

Tosca Libretto

English Translation

<http://www.opera-arias.com/puccini/tosca/libretto/english/>

Cast:

FLORIA TOSCA (Soprano)
MARIO CAVARADOSSI (Tenor)
BARON SCARPIA (Baritone)
CESARE ANGELOTTI (Bass)
SACRISTAN (Baritone)
SPOLETTA (Tenor)
SCIARRONE (Bass)
GAOLER (Bass)
SHEPHERD BOY (Treble)

CHORUS

priests, pupils, choir singers, soldiers, police agents,
ladies, nobles, bourgeois, populace

ACT ONE

The Church of Sant' Andrea della Valle

To the right, the Attavanti Chapel. To the left, a painter's scaffold with a large painting covered with cloth. Painter's tools. A basket.

Enter Angelotti in prisoner's clothes, dishevelled, tired, and shaking with fear, nearly running. Looks quickly about.

ANGELOTTI

Ah! At last! In my stupid fear I thought
I saw a policeman's jowl in every face.
stops to look around more attentively, calmer now that he recognises the place. Sighs with relief as he notices the column with its basin of Holy Water an the Madonna.
The column ... and the basin ...
"At the base of the Madonna"
My sister wrote me ...
Goes up to the Madonna and searches about at the base. Gives a muffled shout of joy as he picks up the key.
This is the key, and this is the chapel!

With the utmost care, he puts the key in the lock of the Attavanti Chapel, opens the gate, goes in, closes the gate and disappears within. Enter the Sacristan from the rear, carrying a bunch of painter's brushes, and muttering loudly as though he were addressing someone.

SACRISTAN

Forever washing! And every brush is filthier
Than an urchin's collar.
Mister Painter ... There!
looks toward the scaffold with its painting and is surprised on seeing nobody there
No one ... I would have sworn
The Cavalier Cavaradossi
Had come back.
puts down the brushes, mounts the scaffold and examines the basket, remarking:

No. I'm mistaken.
The basket has not been touched.
The Angelus sounds. The Sacristan kneels and prays in hushed voice.
Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariae,
Et concepit de Spiritu Sancto.
Ecce ancilla Domini;
Fiat mihi secundum Verbum tuum
Ei Verbum carofactum est
Et habitavit in nobis ...

Enter Cavaradossi from the side door and sees the Sacristan kneeling

CAVARADOSSI
What are you doing?

SACRISTAN

rising
Reciting the Angelus.
Cavaradossi mounts the scaffold and uncovers the painting: it is of a Mary Magdalene with great blue eyes and a cascade of golden hair. The painter stands in silence before it and studies it closely.
The Sacristan turns to speak to Cavaradossi and cries out in amazement as he sees the uncovered picture.
Oh holy vessels!
Her picture!

CAVARADOSSI
Whose?

SACRISTAN

That strange girl who has been coming here
These past few days to pray
Such devotion... such piety.

waves towards the Madonna from whose base Angelotti has taken the key

CAVARADOSSI

It is so. And she was so absorbed
In fervent prayer that I could paint
Her lovely face unnoticed.

SACRISTAN

to himself
Away, Satan, away!

CAVARADOSSI

Give me my paints.
The Sacristan does so. Cavaradossi paints rapidly, with frequent pauses to observe his work. The Sacristan comes and goes; he carries a small basin in which he continues his job of washing the brushes.
Suddenly Cavaradossi leaves his painting: from his pocket he takes a medallion with a portrait in miniature, and his eyes travel from the miniature to his own work.

Oh hidden harmony
Of contrasting beauties! Floria
Is dark, my love and passion...

SACRISTAN

to himself
Jest with knaves and neglect the saints ...

CAVARADOSSI

And you, mysterious beauty...
Crowned with blond locks,
Your eyes are blue
And Tosca's black!

SACRISTAN

to himself
Jest with knaves and neglect the saints...

CAVARADOSSI

Dissimilar beauties are together blended
By the mystery of art,
Yet as I paint her portrait, Tosca,
My sole thought is of you.

SACRISTAN

to himself
These various women
In rivalry with the Madonna
Smell of the devil.
Jest with knaves and neglect the saints ...
But we can have no truck
With these agnostic dogs,
Enemies of the Holy Government!
Jest with knaves and neglect the saints ...
Yes, they are sinners the whole pack of them!
Let us rather make the sign of the cross.
to Cavaradossi
Excellency, may I go?

CAVARADOSSI

As you wish.

resumes his painting

SACRISTAN

Your basket's full ...
Are you fasting?

CAVARADOSSI

I'm not hungry.

SACRISTAN

ironically rubbing his hands
Oh! So sorry!
He cannot contain a gleeful gesture as he glances avidly at the full basket. He picks it up and places it to one side.
Be sure to close up when you leave.

CAVARADOSSI

Run along!

SACRISTAN

I'm going.

Exit at the rear.

Cavaradossi continues working, his back to the chapel.

Angelotti appears at the gate there, and puts the key in the lock, believing the church is still deserted.

CAVARADOSSI

turns at the creaking of the lock

Someone in there!

startled by the painter's movement, Angelotti stops as though to return to his hiding-place, but looks up and cries out in joy as he recognises Cavaradossi.
Smothering his cry, he stretches out his arms towards the painter as toward an unexpected friend in need.

ANGELOTTI

You! Cavaradossi!
Heaven itself has sent you!
Don't you recognise me?
Has prison, then, wrought such a great change in me?

CAVARADOSSI

looks closely at Angelotti's face and finally remembers. Quickly drops his palette and brushes, and comes down from the scaffold. Looks about wanly as he goes up to Angelotti.
Angelotti! The Consul!
Of the lamented Roman Republic!

runs to close door at right

ANGELOTTI

I have just escaped from Castel Sant'Angelo.

CAVARADOSSI

I am at your service.

TOSCA

from without
Mario!

at Tosca's call, Cavaradossi motions Angelotti to be quiet

CAVARADOSSI

Go and hide! It's a jealous woman!
Only a moment and I'll send her away.

TOSCA

Mario!

CAVARADOSSI

in the direction of her voice
Here I am.

ANGELOTTI

feeling suddenly weak, he leans against the scaffold
I'm faint with exhaustion. I can't stand up.

CAVARADOSSI

fetches the basket from the top of the scaffold and pushes Angelotti towards the chapel with words of encouragement
There's food and wine in this basket.

ANGELOTTI

Thanks!

CAVARADOSSI

Quick now!

Angelotti enters the chapel

TOSCA

still from without, calling angrily
Mario! Mario! Mario!

CAVARADOSSI
opening the gate
I am here ...

TOSCA
bursts in with a kind of violence, thrusting Cavaradossi aside as he tries to embrace her, and looks around suspiciously
Why was it locked?

CAVARADOSSI
That was the Sacristan's wish.

TOSCA
With whom were you talking?

CAVARADOSSI
With you!

TOSCA
You were whispering with someone else.
Where is she? ...

CAVARADOSSI
Who?

TOSCA
She! That woman!
I heard her quick steps
And her dress rustling.

CAVARADOSSI
You're dreaming!

TOSCA
Do you deny it?

CAVARADOSSI
trying to kiss her
I deny it and I love you!

TOSCA
with gentle reproach
Oh no! Before the gentle, Madonna,
No, Mario!
First let me pray and offer these flowers.
approaches the Madonna, arranges artfully about her the flowers she has brought, and kneels to pray, then rises to address Mario who has resumed his work
Now listen: tonight I am singing,
But the programme will be brief. Wait for me
At the stage entrance, and we two shall go
Alone together to your villa.

CAVARADOSSI
his thoughts still elsewhere
Tonight?

TOSCA
It is the time of the full moon, when the heart
Is drunk with the nightly fragrance
Of the flowers. Are you not happy?

CAVARADOSSI
still somewhat distraught and thoughtful
So very happy!

TOSCA
struck by his tone
Say it again!

CAVARADOSSI
So very happy!

TOSCA
How faintly you say it!
sits on the steps next to Cavaradossi
Do you not long for our little house
That is waiting for us, hidden in the grove?
Our refuge, sacred to us and unseen by the world,
Protected with love and mystery?
Oh, at your side to listen there
To the voices of the night
As they rise through the starlit,
Shadowed silences:
From the woods, from the thickets
And the dry grass, from the depths
Of shattered tombs
Scented with thyme,
The night murmurs
Its thousand loves
And false counsels
To soften and seduce the heart.
Oh wide fields, blossom! and sea winds throb
In the moon's radiance, ah,
Rain down desire you vaulted stars!
Tosca burns with a mad love!

CAVARADOSSI
Ah! Sorceress, I am bound in your toils ...

TOSCA
Tosca's blood burns with a mad love!

CAVARADOSSI
Sorceress, I will come!
looks towards where Angelotti went out
But now you must let me work,

TOSCA
You dismiss me?

CAVARADOSSI
You know my work is pressing.

TOSCA
I am going!
glancing up she sees the painting
And who is that blond woman there?

CAVARADOSSI
Mary Magdalene. Do you like her?

TOSCA
She is too beautiful!

CAVARADOSSI
laughing
Ah, rare praise!

TOSCA
suspicious
You laugh?

I have seen those sky-blue eyes before.

CAVARADOSSI

unconcerned

There are so many in the world!

TOSCA

trying to remember

Wait ... wait ...

It's the young Attavanti!

CAVARADOSSI

Brava!

TOSCA

blindly jealous

Do you see her? She loves you! Do you love her?

CAVARADOSSI

By pure chance ...

TOSCA

Those steps and whispers ...

Ah ... She was here just now ...

CAVARADOSSI

Come here!

TOSCA

The shameless flirt! And to me!

CAVARADOSSI

serious

By pure chance I saw her yesterday ...

She came here to pray ...

And I, unnoticed, painted her.

TOSCA

Swear!

CAVARADOSSI

I swear!

TOSCA

her eyes still on the painting

How intently she stares at me!

CAVARADOSSI

Come away!

TOSCA

She taunts and mocks me.

CAVARADOSSI

What foolishness!

holding her close and gazing at her

TOSCA

insisting

Ah, those eyes ...

CAVARADOSSI

What eyes in the world can compare
with your black and glowing eyes?

It is in them that my whole being fastens,

Eyes soft with love and rich with anger

Where in the whole world are eyes

To compare with your black eyes?

TOSCA

won over, resting her head on his shoulder

Oh, how well you know the art

Of capturing women's hearts!

still persisting in her idea

But let her eyes be black ones!

CAVARADOSSI

My jealous Tosca!

TOSCA

Yes, I feel it, I torment you

Unceasingly.

CAVARADOSSI

My jealous Tosca!

TOSCA

I know you would forgive me

If you knew my grief.

CAVARADOSSI

You are my idol Tosca,

All things in you delight me;

Your storming anger

And your pulsing love!

TOSCA

Say again

Those consoling words ...

Say them again!

CAVARADOSSI

My life, my troubled one, beloved.

I shall always say, "I love you Floria"

Set your uneasy heart at rest,

I shall always say "I love you."

TOSCA

disengaging, lest she be won completely

Good heavens! What a sin!

You have undone my hair.

CAVARADOSSI

Now you must leave me!

TOSCA

You stay at your work until this evening.

And will you promise that, blond locks

Or black, by chance or otherwise,

No woman shall come here to pray?

CAVARADOSSI

I swear it beloved. Go now!

TOSCA

How you do hurry me along!

CAVARADOSSI

mildly reproving, as he sees her jealousy return

Come, again?

TOSCA

falling into his arms, with upturned cheek
No, forgive me!

CAVARADOSSI

smiling
Before the Madonna?

TOSCA

She is so good!
But let her eyes be black ones!

A kiss and Tosca hurries away. Cavaradossi listens to her withdrawing footsteps, then carefully opens the door half-way and peers out. Seeing that all is clear, he runs to the Chapel, and Angelotti at once appears from behind the gate.

CAVARADOSSI

opening the gate for Angelotti, who has naturally heard the foregoing dialogue
She is good my Tosca, but, as she trusts
Her confessor, she hides nothing.
So I must say nothing. It is wiser so.

ANGELOTTI

Are we alone?

CAVARADOSSI

Yes, What is your plan?

ANGELOTTI

As things stand now, either to flee the State
Or stay in hiding in Rome. My sister ...

CAVARADOSSI

Attavanti?

ANGELOTTI

Yes, she hid some women's clothes
Under the altar there,
A dress, a veil, a fan. As soon as it gets dark
I'll put these garments on ...

CAVARADOSSI

Now I understand!
That prudent behaviour
And that fervent prayer
In so young and beautiful a woman
Had made me suspect
Some secret love! ...
It was the love of a sister!

ANGELOTTI

She has dared all
To save me from that scoundrel Scarpia!

CAVARADOSSI

Scarpia? That licentious bigot who exploits
The uses of religion as refinements
For his libertine lust, and makes
Both the confessor and the hangman
The servant of his wantonness!
I'll save you, should it cost my life!
But delaying until nightfall is not safe.

ANGELOTTI

I fear the sunlight.

CAVARADOSSI

The Chapel gives on a vegetable garden:
Beyond that is a canefield
That winds along through meadows to my villa.

ANGELOTTI

Yes, I know.

CAVARADOSSI

Here is the key. Before evening
I shall join you there. Take
The woman's costume with you.

ANGELOTTI

bundling together the clothes from under the altar
Should I put them on?

CAVARADOSSI

You needn't now, the path's deserted.

ANGELOTTI

about to go
Good-bye!

CAVARADOSSI

running towards him
If there's sign of danger, go
To the garden well. There's water at the bottom,
But half-way down, a little passage
Leads to a dark room. It's a sure,
Impenetrable hiding place!

The report of a cannon. The two men look at each other in alarm.

ANGELOTTI

The cannon of the castle!

CAVARADOSSI

They've discovered your escape! Now Scarpia
Lets loose his pack of spies!

ANGELOTTI

Good-bye!

CAVARADOSSI

with sudden resolve
I will come with you. We must be on guard!

ANGELOTTI

Someone's coming!

CAVARADOSSI

If we're attacked we fight!

They leave quickly by the Chapel. Enter the Sacristan running, hustling and shouting.

SACRISTAN

Joyful news, Excellency!
he looks towards the scaffold, and is surprised that once again the painter is not there
He's gone. I am disappointed.
He who aggrieves a misbeliever

Earns an indulgence!
*Priests, pupils and singers of the Chapel enter tumultuously
from every direction*
The whole choir is here!
Hurry!

*Other pupils arrive tardily, and at length all group themselves
together.*

ALLIEVI
in great confusion
Where?

SACRISTAN
pushing some of the priests along
In the sacristy.

SOME PUPILS
But what's happened?

SACRISTAN
You haven't heard?
Bonaparte ... the scoundrel ...
Bonaparte ...

OTHERS
Well? What?

SACRISTAN
He was plucked and quartered
And thrown to Beelzebub!

CHORUS
Who says so? It's a dream! It's nonsense!

SACRISTAN
It's a true report,
The news just reached us.

CHORUS
Let's celebrate the victory!

SACRISTAN
And tonight
A mighty torch procession,
A gala evening at Farnese Palace,
And a new cantata for the great occasion
With Floria Tosca!
And in the churches,
Hymns to the Lord!
Now get along and dress,
And no more shouting.
On with you to the Sacristy!

CHORUS
laughing and shouting gaily
Double pay ... Te Deum ... Gloria!
Long live the King! Let's celebrate the victory!

*Their shouting is at its height when an ironic voice cuts short
the uproar of songs and laughter. It is Scarpia. Behind him,
Spoletta and several policemen.*

SCARPIA
Such a hubbub in church! A fine respect!

SACRISTAN
stammering with fright
Excellency, the joyous news ...

SCARPIA
Prepare for the Te Deum.
*all depart crest-fallen; even the Sacristan hopes to slip away,
but Scarpia brusquely detains him*
You stay here!

SACRISTAN
cowering
I shan't move!

SCARPIA
to Spoletta
And you search every corner,
Track down every clue.

SPOLETTA
Very well.

SCARPIA
to other policemen
Keep watch at the doors,
Without arousing suspicion!
to Sacristan
Now, as for you ...
Weigh your answers well.
A prisoner of State
Has just escaped from Castel Sant'Angelo.
He took refuge here.

SACRISTAN
Heaven help us!

SCARPIA
He may still be here. Where is the Chapel
Of the Attavanti?

SACRISTAN
That is it there,
goes to the gate and finds it half-open
It's open ... Merciful Heaven!
And there's another key!

SCARPIA
A good sign. Let's go in.
*They enter the Chapel and then return. Scarpia, balked, has a
fan in his hands which he shakes nervously.*
It was a bad mistake
To fire the cannon. The cheat
Has flown the roost, but left behind
A precious clue, a fan.
Who was the accomplice
In his flight?
*puzzles over the situation, then examines the fan; suddenly
notices the coat of arms*
The Marchesa Attavanti! Its her crest ...
*looks around scrutinizing every corner of the church. His gaze
rests on the scuffold, the painter's tools, the painting and he
recognises the familiar features of the Attavanti in the face of
the saint*
Her portrait!
to the Sacristan
Who painted that picture?

SACRISTAN
The Cavalier Cavaradossi.

SCARPIA
He!

One of the policemen returns from the Chapel bringing the basket which Cavaradossi gave to Angelotti.

SACRISTAN
Heavens! The basket!

SCARPIA
pursuing his own thoughts
He! Tosca's lover! A suspect character!
A revolutionary!

SACRISTAN
peering into the basket
Empty! Empty!

SCARPIA
What do you say?
on seeing policeman with the basket
What's that?

SACRISTAN
taking the basket
They found this basket
In the Chapel.

SCARPIA
Have you seen it before?

SACRISTAN
Yes, indeed!
hesitant and fearful
It's the painter's basket ... but ... even so ...

SCARPIA
Spit out what you know!

SACRISTAN
I left it for him filled
With excellent food ...
The painter's meal!

SCARPIA
attentive, seeking to discover more
Then he must have eaten!

SACRISTAN
In the chapel? No. He had no key,
Nor did he want to eat. He told me so himself.
So I put the basket safely to one side.
Libera me domine!

Shows where he put the basket, and leaves it there.

SCARPIA
to himself
It's all clear now
The Sacristan's food
Became Angelotti's booty!
sees Tosca, who enters in haste

Tosca? She must not see me.
hides behind the column with the basin of Holy Water
Iago had a handkerchief, and I a fan
To drive a jealous lover to distraction!

TOSCA
runs towards the scaffold sure of finding Cavaradossi, and is taken aback on not seeing him there
Mario! Mario!

SACRISTAN
at the foot of the scaffold
The painter Cavaradossi? Who knows
Where the heretic is
And with whom?
He's slipped away, evaporated
By his own witchcraft.

he slips away

TOSCA
Deceived? No ...
He could not betray me!

SCARPIA
circling the column, he advances towards the astonished Tosca. Dips his finger in the basin, and offers her the Holy Water. Bells sound outside, summoning the faithful to the church
Divine Tosca,
My hand awaits
Your delicate hand,
Not out of idle gallantry,
But to offer Holy Water.

TOSCA
touching Scarpias hand and crossing herself
Thank you, Sir!

Slowly the central nave of the church fills with the faithful - people of every station, rich and poor, townsmen and peasants, soldiers and beggars. Then a Cardinal, with the head of the Convent, who proceeds to the main altar. Before that altar, the crowd jams into the central nave.

SCARPIA
It is a noble example
That you give, Tosca;
Filled with holy zeal, you draw
From Heaven the mastery of art
To revive the faith of men.

TOSCA
distraught and preoccupied
You are too kind.

SCARPIA
Pious women are so rare ...
Your life is the stage ...
significantly
Yet you come to church to pray.

TOSCA
surprised
What do you mean?

SCARPIA
And you are not
As other strumpets are
points to the portrait
Who have the dress and face of Magdalene
And come to scheme in love.

TOSCA
at once aroused
What? In love? Your proof!

SCARPIA
showing her the fan
Is this a painter's tool?

TOSCA
grabbing it
A fan! Where was it?

SCARPIA
There on the scaffold. Obviously
Somebody surprised the lovers,
And she lost her feathers in her flight!

TOSCA
studying the fan
The crown! The crest! It's the Attavanti's!
Oh prophetic doubt!

SCARPIA
to himself
I've hit the mark!

TOSCA
forgetting both the place and Scarpia, tries to hold back her tears
And I came sadly here to tell him
That in vain, tonight, the sky will darken;
For the lovesick Tosca is a prisoner ...

SCARPIA
to himself
The poison bites home already!

TOSCA
A prisoner of the royal jubilee!

SCARPIA
to himself
The poison bites home already!
sweetly to Tosca
Oh gracious lady,
What avails you?
For I see
A rebel tear
Mars your fair cheek
And moistens it.
Oh gracious lady,
Why are you grieving?

TOSCA
It is nothing!

SCARPIA
insinuating
I would give my life

To wipe away those tears.

TOSCA
unheeding
Here I am heartbroken, while he
In another's arms, mocks at my anguish.

SCARPIA
to himself
The poison bites deep.

TOSCA
her anger rising
Where are they? Could I but catch
The traitors! Oh dark suspicion!
Double loves now nest
Inside this villa!
Oh traitor!
with immense grief
Oh my fair nest befouled with mud!
with quick resolve
I'll fall upon them unexpected!
turns threateningly towards the portrait
You shall not have him tonight, I swear!

SCARPIA
with a scandalized air and tone of rebuke
In church!

TOSCA
God will pardon me. He sees me weeping!

She leaves in great distress, Scarpia accompanying her and pretending to reassure her. As she leaves, he returns to the column and makes a sign.

SCARPIA
to Spoletta, who emerges from behind the column
Three men and a carriage ... Quick, follow
Wherever she goes! And take care!

SPOLETTA
Yes Sir. And where do we meet?

SCARPIA
Farnese Palace!
Spoletta hurries out with three policemen
Go, Tosca!
Now Scarpia digs a nest within your heart!
Go, Tosca. Scarpia now sets loose
The roaring falcon of your jealousy!
How great a promise in your quick suspicions!
Now Scarpia digs a nest within your heart!
Go, Tosca!

Scarpia kneels and prays as the Cardinal passes

CHORUS
Adjutorum nostrum in nomine Domini
Qui fecit coelum et terram
Sit nomen Domini benedictum
Et hoc nunc et usque in saeculum.

SCARPIA
My will takes aim now at a double target,
Nor is the rebel's head the bigger prize ...

Ah, to see the flame of those imperious eyes
Grow faint and languid with passion ...
For him, the rope,
And for her, my arms ...

CHORUS

Te Deum laudamus,
Te Deum confitemur!

SCARPIA

The sacred chant from the back of the church startles him, as though awakening him from a dream. He collects himself, makes the Sign of the Cross
Tosca you make me forget God!
he kneels and prays devoutly

CHORUS, CHORUS

Te aeternum
Patrem omnis terra veneratur!

ACT TWO

Scarpia's apartment on an upper floor of the Farnese Palace

A table set for supper. A wide window opening on the palace courtyard. It is night. Scarpia is at the table taking his supper; every now and again he pauses to reflect. Looks at his watch, he is angry and preoccupied.

SCARPIA

Tosca is a good falcon!
Surely by this time
My hounds have fallen on their double prey!
And tomorrow's dawn will see
Angelotti on the scaffold
And the fine Mario hanging from a noose.
rings a bell. Enter Sciarrone
Is Tosca in the palace?

SCIARRONE

A chamberlain has just gone
To look for her.

SCARPIA

points towards the window
Open the window. It is late.
The sound of an orchestra is heard from the lower floor, where Maria Carolina, the Queen of Naples, is giving a party in honour of Melas.
The Diva is still missing from the concert.
And they strum gavottes.
to Sciarrone
Wait for Tosca at the entrance:
Tell her I shall expect her
After the concert ...
Or better ...
rises and goes to write a note
Give her this note.
exit Sciarrone. Scarpia resumes his seat at the table
She will come for love of her Mario!
And for love of Mario she will yield
To my pleasure. Such is the profound misery
Of profound love ... For myself the violent conquest
Has stronger relish than the soft surrender.
I take no delight in sighs or vows

Exchanged at misty lunar dawn.
I know not how to draw
Harmony from guitars, or horoscopes
From flowers, nor am I apt at dalliance,
Or cooing like the turtle dove. I crave.
I pursue the craved thing, sate myself and cast it by,
And seek new bait. God made diverse beauties
As he made diverse wines, and of these
God-like works I mean to taste my full.

He drinks. Enter Sciarrone.

SCIARRONE

Spoletta's here.

SCARPIA

Show him in. In good time, too.
enter Spoletta. Scarpia questions him without looking up from his supper
Well, my fine man, how did the hunt go?

SPOLETTA

(Saint Ignatius help me!)
We kept on the lady's trail
Following her to a lonely villa
lost in the woods.
She entered there and soon came out alone.
At once with my dogs I vaulted over
The garden wall and
Burst into the house.

SCARPIA

Well done, Spoletta!

SPOLETTA

hesitant
I sniff ... I scratch ... I rummage ...

SCARPIA

sensing Spolettas hesitation, rises scowling and pale with anger
And Angelotti?

SPOLETTA

Nowhere to be found

SCARPIA

in a rage
Ah dog! Traitor!
Snout of a snake,
To the gallows!

SPOLETTA

Jesus!
trying to appease Scarpia's wrath
The painter was there ...

SCARPIA

Cavaradossi?

SPOLETTA

nods and quickly adds
And he knows where the other is.
He showed such taunting irony
In every word and gesture
That I arrested him.

SCARPIA
with a sigh of satisfaction
Not bad, not bad.

SPOLETTA
waving towards the antechamber
He is there.

Scarpia paces up and down, pondering. He stops abruptly as he hears, through the open window, the choral cantata being sung in the Queen's apartment.

SCARPIA
to Spoletta
Bring in the Cavalier.
Exit Spoletta. To Sciarrone:
Fetch Roberti and the Judge.

Exit Sciarrone. Scarpia sits down again. Spoletta and four bailiffs bring in Mario Cavaradosi; then enter Roberti and the executioner, the Judge with a scribe, and Sciarrone.

CAVARADOSSI
with disdain
Such violence!

SCARPIA
with studied courtesy
Cavalier, please be seated.

CAVARADOSSI
I want to know...

SCARPIA
indicating a chair at the other side of the table
Be seated.

CAVARADOSSI
Declining
I'll stand.

SCARPIA
As you wish. Are you aware that a prisoner...

Tosca's voice is heard in the cantata

CAVARADOSSI
Her voice!

SCARPIA
who has paused on hearing Tosca's voice
You are aware that a prisoner
Fled today from Sant'Angelo Castle?

CAVARADOSSI
I did not know it.

SCARPIA
And yet it is reported
That you sheltered him in Sant'Andrea,
Gave him food and clothing.. .

CAVARADOSSI
unflinching
Lies.

SCARPIA
still quite calm
And took him
To a suburban place of yours.

CAVARADOSSI
I deny that. What proof have you?

SCARPIA
sweetly
A faithful servant...

CAVARADOSSI
The facts! Who is my accuser? In vain
Your spies ransacked my villa.

SCARPIA
Proof that he is hidden well.

CAVARADOSSI
Suspicious of a spy!

SPOLETTA
offended
He laughed at our questions...

CAVARADOSSI
And I laugh still.

SCARPIA
harshly
Beware! This is a place for tears!
Enough now. Answer me!
rises and angrily shuts the window to be undisturbed by the singing from the floor below, then turns imperiously to Cavaradosi
Where is Angelotti?

CAVARADOSSI
I don't know.

SCARPIA
You deny you gave him food?

CAVARADOSSI
I deny it.

SCARPIA
And clothes?

CAVARADOSSI
I deny it.

SCARPIA
And refuge in your villa?
And that he is hidden there?

CAVARADOSSI
vehemently
I deny it! I deny it!

SCARPIA
craftily, becoming calm
Come, Cavalier, you must reflect.
This stubbornness of yours is not prudent.

A prompt confession saves enormous pain.
Take my advice and tell me:
Where is Angelotti?

CAVARADOSSI
I don't know.

SCARPIA
Be careful.
For the last time, where is he?

CAVARADOSSI
I don't know.

SPOLETTA
to himself
Oh, for a good whipping!

Enter Tosca breathless

SCARPIA
to himself
Here she is!

TOSCA
sees Cavaradossi, and runs to embrace him
Mario, you, here?

CAVARADOSSI
speaking low
Of what you saw there, say nothing.
Or you will kill me!

Tosca indicates she understands

SCARPIA
solemnly
Mario Cavaradossi,
The judge awaits your testimony
to Roberti
First, the usual formalities. And then ... as I shall order.

Sciarrone opens the door to the torture chamber. The judge goes in and the others follow. Spoletta stations himself at the door at the back of the room. Tosca and Scarpia, now alone together.

SCARPIA
And now let's talk together like good friends.
Come now, don't look so frightened.

Beckons Tosca to be seated

TOSCA
with studied calm
I am not afraid

SCARPIA
What about the fan?
passes behind the sofa where Tosca is sitting and leans upon it. He still adopts a gallant air.

TOSCA
with feigned indifference
That was foolish jealousy.

SCARPIA
So, the Attavanti was not at the villa?

TOSCA
No, he was alone.

SCARPIA
Alone? Are you quite sure?

TOSCA
Nothing escapes a jealous eye. Alone. Alone.

SCARPIA
taking a chair he places it in front of Tosca, sits down, and studies her face
Indeed!

TOSCA
annoyed
Yes. Alone!

SCARPIA
You protest too much! Perhaps you fear
You may betray yourself
calling out
Sciarrone, what does the Cavalier have to say?

SCIARRONE
appearing
He denies everything.

SCARPIA
raising his voice, towards the open door
Keep pressing him!

Sciarrone goes out and shuts the door.

TOSCA
laughing
You know it's quite useless.

SCARPIA
serious, pacing back and forth
We shall see, Madam.

TOSCA
It seems that one must lie to please you?

SCARPIA
No, but the truth might shorten
An extremely painful hour for him ...

TOSCA
surprised
A painful hour? What do you mean?
What are you doing in that room?

SCARPIA
It is force that carries out the law.

TOSCA
Oh, God! What's happening? What is happening?

SCARPIA
Your lover is bound hand and foot.
A ring of hooked iron at his temples,

So that they spurt blood at each denial.

TOSCA

bounds to her feet

It isn't true! It isn't true!

Oh, leering devil!

a prolonged groan from Cavaradossi

He groans! Oh, pity! Pity!

SCARPIA

It is up to you to save him.

TOSCA

Good, good! But stop it! Stop it!

SCARPIA

shouting

Stop it, Sciarrone!

SCIARRONE

appearing

Stop everything?

SCARPIA

Everything.

Sciarrone returns to the torture chamber, shutting the door

And now the truth!

TOSCA

Let me see him.

SCARPIA

No!

TOSCA

managing to get near the door

Mario!

CAVARADOSSI'S VOICE

Tosca!

TOSCA

Are they still torturing you?

CAVARADOSSI'S VOICE

No. Courage ... and be silent. I despise pain!

SCARPIA

Come on Tosca, speak!

TOSCA

strengthened by Mario's words

I know nothing.

SCARPIA

Wasn't that enough for you?

Roberti, start again ...

TOSCA

throwing herself in front of the door, to keep him from giving the order

No! Stop!

SCARPIA

Will you speak?

TOSCA

No, no! Ah, monster!

Murderer ... you're killing him!

SCARPIA

It's your silence

That is killing him.

TOSCA

Monster, do you laugh

At this ghastly torment?

SCARPIA

with fierce irony

Tosca on the stage

Was never more tragic!

to Spoletta

Open the door so she

Can hear his groans better.

Spoletta opens the door and stands stiffly on the threshold.

CAVARADOSSI'S VOICE

I defy you.

SCARPIA

Harder! Harder!

CAVARADOSSI'S VOICE

I defy you all!

SCARPIA

to Tosca

Speak now ...

TOSCA

What can I say?

SCARPIA

Come, speak ...

TOSCA

Oh, I know nothing!

Must I lie to you?

SCARPIA

Where is Angelotti?

TOSCA

No, no!

SCARPIA

Speak up, come, quickly. Where's he hiding?

TOSCA

I can stand no more. Oh, horror!

Stop this torture ... It's more than I can bear ...

I can stand no more ... no more ...

CAVARADOSSI'S VOICE

Ah!

TOSCA

she turns imploringly to Scarpia, who signals to Spoletta to let her come near; she goes to the open door and is overwhelmed by the horrible scene within. She cries out in anguish to

Cavaradossi:
Mario, will you let me speak?

CAVARADOSSI'S VOICE
No.

TOSCA
pleading
Listen, I can bear no more ...

CAVARADOSSI'S VOICE
Fool! What do you know and what can you say?

SCARPIA
enraged at this, he shouts furiously at Spoletta
Shut him up!

SPOLETTA
goes into the torture chamber, returning after a moment. Tosca overcome with emotion, has fallen prostrate on the sofa. Sobbing she appeals to Scarpia. He stands silent and impassive. Spoletta, meanwhile, mumbles a prayer under his breath:
"Judex ergo cum sedebit
quidquid latet apparebit
nil inultum remanebit".

TOSCA
What have I done to you in my life?
It is I you torture so. It is
My spirit ...
bursts into convulsive sobs
Yes, my spirit you are torturing.

SPOLETTA
continues to pray
Nil inultum remanebit!

Scarpia profiting from Tosca's breakdown goes towards the torture chamber and orders the resumption of the torment. There is a piercing cry, Tosca leaps up, and in a choking voice says rapidly to Scarpia:

TOSCA
In the well, in the garden ...

SCARPIA
Angelotti is there?

TOSCA
Yes.

SCARPIA
loudly, towards the torture chamber
Enough, Roberti!

SCIARRONE
re-opening the door
He has fainted!

TOSCA
to Scarpia
Murderer!
I want to see him.

SCARPIA

Bring him here.

Sciarrone re-enters and then Cavaradossi, in a faint, carried by the policemen who lay him on the sofa. Tosca runs up, but on seeing her lover spattered with blood, she covers her face in fright and horror. Then ashamed of her show of weakness, she kneels beside Cavaradossi, kissing him and weeping.

Sciarrone, Roberti, the judge and the scribe go out at the rear. At a sign from Scarpia, Spoletta and the policemen stay behind.

CAVARADOSSI
as he comes to
Floria!

TOSCA
covering him with kisses
Beloved ...

CAVARADOSSI
It is you?

TOSCA
How you have suffered,
Oh my soul! But this foul villain
Will pay for it!

CAVARADOSSI
Did you speak?

TOSCA
No, beloved ...

CAVARADOSSI
Truly not?

SCARPIA
loudly to Spoletta
In the well ...
In the garden. Get him, Spoletta.

Exit Spoletta. Cavaradossi has heard; he rises threateningly towards Tosca, but his strength fails him and he falls back on the sofa, bitterly reproachful as he exclaims:

CAVARADOSSI
Ah, you have betrayed me!

TOSCA
beseeching
Mario!

CAVARADOSSI
rejecting her embrace and thrusting her from him
Accursed woman!

SCIARRONE
bursting in, breathless
Excellency! Bad news!

SCARPIA
taken aback
What are you looking so worried about?

SCIARRONE

It is news of defeat!

SCARPIA
How? Where? What defeat?

SCIARRONE
At Marengo.

SCARPIA
impatient
Blockhead!

SCIARRONE
Bonaparte has won!

SCARPIA
And Melas?

SCIARRONE
No. Melas has fled!

Cavaradossi, having listened to Sciarrone with anxious expectation, now, in sheer enthusiasm, finds the strength to rise threateningly towards Scarpia

CAVARADOSSI
Victory! Victory!
The avenging dawn now rises
To make the wicked tremble!
And liberty returns,
The scourge of tyrants!

TOSCA
trying desperately to calm him
Mario, be still!
Have pity on me!

CAVARADOSSI
You see me now rejoice
In my own suffering ...
And now your blood runs cold,
Hangman, Scarpia!

Tosca clutches Cavaradossi and with a rush of broken words tries to calm him, while Scarpia answers with a sardonic smile.

SCARPIA
Go, shout your boasts! Pour out
The last dregs of your vile soul!
Go, for you die,
The hangman's noose awaits you.
shouts to the policeman
Take him away!

Sciarrone and the policemen seize Cavaradossi and drag him towards the door. Tosca makes a supreme effort to hold on to him, but they thrust her brutally aside.

TOSCA
Mario, with you ...

SCARPIA
Not you!

The door closes and Scarpia and Tosca remain alone.

TOSCA
moaning
Save him!

SCARPIA
I? ... You rather!
He goes to the table, notes his supper interrupted midway, and again is calm and smiling
My poor supper was interrupted.
sees Tosca, dejected and motionless, still at the door
So downhearted? Come, my fair lady.
Sit down here. Shall we try to find
Together a way to save him?
Tosca bestirs herself and looks at him. Scarpia, still smiling, sits down and motions to her to do the same.
Well then, sit down, and we shall talk.
And first, a sip of wine. It comes from Spain.
Refills the glass and offers it to Tosca
A sip to hearten you.

TOSCA
still staring at Scarpia, she advances towards the table. She sits resolutely facing him, then asks in a tone of the deepest contempt:
How much?

SCARPIA
imperturbable, as she pours his drink
How much?
laughs

TOSCA
What is your price?

SCARPIA
Yes, they say that I am venal, but it is not
For money that I will sell myself
To beautiful women. I want other recompense
If I am to betray my oath of office.
I have waited for this hour.
Already in the past I burned
With passion for the Diva.
But tonight I have beheld you
In a new role I had not seen before.
Those tears of yours were lava
To my senses and that fierce hatred
Which your eyes shot at me, only fanned
The fire in my blood.
Supple as a leopard
You enraptured your lover. In that instant
I vowed you would be mine!
Mine! Yes, I will have you ...

Rises and stretches out his arms towards Tosca. She has listened motionless to his wanton tirade. Now she leaps up and takes refuge behind the sofa.

TOSCA
running towards the window
I'll jump out first!

SCARPIA
coldly
I hold your Mario in pawn!

TOSCA

Oh, wretch
Oh, ghastly bargain ...

It suddenly occurs to her to appeal to the Queen, and she runs to the door.

SCARPIA

ironically

I do you no violence. Go. You are free.

But your hope is vain: the Queen would merely

Grant pardon to a corpse

Tosca draws back in fight and, her eyes fixed on Scarpia, drops on the sofa. She then looks away from him with a gesture of supreme contempt.

How you detest me!

TOSCA

Ah! God!

SCARPIA

approaching

Even so, even so I want you!

TOSCA

with loathing

Don't touch me, devil! I hate you, hate you!

Fiend, base villain!

flees from him in horror

SCARPIA

What does it matter?

Spasms of wrath or spasms of passion ...

TOSCA

Foul villain!

SCARPIA

You are mine!

trying to seize her

TOSCA

Wretch!

retreats behind the table

SCARPIA

pursuing her

Mine!

TOSCA

Help! Help!

A distant roll of drums draws slowly near, then fades again into the distance.

SCARPIA

Do you hear?

It is the drum that leads the way

For the last march of the condemned. Time passes!

Tosca listens in terrible dread, and then comes back from the window to lean exhausted on the sofa.

Are you aware of what dark work is done

Down there? They raise a gallows. By your wish,

Your Mario has but one more hour to live.

coldly leans on a corner of the sofa and stares at Tosca

TOSCA

I lived for art. I lived for love:

Never did I harm a living creature! ...

Whatever misfortunes I encountered

I sought with secret hand to succour ...

Ever in pure faith,

My prayers rose

In the holy chapels.

Ever in pure faith,

I brought flowers to the altars.

In this hour of pain, why,

Why, oh Lord, why

Dost Thou repay me thus?

Jewels I brought

For the Madonna's mantle,

And songs for the stars in heaven

That they shone forth with greater radiance.

In this hour of distress, why,

Why, oh Lord,

Why dost Thou repay me thus?

kneeling before Scarpia

Look at me, oh, behold!

With clasped hands I beseech you!

And, vanquished, I implore

The help of your word!

SCARPIA

Tosca you are too beautiful and too loving.

I yield to you. And at a paltry price;

You ask me for a life. I ask of you an instant.

TOSCA

rising with great contempt

Go, go, you fill me with loathing!

A knock at the door

SCARPIA

Who's there?

SPOLETTA

enters breathless

Excellency, Angelotti

Killed himself when we arrived.

SCARPIA

Well, then, have him hanged

Dead from the gibbet. The other prisoner?

SPOLETTA

The Cavalier Cavaradossi?

Everything is ready, Excellency.

TOSCA

to herself

God help me!

SCARPIA

to Spoletta

Wait.

to Tosca

Well?

Tosca nods assent. She weeps with shame and hides her face.

to Spoletta

Listen ...

TOSCA

suddenly interrupting
But I demand that he be freed this instant ...

SCARPIA
to Tosca
We must dissemble. I cannot openly
Grant pardon to him. All must believe
The Cavalier is dead.
points to Spoletta
This trusted man of mine will see to it.

TOSCA
How can I be sure?

SCARPIA
By the orders I give him in your presence.
to Spoletta
Spoletta, shut the door.
Spoletta shuts the door and comes back to Scarpia
I have changed my mind.
The prisoner shall be shot ...
Tosca starts with terror
Wait a moment ...
He fixes on Spoletta a hard, significant glance and Spoletta
nods in reply that he has guessed his meaning
As we did with Count Palmieri.

SPOLETTA
An execution ...

SCARPIA
significantly stressing his words
... A sham one! As we did
With Palmieri! You understand?

SPOLETTA
I understand.

SCARPIA
Go.

TOSCA
I want to explain to him myself.

SCARPIA
As you wish.
to Spoletta
You will let her pass ...
And remember, at four o'clock.

SPOLETTA
Yes. Like Palmieri.

Exit Spoletta, Scarpia, near the door, listens to his retreating
footsteps, and then his whole behaviour changing, advances
towards Tosca flushed with passion.

SCARPIA
I have kept my promise.

TOSCA
stopping him
Not yet.
I want a safe conduct, so that he and I
Can flee the State together.

SCARPIA
gallantly
You want to leave?

TOSCA
Yes, for ever.

SCARPIA
Your wish shall be granted.
goes to the desk and begins writing. He stops to ask.
And which road do you prefer?

As he writes, Tosca goes up to the table to take, with shaking
hand, the glass of wine that Scarpia has poured: but as she
lifts it to her lips, her eye falls on a sharply pointed knife that is
lying on the table. She sees that Scarpia at this moment is
absorbed in writing, and so, with infinite caution, still
answering his questions, and never taking her eye from him,
she reaches out for the knife.

TOSCA
The shortest!

SCARPIA
Civitavecchia?

TOSCA
Yes.

Finally, she is able to grasp the knife. Still watching Scarpia,
she hides it behind her as she leans against the table. He has
now finished making out the pass. He puts his seal upon it and
folds the paper, and then, opening his arms, advances towards
Tosca to embrace her.

SCARPIA
Tosca, now you are mine at last!
But his shout of lust ends in a cry of anguish: Tosca has struck
him full in the breast.
Accursed one!

TOSCA
This is the kiss of Tosca!

Scarpia stretches out an arm towards her, swaying and
lurching as he advances, seeking her aid. She eludes him, but
is suddenly caught between him and the table, and seeing that
he is about to touch her, she thrusts him back in horror.
Scarpia crashes to the floor, shrieking in a voice nearly stifled
with blood.

SCARPIA
Help! I am dying! Help! I die!

TOSCA
She watches him as he struggles helplessly on the floor and
clutches at the sofa, trying to pull himself up
Is your blood choking you?
And killed by a woman!
Did you torment me enough?
Can you still hear me? Speak!
Look at me! I am Tosca! Oh, Scarpia!

SCARPIA
after a last effort he falls back
Help! Help!

TOSCA

bending over him

Is your blood choking you?

Die accursed! Die! Die! Die!

seeing him motionless

He is dead! And now I pardon him!

All Rome trembled before him!

Her eyes still fixed on the body, Tosca goes to the table, puts down the knife, takes a bottle of water, wets a napkin and washes her fingers. She then goes to the mirror to arrange her hair. Then she hunts for the safe-conduct pass on the desk, and not finding it there, she turns and sees the paper in the clenched hand of the dead man. She takes it with a shudder and hides it in her bosom. She puts out the candle on the table and is about to leave when a scruple, detains her. She returns to the desk and takes the candle there, using it to relight the other; and then places one to the right and the other to the left of Scarpia's head. She rises and looks about and notices a crucifix on the wall. She removes it with reverent care, and returning to the dead man, kneels at his side and places it on his breast. She rises, approaches the door cautiously, goes out and closes it.

ACT THREE

The platform of Castel Sant' Angelo

At left, a casemate: there is a lamp, large registry book with writing materials, a bench and a chair. A crucifix hangs on one of the casemate walls with a lamp in front. To the right, the door to a small stairway leading up to the platform. In the distance, the Vatican and the Basilica of St. Peter's. It is still night, but gradually darkness is dispelled by the grey, uncertain light of the hour before dawn. Church bells toll for matins. The voice of a shepherd passing with his flock can be heard.

VOICE OF SHEPHERD

I give you sighs,

There are as many

As there are leaves

Driven by the wind

You may scorn me, and my heart is sick.

Oh lamp of gold, I die for you

A jailer with a lantern mounts the stairs from below. He goes to the casemate and lights the light in front of the crucifix, and then the one on the table. He sits down and waits, half drowsing. Soon a picket of guards, led by a Sergeant, emerges from the stairway with Cavaradossi. The picket halts as the Sergeant leads Cavaradossi to the casemate and hands a note to the jailer. The latter examines it, opens the registry book and writes, as he questions the prisoner.

JAILER

Mario Cavaradossi?

Cavaradossi bows his head in acknowledgement. The jailer hands the pen to the Sergeant.

For you

to Cavaradossi

You have one hour.

A priest awaits your call.

CAVARADOSSI

No ... but I have a last favour to ask of you.

JAILER

If I can ...

CAVARADOSSI

One very dear person

I leave behind me. Permit me

To write her a few lines.

taking a ring from his finger

This ring is all that remains

Of my possessions.

If you will promise to give her

My last farewell,

Then it is yours.

JAILER

hesitates a little, then accepts. He motions Cavaradossi to the chair at the table, and sits down on the bench.

Write.

CAVARADOSSI

begins to write, but after a few lines a flood of memories invades him.

And the stars shone and the earth was perfumed.

The gate to the garden creaked

And a footstep rustled the sand to the path ...

Fragrant, she entered

And fell into my arms ...

Oh soft kisses, oh sweet abandon,

As I trembling

Unloosed her veils and disclosed her beauty.

Oh vanished forever is that dream of love,

Fled is that hour,

And desperately I die.

And never before have I loved so much!

Bursts into sobs, Spoletta appears at the stairhead, the Sergeant at his side and Tosca following. Spoletta indicates where Cavaradossi is and then calls the Jailer. He warns the guard at the rear to keep careful watch on the prisoner, and then leaves with the Sergeant and the Jailer. Tosca sees Cavaradossi weeping his head in his arms. She lifts his head, and he jumps to his feet in astonishment. Tosca shows him a note but is far too overcome with emotion to speak.

CAVARADOSSI

reading

Ah! A safe-conduct for Floria Tosca ...

TOSCA

reading with him in a hoarse and shaken voice

... and for the Cavalier accompanying her.

to Cavaradossi with an exultant cry

You are free!

CAVARADOSSI

studies the pass and sees the signature

Scarpia!

Scarpia yields? This is the first

Act of clemency ...

TOSCA
And his last!

CAVARADOSSI
What?

TOSCA
Either your blood or my love
He demanded: my entreaties and my tears were useless.
Wild with horror, I appealed in vain
To the Madonna and the Saints.
The damnable monster told me
That already the gallows
Stretched their arms skyward!
The drums rolled and
He laughed, the evil monster, laughed,
Ready to spring and carry off his prey!
Is it yes? He asked, and yes, I promised
Myself to his lust. But there at hand
A sharp blade glittered:
He wrote out the liberating pass,
And came to claim the horrible embrace -
That pointed blade I planted in his heart.

CAVARADOSSI
You, with your own hand you killed him?
You tender, you gentle - and for me!

TOSCA
My hands were reeking with his blood!

CAVARADOSSI
lovingly taking her hands in his
My Saviour!
Oh sweet hands pure and gentle,
Oh hands meant for the fair works of piety,
Caressing children, gathering roses,
For prayers when others meet misfortune ...
Then it was in you, made strong by love,
That justice placed her sacred weapons?
You dealt out death, victorious hands,
Oh sweet hand pure and gentle.

TOSCA
disengaging her hands from his
Listen, the hour is near. I have already
Collected my gold and jewels. A carriage is waiting ...
But first ... Oh, laugh at this my love ... First
You will be shot, in play and pretence, with
Unloaded arms ... mock punishment.
Fall down at the shot,
The soldiers leave, and we are safe!
And then to Civitavecchia, and there a ship.
And we're away by sea!

CAVARADOSSI
Free!

TOSCA
Free!

CAVARADOSSI
Away by sea!

TOSCA
Where now have pain and sorrow fled?
Do you smell the aroma of the roses?
Do you feel that all things on the earth
Await the sun enamoured?

CAVARADOSSI
with tender exaltation
Only for you did death taste bitter for me,
And only you invest this life with splendour.
All joy and all desire, for my being,
Are held in you as heat within flame.
I now shall see through your transfiguring eyes,
The heavens blaze and the heavens darken
And the beauty of all things remarkable
From you alone will have their voice and colour.

TOSCA
The love that found the way to save your life
Shall be our guide on earth, our pilot on the waters,
And make the wide world lovely to our eyes;
Until together we shall fade away
Beyond the sphere of earth, as light clouds fade,
At sundown, high above the sea.
They are stirred and silent. Then Tosca recalled to reality,
looks about uneasily
They still don't come ...
turning to Cavaradossi with affectionate concern
And be careful
When you hear the shot
You must fall down at once.

CAVARADOSSI
reassuring her
Have no fear,
I'll fall on the instant, and quite naturally.

TOSCA
insisting
But be careful not to hurt yourself,
With my experience in the theatre
I should know how to manage it.

CAVARADOSSI
interrupting and drawing her to him
Speak to me again as you spoke before.
So sweet is the sound of your voice.

TOSCA
carried away with rapture
Together in exile
We shall bear our love through the world.
Harmonies of colour...

CAVARADOSSI
And harmonies of song!

TOSCA and CAVARADOSSI

ecstatically
Triumphant ...
The soul trembles
With new hope
In heavenly
Increasing ardour.
And in harmonious flight
The spirit soars
To the ecstasy of love.

TOSCA
With a thousand kisses I shall seal your eyes,
And call you by a thousand names of love.

Meanwhile a squad of soldiers has entered from the stairway. The officer in command ranges them to the rear. Enter Spoletta, the Sergeant and the Jailer, Spoletta giving the necessary orders. The sky lightens; dawn appears; a bell strikes four. The Jailer goes to Cavaradossi, removes his cap and nods towards the officer.

JAILER
It is time.

CAVARADOSSI
I am ready.

The Jailer takes the registry of the condemned and leaves by the stairway.

TOSCA
to Cavaradossi, speaking low and laughing secretly:
Remember: at the first shot, down ...

CAVARADOSSI
in a low voice, also laughing
Down ...

TOSCA
And don't get up before I call you ...

CAVARADOSSI
No, beloved!

TOSCA
And fall down properly ...

CAVARADOSSI
Like Tosca on the stage ...

TOSCA
You mustn't laugh ...

CAVARADOSSI
So?

TOSCA
So.

Their farewells over, Cavaradossi follows the officer. Tosca takes her place on the left side of the casemate, in position,

however, to observe what is happening on the platform. She sees the officer and the Sergeant lead Cavaradossi towards the wall directly facing her. The Sergeant wishes to blindfold Cavaradossi, who declines with a smile. The grim preparations begin to strain Tosca's patience.

TOSCA
How long is this waiting!
Why are they still delaying? The sun already rises.
Why are they still delaying? It is only a comedy,
I know, but this anguish seems to last for ever!

The officer and the Sergeant marshal the squad of soldiers before the wall and impart their instructions.

TOSCA
There! They are taking aim! How handsome
My Mario is!

The officer lowers his sabre, the platoon fires and Cavaradossi falls.

TOSCA
There! Die! Ah, what an actor!

The Sergeant goes up to examine the fallen man. Spoletta also approaches to prevent the Sergeant from delivering the coup de grace, and he covers Cavaradossi with a cloak. The officer realigns the soldiers, the Sergeant withdraws the sentinel from his post at the rear and Spoletta leads the group off by the stairway. Tosca follows this scene with the utmost agitation, fearing that Cavaradossi may lose patience and move or speak before the proper moment. In a hushed voice she warns him:

TOSCA
Oh Mario, do not move ...
They're going now. Be still. They are going down ...

Seeing the platform deserted, she goes to listen at the stairhead. She stands there for a moment in breathless dread as she thinks she hears the soldiers returning. Again in a low voice she warns Cavaradossi:

TOSCA
Not yet, you mustn't move ...

She listens: they have all gone. She runs towards Cavaradossi.

TOSCA
Up, Mario. Quickly. Come, come. Quickly.
she bends down to help Mario to his feet. She raises the cloak and suddenly gasps with terror and astonishment as she looks at her hands.

Mario! Mario!
kneels and quickly removes the cloak and leaps to her feet pale and terrified
Dead! Dead!
sobbing she throws herself on Cavaradossi's body
Oh Mario, dead? You? Like this?
Dead like this? Like this?

From the courtyard below the parapet and from the narrow stairway come the confused voices of Spoletta, Sciarrone and the soldiers. They draw nearer.

CONFUSED VOICES

Scarpia stabbed?

The woman is Tosca!

Don't let her escape.

Spoletta rushes in from the stairway, and behind him Sciarrone shouting and waving at Tosca.

SCIARRONE

There she is!

SPOLETTA

charging towards Tosca

Ah, Tosca you will pay

For his life most dearly!

Tosca springs to her feet, pushing Spoletta violently, answering:

TOSCA

With my own!

Spoletta falls back from the sudden thrust. Tosca escapes and runs to the parapet, she leaps onto it and hurls herself over the ledge, crying:

TOSCA

Oh Scarpia! Before God!

Sciarrone and soldiers rush in confusion to the parapet and look down. Spoletta stands stunned and pale.