

## 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*" (1842). It encompasses Scenes III and IV in the third and final act (you can find more details about the opera in Chapter V of the composer's biography, online at <https://zenodo.org/records/13960113>). Though the source score was for some reason given the title "Aria from the Third Act", 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 piano reduction 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.

As a more recent development (April 2026) and having gained considerable experience in transcribing and editing Eslava's orchestral music and a few opera scores featuring Eslava's own orchestral accompaniments, I have undertaken the task of creating an orchestral accompaniment to this piece, drawn from the piano reduction. For this (optional) orchestration, I have used instrumentation and techniques, to the best of my ability, consistent with the composer's settings for the few opera pieces we have found so far. Lastly, for the audio rendition, I have used digital voicing generated in the digital apps Synthesizer V Studio 2 Pro® and MuseScore 4®. Though certainly not perfect, the results are, I think, nonetheless impressive, and might perhaps serve as an encouragement to bring closer the day when this beautiful, worthy music can again be performed in a concert hall.

Here is a rough English translation of the Italian lyrics:

ITALIAN LYRICS	ENGLISH TRANSLATION
<p><b>SCENA 3</b></p> <p>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.</p> <p><b>SCENA 4</b></p> <p>RICCARDO: Matilde!</p>	<p><b>SCENE 3</b></p> <p>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.</p> <p><b>SCENE 4</b></p> <p>RICCARDO: Matilde!</p>

MATILDE: Ebben!

RICCARDO: Al mio venir turbata  
Perche vedo cosi? Rispondi!

MATILDE: Il core... Non sò!..vorrei!  
del palpar mio spesso  
(*con ira*) Se tu brami saper, scendi in te  
stesso.

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!

MATILDE: Ah well then!

RICCARDO: You look upset to me,  
What is the problem? Answer me!

MATILDE: My heart ... I don't know! I would .... quivering  
in my breast.  
(*angrily*) If you really want to know, look into your own  
heart.

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!