

Moravcsik

GRABMUSIK
BASTIEN UND BASTIENNE

CLASSICAL OPERA
IAN PAGE (CONDUCTOR)

Performance material: New Mozart Edition (NMA)
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Recorded at Blackheath Concert Halls, Blackheath, London, UK from 7 to 9 January 2018

Produced and engineered by Andrew Mellor
Assistant engineer: Chris Kalcov
Editing: Andrew Mellor
Mix & Mastering: Andrew Mellor
Design by Toucari Live and Classical Opera
Cover image by Debbie Coates
Photographs by Benjamin Ealovega

German language coach: Dominik Dengler
Harpsichord technician: Malcolm Greenhalgh

Orchestra playing on period instruments at A = 430 Hz

This recording is generously supported by George & Efthalia Koukis and  **Rusada**
ENVISION

We are also grateful to the following individuals for their generous support: Sir Vernon & Lady Ellis, Kate Bingham & Jesse Norman, Pearce & Beaujolois Rood, Joe & Christine Swanson and Michael & Rosemary Warburg.

Special thanks to: Biblioteka Jagiellońska Kraków, Jo Ramadan, Alice Bellini, Léa Hanrot, Martin Kendrick, William Thorp and Lyric Hammersmith.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756-1791)

GRABMUSIK, K.42/35a (original 1767 version)

Librettist unknown

DER ENGEL

ANNA LUCIA RICHTER soprano

DIE SEELE

JACQUES IMBRAILO baritone

BASTIEN UND BASTIENNE, K.50 (original 1768 version)

Libretto by F. W. Weiskern & J. H. F. Müller

BASTIENNE

ANNA LUCIA RICHTER soprano

BASTIEN

ALESSANDRO FISHER tenor

COLAS

DARREN JEFFERY bass-baritone

THE MOZARTISTS

Leader: Matthew Truscott

IAN PAGE conductor

GRABMUSIK, K.42/35a (original 1767 version)

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BASTIEN UND BASTIENNE, K.50 (original 1768 version)

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The Mozartists

Violin 1

Matthew Truscott (leader)
Daniel Edgar
Hannah Tibell
Malu Lin Swayne
George Clifford

Violin 2

Liz MacCarthy
Nia Lewis
Kirsten Klingels
Naomi Burrell

Viola

Mark Braithwaite
Marina Ascherson

Cello

Alex Rolton (continuo)
Pedro da Silva

Double bass

Carina Cosgrave (continuo)

Flute

Katy Bircher
Eva Caballero

Oboe

James Eastaway
Rachel Chaplin

Bassoon

Philip Turbett

Horn

Gavin Edwards
Nick Benz

Harpsichord

Steven Devine (continuo)



Classical Opera & The Mozartists

Classical Opera was founded in 1997 by conductor Ian Page to explore the works of Mozart and his contemporaries, and has emerged as one of the leading exponents in its field. In 2017 it launched a new brand, The Mozartists, enabling it to broaden its ever-expanding concert work while continuing to present recordings and performances of complete operas under the name of Classical Opera. With its own acclaimed period-instrument orchestra, the company has attracted widespread critical and public recognition, not only for the high quality of its performances but also for its imaginative programming and its ability to discover and nurture outstanding young singers. In 2015 it launched MOZART 250, a ground-breaking 27-year project following the chronological trajectory of Mozart's life, works and influences.

Classical Opera has performed regularly at many of London and the UK's leading venues, including Wigmore Hall, the Barbican, Sadler's Wells, Birmingham Town Hall and Bridgewater Hall, Manchester, and on tour in Italy, France, Germany and Austria, where it enjoyed a three-concert residency at the 2016 Eisenstadt Haydn Festival. It has mounted staged productions of many of Mozart's operas, and in 2009 presented The Royal Opera's new production of Thomas Arne's *Artaxerxes*. It has also given the world premiere of the 'original' version of Mozart's *Mitridate, re di Ponto*, and the UK premières of Gluck's *La clemenza di Tito*, Telemann's *Orpheus* and Jommelli's *Il Vologeso*.

Classical Opera's first two recordings – 'The A-Z of Mozart Opera' (Sony BMG, 2007, re-released on Signum Classics, 2014) and 'Blessed Spirit – a Gluck retrospective' (Wigmore Hall Live, 2010) – were both selected for *Gramophone* magazine's annual Critic's Choice. In May 2016 the company released 'Where'er You Walk', with tenor Allan Clayton, which was shortlisted for the 2017 International Opera Awards, and this was followed in May 2017 by The Mozartists' début recording 'Perfidio!', a programme of Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven concert arias featuring soprano Sophie Bevan. This current recording is the seventh release in Classical Opera's complete recording cycle of Mozart's operas.

Grabmusik – an introduction by Ian Page

On 9 June 1763, the seven-year-old Mozart and his family set off from their home in Salzburg and embarked on a Grand Tour that was to last for three and a half years. The impact of this formative trip, which included six months in Paris, fifteen months in London and shorter stays in many of northern Europe's other leading musical centres, can scarcely be over-estimated, and by the time he arrived home on 29 November 1766, less than two months before his eleventh birthday, Mozart already had a remarkable portfolio of compositions to his name. It must have been hard for local musicians and dignitaries to fathom the full extent of the young boy's fame and success, and in a report that he submitted to London's Royal Society in 1769 Mr Daines Barrington, an English lawyer who had met Mozart in London and subjected him to an extensive series of musical tests, reported the following anecdote:

"The prince of Saltzbourg, not crediting that such masterly compositions were really those of a child, shut him up for a week, during which he was not permitted to see any one, and was left only with music paper, and the words of an oratorio.

"During this short time he composed a very capital oratorio, which was most highly approved of upon being performed."

Musicologists believe that the short cantata *Grabmusik* was the result of this challenge, and although there is no definitive documentary proof for this assumption, it is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable works of Mozart's prodigious childhood.

The performance during Holy Week of a scenic oratorio before an image or relief of the tomb of Christ is a convention of medieval origin that survives in parts of southern Germany to this day. *Grabmusik*, which can be translated as 'Cantata on Christ's Grave' (literally 'Grave Music'), is thought to have been first performed in Salzburg Cathedral during

Holy Week 1767. The anonymous text takes the form of a dialogue between a tormented soul, who is desperately lamenting the tragedy of Christ's death, and an angel. When the work was revived in the mid-1770s, Mozart added a final recitative and chorus, but this recording preserves the original's taut intensity by ending with the conciliatory duet between the Soul and the Angel.

The Soul's opening aria is a piece of staggering turbulence and force, and Mozart probably never wrote anything more challenging and virtuosic for the bass voice. Repeated staccato high F sharps, cascading triplets and jagged octave leaps combine to evoke a frenzied exhortation to Nature to break itself asunder in the wake of Christ's death, and the orchestra already makes a pivotal contribution to the dramatic soundscape; the short middle section even manages to heighten the tension still further, shifting from D major to D minor and diving headlong into harmonies of startling adventurousness.

This visceral outburst is answered astutely and sympathetically by the Angel, firstly in a short recitative and then in a tender G minor aria full of compassion and warmth. Particularly effective, and affecting, is the way the music suddenly breaks off mid-phrase before melting into the final *adagio*, in which the Angel urges the Soul to calm his fury and dissolve into penitence.

This is followed by a second recitative for the Soul, this time accompanied by the full string section to suggest the slow dawning of comfort and hope in his mind, and this in turn leads into the redemptive final duet, in which the Soul is gradually drawn into the Angel's consoling, healing and ultimately uplifting power. With this remarkable yet curiously little-known work, the young Mozart already shows himself to be capable of transforming a drily didactic religious text into a work of considerable emotional and dramatic scope, and if this was indeed the piece composed in response to Archbishop Schrattenbach's test, it was surely a test that Mozart passed with flying colours.



Libretto

1 Rezitativ

DIE SEELE:

Wo bin ich? bitter Schmerz!
ach! jener Sitz der Liebe,
mein' Ruh', mein Trost,
das Ziel all meiner Triebe,
und meines Jesu göttlich's Herz,
das regt sich nicht mehr
und ist vom Blut und Leben leer.
Hier trieft die Wunde noch von Blut;
verdammte Wut! Was für ein herbes Eisen
könn't' dieses süßeste
und allerliebste Herz zerreißen?

2 Nr. 1, Arie

DIE SEELE:

Felsen, spaltet euren Rachen,
trauert durch ein kläglich's Krachen,
Sterne, Mond und Sonne flieht,
traur' Natur, ich traure mit.
Brüllt, ihr Donner! Blitz und Flammen,
schlaget über dem zusammen,
der durch die verruchte Tat
dieses Herz verwundet hat.

Recitative

THE SOUL:

Where am I? What bitter torment!
Ah, that place of love,
my peace, my comfort,
the goal of all my desires,
the divine heart of Jesus,
which no longer beats
and is devoid of blood.
Here the wound still drips with blood.
Accursed rage! What kind of cruel sword
could have torn apart
this sweetest and most loved of hearts?

No. 1, Aria

THE SOUL:

Rocks, split asunder,
grieve with your wretched crashing!
Stars, moon and sun flee!
Grieve, nature – I am grieving with you.
Roar, thunder! Lightning and flames,
may you engulf whoever
through this infamous deed
wounded this heart.

3

Rezitativ

DER ENGEL:

Geliebte Seel', was redest du?
Bedaure das verwundte Herz,
ich lobe deinen Schmerz,
und willst du zürnen, zürne zu!
Doch über wen?
Ach, ehrlich über dich,
willst du den Mörder finden,
so denk' an deine Sünden,
die führten diesen Stich
und leiteten den Speer.
Jetzt zürne, wie du willst,
jetzt traure, aber traure mehr.

4

Nr. 2, Arie

DER ENGEL:

Betracht dies Herz und frage mich,
wer hat die Kron' gebunden,
von wem sind diese Wunden?
Sie ist von mir und doch für mich.
Sieh, wie es Blut und Wasser weint,
hör, was die Zähren sagen,
die letzten Tropfen fragen,
ob es mit dir nicht redlich meint.
Ergib dich, hartes Herz,
zerfließ in Reu und Schmerz.

Recitative

THE ANGEL:

Beloved soul, what are you saying?
Lament his wounded heart –
I commend your grief,
and if you want to be angry, be angry!
But with whom?
Ah, be honest with yourself,
and if you want to find the murderer
think about your own sins,
which prompted this wound
and directed this spear.
So be as angry as you like,
and grieve, but grieve more.

No. 2, Aria

THE ANGEL:

Consider this heart and ask yourself:
who made this crown,
who inflicted these wounds?
It happened because of me, yet for me.
See how it cries tears of blood and water,
listen to what the tears are saying,
and ask the last drop
whether you are being honest.
Give in, hard heart,
dissolve into penitence and grief.

5

Begleitetes Rezitativ

DIE SEELE:

O Himmell! was ein traurig Licht,
so jetzt zu meiner Qual aus diesen Wolken bricht!
So bin ich den die Grausame gewesen,
so dieses Herz verwundet hat?
Dies Blut ist meine Tat?
O Schmerz,
zerbrich mir das beklemmte Herz.

6

Nr. 3, Duett

DIE SEELE:

Jesu, was hab' ich getan?
Durch mich hast du diese Wunden,
durch mich Tod und Kreuz gefunden,
auch den letzten Tropfen Blut
sucht im Herzen meine Wut,
ach, was hab ich getan?

DER ENGEL:

Schau dies Herz nur reuvoll an,
aber auch durch diese Wunden
hast du Heil und Gnad gefunden,
auch den letzten Tropfen Blut
gibt die Liebe dir zugut.

DIE SEELE:

Ach, was habe ich getan?

DER ENGEL:

Schau das Herz nur reuvoll an.

Accompanied recitative

THE SOUL:

Oh heaven, what sad light breaks forth from
these words, and increases my torment?
Was I then the cruel one
who wounded this heart?
Is this blood my doing?
Oh torment,
shatter my oppressed heart!

No. 3, Duet

THE SOUL:

Jesus, what have I done?
Your wounds were inflicted by me,
you were crucified and died because of me,
and my anger searches in my heart
for even the last drop of blood.
Oh what have I done?

THE ANGEL:

Look at this heart with repentance,
for through these wounds
you too have gained salvation and mercy,
and love gives to you
even the last drop of blood.

THE SOUL:

Oh what have I done?

THE ANGEL:

Look at this heart with repentance.

DIE SEELE:

Dies soll jetzt mein Vorsatz sein,
liebstes Herz, dich will ich lieben,
nimmer will ich dich betrüben,
ach, verzeih' es, göttlich's Herz.

DER ENGEL:

Es verzeihet deinem Schmerz.

THE SOUL:

From now on, this will be my resolution:
I will love you, dearest heart,
and will never disappoint you.
Oh forgive me, divine heart.

THE ANGEL:

He forgives your torment.



Bastien und Bastienne – an introduction by Ian Page

Bastien und Bastienne is the only one of Mozart's operas to have been written for performance in a private house rather than a theatre. It was commissioned at some point in mid-1768 by the renowned and controversial German physician Franz Anton Mesmer, and Mozart composed the work in Vienna soon after completing his ill-fated comic opera *La finta semplice*. No details of its première have survived, and scholarship was further hampered by the loss of Mozart's autograph manuscript until it miraculously resurfaced in Krakow in the 1980s. We are greatly indebted to the musicologist Linda L. Tyler for her work in clarifying the unusually complex genesis of this slight but charming work.

Provenance

The story of the work's origins begins in Paris before Mozart had even been born. Parisian musical circles in the early 1750s were dominated by a hard-fought intellectual debate between the relative merits of French tragic opera and Italian comic opera. A performance in Paris of Pergolesi's intermezzo *La serva padrona* on 1 August 1752 had sparked the eruption of this debate into what became known as 'La Querelle des Bouffons' ('the squabble of the comedians'; 'Les Bouffons' was the name by which the troupe performing Pergolesi's opera became known), and for the next two years there was a furious exchange of letters, articles and pamphlets on the subject. As with so many such trends and movements, however, the seeds of the quarrel had already been gestating for some time.

One of the leading figures in the debate was the Swiss philosopher and sometime musician Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712–78). Born in Geneva and largely self-educated, he had come to Paris in 1742. Here, while he was developing his philosophical writings, he also attempted to establish himself as a composer, and he even submitted to the

Académie des Sciences a proposal for simplifying musical notation by substituting notes with ciphers. This proposal was rejected, most vehemently by Rameau, but it did reflect Rousseau's firmly-held belief that music should be simple and dominated by melody (though to be fair to his opponents, Rousseau's musical education and talent barely allowed for anything more complex).

In the spring of 1752, just a few months before the infamous performance of Pergolesi's *La serva padrona*, Rousseau penned his only enduring composition, *Le devin du village*. This unpretentious 'intermède' was inspired by the comic operas that he had heard in Venice during a brief posting as secretary to the French ambassador there, and it marked a deliberate attempt to recreate the unadorned charm and simplicity of Italian comic opera in the French language. Numbers were linked by sung recitative rather than spoken dialogue, and the libretto – also by Rousseau – was a generic tale of two young shepherds, Colin and Colette, being reconciled in love by an unnamed Soothsayer (the 'devin' of the title) after Colin has briefly been lured away by the attractions of the nearby Lady of the Manor. The work was première at Fontainebleau on 18 October 1752, and was an immediate success. It was presented in Paris the following spring, and was to retain its place on the French stage for the next sixty years.

Libretto

The path from Rousseau's *Le devin du village* to Mozart's *Bastien und Bastienne* is a long and complicated one. The instant popularity of Rousseau's piece in Paris soon prompted a parody (then as now a sure sign of a work's success), *Les amours de Bastien et Bastienne*, by Marie-Justine-Benoite Favart and Harny de Guerville. This version, which was première at the Comédie Italienne on 26 September 1753, retained Rousseau's plot but hardly any of his original text, with Rousseau's classical French being replaced by more robust and colloquial language. More significantly, Rousseau's alternation of recitative and air was replaced by an unvaried succession of poetic stanzas that

were sung to pre-existing popular vaudeville tunes (this was consistent with established traditions of Italian *commedia dell'arte* and Parisian comedy troupes), with the result that Rousseau's recitatives and fourteen numbers became in Favart and de Guerville's version a continuous sequence of forty-six airs. Dramaturgically, however, the parody improved on the original by extending the argument of the young lovers (now called Bastien and Bastiene) and telescoping the dénouement (five of Rousseau's fourteen numbers take place after the lovers' reconciliation) into a single number. It also incorporated some topical populist touches, such as the Soothsayer (now called Colas) first arriving with bagpipes and later delivering a 'magical' incantation with gibberish text; both of these new elements subsequently found their way into Mozart's opera.

Les amours de Bastien et Bastiene proved no less popular than the work which inspired it, and it eventually found its way to Vienna, where it was performed at the Laxenburg Palace and the Burgtheater in the 1750s. In 1764 Giacomo Durazzo, the director of the city's popular Kärntnertortheater, commissioned one of his leading comic writers and actors, Friedrich Wilhelm Weiskern, to create a German translation of the work (two years later Charles Burney's English adaptation, *The Cunning-Man*, was to prove very popular in London), and Weiskern was assisted in his endeavours by one of his colleagues at the theatre, J. H. F. Müller, who wrote the text for Nos. 11 and 12 and the first two stanzas of No. 13. The second 'n' in 'Bastienne' seems to have been incorporated before the work arrived in Vienna, and Weiskern's new version was entitled *Bastien und Bastienne* (actually just *Bastienne* on the title page, but *Bastien und Bastienne* at the head of each subsequent page of the libretto).

Weiskern's German translation remained loyal to Favart and de Guerville's text, but he did modify its form into the standard structure and style of a Viennese musical comedy, turning most of the French stanzas into spoken German dialogue (in prose) and selecting fourteen numbers to adapt more freely into German verse. Coincidentally, this was

the same amount of set-piece numbers as in Rousseau's original libretto. For nine of Weiskern's fourteen numbers he retained the exact metre and syllable count of Favart and de Guerville's text, so that his German lines could be sung to the same prescribed French vaudeville tunes, but for the other five (Nos. 1, 7, 10, 12 and 13) he changed the verse structure to such an extent that new music was required. This task was undertaken by Johann Baptist Savio, music director of the Prague-based troupe of Johann Joseph von Brunnian. Savio's music has not survived, but the Weiskern-Savio version of *Bastien und Bastienne* was in the repertoire of a travelling children's troupe which visited Salzburg in 1766 or 1767, so Mozart might even have been familiar with this work by the time he departed for Vienna on 11 September 1767.

Mozart's composition

The motivation for the Mozart family's visit to Vienna was the imminent wedding of The Archduchess Maria Josepha – sister of Emperor Joseph II – to King Ferdinand I of Naples (he was also Ferdinand III of Sicily), and by the time the Mozarts arrived the festivities were already in full swing. Within a few weeks, however, the Archduchess had succumbed to the smallpox epidemic that was sweeping through the city, and suddenly the whole rationale for the Mozarts' trip unravelled. The planned festivities were cancelled, the theatres closed and the visiting aristocracy departed, and as the epidemic spread the Mozarts removed themselves firstly to Brunn (now Brno) and then to Olmütz (Olomouc). The children were nevertheless unable to avoid the disease, and Wolfgang came close to dying, but thanks to the intercession of a Salzburg acquaintance who was now dean of the cathedral and rector of the university in Olmütz, they were treated in comfort and recovered before the end of the year, returning to Vienna on 10 January 1768. Nine days later they were granted a two-hour audience with the Empress Maria Theresia and Emperor Joseph II.

It was seemingly at the behest of the Emperor that Mozart composed a full-length opera buffa, *La finta semplice*, over the next five months, but in the event the musical establishment closed ranks to prevent the work's production. Mozart's infuriated father petitioned the Emperor, and they remained in Vienna for several more months in the increasingly forlorn hope of having the opera performed, but to no avail. It was presumably at some point during the course of this wait that Mozart was commissioned to write a short opera for private performance in the house of Doctor Franz Anton Mesmer.

Born near Lake Constance in 1734, Mesmer had studied theology, philosophy and law in Vienna before turning to medicine. He achieved widespread notoriety – and notable early success – with his use of magnets to disrupt what he considered to be gravitational tides adversely affecting his patients, but the orthodox medical fraternity found his theories and methods increasingly controversial, and he was eventually accused of fraud and forced to leave Vienna. Mesmer was a keen cellist and harpsichordist, and also played the glass harmonica to patients to induce them into a trance-like state. He was famously satirised by Mozart and Lorenzo da Ponte in the Act One finale of *Così fan tutte*.

In January 1768 Mesmer married the wealthy widow Maria Anna von Bosch, and in so doing became a well-known figure in Viennese society. The Mesmers were soon entertaining lavishly at their splendid house in the Landstrasse suburb of Vienna, and it was here that Mozart's *Bastien und Bastienne* was performed (one of Mozart's early biographers claimed that the performance took place in the Mesmers' garden theatre, but this had not been built by 1768).

Salzburg revision

The final part of *Bastien und Bastienne*'s early history is also the one that has caused the most confusion. After the Mozarts' return to Salzburg early in 1769, their friend Johannes Schachtner – a court trumpeter and writer who was later to create the libretto

for Mozart's *Zaide* – took it upon himself to revise Weiskern and Müller's text, believing their language to be too harsh and unpoetic. This revision involved a few small changes to the sung text that Mozart had already set, but because the music had already been written Schachtner had to fit the exact syllable counts and stresses of Mozart's pre-existing music. Far more significant, however, was Schachtner's decision to rewrite all of Weiskern's spoken dialogue, replacing it with verse which could then be set to recitative and sung; Mozart did indeed set the first four of these, but understandably seems to have run out of enthusiasm.

The repercussions of Schachtner's revision, however, in conjunction with the loss of Mozart's autograph manuscript, led musicologists to various false assumptions. Firstly the Vienna commission and première seemed to contradict the known involvement of Schachtner, who had remained in Salzburg throughout 1768, and it was therefore surmised that Mozart had already started work on the opera in 1767 before he left for Vienna. Secondly, all of Schachtner's changes were incorporated into the accepted version of the work, with the ridiculous result that it began with sung recitative between each number and continued with spoken dialogue.

It was only with the rediscovery of Mozart's manuscript in the 1980s that the truth was established. Now scholars were able to prove that Mozart used Viennese paper which would almost certainly not have been available to him in Salzburg, and even a perfunctory examination of the manuscript shows that Mozart originally set Weiskern and Müller's text verbatim – in the handful of places where Schachtner subsequently made changes to the sung text there are clear crossings out on the manuscript, with Schachtner's words added above or beneath them. As far as we know, this recording is the first performance of Mozart's original setting of *Bastien und Bastienne* since its première at Dr Mesmer's house 250 years ago.

The music

The twelve-year-old Mozart was already a master at matching his compositions to the scale and ambition of the commission, and his music for *Bastien und Bastienne* perfectly matches the rustic simplicity of the libretto. Over half of the arias last for less than two minutes, but they unerringly capture the dramatic and emotional situation. Note, for example, the speed and efficiency with which Mozart establishes each character within their first aria – Bastienne's forlorn melancholy (No. 1), Colas' blustery swagger tinged with genuine compassion (No. 4), and Bastien's exuberant complacency that all will be well now that he has decided to return to Bastienne (No. 8).

The emotional temperature rises with the soulful tenderness of Bastien's "Meiner Liebsten schönen Wangen" (No. 11), in which Mozart employs flutes for the only time in the piece, and with the splendidly combative duet (No. 13) in which the two lovers pugnaciously exchange musical stanzas. If Bastien's despair in the brief accompanied recitative (No. 14) reminds us of Papageno's near suicide, we should remember that *Die Zauberflöte* itself belongs to the same tradition of German singspiel, and that many of these moments were stock set-pieces of the genre. Finally, the consecutive ensembles with which the work ends (Nos. 15-16) negotiate a potentially clumsy and sudden resolution with consummate skill and subtlety.

Perhaps the most popular number in *Bastien und Bastienne* is Colas' pseudo-magical spell to nonsense words, which is one of few numbers in the opera whose derivation can be traced directly back to *Le devin du village*. Rousseau's French gibberish begins "Manche, Planche,/Salme, Palme", which became "Tätzl, Brätzl,/Schober, Kober" in Weiskern's German adaptation. This is the only number, however, for which Schachtner's Salzburg revision provides entirely new words – "Diggi, daggi,/Schurry, murry" – and it has been suggested that this text might have been the work of Mozart himself. Certainly it would have appealed to Mozart's sense of humour, and we have included "Diggi, daggi" as an appendix on this recording.

Synopsis

The shepherdess Bastienne has been abandoned by her sweetheart, the shepherd Bastien, who has been lured away by the attractions of a noble lady from the city. She wretchedly laments her plight and seeks the advice of Colas, who has established a reputation as a fortune-teller and magician. Colas reassures her that Bastien still loves her and will soon return, but recommends that when he does so she should feign indifference.

Bastienne departs to tend to her flock, and Bastien now arrives. He joyfully tells Colas that he has seen the error of his ways and is looking forward to being reunited with Bastienne. Colas congratulates him on his decision, but warns him that he is too late and that Bastienne now has another admirer. Bastien, distraught, urges Colas to consult his Book of Magic. Colas casts a terrifying hocus-pocus spell, after which he predicts that Bastien will be able to win Bastienne back if he works hard to take better care of her.

Bastien is left alone, and when Bastienne returns she rebuffs him, saying that he cannot be *her* Bastien, for *he* was faithful and loving. Bastien tries to persuade her that Colas has banished the malevolent forces that were overpowering his judgement, but they continue to argue until Bastien declares himself ready to commit suicide. Bastienne wishes him good luck.

Eventually, however, they acknowledge that their love for each other remains undimmed, and Colas returns to celebrate the happy outcome.

Libretto

7 Intrada (Allegro)

Erster Auftritt

Die Schaubühne ist ein Dorf mit der Aussicht ins Feld. BASTIENNE allein.

8 Nr. 1, Arie

BASTIENNE:

Mein liebster Freund hat mich verlassen,
Mit ihm ist Schlaf und Ruh dahin.
Ich weiß vor Leid mich nicht zu fassen;
Der Kummer schwächt mir Aug und Sinn.
Vor Gram und Schmerz erstarrt das Herz,
Und diese Not bringt mir den Tod.

9 Dialog

BASTIENNE:

Du fliehst von mir, Bastien? Du verläßt deine Geliebte? O, das ist keine Art. Deine Treue gehört mir. Ich habe dein Wort, und du vergißt dein Versprechen? Mein Bastien verläßt mich? Ich rufe ihn ohne Unterlaß, aber vergebens. So oft ich an ihn denke, muß ich weinen, und ich denke an nichts als an ihn. Der Treulose! um eines hübschern Gesichtes willen kehrt er mir den Rücken?
O Schmerz! arme Liebe... gute Nacht!

Intrada (Allegro)

Scene One

The setting is a village with a view across the fields. BASTIENNE alone.

No. 1, Aria

BASTIENNE:

My dearest friend has deserted me,
and with him have gone sleep and rest.
I am beside myself with grief;
sorrow dims my eyes and senses.
My heart is numb with torment and anguish,
and this distress will be the death of me.

Dialogue

BASTIENNE:

You run away from me, Bastien? You desert your beloved? Oh, that is no way to behave. Your heart belongs to me. I have your word, and you forget your promise? My Bastien deserts me? I call out to him without ceasing, but in vain. Every time I think of him it makes me weep, and I can think of nothing other than him. The traitor! He turns his back on me for the sake of a pretty face?
O woe is me! Wretched love... goodnight!

10 Nr. 2, Arie

BASTIENNE:

Ich geh jetzt auf die Weide,
Betäubt und ganz gedankenleer.
Den ich seh' dort, zur meiner Freude
Nichts als mein Lämmerheer.
Ach! ganz allein
Voller Pein
Stets zu sein,
Ist kein Spaß
Im grünen Gras.

Zweiter Auftritt

11 Nr. 3 (Orchester)

COLAS kommt von einem Hügel und spielt auf dem Dudelsack.

12 Nr. 4, Arie

COLAS:

Befraget mich ein zartes Kind
Um das zukünft'ge Glück,
Les ich das Schicksal ihm geschwind
Aus dem verliebten Blicke.
Ich seh' daß bloß des Liebsten Gunst
Kann zum Vergnügen taugen;
Und so steckt meine Zauberkunst
In zwei entflammten Augen.

No. 2, Aria

BASTIENNE:

I'm going now to the meadow,
stunned and quite unable to think.
There I see nothing to cheer me up
except my flock.
Ah, always to be
completely alone
and full of grief
is no fun
in the green grass.

Scene Two

No. 3 (Orchestra)

COLAS comes down a hill and plays his bagpipes.

No. 4, Aria

COLAS:

When a gentle child asks me
about her future fortune,
I read her destiny swiftly
from her lovelorn looks.
I see that only the favour of her beloved
can serve to cheer her up;
and in this way my magic art is concealed
in two enflamed eyes.

Underlined text denotes words or lines in the sung numbers that were subsequently changed by Schachtner in 1769.

BASTIENNE:

Guten Morgen, Herr Colas! Wolltest du mir wohl einen Gefallen erweisen?

COLAS:

Ja, mit Freuden, mein Herzchen. Laß hören, was verlangst du von mir?

BASTIENNE:

Ich wünsche ein Mittel wider den Verdruß, der mich nagt. Du als ein Zauberer kannst mir dasselbe unfehlbar erteilen.

COLAS:

Ja, ganz gewiß. Du hättest dich an keinen bessern wenden können. O potz Stern! ich besitze wunderbare Geheimnisse, zwei schönen Augen gutes Glück zu prophezeien.

BASTIENNE:

Aber, Herr Colas, ich habe kein Geld. Du mußt dich schon mit diesen Ohrbuckeln befriedigen, die ich dir schenke. Sie sind von klarem Golde.

COLAS:

Geh, meine Tochter, mit deinen Ohrbuckeln.

BASTIENNE:

Wie? du willst sie verschmähen?

Dialogue

BASTIENNE:

Good morning, Mr Colas! Might you perhaps do me a favour?

COLAS:

Yes, with pleasure, my dear. Let me hear, what do you want from me?

BASTIENNE:

I want a cure for the frustration that's gnawing away at me. You as a magician can surely give me an infallible one.

COLAS:

Yes, quite so. You couldn't have come to a better person. By Heavens, I possess wonderful secret powers to prophecy good fortune for a pair of beautiful eyes!

BASTIENNE:

But, Mr Colas, I have no money. You'll just have to be satisfied with these earrings that I'm giving you. They're made of pure gold.

COLAS:

Away with your earrings, my daughter.

BASTIENNE:

What? You wish to spurn them?

COLAS:

Bei einem so hübschen Kinde, wie du bist, nehme ich mit ein paar Busserln fürlieb.

(Er will sie umarmen.)

BASTIENNE:

Nicht, nicht, Herr Colas! Alle meine Busserl sind für den Bastien aufgehoben. Sei so gut und erlaube, daß ich von meiner Heirat mit dir rede. Was rätst du mir? Soll ich sterben?

COLAS:

Sterben, so jung? Ei beileibe nicht, das wäre ewig schade.

BASTIENNE:

Aber alle Leute sagen, daß mich Bastien verlassen hat.

COLAS:

Eh, mach dir deswegen keinen Kummer.

BASTIENNE:

Sollte es möglich sein? O Glück! So hält er mich noch für schön?

COLAS:

Er liebt dich vom Grunde der Seele.

BASTIENNE:

Und doch ist er mir ungetreu?

COLAS:

With such a pretty child as you, I'd be content with a couple of kisses.

(He tries to embrace her.)

BASTIENNE:

No, no, Mr Colas! All my kisses are reserved for Bastien. Be so good as to let me talk to you about my marriage. What do you advise me? Am I going to die?

COLAS:

To die, so young? Ah, by the love of God no, that would be an eternal pity.

BASTIENNE:

But everyone is saying that Bastien has deserted me.

COLAS:

Oh, don't worry yourself about that.

BASTIENNE:

Might it be possible? Oh joy! So he still thinks that I'm beautiful?

COLAS:

He loves you from the bottom of his heart.

BASTIENNE:

And yet he is unfaithful to me?

COLAS:

Dein Bastien ist nur ein wenig flatterhaft. Sei ohne Sorgen, mein liebes Kind! deine Schönheit hält ihn fest.

BASTIENNE:

Aber, wenn er einmal mein Mann werden sollte? O, zum Geier! so will ich mit keiner andern teilen, weißt du das?

COLAS:

Sei ruhig! dein geliebter Gegenstand ist gar nicht ungetreu. Er liebt nur den Aufputz.

BASTIENNE:

Den Aufputz? hat ihn wohl jemand besser ausstaffiert als ich?

14 Nr. 5, Arie

BASTIENNE:

Wenn mein Bastien im Scherze
Mir ein Blümchen sonst entwand,
Drang mir selbst die Lust durch's Herze,
Die er bei dem Raub empfand.
Warum wird er von Geschenken
Einer andern jetzt geblendet?
Alles, was nur zu erdenken,
Ward ihm ja von mir gegönnt.
Meiereien, Feld und Herden
Bot ich ihm mit Freuden an;
Jetzt soll ich verachtet werden,
Da ich ihm so viel getan?

COLAS:

Your Bastien is just a bit of a butterfly. Don't upset yourself, my dear child! Your beauty holds him fast.

BASTIENNE:

But what if he becomes my husband one day?
By God, I won't share him with another woman –
you do know that, don't you?

COLAS:

Calm down! The object of your love is not at all unfaithful. It's just the finery that he loves.

BASTIENNE:

The finery? Could anyone have attired him better than I have?

No. 5, Aria

BASTIENNE:

When my Bastien as a joke
stole a little flower from me,
I felt in my heart the same pleasure
that he felt from the theft.
Why would he now be dazzled by gifts
from another woman?
Everything you can possibly imagine
was truly offered to him by me.
Dairies, fields and flocks
I offered him gladly;
am I now to be scorned,
after having done so much for him?

15 Dialogue

COLAS:

O, die Edelfrau vom Schloß weiß ihn noch besser zu verpflichten. Um ihn an sich zu ziehen, erwidert sie seine Höflichkeiten mit den köstlichsten Geschenken. Kann es uns wohl an Liebhabern fehlen, wenn man die Gewogenheiten bezahlt?

16 Nr. 6, Arie

BASTIENNE:

Würd ich auch, wie manche Buhlerinnen,
Fremder Schmeicheleien niemals satt,
Wollt ich mir ganz leicht das Herz gewinnen
Von den schönsten Herren aus der Stadt.
Doch nur Bastien reizt meine Triebe,
Und mit Liebe wird ein andrer nie belohnt.
Geht, geht, geht! sag ich,
Geht und lernt von meiner Jugend,
Daß die Tugend
Noch in Schäferhütten wohnt.

17 Dialogue

COLAS:

Gib dich zufrieden! Ich bin Bürge für deinen Wetterhahn. Er wird zurückkehren, ich stehe dir dafür. Aber du mußt dir eine andre Art angewöhnen. Du mußt ein wenig arglistig, spaßhaft und leichtsinnig werden. Ein Liebhaber wird zur Beständigkeit nicht leichter als durch Scherz und Fopperei gebracht.

Dialogue

COLAS:

Oh, the noblewoman from the castle knows even better how to oblige him. In order to lure him towards her, she reciprocates his compliments with the most magnificent gifts. Can any of us be short of lovers if we pay for their affections?

No. 6, Aria

BASTIENNE:

If I too, like many a coquette,
never tired of strangers' flatteries,
I would very easily win for myself the heart
of the most handsome men in the city.
Yet Bastien alone stirs my emotions,
and no other man will ever be rewarded with my love.
"Go, go, go!", I'd say,
"Go and learn from my youthfulness
that virtue
still exists among shepherds' huts."

Dialogue

COLAS:

Be contented! I am guarantor for your weathercock. He'll come back, I assure you. But you must get used to a different approach. You must become a little crafty, playful and frivolous. There is no easier way to bring a lover back to constancy than through joking and teasing.

BASTIENNE:

Das wird schwer halten. Wenn ich ihn sehe, verliere ich gleich Sprache und Stimme. Ich schau nur, ob meine Ärmel weiß sind, ob das Krösel recht in die Falten gelegt und das Mieder gerade eingeschnürt ist, ob mein Rock sich wohl ausbreitet und ob Schuh und Strümpfe sauber sind.

COLAS:

Das taugt nichts, mein Kind. Einen Unbeständigen zurecht zu bringen, muß man selbst ein wenig flatterhaft scheinen. Man muß sich stellen, vor dem Liebsten zu fliehen, wenn man sich gleich herzlich nach ihm sehnt. Schau, das ist die rechte Art: so machen es die Damen der Stadt.

18 **Nr. 7, Duett**

COLAS:

Auf den Rat, den ich gegeben,
Sei, mein Kind, mit Fleiß bedacht.

BASTIENNE:

Ja, ich werde mich bestreben,
Daß man ihn zu Nutzen macht.

COLAS:

Wirst du mir auch dankbar leben?

BASTIENNE:

Ja, mein Herr, bei Tag und Nacht.

BASTIENNE:

That will be difficult. As soon as I see him
I immediately lose my power of speech and my
voice. I just look to see whether my sleeves are
pristine, whether my collar is correctly folded and
my bodice properly laced, whether my dress hangs
well and whether my shoes and stockings are clean.

COLAS:

That will achieve nothing, my child. In order to put
right an inconstant man, one must appear a little
fickle oneself. One must pretend to flee from one's
beloved, when in reality one truly longs for him.
Look, that's the correct method; the city ladies do
it that way.

No. 7, Duet

COLAS:

The advice which I have given
you must heed carefully, my child.

BASTIENNE:

Yes, I'll do my best
to make use of it.

COLAS:

And will you continue to be grateful to me?

BASTIENNE:

Yes, master, by day and by night.

COLAS:

O die Unschuld! Dir zum Glücke
Meide jetzt die finstern Blicke,
Nimm ein muntres Wesen an.

BASTIENNE:

Gut, ich tu so viel ich kann!
(*Bastienne ab*)

Dritter Auftritt

19 **Dialog**

COLAS:

Dieses Liebhaberpaar ist wahrlich ein rechtes
Wunderwerk. Dergleichen Unschuld wird man
schwerlich anderswo als auf dem Lande finden. In
der Stadt ist man schon im Weisbündel witziger,
und die Tochter weiß oft mehr als die Mutter. Doch,
da kommt unser Liebhaber, dieser angenehme
Gegenstand, welchen man den Junkern vorzieht. Ihr
eingebildeten Herzensbezwinger! Ihr gespreizten
Jungfernknechte! Das ist eine treffliche Lektion für
euch. Eure Schönen laufen den Bauern nach, da
man euch, gnädige Herren, kaum über die Achsel
anschaut.

COLAS:

Oh, what innocence! For your own happiness
avoid gloomy looks now!
Adopt a cheerful manner!

BASTIENNE:

Yes, master, as well as I can!
(*she departs*)

Scene Three

Dialogue

COLAS:

This pair of lovers are a truly marvellous piece of
work. It would be hard for such innocence ever to
be encountered anywhere other than in the country.
In the city one is already cleverer when one is still in
the cradle, and the daughter often knows more than
the mother. But here comes our lover, this genial
object of love whom Bastienne prefers to a Junker*.
You conceited breakers of hearts! You affected
slaves to young girls! That is a fitting lesson for you
all: your pretty girls run after the peasants, gracious
Sirs, scarcely even looking down on you!

** A Junker was a member of the German landed gentry
in the Middle Ages, so the implication here is of a
well-heeled nobleman.*

Vierter Auftritt

20 Nr. 8, Arie

BASTIEN:

Großen Dank dir abzustatten,
Herr Colas, ist meine Pflicht;
Du zerteilst des Zweifels Schatten
Durch den weisen Unterricht.
Ja, ich wähle die zum Gatten,
Die des Lebens Glück verspricht.
In den angebot'nen Schätzen
Ist für mich kein wahr Ergötzen.
Bastiennes Lieblichkeit
Macht mich mehr als Gold erfreut.

21 Dialog

COLAS:

Es freut mich, daß du endlich zu dir selber kommst,
daß du der leeren Schmeicheleien satt bist und
mein Zureden einmal stattfinden läßt. Doch du
folgst meinem Rat zu spät; das Weinlesen ist schon
vorbei.

BASTIEN:

Wie? das Weinlesen ist vorbei? Was will das
sagen?

COLAS:

Man hat dir den Abschied gegeben.

Scene Four

No. 8, Aria

BASTIEN:

To render you many thanks,
Mr Colas, is my duty.
You have dispersed the shadows of doubt
through your wise counsel.
Yes, I am choosing as my bride
she who offers a lifetime's happiness.
The treasures which I have been offered
hold no real delight for me.
Bastienne's loveliness
pleases me more than gold.

Dialogue

COLAS:

I'm delighted that you've finally come back to your
senses, that you've had enough of empty flattery
and for once take heed of my coaxing.
But you follow my advice too late; the grape harvest
is already over.

BASTIEN:

What? The grape harvest is already over? What
do you mean?

COLAS:

You've been given the push.



BASTIEN:

Geh! du hast Lust mich zu foppen. Meine Bastienne sollte mir ihr kleines liebes Herz entziehen? Nein, dazu ist sie zu zärtlich. Sie gibt es gewiß keinem andern.

COLAS:

Wenn sie es nicht gibt, so läßt sie sich's doch nehmen.

BASTIEN:

Get away! You take pleasure in teasing me! My Bastienne withhold from me her dear little heart? No, she is too affectionate for that. She would certainly not give her heart to another man.

COLAS:

If she doesn't give it, then she at least lets it be taken from her.

No. 9, Aria

BASTIEN:

Get away! You're telling me a fairy tale.

Bastienne does not deceive.

No, she is no 'false beak'
who thinks differently from what she says.

If I call her pretty
she'll certainly find me handsome,
and if she is burning with love,
the fire must result from me.

Dialogue

COLAS:

That may be; but enough of that, for your beloved has another admirer. He is courteous, well-bred, rich and kind.

BASTIEN:

Hang it all! How could that have happened?
And how do you know that?

COLAS:

Aus meiner Kunst.

BASTIEN:

Aus deiner Kunst?

COLAS:

Freilich.

BASTIEN:

Soll ich es glauben? Ist das wahr?

COLAS:

Leider! es ist nur allzuwahr. Armer Nachbar! du wirst es schon erfahren.

BASTIEN:

O Potztausend! Wie bin ich so unglücklich!

COLAS:

Da siehst du, daß es nicht allezeit gut ist, ein schöner Knabe zu sein. Man will Liebste und Reichtümer, alles im Überfluß haben, und ein einziger guter Tag zieht oft hundert böse nach sich.

BASTIEN:

Der Zufall ist schrecklich für mich. Ich bin darüber aus mir selbst... Liebster Herr Colas! Weißt du kein Geheimnis, meine geliebte Bastienne wieder zu bekommen?

COLAS:

From my art.

BASTIEN:

From your art?

COLAS:

Certainly.

BASTIEN:

Should I believe it? Is it true?

COLAS:

Unfortunately it is all too true! Poor neighbour, you will soon discover it.

BASTIEN:

Oh, a thousand curses! How unhappy I am!

COLAS:

So you see it is not always good to be a handsome lad. One wants to have sweethearts and riches in abundance, but a single good day often tugs a hundred bad ones behind it.

BASTIEN:

What a dreadful thing to happen to me. I'm out of my wits about it... Dear Mr Colas, do you know of no secret way of getting my beloved Bastienne to come back?

22

Nr. 9, Arie

BASTIEN:

Geh! du sagst mir eine Fabel.

Bastienne trüget nicht.

Nein, sie ist kein falscher Schnabel,

Welcher anders denkt als spricht.

Wenn mein Mund sie herzig nennet,

Hält sie mich gewiß für schön,

Und wenn sie vor Liebe brennet,

Muß die Glut von mir entstehn.

23

Dialog

COLAS:

Das kann sein; aber genug, daß deine Geliebte einen andern Anbeter hat. Er ist höflich, artig, reich und liebenswürdig.

BASTIEN:

Ei der Henker! Wie sollte das zugegangen sein?
Und woher weißt du das?

COLAS:

Arme Kinder! ihr dauert mich. Ich sehe nichts lieber, als wenn die Leute gut miteinander verstanden sind. Warte einen Augenblick! Ich will mich in meinem Zauberbuche nach deinem Schicksal erkundigen.
(Er zieht aus seinem Schnappsack ein Buch hervor und macht im wählenden Lesen allerhand Gaukeleien, worüber BASTIEN in Furcht gerät.)

24 Nr. 10, Arie

COLAS:

Tätzel, Brätzel,
Schober, Kober,
Indig, Windig,
Kuffer, Puffer,
Fixfax, Kixkax,
Hosper, Hiper, ho, hi, to!
Mirlar Vistan li, la, lo!
Darlar Busslan quid pro quo.

25 Dialog

BASTIEN *(furchtsam)*:
Ist die Hexerei zu Ende?

COLAS:

Ja, tritt nur näher! Tröste dich! Du wirst deine Schäferin wieder sehen.

BASTIEN:

Aber darf ich sie auch anrühren?

COLAS:

Poor children! You make me pity you. Nothing pleases me more than to see people getting along well with one another. Wait a moment! I want to look up your fate in my book of magic.
(He takes a book out of his knapsack and makes strange gestures during its reading, frightening Bastien somewhat.)

No. 10, Aria

COLAS:

Tätzel, Brätzel,
Schober, Kober,
Indig, Windig,
Kuffer, Puffer,
Fixfax, Kixkax,
Hosper, Hiper, ho, hi, to!
Mirlar Vistan li, la, lo!
Darlar Busslan quid pro quo.

Dialogue

BASTIEN *(fearfully)*:
Is the sorcery at an end?

COLAS:

Yes, you can come nearer! Comfort yourself! You will see your shepherdess again.

BASTIEN:

But may I also touch her?

COLAS:

Ohne Zweifel, wenn du kein Hackstock bist. Geh! und nimm dein wahres Glück besser in acht als bisher.
(geht ab)

Fünfter Auftritt

26 Nr. 11, Arie

BASTIEN:

Meiner Liebsten schöne Wangen
Will ich froh aufs neue sehn;
Bloß ihr Reiz stillt mein Verlangen,
Gold kann ich um sie verschmäh'n.
Weg mit Hoheit, weg mit Schätzen!
Eure Pracht wirkt nicht bei mir.
Nur mein Mädchen kann ergötzen
Hundertmal noch mehr als ihr.

Wuch'rer, die bei stolzen Trieben
Bloß das Sel'ne sonst entzückt,
Würden ihre Unschuld lieben,
Schätzten sich durch sie beglückt.
Doch umsonst! hier sind die Grenzen.
Sie ist nur für mich gemacht,
Und mit kalten Reverenzen
Wird der Reichtum hier verlacht.

COLAS:

Without doubt, if you're not a blockhead. Go, and take better care of your true happiness than you have done up to now.
(he departs)

Scene Five

No. 11, Aria

BASTIEN:

My beloved's lovely cheeks
I gladly long to see again;
only her charm placates my yearning,
and for her I can disdain gold.
Away with grandeur, away with treasure!
Your glitter does not work on me.
Only my girl can delight
a hundred times more than you.

Profiteers, who by proud inclinations
are usually captivated only by rarities,
would love her innocence, and would
consider themselves fortunate through her.
But in vain! Here are the boundaries:
she was made for me alone,
and with cold reverences
will riches here be mocked.

Sechster Auftritt

27

Dialog

BASTIEN:

Da ist sie ... Soll ich ihre Blicke fliehen? ... Nein, wenn ich davonlaufe, verliere ich sie ganz und gar.

BASTIENNE:

Der Undankbare! Er hat mich gesehen. Ach! wie klopf mir das Herz.

BASTIEN:

Potztausend! Ich weiß nicht, was ich tun oder lassen soll.

BASTIENNE:

O weh! ohne dran zu denken, komme ich ihm auf den Hals.

BASTIEN:

Es sei gewagt. Ich will frei mit ihr reden ... Sieh da, bist du zugegen? Schau, ich bin auch da ... Aber wie? Warum so beduft? Was fehlt dir? Was machst du für Gesichter?

BASTIENNE:

Wer bist du? Geh! ich kenne dich nicht.

BASTIEN:

Was sagst du! Ach, Bastienne, betrachte mich doch! Kennst du denn deinen Bastien nicht mehr?

Scene Six

Dialogue

BASTIEN:

There she is... Should I run away?... No, if I run away I will lose her completely and utterly.

BASTIENNE:

The ungrateful brute! He's seen me. Ah, how my heart is hammering!

BASTIEN:

A thousand curses! I don't know what I should or shouldn't do.

BASTIENNE:

O woe! Without thinking about it I am running into his path.

BASTIEN:

It must be done. I want to speak freely to her... Look there, are you here? Look, I am also here... But how so? Why so pale? What's wrong? Why are you making such faces?

BASTIENNE:

Who are you? Go away! I do not know you.

BASTIEN:

What do you mean? Ah, Bastienne, look at me all the same! Do you not then know your Bastien any more?

BASTIENNE:

Du wärest mein Bastien? O nein, der bist du nimmer.

28

Nr. 12, Arie

BASTIENNE:

Er war mir sonst treu und ergeben,
Mich liebte Bastien allein,
Mein Herz war einzig sein Bestreben,
Nur ich, sonst nahm ihn niemand ein.
Das schönste Bild entzückt ihn nicht,
Sein Blick war bloß auf mich gerichtet.
Ich konnt vor andern allen
Ihn reizen, ihm gefallen.
Auch Damen wurden nicht geschätzt,
Die oft sein Blick in Glut gesetzt.
Wenn sie Geschenke gaben,
So muß ich solche haben;
Mich liebte Bastien allein.
Doch nun will er sich andern weihn.
Vergebens ist jetzt meine Liebe.
Mein Liebster, der sich mir entreißt,
Verbittert die sonst süßen Triebe
Und wird ein Flattergeist.

BASTIENNE:

You would be my Bastien? Oh no, you are never he.

No. 12, Aria

BASTIENNE:

Once he was faithful and devoted to me,
Bastien loved only me;
my heart was his only desire,
he was captivated by me and no one else.
The prettiest picture could not please him,
he only had eyes for me;
I could charm and please him
more than all the others.
He didn't even appreciate well-to-do ladies
who were often enflamed by a glance from him,
and when they gave him presents
he gave them to me to keep.
He loved me, and me alone.
But now he wants to devote himself to others,
and my love is now in vain.
My beloved, in tearing himself away from me,
embitters the once sweet desires and
becomes a wanton.

29

Dialog

BASTIEN:

O, ich sehe schon, was dich verdrießt. Du glaubst, ich habe mich verändert; allein du irrst. Es war ein kleiner Hexenschuß von einem gewissen Poltergeiste; aber der wackere Colas hat ihn schon vertrieben.

BASTIENNE:

Leere Entschuldigung! Wenn du verhext warst, so bin ich verzaubert; und bei mir ist alle Kunst des guten Colas vergebens. Ja, Bastien, für ein Übel wie das meinige ist gar kein Mittel.

BASTIEN:

Heirate! Der Ehestand heilt alle Zaubereien. Das beste Mittel ist ein Mann.

BASTIENNE:

Ein trefflicher Rat! Der Ehestand für sich selbst macht schon lauter Sorgen. Kommt vollends ein treuloser Mann dazu, so werden Not und Kummer unerträglich. Und das sollte ein Heilmittel sein? o pfui!

BASTIEN:

Gut! weil du so eigensinnig bist, so tue, was du willst.

Dialogue

BASTIEN:

Oh, I can already see what's annoying you. You think I've changed; but you're wrong. It was just a little witch's spell from a certain poltergeist, but the good Mr Colas has already driven it away.

BASTIENNE:

Empty excuse! If you've been bewitched, then I too am under a spell; but for me all the art of good Colas is in vain. Yes, Bastien, for a malaise like mine there is no cure.

BASTIEN:

Get married! The state of marriage heals all sorcery; the best cure is a husband.

BASTIENNE:

Marvellous advice! Marriage already creates plenty of misery by itself. And if you add to that a faithless man, then the distress and misery becomes unbearable. And that should be a holy cure? Ugh!

BASTIEN:

Fine, if you're going to be so stubborn, then do what you like!

30

Nr. 13, Arie (a 2)

BASTIEN:

Geh hin! Dein Trotz soll mich nicht schrecken. Ich lauf auf's Schloß, das schwör ich dir, Und will der Edelfrau entdecken, Mein Herz gehöre gänzlich ihr. Läßt sie wie sonst sich zärtlich finden, Will ich mich gleich mit ihr verbinden.

BASTIENNE:

Ich will mich in die Stadt begeben, Anbeter treff ich da leicht an; Wie eine Dam' will ich dort leben, Die hundert Herren fesseln kann. Und kann ich einen Schönen finden, Will ich mich gleich mit ihm verbinden.

BASTIEN:

Ich werd in Gold und Silber prahlen, Und eine Liebste voller Pracht Wird die Gewogenheit bezahlen, Wodurch mein Blick sie glücklich macht. Mir ihre Schätze zu verbinden, Soll sie mich gar nicht spröde finden.

BASTIENNE:

Den Schönen sind die Kostbarkeiten In Städten zu erwerben leicht. Es braucht, um selbe zu erbeuten, Nichts, als daß man sich freundlich neigt. Mir reiche Herren zu verbinden, Soll man mich stets sehr höflich finden.

No. 13, Aria (a 2)

BASTIEN:

Go away! Your scorn will not frighten me. I will run to the castle, I swear to you, and tell the noblewoman that my heart belongs entirely to her. If I find her as affectionate as before, I shall pledge myself to her at once.

BASTIENNE:

I want to go into the city; I can easily find admirers there. I want to live there like a lady who can fascinate a hundred gentlemen. And if I find a handsome one, I want to pledge myself to him at once.

BASTIEN:

I shall swagger around in gold and silver, and a sweetheart surrounded by luxury will be paying for my attention, whereby my gaze will make her happy. To attach myself to her treasures she will not find me at all coy.

BASTIENNE:

For pretty girls, valuable things are easy to obtain in cities. To acquire them, one needs do nothing but to curtsy in a friendly manner. So that I can attach myself to rich gentlemen, one will always find me very courteous.

31

Dialog

BASTIENNE:

Siehe da! bist du noch hier? Ich dachte du wärest schon über alle Berge.

BASTIEN:

Ich bin eben im Begriff, meinen Abmarsch zu nehmen.

BASTIENNE:

Vermutlich kostet es dir wenig Mühe, mich zu fliehen, Treuloser!

BASTIEN:

Vermutlich bist du sehr vergnügt, daß ich gefaßt bin fortzugehen?

BASTIENNE:

Allerdings, mein Herr! Sie können nach ihrem Belieben handeln.

BASTIEN:

Ist das dein Ernst? ... Geh! sag! Soll ich bleiben?

BASTIENNE:

Ja... Nein, nein.

Dialogue

BASTIENNE:

See there! Are you still here? I thought you were already over the hill.

BASTIEN:

I am just in the process of leaving.

BASTIENNE:

Presumably it costs you little trouble to leave me, faithless one!

BASTIEN:

Presumably you are very pleased that I have decided to leave?

BASTIENNE:

Absolutely, my Lord! You can do exactly what you like.

BASTIEN:

Is that what you really want?... Go on, say! Should I stay?

BASTIENNE:

Yes... no, no.

32

Nr. 14, Begleitetes Rezitativ

BASTIEN:

Dein Trotz vermehrt sich durch mein Leiden?
Wohlan! den Augenblick
Hol ich zu deinen Freuden
Mir Messer, Dolch und Strick.

BASTIENNE:

Viel Glück!

BASTIEN:

Ich geh mich zu erhängen.
Ich lauf, ohn' alle Gnad,
Im Bach mich zu ertränken.

BASTIENNE:

Viel Glück zum kalten Bad!

33

DialogBASTIEN (*für sich*):

Und sollte ich wohl ein solcher Narr sein, mich ins Wasser zu stürzen?

BASTIENNE:

Was ist's? Was hält dich denn auf?

BASTIEN:

Nichts. Ich überlege nur, daß ich ein schlechter Schwimmer bin; und dann, daß ich vor meinem Ende noch mit dir reden muß.

BASTIENNE:

Mit mir reden? Nein, ich höre dich nicht mehr.

No. 14, Accompanied recitative

BASTIEN:

Does your pig-headedness increase with my suffering? Well then, in this instant I will fetch myself, for your delight, knife, dagger and rope!

BASTIENNE:

Have a good time!

BASTIEN:

I'm going to hang myself.
I shall run, without any mercy,
to drown myself in the stream.

BASTIENNE:

Have a good time in your cold bath!

DialogueBASTIEN (*to himself*):

And am I really such a madman as to throw myself into the water?

BASTIENNE:

What is it? What's keeping you then?

BASTIEN:

Nothing. I'm just considering what a bad swimmer I am; and also that I must speak further with you before I die.

BASTIENNE:

Speak with me? No, I won't listen to you any more.

Nr. 15, Duett

BASTIENNE:

Geh! geh! geh, Herz von Flandern!
 Such nur bei andern
 Zärtlich verliebt Gehör,
 Denn dich, denn dich
 Lieb ich nicht mehr.

BASTIEN:

Wohl, ich will sterben;
 Denn zum Verderben
 Zeigt mir dein Haß die Spur;
 Drum laß ich Dorf und Flur.

BASTIENNE:

Falscher! Du fliehst?

BASTIEN:

Ja, wie du siehest.
 Weil dich ein andrer nimmt,
 Ist schon mein Tod bestimmt.
 Ich bin mir selbst zur Qual,
 Kein Knecht von dem Rival.

BASTIENNE:

Bastien! Bastien!

BASTIEN:

Wie? du rufst mich?

Nr. 15, Duett

BASTIENNE:

Go, heart from Flanders! *
 Seek only from others
 a tender, amorous ear,
 because I, because I
 don't love you any more.

BASTIEN:

Right, I want to die,
 for your hatred
 makes clear to me my path to ruin;
 therefore I am leaving the village and the field.

BASTIENNE:

Deceiver! You are fleeing?

BASTIEN:

Yes, as you see.
 Because another man is to have you,
 my death is already decided.
 I am a torment to myself,
 but will not be a slave to my rival.

BASTIENNE:

Bastien! Bastien!

BASTIEN:

What? Are you calling me?

** People from Flanders were reputed to have
 particularly fickle hearts.*

BASTIENNE:

Du irrst dich.
 In deinem Blick
 Wird nun mein Glück
 Nicht mehr gefunden.

BASTIEN:

Wo ist die süße Zeit,
 Da dich mein Scherz erfreut?

BASTIEN, BASTIENNE:

Sie ist anjetzt verschwunden,
 Geh! falscher Seele!
 Fort! ich erwähle
 Für meine zarte Hand
 Ein andres Eheband.
 Wechsel im Lieben
 Tilgt das Betrüben
 Und reizet, wie man sieht,
 Zur Lust den Appetit.

BASTIEN:

Doch wenn du wolltest...

BASTIENNE:

Doch wenn du solltest...

BASTIEN:

Schatz mich noch nennen...

BASTIENNE:

Dies Herz erkennen...

BASTIENNE:

You are mistaken.
 In your eyes
 my happiness is now
 no longer to be found.

BASTIEN:

Where is that sweet time,
 when my jests made you laugh?

BASTIEN, BASTIENNE:

It has now passed.
 Go, false soul!
 Away! I choose
 for my tender hand
 another marriage bond.
 A change of affection
 does away with sadness
 and stimulates, as one can see,
 the appetite for pleasure.

BASTIEN:

But if you would...

BASTIENNE:

But if you should...

BASTIEN:

... still call me treasure...

BASTIENNE:

... recognize this heart...

BASTIEN, BASTIENNE:
Wär meine Zärtlichkeit
Auf's neue dir geweiht.

BASTIEN:
Ich bleibe dein allein.

BASTIENNE:
Ich würde dein auf ewig sein.

BASTIEN:
Gib mir, zu meinem Glück,
Dein Herz zurück.
Umarme mich,
Nur dich lieb ich.

BASTIENNE:
O lust, o lust
Für die entflammte Brust!

BASTIEN, BASTIENNE:
Komm, nimm auf's neue
Neigung und Treue!
Ich schwör dem Wechsel ab
Und lieb dich bis in's Grab.
Wir sind versöhnet,
Die Liebe krönt
Uns nach dem bangen Streit
Durch treue Zärtlichkeit.

BASTIEN, BASTIENNE:
... my affection would be
once more devoted to you.

BASTIEN:
I would remain yours alone.

BASTIENNE:
I would be yours for ever.

BASTIEN:
Make me happy and give me
back your heart.
Embrace me,
for I love only you.

BASTIENNE:
Oh joy, oh joy
for my enflamed breast!

BASTIEN, BASTIENNE:
Come, take once more
my affection and fidelity!
I renounce any change
and will love you until I die.
We are reconciled,
and love crowns
us after our frightening quarrel
with true tenderness.

Siebenter Auftritt

35 Nr. 16, Terzett

COLAS:
Kinder! Kinder!
Seht, nach Sturm und Regen
Wird ein schöner Tag gebracht,
Euer Glück soll nichts bewegen;
Dankt dies meiner Zaubermacht.
Auf! Auf! gebt euch die Hand!
Knüpft die Seelen und die Herzen!
Nichts von Schmerzen
Werd euch je bekannt.

BASTIEN, BASTIENNE:
Lustig! lustig!
Preist die Zaubereien
Von Colas, dem weisen Mann!
Uns vom Kummer zu befreien,
Hat er Wunder heut getan.
Auf! auf! stimmt sein Lob an!
Er stift' unsre Hochzeitfeier.
O, zum Geier, welch trefflicher Mann!

COLAS, BASTIEN, BASTIENNE:
Auf! auf! stimmt sein Lob an!
Er stift' unsre Hochzeitfeier.
O, zum Geier, welch trefflicher Mann!

Scene Seven

No. 16, Trio

COLAS:
Children! Children!
Look, after storm and rain
comes a new day.
Nothing shall shake your happiness;
thank my magic power for that.
Up! Up! Give each other your hand!
Join your souls and your hearts!
May no sorrows
ever be known to you.

BASTIEN, BASTIENNE:
Joyfully, joyfully
extol the magic
of Colas the wise man!
To free us from grief
he has today performed wonders.
Up! Up! Sing his praises!
He has brought about our wedding celebrations.
Oh, hang it all, what an excellent fellow!

COLAS, BASTIEN, BASTIENNE:
Up! Up! Sing his praises!
He has brought about our wedding celebrations.
Oh, hang it all, what an excellent fellow!



APPENDIX

- 36 Nr. 10, Arie
[mit überarbeitetem Text von 1769]
COLAS:
Diggi, daggi,
Schurry, Murry,
Horum, Harum,
Lirum, Larum,
Raudi, Maudi,
Giri! Giri! posito,
Besti, Basti Saronfroh,
Fatto, matto, quid pro quo.

APPENDIX

- No. 10, Aria
[with revised text from 1769]
COLAS:
Diggi, daggi,
Schurry, Murry,
Horum, Harum,
Lirum, Larum,
Raudi, Maudi,
Giri! Giri! posito,
Besti, Basti Saronfroh,
Fatto, matto, quid pro quo.

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What the critics said about Classical Opera's previous recordings

"Ian Page presides over a charming performance, with well-paced recitatives and appropriate, sometimes extravagant decoration. This is minor Mozart, done supremely well."

Gramophone (Mozart: Il sogno di Scipione)

"Who could fail to be charmed by such gorgeous music, so stylishly executed?"

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"From the outset, Ian Page nurtures a performance that crackles, beguiles, thrills and moves by turns exactly as Mozart's opera requires."

Gramophone (Mozart: Mitridate, re di Ponto)

"In the hands of conductor Ian Page and his superb line-up of soloists, the work has a freshness and zip which is irresistible, and the Orchestra of Classical Opera plays like a dream."

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Signum Records Ltd., Suite 14, 21 Wadsworth Road, Perivale, Middx UB6 7JD

Tel: +44 (0) 20 8997 4000 Email: info@signumrecords.com

