



Golden Age Erin Morley
Lawrence Brownlee

MÜNCHNER RUNDFUNKORCHESTER
IVAN REPUŠIĆ

GOLDEN AGE

Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848)

La fille du régiment (1840)

1 Quoi! Vous m'aimez? ... De cet aveu si tendre 6. 54

Marie **Erin Morley**, soprano
Tonio **Lawrence Brownlee**, tenor

Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)

Le comte Ory (1828)

2 Ah, quel respect ... Ce téméraire qui croit nous plaire 9. 58

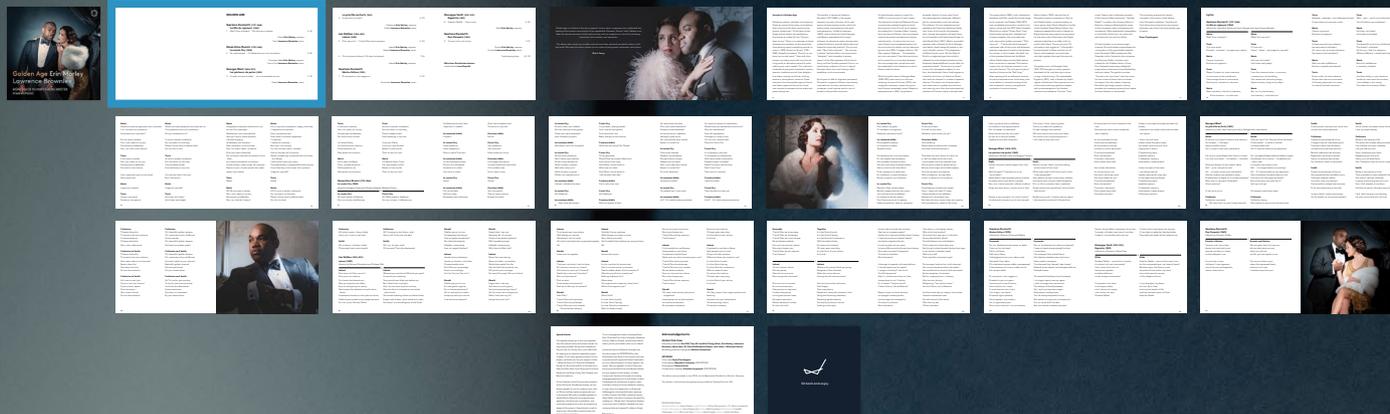
Countess Adèle **Erin Morley**, soprano
Count Ory **Lawrence Brownlee**, tenor

Georges Bizet (1838–1875)

Les pêcheurs de perles (1863)

3 À cette voix quel trouble ... Je crois entendre encore 5. 18

Nadir **Lawrence Brownlee**, tenor



La jolie fille de Perth (1867)

4 Ils verront si je mens! 6.59

Catherine **Erin Morley**, soprano
Smith **Lawrence Brownlee**, tenor

Léo Delibes (1836-1891)

Lakmé (1883)

5 D'où viens-tu? ... C'est le Dieu de la jeunesse 6.59

Lakmé **Erin Morley**, soprano
Gérald **Lawrence Brownlee**, tenor

6 Où va la jeune Indoue (L'Air des clochettes) 7.56

Lakmé **Erin Morley**, soprano

Gaetano Donizetti

Marino Faliero (1835)

7 Di mia patria o bel soggiorno 9.05

Fernando **Lawrence Brownlee**, tenor

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Rigoletto (1851)

8 Gualtier Maldè! ... Caro nome 6.43

Gilda **Erin Morley**, soprano

Gaetano Donizetti

Don Pasquale (1843)

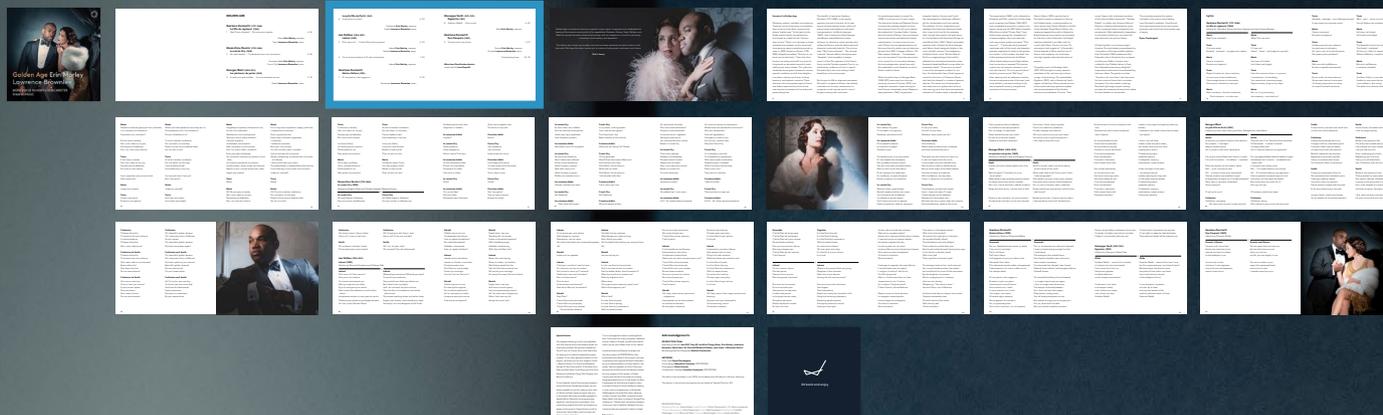
9 Tornami a dir che m'ami 3.01

Norina **Erin Morley**, soprano
Ernesto **Lawrence Brownlee**, tenor

Total playing time: 62.53

Münchner Rundfunkorchester

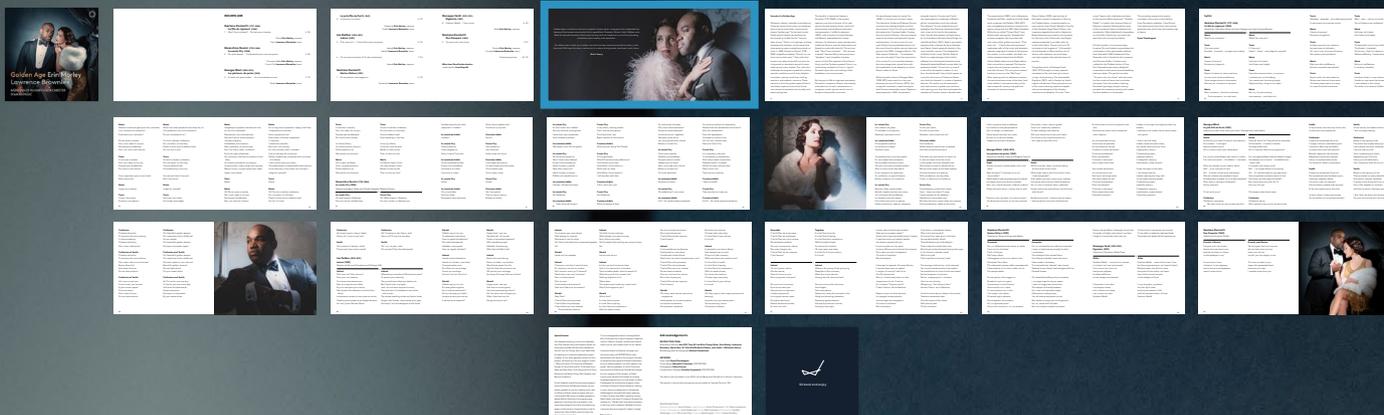
conducted by **Ivan Repušić**



Golden Age is a tribute to the era in operatic history when composers truly celebrated the beauty of the human voice and all of its capabilities. Donizetti, Rossini, Verdi, Delibes, and Bizet all savored elements of bel canto writing, with an emphasis on vocal line, phrasing, coloratura, tonal beauty, and expression.

This album was a total joy to make, and we have been extremely excited to share it with the world. We hope this music carries you to a place of enjoyment, sentiment, and charm.

Erin & Larry



Sounds of a Golden Age

Glittering, radiant, valuable, and enduring. These are some of the many connotations that come to mind when conjuring the phrase “golden age.” As far back as the Greek author Hesiod, the epithet has functioned as a label for the “halcyon days of yore.” Music is no stranger to these retrospective impulses, as the sense that time passing means something sounds no more. In 1858, Gioachino Rossini (1792–1868) allegedly remarked, “Alas for us, we have lost our *bel canto*.” Even with that lament, we today would still envy him for living amid an abundant period of music making and music makers. This collection celebrates those great nineteenth-century operatic traditions and all their delights—love duets, soaring vocal lines, thrilling tessitura, and operatic romance. These selections from the golden ages of French and Italian repertoire show how those vast musical ecosystems thrive today and perennially glitter.

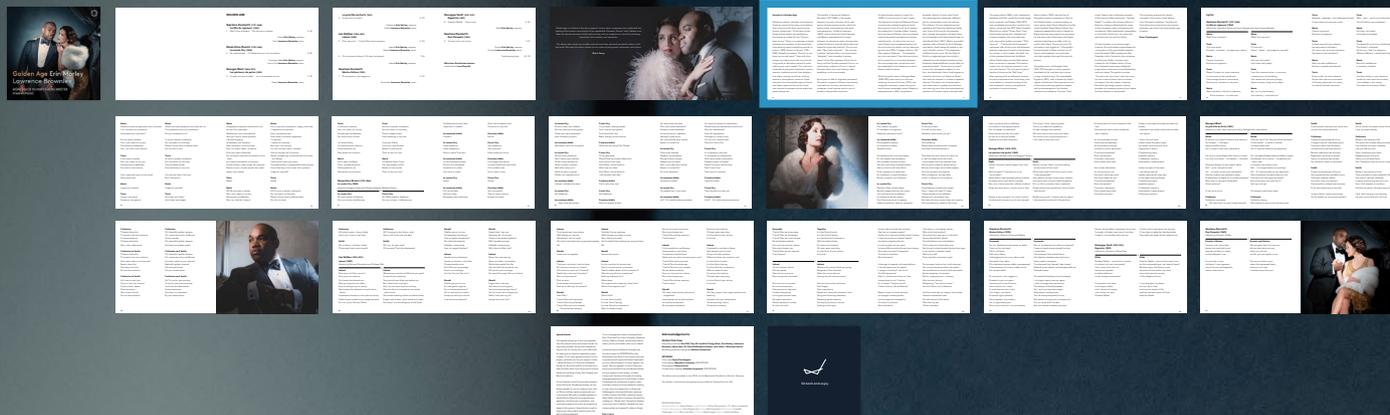
The handful of operas by Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848) in the regular repertory are only a fraction of his vast oeuvre of some seventy works, which still entice artists and audiences with each new generation. *La fille du régiment* (1840), with a libretto by Saint-Georges and Bayard, exemplifies this unique alchemy. Its whimsical *opéra comique* plot, militaristic flavors, and old-fashioned vocal fireworks continually electrify. The act one duet “Quoi! Vous m’aimez? ... De cet aveu si tendre” features Marie, the eponymous “daughter” and *vivandière* (canteen server) of the 21st regiment of the French Army, and the Tyrolean peasant Tonio in an interlocking confession of love. In typical Donizetti style, the vocal writing is deft, breathless, and consummate.

By the year *La fille du régiment* premiered, Donizetti’s compatriot Rossini was already a decade into his early retirement as a composer, a well-earned rest for one of Europe’s most prolific musicians.

His penultimate opera *Le comte Ory* (1828) is a curious sort of comic opera. The libretto by Scribe and Delestre-Poirson concerns the madcap lengths to which the amorous Count Ory will go to seduce the melancholy Countess Adèle. Coming from the hand of Rossini, the score boasts musical structures and textures of great sophistication. It is also a two-for-one work, Rossini having adapted sections of the score from his earlier one-act *dramma giocoso* from 1825, *Il viaggio a Reims*. “Ah! Quel respect, Madame ... Ce téméraire qui croit nous plaire” from the second act of *Le comte Ory* is a love duet between the two protagonists, spiced here with the resplendent vocal dexterity on which Rossini made his fame.

While the public fame of Georges Bizet (1838–1875) rests mainly on the ever-enduring success of *Carmen* (1875), the composer’s dramatic output during his brief life was remarkably varied. Despite a tepid premiere in 1863, *Les pêcheurs*

de perles (text by Cormon and Carré) has reemerged as a harbinger of Bizet’s gift for orchestration and lush melody. The soliloquy “Je crois entendre encore” spotlights the Ceylonian fisherman Nadir, who clings to his love for the priestess Leïla, though that passion will spell doom for his friendship with best friend Zurga. *La jolie fille de Perth* (1867), Bizet’s next public premiere with a libretto by Saint-Georges and Adenis, fared marginally better in the court of public opinion. This adaptation of Walter Scott’s novel *The Fair Maid of Perth* is a neglected gem that initially suffered from the textual alterations that frequently bedeviled Bizet’s scores after his premature death. “Ils verront si je mens!” is one of its showpiece numbers. In act four, the blacksmith Henry Smith agrees to a duel for the honor of Catherine Glover, who bids him farewell in a state of operatic delirium. The duet’s mix of lamentation and mad scene is a golden tour de force with soaring vocal lines that anticipate the melodies of *Carmen* nearly a decade later.



The opera *Lakmé* (1883), with a libretto by Gondinet and Gille, would be the last stage work composer Léo Delibes (1836–1891) ever completed and remains central to his legacy, along with the 1870 ballet *Coppélia*. While the so-called “Flower Duet” from *Lakmé* ranks among the “greatest hits” of opera snippets, the score abounds with many other golden moments. “D’où viens-tu? ... C’est le dieu de la jeunesse” captivates with all the vocal and dramatic splendor expected of a duet to bring down the curtain. In this number, the fatal love of the priestess Lakmé and the British officer Gérald takes musical flight before their connection is exposed. The heroine is given her solo bravura moment in act two with the aria “Où va la jeune Indoue,” familiarly known as the “Bell Song.” After opening with an elaborate vocalise, the aria showcases some of the best (and most athletic) coloratura writing of the late nineteenth century, twinged with moments of ominous reverie.

Marino Faliero (1835) was the first of Donizetti’s operas to premiere in Paris at the Théâtre Italien, commissioned by no less a person than Rossini. Based on the life of the Venetian Doge Marino Faliero, this imposing *tragedia lirica* with a libretto by Bidera features many stand-out moments for the tenor role of Fernando, the Doge’s nephew embroiled in an affair with his uncle’s wife, Elena. The act one aria “Dì mia patria o bel soggiorno” is Fernando’s furtive farewell to Elena and the city of Venice, with explosive runs and leaps into high registers that seal the sense of passion.

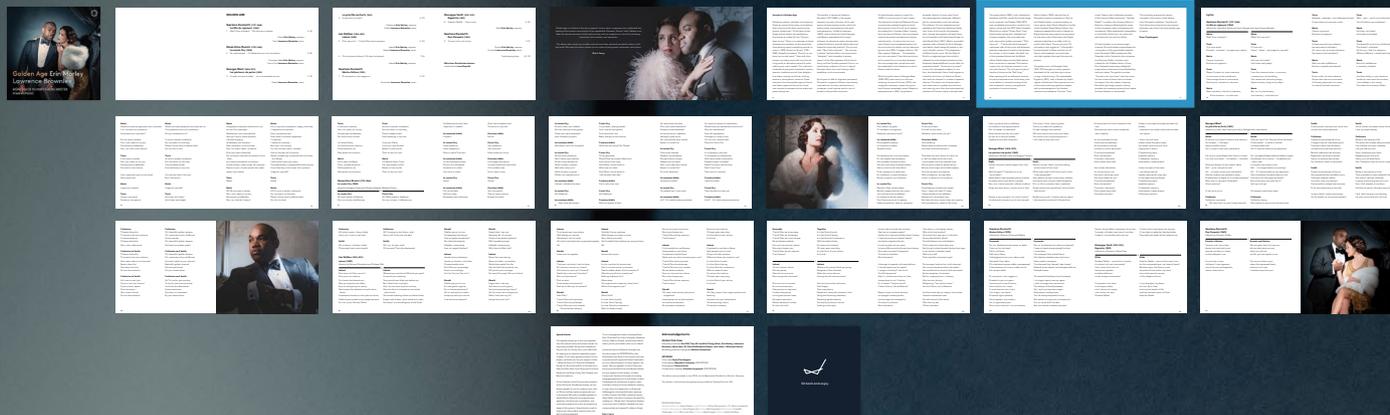
The golden touch of Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901) brought so many operatic standards to life, and their glint shows no sign of diminishing. The redoubtable *Rigoletto* (1851), with a libretto by Verdi’s regular collaborator Piave, persists as one of the most enduring repertoire staples, with prime examples of the Verdian *cavatina* and *cabaletta*. The aria “Caro

nome” begins with a delicate evocation of the heroine Gilda’s paramour “Gualtier Maldè”—in reality, the villainous Duke of Mantua in disguise. Buttressed by some of the composer’s best orchestration for woodwinds, Gilda idealistically rhapsodizes on the thrills of first love, one which will spell doom for her and her father.

All that’s golden is not always tragic, however. No work better encapsulates the culmination of the opera buffa tradition than Donizetti’s 1843 masterwork *Don Pasquale*, with a libretto by the composer and Giovanni Ruffini. Another work crafted for the Théâtre-Italien in Paris, *Don Pasquale* boasts every delightful trope about mischievous lovers befuddling ludicrous elders. The gentle love duet “Tornami a dir che m’ami” sets the scene for the nocturnal farce that concludes the opera. Ever the master of pacing, Donizetti’s glintingly strophic setting provides the necessary serenity that makes the final tableau so memorable.

This recording presents the version included in the recent critical edition from Donizetti’s publisher, Casa Ricordi. Such discoveries show what new musical glimmers may shine from that golden age of opera.

Ryan Prendergast



Lyrics

Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848)

La fille du régiment (1840)

Libretto by Jules Henri Vernoy de Saint-Georges and Jean François Bayard

1

Marie
Quoi! Vous m'aimez? ...

Tonio
Si je vous aime!...
Écoutez!... écoutez!... et jugez vous-même.

Marie
Voyons, écoutons!
Écoutez et jugeons!...

Tonio
Depuis l'instant où, dans mes bras,
Je vous reçus toute tremblante,
Votre image douce et charmante,
Nuit et jour, s'attache à mes pas...

Marie
Mais, monsieur, c'est de la mémoire,
De la mémoire... et voilà tout...

Marie
What! You love me?...

Tonio
If I love you!...
Listen!... listen!... and judge for yourself.

Marie
Let's see, let's listen!
Let's listen and judge!...

Tonio
From the moment when, in my arms,
I received you, all trembling,
Your sweet and charming image,
Night and day, clings to my steps...

Marie
But, sir, it's just memory,
Just memory... and that's all...

Tonio
Attendez... attendez... vous n'êtes pas au bout!
À mes aveux vous pouvez croire!...

Marie
Voyons, écoutons!
Écoutez et jugeons!

Tonio
Le beau pays de mon enfance,
Les amis que je chérissais...
Ah ! pour vous, je le sens d'avance,
Sans peine je les quitterais!...

Marie
Mais une telle indifférence
Est bien coupable assurément!

Tonio
Et puis enfin, de votre absence,
Ne pouvant vaincre le tourment
J'ai bravé jusque dans ce camp,
Le coup d'une balle ennemie...

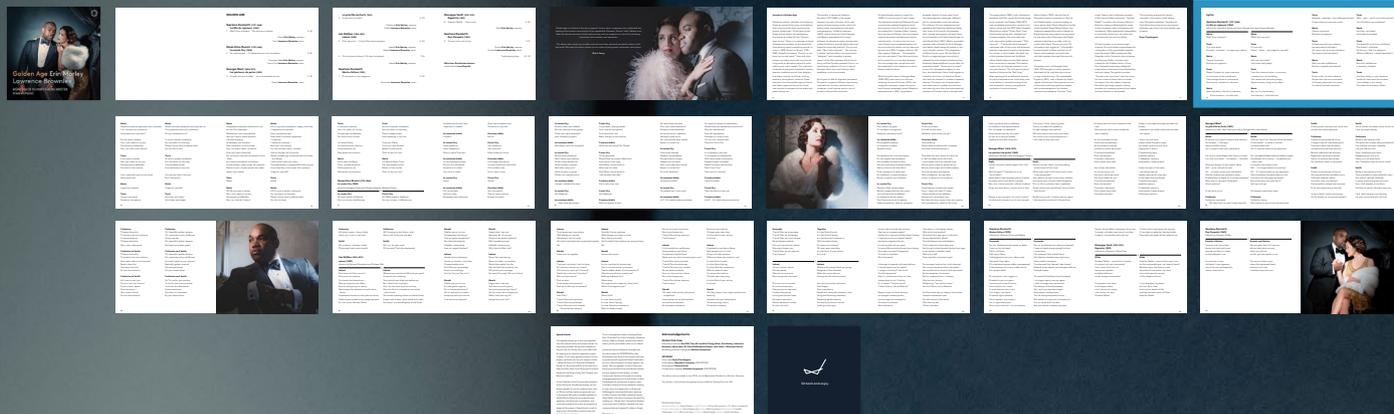
Tonio
Wait... wait... you're not at the end yet!
You will believe my confession!...

Marie
Let's see, let's listen!
Let's listen and judge!

Tonio
The beautiful land of my childhood,
The friends I cherished...
Ah! for you, I feel it in advance,
Without difficulty, I would leave them!...

Marie
But such indifference
Is certainly culpable!

Tonio
And then finally, in your absence,
Unable to overcome the torment,
I even defied, in this camp,
The strike of an enemy's bullet...



Marie

Quand on aime les gens pour eux, monsieur,
L'on conserve son existence...
Entendez-vous, monsieur?

De cet aveu si tendre,
Non, mon cœur en ce jour,
Ne sait pas se défendre,
Non, car c'est là de l'amour!

Tonio

À cet aveu si tendre,
Non, son cœur, en ce jour,
Ne peut pas se défendre,
De croire à mon amour.

Vous voyez bien que je vous aime!
Mais j'aime seul...

Marie

Jugez vous-même!

Tonio

Voyons, écoutons!
Écoutons, et jugeons!

Marie

When one loves people for who they are, sir,
One preserves one's own existence...
Do you understand, sir?

To such a tender confession,
No, my heart, on this day,
Doesn't know how to defend itself,
No, for this is love!

Tonio

At such a tender confession,
No, her heart, on this day,
Cannot defend itself
From believing in my love.

You see well that I love you!
But I love alone...

Marie

Judge for yourself!

Tonio

Let's see, let's listen!
Let's listen and judge!

Marie

Longtemps coquette, heureuse et vive,
Je riaais d'un adorateur...
Maintenant, mon âme pensive
Sent qu'il est un autre bonheur!
J'aimais la guerre,
Je détestais nos ennemis...
Mais, à présent, je suis sincère,
Pour l'un d'eux, hélas ! je frémis!
Et du jour plein d'alarmes,
Où, ranimant mes sens au parfum d'une
fleur,
Je la sentis humide de vos larmes...
La douce fleur, trésor rempli de charmes,
Depuis ce jour n'a pas quitté mon cœur.
Jugez-vous même!

Tonio

Marie!

Marie

Ah! De cet aveu si tendre,
Non, mon cœur en ce jour,
Ne sait pas se défendre,
Non, car c'est de l'amour!

Marie

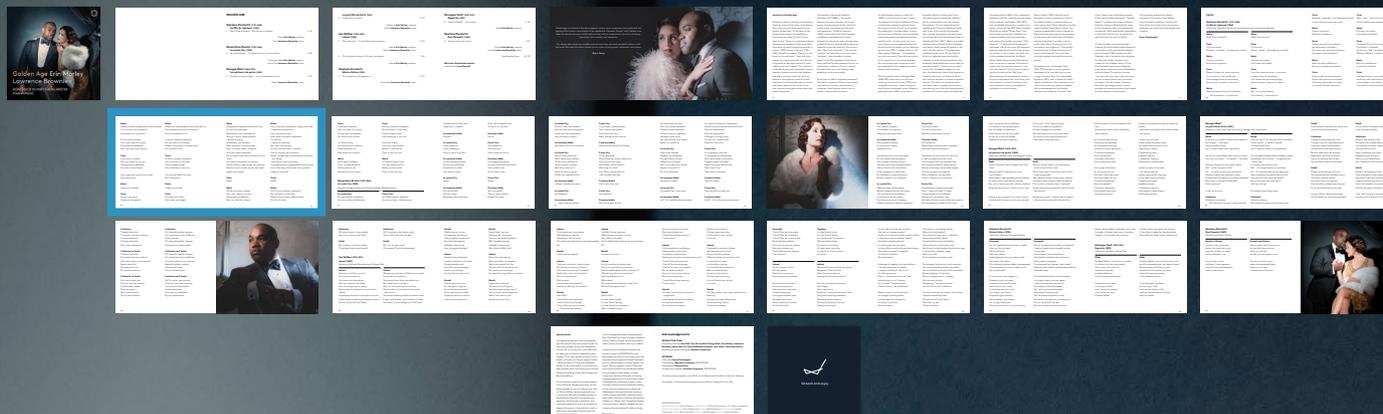
For a long time coquettish, happy, and lively
I laughed at an admirer...
Now, my pensive soul
Feels there is another happiness!
I loved war,
I hated our enemies...
But now, I am sincere,
For one of them, alas! I shudder!
And on the day full of alarms,
Where, awakening my senses with the scent
of a flower,
I felt it moist with your tears...
The sweet flower, a treasure filled with charms,
Since that day, it has never left my heart.
Judge for yourself!

Tonio

Marie!

Marie

Ah! To such a tender confession,
No, my heart, on this day,
Doesn't know how to defend itself,
No, for it is love!



Tonio

À cet aveu si tendre,
Non, son cœur, en ce jour,
Ne peut pas se défendre,
De croire à mon amour.

Je t'aime, Marie,
Je t'aime et pour toujours,
Plutôt perdre la vie
Que perdre nos amours.

Marie

Sur le cœur de Marie,
Tonio, compte toujours!...
Plutôt perdre la vie
Que perdre nos amours!

Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)

Le comte Ory (1828)

Libretto by Eugène Scribe and Charles-Gaspard Delestre-Poirson

Tonio

At such a tender confession,
No, her heart, on this day,
Cannot defend itself
From believing in my love.

I love you, Marie,
I love you—and forever!
Better to lose my life
Than to lose our love.

Marie

On Marie's heart, Tonio,
You may always count!
Better to lose my life
Than to lose our love!

2

Le comte Ory

Ah! quel respect, Madame,
Pour vos vertus m'enflamme:

Count Ory

Ah! What respect, Madame,
For your virtues, it inflames me:

Souffrez que de mon âme
J'exprime ici l'ardeur!

La comtesse Adèle

L'ardeur?

Le comte Ory

Votre prudence,
Votre obligeance
Nous a sauvé l'honneur.

La comtesse Adèle

Je suis heureuse et fière
D'avoir d'un téméraire
Soustrait à la colère
Une vertu si chère.

Le comte Ory

Vertu!

La comtesse Adèle

Oui, je suis fière
Qu'à sa colère
Échappent tant d'attraits.

Allow me to express here
The fervor of my soul!

Countess Adèle

Fervor?

Count Ory

Your prudence,
Your kindness
Have saved our honor.

Countess Adèle

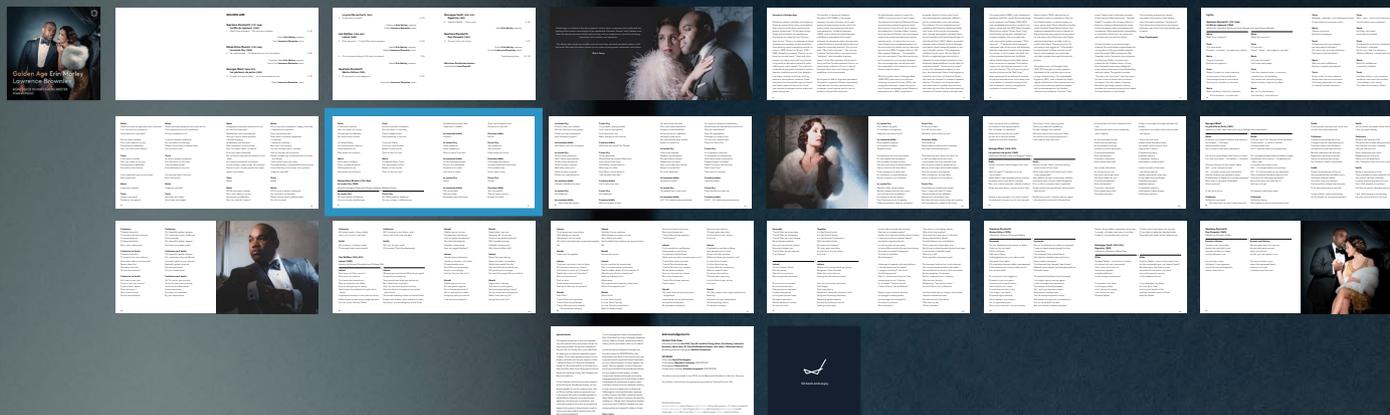
I am happy and proud
To have saved from the wrath
Of a reckless man
Such a dear virtue.

Count Ory

Virtue!

Countess Adèle

Yes, I am proud
That so many charms
Escape his wrath.



Le comte Ory

En mon coeur rien n'efface
Tant de charmes et de grâces.
Cette main que j'embrasse
Vous l'atteste à jamais.

La comtesse Adèle

Que faites-vous? Ah! de grâce!

Le comte Ory

De ma reconnaissance,
Quoi! l'excès vous offense!
Et sans votre assistance,
Hélas! lorsque j'y pense...
Quel était notre sort!..
Hélas! lorsque j'y pense...
D'effroi j'en tremble encor...

La comtesse Adèle

Calmez, calmez votre âme.

Le comte Ory

Ah! Madame!

La comtesse Adèle

Quel excès de frayeur!

Count Ory

In my heart, nothing erases
Such charms and graces.
This hand that I kiss
Bears witness to this forever.

Countess Adèle

What are you doing? Ah! Please!

Count Ory

Of my gratitude,
What! Does the excess offend you!
And without your help,
Alas! When I think about it...
What was our fate!..
Alas! When I think about it...
I still tremble with fear...

Countess Adèle

Calm, calm your soul.

Count Ory

Ah! Madame!

Countess Adèle

What an excess of fear!

Ah, quel excès d'ivresse,
D'où vient cette tendresse?
Pourquoi cette tendresse?
La crainte encor l'opresse.
Quoique si près de lui,
Ah! vous pouvez sans crainte
Braver le comte Ory.

Le comte Ory

Il faut avec adresse
Modérer ma tendresse;
De quelle douce ivresse
Malgré moi j'ai frémé!
Quoi, vous osez sans crainte
Braver le comte Ory?
On le dit téméraire.

La comtesse Adèle

Je brave sa colère.

Le comte Ory

On prétend qu'il vous aime.

La comtesse Adèle

Lui?!... Ah, quelle audace extrême!

Ah, what an excess of intoxication,
Where does this tenderness come from?
Why this tenderness?
Fear still oppresses it.
Although so close to him,
Ah! You can, without fear,
Defy the Count Ory.

Count Ory

It is necessary, with skill,
To moderate my tenderness;
With what sweet intoxication,
Despite myself, I shudder!
What! You dare, without fear,
Defy Count Ory?
They say he is reckless.

Countess Adèle

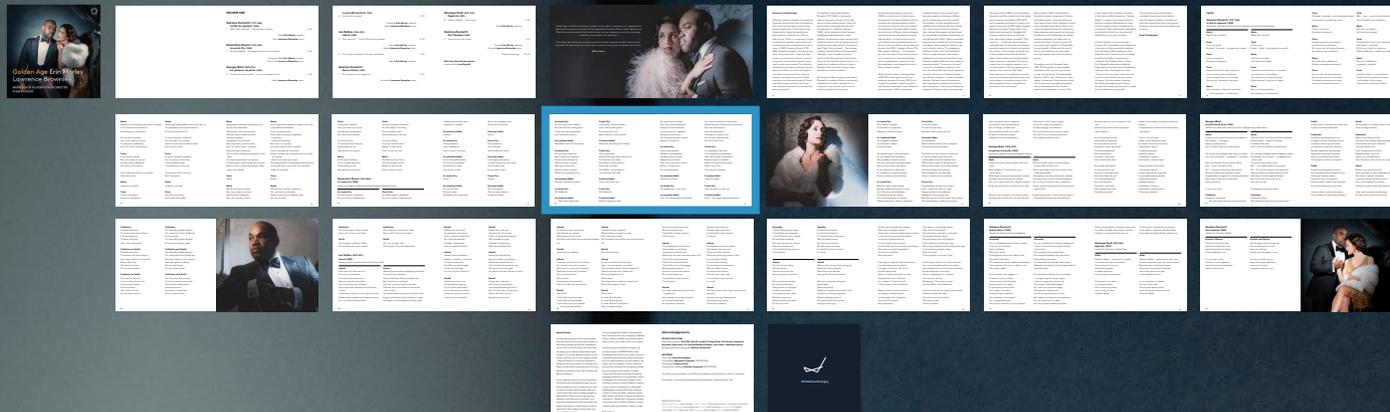
I defy his wrath.

Count Ory

They say that he loves you.

Countess Adèle

Him?!... Ah, what extreme audacity!





Le comte Ory

Pour obtenir sa grâce
S'il tombait à vos genoux,
Madame, que feriez-vous?

La comtesse Adèle

D'une pareille audace
La honte et le mépris
Seraient le prix.

Ce téméraire qui croit nous plaire,
En vain espère être vainqueur;
Moi je préfère l'amant sincère
Qui sait nous taire sa tendre ardeur...
Mais on doit rire du faux délire
Et du martyr d'un séducteur.
En confiance, on peut d'avance
Braver, je pense, son insolence.

Le comte Ory

Beauté si fière, prude sévère,
Bientôt j'espère toucher son coeur;
Je ris d'avance de sa défense;
La résistance est de rigueur...
Puis l'heure arrive où la captive,
Faible et plaintive, cède au vainqueur.

Count Ory

To win your favor,
If he fell at your feet,
Madame, what would you do?

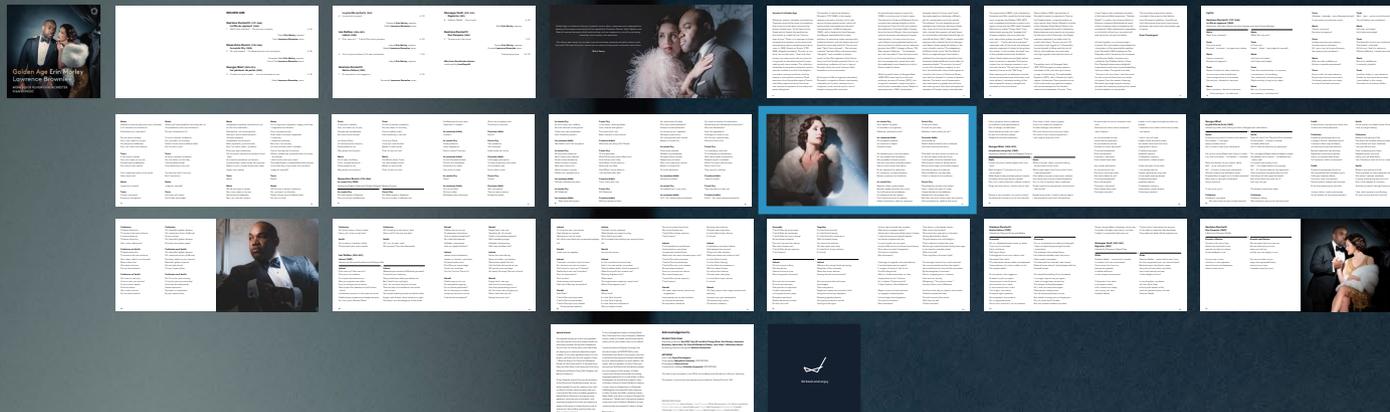
Countess Adèle

Such audacity
Would deserve shame and contempt,
And that would be the price.

That bold one who thinks to charm us,
In vain he hopes to be the victor;
I much prefer the true-hearted lover
Who knows to hide his tender fervor...
But we must laugh at the false rapture
And the torment of a seducer.
With confidence, we may defy,
I think, in advance, his insolence.

Count Ory

Proud beauty, prudish and severe,
Soon, I hope, her heart I'll sway;
I laugh already at her defense—
Resistance is the proper way...
But then the hour comes when the captive,
Frail and plaintive, yields to the victor.



Il faut, je pense, être en défense;
La confiance n'est pas prudence.
Pour se venger, ce séducteur
Saura bientôt toucher ton coeur.
En vain tu ris de mon ardeur,
J'espère encore être vainqueur.

One must, I think, stay on guard;
Trust is no match for prudence.
To take revenge, that seducer
Will soon know how to win your heart.
You mock in vain my burning fervor—
I still hope to play the victor.

Georges Bizet (1838–1875)
Les pêcheurs de perles (1863)

Libretto by Michèle Carré and Eugène Cormon

Nadir

À cette voix quel trouble agitait tout mon être?
Quel fol espoir? Comment ai-je cru reconnaître?
Hélas! devant mes yeux déjà, pauvre insensé,
La même vision tant de fois a passé!
Non, non, c'est le remords, la fièvre, la délire!
Zurga doit tout savoir, j'aurais tout lui dire!

Nadir

What a turmoil within my whole being,
at the sound of her voice!
What mad hope is this! How could I think
I had recognized?...
Alas, before my poor insane eyes, already,
this same vision has too often floated by.
No, no, this is remorse, fever, madness!
Zurga must know everything! I should have
told him all!

Parjure à mon serment, j'ai voulu la revoir!
J'ai découvert sa trace, et j'ai suivi ses pas!

Breaking my troth, I tried to see her again;
I discovered her trail and I followed her;

Et caché dans la nuit et soupirant tout
bas,
J'écoutais ses doux chants emportés
dans l'espace.

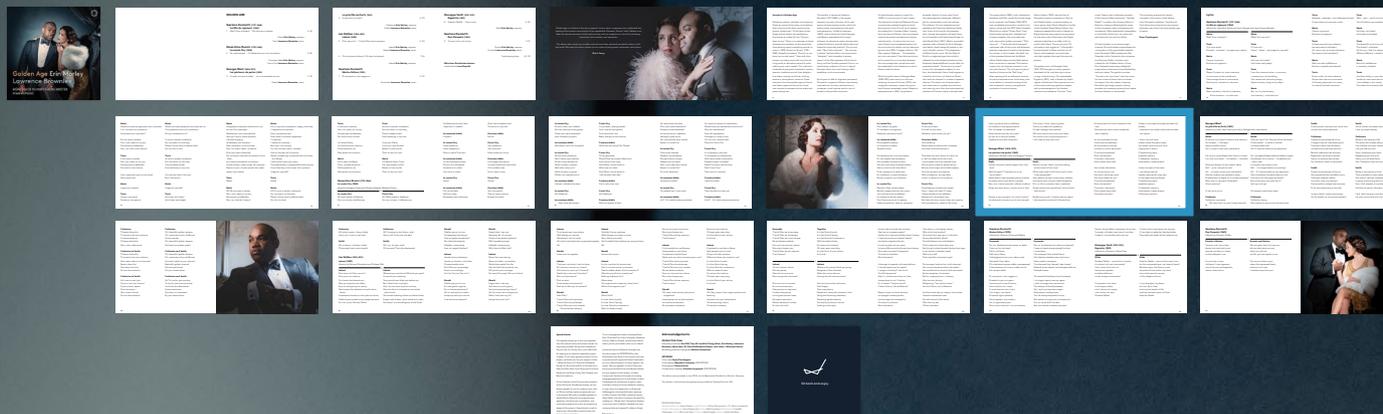
hidden in the night and sighing under my
breath,
I listened to her sweet chants borne away
into space...

Je crois entendre encore,
Caché sous les palmiers,
Sa voix tendre et sonore
Comme un chant de ramier!
O nuit enchanteresse!
Divin ravissement!
O souvenir charmant!
Folle ivresse! doux rêve!

I think I can still hear,
hidden under the palm-trees,
her tender and sonorous voice
singing like a dove's.
O bewitching night,
exquisite rapture,
O delightful memory,
mad elation, sweet dream!

Aux clartés des étoiles,
Je crois encore la voir,
Entr'ouvrir ses longs voiles
Aux vents tièdes du soir!
O nuit enchanteresse!
Divin ravissement!
O souvenir charmant!
Folle ivresse! doux rêve!
Charmant souvenir!

Under the light of the stars
I can almost see her
slightly opening her long veils
to the tepid evening breeze.
O bewitching night,
exquisite rapture,
O delightful memory,
mad elation, sweet dream!
Charming memory!



Georges Bizet

La jolie fille de Perth (1867)

Libretto by Jules-Henri Vernoy de Saint-Georges and Jules Adenis

4

Smith

Ils verront si je mens! ils seront tous témoins
Du combat... C'est égal...
déjà je souffre moins!
Ah! si j'avais ce duc pour adversaire!

Car je suis contre Ralph sans haine ni colère...
Il la croit innocente... il la défend... c'est bien!

Dans ma douleur et ma misère, hélas!
Moi!... je ne crois plus à rien!
Ah!... si j'avais ce duc pour adversaire!...
Que les instants me semblent longs!...
Et quand donc le signal va-t-il se faire entendre?
Mais, seul ici, pourquoi l'attendre?
Allons, partons!

O ciel, qu'ai-je vu!

Catherine

Catherine, mourante,
Qui veut vous voir pour la dernière fois!

24

Smith

They will see if I lie! They will all be witnesses
Of the battle... It doesn't matter...
I already suffer less!
Ah! If I had this duke as my opponent!

For I am against Ralph without hatred or anger...
He believes her innocent... he defends her...
that's well!

In my pain and misery, alas!
Me!... I no longer believe in anything!
Ah!... If I had this duke as my opponent!...
How long these moments seem to me!
And when will the signal be heard?
But, alone here, why wait for it?
Let's go, let's go!

Oh heavens, what have I seen!

Catherine

Catherine, dying,
Who wishes to see you for the last time!

Smith

À ses accents, aux doux son de sa voix,
Je sens ma colère expirante...

Catherine

À peine au printemps de la vie,
L'orage a fait fuir mes beaux jours!
Comme la fleur trop tôt flétrie,
Je meurs ainsi que mes amours!
Bientôt, déplorant tes alarmes,
Regrettant tes amours perdus,
Henry, tu verseras des larmes
Ta Catherine, hélas! ne sera plus!

Smith

À peine au printemps d'une vie
Qui promettait tant de beaux jours,
Celle que j'adorais, flétrie,
Va mourir avec nos amours!
Pauvre enfant, malgré mes alarmes
Et les tourments que je t'ais dûs,

Je sens, hélas ! couler mes larmes,
Sur ta douleur et nos amours perdus!

Smith

At her words, the sweet sound of her voice,
I feel my anger fading...

Catherine

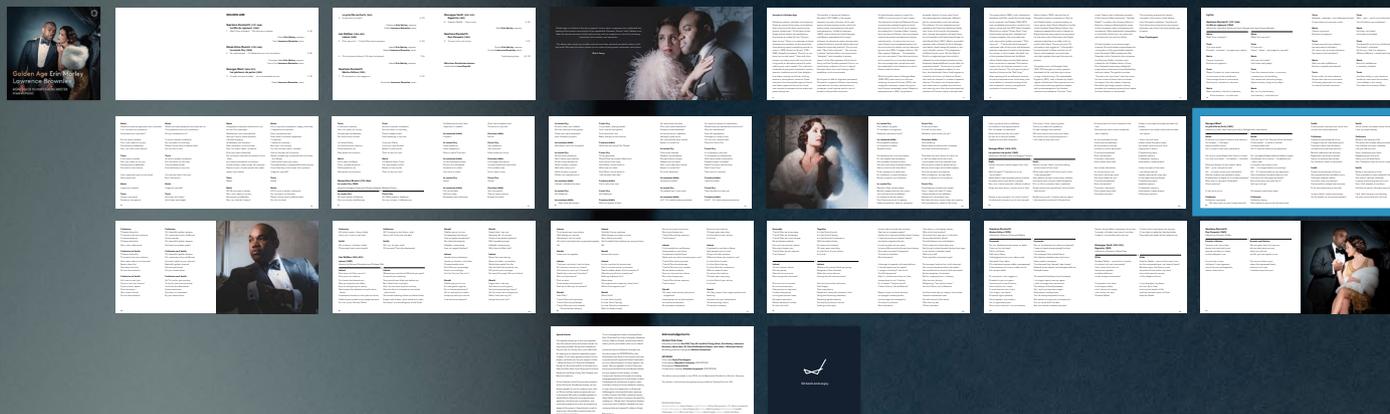
Barely in the spring of life,
The storm has chased away my beautiful days!
Like a flower too soon withered,
I die just like my love!
Soon, lamenting your fears,
Regretting your lost love,
Henry, you will shed tears,
Your Catherine, alas! will be no more!

Smith

Barely in the spring of a life
That promised so many beautiful days,
She whom I adored, withered,
Is going to die along with our love!
Poor child, despite all my fears
And the torments I brought upon you,

I feel, alas! my tears now flowing,
For your sorrow and our lost love!

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Catherine

Ô beaux rêves d'or,
Ô souvenirs de mon enfance,
A votre puissance,
Ô beaux rêves d'or,
Mon coeur cède encor!

Catherine et Smith

Ô beaux rêves d'or,
Ô souvenirs de mon enfance,
Mon coeur cède à vos charmes!
Beaux rêves d'or!
Mon âme s'envivre
De vos doux attraits.

Catherine et Smith

Ah! vivre un seul jour,
Vivre un seul jour encore!
Et puis mourir après!
Doux souvenirs...
Mon coeur s'envivre
De vos doux attraits.

Catherine

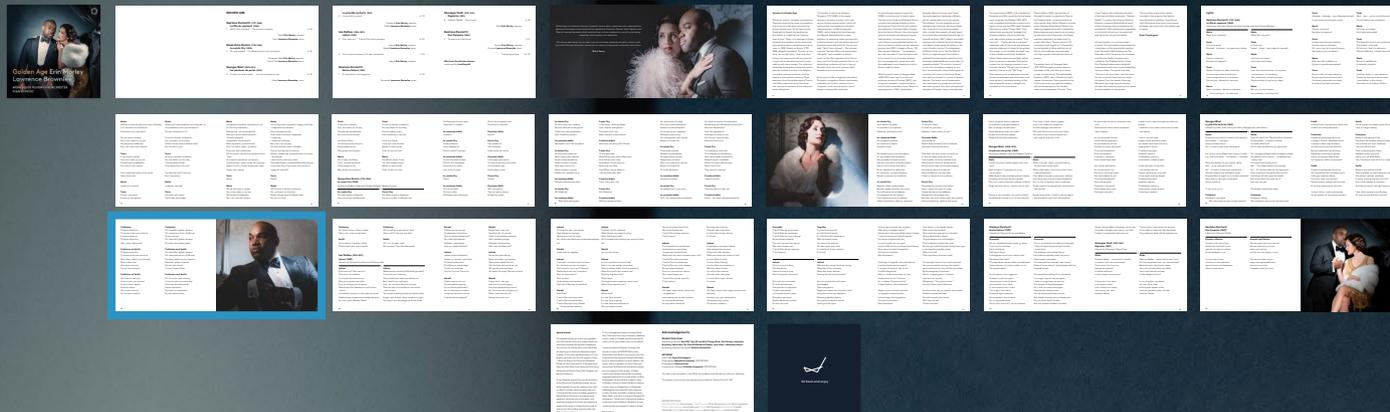
Oh, beautiful golden dreams,
Oh, memories of my childhood,
At your power,
Oh, beautiful golden dreams,
My heart surrenders again!

Catherine and Smith

Oh, beautiful golden dreams,
Oh, memories of my childhood,
My heart yields to your charms!
Beautiful golden dreams!
My soul gets drunk
On your sweet allure.

Catherine and Smith

Ah! To live for just one day,
To live for just one more day!
And then die afterwards!
Sweet memories...
My heart is intoxicated
By your sweet allure.



Catherine

Ah! je vais mourir, Henry, hélas!
Henry, ah ! vivre un seul jour!

Smith

Ah! je pleure, ô douleur, hélas!
Ô tourment! puis mourir après!

Léo Delibes (1836–1891)

Lakmé (1883)

Libretto by Edmond Gondinet and Philippe Gille

Lakmé

D'où viens-tu? Que veux-tu?
Pour punir ton audace
On t'aurait tué devant moi.
Mais je rougis de mon effroi,
Et je ne veux pas qu'on sache,
Que le pied d'un barbare a souillé d'une
tâche
La demeure sacrée où mon père se cache,
Oublie et pour jamais ce qui frappe tes yeux,
Va-t'en! je suis fille des Dieux!

Catherine

Ah! I'm going to die, Henry, alas!
Henry, ah! To live just one day!

Smith

Ah! I cry, oh pain, alas!
Oh torment! Then die afterwards!

Lakmé

Where do you come from? What do you want?
To punish your audacity,
They would have killed you before me.
But I blush from my fright,
And I do not want anyone to know,
That the foot of a barbarian has soiled
with a stain
The sacred dwelling where my father hides,
Forget, and forever, what strikes your eyes,
Go away! I am the daughter of the Gods!

Gérald

Oublier que je t'ai vue
Te redressant tout émue
Sous un geste triomphant?
De colère frémissante,
Inflexible, menaçante
Avec ce regard d'enfant?

Lakmé

Jamais le plus téméraire,
Jamais un Hindou, mon frère,
N'oserait parler ainsi.
Et le Dieu qui me protège
Punira ton sacrilège
Va-t'en! Va-t'en! Sors d'ici!

Gérald

Oublier que je t'ai vue,
Et cette grâce ingénue,
Et ce charme pénétrant?
Ah! tu veux que je t'oublie
Lorsque je sens que ma vie
A tes lèvres se suspend?

Gérald

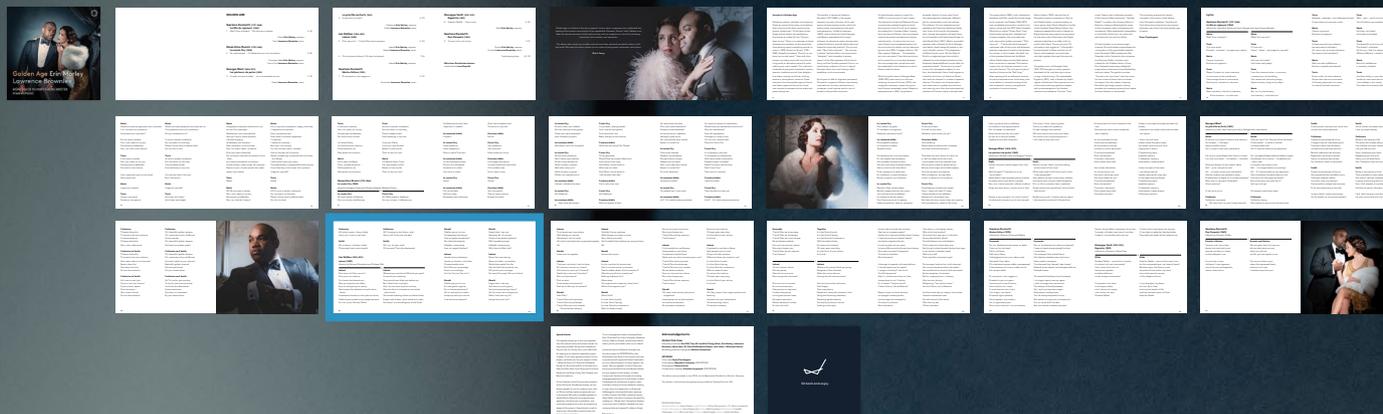
Forget that I saw you
Standing tall, all moved,
Under a triumphant gesture?
With trembling anger,
Inflexible, threatening,
With that childlike look?

Lakmé

Never the most daring,
Never an Indian, my brother,
Would dare speak like this.
And the God who protects me
Will punish your sacrilege.
Go away! Go away! Get out of here!

Gérald

Forget that I saw you,
And that innocent grace,
And that penetrating charm?
Ah! You want me to forget you,
When I feel that my life
Hangs from your lips?



Lakmé

Tu ne savais pas, sans doute,
Quel danger tu courrais.
Maintenant, suis ta route,
Va! c'est la mort dont rien ne pourrait te garder,
Va!

Gérald

Laisse-moi te regarder.

Lakmé

C'est pour moi dont il sait la haine,
Et c'est pour me voir un instant
Qu'il brave la mort, qu'il l'attend?
Quelle force vers moi l'entraîne?
Rien ne l'épouvante?
D'où te vient
Cette audace surhumaine?
Quel est le Dieu qui te soutient?

Gérald

Quel Dieu?
C'est le Dieu de la jeunesse,
C'est le Dieu du printemps,
C'est le Dieu qui nous caresse
De ses baisers ardents,

Lakmé

You didn't know, perhaps,
What danger you were running.
Now, follow your path,
Go! It is death that nothing can save you from,
Go!

Gérald

Let me look at you.

Lakmé

It is for me that he knows hate,
And it is to see me for a moment
That he defies death, that he awaits it?
What force pulls him toward me?
Nothing frightens him?
Where does
This superhuman audacity come from?
Which God supports you?

Gérald

Which God?
It is the God of youth,
It is the God of spring,
It is the God who caresses us
With his ardent kisses,

Par qui s'ouvrent les calices
Des roses chaque jour,
C'est le Dieu de tes caprices,
C'est l'amour!

Lakmé

Il m'a semblé qu'une flamme
Avait passé sur mon âme,
L'emplissant toute d'émoi.
Quels sont ces mots nouveaux pour moi?
C'est le Dieu de la jeunesse,
C'est le Dieu du printemps,
C'est le Dieu qui nous caresse
De ses baisers ardents,
Pour qui s'ouvrent les calices
Des roses chaque jour,
C'est le Dieu de tes caprices,
C'est l'amour!

Gérald

Oh! reste, reste encore, pensive et
rougissante.
Laisse passer sur ta douce pâleur
Le charme enchanteur
De ta pudeur naissante.

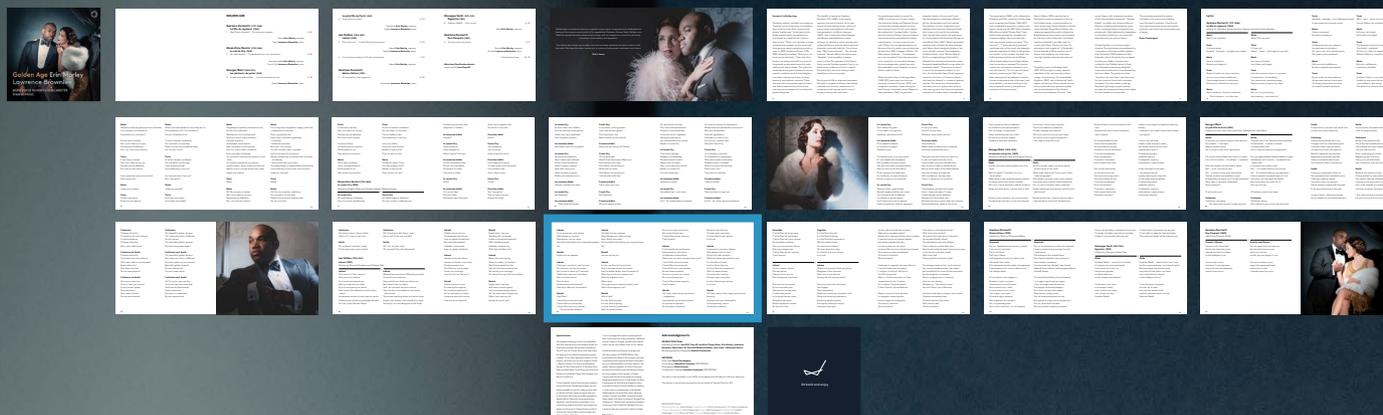
By whom the chalices
Of roses open every day,
It is the God of your whims,
It is Love!

Lakmé

It seemed to me that a flame
Had passed over my soul,
Filling it all with emotion.
What are these new words to me?
It is the God of youth,
It is the God of spring,
It is the God who caresses us
With his ardent kisses,
For whom the chalices
Of roses open every day,
It is the God of your whims,
It is Love!

Gérald

Oh! Stay, stay a little longer, pensive and
blushing.
Let pass over your sweet pallor
The enchanting charm
Of nascent modesty.



Ensemble

C'est le Dieu de la jeunesse,
C'est le Dieu du printemps,
C'est le Dieu qui nous caresse
De ses baisers ardents,
Pour qui s'ouvrent les calices
Des roses chaque jour,
C'est le Dieu de tes caprices,
C'est l'amour!

Together

It is the God of youth,
It is the God of spring,
It is the God who caresses us
With his ardent kisses,
For whom the chalices
Of roses open every day,
It is the God of your whims,
It is Love!

Lakmé

Où va la jeune Indoue,
Fille des parias,
Quand la lune se joue
Dans les grands mimosas?

Elle court sur la mousse.
Et ne se souvient pas
Que partout on repousse
L'enfant des parias!
Le long des lauriers roses,
Elle passe sans bruit.
Rêvant de douces choses
Et riant à la nuit!

Lakmé

Where is the young Hindu girl going,
Daughter of the outcasts,
When the moon dances
Among the tall mimosa trees?

She runs across the soft moss,
And forgets
That everywhere,
People turn away the outcast's child.
Along the blooming oleanders,
Dreaming gentle dreams,
She slips by without a sound,
Smiling at the night.

Là-bas, dans la forêt plus sombre.
Quel est ce voyageur perdu?
Autour de lui des yeux brillent dans l'ombre,
Il marche encore au hasard, éperdu.
Les fauves rugissent de joie,
Ils vont se jeter sur leur proie.
La jeune fille accourt et brave leurs fureurs,
Elle a dans sa main la baguette
Où tinte la clochette
Des charmeurs!

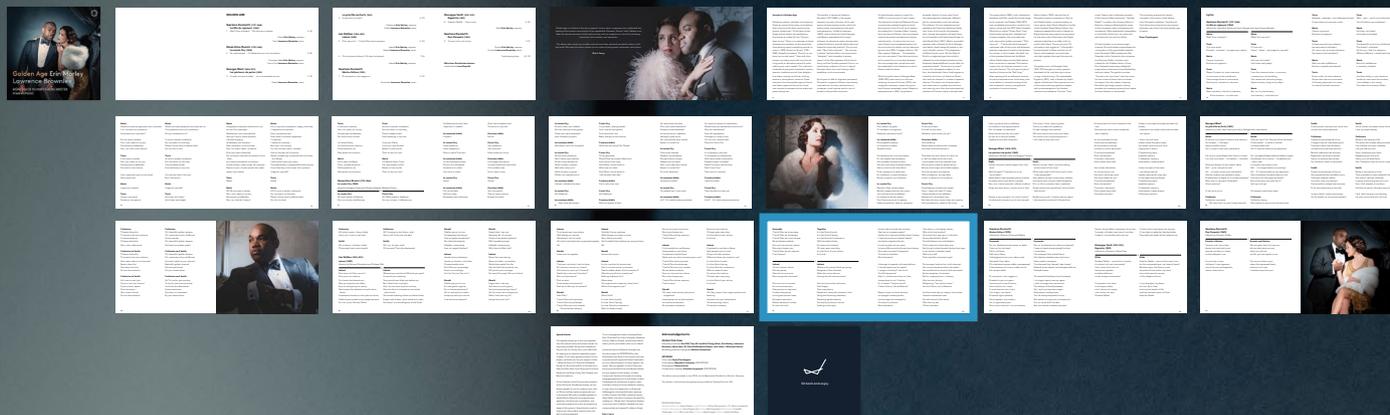
Over there, in the deeper forest—
Who is this lost traveler?
All around him, eyes glint in the dark.
He wanders blindly, afraid.
The wild beasts roar with delight—
They're about to strike their prey.
But the girl rushes forward, facing their rage.
In her hand is a slender wand,
With a tiny bell
That rings like a charmer's spell.

L'étranger la regarde, elle reste éblouie,
Il est plus beau que les rajahs!
Il rougira s'il sait qu'il doit la vie
À la fille des parias!
Mais lui, l'endormant dans un rêve,
Jusque dans le ciel il l'enlève
En lui disant: "Ta place est là!"
C'était Vishnou, fils de Brahma!

The stranger looks at her—she's stunned.
He is more handsome than the rajahs!
He would blush to know his life was saved
By the daughter of outcasts.
But he, wrapping her in a dream,
Lifts her into the sky,
Whispering, "Your place is here."
He was Vishnu, son of Brahma.

Depuis ce jour au fond des bois,
Le voyageur entend parfois
Le bruit léger de la baguette
Où tinte la clochette
Des charmeurs!

And from that day on, deep in the woods,
Travelers sometimes hear
The soft sound of the wand,
With the tiny bell
Of the charmers.



Gaetano Donizetti

Marino Faliero (1835)

Libretto by Giovanni Emanuele Bidéra

Fernando

No, no, d'abbandonarla senza un addio
Core non ho che basti
Partir m'è forza.
Dell'iniquo Steno
L'oltraggiose al suo onor infami note
Necessità l'han fatto
D'un sfortunato amore, addio, care speranze!
Case paterne ov'io vissi e crebbi con lei
Per sempre addio.

Di mia patria o bel soggiorno
Rivederti io più non spero
Sussurrar più a me d'intorno
Aure amiche non v'udirò,
Sì, aure amiche non v'udirò
Cari luoghi, ore ridenti,
Mi sarete ognor presenti,
Ma né godervi né scordarvi,
No, no giammai potrò.
Ma un solo conforto il cor mi sostiene,

7

Fernando

No, no, to abandon her without a farewell—
I have no heart strong enough for that.
I must leave.
The outrage of the wicked Steno,
His infamous slanders upon her honor,
Have made it necessary.
To a doomed love, farewell, dear hopes!
Paternal home, where I lived and grew with her,
Farewell forever.

Oh, beautiful dwelling of my homeland,
I no longer hope to see you again.
I shall no longer hear around me
The whisper of friendly breezes—
No, I shall not hear them again.
Dear places, smiling hours,
You will always be present to me,
But neither to enjoy you nor forget you—
No, no, never shall I be able.
But one comfort sustains my heart:

Pensar che gli affanni rattermpo al mio ben.
Se render m'è dato men tristo il suo fato
L'esiglio, la morte fien dolci per me.

To think that I may lessen her sorrows.
If I am able to make her fate less bitter,
Then exile and death will be sweet to me.

Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901)

Rigoletto (1851)

Libretto by Francesco Maria Piave

Gilda

Gualtier Maldè... nome di lui sì amato,
ti scolpisci nel core innamorato!
Caro nome che il mio cor
festi primo palpitar,
le delizie dell'amor
mi dei sempre rammentar!

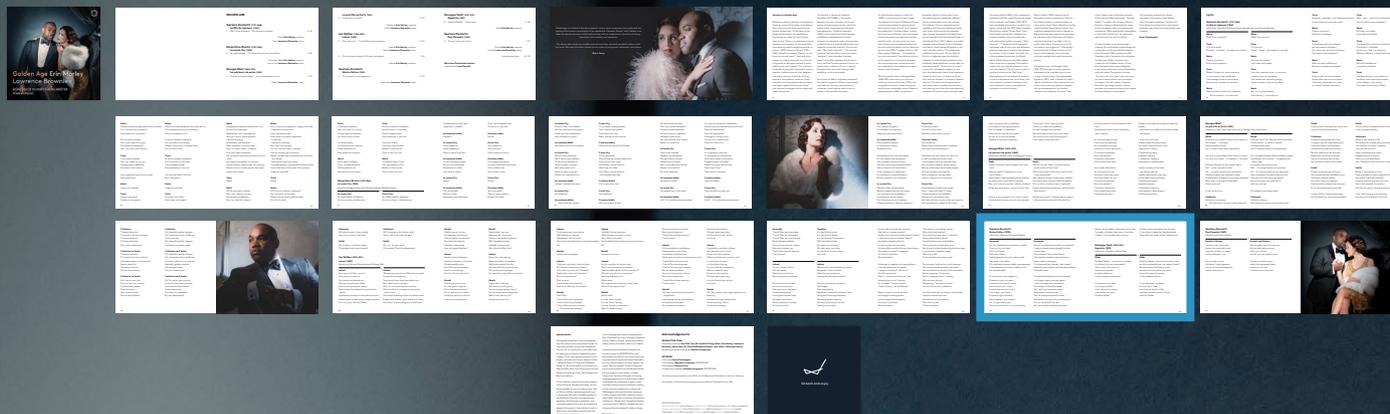
Col pensier il mio desir
a te sempre volerà,
e fin l'ultimo mio sospir,
caro nome, tuo sarà.
Gualtier Maldè!

8

Gilda

Gualtier Maldè... name of the man I love,
be thou engraved upon my lovesick heart!
Beloved name, the first to move
the pulse of love within my heart,
thou shalt remind me ever
of the delights of love!

In my thoughts, my desire
will ever fly to thee,
and my last breath of life
shall be, beloved name, of thee.
Gualtier Maldè!



Gaetano Donizetti

Don Pasquale (1843)

Libretto by Giovanni Ruffini

9

Ernesto e Norina

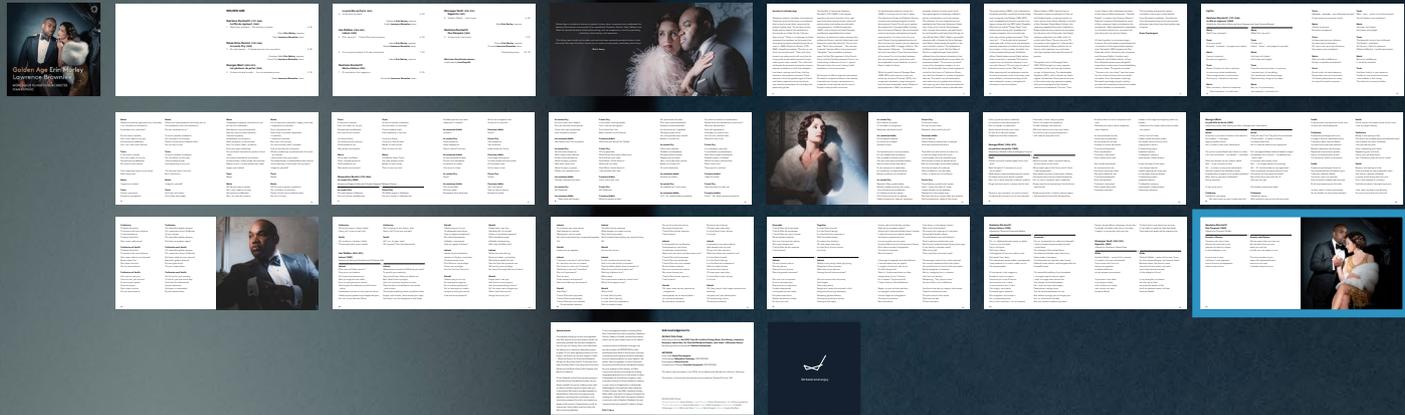
Tornami a dir che m'ami,
dimmi che mia/mio tu sei;
quando tuo ben mi chiami
la vita addoppi in me.

La voce tua sì cara
rinfranca il core oppresso:
sicuro/sicura a te dappresso,
tremo lontan da te.

Ernesto and Norina

Tell me again that you love me,
tell me that mine you are;
when you call me
my life, you are mighty in me.

The voice so dear to you
reigns the oppressed heart;
secure to you near,
I tremble away from you.



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Erin & Larry

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PRODUCTION TEAM

Executive producers **Ann Ziff, Tony W. Lee & So-Chung Shinn, Erin Morley, Lawrence Brownlee, Maria Mot, Dr. David & Elizabeth Palmer, and Huda I. Alkhamis-Kanoo**
Recording producer & engineer **Michael Havenstein**

ARTWORK

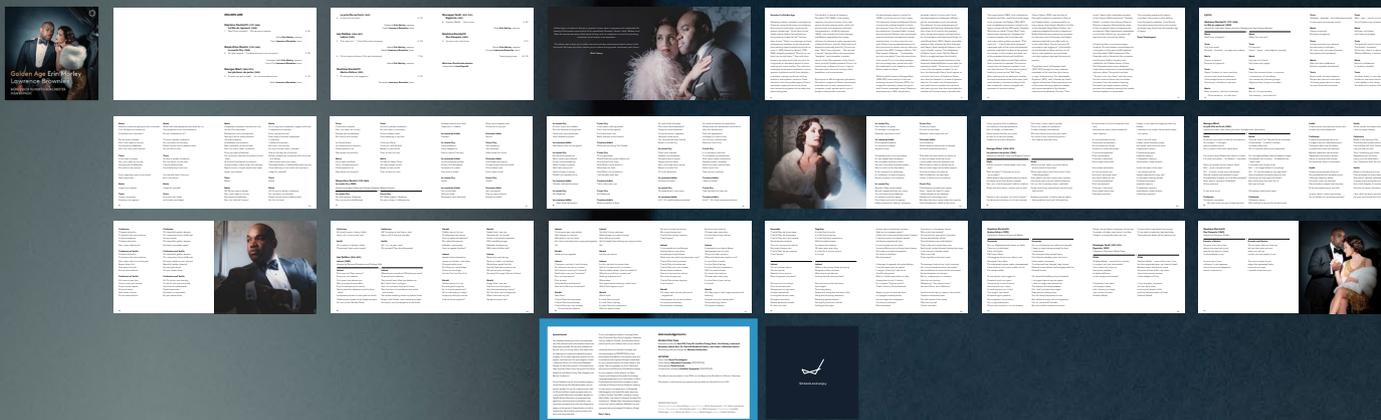
Liner notes **Ryan Prendergast**
Cover design **Marjolein Coenrady** (PENTATONE)
Photography **Dario Acosta**
Coordination & design **Karolina Szymanik** (PENTATONE)

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Product Management **Ana Teodorović** | Press **Allie Summers** | Distribution **Camilla Vickerage** | Audio **Wirre de Vries** | Finance **Adrie Engels** | Admin **Lineke Steffers**





Sit back and enjoy



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Label	...
Release Date	...
Genre	...
Duration	...
ISRC	...

PERSONAL STATEMENT	
Statement	...
Artist	...
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LINER NOTES	
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