



OperaCréole Ensemble • Opera Lafayette Orchestra

Patrick Dupre Quigley

EDMOND DÉDÉ

MORGIANE, OU, LE SULTAN D'ISPAHAN

HEARING EDMOND DÉDÉ'S MORGIANE FOR THE FIRST TIME

BY GIVONNA JOSEPH AND PATRICK DUPRE QUIGLEY

This recording marks the world premiere of the earliest complete opera by a Black American.

More than a century after his death, Edmond Dédé is finally being heard. *Morgiane* – completed in 1887 but never performed in his lifetime – is the earliest extant opera by a Black American composer. Born a free man of color in New Orleans, Dédé built his career in France, composing for the theater with ambition and fluency in the language of grand opera. Yet he died believing *Morgiane* would never be performed. This recording is not a revival – it is a revelation. For the first time, the world can hear the opera Dédé fought to finish but never lived to experience.

Edmond Dédé was born in 1827 into a Louisiana Creole family of free people of color in New Orleans, where a vibrant culture fostered Black contributions to art music and nurtured his early talent on the violin. But by the 1840s, white backlash against this flourishing community began to intensify – stripping away rights to movement, property, and full civic life. With steadfast self-determination, Dédé first fled to Mexico, then returned briefly to New Orleans under an assumed name, before making a final departure for France. There, he found both refuge and recognition, studying at the Paris Conservatoire and building a career as a composer and conductor.

Dédé spent most of his professional life in Bordeaux, where he served as assistant conductor at the Grand-Théâtre, accompanied singers, and led performances of operas and ballets. Though he later held posts in more popular venues, such as the Alcazar Theater conducting operettas and vaudevilles, he never

abandoned his highest artistic aspiration: to compose a French grand opera. That long-held ambition found its full expression in *Morgiane, ou, Le sultan d'Ispahan* – a sweeping four-act epic set in Arabia and Persia, completed when Dédé was nearly 60.

Morgiane reflects Dédé's voice, vision, and, crucially, his wit. Louis Brunet's libretto tells a tale of mistaken identity, unjust power, and the triumph of intellect over brute force. Dédé sets the story with smoldering intensity and sly humor, drawing out themes that recur across his work: the plight of the outsider, the dignity of perseverance, the absurdity of those in power, and the ultimate vindication of the overlooked. Yet despite its rich orchestration, sophisticated structure, dramatic pacing, and comic timing, *Morgiane* was never performed. Dédé died in poverty in Paris in 1901, buried in an unmarked grave. The opera vanished with him.

That *Morgiane* survived at all borders on the miraculous. Dédé's 545-page handwritten manuscript – two hulking volumes – wound up in a private collection of nearly 10,000 scores assembled over five decades by French collectors Bernard Peyrotte and Jean-Marie Martin. In 2000, Harvard University acquired the entire archive. Eight years later, while cataloging the materials, music librarian Andrea Cawelti opened a box and found *Morgiane*. Recognizing its significance, she quietly scanned the score and released it into the world – giving Dédé's long-silenced opera a second chance.

That scan eventually reached two native New Orleanians: Givonna Joseph, founder of OperaCréole, and Patrick Dupre Quigley. Both had trained in

American conservatories where even the idea of a nineteenth-century Black American grand opera composer was never once mentioned. And yet, here it was – *Morgiane*, in Dédé’s own hand. Ryan Brown, founder and Artistic Director of Opera Lafayette, invited Quigley to present *Morgiane* at Opera Lafayette, and made the introduction between Joseph and Quigley. Thus, OperaCréole and Opera Lafayette embarked on an improbable collaboration to bring the opera to life.

Everything about the process was, expectedly, difficult for a work never exposed to the refining fire of a premiere – or even what we would now call a workshop. The manuscript, written in multiple hands and never touched by an editor, was riddled with inconsistencies: reversed staff labels, smudged text, conflicting harmonies, shorthand notations, and alternate endings. In places, erased libretto lines revealed nothing but the ghostly absence of syllables and fractured syntax, requiring conjectural restoration. Under the leadership of editor Maurice Saylor, a dedicated team painstakingly entered every note, rest, and dynamic marking into modern musical notation software – deciphering as they went. It was musical archaeology on a massive scale: a rescue mission across time.

The creative team workshopped *Morgiane* in July 2024 with the support of Evans Mirageas at Cincinnati Opera’s Opera Fusion: New Works, then refined it through a preview of scenes in New Orleans, presented in partnership with The Historic New Orleans Collection and the Louisiana Philharmonic Orchestra.

Opera Lafayette and OperaCréole co-presented the full world premiere, featuring a cast of international soloists, OperaCréole’s chorus, and the Opera Lafayette Orchestra performing on instruments of Dédé’s time: gut-strung violins, mid-nineteenth-century winds, crooked horns and trumpets – even the now-obsolete ophicleide. These choices were not nostalgic; they were essential to hearing *Morgiane* as Dédé might have imagined it.

Dédé’s vocal writing is both demanding and lyrical – sweeping across registers with the elegance of Italian bel canto and the coloristic nuance of French romanticism, imbued by Dédé with forward-looking energy. The music is lush and harmonically rich, with the structural confidence of a seasoned hand – but it sounds like no other grand opera of its era. In New Orleans, Dédé lived amid an operatic culture that refused to admit him. In France, he gained the tools, but never the stage. Completing *Morgiane* in 1887 was an act of artistic defiance. Its performance more than a century later confronts the silences of history – and restores to Dédé the place he was once denied.

This opera matters, not only because it is beautiful, but because it rewrites the story of who shaped the operatic canon. *Morgiane* bridges worlds: American and French, Black and white, powerful and marginalized. It is the work of a composer who labored with conviction and brilliance, even as he feared no one might ever hear his music. This recording fulfills a hope Dédé carried all his life, night after night conducting opera from the pit: that one day, his own work would find an audience. That day has arrived.



Mary Elizabeth Williams

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EDMOND DÉDÉ: A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY BY SALLY MCKEE

Over a thirty-five-year career spanning the Atlantic Ocean, Edmond Dédé (1827 – 1901) composed symphonic pieces, ballet interludes, more than 250 songs, and one grand opera, *Morgiane, ou, Le sultan d'Ispahan*. Despite this large body of work, much of which still survives as sheet music, most of his compositions have not been heard since his lifetime. As this album will demonstrate, history's neglect has not been warranted.

Dédé was born into a New Orleans African American family whose members had been free for as long as the United States republic had existed. Freedom, it needs to be said, endowed people of color with few civil rights in pre-Civil War Louisiana. Apartheid-like social laws and norms dominated the lives of every person of African descent.

To fulfill his ambition to compose music in the European style, Dédé studied music and played in small orchestras, while working in a cigar factory to support himself. Many of the city's best music teachers happened to be Black: according to James Trotter's 1878 *Music and Some Highly Musical People* (a survey of Black musicians), Dédé studied with Basile Dédé fils (his own father), with Constantin Deburque, and with a music teacher of European descent who accepted Black students (Ludovico Gabici, who had recently arrived from Italy). By the late 1840s, having exhausted the few options open to him in his native city, Dédé decided to seek employment as an instrumentalist and further his music education outside the US.

Dédé spent a few years playing in orchestras in Mexico City. Illness forced him to return to New Orleans in 1851, a move fraught with danger. Free people of color risked expulsion, jail, or even enslavement if they attempted to reenter Louisiana after an extended absence. Using a safe-passage passport identifying him as a Mexican national, Dédé returned to his native city, where he resumed his life until he found another exit.

Fortunately, he had the support of his former teachers and his community. In early 1855, they organized a subscription concert for his financial benefit. They raised enough funds for his steamer fare to France and living expenses in Paris. Too old to enroll at the prestigious Conservatoire de Musique, Dédé participated in classes there as an auditor and took private lessons. He studied with Fromental Halévy, the opera composer, and Jean-Delphin Alard, the violin virtuoso, both members of the conservatory faculty. After three years of study, Dédé found employment as a conductor in Rouen and Angers. By the end of 1861 he had found a position in southwestern France, in Bordeaux.

No less than today, the musicians' job market in nineteenth-century France was extremely competitive. It is indicative of Dédé's great talent that he, a Black man, competed for jobs successfully in a country whose repertoire of racial stereotypes and prejudice created barriers that resembled US legal structures of racial discrimination. The first position Dédé held was at the Grand-Théâtre de Bordeaux, where he

worked as composer and piano accompanist of ballet dance sequences in opera productions. In 1864, after he married Sylvie Leflet, a French hatmaker, Dédé obtained a better-paid position as music director at the Alcazar, a popular *café-concert*, or music hall, in Bordeaux. When the Alcazar closed in the early 1870s, Dédé moved to Bordeaux's Folies Bordelaises. In 1890, he retired and moved with his wife to Paris, where his son, Eugène-Arcade, was already working as a professional songwriter at the Théâtre de la Gaîté in Montparnasse. Dédé's brief visit to New Orleans in late 1892 convinced him that his native country was as unwelcoming to African Americans as it had been before he left. He quickly returned to Paris, where, according to the death certificate in the Archives de Paris (Actes de Décès, 14^e arr. V4E 9803), he died in 1901, at the age of seventy-four.

Edmond Dédé completed his masterwork, the opera *Morgiane*, in 1887. Until now, it has never been performed. The sole surviving manuscript of the opera emerged in 2011 from a collection of decommissioned nineteenth-century opera manuscripts acquired from a collector by Houghton Library at Harvard University. Dédé's opera stands as the oldest extant opera score by an African American composer.

First published by the Historic New Orleans Collection in *Homecoming: Edmond Dédé's Morgiane: A World Premiere* (2025).

MORGIANE: IN CONTEXT

BY CANDACE BAILEY

When Edmond Dédé moved to France, he encountered an operatic culture heavily controlled (and subsidized) by the government – a situation at odds with his experiences in the United States. Strict regulations determined which types of stage works could be performed in which venues, differentiating between such details as the amount and type of recitative, the number of acts, and the role of the chorus. To be a successful opera composer at this time meant adhering to these rules as well as negotiating the difficult processes necessary to bring a work to production. Not surprisingly, the official protocols dissipated as the century wore on. Legislation deregulated lyrical and spoken stage works in 1864, and new operas, most memorably George Bizet's *Carmen* (1875), began to test the boundaries of opera types. By the time Dédé completed *Morgiane* (1887), the heyday of grand opera (à la Giacomo Meyerbeer) had long passed, and French audiences were treated to new styles of opera emanating from the pens of

Jules Massenet and Camille Saint-Saëns. This being the case, why the first public announcements of *Morgiane* described it as a “grand opera” remains unknown.

Dédé would have been aware of the distinctions between grand opera, opéra-comique, opérette (operetta or light opera), and other genres of lyrical music for the stage. He was also well versed in popular music of the period, evinced by his ballets performed at the Grand-Théâtre de Bordeaux in the 1860s and 1870s. His established reputation as a composer of vocal music in France can be shown not only in his published songs of the 1860s (which are often dedicated to popular singers) but also by a local newspaper editorial of 1863 that suggested that the Grand-Théâtre stage one-act comic operas to be composed by Dédé (and others) for the month when the regular opera season was closed. The rise of operetta (largely driven by the endeavors of

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Jacques Offenbach) and the various types of music heard in the theaters lining the boulevards in Paris also impacted Bordelaise audiences in their own venues, some of which employed Dédé in the decades leading up to *Morgiane*. The music in his opera reflects the composer's extensive experience in café-concerts around the city (as well as in casinos in other cities) and mirrors the catchy melodies and harmonic style heard in them.

Taking all these facets of vocal music for the French stage at the end of the nineteenth century into consideration helps clarify Dédé's stylistic place among his contemporaries. Much of *Morgiane* can be traced to the tuneful songs of the café-concert. The use of the chorus as participants in the drama derives from grand opera practices, as does the large orchestra and colorful orchestration. Other aspects of the opera reveal more about the composer's individual style, such as the adoption of Caribbean rhythms in some of the dances or the inventive counterpoint that crops up in choruses and between solo singers and instruments. His occasional nods to older works, such as Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro*, tempt us to think that he is either displaying his knowledge of the classic repertoire or making deliberate references to specific scenes in well-known works – or both. The summation of Dédé's music in *Morgiane* is that it confirms his familiarity with operatic tradition, which he imbues with light vocal styles underscored with dramatic orchestral timbres, while maintaining ties to his US-American roots and personal style. A triumph indeed!

MORGIANE, OU, LE SULTAN D'ISPAHAN

OPÉRA EN 4 ACTES / AN OPERA IN FOUR ACTS

Musique de / Music by Edmond Dédé
Paroles de / Libretto by Louis Brunet

PERSONNAGES / CHARACTERS

ALI, un orphelin / an orphan

AMINE, fille de Morgiane / daughter of Morgiane

HAGI HASSAN, riche marchand / rich merchant

MORGIANE, femme de Hagi Hassan / wife of Hagi Hassan

BEHER, Capitaine des soldats du Sultan /
Captain of the Sultan's soldiers

KOUROUSCHAH, Sultan d'Ispahan / Sultan of Ispahan

ACTE I

1. OUVERTURE

2. **CHŒUR** La brise est pure et l'air est embaumé.
Dans ce jardin quel parfum l'on respire.
En cette nuit qu'il est doux d'être aimé.
Le ciel, les fleurs, tout semble nous sourire.
Du rossignol encore vibre la gorge d'or.
De sa voix douce et pure on entend le murmure
Qui charme et puis se tait.
L'astre des nuits paraît
De sa blanche lumière,
Dans la nature entière
Doucement répand
Ses longs rayons d'argent
Inondant le feuillage.
Les jeunes amoureux
Seront toujours heureux,
Cette nuit le présage.
Les voici, jeunes époux
Que pour vous l'hymen soit doux.
Amine soit toujours sage,
Ali soit toujours fidèle,
Que le bonheur enfin vous couvre de son aile.

ALI ET AMINE Merci de vos souhaits
Aussi des compliments
Et qu'Allah vous entende.

ACT I

OVERTURE

CHORUS The breeze is pure and the air is fragrant.
In this garden, what perfume we breathe!
In this night, how sweet it is to be loved.
The sky, the flowers, all seem to smile at us.
The nightingale's golden throat vibrates.
One hears the murmur of its sweet and pure voice,
that seduces and then remains silent.
The night star appears,
its white light
throughout all of nature,
softly spreading
its long silver rays,
flooding the foliage.
These young lovers
will always be happy.
This night acts as the omen.
Here they are, the young newlyweds.
May your marriage be sweet.
Amine, may you be always wise,
Ali, may you be forever faithful,
may happiness cover you with its wing.

ALI AND AMINE Thank you for your wishes
as well as your compliments
and may Allah hear you.

CHŒUR Sur vous heureux parents
Que le bonheur s'étende.

3. HAGI HASSAN Entouré de tous mes amis,
Ô chers enfants que j'ai bénis,
Il faut que je dévoile
Un secret trop longtemps caché
Qui ne doit plus être ignoré.
Je déchire le voile.

J'étais des plus riches marchands
Jadis, au printemps de la vie.
La Fortune m'était amie
Et me comblait de ses présents.
Revenant du pèlerinage
Le cœur léger
Je vis un jour parmi la liane sauvage
L'objet de mon premier amour.
Ô qu'elle était belle.
Un collier parait son cou comme une étincelle.
L'amour jaillit, j'en devins fou.
De ses cheveux le vent folâtre
Soulevait le poids parfumé,
Dans ses bras plus lisses que l'albâtre
Dormait un enfant nouveau-né.
L'âme tout attendrie
Je me rapproche et soudain
Effrayée elle crie

CHORUS Over you, happy parents,
may happiness extend itself.

HAGI HASSAN Surrounded by all my friends,
oh! dear children whom I have blessed,
I must reveal
a secret hidden for too long
that must no longer be concealed.
Thus, I tear away the veil.

I was one of the richest merchants long ago,
in the spring of my life.
Lady Fortune was my friend,
and showered me with gifts.
Returning from the Pilgrimage
my heart alight,
I saw, one day, among the wild vines
the object of my first love.
Oh, but she was beautiful.
A sparkling necklace decorated her neck.
Love sprang up in me; I went crazy.
The frolicking wind lifted
the fragrant weight of her hair.
In her arms, smoother than alabaster,
slept a newborn child.
My soul completely softened
I began to approach her and suddenly,
frightened, she screamed.

Moi je lui tends la main.
« Ne craignez rien, lui dis-je,
Pauvre fleur dont la tige doit habiter les cieux.
Quittez ce sol aride
Ma cavale intrépide
Qui frémit sous la bride
Dans un pays heureux tous deux va nous conduire.
Vous n'avez qu'à parler. »

4. MORGIANE (*l'interrompt vivement*)

Seigneur, je dois vous dire ...
Laissez-moi terminer.

CHŒUR Que Morgiane achève cet étrange récit
On croirait un doux rêve par une belle nuit.

MORGIANE La jeune femme émue
Dit à son cavalier
« Seigneur je suis perdue
De moi prenez pitié.
De bien loin je me suis enfuie
Quittant un époux détesté.
La ronce et le roc m'ont meurtrie
Tout mon corps est ensanglanté ...
Pitié, pitié, pitié, pour ce cher ange, dit-elle,
En montrant son enfant.
Partons, que votre amour me venge.
En avant cavale en avant. »
Alors le coursier nous enlève

I held my hand out to her.
“Fear not,” I told her,
“poor flower whose stem must be planted in heaven.
Leave this barren ground
my intrepid steed,
which shudders under its bridle
will lead both of us to a lovely realm
you have only to speak.”

MORGIANE (*interrupts him sharply*)

My lord, I must tell you ...
Let me finish.

CHORUS Let Morgiane finish this tale.
It seems like a sweet dream on a beautiful night.

MORGIANE The distressed young woman
said to her knight,
“My lord I am lost;
have pity on me.
From very far away I fled,
leaving a detestable husband.
The bramble and the rock have wounded me;
my whole body is bloodied
have pity for this dear angel,” she said,
showing him her child.
“Let us leave, so that your love may avenge me
onward, horse, proceed!”
So the steed spirited us away,

Souffle et bondit, rougit son mors.
Comme il emportait ses trésors
Son ardeur n'avait plus de trêve
En avant coursier de ton pas léger.
Montre ta souplesse
Élargis ton flanc
Puis avec le vent lutte de vitesse.
En fleurant les airs
Franchis le désert.
Courage, courage,
Sur ta croupe en nage
Toujours noble et beau
Soustrais ton fardeau au tigre sauvage.

5. **AMINE** Cet enfant qu'avec vous, vous emportiez ma mère,
Nous le devinons tous, c'était moi,
Mais mon père,
Dites-nous son nom.

ALI Dites-nous sans retard.

MORGIANE Mes chers enfants, vous le saurez plus tard.

AMINE Ali, malgré mon obscure naissance,
Malgré ce nom dont on fait un secret
De notre amour et de notre alliance
Il faut le dire en as-tu le regret?

ALI Non, non, malgré ton obscure naissance
Malgré ce nom dont on nous fait un secret
De notre amour, de notre alliance

huffing and jumping, bloodying his bit.
As he carried away his treasures
his fervor was boundless.
Onward, steed, with light foot;
prove your suppleness!
Puff out your flanks,
then fight for speed against the wind
while the fragrant winds billow,
cross the desert.
Have courage, be unafraid!
On your sweaty croup
ever noble and beautiful
take your charge from the savage tiger!

AMINE The child that you were carrying, mother,
we can all guess it was I,
but my father . . .
tell us his name.

ALI Tell us without delay.

MORGIANE My dear children, you will know it later.

AMINE Ali, considering my unknown lineage,
in spite of this name kept secret,
you must tell me: do you regret
our love and our marriage?

ALI No, no! Despite your obscure birth,
despite this name that they keep secret;
our love, our marriage,

Jamais, jamais je n'aurai de regret.
Que me fait le nom de ton père
À moi qui suis orphelin.
Quand le bonheur me tend la main
Montrer de la colère ?
Oui, malgré tout je t'aimerai.
Béni soit l'hymen qui nous lie
Et mon serment je garderai
Je le jure toute ma vie.
Amine qu'importe à mon cœur
L'infâme dont tu fus la fille ?
En toi j'épouse le bonheur
Et non pas ta famille.

- 6. AMINE** Ah ! Merci, cher Ali, de ta bonne parole
Que jamais ne s'envole
Ce doux serment d'amour.
Pure et belle, pure immortelle
Scintille nuit et jour,
Tendre flamme que mon âme aime.
Ali reste constant,
Garde bien ton serment.
Aimons-nous bien sans cesse
D'un amour plein d'ivresse
Que de nous soient jaloux
Les Seigneurs et les Princes
Dont les riches provinces
Sont moins que notre amour.

I shall never regret.
What is your father's name to me,
since I myself am an orphan.
When happiness extends its hand to me,
should I show anger?
Yes, despite it all, I will love you.
Blessed be the marriage tie that binds us.
I swear I shall keep my vow
all my life.
Amine, of what importance to my heart
is the dishonorable man who fathered you?
In you, I am marrying happiness
and not your family.

AMINE Thank you, dear Ali, for your good words.
May this sweet oath of love
never fly away.
Pure and beautiful, pure eternal,
flicker night and day
tender flame that my soul adores.
Ali, remain steadfast,
hold true to your vows.
Let us love each other, without ceasing,
with a love full of intoxication
such that the lords and princes
are jealous of us;
whose rich provinces
are less rich than our love!

Scintille nuit et jour
Tendre flamme que mon âme aime tant.
Reste, reste constant,
Garde bien ton serment.

ALI ET AMINE Tendre amour, ton aile nous caresse
En ce jour d'ivresse
Ô plaisir suprême ne va pas finir
Cher Ali/Chère Amine je t'aime dussé-je en mourir.

7. ALI, AMINE ET CHŒUR

Qu'elle est belle l'étoile
Qui pour nous brille aux cieux
Que jamais sombre voile
Ne la cache à nos yeux.

ALI ET AMINE Tendre amour, ton aile nous caresse
En ce jour d'ivresse
Ô plaisir suprême ne va pas finir
Cher Ali/Chère Amine je t'aime dussé-je en mourir.

8. HAGI HASSAN Et maintenant, amis,
Que la fête commence.

UN SERVITEUR (*accourant et s'adressant à Hagi Hassan*)
Des soldats du Sultan j'aperçois une troupe.
Déjà votre jardin par eux est envahi :
Ils s'arrêtent là-bas en silence on les groupe.

HAGI HASSAN

Des soldats du Sultan pour quoi faire ici ?

Flicker night and day, tender flame
which my soul adores.
Remain constant!
Keep well your vow.

ALI AND AMINE Tender love, your wing caresses us
on this day of intoxicating happiness,
oh, supreme pleasure without end!
Dear Ali/Amine, I love you until death do us part.

ALI, AMINE AND CHORUS

How beautiful is the star
that shines for us in heaven!
May a dark veil
never hide it from our eyes.

ALI AND AMINE Tender love, your wing caresses us
on this day of intoxicating happiness,
oh, supreme pleasure without end!
Dear Ali/Amine, I love you until death do us part.

HAGI HASSAN And now, friends,
let the festivities begin!

A SERVANT (*running up and addressing Hagi Hassan*)
I have spotted a troop of the Sultan's soldiers.
Your garden is already overrun by them:
they have stopped there, silently conferring.

HAGI HASSAN

Soldiers of the Sultan? What are they doing here?

MORGIANE Je frémis ...

AMINE Chère mère

MORGIANE La frayeur, la colère ...

ALI Calmez-vous !

AMINE Ah ! j'ai peur ! ...

HAGI HASSAN Quelqu'un s'avance.

MORGIANE Ô terreur !

9. **BEHER** Seigneur Hagi Hassan,
votre fille est fort belle.
Elle plait au Sultan, ne soyez pas rebelle,
Donnez-la, donnez-la.

HAGI HASSAN Et de quel droit ?

BEHER C'est la loi du chef suprême.
Ah ! ne l'enfreignez pas.

AMINE Ô douleur, rage extrême
On enchaîne mes bras.

ALI À moi de la défendre. À moi de la sauver.

BEHER Oserais-tu prétendre pouvoir vaincre Beher ?

HAGI HASSAN Race immonde et perfide,
D'un rapt indigne avide !
Mon impuissant courroux
Ne peut sauver ma fille !
Vous souillez ma famille.

MORGIANE I'm trembling ...

AMINE Dear mother

MORGIANE ... the horror, the anger ...

ALI Calm down!

AMINE Ah! I am afraid! ...

HAGI HASSAN Someone is coming.

MORGIANE Oh, the terror!

BEHER Lord Hagi Hassan,
your daughter is quite beautiful.
She pleases the Sultan, don't be disobedient:
relinquish her, give her to me.

HAGI HASSAN And by what right?

BEHER It is the law of the supreme chief.
Do not violate it.

AMINE Oh agony ... supreme rage!
They are shackling my arms!

ALI I must defend her, I must save her!

BEHER Would you dare claim the ability to vanquish Beher?

HAGI HASSAN Filthy and perfidious race,
greedy for an unjust abduction!
My powerless wrath
cannot save my daughter!
You defile my family,

Malheureux, tremblez tous
Allah dans sa colère
Par un destin sévère
Saura vous châtier.
Par lui j'aurai vengeance.
Pour vous pas de clémence
Pour vous point de pitié.

AMINE L'hymen allait charmer ma vie.
J'allais connaître les douceurs
D'une chaîne toujours fleurie.
Maintenant tout se change en pleurs.
Cruels, ma voix qui vous implore
Ne peut-elle fléchir vos lois?
Rendez-moi celui que j'adore,
Un père, une mère à la fois.

BEHER Ah c'est trop vous entendre
N'allez pas vous attendre à pouvoir me fléchir.
Rien ne peut me fléchir
Car je veux en finir.

ALI ET HAGI HASSAN

Sultan infâme, soit maudit ô vieillard!
Tu me ravis ma/sa femme.
Je te garde un poignard
D'une trame effroyable.
Ton amour détestable
Allume le flambeau.
Je n'aurai plus de trêve

miserable ones, be very afraid!
Allah in his wrath
will know how to punish you
with a grim fate.
Through him I will be avenged.
For you, there will be no mercy.
For you, there will be no pity.

AMINE The bond of marriage was going to bless my life.
I was to know the sweetness
of an ever-flowering bond.
Now all is turning into tears.
Cruel ones, can't my imploring
voice end your laws?
Give the one I love back to me.
With my father and mother at the same time.

BEHER Ah! It is too much listening to you.
Do not expect to be able to sway me.
Nothing can sway me
because I will prevail.

ALI AND HAGI HASSAN

Infamous Sultan, be damned, oh decrepit man!
You are stealing my/his wife away!
For you, I will keep a sword
with a terrible blade.
Your disgusting infatuation
lights the flame.
I won't agree to a truce

Avant que ce long glaive
Qui tremble en son fourreau
Apaisant ma furie
Ne t'arrache à la vie
En te perçant le cœur.

10. BEHER Quelle sottise, quelle fureur,
Vos menaces sont vaines.
Je dois les mépriser :
Voyez ces lourdes chaînes,
Osez donc les briser.

AMINE, MORGIANE, ALI, HAGI HASSAN ET CHŒUR

Race immonde et perfide
D'un rapt indigne avide
Notre impuissant courroux
Ne peut sauver sa/ma fille.
Tremblez tous, tremblez tous.
Allah dans sa colère
Par un destin sévère
Saura vous châtier.
Il me/nous fera vengeance.
Pour vous point de clémence.
Pour vous point de pitié.

BEHER Soldats, donnez la mort
À quiconque s'avance.

ALI Beher est le plus fort,
Mais à bientôt vengeance.

until this sword,
trembling in its sheath,
calms my fury
by taking your life
and piercing your heart.

BEHER What ridiculous fury!
Your threats are futile.
I must despise them:
see these heavy chains?
I dare you to break them.

AMINE, MORGIANE, ALI, HAGI HASSAN AND CHORUS

Filthy and perfidious race,
greedy for an unjust abduction!
Our/My helpless wrath
cannot save his/my daughter!
Tremble, tremble all of you
Allah, in his divine anger,
will punish you
with a harsh strength.
He will avenge me/us.
For you, there is no mercy.
For you, there is no pity.

BEHER Soldiers, kill anyone
who comes forward.

ALI Beher is the strongest,
but revenge will come soon.

AMINE, MORGIANE, ALI, HAGI HASSAN ET CHŒUR

Vengeance.

ACTE II

Introduction, Chœur et Scènes du marché d'Ispahan

11. CHŒUR DES MARCHANDS Ouvrons le marché

Puis avec gaieté
Attendons pratique.

Voici du corail
Parfum du sérail
De la soie antique
Précieux travail.
Acheter et vendre
Quel joli métier.

Quand un sot admire
Des bijoux d'or faux
Ne pas contredire
Vendre au même taux

UNE MARCHANDE

Que les pierreries
Qui n'ont rien d'égal
Les verroteries
Et le chrysocal.

AMINE, MORGIANE, ALI, HAGI HASSAN AND CHORUS

Vengeance!

ACT II

Introduction, Chorus, and Scenes of the Ispahan market

CHORUS OF THE MERCHANTS We open the market,
then happily
await customers.

Here, we have coral;
perfumes of the seraglio;
ancient silks;
priceless creations.
Buying and selling:
what a lovely profession!

When a fool mistakes
copper for gold,
don't correct him!
Sell that jewelry!

A MERCHANT

Sell things made of colored glass and bronze
at the same price
as precious stones and gold
even if they ain't got nothing in common!

CHŒUR DES MARCHANDS

Ouvrons le marché
Puis avec gaieté
Attendons pratique.

Voici du corail
Parfum du sérail
De la soie antique
Précieux travail.
Acheter et vendre
Quel joli métier.

Savoir tout comprendre,
Tout apprécier.
D'un objet vulgaire
Tirer un bon prix.
Conclure une affaire
Voilà notre esprit.

Quand un sot admire
Des bijoux d'or faux
Ne pas contredire
Vendre au même taux
Que les pierreries
Qui n'ont rien d'égal
Les verroteries
Et le chrysocal.
Quand un sot admire

CHORUS OF THE MERCHANTS

We open the market,
then happily
await customers.

Here we have coral;
Perfumes of the seraglio;
ancient silks:
priceless creations.
Buying and selling
what a lovely profession!

We are savvy and skilled
in appraising all things,
at coaxing good prices
for common wares.
Close a deal;
this is our mindset.

When a fool mistakes
copper for gold,
don't correct him!
Sell that jewelry!
Sell things made of colored glass and bronze
at the same price
as precious stones and gold
even if they ain't got nothing in common!
When a fool mistakes

Des bijoux d'or faux
Ne pas contredire
Vendre au même taux.

3ÈMES MARCHANDS (*s'adressant aux autres marchands
et désignant Hagi Hassan, Morgiane et Ali*)

Quels sont ces marchands
Que l'on voit céans occuper la place,
Les connaissez-vous?

2ÈMES MARCHANDS Non

1ERS MARCHANDS Non

Tous Non, non, non.

12. HAGI HASSAN Ils sont jaloux,
Je connais la race,
Mais, pour les calmer
Je vais leur parler.
(*aux marchands*)
Vous tous daignez m'entendre.
Je vais sans plus attendre
Détourner tous vos soupçons.
Écoutez.

CHŒUR DES MARCHANDS Écoutons.

HAGI HASSAN Un vœu fait par nous au Prophète
Nous force à venir en ces lieux.
Que nul de vous ne le regrette,
Plus de colère dans vos yeux

copper for gold,
don't correct him!
Sell that jewelry!

3RD MERCHANTS (*addressing the other merchants
and pointing to Hagi Hassan, Morgiane and Ali*)

Who are these merchants
occupying the square?
You know them?

2ND MERCHANTS No

1ST MERCHANTS No

ALL No, no, no.

HAGI HASSAN They are territorial.
I know their type.
But, to calm and appease them,
I am going to talk to them.
(*to the merchants*)
You who deign to, hear me out!
I will allay your suspicions
without further delay.
Listen.

CHORUS OF THE MERCHANTS We're listening.

HAGI HASSAN A vow we made to the Prophet
forces us to come to this place.
Get the hate out your eyes,
lest you regret it.

Mon fils, bien jeune encore
Mourait à son aurore.
Seul il m'avait laissé
Avec sa pauvre mère,
Qui pleurait chaque jour
La destinée amère
Lui volant son amour.
Quelle horrible journée.
Mon fils, mon pauvre fils
Soudain comme un lys
Dont la tige est coupée,
Ô désespoir !
Il me fallut le voir s'en aller
Comme une ombre
Qui dans une nuit sombre
Éclatante apparaît
Lentement disparaît.
Voulant sauver sa vie,
J'implore à deux genoux
La clémence infinie
De notre maître à tous.
Allah, lui dis-je, écoute un père malheureux
Tu le plaindras sans doute écoute bien ses vœux.
Vois mon fils, d'heure en heure
S'éteindre doucement,
Vois sa mère qui pleure
Grâce pour mon enfant,

My son, still very young,
was dying at the dawn of his life.
He left me alone
with his poor mother
who cried every day.
Bitter destiny was stealing
her beloved from her.
What a horrible day.
My poor son
suddenly became like a lily
whose stem was cut.
Oh, despair!
I had to watch him slip away
like a specter
one that appears brilliantly
in a dark night,
and then slowly disappears.
Wanting to save his life,
I implored
for the infinite mercy
of our supreme Master.
Allah, I said to him, hear a desolate father.
Listen carefully to his pleas.
See my son, who hour by hour
slips away sweetly.
See his mother who is crying.
Have mercy on my child!

Conserve la lumière
Au fruit de mon amour
Et ma fortune entière
J'abandonne en retour.
Allah fut touché de mes larmes
Et mon cher fils revint joyeux.
Voilà pourquoi je vends mes armes,
Pour être fidèle à mes vœux.
Je vends encore ma soie,
Et mon corail et mes bijoux.
Amis, n'ayez que de la joie
Le prix de la vente est pour vous.

CHŒUR DES MARCHANDS

Le prix de la vente est pour nous.

HAGI HASSAN (*s'adressant à Ali*)

Grâce à ce mensonge
À ces pièces d'or,
Nous pourrons je songe
Nous cacher encor.

CHŒUR DES MARCHANDS

Taisons-nous. Commençons la vente.
Taisons-nous et que chacun vende
Ce qu'il possède à ce marché.

UN SEIGNEUR (*à Ali*)

Combien ces armes ?

ALI Bon marché, dix pièces d'or.

Preserve the luminous light of life
in this fruit of our love,
and my entire fortune
I will abandon in return.
Allah was touched by my tears,
and my dear son recovered happily.
That is why I am selling my weapons:
to be faithful to my promise.
I will also sell my silk,
my coral, and my jewelry.
Friends, just be joyful
that the price of the sale is for you.

CHORUS OF THE MERCHANTS

The price of the sale is for us!

HAGI HASSAN (*to Ali*)

Thanks to this lie,
and to these gold coins,
I think we will be able
to lay low.

CHORUS OF THE MERCHANTS

Let's be quiet. Let's start the sale.
Let's keep quiet and let each one sell
what they possess at this market.

A LORD (*to Ali*)

How much for these weapons?

ALI A good buy, ten gold pieces.

UN SEIGNEUR (*il lui donne de l'argent*)

C'est payé.

1^{ERS} MARCHANDS De notre côté, voyez ces camées,

2^{ÈMES} MARCHANDS Voyez ces colliers,

3^{ÈMES} MARCHANDS Ces armes nacrées,

Tous Achetez Seigneur, tout est précieux.

Ici tout scintille, éblouit les yeux.

Vous y trouverez pour parer vos belles

De beaux diamants remplis d'étincelles,

De fins narghilés où brûle souvent

La plante qui donne un rêve charmant,

Le plus doux velours, la plus douce soie,

Les plus beaux produits que la Chine envoie,

Des poignards fameux tout incrustés d'or

On voudrait par eux se donner la mort.

Nous avons aussi des parfums d'Asie

Que le monde entier jaloux nous envie.

Achetez Seigneur, tout est précieux.

Ici tout scintille, éblouit les yeux.

ALI Oui, nos merveilles je vous le dit

N'ont de pareilles qu'en ce pays,

On les admire et l'envieux

Ne peut que dire c'est merveilleux.

MORGIANE Pour le corsage d'une beauté

Pour son visage pur velouté

J'ai des parures, amants heureux,

A LORD (*giving him the money*)

It's yours.

1ST MERCHANTS On our side, see these cameos!

2ND MERCHANTS Admire these necklaces!

3RD MERCHANTS These pearl weapons!

ALL Step right up, sir, get your treasures.

Here, everything dazzles the eyes.

You will find beautiful sparkling diamonds

to adorn your beloved ones;

fine hookahs often used to burn the plant

that provokes charming dreams.

The softest velvet, the supplest silk,

the most beautiful products from China.

Gold-inlaid daggers so glorious

that you would yearn to die by their blades!

We also have perfumes from Asia

that are the envy of the whole world.

Step right up, sir, get your treasures.

Here, everything dazzles the eyes.

ALI Yes, I promise our wondrous offerings

are without equal in this country.

All are fascinated, and even the envious

cannot help but admit their magnificence.

MORGIANE For a beauty's bodice, I have jewels

to frame a bewitching face.

Or, happy lovers, I have silk pleated belts

J'ai des ceintures aux plis soyeux.
Achetez Seigneur, tout est précieux.
Ici tout scintille, éblouit les yeux.

Tous Achetez Seigneur, tout est précieux.
Ici tout scintille, éblouit les yeux.

VOIX D'AMINE (*à la cantonade*)
Mes amis !

CHŒUR DES MARCHANDS
Quels sont ces cris ?

VOIX D'AMINE (*à la cantonade*)
Sauvez-moi !

ALI Qu'entends-je ?

VOIX D'AMINE (*à la cantonade*)
Mes amis, sauvez-moi !

HAGI HASSAN C'est étrange !

ALI (*désespéré*)
Je cours la sauver.

MORGIANE (*vivement*)
Tais-toi, tais-toi !

VOIX D'AMINE (*à la cantonade*)
Sauvez-moi ! Sauvez-moi !

MORGIANE (*à Ali, mystérieusement*)
Mon enfant – de la prudence ...

CHŒUR DES MARCHANDS
Les gardes du Sultan.

to adorn a lover's waist.
Step right up, sir, get your treasures!
Here, everything dazzles the eyes.

ALL Step right up, sir, get your treasures!
Here, everything dazzles the eyes.

VOICE OF AMINE (*from backstage*)
My friends!

CHORUS OF THE MERCHANTS
What are these cries?

VOICE OF AMINE (*from backstage*)
Save me!

ALI What am I hearing?

VOICE OF AMINE (*from backstage*)
My friends, save me!

HAGI HASSAN This is strange!

ALI (*desperately*)
I must run to save her.

MORGIANE (*strongly*)
Hush up!

VOICE OF AMINE (*from backstage*)
Save me! Save me!

MORGIANE (*to Ali, mysteriously*)
My child – be cautious ...

CHORUS OF THE MERCHANTS
The guards of the Sultan!

MORGIANE ...Et gardons le silence.

CHŒUR DES MARCHANDS

Une femme avec eux.

MORGIANE ...Et gardons le silence.

HAGI HASSAN

La parole est d'argent, mais le silence est d'or.

*(Les soldats, Beher en tête,
traînent Amine à l'avant-scène.)*

13. AMINE *(Elle supplie le peuple des marchands
de la délivrer des soldats du Sultan.)*

On m'enchaîne, on m'entraîne, sauvez-moi

On m'enlève mon doux rêve. Quel effroi !

BEHER Elle est folle

AMINE De douleur

BEHER Ma parole, elle est folle.

AMINE Imposteur ! Je suis folle de douleur ...

BEHER Qui prétend la défendre, c'est la mort.

ALI *(à part)*

C'est horrible, c'est terrible, c'est trop fort.

CHŒUR DES MARCHANDS ET ALI

Nous ne pouvons rien faire.

BEHER C'est l'ordre du Sultan.

MORGIANE ... and let's keep quiet.

CHORUS OF THE MERCHANTS

A woman is with them.

MORGIANE ... And let's keep quiet.

HAGI HASSAN

Speech is silver, but silence is golden.

*(The soldiers of the Sultan, with Beher in the lead,
drag Amine to the front stage.)*

AMINE *(She begs the merchants
to free her from the Sultan's soldiers.)*

They have chained me, they are dragging me, save me!

My sweet dream is being stolen from me. What dread!

BEHER She is out of her mind ...

AMINE ... With grief!

BEHER I swear to you, she is crazy.

AMINE Liar! I am driven crazy with anguish.

BEHER Death is promised to anyone who dares fight for her.

ALI *(aside)*

This is horrible, it's terrible! It's all too much!

CHORUS OF THE MERCHANTS AND ALI

We are powerless to do anything.

BEHER It is the Sultan's order.

CHŒUR DES MARCHANDS ET BEHER

Il faut qu'on le vénère
C'est la loi d'Ispahan.

AMINE Peuple cruel et lâche
Et pour moi sans pitié,
Tu vois que l'on m'arrache
Mon bonheur tout entier.
Point tu ne tréssilles, tu restes interdit, vas !

CHŒUR DES MARCHANDS

Nous ne pouvons rien faire,
C'est l'ordre du Sultan.
Il faut qu'on le vénère
C'est la loi d'Ispahan.

BEHER Le Sultan reconnaîtra votre humble obéissance
Par moi son favori, par moi son serviteur,
Je saurai lui vanter sa gloire et sa puissance
Et puis pour les marchands avoir quelque faveur.

CHŒUR DES MARCHANDS

Merci, merci, merci, cent mille fois merci.

BEHER

Ah, vous êtes trop bons, on vous doit bien ceci.
Du Sultan l'âme généreuse
Il fut magnanime toujours.
Pour que la Perse soit heureuse,
Il donnerait je crois ses jours ;
Ô toi pauvre folle qui pleure

CHORUS OF THE MERCHANTS AND BEHER

We must revere him:
it is the law of Ispahan.

AMINE Cruel and cowardly people
pitiless and without compassion for me:
you can see they are tearing
away all of my happiness.
You don't react at all. You remain motionless. Do something!

CHORUS OF THE MERCHANTS

We are powerless to do anything.
It is the Sultan's order.
We must revere him:
it is the law of Ispahan.

BEHER The sultan recognizes your humble obedience
by me, his favorite, by me, his servant,
I know how to proclaim his glory and power,
And then arrange some rewards for the merchants.

CHORUS OF THE MERCHANTS

Thank you, thank you! One thousand times, thank you!

BEHER

Ah! You are very good citizens; we owe you this much.
The generous soul of the Sultan,
has always been magnanimous.
So that Persia remains happy
I believe he would give his life.
Oh, you pitifully weeping madwoman;

Tu sais bien que dans quelques heures,
Il va te couronner
Et puis t'abandonner
Dans sa magnificence
Dans une fête immense
Où brillera sa cour,
Sa gloire et sa puissance,
Sa gloire et son amour.

AMINE Quoi, je serai princesse ?

BEHER C'est selon ton désir.

AMINE Sans bonheur ni tendresse
J'aimerais mieux mourir.

BEHER Partons, partons vite
Ne tardons pas.
Amine, on t'invite
À presser le pas.

CHŒUR DES MARCHANDS Amine, on t'invite
À presser le pas.

HAGI HASSAN La vente est bonne,
Je vous donne
Tout l'or qu'elle a rapporté
Que le plus sage
Vous le partage
Vous le partage à égalité.

CHŒUR DES MARCHANDS
À vos figures, à vos allures,

you know well that in a few hours
he will crown you,
and then deliver you
to a magnificent banquet,
surrounded by his splendor,
where his court, his glory,
his might, and his love
will shine resplendent.

AMINE Do you mean I shall become a princess?

BEHER That's for you to determine.

AMINE Without happiness or tenderness
I would rather be dead.

BEHER Let's go, let's go quickly
let's not dawdle.
Amine, I implore you,
you must move faster.

CHORUS OF THE MERCHANTS Amine, I implore you,
you must move faster.

HAGI HASSAN The sales are good,
I grant you.
As for the proceeds:
let the wisest man
share the gold with you,
dividing it equally.

CHORUS OF THE MERCHANTS
Your grateful servants recognize,

Vos serviteurs reconnaissants
Voient que vous n'êtes pas marchands.

HAGI HASSAN De nous êtes-vous bien contents ?

CHŒUR DES MARCHANDS

Nous sommes bien contents et reconnaissants.

HAGI HASSAN Il aura toujours son pouvoir magique
L'odieux métal qui tente et qui luit.

Il est tout puissant et les temps antiques
Ont vu des grands cœurs corrompus par lui.

Pour cacher ce mystère

Pour calmer leur colère

Quel bon moyen.

Il n'était rien de mieux, je pense,

Pour avoir leur silence.

14. ALI Chacun est parti,
Nous restons ici.
Préparons sans crainte
La vengeance sainte.
Behr nous fais savoir
Que ce soir une fête est donnée
Au palais du Sultan.
Après cette soirée
Le déshonneur attend
Amine, mon épouse.
Dans ma fureur jalouse
Je sens mon cœur bondir.

MORGIANE Alors, il faut agir.

from your allure and manner,
that you are not common merchants.

HAGI HASSAN Are you happy with us?

CHORUS OF THE MERCHANTS

We are very happy and grateful.

HAGI HASSAN The tempting aura and magical power
of this odious metal will never diminish.

It is invincible. Since time began,

gold has corrupted even the noblest hearts.

It's the best way

to keep the mystery concealed
and calm their ire.

I'm sure there was no better way

to assure their silence.

ALI Everyone has gone,
but we remain.

Let's prepare without fear
our sacred vengeance.

Behr has let slip

that a celebration will take place
at the Sultan's palace.

After this party
disgrace awaits!

Amine, my wife.

I feel my heart lurching
in a jealous rage.

MORGIANE So, we must act!

HAGI HASSAN Il faut agir.

MORGIANE Dans ce palais pendant la fête
Il nous faut savoir pénétrer.
Le moyen j'ai pu le trouver
La chose sera bientôt faite.

ALI Pénétrer ! Et comment ?

MORGIANE Sous un déguisement.

HAGI HASSAN Et lequel ?

MORGIANE C'est bien facile.
Que chacun soit habile.
Nous pourrons réussir
Nous pourrons assouvir
Notre vengeance.

MORGIANE, ALI ET HAGI HASSAN

Je sens l'espérance
Renaître dans mon cœur.
Rêves de vengeance
Calmez ma douleur.
Ta mort est prochaine
Infâme Sultan
Ton corps qu'on le traîne
Dans tout Ispahan.

ALI Vengeance cruelle
Ne m'échappe pas.
Ô lame mortelle

HAGI HASSAN We must act.

MORGIANE In this palace during the festivities,
we must break in.
I have a plan
victory awaits us!

ALI Break in?! How?

MORGIANE Under a disguise.

HAGI HASSAN What kind of disguise?

MORGIANE It's quite simple.
We must be shrewd.
We will succeed.
We will assuage
our vengeance!

MORGIANE, ALI AND HAGI HASSAN

I feel hope
reborn in my heart.
Dreams of vengeance
calm my sorrow.
Your death is near,
vile Sultan;
we shall drag your corpse
throughout Ispahan.

ALI Cruel vengeance
don't elude me!
Oh, deadly blade,

Seconde mon bras.
Sultan pour Amine
Si ton cœur princier
Bat dans ta poitrine
Ce terrible acier
Va mettre une trêve
À ton fol amour.
Renonce à ton rêve
Car en ce beau jour
Je sens l'espérance
Revivre en mon cœur
Rêves de vengeance
Calmez ma douleur
Ta mort est prochaine
Infâme Sultan
Ton corps que l'on traîne
Dans tout Ispahan.

MORGIANE ET HAGI HASSAN

Je sens l'espérance
Revivre en mon cœur
Rêves de vengeance
Calmez ma douleur
Ta mort est prochaine
Infâme Sultan
Ton corps que l'on traîne
Dans tout Ispahan.

augment my arm's power.
Sultan, if, for Amine,
your princely heart
beats to the intermittent rhythm of love
this weapon
will put a stop
to it.
Renounce your fantasies,
for on this beautiful day
I feel hope
revive my heart.
Dreams of vengeance
calm my rage.
Your death is near,
vile Sultan.
We shall drag your corpse
throughout Ispahan.

MORGIANE AND HAGI HASSAN

I feel hope
revive in my heart.
Dreams of vengeance
calm my sorrow.
Your death is near,
vile Sultan.
We shall drag your corpse
throughout Ispahan.

ALI, MORGIANE ET HAGI HASSAN

Il faut au plus vite
Gagner notre gîte.
Ayons bon espoir
Sultan, à ce soir.

ACTE III

15. ENTR'ACTE

KOUROUSCHAH Mon plan est arrêté
Je saurai la séduire
Non, non rien n'est impossible
Au maître d'un empire.
Beher, laisse-moi seul mais ne t'éloigne pas
Et donne le signal, quand j'étendrai la main.

Elle ose résister, ô criminelle audace
Moi, puissant souverain, je tremble de fureur
Car malgré mon orgueil, quand je la vois en face
Mon cœur est plein d'amour, je frémis et j'ai peur.

J'aime plus que mon trône, ô maîtresse chérie,
Les éclairs de tes yeux si brillants et si doux.
Un sourire, un seul mot de ta bouche jolie
Et mon sceptre et mon cœur seront à tes genoux.

ALI, MORGIANE AND HAGI HASSAN

We must return home
as quickly as possible.
Let's be confident in our cause.
Sultan, see you tonight!

ACT III

ENTR'ACTE

KOUROUSCHAH My plan is resolute,
I'll know how to seduce her,
no, nothing is impossible
for the master of an empire.
Beher, leave me alone but don't stray far,
and give the signal when I raise my hand.

She dares to resist, that audacious villainess!
I, mighty sovereign, tremble with fury
despite my pride, when I see her
my heart is full of love. I shudder and am afraid.

Oh, beloved mistress, I love the sweet twinkle
in your brilliant eyes even more than my throne.
A smile, a single word from your pretty mouth,
and my scepter and my heart would fall at your feet.

Ô faiblesse insensée
Mon âme ensommeillée
Devant elle a faibli.
Pour elle ma puissance
Et ma magnificence
Se perdent dans l'oubli.

Je les reconnais là les passions humaines
Qui rendent un Sultan sans gloire et sans respect
Qu'une femme sait bien nous couvrir de chaînes
Et nous faire ramper comme un serpent abject.

J'aime plus que mon trône, ô maîtresse chérie
Les éclairs de tes yeux si brillants et si doux.
Un sourire, un seul mot de ta bouche jolie
Et mon sceptre et mon cœur seront à tes genoux.

Pourtant si mon amour est indigne
Je pense que c'est trop le punir
Par ce cruel tourment.
Pour moi tant de froideur et tant d'indifférence
Inflige à mon cœur un bien dur châtement.

(Amine entre.)

Oh, this foolish weakness!
My listless soul
has weakened before her.
Because of her, my might
and magnificence
are lost to oblivion.

I recognize these human passions
that render a Sultan without glory or respect.
How well women know how to chain us,
and make us squirm like an abject snake.

Oh, beloved mistress, I love the sweet twinkle
in your brilliant eyes even more than my throne.
A smile, a single word from your pretty mouth,
and my scepter and my heart would fall at your feet.

But if my love offends you,
I think this torment cruel
and too harsh a punishment.
So much coldness and indifference of me
inflict my heart with a harsh rebuke.

(Amine enters.)

16. AMINE

Par vos ordres je suis en ces lieux amenée
Que me veut le Sultan ?

KOUROUSCHAH Que mon âme est troublée.
Te redire je t'aime et mon cœur est à toi.

AMINE Seigneur, voyez ma peine, ayez pitié de moi.
Au vrai bonheur vous m'avez arrachée
Que pouvez-vous de mon cœur obtenir ?
À mon époux maintenant dérobée
Mon cœur mourant garde son souvenir.
Vous avez méprisé les larmes d'une mère
Et l'amour d'un époux ;
Cruel, vous avez ri du désespoir d'un père
De moi qu'espérez-vous ?
Renoncez à ma conquête
Car ma bouche est toujours prête
À répondre toujours non !
Et pour votre indigne bassesse
Et pour votre infâme ivresse
Je n'aurai pas de pardon.
Ô cher Ali que j'adore
Tu vois le Sultan m'implore
Me couvre de diamants,
En vain son or étincelle
Je saurai rester fidèle
Crois toujours à mes serments.

AMINE

I have been brought to this place by your orders.
What does the Sultan want from me?

KOUROUSCHAH That my soul is troubled . . .
I tell you again that I love you and my heart is yours.

AMINE My lord, see my pain, and have pity on me.
True happiness was mine and was ripped away.
What can you expect to get from my heart?
My dying heart holds the memory of my spouse,
so freshly stolen from me.
You have scorned the tears of a mother
and the love of a spouse.
Cruel one, you laughed at the despair of a father.
What can you hope for from me?
Renounce this conquest of me,
for my mouth will
forever say "No!"
For your shameful wickedness
and vile passion,
I cannot grant you forgiveness.
Oh, dear Ali whom I adore,
you see the Sultan imploring me,
covering me with diamonds, sparkling
with his gold treasures in vain.
I remain faithful;
believe in my vows to you always!

AMINE ET KOUROUSCHAH

Renoncez à votre conquête

Deviens ma conquête

Car ma bouche est toujours prête

Que ta bouche ne répète

À répondre toujours non !

Ne répète jamais ce terrible non.

Pour votre indigne bassesse

L'amour n'est pas une bassesse

Pour votre infâme ivresse.

Prends pitié de mon ivresse.

17. KOUROUSCHAH (*avec impatience*)

Indomptable fierté,

Superbe résistance

À ma toute puissance,

Je vais en ce beau jour,

Ma charmante Persane,

Te proclamer Sultane

Devant toute ma cour.

18. CHŒUR Honneur, honneur à notre souveraine

Rendons un juste hommage à sa beauté.

Que du Sultan légère soit la chaîne,

À lui bonheur, gloire et félicité.

Depuis longtemps

AMINE AND KOUROUSCHAH

Renounce your quest to woo me

Become my conquest

for my mouth will forever

that your mouth should not repeat

tell you: "No!"

that terrible "No!"

For your improper baseness

Love is not a baseness

for your infamous embrace.

have pity on my embrace.

KOUROUSCHAH (*with impatience*)

Indomitable pride

superb resistance

by my almighty power,

I will, on this fine day,

my charming Persian lady,

proclaim you Sultana, my wife,

before my whole court.

CHORUS Glory and honor to our new sovereign!

Let us pay homage to her beauty!

May the Sultan's burdens be light.

To him: joy, glory, and happiness.

For so long,

Nous pleurons le veuvage
De Kourouschah
Notre aimable seigneur.

KOUROUSCHAH (*à Amine*)

Pourquoi garder un si triste visage ?

AMINE Le souvenir

CHŒUR Honneur, honneur à notre souveraine !

19. KOUROUSCHAH (*s'adressant aux seigneurs*)

Qu'on m'apporte à l'instant la royale couronne
Chère Amine, c'est moi, c'est moi qui te la donne.

(*s'adressant à Amine*)

Reçois avec fierté

De ton prince qui t'aime

Reçois ce diadème

Qu'il pare ta beauté.

Sur ton cou de colombe

Que ce long collier tombe ;

Reçois, reçois encor

Ce beau bracelet d'or.

Par moi parée et couronnée

Ô chaste enfant, ô chaste enfant

Aime l'ivresse et la tendresse de ton Sultan.

Reconnaissez, Seigneurs puissants de mon empire,

Reconnaissez ici celle que je désire

Pour Sultane et Princesse, en mon cœur, en ma cour

Ayez respect pour elle autant que j'ai d'amour.

we have mourned the widowhood
of Kourouschah
our benevolent lord.

KOUROUSCHAH (*to Amine*)

Why do you look so sad?

AMINE My memories.

CHORUS Glory and honor to our new sovereign!

KOUROUSCHAH (*speaking to the lords*)

Bring the royal crown at once.

Darling Amine, it is I who give it to you.

(*speaking to Amine*)

Receive this with pride

from your prince who loves you,

receive this tiara;

may it adorn your beauty.

Let this long necklace fall

on your delicate neck.

Also receive

this beautiful gold bracelet.

By me you are adorned and crowned,

oh pure maiden.

Appreciate the passion and tenderness of your Sultan.

Recognize, powerful lords of my empire,

recognize her now as my desired

Sultana and princess of my heart.

My court, have as much respect as I feel love for her.

20. BEHER (*entrant en scène précipitamment et s'adressant au Sultan*)

Des chanteurs déguisés venant de l'Arabie
Veulent à cette fête ajouter un éclat
En montrant leur talent, leur gaieté, leur folie
Si votre majesté, seigneur le leur permet.

KOUROUSCHAH Ils tombent à merveille
Qu'ils entrent à l'instant
Qu'ils charment notre oreille
Par leur chant, par leur chant.

CHŒUR Ils tombent à merveille
Qu'ils entrent à l'instant
Qu'ils charment notre oreille
Par leur chant, par leur chant.

KOUROUSCHAH
Soyez les bienvenus car ma cour est en fête.
Que savez-vous chanter? Que savez-vous chanter?

HAGI HASSAN Des morceaux pleins d'attraits.

ALI La majesté des cieux.

MORGIANE La gloire du Prophète.

KOUROUSCHAH Vous me tentez vraiment.
Commencez vos couplets.

MORGIANE, ALI ET HAGI HASSAN
Commençons nos couplets.

BEHER (*entering hastily and speaking to the Sultan*)

Singers from Arabia, in costume,
want to add splendor to our feast
with their merriment and talent,
if your majesty allows them.

KOUROUSCHAH Their timing is marvelous!
Let them enter immediately
and charm our ears
with their songs.

CHORUS Their timing is marvelous!
Let them enter immediately
and charm our ears
with their songs.

KOUROUSCHAH
You are very welcome here, because my court is celebrating.
What songs can you sing?

HAGI HASSAN Very charming pieces . . .

ALI About the majesty of heaven.

MORGIANE And the glory of the Prophet.

KOUROUSCHAH You are tempting me, truly.
Begin your songs.

MORGIANE, ALI AND HAGI HASSAN
We shall begin our performance.

21. HAGI HASSAN Puisque le Sultan le demande
Nous accédons à son désir.
Puissions-nous lui faire plaisir.

ALI Allons, préparez-vous vite qu'on m'accompagne
En écoutant ces chants que la gaieté vous gagne.
Nous allons vous chanter l'histoire d'un berger,
Histoire un peu banale
Mais dans le fond morale.

Possédant des troupeaux nombreux
Riche fermier de la Judée
Vivait toujours le cœur joyeux.
Rien ne troublait sa destinée.
Bergers, rois, empereurs
Gardez-vous de l'envie
Qui dévore les cœurs
Empoisonne la vie.
Mais un jour, un jour de malheur,
Sur lui vint fondre l'avalanche des péchés.
Un autre pasteur avait une brebis plus douce.
Cette brebis était tout son trésor
Et toute sa tendresse.
Je la veux dit le riche, et l'aurai pour de l'or
Offrons avec largesse.
Son or fut repoussé par le pauvre berger.
Grande fut sa surprise.
On refuse, dit-il, je saurai me venger.

HAGI HASSAN Since the Sultan demands it,
we will fulfill his wishes.
May we please him with our songs.

ALI Let's go. Get ready quickly. Come with me.
We hope that gaiety will win you over in listening
to this charming ballad. We are going to sing for you
the story of a shepherd, a bit trite,
but fundamentally moral.

Possessing a large flock,
a rich farmer from Judea
was living a happy life.
Nothing troubled his future.
Shepherds, kings, emperors,
beware of the envy
that devours hearts
and poisons lives.
But one disastrous day,
he was struck by an avalanche of sin.
Another shepherd had a pristine ewe,
which was his pride
and joy. I want it, said the rich man,
and I will have it for some gold.
Let us offer a good price; let us be generous.
His gold was rejected by the poor shepherd.
The rich farmer was astounded.
You refuse?! he said. I will have my revenge.

La brebis sera prise,
Je saurai me venger.
Bergers, rois, empereurs
Gardez-vous de l'envie
Qui dévore les cœurs
Empoisonne la vie.

KOUROUSCHAH

De toi je suis content, ta chanson est fort belle,
Mais le pauvre au méchant fut-il toujours rebelle?

MORGIANE Toujours, toujours. Je vais continuer

Si vous le voulez bien l'histoire.

Puissé-je ne pas ennuyer

Mon illustre auditoire.

La nuit couvrait les cieux

De ses voiles,

Et, fières de leurs feux

Les étoiles brillaient

Dans l'écrin noir

Qui s'ouvre quand le soir

Sans orage,

Le ciel immense et pur

Offre aux yeux son azur

Sans nuage.

BEHER Cela me semble obscur.

MORGIANE Le riche en silence

Your ewe will be taken
as my revenge!
Shepherds, kings, emperors,
beware of the envy
that devours hearts
and poisons lives.

KOUROUSCHAH

I am pleased with you. Your song is very beautiful.
But the poor man, does he always defy the wicked, rich man?

MORGIANE Always! I am going to continue

the story, if you wish.

I'll try not bore

my esteemed audience.

Night covered the sky

with its veils.

Proud of their light,

the stars twinkled

on the canvas that unfurls

when the night

without storms,

a vast and pure sky,

offers its cloudless

azure expanse to our eyes.

BEHER I find this suspicious.

MORGIANE The rich man silently

Dans la nuit s'avance.
Le pauvre endormi
Doucement repose
Sa porte non close.
Il est sans souci.
Il ne croit pas que, jaloux et perfide,
Quelqu'un s'approche et va dans son logis
Lui dérober d'une main lâche, avide
Tout ce qu'il aime, une belle brebis.

HAGI HASSAN À son réveil, ô douleur, ô tristesse !
Son trésor, hélas, a disparu.
L'écho répond à ses cris de détresse.
Il cherche en vain, pour lui tout est perdu.
Ô sort fatal, douloureuses alarmes !
Le voilà seul, il demande à mourir.
Esquif léger sur l'océan des larmes
Son bonheur vient soudain de s'engloutir.

22. **MORGIANE, ALI ET HAGI HASSAN**

Pleure, pleure
Voici l'heure
Où gagnant avec toi
L'humble toit
De ta pauvre chaumière,
Partageant ta misère
Qu'elle aimait,
Ne pensait
Qu'à demeurer sans cesse

advanced in the night.
The poor man
is calmly sleeping,
his door unlocked.
He is without worry.
He does not believe that, jealous and perfidious,
someone is approaching to steal
with a cowardly, greedy hand
what he loves most: his ewe.

HAGI HASSAN When he awakened: Oh, pain! Oh, sadness!
His beloved treasure, alas, has disappeared.
Echos were the only replies to his cries of distress.
He looks for the sheep in vain; all is lost.
Oh fatal destiny, painful distress!
He is all alone. He wants to die.
A light skiff on an ocean of tears;
his happiness suddenly sinks.

MORGIANE, ALI AND HAGI HASSAN

Tears, tears,
now is the moment.
Once, under the roof
of your humble abode,
the sweet ewe
was happy
to share in your poverty.
Thinking only
to remain with you

Du jour au lendemain
Sous la douce caresse
De ta main.

23. Ali Quand l'espoir t'es ravi,
Lorsque tout t'abandonne,
Venge-toi.
Œil pour œil, dent pour dent
Et jamais ne pardonner, c'est ma loi.
Ô grand Sultan, cette histoire est ton crime.
As-tu compris la chanson du berger?
Il est quelqu'un que la douleur abîme
Et qui de toi pourrait bien se venger.
En ton palais, moi j'ose te le dire,
Est enfant qui ne t'appartient pas,
Dont ton amour a flétri le sourire
Et qui frémit quand tu lui tends les bras.
Or, cette enfant, c'est la brebis volée.
Tu dois, Seigneur, la rendre sans retard.
Vois par ses pleurs sa paupière voilée.
De la pitié, Sultan, de la pitié
De la grandeur, vieillard.

KOUROUSCHAH Oses-tu bien ici tenir un tel langage?
Sachez bien qu'un Sultan peut aimer à tout âge.
À moi tout est permis.
Je ris de ta brebis
Et de ta sottise histoire.

always,
under the gentle caress
of your hand.

Ali When hope is stolen away,
when everyone has abandoned you,
avenge yourself.
An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth
and never forgive: that's my law.
Oh, grand Sultan, this story is your crime!
Did you understand the song of the shepherd?
He is someone wounded by pain
who could take revenge on you.
In your palace, I daresay,
is a child who does not belong to you,
whose smile withers at your ardor,
and who shudders at your arms' embrace.
This child is the stolen ewe.
My lord, you must return her immediately.
See her eyes, veiled by tears.
Have pity, Sultan.
Act nobly, old man.

KOUROUSCHAH You dare use such language here?
A Sultan can love at any age.
For me, everything is allowed.
I laugh at your ewe
and stupid song.

Veux-tu me faire croire
Qu'un tout puissant Seigneur
Ne fait à ses sujets encore beaucoup d'honneur
En leur prenant leurs filles.

24. ALI Le bonheur des familles
Alors n'est rien pour vous.
Quoi ! Vous ne craignez pas
Le courroux redoutable d'un père, d'un époux ?

KOUROUSCHAH (*avec force*)
Non, je ne crains rien !

ALI (*tirant un poignard*)
Vengeance, vengeance.

BEHER (*lui arrachant le poignard*)
Ah, misérable ! misérable !
(*Il le démasque.*)

CHŒUR Ah, misérable ! misérable !

BEHER (*reconnaissant les chanteurs*)
Que vois-je ? Ce sont eux.
Mon soupçon était juste.
D'Amine, l'amoureux dans ce palais auguste.

KOUROUSCHAH
Qu'on les charge de fers telle est ma volonté.
Leur mort satisfera mon orgueil irrité.

AMINE Ah ! Fléchissez, faites-leur grâce.

This all-powerful ruler
honors his subjects
by taking their daughters
in marriage.

ALI A family's happiness
means nothing to you, then.
What? Do you not fear
the formidable wrath of a father, of a groom?

KOUROUSCHAH (*forcefully*)
No! I fear nothing!

ALI (*pulling a dagger*)
Vengeance!

BEHER (*snatching the dagger from him*)
Ah, wretched man! You wretch!
(*He unmasks him.*)

CHORUS Ah, wretched man! You wretch!

BEHER (*recognizing the singers*)
What do I see? It's them!
My suspicions were correct.
Amine's lover, in this august palace.

KOUROUSCHAH
I want them put in shackles.
Their death will satisfy my wounded pride.

AMINE Ah! Yield! Show them mercy.

KOUROUSCHAH Jamais, jamais.
Que périsse ta race
Toi tu m'appartiendras ou mourras avec eux.

AMINE Quel terrible martyr !

KOUROUSCHAH Ô régicide affreux !

25. KOUROUSCHAH Qu'on les enchaîne,
Qu'on les amène
Que les cachots
Se réjouissent.

AMINE, MORGIANE, ALI, HAGI HASSAN ET CHŒUR

Qu'on nous/les enchaîne
Qu'on nous/les amène
Que les cachots
Se réjouissent
Et retentissent
De mes/nos/leurs sanglots.

AMINE

Grâce pour mon époux, pour mon père et ma mère
Seigneur, daignez calmer votre injuste colère.

KOUROUSCHAH Pas de pitié. Pour eux pas de pitié.
J'ai dit, j'ai dit, j'ai dit, j'ai dit.

MORGIANE Infâme !

AMINE Infâme !

ALI ET HAGI HASSAN Soit maudit !

MORGIANE, AMINE, ALI ET HAGI HASSAN
Soit maudit ! infâme !

KOUROUSCHAH Never!
May your people perish.
You will belong to me or die with them!

AMINE Then I must become a martyr!

KOUROUSCHAH How dare you!

KOUROUSCHAH Chain them up.
Lead them away
to the dungeons
that will rejoice at having them.

AMINE, MORGIANE, ALI, HAGI HASSAN AND CHORUS

We/They will be chained
and taken
to the dungeons.
They will rejoice
at the sound
of my/our/their tears.

AMINE

Mercy for my husband, my father and my mother.
Lord, deign to calm your anger.

KOUROUSCHAH I will show them no pity.
I have spoken.

MORGIANE Monstrous!

AMINE Monstrous!

ALI AND HAGI HASSAN Damn you, vile monster!

MORGIANE, AMINE, ALI AND HAGI HASSAN
Damn you, vile monster! Infamous!

KOUROUSCHAH ET CHŒUR

Ah ! Le ciel vous maudit.

ACTE IV

La prison

26. ENTR'ACTE

27. MORGIANE En vain vous déployez
une ardeur magique
À percer les flancs noirs de la muraille antique,
Pauvre enfant, pauvre époux,
Je saurai sans effort
Par un secret terrible,
Si le Sultan encor
À l'honneur est sensible,
Faire ouvrir les verrous.

Secret qui me dévore
Non, je ne puis encore
En mon cœur te garder.
Pour finir ce martyre
Il me faudra tout dire
Et sans plus hésiter.
Fier Sultan que la honte
En toi le rouge monte
En ton auguste front.
Je couvrirai ta joue

KOUROUSCHAH AND CHORUS

Ah! You are all cursed in heaven.

ACT IV

The prison

ENTR'ACTE

MORGIANE In vain,
you try to pierce the black sides
of these ancient walls.
Poor child, poor husband,
without effort,
I will share a terrible secret,
to see if the Sultan
is honorable.
Open these locks. Free us of these chains.

Devouring secret,
I cannot keep you hidden
in my heart any longer.
Finally this martyrdom will end
and I must tell everything.
I will hesitate no longer.
Proud Sultan,
may you blush with shame
on your august brow.
I will cover your cheek

Avec la noire boue
D'un éternel affront.

ALI, HAGI HASSAN ET MORGIANE

Mon cœur se désespère
Nous n'avons qu'à mourir.
Ô destin sévère,
Il faut périr.
Espère !
La mort n'est rien après la vengeance.
Mourir est doux
Quand mort est l'ennemi.
Tout m'est ravi
Je n'ai plus d'espérance
Qu'ai-je donc fait pour être aussi maudit ?
Amine à jamais perdue
Sans la revoir il me faudra périr.
Ô nuit d'amour, si vite interrompue,
Rêve embaumé vous deviez donc finir.
Espérance, confiance,
Car je puis vous sauver.
Plus d'alarmes
Plus de larmes
Je saurai vous venger.
Par le glaive
Tout s'achève
La joie et le malheur.

with the black mud
of everlasting injustice.

ALI, HAGI HASSAN AND MORGIANE

My heart despairs.
Nothing comes for us but death.
Oh, bitter destiny!
We must perish.
I have hope!
Death is nothing if it follows a great vengeance.
Dying is sweet
when one's enemy is also dead.
Everything has been taken from me.
I have no more hope.
What have I done to be so damned?
Amine, forever lost!
I shall die without seeing her again.
Oh night of love, so quickly interrupted,
Sweet consecrated dream, you had to end like this.
Hopefulness, confidence!
I know how to save you.
No more alarm,
no more tears.
I will know how to avenge you.
By the sword,
all is resolved:
joy and misery.

Vengeresse
Je lui laisse
La vie et la douleur.
Espérance, confiance,
Car je puis vous sauver.
Espérance, confiance,
Elle saura nous sauver.
Par le glaive
Tout s'achève
La joie et le malheur.
Vengeresse
Je lui laisse
La vie et la douleur.

HAGI HASSAN

Quel est donc ce secret qui nous sauve la vie
De mystère toujours, je fus enveloppé ?
Morgiane dis-nous. Ah ! dis-nous, je t'en prie,
Comment notre ennemi par toi sera frappé ?

MORGIANE Un seul mot doit suffire

Je ne puis vous le dire encor
Mais vous saurez bien vite
Que ce mot vous évite la mort.

ALI Morgiane, ô ma mère,
Mon cœur bondit d'espoir.
C'est par toi que j'espère,
J'espère la revoir.

As the avenger,
I leave him
with both life and sorrow.
Hopefulness, confidence!
I know how to save you.
Hopefulness, confidence!
She knows how to save us.
By the sword,
all is resolved:
both joy and grief.
As the avenger,
I leave him
with both life and sorrow.

HAGI HASSAN

What is this enveloping secret,
shrouded in mystery, that will save our lives?
Morgiane, tell us, I beg you!
How will you beat our enemy?

MORGIANE One word shall suffice.

I cannot say it yet,
but this word
will keep death from you.

ALI Morgiane, oh my mother,
my heart is leaping with hope.
Because of you, my heart is leaping with hope.
I have faith that I will see her again.

Je ne regrette plus ma vengeance manquée.
Je rougis maintenant de mes tristes desseins.
Vive le bras par qui ma main fut arrêtée.
Nous serons des vengeurs, mais non des assassins.

MORGIANE, ALI ET HAGI HASSAN

Nous serons des vengeurs, mais non des assassins.

KOUROUSCHAH Arrière, régicides

Je crains vos mains perfides.

(s'adressant aux soldats de sa suite)

Soldats, veillez sur eux

Car ils sont dangereux.

(s'adressant à Amine)

Amine, c'est pour toi ma dernière faiblesse

Tu veux les voir encore, j'obéis à ta loi.

Je les pardonne à tous, mais deviens ma maîtresse,

Sinon pour eux la mort, la mort aussi pour toi.

AMINE Avec eux, si je meure,

Croyez-vous que je pleure

Mon horrible trépas ?

Vraiment c'est trop d'audace

Pour un tel prix la grâce

Nous ne la voulons pas.

MORGIANE, ALI ET HAGI HASSAN

Nous ne la voulons pas.

HAGI HASSAN Si nous devons mourir

Nous mourrons en victimes.

I don't regret my failed revenge any longer.

I am ashamed of my sad former plans.

Long live the arm that stopped my hand.

We will be avengers, not assassins.

MORGIANE, ALI AND HAGI HASSAN

We will be avengers, not assassins.

KOUROUSCHAH Stay back, assassins!

I fear your treacherous hands.

(speaking to the soldiers of his retinue)

Soldiers, watch them:

they are dangerous.

(speaking to Amine)

Amine, my last weakness is you.

You want them safe, and I obey your wishes.

If you become my consort, I will absolve them.

If not, death awaits them . . . and you.

AMINE With them, if I die,

do you think I shall cry

truly, that's an audacious thought.

To ask such a price

for mercy is audacious.

We do not accept it.

MORGIANE, ALI AND HAGI HASSAN

We do not accept it.

HAGI HASSAN If we must die,

we die as victims.

Sans peur nous attendrons la hache du bourreau.
Sur vous tombera le poids de tous vos crimes
Et sur nous, plus léger, le marbre du tombeau.

28. MORGIANE, AMINE, ALI ET HAGI HASSAN

Vole, vole, notre âme
Va déchirer la trame
Qui nous cache le ciel
Et pleine de délire
Vient habiter l'empire
Ignoré du mortel.

29. KOUROUSCHAH Imprudente réponse

C'est elle qui prononce
Les terribles arrêts.
Pour punir l'insolence
Vous saurez ma sentence.
À la mort soyez prêts.

MORGIANE, AMINE, ALI, HAGI HASSAN ET KOUROUSCHAH

Il faut faire à la vie
Nos/Vos éternels adieux.
Subissons l'infamie
Du Sultan odieux.
Je punis l'infamie
Et le crime odieux.
Pour punir l'insolence
Vous saurez ma sentence.

We fearlessly await the executioner's blade.
The weight of all your crimes
and the marble of our tombs will rest upon you.

MORGIANE, AMINE, ALI AND HAGI HASSAN

Fly, fly, our souls.
Tear the veil
that hides heaven from us,
and, suffused with delirious passion,
go inhabit the empire
unknown to mortals.

KOUROUSCHAH Foolish response!

Amine is dictating
this terrible end.
You will receive my sentence
to punish such insolence.
Prepare yourselves for death.

MORGIANE, AMINE, ALI, HAGI HASSAN AND KOUROUSCHAH

We/You must say our/your farewells to life.
Our/Your eternal fate is at hand
we suffer the villainy
of the odious Sultan.
I punish their villainy
and odious crimes.
For punishment of your insolence,
you shall receive my sentence.

Redoutez ma vengeance,
Redoutez mon courroux.

Sa coupable démence
Lui dicte une vengeance
Redoutable pour nous,
Car la voix de la haine implacable l'entraîne.
Au supplice il nous traîne,
Plus de grâce pour nous.
Oui mon âme en démence
Réclame une vengeance
Redoutable pour vous,
Car la voix de la haine implacable m'entraîne.
Au bourreau je vous traîne,
Plus de grâce pour vous.

KOUROUSCHAH Ah, ma rage étouffée
Qui surgit enflammée
Sera bientôt calmée
Par vos cris de douleur.
Faut-il que je supplie?
Voir ma fierté salie ...

MORGIANE (*désespérée*)
Seigneur, écoutez-moi.

KOUROUSCHAH Je ne veux rien entendre.
N'allez pas vous attendre
À pouvoir me fléchir.

Fear my vengeance!
Dread my wrath!

His guilt
spurs his vengeance.
The Sultan is hateful.
And this crime, this crime is hateful.
He drags us to our torture,
there is no more mercy for us.
Yes, my mad soul
claims terrific revenge.
Fearfully, for you,
the voice of implacable hatred pulls me.
I drag you to the executioner;
no more mercy for you.

KOUROUSCHAH Ah, my stifled rage,
which surges inflamed,
will soon be soothed
by your cries of pain.
Do I need to beg?
Behold my sullied, inflamed pride?

MORGIANE (*desperate*)
My Lord, listen to me.

KOUROUSCHAH I don't want to hear anything from you.
Don't think
you will get me to bend.

Ma fureur est extrême
Vienne l'instant suprême
Où vos jours vont finir.

MORGIANE Encore un mot.

KOUROUSCHAH Non! Rien ...

MORGIANE Encore un mot.

KOUROUSCHAH Silence ...

MORGIANE Je ne demande pas ...

KOUROUSCHAH Encore? ...

MORGIANE ... Votre clémence.

Mais daignez m'écouter.

Je veux vous épargner

Un crime

Coupable en ignorant

Soyez en apprenant

Sublime !

Celle dont l'amour

Est l'objet en ce jour

(à part)

(Pour nous dernier qui brille)

KOUROUSCHAH Eh ! bien ?

MORGIANE (*vivo*)

C'est votre fille ! ...

AMINE Moi, sa fille.

My furor is extreme.

The final moment

in which your days will end has come.

MORGIANE One word more.

KOUROUSCHAH No! Nothing more.

MORGIANE One. Word. More.

KOUROUSCHAH Silence ...

MORGIANE I do not ask ...

KOUROUSCHAH Again with this?

MORGIANE ... Your mercy.

Deign to hear me.

I want to save you

from a crime

unknowingly committed.

Be an exemplary

learner!

She, the object of your

love on this final day ...

(*aside*)

(For us the last to shine)

KOUROUSCHAH Yes, well?

MORGIANE (*vivo*)

She is your daughter!

AMINE His daughter.

MORGIANE Votre fille.

ALI ET HAGI HASSAN C'est sa fille.

KOUROUSCHAH C'est ma fille.

AMINE Ah ! Que mon âme est oppressée.

Moi, sa fille, à cette pensée

Malgré moi je me sens frémir.

Bonheur, adieu, je vais mourir.

(Elle tombe dans les bras de Morgiane.)

30. HAGI HASSAN Je reste confondu.

Ce coup inattendu

Me frappe et me terrasse.

Le désespoir me glace.

Moi, rival du Sultan.

Amine, mon enfant,

Mon seul bonheur sur la terre

À me dire ton père

Se bornait.

Celui qui t'a bercée

Dès la plus tendre année

T'adorait.

Là, pendant ta jeunesse

Surveillant ta faiblesse,

Guidant tes premiers pas,

Je ne me doutais pas

Qu'au déclin de ma vie

Tu me serais ravie.

MORGIANE Your daughter.

ALI AND HAGI HASSAN It's his daughter.

KOUROUSCHAH She's my daughter!

AMINE Ah! How oppressed my soul is.

Me, his daughter; at this thought

in spite of myself, I feel a shudder.

Happiness, farewell: I am going to die.

(She falls in the arms of Morgiane.)

HAGI HASSAN I am confused.

This unexpected blow

throws me hard to the floor.

I am frozen with despair.

I am the rival of the Sultan!

Amine, my child,

my only happiness on earth

was calling myself

your father.

The father that rocked you

from your tenderest age,

adored you

in your youth.

I protected you during your vulnerability

and guided your first steps.

I never imagined that,

at the dusk of my life,

you would be taken from me.

Qu'une heure effacerait
Tous mes jours de bonheur.

KOUROUSCHAH Ces mots sont pour mon cœur
Une bien dure épreuve.
Morgiane, il nous faut une preuve.

AMINE, ALI ET HAGI HASSAN
Il nous faut une preuve.

MORGIANE (*montrant une bague*)
La preuve la voici.
Reconnaissez ceci

31. MORGIANE Petite bague taillée
Dans un seul diamant
Par vous me fut donnée
Le jour où notre enfant
Ouvrit à la lumière
De ses grands yeux si doux
La timide paupière.
Seigneur, souvenez-vous.

KOUROUSCHAH Je me rappelle.
Elle était belle,
Comme le jour,
Morgiane,
Ma Sultane,
Mon amour ...

MORGIANE Bravant les lois sévères,
Bravant aussi la mort,

That one hour could erase
all my former days of happiness.

KOUROUSCHAH These words are a trial
for my heart to withstand.
Morgiane, we need evidence.

AMINE, ALI AND HAGI HASSAN
We need evidence.

MORGIANE (*showing a ring*)
The proof is right here.
Recognize this

MORGIANE small ring
adorned with a single diamond.
Which you gave me
when we first saw our child
in the light of day.
In her large sweet eyes,
the bashful eyelid.
Remember?

KOUROUSCHAH I remember.
She was beautiful
like the day,
Morgiane,
my Sultana,
my love ...

MORGIANE Defying severe laws
death itself,

Les eunuques austères,
J'ai pu changer mon sort.
Au loin je suis partie
Trompant vos yeux jaloux
Ô grand Roi de l'Asie,
Grand Roi, souvenez-vous ?

AMINE, MORGIANE, ALI, HAGI HASSAN ET KOUROUSCHAH

Il se/Je me rappelle.
Elle était belle,
Comme le jour,
Morgiane,
Sa/Ma Sultane
Son/Mon amour.

- 32. KOUROUSCHAH** Au ridicule ajoutant l'infamie,
Sans respecter mes cheveux déjà blancs,
Je vins t'offrir de ma bouche ternie
Les froids baisers. Oui ! Ces bras tout tremblants
Ne disaient pas, accusant mon grand âge,
Que mon amour attirait ton mépris,
Et que mon souffle impur sur ton visage
Pourrait faner ce teint plus beau qu'un lys.
Pardonne-moi, mon remord est sincère.
Pardonne-moi, cher enfant.
(ouvrant ses bras vers Amine)
Doux trésor, viens dans mes bras,
Viens, viens embrasser ton père.
Viens l'embrasser, s'il en est digne encore.

the stern eunuchs,
I was able to change my fate.
I ran far away from you
and fooled your jealous eyes,
oh, great King of Asia.
Powerful King, do you remember?

AMINE, MORGIANE, ALI, HAGI HASSAN AND KOUROUSCHAH

I/He remember/s.
She was beautiful
like the day,
Morgiane,
his/my Sultana,
his/my love.

KOUROUSCHAH Adding insult to injury,
without respect for the grey hair that shows my age,
I tried to offer you cold kisses
from my weathered lips. These trembling arms
would not admit
that my love disgusted you.
And that my stale breath
would sully your beautiful complexion.
Forgive me, my remorse is sincere.
Please forgive me, dear child.
(opening his arms to Amine)
My sweet treasure, come into my arms.
Come and embrace your father.
Come and kiss him, if he is still worthy.

AMINE Vous embrasser, non, non,
Mon cœur vous repousse.
J'ai trop pleuré, souffert, pour oublier.
Vienne la mort, elle me sera douce
Sous le malheur, je dois plier.

ALI Chère Amine, pardonne.
Daigne écouter celui qui t'adore,
Et pour lui, oubliant ta colère,
Pardonne au Roi ton père.
Moi je dois, à mon tour
Implorer sa clémence
Au nom de notre amour.
Oubliez ma vengeance,
Ô Sultan, mon seigneur
Votre humble serviteur
À vos genoux se jette.
Que la pitié, muette
En ce cœur souverain,
Sache parler enfin.

KOUROUSCHAH Ali, je te pardonne ;
Et de plus je te donne
Amine pure encor :
Pour moi, j'attends la mort !

33. AMINE (*se jetant dans les bras du Sultan*)

Vous vivrez mon père.

HAGI HASSAN Son père ! ...

AMINE Kiss you? No, no.
My heart rejects you.
I have cried and suffered too much to forget.
May death come quickly to me. It will be a relief.
I buckle under the weight of grief.

ALI Darling Amine, forgive him.
Deign to listen to the one who loves you,
and for his sake, forget your ire.
Forgive your father, the King.
I must, for my part,
plead his mercy
in the name of our love.
Forget my revenge,
Ah Sultan, my lord;
your humble servant
throws himself at your feet.
May the muted pity
in your regal heart
be given to speak at last.

KOUROUSCHAH Ali, my forgiveness is yours.
Furthermore, I return
Amine to you, still pure.
All that remains is for me to await death.

AMINE (*throwing herself in the Sultan's arms*)

My father, you will live!

HAGI HASSAN Her father! ...

ALI Son père ! ...

MORGIANE, ALI, HAGI HASSAN ET KOUROUSCHAH

Son père ! ...

KOUROUSCHAH Amis, plus de colère.

Sois béni

Jour prospère.

Plus de haine sévère,

Plus de pleurs dans les yeux.

Enfants, soyez heureux.

Douce journée

Votre hyménée

Va s'accomplir.

Enfants que j'aime,

Le Roi lui-même

Va vous unir.

À tout l'empire,

Sombres échos

De ces cachots,

Vibrez pour dire que j'ai brisé

L'arrêt de mort ;

Que le Sultan est grand encor.

*(Sur un signe du Sultan,
les soldats ouvrent les portes de la prison,
et font entrer le peuple.)*

ALI Her father! ...

MORGIANE, ALI, HAGI HASSAN AND KOUROUSCHAH

Her father! ...

KOUROUSCHAH Friends, let us end our anger.

May you be blessed

on this prosperous day.

No more unrelenting hatred;

no more tears in our eyes.

My children, be happy.

On this sweet day,

your vows

will be consecrated.

You children whom I love,

the King himself

will marry you.

Through all the empire,

may somber echoes

ripple throughout the empire;

the death warrant

is cancelled.

The Sultan is indeed noble and good.

*(On a sign from the Sultan,
the soldiers open the doors of the prison
and admit the people.)*

AMINE, ALI ET CHŒUR

À tout l'empire,
Sombres échos
De ces cachots,
Vibrez pour dire qu'il a brisé
L'arrêt de mort ;
Que le Sultan est grand encor.

FIN DE L'OPÉRA

AMINE, ALI AND CHORUS

Through all the empire,
may somber echoes
ripple throughout the empire;
the death warrant
is cancelled.
The Sultan is indeed noble and good.

END OF THE OPERA



Mary Elizabeth Williams *soprano*
Kenneth Kellogg *bass*
Nicole Cabell *soprano*
Joshua Conyers *baritone*
Chauncey Packer *tenor*
Jonathan Woody *bass-baritone*
Patrick Dupre Quigley *conductor*
Givonna Joseph *creative collaborator*

OPERACRÉOLE ENSEMBLE

SOPRANO

Jennifer Coisier
Tamia Dayanari
Juliana Starr
Taylor J. White * 1

ALTO

Olivia Browne
Ekanem Ebinne
Santrell Jade Perdue
Valencia Pleasant * 2

TENOR

William Alber
Antonio Domino, Jr. * 3
David Michel
Charles Mukaida*

BARITONE

Christopher-Lawson Palmer
Joshua Staes *

BASS-BARITONE

Ivan Griffin *
Herbert Spurlock III

* Wedding Sextet

¹ Une Marchande

² Un Serviteur

³ Un Seigneur

OPERA LAFAYETTE ORCHESTRA

VIOLIN 1

Edson Scheid* *Concertmaster*

Theresa Salomon

Karen Dekker

Marlisa Woods

Jude Ziliak

Freya Creech

Melanie Riordan

Gesa Kordes

VIOLIN 2

Keats Dieffenbach*

Natalie Kress

Kako Boga

Toma Iliev

Leslie Nero

C. Ann Loud

VIOLA

Jessica Troy*

Isaiah Chapman

Stephen Goist

Graham Cohen

HARP

Chelsea Lane*

CELLO

Loretta O'Sullivan*

Serafim Smigelskiy

Alexa Haynes Pilon

Nancy Jo Snider

BASS

Anthony Manzo*

Motomi Igarashi

FLUTE

Charles Brink*

Immanuel Davis

OBOE

Dan Bates*

David Dickey

ENGLISH HORN

David Dickey

CLARINET

Ed Matthew*

Dominic Giardino

BASSOON

Anna Marsh*

Dave Wells

HORN

Todd Williams*

Sara Cyrus

John Manganaro*

Nate Udell

TRUMPET

Justin Bland*

Paul Perfetti

CORNET

Perry Sutton*

Steven Marquardt

TROMBONE

Liza Malamut*

Ben David Aronson

Garrett Lahr

OPHICLEIDE

Barry Bonacer*

PERCUSSION

Michelle Humphreys*

Donnie Johns

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**Opera
Lafayette**



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Timothée van der Stegen

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Pragma Création

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Recorded on period instruments

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EDMOND DÉDÉ (1827 – 1901)

MORGIANE, OU, LE SULTAN D'ISPAHAN (1887)

A WORLD PREMIERE RECORDING

Morgiane – Mary Elizabeth Williams *soprano* | Kourouschah – Kenneth Kellogg *bass* | Amine – Nicole Cabell *soprano*
Hagi Hassan – Joshua Conyers *baritone* | Ali – Chauncey Packer *tenor* | Beher – Jonathan Woody *bass-baritone*
OperaCréole Ensemble | Opera Lafayette Orchestra | Patrick Dupre Quigley *conductor* | Givonna Joseph *creative collaborator*

ACT I

1. Ouverture	06:42
2. La brise est pure	06:15
3. Entouré de tous mes amis	03:18
4. Seigneur, je dois vous dire	04:04
5. Cet enfant qu'avec vous	03:12
6. Ah ! Merci, cher Ali	03:01
7. Qu'elle est belle l'étoile	02:55
8. Et maintenant, amis	01:15
9. Seigneur Hagi Hassan	04:33
10. Quelle sottise fureur	03:08

ACT II

11. Introduction & Ouvrons le marché	05:23
12. Ils sont jaloux, je connais la race	10:54
13. On m'enchaîne, on m'entraîne	08:26
14. Chacun est parti	07:15

ACT III

15. Entr'acte & Mon plan est arrêté	07:57
16. Par vos ordres	05:54
17. Indomptable fierté	01:43
18. Honneur, honneur	01:56
19. Qu'on m'apporte à l'instant	02:39
20. Des chanteurs déguisés	01:59
21. Puisque le Sultan le demande	07:32
22. Pleure, pleure	01:39
23. Quand l'espoir t'es ravi	02:18
24. Le bonheur des familles	01:47
25. Qu'on les enchaîne	03:35

ACT IV

26. Entr'acte	03:01
27. En vain vous déployez	11:04
28. Vole, vole, notre âme	01:56
29. Imprudente réponse	04:19
30. Je reste confondu	03:08
31. Petite bague taillée	03:14
32. Au ridicule ajoutant l'infamie	03:51
33. Vous vivrez mon père	03:05

Total timing

142:56