

M A R I N A R E B E K A

Ille

PRIMA
CLASSIC

FRENCH OPERA ARIAS
MICHAEL BALKÉ
SINFONIEORCHESTER ST. GALLEN

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Elle

FRENCH OPERA ARIAS

M I C H A E L B A L K E

SINFONIEORCHESTER ST. GALLEN

- 1 CHARPENTIER · Louise · Act 3 · *Depuis le jour où je me suis donnée* (5:27)
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Total time: 72:35



MARINA REBEKA

SOPRANO

Latvian soprano Marina Rebeka is one of the leading opera singers of our time. She has gained a wide reputation as one of the greatest Verdi, Rossini, and Mozart interpreters of the world.

Since her international breakthrough at the Salzburg Festival in 2009 under the baton of Riccardo Muti, Rebeka has been a regular guest at the world's most prestigious concert halls and opera houses, such as the Teatro alla Scala (Milan), the Opéra National de Paris, the Metropolitan Opera and Carnegie Hall (New York), the Royal Opera House Covent Garden (London), the Concertgebouw (Amsterdam), the Bavarian State Opera (Munich), the Vienna State Opera and the Musikverein (Vienna), and the Zurich Opera House, among others.

She collaborates with leading conductors such as Riccardo Muti, Zubin Mehta, Antonio Pappano, Valery Gergiev, Fabio Luisi, Yannick Nézet-Séguin, Daniele Gatti, Marco Armiliato, Thomas Hengelbrock, Paolo Carignani, Myung-Whun Chung, Kent Nagano, Ottavio Dantone, and Dan Ettinger. The variety of her repertoire is outstanding and ranges from Baroque (Händel), bel canto (Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti), and Verdi (*La Traviata*, *Simon Boccanegra*, *Il Trovatore*) to Tchaikovsky (*Eugene Onegin*) and Britten (*War Requiem*).

As an active and widely acclaimed concert performer, Rebeka has given recitals at the Rossini Opera Festival in Pesaro, the Rudolfinum concert hall in Prague, St John's Smith Square in London, the Teatro alla Scala in Milan, and the Großes Festspielhaus in Salzburg and has participated in concerts at the Palau de la Música in Barcelona and the FestspielhausBaden-Baden accompanied by such ensembles as the Mahler Chamber Orchestra, the Czech Philharmonic,

the Orchestra del Teatro Comunale di Bologna, the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, the Orchestra del Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, and the Filarmonici della Scala.

Rebeka has recorded Rossini's *Petite Messe Solennelle* with the Orchestra of Santa Cecilia in Rome under Antonio Pappano for EMI (*Warner Classics*) in 2012. Her first solo CD, *Mozart Arias* with Speranza Scappucci and the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, was released by EMI (*Warner Classics*) in November 2013. Her next album, *Amor fatale* – Rossini arias with Marco Armiliato and the Münchner Rundfunkorchester – was released in the autumn of 2017 by *BR-Klassik*. A recording of Verdi's *Luisa Miller* with Rebeka in the title role was released by *BR-Klassik* in spring 2018, and in summer 2018 *Deutsche Grammophon* released a recording of Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito* conducted by Yannick Nézet-Séguin and featuring Rebeka in the role of Vitellia. Her third solo album, *Spirito*, which includes the best-known scenes and arias of the dramatic bel canto repertoire, was released to critical acclaim under her own record label, *Prima Classic*, in November 2018. In 2019, also with *Prima Classic*, Rebeka recorded the role of Violetta Valéry on the integral studio production of Verdi's opera *La Traviata*, along with Charles Castronovo, George Petean, the Latvian Festival Orchestra and the State Choir Latvija under Michael Balke.

Born in Riga, Rebeka began her musical studies in Latvia and continued in Italy, where she graduated from the Conservatorio di Musica Santa Cecilia in Rome (2007). During her studies she also attended the Mozarteum International Summer Academy in Salzburg and the Rossini Academy in Pesaro. In the 2017/18 season, she was named the first-ever artist in residence by the Münchner Rundfunkorchester. In December 2016, Rebeka was granted the Order of the Three Stars, the highest award of the Republic of Latvia, for her cultural achievements.



MICHAEL BALKE

CONDUCTOR

Equally at home in the symphonic and opera repertoire, the young German conductor Michael Balke is quickly gaining international attention for his performances. He regularly accepts invitations to many European countries as well as Japan, South Korea, Russia, and the United States. Balke was born in Braunschweig and received a full scholarship for his musical education at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, where he studied piano with James Tocco, conducting with Christopher Zimmerman, and chamber music with the Tokyo String Quartet, the LaSalle Quartet, and Menahem Pressler. After extended activity in chamber music and as a Lied pianist, he devoted himself entirely to conducting.

Balke lived in Italy from 2007 to 2011, where he assisted Riccardo Frizza at the Maggio Musicale in Florence and in Verona. In 2011 he became the principal conductor of the Magdeburg Opera, where he conducted a broad repertoire of new productions from Mozart, Rossini, and Donizetti to Verdi, Stravinsky, Korngold, and Richard Strauss as well as numerous symphony concerts. Highlights of this period include *Der Rosenkavalier* and a new production of Richard Strauss' *Elektra*.

At the same time, Balke accepted international invitations as a guest conductor: Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* at the Teatro Grande in Brescia and in Como, Cremona, and Pavia; *Hänsel und Gretel* at the Staatstheater Kassel; *La Traviata* (production by Achim Freyer) at the Nationaltheater Mannheim; a new production of *La Bohème* at the Danish National Opera; and *L'Heure Espagnole / Gianni Schicchi* for the 2016 season opening at the Opéra National de Lorraine in Nancy.

In 2015 Balke made his debut in Japan with the Yomiuri Nippon Symphony Orchestra in Tokyo and the Osaka Philharmonic Orchestra and toured with Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. Recent engagements include his debut in Sweden with *Der Fliegende Holländer* and the Swedish Chamber Orchestra, new productions of *Tosca* and Schreker's *Die Gezeichneten* at the Theater St. Gallen in Switzerland, symphony concerts with the Copenhagen Philharmonic and the Aalborg Symphony Orchestra, and his US debut with the Sarasota Orchestra in Florida featuring Midori. He has conducted the Munich Symphony Orchestra, the Royal Stockholm Philharmonic Orchestra, the Residentie Orkest Den Haag at the Concertgebouw Amsterdam, and with the Cologne Chamber Orchestra and Jean-Yves Thibaudet at the Tongyeong Festival in South Korea.

Balke regularly collaborates with singers such as Ludovic Tézier, Lawrence Brownlee, Ian Bostridge, and Marina Rebeka, with whom he gave concerts in Zagreb with the Croatian Radio Orchestra, in Munich with the Munich Radio Orchestra, and at the Tchaikovsky Hall in Moscow.

Balke was recently named Principal Guest Conductor of the St. Gallen Theater and Symphony Orchestra (Switzerland), starting his tenure in the 2018/19 season.

In 2019, Balke conducted *Prima Classic's* integral studio production of Verdi's opera *La Traviata*, with the main roles sang by Marina Rebeka, Charles Castronovo, and George Petean, along with the Latvian Festival Orchestra and the State Choir Latvija.

SINFONIEORCHESTER ST. GALLEN SWITZERLAND

Seventy musicians from more than twenty different countries make up the St. Gallen Symphony Orchestra. Its highly successful concert series is housed in one of the finest concert halls in the Lake Constance region - the art nouveau Tonhalle St Gallen, built in 1909 and recently given a complete acoustic overhaul.

The orchestra also features prominently in St Gallen's Theatre, playing a vital part in opera, operetta, and musical productions, and in the St. Gallen Festival. Wide-ranging chamber music is a significant part of the musicians' artistic output; besides two in-house concert series, the orchestra runs the «Meisterzyklus» concerts with high-profile guests from the international chamber music scene. Additionally, the orchestra is highly dedicated to education and outreach projects in order to promote music to audiences and musicians of tomorrow.

The history of the orchestra stretches back to the middle of the nineteenth century taking up a tradition of subscription concerts as early as 1877. For a remarkable

thirty-seven year period at the turn of the century, the renowned Swiss composer and conductor Othmar Schoeck directed the orchestra, marking a new era in the refinement of orchestral sound and introducing innovative concert programming. In the post-war period, the baton was passed to major conductors such as Carl Schuricht and André Cluytens. More recently the Chief Conductor was the Czech Jiří Kout, who was succeeded first by the American David Stern and then the Dutch conductor Otto Tausk.

The season 2018/2019 has seen the arrival of the internationally acclaimed Lithuanian conductor Modestas Pitrenas, with whom the orchestra already enjoys a long-standing artistic relationship. In the same season German conductor Michael Balke has joined the artistic staff as the St Gallen Theatre's Principal Guest Conductor. Besides numerous live appearances in the Tonhalle and Theatre St Gallen, the orchestra has also recently released several recordings, which have been well-received internationally, and it appears regularly on Swiss radio SRF2.

LYRICS

FRENCH

ENGLISH

1 Gustave CHARPENTIER · Louise · Act 3 · *Depuis le jour où je me suis donnée* (5:27)

Depuis le jour où je me suis donnée,
Toute fleurie semble ma destinée.
Je crois rêver sous un ciel de féerie,
L'âme encore grisée de ton premier baiser!
Quelle belle vie!
Mon rêve n'était pas un rêve!
Ah! je suis heureuse!
L'amour étend sur moi ses ailes!
Au jardin de mon cœur
Chante une joie nouvelle!

Tout vibre,
Tout se réjouit de mon triomphe!
Autour de moi tout est sourire,
Lumière et joie!
Et je tremble délicieusement
Au souvenir charmant
Du premier jour d'amour!

Quelle belle vie!
Ah! je suis heureuse! Trop heureuse...
Et je tremble délicieusement
Au souvenir charmant
Du premier jour d'amour!

Since the day I gave myself
My destiny seems all in flower,
I seem to be dreaming beneath a fairy sky
My soul still enraptured by your very first kiss!
What a beautiful life!
My dream wasn't a dream!
Ah! I'm so happy!
Love spreads its wings over me!
In the garden of my heart
A new joy sings!

Everything resonates,
Everything rejoices at my triumph!
All around me everything is smiles,
Light and joy!
And I tremble deliciously
At the charming memory
Of the first day of love!

What a beautiful life!
Ah! I'm so happy! Too happy...
And I tremble deliciously
At the charming memory
Of the first day of love!

2 Jules MASSENET · Hérodiade · Act 1 · *Celui dont la parole... Il est doux, il est bon* (5:39)

Celui dont la parole efface toutes peines,
Le Prophète est ici! C'est vers lui que je vais!

He whose speech clears all sorrows,
The Prophet is here! I am going to him!

Il est doux, il est bon, sa parole est sereine:
Il parle... tout se tait...
Plus léger sur la plaine
L'air attentif passe sans bruit...
Il parle!

He is gentle, he is good, his word is serene:
He speaks... everything gets quiet...
Lighter on the plain
The attentive air passes without noise...
He speaks!

Ah! quand reviendra-t-il?
Quand pourrai-je l'entendre?
Je souffrais, j'étais seule et mon coeur s'est calmé
En écoutant sa voix mélodieuse et tendre,
Mon coeur s'est calmé!
Prophète bien aimé, puis-je vivre sans toi?
Prophète bien aimé, puis-je vivre... vivre sans toi?

Ah! when will he come back?
When will I be able to hear him?
I suffered, I was alone and my heart calmed down
Listening to his melodious and tender voice,
My heart calmed down!
Beloved Prophet, can I live without you?
Beloved Prophet, can I live... live without you?

C'est là! dans ce désert
Où la foule étonnée avait suivi ses pas,
Qu'il m'accueillit un jour, enfant abandonnée,
Et qu'il m'ouvrit ses bras!

It's here! in this desert
Where the wondering crowd followed his steps,
Where he welcomed me, abandoned child,
And opened to me his arms!

Il est doux, il est bon, sa parole est sereine:
Il parle... tout se tait...
Plus léger sur la plaine
L'air attentif passe sans bruit...
Il parle!

He is gentle, he is good, his word is serene:
He speaks... everything gets quiet...
Lighter on the plain
The attentive air passes without noise...
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Quand pourrai-je l'entendre?
Je souffrais, j'étais seule et mon coeur s'est calmé
En écoutant sa voix mélodieuse et tendre,
Mon coeur s'est calmé!
Prophète bien aimé, puis-je vivre sans toi?
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Quand pourrai-je l'entendre?
Prophète bien-aimé, puis-je vivre sans toi?

Ah! When will he come back?
When will I be able to hear him?
Beloved Prophet, can I live without you?

3 Jules MASSENET · Le Cid · Act 3 · *De cet affreux combat... Pleurez, pleurez mes yeux* (6:25)

De cet affreux combat je sors l'âme brisée!...
Mais enfin je suis libre et je pourrai du moins
Soupirer sans contrainte et souffrir sans témoins.

Pleurez! Pleurez mes yeux! Tombez triste rosée,
Qu'un rayon de soleil ne doit jamais tarir!
S'il me reste un espoir, c'est de bientôt mourir!
Pleurez mes yeux, pleurez toutes vos larmes! Pleurez mes yeux!

Mais qui donc a voulu l'éternité des pleurs?
O chers ensevelis,
Trouvez-vous tant de charmes
À léguer aux vivants d'implacables douleurs?
Hélas! Je me souviens, il me disait:
Avec ton doux sourire
Tu ne saurais jamais conduire
Qu'aux chemins glorieux
Ou qu'aux sentiers bénis!
Ah! mon père! Hélas!

Pleurez! Pleurez mes yeux! Tombez triste rosée,
Qu'un rayon de soleil ne doit jamais tarir!
Pleurez mes yeux! Ah pleurez toutes vos larmes!
Pleurez mes yeux!

From this horrible battle I leave with a broken soul!...
But finally I'm free and I can at least
Sigh without constraint and suffer without witnesses.

Cry! Cry my eyes! Sad dewfall,
A ray of sunshine should never dry up!
If there is any hope left, it is soon to die!
Cry my eyes, cry all your tears!
Cry my eyes!

But who wanted the eternity of tears?
Oh, buried dear ones,
Do you find so charming
To bequeath to the living relentless pains?
Alas! I remember, I was told:
With your sweet smile
You will never be led
But to glorious ways
Or to blessed paths!
Ah! my father! Alas!

Cry! Cry my eyes! Sad dewfall,
A ray of sunshine should never dry up!
Cry my eyes! Ah cry all your tears!
Cry my eyes!

4 Charles GOUNOD · Faust · Act 3 · *Les grands seigneurs... Ah! Je ris de me voir si belle* (6:16)

Les grands seigneurs ont seuls des airs si résolus,
Avec cette douceur!
Allons, n'y pensons plus!
Cher Valentin! Si Dieu m'écoute,
Je te reverrai!

Me voilà toute seule! Un bouquet...
C'est de Siebel, sans doute!

Only the great lords have airs so resolute,
With this sweetness!
Come on, think of it no more!
Dear Valentin! If God hears me,
I will see you again!

Here I am all alone! A bouquet...
It's from Siebel, no doubt!

Pauvre garçon!
Que vois-je là?
D'où ce riche coffret peut-il venir?
Je n'ose y toucher, et pourtant...
Voici la clef, je crois!...
Si je l'ouvrais!... ma main tremble!... Pourquoi?
Je ne fais, en l'ouvrant, rien de mal, je suppose!

O Dieu! Que de bijoux! Est-ce un rêve charmant
Qui m'éblouit, ou si je veille?
Mes yeux n'ont jamais vu de richesse pareille!
Si j'osais seulement
Me parer un moment
De ces pendants d'oreille!...
Ah! Voici justement,
Au fond de la cassette, un miroir!
Comment n'être pas coquette?

Ah! Je ris de me voir
Si belle en ce miroir...
Est-ce toi, Marguerite,
Est-ce toi?
Réponds-moi, réponds-moi,
Réponds, réponds, réponds vite!
Non! Non!
Ce n'est plus toi!...
Non...non,
Ce n'est plus ton visage;
C'est la fille d'un roi;
Ce n'est plus toi,
C'est la fille d'un roi
Qu'on salue au passage!
Ah s'il était ici!
S'il me voyait ainsi!
Comme une demoiselle
Il me trouverait belle!

Achevons la métamorphose.
Il me tarde encor d'essayer
Le bracelet et le collier!
Dieu! C'est comme une main,
Qui sur mon bras se pose! Ah! Ah!
Ah! Je ris de me voir

Poor boy!
What do I see there?
Where could this rich box come from?
I dare not touch it and yet...
Here is the key, I think!...
What if I opened it!... my hand trembles!... Why?
I do nothing wrong by opening it, I suppose!

Oh God! What jewels! Is this a charming dream
Which dazzles me, or am I awake?
My eyes have never seen such wealth!
If only I dared
To embellish myself for a moment
With these earrings!...
Ah! Here it is, certainly,
At the bottom of the casket, a mirror!
How not to be coquettish?

Ah! I laugh to see myself
So beautiful in this mirror...
Is it you, Marguerite,
Is it you?
Answer me, answer me,
Answer, answer, answer quickly!
No! No!
It is no longer you!...
No...no,
It is no longer your face;
This is the daughter of a king;
It is no longer you,
This is the daughter of a king,
To whom one bows as she passes!
Ah if only he were here!
If he would see me like this!
Like a lady
He would find me beautiful!

Let us complete the metamorphosis.
I still long to try on
The bracelet and the necklace!
God! It is like a hand
Which is placed on my arm! Ah! Ah!
Ah! I laugh to see myself

Si belle en ce miroir...
Est-ce toi, Marguerite,
Est-ce toi?
Réponds-moi, réponds-moi,
Réponds, réponds, réponds vite!
Ah s'il était ici!
S'il me voyait ainsi!
Comme une demoiselle
Il me trouverait belle!
Marguerite ce n'est plus toi,
Ce n'est plus ton visage!
Non! C'est la fille d'un roi
Qu'on salue au passage!

So beautiful in this mirror...
Is it you, Marguerite,
Is it you?
Answer me, answer me,
Answer, answer, answer quickly!
Ah if only he were here!
If he would see me like this!
Like a lady
He would find me beautiful!
Marguerite this is no longer you,
This is no longer your face!
No! This is the daughter of a king,
To whom one bows as she passes!

5 Georges BIZET · Carmen · Act 1 · *Quand je vous aimerai?... L'amour est un oiseau rebelle* (5:09)

Quand je vous aimerai?
Ma foi, je ne sais pas...
Peut-être jamais!...
Peut-être demain!...
Mais pas aujourd'hui, c'est certain.

When would I love you?
Well, I do not know...
Maybe never!...
Maybe tomorrow!...
But not today, that's for sure.

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle
Que nul ne peut apprivoiser,
Et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'appelle,
S'il lui convient de refuser!

Love is a rebellious bird
That no one can tame,
And it is in vain that he is called,
If it suits him to refuse!

Rien n'y fait, menace ou prière,
L'un parle bien, l'autre se tait;
Et c'est l'autre que je préfère,
Il n'a rien dit, mais il me plaît.
L'amour!

Nothing helps, threat or prayer,
One speaks well, the other is silent;
And that's the other one I prefer,
He did not say anything, but I like him.
Love!

L'amour est enfant de Bohème
Il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi,
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime,
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

Love is a Bohemian child
He never, never knew any law,
If you do not love me, I love you,
If I love you, beware!

L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre
Battit de l'aile et s'envola;
L'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre,
Tu ne l'attends plus, il est là.

The bird that you thought you caged
Beat the wing and flew away;
Love is far away, you can wait for it,
You do not expect it anymore, it is there.

Tout autour de toi vite, vite,
Il vient, s'en va, puis il revient;
Tu crois le tenir, il t'évite,
Tu crois l'éviter, il te tient!
L'amour!

All around you fast, fast,
It comes, goes away, then comes back;
You think you hold it, it avoids you,
You think you avoid it, it is holding you!
Love!

L'amour est enfant de Bohème
Il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi,
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime,
Et si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

Love is a Bohemian child
He never, never knew any law,
If you do not love me, I love you,
And if I love you, beware!

6 Georges BIZET · Les pêcheurs de perles · Act 2 · *Me voilà seule dans la nuit... Comme autrefois (7:26)*

Me voilà seule dans la nuit.
Seule en ce lieu désert où règne le silence!
Je frissonne, j'ai peur, et le sommeil me fuit.
Mais il est là, mon coeur devine sa présence!

Here I am, alone in the night.
Alone in this lonely desert where silence reigns!
I shudder, I'm scared, and sleep flees me.
But he is here, my heart can feel his presence!

Comme autrefois dans la nuit sombre,
Caché sous le feuillage épais,
Il veille près de moi dans l'ombre,
Je puis dormir, rêver en paix.
Il veille près de moi,
Comme autrefois, comme autrefois.

As before, in the dark night,
Hidden under thick foliage,
He watches over me in the shadow,
I can sleep, dream in peace.
He watches over me,
As before, as before.

C'est lui! Mes yeux l'ont reconnu!
C'est lui! Mon âme est rassurée!
O bonheur! Joie inespérée.
Pour me revoir il est venu!
O bonheur, il est venu!
Il est là près de moi! Ah!

It's him! My eyes recognized him!
It's him! My soul is reassured!
Oh, happiness! Unexpected joy.
He came to see me again!
Oh, happiness, he came!
He is there near me! Ah!

Comme autrefois dans la nuit sombre,
Caché sous le feuillage épais,
Il veille près de moi dans l'ombre,
Je puis dormir, rêver en paix.
Il veille près de moi,
Comme autrefois, comme autrefois.
Je puis dormir, je puis rêver en paix.
Il veille près de moi.
Oui, comme autrefois je puis rêver en paix!

As before, in the dark night,
Hidden under thick foliage,
He watches over me in the shadow,
I can sleep, dream in peace!
He watches over me,
As before, as before.
I can sleep, I can dream in peace.
He watches over me.
Yes, like before I can dream in peace!

7 Jules MASSENET · Manon · Act 2 · *Allons! Il le faut!... Adieu, notre petite table* (4:29)

Allons! Il le faut! Pour lui même...
Mon pauvre chevalier...
O! Oui, c'est lui que j'aime!
Et pourtant, j'hésite aujourd'hui!
Non, non!... Je ne suis plus digne de lui!
J'entends cette voix qui m'entraîne
Contre ma volonté:
"Manon! Manon, tu seras reine...
Reine... par la beauté!.."
Je ne suis que faiblesse...
Et que fragilité...
Ah! Malgré moi je sens couler mes larmes...
Devant ces rêves effacés,
L'avenir aura-t-il les charmes
De ces beaux jours déjà passés?

Adieu, notre petite table,
Qui nous réunit si souvent!
Adieu, adieu, notre petite table,
Si grande pour nous cependant!
On tient, c'est inimaginable,
Si peu de place... en se serrant...
Adieu, notre petite table!
Un même verre était le nôtre,
Chacun de nous quand il buvait
Y cherchait les lèvres de l'autre...
Ah! Pauvre ami, comme il m'aimait!
Adieu notre petite table... Adieu!

Come on! I must do it! For his own sake...
My poor knight...
Oh! Yes, it's him I love!
And yet, I hesitate today!
No, no!... I am no longer worthy of him!
I hear this voice that attracts me
Against my own will:
"Manon! Manon, you will be queen...
Queen... by beauty!.."
I am nothing but weakness...
And fragility...
Ah! In spite of myself, I feel my tears flow...
Ahead of these shattered dreams,
Will the future have the charms
Of those beautiful days already passed?

Farewell, our little table,
Which brought us together so often!
Farewell, farewell, our little table,
Which for us two seemed so large!
It's unbelievable,
So little space... when we embrace...
Farewell, our little table!
We used the same glass, the two of us,
And when each of us drank,
We tried to find the other's lips...
Ah! My poor friend, how much he loved me!
Farewell, our little table... Farewell!

8 Charles GOUNOD · Roméo et Juliette · Act 1 · *Ah! Je veux vivre* (3:45)

Ah! Je veux vivre
Dans le rêve qui m'enivre
Ce jour encore!
Douce flamme,
Je te garde dans mon âme
Comme un trésor!

Ah! I want to live
In the dream that thrills me
Still to this day!
Sweet flame,
I keep you in my soul
Like a treasure!

Cette ivresse
De jeunesse
Ne dure, hélas, qu'un jour!
Puis vient l'heure
Où l'on pleure,
Le cœur cède à l'amour.
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour!

Ah! Je veux vivre
Dans ce rêve qui m'enivre
Longtemps encore!
Douce flamme,
Je te garde dans mon âme
Comme un trésor!

Loin de l'hiver morose
Laisse-moi sommeiller,
Et respirer la rose
Avant de l'effeuiller.
Ah!
Douce flamme,
Reste dans mon âme
Comme un doux trésor
Longtemps encore!

This inebriation
Of youthfulness
Doesn't last, alas, but a day!
Then comes the hour
When we cry,
The heart gives way to love.
And happiness flees without return!

Ah! I want to live
In this dream that thrills me
For a long time!
Sweet flame,
I'm guarding you in my soul
Like a treasure!

Away from the gloomy winter
Let me sleep,
And smell the rose
Before it withers.
Ah!
Sweet flame,
Rest in my soul,
Like a sweet treasure,
For a long time!

9 Jules MASSENET · Thaïs · Act 2 · *Ah! Je suis seule ... Dis-moi que je suis belle* (7:03)

Ah! je suis seule, seule enfin!
Tous ces hommes ne sont
Qu'indifférence et que brutalité.
Les femmes sont méchantes...
Et les heures pesantes...
J'ai l'âme vide...
Où trouver le repos?
Et comment fixer le bonheur?
O mon miroir fidèle, rassure-moi!

Dis-moi que je suis belle
Et que je serai belle éternellement!
Éternellement!
Que rien ne flétrira les roses
De mes lèvres,

Ah! I am alone, alone at last!
All these men are nothing but
Indifference and brutality.
The women are spiteful...
And the hours are heavy...
My soul is empty...
Where can I find rest?
And how can I preserve happiness?
Oh my faithful mirror, reassure me!

Tell me that I am beautiful
And that I will be eternally beautiful!
Eternally!
That nothing will ever
Wither my rosy lips,

Que rien ne ternira
L'or pur de mes cheveux!
Dis-le-moi! Dis-le-moi!
Dis-moi que je suis belle
Et que je serai belle éternellement!
Éternellement!
Ah! Je serai belle éternellement!

Ah! Tais-toi, voix impitoyable,
Voix qui me dis:
"Thaïs, tu vieilliras!...
Thaïs, tu vieilliras!
Un jour, ainsi,
Thaïs ne serait plus Thaïs!"
Non! Non! Je n'y puis croire.
Toi, Vénus,
Réponds-moi de ma beauté!
Vénus, réponds-moi de son éternité!
Vénus, invisible et présente!
Vénus, enchantement de l'ombre!
Vénus! Réponds-moi! Réponds-moi!

Dis-moi que je suis belle
Et que je serai belle éternellement!
Éternellement!
Que rien ne flétrira les roses
De mes lèvres,
Que rien ne ternira
L'or pur de mes cheveux!
Dis-le-moi! Dis-le-moi!
Dis-moi que je suis belle
Et que je serai belle éternellement!
Éternellement!
Ah! Je serai belle éternellement!

That nothing will tarnish
The pure golden of my hair!
Tell it to me! Tell it to me!
Tell me that I am beautiful
And that I will be eternally beautiful!
Eternally!
Ah! I will be eternally beautiful!

Ah! Be silent, pitiless voice,
The voice that tells me:
"Thaïs, you will get old!...
Thaïs, you will get old!
And one day,
Thaïs will be no longer Thaïs!"
No! No! I cannot believe it.
You, Venus,
Reassure me of my beauty!
Venus, reassure me that it will last forever!
Venus, unseen yet present!
Venus, fascination of the shadow!
Venus! Reassure me! Reassure me!

Tell me that I am beautiful
And that I will be eternally beautiful!
Eternally!
That nothing will ever
Wither my rosy lips,
That nothing will tarnish
The pure golden of my hair!
Tell it to me! Tell it to me!
Tell me that I am beautiful
And that I will be eternally beautiful!
Eternally!
Ah! I will be eternally beautiful!

10 Charles GOUNOD · Faust · Act 4 · *Elles ne sont plus là... Il ne revient pas* (7:17)

Elles ne sont plus là...
Je riaais avec elles autrefois...
Elles se cachaient! Ah! Cruelles!
Je ne trouvais pas d'outrage assez fort
Jadis pour les péchés des autres!

They are no longer there...
I laughed with them once...
They were hiding! Ah! Cruel ones!
Before, I never found harsh enough words
For the sins of others!

Un jour vient
Où l'on est sans pitié pour les nôtres!
Je ne suis que honte à mon tour!
Et pourtant, Dieu le sait, je n'étais pas infâme;
Tout ce qui t'entraîna, mon âme,
N'était que tendresse et qu'amour!

Il ne revient pas,
J'ai peur, je frissonne;
Je languis, hélas!
En vain l'heure sonne,
Il ne revient pas!

Où donc peut-il être?
Seule à ma fenêtre
Je plonge là-bas mon regard, hélas!
Où donc peut-il être?
Il ne revient pas!

Je n'ose me plaindre,
Il faut me contraindre!
Je pleure tout bas!
S'il pouvait connaître ma douleur! Hélas!
Où donc peut-il être?
Il ne revient pas!

O! Le voir, entendre le bruit de ses pas.
Mon coeur est si las de l'attendre!
Il ne revient pas!
Mon Seigneur! Mon Seigneur, mon maître!

S'il allait paraître,
Quelle joie!
Hélas!
Où donc peut-il être?
Il ne revient pas!

The day comes
When others have no pity for ours!
I have only shame now!
And yet, God knows, I was not base;
All that drew you, my soul,
Was only tenderness and love!

He does not come back,
I'm afraid, I shudder;
I languish, alas!
In vain does the hour strike,
He does not come back!

Where could he be?
Alone at my window
I look down there, alas!
Where could he be?
He does not come back!

I do not dare to complain,
I should restrain myself!
I cry silently!
If only he knew my pain! Alas!
Where could he be?
He does not come back!

Oh! To see him, to hear the sound of his footsteps.
My heart is so tired of waiting for him!
He does not come back!
My God! My God, my teacher!

If he was going to appear,
What a joy!
Alas!
Where could he be?
He does not come back!

11 Jules MASSENET · Thaïs · Act 3 · *O messenger de Dieu* (2:35)

O messenger de Dieu,
Si bon dans ta rudesse,
Sois béni, toi qui m'as ouvert le ciel!

Oh messenger of God,
So good in your roughness,
Be blessed, you who opened heaven for me!

Ma chair saigne,
Et mon âme est pleine d'allégresse,
Un air léger baigne mon front brûlant.
Plus fraîche que l'eau de la source,
Plus douce qu'un rayon de miel,
Ta pensée est en moi suave et salubre,
Et mon esprit, dégagé de la terre
Plane déjà dans cette immensité!
Très vénéré père, sois béni!

My flesh bleeds,
And my soul is full of joy,
A light air bathes my burning forehead.
Fresher than the spring water,
Softer than a honeycomb,
Your thought is sweet and salutary in me,
And my spirit, cleared from the earth
Floats already in this immensity!
Most venerated father, be blessed!

12 Claude DEBUSSY · *L'enfant prodigue* · *L'année, en vain chasse l'année... Azaël! Azaël!* (5:30)

L'année, en vain chasse l'année!
A chaque saison ramenée,
Leurs jeux et leurs ébats m'attristent malgré moi:
Ils rouvrent ma blessure et mon chagrin s'accroît...
Je viens chercher la grève solitaire...
Douleur involontaire!
Efforts superflus!
Lia pleure toujours l'enfant qu'elle n'a plus!...

In vain one year passes another year!
With each season brought back, their games and
Their pastimes sadden me despite myself:
They reopen my wound and my sorrow grows...
I am longing for a solitary shore...
Involuntary pain!
Unnecessary efforts!
Lia always cries the child she no longer has!...

Azaël! Azaël! Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?...
En mon coeur maternel ton image est restée.
Azaël! Azaël! Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?...

Azaël! Azaël! Why did you leave me?...
In my maternal heart, your image has remained.
Azaël! Azaël! Why did you leave me?...

Cependant les soirs étaient doux,
Dans la plaine d'ormes plantée,
Quand, sous la charge récoltée,
On ramenait les grands boeufs roux.
Lorsque la tâche était finie,
Enfants, vieillards et serviteurs,
Ouvriers des champs ou pasteurs,
Louaient de Dieu la main bénie.

However, the evenings were mild,
In the plain full of elm trees,
When, under the weight of the harvest,
The big ruddy oxen were brought back.
When the task was finished,
Children, old men, and servants,
Field workers or pastors,
Praised the blessed hand of God.

Ainsi les jours suivaient les jours
Et dans la pieuse famille,
Le jeune homme et la jeune fille
Echangeaient leurs chastes amours.
D'autres ne sentent pas le poids de la vieillesse;
Heureux dans leurs enfants,
Ils voient couler les ans
Sans regret comme sans tristesse...

So the days followed the days
And in the pious family,
The young man and the girl
Exchanged their chaste loves.
Others do not feel the weight of the old age;
Happy among their children,
They see the years go by
Without regret and without sadness...

Aux coeurs inconsolés
Que les temps sont pesants!...
Azaël! Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?...

The passing of time is heavy
For the disconsolate hearts!...
Azaël! Why did you leave me?...

13 Charles GOUNOD · Roméo et Juliette · Act 4 · Dieu! Quel frisson... Amour ranime mon courage (5:34)

Dieu! Quel frisson court dans mes veines?
Si ce breuvage était sans pouvoir!
Craintes vaines!
Je n'appartiendrai pas au Comte malgré moi!
Non! Non!
Ce poignard sera le gardien de ma foi!
Viens! Viens!

God! What shiver runs through my veins?
What if this drink was powerless!
Fears are vain!
I will not belong to the Count despite my will!
No! No!
This dagger will be the guardian of my faith!
Come! Come!

Amour, ranime mon courage,
Et de mon cœur chasse l'effroi!
Hésiter, c'est te faire outrage,
Trembler, est un manque de foi!
Verse! Verse!
Verse toi-même ce breuvage!
Ah! Verse ce breuvage!
O Roméo! Je bois à toi!

Love, revive my courage,
And from my heart chase away fright!
To hesitate, is to insult you,
Trembling is a lack of faith!
Pour! Pour!
Pour this beverage yourself!
Ah! Pour this beverage!
Oh, Romeo! I drink to you!

Mais si demain pourtant dans ces caveaux funèbres
Je m'éveillais avant son retour?
Dieu puissant!
Cette pensée horrible a glacé tout mon sang!
Que deviendrai-je en ces ténèbres?
Dans ce séjour de mort et de gémissements,
Que les siècles passés ont rempli d'ossements,
Où Tybalt, tout saignant encor de sa blessure,
Près de moi, dans la nuit obscure dormira!
Dieu!!!
Ma main rencontrera sa main!
Quelle est cette ombre à la mort échappée?
C'est Tybalt! Il m'appelle! Il veut de mon chemin
Écarter mon époux! Et sa fatale épée...
Non! Fantômes! Disparaissez!
Dissipe-toi, funeste rêve!
Que l'aube du bonheur se lève
Sur l'ombre des tourments passés!
Viens!

But what if tomorrow, in these funereal vaults
I would wake up before his return?
Holy God!
This horrible thought froze all my blood!
What will become of me in this darkness?
In this place of death and moans,
That past centuries have filled with bones,
Where Tybalt, still bleeding from his wound,
Near me, in the murky night will sleep!
God!!!
My hand will meet his hand!
What is this shadow escaped from death?
It's Tybalt! He calls me! He wants to dismiss
My husband from my way! And his fatal sword...
No! Ghosts! Disappear!
Clear up, fatal dream!
May the dawn of happiness rise
Over the shadow of past torments!
Come!

Amour! Ranime mon courage
Et de mon cœur chasse l'effroi!
Hésiter, c'est te faire outrage,
Trembler, est un manque de foi!
Verse! Verse!
Verse toi-même ce breuvage!
Ah! Verse ce breuvage!
O Roméo! Je bois à toi!

Love! Revive my courage
And from my heart chase away fright!
To hesitate, is to insult you,
Trembling is a lack of faith!
Pour! Pour!
Pour this beverage yourself!
Ah! Pour this beverage!
Oh, Romeo! I drink to you!

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