

Editor's Notes for "Mi Fu Guida"

Here is a cavatina from Act I of "*Pietro il Crudele*" (a.k.a. "*Pedro El Cruel*", or "(King) Peter the Cruel"), the third and final opera by Hilarión Eslava, from a libretto by Luigi Bertocchi. This is the only vocal number we have been able to find so far from this particular opera, premiered in 1843 in Sevilla and Cádiz.

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 not entirely certain; he has also been referred to as "King Peter the Just". He had a complicated life, including a secret marriage to a certain María 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 and ended in the suspicious deaths of his consorts. Ultimately, he was murdered by his half-brother. But before that happened, he ordered another half-brother, don Fadrique, murdered – that event and intertwined, convoluted love stories being the central themes of this opera. Truly perfect for opera and "Game of Thrones" enthusiasts. More on this and the opera are available in the biography of Eslava written by Antonio Rufin and published online by the Centro de Documentación Musical de Andalucía, at <https://www.centrodedocumentacionmusicaldeandalucia.es/-/con-canticos-sonoros-la-musica-la-vida-y-la-espana-de-hilarion-eslava>.

The opera takes place in Sevilla. This aria is performed primarily by María de Padilla ("Maria Padiglia"). Halfway through, there is a brief recitative sung by Peter (who has been secretly observing María in her distress) as an aside to his friend and treasurer Simuel Levy (see lyrics and an approximate translation below).

I originally transcribed this piece in 2019, and the lyrics of my source material then were barely legible and obviously contained many errors. I have since found a libretto of the opera containing the Italian lyrics, and used that to correct the lyrics and adjust the English translation accordingly in this edition.

I also noticed that the original score (which was printed, consisting of the vocal performances and a keyboard reduction of the accompaniment), clearly indicated where a bassoon solo would have occurred in the introduction as originally instrumented. Having now transcribed many of Eslava's pieces from that era, I decided I knew enough about his methods to come up with a simple orchestration that, while definitely a far cry from the original, would still be somewhat reminiscent of what Eslava's orchestration (currently lost) might have sounded like. Eslava's original version would certainly have been much more elaborate (including instruments such as flute, oboes, clarinets, horns, cornets, and ophicleide), but my humble offering in this edition might prove useful for certain occasions.

ITALIAN LYRICS	APPROXIMATE ENGLISH TRANSLATION
MARIA PADIGLIA: Giá due trascorse, ed è la terza volta Che il sole comparí sull' orizzonte, Senza che a me ritorni il Re D. Pedro. E madre, e sposa innanzi al cielo io sono, Eppur mi sprezza il mondo e mi condanna. Infelice Padiglia!	MARIA PADIGLIA: Already twice passed, and this is the third time That the sun appeared on the horizon, Without returning to me the king, Don Pedro. And mother, and bride before heaven I am, And yet the world scorns and condemns me. Unhappy Padiglia!

<p>Almen venisse a rallegrarmi il core Lui che m'accese del primiero amore. Mi fu guida il destín della vita Al sentire d'un tenero affetto; Delirò, palpità questo petto Dell'etade innocente sul fior. Non cercai sotto l'ombra del trono La grandezza di vano splendore, Ma cercai ne' trasporti del core Le dolcezze di pace e d'amor.</p>	<p>At least come to gladden my heart He who kindled first love within me. I was guided by the fate of life To the feeling of tender affection; Delighted, throbbed this breast Of the age of innocence on the flower. I sought not under the shadow of the throne The grandeur of vain splendor, But sought in the transports of the heart The sweetness of peace and love.</p>
<p>DON PEDRO: Ecco Padiglia!...o Simuel! M'è forza trarla di qui lontano, allorchè giunge Bianca, che abborro, e che abbracciar pur devo, Sotto mentite spoglie alcuno ascondi De piú fedeli tuoi! quand' ella è sola Trascinar la farai; per poco al meno Nella Torre dell' Oro! e di rispetto Tutti saran dinanzi a lei compresi. con rimarco. M' intendesti o Levy?!</p> <p>SIMUEL LEVY: Signor t' intesi.</p>	<p>DON PEDRO: Here's Padiglia! Oh, Simuel! For me to be forced to keep her so distant, when there is Bianca, whom I abhor, and whom I must embrace, Send one of your most trusted servants in disguise! When she is alone, imprison her, for a little while at least, in the Torre del Oro*! And show respect, She will eventually understand, Although with remonstrance. Did you understand me, oh Levy?!</p> <p>SIMUEL LEVY: Sir, I understand you.</p>
<p>MARIA PADIGLIA: Nè viene ancor?!</p> <p>DON PEDRO E LEVY: Partona</p> <p>MARIA PADIGLIA: Sorte funesta M' abbandona don Pedro, e mi detesta. Tutto è sogno sulla terra Questa vita è un mar di pianto Non v' speme, non v' è incanto Che ci guidi a giubilar. Sull' aprile dell' etade cerca pace il nostro core, Ma se colto è dell' amore sol ci resta il lagrimar.</p>	<p>MARIA PADIGLIA: Is he not yet coming?!</p> <p>DON PEDRO AND LEVI. Let's go.</p> <p>MARIA PADIGLIA: Dreadful fate Don Pedro abandons me, and detests me. Everything is a dream on earth This life is a sea of weeping There is no hope, there is no enchantment to lead us to rejoice. On the April of age our heart seeks peace, But if it is seized of love only weeping remains.</p>

* Torre del Oro = A 36-meter-high stone tower built in the 12th century, part of Sevilla's Moorish city wall. Its main purpose was to control shipping on the Guadalquivir. It still stands today.