

TRACK INFORMATION

LINER NOTES

LYRICS

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS



Remembering Tebaldi Melody Moore

TRANSYLVANIA STATE PHILHARMONIC CHOIR & ORCHESTRA
LAWRENCE FOSTER

Remembering Tebaldi

In memory of 'la voce d'angelo' Renata Tebaldi (1922-2004), recorded in the year of her 100th birthday

Early period

- Arrigo Boito (1842-1918)**
1 L'altra notte in fondo al mare (from *Mefistofele*) 4. 45
- Pietro Mascagni (1863-1945)**
2 Son pochi fiori (from *L'amico Fritz*) 3. 24
- Umberto Giordano (1867-1948)**
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- Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)**
4 Sì, mi chiamano Mimi (from *La Bohème*) 4. 37
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- Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)**
5 Dal tuo stellato soglio (from *Mosè in Egitto*) 4. 07

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Alfredo Catalani (1854-1893)

- 8 Ebben? Neandrò lontana (from *La Wally*) 3. 45

Metropolitan Opera period

Giuseppe Verdi

- 9 Pace, pace, mio Dio (from *La forza del destino*) 5. 27

Giacomo Puccini

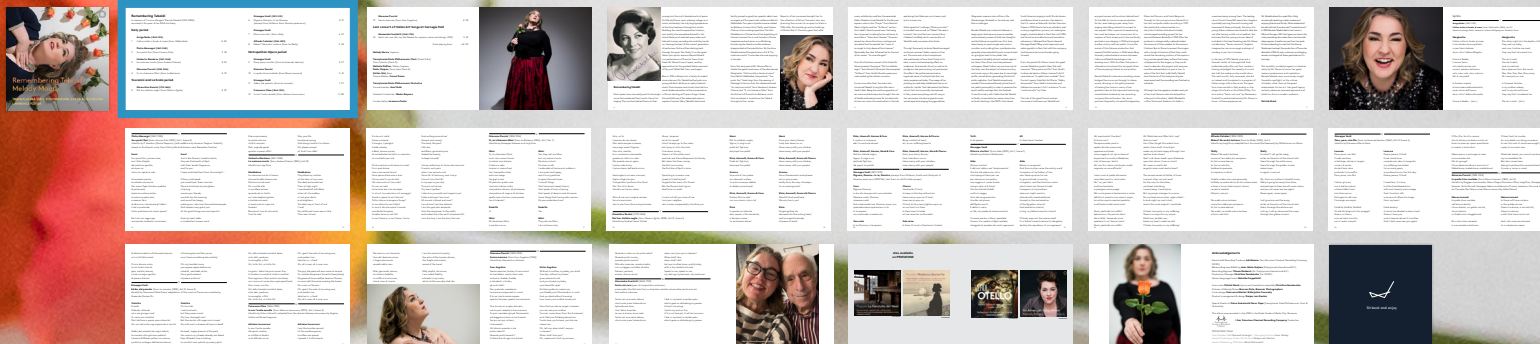
- 10 In quelle trine morbide (from *Manon Lescaut*) 2. 41

Giuseppe Verdi

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Francesco Cilea (1866-1950)

- 12 Io son l'umile ancella (from *Adriana Lecouvreur*) 3. 08



Giacomo Puccini

13 Senza mamma (from *Suor Angelica*) 4. 34

Last concert of Italian Art Songs at Carnegie Hall

Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)

14 Sento nel core (Arr. by Job Maarse for soprano, oboe and strings, 2021) 3. 47

Total playing time: 64. 09

Melody Moore, Soprano

Transylvania State Philharmonic Choir (Track 5 & 6)

Choir Soloists (Track 5):

Melinda Duffner, Mezzo-Soprano

Radu Cîmpan, Tenor (also Track 4)

Ştefan Muţ, Bass

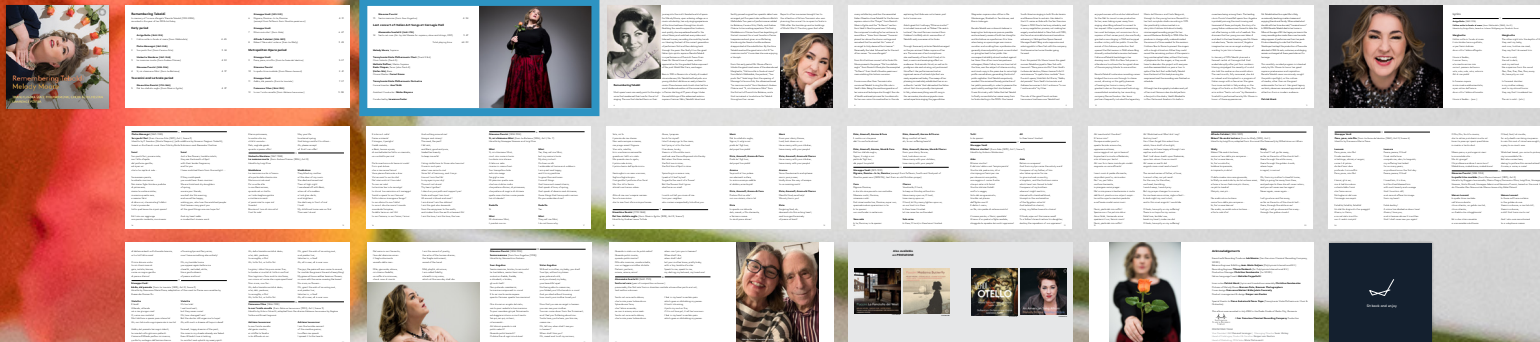
Chorus Master: **Cornel Groza**

Transylvania State Philharmonic Orchestra

Concertmaster: **Ana Török**

Assistant Conductor: **Néstor Bayona**

Conducted by **Lawrence Foster**





Remembering Tebaldi

Most opera lovers can easily point to the single voice that awakened their love for the art of singing. The one that started them on their

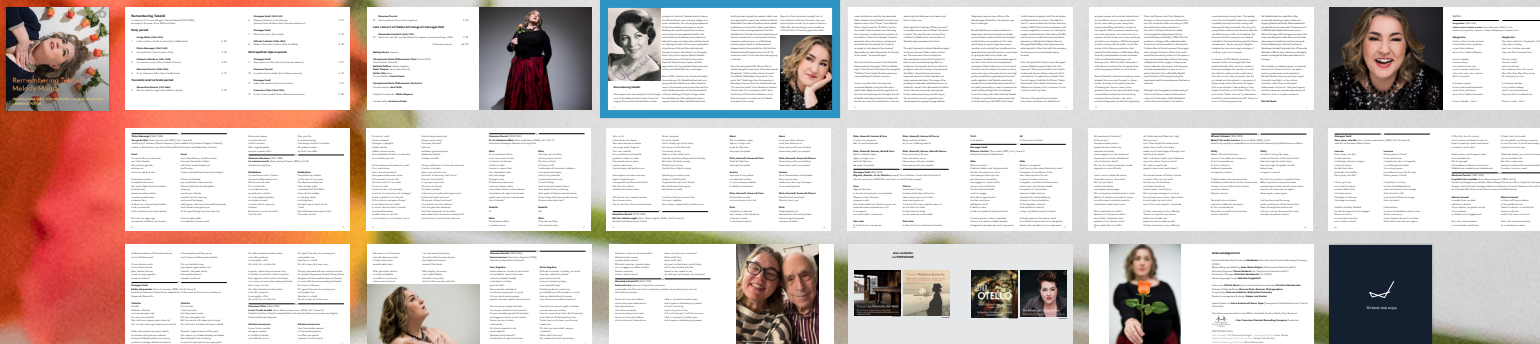
journey into the multi-faceted world of opera. For Melody Moore, upon entering college on a music scholarship, her only singing experience at the time had been through her church. Realizing the need to expand her horizons, and quickly, she sequestered herself in the school library and watched every video and listened to every recording she could lay hands on. Hearing the best of the current generation of performers first and then delving back through the years. She finally lit on the great Italian lyric-spinto soprano Renata Tebaldi in a performance of Puccini's *Tosca*. From there Ms. Moore's love of opera, and her appreciation for the greatest Italian exponent of the post-World War II era, was begun.

Born in 1922 in Pesaro into a family of modest circumstances, Ms. Tebaldi battled polio as a young child but did show an early interest in music. Piano lessons and church choir led to a vocal studies education at the conservatoire in Parma starting at 17 years of age. Under the watchful eye of the esteemed verismo soprano Carmen Melis, Tebaldi's talent and

facility proved so great her operatic debut was arranged just five years later as Elena in Boito's *Mefistofele*. Two years of performances added *La Bohème*, *L'amico Fritz*, *Otello*, and *Andrea Chénier* to her working repertoire. This first Maddalena in *Chénier* found her deputizing at the last moment for a local favorite in Parma. Inexperienced and given an unflattering blonde wig she faced a hostile audience disappointed at the substitution. By the time Tebaldi reached the great aria in Act III "La mamma morta" it was clear she was enjoying a triumph.

From this early period Ms. Moore offers in tribute the great mad scene of the abandoned Margherita, "L'altra notte in fondo al mare" from Boito's *Mefistofele*, the pastoral, "Son pochi fiori" Suzel sings from the opening of Mascagni's *L'amico Fritz*, the aforementioned "La mamma morta" from Giordano's *Andrea Chénier* and "Si, mi chiamano Mimi" from the first act of Puccini's *La Bohème*, a role that remained a touchstone for Tebaldi throughout her career.

Reports of her successes brought her to the attention of Arturo Toscanini who was planning the concert to re-open La Scala in 1946 after the bombings and re-buildings of World War II. The story goes that after



a very satisfactory audition the venerated Italian Maestro chose Tebaldi for the famous soprano solos in the "Prayer" from Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto* and the "Te Deum" section from Verdi's *Quattro pezzi sacri*. Following the composer's marking for her entrance to sound like a "Voice from Heaven" Toscanini placed her above the chorus onstage and remarked that he wanted this "voice of an angel to truly descend from heaven". Deservedly the label followed her for the rest of her career. "La voce d'angelo".

From this illustrious concert at La Scala Ms. Moore presents the prayer "Dal tuo stellato soglio" from Rossini's *Mosè* plus the excerpted "Te Deum" from Verdi's *Quattro pezzi sacri* memorializing this historic occasion.

It was none other than Toscanini who convinced Tebaldi to sing the title role in Verdi's *Aida*. Being the cautious guardian of her voice and technique she thought the role of Verdi's enslaved princess far too dramatic for her own voice. He coached her in the role

explaining that *Aida* was not a heroic part but a human one.

Aida's great Act I soliloquy "Ritorna vincitor!" is included here as well as "Ebben? Ne andrò lontana", the most famous moment from Catalani's *La Wally* which was another of Tebaldi's early successes at La Scala.

Through these early victories Tebaldi emerged as the pre-eminent Italian soprano of her era. The voice was of such sumptuous size and beauty of tone that it had, at its best, a warm and enveloping effect on audiences. Its dramatic thrust, as well as its prodigious size and coloring, only enhanced this effect. Her performances had an ingrained sense of cultural style that are rarely experienced today. The sweep of her phrasing immediately established her as an authentic 'verista' that delineated the Italian school that she so proudly championed. In Italy, where everything was still sung in the vernacular, she also enjoyed a more varied repertoire singing the *jugendlichen*

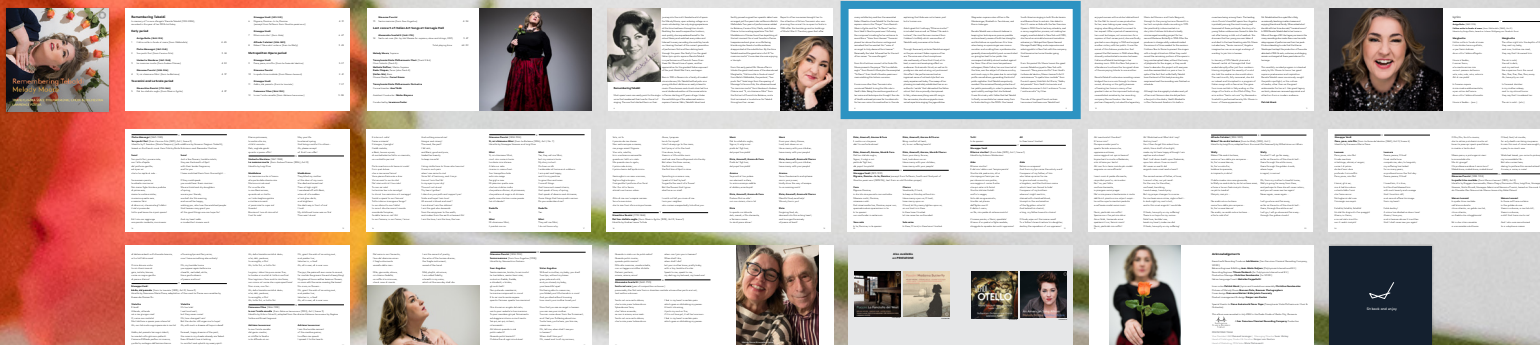
Wagnerian soprano roles of *Eva* in *Die Meistersinger*, *Elisabeth* in *Tannhäuser*, and *Elsa* in *Lohengrin*.

Renata Tebaldi was a staunch believer in keeping her technique as pure as possible and was keenly aware of both her strengths and limitations as a performer. At a time when being an opera singer was more a vocation and a calling than a profession she generally shunned publicity and concentrated on giving her best to her public. Her consequent reliability almost worked against her favor. One of her more tempestuous colleagues, *Maria Callas*, her one true rival at the time, was the subject of intense scrutiny and much copy in the press due to some high profile cancellations, generating the kind of public agitation that Tebaldi scrupulously avoided. She remained fiercely protective of her public personality in order to preserve the quiet nobility onstage that she fostered. It was this rivalry with *Callas* that led Tebaldi to finally concentrate her career away from La Scala starting in the 1950's. She toured

South America singing in both Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires to acclaim. Her debut in the U.S. came as *Aida* with the San Francisco Opera in 1950. Due to her busy schedule, and a canny negotiation process, not making her eagerly awaited debut in New York until 1955, she found an amicable boss and sometime adversary in Metropolitan Opera General Manager *Rudolf Bing* and a responsive and adoring public in New York with the company that became her home theater going forward.

From this period Ms. Moore honors the great success Tebaldi enjoyed in New York with *Leonora's* "Pace, pace mio Dio" from Verdi's *La forza del destino*, *Manon Lescaut's* Act II reminiscence "In quelle trine morbide" from Puccini's opera, *Violetta's* Act III aria, "Addio, del passato" from Verdi's *La traviata* and *Adriana Lecouvreur's* Act I entrance "Io son l'umile ancella" by Cilea.

The role of the great French actress *Lecouvreur* had been one Tebaldi had



enjoyed success with and she lobbied hard for the Met to mount a new production for her, even taking a year away from singing when Bing refused to consent to her request. After a period of reexamining her vocal technique, not uncommon for a soprano at that career point, she was finally granted a new staging in 1963 and enjoyed another victory with her public. It was the revival of this *Adriana* production that opened the Met season in 1968 where Bing shrewdly orchestrated a reunion between Callas and Tebaldi backstage in her dressing room. With the New York press in attendance to witness the two great divas of the era paying tribute to one another.

Renata Tebaldi's extensive recording career bridged the mono era through to stereo sound, allowing us the guilty pleasure of hearing her twice in many of her greatest roles as the improved technology necessitated remakes by her recording company Decca/London. Her tenor partners frequently included the legendary

Mario del Monaco and Carlo Bergonzi, through to the young Luciano Pavarotti in her last complete studio recording in 1970. Her practicality is documented in a story John Culshaw told about a badly mismanaged recording project for her second *Madama Butterfly* in 1958. After the producer in charge wildly underestimated the amount of time needed for the sessions Culshaw flew to Rome to present the singers with a tough ultimatum. Either they could record the remaining portions of the opera in long uninterrupted takes, without the luxury of playbacks for the singers, or they would have to abandon the project until everyone could be reassembled in a year or two. In spite of the fact that as *Butterfly* Tebaldi bore the brunt of this bad planning she acquiesced and the recording was finished on schedule.

Although her discography includes nearly all of her most famous roles she did perform a few just in the studio, Verdi's *Elisabetta* in *Don Carlos* and *Amelia* in *Un ballo in*

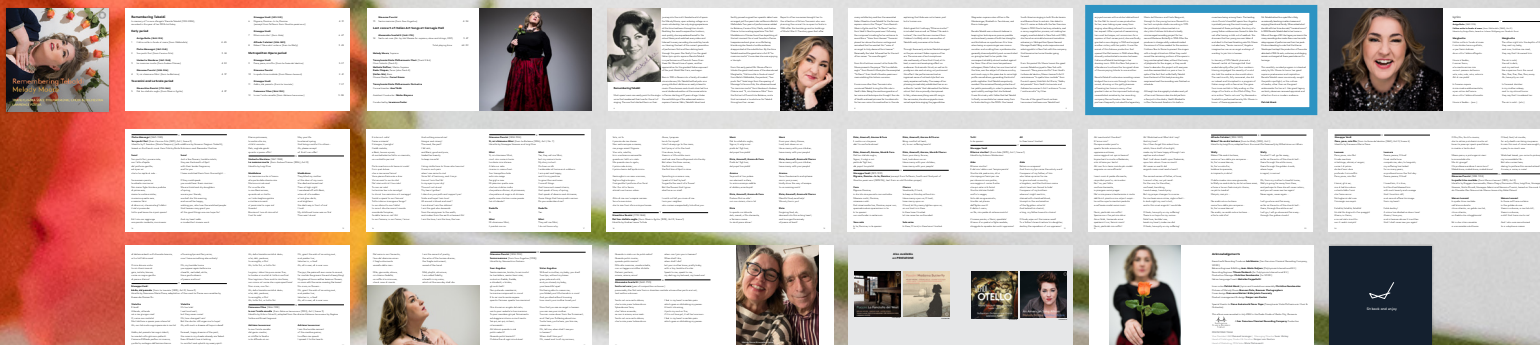
maschera being among them. The leading role in Puccini's heartfelt opera *Suor Angelica* is probably among the most moving and treasured of these portrayals, the story of a young Italian noblewoman forced to take the veil after having a child out of wedlock. She discovers that her young son was taken ill and died. In the heartbreaking aria Ms. Moore includes here, "Senza mamma", Angelica imagines her son as an angel and sings of wanting to join him in heaven.

In January of 1976 Tebaldi planned a farewell recital at Carnegie Hall that ended abruptly after just four numbers. Having misjudged the severity of a cold she told the audience she would return. The next month, fully recovered, she did so indeed and triumphed in a program of Italian songs with a few arias. She gave four more recitals in Italy ending on the stage of La Scala on the 23rd of May. The aria antica "Sento nel core" by Alessandro Scarlatti is performed here by Ms. Moore in honor of these appearances.

Ms. Tebaldi retired to a quiet life in Italy, occasionally teaching master classes and enjoying friends and family. When asked what she did with her time she said, "I receive honors". In 2004 Renata Tebaldi died in her home in Milan at the age of 82. Her legacy survives in the many recordings she made. Even now live radio relays appear of performances from her peak. It's also interesting to note that the Vienna Staatsoper has kept the production of *Tosca* she debuted in 1958. Its sets, costumes, and staging remain unchanged all these years later as if in homage.

This carefully curated program is intended solely by Ms. Moore to honor her great soprano predecessor and inspiration. Renata Tebaldi never consciously sought the public spotlight, or the culture of media, other than as the great ambassador for her art. Her great legacy certainly deserves renewed appraisal and attention from a modern audience.

Patrick Mack





Lyrics

1

Arrigo Boito (1842-1918)

L'altra notte in fondo al mare (from *Mefistofele* (1868), Act III)

Libretto by Arrigo Boito, based on Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's *Faust*

Margherita

L'altra notte in fondo al mare
il mio bimbo hanno gettato,
or per farmi delirare
dicon ch'io l'abbia affogato.

L'aura è fredda,
il carcer fosco,
e la mesta anima mia
come il passero del bosco
vola, vola, vola, vola, vola via.
Ah! di me pietà!

In funereo sopore
è mia madre addormentata,
e per colmo dell'orrore
dicon ch'io l'abbia attoscata.

L'aura è fredda... (ecc.)

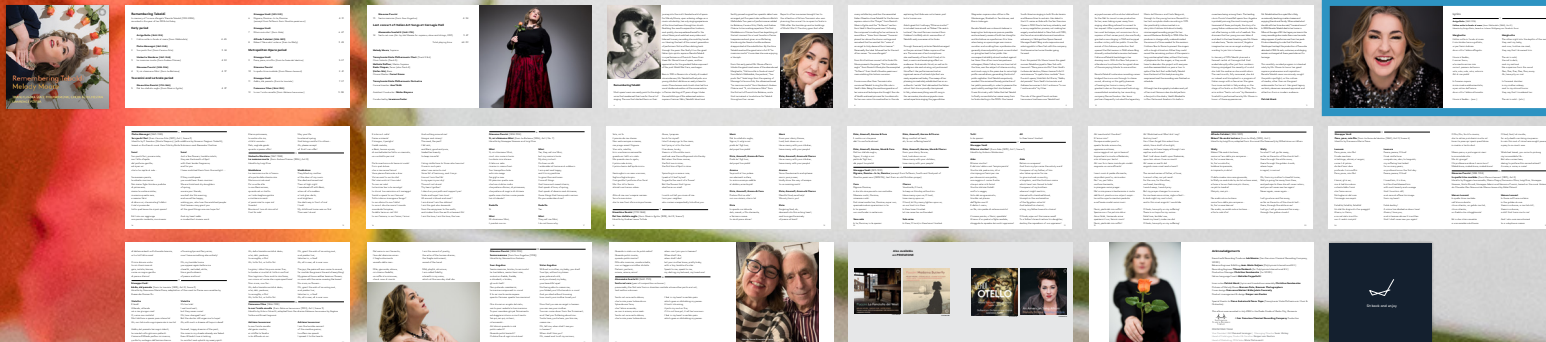
Margherita

The other night into the depths of the sea
they cast my baby,
and now, to drive me mad,
they say that I drowned him.

The air is cold,
the cell is dark,
and my sad soul
like a sparrow from the wood
flies, flies, flies, flies, away.
Ah, have pity on me!

In funereal slumber
is my mother asleep,
and to my utmost horror
they say that I murdered her.

The air is cold... (etc.)



2

Pietro Mascagni (1863-1945)**Son pochi fiori** (from *L'amico Fritz* (1891), Act I, Scene 3)

Libretto by P. Suardon (Nicola Daspuro) (with additions by Giovanni Targioni-Tozzetti), based on the French novel *L'ami Fritz* by Émile Erckmann and Alexandre Chatrian

Suzel

Son pochi fiori, povere viole,
son l'alito d'aprile
dal profumo gentile;
ed è per voi
che le ho rapite al sole...

Se avessero parole,
le udreste mormorar:
Noi siamo figlie timide e pudiche
di primavera,
siamo le vostre amiche;
morremo questa sera,
e saremo felici
di dire a voi, che amate gl'infelici:
il ciel vi possa dar
tutto quel bene che si può sperar!

Ed il mio cor aggiunge
una parola modesta, ma sincera:

Suzel

Just a few flowers, humble violets,
they are the breath of April
with their tender fragrance;
and for you
I have snatched them from the sunlight....

If they could speak
you would hear them murmur:
We are timid and shy daughters
of spring,
we are your friends;
we shall die this evening,
and we will be happy,
wishing you, who love the wretched people:
that heaven may grant you
all the good things one can hope for!

And my heart adds
a modest but sincere word:

14

Eterna primavera,
la vostra vita sia,
ch'altri consola...
Deh, vogliate gradir
quanto vi posso offrir!

May your life
be eternal spring
that brings comfort to others...
Ah, please accept
all that I can offer!

3

Umberto Giordano (1867-1948)**La mamma morta** (from *Andrea Chénier* (1896), Act III)

Libretto by Luigi Illica

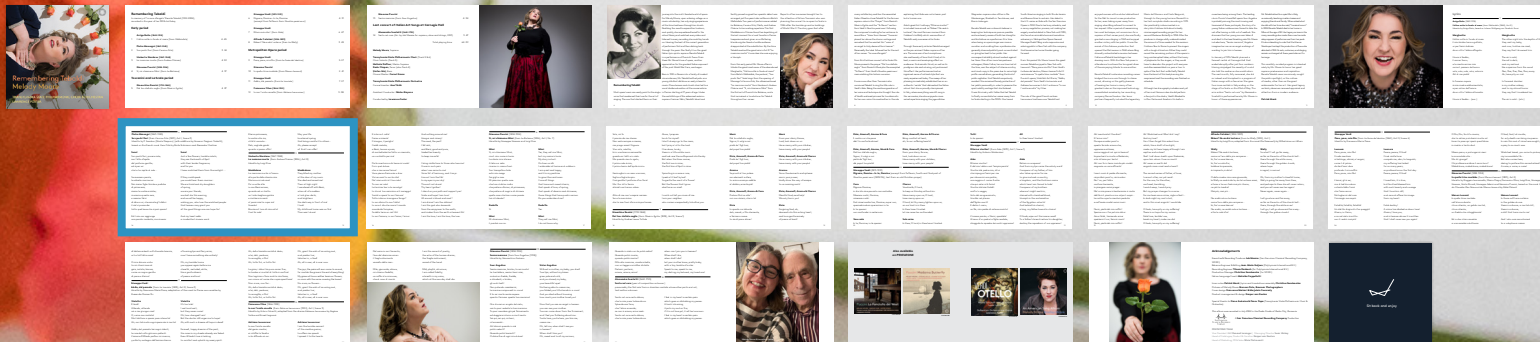
Maddalena

La mamma morta m'hanno
alla porta della stanza mia.
Moriva e mi salvava!
Poi a notte alta
io con Bersi errava,
quando ad un tratto
un livido bagliore guizza
e rischiarava innanzi
a' passi miei la cupa via!
Guardo!
Bruciava il loco di mia culla!
Così fui sola!

Maddalena

They killed my mother
at the door of my room.
She died and saved me!
Then at high night
I wandered off with Bersi,
when all of a sudden
a livid glow darts,
and brightens
the dark way in front of me!
I look!
My childhood home was on fire!
Thus was I alone!

15



E intorno il nulla!
Fame e miseria!
Il bisogno, il periglio!
Caddi malata,
e Bersi, buona e pura,
di sua bellezza ha fatto un mercato,
un contratto per me!

Porto sventura a chi bene mi vuole!
Fu in quel dolore
che a me venne l'amor!
Voce piena d'armonia e dice:
Vivi ancora! lo son la vita!
Ne' miei occhi è il tuo cielo!
Tu non sei sola!
Le lacrime tue io le raccolgo!
lo sto sul tuo cammino e ti sorreggo!
Sorridi e spera! lo son l'amore!
Tutto intorno è sangue e fango?
lo son divino! lo son l'oblio!
lo sono il dio che sovra il mondo
scende da l'empireo,
fa della terra un ciel! Ah!
lo son l'amore, io son l'amor, l'amor.

And nothing around me!
Hunger and misery!
The need, the peril!
I fell sick,
and Bersi, good and pure,
traded her beauty
to keep me safe!

I bring misfortune to those who love me!
It was in such pain
when love came to me!
Voice full of harmony, and it says:
Live on! I am the life!
In my eyes is your sky!
Thou art not alone!
Thy tears I gather!
I stand on your path and support you!
Smile and hope! I am love!
All around is blood and mud?
I am divine! I am the oblivion!
I am the god who descends
from the empyrean to the earth,
and makes from the earth a heaven! Ah!
I am the love, I am the love, the love.

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Si, mi chiamano Mimi (from *La Bohème* (1896), Act I, No. 7)

Libretto by Giuseppe Giacosa and Luigi Illica

Mimi

Si, mi chiamano Mimi,
ma il mio nome è Lucia.
La storia mia è breve.
A tela o a seta
ricamo in casa e fuori.
Son tranquilla e lieta
ed è mio svago
far gigli e rose.
Mi piaccion quelle cose
che han sì dolce malia
che parlano d'amor, di primavera,
che parlano di sogni e di chimere
quelle cose che han nome poesia.
Lei m'intende?

Rodolfo

Si.

Mimi

Mi chiamano Mimi,
il perché non so.

Mimi

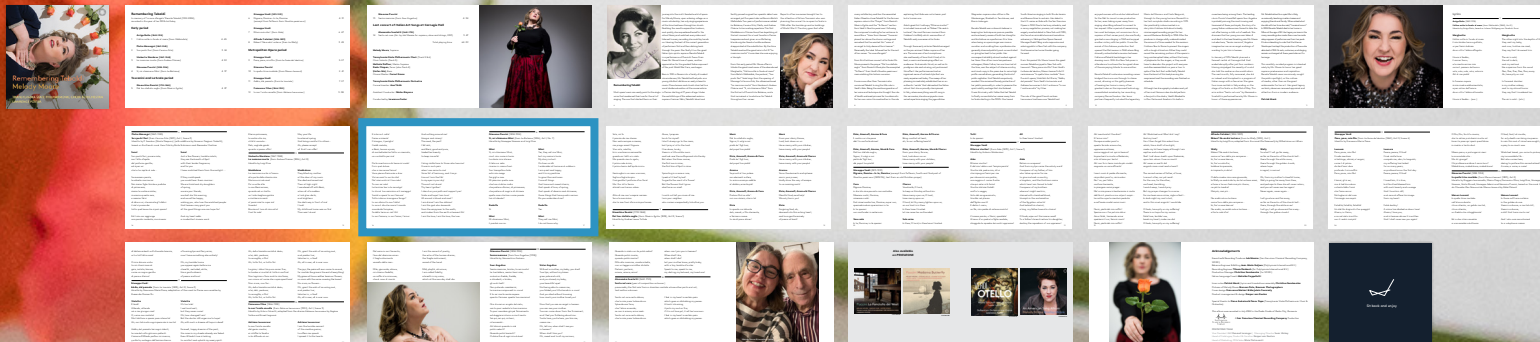
Yes, they call me Mimi,
but my name is Lucia.
My story is short.
On linen or silk
I embroider at home and outdoors.
I am quiet and happy,
and it is my pastime
to grow lilies and roses.
I love all things
that have such sweet charm,
that speak of love, of spring,
that speak of dreams and chimeras,
those things that have poetic names.
Do you understand me?

Rodolfo

Yes.

Mimi

They call me Mimi,
I do not know why.



Sola, mi fo
il pranzo da me stessa.
Non vado sempre a messa,
ma prego assai il Signore.
Vivo sola, soletta,
là in una bianca cameretta
guardo sui tetti e in cielo.
Ma quando vien lo sgelo,
il primo sole è mio,
il primo bacio dell'aprile è mio.

Germoglia in un vaso una rosa,
foglia a foglia la spio.
Così gentile il profumo d'un fiore!
Ma i fior ch'io faccio
ahimè! non hanno odore.

Altro di me non le saprei narrare.
Sono la sua vicina
che la vien fuori d'ora a importunare.

Alone, I prepare
lunch for myself.
I don't always go to the mass,
but I pray a lot to the Lord.
I live alone, lonely,
there in a little white room
and look over the rooftops and into the sky.
But when the thaw comes,
the first sun is mine,
the first kiss of April is mine.

Sprouting in a vase a rose,
I peek at it leaf by leaf.
So gentle the scent of a flower!
But the flowers that I grow
alas! have no smell.

I could not tell you more of me.
I am your neighbor
who comes unexpectedly to bother you.

5

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)
Dal tuo stellato soglio (from *Mosè in Egitto* (1818), Act III, Scene 1)
Libretto by Andrea Leone Tottola

Mosè
Dal tuo stellato soglio,
Signor, ti volgi a noi:
pietà de' figli tuoi,
del popol tuo pietà!

Elcia, Amenofi, Aronne & Coro
Pietà de' figli tuoi,
del popol tuo pietà!

Aronne
Se pronti al tuo potere
son elementi e sfere,
tu amico scampo addita
al dubbio, errante piè!

Elcia, Amenofi, Aronne & Coro
Pietoso Dio! ne aiuta':
noi non viviam, che in te!

Elcia
In questo cor dolente
deh, scendi, o Dio clemente,
e farmaco soave
tu sia di pace almen!

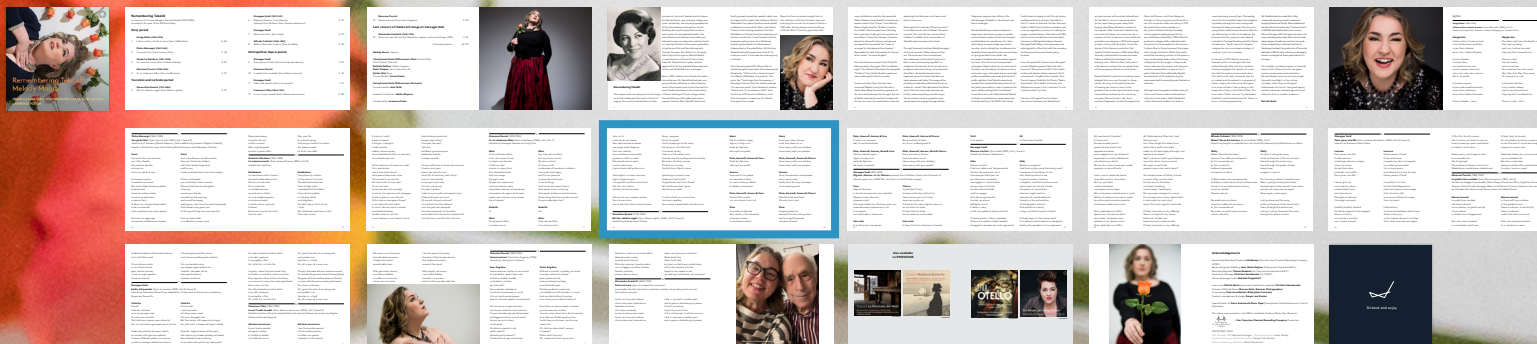
Mosè
From your starry throne,
Lord, look down on us:
Have mercy with your children,
have mercy with your people!

Elcia, Amenofi, Aronne & Chorus
Have mercy with your children,
have mercy with your people!

Aronne
Since the elements and spheres
are in your power,
kindly show the way of escape
to us roaming souls!

Elcia, Amenofi, Aronne & Chorus
Merciful God, send help!
We only live in you!

Elcia
Forgiving God, ah,
descend into this aching heart,
and be a gentle remedy
of peace at least!



Elcia, Amenofi, Aronne & Coro

Il nostro cor che pena
deh! tu conforta almen!

Elcia, Amenofi, Aronne, Mosè & Coro

Dal tuo stellato soglio,
Signor, ti volgi a noi:
pietà de' figli tuoi,
del popol tuo pietà!

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Dignare, Domine – In te, Domine (excerpt from *Te Deum*, fourth and final part of *Quattro pezzi sacri* (1895/96), text from an old Christian prayer)

Coro

Dignare Domine,
in die isto sine peccato nos custodire.
Miserere nostri, Domine,
miserere nostri.
Fiat misericordia tua, Domine, super nos,
quemadmodum speravimus in te.
In te speravi:
non confundar in aeternum.

Voce sola

In te, Domine, in te speravi.
20

Elcia, Amenofi, Aronne & Chorus

Bring comfort at least,
ah, to our suffering hearts!

Elcia, Amenofi, Aronne, Mosè & Chorus

From your starry throne,
Lord, look down on us:
Have mercy with your children,
have mercy with your people!

6

Chorus

Vouchsafe, O Lord,
to keep us this day without sin.
Have mercy upon us, O Lord,
have mercy upon us.
O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us,
as our trust is in thee.
In thee have I trusted:
let me never be confounded.

Solo voice

In thee, O Lord, in thee have I trusted.

Tutti

In te speravi.

All

In thee have I trusted.

7

Giuseppe Verdi

Ritorna vincitor! (from *Aida* (1870), Act 1, Scene 1)

Libretto by Antonio Ghislanzoni

Aida

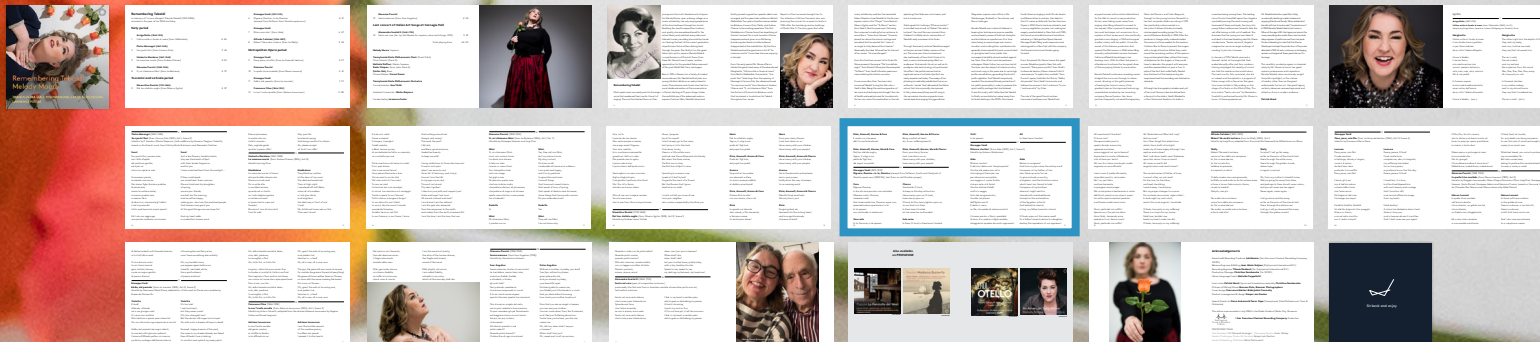
Ritorna vincitor!
E dal mio labbro uscì l'empia parola!
Vincitor del padre mio, di lui
che impugna l'armi per me
per ridonarmi una patria,
una reggia e il nome illustre
che qui celar m'è forza!
Vincitor de'miei fratelli
ond'io lo vegga,
tinto del sangue amato,
trionfar nel plauso
dell'Egizie coorti!
E dietro il carro,
un Re, mio padre di catene avvinto!

L'insana parola, o Numi, sperdete!
Al seno d'un padre la figlia rendete,
struggete le squadre dei nostri oppressor!

Aida

Return a conqueror!
And from my lips came the unholy word!
Conqueror of my father, of him
who takes up arms for me
to give me back a country,
a kingdom, and the illustrious name
which here I am forced to hide!
Conqueror of my brothers
whence I might see him,
stained with cherished blood,
triumph in the acclamation
of the Egyptian cohorts!
And behind his chariot,
a king, my father bound in chains!

O Gods, wipe out the insane word!
To a father's breast restore his daughter;
destroy the squadrons of our oppressor!



Ah! sventurata! Che dissi?
E l'amor mio?
Dunque scordar poss'io
questo fervido amore che,
oppressa e schiava,
come raggio di sol qui mi beava?
Imprecherò la morte a Radamès,
a lui ch'amo pur tanto!
Ah! non fu in terra mai da più crudeli
angoscie un core affranto!

I sacri nomi di padre d'amante,
nè proferir poss'io, nè ricordar.
Per l'un, per l'altro
confusa tremante,
io piangere vorrei pregar.
Ma la mia prece in bestemmia si muta
delitto è il pianto a me colpa il sospir...
La notte cupa la mente è perduta
e nell'ansia crudel vorrei morir.

Numi, pietà del mio soffrir!
Speme non v'ha pel mio dolor.
Amor fatal, tremendo amor
spezzami il cor, fammi morir!
Numi, pietà del mio soffrir!
22

Ah! Wretched one! What did I say?
And my love?
Can I then forget this ardent love
which, like a shaft of sunlight,
made my lot here happy although I am
captive and a slave?
Shall I call down death upon Radamès,
upon him whom I love so much!
Ah! never on earth did
anguish more cruel rend a heart!

The sacred names of father, of lover,
I cannot utter, nor yet recall.
For the one, for the other,
confused, trembling,
I would weep, I would pray.
But my prayer changes to a curse...
For me tears are a crime, sighs a fault...
In dark night my soul is lost,
and in this cruel anguish I would die.

O Gods, have pity on my suffering!
There is no hope for my sorrow.
Fatal love, terrible love,
break my heart, make me die!
O Gods, have pity on my suffering!

Alfredo Catalani (1854-1893)

Ebben? Ne andrò lontana (from *La Wally* (1892), Act I)

Libretto by Luigi Illica, adapted from the novel *Die Geierwally* by Wilhelmine von Hillern

Wally

Ebben? Ne andrò lontana,
come va l'eco della pia campana...
là, fra la neve bianca,
là, fra le nubi d'or,
laddove la speranza,
è rimpianto, è dolor!

O della madre mia casa gioconda,
la Wally ne andrà da te, da te lontana assai,
e forse a te non farà mai più ritorno,
ne più la rivedrai!
Mai più, mai più...

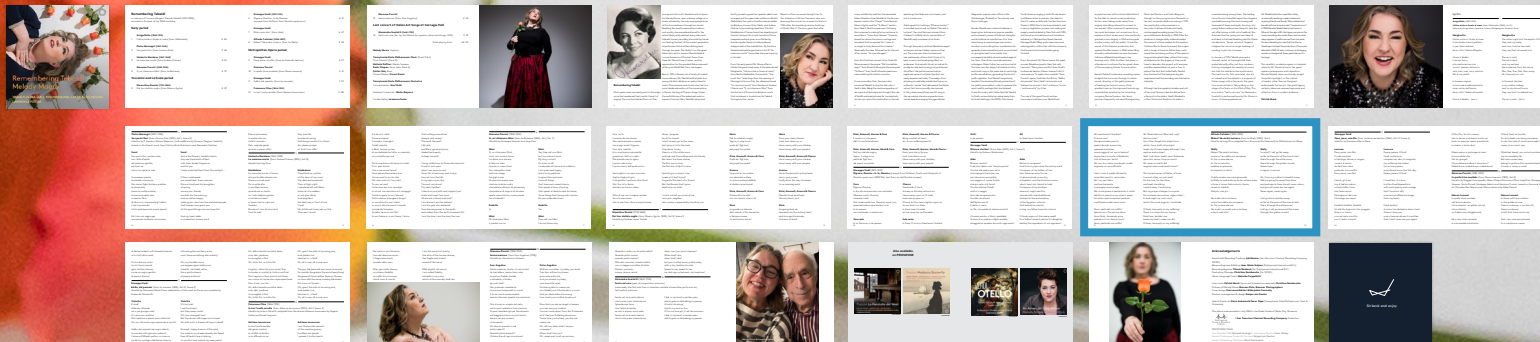
Ne andrò sola e lontana
come l'eco della pia campana...
là, fra la neve bianca!
Ne andrò, ne andrò sola e lontana...
e fra le nubi d'or!

Wally

So what? I will go far away,
as far as the echo of the church bell...
there through the white snow,
there through the golden clouds,
where hope
is regret, is sorrow!

Oh, from my mother's cheerful home,
Wally is going far away from thee,
and perhaps to thee she will never return,
and you will never see her again!
Never again, never again...

I will go alone and far away,
as far as the echo of the church bell...
there, through the white snow!
I will go, I will go alone and far away...
through the golden clouds!



Giuseppe Verdi

Pace, pace, mio Dio (from *La forza del destino* (1862), Act IV, Scene 6)

Libretto by Francesco Maria Piave

Leonora

Pace, pace, mio Dio!
Cruda sventura
m'astringe, ahimé, a languir;
come il dì primo
da tant'anni dura
profondo il mio soffrir.
Pace, pace, mio Dio!

L'amai, gli è ver,
ma di beltà e valore
cotanto Iddio l'ornò
che l'amo ancor.
Né togliermi dal core
l'immagin sua saprò.

Fatalità, fatalità, fatalità!
Un delitto disgiunti n'ha quaggiù!
Alvaro, io t'amo,
e su nel cielo è scritto:
non ti vedrò mai più!

Leonora

Peace, peace, O God!
Cruel misfortune
compels me, alas, to languish;
my suffering has lasted
for so many years,
as profound as on the first day.
Peace, peace, O God!

I loved him, it is true,
but God had blessed him
with such beauty and courage
that I love him still,
and cannot efface his image
from my heart.

Fatal destiny!
A crime has divided us down here!
Alvaro, I love you,
and in heaven above it is written
that I shall never see you again!

O Dio, Dio, fa ch'io muoia;
che la calma può darmi morte sol.
Invan la pace qui sperò quest'alma
in mezzo a tanto duol.

Misero pane, a prolungarmi vieni
la sconsolata vita...
Ma chi giunge?
Chi profanare ardisce il sacro loco?
Maledizione, maledizione, maledizione!

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

In quelle trine morbide (from *Manon Lescaut* (1893), Act II)

Libretto by Ruggero Leoncavallo, Marco Praga, Domenico Oliva, Luigi Illica, Giuseppe Giacosa, Giulio Ricordi, Giuseppe Adami and Giacomo Puccini, based on the novel *Histoire du Chevalier Des Grieux et de Manon Lescaut* by Abbé Prévost

Manon Lescaut

In quelle trine morbide
nell'alcova dorata
v'è un silenzio, un gelido mortal,
v'è un silenzio,
un freddo che m'agghiaccia!

Ed io che m'ero avvezza
a una carezza voluttuosa

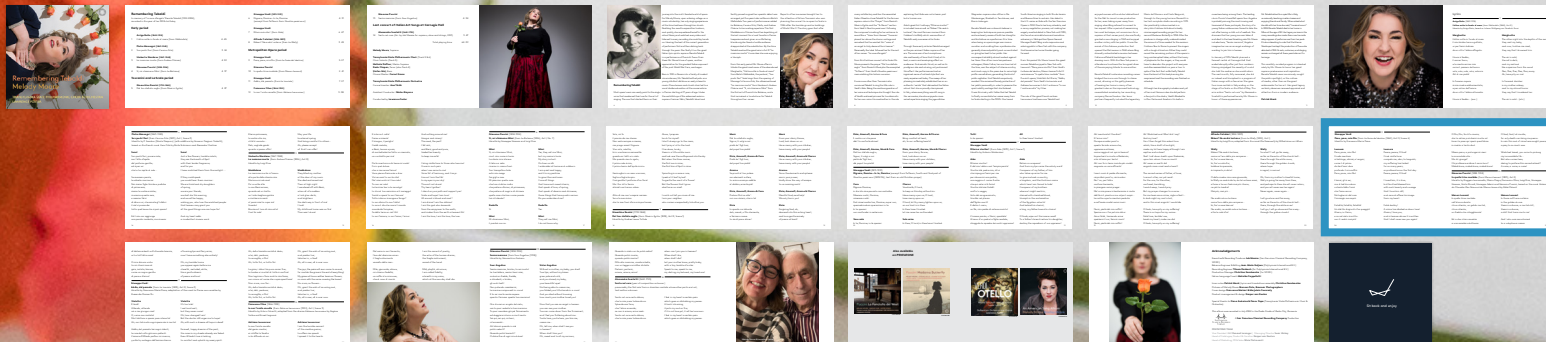
O God, God, let me die,
for only death can bring me peace.
In vain this soul of mine here sought peace,
a prey to so much woe.

Wretched bread, you come to prolong
my inconsolable life...
But who comes here,
daring to profane this sacred retreat?
A curse, a curse, a curse!

Manon Lescaut

In those soft lace curtains
in the golden alcove
there is a silence, a mortal chill,
there is a silence,
a chill that turns me to ice!

And I who was accustomed
to a voluptuous caress



di labbra ardenti e d'infuocate braccia,
or ho tutt'altra cosa!

O mia dimora umile
tu mi ritorni innanzi
gaia, isolata, bianca,
come un sogno gentile
di pace e d'amor!

of burning lips and fiery arms,
now I have something else entirely!

Oh, my humble home
you appear again before me
cheerful, secluded, white,
like a gentle dream
of peace and love!

11

Giuseppe Verdi

Addio, del passato (from *La traviata* (1853), Act III, Scene 3)

Libretto by Francesco Maria Piave, adaptation of the novel *La Dame aux camélias* by Alexandre Dumas fils

Violetta

È tardi!
Attendo, attendo
né a me giungon mai!
O, come son mutata!
Ma il dottore a sperar pure m'esorta!
Ah, con tal morbo ogni speranza è morta!

Addio, del passato bei sogni ridenti,
le rose del volto già sono pallenti.
L'amore d'Alfredo perfino mi manca,
conforto, sostegno dell'anima stanca.
26

Violetta

It's too late!
I wait and wait,
but they never come!
Oh, how changed I am!
But the doctor still urges me to hope!
Ah, with such a disease all hope is dead!

Farewell, happy dreams of the past,
the roses in my cheeks already are faded.
Even Alfredo's love is lacking
to comfort and uphold my weary spirit.

Ah, della traviata sorridi al desio,
a lei, deh, perdona;
tu accoglila, o Dio!
Ah, tutto fini, or tutto fini.

Le gioie, i dolori tra poco avran fine,
la tomba ai mortali di tutto è confine!
Non lagrima o fiore avrà la mia fossa,
non croce col nome che copra quest'ossa!
Non croce, non fior...
Ah, della traviata sorridi al desio,
a lei, deh, perdona;
tu accoglila, o Dio!
Ah, tutto fini, or tutto fini.

Oh, grant the wish of an erring soul,
and pardon her;
take her in, o God!
Ah, all is over, all is over now.

The joys, the pains will soon come to an end,
for mortals the grave is the end of everything!
My grave will know neither tears nor flowers,
no cross with the name covering the bones!
No cross, no flowers...
Oh, grant the wish of an erring soul,
and pardon her;
take her in, o God!
Ah, all is over, all is over now.

12

Francesco Cilea (1866-1950)

Io son l'umile ancella (from *Adriana Lecouvreur* (1902), Act I, Scene 3)

Libretto by Arturo Colautti, adapted from the drama *Adrienne Lecouvreur* by Eugène Scribe und Ernest Legouvé

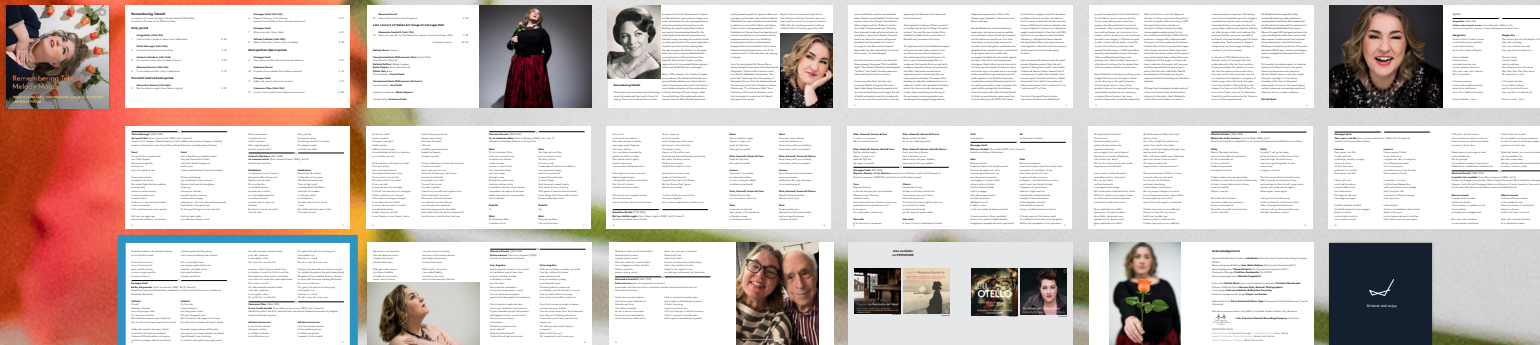
Adriana Lecouvreur

Io son l'umile ancella
del genio creator;
ei m'offre la favella
io la diffondo ai cor.

Adriana Lecouvreur

I am the humble servant
of the creative genius;
he offers me speech
I spread it to the hearts.

27



Del verso io son l'accento,
l'eco del dramma uman
il fragile strumento
vassallo della man.

Mite, gioconda, atroce,
mi chiamo Fedeltà;
un soffio è la mia voce,
che al novo di morrà.

I am the accent of poetry,
the echo of the human drama,
the fragile instrument,
vassal of the hand.

Mild, playful, atrocious,
I am called Fidelity;
a breath is my voice,
which at the new day shall die.



13

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
Senza mamma (from *Suor Angelica* (1918))
Libretto by Giovacchino Forzano

Suor Angelica

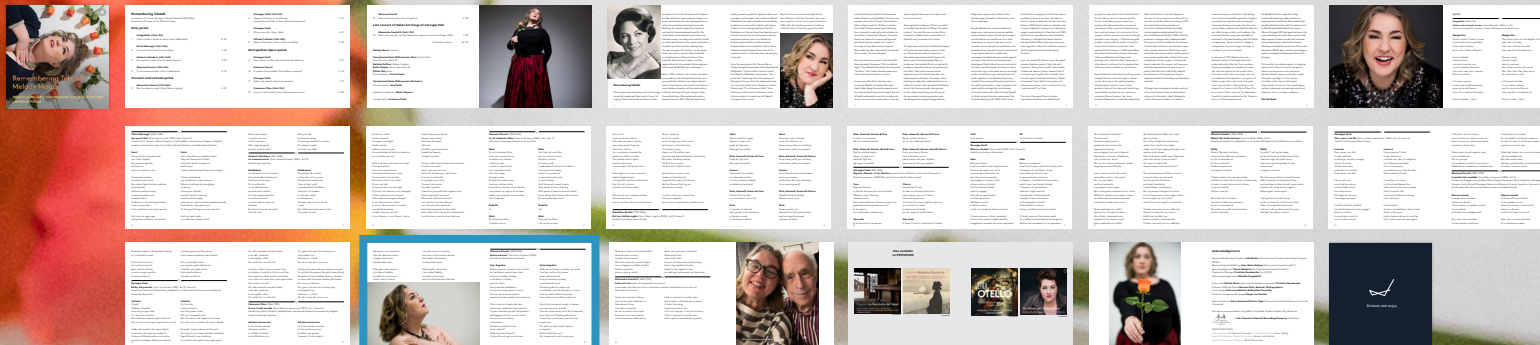
Senza mamma, bimbo, tu sei morto!
Le tue labbra, senza i baci miei,
scoloriron fredde, fredde,
e chiudesti, o bimbo,
gli occhi belli!
Non potendo carezzarmi,
le manine componesti in croce!
E tu sei morto senza sapere
quanto t'amava questa tua mamma!

Ora che sei un angelo del cielo,
ora tu puoi vederla la tua mamma.
Tu puoi scendere giù pel firmamento
ed aleggiare intorno a me ti sento.
Sei qui, sei qui, mi baci,
m'accarezzi...
Ah! dimmi quando in ciel
potrò vederti?
Quando potrò baciarti?
O dolce fine di ogni mio dolore!

Sister Angelica

Without a mother, my baby, you died!
Your lips, without my kisses
grew pale and cold,
and you closed, my baby,
your beautiful eyes!
Not being able to caress me,
you folded your little hands in a cross!
And you died without knowing
how much your mother loved you!

Now that you are an angel in heaven,
you can see your mother.
You can come down from the firmament,
and I feel you fluttering about me.
You're here, you're here, you kiss me,
caress me...
Oh, tell me, when shall I see you
in heaven?
When shall I kiss you?
Oh, sweet end to all my sorrows,



Quando in cielo con te potrò salire?
 Quando potrò morire,
 quando potrò morire?
 Dillo alla mamma, creatura bella,
 con un leggero scintillar di stella.
 Parlami, parlami,
 amore, amore, amor!

when can I join you in heaven?
 When shall I die,
 when shall I die?
 Let your mother know, pretty baby,
 with a tiny twinkle of a star.
 Speak to me, speak to me,
 my darling, my beloved, my loved one!

14

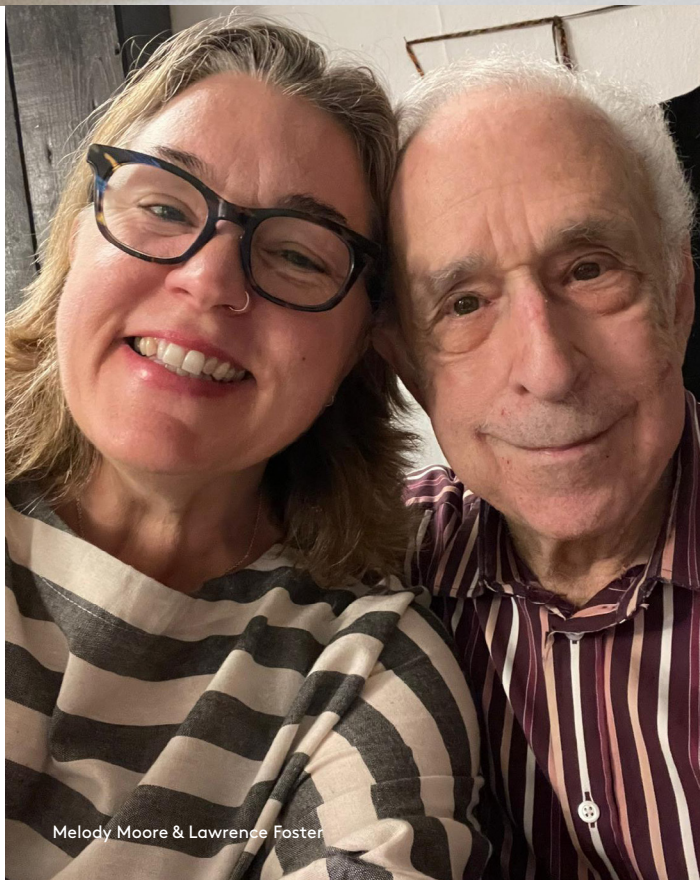
Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)

Sento nel core (year of composition unknown)

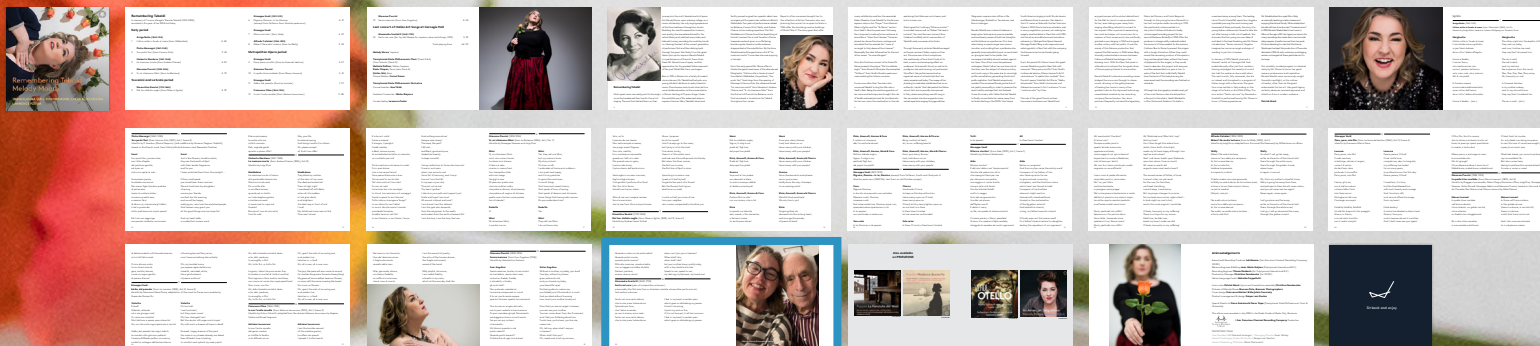
presumably the first aria from a chamber cantata whose other parts are lost, text author unknown

Sento nel core certo dolore,
 che la mia pace turbando va.
 Splende una face,
 che l'alma accende;
 se non è amore, amor sarà.
 Sento nel core certo dolore,
 che la mia pace turbando va.

I feel in my heart a certain pain
 which goes on disturbing my peace.
 A torch is burning,
 it puts my soul on fire;
 if it is not love yet, it will be love soon.
 I feel in my heart a certain pain
 which goes on disturbing my peace.



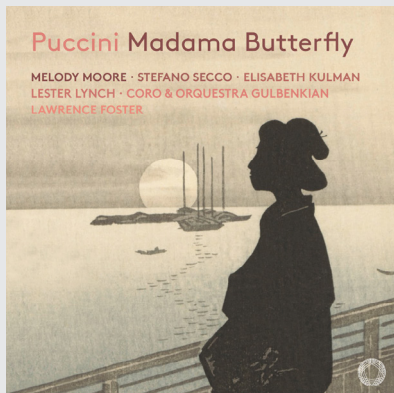
Melody Moore & Lawrence Foster



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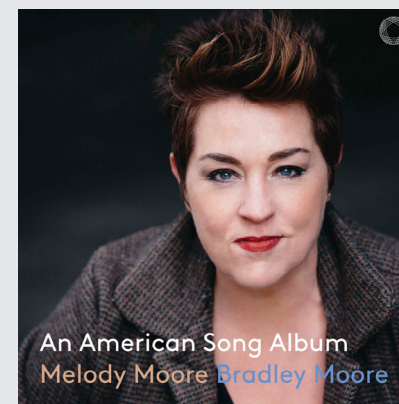
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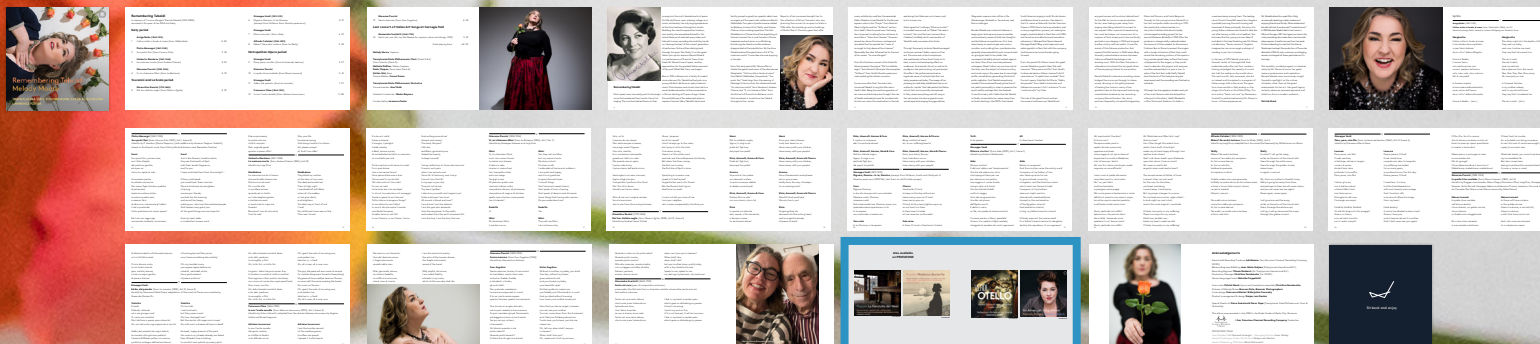
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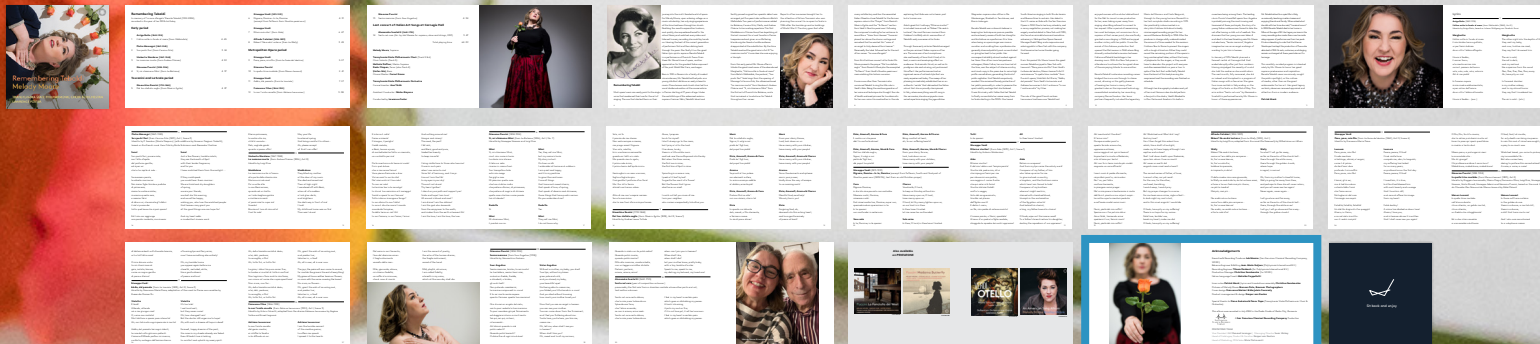
This album was recorded in July 2022 in the Radio Studio of Radio Cluj, Romania.



A San Francisco Classical Recording Company Production

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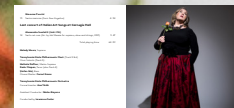




Sit back and enjoy

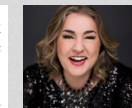


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