

***TOSCA***  
**Opera in three acts**

**Music by Giacomo Puccini**

**Libretto by Giuseppe Giacosa  
and Luigi Illica**

**The action of Tosca  
takes place in Rome in 1800**

**ACT I**  
**Church of Sant'Andrea della Valle**

**Cesare Angelotti, a political prisoner  
has escaped from the Castel  
Sant'Angelo pursued by Baron Scarpia.**

**He has taken refuge in the church  
where his friend, Mario Cavaradossi,  
is painting a portrait of the Magdalen.**

**Here at last! In my terror  
I saw threats in every face.**

**Here's the font,  
on that column.**

**My sister said to look  
at the feet of the Madonna.**

**Here's the key,  
and there's the chapel.**

**I'm always washing them!**

**Every brush is dirtier  
than a priest's collar!**

**Mr. Artist...Oh,  
nobody's here.**

**I would have sworn that  
he'd come back, Cavaradossi.**

**No, I was wrong.  
The food is all here.**

**“The Angel of the Lord**

**came to Mary...**

**“...and she conceived  
of the Holy Ghost.**

**“Behold the handmaid  
of the Lord.**

**“Let it be with me  
according to thy word.**

**“And the Word was made  
flesh, and dwelt among us.”**

**--What are you doing?  
--Saying the Angelus.**

**--Good Lord, her picture!  
She's the lovely stranger...**

**...who comes here  
every day to pray...**

**...with great devotion  
and piety.**

**--It's true. She was  
so intense...**

**...in her prayers...**

**...that she never realized  
I was painting her.**

**--(Get thee behind  
me, Satan!)**

**--Give me the paint.**

**What a mysterious  
union...**

**...of diverse loveliness!**

**Floria is dark,  
my passionate lover...**

**--(Joke with your friends,  
don't bother the saints!)**

**--And you, lovely stranger,  
crowned with golden curls...**

**Your eyes are blue...**

**...while Tosca's are dark!**

**Art's magic combines  
two beauties into one!**

**But in her portrait...**

**--(Those two women  
will end up in hell!)**

**--My only thought  
is of you!**

**Tosca, it is you!**

**--(Joke with your friends,  
don't bother the saints!)**

**These liberals  
are enemies of the state!**

**But I'd better  
keep quiet...**

**--Joke with your friends,  
don't bother the saints.**

**They are all sinners!**

**Let's just make the  
sign of the cross.**

**Excellency, may I go? Your  
basket is full! Are you fasting?**

**--I'm not hungry.**

**--Oh, I'm sorry.**

**--Be sure to lock up.**

**--Please go!**

**Someone's in there.**

**--It's you. Cavaradossi!  
God sent you to me!**

**You don't recognize me? Has  
prison changed me so much?**

**--Angelotti! Consul of the  
defeated Roman Republic!**

**--I just escaped from Castel  
Sant'Angelo.--How can I help?**

**--Mario.**

**--Hide yourself.**

**It's a jealous woman.  
I'll get rid of her.**

**--Mario!  
--Here I am.**

**--My strength is gone.  
I can't go on.**

**--There's food and  
wine in this basket.**

**--Thank you.  
--Hurry...hurry!**

**--Mario, Mario, Mario.  
--I'm here.**

**--Why was the door locked?  
--The Sacristan said to.**

**--Who was here? I heard.  
whispering!**

**--Where is she, that**

**woman. I heard steps...**

**...and a woman's dress.  
Do you deny it?**

**--I deny it!  
I love you!**

**--Oh! Not in front  
of the Madonna.**

**No, my Mario. Let me  
pray, and offer my flowers.**

**Now listen to me.  
Tonight I'm singing.**

**But the performance is  
short. Wait for me outside.**

**We'll go to your  
villa, all alone.**

**--Tonight!  
--The full moon...**

**...the perfumed air!**

**They inflame**

**my passion!**

**Aren't you happy?**

**--Yes, very!**

**--Say it again.**

**--Yes, very!**

**--You're lying!**

**How we'll sigh in our little  
house, hidden in the woods.**

**Our secret nest, no  
one else knows.**

**Full of the  
magic of love.**

**Lying by your side, I'll  
hear the sounds of silence.**

**The voices  
of the night.**

**From the woods, the  
bushes, the grasses...**

**...the stones in the graveyard,  
fragrant with thyme.**

**The night whispers  
of little caresses...**

**...and sweet lies...**

**...that soften  
the heart!**

**Flowering fields, throbbing  
with far off sensations.**

**Auras of moonlight  
and dawn.**

**Voluptuous, starlit hours!  
Tosca is burning with passion!**

**--Ah, come to me, seductress.  
Let me hold you.**

**--Tosca is burning  
with passion!**

**--Siren!  
--My love!**

**--Now leave me to my work.**

**--I'm dismissed?**

**--Duty calls,  
you know that.**

**--I'm going.**

**Who is that blonde  
woman up there?**

**--Mary Magdalene. You like her?**

**--She's too lovely.**

**--That's a compliment.**

**--I've seen those eyes before**

**--The world is full of eyes.**

**--Wait a minute...**

**It's the Attavanti woman.**

**You love each other?**

**--It's pure coincidence.**

**--The whispering! She was here!**

**That hussy! And you,  
you'd better watch out!**

**--I saw her yesterday,  
just by chance.**

**She came to pray. I drew  
her, but she didn't see me.**

**--Swear it!--I swear it.  
--How the Magdalen stares at me!**

**--Please leave now.  
--She's mocking me, laughing!**

**--Those eyes!  
--What other eyes...**

**...in the world  
can compare...**

**...with your ardent,  
dark eyes?**

**It is they to which...**

**...my whole being  
is attached.**

**Sweet eyes of love,  
fiery, flashing.**

**What others  
in the world...**

**...are the equal  
of your dark eyes?**

**--How well  
you know...**

**...the art of love.**

**But...paint her  
eyes dark!**

**--You're so jealous!  
--Yes, incessantly!**

**But I know  
you'll forgive me...**

**You'll pardon me...**

**...if you see  
how sad I am.**

**--Tosca, adored one, I  
love everything about you...**

**...your anger**

**and your passion.**

**--Say them again...**

**...the words that  
make me happy.**

**--My life, my love,  
I'll always say them:**

**“Floria, I love you.”  
Calm your fears.**

**I'll always say  
“I love you!”**

**--Oh God, this is sinful!  
You've mussed my hair.**

**--Now go. Leave me.**

**--You work here  
till this evening.**

**And promise me, no  
“coincidences.”**

**Blonde or brunette.**

**--No women here!  
--Love, I swear it. Now go.**

**--You're rushing me!  
--Still jealous?**

**--I'm sorry.--The Madonna!  
--She'll forgive us.**

**--But make her eyes dark!**

**--Tosca is on our side, but  
she tells her priest everything.**

**So I didn't tell her.  
It's more prudent not to.**

**--Are we alone?  
--Yes. What's your plan?**

**--It depends. I'll leave Rome  
or else stay hidden here.**

**--My sister...  
--Attavanti?**

**--She's hidden woman's  
clothing under the altar.**

**Clothes, a veil and a fan.**

**--When it's dark, I'll put them on.**

**--I understand.**

**--That cautious manner  
and her fervent praying...**

**...made me think the young  
beauty had a secret lover.**

**But now I understand. It  
was the love of a sister.**

**--She's risked all to rescue  
me from that villain Scarpia!**

**--Scarpia!**

**That bigoted lecher who  
hides his libertine nature...**

**...behind devout hypocrisy  
using as his evil instruments...**

**...the confessional  
and the hangman!**

**Though it cost me my  
life I will save you!**

**--It's not safe to wait for dark.  
--I'm afraid to be seen.**

**--Just outside is a garden.  
A path by the hedge...**

**...leads to my villa. I'll  
meet you there before night.**

**Take the women's  
clothing with you.**

**--Shall I wear them?  
--Wait. The path is deserted.**

**--May God be with us!**

**--If danger threatens, run  
to the well in the garden.**

**There's water in the bottom,  
but in the middle of the shaft...**

**...a tunnel leads to a dark cave.  
It's a safe hiding place.**

**--The cannon from the castle!**

**--They've discovered the escape.**

**Now Scarpia will  
send his thugs!**

**--I'm going.--I'll come too.  
If they find us, we'll fight!**

**Such rejoicing, Excellency...  
Oh, he's not here. Too bad.**

**I'd have gotten an Indulgence  
for irritating an atheist!**

**Choir, right here! Hurry  
to the sacristy.**

**--What's happened?  
--Don't you know? That Bonaparte...**

**...was drubbed, trounced,  
sent to the devil!**

**--Who says so? It's not true!  
--It's true all right.**

**--I just heard.  
--We'll celebrate the victory...**

**...tonight. A parade and a  
gala at the Farnese Palace.**

**And a special new cantata  
sung by Floria Tosca.**

**And in the church,  
hymns to the Lord.**

**--Now go vest, and be quiet!  
--Hooray! Double pay!**

**--Te Deum! Gloria!  
Long live the King.**

**Torchlight parade tonight;  
a gala evening**

**A bacchanal in the church!  
Let's show some respect.**

**--Excellency, it's  
a celebration.**

**--Get ready for  
the Te Deum.**

**--You stay! And you...**

**...search every cranny,  
gather all the clues.**

**Now you. Think carefully.  
A political prisoner...**

**...escaped just now from  
Castel Sant'Angelo.**

**--He hid here...  
--God have mercy!**

**--He may still be here. Where  
is the Attavanti Chapel?**

**--Over there.  
--It's open!**

**By all the angels!**

**--This isn't the key.  
--Suspicious. Let's investigate.**

**Firing that cannon  
was a great mistake.**

**The rogue has  
taken flight.**

**But he left behind a**

**little keepsake...**

**A fan!**

**Who was his accomplice?**

**The Marchese Attavanti.  
This is her insignia.**

**Her portrait!  
Who painted that picture?**

**--The Cavalier Cavaradossi.  
--That man!**

**--Good Lord! The basket!**

**Him! Tosca's lover! He's  
already under suspicion...**

**--He's a liberal!  
--The basket's empty.**

**This basket was found  
in the chapel.**

**--Do you recognize it?**

**--Of course.**

**--It's the painter's basket.**

**--Spit out all you know! Now!**

**--I left it here near his easel,  
full of delicious food.**

**--It was the painter's lunch.**

**--So he's eaten it.**

**--In the chapel? He had  
no key and wasn't hungry.**

**He told me so himself, so I put  
the basket here, by the scaffold.**

**(Lord, deliver me!)**

**--Now it's clear.  
Angelotti ate the food.**

**It's Tosca! She  
mustn't see me.**

**(Iago turned jealousy to**

**fury with a handkerchief...**

**(I'll use a fan.)**

**--Mario, Mario!**

**--Who knows where he is?**

**Vanished! Skittered away  
as if by a witch's spell!**

**--He's lied to me? No, no.  
He couldn't betray me!**

**--Divine Tosca,  
please take my hand.**

**I present it not  
for gallantry...**

**...but to offer  
holy water.**

**--Thank you, sir.**

**--You set such a  
noble example.**

**You brighten heaven  
with your art...**

**...whose zeal revives  
one's faith in God.**

**--You're very kind.  
--Pious women are rare.**

**--You act on stage, not in church!  
--What do you mean?**

**--You're not a brazen  
harlot who looks holy...**

**...but is really here for an affair.  
--An affair?**

**Show me! Show me!**

**--Do painters use fans?  
--Where was it?**

**--There, on the platform.**

**Someone disturbed the lovers,  
and she fled, leaving this.**

**--The crown! The insignia!  
The Attavanti woman!**

**--I suspected it all along!  
--(I've planted the seed..)**

**--And to think I came  
here all upset...**

**...because I was going  
to have to tell him...**

**...that his Tosca couldn't  
see him this evening...**

**--(The poison is working!)**

**...that she has to sing  
tonight in the royal gala.**

**--Has something offended  
you, noble lady?**

**A wayward tear is  
glistening on your cheek.**

**Sweet lady,  
what's the matter?**

**--Nothing.**

**--I'd die to dry that tear.**

**--While I'm grieving here,  
he's holding her in his arms.**

**--(The poison has worked!)**

**--Where could they be?**

**If I knew I could  
catch the traitors!**

**I'm sure they're  
together at the villa.**

**--Traitor! Traitor!**

**My beautiful nest, soiled  
with her filth! I'll find them...**

**--You won't have her, I swear!**

**--Here, in church?**

**--God will forgive me.**

**He can see how**

**I'm crying.**

**Three policemen and a  
carriage. Hurry! Follow her.**

**--And don't let her see you.  
--O.K. Where shall we meet?**

**--At the Farnese Palace.**

**Go, Tosca!**

**Scarpia has  
penetrated your heart!**

**Go, Tosca!**

**Scarpia has launched the  
falcon of your jealousy!**

**Your suspicious mind  
will do all the rest.**

**It's Scarpia now who is  
nested in your heart.**

**Go, Tosca!**

**“Our help is in the name of the  
Lord who made heaven and earth.”**

**--I’ll realize both  
of my goals.**

**I’ll see that rebel dead,  
but more important...**

**...will be the look  
of passion in her eyes.**

**Her spasms of  
pleasure...**

**...as she’s lying  
in my arms!**

**One on the gallows,  
the other in my bed.**

**--“We praise Thee,  
oh God.**

**“We acknowledge Thee  
to be the Lord.”**

**--Tosca, you make me  
forget God!**

**“All the earth doth  
worship Thee...**

**“...the Father everlasting.”**