



Rossini & Donizetti
French Bel Canto Arias
Lisette Oropesa

Dresdner Philharmonie · Corrado Rovaris

Rossini & Donizetti: French Bel Canto Arias

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

Le siège de Corinthe (1826)

(libretto by Giuseppe Luigi Balocchi and Louis-Antoine-Alexandre Soumet)

Act II, No. 5

- 1 Que vais-je devenir ? 4. 14
- 2 Du séjour de la lumière 8. 02
Act III, No. 12
- 3 L'heure fatale approche 2. 46
- 4 Juste ciel 3. 34

Guillaume Tell (1829) · Act II, No. 9

(libretto by Victor Joseph Étienne de Jouy and Hippolyte Louis Florent Bis, adapted from the drama by Friedrich Schiller)

- 5 Ils s'éloignent enfin 3. 06
- 6 Sombre forêt 5. 05

Le comte Ory (1828) · Act II, No. 4

(libretto by Eugène Scribe and Charles Gaspard Delestre-Poirson)

- 7 En proie à la tristesse... 5. 16
- 8 Céleste providence 4. 27

Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Les martyrs (1840) · Act I, Scene 5

(libretto by Eugène Scribe)

- 9 Ô ma mère 1. 00
- 10 Qu'ici ta main glacée bénisse ton enfant 3. 04

Lucie de Lammermoor (1839) · Act I, Scenes 6 & 7

(libretto by Alphonse Royer et Gustave Vaëz, based on the Italian version by Salvatore Cammarano, and on the novel *The Bride of Lammermoor* by Walter Scott)

- 11 Gilbert... Ô fontaine 2. 20
- 12 Que n'avons-nous des ailes ? 6. 45

La fille du régiment (1840)

(libretto by Jean-François-Alfred Bayard and Jules-Henry Vernoy de Saint-Georges)
Act I, No. 6

- 13 Il faut partir 5. 45
Act II, No. 8
- 14 C'en est donc fait 6. 03
- 15 Salut à la France 3. 38

Total playing time: 65. 13



Lisette Oropesa, Soprano

Sächsischer Staatsoperchor Dresden (Track 1, 2, 4, 7, 8, 13, 15)

Choir soloists:

Kristina Fuchs, Mezzo-Soprano (Track 8)

Frank Blümel, Tenor (Track 8)

Juan Carlos Navarro, Tenor (Track 11)

Zhi Yi, Tenor (Track 13)

Meinhardt Möbius, Bass (Track 13)

Alexander Födisch, Bass (Track 13)

Chorus Master **André Kellinghaus**

Dresdner Philharmonie

Concertmaster **Heike Janicke**

Solo Cello **Ulf Prella** (Track 14)

Assistant to the conductor **Hans Sotin**

Conducted by **Corrado Rovaris**

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I was in Paris a few years ago singing a marvelous opera by Meyerbeer, and was so inspired by *Le grand opéra français* and its role in the Italian bel canto composers' works. Growing up in Louisiana, French was the first foreign language that I studied, so I have a deep appreciation for the way it sounds and the way it feels to sing in French. When I began my vocal studies in college, I worked on a lot of French art songs, and also a few French operatic arias, but the majority of my training was in Italian bel canto and Mozart. After having made a wonderful journey into Mozart's concert arias for my first recording, I was very excited to find a way to combine two of my greatest loves, the French language and Italian bel canto, into another album. Thus, the idea for recording arias from the French language works of Rossini and Donizetti was born. It has been a joy to explore lesser-known pieces, as well as the more popular ones, for the repertoire that we chose to feature in this album. There is so much out there, and a lot of it gets performed so rarely outside of festivals dedicated to Rossini and Donizetti.

In particular, it was a lot of fun to see what influence *grand opéra français* had on Rossini's opera *Guillaume Tell*, which I think is one of his great masterpieces. Rossini's exploration of this genre resulted in some of his most famous works, and this opera contains some of his most inspired and sublime music. Though a translation in Italian exists, to sing it in the French language is a total dream, and I look forward to debuting the role of Mathilde in a full production! Donizetti on the other hand, while mostly known for his Italian masterpieces such as *Lucia di Lammermoor*,

composed a rather different role for Lucia (*Lucie de Lammermoor*) in the Parisian version. I was so taken with the different, optimistic character we see in Lucie's entrance aria "Que n'avons-nous des ailes" as opposed to the rather somber "Regnava nel silenzio." The telling of the ghost story is not fleshed out the way it is in the Italian version, and instead, the French aria gives us Lucie's vision for a reuniting with Edgard, in a world that is more receptive to their love than the current world in which they live. It's in a higher key, and contains more coloratura, whereas the Italian version favors a more lyrical approach. This is a role I also am looking forward to singing in the full French version very soon.

I feel very privileged to have had the opportunity to prepare and record these arias for our album, *French Bel Canto*, to showcase the variety of the works composed by these beloved composers. Each half of the album features arias that contain coloratura, lyricism, drama, heightened emotion, and even comedy...and these are just the works that suit my voice type! There is a vast repertoire out there for every fach to sing, and for every listener to enjoy. I encourage you to delight in the glory of this music, lovingly performed by myself and my colleagues of the Dresden Philharmonie and the Staatsoperchor Dresden, led by the masterful Corrado Rovaris. Together, we hope these selections will broaden your appreciation of the contributions of some of the greatest operatic composers who ever lived.

Lisette Oropesa



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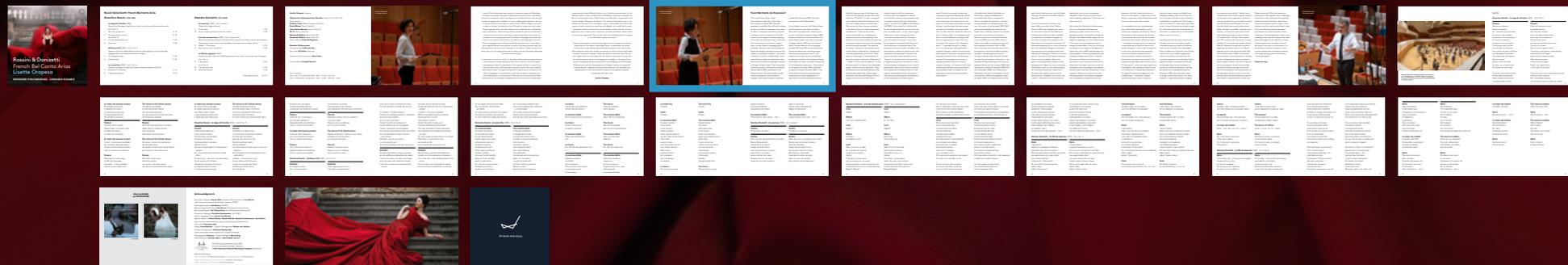


French Bel Canto: An Oxymoron?

“Per carità Parigi, Parigi, Parigi...”
(For goodness’s sake, Paris, Paris, Paris...)
Thus, writing in August 1833, Donizetti appealed to publisher Giulio Ricordi to obtain for him a contract to compose a new opera for Paris. Coming from an Italian composer working in the second quarter of the 19th century, such a request is hardly surprising. To be clear, what Donizetti had in mind was not a commission for a “French” opera — that is to say, a French-language work for a Parisian institution such as the Académie Royale de Musique (familarly known as the Opéra) or the Opéra Comique — but a work in Italian for the city’s Théâtre Italien, which under Rossini’s influence and direction had become one of the most prestigious venues in Europe for Italian opera. That commission eventually arrived, and Donizetti composed *Marino Faliero* (1835), premiered at the Théâtre Italien in the same season and by the same singers as Vincenzo Bellini’s *I puritani*. Years later, Donizetti’s infectious

comedy *Don Pasquale* (1843) was also composed for the Théâtre Italien.

For an Italian composer, the Théâtre Italien was the obvious entry point into Paris. More than a decade earlier, following his arrival in the French capital in August 1824, Gioachino Rossini first revived several of his earlier Italian operas, and then composed *Il viaggio a Reims* (1825) for the Théâtre Italien. He was director of the company between 1824 and 1826 and remained very influential afterwards, recruiting singers and commissioning new works. In the meantime, however, Rossini successfully established himself at the Académie Royale de Musique, for which he initially revised two of his Neapolitan *opere serie* — *Maometto II* as *Le siège de Corinthe* (1826) and *Mosè in Egitto* as *Moïse et Pharaon* (1827). That these revisions were no straightforward translations or rushed adaptations of their Italian sources is revealed beyond a



doubt by Pamyra’s aria at the beginning of Act II of *Le siège de Corinthe*. The initial recitative (“Ô patrie”) is newly composed and combines refined declamation of the text over a highly active orchestral part. The connection from the new recitative to the first of the aria’s three movements, the Maestoso “Ô patrie infortunée,” is particularly effective in bridging the declamatory style of the opening to the florid vocal writing that reflects the growing emotional charge of the scene. This passage and the ensuing cantabile “Du séjour de la lumière” come from the corresponding aria for Anna in *Maometto II*, whereas the concluding cabaletta with chorus (“Mais après un long orage”) is adapted from a piece for another character in *Maometto II* — Calbo’s “E d’un trono la speranza.” In the following aria in this album, the celebrated prayer “Juste ciel, ah! ta clémence,” sung by Pamyra as the inevitable demise of the Greek people draws near, Rossini again provides a new recitative linking to Anna’s prayer with chorus from *Maometto II*.

Having honed his skills at composing in French with two adaptations, Rossini concluded his operatic career by producing two highly original works for the Parisian stage — *Le comte Ory* (1828) and *Guillaume Tell* (1829). In *Le comte Ory*, truth be told, he still reused substantial amounts of music from an earlier work — in this case *Il viaggio a Reims*, an occasional piece for which no revival was expected. The Countess’s aria, “En proie à la tristesse,” is one such borrowing, and it provides by far the most florid coloratura in the entire opera. The progression from the tender cantabile to an extraordinary outburst of *joie de vivre* in the cabaletta is fully justified by the plot; the gloomy Countess takes the advice of the “hermit” (none other than the Comte Ory in disguise trying to win her favors) to fall in love and reveals her feelings for the Count’s page, Isolier. Then, by the time he turned to the composition of *Guillaume Tell*, his final operatic masterpiece, Rossini ventured in new directions with profound ramifications for the development of French *grand*

opéra. During the unusually protracted composition period he deliberately shifted away from multi-movement arias for the main characters. The scarcity of solo set pieces in such a large-scale opera is indeed striking — and the arias that are present do stand out for depth of lyricism rather than for their technical demands. One such solo is “Sombre forêt,” at the beginning of Act II, in which Mathilde, isolating herself from an ongoing hunt, sings of her love for Arnold. The recitative (“Ils s’éloignent enfin...”), extended though it is, keeps us on our toes by portraying Mathilde’s agitation through a series of short phrases punctuated by orchestral interventions that bring back elements from the preceding prelude. The aria proper, by contrast, is exquisitely effusive, French in form (a strophic romance), its character and locale enhanced by refined instrumental effects (the isolated rumble of timpani at the beginning of each stanza is particularly atmospheric).

The strides that Rossini had taken into the Parisian operatic establishment prompted other Italian composers to follow in his wake. Among them, it should be remembered, was Giuseppe Verdi, who over the course of two decades (1847-1867) produced or adapted five works for the Opéra. None, however, became so intensely involved in the activities of the various Parisian institutions as Gaetano Donizetti in the late 1830s and early 1840s. *Marino Faliero* was hardly a smashing success, but the composer returned to Paris in 1838, and in the years that followed became the protagonist of what Hector Berlioz bitterly termed a “véritable guerre d’invasion.” During his Parisian years Donizetti worked for most Parisian operatic institutions — the Académie Royale de Musique, for which he adapted *Poliuto* into *Les martyrs* (1840) and subsequently created *La favorite* (1840) and *Dom Sébastien* (1843), the Théâtre de la Renaissance, for which he adapted *Lucie di Lammermoor* (1839) and prepared *L’ange de Nisida* (1839, but unperformed until the



early twenty-first century), and the Opéra Comique, for which he created *La fille du régiment* (1840).

Lucia di Lammermoor, in Italian, had been wildly successful at the Théâtre Italien in 1837, and in adapting its music to a new French text for the Théâtre de la Renaissance, Donizetti felt compelled to make some noticeable changes, for the sake of novelty and to adapt to the expectations of the specific institution. Of immediate relevance to us, Lucia's entrance aria, the celebrated "Regnava nel silenzio," was replaced with a cavatina taken from *Rosmonda d'Inghilterra* ("Perché non ho del vento"), unknown to the Parisian audience. Gone is Lucia's confidant, Alisa, and gone is the harp prelude. Instead, a short exchange with Gilbert (a novel incarnation of Normanno who acts as a double agent for Lucie and her brother), leads into a recitative that rapidly morphs into an effusive arioso ("Edgard! ce nom pour moi si doux"). What follows is a conventional

double aria with a richly ornamented cantabile ("Que n'avons-nous des ailes") and a sparkling cabaletta ("Toi par qui mon cœur rayonne").

By the time the Théâtre de la Renaissance went out of business, Donizetti was preparing to walk into the city's most prestigious venue, the Académie Royale de Musique. Like Rossini fifteen years prior, he began by adapting one of his Italian operas. In this case, too, the adaptation was no straightforward affair; it was, for one thing, a revenge of sorts against the Neapolitan authorities, who in 1838 had forbidden the sacred subject of *Poliuto*, precipitating the composer's departure for Paris. However, the revision of *Poliuto* into *Les martyrs* involved not only the reuse of much of the music from the Italian source, but also the recasting of various passages, the addition of ballet music, and the composition of new materials. Pauline's first aria is not a self-standing number, but a prayer integrated into a remarkably complex musical and

dramatic unit that makes up the entire first act of the opera — a dark scene in the Roman catacombs, where Pauline descends to pray on the tomb of her mother.

It is remarkable, and an unmistakable sign of Donizetti's extraordinary (and sometimes maligned) productivity, that as the premiere of *Les martyrs* was delayed, the composer did not sit idle, but instead entered another temple of Parisian opera — the Opéra Comique, which was devoted to performances of works in French with spoken dialogue — with *La fille du régiment*. In this work, one finds an extraordinary mixture of military marches, dances, and sentimental numbers that hark to both French and Italian conventions. The couplets sung by Marie near the end of Act I ("Il faut partir"), when she takes leave from the regiment who raised her, marks a shift in the direction of intense sentimentalism (a typical Donizettian strategy near the middle finale) — the French strophic form shifting from minor to major at

the end of each stanza, an English horn obbligato adding pathos to the scene. In Act 2, however, the return of her friends is embedded in a double aria ("Par le rang — Salut à la France!"), where, with more than a hint of irony (unconscious though it might be), the enthusiastic French patriotism of the words is coupled with an unmistakably Italian musical structure.

Leaving aside the dramatic intensity, the wonders, and the vocal display of each individual excerpt included in this album, what is one to make of this remarkable body of repertoire? To be sure, such a body consists not only of these magnificent selections by Rossini and Donizetti but could be expanded to include other French operas by Italian composers, all the way to Giuseppe Verdi, whose *Jérusalem* (a remake of *I lombardi alla prima crociata*) premiered at the Académie Royale de Musique in 1847, when Donizetti, albeit no longer active, was still alive. For some listeners, it might be tempting to regard



this repertoire as a hybrid — Italian music covered with French words. Indeed, those of us who grew into an age when the French works by nineteenth-century Italian masters (those by Rossini and Donizetti, but also those by Verdi) were mostly performed in Italian will find it inevitable — perhaps even alluring — to reminisce about this or that memorable performance where instead of “Sombre forêt” we hear “Selva opaca”, and “Par le rang et par l’opulence” is sung instead as “Le ricchezza ed il grado fastoso”. After all, Donizetti himself was involved in preparing the Italian version of *La fille du régiment*, which opened at the Teatro alla Scala in Milan later in 1840. Furthermore, the nationality of the composers in question and the widespread tendency to perform French operas in Italian not only in Italy but also in key operatic institutions in Europe and North America through the second half of the nineteenth century and most of the twentieth has left a mark on how we perceive (and sometimes perform) operas from Rossini’s *Guillaume Tell* to Verdi’s *Les*

Vêpres siciliennes. What this repertoire, performed in the original French, challenges, essentially, is the convenient but simplistic dualism between the Italian repertoire of the *primo ottocento* (which today is often referred to as *bel canto*) and a French style that ostensibly prioritizes declamation and drama over vocal virtuosity. Such a challenge, if we are prepared to take it up, is revealing of two operatic cultures that had been seemingly irreconcilable but actually shared a great deal. The idea of French *bel canto*, to be sure, is no oxymoron; it is an emblem of a world of opera in which stylistic and esthetical overlaps coexisted with long-standing notions of national culture and genres.

Francesco Izzo

Corrado Rovaris
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Recording while keeping physical distance
in Covid pandemic times: Lisette Oropesa,
Dresdner Philharmonie and Corrado Rovaris
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Lyrics

Gioachino Rossini · *Le siège de Corinthe* (1826) · Act II, No. 5

Pamyra

Que vais-je devenir ?
Destin inexorable !
Ah ! comment me soustraire
au pouvoir indomptable
d'un amant, d'un vainqueur ?
Le courroux paternel
me poursuit et m'accable...
Corinthe est dans les fers...
Jour de deuil et d'horreur !
Vos chants, vos jeux, ces fleurs,
ces flambeaux, cette fête...
tout augmente ma douleur.
De noirs cyprès
je dois couvrir ma tête...
La mort, oui, la mort seule
est l'espoir de mon cœur.

Ô patrie, ô patrie infortunée !
Quelle affreuse destinée !
Mais, de gloire environnée,
tu sauras briser tes fers.

Pamyra

What will become of me?
Inexorable destiny!
Ah! how can I escape
from the indomitable power
of a lover, of a conqueror?
The paternal wrath
pursues me and devastates me...
Corinth is in chains...
Day of mourning and horror!
Your songs, your games, these flowers,
these torches, this feast...
everything increases my pain.
With black cypresses
I must cover my head...
Death, yes, death alone
is the hope of my heart.

O my country, o my unfortunate country!
What an awful destiny!
But, surrounded by glory,
you will know how to break your chains.



Le chœur des femmes turques

De la Grèce infortunée
tu déplores les revers ;
oui, de gloire environnée
tu sauras briser ses fers.
Ah ! dissipe ta tristesse !

The chorus of the Turkish women

You deplore the defeat
of the unfortunate Greece;
yes, surrounded by glory,
you will know how to break her chains.
Ah! dispel your sadness!

Pamyra

Du séjour de la lumière,
daigne hélas ! ma tendre mère,
accueillir ma prière,
et veiller sur mon destin.

Pamyra

From the dwelling-place of the light,
deign, alas! my tender mother,
hear my prayer,
and watch over my destiny.

Le chœur des femmes turques

Il vient... couronne sa tendresse,
ah ! pourquoi verser des pleurs ;
monte au trône, sauve la Grèce,
mets un terme à ses malheurs.

The chorus of the Turkish women

He comes...crowns her tenderness,
ah! why shed tears;
he ascends to the throne, saves Greece,
puts an end to her misfortunes.

Pamyra

Mais après un long orage,
à l'abri de l'esclavage,
ma patrie... ô doux présage !
reverra ses plus beaux jours.

Pamyra

But after a long storm,
safe from slavery,
my country...oh sweet omen!
will see its most beautiful days again.

Le chœur des femmes turques

Du trône il offre le partage
au tendre objet de ses amours :
à la Grèce, après l'orage,
il peut rendre ses beaux jours,
il rendra ses plus beaux jours.

The chorus of the Turkish women

He offers sharing the throne
with the tender object of his love:
he can let the beautiful days return
to Greece, after the storm,
he will let return her most beautiful days.

Gioachino Rossini · Le siège de Corinthe (1826) · Act III, No. 12**Pamyra**

L'heure fatale approche...
il faut vaincre ou périr !
Pour leur dieu, pour la Grèce,
ils sauront tous mourir.
Voûtes paisibles et sombres,
asile de la mort,
vous qui nous protégez et couvrez de vos
ombres,
ah ! si le sort des Grecs trahit leur noble
effort,
écroulez-vous... que parmi vos décombres
les vils esclaves du Croissant,
affamés de carnage et de crimes,
en cherchant leurs victimes,
n'y retrouvent que du sang.

Pamyra

The fatal hour approaches...
it is necessary to overcome or perish!
For their god, for Greece,
they will all know how to die.
Peaceful and dark vaults,
asylum of death,
you who protect us and cover us with your
shadows,
ah! if the fate of the Greeks betrays their
noble effort,
collapse...let among your ruins
the vile slaves of the Crescent,
hungry for carnage and crime,
searching for their victims,
find only blood.



Entourez-moi, mes sœurs.
Victime volontaire, Pamyra,
n'a plus rien qui l'attache à la terre !

Pamyra

Juste ciel, ah ! ta clémence
est ma seule espérance !
Daigne plaindre ma souffrance,
mets un terme à ma douleur.

Le chœur des femmes grèques

Juste ciel, de ta clémence,
ciel ! nous implorons ta faveur :
mets un terme à sa douleur.

Pamyra

Ciel, j'implore ta clémence,
daigne plaindre ma souffrance,
mets un terme à ma douleur.

Gioachino Rossini • Guillaume Tell (1829) · Act II, No. 9

Mathilde

Ils s'éloignent enfin...
j'ai cru le reconnaître :

20

Surround me, my sisters.
The voluntary victim, Pamyra,
has nothing left that ties her to the earth!

Pamyra

Righteous heaven, ah! your clemency
is my only hope!
Deign to pity my suffering,
put an end to my pain.

The chorus of the Greek women

Righteous heavens, trusting in your mercy,
heavens! we ask your favor:
put an end to her pain.

Pamyra

Heaven, I beg your mercy,
deign to pity my suffering,
put an end to my pain.

5

Mathilde

They're going away at last...
I thought I recognised him;

mon cœur n'a point trompé mes yeux ;
il a suivi mes pas, il est près de ces lieux.

Je tremble... s'il allait paraître !
Quel est ce sentiment profond, mystérieux,
dont je nourris l'ardeur,
que je chéris peut-être ?
Arnold ! Arnold ! est-ce bien toi ?
Simple habitant de ces campagnes,
l'espoir, l'orgueil de ces montagnes,
qui charme ma pensée et cause mon effroi !
Ah ! que je puisse au moins l'avouer
moi-même !
Melcthal, c'est toi que j'aime ;
tu m'as sauvé le jour
et ma reconnaissance excuse mon amour.

Mathilde

Sombre forêt, désert triste et sauvage,
je vous préfère aux splendeurs des palais :
c'est sur les monts, au séjour de l'orage,
que mon cœur peut renaître à la paix ;
mais l'écho seulement apprendra mes
secrets.

my heart did not deceive my eyes.
He has followed me here, he is somewhere
nearby.

I tremble...if he were to appear!
What is this deep, mysterious feeling
whose warmth I nurture,
that maybe I cherish?
Arnold ! Arnold! is it really you?
A simple inhabitant of these fields,
the hope, the pride of these mountains,
who captivates my thoughts and causes
my fear?
Ah, that I might at least admit it to myself!
Melcthal, it is you whom I love;
you saved my life,
and my gratitude excuses my love.

6

Mathilde

Gloomy forest, sad and wild wilderness,
I prefer you to the splendours of palaces;
it is on the hills, in the dwelling-place of the
storm,
that my heart can be restored to peace;
but the echo alone shall learn my secrets.

21



Le comte Ory

Toujours.

Isolier

Toujours.

La comtesse Adèle

Toujours, toujours.
 Votre mérite
 à mon secours
 viendra toujours.
 Isolier, que ta presence
 me fait naître un doux émoi !
 Cher Isolier,
 je veux t'aimer,
 je ne veux aimer que toi,
 non, n'aimer que toi !
 Déjà je sens
 les feux brûlants
 de la jeunesse
 par la tendresse
 se rallumer.

Le choeur

On voit que sa parole

The count Ory

Forever.

Isolier

Forever.

The countess Adèle

Forever, forever.
 Your merit
 will always come
 to my rescue.
 Isolier, your presence
 gives me a sweet emotion!
 Dear Isolier,
 I want to love you,
 I want to love you alone,
 no, love you alone!
 I feel already
 how the burning fires
 of the youth
 rekindle
 through tender love.

The chorus

We see that his words

paraît la ranimer.
 Le mal qui la désole
 commence à se calmer.

La comtesse Adèle

Ô bon ermite, votre mérite... (etc.)

Gaetano Donizetti · Les martyrs (1840) · Act I, Scene 5**Pauline**

Ô ma mère, ma mère !

Pauline

Qu'ici ta main glacée bénisse ton enfant !
 Bannis de sa pensée
 cruel et doux tourment !
 Image, qui m'est chère,
 mais moins que mon honneur,
 fuyez ! Et toi, ma mère,
 reviens calmer mon cœur.
 Entends ma voix, ma mère,
 rends moi tout mon bonheur !

seem to revive her.
 The evil which distresses her
 begins to calm down.

The countess Adèle

O good hermit, your merit... (etc.)

Pauline

O mother, my mother!

Pauline

Here may your icy hand bless your child!
 Banish cruel and sweet torments
 from her thoughts!
 Image, which is dear to me,
 but less dear than my honour,
 flee! And you, my mother,
 come back to calm my heart.
 Hear my voice, my mother,
 give me back all my happiness!



Gaetano Donizetti · Lucie de Lammermoor (1839) · Act I, Scenes 6 & 7

11

Lucie

Gilbert...

Gilbert

C'est moi, mademoiselle.

Lucie

Edgard ?

GilbertIl va venir,
je veillerai sur vous.**Lucie**

Tiens, voici pour ton zèle.
Va ! si quelqu'un survient,
songe à nous prévenir.
(seule)
Ô fontaine, ô source pure,
sous la mousse, ton murmure
chante et gémit comme une douce voix.
C'est là que je l'ai vu pour la première fois,
Edgard ! Edgard !

Lucie

Gilbert...

Gilbert

It's me, Miss.

Lucie

Edgard ?

GilbertHe'll come,
I'll look after you.**Lucie**

Here, this is for your zeal.
Go! If someone comes,
remember to warn us.
(alone)
O fountain, o pure spring,
under the moss, your murmur
sings and moans like a sweet voice.
It was there that I first saw him,
Edgard! Edgard!

Ce nom pour moi si doux,
faut-il, hélas, faut-il que pour mon frère,
il soit le nom d'un ennemi jaloux ?
De nos aïeux, la haine héréditaire,
fantôme inapaisé, se redresse entre nous.

Lucie

Que n'avons-nous des ailes ?
Au loin portés par elles
hors des routes mortelles,
vers les étoiles d'or,
nos deux esprits fidèles
uniraient leur essor.
Ah ! mais quand la haine barbare
en ce monde nous sépare,
levons les yeux ; un phare
brille au port éternel ;
ceux qu'ici l'on sépare
sont unis dans le ciel.
Ah ! ceux que le monde en vain sépare,
à la mort sont unis dans le ciel.

Toi par qui mon cœur rayonne,
ton amour que Dieu me donne,
sur mon front, chaste couronne,

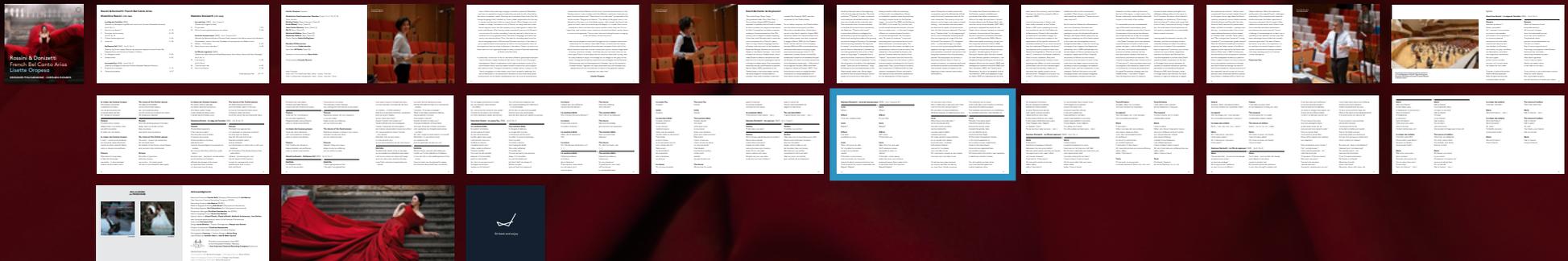
This name for me so sweet,
must it be, alas, must it be for my brother,
the name of a jealous enemy?
The hereditary hatred from our forefathers,
an insatiable phantom, rises between us.

12

Lucie

Why don't we have wings?
Carried far away by them,
beyond the mortal roads,
towards the golden stars,
our two faithful spirits
would unite their flight.
Ah! but when the barbaric hatred
in this world separates us,
let us raise our eyes; a lighthouse
shines in the eternal port;
those who are separated here
are united in heaven.
Ah! those whom the world in vain separates
in death are united in heaven.

You who makes my heart glow,
your love that God gives me,
makes happiness shine



fait resplendir le bonheur.
De nos transports la pensée
embaume l'heure passée,
et dans l'âme encore bercée,
met l'espoir comme une fleur,
l'espoir brille en mon cœur,
le doux espoir brille en mon cœur,
le doux espoir brille dans mon cœur.
Viens, Edgard, viens, Edgard,
je t'appelle ! Viens !
Toi par qui mon cœur rayonne... (etc.)

on my forehead, like a chaste crown.
The thought of our passion
anoints the past hour,
and puts hope like a flower
in the still cradled soul,
hope sparkles in my heart,
sweet hope sparkles in my heart,
sweet hope sparkles in my heart.
Come, Edgard, come, Edgard,
I'm calling you! Come!
You who makes my heart glow... (etc.)

Gaetano Donizetti · La fille du régiment (1840) · Act I, No. 6

Marie

Il faut partir,
mes bons compagnons d'armes,
désormais, loin de vous m'enfuir !
Mais par pitié cachez-moi bien vos larmes,
vos regrets pour mon cœur, hélas !
ont trop de charmes !
Il faut partir ! Il faut partir !
Ah ! par pitié cachez vos larmes,
adieu, adieu,
adieu, il faut partir !

Marie

I have to leave,
my good companions in arms,
from now on, far from you I will flee!
But for pity's sake hide your tears from me,
your regrets have, alas!
too many charms for my heart!
I have to leave, I have to leave!
Ah! for pity's sake, hide your tears,
adieu, adieu,
adieu, I have to leave!

Tonio & Sulpice

Je perds, hélas ! en un instant
tout mon bonheur en la perdant.

Tonio & Sulpice

I lose, alas! in one moment
all my happiness in losing her.

Le caporal

Tant de chagrin, ah ! c'est vraiment
fort incroyable assurément.

The corporal

So much sorrow, ah! it is really
unbelievable indeed.

Marie

Il faut partir !
Adieu, vous que dès mon enfance,
sans peine, j'appris à chérir,
vous, dont j'ai partagé le plaisir,
la souffrance ;
au lieu d'un vrai bonheur,
on m'offre l'opulence.
Il faut partir ! Il faut partir !
Ah ! par pitié cachez-moi votre souffrance,
adieu, adieu,
adieu, il faut partir !

Marie

I have to leave!
Adieu, you, whom I learned to honour
since my childhood, without trouble,
you, whose pleasure I shared,
and whose suffering;
instead of true happiness,
I am offered opulence.
I have to leave! I have to leave!
Ah! out of pity hide your suffering from me,
adieu, adieu,
adieu, I have to leave!

Tonio

Ô mes amis, je vous en prie,
ne laissez pas partir Marie, non, non, non !

Tonio

My friends, I beg you,
do not let Marie go, no, no, no!



Marie

Salut à la France !
 À mes beaux jours,
 à l'espérance, à mes amours !
 Salut à la France !
 À l'espérance,
 à mes amis !
 Salut à la gloire !
 Voilà pour mon cœur,
 avec la victoire,
 l'instant du bonheur, ah !

Le chœur des soldats

C'est elle, notre fille !
 Notre enfant, quel destin !
 Tes amis, ta famille
 te retrouvent enfin !

Marie

Mes amis, votre main,
 dans vos bras !
 De plaisir, de surprise, ah !
 l'on ne meurt donc pas !
 Ô mes amis !
 Salut à la France !... (etc.)

Marie

Hail to France!
 To my beautiful days,
 to hope, to my loves!
 Hail to France!
 To hope,
 to my friends!
 Hail to glory!
 For my heart,
 with the victory,
 the moment of happiness is here, ah!

The chorus of soldiers

That's her, our daughter!
 Our child, what a fate!
 Your friends, your family
 find you at last!

Marie

My friends, your hand,
 in your arms!
 Of pleasure, of surprise, ah!
 we are not dying then!
 Oh my friends!
 Hail to France!... (etc.)

Le chœur des soldats

C'est elle, c'est elle !

Marie

Salut à la France !... (etc.)

Le chœur des soldats

Salut à la France !
 Salut à la gloire !
 Ah, salut !
 Ta famille, tes amis
 te retrouvent enfin !

Marie

Salut à la France !
 Vive la France !

The chorus of soldiers

That's her, that's her!

Marie

Hail to France!... (etc.)

The chorus of soldiers

Hail to France!
 Hail to glory!
 Ah, hail!
 Your family, your friends
 find you at last!

Marie

Hail to France!
 Long live France!



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