

Editor's Notes for "*Sull' april d'una vita*" and "*Dará vita al mio furor*"

Although no complete scores seem to exist for any of Eslava's three operas, in our continuing research around this composer, we occasionally stumble onto fragments or brief arrangements of them, and it is invariably an exciting pleasure when that happens. This particular piece had not previously been catalogued, and was discovered as a contemporary score (printed at the Calcografía de Taberner, Sevilla) among the files donated by the Huarte family to the Archivo de la Música y de las Artes Escénicas de Navarra, which is part of the official Archivo Real y General de Navarra (Nafarroako Errege Artxibo Nagusia) in Pamplona, Spain. We are grateful to the personnel of the Archivo for locating this file for us.

This score, an arrangement for voice and piano, is from Eslava's second opera, "*La Tregua di Ptolemaide*". It encompasses Scenes III and IV in the third and final act of the opera (for more details about the opera itself, see the Editor's Notes for the *Obertura* to the opera or Chapter V of the composer's complete biography, at <https://zenodo.org/records/13960113>). Although it was for some reason given the title "Aria from the Third Act" in the original print, we quickly discovered it actually starts as an aria, then transitions to a duet with a completely different melody. Therefore, I have created titles I deemed appropriate for the two main themes: "*Sull' april d'una vita*" ("In the April of a life") for the aria, and "*Dará vita al mio furor*" ("Give life to my fury") for the duet. The arrangement is probably by Eslava himself, but we cannot confirm that.

In this piece, the heroine Matilde sings an aria lamenting that her brother, King Richard the Lionheart (Riccardo) is forcing her into a political marriage with Guy de Lusignan (Lusignano) against her will, when she is actually in love with the French king Filippo (Philip). This is followed by an argumentative duet between the siblings.

Here is a rough English translation of the Italian lyrics:

ITALIAN LYRICS	ENGLISH TRANSLATION
SCENA 3	SCENE 3
MATILDE (sola): Tutto è spento per me, fin la speranza D' ogni misero cor dolce conforto Ed il fratel, le cui virtudi io vanto Crudel mi danna a interminabil pianto.	MATILDE (alone): Everything is lost for me, every hope of sweet comfort in my wretched heart ended, And the brother, whose virtues I once boasted, His cruelty causes me ceaseless crying.
SCENA 4	SCENE 4
RICCARDO: Matilde!	RICCARDO: Matilde!
MATILDE: Ebben!	MATILDE: Ah well then!
RICCARDO: Al mio venir turbata Perche vedo cosi? Rispondi!	RICCARDO: You look upset to me, What is the problem? Answer me!
MATILDE: Il core... Non sò!..vorrei! del palpar mio spesso (<i>con ira</i>) Se tu brami saper, scendi in te stesso.	MATILDE: My heart ... I don't know! I would quivering in my breast. (<i>angrily</i>) If you really want to know, look into your own heart.

Sull' april d' una vita ridente
Tutto il fiele versò la sventura
É ridotta Matilde dolente
Dal furor d' un fratello, d'un Rè.
Sul tuo nome una macchia d' orrore
Sculpír deve ogni stilla di pianto
Tu il mio core dividi dal core
Tu calpesti natura ed onor.

RICCARDO:

Rammenta ola che al tuo signor favelli
E che presto a punir sono l' audacia,
Ma tralasciam.

MATILDE: (*ironica*)

La tua pietade ammiro.

RICCARDO: (*offeso*)

Ma t è forza obbedir! meco nel tempio
Fra brev' ora verrai, e a Lusignano
Cogli affetti del cor darai la mano.

MATILDE: (*con soffocazione disperata*)

Se ! la destra di Matilde
Puo il tiranno dare altrui
Ma gli affetti son per lui
Che m' accese in petto amor.
Tu mi doni all' uom che aborro,
Danni al pianto i giorni miei
Ma Filippo ch'io perdei
Darà vita al mio furor.

RICCARDO:

Dunque al tempio pie dell' ara
Sempre al vole amici.
Lusignan seguir tu
Dei pone un freno al tuo furor,
Al tuo furor, si!

MATILDE: Ah, crudele!

On the April of a laughing life
all the gall has poured out into misfortune,
and poor Matilde is shattered
by the fury of a brother, of a King.
By your name, a horrible stain
has been sculpted, causing every crying tear,
You have broken my heart,
trampling nature and honor.

RICCARDO:

Remember you are speaking to your liege,
Who is quick to punish such audacity,
But I'll overlook this.

MATILDE: (*with irony*)

I admire your piety.

RICCARDO: (*offended*)

But I will force you to obey!
You will join me soon in the temple, and Lusignano;
You must come to terms with the affections of your heart.

MATILDE: (*in breathless desperation*)

Yes! Matilde's right hand
can be given by a tyrant to others,
But the affections within my breast
are for the one I love.
You give me to the man I abhor,
Marring all my days with tears,
For I have lost Filippo.
Give life to my fury!

RICCARDO:

Ultimately, at the altar of the Holy temple
friends are made.
Lusignan will marry you,
and God will put a stop to your fury,
to your fury, yes!

MATILDE: Ah, such cruelty!