parenti ed amici

Hou! Cio-Cio-San!

Bonzo

All'anima tua guasta
qual supplizio sovrasta!

Pinkerton

*ha perduto la pazienza e si intromette fra
il Bonzo e Butterfly*

Ehi, dico: basta, basta!

Bonzo

*si arresta alla voce di Pinkerton stupefatto,
poi con subita risoluzione invita i parenti e
le amiche a partire*

Venite tutti. Andiamo!

a Butterfly

Ci hai rinnegato e noi...

*Tutti si ritirano frettolosamente al fondo e
stendono le braccia verso Butterfly.*

Bonzo, Yakusidé, parenti ed amici

...ti rinneghiamo!

Relations and friends

Hou! Cio-Cio-San!

Bonze

In everlasting torment
may your wicked soul perish!

Pinkerton

*has lost patience, and intervenes between
the Bonze and Butterfly*

Be silent now, do you hear me!

Bonze

*stops short in amazement at the sound of
Pinkerton's voice, then with a sudden resolve
he invites relations and friends to go*

Come with me all, we'll leave her!

to Butterfly

You have renounced us all and we...

*All retire hastily to the back and stretch
their arms towards Butterfly.*

Bonze, Yakusidé, relations and friends

...we renounce you!

Pinkerton

con autorità, ordinando a tutti d'andarsene
Sbarazzate all'istante.

In casa mia niente baccano e niente
bonzeria.

Parenti ed amici

grido

Hou!

*Alle parole di Pinkerton, tutti corrono
precipitosamente verso il sentiero che
scende alla città. La Madre tenta di
nuovo di andare presso Butterfly, ma
viene travolta dagli altri. Il Bonzo sparisce
pel sentiero che va al tempio seguito
dagli accoliti.*

*Le voci a poco a poco si allontanano.
Butterfly sta sempre immobile e muta
colla faccia nelle mani, mentre Pinkerton
si è recato alla sommità dal sentiero per
assicurarsi che tutti quei seccatori se ne
vanno.*

Pinkerton

authoritatively ordering all to depart
Leave the place on the instant.

Here I am master and I'll have no turmoil
and no disturbance here.

Relations and friends

shout

Hou!

*At Pinkerton's words, they all rush hastily
towards the path which leads down to the
town. Butterfly's mother again tries to
approach her, but is dragged away by the
others. The Bonze leaves on the way that
leads to the temple, followed by the others.
By degrees the voices grow faint in the
distance. Butterfly remains motionless and
silent, her face buried in her hands, whilst
Pinkerton has gone to the top of the path,
to make sure that all these troublesome
guests have really gone.*

Bonzo, Yakusidé, parenti ed amici

Kami sarundasico!
 Hou! Cio-Cio-San!
 Ti rinneghiamo!

Parenti ed amici

Hou! Cio-Cio-San!
lontano molto
 Hou! Cio-Cio-San!

Comincia a calare la sera. Butterfly scoppia in pianto infantile. Pinkerton l'ode e va premuroso presso di lei, sollevandola dall'abbattimento in cui è caduta e togliendole con delicatezza le mani dal viso piangente.

Pinkerton

Bimba, bimba, non piangere
 per gracchiar di ranocchi...

Parenti ed amici

lontanissimo
 Hou! Cio-Cio-San!

Bonze, Yakusidé, relations and friends

Kami sarundasico!
 Hou! Cio-Cio-San!
 We all renounce you!

Relations and friends

Hou! Cio-Cio-San!
very far off
 Hou! Cio-Cio-San!

Evening begins to fall. Butterfly burst into childish tears. Pinkerton hears her and anxiously hastens to her side, supporting her in her fainting condition and tenderly taking her hands from her tearful face.

Pinkerton

Dearest, my dearest, weep no more.
 Let the frogs croak their loudest...

Relations and friends

very far off
 Hou! Cio-Cio-San!

Butterfly

turandosi le orecchie, per non udire le grida
 Urlano ancor!

Pinkerton

rincorandola
 Tutta la tua tribù e i Bonzi tutti del Giappone non valgono il pianto di quegli occhi cari e belli.

Butterfly

sorridendo infantilmente
 Davver?
 Non piango più.
 E quasi del ripudio non mi duole per le vostre parole che mi suonan così dolci nel cuor.
si china per baciare la mano a Pinkerton

Pinkerton

dolcemente impedendo
 Che fai?... La man?

Butterfly

Mi han detto che laggiù,

Butterfly

holding her ears, so as not to hear the shouts
 They are still yelling!

Pinkerton

cheering her
 All your respected tribe and all the Bonzes in Japan are not worth a tear from those dear little beautiful eyes of yours.

Butterfly

smiling with childlike pleasure
 Indeed?
 I'll weep no more.
 And I'm scarcely grieved at their desertion.
 So sweet are your words of comfort, which fall like gentle balm on my heart.
stoops to kiss Pinkerton's hand

Pinkerton

gently stopping her
 What's this?... My hand?

Butterfly

They tell me that abroad,

fra la gente costumata
è questo il segno del maggior rispetto.

Suzuki

internamente, brontolando

E Izaghi ed Izanami,
Sarundasico e Kami,
e Izaghi ed Izanami,
Sarundasico e Kami.

Pinkerton

sorpreso pertale sordo bisbiglio
Chi brontolandola lassù?

Butterfly

È Suzuki che fa la sua preghiera seral.

*Scende sempre più la sera, e Pinkerton
conduce Butterfly verso la casetta.*

Pinkerton

Viene la sera...

where the people are more cultured,
this is a token of the highest honour.

Suzuki

within, murmuring

And Izaghi and Izanami,
Sarundasico and Kami
and Izaghi and Izanami,
Sarundasico and Kami.

Pinkerton

wondering at the subdued murmurs
Who's murmuring in there?

Butterfly

It is Suzuki who offers up her evening prayer.

*Evening draws in more and more and
Pinkerton leads Butterfly towards the house.*

Pinkerton

Evening is falling...

Butterfly

...e l'ombra e la quiete.

Pinkerton

E sei qui sola.

Butterfly

Sola e rinnegata! Rinnegata!
E felice!

*I servi e Suzuki accorrono, e Pinkerton
ordina ai servi.*

Pinkerton

A voi, chiudete!

*I servi fanno scorrere silenziosamente
alcune pareti.*

Butterfly

a Pinkerton

Sì, sì, noi tutti soli... e fuori il mondo...

Pinkerton

ridendo

...e il Bonzo furibondo.

Butterfly

...with shadows and quiet.

Pinkerton

You're here alone.

Butterfly

Alone and renounced! Renounced!
And yet happy!

*The servants and Suzuki hasten in and
Pinkerton orders.*

Pinkerton

Come hither, the shosi.

*The servants silently slide along several
partitions.*

Butterfly

to Pinkerton

Yes, we are all alone... the world is yonder...

Pinkerton

laughing

...and your uncle breathing thunder.

Butterfly*a Suzuki*

Suzuki, le mie vesti.

*Suzuki fruga in un cofano e dà a Butterfly gli abiti per la notte ed un cofanetto coll'occorrente per la toeletta.***Suzuki***inchinandosi a Pinkerton*

Buona notte.

*I servi corrono via. Butterfly entra nella casa ed aiutata da Suzuki fa cautelosamente la sua toeletta da notte, levandosi la veste nuziale ed indossandone una tutta bianca; poi siede su di un cuscino e mirandosi in uno specchietto si ravvia i capelli. Suzuki esce.***Butterfly**Quest'obi pomposa di sciogliere mi tarda
si vesta la sposa di puro candor.Tra motti sommessi sorride e mi guarda.
Celarmi pottessi! Ne ho tanto rossor!**Butterfly***to Suzuki*

Suzuki, bring my garments.

*Suzuki rummages in a trunk and gives Butterfly her night attire and a small box with toilet-requirements.***Suzuki***bowing low to Pinkerton*

Good night.

*The servants run away. Butterfly enters into the house, and assisted by Suzuki, performs her toilet for the night, exchanging her wedding-garment for a white one; then she sits down on a cushion and, looking in a small hand-mirror arranges her hair. Suzuki leaves.***Butterfly**I long to be rid of this ponderous obi,
a bride must be robed in a garment of white.He's peeping and smiling, concealed by the
lattice.

Oh, could I but vanish, my blushes to hide!

Pinkerton*guardando amorosamente Butterfly*Con moti di scoiattolo i nodi allenta e
scioglie.

Pensar che quel giocattolo è mia moglie!

Mia moglie!

*sorridendo*Ma tal grazia dispiega, ch'io mi strugge
per la febbre d'un subito desio.*alzandosi, poco a poco s'avvicina a Butterfly***Butterfly**

E ancor l'irata voce mi maledice...

Butterfly, rinnegata...

Rinnegata... e felice...

Pinkerton*stende le mani a Butterfly che sta per
scendere dalla terrazza*Bimba dagli occhi pieni di malia
ora sei tutta mia.

Sei tutta vestita di giglio.

Mi piace la treccia tua bruna
fra i candidi veli.**Pinkerton***watches Butterfly lovingly*

She unties the knots like a little squirrel.

To think that pretty plaything is my wife!

My wife!

*smiling*But her charm is so alluring,
my heart is beating madly with passionate
longing!*rising, gradually draws closer to Butterfly***Butterfly**

I hear his angry voice still shouting curses...

Butterfly, they've renounced her...

They've renounced her... still she's happy...

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Pinkerton*raises Butterfly gently, and goes out with
her on the terrace*Child, from whose eyes the witchery is shining,
now you are all my own.

You're clad all in lily white raiment.

How sweet are your tresses of brown
in your snowy garment.

Butterfly

Somiglio la Dea della luna,
la piccola Dea della luna
che scende la notte dal ponte del ciel.

Pinkerton

E affascina i cuori...

Butterfly

E li prende e li avvolge
in un bianco mantel
E via se li reca
negli alti reami.

Pinkerton

Ma intanto finor non m'hai detto,
ancor non m'hai detto che m'ami.
Le sa quella Dea le parole
che appagan gli ardenti desir?

Butterfly

Le sa. Forse dirle non vuole
per tema d'averne a morir!

Butterfly

I am like the moon's little Goddess,
the little Moon-Goddess who comes down
by night from her bridge in the sky.

Pinkerton

Bewitching all hearts...

Butterfly

Then she takes them,
and she wraps them in mantle of white
and away she bears them,
to realms high above.

Pinkerton

But dear one, as yet you have not told me,
have not told me yet that you love me.
Do you think that my Goddess knows
the sweet words I am yearning to hear?

Butterfly

She knows. But perhaps will not say them,
for fear she may die of her love!

Pinkerton

Stolta paura, l'amor non uccide
ma dà vita e sorride per gioie celestiali
come ora fa nei tuoi lunghi occhi ovali...
*avvicinandosi a Butterfly e carezzandole
il viso*

*Butterfly, con subito movimento si ritrae
dalla carezza ardente di Pinkerton.*

Butterfly

con intenso sentimento
Adesso voi siete per me
l'occhio del firmamento.
E mi piaceste dal primo momento
che vi ho veduto.
*ha un moto di spavento e fa atto diturarsi
gli orecchi, come se ancora avesse ad udire
le urla dei parenti. Poi si rassicura e con
fiducia si rivolge a Pinkerton.*
Siete alto, forte.
Rideste con modi si palesi
e dite corse che mai non intesi.
Or son contenta, or son contenta.

Pinkerton

Fear not, for love does not mean dying,
but living, and it radiates celestial happiness.
I see it shine, as in your oval eyes I'm gazing.
*drawing close to Butterfly and taking her
face in his hands*

*Butterfly, with a sudden movement, withdraws
herself from Pinkerton's ardent embrace.*

Butterfly

intensely
Now you are the eye
of the firmament to me.
And indeed I liked you the very first moment
that I saw you.
*has a sudden panic and puts her hands
to her ears, as though she still heard her
relatives shouting. Then she rallies and once
more turns confidingly to Pinkerton.*
You're so tall, so strong.
Your laugh is so open and so hearty
and the things you say are so fascinating.
Now I am happy, yes, I am happy.

Notte completa; cielo purissimo e stellato.
Butterfly si avvicina lentamente a Pinkerton
seduto sulla panca nel giardino. S'inginocchia
ai piedi di Pinkerton e lo guarda con tenerezza,
quasi supplichevole.

Night has closed in completely; the sky is
unclouded and closely strewn with stars.
Butterfly draws slowly nearer to Pinkerton,
who is sitting on a bench in the garden. She
kneels down on his feet and looks at him
tenderly, almost beseechingly.

Butterfly

Vogliatemi bene,
un ben piccolino,
un bene da bambino,
quale a me si conviene.
Vogliatemi bene.
Noi siamo gente avvezza
alle piccole cose
umili e silenziose,
ad una tenerezza
sfiorante e pur profonda
come il ciel, come l'onda del mare!

Pinkerton

Dammi ch'io baci le tue mani care.
Mia Butterfly! Come t'han ben nomata,
tenue farfalla...

Butterfly

Ah, love me a little,
oh, just a very little,
as you would love a baby,
that is all that I ask for.
Ah, love me a little.
We are people
accustomed to the little,
humble and silent things,
to a tenderness
touching and yet deep
like the sky, like the wave of the sea!

Pinkerton

Give me your darling hands that I may kiss them.
My Butterfly! Aptly your name was chosen,
tenuous butterfly...

A queste parole Butterfly si rattrista e
ritira le mani.

Butterfly

Dicon che oltre mare
se cade in man dell'uomo,
con paurosa espressione
ogni farfalla da uno spillo è trafitta
con strazio
ed in tavola infitta!

Pinkerton

riprendendo le sue mani e sorridendo
Un po' di vero c'è.
E tu lo sai perché?
Perché non fugga più.
con entusiasmo e affettuosamente
abbracciandola
lo t'ho ghermita.
Ti serro palpitante.
Sei mia.

Butterfly

abbandonandosi
Sì, per la vita.

At these words Butterfly's face clouds over
and she withdraws her hands.

Butterfly

They say that in your country
if a butterfly is caught by man,
with an expression of fear
he'll pierce its heart with a needle,
with anguish
and then leave it to perish!

Pinkerton

taking her hands again gently, and smiling
Some truth there is in that.
And can you tell me why?
That it may not escape.
with ardour and embracing her
affectionately
See, I have caught you.
I hold you as you flutter.
You are mine.

Butterfly

gives in
Yes, yours forever.

Pinkerton

Vieni, vieni!
 Via dall'anima in pena
 l'angoscia paurosa.
indica il cielo stellato
 È notte serena!
 Guarda: dorme ogni cosa!

Butterfly

guardando il cielo, estatica
 Ah, dolce notte!

Pinkerton

Vieni, vieni!

Butterfly

Quante stelle!
 Non le vidi mai sì belle!

Pinkerton

È notte serena!
 Ah, vieni, vieni!
 È notte serena!
 Guarda: dorme ogni cosa!

Pinkerton

Come, oh come!
 Love, what fear holds you trembling.
 Have done with all misgivings.
points to the starlit sky
 The night doth enfold us!
 See: the world lies sleeping!

Butterfly

looking at the sky, enraptured
 Ah, lovely night!

Pinkerton

Come, oh, come!

Butterfly

Those stars!
 Never have I seen such glory!

Pinkerton

The night doth enfold us!
 Ah, come, come then!
 The night enfolds us!
 See: the world lies sleeping!

Butterfly

Dolce notte! Quante stelle!

Pinkerton

Vieni, vieni!

Butterfly

Non le vidi mai sì belle!

Pinkerton

Vieni, vieni!

Butterfly

Trema, brilla ogni favilla...

Pinkerton

Vieni, sei mia!

Butterfly

...col baglior d'una pupilla! Oh!
 Oh, quanti occhi fissi, attenti
 d'ogni parte a riguardar
 pei firmamenti, via pei lidi,
 via pel mare!

Butterfly

Lovely night! So many stars!

Pinkerton

Come, oh, come!

Butterfly

Never have I seen such glory!

Pinkerton

Come, oh, come!

Butterfly

Throbbing, sparkling, each star in heaven...

Pinkerton

Come, you are mine!

Butterfly

...like a fiery eye is flashing. Oh!
 Oh, how kindly are the heavens,
 every star that shines afar
 is gazing on us, and lighting
 the firmament, the shores, the sea for us!

Pinkerton

con cupido amore

Via l'angoscia dal tuo cor

ti serro palpitante. Sei mia!

Ah, vien, vien, sei mia!

Ah, vieni, guarda: dorme ogni cosa!

Ti serro palpitante. Ah, vien!

Butterfly

Oh, quanti occhi fissi attenti.

Quanti sguardi ride il ciel!

Ah, dolce notte!

Tutto estatico d'amor ride il ciel!

Pinkerton

Guarda: dorme ogni cosa.

Ah, vien! Ah, vieni, vieni!

Ah, vien! Ah, vien, sei mia!

Salgono dal giardino nella casetta.

Pinkerton

with amorous desire

Cast all fear from out your heart,

I'll hold you close. You're mine!

Ah, come, come, you are mine!

Ah, come, see: the whole world lies a-sleeping!

I'll hold you close. Ah, come!

Butterfly

Oh, how many stars!

How the heavens are beaming at us!

Ah, lovely night!

The heavens are breathing love!

Pinkerton

See the whole world lies a-sleeping!

Ah, come! Ah, come, come! You are mine!

Ah, come! Ah, come, you are mine!

They go up from the garden into the house.

ATTO SECONDO**Parte Prima**

Interno della casetta di Butterfly. Le pareti sono chiuse lasciando la camera in una semioscurità. Suzuki prega, raggomitolata davanti all'immagine di Budda. Suona di quando in quando la campanella delle preghiere. Butterfly è stesa a terra, appoggiando la testa nelle palme delle mani.

Suzuki

pregando

E Izagi ed Izanami,

Sarundasico e Kami...

interrompendosi

Oh, la mia testa!

suona la campanella per richiamare

l'attenzione degli Dei

E tu, Ten-Sjoodaj!

con voce di pianto, guardando Butterfly

Fate che Butterfly non pianga più,

mai più, mai più!

SECOND ACT**First Part**

Inside Butterfly's house. The partitions are drawn, leaving the room in semi-darkness. Suzuki, coiled up before the images of Buddha, is praying. From time to time she rings the prayer-bell. Butterfly lies on the floor with her face resting in the palm of her hands.

Suzuki

praying

And Izaghi and Izanami,

Sarundasico and Kami...

stopping short

My head is throbbing!

she rings the bell to invoke the attention of

the Gods

And thou, Ten-Sjoodaj!

in tearful tones, looking at Butterfly

Grant me that Butterfly shall weep no more,

no more, no more!

Butterfly

senza muoversi

Pigri ed obesi son gli Dei giapponesi!
L'americano Iddio son persuasa
ben più presto risponde a chi l'implori.
Ma temo ch'egli ignori
che noi stiam qui di casa.
rimane pensierosa

*Suzuki si alza, apre la parete del fondo verso
il giardino.*

Butterfly

Suzuki, è lungi la miseria?

*Suzuki va ad un piccolo mobile ed apre un
cassetto cercando delle monete.*

Suzuki

*va presso Butterfly mostrandole
poche monete*
Questo è l'ultimo fondo.

Butterfly

Questo? Oh, troppe spese!

Butterfly

without moving

Lazy and idle are the Gods of Japan!
I am sure the American God gives an answer
far more quickly to those who pray to him.
But I am afraid he knows not
that here we are dwelling.
remains pensive

*Suzuki rises and slides back the partition at
the back, towards the garden.*

Butterfly

Suzuki, how soon shall we be starving?

*Suzuki goes to a small cabinet and opens a
casket to look for some money.*

Suzuki

*goes to Butterfly and shows her a very
few coins*
This is all that is left.

Butterfly

No more? Oh, we have been spendthrifts!

*Suzuki ripone il danaro nel piccolo mobile
e lo chiude.*

Suzuki

sospirando
S'egli non torna, e presto
siamo male in arnese.

Butterfly

decisa, alzandosi
Ma torna.

Suzuki

crollando la testa
Tornerà.

Butterfly

indispettita, avvicinandosi a Suzuki
Perché dispone che il Console
provveda alla pigione?
Rispondi su!

Suzuki tace

*Suzuki puts back the money into the
cabinet which she closes.*

Suzuki

sighing
Unless he comes, and quickly,
our plight is a bad one.

Butterfly

with decision, getting up
He'll come, though.

Suzuki

shaking her head
He will come.

Butterfly

vexed, approaches Suzuki
Why did he order the Consul
to provide this dwelling for us?
Now answer that!

Suzuki is silent.

Butterfly

sempre insistendo

Perché con tante cure
la casa rifornì di serrature,
s'è non volessi ritornar mai più?

Suzuki

Non lo so.

Butterfly

*un poco irritata e meravigliata di tanta
ignoranza*

Non lo sai?
ritornando calma e con fiducioso orgoglio
lo te lo dico.
Per tener ben fuori le zanzare, i parenti
ed i dolori, e dentro,
con gelosa custodia, la sua sposa,
la sua sposa che son io: Butterfly.

Suzuki

poco convinta
Mai non s'è udito
di straniero marito
che sia tornato al suo nido.

Butterfly

still persists

And why was he so careful
to have the house provided with safe locks,
if he did not intend to come again?

Suzuki

I know not.

Butterfly

*rather annoyed and surprised at such
ignorance*

Know you not?
calming down again, with proud confidence
Then I will tell you.
It was to keep outside those spiteful plagues,
my relations, and the pain, and inside,
it was to give to me, his wife, protection,
his beloved little wife that I am: Butterfly.

Suzuki

still far from convinced
I never heard as yet
of foreign husband
who did return to his nest.

Butterfly

furibonda afferra Suzuki

Ah! Taci, o t'uccido.
insistendo nel persuadere Suzuki
Quell'ultima mattina:
"Tornerete, signor?" gli domandai.
Egli, col cuore grosso,
per celarmi la pena,
sorridente rispose:
"O Butterfly, piccina mogliettina,
tornerò colle rose alla stagion serena
quando fa la nidiata il pettirosso."
calma e convinta si sdraia per terra
Tornerà.

Suzuki

con incredulità
Speriam.

Butterfly

insistendo
Dillo con me: Tornerà.

Suzuki

per compiacerla ripete, ma con dolore

Butterfly

furious, seizing hold of Suzuki

Ah! Shut up, or I'll kill you.
still trying to convince Suzuki
Why, just before he went,
I asked him: "You'll come back again to me?"
And with his heart so heavy,
to conceal his trouble,
with a smile he made answer:
"O Butterfly, my tiny little wife,
I'll return with the roses in the warm season
when the red-breasted robins are busy nesting."
calm and convinced
He'll return.

Suzuki

incredulously
We'll hope so.

Butterfly

insisting
Say it with me: He'll return.

Suzuki

to please her, she repeats, but mournfully

Tornerà.
scoppia in pianto

Butterfly

sorpresa
Piangi? Perché? Perché?
Ah, la fede ti manca...
fiduciosa e sorridente
Senti.
fa la scena come se realmente vi assistesse

Butterfly

Un bel dì, vedremo
levarsi un fil di fumo
sull'estremo confin del mare.
E poi la nave appare.
Poi la nave bianca
entra nel porto,
romba il suo saluto.
Vedi? È venuto!
Io non gli scendo incontro. Io no.
Mi metto là sul ciglio del colle e aspetto,
e aspetto gran tempo e non mi pesa,

He'll return.
bursts into tears

Butterfly

sorprised
Weeping? And why? And why?
Ah, it is faith you are lacking!
full of faith and smiling
Hear me.
acts the scene as though it were actually taking place

Butterfly

One fine day we'll notice
a thread of smoke arising on the sea
on the far horizon.
And then the ship appearing;
then the trim white vessel
glides into the harbour,
thunders forth her cannon.
You see? Now he is coming!
I do not go to meet him. Not !!
I stay upon the brow of the hillock,
and wait there for a long time,

la lunga attesa.
E uscito dalla folla cittadina
un uomo, un picciol punto
s'avvia per la collina.
Chi sarà, chi sarà?
E come sarà giunto?
Che dirà, che dirà?
Chiamerà "Butterfly" dalla lontana.
Io senza dar risposta
me ne starò nascosta
un po' per celia
e un po' per non morire al primo incontro,
ed egli alquanto in pena chiamerà,
chiamerà: "Piccina mogliettina,
olezzo di verbena",
i nomi che mi dava al suo venire.
Tutto questo avverrà, te lo prometto.
Tienti la tua paura,
io con sicura fede l'aspetto.

Butterfly e Suzuki si abbracciano commosse. Butterfly congeda Suzuki che esce dall'uscio di sinistra e la segue mestamente collo sguardo.

but never weary of the long waiting.
From out the crowded city
there is coming a man, a little speck
in the distance, climbing the hillock.
Who is it? Who is it?
And when he's reached the summit,
what will he say, what will he say.
He will call "Butterfly" from the distance.
I, without answering,
hold myself quietly concealed,
a bit to tease him and a bit so
as not to die at our first meeting;
and then, a little troubled he will call,
he will call: "Dear little wife of mine,
dear scent of verbena", the names
he used to call me when he came here.
This will all come to pass as I tell you.
Banish your idle fears,
for he will return I know it.

Butterfly and Suzuki embrace with emotion. Butterfly dismisses Suzuki, who goes out of the door on the left, and looks after her sadly.

ATTO SECONDO

Continuazione della Parte Prima

*Nel giardino compaiono Goro e Sharpless.
Goro guarda entro la camera e vede Butterfly.*

Goro

*a Sharpless che lo segue
C'è. Entrate.
sparisce nel giardino.*

Sharpless

*affacciandosi, bussa discretamente contro
la parete del fondo
Chiedo scusa...
scorge Butterfly la quale udendo entrare
qualcuno si è mossa
Madama Butterfly...*

Butterfly

*senza volgersi, ma correggendo
Madama Pinkerton. Prego.*

SECOND ACT

Continuation of the First Part

*Goro and Sharpless appear in the garden.
Goro looks into the room and sees Butterfly.*

Goro

*to Sharpless, who is following him
Come. She's here.
vanishes into the garden*

Sharpless

*approaches and cautiously knocks at the
partition
I am seeking...
sees Butterfly, who hearing someone come
in, has risen
Madam Butterfly...*

Butterfly

*corrects him without turning round
Madam Pinkerton. Come in.*

*si volge e riconoscendo il Console batte le
mani per allegrezza
Oh!*

*Suzuki entra premurosamente e prepara un
tavolino coll'occorrente per fumare.*

Butterfly

*allegramente
Il mio signor Console, signor Console.*

Sharpless

*sorpreso
Mi ravvisate?*

Butterfly

*facendo gli onori di casa
Benvenuto in casa americana.*

Sharpless

Grazie.

*Butterfly, invita il Console a sedere
presso il tavolino. Sharpless si lascia
cadere grottescamente su di un cuscino.*

*turns and recognizes the Consul, claps her
hands for joy.
Oh!*

*Suzuki enters eagerly and prepares a small
table with smoking materials.*

Butterfly

*joyfully
Here is the Consul, yes, the Consul!*

Sharpless

*surprised
What, you remember?*

Butterfly

*doing the honours of the house
Welcome in an American house.*

Sharpless

Thank you.

*Butterfly invites the Consul to sit near
the table. Sharpless drops awkwardly
onto a cushion.*

Butterfly si siede dall'altra parte e sorride maliziosamente dietro il ventaglio vedendo l'imbarazzo del Console.

Butterfly

*con molta grazie
Avi, antenati tutti bene?*

Sharpless

*ringrazia sorridendo
Ma spero.*

Butterfly

*fa cenno a Suzuki di preparare la pipa
Fumate?*

Sharpless

*Grazie.
desideroso di spiegare lo scopo per cui è
venuto, cava una lettera di tasca
Ho qui...*

Butterfly

*interrompendolo, senza accorgersi
della lettera*

Butterfly sits down on the other side and smiles slyly behind her fan, on seeing the Consul's discomfort.

Butterfly

*with great charm
Are your honorable ancestors in good health?*

Sharpless

*thanks with a smile
I hope so.*

Butterfly

*signs to Suzuki to prepare the pipe
You smoke?*

Sharpless

*Thank you.
anxious to explain the object of his visit,
produces a letter from his pocket.
Here I have...*

Butterfly

*interrupting him, without noticing
the letter*

*Signore, io vedo il cielo azzurro.
dopo aver tirata una boccata dalla pipa che
Suzuki ha preparata, l'offre al Console*

Sharpless

*refutando
Grazie...
tentando ancora di riprendere il discorso
Ho...*

Butterfly

*depone la pipa sul tavolino e assai
premurosa dice
Preferite forse le sigarette americane?
ne offre*

Sharpless

*un po' seccato ne prende una
Grazie.
tenta continuare il discorso, alzandosi
Ho da mostrarvi...*

Butterfly

*porge a Sharpless un fiammifero acceso
A voi.*

*Augustness, the sky is very blue.
after having taken a draw at the pipe which
Suzuki has prepared she offers it to the Consul*

Sharpless

*refusing
Thank you...
again trying to resume the thread of his talk
I have...*

Butterfly

*places the pipe on the table, and says very
pressingly
Most likely you prefer American cigarettes?
offers him one*

Sharpless

*rather annoyed, takes one
Thank you.
tries to resume his talk, stands up
I have to show you...*

Butterfly

*hands Sharpless a lighted match
For you.*

Sharpless

accende la sigaretta, ma poi la depone subito e presentando la lettera si siede sullo sgabello

Mi scrisse Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton.

Butterfly

con grande premura
Davvero! È in salute?

Sharpless

Perfetta.

Butterfly

alzandosi con grande letizia
Io son la donna più lieta del Giappone.
Potrei farvi una domanda?

Suzuki è in faccende per preparare il thè.

Sharpless

Certo.

Butterfly

torna a sedere

Sharpless

lights the cigarette, but then puts it down at once and showing her the letter, sits on the stool

I've a letter from Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton.

Butterfly

with intense eagerness
What? Really? How's his honorable health?

Sharpless

Perfect.

Butterfly

jumping up very joyfully
Then I am the happiest woman in Japan.
Would you answer me a question?

Suzuki is busy getting tea ready.

Sharpless

Gladly.

Butterfly

sits down again

Quando fanno il lor nido in America i pettirosi?

Sharpless

stupito
Come dite?

Butterfly

Si, prima o dopo di qui?

Sharpless

Ma perché?

Goro che si aggira nel giardino, si avvicina alla terrazza e ascolta, non visto, quanto dice Butterfly.

Butterfly

Mio marito m'ha promesso, di ritornar nella stagion beata che il pettirosso rifà la nidiata. Qui l'ha rifatta per ben tre volte ma può darsi che di là usi nidiar men spesso.

At what time of the year in America do robins nest?

Sharpless

amazed
Are you serious?

Butterfly

Yes, sooner or later than here?

Sharpless

Tell me, why?

Goro, who is sauntering round the garden, comes up on to the terrace and listens, unseen, to Butterfly.

Butterfly

My husband gave his promise he would return in the joyous season, when the robins rebuild their nests. Here they have built them thrice already, But I thought that over there, they might do so more rarely.

Goro s'affaccia e fa una risata.

Butterfly

volgendosi

Chi ride?

vedendo Goro

Oh, c'è il nakodo!

piano a Sharpless

Un uom cattivo.

Goro

avanzandosi e inchinandosi ossequioso

Godò...

Butterfly

a Goro che s'inchina di nuovo e si allontana nel giardino

Zitto!

a Sharpless

Egli osò...

cambiando idea

No, prima rispondete alla domanda mia.

Sharpless

imbarazzato

Goro appears and bursts out laughing.

Butterfly

turning round

Who's laughing?

seeing Goro

Oh, the nakodo!

softly, to Sharpless

A wicked fellow.

Goro

coming forward and bowing obsequiously

I was...

Butterfly

to Goro, who bows again and goes into the garden

Silence!

to Sharpless

Why, he dared...

changing her mind

No, first I'd like you to answer.

Sharpless

embarrassed

Mi rincresce, ma ignoro...

Non ho studiato ornitologia.

Butterfly

Orni...

Sharpless

...tologia.

Butterfly

Non lo sapete insomma.

Sharpless

ritenta di tornare in argomento

No. Dicevamo...

Butterfly

lo interrompe, seguendo la sua idea

Ah, sì. Goro, appena F.B. Pinkerton

fu in mare mi venne ad assediare con ciarle e con presenti per ridarmi ora questo, or quel marito.

Or promette tesori per uno scimunito...

I am sorry, but I don't know...

I never studied ornithology.

Butterfly

Orni...

Sharpless

...thology.

Butterfly

So you cannot tell me?

Sharpless

tries again to return to his point

No. We were saying...

Butterfly

interrupts him, following her thoughts

Ah, yes, scarcely was F.B. Pinkerton away, than Goro came hither and besought me, with arguments and presents, to remarry. He'd half-a-dozen suitors.

Now he offers me riches if I will wed an idiot...

Goro

intervenendo per giustificarsi, entra nella stanza e si rivolge a Sharpless

Il ricco Yamadori.

Ella è povera in canna.

I suoi parenti l'han tutti rinnegata.

Al di là della terrazza si vede giungere il Principe Yamadori in un palanchino, attorniato dai servi.

Butterfly

vede Yamadori e lo indica a Sharpless sorridendo

Eccolo, attenti!

Yamadori, accolto da Goro genuflesso, scende dai palanchino, saluta il Console e Butterfly. Si siede sulla terrazza rivolto rispettosamente verso Butterfly la quale s'inginocchia nella stanza.

Butterfly

a Yamadori

Yamadori, ancor le pene dell'amor

Goro

intervenues, trying to justify himself and turning to Sharpless

The wealthy Yamadori.

She is poor as she can be.

And all her relatives have cast her off entirely.

Beyond the terrace the Prince Yamadori arrives on a carrying seat, surrounded by servants.

Butterfly

sees Yamadori and points him out to Sharpless with a smile

Here he is. Now listen.

Yamadori, expected by Goro on his knees, descends from the carrying chair, salutes the Consul and Butterfly. He takes a seat on the terrace and looks at Butterfly who goes on her knees in the room.

Butterfly

to Yamadori

Yamadori, have the throes

non v'han deluso?

Vi tagliate ancor le vene

se il mio bacio vi ricuso?

Yamadori

a Sharpless

Tra le cose più moleste

è l'inutil sospirar.

Butterfly

con graziosa malizia

Tante mogli omai toglieste,

vi doveste abitar.

Yamadori

L'ho sposate tutto quante

e il divorzio mi francò.

Butterfly

Obbligata.

Yamadori

A voi però giurerei fede costante.

of unrequited love not yet released you?

Do you still intend to kill yourself

if I withhold my kisses?

Yamadori

to Sharpless

There is nothing more cruel on earth

than the pangs of hopeless love.

Butterfly

with graceful raillery

You have had so many wives,

surely you must be used to it.

Yamadori

Every one of them I married,

and divorce has set me free.

Butterfly

Thank you kindly!

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Yamadori

But yet to you, I would swear eternal faith.

Sharpless

sospirando, rimette in tasca la lettera
 Il messaggio, ho gran paura,
 a trasmetter non riesco.

Goro

con enfasi, indicando Yamadori
 Ville, servi, oro,
 ad Omara un palazzo principesco.

Butterfly

con serietà
 Già legata è la mia fede...

Goro e Yamadori

a Sharpless
 Maritata ancor si crede.

Butterfly

alzando di scatto
 Non mi credo, sono, sono!

Goro

Ma la legge...

Sharpless

sighing, replaces the letter in his pocket
 I am very much afraid
 my message will not be delivered!

Goro

pointing out Yamadori with emphasis
 Houses, servants, treasures,
 at Omara a truly regal palace.

Butterfly

seriously
 But my hand is bestowed already...

Goro and Yamadori

to Sharpless
 She believes she still is married.

Butterfly

rising from the cushion
 I don't believe it, for I know it!

Goro

But the law says...

Butterfly

Io non la so.

Goro

...per la moglie, l'abbandono
 al divorzio equiparò.

Butterfly

La legge giapponese
 non già del mio paese.

Goro

Quale?

Butterfly

Gli Stati Uniti

Sharpless

fra sè
 Oh, l'infelice!

Butterfly

nervosissima, accalorandosi
 Si sa che aprir la porta
 e la moglie cacciar per la più corta

Butterfly

I know it not.

Goro

...for the wife desertion
 gives the right of divorce.

Butterfly

That may be Japanese law,
 but not in my country.

Goro

Which one?

Butterfly

The United States.

Sharpless

to himself
 Poor little creature!

Butterfly

strenuously, and growing excited
 I know of course, to open the door
 and to turn out your wife at any moment,

qui divorziar si dice.
Ma in America questo non si può.
a Sharpless
Vero?

Sharpless
imbarazzato
Vero... Però...

Butterfly
lo interrompe rivolgendosi a Yamadori ed a Goro trionfante
Là un bravo giudice serio, impettito dice al marito:
"Lei vuol andarsene? Sentiam perché"
"Sono seccato del coniugato!"
E il magistrato:
comicamente
"Ah, mascalzone, presto in prigione!"
per troncare il discorso ordina a Suzuki
Suzuki, il thè.

Butterfly va presso Suzuki che ha già preparato il thè, e lo versa nelle tazze.

here constitutes divorce.
But in America, that cannot be done
to Sharpless
Say so?

Sharpless
embarrassed
Yes, yes... But yet...

Butterfly
interrupts him, turning to Yamadori and Goro in triumph
There a true, honest and unbiassed judge says to the husband:
"You wish to free yourself? Let us hear why."
"I'm sick and tired of conjugal fetters!"
Then the good judge says:
humourously
"Ah, wicked scoundrel, clap him in prison!"
to put an end to the subject, she orders Suzuki
Suzuki, the tea.

Butterfly goes up to Suzuki who has already made the tea, and pours it into the cups.

Yamadori
sottovoce a Sharpless
Udiste?

Sharpless
sottovoce
Mi rattrista una sì piena cecità.

Goro
sottovoce a Sharpless e Yamadori
Segnalata è già la nave di Pinkerton.

Yamadori
disperato
Quand'essa lo riveda...

Sharpless
sottovoce ai due
Egli non vuol mostrarsi.
Io venni appunto per levarla d'inganno...
vedendo che Butterfly, seguita da Suzuki, si avvicina per offrire il thè, tronca il discorso

Yamadori
whispers to Sharpless
You hear her?

Sharpless
whispers
I am grieved at such hopeless blindness.

Goro
whispers to Sharpless and Yamadori
Pinkerton's ship is already signaled.

Yamadori
in despair
And when they meet again...

Sharpless
whispers to both
He does not want to see her.
It is for that I came to try and prepare her...
seeing that Butterfly, followed by Suzuki, is approaching him to offer him tea, cuts short his sentence

Butterfly

offrendo il tè a Sharpless

Vostra Grazia permette?

apre il ventaglio e dietro a questo accenna ai due, ridendo

Che persone moleste!

Yamadori s'alza per andarsene.

Yamadori

sospirando

Addio.

Vi lascio il cuor pien di cordoglio,
ma spero ancor...

Butterfly

Padrone.

Yamadori s'avvia per uscire, poi torna indietro presso Butterfly.

Yamadori

Ah, se voleste...

Butterfly

offering Sharpless tea

Will your Honour allow me...

opens her fan, and behind it points to the two others, laughing

What troublesome persons!

Yamadori rises to go.

Yamadori

sighing

Farewell, then.

I go, my heart heavy with sorrow,
but still I hope...

Butterfly

So be it.

Yamadori is going out, but returns into the room near Butterfly

Yamadori

Ah, if you would...

Butterfly

Il guaio è che non voglio...

Yamadori, dopo aver salutato Sharpless, sospirando, se ne va, sale nel palanchino e si allontana seguito dai servi e da Goro. Butterfly ride ancora dietro il ventaglio. Sharpless siede sullo sgabello, assume un fare grave, serio, poi con gran rispetto ed una certa commozione invita Butterfly a sedere, e torna a tirar fuori di tasca la lettera.

Sharpless

Ora a noi. Sedete qui;

legger con me volete questa lettera?

Butterfly

prendendo la lettera

Date.

baciandola

Sulla bocca...

mettendola sul cuore

...sul cuore...

Butterfly

The pity is: I will not...

Yamadori, after having bowed to Sharpless, goes off sighing, climbs on the carrying chair and departs with the servants and Goro. Butterfly laughs again behind her fan. Sharpless takes a seat, assumes a grave and serious aspect; with great respect, however, and some emotion, he invites Butterfly to be seated, and once more draws the letter from his pocket.

Sharpless

Back to us. Please have a seat,
and read this letter through with me.

Butterfly

taking the letter

Show me.

kissing it

On my lips...

placing it on her heart

...on my heart...

a Sharpless, gentilmente

Siete l'uomo migliore del mondo.

Incominciate.

rende la lettera e si mette ad ascoltare con massima attenzione

Sharpless

leggendo

"Amico, cercherete quel bel fior di fanciulla..."

Butterfly

non può trattenersi e con gioia esclama

Dice proprio così?

Sharpless

Sì, così dice, ma se ad ogni momento...

Butterfly

rimettendosi tranquilla, torna ad ascoltare

Taccio, taccio, più nulla.

Sharpless

"Da quel tempo felice, tre anni son passati."

to Sharpless, prettily

You're the best man who ever existed!

Begin, I beg you.

gives back the letter and settles herself to listen with the greatest attention

Sharpless

reading

"Dear Friend, I beg you seek out that child, that pretty flower..."

Butterfly

can no longer contain herself, exclaims joyfully

Does he truly say that?

Sharpless

Yes, he truly says so; but if you interrupt so...

Butterfly

calming down again to listen

I'll be quiet, and listen.

Sharpless

"Those were happy days together; three years are now gone by since."

Butterfly

interrompe la lettura

Anche lui li ha contati!

Sharpless

riprende

"E forse Butterfly non mi rammenta più."

Butterfly

sorpresa molto, volgendosi a Suzuki

Non lo rammento? Suzuki, dillo tu.

ripete come scandalizzata le parole della lettera

"Non mi rammenta più"

Suzuki esce per la porta di sinistra

asportando il tè.

Sharpless

fra sè

Pazienza!

sèguita a leggere

"Se mi vuol bene ancor, se m'aspetta"

Butterfly

interrupting the reading

Then he too has counted!

Sharpless

resumes

"And perhaps Butterfly remembers me no more."

Butterfly

very surprised, turning to Suzuki

I not remember? Suzuki, tell him quickly.

repeats as though scandalized at the words of the letter

"Remembers me no more!"

Suzuki goes out through the door on the left

with the tea.

Sharpless

to himself

O Patience!

continues reading

"If she still cares for me, and expects me"

Butterfly

*prendendo la lettera dalle mani di
Sharpless, esclama con viva tenerezza
Oh, le dolci parole!
baccia la lettera
Tu, benedetta!*

Sharpless

*riprende la lettera e seguita a leggerla
imperterrito ma con voce tremante per
l'emozione
"A voi mi raccomando, perché vogliate con
circospezione prepararla..."*

Butterfly

*con affanno, ma lieta
Ritorna...*

Sharpless

"...al colpo..."

Butterfly

*si alza saltando di gioia e battendo le mani
Quando? Presto! Presto!*

Butterfly

*taking the letter from Sharpless' hands
exclaims very tenderly
Oh, what glorious tidings!
kissing the letter
You blessed letter!*

Sharpless

*takes the letter back and boldly resumes
reading though his voice is trembling with
emotion
"On you I am relying to act discreetly,
and with tact and caution to prepare her..."*

Butterfly

*anxious, but joyful
He's coming back...*

Sharpless

"...at the blow..."

Butterfly

*rises, jumping for joy and clapping her hands
Tell me when! Quickly! Quickly!*

Sharpless

*sbuffando
Benone!
ripone la lettera in tasca; fra sè
Qui troncarla conviene...
indispettito
Quel diavolo d'un Pinkerton!
guarda Butterfly negli occhi serissimo
Ebbene, che fareste, Madama Butterfly,
s'ei non dovesse ritornar più mai?*

*Butterfly immobile, come colpita a morte,
china la testa e risponde con sommissione
infantile, quasi balbettando.*

Butterfly

*Due cose potrei far:
tornar a divertir la gente, col cantar...
oppur, meglio, morire.*

*Sharpless è vivamente commosso e
passeggia agitatissimo; poi torna verso
Butterfly, le prende le due mani e con
paterna tenerezza le dice:*

Sharpless

*taking a deep breath
Well!
puts the letter away again; to himself
Here I ought to prevent her...
angrily
That devil of a Pinkerton!
looks straight into Butterfly's eyes, very gravely
Well, what would you do, Madam Butterfly,
if he were never to return again?*

*Butterfly, motionless as though she had
received a death-blow, bows her head
and replies with childlike submissiveness,
almost stammering.*

Butterfly

*Two things I might do: go back and
entertain the people with my songs...
or else, better, to die.*

*Sharpless is deeply moved and walks up and
down excitedly; then he turns to Butterfly,
takes her hands in his and says to her with
fatherly tenderness:*

Sharpless

Di strapparvi assai mi costa dai miraggi
ingannatori.

Accogliete la proposta di quel ricco
Yamadori.

Butterfly

*con voce rotta dal pianto e ritirando
le mani*

Voi, voi, Signor,
mi dite questo! Voi?

Sharpless

imbarazzato

Santo Dio, come si fa?

Butterfly

batte le mani e Suzuki accorre

Qui, Suzuki, presto, presto,
che Sua Grazia se ne va.

Sharpless

fa per avviarsi ad uscire

Mi scacciate?

Sharpless

I am loth indeed to tear you
from illusions so beguiling.

But I urge you to accept the hand of
wealthy Yamadori.

Butterfly

*in a voice broken by weeping,
and withdrawing her hands*

You, you, Augustness!
You tell me this! You?

Sharpless

embarrassed

Holy God, what can I do?

Butterfly

claps her hands and Suzuki hastens in

Here, Suzuki, come quickly, please,
show his Honour to the door.

Sharpless

is on the point of going out

You dismiss me?

*Butterfly, pentita, corre a Sharpless e
singhiozzando lo trattiene.*

Butterfly

Ve ne prego: già l'insistere non vale.

congeda Suzuki, la quale va nel giardino

Sharpless

Fui brutale, non lo nego.

Butterfly

dolorosamente, portandosi la mano al cuore

Oh, mi fate tanto male,
tanto male, tanto, tanto!

*Butterfly vacilla; Sharpless fa per
sorreggerla, ma Butterfly si domina subito.*

Butterfly

Niente, niente!

Ho creduto morir.

Ma passa presto

come passan le nuvole sul mare.

prendendo una risoluzione

Ah, m'ha scordata?

Butterfly, repenting, runs to Sharpless
sobbing and holds him back.

Butterfly

I beseech you: let my words be forgotten.

dismisses Suzuki who goes into the garden

Sharpless

I was brutal, I admit it.

Butterfly

mournfully, laying her hand on her heart

Oh, you've wounded me so deeply,
wounded me so very deeply!

*Butterfly totters, Sharpless is about to
support her, but she rallies quickly.*

Butterfly

It is nothing, nothing!

I felt ready to die.

But see, it passes,

swift as clouds that flit across the ocean.

making up her mind

Ah, am I forgotten?

*Butterfly corre nella stanza di sinistra.
Lei rientra trionfalmente tenendo il suo
bambino seduto sulla spalla sinistra e lo
mostra a Sharpless gloriandosene.*

Butterfly

E questo? E questo?
E questo, egli potrà pure scordare?
*depone il bambino a terra e lo tiene stretto
a sè*

Sharpless

con emozione
Egli è suo?

Butterfly

indicando mano mano
Chi vide mai a bimbo del Giappon
occhi azzurrini?
E il labbro?
E i ricciolini d'oro schietto?

Sharpless

sempre più commosso

*Butterfly runs into the room on the left.
She returns triumphantly carrying her child
on her left shoulder, and shows him to
Sharpless full of pride.*

Butterfly

Look here, then! Look here, then!
Look here, can he also forget this one?
*puts the child down on the ground and
holds him close to her*

Sharpless

with emotion
Is it his?

Butterfly

pointing to each feature
What Japanese baby ever was born with
azure eyes?
Such lips too?
And such a head of golden ringlets?

Sharpless

more and more moved

È palese, e Pinkerton lo sa?

Butterfly

No. No.
con passione
È nato quand'egli stava
in quel suo gran paese.
Ma voi gli scriverete...
accarezzando il bimbo
...che l'aspetta un figlio senza pari!
E mi saprete dir s'ei non s'affretta
per le terre e pei mari!
*mettendo il bimbo a sedere sul cuscino e lo
bacia teneramente*
Sai cos'ebbe cuore di pensare quel signore?
indicando Sharpless

Butterfly

Che tua madre dovrà prenderti in braccio
ed alla pioggia e al vento andar per la città
a guadagnarti il pane e il vestimento.
Ed alle impietosite genti
la man tremante stenderà gridando:

It is his image. Has Pinkerton been told?

Butterfly

No. No.
passionately
I bore him when he was far off,
in his big native country.
But you will write and tell him,...
caressing the child
...there awaits him a son who has no equal!
And would you tell me then, that he won't
hasten over land, and over sea!
*putting the child down on the cushion and
kissing it tenderly*
Do you know what that bad man
had the heart to think?
pointing to Sharpless

Butterfly

That your mother should take you on her
arm, and forth should wander in rain and
tempest through the town, seeking to earn
enough for food and clothing.
And then before the merciless people

“Udite, udite la triste mia canzon.
A un infelice madre la carità,
muovetevi a pietà...”
*si alza, mentre il bimbo rimane seduto sul
cuscino giocando con una bambola*
E Butterfly, orribile destino, danzerà per te,
e come fece già, la Chesha canterà!
E la canzon giuliva e lieta in un sghizzo
finirà! Ah, no, no! Questo mai!
buttandosi ai ginocchi davanti a Sharpless
Questo mestier che al disonore porta!
Morta! Morta! Mai più danzar!
Piuttosto la mia vita vo’ troncar!
Ah! Morta!
*cade a terra vicino al bimbo che abbraccia
strettamente ed accarezza con moto
convulsivo*

Sharpless

non può trattenere le lagrime
Quanta pietà!

to dance in measure her song and cry out:
“Oh listen, good people, listen to my sad song.
Have pity with an unfortunate mother...”
*stands up while the child remains seated on
the cushion and plays with a puppet*
And Butterfly, o horrible fate, will dance for you
and as she has done before the Geisha will sing!
And the merry and joyful song
will end in un sob!
Ah, no, no! Never!
throwing herself on the knees in front of Sharpless
The profession that leads to dishonor!
Dead! Dead! But never dance again!
I’d rather end my life!
Ah! Dead!
*crouching down on the ground to hug the
child firmly and to caress it desperately*

Sharpless

cannot restrain his tears
Poor faithful soul!

Sharpless

vincendo la propria emozione
Io scendo al piano. Mi perdonate?

*Butterfly con atto gentile dà la mano
a Sharpless che la stringe nelle sue con
effusione.*

Butterfly

volgendosi al bimbo
A te, dàgli la mano.

Sharpless

I bei capelli biondi!
Caro, come ti chiamano?

Butterfly

al bimbo, con grazia infantile
Rispondi: Oggi il mio nome è Dolore.
Però dite al babbo, scrivendogli,
che il giorno del suo ritorno...
alzandosi
Gioia... Gioia mi chiamerò!

Sharpless

conquering his emotion
I must be going. You will excuse me?

*Butterfly with a charming gesture gives
Sharpless her hand; he shakes it cordially.*

Butterfly

turning to the child
Now you give him your hand.

Sharpless

Those pretty golden ringlets!
Darling, what do they call you?

Butterfly

to her son, with childlike grace
Give answer: Sir, my name now is Trouble.
But yet, write and tell my father
that on the day of his returning...
stands up
Joy... Joy shall be my name!

Sharpless

Tuo padre lo saprà, te lo prometto...
*fa un saluto a Butterfly ed esce
 rapidamente dalla porta di destra*

Sharpless

Your father shall be told, that I will promise...
*bows to Butterfly and goes out quickly by
 door on the right*

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Suzuki

di fuori, gridando
 Vespa! Rospo maledetto!
*entra trascinando con violenza Goro che
 tenta inutilmente di sfuggirle.*
Grido acuto di Goro.

Suzuki

from outside, shouting
 Wasp! Wretched toad!
*enters dragging in Goro roughly, who tries
 needlessly to escape.*
Loud cry from Goro.

Butterfly

a Suzuki
 Che fu?

Butterfly

to Suzuki
 Who's that?

Suzuki

Ci ronza intorno il vampiro!
 E ogni giorno ai quattro venti spargendo va
 che niuno sa chi padre al bimbo sia!
lascia Goro

Suzuki

He prowls around here, evil reptile!
 And every day he tells everybody
 that no one knows who is this child's father!
releases Goro

Goro

protestando, con voce di paura

Goro

protesting in frightened tones

Dicevo... solo...
 che là in America...
avvicinandosi al bambino e indicandolo
 quando un figliolo è nato maledetto...

I only... told...
 that out in America...
approaching the child and pointing to him
 whenever a child is born in such conditions,...

*Butterfly istintivamente si mette innanzi al
 bambino, come per difenderlo.*

*Butterfly instinctively stands in front of the
 child as though to protect him.*

Goro

...trarrà sempre reietto la vita fra le genti!

Goro

...he will be shunned throughout his life
 and treated as an outcast!

Grido selvaggio di Butterfly, corre presso
 al reliquario e prende il coltello che sta
 appeso.

Wild cry from Butterfly who runs to the
 reliquary and takes the dagger that is
 attached to it.

Butterfly

con voce selvaggia
 Ah! Tu menti, menti, menti!
 Ah! Menti!

Butterfly

in wild tones
 Ah! You're lying, lying! lying!
 Ah! Liar!

*Butterfly afferra Goro, che cade a terra, e
 minaccia d'ucciderlo. Goro emette grida
 fortissime, disperate, polungate.*

*Butterfly seizes Goro, who falls down, and
 threatens to kill him. Goro utters loud,
 desperate and prolonged howls.*

Butterfly

Dillo ancora e t'uccido!

Suzuki

No!

intromettendosi; poi, spaventata da tale scena, prende il bimbo e lo porta nella stanza a sinistra

Butterfly

lo respinge col piede

Va via!

Goro fugge. Butterfly rimane immobile come impietrita. Poi si scuote a poco a poco e va a riporre il coltello.

Butterfly

volgendo il pensiero al suo bambino

Vedrai, piccolo amor,
mia pena e mio conforto,
mio piccolo amor...

Ah! Vedrai che il tuo vendicator
ci porterà lontano, lontan,
nella sua terra, lontan ci porterà.

Butterfly

Say it again and I'll kill you!

Suzuki

No!

thrusts herself between them; then horrified at such a scene, she takes the child and carries him into the room on the left

Butterfly

she pushes him away with her foot

Be gone!

Goro makes his escape. Butterfly remains motionless as though petrified. By degrees she rouses herself and puts away the dagger.

Butterfly

letting her thoughts fly to her child

You'll see, love of my heart,
my grief, and yet my comfort,
my own little love...

Ah! You will see that your avenger will take
you and me afar, afar,
take you and me to his own country.

Colpo di cannone sulla scena.

Suzuki

Il cannone del porto!

Butterfly e Suzuki corrono verso il terrazzo.

Suzuki

Una nave da guerra...

Butterfly

Bianca, bianca...

il vessillo Americano delle stelle!

Or governa per ancorare.

prende sul tavolino un cannocchiale e corre sul terrazzo ad osservare; tutta tremante per l'emozione, appunta il cannocchiale verso il porto e dice a Suzuki

Reggimi la mano ch'io ne discerna il nome,
il nome, il nome.

Eccolo: Abramo Lincoln!

dà il cannocchiale a Suzuki e rientra nella stanza in preda a una grande

A cannon shot can be heard.

Suzuki

The harbour cannon!

Butterfly and Suzuki run towards the terrace.

Suzuki

A battleship...

Butterfly

White, white...

the American stars and stripes!

It is putting into port to anchor!

takes a telescope from the table and runs on to the terrace to look out; all trembling with excitement, directs the telescope towards the harbour, and says to Suzuki

Keep my hand steady that I may read the
name, the name, the name.

Here it is: Abraham Lincoln!

gives the telescope to Suzuki, and goes down from the terrace in the greatest state

esaltazione

Tutti han mentito! Tutti, tutti!
Sol io lo sapevo, sol io che l'amo.

a Suzuki

Vedi lo scimunito tuo dubbio?

È giunto! È giunto! È giunto!

Proprio nel punto che ognuno diceva:

piangi e dispera...

Trionfa il mio amor, il mio amor!

La mia fè trionfa intera:

ei torna e m'ama!

giubilante, corre sul terrazzo

a Suzuki che l'ha seguita

of excitement

They all were liars! Liars! Liars!

Just I knew it always, just I who love him!

to Suzuki

Now do you see the folly of doubting?

He's coming! He's coming! He's coming!

Just at the moment you all were saying:

weep and forget him.

My love, my love wins the day!

See, my faith has won completely:

he's here, he loves me!

rejoicing, runs on to the terrace to Suzuki

who has followed her

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Butterfly

Scuoti quella fronda di ciliegio

e m'inonda di fior.

lo vo' tuffar nella pioggia odorosa

l'arsa fronte.

singhiozzando per tenerezza

Suzuki

calmandola

Signora, quetatevi... quel pianto...

Butterfly

Shake that cherry tree

till every flower flutters down on me.

In the sweet-scented shower I would

smother, it may cool my brow.

sobbing with tenderness

Suzuki

soothing her

Madam, be calm... this weeping...

Butterfly

ritorna con Suzuki nella stanza

No, rido, rido!

Quanto lo dovremo aspettar?

Che pensi? Un'ora?

Suzuki

Di più.

Butterfly

Due ore forse.

aggirandosi per la stanza

Tutto, tutto sia pien di fior,

come la notte è di faville.

accenna a Suzuki di andare nel giardino

Va pei fior.

Suzuki si avvia; giunta sul terrazzo si rivolge

a Butterfly.

Suzuki

Tutti i fior?

Butterfly

Tutti i fior, tutti, tutti.

Butterfly

returns to the room with Suzuki

No, I am laughing, laughing!

When may we expect him up here?

What do you think? In an hour?

Suzuki

Too soon.

Butterfly

Two hours more likely

walking up and down the room

Flowers, flowers be everywhere,

as close as stars are in the heavens.

signs to Suzuki to go into the garden

Fetch the flowers!

Suzuki goes out; on the terrace she turns

to Butterfly.

Suzuki

Every flower?

Butterfly

Every flower, spare not any.

Pesco, viola, gelsomin,
quanto di cespo, o d'erba, o d'albero fiori.

Suzuki

nel giardino ai piedi del terrazzo

Uno squallor d'inverno sarà tutto il giardin!
coglie fiori nel giardino

Butterfly

Tutta la primavera voglio che olezzi qui.

Suzuki

Uno squallor d'inverno sarà tutto il giardin.
*appare ai piedi del terrazzo con un fascio di
fiori che sporge a Butterfly*
A voi, Signora.

Butterfly

prendendo i fiori dalle mani di Suzuki
Cogline ancora.
*dispone i fiori nei vasi, mentre
Suzuki scende ancora nel giardino.*

Suzuki

Soventi a questa siepe

Peaches, violets, jessamine, every spray
you find of gorse or grass or flowering tree.

Suzuki

still on the terrace

Desolate as in winter the garden will appear.
picks flowers in the garden

Butterfly

All fragrances of spring shall be shed in here.

Suzuki

Desolate as in winter the garden will appear.
*appears on the terrace with a bunch of
flowers which she holds out to Butterfly*
For you, dear mistress.

Butterfly

taking the flowers from Suzuki's hands
Go and pick more.
*distributes the flowers to the vases,
while Suzuki goes into the garden again.*

Suzuki

How often at this window

veniste a riguardare lungi,
piangendo nella deserta immensità.

Butterfly

Giunse l'atteso,
nulla più chiedo al mare;
diedi pianto alla zolla,
essa i suoi fior mi dà.

Suzuki

appare sul terrazzo colle mani piene di fiori
Spoglio è l'orto.

Butterfly

Spoglio è l'orto?
Vien, m'aiuta.

Suzuki

Rose al varco della soglia.

*Butterfly e Suzuki spargono fiori
ovunque.*

Butterfly

Tutta la primavera...

you've stood waiting
and wept into the wide world beyond.

Butterfly

No more need I pray for, since the kind sea
has brought him.
Tears to the earth I have given and it
returns me flowers!

Suzuki

reappears on the terrace, laden with flowers
Not a flower left.

Butterfly

Not a flower left?
Come and help me.

Suzuki

Roses shall adorn the threshold.

*Butterfly and Suzuki scatter flowers
everywhere.*

Butterfly

All fragrances of spring...

Suzuki

Tutta la primavera...

Butterfly

...voglio che olezzi qui.

Suzuki

...voglio che olezzi qui.

Butterfly

Seminiamo intorno april.

Suzuki

Seminiamo intorno april.

Butterfly

Seminiamo intorno april.

Suzuki

Tutta la primavera, tutta, tutta.

Butterfly

gettando fiori

Tutta la primavera voglio che olezzi qui.

Suzuki

All fragerances of spring...

Butterfly

...shall be shed in here.

Suzuki

...shall be shed in here.

Butterfly

Let us sow fair April.

Suzuki

Let us sow fair April.

Butterfly

Let us sow fair April.

Suzuki

All fragerances of spring shall be shed in here.

Butterfly

scattering flowers

All fragerances of spring shall be shed in here.

Suzuki

Gigli? Viole?

Butterfly

...intorno, intorno spandi.

Suzuki

Seminiamo intorno april.

Butterfly

Seminiamo intorno april.

Il suo sedil s'inghirlandi,
di convolvi s'inghirlandi;
gigli e viole intorno spandi,
seminiamo intorno april!

Suzuki

Gigli, rose spandi,
tutta la primavera,
spandi gigli, viole,
seminiamo intorno april!

Butterfly e Suzuki

*gettando fiori mentre colla persona
seguono il ritmo con un blando ondeggiare*

Suzuki

Lilies? Violets?

Butterfly

...come scatter, scatter flowers all over.

Suzuki

Let us sow fair April.

Butterfly

Let us sow fair April.

Now round his seat make a garland,
this convolulus entwining;
lilies and violets let us scatter,
let us sow fair April!

Suzuki

Lilies, roses let us scatter,
all fragrances of spring,
lilies and violets let us scatter,
let us sow fair April!

Butterfly and Suzuki

*scattering flowers while they sway their
bodies lightly to and fro to the rhythm in a*

di danza

Gettiamo a mani piene
mammole e tuberose,
corolle di verbene,
petali d'ogni fior!
Corolle di verbene,
petali d'ogni fior!

*Suzuki dispone due lampade vicino alla
toiletta dove si accocchia Butterfly.*

Butterfly

a Suzuki

Or vienmi ad adornar.
No, pria portami il bimbo.

*Suzuki va nella stanza a sinistra e porta il
bambino che fa sedere vicino a Butterfly,
mentre questa si guarda in un piccolo
specchio a mano e dice tristamente.*

Butterfly

Non son più quella!
Troppi sospiri la bocca mandò,

dance measure

In handfuls let us scatter
violets and white roses,
and sprays of sweet verbena,
petals of every flower!
And sprays of sweet verbena,
petals of every flower!

*Suzuki puts two lamps beside the toilet
table and Butterfly takes a seat.*

Butterfly

to Suzuki

Now come and make me fine.
No, first bring me the child.

*Suzuki goes into the room on the left, and
fetches out the child whom she seats next
to Butterfly, while the latter looks at herself
in a small hand-mirror and says sadly.*

Butterfly

How changed he'll find me!
Drawn weary mouth from over-much

e l'occhio riguardò
nel lontan troppo fiso.

a Suzuki

Dammi sul viso un tocco di carmino...
*prende un pennello e mette del rosso sulle
guance del suo bimbo*
...ed anche a te, piccino,
perché la veglia non ti faccia
vôte per pallore le gotte.

Suzuki

invitandola a stare tranquilla

Non vi movete, che v'ho a ravviare i capelli.

Butterfly

sorridendo a questo pensiero

Che ne diranno!

E lo zio Bonzo?

con una punta di stizza

Già del mio danno tutti contenti!

sorridente

E Yamadori coi suoi languori!

Beffati, scornati, beffati,

spennati gli ingrati!

sighing,

and poor tired eyes from over-much crying!

a Suzuki

Put on each cheek a little touch of carmine...
*takes a paint brush and puts a dab of rouge
on the child's cheeks*
...and also for my darling,
so that the watching may not make his face
heavy with shadows and pallid.

Suzuki

urging her to keep quiet

Keep still, till I've finished arranging your hair.

Butterfly

smiling following up an idea she has had

This will surprise them!

And the Bonze?

with a touch of fury

All of them sure are glad of my downfall!

smiling

And Yamadori with his airs and graces!

Mocked, discouraged, mocked,

plucked the ungrateful!

Suzuki

ha terminato la toeletta
È fatto.

Butterfly

L'obi che vestii da sposa.
Quà ch'io lo vesta.

Mentre Butterfly indossa la veste, Suzuki mette l'altra al bambino, avvolgendolo quasi tutto nelle pieghe ampie e leggere.

Butterfly

Vo' che mi veda indosso il vel del primo di!
a Suzuki, che ha finito d'abbigliare il bambino
E un papavero rosso nei capelli.
Suzuki punta il fiore nei capelli di Butterfly, che se ne compiace.
Così.

È sera.

Suzuki

has finished her toilet
I've finished.

Butterfly

Bring me now my wedding garment.
Bring it hither quickly.

While Butterfly dons her garment, Suzuki dresses the child in the other one, wrapping him up almost entirely in the ample and light draperies.

Butterfly

I want him to see me in the veil of my wedding day.
to Suzuki, who has finished dressing the child
In my hair we will put a scarlet poppy.
Suzuki places the flower in Butterfly's hair.
The latter is pleased with the effect.
Like this.

The evening falls.

Butterfly

con grazia infantile fa cenno a Suzuki di chiudere lo shosi.
Nello shosi or farem tre forellini per riguardar,
e starem zitti come topolini ad aspettar.

Scende sempre più la notte. Suzuki chiude lo shosi nel fondo. Butterfly conduce il bambino presso lo shosi; fa tre fori nello shosi: uno alto per sè, uno più basso per Suzuki ed il terzo ancor più basso pel bimbo, che fa sedere su di un cuscino, accennandogli di guardare attento fuori del foro preparatogli. Suzuki si accoscia e spia essa pure all'esterno. Butterfly si pone innanzi al foro più alto e spiando da esso rimane immobile, rigida come una statua; il bimbo, che sta fra la madre e Suzuki, guarda fuori curiosamente.

Butterfly

with childlike grace she signs to Suzuki to close the shosi
In the shosi we'll make three little holes,
that we can look out,
and still as little mice we will stay here to watch and wait.

The night grows darker. Suzuki closes the shosi at the back. Butterfly leads the child to the shosi. She makes three holes in the shosi: one high up for herself, one lower down for Suzuki and a third lower still for the child whom she seats on a cushion, signing to him to look through his hole. Suzuki crouches down and also gazes out. Butterfly stands in front of the highest hole and gazes through it, remaining rigid and motionless as a statue: the child, who is between his mother and Suzuki, peeps out curiously.

Coro a bocca chiusa

interno, da lontano

Hmmm...

È notte, i raggi lunari illuminano dall'esterno lo shosi. Il bimbo si addormenta, rovesciandosi all'indietro, disteso sul cuscino e Suzuki si addormenta pure, rimanendo accosciata. Solo Butterfly rimane sempre ritta ed immobile.

ATTO SECONDO**Parte Seconda**

Butterfly, sempre immobile, spia al di fuori; il bimbo, rovesciato sul cuscino, dorme e dorme pure Suzuki, ripiegata sulla persona.

Marinai

della baia, lontanissimi

Oh eh! Oh eh! Oh eh!

12

Humming Chorus

within, from far off

Hmmm...

It is night, the rays of the moon light up the shosi from without. The child falls asleep, sinking down on his cushion; Suzuki still in her crouching position, falls asleep too. Butterfly alone remains rigid and motionless.

SECOND ACT**Second Part**

Butterfly, still motionless, is gazing out into the distance; the child is asleep on a cushion; and Suzuki, kneeling bent over the child, has also fallen asleep

Sailors

from the bay, far away in the distance

Oh eh! Oh eh! Oh eh!

13

Rumori di catene, di ancore e di manovre marinaresche. Fischi d'uccelli dal giardino. Comincia l'alba. L'alba sorge rosea. Spunta l'aurora. Al di fuori risplende il sole.

Suzuki

svegliandosi di soprassalto

Già il sole!

si alza, va verso Butterfly e le batte

sulla spalla

Cio-Cio-San...

Butterfly

si scuote e fidente dice

Verrà, verrà, vedrai.

vede il bimbo addormentato e lo prende

sulle braccia

Suzuki

Salite a riposare, affranta siete,

al suo venire vi chiamerò.

14

Clanging of chains, anchors, and other sounds from the harbour. Birds are singing in the garden. The first streaks of dawn appear in the sky. The rosy dawn spreads. The day breaks. The sunshine streams in from outside

Suzuki

awaking with a start

It is daylight!

rises, goes towards Butterfly and touches

her on the shoulder

Cio-Cio-San...

Butterfly

starts and says confidently

He'll come, he'll come, you'll see.

sees the child has fallen asleep and takes

him in her arms

Suzuki

I pray you, go and rest, for you are weary,

and I will call you when he arrives.

Butterfly

salendo la scaletta

Dormi amor mio, dormi sul mio cor.

Tu se con Dio ed io col mio dolor.

A te irai degli astri d'or.

Bimbo mio dormi!

Suzuki

mestamente, crollando la testa

Povera Butterfly!

Butterfly

voce un po' lontana

Dormi amor mio, dormi sul mio cor.

voce più lontana

Tu sei con Dio ed io col mio dolor.

Suzuki

Povera Butterfly!

Si batte lievemente all'uscio d'ingresso.

Suzuki

Chi sia?

Butterfly

going up the staircase

Sweet child, thou art sleeping on my heart;

you are with God while I am with my sorrow.

Around thy head the moonbeams dart.

Sleep, my beloved!

Suzuki

sadly, shaking her head

Poor Madam Butterfly!

Butterfly

voice a little farther off

Sweet child, thou art sleeping on my heart;

voice farther off

you are with God while I am with my sorrow.

Suzuki

Poor Butterfly!

Light knocking at the door is heard.

Suzuki

Who is it?

Si batte più forte. Suzuki va ad aprire lo shosi nel fondo.

Suzuki

grida, per la grande sorpresa

Oh!

Sharpless

sul limitare dell'ingresso fa cenni a Suzuki di silenzio

Stz!

Pinkerton

raccomanda a Suzuki di tacere

Zitta! Zitta!

Sharpless

Zitta! Zitta!

Pinkerton e Sharpless entrano cautamente in punta di piedi.

Pinkerton

premuorsamente a Suzuki

Non la destar.

Louder knocking is heard. Suzuki goes to open the shosi in the back.

Suzuki

cries out in great surprise

Oh!

Sharpless

on the threshold, signs to Suzuki to be quiet

Hush!

Pinkerton

motions Suzuki to be silent

Hush! Hush!

Sharpless

Hush! Hush!

Pinkerton and Sharpless enter cautiously on tip-toe.

Pinkerton

anxiously to Suzuki

Disturb her not!

Suzuki

Era stanca sì tanto!
Vi stette ad aspettare
tutta la notte col bimbo.

Pinkerton

Come sapea?

Suzuki

Non giunge da tre anni una nave
nel porto,
che da lunge Butterfly
non ne scruti il color, la bandiera.

Sharpless

a Pinkerton
Ve lo dissi?

Suzuki

per andare
La chiamo...

Pinkerton

fermando Suzuki
No, non ancor.

Suzuki

She was so very weary!
She stood awaiting you
all through the night with the child.

Pinkerton

How did she know?

Suzuki

No ship has crossed the harbour
these three years
whose flags and colours Butterfly has not
eagerly seen and examined.

Sharpless

to Pinkerton
Did I not tell you?

Suzuki

going
I'll call her...

Pinkerton

stopping Suzuki
No, not yet.

Suzuki

indicando la stanza fiorita
Lo vedete,
ier sera, la stanza volle
sparger di fiori.

Sharpless

commosso, a Pinkerton
Ve lo dissi?

Pinkerton

turbato
Che pena!

*Suzuki sente rumore nel giardino, va a
guardare fuori ed esclama con meraviglia:*

Suzuki

Chi c'è là fuori nel giardino?
Una donna!

Pinkerton

*va da Suzuki e la riconduce sul davanti,
raccomandandole di parlare sottovoce*
Zitta!

Suzuki

pointing to the flowers in the room
Look around you,
last night she would have the room
decorated with flowers.

Sharpless

touched, a Pinkerton
Did I not tell you?

Pinkerton

troubled
Oh, torment!

*Suzuki hears a noise in the garden, goes
to look outside and exclaims in surprise:*

Suzuki

Who's that outside there in the garden?
A lady!

Pinkerton

*goes to Suzuki and leads her down the stage
again, urging her to speak in a whisper*
Hush!

Suzuki*agitata*

Chi è? Chi è?

Sharpless*to Pinkerton*

Meglio dirle ogni cosa...

Suzuki

Chi è? Chi è?

Pinkerton*imbarazzato*

È venuta con me.

Suzuki

Chi è? Chi è?

Sharpless*con forza repressa ma deliberatamente*

È sua moglie!

Suzuki*sbalordita, alza le braccia al cielo, poi si precipita in ginocchio colla faccia a terra***Suzuki***excitedly*

Who's that? Who's that?

Sharpless*to Pinkerton*

Better tell her all.

Suzuki

Who's that? Who's that?

Pinkerton*embarrassed*

She came with me.

Suzuki

Who's that? Who's that?

Sharpless*with restraint but deliberately*

She's his wife!

Suzuki*stupefied, raises her arms to heaven, then falls on her knees with her face to the ground*

Anime sante degli avi!

Alla piccina s'è spento il sol,
s'è spento il sol!**Sharpless***calma Suzuki e la solleva da terra*Scegliemmo quest'ora mattutina
per ritrovarti sola, Suzuki,
e alla gran prova un aiuto, un sostegno
cercar con te.**Suzuki***desolata*

Che giova? Che giova?

Sharpless*prende a parte Suzuki e cerca colla
persuasione di averne il consenso, mentre
Pinkerton, sempre più agitato, si aggira per
la stanza ed osserva
lo so che alle sue pene
non ci sono conforti!
Ma del bimbo conviene
assicurar le sorti!*

Hallowed souls of our fathers!

Ah, her world is plunged in gloom,
is plunged in gloom!**Sharpless***soothes Suzuki and raises her from the ground*We came here so early in the morning
to find you all alone here, Suzuki,
that you might give us your help and
your guidance in this our plight.**Suzuki***in despair*

How can I? How can I?

Sharpless*takes Suzuki aside and tries to persuade
her into consenting, whilst Pinkerton
getting more and more agitated, wanders
about the room, noticing all details
I know that for such a trouble
there is no consolation!
But the future of the child
must be our first and special thought.*

Pinkerton

Oh, l'amara fragranza di questi fior,
velenosa al cor mi va.
Immutata è la stanza
dei nostri amor.

Sharpless

La pietosa che entrar non osa
materna cura del bimbo avrà.

Suzuki

Oh, me trista!
E volete ch'io chieda ad una madre...

Sharpless

Suvvia, parla,
suvvia, parla con quella pia
e conducila qui,
s'anche la veda Butterfly, non importa.
Anzi, meglio se accorta del vero
si facesse alla sua vista.
Suvvia, parla con quella pia,
suvvia, conducila qui,
conducila qui.

Pinkerton

Oh, the bitter fragrance of these flowers,
it is poison to my heart!
Unchanged is the chamber
where once we loved.

Sharpless

This gentle lady, who dare not enter,
will give the child a mother's care!

Suzuki

Woe is me!
You ask me to go and tell a mother...

Sharpless

Delay not, speak to her,
delay not, speak to that gentle lady,
and bring her here,
if even Butterfly should see her, no matter.
Then with her own eyes she will learn
the cruel truth we dare not tell her.
Go then, speak with that gentle lady,
Go quickly and bring her here,
and bring her here.

Suzuki

E volete ch'io chieda ad una madre...
Oh, me trista! Oh, me trista!
Anime sante degli avi!
Alla piccina s'è spento il sol!
Oh, me trista!
Anime sante degli avi!
Alla piccina s'è spento il sol!
*spinta da Sharpless va nel giardino a
raggiungere Mistress Pinkerton*

Pinkerton

va verso il simulacro di Budda
Ma un gel di morte vi sta.
vede il proprio ritratto
Il mio ritratto...
Tre anni son passati,
tre anni son passati,
tre anni son passati
e noveratin' ha i giorni e l'ore,
i giorni e l'ore!

Sharpless

Vien, Suzuki, vien!

Suzuki

You ask me to go and tell a mother...
Woe is me! Woe is me!
Hallowed souls of my fathers!
All her world is plunged in gloom!
Woe is me!
Hallowed souls of my fathers!
All her world is plunged in gloom!
*pushed by Sharpless, she goes into the
garden to join Mrs. Pinkerton*

Pinkerton

goes to the statue of Buddha
But a deathly chill haunts the air.
sees his own likeness
And my portrait...
Three years have passed away,
three years have passed away,
three years have passed away
and every day, every hour she counted,
alas, she counted!

Sharpless

Go, Suzuki, go!

Pinkerton

*vinto dall'emozione e non potendo
trattenere il pianto si avvicina
a Sharpless e gli dice risolutamente*
Non posso rimaner...

Suzuki

andandosene
Oh, me trista!

Pinkerton

Sharpless, v'aspetto per via.

Sharpless

Non ve l'avevo detto?

Pinkerton

Datele voi qualche soccorso.
Mi struggo dal rimorso,
mi struggo dal rimorso.

Sharpless

Vel dissì, vi ricorda?
Quando la man vi diede:
"Badate! Ella ci crede"

Pinkerton

*overcome by emotion and unable to
restrain his tears, approaches Sharpless
and says to him resolutely*
I cannot remain...

Suzuki

going away
Woe is me!

Pinkerton

Sharpless, I'll wait for you outside.

Sharpless

Is it not as I told you?

Pinkerton

Give her this money, just to support her.
Remorse and anguish choke me,
remorse and anguish choke me.

Sharpless

I warned you, you remember?
When in your hand she laid hers:
"Be careful! For she believes you."

E fui profeta allor!
Sorda ai consigli,
sorda ai dubbi, vilipesa
nell'ostinata attesa
raccolse il cor...

Pinkerton

Sì, tutto in un istante
io vedo il fallo mio
e sento che di questo tormento
tregua mai non avrò,
mai non avrò! No!

Sharpless

Andate; il triste vero da sola
apprenderà.

Pinkerton

dolcemente con rimpianto
Addio fiorito asil,
di letizia e d'amor.
Sempre il mite suo semblante
con strazio atroce vedrò.

Alas! How true I spoke!
Deaf to all entreaties,
deaf to doubting, humiliation,
blindly trusting to your promise,
her heart will break...

Pinkerton

Yes, in one sudden moment
I see my heartless action
and feel that I shall never,
ah, never free myself from remorse,
no, never more! No!

Sharpless

Now go; the cruel truth she best should
hear alone.

17

Pinkerton

softly lamenting
Farewell, o happy home,
farewell, home of love.
Haunted forever I shall be
by her reproachful eyes.

Sharpless

Ma or quel cor sincero pressago è già.

Pinkerton

Addio, fiorito asil,...

Sharpless

Vel dissì, vi ricorda?

e fui profeta allor.

Pinkerton

...non reggo al tuo squallor,

ah, non reggo al tuo squallor.

Fuggo, fuggo: son vil!

Addio, non reggo al tuo squallor,

ah, son vil, ah, son vil!

Sharpless

Andate, il triste vero apprenderà.

Pinkerton strette le mani al Console, esce rapidamente. Sharpless crolla tristamente il capo. Suzuki viene dal giardino seguita da Kate che si ferma ai piedi del terrazzo.

Sharpless

But now this faithful heart is already divined.

Pinkerton

Farewell, o happy home...

Sharpless

I warned you, alas, you remember?

How true I prophesied!

Pinkerton

...I cannot bear your misery

ah, I cannot bear your misery.

I flee away, like a coward.

Farewell, I cannot bear your misery,

ah, I am a coward, ah, I am a coward.

Sharpless

Yes go, and let her learn the cruel truth.

Pinkerton wrings the Consul's hand, and goes out quickly. Sharpless bows his head sadly. Suzuki comes from the garden, followed by Kate who stops at the bottom of the terrace.

Kate

con dolcezza a Suzuki

Glielo dirai?

Suzuki

risponde a testa bassa

Prometto.

Kate

E le darai consiglio d'affidarmi?

Suzuki

Prometto.

Kate

Lo terrò come un figlio.

Suzuki

Vi credo.

Ma bisogna ch'io le sia sola accanto.

Nella grande ora... sola!

Piangerà tanto, tanto!

Piangerà tanto!

Kate

gently to Suzuki

Then you will tell her?

Suzuki

replies with her head down

I promise.

Kate

And will you advise her to trust me?

Suzuki

I promise.

Kate

Like a son will I tend him.

Suzuki

I trust you.

But I must be quite alone beside her.

In this cruel hour... alone!

She will weep so sadly!

She will weep so sadly!

Butterfly

*voce lontana dalla camera di sopra,
chiamando*

Suzuki!

più vicina

Suzuki! Dove sei?

Suzuki!

*appare alla porta socchiusa; Kate per non
essere vista si allontana nel giardino*

Suzuki

Son qui... pregavo

e rimettevo a posto... No...

*si precipita per impedire a Butterfly di
entrare*

No... no... no, non scendete...

*Butterfly entra precipitosa, svincolandosi da
Suzuki che cerca invano di trattenerla.*

Suzuki

gridando

No... no... no...

Butterfly

*voice from afar, calling from the room
above*

Suzuki!

nearer

Suzuki! Where are you?

Suzuki!

*appears at the head of the staircase; Kate
goes into the garden for not being seen*

Suzuki

I'm here... I was praying,

and going back to watch... No...

rushes toward the staircase to prevent

Butterfly from coming down

No... no... no, do not come down...

*Butterfly comes down quickly, freeing herself
from Suzuki who tries in vain to hold her back.*

Suzuki

crying out

No... no... no...

Butterfly

*aggirandosi per la stanza con grande
agitazione, ma giubilante*

È qui, è qui... dov'è nascosto?

È qui, è qui...

scorgendo Sharpless

Ecco il Console...

sgomenta, cercando Pinkerton

E dove? Dove?

dopo aver guardato da per tutto, in ogni

*angolo, nella piccola alcova e dietro il
paravento, sgomenta si guarda attorno*

Non c'è!

*Butterfly vede Kate nel giardino e guarda
fissamente Sharpless.*

Butterfly

a Sharpless

Quella donna?

Che vuol da me?

Niuno parla...

Suzuki piange silenziosamente.

Butterfly

*pacing the room in great, but joyful
excitement*

He's here, he's here... where is he hidden?

He's here, he's here...

catching sight of Sharpless

Here's the Consul...

in alarm, looking for Pinkerton

and... where is...? Where is...?

after having searched in every corner, in the

*little recess and behind the screen, looks
around in anguish*

Not here!

*Butterfly sees Kate in the garden and looks
at Sharpless fixedly.*

Butterfly

to Sharpless

This woman?

What does she want from me?

No one answers...

Suzuki weeps silently.

Butterfly

sorpresa

Perché piangete?

Sharpless si avvicina a Butterfly per parlarle; questa teme di capire e si fa piccina come una bimba paurosa.

Butterfly

No, non ditemi nulla... nulla...

Forse potrei cader morta sull'attimo...

con bontà affettuosa ed infantile a Suzuki

Butterfly

Tu, Suzuki, che sei tanto buona, non piangere!

E mi vuoi tanto bene, un *Si*, un *No*, di' piano: Vive?

Suzuki

Sì.

Butterfly

surprised

Why are you weeping?

Sharpless goes to Butterfly to talk to her, but she is afraid of understanding and shrinks together like a frightened child.

Butterfly

No, no, tell me nothing... nothing...

Lest I fall dead at your feet

at the words I hear...

with affectionate and childlike kindness to Suzuki

Butterfly

You, Suzuki, are always so faithful, don't weep!

Since you love me so dearly, say *Yes* or *No* quite softly: He lives?

Suzuki

Yes.

Butterfly

come se avesse ricevuto un colpo mortale:

irrigidita

Ma non viene più.

Te l'han detto!

Suzuki tace.

Butterfly

irritata al silenzio di Suzuki

Vespa! Voglio che tu risponda.

Suzuki

Mai più.

Butterfly

con freddezza

Ma è giunto ieri?

Suzuki

Sì.

Butterfly

che ha capito, guarda Kate, quasi affascinata

Butterfly

transfixed, as though she had received a mortal blow; stiffened

But he'll come no more.

They have told you!

Suzuki is silent.

Butterfly

angered at Suzuki's silence

Reptile! I want you to reply!

Suzuki

No more.

Butterfly

coldly

He reached here yesterday?

Suzuki

Yes.

Butterfly

who has understood, looks at Kate as though fascinated

Quella donna bionda
mi fa tanta paura, tanta paura!

This blonde lady terrifies me,
terrifies me!

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Kate

Son la causa innocente
d'ogni vostra sciagura.
Perdonatemi.
*si avvicina a Butterfly che le fa cenno di
tenersi lontana*

Kate

Through no fault of my own,
I am the cause of your trouble.
Forgive me.
*about to approach Butterfly who motions
her to keep away*

Butterfly

Non mi toccata!
Quanto tempo è che v'ha sposata... voi?

Butterfly

No, do not touch me.
And how long ago is it he married you?

Kate

Un anno.
timidamente
E non mi lascierete far nulla
pel bambino?

Kate

A year.
shyly
And will you let me do nothing
for the child?

Butterfly tace.

Butterfly is silent

Kate

Lo terrei con cura affettuosa...

Kate

I will tend him with most loving care...

*impressionata dal silenzio di Butterfly, e
profondamente commosso, persiste*
È triste cosa, triste cosa,
ma fatelo pel suo meglio.

*impressed by Butterfly's silence, and deeply
moved, persists*
It is hard for you, very hard,
but take the step for his welfare.

Butterfly

rimane immobile
Chissà!
Tutto è compiuto ormai!

Butterfly

remains motionless
Who knows!
All is over now!

Kate

Potete perdonarmi, Butterfly?

Kate

Can you forgive me, Butterfly?

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Butterfly

solemnemente
Sotto il gran ponte del cielo
non v'è donna di voi più felice.
appassionatamente
Siatelo sempre;
non v'attristate per me.

Butterfly

solemnly
Beneath the blue vault of the sky
there is no happier lady than you are.
passionately
May you remain so,
nor ever be saddened through me.

Kate

a Sharpless, che le si è avvicinato
Povera piccina!

Kate

to Sharpless who has joined her
Poor little thing!

Sharpless

assai commosso

È un'immensa pietà!

Kate

E il figlio lo darà?

Butterfly

che ha udito, dice con solennità

A lui lo potrò dare

se lo verrà a cercare.

con intenzione, ma con grande semplicità

Fra mezz'ora salite la collina.

Suzuki accompagna Kate e Sharpless che escono alla destra. Butterfly cade a terra, piangendo; Suzuki s'affretta a soccorrerla.

Suzuki

mettendo una mano sul cuore di Butterfly

Come una mosca prigioniera

l'ali batte il piccolo cuor!

Sharpless

deeply moved

Oh the pity of it all!

Kate

And will she give him his son?

Butterfly

who has heard, says solemnly

His son I will give him

if he will come to fetch him.

with marked meaning, but quite simply

Climb this hill in half an hour from now.

Suzuki escorts Kate and Sharpless who go out by the door on the right. Butterfly falls to the floor, crying; Suzuki hastens to support her.

Suzuki

placing her hand on Butterfly's heart

Like to a poor imprisoned fly

beats this little fluttering heart!

Butterfly si rinfranca poco a poco; vedendo che è giorno fatto, si scioglie da Suzuki, e le dice:

Butterfly

Troppa luce è difuor,

e troppa primavera.

Chiudi.

Suzuki va a chiudere lo shosi, in modo che la camera rimane quasi in completa oscurità. Suzuki ritorna verso Butterfly.

Butterfly

Il bimbo ove sia?

Suzuki

Giuoca... Lo chiamo?

Butterfly

con angoscia

Lascialo giuocar, lascialo giuocar.

Va a fargli compagna.

Butterfly gradually recovers; seeing that it is broad daylight she disengages herself from Suzuki and says:

Butterfly

Too much light shines outside

and too much laughing spring.

Close them.

Suzuki goes to shut the shosi, so that the room is almost in total darkness. Suzuki returns towards Butterfly

Butterfly

Where is the child?

Suzuki

Playing... Shall I call him?

Butterfly

in distress

Leave him at his play, leave him at his play.

Go and play with him.

Suzuki

piangendo
Resto con voi.

Butterfly

risolutamente, battendo forte le mani
Va, va. Te lo comando.

Butterfly fa alzare Suzuki, che piange disperatamente, e la spinge fuori dell'uscio di sinistra.

Si inginocchia davanti all'immagine di Budda e rimane immobile, assorta in un doloroso pensiero. Ancora si odono i singhiozzi di Suzuki, i quali vanno a poco a poco affievolendosi.

Butterfly ha un moto di spasimo e poi va allo stipo e ne leva il velo bianco, che getta attraverso il paravento, poi prende il coltello, che chiuso in un astuccio di lacca, sta appeso alla parete presso il simulacro di Budda. Ne bacia religiosamente la lama, tenendola colle mani per la punta e per l'impugnatura.

Suzuki

weeping
With you I'll stay.

Butterfly

with decision clapping her hands loudly
Go, go. Obey my order.

Butterfly makes Suzuki, who is weeping bitterly, rise, and pushes her outside the exit on the left.

She kneels down in front of the Buddha and remains motionless, lost in sorrowful thought. Suzuki's sobs are still heard, they die away by degrees.

Butterfly has a convulsive movement. Then she goes towards the shrine and lifts the white veil from it, throws this across the screen, then takes the dagger, which, enclosed in a waxen case, is leaning against the wall near the image of Buddha.

Butterfly piously kisses the blade, holding it by the point and the handle with both hands.

Butterfly

legge a voce bassa le parole che vi sono incise
"Con onor muore
chi non può serbar vita con onore."
si punta il coltello lateralmente alla gola

S'apre la porta di sinistra e si vede il braccio di Suzuki che spinge il bambino verso la madre; questo entra correndo colle manine alzate. Butterfly lascia cadere il coltello, si precipita verso il bambino, lo abbraccia e lo bacia quasi a soffocarlo.

Butterfly

Tu? Tu? Tu? Tu? Tu? Tu? Tu?
Piccolo Iddio! Amore, amore mio,
fiore di giglio e di rosa.
prendendo la testa del bimbo,
accostandola a sè
Non saperlo mai per te,
pei tuoi puri occhi,
muor Butterfly...
perché tu possa andar di là dal mare

Butterfly

softly reading the words inscribed on it
"He who cannot live with honour
must die with honour."
points the knife sideways at her throat

The door on the left opens, showing Suzuki's arm pushing in the child towards his mother; the child runs in with outstretched hands. Butterfly lets the dagger fall, darts toward the child, and hugs and kisses him almost to suffocation.

Butterfly

You? You? You? You? You? You? You?
Beloved Idol! Adored, adored being,
fairest flower of beauty.
taking the child's head in her hands, she draws it to her
Though you never must know it,
it is for your pure eyes,
that Butterfly is dying...
that you may go away beyond the ocean,

senza che ti rimorda ai dì maturi,
il materno abbandono.

con esaltazione

Oh a me, sceso dal trono dell'alto Paradiso,
guarda ben fiso, fiso di tua madre la faccia!

Che te'n resti una traccia, guarda ben!

Amore, addio, addio, piccolo amor!

con voce fioca

Va, gioca, gioca!

*Butterfly prende il bambino, lo posa su di
una stuoia col viso voltato verso sinistra, gli
dà nelle mani la banderuola americana ed
una puppattola e lo invita a trastullarsene,
mentre delicatamente gli benda gli occhi.*

*Poi afferra il coltello e, collo sguardo sempre
fisso sul bambino, va dietro il paravento.*

*Qui si ode cadere a terra il coltello, e il gran
velo bianco scompare dietro al paravento.*

*Si vede Butterfly sporgersi fuori dal paravento,
e brancolando muovere verso il bambino –
il gran velo bianco le circonda il collo; con
un debole sorriso saluta colla mano il
bambino e si trascina presso di lui, avendo*

never to feel the torment when you are older,
that your mother forsook you!

exaltedly

My son, sent to me straight from the throne
of glory, take one last and careful look

at your poor mother's face!

That its memory may linger, one last look!

Farewell, farewell, my dearest heart!

in a faint voice

Go, play, play!

*Butterfly takes the child, seats him on a
stool with his face turned to the left, gives
him the American flag and a doll and urges
him to play with them, while she gently
bandages his eyes. Then she seizes the
dagger, and with her eyes still fixed on the
child, goes behind the screen.*

*The knife is heard falling to the ground, and
the large white veil disappears behind the
screen.*

*Butterfly is seen emerging from behind the
screen, tottering, she gropes her way towards
the child. The large white veil is round her neck;
smiling feebly, she greets the child with her*

ancora forza di abbracciarlo, poi gli
cade vicino.

Pinkerton

interno, chiamando

Butterfly! Butterfly! Butterfly!

*La porta di destra è violentemente aperta.
Pinkerton e Sharpless si precipitano nella
stanza, accorrendo presso Butterfly che con
debole gesto indica il bambino e muore.
Pinkerton si inginocchia, mentre Sharpless
prende il bimbo e lo bacia singhiozzando.*

*hand and drags herself up to him. She has
just enough strength left to embrace him,
then falls to the ground beside him.*

Pinkerton

inside, calling

Butterfly! Butterfly! Butterfly!

*The door on the right opens violently.
Pinkerton and Sharpless rush into the room
and up to Butterfly, who with a feeble
gesture points to the child and dies.
Pinkerton falls on his knees, whilst Sharpless
takes the child and kisses him, sobbing.*

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