

Tuesday, April 23, 2024, 7:30pm
Zellerbach Hall

Amina Edris, *soprano*
Pene Pati, *tenor*
Robert Mollicone, *piano*

Voyages – Texts and Translations
Revised Program Order

Maori Traditional	Pokarekare ana Hine e hine Te iwi e
JOHN IRELAND (1879–1962)	Earth's Call
Traditional, arr. BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913–1976)	O waly, waly The Last Rose of Summer
BRITTEN	“Seascape,” from <i>On This Island</i> “The Choirmaster’s Burial,” from <i>Winter Words</i>
WILLIAM BOLCOM (b. 1938)	From <i>Cabaret Songs</i> Toothbrush Time Waitin’ Over the Piano
JAKE HEGGIE (b. 1961)	“That I did always love,” from <i>Newer Every Day</i>
Samoan Traditional	Two songs to be announced
Egyptian Traditional	Two songs to be announced
LILI BOULANGER (1893–1918)	From <i>Clairières dans le ciel</i> Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie Elle est gravement gaie Parfois, je suis triste
HENRI DUPARC (1848–1933)	La vie antérieure L’invitation au voyage Phidylé
JULES MASSENET (1842–1912)	“Mademoiselle... Nous vivrons à Paris” from <i>Manon</i>

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AMINA EDRIS

Soprano Amina Edris has been hailed as a “revelation” (*Forum Opera*) and praised for her “lustrous” tone (*Opera News*). Born in Egypt and raised in New Zealand, she has blended her cultural background to create her own unique artistic identity, performing a variety of roles ranging from Baroque music to world premieres with a focus on French repertoire. Recent career highlights include *Manon* and *Juliette* at the Opéra national de Paris, *Cleopatra* in the world premiere of John Adams’ *Antony and Cleopatra* at San Francisco Opera, and *Alice* in the acclaimed recording of Meyerbeer’s *Robert le Diable*.

Edris’ 2023–24 season includes five role debuts and several house debuts. She begins her season with a return to the Canadian Opera Company, where she sings her first Mimi in *La bohème*. She continues with her second role debut of the season, as Liù in Puccini’s *Turandot* at Teatro di San Carlo in Naples. Edris then adds another role to her French repertoire: the title role in Massenet’s *Thaïs* at Opéra de Toulon in concert under the baton of Victorien Vanoosten. At Opéra national de Paris, she performs the role of *Beatriz* in the French premiere of Thomas Adès’ *The Exterminating Angel*, conducted by the composer himself, and in the spring, she embarks on a recital tour of North America alongside tenor Pene Pati and pianist Robert Mollicone. On the concert stage, she performs Beethoven’s *Symphony No. 9* for the first time with the Philharmonie Luxembourg, conducted by Laurence Equilbey. She concludes her season with a final role debut as *Berthe* in Meyerbeer’s *Le prophète* at the Bard Opera Festival.

In previous seasons, Edris performed the role of *Cleopatra* in the world premiere of John Adams’ *Antony and Cleopatra* at the opening of San Francisco Opera’s centennial season. She also debuted the role of *Manon* (*Manon*) to great critical acclaim at the Opéra National de Bordeaux, and later performed

the role at Opéra national de Paris, and at the Gran Teatre del Liceu in Barcelona. She debuted the role of *Adalgisa* (*Norma*) in concert at the Festival d’Aix-en-Provence, performed the role of *La Folie* (*Platée*) under the baton of Marc Minkowski at Opéra national de Paris, and made her debut at the Grand-Théâtre de Genève as *Fatime* (*Les Indes galantes*) in a new production by Lydia Steier. She has also performed *Musetta* (*La bohème*) at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, the title role in Gounod’s *Roméo et Juliette* at the San Francisco Opera and Opéra de Paris, *Marguerite* in Gounod’s *Faust* at Detroit Opera, *Glycère* in Gounod’s *Sapho* with Washington Concert Opera, and *Micaëla* in Bizet’s *Carmen* at the Opéra du Rhin and *Violetta* in Verdi’s *La Traviata*, both at Opéra de Limoges and the Canadian Opera Company. Equally dazzling on the concert stage, Edris’ appearances include Fauré’s *Requiem*; Mozart’s *Requiem* with the Orchestre de chambre de Paris; Mahler’s *Symphony No. 4*; gala concerts at the Opéra National de Bordeaux, the Rudolfinum in Prague, and with Real Filharmonia de Galicia; Ravel’s *Shéhérazade* with the Stuttgarter Philharmoniker; and the Schwabacher Recital series with San Francisco Opera.

She is featured as *Alice* (*Robert le diable*) on the critically acclaimed recording of *Robert le diable*, which was released on the Palazzetto Bru Zane in 2022, and the title role in Massenet’s *Ariane* with the Bayerischen Rundfunks (recorded by Palazzetto Bru Zane for release in September 2023).

Edris holds a bachelor of music degree from the University of Canterbury New Zealand, a master’s from the Wales International Academy of Voice, and a post-graduate diploma from the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. After completing her studies, Amina participated in the Merola Opera Program, subsequently becoming an Adler Fellow at the San Francisco Opera. She can be found on Instagram @amina_edris.



PENE PATI

Samoan tenor Pene Pati was hailed as “the most exceptional tenor discovery of the last decade” (*Opéra-Online*) after his early debuts in *Rigoletto* (Il Duca di Mantova) at San Francisco Opera under Nicola Luisotti, in *Anna Bolena* (Percy) at Opéra National de Bordeaux under Paul Daniel, and is now one of the most sought-after and admired tenors of his generation.

An exclusive recording artist for Warner Classics, Pati’s self-titled debut album of Italian and French arias, recorded with Orchestre National Bordeaux Aquitaine and Emmanuel Villaume, was released in 2022 to a glittering array of five-star reviews and earned him the Opus Klassik Newcomer of the Year Award and the *Opera Magazine* Readers’ Award at the International Opera Awards.

Recent seasons have seen Pati make numerous acclaimed debuts, including in *Lélixir d’amore* (Nemorino) at Opéra National de Paris; *Roméo et Juliette* (Roméo) at San Francisco Opera, Opéra Comique and Opéra National de Bordeaux; *La traviata* (Alfredo) at Staatsoper Berlin, Dutch National Opera and Bolshoi Theatre; *Manon* (des Grieux) at Gran Teatre del Liceu; *Lucia di Lammermoor* (Edgardo) at Teatro San Carlo di Napoli; *Anna Bolena* (Percy) at Wiener Staatsoper; *Rigoletto* (Duca) at Opéra de Rouen Normandie and Teatro San Carlo di Napoli; and *Moïse et Pharaon* (Amenophis) at Festival d’Aix-en-Provence. Last season Pati further broadened his repertoire with triumphant first performances as Rodolfo in Puccini’s *La bohème* at Théâtre des Champs-Élysées under Lorenzo Passerini, as Fernand in Donizetti’s *La Favorite* at Opéra National de Bordeaux under Paolo Olmi, as Mozart’s *Mitridate, re di Ponto* at Staatsoper Berlin under Marc Minkowski, and in Berlioz’s *La Damnation de Faust* at Opéra Monte-Carlo under Kazuki Yamada.

As part of his 2023–24 season, Pati makes anticipated returns to Opéra national de Paris in *Beatrice di Tenda* under Mark Wiggles-

worth and to Staatsoper Berlin in *Rigoletto* under Giedrė Šlekytė. He makes debuts at Staatsoper Hamburg in *Manon* and at Deutsche Opera Berlin in *La Traviata*, and on the other side of the Atlantic, he stars in productions of *La bohème* at Canadian Opera Company and *Lélixir d’amore* at San Francisco Opera.

Equally at home on the concert platform, Pati joined Franz Welser-Möst and the Cleveland Orchestra in Verdi’s *Otello* (Cassio), Hans Graf and Tonkünstler Orchester for Mahler’s *Das Lied von der Erde*, Mikko Franck and Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France for Beethoven’s *Symphony No. 9*, and, as part of Les Grands Voix series, Pierre Bleuse and l’Orchestre National de France in Massenet’s *Thaïs*. He opened San Francisco Opera’s Centennial Season in September 2022 as guest soloist in a celebratory concert under Music Director Eun Sun Kim, and his recent sell-out gala concert at Prague’s Rudolfinum with Prague Philharmonia and Łukasz Borowicz was recorded and broadcast via medici.tv. During the current season, Pati collaborates again with Kazuki Yamada in *Das Lied von der Erde* with Orchestre Philharmonique de Monte Carlo and, as part of a residency with CBSO, in both *La Damnation de Faust* and *Madama Butterfly*.

Pene Pati’s warm and winning personality has helped endear him to audiences around the world and contributed to great competition success in his formative years taking top prizes and audience choice awards at several competitions, including Operalia and Neue Stimmen.

ROBERT MOLLICONE

Sought after for his finely-calibrated leadership and sensitive performance, conductor, recitalist, and coach Robert Mollicone has become a familiar face in opera houses across the US and Europe. As a member of San Francisco Opera’s music staff, he has acted in capacities including assistant to the music director, assistant conductor, prompter, and



ABOUT THE ARTISTS

coach/pianist, and has worked on more than 40 productions spanning the breadth of the repertoire, including *Rusalka*, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, *Les Troyens*, and *Don Carlo*. Equally committed to the development of the American operatic canon, he has helped bring several new operas by composers such as Jake Heggie, Tobias Picker, and John Adams to life.

In the San Francisco Bay Area, he has conducted performances with Opera San Jose (*Where Angels Fear to Tread*, *Silent Night*), San Francisco Opera (Opera in the Park 2014/2019, *Christmas with Sol3 Mio*), and West Edge Opera (*Elizabeth Cree*). He made a house debut at Festival Opera conducting *Carmen* in August 2023.

Other recent debuts include Florentine Opera (*L'enfant et les sortilèges*) and Austin Opera (*Ariadne auf Naxos*) and additionally as cover conductor for the European premiere of John Adams' *Girls of the Golden West* at the Dutch National Opera in Amsterdam and for *La Damnation de Faust* with the St. Louis Symphony under Stéphane Denève.

Mollicone also performs regularly in recital with vocal artists including Denyce Graves, Joyce El-Khoury, Brian Jagde, Ailyn Pérez, Nicholas Phan, and Jamie Barton. He made his Carnegie Hall debut alongside soprano Melody Moore in May 2016.

As a vocal coach, Mollicone enjoys working relationships across the spectrum of classical vocal arts, including with renowned artists such as Amina Edris, Pene Pati, Dolora Zajick, Heidi Stober, Nina Stemme, and Frederica von Stade. He is also regularly engaged to train emerging artists as a faculty member of the Adler Fellowship and Boston Wagner Institute, and is a regular guest coach at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music.

He is a graduate of San Francisco Opera's Adler Fellowship, as well as of the Cofritz Young Artist Program at Washington National Opera. He holds a master's degree in music from Boston University, where he studied with Shiela Kibbe.



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JOHN IRELAND

Earth's Call

The fresh air moves like water round a boat.
 The white clouds wander. Let us wander too.
 The whining, wavering plover flap and float.
 That crow is flying after that cuckoo.
 Look! Look! ... they're gone. What are the
 great trees calling?

Just come a little farther, by that edge
 Of green, to where the stormy ploughland,
 falling

Wave upon wave, is lapping to the hedge.
 Oh, what a lovely bank! Give me your hand.
 Lie down and press your heart against
 the ground.

Let us both listen till we understand
 Each through the other, every natural
 sound...

I can't hear anything today, can you,
 But, far and near: 'Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
 Cuckoo!'

Traditional, arr. BRITTEN

O waly, waly

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er,
 And neither have I wings to fly.
 Give me a boat that will carry two,
 And both shall row, my love and I.

O, down in the meadows the other day,
 A-gath'ring flowers both fine and gay,
 A-gath'ring flowers both red and blue,
 I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against some
 oak, Thinking that he was a trusty tree;
 But first he bended and then he broke,
 And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,
 She's loaded deep as deep can be,
 But not so deep as the love I'm in:
 I know not if I sink or swim.

O, love is handsome and love is fine,
 And love's a jewel while it is new,
 But when it is old, it groweth cold,
 And fades away like morning dew.

Traditional, arr. BRITTEN

The Last Rose of Summer

'Tis the last rose of summer,
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flow'r of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them;
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er thy bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

BRITTEN

“Seascape,” from *On This Island*

Look, stranger, at this island now
The leaping light for your delight discovers,
Stand stable here
And silent be,
That through the channels of the ear
May wander like a river
The swaying sound of the sea.

Here at the small field’s ending pause
Where the chalk wall falls to the foam, and
its tall ledges
Oppose the pluck
And knock of the tide,
And the shingle scrambles after the
sucking surf, and the gull lodges
A moment on its sheer side.

Far off like floating seeds the ships
Diverge on urgent voluntary errands;
And the full view
Indeed may enter
And move in memory as now these
clouds do,
That pass the harbour mirror
And all the summer through the water
saunter.

“The Choirmaster’s Burial,” from *Winter Words*

He often would ask us
That, when he died,
After playing so many
To their last rest,
If out of us any
Should here abide,
And it would not task us,
We would with our lutes
Play over him
By his grave-brim

The psalm he liked best—
The one whose sense suits
“Mount Ephraim”
And perhaps we should seem
To him, in death’s dream,
Like the seraphim.

As soon as I knew
That his spirit was gone
I thought this his due,
And spoke thereupon.
“I think” said the vicar,
“A read service quicker
That viols out-of-doors
In these frosts and hoars.
That old-fashioned was
Requires a fine day,
And it seems to me
It had better not be.”
Hence, that afternoon,
Though never knew he
That his wish could not be,
To get through it faster
They buried the master
Without any tune.

But t’was said that, when
At the dead of next night
The vicar looked out,
There struck on his ken
Thronged roundabout,
Where the frost was gray
The headstoned grass,
A band all in white
Like the saints in church-glass,
Singing and playing
The ancient stave
By the choirmaster’s grave.

Such the tenor man told
When he had grown old.

WILLIAM BOLCOM

From *Cabaret Songs*

Toothbrush Time

It's toothbrush time
 Ten a.m. again and toothbrush time
 Last night at half past nine it seemed OK
 But in the light of day not so fine at
 toothbrush time
 Now he's crashing round my bathroom
 Now he's reading my degree
 Perusing all my pills
 Reviewing all my ills
 And he comes out smelling like me
 Now he advances on my kitchen
 Now he raids every shelf
 Till from the pots and pans and puddles
 and debris
 Emerges three eggs all for himself
 Oh, how I'd be ahead if I'd stood out of bed
 I wouldn't sit here grieving
 Waiting for the wonderful moment of his
 leaving
 At toothbrush time, toothbrush time
 Ten a.m. again and toothbrush time
 I know it's sad to be alone
 It's so bad to be alone
 Still I should've known
 That I'd be glad to be alone
 I should've known, I should've known
 Never should have picked up the phone
 and called him
 "Hey, uh, listen, um
 Oh, you gotta go too?
 So glad you understand
 And..."
 By the way, did you say
 Nine tonight again?
 See you then
 Toothbrush time

Waitin'

Waitin' waitin'
 I've been waitin'
 Waitin' waitin' all my life.

That light keeps on hiding from me,
 But it someday just might bless my sight.
 Waitin' waitin' waitin'

Over the Piano

He sang songs to her over the piano
 Sang long songs to her over the piano
 Low, slow songs
 Lusty songs of love
 Loving songs of long-lost lust
 Just for her, just for her over the piano

Until at last at half past four"
 Everybody out the door!"
 She asked him, "Please play me one more."
 Which he did
 And as he did
 Slid off the bench and said to her over the
 piano"
 Goodbye!"

JAKE HEGGIE

"That I did always love,"
from *Newer Every Day*
 That I did always love
 I bring thee Proof
 That till I loved
 I never lived — Enough —

That I shall love always —
 I argue thee
 That love is life —
 And life hath Immortality —

This — dost thou doubt — Sweet —
 Then have I
 Nothing to show
 But Calvary

LILI BOULANGER

From *Clairières dans le ciel*

Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie
 Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie
 et, comme la prairie était toute fleurie
 de plantes dont la tige aime à pousser dans
 l'eau,
 ces plantes inondées je les avais cueillies.
 Bientôt, s'étant mouillée, elle gagna le haut
 de cette prairie-là qui était toute fleurie.
 Elle riait et s'ébrouait avec la grâce
 dégingandée qu'ont les jeunes filles trop
 grandes.
 Elle avait le regard qu'ont les fleurs de
 lavande.

Elle est gravement gaie
 Elle est gravement gaie. Par moments son
 regard
 se levait comme pour surprendre ma pensée.
 Elle était douce alors comme quand il est tard
 le velours jaune et bleu d'une allée de pensées.

Parfois, je suis triste.
 Parfois, je suis triste. Et, soudain, je pense
 à elle.
 Alors, je suis joyeux. Mais je redeviens triste
 de ce que je ne sais pas combien elle
 m'aime.
 Elle est la jeune fille à l'âme toute claire,
 et qui, de dans son cœur, garde avec jalousie
 l'unique passion que l'on donne à un seul.
 Elle est partie avant que s'ouvrent les tilleuls,
 et, comme ils ont fleuri depuis qu'elle
 est partie,
 je me suis étonné de voir, ô mes amis,
 des branches de tilleuls qui n'avaient pas
 de fleurs.

[English translations by Richard Stokes]

She had reached the low-lying meadow
 She had reached the low-lying meadow,
 and, since the meadow was all a-blossom
 with plants that like to grow in water,
 I had picked these flooded flowers.
 Soon, soaking wet, she reached the top
 of that blossoming meadow.
 She was laughing and gasping with the
 gawky grace
 of girls who are too tall.

Her eyes looked like lavender flowers.

She is solemnly cheerful
 She is solemnly cheerful. At times she
 looked up,
 as if to catch what I was thinking.
 She was gentle then, like at dusk
 the yellow-blue velvet of a path of pansies.

Sometimes I am sad.
 Sometimes I am sad. And suddenly,
 I think of her.
 Then, I am overjoyed. But I grow sad again,
 because I do not know how much she
 loves me.
 She is the girl with the limpid soul,
 and who, in her heart, guards with jealousy
 the unrivalled passion garnered for one
 alone.
 She went before the limes had blossomed,
 and since they flowered after she had gone,
 I was astonished to see, my friends,
 lime-tree branches devoid of flowers.

HENRI DUPARC

[*English translations by Richard Stokes*]

La vie antérieure

J'ai longtemps habité sous de vastes portiques
 Que les soleils marins teignaient de mille
 feux,
 Et que leurs grands piliers, droits
 et majestueux,
 Rendaient pareils, le soir, aux grottes
 basaltiques.

For long I lived beneath vast colonnades
 Tinged with a thousand fires by ocean
 suns,
 Whose giant pillars, straight and majestic,
 Made them look, at evening, like basalt
 caves.

Les houles, en roulant les images des cieus,
 Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et mystique
 Les tout-puissants accords de leur riche
 musique
 Aux couleurs du couchant reflété par mes
 yeux.

The sea-swells, mingling the mirrored skies,
 Solemnly and mystically interwove
 The mighty chords of their mellow music
 With the colours of sunset reflected in my
 eyes.

C'est là que j'ai vécu dans les voluptés calmes
 Au milieu de l'azur, des vagues, des splen-
 deurs,
 Et des esclaves nus, tout imprégnés d'odeurs,

It is there that I have lived in sensuous repose,
 With blue sky about me and brightness
 and waves
 And naked slaves all drenched in perfume.

Qui me rafraîchissaient le front avec des
 palmes,
 Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir
 Le secret douloureux qui me faisait languir.

Who fanned my brow with fronds of
 palm,
 And whose only care was to fathom
 The secret grief which made me languish.

L'invitation au voyage

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
 Songe à la douceur
 D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
 Aimer à loisir,
 Aimer et mourir
 Au pays qui te ressemble!
 Les soleils mouillés
 De ces ciels brouillés
 Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
 Si mystérieux
 De tes traîtres yeux,
 Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

My child, my sister,
 Think how sweet
 To journey there and live together!
 To love as we please,
 To love and die
 In the land that is like you!
 The watery suns
 Of those hazy skies
 Hold for my spirit
 The same mysterious charms
 As your treacherous eyes
 Shining through their tears.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
 Luxe, calme et volupté!

There—nothing but order and beauty dwell,
 Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

Vois sur ces canaux
 Dormir ces vaisseaux
 Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
 C'est pour assouvir
 Ton moindre désir
 Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
 —Les soleils couchants
 Revêtent les champs,
 Les canaux, la ville entière,
 D'hyacinthe et d'or;
 Le monde s'endort
 Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
 Luxe, calme et volupté!

Phidylé

L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les
 frais peupliers,
 Aux pentes des sources moussues,
 Qui, dans les prés en fleur germant par
 mille issues,
 Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les feuillages
 Rayonne, et t'invite au sommeil.
 Par le trèfle et le thym, seules,
 en plein soleil,
 Chantent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum circule au détour
 des sentiers,
 La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
 Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,
 Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa courbe
 éclatante,
 Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
 Que ton plus beau sourire et ton
 meilleur baiser
 Me récompensent de l'attente!

See on those canals
 Those vessels sleeping,
 Vessels with a restless soul;
 To satisfy
 Your slightest desire
 They come from the ends of the earth.
 The setting suns
 Clothe the fields,
 Canals and all the town
 With hyacinth and gold;
 The world falls asleep
 In a warm light.

There—nothing but order and beauty dwell,
 Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

The grass is soft for sleep beneath the
 cool poplars
 On the banks of the mossy springs
 That flow in flowering meadows from
 a thousand sources,
 And vanish beneath dark thickets.

Rest, O Phidylé! Noon on the leaves
 Is gleaming, inviting you to sleep.
 By the clover and thyme, alone, in the
 bright sunlight,
 The fickle bees are humming.

A warm fragrance floats about
 the winding paths,
 The red flowers of the cornfield droop;
 And the birds, skimming the hillside with
 their wings,
 Seek the shade of the eglantine.

But when the sun, low on its dazzling
 curve,
 Sees its brilliance wane,
 Let your loveliest smile and finest kiss
 Reward me to for my waiting!

JULES MASSENET

Manon, Act 1 duet:

“Mademoiselle... Nous vivrons à Paris”

[*Peu à peu et involontairement il s'est rapproché de Manon.*]

[*Involuntarily, Des Grieux has approached Manon, step by step.*]

DES GRIEUX
Mademoiselle!

DES GRIEUX
Mademoiselle!

MANON
Eh, quoi?

MANON
Yes, what?

DES GRIEUX
Pardonnez-moi! Je ne sais... j'obéis, je ne suis plus mon maître, je vous vois, j'en suis sûr, pour la première fois, et mon cœur cependant vient de vous reconnaître!
Et je sais votre nom...

DES GRIEUX
Forgive me! I do not know... I am obeying, I'm no longer my own master. I am seeing you, surely, for the very first time, yet my heart feels as if you were a long-lost acquaintance! And I know your name...

MANON
On m'appelle Manon.

MANON
My name is Manon.

DES GRIEUX
Manon!

DES GRIEUX
Manon!

MANON
[*à part*]
Que son regard est tendre!
Et que j'ai de plaisir à l'entendre!

MANON
[*aside*]
How gentle his expression is!
And what a delight it is to listen to him!

DES GRIEUX
Ces paroles d'un fou, veuillez les pardonner!

DES GRIEUX
These words of a madman, please excuse them!

MANON
Comment les condamner?
Elles charment le cœur en charmant les oreilles!
J'en voudrais savoir de pareilles pour vous les répéter!

MANON
Why condemn them?
They enchant my heart and delight my ears!
I should like to know similar words so as to repeat them to you!

DES GRIEUX
 Enchanteresse!
 Au charme vainqueur!
 Manon!
 Vous êtes la maîtresse de mon cœur!

DES GRIEUX
 Enchantress!
 With an overpowering spell!
 Manon!
 You are the mistress of my heart!

MANON
 Mots charmants!

MANON
 Charming words!

DES GRIEUX
 Ô Manon!

DES GRIEUX
 Oh Manon!

MANON
 Enivrantes fièvres,
 enivrantes fièvres du bonheur!

MANON
 The intoxicating fever,
 the intoxicating fever of happiness!

DES GRIEUX
 Vous êtes la maîtresse,
 Vous êtes la maîtresse de mon cœur!
 [après un long silence]
 Ah! Parlez-moi!

DES GRIEUX
 You are mistress,
 you are mistress of my heart!
 [after a long silence]
 Ah, speak to me!

MANON
 Je ne suis qu'une pauvre fille.
 Je ne suis pas mauvaise, mais souvent
 on m'accuse dans ma famille
 d'aimer trop le plaisir.
 On me met au couvent tout à l'heure.
 Et c'est là l'histoire de Manon Lescaut!

MANON
 I am only a poor girl.
 I am not bad, but often my family accuses
 me
 of liking pleasure too much.
 Now I'm being put into a convent.
 And there you have the story of Manon
 Lescaut!

DES GRIEUX
 Non! Je ne veux pas croire à cette cruauté!
 Que tant de charmes et de beauté
 soient voués à jamais à la tombe vivante.

DES GRIEUX
 No, I will not believe in this cruelty!
 That so many ravishing charms
 should be vowed forever to a living tomb.

MANON
 Mais c'est, hélas! La volonté
 du ciel dont je suis la servante!
 Puisqu'un malheur si grand ne peut
 être évité.

MANON
 But that, alas, is the will of heaven,
 and I am its servant!
 For so great an unhappiness cannot
 be avoided.

DES GRIEUX

Non! Non!

Votre liberté ne sera pas ravie!

DES GRIEUX

No! No!

Your freedom shall not be taken from you!

MANON

Comment?

MANON

But how?

DES GRIEUX

Au Chevalier Des Grieux
vous pouvez vous fier!

DES GRIEUX

You can put your trust in the
Chevalier Des Grieux!

MANON

Ah! Je vous devrai plus que la vie!

MANON

I will owe you more than life itself!

DES GRIEUX

Ah! Manon! Vous ne partirez pas,
dussé-je aller chercher au bout du monde

DES GRIEUX

Ah, Manon, you shall not leave,
even should I have to go to the ends
of the earth
seeking an unknown, dark sanctuary,
to which I would carry you in my arms.

une retraite inconnue et profonde
et vous y porter dans mes bras!

MANON

À vous ma vie et mon âme!
À vous toute ma vie à jamais!

MANON

My life and soul belong to you!
To you, my life is yours forever!

DES GRIEUX

Enchanteresse!
Manon!

Vous êtes la maîtresse de mon cœur!

DES GRIEUX

Enchantress!
Manon!

You are the mistress of my heart!

MANON

Par aventure, peut-être avons-nous mieux:
une voiture, la chaise d'un seigneur...
Il faisait les doux yeux à Manon...
Vengez-vous!

MANON

Just by chance, perhaps we have a better way:
a coach, a nobleman's post-chaise...
He was flirting with Manon...
Take revenge!

DES GRIEUX

Mais comment?

DES GRIEUX

But how?

MANON

Tous les deux, prenons-la!

MANON

The two of us, let's take it!

DES GRIEUX

[*au postillon, qui se retire*]
Soit, partons!

DES GRIEUX

[*to the postilion, who goes off*]
Fine, let's be off!

MANON

Et quoi, partir ensemble?

DES GRIEUX

Oui, Manon!

Le ciel nous rassemble!

Nous vivrons à Paris tous les deux!

Et nos cœurs amoureux...

l'un à l'autre enchaînés!

Pour jamais réunis,

n'y vivront que des jours bénis!

MANON

Tous les deux! À Paris! À Paris!

Nous n'aurons que des jours bénis!

MANON, DES GRIEUX

À Paris! À Paris, tous les deux!

Nous vivrons à Paris! Tous les deux!

DES GRIEUX

Et mon nom deviendra le vôtre!

Ah! pardon!

MANON

Dans mes yeux... vous devez bien voir
que je ne puis vous en vouloir,
et cependant, c'est mal!

DES GRIEUX

Viens! Nous vivrons à Paris!

MANON

Tous les deux!

DES GRIEUX

Tous les deux!

Et nos cœurs amoureux...

MANON

A Paris!

DES GRIEUX

... l'un à l'autre enchaînés!

MANON

You mean, leave together?

DES GRIEUX

Yes, Manon!

Heaven is joining us together!

We shall live together in Paris!

And our loving hearts,

chained to each other,

joined forever,

will live only blessed days!

MANON

Both of us! In Paris! In Paris.

We'll have only blessed days.

MANON, DES GRIEUX

In Paris! In Paris, both of us!

We'll live in Paris! Together!

DES GRIEUX

And my name will become yours!

Ah, forgive me!

MANON

In my eyes... you should see very well
that I am not angry with you.
But yet, it's wrong!

DES GRIEUX

Come! We shall live in Paris!

MANON

The two of us together!

DES GRIEUX

Both of us, together!

And our loving hearts...

MANON

In Paris!

DES GRIEUX

... chained to each other!

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

MANON
À Paris!

DES GRIEUX
Pour jamais réunis!

MANON, DES GRIEUX
Nous n'aurons que des jours bénis!
À Paris! À Paris, tous les deux!
Nous vivrons à Paris! Tous les deux!

MANON
In Paris!

DES GRIEUX
Joined forever!

MANON, DES GRIEUX
We'll have only blessed days!
In Paris! In Paris, both of us!
We shall live in Paris! Together!