

In Donizetti's tragic operatic masterpiece of Lucia di Lammermoor (1835), we find the story of forbidden love. Lucia is in love with Edgardo who is a member of her family's rivals, the Ravenswoods. Her brother Enrico forces her to marry against her will and to renounce her love for Edgardo. On her wedding night to Arturo, Lucia kills her bridegroom. Possessed by madness, Lucia emerges from the bedchamber drenched in Arturo's blood, and sings to the horror of all the wedding guests her joy of soon being happily married to Edgardo.

Donizetti Translations

Italian Text of 'Il Dolce Suono'

Il dolce suono mi colpi di sua voce!
Ah, quella voce m'e qui nel cor discesa!
Edgardo! io ti son resa, Edgardo, mio!
fuggita io son de tuoi nemici.
Un gelo me serpeggia nel sen!
trema ogni fibra!
vacilla il pie!
Presso la fonte meco t'assidi al quanto!
Ohime, sorge il tremendo fantasma e ne separa!
Qui ricovriamo, Edgardo, a pie dell'ara.
Sparsa e di rose!
Un armonia celeste, di, non ascolti?
Ah, l'inno suona di nozze!
Il rito per noi s'appresta! Oh, me felice!
Oh gioia che si sente, e non si dice!

Ardon gl'incensi!
Splendon le sacre faci, splendon intorno!
Ecco il ministro!
Porgime la destra!
Oh lieto giorno!
Al fin son tua, al fin sei mia,
a me ti dona un Dio.
Ogni piacer piu grato,
mi fia con te diviso
Del ciel clemente un riso
la vita a noi sara.

Spargi d'amaro pianto il mio terrestre velo,
mentre lassu nel cielo io preghero per te.
Al giunger tuo soltanto fia bello
il ciel per me!

English Translation of "Il dolce suono"

The sweet sound, hits me, his voice!
Ah, that voice into my heart descends!
Edgardo, I surrender to you
A chill creeps into my breast!
trembles every fiber!
falters my foot!
Near the fountain next to me sit a while!
Alas! arises a tremendous phantom and separates us!
Here let us take refuge,
by the foot of the alter.
Strewn is it with roses!
A harmony celestial, do you not hear?
Ah, the marriage hymn plays!
The ceremony for us draws near! Happiness!
Oh, joy that one feels and does not speak of!

The incense burns!
Brilliant the sacred torches, shining all around!
Here is the minister!
Give me your right hand!
Oh, joyous day!
At last, I am your, at last you are mine,
to me you have been given by God.
Every pleasure is more grateful,
(it is) to me, with you, more sweet
From peaceful heaven a smile
life to us will be.

Shed bitter tears on my earthly garment,
while in Heaven above I will pray for you.
Only when you join me, will Heaven be blissful for
me, ah yes, for me,

