



**KEVIN
SHORT**

ORCHESTRE
PHILHARMONIQUE
DE MARSEILLE

LAWRENCE
FOSTER

MEPHISTOPHELES

AND OTHER BAD GUYS



SUPER AUDIO CD

Kevin Short, Bass

Orchestre Philharmonique de Marseille

Conducted by **Lawrence Foster**

Mephistopheles and Other Bad Guys

CHARLES GOUNOD (1818-1893)

From "Faust" (1859)

- | | | |
|---|---|-------|
| 1 | Méphistophélès' Rondo: "Le veau d'or" (The golden calf) | 2. 17 |
| 2 | Méphistophélès' Serenade: "Vous qui faites l'endormie" | 3. 10 |

ARRIGO BOITO (1842-1918)

From "Mefistofele" (1868/1876)

- | | | |
|---|--|-------|
| 3 | Mefistofele's Song of the whistle: "Son lo Spirito che nega" | 3. 53 |
| 4 | Mefistofele's Ballad of the world: "Ecco il mondo" | 2. 43 |

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN (1770-1827)

Orchestration by Dmitri Shostakovich (1906-1975)

- | | | |
|---|---|-------|
| 5 | Es war einmal ein König Op.75,3
(Song of the flea from Goethe's "Faust") (1809/1975) | 2. 13 |
|---|---|-------|

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

From "Fidelio" Op. 72 (1805/1814)

- | | | |
|---|--|-------|
| 6 | Pizarro's Aria: "Ha! Welch ein Augenblick"
Male chorus of the Opéra de Marseille
Chorus master: Emmanuel Trenque | 3. 27 |
|---|--|-------|

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756-1791)

From "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" KV 384 (1782)

- | | | |
|---|---|-------|
| 7 | Osmin's Song: "Wer ein Liebchen hat gefunden" | 2. 19 |
| 8 | Osmin's Aria: "O, wie will ich triumphieren" | 3. 44 |

CARL MARIA VON WEBER (1786-1826)

From "Der Freischütz" J.277 (1821)

- | | | |
|---|---|-------|
| 9 | Caspar's Aria: "Schweig, schweig, damit dich niemand warnt" | 3. 17 |
|---|---|-------|

JACQUES OFFENBACH (1819-1880)

From "Les contes d'Hoffmann" (1881)

- | | | |
|----|---|-------|
| 10 | Lindorff's Couplets: "Dans les rôles d'amoureux langoureux" | 2. 41 |
| 11 | Dappertutto's Aria: "Scintille, diamant" | 2. 40 |

GIUSEPPE VERDI (1813-1901)

From "I Lombardi" (1843)

- | | | |
|----|---|-------|
| 12 | Pagano's Aria: "Sciagurata! Hai tu creduto" | 5. 02 |
|----|---|-------|

HECTOR BERLIOZ (1803-1869)

From "La damnation de Faust" Op.24 (1846)

- | | | |
|----|--|-------|
| 13 | Méphistophélès' Aria: "Voici des roses" | 2. 37 |
| 14 | Méphistophélès' Serenade: "Devant la maison" | 2. 21 |

GORDON GETTY (born 1933)

- 15 Mephistopheles to Faust 3. 00
(Lyrics by the composer)

MODEST MUSSORGSKY (1839-1881)

Orchestration by Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971)

- 16 Song of Mephistopheles in Auerbach's Cellar from Goethe's "Faust" 3. 09
Pesnya o blokhe (Song of the flea) (1879)

IGOR STRAVINSKY

From "The Rake's Progress" (1951)

- 17 Shadow's Aria: "I burn! I freeze!" 1. 49

GIACOMO MEYERBEER (1791-1864)

From "Robert le diable" (1831)

- 18 Bertram's Recitative and Evocation 3. 08
"Voici donc les débris - Nonnes, qui reposez"

RICHARD WAGNER (1813-1883)

From "Das Rheingold [Der Ring des Nibelungen]" (1854)

- 19 Alberich's Aria: "Bin ich nun frei?" 3. 31

Total playing time: 57. 41



I am very gratified to present a collection of arias and songs that illustrate and represent a significant swath of music that defines the bass contribution in the lyrical theater.

By virtue of the timbre and color of the bass voice, basses are often inclined to portray characters with a certain gravitas and oftentimes men with less than stellar character. The music associated with these less than stellar characters also represents a broad range both musically and dramatically in ways that propel basses to the forefront of the drama.

The arias and songs represented here are some of the most famous in the bass operatic canon sprinkled with the less familiar and a newly composed aria by Gordon Getty.

I am also pleased to have had the outstanding support of all of those associated with this recording starting with the composer Gordon Getty, the brilliant men and women of PENTATONE, my friend and noted author and historian, Francesco Izzo, my first voice teacher, Betty Ridgeway, that inculcated in me the desire to explore many arias presented here many years ago, and my very supportive parents, Cecil and Jane Short.

Thank you all very much!

- Kevin Short

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Kevin Short". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first letters of "Kevin" and "Short" being capitalized and prominent.

Voices from the depths

George Bernard Shaw once famously sought to explain many an opera plot by asserting a simple axiom: 'Opera is when a tenor and soprano want to make love, but are prevented from doing so by a baritone'. Indeed, this is true of many masterpieces in the canon — from Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* to Verdi's *La traviata* and *Il trovatore* and Puccini's *Tosca*.

Beyond the masterly humour, Shaw's words point to the assumption that in opera, specific voice types, both male and female, are associated with certain types of characters. The soprano is the young heroine — and she often dies. The tenor is the hero — and he often dies too. And so on. To be sure, such an assumption, reasonable though it may be, is also commonplace, and to be taken with more than a grain of salt. If

one moves both within and away from the bulk of today's operatic canon, one will find many exceptions to Shaw's rule. A look at Rossini's *opere serie*, for example, will reveal that a tenor can sometimes be a father or a villain. A contralto needs not be to be a mother, an antagonist, or a psychologically complex figure; in numerous nineteenth-century Italian and French operas, male roles (young persons, heroes, and indeed lovers) are assigned to this female voice. And so on.

Numerous and diverse associations exist also for the bass voice, who can be a father, a villain, an elderly man, a religious figure, a comic character — or, indeed, a combination of the above. One recurring association for this voice type, however, deserves particular attention: that with evil, wicked, even diabolical characters. It is on that immensely fascinating association that

this collection of arias is focused. The nineteen selections it contains take us on a journey through a period spanning some two hundred years, exploring how composers working in diverse national and institutional contexts and writing in an array of styles and genres exploited the bass voice to engage with the depiction of such characters.

To be sure, no one could lead us through such a journey with greater authority than the devil himself. Since the appearance of Wolfgang von Goethe's tragedy *Faust* (1808), the timeless legend of the virtuous, learned, and yet profoundly dissatisfied scholar, Doctor Faustus, tempted and led to damnation by Mephistopheles, enjoyed extraordinary popularity throughout the nineteenth century and beyond. Although Faust himself and the young woman he falls in love with, Gretchen (Marguerite), are remarkable figures

in their own right, and have inspired a wealth of extraordinary music (one need only think of Franz Schubert's celebrated 1814 Lied, 'Gretchen am Spinnrade'), the domineering character in the tale is undoubtedly Mephistopheles, who enjoys the unique status of being as irresistibly alluring as quintessentially evil. And from the earliest 'Faust' operas (such as Louis Spohr's 1816 *Faust*, a 'Romantische Oper' not based on Goethe) all the way to contemporary American composer Gordon Getty, whose forceful and neatly structured 'Mephistopheles to Faust' drives the voice into the extremes of its register, accompanied by eerie and obsessive sonorities in the orchestra, Mephistopheles is almost invariably assigned to a bass. An apt entry point into this character is the so-called 'song of the flea', a satirical ballad in which Mephistopheles tells of a king's fondness for a giant flea, which

grows to the point of providing him with elegant clothes, honours of all kinds, and even a political appointment as minister. The passage, three eight-line stanzas of poetry, appears as one of Ludwig van Beethoven's songs published in 1809 with opus number 75; its title in the first edition is simply 'From Goethe's Faust'. The musical setting seizes upon the image of the flea, evoked through a recurring rhythmic figure in the accompaniment that may seem at once bouncy and prickly, and through an abundance of repeated notes in the vocal line. The version presented here, brilliantly orchestrated by Dmitri Shostakovich, enhances the character of the accompaniment through a skilful use of woodwinds and pizzicato strings. Others, after Beethoven, were drawn to the song of the flea, which was subsequently set by the likes of Berlioz (in *La Damnation de Faust*), Wagner, and, most famously, the

Russian composer Modest Mussorgsky. The latter, in 1879, composed his own setting for soprano Darya Leonova; nonetheless, the piece was soon appropriated by leading basses (the performance by Feodor Chaliapin is legendary); there are some analogies with the Beethoven setting, especially in the rhythm, but also a recurring ascending five-note motive, and Mephistopheles' sardonic laughter, which stretches the voice through the extreme reaches of its range.

Mephistopheles systematically challenges and overturns every conventional order of morality and reason. And he can do so with eloquence, vehemence, and charm. The two excerpts from Charles Gounod's *Faust* exemplify two very different ways in which he ensnares his audience. In the ballad 'Le veau d'or', he suddenly materialises and with irresistible

rhythmic verve praises the golden calf and Satan, where in a surprising turn to the major mode just before the refrain he adopts a hymn-like style to describe the adoring crowds gathered around the idol's pedestal. In 'Vous qui faites l'endormie' there is again mockery, but of a much more subtle quality, as he satirises a lover serenading his beloved, the orchestral accompaniment at times suggesting the sound of a guitar, but also providing sinister chromatic inflections. The mockery becomes thoroughly explicit when Mephistopheles bursts into laughter (something he tends to do with some regularity, as we can hear in Mussorgsky's song and in Boito's opera).

The guitar-like effects are even more evident in another, earlier Mephistophelean serenade, the one in Hector Berlioz's *La Damnation de Faust*, which may well have been in

Gounod's mind when he composed his opera; a guitarist himself, Berlioz must have taken special pleasure in realising the accompaniment, fully exploiting the potential of the pizzicato technique. And, experimental and provocative as he was, he must have taken great pleasure in defying generic categorisation in this work.

La Damnation de Faust is not a conventional opera; in 1845, during its gestation, which grew out of an earlier set of 'Eight Scenes from *Faust*' (1828), the composer used the expression 'opéra de concert', and by the time it received its premiere performance at the Opéra Comique in Paris, *La Damnation* was presented to the public in concert form and labelled a 'légende dramatique'. The practice of staging this work is now widespread, but only began to develop at the end of the nineteenth century, well after Berlioz's death. An extraordinarily evocative passage is in

the scene that concludes Part II. Having wandered to a green area by the Elbe, Méphistophélès lulls Faust to sleep by conjuring visions of blooming flowers and ruby-coloured kisses and evoking a chorus of heavenly and earthly spirits. Here there is no trace of mockery; the melody is diatonic, for the most part sitting comfortably in the middle register, and the accompaniment, remarkably scored for two bassoons, a cornet, and three trombones, contributes to establishing a warm, calming mood. What is truly diabolical about this passage is that it is infinitely noble, soothing, and gently seductive; who, one might ask, would not yield to the allure of such song?

All subtlety is gone when we turn to the dark, cynical, and coarse utterances from Arrigo Boito's opera *Mefistofele*. Boito, who wrote his own libretto and some twenty years later famously

provided the texts for Giuseppe Verdi's final masterpieces, *Otello* (1887) and *Falstaff* (1893), introduces Mephistopheles much like, some twenty years later, he will introduce Jago in the strikingly original 'Credo in un dio crudele'. Mephistopheles' visiting card to Faust, 'Son lo spirito che nega sempre tutto', is chillingly rational, and overtly calls for universal ruin, sin, and death. Whilst the opening refrain forces a comparison with 'Le veau d'or' from Gounod's opera, the fierce whistling ('fischia violentemente', Boito's instruction reads) characterises Mephistopheles as boisterous and unashamedly vulgar. His philosophy becomes all the more explicit in Act II, when he presides over the Sabbath holding a globe of glass—a globe which, he claims, is as empty as it is round. With such a beginning, the piece can only end with infernal laughter; and so it does, as Mephistopheles smashes the

globe to the ground over a descending chromatic scale in the orchestra.

It bears to be reminded, at this point, that to be evil, one need not be Mephistopheles in the flesh (and in the voice). The operatic repertoire is filled with characters who are not directly derived from the myth of Faust, but nonetheless seem to live under its spell. The romantic predilection for the irrational, the supernatural, and for extreme conflicts between opposing ideas and forces is often expressed through characters who are committed to evil causes (typically the corruption of a good, righteous soul). In Weber's *Der Freischütz*, the devil-like character is the 'Black Huntsman', Samiel (a speaking role), to whom the forester Caspar seeks to offer a victim on his own behalf. Believing to have found one in Max, one of his fellow foresters, Caspar exults; his aria at the end of

Act I is introduced by dark sonorities and minor chords, whereas the thought of his impending triumph triggers a jubilant closing passage in D major. The disquieting modal mixture at the end, however, signals that Caspar's confidence is premature. Bertram in Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* is another character who is not the Devil himself, but a father who is knowingly damned but also provided with a genuinely human side; in a spectacular scene toward the end of Act III, a quintessential moment of *grand opéra*, he summons the nuns to rise from their graves. And Jacques Offenbach's 'opéra fantastique', *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, contains several incarnations of evil. The first of them, Councillor Lindorf, unashamedly states that he is 'like a devil' (note the repetition of these words near the beginning of his couplets). Another is Dapertutto, who in Act III entices Giulietta to steal on his behalf

the poet Hoffmann's reflection in a mirror, promising a diamond in return for her service. His 'Scintille, diamant' is not explicitly devilish, but as elegant and tempting as 'Voici des roses' in Berlioz's *Damnation*, the strokes of triangle depicting the diamond's glitter.

The picture would not be complete without characters whose evil nature has no superhuman connotations whatsoever. The wickedness of Pizarro in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, for example, is due to political conflict, and the imminent arrival of the minister prompts him to act against his prisoner, Florestan. The reasons for his hatred are not explained in the libretto, but his desire for revenge is vigorously stated; the aria begins tensely, with a ninth chord held over several bars before resolving on D minor. Pizarro's rage is amplified by a whole chorus of guards who do not know his motives but are ready to obey him.

Pagano in Verdi's *I lombardi alla prima crociata* is driven by a desire for revenge over his own brother, Arvino, who many years previously had married the woman he had wanted for himself. His double aria conveys anger and agitation in a shivering figure in the accompaniment of the slow movement, and his hope for vengeance is expressed in an energetic cabaletta (stated twice, with added embellishments by the singer in the repeat) punctuated with dotted figures. There are also comic characters in this lot, such as Osmin in Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, who wishes to find a sweetheart but in his ridiculously repetitive cantilena, 'Wer ein Liebchen hat gefunden', is already planning to lock her up to keep her faithful. His own anticipation of victory is filled with rhythmic drive, but the numerous leaps and sudden drops into the low register convey none of the foreboding encountered in Caspar's triumph aria.

Sometimes the evil, wicked, ungodly, or outright diabolic figures encountered in this fascinating collection meet their retribution—sometimes not. Whilst it would be tempting (for we've been dealing with temptation all along) to end on a moralistic note, with the evil Nick Shadow in *The Rake's Progress* being dragged down to hell (just as, before him, evildoers such as Bertram or, of course, Mozart's Don Giovanni), it makes sense instead to conclude with the notes of Alberich, the Nibelung dwarf who, rejected and mocked by the pulchritudinous Rhine maidens, steals their magic gold and forges it into a ring that allows him to rule the world. Once Wotan forcibly lays hold of the ring, Alberich takes leave from us with a curse: broadly intended, that curse warns us that we shall desire what we do not possess, and that once we possess it we shall be enslaved by it, live in anguish, and ultimately die because

of it. The 'death-curse' motif, a series of ascending thirds outlining an unresolved half-diminished seventh chord, is there to stay, and will be recalled frequently throughout Wagner's 'Ring' cycle. Thus, at the end of our journey, Alberich seems to tell us that the devil, the 'bad guy', is not necessarily a supernatural being—one who sings, whistles, laughs, and smashes all-too-fragile globes made of glass. It is actually inside ourselves, ready to be awakened at the sight of a magical object; we might seek to control it—but may never completely elude or suppress it.

Kevin Short

Versatile bass-baritone Kevin Short is thrilling audiences around the globe in a wide range of repertoire ranging from Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* and Monteverdi's *L'incoronazione di Poppea*, to Verdi's *Attila* and *Don Carlos*, and Bizet's *Carmen*.

In North America, Kevin has performed multiple roles with the Metropolitan Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Houston Grand Opera, Los Angeles Opera, Washington Opera, Seattle Opera, Opera Company of Philadelphia, Canadian Opera Company, Vancouver Opera, Edmonton Opera, Santa Fe Opera, Sarasota Opera, Opera Pacific, Lyric Opera of Kansas City, Indianapolis Opera, Utah Symphony, Opera de las Americas, Opera Memphis, Berkshire Opera Company, Nashville Opera, Opera Omaha, Opera Birmingham, New Jersey

Opera Festival, Kentucky Opera and the Opera Theatre of St. Louis to name but a sample of the many companies where he's performed.

Making Switzerland his home now for a number of years, Kevin is also coming to the attention of European theaters and has performed at Paris' Opéra Comique, Théâtre Caen, Grand Théâtre du Luxembourg, Oper der Stadt Köln, Staatstheater Stuttgart, Theater Aachen, Teatro Comunale di Bologna, Teatro Lirico di Cagliari, Theater Basel, Theater Bern, Theater St. Gallen, and Teatro Nacional di São Carlos in such roles as Attila, Philippe in *Don Carlos*, Leporello in *Don Giovanni*, Méphistophélès in *Faust*, Osmin in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, Escamillo in *Carmen*, Nick Shadow in *The Rake's Progress*, Figaro and Il Conte in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and Porgy in *Porgy and Bess*. Important festivals at which Kevin

has performed include the Bregenzer Festspiele, Baden-Baden, Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, Sarasota Opera Winter Festival, the Saito Kinen festival in Matsumoto, Japan, and festivals in Beijing, China; Hanoi, Vietnam; and Granada, Valencia, and Santiago de Compostela, Spain.

Kevin also enjoys an active concert schedule and has worked with important orchestras in the U.S. and around the world including the Boston Symphony, Philadelphia Orchestra, San Francisco Symphony, Cleveland Orchestra, St. Louis Symphony, National Symphony, Baltimore Symphony, Detroit Symphony, the New York Pops Orchestra, and the Opera Orchestra of New York. In Europe and Asia, he has performed with the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, Netherlands Radio Filharmonisch Orkest, Swiss and Italian RAI Orchestra, Radio France Orchestra, Parma Reggione Emilia

Orchestra, New Japan Philharmonic, Hiroshima Symphony, and the Winter Olympics Festival Orchestra for the opening ceremonies of the winter Olympics in Nagano, Japan. His vast concert repertoire include works by Bach and Beethoven and continue to the late 20th century, including Verdi's *Requiem* and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

Kevin received his training at Morgan State University, B.S., the Curtis Institute of Music, M.M., and the Juilliard School of Music Opera Center. While attending these institutions he was a prize winner in numerous competitions, but a few highlights include the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions, the International Competition for Verdian Voices, the Rosa Ponselle International Vocal Competition, the Bruce Yarnell Competition for Basses and Baritones, the Opera America Competition, the Liederkrantz Competition, and received

awards and grants from the Sullivan Foundation, the Shoshana Foundation, and Opera Index.

Orchestre Philharmonique de Marseille

In 1965, when the ORTF Regional Orchestra was dissolved, the City of Marseille decided to create the Orchestre de l'Opéra de Marseille. In 1981, the new director of music János Fűrűst launched a campaign to create l'Orchestre Philharmonique de Marseille and it is thanks to the exclusive support of the municipality that the staff was then expanded to 88 musicians.

Since then, l'Orchestre Philharmonique de Marseille has aimed to disseminate not only the great works of the classical and romantic repertoire but also to pay tribute to 20th-century composers such as Messiaen, Tomasi, Lesur, Chaynes,

Dutilleux, Florentz, Charpentier, Barber, Bernstein, Gershwin and Leon. The orchestra has worked together with famous conductors such as Jean-Claude Casadesus, Armin Jordan, Evelino Pidó and Nello Santi, as well as internationally renowned soloists such as Roberto Alagna, Patrizia Ciofi, Angela Georgiù, Ludovic Tézier, Olga Borodina, Mireille Delunsch, Natalie Dessay, Renaud and Gautier Capuçon, Brigitte Engerer and José van Dam. In addition, the orchestra participates in the actions offered by the Opéra towards young audiences, schoolchildren, students and handicapped. It also collaborates with other theaters and festivals and participated in several television productions. Since February 2012, Lawrence Foster has been the Music Director of the Marseille Philharmonic Orchestra, giving a new impetus to the orchestral phalanx.



Orchestre Philharmonique de Marseille

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Together with Maestro Foster, the orchestra performed in China and at the Bad Kissingen festival in 2014 and 2016. As from 2015, the orchestra plays at the Festival International de Piano de la Roque d'Anthéron every summer, and occasionally at Chorégies d'Orange. In the summer of 2017, the orchestra participated in two other PENTATONE recordings: *Martinů Double Concertos* and *A Certain Slant of Light* (both released in 2018).

Lawrence Foster, conductor

Conductor Lawrence Foster has been Music Director of l'Opéra de Marseille and l'Orchestre Philharmonique de Marseille since 2012. Previously he has held Music Directorships with the Orquestra Simfònica de Barcelona, Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, Houston Symphony, and Orchestre

de Chambre de Lausanne. Mr. Foster is frequently invited to work with internationally renowned orchestras such as Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France, Montréal Symphony Orchestra, Copenhagen Philharmonic, Konzerthausorchester Berlin as well as orchestras in Cologne, Frankfurt, Budapest, Shanghai, and Hong Kong. He has deep musical friendships with outstanding soloists such as Evgeny Kissin, Arcadi Volodos, and Arabella Steinbacher.

In addition to highly successful productions in Marseille, he regularly conducts at the opera houses in Frankfurt, Hamburg, San Francisco and Monte Carlo. With great success he led a concert performance of Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler* at the Enescu Festival in Bucharest and a production of *La Traviata* at the Savonlinna Opera Festival. Following a fruitful decade-

long tenure as Artistic Director and Chief Conductor of the Gulbenkian Orchestra, Mr. Foster was appointed Conductor Laureate. International tours have led him and the orchestra to Germany, Spain, Brazil, as well as to important festivals such as Kissinger Sommer, many times with famous soloists like Lang Lang.

Mr. Foster's discography includes a number of highly acclaimed recordings for PENTATONE, notably of violin works with Arabella Steinbacher as well as of Bartók's *Two Portraits*, Ligeti's *Romanian Concerto*, Kodály's *Dances of Galánta* and *Háry János Suite*, the Four Symphonies by *Robert Schumann* with the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, and Strauss's *Zigeunerbaron* with NDR Radiophilharmonie Hannover. Born in 1941 in Los Angeles to Romanian parents, Lawrence Foster has been a major champion of the music of George

Enescu - he was decorated for his merits to Romanian music by the Romanian President.

Lawrence Foster
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CHARLES GOUNOD

Faust, "Le veau d'or"

Méphistophélès

Le veau d'or est toujours debout !
On encense sa puissance,
D'un bout du monde à l'autre bout !
Pour fêter l'infâme idole
Roi et peuples confondus,
Au bruit sombre des écus,
Dansent une ronde folle
Autour de son piédestal !
Et Satan conduit le bal !

Le veau d'or est vainquer des dieux !
Dans sa gloire dérisoire
Le monstre abjecte insulte aux cieux
Il contemple, ô rage étrange !
À ses pieds le genre humain
Se ruant, le fer en main,
Dans le sang et dans la fange
Où brille l'ardent métal !
Et Satan conduit le bal !

Mephistopheles

The golden calf is still standing,
His might is celebrated
From one end of the world to the other!
Nations and kings mix together
To hail the infamous idol
And to the sinister clink of coins
They whirl in a frenzied ring
Round and round his pedestal!
And Satan leads the dance!

The golden calf triumphs over the gods;
Basking in his preposterous glory
The base monster insults Heaven!
He looks down, o strange madness!
On the human race at his feet
Sallying forth, sword in hand,
Through blood and filth,
Where the burning metal is shining!
And Satan leads the dance!

CHARLES GOUNOD

Faust, "Vous qui faites l'endormie"

2

Méphistophélès

Vous qui faites l'endormie
N'entendez-vous pas,
Ô Catherine, ma mie,
Ma voix et mes pas ? ...
Ainsi ton galant t'appelle,
Et ton cœur l'en croit ! ...
N'ouvre la porte, ma belle,
Que la bague au doigt.

Catherine que j'adore,
Pourquoi refuser
À l'amant qui vous implore
Un si doux baiser ?
Ainsi ton galant supplie
Et ton cœur l'en croit !...
Ne donne un baiser, ma mie,
Que la bague au doigt !...

Mephistopheles

You who pretend to sleep
Do you not hear,
O Catherine, my love,
My voice and my footsteps?...
Thus your suitor calls to you,
And your heart believes him!...
Don't open the door, my pretty one,
Till the ring is on your finger.

My beloved Catherine,
Why do you deny
To your entreating lover
So sweet a kiss?
Thus your suitor pleads
And your heart believes him!...
Don't grant any kisses, my pretty one,
Till the ring is on your finger!

ARRIGO BOITO

Mefistofele, Song of the Whistle "Son lo spirito che nega"

3

Mefistofele

Son lo Spirito
Che nega sempre, tutto;
L'astro, il fior.
Il mio ghigno e la mia bega
Turbano gli ozi al Creator.
Voglio il Nulla e del Creato
La ruina universal,
È atmostera mia vital,
Ciò che chiamasi peccato,
Morte e Mal.
Rido e avvento questa sillaba:
«No!»
Struggo, tento, ruggo, sibilo:
"No!"
Mordo, invischio,
Struggo, tento, ruggo, sibilo:
Fischio! Fischio! Fischio!

(Fichia violentemente colle dita fra le labbra)

Mephistopheles

I am the spirit who denies
everything always;
the stars, the flowers.
My sneering and my hostility
disturb the Creator's leisure.
I want Nothingness and the
universal ruin of Creation.
My vital atmosphere is
what is called Sin,
Death and Evil!
I laugh and snarl this monosyllable:
"No!"
I destroy, I tempt, I roar, I hiss:
"No!"
I bite, I ensnare,
I destroy, tempt, roar, hiss:
I whistle, whistle, whistle!

(Placing two fingers between his lips, he whistles fiercely)

Parte son d'una latebra
Del gran tutto: Oscurità.
Son figliuol della Tenebra
Che Tenebra tornerà.
S'or la luce usurpa e afferra
Il mio scettro a rebellion,
Poco andrà la sua tenzon:
V'è sul Sole e sulla Terra,
Distruzion!
Rido e avvento questa sillaba:
«No!»

*(Fischia violentemente colle dita fra le
labbra)*

I am part of the innermost
recesses of the great All: Obscurity.
I am the child of Darkness
who will return to Darkness.
If now light usurps and seizes
my sceptre in rebellion
the fight will not last long,
over the Sun and over the Earth
there hovers: Destruction!
I laugh and snarl this monosyllable:
"No!"

*(Placing two fingers between his lips, he
whistles piercingly)*

ARRIGO BOITO

Mefistofele, Ballad of the World "Ecco il mondo"

4

Mefistofele

Ecco il mondo,
Vuoto e tondo,
S'alza, scende,
Balza e splende.
Fa carole intorno al sole,
Trema, rugge, dà e distrugge,
Ora sterile or fecondo.
Ecco il mondo.

Sul suo grosso
Antico dosso
V'è una schiatta
E sozza e matta,
Fiera, vile, ria, sottile,
Che ad ogn'ora si divora
Dalla cima sino al fondo
Del reo mondo.

Fola vana è a lei Satana,
Riso e scherno

Mephistopheles

Behold the world,
Empty and round.
It rises, falls,
Dances, glitters.
Whirls about under the sun,
Trembles, roars, creates, destroys,
Now barren, now fecund.
Such is the world.

Upon its huge
And rounded back
Dwells an unclean
And mad race,
Proud, vile, wicked, subtle,
Which forever devours itself,
From the depths to the heights
Of the guilty world.

Satan they take
for a fiction, a fake,

E' a lei l'inferno,
Schernò e riso il Paradiso.
Oh per Dio!
Che or rido anch'io,
Nel pensare ciò
Che le ascondo.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Ecco il mondo!

Hell's an idea at which they sneer,
They laugh about heaven.
O lord, how daft!
It makes me laugh,
When I think
That I ascend to them.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Behold the world!

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

Es war einmal ein König

Es war einmal ein König,
Der hatt' einen großen Floh,
Den liebt' er gar nicht wenig,
Als wie seinen eig'nen Sohn.
Da rief er seinen Schneider,
Der Schneider kam heran;
„Da, miß dem Junker Kleider
Und miß ihm Hosen an!“

There once was a king,
who had a large flea,
whom he loved not a bit less,
than his very own son.
He called his tailor
and the tailor immediately came;
“Here - make clothing for this knight,
and cut him trousers too!”

In Sammet und in Seide
War er nun angetan,

In silk and satin
was the flea now dressed;

Hatte Bänder auf dem Kleide,
Hatt' auch ein Kreuz daran,
Und warsogleich Minister,
Und hatt' einen großen Stern.
Da wurden seine Geschwister
Bei Hof auch große Herrn.

Und Herrn und Frau'n am Hofe,
Die waren sehr geplagt,
Die Königin und die Zofe
Gestochen und genagt,
Und durften sie nicht knicken,
Und weg sie jucken nicht.
Wir knicken und ersticken
Doch gleich, wenn einer sticht.

he had ribbons on his clothing,
and also a cross there,
and had soon become a minister
and had a large star.
Then his siblings became
great lords and ladies of the court as
well.

And the lords and ladies of the court
were plagued enormously;
the queen and her ladies-in-waiting
were pricked and bitten,
and they dared not flick
or scratch them away.
But we flick and crush them
as soon as one bites!

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

Fidelio, "Ha! Welch ein Augenblick"

6

Pizarro

Ha, welch ein Augenblick!
Die Rache werd' ich kühlen,
Dich rufet dein Geschick!
In seinem Herzen wühlen,
O Wonne, großes Glück!
Schon war ich nah, im Staube,
Dem lauten Spott zum Raube,
Dahingestreckt zu sein.
Nun ist es mir geworden,
Den Mörder selbst zu morden;
In seiner letzten Stunde,
Den Stahl in seiner Wunde,
Ihm noch ins Ohr zu schrein:
Triumph! Der Sieg ist mein!

Chor der Wache

Er spricht von Tod und Wunde!
Nun fort auf unsre Runde,
Wie wichtig muss es sein!
Er spricht von Tod und Wunde!

Pizarro

Ah, time has come!
Revenge I'll take on him,
Your fate is calling you!
I shall probe his heart,
Oh joy, oh great delight!
I almost was in the dust,
At the sneering scoffer's mercy,
Knocked miserably down.
But now my chance has come,
To be the murderer's slayer;
In his final hour,
With the steel deep in his wound,
To shout into his ears:
Triumph! Victory is mine!

Chorus of the Guards

He speaks of death and wounds!
Let's go now on our rounds,
How important it must be!
He speaks of death and wounds!

Wacht scharf auf eurer Runde,
Wie wichtig muss es sein!

Look out, when on your rounds!
How important it must be!

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

Die Entführung aus dem Serail, "Wer ein Liebchen hat gefunden"

Osmin

Wer ein Liebchen hat gefunden,
Die es treu und redlich meynt,
Lohn' es ihr durch tausend Küsse,
Mach' ihr all das Leben süsse,
Sey ihr Tröster, sey ihr Freund.
Trallalera, trallalera!

Doch sie treu sich zu erhalten,
Schliess' er Liebchen sorglich ein:
Denn die losen Dinger haschen
Jeden Schmetterling, und naschen
Gar zu gern von fremdem Wein.
Trallalera, trallalera!

Osmin

He who's found himself a sweetheart
Who is faithful and true,
Must reward her with a thousand kisses;
Must make her life a delight,
Must be her comforter and friend.
Trallalera, trallalera!

But to ensure that she remains faithful,
He'd better lock up his sweetheart with
care;
Since the mischievous young things
chase
Every passing butterfly, and are
All too fond of eating stolen fruit.
Trallalera, trallalera!

Sonderlich bey'm Mondenscheine,
Freunde, nehmt sie wohl in Acht!
Oft lauscht da ein junges Herrchen,
Kirrt und lockt das kleine Närrchen,
Und dann, Treue, gute Nacht!
Trallalera, trallalera!

By the light of the moon in particular,
Friends, watch them well!
Oft young gentlemen are lurking,
Whispering sweetly to the little fools
And then: good night to fidelity!
Trallalera, trallalera!

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

Die Entführung aus dem Serail, "O, wie will ich triumphieren"

Osmin

O! wie will ich triumphieren!
Wenn sie euch zum Richtplatz führen
Und die Hälse schnüren zu;
Hüpfen will ich, lachen, springen
Und ein Freudenliedchen singen
Denn nun hab' ich vor euch Ruh.
Schleicht nur säuberlich und leise
Ihr verdammten Harems-Mäuse,
Unser Ohr entdeckt euch schon;
Und eh' ihr uns könnt entspringen,
Seht ihr euch in unsern Schlingen,
Und erhaschet euren Lohn.
O! wie will ich triumphieren! etc.

Osmin

Oh, how I shall triumph!
When they conduct you to the scaffold
And put the garrotte round your
throats!
I shall gambol, laugh and jump about
And sing a song of delight,
Since I am rid of you at last.
No matter how softly and carefully you
prowl,
You confounded harem mice,
Our ear is bound to detect you;
And ere you can escape us,
you find yourselves caught in our snares,

And will get what you deserve.
Oh, how I shall triumph! etc.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER

Der Freischütz, "Schweig, schweig, damit dich niemand warnt!"

Caspar

Schweig, schweig, damit dich niemand
warnt!
Schweige, damit dich niemand warnt!
Der Hölle Netz hat dich umgarnt!
Nichts kann vom tiefen Fall dich retten,
Nichts kann dich retten vom tiefen Fall!
Umgebt ihn, ihr Geister mit Dunkel
beschwingt!
Schon trägt er knirschend eure Ketten!
Triumph! Triumph! Triumph! die Rache
gelingt!

Caspar

Hush, hush, that none may warn you!
Hush, that none may warn you!
Hell has entwined you in its net!
Nothing can save you from the
precipitous fall
From the precipitous fall can nothing
save you!
Surround him, you dark spirits
Already he gnashes his teeth wearing
your chains!
Triumph, triumph, triumph! Revenge is
achieved!

JACQUES OFFENBACH

“Dans les rôles d’amoureux langoureux”

10

Lindorf

Dans les rôles d’amoureux langoureux
Je sais que je suis pitoyable ;
Mais j’ai de l’esprit comme un diable,
Mes yeux lancent des éclairs,
J’ai dans tout le physique
Un aspect satanique
Qui produit sur les nerfs
L’effet d’une pile électrique,
Par les nerfs j’arrive au cœur ;
Je triomphe par la peur !

Oui, chère prima donna
Quand on a la beauté parfaite
On doit dédaigner un poète !
De ce boudoir parfumé,
Que le diable m’emporte
Si je n’ouvre la porte !
Mon rival est aimé,
Je ne le suis pas, que m’importe ?
Sans parler du positif :

Lindorf

Playing the part of a languishing lover,
I know that I’m absurd;
But I have the spirit of a devil!
My eyes shoot lightning
And all of my body
has a satanic appearance
That acts on the nerves
Like an electric shock
By the nerves, I arrive at the heart;
I triumph through fear!

Yes, dear prima donna,
When one possesses perfect beauty
One should disdain a poet!
May the devil carry me off,
If I don’t open the door of that
Perfumed bedroom!
My rival is loved,
I’m not, what does that matter to me!
Without even mentioning my positive

Je suis vieux, mais je suis vif !

qualities:

I'm old, but I am alive!

JACQUES OFFENBACH

Les Contes d'Hofmann, "Scintille, diamant"

Dapertutto

Scintille, diamant,
Miroir où se prend l'alouette
Scintille, diamant,
fascine, attire-la,
L'alouette ou la femme
A cet appât vainqueur
Vont de l'aile ou du cœur ;
L'une y laisse la vie
et l'autre y perd son âme.

Dapertutto

Glitter, diamond,
Mirror that caches the lark
Sparkle, diamond,
Fascinate, draw her,
The lark or the woman
to this conquering bait
Will fly with her wings or her heart;
One leaves her life there,
The other loses her soul.

GIUSEPPE VERDI

I Lombardi, "Sciagurata! Hai tu creduto"

12

Pagano

Sciagurata! hai tu creduto
Che obliarti
avrei potuto,
Tu nel colmo del contento,
Io nel colmo del dolor?
Qual dall'acque l'alimento
Tragge l'italo vulcano,
Io così da te lontano
Crebbi agli impeti d'amor.

O speranza di vendetta,
Già sfavilli sul mio volto;
Da tant'anni a me diletta
Altra voce non ascolto;
Compro un dì col sangue
A vrei quell'incanto di beltà!
Ah! or alfine, or mia tu sei.
Altri il sangue spargerà.

Pagano

Wretch! I hate thee
too well remembered
is the treasure of which you robbed me,
While you repose in heights of cold
contentment,
I am plunged in gulfs of sorrow,
Never the waters of fountains playing
never will quench the fierce volcano
I am so far away from you,
Far away from the one I love.

O hope of revenge,
You already sparkle on my face;
For so many years I only cared
About the voice of my beloved;
One day I will buy with blood
that enchanting beauty!
Ah! then at last, you will be mine.
And blood will flow.

HECTOR BERLIOZ

La Damnation de Faust, "Voici des roses"

13

Méphistophélès

Voici des roses,
De cette nuit éclore.
Sur ce lit embaumé,
Ô mon Faust bien-aimé,
Repose!
Dans un voluptueux sommeil
Où glissera sur toi plus d'un baiser
vermeil,
Où des fleurs pour ta couche ouvriront
leurs corolles,
Ton oreille entendra de divines paroles.
Écoute ! écoute !
Les esprits de la terre et de l'air
Commencent pour ton rêve un suave
concert.

Mephistopheles

Here are roses,
Blossoming in this night
On this embalmed bed,
My beloved Faust,
Rest!
In a luxurious sleep
In which more than one ruby kiss will
find you,
In which flowers will open their blossoms
for your bed,
Your ear shall hear divine words.
Listen! Listen!
The spirits of the earth and the air
Will begin, for your dream, with their
sweet concert.

HECTOR BERLIOZ

La Damnation de Faust, "Devant la maison"

Méphistophélès

Devant la maison
De celui qui t'adore,
Petite Louison,
Que fais-tu dès l'aurore ?
Au signal du plaisir,
Dans la chambre du drille,
Tu peux bien entrer fille,
Mais non fille en sortir.
Devant la maison, etc.

Mephistopheles

In front of the house
Of the one who adores you,
Little Louison,
What have you been doing since dawn?
At the sign of pleasure
In the fellow's room
You can go in maiden
But not come out maiden.
In front of the house, etc.

14

GORDON GETTY

Mephistopheles to Faust

Mephistopheles

I am a part of that which once was all,
The mother darkness
 before light was born
And shape and breath
 and destiny, before
The Word ordained

15

the courses of the stars,
Ordained the law,
ordained the forfeiture,
Defiance and defilement of the way
Which once was all, and will be all again
When shape and breath
and stars and destiny
Lapse in the mother stillness. I am he
Who held and holds
to that more ancient faith,
And teaches those who seek.

MODEST MUSSORGSKY

(orch. Igor Stravinsky), *Song of Mephistopheles in Auerbach's Cellar from "Faust"*

Zhil, buil karol' kagda-ta,
Pri nyom blakha zhila,
Blakha! Blakha!
Milyey radnova brata
Ana yemu buila.
Blakha, kha, kha, kha, kha, kha.

Zavyot karol' partnova:
"Paslushay, tui, churban!

There lived a king once upon a time,
With him lived a Flea.
A Flea! A Flea!
Dearer than his own brother
It was to him.
A Flea, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

The king called for a tailor:
"Listen, you, stupid guy,

Dlya druga daragova
Sshyey barkhatnuiy kaftan!"
Blakhye kaftan? Kha, kha, kha, kha, kha.

Shtob zharka yi parka blakha maya
zhila,
Yi polnaya zbaboda yei pri dvarye dana.
Pri dvorye khye-khye-khye-khye-khye,
Blakhye kha-kha-kha.

Karol' yei san ministra yi z nim zvezdu
dayot,
Yi z nyeyu yi drugiy pashli fsye Blokhi f
khod a-kha.
Yi samoi Karolyevye yi fryeillinam yeya
Ad blokh nye stala mochi, nye stala yi
zhit'ya kha-kha.

Yi tranyut'ta bayatsya nye ta shtobui
yikh bit',

For my dear friend
Make a velvety caftan!"
For the Flea a caftan? Ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha.

Wearing gold and a coat my Flea lived,
And complete freedom in the palace it
was given.
In the palace ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, for the
Flea,
for the Flea, ha-ha-ha.

The King made it a minister and gave it
a medal,
And all its relatives were given the same,
a-ha.
And the Queen and her ladies-in-
waiting
Could not touch the Flea, and were
afraid, ha-ha.

What a pity that they cannot touch or
kill the Flea,

A mui, khto stal kusat'sya, totchas davai
dushit'.

Kha-kha-kha-kha etc.

As for us, we will kill it as soon as it bites
us.

Ha-ha-ha-ha etc.

IGOR STRAVINSKY

The Rake's Progress, "I burn, I freeze!"

Nick Shadow

I burn! I freeze!

In shame I hear

my famished legions roar.

My own delay lost me my prey,

and damns myself the more!

Defeated, mocked,

Again I sink in ice and flame to lie.

But heaven's will I'll hate,

and till Eternity defy.

Your sins, my foe, before I go,

give me some power to pain;

To reason blind shall be your mind.

Henceforth, be you insane!

GIACOMO MEYERBEER

Robert le diable, "Voici donc les débris- Nonnes, qui reposez"

Bertram

Voici donc les débris
du monastère antique,
Voué par Rosalie aux culte du Seigneur,
Ces filles des autels,
dont l'infidèle ardeur,
Brûlant pour d'autres dieux
un encens impudique,
Où régnaient la vertu fit
régner le plaisir !

Nonnes, qui reposez
sous cette froide pierre,
M'entendez-vous ?
Pour une heure quittez
votre lit funéraire,
Relevez-vous !
Ne craignez pas
d'une sainte immortelle,
Le terrible courroux !

18

Bertram

Here are the remains of the ancient
monastery,
Dedicated by Rosalie to the Lord's
worship,
The altar's daughters, whose unfaithful
ardour,
Burning for other gods a shameless
incense,
Where reigned virtue made the pleasure
reign!

Nuns, who rest under this cold stone,
Do you hear me?
For an hour leave your funeral bed,
Get up!
Do not be afraid of an immortal saint,
The terrible wrath!
King of Hell,
it's me who calls you,
Me, damned like you!

Roi des enfers,
c'est moi qui vous appelle,
Moi, damné comme vous !
Nonnes, m'entendez-vous ?

Nuns, do you hear me?

RICHARD WAGNER

Das Rheingold (Der Ring des Nibelungen), "Bin ich nun frei?"

Alberich

Bin ich nun frei?
Wirklich frei?
So grüß' euch denn meiner Freiheit
erster Gruß!
Wie durch Fluch er mir gerieth,
verflucht sei dieser Ring!
Gab sein Gold mir Macht ohne Maaß,
nun zeug' sein Zauber Tod dem, der ihn
trägt!
Kein Froher soll seiner sich freu'n,
keinem Glücklichen lache sein lichter
Glanz!
Wer ihn besitzt, den sehre die Sorge,
und wer ihn nicht hat den nage der
Neid!

Alberich

Am I now free?
Actually free?
Thus greets you then my freedom's
first salute!
As by curse it came to me,
so cursed be this ring!
As its gold gave measureless might,
let now its magic deal death to its lord!
Its wealth shall yield pleasure to none,
its light brilliance won't cheer a happy
mind!
He who holds it, is haunted by worries
and envy gnaw him who holds it not!
All shall chase after its delights,

Jeder giere nach seinem Gut,
doch keiner genieße mit Nutzen sein!
Ohne Wucher hüt' ihn sein Herr;
doch den Würger zieh' er ihm zu!
Dem Tode verfallen feßle den Feigen die
Furcht:
so lang' er lebt sterb' er lechzend dahin,
des Ringes Herr als des Ringes Knecht!
Bis in meiner Hand
den geraubten wieder ich halte!
So segnet in höchster Noth
der Nibelung seinen Ring:
behalt' ihn nun,
hüte ihn wohl!
Meinem Fluch fliehest du nicht.

yet no one will prosper from making it
his!
It won't bring gain to its lord;
yet murder awaits its owner instead!
To death devoted, chained be the
craven by fear:
his whole life long daily wasting away,
the treasure's lord as the treasure's
slave!
Till again once more
in my hand regained I shall hold it!
So blesses, in direst need,
the Nibelung now his ring:
then hold it fast,
guard it with heed!
But my curse you cannot flee.

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