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LES CONTES D' HOFFMANN

(THE TALES OF HOFFMANN)

BY

OFFENBACH

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
BOSTON
LYON & HEALY *Chicago*
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OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston

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LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN

(THE TALES OF HOFFMANN)

FANTASTIC OPERA IN FOUR ACTS

BOOK BY

JULES BARBIER

MUSIC BY

JACQUES OFFENBACH

ENGLISH VERSION BY LOUIS BAZIN

BOSTON
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

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Music
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CHARACTERS

HOFFMANN	*Tenor*	LUTHER	
COUNSELOR LINDORF	*Bass* or *Baritone*	NATHANAEL	
COPPÉLIUS		HERMANN	
DAPERTUTTO		STELLA	
DOCTOR MIRACLE		GIULIETTA	
SPALANZANI	*Tenor*	OLYMPIA	
CRESPEL	*Bass* or *Baritone*	ANTONIA	
ANDRES	*Tenor*	NICKLAUSSE	*Mezzo*
COCHENILLE		THE MUSE	*Mezzo*
FRANTZ		A SPIRIT	*Mezzo*
PITICHINACCHIO			

NOTE

"Les Contes d'Hoffmann," opéra-comique, is one of two posthumous operas of the brilliant and facile French composer. It was his most cherished work, and his labors upon it extended over a period of years. For some time Offenbach had felt his end approaching, and he said to M. Carvalho, "Make haste to mount my piece; I am in a hurry and have only one wish in the world — to witness the première of this work." He died, hc few months before its first production, wh place, after it was finally revised and partly trated by Guiraud, at the Opéra-Comiq 10, 1881. Here it was given no less than 1 in the year of its production. It was also pe in Germany, and was being sung at th Theatre in Vienna at the time of its confla

THE STORY OF THE ACTION

ACT I. — This act is really a prologue, and shows Hoffmann, a young poet, at the Tavern of Luther, drinking and carousing with his companions. They ask him for a song; he commences the fantastic Ballad of Klein-Zach, but midway of the tale wanders into a rhapsodic apostrophe to a beautiful woman. His companions accuse him of being in love; but he replies that for him such joys are past, and forthwith promises to relate to them the history of his three loves.

ACT. II. — OLYMPIA. At the house of the noted scientist, Spalanzani, who has invited a large company to witness the charms and accomplishments of his daughter, Olympia. Hoffmann, who is attended by Nicklausse, has already enamored of her by fleeting glimpses a window. Olympia's appearance, her receive enthusiastic praise from her father's and Hoffmann's conquest is complete. Le with her while the other guests are at sup tells her of his passion, and thinks that it in her an echo of response. Later there is and she waltzes so madly that she whirls his feet and is only stopped by her fath conducts her to her room. A Dr. Coppéliu in a rage, claiming to have been swin Spalanzani. He slips into Olympia's ro presently a noise of breaking is heard.

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revenge Coppélius has smashed Olympia, who was only an automaton, cleverly constructed by Spalanzani. Hoffmann's dismay is pitiable.

ACT III. — GIULIETTA. The scene is in Venice at the house of Giulietta, who is beloved by Schlemil. She receives Hoffmann graciously, but Schlemil does not conceal his disgust at the young poet's arrival. Dapertutto bribes Giulietta, with a magic diamond, to enslave Hoffmann, who cares nothing for her. She succeeds in bringing him to her feet, and promises him the key of her room, which he must, however, procure from Schlemil. The latter refuses to yield the key, and a fight ensues, during which Hoffmann kills Schlemil. Hoffmann takes the key, and rushes to Giulietta's room, only to find it deserted, and to see her in a gondola, riding away in the embrace of another man, and laughing at his plight. Nicklausse drags him away to escape the police.

ACT IV. — ANTONIA. In Munich, at the house of Crespel, who seeks to keep his daughter Antonia hidden from the attentions of Hoffmann. Fearing that, together with her mother's voice, she has inherited her mother's consumption, Crespel forbids his daughter to sing. Hoffmann gains admission to the house unknown to Crespel, renews his vows to Antonia, and, at Crespel's approach, hides himself, to learn, if possible, why Antonia has been forbidden to use her voice. Through a conversation between Crespel and an evil magician named Doctor Miracle he learns the bitter truth; and later adds his entreaties to those of her father that Antonia will sing no more. She promises him; but when Hoffmann goes, Miracle appears to her, reproaches her for giving up her career in favor of a humdrum domestic existence with a lover whose unfaithfulness needs but to be proven, and fills her mind with doubt. Finally Miracle causes the ghost of Antonia's mother to appear, and the spirit adds her appeal to Miracle's reproaches, overwhelming Antonia, and finally inducing her to join in singing with the supernatural voice. She pauses breathless, but Miracle urges her on and on, until she falls dying. Her frenzied father receives her in his arms, while Hoffmann, heart-broken, witnesses the tragedy.

EPILOGUE. Takes us back to the scene of the first act. Hoffmann's recital is at an end, and his companions leave him. The Muse appears to him and offers the consolations and rewards of Art as a panacea for his broken heart. For a moment he is roused to enthusiasm; but presently, overcome with his potations at Luther's tavern and the emotion of his reminiscences, he falls face forward upon the table — and sleeps.

First performed at the Théâtre de l'Opéra-Comique, Paris, Feb. 10, 1881, with the following cast:

HOFFMANN	*MM. Talazac*
LE CONSEILLER LINDORF, COPPÉLIUS, DAPERTUTTO, LE DOCTEUR MIRACLE	*Tasquin*
SPALANZANI	*Gourdon*
CRESPEL	*Belhomme*
ANDRÉS, COCHENILLE, FRANTZ	*Grivot*
MAÎTRE LUTHER	*Troy*
NATHANAEL	*Chenevières*
VOLFRAMM	*Piccaluga*
HERMANN	*Teste*
VILHELM	*Colin*
STELLA, GIULIETTA, OLYMPIA, ANTONIA	*Mmes. Isaac*
NICKLAUSSE	*Ugalde*
LA MUSE	*Molé*
UN FANTÔME	*Dupuis*

Conductor, Léon Carvalho.

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LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN

ACT I

The tavern of Martin Luther.

(The interior of a German inn. Tables and benches)

Chorus of Students.

Drig, drig, drig, master Luther,
Brand of hades,
Drig, drig, drig, bring us thy beer,
Bring us thy wine,
Till morning dawns,
Fill up my glass,
Till morning dawns,
Fill up our pewter pots!

Nathanael.

Luther is a brave man,
Tire lan laire,
On the morrow we will brain him,
Tire lan la!

Chorus.

Tire lan la!

(They strike their cups on the tables.)

Luther

(going from table to table).

Here, gentlemen, here!

Hermann.

His cellar is a goodly spot,
Tire lan laire,
We'll pillage it on the morrow,
Tire lan la!

Chorus.

Tire lan la!

(Knocking of glasses.)

Luther.

Here, gentlemen, here!

PREMIER ACTE

La taverne de Maître Luther.

(Intérieur d'une taverne allemande. Çà et là, des tables et bancs.)

Choeur des Etudiants.

Drig! drig! drig! maître Luther,
Tison d'enfer,
Drig! drig! drig! à nous ta bière,
A nous ton vin,
Jusqu'au matin
Remplis mon verre,
Jusqu'au matin
Remplis les pots d'étain!

Nathanael.

Luther est un brave homme;
Tire lan laire!
C'est demain qu'on l'assomme;
Tire lan la!

Le Choeur.

Tire lan la!

(Ils frappent les gobelets sur les tables.)

Luther

(allant de table en table).

Voilà, messieurs, voilà!

Hermann.

Sa cave est d'un bon drille;
Tire lan laire!
C'est demain qu'on la pille
Tire lan la!

Le Choeur.

Tire lan la!

(Bruit de gobelets.)

Luther.

Voilà, messieurs, voilà!

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Wilhelm.

His wife is a daughter of Eve,
Tire lan laire,
And on the morrow we will steal her,
Tire lan la.

Chorus.

Tire lan la !

Luther.

Here, gentlemen, here!

Chorus.

Drig, drig, drig, master Luther, etc., etc.

(The students seat themselves, drinking and smoking, on all sides)

Nathanael.

Praise God, my friends, for the lovely being!
As in a masterpiece of Mozart
She lends the charm of a true and pleasing voice!
It is the gift of nature
And the triumph of art!
My first toast shall be to her;
I drink to Stella!

All.

We drink to Stella!

Nathanael.

How is it Hoffmann is not here?
Ah, Luther, you portly tun,
What have you done with our Hoffmann?

Hermann.

Your wine it is that's poisoned him,
You've killed him, by my faith!
Give us our Hoffmann!

All.

Give us Hoffmann.

Lindorf

(aside).

To the devil with Hoffmann!

Nathanael.

By Heaven! Bring him to us,
Or your last day has dawned.

Wilhelm.

Sa femme est fille d'Eve;
Tire lan laire;
C'est demain qu'on l'enlève;
Tire lan la!

Le Choeur.

Tire lan la!

Luther.

Voilà, messieurs, voilà!

Le Choeur.

Drig! drig! drig! maître Luther, etc., etc.

(Les étudiants s'assolent, boivent et fument dans tous les coins)

Nathanael.

Vive Dieu! mes amis, la belle créature!
Comme au chef-d'œuvre de Mozart
Elle prête l'accent d'une voix ferme et sûre!
C'est la grâce de la nature,
Et c'est le triomphe de l'art!
Que mon premier toast soit pour elle!
Je bois à la Stella!

Tous.

Vivat! à la Stella!

Nathanael.

Comment Hoffmann n'est-il pas là?
Eh! Luther!... ma grosse tonne!
Qu'as-tu fait de notre Hoffmann?

Hermann.

C'est ton vin qui l'empoisonne!
Tu l'as tué, foi d'Hermann!
Rends-nous Hoffmann!

Tous.

Rends-nous Hoffmann!

Lindorf

(à part).

Au diable Hoffmann!

Nathanael.

Morbleu! qu'on nous l'apporte,
Ou ton dernier jour a lui!

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Luther.

Gentlemen, he is at the door,
And Nicklausse is with him.

All.

Hurrah, 'tis he.

Lindorf

(aside).

Let's watch him.

Hoffmann

(entering with solemn demeanor).

Good day, friends.

Nicklausse.

Good-day.

Hoffmann.

A chair, a glass,
A pipe...

Nicklausse

(mocking).

Pardon, my lord, no offence intended,
But I drink, smoke and sit like you... place for two!

Chorus.

He's right... place for both of them.

(HOFFMANN and NICKLAUSSE seat themselves; HOFFMANN holds his head in his hands.)

Nicklausse

(humming).

Notte a giorno mal dormire...

Hoffmann

(brusquely).

Shut up, devil take you!

Nicklausse

(quietly).

Yes, master.

Hermann

(to HOFFMANN).

Oh, oh, why are you in such bad temper?

Nathanael

(to HOFFMANN).

Indeed, one scarcely knows you.

Luther.

Messieurs, il ouvre la porte,
Et Nicklausse est avec lui!

Tous.

Vivat! c'est lui!

Lindorf

(à part).

Veillons sur lui.

Hoffmann

(entrant d'un air sombre).

Bonjour, amis!

Nicklausse.

Bonjour!

Hoffmann.

Un tabouret! un verre!
Une pipe!...

Nicklausse

(railleur).

Pardon, seigneur!...sans vous déplaire,
Je bois, fume et m'assieds comme vous!... part à deux!

Le Choeur.

C'est juste!...Place à tous les deux!

(HOFFMANN et NICKLAUSSE s'assoient; HOFFMANN se prend la tête entre les mains.)

Nicklausse

(fredonnant).

Notte a giorno mal dormire...

Hoffmann

(brusquement).

Tais-toi, par le diable!...

Nicklausse

(tranquillement).

Oui, mon maître.

Hermann

(à HOFFMANN).

Oh! oh! d'où vient cet air fâché?

Nathanael

(à HOFFMANN).

C'est à ne pas te reconnaître.

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Hermann.

What thorny path have you trodden?

Hoffmann.

Alas! I've come by a withered flower
Frozen by the northern wind.

Nicklausse.

And yonder, near this door,
Stumbled over a sleeping drunkard.

Hoffmann.

'Tis true... that rascal, by Jove, I envy him!
Let's drink, and like him, let's sleep in the gutter.

Hermann.

Without pillow?

Hoffmann.

The stones!

Nathanael.

Without curtains?

Hoffmann.

The sky!

Nathanael.

With no covering?

Hoffmann.

The rain!

Hermann.

Have you a nightmare, Hoffmann?

Hoffmann.

No, but this evening
Just now at the theatre ...

All.

Well?

Hoffmann.

I hoped to see once more...
The deuce... why reopen old wounds?
Life is short...We must enjoy it by the way.
We must drink, sing, laugh, as we may,
What though we weep to-morrow!

Hermann.

Sur quelle herbe as-tu donc marché?

Hoffmann.

Hélas! sur une herbe morte
Au souffle glacé du nord!...

Nicklausse.

Et là, près de cette porte,
Sur un ivrogne qui dort!

Hoffmann.

C'est vrai!...Ce coquin-là, pardieu! m'a fait envie!
A boire!...et, comme lui, couchons dans le ruisseau.

Hermann.

Sans oreiller?

Hoffmann.

La pierre!

Nathanael.

Et sans rideau?

Hoffmann.

Le ciel!

Nathanael.

Sans couvre-pied?

Hoffmann.

La pluie!

Hermann.

As-tu le cauchemar, Hoffmann?

Hoffmann.

Non, mais ce soir,
Tout à l'heure, au théâtre...

Tous.

Eh bien?

Hoffmann.

J'ai cru revoir...
Baste!...à quoi bon rouvrir une vieille blessure?
La vie est courte!...Il faut l'égayer en chemin.
Il faut boire, chanter et rire à l'aventure,
Sauf à pleurer demain'

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Nathanael.

Then sing the first without need for asking,
We 'll supply the chorus.

Hoffmann.

So be it!

Nathanael.

Something gay.

Hermann.

The song of the Rat!

Nathanael.

No! in truth I'm tired of it.
What we want is the legend
Of Klein-Zach...

All.

Give us the legend of Klein-Zach.

Hoffmann.

Here goes for Klein-Zach!...
Once at the court of Eysenach
Lived a little dwarf called Klein-Zach;
He wore a big bearskin cap,
And his legs they went clic, clac!
Clic, clac!
There's Klein-Zach!

Chorus.

Clic, clac!
There's Klein-Zach!

Hoffmann.

He had a hump instead of a stomach,
His webbed feet seemed to burst from a sack,
His nose with bad tobacco was black,
And his head it went crick, crack,
Crick, crack!
There's Klein-Zach!

Chorus.

Crick, crack!
There's Klein-Zach!

Nathanael.

Chante donc le premier, sans qu'on te le demande;
Nous ferons chorus.

Hoffmann.

Soit!

Nathanael.

Quelque chose de gai!

Hermann.

La chanson du Rat!

Nathanael.

Non! moi, j'en suis fatigué.
Ce qu'il nous faut, c'est la légende
De Klein-Zach?...

Tous.

C'est la légende de Klein-Zach!

Hoffmann.

Va pour Klein-Zach!
Il était une fois à la cour d'Eysenach
Un petit avorton qui se nommait Klein-Zach!
Il était coiffé d'un colbac,
Et ses jambes faisaient clic, clac!
Clic, clac!
Voilà Klein-Zach!

Le Choeur.

Clic, clac!...
Voilà Klein-Zach!

Hoffmann.

Il avait une bosse en guise d'estomac;
Ses pieds ramifiés semblaient sortir d'un sac,
Son nez était noir de tabac,
Et sa tête faisait cric, crac,
Cric, crac,
Voilà Klein-Zach.

Le Choeur.

Cric, crac,
Voilà Klein-Zach!

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Hoffmann.

Now, for his features...

(He becomes absorbed.)

Chorus.

Now, for his features?...

Hoffmann

(very slowly).

Now, for his features...

(He rises.)

Ah, but her face was lovely! I see her
Lovely as on that day when, following after her,
I foolishly left my father's house
And fled away thro' valleys and forests.
The dusky curtains of her hair
Cast warm shadows upon her creamy throat,
Her eyes of deepest azure
Threw radiant glances, pure and serene;
And as our car without shock or tremor
Carried onward our hearts and our loves,
Her vibrant voice sang to the listening skies
A victorious chant whose eternal echo
Resounds in my heart!

Nathanael.

O most fantastic brain!
Whose portrait art thou painting? Klein-Zach?

Hoffmann.

I speak of her...

Nathanael

(touching his shoulder).

Whom?

Hoffmann.

No! Nobody!... nothing, my spirit is troubled.
Nothing!... And Klein-Zach is better, deformed though he be!

Chorus.

Flick, flack,
There's Klein-Zach.

Hoffmann.

Quant aux traits de sa figure...

(Il semble s'absorber peu à peu dans son rêve.)

Le Choeur.

Quant aux traits de sa figure?...

Hoffmann

(très lentement).

Quant aux traits de sa figure...

(Il se lève.)

Ah! sa figure était charmante!...Je la vois,
Belle comme le jour où, courant après elle,
Je quittai comme un fou la maison paternelle
Et m'enfuis à travers les vallons et les bois!
Ses cheveux en torsades sombres
Sur son col élégant jetaient leurs chaudes ombres.
Ses yeux, enveloppés d'azur,
Promenaient autour d'elle un regard frais et pur;
Et, comme notre char emportait sans secousse
Nos coeurs et nos amours, sa voix vibrante et douce
Aux cieux qui l'écoutaient jetait ce chant vainqueur
Dont l'éternel écho résonne dans mon coeur!

Nathanael.

O bizarre cervelle!
Qui diable peins-tu là! Klein-Zach?...

Hoffmann.

Je parle d'elle.

Nathanael

(lui touchant l'épaule).

Qui?

Hoffmann

(sortant de son rêve).

Non! personne!...rien! mon esprit se troublait!
Rien!...Et Klein-Zach vaut mieux, tout difforme qu'il est!...

Le Choeur.

Flic, flac!
Voilà Klein-Zach!

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Hoffmann

(throwing away his glass).

Peuh!... this beer is detestable,
Let 's light up the punch and drink;
And may the light-headed
Roll under the table.

Chorus.

And may the light-headed
Roll under the table.

(The lights go out and LUTHER sets fire to an immense bowl of punch.)

Luther is a brave man,
Tire lan laire,
Tire lan la.
On the morrow we will brain him,
Tire lan laire,
Tire lan la.
His cellar is a goodly spot,
Tire lan laire,
Tire lan la.
We 'll pillage it on the morrow,
Tire lan laire,
Tire lan la.

Nicklausse.

In good season, at least. How we vaunt
Our reason and good sense!
A curse on all faint hearts!

Nathanael.

A wager that Hoffmann's in love!

Hoffmann.

What of it?

Nathanael.

You need not blush, I fancy.
Our friend Wilhelm here
Burns for Léonore and finds her divine.
Hermann loves Gretchen; and I am near ru'ned
For Fausta.

Hoffmann

(to WILHELM).

Yes, Léonore, thy virtuoso!

Hoffmann

(jetant son verre).

Peuh!...cette bière est détestable!
Allumons le punch! grisons-nous!
Et que les plus fous
Roulent sous la table.

Le Choeur.

Et que les plus fous
Roulent sous la table!

(On éteint les lumières. Luther allume un immense bol de punch.)

Luther est un brave homme,
Tire lan laire,
Tire lan la,
C'est demain qu'on l'assomme,
Tire lan laire,
Tire lan la,
Sa cave est d'un bon drille,
Tire lan laire
Tire lan la,
C'est demain qu'on la pille,
Tire lan laire,
Tire lan la.

Nicklausse.

A la bonne heure, au moins! voilà que l'on se pique
De raison et de sens pratique!
Peste soit des coeurs langoureux!

Nathanael.

Gageons qu'Hoffmann est amoureux!

Hoffmann.

Après?...

Nathanael.

Il ne faut pas en rougir, j'imagine.
Notre ami Wilhelm que voilà
Brûle pour Léonor et la trouve divine;
Hermann aime Gretchen; et moi, je me ruine
Pour la Fausta!

Hoffmann

(à WILHELM).

Oui, Léonor, ta virtuose!...

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(to Hermann).

Yes, Gretchen, thy inert doll, with heart of ice.

(to Nathanael).

And thy Fausta, poor madman,
The courtezan with brazen mien!

Nathanael.

Morose being,
Many thanks for Fausta, Gretchen and Léonore!...

Hoffmann.

Pish. They are like all the others!

Nathanael.

Then is your mistress such a treasure
That you can despise all of ours?

Hoffmann

(aside).

My mistress?

(aloud).

No, no, say rather three mistresses,
A trio of enchantresses
Who divide my days among them.
Would you like the story of my foolish loves?...

Chorus.

Yes, yes!

Nicklausse.

What's that you say about three mistresses?

Hoffmann.

Smoke!
Before this dead pipe is relighted
Thou wilt understand me,
O thou, who in the drama where my heart was consumed,
By good judgment secured the prize!

(All the students go to their places.)

Chorus.

Attention! It is nice to drink,
And listen to a foolish tale,
While following the fragrant cloud
That a pipe throws in the air.

(à Hermann).

Oui, Gretchen, ta poupée inerte, au coeur glacé!

(à Nathanael).

Et ta Fausta, pauvre insensé!...
La courtisane au front d'airain!

Nathanael.

Esprit morose,
Grand merci pour Fausta, Gretchen et Léonor!...

Hoffmann.

Baste! autant celles-là que d'autres!

Nathanael.

Ta maîtresse est donc un trésor
Que tu méprises tant les nôtres?

Hoffmann

(à part).

Ma maîtresse?

(haut).

Non pas! dites mieux, trois maîtresses,
Trois charmant d'enchanteresses
Qui se partagèrent mes jours!
Voulez-vous le récit de ces folles amours?..

Le Choeur.

Oui, oui!

Nicklausse.

Que parles-tu de trois maîtresses?

Hoffmann.

Fume!...
Avant que cette pipe éteinte se rallume
Tu m'auras sans doute compris,
O toi qui dans ce drame où mon coeur se consume
Du bon sens emportas le prix!

(Tous les étudiants vont reprendre leurs places.)

Le Choeur.

Ecoutons! il est doux de boire
Au récit d'une folle histoire,
En suivant le nuage clair
Que la pipe jette dans l'air!

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Hoffmann

(sitting on a corner of table).

I begin.

Chorus.

Silence.

Hoffmann.

The name of the first was Olympia...

(The curtain falls while HOFFMANN is speaking to the attentive students.)

ACT II.

(A physician's room, richly furnished.)

Hoffmann

(alone).

Come! Courage and confidence;
I've become a well of science!
I must turn with the wind that blows.
To deserve the one I love
I must find in myself
The stuff of a learned man.
She is there!... if I dared!

(He softly lifts the portiere.)

'Tis she!
She sleeps... how beautiful she is!
Ah! to dwell together!... both with the same hope,
The same remembrance!
To share our sorrows and our joys,
To share the future!
Ah, let my flame
Bring warmth into your day;
Open your soul
To the rays of love.
Altar divine! Sun whose ardor
Penetrates and caresses us!
Ineffable desire where one feels
One's whole being melt in a single kiss!
Ah, let my flame, etc.

(NICKLAUSSE appears.)

Hoffmann

(s'asseyant sur le coin d'une table).

Je commence.

Le Choeur.

Silence!

Hoffmann.

Le nom de la première était Olympia!

(Le rideau tombe, pendant qu'HOFFMANN parle à tous les étudiants attentifs.)

ACTE DEUXIÈME

(Un riche cabinet de physician.)

Hoffmann

(seul).

Allons! Courage et confiance
Je deviens un puits de science!
Il faut tourner selon le vent.
Pour mériter celle que j'aime,
Je saurai trouver en moi-même
L'étoffe d'un savant,
Elle est là! Si j'osais!...

(Il soulève la portière.)

C'est elle!
Elle sommeille! Qu'elle est belle!
Ah! vivre deux! N'avoir qu'une même espérance
Un même souvenir!
Partager le bonheur, partager la souffrance,
Partager l'avenir!
Laisse, laisse ma flamme
Verser en toi le jour!
Laisse éclore ton âme
Aux rayons de l'amour!
Foyer divin! Soleil dont l'ardeur nous pénètre
Et nous vient embraser!
Ineffable désir où l'on sent tout son être
Se fondre en un baiser.
Laisse, laisse ma flamme
Verser en toi le jour!
Laisse éclore ton âme
Aux rayons de l'amour!

(NICKLAUSSE paraît.)

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Nicklausse.

By Jove, I felt sure of finding you here.

Hoffmann

(letting portiere fall).

Chut!

Nicklausse.

Why? There breathes the dove
Who's now your amorous care,
The beautiful Olympia. Go, my son,
admire!

Hoffmann.

Yes, I adore her!

Nicklausse.

And hope to know her better.

Hoffmann.

The being one loves is easy to know.

Nicklausse.

How? by a look?... through a window?

Hoffmann.

A look may suffice to embrace the heavens.

Nicklausse.

What ardor!... Does she at least know that you love her?

Hoffmann.

No.

Nicklausse.

Write her.

Hoffmann.

I dare not.

Nicklausse.

Poor lamb! Speak to her.

Hoffmann.

The dangers are as great.

Nicklausse.

Then sing your way out of your predicament.

Nicklausse.

Pardieu! j'étais bien sûr de te trouver ici!

Hoffmann

(laissant retomber la portière).

Chut!

Nicklausse.

Pourquoi?... c'est là que respire
La colombe qui fait ton amoureux souci,
La belle Olympia... Va, mon enfant! admire!

Hoffmann.

Oui, je l'adore!

Nicklausse.

Attends à la connaître mieux.

Hoffmann.

L'âme qu'on aime est aisée à connaître!

Nicklausse.

Quoi? d'un regard?...par la fenêtre?

Hoffmann.

Il suffit d'un regard pour embraser les cieux!

Nicklausse.

Qu'elle chaleur! Au moins sait-elle que tu l'aimes?

Hoffmann.

Non!

Nicklausse.

Ecris-lui!

Hoffmann.

Je n'ose pas.

Nicklausse.

Pauvre agneau! Parle-lui.

Hoffmann.

Les dangers sont les mêmes.

Nicklausse.

Alors, chante, morbleu! pour sortir d'un tel pas!

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Hoffmann.

Monsieur Spalanzani doesn't like music.

Nicklausse

(laughing).

Yes, I know, all for science!
A doll with china eyes
Flirted her little fan
At a brazen cock who stood near by.
They sang in unison
In a wonderful way,
Danced, talked, and seemed alive.

Hoffmann.

But why do you sing this song?

Nicklausse.

The little cock, trim and shining,
With a very saucy air
Turned about thrice;
By mechanism ingenious
The doll rolled her eyes,
Sighed, and said: "I love you!"

Chorus of the Invited Guests.

No, no host, really,
Receives more richly;
His house is radiant with good taste,
With effects delicately blended.

Spalanzani.

You will be satisfied, gentlemen, in a moment.

(He makes a sign to COCHENILLE to follow him, and exits with him.)

Nicklausse

(to HOFFMANN).

At last we shall have a nearer view of this marvel
Without equal!

Hoffmann.

Silence! here she is!

(Enter SPALANZANI conducting OLYMPIA.)

Spalanzani.

Ladies and gentlemen,
I present to you
My daughter Olympia.

Hoffmann.

Monsieur Spalanzani n'aime pas la musique.

Nicklausse

(riant).

Oui, je sais, tout pour la physique!
Une poupée aux yeux d'émail
Jouait au mieux de l'éventail
Auprès d'un petit coq en cuivre;
Tous deux chantaient a l'unison
D'une merveilleuse façon,
Dansaient, caquetaient, semblaient vivre.

Hoffmann.

Plaît-il? Pourquoi cette chanson?

Nicklausse.

Le petit coq, luisant et vif,
Avec un air rébarbatif,
Tournait par trois sur lui-même;
Par un rouage ingénieux,
La poupée, en roulant les yeux
Soupirait et disait: "Je t'aime!"

Le Choeur des Invités.

Non, aucun hôte, vraiment,
Ne reçoit plus richement!
Par le goût, sa maison brille!
Tout s'y trouve réuni.

Spalanzani.

Vous serez satisfaits, messieurs.

(Il fait signe à Cochenille de le suivre et sort avec lui par la droite.)

Nicklausse

(à HOFFMANN).

Enfin, nous allons voir de près cette merveille
Sans pareille!

Hoffmann.

Silence! la voici.

(Entrée de SPALANZANI conduisant OLYMPIA.)

Spalanzani.

Mesdames et messieurs, je vous présente
Ma fille Olympia

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The Chorus.

Charming!
What beautiful eyes!
And a shapely figure!
See her fine apparel!
There is nothing lacking;
She is indeed ravishing.

Hoffmann.

Ah, how adorable she is!

Nicklausse.

Charming, incomparable!

Spalanzani

(to Olympia).

What a success is thine!

Nicklausse

(taking her all in).

Really, she is ravishing.

The Chorus.

What beautiful eyes!
And a shapely figure!
See her fine apparel!
There is nothing lacking,
She is indeed ravishing.

Spalanzani.

Ladies and gentlemen, inspired by your applause,
And above all anxious to shine anew,
My daughter, obedient to your least caprice,
Will, if you please...

Nicklausse

(aside).

Pass to other exercises.

Spalanzani.

Will sing a grand air, accompanying the voice,
Rare talent!
On the clavichord, the guitar,
Or the harp, at your choice!

Cochenille

(at the rear).

The harp!

Le Choeur.

Charmante!
Elle a de très beaux yeux!
Sa taille est fort bien prise!
Voyez comme elle est mise!
Il ne lui manque rien!
Elle est très bien!

Hoffmann.

Ah qu'elle est adorable!

Nicklausse.

Charmante, incomparable!

Spalanzani

(à Olympia).

Quel succès est le tien.

Nicklausse

(en la lorgnant).

Vraiment elle est très bien.

Le Choeur.

Elle a de beaux yeux,
Sa taille est fort bien prise;
Voyez comme elle est mise!
Il ne lui manque rien.
Vraiment, elle est très bien.

Spalanzani.

Mesdames et messieurs, fière de vos bravos,
Et surtout impatiente
D'en conquérir de nouveaux,
Ma fille, obéissant à vos moindres caprices,
Va, s'il vous plaît...

Nicklausse

(à part).

Passer à d'autres exercices.

Spalanzani.

Vous chanter un grand air, en suivant de la voix,
Talent rare!
Le clavecin, la guitare,
Ou la harpe, à votre choix!

Cochenille

(au fond du théâtre).

La harpe!

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Bass Voice

(in the wings).

The harp!

Spalanzani.

'Tis well. Cochenille!
Go quickly and bring my daughter's harp!

(COCHENILLE exits.)

Hoffmann

(aside).

I shall hear her... oh, joy!

Nicklausse

(aside).

Oh, foolish infatuation!

Spalanzani

(to OLYMPIA).

Calm your emotions, my child!

Olympia.

Yes.

Cochenille

(bringing the harp)

There!

Spalanzani

(sitting beside OLYMPIA)

Gentlemen, attention!

Cochenille.

Attention!

The Chorus.

Attention!

Olympia

(accompanied by SPALANZANI).

The birds in the shrubbery,
The sun in the sky,
All speak to a maiden
Of love, of love!
There!
The pretty song,
There!
The song of Olympia,
Ha!

The Chorus.

'Tis the song of Olympia!

Une Voix de Basse

(dans la coulisse)

La harpe!

Spalanzani.

Fort bien. Cochenille!
Va vite nous chercher la harpe de ma fille!

(COCHENILLE sort.)

Hoffmann

(à part).

Je vais l'entendre... ô joie!

Nicklausse

(à part).

O folle passion!

Spalanzani

(à OLYMPIA).

Maîtrise ton émotion, mon enfant!

Olympia.

Oui.

Cochenille

(avec la harpe).

Voilà!

Spalanzani

(s'asseyant auprès d' OLYMPIA).

Messieurs, attention!

Cochenille.

Attention!

Le Choeur.

Attention!

Olympia

(accompagnée par SPALANZANI).

Les oiseaux dans la charmille,
Dans les cieux l'astre du jour,
Tout parle à la jeune fille
D'amour, d'amour,
Voilà!
La chanson gentille
Voilà!
La chanson d'Olympia,
Ha!

Le Choeur.

C'est la chanson d'Olympia!

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Olympia.

All that sings and sounds,
Or sighs in its turn,
Feels its heart to tremble
With love.
There!
The little song,
There, there!
The song of Olympia.
Ha!

Chorus.

'Tis the song of Olympia.

Hoffmann

(to Nicklausse).

Ah, my friend, what an accent!

Nicklausse.

What runs!...

(Cochenille has taken the harp and all surround Olympia. A servant speaks to Spalanzani.)

Spalanzani.

Come, gentlemen! your arm to the ladies...
Supper awaits you!

The Chorus.

Supper! That 's good...

Spalanzani.

Unless you would prefer
To dance first!...

The Chorus

(with energy).

No! no! the supper is the thing!
After we'll dance.

Spalanzani.

As you please!

Hoffmann

(approaching Olympia).

Might I venture?...

Spalanzani

(interrupting).

She is a bit tired;
Wait for the ball.

(He touches Olympia's shoulder.)

Olympia.

Tout ce qui chante et résonne
Et soupire tour à tour,
Emeut son coeur qui frissonne
D'amour.
Voilà!
La chanson mignonne,
Voilà, voilà!
La chanson d'Olympia.
Ha!

Le Choeur.

C'est la chanson d'Olympia.

Hoffmann

(à Nicklausse)

Ah! mon ami, quel accent!

Nicklausse.

Quelles gammes!...

(Tout le monde s'empresse autour d'Olympia. Un laquais s'adresse à Spalanzani.)

Spalanzani.

Allons, messieurs! la main aux dames...
Le souper nous attend!

Le Choeur.

Le souper! bon cela...

Spalanzani.

A moins qu'on ne préfère
Danser d'abord!...

Le Choeur

(avec energie).

Non, non, le souper! bonne affaire!
Ensuite on dansera.

Spalanzani.

Comme il vous plaira!

Hoffmann

(s'approchant d'Olympia).

Oserai-je?

Spalanzani

(intervenant).

Elle est un peu lasse; attendez le bal.

(Il touche l'épaule d'Olympia.)

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Olympia.

Yes.

Spalanzani.

You see. Until then
Will you do me the favor
To remain with my Olympia?

Hoffmann.

What happiness!

Spalanzani

(aside, laughing).

We'll see what sort of a song he'll sing to her.

Nicklausse

(to SPALANZANI).

Won't she take supper?

Spalanzani.

No!

Nicklausse

(aside).

Poetic soul!

(SPALANZANI goes behind OLYMPIA. Noise of a spring is heard. NICKLAUSSE turns around.)

What did you say?

Spalanzani.

Nothing, science! ah, monsieur, science!

(He conducts OLYMPIA to a chair. Goes out with guests.)

Cochenille.

The supper awaits you.

The Chorus.

Supper, supper, supper awaits us!
No, really, no host
Receives more richly!

(They go out.)

Hoffmann.

At last they are gone. I breathe freely!
Alone, alone, we two!

(approaching OLYMPIA.)

I have so much to say to you,
O my Olympia! Let me admire you!
Let me feast my eyes upon your lovely countenance.

(He touches her shoulder.)

Olympia.

Oui.

Spalanzani.

Vous voyez, jusque-là
Voulez-vous me faire la grâce
De tenir compagnie à mon Olympia?

Hoffmann.

O bonheur!

Spalanzani

(à part, riant).

Nous verrons ce qu'il lui chantera.

Nicklausse

(à SPALANZANI).

Elle ne soupe pas?

Spalanzani.

Non!

Nicklausse

(à part).

Ame poétique!

(SPALANZANI passe derrière OLYMPIA. On entend le bruit d'un ressort.)

Plaît-il?

Spalanzani.

Rien! la physique! ah, monsieur, la physique!

(Il conduit OLYMPIA à un fauteuil et sort avec les invités.)

Cochenille.

Le souper vous attend.

Le Choeur

(avec enthousiasme).

Le souper, le souper, le souper nous attend!
Non, aucun hôte vraiment,
Ne reçoit plus richement!

Hoffmann.

Ils se sont éloignés enfin! Ah! je respire!
Seuls, seuls, tous deux!

(S'approchant d'OLYMPIA.)

Que j'ai de choses à te dire,
O mon Olympia! Laisse-moi t'admirer!
De ton regard charmant laisse-moi m'enivrer.

(Il touche légèrement l'épaule d'OLYMPIA.)

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Olympia.

Yes.

Hoffmann.

Is it not a dream born of fever?
I thought I heard a sigh escape your lips!

(He again touches her shoulder.)

Olympia.

Yes.

Hoffmann.

Sweet avowal, pledge of our love,
You are mine, our hearts forever are united.
Ah! do you comprehend this eternal joy
Of silent hearts?
Living, to be one in soul, and with a single flight
To soar to heaven!
Ah, let my flame
Bring warmth into your day!
Open your soul
To the rays of love!

(He presses OLYMPIA's hand. She rises and walks up and down, then exits.)

You flee from me? What have I done?
You do not answer....
Speak! Have I wounded you? Ah!
I'll follow your steps!

(As HOFFMANN is about to rush out NICKLAUSSE appears.)

Nicklausse.

Ah, by heaven, moderate your zeal!
Do you want us to drink without you?...

Hoffmann

(half crazy).

Nicklausse, I am beloved by her.
Loved!... Ye gods!

Nicklausse.

By my faith!
If you knew what they are saying of your fair one!

Hoffmann.

What can they say? What?

Olympia.

Oui.

Hoffmann.

N'est-ce pas un rêve enfanté par la fièvre?
J'ai cru voir un soupir s'échapper de ta lèvre!

(Il touche de nouveau l'épaule d'OLYMPIA.)

Olympia.

Oui.

Hoffmann.

Doux aveu, gage de nos amours,
Tu m'appartiens, nos cœurs sont unis pour toujours!
Ah comprends-tu, dis-moi, cette joie éternelle
Des cœurs silencieux?
Vivants, n'être qu'une âme, et du même coup d'aile
Nous élancer aux cieux!
Laisse, laisse ma flamme
Verser en toi le jour!
Laisse éclore ton âme
Aux rayons de l'amour!

(Il presse la main d'OLYMPIA. Celle-ci se lève, parcourt la scène et sort.)

Tu me fuis? qu'ai je fait? Tu ne me réponds pas....
Parle! t'ai-je irritée? ah! je suivrai tes pas!

(HOFFMANN s'élance, NICKLAUSSE paraît.)

Nicklausse.

Eh! morbleu, modère ton zèle!
Veux-tu qu'on se grise sans toi?...

Hoffmann

(avec ivresse).

Nicklausse! Je suis aimé d'elle!
Aimé!...Dieu puissant!

Nicklausse.

Par ma foi!
Si tu savais ce qu'on dit de ta belle!

Hoffmann.

Qu'en peut-on dire? Quoi?

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Nicklausse.

That she is dead!

Hoffmann.

Great Heavens!

Nicklausse.

Or never was alive.

Hoffmann.

Nicklausse! I am beloved by her!
Loved! Ye gods!

(He exits followed by NICKLAUSSE.)

Coppélius

(entering, furious).

Thief! brigand! what a crash!
Elias is bankrupt!
But I shall find the right occasion
To revenge myself... Robbed!... Me! I'll kill somebody.

(COPPÉLIUS slips into OLYMPIA'S room.)
(Everybody enters.)

Spalanzani.

Here come the dancers.

Cochenille.

Now comes the round dance.

Hoffmann.

'Tis the waltz that calls us.

Spalanzani

(to OLYMPIA).

Take the hand of the gentleman, my child.

(Touching her shoulder.)

Come!

Olympia.

Yes.

(HOFFMANN takes OLYMPIA and they waltz. They disappear on left.)

Chorus.

She dances!
In cadence!
'Tis marvelous!
Prodigious!
Room, room,
For she flashes
Through the air
Like lightning.

Nicklausse.

Qu'elle est morte.

Hoffmann.

Juste ciel!

Nicklausse.

Ou ne fut pas en vie.

Hoffmann.

Nicklausse! je suis aimé d'elle!
Aimé! Dieu puissant!

(Il sort. NICKLAUSSE le suit.)

Coppélius

(entrant, furieux).

Voleur! brigand! quelle déroute!
Elias a fait banquercoute!
Va, je saurai trouver le moment opportun
Pour me venger... Volé! moi!... Je tuerai quelqu'un.

(COPPÉLIUS se glisse dans la chambre d'OLYMPIA.)
(Entre tout-le-monde.)

Spalanzani.

Voici les valseurs.

Cochenille.

Voici la ritournelle.

Hoffmann.

C'est la valse qui nous appelle.

Spalanzani

(à OLYMPIA).

Prends la main de monsieur, mon enfant.

(Lui touchant l'épaule.)

Allons!

Olympia.

Oui.

(HOFFMANN enlace la taille d'OLYMPIA et ils disparaissent à gauche.)

Le Choeur.

Elle danse!
En cadence!
C'est merveilleux!
Prodigieux!
Place, place!
Elle passe,
Elle fend l'air
Comme un éclair.

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The Voice of Hoffmann

(outside).

Olympia!

Spalanzani.

Stop them!

The Chorus.

Who of us will do it?

Nicklausse.

She will break his head...

(HOFFMANN and OLYMPIA reappear. NICKLAUSSE rushes to stop them.)

A thousand devils!...

(He is violently struck and falls in an armchair.)

The Chorus.

Patatra!...

Spalanzani

(jumping in).

Halt!

(He touches OLYMPIA on the shoulder. She stops suddenly. HOFFMANN, exhausted, falls on a sofa.)

There!

(To OLYMPIA.)

Enough, enough, my child.

Olympia.

Yes.

Spalanzani.

No more waltzing.

Olympia.

Yes.

Spalanzani

(to COCHENILLE).

You, Cochenille,
Take her back.

(He touches OLYMPIA)

Cochenille

(pushing OLYMPIA).

Go on! Go!

Olympia.

Yes.

(Going out slowly, pushed by COCHENILLE.)

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

La Voix d'Hoffmann

(dans la coulisse.)

Olympia!

Spalanzani.

Qu'on les arrête!

Le Choeur.

Qui de nous les arrêtera?

Nicklausse.

Elle va lui casser la tête!...

(HOFFMANN et OLYMPIA reparaissent et redescendent.)
(NICKLAUSSE s'élance pour les arrêter.)

Eh, mille diables!...

(Il est violemment bousculé et tombe sur un fauteuil.)

Le Choeur.

Patatra!

Spalanzani

(s'élançant).

Halte là!

(Il touche OLYMPIA à l'épaule. Elle s'arrête subitement. HOFFMANN étourdi tombe sur un canapé.)

Voilà!

(à OLYMPIA.)

Assez, assez, ma fille.

Olympia.

Oui.

Spalanzani.

Il ne faut plus valser.

Olympia.

Oui.

Spalanzani

(à COCHENILLE).

Toi, Cochenille,
Reconduis-la.

(Il touche OLYMPIA.)

Cochenille

(poussant OLYMPIA).

Va donc. Va!

Olympia.

Oui.

(En sortant, poussé par Cochenille.)

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

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The Chorus.

What can we possibly say?
'Tis an exquisite girl,
There is nothing lacking;
She is indeed ravishing.

Nicklausse

(in dolorous voice, pointing to HOFFMANN).

Is he dead?

Spalanzani

(examining HOFFMANN).

No! in fact
His eyeglass only is smashed.
He is reviving.

The Chorus.

Poor young man!

Cochenille

(outside).

Ah!

(He enters, very agitated.)

Spalanzani.

What?

Cochenille.

The man with the glasses... there!

Spalanzani.

Mercy! Olympia!...

Hoffmann.

Olympia!...

(Sound of springs breaking with much noise.)

Spalanzani.

Ah, heaven and earth, she is broken!

Hoffmann

(rising).

Broken!

Coppélius

(entering).

Ha, ha, ha, ha, yes. Smashed!

(HOFFMANN rushes out. SPALANZANI and COPPÉLIUS go at each other, fighting.)

Spalanzani.

Rascal!

Le Choeur.

Que voulez-vous qu'on dise?
C'est une fille exquise,
Il ne lui manque rien,
Elle est très bien!

Nicklausse

(d'une voix dolente, en montrant HOFFMANN).

Est-il mort?

Spalanzani

(examinant HOFFMANN).

Non, en somme, son lorgnon seul est en débris
Il reprend ses esprits.

Le Choeur.

Pauvre jeune homme!

Cochenille

(dans la coulisse).

Ah!

(Il entre, la figure bouleversée.)

Spalanzani.

Quoi?

Cochenille.

L'homme aux lunettes... là.

Spalanzani.

Miséricorde! Olympia!...

Hoffmann.

Olympia!...

(On entend un bruit de ressorts qui se brisent avec fracas.)

Spalanzani.

Ah! terre et cieux! Elle est cassée!

Hoffmann

(se levant).

Cassée!

Coppélius

(entrant).

Ha, ha, ha, ha, oui! Fracassée.

(HOFFMANN s'élance et disparaît. SPALANZANI et COPPÉLIUS se jettent l'un sur l'autre.)

Spalanzani.

Gredin!

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Coppélius.

Robber!

Spalanzani.

Brigand!

Coppélius.

Pagan!

Spalanzani.

Bandit!

Coppélius.

Pirate!

Hoffmann

(pale and terror-stricken).

An automaton, an automaton.

(He falls into an armchair. General laughter.)

The Chorus.

Ha, ha, ha, the bomb has burst,
He loved an automaton.

Spalanzani

(despairingly).

My automaton!

All.

An automaton!
Ha, ha, ha, ha!

ACT III

(In Venice. A gallery, in festival array, in a palace on the Grand Canal.)
(The guests of GIULIETTA are grouped about on cushions.)

BARCAROLE

Giulietta and *Nicklausse*

(in the wings).

Night divine, O night of love,
O smile on our caresses;
Moon and stars keep watch above
This radiant night of love!
Moments fly, and ne'er return,
Our joys, alas! are fleeting;

Coppélius.

Voleur!

Spalanzani.

Brigand!

Coppélius.

Païen!

Spalanzani.

Bandit!

Coppélius.

Pirate!

Hoffmann

(pale et épouvanté).

Un automate! Un automate!

(Il tombe sur un fauteuil. Eclat de rire général.)

Le Choeur.

Ha, ha, ha, la bombe éclate
Il aimait un automate!

Spalanzani

(avec désespoir).

Mon automate!

Tous.

Un automate!
Ha, ha, ha, ha!

ACTE TROISIÈME

(A Venise. Galerie de fête dans un palais donnant sur le grand canal. Les hôtes de GIULIETTA sont groupés sur des coussins.)

BARCAROLE.

Giulietta et *Nicklausse*

(dans la coulisse).

Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour,
Souris à nos ivresses,
Nuit plus douce que le jour,
O belle nuit d'amour!
Le temps fuit et sans retour
Emporte nos tendresses!

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Only memory's torch will burn
For hours that ne'er return.
Zephyrs passion-stirred,
Waft to us loving greeting,
Zephyrs passion-stirred,
Heed our tenderest word.
Night divine, O night of love,
O smile on our caresses;
Moon and stars keep watch above
This radiant night of love.

(GIULIETTA and NICKLAUSSE enter.)

Hoffmann.

'Tis not that, by Heaven, which enchants me!
At the feet of the beauty who gives us joy
Shall pleasure sigh?
No, with laughing mouth hear how she sings!

BACCHIC SONG.

Friends, love which dreams in song
Is wrong!
Love in noise and wine,
Divine!
Let burning desire
Your heart enflame,
In the fevers of pleasure
Consume your soul!
The transport of love
Lasts but a day!
To the devil with him who weeps
For two soft eyes!
For us the greater bliss
Of songs of joy!
Let's live an hour
In heaven.

The Chorus.

To the devil with him who weeps
For two soft eyes!
For us the greater bliss
Of songs of joy!
We'll live an hour
In heaven.

Loin de cet heureux séjour,
Le temps fuit sans retour.
Zéphyrs embrasés
Versez-nous vos caresses;
Zéphyrs embrasés
Donnez-nous vos baisers.
Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour,
Souris à nos ivresses,
Nuit plus douce que le jour,
O belle nuit d'amour.

(GIULIETTA et NICKLAUSSE entrent en scène.)

Hoffmann.

Et moi, ce n'est pas là, pardieu, ce qui m' enchante!
Aux pieds de la beauté qui nous vient enivrer
Le plaisir doit-il soupirer?
Non! Le rire à la bouche, écoutez comme il chante!

CHANT BACCHIQUE

Amis! l'amour tendre et rêveur,
Erreur!
L'amour dans le bruit et le vin!
Divin!
Que d'un brulant désir
Votre coeur s'enflamme,
Aux fièvres du plaisir
Consumez votre âme!
Transports d'amour,
Durez un jour!
Au diable celui qui pleure
Pour deux beaux yeux!
A nous l'ivresse meilleure
Des chants joyeux!
Vivons une heure
Dans les cieux!

Le Choeur.

Au diable celui qui pleure
Pour deux beaux yeux!
A nous l'ivresse meilleure
Des chants joyeux!
Vivons une heure
Dans les cieux!

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Hoffmann.

The sky its radiance lends
To beauty.
But hidden in iron hearts
Lies hell!
Bliss of paradise
Where lovers meet,
Oaths, cursed hopes,
Dreams of life!
Oh, chastity,
Oh, purity,
Lies!

The Chorus.

To the devil with him who weeps,
etc., etc.

Schlemil

(entering).

I see all is joy. Congratulations, madame.

Giulietta.

What! Why, I've wept for you three whole days!

Pitichinaccio.

Indeed!

Schlemil

(to Pitichinaccio).

Scoundrel!

Pitichinaccio.

Hola!

Giulietta.

Calm yourselves!
We have a stranger poet among us.

(Presenting.)

Hoffmann!

Schlemil

(with bad grace).

Monsieur!

Hoffmann

(ironically).

Monsieur!

Hoffmann.

Le ciel te prête sa clarté,
Beauté.
Mais vous cachez, ô coeurs de fer,
L'enfer!
Bonheur du paradis
Où l'amour convie,
Serments, espoirs maudits,
Rêves de la vie!
O chastetés,
O puretés,
Mentez!.

Le Choeur.

Au diable celui qui pleure, etc., etc.

Schlemil

(entrant en scène).

Je vois qu'on est en fête. A merveille, madame.

Giulietta.

Comment! Mais je vous ai pleuré trois grands jours.

Pitichinaccio.

Dame!

Schlemil

(à Pitichinaccio).

Avorton!

Pitichinaccio.

Hola!

Giulietta.

Calmez-vous!
Nous avons un poète étranger parmi nous.

(Présentant Hoffmann.)

Hoffmann!

Schlemil

(de mauvaise grâce).

Monsieur!

Hoffmann.

(ironique).

Monsieur!

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Giulietta

(to SCHLEMIL).

Smile on us with grace,
And come take your place
At pharaoh!

The Chorus.

Bravo! To pharaoh!

(GIULIETTA, after having invited all to follow her, goes toward door HOFFMANN offers his hand to GIULIETTA. SCHLEMIL comes between.)

Schlemil

(taking GIULIETTA's hand).

By heavens!

Giulietta.

To the game, gentlemen, to the game!

The Chorus.

To the game, the game!

(All go out except HOFFMANN and NICKLAUSSE.)

Nicklausse.

One word! I have two horses saddled. At the first dream
That Hoffmann permits himself, I carry him off.

Hoffmann.

And what dream could ever be born
Of such realities?
Does one love a courtezan?

Nicklausse.

Yet this Schlemil...

Hoffmann.

I am not Schlemil.

Nicklausse.

Take care, the devil is clever.

(DAPERTUTTO appears at back).

Hoffmann.

Were it so,
If he makes me love her, may he damn me,
Come!

Nicklausse.

Let us go.

(They go out.)

Giulietta

(à SCHLEMIL).

Souriez nous, de grâce,
Et venez prendre place
Au pharaon!

Le Choeur.

Vivat! au pharaon!

(GIULIETTA, après avoir invité tout le monde à la suivre, se dirige vers la porte. HOFFMANN offre sa main à GIULIETTA. SCHLEMIL intervient vivement.)

Schlemil

(prenant la main de GIULIETTA).

Morbleu!

Giulietta.

Au jeu, messieurs, au jeu.

Le Choeur.

Au jeu, au jeu.

(Tout le monde sort moins NICKLAUSSE et HOFFMANN.)

Nicklausse.

Un mot! J'ai deux chevaux sellés; au premier rêve
Dont se laisse affoler mon Hoffmann, je l'enlève.

Hoffmann.

Et quels rêves, jamais, pourraient être enfantés
Par de telles réalités?
Aime-t-on une courtisane?

Nicklausse.

Ce Schlemil, cependant...

Hoffmann.

Je ne suis pas Schlemil.

Nicklausse.

Prends y garde, le diable est malin.

(DAPERTUTTO paraît au fond.)

Hoffmann.

Le fût-il,
S'il me la fait aimer, je consens qu'il me damne.
Allons!

Nicklausse.

Allons!

(Ils sortent.)

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Dapertutto

(alone).

Well, then!... to fight you
The eyes of Giulietta are a sure weapon,
Schlemil has succumbed to them!
By my faith, as captain and soldier!
You'll do likewise.
I command that Giulietta shall use her arts on you to-day.

(Drawing from his finger a ring with a big sparkling diamond.)

Turn, turn, mirror, where the lark is caught,
Sparkle, diamond, fascinate, attract her,
The lark or the woman
To this conquering bait
Flies on rapid wing;
One loses her life, the other her soul.
Turn, turn, mirror, where the lark is caught.
Sparkle, diamond, fascinate, attract her.

(GIULIETTA appears and advances, fascinated, toward the diamond that DAPERTUTTO holds towards her.)

Dapertutto

(placing the ring on GIULIETTA's finger).

Dear angel!

Giulietta.

What do you desire of your servant?

Dapertutto.

Good, you divine my wishes.
At seducing hearts skilled above all others,
You have given me
The shade of Schlemil! I vary
My pleasures, and I beg you
To get for me to-day
The image of Hoffmann!

Giulietta.

What! his image!

Dapertutto.

Yes.
His image!... You doubt
The power of your eyes?

Giulietta.

No.

Dapertutto

(seul).

Allez... pour te livrer combat
Les yeux de Giulietta sont une arme certaine,
Il a fallu que Schlemil succombat!
Foi de diable et de capitaine!
Tu feras comme lui.
Je veux que Giulietta t'ensorcelle aujourd'hui.

(Tirant de son doigt une bague ou brille un gros diamant.)

Tourne, tourne, miroir où se prend l'alouette,
Scintille, diamant, fascine, attire-la...
L'alouette ou la femme
A cet appât vainqueur
Vont de l'aile ou du coeur;
L'une y laisse sa vie l'autre y perd son âme.
Tourne, tourne, miroir ou se prend l'alouette.
Scintille, diamant, fascine, attire-la.

(GIULIETTA paraît et s'avance, fascinée, vers le diamant que DAPERTUTTO tend vers elle.)

Dapertutto

(passant la bague au doigt de GIULIETTA).

Cher ange!

Giulietta.

Qu'attendez-vous de votre servante?

Dapertutto.

Bien, tu m'as deviné,
A séduire les coeurs entre toutes savante,
Tu m'as déjà donné
L'ombre de Schlemil! Je varie
Mes plaisirs et te prie
De m'avoir aujourd'hui
Le reflet d'Hoffmann!

Giulietta.

Quoi! son reflet!

Dapertutto.

Oui!
Son reflet... tu doutes
De la puissance de tes yeux?

Giulietta.

Non.

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Dapertutto.

Who knows? Your Hoffmann dreams, perhaps, otherwise.

(Severely.)

Yes, I was there, a while back, listening.

(With irony.)

He defies you...

Giulietta.

Hoffman?... 'tis well!... From this day
He shall be my toy.

(HOFFMANN enters.)

Dapertutto.

'Tis he!

(DAPERTUTTO goes out. HOFFMANN intends to do the same.)

Giulietta

(to HOFFMANN).

You leave me?

Hoffmann

(mockingly).

I have lost everything.

Giulietta.

What?... you too!...
Ah, you do me wrong.
Without pity, without mercy,
Go!... Go!...

Hoffmann.

Your tears betrayed you.
Ah! I love you... were it at the price of my life!

Giulietta.

Ah, unfortunate, but do you not know
That an hour, a moment, may prove fatal?
That my love will cost your life if you remain?
That Schlemil, this night, may strike you in my arms?
Do not deny my prayer;
My life is wholly yours.
Everywhere I promise to accompany your steps.

Hoffmann.

Ye gods! with what bliss do you fire my heart?
Like heavenly music your voice stirs me;

Dapertutto.

Qui sait? Ton Hoffmann rêve peut-être mieux.

(Avec dureté)

Oui, j'étais là, tout à l'heure, aux écoutes,
Il te défie...

Giulietta.

Hoffmann?... c'est bien!... dès aujourd'hui
J'en ferai mon jouet.

(HOFFMANN entre.)

Dapertutto.

C'est lui!

(DAPERTUTTO sort. HOFFMANN fait mine de s'éloigner.)

Giulietta

(à HOFFMANN).

Vous me quittez?

Hoffmann

(railleur).

J'ai tout perdu.

Giulietta.

Quoi... vous aussi!...
Ah! vous me faites injure
Sans pitié, ni merci.
Partez... partez!...

Hoffmann.

Tes larmes t'ont trahie.
Ah, je t'aime!... fût-ce au prix de ma vie.

Giulietta.

Ah! malheureux, mais tu ne sais donc pas
Qu'une heure, qu'un moment, peuvent t'être funestes?
Que mon amour te perd à jamais si tu restes?
Que Schlemil peut ce soir te frapper dans mes bras?
Ne repousse pas ma prière!
Ma vie est à toi toute entière.
Partout je te promets d'accompagner tes pas.

Hoffmann.

O Dieu! de quelle ivresse embrases-tu mon âme?
Comme un concert divin ta voix me pénètre;

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With a fire soft, yet burning, my being is consumed;
Your glances in mine have spent their flame
Like radiant stars,
And I feel, O best beloved,
The perfume of your breath
Pass o'er my lips and eyes.

Giulietta.

Yet, to-day, strengthen my courage
By leaving me something of you!

Hoffmann.

What do you mean?

Giulietta.

Listen, and don't laugh at me.
(She holds HOFFMANN in her arms and takes a mirror.)
What I want is your faithful image
Which reproduces your features, your look, your visage,
The reflection that you see above me bend.

Hoffmann.

What! My reflection? What folly!

Giulietta.

No! for it can detach itself
From the polished glass,
To come and hide complete in my heart.

Hoffmann.

In your heart?

Giulietta.

In my heart. 'Tis I who beg thee,
Hoffmann, grant me my wish.

Hoffmann.

My reflection?

Giulietta.

Your reflection. Yes, wisdom or folly,
I wish it, I demand it.

Hoffmann.

Ecstasy! bliss ineffable,
O terror, strangely sweet!
My image, yes, my soul, my life
Belong always to you.

D'un feu doux et brûlant mon être est dévoré;
Tes regards dans les miens ont épanché leur flamme
Comme des astres radieux,
Et je sens, ô mon bien aimée,
Passer ton haleine embaumée
Sur mes lèvres et sur mes yeux.

Giulietta.

Aujourd'hui, cependant, affermis mon courage.
En me laissant quelque chose de toi!

Hoffmann.

Que veux-tu dire?

Giulietta.

Ecoute, et ne ris pas de moi.
(Elle enlace HOFFMANN et prend un miroir.)
Ce que je veux, c'est ta fidèle image
Qui reproduit tes traits, ton regard, ton visage,
Le reflet que tu vois sur le mien se pencher.

Hoffmann.

Quoi! mon reflet? quelle folie!

Giulietta.

Non! car il peut se détacher
De la glace polie
Pour venir tout entier dans mon coeur se cacher.

Hoffmann.

Dans ton coeur?

Giulietta.

Dans mon coeur. C'est moi qui t'en supplie,
Hoffmann, comble mes voeux!

Hoffmann.

Mon reflet?

Giulietta.

Ton reflet. Oui, sagesse ou folie,
Je l'attends, je le veux!

Hoffmann.

Extase! ivresse inassouvie,
Etrange et doux effroi!
Mon reflet, mon âme et ma vie
A toi, toujours à toi!

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Giulietta.

If your sweet presence I should lose,
I still would keep of you
The image of your life and soul;
Dear one, give them to me.

(suddenly).

Schlemil!

(SCHLEMIL enters followed by NICKLAUSSE, DAPERTUTTO, PITTICHINACCIO and others.)

Schlemil.

I was sure of it! Together!
Come, gentlemen, come,
'Tis for Hoffmann, so it seems,
That we are abandoned.

(Ironic laughter.)

Hoffmann.

(almost spoken).

Monsieur!

Giulietta

(to HOFFMANN).

Silence!

(Aside.)

I love you, he has my key.

Pitichinaccio

(to SCHLEMIL).

Let us kill him.

Schlemil.

Patience!

Dapertutto

(to HOFFMANN).

How pale you are!

Hoffmann.

Me!

Dapertutto

(showing him a mirror).

See then!

Hoffmann

(amazed).

Heavens!

Giulietta.

Si ta présence m'est ravie,
Je veux garder de toi
Ton reflet, ton âme et ta vie
Ami, donne-les-moi!

(vivement).

Schlemil!

(SCHLEMIL entre suivi de NICKLAUSSE, DAPERTUTTO, PITTICHINACCIO et autres.)

Schlemil.

J'en etais sûr! Ensemble!
Venez, messieurs, venez,
C'est pour Hoffmann à ce qu'il semble,
Que nous sommes abandonnés.

(Rires ironiques.)

Hoffmann

(presque parlé).

Monsieur!

Giulietta

(à HOFFMANN).

Silence!

(Bas.)

Je t'aime, il a ma clef.

Pittichinaccio

(à SCHLEMIL).

Tuons-le.

Schlemil.

Patience!

Dapertutto

(à HOFFMANN).

Comme vous êtes pâle!

Hoffmann.

Moi!

Dapertutto

(lui présentant le miroir).

Voyez plutôt!

Hoffmann

(stupéfait, se regardant).

Ciel!

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Giulietta.

Listen, gentlemen,
Here come the gondolas,
The hour of barcaroles
And of farewells!

(SCHLEMIL conducts the guests away. GIULIETTA goes out throwing a look at HOFFMANN. DAPERTUTTO remains. NICKLAUSSE goes toward HOFFMANN.)

Nicklausse.

Are you coming?

Hoffmann.

Not yet.

Nicklausse.

Why? Very well. I understand. Good-by.

(Aside.)

But I'll watch over him.

(He goes out.)

Schlemil.

What do you wait for?

Hoffmann.

To get from you a certain key I've sworn to have.

Schlemil.

You shall have this key, sir, only with my life.

Hoffmann.

Then I shall have both the one and the other.

Schlemil.

That remains to be seen. On guard!

Dapertutto.

You have no sword.

(Presenting his own.)

Take mine!

Hoffmann.

Thank you.

Chorus.

(in the wings).

Night divine, O night of love,
O smile on our caresses;
Moon and stars keep watch above
This radiant night of love.

(HOFFMANN and SCHLEMIL fight. SCHLEMIL falls mortally wounded. HOFFMANN bends and takes the key from around his neck. He rushes to GIULIETTA's room. GIULIETTA appears in a gondola.)

Giulietta.

Ecoutez, messieurs,
Voici les gondoles,
L'heure des barcarolles
Et celle des adieux!

(SCHLEMIL reconduit les invités. GIULIETTA sort, jetant un regard à HOFFMANN. DAPERTUTTO reste au fond de la scène. NICKLAUSSE revient à HOFFMANN.)

Nicklausse.

Viens-tu?

Hoffmann.

Pas encore.

Nicklausse.

Pourquoi? Bien, je comprends. Adieu!

(A part.)

Mais je veille sur toi.

(Il sort.)

Schlemil.

Qu'attendez-vous, monsieur?

Hoffmann.

Que vous me donniez certaine clef que j'ai juré d'avoir.

Schlemil.

Vous n'aurez cette clef, monsieur, qu'avec ma vie.

Hoffmann.

J'aurai donc l'une ou l'autre.

Schlemil.

C'est ce qu'il faut voir! En garde!

Dapertutto.

Vous n'avez pas d'épée.

(Lui présentant la sienne.)

Prenez la mienne!

Hoffmann.

Merci!

Choeur

(dans la coulisse).

Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour!
Souris à nos ivresses,
Nuit plus douce que le jour,
O belle nuit d'amour!

(HOFFMANN et SCHLEMIL se battent. SCHLEMIL est blessé à mort et tombe. HOFFMANN se penche et lui prend la clef pendue à son cou et s'élance dans l'appartement de GIULIETTA, qui parait dans une gondole.)

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Hoffmann

(coming back).

No one!

Giulietta

(laughing).

Ha, ha, ha!

(HOFFMANN looks at GIULIETTA astounded.)

Dapertutto

(to GIULIETTA).

What will you do with him now?

Giulietta.

I'll resign him to you.

Pitichinaccio

(entering the gondola).

Dear angel!

(GIULIETTA takes him in her arms.)

Hoffmann

(comprehending the infamy of GIULIETTA).

Vile wretch!

Nicklausse.

Hoffmann! Hoffmann! the police!

(NICKLAUSSE drags HOFFMANN away. GIULIETTA and PITICHINACCIO laugh.)

ACT IV

(At CRESPEL'S house in Munich. A room furnished in a bizarre fashion.)

Antonia

(alone. She is seated at the clavichord).

Thy dove has fled,
She has fled far from thee!

(She stops and rises.)

Ah! memory too sweet, vision too cruel!
Alas! at my feet I hear, I see him!
Thy dove has fled,
She has fled far from thee;
But she is ever faithful,
And she keeps her troth.
Beloved, my voice calls thee,
All my heart is thine.

(She approaches the clavichord again.)

Dear flower, scarcely open,
In pity answer me;

Hoffmann.

Personne!

Giulietta

(riant).

Ha, ha, ha!

(HOFFMANN regarde GIULIETTA avec stupeur.)

Dapertutto

(à GIULIETTA).

Qu'en fais-tu maintenant?

Giulietta.

Je te l'abandonne!

Pitichinaccio

(entre dans la gondole).

Cher ange!

(GIULIETTA le prend dans ses bras.)

Hoffmann

(comprenant l'infamie de GIULIETTA).

Misérable!

Nicklausse.

Hoffmann! Hoffmann! les sbires!

(NICKLAUSSE entraine HOFFMANN. GIULIETTA et DAPERTUTTO rient.)

ACTE QUATRIÈME

(A Munich chez Crespel. Une chambre bizarrement meublée.)

Antonia

(seule. Elle est assise devant le clavecin et chante).

Elle a fui, la tourterelle,
Elle a fui loin de toi!

(Elle s'arrête et se lève.)

Ah! souvenir trop doux! image trop cruelle!
Hélas! à mes genoux, je l'entends, je le vois,
Elle a fui, la tourterelle,
Elle a fui loin de toi!
Mais elle est toujours fidèle
Et te garde sa foi.
Bien-aimé, ma voix t'appelle,
Tout mon coeur est à toi.

(Elle se rapproche du clavecin.)

Chère fleur qui vient d'éclore,
Par pitié, réponds-moi,

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Thou knowest if still he loves me,
If he keeps his troth!...
Beloved, my voice implores thee.
O may thy heart come to me!

(She sinks into a chair.)

Crespel

(entering suddenly).

Unhappy child, beloved daughter,
You promised me to sing no more.

Antonia.

In me my mother lived again;
My heart, while singing, fancied it heard her.

Crespel.

There lies my torment. Thy dear mother
Left to thee her voice. Vain regrets!
Through thee I hear her. No, no, I beg...

Antonia

(sadly).

Your Antonia will sing no more!

(She goes out slowly.)

Crespel

(alone).

Despair! Again I saw
Those spots of fire
Mark her face. God!
Must I lose her I adore?
Ah, that Hoffmann... 'tis he
Who put this madness into her heart. I fled
As far as Munich...

(Enter Frantz.)

Crespel.

You, Frantz, open to nobody.

Frantz

(false exit).

You think so...

Crespel.

Where are you going?

Frantz.

I'm going to see if anybody rang
As you just said.

Toi, qui sais s'il m'aime encore,
S'il me garde sa foi!...
Bien-aimé, ma voix t'implore,
Que ton coeur vienne à moi!

(Elle se laisse tomber sur une chaise.)

Crespel

(entrant brusquement).

Malheureuse enfant, fille bien-aimée
Tu m'avais promis de ne plus chanter.

Antonia.

Ma mère s'était en moi ranimée;
Mon coeur en chantant croyait l'écouter.

Crespel.

C'est là mon tourment. Ta mère chérie
T'a légué sa voix, regrets superflus!
Par toi je l'entends. Non... non... je t en prie.

Antonia

(tristement).

Votre Antonia ne chantera plus!

(Elle sort lentement.)

Crespel

(seul).

Désespoir! Tout à l'heure encore
Je voyais ces taches de feu
Colorer son visage. Dieu!
Perdrai-je l'enfant que j'adore?
Ah, c'est Hoffmann, c'est lui
Qui jeta dans son coeur ces ivresses...
J'ai fui
Jusqu'à Munich...

(Entre Frantz.)

Crespel.

Toi, Frantz, n'ouvre à personne.

Frantz

(fausse sortie).

Vous croyez...

Crespel.

Où vas-tu?

Frantz.

Je vais voir si l'on sonne
Comme vous avez dit...

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Crespel.

I said, Open to nobody.

(Shouting.)

To nobody! Do you hear this time?

Frantz.

By Heaven, I'm not deaf!

Crespel.

Very well! May the devil seize you!

Frantz.

Yes, sir, the key is in the door.

Crespel.

Idiot! donkey!

Frantz

'Tis agreed.

Crespel.

Morbleu!

(He exits quickly.)

Frantz

(alone).

Well! What! always in a rage!
Strange, peevish, exacting!
'Tis a hard job
For his money to please him!...
Day and night I'm on all fours,
At the least sign I must be silent;
It is just as if I sang!
But no, if I sang,
His contempt he'd have to modify.
I sing alone sometimes,
But singing isn't easy
Tra la la, tra la la!
Still it isn't voice that I lack, I think.
Tra la la, tra la la,
No, 'tis the method.
Well! one can't have all things.
I sing execrably;
But my dancing is delightful,
I may say so without flattery.
Ah! I shine in the dance,
'Tis my greatest attraction,

Crespel.

J'ai dit: n'ouvre à personne!

(Criant.)

A personne! entends-tu, cette fois?

Frantz.

Eh, mon Dieu, je ne suis pas sourd!

Crespel.

Bien! que le diable t'emporte!...

Frantz.

Oui, monsieur, la clef est sur la porte.

Crespel.

Bélître! Ane bâté!

Frantz.

C'est convenu.

Crespel.

Morbleu!

(Il sort. Frantz descend.)

Frantz

(seul).

Eh bien! Quoi, toujours en colère!
Bizarre, quinteux, exigeant!
Ah, l'on a du mal à lui plaire
Pour son argent...
Jour et nuit je me mets en quatre,
Au moindre signe je me tais,
C'est tout comme si je chantais!...
Encore non, si je chantais,
De ses mépris il lui faudrait rabattre.
Je chante seul quelque fois;
Mais chanter n'est pas commode!
Tra la la! tra la la!
Ce n'est pourtant pas la voix,
Qui me fait défaut, je crois...
Tra la la! Tra la la!
Non, c'est la méthode.
Dame! on n'a pas tout en partage.
Je chante pitoyablement;
Mais je danse agréablement,
Je me le dis sans compliment,
Corbleu! la danse est à mon avantage,
C'est là mon plus grand attrait,

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But dancing isn't easy.
Tra la la, tra la la.

(He dances and stops.)

With women my well-turned leg
Would do me no harm,
Tra la la, tra la la.

(He falls.)

No, 'tis the method.

(HOFFMANN enters, followed by NICKLAUSSE.)

Hoffmann.

Frantz! They are here!

(Touches FRANTZ on shoulder.)

Up, my friend.

Frantz.

Hey, who's there?

(Rises, surprised.)

Monsieur Hoffmann!

Hoffmann.

Myself. Now, about Antonia?...

Frantz.

He's gone out, sir.

Hoffmann

(laughing).

Ha, ha, deafer yet than last year?

Frantz.

Sir, you honor me.
I am very well, thank Heaven.

Hoffmann.

Antonia! Go, I must see her.

Frantz.

Very well! what a joy
For monsieur Crespel!

(He goes out.)

Hoffmann

(sitting before the clavichord).

'Tis a song of love
That flies away,
Now sad, now gay,
Turn by turn...

Antonia

(entering suddenly).

Hoffmann!

Et danser n'est pas commode.
Tra la la! Tra la la!

(Il danse. Il s'arrête.)

Près des femmes le jarret
N'est pas ce qui me nuirait,
Tra la la! Tra la la!

(Il tombe.)

Non! c'est la méthode.

(HOFFMANN entre, suivi de NICKLAUSSE.)

Hoffmann.

Frantz! C'est ici!...

(Touchant l'épaule de FRANTZ.)

Debout, l'ami.

Frantz.

Hein! qui va la?

(Il se relève.)

Monsieur Hoffmann!

Hoffmann.

Moi-même! Eh bien, Antonia?

Frantz.

Il est sorti, monsieur.

Hoffmann

(riant).

Ha, ha, plus sourd encore que l'an passé?

Frantz.

Monsieur m'honore. Je me porte bien, grâce au ciel.

Hoffmann.

Antonia! Va, fais que je la voie!

Frantz.

Très bien...Quel joie
Pour monsieur Crespel!

(Il sort.)

Hoffmann

(s'asseyant devant le clavecin).

C'est une chanson d'amour
Qui s'envole,
Triste ou folle
Tour à tour!...

Antonia

(entrant précipitamment)

Hoffmann!

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Hoffmann

(receiving her in his arms).

Antonia!

Nicklausse

(aside).

I am one too many; good evening.

(He exits.)

Antonia.

Ah, I knew well that you loved me yet!

Hoffmann.

My heart told me that you grieved for me!
But why were we separated?

Antonia.

I know not.

Hoffmann.

Ah! happiness dwells in my soul!
To-morrow you shall be my wife.
Happy pair,
The future is ours!
To love let us be faithful,
That her eternal chains
May keep our hearts
Conquerors even against time!

Antonia.

Ah! happiness dwells in my heart!
To-morrow I shall be your wife.
Happy pair,
The future is ours!
Each day will bring new songs;
Your genius spreads its wings!
My victorious song
Is the echo of your heart.

Hoffmann

(smiling).

Yet, my affianced bride,
Shall I tell the thought
Which, spite of myself, troubles me?
Music inspires a little jealousy in me,
For you love it too much!

Hoffmann

(recevant ANTONIA dans ses bras).

Antonia!

Nicklausse

(à part).

Je suis de trop; bonsoir.

(Il sort.)

Antonia.

Ah! Je savais bien que tu m'aimais encore!

Hoffmann.

Mon coeur m'avait bien dit que j'étais regretté!
Mais pourquoi nous a-t-on séparés?

Antonia.

Je l'ignore.

Hoffmann.

Ah! j'ai le bonheur dans l'âme!
Demain tu seras ma femme.
Heureux époux,
L'avenir est à nous!
A l'amour soyons fidèles!
Que ses chaînes éternelles
Gardent nos coeurs,
Du temps même vainqueurs!

Antonia.

Ah! j'ai le bonheur dans l'âme!
Demain je serai ta femme.
Heureux époux,
L'avenir est à nous!
Chaque jour, chansons nouvelles!
Ton génie ouvre ses ailes!
Mon chant vainqueur
Est l'écho de ton coeur!

Hoffmann

(souriant).

Pourtant, ô ma fiancée,
Te dirai-je une pensée
Qui me trouble malgré moi?
La musique m'inspire un peu de jalousie,
Tu l'aimes trop!

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Antonia

(smiling).

What a singular fancy!
Did I love you for it, or it for you?
For surely you will not forbid me
To sing, as did my father?

Hoffmann.

What say you?

Antonia.

Yes, at present my father imposes upon me
The virtue of silence.

(Rapidly.)

Would you like to hear me?

Hoffmann

(aside).

'Tis strange... can it be?...

Antonia

(drawing him to the clavichord).

But come, as in olden time:
Listen, and you'll see if I've lost my voice.

Hoffmann.

How your eye lights up, your hand trembles!

Antonia

(making him sit down).

Here, the soft song of love we sang together.

(She sings.)

'Tis a song of love
That flies away,
Now sad, now gay,
Turn by turn;
'Tis a song of love.
The opening rose
Smiles on the Spring.
Ah! how long may endure
Its little life?

Together.

'Tis a song of love
That flies away, etc., etc.

Antonia

(souriant).

Voyez l'étrange fantaisie!
T'aimé-je donc pour elle, ou l'aimé-je pour toi?
Car toi tu ne vas pas sans doute me défendre
De chanter, comme a fait mon père?

Hoffmann.

Que dis-tu?

Antonia.

Oui, mon père, à présent, m'impose la vertu
Du silence.

(Vivement.)

Veux-tu m'entendre?

Hoffmann

(à part).

C'est étrange!...Est-ce donc...

Antonia

(l'entrainant vers le clavecin).

Viens là, comme autrefois.
Ecoute, et tu verras si j'ai perdu ma voix.

Hoffmann.

Comme ton œil s'anime et comme ta main tremble!

Antonia

(le faisant s'asseoir devant le clavecin)

Tiens, ce doux chant d'amour que nous chantions ensemble.

(Elle chante.)

C'est une chanson d'amour
Qui s'envole,
Triste ou folle,
Tour à tour;
C'est une chanson d'amour.
La rose nouvelle,
Sourit au printemps.
Las! combien de temps
Vivra-t-elle?

Ensemble.

C'est une chanson d'amour,
Qui s'envole,
Triste ou folle,
Tour à tour;
C'est une chanson d'amour.

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Hoffmann.

Like a ray of flame
Flashes thy beauty.
Wilt thou see the summer,
O flower of the soul?

Together.

'Tis a song of love, etc., etc.

(ANTONIA puts her hand to her heart and seems about to faint.)

Hoffmann.

What is the matter?

Antonia

(doing same again).

Nothing.

Hoffmann

(listening).

Chut!

Antonia.

Heavens, my father! Come, come!

(She goes out.)

Hoffmann.

No! I must know the solution of this mystery.

(He hides. CRESPEL appears.)

Crespel

(looking about him).

No, nothing. I thought Hoffmann was here.
May he go to the devil!

Hoffmann

(aside).

Many thanks!

Frantz

(entering).

Sir.

Crespel.

What?

Frantz.

Doctor Miracle.

Crespel.

Scoundrel! knave!
Quickly close the door.

Frantz.

Yes, sir, the doctor...

Hoffmann.

Un rayon de flamme
Pare ta beauté,
Verras tu l'été,
Fleur de l'âme?

Ensemble.

C'est une chanson d'amour, etc.

(ANTONIA porte la main à son coeur et semble prête à défaillir.)

Hoffmann.

Qu'as-tu donc?

Antonia.

Rien.

(Mettant la main à son coeur.)

Hoffmann

(écoutant).

Chut!

Antonia.

Ciel! mon père!
Viens! Viens!

(Elle sort.)

Hoffmann.

Non, je saurai le mot de ce mystère.

(Il se cache. CRESPEL paraît.)

Crespel

(regardant autour de lui).

Non, rien. J'ai cru qu'Hoffmann était ici
Puisse-t-il être au diable!

Hoffmann

(à part).

Grand merci!

Frantz

(entrant, à CRESPEL).

Monsieur!

Crespel.

Quoi?

Frantz.

Le docteur Miracle.

Crespel.

Drôle! infâme! ferme vite la porte.

Frantz.

Oui, monsieur, médicin...

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Crespel.

He a doctor? No, on my soul,
A gravedigger, an assassin!
Who would kill my daughter after my wife.
I hear the jingle of his golden vials.
Drive him away from me!

(MIRACLE suddenly appears. FRANTZ runs away.)

Miracle.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Crespel.

How now!

Miracle.

Well, here I am! Myself, you see.
This good monsieur Crespel, I like him,
But where is he?

Crespel

(stopping him).

Morbleu!

Miracle.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!
I sought for your Antonia.
Well, this trouble she inherited
From her mother? Still progressing?
Dear girl, we'll cure her.
Take me to her.

Crespel.

To assassinate her? If you make one step
I'll throw you out of the window.

Miracle.

There now, softly, I do not wish to displease you.

(He advances a chair.)

Crespel.

What are you doing, traitor?

Miracle.

To cope with the danger,
One must know it.
Let me question her.

Crespel and *Hoffmann.*

Terror penetrates me.

Crespel.

Lui, médecin? Non, sur mon âme,
Un fossoyeur, un assassin!
Qui me tuerait ma fille après ma femme,
J'entends le cliquetis de ses flacons dans l'air
Loin de moi qu'on le chasse.

(MIRACLE paraît subitement. FRANTZ se sauve.)

Miracle.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Crespel.

Enfin!

Miracle.

Eh bien, me voilà, c'est moi-même.
Ce bon monsieur Crespel, je l'aime!
Où donc est-il?

Crespel

(l'arrêtant).

Morbleu!

Miracle.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Je cherchais votre Antonia!
Eh bien! ce mal qu'elle hérita
De sa mère? Toujours en progrès? chere belle,
Nous la guérirons. Menez-moi près d'elle.

Crespel.

Pour l'assassiner? Si tu fais un pas,
Je te jette par la fenêtre.

Miracle.

Eh! là! tout doux! Je ne veux pas
Vous déplaire.

(Il avance un fauteuil.)

Crespel.

Que fais-tu, traître?

Miracle.

Pour conjurer le danger,
Il faut le connaître.
Laissez-moi l'interroger.

Crespel et *Hoffmann.*

L'effroi me pénètre.

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Miracle

(his hand extended toward ANTONIA'S room).

To my conquering power,
Give way with good grace.
Near me without terror
Come take your place,
Come.

Crespel and *Hoffmann.*

With fright and with horror
My being is chilled;
A strange terror
Chains me to this place,
Afraid.

Crespel

(seating himself).

Come, speak and be brief.

(MIRACLE continues his magnetic passes. The door of ANTONIA'S room opens slowly. MIRACLE indicates that he takes ANTONIA'S hand and leads her to a chair.)

Miracle.

Please sit there.

Crespel.

I am seated.

Miracle

(paying no attention).

How old are you, please?

Crespel.

Who, me?

Miracle.

I am speaking to your child.

Hoffmann

(aside).

Antonia?

Miracle.

What age?

(He listens)

Twenty!

Crespel.

What?

Miracle.

The springtime of life.

(He appears to feel the pulse.)

Let me see your hand!...

Miracle

(la main tendue vers la chambre d'ANTONIA)

A mon pouvoir vainqueur
Cède de bonne grâce!...
Près de moi sans terreur,
Viens ici prendre place,
Viens.

Crespel et *Hoffmann.*

D'épouvante et d'horreur
Tout mon être se glace,
Une étrange terreur
M'enchaîne à cette place.
J'ai peur.

Crespel

(s'asseyant).

Allons, parle et sois bref.

(MIRACLE continue ses passes magnétiques. La porte de la chambre d'ANTONIA s'ouvre lentement. MIRACLE indique qu'il prend la main d'ANTONIA invisible, et qu'il la fait asseoir.)

Miracle

(s'asseyant).

Voulez-vous asseoir là?

Crespel.

Je suis assis.

Miracle

(sans répondre).

Quel âge avez-vous, je vous prie?

Crespel.

Qui, moi?

Miracle.

Je parle à votre enfant.

Hoffmann

(à part).

Antonia?

Miracle.

Quel âge?...

(Il écoute.)

Vingt ans!

Crespel.

Hein?

Miracle.

Le printemps de la vie.

(Il fait le geste de tâter le pouls.)

Voyons la main!...

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Crespel.

The hand?

Miracle

(pulling out his watch).

Chut! let me count.

Hoffmann

(aside):

God! am I the plaything of a dream? Is it a ghost?

Miracle.

The pulse is unequal and fast, a bad symptom.
Sing!

Crespel

(rising).*

No, no, be quiet!... Don't have her sing.

(The voice of ANTONIA is heard.)

Miracle.

See, her face brightens, her eyes are on fire;
She carries her hand to her beating heart.

(He seems to follow ANTONIA with his gestures. The door of her room closes quickly.)

Crespel.

What is he saying?

Miracle

(rising).

It would be a pity truly
To leave to death so lovely a prey!

Crespel.

Be quiet!

Miracle.

If you would accept my aid,
If you would save her days,
I have there certain vials I hold in reserve.

(He takes vials from pocket, which he makes sound like castanets.)

Crespel.

Ah, be quiet!

Miracle.

Of which you should...

Crespel.

La main?

Miracle

(tirant sa montre).

Chut, laissez-moi compter.

Hoffmann

(à part)

Dieu! suis-je jouet d'un rêve? Est-ce un fantôme?

Miracle.

Le pouls est inégal et vif, mauvais symptôme.
Chantez!...

Crespel

(se levant).

Non, non, tais-toi!...ne la fais pas chanter!

(La voix d'ANTONIA se fait entendre.)

Miracle.

Voyez, son front s'anime, et son regard flamboie;
Elle porte la main à son coeur agité.

(Il semble suivre ANTONIA du geste. La porte de la chambre se referme brusquement.)

Crespel.

Que dit-il?

Miracle

(se levant).

Il serait dommage en vérité,
De laisser à la mort une si belle proie!

Crespel.

Tais-toi!

Miracle.

Si vous voulez accepter mon secours,
Si vous voulez sauver ses jours,
J'ai là certains flacons que je tiens en réserve

(Il tire plusieurs flacons de sa poche et les fait sonner comme des castagnettes.)

Crespel.

Tais-toi!

Miracle.

Dont il faudrait...

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Crespel.

Be quiet! Heaven preserve me
From listening to your advice, miserable assassin!

Miracle.

Of which you should, each morning...
Ah yes! I hear you!
At once, on the instant!
With these vials, poor father,
You will be, I hope, satisfied.

Crespel.

Be off, be off, be off!
Out of this house, Satan!
Beware of the anger
And the sorrow of a father.
Be off!

Hoffmann

(aside).

From the death that awaits thee
I shall know, poor child,
How to tear thee away, I hope!
You vainly mock a father,
Satan!

Miracle

(continuing with same coolness).

Of which you should...

Crespel.

Be off!

Miracle.

Each morning...

Crespel.

Be off!

(He pushes MIRACLE out and closes the door.)

Ah, he's outside and my door is closed!
We are at last alone,
My beloved girl!

Miracle

(walking through the wall).

Of which you should each morning...

Crespel.

Tais-toi! Dieu me préserve
D'écouter tes conseils, misérable assassin!...

Miracle.

Dont il faudrait chaque matin...
Eh! oui, je vous entends,
Tout à l'heure, à l'instant!
Des flacons, pauvre père,
Vous en serez, j'espère,
Content!

Crespel.

Va-t-en, va-t-en, va-t-en!
Hors de chez moi, Satan!
Redoute la colère,
Et la douleur d'un père,
Va-t-en!

Hoffmann

(à part).

A la mort qui t'attend,
Je saurai, pauvre enfant,
T'arracher, je l'espère!
Tu ris en vain d'un père,
Satan!

Miracle

(avec le même flegme).

Dont il faudrait...

Crespel.

Va-t-en!

Miracle.

Chaque matin...

Crespel.

Va-t-en!

(Il pousse MIRACLE dehors, et referme la porte sur lui.)

Ah! le voilà dehors et ma porte est fermée!
Nous sommes seuls enfin,
Ma fille bien-aimée!

Miracle

(rentrant par la muraille).

Dont il faudrait chaque matin...

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Crespel.

Ah, wretch,
Come, come, may the waves engulf thee!
We'll see if the devil
Will get thee out!
Be off, be off, be off!
etc., etc.

Hoffmann.

From the death that awaits thee,
etc., etc.

Miracle.

Of which you should...

Crespel.

Away!

Miracle.

Each morning...

Crespel.

Away!

(They disappear together.)

Hoffmann

(coming down).

To sing no more! Alas! How obtain from her
Such a sacrifice?

Antonia

(appearing).

Well? What said my father?

Hoffmann.

Ask me nothing;
Soon you shall know all.
Another road opens to us,
My Antonia!
To follow my steps dismiss from your mind
Those dreams of future success and glory
That your heart to mine confided.

Antonia.

But yourself!

Hoffmann.

Love calls to both of us,
All that is not you is as nought in my life.

Crespel.

Ah! misérable,
Viens, viens!... les flots puissent-ils t'engloutir!
Nous verrons si le diable
T'en fera sortir!...
Va-t-en, va-t-en, va-t-en!
Hors de, etc., etc.

Hoffmann.

A la mort qui t'attend,
Je saurai, etc., etc.

Miracle.

Dont il faudrait...

Crespel.

Va-t-en!...

Miracle.

Chaque matin...

Crespel.

Va-t'en!

(Ils disparaissent ensemble.)

Hoffmann

(seul).

Ne plus chanter! hélas! Comment obtenir
d'elle
Un pareil sacrifice?

Antonia

(paraît).

Eh bien, mon père, qu'a-t-il dit?

Hoffmann.

Ne me demande rien,
Plus tard tu sauras tout; une route nouvelle
S'ouvre à nous, mon Antonia!...
Pour y suivre mes pas, chasse de ta mémoire,
Ces rêves d'avenir, de succès et de gloire,
Que ton coeur au mien confia.

Antonia.

Mais toi-même?

Hoffmann.

L'amour tous les deux nous convie,
Tout ce qui n'est pas toi n'est plus rien dans
ma vie.

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Antonia.

Very well! Here is my hand!

Hoffmann.

Ah, dear Antonia, can I ever repay
What you do for me?
(He kisses her hands.)
Your father will perhaps return.
I leave you... until to-morrow.

Antonia.

Until to-morrow.
(HOFFMANN goes out.)

(opening one of the doors).

He has easily become the ally of my father!
But come, tears are vain;
I promised him. I shall sing no more.
(She falls in a chair.)

Miracle

(appearing suddenly behind her).

You will sing no more? Do you know what a sacrifice
He imposes on your youth, and have you measured it?
Grace, beauty, talent, sacred gift,
All these blessings that heaven has bestowed on you,
Must they be hid in the shadow of a household?
Have you not heard, in a proud dream,
Like unto a forest moved by the breeze,
The soft murmur of the besieging throng
Which speaks your name and follows you with its eyes?
That is the ardent joy and the eternal fête
Which in the flower of your years you are about to abandon
For the middle-class pleasures where they would enchain you,
And the squalling children who will rob you of your beauty!

Antonia

(without turning round).

Ah, what is this voice that troubles my soul?
Is it Hell that speaks or Heaven that warns me?
No! happiness is not there, O voice accursed,

Antonia.

Tiens donc! voici ma main!

Hoffmann.

Ah, chère Antonia! Pourrai-je reconnaître
Ce que tu fais pour moi?
(Il lui baise les mains.)
Ton père va peut-être
Revenir, je te quitte... à demain!

Antonia.

A demain!
(HOFFMANN sort.)

(allant ouvrir une porte).

De mon père aisément il s'est fait le complice!
Allons, les pleurs sont superflus,
Je l'ai promis, je ne chanterai plus.
(Elle se laisse tomber sur un fauteuil.)

Miracle

(surgissant derrière elle).

Tu ne chanteras plus? Sais-tu quel sacrifice
S'impose ta jeunesse et l'as-tu mesuré?
La grâce, la beauté, le talent, don sacré,
Tous ces biens que le ciel t'a livrés en partage,
Faut il les enfouir dans l'ombre d'un ménage?
N'as-tu pas entendu, dans un rêve orgueilleux,
Ainsi qu'une forêt par le vent balancée,
Ce doux frémissement de la foule pressée
Qui murmure ton nom et te suit des yeux?
Voilà l'ardente joie et la fête éternelle
Que tes vingt ans en fleur sont près d'abandonner
Pour les plaisirs bourgeois où l'on veut t'enchaîner,
Et des marmots d'enfants qui te rendront moins belle!

Antonia

(sans se retourner).

Ah, quelle est cette voix qui me trouble l'esprit
Est-ce l'enfer qui parle ou Dieu qui m'avertit
Non, non, ce n'est pas là le bonheur, voix maudite,

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And against my pride my love has armed me;
Glory is not worth the happy quiet whither invites me
The home of my beloved.

Miracle.

What loves can now be yours?
Hoffmann sacrifices you to his brutality;
He only loves in you your beauty,
And for him, as for the others,
Soon will come the time of infidelity.

(He disappears.)

Antonia

(rising).

No, tempt me not! Away, thou demon!
I will no longer listen.
I have sworn to be his, my beloved awaits me,
I'm no longer my own, and may not take back my word;
And a few moments since, on his loving heart
What eternal love did he not pledge me?
Who will save me from the demon, from myself?
My mother, my mother, I love him!

(She falls weeping on the clavichord.)

Miracle

(reappears behind ANTONIA).

Your mother? Dare you invoke her?
Your mother? But is it not she
Who speaks by my voice, ingrate, and recalls to you
The splendor of the name that you would abdicate?

(The portrait lights up and becomes animated. It is the spirit of her mother.)

Listen!

The Voice.

Antonia!

Antonia.

Heavens!... my mother, my mother!

The Spirit.

Dear child, whom I call,
As I used to do,
'Tis your mother, 'tis she,
Listen to her voice.

Et contre mon orgueil, mon amour s'est armé,
La gloire ne vaut pas l'ombre heureuse où m'invite
La maison de mon bien-aimé.

Miracle.

Quels amours sont donc les vôtres?
Hoffmann te sacrifie à sa brutalité;
Il n'aime en toi que ta beauté,
Et pour lui, comme pour les autres,
Viendra bientôt le temps de l'infidélité.

(Il disparaît.)

Antonia

(se levant).

Non, ne me tente plus! Va-t-en,
Démon! Je ne veux plus t'entendre.
J'ai juré d'être à lui, mon bien-aimé m'attend,
Je ne m'appartiens plus et ne puis me reprendre;
Et tout à l'heure encor, sur son coeur adoré,
Quel éternal amour ne m'a-t-il pas juré...
Ah, qui me sauvera du démon, de moi-même?..
Ma mère! ma mère, je l'aime!...

Miracle

(reparaît).

Ta mère! oses-tu l'invoquer?...
Ta mère? Mais n'est-ce pas elle
Qui parle par ma voix, ingrate, et te rappelle
La splendeur de son nom que tu veux abdiquer?

(Le portrait s'éclaire et semble s'animer. C'est le fantôme de la mère.)

Ecoute!

La Voix.

Antonia!

Antonia.

Dieu! ma mère, ma mère!

Le Fantôme.

Cher enfant, que j'appelle
Comme autrefois,
C'est ta mère, c'est elle;
Entends sa voix!

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Antonia.

Mother!

Miracle.

Yes, yes, 'tis her voice, do you hear?
The voice of your best counselor,
Who leaves you a talent the world has lost!

The Spirit.

Antonia!

Miracle.

Listen! She seems to live again,
And the distant public by its bravos fills her with joy!

Antonia.

Mother!

The Spirit.

Antonia!

Miracle.

Join with her!...

(He seizes a violin and plays furiously.)

Antonia.

Yes, her soul calls to me
As in days gone by!
'Tis my mother, 'tis she!
I hear her voice.

The Spirit.

Dear child whom I call
As in days of yore,
'Tis your mother, 'tis she!
List to her voice.

Antonia.

No, enough...I cannot!

Miracle.

Again!

Antonia.

I will sing no more.

Miracle.

Again!

Antonia.

Ma mère!

Miracle.

Oui, c'est sa voix, l'entends-tu?
Sa voix, meilleure conseillère,
Qui te lègue un talent que le monde a per

Le Fantôme.

Antonia!

Miracle.

Ecoute! elle semble revivre,
Et le public lointain de ses bravos l'enivre!

Antonia

(se levant)

Ma mère!

Le Fantôme.

Antonia!

Miracle.

Reprends donc avec elle!...

(Il saisit un violon et accompagne avec fureur.)

Antonia.

Qui, son âme m'appelle
Comme autrefois!
C'est ma mère, c'est elle,
J'entends sa voix!

Le Fantôme.

Cher enfant, que j'appelle
Comme autrefois!
C'est ta mère, c'est elle!
Entends sa voix!

Antonia.

Non! assez... je succombe!

Miracle.

Encore!

Antonia.

Je ne veux plus chanter.

Miracle.

Encore!

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Antonia.

What strength compels and devours me?

Miracle.

Again! Why stop?

Antonia

(breathless).

I give way to a transport that maddens.
What flame is it dazzles my eyes?...
But a single moment yet to live,
And my soul flies to Heaven.

The Spirit.

Dear child whom I call,
etc., etc.

Antonia.

'Tis my mother, 'tis she,
etc., etc.

Antonia.

Ah!

(She falls dying on the sofa. MIRACLE sinks in the earth uttering a peal of laughter.)

Crespel

(running in).

My child... my daughter... Antonia!

Antonia

(expiring).

My father! Listen, 'tis my mother
Who calls me. And he... has returned...
'Tis a song of love
That flies away,
Now sad, now gay.

(She dies.)

Crespel.

No!... a single word!... only one!... my child, speak!
Come, speak!... Inexorable death!
No! pity! Have mercy! Spare her!

Hoffmann

(entering hurriedly).

Why these cries?

Crespel.

Hoffmann! ah, wretch!
'Tis you who killed her!...

Antonia

Qu'elle ardeur m'entraîne et me dévore?

Miracle.

Encore! Pourquoi t'arrêter?

Antonia

(haletante).

Je cède au transport qui m'enivre!
Quelle flamme èblouit mes yeux!...
Un seul moment encore à vivre,
Et mon âme s'envole aux cieux!

Le Fantôme.

Cher enfant que j'appelle,
etc.

Antonia.

C'est ma mère, c'est elle,
etc.

Antonia.

Ah!

(Elle vient tomber mourante sur le canapé. Miracle s'englout dans la terre, en poussant un éclat de rire. LE FANTÔME disparaît.)

Crespel

(accourant).

Mon enfant!... ma fille!... Antonia!

Antonia

(expirante).

Mon père!
Ecoutez, c'est ma mère,
Qui m'appelle! Et lui... de retour...
C'est une chanson d'amour...
Qui s'envole
Triste ou folle...

(Elle meurt.)

Crespel.

Non! un seul mot! un seul! ma fille, parle-moi
Mais parle donc! Mort exécrable!
Non! pitié! grâce! Eloigne-toi!...

Hoffmann

(entrant précipitamment).

Pourquoi ces cris?

Crespel.

Hoffmann! ah, misérable!
C'est toi qui l'as tuée!...

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Hoffmann

(rushing to ANTONIA).

Antonia!

Crespel

(beside himself).

Blood to color her cheek! A weapon,
A knife...

(He seizes a knife and attacks HOFFMANN.)

Nicklausse

(entering and stopping CRESPEL).

Unhappy man!

Hoffmann

(to NICKLAUSSE.)

Quick! give the alarm;
A doctor... a doctor!..

Miracle

(appearing).

Here!

(He feels ANTONIA's pulse.)

Dead!

Crespel

(crazy).

Ah, God! my child, my daughter!

Hoffmann

(despairingly).

Antonia!

EPILOGUE

(Same scene as First Act. The various personages are in the same positions they were in at the end of First Act.)

Hoffmann.

There is the history
Of my loves,
And the memory
Will never fade from my heart.

Chorus.

Bravo, bravo, Hoffmann.

Hoffmann

(courant à ANTONIA)

Antonia!...

Crespel

(avec égarement).

Du sang
Pour colorer sa joue!..
Une arme, un couteau!

(Il saisit un couteau et s'élance sur HOFFMANN.)

Nicklausse

(entrant et arrêtant CRESPEL).

Malheureux!

Hoffmann

(à NICKLAUSSE).

Vite! donne l'alarme, un médecin, un médecin

Miracle

(paraissant).

Présent!

(Il tâte le pouls d'ANTONIA).

Morte!

Crespel

(éperdu).

Ah! Dieu, mon enfant! ma fille!

Hoffmann

(avec désespoir).

Antonia!

EPILOGUE

(Même décoration qu'au premier acte.)
(On retrouve tous les personnages dans la situation où on les laissés à la fin du premier acte.)

Hoffmann.

Voilà quelle fut l'histoire
De mes amours,
Dont la mémoire
En mon coeur restera toujours.

Le Choeur.

Bravo, bravo, Hoffmann!

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Hoffmann.

Ah, I am mad!... For us the crazy joy
Which dwells in alcohol, in beer and wine,
For us intoxication and frenzy,
And oblivion which drowns all.

Nicklausse.

Ah, I understand, three dramas in a drama.
Olympia?

Hoffmann.

Smashed!

Nicklausse.

Antonia?

Hoffmann.

Dead!

Nicklausse.

Giulietta?

Hoffmann.

Oh, for her, the last verse of the song of Klein-Zach.
When he drank too much gin or rack,
You ought to have seen the two flaps of his frock,
Like lilies in a lake.
The monster made a sound of flick, flack,
Flic, flac,
There's Klein-Zach.

Chorus.

Flic, flac,
There's Klein-Zach.

Chorus.

Light up the punch!... drunk we'll get;
And may the weakest
Roll under the table;
Luther is a brave man,
Tire lan laire, tire lan la,
etc., etc.

(The students tumultuously go in the next room. HOFFMANN remains as if in a stupor.)

Hoffmann.

Ah, je suis fou!... A nous le vertige divin
Des esprits de l'alcool, de la bière et du vin!
A nous l'ivresse et la folie,
Le néant par qui l'on oublie.

Nicklausse.

Ah! je comprends! trois drames dans un drame.
Olympia?

Hoffmann.

Fracassée!

Nicklausse.

Antonia?

Hoffmann.

Morte!

Nicklausse.

Giulietta?

Hoffmann.

Ah, pour elle le dernier couplet de la chanson de Klein-Zach!
Quand il avait but de genièvre et de rack
Il fallait voir flotter les pans de son frac
Comme des herbes dans un lac;
Le monstre faisait flic, flac,
Flic, flac,
Voilà Klein-Zach.

Le Choeur.

Flic flac,
Voilà Klein-Zach.

Le Choeur.

Allumons le punch!... grisons-nous!
Et que les plus fous
Roulent sous la table.
Luther est un brave homme,
Tire lan laire, tire lan la!
etc., etc.

(Les étudiants entrent en tumulte dans la salle voisine. HOFFMANN reste comme frappé de stupeur.)

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The Muse

(appearing in an aureole of light).

And I? I, the faithful friend,
Whose hand has dried thy tears?
By whom thy latent sorrow
Is wafted in heavenly dreams?
Am I naught? May the tempest
Of passion pass away in thee!
The man is no more; the poet revives!
I love thee, Hoffmann! be mine!
Let the ashes of thy heart kindle thy genius,
In serenity smiling on thy sorrows.
The Muse will sweeten to thee thy sufferings;
Love makes thee great, but tears make greater still.

(She disappears.)

Hoffmann

(alone).

Oh, God! with what ecstasy my soul is filled!
Like a concert divine the voice hath moved me.
With soft and burning fire my being is devoured.
Thy glances in mine have kindled their flame,
Like radiant stars,
And I feel, beloved Muse,
Thy perfumed breath pass
Over my lips and my eyes!

(He falls, face on table.)

Stella

(approaching slowly).

Hoffmann asleep!...

Nicklausse

No, dead drunk. Too late, madame!

Lindorf.

Corbleu!

Nicklausse.

Stay, here is the counselor, Lindorf, who awaits you.

(STELLA takes LINDORF's arm, but stops to look at HOFFMANN, and throws a flower from her bouquet at his feet.)

THE END.

La Muse

(paraissant).

Et moi? Moi, la fidèle amie
Dont la main essuya tes yeux?
Par qui la douleur endormie
S'exhale en rêve dans les cieux?
Ne suis-je rien? Que la tempête
Des passions s'apaise en toi!
L'homme n'est plus; renais poète!
Je t'aime, Hoffmann! appartiens-moi!
Des cendres de ton coeur réchauffe ton génie,
Dans la sérénite souris à tes douleurs,
La Muse adoucira ta souffrance bénie,
On est grand par l'amour et plus grand par les pleurs!

(Elle disparaît.)

Hoffmann

(seul).

Ô Dieu! de quelle ivresse embrases-tu mon âme,
Comme un concert divin ta voix m'a pénétré,
D'un feu doux et brûlant mon être est dévoré.
Tes regards dans les miens ont épanché leur flamme,
Comme des astres radieux,
Et je sens, Muse aimée,
Passer ton haleine embaumée
Sur mes lèvres et sur mes yeux!

(Il tombe, le visage sur une table.)

Stella

(allant vers HOFFMANN).

Hoffmann endormi!...

Nicklausse.

Non!... ivre-mort!... Trop tard, madame!

Lindorf.

Corbleu!

Nicklausse.

Tenez, voilà le conseiller Lindorf qui vous attend.

(STELLA s'appuie sur le bras de LINDORF, s'arrête pour regarder HOFFMANN, détache une fleur de son bouquet et la jette à ses pieds.)

FIN.

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THE TALES OF HOFFMANN

ACT III, NO. 13, BARCAROLLE. BELLE NUIT (NIGHT DIVINE)

Moderato *p* NICKLAUSSE.

Night di - vine, O
Bel - le nuit, *ô*

pp

night of love, O smile on our ca - ress - es! Moon and stars keep
nuit d'a-mour, Sou - ris à nos i - vres - ses! Nuit plus dou - ce

watch a - bove · This ra - diant night of love!
que le jour, Ô bel - le nuit d'a - mour!

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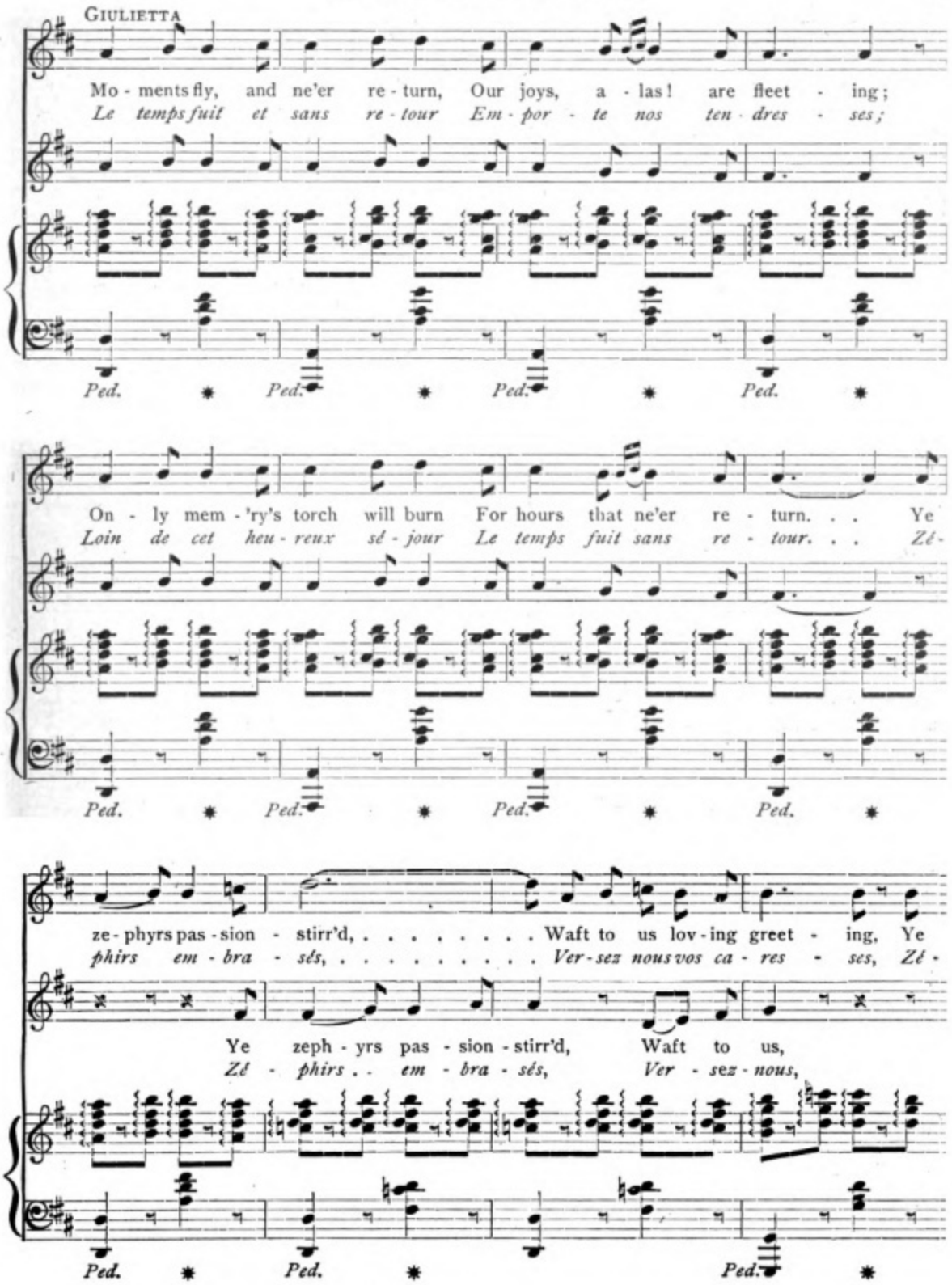
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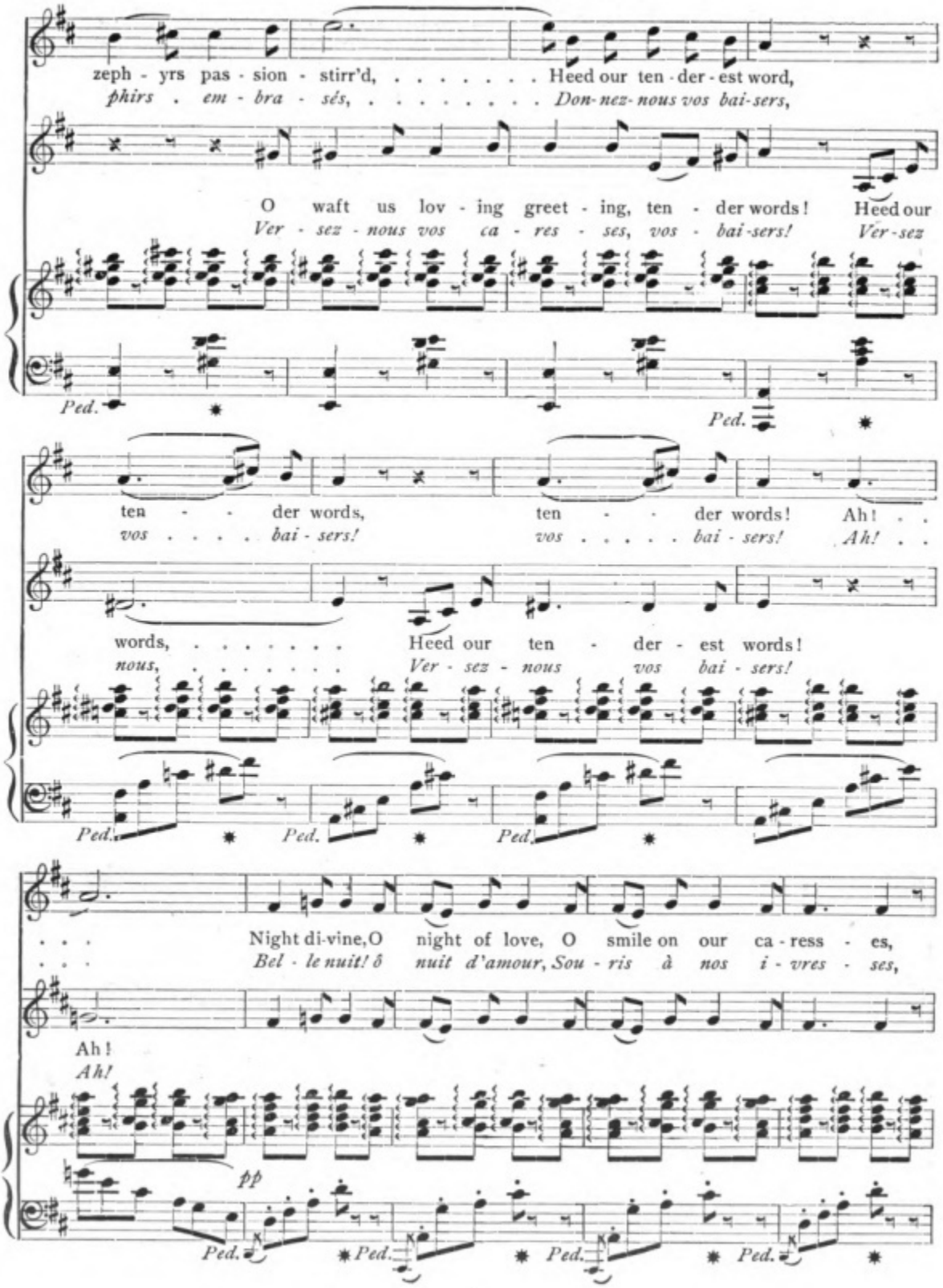
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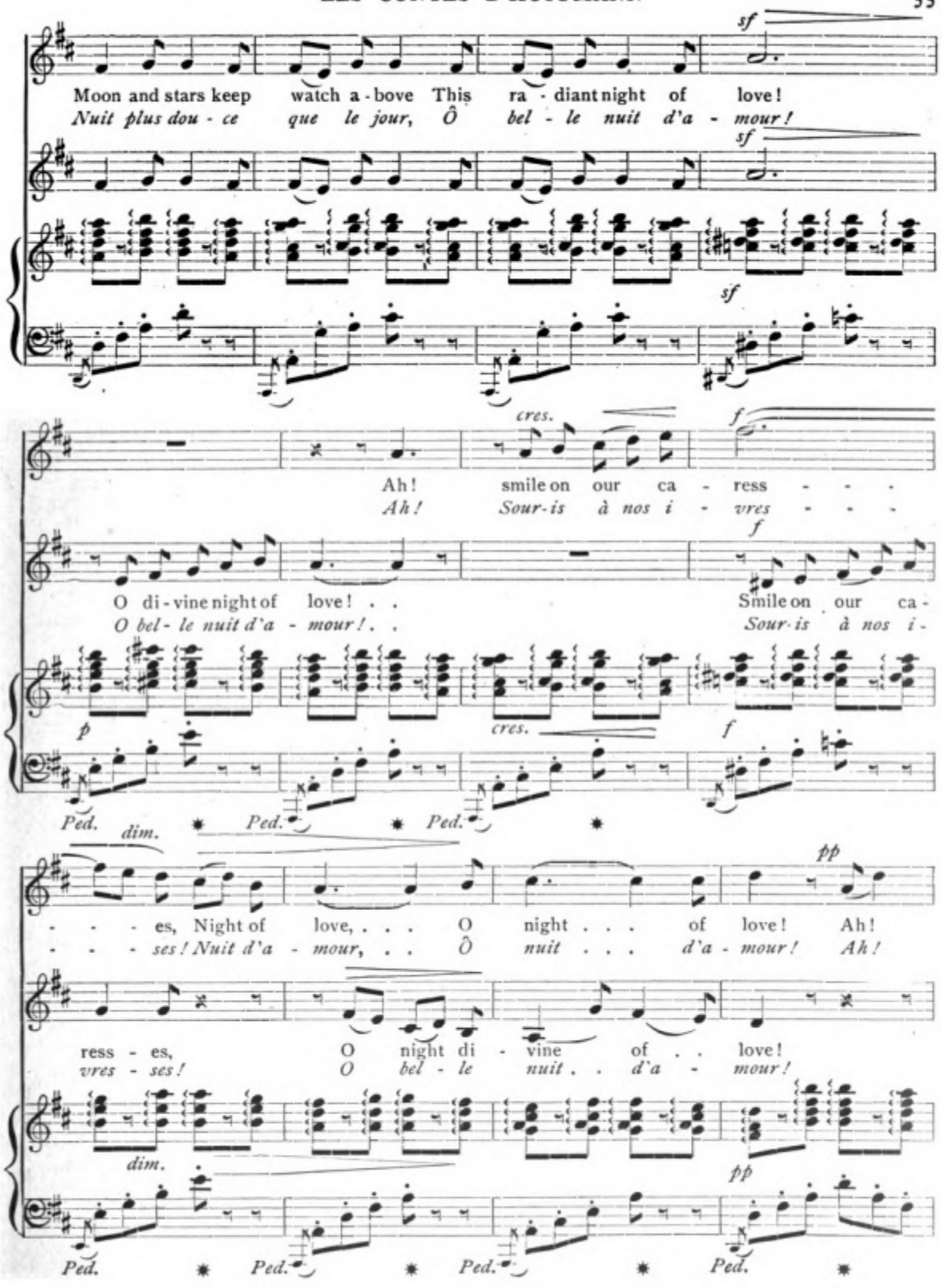
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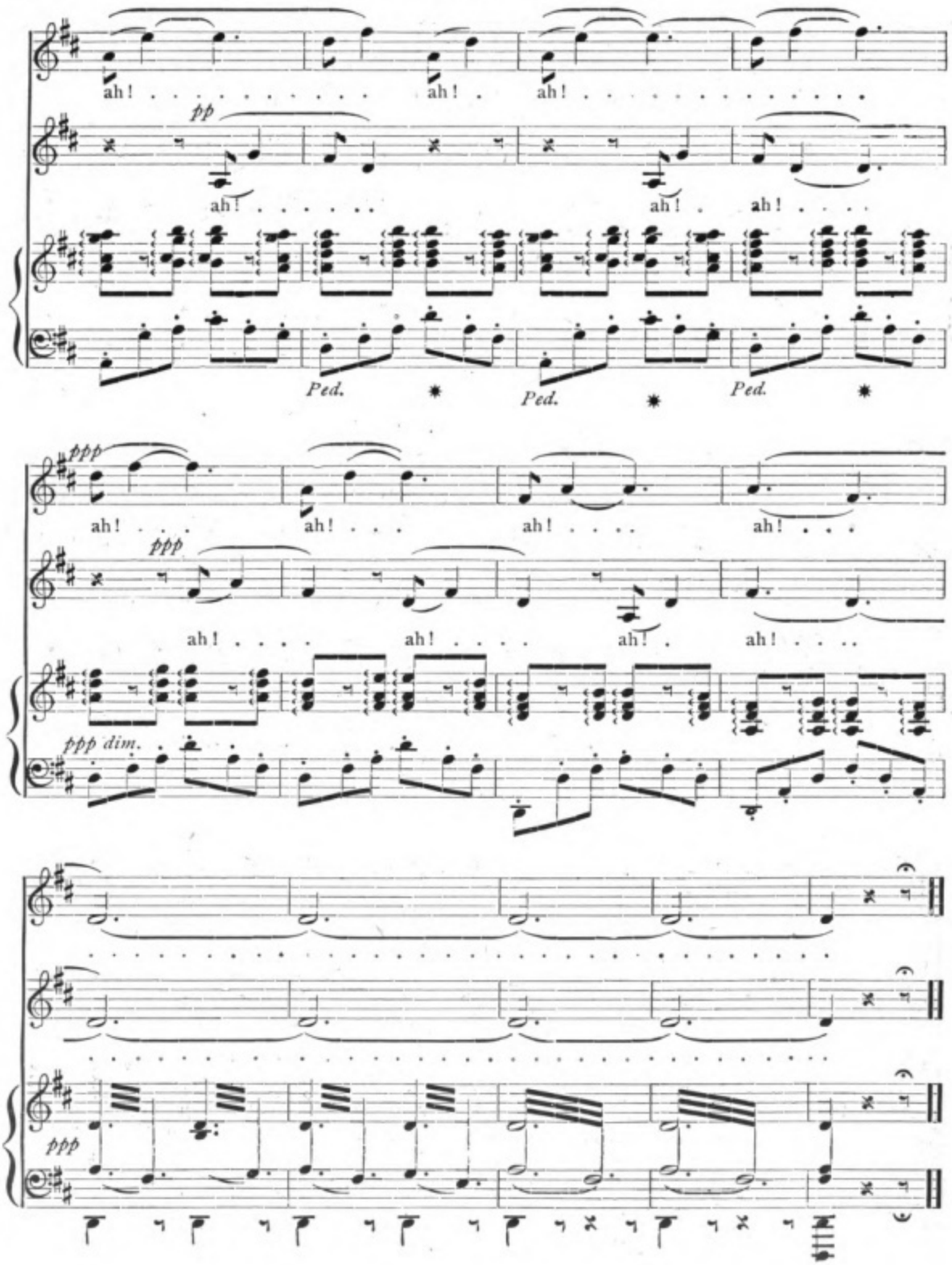
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ACT II, No. 7. ROMANCE. AH! VIVRE DEUX (TO LIVE AS ONE).

HOFFMANN.

To live as one, A sin - gle hope to fond -ly
Ah! vi - vre deux, n'a - voir q'u - ne même es - pé

treas - ure, A sin - gle mem - o - ry! What a
ran - ce Un mê - me sou - ve - nir! Par - ta -

heav - en - ly boon To share each grief and pleas - ure, To share each grief and pleasure,
ger le bon - heur, par - ta - ger la souf - fran - ce, par - ta - ger la souf-fran-ce

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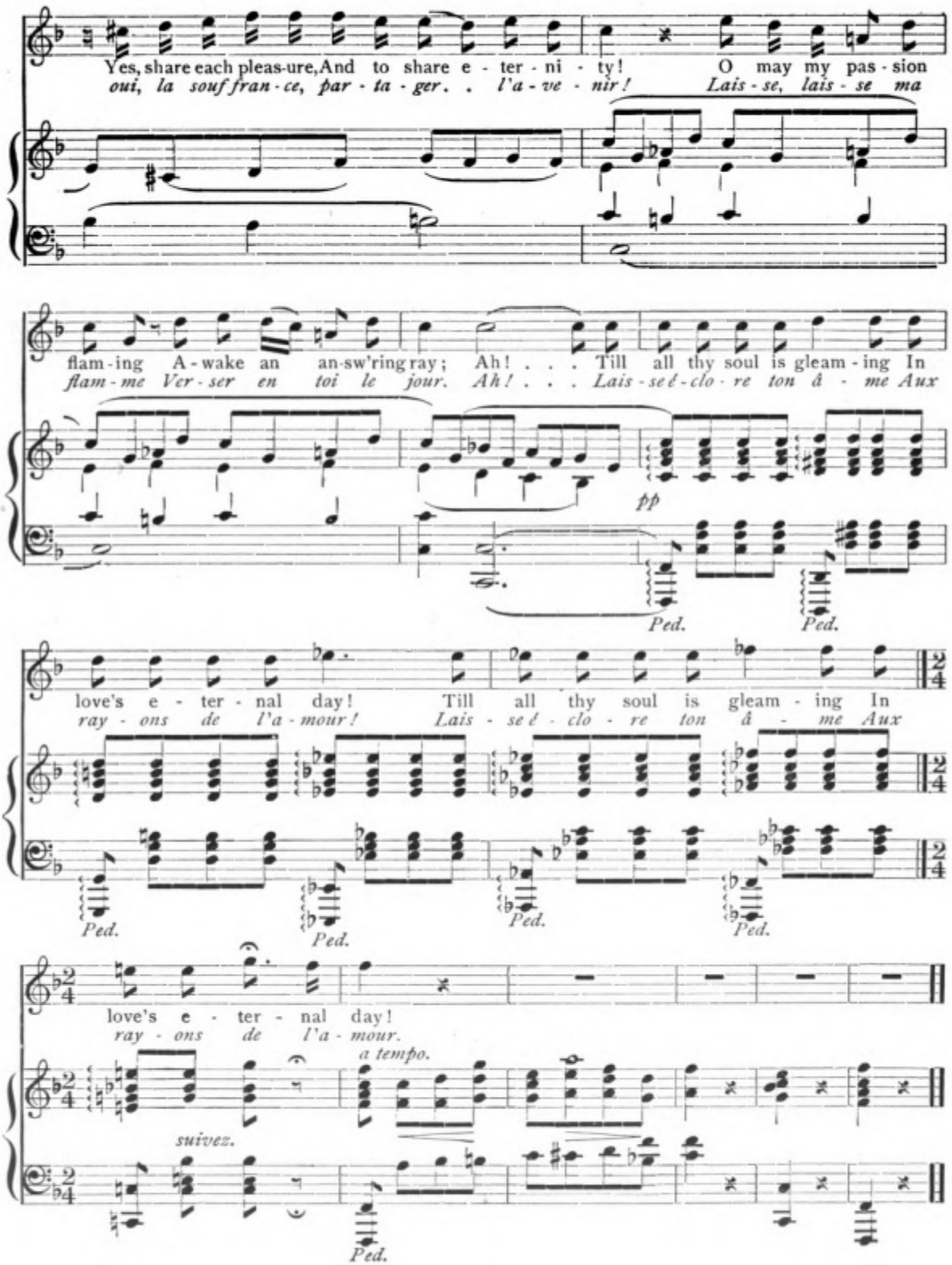
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