

CARLISLE FLOYD  
WUTHERING HEIGHTS  
AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS

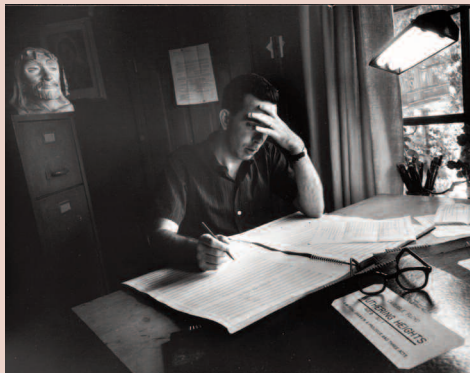
JARMAN • MARKGRAF • MENTZER • RIDEOUT • BUCK • SHELTON



FLORENTINE OPERA COMPANY  
MILWAUKEE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA  
JOSEPH MECHAVICH, CONDUCTOR



## PREFACE



Of all my operas, *Wuthering Heights*, my second full length opera, had probably the most singular beginning. With all the others, I received the request, for a new opera by the commissioner and the subject matter was determined more or less by me, in the case of *Wuthering Heights*, it was entirely specified by the commissioner, hand in hand with my publisher, and I reluctantly agreed to the subject matter.

The reason for this was what is interesting and unique: Phyllis Curtin, the remarkable soprano who had introduced my first opera, *Susannah*, to the music world via the New York City Opera, had decided to do a second Town Hall recital and asked me to do a concert aria for her program. I immediately agreed since her performing *Susannah* had successfully launched my career as an opera composer, and I was (and am) forever happily indebted to her for that.

Once having agreed to write an aria for her, I was then confronted with what the text for the aria would be. What came to my mind fairly quickly was a famous excerpt from the novel, *Wuthering Heights*, which I knew actresses used in auditions, and I quickly settled on that. Phyllis was pleased with the music and Cathy's monologue was set for her concert where she performed it with considerable success—so much so, in fact, that a number of heads of opera companies came backstage afterwards to congratulate her and to ask her how the rest of the opera

was, and of course, she had to tell the inquiring opera directors that what they heard was all there was—that it was, in fact, a concert aria in the Mozart tradition of isolated arias. This interest from the directors ignited an idea in the mind of my publisher for me to expand the single aria into a full length opera, and that was exactly what happened. John Crosby, of the then very new Santa Fe Opera, offered me my first opera commission. I, still with some reluctance, accepted it, and began reading *Wuthering Heights*, for the first time.

Once I read the novel, I quickly realized that the novel is really in two sections of the Earnshaw family, since my knowledge of the novel had been restricted to having seen the film version of *Wuthering Heights*, with Laurence Olivier. I of course did exactly the same thing, ending with Cathy's death, and the aria then was placed as the climax and ending of Act Two.

The completed opera was first performed during the second season of the Santa Fe Opera in July 1958 and then had its New York premiere the following fall at the New York City Opera, with Phyllis Curtin once again in the role of Cathy Earnshaw. It has not been performed over the years as frequently as other operas of mine, and part of that may be due to the fact that I had already been identified after my first opera, *Susannah*, as a composer whose music has a strong identification with American music with a definite folk and modal color. I consider this opera one of my best, both in text and music, and I hope that this superb recording by the Florentine Opera in Milwaukee will result in new audiences here and abroad.

—Carlisle Floyd



This is a unique and exciting Florentine Opera recording. Carlisle Floyd's *Wuthering Heights*, an unjustly neglected American gem, made its Florentine debut in this world premiere recording. This performance marked the premiere for a full-length Florentine Opera concert production on the Harris Theater Stage of the Sharon Lynne Wilson Center for the Arts. We had the honor of welcoming Carlisle Floyd to guide this exceptional creative team and shape the concert and recording. Noele Stollmack (director of design and production), conductor Joseph Mechavich (conductor for the Florentine productions of *La Traviata* 2013 and Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah* 2012), Blanton Alspaugh and John Newton, along with all of the production engineers and recording specialists from SoundMirror assembled their talents to bring this premiere recording and concert to life—for live audiences and the world to experience.

We are blessed to have an extraordinary cast, headed by an exceptionally talented duo, Soprano Georgia Jarman (*Elettra in Idomeneo*, 2012; *Marie in La Fille du Regiment*, 2006; *Giulietta in I Capuleti e i Montecchi*, 2008; *Gilda in Rigoletto*, 2010) as Catherine with Baritone Kelly Markgraf making his Florentine debut as Heathcliff. Soprano Heather Buck (*Valencienne in The Merry Widow*, 2007; *Queen of the Night in The Magic Flute*, 2009; and *Lulu Baines in the two-time Grammy Winner Elmer Gantry*, 2010) returns to the Florentine as Isabel, with Tenor Vale Rideout (*Frank Shallard in Elmer Gantry*, 2010) returning as her brother, Edgar. Tenor Chad Shelton makes his Florentine debut as Hindley. Acclaimed Mezzo-soprano Suzanne Mentzer (*Rosina in The Barber of Seville*, 1984) returns to the Florentine stage as Nelly, and Tenor Frank Kelley (*Spoletta in Tosca*, 2009; *Eddie Fisinger in Elmer Gantry*, 2010; *Pang in Turandot*, 2011; and *Basilio in The Marriage of Figaro*, 2013) sings the role of Joseph. The Florentine Opera Chorus and the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra help reveal Floyd's ingenious orchestration and richly colorful score.

Each of our mainstage productions is made possible through the support of our presenting sponsors. I would like to thank Orchestra Sponsors Marianne & Sheldon B. Lubar, Lead Artist Sponsor Nita Soref, Project Sponsors John Shannon & Jan Serr, The National Endowment for the Arts Art Works and The Aaron Copland Fund for Music for their generous support of this concert and recording project. The Florentine is blessed to have a wonderful Board of Directors, headed by President Mark Cameli. I am so grateful for their support, as well as that of the Florentine Opera's Aria Society, and some of the most generous donors in our community. The United Performing Arts Fund plays such an important role in Milwaukee for all of the performing arts, so great thanks is due to them as well.

—WILLIAM FLORESCU, GENERAL DIRECTOR

#### SYNOPSIS

Cathy and Heathcliff, childhood companions, fall in love. One day they are discovered spying on the house of a neighboring family, the Lintons. Cathy sprains her ankle and is forced to stay at the Lintons' home for a month. During that time she acquires grand airs; when she returns home, accompanied by Edgar and Isabella Linton, she is embarrassed to find Heathcliff dirty and unkempt. Heathcliff is hurt and throws tea at Edgar. For that he is beaten by Cathy's brother Hindley, and is later consoled by Cathy.

Cathy and Edgar become constant companions, and eventually are engaged. Yet Cathy still longs for Heathcliff, who has left Wuthering Heights. Three years later, Heathcliff returns a wealthy man of the world. In a card game, Hindley loses his last possession—Wuthering Heights—to Heathcliff. Heathcliff also makes advances towards Cathy; she refuses him, so he decides to marry Isabella, who is in love with him. As a result, Cathy decides she wants to die, and finally dies in Heathcliff's arms. Heathcliff asks the ghost of Cathy to haunt him forever.

**NOTE:** World Premiere: Irving Guttman, director/Santa Fe Opera/John Crosby; Sante Fe, New Mexico – 7/16/1958

## CAST

Catherine.....Georgia Jarman  
Heathcliff.....Kelly Markgraf\*  
Nelly.....Susanne Mentzer  
Edgar Linton.....Vale Rideout  
Isabela Lint.....Heather Buck  
Hindley Earnsh.....Chad Shelton\*  
Mr. Earnshaw.....Matthew Burns\*  
Joseph.....Frank Kelley\*  
Lockwood.....Aaron Short†

\*Florentine Opera Debut

†2014-2015 Florentine Opera Studio Artist

Florentine Opera Chorus  
Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra

**CATHERINE: GEORGIA JARMAN, SOPRANO**

Georgia Jarman has given many distinguished performances in the lyric coloratura repertoire throughout the United States and Europe and recently made an outstanding debut for English National Opera singing all four heroines in Richard Jones' acclaimed production of *The Tales of Hoffmann*. A sought-after artist in bel canto repertoire, she has made numerous appearances at the Caramoor Music Festival with the Orchestra of St. Luke's including, most recently, her acclaimed role debut as Gilda in *Rigoletto*, as well as Amenaide in *Tancredi* alongside Ewa Podles, Norina in *Don Pasquale*, and Amina in *La sonnambula*. Other bel canto roles include Marie in *La fille du regiment* and Giulietta in *I capuleti e i montecchi* for Florentine Opera, Mathilde in *Guillaume Tell* at the Teatr Wielki in Warsaw and her first Lucia in *Lucia di Lammermoor* for Atlanta Opera.



Recent highlights include Georgia's critically acclaimed Royal Opera House Covent Garden debut as Roxana in Kasper Holten's new production of Szymanowski's *Król Roger* under Sir Antonio Pappano and a stunning debut with the Santa Fe Opera as Gilda in Lee Blakely's new production of *Rigoletto*. Upcoming engagements include a return to the Royal Opera House and debuts with the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia and Dallas Opera.

This is her fifth engagement with the Florentine Opera Company.



## HEATHCLIFF: KELLY MARKGRAF, BARITONE

American baritone Kelly Markgraf has been hailed by the *New York Times* for his “heartstirring” voice and a “charismatic” and “powerful” stage presence. In repertoire ranging from baroque to contemporary, Mr. Markgraf has sung major roles with Brooklyn Academy of Music, Aspen Music Festival, Austin Lyric

Opera, Madison Opera, Apollo’s Fire Baroque Orchestra, Kentucky Opera, Hawaii Opera, and Pittsburgh Opera, as well as internationally with Opéra de Lausanne and International Music Festival of the Bahamas. He has bowed with the San Francisco Symphony (Michael Tilson Thomas), the Los Angeles Philharmonic (Gustavo Dudamel), the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Charles Dutoit), and the New York Philharmonic (Alan Gilbert), and has appeared with the finest chamber music festivals in the United States. Recordings include *Grapes of Wrath* (P.S.Classics), *Brahms and Schumann lieder* (Music@Menlo LIVE), and Bernardo on the 2015 Grammy nominated release of *West Side Story* with the San Francisco Symphony.

*Wuthering Heights* marks Mr. Markgraf’s debut with the Florentine Opera Company.





## NELLY: SUSANNE MENTZER, MEZZO-SOPRANO

Mezzo-soprano Susanne Mentzer has appeared in leading roles at nearly every great opera house and orchestra on four continents, most notably as a guest artist at the Metropolitan Opera (since 1989) where she sang the role of Marcellina in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Susanne first appeared with the Florentine Opera in 1984 as Rosina in *The Barber of Seville*. She is known for her work in operas of Mozart, R. Strauss, Berlioz, and Rossini.

Susanne produced and sings on a world premiere recording of *Letter to the World*, songs by Carlisle Floyd (GPR Records), funded through a Kickstarter campaign. The recording includes a cycle that she premiered called *Citizen of Paradise*, a monodrama of Emily Dickinson. Her extensive discography includes over 25 CDs including the recently released *Dead Man Walking* by Jake Heggie, singing the role of Jade Boucher. Last spring she portrayed Mrs. DeRocher at the Madison Opera in the same work. Her DVDs include *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* (Opéra de Paris), *Don Giovanni* (La Scala), *The First Emperor* by Tan Dun (Metropolitan Opera) and *Ariadne auf Naxos* (Metropolitan Opera). She has been seen on PBS and Met HD broadcasts, as well.

Susanne is also a writer and contributes regularly to the *Huffington Post*. Her outspokenness about vocal health has earned her the VERA Award 2013 (Voice Education Research Awareness) from The Voice Foundation. She serves on the board of two foundations: George London and William M. Sullivan that support young singers. She teaches privately in the San Francisco area after twelve years at DePaul University and Rice University and also works at Songfest at Colburn in Los Angeles. Read more at [susannementzer.com](http://susannementzer.com)



## EDGAR LINTON: VALE RIDEOUT, TENOR

Career highlights for Tenor Vale Rideout include *Roméo* with Kentucky Opera; Male Chorus in *The Rape of Lucretia* with Cal Performances/Maazel; First Knight in *Parsifal* with LA Opera; Tenor soloist in *War Requiem* with NY Philharmonic/Maazel; Tancredi in John Musto's *The Inspector* with Wolf Trap Opera; *Stucky's August 4, 1964* with Dallas Symphony/Carnegie Hall; Peter Quint in *The Turn of the Screw* with Boston Lyric Opera; Roderick in Glass' *The Fall of the House of Usher* with Nashville Opera; Alfredo in *La traviata* with Eugene Opera; Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni* with Palm Beach Opera; Soloist in Dallas Symphony Orchestra's "A Christmas Celebration;" Nadir in *Les Pêcheurs des perles* with Hawaii Opera Theatre; Title Role in *Faust* with Opera Tampa; Sam in *Susannah*, Edgardo in *Lucia di Lammermoor*/Central City Opera; Gernando in Haydn's *L'isola disabitata* with Gotham Chamber Opera; Soloist in *Missa Solemnis* with Washington Chorus; Soloist with St Paul/NY Choral Society; *Britten Serenade* with Trinity Church Wall Street; title role in *La Damnation de Faust* with Richmond Symphony; Soloist in *Verdi Requiem* with Toledo Symphony. Mr. Rideout is featured on the following recordings: *Igneo in Rio de sangue*, Frank Shallard in *Elmer Gantry* (double GRAMMY® winner) with Florentine Opera; Soloist in *Carmina Burana* with NJ Symphony; Tancredi in *The Inspector* with Wolf Trap; Robert McNamara in *August 4th, 1964* with Dalas Symphony Orchestra (Nominated 2013 GRAMMY® Award); soloist in *Beethoven's 9th Symphony* with Detroit Symphony; Britten's *The Holy Sonnets of John Donne*, and Finzi's *A Young Man's Exhortation* on the Acis Label.



**ISABELA LINTON: HEATHER BUCK, SOPRANO**

Heather Buck embraces classical and contemporary operatic repertoire with such diverse roles as world premieres of Alma DelMar in Wuourinen's *Brokeback Mountain* (Teatro Real) and Haroun in Wuourinen's *Haroun and the Sea of Stories* (NYCO); and productions as Musetta in *La Bohème* (Nashville Opera); La Princesse in Glass' *Orphee* (Pittsburgh Opera); Medea in Dusapin's *Medeamaterial* (Polish National Opera); Proserpina in Rihm's *Proserpina* (Spoleto Festival USA); Königin der Nacht in *Zauberflöte* (ENO; Santa Fe Opera, Florentine

Opera); Leïla in *Pearl Fishers* (Virginia Opera, Nashville Opera); and The Maid in Adès' *Powder Her Face* (BAM, Opera Teâtre de Metz).

Concert work has brought her to Carnegie Hall and the Concertgebouw, among other venues, singing repertoire ranging from *Carmina Burana*, to Handel's *Messiah*, Salonen's *Five Images* after Sappho, Mozart's *Mass in C Minor*, and more.

Heather was honored to sing Lulu Baines on the double GRAMMY® Award-winning recording of Florentine Opera's *Elmer Gantry*.115

## HINDLEY EARNSHAW: CHAD SHELTON, TENOR

American tenor Chad Shelton has sung a host of roles with Houston Grand Opera including leading roles in *La Traviata*, *Carmen*, *Madama Butterfly*, Tamino in *Die Zauberflöte*, *Billy Budd*, and *Das Rheingold* and has created a number of roles in world premieres that include Floyd's *Prince of Players*, *Lysistrata* and *Little Women*, both by Mark Adamo, and Catan's *Salsipuedes*.

Other credits include *Idomeneo*, Giasone in Cherubini's *Medea*, Jack in Barry's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, *Eine florentinische Tragödie* (Opéra National de Lorraine); the Prince in *L'amour des trois oranges* (Grand Théâtre de Genève), Roderigo in *Otello* (Metropolitan Opera); *Idomeneo* (Théâtre de Caen and Grand Théâtre de Luxembourg), Pinkerton in *Madama Butterfly* (Opéra National de Bordeaux); Mao Tse-tung in Adams' *Nixon in China* (San Diego Opera), and George in Danielpour's *Margaret Garner* (Cincinnati Opera). On the concert stage, he has joined the Minnesota Orchestra, Houston Symphony Orchestra, Brussels Philharmonic, and Pacific Symphony.

*Wuthering Heights* marks Mr. Shelton's debut with the Florentine Opera Company.





**MR. EARNSHAW: MATTHEW BURNS,  
BASS-BARITONE**

Declared as “having a beautiful bass-baritone voice” by the *New York Times*, Matthew Burns is a dynamic performer known for his portrayals of opera’s most acclaimed bass-baritone roles. Recent engagements include his Austin Opera début in the role of Leporello in *Don Giovanni*, which he also performed at Opera Memphis, Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at Fargo

Moorehead Opera, Don Alfonso in *Così fan tutte* at Utah Opera, and Rambaldo in *La rondine* at Opera Theatre Saint Louis. In demand as a contemporary musician, Mr. Burns has performed several other works by Carlisle Floyd, including Reverend Blicht in *Susannah* while a student at Juilliard and a highly acclaimed turn as George in *Of Mice and Men* at Utah Opera. He will reprise that role with Austin Lyric Opera in 2016. Other notable roles in his repertoire include Figaro (*Le nozze di Figaro*), Colline (*La bohème*), Don Basilio (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*).

*Wuthering Heights* marks Mr. Burns’ debut with the Florentine Opera Company.



## JOSEPH: FRANK KELLEY, TENOR

Frank Kelley sings a wide variety of music throughout North America and Europe. He has performed over 90 roles in major opera houses and has appeared with the leading symphony orchestras in Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Mexico City, Tel Aviv, Taipei and Brussels. He has over 30 recordings two of which have received GRAMMY® awards.

Recent engagements include the world premier of *Crossing* by Matt Aucoin at the American Repertory Theater. A resident of Boston, Mr. Kelley sings there regularly with Emmanuel Music, both in the ongoing series which presents the complete *Bach cantatas*, and in special projects, including the complete piano/vocal works of Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms, Schubert lieder, *Don Giovanni*, *The St. Matthew Passion*, *Alcina*, *The Magic Flute*, *The St. John Passion*, *The Rake's Progress*, *Die Schöne Müllerin* and *Dichterliebe* with Russell Sherman, and most recently *Susanna*.



**LOCKWOOD: AARON SHORT, TENOR**

Tenor Aaron Short is a returning Studio Artist with the Florentine Opera (2014-2015). Mr. Short has covered and performed First Prisoner in *Fidelio* (2014) with The Santa Fe Opera and returned for the summer of 2015. He has also been a Young Artist with Chautauqua Opera, Wolf Trap Opera, Lyric Opera Studio Weimar, and Opera in the Ozarks.

Mr. Short has performed with the Florentine in *La Bohème* (2014), *The Center Series* (2014), *Giulio Cesare in Egitto* (2014) and in the role of Gastone de Letorieres in *La Traviata* (2013).

## ABOUT THE COMPOSER

Carlisle Floyd is one of the foremost composers and librettists of opera in the United States today. Born in 1926, Floyd earned B.M. and M.M. degrees in piano and composition at Syracuse University. He began his teaching career in 1947 at Florida State University, remaining there until 1976, when he accepted the prestigious M. D. Anderson Professorship at the University of Houston. In addition, he is co-founder with David Gockley of the Houston Opera Studio, jointly created by the University of Houston and Houston Grand Opera.

Floyd's operas are regularly performed in the US and Europe. He first achieved national prominence with the New York premiere of his opera, *Susannah* (1953–54), by the New York City Opera in 1956, after its world premiere at Florida State University in 1955. In 1957, it won the New York Music Critic's Circle Award and subsequently was chosen to be America's official operatic entry at the 1958 Brussels World's Fair. *Of Mice and Men* (1969) is Floyd's other most often performed work. In the 1998-99 season alone it was presented by New York City Opera, Utah Opera, San Diego Opera, and Cleveland Opera. Based on the Steinbeck novel, it was commissioned by the Ford Foundation and was given its premiere by the Seattle Opera in 1970.

Floyd's more recent operas, *Bilby's Doll* (1976) and *Willie Stark* (1981), were both commissioned and produced by the Houston Grand Opera, the latter in association with the Kennedy Center. A televised version of the world premiere production of *Willie Stark* opened WNET's Great Performances series on the PBS network in September of 1981. Floyd's *Cold Sassy Tree* (2000) received its premiere at Houston Grand Opera in April 2000, and has subsequently been performed by many fine opera companies. Floyd's newest opera, *Prince of Players*, was enthusiastically received when it premiered in March 2016 at Houston Grand Opera.

The composer has also gained increasing attention for his non-operatic



works. 1993 saw the New York premiere of Floyd's orchestral song cycle, *Citizen of Paradise* (1984), given by the leading mezzo-soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, Suzanne Mentzer. Floyd also completed a large-scale work for chorus, bass-baritone soloist, and orchestra titled *A Time to Dance* (1993), commissioned by the American Choral Directors Association.

Floyd has been the recipient of a number of honors and awards: a Guggenheim Fellowship (1956); Citation of Merit from the National Association of American Conductors and Composers (1957); the Ten Outstanding Young Men of the Nation Award from the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce (1959); the distinguished professor of Florida State University Award (1964); an honorary doctorate from Dickinson College (1983); and the National Opera Institute's Award for Service to American Opera (1983). He served on the Music Panel of the National Endowment for the Arts from 1974–80, and was the first chairman of the Opera/Musical Theater Panel. Floyd was inducted into the American Academy of Arts and Letters in 2001, and in 2004 was awarded the National Medal of Arts in a ceremony at the White House. In 2008, Floyd was one of four honorees—and the only composer—to be included in the inaugural National Endowment for the Arts Opera Honors. In 2011, he was inducted into the South Carolina Hall of Fame, an honor reserved for the state's most-accomplished native sons.

Carlisle Floyd's new opera, *Prince of Players*, premiered at Houston Grand Opera in March 2016. Manitoba Opera gave multiple performances of the composer's opera *Of Mice and Men in April 2016*.

"With a commitment that rivals Smetana's in Bohemia or Britten's in Britain, [Floyd] has striven to create a national repertory...He has learned the international language of successful opera in order to speak it in his own accents and to enrich it with the musical and vernacular idioms of his own country."

—Andrew Porter, *The New Yorker*

**The Florentine Opera Company is Wisconsin's oldest  
fully professional performing arts organization  
and the sixth-oldest opera company in the United States.**

The company presents three operatic productions per season at the Marcus Center in downtown Milwaukee, Wisconsin. In addition, the Florentine presents its @The Center series at the Wayne and Kristine Lueders Florentine Opera Center in Milwaukee's Riverwest Neighborhood. Additional venues include the Sharon Lynne Wilson Center and the Pabst Theater.

The Florentine Opera was founded in 1933 by John-David Anello. At that time, the group was called the Italian Opera Chorus, and it met at the Jackson Street Social Center. In 1942, the group became The Florentine Opera Chorus, remaining under the direction of John D. Anello. He explained that the change in name "was to honor the birthplace of opera as we know it. The craft originated in the Italian city of Florence, which has been known as a bustling center for the arts for many centuries." By this time, the chorus had grown to a group of 100 members of many nationalities, with a waiting list of over 100 more. In the program of the first "Opera Album" after the name change is written the Florentine Opera Chorus motto: "If our song has stopped one heart from aching, we have not lived in vain." In 1950, the Florentine Opera Chorus extended its efforts from operatic choral performances to the production of complete operas and the company became a private venture, changing its name one final time to the Florentine Opera Company. Over the past decade, the Florentine Opera has premiered several new American operas. It produced the American premiere of Lowell Liebermann's opera *The Picture of Dorian Gray* in 1999. In 2009, the Florentine presented Robert Aldridge and Herschel Garfein's *Elmer Gantry* (double 2012 GRAMMY® Award-winning professional recording). A world premiere (with a 2013 GRAMMY® Award-winning professional recording) of Don Davis' Spanish language *Rio de Sangre* opened in 2010.

William Florescu has been General Director since 2005. Joseph Rescigno is the Principal Conductor & Artistic Advisor, having served since 1981. Scott S. Stewart has acted as the Chorus Master and Associate Conductor since 1978. The Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra serves as the orchestra in performances by the Florentine Opera.

**Notable performers at the Florentine Opera** have included Diane Alexander, June Anderson, Angela Brown, José Carreras, James Courtney, Gilda Cruz-Romo, Plácido Domingo, Dale Duesing, Marisa Galvany, Anthony Dean Griffey, Jerome Hines, Lise Lindstrom, Spiro Malas, Susanne Marsee, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Raquel Montalvo, Jan Peerce, Luciano Pavarotti, Ewa Podles, Samuel Ramey, Natalia Rom, Beverly Sills, Erika Sunnegårdh, Harry Theyard, and Richard Tucker.

**Associations and Funding:** The Florentine Opera is a cornerstone member organization of the United Performing Arts Fund and receives funds from the City of Milwaukee, Milwaukee County and the State of Wisconsin with funds from NEA Art Works, as well as support from corporations, foundations including the Bradley Foundation, and individuals such as Nita Soref. The Florentine Opera Company is an organizational member of Opera America.

### **Florentine Opera Chorus**

Carra Chrzan, Nancy Davis, Lauren Decker, Nathan Krueger, Sarah Lewis Martin, Alexander Mersman, Lindsay Metzger†, Kristin Ngchee, Bryan Ross, Timothy W. Schmidt, Jonathan Schroerlucke, Kevin Siembor, Pablo Siqueiros†, John A. Stumpff, Brianne Sura, Julie Tabash†

† denotes 2014-2015 Florentine Opera Studio Artist

Chorus members are members of the American Guild of Musical Artists.



## JOSEPH MECHAVICH, CONDUCTOR

Regarded as a conductor of authority and warmth, Joseph Mechavich is known for his exceptional artistry and infectious energy which he brings to every performance. A proponent of Carlisle Floyd's operas, he has conducted *Of Mice and Men*, *Susannah*, and *Cold Sassy Tree*. Mechavich has presided over Jake Heggie's highly acclaimed opera *Moby Dick* for both San Diego Opera and Calgary Opera as well as conducting

*Il barbiere di Siviglia* for The Washington National Opera, *Porgy and Bess* for Deutsche Oper Berlin, and *Roméo et Juliette* for Florida Grand Opera. He has paced productions for Arizona Opera, Opera Colorado, Nashville Opera, Florentine Opera, Utah Opera, Aspen Music Festival, Tulsa Opera, Madison Opera, New England Conservatory of Music, Oberlin College Conservatory of Music, Opera Saratoga, Dayton Opera, Opera Birmingham, Des Moines Metro Opera, and Pine Mountain Music Festival. Maestro Mechavich was named Principal Conductor of Kentucky Opera in 2010.



## SCOTT S. STEWART, CHORUS MASTER

Scott S. Stewart has held the position of Associate Conductor and Chorus Master with the Florentine Opera for over thirty years. Mr. Stewart also serves as the coach of the Florentine Studio Artists program, musical director of Florentine Opera Summer Series, and program director of the Florentine Opera High School Master Class program. He has studied choral conducting with Margaret

Hawkins; orchestral conducting with Kenneth Schermerhorn; private independent study with Roberto Benaglio. He is also a former Chorus Master of La Scala and the Dallas Opera, a 2012 recipient of the Civic Music Association's Distinguished Citizen Professional in the Arts.

Mr. Stewart has conducted Florentine educational performances of *L'Italiana in Algeri*, *The Barber of Seville*, *Hänsel and Gretel*, *Doctor Miracle* and *The Impresario*. Has penned many educational in-school programs and developed new outreach programs for the Florentine Opera, as well as adapted and re-orchestrated operas for young audiences.

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IN MEMORIAM TO JOHN MARTIN

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William Helmers, Assistant Principal  
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Beth W. Giacobassi

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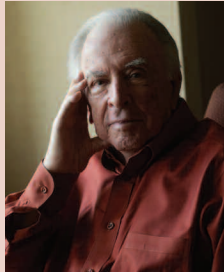
## STAGE TECHNICAL MANAGER

Kyle Remington Norris

\*Leave of absence 2014.15 Season

\*\*Acting member of the Milwaukee  
Symphony Orchestra 2014.15 Season





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This performance and recording was made possible with major support from: the National Endowment for the Arts. Art Works; Marianne and Sheldon B. Lubar; John Shannon and Jan Serr; Nita Soref; The Aaron Copland Fund for Music; and generous members of the Florentine Opera's Aria Society.



Recorded January 9 & 11, 2015  
at the Sharon Lynne Wilson Center for the Arts,  
Harris Theater, Brookfield, Wisconsin

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Artistic Advisor: Carlisle Floyd

Chorusmaster and Associate Conductor: Scott S. Stewart

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Produced by: Florentine Opera Company,  
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Recording Producer: Blanton Alspaugh (Soundmirror, Boston)

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CARLISLE FLOYD  
*Wuthering Heights*

A musical drama in prologue and three Acts

Dramatization and text by the composer, after the novel by Emily Bronte.

Vocal and Spoken Parts

(Complete libretto, including stage directions, at [www.ReferenceRecordings.com/FR-721Libretto.asp](http://www.ReferenceRecordings.com/FR-721Libretto.asp))

CHARACTERS

CATHERINE EARNSHAW - Soprano

HEATHCLIFF - Baritone

NELLY - Mezzo-Soprano

EDGAR· LINTON - Tenor

ISABELLA LINTON - Soprano

HINDLEY EARNSHAW - Tenor

MR. EARNSHAW - Bass

JOSEPH - Tenor

LOCKWOOD - Tenor

SERVANTS - Silent

PARTY GUESTS - Mixed Chorus

Setting: The moor country of northern England.

Time: 1835, and 1817-21

# WUTHERING HEIGHTS

## ACT I

### Prologue

#### SCENE:

*Wuthering Heights, a craggy, weather-hewn outline of a house which dominates stage Right. Visible are the family living room and the large kitchen.*

#### AT RISE:

*It is a winter evening in 1835. The sky is ominous and cloud-massed with the dark, grotesque branches of the trees harshly silhouetted against it. The interior of the house is in semi-darkness and the lights of the Grange are infinitely remote. A figure enters and, lurching and staggering, hunched against a strong, icy wind, weaves to the door of the Heights.*

*Lockwood knocks violently on the door. After a moment in which the knock is repeated the door is swung open and, standing threateningly in the door with a lamp held aloft so that his face is illumined, is the somber figure of Heathcliff, an imposingly built man in his late thirties, swarthy, dark and remote. He is dressed in a manner befitting a country squire, but his clothes are rumpled and his whole appearance is haggard and unkempt.*

LOCKWOOD: It is Lockwood  
Your neighbor at the Grange!  
Let me come in! I'm nearly frozen!  
I'm sorry to disturb you, Mr. Heathcliff.

I left the Grange for a walk on the moors.  
And when the storm began  
I realized I was lost.  
It was just by chance that I found Wuthering  
Heights.

JOSEPH: Narrow and straight is the way and few  
there be who find it.

LOCKWOOD: The snow will start soon.  
Have you a servant to show me back?

JOSEPH: None on a night like this.

ISABELLA: I could show him the way, Heathcliff,  
I once lived at the...

HEATHCLIFF: Silence!

LOCKWOOD: But I could never find my way back  
tonight...  
Perhaps if I could pass the night...  
Sir, I must throw myself on your mercy!  
*(Isabella utters a mocking laugh at which Lockwood  
turns sharply)*

LOCKWOOD: Why do you laugh?

ISABELLA: "Mercy?" You've come to the wrong  
house.

LOCKWOOD: Could I stay by your fire until dawn?  
I'll be gone before you awake.

ISABELLA: But we have rooms...

HEATHCLIFF: Fetch a blanket, Joseph.  
Mr. Lockwood may stay by the fire.

ISABELLA: But we have rooms...

HEATHCLIFF: Silence!  
We were just going to bed.  
You will excuse us.

LOCKWOOD: Are you Mrs. Heathcliff?

ISABELLA: Yes.

LOCKWOOD: She's very pretty, sir.

HEATHCLIFF: Her?  
Goodnight, sir.

LOCKWOOD: Goodnight.

ISABELLA: Some books ... If you can't sleep...  
I didn't see what they were...

LOCKWOOD: Thank you.  
Could you stay awhile and talk?

HEATHCLIFF: Isabella!  
*(For a moment she stands absolutely still,, her eyes imploring Lockwood for help. Then suddenly she turns and runs up the stairway.*

LOCKWOOD: *(Reading with some difficulty)*  
"Diary of...Catherine Earnshaw...Catherine Heathcliff...Catherine Linton."

"Tomorrow I shall become the bride of Edgar Linton and will leave my beloved Wuthering Heights to live with him and his sister, Isabella, at Thrushcross Grange. Edgar is sweet and gentle and loves me more than his own life and Isabella is pretty and worships me but she is very spoiled. I should be happy tonight but my heart is like lead. Heathcliff, where are you? Where are you? You are more myself than I am and you have left me. How am I to live without...Heathcliff, wherever you are, come back!..."

VOICE OF CATHY: Let me in...Let me in...

LOCKWOOD: Who are you?

VOICE OF CATHY: Catherine Linton...Cathy...Cathy  
...I've come home....I had lost my way on the moors...But I've come home.

LOCKWOOD: Go away! Go away!

VOICE OF CATHY: I have been away...all these years...Let me in ... I've wandered so long...Let me in!...Please let me i-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-...  
*(The voice trails off and the hand, still clutching the air, withdraws through the window as if the body were being pulled away. Heathcliff, has appeared on the stairs, his face wild. He rushes downstairs and, as Lockwood leans over hurriedly to pull the window down, Heathcliff takes him violently by the shoulders and shouts in his face)*

HEATHCLIFF: What was it? I heard voices!  
What was it?

LOCKWOOD: A hand...a voice...  
Wanting to get in...

HEATHCLIFF: Whose hand? Whose voice?

LOCKWOOD: Whose? Whose?  
Catherine...Catherine Linton!  
She also called herself Cathy!  
*(At the name "Catherine," Heathcliff turns Lockwood suddenly loose and running to the door, he violently throws it open and rushes out)*

LOCKWOOD: Mr. Heathcliff, you have no coat!

HEATHCLIFF: Cathy! Come back!  
Don't torment me any longer.  
Please come back!  
I've waited so long.  
Please come back to me!  
Don't leave me again!  
Please come back.  
I've waited so long!  
*(Blackout as Heathcliff stands, arms outstretched, silhouetted against the sky over the moors)*

## ACT I

### Scene 1

SCENE: *Wuthering Heights, eighteen years earlier (February, 1817).*

AT RISE: *The lights come up on the living room and kitchen and reveal Earnshaw, an aged and sick man, sitting in front of the fireplace, a blanket over*

*his legs; Joseph, seated across from him, reading his Bible; and Nelly, a short and stout middle-aged woman with a merry, kind face, who is busying herself in the kitchen. After a moment Cathy comes down the stairs and walks into the kitchen without speaking to her father or Joseph. She is a girl of seventeen whose dominance as a personality is apparent as soon as she enters. There is something slightly uncouth in her dark, imperious beauty, and her animated intense eyes and loose black hair should be the features one notices most immediately.*

CATHY: Where is Heathcliff?

NELLY: I'm sure I wouldn't know, Miss.  
I thought he was with you

CATHY: He was but I, scolded him and he left;  
I ordered him to leave.

NELLY: And now that you want him back  
You've just to snap your fingers.

NELLY: Don't vex your father about him:  
He'll only take Heathcliff's side.  
You'd better find him yourself  
Since you sent him away.

CATHY: Father, send Joseph to find Heathcliff.  
He's somewhere sulking again.

EARNSHAW: If he's sulking it's surely because of  
you; No one else has that power.

CATHY: But I want to see him to make things right.

JOSEPH: Then go find him for yourself.

CATHY: I was not talking to you.

HINDLEY: I've a score to settle with this gypsy:  
He was to help me with work tonight.

NELLY: Don't fret your father over Heathcliff!

CATHY: Heathcliff, where have you been?

HINDLEY: In the barn where he belongs.

EARNSHAW: You're not to speak that way.

CATHY: Heathcliff, I forgive you for running away.

NELLY: *You forgive him!*

HINDLEY: He was to help me with work tonight  
But instead he hid in the barn.  
I'd have thrashed him myself but he'd have come  
straight to you.

EARNSHAW: You're not to raise a hand against  
Heathcliff! The evening chores are yours to do.

HINDLEY: And the morning chores as well!

JOSEPH: It's true, sir, but it's not his fault.  
It's her that leads him astray.  
They've not turned their hands to a thing all day  
And when the vicar came for their lesson

They pretended sick and romped on the moors  
And they hid my Bible up in the loft  
So they couldn't be read to at noon.  
They're galloping down the broad road to hell  
And it's her that puts them up to it.

CATHY: Shut up, you wicked old hypocrite!  
Reading the Bible to find comfort for yourself  
And curses for your neighbors!

EARNSHAW: Cathy, hold your tongue!

HINDLEY: I'm waiting for you to punish him!

CATHY: You don't know how far I've progressed  
In my studies to become a witch.  
The red cow hardly died by chance  
And your rheumatism is getting worse and worse.  
And the next time I hear you speak of the devil  
I'll have you spirited away!

EARNSHAW: Cathy, what can be done with you?  
Is it true what Joseph said?

CATHY: But you still love me, don't you?

EARNSHAW: No, Cathy, how could I love you?  
You're a hard and willful lass.

JOSEPH: Wicked, wicked!  
May the Lord deliver us from evil.

HINDLEY: Will you punish him or shall I?



EARNSHAW: Who spoke of punishing Heathcliff?  
I don't see that he's been wrong.

HINDLEY: You never see! You've blinded yourself.  
The orphan is always right!

EARNSHAW: I'll never forget how I found him:  
A dirty waif in Liverpool.  
Out in the world before he could talk.

HINDLEY: And you spoil him worse than if he were  
a prince.

EARNSHAW: It's none too good for an orphan-

HINDLEY: Would God that I were one!

EARNSHAW: Come here, boy. What caused you to  
hide? Come here, boy, and sit by the fire.  
I promise you not to scold.

CATHY: Come here, Heathcliff, and let's sit by the  
fire. Come put your head in my lap.

EARNSHAW: Is my kindness wasted, Heathcliff?  
Do you not love me at all?

CATHY: Of course he loves you;  
It's his pride that's hurt.

HINDLEY: Oh, it's his pride, is it?  
And is that so dear?

EARNSHAW: I have warned you before of saying  
such things: Are you deaf to the threats of your father?

HINDLEY: I'll answer you that if you'll tell me this:  
Which of us is your son?

EARNSHAW: You are and you'll do as I say-

HINDLEY: You lie!  
You've made that bastard your son!  
Your rightful son is a servant here!

EARNSHAW: Apologize for saying that!

HINDLEY: Apologize for what?  
For saying what's true?

EARNSHAW: Would you disobey me?

HINDLEY: I've honored and obeyed you all my life

EARNSHAW: Would you dare disobey me!

CATHY: Stop it, Hindley! Can't you see he's angry!

HINDLEY: And you think I'm not?

CATHY: Humor him! Do what he asks!  
You mustn't cross him! You know he's sick!

HINDLEY: Why should I fawn and grovel for *him*?

CATHY: You've done it before,  
what's one more time?

HINDLEY: Many *too* many times before!  
But not this time and never again!

CATHY: For his sake, Hindley!

HINDLEY: Never!

CATHY: Nelly! Joseph! Come help me!

EARNSHAW: You dare not!  
You're a grown man but I can thrash you still!

HINDLEY: Can't you see what the gypsy has done?  
He's taken, taken! He's bled you dry!  
And what has he ever given you back?  
Love? No! Respect? No!  
Or even a word of thanks? No!  
He's emptied your pockets  
and picked your heart bare  
And he's done it with your full consent.

EARNSHAW: You've hated him since I first brought  
him here!

HINDLEY: Ask them for the truth, if you can't believe  
me!

EARNSHAW: I will do as I wish  
with what is my own. I am still master here!

HINDLEY: And when I am master,  
I swear to this—*And may God strike me dead  
if I go back on my word!*  
*There will be no more school. His lessons will stop.  
He will work in the fields from dawn until dark.  
He will live with the servants and earn his keep.  
I will make your Heathcliff a slave!*

*(Earnshaw, speechless with rage, strikes out with his cane at Hindley and the blow catches him across the shoulder. Hindley winces and draws back as Cathy and Nelly scream in protest. The blows continue until suddenly Hindley draws himself up and, looking at his father with the most intense hatred, seizes the cane. He holds it away from his father, and the stunned Earnshaw stands immobile, his empty hand still raised in the air)*

HINDLEY: I am now master here.  
*(Earnshaw continues to look at his son a moment longer in wild disbelief and then he suddenly clutches his chest, his face contorts in pain, and, staggering, he falls to the floor)*

HINDLEY: He's dead. Help me take him upstairs.

CATHY: You killed him! You killed him!  
You knew he was sick! You knew he was sick!

HINDLEY: Death changes nothing.  
Things will be as I said.

CATHY: Heathcliff, Heathcliff, don't, don't!  
I can bear what I feel but not your tears!

CATHY: Look at me, Heathcliff. Look in my eyes.  
We still have each other and that can't be changed.  
And as long as we are on this earth together  
You must never leave me or let me go.  
We'll let nothing separate us here;  
Nothing, nothing in all the earth! -  
And nothing can part us after death,  
For there is no death in heaven.

CATHY AND HEATHCLIFF: Then nothing can part us as long as we live -  
And death for only a while.  
And nothing can part us after death,  
For there is no death in heaven.

(The curtain falls)

## ACT I Scene 2

*SCENE: Wuthering Heights, two months later (April, 1817). It is a late Sunday afternoon. The sun is beginning to set and there are long, violet shadows on the moors.*

AT RISE: *Heathcliff and Cathy are seated stiffly in two high-backed chairs in a corner of the living room. Joseph is standing in front of them, a worn Bible in his hands, reading aloud in a wearisome drone. Hindley is whittling and carving in front of the fireplace, his mind completely absorbed in what he is doing. Nelly sits across the room doing darning and she frequently looks up in exasperation at Joseph. As Joseph reads, Cathy and Heathcliff sigh deeply, look at each other impatiently, and squirm on the hard chairs. Each has a book in his hands, and occasionally they thumb through them icily.*

JOSEPH: "As for the man who is weak in faith, welcome him, but not for disputes over opinions. Let not him who eats despise him who abstains, and let

not him who abstains pass judgment on him who eats; for God has welcomed him. Who are you to pass judgment on another? It is before his own master that he stands or falls. And he will be upheld, for the master is able to make him stand...  
...one man esteems another."

CATHY: Stop it! I won't hear any more! We've sat here for two hours and listened to you read!

JOSEPH: But you didn't go to church today.

CATHY: That was not our fault. Perhaps God sent the rain because He didn't want us to.

JOSEPH: You would claim to know the will of God?

CATHY: How would you know it, you old Pharisee? Anyway, church is only two hours long; It's time now we did something we'd like to do!

JOSEPH: The master buried but three months ago  
And the Sabbath not yet over.  
And the sound of the gospel still in your lungs  
And you dare to talk and act like this!  
Shame on you! Shame on you both!  
You sit right there and think of your souls  
And when you've finished that,  
you can read those good books.

CATHY: This is what I think  
*of The Helmet of Salvation!*  
*(She rips the front and back off the book and it falls to the floor)*

HEATHCLIFF: *(Stands suddenly and rips the cover off his book)*  
And this is how I will read  
*The Broad Way to Destruction!*

JOSEPH: Master Hindley, come and see what they've done!

JOSEPH: Look what they've done to your father's books! Just look, just look!  
*(After Hindley looks down at the torn books, he quickly strikes Heathcliff across the face)*

HINDLEY: You'll pay for that!  
You'll work out the price of that book!

CATHY: Strike me, too, I started it!  
Strike your sister! I dare you!

HINDLEY: You can work twice as long in the fields this week! You still don't seem to understand that you're a servant here.

CATHY: How could he not after all you've done?  
Why don't you make *me* eat outside?

HINDLEY: Quiet! I'm not talking to you.

CATHY: Well, I'm talking to you! ·  
Here we've been trapped in this house all day.  
Sitting still or listening to him.

JOSEPH: But today's the Sabbath-

CATHY: It never used to be like this-

HINDLEY: You forget who is master here now!  
Continue to read!

CATHY: We won't hear another word!

HINDLEY: Get to the kitchen, both of you!

JOSEPH: And repent your sins in silence.

CATHY: It'll be a pleasure to walk that far-  
If just to leave the sound of your voice!

HINDLEY: If I hear a sound, it will go hard with you.  
Joseph, bring the lamp in here. I want it dark.  
And bolt the door when you come back.

CATHY: Did Hindley hurt you, Heathcliff?

HEATHCLIFF: No, but I'll have my revenge  
someday.

CATHY: I couldn't have stood it another minute;  
I felt I was stifling!

HEATHCLIFF: I know. I was ready to shout myself.  
The sun's just right for a romp on the moors.

CATHY: Oh, the heather's so lovely when the sun  
goes down. Let's go see it, Heathcliff!  
Let's go to the crag!

HEATHCLIFF: Let the punishment be damned!  
I could run a hundred miles!

CATHY: Come on, Heathcliff, I can't wait to get out!

HEATHCLIFF: All right, but be quiet. Be quiet!  
*(With agonizing care they open the back door and exit)*

CATHY: *(Offstage)*  
Wait for me, Heathcliff! Heathcliff, wait for me!

HEATH CLIFF: Come on!  
You can do better than that!

CATHY: *(Running onstage. She is barefoot)*  
Of course I can. I would've got here first but I stuck in a bog and lost my shoes.

HEATHCLIFF: Wait 'til Hindley hears about that!

CATHY: I'll tell him the truth  
and he can buy me some more,  
Or come and dig those up himself.  
Oh, Heathcliff, I can breathe again!  
My lungs are not enough to drink in the air!

HEATHCLIFF: Was there ever another  
place in all the world like this!  
It's our kingdom as far as the eye can see.  
We own the heather and the sky and air.  
We own everything we can see and feel  
For we are undisputed sovereigns here.  
Close your eyes and burn it into your brain  
Everything you can see and taste and smell  
For that way, even when we are not here,  
This kingdom will always be ours.  
Can you see the sky and the curdled clouds,  
All scarlet and gold on their undersides?  
Can you see the shadows of the sun on the moors,

Like purple fingers in the tall, wet grass?  
And what of the heather? Can you see it out there?  
Weaving in the warm, soft wind?  
Can you smell the heather crushed in your face?  
Is it in your eyes, and nose, and hair?  
Can you smell it so when you sleep tonight  
It will cling to you while you dream?  
Then keep your eyes closed for a moment more.  
Heather, heather, for Cathy my queen!

CATHY: Oh, Heathcliff, let's never, never go back!  
Let's be wild and free the rest of our days,  
And let's hate all the cramped and narrow souls  
Who have never known the taste of rain.  
Yonder's a lapwing, see how high he flies!  
And then he dips and circles  
And then he soars again.  
He's drunk, Heathcliff, he's drunk with beauty, too!  
He's reeling with beauty!  
Can you imagine a lapwing in a tiny cage?  
Or imagine that night could ever come to the moors?  
Can you think of a roof's being home to us?  
Our home will always be where heather is!  
I ache, Heathcliff, there's too much here.  
I've stretched my soul but it's not wide enough.  
My heart is too full, it is breaking tonight!  
Hold me, Heathcliff, hold me!

CATHY: They've lit the lamps at the Grange.  
Look, can you see them? Down over there.  
Let's go see what the Lintons are doing tonight;  
We can peer in the windows and nobody will  
know. Let's see if Edgar and his sister are there.  
I'm sure they're not read to when they have to miss  
church. Come on, Heathcliff, I'll race you there!

CATHY: *(Peering in)*  
Look, Heathcliff, I told you so:  
They play games on the Sabbath.  
And look at Isabella's beautiful dress  
And look how her hair is done.

HEATHCLIFF: I like yours better.

CATHY: What a fine house and I'm sure there are  
servants-  
A dozen to order about.

CATHY: They've heard us, Heathcliff!  
They're coming to the door!  
Run, Heathcliff! I've hurt my ankle!  
Run or they'll catch us both!

EDGAR: Who is it?  
It's a girl-she's hurt.

ISABELLA: It's Catherine Earnshaw!

CATHY: I'm sorry to disturb you. My ankle...

EDGAR: Why aren't you at home  
at this time of night?

HEATHCLIFF: We were just out for a walk.

ISABELLA: Who is that?

EDGAR: Oh, it's the gypsy who lives at the Heights.

ISABELLA: Well, bring Cathy in.

HEATHCLIFF: I'll carry her back.

EDGAR: We'll take care of her here  
'til she's able to walk.  
Tell your master that.

CATHY: Tell Nelly I'll be back very soon.

*(After Cathy and Edgar have entered, the others follow and close the door behind them. Heathcliff immediately runs to the window and looks in as they settle Cathy into a large chair and Edgar, kneeling, props Cathy's foot gently on a stool. Heathcliff murmurs "Cathy" and backs slowly away from the window as the lights go down on the interior.*

*With great hesitance, he takes a few steps upstage, his eyes still on the house. He is heard whispering Cathy's name as the curtain falls)*

- End of Act One -

## ACT II

### Scene 1

SCENE: *Wuthering Heights, four weeks later  
(May, 1817).*

AT RISE: *Nelly and Heathcliff are in the kitchen. Nelly is busying herself with pots and pans and Heathcliff, disheveled and dirty, sits brooding silently in a corner. Nelly frequently looks out the window and at Heathcliff, who seems oblivious to everything around him.*

NELLY: She's here, Heathcliff. Cathy is back.  
Mister Hindley, Miss Cathy is back!  
It's a nice carriage the Lintons have.

CATHY: I'm back, Hindley, back home again  
And I'm completely cured as you can plainly see.  
These two have been nothing but angels to me;  
They've treated me like a queen.  
This is Nelly, my old nurse.

NELLY: Her lady-in-waiting.

CATHY: Where's Heathcliff?

NELLY: In the kitchen.

HINDLEY: Heathcliff, you can come out  
and greet Miss Cathy like the other servants.

CATHY: Heathcliff, how funny you look!

So surly and rumped. I suppose I've been gone too long. Heathcliff, don't you remember me?

HEATHCLIFF: I will not be laughed at.

CATHY: I didn't mean to laugh: It was just that you looked so odd. If you washed your face-and combed your hair, You'd look the same as you always have. But, Heathcliff, you're so dirty.

HEATHCLIFF: I shall be as I please.  
And if I want to be dirty, I shall.  
I didn't ask to be touched:  
So why soil your hands?

CATHY: Hindley, I promised to show them-the colts.  
Take us out to see them.  
And, Nelly, while we are out in the barn,  
You can prepare the tea.

NELLY: Cathy has taken on some fine, new airs  
But why should that bother us?

HEATHCLIFF: Nelly, make me decent;  
I want to be good.

NELLY: Well, the first thing to do is to wash your face. And then you should comb your hair.  
And I'd think you'd want to improve yourself  
When you behave as you did in there.  
Cathy meant no harm in what she said;  
She was very upset when you left.

HEATHCLIFF: Did she say she was?

NELLY: How could she say anything in there?  
But I knew; I could tell she was.

HEATHCLIFF: What- should I do  
to make things right?

NELLY: Ask her forgiveness when you see her alone.

HEATHCLIFF: But she's at fault...

NELLY: That'll do no good.

HEATHCLIFF: Nelly, I don't have a comb.

NELLY: There's one on the window-ledge.  
And why should you be jealous of Edgar?  
You're taller and your shoulders are broader by far.

HEATHCLIFF: I hate that fair skin  
and that light, smooth hair!  
And the way he dresses and behaves and talks!

NELLY: Why, Heathcliff, you're really a  
handsome man! Look in the mirror and you'll see  
what I mean. Take off that frown and lift your brows  
And let's see you smile for a change.  
There now, you see. what that does to your face?  
You could pass for a prince in disguise.  
Since we don't know who your parents really were,  
Let's say that you're an heir to a throne:  
That your father was an Indian rajah,  
And your mother, an Egyptian queen.  
And let's say that you were kidnapped at birth  
By wicked pirates, eager for gold,  
Who brought you to England and left you here

Once they'd been paid their ransom.  
You're more lucky than anyone else I know,  
Not knowing who your parents were.  
You can be whom you choose to be.  
And while you're about it, why not be the best?  
Who on earth can say you're wrong?  
*(Cathy, the Lintons and Hindley re-enter)*

CATHY: Nelly, is the tea ready?

NELLY: Yes, Miss, I'll bring it in. .

CATHY: Where is Heathcliff?

NELLY: In the kitchen, Miss.

CATHY: Has his mood improved?

NELLY: Yes, Miss, I think you'd find it so.

CATHY: Well, tell him to come have tea with us.  
Hindley, it's quite all right.  
*(To Edgar and Isabella, again precluding  
an answer from Hindley)*  
Heathcliff and I are very dear friends;  
He's never been just a servant here.  
Heathcliff, how much better you look!  
Come and sit here and have some tea.

ISABELLA: We've just seen the colts in the barn.  
They could hardly stand, their knees were so weak.

CATHY: They should have seen the calf last spring:  
The one we nursed with a bottle.



ISABELLA: It couldn't have been as cunning as this;  
I wanted to hold it and ...

CATHY: I held the calf while you gave it milk.  
Will you ever forget the night it was born?

EDGAR: Does he always hold a cup like that?  
Or has he never drunk tea before?  
*(Heathcliff's momentary pleasure is shattered and he is instantly angry and humiliated. Without a moment's pause, he takes the cupful of tea and with a flick of his wrist throws it at Edgar, catching him squarely in the face. Isabella gives a little shriek and, horrified, covers her mouth with her hand. Edgar sits stunned as Heathcliff quickly rises and stalks out of the room and through the kitchen. Cathy, embarrassed and upset, runs to Edgar and mops his face with her handkerchief. Hindley angrily follows Heathcliff out of the room)*

HINDLEY: He's asked for a thrashing  
for a long time now.  
It'll be a pleasure to give him one.

CATHY: I'm sorry, Edgar. I really am.  
But you had no right to say what you did.  
Heathcliff can be a dreadful boor, But you...

EDGAR: Cathy, it has nothing to do with you.

CATHY: I can't stand for Hindley to whip him.

ISABELLA: It's gotten late; I think we should go.

CATHY: I'm sorry your visit was spoiled.

EDGAR: It wasn't at all.  
I want to see you again very soon.

CATHY: You must visit me now that I'm home again.  
And give your mother and father my love.

*(They disappear out of the front door and the stage is empty except for Nelly in the kitchen. She goes through the motions of working, her face anxious. She steadily watches the back door for some sign of Heathcliff)*

*(Heathcliff appears at the kitchen door and slumps heavily against it. As he does so, Nelly turns and an expression of shock and incredulity comes over her face as she sees him, bruised and bleeding, his shirt in ribbons)*

HEATHCLIFF: I don't care how it's done  
or how long I must wait,  
But I'll pay him back if it's the last thing I do.

NELLY: No, Heathcliff.  
It's for God to punish and for us to forgive.

HEATHCLIFF: But God won't have the pleasure  
I will.  
*(Cathy comes back in the front door.)*

CATHY: Oh, Heathcliff, Heathcliff!  
You're bleeding...he hurt you.  
Take off your shirt and I'll bathe those cuts.

*(The curtain falls)*

## ACT II

### Scene 2

SCENE: *Wuthering Heights, one month later.  
(June, 1817).*

AT RISE: *Heathcliff is slumped in a chair in the kitchen, his hands folded across his lap.  
(After a moment Cathy comes quickly down the stairs, her arms raised as she tries to fasten the back of her dress. Her hair is done up neatly and she is in a high state of excitement)*

CATHY: Nelly, help me get in this dress!  
*(Cathy sees Heathcliff and stops on the spot, surprised and immediately on guard)*  
Oh, you surprised me... I thought you were in the field.

HEATHCLIFF: Hindley's away so I decided to rest.

CATHY: What if Joseph finds you here?  
He's sure to tell Hindley; you know that.

HEATHCLIFF: He's gone into town this afternoon  
And won't be back until dark.

CATHY: Where's Nelly? I want her to help me.

HEATHCLIFF: She'll be back very soon.

HEATHCLIFF: Cathy, are you going somewhere?

CATHY: No. A storm is coming.  
You can see that.

HEATHCLIFF: Is anyone coming here, then?

CATHY: This afternoon? I'd doubt it.

HEATHCLIFF: Then why are you wearing  
your new silk dress?

CATHY: I felt like it. Isn't that reason enough?

CATHY: Edgar and Isabella spoke of coming  
But I don't imagine they will with the weather...  
Oh, Nelly, be an angel and fasten my dress.

HEATHCLIFF: Cathy, don't turn me out for those  
silly friends of yours!

CATHY: Heathcliff, what *are* you talking about?  
Nelly, don't muss my hair!

HEATHCLIFF: You know very well what I'm talking  
about. And I haven't complained...

CATHY: "Complain?" Why *should* you complain?

HEATHCLIFF: Because of this.  
Do you know what it is?

CATHY: Of course, it's a page from a calendar.

HEATHCLIFF: Do you see all those crosses  
and those very few dots?

CATHY: Oh, Heathcliff-

HEATHCLIFF: Do you see them? Just tell me,  
do you see them?

CATHY: Of course I can see them!

HEATHCLIFF: The crosses are the evenings  
you've spent with him,  
And the dots are the evenings you've spent with me.

CATHY: As if I noticed such things!

HEATHCLIFF: I just want you to know that I do!

CATHY: And why should I spend  
every evening with you?  
You would be as well off dumb  
for all you ever say.  
At least Edgar Linton amuses me  
And doesn't just sit and sulk or stare!

HEATHCLIFF: You might have told me that I don't  
talk enough  
And that you no longer like my company!

CATHY: "Company?" Can you call it that When a  
person knows nothing and has nothing to say!

NELLY: Mr. Edgar is coming.  
Shall I greet him, Miss?

CATHY: Yes, Nelly; I'll be right out.

CATHY: Edgar, how sweet of you to come!  
I really didn't think you would.

EDGAR: Why not? After I got your note  
Nothing could have kept me away.

CATHY: But we could have talked another time;  
It seems we're in for a dreadful storm.

EDGAR: It's been threatening all day  
and I can't stay long  
But I wanted to see you for a moment at least.

CATHY: Nelly, you can dust another time...

NELLY: Your brother doesn't like me to dust  
when he's here.

CATHY: I think you can find some other time.

CATHY: Nelly, didn't you hear me?

NELLY: Oh, you startled me! What was that, Miss?

CATHY: You can dust another time.

NELLY: Oh, but I'm sure Mister Edgar understands.

NELLY: Ow! What did you do that for?  
You had no right to pinch me!

CATHY: I didn't touch you! How dare you lie?

NELLY: Then what do you call this  
place on my arm?  
Look at the welt she raised!  
Just look, Mr. Edgar, look at my arm!  
She had no right! She had no...  
*(Cathy, enraged, slaps Nelly across the face)*

CATHY: Get to the kitchen! Get out of here!  
*(She stamps her foot to hasten Nelly's exit and, as she does so, Edgar takes her by the shoulders to quell her anger. She turns quickly and pushes Edgar violently away. Edgar, shocked, turns and picks up his hat off the chair as if to leave) .*

CATHY: Where are you going?

CATHY: Why are you angry? Don't leave like this.

EDGAR: I must be going now.

CATHY: But you mustn't leave; I won't sleep all night!  
Why must you go?

EDGAR: You've disappointed me.  
I won't trouble you by coming again.

CATHY: I'm so ashamed, so ashamed!  
I don't know what comes over me.

EDGAR: There, now. Don't cry anymore.

CATHY: I'm just not myself and Nelly vexes me so.

EDGAR: It's all right...it's all right.

CATHY: Oh, Edgar, what will you think of me now?

EDGAR: The same things I've thought  
these past few weeks.  
Nothing is changed.

CATHY: Are you sure, Edgar, are you really sure?

EDGAR: Nothing whatsoever is changed.  
Can't you see I'm in love with you?

CATHY: Do you mean it, Edgar? Say it again!

EDGAR: I love you, Cathy.

CATHY: And I love you.

EDGAR: Then marry me, Cathy,  
And make me whole again.  
I'm divided and torn since you've invaded my life.  
Marry me, Cathy, and close that breach.  
Marry me, and be my wife at the Grange.  
Marry me and let me show you the world.  
And you'll soon forget your Wuthering Heights  
For once you've seen the Italian shore,  
These moors will seem as bleak as the moon.  
Instead of heather you shall have beautiful plants,  
Tended and nursed by a gardener's hand;  
And, instead of gypsies and servants for friends,  
You shall know the finest of people everywhere.  
Marry me, Cathy, and let me give you this.  
You belong with me and I belong with you.  
I'm divided and torn  
since you've invaded my heart.  
Will you marry me and make me whole again?

CATHY: Yes, Edgar...I'll marry you.

EDGAR: Oh, Cathy, I'm the happiest man alive  
I'm eager to tell them at home. They'll all be  
pleased. Darling, when can I see you again?  
I need to see you. Is tonight too soon?

CATHY: But it's certain to rain tonight.

EDGAR: Then tomorrow night?

CATHY: That's fine if the roads are clear.

EDGAR: Nothing could keep me away!

CATHY: Edgar, your hat!

And you'd better hurry before the rain starts.

*(He turns at the door to wave and Cathy abstractedly lifts her hand in response. Edgar exits, leaving Cathy standing in the middle of the room, her arms still poised in the air, her eyes distant)*

*(As she stands there, the sky darkens over the house and moors and the sound of thunder far away is heard again; After a time, Cathy, still lost in thought, turns and moves towards the kitchen. Sheet lightning illumines the cloud-strewn sky and Cathy's troubled face, and is followed again by thunder as she crosses and opens the kitchen door. Cathy closes the door softly behind 'her and stands leaning against it: Nelly does not look up from her work)*

CATHY: Nelly, I'm very unhappy.

NELLY: I shouldn't wonder.

CATHY: Please don't scold me, not tonight. I was wrong to strike you. I know that. I don't know why I do such things.

NELLY: It's all right, Miss.

CATHY: Don't call me *Miss*—Call me *Cathy*. Nelly, can you keep a secret for me?

NELLY: If it's worth keeping, you know I can.

CATHY: It is and it must be kept for a while But I *have* to talk to someone now. Edgar has asked me to marry him And before I tell you what my answer was, Tell me what you think it should be.

NELLY: How should I know?

It's no business of mine.

If he was foolish enough to ask you, After the way you behaved, I'd say you should have refused him.

CATHY: If you talk that way, I won't tell you another thing! I said ~Yes," Nelly. Was I wrong?

NELLY:'

If you said "Yes," what more can be said?

CATHY: But was that the right answer? What do you think?

NELLY: I don't know enough to answer that.

CATHY: Well, ask me what you need to know.

NELLY: Do you love him?

CATHY: Who could help loving Edgar?  
Of course I do!

NELLY: Why do you love him?

CATHY: How do I know? But I do!  
He's handsome; I like to be with him.  
He's young...and he loves me.  
He will soon be rich  
and I'll be mistress of the Grange  
And be proud to have him for my husband.  
What more do you want?

NELLY: The answer.

CATHY: I love the ground under his feet  
and the air over his head.  
And everything he touches  
and every word he says. There now!  
What is it, Nelly? What's left to tell?

NELLY: Everything you've mentioned  
passes with time. He won't always be young,  
And he may not always be rich.

CATHY: Who cares about that?  
I'm interested in you.

NELLY: Then marry him if you feel that way!  
Who will oppose you? No one!  
The Lintons and your brother will all be pleased.  
I don't see where the obstacle is.

CATHY: It's *here* or perhaps it's *here*!  
Wherever the soul is, my trouble is there!  
In my heart I'm convinced I'm wrong!

NELLY: And how can that be after all you've said?

CATHY: It's true and I'll explain if I possibly can.  
So be patient with me; I'll do my best.  
Nelly, do you never dream strange dreams?  
I've dreamt in my life dreams that have stayed  
With me ever after and changed my ideas.  
They've gone through and through me,  
Like wine through water,  
And altered the color of my mind.  
And this is such a dream,  
So take care not to smile at any part of it.

If I were in heaven, Nelly,  
I'd be extremely miserable.  
For I dreamt once that I was there-  
But heaven didn't seem to be my home  
And I broke my heart with weeping  
To come back to earth.  
And the angels were so angry  
That they flung me out, flung me out  
Into the middle of the heath,  
On the top of Wuthering Heights  
Where I woke, sobbing for joy!

So I've no more business to marry Edgar  
Than I have to be in heaven.  
And it would degrade me to marry Heathcliff now.  
So he shall never know how I love him:  
And that, not because he's handsome  
But because he's more myself than I am.  
Whatever our souls are made of-  
His and mine are the same.  
And Edgar's soul is as different  
As a moonbeam from lightning,  
Or frost from fire.  
Where is Heathcliff?

NELLY: He left a few minutes ago.

CATHY: He was here?  
What do you mean "left"? Where did he go?

NELLY: I don't know, Miss, but he's gone.

CATHY: Where did he go? For God's sake, tell me!

NELLY: I don't know where he's gone.  
Heathcliff has left Wuthering Heights!

CATHY: Heathcliff gone? How could that be?  
He said he'd never leave me!

NELLY: I don't know, Miss. I just know he's gone.

CATHY: Heathcliff!

NELLY: Cathy, come back! It's starting to rain!  
*(Cathy, beginning to sob hysterically,  
runs out of the front door, screaming)*

CATHY: Heathcliff! Heathcliff!  
*(Nelly arrives at the front door as the storm  
breaks and the stage becomes a tumult of thunder,  
lightning, and rain. Nelly, distraught, covers her  
face with her hands as she hears the increasingly  
distant sound of Cathy's voice crying)*  
H-e-a-t-h-c-l-i-f-f ! ! !  
*(The curtain falls)*

- End of Act Two -

## ACT III Scene 1

*SCENE: Thrushcross Grange, three years later  
(August, 1820).  
The set consists of two rooms,  
a living room and a drawing room.*

*AT RISE: A party is in progress. In the drawing  
room couples are dancing a minuet and there is a  
sideboard laden with food and candelabra. In the  
living room, some of the older women and men are  
standing or sitting, the gentlemen smoking and the  
ladies talking among themselves.  
(Cathy, beautifully gowned, is seated. Although  
she smiles faintly, there is an unmistakable air of  
boredom about her as she silently watches the  
dancing. Edgar stands by her, chatting amiably  
with other gentlemen. After a moment we see him  
ask Cathy to dance and she, with a smile, declines.  
At this point Edgar goes over to a group of men  
and they turn to include him in their conversation)*

*GROUP OF MEN: Do you know  
the new stranger in Gimmerton?  
He came here less than a week ago.  
And since he's been here, he's remained apart  
And he never speaks of himself.*

*GROUP OF WOMEN: His hair is as black  
as a raven's wing  
And his eyes are sullen and dark.  
And his manners are those of a gentleman  
And his clothes are London-made.*

GROUP OF MEN: What would be his business here?  
Since he says he has no trade?  
He's a husky man and carries himself  
Like one who's been a soldier.

GROUP OF WOMEN: And they say he gambles every night.  
That's how his fortune was made.  
The stranger's skill at gambling  
Is far past all belief.

MEN AND WOMEN: Hindley Earnshaw is the one man left  
Who'll sit at a table with him.  
And the more Hindley loses,  
the more Hindley plays,  
And he's lost all now but Wuthering Heights.  
The stranger shuffles the cards with such speed  
That his fingers are blurred to the eye.  
His hands are quiet and his eyes are cold  
And he speaks just to call the play.

GROUP OF MEN: This man's no stranger;  
he's lived here before.  
He was once a plowboy at Wuthering Heights.  
His manner has changed but the man's the same.  
He still calls himself Heathcliff.

ENTIRE GROUP: "Heathcliff?"  
The gypsy's become a gentleman.

CATHY: Nelly, have you heard that Heathcliff is back?

NELLY: Yes, ma'am, I'd heard talk of that.

CATHY: Why hasn't he been here to see me?

NELLY: That, I don't know, Ma'am.  
I've heard he's been here for over a week.

CATHY: Oh, I can't believe it.  
He'd have come to see me...  
*(There is a knock at the door and Nelly opens it. Standing in the door is Hindley, and slightly behind him, is the cloaked figure of Heathcliff. As the door opens Hindley walks unsteadily in, and with an extravagant gesture to Cathy, announces)*

HINDLEY: Cathy, I come unbid to your party  
But I bring you a very dear friend.

CATHY: Edgar, dear, Heathcliff is back!  
After three long years Heathcliff is back!

EDGAR: I had given you up for dead.  
I remember Mr. Heathcliff.  
Welcome to the Grange.

HEATHCLIFF: Thank you.

CATHY: Heathcliff, you remember Isabella?

HEATHCLIFF: Of course. How do you do?

ISABELLA: I'm delighted to meet you, sir.

CATHY: Oh, Heathcliff,  
it's thrilling having you back.



After all this time—all this time—  
Where have you been and what have you done?

HEATHCLIFF: I've been to London  
to see the Queen.  
Cathy, shall we dance?

CATHY: A waltz, please! I must have a waltz!  
This minuet is stifling me!

CATHY: Oh, Heathcliff, I can't believe you're back.  
I feel like dancing, dancing, dancing all night!  
Nelly says you've been here a week.  
Then why haven't you come to see me before?

HEATHCLIFF: Business of which  
you'd never approve.

CATHY: Then let's not discuss it—not another word!  
I refuse to quarrel with you so soon.  
Tomorrow I'll think this was all a dream.  
I won't believe I've seen you,  
that I've heard your voice;  
So many times I've wished t  
hat we were children again;  
That the air of the moors was bursting my breast;  
And that sprigs of heather  
were wreathed in my hair.  
Have you seen our kingdom?  
Have you been to the Crag?

HEATHCLIFF: Yes, on the very first day.

CATHY: After you left me, I went there once.  
But I couldn't bear the heather and clouds.

But now that you're back it will be as before.  
We must go and see our kingdom once more!

HEATHCLIFF: I haven't come back here to live;  
I've come back to take you away with me.  
It would not degrade you to love me now.  
I have everything you married him for.  
I've cheated and lied. I've soiled my name.  
But I've become a man of power and wealth.  
And I did it all, I did it all for you!  
I've worked till my hands were pulpy with blood.  
I've been in pain from hunger  
and half-crazed with cold.  
But I won! I won! I've become a gentleman now.  
And it's all for you! I did it all for you!  
And the triumph was hollow; I remained the same.  
With wealth and power, I remained the same.  
I am still Heathcliff; I've remained the same,  
And you will never change, never change.  
We were meant to exalt the moors,  
To shout at lapwings and drink the rain.  
Apart we're imprisoned, together we're free.  
Leave now and escape this prison with me.

CATHY: You forget that I am married now.  
Don't spoil our being friends.

HEATHCLIFF: I didn't come back to live here.  
But I'll never leave 'til you leave with me.  
I've endured three long years of hell for you,  
I am not to be dissuaded now.

HINDLEY: Heathcliff, let's have a game.

HEATHCLIFF: What have you left to gamble with?

HINDLEY: I have a few pounds and, if I lose them, Wuthering Heights will be the stake.

CATHY: You fool! You wouldn't dare!  
You should leave at once. You've drunk too much.

HINDLEY: I shall do what I please; it belongs to me.  
If I lose it *all*, it's not your affair.

CATHY: When you lose,  
don't come to me for help!  
I've warned you, Hindley;  
I'll be deaf to your pleas.  
Don't come to me!  
Oh, Heathcliff, let's rejoice tonight. .

HEATHCLIFF: The time for rejoicing  
has not yet come.

CATHY: Heathcliff, I forbid you to go!  
I forbid you to gamble with Hindley.

HEATHCLIFF: With your permission, sir.

EDGAR: Of course.  
*(Edgar walks away annoyed and goes directly to Cathy, who has come into the living room. Hindley and Heathcliff have begun their game)*

I will not have your gypsy take over this house  
And turn it into a gambling den.  
Order him to leave at once.  
Your brother, of course, is welcome here.

CATHY: Heathcliff is sober. Why should *he* leave?  
Hindley challenged him to cards.  
Order Hindley to leave if you like.  
But I demand that Heathcliff stays.

EDGAR: Look at my sister fawn over him.  
Evil attracts the foolish and young.

HINDLEY: Deal no more cards.  
Let's see what you have.

HINDLEY: I've no more money,  
but I'll wager my home.  
I'll play you once more for Wuthering Heights.

CATHY: Hindley, have you lost your mind?  
Wuthering Heights is all you have left.

HINDLEY: It's mine to lose. Leave me alone!

CATHY: Hindley, you fool!  
You'll lose everything. Fool!  
Don't come to me when you lose. Fool!  
Don't come to me. I'll be deaf to your pleas.  
Don't come to me when you lose.

NELLY: Help him, O God!  
He cannot help himself.  
Pity him now. Have mercy.  
Please help him, O Lord!  
He cannot help himself!  
Pity him now. Have mercy.

MEN AND WOMEN: The stranger shuffles the cards with such speed  
That his fingers are blurred to the eye.  
His hands are quiet and his eyes are cold,  
And he speaks just to call the play.

HINDLEY: I have you this time! I have you this time!  
Show me what you have in your hand!

GROUP: Ten, King...King...King...KING!  
*(Hindley looks on incredulously. When the last king is turned up he looks fiercely at Heathcliff for a brief instant. He then backs unsteadily towards the mantle and, as he does so, comes into contact with the fireplace poker. Immediately sensing the poker as a weapon, he seizes it and lunges at Heathcliff. There is a scream from the ladies as the group backs away. Heathcliff quickly grabs Hindley's wrist and hurls him to the floor. There is a brief scuffle and Heathcliff wrests the poker from Hindley's grasp and holds it high in the air. Heathcliff slowly rises to his feet and stands over the crumpled Hindley).*

HEATHCLIFF: I am now master  
of Wuthering Heights.

HINDLEY: Kill me, Heathcliff! I beg you to kill me.  
Kill me, Heathcliff.  
Oh God, what have I done!  
*(Hindley and Nelly exit)*

*(The guests, embarrassed and constrained, begin to leave the party. Edgar and Cathy move to the door and shake hands with the departing couples. Isabella crosses quickly to Heathcliff)*

ISABELLA: Will we see you again very soon?

HEATHCLIFF: Come and visit me at Wuthering Heights.

ISABELLA: Perhaps I can: I should like that.  
Goodnight.

HEATHCLIFF: It was very good to see you again.

NELLY: I'd heard talk you were back.  
It's no surprise.

HEATHCLIFF: You don't seem pleased to see me.

NELLY: There's much I don't know  
and too much to forget.  
We've been very happy here.

HEATHCLIFF: Well, I'll hope to see you soon again.

NELLY: How long will you be here, Sir?

HEATHCLIFF: Who knows, Nelly,  
how long it'll take.

HEATHCLIFF: I can be the last to leave  
Since I was the last to come.

CATHY: Oh, Heathcliff, must you go?

EDGAR: Don't detain Mr. Heathcliff, my dear.

HEATHCLIFF: Goodnight.

EDGAR: Goodnight.

CATHY: Goodnight, Heathcliff! Come to visit us soon.  
*(Edgar turns as Heathcliff exits and walks angrily back into the room. Cathy closes the door after Heathcliff and crosses to Edgar)*

EDGAR: Your gypsy friend has disgraced us both. And I forbid you ever to see him again.

CATHY: I shall see Heathcliff when it pleases me. He's the dearest friend I have. And I'm sure you and he will be friends.

EDGAR: Cathy, you shock me. I'm going to bed.

CATHY: We will all be friends. I'm sure of it! Oh, Nelly, my life is complete again. I have been buried for three lost years. Heathcliff is back and I'd thought he was dead. And all the time it was I who was dead, And now he's come back and resurrected me. Heathcliff is back, and I have come back to life!

NELLY: For your sake,  
I wish that Heathcliff *had* died.  
I seldom speak out but this time I must.  
If you're wise you'll never see him again.  
Forsake this blind, vain hope of yours.  
Your husband and Heathcliff will never be friends.  
Heathcliff has come back for just one thing,  
And that one thing should be well known to you!  
He's come back to take you away with him  
Or destroy us all if he should fail.

Heathcliff is ruthless; his conscience is dead.  
Pride and revenge are consuming him.  
In one short week your brother is his.  
And who will be next, if you stand in his way?  
He's plotted his life and revenge is the scheme,  
And time and money he has to spare.  
Don't see him again and for your sake, ma'am.  
For all our sakes don't let him come here again.  
Heathcliff's no longer the boy we knew.

CATHY: Heathcliff still loves me. He will do as I say.  
You'll see, he'll do as I say! We shall all be friends here. I'm resolved we shall all be friends.  
Heathcliff left me but he's come back now.  
He's come back and he will do as I say.  
Heathcliff still loves me. Things will be as before.  
They will be as before.  
Yes, Heathcliff still loves me. He will do as I say.  
He must do as I say.

NELLY: So I beg you, forsake this blind, vain hope of yours;  
Your husband and Heathcliff will never be friends.  
The Heathcliff we knew no longer exists.  
And this Heathcliff is a desperate man.  
A fool can see he's possessed of one thought,  
And that one thought is to take you away.  
Abandon this dream; it can never be real.  
What's past is lost.  
So forsake this blind, vain hope of yours.  
Forsake your dream while there's time.

CATHY: Heathcliff *must* do as I say.

**(The curtain falls)**

## ACT III

### Scene 2

SCENE: *Thrushcross Grange, one month later  
(September, 1820).*

AT RISE: *Nelly is dusting in the living room.  
(After a moment Isabella comes down the staircase  
very deliberately, her face pensive. As she comes  
into the room, Nelly looks up and speaks)*

NELLY: Oh, it's you, Miss.  
I thought you were resting.

ISABELLA: I lay on the bed  
but my mind wouldn't rest.

NELLY: Is something troubling you, Miss?

ISABELLA: Oh yes, Nelly,  
and perhaps you can help me.  
You've known Cathy since she was a child.

NELLY: So it has to do with Miss Cathy?

ISABELLA: Cathy and Heathcliff, too.  
Nelly, please tell me this one thing:  
What hold has she over him?

NELLY: Why she and Heathcliff are very old friends.

ISABELLA: That's not what I mean  
and you know it's not!

She's married now, but he still pays her court.  
He comes here to call and they take long walks,  
And this in spite of what Edgar says.  
Often when I've been alone with him  
He's forgotten that I am with him at all.  
Or he's taken my hand  
and his eyes have grown dim  
And then it is that he calls me her name.  
What is it, Nelly? I don't understand,  
What strange bond exists between them?

NELLY: It's an old bond—a very old bond,  
And stronger than blood.  
But when have you seen Heathcliff alone?

ISABELLA: I see him almost every day.  
I ride to Wuthering Heights.

NELLY: Does your brother know?  
Does Miss Cathy know?

ISABELLA: Of course not!

NELLY: Why would you do such a thing?  
Why? Why?

ISABELLA: Oh, Nelly, I've fallen in love with him.  
Heathcliff has shattered my quiet life;  
He's exploded my world; I'm defenseless now.  
I can only adore him, this welcome intruder.  
Is he mortal, Nelly, or is he half-god?  
Whichever he is I am mute with worship.  
For Heathcliff has quickened my heart,  
And I can but weep with wonder.  
Nelly, he's like a wounded thing,

Snarling and fierce to hide its hurt.  
But I could love the pain away  
And bring him trusting back to the world.  
And also I'm in love with his name,  
A name as singular as the man,  
Forbidding, alluring, glowering, kind,  
A name that pierces and floods my heart.  
Since I love him so, he will one day love me,  
And if I love him enough, I shall break her hold.  
And he will be free then, free to love me.  
Oh, Nelly, I'm bursting with love for him.  
He has entered and shattered my life.  
He's exploded my world; I'm defenseless now.  
The adored intruder is welcome here.

NELLY: It breaks my heart to say this to you,  
But you must kill everything you feel for him.

ISABELLA: Nelly, what are you talking about?

NELLY: You must never go to Wuthering Heights  
again. And you must never see Heathcliff alone.  
Why he'd crush you like a sparrow's egg,  
Just as he's made Mister Hindley a slave.  
Heathcliff is evil and if he married you  
It would be for revenge,  
or just for the money you'll have.

ISABELLA: I don't believe you! Revenge on whom?

CATHY:  
*(Crossing swiftly and seizing Isabella by the arm)*  
What is this talk of marriage?  
And when have you been to Wuthering Heights?

ISABELLA: Yesterday and two days ago,  
And many times these past few weeks.  
I love Heathcliff and he might love me.  
He would love me if you'd let him—  
If you'd let him.

CATHY: We'll see about that! He's outside now.  
Nelly, show Heathcliff in here. Isabella, I forbid you  
to stay. Go upstairs until Heathcliff leaves.  
I want to talk with him alone.

HEATHCLIFF: Good afternoon, ladies.

CATHY: Heathcliff, is it true what Isabella says:  
That she's visited you at Wuthering Heights?

HEATHCLIFF: I would never question a lady's word.  
But I'll make her honor good.  
Perhaps I'll take her away with me.  
We could leave tonight and be married.

CATHY: How can you suggest such a thing!  
I forbid you ever to see her again.

HEATHCLIFF: Isabella, go and pack your clothes.  
We shall leave this afternoon instead.

CATHY: Isabella, I forbid you to go.  
Nelly, find my husband at once.  
Tell him what's happened. Bring him here.  
Heathcliff, you can't mean to do this!

HEATHCLIFF: Either you leave with me tonight  
Or I take Isabella instead.

CATHY: Do you love her, Heathcliff?  
You know you don't!

HEATHCLIFF: Love that pale face  
and those pale blue eyes?  
How could I love her with you in the world?  
Our souls are bound; we can never escape.  
At opposite ends of the earth  
we could still not escape.  
Our spirits are chained; apart we're in hell.  
Leave with me now or I shall take her away.

CATHY: How dare you bargain with me this way!  
You're wooing destruction for all of us.

HEATHCLIFF: I've been in torment,  
Waiting for you and pleading with you.  
But the time for waiting is over now.

CATHY: If you marry her, I'll never see you again.  
I would never forgive your doing this.  
How dare you betray me! How dare you!

HEATHCLIFF: And I swear that if you deny me  
again, I will crush everything around you.  
If it takes me all the rest of my life,  
I will have us together again.

EDGAR: Isabella, where are you going?

ISABELLA: I'm leaving with Heathcliff.  
I don't know where. We're going away to be married.

EDGAR: So this nonsense I heard was really true.  
I will never permit it. This man is a scoundrel  
HEATHCLIFF: Your permission is not required, sir.  
Isabella, wait outside. I'll join you in a moment.

EDGAR: If you leave  
you can never come back to this house.  
I would rather see you dead  
than with this monster here.

ISABELLA: I should surely miss coming back home,  
But I love Heathcliff and I'm going away with him.

CATHY: He doesn't love you. He's told me so.  
He's using you! Can't you see?

EDGAR: I will disown you! You'll not have a cent!  
If you disgrace me now I will cut you off.  
He wants your money and Thrushcross Grange,  
But he will never have it, not as long as I live.  
For I have disowned you, as God is my judge.  
I no longer know who you are!

HEATHCLIFF: Cathy, for the last time,  
what's it to be?  
Don't force me to this!

CATHY: Heathcliff, I beg you, I beg you.

HEATHCLIFF: What's it to be? What's it to be?

CATHY: No! Never! Never!

HEATHCLIFF: If you think I am cruel  
and heartless now, I learned it all from you.

EDGAR: Get out of here and never come back!  
I've put up with you for Cathy's sake,  
But that time has passed; it's over now.  
So leave now before you're forced to,  
And never come back here again.

EDGAR: Nelly, send two servants in here.

CATHY: Throw him out, Edgar! By yourself!

EDGAR: Cathy, give me that key!

CATHY: Force him to leave by yourself.  
And to think that I am going to bear your child.  
Please God, may it wither and die.

HEATHCLIFF: So this is what you preferred to me.

CATHY: Edgar, all you had in me is dead.  
And, Heathcliff, I never want to see you again.  
Now get out and leave me alone!

CATHY: Doom is the thread that binds our lives.  
It hunts us down to destroy us.  
It was ordained, it was darkly ordained  
That we should be fugitives all our lives.

For in our cradles we already began  
The reckless flight of the doomed.  
Doom has driven and doom has pursued us  
Until we are trapped at last.

HEATHCLIFF: Doom is the thread that binds our lives  
And hunts us down to destroy us.  
It was ordained, it was darkly ordained,  
That we should be fugitives all our lives.

CATHY: Desolation will drown me now.  
No hope is left to stave it off.  
How useless all our fleeing was!  
Useless! The word is cleaving my heart!

EDGAR: What have I done to warrant this?  
I don't understand. What have I done?  
Have I been blind? Was it there to see?  
But what use are questions?  
What use are they now?  
My wife and sister are lost to me.  
My world is destroyed.  
Oh God, was Job more tried than I?

HEATHCLIFF: In our cradles we already began  
The restless flight of the doomed.  
Doom has driven and doom has pursued us  
Until we are trapped at last.  
Desolation will drown me now.  
We are doomed!

CATHY: Useless! Useless!  
The pall of doom has fallen now.  
The kingdom of moors and the wild, free life:  
What happened to them?  
Were they only vain dreams?  
We drank in the air; the taste was sweet.  
Bitter now is the taste of despair.  
Doom is the thread that binds our lives;



It hunts us down to destroy us.  
Doom has driven and doom has pursued us  
Until we are trapped at last.  
Oh, useless! The word is cleaving my heart.

NELLY: God help them now;  
they cannot help themselves.  
I have dreaded but known that this hour must come.  
Could I have done more to postpone this day?  
Could a mere human keep them apart?  
Can each not love in the other's heart  
Anything but the evil there?  
God help them now; they cannot help themselves!

EDGAR: What have I done to warrant this?  
I've lived as in my heart I believed.  
To think that I arose today with no hint of loss  
in my heart. Lost! Everything hopelessly lost.  
My wife, my sister, perhaps my child.  
Lost, irretrievably lost.  
Oh God, was Job more tried than I?  
Doom is the thread that binds our lives;  
It hunts us down to destroy us.  
Lost! irretrievably lost!

HEATHCLIFF: Doomed. Doomed.  
Trapped at last. The pall of doom has fallen now.  
The kingdom of moors and the wild, free life:  
What happened to them?  
Were they only vain dreams?  
We drank in the air; the taste was sweet.  
Bitter now is the taste of despair.  
Doom is the thread that binds our lives;  
It hunts us down to destroy us.  
Doom has driven and doom has pursued us

Until we are trapped at last.  
Oh bitter now is the taste of despair.

CATHY: Bitter now, the taste of despair.  
We are trapped at last. The pall of doom has fallen.  
EDGAR: Doom is the thread that binds our lives;  
It hunts us down to destroy us.

HEATHCLIFF: The pall of doom has fallen now.  
The pall of doom has fallen.

CATHY: Bitter now is the taste of despair.  
Nelly, how can I live?  
How can I live without Heathcliff?  
I am Heathcliff and he is my soul!  
I cannot live without my soul!  
Help me to die, Nelly! Help me to die!

**(The curtain falls)**

## ACT III

### Scene 3

SCENE: *Thruscross Grange, seven months later  
(April, 1821).*

AT RISE: *Nelly is sewing baby clothes. She frequently glances up anxiously at Cathy, who lies on the living room sofa, an afghan over her. The change in Cathy should be startling: her skin is ashen and there are hollows in her cheeks, her black hair is loose on her shoulders-her eyes, dark and sunken. Abstractedly, she picks at a pillow she holds in her thin hands.*

CATHY: Here is a turkey's feather  
And here is a wild duck's,  
And here is a moor-cock's.  
And this one-I would know it anywhere  
It's a lapwing's.  
Such a beautiful bird,  
wheeling high over our heads on the moors.  
It flies high and free, almost into the clouds. .  
This feather must have dropped  
from its wing in flight.  
No hunter could bring a lapwing down.  
Heathcliff vowed he would never try.  
He loved the lapwing as much as I  
Circling and soaring, wild and free!  
Oh, I wish I were out of doors again.  
I'd like to see the heather once more.  
I have seen it from my window  
but only through tears.

Why can't I be a girl again? Half-savage and free!  
Running over the moors!  
If I could go once more to Penniston Crag,  
I'm sure I would be myself again.  
Open the window, it will do me good!  
Open it, Nelly,  
It will do me good!  
Let me smell the air!

NELLY: I can't, ma'am;  
you heard what the doctor said.  
Be patient, now; you'll be delivered soon.

CATHY: I don't want this child; I only want to die!

NELLY: Don't say such things;  
you've a new life ahead.

CATHY: But I don't want it,  
and the old life is lost to me. It is lost, isn't it, Nelly?  
*(Nelly looks at her sadly for a moment and then lowers her eyes to her work)* *(Heathcliff enters quickly and knocks on the door. Cathy sits immobile. Nelly, putting her sewing down, rises and goes to the door, shutting it behind her)*

NELLY: Have you left your bride so soon?  
You know you're not permitted here.

HEATHCLIFF: I heard in town that Cathy is sick.  
Is it true, Nelly? Is she really sick?

NELLY: She's been confined; she's expecting a child.

HEATHCLIFF: But is she sick or have I been told lies?  
If you won't tell me, I'll see for myself.

NELLY: Yes, she's sick, she's very sick!  
And she can't be disturbed by anyone!

HEATHCLIFF: Why haven't you told me?

NELLY: Nobody knows...Not even she.  
The doctor told only Mr. Edgar.

HEATHCLIFF: I must see her now!

NELLY: But you can't go in there!  
She's out of her room for the first time in months.  
It could mean her life if she's excited at all!  
Would you kill her, Heathcliff? Heathcliff, don't!

CATHY: Heathcliff! Oh, Heathcliff!

HEATHCLIFF: Cathy, Cathy-

CATHY: You've come at last!  
Stay with me now...never leave me again.  
I wish I could hold you 'til we both were dead.

HEATHCLIFF: Cathy, don't talk that way.

CATHY: Will you remember me?  
Heathcliff, will you remember me?  
You mustn't forget me. I'll be waiting for you.

HEATHCLIFF: Cathy, we're alive.  
Don't say such things.

CATHY: I will die very soon—no, don't protest.  
And before I die, I must tell you this:  
I've loved you and only you all my life.

HEATHCLIFF: If you loved me,  
why did you drive me away?

CATHY: I didn't know...I didn't know...

HEATHCLIFF: Nothing in the world  
could have parted us  
Not poverty, nor pain, nor death itself.  
Only you could have parted us,  
And you, by your own will, did!

CATHY: I know, Heathcliff, I know...  
I only want us together again  
And death is the only way I know.  
It doesn't matter how long it takes  
But I'll wait for you  
Wherever souls like ours go.

HEATHCLIFF: Cathy, you mustn't die  
and leave me here.  
I'd be lost without you and completely alone.

CATHY: Love me, Heathcliff, and be lonely for me:  
I'll be lonely for you wherever I am.

NELLY: Mr. Edgar is coming;  
He mustn't find you here!

CATHY: Heathcliff, take me to the door.  
I want to see the moors again.

CATHY: Heathcliff, I must see it once more...  
Carry me to the door!

CATHY: Oh, Heathcliff, I can breathe again!  
My lungs are not enough to drink in the air!

HEATHCLIFF: Close your eyes  
and burn it into your brain Everything you can see  
and taste and smell, For that way, even when we  
are not here, this kingdom will always be ours.

CATHY: And I am forever your queen!

HEATHCLIFF: Can you see the sky  
and the curdled clouds,  
All scarlet and gold on their undersides?

CATHY: Yes...Yes!

HEATHCLIFF: Can you see the shadows of the sun  
on the moors,  
Like purple fingers in the tall, wet grass?

CATHY: Oh, Yes...Yes!

HEATHCLIFF: And what of the heather?  
Can you see it out there?  
Weaving in the warm, soft wind?

CATHY: Yes...Yes!

HEATHCLIFF: Can you smell the heather crushed in  
your face? Is it in your eyes, and nose, and hair?  
Can you smell it so when you sleep tonight  
It will cling to you while you...dream?

*(With a long exhalation, Cathy falls back in his  
arms, dead. Heathcliff looks down at her)*

*(For some time Heathcliff continues to stare,  
unbelieving, at Cathy's face. Slowly, without lifting  
his eyes, he walks back into the room. Nelly, aware  
of the sudden silence, turns towards Heathcliff and,  
sensing that Cathy has died, stands unmoving.  
As Heathcliff starts across the room, Edgar enters  
quickly from the rear. He starts to speak as he  
recognizes Heathcliff but, seeing Cathy motionless  
in his arms, stops abruptly. Heathcliff moves to the  
sofa and, with the greatest tenderness, lays Cathy  
down. He stands over her for a long moment,  
stunned. Suddenly Edgar rushes to the sofa and falls  
sobbing on Cathy's body. Nelly, turning her back to  
the room, sinks into a chair and covers her face  
with her hands. Heathcliff, as if waking from a  
dream, looks around wildly and rushes out of the  
room and from the house. The lights go down on  
the interior of the house. As he lurches upstage,  
backing away from the Grange, Heathcliff cries out)*

HEATHCLIFF: May you never find peace  
for as long as I live!  
If I killed you then haunt me the rest of my life.  
Take any form, even drive me mad,  
But just don't leave me...don't leave me here!  
Haunt me, Cathy, for the rest of my life!

*(The solitary figure of Heathcliff, with arms upraised  
and fists clenched, is silhouetted against the sombre  
and cloud-massed sky as the curtain falls)*

-END OF OPERA-



*WUTHERING HEIGHTS*, dedicated to the composer's wife,  
was commissioned by the Santa Fe Opera,  
who first performed the work on July 16, 1958  
in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

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