

GIUSEPPE VERDI: DON CARLOS

CHANDOS



CHANDOS
OPERA IN
ENGLISH

VERDI

DON CARLOS

JULIAN GAVIN • JANICE WATSON • ALASTAIR MILES
WILLIAM DAZELEY • JANE DUTTON • JOHN TOMLINSON

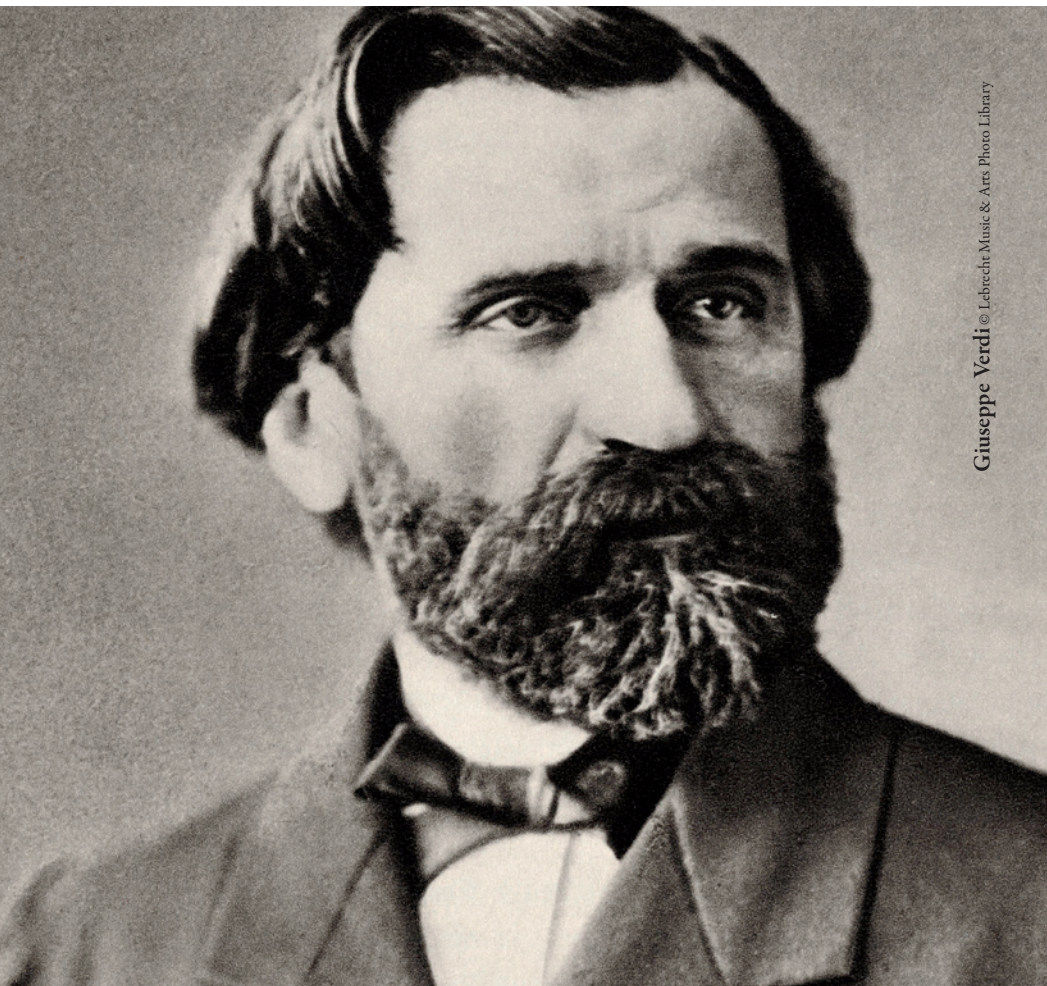
CHORUS OF OPERA NORTH
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RICHARD FARNES

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Giuseppe Verdi © Lebrecht Music & Arts Photo Library

Giuseppe Verdi (1813 – 1901)

DON CARLOS

Opera in four acts

Libretto by Joseph Méry and Camille du Locle, after Schiller

English translation by Andrew Porter

Philip II, King of Spain	Alastair Miles <i>bass</i>
Don Carlos, Infante of Spain	Julian Gavin <i>tenor</i>
Rodrigo, Marquis of Posa	William Dazeley <i>baritone</i>
The Grand Inquisitor	John Tomlinson <i>bass</i>
Elisabeth de Valois, Philip's Queen	Janice Watson <i>soprano</i>
Princess of Eboli	Jane Dutton <i>mezzo-soprano</i>
Thibault, Elisabeth de Valois' page	Julia Sporsén <i>soprano</i>
Countess of Aremburg	<i>silent</i>
Count of Lerma	Stephen Briggs <i>tenor</i>
An old Monk	Clive Bayley <i>bass</i>
Voice from Heaven	Rebecca Ryan <i>soprano</i>
Royal Herald	Campbell Russell <i>tenor</i>
Flemish Deputies	Julian Close <i>bass</i>
	Grant Doyle <i>baritone</i>
	Stephen Richardson <i>bass</i>
	Riccardo Simonetti <i>baritone</i>
	A. Galloway Bell <i>bass</i>
	Stephen Dowson <i>baritone</i>
Chorus of Opera North	Timothy Burke <i>chorus master</i>
Orchestra of Opera North	David Greed <i>leader</i>
	Alexander Ingram <i>assistant conductor</i>
	Richard Farnes

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COMPACT DISC ONE		
Act I		
Scene 1: At the tomb of Charles V in the Monastery of San Juste		
[1] Prelude	2:17	[p.40]
[2] ‘Charles the Fifth, our mighty Lord’ <i>Chorus of Friars, Old Monk</i>	4:01	[p.40]
[3] ‘And I have lost her!’ <i>Don Carlos, Old Monk</i>	4:09	[p.40]
[4] ‘There he is! The Prince!’	2:39	[p.41]
[5] ‘But the King has not yet discovered your secret?’ <i>Rodrigo, Don Carlos</i>	1:19	[p.42]
[6] ‘God who has brought us together’ <i>Don Carlos, Rodrigo, Chorus of Friars, Old Monk</i>	4:18	[p.43]
Scene 2: A garden outside the cloister		
[7] ‘Where the pine grove is green and shady’ <i>Chorus, Thibault, Eboli</i>	3:17	[p.44]
[8] ‘In the marble palace of the Moorish King’ <i>Eboli, Thibault, Chorus</i>	4:27	[p.45]
[9] ‘The Queen!’ <i>Chorus, Eboli, Elisabeth, Thibault, Rodrigo</i>	1:52	[p.46]
[10] ‘I’m so eager to hear the news you bring’ <i>Eboli, Rodrigo, Elisabeth</i>	1:57	[p.46]

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[11] ‘Carlos my friend, hope of our future’ <i>Rodrigo, Eboli, Elisabeth</i>	4:27	[p.47]
[12] ‘I come before the Queen and I ask for a favour’	7:57	[p.48]
[13] ‘Here where I stand let the earth crack asunder’ <i>Don Carlos, Elisabeth</i>	1:46	[p.50]
[14] ‘The King!’ <i>Thibault, Philip, Chorus</i>	1:17	[p.51]
[15] ‘Don’t weep, my dear companion’ <i>Elisabeth, Rodrigo, Philip, Chorus</i>	4:21	[p.51]
[16] ‘Remain here! I’ve seen you at my court’ <i>Philip, Rodrigo</i>	2:18	[p.52]
[17] ‘O King, I come here from Flanders’	3:08	[p.52]
[18] ‘What kind of peace is this you give your subjects?’ <i>Rodrigo, Philip</i>	6:17	[p.53]
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Act II		
Scene 1: The Queen’s garden		
[1] Prelude	2:28	[p.54]
[2] ‘At midnight in the garden of the Queen...’ <i>Don Carlos, Eboli</i>	2:12	[p.54]

	Time	Page
[3] 'Alas your youthful mind has no idea' <i>Eboli, Don Carlos, Rodrigo</i>	2:40	[p.55]
[4] 'Now he has scorned the love I gave him'	3:37	[p.56]
[5] 'Treacherous son, adult'rous lover' <i>Eboli, Rodrigo, Don Carlos</i>	3:31	[p.58]
Scene 2: A square in front of the Valladolid Cathedral, Auto da Fé		
[6] 'Today is a day of gladness and joy' <i>Chorus of People, Chorus of Monks</i>	6:59	[p.59]
[7] 'Let the sacred doors now be opened <i>Royal Herald, Chorus of People, Philip</i>	2:59	[p.60]
[8] 'O Heav'n! It's Carlos!' <i>Elisabeth, Rodrigo, Philip, Don Carlos, Flemish Deputies, Chorus of Monks, Thibault</i>	4:55	[p.60]
[9] 'Sire! I have something to ask you!' <i>Don Carlos, Philip, Elisabeth, Rodrigo, Thibault, Monks, Chorus of People</i>	1:56	[p.61]
[10] 'O heav'n!' <i>Elisabeth, Don Carlos, Chorus of People, Philip, Monks, Voice from Heaven, Flemish Deputies</i>	2:41	[p.62]

TT 34:08

COMPACT DISC THREE

Act III

Scene 1: The King's study in the Escorial

[1] [Introduction]	2:58	[p.63]
[2] 'She has no love for me!'	2:32	[p.63]
[3] 'I'll only sleep when I am laid to rest' <i>Philip</i>	4:23	[p.64]
[4] 'The Grand Inquisitor' <i>Count of Lerma, Grand Inquisitor, Philip</i>	3:22	[p.64]
[5] 'In this land of Spain no heresy has thrived' <i>Grand Inquisitor, Philip</i>	5:24	[p.65]
[6] 'Your highness I ask for justice!' <i>Elisabeth, Philip</i>	2:01	[p.66]
[7] 'You know full well, my hand was plighted' <i>Elisabeth, Philip, Eboli, Rodrigo</i>	2:36	[p.67]
[8] 'Accurst be this hour' <i>Philip, Eboli, Rodrigo, Elisabeth</i>	4:11	[p.68]

	Time	Page
[9] 'Forgive! Forgive and pardon a woman who's wronged you' <i>Eboli, Elisabeth</i>	3:25	[p.69]
[10] 'Oh cruel fate. Oh hated gift' <i>Eboli</i>	4:20	[p.70]
Scene 2: A prison		
[11] 'I'm here my Carlos' <i>Rodrigo, Don Carlos</i>	3:15	[p.70]
[12] 'My last day has dawned forever' <i>Rodrigo</i>	2:32	[p.71]
[13] 'But why do you speak of death?' <i>Don Carlos, Rodrigo</i>	1:39	[p.71]
[14] 'O Carlos, now listen, your mother awaits you'	1:08	[p.72]
[15] 'Now I die, die contented' <i>Rodrigo</i>	2:23	[p.72]
[16] 'My son I return you your sword' <i>Philip, Don Carlos, Chorus, Chorus of People, Count of Lerma, Grandees of Spain, Eboli, Grand Inquisitor</i>	2:58	[p.72]

	Time	Page
Act IV		
At the tomb of Charles V		
[17] [Introduction]	2:43	[p.74]
[18] 'You, who spurned and renounced all the world'	2:38	[p.74]
[19] 'France, my noble land, so dear to me in childhood!' <i>Elisabeth</i>	5:16	[p.74]
[20] 'She's there!' <i>Don Carlos, Elisabeth</i>	5:34	[p.75]
[21] 'We shall meet not in this world' <i>Elisabeth, Don Carlos</i>	3:49	[p.76]
[22] 'Yes, for ever! A double sacrifice is needed!' <i>Philip, Grand Inquisitor, Elisabeth, Don Carlos, Old Monk, Chorus of Monks</i>	1:43	[p.77]
TT 71:15		



William Dazeley as Rodrigo and Julian Gavin as Don Carlos in
Opera North's 2009 production of *Don Carlos*

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Janice Watson as Elisabeth de Valois and Jane Dutton as Eboli in
Opera North's 2009 production of *Don Carlos*

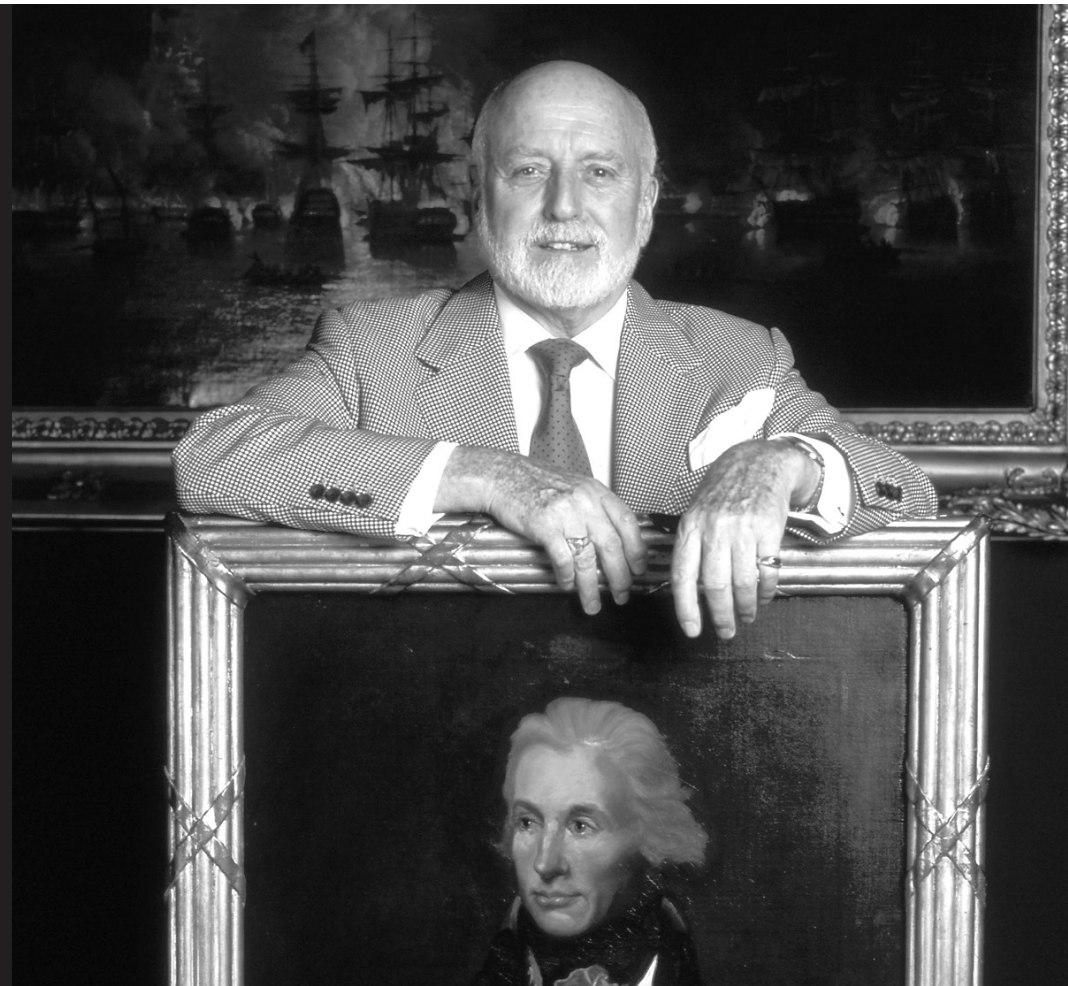
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Verdi's magnificent opera, *Don Carlos*, has everything – intense personal passion and pain, enmeshed in the web of political and religious agendas – utterly relevant to today and superbly expressed in a score of gripping intensity. The performances that Opera North gave in May/June 2009, conducted by their Music Director, Richard Farnes, knocked sideways everyone who witnessed them. Tune in to this recording, made in Leeds Town Hall between performances, and you will understand why.

Peter Moores

Sir Peter Moores, CBE, DL
November 2009

Sir Peter Moores with a portrait of Admiral Lord Nelson
by Lemuel Francis Abbott, acquired for Compton Verney
© Lyndon Parker



Don Carlos

Camille du Locle and Joseph Méry based their original French language libretto of Verdi's opera on Friedrich Schiller's 1787 play *Don Carlos, Infante von Spanien*. The story traces the disturbed life of Carlos, Prince of the Asturias (1545 – 1568) after Elisabeth de Valois, his betrothed, was married instead to his father Philip II, King of Spain. Du Locle and Méry also drew from Schiller's main source, the Abbé de Saint-Réal's 1672 'historical novel', the first of a number of treatments to present Elisabeth and Carlos as doomed romantic lovers. Although most of the opera's public events – and the more private one of Philip's arrest of his own son – have some basis in fact, Verdi felt that he could write to his publisher Ricordi that 'there is nothing historical in this drama...', following this claim with a lengthy list of discrepancies between historical fact and his own and Schiller's works.

The historical Carlos was born at Valladolid. His mother, Maria of Portugal, Philip's first wife, died a month after his birth. As a boy, he was delicate and deformed, later becoming proud, willful, and insolent. He soon began to show signs of mental instability. These physical

and psychological afflictions may well stem from the inbreeding common both to the Habsburgs and the royal houses of Portugal and Spain (Carlos's maternal grandmother and his paternal grandfather, and his maternal grandfather and his paternal grandmother, were brother and sister, and his two great-grandmothers were sisters).

The real Elisabeth de Valois (1544 – 1568), the daughter of King Henry II of France and Catherine de Medici, was born at the chateau of Fontainebleau. Her father insisted she share her bedroom in the French royal nursery with her future sister-in-law, Mary Queen of Scots – the two would remain close friends. Elisabeth was described as being shy and in awe of her formidable mother. In 1559 she was betrothed to Carlos, one of the terms of the peace treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis which ended the so-called 'Italian' War of 1551 – 59 between the Houses of Habsburg and Valois. However, a short while later, the engagement was renegotiated in favour of Philip himself, whose second wife, Mary Tudor of England, had recently died. Philip and Elisabeth were originally married by proxy at Notre Dame (with the Duke of Alba standing

in for Philip) prior to leaving France. The actual marriage ceremony took place in Guadalajara upon Elisabeth's arrival in Spain. Philip was enchanted by his fourteen-year-old bride, and even gave up his mistress for her. Despite the significant age difference, Elisabeth wrote to the French court that she was fortunate to have married so charming a prince. Philip enjoyed hosting tournaments to entertain his wife where she would play the role of 'liege lady,' awarding tokens of favour to the three young princes of the Spanish court – Carlos, Juan (Don John of Austria, an illegitimate son of Philip's father, Charles V), and Alessandro Farnese (the son of Charles V's illegitimate daughter). Philip's fondness for Elisabeth was such that he could not be separated from her even when she had smallpox. She bore him two daughters. Her relationship with Carlos was warm and friendly and, despite his behavioural peculiarities, he was always kind and gentle to her. Carlos never married, despite an impressive list of brides suggested for him. They included Mary Queen of Scots, Marguerite de Valois (another daughter of French king Henry II) and Anne of Austria, a distant relative of Philip's who later became his fourth, and last, wife.

The issue of arranged marriages, or dynastic betrothals, is quite central to the dramas

created around the figures of Don Carlos and Elisabeth. Indeed it was the motor (or, as Alfred Hitchcock would say, the 'MacGuffin' – the hidden element which makes the plot work) which promoted Saint-Réal's turning of the pair into star-crossed lovers. Hereditary rulers were always careful to see that they, or their children, married with care – in order to produce heirs, and in order to add either new territory or new wealth to the country of their birth. Betrothals were arranged when the children were still minors and the meeting (and consummation of the marital relationship) of the couple only took place when they were older – although the bride, as in the case of Elisabeth de Valois, could still be less than sixteen. There is thus something rather fresh and beautiful – as well as almost illegal – about the early meeting of Carlos and his then intended Elisabeth at Fontainebleau, which was invented for the first act of the opera by Verdi and his French team.

As Carlos grew up at the court of Philip and Elisabeth in the 1560s, his mental disorder became more acute – although he was still officially recognized as the heir to Castile and Aragon, two-thirds of his father's Iberian kingdom. In 1562, however, he met with an unexplained accident – perhaps a drunken or disturbed fall down the stairs – which was

followed by a serious illness. The accident had caused a head injury. He was trepanned (ie, had a part of his skull removed) by a team of famous doctors. After convalescing, his behaviour was reported to be wild and unpredictable, marked by rages and excessive drinking. It was also at this time that he became engaged with the politics of the Netherlands' struggle against Spanish rule. He spoke out against the Duke of Alba (who became the de facto governor of the Low Countries, a position once promised to Carlos) and he made contact with representatives of the Duke of Egmont, leader of the revolt.

Carlos's identification with the aggrieved Dutch may have turned him even more against his father. He was said to have spoken of murdering Philip and at the beginning of 1568 was ready to flee Spain and his father's control. However, at 11 o'clock at night on 28 January his bedchamber was invaded by Philip and some members of the royal council. The dagger and arquebus which he kept at the head of his bed were confiscated. Philip informed his son that he was going to treat him no longer as a father but as a king, and Carlos was placed under arrest in solitary confinement in his room. Elisabeth said to have cried for days. The Infante Carlos, heir to the thrones of Spain, died on 24 July,

most probably as a result of hunger strikes and poor medicine. Despite much criticism – including a direct accusation of murder from Dutch leader William of Orange – Philip would only state in public that his son's arrest had been necessary 'for the service of Our Lord and for the public welfare'. Privately he was traumatised by Carlos's death. Later the same year, in October, Elisabeth had a miscarriage and died the same day, along with her newborn infant son. Catherine de' Medici offered her younger daughter Marguerite as a bride for Philip. Philip declined the offer.

A leading conflict in the Schiller/Verdi story of Don Carlos is that between the sovereign of Spain and the Spanish Inquisition. After 500 years of Moorish occupation, the Iberian peninsula in the fifteenth century was divided into three kingdoms – Portugal, Castile and Aragon. In 1469 Isabella of Castile cemented her position on the throne by choosing to marry (with Papal dispensation) her young cousin Ferdinand of Aragon. After a decade of war the pair held power over a new, more united Spain and issued edicts to their Moorish and Jewish subjects – convert to Christianity or leave the country. Borrowing an idea from Pope Gregory IX's thirteenth-century Holy Office, Ferdinand and Isabella, 'the Catholic

kings' as they were now called, launched a Spanish Inquisition under Tomás de Torquemada in 1483 to promote their new crusade.

The Inquisitor General's powerful position within the new Catholic state could, and did, bring him into conflict with the sovereign himself. Charles I, the eventual successor to Ferdinand and Isabella in Spain (he was their grandson and is better known to history, as in this opera, as Charles V, his title as Holy Roman Emperor) advised his son and successor Philip II 'always to keep God before your eyes'. A great deal of both Philip's home and foreign policy was devoted to religious warfare. His strong Inquisitor Generals (Hernando de Valdes and, at the time of the arrest of Carlos, Cardinal Espinosa) produced a strict index of books not allowed to be read and did not hesitate to bring their 'justice' to archbishops, cardinals and even the aristocracy and royal family.

Verdi's *Don Carlos* received its first performance at Paris's Théâtre Imperial de l'Opéra in March 1867. Over the next twenty years a myriad of cuts and additions were made – willingly and unwillingly, both by the composer himself and by other hands – to this original five-act version. Including the Act III ballet,

and with the cuts made before the premiere reopened, a performance of *Don Carlos* would contain about four hours of music, in addition to being Verdi's longest opera and the only one that exists in so many alternative performing versions. In 1866, after finishing the opera (but before composing the ballet), Verdi cut, for reasons of running time, a duet for Elisabeth and Eboli in Act IV, Scene 1, and in Act IV, Scene 2 both a duet for Carlos and the King after the death of Posa, and an exchange between Elisabeth and Eboli during the Insurrection.

However, with the ballet now included, it became clear during rehearsals that the opera would not finish before midnight (the time of the last trains to the Paris suburbs). So Verdi also cut the introduction to Act I (chorus of woodcutters and their wives and the first appearance of Elisabeth), Posa's entry solo ('J'étais en Flandres') in Act II, Scene 1, and some of the dialogue between him and the King in Act II, Scene 2. Before leaving Paris after the première he also told the Opéra that they could end Act IV, Scene 2 with the death of Posa and cut the Insurrection scene. Further cuts not authorised by the composer appear to have been made for the remaining performances.

Achille de Lauzières had already begun a translation of *Don Carlos* into Italian in

the autumn of 1866. With some cuts and alterations, this was presented first at the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden in June 1867 and served – uncut – for the opera's Italian premiere in Bologna in October of that year.

Next, in Naples in 1871/72, Verdi made two additions to the scene for Posa and the King in Act II, Scene 2 (verses by Antonio Ghislanzoni) to replace some of the material cut in Paris – the only part of this opera ever composed to an Italian rather than a French text – and shortened the duet between Carlos and Elisabeth in Act V.

By the mid-1870s Verdi had naturally become aware of productions of *Don Carlo* which had removed Act I and the ballet and introduced cuts to other parts of the opera.

In 1882/83 in Paris he worked with original librettist du Locle and Charles Louis Etienne du Nittier (who had worked on French translations of his *Macbeth*, *La forza del destino* and *Aida*) on revisions of the French text and the music to create a four-act version. Act I and the ballet were omitted. An Italian translation by Angelo Zanardini of this new, shorter *Don Carlo* was premiered at La Scala, Milan in January 1884. Verdi, undoubtedly aware that the age of Grand Opera was at an end, called it 'more concise, more sinewy'.

It remains the only version of the work which he himself supervised completely in person, and forms the basis for Opera North's recent performances and this recording. But in Modena in 1886 Verdi allowed a performance to present the Fontainebleau first act before his revised four-act version. This was published by Ricordi as 'a new edition in five acts without ballet'. This confusing, but always intriguing, situation was further enriched by the discovery in Paris in 1970 (by Andrew Porter and Ursula Günther) of the pages of the original score thought irretrievably lost.

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Synopsis

Philip, King of Spain, has recently married Elisabeth de Valois of France. Carlos, his son, was originally betrothed to her; they loved each other, but now she is his stepmother.

COMPACT DISC ONE

Act I

Scene one

At the tomb of Charles V in the Monastery of San Juste

[1] Prelude. [2]–[3] Carlos laments the loss

of Elisabeth. A monk offers him words of comfort. Carlos is terrified because he is convinced that this is the ghost of his dead grandfather, the Emperor, Charles V.

[4]–[5] Rodrigo has just returned from Flanders, where the people suffer under the repressive rule of Spain. He urges Carlos to fight for their freedom. [6] The King and Queen pass by on their way to Mass. Carlos knows that Elisabeth can never be his and he decides to devote himself to the Flemish cause.

Scene two

A garden outside the cloister

[7] The ladies of the court wait for Elisabeth to return. [8] The Princess of Eboli entertains them with a song. [9]–[11] Rodrigo delivers a secret note from Carlos to the Queen. [12] The court withdraws, allowing her to see Carlos in private. Carlos asks Elisabeth to intercede with the King to send him to Flanders. He grows angry at her apparent coolness. [13] His recriminations quickly turn to love. Elisabeth only extricates herself from potential disaster by brutally confronting Carlos with the reality that she is now his mother. He leaves, distraught. [14]–[15] The King finds her alone and unattended, and furious, banishes her French lady-in-waiting. [16]–[17] When the court

withdraws, Philip interrogates Rodrigo, who shocks him by launching into a tirade against Spanish policy in Flanders. [18] Philip reveals his doubts about his wife's fidelity and gives Rodrigo the task of observing her with Carlos. Rodrigo realizes the political advantage of having the trust of the King.

COMPACT DISC TWO

Act II

Scene one

The Queen's garden

[1] Prelude. [2]–[3] Carlos has received an anonymous note, proposing a rendezvous, which he presumes is from Elisabeth. His raptures of love are silenced when the 'Queen' lifts her veil to reveal Eboli. In love with Carlos, Eboli had written the note. She warns him of Rodrigo's new friendship with the King, but is furious when she guesses that Carlos is in fact in love with the Queen. [4] Rodrigo, having overheard this, fears that Eboli might betray Carlos and ruin his plans. [5] Despite Rodrigo's threats, Eboli leaves, intent on vengeance. Rodrigo persuades a confused Carlos to hand over any incriminating documents for rebellion in Flanders that he may be carrying.

Scene two

The Auto da Fé (Act of Faith)

[6]–[7] The people gather for a public burning by the Inquisition of condemned heretics.

[8] The ceremonial procession of the King and Queen is interrupted by Carlos, leading a delegation from Flanders. When Philip rejects their plea for clemency towards the Flemish people, [9] Carlos demands to be sent to rule in Flanders.

Philip reacts with scorn and Carlos draws his sword against his father. [10] To Carlos's amazement, Rodrigo steps in and relieves him of his sword. Carlos is led away to prison as the burning begins.

COMPACT DISC THREE

Act III

Scene one

The King's study in the Escorial

[1] Introduction. [2]–[3] Philip is now convinced that Elisabeth has betrayed him with Carlos. [4]–[5] He has summoned the Grand Inquisitor, who says the Church will sanction the murder of Carlos. But, in return, the Church demands the death of the King's new advisor, Rodrigo. Philip refuses and the matter is left unresolved.

[6] Elisabeth bursts in. She is furious; someone has stolen her jewel casket. Philip has it, breaks it open and confronts her with the portrait of Carlos he has found inside. [7]–[8] When he accuses her of infidelity she faints. [9] Eboli, alone with the Queen, confesses to the theft of the casket. Elisabeth forgives her, knowing she acted out of jealousy. But when Eboli goes on to confess that she has committed adultery with the King, the Queen exiles her from the court. [10] Eboli, knowing that she must live out her days in a convent, realizes that she may still be able to save Carlos.

Scene two

A prison

[11]–[12] Rodrigo comes to visit Carlos in prison. He has pretended that the documents for revolt which Carlos gave him are his own and has allowed them to fall into the hands of the authorities. He hopes by this self-sacrifice to save Carlos. [13] An unseen assassin shoots Rodrigo. [14]–[15] As he dies he tells Carlos to meet Elisabeth early the next morning at the tomb of Charles V in San Justo. She will help him to escape to Flanders. [16] Philip arrives. Now that he knows Rodrigo is a traitor, he is ready to forgive Carlos. He is moved to hear

that Rodrigo deliberately died to save Don Carlos. The people, roused to rebellion by Eboli, come to free Carlos, who escapes before the Grand Inquisitor crushes the revolt.

Act IV

At the tomb of Charles V

[17] [Introduction] [18]–[21] Elisabeth and Carlos reconcile themselves to parting, but before Carlos can leave for Flanders, [22] the King arrives. He hands them both over to the Inquisition. As Carlos resists arrest, the ghost of Emperor Charles V appears, and carries Carlos off into his own tomb.

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Ferrier Award and was soon in demand by opera companies, orchestras and recording companies alike.

Alastair Miles (Philip II) was born in Harrow, Middlesex, and studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. He pursued a career as a flautist and teacher before turning to singing. He won the 1986 Decca Kathleen

He regularly appears at the Metropolitan Opera, La Scala, Milan, La Bastille, Wiener and Bayerische Staatsoper, San Francisco, Netherlands Opera, and in Madrid, Seville, Palermo, Pesaro, as well as (in the UK) the Royal Opera House, English National Opera, Welsh National Opera and Opera North. He has a stylistically wide repertoire, equally at home with Baroque music as he is with the full-blooded romanticism of Verdi, and with the flexibility of voice to encompass both.

A highly sought-after concert artist, Alastair has appeared with the world's most prestigious orchestras and conductors. His discography currently stands at over ninety recordings, including, as part of Chandos's Opera in English series, a disc of Great Operatic Arias, Mephistopheles (*Faust*), and Ramfis (*Aida*). He also enjoys a close relationship with Opera Rara for whom he has recorded Mayr's *Medea in Corinto*, Mercadante's *Orsini e Curiani*, Donizetti's *Rosmonda d'Inghilterra*, Meyerbeer's *Margherita d'Anjou* and Thomas' *La Cour de Célimène* – and shares their aim of bringing the delights of neglected nineteenth-century Italian and French opera to a wider public. Alastair Miles lives in Cambridge with his wife and three children.



Australian-born tenor **Julian Gavin** (Don Carlos) graduated from the University of Melbourne and undertook postgraduate studies in conducting at the Victorian College of the Arts before coming to London

where he studied at the National Opera Studio. His UK debut as Alvaro (*La forza del destino*) for English National Opera led to a series of engagements with the company including roles such as Alfredo (*La traviata*), the Duke (*Rigoletto*), Rodolfo (*La Bohème*), Cavaradossi (*Tosca*), and the title roles in *The Tales of Hoffmann*, *Ernani* and *Il trovatore*.

Other operatic appearances include Laca (*Jenůfa*), Carlo VII (*Giovanna d'Arco*) for Opera North and in Frankfurt; the title role in *Don Carlos* for The Royal Opera; Pollione (*Norma*) in Lucerne and Michigan; Alfredo at Den Norske Oper, Opera Australia, and Washington National Opera; Rodolfo in Trieste, Stuttgart, and for De Vlaamse Opera and Opera North; Rodolfo (*Luisa Miller*) in Essen and Bordeaux; Pinkerton (*Madama Butterfly*) at the Deutsche Oper Berlin, for

Opera North and Opera Australia; Des Grieux (*Manon Lescaut*) with the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra; Hoffman (*The Tales of Hoffmann*) in Washington; Cavaradossi (*Tosca*) for Opera Colorado and English National Opera; Don José (*Carmen*) for Opera Australia, English National Opera, Vienna State Opera, the Teatro Real in Madrid, with the Kansas Symphony Orchestra, and in Stockholm and Zürich; Roméo (*Roméo et Juliette*) for Opera Australia; the title role in *Don Carlo* at Minnesota Opera; Cavaradossi at English National Opera and Opera Colorado; Des Grieux (*Manon*) for Opera North and Opera Australia; Jenik (*The Bartered Bride*) for Glyndebourne Festival Opera; Gustavo (*Un ballo in maschera*) in Boston, and Florestan (*Fidelio*) for Opera Australia.

In concert, Julian Gavin has performed a wide-ranging repertoire with major orchestras throughout the world including appearances with the Philharmonia Orchestra, Sydney Symphony Orchestra, National Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic, BBC National Orchestra of Wales, Halle Orchestra, BBC Symphony and many others. For Chandos' Opera in English series he has recorded Don José (*Carmen*) and the title role in *Ernani*. Other recordings include

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Bizet's opera *Ivan IV*.



William Dazeley (Rodrigo) was born in Warwickshire and is a graduate of Jesus College, Cambridge. He studied singing at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, and in 1989 won the Decca – Kathleen

Ferrier Prize.

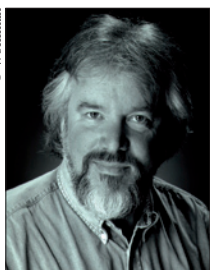
Established as one of the leading baritones of his generation, operatic roles include Count (Massenet's *Cherubin*), Guglielmo (*Così fan tutte*), Anthony (*Sweeney Todd*), Mercutio (*Roméo et Juliette*), Figaro (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*), Marcello (*La Bohème*) and Yeletsky (*Pique Dame*) at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; Count (*Le nozze di Figaro*), Figaro and the title role in *Owen Wingrave* for Glyndebourne Touring Opera; Figaro at the Deutsche Staatsoper, Berlin; Count and the title role in *Don Giovanni* at the Deutsche Oper Berlin; *Dr Faust* at the Salzburg Festival and the Théâtre du Châtelet; Scherasmin (*Oberon*) at the Théâtre du Châtelet, also presented

in concert at the Barbican; the Count at the Pittsburgh Opera; Zurga (*The Pearl Fishers*) at the San Francisco Opera; the Ferryman (*Curlew River*) at the Edinburgh Festival; Papageno (*The Magic Flute*) for English National Opera; the Count for Welsh National Opera; and Maximilian (*Candide*) at the San Carlo Opera in Naples. William Dazeley has sung in the world premieres of Harrison Birtwistle's *The Last Supper* (Jesus) at the Deutsche Staatsoper Berlin and the Glyndebourne Festival; and Hosokawa's *Hanjo*, which was presented at the Aix en Provence Festival and Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels.

Concert appearances have included appearances with the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, the Monteverdi Orchestra, Royal Flanders Philharmonic, BBC Symphony Orchestra, Berlin Philharmonic, San Francisco Symphony, Orquestra Nacional do Porto, and Mozarteum Orchester Salzburg. He has performed in recital at the Wigmore Hall, Purcell Room, St George's Bristol, and at the Châtelet, and is regularly invited to sing at Cheltenham, Aix en Provence and Saintes Festivals with such noted accompanists as Graham Johnson and Iain Burnside. William Dazeley's recordings for Chandos' Opera in English series include the

Count (*The Marriage of Figaro*), Schaunard (*La Bohème*) and Silvio (*Pagliacci*).

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John Tomlinson (Grand Inquisitor) was born in Lancashire. He gained a B.Sc. in Civil Engineering at Manchester University before winning a scholarship to the Royal Manchester College of Music. He was awarded a C.B.E. in 1997 and was knighted in the Queen's Birthday Honours of 2005.

John Tomlinson has sung regularly with English National Opera since 1974 and with The Royal Opera, Covent Garden, since 1977 and has also appeared with all the other leading British opera companies. He sang at the Bayreuth Festival for eighteen consecutive seasons as Wotan (*Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre*), Wanderer (*Siegfried*), Hagen (*Götterdämmerung*), Titirel and Gurnemanz (*Parsifal*), King Mark (*Tristan und Isolde*), Heinrich (*Lohengrin*) and the title role in *Der fliegende Holländer*. Other engagements include appearances in Geneva, Lisbon, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, San Diego,

Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin, Dresden, Hamburg, Munich and Vienna, and the Festivals of Orange, Aix-en-Provence, Salzburg, Edinburgh and the Maggio Musicale, Florence.

His repertoire further includes Hans Sachs (*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*), Landgraf (*Tannhäuser*), Baron Ochs (*Der Rosenkavalier*), Boromeo (*Palestrina*), Orestes (*Elektra*), Moses (*Moses und Aron*), Green Knight in the world premiere of Harrison Birtwistle's *Gawain and the Green Knight*, Claggart (*Billy Budd*), Rocco (*Fidelio*), King Philip (*Don Carlos*), Sarastro (*The Magic Flute*), Leporello and Commendatore (*Don Giovanni*), Golaud and Arkel (*Pelléas et Mélisande*), the title role and Pimen (*Boris Godunov*) and the title role in the premiere of Birtwistle's *The Minotaur*.

Recordings as part of Chandos' Opera in English series include the title roles in *Boris Godunov* (highlights), *The Flying Dutchman*, and *Bluebeard's Castle*, as well as two discs of Great Operatic Arias.

Janice Watson (Elisabeth) studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama and first came to prominence as winner of the Kathleen Ferrier memorial award.

Her many operatic roles have included Pamina with the Paris Opéra; Vitellia for

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Flanders Opera; Strauss' Daphne, Arabella, Salome and Mozart's Elettra (*Idomeneo*) at the Santa Fe Festival; Daphne, Arabella and Eva (*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*) with the San Francisco Opera;

Pamina, Countess Almaviva and Arabella at the Bavarian State Opera; and Ellen Orford (*Peter Grimes*) at the Vienna State Opera, Netherlands Opera, the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. She has performed at the San Carlo Opera, Naples, the Aldeburgh Festival, the Deutsche Staatsoper, Berlin, the Lyric Opera of Chicago and the Metropolitan Opera, and has been a regular guest with both English National Opera (most recently as the Marschallin and Madam Butterfly) and Welsh National Opera (most recently as Alice Ford). Other roles include Jenifer (*The Midsummer Marriage*), Elisabeth (*Tannhäuser*) in her debut with Opera Australia, and the title role in *Katya Kabanova* for the Royal Opera and for her debut at La Scala, Milan. She has sung *A Streetcar Named Desire* under Andre Previn with the London Symphony Orchestra, and in Oslo and Vienna.

In concert she has appeared with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, San Francisco Symphony, London Symphony Orchestra, the Orchestre de Paris, the Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields, the London Philharmonic Orchestra, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Royal Concertgebouw.

Janice Watson's many recordings include Helena (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*), *Carmina Burana*, and for Chandos Poulenc's Gloria, Howells's *Missa Sabrinensis*, Ellen Orford (*Peter Grimes*), and for the Opera in English series the title role in *Jenůfa* under Sir Charles Mackerras.



American mezzo-soprano **Jane Dutton** (Princess of Eboli) was a finalist in Plácido Domingo's Operalia 1997 World Opera Competition in Tokyo, and won the Opera at Florham Guild competition. In North

America she has sung the roles of Jordan Baker (John Harbison's *The Great Gatsby*), and roles in *Roméo et Juliette*, Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah*, *Lulu*, *Madama Butterfly*, and *Rigoletto*, all for

the Metropolitan Opera; Composer (*Ariadne auf Naxos*) and Sonyetka in (*Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*) for San Francisco Opera; Sara (*Roberto Devereux*) for New York City Opera; Santuzza (*Cavalleria rusticana*) with Virginia Opera; Gertrude (*Hamlet*) with Lyric Opera of Kansas City; Meg Page (*Falstaff*) and Amneris (*Aida*) with Indianapolis Opera; and Amneris with the Lyric Opera of Kansas City and at Pittsburgh Opera.

Jane Dutton made her European opera debut at the Gran Teatre del Liceu in Barcelona as Anne Boleyn in Saint-Saëns' *Henry VIII* and has returned there each season for roles including Adalgisa (*Norma*), Pauline (*Pique Dame*), Gertrude (*Hamlet*), Maddalena (*Rigoletto*) and Suzuki (*Madama Butterfly*) and most recently she sang Waltraute (*Die Walküre*) alongside Plácido Domingo and Waltraud Meier. Jane Dutton made her UK operatic debut singing Amneris at English National Opera and returned to sing Santuzza.

She has appeared in concert with the New York Philharmonic, Seattle Symphony, Colorado Symphony, Indianapolis Symphony, and at the Prague Autumn Festival. She made her UK concert debut singing Wagner's *Wesendonk Lieder* with the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra.



Julia Sporsén (Thibault) was born in Gothenburg, Sweden. After private studies with Susanna Rigacci in Florence, she studied at the Royal Academy of Music in London with Joy Mammen and Iain Ledingham, and

graduated from the Royal Academy and won their Opera Rara Patric Schmidt Bel Canto Prize 2007 and the Flora Nielsen Song Prize 2005, and is a Samling Scholar.

Roles at the Royal Academy of Music include Arminda (*La finta giardiniera*), Armida (*Rinaldo*), *Iphise* (Rameau's *Dardanus*) with Laurence Cummings, and the title role in Tchaikovsky's *Iolanta* with Stuart Bedford. Other appearances include Violetta (*La traviata*) and Micaëla (*Carmen*) for Clonter Opera, Donna Elvira (*Don Giovanni*) for Amersham Music Festival and Donna Anna (*Don Giovanni*) for English Touring Opera.

Stephen Briggs (Count of Lerma) trained at the Royal Northern College of Music. Since 1980, Opera North roles have included: Woodpecker (*The Cunning Little Vixen*),

Bruhlmann (*Werther*), First Priest (*The Magic Flute*), Trin (*The Girl of the Golden West*), Flavio (*Norma*), Messenger (*Aida*), St Brioch (*The Merry Widow*), Normanno (*Lucia di Lammermoor*), Officer (*Jerusalem*), Antonio (*The Thieving Magpie*), Ruiz (*Il trovatore*), Marcellus (*Hamlet*), Brother of the Deadly Sins (*The Duenna*), Prince Yamadori (*Madama Butterfly*), Second Apprentice (*Wozzeck*), Dr Caius (*Falstaff*), Beadle (*Sweeney Todd*), Mercury (*Orpheus in the Underworld*), Inspector (*One Touch of Venus*), Spoletta (*Tosca*), Reverend Adams (*Peter Grimes*) and Basilio (*The Marriage of Figaro*).

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Clive Bayley (Old Monk) studied at the Royal Northern College of Music where he was a Peter Moores Scholar. He made his debut with The Royal Opera, Covent Garden, in the premiere of Harrison

Birtwistle's *Gawain* and has since appeared there in many roles, including Colline (*La Bohème*), Hans Foltz (*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*), Castro (*La fanciulla del West*),

Carbon (Alfano's *Cyrano de Bergerac*), Thoas (*Iphigénie en Tauride*), Sylvano (*La Calisto*) and Hunding (*Die Walküre*). He has had notable successes with Opera North, where roles have included Sparafucile (*Rigoletto*), Ebn Hakia (*Yolanta*), Raleigh (*Gloriana*), the Referee (Benedict Mason's *Playing Away*), Ferrando (*Il trovatore*), Arkel (*Pelléas et Mélisande*), Wurm (*Luisa Miller*), the title role in *Le nozze di Figaro*, the Doctor (*Wozzeck*), Antinous (*Il ritorno d'Ulisse in patria*), and Osmin (*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*).

He has performed with Opera Factory, Grange Park Opera, Welsh National Opera, Glyndebourne Festival Opera and Glyndebourne Touring Opera. Abroad Clive Bayley has sung at the opera houses in Geneva, Amsterdam, Seattle, San Francisco, Lisbon, Lausanne, Toulouse, Munich and Copenhagen, and has sung in concert with Les Arts Florissants and William Christie on tour, and in Munich with the Bayerische Staatsoper. With the Opera National du Rhin, Strasbourg, he has sung Fasolt (*Das Rheingold*) and Hunding, and with Frankfurt Opera Claggart (*Billy Budd*).

His recordings for Chandos' Opera in English series include the Bonze (*Madam Butterfly*), Ferrando (*Il trovatore*), Commendatore

(*Don Giovanni*), Pistol (*Falstaff*) and Timur (*Turandot*).



Rebecca Ryan (Voice from Heaven) first came to international prominence when she gave the first UK performance of Handel's newly rediscovered *Gloria*. She has sung in concert at major venues in

Europe and her native New Zealand, and was an Associate Artist of the Classical Opera Company. She studies with Dame Anne Evans.

Her engagements have included Micaëla (*Carmen*) for University of Otago Opera, Dorotea (*Don Chisciotte in Sierra Morena*) at the Musikwerkstatt Wien, Angelica (*Orlando*) for Independent Opera at Sadler's Wells at Wigmore Hall, Fauno (*Ascanio in Alba*) and Cherubino (*Le nozze di Figaro*) for the Classical Opera Company, Mme Silberklang (*Der Schauspieldirektor*) with the Auckland Philharmonia Orchestra, Olympia/Giulietta/Antonia/Stella (*The Tales of Hoffmann*) for Mid Wales Opera, and Lidka (*The Two Widows*) for Scottish Opera at the Edinburgh Festival.

Rebecca Ryan also sings regularly in concert with orchestras including the City of London Sinfonia, the Irish Baroque Orchestra, the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and the RTÉ Orchestras.

Campbell Russell (Royal Herald) studied at Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama. Roles there included Tamino (*Die Zauberflöte*), Nero (*The Coronation of Poppea*) and Chevalier de la Force (*The Dialogues of the Carmelites*). For Scottish Opera he has performed Malcolm (*Macbeth*), Shepherd (*Tristan und Isolde*), Third Esquire (*Parsifal*), First Priest (*The Magic Flute*), Animal Seller (*Der Rosenkavalier*), Prince Yamadori (*Madama Butterfly*), Don Curzio (*The Marriage of Figaro*). For Scottish Opera Go Round roles have included Ferrando (*Così fan tutte*), and Count Almaviva (*The Barber of Seville*). In concert he has performed at the Edinburgh International Festival. For Opera North he has performed various roles including Crow Doctor/Sinister Man (*The Adventures of Pinocchio*).

Julian Close (Flemish Deputy) was born in Cheshire. He gained a Doctorate in Applied Physics at the University of Leeds and studied at the Royal Northern College

of Music. He has appeared with English National Opera, Scottish Opera, Welsh National Opera, Mid-Wales Opera, Lyric Opera Dublin, Stanley Hall Opera, English Pocket Opera, The Opera Project, and the Wexford, Buxton, Northampton, Longborough and Iford Festivals in a wide range of roles including: Fafner and Wotan (*Das Rheingold*), Hunding (*Die Walküre*), Fafner (*Siegfried*), Hagen (*Götterdämmerung*), Titurel (*Parsifal*), Commendatore (*Don Giovanni*), Pistol (*Falstaff*), Sarastro (*Die Zauberflöte*), Dr. Bartolo (*Le nozze di Figaro*), Mephistopheles (*Faust*), Sparafucile (*Rigoletto*), and Ramfis (*Aida*).

Concert repertoire includes Bach's *St Matthew* and *St John Passions* and Magnificat, Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*, Mozart Requiem and C Minor Mass, Verdi Requiem and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*.

Grant Doyle (Flemish Deputy) studied at the Elder Conservatorium, Adelaide and at the Royal College of Music. He was a member of the Young Artists Programme at the Royal Opera House from 2001 – 3, where subsequent roles have included Tarquinius (*The Rape of Lucretia*), Harlequin (*Ariadne auf Naxos*), Schaunard (*La Bohème*), Bello (*La fanciulla del West*),

Morales (*Carmen*), and Demetrius (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*). He has also performed at the Teatro Real in Madrid, for Opera North, Glyndebourne on Tour, Opera Holland Park, the State Opera of South Australia and Opéra Bauge.

Other roles include Count (*Le nozze di Figaro*), the title role in *Don Giovanni*, Marcello, Frederick (*Lakmé*) and Albert (*Werther*). Concert performances include the Philharmonia, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Bournemouth Symphony, Ulster Orchestra, Bach Choir and Huddersfield Choral Society. He recorded Forester (*The Cunning Little Vixen*, for BBC TV), created Carlo in Judith Weir's *Armida* for Channel 4, and portrayed the lead role in *The Eternity Man*, (ABC/Channel 4).

Stephen Richardson (Flemish Deputy) studied at the Royal Northern College of Music. A specialist in contemporary repertoire he has premiered works including Thomas Adès – *The Tempest* (Royal Opera House, Covent Garden), Tan Dun's *Orchestral Theatre II, Re*, and *Tea* (Suntory Hall, Tokyo), Barry's *The Triumph of Beauty and Deceit*; and the British premiere of Ruders' *The Handmaid's Tale* (English National Opera). Recent appearances

include his debut at Opera Australia as Falstaff and Sarastro (*Die Zauberflöte*); Kaspar (*Der Freischütz*, Opéra de Rennes), and Bartolo (*Le nozze di Figaro*) for Grange Park Opera. Other roles include Daland (*The Flying Dutchman*), Claggart (*Billy Budd*), Commendatore (*Don Giovanni*), Osmin (*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*), Sparafucile (*Rigoletto*), Baron Ochs (*Der Rosenkavalier*) and Timur (*Turandot*).

He has performed at Netherlands Opera, Opera National de Paris, La Scala, Lyric Opera of Chicago, and the Salzburg Festival.

Born in Lancashire, **Riccardo Simonetti** (Flemish Deputy) studied at the Royal Northern College of Music and began his career at English National Opera. He has also sung for the Royal Opera at the Linbury Studio Theatre, Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Opera Holland Park, Opera Project, Welsh National Opera, Lyric Opera in Dublin, the Netherlands Opera, at the Buxton Festival, and at La Fenice, Venice. His repertoire includes Enrico (*Anna Bolena*), Malatesta (*Don Pasquale*), Suitor (*Babette's Feast*), Albert (*Werther*), Guglielmo (*Così fan tutte*), the title role in *Don Giovanni*, Count Almaviva (*Le nozze di Figaro*), Marcello (*La Bohème*), Sharpless (*Madama Butterfly*),

Ping (*Turandot*), Pish-Tush (*The Mikado*), and Belfiore (*Un giorno di regno*). For Opera North, he has sung Belcore (*The Elixir of Love*), the Father (*Hansel and Gretel*), and Papageno (*The Magic Flute*).

A. Galloway Bell (Flemish Deputy) was born in Haddington, East Lothian and graduated as a chemical engineer from Nottingham University. He was awarded scholarships at the Royal Northern College of Music, where he won the Martin Honken song prize. A founder member of Opera North, he has taken many roles over the years, including Sciarone (*Tosca*), Judge (*The Thieving Magpie*), Physician (*Pelleas and Melisande*), The Notary (*Der Rosenkavalier*), Second Mate (*Billy Budd*), Commissario (*La traviata*), Chief of Police (*L'Etoile*), The Recorder of Norwich (*Gloriana*), Second Armed Man (*The Magic Flute*), Singer (*La Gioconda*), Bertrand (*Yolande*), Micha (*The Bartered Bride*), Dikoy (*Katya Kabanova*) and Ceprano (*Rigoletto*). In addition to education work in Opera North's Resonance project with Faulty Optic, he has recently expanded his repertoire with Colas in Mozart's *Bastien and Bastienne* staged in a pub, and Don Alfonso (*Così fan tutte*), performed in a cattle auction ring.

Stephen Dowson (Flemish Deputy) studied at the Royal College of Music, and later at the Opera School there. A founder member of Opera North, roles have included Monterone/Count Ceprano (*Rigoletto*), Imperial Commissioner/Prince Yamadori (*Madama Butterfly*), Baron Douphol (*La traviata*), Kuligin (*Katya Kabanova*), Antonio (*The Gondoliers*), Kilian (*Der Freischütz*), Second Priest (*The Magic Flute*), Herald (*The Love for Three Oranges*), and Second Barker (*Showboat*). In concert he has performed Christus in Bach's *St Matthew Passion*, Handel's *Messiah*, Vaughan Williams' Sea Symphony and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Radio appearances include *Grand Hotel* and Wood Goblin in Tchaikovsky's *Vakula the Smith*.

Since the foundation of Opera North in 1978, the **Chorus of Opera North** has established a reputation for quality and versatility. The Chorus features in most Opera North productions at the Leeds Grand Theatre, touring the North of England regularly and often travelling to Scotland, Northern Ireland and London. Festival appearances have included Edinburgh, Wiesbaden, Ravenna and Bregenz, and the Chorus has performed *Orfeo ed Euridice* in Monte Carlo, *Boris Godunov* in Dortmund,

Billy Budd in Rotterdam and *The Cunning Little Vixen* at the Gran Teatro Liceu, Barcelona.

On the concert platform, the Chorus has given the world premieres of Takemitsu's *My Way of Life* and Philip Wilby's *A New World Dancing*. The Chorus starred in Phyllida Lloyd's highly-acclaimed production of *Peter Grimes*, which was the winner of the South Bank Show Award for Opera and the Royal Philharmonic Society Opera Award and was nominated for a Laurence Olivier Award. The Chorus has made a number of recordings for Chandos including Michael Berkeley's *Baa Baa Black Sheep*, Gerhard's *The Duenna* and Walton's *Troilus and Cressida*.

The **Orchestra of Opera North** holds a unique place amongst British orchestras, as the only ensemble in the country to have a year-round dual role in the opera house and concert hall.

The Orchestra plays a significant part in the major concert series of the region, appearing with numerous international guest conductors and soloists. An important relationship with Leeds International Concert Season sees the Orchestra performing regular concerts of major symphonic repertoire, a series of gala concerts, and combining with the region's choral societies. It is also the resident Orchestra for the Leeds

Conductors Competition. Outside the region, the Orchestra has toured abroad with the whole company and independently in concert, and has regularly performed in London.

A strong commitment to educational and community projects is a feature of the work of the musicians, collectively and also in collaboration with Opera North Education. The Orchestra has received international recognition for its recordings, and in the operatic field Opera North has made several important recordings for Chandos, including the award-winning *Troilus and Cressida*, and as part of the Opera in English series, *Nabucco* and *Bluebeard's Castle*.



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Richard Farnes read Music at King's College, Cambridge, where he was organ scholar, and went on to study at the National Opera Studio, Royal Academy of Music and at the Guildhall School of Music, where

he conducted the first British production of Rossini's *The Journey to Reims*. On completion of his studies he gained valuable experience

working on the music staff of the Glyndebourne Festival, Scottish Opera and Opera Factory.

In September 2004 Richard Farnes was appointed Music Director of Opera North. This was the culmination of a long association with this most innovative of the UK's opera companies, for whom he had already conducted a wide variety of repertoire including *La traviata*, Simon Holt's *The Nightingale's to Blame*, *Giovanna d'Arco*, Britten's *Gloriana*, *Le nozze di Figaro*, *Eugene Onegin* and Cimarosa's *The Secret Marriage*. Since taking up this position he has conducted productions of *Manon*, *Don Giovanni*, *La rondine*, *Katya Kabanova*, *Falstaff*, *Macbeth* and *Don Carlos*, an award-winning production of *Peter Grimes*, and concert performances of *Elektra*, *Salome*, *Hansel and Gretel*, and Bartók's *Bluebeard's Castle*, which he also recorded for Chandos Records. 2009 saw the world premiere of David Sawer's opera *Skin Deep*, which toured to the Bregenz Festival in Austria.

Richard Farnes has also had a close association with Scottish Opera, conducting *La Bohème*, *Tosca*, *The Magic Flute*, *L'elisir d'amore*, David Horne's *Friend of the People*, and a double bill of works by Param Vir, and at Glyndebourne, conducting *The Makropulos Case* and Peter Hall's recent production of

Otello at the Festival, and *Albert Herring*, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, *La Bohème* and *Le nozze di Figaro* on tour throughout the UK. He returned to the Glyndebourne Festival in August 2005 with Jonathan Dove's *Flight*.

Other opera engagements have included performances with the Royal Opera House, English National Opera, New Israeli Opera, Tel Aviv, English Touring Opera, Birmingham Opera Company, Opera Theatre Company in Dublin, and European Chamber Opera.

Concert engagements have included performances with the London Philharmonic, Haydn Chamber Orchestra, the Orchestra of Opera North, the Royal Opera House Orchestra, Royal Scottish National Orchestra and the Scottish Chamber Orchestra. In 1992 Richard Farnes founded Equinox, a chamber orchestra and ensemble that aims to promote twentieth-century repertoire to wider audiences and which has given a number of concerts at St John's Smith Square.

William Dazeley as Rodrigo, Julian Gavin as Don Carlos and Jane Dutton as Eboli in
Opera North's 2009 production of *Don Carlos*



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Jane Dutton as Eboli and Julian Gavin as Don Carlos in
Opera North's 2009 production of *Don Carlos*



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PETER MOORES FOUNDATION

British philanthropist Sir Peter Moores established the Peter Moores Foundation in 1964 to realise his charitable aims and, to fulfill one of these, the Compton Verney House Trust in 1993 to create a new art gallery in the country. Through his charities he has disbursed millions of pounds to a wide variety of arts, environmental and social causes 'to get things done and open doors for people'.

Sir Peter's philanthropic work began with his passion for opera: in his twenties he helped a number of young artists in the crucial, early stages of their careers, several of whom – Dame Joan Sutherland, Sir Colin Davis and the late Sir Geraint Evans amongst them – became world-famous.

Today, the Peter Moores Foundation supports talented young singers with annual scholarships awarded through the Royal Northern College of Music, has made it possible for Chandos Records to issue the world's largest catalogue of operas recorded in English translation, and enabled Opera Rara to record rare bel canto repertoire which would otherwise remain inaccessible to the general public.

In live performance, the Foundation has encouraged the creation of new work and schemes to attract new audiences, financed the publication of scores, especially for world premieres of modern operas, and enabled rarely heard works to be staged by British opera companies and festivals.

Projects supported by the Foundation to help the young have ranged from a scheme to encourage young Afro-Caribbeans 'stay at school' for further education, to the endowment of

a Faculty Directorship and Chair of Management Studies at Oxford University (providing the lead donation which paved the way for the development of the Said Business School).

In 1993 the Foundation bought Compton Verney, a Grade I Georgian mansion in Warwickshire, designed by Robert Adam, with grounds by Capability Brown. Compton Verney House Trust was set up by Sir Peter to transform the derelict mansion into a world-class art gallery that would provide an especially welcoming environment for the 'first-time' gallery visitor. The gallery, which houses six permanent collections, a Learning Centre for all ages, and facilities for major visiting exhibitions, was opened in March 2004 by HRH the Prince of Wales. The Compton Verney website can be found at: www.comptonverney.org.uk

Sir Peter Moores was born in Lancashire and educated at Eton College and Christ Church, Oxford. He was a student at the Vienna Academy of Music, where he produced the Austrian premiere of Benjamin Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia*, and at the same time was an assistant producer with the Vienna State Opera, working with Viennese artists in Naples, Geneva and Rome, before returning to England in 1957 to join his father's business, Littlewoods. He was Vice-Chairman of Littlewoods in 1976, Chairman from 1977 to 1980 and remained a director until 1993.

He received the Gold Medal of the Italian Republic in 1974, an Honorary MA from Christ Church, Oxford, in 1975, and was made an Honorary Member of the Royal Northern College of Music in 1985. In 1992 he was appointed a Deputy Lieutenant of Lancashire by HM the Queen. He was appointed CBE in 1991 and received a Knighthood in 2003 for his charitable services to the arts. In July 2009 he received the Stauffer Medal, the highest award of Germany's Baden-Württemberg Province.



On session: Alastair Miles



Act I
Scene 1
No 1, Prelude, introduction and Scene of Friars

1 Prelude

The Cloister of the Monastery of San Juste. On the right a lighted chapel where we see, through a gilded gate, the tomb of Charles V. To the left a door leading outside into a garden with high cypress trees. To the rear the entrance to the monastery proper. It is dawn. The monks are heard singing in the chapel. A Friar kneels before the tomb, praying.

- Chorus of Friars** (*from offstage*)
2 Charles the Fifth, our mighty Lord,
 lies here in dust and lifeless clay
 while his immortal soul in anguish prays for peace
 and mercy on high.

An Old Monk
 All the earth he claimed as his kingdom,
 but forgot that king set on high
 who rules both the earth and the sky.
 Tho' his pride grew so great, greater yet was his
 fall!

Chorus of Friars
 Charles the Fifth, our mighty Lord,
 lies here in dust and lifeless clay;

may the lighting flash of your anger turn to pardon
 for him, O Lord.

An Old Monk
 But God is great!
 With fiery glances He can shake the earth and the
 sky! Ah!
 God who forgives all who repent.
 To whom none turns in vain.
 God show mercy, grant him pardon and peace,
 grant him that peace you alone can bestow,
 but God is great, alone is great, yes god is great!

Chorus of Friars
 Charles the Fifth, our mighty Lord,
 Lies here in dust and lifeless clay.
 The flash of your anger turn to pardon for him
 O Lord.

(The day dawns slowly. Don Carlos, pale and distraught, emerges from the vaults of the cloister. He stops to listen and uncovers his head. At the sound of a bell, the monks start leaving the chapel. They cross the stage and disperse in the cloister.)

- Don Carlos**
3 And I have lost her!
 All you powers of heav'n!
 Another... and he's my father... another... and he's
 the King...
 He has stolen my beloved!
 The bride, whom I was promised!

Ah! I remember well that day,
 that day with no tomorrow, when our hearts filled
 with hope.
 She and I were alone, alone together in France so
 fair and lovely.
 In the forest of Fontainebleau!
 There I first beheld her smiling,
 there she stole my heart with her charms.
 Ah! Then we were forever parted.
 Now she lies in my father's arms.
 Each new day, oh fair enchantress,
 brings no comfort, no hope from above...
 Ah! You stole in a single moment,
 my heart, my life, my dreams, my love...
 Ah! You stole my heart, my life, my love!
 Alas. And I have lost her! And I have lost her!

An Old Monk (*who stayed behind to listen to Don Carlos*)
 My son, all the griefs that assail us
 must still be endured in this place.
 The peace that your heart so yearns for
 dwells alone at the throne of grace.

Don Carlos (*terrified*)
 Ah, that voice,
 (*Bell. The friar leaves.*)
 it chills my heart, I am sure...
 Oh my God, I heard the voice of Charles!
 And I saw the golden armour beneath a humble
 robe?
 For here they say he has appeared before.

An Old Monk (*disappearing slowly*)
 That peace will be found at the throne of God.

Don Carlos
 I'm afraid! I'm afraid!

- Rodrigo** (*entering*)
4 There he is! The Prince!

Don Carlos
 O my Rodrigo!

Rodrigo
 Your Highness!

Don Carlos
 It's you, let me embrace you!

Rodrigo
 Dearest Carlos, my friend!

Don Carlos
 A friend whom God has sent to ease my grief,
 angel of strength and hope!

Rodrigo
 Beloved comrade!
 The hour has struck!
 In Flanders they call for a saviour!
 They must not call in vain, and you alone can
 help!
 But what is this?

Why do you grow so pale?
Why do you turn away with that look of sorrow?
And not a word!
You only sigh. You weep!
(with sudden emotion)
Oh my Carlos dear friend, let me share your grief
and calm your pain!

Don Carlos
Dearest companion, my friend, my brother.
Let me mourn, let me weep in your arms!

Rodrigo
Hear the voice of the friend who loves you.
Open your heart, let me share your grief.
Tell me!

Don Carlos
Are you sure?
Then learn all my sorrow!
Yes learn what fearful blow fate has struck in my
heart!
I love... with a heart full of guilt, Elisabeth!

Rodrigo
Your mother!
God in heav'n!

Don Carlos
You turn pale!
You're unable to look in my eyes...
(in desperation)

Then I'm lost!
Even you now forsake me,
my Rodrigo turns away and renounces his friend?

Rodrigo
No, Rodrigo still loves you!
And I swear by my faith, you suffer...
that is all in the world that I see!

Don Carlos
O my Rodrigo!

Rodrigo
My Carlos!
[5] But the King has not yet discovered your secret?

Don Carlos
No!

Rodrigo
Then you must ask his leave to depart now for
Flanders.
Thus by a deed worthy of you conquer your
heart...
and you shall learn there among those suff'ring
people
how a King should rule!

Don Carlos
Yes, you are right, my brother.

(A bell is heard.)

Rodrigo
But listen!
The cloister doors will soon be unbarred,
admitting your father and the Queen.

Don Carlos
Elisabeth!

Rodrigo
O Carlos at my side show resolve and rouse your
fainting spirits,
for there in Flanders the people wait to greet their
saviour!
We'll pray that God may fire your soul with
strength!

Don Carlos and Rodrigo
[6] God who has brought us together,
fire our hearts with flames of glory,
fire that is noble and pure,
flames of love that will set men free,
with a fire of love that is noble and pure,
the love of liberty.
God grant that this love may fire us,
may freedom call and inspire us;
accept the vow that we swear!
We shall die united in love. Ah!

*(King Philip and the Queen enter in the midst of a
group of monks.)*

Rodrigo *(to Carlos)*
They are here!

Don Carlos
I'm afraid!
When I see her I tremble!

Rodrigo
Show courage!

*(Rodrigo withdraws from Carlos who bows before the
King who appears sombre and suspicious. Carlos tries
to hide his feelings while Elisabeth is visibly flustered
when she sees him. King and Queen step to the tomb
of Charles V, where Philip genuflects and bares his
head. They then proceed on their way.)*

Chorus of Friars *(from offstage)*
Charles the Fifth, our mighty Lord,
lies here in dust and lifeless clay
while his immortal soul in anguish prays
for peace and mercy on high.

Don Carlos
She is his wife!
And I have lost her!...
Yes, I have lost her.
She is his wife, Ah!
Great God.
She is his wife, and I have lost her!

An Old Monk

Grant him that peace you alone can bestow.
God alone is great!

Rodrigo

Stay by my side, be strong and calm and steel your heart!

Don Carlos and Rodrigo (*with enthusiasm*)

We'll live as one and together we'll die...

May God accept our vow,
let us live, and die united in love, faithful in love!
Living as one bound together,
and together we'll die; life or death!

Scene 2

No 2, Chorus and the Veil Song

In the garden adjoining the Monastery of San Juste. A fountain surrounded by grass-covered mounds and orange trees. On the horizon the blue mountains of Extremadura. Upstage right the door of the monastery. The Princess of Eboli, Thibault, the Countess of Aremburg and other ladies-in-waiting, pages, etc. The ladies are sitting on the grassy mounds around the fountain, pages at their feet. One of the pages is tuning a mandolin.

Chorus

- [7] Where the pine grove is green and shady,
where the soft grassy banks invite us,
by this cloister we may not enter,
we have found a secure retreat.

Let us wait for our Royal lady,
in this glade where the trees delight us.
Here we'll rest and escape from the sun's fierce heat!

(*Thibault enters with Eboli.*)

Thibault

The fountain cools the heat of summer.
The cypress makes a shade above.
And when evening shadows lengthen
the nightingale will sing of love.

Chorus and Thibault

Here the shady cypress invite us
And the murmur'ing fountain will charm us,
for its song is a sigh of love,
yes, its song is a sigh of love.
And it sings that song to delight us;
to make the weary hours pass fleetly
we'll rest sweetly while the sun blazes fiercely above,
calmed by water, cypress shade, while fierce
sunlight blazes up above.

Eboli

Since within the cloister no women may enter
except the Queen of Spain,
while we wait dear companions
let's while away the time with some sport or some play?
Perhaps a song... what would best amuse us?

Thibault and Chorus

But you must choose and we shall follow,
O charming Princess Eboli!

Eboli (*to Thibault*)

Very well, I have the answer:
we will sing a duet, the song of the Saracen maiden,
known as the Veil Song, you may join the refrain!
Let's sing!

Thibault and Chorus

Let's sing!

(*Eboli sings, accompanied by Thibault.*)

Eboli

- [8] In the marble palace of the Moorish King,
in the secret garden where the fountains sing
a veiled lady came to take the air one night,
sat beneath the stars and dreamed of love's delight.
Achmet the Saracen king passed by
and that veiled beauty attracted his eye.
'Come my pretty maiden, come rule in my life,'
he declared 'You see I am bored with my wife.' Ah!

Eboli and Thibault

Ah! O pretty maidens look to your veils.
Weave them by sunlight, wear them by night.
Then when the moon shines bright up above
you may capture the man that you love.

Chorus

O pretty maidens look to your veils.
Weave them by sunlight, wear them by night.
Then when the moon shines bright above
you may capture the man that you love.

Eboli and Thibault

Ah! Up above, you may capture the man that you love.

Eboli

'I can scarcely see you, darkness round us lies,
scarcely see your fingers, see your pretty eyes.
The King himself desires to make your heart his own;
you will be my brightest jewel, you alone.
But take off that veil in response to my love,
shine bright and unveiled like that star up above.'
'Sir I must obey you, off with my disguise,'
'O heav'n, it's the Queen', cried the King with surprise. Ah!

Eboli and Thibault, Chorus

O pretty maidens look to your veils.
Weave them by sunlight, wear them by night.
Then when the moon shines bright above
you may capture the man that you love.

No 3, Scena, Romance and Trio

(*The Queen comes out of the monastery.*)

Chorus
 9 The Queen!

Eboli (*aside*)
 A mysterious sadness clouds her days and fills her with sorrow.

Elisabeth (*sitting near the fountain*)
 I heard your song, gay, and free from care...
 (*aside*)
 Alas, in days gone by, my heart was joyful too!

(*Rodrigo appears in the background. Thibault approaches him. After a brief exchange of words, the page turns to the Queen to introduce Rodrigo.*)

Thibault
 The Marquis of Posa, begs to see you.

Rodrigo (*bowing to the Queen.*)
 My lady, I'm lately come from France and I bring you, from your mother, this letter entrusted to my care.
 (*Rodrigo, while handing the letter to the Queen, quickly slips her a note, then shows the Ladies the royal crest on the letter. He whispers to the Queen.*)
 (And this, it's of vital importance.)
 (*in a normal voice*)
 Behold the royal seal, with the crown'd fleur-de-lys.

Eboli (*in a conversational tone, to Rodrigo*)
 10 I'm so eager to hear the news you bring, the news from France, come tell us ev'rything.

Rodrigo (*to Eboli*)
 I hear a tournament has been planned, which they say will be attended by the King...

Elisabeth (*holding the note in her hand*)
 (Ah! I do not dare...
 If I read it; will I be false to my vow?)

Eboli (*to Rodrigo*)
 All the women of France, they tell us, in grace and charm and kindness excel us.

Elisabeth
 Ah! I tremble!

Rodrigo (*to Eboli*)
 It's far from true, here in Spain I find a princess more fair and twice as kind.

Elisabeth (*to Rodrigo*)
 In my soul I am blameless.

Eboli
 At the court they say when there's dancing, rows of beauties grandly appear, shining and fair, like goddesses entrancing.
 (*to Eboli*)
 Is it true?

Rodrigo
 None so bright as she before me now.

Elisabeth (*to Rodrigo*)
 God can see in my heart.
 (*aside, reading the note*)
 'By the mem'ries that bind us by the name of all you hold dear;
 by my life, in this man, as in me, you can trust. Carlos.'

Eboli
 At these dances the ladies, or so I'm told, are dressed in silk or else in shining gold.

Rodrigo (*to Eboli*)
 Silk or gold, nothing could compare with what our lovely princess chooses to wear.

Elisabeth (*to Rodrigo*)
 Good! I thank you. You may ask a favour from the Queen.

Rodrigo (*eagerly*)
 I shall but not for me.

Elisabeth
 (God give me strength to bear it!)

Eboli (*to Rodrigo*)
 Who more worthy than you could seek reward or favour from the Queen?

Elisabeth (*aside*)
 (Ah, I tremble!)

Eboli
 Who could it be?

Elisabeth
 Speak on.

Rodrigo
 11 Carlos my friend, hope of our future, lives here in grief and filled with care, no one can guess his bitter suff'ring, no one relieves his sad despair. But you, his mother, you can console him, bring him new comfort, give hope again. Let him appear, say you'll receive him and save your son, O save the Prince and calm his pain.

Eboli (*aside*)
 One day as I stood by the side of the Queen, I saw Carlos grow pale and turn away. Is he in love? In love with me?

Elisabeth (*aside*)
 How can I bear to see him. He is here! I'm afraid!

Eboli (*aside*)
 Why not reveal his love?

Rodrigo

Ah! Carlos the prince, spurned by his father
 feels that his course on earth is run:
 yet I know not who in the kingdom
 more deserves his love than the King's own son?
 One word of love, one word would cheer him,
 bring him new comfort, give hope again.
 Let him appear, say you'll receive him,
 and save your son, O save the Prince and calm his
 pain.

Eboli (*aside*)

Is he in love? In love with me? In love with me?
 Is he in love? Then why does he not speak?

Elisabeth (*aside*)

Alas! how can I bear to see him...
 O God! He is here!... I'm afraid.

Rodrigo

Ah! Save, O save the Prince,
 save our friend for you can ease his pain.

Elisabeth (*to Theobald, with dignity and firmness*)

Go, say the Queen is here to receive her son!

Eboli

(*aside, nervously*)

In love with me!... then why not dare to show his
 heart, reveal his love.

(*Rodrigo offers his arm to Eboli and, conversing
 softly, leads her off.*)

No 4, Gran Scena and Duet

*Don Carlos is admitted by Thibault. Rodrigo quietly
 gives some instructions to Thibault who subsequently
 disappears into the monastery. Don Carlos slowly
 advances towards the Queen and bows to her
 without ever raising his eyes. Barely able to control
 her emotions, the Queen beckons him to come closer.
 Rodrigo and Eboli motion the ladies to disperse
 slowly among the trees. The Countess of Aremburg
 and two of the ladies stay nearby, somewhat unsure
 of what they should do. After a while they, too,
 pretending to gather flowers, withdraw gracefully.*

Don Carlos (*calmly*)

^[12] I come before the Queen and I ask for a favour,
 knowing that in the heart of the king she holds the
 place of highest honour.
 She can alone obtain that favour I seek.
 (*increasingly excited*)
 Here in Spain I suffer... I'm stifled, I'm
 tormented...
 haunted by thoughts of death and horror.
 I must leave.
 Will you please ask the King to send me to
 Flanders.

Elisabeth (*visibly moved*)

My son!

Don Carlos (*vehemently*)

Don't use that name.

(*Elisabeth is on the verge of leaving.*)

Remember what we were.

(*holds her back, pleading*)

Alas!

Show some pity! Please stay!

See how I suffer; please stay!

O cruel Heaven, you gave one day of joy and then
 snatched it away!

*Elisabeth (absorbed in conversation, Rodrigo and
 Eboli cross the stage)*

Prince, if the King is prepared to grant what I shall
 ask him

he will send you to Flanders to rule in his name;
 you shall leave for Flanders today.

(*Rodrigo and Eboli have left. Elisabeth makes a
 gesture of farewell to Carlos and starts leaving.*)

Don Carlos

Ah! Not a word; you dismiss me into exile with
 no farewell!

Calmly you turn aside and leave me, no glances or
 tender regret!

Alas! My soul is in torment, I'm dying of grief.

Insanely I have cried before a statue
 of marble, and a heart cold as ice.

Elisabeth (*greatly moved*)

Oh Carlos how can you call my heart unfeeling
 and cruel,
 can you not see why I'm stern, why I'm silent?
 Like a flame, burning bright duty shines to light
 my path;
 and her light must be my guide for God alone can
 help and save me!

Don Carlos (*as if about to die*)

O love I lost, O treasured jewel
 my one hope of joy, all I live for!
 Oh, speak to me, enchant my soul.
 When I hear your tender voice paradise then is
 mine!

Elisabeth

O God above, restore his heart,
 may he find repose and forget me!
 Carlos farewell, we'll meet no more.
 Ah! life beside you, paradise then were mine!

Don Carlos (*feverishly exalted*)

Oh, what wonder!
 My heart, in its grief is consoled.
 All the pain and the sorrow have vanished.
 And heav'n, sees my tears, yes heav'n has granted
 my prayer.
 At your feet in a dream of enchantment, I die!

(*He faints.*)

Elisabeth

Mighty God the life is fading in those eyes now
filled with tears.

Restore his heart, O God of mercy,
may his noble soul find repose.
Alas! the sorrow overwhelms me,
and in my arms trembling and pale of love and of
grief he is dying,
the man to whom I was betrothed!

Don Carlos (*delirious*)

I hear the heavenly voice, it speaks to me of love.
It's you Elisabeth, my own beloved,
for you are here by my side, as when first we met.
And spring returns again to greet us with her
flow'rs.

Elisabeth

O what madness is this!
He is dying! O gracious heaven!

Don Carlos

O my Elisabeth, it's you Elisabeth!
You are my life, my own beloved, it's you
Elisabeth!
You are my life, my own beloved, it's you!

Elisabeth

O my God! O my fear!
O gracious heaven!

Don Carlos (*coming to*)

From the peace of the tomb, from eternal sleep.
Why return me to life, cruel God?

Elisabeth

Oh! Carlos!

Don Carlos

[13] Here where I stand let the earth crack asunder.
Out of the sky let the thunderbolt strike me.
I love you! I love you Elisabeth,
(*taking her in his arms*)
the world is you alone!

Elisabeth (*breaking free*)

Would you strike and kill your father,
and then still wet with his blood
would you lead to the altar your mother,
and would you strike and kill your father.

Don Carlos (*reeling back, aghast*)

Ah! I am cursed, I am cursed!

Elisabeth

God above kept watch over us!
O God! O God!

No 5, Scena and Romance

*King Philip, Thibault, the Countess of Aremburg,
Rodrigo, Eboli, the ladies-in-waiting, Philip's
entourage, and pages enter in quick succession.*

Thibault (*hurrying from the cloister*)

[14] The King!

Philip (*to Elisabeth*)

Why alone here my lady?
The Queen is not allowed to remain unattended!
Do you ignore the rule of my court?
Which of you ladies-in-waiting has failed in her
task?
(*The Countess of Aremburg steps out of the group
and approaches the King, trembling.*)
(*to the Countess*)
Countess, you will leave for France tomorrow.

(*The Countess breaks out in tears. Everybody looks
at the Queen, startled.*)

Chorus

Oh! What an insult to the Queen!

Elisabeth

[15] Don't weep, my dear companion,
O dry these tears though we so soon must part.
Though from Spain you are banished,
you'll remain here within my heart.
At your side I spent my childhood,
those days will not come again!
To France you must return,
our France you'll see again. Ah!
Greet that land from an exile in Spain!
(*handing the Countess a ring*)
Receive this ring and wear it,

remember that you are dear to me.
But conceal this wrong done me,
all the shame I'm forced to bear.
Do not tell them of my suff'ring,
these tears of grief and pain,
to France you must return, our France, you'll see
again.
Greet that land from an exile in Spain.
To France, you are returning,
take a greeting to France from an exile in Spain.

Rodrigo

Glistening tears attest that she is pure and
blameless,
cruelly wronged by the King.
She is pure, she is wronged by the King.

Philip (*aside*)

Boldly she dares defy me, pretends she's
blameless,
dares to defy the King!

Chorus

Glistening tears attest she is pure and blameless,
cruelly wronged by the King.
She is pure, she is wronged by the King.

(*In tears, the Queen moves away from the Countess
and leaves the scene, supported by Eboli. Everybody
withdraws.*)

No 6, Scena and Duet

(Rodrigo genuflects before the King, then goes towards him, without showing any sign of awe.)

Philip *(to Rodrigo)*

^[16] Remain here!

I've seen you at my court, but you have never asked for an audience with me?

I am a man prepared to reward all my friends; and you have, so I am told, served the Empire bravely.

Rodrigo

Why should I seek reward or favour from the King, Sire?

I live content beneath the law of your realm.

Philip

Pride is a trait I admire, boldness a fault I can pardon... if I wish.

(after a pause)

But I'm told you have left my army; and men like yourself who are born and bred as soldiers are not contented living in peace.

Rodrigo

If Spain has need of a sword to defend her, if my country is wronged, if a foe should be near, then my hand and my sword will be the first to serve her!

Philip

That I know... but for now what would you ask me?

Rodrigo

Nothing, no... nothing for me, but for others.

Philip

What does that mean? For others?

Rodrigo

Sire, I shall speak, freely if I am allowed.

Philip

Speak on.

Rodrigo

^[17] O King, I come here from Flanders, from that country once so fair; that is now but a desert of ashes, a place of death and despair! There in the streets there are orphans, they're starving and beg for food, stumbling as they flee from the flames, smeared with their own parents' blood!

The streams are laden with corpses, the rivers with blood run red, and the air is loud with shrieking of women who mourn for their dead!

Ah! great God be blessed for this meeting.

Thy hand has led me to bring news of Flanders in torment

to the throne of the King.

Philip

Blood is the price that's paid for peace in my dominions, my thunderbolt has crushed those proud rebellious men who tried to fool the people with their false lying dreams, and death sown by my hands, yes death had reaped its harvest!

Rodrigo

And you believe by sowing death you sow for future peace?

Philip

Look at Spain, there's your answer, where the workmen in the towns, the peasants in the country accept the laws of God and the rule of their King. I'll bring that kind of peace to my Flanders!

Rodrigo

A mockery of peace, the peace that fills the grave! O King! Would you have future ages curse your name and say 'A second Nero!'

^[18] What kind of peace is this you give your subjects? What do you give them but fear and horrors unending.

Your priests are men of blood and your soldiers beasts of prey!

Your people die and their groans have been silenced, and all your empire is a wasted desert where the name of King Philip is accursed! You could spread great as God, joy and peace through your empire. King rouse yourself, show yourself sublime now, show all the world how a King should rule; one word from you could change the world and set all people free!

Philip

Strange and fantastic dreamer.

You'd quickly change your mind if you but knew the hearts of the men

as they're known by their ruler!

That's enough! The King has not heard what you said!

Have no fear! But beware my Grand Inquisitor!

Rodrigo

What... Sire!

Philip

You have stood here in my presence and asked no favour, for yourself from the King.

From now on, you shall stay here at my side.

Rodrigo

Sire! No! Let me stay as I am!

Philip

You are too proud.

You look into my eyes and tell me how I should govern
but do you also see the pain and torment that weighs on the man beneath the crown!
Can you guess at my grief... the troubles that surround me,
disgraced by my own son, tortured by my own wife!

Rodrigo

Sire, what can you mean?

Philip

The Queen... I am racked by suspicion... my son!

Rodrigo (*quickly*)

His heart is pure and noble!

Philip (*breaking out in pain*)

All I love in the world is stolen by my son!

(*Rodrigo looks at the King in wordless apprehension.*)

From now their fate is in your hands.

You must observe this mad infatuation.

By my leave you may speak when you wish to the Queen!

You alone in my court, are a man.

I take my heart and place it in your hands.

Rodrigo (*aside, overwhelmed with joy*)

A sudden ray of hope is dawning!

The King has bared his heart which was always closed before!

Philip

Ah! May this day of hope restore my peace of mind!

May it restore peace to my mind!

Beware my Grand Inquisitor! Beware! Beware!

(*The King extends his hand to Rodrigo who kisses it while kneeling down. The curtain falls quickly.*)

COMPACT DISC TWO

Act II

Scene 1

[1] No 7, Prelude

No 8, Scena, Duet and Trio

A secluded grove with a fountain. It is a clear night.

Don Carlos (*reading a note*)

[2] At midnight in the garden of the Queen...

Under the trees beyond the fountain.

And now it's midnight!

I hear in the darkness the sound of the murmuring waters...

Drunk with desire, filled with delight and longing.

Elisabeth! My love, ah my life I am here!

(*Eboli enters, her face hidden by a veil. Don Carlos believes her to be the Queen and addresses her passionately.*)

It's you, it's you, my own beloved,

you're here amid these flow'rs,

it's you, it's you my soul's enchanted.

The future now is ours.

Oh source of joy my soul's contented

for now you're here can this be true?

Oh sweetest pain my heart's tormented,

my love, ah my life, it's you!

Eboli (*aside*)

A love like his is the dream I've longed for.

Ah, how sweet to be loved like this!

Don Carlos

In a dream let us live, forgetting all the future!

The past is no more; One thing alone remains!

I love you, I love you!

Eboli

Ever united, we shall live for our love!

Don Carlos

In a dream let us live, forgetting all the future!

| We'll live for love!

Eboli

We'll live for love

(*She removes her veil.*)

Don Carlos (*aghast, to himself*)

Ah! It's not the Queen!

Eboli

O heav'n! What has happened, you're so pale,
so still and why don't you speak?

What spectre is haunting our love?

Can you doubt that my heart beats only for you.

(*Carlos does not answer.*)

**[3] Alas your youthful mind has no idea
what dangers lie along the path you tread,
you have not heard that distant thunder,
nor seen the lightning gather round your head.**

Don Carlos

I know well those hidden dangers

waiting on that lonely path I tread.

I hear the sound of distant thunder

as the lightning gathers round my head!

Eboli

I must warn you that your trusted Posa

was talking with your father, talking of you.

Don Carlos

Rodrigo!

Eboli

Yes, I can save you, I can save you, I love you.

Don Carlos

How can I believe the news she has revealed!
How can this be true?

Eboli (*worried*)

O Carlos!

Don Carlos

I know your heart is good and noble,
but mine must remain closed to thoughts of joy,
we were both led astray by a dream of madness,
wrought by the spell of night and the scent of the
flow'rs.

Eboli

A dream? Oh heavens!
Then those words that you uttered, words of
burning passion were meant for another!
Oh my God! Now I know!
You're in love with the Queen!

Don Carlos (*losing control*)

It's true!

Rodrigo (*entering rapidly*)

What did he say?
He is demented, can you not see he's out of his
mind!

Eboli

I looked in his heart, read its depths;
Carlos is doomed, cannot be saved.

Rodrigo (*in a menacing tone*)

What was that?

Eboli

Let me go!

Rodrigo

What was that, wretched woman?
Tremble. I am...

Eboli

The fav'rite of the King. Yes, yes I know.
But in me you've found a foe wild and dangerous;
I know all of your pow'r, you cannot guess at
mine!

Rodrigo

What are you trying to tell me?

Eboli

Nothing!
(*with subdued but unmistakable meaning, to
Rodrigo*)

⁴ Now he has scorned the love I gave him,
he's in my pow'r, you cannot save him.

Rodrigo (*to Eboli*)

Confess, confess and let us learn your pow'r.
What were you doing here at this hour?

Eboli

I turn at bay like a tigress wounded,
beware of a woman offended.

Rodrigo

Beware the wrath of God above;
He will protect innocent love.

Eboli

He's in my pow'r, you cannot save him.

Don Carlos

I'm to blame, I'm to blame, Oh what bitter sorrow,
I've dishonoured the name of my mother!
God in heaven looks down from above,
He'll protect an innocent love!

Rodrigo

Confess and let us learn what you were doing here
at this hour.
Beware the wrath of God high above,
He will protect innocent love.

Eboli

Now he has scorned the love I gave him.
He's in my pow'r, you cannot save him.
He's in the pow'r of a woman offended,

like a tigress who's wounded.
He's in my pow'r.

Eboli (*with bitter irony*)

And I used to tremble before her.
Tho' she was robed in a mantle of virtue,
tho' she walked through the court with the air of
a saint,
all the while she was greedily draining the cup of
the pleasures of passion!
Ah! By my faith, she was far too brazen!

Rodrigo (*drawing his dagger*)

For that you die.

Don Carlos (*restraining him*)

Rodrigo!

Rodrigo

Those accursed lips of hers must swallow their
poison forever!

Don Carlos (*to Rodrigo*)

Rodrigo, are you mad!

Eboli

Do you fear to strike me?

Rodrigo

No!

Eboli
Then strike me now! Here I am!

Rodrigo (*throwing the dagger away*)
No, one hope is left me and God will be my guide.

Eboli (*to Don Carlos*)
[5] Treacherous son, adult'rous lover,
for my revenge I mean to cry!
What you have done admits no pardon,
when I reveal it you must die!

Rodrigo
If you should speak, then God will strike you,
raising his arm to prove you lie!
If you should speak, He'll show no mercy,
He will strike and you will die.

Don Carlos
Ev'rythings lost! She knows it all!
O bitter sorrow! O God in mercy hear my cry;
hear, Oh God, Oh hear my cry!

Eboli
Beware! Adult'rous son, beware!

Rodrigo
If you should speak, then God will strike you,
raising his arm to prove you lie!
If you should speak, He'll show no mercy,
He will strike and you will die.

If you should speak, then God will strike you to
prove you lie!
He'll show you no mercy, he will strike you and
you will die!

Don Carlos
Ev'rything's lost, she knows my secret,
merciful God, O hear my cry,
ev'rything's lost, she knows my secret,
merciful God, O let me die!

Eboli
Treacherous son, adult'rous lover,
for my revenge I mean to cry,
what you have done, admits no pardon,
when I reveal it you must die!
Beware adult'rous lover, beware of me,
for what you've done admits no pardon,
O treach'rous son for you must die.

Rodrigo
Carlos! If you are carrying any dang'rous letters,
any notes, or plans: entrust them now to me.

Don Carlos (*besitating*)
To you, the fav'rite of the King!

Rodrigo
Is Carlos mistrustful of me?

Don Carlos
No, no, Oh my friend, my dear companion:
My love for you cannot fail.
You know this heart is yours for ever.
My friend whom I trust as a brother!
Here, all my plans and my papers, they are here!

Rodrigo
Carlos my friend.
Ah, you may trust my love!

Don Carlos
Ah, now I trust your love!

(*They fall into each other's arms.*)

Scene 2

No 9, Finale

A vast square in front of the Cathedral of Our Lady of Atocha. To the right, the church, with an impressive flight of steps leading up to it. To the left, a palace. To the rear, another flight of steps seems to lead to a lower square in the centre of which a stake has been erected whose top can be seen. The horizon is formed by large buildings and distant hills.

(*The sound of festive bells is heard. A milling crowd, held in check with difficulty by halberdiers, fills the stage. A funeral march is heard. A group of monks is crossing the stage, leading those condemned by the Inquisition.*)

Chorus of People

[6] Today is a day of gladness and joy,
today is the day we greet and praise our King of Kings!
The world unites to sing his praises,
ev'ry land must own him as master!
Our great love will be with him always.
Was ever love more richly earned?
His name is the pride of Spain
and that name will live forever in glory!

Chorus of Monks (*the monks cross the stage, leading the condemned towards the stake*)

Today is a day of repentance,
a day of wrath, a day of fear,
of grief for guilty wretches
who have dared to offend the sacred laws of God!
Yet Holy Church will grant her pardon,
if once the sinner confess his crime and repent
when death approaches,
when the flames have consumed his pride!

(*The monks disappear in the crowd.*)

Chorus of People

Glory and praise to our great King!
His name is the pride of his people,
his name will live in glory for evermore.
Our great love will be with him always,
was ever love more richly earned?

Glory, praise to our King the King of Kings,
his name is the pride of Spain,
the pride of his people, it will live in glory for
evermore.
We praise our King, love live the King!

(Rodrigo, the Count of Lerma, Elisabeth, Thibault, pages, ladies-in-waiting, gentlemen of the realm, and heralds now enter in a solemn procession from the palace. All the state offices, the court, the imperial deputies from the Spanish provinces, are represented. The procession comes to a halt in front of the church steps.)

Chorus of People

Today is a day of gladness and joy,
Today is the day we greet and praise our King of Kings!
The world unites to sing his praises,
ev'ry land must own him as lord!
We praise the King! We praise the King!
The King, his name will live for evermore!

(A Herald addresses himself to the portals of the church which are still closed. Everyone bares his head.)

Royal Herald

- [7] Let the sacred doors now be opened.
The house of the Lord be revealed!
O silent great Cathedral now restore us our King!

Chorus of People

Let the sacred doors now be opened.
The house of the Lord be revealed!
O silent great Cathedral now restore us our King!

(When the church portals open, we see King Philip in full regalia, the golden crown on his head, surrounded by monks. The people kneel down. The grandees cover their heads.)

Philip

When I placed on my head the sacred crown of Spain
I gave my solemn word to God whose hand
bestowed it,
that all his foes I'd destroy by fire and sword.

(Everyone bows in silence.)

Chorus of People

Long live the King! Praise to God!

(Philip descends the stairs and takes the Queen's hand in order to continue the procession. All at once six Flemish deputies, clad in brown, appear, led by Don Carlos. They kneel at the King's feet.)

Elisabeth *(aside)*

- [8] O Heav'n! It's Carlos!

Rodrigo *(aside)*

This will lead to disaster!

Philip

Who are these men before me on their knees?

Don Carlos

They have been sent from Brabant and from Flanders,
and I, your son, have led them before the King!

Six Flemish Deputies

Hear us, hear us.
Sire must we learn the day of doom has come,
must Flanders cry in vain?
All your subjects implore you in their grief and distress,
Ah, help us in our pain!
When you knelt in the House of God,
did His voice not inspire your heart to peace in your land?
Then spare our noble country mighty King.
Yes, save our noble country
which God Himself did entrust to your hand!

Philip

To God the Flemish are unfaithful,
their King they disobey.
And they rebel, rise up against me.
Seize them! And take these traitors away!

Monks

Men of Flanders are always faithless.
The laws of God they disobey.
They break God's law the men of Flanders,
and they rebel against the King!

Elisabeth, Thibault, Don Carlos, Rodrigo and Chorus of People

May the King in his grace grant them mercy and pardon.
Pity the men who live in that suffering place
who groan and weep beneath your heavy chain
whom to death you condemn!
Oh grant them grace, forgive these men from that unhappy place.
You can forgive those suff'ring men whom to death you condemn.

Philip

Unfaithful to God, yes unfaithful,
and unfaithful to their king.
These men of Flanders rise in rebellion.

Flemish Deputies

Learn the day of doom has come, must Flanders cry in vain?
All your subjects implore you in their grief and distress
for you can help our pain, O save our beloved country
which God himself did entrust to your hand!

Don Carlos

- [9] Sire! I have something to ask you!
Must I spend all my days leading this useless existence here at your court?
For if God should bestow one day on my brow
that noble imperial crown,

for that duty prepare me, ensure that I am worthy!
Let me rule in Brabant and in Flanders.

Philip
You're insane if you dare suggest it!
You asked that I should give you a sword
that you can raise against the King himself!

Don Carlos
Ah! God reads into our hearts!
He alone will judge our actions.

Elisabeth
I tremble!

Rodrigo (*drawing his sword*)
The prince is lost!

Don Carlos
Then by God here I will swear to defend the noble
people of Flanders myself!

**Elisabeth, Thibault, Rodrigo, Monks and
Chorus of People**
A sword before the King!
The prince has lost his senses!

Philip
Guards! Now disarm the prince!
My lords, defenders of my throne let the prince be
disarmed.
What? You dare not? You dare not!

Don Carlos
So who will dare to take my life?
For I'm prepared to sell it dearly.

(*The grandees retreat before Don Carlos. Furiously,
the King seizes the sword of the Commander of the
Guard.*)

Philip
Must I do so myself!

Rodrigo (*to Don Carlos*)
Yield your sword, sir!

Elisabeth
[10] O heav'n!

(*Don Carlos hands the sword to Rodrigo who bows
and presents it to the King.*)

Don Carlos
You Rodrigo!

Chorus of People
He! Posa!

Elisabeth
He!

Philip
Marquis, I make you duke!
Light the flames to heaven's glory!

(*The King, taking the Queen's hand, resumes the
procession. Their entourage follows them to their
seats where they are to watch the Auto da Fé.*)

Chorus of People
Today is a day of joy and gladness,
today is the day we greet and praise our King of
Kings!
The world unites to sing his praises,
ev'ry land must own him as master!

Monks
But today is a day of repentance.

Voice from Heaven (*from far off*)
O fly to heav'n above, O fly poor souls that burn
in torment!
Draw nigh to the throne of love where peace will
always invite you!
Day of calm.

Flemish Deputies (*watching from downstage as the
stake starts burning*)
Can God allow this shame?
Will he not put out the flame that they light in
his name?
See the pyre is aflame, it is lit in his name.

Monks
A day of wrath, day of fear, a day of grief and of
fear!

Philip
Praise to God!

Chorus of People
Praise to God!

(*The stake goes up in flames.*)
(*Curtain*)

COMPACT DISC THREE

**Act III
Scene 1**

No 10, Introduction and Scena

[1] [Introduction]

*The King's study in Madrid. Philip II, deep in
thought, sitting at a table strewn with papers.
Two candles are nearly burnt down. Dawn starts
breaking, lighting the window.*

Philip (*as if in a dream*)
[2] She has no love for me!
No! She closes her heart, she has no love for me!
Well I recall her glance when she met me in
silence,
saw my grey hair, that day she came from France
to wed me.

No, she has no love for me!
(*coming awake*)

Where am I? All the candles are burnt out,
the silver dawn is in the sky... and it is day!
My life stretches empty before me.

I never sleep; but brood on my weary existence.

[3] I'll only sleep when I am laid to rest,
wrapped in royal robes, when my last hour has
called me,
then I shall sleep in a cold tomb of marble,
I'll sleep alone in a cold tomb of marble within the
vaults of th'Escorial.

Why cannot the crown bestow on kings the pow'r
to read deep in men's hearts where God alone can
see.

Ah! Why cannot the crown give to monarchs the
pow'r
to read the hearts of men where alone God can
see!

If the King sleeps, treachery lurks in the darkness;
plotting to seize both his crown and his wife!
She has no love for me. No, she closes her heart.
No love for me!

(*He again loses himself in his thoughts.*)

No 11, Scena

(*The Grand Inquisitor, ninety years old and blind,
enters. He is supported by two Dominican friars.*)

Count of Lerma

[4] The Grand Inquisitor.

Grand Inquisitor

Am I before the King?

Philip

Yes, I have sent for you, my Father, I need your
help.

Carlos disturbs my peace, fills me with bitter
sorrow;
My son has drawn his sword against his own
father.

Grand Inquisitor

And what have you decided to do?

Philip

All or nothing.

Grand Inquisitor

That much is clear.

Philip

Into exile, or else the scaffold...

Grand Inquisitor

And so?

Philip

If I put him to death, will you give me absolution?

Grand Inquisitor

The peace of the Empire demands the blood of
sons in rebellion.

Philip

Can I kill my son for th' Empire, I, a Christian?

Grand Inquisitor

God, to save the world, sacrificed his only son.

Philip

And such a cruel act is justified for all?

Grand Inquisitor

For all wherever the cross has been raised to
inspire them.

Philip

What of nature and love, can I deny their voice?

Grand Inquisitor

Such denial is the price we must pay for the faith.

Philip

He dies then!

Grand Inquisitor

And has the King nothing else he would tell me?

Philip

No!

Grand Inquisitor

Then it is I, who must speak to you Sire.

[5] In this land of Spain no heresy has thrived,
but now a man has dared undermine the Holy
Church;
he's friendly with the King, shares in his secret
counsels,
he's a fiend who is driving the King to destruction.
The crimes of the Prince which cause you such
distress,
compared to his are naught, but the games of a
child,
and I your Grand Inquisitor, I while raising my
hand
on the poor and the weak condemning them to
die,
I have withheld my sword from the great ones of
this land.
I've left in peace so far the evil traitor and you!

Philip

I sought an honest man to share my heavy
burdens,
I had need of a friend, instead of fawning
courtiers.
A man whom I could trust, and I have found him!

Grand Inquisitor

But why a man? Why presume to call yourself a
King?
Sire, if you need help from a man.

Philip
Enough priest!

Grand Inquisitor
The spirit of reform has poisoned you already!
Do you think that your feeble hand could ever
shake
the Holy yoke which is laid upon the Christian
world?
Return King, to your duty;
the Church, a kindly mother can forgive erring
sons
when their repentance is sincere;
you must yield us the Marquis of Posa.

Philip
No, never!

Grand Inquisitor
O King, were I not here with you,
had you not called me today
by God I swear before tomorrow's dawn
the King himself would stand before the
Inquisitor.

Philip
Priest! I've had enough of your insolent pride!

Grand Inquisitor
Why ask for help from God if you have lost your
faith?
I taught you in your youth.

Two Kings I've giv'n this Empire,
now must the work of my days be destroyed by
your madness!
Then why was I called here?
You have no need of me!

(He is about to leave.)

Philip
My father may the peace we have known be
restored.

Grand Inquisitor *(He proceeds on his way out.)*
The peace?

Philip
Can you forget all that's been said?

Grand Inquisitor *(in the doorway)*
Maybe!

Philip
So must the King bow down before the priest's
commandment!

No 12, Scena and Quartet

*(The Queen enters, very excited, and throws herself
at the King's feet.)*

Elisabeth
[6] Your highness I ask for justice!

I know the King will support my case.
For here within your court I have been shamefully
treated,
and by some secret foe, I am wronged and
insulted.
My casket, it contains Sire, the things I value,
all my jewels, not only them but all I hold most
dear,
a thief has dared to steal!
I ask you for justice! I demand restitution from
the King.

*(The King rises slowly, takes a casket from the table,
offers it to the Queen.)*

Philip
What you have lost, my lady, is here!

Elisabeth
Heav'n!

Philip
Would you care to look inside?
*(The Queen makes a sign of refusal. He breaks open
the casket.)*
I'll open it myself!

Elisabeth *(aside)*
God I am lost!

Philip
Here's a portrait of Carlos!

Have you nothing to tell me?
A portrait of Carlos.

Elisabeth
Yes!

Philip
Concealed with your jewels?

Elisabeth
Yes!

Philip
What! You dare confess that to me?

Elisabeth
Yes I dare!
[7] You know full well, my hand was plighted
to Don Carlos, yes to your son!
I came to you at God's command
pure as the fleur-de-lys of France!
Yet you dare insult my honour,
cast doubt on a daughter of France!
Cast doubt on the word of a princess,
doubt the Queen of Spain! Doubt me!

Philip
You're far too bold, you speak too freely!
So far you've only known me in my moments of
weakness,
that weakness will not last, you'll see it turn to
rage.
Then heaven help both you and me!

Elisabeth
And what has been my crime?

Philip
You lied to me!
If your disgrace is as deep as I think it.
If you've betrayed me,
then by God high above I swear to be revenged
with blood!

Elisabeth
How I pity you!

Philip
What? You pity me, an adulterous wife!

Elisabeth (*fainting*)
Ah!

Philip (*opening the door to the rear*)
Someone help the Queen!

Eboli (*terrified at seeing the Queen lying unconscious*)
Ah! What have I done! My God!

Rodrigo (*to the King*)
Sire! When half the world looks to you as its ruler:
one man alone you have failed to subdue,
the King has no pow'r to command himself?

Philip (*aside*)
[8] Accurst be this hour.
This wretched suspicion,
work of a cruel fiend,
of a fiend sent from hell!

Eboli (*aside*)
Oh remorse, Oh remorse, Oh regret unavailing!
I have sinned. I have sinned, committed a crime,
Oh remorse!

Philip
No! She is good and she is honest.
I know her soul is pure and true!

Rodrigo (*aside*)
The time has come, I hear the thunder,
the lightning flashes, and I must act,
This land of Spain requires a victim
who will ensure her future peace!

Elisabeth (*coming to*)
Where am I?
Alas! Oh help me mother.
See these tears that burn in my eyes.
Alone in this country so unfriendly!
Grant me, Oh God, grant me peace!

Eboli
Oh remorse! Ah remorse!
I've betrayed my innocent mistress, how can
I hope for peace.
I have sinned, committed a crime and how can

I hope for peace.
Oh remorse! Oh regret unavailing.
I've betrayed my innocent mistress.

Philip
No, she is proud and honest, I know that her soul
is pure.
No! She is good, and she is honest,
I know her soul is pure and true!
Accurst be this hour, oh unworthy suspicion.

Rodrigo
The time has come, I hear the thunder,
the lightning flashes and I must act!
I hear the thunder and this land of Spain requires
a victim
who'll die to ensure her future peace.

(*After a moment of hesitation, the King leaves. With an obvious gesture of decision, Rodrigo follows him. Eboli remains alone with the Queen.*)

No 13, Scene and Aria

Eboli (*throwing herself at the Queen's feet*)
[9] Forgive! Forgive and pardon a woman who's
wronged you.

Elisabeth
Why do you kneel? What is it?

Eboli
Ah, my remorse overwhelms me! My heart breaks
with grief.
Angel from heav'n. Oh my Queen true and noble,
now learn what cruel fiend from hell has worked
your ruin!
Your case of jewels was stolen by me!

Elisabeth
You!

Eboli
Yes! And I, I wrongfully accused you!

Elisabeth
What, you!

Eboli
Yes, my love and my rage, the hate I felt for you!
Passion and fury combined to torment me
and jealousy poisoned my heart!
For I loved Carlos! By him I was rejected!

Elisabeth
You loved Carlos! Rise again!

Eboli
No! Forgive! There's more to tell you...

Elisabeth
There's more?

Eboli

Forgive, forgive!

The King... I beg you do not curse me!

Yes, seduced me, defiled me!

I who dared accuse you...

I... yes I myself am guilty!

Elisabeth

Give me back my cross!

(Eboli hands it to her.)

Before tomorrow's dawn be gone from my court.

Between exile and the veil, you now may choose!

(The Queen leaves. Eboli rises.)

Eboli *(in despair)*

Ah! From my Queen I am exiled, I'm banished forever!

^[10] Oh cruel fate. Oh hated gift, a gift that heav'n bestowed in anger!

You who can make a woman so vain.

Beauty I curse you, beauty curse your fatal pow'r.

Although my bitter tears are flowing,

they cannot wash away my grief!

My repentance, my terrible anguish

cannot change what I've done or bring relief!

Beauty I curse you, beauty I curse your fatal pow'r.

My Queen I leave you an innocent victim

of my jealous passion: my foolish love.

I shall take the veil in some lonely cloister.

I shall hide away from the world evermore.

Farewell, farewell! My Queen farewell!

What of Carlos?

Ah! They will kill him... by tomorrow he may be dead!

Ah! One day is left me, and hope once more revives me.

Ah! Yes hope revives me, for in that day I can save his life!

One day is left me, I bless that day!

I shall save his life!

(Exits quickly.)

Scene 2

No 14, Death of Rodrigo

The prison of Don Carlos. A dark dungeon, hastily furnished with a few appropriate objects. Through the iron bars which separate the prison from the courtyard beyond we see guards pacing up and down. A small stairway leads from the courtyard up to the higher parts of the building. Don Carlos is sitting, deep in thought. Rodrigo enters, whispering to some officials who withdraw immediately. He sadly looks at Carlos who, aware of a visitor, moves slightly.

Rodrigo

^[11] I'm here my Carlos.

Don Carlos *(extending his hand to him)*

Oh, Rodrigo, my only friend, you've come to see me here in this my tomb.

Rodrigo

My Carlos!

Don Carlos

You were right, for all my strength has failed me.

My love for the Queen is a grief that will kill me.

No, I can do no more for our people.

But you can bring Flanders that golden age we both longed to see.

Rodrigo

Oh! You have still to learn now much I love you!

Soon you will leave this dismal place of death.

My heart is filled with joy, let your friend now embrace you!

I've saved your life!

Don Carlos *(deeply moved)*

My life?

Rodrigo

And I must leave you, this is our last farewell.

(Don Carlos is stunned and looks at Rodrigo without making a move.)

O my Carlos!

^[12] My last day has dawned forever,
you and I must now say goodbye;
till that time when God unites us,
when once more we meet on high!
In your eyes I see such sorrow;
why these tears, why these silent tears of grief?
No, be strong for death is welcome,

now I give my life, I gladly give my live for you.
For death is welcome, Carlos my friend now I die for you.

Don Carlos *(worried)*

^[13] But why do you speak of death?

Rodrigo

Listen, time is pressing, for I have drawn the fire of your father's retribution!

From today, it is not you they seek; all blame for the rebellion in Flanders is mine!

Don Carlos

O Rodrigo, who'll believe this?

Rodrigo

The evidence is damning!

All your papers were found on me,
plans and secret plots, overwhelming proof of treason.

A price is on my head, I have not long to live.

Don Carlos

I'll go before the King...

(Two men are seen descending the stairway into the courtyard. One of them is an official of the Inquisition, the other holds a firearm. They stop a moment to discuss Don Carlos and Rodrigo who remain unaware of their presence.)

Rodrigo

No, your duty is to Flanders.
You must live for our glorious endeavour,
live till you see our dream come true.
A new golden age revived with Carlos as King!
Yes you must live and rule, and I must die for you.

(The man carrying the firearm has taken aim at Rodrigo and fires.)

Don Carlos (*terrified*)

God! A shot! Are you hurt?

Rodrigo (*mortally wounded*)

Oh yes,
(sinking into Carlos' arms)
the revenge of the King has not been slow to strike me.

Don Carlos

Great God!

Rodrigo

[14] O Carlos, now listen, your mother awaits you
at San Juste tomorrow, she knows our plan...

Ah! The light is fading...

Oh, my Carlos, your hand, give me your hand!

[15] Now I die, die contented, for by my death I've
saved your life...

Ruler of Spain, saviour of Flanders!

Carlos farewell, ah don't forget, my friend...

do not forget.

You must live and rule and I must die for you!

Ah! Now I die, die contented, for by my death I've
saved your life...

Ruler of Spain, saviour of Flanders!

Carlos farewell, ah, don't forget!

Ah! The light is fading. Carlos, your hand, your
hand.

Ah! Save our Flanders, Carlos, farewell, ah, ah!

*(Rodrigo dies. Carlos throws himself across his
lifeless body. King Philip enters with the Count of
Lerma, Eboli, and other people of his entourage.)*

Philip

[16] My son I return you your sword.

Don Carlos (*in despair*)

Stand back! For your hand is stained with his
blood!

Stand back! We'd sworn to live united as brothers
and he loved me!

His life he sacrificed dying for me!

Philip

My fears were all too true!

Don Carlos

Now you no longer have a son.

All my kingdom lies here with him!

(Looking at Rodrigo.)

Philip

Who'll give me back that man?

(The storm-bells are heard.)

Chorus

Ha! The alarm!

Chorus of People

He dies who dares oppose the might of the
people!

We strike to kill, and have no fear!

The King himself must beware our fury. Ah!

He must do as we say!

Count of Lerma

The mob is in revolt!

And they call for the prince!

Philip

Unbar that gateway.

Chorus (Grandeess of Spain)

God!

Philip

Come obey me! I command!

(A furious crowd is rushing onstage.)

Chorus of People

He dies who dares oppose the might of the
people!

We strike to kill and have no fear.

The King himself must beware our fury. Ha!

He must do as we say!

Eboli (*disguised, to Don Carlos*)

Escape! Escape!

Philip (*to the people*)

And whom d'you seek?

Chorus of People

Don Carlos!

Philip (*pointing to Don Carlos*)

There he stands!

Grand Inquisitor (*appearing suddenly*)

Sacrilegious rabble!

(The people recede before the Grand Inquisitor.)

Chorus of People

The Grand Inquisitor!

Grand Inquisitor

On your knees before the King by God elected!

On your knees, on your knees.

Kneel before him!

Grand Inquisitor and Philip
On your knees!

(The people fall to their knees.)

Chorus of People
O Lord grant us your grace!

Philip
Great God glory to Thee!

Chorus of People
Grant us your grace!

Count of Lerma
Long live the King! Long live the King!

Philip and Grand Inquisitor
Great God glory to Thee!

Chorus (Grandeess of Spain)
Long live the King!

Chorus of People
Lord ah, Lord!

(The Grand Inquisitor descends towards Philip, who goes towards him among the kneeling crowd.)

Act IV

No 15, Scena and Elisabeth's Aria

[17] [Introduction]

The Cloister of the Monastery of San Juste (the same as Act I). It is night, brightened by moonlight. Elisabeth enters slowly, absorbed in her thoughts. She approaches the tomb of Charles V and kneels in front of it.

Elisabeth

[18] You, who spurned and renounced all the world
and its splendour,
you who found in the tomb deep repose, sweet
and tender.
If there are tears in paradise, tears for a heart that's
broken,
ah, bear these tears, carry my tears of sorrow to
mighty God.
Ah, bear these tears, ah, carry my tears of grief to
mighty God.
Carlos will be here! Yes! He must leave me and
forget me...
I swore to Posa I would help him and save him.
His path he must pursue, fame and glory await.
As for me, my task is over. My life is at an end!

[19] France, my noble land, so dear to me in childhood!
Fontainebleau! My heart o'erflows when I recall you.
It was there that God received our vows of lasting
love,

and that eternal vow lasted only a day.
O fair gardens of Spain, so bleak, as dawn
approaches,
if Carlos returns to wander through your shadows,
may the leaves and the streams, crystal fountains
and flow'rs
sing together of love, that love that once was ours!
Farewell, farewell dreams of delight...
Deceiving hopes, delusions!
Every bond is destroyed.
Every bond has been broken that ties me to life!
Farewell, farewell, my youth, my love!
Overwhelmed with despair, my heart has one
desire: the peace of the tomb!
You, who spurned and renounced all the world
and its splendour,
you who found in the tomb deep repose, sweet
and tender.
If there are tears in paradise, tears from a heart
that's broken.
Ah, bear these tears, carry my tears of sorrow to
mighty God.
O noble Emperor, ah if there are tears to God,
carry my tears to God.

No 16, Scena, Duet and Finale

Don Carlos (*entering*)
[20] She's there!

Elisabeth
One word, just one; it's time to say farewell, and
you must leave;

for now your duty calls you, you must live and
forget me.

Don Carlos
Yes, I want to be strong but when my heart is
broken it's like a living death!

Elisabeth
No, remember Rodrigo.
Was it for foolish dreams that he sacrificed his life?

Don Carlos (*with enthusiasm*)
In his fair land of Flanders I'll raise a tomb to him,
the like of which no king has ever seen before,
where his mem'ry shall live.

Elisabeth
The flowers will bloom in paradise to bring him
joy and comfort!

Don Carlos
I was lost in a dream, it fled...
now by the sombre light of day I see the flames
destroying all the land,
the rivers red with blood, and the fields laid waste,
a people in despair who raise their hands to
Carlos,
looking to me to help and save them from
destruction.
And there I mean to go to free them though I live
or die,
you'll rejoice in my vict'ry or weep for my death.

Elisabeth (*exaltedly*)

Ah you speak as a hero and sacred flames inspire
you
and love worthy of us, yes love that is pure and
true!

Love that can change men to gods!

Ah! You must not delay, go, ah!

Go, take up the cross and save those men who call
for you!

Don Carlos

Yes in your voice I hear all the people of Flanders
call.

Elisabeth

Go save the people!

Don Carlos

Ah! If I die for them, then my blood is not shed
in vain!

Elisabeth

Go! Go you must not delay!

Don Carlos

Yes my blood is not shed in vain!

Elisabeth

Go, take up your cross to save those men who call
for you!

Don Carlos

And my death will be worthy!

And only yesterday I swore no earthly pow'r
could tear your hand from mine when once I held
it fast.

But duty now has triumphed over tender
weakness;

the vision of glory shines to fill my heart with
courage.

And see Elisabeth! I hold you in my arms.

Hold you and fell no falt'ring, yes I am free at last!

Now that all's at an end, and my hand draws away
from yours...

you are weeping?

Elisabeth

Yes, tears of admiration.

These tears are tears of courage, tears that show
noble grief,
tears that all women shed when heroes must say
farewell!

Elisabeth and Don Carlos

[21] We shall meet not in this world but where life has
no ending,
far from this earthly strife where lasting peace
enfolds us;
yes, there we'll meet again in the peace of the
Lord,
in that eternal calm, which all men yearn to find!
In this solemn hour of parting we forget our vows
of passion,

we'll forget those words of weakness, words that
tell of earthly love,
we'll forget all those words that we murmured
together.

Don Carlos

Farewell my mother!

Elisabeth

My son, farewell!

Don Carlos

Now we must part!

Elisabeth

Yes we must part!

Elisabeth and Don Carlos

Farewell! Farewell forever! For evermore!

Philip (*taking the Queen by the arm*)

[22] Yes, for ever! A double sacrifice is needed!
I've accomplished my task.
(*to the Grand Inquisitor*)
And you?

Grand Inquisitor

The Holy church will do her part!

Elisabeth

God!

Grand Inquisitor (*to the officials of the Inquisition,
pointing to Don Carlos*)

Guards!

Don Carlos

God will avenge my death!

These laws you wrote in blood by His hand shall
be destroyed!

(*Don Carlos, fending off the officials, retreats to the
tomb of Charles V. The Friar appears recognisable
as the former emperor Charles V, wearing his regalia
and crown.*)

An Old Monk

My son though the griefs that assail you
still must be endured in this place,
the peace that your heart so yearns for
will be found at the throne of grace!

Grand Inquisitor

That's the Emperor's voice!

Chorus of Monks

It's Charles the Fifth!

Philip (*terrified*)

My father!

Elisabeth

O God!

(*Charles V pulls Don Carlos into the cloister.*)



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Jane Dutton as Eboli in Opera North's 2009 production of *Don Carlos*



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Janice Watson as Elisabeth de Valois and Julian Gavin as Don Carlos in Opera North's 2009 production of *Don Carlos*



On session: Richard Farnes



John Tomlinson as the Inquisitor in The Royal Opera's production of *Don Carlo*



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GIUSEPPE VERDI: DON CARLOS

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GIUSEPPE VERDI

DON CARLOS

Opera in four acts

Libretto by Joseph Méry and Camille du Locle, after Schiller

English translation by Andrew Porter

Philip II, King of Spain	Alastair Miles <i>bass</i>
Don Carlos, Infante of Spain	Julian Gavin <i>tenor</i>
Rodrigo, Marquis of Posa	William Dazeley <i>baritone</i>
The Grand Inquisitor	John Tomlinson <i>bass</i>
Elisabeth de Valois, Philip's Queen	Janice Watson <i>soprano</i>
Princess of Eboli	Jane Dutton <i>mezzo-soprano</i>
Thibault, Elisabeth de Valois' page	Julia Sporsén <i>soprano</i>
An old Monk	Clive Bayley <i>bass</i>

Chorus of Opera North
Orchestra of Opera North

Richard Farnes

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