

MI FU GUIDA

Here is a cavatina from “Don Pedro El Cruel” (King Peter the Cruel), the third opera by Hilarión Eslava. This is the only piece we have been able to find so far from this long-forgotten opera written circa 1843.

Peter the Cruel was the king of Castile and León from 1350 to 1369, born August 30, 1334 in Burgos, Spain and died March 23, 1369 in Montiel, Spain. Whether King Peter was actually cruel is debatable; he has also been referred to as “King Peter the Just”. He had a complicated life, including a secret marriage to Maria de Padilla, who apparently was the love of his life and with whom he had several children amid two other marriages that were forced upon him by various circumstances. Ultimately, he was murdered by his half-brother. Truly a dramatic story perfect for opera and “Game of Thrones” enthusiasts.

This aria is performed primarily by a character called “Padiglia”, whom we believe to be Peter’s historical love, Maria de Padilla. There is a recitative portion sung by Peter, where he explains to Maria (Padiglia) that he must go to Bianca, his second wife whom he despises, but that he still loves her and that she will be treated respectfully during his absence. At least that is what I glean from my somewhat imperfect translation from the Italian original.

| ITALIAN LYRICS: | ENGLISH TRANSLATION: |
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| <p>PADIGLIA: Qui a due trascorse ed é la terza volta che il sole compari sul orizzonte senza che a me ritorni il Re Don Pedro. E madre e sposa in anzi al cielo io sono e pur mi sprezza il mondo e mi condanna infelice Padiglia. Al men venisse a rallegrar mi il cuore, lui che m'accese del primiero amore.</p> <p>Mi fu guida al destin della vita, al sentire d'un tenero affetto. Deliró, palpító, deliró questó petto del l'età de innocente sul fior.</p> <p>Non cercai sotto l'ombra del trono la grandezza di vano splendore, ma cercai ne tras porti del cuore la dolcezza, la dolcezza di pace e d'amor</p> <p>DON PEDRO: Ecco Padiglia. Samuel m'eforza trarla di qui lontana. Allor che giunge Bianca,</p> | <p>PADIGLIA: Two days have passed and it is the third time that the sun appears on the horizon without King Don Pedro returning to me. And Heaven knows I am a mother and indeed his spouse and yet the world despises me and condemns me, unhappy Padiglia. My beloved would come to cheer me, he who kindled my first love.</p> <p>He was my guide to life’s destiny, to feel a tender affection. Delirious heartbeat, Delirious this breast, at the age of an innocent flower.</p> <p>I did not look to be under the shadow of the throne the grandeur of vain splendor, but I looked for him to carry from my heart the sweetness, the sweetness of peace and love</p> <p>DON PEDRO: Here is Padiglia. Samuel forces me to do what is next. When Bianca comes, whom I abhor,</p> |

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| <p>che aborro e che abbracciar pur devo sotto mentito, spoglie alcuno ascondi depin fideli tuoi.</p> <p>Quand' ella sola, tras ci nar la farai per poco almeno nella Torre dell' Oro, e di rispetto tutti saranno di nanzi a lei compresi.</p> <p>M'intendestio Levi?</p> <p>SAMUEL LEVY: Signor, t'intesi.</p> <p>PADIGLIA: Ne viene ancor.</p> <p>DON PEDRO E SAMUEL LEVY: Fuggiam.</p> <p>PADIGLIA: Sorte funesta, m'abandona Don Pedro e mi detesta.</p> <p>Tutto é sogno sul la terra, questa vita e un mar di pianto. Non v'e speme, non v'e in canto che ci guidia giubilar. Ah! Sull'aprile dell'età de cerca pace il nostro cuore, ma se colto é dal l'amore sol ci resta il lagrimare; sol ci resta il lagrimar, il lagrimar, il lagrimar, sol ci resta il lagrimar.</p> | <p>I will embrace her even though I have to lie, And let no one know of my fidelity to you.</p> <p>When I have left you alone you may remain for a little while at least in the Torre dell' Oro, and everyone will be respectful to you.</p> <p>Do you understand me, Levi?</p> <p>SAMUEL LEVY: Sir, I understand you.</p> <p>PADIGLIA: It still comes.</p> <p>DON PEDRO AND SAMUEL LEVY: Let us flee.</p> <p>PADIGLIA: Fatal fate, Don Pedro abandons me and detests me.</p> <p>Everything is a dream on the earth, this life is a sea of tears. There is no hope there is no song to guide us in jubilation. Ah! In April of our age, our heart seeks peace, if it is caught by love alone there remains the tears; only the tears remain; the tears, the tears, only the tears remain.</p> |
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