

A Tribute to Gilbert Duprez



DE 3532

John Osborn, *tenor*
Constantine Orbelian, *conductor*
Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra
Kaunas State Chorus



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JOHN OSBORN

A Tribute to Gilbert Duprez

VERDI: *Jérusalem* — Je veux encore entendre ta voix ♦
Ô mes amis, mes frères d'armes

DONIZETTI: *La favorite* — Ange si pur ♦ *Les martyrs* —
Oui, j'irai dans leur temple ♦ *Lucie de Lammermoor* —
Bientôt l'herbe des champs croîtra ♦ *Dom Sébastien* —
Seul sur la terre

HECTOR BERLIOZ: *Benvenuto Cellini* — La gloire était
ma seule idole ♦ Sur les monts, les plus sauvages

GIOACHINO ROSSINI: *Guillaume Tell* — Asile héréditaire

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Total Playing Time: 61:31



JOHN OSBORN

A TRIBUTE TO GILBERT DUPREZ

GIUSEPPE VERDI:

1. **Jérusalem** — Je veux encore entendre ta voix (5:28)
2. **Jérusalem** — Ô mes amis, mes frères d'armes (4:33)

GAETANO DONIZETTI:

3. **La favorite** — Ange si pur (5:26)
4. **Les martyrs** — Oui, j'irai dans leur temple (3:08)

HECTOR BERLIOZ:

5. **Benvenuto Cellini** — La gloire était ma seule idole (6:26)
6. **Benvenuto Cellini** — Sur les monts, les plus sauvages (8:30)

GAETANO DONIZETTI:

7. **Lucie de Lammermoor** — Bientôt l'herbe
des champs croîtra (8:23)
8. **Dom Sébastien** — Seul sur la terre (5:42)

GIOACHINO ROSSINI:

9. **Guillaume Tell** — Asile héréditaire (13:53)

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INTRODUCTION

French tenor, voice teacher, and minor composer Gilbert-Louis Duprez (1806-1896), a native of Paris, is all but unknown to today's opera lovers. But he was a pivotal figure in the history and development of Romantic-era opera and associated vocal technique in Europe during the first half of the nineteenth century.

When he first ventured into the Parisian operatic scene in 1825, Duprez was a practitioner of the prevailing *tenore altino* style, wherein top-end notes were sung in an amplified falsetto (*falsettone*) register: for the most part, a delicate, fluty and decidedly unheroic head-voice sound that was then the norm for operatic tenors.

At first, Duprez achieved only scant success in Paris, owing largely to his comparative lack of accomplishment in the florid bel canto style of coloratura singing initially demanded for operas by Rossini, Donizetti and Bellini. After deciding to explore the more robust style of singing practiced in Italian opera, Duprez moved to Italy in 1828, where he sought to emulate—and build on—the more vigorous vocal qualities of the day's leading Italian tenors. He soon developed his then-novel technique of singing notes up to and including thrilling high C's in full, ringing “chest voice.”

Having mastered that skill and earned renown for it in Italy, Duprez returned to Paris in 1837, where his interpretations of the roles heard in this recording (and others) took the musical

public by storm. As Duprez's fame and fortune grew, he soon established a new standard in vocal technique that has since become universal practice for succeeding generations of operatic tenors.

At the time, no effective training techniques for such robust (and exhausting) vocal production existed. A tragic victim of this inadequate vocal training was a lesser-known Italian tenor, Americo Sbigoli, who dropped dead onstage during an 1831 performance of an opera by Giovanni Pacini—apparently from a tension-induced burst blood vessel in his neck while attempting a particularly resounding high note.

By the mid-to-late 1840s, Duprez's consistent use of chest-voice high notes had seriously degraded his own vocal abilities, limiting his appearances and forcing his retirement from singing in 1851. But in his new career as a teacher, he continued to play a vital role in the development of vocal training techniques for new generations of singers.

NOTES ON THE PROGRAM

Jérusalem, Verdi's twelfth opera, is widely perceived as a completely original composition—but it was actually a very free French adaptation of his earlier Italian work *I Lombardi alla prima crociata*, first staged in Milan in 1843. Yet while Verdi used some of *I Lombardi's* original music in the new revision, *Jérusalem* has different role names, an adaptation from Italian to French

history, much new music and heavy cuts to the old—all of which led Verdi to admit that *I Lombardi* had been transformed “beyond all recognition.”

In portraying the heroic character of Gaston, Duprez played perhaps his final historically significant role, his voice being in decline by the time of the opera’s 1847 premiere. The composer’s typically complex plot takes us from France to Palestine on a crusade to capture the title city. We thrill to the usual love story—spiced by jealousy, murder, exile, and mistaken identities as well as final triumph and forgiveness—and we revel in exotic scenarios, like an emir’s palace, complete with the obligatory harem!

The aria “Je veux encore entendre ta voix” comes in the second scene of Act II. Captured and incarcerated by the Emir of Ramla, Gaston awaits a meeting with him. But his thoughts take him back to the last time he saw his beloved Hélène in France four years earlier, inspiring fierce feelings of nostalgia and longing.

Gaston sings “O mes amis, mes frères d’armes” in scene 2 of the third act, after the crusading Christians have recaptured Gaston, who had been falsely accused of an earlier murder attempt and condemned to die. As his execution draws nigh, he tearfully pleads his case, bemoaning the loss of his honor and proclaiming his innocence.

One in Gaetano Donizetti’s seemingly endless parade of operas, *La favorite* had its 1840 premiere in Paris, with Duprez in the leading role of Fernand. It tells the convoluted tale of a love triangle between the Castilian King Alphonse XI, his mistress Leonor (“the Favorite”), and her lover, Fernand. The story is set in Spain in the era of the Moorish invasions.

Fernand has led Castilian forces to victory over the Moors, and has been granted Leonor’s hand in marriage by the king, his unknown rival. But Fernand’s last-minute discovery that Leonor had been the king’s mistress compels him to return, brokenhearted, to the monastery from whence he first came. It is there, in Act IV, that—in “Ange si pur”—Fernand pours out his mournful grief over his betrayed love and the loss of Leonor, and prays for forgetfulness.

Les martyrs grew out of Donizetti’s original three-act, Italian-libretto version *Poliuto*. Set in ancient Roman-occupied Armenia, its “sacred” theme of early martyrdom of a Christian saint at the hands of the pagan Romans ran afoul of the notoriously touchy Neapolitan censors, and—ultimately—the reigning king. Enraged at the banning of his creation just before its first scheduled performances in 1838, Donizetti resolved to move to Paris, where he recast what had been his “most personal” opera (containing some of his loveliest music) into a four-act grand opera extravaganza designed to appeal to prevailing French tastes. And, after its 1840

premiere, it did just that—with its exotic temples and other edifices, gladiators battling in a grand coliseum, varied ballet episodes, and even the protagonists' final martyrdom by means of ravenous lions.

As part of his adaptation for Paris's grand opera aficionados, Donizetti extensively rewrote the original *Poliuto* aria in its French version, "Oui, j'irai dans leur temple," specifically to showcase Duprez's chesty high C in the role of Polyeucte. He sings the aria in the opening scene of Act III, when—against the fervent imploring of his wife (and leading lady) Pauline—Polyeucte bravely agrees to go to the temple, even at the risk of impending martyrdom.

Hector Berlioz is the only native Frenchman among this album's composers. His first opera, *Benvenuto Cellini*, is the album's sole work of "opera semiseria"—loosely defined as an opera with an essentially serious theme, but laced with frequent episodes of comic relief. Named after the famous sixteenth-century Florentine sculptor, the opera—originally cast in two acts, but later in three (though shorter)—is a heavily fictionalized account of the creation of Cellini's actual masterpiece, the bronze statue of Perseus. The plot relates a complex and twisted story full of intrigue, deceit, betrayal and artistic arrogance.

Its 1838 Paris premiere, starring Duprez in the title role, was a resounding flop, and was withdrawn after only four performances. Since then, it has

rarely been presented, owing to its many different versions, staging difficulties, and sometimes bizarre, rhythmically quirky music—though the genius behind it cannot be denied.

In the second act's "La gloire était ma seule idole," Cellini rhapsodizes to his assistants that he considers love to be even greater than fame, and sings of his passion for his beloved Terese. "Sur les monts, les plus sauvages" comes later in the same act, when—fed up with the clamor and hard work of city life—he sings a wistful reverie of his longing for a life of pastoral peace, as a shepherd with no tasks more challenging than looking after his flock.

Arguably Donizetti's most beloved and frequently performed opera, *Lucia di Lammermoor*'s original Italian version was first heard in Naples in 1835, with Duprez performing the role of Edgardo, the work's tragic hero. After the original Italian *Lucia* was produced in Paris, a French version was commissioned, and Donizetti's fairly extensive revision, *Lucie de Lammermoor*, was premiered there in 1839. While some increased attention has been paid to it in recent decades, the original Italian version has remained by far the most popular.

In Act III, not long after Lucie's justly famous "mad scene" (following her murder of her despised new husband), Edgard appears at his ancestral tombs, suicidally distraught over the marriage of his beloved to another. In his final

full recitative-and-aria, "Bientôt l'herbe des champs croîtra," he sings brokenheartedly of his impending death—which comes to pass by his own hand soon thereafter, when he hears that his adored Lucie has died and resolves to join her in Heaven.

Donizetti's *Dom Sébastien, Roi de Portugal*, was the final opera that he managed to complete before sinking into insanity and his final illness. First staged in 1843, with Duprez in the title role, this tragic tale of military defeat, false identity, doomed love and national conquest has been called "a funeral in five acts."

Set in Lisbon and Morocco, the Christian Portuguese king Dom Sébastien has left his uncle, Dom Antonio, to rule in his stead while embarking upon a crusade against the Moors in Morocco—where his army is soon annihilated by forces under the Moorish chief, Abayaldos. As Act II draws to a close, Sébastien is left on the battlefield, wounded and in utter desolation. He gives voice to his shame and misery in "Seul sur la terre," finding his only consolation in knowing that he still has "the love of a woman and the heart of a soldier."

Gioachino Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, first performed in Paris in 1829, was the last of the composer's thirty-nine operas before he retired from the operatic stage at the age of thirty-seven. Its four-hour length and other factors—including

its theme of rebellion against royal authority that prompted widespread censorship in its day—led to a checkered performance history. Despite some notable revivals and much memorable music (including its marvelous overture), the work has never made its way into modern mainstream operatic repertoire.

The plot revolves around Switzerland's subjugation by the Hapsburg Austrians and a rebellion led by Tell. Arnold, the tenor lead, is torn between his love for the Austrian governor's daughter and his devotion to his fatherland. As Act IV begins—by which time the tyrannical Austrian governor has executed his father and imprisoned Tell—Arnold gazes upon the ruins of his father's house where he grew up and gives sad and bitter voice to his loss in his recitative and aria "Asile héréditaire"—which moves into "Amis! secondez ma vengeance," as he arms a band of his countrymen (the men's chorus) from a hidden cache of weapons. Arnold then spurs on his compatriots to follow him into battle to liberate their homeland (and the imprisoned Tell), bringing the scene to a thrilling close.

—Lindsay Koob

Verdi: Jérusalem

1. Recitative and aria (Gaston)

Je veux encore entendre ta voix

L'Emir, au près de lui m'appelle
Que dois-je craindre encore?
De la France banni,
Captif au sein d'une ville infidèle
Je ne pourrai combattre dans mon zèle
Pour les ingrats qui m'ont injustement puni.

Hélène est près de moi dans leur camp.
Chère Hélène,
Dont un destin cruel m'a séparé.
Ne pas te voir quand le ciel te ramène;
Je briserai ma chaîne et je te reverrai!

Je veux encore entendre ta voix si tendre.
Pour fuir il faut attendre les ombres du soir.
Anges vers qui s'envole mon rêve d'espoir;
Ah! Belle ange, Ô mon idole, je veux encore,
Encore te voir!

2. Recitative and aria (Gaston)

Ô mes amis, mes frères d'armes

L'infamie! Prenez ma vie!
Vos bourreaux je les défie!
Mais mon honneur... ô douleur!

Ô mes amis, mes frères d'armes
Voyez mes pleurs; voyez mes larmes!
Le déshonneur c'est trop affreux!
N'accablez pas un malheureux.

I want to hear your tender voice again

The Emir calls me to his presence.
Of what must I still be afraid?
Banished from France,
Captive in a faithless city;
I could not battle in my zeal
For the ingrates who unjustly punished me.

Helen is close to me in their camp.
Dear Helen,
Whom cruel destiny has separated from me.
Not to see you when heaven brings you back;
I'll break my chain, and I'll see you again!

I want to hear your tender voice again.
To escape, I must wait for evening's shadow.
Angels to whom flies my dream of hope;
Ah! Beautiful angel, O my idol, I still want
To see you again!

O my friends, my brothers in arms

Infamy! Take my life!
I defy your executioners!
But my honor ... O such pain!

O my friends, my brothers in arms
Look at my sobbing; look at my tears!
The dishonor is too awful!
Do not overwhelm an unhappy man.

Mon dernier jour me sera doux
Et je l'implore à vos genoux.
Mais, par le ciel, moi, traître infâme
Je pleure, hélas! comme une femme!
Ah! c'est la pitié que je réclame
Par quels accents vous attendrir.
Ô, mes amis, sans me flétrir
Ah! laissez moi mourir.

Donizetti: La favorite

3. Recitative and aria (Fernand) Ange si pur

La maîtresse du roi?
La maîtresse du roi!
Dans l'abîme creusé
Sous un piège infernal
Ma gloire est engloutie,
Et de mon triste cœur
L'espérance est sortie.

Ange si pur, que dans un songe
J'ai cru trouver, vous que j'aimais!
Avec l'espoir, triste mensonge
Envolez-vous et pour jamais,
Envolez-vous et pour jamais.
En moi, pour l'amour d'une femme,
De Dieu l'amour avait faibli pitié!
Je t'ai rendu mon âme, pitié,
Seigneur, rends-moi l'oublié, pitié, pitié...
Ange si pur, que dans un songe
J'ai cru trouver, vous que j'aimais!
Avec l'espoir, triste mensonge
Envolez-vous et pour jamais,
Loin de mon cœur, vous que j'aimais.

My last day will be sweet,
And I implore it at your knees.
But, by heaven, I, an infamous traitor
I weep, alas! Like a woman!
Ah! It is pity that I implore,
You will feel it in my words.
O, my friends, without withering me,
Ah! Let me die.

Angel so pure

The mistress of the king?
The mistress of the king!
In the deeply dug abyss
Under an infernal trap
My glory is swallowed up,
And from my sad heart
Hope is gone.

Angel so pure, who in a dream
I thought to find—you, whom I loved!
Sad lie, with all hope,
Fly away and forever,
Fly away and forever.
In me, for the love of a woman,
By God, the love made me weak, have pity!
I have restored my soul to you, have pity,
Lord, make me forget, pity, pity ...
Angel so pure, that in a dream
I thought I found—you, whom I loved!
Sad lie, with all hope,
Fly away and forever,
Far from my heart, you whom I loved.

Envolez vous et pour jamais!
Loin de mon coeur... avec l'espoir...
Ah! envolez-vous et pour jamais...

Fly away and forever!
Far from my heart ... along with my hope ...
Ah! Fly away and forever ...

Donizetti: Les martyrs

4. Aria (Polyeucte) Oui, j'irai dans leur temple

Oui, j'irai dans leur temple!
Bientôt tu m'y verras.
Dieu saint qui me contemple
Et qui conduit mes pas.
Par ton souffle inspiré, j'irai!
Oui, j'irai dans leur temple
Bientôt tu m'y verras.
Dieu saint qui me contemple, j'irai!

Oui, l'instant est venu
Dieu m'appelle et m'inspire.
Oui, je dois d'un ami partager le martyre.
Allons! et des bourreaux pour hâter le signal.
Allons briser ces dieux de pierre et de métal.

Allons! Ah! Oui, j'irai dans leur temples
Bientôt tu m'y verras
Dieu saint qui me contemple
Et qui conduit mes pas!
Part ton souffle inspiré, j'irai!
Allons briser ces dieux de pierre et de métal.
Allons! briser ces dieux... Allons!
Dieu m'inspire! J'irai! J'irai!

Yes, I will go to their temple

Yes, I will go to their temple!
Soon you will see me there.
Holy God, who watches over me
And who drives my steps.
By your inspired breath, I will go!
Yes, I will go to their temple!
Soon you will see me there.
Holy God, who watches over me, I will go!

Yes, the moment has come
God calls me and inspires me.
Yes, I must, as a friend, deliver the martyr.
Come! And persecutors hasten the signal.
Let us break these gods of stone and metal.

Come on! Ah! Yes, I will go to their temples
Soon you will see me
The holy God, who watches over me
And who guides my steps!
Share your inspired breath, I will go!
Let us break these gods of stone and metal.
Come on! Break these gods.
God inspires me! I will go! I will go!

Berlioz: Benvenuto Cellini

5. Recitative and aria (Cellini)

La gloire était ma seule idole

Une heure encore, et ma belle maîtresse
Va venir dans ces lieux!
Une heure encore, amour, et, si tu veux,
De tous ces coeurs fous d'allégresse.
Le mien sera le plus joyeux.
Ah! tu serais ingrat
Si tu trompais mes vœux.

La gloire était ma seule idole;
Un noble espoir que je n'ai plus.
Ceignait mon front de l'auréole
Que l'art destine à ses élus.
Mais cet honneur je le dédaigne;
Teresa seule en mon coeur règne.
Teresa, seule,
Teresa seul en mon coeur règne.
Oui, cet honneur je le dédaigne;
Vois donc, amour..
Vois donc, amour, ce que je fais pour toi:
Protège-la, protège-moi!

Ma bien aimée était heureuse;
Et comme un fleuve, ses beaux jours,
Loin de la mer sombre, orageuse,
Paisiblement suivaient leur cours.
Mais au repos elle préfère
Ma vie errante et ma misère,
Au repos, au repos elle préfère
Ma vie errante et ma misère,
Vois donc, amour..
Vois donc, amour, ce qu'elle fait pour toi;
Protège-la, protège-moi!

Glory used to be my only idol

One hour yet, and my beautiful mistress
Will come to these places!
Another hour, love, and, if you will,
Of all those hearts crazy with joy.
Mine will be the most joyful.
Ah! You would be ungrateful
If you were to mislead my wishes.

Glory used to be my only idol;
A noble hope that I no longer have.
Girded my forehead with the halo
That art destines to its chosen one.
But this honor I disdain;
Teresa alone in my heart reigns.
Teresa, alone,
Teresa alone in my heart reigns.
Yes, I disdain this honor;
See then, love ...
See then, love, what I do for you:
Protect her, protect me!

My beloved was happy;
And as a river, its beautiful days,
Far from the dark, stormy sea,
Peacefully followed their course.
But at rest she prefers
My wandering life and my misery,
At rest, at rest she prefers
My wandering life and my misery,
See then, love ...
See then, love, what she does for you;
Protect her, protect me!

6. Recitative and aria (Cellini)
Sur les monts, les plus sauvages

Seul pour lutter, seul avec mon courage!
Et Rome me regarde! Rome!
Allons, vents inhumains, soufflez,
Gonflez les flots, et vogue dans l'orage
La nef de nos sombres destins!
Quelle vie! Quelle vie!

Sur les monts les plus sauvages
Que ne suis-je un simple pasteur.
Conduisant aux pâturages
Tous les jours un troupeau voyageur!
Libre, seul et tranquille,
Sans labeur fatiguant,
Errant loin des bruits de la ville,
Je chanterais gaîment;
Puis le soir dans ma chaumière,
Seul, ayant pour lit la terre,
Comme aux bras d'une mère
Je dormirais content.

Sur les monts les plus sauvages
Que ne suis-je un simple pasteur.
Conduisant aux pâturages
Tous les jours un troupeau voyageur!
Libre, seul, tranquille...
Seul, libre, je chanterait gaîment.
Ah! Pour lit la terre.
Sans labeur inutile!
Sur les monts, les plus sauvage
Que ne suis-je un simple pasteur.
Conduisant aux pâturages
Tous les jours un troupeau...
Ah! que ne suis-je un pauvre pasteur

On the most savage mountains

Alone to struggle, alone with my courage!
And Rome is watching me! Rome!
Come and blow, inhuman winds,
Expand the waves, and bring, with the storm,
The nave of our dark destinies!
What a life! What a life!

On the most savage mountains,
If I were but a simple shepherd.
Driving to the pastures
Every day a traveler's flock!
Free, alone and tranquil,
Without tiring labor,
Wandering far from the noises of the city,
I would gaily sing;
Then, at evening in my cottage,
Alone, having the earth for a bed,
Like in the arms of a mother
I would sleep contently.

On the most savage mountains,
If I were but a simple shepherd.
Driving to the pastures
Every day a traveler's flock!
Alone, free, tranquil...
Alone, freely I would gaily sing.
Ah! The earth for a bed
Without useless labor!
On the mountains, the most savage
If that I were a simple shepherd,
Driving to the pastures
Every day a flock...
Ah! If only I were a poor shepherd.

Donizetti: Lucie de Lammermoor

**7. Recitative and aria (Edgard)
Bientôt l'herbe des champs croîtra**

Tombes de mes aïeux d'une famille éteinte
Recueillez le dernier, l'infortuné débris!
Plus de colère, ah! plus de plainte!
Ce monde ingrat et dur
Pour moi n'a plus de prix.
Mon sang Ashton je te le livre,
Car je ne puis plus vivre, Lucie,
Hélas! après tous les mépris.
Ah! je te vois au bal, de fleurs parée,
Fendre en riant cette foule abhorrée,
Ingrate! et moi, portant mes maux
sous lesquels je succombe,
Je tourne vainement mon front pâli vers toi!
Tu cherches le plaisir, Lucie,
Et moi la tombe.

Bientôt l'herbe des champs croîtra
Sur ma pierre isolée,
Et pas un pleur ne mouillera
Le triste mausolée:
Mon âme au ciel s'envolera,
Plaintive et désolée.
Lucie, un jour, si ton Arthur
Te mène en ce lieu sombre,
Passe en silence; un mot d'amour
Éveillerait mon ombre. Ah!
Respecte au moins, femme sans foi,
L'amant qui meurt pour toi.

Soon the grass of the fields will grow

Tombs of my ancestors, of an extinct family
You collect the last, the unfortunate debris!
No more anger, ah! No more complaint!
This ungrateful and hard world
For me no longer has value.
My blood, Ashton, I deliver to you,
For I can no longer live, Lucy,
Alas! After all the contempt.
Ah! I see you at the ball, adorned with flowers,
To smite this abhorred crowd,
Ungrateful one! and I, carrying my evils
Under which I succumb,
I vainly turn my pale face towards you!
You search for pleasure, Lucy,
And I the tomb.

Soon the grass of the fields will grow
On my isolated stone,
And not a cry will wet
The sad mausoleum:
My soul in heaven will fly away,
Ordinary and desolate.
Lucy, one day, if your Arthur
Brings you to this dark place,
Pass in silence; a word of love
Would awaken my shadow. Ah!
Respect at least, faithless woman,
The lover who dies for you.

Donizetti: Dom Sébastien

8. Aria (Sébastien)

Seul sur la terre

Seul sur la terre en vain j'espère
Dans ma misère je n'ai plus rien!
Ange céleste, toi seul me reste.
Ange céleste, sois mon soutien.
Ah! Seul sur la terre en vain j'espère
Dans ma misère je n'ai plus rien!

Ah! que ne puis-je offrir un jour
Une couronne à tant d'amour.
Moi, que je donne une couronne.
Ah! qu'ai-je dit? Ah! qu'ai-je dit?
Moi! Moi! Ah!
Sur ce rivage triste et sauvage,
Hors mon courage je n'ai plus rien!

Toi seule ranimes mon âme
Dans le sort qui m'abat.
J'ai l'amour d'une femme
Et le coeur d'un soldat.
Oui, toi seule ranimes mon âme
Dans le sort qui m'abat.
J'ai l'amour d'une femme
Oui! l'amour d'une femme
Et le coeur d'un soldat!

Alone on the earth

Alone on the earth, I hope in vain.
In my misery I have nothing more!
Heavenly Angel, only you are still with me.
Heavenly Angel, be my support.
Ah! Alone on the earth, I hope in vain.
In my misery I have nothing more!

Ah! How can I someday offer
A crown to so much love.
Me, that I give a crown.
Ah! What have I said? Ah! What have I said?
Me! Me! Ah!
On this sad and savage shore,
Beyond my courage, I have nothing more!

You alone revive my soul.
In the fate that battles me.
I have the love of a woman
And the heart of a soldier.
Yes, you alone revive my soul.
In the fate that battles me.
I have the love of a woman
Yes! The love of a woman
And the heart of a soldier!

Rossini: Guillaume Tell

**9. Recitative and aria (Arnold) —
with men's chorus
Asile héréditaire**

Ne m'abandonne point
Espoir de la vengeance.
Guillaume est dans les fers,
Et mon impatience
Presse le moment des combats!

Dans cette enceinte, quel silence!
J'écoute...
Je n'entends que le bruit de mes pas.
Chassons une terreur secrète!
Entrons!
Devant le seuil, malgré moi je m'arrête.
Mon père est mort! Je n'y rentrerai pas.

Asile héréditaire
Où mes yeux s'ouvrèrent au jour.
Hier encore ton abri tutélaire.
Offrait un père à mon amour.
J'appelle en vain douleur amère!
J'appelle il n'entend plus ma voix!
Murs chéris qu'habitait mon père
Je viens vous voir pour la dernière fois!

Asile héréditaire
Où mes yeux s'ouvrèrent au jour.
Murs chéris qu'habitait mon père.
Je viens vous voir pour la dernière fois!

Choeur:
Vengeance! Vengeance!

Ancestral refuge

Do not abandon me
Hope of revenge.
William is in chains,
And my impatience
Presses the moment of battle!

In this chamber, what a silence!
I listen...
I hear only the sound of my steps.
Let's hunt for a secret terror!
Let's enter!
Before the threshold in spite of myself, I stop.
My father is dead! I can't enter ever again.

Ancestral refuge
Where my eyes first opened to the day.
Only yesterday was your protective shelter ...
A father's offering to my love.
I call in vain, bitter grief!
I call, he cannot hear my voice!
Cherished walls where dwelled my father.
I come to see you for the last time!

Ancestral refuge
Where my eyes first opened to the day.
Cherished walls where dwelled my father.
I come to see you for the last time!

Chorus:
Revenge! Revenge!

Arnold:
Quel espoir, j'entends des cris d'alarmes!

Choeur:
Vengeance! Vengeance!

Arnold:
Ce sont mes compagnons,
Je les vois accourir!

Choeur:
Guillaume est prisonnier
Et nous sommes sans armes
Nous voulons tous le secourir!
Des armes! Et nous saurons mourir.
Des armes!

Arnold:
Des longtemps Guillaume et mon père
On prévu l'heure des combats;
Sous le rocher au font du chalet solitaire
Courez, armez vos bras!

Choeur:
Courons, armons nos bras! Courons!

Arnold:
Plus de crainte inutile,
Plus de l'arme stérile
Gesler tu périras!
Pour toi qui prive ma tendresse
De mon père et de ma maîtresse
Est-ce assez que le trépas!

Arnold:
What hope, I hear cries of alarm!

Chorus:
Revenge! Revenge!

Arnold:
They are my companions,
I see them running here!

Chorus:
William is a prisoner
And we are without arms!
We all want to help him!
Weapons! And we shall know how to die.
Weapons!

Arnold:
Long have William and my father
Foreseen this hour of battle;
Look under the rock at the solitary chalet
Run and arm yourselves!

Chorus:
Let's run, and arm ourselves! Let's run!

Arnold:
No more needless fear,
No more the sterile weapon!
Gesler, you will perish!
To you who takes from me the tenderness
Of my father and my mistress.
Enough of your wrongdoings!

Choeur:
Mèlchtal que ton espoir renaisses
Enfin le glaive arme nos bras! Mèlchtal!

Arnold:
Amis, amis secondez ma vengeance!
Si notre chef est dans les fers
C'est à nous qu'appartient sa défense!
D'Altdorf les chemins sont ouverts!
Suivez moi! D'un monstre perfide
Trompons l'espérance homicide!
Arrachons Guillaume à ses coups!

Choeur:
Suivons le! d'un tyran cruel et perfide
Trompons l'espérance homicide!
Cette tâche est digne de nous!
Suivons le aux combats!

Arnold:
Aux armes!

Chorus:
Mèlchtal, in your hope is reborn --
Finally we are armed with the sword! Mèlchtal!

Arnold:
Friends, friends, join in my revenge!
If our leader is in chains,
It's up to us to aid his defense!
From Altdorf the paths are opened!
Follow me! From a treacherous monster
We deceive the homicidal hope!
Let's snatch William from his grasp!

Chorus:
Follow him! From a cruel and awful tyrant
We deceive the homicidal hope!
This task is worthy of us!
Let's follow him into battle!

Arnold:
To arms!

American tenor **John Osborn** was born in Sioux City, Iowa. He received his Bachelor of Music Degree in Vocal Performance from Simpson College in Indianola, Iowa. He studied voice with Anne Larson, and was a winner of the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions when he was only twenty-one years old. He became a member of the Metropolitan Opera Young Artist Development Program, and continued his vocal studies with Edward Zambara. He was also First Prize Winner of the 1996 Operalia Voice Competition of Plácido Domingo in Bordeaux, France.

Mr. Osborn has gained international acclaim in the bel canto and French grand opera repertoire. In his early career, he performed internationally as Il conte d'Almaviva in *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, Principe Ramiro in *La cenerentola*, Il conte di Libenskof in *Il viaggio a Reims*, Don Narciso in *Il turco in Italia*, and Lindoro in *L'italiana in Algeri* by Gioachino Rossini. He also gave performances as Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni*, Belmonte in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, and Prinz Tamino in *Die Zauberflöte* by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart; Arturo Talbot in *I puritani*, Elvino in *La sonnambula*, and (later) Pollione in *Norma*, and Gualtiero in *Il pirata* by Vincenzo Bellini; Nemorino in *L'elisir d'amore*, Ernesto in *Don Pasquale*, and Tonio in *La fille du régiment*. Later, he sang Edgardo in *Lucia di Lammermoor* and the title role in *Roberto Devereux* by Gaetano Donizetti.

As he has transitioned into the French repertoire, Mr. Osborn has performed Roméo in *Roméo et Juliette* by Charles Gounod (Salz-

burger Festspiele, Bruxelles' Palais de Bozar, and Arena di Verona); Prince Léopold in *La Juive* by Fromental Halévy (Opéra National de Paris; Dutch National Opera; Opernhaus Zürich; Bayerische Staatsoper München); Raoul de Nangis in *Les Huguenots* (La Monnaie de Munt Bruxelles) and Jean de Leyde in *Le prophète* by Giacomo Meyerbeer (Aalto Musiktheater Essen; Capitôle de Toulouse); the title role in *Werther* (Frankfurt am Main) and Des Grieux in *Manon* by Jules Massenet (Teatro Colón Buenos Aires; Opéra de Lausanne); Hoffmann in *Les contes d'Hoffmann* by Jacques Offenbach (Salle Pleyel de Paris; Opéra de Lyon; Bunkamura Orchard Hall in Tokyo); Nadir in *Les pêcheurs de perles* by Georges Bizet (debut Royal Opera House Covent Garden). He has had huge success as Cellini in Hector Berlioz's masterpiece *Benvenuto Cellini*, in a critically acclaimed production by Terry Gilliam at the Dutch National Opera in Amsterdam. His performances in that production marked his debut at the Teatro dell'opera di Roma, where he was recently awarded the Franco Abbiati Award (Italian Critics), and also his debut at the Teatro Liceu in Barcelona, where he was awarded "Best Male Singer" in the Critical Awards by the "Los amics del Liceu," season 2015-2016.

As a specialist in the French repertoire, he sings other lead roles in bel canto masterpieces in the original French language, including Arnold Melchtal in *Guillaume Tell* by Gioachino Rossini (L'accademia di Santa Cecilia in Rome; Royal Opera Covent Garden; L'Opéra de Genève) and Fernand in *La favorite* by Gaetano Donizetti (Te-



atro La Fenice). Included in this realm would be Henri in Giuseppe Verdi's *Les Vêpres siciliennes* (Bel Canto at Caramoor).

John Osborn has received several awards for his performances and contributions to culture, including the 2011 Goffredo Petrassi Award for his portrayal as Arnold in *Guillaume Tell* with Antonio Pappano conducting the orchestra and chorus of L'Accademia di Santa Cecilia in Rome, Italy; the 2012 Aureliano Pertile Award in Asti, Italy, for his portrayal as Roméo at the Arena di Verona; the 2014 Premio Bellini D'Oro in Catania, Sicily, for his Elvino in *La sonnambula* in Bari's Teatro Petruzzelli and Alfredo Germont in *La traviata* at the Arena di Verona; the 2016 "Prix d'Amis" from the Friends of the Dutch National Opera for his performances as Cellini in *Benvenuto Cellini*; and the Italian "Franco Abbiati" Critics Award for "Best Male Singer" for his critically acclaimed performances as Fernand in La favorite in Teatro La Fenice, Cellini in *Benvenuto Cellini* at Teatro dell'opera di Roma, and the title role in *Otello: ossia il moro di Venezia* by Rossini at the Teatro San Carlo di Napoli in the 2016 season. He has also won the Oscar della Lirica 2017 as Best Tenor.

Grammy-nominated conductor **Constantine Orbelian** "stands astride two great societies, and finds and promotes synergistic harmony from the best of each." (*Fanfare*) For more than twenty-five years, the brilliant American pianist-conductor has been a central figure in Russia's musical life: first as Music Director of the Moscow

Chamber Orchestra and the Philharmonia of Russia, and more recently as guest conductor with a number of illustrious Russian orchestras. Currently Chief Conductor of the Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra in Lithuania, Orbelian leads concerts and recordings there with some of the world's greatest singers, in projects such as a recording of *Simon Boccanegra*, with Dmitri Hvorostovsky in the title role. In 2016 he became Artistic Director of the State Academic Opera and Ballet Theater in Yerevan, Armenia.

Opera News calls Orbelian "the singer's dream collaborator," commenting that he conducts vocal repertoire "with the sensitivity of a lieder pianist." The California-based conductor tours and records with American stars such as Sondra Radvanovsky and Lawrence Brownlee, and with Hvorostovsky and other renowned Russian singers in European, North American, Russian, and Asian music centers. He is also the founder and Music Director of the annual Palaces of St. Petersburg International Music Festival.

"Orbelian has star quality, and his orchestra plays with passion and precision," *The Audio Critic* wrote of his acclaimed series of more than fifty recordings on Delos. Among his concert and televised appearances are collaborations with stars Renée Fleming and Dmitri Hvorostovsky, and with Van Cliburn in Cliburn's sentimental return to Moscow, the great pianist's last performance. Orbelian's frequent collaborations with Hvorostovsky include repertoire from their Delos recordings of universal sentimental songs *Where Are You, My Brothers?* and *Moscow Nights*, as well as *Wait for Me*, their



2015 recording in the same series. On several occasions Orbelian has conducted historic live telecasts from Moscow's Red Square, with such artists as Hovorostovsky and Anna Netrebko.

Born in San Francisco to Russian and Armenian emigré parents, Constantine Orbelian made his debut as a piano prodigy with the San Francisco Symphony at the age of eleven. After graduating from Juilliard in New York, he embarked on a career as a piano virtuoso that included appearances with major symphony orchestras throughout the United States, United Kingdom, Europe, and Russia. His recording of the Khachaturian piano concerto with conductor Neeme Järvi won "Best Concerto Recording of the Year" award in the United Kingdom.

Orbelian's appointment in 1991 as Music Director of the Moscow Chamber Orchestra was a breakthrough event: He is the first American ever to become music director of an ensemble in Russia. A tireless champion of Russian-American cultural exchange and international ambassadorship through his worldwide tours, he was awarded the coveted title "Honored Artist of Russia" in 2004, a title never before bestowed on a non-Russian citizen. In May 2010, Orbelian led the opening Ceremonial Concert for the Cultural Olympics in Sochi—the first event setting the stage for Russia's hosting of the Olympic Games in 2014. In 2012 the Consulate in San Francisco awarded him the Russian Order of Friendship Medal, whose illustrious ranks include pianist Van Cliburn and conductor Riccardo Muti, and which

singles out non-Russians whose work contributes to the betterment of international relations with the Russian Federation and its people.

From his 1995 performance at the 50th Anniversary Celebrations of the United Nations in San Francisco, to his 2004 performance at the U.S. State Department commemorating seventy years of diplomatic relations between Washington and Moscow (and a repeat State Department appearance in 2007, all with the Moscow Chamber Orchestra), Orbelian continues to use his artistic eminence in the cause of international goodwill. He and his orchestras have also participated in cultural enrichment programs for young people, both in Russia and the United States. In 2001 Orbelian was awarded the Ellis Island Medal of Honor, an award given to immigrants, or children of immigrants, who have made outstanding contributions to the United States.

The **Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra** grew from the Kaunas Chamber Orchestra, which was founded in 1988 and since 2000 has been managed by Algimantas Treikaskas. Its previous principal conductors were Pavel Berman, Modestas Pitrenas, and Imants Resnis; the position now belongs to American maestro Constantine Orbelian.

The Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra gives concerts at home in Lithuania and abroad—including Latvia, Estonia, Norway, Switzerland, Germany, Finland, and Italy. It appears regularly at various international festivals, presents special concert projects, and gives theme-oriented concerts. Many famous Lithuanian as well as foreign soloists and conductors have collaborated with the orchestra—which organizes and appears in about fifty concerts per year. A highly versatile ensemble, the orchestra specializes in various genres of classical and contemporary



music, including crossover projects with such groups as The Scorpions, Smokie, and the Electric Light Orchestra, to name a few.

For two years, the orchestra also appeared on the opera contest show *Arc of Triumph* on Lithuanian National Television. Among the group's prominent highlights in the 2012-2013 season were its collaboration with legendary baritone Dmitri Hvorostovsky and Maestro Orbelian, as well as its appearance at the Murten Classics festival in Switzerland under the baton of Kaspar Zehnder. The orchestra's discography includes a number of recent CD projects recorded for Delos with several of today's most acclaimed singers, conducted by Maestro Orbelian. Among these are the complete opera *Simon Boccanegra*, with Dmitri Hvorostovsky in the title role (DE 3457), which was released by Delos in 2015; tenor Lawrence Brownlee's 2014 Delos release showcasing Rossini arias (DE 3455), which received a Grammy nomination; and a second album featuring Brownlee, *Allegro io son* (DE 3515), which was released in 2016.

The men's ensemble heard in this recording is part of the **Kaunas State Choir**, founded in Kaunas, Lithuania, in 1969. Under the leadership of its founder, Professor Petras Bingelis, the chorus has developed an extensive repertoire ranging from medieval to modern music and including more than 150 large-scale compositions: oratorios, cantatas, masses, and passions, as well as staged and concert versions of operas.

The choir has collaborated with the prominent violinist and conductor Yehudi Menuhin, renowned German pianist and conductor Justus Frantz, legendary cellist and conductor Mstislav Rostropovich, and revered composer and conductor Krzysztof Penderecki, among many other prominent artists. They have also worked with some of the world's great orchestras and have undertaken concert tours to France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Egypt, Russia, Argentina, and Chile, among other nations.



Left to right: conductor Constantine Oberlian, Lynette Tapia (artist's wife), orchestra manager Algimantas Treikuskas, tenor John Osborn, sound engineer Aleksandra Kerienė, and producer Vilius Keras.

My special thanks go out to the members of the Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra for their professionalism and enthusiasm; to Constantine Orbelian, for his cool display of patience and understanding as we explored new repertoire; to Ann Ziff, the generous American philanthropist who introduced me to Maestro Orbelian; to my wonderful recording producer Vilius Keras and his lovely wife, engineer Aleksandra Kerienė (both of Baltic Mobile Recordings) for their superb skills and meticulous attention to detail; and last, but not least, to my beautiful wife, Lynette Tapia, for her unflagging love, support and patience, as well as for her keen ear, her attention to my vocal health and to my continuing evolution as an artist and as a human being. Thanks to her and our almighty God above, all things are truly possible.

—John Osborn

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We would like to thank Algimantas Treikuskas — General Director of the Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra — for his indispensable assistance in producing this recording.





Gilbert Duprez as Fernand and Rosina Stoltz
as Leonor in *La favorite*

DE 3532