

SCANDERBERG A Tragedy

Translated and adapted By Frank J. Morlock C 2003

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Etext by Dagny

Represented before their Majesties
At Fontainbleu, on the 22nd of October, 1763

Words by M. De La Mothe

Music by M. Rebel and M. Francoeur

Ballets by Laval pere and fils

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CHARACTERS:

AMURAT, Turkish Emperor

ROXANE, Favorite Sultana

SCANDERBERG, King of Albania

OSMAN

SERVILIE, Princess, daughter of the Despot of Serbia

THE MUFTI

THE AGA of Janissaries

RUSTAN, an officer of the Emperor

A GREEK FEMALE

AN ASIATIC FEMALE

SULTANAS

BOSTANGIS

MALE AND FEMALE GREEKS in Servilie's suite

THE VIZIR

JANISSARIES

OFFICERS OF THE SERAGLIO

SLAVES OF VARIOUS NATIONS AND SEX

THE DIFFERENT PEOPLE OF TURKEY

SCANDERBERG A Tragedy

THE IMANS

THE GREAT OFFICERS OF THE PORTE

SERVANTS of both sexes of Servilie's suite

ALBANIANS of both sexes of Scanderberg's suite

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The Action takes place in Adrionople.

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SCANDERBERG A Tragedy

ACT I

The stage represents a part of the gardens of the Seraglio with a Grotto.

SCANDERBERG: Finally, Osman, the day that begins to shine,
Will it be the last of my captivity?

OSMAN: Prince, everything falls in with your plans,
I know how to hasten the moment of your liberty.
These people, that are enchained in error,
Think that today the laws are descending from heaven.
The festivals that this day brings,
The tumult and pomp occupy all eyes.
This very night come here.
As Master of the Gardens, I can do anything.
You will be able to flee these parts.

SCANDERBERG: O night! Hasten then to triumph over day!
I hear glory calling me;
Ah! What brilliant attractions it has!
Victory flies around her.
I see renown attached to her heels;
To deserve their immortal favor
I will brave a thousand deaths.
I hear Glory calling me;
Ah! What brilliant attractions it has!

OSMAN: You could confine your glory
To see Love fulfill your desires here,
But your heart disdains a sweet victory
Which only costs sighs.

SCANDERBERG: Ah, know, dear Osman, the Prince of Albania.
I blush at a repose that tarnishes my glory;
In vain, by his benefits repairing my misfortunes,
Does Amurat expect gratitude,
To make me forget his fury?
My throne overthrown demands my vengeance;
Even love in my heart reanimates wrath.

OSMAN: Love! eh! What object knows how to touch your soul?
Could you share the flame
That Roxane experiences for you?

SCANDERBERG: My soul is enslaved by more powerful eyes:
This illustrious princess linked to me by blood
Disposes of my heart and must arm my hand.

OSMAN: What! The Princess of Serbia?

SCANDERBERG: I was accompanying lucky Amurat
When he attacked the father of the princess.
I saw her, I loved her, I even knew how to please her.
Today, Amurat desolates her realm
I am rushing to aid her or to seek death.

OSMAN: Until tonight you still must dissemble.
I answer to you for the whole thing,
Think of controlling yourself.

SCANDERBERG A Tragedy

(Exit Osman.)

SCANDERBERG: Ah! I am already enjoying these happy moments
With which the faithful Osman has just flattered my passion;
With what pleasure I am awaiting them.

Calm is reborn in my soul.

How charming the day is, and how beautiful it is here.

Hope, which has flattered me, embellishes it yet more.

The song of love birds,

The breeze of zephyrs, the flowers that are blooming,

The fawning murmur of these laughing waters,

All here seems to render homage to the dawn.

How charming this day is and how beautiful it is here.

Hope, which has flattered me, embellishes it yet more.

(Roxane enters.)

ROXANE: I am always looking for you; I'm giving in to my weakness,
I am no longer mistress of a vain pride.

I am coming to confide to you my secret displeasures,

But up to now, think, that my tenderness

Speaks only through my kindness.

Your life was proscribed and I knew how to protect it.

From my love for you I softened the harshness.

And my sighs and my languor,

If you had wanted to listen to me

Would have told you the reward my heart demands.

SCANDERBERG: Must love obtain victory over us?

More worthy objects demand all our prayers.

And my misfortunes and your glory

Ought to protect us from the power of its flames.

ROXANE: Cease to take for weakness

The pleasure of a tender passion.

Peril accompanies it endlessly hereabouts

And makes it worthy of a great heart.

SCANDERBERG: You are betraying the passion of jealous Amurat.

ROXANE: Ingrate, I betrayed him, in favor of saving your life.

By your death he was going to forestall my love.

He was going to assure the repose of my soul.

What am I saying, wretch, alas!

Where is my barbarism taking me?

No, Prince I cannot wish your death.

My pity saved your life.

Even though you must hate me, I don't repent it.

SCANDERBERG:

No, I only hate myself for having

Known how to please you too well.

For the reward for life that I owe you,

Must you expose yourself to the rage—

ROXANE: Ingrate, be more sensitive, and tremble less for me.

How your rival, aware of the distraction that rules me,

Will return here to avenge his word;

Let him plunge in my perfidious breast

The blade he raised against you.

SCANDERBERG A Tragedy

Under the mortal sword you will see me content
If yours was the price of my dying heart.
No, cruel one, it's not death which scares me
And I fear only your scorn. (The Sultanas appear.)
The troupe of beauties of this abode are coming this way.
SCANDERBERG: Duty warns me to leave this retreat.
ROXANE: Watch our games, everything here frees you
Of the harsh laws of this court.
The favor of Amurat, my power, his absence.
Prince, allow our sports to provide you all the love
That your presence inspires in me. (to the Sultanas)
May this grotto be embellished,
Let the ocean enchant my path,
May it form decorations
To make it even more charming,
May Echo join itself to our concerts.
Let's make everything resound with the sweet noise of our songs.
CHORUS OF SULTANAS: May this grotto, etc.
(They dance. The fountains open and a Palace of Water appears in the grotto.)
ROXANE: Shine, charming Aurora.
CHORUS: Reign, delightful zephyrs.
ROXANE: Laughing flowers, hurry to burgeon.
CHORUS: Birds, fill the air with harmonious sounds.
ROXANE: Clear waters, let your murmurs
Render our concerts yet sweeter.
CHORUS: (with Roxane) ay all Nature's wishes
Celebrate this day with us.
(They dance.)
OSMAN: (entering followed by Bostangis)
Leave, leave these sports, thousands of flighty songs
Are echoing in these retreats
Announcing the return of the conquering Sultan.
ROXANE (aside) Just heaven!
SCANDERBERG: (aside) Ah! Princess!
What will be your destiny? What will become of my hope?
OSMAN: Already, to mark their zeal,
The people have gone to the distant walls to receive him.
I am leaving you, and I am flying to where my duty calls me.
ROXANE: (as she is leaving) How I fear his jealous scenes!
Let's find a way to forestall a too just wrath.
CHORUS OF BOSTANGIS AND SULTANAS: How he returns covered with glory,
Love awaits him in this retreat.
Content with gifts of Victory,
Let him taste here, the gifts of Love.
CURTAIN

SCANDERBERG A Tragedy

ACT II

The stage represents the exterior court of the Seraglio, decorated to receive the Sultan.

SCANDERBERG:

Amurat is coming to present himself at the doors of the Seraglio;
Amurat has ordered me to await him here;
What terrible unease seizes my heart!
Fatal triumph! Odious victory,
Flighty and importunate songs of glory,
What horror you presage for me!
What's become of you, dear object that I adore?
Your Father moans under the sway of the Conqueror;
And to complete the ills, I am unaware
If you are living, if you still love me.
Alas! In vain I want to doubt my misfortune!
Fatal triumph! Odious Victory,
Flighty and importunate songs of glory
What horror you presage for me. (Servilie enters escorted by Osman)
What do I see? What object!

SERVILIE: Just heavens, where am I!

Ah! dear Prince, is it you?

SCANDERBERG: Is it you, my Princess?

TOGETHER: My heart doesn't dare to believe my eyes.

SCANDERBERG: You are moaning here under a harsh fetter.

SERVILIE: No, the Sultan, touched by my weak attractions,
Intends to make me sovereign in the parts
And my father, at this price, has just obtained peace.

SCANDERBERG: O Heaven! Then it's really over; I am losing you forever.

SERVILIE: Do you think, they could force me
To fail in faith to you?

SCANDERBERG: We won't lament doing that.

SERVILIE: No, I won't follow such a barbarous law;
If you love me, what can I fear?

SCANDERBERG: Cruel Amurat will punish your scorn.

SERVILIE: Not even death; death won't extinguish my passion.

SCANDERBERG: The joy of pleasing you is too dear at this price.

SERVILIE: At this price, it's sweet for me to reign in your heart.

TOGETHER: Let's promise each other a hundred times eternal love.
It's for you that my heart sighs.

SERVILIE: They are going to ravish us forever
Of the sweet pleasure of telling it to each other.

SCANDERBERG: I dare still hope for a happier destiny.

We can forestall the Sultan's vengeance,
Only delay an odious marriage
And with the deceitful allure of a vain hope,
Let's arrange the time to escape from these parts.

SERVILIE: How dearly it will cost me! but I must force myself.
Carefully arrange the time;
If I love you enough to want to dissemble,

SCANDERBERG A Tragedy

I feel I love you too much to be able to do it for long.

AMURAT: (entering, to Servilie) See, charming Servilie,
What my first cares are in entering these parts;
I permit a hero who has blood linked to yours,
Freed from our sway, to appear to your eyes. (to Scanderberg)
I am raising the Princess to supreme grandeur,
You must share her joy.
You ought to be flattered to learn it from herself,
And her triumph and my passion.

SCANDERBERG:

What heart has so much attraction not to surrender its arms?

AMURAT: My passion was born in the midst of alarms,
In the bosom of peace it grows each day.
Never have my eyes seen shine so many charms
And never in a heart has so much love reigned.
What's the use to me of the tribute that Europe and Asia
Are endlessly offering to my pleasure
The rarest beauties of this chosen troupe,
Whose pride is nourished by my least desires,
No longer deserve my sighs,
Nor the honor of my jealousy.

I no longer wish to see or love anyone but Servilie.
But does such a love burst out in vain?

Will you be insensitive to the passion that inflames me?

SERVILIE: The interest of my father has ruled my fate.

AMURAT: Don't I owe him the gift of your hand?
And can I not hope to reign in your soul?

Love, share the desires
Of a faithful heart.

It's for a mutual passion
That love is reserving all its pleasures.

Love, share the desires
Of a faithful heart.

SERVILIE: You rule, Lord, what could I object?

But despite the passion that you reveal
I see in such a prompt marriage the order of a master
That the pride of my blood cannot hide from me.
Be generous, respect my birth,

Allow my gratitude
To cause in the end a just return to be born in my heart.

AMURAT: What! I could owe my happiness to Love!
At the pleasure of your wishes our marriage is deferred,
All will depend on you; it suffices that I hope. (to Scanderberg)
Do you conceive the joy that is promised to my passion?
Let Love also fulfill your prayers!
From all hearts it demands homage.
All happy, as I am in obtaining her promise,
I will become more so
If you can be as much as I am.

Come, all of you hurry, you who follow my rule.

(The officers of the Porte, the People, and Greeks in Servilie's suite enter.)

SCANDERBERG A Tragedy

CHORUS: Darken the memory
Of our Sultans
With your glory.
Make us count your moments.
Fortunate conqueror!
Enjoy your victory.
A tender heart
Assures your happiness
Let its constancy
Reward
Your ardor.
Let's say it again, hundreds and hundreds of times;
He gave himself, through his own choice,
The reward of his exploits.
Without sighs and without tears,
Without alarms.
May sweet pleasures assemble in his court.
Triumph Love!
What are our souls
Without your passions?
(They dance.)

AMURAT: Join, join your voices,
Sing my passions, sing the glory of my arms.
Love, crown my exploits,
Celebrate forever her charms.

CHORUS: Let's join, let's join our voices.
Let's sing his passions. Let's sing the glory of his arms.
Love is crowning his exploits
Let's celebrate forever her charms.
(They dance.)

A GREEK GIRL: (in Servilie's suite)
After so many alarms
Comes a fine day.
All of you give up your arms,
Give in to Love.

CHORUS: After so many alarms
Comes a fine day.
All of you give up your arms,
Give in to Love.

THE GREEK GIRL: Receive the Empire
From the hands of the conqueror;
The conqueror is sighing,
Receive his heart.
Everything conspires
To fulfill your happiness.

CHORUS: After so many alarms
Comes a fine day.
All of you give up your arms,
Give in to Love.

CHORUS OF GREEKS: At his blows,
Let's surrender

SCANDERBERG A Tragedy

To all these charms.

GREEK GIRL: Why do you fear it?

CHORUS: After so many alarms

Comes a fine day.

All of you surrender your arms,

Give up to Love.

(They dance.)

AMURAT: (to Servilie) Come into my palace, adorable Princess.

Let new honors reveal my tenderness.

CHORUS: Darken the memory, etc.

CURTAIN

ACT III

The stage represents an interior court in the Seraglio.

ROXANE: Everything's ready. The Vizir seconds my wish;
Tremble, Amurat, death is going to punish your crime.
No, although aware of my treacherous passion,
I resent prayers of which another is the object.
Perfidious like you, my heart justifies you.
But, since you are ravishing me of rank and this power
That your love intends to go to Servilie,
My irritated pride arms my despair.
Know yourself better, weak Roxane,
If the Sultan perishes, Love alone condemns him;
Let's give in to our fates, let's sacrifice Amurat.
Let's follow the supreme decree of heaven that permits it.
Lucky! if I can soften up an ingrate
When I am daring to attempt everything to avenge him.
Fury, Love,
Second my impatience
Fury, Love,
Reign in my heart in turn!
What's it matter what motives animate my vengeance
If the darts that it launches
Serves my hopes today?
Fury, Love,
Second my impatience.
Fury, Love,
Reign in my heart in turn!
Strike cleverly.

(Enter Scanderberg.)

ROXANE: I am going to deliver you from a furious tyrant.
The creators of our laws
Won't be able to approve an odious marriage
And already the Vizir is arming the Janissaries.
This very day, Amurat is going to expire, right here.

SCANDERBERG: The Vizir is serving your vengeance!

ROXANE: Actually, he implored my support
And that I employ my power for his grandeur.
He promises me the reward
That he's going to give me today.

SCANDERBERG: You want Amurat to perish,
He whose love made your life so fortunate!

ROXANE: My heart made this sacrifice to you;
And it's you who condemn me.
Shall I wait, so that instructed by the passion in my soul
That love has given birth to for you,
He will extinguish a guilty passion in my blood?
So that you yourself will expire before my eyes under his blows!
I know his furies and his parricidal arm

SCANDERBERG A Tragedy

Against a life so dear that already it seems armed.
Sometimes he gives mercy to a perfidious lover,
But never to a loved rival.

No, you are not going to die; let him be our victim.
Die with the cruel object of his amours.

SCANDERBERG: O Heaven! what are you saying?

ROXANE: In the passion which drives me;

It wouldn't seem a crime to me

To destroy the universe to save your life.

SCANDERBERG: It's not my life you wish to save;

The choice of a rival is arming your wrath.

ROXANE: Ah! if grandeur could please me

I would only wish to raise you to it.

By death I've sworn my vengeance;

I am going to prepare a dazzling destiny for you.

Let's go into your realm to seek battles.

Arm yourself; your valor permits you the hope

Of overthrowing the throne of Sultans.

SCANDERBERG: No, I'd sooner undertake the defense of Amurat.

ROXANE: What! Prince, could you have stopped hating him?

SCANDERBERG: My hate is generous and doesn't reach treason.

He commands subjects of whom I was born the master.

He holds them in fetters; my heart is not changed;

But if I must avenge myself by treason

I will never be avenged.

Abandon, you yourself, abandon, a plan so barbarous;

Beware that the jealous Sultan,

Informed of your plans, is not preparing measures

That your hate is preparing for him.

Nothing could save you from such a just wrath;

The dart you hurl will fall back on you.

ROXANE: The terror of a cruel death

Won't stop great projects here;

By force of seeing it close by

We lose our horror of it.

SCANDERBERG: Tremble, at least, if you love me;

In vain a thousand arms are raised against Amurat—

ROXANE: Let the cruel one die! This sole hope

Can console my heart for the refusal of your word.

SCANDERBERG: It's through me that their fury must begin.

ROXANE: I shall know how to die after you.

SCANDERBERG: Ah! What furor's got hold of you!

Today don't listen to either love or hate.

ROXANE: Ah! What furor's got hold of you!

Today share my love and my hate.

TOGETHER

Ah! What furor's got hold of you!

SCANDERBERG: Today don't listen to either love or hate.

ROXANE: Today I am listening to love and hate.

(Roxane leaves.)

SCANDERBERG: Against such black treason,

SCANDERBERG A Tragedy

It's for me to oppose a generous aid.
If Roxane succeeds
She will sacrifice Amurat and the object of my passions.
What does it matter if I am listening to Love or Glory?
Suffice to know that I am serving them both at once.

CHORUS: (at the back of the stage)

Let's sacrifice Amurat; let's sacrifice Servilie. (Scanderberg leaves)
Let's demonstrate by our dazzling blows that
This marriage is a crime for Sultans.

(Scanderberg returns at the head of Officers of the Seraglio, sabre in hand. The Vizir enters at the head of the Janissaries.)

SCANDERBERG: (to the Vizir)

Rebel, it's for you to tremble for your life.

VIZIR AND THE CHORUS OF JANISSARIES:

Let's sacrifice Amurat, let's sacrifice Servilie.
(The Janissaries and the Officers of the Seraglio battle. Scanderberg pursues the Vizir.)

AMURAT: (entering)

Perfidious ones, are you coming into this sacred palace
To reveal your crimes?
So you brave my threats?
You dare to plunge in my blood?
Come on, come on, consummate your audacity.
Strike, force thunder to avenge me.

CHORUS: O how Majesty has an invincible charm!

Respect beats us down; remorse disarms us.

AMURAT: You shudder at an odious plan.

Such a prompt repentance is born from your impotence.
All your blood shed by my order, before my eyes,
Will hardly suffice to wash away your offense.

CHORUS: You hold our fate in your hands.

AMURAT: Render thanks to my clemency.

Don't fear a shameful death,
But sacrifice to me my victim.

Earn your mercy by serving my fury,
Through the death of the Vizir, expiate your crime.

(Scanderberg returns with the officers of the Seraglio.)

SCANDERBERG: He lost the day, see your conqueror.

AMURAT: Ah, it's because of you that I breathe.

I owe you my life and my empire.
Henceforth I wish to share it with you.
Let all here bow before your new grandeur.

I am raising you from the rank of rebel
From which your arm has just avenged me.

SCANDERBERG: My reward is fine enough

Your life is no longer in danger.

But the Princess? O Heaven!

AMURAT: Don't fear anything for her.

I forced her to flee from this odious spectacle,
And again I owe you a life so precious.

THE AGA OF THE JANISSARIES: (alternatively with the Chorus)

The Sultan has placed his thunder in your hands.

SCANDERBERG A Tragedy

Under his sway make the earth tremble,
Fly to brilliant exploits,
Let your valor enchain victory.
By following your example, by listening to your voice,
We will share your glory.
(They dance.)
CURTAIN

SCANDERBERG A Tragedy

ACT IV

The stage represents a portion of the Gardens of the Seraglio that ends in a canal.

SERVILIE: Everything hereabouts excites my hate and my tenderness;

Against a cruel conqueror I dare not murmur;
I'm controlling my sorrow and hardly dare sigh
Of things that wound me.

My eyes, even my eyes, fear to meet
The one I'd like to see endlessly.

It's here that Amurat, to soften my severity,
Must employ the dazzle of a new feast.

Alas! in receiving these vain excesses of honor
I find myself almost unfaithful.

But your danger, dear Prince,
Imposes on me a law so cruel

Because your safety depends on his mistake.

Yes, I implore you, o heaven! take pity on my tears.

Ah, could you betray the most tender passions?

Love, which promises us life so full of charms,
Has it flattered our prayers only to deceive our hearts?

You, o heaven, that I implore, take pity on my tears;

Ah! could you betray the most tender of passions?

SCANDERBERG: (entering) Princess, destiny favors our prayers.

SERVILIE: You are trying to ease the trouble that agitates me.

SCANDERBERG: Amongst the tumult and the sports,
This very night, Osman is answering for our flight.

SERVILIE: What! We could disarm fate's severity?

Beware flattering yourself with an idle hope.

SCANDERBERG: Love caused our tears to shed.

But if it tests, it rewards.

It places a term on misfortunes,
A reward for perseverance.

SERVILIE: Who better than we deserve Love's favors?

I am shutting, in the depths of my soul,
The features that knew how to touch me.

And I feel my passion increase
With my efforts to hide it.

SCANDERBERG: Love, render our alarms vain,
Reanimate our hope, fulfill our sighs.

No, my heart cannot, in your chains,

Be happy except through your pleasures,

Nor unhappy except through your pains. (Enter Roxane.)

O Heaven!

ROXANE: I just heard

Your oaths and your sighs.

You were dissimulating to conceal amorous desires.

Cruel! Your heart is only too tender.

SCANDERBERG: You see with what cruel nets

Love knew how to enchain me.

SCANDERBERG A Tragedy

If I betrayed your hope,
This heart was unable to give itself.
Pardon our constancy.

ROXANE: Ingrate! I love you too much to pardon you for it.

But don't think to avoid my rage.

You weren't afraid to deceive me

When I was daring everything to please you;

Ah! the more my error costs me,

The more it sharpens the dart with which I intend to strike you.

SCANDERBERG: Exhaust this extreme fury on me alone.

SERVILIE: Be merciful to the object that charms your eyes.

SCANDERBERG: Spare the one I love.

SERVILIE: Spare the one you love.

ROXANE: Such a tender fear is a new outrage.

SCANDERBERG: Can't I calm you?

ROXANE: Suffer as much as me.

Yes, since I must break the chain that holds me,

I can do anything to avenge myself on you.

I no longer feel love, I only feel rage.

(She leaves.)

SERVILIE: What horrifying unease grips my soul!

SCANDERBERG: Worry less about a powerless rage,

Master of her secret, I will thwart her blows

And I can defy the wrath that inflames her.

SERVILIE: Ah! what a cruel torture it is

To tremble for the one you love!

A heart is very happy not to have, in loving

Anything to fear, except for itself.

AMURAT: (entering with slaves of various nationalities)

Behold, beautiful Princess, to embellish these shores

With my sighs, with my homage,

I intend to count all my moments.

You, that destiny made me master of,

Appear under the decoration

Of nations in which you were born.

I am assembling in this court a thousand different nationalities.

Know, to what conqueror you surrendered your arms.

And by submitting to your charms,

I am submitting the universe to you.

(They dance.)

CHORUS: Reign, happy conqueror, let all give in to your blows;

Let all answer to your laws.

Triumph, triumph over the world.

Beauty alone has the right to triumph over you.

(They dance.)

AN ASIAN GIRL: (alternatively with the chorus)

Here beauty,

Enslaved and without arms,

Tames pride.

Here beauty

Avenges with her charms

SCANDERBERG A Tragedy

Her captivity.
Here sometimes
Supreme power
Gives in to her sway.
Here sometimes,
Even with our masters,
Our eyes are kings.

(They dance.)

ROXANE: (entering) Sultan, know the object of your heart is enchanted.
The object that your heart prefers to me.
This Prince is your rival; this rival is loved.

AMURAT: The Vizier!

ROXANE: I've penetrated the mystery of their passions.
They will flee tonight.

AMURAT: What? The two of them speechless;
And their timid looks.
You love each other perfidious ones.

Your secret is escaping and I've surprised it.

SCANDERBERG: Judge better of my extreme unease.

Roxane accuses us, o Heaven! when she herself—

ROXANE: Reveal to him my crimes, you can do it.

He won't hesitate to believe me guilty.

Why, go ahead, I know him; he will believe us both.

AMURAT: Finish revealing a suspicion that overwhelms me.

ROXANE: I employ my fury still better
By means of this funereal suspicion
To which I deliver your heart.

And I've said enough to avenge my heart.

AMURAT: Tremble.

ROXANE: Death must be my share,
The pride of Roxane knew how to forestall you. (with pride)
Poison in my breast seconds my courage
And completing your misfortunes, I deprive you of your rage,
Even of the power to punish me.

(Roxane expires at the back of the stage.)

AMURAT: Must she insult my cruel pain?

Let her be put in irons and make sure of her.
Leave. (Scanderberg and Servilie are led off)

Reign, hate, furor.

Reign, jealous rage.

Let's pierce, let's pierce the heart
Of an ingrate who outrages me.
Let perish whoever dares to offend me.

Whatever friendship defends him!
What blood must we hesitate to shed
When love and jealousy demand it?

Reign, hate, furor.

Reign, jealous rage.

Let's pierce, let's pierce the heart
Of an ingrate who outrages me.

CURTAIN

SCANDERBERG A Tragedy

ACT V

The stage represents the entry to the Great Mosque.

AMURAT: Support my crown, prop up my grandeur,
I am sharing the cares that this day inspires you with,
Immortal day which the Empire
Must eternalize the splendor of.
Assemble the Imans, let them announce the celebration
And ready all the people to celebrate it.

(All the great officers withdraw.)

AMURAT: (alone) Again, you triumph, cruel Servilie.
I am afraid to sacrifice a rival.
What am I saying? My very heart, at this fatal moment,
Is reproaching its own jealousy.
Yes, perhaps, I'm giving in to unjust suspicions;
Love is inventing reasons to excuse you.
Ah, at least profit by a remaining weakness
Of which my pride is unworthy despite myself.
Don't watch my power anymore, only watch my tenderness
On this day accept my throne and my faith.
Rustan, come forward. (Rustan comes forward)
Well?

RUSTAN: I've seen her tears.
She didn't disguise her sorrow.
I banished her fears about the fate of the Vizier
And marriage is soon going to crown your passion.
AMURAT: I am obtaining her hand, I am not obtaining her heart,
But I am again experiencing the charms of hope.
Vainly, she disdains my passion and my power.
My constancy and my efforts will soften her harshness.
If love seconds me, my rank can flatter her.
It's nice to enfeeble the sovereign of the world.

(The people arrive. The doors of the Mosque are opened. The Mufti appear at the back, seated on a bench and surrounded by Imans, who come forward from both sides of the stage; the Mufti come forward.)

AMURAT: The people and the Imans appear before my eyes.
Run find the Princess and bring her here.
(Exit Rustan.)

THE MUFTI: Sultan, People, hear me.
Let's remember that memorable night,
During which the Law descended from heaven,
That gave to the Ottomans the immovable throne.

THE MUFTI AND THE CHORUS: O formidable law!
Precious repository;
Be the adorable pledge
Of the favors of heaven.
The earth trembled,
Heaven shook.
Its auspicious voice
Spoke to the world.

SCANDERBERG A Tragedy

O formidable law, etc.

(Enter Rustan with Servilie and her suite.)

AMURAT: (to the Mufti) Interpret faithfully the orders of the Prophet.

Let another duty share your zeal.

Peace has succeeded the fury of war.

To affirm it, I am going to join myself to the Princess.

She mustn't suspect strictness of the law:

The Empire is interested in this marriage,

Clench, clench the soft fetters

Which will unite me to Servilie

Witness her oaths and guarantee mine.

MUFTI: To what extent your pride forgets itself.

A Sultan dare to pledge his faith in marriage?

To join her to you would be to betray you.

AMURAT: What do I hear! What audacity!

MUFTI: Beware the thunder that threatens.

AMURAT: You dare to threaten me! All tremble before me.

MUFTI: The universe submits to you: but you are submitted to the law.

AMURAT: I can only listen to the passion that guides me;

Princess your approval decides it.

Assure your glory and my happiness.

SERVILIE: What a time for a marriage! The irritated prophet—

AMURAT: I shall know how to calm him if this marriage offends him.

SERVILIE: Don't attract more celestial wrath on yourself.

AMURAT: Come, this is too much resistance.

SERVILIE: (seeing Scanderberg come forward)

Leave in peace a heart that cannot be yours.

AMURAT: You are arming my vengeance against a rival. (noticing Scanderberg)

He's coming.

SERVILIE: Just heaven!

AMURAT: (to Servilie) You shiver.

Assure my happiness; his mercy comes at that price.

SCANDERBERG: You can order my death.

SERVILIE: Which I did for you cruel one, and by what injustice—

SCANDERBERG: You pity my destiny; he won't joy in it.

SERVILIE: And will that make you less his victim?

SCANDERBERG: Your scorn, his remorse will avenge my death.

AMURAT: It's too much to brave the wrath that animates me.

SCANDERBERG AND SERVILIE: It ought to fall only on me.

SCANDERBERG: I betrayed your kindness.

SERVILIE: I disdain your fidelity.

AMURAT: I no longer listen to anything except rage,

I am controlling myself enough;

I will avenge my outrage,

And it's you who are forcing me to do it.

No, don't hope for mercy,

My love is too irritated. (to Scanderberg)

I am going to confound your audacity. (to Servilie)

I am going to punish your pride.

I no longer listen to anything except rage,

I am controlling myself enough.

SCANDERBERG A Tragedy

I will avenge my outrage,
And it's you who are forcing me to do it.
Let the rival I abhor expire before your eyes.

SERVILIE: Stop—what terror!

I promise.

SCANDERBERG: You are going to betray the one who adores you?

SERVILIE: Don't reproach me; I am doing what I must.

AMURAT: Come on then—and swear—you are still hesitating.

SERVILIE: I must undeceive you, Amurat, know me.

This Prince was dear to you and you owe him your life.

I am disturbing your happiness, I am arming your jealousy,

I cannot be his and I cannot be yours,

Let my death reconcile you.

(Servilie tries to kill herself and Amurat tears the dagger from her hands.)

AMURAT AND SCANDERBERG: Heaven!

SERVILIE: (to Amurat) I'm avenging you, and (to Scanderberg)

I'm justifying myself. (to Amurat)

Give me.

SCANDERBERG: (to Amurat) Strike.

AMURAT: Cruel ones, what, you both want to die?

When everything ought to excite my vengeance,

By what secret enchantment am I

Allowing myself to be softened up!

Love and friendship are assuming your defense.

Everything offers you help against me.

Your hearts were united, he saved my life.

Forgive me for your ills, let marriage repair them

I will be unhappy but I was being barbarous.

SERVILIE: Eh! What? Your generous heart—

AMURAT: I am keeping a friend and the one I love is happy.

SCANDERBERG: Ah! Lord—

AMURAT: Hide from me your distractions with which my soul,

By crowning your passion, will perhaps be irritated.

From now on, the day star will make their features shine.

Leave, take back your subjects to your realm.

People, Imans, follow me into the Temple,

I am depriving myself of the dangers of marriage

From respect that the law exacts.

Let's leave to the universe an immortal example.

(He goes into the Mosque with the Mufti, the Imans and the people; its door shuts.)

SERVILIE: Heaven finally has righted our wrongs.

Let love retie our fetters.

SCANDERBERG: Let's experience its sweetest favors;

They are the reward of our troubles.

(They dance.)

CHORUS: Envy renders homage

To beauty's attractions.

Let's sing of our liberty.

It's the work of her charms.

She's speaking as sovereign

To the hearts she enchains

SCANDERBERG A Tragedy

Under her sway.
The conqueror himself knows
The supreme power
Of her rights.
Envy renders homage
To beauty's attractions.
Let's sing of our liberty.
It's the work of her charm.

(They dance.)

SERVILIE: After so many tortures
My joy is intense;
After so many tortures
Pleasure is more charming.
It's Love, Love itself,
That's receiving my oaths.
Uniting me to the one I love
My eyes, at this moment,
Are depicting my feelings

(They dance.)

SCANDERBERG: What a fine day
Without a cloud is reborn.
It compensates
For the storm
By its return.
To pleasure
Love, when you lead us
Is the reward of our troubles.
In your fetters
You know how to ravish us!
Constant lovers,
We will be your models;
Faithful passions,
Must they
Surrender on conditions?
If fate outrages you
Love on;
Courage
Leads to safe harbor.

(They dance.)

CHORUS: Henceforth taste
The reward of your passions.
Triumph, reign in peace.
Fulfill our hope.

CURTAIN