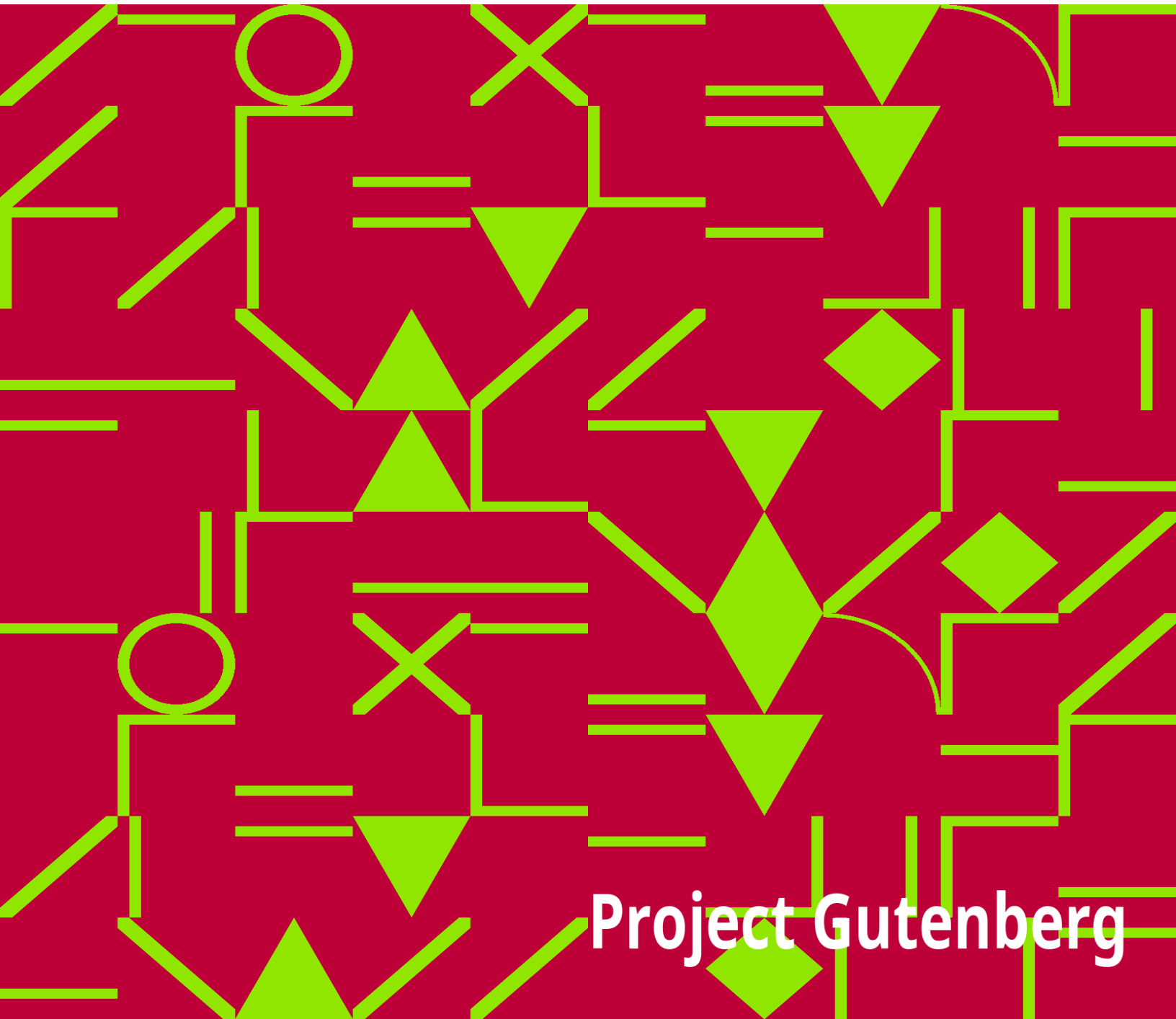


# New version of Les contes d'Hoffmann (The tales of Hoffman)

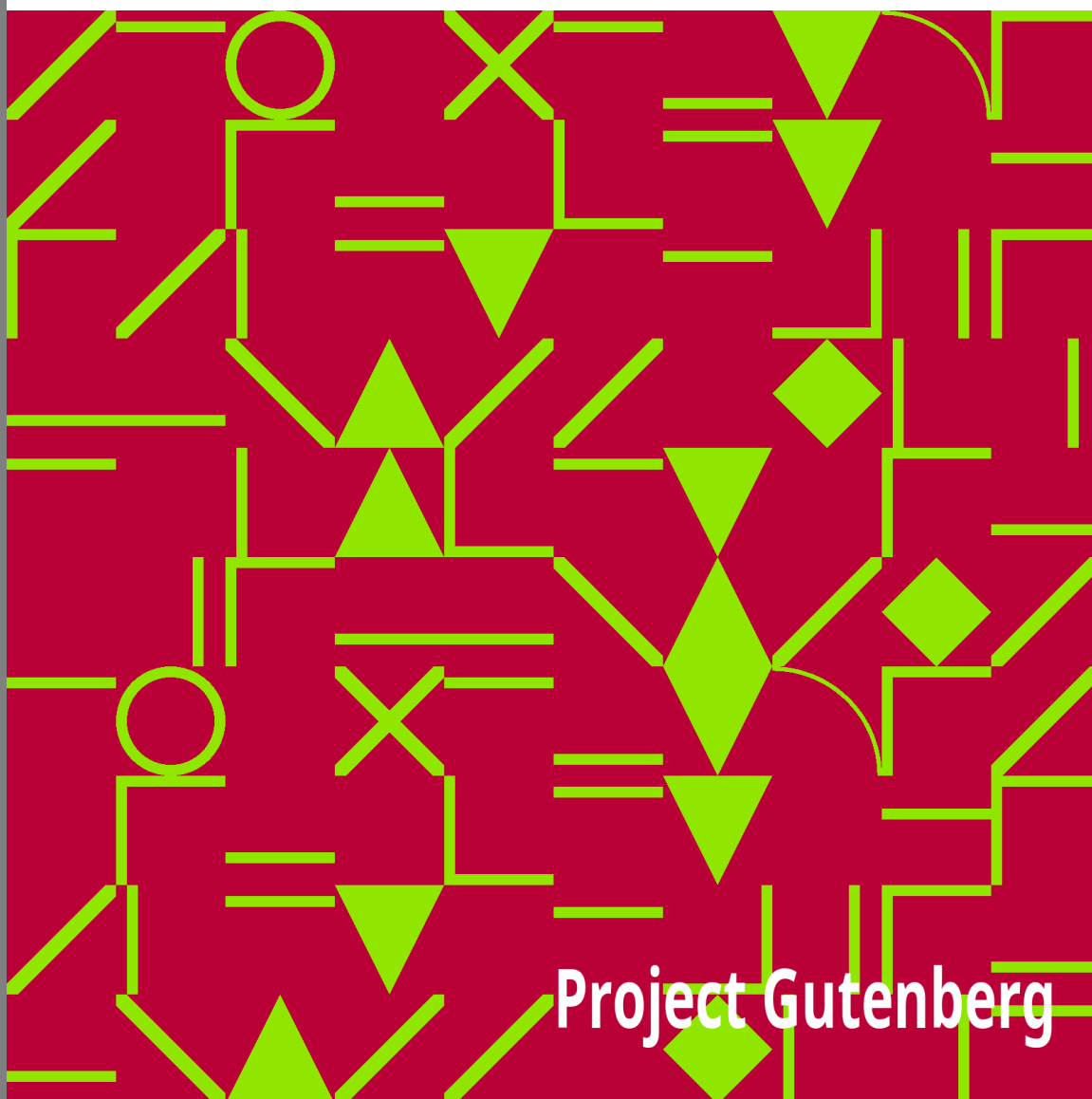
Jacques Offenbach



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**New version of Les contes d'Hoffmann (The  
tales of Hoffman)**

Jacques Offenbach



**Project Gutenberg**

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Title: New version of Les contes d'Hoffmann (The tales of Hoffman)

Author: Jacques Offenbach

Librettist: Jules Barbier  
Michel Carré

Translator: Charles Alfred Byrne

Release date: May 27, 2005 [eBook #15915]  
Most recently updated: December 14, 2020

Language: English, French

Other information and formats: [www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/15915](http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/15915)

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**ENGLISH**

**FRANÇAIS**

**PARALLEL**

**NEW VERSION**

OF

*Les Contes*

*d'Hoffmann*

(THE TALES OF HOFFMAN)

OPERA IN FOUR ACTS

---

*With an original and novel first Act and  
other important changes*

---

Book by JULES BARBIER

MUSIC BY

J. OFFENBACH

New English version by CHARLES ALFRED BYRNE

---

As performed, for the first time in America at the  
MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF  
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.

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ENGLISH VERSION, 1907, BY STEINWAY & SONS.

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CHARLES E. BURDEN, PUBLISHER, STEINWAY HALL  
107-109 EAST 14TH STREET  
NEW YORK.

*Transcriber's note: Both the English and the French texts are known to have a significant number of errors, misprints, and inconsistencies. They are here presented without correction.*

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**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

HOFFMANN  
COUNSELOR LINDORF  
COPPELIUS  
DAPERTUTTO  
DOCTOR MIRACLE  
SPALANZANI  
CRESPER  
ANDRES  
COCHENILLE  
FRANTZ  
LUTHER  
NATHANAEL  
HERMANN  
STELLA  
GIULIETTA  
OLYMPIA  
ANTONIA  
NICKLAUSSE  
THE MUSE  
A GHOST

# ARGUMENT

---

## ACT I.

In the first act, which is really a prologue, Hoffmann, a young poet, enters the tavern of Luther to meet his companions, and drinks to drown his sorrows. They think he is in love, but he answers, all that is past, and tells the story of his three loves.

## ACT II. OLYMPIA.

A physician's drawing room. Spalanzani has invited a large company to witness the accomplishments of his daughter, Olympia. She sings to general applause, and Hoffmann falls desperately in love with her. As the guests go to supper, Hoffmann tells her of his passion and thinks he finds a responsive echo in her. There is dancing, and she waltzes him off his feet. A Dr. Coppelius comes in to say he has been swindled by Spalanzani. He slips into Olympia's room, from which a noise of breaking is heard. Coppelius, out of revenge, has smashed Olympia. She was only an automaton. Hoffmann is astonished.

## ACT III. GIULIETTA.

At Venice, in the house of Giulietta, beloved of Schlemil, who takes the arrival of Hoffmann very ungraciously. Hoffmann cares nothing for Giulietta, but she is bribed by Dapertutto to make Hoffmann love her, and she succeeds by making him believe, that he is her ideal. But as a proof of his love she wants Hoffmann to get the key of her room away from Schlemil. Hoffmann demands the key; Schlemil tells him to come and take it, and they fight. Schlemil is killed. Hoffmann takes the key and rushes to Giulietta's room, and finding nobody, comes back, only to see her riding off in her gondola, laughing at him, and with her arms around another man's neck. Hoffmann is disgusted.

## ACT IV. ANTONIA.

Antonia has been told by her father, Crespel, to sing no more. When Hoffmann, who has long loved her, comes, he wonders why, but he soon learns by overhearing a conversation between Crespel and an evil person called Doctor Miracle that Antonia is afflicted with consumption. He then begs her also not to sing, and she promises him. When Hoffmann goes, Miracle comes in and tells her it is all nonsense, to sing as much as she likes; but she will not break her promise to Hoffmann. Miracle then causes the ghost of Antonia's mother to appear, and to her prayers the girl yields. Miracle urges her on and on, until she is utterly exhausted. She falls dying, and her father receives her last breath. Hoffmann is heartbroken.

## EPILOGUE.

A return to the scene of the first act. Hoffmann has told his stories. His companions leave him. The Muse appears and tells him that she is the only mistress to follow, the only one who will remain true to him. His spirit flickers a moment with gratitude. Then his head sinks on the table, and he sleeps.

# The Tales of 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,  
Spark of hades,  
Drig, drig, drig, for us more beer,  
For us thy wine,  
Until morning,  
Fill my glass,  
Until morning,  
Fill our pewter Mugs!

NATHANAEL.

Luther is a brave man,  
Tire, lan, laire,  
T'is to-morrow that we brain him,  
Tire, lan, la!

CHORUS.

Tire, lon, la!

LUTHER *(going from table to table).*

Here, gentlemen, here.

HERMANN.

His cellar is a goodly spot,  
Tire lon, laire,  
'Tis tomorrow we devast it,  
Tire lon la!

CHORUS.

Tire lon la!

*(Knocking of glasses.)*

LUTHER.

Here, gentlemen, here.

WILHELM.

His wife is a daughter of Eve,  
Tire lan laire,  
'Tis to-morrow we abduct her,  
Tire lon la.

CHORUS.

Tire lon la!

LUTHER.

Here, gentlemen, here.

CHORUS.

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

*(The students sit drinking and smoking.)*

NATHANAEL.

And Luther, my goodly vat,  
What have you done with our Hoffman.

HERMANN.

T'is your wine poisoned him,  
You've killed him faith of Herrmann,  
Give us back Hoffmann.

ALL.

Give us Hoffmann.

LINDORF *(aside)*.

To the devil, Hoffmann.

NATHANAEL.

Let them bring him to us  
Or your last day has dawned.

LUTHER.

Gentlemen, he comes.

*(He opens the door, and Nicklausse is with him.)*

ALL.

Hurrah, 'tis he.

LINDORF *(aside)*.

Let's watch him.

HOFFMANN *(entering with sombre voice)*.

Good day, friends.

NICKLAUSSE.

Good-day.

HOFFMANN.

A chair, a glass,  
A pipe...

NICKLAUSSE *(mocking)*.

Pardon, my lord, without displeasing,  
I drink, smoke and sit like you... place for two.

CHORUS.

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

*(Hoffmann and Nicklausse sit down, Hoffmann has head in his hands.)*

NICKLAUSSE *(humming)*.

Notte a giorno mal dormire...

HOFFMANN (*brusquely*).

Shut up, in devil's name.

NICKLAUSSE (*quietly*).

Yes, master.

HERMANN (*to Hoffmann*).

Oh, oh, whence comes this ill temper?

NATHANAEL (*to Hoffmann*).

It's as if one did not know you.

HERMANN.

On what thorn have you trod?

HOFFMANN.

Alas, on a dead herb  
With the iced breath of the north.

NICKLAUSSE.

And there by this door,  
On a drunkard who sleeps.

HOFFMANN.

'Tis true... that rascal, by Jove, I envy him.  
A drink. Like him, let's sleep in the gutter.

HERMANN.

Without pillow.

HOFFMANN.

The flags.

NATHANAEL.

Without curtains.

HOFFMANN.

The sky.

NATHANAEL.

The rain.

HERMANN.

Have you a nightmare, Hoffmann?

HOFFMANN.

No, but to-night,  
A while since, at the play...

ALL.

Well?

HOFFMANN.

I thought to see again...  
The deuce... why reopen old wounds?  
Life is short. Enjoy it while we can.  
We must drink, sing, laugh, as we may,  
Left to weep to-morrow!

NATHANAEL.

Then sing the first without asking,  
We'll do chorus.

HOFFMANN.

Agreed!

NATHANAEL.

Something gay.

HERMANN.

The song of the Rat!

NATHANAEL.

No, for me, I'm tired of it.  
What we want is the legend  
Of Klein-Zach...

ALL.

'Tis the legend of Klein-Zach.

HOFFMANN.

Here goes for Klein-Zach!...  
Once at the court of Eysenach  
A little dwarf called Klein-Zach,  
Was covered o'er with a colbac,  
And his legs they went clic, clac!  
Clic, clac.  
There's Klein-Zach.

CHORUS.

Crick, crack,  
There's Klein-Zach.

HOFFMANN.

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

CHORUS.

Crick, crack,  
There's Klein-Zach.

HOFFMANN.

As for the features on his face.

*(He becomes absorbed.)*

CHORUS.

As for the features on his face.

HOFFMANN *(very slowly)*.

As for the features...

*(He rises.)*

Oh, her face was charming... I see it,  
Fine as the day, running after her,  
I, like a fool, left the house paternal,  
And fled there'on to woods and vales  
Her hair, in sombre rolls,  
On her neck threw warm shades,  
Her eyes of enveloping azure,  
Cast about glances fresh and pure.  
And as our car without shock or tremor  
Carried our loves and hearts, her vibrant voice and sweet,  
To the heav'ns that listened, threw the conq'ring cry,  
And the eternal echo resounded in my heart.

NATHANAEL.

Oh strangest brain!  
Who are you painting! Klein-Zach?

HOFFMANN.

I speak of her...

NATHANAEL.

Who?

HOFFMANN.

Nobody... nothing, my spirit is dullish.  
Nothing. Klein-Zach is better, malformed as he is!

CHORUS.

Flick, flack,

There's Klein-Zach.

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.

CHORUS.

*(The lights go out, Luther fires an immense punch bowl.)*

Luther is a brave man,  
Tire la laire,  
Tire lan la.  
'Tis to-morrow that we poison him,  
Tire lan laire,  
Tire lan la.  
His cellar is a goodly spot,  
Tire lan laire.  
'Tis to-morrow we will make it hot,  
Tire lan laire,  
Tire lan la.

NICKLAUSSE.

Very good, indeed. At least we are pruned  
With reason and practical sense!  
Away with languorous hearts.

NATHANAEL.

Let's wager that Hoffmann's in love.

HOFFMANN.

What then?

NATHANAEL.

You need not blush, I imagine  
Our friend Wilhelm who's there,  
Burns for Leonor and finds her divine.  
Hermann loves Gretchen and I am near ruined  
For the Fausta.

HOFFMANN (*to Wilhelm*).

Yes, Leonor, thy virtuouse.

(*To Hermann.*)

Yes, Gretchen, thy doll inert, of icy heart.

(*to Nathanael.*)

And thy Fausta, poor insensate,  
The courtezan with front of brass.

NATHANAEL.

Morose spirit,  
Many thanks for Fausta, Gretchen and Leonore!...

HOFFMANN.

Pish. They are all alike.

NATHANAEL.

Then your mistress is such a treasure  
That you despise so much our own?

HOFFMANN.

My mistress, no, no, say rather three  
Charming trio of enchantresses.  
Who are dividing my days.  
Would you like the story of my crazy loves?...

CHORUS.

Yes, yes!

NICKLAUSSE.

What are you saying of three mistresses?

HOFFMANN.

Smoke!...  
Before this dead pipe is relighted  
You will have comprehended,  
You who in this play where my heart was consumed  
In good sense took the first prize!

*(All the students go to their places.)*

CHORUS.

Listen. It is nice to drink,  
To the telling of a crazy tale,  
While following the fragrant cloud,  
That a pipe throws in the air.

HOFFMANN *(sitting on corner of table)*.

I begin.

CHORUS.

Silence.

HOFFMANN.

The name of the first was Olympia...  
*(The curtain falls as Hoffmann is speaking.)*

---

## ACT II.

*(A physicians room, richly furnished.)*

HOFFMAN *(alone)*.

Come! Courage and confidence;  
I become a well of science.  
I must turn with the wind that blows,  
To deserve the one I love.  
I shall know how to 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!  
Ah! together live... both in the same hope,  
The same remembrance  
Divide our happiness and our sorrow,  
And share the future.  
Let, let my flame  
Pour in thee the light,  
Let your soul but open  
To the rays of Love.  
Divine hearth! Sun whose ardor penetrates  
And comes to kiss us.  
Ineffable desire where one's whole being  
Melts in a single kiss.  
Let, let my flame,  
    etc., etc.

*(Nicklausse appears.)*

NICKLAUSSE.

By Jove, I felt sure you'd be here.

HOFFMAN *(letting portiere fall)*.

Chut.

NICKLAUSSE.

Why? 'tis there that breathes  
The dove who's now your amorous care,  
The beautiful Olympia? Go, my child, admire!

HOFFMAN.

Yes, I adore her!

NICKLAUSSE.

Want to know her better.

HOFFMAN.

The soul one loves is easy to know.

NICKLAUSSE.

What? by a look... through a window?

HOFFMAN.

A look is enough to embrace the heavens.

NICKLAUSSE.

What warmth!... At least she knows that you love her.

HOFFMAN.

No.

NICKLAUSSE.

Write her.

HOFFMAN.

I don't dare.

NICKLAUSSE.

Poor lamb! Speak to her.

HOFFMAN.

The dangers are the same.

NICKLAUSSE.

Then sing, to get out of the scrape.

HOFFMAN.

Monsieur Spalanzani doesn't like music.

NICKLAUSSE (*laughing*).

Yes, I know, all for physics!  
A doll with china eyes  
Nearby a little cock in brass;  
Both sang in unison

In a marvelous way,  
Danced, gossiped, seemed to live.

HOFFMAN.

Beg your pardon. Why this song?

NICKLAUSSE.

The little cock shining and smart,  
With a very knowing air,  
Three times on himself turned;  
By some ingenious wheels,  
The doll in rolling its eyes  
Sighed and said: "I love you."

CHORUS OF THE INVITED GUESTS.

No, no host, really,  
Receives more richly  
Through good taste his house shines;  
Everything here matches.  
No, no host really  
Receives more richly.

SPALANZANI.

You will be satisfied, gentlemen, in a moment.

*(He makes sign to Cochenille to follow him and exits with him.)*

NICKLAUSSE *(to Hoffman)*.

At last we shall more nearly see this marvel  
Without equal!

HOFFMAN.

Silence... she is here!

*(Enter Spalanzani conducting Olympia.)*

SPALANZANI.

Ladies and gentlemen,  
I present to you

My daughter Olympia.

THE CHORUS.

Charming.  
She has beautiful eyes!  
Her shape is very good!  
See how well apparelled!  
Nothing is wanting!  
She does very well!

HOFFMAN.

Ah, how adorable she is!

NICKLAUSSE.

Charming, incomparable!

SPALANZANI (*to Olympia*).

What a success is thine!

NICKLAUSSE (*taking her all in*).

Really she does very well.

THE CHORUS.

She has beautiful eyes,  
Her shape is very good,  
See how well apparelled,  
Nothing is really wanting;  
She does very well.

SPALANZANI.

Ladies and gentlemen, proud of your applause,  
And above all anxious  
To conquer more,  
My daughter obedient to your least caprice  
Will, if you please...

NICKLAUSSE (*aside*).

Pass to other exercises.

SPALANZANI.

Sing to a grand air, following with the voice,  
Rare talent  
The clavichord, the guitar,  
Or the harp, at your choice!

COCHENILLE (*at the rear*).

The harp!

BASS VOICE (*in the wings*).

The harp!

SPALANZANI.

Very good, Cochenille!  
Go quickly and bring my daughter's harp!

(*Cochénille exits*).

HOFFMAN (*aside*).

I shall hear her... oh joy!

NICKLAUSSE (*aside*).

Oh, crazy passion!

SPALANZANI (*to Olympia*).

Master your emotion, 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 bushes.  
In the heavens the orb of day,  
All speaks to the young girl  
Of love, of love!

There!

The pretty song,

There!

The song of Olympia,

Ha!

THE CHORUS.

'Tis the song of Olympia!

OLYMPIA.

All that sings and resounds  
Has its sighs in turn,  
Moves its heart that trembles  
With love.

There.

The little song,

There, there,

The song of Olympia,

Ha!

CHORUS.

'Tis the song of Olympia.

HOFFMAN (*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).*

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... good thing...  
After we'll dance.

SPALANZANI.

As you please...

HOFFMAN *(approaching Olympia)*.

Might I dare...

SPALANZANI *(interrupting)*.

She is a bit tired,  
Wait for the ball.

*(He touches Olympia's shoulder.)*

OLYMPIA.

Yes.

SPALANZANI.

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

HOFFMAN.

Oh happiness!

SPALANZANI (*aside, laughing*).

We'll see what kind a story he'll give 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, physics! ah, monsieur, physics!

(*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.*)

HOFFMAN.

They are at last gone. Ah, I breathe!

Alone, alone, the two of us (*approaching Olympia*);

I have so many things to say,

Oh my Olympia! Let me admire you!  
With your charming looks let me intoxicate myself.

*(He touches her shoulder).*

OLYMPIA.

Yes.

HOFFMAN.

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

*(He again touches her shoulder).*

OLYMPIA.

Yes.

HOFFMAN.

Sweet avowal, pledge of our love,  
You are mine, our hearts are united forever!  
Ah! understand you, tell me, this eternal joy  
Of silent hearts.  
Living, with but one soul and with same stroke of wing,  
Rush up to heaven!  
Let, let, my flame  
Show you the light of day!  
Let your soul open  
To the rays of love.

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

You escape 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.

Here, by Jove, moderate your zeal!  
Do you want us to drink without you?...

HOFFMAN (*half crazy*).

Nicklausse, I am beloved by her.  
Loved! By all the gods.

NICKLAUSSE.

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

HOFFMAN.

What can they say? What?

NICKLAUSSE.

That she is dead.

HOFFMAN.

Great Heavens!

NICKLAUSSE.

Or is not of this life.

HOFFMAN (*exalted*).

Nicklausse! I am beloved by her!  
Loved! By all the gods.

COPPÉLIUS (*entering, furious*).

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

(*Coppelius slips into Olympia's room.*)

(*Everybody enters.*)

SPALANZANI.

Here come the waltzers.

COCHENILLE.

Here comes the round dance.

HOFFMAN.

'Tis the waltz that calls us.

SPALANZANI (*to Olympia*).

Take the hand of the gentleman, my child.

(*Touching her shoulder.*)

Come.

OLYMPIA.

Yes.

(*Hoffman takes Olympia and they waltz. They disappear on left.*)

CHORUS.

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

THE VOICE OF HOFFMAN (*outside*).

Olympia!

SPALANZANI.

Stop them!

THE CHORUS.

Who of us will do it?

NICKLAUSSE.

She will break his head.

*(Hoffman and Olympia re-appear. Nicklausse rushes to stop them.)*

A thousand devils!

*(He is violently struck and falls in an arm chair.)*

THE CHORUS.

Patatra!...

SPALANZANI *(jumping in)*.

Halt!

*(He touches Olympia on the shoulder. She stops suddenly. Hoffman, 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!

THE CHORUS.

What can we possibly say?  
'Tis an exquisite girl,  
She wants in nothing,  
She does very well!

NICKLAUSSE *(dolorous voice, pointing to Hoffman).*

Is he dead?

SPALANZANI *(examining Hoffman).*

No! in fact  
His eye glass is broken.  
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!...

HOFFMAN.

Olympia!...

*(Sound of breaking springs with much noise).*

SPALANZANI.

Ah, heaven and earth, she is broken!

HOFFMAN.

Broken!

COPPÉLIUS *(entering)*.

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

*(Hoffman rushes out. Spalanzani and Coppélius go at each other, fighting.)*

SPALANZANI.

Rascal!

COPPÉLIUS.

Robber!

SPALANZANI.

Brigand!

COPPÉLIUS.

Pagan!

SPALANZANI.

Bandit!

COPPÉLIUS.

Pirate!

HOFFMAN *(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!

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### ACT III.

(*In Venice. A gallery, in festival attire, in a palace on the Grand Canal.*)

(*The guests of GIULIETTA are grouped about on cushions.*)

*Barcarole.*

GIULIETTA AND NICKLAUSSE (*in the wings*).

Oh soft night, oh night of love,  
Smile on our bliss serene,  
All the stars that shine above  
Surround the heaven's queen!  
Time it flies without return,  
Forgetting our tenderness!  
Far from thee I'll ever burn,  
In lonely strait and stress.  
Passioned zephyrs  
Waft your caresses,  
Passioned zephyrs  
Soft are your kisses.  
O soft night, oh night of love,  
Smile on our bliss serene;  
All the stars that shine above  
Surround the heaven's queen.

(*Giulietta and Nicklausse enter.*)

HOFFMAN.

For me, by Jove, that is not what's enchanting!  
At the feet of the beauty who gives us joy  
Does pleasure sigh?  
No, with laughing mouth no sorrows 'ere descanting.

BACCHIC SONG.

Friends... love tender with terror,  
    Error!  
Love in noise and wine!  
    Divine  
That a burning desire  
Your heart enflames  
In the fevers of pleasure  
Consume your soul!  
Transports of love,  
Last a day  
To the devil he who weeps  
For two soft eyes,  
To us the better bliss  
Of joyous cries!  
Let's live a day  
In heaven.

THE CHORUS.

To the devil whoever weeps  
For two soft eyes!  
To us the better bliss  
Of joyous song  
We'll live a day  
In Heaven!

HOFFMAN.

The sky lends you its brightness,  
    Beauty,  
But you hide in hearts of steel,  
    Hell!  
Bliss of paradise  
Where love meets,  
Oaths, cursed spirits,  
    Dreams of life!  
    Oh chastity,  
    Oh purity,

Lies!

THE CHORUS.

To the devil those who weep,  
etc., etc.

SCHLEMIL (*entering*).

I see all is joy. Congratulations, madame.

GUILIETTA.

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

PITICHINACCIO.

Good.

SCHLEMIL (*to Pitichinaccio*).

Microbe!

PITICHINACCIO.

Hola!

GIULIETTA.

Calm yourselves!  
We have a strange poet among us.  
(*Presenting*) Hoffman!

SCHLEMIL (*with bad grace*).

Monsieur!

HOFFMAN.

Monsieur!

GIULIETTA (*to Schlemil*).

Smile on us, I beg,  
And come take your place  
At pharaoh!

THE CHORUS.

Bravo! To pharaoh!

*(Giulietta after having invited all to follow her, goes toward door. Hoffman offers his hand to Giulietta. Schlemil comes between.)*

SCHLEMIL *(taking Giulietta's hand)*.

By heavens!

GIULETTA.

To the game, gentlemen, to the game!

THE CHORUS.

To the game, the game!

*(All go out except Hoffman and Nicklausse.)*

NICKLAUSSE.

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

HOFFMAN.

And what dream ever could be born  
By such realities?  
Does one love a courtesan?

NICKLAUSSE.

Yet this Schlemil...

HOFFMAN.

I am not Schlemil.

NICKLAUSSE.

Take care, the devil is clever.

DAPERTUTTO *(appears at back)*.

HOFFMAN.

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

NICKLAUSSE.

Let us go.

*(They go out.)*

DAPERTUTTO *(alone)*.

Yes!... to fight you.  
The eyes of Giulietta are a sure weapon,  
It needed that Schlemil fail,  
Faith of captain and soldier,  
You'll do like him.  
I will that Giulietta shall use sorcery on you.

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

Turn, turn, mirror, where the lark is caught,  
Sparkle diamond, fascinate, draw her...  
The lark or the woman  
To this conquering bait  
Comes with wing or with heart;  
One leaves 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)*.

GIULIETTA.

What do you await from your servant?

DAPERTUTTO.

Good, you have divined  
At seducing hearts above all others wise,  
You have given me  
The shade of Schlemil! I vary

My pleasures and I pray you  
To get for me to-day  
The reflection of Hoffman!

GIULIETTA.

What! his reflection.

DAPERTUTTO.

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

GIULIETTA.

No.

DAPERTUTTO.

Who knows. Your Hoffman dreams, perhaps better.  
*(Severely)* Yes, I was there, a while back, listening.  
*(With irony)* He defies you...

GIULIETTA.

Hoffman? 'tis well!... From this day  
I'll make him my plaything.

*(Hoffman enters.)*

DAPERTUTTO.

'Tis he!

*(Dapertutto goes out. Hoffman intends to do the same.)*

GIULIETTA *(to Hoffman)*.

You leave me.

HOFFMAN *(mockingly)*.

I have lost everything.

GIULIETTA.

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

HOFFMAN.

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

GIULIETTA.

Ah, unfortunate, but you do 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?  
    Listen to my prayer;  
    My life is wholly yours.  
Everywhere I promise to accompany your steps.

HOFFMAN.

Ye gods with what bliss ye fire my heart?  
Like a concert divine your voice does move me;  
With a fire soft yet burning my being is devoured;  
Your glances in mine have spent their flame,  
Like radiant stars  
And I feel, my well beloved,  
Pass your perfumed breath  
On my lips and on my eyes.

GIULIETTA.

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

HOFFMAN.

    What do you mean?

GIULIETTA.

    Listen and don't laugh at me.

*(She takes Hoffman in her arms and finds a mirror.)*

What I want is your faithful image,  
To reproduce your features, your look, your visage,  
The reflection that I see above me bend.

HOFFMAN.

My reflection? What folly!

GIULIETTA.

No! for it can detach itself  
From the polished glass  
And come quite whole in my heart to hide.

HOFFMAN.

In your heart?

GIULIETTA.

In my heart. 'Tis I who beg thee,  
Hoffman, give me my wish.

HOFFMAN.

My reflection?

GIULIETTA.

Your reflection. Yes, wisdom or folly,  
I await, I demand.

*(Ensemble.)*

HOFFMAN.

Ecstasy, unappeased bliss,  
Strange and soft terror,  
My reflection, my soul, my life  
To you, always to you!

GIULIETTA.

If your presence I lose,  
I would keep of you  
Your reflection, your soul, your life;

Dear one, give them me.

GIULIETTA (*suddenly*).

Schlemil!

(*Schlemil enters followed by Nicklausse, Dapertutto, Pittichinaccio and others.*)

SCHLEMIL.

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

(*Ironic laughter.*)

HOFFMAN.

Monsieur!

GIULIETTA (*to Hoffman*).

Silence!  
(*Aside*) I love you, he has my key.

PITICHINACCIO (*to Schlemil*).

Let us kill him.

SCHLEMIL.

Patience!

DAPERTUTTO (*to Hoffman*).

How pale you are!

HOFFMAN.

Me!

DAPERTUTTO (*showing him a mirror*).

See rather.

HOFFMAN (*amazed*).

Heavens!

GIULIETTA.

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

*(Schlemil conducts the guests out. Giulietta goes away throwing a look at Hoffman.  
Dapertutto remains. Nicklausse goes toward Hoffman.)*

NICKLAUSSE.

Are you coming?

HOFFMAN.

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?

HOFFMAN.

That you give me a certain key I've sworn to have.

SCHLEMIL.

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

HOFFMAN.

Then I shall have one and the other.

SCHLEMIL.

That remains to be seen. On guard!

DAPERTUTTO.

You have no sword (*presenting his own*). Take mine!

HOFFMAN.

Thank you.

CHORUS (*in the wings*).

Sweet night, oh night of love,  
Smile on our bliss serene  
When the stars that shine above  
Greet the heaven'ly Queen.

*(Hoffman and Schlemil fight. Schlemil falls mortally wounded. Hoffman bends and takes the key from around his neck. He rushes to Giulietta's room. Giulietta appears in a gondola.)*

HOFFMAN (*coming back*).

No one.

GIULIETTA (*laughing*).

Ha, ha, ha!

*(Hoffmann is in a stupor looking at Giulietta.)*

DAPERTUTTO (*to Giulietta*).

What will you do with him now?

GIULIETTA.

I'll turn him over to you.

PITICHINACCIO (*entering the gondola*)

Dear angel.

*(Giulietta takes him in her arms.)*

HOFFMAN (*comprehending the infamy of Giulietta*).

Vile wretch!

NICKLAUSSE.

Hoffman! Hoffman—the police!

*(Nicklausse drags Hoffmann away. Giulietta and Pitichinaccia laugh.)*

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**ACT IV.**

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

ANTONIA *(alone. She is seated at the clavichord).*

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

*(She stops and rises.)*

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

*(She approaches the clavichord again.)*

Dear flower but now open,  
In pity answer me,  
Thou that knowest if still he loves me,  
If he keeps his troth.  
Beloved my voice implores thee.  
May thy heart come to me.

*(She falls in a chair.)*

CRESPEL *(entering suddenly).*

Unhappy child, beloved daughter,  
You promised to no longer sing.

ANTONIA.

My mother in me lived again;  
My heart while singing thought it heard her.

CRESPEL.

There is my torment. Thy loved mother  
Left 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! A little while again  
I saw those spots of fire  
Mark her face. God!  
Must I lose her I adore?  
Ah, that Hoffman... 'tis he  
Who put in her heart this craze. I fled  
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 said...

CRESPEL.

I said, Open to nobody.  
(*Shouting*) To nobody! This time do you hear?

FRANTZ.

Good Heavens! we're not all of us deaf?

CRESPEL.

All right! The devil take you!

FRANTZ.

Yes, sir, the key is in the door.

CRESPEL.

Idiot! donkey!

FRANTZ.

Its agreed then.

CRESPEL.

Morbleu!

*(He exits quickly.)*

FRANTZ *(alone)*.

Well! What! angry always!  
Strange, peevish, exacting!  
One would think that one pleased him  
For his money...  
Day and night I'm on all fours,  
At the least sign I'm 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.  
Of course one can't have everything.  
I sing pretty badly,  
But dance agreeably,

And I do not flatter myself;  
Dancing shows off my advantages.  
'Tis my one great attraction,  
But dancing isn't easy.  
Tra la la, tra la la.

*(He dances and stops.)*

With women the shape of my leg  
Would do me no harm,  
Tra la la, tra la la!

*(He falls.)*

No, 'tis the method.

*(Hoffman enters followed by Nicklausse.)*

HOFFMAN.

Frantz! This is it. *(touches Frantz on shoulder.)*  
Up, my friend.

FRANTZ.

Hey, who's there? *(rises, surprised.)*  
Monsieur Hoffman!

HOFFMAN.

Myself. Well, Antonia?

FRANTZ.

He's gone out, sir.

HOFFMAN *(laughing)*.

Ha, ha, deafer yet  
Than last year...

FRANTZ.

Monsieur honors me,  
I am very well, thanks to heaven.

HOFFMAN.

Antonia! I must see her.

FRANTZ.

Very well! what a joy  
For monsieur Crespel! *(He goes out.)*

HOFFMAN *(sitting before the clavichord).*

'Tis a song of love  
That flies away,  
Sad or gay;  
It takes its turn...

ANTONIA *(entering suddenly).*

Hoffman!...

HOFFMAN *(receiving her in his arms).*

Antonia!

NICKLAUSSE *(aside).*

I am one too many, good night.  
*(He exits.)*

ANTONIA.

Ah, I well knew that you loved me still.

HOFFMAN.

My heart told me that I was regretted,  
But why were we separated?

ANTONIA.

I do not know.  
*(Ensemble.)*

HOFFMAN.

I have happiness in my heart;

To-morrow you'll be my wife  
Happy couple.  
The future shall be ours!  
To love let's be faithful,  
That her eternal chains,  
Keep our hearts  
Conquerors even against time!

ANTONIA.

I have joy in my heart!  
To-morrow I'll be your wife,  
Happy couple,  
The future is ours!  
Each day new songs,  
Your genius opens its wings,  
My conquering song  
Is the echo of your heart.

HOFFMAN (*smiling*).

Still, oh my affianced,  
Shall I speak my thought?  
That, spite of myself, troubles me,  
Music inspires a little jealousy,  
You love it too much!

ANTONIA (*smiling*).

See the strange fantasy!  
Did I love you for it, or it for you?  
For you are not going to forbid me  
To sing, as did my father.

HOFFMAN.

What say you?

ANTONIA.

Yes, my father at present imposes the virtue  
Of silence.

HOFFMAN (*aside*).

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

ANTONIA (*drawing him to the clavichord*).

Come here as before;  
Listen, and you'll see if I've lost my voice.

HOFFMAN.

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 off  
Sad or joyful,  
Turn by turn,  
'Tis a song of love,  
The new rose  
Smiles on the Spring.  
Ah! how long will it be  
That it lives?

TOGETHER.

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

HOFFMAN.

A ray of flame  
Matches thy beauty.  
Will you see the summer?  
Flower of the soul.

TOGETHER.

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

(*Antonia puts her hand to her heart.*)

HOFFMAN.

Why, what is the matter?

ANTONIA (*doing same again*).

Nothing.

HOFFMAN (*listening*).

Chut.

ANTONIA.

Heavens, my father! Come, come...

(*She goes out.*)

HOFFMAN.

No! I must know the last word of this mystery.

(*He hides. Crespel appears.*)

CRESPEL (*looking about him*).

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

HOFFMAN (*aside*).

Many thanks!

FRANTZ (*entering*).

Sir.

CRESPEL.

What?

FRANTZ.

Doctor Miracle.

CRESPEL.

Infamous scoundrel,

Quickly close the door.

FRANTZ.

Yes, sir, the doctor...

CRESPEL.

He, doctor? No, on my soul,  
A grave digger, an assassin!  
Who would kill my daughter after my wife.  
I hear the jingle of his golden vials,  
From me let him be chased.

*(Miracle suddenly appears. Frantz runs away.)*

MIRACLE.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

CRESPEL.

Well, here I am! 'tis me.  
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 do you, traitor?

MIRACLE.

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

CRESPEL AND HOFFMAN.

Terror penetrates me.

*(Ensemble.)*

*(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.

CRESPEL AND HOFFMAN.

With fright and with horror  
All my being is cold;  
A strange terror  
Chains me to this place.  
I'm 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.

HOFFMAN (*aside*).

Antonia.

MIRACLE.

What age (*he listens*). Twenty!

CRESPEL.

What?

MIRACLE.

The Spring of life.

(*He appears to feel the pulse.*)

Let me see your hand!...

CRESPEL.

The hand.

MIRACLE (*pulling out his watch*).

Chut! let me count.

HOFFMAN (*aside*).

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

MIRACLE.

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

CRESPEL (*rising*).

No, no, don't speak... 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 follows 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 fine a prey!

CRESPEL.

Shut up!

MIRACLE.

If you will accept my help,  
If you would save her days,  
I have there certain vials I keep in reserve.

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

CRESPEL.

Shut up!

MIRACLE.

Of which you should.

CRESPEL.

Shut up! Heaven preserve me  
From listening to your advice, miserable assassin.

MIRACLE.

Of which you should, each morning...

*(Ensemble.)*

MIRACLE.

Why, yes, I hear you.  
A while ago, an instant  
These vials, poor father,  
You will be then, 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!

HOFFMAN *(aside)*.

From the death that awaits thee  
I shall know, poor child,  
How tear thee away, I hope!  
Laugh in vain at 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.

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

CRESPEL.

Be off, be off, be off!  
etc., etc.

HOFFMAN *(aside)*.

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

MIRACLE.

Of which you should...

CRESPEL.

Get out!

MIRACLE.

Each morning...

CRESPEL.

Get out!

*(They disappear together.)*

HOFFMAN *(coming down)*.

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

ANTONIA *(appearing)*.

Well? What did my father say?

HOFFMAN.

Ask me nothing;  
Later you'll know all; a new road  
Opens for us, my Antonia!...  
To follow my steps dismiss from your memory  
These dreams of future success and glory  
That your heart to mine confided.

ANTONIA.

But yourself!

HOFFMAN.

Love calls to both of us,  
All that is not you is nothing in my life.

ANTONIA.

Very well! Here is my hand!

HOFFMAN.

Ah dear Antonia, shall I appreciate  
What you do for me? *(He kisses her hands.)*

Your father will perhaps return.  
I leave you... until to-morrow.

ANTONIA.

Until to-morrow.

*(Hoffman goes out.)*

ANTONIA *(opening one of the doors)*.

Of my father easily he has become the accomplice,  
But come, regrets are superfluous,  
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 gave for your share,  
Must they be hid in the shadow of a household?  
Have you not heard, in a proud dream,  
Like unto a forest by the wind moving,  
Like a soft shiver of the pressing crowd  
That murmurs your name and follows you with its eyes?  
There is the ardent joy and the eternal festival,  
That the flower of your years is about to abandon,  
For the middle class pleasures where they would enchain you,  
And the squalling children who will give you less beauty!

ANTONIA *(without turning round)*.

Ah, what is this voice that troubles my spirit?  
Is it Hell that speaks or Heaven that warns me?  
No! happiness is not there, oh cursed voice,  
And against my pride my love has armed me;  
Glory is not worth the happy shade whence invites me  
The house of my beloved.

MIRACLE.

What loves can now be yours,  
Hoffman 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, do not tempt me! go away,  
Demon! I will no longer listen.  
I have sworn to be his, my beloved awaits me,  
I'm no longer my own and I can't take myself back;  
And a few moments since, on his heart adored  
What eternal love did he not pledge me;  
Who will save me from the demon, from myself?  
My mother, my mother, I love her.

*(She falls weeping on the clavichord.)*

MIRACLE *(re-appears 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.)*

Listen!

THE VOICE.

Antonia!

ANTONIA.

Heavens!... my mother, my mother!

THE GHOST.

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

ANTONIA.

Mother!

MIRACLE.

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

THE GHOST.

Antonia!

MIRACLE.

Listen! She seems to live aagin,  
And the distant public by its bravos fills her bliss.

ANTONIA.

Mother!

GHOST.

Antonia!

MIRACLE.

Join with her.

ANTONIA.

Yes, her soul calls me  
As before;  
'Tis my mother, 'tis she  
I hear her voice.

THE GHOST.

Dear child whom I call  
As I used to do;  
'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.

What ardor draws and devours me?

MIRACLE.

Again! Why stop?

ANTONIA (*out of breath*).

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

THE GHOST.

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,  
Flies away,  
Sad or joyful...

(*She dies.*)

CRESPEL.

No... a single word... just one... my child... speak!  
Come, speak! Execrable death!  
No! pity, mercy... go away!

HOFFMAN (*coming hurriedly*).

Why these cries?

CRESPEL.

Hoffman!... ah wretch!  
'Tis you who killed her!...

HOFFMAN (*rushing to Antonia*).

Antonia!

CRESPEL (*beside himself*).

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

(*He seizes a knife and attacks Hoffman.*)

NICKLAUSSE (*entering and stopping Crespel*).

Unhappy man!

HOFFMAN (*to Nicklausse*).

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

MIRACLE (*appearing*).

Present!

(*He feels Antonia's pulse.*)

Dead!

CRSPEL (*crazy*).

Ah, God, my child, my daughter!

HOFFMAN (*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 story  
Of my loves,  
And the memory  
In my heart will always remain.

CHORUS.

Bravo, bravo, Hoffmann.

HOFFMANN.

Ah, I am mad. For us the craze divine,  
The spirits of alcohol, of beer and of wine,  
For us intoxication,  
Chaos where we forget.

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 tails at his back,  
Like lilies in a lac,  
The monster made a sound of flick flack,  
    Flic, flac,  
    There's Klein-Zach.

CHORUS.

Flick flack,  
There's Klein-Zach.

CHORUS.

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

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

THE MUSE *(appearing in an aureole of light)*.

And I? I, the faithful friend,  
Whose hand wiped thy tears?  
By whom thy latent sorrow  
Exhales in heavenly dreams?

Am I nothing? 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 fire thy genius,  
Whose serenity smiles on thy sorrows.  
The Muse will soften thy blessed sufferings.  
One is great by love but greater by tears.

*(She disappears.)*

HOFFMANN *(alone)*.

Oh God! what ecstasy embraces my soul,  
Like a concert divine Thy voice hath moved me,  
With soft and burning fire my being is devoured,  
Thy glances in mine have suffused their flame,  
Like radiant stars.  
And I feel, beloved Muse,  
Thy perfumed breath flutter  
On my lips and on my eyes!

*(He falls face on table.)*

STELLA *(approaching slowly)*.

Hoffmann? asleep...

NICKLAUSSE.

No, dead drunk. Too late, madame.

LINDORF.

Corbleu!

NICKLAUSSE.

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

*(Stella keeps her eyes on Hoffmann and throws a flower at his feet as she goes out with Lindorf.)*

**THE END.**

# BARCAROLE - INTERMEZZO

from "The Tales of Hoffman," by JACQUES OFFENBACH.

All <sup>to</sup> mod <sup>to</sup>

The musical score is presented in four systems, each consisting of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two sharps (D major), and the time signature is 6/8. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a steady accompaniment of eighth notes in the bass and dotted half notes in the treble. The second system continues this pattern, with the bass line becoming more active, including sixteenth-note runs. The third system shows the bass line moving to the right-hand side of the grand staff, while the treble continues with dotted half notes. The fourth system starts at measure 18 and features a very soft (*pp*) dynamic, with the treble staff playing a dense texture of sixteenth-note chords and the bass staff playing a simple eighth-note accompaniment.



Musical score for measures 21-23. The right hand features a complex, dense texture of sixteenth-note chords, while the left hand plays a simple eighth-note bass line.

Musical score for measures 24-27. The right hand continues with dense sixteenth-note chords, and the left hand has a more active eighth-note bass line. A fermata is placed over the final measure of this system.

Musical score for measures 28-31. The right hand has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The left hand features a melodic line with a fermata over measures 29-30. Dynamics include *dim.* and *rit.*

Moderato

Musical score for measures 32-35. The right hand has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The left hand features a melodic line with a fermata over measures 33-34. Dynamics include *pp* and *bien chante*.

Musical score for measures 36-39. The right hand has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The left hand features a melodic line with a fermata over measures 37-38.



44

Musical score for measures 44-49. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff features a melody of quarter and eighth notes, with some chords. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes and chords. There are fermatas over the bass staff in measures 46, 47, and 48.

50

Musical score for measures 50-55. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff features a melody of quarter and eighth notes, with some chords. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes and chords.

56

Musical score for measures 56-61. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff features a melody of quarter and eighth notes, with some chords. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes and chords.

62

Musical score for measures 62-67. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff features a melody of quarter and eighth notes, with some chords. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes and chords. There are fermatas over the bass staff in measures 63, 64, 65, and 66.

68

Musical score for measures 68-73. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff features a melody of quarter and eighth notes, with some chords. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes and chords. There are fermatas over the bass staff in measures 69, 70, 71, and 72.



Musical score for measures 74-79. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and slurs, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. Measure 74 starts with a fermata over a quarter note G. Measures 75-79 continue the melodic development with various articulations.

Musical score for measures 80-85. The right hand continues the melodic line, with the lyrics *sempre piu dolce morendo* appearing under measures 82-85. The left hand accompaniment remains consistent. Measure 80 begins with a fermata over a quarter note G.

Musical score for measures 86-91. The right hand features a series of chords, with a *ppp* dynamic marking under measure 87. The left hand accompaniment consists of a simple eighth-note pattern. The piece concludes with a fermata over a quarter note G in measure 91.

MIDI

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*Transcriber's note: Both the English and the French texts are known to have a significant number of errors, misprints, and inconsistencies. They are here presented without correction.*

NEW VERSION

OF

*Les Contes*

*d'Hoffmann*

(THE TALES OF HOFFMAN)

OPERA IN FOUR ACTS

---

*With an original and novel first Act and  
other important changes*

---

Book by JULES BARBIER

MUSIC BY

J. OFFENBACH

New English version by CHARLES ALFRED BYRNE

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As performed, for the first time in America at the  
MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF  
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.

---

ENGLISH VERSION, 1907, BY STEINWAY & SONS.

---

CHARLES E. BURDEN, PUBLISHER, STEINWAY HALL  
107-109 EAST 14TH STREET  
NEW YORK.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HOFFMANN  
COUNSELOR LINDORF  
COPPELIUS  
DAPERTUTTO  
DOCTOR MIRACLE  
SPALANZANI  
CRESPER  
ANDRES  
COCHENILLE  
FRANTZ  
LUTHER  
NATHANAEL  
HERMANN  
STELLA

GIULIETTA  
OLYMPIA  
ANTONIA  
NICKLAUSSE  
THE MUSE  
A GHOST

# Les Contes d'Hoffmann

---

## PREMIER ACTE.

---

LA TAVERNE DE MAITRE LUTHER

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!

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!

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'assoient, 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!

NATHANIEL.

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!

Tous.

Rends-nous Hoffmann!

LINDORF (*à part*).

Au diable Hoffmann!

NATHANAEL.

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

LUTHER.

Messieurs, il ouvre la porte,  
Et Niklausse 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 mad 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.

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!

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!

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 jetai 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.

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!

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!...

(*A Hermann.*)

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

(*A Nathanael.*)

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

NATHANAEL.

Esprit morose,  
Grand merci pour Fausta, Gretchen et Léonor!...  
Baste! autant celles-là que d'autres!

NATHANAEL.

Ta maîtresse est donc un trésor  
Que tuméprises tant les nôtres?

HOFFMANN.

*(Haut.)*

Ma maîtresse?...Non pas! dites mieux, trois maîtresses,  
Trio charmant d'enchanteresses  
Que 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.

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

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 II

*(Un riche cabinet de physician.)*

HOFFMAN *(seul)*.

Allons courage et confiance  
Je deviens un puit 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 ou 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!  
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 parait.)*

NICKLAUSSE.

Pardieu... j'étais bien sur de te trouver ici!

HOFFMAN *(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!

HOFFMAN.

Oui, je l'adore!

NICKLAUSSE.

Attends à la connaître mieux.

HOFFMAN.

L'âme qu'on aime est aisé a connaître!

NICKLAUSSE.

Quoi d'un regard?... par la fenêtre?

HOFFMAN.

Il suffit d'un regard pour embrasser les cieux!

NICKLAUSSE.

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

HOFFMAN.

Non!

NICKLAUSSE.

Ecris lui!

HOFFMAN.

Je n'ose pas.

NICKLAUSSE.

Pauvre agneau! Parle-lui.

HOFFMAN.

Les dangers sont les mêmes.

NICKLAUSSE.

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

HOFFMAN.

Monsieur Spalanzani n'aime pas la musique.

NICKLAUSSE (*riant*).

Oui, je sais, tout pour le physique!  
Une poupée aux yeux d'email  
Jouait au mieux de l'éventail  
Aupres d'un petit coq en cuire;  
Tous deux chantaient à l'unison  
D'une merveilleuse façon,  
Dansaient, caquetaient, semblaient vivre.

HOFFMAN.

Plait-il? Pourquoi cette chanson?

NICKLAUSSE.

Le petit coq luisant et vif,  
Avec un air rëbarbatif,  
Tournait par trois sur lui-même;  
Par un rouage ingënieux,  
La poupëe, en roulant les yeux  
Soupirait et disait: “Je t’aime”!

LE CHOEUR DES INVITES.

Non, aucun hôte, vraiment,  
Ne recoit plus richement!  
Par le gout, sa maison brille!  
Tout s’y trouve rëuni.

SPALANZANI.

Vous serez satisfaits, messieurs.

*(Il fait signe a Cochenille et sort.)*

NICKLAUSSE *(a Hoffman)*.

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

HOFFMAN.

Silence! la voici.

*(Entrëe de Spalanzani conduisant Olympia.)*

SPALANZANI.

Mesdames et messieurs je vous présente  
Ma fille Olypmia.

LE CHOEUR.

Charmante!  
Elle à de très beauv yeaux!  
Sa taille est fort bien prise!  
Voyez comme elle est mise!  
Il ne lui manque rien!  
Elle est très bien!

HOFFMAN.

Ah qu'elle est adorable!

NICKLAUSSE.

Charmante, incomparable!

SPALANZANI (*a Olympia*).

Quel succès est le tien.

NICKLAUSSE.

Vraiment elle est très bien.

LE CHOEUR.

Elle à 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 plait...

NICKLAUSSE (*à part*).

Passer a d'autres exercices.

SPALANZANI.

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

COCHENNILLE (*au fond du théâtre*).

La harpe!

UNE VOIX DE BASSE.

*(Dans la coulisse.)*

La harpe!

SPALANZANI.

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

*(Cochenille sort.)*

HOFFMAN *(a part)*.

Je vais l'entendre... oh joie!

NICKLAUSSE *(a part)*.

O folle passion!

SPALANZANI *(a Olympia)*.

Maitrise ton émotion, mon enfant!

OLYMPIA.

Oui.

COCHENILLE *(avec la harpe)*.

Voilà!

SPALANZANI *(s'asseyant ouprès d'Olympia)*.

Messieurs, attention!

COCHENILLE.

Attention!

LE CHOEUR.

Attention!

OLYMPIA *(accompagné par Spalanzani)*.

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

LE CHOEUR.

    C'est la chanson d'Olympia!

OLYMPIA.

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

LE CHOEUR.

    C'est la chanson d'Olympia.

HOFFMAN (*a Nicklausse*).

    Ah! mon ami, quel accent.

NICKLAUSSE.

    Quelles gammes!...

*(Tout le monde s'empresse autour d'Olympia. Un laquais s'adresse a 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 énergie*).

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

SPALANZANI.

Comme il vous plaira!

HOFFMAN (*s'approchant d'Olympia*).

Oserai-je?

SPALANZANI (*intervenant*).

Elle est un peu lasse; attendez le bal.

(*Il touche l'épaule d'Olympia.*)

OLYMPIA.

Oui.

SPALANZANI.

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

HOFFMAN.

O bonheur!

SPALANZANI (*à part, riant*).

Nous verrons ce qu'il lui chantera.

NICKLAUSSE (*a 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 invites.)*

COCHENILLE.

Le souper vous attend.

LE CHOEUR (*avec enthousiasm*).

Le souper, le souper, le souper nous attend!

Non, aucun hôte vraiment,

Ne reçoit plus richement!

HOFFMAN.

Ils se sont éloignés enfin! Ah je respire!

Seuls, seuls, tous deux!

*(S'approchant d'Olympia.)*

Où 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.)*

OLYMPIA.

Oui.

HOFFMAN.

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.

HOFFMAN.

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!

*(Hoffman s'élançe, Nicklausse paraît.)*

NICKLAUSSE.

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

HOFFMAN *(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!

HOFFMAN.

Qu'en peut on dire? Quoi?

NICKLAUSSE.

Qu'elle est morte.

HOFFMAN.

Juste ciel!

NICKLAUSSE.

Ou ne fut pas en vie.

HOFFMAN.

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

*(Il sort. Nicklausse le suit.)*

COPPELIUS *(entrant, furieux)*.

Voleur! brigand! quelle déroute!  
Elias à fait banqueroute!  
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.

HOFFMAN.

C'est la valse qui nous appelle.

SPALANZANI *(à Olympia)*.

Prends la main de monsieur, mon enfant.

*(Lui touchant l'épaule.)*

Allons!

OLYMPIA.

Oui.

*(Hoffman 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.

LA VOIX D'HOFFMAN *(dans la coulisse).*

Olympia!

SPALANZANI.

Qu'on les arrête!

LE CHOEUR.

Qui de nous les arrêtera?

NICKLAUSSE.

Elle va lui casser la tête!...

*(Hoffman et Olympia reparaissent et redescendent.)*

*(Nicklausse s'élance pour les arrêter.)*

Eh, mille diables!...

*(Il est violemment baussulé et tombe sur un fauteuil.)*

LE CHOEUR.

Patatra!

SPALANZANI (*s'élancant*).

Halte là!

(*Il touche Olympia à l'épaule. Elle s'arrête subitement. Hoffman étourdi tombe sur un canapé.*)

SPALANZANI.

Voilà!

(*à Olympia.*)

Assez, assez, ma fille.

OLYMPIA.

Oui.

SPALANZANI.

Il ne faut plus valser.

OLYMPIA.

Oui.

SPALANZANI (*a 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!

LE CHOEUR.

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

NICKLAUSSE (*d'une voix dolente, en montrant Hoffman.*)

Est-il mort?

SPALANZANI (*examinant Hoffman*).

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!

HOFFMAN.

Olympia!

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

SPALANZANI.

Ah! terre et cieux! Elle est cassée!

HOFFMAN.

Cassée!

COPPELIUS (*entrant*).

Ha, ha, ha, ha, oui, Fracassé.

*(Hoffman s'élançe et disparaît. Spalanzani et Coppélius se jettent l'un sur l'autre.)*

SPALANZANI.

Gredin!

COPPÉLIUS.

Voleur!

SPALANZANI.

Brigand!

COPPÉLIUS.

Païen.

SPALANZANI.

Bandit.

COPPELIUS.

Pirate!

HOFFMAN (*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!

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### TROISIEME ACTE.

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

*Barcarole*

GIULETTA ET NICKLAUSSE *(dans la coulisse.)*

Belle nuit, o nuit d'amour,  
Souris a nos ivresses,  
Nuit plus douce que le jour,  
O belle nuit d'amour!  
Le temps fuit et sans retour  
Emporte nos tendresses!  
Loin de cet heureux sejour,  
Le temps fuit sans retour  
Zephyrs embrasés  
Versez nous vos caresses;  
Zephyrs embrasés  
Donnez nous vos baisers.  
Belle nuit, o nuit d'amour,  
Souris à nos ivresses  
Nuit plus douce que le jour,  
O belle nuit d'amour.

*(Giuletta et Nicklausse entrent en scène.)*

HOFFMAN.

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 brûlant désir  
Votre coeur s'enflamme  
Aux fièvres du plaisir  
Consume 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!

HOFFMAN.

Le ciel te prête sa clarté,  
    Beauté.  
Mais vous chachez ô coeurs de fer,  
    L'enfer!  
Bonheur du paradis  
Où l'amour convie,  
Serments, espoirs mandits,  
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'en est en fête. A merveille, madame.

GIULIETTA.

Comment! Mais je vous ai pleuré trois grands jours.

PITICHINACCIO.

Dame.

SCHLEMIL (*a Pitichinaccio*).

Avorton!

PITICHINACCIO.

Hola!

GIULIETTA.

Calmez vous!

Nous avons un poète étranger parmi

Nous.

(*Présentant Hoffman.*)

Hoffman!

SCHLEMIL (*de mauvaise grace.*)

Monsieur!

HOFFMAN (*ironique*).

Monsieur!

GIULIETTA (*a 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. Hoffman 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 Hoffman.)*

NICKLAUSSE.

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

HOFFMAN.

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

NICKLAUSSE.

Ce Schlemil, cependant...

HOFFMAN.

Je ne suis pas Schlemil.

NICKLAUSSE.

Prends y garde, le diable est malin.

*(Dapertutto parait au fond.)*

HOFFMAN.

Le fut-il,  
S'il me la fait aimer, je consens qu'il me damne

Allons!

NICKLAUSSE.

Allons!

*(Ils sortent.)*

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 au jourd'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 parait et s'avance, fascinée vers le diamant que Dapertutto tend vers elle.)*

DAPERTUTTO *(passant la bague au doigt Giulietta.)*

Cher ange.

GIULIETTA.

Q'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'Hoffman!

GIULETTA.

Quoi! son reflet!

DAPERTUTTO.

Oui!

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

GIULETTA.

Non.

DAPERTUTTO.

Qui sait? Ton Hoffman rêve peut être mieux.

*(avec dureté).*

Oui, j'étais la, tout a l'heure, aux écoutes,  
Il te défie...

GIULETTA.

Hoffman?... c'est bien!... dés aujourd'hui  
J'en ferai mon jouet.

*(Hoffman entre.)*

DAPERTUTTO.

C'est lui!

*(Dapertutto sort. Hoffman fait mine de s'eloigner.)*

GIULIETTA *(à Hoffman).*

Vous me quittez?

HOFFMAN *(railleur).*

J'ai tout perdu.

GIULIETTA.

Quoi... vous aussi!...

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

HOFFMAN.

Tes larmes t'ont trahie.  
Ah je t'aime... fut-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 a jamais si tu restes?  
Ne repousse pas ma prière  
Ma vie est à toi toute entière.  
Partout je te promets d'accompagner tes pas.

HOFFMAN.

O Dieu de quelle ivresses embrases tu mon âme?  
Comme un concert divin ta voix me pénètre;  
D'un feu doux et brulant mon être est dévoré;  
Tes regards dans les miens ont épanché leur flamme  
Comme des astres radieux  
Et je seus, 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!

HOFFMAN.

Que veux tu dire?

GIULIETTA.

Ecoute et ne ris pas de moi.

*(Elle enlace Hoffman 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.

HOFFMAN.

Quoi! mon reflet? quelle folie!

GIULIETTA.

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

HOFFMAN.

Dans ton coeur?

GIULIETTA.

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

HOFFMAN.

Mon reflet?

GIULIETTA.

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

HOFFMAN.

Extase, ivresse, inassouvie,  
Mon reflet, mon âme et ma vie à toi, toujours à toi!

GIULIETTA.

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

GIULIETTA (*vivement*).

Schlemil!

*(Schlemil entre suivi de Nicklausse. Dappertutto, Pittichinaccio et autres.)*

SCHLEMIL.

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

*(Rires ironiques.)*

HOFFMAN *(presque parlé)*.

Monsieur!

GIULIETTA *(à Hoffman)*.

Silence!  
*(bas)* Je t'aime, il a ma clef.

PITTICHINACCIO *(à Schlemil)*.

Tuons le.

SCHLEMIL.

Patience!

DAPPERTUTTO *(à Hoffman)*.

Comme vous êtes pâle.

HOFFMAN.

Moi!

DAPERTUTTO *(lui présentant le miroir)*.

Voyez plutôt!

HOFFMAN *(stupéfait, se regardant)*.

Ciel!

GIULIETTA.

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

*(Schlemil reconduit les invités. Giulietta sort, jetant un regard à Hoffman. Dapertutto reste au fond de la scène. Nicklausse revient à Hoffman.)*

NICKLAUSSE.

Viens tu?

HOFFMAN.

Pas encore.

NICKLAUSSE.

Pourquoi? Bien, je comprends, adieu!  
*(a part.)* Mais je veille sur toi.

*(Il sort.)*

SCHLEMIL.

Qu'attendez vous, monsieur?

HOFFMAN.

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

SCHLEMIL.

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

HOFFMAN.

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 le sien)*.

Prenez la mienne!

HOFFMAN.

Merci!

CHOEUR (*dans la coulisse*).

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

*(Hoffman et Schlemil se battent. Schlemil est blessé à mort et tombe. Hoffman se penche et lui prend la clef pendue à son cou et s'élance dans l'appartement de Giulietta qui parait dans une gondole.)*

HOFFMAN.

Personne!

GIULIETTA (*riant*).

Ha, ha, ha!

*(Hoffman regarde Giulietta avec stupeur.)*

DAPERTUTTO (*a Giulietta*).

Qu'en fais tu maintenant?

GIULIETTA.

Je te l'abandonne.

PITICHINACCIO (*entre dans la gondole*).

Cher ange.

*(Giulietta le prend dans ses bras.)*

HOFFMAN (*comprenant l'infamie de Giulietta*).

Misérable!

NICKLAUSSE.

Hoffman! Hoffman! les sbires!

*(Nicklausse entraîne Hoffman. Giulietta et Dapertutto rient.)*

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## ACTE IV.

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

ANTONIA *(seule. Elle est devant le clavecin et chante).*

Elle à fui, la tourterelle,  
Elle à 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 à fui, la tourterelle,  
Elle à fui loin de toi!  
Mais elle est toujours fidèle  
Et te garde sa foi.  
Bien aime, ma voix t'appelle,  
Tout mon coeur est à toi.

*(Elle se rapproche du clavecin.)*

Chère fleur qui vient d'eclore  
Par pitié reponds moi,  
Toi qui sais s'il m'aime encore,  
S'il me garde sa foi!...  
Bien aime ma voix t'implore,  
Que ton coeur vienne à moi!

*(Elle se laisse tomber sur une chaise.)*

CRSPEL *(entrant brusquement).*

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

ANTONIA.

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

CRSPEL.

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

(*Entre Frantz.*)

CRESPEL.

Toi Frantz n'ouvre a personne.

FRANTZ.

Vous croyez...

CRESPEL.

Où vas tu?

FRANTZ.

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

CRESPEL.

J'ai dit n'ouvre a 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.

Bêlitre! Ane bête!

FRANTZ.

C'est convenu.

CRESPEL.

Morbleu!

*(Il sort. Frantz descend.)*

FRANTZ *(seul)*.

Eh bien! Quoi, toujours en colère!  
Bizarre, quineux, exigeant!  
Ah, l'on a du mal a 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 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,  
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!

*(Hoffman entre suivi de Nicklausse.)*

HOFFMAN.

Frantz! C'est lui...

*(Touchant l'épaule de Frantz.)*

Debout l'ami.

FRANTZ.

Hein qui va là *(il se relève)* Monsieur Hoffman!

HOFFMAN.

Moi-même! Eh bien, Antonia?

FRANTZ.

Il est sorti, monsieur.

HOFFMAN *(riant)*.

Ha, ha, plus sourd encore que l'au passe?

FRANTZ.

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

HOFFMAN.

Antonia! Va, fais que je la voie!

FRANTZ.

Très bien... Quel joie  
Pour Monsieur Crespel (*Il sort.*)

HOFFMAN (*s'asseyant devant le clavecin*).

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

ANTONIA (*entrant précipitamment*).

Hoffman!

HOFFMAN (*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.

HOFFMAN.

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

ANTONIA.

Je l'ignore.

HOFFMAN.

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

Du temps même vanqueurs!

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 vaniqueur  
Est l'écho de ton cœur!

HOFFMAN (*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!

ANTONIA (*souriant*).

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

HOFFMAN.

Que dis tu?

ANTONIA.

Qui, mon père à présent, m'impose la vertu  
Du silence (*vivement*) Veux tu m'entendre?

HOFFMAN (*a part*).

C'est étrange!... Est-ce que...

ANTONIA (*l'entraînant*).

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

HOFFMAN.

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 a 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 a tour,  
C'est une chanson d'amour.

HOFFMAN.

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 défaillir.*)

HOFFMAN.

Qu'as tu donc?

ANTONIA.

Rien.

HOFFMAN (*écoutant*).

Chut!

ANTONIA.

Ciel mon père, Viens, viens!

(*Elle sort.*)

HOFFMAN.

Non, je saurai le mot de ce mystère.

(*Il se cache. Crespel parait.*)

CRESPEL (*regardant autour de lui*).

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

HOFFMAN (*a part*).

Grand merci!

FRANTZ (*entrant, a Crespel*).

Monsieur!

CRESPEL.

Quoi?

FRANTZ.

Le docteur Miracle.

CRESPEL.

Drôle infâme, ferme vite la porte.

FRANTZ.

Oui, Monsieur, médecin.

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!  
Ou 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? chère belle,  
Nous la guérirons. Menez moi chez elle.

CRESPEL.

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

MIRACLE.

Eh la! 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 HOFFMAN.

L'effroi me pénètre.

*(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 HOFFMAN.

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

CRESPEL *(s'asseyant)*.

Allons, parle et sois bref.

*(Miracle continue ses gestes 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 vous asseoir là.

CRESPEL.

Je suis assis.

MIRACLE (*sans répoudre*).

Quel âge avez vous, je vous prie?

CRESPEL.

Qui, moi?

MIRACLE.

Je parle à votre enfant.

HOFFMAN (*a 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!...

CRESPEL.

La main.

MIRACLE (*tirant sa montre*).

Chut, laissez moi compter.

HOFFMAN (*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 si belle proie!

CRESPEL.

Tais-toi!

MIRACLE.

Si vous voulez accepter mon secours,  
Si vous voulez sauver ses jours,  
J'ai la 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...

CRESPEL.

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

MIRACLE.

Dont il faudrait chaque matin...  
Eh! oui, je vous entends,  
Tout a l'heure, a 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!

HOFFMAN (*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 la reforme 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...

CRESPEL.

Ah misérable,  
Viens, viens!... les flots puissent—ils t’engloutir.  
Nous verrons si le diable.  
T’en fera sortir!...

CRESPEL.

Va-t-en, va-t-en, va-t-en!  
Hors de, etc, etc.

HOFFMAN.

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.)*

HOFFMAN *(seul)*.

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

ANTONIA (*parait*).

Eh bien, mon père qu'a-t-il dit?

HOFFMAN.

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

ANTONIA.

Mais toi même?

HOFFMAN.

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

ANTONIA.

Tiens donc! voici ma main!

HOFFMAN.

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!

*(Hoffman sort.)*

ANTONIA (*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, 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 ou l'ou veut t'enchaîner  
Et des marmots d'enfants qui te rendront moins belle!

ANTONIA *(sans se retourner).*

Ah, qu'elle 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 mandite,  
Et contre mon orgueil, mon amour s'est armé,  
La gloire ne vaut pas l'ombre heureuse ou m'invite  
La maison de mon bien aimé.

MIRACLE.

Quels amours sont donc les vôtres?  
Hoffman te sacrifie a 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 amour eternal ne m'a-t-il pas juré...  
Ah qui me sauvera du démon, de moi-même?...  
Ma mère! ô 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 FANTOME.

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

ANTONIA.

C'est elle.

MIRACLE.

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

LE FANTOME.

Antonia!

MIRACLE.

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

ANTONIA (*se levant*).

Ma mère!

LE FANTOME.

Antonia!

MIRACLE.

Reprends donc avec elle!...

*(Il saisit un violon et accompagne avec fureur.)*

ANTONIA.

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

LE FANTOME.

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!

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 éblouit 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'engloutit dans la terre, en poussant un éclat de rire. Le Fantôme disparaît.)*

CRESPEL (*accourant*).

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

ANTONIA (*expirante*).

Mon père  
Écoutez 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 exécration!  
Non! pitié! grâce! Eloigne toi!...

HOFFMAN *(entrant précipitamment)*.

Pourquoi ces cris?

CRESPEL.

Hoffman! ah, miserable!  
C'est toi qui l'as tuée!...

HOFFMAN *(courant à Antonia)*.

Antonia!...

CRESPEL *(avec égarement)*.

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

*(Il saisit un couteau et s'élançe sur Hoffman.)*

NICKLAUSSE *(entrant et arrêtant Crespel)*.

Malheureux!

HOFFMAN *(à Nicklausse)*.

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

MIRACLE *(paraissant)*.

Présent!  
Il tate le pouls d'Antonia.  
Morte!

CRESPEL *(éperdu)*.

Ah, mon Dieu, mon enfant ma fille!

HOFFMAN (*avec desespoir*).

Antonia!

---

## EPILOGUE.

(*Même décoration qu'au premier acte.*)

(*On retrouve tous les personnages dans la situation où on les a laissés à la fin du premier acte.*)

HOFFMANN.

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

LE CHOEUR.

Bravo, bravo, Hoffmann.

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.

Ah pour elle le dernier couplet de la chanson de Klein-Zach!  
Quand il avait but de genièvre et de rack

If 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.)*

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 entoi!  
L'homme n'est plus; renais poète!  
Je t'aime, Hoffmann! appartiens-moi!  
Des cendres de ton coeur réchauffe ton génie.  
Dans la sérénité 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*).

O 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, ô Muse aimée,  
Passer ton baleine embaumée  
Sur mes lèvres et sur mes yeux!

*(Il tombe, le visage sur une table.)*

(HOFFMANN, STELLA, LINDORF, NICKLAUSSE, *Les Etudiants.*)

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**

# BARCAROLE - INTERMEZZO

from "The Tales of Hoffman," by JACQUES OFFENBACH.

All <sup>to</sup> mod <sup>to</sup>

The musical score is written for piano in G major and 6/8 time. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand plays a series of dotted half notes with a wavy hairpin above it, while the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The second system continues this pattern, with the left hand introducing a melodic line. The third system features a similar accompaniment, with the left hand playing a more active melodic line. The fourth system starts with a piano-piano (*pp*) dynamic and features a dense, rapid sixteenth-note texture in the right hand, while the left hand continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.



Musical notation for measures 21-23. The right hand features a complex, dense texture of sixteenth-note chords, while the left hand plays a simple eighth-note bass line.

Musical notation for measures 24-27. The right hand continues with dense sixteenth-note chords, and the left hand has a more active eighth-note bass line.

Musical notation for measures 28-31. The right hand has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The left hand features a melodic line with a fermata over measures 29-30. Dynamics include *dim.* and *rit.*

Moderato

Musical notation for measures 32-35. The right hand has a melodic line with a fermata over measures 33-34. The left hand has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *pp* and *bien chante*.

Musical notation for measures 36-39. The right hand has a melodic line with a fermata over measures 37-38. The left hand has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.



System 1 (Measures 44-49): This system contains six measures. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, often beamed together, and includes some chordal textures. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes and chords. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

System 2 (Measures 50-55): This system contains six measures. The right hand continues the melodic development with various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and quarter notes. The left hand maintains a consistent accompaniment of eighth notes and chords. The key signature remains one sharp (F#).

System 3 (Measures 56-61): This system contains six measures. The right hand shows more complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth notes and eighth notes. The left hand continues with eighth-note accompaniment and chords. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

System 4 (Measures 62-67): This system contains six measures. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, interspersed with chordal textures. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes and chords. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

System 5 (Measures 68-73): This system contains six measures. The right hand continues the melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The left hand maintains a consistent accompaniment of eighth notes and chords. The key signature is one sharp (F#).



Musical score for measures 74-79. The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass clef. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs and accents, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with eighth notes. Measure 74 starts with a fermata over a quarter note G4.

Musical score for measures 80-85. The score continues in G major and 4/4 time. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs and accents. The left hand provides a steady bass line. The lyrics "sempre piu dolce morendo" are written below the right hand staff. Measure 80 starts with a fermata over a quarter note G4.

Musical score for measures 86-91. The score continues in G major and 4/4 time. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs and accents. The left hand provides a steady bass line. The dynamic marking *ppp* is written below the right hand staff. Measure 86 starts with a fermata over a quarter note G4.

MIDI

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*Transcriber's note: Both the English and the French texts are known to have a significant number of errors, misprints, and inconsistencies. They are here presented without correction.*

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OF

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*d'Hoffmann*

(THE TALES OF HOFFMAN)

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CHARLES E. BURDEN, PUBLISHER, STEINWAY HALL  
107-109 EAST 14TH STREET  
NEW YORK.

## **DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

HOFFMANN  
COUNSELOR LINDORF  
COPPELIUS  
DAPERTUTTO  
DOCTOR MIRACLE  
SPALANZANI  
CRESPER  
ANDRES  
COCHENILLE  
FRANTZ  
LUTHER  
NATHANAEL  
HERMANN  
STELLA

GIULIETTA  
OLYMPIA  
ANTONIA  
NICKLAUSSE  
THE MUSE  
A GHOST

## ARGUMENT

---

### ACT I.

In the first act, which is really a prologue, Hoffmann, a young poet, enters the tavern of Luther to meet his companions, and drinks to drown his sorrows. They think he is in love, but he answers, all that is past, and tells the story of his three loves.

### ACT II. OLYMPIA.

A physician's drawing room. Spalanzani has invited a large company to witness the accomplishments of his daughter, Olympia. She sings to general applause, and Hoffmann falls desperately in love with her. As the guests go to supper, Hoffmann tells her of his passion and thinks he finds a responsive echo in her. There is dancing, and she waltzes him off his feet. A Dr. Coppelius comes in to say he has been swindled by Spalanzani. He slips into Olympia's room, from which a noise of breaking is heard. Coppelius, out of revenge, has smashed Olympia. She was only an automaton. Hoffmann is astonished.

### ACT III. GIULIETTA.

At Venice, in the house of Giulietta, beloved of Schlemil, who takes the arrival of Hoffmann very ungraciously. Hoffmann cares nothing for Giulietta, but she is bribed by Dapertutto to make Hoffmann love her, and she succeeds by making him believe, that he is her ideal. But as a

proof of his love she wants Hoffmann to get the key of her room away from Schlemil. Hoffmann demands the key; Schlemil tells him to come and take it, and they fight. Schlemil is killed. Hoffmann takes the key and rushes to Giulietta's room, and finding nobody, comes back, only to see her riding off in her gondola, laughing at him, and with her arms around another man's neck. Hoffmann is disgusted.

ACT IV. ANTONIA.

Antonia has been told by her father, Crespel, to sing no more. When Hoffmann, who has long loved her, comes, he wonders why, but he soon learns by overhearing a conversation between Crespel and an evil person called Doctor Miracle that Antonia is afflicted with consumption. He then begs her also not to sing, and she promises him. When Hoffmann goes, Miracle comes in and tells her it is all nonsense, to sing as much as she likes; but she will not break her promise to Hoffmann. Miracle then causes the ghost of Antonia's mother to appear, and to her prayers the girl yields. Miracle urges her on and on, until she is utterly exhausted. She falls dying, and her father receives her last breath. Hoffmann is heartbroken.

EPILOGUE.

A return to the scene of the first act. Hoffmann has told his stories. His companions leave him. The Muse appears and tells him that she is the only mistress to follow, the only one who will remain true to him. His spirit flickers a moment with gratitude. Then his head sinks on the table, and he sleeps.

## **The Tales of Hoffmann**

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### **ACT I.**

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## **Les Contes d'Hoffmann**

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### **PREMIER ACTE.**

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*(The Tavern of Martin Luther. The interior of a German inn.  
Tables and benches.)*

LA TAVERNE DE MAITRE LUTHER

CHORUS *of Students.*

Drig, drig, drig, master Luther,  
Spark of hades,  
Drig, drig, drig, for us more beer,  
For us thy wine,  
Until morning,  
Fill my glass,  
Until morning,  
Fill our pewter Mugs!

NATHANAEL.

Luther is a brave man,  
Tire, lan, laire,  
T'is to-morrow that we brain him,  
Tire, lan, la!

CHORUS.

Tire, lon, la!

LUTHER *(going from table to table).*

Here, gentlemen, here.

HERMANN.

His cellar is a goodly spot,  
Tire lon, laire,  
'Tis tomorrow we devast it,  
Tire lon la!

CHORUS.

Tire lon la!

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!

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!

*(Knocking of glasses.)*

LUTHER.

Here, gentlemen, here.

WILHELM.

His wife is a daughter of Eve,  
Tire lan laire,  
'Tis to-morrow we abduct her,  
Tire lon la.

CHORUS.

Tire lon la!

LUTHER.

Here, gentlemen, here.

CHORUS.

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

*(The students sit drinking and smoking.)*

*(Bruit de gobelets.)*

LUTHER.

Voilà, messieurs, voilà!

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'assoient,  
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!

NATHANIEL.

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

NATHANAEL.

And Luther, my goodly vat,  
What have you done with our Hoffman.

HERMANN.

T'is your wine poisoned him,  
You've killed him faith of Herrmann,  
Give us back Hoffmann.

HERMANN.

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

ALL.

Give us Hoffmann.

TOUS.

Rends-nous Hoffmann!

LINDORF (*aside*).

To the devil, Hoffmann.

LINDORF (*à part*).

Au diable Hoffmann!

NATHANAEL.

Let them bring him to us  
Or your last day has dawned.

NATHANAEL.

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

LUTHER.

Gentlemen, he comes.

LUTHER.

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

*(He opens the door, and Nicklausse is with him.)*

ALL.

Hurrah, 'tis he.

LINDORF *(aside)*.

Let's watch him.

HOFFMANN *(entering with sombre voice)*.

Good day, friends.

NICKLAUSSE.

Good-day.

HOFFMANN.

A chair, a glass,  
A pipe...

NICKLAUSSE *(mocking)*.

Pardon, my lord, without displeasing,  
I drink, smoke and sit like you... place for two.

CHORUS.

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

*(Hoffmann and Nicklausse sit down, Hoffmann has head in his hands.)*

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  
déplaie,  
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 (*humming*).

Notte a giorno mal dormire...

HOFFMANN (*brusquely*).

Shut up, in devil's name.

NICKLAUSSE (*quietly*).

Yes, master.

HERMANN (*to Hoffmann*).

Oh, oh, whence comes this ill temper?

NATHANAEL (*to Hoffmann*).

It's as if one did not know you.

HERMANN.

On what thorn have you trod?

HOFFMANN.

Alas, on a dead herb  
With the iced breath of the north.

NICKLAUSSE.

And there by this door,  
On a drunkard who sleeps.

HOFFMANN.

'Tis true... that rascal, by Jove, I envy him.  
A drink. Like him, let's sleep in the gutter.

NICKLAUSSE (*fredonnant*).

Notte a giorno mad  
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.

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.

Without pillow.

HERMANN.

Sans oreiller?

HOFFMANN.

The flags.

HOFFMANN.

La pierre!

NATHANAEL.

Without curtains.

NATHANAEL.

Et sans rideau?

HOFFMANN.

The sky.

HOFFMANN.

Le ciel!

NATHANAEL.

Sans couvre-pied?

NATHANAEL.

The rain.

HOFFMANN.

La pluie!

HERMANN.

Have you a nightmare, Hoffmann?

HERMANN.

As-tu le cauchemar,  
Hoffmann?

HOFFMANN.

No, but to-night,  
A while since, at the play...

HOFFMANN.

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

ALL.

Well?

TOUS.

Eh bien?

HOFFMANN.

I thought to see again...

HOFFMANN.

J'ai cru revoir...

The deuce... why reopen old wounds?  
Life is short. Enjoy it while we can.  
We must drink, sing, laugh, as we may,  
Left to weep to-morrow!

NATHANAEL.

Then sing the first without asking,  
We'll do chorus.

HOFFMANN.

Agreed!

NATHANAEL.

Something gay.

HERMANN.

The song of the Rat!

NATHANAEL.

No, for me, I'm tired of it.  
What we want is the legend  
Of Klein-Zach...

ALL.

'Tis the legend of Klein-Zach.

HOFFMANN.

Here goes for Klein-Zach!...  
Once at the court of Eysenach  
A little dwarf called Klein-Zach,  
Was covered o'er with a colbac,

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!

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

And his legs they went clic, clac!  
Clic, clac.  
There's Klein-Zach.

CHORUS.

Crick, crack,  
There's Klein-Zach.

HOFFMANN.

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

CHORUS.

Crick, crack,  
There's Klein-Zach.

HOFFMANN.

As for the features on his face.

*(He becomes absorbed.)*

CHORUS.

As for the features on his face.

HOFFMANN *(very slowly)*.

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!

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)*.

As for the features...

*(He rises.)*

Oh, her face was charming... I see it,  
Fine as the day, running after her,  
I, like a fool, left the house paternal,  
And fled there'on to woods and vales  
Her hair, in sombre rolls,  
On her neck threw warm shades,  
Her eyes of enveloping azure,  
Cast about glances fresh and pure.  
And as our car without shock or tremor  
Carried our loves and hearts, her vibrant voice and sweet,  
To the heav'ns that listened, threw the conq'ring cry,  
And the eternal echo resounded in my heart.

NATHANAEL.

Oh strangest brain!  
Who are you painting! Klein-Zach?

HOFFMANN.

I speak of her...

NATHANAEL.

Who?

HOFFMANN.

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.

Qui?

HOFFMANN *(sortant de son  
rêve).*

Nobody... nothing, my spirit is dullish.  
Nothing. Klein-Zach is better, malformed as he is!

CHORUS.

Flick, flack,  
There's Klein-Zach.

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.

CHORUS.

(*The lights go out, Luther fires an immense punch bowl.*)

Luther is a brave man,  
Tire la laire,  
Tire lan la.  
'Tis to-morrow that we poison him,  
Tire lan laire,  
Tire lan la.  
His cellar is a goodly spot,  
Tire lan laire.  
'Tis to-morrow we will make it hot,  
Tire lan laire,  
Tire lan la.

NICKLAUSSE.

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!

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.

Very good, indeed. At least we are pruned  
With reason and practical sense!  
Away with languorous hearts.

NATHANAEL.

Let's wager that Hoffmann's in love.

HOFFMANN.

What then?

NATHANAEL.

You need not blush, I imagine  
Our friend Wilhelm who's there,  
Burns for Leonor and finds her divine.  
Hermann loves Gretchen and I am near ruined  
For the Fausta.

HOFFMANN (*to Wilhelm*).

Yes, Leonor, thy virtuose.

(*To Hermann.*)

Yes, Gretchen, thy doll inert, of icy heart.

(*to Nathanael.*)

And thy Fausta, poor insensate,  
The courtesan with front of brass.

NATHANAEL.

Morose spirit,

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!...

(*A Hermann.*)

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

(*A Nathanael.*)

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

NATHANAEL.

Esprit morose,

Many thanks for Fausta, Gretchen and Leonore!...

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

HOFFMANN.

Pish. They are all alike.

Baste! autant celles-là que  
d'autres!

NATHANAEL.

Then your mistress is such a treasure  
That you despise so much our own?

NATHANAEL.

Ta maîtresse est donc un  
trésor  
Que tuméprises tant les  
nôtres?

HOFFMANN.

My mistress, no, no, say rather three  
Charming trio of enchantresses.  
Who are dividing my days.  
Would you like the story of my crazy loves?...

HOFFMANN.

*(Haut.)*

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

CHORUS.

Yes, yes!

LE CHOEUR.

Oui, oui!

NICKLAUSSE.

What are you saying of three mistresses?

NICKLAUSSE.

Que parles-tu de trois  
maîtresses?

HOFFMANN.

Smoke!...  
Before this dead pipe is relighted  
You will have comprehended,  
You who in this play where my heart was consumed  
In good sense took the first prize!

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

*(All the students go to their places.)*

CHORUS.

Listen. It is nice to drink,  
To the telling of a crazy tale,  
While following the fragrant cloud,  
That a pipe throws in the air.

HOFFMANN *(sitting on corner of table)*.

I begin.

CHORUS.

Silence.

HOFFMANN.

The name of the first was Olympia...

*(The curtain falls as Hoffmann is speaking.)*

---

## ACT II.

*(A physicians room, richly furnished.)*

HOFFMAN *(alone)*.

Come! Courage and confidence;  
I become a well of science.

Du bon sens emportas le  
prix!

*(Tous les étudiants vont  
reprendre leurs places.)*

LE CHOEUR.

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

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 II

*(Un riche cabinet de  
physician.)*

HOFFMAN *(seul)*.

Allons courage et confiance  
Je deviens un puit de science

I must turn with the wind that blows,  
To deserve the one I love.  
I shall know how to 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!  
Ah! together live... both in the same hope,  
The same remembrance  
Divide our happiness and our sorrow,  
And share the future.  
Let, let my flame  
Pour in thee the light,  
Let your soul but open  
To the rays of Love.  
Divine hearth! Sun whose ardor penetrates  
And comes to kiss us.  
Ineffable desire where one's whole being  
Melts in a single kiss.  
Let, let my flame,  
etc., etc.

*(Nicklausse appears.)*

Il faut tourner selon le vent  
Pour meriter 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 ou 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!  
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.)*

NICKLAUSSE.

By Jove, I felt sure you'd be here.

HOFFMAN (*letting portiere fall*).

Chut.

NICKLAUSSE.

Why? 'tis there that breathes  
The dove who's now your amorous care,  
The beautiful Olympia? Go, my child, admire!

HOFFMAN.

Yes, I adore her!

NICKLAUSSE.

Want to know her better.

HOFFMAN.

The soul one loves is easy to know.

NICKLAUSSE.

What? by a look... through a window?

HOFFMAN.

A look is enough to embrace the heavens.

NICKLAUSSE.

Pardieu... j'étais bien sur de  
te trouver ici!

HOFFMAN (*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!

HOFFMAN.

Oui, je l'adore!

NICKLAUSSE.

Attends à la connaître  
mieux.

HOFFMAN.

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

NICKLAUSSE.

Quoi d'un regard?... par la  
fenêtre?

HOFFMAN.

Il suffit d'un regard pour  
embrasser les cieux!

NICKLAUSSE.

What warmth!... At least she knows that you love her.

HOFFMAN.

No.

NICKLAUSSE.

Write her.

HOFFMAN.

I don't dare.

NICKLAUSSE.

Poor lamb! Speak to her.

HOFFMAN.

The dangers are the same.

NICKLAUSSE.

Then sing, to get out of the scrape.

HOFFMAN.

Monsieur Spalanzani doesn't like music.

NICKLAUSSE (*laughing*).

Yes, I know, all for physics!  
A doll with china eyes  
Nearby a little cock in brass;  
Both sang in unison  
In a marvelous way,

NICKLAUSSE.

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

HOFFMAN.

Non!

NICKLAUSSE.

Ecris lui!

HOFFMAN.

Je n'ose pas.

NICKLAUSSE.

Pauvre agneau! Parle-lui.

HOFFMAN.

Les dangers sont les  
mêmes.

NICKLAUSSE.

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

HOFFMAN.

Monsieur Spalanzani n'aime  
pas la musique.

NICKLAUSSE (*riant*).

Oui, je sais, tout pour le  
physique!  
Une poupée aux yeux d'email  
Jouait au mieux de l'éventail

Danced, gossiped, seemed to live.

HOFFMAN.

Beg your pardon. Why this song?

NICKLAUSSE.

The little cock shining and smart,  
With a very knowing air,  
Three times on himself turned;  
By some ingenious wheels,  
The doll in rolling its eyes  
Sighed and said: "I love you."

CHORUS OF THE INVITED GUESTS.

No, no host, really,  
Receives more richly  
Through good taste his house shines;  
Everything here matches.  
No, no host really  
Receives more richly.

SPALANZANI.

You will be satisfied, gentlemen, in a moment.

*(He makes sign to Cochenille to follow him and exits with him.)*

NICKLAUSSE *(to Hoffman)*.

Aupres d'un petit coq en  
cuire;  
Tous deux chantaient a  
l'unison  
D'une merveilleuse facon,  
Dansaient, caquetaient,  
semblaient vivre.

HOFFMAN.

Plait-il? Pourquoi cette  
chanson?

NICKLAUSSE.

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

LE CHOEUR DES INVITES.

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

SPALANZANI.

Vous serez satisfaits,  
messieurs.

*(Il fait signe a Cochenille et sort.)*

NICKLAUSSE *(a Hoffman)*.

At last we shall more nearly see this marvel  
Without equal!

HOFFMAN.

Silence... she is here!

*(Enter Spalanzani conducting Olympia.)*

SPALANZANI.

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

THE CHORUS.

Charming.  
She has beautiful eyes!  
Her shape is very good!  
See how well appalled!  
Nothing is wanting!  
She does very well!

HOFFMAN.

Ah, how adorable she is!

NICKLAUSSE.

Charming, incomparable!

SPALANZANI *(to Olympia)*.

What a success is thine!

NICKLAUSSE *(taking her all in)*.

Really she does very well.

THE CHORUS.

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

HOFFMAN.

Silence! la voici.

*(Entrée de Spalanzani  
conduisant Olympia.)*

SPALANZANI.

Mesdames et messieurs je  
vous présente  
Ma fille Olypmia.

LE CHOEUR.

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

HOFFMAN.

Ah qu'elle est adorable!

NICKLAUSSE.

Charmante, incomparable!

SPALANZANI *(a Olympia)*.

Quel succès est le tien.

NICKLAUSSE.

Vraiment elle est très bien.

LE CHOEUR.

She has beautiful eyes,  
Her shape is very good,  
See how well appalled,  
Nothing is really wanting;  
She does very well.

SPALANZANI.

Ladies and gentlemen, proud of your applause,  
And above all anxious  
To conquer more,  
My daughter obedient to your least caprice  
Will, if you please...

NICKLAUSSE (*aside*).

Pass to other exercises.

SPALANZANI.

Sing to a grand air, following with the voice,  
Rare talent  
The clavichord, the guitar,  
Or the harp, at your choice!

COCHENILLE (*at the rear*).

The harp!

BASS VOICE (*in the wings*).

The harp!

SPALANZANI.

Very good, Cochenille!  
Go quickly and bring my daughter's harp!

Elle à 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 plait...

NICKLAUSSE (*à part*).

Passer a d'autres exercices.

SPALANZANI.

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

COCHENILLE (*au fond du théâtre*).

La harpe!

UNE VOIX DE BASSE.

(*Dans la coulisse.*)

La harpe!

SPALANZANI.

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

*(Cochenille exits).*

HOFFMAN *(aside)*.

I shall hear her... oh joy!

NICKLAUSSE *(aside)*.

Oh, crazy passion!

SPALANZANI *(to Olympia)*.

Master your emotion, 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 bushes,  
In the heavens the orb of day,  
All speaks to the young girl  
Of love, of love!

*(Cochenille sort.)*

HOFFMAN *(a part)*.

Je vais l'entendre... oh  
joie!

NICKLAUSSE *(a part)*.

O folle passion!

SPALANZANI *(a Olympia)*.

Maitrise 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 *(accompagné par  
Spalanzani)*.

Les oiseaux dans la  
charmille,  
Dans les cieux l'astre du jour,

There!  
The pretty song,  
There!  
The song of Olympia,  
Ha!

THE CHORUS.

'Tis the song of Olympia!

OLYMPIA.

All that sings and resounds  
Has its sighs in turn,  
Moves its heart that trembles  
With love.  
There.  
The little song,  
There, there,  
The song of Olympia,  
Ha!

CHORUS.

'Tis the song of Olympia.

HOFFMAN (*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*).

Tout parle a la jeune fille  
D'amour, d'amour,  
Voilà!  
La chanson gentille  
Voilà!  
La chason d'Olympia,  
Ha!

LE CHOEUR.

C'est la chanson  
d'Olympia!

OLYMPIA.

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

LE CHOEUR.

C'est la chanson  
d'Olympia.

HOFFMAN (*a Nicklausse*).

Ah! mon ami, quel accent.

NICKLAUSSE.

Quelles gammes!...

(*Tout le monde s'empresse  
autour d'Olympia. Un  
laquais s'adresse a  
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... good thing...  
After we'll dance.

SPALANZANI.

As you please...

HOFFMAN (*approaching Olympia*).

Might I dare...

SPALANZANI (*interrupting*).

She is a bit tired,  
Wait for the ball.

(*He touches Olympia's shoulder.*)

OLYMPIA.

Yes.

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 énergie*).

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

SPALANZANI.

Comme il vous plaira!

HOFFMAN (*s'approchant  
d'Olympia*).

Oserai-je?

SPALANZANI (*intervenant*).

Elle est un peu lasse;  
attendez le bal.

(*Il touche l'épaule  
d'Olympia.*)

OLYMPIA.

Oui.

SPALANZANI.

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

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

HOFFMAN.

Oh happiness!

HOFFMAN.

O bonheur!

SPALANZANI (*aside, laughing*).

We'll see what kind a story he'll give her.

SPALANZANI (*à part, riant*).

Nous verrons ce qu'il lui  
chantera.

NICKLAUSSE (*to Spalanzani*).

Won't she take supper?

NICKLAUSSE (*a Spalanzani*).

Elle ne soupe pas.

SPALANZANI.

No.

SPALANZANI.

Non!

NICKLAUSSE (*aside*).

Poetic soul!

NICKLAUSSE (*à part*).

Ame poetique!

(*Spalanzani goes behind Olympia. Noise of a spring is heard.  
Nicklausse turns around.*)

What did you say?

(*Spalanzani passe derrière  
Olympia. On entend le  
bruit d'un ressort.*)

Plaît-il?

SPALANZANI.

Nothing, physics! ah, monsieur, physics!

SPALANZANI.

Rien! ia physique! ah  
monsieur, la physique!

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

(*Il conduit Olympia à un  
fauteuil et sort avec les  
invites.*)

COCHENILLE.

The supper awaits you.

COCHENILLE.

Le souper vous attend.

THE CHORUS.

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

*(They go out.)*

HOFFMAN.

They are at last gone. Ah, I breathe!  
Alone, alone, the two of us (*approaching Olympia*);  
I have so many things to say,  
Oh my Olympia! Let me admire you!  
With your charming looks let me intoxicate myself.

*(He touches her shoulder.)*

OLYMPIA.

Yes.

HOFFMAN.

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

*(He again touches her shoulder.)*

OLYMPIA.

LE CHOEUR (*avec  
enthousiasm*).

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

HOFFMAN.

Ils se sont éloignés enfin! Ah  
je respire!  
Seuls, seuls, tous deux!  
*(S'approchant d'Olympia.)*

Où 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.)*

OLYMPIA.

Oui.

HOFFMAN.

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.

Yes.

HOFFMAN.

Sweet avowal, pledge of our love,  
You are mine, our hearts are united forever!  
Ah! understand you, tell me, this eternal joy  
Of silent hearts.  
Living, with but one soul and with same stroke of wing,  
Rush up to heaven!  
Let, let, my flame  
Show you the light of day!  
Let your soul open  
To the rays of love.

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

You escape 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.

Here, by Jove, moderate your zeal!  
Do you want us to drink without you?...

HOFFMAN *(half crazy)*.

Nicklausse, I am beloved by her.  
Loved! By all the gods.

NICKLAUSSE.

Oui.

HOFFMAN.

Doux aveu, gage de nos  
amours,  
Tu m'appartiens, nos coeurs  
sont unis pour toujours!  
Ah comprends-tu, dis moi,  
cette joie éternelle  
Des coeurs silencieux?  
Vivants, n'être qu'une âme,  
et du même coup d'aile  
Nous élancer aux cieus!  
Laisse, laissema 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 répons pas.  
Parle! t'ai-je irritée? ah je  
suivrai tes pas!

*(Hoffman s'élance,  
Nicklausse parait.)*

NICKLAUSSE.

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

HOFFMAN *(avec ivresse)*.

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

NICKLAUSSE.

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

HOFFMAN.

What can they say? What?

NICKLAUSSE.

That she is dead.

HOFFMAN.

Great Heavens!

NICKLAUSSE.

Or is not of this life.

HOFFMAN (*exalted*).

Nicklausse! I am beloved by her!  
Loved! By all the gods.

COPPELIUS (*entering, furious*).

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

(*Coppelius slips into Olympia's room.*)

(*Everybody enters.*)

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

HOFFMAN.

Qu'en peut on dire? Quoi?

NICKLAUSSE.

Qu'elle est morte.

HOFFMAN.

Juste ciel!

NICKLAUSSE.

Ou ne fut pas en vie.

HOFFMAN.

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

(*Il sort. Nicklausse le suit.*)

COPPELIUS (*entrant,  
furieux*).

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

(*Coppelius se glisse dans la  
chambre d'Olympia.*)

(*Entre tout-le-monde.*)

SPALANZANI.

Here come the waltzers.

COCHENILLE.

Here comes the round dance.

HOFFMAN.

'Tis the waltz that calls us.

SPALANZANI (*to Olympia*).

Take the hand of the gentleman, my child.

*(Touching her shoulder.)*

Come.

OLYMPIA.

Yes.

*(Hoffman takes Olympia and they waltz. They disappear on left.)*

CHORUS.

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

THE VOICE OF HOFFMAN (*outside*).

SPALANZANI.

Voici les valseurs.

COCHENILLE.

Voici la ritournelle.

HOFFMAN.

C'est la valse qui nous  
appelle.

SPALANZANI (*à Olympia*).

Prends la main de monsieur,  
mon enfant.

*(Lui touchant l'épaule.)*

Allons!

OLYMPIA.

Oui.

*(Hoffman 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.

LA VOIX D'HOFFMAN (*dans la  
coulisse*).

Olympia!

SPALANZANI.

Stop them!

THE CHORUS.

Who of us will do it?

NICKLAUSSE.

She will break his head.

*(Hoffman and Olympia re-appear. Nicklausse rushes to stop them.)*

A thousand devils!

*(He is violently struck and falls in an arm chair.)*

THE CHORUS.

Patatra!...

SPALANZANI *(jumping in)*.

Halt!

*(He touches Olympia on the shoulder. She stops suddenly. Hoffman, exhausted, falls on a sofa.)*

There!

Olympia!

SPALANZANI.

Qu'on les arrête!

LE CHOEUR.

Qui de nous les arrêtera?

NICKLAUSSE.

Elle va lui casser la tête!...

*(Hoffman et Olympia reparaissent et redescendent.)*

*(Nicklausse s'élance pour les arrêter.)*

Eh, mille diables!...

*(Il est violemment baussulé et tombe sur un fauteuil.)*

LE CHOEUR.

Patatra!

SPALANZANI *(s'élancant)*.

Halte là!

*(Il touche Olympia à l'épaule. Elle s'arrête subitement. Hoffman étourdi tombe sur un canapé.)*

SPALANZANI.

Voilà!

(*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!

THE CHORUS.

What can we possibly say?  
'Tis an exquisite girl,  
She wants in nothing,  
She does very well!

(*à Olympia.*)

Assez, assez, ma fille.

OLYMPIA.

Oui.

SPALANZANI.

Il ne faut plus valser.

OLYMPIA.

Oui.

SPALANZANI (*a 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!

LE CHOEUR.

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

NICKLAUSSE (*dolorous voice, pointing to Hoffman*).

Is he dead?

SPALANZANI (*examining Hoffman*).

No! in fact  
His eye glass is broken.  
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!...

HOFFMAN.

Olympia!...

NICKLAUSSE (*d'une voix dolente, en montrant Hoffman*.)

Est-il mort?

SPALANZANI (*examinant Hoffman*).

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!

HOFFMAN.

Olympia!

*(Sound of breaking springs with much noise).*

SPALANZANI.

Ah, heaven and earth, she is broken!

HOFFMAN.

Broken!

COPPÉLIUS *(entering)*.

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

*(Hoffman rushes out. Spalanzani and Coppélius go at each other, fighting.)*

SPALANZANI.

Rascal!

COPPÉLIUS.

Robber!

SPALANZANI.

Brigand!

COPPÉLIUS.

Pagan!

SPALANZANI.

Bandit!

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

SPALANZANI.

Ah! terre et cieux! Elle est cassée!

HOFFMAN.

Cassée!

COPPELIUS *(entrant)*.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, oui, Fracassé.

*(Hoffman s'élance et disparaît. Spalanzani et Coppélius se jettent l'un sur l'autre.)*

SPALANZANI.

Gredin!

COPPÉLIUS.

Voleur!

SPALANZANI.

Brigand!

COPPÉLIUS.

Païen.

SPALANZANI.

Bandit.

COPPÉLIUS.

Pirate!

HOFFMAN (*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 attire, in a palace on the Grand Canal.*)

(*The guests of GIULIETTA are grouped about on cushions.*)

*Barcarole.*

GIULIETTA AND NICKLAUSSE (*in the wings*).

COPPELIUS.

Pirate!

HOFFMAN (*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!

---

**TROISIEME ACTE.**

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

*Barcarole*

GIULETTA ET NICKLAUSSE  
(*dans la coulisse.*)

Oh soft night, oh night of love,  
Smile on our bliss serene,  
All the stars that shine above  
Surround the heaven's queen!  
Time it flies without return,  
Forgetting our tenderness!  
Far from thee I'll ever burn,  
In lonely strait and stress.  
Passioned zephyrs  
Waft your caresses,  
Passioned zephyrs  
Soft are your kisses.  
O soft night, oh night of love,  
Smile on our bliss serene;  
All the stars that shine above  
Surround the heaven's queen.

*(Giulietta and Nicklausse enter.)*

HOFFMAN.

For me, by Jove, that is not what's enchanting!  
At the feet of the beauty who gives us joy  
Does pleasure sigh?  
No, with laughing mouth no sorrows 'ere descanting.

BACCHIC SONG.

Friends... love tender with terror,  
Error!  
Love in noise and wine!  
Divine  
That a burning desire  
Your heart enflames  
In the fevers of pleasure  
Consume your soul!  
Transports of love,  
Last a day  
To the devil he who weeps

Belle nuit, o nuit d'amour,  
Souris a nos ivresses,  
Nuit plus douce que le jour,  
O belle nuit d'amour!  
Le temps fuit et sans retour  
Emporte nos tendresses!  
Loin de cet heureux sejour,  
Le temps fuit sans retour  
Zephyrs embrasés  
Versez nous vos caresses;  
Zephyrs embrasés  
Donnez nous vos baisers.  
Belle nuit, o nuit d'amour,  
Souris à nos ivresses  
Nuit plus douce que le jour,  
O belle nuit d'amour.

*(Giulietta et Nicklausse  
entrent en scène.)*

HOFFMAN.

Et moi, ce n'est pas là,  
pardieu, ce qui  
m'enchanté!  
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 brûlant désir  
Votre coeur s'enflamme  
Aux fièvres du plaisir  
Consume votre âme  
Transports d'amour,

For two soft eyes,  
To us the better bliss  
Of joyous cries!  
Let's live a day  
In heaven.

THE CHORUS.

To the devil whoever weeps  
For two soft eyes!  
To us the better bliss  
Of joyous song  
We'll live a day  
In Heaven!

HOFFMAN.

The sky lends you its brightness,  
Beauty,  
But you hide in hearts of steel,  
Hell!  
Bliss of paradise  
Where love meets,  
Oaths, cursed spirits,  
Dreams of life!  
Oh chastity,  
Oh purity,  
Lies!

THE CHORUS.

To the devil those who weep,  
etc., etc.

SCHLEMIL (*entering*).

I see all is joy. Congratulations, madame.

GIULIETTA.

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!

HOFFMAN.

Le ciel te prête sa clarté,  
Beauté.  
Mais vous chachez ô coeurs  
de fer,  
L'enfer!  
Bonheur du paradis  
Où l'amour convie,  
Serments, espoirs mandits,  
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'en est en fête. A  
merveille, madame.

GIULIETTA.

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

PITICHINACCIO.

Good.

SCHLEMIL (*to Pitichinaccio*).

Microbe!

PITICHINACCIO.

Hola!

GIULIETTA.

Calm yourselves!  
We have a strange poet among us.  
(*Presenting*) Hoffman!  
Hoffman!

SCHLEMIL (*with bad grace*).

Monsieur!

HOFFMAN.

Monsieur!

GIULIETTA (*to Schlemil*).

Smile on us, I beg,  
And come take your place  
At pharaoh!

THE CHORUS.

Bravo! To pharaoh!

Comment! Mais je vous ai  
pleuré trois grands jours.

PITICHINACCIO.

Dame.

SCHLEMIL (*a Pitichinaccio*).

Avorton!

PITICHINACCIO.

Hola!

GIULIETTA.

Calmez vous!  
Nous avons un poète étranger  
parmi  
Nous.

(*Présentant Hoffman*.)

Hoffman!

SCHLEMIL (*de mauvaise  
grace*.)

Monsieur!

HOFFMAN (*ironique*).

Monsieur!

GIULIETTA (*a Schlemil*).

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

LE CHOEUR.

Vivat! au pharaon!

*(Giulietta after having invited all to follow her, goes toward door. Hoffman offers his hand to Giulietta. Schlemil comes between.)*

*(Giulietta après avoir invité tout le monde à la suivre se dirige vers la porte. Hoffman offre sa main à Giulietta. Schlemil intervient vivement.)*

SCHLEMIL *(taking Giulietta's hand).*

SCHLEMIL *(prenant la main de Giulietta).*

By heavens!

Morbleu!

GIULETTA.

GIULIETTA.

To the game, gentlemen, to the game!

Au jeu, messieurs, au jeu.

THE CHORUS.

LE CHOEUR.

To the game, the game!

Au jeu, au jeu.

*(All go out except Hoffman and Nicklausse.)*

*(Tout le monde sort moins Nicklausse et Hoffman.)*

NICKLAUSSE.

NICKLAUSSE.

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

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

HOFFMAN.

HOFFMAN.

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

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

NICKLAUSSE.

NICKLAUSSE.

Yet this Schlemil...

Ce Schlemil, cependant...

HOFFMAN.

HOFFMAN.

I am not Schlemil.

Je ne suis pas Schlemil.

NICKLAUSSE.

Take care, the devil is clever.

NICKLAUSSE.

Prends y garde, le diable  
est malin.

DAPERTUTTO (*appears at back*).

(*Dapertutto parait au fond.*)

HOFFMAN.

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

HOFFMAN.

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

NICKLAUSSE.

Let us go.

(*They go out.*)

NICKLAUSSE.

Allons!

(*Ils sortent.*)

DAPERTUTTO (*alone*).

Yes!... to fight you.  
The eyes of Giulietta are a sure weapon,  
It needed that Schlemil fail,  
Faith of captain and soldier,  
You'll do like him.  
I will that Giulietta shall use sorcery on you.

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 au jourd'hui.

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

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

Turn, turn, mirror, where the lark is caught,  
Sparkle diamond, fascinate, draw her...  
The lark or the woman  
To this conquering bait  
Comes with wing or with heart;

Tourne, tourne, miroir où se  
prend l'alouette,  
Scintille, diamant, fascine,  
attire la...  
L'alouette ou la femme

One leaves 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)*.

GIULIETTA.

What do you await from your servant?

DAPERTUTTO.

Good, you have divined  
At seducing hearts above all others wise,  
You have given me  
The shade of Schlemil! I vary  
My pleasures and I pray you  
To get for me to-day  
The reflection of Hoffman!

GIULIETTA.

What! his reflection.

DAPERTUTTO.

Yes.  
His reflection! You doubt

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 parait et s'avance, fascinée vers le diamant que Dapertutto tend vers elle.)*

DAPERTUTTO *(passant la bague au doigt Giulietta.)*

Cher ange.

GIULIETTA.

Q'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'Hoffman!

GIULETTA.

Quoi! son reflet!

DAPERTUTTO.

Oui!  
Son reflet... tu doutes

The power of your eyes?

GIULIETTA.

No.

DAPERTUTTO.

Who knows. Your Hoffman dreams, perhaps better.  
*(Severely)* Yes, I was there, a while back, listening.  
*(With irony)* He defies you...

GIULIETTA.

Hoffman? 'tis well!... From this day  
I'll make him my plaything.

*(Hoffman enters.)*

DAPERTUTTO.

'Tis he!

*(Dapertutto goes out. Hoffman intends to do the same.)*

GIULIETTA *(to Hoffman)*.

You leave me.

HOFFMAN *(mockingly)*.

I have lost everything.

GIULIETTA.

What? you too...  
Ah, you do me wrong.

De la puissance de tes yeux?

GIULETTA.

Non.

DAPERTUTTO.

Qui sait? Ton Hoffman rêve  
peut être mieux.

*(avec dureté)*.

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

GIULETTA.

Hoffman?... c'est bien!... dés  
aujourd'hui  
J'en ferai mon jouet.

*(Hoffman entre.)*

DAPERTUTTO.

C'est lui!

*(Dapertutto sort. Hoffman  
fait mine de s'eloigner.)*

GIULIETTA *(à Hoffman)*.

Vous me quittez?

HOFFMAN *(railleur)*.

J'ai tout perdu.

GIULIETTA.

Quoi... vous aussi!...  
Ah! vous me faites injure

Without pity, without mercy,  
Go!... Go!...

HOFFMAN.

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

GIULIETTA.

Ah, unfortunate, but you do 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?  
Listen to my prayer;  
My life is wholly yours.  
Everywhere I promise to accompany your steps.

HOFFMAN.

Ye gods with what bliss ye fire my heart?  
Like a concert divine your voice does move me;  
With a fire soft yet burning my being is devoured;  
Your glances in mine have spent their flame,  
Like radiant stars  
And I feel, my well beloved,  
Pass your perfumed breath  
On my lips and on my eyes.

GIULIETTA.

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

Sans pitié, ni merci  
Partez... partez!...

HOFFMAN.

Tes larmes t'ont trahie.  
Ah je t'aime... fut-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 a  
jamais si tu restes?  
Ne repousse pas ma prière  
Ma vie est à toi toute entière.  
Partout je te promets  
d'accompagner tes pas.

HOFFMAN.

O Dieu de quelle ivresses  
embrases tu mon âme?  
Comme un concert divin ta  
voix me pénètre;  
D'un feu doux et brulant mon  
être est dévoré;  
Tes regards dans les miens  
ont épanché leur flamme  
Comme des astres radieux  
Et je seus, 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!

HOFFMAN.

What do you mean?

GIULIETTA.

Listen and don't laugh at me.

*(She takes Hoffman in her arms and finds a mirror.)*

What I want is your faithful image,  
To reproduce your features, your look, your visage,  
The reflection that I see above me bend.

HOFFMAN.

My reflection? What folly!

GIULIETTA.

No! for it can detach itself  
From the polished glass  
And come quite whole in my heart to hide.

HOFFMAN.

In your heart?

GIULIETTA.

In my heart. 'Tis I who beg thee,  
Hoffman, give me my wish.

HOFFMAN.

My reflection?

HOFFMAN.

Que veux tu dire?

GIULIETTA.

Ecoute et ne ris pas de moi.

*(Elle enlace Hoffman 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.

HOFFMAN.

Quoi! mon reflet? quelle  
folie!

GIULIETTA.

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

HOFFMAN.

Dans ton coeur?

GIULIETTA.

Dans mon coeur. C'est moi  
qui t'en supplies,  
Hoffman, comble mes vœux!

HOFFMAN.

Mon reflet?

GIULIETTA.

Your reflection. Yes, wisdom or folly,  
I await, I demand.

*(Ensemble.)*

HOFFMAN.

Ecstasy, unappeased bliss,  
Strange and soft terror,  
My reflection, my soul, my life  
To you, always to you!

GIULIETTA.

If your presence I lose,  
I would keep of you  
Your reflection, your soul, your life;  
Dear one, give them me.

GIULIETTA *(suddenly)*.

Schlemil!

*(Schlemil enters followed by Nicklausse, Dapertutto,  
Pittichinaccio and others.)*

SCHLEMIL.

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

*(Ironic laughter.)*

*(Rires ironiques.)*

GIULIETTA.

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

HOFFMAN.

Extase, ivresse, inassouvie,  
Mon reflet, mon âme et ma  
vie à toi, toujours à toi!

GIULIETTA.

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

GIULIETTA *(vivement)*.

Schlemil!

*(Schlemil entre suivi de  
Nicklausse. Dappertutto,  
Pittichinaccio et autres.)*

SCHLEMIL.

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

HOFFMAN.

Monsieur!

GIULIETTA (*to Hoffman*).

Silence!

(*Aside*) I love you, he has my key.

PITICHINACCIO (*to Schlemil*).

Let us kill him.

SCHLEMIL.

Patience!

DAPERTUTTO (*to Hoffman*).

How pale you are!

HOFFMAN.

Me!

DAPERTUTTO (*showing him a mirror*).

See rather.

HOFFMAN (*amazed*).

Heavens!

GIULIETTA.

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

HOFFMAN (*presque parlé*).

Monsieur!

GIULIETTA (*à Hoffman*).

Silence!

(*bas*) Je t'aime, il a ma clef.

PITTICHINACCIO (*a Schlemil*).

Tuons le.

SCHLEMIL.

Patience!

DAPPERTUTTO (*à Hoffman*).

Comme vous êtes pâle.

HOFFMAN.

Moi!

DAPERTUTTO (*lui présentant le miroir*).

Voyez plutôt!

HOFFMAN (*stupéfait, se regardant*).

Ciel!

GIULIETTA.

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

*(Schlemil conducts the guests out. Giulietta goes away throwing a look at Hoffman. Dapertutto remains. Nicklausse goes toward Hoffman.)*

NICKLAUSSE.

Are you coming?

HOFFMAN.

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?

HOFFMAN.

That you give me a certain key I've sworn to have.

SCHLEMIL.

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

HOFFMAN.

*(Schlemil reconduit les invités. Giulietta sort, jetant un regard à Hoffman. Dapertutto reste au fond de la scène. Nicklausse revient à Hoffman.)*

NICKLAUSSE.

Viens tu?

HOFFMAN.

Pas encore.

NICKLAUSSE.

Pourquoi? Bien, je comprends, adieu!  
*(a part.)* Mais je veille sur toi.

*(Il sort.)*

SCHLEMIL.

Qu'attendez vous, monsieur?

HOFFMAN.

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

SCHLEMIL.

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

HOFFMAN.

Then I shall have one and the other.

SCHLEMIL.

That remains to be seen. On guard!

DAPERTUTTO.

You have no sword (*presenting his own*). Take mine!

HOFFMAN.

Thank you.

CHORUS (*in the wings*).

Sweet night, oh night of love,  
Smile on our bliss serene  
When the stars that shine above  
Greet the heaven'ly Queen.

*(Hoffman and Schlemil fight. Schlemil falls mortally wounded. Hoffman bends and takes the key from around his neck. He rushes to Giulietta's room. Giulietta appears in a gondola.)*

HOFFMAN (*coming back*).

No one.

GIULIETTA (*laughing*).

Ha, ha, ha!

*(Hoffmann is in a stupor looking at Giulietta.)*

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 le sien*).  
Prenez la mienne!

HOFFMAN.

Merci!

CHOEUR (*dans la coulisse*).

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

*(Hoffman et Schlemil se battent. Schlemil est blessé à mort et tombe. Hoffman se penche et lui prend la clef pendue à son cou et s'élanche dans l'appartement de Giulietta qui parait dans une gondole.)*

HOFFMAN.

Personne!

GIULIETTA (*riant*).

Ha, ha, ha!

*(Hoffman regarde Giulietta avec stupeur.)*

DAPERTUTTO (*to Giulietta*).

What will you do with him now?

GIULIETTA.

I'll turn him over to you.

PITICHINACCIO (*entering the gondola*)

Dear angel.

(*Giulietta takes him in her arms.*)

HOFFMAN (*comprehending the infamy of Giulietta*).

Vile wretch!

NICKLAUSSE.

Hoffman! Hoffman—the police!

(*Nicklausse drags Hoffmann away. Giulietta and Pitichinaccia laugh.*)

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**ACT IV.**

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

ANTONIA (*alone. She is seated at the clavichord*).

She has fled, the dove

DAPERTUTTO (*a Giulietta*).

Qu'en fais tu maintenant?

GIULIETTA.

Je te l'abandonne.

PITICHINACCIO (*entre dans la gondole*).

Cher ange.

(*Giulietta le prend dans ses bras.*)

HOFFMAN (*comprehending l'infamie de Giulietta*).

Misérable!

NICKLAUSSE.

Hoffman! Hoffman! les sbires!

(*Nicklausse entraine Hoffman. Giulietta et Dapertutto rient.*)

---

**ACTE IV.**

(*A Munich chez Crespel. Une chambre bizarrement meublee.*)

ANTONIA (*seule. Elle est devant le clavecin et chante*).

She has fled far from thee!

*(She stops and rises.)*

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

*(She approaches the clavichord again.)*

Dear flower but now open,  
In pity answer me,  
Thou that knowest if still he loves me,  
If he keeps his troth.  
Beloved my voice implores thee.  
May thy heart come to me.

*(She falls in a chair.)*

CRESPEL *(entering suddenly)*.

Unhappy child, beloved daughter,  
You promised to no longer sing.

ANTONIA.

My mother in me lived again;  
My heart while singing thought it heard her.

Elle à fui, la tourterelle,  
Elle à 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 à fui, la tourterelle,  
Elle à fui loin de toi!  
Mais elle est toujours fidèle  
Et te garde sa foi.  
Bien aime, ma voix t'appelle,  
Tout mon coeur est à toi.

*(Elle se rapproche du  
clavecin.)*

Chère fleur qui vient d'eclore  
Par pitié reponds moi,  
Toi qui sais s'il m'aime  
encore,  
S'il me garde sa foi!...  
Bien aime 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'avis promis de ne plus  
chanter.

ANTONIA.

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

CRESPEL.

There is my torment. Thy loved mother  
Left 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! A little while again  
I saw those spots of fire  
Mark her face. God!  
Must I lose her I adore?  
Ah, that Hoffman... 'tis he  
Who put in her heart this craze. I fled  
Far as Munich...

(*Enter Frantz.*)

CRESPEL.

You, Frantz, open to nobody.

FRANTZ (*false exit*).

You think so...

CRESPEL.

CRESPEL.

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

(*Entre Frantz.*)

CRESPEL.

Toi Frantz n'ouvre a  
personne.

FRANTZ.

Vous croyez...

CRESPEL.

Where are you going?

FRANTZ.

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

CRESPEL.

I said, Open to nobody.  
(*Shouting*) To nobody! This time do you hear?

FRANTZ.

Good Heavens! we're not all of us deaf?

CRESPEL.

All right! The devil take you!

FRANTZ.

Yes, sir, the key is in the door.

CRESPEL.

Idiot! donkey!

FRANTZ.

Its agreed then.

CRESPEL.

Morbleu!

(*He exits quickly.*)

FRANTZ (*alone*).

Où vas tu?

FRANTZ.

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

CRESPEL.

J'ai dit n'ouvre a 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.

Bêlitre! Ane bête!

FRANTZ.

C'est convenu.

CRESPEL.

Morbleu!

(*Il sort. Frantz descend.*)

FRANTZ (*seul*).

Well! What! angry always!  
Strange, peevish, exacting!  
One would think that one pleased him  
For his money...  
Day and night I'm on all fours,  
At the least sign I'm 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.  
Of course one can't have everything.  
I sing pretty badly,  
But dance agreeably,  
And I do not flatter myself;  
Dancing shows off my advantages.  
'Tis my one great attraction,  
But dancing isn't easy.  
Tra la la, tra la la.

*(He dances and stops.)*

With women the shape of my leg  
Would do me no harm,  
Tra la la, tra la la!

*(He falls.)*

No, 'tis the method.

*(Hoffman enters followed by Nicklausse.)*

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 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,  
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!

*(Hoffman entre suivi de  
Nicklausse.)*

HOFFMAN.

Frantz! This is it. (*touches Frantz on shoulder.*)  
Up, my friend.

FRANTZ.

Hey, who's there? (*rises, surprised.*)  
Monsieur Hoffman!

HOFFMAN.

Myself. Well, Antonia?

FRANTZ.

He's gone out, sir.

HOFFMAN (*laughing*).

Ha, ha, deafer yet  
Than last year...

FRANTZ.

Monsieur honors me,  
I am very well, thanks to heaven.

HOFFMAN.

Antonia! I must see her.

FRANTZ.

Very well! what a joy  
For monsieur Crespel! (*He goes out.*)

HOFFMAN.

Frantz! C'est lui...

(*Touchant l'épaule de  
Frantz.*)

Debout l'ami.

FRANTZ.

Hein qui va la (*il se relève*)  
Monsieur Hoffman!

HOFFMAN.

Moi-même! Eh bien,  
Antonia?

FRANTZ.

Il est sorti, monsieur.

HOFFMAN (*riant*).

Ha, ha, plus sourd encore  
que l'au passe?

FRANTZ.

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

HOFFMAN.

Antonia! Va, fais que je la  
voie!

FRANTZ.

Très bien... Quel joie  
Pour Monsieur Crespel (*Il  
sort.*)

HOFFMAN (*sitting before the clavichord*).

'Tis a song of love  
That flies away,  
Sad or gay;  
It takes its turn...

ANTONIA (*entering suddenly*).

Hoffman!...

HOFFMAN (*receiving her in his arms*).

Antonia!

NICKLAUSSE (*aside*).

I am one too many, good night.

(*He exits.*)

ANTONIA.

Ah, I well knew that you loved me still.

HOFFMAN.

My heart told me that I was regretted,  
But why were we separated?

ANTONIA.

I do not know.

(*Ensemble.*)

HOFFMAN (*s'asseyant devant le clavecin*).

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

ANTONIA (*entrant précipitamment*).

Hoffman!

HOFFMAN (*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.

HOFFMAN.

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

ANTONIA.

Je l'ignore.

HOFFMAN.

I have happiness in my heart;  
To-morrow you'll be my wife  
    Happy couple.  
The future shall be ours!  
To love let's be faithful,  
That her eternal chains,  
    Keep our hearts  
Conquerors even against time!

ANTONIA.

I have joy in my heart!  
To-morrow I'll be your wife,  
    Happy couple,  
The future is ours!  
Each day new songs,  
Your genius opens its wings,  
My conquering song  
Is the echo of your heart.

HOFFMAN (*smiling*).

Still, oh my affianced,  
Shall I speak my thought?  
That, spite of myself, troubles me,  
Music inspires a little jealousy,  
You love it too much!

ANTONIA (*smiling*).

See the strange fantasy!  
Did I love you for it, or it for you?  
For you are not going to forbid me  
To sing, as did my father.

HOFFMAN.

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

ANTONIA.

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

HOFFMAN (*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!

ANTONIA (*souriant*).

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

HOFFMAN.

What say you?

ANTONIA.

Yes, my father at present imposes the virtue  
Of silence.

HOFFMAN (*aside*).

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

ANTONIA (*drawing him to the clavichord*).

Come here as before;  
Listen, and you'll see if I've lost my voice.

HOFFMAN.

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 off  
Sad or joyful,  
Turn by turn,  
'Tis a song of love,  
The new rose  
Smiles on the Spring.  
Ah! how long will it be  
That it lives?

HOFFMAN.

Que dis tu?

ANTONIA.

Qui, mon père à présent,  
m'impose la vertu  
Du silence (*vivement*) Veux  
tu m'entendre?

HOFFMAN (*a part*).

C'est étrange!... Est-ce que...

ANTONIA (*l'entraînant*).

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

HOFFMAN.

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 a tour;  
C'est une chanson d'amour.  
La rose nouvelle,  
Sourit au printemps.  
Las! combien de temps  
Vivra-t-elle?

TOGETHER.

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

HOFFMAN.

A ray of flame  
Matches thy beauty.  
Will you see the summer?  
Flower of the soul.

TOGETHER.

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

*(Antonia puts her hand to her heart.)*

HOFFMAN.

Why, what is the matter?

ANTONIA *(doing same again)*.

Nothing.

HOFFMAN *(listening)*.

Chut.

ANTONIA.

Heavens, my father! Come, come...

*(She goes out.)*

ENSEMBLE.

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

HOFFMAN.

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 défaillir.)*

HOFFMAN.

Qu'as tu donc?

ANTONIA.

Rien.

HOFFMAN *(écoutant)*.

Chut!

ANTONIA.

Ciel mon père, Viens,  
viens!

*(Elle sort.)*

HOFFMAN.

No! I must know the last word of this mystery.

*(He hides. Crespel appears.)*

CRESPEL *(looking about him)*.

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

HOFFMAN *(aside)*.

Many thanks!

FRANTZ *(entering)*.

Sir.

CRESPEL.

What?

FRANTZ.

Doctor Miracle.

CRESPEL.

Infamous scoundrel,  
Quickly close the door.

FRANTZ.

Yes, sir, the doctor...

CRESPEL.

He, doctor? No, on my soul,  
A grave digger, an assassin!

HOFFMAN.

Non, je saurai le mot de ce  
mystère.

*(Il se cache. Crespel parait.)*

CRESPEL *(regardant autour de  
lui)*.

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

HOFFMAN *(a part)*.

Grand merci!

FRANTZ *(entrant, a Crespel)*.

Monsieur!

CRESPEL.

Quoi?

FRANTZ.

Le docteur Miracle.

CRESPEL.

Drôle infâme, ferme vite la  
porte.

FRANTZ.

Oui, Monsieur, médecin.

CRESPEL.

Lui, médecin? Non, sur  
mon âme,

Who would kill my daughter after my wife.  
I hear the jingle of his golden vials,  
From me let him be chased.

*(Miracle suddenly appears. Frantz runs away.)*

MIRACLE.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

CRESPEL.

Well, here I am! 'tis me.  
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

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 parait 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!  
Ou 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? chère belle,  
Nous la guérirons. Menez  
moi chez elle.

CRESPEL.

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 do you, traitor?

MIRACLE.

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

CRESPEL AND HOFFMAN.

Terror penetrates me.

*(Ensemble.)*

*(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.

CRESPEL AND HOFFMAN.

With fright and with horror  
All my being is cold;  
A strange terror  
Chains me to this place.  
I'm afraid.

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

MIRACLE.

Eh la! tout doux. Je ne veux  
pas  
Vous desplaire.

*(Il avance un fauteuil.)*

CRESPEL.

Que fais tu, traître?

MIRACLE.

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

CRESPEL ET HOFFMAN.

L'effroi me pénètre.

*(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 HOFFMAN.

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

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.

HOFFMAN (*aside*).

Antonia.

MIRACLE.

What age (*he listens*). Twenty!

CRESPEL (*s'asseyant*).

Allons, parle et sois bref.

(*Miracle continue ses gestes 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 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.

HOFFMAN (*a part*).

Antonia?

MIRACLE.

Quel âge?... *il écoute* Vingt ans.

CRESPEL.

What?

MIRACLE.

The Spring of life.

*(He appears to feel the pulse.)*

Let me see your hand!...

CRESPEL.

The hand.

MIRACLE *(pulling out his watch)*.

Chut! let me count.

HOFFMAN *(aside)*.

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

MIRACLE.

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

CRESPEL *(rising)*.

No, no, don't speak... don't have her sing.

*(The voice of Antonia is heard.)*

MIRACLE.

See her face brightens, her eyes are on fire;

CRESPEL.

Hein?

MIRACLE.

Le printemps de la vie.

*(Il fait le geste de tâter le pouls.)*

Voyons la main!...

CRESPEL.

La main.

MIRACLE *(tirant sa montre)*.

Chut, laissez moi compter.

HOFFMAN *(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.

She carries her hand to her beating heart.

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

*(He follows Antonia with his gestures. The door of her room  
closes quickly.)*

*(Il semble suivre Antonia du  
geste. La porte de la  
chambre se referme  
 Brusquement.)*

CRESPEL.

What is he saying?

CRESPEL.

Que dit il?

MIRACLE *(rising)*.

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

MIRACLE *(se levant)*.

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

CRESPEL.

Shut up!

CRESPEL.

Tais-toi!

MIRACLE.

If you will accept my help,  
If you would save her days,  
I have there certain vials I keep in reserve.

MIRACLE.

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

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

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

CRESPEL.

Shut up!

CRESPEL.

Tais toi!

MIRACLE.

MIRACLE.

Of which you should.

CRESPEL.

Shut up! Heaven preserve me  
From listening to your advice, miserable assassin.

MIRACLE.

Of which you should, each morning...

*(Ensemble.)*

MIRACLE.

Why, yes, I hear you.  
A while ago, an instant  
These vials, poor father,  
You will be then, 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!

HOFFMAN *(aside)*.

From the death that awaits thee  
I shall know, poor child,  
How tear thee away, I hope!  
Laugh in vain at a father,  
Satan!

MIRACLE *(continuing with same coolness)*.

Of which you should...

CRESPEL.

Dont il faudrait...

CRESPEL.

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

MIRACLE.

Dont il faudrait chaque  
matin...  
Eh! oui, je vous entends,  
Tout a l'heure, a 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!

HOFFMAN *(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.

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.

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

CRESPEL.

Be off, be off, be off!  
etc., etc.

HOFFMAN *(aside)*.

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

Va-t-en!

MIRACLE.

Chaque matin...

CRESPEL.

Va-t-en!

*(Il pousse Miracle dehors et la reforme 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...

CRESPEL.

Ah misérable,  
Viens, viens!... les flots  
puissent—ils t'engloutir.  
Nous verrons si le diable.  
T'en fera sortir!...

CRESPEL.

Va-t-en, va-t-en, va-t-en!  
Hors de, etc, etc.

HOFFMAN.

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

MIRACLE.

Of which you should...

CRESPEL.

Get out!

MIRACLE.

Each morning...

CRESPEL.

Get out!

*(They disappear together.)*

HOFFMAN *(coming down)*.

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

ANTONIA *(appearing)*.

Well? What did my father say?

HOFFMAN.

Ask me nothing;  
Later you'll know all; a new road  
Opens for us, my Antonia!...  
To follow my steps dismiss from your memory  
These dreams of future success and glory  
That your heart to mine confided.

MIRACLE.

Dont il faudrait...

CRESPEL.

Va-t-en!...

MIRACLE.

Chaque matin...

CRESPEL.

Va-t'en.

*(Ils disparaissent ensemble.)*

HOFFMAN *(seul)*.

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

ANTONIA *(parait)*.

Eh bien, mon père qu'a-t-il  
dit?

HOFFMAN.

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

ANTONIA.

But yourself!

HOFFMAN.

Love calls to both of us,  
All that is not you is nothing in my life.

ANTONIA.

Very well! Here is my hand!

HOFFMAN.

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

ANTONIA.

Until to-morrow.

(*Hoffman goes out.*)

ANTONIA (*opening one of the doors.*)

Of my father easily he has become the accomplice,  
But come, regrets are superfluous,  
I promised him. I shall sing no more.

ANTONIA.

Mais toi même?

HOFFMAN.

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

ANTONIA.

Tiens donc! voici ma main!

HOFFMAN.

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!

(*Hoffman sort.*)

ANTONIA (*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.

*(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 gave for your share,  
Must they be hid in the shadow of a household?  
Have you not heard, in a proud dream,  
Like unto a forest by the wind moving,  
Like a soft shiver of the pressing crowd  
That murmurs your name and follows you with its eyes?  
There is the ardent joy and the eternal festival,  
That the flower of your years is about to abandon,  
For the middle class pleasures where they would enchain  
you,  
And the squalling children who will give you less beauty!

ANTONIA *(without turning round).*

Ah, what is this voice that troubles my spirit?  
Is it Hell that speaks or Heaven that warns me?  
No! happiness is not there, oh cursed voice,  
And against my pride my love has armed me;  
Glory is not worth the happy shade whence invites me  
The house of my beloved.

*(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, 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 fremissement 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 ou  
l'ou veut t'enchaîner  
Et des marmots d'enfants qui  
te rendront moins belle!

ANTONIA *(sans se retourner).*

Ah, qu'elle 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 mandite,  
Et contre mon orgueil, mon  
amour s'est armé,

MIRACLE.

What loves can now be yours,  
Hoffman 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, do not tempt me! go away,  
Demon! I will no longer listen.  
I have sworn to be his, my beloved awaits me,  
I'm no longer my own and I can't take myself back;  
And a few moments since, on his heart adored  
What eternal love did he not pledge me;  
Who will save me from the demon, from myself?  
My mother, my mother, I love her.

*(She falls weeping on the clavichord.)*

MIRACLE *(re-appears 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

La gloire ne vaut pas l'ombre  
heureuse ou m'invite  
La maison de mon bien aimé.

MIRACLE.

Quels amours sont donc les  
vôtres?  
Hoffman te sacrifie a 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 amour eternal ne m'a-t-  
il pas juré...  
Ah qui me sauvera du démon,  
de moi-même?...  
Ma mère! ô ma mère, je  
l'aime!...

MIRACLE *(reparaît)*.

Ta mère! oses tu  
l'invoquer?...

The splendor of the name that you would abdicate?

*(The portrait lights up and becomes animated.)*

Listen!

THE VOICE.

Antonia!

ANTONIA.

Heavens!... my mother, my mother!

THE GHOST.

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

ANTONIA.

Mother!

MIRACLE.

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

THE GHOST.

Antonia!

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 FANTOME.

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

ANTONIA.

C'est elle.

MIRACLE.

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

LE FANTOME.

Antonia!

MIRACLE.

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

ANTONIA.

Mother!

GHOST.

Antonia!

MIRACLE.

Join with her.

ANTONIA.

Yes, her soul calls me  
As before;  
'Tis my mother, 'tis she  
I hear her voice.

THE GHOST.

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

ANTONIA.

No, enough, I cannot!

MIRACLE.

Again.

MIRACLE.

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

ANTONIA (*se levant*).

Ma mère!

LE FANTOME.

Antonia!

MIRACLE.

Reprends donc avec elle!...

(*Il saisit un violon et  
accompagne avec fureur.*)

ANTONIA.

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

LE FANTOME.

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.

I will sing no more.

MIRACLE.

Again.

ANTONIA.

What ardor draws and devours me?

MIRACLE.

Again! Why stop?

ANTONIA (*out of breath*).

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

THE GHOST.

Dear child whom I call,  
etc., etc.

ANTONIA.

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

ANTONIA.

Ah!

ANTONIA.

Je ne veux plus chanter.

MIRACLE.

Encore!

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 éblouit mes  
yeux!...  
Un seul moment encore a  
vivre,  
Et mon âme s'envole aux  
cieux!

LE FANTOME.

Cher enfant que j'appelle,  
etc.

ANTONIA.

C'est ma mère c'est elle,  
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,  
Flies away,  
Sad or joyful...

*(She dies.)*

CRESPEL.

No... a single word... just one... my child... speak!  
Come, speak! Execrable death!  
No! pity, mercy... go away!

HOFFMAN *(coming hurriedly)*.

Why these cries?

CRESPEL.

Hoffman!... ah wretch!  
'Tis you who killed her!...

*(Elle vient, tomber mourante sur le canapé. Miracle s'engloutit 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!...

HOFFMAN *(entrant précipitamment)*.

Pourquoi ces cris?

CRESPEL.

Hoffman! ah, miserable!  
C'est toi qui l'as tuée!...

HOFFMAN (*rushing to Antonia*).

Antonia!

CRESPEL (*beside himself*).

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

(*He seizes a knife and attacks Hoffman.*)

NICKLAUSSE (*entering and stopping Crespel*).

Unhappy man!

HOFFMAN (*to Nicklausse*).

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

MIRACLE (*appearing*).

Present!

(*He feels Antonia's pulse.*)

Dead!

CRESPEL (*crazy*).

Ah, God, my child, my daughter!

HOFFMAN (*despairingly*).

Antonia!

HOFFMAN (*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 Hoffman.*)

NICKLAUSSE (*entrant et arrêtant Crespel*).

Malheureux!

HOFFMAN (*a Nicklausse*).

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

MIRACLE (*paraissant*).

Présent!  
Il tate le pouls d'Antonia.  
Morte!

CRESPEL (*éperdu*).

Ah, mon Dieu, mon enfant  
ma fille!

HOFFMAN (*avec desespoir*).

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 story  
Of my loves,  
And the memory  
In my heart will always remain.

CHORUS.

Bravo, bravo, Hoffmann.

HOFFMANN.

Ah, I am mad. For us the craze divine,  
The spirits of alcohol, of beer and of wine,  
For us intoxication,  
Chaos where we forget.

NICKLAUSSE.

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

HOFFMANN.

Smashed!

---

**EPILOGUE.**

*(Même décoration qu'au premier acte.)*

*(On retrouve tous les personnages dans la situation où on les a laissés à la fin du premier acte.)*

HOFFMANN.

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

LE CHOEUR.

Bravo, bravo, Hoffmann.

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.

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 tails at his back,  
Like lilies in a lac,  
The monster made a sound of flick flack,  
Flic, flac,  
There's Klein-Zach.

CHORUS.

Flick flack,  
There's Klein-Zach.

CHORUS.

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

NICKLAUSSE.

Antonia.

HOFFMANN.

Ah pour elle le dernier  
couplet de la chanson de  
Klein-Zach!  
Quand il avait but de  
genièvre et de rack  
If 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.

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

THE MUSE *(appearing in an aureole of light)*.

And I? I, the faithful friend,  
Whose hand wiped thy tears?  
By whom thy latent sorrow  
Exhales in heavenly dreams?  
Am I nothing? 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 fire thy genius,  
Whose serenity smiles on thy sorrows.  
The Muse will soften thy blessed sufferings.  
One is great by love but greater by tears.

*(She disappears.)*

HOFFMANN *(alone)*.

Oh God! what ecstasy embraces my soul,  
Like a concert divine Thy voice hath moved me,  
With soft and burning fire my being is devoured,  
Thy glances in mine have suffused their flame,  
Like radiant stars.  
And I feel, beloved Muse,  
Thy perfumed breath flutter  
On my lips and on my eyes!

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

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 entoi!  
L'homme n'est plus; renais  
poète!  
Je t'aime, Hoffmann!  
appartiens-moi!  
Des cendres de ton coeur  
réchauffe ton génie.  
Dans la sérénité 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)*.

O 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, ô Muse aimée,

Passer ton baleine embaumée  
Sur mes lèvres et sur mes  
yeux!

*(Il tombe, le visage sur une  
table.)*

(HOFFMANN, STELLA,  
LINDORF, NICKLAUSSE, *Les  
Etudiants.*)

*(He falls face on table.)*

STELLA *(approaching slowly)*.

Hoffmann? asleep...

STELLA *(allant vers  
Hoffmann.)*

Hoffmann endormi!...

NICKLAUSSE.

No, dead drunk. Too late, madame.

NICKLAUSSE.

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

LINDORF.

Corbleu!

LINDORF.

Corbleu!

NICKLAUSSE.

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

NICKLAUSSE.

Tenez, voilà le conseiller  
Lindorf qui vous attend.

*(Stella keeps her eyes on Hoffmann and throws a flower at  
his feet as she goes out with Lindorf.)*

*(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.)*

**THE END.**

**FIN**



# BARCAROLE - INTERMEZZO

from "The Tales of Hoffman," by JACQUES OFFENBACH.

All <sup>to</sup> mod <sup>to</sup>

The musical score is written for piano in 3/8 time, with a key signature of two sharps (D major). It consists of four systems of music, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs).  
- The first system (measures 1-6) begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand plays a series of dotted quarter notes on a single pitch, while the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.  
- The second system (measures 7-11) continues the right-hand melody and introduces a more active left-hand accompaniment with eighth-note patterns.  
- The third system (measures 12-17) features a similar texture, with the right hand maintaining its dotted quarter notes and the left hand providing a steady accompaniment.  
- The fourth system (measures 18-21) concludes with a piano-pianissimo (*ppp*) dynamic. The right hand plays a dense, rapid sixteenth-note texture, while the left hand plays a simple eighth-note accompaniment.



Musical score for measures 21-23. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. Measure 21 features a treble clef with a sixteenth-note arpeggiated chord and a bass clef with a quarter-note bass line. Measures 22 and 23 are dominated by a dense, rapid sixteenth-note arpeggiated texture in the treble, while the bass clef continues with a steady quarter-note accompaniment.

Musical score for measures 24-27. The texture continues with arpeggiated chords in the treble and a quarter-note bass line. Measure 24 includes a fermata over the first measure. A double bar line with a repeat sign is placed at the end of measure 27. A small asterisk symbol is located below the bass clef staff.

Musical score for measures 28-31. Measure 28 is marked *dim.* (diminuendo) and measure 30 is marked *rit.* (ritardando). The treble clef continues with arpeggiated chords, and the bass clef features a more active line with eighth-note patterns and some rests.

Moderato

Musical score for measures 32-35. The tempo is marked *Moderato*. Measure 32 is marked *pp* (pianissimo). The treble clef has a melodic line with slurs and accents, while the bass clef provides a steady accompaniment. The instruction *bien chante* (sing well) is written above the treble staff.

Musical score for measures 36-39. The treble clef continues with a melodic line, and the bass clef has a steady accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final chord in the treble and a quarter-note bass line.



44

Musical score for measures 44-49. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff features a melody with eighth and quarter notes, including some beamed eighth notes. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and quarter notes. There are fermatas over the final notes of measures 47 and 48.

50

Musical score for measures 50-55. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff features a melody with eighth and quarter notes, including some beamed eighth notes. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and quarter notes. There are fermatas over the final notes of measures 53 and 54.

56

Musical score for measures 56-61. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff features a melody with eighth and quarter notes, including some beamed eighth notes. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and quarter notes. There are fermatas over the final notes of measures 59 and 60.

62

Musical score for measures 62-67. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff features a melody with eighth and quarter notes, including some beamed eighth notes. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and quarter notes. There are fermatas over the final notes of measures 65 and 66.

68

Musical score for measures 68-73. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff features a melody with eighth and quarter notes, including some beamed eighth notes. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and quarter notes. There are fermatas over the final notes of measures 71 and 72.



Musical score for measures 74-79. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). Measure 74 starts with a quarter rest in the treble and a quarter note in the bass. Measures 75-79 contain various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are dynamic markings such as *mf* and *f* throughout the system.

Musical score for measures 80-85. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). Measure 80 starts with a quarter rest in the treble and a quarter note in the bass. Measures 81-85 contain various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are dynamic markings such as *mf* and *f* throughout the system. The lyrics *sempre piu dolce morendo* are written below the treble staff.

Musical score for measures 86-91. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). Measure 86 starts with a quarter rest in the treble and a quarter note in the bass. Measures 87-91 contain various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are dynamic markings such as *ppp* and *f* throughout the system.

MIDI

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# BARCAROLLE - INTERMEZZO

From "The Tales of Hoffmann," by JACQUES OFFENBACH.

*All<sup>o</sup> mod<sup>o</sup>*

*p*

*pp*

[back](#)

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with complex chordal textures and melodic lines.

Second system of musical notation, including a "Ped." (pedal) marking in the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation, showing intricate harmonic structures.

Fourth system of musical notation, with dynamic markings "dim" and "rit".

**Moderato**

Fifth system of musical notation, starting with "Moderato" and dynamic markings "pp" and "bien chanté".

Sixth system of musical notation, continuing the piece with various rhythmic patterns.

[back](#)

First system of musical notation, consisting of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music features a series of chords and melodic lines in both hands, with some dynamic markings like accents.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features similar chordal textures and melodic movement in both hands, with some slurs and dynamic markings.

Third system of musical notation, showing more complex rhythmic patterns and melodic lines in both hands, including some sixteenth-note passages.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a mix of chordal accompaniment and melodic lines, with some slurs and dynamic markings.

Fifth system of musical notation, concluding the piece with a series of chords and melodic lines in both hands, including some slurs and dynamic markings.

[back](#)

First system of musical notation, consisting of a treble and bass clef. The treble clef contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment with similar rhythmic values.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. The treble clef features more complex rhythmic patterns, including some beamed sixteenth notes, while the bass clef maintains a steady accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation, showing a continuation of the melodic and harmonic themes established in the previous systems.

Fourth system of musical notation, including the instruction *sempre:* in the bass clef staff.

Fifth system of musical notation, including the instructions *piu dolce* and *morendo* in the treble clef staff.

Sixth system of musical notation, including the instruction *ppp* in the bass clef staff.

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# BARCAROLLE - INTERMEZZO

From "The Tales of Hoffmann," by JACQUES OFFENBACH.

*All.<sup>to</sup> mod.<sup>to</sup>*

*p*

*tr*

*pp*

[back](#)

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with complex chordal textures and melodic lines.

Second system of musical notation, including a "Ped." (pedal) marking.

Third system of musical notation, showing intricate harmonic structures.

Fourth system of musical notation, with dynamic markings "dim" and "rit".

**Moderato**

Fifth system of musical notation, marked "Moderato", with dynamic markings "pp" and "bien chanté".

Sixth system of musical notation, continuing the piece.

[back](#)

First system of musical notation, consisting of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music features a melodic line in the treble and a bass line in the bass, with various rhythmic values and articulation marks.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It maintains the same grand staff structure and key signature, showing further development of the melodic and bass lines.

Third system of musical notation, featuring more complex rhythmic patterns and phrasing in both the treble and bass staves.

Fourth system of musical notation, showing a continuation of the musical themes with varied dynamics and articulation.

Fifth system of musical notation, concluding the page with a final melodic flourish in the treble and a steady bass line.

[back](#)

First system of musical notation, consisting of a treble and bass clef. The treble clef contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment with similar rhythmic values.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. The treble clef features more complex rhythmic patterns, including some beamed sixteenth notes, while the bass clef maintains a steady accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation, showing a continuation of the melodic and harmonic themes established in the previous systems.

Fourth system of musical notation, including the instruction *sempre:* in the bass clef staff.

Fifth system of musical notation, including the instructions *piu dolce* and *morendo* in the treble clef staff.

Sixth system of musical notation, including the instruction *ppp* in the bass clef staff.

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# BARCAROLLE - INTERMEZZO

From "The Tales of Hoffmann," by JACQUES OFFENBACH.

*All<sup>o</sup> mod<sup>o</sup>*

*p*

*tr*

*pp*

[back](#)

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with complex chordal textures and melodic lines.

Second system of musical notation, including a "Ped." marking below the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation, showing intricate harmonic structures.

Fourth system of musical notation, with "dim" and "rit" markings.

**Moderato**

Fifth system of musical notation, marked "Moderato", with "pp" and "bien chanté" markings.

Sixth system of musical notation, continuing the piece.

[back](#)

First system of musical notation, consisting of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The music is written in a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the lower staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes and chords. There are two fermatas in the upper staff.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features similar melodic and accompanimental patterns to the first system, with a fermata in the upper staff.

Third system of musical notation, showing more complex melodic passages in the upper staff and a steady accompaniment in the lower staff.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a prominent melodic line in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff.

Fifth system of musical notation, concluding the piece with a final melodic flourish in the upper staff and a concluding accompaniment in the lower staff.

[back](#)

First system of musical notation, consisting of a treble and bass clef. The treble clef contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment with similar rhythmic values.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. The treble clef features more complex rhythmic patterns, including some beamed sixteenth notes, while the bass clef maintains a steady accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation, showing a continuation of the melodic and harmonic themes. The treble clef has a more active melodic line, and the bass clef provides a consistent accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation, including the instruction *sempre:* in the bass clef. The treble clef continues with its melodic line, and the bass clef accompaniment remains consistent.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring the instructions *piu dolce* and *morendo*. The treble clef has a more delicate melodic line, and the bass clef accompaniment is softer and more gradual.

Sixth system of musical notation, including the instruction *ppp*. The treble clef has a very soft melodic line, and the bass clef accompaniment is also very soft and delicate.

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