

DON CARLOS

Grand opera in five acts

Libretto

(in French)

Joseph Méry and Camille du Locle

based on the dramatic poem *Don Carlos, Infant von Spanien* by Friedrich Schiller

and on the play *Philippe II, roi d'Espagne* by Eugène Cormon

Premiere

11 March 1867, Paris (Opéra)

Cast

PHILIP II (Bass)

DON CARLOS (Tenor)

RODRIGO, MARQUIS OF POSA (Baritone)

GRAND INQUISITOR (Bass)

MONK (Bass)

ELISABETH DE VALOIS (Soprano)

PRINCESS EBOLI (Mezzo soprano)

THIBAUT (Soprano)

VOICE FROM HEAVEN (Soprano)

COUNTESS D'AREMBERG (silent role)

WOMAN in mourning (silent role)

COUNT DE LERMA (Tenor)

ROYAL HERALD (Tenor)

SIX FLEMISH DEPUTIES (Bass)

SIX INQUISITORS (Bass)

CHORUS

lords and ladies of the French and Spanish courts, woodcutters, populace, pages,
guards of Henry II and Philip II, monks, officers of the Inquisition, soldiers

Place

Spain

Time

c. 1560

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ACT ONE

Prelude and Introduction

The forest of Fontainebleau. Winter. The palace in the distance. Right, a large rock forming a sort of cave.

HUNTERS

offstage

The stag has fled into the thicket...

By St Hubert!

Let's pursue him while the light lasts
in the deserted wood!

Recit and Romance

DON CARLOS

alone

Fontainebleau! Immense, lonely forest!
Could any gorgeous gardens, full of flowers and light,
replace this frozen earth for Don Carlos, happy here
where his smiling Elisabeth has passed by?

Leaving Spain and my father's court,
risking Philip's fearsome anger,
hidden among his ambassador's staff,
I have managed to see her at last, my lovely betrothed,
who has for so long ruled in my thoughts,
and from now on will rule in my heart!

I have seen her, and in her smile,
in her eyes full of bewitching fire,
my heart, filled with emotion, has understood
what bliss it would be to live and to love her.

A future full of tenderness!

Our days spent beneath blue skies!

God smiles on our youth,

God blesses our chaste love!

Scena and Duet

He starts to follow Elisabeth's path, then, wavering, stops and listens. A distant horn-call is heard.

DON CARLOS

The sound of the horn dies away among the deep shadows,
the refrain of the huntsmen's song fades away.

He listens.

All is silent! Night draws on and the first star
shines on the far horizon!

How shall I find my way back to the palace,
now that the wood is obscured in mist?

THIBAUT

from offstage

Ho there! Pikemen! Ho! Royal pages!

DON CARLOS

Whose voice is that resounding through the vast forest?

THIBAUT

Ho! Good peasants and woodcutters! Come here to me!

The page appears with Elisabeth leaning on his arm.

DON CARLOS

moving away to one side

Ah! Who is this charming shadowy figure coming towards me?

THIBAUT

afraid

Ah! I have lost the way, the tracks are wiped out ...

Lean on me, for pity's sake!
Night is falling and the air is chilly ...
Let us go on ...

ELISABETH
Heavens! How weary I am!

Carlos appears and bows to Elisabeth.

THIBAUT
startled, to Carlos
Ah! But who are you?

DON CARLOS
to Elisabeth
I am a foreigner ...
A Spaniard ...

ELISABETH
From the retinue of
old Count Lerma, the Spanish ambassador?

DON CARLOS
Yes, noble lady! And if some danger ...!

THIBAUT
in the background
Oh, joy! Under the clear night-sky
over there I have spotted Fontainebleau!
I'll go quickly to the castle
to bring your litter back here.

ELISABETH
commandingly
Go, do not fear for me! I am betrothed
to the Infante Don Carlos ... I trust
in Spanish honour ... Page, do as you intend! ...
indicating Carlos
This gentleman can guard the daughter of your King!

Thibault bows and leaves. Don Carlos, hand on sword, proudly stations himself to Elisabeth's right. Elisabeth lifts her gaze on Don Carlos; their eyes meet, and Carlos, as it involuntarily, genuflects before Elisabeth. Carlos gathers some dry branches.

ELISABETH
astonished
What are you doing?

DON CARLOS
In the war,
camped under the blue sky,
one learns to make fire
by gathering bracken like this.
Look! A spark has leapt from these stones
and flames spring up!

In camp, when the flame is burning good and bright,
they say it means victory ... or love!

ELISABETH

Are you from Madrid?

DON CARLOS

Yes.

ELISABETH

By this evening, perhaps,
they will sign the peace ...

DON CARLOS

Yes, surely today
you will be betrothed to the King's son, my master,
the Infante Don Carlos!

ELISABETH

Ah! Tell me about him!
Despite myself I am fearful of the stranger:
this marriage means exile!
Will the Infante love me?
Will he truly want me to love him?

DON CARLOS

Carlos will wish to be your humble servant;
his heart is pure, he is worthy of you.

ELISABETH

I shall be leaving my father and France;
God wills it, I obey.
To my new country
I shall go joyfully and full of hope!

DON CARLOS

Don Carlos will happily love you while he lives;
at your feet I swear it!

ELISABETH

My whole being trembles! Heavens! Who are you, then?

DON CARLOS

The envoy of him who will be your husband.
giving her a casket

ELISABETH

This casket ...

DON CARLOS

It contains, Madam, the portrait
of your betrothed.

ELISABETH

The Infante! ... It might be ...!
I dare not open it! ... Ah! I fear my own feelings.

looking at the portrait and recognizing Don Carlos
Dear God!

DON CARLOS

falling at her feet

I am Don Carlos ... I love you!

ELISABETH

aside

(What tingling sweet rapture
fills my soul!

Ah! It is Carlos' a god has brought him
to kneel before me!

Ah! Already trembling, with happiness
I tremble still!

Yes, it is Carlos! At his voice my heart
seems to open up!)

DON CARLOS

Ah! I love you, and God himself
has led me to kneel before you!

ELISABETH

If his hand has guided you on this miraculous night,

Ah! it is also because he wishes me to love you!

A cannon is heard.

Listen!

DON CARLOS

The cannon sounds.

ELISABETH

Happy day!

It is the signal for rejoicing.

The terraces of Fontainebleau light up in the distance.

DON CARLOS and ELISABETH

God be praised! Peace has been made!

ELISABETH

Look! The palace is ablaze with torches!

DON CARLOS

Leafless woods, ravines, scrubland,
to my enchanted eyes, you are covered in flowers!

ELISABETH

Ah!

DON CARLOS and ELISABETH

Under the eye of God, let us unite our two hearts
in the kiss of betrothal!

DON CARLOS

Do not tremble!

Ah! do not tremble, come to yourself,
my fair betrothed:
do not tremble, raise to me
your lowered gaze.
Forever united by the oath
which has long bound us,
let us stride out together in this life
in one another's love!

ELISABETH

Ah! I tremble still, but not with fear.
Look into my thoughts:
this happiness, new to me,
weighs on my soul.
Forever united by the oath
which has long bound us,
let us stride out together in this life
in one another's love!

Scena and finale

Thibault enters with pages carrying torches: the pages stop upstage and Thibault approaches Elisabeth on his own.

THIBAULT

kneeling and kissing Elisabeth's robe
On him who comes to you, Madam,
bringing a happy message,
bestow the favour which he begs of you,
that of never leaving your side!

ELISABETH

raising him
I wish it!

THIBAULT

Hail, o Queen, wife of Philip II!

ELISABETH

trembling
No! It is for the Infante I am intended!

THIBAULT

To King Philip II Henry has given you!
You are Queen!

ELISABETH

Oh, heaven!

DON CARLOS

Dumb, frozen with horror,
I tremble with terror before the open abyss!

ELISABETH

The fatal hour has sounded!

No! To fight against destiny
is brave but futile.
Yes, rather than be queen
and wear these chains
I would fall into my tomb.

DON CARLOS

The fatal hour has sounded!
Cruel destiny
shatters this beautiful dream!
And my soul is filled with regrets;
we shall drag along our chains
until we rest in our tomb.

*The Count of Lerma, Spanish ambassador, the Countess of Aremberg, Elisabeth's ladies, pages, valets
carrying torches and a litter, and the people, all come in.*

CHORUS

O songs of rejoicing and happiness,
ring out continuously
on the joyful air,
welcome peace is brought to us
by this wedding
from heaven on high!
A health and joy to the most lovely;
honour to her
who will tomorrow,
on a throne where God will be with her,
give her hand
to the King of Spain!

ELISABETH

So then, it is done!

DON CARLOS

Fatal destinies,

ELISABETH

Our condemned souls ...

DON CARLOS and ELISABETH

... will never know
happiness or peace!

ELISABETH

Ah!

CHORUS

O songs of rejoicing and happiness, *etc.*

DON CARLOS and ELISABETH

The fatal hour has sounded,
cruel destiny
shatters this beautiful dream!

And my soul is filled with regrets,
we shall drag along our chains
until we rest in our tomb.

DON CARLOS

So then, it is done!
Our souls condemned to eternal regrets ...

ELISABETH

Alas! our condemned souls
will never know happiness or peace!

COUNT LERMA

to Elisabeth

The most glorious King of France, your father,
to the mighty King of Spain and of India has promised
the hand of his well-beloved daughter.

A cruel war is ended at this cost.

But Philip wishes to claim you only on his own merits;
do you accept the hand of this king who loves you?

WOMEN

O princess, accept Philip as your spouse!
Peace! We suffer so much, have pity on us!

COUNT LERMA

Your reply?

ELISABETH

in a choking voice

Yes!

CHORUS

May God hear us,
o valiant heart!
And may he give us back
our happiness!

DON CARLOS and ELISABETH

This is the deepest agony!
I feel I shall die!

CHORUS

O songs of rejoicing and happiness, *etc.*

DON CARLOS and ELISABETH

It is done!
Fatal destinies,
our souls, condemned
to eternal regrets,
will never know
happiness or peace!

CHORUS

Glory to you!

Elisabeth is helped into her litter by Count Lerma. The despairing Don Carlos is left holding his head in his hands, on the rock where Elisabeth had been sitting. The procession sets off.

DON CARLOS

Alas! Alas!

CHORUS

Glory to you!

getting gradually further away

O songs of rejoicing and happiness, *etc.*

DON CARLOS

The fatal hour has sounded,

cruel destiny

shatters my beautiful dream!

O fatal destiny, fatal destiny!

ACT TWO

FIRST SCENE

The cloister of the monastery of San Yuste. Right, a chapel, lit up, with the tomb of Charles V, which can be seen through gilded grilles. Left, a door leading outside. Upstage, a garden with tall cypresses. It is dawn.

Scena and prayer

Onstage a monk kneels in prayer before the tomb.

CHORUS OF MONKS

Charles V, the august Emperor,
is no longer more than dust and ashes.

And now, his haughty soul
trembles at the feet of the Lord!

MONK

He wanted to reign over the world,
forgetting Him whose hand
set the stars in their courses.
His pride was great, his madness profound!

CHORUS OF MONKS

Charles V, the august Emperor,
is no longer more than dust and ashes.
Let the outbursts of your anger
be turned away from him, Lord!

MONK

God alone is great! His bolts of fire
make heaven and earth tremble!
Ah! Merciful master,
bending over the sinner, grant his soul
the peace and forgiveness which come down from heaven.

CHORUS OF MONKS

Charles V, the august Emperor,

is no longer more than dust and ashes.
Lord, let your anger
be turned away from him.
God alone is great!

A bell sounds. The monks leave the chapel, cross the cloister and disappear. Don Carlos appears under the arches of the cloister.

DON CARLOS

At the monastery of San Yuste, where my forebear
Charles V, weary of his high estate, ended his life,
I search in vain for peace and to forget the past:
the image of her who was snatched from me
wanders with me in this icy cloister!

MONK

who has risen, and approaches Don Carlos
My son, the sorrows of the earth
follow us even in this place.
The peace for which your heart yearns
is found only with God!

He starts to leave.

DON CARLOS

I shiver at this voice!
I thought I saw ... oh, terror!
the shade of the Emperor!
Hiding beneath his cowl his crown
and his golden breastplate,
they say he still appears here!

MONK

getting further away
Peace is found only with God.

DON CARLOS

That voice! I shiver ...
Oh, terror! Oh, terror!

Scena and Duet

RODRIGO

ushered in by a lay brother
Here he is! The Infante!

DON CARLOS

about to embrace him
Oh, my good Rodrigo!

RODRIGO

stopping him with a movement
I request an audience with the noble son of the King!

DON CARLOS

coldly

You are welcome, Marquis of Posa!

At a gesture from Carlos, the lay brother moves further off

DON CARLOS

embracing Rodrigo

You! My Rodrigo!

I embrace you!

To me in my sorrow God has led you,
like an angel of consolation!

RODRIGO

Ah! Dear Prince!

My Carlos, ah! My dear Prince.

I have been in Flanders with the army!

I come to intercede with the Infante Carlos
for that noble country where blood flows freely!

Lend your aid to the oppressed Flanders!

In mourning and fear a whole people kneels,
a race of martyrs raises its arms,
the people raises its arms to us!

spoken

But what do I see! Such mortal pallor!

A sorrowful light shines in your eyes;
you are silent! You sigh! Tears!

My Carlos, let me partake of your sorrows!

DON CARLOS

My companion, my friend, my brother,
let me weep in your arms.

In all my father's empire

I have only this heart, do not deprive me of it!

RODRIGO

In the name of a dear friendship

of bygone days, of happy days!

Open your heart to me, o my Carlos!

DON CARLOS

Do you wish it? So then, hear my misery:
tremble at the fatal blow

which has wounded my heart!

I am madly in love with Elisabeth ...

RODRIGO

Your mother! Almighty God!

DON CARLOS

You turn pale! Your glance, despite yourself, avoids mine!

I am so unhappy! My Rodrigo himself,
Rodrigo turns from me in horror!

RODRIGO

No, Carlos, your Rodrigo loves you;
by my faith as a Christian, you are suffering!
In my eyes, all else is as nothing!

DON CARLOS
Oh, my Rodrigo!

RODRIGO
My Carlos!

RODRIGO
Has the King chanced upon your secret?

DON CARLOS
No.

RODRIGO
Then get his permission to leave for Flanders!
In an effort worthy of you, allow your heart to break!
And come to learn among the unfortunates your harsh calling of King!

DON CARLOS
I shall follow you, my brother!

RODRIGO
Listen!
Some monks cross the stage.
The monastery gates are about to be opened!
It must be Philip with the Queen.

DON CARLOS
shaking
Elisabeth!

RODRIGO
Carlos,
by my side steel a wavering soul!
Your destiny can still be useful and fine ...
Ask of God the strength of a hero!

DON CARLOS and RODRIGO
God, you have pierced our hearts
with a spark of the same fire,
the same exalted love,
the love of liberty!
God, who has made of our sincere hearts
the hearts of two brothers,
receive our oath!
We shall die in brotherly love!
Ah! God, you have pierced, *etc.*

Philip appears, leading Elisabeth and preceded by monks.

RODRIGO
There they are!

DON CARLOS

I shiver! I faint at her sight!

RODRIGO

Courage!

Rodrigo has moved away from Don Carlos, who bows under the suspicious eye of Philip and tries to control his emotion. Elisabeth wavers on seeing Don Carlos. The King and Queen go to the chapel.

CHORUS OF MONKS

Charles V, the august Emperor, etc.

DON CARLOS

She is his, great God! I have lost her!

MONK

Ah, the peace and forgiveness which come down from heaven!

God alone is great!

RODRIGO

Come, with me your heart will be stronger!

DON CARLOS and RODRIGO

May we be united in life and death!

God, receive our oath

to die in brotherly love!

May we be united in life and death!

SECOND SCENE

A pleasant place by the gates of the monastery of San Yuste. A fountain, grassy slopes, clumps of orange-trees, pines and mastics. On the horizon the blue mountains of Estremadura. Upstage, the gate of the monastery with steps leading up to it.

Chorus and Scena

The ladies are sitting on the lawn and around the fountain. A page is tuning his guitar.

LADIES

Under these immense leafy trees,
which form a barrier of shade and silence
around the house of God,
under these pines, with their tempting shelter,
one can escape the burning heat
and the glare of the blazing sky!

THIBAULT

entering with Eboli

Flowers here cover the ground,
the pines spread their umbrellas,
and to please you, in the shade,
nightingales stir.

THIBAULT, LADIES

taking up places under the trees near the fountain

How good it is, sitting under the trees,
to hear rippling over the marble

the song of the weeping spring!
How good it is, at this scorching hour,
to while away the slow course of the day
among shade and flowers!

EBOLI

Since only the Queen of all Spain can
enter this monastery, will you, my companions,
while we wait for the sky to grow paler,
seek some pastime to divert us?

THIBAUT, LADIES

We will all follow your whim,
charming Princess Eboli!

EBOLI

to Thibault

Bring a mandolin,
and let us take turns in singing;
we'll sing the Saracen song,
the song of the veil, propitious to love!
Let's sing!

THIBAUT, LADIES

Let's sing!

The song of the veil

EBOLI

In the fairy palace
of the kings of Granada,
before the grottoes
of those lovely gardens,
covered by a veil
a woman, one evening,
under the twinkling stars,
came to sit alone.
Ahmet, the Moorish King,
saw her as he passed,
and, though veiled,
she charmed him.
"Come, my sovereign,
reign in my court,"
he told her, "The Queen no longer
enamours me."
Ah!

EBOLI and THIBAUT

Ah! O lovely young women, weave your veils!
When the sky is bright with the fires of day,
and when the stars are shining,
veils
are dear to love!

EBOLI

"I could just make out
in the dark garden
your ebony hair
and your dainty foot.
O charming young woman!
A king will love you:
Be the living flower
of my Alhambra!
But remove that veil,
charming star,
do like the star
in the blue firmament!"
"I gladly obey:
Come, look on me."
"Allah! It's the Queen!"
the King cried!
Ah!

EBOLI and THIBAUT

Ah! O lovely young women, weave your veils! *etc.*

LADIES

O lovely young women, weave your veils! *etc.*

Enter Elisabeth, coming from the monastery.

Scena, Trio with dialogue and Romance

LADIES

The Queen!

EBOLI

(Her oppressed soul is
always racked by some sad thought.)

ELISABETH

sitting down by the fountain

You were singing, free of care.

(Alas! In days gone by, I was happy like them!)

Rodrigo appears. Thibault goes towards him and speaks quietly to him for a moment, then comes back towards the Queen.

THIBAUT

presenting Rodrigo

The Marquis of Posa, Grandee of Spain!

RODRIGO

bowing to the Queen

Madam,

this letter was given me

in Paris for you by your mother.

He gives the Queen a letter, then adds very quietly, slipping her a note with the letter

Read this: for the sake of your peace of mind!

holding up the letter to the Ladies

See, the royal seal, with the crown and the fleurs-de-lys.

Elisabeth, confused, does not move, but seems about to speak. A look of entreaty from Rodrigo puts her at ease.

EBOLI

to Rodrigo

What news from the court in France,
that lovely country of elegant ways?

RODRIGO

to Eboli

They are in the throes of preparing for a joust,
at which, they say, the King will be present.

ELISABETH

with the note in her hand

(Ah! I dare not open it! I think
it would be dishonourable!
What! I tremble!)

EBOLI

to Rodrigo

They say nothing surpasses
the wit and grace of the French.

RODRIGO

to Eboli

Only you, in other climes,
have their exquisite, gracious charm!

EBOLI

to Rodrigo

Is it true that at the festivities in the Louvre
a chorus of goddesses
seems to burst from the opening heavens?

ELISABETH

(But my soul is unstained, and God reads my heart!)

RODRIGO

to Eboli

But the most beautiful one is missing ...

EBOLI

to Rodrigo

At a ball, I believe they wear
preferably silk and gold ...

ELISABETH

reading

("By the memory which binds us,
for the sake of your peace of mind,

of my life,
trust this man as you would myself - Carlos")

RODRIGO

to Eboli

Everything becomes a lady who is endowed,
Princess, with your beauty!

ELISABETH

to Rodrigo

Very well! My thanks! Ask a boon of your Queen!

RODRIGO

I accept, but not for myself!

ELISABETH

(I can hardly bear it!)

EBOLI

to Rodrigo

Who worthier than you to see his wishes fulfilled
by the Queen?

ELISABETH

(Ah! I tremble!)

EBOLI

Put your case!

ELISABETH

Speak!

RODRIGO

The Infante Carlos, our hope,
lives in mourning and tears,
and no-one knows what suffering
blights the flowers of his springtime
O you, his mother, to this tender heart
bring some strength and peace ...
Deign to see him, deign to hear him!
Rescue the Infante! Rescue Carlos!

EBOLI

(One day, when I was at his mother's side,
I saw the Infante tremble at my glances,
and go pale! ... Does he perhaps love me?)

ELISABETH

(O bitter fate!
to see him again ... I tremble!)

EBOLI

(Why does he not dare speak?)

RODRIGO

Ah! The Infante Carlos always found

the heart of his father the King closed:
and yet, who on earth
would be more worthy to be loved?
A loving word would bring strength
and peace to this tender heart.
Deign to see him, deign to hear him!
Rescue the Infante! Rescue Carlos!

EBOLI

(I saw the Infante tremble at my glance
and go pale! ... Does he perhaps love me?
Why does he not dare speak?)

ELISABETH

(Alas! I can hardly bear it!
Great God! To see him again! I tremble!)
to Thibault
Go! I am ready to receive my son!

EBOLI

(Ah! What if he loves me! ... And if he dared to open his
enamoured heart to me!)

Rodrigo takes Eboli's hand and they move away, talking quietly. The Queen's Ladies and the pages leave.

Grand Scena and Duet

Don Carlos appears, slowly approaches Elisabeth and bows without raising his eyes. Elisabeth, scarcely able to control her emotion, bids Don Carlos approach. The Countess d'Aremberg, the only other person still onstage, also moves away at a gesture from Elisabeth.

DON CARLOS

I come to beg a favour of the Queen;
she who occupies the first place
in the heart of the King
alone can obtain this favour for me!
The air of Spain stifles me ...
it weighs down on me, oppresses me heavily,
like the consciousness of a crime.
Get for me ... it is essential that I leave today
for Flanders!

ELISABETH

My son!

DON CARLOS

Not that name! ... Use the
one of former days!
Elisabeth tries to move away; Don Carlos, beseeching, stops her
Alas, I am distracted!
Have pity! I suffer so much! Pity! Miserly heaven
gave me only a day, and it was gone so quickly!

ELISABETH

Prince, if the King is pleased to accede
to my prayer ... for Flanders,
entrusted by him to your hand,
you will be able to depart tomorrow!

Elisabeth makes a gesture of farewell to Don Carlos and starts to leave.

DON CARLOS

What! Not a word, not a sorrowful
tear for the exile!

Ah! If at least some pious regret
had spoken to me in your look!

Alas! My soul is rent apart ...

I feel I shall die ... What a madman!

I have prayed in my delirium
to a feelingless, icy statue!

ELISABETH

Carlos, do not accuse me of indifference of heart.

Understand better my pride ... my silence.

The sacred flame of duty has shone before my eyes,
and I proceed under its guidance,
putting my hope in heaven!

DON CARLOS

O lost blessing ... Priceless treasure!

My share of life's happiness!

Speak, speak: drunk with rapture,
at your voice my soul dreams of paradise!

ELISABETH

O clement God, may this priceless heart
be consoled, may it forget!

Farewell, Carlos, in this life,

Ah! to live near you were paradise!

DON CARLOS

O wonder! My ravaged heart is consoled!

My piercing grief has flown!

Heaven has had pity on my tears ...

At your feet, swooning with tenderness, I die!

He falls in a faint on the grass.

ELISABETH

leaning towards Don Carlos

Mighty God, life has fled
from his eye clouded with tears!

Give peace, o divine goodness
to this desolate heart!

Alas! His suffering harrows me,
in my arms, pale and chill,

he is dying of love and grief,
he who was my betrothed!

DON CARLOS

raving

By what sweet voice is my soul revived?
Elisabeth, is it you, my beloved,
seated at my side, as in days gone by?
Ah! Blushing spring has made the woods verdant!

ELISABETH

O madness! O terror!
He is dying! O divine goodness!

DON CARLOS

From my closed tomb
coming to
why snatch me from
eternal rest, cruel God!

ELISABETH

Carlos!

DON CARLOS

May the earth open beneath my feet!
May lightning strike my brow,
I love you, Elisabeth! The world is as nothing!

He takes her in his arms.

ELISABETH

freeing herself in fear
Well then! So, wound your father!
Come, soiled by his murder,
drag your mother to the altar!

DON CARLOS

Ah! Accursed son!
fleeing in terror

ELISABETH

The Lord has watched over us!
falling to her knees
Lord! Lord!

Scena and Romance

There enter successively Thibault, Philip, the Countess d'Aremberg, Rodrigo, Chorus, and pages.

THIBAUT

coming hastily from the monastery
The King!

PHILIP

to Elisabeth
Why are you alone, Madam?

Has the Queen no woman with her?
Do you not know the rule of my court?
Who was your lady-in-waiting today?
The Countess d'Aremberg, coming forward, presents herself, trembling, to the King.
Countess, you will leave for France tomorrow!

The Countess retires weeping. Astonished, all look at the Queen.

CHORUS

Ah! What an insult to the Queen!

ELISABETH

to the Countess d'Aremberg

O my dear companion,
do not weep, my sister.
You are driven out of Spain
but not out of my heart.
My childhood days were passed
joyfully with you!
You will see France once more.
Ah! say farewell to it for me!
She gives a ring to the Countess.
Take this last token,
this token of all my regard.
Keep to yourself the outrage which
makes me blush.
Do not speak of my suffering,
of the tears in my eyes.
You will see France once more.
Ah! say farewell to it for me!

CHORUS, RODRIGO

Ah! Her innocence
shines in her eyes.

PHILIP

(With what certainty
she calls heaven in witness!)

ELISABETH

You will see France once more.
Say farewell to it for me!

The Queen leaves the Countess's side and exits. The Chorus follow.

Scena and Duet

PHILIP

to Rodrigo, who is starting to leave

Stay!

Rodrigo stops, goes down on one knee before the King, then approaches him and replaces his hat, quite unabashed.

Why have you never
sought a personal audience with me?

I like to reward those who are my friends;
you have, I know, served my crown well ...

RODRIGO

For what could I wish from the favour of kings,
Sire? I live content, protected by our laws.

PHILIP

I much like pride ... I pardon boldness -
Sometimes ... You have left my troops,
and people like you, soldiers of noble descent,
have never liked idleness ...

RODRIGO

For my country, steeped in noble blood,
my shining sword has been unsheathed twenty times.
If Spain command, I will take up my sword again,
but others must wield the executioner's axe!

PHILIP

Marquis!

RODRIGO

vehemently

Deign to hear me, Sire, since chance ...
since God has this day willed
to lead me before you!
The designs of providence then
will not have brought me to your presence vainly
for a day ... you will have learned the truth!

PHILIP

Away!

RODRIGO

O King! I have come from Flanders,
that country which was once so lovely!
It is now but an ashen desert,
a place of horror, a tomb!
There the orphan, begging
and weeping on the streets,
falls, as he flees the flames,
on human remains!
Blood reddens the water in the rivers,
they roll on, full of dead bodies ...
The air is filled with the cries of widows
over their butchered husbands! ...
Ah! Blessed be the hand of God,
which through me brings
the passing-bell of this agony
to the notice of the righteous King!

PHILIP

With so much blood I have paid for the peace of the world;
My thunderstroke has felled the pride of the reformers
who wish, by filling the people's minds with false dreams ...
Death, in my hands, can reap a harvest.

RODRIGO

No! Your thunder roars in vain!
Whose arm has ever stopped
the march of humanity?

PHILIP

Mine!

RODRIGO

A warm breeze has passed over the earth!
It has made the whole of Europe shudder!
God is imparting his will to you ...
Give your children freedom!

PHILIP

What unaccustomed language!
By the throne no-one has ever
raised his voice so loud ...
no-one, no-one!

RODRIGO

Give them freedom!

PHILIP

You will change your mind
when you get to know men's hearts
as Philip does.

RODRIGO

God will impart his will to you ...
Give your children,
give them freedom!

PHILIP

Not a word more: do not invoke that deceiving ghost!
Rise!
Your hair is indeed still golden
for you to be invoking that deceiving ghost
before an old man
who is king of half the world ...
Go, and beware of my Inquisitor!
No ... stay, child!
I like your bold spirit,
I shall open my heart to you completely.
Your daring glance has been raised to my throne ...
but hear about the torments and sorrow
of this head weighed down by the crown!
Consider my house ... trouble surrounds it,

yes! unhappy father, more unhappy husband!

RODRIGO

Sire, what are you saying!

PHILIP

The Queen ... a suspicion torments me ...

My son!

RODRIGO

His soul is noble and pure ...

PHILIP

Nothing under the sun equals

the prize he has stolen from me!

Be their judge and my support! ...

Sound out these hearts which a crazy love carries away!

You have full authority to speak to the Queen!

You, who alone are a man among humankind!

I put my heart in your loyal hands!

RODRIGO

Ah! What a dawn lightens the sky!

PHILIP

In your hands!

RODRIGO

It is open, this heart which has never been opened!

PHILIP

May this happy day bring peace to my heart!

RODRIGO

O my divine hope!

O my glorious dream!

PHILIP

Beware of my Inquisitor!

RODRIGO

Sire!

ACT THREE

FIRST SCENE

Introduction and Chorus

The Queen's gardens. Preparations for a party. In the background, beneath arches of greenery, a statue with a fountain. A clear night. Ladies and gentlemen pass by, on the way to the Queen's ballet.

CHORUS

offstage

Such flowers, so many stars

in these gardens full of perfume!

Still far off,

let us hope,
is the return of day!

Elisabeth and Eboli enter as the chorus ends. The Queen's Ladies stay to one side.

ELISABETH

Come, Eboli. The feast has but started,
and I already tire of its joyful noise ...
It was too much to ask of me! ...
The King, who will be crowned tomorrow,
spends the night at the feet of the madonna:
I shall go and pray like the King!

EBOLI

The whole court is there ... The Infante ...

ELISABETH

Go! I feel deep down
a need to be with God.
The feast calls you.
Farewell!

Elisabeth goes into the palace. Her Ladies split up: two of them follow her. The others gather round Eboli, now disguised by wearing Elisabeth's veil.

CHORUS

Such flowers, so many stars, *etc.*

EBOLI

For a night I am Queen,
and in this enchanted garden
I am mistress and sovereign.
I am like the beauty
in the legend of the veil,
who sees shining beside her
the soft reflection of a star!
I shall reign until daylight!
Amid the soft veils of the shadows
I shall intoxicate Carlos with love -
Carlos, the prince with a heavy heart!

Eboli makes a sign to a passing page, gives him a note which she has written hastily, then leaves, followed by the Queen's women.

CHORUS

Mandolins,
merry drums,
the divine voices
of people in love,
the touching voice
of the night,
how everything sings!
Time flies.

Scena, Duet and Trio

The Queen's gardens. Night.

DON CARLOS

reading a note

"At midnight, in the Queen's gardens,
under the laurels, near the fountain ..."

It is midnight! I hear
the clear sound of the spring amid the silence.
Drunk with love, full of an immense joy,
Elisabeth! My dear, my happiness ... I await you!
to Eboli, who enters, masked, and whom he takes for Elisabeth
It is you, my beloved,
stepping among these flowers!
It is you! My enchanted soul
sees its sorrows fly away.
O sacred, boiling spring
of my sweetest happiness,
of my cherished sadness,
my dear, my love, it is you!

EBOLI

(Such a love is the greatest happiness!
It is sweet to be so loved!)

DON CARLOS

Let us forget the universe, life and heaven itself!
What matters the past? What matters the future?
I love you!

EBOLI

unmasking

May love unite us for ever!

DON CARLOS

(God! It is not the Queen!)

EBOLI

O heavens! What thought makes you blench,
stock-still, your word freezing on your lips?
What ghost arises in between us?
Do you doubt this heart, which beats only for you?
Alas! In your youth you do not know
what a dreadful snare is being set in your path;
I hear the consuming thunder
already rumbling low over your brow!

DON CARLOS

Do not think that I am ignorant
of the dangers sown beneath my feet.
I hear the consuming thunder
rumbling low over my head!

EBOLI

Your father ... and Posa himself
have often spoken in a low voice about you!
I can save you ... I love you!

DON CARLOS

Rodrigo! What mystery is here unveiled to me?

EBOLI

Carlos!

DON CARLOS

Ah! You have the heart of an angel,
but mine sleeps forever closed to happiness.
We two have had a strange dream together,
on this beautiful night, under the perfumed trees!

EBOLI

A dream! O heaven! These burning words,
you thought you were saying them to some other woman?
What a thunderbolt! What a secret!
You are in love with the Queen!

DON CARLOS

Have pity!
Rodrigo enters.

RODRIGO

What is he saying? He is raving ...
Do not believe this madman!

EBOLI

I have read deep in his heart!
And his sentence is pronounced!

RODRIGO

What has he said?

EBOLI

Leave me alone!

RODRIGO

What has he said? Unhappy woman,
tremble! I am ...

EBOLI

The King's favourite!
Yes, I know about that, but I myself am
a dangerous enemy!
I know your power ... you do not know mine.

RODRIGO

What do you mean?

EBOLI

Nothing!

Fear the worst from my fury!
I hold his life in my hands!

RODRIGO

to Eboli

Speak, and reveal
what has brought you here!

EBOLI

Ah! The lioness is wounded to the heart!
Have fear of an offended woman!

RODRIGO

Have fear that you give arms to God,
the protector of the innocent!

DON CARLOS

What have I done? O bitter sorrow!
I have stained the name of my mother!
Only the eye of almighty God
will recognize me as innocent!

EBOLI

And I trembled before her!
She wanted, this latter-day saint
of heavenly virtues, while keeping up appearances
to quaff to her fill
at the cup where the pleasures of life are drunk!
Ah! Upon my soul, how daring she was!

RODRIGO

drawing his dagger

Woe betide you!

DON CARLOS

stopping him

Rodrigo!

RODRIGO

The poison
has not yet been drawn from her accursed lip!

DON CARLOS

Rodrigo, calm yourself!

EBOLI

Does your hand waver?
Why do you hold back from striking? ... Here I am!

RODRIGO

throwing down his dagger

No! One hope remains to me and God will guide me!

EBOLI

to Don Carlos

Woe betide you, adulterous son,
My cry of vengeance will resound ...
Woe betide you, tomorrow the earth
will open up to swallow you.

RODRIGO

to Eboli

If you talk, may a severe God
raise his arm to punish you!
If you talk, ah! may the earth
Open up to swallow you!

DON CARLOS

She knows all! O bitter grief!
Sorrow which drains my life!
She knows all! Ah! If only the earth
would open up at last to swallow me!

Eboli leaves in fury.

RODRIGO

Carlos, if you have any important letters ...
Notes ... plans ... you must give them to me!

DON CARLOS

To you? ... To the King's favourite?

RODRIGO

Carlos, do you doubt me?

DON CARLOS

No! My supporter ... my hope!
This heart which has loved you so much
will never be closed to you.
In you I still have confidence ...
Take this ... here are my important papers!

RODRIGO

O my Carlos!
O my dear prince, thank you!

DON CARLOS

Ah! I am in your hands!

They fall into each other's arms.

SECOND SCENE

A great square before the cathedral in Valladolid. Right, the church, approached by a great flight of steps. Left, a palace. Upstage, more steps lead down to a lower square. Large buildings and distant hills on the horizon.

Grand finale

The crowd, which the halberdiers have difficulty in containing, streams into the square. Bells peal.

POPULACE

This happy day is filled with gaiety!
Honour to the most powerful of Kings!
The whole world makes obeisance to him.
The world is controlled by his laws!
Our love goes with him everywhere,
never was love more deserved:
his name is the pride of Spain,
he will live in eternity!

A funeral march is heard. The monks cross the square, leading those condemned by the Inquisition.

MONKS

This day is a day of wrath,
a day of mourning, a day of terror.
Woe! Woe to the rash one
who has defied heaven's law!
But pardon follows the curse
if the terrified sinner
repents in the supreme hour
on the threshold of eternity!

The monks and the condemned go down to the lower square where the stake has been prepared.

POPULACE

Honour to the most powerful of Kings!
Our love goes with him everywhere, *etc.*
Honour to the King, honour!
This happy day is filled with gaiety;
honour to the most powerful of Kings!
The whole world makes obeisance to him,
the world is controlled by his laws.
He will live in eternity.
Honour to the King!

March

The procession comes out of the palace. All the official representatives of the State, all the court, deputies from all the provinces of the Empire, Grandees of Spain, among them Rodrigo; the Queen surrounded by her Ladies. Thibault, carrying Elisabeth's train, pages, etc. The procession draws up in front of the church steps.

COUNT LERMA

Be open, o sacred gates!
House of the Lord, be open!
O revered arches,
give up to us our King!

POPULACE

Be open, o sacred gates! *etc.*

As they open, the church gates reveal Philip, crowned, proceeding under a canopy, surrounded by the monks. The Flemish deputies bow. The people kneel.

PHILIP

beneath the canopy

People, in putting this crown on my head
I made the vow to God who gives it to me
to avenge him by fire and the sword!

POPULACE

Glory to Philip! Glory to God!

*All bow silently. Philip descends the church steps and takes Elisabeth's hand to continue on his way.
The Flemish deputies suddenly appear, led by Don Carlos, and prostrate themselves before Philip.*

ELISABETH

(O heaven! Carlos!)

RODRIGO

(What is he daring to try and do?)

PHILIP

Who are these people, bent at my knees?

DON CARLOS

Deputies from Brabant, from Flanders,
whom your son brings before you!

SIX FLEMISH DEPUTIES

Sire, has the final hour
struck for your Flemish subjects?

An entire people in tears
raises to you its cries and its groans!
If your soul has been softened
and has drawn clemency and peace from the holy place,
save our country,
o mighty king, you who hold the power of God!

PHILIP

To God you are unfaithful,
and unfaithful to your King.
These supplicants are rebels.
Guards! Take them from my sight!

SIX MONKS

The Flemings are infidels,
they have defied, defied the law;
these supplicants are rebels;
judge them in your heart, o King!

ELISABETH, DON CARLOS, RODRIGO, THIBAUT, POPULACE

Stretch out over their heads your sovereign hand,
Sire, have pity on a wretched people,
who go bleeding, dragging their chains,
in despair, condemned to death'

PHILIP

To God you are unfaithful, *etc.*

FLEMISH DEPUTIES

Sire, has the final hour, *etc.*

The King tries to pass; Don Carlos stands in front of him.

DON CARLOS

Sire, It is time for me to start to live!

I am weary of dragging out my youth idly
at your court.

If God wills that one day on my brow
the golden crown shall shine,
prepare for Spain a master worthy of her!

Entrust to me

Brabant and Flanders!

PHILIP

Madman! What do you dare to claim?

You want me to give you - you -

the blade which, sooner or later, will make a sacrifice of the King!

DON CARLOS

Ah! God reads our hearts, God has judged us, Sire!

ELISABETH

(I tremble!)

RODRIGO

(He is lost!)

DON CARLOS

drawing his sword

By God who hears me

I shall be your saviour, noble people of Flanders!

ELISABETH, THIBAUT, RODRIGO, MONKS, POPULACE

His sword, before the King! The Infante is crazy!

PHILIP

Guards! Disarm the Infante!

My Lords, upholders of my throne,
disarm the Infante!

What! No-one!

DON CARLOS

I await whoever dares,

my hand is ready for vengeance!

The Grandees of Spain start back before him.

PHILIP

Disarm the Infante!

RODRIGO

to Carlos

Your sword!

ELISABETH

O heaven!

DON CARLOS

You, Rodrigo!

Don Carlos gives his sword to Rodrigo, who bows before the King.

POPULACE

He! Posa!

ELISABETH

He!

PHILIP

Marquis, you are Duke! ... Now to the fiesta!

The King leaves, giving his hand to the Queen, all the court follows. They go to take up their places on the stand which has been set aside for them for the autodafé. Further off the glow from the stakes can be seen.

POPULACE

This day is a day of gaiety! *etc.*

MONKS

This is a day of wrath! ...

A VOICE FROM ON HIGH

Fly up to the Lord, o poor souls!

Come, feel the peace close by the throne of God! Forgiveness!

FLEMISH DEPUTIES

God allows these sacrifices! God does not put out these flames!

And in his name they erect these flaming pyres!

MONKS

... A day of mourning and of terror!

PHILIP, MONKS

Glory to God!

POPULACE

Glory to God!

The flames arise from the stake.

ACT FOUR

FIRST SCENE

The King's study

Scena and Cantabile

Philip, deep in meditation, is bent over a table covered in papers, on which candles have almost burned out. Daylight begins to show through the window-panes.

PHILIP

as if dreaming

She does not love me! No! Her heart is closed to me,
she has never loved me!

I can see her still, looking silently
at my white hair, the day she arrived from France.
No, she does not love me!
She does not love me!
coming to
Where am I? Those candles
are burnt out ... dawn silvers the window-panes,
day is here! Alas! Healing sleep,
sweet sleep has flown for ever from my eyelids!
I shall sleep in my royal cloak,
when the last hour arrives for me,
I shall sleep beneath the stone arches
in the vaults of the Escorial!
If only our royal station gave us the power
to delve into the depths of hearts, where God alone sees all!
If the King sleeps, treason is hatched,
he is robbed of his crown and his wife!
I shall sleep in my royal cloak, *etc.*
Ah! If only our royal station gave us the power
to delve into the depths of hearts!
She does not love me! No! Her heart is closed to me,
she does not love me!

He once more falls into a reverie.

Scena

COUNT LERMA

entering

The Grand Inquisitor!

Exit Lerma. The Grand Inquisitor, ninety years old and blind, enters, assisted by two Dominicans.

INQUISITOR

Am I before the King?

PHILIP

Yes, I need your help, my father, enlighten me.
Carlos has filled my heart with bitter sadness,
the Infante has rebelled in arms against his father.

INQUISITOR

What have you decided to do about him?

PHILIP

Everything ... or nothing!

INQUISITOR

Explain yourself!

PHILIP

He must go away ... or by the sword ...

INQUISITOR

Well then?

PHILIP

If I strike down the Infante, will your hand absolve me?

INQUISITOR

The peace of the world is worth the blood of a son.

PHILIP

Can I as a Christian sacrifice my son to the world?

INQUISITOR

God sacrificed his own, to save us all.

PHILIP

Can you justify in all cases such a harsh faith?

INQUISITOR

Wherever a Christian follows the faith of Calvary.

PHILIP

Will the ties of nature and blood remain silent in me?

INQUISITOR

Everything bows and is silent when faith speaks!

PHILIP

It is well!

INQUISITOR

Philip II has nothing more to say to me?

PHILIP

No!

INQUISITOR

Then I shall speak to you, Sire!

In this beautiful land, untainted by heresy,
a man dares to undermine the divine order.

He is a friend of the King, his intimate confidant,
the tempting demon who is pushing him to the brink.

The criminal intent of which you accuse the Infante
is but child's play compared with his,
and I, the Inquisitor, I, as long as I raise
against obscure criminals the hand which wields the sword,
while forgoing my wrath against those with power in the world,
I let live in peace this great wrongdoer ... and you!

PHILIP

To see us through the days of trial in which we live,
I have sought in my court, that vast desert of men,
a man, a sure friend ... and I have found him!

INQUISITOR

Why

A man? And by what right do you call yourself King,
Sire, if you have equals?

PHILIP

Be quiet, priest!

INQUISITOR

The spirit of the reformers already enters your soul!
You wish to throw off with your feeble hand
the holy yoke which covers the Roman universe!
Return to your duty! The Church, like a good mother,
can still embrace a sincere penitent.
Deliver the Marquis of Posa to us!

PHILIP

No, never!

INQUISITOR

O King, if I were not here, in this palace
today, by the living God, tomorrow you yourself,
you would be before us at the supreme tribunal!

PHILIP

Priest! I have suffered your criminal audacity for too long!

INQUISITOR

Why do you evoke the shade of Samuel?
I have given two kings to this mighty empire,
my whole life's work, you want to destroy it ...
What did I come here for? What do you want of me?

He starts to leave.

PHILIP

My father, may peace be restored between us.

INQUISITOR

continuing to move off
Peace?

PHILIP

Let the past be forgotten!

INQUISITOR

at the door, as he leaves
Perhaps!

PHILIP

The pride of the King withers before the pride of the priest!

Scena and Quartet

ELISABETH

entering, and throwing herself at the King's feet
Justice, Sire! I have faith
in the King's loyalty!
I have been unworthily treated in your court,
and insulted by unknown enemies ...
My casket ... it contains, Sire, a whole treasury,

my jewels ... some even more precious objects ...
It has been stolen! From my rooms! I beg justice
from your Majesty!

*Seeing the terrifying expression on Philip's face, Elisabeth stops in fear. The King rises slowly, picks
up a casket from a table and hands it to the Queen.*

PHILIP

Your casket, Madam,
here it is!

ELISABETH

Heavens!

PHILIP

May it please you to open it!
Elisabeth declines with a gesture.
Then I shall open it myself!

forcing open the casket

ELISABETH

(God! come to my aid!)

PHILIP

A portrait of the Infante! A portrait of the Infante!

ELISABETH

Yes!

PHILIP

Among your jewels?

ELISABETH

Yes!

PHILIP

What! You admit it before me!

ELISABETH

Yes, before you!

You know it!

I was promised to Don Carlos, to your son!

I came to you, submissive to God,
as pure as the French fleur-de-lys!

You dare, in a fit of madness,
to doubt a King's daughter!

To doubt a daughter of France! ...
the Queen of all Spain ... me!

PHILIP

You speak to me rashly!

You have known me only in my days of frailty!

But frailty may one day turn to fury.

Then, woe, woe betide you. Ah!

ELISABETH

What crime have I committed?

PHILIP

Perjury!

If your wickedness has run its full course,
if you have betrayed me ... by almighty God
tremble! Tremble! I shall have blood!

ELISABETH

I protest!

PHILIP

You, protest, an adulterous wife!

ELISABETH

falls in a faint

Ah!

PHILIP

opening the doors

Help for the Queen!

EBOLI

rushing in, taken aback at seeing the Queen in a faint

Oh ... heaven! What do I see? Alas!

RODRIGO

entering a little later, to Philip

Sire! Half the earth obeys you:

are you yourself then, in your vast States,
the only person you cannot keep in check?

PHILIP

Accursed be the infamous suspicion,
work of a hateful demon!

No! This woman's arrogance
does not amount to that audacious crime.

RODRIGO

I must act, and now is the time,
the thunder rumbles deeply in the heavens
A man must die for Spain,
leaving it days of happiness!
Leaving it a shining future!

EBOLI

O remorse! Bitter sadness!
May heaven pardon me,
cruel remorse!

ELISABETH

coming to

Where am I? Alas! My poor mother,
see the tears which scald my eyes,
I am in a foreign land!

My only hope lies in heaven.

After a short hesitation the King leaves. Posa follows him with a resolute gesture. Eboli remains alone with the Queen.

Scena and Aria

EBOLI

throwing herself at Elisabeth's feet

Pity! Pardon a guilty woman!

ELISABETH

Rise! What crime ... ?

EBOLI

Ah! I am overcome with remorse!

My heart is breaking.

Angel from heaven, exalted, holy Queen,
learn from what demon hell has delivered you!

Your casket ... it was I who stole it!

ELISABETH

You!

EBOLI

Yes, it was by me you were denounced!

ELISABETH

By you!

EBOLI

Yes! Love, madness, my hatred for you!

All the jealous torments unleashed in my heart.

I loved the Infante ... the Infante rejected me!

ELISABETH

You loved him? Rise ... I have already forgiven you!

EBOLI

No forgiveness! I have another terrible confession.

ELISABETH

Another?

EBOLI

The unforgivable crime

of which I accused you, I had myself committed ...

I had seduced ... the King!

ELISABETH

(Horror!)

EBOLI

She has condemned me!

All is over, I am abandoned by heaven!

ELISABETH

Princess, give me your cross!

EBOLI

Shall I ever see again my noble sovereign?

ELISABETH

You shall choose before the coming dawn
between a cloister and exile;
may you live happy!

She lowers her veil and starts to leave in silence.

EBOLI

Ah! I shall see the Queen no more!
O fatal, detested gift,
the present of an angry heaven,
which makes a woman so proud,
I curse you, o my beauty!
Fall, fall, bitter tears!
My betrayals and my transgressions
my stains and my miseries,
you will never wash them away!

I curse you, o my beauty!

Farewell, o Queen, pure victim
of my disloyal, crazy passions!
In a convent and in sackcloth
I shall bury myself for ever!
And Carlos? ... Yes, tomorrow, perhaps,
he will fall beneath the holy blade!
Ah! One day is left to me! Ah! I feel revived!
Blessed be this day ... I shall save him!

SECOND SCENE

Don Carlos's underground prison.

At the back, iron grilles between the prison and a courtyard at ground level, which is patrolled by guards. Stone steps lead down into this courtyard from the upper floors of the palace.

Death of Rodrigo

Don Carlos is sitting with his head in his hands, lost in thought. Rodrigo enters and speaks quietly to some officers. He makes a movement which brings Don Carlos out of his reverie.

RODRIGO

Carlos, it is I.

DON CARLOS

giving him his hand

My Rodrigo! It is noble
of you to visit me in this tomb!

RODRIGO

Carlos!

DON CARLOS

As you can see, my strength is waning!

My love for Elisabeth torments me and saps me ...
No! I can do no more for mankind! But you,
give them the golden days they were expecting from me!

RODRIGO

Ah! Learn the depth of my feeling and affection for you.
You will get out of this dire place.
With what tender pride I hold you to my breast!
I have saved you!

DON CARLOS

How?

RODRIGO

We must take our leave!
Don Carlos freezes, looking aghast at Rodrigo.
Yes, Carlos! This is for me the supreme day,
let us say a solemn farewell;
God permits us still to love one another
near him, when we are in heaven.
In your tear-filled eyes
why this mute terror?
Why are you sad? Death has charms,
o my Carlos, for him who dies for you!

DON CARLOS

shaking

Why do you speak of death?

RODRIGO

Listen! Time presses ...
I have deflected from you the stroke of vengeance!
Now the King's rival,
the rebellious traitor of Flandersit ... is I!

DON CARLOS

Unhappy man! Who will believe that?

RODRIGO

A dozen pieces of evidence have been amassed!
Your papers discovered on me,
evidence of treason which I have deliberately planted ...
my head now surely has a price on it!

Two men come down the stone steps of the prison; one of them is dressed in the uniform of the Inquisition, the other armed with an arquebus. They stop and point to Don Carlos and Rodrigo, who cannot see them.

DON CARLOS

I shall go before the King ...

RODRIGO

Save yourself for Flanders!
Save yourself for our work, it will need defending ...

A new golden age will be born under your rule,
yes, you must reign, and I must die for you!

A gunshot

DON CARLOS

Heavens! Death! For whom, though?

RODRIGO

mortally wounded

For me! ...

The King's revenge does not delay!

He passes out in Don Carlos's arms.

DON CARLOS

Great God!

RODRIGO

Listen, Carlos ... Your mother
expects you tomorrow at San Yuste;
she knows all! ... Ah! The world
slips away from me ... O Carlos! Your hand ...

Ah! I die with a happy soul,
since you are alive, saved by me ...

Ah! I see a happy Spain!

Farewell! Carlos, ah! Remember!

Remember, Carlos!

Yes, you must reign,
and I must die for you!

Ah! I die with a happy soul,
since you are alive, saved by me ...

Ah! I see a happy Spain!

Farewell! Carlos, ah! Remember!

Ah! the world

slips away from me ... Carlos, your hand ...

Carlos! Ah! Save Flanders!

Farewell! Carlos, ah! Farewell!

He dies. Don Carlos falls distraught on his body.

Finale

Philip and his retinue, Grandees of Spain

PHILIP

to Don Carlos, after a silence

My son, take back your sword;
my confidence was misplaced,
but the traitor has suffered his fate!

He extends his arms towards Carlos

Come!

DON CARLOS

in despair, over Rodrigo's corpse

Stand back! The blood
from this death has blown back in your face!
God marks your forehead with the sign of his wrath!

PHILIP

My son!

DON CARLOS

You no longer have a son! Choose
from among these butchers a son in your image!

PHILIP

to his retinue, making to leave

Follow me!

DON CARLOS

stopping him by force

Deep familiar of the human heart,
learn what pure blood has been shed by your hand!
He loved me and we were brothers ...
Our hearts were bound by eternal oaths;
despising your boons, despising your wrath,
it is for me that he has died!

PHILIP

God! I foresaw it!

DON CARLOS

O King of murder and fear!

pointing to Rodrigo's corpse

My realm is with him!

He throws himself on to Rodrigo's body.

PHILIP

Who will restore this dead man to me? O dreadful abyss!

He alone ... among so many victims!

A man, one alone, a hero had been born,

I have broken the staff which God had given me!

Yes, I loved him ... His noble words

showed my soul a new world!

This proud man ... this heart of flame,

I have thrown him into the horror of the tomb!

COURTIERS

Ah! We live on, but in vain.

He has taken from us the King's heart, which is consumed with regret!

Spaniards! We are descending into the night of the tomb!

DON CARLOS

O my friend, yes, give me your great soul,

make me the hero of your new world!

Fill my heart with the divine flame,

or make room for me next to you in the tomb.

*The above, with Count Lerma, Elisabeth, Chorus of people, then Eboli and the Grand Inquisitor.
The tocsin sounds.*

CHORUS OF COURTIER

Heavens! The alarm-bell!

CHORUS OF PEOPLE

offstage, behind the gates at the back, distantly

Death, death to him who stops us!

Strike without pity, without fear!

Tremble before the avenging people!

Strike them, strike them!

COUNT LERMA

The people are in a frenzy!

They are calling for the Infante!

CHORUS OF COURTIER and COUNT LERMA

Heavens!

PHILIP

with authority, pointing to the gates at the back, behind which the threatening mob has already arrived

Open the gates! It is my wish!

CHORUS OF PEOPLE

offstage, behind the gates at the back, distantly

Death, death to him who stops us!

Strike ...

PHILIP

to the people

Strike! Why do you delay?

COUNT LERMA, COURTIER

Long live the King!

PHILIP

I am here! Be brave!

CHORUS OF PEOPLE

Strike!

COUNT LERMA, COURTIER

Long live the King!

PHILIP

Slit the throat of an old man,

men of loyal heart!

And trample over my bleeding body

to do homage

to my son clothed in my royal mantle.

EBOLI

to the Queen, aside

See if I loved him!

Hurrying from street to street

I raised the people
and I have saved his life!
The cloister awaits me! Farewell, o Queen!

ELISABETH
Gread gods! Ah! I can hardly bear it!

PHILIP
So strike!

CHORUS OF COURTIERS
A curse is about to fall on our heads!

INQUISITOR
To your knees!

PEOPLE, COURTIERS, COUNT LERMA
The Grand Inquisitor!

INQUISITOR
O sacrilegious people,
prostrate yourselves before him whom God protects!
with authority
To your knees! To your knees!

PHILIP
To your knees!

PEOPLE
falling to their knees
Lord, forgive us, forgive us!

PHILIP
Glory be to you, great God!

COUNT LERMA, COURTIERS
Long live the King!

*The Grand Inquisitor comes down towards Philip, who goes to meet him among the kneeling people.
Eboli throws herself at the feet of the Queen, who extends her hand to her in a sign of forgiveness.*

ACT FIVE

*The cloister of San Yuste.
Night. Moonlight.*

Scena and Aria

Elisabeth enters slowly, lost in thought. She approaches the tomb of Charles V and kneels.

ELISABETH
You who knew the emptiness of the pomp of this world,
you who enjoy at last a sweet, profound peace,
if one sheds tears even in heaven,
by weeping bring my tears to the feet of the eternal one!
Carlos will come here! ... Yes! He must leave, he must forget...
I have promised Posa to watch over his life,

so that he follows his glorious, blessed path!
For me, my task is done, and my days are over!

France, noble land, so dear to me in my youth!
Fontainebleau! My heart is filled with your image ...
It is there that God received our eternal vow:
and its eternity lasted but a moment...

Beautiful Spanish gardens, at this hour pale and shadowy,
if Carlos should again pause in your shade,
let your flowers, your lawns, your fountains, your copses
sing to him of me in full voice!

Farewell, golden dream ... illusion! ... phantom! ...
Every link binding me to earth is broken!
Farewell, youth, love! ... Giving out beneath the strain,
my heart has only one wish left, which is the peace of death!

You who knew the emptiness of the pomp of this world,
You who enjoy at last a sweet, profound peace,
if one sheds tears even in heaven,
by weeping bring my tears to the feet of the eternal one!
Glorious soul risen to heaven,
ah, by weeping bring my tears to the feet of the eternal one!

Duet

Carlos, Elisabeth

DON CARLOS

appearing

She is there!

ELISABETH

A word ... just one, the word which commends
to God him who departs;
Then ... I demand that
you forget, and live!

DON CARLOS

Yes, I want to be strong;
but when love is crushed it kills before dying.

ELISABETH

No! think of Rodrigo.
Has he sacrificed himself
for an idle fancy?

DON CARLOS

In his dear Flanders,
first I want to erect a monument to him
finer than any king ever had.

ELISABETH

The flowers of paradise will rejoice his shade!

DON CARLOS

I had a beautiful dream!

It has vanished! And the cold light of day
shows me fire lighting up the air,
a river tinged with blood, deserted villages,
a people in agony, calling to me

as if to a redeeming God in the day of its distress.

I hasten to them! Happy if, whichever my fate may be,
you sing of my triumph
or weep over my heart!

speaking

When it is all over, when my hand drops
from your hands ... will you weep?

ELISABETH

Yes! But in admiration!

They will be tears from the soul, the noble sobbing
which women always bestow on heroes!

Farewell till we meet in a world where life is better,
where the first hour of eternity strikes,
and there we shall find in the peace of the Lord
the eternally sought thing called happiness!

DON CARLOS

Farewell till we meet in a world where life is better,
where the first hour of eternity strikes ...
and there we shall find ...

ELISABETH

In that solemn moment
may there be no base weakness,
may we forget all the names of profane tenderness;
may we give those names to chaster loves.

DON CARLOS

Farewell, mother!

ELISABETH

Farewell, my son!

DON CARLOS

And for ever!

ELISABETH and DON CARLOS

Farewell, my son/mother, farewell for ever.

PHILIP

Yes, for ever!

There must be a double sacrifice!

I shall do my duty.

And you?

INQUISITOR

The Inquisition

will also do its duty!
to the members of the Inquisition, indicating Don Carlos
Guards!

DON CARLOS

in despair

Ah! God will avenge me,
this tribunal of blood will be crushed by his hand! ...

Don Carlos, defending himself, backs towards the tomb of Charles V. The grille opens, the Monk appears and draws Don Carlos into his embrace, covering him with his cloak.

CHARLES V (MONK)

My son, the sorrows of the earth
follow us even in this place.
The peace for which your heart hopes
is found only in God!

INQUISITOR

The voice of the Emperor!

CHORUS

It is Charles V!

PHILIP

taken aback

My father!

ELISABETH

Great God!

The Monk drags the fainting Don Carlos into tire cloister.

CHORUS OF MONKS

in the chapel

Charles V, the august Emperor,
is no longer more than dust and ashes.