Pazzo son, guardate from the opera "Manon Lescaut"

Scene: France in the 18th Century:

Manon Lescaut, weary of the life of luxurious indulgence to which she had been lured by the wealthy old libertine, Geronte, has decided to run away with the young student, Des Grieux, whom she has realized she still loves. When he learns of her action, Geronte, jealous and infuriated, contrives as a means of revenge to have her arrested as a wanton woman and banished to America. Act III finds Manon imprisoned and awaiting deportation from Le Havre, several rescue attempts by Des Grieux having failed. After she has been led aboard ship her young lover rushes to her side and begs the officers to allow him to go also, proclaiming his readiness to subject himself to the most menial and distasteful tasks so long as he can be with Manon.

Indietro! Ah! Guai a chi la tocca! Manon, ti stringi a me! Ah! non v'avvicinate! Chè, vivo me, costei nessun strappar potrà! . . . No! No! pazzo son! Guardate, pazzo son.

Guardate, com'io piango e imploro. Come io piango, guardate, com'io chiedo pietà! Udite! M'accettate qual mozzo o a più vile mestiere . Ed io verro felice! M'accettate! Ah! guardate, io piango e imploro! Vi pigliate il mio sangue . . . la vita! V'imploro, vi chiedo pietà, Ingrato non saro!

Stand back! Ab, woe to him who touches her Manon, come close to me! Don't any of you come near! For, as long as I am alive, no one will be able to take ber away! . . . No! No! I am out of my mind. Look, I am insane, Look, bow I cry and implore . . Look, how I cry and beg for pity!

Listen! Take me as a servant boy or for the meanest task! . . . And I'll be bappy to come! Take me! Ab! Look bow I cry and implore! Have my blood . . . my life! I implore you, I ask your compassion, I shall not be ungrateful!

English translation by WALDO LYMAN





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