

A black and white close-up portrait of a woman with short, dark, wavy hair. She has light blue eyes and is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is plain white.

ESSENCE

MARINA
REBEKA

MARCO
BOEMI
WROCŁAW
OPERA
ORCHESTRA

PRIMA
CLASSIC



ESSENCE

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MARINA REBEKA

SOPRANO

Latvian soprano Marina Rebeka is one of the leading opera singers of our time.

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, including the Teatro alla Scala (Milan), the Opéra National de Paris, the Metropolitan Opera (New York), the Royal Opera House Covent Garden (London), the Bavarian State Opera (Munich), the Vienna State Opera, and the Zurich Opera House.

She collaborates with leading conductors, including Riccardo Muti, Zubin Mehta, Antonio Pappano, Valery Gergiev, Fabio Luisi, Yannick Nézet-Séguin, and Daniele Gatti. The variety of her repertoire ranges from Baroque, through bel canto and Verdi, to Tchaikovsky and Britten.

As an active and widely acclaimed concert performer, Rebeka has given recitals at many of the world's

most prestigious venues, such as the Teatro alla Scala in Milan, the Großes Festspielhaus in Salzburg, the Opernhaus Zürich, and others.

Rebeka's discography includes releases with Deutsche Grammophon, Warner Classics (EMI), BR Klassik, and Naxos. She has recorded Rossini's *Petite Messe Solennelle*, Mozart's arias, *Amor Fatale* (an album of Rossini's arias), Verdi's full opera *Luisa Miller*, and Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito*.

On her own record label, Prima Classic, she has released the album *Spirito* (scenes and arias of the dramatic bel canto), Verdi's opera *La Traviata*, and her solo albums *Elle* (French opera arias), *Credo* (a selection of sacred and spiritual music), and *Voyage* (a piano recital album of songs by French composers, written in four different languages). Rebeka also sang the role of Imogene in the recording of Bellini's *Il Pirata*, an album released by Prima Classic that received the

2022 International Classical Music Award (ICMA) for opera recording of the year.

Her latest recordings are the role of Desdemona, along Andrea Bocelli, in the recording of Verdi's *Otello*, and the role of Julia in the recording of Spontini's *La Vestale*, for the book series of Palazzetto Bru-Zane.

In December 2016, Rebeka was granted the Order of the Three Stars, the highest award of the Republic of Latvia, for her cultural achievements. In the 2017/18 season, she was named the first-ever artist in residence by the Münchner Rundfunkorchester. In 2020, she received the International Classical Music Award (ICMA) for artist of the year and the Latvian Ministry of Culture Award for Excellence. In 2021, she was awarded the first-ever Premio alla Carriera "Toti dal Monte".

MARCO BOEMI

CONDUCTOR

Marco Boemi, conductor and pianist, is also a graduate of law at La Sapienza University, Rome.

Over his more than twenty-five years' career in music, Boemi worked with three generations of singers including Domingo, Pavarotti, Netrebko, Carreras, Grigolo, Beczala, Gruberova, Taddei, Villazon, Rebeka, Sabbatini, Obratzova, Borodina, Abdrazakov, Burchuladze, Bruson, Salsi, Volle, Ricciarelli Gasdia, Giaiotti, Shicoff, Kabaivanska, Dessì, Eyvazov, Fabiano, and Luchetti, among others.

Boemi performed in venues such as Teatro alla Scala Milano, Teatro San Carlo Napoli, Bayerische Staatsoper, Suntory Hall Tokyo, Broad Stage Hall Santa Monica,

Konzerthaus Berlin, Opera di Roma, Verona Filarmonico, Shostakovich Hall in San Petersburg, Teatro Bellini Catania, Teatro Regio Parma, Royal Festival Hall London, Wigmore Hall London, Musikverein Wien, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Grand Theatre Shanghai, Seoul Performing Centre, Royal Oman Opera, Salle Gaveau Paris, Wielki Theater Warsaw, Macerata Sferisterio, Chaliapin Festival in Kazan, Teatro Massimo Palermo, Finnish Opera Helsinki, Teatro Carlo Felice Genova, Teatro Verdi Trieste, Budapest Opera, Athens Megaron, Taiwan Symphony Orchestra, Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra and many more.

He has a large repertoire in both symphonic and operatic fields, and throughout his career, he recorded

with artists such as Beczala, Dessì, Colombara, Armiliato, Rebeka, and Sabbatini. His DVD recording of Tosca in Genova with Dessì, Armiliato, and Sgura staged by Renzo Giacchieri was acclaimed by international critics.

Boemi is also considered an expert in lieder and gives masterclasses worldwide for young singers, pianists, and conductors.



WROCLAW OPERA ORCHESTRA

The Wrocław Opera Orchestra is an ensemble of highly regarded instrumentalists. The history of the orchestra dates back to the times of composer Carl Maria von Weber, who, as the Kapellmeister at the Wrocław Theatre, gave a new direction to the development of the opera orchestra. Over the course of its history, the orchestra has been conducted by Ferenc Liszt, Leopold Damrosch, Johannes Brahms and – after the Second World War – by Stefan Syryłło, Adam Kopyciński and Tadeusz Strugała, among others. Under the direction of Ewa Michnik, the orchestra performed at many international opera festivals, including those in Xanten and Regensburg. The highlights of each artistic season of the Wrocław Opera are undoubtedly the super-performances staged in various urban spaces around the city of Wrocław, including Centennial Hall, the Wrocław Pergola and the Olympic Stadium. The orchestra's musicians have also performed unconventional shows in which, along with a change of action, they move to different places in the city (for example, Tosca by Giacomo Puccini). Over its history, the Wrocław Opera Orchestra has performed many world premieres, with noteworthy operas being those composed by Zygmunt Krauze, including The Trap (2011) and Yemaya – Queen of the Seas (2019).



ABOUT THE WROCLAW OPERA



The opera tradition in Wrocław dates back almost 300 years, although music had already accompanied staged dramas in the city in earlier centuries. Between 1725 and 1734, a group of Italian singers and musicians presented operas in the Ballhaus building. The first permanent theatre in Breslau (Wrocław) was established at the end of 1742. In 1754, the city's first theatre building, commonly known as the Kalte Asche, was built. This venue served as the cultural centre of Wrocław. The opera repertoire presented there included works composed by the most renowned artists of the time, with Mozart at the forefront. In this theatre, a young Carl Maria von Weber began his conducting career in 1804-1806. The present theatre building on Świdnicka Street was officially opened on 13 September 1841. Despite wars and border changes, performances and concerts have been held there ever since. The Wrocław Opera has always attracted great artists, among them Ferenc Liszt, Pietro Mascagni, Richard Strauss, Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient, Ada Sari, Piotr Beczała and, most recently, Aleksandra Kurzak.

THANK-YOU LETTER

The Wrocław Opera Company sincerely thanks the wonderful soprano Marina Rebeka for the trust she placed in Wrocław's musicians during the creation of *Essence*. Our common goal is the development of opera culture, as evidenced by our cooperation on this album. However, we hope that the effect will not be limited to the sound recording alone but will extend to all the feelings that have been conveyed through the sounds. We would also like for these emotions to be shared by music lovers and all recipients of art.

ESSENCE

1 PUCCINI - MADAMA BUTTERFLY / ACT II

Un bel dì vedremo

Piangi? Perché?
Ah la fede ti manca! Senti.

Are you crying? Why?
Ah you lack fidelity! Listen.

Un bel dì, vedremo
levarsi un fil di fumo
sull'estremo confin del mare.
E poi la nave appare.

One good day, we will see
Arising a strand of smoke
Over the far horizon on the sea
And then the ship appears.

Poi la nave bianca
entra nel porto,
romba il suo saluto.
Vedi? È venuto!

Then the white ship
enters into the port,
it rumbles its salute.
Do you see? He has come!

Io non gli scendo incontro. Io no.
Mi metto là sul ciglio del colle e aspetto,
e aspetto gran tempo
e non mi pesa la lunga attesa.

I don't go down to meet him, not I.
I sit upon the edge of the hill and wait,
And I wait a long time
And I do not get tired of the long wait.

È uscito dalla folla cittadina
un uomo, un picciol punto,
s'avvia per la collina.

From the crowded city emerges
a man, a small dot,
he sets out for the hill.

Chi sarà? Chi sarà?
E come sarà giunto
Che dirà? Che dirà?
Chiamerà Butterfly dalla lontana.
Io senza dar risposta
me ne starò nascosta

Who is he? Who is he?
And when he arrives
what will he say? What will he say?
He will call Butterfly from the distance.
I without answering
Will stay hidden

un po' per celia
e un po' per non morire
al primo incontro,
ed egli alquanto in pena
chiamerà, chiamerà:
"Piccina mogliettina,
olezzo di verbena"
i nomi che mi dava
al suo venire.

A little to tease him,
And a little to not die
At the first meeting,
and then he, a little troubled,
Will call, will call:
"Little wife,
Parfume of verbena"
The names he called me
at his last coming.

Tutto questo avverrà,
te lo prometto.
Tienti la tua paura,
io con sicura fede l'aspetto.

All this will happen,
I promise you.
Hold back your fears -
I with secure faith wait for him.

2 BOITO - MEFISTOFELE / ACT III

L'altra notte in fondo al mare

L'altra notte in fondo al mare
Il mio bimbo hanno gittato,
Or per farmi delirare
Dicon ch'io l'abbia affogato.
L'aura è fredda,
Il carcer fosco,
E la mesta anima mia
Come il passero del bosco vola,
vola via. Ah! Pietà di me!

The other night in the depth of the sea
They threw my child,
Now to make me go crazy
They say that I had drowned him.
The air is cold
The prison is gloomy,
And my said soul
Like a sparrow of the wood flies,
Flies away. Ah! Have a pity on me!

In letargico sopore
È mia madre addormentata,
E per colmo dell'orrore
Dicon ch'io l'abbia attoscata.
L'aura è fredda,
Il carcer fosco,
E la mesta anima mia
Come il passero del bosco vola,
vila via. Ah! Pietà di me!

My sleeping mother
is in lethargic slumber.
And to make the horror worse
They say it is my fault.
The air is cold,
The prison is gloomy,
And my said soul
Like a sparrow of the wood flies,
Flies away. Ah! Have a pity on me!

3 CILEA - ADRIANA LECOUVREUR / ACT I

Ecco, respiro appena... lo son l'umile ancella

Ecco: respire appena...
Io son l'umile ancella
del Genio creator;
Ei m'offre la favella,
Io la diffondo ai cor...

Here it is: I am barely breathing...
I am but a humble servant
of the genius Creator;
He offers me words,
I spread them to the hearts...

Del verso io son l'accento,
l'eco del dramma uman
il fragile strumento,
vassallo della man.
Mite, gioconda, atroce,
Mi chiamo Fedeltà:
Un soffio è la mia voce,
che al novo di morrà.

I am the accent of the verse,
the echo of human drama,
the fragile instrument,
vassal of the hand.
Meek, playful, atrocious,
I'm called Faithfulness.
My voice is just a whisper,
which, with the new day will die.

4 TCHAIKOVSKY - PIQUE DAME / ACT I

Otkuda eti slyozy

П. И. Чайковский «Пиковая дама» 1. действие
Otkuda eti slyozy

Откуда эти слезы,
Зачем оне?
Мои девичьи грезы,
Вы изменили мне!

Where do these tears come from?
Why are they?
My maiden dreams
You betrayed me!

Вот как вы оправдались на яву!
Я жизнь свою вручила ныне князю,

This is how you became true!
I gave my life to the prince,

Избраннику по сердцу, существу,
Умом, красою, знатностью, богатством
Достойному подруги не такой, как я.
Кто знатен, кто красив,
кто статен, как он?
Никто! И что же?
Я тоской и страхом вся полна,
Дрожу и плачу!

chosen by my own will, to the human,
whose wisdom, beauty, nobility, wealth,
deserves a companion better than me.
Who is so noble, so handsome,
so firm as he is?
No one! And so what?
I am full of longing and fear,
I am trembling and weeping!

Откуда эти слезы,
Зачем оне?
Мои девичьи грезы,
Вы изменили мне!

Where do these tears come from?
Why are they?
My maiden dreams
You betrayed me!

И тяжело и страшно!
Но к чему обманывать себя?
Я здесь одна,
вкруг все тихо спит...

It is hard and frightening!
But why should I lie to myself?
I am here alone,
all around everyone is sleeping quietly...

О, слушай, ночь!
Тебе одной могу поверить
тайну души моей.
Она мрачна, как ты,
Она как взор очей печальный,
Покой и счастье у меня отнявших...
Царица ночь!
Как ты, красавица, как ангел падший,
Прекрасен он,

Oh listen, night!
Only to you I can reveal
The secret of my heart.
It is dark as you,
It is like a sad gaze,
That stole my peace and happiness...
Oh Queen Night!
He is so handsome as you, oh beauty,
like a fallen angel.

В его глазах огонь палящей страсти,
Как чудный сон
Меня манит,
и вся моя душа во власти его!
О ночь! о ночь!..

In his eyes is the fire of devouring passion,
As a marvelous dream
he seduces me,
And all my soul is in his power!
O night! O night!

5 PUCCINI - LA RONDINE / ACT I

Chi il bel sogno di Doretta

Chi il bel sogno di Doretta
potè indovinar?
Il suo mister come mai,
come mai finì?

Who could guess
Doretta's beautiful dream?
Its mystery, how did it ever,
How did it ever end?

Ahimè! un giorno uno studente
in bocca la baciò
e fu quel bacio
rivelazione:
fu la passione!

Alas! One day a student
Kissed her on the mouth,
And that kiss was
A revelation:
It was a passion!

Folle amore!
Folle ebbrezza!
Chi la sottil carezza
d'un bacio così ardente
mai ridir potrà?

Mad love!
Mad intoxication!
The subtle caress
Of such an ardent kiss
Who could ever describe?

Ah! mio sogno!
Ah! mia vita!
Che importa la ricchezza
se alfin è rifiorita la felicità!
O sogno d'or
poter amar così!

Ah! My dream!
Ah! My life!
What does wealth matter
when at last flourishes the happiness!
Oh golden dream,
to be able to love like that!

6 PUCCINI - TOSCA / ACT III

Vissi d'arte

Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore,
Non feci mai male ad anima viva!
Con man furtiva
Quante miserie conobbi, aiutai...

I lived for art, I lived for love,
I never did any harm to a living soul!
With a discreet hand
I relieved all the miseries I encountered...

Sempre con fè' sincera
La mia preghiera
Ai santi tabernacoli salì.
Sempre con fè' sincera
Diedi fiori agli altar.

Always with sincere faith
my prayer rose
to the holy tabernacles.
Always with sincere faith
I laid flowers on the altar.

Nell'ora del dolore
Perchè, perchè, Signore
Perchè me ne rimunerì così?

In the hour of grief
why, why, oh Lord,
why do you repay me like this?

Diedi gioielli della Madonna al manto,
E diedi il canto agli astri, al ciel,
Che ne ridean più belli.

I gave jewels to the Madonna's mantle
and I gave my songs to the stars and to heaven
and made them more beautiful.

Nell'ora del dolor
Perchè, Perchè, Signor,
Ah, Perchè me ne rimunerì così?

In the hour of grief
why, why, oh Lord,
oh, why do you repay me like this?

7 GIORDANO - ANDREA CHÉNIER / ACT III

La mamma morta

La mamma morta m'hanno
alla porta della stanza mia;
Moriva e mi salvava!
Poi a notte alta
io con Bersi errava,
quando ad un tratto
un livido bagliore guizza
e rischiara innanzi a' passi miei
la cupa via!
Guardo!...
Bruciava il loco di mia culla!
Così fui sola!
E intorno il nulla!
Fame e miseria!
Il bisogno, il pericolo!
Caddi malata,

They killed my mother
At the door of my room;
She died and saved me!
Later, in the dead of night
I was wandering with Bersi
When suddenly
a pale glow flashes
And lightens ahead of me
The dark street!
I look!
My cradle was burning!
So I was alone!
And all around me, nothing!
Hunger and misery!
Deprivation, danger!
I fell ill,

e Bersi, buona e pura,
 di sua bellezza ha fatto un mercato,
 un contratto per me!
 Porto sventura
 a chi bene mi vuole!
 Fu in quel dolore
 che a me venne l'amor!
 Voce piena d'armonia e dice:
 'Vivi ancora! Io son la vita!
 Ne' miei occhi e il tuo cielo!
 Tu non sei sola!
 Le lacrime tue io le raccolgo!
 Io sto sul tuo cammino e ti sorreggo!
 Sorridi e spera! Io son l'amore!
 Tutto intorno è sangue e fango?
 Io son divino! Io son l'oblio!
 Io sono il dio che sovra il mondo
 scende da l'empireo,
 fa della terra un ciel! Ah!
 Io son l'amore, io son l'amor, l'amor'!

And Bersi, so good and pure
 Made a market of her beauty
 For my sake!
 I bring misfortune
 to all those who loves me!
 It was in that grief
 That love came to me!
 A voice full of harmony and it says:
 'You have to live! I am the life itself!
 Your heaven is in my eyes
 You're not alone!
 I'll collect all your tears!
 I'll walk with you and support you!
 Smile and hope! I am love!
 Are you surrounded by blood and mud?
 I am divine! I am oblivion!
 I'm the God that descends on Earth
 From the Empyrean,
 I turn Earth into heaven! Ah!
 I'm love, I'm love, love!

E tu che sai,
 che memori e ti struggi,
 da me tanto rifuggi?

So ben:
 le angoscie tue non le vuoi dir,
 non le vuoi dir, so ben,
 ma ti senti morir!

And you who know,
 who remember and are tormented,
 You avoid me so much?

I know well:
 you don't want to speak out your anguish,
 you don't want to speak it, I know well,
 but you feel yourself dying.

9 LEONCAVALLO - PAGLIACCI / ACT I

Qual fiamma... Stridono lassù

Qual fiamma avea nel guardo!
 Gli occhi abbassai
 per tema ch'ei leggesse
 il mio pensier segreto!
 Oh! s'ei mi sorprendesse...
 bruttale come egli è!
 Ma basti, or via.
 Son questi sogni paurosi e fole!
 O che bel sole di mezz'agosto!
 Io son piena di vita,
 e, tutta illanguidita
 per arcano desio,
 non so che bramo!

What fire was in his look!
 I lowered my eyes
 for fear that he could read
 my secret thoughts.
 Oh! What if he caught me ...
 Brutal as he is ...
 But enough, no more.
 These are fearful and mad dreams!
 O how glorious is the August sun!
 I am full of life,
 and all languished,
 for arcane desire,
 I don't know what I long for!

Oh! che volo d'augelli,
 e quante strida!
 Che chiedono? dove van?
 chissà!
 La mamma mia,
 che la buona ventura annunciava,
 comprendeva il lor canto
 e a me bambina così cantava:
 Hui! Hui!

Oh what a flight of birds,
 and what a chatter!
 What do they seek? Where are they going?
 Who knows!
 My mother,
 who could tell fortunes,
 understood their warbling,
 and sang this song to me as a child:
 Hey! Hey!

8 PUCCINI - LA BOHÈME / ACT II

Quando me'n vo'

Quando me'n vo',
 Quando me'n vo' soletta per la via
 la gente sosta e mira.
 e la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me,
 ricerca in me da capo a piè.

When I go my way,
 when I go my way alone along the street
 the people stop and look...
 And they seek my beauty in me
 they seek it from the head to foot.

Ed assaporo allor la bramosia sottil
 che da gl'occhi traspira,
 e dai palesi vezzi intender sa
 alle occulte beltà.
 Così l'effluvio del desio
 tutta m'aggira,
 Felice mi fa!

And I savour the subtle desire
 that transpires from their eyes,
 and which perceives my obvious charms
 as well as my hidden beauties.
 Thus the scent of desire
 completely surrounds me,
 Makes me happy!

Stridono lassù, liberamente
lanciati a vol, a vol come frecce, gli augel.
Disfidano le nubi e'l sol cocente,
e vanno, e vanno per le vie del ciel.
Lasciateli vagar per l'atmosfera,
questi assetati d'azzurro e di splendor:
seguono anch'essi un sogno, una chimera,
e vanno, e vanno fra le nubi d'or!

Che incalzi il vento e latri la tempesta,
con l'ali aperte san tutto sfidar;
la pioggia, i lampi, nulla mai li arresta,
e vanno, e vanno sugli abissi e i mar.

Vanno laggiù verso un paese strano
che sognan forse, che cercano invan.
Ma i boèmi del ciel
seguon l'arcano poter che li sospinge.
E van! e van! e van! e van!

Birds screech up there, freely
Lunched in flight like arrows.
They defy the clouds and the burning sun,
and they fly through the boundless sky.
Let them wander through the atmosphere,
these thirsty for the blue and splendor:
They too follow a dream, a chimera,
And they fly through the golden clouds.

Let the wind freshen and the tempest roar,
with open wings they defy everything;
Rain, lightning, nothing ever stops them,
and they fly over abysses and the seas.

On they go, to some strange land
which they might dream of and seek in vain.
But the gypsies of the sky
follow the arcane power that draws them.
And they fly! They fly! They fly!

Mi piaccion quelle cose
che han sì dolce malia,
che parlano d'amor, di primavera,
che parlano di sogni e di chimere,
quelle cose che han nome poesia.
Lei m'intende?

Mi chiamano Mimi,
il perch è non so.
Sola, mi fo
il pranzo da me stessa.
Non vado sempre a messa,
ma prego assai il Signor.
Vivo sola, soletta,
là in una bianca cameretta
guardo sui tetti e in cielo,
ma quando vien lo sgelo
il primo sole è mio.
il primo bacio dell'aprile è mio!
il primo sole è mio!

Germoglia in un vaso una rosa
Foglia a foglia la spio!
Così gentil il profumo d'un fior.
Ma i fior ch'io faccio, ahimè
i fior ch'io faccio, ahimè
non hanno odore!
Altro di me non le saprei narrare:
Sono la sua vicina che la vien
fuori d'ora a importunare.

I like the things
that are so sweetly charming,
that talk about love, about springtime,
that talk about dreams and about chimeras,
those things which are called poetry.
Do you understand me?

The call me Mimi,
why? I don't know.
Alone, I take
lunch on my own.
I don't always go to mass,
but I pray enough t the Lord.
I live a alone, completely alone,
there in a little white room
I look at the rooftops and the sky,
but when the thaw comes
the first sun is mine,
April's first kiss is mine,
the first sun is mine!

A rose blooms in a vase,
leaf by leaf I observe it,
the flower's perfume is so soft.
But the flowers I make, alas,
the flowers I make, alas,
have no scent.
What more can I tell about myself:
I am your neighbour who has come
to bother you at the wrong time.

10 PUCCINI - LA BOHÈME / ACT I

Si, mi chiamano Mimi

Sì. Mi chiamano Mimi,
ma il mio nome è Lucia.
La storia mia è breve.
A tela o a seta
ricamo in casa e fuori.
Son tranquilla e lieta
ed è mio svago
far gigli e rose.

Yes. They call me Mimi,
but my name is Lucia.
My story is short.
I embroider satin
and silk at home and elsewhere.
I'm peaceful and happy,
and my passtime is
making lilies and roses.

11 DVOŘÁK - RUSALKA / ACT I

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém,
Světlo tvé daleko vidí,
Po světě bloudíš širokém,
Díváš se v příbytky lidí.

Měsíčku, postůj chvíli,
Řekni mi, kde je můj milý.

Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku,
mé že jej objímá rámě,
aby si alespoň chvíličku
vzpomenul ve snění na mne.
Zasvěť mu do daleka, zasvěť mu,
Řekni mu, řekni, kdo tu naň čeká!

O mně-li duše lidská sní,
ať se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!
Měsíčku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

Moon in the deep sky,
Your light sees far away,
You wander around the wide sl
Looking into human dwellings.

Moon, stand still for a moment,
Tell me, tell where my beloved

Tell him silver moon,
That my arms are embracing him,
So that he for at least an instant
Remembers me in his dreams.
Shine for him far away, shine for him,
tell him, tell who is here waiting for him!

If his human soul is dreaming about me,
Let him wake up with that memory!
Moon, don't disappear, don't disappear!

12 PUCCINI - GIANNI SCHICCH / ACT I

O mio babbino caro

O mio babbino caro
Mi piace è bello, bello,
Vo' andare in Porta Rossa
A comperara l'anello!
Sì, sì, ci voglio andare
E se l'amassi indarno
Andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,
Ma per buttermi in Arno!
Mi struggo e mi tormento!
O Dio! Vorrei morir!
Babbo pietà, pietà!

Oh, my dear father,
I love him, he is handsome, handsome,
I want to go to Porta Rossa
To buy the ring.
Yes, yes, I want to go there!
And if I love him in vain
I would go to the Ponte Vecchio
To throw myself in the Arno!
I am anguished and tormented!
Oh God, I would want to die!
Father, have mercy, mercy!



13 CATALANI - LA WALLY / ACT I

Ebben! Ne andrò lontana

Ebben! Ne andrò lontana,
come va l'eco della pia campana,
là, fra la neve bianca,
là, fra le nubi d'ôr!
laddove la speranza
è rimpianto, è dolor!

O della madre mia casa gioconda,
la Wally ne andrà da te,
da te lontana assai,
e forse a te
non farà mai più ritorno,
nè più la rivedrai!
Mai più, mai più!

Ne andrò sola e lontana,
come va l'eco della pia campana,
là, fra la neve bianca!
N'andrò sola e lontana,
e fra le nubi d'ôr!

Well then! I'll go away far,
Like the echo of a pious bell,
There among the white snow,
There among the clouds of gold,
There, where the hope
is regret, is sorrow!

Oh, from my mother's joyful home,
La Wally will go away from you,
Far away!
And perhaps
she'll never return to you,
You will never see her again!
Never again, never again!

I'll go away alone and distant,
Like the echo of a pious bell,
There among the white snow,
I'll go away lonely and distant,
and among the clouds of gold!

CREDITS

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