



NADINE SIERRA

MADE FOR OPERA

ORCHESTRA SINFONICA NAZIONALE DELLA RAI

RICCARDO FRIZZA



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GIUSEPPE VERDI (1813–1901)

LA TRAVIATA

Libretto: Francesco Maria Piave

ACT I: SCENA ED ARIA (**Violetta, Alfredo**)

1	È strano! È strano!	1:19
2	Ah, fors'è lui	5:20
3	Follie! Follie! Delirio vano è questo!	1:13
4	Sempre libera	4:00

ACT III: SCENA ED ARIA (**Violetta**)

5	Teneste la promessa	1:34
6	Addio, del passato	5:58

GAETANO DONIZETTI (1797–1848)

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR

Libretto: Salvatore Cammarano

ACT I, NO. 3: SCENA E CAVATINA (**Lucia, Alisa**)

7	Introduzione	2:54
8	Ancor non giunse!	1:53
9	Regnava nel silenzio	4:35
10	Quando, rapito in estasi	4:53

ACT III, NO. 14: SCENA ED ARIA (**Lucia, coro**)

11	Oh, giusto cielo! ... Il dolce suono	3:21
12	Ohimè! Sorge il tremendo fantasma	3:49
13	Ardon gl'incensi	6:08
14	Spargi d'amaro pianto	4:29

CHARLES GOUNOD (1818–1893)

ROMÉO ET JULIETTE CG 9

Libretto: Jules Barbier & Michel Carré

ACT I, NO. 3: ARIETTE (**Juliette**)

15	Ah ! Je veux vivre	3:55
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ACT IV, NO. 17: SCÈNE ET AIR (**Juliette**)

16	Dieu ! quel frisson court dans mes veines ?	1:13
17	Amour, ranime mon courage	4:41

NADINE SIERRA **soprano**

PAOLO FANALE **tenor (4)**

VETA PILIPENKO **mezzo-soprano (8–10)**

CAPELLA CRACOVIENSIS **(11, 13, 14)**

ORCHESTRA SINFONICA NAZIONALE DELLA RAI

RICCARDO FRIZZA **conductor**

MADE FOR OPERA

When I was a little girl growing up in South Florida, I always felt certain about one thing: I loved to sing. From the moment I woke up in the morning until the last hours of the day, I just couldn't stop myself from thinking about singing. My Portuguese mother knew I had a deep fondness for music even from the time I was three months old. She tells a story of when I was strapped in my car seat riding with her and tapping my little foot to the rhythm of the music playing from the radio. She was stunned by this natural movement and how each tap matched the tempo of the song perfectly! This surprising connection and fascination with music only increased as I got older, and by the time I was six years old my mother allowed me to take voice lessons every week, as long as I put in the time to practise every day for at least an hour. Without hesitation or tantrum, I took the opportunity and enjoyed every moment of those lessons.

My mother grew up in Lisbon as an only child to a working father and a stay-at-home mother: my Avó Susette. My Avó ("grandmother" in Portuguese) was a beautiful woman who grew up in a large family that also adored and appreciated music, although my great-grandfather didn't entirely agree with the entertainer lifestyle. He certainly loved opera and devoted time to be at the theatre, but he didn't want his daughter to lead the life of a singer. Unfortunately, this affected my Avó greatly, as she had dreams and aspirations to become an opera singer one day. It has been said that her voice was so lovely and alluring that suitors and neighbours alike would stop in front of the family home to listen to her practising from inside! It would always be a futile dream, however, for her father never gave her the permission to pursue anything outside of being a respectable housewife, a destiny all young women in those days were given without much choice.

Knowing these stories very well, my mother seized the opportunity to give me a different upbringing – one full of possibilities – and she encouraged me to work hard for my dreams, no matter my being a little girl. Unlike my Avó, my choices of what I wanted in life were endless, and it's where my mother got the idea to introduce me to opera at ten years old. It was through a VHS tape from our public library that never got returned because I couldn't stop studying and obsessing over its brilliance. Puccini's *La Bohème* shocked me like nothing musically ever had before, and Franco Zeffirelli's production from the Metropolitan Opera couldn't have been a greater catalyst for my decision to become an opera singer. I was hugely influenced by its two starring sopranos, Teresa Stratas and Renata Scottò, while continuing to be inspired by several other great women in opera. I also had the greatest good fortune of being taken under Marilyn Horne's wing in my late teens, and I gained a tremendous amount of knowledge from her mentorship. I realized through these pinnacle moments of learning from these exceptional women that I needed to have all that it took – the dedication, hardship, sacrifice, perseverance, patience and pure devotion – to be "made for opera".

Throughout my upbringing and vocal studies, I received all the encouragement I needed from my family and mentors to step inside of these shoes and to walk a path that my Avó was only ever allowed to fantasize about. She passed away when I was nineteen years old but, thankfully, got to watch me walk part of this path with pride. I remember her singing to me and my sisters with a voice that still can be heard in my earliest memories: a voice that never had the chance to be sung out loud for others to hear, but one that was so graciously passed on to me. For years, I have felt like a humble servant to this gift and have devoted my life's work to nurturing it until I can ultimately say that I've done everything in my power to be "made" for it.

So often are women in opera having to play roles that depict young female characters unable to decide their fates for themselves – fates usually ending in tragedy – and with very few choices of their own. Roles like Violetta, Lucia and Juliette all teach us something very valuable about the beauties of life – how fragile it all is – and how, with a bit more care, fairness and attention, their destinies could have resulted in a different outcome. But I believe Verdi, Donizetti and Gounod gave us these beautiful women in order to appreciate them and composed their souls through the music in a way that will forever give power to their voices – no matter the social powers they each lacked in their individual story.

My journey as an artist – as a woman – began by taking what had been impossible for another and making it possible for me. It's a journey that has allowed me to be seen, to be heard and to design my artistic aspirations for an even bigger goal than what I've already achieved – passing on this courage that I, as a modern-day woman, can give with the utmost strength to any young woman wanting to reach the highest star. Being “made” for something can have many factors associated with it and, for some, can almost seem impossible. But, by sharing my family story and background, I'd like to believe that it can give some inspiration to those seeking it – to those also wanting to walk the path, having the courage to fulfill their destiny and to realize that they too can be “made” for anything.

Nadine Sierra

WIE GEMACHT FÜR DIE OPER

Als kleines Mädchen in Südfllorida wusste ich eines immer ganz genau: Ich sang für mein Leben gern. Vom Aufwachen bis zum Zubettgehen dachte ich den ganzen Tag lang nur ans Singen. Ich war erst drei Monate alt, als meine portugiesische Mutter meine besondere Beziehung zur Musik entdeckte. Sie erzählt gerne, wie ich in meinem Kindersitz bei ihr im Auto saß und mein kleiner Fuß im Takt der Musik aus dem Radio mitwippte. Sie war fasziniert von dieser natürlichen Bewegung und davon, wie präzise jeder Impuls zum Tempo des Liedes passte. Dieses spontane Reagieren auf Töne und meine Begeisterung für Musik wurden in den nächsten Jahren noch stärker, und als ich sechs Jahre alt war, erlaubte mir meine Mutter, einmal in der Woche Gesangsunterricht zu nehmen, solange ich jeden Tag mindestens eine Stunde lang üben würde. Ohne Zögern oder Widerworte ließ ich mich darauf ein und genoss danach jeden Moment meiner Unterrichtsstunden.

Meine Mutter wuchs in Lissabon auf, sie war ein Einzelkind. Ihr Vater ging arbeiten und ihre Mutter war Hausfrau: meine Avó Susette (avó ist portugiesisch für »Großmutter«). Sie war eine wunderschöne Frau und kam aus einer großen Familie, in der man Musik schätzte und liebte, auch wenn mein Urgroßvater wenig vom Künstlerleben hielt. Er liebte die Oper und ging regelmäßig ins Theater, aber seine Tochter sollte auf keinen Fall als Sängerin leben. Das war hart für meine Avó, denn sie träumte davon, eines Tages Opernsängerin zu werden. Man erzählt sich, ihre Stimme habe so schön und verführerisch geklungen, dass Nachbarn und Verehrer regelmäßig vor dem Haus stehenblieben, um ihr bei ihren Gesangsübungen zuzuhören. Aus ihrem Traum wurde trotzdem nichts, denn ihr Vater erlaubte ihr nicht, an etwas anderes zu denken als an ein Leben als ehrbare Hausfrau – ein Schicksal, das die meisten jungen Frauen ihrer Zeit erwartete, ohne dass sie eine Wahl gehabt hätten.

Meine Mutter kannte diese Geschichten nur zu gut, und darum setzte sie alles daran, mir einen anderen Start ins Leben zu geben. Sie zeigte mir alle Möglichkeiten auf und ermutigte mich, hart für meine Träume zu arbeiten – auch als Mädchen. Anders als meine Avó konnte ich zwischen unzähligen Optionen für meinen Lebensweg wählen, und als ich 10 Jahre alt war, machte mich meine Mutter mit der Welt der Oper bekannt. Sie hatte in unserer Bücherei eine VHS-Kassette ausgeliehen, die wir am Ende nie zurückbrachten, weil ich so begeistert davon war und sie immer und immer wieder anschauen wollte. Die Musik von Puccinis *La Bohème* überwältigte mich wie nichts zuvor, und die Inszenierung von Franco Zeffirelli aus der New Yorker Metropolitan Opera hatte großen Anteil daran, dass ich von nun an Opernsängerin werden wollte. Die Sopranistinnen in dieser Produktion, Teresa Stratas und Renata Scotto, wurden für mich zu wichtigen Vorbildern, genau wie so viele andere beeindruckende Frauen aus der Welt der Oper. Mit noch nicht einmal 20 Jahren hatte ich das große Glück, dass Marilyn Horne mich unter ihre Fittiche nahm und meine Mentorin wurde, und dank ihrer Unterstützung und guten Ratschläge habe ich unglaublich viel gelernt. Es war ein Privileg, von diesen großartigen Frauen lernen zu dürfen, und durch sie habe ich begriffen, was man alles braucht für diesen Weg: Hingabe, Leidenschaft, Opferbereitschaft, Durchhaltevermögen, Geduld und Leidenschaft für die Sache. Nur so kann man es schaffen und »wie gemacht für die Oper« sein.

Während meiner Jugend- und Studienzeit bekam ich von meiner Familie und meinen Lehrer*innen jede Unterstützung, die ich brauchte, um in diese Fußstapfen zu treten und einem Weg zu folgen, von dem meine Avó nur hatte träumen können. Sie starb, als ich 19 Jahre alt war, und bis dahin hatte sie voller Freude und Stolz meine ersten Schritte auf diesem Weg begleitet. Ich weiß noch, wie sie mir und meinen Schwestern manchmal etwas vorsang, und ihre Stimme ist Teil meiner frühesten Erinnerungen: Eine Stimme, die nie frei und laut für andere singen durfte, und deren Geschenk an mich

weitergegeben wurde. Viele Jahre sah ich mich als demütige Dienerin dieser Gabe und stellte mein Leben ganz in ihren Dienst. Ich hegte und pflegte sie, denn schließlich wollte ich sagen können: Ich habe alles in meiner Macht Stehende getan, um »wie gemacht« für sie zu sein.

Sängerinnen spielen in der Oper oft junge Mädchen, die nicht selbst über ihr Schicksal entscheiden dürfen – was regelmäßig in einer Tragödie endet und ihnen wenig Freiheiten lässt. Figuren wie Violetta, Lucia und Juliette lehren uns etwas sehr Wichtiges über die Schönheit des Lebens, nämlich wie zerbrechlich sie ist, und dass ihr Lebensweg ganz anders hätte verlaufen können, wäre man nur ein wenig behutsamer, fairer und aufmerksamer mit ihnen umgegangen. Ich denke, Verdi, Donizetti und Gounod haben uns diese wundervollen Frauen geschenkt, damit wir sie bewundern können, und sie haben ihre Seelen auf eine Weise in Musik gefasst, die ihren Stimmen neue Kraft und Nachdruck verleiht – auch wenn sie in ihrer jeweiligen Geschichte nur wenig bewirken konnten.

Mein Weg als Musikerin – und als Frau – begann damit, dass ich nach etwas griff, das für jemand anderen unerreichbar gewesen war, und es Wirklichkeit werden ließ. Dieser Weg erlaubt es mir, gesehen und gehört zu werden und in meiner künstlerischen Arbeit noch über das hinaus zu streben, was ich als Frau unserer Tage bereits erreicht habe – als Ermutigung für alle jungen Frauen, die nach den Sternen greifen. Sich ganz und gar einer Sache zu verschreiben, ist erst der Anfang, und für manchen mag es unmöglich scheinen. Aber ich hoffe, dass ich mit meiner Geschichte und der meiner Familie all jenen helfen kann, die nach Inspiration suchen – weil sie ihren Weg gehen und ihr Leben selbst in die Hand nehmen möchten, um zu erkennen, dass sie »wie gemacht« sind für eine Sache.

Nadine Sierra (Übersetzung: Verena Sierig)

LA TRAVIATA

Based on Alexandre Dumas's play **La Dame aux camélias** and given to the opera world in 1853, Giuseppe Verdi's **La traviata** focuses on its main female character, placing her as one of the most celebrated soprano roles of all time. Violetta Valéry is said to be a role requiring three different types of soprano, which makes her incredibly complex to sing, but also gives her an exciting variety of vocal nuance and theatrical possibilities. Although her tragic ending weighs heavily on the hearts of those who listen to her, Verdi's composition makes it inevitable that the power her character possesses remains alive even beyond her inequitable fate.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR

Famous for its heroine's legendary *scena di pazzia* (mad scene) and the vocal demands Donizetti wrote for her, this opera shows how even the most virtuous of characters can break tremendously under the social pressures they're forced to face. Lucia herself needs a soprano whose vocal prowess and dramatic interpretation can make her haunting music unforgettable and deliver a powerful lesson to the listener, even as her final notes rise above the staff. Although her situation in life cannot give her the control she desperately yearns for, Donizetti gave her the most compelling vocal phrasing, which makes her one of the most dynamic bel canto heroines in all opera.



ROMÉO ET JULIETTE

One of the most famous love stories of all time inspired Charles Gounod to compose his **Roméo et Juliette**, and he graciously gave his female protagonist some of the most touching music found in opera. Although Juliette is incredibly young, her fierceness and vitality are highlighted in both of her celebrated arias. Gounod made it possible for her femininity to be experienced as far more than just her youth and naïveté by giving her vocal phrasing a more lyrical and sensual line; this certainly makes singing Juliette an absolute pleasure!

GIUSEPPE VERDI
LA TRAVIATA
ACT I: SCENA ED ARIA

Violetta

1 È strano! È strano! In core
scolpiti ho quegli accenti!
Saria per me sventura un serio amore?
Che risolvi, o turbata anima mia?
Null'uomo ancora t'accendeva. O gioia
ch'io non conobbi, essere amata amando!
E sdegnarla poss'io
per l'aride follie del viver mio?

2 Ah, fors'è lui che l'anima
solinga ne' tumulti
godea sovente pingere
de' suoi colori occulti!
Lui che modesto e vigile
all'egre soglie ascese,
e nuova febbre accese,
destandomi all'amor.
A quell'amor ch'è palpito
dell'universo intero,
misterioso, altero,
croce e delizia al cor.

A me fanciulla, un candido
e trepido desire
questi effigiò dolcissimo
signor dell'avvenire,

Violetta

How strange it is!
Those words are carved upon my heart.
Would a true love bring me misfortune?
What do you think, O my troubled spirit?
No man before kindled a flame like this.
Oh, joy I never knew: to love and to be loved!
Can I disdain this
for a life of sterile pleasure?

Was this the man that my heart,
alone in the crowd,
delighted many times to paint
in vague, mysterious colours?
This man, so watchful yet retiring,
who haunted my sickbed
and turned my fever
into the burning flame of love.
That love, the pulse
of the whole world,
mysterious, unattainable,
the torment and delight of my heart.

When I was a girl
a pure and diffident longing
showed me the dear image
of him for whom I waited.

quando ne' cieli il raggio
di sua beltà vedea,
e tutta mi pascea
di quel divino error.
Sentia che amore è palpito
dell'universo intero,
misterioso, altero,
croce e delizia al cor.

3 Follie! Follie! Delirio vano è questo!
Povera donna, sola, abbandonata
in questo popoloso deserto
che appellano Parigi,
che spero or più? Che far degg'io?
Gioire! Di voluttà nei vortici perire.

4 Sempre libera degg'io
folleggiare di gioia in gioia,
vo' che scorra il viver mio
pei sentieri del piacer.
Nasca il giorno, o il giorno muoia,
sempre lieta ne' ritrovi,
a dilette sempre nuovi
dee volare il mio pensier.

Alfredo

Amore è palpito
dell'universo intero,
misterioso, altero,
croce e delizia al cor.

In the sky I beheld
the brilliance of his beauty
and this divine illusion
sustained me.
I felt that love is the pulse
of the whole world,
mysterious, unattainable,
the torment and delight of my heart.

It's madness! Madness! It's empty delirium!
A poor woman, lonely, abandoned
in this teeming desert
that they call Paris.
What can I hope for? What should I do?
Enjoy myself and drown in the vortex of pleasure.

Free and aimless I must flutter
from pleasure to pleasure,
skimming the surface
of life's primrose path.
As each day dawns, as each day dies,
gaily I'll turn
to the new delights
that make my spirit soar.

Alfredo

Ah, love is the pulse
of the whole world.
Mysterious, unattainable,
the torment and delight of my heart.

Violetta

Oh! Amore! Follie! Gioir!

Sempre libera degg'io ecc.

Alfredo

Amore è palpito dell'universo intero.

ACT III: SCENA ED ARIA

Violetta

- 5 “Teneste la promessa. La disfida ebbe luogo! Il barone fu ferito, però migliora. Alfredo è in stranio suolo. Il vostro sacrificio io stesso gli ho svelato. Egli a voi tornerà pel suo perdono. Io pur verrò. Curatevi. Mertate un avvenir migliore. Giorgio Germont.” È tardi! Attendo, attendo ... Né a me giungon mai! Oh, come son mutata! Ma il dottore a sperar pure m'esorta! Ah, con tal morbo ogni speranza è morta.

- 6 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. Della traviata sorridi al desio, a lei, deh, perdona, tu accoglila, o Dio. Or tutto fini.

Violetta

Oh, love! It's madness! I must enjoy myself!

Free and aimless I must flutter etc.

Alfredo

Ah, love is the pulse of the whole world.

Violetta

“You kept your promise. The duel took place. The Baron was wounded but is getting better. Alfredo is abroad. I've told him of your sacrifice. He's coming back to ask your pardon. I'll come, too. Take care of yourself. You deserve a better future. Giorgio Germont.” It's too late. I wait and wait ... But they never come. How changed I am! But the doctor still urges me to hope. With such a disease all hope is dead.

Farewell, happy dreams of bygone days. The roses in my cheeks already are faded. How I miss Alfredo's love to comfort and uphold my weary spirit! Sustain an erring soul and may God pardon and make her his own. Ah, all is over now.

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!
Della traviata sorridi al desio ecc.

GAETANO DONIZETTI

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR

ACT I, NO. 3: SCENA E CAVATINA

Lucia

- 8 Ancor non giunse!

Alisa

Incauta, a che mi traggi!
Avventurarti, or che il fratel qui venne,
è folle ardir.

Lucia

Ben parli! Edgardo sappia
qual ne circonda orribile periglio.

Alisa

Perché d'intorno il ciglio
volgi atterrita?

Lucia

Quella fonte, ah! mai,
senza tremar, non veggo. Ah, tu lo sai:
un Ravenswood, ardendo
di geloso furor, l'amata donna
colà trafisse, e l'infelice cadde

Joys and sorrows will soon come to an end;
the tomb is the final resting place for mortal man!
No tear or flower will deck my grave,
nor marked cross cover these bones!
Sustain an erring soul etc.

Lucy

He has not yet come!

Alisa

Incautious one! To what are you leading me!
To risk this, here, where your brother could come,
is mad boldness.

Lucy

You're right! Edgar shall know
what horrible destiny lurks around him.

Alisa

Why do you look around you
so uneasily?

Lucy

Ah, me, I cannot look upon
this fountain without trembling. Ah, you know,
a Ravenswood, consumed with mad jealousy,
here stabbed the girl who loved him.
The unhappy victim fell into the water,

nell'onda, ed ivi rimaneva sepolta.
M'apparve l'ombra sua.

Alisa
Che dici!

Lucia
Ascolta!

- 9 Regnava nel silenzio
alta la notte e bruna,
colpia la fonte un pallido
raggio di tetra luna,
quando un somnesso gemito
fra l'aure udir si fe'
ed ecco su quel margin
l'ombra mostrarsi a me.
Qual di chi parla, muoversi
il labbro suo vedea
e con la mano esanime
chiamarmi a sé pareva;
stette un momento immobile,
poi ratta dileguò.
E l'onda pria sì limpida
di sangue rosseggiò.

Alisa
Chiari, oh Dio, ben chiari e tristi
nel tuo dir presagi intendo!
Ah! Lucia, Lucia, desisti
da un amor così tremendo.

where she remained buried.
Her spectre once appeared to me.

Alisa
What do you say?

Lucy
Listen.

Enveloped in silence,
deep and dark, reigned the night.
A pale ray of light from the watery moon
shone on the fountain,
when what seemed a low sigh
borne by the breeze wafted towards me.
And there on the fountain's edge
the spectre appeared to me!
I could see her lips moving
as if speaking,
and with her lifeless hand
she seemed to beckon me.
For a moment she stood there motionless,
then she vanished all at once,
and the water, earlier so limpid,
had grown red, as if with blood.

Alisa
Clearly, oh God, very clearly and sadly
I understand the future from your words.
Ah, Lucy, Lucy give up
this so love ill-omened.

Lucia
Egli è luce a' giorni miei,
è conforto al mio penar.

- 10 Quando, rapito in estasi
del più cocente ardore,
col favellar del core
mi giura eterna fé,
gli affanni miei dimentico,
gioia diviene il pianto.
Parmi che a lui d'accanto
si schiuda il ciel per me!

Alisa
Ah! Giorni d'amaro pianto
s'apprestano per te.

Lucia
Quando, rapito in estasi
del più cocente ardore,
col favellar del core
mi giura eterna fé,
gli affanni miei dimentico,
gioia diviene il pianto.
Parmi che a lui d'accanto
si schiuda il ciel per me!
Sì, sì, a lui d'accanto
par si schiuda il ciel per me.

Alisa
Giorni d'amaro pianto
s'apprestano per te.

Lucy
He is the light of my day,
the comfort of my sufferings.

When enraptured, ecstatic,
with burning adoration,
and with the language of the heart,
he swears to me eternal faith,
my troubles are forgotten,
my sadness becomes joy.
When I am with him
it is as if the heavens open for me.

Alisa
Ah! Days of bitter grief
await you.

Lucy
When enraptured, ecstatic,
with burning adoration,
and with the language of the heart,
he swears to me eternal faith,
my troubles are forgotten,
my sadness becomes joy.
When I am with him
it is as if the heavens open for me.
Yes, when I am with him
it is as if the heavens open for me.

Alisa
Days of bitter grief
await you.

ACT III, NO. 14: SCENA ED ARIA

Coro

- 11 (Oh, giusto cielo!
Par dalla tomba uscita!)

Lucia

Il dolce suono
mi colpì di sua voce! Ah, quella voce
m'è qui nel cor discesa!
Edgardo, io ti son resa!
Fuggita io son da' tuoi nemici. Un gelo
mi serpeggia nel sen, trema ogni fibra!
Vacilla il piè! Presso la fonte, meco
t'assidi alquanto.

- 12 Ohimè! Sorge il tremendo
fantasma e ne separa!
Qui ricovriamo, Edgardo, a piè dell'ara.
Sparsa è di rose! Un'armonia celeste,
di', non ascolti? Ah, l'inno
suona di nozze! Il rito
per noi s'appresta! Oh, me felice!
Oh, gioia che si sente e non si dice!

- 13 Ardon gl'incensi, splendon
le sacre faci intorno.
Ecco il ministro! Porgimi
la destra. Oh, lieto giorno!
Alfin son tua, alfin sei mio,
a me ti dona un Dio.

Chorus

(Oh, righteous heaven!
She is as if risen from the grave!)

Lucy

The sweet sound of his voice captured me!
Oh, that voice penetrated
the depths of my heart!
Edgar! I am yours again.
I fled from your enemies. A shudder
runs through my body. Every fibre trembles!
My feet give away! There, by the fountain,
sit down with me.

Alas! There rises the horrible spectre
and parts us!
Here we find refuge, Edgar, at the foot of the altar.
It is strewn with roses! Celestial harmonies,
do you not hear them?
Ah, it is the nuptial hymn! The ceremony
is being prepared for us! Oh, how happy I am!
Oh, what inexpressible joy I feel within me!

The incense is burning.
And inside the holy tapers brightly glow.
The priest is ready! Give me your hand.
Oh, day of rapture!
At last I am yours, at last you are mine!
A god gave you to me.

Coro

Ambi in sì crudo stato!
Di lei, Signor, pietà!

Lucia

Ogni piacer più grato
mi fia con te diviso.
Del ciel clemente un riso
la vita a noi sarà!

Coro

Pietà!

Lucia

- 14 Spargi d'amaro pianto
il mio terrestre velo,
mentre lassù nel cielo
io pregherò per te.
Al giunger tuo soltanto
fia bello il ciel per me! Ah, sì!

Coro

Più raffrenare il pianto
possibile non è.

Lucia

Spargi d'amaro pianto ecc.
Ah! Ch'io spiri accanto a te.

Coro

Ah! Più raffrenare il pianto
possibile non è.

Chorus

In such an awful condition!
Have mercy on her, O Lord.

Lucy

Every pleasure
I shall share with you.
Our life together will be
a smile of clement heaven!

Chorus

Have mercy on her!

Lucy

Spread with bitter tears
my earthly remains,
whilst in heaven above
I shall pray for you.
Your coming alone
makes heaven beautiful for me! Ah, yes!

Chorus

To hold back our tears any longer
is impossible.

Lucy

Spread with bitter tears etc.
Ah! Let me die at your side.

Chorus

Ah! To hold back our tears any longer
is impossible.

CHARLES GOUNOD
ROMÉO ET JULIETTE
ACT I, NO. 3: ARIETTE

Juliette

- 15 Ah ! Je veux vivre
dans ce rêve qui m'enivre
ce jour encor,
Douce flamme,
je te garde dans mon âme
comme un trésor !
Cette ivresse
de jeunesse
ne dure, hélas, qu'un jour !
Puis vient l'heure
où l'on pleure,
le cœur cède à l'amour.
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour.
Ah ! Je veux vivre *etc.*
Loin de l'hiver morose
laisse-moi sommeiller
et respirer la rose
avant de l'effeuiller !
Douce flamme,
reste dans mon âme
comme un doux trésor !
Longtemps encor !

Juliet

Ah! I want to live
in this heady dream
for one more day!
Gentle flame,
in my soul I cherish you
like a treasure!
This exhilaration
of youth
lasts only a day, alas!
Then comes the hour
where we weep
and our hearts yield to love.
And happiness flees, never to return.
Ah! I want to live *etc.*
Far from sullen winter
let me slumber
and smell the rose
before picking its petals one by one.
Gentle flame,
remain in my soul
like a sweet treasure!
For a long time to come!

ACT IV, NO. 17: SCÈNE ET AIR

Juliette

- 16 Dieu ! quel frisson court dans mes veines ?
Si ce breuvage était sans pouvoir ! Craintes vaines !
Je n'appartiendrai pas au comte malgré moi ! Non !
Ce poignard sera le gardien de ma foi ! Viens !
- 17 Amour, ranime mon courage,
et de mon cœur chasse l'effroi !
Hésiter, c'est te faire outrage,
trembler est un manque de foi !
Verse ! Verse toi-même ce breuvage !
Ô Roméo ! je bois à toi !
Mais si demain pourtant dans ces caveaux funèbres
je m'éveillais avant son retour ? Dieu puissant !
Cette pensée horrible a glacé tout mon sang !
Que deviendrai-je en ces ténèbres,
dans ce séjour de mort et de gémissements,
que les siècles passés ont rempli d'ossements ?
Où Tybalt, tout saignant encor de sa blessure,
près de moi, dans la nuit obscure
dormira ! Dieu ! Ma main rencontrera sa main !
Quelle est cette ombre à la mort échappée ?
C'est Tybalt ! Il m'appelle ! Il veut de mon chemin
écarter mon époux ! Et sa fatale épée ...
Non ! fantômes ! disparaissez !
Dissipe-toi, funeste rêve !
Que l'aube du bonheur se lève
sur l'ombre des tourments passés !
Viens ! Amour, ranime mon courage *etc.*

Juliet

God! What a faint cold fear thrills through my veins!
What if this mixture does not work at all? Empty fears!
In spite of myself I'll never belong to the Count! No!
This dagger will protect my troth! Come!

Love, restore my courage
and chase the fear from my heart!
To hesitate would be to offend you,
to tremble shows a lack of faith!
Pour! Pour this potion out yourself!
O Romeo! I drink to you!
But what if tomorrow I were to awake in these
gloomy catacombs before he comes? Almighty God!
That horrid thought has chilled the blood within
my veins! What will become of me in this darkness,
in this place of death and wailing
that these many hundred years have filled with bones?
Where Tybalt, freshly bleeding from his wounds,
will sleep beside me at dead of night!
Oh God! My hand will feel his hand!
Whose is this shadow that's escaped from death?
It's Tybalt! He's calling me! He wants to stop my spouse
from coming here! And his deadly sword ...
No! Phantoms! Disappear!
Vanish, baleful dream!
May the dawn of happiness rise
over the shadow of past torments!
Come! Love, restore my courage *etc.*

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