

BELLINI & I PURITANI



SARAH COBURN

LAWRENCE BROWNLEE

CONSTANTINE ORBELIAN, conductor
KAUNAS CITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
KAUNAS STATE CHOIR



DE 3537



VINCENZO BELLINI (1801-1835)

I PURITANI

Lord Arturo Talbo: **Lawrence Brownlee**, tenor

Elvira: **Sarah Coburn**, soprano

Sir Riccardo Forth: **Azamat Zheltyrguzov**, baritone

Sir Giorgio Walton: **Tadas Girininkas**, bass

Lord Gualtiero Walton: **Liudas Norvaišas**, bass

Sir Bruno Robertson: **Tomas Pavilionis**, tenor

Enrichetta di Francia: **Jovita Vaškevičiūtė**, mezzo-soprano

Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra

Kaunas State Choir

Constantine Orbelian, conductor

CD 1 (1 - 10) Total Time: 37:05

CD 2 (1 - 14) Total Time: 55:31

CD 3 (1 - 19) Total Time: 69:31

VINCENZO BELLINI (1801-1835)

I PURITANI

Opera in three acts

Libretto: Count Carlo Pepoli, after the French play *Têtes Rondes et Cavaliers*,
by Jacques-François Ancelot and Xavier Boniface Saintine

LORD ARTURO TALBO: **Lawrence Brownlee**, tenor

ELVIRA: **Sarah Coburn**, soprano

SIR RICCARDO FORTH: **Azamat Zheltyrguzov**, baritone

SIR GIORGIO WALTON: **Tadas Girininkas**, bass

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SIR BRUNO ROBERTON: **Tomas Pavilionis**, tenor

ENRICHETTA DI FRANCIA: **Jovita Vaškevičiūtė**, mezzo-soprano

Constantine Orbelian, conductor

Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra

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BELLINI **S** I PURITANI

CD 1 (37:05)

1. Sinfonia (3:02)

ACT I

SCENE I

2. All'erta! All'erta (5:03)
(Bruno, Coro) Libretto: p. 10
3. O di Cromwell guerrieri (3:13)
(Bruno, Elvira, Arturo, Riccardo, Giorgio,
Coro) p. 11

SCENE II

4. A festa! (2:40)
(Coro) p. 12

SCENE III

5. Or dove fuggo io mai (2:45)
(Riccardo, Bruno) p. 12
6. Ah! Per sempre io ti perdei (3:12)
(Riccardo) p. 14

7. T'appellan le schiere (4:17)
(Bruno, Riccardo) p. 14

SCENE IV

8. O amato zio (2:13)
(Elvira, Giorgio) p. 15
9. Sai com'arde in petto mio (6:49)
(Elvira, Giorgio) p. 16
10. Odi ... qual suon si desta? (3:47)
(Elvira, Giorgio, Coro) p. 20

CD 2 (55:31)

SCENE V

1. Ad Arturo onore (3:11)
(Coro) p. 23
2. A te, o cara (5:48)
(Arturo, Giorgio, Walton, Elvira, Coro) p. 23

SCENE VI

3. Il rito augusto si compia senza me (2:05)
(Arturo, Giorgio, Walton, Enrichetta) p. 25

SCENE VII

4. Com'io, v'unisca (4:14)
(Walton, Enrichetta, Arturo) p. 26

SCENE VIII

5. Son vergin vezzosa (4:17)
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Coro) p. 29

SCENE IX

6. Sulla verginea testa (:45)
(Enrichetta, Arturo) p. 33

SCENE X

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8. È già al ponte - passa il forte (4:18)
(Riccardo, Walton, Bruno, Coro, Elvira,
Giorgio) p. 38
9. O, vieni al tempio (5:10)
(Elvira, Riccardo, Giorgio, Bruno, Coro)
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10. Ma tu già mi fuggi? (3:48)
(Elvira, Coro)
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ACT II

SCENE I:

11. Ah, dolor! Ah terror! (5:40)
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SCENE II

12. Qual novella? (1:49)
(Coro, Giorgio) p. 46
13. Cinta di fiori e col bel crin disciolto (4:47)
(Giorgio, Coro) p. 46
14. E di morte lo stral non sarà lento (4:08)
(Riccardo, Coro, Giorgio) p. 49

CD 3 (69:31)

SCENE III

1. O rendetemi la speme (10:37)
(Giorgio, Riccardo, Elvira) p. 50
2. Tornò il riso sul suo aspetto (1:22)
(Giorgio, Riccardo, Elvira) p. 54
3. Vien, diletto, è in ciel la luna! (5:20)
(Elvira, Riccardo, Giorgio) p. 54

SCENE IV

4. Il rival salvar tu dei (4:21)
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5. Se tra il buio un fantasma vedrai (2:43)
(Riccardo, Giorgio) p. 57
6. Riccardo! Riccardo! (1:49)
(Giorgio, Riccardo) p. 58
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ACT III

SCENE I:

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9. A una fonte afflitto e solo (4:16)
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10. Qual suon! Alcuu s'appressa! (1:44)
(Arturo, Coro) p. 62
11. Son già lontani (4:12)
(Arturo) p. 63

SCENE II

12. Finì ... me lassa! (3:20)
(Elvira, Arturo) p. 64
13. Che provo lontan da me? (3:15)
(Elvira, Arturo) p. 66
14. Vieni, vieni fra queste braccia (5:09)
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16. Alto là! (1:13)
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SCENE III

17. Cavalier, ti colse il Dio (1:39)
(Riccardo, Giorgio, Coro, Elvira) p. 72
18. Credeasi, misera! (5:52)
(Arturo, Elvira, Giorgio, Riccardo, Coro)
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19. Suon d'araldi? (3:46)
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Introduction:

Tenor Lawrence Brownlee has thus far been the glittering star of two recordings on Delos: The Grammy-nominated *Virtuoso Rossini Arias* (DE 3455) in 2014, followed in 2016 by the critically acclaimed *Allegro io son* (DE 3515)—featuring bel canto arias by Donizetti and Bellini. And he does brilliant justice to the role of Arturo in this 2017 recording of *I Puritani*, Vincenzo Bellini's final opera.

As has been pointed out by music historians, Bellini composed *I Puritani* for several of the finest singers of his day, thereby setting very high vocal standards for interpreters ever since. Such standards apply in particular to the artists interpreting the lead roles of Arturo and Elvira. One could hardly cast a finer singer for the role of Arturo than Mr. Brownlee. Similarly, the same high vocal standards apply—in particular—to the female lead role of Elvira, sung ravishingly in this recording by the acclaimed soprano Sarah Coburn, who has established herself as a leading international superstar. The important role of Riccardo—Arturo's rival for the love of Elvira—is impeccably sung by the renowned Kazakh baritone Azamat Zheltyrguzov. The remaining roles are beautifully performed by Lithuanian artists, two of whom have graced Delos's Grammy-nominated recording of Giuseppe Verdi's *Rigoletto*, starring the late, great baritone Dmitri Hvorostovsky. These gentlemen are the gifted bass Tadas Girininkas, who performs the role of Giorgio, and the charismatic tenor Tomas Pavilionis, who sings the role of Bruno. The remaining Lithuanian artists are ac-

complished bass Liudas Norvaišas, who depicts Lord Walton (Gualtiero) impeccably; and mezzo Jovita Vaškevičiūtė, who brings the role of Queen Enrichetta to radiant life.

Notes:

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835) was born in Catania, Sicily, to a musical family. His father, an organist, sent him to study at the Naples Conservatory, where he gained the patronage of a distinguished impresario who commissioned his first opera, *Bianca and Fernando*. Composed while the young composer was still a student, the work's success earned him further commissions, one of which resulted in another early opera, *Il Pirata* (1827). Composed for Milan's La Scala, it was a work that gained him something approaching an international reputation. With a public image to match, he was tall, handsome and something of an elegantly dressed dandy, who looked more like a glamorous stage performer than a composer.

The precocious quality of his work soon brought him to the attention of the important theater poet Felice Romani, who served him as the librettist for his next six operas. These included three more works of note: *I Capuleti e i Montecchi* (1830), *La sonnambula* (1831) and *Norma* (1831), which some consider to be Bellini's masterpiece. After a brief stay in London, he moved to Paris, where fellow bel canto composer Gioachino Rossini arranged for him a commission to create an opera for Paris's Theatre-Italien: the result was *I Puritani*.

But Bellini's choice of librettist, the inexperienced Count Carlo Pepoli, was not altogether fortunate. He produced a second-rate libretto, which was based on a French play, *Têtes Rondes et Cavaliers* by Jacques-François Ancelot and Xavier Boniface Saintine, which in turn was inspired by Sir Walter Scott's novel, *Old Mortality*. However, whatever Pepoli may have lacked as a librettist, he made up for with his understanding of the favored stage techniques of his day, and how to use them to generate audience appeal. Still, his libretto was overlong, and made for a rather convoluted and awkward plot. But Bellini's music was absolutely exquisite: a paragon of the art of the bel canto style of singing, with its elegant, long-breathed melodies and brilliant musical embellishments. Many consider *I Puritani* to be Bellini's loveliest and most enterprising work, and with good reason. Sadly, it turned out to be the composer's final opera. Due to overwork and the rigors of a cold Venetian winter, he contracted an amoebic infection that killed him six weeks short of his 34th birthday, just as he was assured of broad international success as a composer. As with Mozart and Schubert, Bellini's outrageously early death has left the musical public wondering—even grieving—ever since about sublime musical treasures that might have been.

Puritani is set in the 1640s at the time of the English Civil War, when the country was divided into two factions: The Royalists (or Cavaliers) were loyal to the crown, and the Puritans (or Roundheads) supported the rebellious Parliament. The opera's background encapsulated the era's widespread

public preoccupation with rebellion and civil strife. And given the fractured nature (and culture) of Italy's separately ruled cities and provinces, such preoccupation held particularly intense meaning for Italians, both in Bellini's day and afterwards. While Bellini's inimitable bel canto style captivates operagoers with its sheer beauty and rich melodic invention, the opera can hardly stand as an accurate history lesson, given the broad artistic license that was accorded to exceptional composers at the time. Perhaps *I Puritani's* most remarkably portrayed human characteristic was its extraordinary depiction of insanity, especially as it applies to the Puritan heroine Elvira. The work implies—among other things—that the facade of sanity is fragile and can fall apart at any moment.

While *I Puritani* became a smash hit across Europe after its January 1835 premiere at Paris's Theatre-Italien, it was subsequently subjected to many cuts and other alterations to both the libretto and the music, due mainly to its inordinate length and often awkward plot. Our research for this release revealed several different versions of the libretto. In unfortunate fact, the opera was soon relegated to obscurity: the florid bel canto style was on its way out of fashion by mid-century; in fact, after 1845, its performances were few and far between. It is widely believed that the apparent lack of singers trained in the often forbiddingly difficult bel canto techniques was one of the reasons why the opera fell into unfair neglect. Interest in the work was not revived until some of the greatest of brilliant mid-20th-century opera singers (Callas, Sutherland, Di Stefano

and Pavarotti) began performing it in the 1950s. In more recent years, given today's abundance of fabulous voices, it has become a staple of the operatic repertoire, full of vocal showpieces—such as Arturo's long-breathed and passionate Act I aria, "A te, o cara." Similarly, Elvira's ravishing Act II aria, "Qui la voce," depends largely on the soprano's ability to spin a graceful and artfully decorated melodic line. These are but two of *I Puritani's* many standout arias. Thus, with this bel canto treasure, we are blessed to be able to thrill once again to the wondrous operatic art composer extraordinaire Vincenzo Bellini: one of the music world's supreme aesthetic wonders.

— Lindsay Koob

Bellini's *I Puritani* is set in the 1640s at the time of the English Civil War, when the country was divided into two factions: The Royalists loyal to the crown and the Puritans supporting the Parliament.

ACT I

As dawn breaks, Puritan soldiers have gathered in a castle stronghold, anticipating an attack by Royalist forces. It is announced that Lord Gualtiero Walton's daughter, Elvira, will wed the Puritan leader Riccardo, prompting celebratory cheers. While this would seem to be a happy occasion for all, Riccardo is obviously distressed; despite his love for Elvira, he is aware that she is in love with Arturo, a Royalist. But Lord Walton—wishing only her happiness—will allow her to marry Arturo instead, even after her impending wedding to Riccardo is known to the

public. Heartbroken, Riccardo reveals his grief to his best friend Bruno, who advises him to disregard his feelings and concentrate his efforts on leading the Puritans to victory in battle.

Elvira's uncle, Sir Giorgio Walton, stops by her chambers to inform her of her father Gualtiero's initial announcement that she is to wed Riccardo. Infuriated, she declares that she'd rather die than marry Riccardo. Giorgio soothes her anger and tells her that he (with some help from Arturo) has convinced her father to permit her to marry Arturo instead. Overcome with love, Elvira effusively thanks her doting uncle. Trumpets are heard, heralding Arturo's arrival at the castle.

Elvira joyfully greets Arturo, Lord Walton and Sir Giorgio. Delighted by their warm reception, Arturo thanks them sincerely. Lord Walton grants Arturo safe passage but remorsefully says that he won't be able to attend the wedding. A mysterious woman interrupts their conversation, and Arturo overhears Lord Walton tell her that he will provide escort to London, where she will appear before the Parliament. Arturo consults Giorgio, who tells him that she is thought to be a Royalist spy. Eager to prepare for the wedding, Elvira departs. After things have settled down, Arturo searches for the woman; upon finding her, she reveals that she is Queen Enrichetta, the escaped widow of King Charles I, who had been executed by Parliament forces, whereupon Arturo offers to help her escape. Enter Elvira, wearing her bridal veil. She interrupts Arturo and the woman, whom she doesn't know is the queen, and bids her to help her style her hair. Elvira removes her brid-

al veil and places it on the Queen's head so she can start arranging her hair. Arturo realizes this is probably the perfect chance for an escape—and when Elvira leaves the room momentarily, he and the Queen make a sudden attempt to leave. Riccardo confronts them just as they are about to depart the castle. Believing the veiled Queen to be Elvira, Riccardo prepares to fight Arturo to the death. But the Queen intervenes, removing the veil and revealing her identity. Riccardo—seeking to ruin Arturo's life and clear the way for him to marry Elvira—devises a plan on the spot and allows Arturo to escape with the Queen. Elvira returns only to learn that Arturo has just run away with the other woman. Her sudden feelings of betrayal drive her to the brink of madness.

ACT II

Giorgio speaks of Elvira's grief and mental decline amid the people's expressions of concern. Enter Riccardo with news of Arturo, whom the Parliament has sentenced to death after his involvement with the Queen's escape was revealed. Elvira appears, in a state of mental confusion. While speaking with her uncle Giorgio, she sees Riccardo and mistakenly thinks he is Arturo, but leaves after the men persuade her to return to her chambers and rest. Giorgio—wishing only to restore her sanity—earnestly asks Riccardo to help save Arturo's life. Although Riccardo initially rejects his requests, Giorgio appeals to his heartfelt emotions and finally wins him over. Riccardo agrees, but on one condition: whether Arturo returns to the castle as friend or foe will ultimately determine Riccardo's actions.

ACT III

Three months have passed and Arturo remains a fugitive. But he secretly returns to Elvira for a brief visit. In the forest near the castle, he hears her singing and calls out to her, but gets no response. Recalling how they used to sing together while strolling through the castle gardens, he begins singing their favorite song, pausing intermittently to hide from passing Puritan soldiers. Elvira soon appears and becomes upset when he stops singing. Despite her fractured state of mind, she confronts the source of the song and—in a moment of sanity—realizes that Arturo has come back to her. He declares his undying love and explains that the woman he ran off with on their wedding day was actually Queen Enrichetta, whom he was trying to save from certain execution. Elvira's sanity is almost fully restored, but she reverts to instability when she hears drums drawing near and realizes that her beloved is about to be arrested. Giorgio and Riccardo appear with the soldiers and pronounce Arturo's death sentence. Shocked back into reality, Elvira can finally think rationally again, and even Riccardo is moved when he hears the lovers' ardent pleas that Arturo be spared. But the soldiers do not relent, demanding even more vehemently that he be executed. As they prepare to take him to a prison cell, an envoy from the Parliament arrives and declares that the Royalists have been defeated. He further reveals that Oliver Cromwell has pardoned all Royalist prisoners, whereupon Arturo is released, giving way to an evening of celebration for all.

— Lindsay Koob

CD 1

(tr. 1) Sinfonia

ATTO I

SCENE I

(tr. 2) *Spazioso terrapieno nella fortezza. Si vedgono alcune cinte, torri ed altre specie di fortificazioni, con ponti levatoi, ecc. Da lontano si scorgono montagne, che fanno bellissima veduta; mentre il sole che nasce, va gradatamente illuminandole, siccome poi rischiara tutta la scena. Sopra de' baluardi si veggono scambiare le sentinelle.*

BRUNO, SENTINELLE

(di dentro)

All'erta! All'erta! L'alba apparì.

La tromba rimbomba, nunzia del dì.

BRUNO, SOLDATI

(sulla scena)

Quando la tromba squilla

Ratto il guerrier si desta:

L'arme tremende appresta,

Alla vittoria va!

Pari del ferro al lampo,

Se l'ira in cor sfavilla,

Degli Stuardi il campo

In cenere cadrà.

(tr. 3) *(Odesi un suono di campana, poi un preludio di armonia religiosa.)*

ACT I

SCENE I

A spacious rampart in the fortress. In view are some city walls, towers and other kinds of fortifications, with drawbridges, etc. A distant glimpse of mountains forms a splendid vista: the rising sun gradually lights up the peaks, as later it will brighten the whole scene. On the ramparts can be seen the changing of the guard.

BRUNO, GUARDS

(From within)

Alert! Alert! Day has broken!

The trumpet is sounding, herald of the dawn.

BRUNO, SOLDIERS

(Onstage)

When the trumpet rings out,

Swiftly the warrior awakens:

He readies his fearsome weapons

To take him to victory!

Like iron in lightning

If anger sparks in his heart,

The camp of the Stuarts

In ashes will fall.

(A bell is heard tolling, then the prelude of a religious melody.)

BRUNO
O di Cromwell guerrieri
Pieghiam la mente e il cor
A' mattutini cantici
Sacri al divin Fattor.

(I soldati s'inginocchiano.)

ELVIRA, ARTURO, RICCARDO, GIORGIO
(di dentro il castello)
La luna, il sol, le stelle,
Le tenebre, il fulgor,
Dan gloria al Creator
In lor favelle.
La terra e i firmamenti
Esaltano il Signor.
A lui dian laudi e onore,
Onor al Creator,
Tutte le genti.

BRUNO
Udisti?

SOLDATI
Udii.

BRUNO
Finì.

SOLDATI
Finì.

BRUNO, SOLDATI
Al re che fece il dì

BRUNO
O warriors of Cromwell,
Let us turn our minds and hearts
To the morning canticles
Sacred to the divine Creator.

(The soldiers kneel.)

ELVIRA, ARTURO, RICCARDO, GIORGIO
(From within the castle)
The moon, the sun, the stars,
Darkness, splendor
Glorify the Creator
In their discourse.
The earth and the firmament
Exalt the Lord.
Let all people give
Praise and honor to Him,
Honor to the Creator.

BRUNO
Did you hear?

SOLDATI
I heard.

BRUNO
It is over.

SOLDIERS
It is over.

BRUNO, SOLDIERS
To the Lord who made the day

L'inno dei puri cor
Salì su' venti.

SCENA II

(tr. 4) CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE

(escono)

A festa!

A tutti, a tutti rida il cor.

Cantate un santo amor.

A festa!

Garzon, che mira Elvira,

Sì bella verginella,

L'appella la sua stella,

Regina dell'amor.

Ah! È il riso e il caro viso

Beltà di paradiso;

È rosa sul suo stel,

È un angiolo del ciel.

Se a nozze invita amor

A tutti rida il cor.

Cantiam un sacro amor.

A festa andiam!

(Tutti partono: Bruno si ferma in disparte, vedendo Riccardo.)

SCENA III

(tr.5) RICCARDO

(a sé)

Or dove fuggo io mai? ... Dove mai celo

Gli orrendi affanni miei? Come quei canti

Mi risuonano all'anima amari pianti!

O Elvira, Elvira, o mio sospir soave,

The pure hearts' hymn
Has gone up on the winds.

SCENE II

LORDS AND LADIES

(Coming out)

Make merry!

Let all hearts rejoice,

Sing of a holy love.

Make merry!

The lad with eyes for Elvira,

So fair a maiden,

Makes her his guiding star,

Queen of love.

Ah! Her smile and darling face

Match the splendor of Paradise;

She is a rose on the stem.

She is an angel of heaven.

If love invites us to the wedding,

Let all hearts rejoice.

Let us sing of a sacred love.

Let us go make merry!

(All leave. Bruno stays to the side, seeing Riccardo.)

SCENE III

RICCARDO

(Aside)

Where can I flee? ... Where can I hide my horren-
dous suffering? How those songs

Bring bitter tears once more to my soul!

O Elvira, Elvira, o my sweet yearning,

Per sempre, per sempre, io ti perdei!
Senza speme ed amor, in questa vita
Or che rimane a me?

BRUNO
La patria e il cielo!

RICCARDO
Qual voce? Che dicesti ...
È vero, è vero!

BRUNO
Apri il tuo core intero
All'amistà, n'avrai conforto ...

RICCARDO
È vano.
Ma pur t'appagherò. Sai che d'Elvira
Il genitor m'acconsentia la mano,
Quando al campo volai.
Ieri, alla tarda sera,
Qui giunto con mia schiera,
Pien d'amorosa idea
Vo' al padre ...

BRUNO
Ed ei dicea?

RICCARDO
"Sospira Elvira a Talbo cavaliere,
E sovra il cor non v'ha paterno impero."

BRUNO
Ti calma, amico.

Forever, forever I lost you!
Without hope and love, in this life
What is there left for me?

BRUNO
Homeland and heaven!

RICCARDO
What was that voice? What did you say ... It is
true, it is true!

BRUNO
Open your heart wide
To friendship, you will find comfort ...

RICCARDO
There is no use.
Yet I will do as you say. You know
That Elvira's father gave me her hand
When I rushed to the battlefield.
Yesterday, late in the evening,
Back here with my troops,
Full of amorous hopes
I went to the father ...

BRUNO
And he said?

RICCARDO
"Elvira longs for the Cavalier Talbo,
And a father has no power over the heart."

BRUNO
Stay calm, my friend.

RICCARDO

Il duol che al cor mi piomba
Sol calma avrà nel sonno della tomba.

(tr. 6) Ah! Per sempre io ti perdei,
Fior d'amore, o mia speranza;
Ah! La vita che m'avanza
Sarà piena di dolor!
Quando errai per anni ed anni
In poter della ventura,
Io sfidai sciagura e affanni
Nella speme del tuo amor.

(tr. 7) *(I soldati trapassano la scena per andare alle rassegne.)*

BRUNO

T'appellan le schiere
A lor condottier.

RICCARDO

Di gloria il sentiero
M'è chiuso al pensier.

BRUNO

A patria ed onore
Non arde il tuo cor?

RICCARDO

Io ardo, e il mio ardore
È amore, è furor.

BRUNO

Deh! Poni in oblio
L'età che fioriva

RICCARDO

The sorrow weighing on my heart
Will have calm only in the sleep of the tomb.

Ah! I have lost you forever,
Flower of love, o my hope;
Ah! The rest of my life
Will be full of sorrow!
When I wandered for years and years
At the mercy of fortune,
I defied misfortune and suffering
In the hope of your love.

(The soldiers cross the scene on their way to review.)

BRUNO

Your troops are summoning
Their leader.

RICCARDO

My thoughts of glory
Are gone forever.

BRUNO

Does your heart no longer burn
For country and honor?

RICCARDO

Indeed I burn, and my ardor
Is love, is rage.

BRUNO.

I beg of you, forget
That time that blossomed

Di speme e d'amor.

RICCARDO

Bel sogno beato
Di pace e contento,
O cangia il mio fato,
O cangia il mio cor.
Oh! Come è tormento
Nel dì del dolore
La dolce memoria
D'un tenero amor.

BRUNO

Senti! Senti! T'appellan le schiere
A lor condottier, ecc.

RICCARDO

Di gloria il sentiero
M'è chiuso as pensier, ecc.
(*Partono.*)

SCENA IV

(tr. 8) (*Stanze d'Elvira. Le finestre gotiche sono aperte. Si vedono le fortificazioni.*)

ELVIRA

O amato zio, o mio secondo padre!

GIORGIO

Perché mesta così? M'abbraccia, Elvira.

ELVIRA

Ah! chiamami tua figlia.

With hope and love!

RICCARDO

Beautiful and blessed dream
Of peace and contentment,
If you will not change my fate
Then change my heart.
Oh! What a torment
In a day of sorrow
Is the sweet memory
Of a tender love.

BRUNO

Listen! Listen! Your troops are summoning
their leader, etc.

RICCARDO

My thoughts of glory
are gone forever, etc.
(*They leave.*)

SCENE IV

(Elvira's rooms. The Gothic windows are open. Fortifications can be seen.)

ELVIRA

O beloved uncle, my second father!

GIORGIO

Why so sad? Embrace me, Elvira.

ELVIRA

Ah, call me your daughter!

GIORGIO
O figlia, o nome
Che la vecchiezza mia consola e alletta,
Pel dolce tempo ch'io ti veglio accanto,
Pel palpitar del mio paterno core
E pel soave pianto
Che in questo giorno d'allegrezza pieno
Piove dal ciglio ad inondarmi il seno ...
O figlia mia diletta,
Oggi sposa sarai!

ELVIRA
Sposa! No, mai!

(tr. 9) Sai com'arde in petto mio
Bella fiamma onnipossente;
Sai che puro è il mio desio,
Che innocente è questo core.
Se tremante all'ara innante
Strascinata
Un dì sarò ...
Forsennata -
In quell'istante
Di dolore io morirò!

GIORGIO
Scaccia omai pensier sì nero.

ELVIRA
Morir, sì ... sposa, non mai!

GIORGIO
Che dirai se il cavaliero
Qui vedrai,
se tuo sarà?

GIORGIO
O daughter, that name
That consoles and enchants my old age.
On this day full of happiness,
My breast is bathed in tender tears
For that sweet time when I watched over you
closely,
For the beating of this fatherly heart.
O my dearest daughter,
Today you are to be married!

ELVIRA
Married! No, never!

You know how my breast is all ablaze
With a beautiful, divine flame;
You know my desire is pure,
How innocent is this heart.
If I am to be dragged
To the altar someday,
Trembling and
Out of my mind ...
In that instant
I shall die of sorrow!

GIORGIO
Away with such dark thoughts.

ELVIRA
Die, yes ... Marry, never!

GIORGIO
What would you say if the cavalier
you will be seeing here
Is the one you have chosen?

ELVIRA
Ciel! ripeti, chi verrà?

GIORGIO
Egli stesso ...

ELVIRA
Egli ... Chi?

GIORGIO
Arturo!

ELVIRA
E fia vero?

GIORGIO
O figlia, il giuro!

ELVIRA
Egli? Arturo?

GIORGIO
Arturo.

ELVIRA
O ciel! E fia vero?

GIORGIO
Sì, oh! sì t'allegra, mia buona Elvira,
Ah! sì, t'allegra.

ELVIRA
O gioia! O gioia! O gioia!

ELVIRA,
say that again! Who is coming?

GIORGIO
He himself ...

ELVIRA
He ... Who?

GIORGIO
Arturo!

ELVIRA
How can this be true?

GIORGIO
O daughter, I swear it so!

ELVIRA
He? Arturo

GIORGIO
Arturo.

ELVIRA
O heaven! But can this be true?

GIORGIO
Yes! Oh, you can be happy, my good Elvira. Ah,
yes! Be happy.

ELVIRA
Oh, joy! Oh, joy! Oh, joy!

ELVIRA, GIORGIO
Non è sogno ...
O Arturo!/O Elvira!
O amor!

(Elvira s'abbandona fra le braccia dello zio.)

GIORGIO
Piangi, o figlia, sul mio seno:
Piangi, ah! piangi di contento.
Ti cancelli ogni tormento
Questa lacrima d'amor.
E tu mira, o Dio pietoso,
L'innocenza in uman velo;
Benedici tu dal cielo
Questo giglio di candor.

ELVIRA
Ah! quest'alma, al duolo avvezza,
È sì vinta dal gioire,
Che ormai non può capir
Sì gran dolcezza!
Chi mosse a' miei desir
Il genitor?

GIORGIO
Ascolta.
Sorgea la notte folta,
Tacea la terra e il cielo,
Parea natura avvolta,
Avvolta in mesto vel.
L'ora propizia ai miseri,
Il tuo pregar, tue lacrime,
M'avvalorar sì l'anima
Che volo al genitor.

ELVIRA, GIORGIO
It is not just a dream ...
O Arturo!/O Elvira!
O love!

(Elvira throws itself into her uncle's arms.)

GIORGIO
Weep, o daughter, on my breast:
Weep, ah, weep from happiness.
These tears of love
Dispel all your pain.
And behold, o merciful God,
Innocence in human form;
May you bless from heaven
This lily of purity.

ELVIRA
Ah, this soul, accustomed to grief,
Is so vanquished by joy
That now it cannot take in
Such great pleasure!
Who persuaded my father
To go with my wishes?

GIORGIO
Listen.
The night grew dark,
Heaven and earth were silent,
Nature seemed cloaked,
Cloaked in a gloomy veil.
The hour that favors the unfortunate,
Your pleas, your tears,
So sparked my spirits
That I sped to your father.

ELVIRA
Oh! mio consolator!

GIORGIO
Io cominciai: "Germano",
Né più potei parlar;
Allor bagnai sua mano
D'un muto lagrimar.
Poi ripigliai tra gemiti:
"L'angelica tua Elvira
Pel prode Artur sospira;
Se ad altre nozze andrà ...
Misera, perirà!"

ELVIRA
O angiol di pietà
Sceso dal ciel per me!
E il padre?

GIORGIO
Ognor tacea ...

ELVIRA
E poi?

GIORGIO
Ei dicea: "Riccardo
Chiese e ottenea mia fede ...
Ei la mia figlia avrà!"

ELVIRA
Ciel! Solo a udirti io palpito!
E tu?

ELVIRA
Oh! How you console me!

GIORGIO
I began, "Brother",
But could speak no more;
Then I bathed his hand
With silent tears.
Next I began again, sobbing:
"Your precious Elvira
Longs for the valiant Arturo;
If she must wed another ...
She will die from sorrow."

ELVIRA
O angel of mercy
Sent down from heaven for me!
And my father?

GIORGIO
He was still silent ...

ELVIRA
And then?

GIORGIO
He said: "Riccardo
Asked for my word and I gave it ...
It is he who will have my daughter!"

ELVIRA
Heaven! I shudder just to hear you!
And as for you?

GIORGIO
"La figlia misera",
Io ripetea, "morrà!"
"Ah, viva!" ei mi dicea,
E stringemi al cor.
"Sia Elvira felice,
Sia lieta d'amor."

(tr. 10) *(Odesi in lontananza un suono di corni da caccia.)*

ELVIRA
Odi ... qual suon si desta?

GIORGIO
Ascoltiam!
È il segnal di gente d'arme.

(Elvira resta immobile per l'attenzione che presterà. Nel suo volto si devono scorgere i gradi d'una gioia che alle parole "Arturo Talbo" deve essere all'entusiasmo.)

SOLDATI
(fuori della fortezza)
Viene il prode e nobile conte.

GIORGIO
Senti?

ELVIRA
Taci.

SOLDATI
Arturo Talbo!

GIORGIO
"Your unhappy daughter,"
I persisted, "will die!"
"Ah, let her live!" he told me
And clasped me to his bosom.
"May Elvira be happy,
May she be happy in love."

(Hunting horns are heard in the distance.)

ELVIRA
Listen ... That sound out there?

GIORGIO
Let us listen!
It is the signal of the men-at-arms.

(Elvira pays rapt attention, Her face showing the stages of a joy that becomes even greater at the words, "Arturo Talbo.")

SOLDIERS
(Outside the fortress)
Here comes the valiant and noble earl.

GIORGIO
Do you hear?

ELVIRA
Quiet now ...

SOLDIERS
Arturo Talbo!

GIORGIO
Ah! non tel dissi?

ELVIRA
Ah, non resisto!

GIORGIO
Deh! ti calma!

SOLDATI
Cavalier!

ELVIRA
(abbracciando Giorgio)
Ah! padre mio!

SOLDATI
(dentro la fortezza)
Lord Arturo varchi il ponte.
Fate campo al pro' guerriero.

ELVIRA
A quel nome, al mio contento,
Al mio core io credo appena.
Tanta gioia, o Dio, pavento,
Non ho lena a sostener!

GIORGIO
A quel suono, al nome amato,
Al tuo core or presta fede!
Questo giorno venturato
D'ogni gioia sia forier.

SOLDATI, CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Ad Arturo de' cavalier

GIORGIO
Ah! Did I not tell you so?

ELVIRA
Ah, I can't stand it!

GIORGIO
Please calm down!

SOLDIERS
Cavalier!

ELVIRA
(Embracing Giorgio)
Ah! My father!

SOLDIERS
(Within the fortress)
Let Lord Arturo cross over the drawbridge.
Make way for the brave warrior.

ELVIRA
In that name, in my happiness,
In my heart I can hardly believe.
Such joy, o God, I fear
I do not have the will to bear.

GIORGIO
In that sound, in that cherished name,
In your heart you can now believe!
May this fortunate day
Bring the first of many joys.

SOLDIERS, LORDS AND LADIES,
Maidens and warriors

Bel campione in giostra e amore
Le donzelle ed i guerrieri
Fanno festa e fanno onor.

ELVIRA
Senti?

GIORGIO
Sei paga?

ELVIRA
Appieno.

GIORGIO
Le grida ascolta di gioia e onore.

ELVIRA
Gli fanno onor!
Lo senti?
A quel nome, al mio contento, *ecc.*

GIORGIO
A quel suono, al nome amato, *ecc.*

ELVIRA
Ah, non ho forza a a sostener! Ah, no.

GIORGIO
Sì, d'ogni gioia bel forier.

Celebrate and honor
The peerless Arturo
Bold champion in the joust and in love.

ELVIRA
Do you hear?

GIORGIO
Now are you satisfied?

ELVIRA
Oh, yes, I am.

GIORGIO
Just listen to those shouts of joy and honor.

ELVIRA
How they honor him!
Do you hear?
In that name, in my happiness, *etc.*

GIORGIO
In that name. in that cherished name, *etc.*

ELVIRA
Ah, I do not have the will to bear it! Ah, no.

GIORGIO
Yes, it will truly bring the first of many joys.

CD 2

SCENA V

(tr. 1) *Sala d'arme. Il fondo della scena è aperto. Fra le colonne si veggono sempre alcune tracce delle fortificazioni, ecc. Dal lato destro esce Lord Arturo con alcuni scuderi e paggi, i quali recano vari doni nuziali, e fra questi si vedrà un magnifico velo bianco. Dal lato sinistro escono Elvira, Walton, Sir Giorgio, damigelle con castellani e castellane, portano festoni di fiori; che intrecciano alle colonne. Dal fondo della scena escono i soldati guidati da Bruno, che fanno corteggio e danno compimento al decoro della festa.*

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE

Ad Arturo onore, ad Elvira onore.
Coroni amor beltà e valor!

CASTELLANE

Rosa ell'è di verginelle,
Bella al par di primavera;
Come l'astro della sera
Spira all'alma pace e amor!

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE

Bello egli è tra cavalieri,
Com'è il cedro alla foresta:
In battaglia egli è tempesta,
È campione in giostra e amor.

(tr. 2) ARTURO

A te, o cara, amor talora
Mi guidò furtivo e in pianto;
Or mi guida a te d'accanto
Tra la gioia e l'esultar.

SCENE V

An armory. The background is open. Among the columns outlines of the fortifications, etc. are still visible. From the right, Lord Arturo comes out with some squires and pages carrying various wedding gifts, including a magnificent white veil. From the left, enter Elvira, Walton, Sir Giorgio and ladies in waiting with lords and ladies. They carry garlands of flowers that they intertwine around the columns. From the background enters the retinue of soldiers commanded by Bruno, adding to the dignity of the festivities.

LORDS AND LADIES

To Arturo be honor, to Elvira honor.
May love crown beauty and valor!

LADIES

She is the rose among maidens
As beautiful as springtime;
Like the evening star,
Imparting peace and love to the soul!

LORDS AND LADIES

Handsome is he among his peers,
Like a cedar in the forest:
In battle a raging storm,
A champion in jousting and love.

ARTURO

O darling, love once led me to you
Stealthily, in tears;
Now it guides me to your side
Triumphant and with joy.

ELVIRA
O contento!

ARTURO
Ah, mio bene!

ELVIRA
Ah! mio Arturo! Or son tua!

ARTURO
Ah, Elvira mia, sì, mia tu sei!

GIORGIO, WALTON
Senza occaso quest'aurora
Mai null'ombra, o duol vi dia,
Santa in voi la fiamma sia,
Pace ognor v'allieti il cor!

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Cielo arridi a' voti miei,
Benedici a tanto amor.

ARTURO
Al brillar di sì bell'ora,
Se rammento il mio tormento
Si raddoppia il mio contento,
M'è più caro il palpitar.

GIORGIO, WALTON
Senza occaso quest'aurora, *ecc.*

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Cielo arridi a voti miei, *ecc.*

ELVIRA
Such happiness!

ARTURO
Ah, my love!

ELVIRA
Ah, my Arturo! Now I am yours!

ARTURO
Ah, my Elvira. Yes, you are mine!

GIORGIO, WALTON
May this day never set.
Be free from doubts and sorrow.
May the flame burn holy in you
And peace gladden your two hearts.

LORDS AND LADIES
Heaven, smile on my wishes,
Blessing so great love.

ARTURO
In the brilliance of so fair an hour,
As I remember my torment
My happiness is doubled,
The more fondly I tremble.

GIORGIO, WALTON
May this day never set, *etc.*

LORDS AND LADIES
Heaven, smile on my wishes, *etc.*

SCENA VI

(tr. 3) WALTON

Il rito augusto si compia senza me.

(ad Arturo)

Mercè di questo foglio

Voi sino al tempio libero passo avrete.

(a Giorgio)

Tu gli accompagnerai.

(ad Enrichetta, che esce accompagnata da Bruno)

O, nobil dama,

L'alto Anglican sovrano Parlamento

Ti chiama al suo cospetto: io ti son scorta.

ENRICHETTA

(a sé)

Ahimè, che sento!

(a Walton)

E che si vuol da me?

(a sé)

Mia speme è morta!

WALTON

A me s'addice

Obbedir e tacer. Altro non lice.

ARTURO

(a Giorgio in disparte)

È de' Stuardi amica?

GIORGIO

È prigioniera

Da molte lune, e fu da ognun creduta

Amica de' Stuardi e messaggera

SCENE VI

WALTON

Perform the august ceremony without me.

(To Arturo)

This paper will give you free passage

All the way to the church.

(To Giorgio)

You will accompany them.

(To Enrichetta, who comes out accompanied by Bruno)

O noble lady,

The High Sovereign English Parliament

Summons you: I will escort you.

ENRICHETTA

(Aside)

Alas, what do I hear?

(To Walton)

And what do they want of me?

(Aside)

My hope is dead.

WALTON

It is best that I obey

And say no more.

ARTURO

(To the side, to Giorgio)

Is she a supporter of the Stuarts?

GIORGIO

She has been held prisoner

For many months, suspected by all

To be a supporter of the Stuarts

Sotto mentito nome.

ARTURO

(guardando pietosamente Enrichetta)

O Dio! Che ascolto!

Deciso è il suo fato: essa è perduta.

O sventurata!

ENRICHETTA

(accorgendosi d'Arturo)

Qual pietade in quel volto!

WALTON

Oh, figli! al rito, alle pompose feste

S'appresti ognun. La nuziale veste

Va, o diletta, a indossar.

(alle damigelle)

Ite voi seco.

(a Bruno)

Fuori del vallo i miei destrier sian presti.

(ad Enrichetta)

La nostra andata c'è forza d'affrettar.

(ai figli)

(tr. 4) Com'io v'unisca il cielo, o coppia amata.

SCENA VII

Walton parte colle guardie: Giorgio ed Elvira partono colle damigelle. Arturo fa semblante di partire, ma guarda attentamente all'intorno, quasi per assicurarsi che tutti sono andati.

And a spy under a false name.

ARTURO

(Looking with pity at Enrichetta)

O God! What do I hear?

Her fate is sealed: She is lost,

Unfortunate woman!

ENRICHETTA

(Catching sight of Arturo)

What pity in that face!

WALTON

Oh, children! Let everyone hasten

To the ceremony

and grand celebrations.

The charming bride is putting on

Her wedding dress.

(To the ladies in waiting)

Go with them, all of you.

(To Bruno)

Get my horses ready outside the walls.

(To Enrichetta)

Quickly! We must go!

(To the wedding couple)

May heaven join you as do I, beloved couple.

SCENE VII

Walton leaves with the guards: Giorgio and Elvira go out with the ladies in waiting. Arturo pretends to leave, but looks around cautiously, as if to be sure that everyone has gone.

ENRICHETTA
(guardando attentamente Arturo)
Pietà e dolore ha in fronte!
(dopo un poco di silenzio)
Cavalier!

ARTURO
Se t'è d'uopo di consiglio,
Di soccorso, d'aita, in me t'affida!

ENRICHETTA
Se mi stesse sul capo alto periglio?

ARTURO
Ah! parla ... O Dio! che temi?

ENRICHETTA
Brev'ora e sarò spenta! Ma tu fremi!

ARTURO
Per te, per me, pel padre mio che spento
Cadea fido ai Stuardi.

ENRICHETTA
Ah!

ARTURO
Ma tu chi sei?
Ah! chi tu sii, ti vo' salvar.

ENRICHETTA
È tardi!
Figlia a Enrico, a Carlo sposa,
Pari ad essi avrò la sorte.

ENRICHETTA
(Looking at Arturo attentively)
Pity and sorrow weigh on his brow!
(After a short silence)
Cavalier!

ARTURO
If you need counsel
Or help, confide in me!

ENRICHETTA
But if my head were in grave danger?

ARTURO
Ah, speak ... O God! What do you fear?

ENRICHETTA
In a short time, I shall be dead! But you tremble!

ARTURO
For you, for me and for the father
Who fell faithful to the Stuarts.

ENRICHETTA
Ah!

ARTURO
But who are you?
Ah, whoever you are, I want to save you!

ENRICHETTA
Too late!
The daughter of Enrico, wife of Carlo,
I will suffer the same fate as theirs.

ARTURO
(s'inginocchia)
Ah! tu, regina!

ENRICHETTA
Sì ... Attendo morte!

ARTURO
Taci, taci, per pietà!
Fuor le mura, a tutti ascosa
Ti trarrò per vie sicure.
Tu n'andrai, di qui n'andrai.

ENRICHETTA
Di qui, di qui alla scure!
Scampo e speme, Artur, non v'è.

ARTURO
No, Reina.

ENRICHETTA
No, ah! non v'è speme.

ARTURO
No, Reina, ancor v'ha speme:
o te salva, o spenti insieme.

ENRICHETTA
Cangia, ah cangia di consiglio,
Pensa, o Arturo, al tuo periglio,
Pensa, Artur, pensa a Elvira, il tuo tesor
Che t'attende al sacro altar!

ARTURO
Ah! cessa, per pietà!

ARTURO
(Kneeling)
Ah! It is you, my Queen!

ENRICHETTA
Yes ... I await my death!

ARTURO
Say no more, be quiet, for pity's sake!
Out of these walls, hiding you from all,
I will lead you along safe pathways.
You will go away, away from here.

ENRICHETTA
From here, from here to the axe!
Escape and hope, Arturo, there cannot be.

ARTURO
No, my Queen.

ENRICHETTA
No, ah! There is no hope.

ARTURO
No, my Queen, there is still hope:
You will be saved, or we die together.

ENRICHETTA
Change, ah change your mind!
Think, o Arturo, of your own peril!
Think, Arturo, of your dearest Elvira,
Awaiting you at the sacred altar!

ARTURO
Ah, stop, I beg of you!

ENRICHETTA
Va!

ARTURO
Ah! cessa, per pietà!
Non parlar di lei che adoro;
Di valor non mi spogliar.
Sarai salva, o sventurata,
O la morte incontrerò;
E la vergin mia adorata
Nel morire invocherò.

ELVIRA
Ah! Sì!

SCENA VIII

(tr. 5) Escono Elvira e Giorgio. Lei ha il capo coronato di rose, ha un bellissimo monile di perle al collo; si vede peraltro che le manca il compimento della pompa nuziale. Entra in scena avendo nelle mani il magnifico velo bianco regalatole da Arturo.

ELVIRA
Son vergin vezzosa
In vesta di sposa;
Son bianca ed umile
Qual giglio d'april;
Ho chiome odorose
Cui cinser tue rose;
Ho il seno gentile
Del tuo monil.

ELVIRA
(ad Enrichetta)
Dimmi, s'è ver che m'ami ...

ENRICHETTA
Go!

ARTURO
Ah, stop, I beg of you!
Do not speak of the woman I adore;
Do not strip me of my valor.
You will be saved, o unfortunate woman,
Or I will confront death;
And while dying call out
For my cherished maiden.

ELVIRA
Ah! Yes!

SCENE VIII

Giorgio and Elvira come out. Her hair is crowned with roses and she wears a pearl necklace, waiting for the wedding ceremony to begin. She comes onto the scene holding a magnificent white veil, Arturo's gift to her.

ELVIRA
I am a lovely maiden
In her bridal dress;
I am as white and humble
As a lily in April;
My hair is scented
By your wreath of roses;
Your necklace
Graces my breast.

ELVIRA
(To Enrichetta)
Tell me, if you truly love me ...

ENRICHETTA

Dimmi, o gentil, che brami?

ELVIRA

Qual mattutina stella
Bella voglio brillar:
Del crin le molli anella
Mi giova ad aggraziar.

ENRICHETTA

Sì, son presta al tuo pregar,
Diletta fanciulletta, son presta,
Son presta al tuo pregar,
O vera Dea d'april.

ELVIRA

A illegiadrir la prova,
Deh! non aver a vil
Il velo in foggia nuova
Sul capo tuo gentil.

ARTURO

Sull'ali della vita
Comincia or a volar
Deh! scusa e tu l'aita
Nel semplice aleggiar
Ti presta al suo pregar;
Se miro il suo candor
Mi par la luna allor
Che tra le nubi appar,
La notte a consolar.

GIORGIO

Deh! scusa, l'aita
Nel semplice aleggiar

ENRICHETTA

Tell me, my dear, what do you want?

ELVIRA

Just like the morning star
I want to shine:
Help me to arrange
The soft curls of my hair.

ENRICHETTA

Yes, I will gladly do as you ask,
Dear girl, most gladly,
I will gladly do as you ask,
O true Goddess of April.

ELVIRA

Please take no offense,
I will try a new fashion
As I adorn your noble head
With the veil.

ARTURO

She is just a fledgling
In the ways of life.
Please excuse her simple playfulness
And help her
Do what she asks;
As I look at her purity,
She is like the moon
Appearing through the clouds
To brighten the night.

GIORGIO

Please excuse her simple playfulness
And help her

Ti presta al suo pregar;
Se miro il suo candor
Mi par la luna allor
Che tra le nubi appar,
La notte a consolar.

ELVIRA, ENRICHETTA, ARTURO, GIORGIO
Sì, sì, sì!

(Elvira pone il velo sul capo d'Enrichetta.)

ELVIRA
O bella, ti celo
Le anella del crin,
Com'io nel bel velo
Mi voglio celar.
Ascosa vezzosa
Nel velo divin
Or sembri la sposa
Che vassi all'altar.

ENRICHETTA
(a sé)
Ascosa dentro il vel,
Or posso almen celar
L'affanno, il palpitar,
L'angoscia del mio cor!
Deh! tu, pietoso ciel,
Raccogli con favor
La prece ch'oso a te levar!

ARTURO
(a sé)
Oh! come da quel vel
Che le nasconde il crin

Do what she asks;
When I look at her purity,
She is like the moon
Appearing through the clouds
To brighten the night.

ELVIRA, ENRICHETTA, ARTURO, GIORGIO
Yes, yes, yes!

(Elvira puts the veil on Enrichetta's head.)

ELVIRA
Oh, beautiful lady, I am hiding
The curls of your hair,
Just as I in that fine veil
Want to hide mine.
Now so prettily hidden
Behind that heavenly veil
You now look like a bride
On her way to the altar.

ENRICHETTA
(Aside)
Hidden behind this veil,
At least now I can conceal
My suffering, my trembling,
The anguish in my heart!
I pray, merciful heaven,
Receive with favor
The prayer I dare lift up to thee!

ARTURO
(Aside)
Oh, as with that veil
That hides her hair,

Veggio un splendor divin
Di speme a balenar.
Deh! tu, pietoso ciel,
M'accorda il tuo favor
La vittima salvar!

GIORGIO
Elvira col suo vel
Un zeffiretto appar,
Un'iride sul mar,
Un silfo in grembo ai fior.
T'arrida, o cara, il ciel
Col roseo suo favor,
Tal ch'io ti vegga ognor gioir
Tra vezzi a giubiliar.

WALTON, CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
(di dentro)
Elvira, Elvira, il dì, l'ora, avanza!

ELVIRA
Ah! se il padre s'adira
Io volo a mia stanza.

ENRICHETTA
(a sé)
Ascosa dentro il vel, ecc.

ARTURO
(a sé)
Deh tu, pietoso ciel, ecc.

GIORGIO
Deh! riedi a tua stanza;
Sarà il tuo fedele
Che t'orni del vel.

I see a flash
Of divine radiance of hope!
I pray, merciful heaven,
Grant me thy favor
To save this victim!

GIORGIO
With her veil, Elvira
Is like a gentle zephyr.
A rainbow over the sea,
A sylph at rest on the flowers.
May heaven, my darling, smile upon you
With its brightest favor.
So may I see you forever happy,
Rejoicing in your blessings.

WALTON, LORDS AND LADIES
(From within)
Elvira, Elvira, the day, the hour grows late!

ELVIRA
Ah! If my father is angry,
I must rush to my room.

ENRICHETTA
(Aside)
Hidden behind this veil, etc.

ARTURO
(Aside)
I pray, merciful heaven, etc.

GIORGIO
Go back, then, to your room;
Your beloved will be there
To put the veil on you.

WALTON, CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE

(di dentro)

Elvira, Elvira, il dì, l'ora, avanza!

ELVIRA

Ah! poscia, o fedel,
Tu posami il vel, ah!
Mi posa il vel.

ARTURO

(a sé, poi a Elvira)

Deh! tu, pietoso ciel,
Raccogli con favor
La prece di dolor
Che oso a te levar,
La vittima salvar.
Il tuo fedel sarà
Che t'orni del vel, ecc.

ENRICHETTA

(a sé)

Deh! tu, pietoso ciel, ecc.

GIORGIO

Deh! riedi a tua stanza, ecc.

(Elvira parte colle damigelle e con Giorgio.)

SCENA IX

(tr. 6) ENRICHETTA

Sulla verginea testa d'una felice
Un bianco vel s'addice,
A me non già ...
(in atto di deporre il velo)

WALTON, LORDS AND LADIES

(From inside)

Elvira, Elvira, the day, the hour grows late!

ELVIRA

Ah! Then, my beloved,
Put the veil on me yourself, ah!
Put the veil on me.

ARTURO

(Aside, then to Elvira)

I pray, merciful heaven,
Receive with favor
The prayer of sorrow
That I am bold to lift up to Thee
To save this victim.
Your beloved will be there
To put the veil on you, etc.

ENRICHETTA

(Aside)

I pray, merciful heaven, etc.

GIORGIO

Go back, then, to your room, etc.

(Elvira leaves with her ladies in waiting and Giorgio.)

SCENE IX

ENRICHETTA

A white veil suits
The head of a happy maiden,
But no, not mine ...
(Just as she is putting down the veil)

ARTURO
T'arresta!
È chiaro don del ciel!
Così ravvolta
Deluderai la vigilante scolta!
Mia sposa parrai.
Vieni.

ENRICHETTA
Che dici mai?
Tu corri a tua ruina, a infame sorte!

ARTURO
(afferrandole la mano in atto di forzarla a partire)
Vieni, ah, vieni, per pietà ... t'involò a certa morte.

SCENA X

(tr. 7) RICCARDO
(colla spada sguainata)
Ferma!
Invan, invan rapir pretendi
Ogni ben ch'io aveva in terra!
Invan! Invan! Ferma!
Qui ti sfido a mortal guerra,
Trema, ah! trema del mio acciar!

ARTURO
Sprezzo, audace, il tuo furore;
La mortal disfida accetto!
Vien, vien, vieni!
Questo ferro nel tuo petto
Sino all'elsa io vo' piantar.
No, non ti temo, ti sprezzo, audace;

ARTURO
Stop!
This is plainly a gift from heaven!
Wrapped like that you will fool
the vigilant escort!
You will look like my bride!
Come!

ENRICHETTA
What are you saying?
You are rushing to your ruin, to a dreadful fate!

ARTURO
(Seizing her hand, to force her to go)
Come, ah come, I beg of you ...
I am stealing you from certain death.

SCENE X

RICCARDO
(With sword drawn)
Stop there!
In vain, in vain do you hope to abduct
All I once held dear on earth!
In vain, in vain! Stop there!
I challenge you here to mortal combat,
Tremble, ah! Tremble at my blade!

ARTURO
I scorn your fury, brazen one;
I accept your challenge to the death!
Come, come, come!
I want to drive this steel
To the hilt into your breast.
No, I do not fear you. I scorn you, brazen one;

La tua mortale disfida accetto,
Non temo il tuo furor.
Non temo, indegno,
Ti sprezzo e non temo il tuo furor.

ENRICHETTA

V'arrestate. Pace, ah! pace;
Per me sangue, ah, non versate!

RICCARDO

Va, ti scosta!

ARTURO

Oh! ciel, che fai?

ENRICHETTA

*(scoprendosi e gettandosi in mezzo
ad essi)*

No, v'arrestate;
Per me sangue, ah! non versate.

ARTURO

Ah! che festi?

RICCARDO

(con stupore)

La prigioniera!

ENRICHETTA

Dessa io son.

ARTURO

Vien ...

Tua voce altera
Or col ferro sosterrai.

I accept your challenge to the death,
I do not fear your fury.
I do not fear, o villain,
I scorn you and do not fear your fury.

ENRICHETTA

Desist, both of you. Peace, ah, peace!
Ah, shed no blood for my sake.

RICCARDO

Go, move away!

ARTURO

Oh heaven, what are you doing?

ENRICHETTA

*(Uncovering her face and throwing herself
between them)*

Desist, both of you. Peace, ah, peace!
Ah, shed no blood for my sake.

ARTURO

Ah, what have you done?

RICCARDO

(Astonished)

The prisoner!

ENRICHETTA

Truly I am.

ARTURO

Come ...

Now enforce your noble words
With my steel.

RICCARDO
(freddamente)
No, con lei tu illeso andrai.

ARTURO
Con lei? E fia ver?

ENRICHETTA
Qual favellar!

RICCARDO
Più non vieto a voi l'andar.

ENRICHETTA
(a sé)
Sogno?

ARTURO
Andiam, andiam.

RICCARDO
Parti.

ARTURO
Andiam.

RICCARDO
(a sé)
O stolto!

ARTURO
(a sé)
Addio, o Elvira,
Addio, mio ben.

RICCARDO
(Dispassionately)
No, you shall go unharmed with her.

ARTURO
With her? Can it be so?

ENRICHETTA
What words!

RICCARDO
I will no longer block your passage.

ENRICHETTA
(Aside)
Am I dreaming?

ARTURO
Let us go, let us go.

RICCARDO
Now leave.

ARTURO
Let us go.

RICCARDO
(Aside)
O foolish one!

ARTURO
(Aside)
Farewell, o Elvira,
Farewell, my love.

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
(di dentro)

Al tempio andiam,
A festa andiam!

ARTURO
Ah! partiam ... alcun s'appressa.

RICCARDO
Sì, n'andate ... il vuole Iddio.

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
(di dentro)
A festa!

ARTURO
Pria che siam oltre le mura
Parlerai?

RICCARDO
No, t'assicura.

ARTURO
Ebben, lo giura.

RICCARDO
Sì, lo giuro.

ENRICHETTA, ARTURO
Addio.

RICCARDO
Addio.

LORDS AND LADIES
(From within)
To the church, let us go!
To the wedding feast!

ARTURO
Ah, let us depart ... Someone is approaching.

RICCARDO
Yes, away with you ... God wills it.

LORDS AND LADIES
(From within)
To the wedding feast!

ARTURO
Before we pass the fortress walls
Will you tell the others?

RICCARDO
No, I assure you.

ARTURO
Then swear to it.

RICCARDO
Yes, I swear.

ENRICHETTA, ARTURO
Farewell.

RICCARDO
Farewell.

ARTURO

Ah! Elvira mia io lungi e in guai
Sì, t'amerò com'io t'amai.

ENRICHETTA

Ah! sì, n'andrò al figlio accanto.

RICCARDO

Sì, patria, amor, tu perderai,
Sarà la tua vita un mar di guai.

(Enrichetta e Arturo partono.)

(tr. 8) RICCARDO

(osservando)

È già al ponte, passa il forte,
È alla porta, già ne andò.

(Sortono Elvira, Giorgio, Walton, Bruno, castellani e castellane.)

ELVIRA

Dov'è Arturo?

RICCARDO

Egli era qui.

ELVIRA, GIORGIO, WALTON

Ove sei, o Arturo?

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE

Artur! Artur!

GIORGIO, WALTON

Ove sei?

ARTURO

Ah yes, my Elvira, far away and in distress,
I will love you as I loved you before.

ENRICHETTA

Ah yes, I will go from here to be with my son.

RICCARDO

Yes, homeland and love you will lose.
Your life will be a sea of troubles.

(Enrichetta and Arturo depart.)

RICCARDO

(Watching them)

Now to the drawbridge, past the fort and to
the gate and away.

(Enter Elvira, Giorgio, Walton, Bruno, lords and ladies.)

ELVIRA

Where is Arturo?

RICCARDO

He was just here.

ELVIRA, GIORGIO, WALTON

Where are you, o Arturo?

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE

Arturo! Arturo!

GIORGIO, WALTON

Where are you?

BRUNO
Partì da qui.

GIORGIO, WALTON
Partì?

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Partì!

GIORGIO
Già fuor delle mura.

ELVIRA, CASTELLANE
Laggiù alla pianura.

GIORGIO, CASTELLANI
La tua prigioniera!

ELVIRA, CASTELLANE
La rea messaggiera!

GIORGIO, CASTELLANI
Col vil cavaliere!

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Ciascun su un destriero
Spronando, volando mirate colà!

ELVIRA
Ah!

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
Soldati, correte, coi bronzi tuonate,
All'arme appellate, correte, volate.
Pel crin trascinate i due traditor!

BRUNO
He is gone from here.

GIORGIO, WALTON
Gone?

LORDS AND LADIES
Gone!

GIORGIO
Already outside the walls.

ELVIRA, LADIES
Down on the plain.

GIORGIO, LORDS
Your prisoner!

ELVIRA, LADIES
The guilty spy!

GIORGIO, LORDS
With the craven knight!

LORDS AND LADIES
Everyone, mount up!
Spur your horses and head out!

ELVIRA
Ah!

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
Soldiers, come running, fire the cannons,
Sound an alarm, run quickly,
Drag the two traitors back in shame!

CASTELLANI
All'arme! All'arme!

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Correte sui traditor.

BRUNO, RICCARDO, GIORGIO, WALTON
Soldati, correte, coi bronzi tuonate,
Pel crin trascinate i due traditor.

CASTELLANI
All'arme! All'arme!
Pel crin trascinate i traditor!

ELVIRA
Ahimè! Ahimè! Ahimè!

RICCARDO, WALTON
Ah! come nel seno
Si mesce il veleno
Di sdegno e d'amor!

GIORGIO
Coi bronzi tuonate,
Pel crin trascinate i traditor!

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Ciel!

ELVIRA
(con dolore)
La dama d'Arturo è in bianco velata
La guarda e sospira -
Sua sposa la chiama.
Elvira è la dama?

LORDS
To arms! To arms!

LORDS AND LADIES
Run the traitors down.

BRUNO, RICCARDO, GIORGIO, WALTON
Soldiers, come running, fire the cannons! Drag
the two traitors back in shame!

LORDS
To arms! To arms!
Drag the two traitors back in shame!

ELVIRA
Alas! Alas! Alas!

RICCARDO, WALTON
Ah, how the poison
Of scorn and love
Pours into my breast!

GIORGIO
Fire the cannons!
Drag the two traitors back in shame!

LORDS AND LADIES
Oh, heaven!

ELVIRA
(Sorrowfully)
Arturo's lady is veiled in white.
He looks at her and sighs –
He calls her his bride.
Elvira is the lady?

Non sono più Elvira?
La dama?

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
La misera è pallida.
È immobile e squallida.
Ciel!

ELVIRA
Arturo!

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
O Ciel!

ELVIRA
Ahimè!

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Elvira! Che dici?

ELVIRA
Io Elvira! No, no!

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Ti scuota, o Elvira.
Demente vivrà, demente vivrà.
Dolente morrà!

ELVIRA
(nel suo delirio, crede vedere Arturo)
Arturo, tu ritorni? T'appressa ancor ...
ancor ...
Oh! Vieni, oh! Vieni.

(tr. 9) O! viene al tempio, fedele Arturo,

Am I no longer Elvira?
The lady?

LORDS AND LADIES
The poor girl is pale.
She stands motionless and wretched.
Oh, heaven!

ELVIRA
Arturo!

LORDS AND LADIES
O Heaven!

ELVIRA
Alas!

LORDS AND LADIES
Elvira! What are you saying?

ELVIRA
Am I Elvira? No. no!

LORDS AND LADIES
You are shaken, o Elvira.
Mad she shall live, mad she shall live.
Sorrowful she shall die!

ELVIRA
(In her frenzy, she thinks she sees Arturo)
Arturo, have you come back? Come closer ...
Still closer ...
Ah, come! Ah, come!

Oh, come to the church, faithful Arturo,

Eterna fede, mio ben, ti giuro!
Com' oggi è puro,
Sempre avrò il cor.
Ah! vieni, con te vivrò d'amor,
D'amor morirò.

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Oh ciel, pietà!

RICCARDO
Oh come ho l'anima triste e dolente
Udendo i pianti dell'innocente!

GIORGIO
Oh come ho l'anima triste e dolente
Oh come perfido fu il traditor!

ELVIRA
Oh contento! Ah! mio bene! Vieni a me!

BRUNO, CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Oh come ho l'anima triste e dolente!

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
Fia sempre infame il traditor,
Che in tante pene lascia quel cor.

ELVIRA
Ah! vieni al tempio, fedele Arturo, *ecc*,

CASTELLANE
Oh come ho l'alma lassa e dolente,
Udendo i pianti dell'innocente!
Oh come crudo fu il traditor
Che in tante pene lasciò quel cor!

Eternal troth, my love, I pledge you!
As the day is pure,
So I will keep my heart.
Ah, come, with you I shall live in love,
In love I shall die.

LORDS AND LADIES
Heaven, have mercy!

RICCARDO
Oh, how my sad soul suffers
To hear that innocent weeping!

GIORGIO
Oh, how my sad soul suffers!
Oh, how wicked was the traitor!

ELVIRA
Oh happiness! Ah, my love! Come to me!

BRUNO, LORDS AND LADIES
Oh, how my sad soul suffers!

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
May the traitor be infamous forever,
Who leaves that heart such pain.

ELVIRA
Ah, come to the church, faithful Arturo, *etc*.

LADIES
Oh, how my sad soul suffers
To hear that innocent weeping!
Oh, how cruel was the traitor
Who left that heart in such pain!

CASTELLANI

Sì crede all'ara, giura
ad Arturo,
Ella sì fida, ei sì spergiuro
Ella sì pura, ei traditore!
Misera figlia morrà d'amor.
O traditor!

ELVIRA

Ah! vieni, t'affretta, o Arturo.
Ah! vieni, ah! vieni a me.
Ah! vieni, Arturo, vivrò d'amor,
Morrò d'amor, ecc.

RICCARDO

O come ho l'alma triste e dolente,
Udendo i pianti dell'innocente!
O come crudo fu il traditore!
Sì, più la miro, ho più
doglia profonda,
E più l'alma s'accende in amor,
Ma più avvampa tremendo il furore,
Contro chi tanto ben m'involò!

GIORGIO

Dio di clemenza, t'offro mia vita
Se all'innocenza giovi d'aita.
Deh sii clemente a un puro core;
Sì, la mia prece pietosa e profonda
Che a te vien sui sospir del dolor,
Tu, clemente, consola, o Signore,
Per la vergin cui l'empio immolò!

CASTELLANE

Sì crede all'ara, giura

LORDS

She thinks she is at the altar, exchanging vows
with Arturo --
She so faithful, he so false,
She so pure, and he a traitor!
The wretched girl will die for love.
O traitor!

ELVIRA

Ah! come quickly, o Arturo.
Ah! come, ah! come to me.
Ah! come, Arturo, I shall live for love,
I shall die for love, etc.

RICCARDO

Oh, how my sad soul suffers
To hear that innocent weeping!
Oh, how cruel was the traitor!
Yes, the more I look at her,
the deeper my pain,
And the more my soul lights up with love.
But my fury flares up the more
Against the man who stole my dearest love.

GIORGIO

God of mercy, I offer my life
If you come to the aid of innocence.
I pray, have mercy on a pure heart;
Yes, hear my pious and fervent prayer
Coming with sighs of sorrow
to Thee, merciful Lord,
For the maid so cruelly betrayed!

LADIES

She thinks she is at the altar, exchanging vows

ad Arturo,
Ella sì fida, ei si spergiuro
Ella sì pura, ei traditore!
Misera figlia morrà d'amor!

CASTELLANI

Oh come ho l'alma triste e dolente,
Udendo i pianti dell'innocente!
Oh come crudo fu il traditore,
Che in tante pene lasciò quel cor!
Misera figlia morrà d'amor.

(tr. 10) ELVIRA

*(fa un moto, quasi tornando a vedere Arturo,
che fugge)*

Ma tu già mi fuggi? Crudele, abbandoni
Chi tanto t'amò! Ah, crudel!

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Ahi! dura sciagura!

CASTELLANI
Ahi! lutto e dolore!

ELVIRA
Qual febbre vorace
M'uccide mi sface.
Ah! qual fiamma,
Ah, qual ira m'avvampa!
Fantasmi perversi,
Fuggite dispersi,
Oh in tanto furor
Sbranetemi il cor!

with Arturo --
She so faithful, he so false,
She so pure, and he a traitor!
The wretched girl will die for love.

LORDS

Oh, how my sad soul suffers
To hear that innocent weeping!
Oh, how cruel was the traitor
Who left that heart in such pain!
The wretched girl will die for love.

ELVIRA

(Moves about, as if to watch the fleeing Arturo)
But are you still running away from me?
How cruel to abandon
the woman who loved you so! Ah, cruel one!

LORDS AND LADIES
Ah, woe! Cruel misfortune!

LORDS
Ah! Grief and woe!

ELVIRA
A fever consumes me,
It kills me, destroys me.
Ah, such a flame
Of anger flares up inside me!
Foul specters,
Break and fly away!
Oh, how furiously
You tear apart my heart!

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE

Ahi! lutto e dolor! ahi!
Ahi dolor! Ella sì pura!
Sì bella, sì pura,
Del ciel creatura!
Ahi! avrà vendetta!
Ahi! dolor!
Ahi! sta maledetta,
Sì, la coppia rea, sì, la figlia avrà vendetta,
Andrà maledetta la coppia fuggente
Vendetta cadrà sul vil traditor, sì!
Non casa, non spiaggia raccolga i fuggenti!
In odio del cielo, in odio ai viventi
Battuti dai venti,
Da orrende tempeste, le odiate
Lor teste non possan posar.
Erranti piangenti
In orrida guerra,
Col cielo e la terra,
Il mar, gli elementi,
Ognor maledetti,
In vita ed in morte,
Sia eterna lor sorte,
Eterno il penar.

ATTO SECONDO

SCENA I

(tr. 11) Sala con porte laterali. Vedesi per una di esse il campo inglese e qualche fortificazione.

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE

Ah! dolor! Ah! terror! Ah! terror! Ah! pietà!
Piangon le ciglia si spezza il cor.

LORDS AND LADIES

Ah, woe! Cruel misfortune! Woe!
Oh, sorrow! She, so pure!
So beautiful, so pure!
Heavenly creature!
Woe! She will be avenged!
Oh, sorrow!
Yes, accursed be The guilty couple.
Yes, the girl will be avenged,
A curse will follow the fleeing couple,
Vengeance will fall on the vile traitor, yes!
Let no house or shore receive the fugitives!
Hated in heaven and here below,
Assailed by the winds
And fearsome storms, may they find
No place to rest their loathsome heads.
Weeping as they wander
In frightful struggle
With heaven and earth,
The sea, the elements,
Forever accursed
In life and death,
May their fate be eternal,
Eternal their pain.

SECOND ACT

SCENE I

A hall with doors to the side, from one of which the English camp and fortifications can be seen.

LORDS AND LADIES

Ah, sorrow! Ah, horror! Ah, horror! Ah, pity!
As we weep, our hearts are breaking.

L'afflitta morrà d'amor.
Ah! terror! Ah! dolor!
Il duol l'invase.
La vidi errante tra folte piante
Per le sue case gridando va.
Pietà!, ecc.

SCENA II

*(tr. 12) Giorgio esce dagli appartamenti d'Elvira:
poi Riccardo con foglio.*

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
(a Giorgio)
Qual novella?

GIORGIO
Or prende posa.

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Miserella! Miserella!
E ognor dolente?

GIORGIO
Mesta ... e lieta ...

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Ma ... non ha tregua?

GIORGIO
Splende il senno ... e si dilegua
Alla misera innocente.

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Come mai? Come mai?

The lovelorn girl will die of love!
Ah, horror! Ah, sorrow!
Grief has overwhelmed her.
I saw her wandering deep into the woods.
She goes wailing from room to room.
Pity!, etc.

SCENE II

*Giorgio comes from Elvira's apartments: then
Riccardo with a sheet of paper.*

LORDS AND LADIES
(To Giorgio)
What news?

GIORGIO
She is resting now.

LORDS AND LADIES
The poor girl! The poor girl!
And still grieving?

GIORGIO
She is sad ... and happy ...

LORDS AND LADIES
But ... has she no peace?

GIORGIO
Her wits return ... and then
The poor girl loses them again.

LORDS AND LADIES
But how? How?

GIORGIO
Dirlo poss'io?
Tanto affanno m'ange il seno
Ch'ogni voce trema e muor!

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Ah! favella.

GIORGIO
Voi chiedete?

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Ten preghiam.

GIORGIO
Ah! cessate.

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Ten preghiam.

GIORGIO
Deh! cessate.

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Ten preghiam per quel dolor
Che soffriamo al tuo dolor.

GIORGIO
Ebben, se volete, v'appressate.
(tr. 13) Cinta di fiori e col bel crin disciolto
Talor la cara vergine s'aggira,
È chiede all'aura, ai fior con mesto volto:
"Ove andò Elvira?
Ove andò?
Ove andò?"

GIORGIO
How can I say it?
So much grief weighs on my breast
That every word dies on my trembling lips!

LORDS AND LADIES
Ah, speak!

GIORGIO
Must you ask me?

LORDS AND LADIES
We beseech you.

GIORGIO
Ah, do not ask.

LORDS AND LADIES
We beseech you.

GIORGIO
Do not ask, I pray you.

LORDS AND LADIES
We beseech you because of the pain
That your sorrow brings us.

GIORGIO
Well, then. If you wish, draw near.
With flowers in her wild hair,
The dear maiden can be seen to roam,
Downcast as she asks the open air
and the flowers:
"Where has Elvira gone? Where?
Where has she gone?"

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Misero cor!

GIORGIO
Bianco vestita, e qual se all'ara innante
Adempie il rito, e va cantado: "il giuro";
Poi grida, per amor tutta tremante:
"Ah, vieni, Arturo, ah, vieni, Artur!"

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Ah! quanto fu barbaro il traditor!
Misero cor, morrà d'amor!

GIORGIO
Geme talor qual tortora amorosa,
Or cade vinta da mortal sudore,
Or l'odi, al suon dell'arpa lamentosa,
Cantar d'amor, d'amor.

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Misero cor!

GIORGIO
Or scorge Arturo nell'altrui sembiante,
Poi del suo inganno accorta,
e di sua sorte,
Geme, piange, s'affanna
e ognor più amante,
Invoca morte, morte.

GIORGIO, CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Cada il folgor sul traditor!
Ahi! la misera morrà d'amor!
Cada il folgor sul traditor, sì!

LORDS AND LADIES
Unhappy soul!

GIORGIO
Clad in white as if at the altar
For the ceremony, singing, "I do";
Then she cries all atremble with love:
"Ah come, Arturo! Ah come, Arturo!"

LORD AND LADIES
Ah, how brutal was the traitor!
Unhappy soul! She shall die for love.

GIORGIO
Sometimes she coos like a loving dove,
Then she falls into a deathly sweat,
Or you can hear her play her plaintive harp
Singing of love, of love.

LORDS AND LADIES
Unhappy soul!

GIORGIO
Now she sees Arturo in others' faces.
Then she awakens from her error
and to her fate,
She moans and weeps,
And stricken even more by love,
Calls for death, death.

GIORGIO, LORDS AND LADIES
May lightning strike the traitor!
Ah, woe! The poor girl will die for love!
May lightning strike the traitor, yes!

GIORGIO

Oh ciel, prendi pietà al suo dolor!

(tr. 14) RICCARDO

(entra con un foglio)

E di morte lo stral non sarà lento!
Alla scure Artur Talbo è condannato
Dall'Anglican Sovrano Parlamento.
Ecco il suo fato!

RICCARDO, GIORGIO, CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE

Quaggiù nel mal che questa valle serra,
Ai buoni e ai tristi è memorando esempio
Se la destra di Dio
possente afferra
Il crin dell'empio.

RICCARDO

Di Walton l'innocenza a voi proclama
Il Parlamento e ai primi onor lo chiama.

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE

Qual doglia, Walton, se vedran tue ciglia
Insana ancor la tua diletta figlia!

RICCARDO

E non v'ha speme alcuna?

GIORGIO

Medic' arte n'assicura che una
subita gioia,
O gran sciagura potria sanare la
mente sua smarrita.

GIORGIO

Oh heaven, take pity on her pain!

RICCARDO

(Entering with a sheet of paper)

Death will not be long in coming!
To the axe Arturo Talbo is condemned
By the Sovereign English Parliament.
Here is his sentence!

RICCARDO, GIORGIO, LORDS AND LADIES

Here in this vale of tears,
It is a lesson for good
and wicked alike to heed
When almighty God's right hand
Smites the head of the guilty.

RICCARDO

Parliament proclaims Walton's innocence
And restores his honors.

LORDS AND LADIES

What pain, Walton, should your eyes
Behold your dearest child as mad as ever!

RICCARDO

So is there no hope?

GIORGIO

We know from medical arts
that sudden joy
Or great misfortune
Could heal her distracted mind.

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Qual mai merita Artur pena infinita!

RICCARDO
In me, duce primiero, parla Cromvello.
Il vil, che ancora è in fuga,
E di sangue civil bagnò Inghilterra,
Ite, cercate or voi.
E se sua rea fortuna,
O malizia, lo tragga a questa terra,
Non abbia grazia, né pietade alcuna.
(Partono i castellani e le castellane.)

CD 3

SCENA III

(tr. 1) ELVIRA
(di dentro)
O rendetemi la speme,
O lasciate, lasciatemi morir!

GIORGIO
Essa qui vien ... la senti?

GIORGIO, RICCARDO
Oh! com'è grave il suon de' suoi lamenti.

(Esce Elvira scapigliata. Il volto, il guardo o ogni passo di Elvira palesano la sua pazzia.)

ELVIRA
Qui la voce sua soave

LORDS AND LADIES
How deeply Arturo deserves eternal punishment!

RICCARDO
In me, his first in command, Cromwell speaks.
Go now, all of you. Pursue
The vile fugitive
Who has drenched England
In civil blood.
And if his vile fortune,
Or treachery, bring him into this land,
May he find no pardon or pity.
(Lords and Ladies leave.)

SCENE III

ELVIRA
(Aside)
Restore my hope
Or let me, let me die.

GIORGIO
She is coming here ... Do you hear her?

GIORGIO, RICCARDO
Oh, how miserable, the sound of her lamenting.

(Elvira comes out disheveled. Her face, her expressions and every step betray Elvira's madness.)

ELVIRA
Just now his tender voice

Mi chiamava e poi sparì.
Qui giurava esser fedele,
Qui il giurava,
E poi crudele, ei mi fuggì!
Ah! mai più qui assorti insieme
Nella gioia dei sospir.
Ah! rendetemi la speme,
O lasciate, lasciatemi morir!

GIORGIO, RICCARDO
Quanto amor è mai raccolto
In quel volto, in quel dolor!

(Elvira a poco a poco si avvicina a Giorgio, lo guarda, e sforzandosi di risovvenirsi chi esso sia, gli dice:)

ELVIRA
Chi sei tu?

GIORGIO
Non mi ravvisi?

ELVIRA
(riconoscendolo con allegrezza)
Sì ... sì ... mio padre ... E Arturo?
E l'amore?
Parla, parla ...
Ah! tu sorridi e asciughi
il pianto!
A Imene, a Imen mi guidi ... al ballo, al canto!
Ognun s'appresta a nozze, a festa,
E meco in danze esulterà.
A festa!
(a Giorgio)

Was calling me, but vanished.
Just now his troth
He was pledging,
And then the cruel man fled from me!
Ah, never again to be caught up
In our sighs of joy.
Ah, restore my hope,
Or let me, let me die.

GIORGIO, RICCARDO
How much love I see
In that face and in that pain!

(Little by little, Elvira approaches Giorgio, gazes at him and, trying to remember who he is, says to him:)

ELVIRA
Who are you?

GIORGIO
Do you not recognize me?

ELVIRA
(Delighted to recognize him)
Yes ... yes ... my father ... And Arturo? And love?
Speak, speak ...
Ah, you are smiling and drying
your tears!
To the altar, to the altar you are leading me ...
to dance, to sing!
Everyone is hurrying to the wedding,
to the feast
And dance their joy with me. To the feast!
(To Giorgio)

Tu pur meco danzerai?
Vieni a nozze. Vien.
(si volge e vede Riccardo, lo prende per mano)
Egli piange!

RICCARDO
O Dio!

GIORGIO
O Dio!

ELVIRA
(a Giorgio)
Egli piange ... forse amò.
(fra sé)
Piange ...
(risoluto)
... amò!

GIORGIO, RICCARDO
(fra sé)
Or chi il pianto frenar può?
Chi frenar lo può?

ELVIRA
(a Riccardo)
M'odi, e dimmi: amasti mai?

RICCARDO
Gli occhi affissa sul mio volto,
Ben mi guarda e lo vedrai ...

ELVIRA
Ah! sé piangi ... ancor tu sai
Che un cor fido nell'amor
Sempre vive nel dolor!

Will you dance with me?
Come to the wedding. Come.
(Turns and sees Riccardo, taking his hand.)
He is weeping!

RICCARDO
O God!

GIORGIO
O God!

ELVIRA
(To Giorgio)
He is weeping ... Perhaps once he loved.
(Aside)
He is weeping ...
(Firmly)
... Once he loved!

GIORGIO, RICCARDO
(Aside)
Who can hold back the tears now?
Who can hold them back?

ELVIRA
(To Riccardo)
Hear me, and tell me: have you ever loved?

RICCARDO
Fix your eyes on my face,
Look at me closely and you will see ...

ELVIRA
Ah! If you weep ... you still know
That a heart faithful in love
Always lives in sorrow!

GIORGIO
(abbracciandola)
Deh! t'acqueta, o mia diletta.
Tregua al duol dal cielo aspetta.

ELVIRA
(scorrendo la scena, fra sé)
Mai!

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
Clemente il ciel ti fia.

ELVIRA
Mai!

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
L'ingrato oblia, ah, sì!

ELVIRA
Mai!
Ah! mai più ti rivedrò.
(con tutta la disperazione del dolore)
Ah! toglietemi la vita
O rendete, rendetemi il mio amor!
(Resta abbattuta ed immobile.)

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
Ah! si fa mia la sua ferita,
Mi dispera e squarcia il cor.

(Elvira si volge in atto furente verso Riccardo e Giorgio. Dopo un poco ella sorride e atteggia il volto alla maniera de' pazzi.)

GIORGIO
(Embracing her)
Please be still, o my darling.
Wait for heaven to comfort you.

ELVIRA
(Moving about the stage, aside)
Never!

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
May heaven be merciful to you!

ELVIRA
Never!

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
Forget the ingrate, ah, yes!

ELVIRA
Never!
Ah, never again will I see you.
(With all the desperation of her pain)
Ah, take my life
Or return my love to me!
(She stands despondent and motionless.)

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
Ah, she makes her pain my own.
She aggrieves me and rends my heart.

(Elvira turns in a fury toward Riccardo and Giorgio. After a brief moment, she smiles and her face is one of a madwoman.)

(tr. 2) GIORGIO

Tornò il riso sul suo aspetto.

RICCARDO, GIORGIO

Qual pensiero a lei brillò?

ELVIRA

(crede esser con Arturo)

Non temer del padre mio,

Alla fine lo placherò.

Ah, non temer, lo placherò.

Ogni duolo andrà in oblio;

Sì, felice io ti farò.

Non, temer del padre mio,

Vien, felice ti farò.

RICCARDO

Qual bell'alma innamorata

Un rival toglieva a me! sì!

GIORGIO

Ella in pene abbandonata

Sogna il bene che perdè! sì!

(tr. 3) ELVIRA

Vien, diletto, è in ciel la luna!

Tutto tace intorno, intorno;

finché spunti in ciel il giorno,

Ah, vien, ti posa sul mio cor!

Deh! t'affretta, o Arturo mio,

Riedi, o caro, alla tua Elvira;

Essa piange e ti sospira,

Vien, o caro, all'amore.

GIORGIO

She has begun to smile again.

RICCARDO

What thought has come to her?

ELVIRA

(Believing herself with Arturo)

Have no fear of my father,

In the end I will bring him around.

Ah, have no fear, I will bring him around.

Every sorrow will be forgotten;

Yes, I will make you happy.

Have no fear of my father,

Come, I will make you happy.

RICCARDO

Such a beautiful, loving soul

A rival was taking from me! Yes!

GIORGIO

In sorrow, abandoned,

She dreams of the love she lost! Yes!

ELVIRA

Come, my dearest, the moon is high!

All is quiet all about, everywhere;

Ah, come rest on my heart

Until the sun rises in the sky!

O my Arthur, I beg you,

Hurry back to your Elvira, my love;

She weeps and sighs for you,

Come, my darling, to love.

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
Possa tu, bell'infelice,
Mercè aver di tanto affetto,
Possa un giorno nel diletto
Obliare il suo dolor, sì.

ELVIRA
Vien, diletto, è in ciel la luna, *ecc.*
Artur, riedi al primo amor.

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
Ah! Ricovrarti omai t'addice,
Stende notte il cupo orror, sì.
(*Parte Elvira.*)

SCENA IV

(**tr. 4**) GIORGIO
Il rival salvar tu dèi,
Il rival salvar tu puoi.

RICCARDO
Io nol posso.

GIORGIO
No? Tu nol vuoi.

RICCARDO
(*con sdegno*)
No.

GIORGIO
Tu il salva!

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
May you find, unhappy beauty,
Pity for your such loving feelings.
May you one day forget
Your sorrow in happiness, yes!

ELVIRA
Come, my dearest, the moon is high, *etc.*
Arturo, come back to your first love.

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
Ah, it is time for you to retire!
Night's dark gloom is falling.
(*Elvira leaves.*)

SCENE IV

GIORGIO
You must save your rival,
You can save your rival.

RICCARDO
I cannot.

GIORGIO
No? You do not want to.

RICCARDO
(*Scornfully*)
No.

GIORGIO
Do it, save him!

RICCARDO
No, ah! no, ei perirà!

GIORGIO
Tu quell'ora or ben rimembri
Che fuggì la prigioniera.

RICCARDO
Sì.

GIORGIO
E d'Arturo fu colpa intera?

RICCARDO
(quasi sdegnandosi)
Tua favella ormai ...

GIORGIO
È vera.

RICCARDO
Parla aperto.

GIORGIO
Ho detto assai.

RICCARDO
Fu voler del Parlamento,
Se ha colui la pena estrema;
Dei ribelli l'ardimento
In Artur si domerà.
Io non l'odio, io nol pavento,
Ma l'indegno perirà.

RICCARDO
No! Ah, he will perish!

GIORGIO
Clearly you remember that time
When the prisoner fled.

RICCORDO
Yes.

GIORGIO
And did Arturo bear the full blame?

RICCARDO
(Starting to take offense)
Are you telling me ...

GIORGIO
The truth.

RICCARDO
Out with it.

GIORGIO
I have said enough.

RICCARDO
It was the will of Parliament
To condemn him to death;
In Arturo we shall quell
The zeal of the rebels.
I do not hate him, I do not fear him,
But the culprit must perish.

GIORGIO

No! Un reo tormento
Or t'invade e acceca ...
ah! trema!
Il rimorso e lo spavento
La tua vita strazierà.
Se il rival per te fia spento
Un'altr'alma seco andrà.

RICCARDO

Chi?

GIORGIO

Pensa, o figlio!
Due vittime farai!
E dovunque tu n'andrai
L'ombra lor ti seguirà!

(tr. 5) Se tra il buio un fantasma vedrai
Bianco, lieve ... che geme e sospira,
Sarà Elvira che s'aggira,
E ti grida: io son morta per te.
Quando il cielo è in tempesta più scuro,
S'odi un'ombra affannosa, che freme,
Sarà Artur che t'incalza, ti preme,
Ti minaccia de' morti il furor.

RICCARDO

Se d'Elvira il fantasma dolente
M'apparisca e m'incalzi e s'adiri,
Le mie preci, i sospiri,
Mi sapranno ottenere mercè.
Se l'odiato fantasma d'Arturo
Sanguinoso sorgesse d'Averno,
Ripiombarlo agli

GIORGIO

No! A wicked torment
Overwhelms and blinds you ...
Ah, tremble!
Remorse and dread
Will plague your life.
Should you cause your rival's death,
Another soul will go with him.

RICCARDO

Whose?

GIORGIO

Think, my son!
You will make two victims!
And wherever you go
Their shades will follow!

If in the dark you see a ghost,
White, faint ... moaning and sighing,
It will be Elvira out wandering,
And she cries, "I am dead because of you."
When a storm darkens the sky,
You hear a gasping shadow atremble,
It will be Arturo chasing and bearing down,
Menacing with the furor of the dead!

RICCARDO

If the doleful ghost of Elvira
Appears to me, pursuing and entreating,
my prayers, my sighs
will vouchsafe me pardon.
If the loathsome ghost of Arturo
Comes forth bloody from
the very gates of Hell,

abissi in eterno
Lo farebbe il mio immenso furor.

GIORGIO
Sarà Elvira che mesta s'aggira, ecc.

RICCARDO
Se d'Elvira il fantasma dolente, ecc.

(tr. 6) GIORGIO
(abbracciando Riccardo)
Riccardo! Riccardo!
Il duol che si mi accora
Vinca la tua bell'anima.

RICCARDO
Han vinto le tue lacrime ...
Vedi, ho bagnato il ciglio.

GIORGIO, RICCARDO
Chi ben la patria adora
Onora la pietà!

RICCARDO
Forse, forse dell'alba al sorgere
L'oste ci assalirà.
S'ei vi sarà ...

GIORGIO
S'ei vi sarà? Ei perirà.

RICCARDO
Ei perirà, sì, perirà.

My great furor will plunge him back
into the depths forevermore.

GIORGIO
It will leave Elvira out wandering, unhappy, etc.

RICCARDO
If the doleful ghost of Elvira, etc.

GIORGIO
(Embracing Riccardo)
Riccardo! Riccardo!
Let the sorrow that so afflicts me
Win over your fine soul.

RICCARDO
Your tears have done so ...
See? My eyes are bathed in tears.

GIORGIO, RICCARDO
Those who truly love their homeland
Act with mercy.

RICCARDO
Perhaps, perhaps at the break of dawn
An army attacks us;
And he is there ..

GIORGIO
If he is there? He will perish.

RICCARDO
He will perish. Yes, he will perish.

GIORGIO
Mia man non è ancor gelida!
Con te combatterò, sì, sì.

RICCARDO
Se armato ei poi verrà,
Per questa mano ei perirà.

GIORGIO
Sia voce di terror:
Patria, vittoria, vittoria, onor.

(tr. 7) Suoni la tromba, e intrepido
Io pugnerò da forte;
Bello è affrontar la morte
Gridando: libertà!
Amor di patria impavido
mieta i sanguigni allori,
Poi terga i bei sudori
E i pianti la pietà.

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
All'alba!

GIORGIO
Bello è affrontar la morte
Gridando: libertà!

RICCARDO
Suoni la tromba, e intrepido,
Tu pugnerai da forte, ecc.

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
All'alba!

GIORGIO
My hand is not yet frozen with age!
I will fight with you. Yes, yes,

RICCARDO
If he comes armed,
Then he will perish by this hand.

GIORGIO
May our war cry wreak terror:
Homeland and victory, victory and honor.

Sound the trumpet, and boldly
Shall I fight with all my strength:
How sweet to confront death,
Shouting: "Liberty!"
May intrepid love for the homeland
Reap gory laurels
As mercy wipes away
The brave sweat and tears.

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
Until dawn!

GIORGIO
How sweet to confront death,
Shouting: "Liberty!"

RICCARDO
Sound the trumpet, and boldly
Will you fight with all your strength, etc.

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
Until dawn!

RICCARDO
Bello è affrontar la morte
Gridando: libertà!

GIORGIO
Suoni la tromba, e intrepido
Io pugnerò da forte.

RICCARDO
Forse, forse dell'alba --

GIORGIO
All'alba!

RICCARDO
-- al sorgere
L'oste ci assalirà.
S'ei vi sarà ...

GIORGIO
Morrà!

RICCARDO
Sia voce di terror:
Patria, vittoria.

RICCARDO, GEORGIO
Suoni la tromba, e intrepido
Io pugnerò da forte;
Bello è affrontar la morte
Gridando: libertà!

RICCARDO
Amor di patria impavido

RICCARDO
How sweet to confront death,
Shouting: "Liberty!"

GIORGIO
Sound the trumpet, and boldly
Shall I fight with all my strength.

RICCARDO
Perhaps, perhaps at the break of dawn --

GIORGIO
Until dawn!

RICCARDO
-- an enemy
attacks us;
And he is there ...

GIORGIO
He shall die!

RICCARDO
May our war cry wreak terror:
Homeland and victory.

RICCARDO, GEORGIO
Sound the trumpet, and boldly
Shall I fight with all my strength:
How sweet to confront death,
Shouting: "Liberty!"

RICCARDO
May intrepid love for the homeland

GIORGIO
Mieta i sanguigni allori

RICCARDO
Poi terga i bei sudori

GIORGIO
E i pianti la pietà.

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
All'alba!
Bello è affrontar la morte
Gridando: libertà!
Sia voce di terror:
Patria, vittoria, onor.

ATTO TERZO

SCENA I

Un giardino e boschetto, vicino alla fortezza. L'uragano è al colmo. Entra Arturo pallido, ansante; si toglie il grande mantello che l'avvolge.

(tr. 8) ARTURO
Son salvo, alfin son salvo. I miei nemici
Falliro il colpo, e mi smarrir di traccia.
O patria ... o amore, onnipossenti nomi!
Ad ogni passo
Mi balza il cor nel seno, e benedico
Ogni fronda, ogni sasso.
Oh! come dolce è un esule infelice
Vedere il suo tesoro
E, dopo tanto errar

GIORGIO
Reap gory laurels

RICCARDO
As mercy wipes away

GIORGIO
The brave sweat and tears.

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
Until dawn!
How sweet to confront death
Shouting: "Liberty!"
May our war cry wreak terror:
Homeland, victory and honor.

THIRD ACT

SCENE I

A garden and grove near the fortress. A storm is raging at full force. Arturo enters, pallid and out of breath; he takes off the large cloak in which he is wrapped.

ARTURO
I am safe, safe at last. My enemies
Have missed their mark
and lost my trail.
O homeland ... o love, all-powerful words!
With each step
My heart leaps, as I bless
Every bough, every stone.
Oh, how sweet it is for an unhappy exile
To see his beloved

di riva in riva,
Baciar alfin la terra sua nativa!
Qual suon!

(tr. 9) ELVIRA

(di dentro)

A una fonte afflitto e solo
S'assideva un trovator,
E a sfogar l'immenso duolo
Sciolse un cantico d'amor.
Ah!

ARTURO

La mia canzon d'amore! O Elvira, o Elvira,
Ove t'aggiri tu? Nessun risponde, nessun.
A te così cantava
Di queste selve tra le dense fronde,
E tu allor eco facevi al canto mio!
Deh! Se ascoltasti l'amoroso canto ...
Odi quel dell'esiglio,
Odi il mio pianto.
A una fonte afflitto e solo
S'assideva un trovator;
Toccò l'arpa e suonò duolo,
Sciolse un canto, e fu dolor.
Brama il sol allor ch'è sera,
Brama sera allor ch'è sol.
Gli par verno primavera,
Ogni gioia gli par duol!

(tr. 10) *(Odesi il suono di tamburo.)*

Qual suon!

And, after long wandering from shore to shore,
To kiss at last his native soil!
What is that sound?

ELVIRA

(From within)

By a fountain, troubled and alone,
Sat a troubadour,
And to voice his great sadness
He burst into a song of love.
Ah!

ARTURO

My love song! O Elvira, o Elvira,
Where are you now? No answer, none.
I used to sing like that to you
Amid the dense boughs of these woods,
Where you echoed my singing.
I pray, if once you listened
to that loving song ...
Hear now one of exile,
Hear my weeping,
By a fountain, troubled and alone,
Sat a troubadour.
He struck his harp and sounded his grief,
Breaking into a song that was all sorrow.
He yearns for the sun
when evening has fallen,
He yearns for the evening
when the sun is shining.
Springtime seems winter to him,
Every joy seems sorrow!

(The sound of a drum is heard.)

What sound is that?

Alcun s'appressa!
(va a coprirsi col suo mantello e cerca di celarsi)

SOLDATI
(di dentro)
Agli spalti. Alle torri andiam.

ARTURO
Ancor di me in traccia?

SOLDATI
Si cercherà ... si troverà ...

ARTURO
O Dio! Ove m'ascondo?

SOLDATI
No, no, non fuggirà.
Si troverà.
Agli spalti, alle torri,
Si cercherà, non sfuggirà!

ARTURO
Al altro lato vanno i furenti.
(Si ritira, e vedesi un drappello d'armigeri traversare il fondo della scena; appena che sono passati, Arturo esce e guarda lor dietro.)

(tr. 11) Son già lontani. Perché mai non posso
Porre il piede dentro l'adorate soglie,
Dire a Elvira il mio duol, la fede mia?
Ah! no ... perder potrei
Me stesso e lei. Or si ripigli il canto.
Forse a me verrà, se al cor le suona

Someone is approaching!
(He tries cover himself under his cloak.)

SOLDIERS
(From within)
To the ramparts. We are going to the towers.

ARTURO
Are they still tracking me?

SOLDIERS
Keep searching ... We will find him ...

ARTURO
O God! Where shall I hide?

SOLDIERS
No, no, he will not get away.
He will be found.
Search ramparts, search the towers.
He will not get away!

ARTURO
Those relentless troops are coming the other way.
(He pulls back and a band of men-at-arms can be seen crossing in the background; as soon as they have passed by, Arturo comes out, looking after them.)

They are far gone. Why can I not
Cross that beloved threshold
To tell Elvira of my pain and fidelity?
Ah, no! ... I could doom
Myself and her as well. Let me begin
the song again.

Come ne dì felici,
Quando uniti dicemmo: io t'amo, io t'amo.

Corre a valle, corre a monte
L'esiliato pellegrin,
Ma il dolor gli è sempre a fronte,
Gli è compagno nel cammin.
Cerca il sonno a notte scura
L'esiliato pellegrin;
Sogna, e il desta la sciagura
Della patria e il suo destin.
Sempre eguali ha i luoghi e l'ore
L'infelice trovator.
L'esiliato allor che muore
Ha sol posa al suo dolor.

SCENA II

(tr. 12) ELVIRA

(si mostra e porge l'orecchio)

Finì ... me lassa! O! come dolce all'alma
Mi scendea quella voce ... O Dio! finì ...
Mi parve ... Ahi! rimembranze! Ahi! vani sogni!
Ah! mio Arturo, ah! dove sei?

ARTURO

(inginocchiandosi)

A' piedi tuoi,
Elvira, ah! mi perdona!

Perhaps she will come to me
if it touches her heart
As is happier days together
When we said, "I love you, I love you."

The exiled pilgrim,
Runs over hill and vale.
But his sorrow always lies ahead,
His companion on the road.
The exiled pilgrim
Hopes to sleep late at night;
He dreams, and awakes to the woes
Of his homeland and his fate!
Places and hours make the same difference
To the hapless troubadour.
The exiled man has repose
Only in the moment of his death.

SCENE II

ELVIRA

(Comes out to listen)

It has ceased ... What a pity! Oh, how sweetly
that voice caressed my soul ... O God!
It has ceased ... It seemed ... Ah, woe!
Memories! Ah, woe! Vain dreams!
Ah, my Arturo! Ah, where are you?

ARTURO

(Kneeling)

At your feet,
Elvira. Ah, forgive me!

ELVIRA
Arturo? Sì, è desso!
Artur! Mio ben! O gioia!

ARTURO
Ah! mia Elvira!

ELVIRA
Mio ben!
Sei pur tu? Or non m'inganni?

ARTURO
Ingannarti? Ah! no, giammai.

ELVIRA
Dunque han fin per me gli affanni?

ARTURO
Non temer ...
finiro i guai;

ELVIRA
Sì ...

ARTURO
Non temer, finiro i guai;
Ora alfin ci unisce amor.

ELVIRA
O Arturo! Arturo, per mai più lasciarci?

ARTURO
Lo credi, mio ben, per mai più lasciarci;
Mio ben, non temer ... finiro i guai ...
Ora alfin ci unisce amor!

ELVIRA
Arturo? Yes, it is he!
Arturo! My love! Oh, joy!

ARTURO
Ah, my Elvira!

ELVIRA
My love!
Can it really be you? Are you deceiving me now?

ARTURO
Deceiving you? Ah, no, never!

ELVIRA
Then are my sorrows over?

ARTURO
Never fear ... Your troubles are over once and
for all.

ELVIRA
Yes ...

ARTURO
Never fear, your troubles are over;
Now at last love brings us together.

ELVIRA
O Arturo! Arturo, never again to part?

ARTURO
Believe it, my love, never again to part;
My love, never fear ... Your troubles are over ...
Now at last love brings us together!

ELVIRA
Ah! che alfin ci unisce amor!

ARTURO
Nel mirarti un solo istante
Io sospiro e mi consolo
D'ogni pianto e d'ogni duolo
Che provai lontan da te.

ELVIRA
(fra se, cercando di risovvenirsi)
(tr. 13) Che provò lontan da me?
Quanto tempo? Lo rammenti?

ARTURO
Fur tre mesi ...

ELVIRA
No, no; fur tre secoli
Di sospiri e di tormenti;
Fur tre secoli d'orror!
Ti chiamava ad ogni istante:
Riedi, Arturo, e mi consola.
Ti chiamava ad ogni istante:
Vieni, ah! vieni, e mi consola,
E rompeva la parola
Il singulto del mio cor!

ARTURO
Ah! perdona ... Ell'era misera,
Prigioniera ... abbandonata, in periglio...

ELVIRA
Di': sé a te non era cara,
A che mai seguir colei?

ELVIRA
Ah! So at last love brings us together!

ARTURO
Seeing you for just one instant,
I sigh and am consoled
For every tear and every sorrow
That I endured far away from you.

ELVIRA
(Aside, trying to recall)
That he endured far away from me?
For how long? Does he remember?

ARTURO
It was three months ...

ELVIRA
No, no; it was three centuries
Of sighs and torment;
It was three centuries of horror!
I called out for you at every instant:
"Come back, Arturo, and console me."
I called out to you at every instant:
"Come, ah, come and console me."
And my heartfelt sobs
Choked my words.

ARTURO
Ah, forgive me! ... She was desolate,
A prisoner ... abandoned.

ELVIRA
Then tell me: If you did not love her,
Why did you go off with her?

ARTURO
Or t'ingigi, o ignori ch'ella
Presso a morte ...

ELVIRA
Chi? Favella.

ARTURO
Tu non sai? La regina!

ELVIRA
La regina!

ARTURO
Un indugio ... e la meschina
Su d'un palco a morte orrenda ...

ELVIRA
Ah! E fia ver? Qual lume rapido
Or la mente mi rischiara!
Dunque m'ami?

ARTURO
E puoi temere?

ELVIRA
Dunque vuoi?

ARTURO
Star teco ognor
Tra gli amplessi dell'amore.

ELVIRA
Dunque m'ami, mio Arturo? Sì?

ARTURO
How could you not have known
That she was about to die?

ELVIRA
Who? Tell me.

ARTURO
You do not know? The Queen!

ELVIRA
The Queen!

ARTURO
Just in time ... or else the poor woman
would face ghastly death on a scaffold.

ELVIRA
Ah, can it be true? A sudden light
Clears my mind!
So you do love me?

ARTURO
Can you still doubt?

ELVIRA
Then you want ... ?

ARTURO
... To keep you forever
In my loving caresses.

ELVIRA
So you do love me, my Arturo? Yes?

(tr. 14) ARTURO

Vieni, vieni fra queste braccia,
Amor, delizia e vita,
Vieni, non mi sarai rapita
Finchè ti stringo al cor.
Ad ogni istante ansante
Ti chiamo e te sol bramo.
Ah! vieni, vien, tel ripeto t'amo,
Ah, t'amo d'immenso amore.

ELVIRA

Caro, caro, non ho parola
Ch'esprima il mio contento;
L'alma elevar mi sento
In estasi d'amor.
Ad ogni istante ansante
Ti chiamo e te sol bramo,
Ah! caro, vien, tel ripeto, t'amo,
T'amo d'immenso amore,
Sì, tel ripeto, sentilo, Artur, dal mio cor.

ARTURO

Sì, mel ripeti, ah! mio ben!
Ad ogni istante ansante
Ti chiamo e te sol bramo!

ELVIRA

Ad ogni istante ansante, *ecc.*

ARTURO

Ah! mio ben!

ELVIRA

Ah! mio Arturo!

ARTURO

Come, come to these arms,
My love, my delight and my life.
Come, you will not be taken from me
Now that I hold you to my breast.
Breathless, at every instant
I call for you, wanting you alone.
Ah, come! Come, let me tell you again,
"I love you with boundless love."

ELVIRA

My dear, I have no words
To express my happiness;
I feel my soul rise high,
Ecstatic with love.
Breathless, at every instant
I call for you, wanting you alone.
Ah, dearest, come! Come, let me tell you again,
"I love you with boundless love."
Yes, hear it once more, Arturo, from my heart.

ARTURO

Yes, say it once more. Ah, my love!
Breathless, at every instant
I call for you, wanting you alone.

ELVIRA

Breathless, at every instant, *etc.*

ARTURO

Ah, my love!

ELVIRA

Ah, my Arturo!

ARTURO
Sempre uniti!

ELVIRA
Sempre insieme!

ARTURO
Sempre insieme!

ELVIRA
Dunque m'ami, mio Arturo, sì!
Caro, caro, non ho parola
Ch'esprima il mio contento, *ecc*

ARTURO
Vieni fra queste braccia,
Amor, delizia, e vita, *ecc*.

ELVIRA
Ad ogni instante ansante
Ti chiamo e te sol bramo.

ELVIRA, ARTURO
Ah! deh! vieni, vien, ti ripeto, t'amo,
T'amo d'immenso amore, *ecc*.

ELVIRA
Mio ben!

ARTURO
Mia vita!

ELVIRA, ARTURO
Sempre con te vivrò d'amor!

ARTURO
Together forever!

ELVIRA
Together forever!

ARTURO
Forever!

ELVIRA
So you do love me, Arturo. Yes!
My dear, I have no words
To express my happiness, *etc*.

ARTURO
Come, come to these arms,
My love, my delight and my life, *etc*.

ELVIRA
Breathless, at every instant
I call for you, wanting you alone.

ELVIRA, ARTURO
Ah, I pray! Come, let me tell you again,
"I love you with boundless love."

ELVIRA
My love!

ARTURO
My life!

ELVIRA, ARTURO
Forever with you I will live in love!

(Elvira si pone sul core la mano d'Arturo. Odesi ancora il suon del tamburo.)

(tr. 15) ARTURO

(s'agita e va a spiare)

Ancor s'ascolta questo suon molesto.
I miei nemici!

ELVIRA

(comincia a vacillare)

Sì, quel suono funesto;
Io conosco quel suon ... ma tu non sai
Che più nol temo,
Ah! no, io più nol temo ormai.
Nella mia stanza
Squarciai quel vel di cui ornò sua testa,
Calpestai le sue pompe ... ed all'aurora ...
Con me tu ancora
Verrai a festa,
a danza?

ARTURO

O Dio! che dici?

ELVIRA

Così come tu mi guardi,
Mi guardan essi, e intender non sanno
Il mio parlar ... il duol, l'affanno!

ARTURO

(spaventato dallo stato di follia che investe Elvira)

Oh, ti scuoti ... o ciel!
Vaneggi!

(Elvira puts Arturo's hand over her heart. The sound of the drum is heard again.)

ARTURO

(Shaken, he goes to see)

That vexing sound again.
My enemies!

ELVIRA

(Starting to falter)

Yes, that dismal sound:
I know that sound well ... but
you do not know
That I no longer fear it.
Ah, now I no longer fear it.
In my room,
I tore up the veil that adorned her head,
I trod her finery underfoot ... and at dawn ...
Will you still come
Dance with me at the festivities?

ARTURO

O God! What are you saying?

ELVIRA

Just as you are looking at me,
So does everyone else, not knowing what
To make of my words ... of my pain, my suffering!

ARTURO

(Frightened by the state of madness that is striking Elvira)

Oh, come out of it ... Oh, heaven!
Your mind is drifting!

(tr. 16) ALCUNI SOLDATI
(di dentro)
Alto là!

ALTRI SOLDATI
Fedel drappello!

ARTURO
Vien, vien!

ALCUNI SOLDATI
E chi viva?

ELVIRA
Ah! tu vuoi fuggirmi ancor?

ALTRI SOLDATI
Anglia, Cromwell!

ARTURO
Ah! no.

SOLDATI
Viva!

ELVIRA
No, no, colei più non t'avrà!

SOLDATI
Vincerà! Vincerà!

ELVIRA
No!

ARTURO
Taci! ah! taci, infelice, ah!

SOME SOLDIERS
(From within)
Halt! Who goes there?

OTHER SOLDIERS
A faithful squad!

ARTURO
Come, come!

SOME SOLDIERS
And the password?

ELVIRA
Ah! You want to leave me again?

OTHER SOLDIERS
England, Cromwell!

ARTURO
Ah, no!

SOLDIERS
Hurrah!

ELVIRA
No, no, she can no longer have you!

SOLDIERS
Victory! Victory!

ELVIRA
No!

ARTURO
Be still! Ah, be still, unhappy girl, ah!

Taci per pietade,
Ah! non ti fuggirò ...

ELVIRA
Ah! t'arresti, t'arresti il mio dolore.
Aiuto! O genti!
Aiuto!

(Si sente da tutte le parti calpestio di gente che s'avanza correndo.)

ARTURO
Ah! taci!

ELVIRA
Pietà! Pietà!

SCENA III

Arturo resta impietrito di dolore, guardando immoto Elvira né curandosi di tutto ciò che accade d'intorno a lui.

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Arturo? Arturo? Lo sciagurato!

(tr. 17) RICCARDO
Cavalier, ti colse il Dio
Punitor de' tradimenti.

GIORGIO, DONNE
Tu qui, o Arturo? Qual destin rio
A tal spiaggia te guidò!

SOLDATI
Pera ucciso fra tormenti
Chi tradiva patria e onor!

Be still, for pity's sake.
Ah, I will not leave you ...

ELVIRA
Ah! May my sorrow keep you here.
Help! You there!
Help!

(The approaching footsteps of people running can be heard.)

ARTURO
Ah, be quiet!

ELVIRA
Have pity! Have pity!

SCENE III

Frozen with grief, Arturo looks at Elvira with no regard for all that is happening around him.

LORDS AND LADIES
Arturo? Arturo? That scoundrel!

RICCARDO
Cavalier, God, the punisher
Of betrayals, has caught you.

GIORGIO, LADIES
You, here, Arturo? How cruel a fate
That led you to this shore!

SOLDIERS
May he die, perishing in tortures,
For betraying homeland and honor!

ELVIRA
Credi, o Arturo, ella non t'ama;
Sol felice io ti farò, sì.

SOLDATI
Talbo Arturo, la patria e Dio
Te alla morte condannò!

GIORGIO, DONNE
Che orror!

ELVIRA
Morte!

(Alla parola "Morte" vedesi che Elvira cangia di aspetto, ed ogni suo moto ed atto palesa che questo avvenimento produsse una commozione nel suo cervello ed un totale cangiamento intellettuale.)

RICCARDO, GIORGIO, DONNE
Ah! qual terror!

SOLDATI
Dio raggiunge i traditor.

ELVIRA
Che ascoltai?

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Si tramutò!
Si fè smorta ed avvampò!

(tr. 18) ARTURO
Credeasi, misera!
Da me tradita,

ELVIRA
Believe me, o Arturo, she does
not love you; Only I can make you happy, yes!

SOLDIERS
Arturo Talbo, the homeland and God
Have condemned you to death!

GIORGIO, LADIES
Horror!

ELVIRA
To death!

(On the words "To death", a change in Elvira's appearance can be seen, and each of her movements and gestures reveal that this event has moved her mind and totally changed her perspective.)

RICCARDO, GIORGIO, LADIES
Ah, what terror!

SOLDIERS
The hand of God seizes traitors.

ELVIRA
What did I just hear?

LORDS AND LADIES
She has changed!
How her pale face now flares!

ARTURO
She believed, the poor girl!
Betrayed by me

Traea sua vita
In tal martir!
Or sfido i fulmini,
Disprezzo il fato,
Se teco allato
Potrò morir!

ELVIRA
Qual mai funerea
Voce funesta
Mi scuote e desta
Dal mio martir!
Se fui sì barbara
Nel trarlo a morte
M'avrà consorte
Nel suo morir!

GIORGIO
Qual suon funereo
Feral rimbomba
Nel sen mi piomba,
M'agghiaccia il cor!
Non ha più lagrime
Il mio dolor.

ALCUNI SOLDATI
Quel suon funereo,
Ch'apre una tomba,
Cupo rimbomba,
Mi piomba al cor.
E Dio terribile
In sua vendetta
Gli empi saetta
Con rigor.

She went on living,
Enduring such suffering!
I defy heaven's storm,
Scorning my fate,
If only I can die
Close to you!

ELVIRA
Oh, such grim
And fatal words
Stir me and awaken me
From my suffering!
Were I so cruel
As to cause his death,
I will accompany him
As he dies!

GIORGIO
Oh, how grim
And frightful that sound
Resounds deep within my breast,
Freezing my heart!
My pain
Has no more tears to shed.

SOME SOLDIERS
That grim sound
Opening a tomb
Resounds so darkly
Deep in my heart.
And wrathful God
In his vengeance
Strikes down the wicked
With a severe hand.

ALTRI SOLDATI

Quel suon funereo,
Ch'apre una tomba,
Cupo rimbomba,
Mi piomba al cor.
E Dio lo vuol
Senza pietà!

RICCARDO

Quel suon funereo
Ch'apre una tomba
Al cor mi piomba,
Lor sorte orribil
Mi piomba al cor.
Ah, pietà.

DONNE

Quel suon funereo
Di tromba ci piomba al cor.
Pur fra le lagrime
Speme ci affida,
Sì, che Dio
Ci arrida con pietà.

ARTURO

Traea sua vita
In tal martir!
Ah! sì, disprezzo il fato,
Se teco allato
Potrò morir!

*(I soldati, impazienti, si rivolgono a Giorgio ed a
Riccardo, e dicono loro sotto voce.)*

OTHER SOLDIERS

That grim sound
Opening a tomb
Resounds so darkly
Deep in my heart.
And God works his will
Without pity!

RICCARDO

That grim sound
Opening a tomb
Afflicts my heart.
Their horrible fate
Afflicts my heart.
Ah, have mercy,

LADIES

That grim sound
Of trumpets afflicts my heart.
Yet through our tears
We can still find hope,
Yes, that God in his mercy
Will smile up us.

ARTURO

She went on living,
Enduring such suffering!
Ah, yes! I scorn my fate,
If only I can die
Close to you!

*(The soldiers turn impatiently to Giorgio and
Riccardo, whispering.)*

SOLDATI
Che s'aspetta?
Alla vendetta!

ELVIRA
(*s'avvicina ad Arturo*)
Arturo!

ARTURO
Elvira, Elvira!

RICCARDO, GIORGIO, DONNE
Sol ferocia or parla in vol!

SOLDATI
Dio comanda a' figli suoi
Che giustizia ormai si renda.
Cada alfin l'ultrice spada
Sovra il capo al traditor!

ELVIRA
(*lo abbraccia*)
Artur! Artur, tu vivi ancor!

RICCARDO, GIORGIO, DONNE
La pietade Iddio v'apprenda!

ARTURO
Teco io sono.

ELVIRA
(*piangendo*)
Il tuo perdono!
Per me a morte, o Arturo mio!

SOLDIERS
What are we waiting for?
Let us take vengeance!

ELVIRA
(*Approaching Arturo*)
Arturo!

ARTURO
Elvira, Elvira!

RICCARDO, GIORGIO, LADIES
Those words betray your ferocity!

SOLDIERS
God is commanding his sons
To render swift justice.
Let the avenging sword fall
At last on the traitor's head!

ELVIRA
(*Embracing him*)
Arturo! Arturo, you are still alive!

RICCARDO, GIORGIO, LADIES
May merciful God instruct you!

ARTURO
I am with you.

ELVIRA
(*Weeping*)
Forgive me!
Your death is my fault!

ARTURO
Ah, un amplesso!

ELVIRA
Sì, mio bene.

ARTURO
Ah, un addio!
*(Ai gridi feroci dei Puritani, Elvira tutta tremante
si stringe ad Arturo come per fargli scudo.)*

ELVIRA
Un addio!

ARTURO
Arrestatevi , scostate,
Crudeli, crudeli!
Ella è tremante,
Ella è spirante,
Anime perfide,
Sorde a pietà.
Un solo istante,
Ah, l'ira frenate
Poi vi straziate
Di crudeltà.

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
Cessate, cessate un istante,
Un istante per pietà!
Deh! cessate!

SOLDATI
Vendetta s'affretta, Dio lo vuole,
Non si tardi!

ARTURO
Ah, embrace me!

ELVIRA
Yes, my love.

ARTURO
Ah, one last farewell!
*(At the ferocious cries of the Puritans, Elvira,
trembling, clings to Arturo as if to shield him.)*

ELVIRA
One last farewell!

ARTURO
Stop, stand back!
Cruel men! Cruel men!
She is shuddering.
This is killing her.
Perfidious souls,
Deaf to all pity.
For one brief instant
Curb your anger
Before unleashing
Your cruelty.

RICCARDO, GIORGIO
Stop, stop for an instant,
For an instant, for pity's sake!
Stop, we pray!

SOLDIERS
Our vengeance cannot wait. God wills it,
Delay no longer!

DONNE

Deh cessate per pietà,
Un istante, deh, cessate!

(tr. 19) *(Odesi un suono di corni da caccia.)*

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE

Suon d'araldi?
Un messaggio?

ARTURO, RICCARDO, GIORGIO

Che sarà?

SOLDATI

Esploriam.

(Fanno un movimento per sortire, ma s'arrestano vedendo entrare un messaggero che reca delle lettere. Riccardo e Giorgio le leggono.)

GIORGIO

Esultate!

RICCARDO

Esultate!

GIORGIO

Già Stuardi vinti sono ...

RICCARDO

I cattivi han già perdono ...

GIORGIO, RICCARDO

L'Anglia terra ha libertà!

LADIES

We pray you, stop, for pity's sake.
For an instant, please stop!

(A hunting horn is heard.)

LORDS AND LADIES

A herald's call?
A message?

ARTURO, RICCARDO, GIORGIO

What can it be?

SOLDIERS

Let us find out.

(They start to go out, but stop on seeing a messenger enter, carrying letters. Riccardo and Giorgio read them.)

GIORGIO

Rejoice!

RICCARDO

Rejoice!

GIORGIO

The Stuarts have been defeated ...

RICCARDO

The guilty have been pardoned ...

GIORGIO, RICCARDO

Our English homeland is free!

CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
L'Anglia terra ha libertà.
A Cromvello eterna gloria!
La vittoria il guiderà.
Siam liete, alme amorose
Qual già foste un dì dolente
Lunghi dì per voi ridenti
Quest'istante segnerà.

ARTURO
Ah! mia Elvira!

ELVIRA
Oh! contento!
Ah! sento, o mio bell'angelo,
Che poco intera è un'anima
Ad esaltar nel giubilo
Che amor ci donerà.
Benedite le lacrime,
L'ansia, i sospiri,
I gemiti; vaneggerò nel palpito
Di tanta cara voluttà!

RICCARDO, GIORGIO, CASTELLANI, CASTELLANE
Sì, sì, l'amor coronerà di giubilo
Gli spasimi di tanta fedeltà.
Amor pietoso e tenero
Coronerà di giubilo
L'ansia, i sospiri, i palpiti
Di tanta fedeltà.

ELVIRA, RICCARDO
Ogni angoscia oblio già!

FINE

LORDS AND LADIES
Our English homeland is free!
Everlasting glory to Cromwell!
Victory will guide him.
Our souls are happy and loving,
No longer sorrowful as before.
This occasion is a sign
Of long, happy days for you.

ARTURO
Ah, my Elvira!

ELVIRA
Oh, happiness!
Ah, I feel, o my dearest angel,
That my soul has yet
To rejoice in the happiness
That love will give us.
Blessed be the tears,
The yearning, the sighs,
The sobbing; I will be lost in the rapture
Of so much sweet pleasure!

RICCARDO, GIORGIO, LORDS AND LADIES
Yes, yes, love will crown with joy
The pain of such great faithfulness.
Devoted and tender love
Will crown with joy
The yearning, sighs, the pains
Of such great faithfulness.

ELVIRA, RICCARDO
Now I can forget all my troubles!

THE END

Lawrence Brownlee is a leading figure in opera, both as a singer on the world's top stages, and as a voice for activism and diversity in the industry. Captivating audiences and critics around the globe, he has been hailed as "an international star in the bel canto operatic repertory" (*The New York Times*), "one of the world's leading bel canto stars" (*The Guardian*), and "one of the most in-demand opera singers in the world today" (*NPR*).

With an ever-increasing presence in opera, recital and concerts, Mr. Brownlee has cemented his place as one of the top artists in classical music. He is a regular guest at the world's most important opera houses, including the Metropolitan Opera, Teatro alla Scala, Royal Opera House--Covent Garden, Bayerische Staatsoper, Staatsoper Unter den Linden, Deutsche Oper Berlin, Opéra national de Paris, Gran Teatre del Liceu, Teatro Real, Opernhaus Zürich and Wiener Staatsoper. He is a fixture at the world's top recital venues, including Carnegie Hall, Wigmore Hall and the Kennedy Center. His concert performances include collaborations with the Cleveland Orchestra, Chicago Symphony, Philadelphia Orchestra, San Francisco Symphony, Amsterdam's Concertgebouw, Orchestra dell'Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia, and the festivals of Baden-Baden and Salzburg.

A passionate advocate for diversity initiatives, Mr. Brownlee works with companies and engages civic organizations in the cities he visits to create programs and experiences seeking to

expand opera audiences. His critically acclaimed solo recital program *Cycles of My Being*, a song cycle that centers on the black male experience in America today, has toured across the country three times since 2018, including performances at Carnegie Hall, the Kennedy Center and virtual broadcasts throughout 2020. Following the successful *Lawrence Brownlee and Friends* concert at Lyric Opera of Chicago in 2019, Brownlee performed *Giving Voice* at Houston Grand Opera, a concert created to celebrate Houston's diverse community, and reprised his concert at Lyric Opera with the virtual performance of *Lawrence Brownlee and Friends: The Next Chapter* in July 2020.

He serves as artistic advisor for Opera Philadelphia, where his responsibilities include increasing and expanding audience diversity, advocating for new works, and liaising with the General Director from the perspective of a performing artist. "As an artist, I think it is important that we are actively advocating for this beautiful art form we love so much," said Brownlee, "ensuring that it will be alive and well for many years to come." Mr. Brownlee also serves as an Ambassador for Lyric Opera of Chicago's Lyric Unlimited and is a Peace Ambassador for a new initiative called Opera for Peace.

Brownlee has received a Grammy nomination for his album *Virtuoso Rossini Arias* recorded with Constantine Orbelian and the Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra for Delos Records. Brownlee was awarded a Masters of Music from Indi-



ana University and went on to win a Grand Prize in the 2001 Metropolitan Opera National Council auditions. Brownlee is a winner of numerous awards and distinctions, including “Male Singer of the Year” (2017 International Opera Awards), the Kennedy Center’s Marian Anderson Award and the Opera News Award (2021).

A native of Ohio, Mr. Brownlee is the fourth of six children. He first discovered music when he learned to play bass, drums, and piano at his family’s church in Youngstown. Mr. Brownlee, his wife Kendra and their two children make their home in Florida.

American soprano **Sarah Coburn** is captivating international audiences with her “precision placement, mercury speed, and a gorgeous liquid gold tone, gilded by a thrilling top and bottom register” (The Globe and Mail).

Recent performance highlights include the role of Amina in *La sonnambula* with the Wiener Staatsoper, Adele in *Le Comte Ory* and Zerbinetta in *Ariadne auf Naxos* with Seattle Opera, Marie in *La fille du regiment* with Seattle Opera, Tulsa Opera and Opera Carolina, Juliette in *Roméo et Juliette* with Tulsa Opera, the title role of *Manon* with Opera Santa Barbara, Konstanze in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* with Atlanta Opera and Adina in *L’elisir d’amore* with Washington National Opera.

On the concert stage, recent seasons have included Strauss’s *Four Last Songs* and Mahler’s

Symphony No. 4 with the Tulsa Symphony; concerts with tenor Lawrence Brownlee at both the Tivoli Festival with the Copenhagen Philharmonic and in Jurmala, Latvia; and Rossini’s *Stabat Mater* with the Choral Arts Society of Washington at the Kennedy Center.

Ms. Coburn has performed the roles of Princess Yue-Yang in the world premiere of Tan Dun’s *The First Emperor* at the Metropolitan Opera opposite Placido Domingo, Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* with Florida Grand Opera, Los Angeles Opera, Tulsa Opera, Seattle Opera, Opera San Antonio and Boston Lyric Opera; the title role in *Lucia di Lammermoor* with Washington National Opera, Lyric Opera of Kansas City, Tulsa Opera and Utah Opera; Gilda in *Rigoletto* with Welsh National Opera, Opéra de Montréal, Los Angeles Opera, Portland Opera, Arizona Opera and Cincinnati Opera; Asteria in *Tamerlano* with Washington National Opera and Los Angeles Opera; Vittoria in Pedrotti’s *Tutti in maschera* at Wexford Festival Opera; Euridice and Genio in Haydn’s *L’anima del filosofo* with the Handel & Haydn Society and Glimmerglass Opera; Elvira in *I puritani* with the Tivoli Festival, Boston Lyric Opera and Washington Concert Opera; *Lakmé* with Tulsa Opera; *Lucia de Lammermoor* with both Cincinnati Opera and Glimmerglass Opera; *Linda di Chamounix* at the Caramoor Festival, and Giulietta in *I Capuleti e i Montecchi* with Glimmerglass Opera. Ms. Coburn also performed with Glimmerglass as the title character in Gilbert and Sullivan’s *Patience*, as well as Sister Constance in *Dialogues of the Carmelites*, a role she reprised for New York City Opera.



Ms. Coburn created the role of Kitty in the world premiere of David Carlson's *Anna Karenina* at Florida Grand Opera and Opera Theatre of Saint Louis. She has sung Adele in *Die Fledermaus* with both Seattle Opera and Michigan Opera Theatre, Oscar in *Un ballo in maschera* with Opera Company of Philadelphia, Florida Grand Opera and Cincinnati Opera, Olympia in *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* and Sophie in *Der Rosenkavalier* with Cincinnati Opera, and Norina in *Don Pasquale*, Sandrina in *La finta giardiniera* and Susanna in *Le nozze di Figaro* with Florida Grand Opera.

Ms. Coburn has appeared in concert with Cincinnati Chamber Orchestra, the Moscow Philharmonic, Oklahoma City Philharmonic, Russian National Orchestra, Copenhagen Philharmonic at the Tivoli Festival, the Tulsa Symphony and Handel & Haydn Society as soloist for *Elijah* and *Messiah*. She has also sung *Messiah* with the Seattle Symphony and Philadelphia Orchestra; *Carmina Burana* with the New Jersey Symphony, National Chorale at Avery Fisher Hall, National Symphony Orchestra and the Dallas Wind Symphony; and has joined the Seattle Symphony for Mozart's *Mass in C Minor* and Bach's *Mass in B Minor*.

Ms. Coburn has appeared in concert with Bryn Terfel with Florida Grand Opera, as well as in a duo-recital for the U.S. Supreme Court; in recital with Lawrence Brownlee for the Vocal Arts Society, with Los Angeles Opera and the Mark Morris Dance Group in Handel's *L'allegro, il penseroso, ed il moderato* and in recital at the National Museum of Women in the Arts.

Ms. Coburn has received awards from the George London Foundation, the Richard Tucker Foundation, the Jensen Foundation, the Liederkrantz Foundation, Opera Index, and was a National Grand Finalist in the 2001 Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions.

Baritone **Azamat Zheltyrguzov** was born in the Kazakhstani city of Taldykorgan in 1986. After graduating from the Tlendiev Music School there, he was accepted into the Choral Conducting Department of the Kazakhstan National Academy of Music. In 2005, he transferred to the Solo Singing Department, where he completed a full course of study leading to a bachelor's degree in Vocal Art in 2009.

While still a student, Zheltyrguzov appeared regularly at theaters in cities throughout Kazakhstan, and toured with the Capriccio Violin Ensemble in American states, including Florida, New Jersey and New York. He also took part in the Kazakhstan Days of Culture program in Russia, China, Japan, Turkey, Switzerland, United Arab Emirates, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Belarus, Austria, India, South Korea and Kyrgyzstan, among others.

From 2005 to 2006, he performed with the Song and Dance Company of the Ministry of Internal Affairs of the Republic of Kazakhstan. His repertoire there included a wide range of arias and folk songs, as well as art songs (romances) by Kazakh and Russian composers. Since 2006, he has performed with the State Philharmonic So-



ciety of Astana, leading to his 2020 appointment as Head of the Astana Opera.

From 2007 to 2013, Zheltyrguzov was a soloist with the Bayseitova National Theater of Opera and Ballet, where he performed leading roles in a wide range of operas, including Germont in *La traviata*, Montano in *Otello*, the title role in *Eugene Onegin* and Robert in *Iolanta*. He has also appeared in many operas by composers whose music is virtually unknown in the West. From 2009 to 2012, he was a teacher at the Kazakh National University of Arts (KAZNUA), and from 2012 to 2017 an associate professor and head of the department of vocal art and conducting there. He currently serves as a professor at KAZNUA.

Since 2005, Zheltyrguzov has won top prizes and honors at competitions associated with the Philharmonic Society of Astana and other Kazakh institutions, as well as a wide range of contests in Ukraine, Azerbaijan, Armenia, Poland, Russia, Finland, Italy and Switzerland. He has participated in festivals in Poland, Switzerland, Turkey and Cyprus. In 2011, he was awarded the title of Honored Worker of the Republic of Kazakhstan.

After earning his master's degree at the Lithuanian Academy of Music and Theater in 2009, bass **Tadas Girininkas** spent the formative years of his rapidly developing career performing assorted bass roles in theaters throughout



his native Lithuania. Among his successful early performances were Rocco (*Fidelio*), De Silva (*Ernani*), Heinrich (*Lohengrin*) and Maliuta Skuratov (*The Tsar's Bride*). Other notable roles during this period include Colline (*La bohème*), Bartolo (*Le nozze di Figaro*), Arkel (*Pelleas et Melisande*) and Angelotti (*Tosca*).

Girininkas's more prominent bass roles include Escamillo and Zuniga (*Carmen*), Sparafucile (*Rigoletto*), Zweiter Geharnischter (*Die Zauberflöte*), Johan (*Werther*), Don Alfonso (*Così fan tutte*), Capuletti (*Roméo et Juliette*), Wagner (*Faust*), Raimondo (*Lucia di Lammermoor*), Attila (*Attila*), Coronte (*L'Orfeo*) and Seneca (*L'incarnazione di Poppea*). His international debut roles (from the 2016/17 to 2019/2020 seasons) have taken him to prominent theaters in Germany and Switzerland, as well as others closer to home. These include Wurm (*Luisa Miller*), Oroveso (*Norma*), Don Alfonso (*Così fan tutte*), Bonze (*Madama Butterfly*), Mefistophele (*Faust*), Ramfis (*Aida*), Cardinal de Brogny (*La Juive*), Cadmus and Somnus (*Semele*) and Oratio in Vivaldi's *La fida Ninfa*.

His extensive oratorio and other sacred repertoire roles include Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, Franck's *Les Béatitudes*, Haydn's *Die Jahreszeiten* and *Missa Brevis*, Mozart's *Requiem*, Verdi's *Messa da Requiem*, Puccini's *Messa di Gloria*, Schnittke's *Faust Cantata* and Britten's *War Requiem*.

Girininkas has worked with distinguished conductors such as Constantine Orbelian, James

Gaffigan, Rolf Beck, José Cura and Modestas Pitrenas, among many others. He has also appeared with many well-known orchestras, including the Lucerne Festival Orchestra, Aalborg Symphony Orchestra, Budapest Festival Orchestra, Lithuanian National Symphony, Sinfonia Riga and the Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra. In 2017, he performed the role of Count Ceperano in Delos's Grammy-nominated recording of Verdi's *Rigoletto*, starring the revered baritone Dmitri Hvorostovsky.

Girininkas was named Lithuanian Opera Soloist of the Year 2013, and he recently received the Gold Stage Cross award for the roles of Heinrich (*Lohengrin*) and De Silva (*Ernani*).

Liudas Norvaišas graduated in 1993 from the Lithuanian Academy of Music and Theater, and undertook further studies at the Salzburg Higher School of Music (Mozarteum).

He began his musical career earlier, having sung in the chorus of the Lithuanian National Opera and Ballet Theater since 1982. After becoming a soloist there in 1990, he made his debut as the Monk in *Don Carlo*.

From 1996 to 2000, Norvaišas sang at the opera houses of Bremen and Erfurt in Germany, and performed often with the Kaunas Musical Theater. Beginning in 1991, he sang in many productions at the Lithuanian Opera in Chicago, including Ponchielli's *The Lithuanians*, Vytautas



Klova's *Pilėnai*, *Un ballo in maschera*, *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *Les pêcheurs de perles*.

He also regularly gives solo concerts and takes part in performances of large vocal symphonic works. He collaborates with the Lithuanian National and Lithuanian State Symphony Orchestras, the Lithuanian Chamber Orchestra, and has taught at the Lithuanian Academy of Music and Theater since 2007.

Norvaišas has toured Estonia, Latvia, Russia, Finland, Italy, the United States, Austria, Germany, the Netherlands and Japan. He has participated in music festivals in Malmö (Finland), Sinminato (Japan), DomStufen (Germany) and Bregenz (Austria), among others.

His operatic roles include Oroveso (*Norma*), Raimondo (*Lucia di Lammermoor*), Leporello (*Don Giovanni*), the title role in *Le nozze de Figaro*, Cesare Angelotti (*Tosca*), Don Basilio (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*), Philip and The Grand Inquisitor (*Don Carlo*), Banco (*Macbeth*), Tom (*Un ballo in maschera*), Baron and Doctor (*La Traviata*), Count Monterone (*Rigoletto*), Pimen (*Boris Godunov*), Daland (*The Flying Dutchman*), Escamillo and Zuniga (*Carmen*), The Soldier and the Nazarene (*Salome*), Lodovico (*Otello*), Cardinal de Brogni (*La Juive*), and Gremin (*Eugene Onegin*).

After his vocal studies at the Lithuanian Academy of Music and Theatre in Vilnius, **Tomas Pavilionis** joined the Lithuanian National Opera



Theater, where he is one of the leading tenors. He performs such important lyric roles as Almaviva in *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, Nemorino in *L'elisir d'amore*, Lensky in *Eugene Onegin*, Alfredo in *La Traviata*, Ferrando in *Così fan tutte*, and Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni*. Recent new roles include Idamante in *Idomeneo*, Marquis in Prokofiev's *The Gambler* and the title role in Bernstein's *Candide*.

Pavilionis' broad repertoire also encompasses Tebaldo in *I Capuletti e i Montecchi*, Pong in *Turandot*, Rodolfo in *La Bohème*, the title role in *Faust*, Jaquino in *Fidelio*, Rinuccio in *Gianni Schicchi*. He is also happy to take on operetta roles such as the Count in Johann Strauss II's *Wiener Blut* or Camille de Rosillon in Franz Lehár's *Die Lustige Witwe*. He has also sung the solo tenor parts in many sacred pieces, including Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and *Petite Messe Solennelle*, Mozart's *Requiem* and *Coronation Mass*, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* and Gounod's *Messe Solennelle de Sainte Cecille*.

Due to his charismatic singing and remarkable stage presence, Pavilionis has been in great demand as a guest artist with the most prominent Lithuanian orchestras and music theaters. He is also a frequent performer in foreign countries, including the United States, South Korea, China and various European nations. He has worked with many important stage directors and prestigious conductors.

Jovita Vaškevičiūtė graduated from the Lithuanian Academy of Music and Theater in 2004. Soon thereafter, she completed an internship at the Opera Studio of the Lithuanian National Opera and Ballet Theater (LNOBT).

Ms. Vaškevičiūtė made her debut at the LNOBT in 2006 as Ulrica in *Un ballo in maschera*. She has performed regularly at the Vanemuine Theater in Estonia and various Latvian theaters, and has collaborated with the Lithuanian National Symphony and Lithuanian State Symphony Orchestras. She has also performed in Russia, Italy, Germany, Spain, and the United States. In 2006, she received the "Operos Švyturiai" award in the category of "Opera Hope of the Year" for her role as Suzuki in *Madama Butterfly*.

But the role of Dominga de Advento in the opera *Love and Other Demons* by Péter Eötvös brought wider acclaim to Ms. Vaškevičiūtė. Her successful career in Europe was launched in 2010 when Eötvös invited her to sing Dominga in the premiere of *Love and Other Demons* with the Cologne Opera. Later, she made her debut in Strasbourg in the same role. These performances were conducted by Eötvös himself, who has stated that Vaškevičiūtė is the finest interpreter of Dominga he knows. In 2014, she was invited to return to Cologne to perform the role of Pasqualita in John Adams' *Doctor Atomic*. Later that same year, she took part in the Macao Festival (China) on tour with the Latvian National Opera.



Ms. Vaškevičiūtė was invited back to Cologne to sing Amneris in six performances of *Aida*, as well as eight performances as the mezzo soloist in Verdi's *Messa da Requiem*. In 2015, she made her debut at the Teatro de la Maestranza (Spain), reprising the role of Pasqualita in *Doctor Atomic*. In 2017, she again performed Eötvös's *Dominga*, this time at the Hungarian State Opera. In 2018, she made her debut as Olga in another Eötvös opera, *Tri Sestry*, at the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires.

2019 saw her debut at the Estonia National Opera in the role of Lyubasha in *The Tsar's Bride* and she also performed Lel in Tchaikovsky's *The Snow Maiden* at the Palais des Beaux-Arts in Brussels.

Vaškevičiūtė has been nominated for Golden Stage Cross awards for her depictions of Azucena in *Il trovatore*, Countess/Marquise in Narbutaitė's *Cornet*, Mother in *Hansel und Gretel*, and in 2020, for her interpretation of the Old Lady in Bernstein's *Candide*. A reviewer for the Buenos Aires newspaper *La Prensa* described her singing as "... memorable, drawing attention to her characters with her affecting and powerful voice and her wide vocal register."

Opera consultant **John Fisher's** multifaceted international career encompasses distinguished accomplishments as an opera director, opera manager, conductor, vocal coach and record producer.

A native of Glasgow, he is a graduate of Glasgow University, the Royal Academy of Music and the London Opera Centre.

His operatic career began in 1972, when he became the Music Director of the Welsh National Opera's "Opera For All" project, designed to enhance modern audiences' appreciation of the genre. From 1973-1975 he was a répétiteur and vocal coach as well as Music Director of the Opera Studio at La Monnaie in Brussels.

In 1975, Fisher joined the Music Staff at De Nederlandse Opera in Amsterdam, working there until 1977, when he was appointed Head of Music Staff at La Scala, Milan, and served as the company's Artistic Administrator from 1981 until 1988. He further served Pesaro's Rossini Opera Festival as an artistic/musical consultant from 1983 to 1988. In 1989, he became Artistic Director at La Fenice, Venice: the first non-Italian to hold that position.

From there, Fisher moved on in 1994 to the staff of Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft in Hamburg, where he was Director of Opera and Vocal Productions and Executive Producer. In 1997 he was became Director of Music Administration at New York's Metropolitan Opera, moving on in 2006 to the position of General Director with the Welsh National Opera. John is currently in demand around the world as a master teacher, conductor and opera consultant.



In addition, John has been closely associated with the BBC's "Cardiff Singer of the World" competition, the Lisa Gasteen Opera Summer School, and the Juilliard School, among many others worldwide. He has worked extensively with Decca records and with Unitel films, collaborating with Jean-Pierre Ponnelle on several opera films.

In August 2014, in the final concert of the 2014 Pažaislis Music Festival, Fisher conducted the Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra and State Choir (heard here) in a performance of Verdi's *Requiem*, in commemoration of the 70th anniversary of the liquidation of the Jewish ghetto in Kaunas.

Elisabetta Maschio, assistant conductor for this recording, was awarded her degree in piano in 1988 by the conservatory "G. Verdi" in Milan. A pupil of renowned pianist and teacher Riccardo Risaliti, she started her career in 1988 as a repetiteur with Lawrence Foster in Paris.

Ms. Maschio's conducting debut took place in Budapest in 1991 with *Il Trovatore*. That same year she scored a great success conducting *Madama Butterfly* at the Macerata Festival. Since then she has regularly worked in both the operatic and symphonic repertoires, invited by many theaters in Italy and abroad, including the Teatro Comunale, Bologna; Teatro Comunale, Modena; Teatro Sistina, Rome; Teatro Filarmonico, Verona; Teatro Verdi, Trieste; and the Prague National Theater.



Ms. Maschio has worked with such artists as Anna Caterina Antonacci, Ghena Dimitrova, Giorgio Merighi, Roberto Servile, Bruno Practicalo, Andrea Bocelli, Benedetto Lupo, Pavel Berman, Thomas Demenga, Lucero Tena, Yasuko Hayashij and Leonidas Kavakos.

She has conducted video productions of *Falstaff*, *Don Giovanni*, *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*, *Carmen* and *Cin Ci La* for DVD release on the Kicco Classic label.

Ms. Maschio is currently Professor of Conducting at the Conservatory of Music Nino Rota in Monopoli. She is also artistic director of the international youth festival Gioie Musicali in Asolo.

Stefano M. Lanza, a Lithuania-based university professor from Bologna, was the language coach for this recording. His knowledge of Italian and musical education led to his appointment as a coach to Italian opera singers at the Music Academy of Kaunas and at the Philharmonic of the city of Kaunas. Although linguistics studies and teaching of Italian as a second language are now his main field of activity, he devotes himself to music as an accompanist for singers as well.

Grammy-nominated conductor **Constantine Orbelian** "stands astride two great societies, and finds and promotes synergistic harmony from the best of each." (Fanfare)





Recently appointed Music Director and Principal Conductor of New York City Opera, the brilliant American pianist and conductor has for over 25 years been a central figure in Russia's and Eastern Europe's musical life. He has served as Music Director of the Moscow Chamber Orchestra and Philharmonia of Russia, and as Chief Conductor of the Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra in Lithuania. Orbelian founded the annual Palaces of St. Petersburg International Music Festival and in 2016 also became Artistic Director of the State Academic Opera and Ballet Theatre in Yerevan, Armenia.

Opera News calls Constantine Orbelian "the singer's dream collaborator," and commented that he conducts vocal repertoire "with the sensitivity of a lieder pianist." The California-based conductor tours and records with American stars such as Sondra Radvanovsky and Lawrence Brownlee, and made numerous celebrated recordings for Delos with Dmitri Hvorostovsky before the legendary singer's untimely death.

"Orbelian has star quality, and his orchestras play with passion and precision," *The Audio Critic* wrote of his acclaimed series of over 50 recordings on Delos. Among his concert and televised appearances are collaborations with stars Renée Fleming and Dmitri Hvorostovsky, and with Van Cliburn in Cliburn's sentimental return to Moscow, the great pianist's last performance. Orbelian's frequent collaborations with Hvorostovsky included repertoire from their Delos recordings of universal sentimental songs *Where Are You,*

My Brothers? and *Moscow Nights*, as well as their 2015 recording in the same series, *Wait for Me*. Orbelian has conducted historic live telecasts from Moscow's Red Square, with such artists as Hvorostovsky and Anna Netrebko.

Born in San Francisco to Russian and Armenian emigré parents, Constantine Orbelian made his debut as a piano prodigy with the San Francisco Symphony at the age of 11. After graduating from The Juilliard School, he embarked on a career as a piano virtuoso that included appearances with major symphony orchestras throughout the United States, United Kingdom, Europe, and Russia. His recording of the Khachaturian piano concerto with conductor Neeme Järvi won the "Best Concerto Recording of the Year" award in the United Kingdom.

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



burn and conductor Riccardo Muti, and which singles out non-Russians whose work contributes to the betterment of international relations with the Russian Federation and its people.

From his 1995 performance at the 50th Anniversary Celebrations of the United Nations in San Francisco, to his 2004 performance at the U.S. State Department commemorating 70 years of diplomatic relations between Washington and Moscow, and a repeat State Department appearance in 2007, all with the Moscow Chamber Orchestra, Orbelian continues to use his artistic eminence in the cause of international goodwill. He and his orchestras have also participated in cultural enrichment programs for young people,

both in Russia and the United States. In 2001 Orbelian was awarded the Ellis Island Medal of Honor, an award given to immigrants, or children of immigrants, who have made outstanding contributions to the United States.

The **Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra** (KCSO) evolved from the Kaunas Chamber Orchestra, which was founded in 1988. Since 2000, the orchestra has been managed by Algimantas Treikauskas, with Constantine Orbelian as its principal conductor.

A prestigious Grammy Awards Nominee, the Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra is an integral

part of the cultural life of Kaunas, Lithuania and the entire Baltic region.

The orchestra performs more than 60 concerts a year. It has appeared at Lithuanian music festivals – the International Young Musicians festival, the festivals of composers M. K. Čiurlionis and Edvard Grieg, the Pažaislis music festival – and the international contemporary music festivals “Iš arti” (Kaunas), “Fjord Cadenza” in Norway, and “Murten Classics” in Switzerland. The Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra gives concerts not only in Lithuania, but also in foreign countries such as Latvia, Estonia, Norway, Croatia, Italy, Germany and Finland.

2020 marked the orchestra’s 15-year anniversary; during that span, a number of major and significant projects took place. Memorable concerts – not only of classical but also popular music – have been added to the KCSO’s biography. The orchestra has made a remarkable series of recordings, produced tremendously successful projects and had the honor of performing together with some of the world’s most famous soloists, who are welcome guests at the most important opera houses, such as the Metropolitan Opera in New York, the Royal Opera House in London, Milan’s La Scala, and the Vienna State Opera. Dmitri Hvorostovsky, Lawrence Brownlee, Charles Castronovo, Stephen Costello, John Osborn, José Carreras, Ildar Abdrazakov, Nadine Sierra, Elīna Garanča, Sarah Coburn, Asmik Grigorian, Sarah Brightman and Barbara Frittoli are some of the greats who have performed with the Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra.

The orchestra’s discography consists of over twenty CDs recorded with Maestro Constantine Orbelian and released in collaboration with the legendary classical record label Delos. These recordings have received great critical acclaim and have been nominated for prestigious international classical music honors such as the Grammy Awards, the International Classical Music Awards (ICMA) and others.

Founded in Kaunas, Lithuania, in 1969, the **Kaunas State Choir** was led thereafter by its founder, Petras Bingelis, who was a professor at the Lithuanian Academy of Music and Theatre, and winner of the Lithuanian National Prize. Bingelis, who died of Covid-19 in December of 2020, developed for the chorus an extensive repertoire ranging from medieval to modern music and including more than 150 large-scale compositions: oratorios, cantatas, Masses and Passions, as well as staged and concert versions of operas.

After Lithuania regained its independence in 1990, the choir’s concert life became extremely active and eventful, especially when it began collaborating with the legendary violinist and conductor Yehudi Menuhin. In 1992, with Menuhin on the podium, the chorus took part in theatrical performances in Spain of Handel’s *Messiah* during the New and Old Ways to India Festival, dedicated to the 500th anniversary of the discovery of America, and mounted extensive concert tours to France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Egypt and Russia, among other coun-



tries. Collaborating with the renowned German pianist and conductor Justus Frantz, cellist and conductor Mstislav Rostropovich, and composer Krzysztof Penderecki, the chorus also performed a concert version of *Messiah* in Buenos Aires and the Chilean capital of Santiago.

Over the half century since its founding, the Kaunas State Choir has given more than three thousand concerts in Lithuania and abroad and

has been led by such maestri as Dmitri Kitaenko, Yan Pascal Tortelier, John Axelrod, Vladimir Spivakov and Valery Gergiev. While performing most of its concerts with the Lithuanian National Symphony Orchestra, the choir has also collaborated with other orchestras from London, Paris, Bordeaux, Dresden, Leipzig, Moscow and St. Petersburg, among many others.

This recording is dedicated to the memory of Petras Bingelis (1943-2020), Kaunas State Choir founder and conductor, with whom we collaborated on many recordings

Special thanks to Algimantas Treikauskas, General Director of the Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra, for his invaluable help in producing this recording

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