



CHANDOS

OPERA IN
ENGLISH

RICHARD STRAUSS

ARIADNE ON NAXOS

complete with Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme

Christine Brewer

Scottish Chamber Orchestra

Sir Richard Armstrong

PETER MOORES FOUNDATION



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Richard Strauss

Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

Ariadne on Naxos

Opera in a prologue and one act

Libretto by Hugo von Hofmannsthal

English translation by Christopher Cowell

Complete with Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme

PROLOGUE

Major-Domo	Stephen Fry <i>spoken</i>
The Prima Donna (later Ariadne)	Christine Brewer <i>soprano</i>
The Tenor (later Bacchus)	Robert Dean Smith <i>tenor</i>
Composer	Alice Coote <i>mezzo-soprano</i>
Music Master	Alan Opie <i>baritone</i>
Dancing Master	John Graham-Hall <i>tenor</i>
A Wigmaker	Paul Keohone <i>bass</i>
A Footman	Dean Robinson <i>bass</i>
An Officer	Declan McCusker <i>tenor</i>

COMMEDIA DELL'ARTE PLAYERS

Zerbinetta	Gillian Keith <i>soprano</i>
Harlequin	Roderick Williams <i>baritone</i>
Scaramuccio	John Graham-Hall <i>tenor</i>
Truffaldino	Matthew Rose <i>bass</i>
Brighella	Wynne Evans <i>tenor</i>

OPERA SERIA

Ariadne	Christine Brewer <i>soprano</i>
Bacchus	Robert Dean Smith <i>tenor</i>
Naiad	Anita Watson <i>soprano</i>
Dryad	Pamela Helen Stephen <i>mezzo-soprano</i>
Echo	Gail Pearson <i>soprano</i>

Scottish Chamber Orchestra	Bradley Creswick <i>guest leader</i>
	Catriona Beveridge <i>piano</i>
	Gareth Hancock <i>assistant conductor</i>
	Sir Richard Armstrong

Bradley Creswick appears by kind permission of Northern Sinfonia, Orchestra of the Sage Gateshead

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COMPACT DISC ONE		
Suite from <i>Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme</i>, Op. 60	35:11	
[1] 1. Overture	4:01	
[2] 2. Minuet	1:37	
[3] 3. The Fencing Master	1:44	
[4] 4. Entry and Dance of the Tailors	5:13	
[5] 5. Lully's Minuet	2:28	
[6] 6. Courante	2:28	
[7] 7. Entry of Cléonte (after Lully)	4:20	
[8] 8. Intermezzo	3:10	
[9] 9. The Dinner	10:08	
Bradley Creswick <i>solo violin</i>		
David Watkin <i>solo cello</i>		
Catriona Beveridge <i>solo piano</i>		
Ariadne on Naxos		
Prologue		
[10] Orchestral Introduction	2:23	[p.42]
[11] 'My good Major-Domo'	3:13	[p.42]
<i>Music Master, Major-Domo</i>		

		Time	Page
¹²	'This dressing room is given to mam'zelle Zerbinetta' <i>Footman, Officer, Composer, Tenor, Wigmaker, Zerbinetta, Prima Donna, Music Master, Dancing Master</i>	5:41	[p.43]
¹³	'I can show them the secrets of the universe' <i>Composer, Music Master</i>	3:09	[p.46]
¹⁴	'Fellow actors, dearest of friends' <i>Zerbinetta, Composer, Music Master, Prima Donna, Dancing Master</i>	3:08	[p.47]
¹⁵	'The company's rising from table' <i>Footman, Music Master, Major-Domo, Prima Donna, Dancing Master, Tenor, Zerbinetta, Composer</i>	4:36	[p.48]
¹⁶	'I'm staggered – how unexpected!' <i>Music Master, Composer, Dancing Master, Tenor, Prima Donna, Zerbinetta</i>	4:22	[p.51]
¹⁷	'She takes him for the God of Death' <i>Composer, Zerbinetta</i>	4:29	[p.53]
¹⁸	'A moment means nothing' <i>Zerbinetta, Composer</i>	4:06	[p.54]
¹⁹	'The stage awaits you' <i>Music Master, Prima Donna, Composer</i>	4:36	[p.54]

TT 75:11

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COMPACT DISC TWO		
The Opera		
[1] Overture	3:37	[p.56]
[2] 'Sleeping?' <i>Naiad, Dryad, Echo</i>	3:50	[p.56]
[3] 'Ah!' <i>Ariadne, Echo, Harlequin, Zerbinetta, Truffaldino</i>	2:51	[p.57]
[4] 'A golden time was Theseus–Ariadne' <i>Ariadne, Naiad, Dryad, Echo, Harlequin, Zerbinetta, Scaramuccio, Truffaldino</i>	6:42	[p.57]
[5] 'Loving, hating, hoping, fearing' <i>Harlequin, Echo, Zerbinetta</i>	2:05	[p.58]
[6] 'There is a land, a world untainted' <i>Ariadne</i>	5:43	[p.59]
[7] 'The lady, we are sad to see' <i>Brighella, Scaramuccio, Harlequin, Truffaldino, Zerbinetta</i>	4:38	[p.60]

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[8] 'Your gracious Royal Highness'	3:17	[p.61]
[9] 'The moment I think I'm true to one lover' <i>Zerbinetta</i>	6:56	[p.61]
[10] 'Quite a sermon, but a waste of effort' <i>Harlequin, Zerbinetta, Brighella, Scaramuccio, Truffaldino</i>	1:27	[p.62]
[11] 'To console a stubborn woman' <i>Brighella, Scaramuccio, Harlequin, Truffaldino, Zerbinetta</i>	6:17	[p.63]
[12] 'A shining marvel, a youthful God!' <i>Dryad, Naiad, Echo</i>	4:22	[p.66]
[13] 'Circe, Circe can you still hear me?' <i>Bacchus, Ariadne, Naiad, Dryad, Echo</i>	4:57	[p.69]
[14] 'Theseus!' <i>Ariadne, Bacchus</i>	4:27	[p.70]
[15] 'Me? Can you be sure?' <i>Bacchus, Ariadne</i>	9:10	[p.71]
[16] 'Shall we not pass over?' <i>Ariadne, Bacchus, Naiad, Dryad, Echo, Zerbinetta</i>	7:22	[p.73]

TT 77:43

On session: Robert Dean Smith





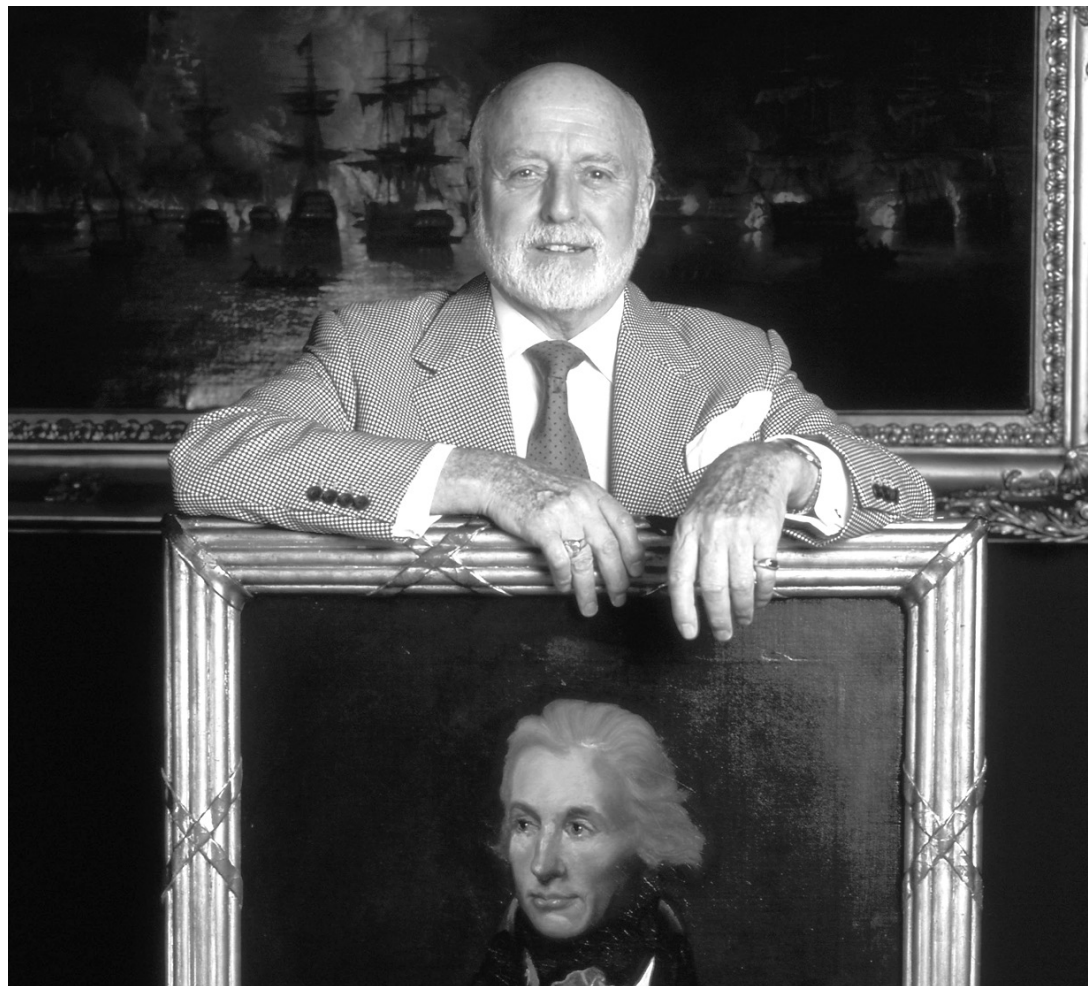
On session: Christine Brewer

In January 2010 the great soprano Christine Brewer joined forces with an equally great team of colleagues, assembled in Edinburgh to record *Ariadne on Naxos* under the inspirational baton of Sir Richard Armstrong conducting the Scottish Chamber Orchestra. We are honoured that Christine chose to make her first recording of what has become her signature role – Ariadne – in English. The teamwork was palpable. We hope you will find the results irresistible – and that the English will encourage you to make further explorations in opera.

A handwritten signature in white ink that reads "Peter Moores". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

Sir Peter Moores, CBE, DL
September 2010

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



Ariadne on Naxos

Today, nearly a century after it was written, *Ariadne on Naxos* is one of the most innovative, most frequently performed and highly regarded of Strauss's operas. Yet during its composition the project caused friction with his librettist Hugo von Hofmannsthal which might easily have brought their collaboration to an end. As will be seen, Strauss won his side of the argument, but only through tactful concessions. The work exists in two versions. Strauss was at first indifferent, if not hostile, to the first version and to the Prologue of the second. Its genesis was complex; he had completed the full score of *Der Rosenkavalier* in September 1910 and was at once eager for more work. On 20 March 1911, Hofmannsthal came up with two ideas in one letter. One was 'a thirty-minute opera for small chamber orchestra... called *Ariadne auf Naxos*' combining 'heroic mythological figures in eighteenth-century costume' with characters from the *commedia dell'arte*. This was to be a thank-offering to the theatre director Max Reinhardt who had stepped in at Dresden to produce *Der Rosenkavalier* (anonymously) when the local producer was baffled by it. The other idea was

'a magic fairy-tale with two men confronting two women, and for one of the women your wife might well, in all discretion, be taken as a model...' The second project, which developed into *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, immediately attracted Strauss, who badgered his librettist to send him some of the text. But Hofmannsthal went to Paris where he saw Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and this gave him another idea – he would adapt the play, Strauss could provide incidental music and in place of the Turkish ceremony with which the Molière ends, M. Jourdain (the *bourgeois gentilhomme*) would command an after-dinner performance of the opera *Ariadne on Naxos* 'punctuated now and then by brief remarks from the dinner guests'.

Strauss's reaction was cool. 'The first half is very nice... the second half is thin. For the dances of the Dancing Master, tailors and scullions, one could write some pleasant salon music.' At this point, it is clear, Strauss had not realised that his collaborator was proposing a novel juxtaposition of play-with-music and opera. Strauss received the last part of the *Ariadne* libretto on 12 July 1911. He

had already sent Hofmannsthal a plan of the set numbers, from which it emerges that he originally intended the role of Ariadne for a contralto and that the role which immediately caught his fancy was that of Zerbinetta, one of the interpolated *commedia dell'arte* characters. For her he planned 'a great coloratura aria and *andante*, then rondo, theme with variations and all coloratura tricks (if possible with flute obbligato), when she speaks of her unfaithful lover (*andante*) and then tries to console Ariadne: rondo with variations (two or three). *A pièce de résistance*'. So it proved. The aria 'Grossmächtige Prinzessin' ['Your gracious Royal Highness'] outdoes the Queen of Night's two arias in *The Magic Flute* for vocal pyrotechnics.

The figure of Ariadne, abandoned by the man she loves (Theseus) and longing for death on the island of Naxos, had haunted Hofmannsthal's imagination since he was a youth, just as it had haunted Monteverdi and Haydn. By contrasting her with the flirtatious Zerbinetta, he could explore the natures of two types of women: Ariadne eternally faithful to one man and yielding herself to another (Bacchus) only because she at first believes him to be Hermes, the messenger of death, sent to lead her to Hades; Zerbinetta happily off with the old and

on with the new. 'When two men like us set out to produce a "trifle" like this,' Hofmannsthal wrote, 'it has to become a very serious trifle.' But Strauss had a pertinent practical question: how was the transition from Molière play to *Ariadne* opera to be effected? A short scene in prose, with no music, was the answer, 'in which the Dancing Master and Composer – who are responsible for arranging the opera performance at M. Jourdain's house – talk about the public, critics, etc. The Composer is to conduct a short heroic opera, *Ariadne auf Naxos*... After the opera a light-hearted afterpiece is planned for the Italian comedians... Now Jourdain sends his footman with the message that he wishes the two pieces to be performed simultaneously in time for a firework display... Consternation.'

Strauss's reaction was decidedly offhand and Hofmannsthal was piqued. He sent Strauss a hifalutin lecture on Bacchus's attitude to Ariadne. All very well, Strauss replied, but if *he* couldn't deduce all this from the libretto, what chance had the audience? Oddly, in view of what happened later, he focused on the prose linking scene. 'Zerbinetta might have an affair with the Composer, so long as he is not too close a portrait of me.' He soon composed the incidental music – 'dashed off', he wrote years later, 'as it were "with my left hand"'.

It says much for the strength of the friendship between the two men that it survived this crisis. Hofmannsthal wrote a long account of the 'meaning' of the opera: 'whether to hold fast to that which is lost, to cling to it even unto death – or to live, live on, to get over it, to transform oneself...' Strauss said the explanation was 'so beautiful and explains the meaning of the opera so wonderfully that a superficial musician like myself could not, of course, have tumbled to it'.

What is now known as the first version of *Ariadne* (Op. 60) was produced by Max Reinhardt at Stuttgart on 25 October 1912. It was a fiasco. 'The playgoing public felt it did not get its money's worth', Strauss wrote many years later, 'while the opera public did not know what to make of Molière.' But performances in other cities convinced Strauss of the work's quality. He had virtuosically used an orchestra of only thirty-seven players (including important parts for piano and harmonium), and when Hofmannsthal in 1913 decided that the Molière should be jettisoned and replaced by a sung Prologue based on the linking scene, he opposed the idea. The original version was performed in London under Sir Thomas Beecham in 1913 in a translation by Somerset Maugham.

Hofmannsthal's idea for the Prologue was that Jourdain should become a rich un-named Viennese patron of the arts who would not appear on stage. Instead his footman, the Major-Domo, would 'transmit his bizarre comments'. He worked out how one of Strauss's finest tunes in the incidental music (which would all be lost if the play was abandoned) could be incorporated into the Prologue. This is the Composer's aria 'Du Venus' Sohn' ['Yes, young Venus' boy']. It was first used as a Sicilienne for oboe in the overture to *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and was sung in the first scene of the play by three sopranos. Proudly Hofmannsthal told Strauss of his new aria for the Composer in praise of music 'which ought to inspire you to find a new and beautiful melody, solemn and ebullient'. He described the words – 'Music is a holy flame, tended only by the brave and the true, like cherubim guarding a radiant throne' – as 'the kind of text Beethoven might have liked to use'. Unbelievably, in view of the wonderful music he later composed for it, Strauss called the libretto of the Prologue 'dreary' and not to his liking at all. The part of the Composer was 'downright distasteful to him'! It was not until three years later, at the end of 1915, when work on *Die Frau ohne Schatten* was held up, that he

filled up his time by setting the Prologue, perhaps his single best operatic scene. It is a brilliant depiction of backstage life. The 'richest man' has engaged an opera company and a troupe of comedians to entertain his dinner guests. Through his footman he orders that the two entertainments – opera and harlequinade – must be given simultaneously in order to be sure they end in time for a fireworks display at 9pm. The young Composer is scandalised but reluctantly agrees to cut his music, composes a new melody, and falls in love with Zerbinetta. The tenor and soprano, who are to sing Bacchus and Ariadne, plead for cuts in the other's part. Zerbinetta calmly and professionally works out how the entertainment can be satisfactorily presented. Not so the Composer, who is in despair over what has happened to his 'sacred art'.

Hofmannsthal strongly objected to Strauss's decision to make the Composer a *travesti* role for mezzo-soprano. Nor had he ever been happy with Strauss's 'singing automaton' treatment of Zerbinetta, attributing it to his 'opportunism in theatrical matters'. Another major snag was how to end the *Ariadne* opera. In the first version, after the Bacchus–Ariadne duet the chorus returns. Zerbinetta, proving her point, sings: 'When a newer god approaches we surrender, silent, still.' The comedians' music

is then recapitulated. Jourdain, who has fallen asleep, is wakened by a footman who asks if the fireworks display should still be held. All this had to go. Strauss suggested that the Composer should return to collect his fee. Hofmannsthal would not hear of it, and Strauss compromised by retaining Zerbinetta's comment, returning to the love-duet and letting the orchestra have the last word. He had (as is obvious) eventually enjoyed setting the Prologue – 'I'm the only composer nowadays with some real humour, a sense of fun and a marked gift for parody... The Prologue to *Ariadne* marks the new road we must follow.' The second version was premièred in Vienna on 4 October 1916.

The musical importance of *Ariadne on Naxos* is twofold: as a combination in one work of *opera buffa* and *opera seria* and as a stage in Strauss's conversion of Mozartian *recitativo secco* into the continuously melodic conversational style which he perfected a few years later in *Intermezzo*. We do composer and librettist an injustice if we judge the creation of *Ariadne* only through the published correspondence which has misled a number of writers into the assumption that Hofmannsthal was Strauss's intellectual superior and that this was a partnership between a Viennese man-of-letters and a

Bavarian musician baffled by his collaborator's metaphysical flights of fancy. Strauss certainly acted as a brake on these, because he knew their works were intended for the theatre and its public, but he understood totally what Hofmannsthal was aiming for, even if he sometimes thought it unnecessarily obscure.

So while Hofmannsthal provided a text about which he himself had very definite musical ideas, Strauss was prepared to concede a loss of musical autonomy with his belief that text and music were an integrated entity and that music alone was not the sole purpose of opera. This creative tug-of-war became the basic inspiration of the crowning glory of his operatic career, *Capriccio*, where it was left unresolved. Or was it?

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme

Feeling guilty because the 1916 version eliminated the incidental music, Hofmannsthal suggested yet another version of the Molière play, in three acts. Very reluctantly in 1917 Strauss composed some extra music, some of it incorporating themes from Lully's original score. This new version was produced by Max Reinhardt in Berlin in April 1918 and ran for thirty-one performances – a flop. Hofmannsthal wanted to try again, but Strauss

had had enough. He made a nine-movement concert Suite, comprising six movements from the music in the first version of *Ariadne* (1912) and three from the 1917 version. He conducted it in Vienna in 1920 and it remains popular.

Of the nine movements, Nos. 5, 6 and 7 were composed for the 1917 version. The music re-creates the style and mood of the seventeenth century in a twentieth-century manner. M. Jourdain, the *bourgeois gentilhomme*, is depicted in the *Overture* by two themes, the first for strings and piano, the second for trumpet. They give way to a lyrical oboe melody. The *Minuet* is succeeded by the *Fencing Master*, who gives Jourdain a display of parries and thrusts (fanfares on trombone, trumpet, piano and horn). The *Tailors* enter to a gavotte and one of them dances a polonaise accompanied by solo violin. In a second *Minuet*, Strauss modernises a tune Lully used in the original 1670 production of *Le bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

The *Courante* is a series of canons, contrapuntally highly ingenious, and is followed by the *Entrance of Cléonte*. Strauss again borrowed from Lully. Cléonte, who aspires to be Jourdain's son-in-law, is dressed as a Turkish potentate, as the trumpet fanfare and percussion indicate. In the eighth

movement a courtly theme is contrasted with one in gentle staccato triplets. The *finale*, *The Dinner*, opens with a grand march. The fish course begins with the Rhine motif from Wagner's *The Ring*. A solo cello dominates the saddle-of-mutton course, complete with quotation of the sheep in Strauss's *Don Quixote*. A dish of larks and thrushes follows. Here Strauss quotes his dawn birdsong from *Der Rosenkavalier* and for some reason alludes to 'La donna è mobile' (from Verdi's *Rigoletto*). Finally comes the *omelette surprise*, when a kitchen-boy emerges from a huge dish and begins to dance – a Viennese waltz, of course.

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Synopsis

COMPACT DISC ONE

Prologue

The house of 'the richest man in Vienna', who has ordered an entertainment for his dinner guests, to be followed by fireworks

[10] Overture. [11] The Music Master objects to the Major-Domo that the new opera *Ariadne*

on Naxos, written by one of his pupils is to be followed by an Italian comedy. The Major-Domo replies that his master has paid for the entertainment and that is what he wants.

[12] The young composer is unaware that the première of his opera will be followed by a comedy. As the two companies arrive and prepare for performance, he is made to feel distinctly unwanted. [13] Suddenly, a beautiful tune forms – too late – in his mind. When he discovers that Zerbinetta's troupe will appear after *Ariadne*, he protests furiously. The Music Master tells him that this is the price of having his opera performed at all!

[14] The Prima Donna who is to sing *Ariadne* also objects strongly to Zerbinetta's presence. Neither lady can be pacified by the Music Master or the Dancing Master (who is responsible for the comedy). [15] The Major-Domo then brings news of a change of plan: so that the fireworks can start punctually, the comedy is to be played simultaneously with the opera. [16] – [17] The operatic artists are horrified but the comedians rise to the challenge. [18] – [19] Zerbinetta charms the composer into accepting a compromise and outlines a comic synopsis of the opera to her companions. However much the composer may now regret what he has agreed, the performance begins.

COMPACT DISC TWO

The Opera

On the island of Naxos

[1] Overture. [2] Ariadne is found lying in front of a cave, abandoned by Theseus on the island of Naxos. She is asleep, watched over by Naiad, Dryad and Echo, who comment on how they have become accustomed to Ariadne's sorrowful state. [3]–[4] Ariadne awakens and tries to recapture a lost dream. [5] Harlequin fears that she has lost her mind and sings a song to try to rouse her, but to no avail. [6] Ariadne continues, welcoming the idea of death. [7] Brighella, Scaramuccio, Harlequin and Truffaldino make another attempt to cheer her up, but their singing and dancing has no effect. Zerbinetta asks the four comedians to leave her so that she can see what she can do on her own.

[8]–[9] Zerbinetta appeals to Ariadne, woman to woman, pointing out that Ariadne is not the first woman to be abandoned by her lover. Ariadne gradually withdraws into the cave, but Zerbinetta continues, insisting that the simplest way to get over a broken heart is to find another lover. She goes on to cite

her own experiences. [10]–[11] Each of the four comedians then pursues Zerbinetta, but it is only Harlequin that wins her.

[12] When Zerbinetta and the comedians have left, the three nymphs re-appear, announcing the arrival of the youthful god Bacchus and recounting the events of his life. The nymphs call Ariadne, who hears Bacchus from afar.

[13] The nymphs encourage Bacchus to continue singing, [14] and Ariadne believes him at first to be her longed-for messenger of Death. Ariadne and Bacchus are both bemused. [15]–[16] Bacchus explains that he is a god, and in a love duet with interjections from the nymphs, Ariadne gives herself up to Bacchus and they withdraw into the cave.

© Claire Newman Williams



Stephen Fry (Major-Domo) was born in 1957 and educated at an unfeasibly large number of educational establishments, most of which rapidly tired of him. At Cambridge University however, he met and worked with, among others, Emma Thompson and Hugh Laurie, a life-long friend and comedy partner.

Fry's first play *Latin!* received a *Scotsman* Fringe First award and has subsequently been performed around the country. The Footlights revue he wrote and performed with Thompson, Laurie and Tony Slattery won the first ever Perrier Award and was televised by the BBC. There followed *Alfresco*, a comedy series for Granada, three series of *Blackadder*, four series of *A Bit of Fry and Laurie* and four series of *Jeeves and Wooster*.

He hosts the BBC quiz show *QI*, has completed two series of *Absolute Power* with John Bird and appeared in numerous single dramas for television, including *Tom Brown's Schooldays* and most recently the series *Kingdom* for ITV. He has also presented the documentaries *The Secret Life of the Manic Depressive*, *HIV, Me and The Machine That Made Us*, and *Stephen Fry in America*. His latest documentary series, *Last Chance to See*, was filmed in remote parts of the world and revisits endangered species that Douglas Adams first reported on fifteen years ago.

As a stage actor he performed in Alan Bennett's *Forty Years On*, Michael Frayn's *Look, Look*, Simon Gray's *The Common Pursuit* and *Cell Mates*. He won a Drama Circle award and a Tony Nomination for his work on the revived musical *Me and My Girl*.

His numerous film appearances have included award-winning performances in *Peter's Friends*, *Wilde*, *Gosford Park*, *V for Vendetta* and most recently *Eichmann*. He wrote and directed *Bright Young Things* in 2003. He has written four best-selling novels, an autobiography, and a book on poetry form, and is well known among a younger generation as the reader of the audiobook versions of J.K. Rowling's Harry Potter novels.

© Christian Steiner



Regarded as one of the finest voices of her generation, American soprano **Christine Brewer** (Prima Donna/ Ariadne) began her professional career with Opera Theatre of Saint Louis, with whom she has performed the roles of Ellen Orford (*Peter Grimes*), Donna Anna (*Don Giovanni*) and the title roles in *Ariadne auf Naxos*, Haydn's *Armida* and Britten's *Gloriana*. Roles for other companies have included Countess Almaviva (*The Marriage of Figaro*) for New York City Opera and the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, Donna Anna at the Edinburgh Festival under Sir Charles Mackerras

and in London, New York and Florida. She has sung Gluck's *Iphigenie en Tauride* in Madrid; Leonore (*Fidelio*) at the Gulbenkian, Lisbon and in London and San Francisco; Rezia in Weber's *Oberon* with Richard Hickox in London; Strauss's *Die aegyptische Helena*, Ellen Orford and Gluck's *Alceste* in Santa Fe; *Gloriana* at the Aldeburgh Festival; and Chrysothemis (*Elektra*) with the Cleveland Orchestra under Frans Welser-Möst.

She has sung Isolde with the BBC Symphony Orchestra, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, at the Edinburgh Festival and for the San Francisco Opera; and Färberin (*Die Frau ohne Schatten*) with the Lyric Opera of Chicago and the Paris Opera. She has achieved international renown for her performances of *Ariadne auf Naxos*, having sung the title role for English National Opera, Opera de Lyon, at the Santa Fe Festival and at the Metropolitan Opera.

In concert Christine Brewer has worked with conductors such as Sir Roger Norrington, Michael Tilson Thomas, Kurt Masur, John Adams, Christoph von Dohnányi, Andrew Litton, John Nelson, Wolfgang Sawallisch, Ivan Fischer, Zubin Mehta, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Antonio Pappano, Sir Charles Mackerras, Sir Colin Davis and Sir Simon Rattle.

Her wide discography includes Leonora (*Fidelio*) and two discs of Great Operatic Arias for Chandos' Opera in English series, *Don Giovanni* under Sir Charles Mackerras, Barber's *Vanessa* under Leonard Slatkin for Chandos, *Tristan und Isolde* and Strauss' Four Last Songs with Donald Runnicles, and she appears in Graham Johnson's complete Schubert Edition.

© Todd Smith



Born in Kansas, USA, **Robert Dean Smith** (Tenor/Bacchus) studied at Pittsburg (Kansas) State University with Margaret Thuenemann, at the Juilliard School in New York City with Daniel Ferro, and with

Professor Janice Harper in Europe. He began his career as a baritone and sang for several years in German opera houses. Since his debut at the Bayreuth Festival 1997 (Walther von Stolzing in *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*) he has sung in the world's leading opera houses and concert halls.

At Bayreuth he has sung the title roles in *Tristan und Isolde* and *Lohengrin*, and

Siegmond (*Die Walküre*). He has performed with the Bavarian State Opera in Munich (*Die Meistersinger*, *Fidelio*, *Tosca*, *Manon Lescaut*, *Der Freischütz*, *The Queen of Spades*); the Vienna State Opera (*Tristan*, *Manon Lescaut*, *Die Meistersinger*); La Scala, Milan (*Lohengrin*, *Fidelio*), Deutsche Oper Berlin (*Meistersinger*, *Fidelio*, *Lohengrin*, *Parsifal*); Dresden State Opera (*Meistersinger*, *Carmen*, *Lohengrin*); at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden (*Meistersinger*, *Lohengrin*, *Katya Kabanova*) as well as with New National Theatre Tokyo, Los Angeles Opera, San Francisco Opera, Teatro Real Madrid, Gran Teatre del Liceu Barcelona, Hamburg State Opera, Maggio Musicale and the Amsterdam Musiktheater.

Concert repertoire includes *Das Lied von der Erde*, *Psalmus Hungaricus*, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, *Oedipus Rex*, *The Dream of Gerontius*, *Missa Solemnis*, Mahler's Eighth Symphony and *Gurrelieder*. His recording of Wagner scenes has been awarded the Orphée d'Or by the Académie du Disque Lyrique.

British mezzo-soprano **Alice Coote** (Composer) is renowned equally on the great operatic stages and the great concert and recital halls of the world. She is acclaimed for her interpretations of female and travesty roles

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including Gluck's Orfeo (*Ariodante*), Sesto (*La clemenza di Tito*), Sesto (*Giulio Cesare*), Ruggiero (*Alcina*), Composer (*Ariadne auf Naxos*), Poppea, Cherubino (*Le nozze di Figaro*), Lucretia,

Hänsel (*Hänsel und Gretel*), Orlovsky (*Die Fledermaus*), Oktavian (*Der Rosenkavalier*), Carmen, Nerone (*L'incoronazione di Poppea*), as well as Idamante (*Idomeneo*), Maffio Orsini (*Lucrezia Borgia*), Charlotte (*Werther*) and Marguerite (*La Damnation de Faust*). She has sung for opera companies including The Royal Opera, Glyndebourne, English National Opera, Opera North, Welsh National Opera, Scottish Opera, and in Munich, Frankfurt, Stuttgart, Amsterdam, Paris, New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, Seattle, and the Salzburg Festival.

In concert she has worked with conductors including Mark Elder, Valery Gergiev, Neeme Järvi, Christoph von Dohnányi, Libor Pešek, Pierre Boulez, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Jiri Bělohlávek, Nicholas McGegan, Emmanuel Haïm, Philippe Herreweghe,

Vladimir Jurowski and Richard Hickox, with the New York Philharmonic, London Symphony Orchestra, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Hallé and Boston Symphony orchestras. In recital she is a frequent visitor to the Wigmore Hall, Concertgebouw, Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall.

Her recordings include Schumann and Mahler Lieder, *The Dream of Gerontius*, Mahler's Second Symphony, *L'Orfeo*, Brahms' *Alto Rhapsody*, *The Choice of Hercules*, and Meg Page (*Falstaff*) as part of Chandos' Opera in English series. She has been awarded the Brigitte Fassbaender Award for Lieder Interpretation and the Decca Kathleen Ferrier Prize, and gratefully acknowledges the support of the Peter Moores Foundation.



Alan Opie (Music Master) appears frequently at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, English National Opera, Metropolitan Opera, La Scala, Bayerische Staatsoper Munich, Vienna State Opera

and the Glyndebourne Festival. The roles with which he is most closely identified include Beckmesser (*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*) which he has sung at Amsterdam, Bayreuth, Munich, Turin, Vienna, Berlin (State Opera) and with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Georg Solti; Balstrode (*Peter Grimes*) at the Saito Kinen Festival, Japan, Opéra de Paris-Bastille, in Vienna, Metropolitan Opera, English National Opera, Teatro Comunale Florence, and Covent Garden; Sharpless (*Madama Butterfly*) at the Metropolitan Opera, Munich, Covent Garden, Cagliari, Tokyo, Sumida and Beijing; Giorgio Germont (*La traviata*) at Covent Garden, English National Opera, Deutsche Oper Berlin, in Toronto and San Diego; Falstaff (English National Opera, Opera du Rhin, Norwegian Opera and Washington National Opera; The Forester (*The Cunning Little Vixen*) for English National Opera, Scottish Opera, Spoleto Festival and La Scala; and Rigoletto for English National Opera, in Philadelphia and with the Canadian Opera.

He has sung in the premieres of Berio's *Outis* (title role), Maw's *Sophie's Choice*, Sheng's *Madame Mao*, and Berkeley's *For You*. For Chandos he released a disc of *bel canto* arias, and has participated on more than twenty

complete opera recordings with roles including di Luna (*Il trovatore*), Enrico (*Lucia of Lammermoor*), Tonio (*Pagliacci*), Marcello (*La Bohème*), Don Carlo (*Ernani*), Balstrode, and Figaro (*The Barber of Seville*).

© Stu Williamson



John Graham-Hall (Scaramuccio and Dancing Master) studied at King's College, Cambridge and the Royal College of Music. Roles have included Albert Herring, Tanzmeister (*Ariadne auf Naxos*),

Basilio (*The Barber of Seville*) and Monostatos (*Die Zauberflöte*) for The Royal Opera; Mime (the *Ring* cycle), Herod (*Salome*), Valzacchi (*Der Rosenkavalier*), Sylvester (*The Silver Tassie*), Goro (*Madam Butterfly*), Alwa (*Lulu*), Herod, Vitek (*The Makropulos Case*) and Shuisky (*Boris Godunov*) for English National Opera; Vanya Kudrjas (*Katya Kabanova*), Flute (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*), Basilio and Bob Boles (*Peter Grimes*) for Glyndebourne Festival Opera; Aschenbach (*Death in Venice*) and Lysander (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*) for Glyndebourne Touring

Opera; Mayor (*Albert Herring*) and Dr Caius (*Falstaff*) for Opera North.

Engagements abroad have included Michel (*Juliette*) and Der Narr (*Wozzeck*) at the Opéra de Paris-Bastille; Podesta (*La finta giardiniera*) in Salzburg; L'Incredibile (*Andrea Chenier*) and the title role in *King Roger* in Bregenz; Bob Boles at La Scala, the Salzburg Festival, with the Berlin Philharmonic and Netherlands Opera; the Schoolmaster (*The Cunning Little Vixen*), Basilio and Spoletta (*Tosca*) for Netherlands Opera; and roles for the Théâtre du Châtelet, the Metropolitan Opera, at Aix en Provence, La Monnaie, Nice Opera and in Paris, Lyon, Caen, Montpellier, Rome, and at the Ravenna Festival.

John Graham-Hall gives regular concerts in Britain and Europe and his many recordings include *Carmina Burana*, *The Coronation of Poppea*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and for Chandos Bob Boles, the Idiot (*Wozzeck*), Basilio (*The Marriage of Figaro*) and Herod (*Salome*).

The concert career of Canadian-born soprano **Gillian Keith** (Zerbinetta), winner of the Kathleen Ferrier Award in 2000, has taken her across Europe and North America in repertoire ranging from Handel's *Messiah* and



Bach's Passions to Mahler's Symphony No. 8 and Orff's *Carmina Burana*. In the opera house she has appeared as Zerbinetta (*Ariadne auf Naxos*) at The Royal Opera, Covent Garden and in Orviedo; Poppea (*L'incoronazione di Poppea*) at Theater Basel and at the Boston Early Music Festival; Tytania (Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*) at the Linbury Theatre of the Royal Opera House; Lucinda (Conti's *Don Chisciotte*) in Amsterdam; Nannetta (*Falstaff*), Pretty Polly (Birtwistle's *Punch and Judy*) for English National Opera.

She has sung soprano solos in *King Arthur* and a staging of Bach's *St John Passion* at English National Opera, *King Arthur* also at San Francisco Opera; Diana (*The Assassin Tree*) for ROH2 and at the Edinburgh International Festival; Iole (*Hercules*) and Silvia (*Ascanio in Alba*) at the Buxton Festival; Woodbird (*Siegfried*), Papagena (*Die Zauberflöte*) and Amore (*Orfeo ed Euridice*) at Scottish Opera; Diana (*Calisto*) with the Toronto Consort; Elmira (Keiser's *The Fortunes of King Croesus*)

at Opera North; Tiny (*Paul Bunyan*) at the Bregenz Festival and Ginevra (*Ariodante*) in Hallé.

Recordings include Dallapiccola's *Partita* for Chandos, Handel's Gloria with John Eliot Gardiner, and several recordings as part of his Bach Cantata pilgrimage.



© Keith Saunders

Roderick Williams (Harlequin)

encompasses a wide repertoire, from baroque to contemporary music, in the opera house, on the concert platform and in recital. He has enjoyed close relationships

with Opera North and Scottish Opera, and is particularly associated with the baritone roles of Mozart. He has given highly acclaimed performances of Papageno (*The Magic Flute*) at English National Opera, and has sung in *La Bohème* at The Royal Opera, Covent Garden. He has also sung world premières of operas by, among others, David Sawer, Sally Beamish, Michael van der Aa and Alexander Knaifel.

He has worked with orchestras throughout Europe, including all the BBC orchestras in the

UK, and his many festival appearances include the BBC Proms, Edinburgh, Cheltenham and Aldeburgh. Recital appearances have taken him to Wigmore Hall and many European festivals. His extensive discography includes recordings of English song with Iain Burnside. For Chandos he has recorded Vaughan Williams' *The Poisoned Kiss*, Sid (*Albert Herring*), Head Reaper (Lennox Berkeley's *Ruth*), and Dyson's *Quo Vadis*. Roderick Williams is also a composer and has had works premiered at the Wigmore and Barbican Halls, and the Purcell Room.

© Clive Barda



One of the most exciting singers of his generation, British bass **Matthew Rose** (Truffaldino) read History at Canterbury Christ Church University and studied at the Curtis Institute of Music in the USA.

Operatic roles include Bottom (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*) at La Scala, Milan, the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, the Glyndebourne Festival, Houston Grand Opera and at the Opéra National de

Lyon; Nick Shadow (*The Rake's Progress*) at the Glyndebourne Festival; Figaro (*Le nozze di Figaro*) for Welsh National Opera, Opéra de Lille and at the Bayerische Staatsoper, Munich; Polyphemus (*Acis and Galatea*), Colline (*La Bohème*) and Haraschta (*The Cunning Little Vixen*) at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; and Leporello (*Don Giovanni*) in Santa Fe and at the Glyndebourne Festival.

Concert engagements include London Symphony Orchestra with Sir Colin Davis, Daniel Harding and Michael Tilson Thomas; the Dresden Staatskapelle with Sir Charles Mackerras; the Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra with Charles Dutoit; the Los Angeles Philharmonic with Gustavo Dudamel; the BBC Symphony Orchestra with Jiri Bělohlávek and Marc Minkowski; the Monteverdi Choir with John Eliot Gardiner and the Accademia Santa Cecilia with Antonio Pappano.

Born in Wales, **Wynne Evans** (Brighella) studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama and the National Opera Studio. For Welsh National Opera he has sung Duca (*Rigoletto*), Rodolfo (*La Bohème*), Alfred (*Die Fledermaus*), Alfredo (*La traviata*), Chevalier (*Dialogues of the Carmelites*), Tamino (*The Magic Flute*); for Opera North



Prunier (*La rondine*), Fenton (*Falstaff*); and for English National Opera roles have included Alfredo and Cavaradossi (*Tosca*). He has appeared with Scottish Opera, Chelsea Opera Group, Castleward Opera, the

Classical Opera Company, Almeida Opera and Opera Northern Ireland.

A busy concert soloist, Wynne Evans works regularly with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, the BBC Symphony Orchestra, the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, the Hallé, the London Symphony Orchestra and the City of London Sinfonia, and has given solo recitals and concerts at the Royal Albert Hall, St. David's Hall Cardiff, Wigmore Hall and with Bryn Terfel. Recent operatic appearances include Cassio and Nemorino for Welsh National Opera and roles in *La Fanciulla del West*, *The Cunning Little Vixen* and *The Love of Three Oranges* for Grange Park Opera.

After studying at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music, Australian soprano **Anita Watson**



(Naiad) graduated with honours from the Australian Opera Studio. She was a member of the Cologne Opera Studio 2006–7 and the Jette Parker Young Artist Programme at the Royal Opera House,

Covent Garden from 2007 to 2009.

Roles at the Royal Opera House included the title role in Donizetti's *Rita*, Flowergirl (*Parsifal*), First Lady (*Die Zauberflöte*), Naiad (*Ariadne auf Naxos*), Gretel and Dewfairy (*Hänsel und Gretel*) and Second Woman (*Dido and Aeneas*). Other roles have included the title role in Handel's *Xerxes*, Cleopatra (*Giulio Cesare*), Susanna (*Le nozze di Figaro*) and Micaëla (*Carmen*) for the Australian Opera Studio. She made her debut at La Fenice in Venice as the Governess (*The Turn of the Screw*).

Anita has appeared in numerous concerts and recitals in Australia, the USA, Austria, Germany, Japan, Hungary, China, Finland, Israel and the UK. Concert repertoire includes *Carmina Burana*, Mozart's Requiem, *A Child of our Time*, Fauré's Requiem, Mozart's

Vesperae Solennes de Confessore, Messiah, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.



Pamela Helen Stephen (Dryad) studied at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama, at the Opera Theater Center at Aspen, Colorado with Herta Glaz, and in Toronto with Patricia Kern, and is regarded as

one of Britain's leading lyric mezzo-sopranos.

She has sung with The Royal Opera, Opera North, Welsh National Opera, at the BBC Proms, at the Edinburgh, City of London, Aldeburgh, Cheltenham and St Endellion Festivals in repertoire including Cherubino (*The Marriage of Figaro*), Donna Clara (*The Duenna*), Cynthia (*Playing Away*), Phoebe (*The Yeomen of the Guard*), Moppet/Goose (*Paul Bunyan*), Countess of Essex (*Gloriana*), the title roles in Lennox Berkeley's *Ruth* and Craig Armstrong's *Anna*, Juno (*Semele*), Composer (*Ariadne auf Naxos*), Hänsel (*Hänsel und Gretel*).

Foreign engagements include Cherubino for Opera Ireland and with John Eliot Gardiner;

Valencienne (*The Merry Widow*) in Singapore; Maddalena (*Rigoletto*) for Los Angeles Opera; appearances at the Spoleto Festival; and Sesto (*Giulio Cesare*) and *Carmen* for Opera Australia. Recordings include Phoebe under Sir Charles Mackerras, Cherubino under Sir John Eliot Gardiner, and, for Chandos Nancy (*Albert Herring*), Angelica (*The Poisoned Kiss*), Kate (*Owen Wingrave*) and Haydn Masses.



Renowned as one of the most of the UK's most respected and experienced sopranos, **Gail Pearson** (Echo) has enjoyed acclaim as Ann Truelove (*The Rake's Progress*) for Angers-Nantes Opéra. Roles in the UK have

included Gilda (*Rigoletto*) for English National Opera, Welsh National Opera and Opera Holland Park; Musetta (*Carmen*) for Welsh National Opera and English National Opera; Lisette (*La rondine*) for Opera North; Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin in the world premiere of Sally Beamish's *Monster*, Pamina (*The Magic Flute*) for Scottish Opera; Nannetta (*Falstaff*) for English National Opera; Gretel (*Hänsel und*

Gretel) for Welsh National Opera; and Oscar (*Un ballo in maschera*) for Welsh National Opera and Opera Holland Park. She has sung at the Aldeburgh and Buxton Festivals, and with English Touring Opera. She has enjoyed a long and close association with The Royal Opera.

Internationally Gail Pearson has sung in Paris, Barcelona, Lyon, Nancy and Zurich. Concert work includes collaborations with the Raymond Gubbay organisation, as well as performances of Mozart's *Exsultate Jubilate*, *Elijah*, *Messiah* and Mahler's Eighth Symphony. Recordings include *Iris (Semele)* for Grange Park Opera, and Vaughan Williams' *The Poisoned Kiss* (on Chandos).

© Robert Taylor



From Kilmarnock, **Paul Keohone** (Wigmaker) trained with Norman Bailey at the Royal College of Music. For Scottish Opera he has sung Sacristan (*Tosca*), Theseus (*The Minotaur*) by Julian Evans, Scientist (Lyell Creswell's *The Perfect Woman*) and covered Alberich (*Der Ring des*

Nibelungen). For the Opera House of La Scala, Milan and The Royal Opera, Covent Garden he has understudied Parsons in *1984* by Lorin Maazel. For English National Opera he has sung the role of Teddy Foran in Mark Anthony Turnage's *The Silver Tassie* and covered the Poacher in Janáček's *The Cunning Little Vixen*, Michel in Martin Butler's *A Better Place*, Raevsky and Denisov in Prokofiev's *War and Peace*. In 2008 Paul created the role of The Father in the world premiere of *Skellig* by Tod Machover at the Sage, Gateshead. For Opera West (Norway), he recently sang Hamlet in the world premiere of *Ophelia* by Henrik Hellstenius.

© Gemma Mount



Born in Australia, **Dean Robinson** (Footman) studied at the Royal Northern College of Music where he was a Peter Moores Foundation scholar. For The Royal Opera he has sung roles in *Lohengrin*, *Palestrina*, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* and *Ariadne auf Naxos*. He has also sung for English National Opera, Welsh National

Opera, Scottish Opera, Opera North, Mid Wales Opera, Garsington, Netherlands Opera, Rossini Festival in Pesaro and Pinchgut Opera in Australia. Roles have included the title role in *The Marriage of Figaro*, Leporello (*Don Giovanni*), Don Magnifico (*La Cenerentola*), Colline (*La Bohème*), Sparafucile (*Rigoletto*), and Lindorf/Coppélius/Dr Miracle/Dapertutto (*The Tales of Hoffman*). He has performed with orchestras including the London and BBC Symphony Orchestras, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Northern Sinfonia, Ulster and Irish Chamber Orchestras, and he has recorded for Opera Rara, Chandos and LSO Live. On film he sings the role of First Officer in John Adams' *The Death of Klinghoffer* and Goffredo in Judith Wier's *Armida*, both in collaboration with Channel 4 television.

Declan McCusker (Officer) was born in Belfast and brought up in Barrow-in-Furness in Cumbria, and studied at the Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester. He currently sings with Scottish Opera and has sung many roles with the company both on tour in the UK and Europe. These include Pong (*Turandot*), Ruiz (*Il trovatore*), Spoletta (*Tosca*), First Jew (*Salome*), First Armed Man (*The Magic Flute*),



Messenger (*Aida*), the Ringmaster (*The Bartered Bride*), Leader of the people (*Alceste*), the Woodpecker (*The Cunning Little Vixen*) and the Master of Ceremonies (*The Queen of Spades*).

On the concert platform Declan McCusker has sung Handel's *Messiah*, Elgar's *The Kingdom* and *The Dream of Gerontius*, Verdi's Requiem, Haydn's *Creation*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Rossini's *Petite Messe solennelle*, and Puccini's *Messa di Gloria*.

The **Scottish Chamber Orchestra** (SCO) was formed in 1974 with a commitment to serve the Scottish community. It is one of Scotland's five National Performing Arts Companies, and performs throughout Scotland, including annual tours of the Highlands and Islands, south and central Scotland. It appears regularly at the BBC Proms and at the Edinburgh International, St Magnus, Cheltenham, Aldeburgh and East Neuk Festivals. Its busy international touring schedule has recently included many European countries, the USA and a groundbreaking tour of India.

The SCO appointed Robin Ticciati to the post of Principal Conductor from the start of the 2009 – 10 Season. Other conductors who appear regularly with the SCO include Conductor Laureate Sir Charles Mackerras, Conductor Emeritus Joseph Swensen, Olari Elts, John Storgårds, Thierry Fischer, Louis Langrée, Richard Egarr, Andrew Manze and Oliver Knussen.

The Orchestra has commissioned over 100 new works, including pieces by Composer Laureate Sir Peter Maxwell Davies, Mark-Anthony Turnage, Judith Weir, Sally Beamish, Lyell Cresswell and Hafliði Hallgrímsson. SCO Connect, the Orchestra's education and outreach department provides a unique programme of projects for children and adults across Scotland. The Orchestra broadcasts regularly and has a discography exceeding 150 recordings.

Richard Armstrong was born in Leicester and was an organ scholar at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge before joining the music staff of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden in 1966 where he worked with Georg Solti on the *Ring*, with Carlo Maria Giulini on *La traviata* and with Otto Klemperer on *Fidelio*. He moved from the Royal Opera

© Mats Ræcker



House to Welsh National Opera, where he was Music Director from 1973 to 1986, with whom he launched a pioneering series of Janáček productions and conducted a *Ring* cycle which was presented

at Covent Garden. Returning as a guest conductor he has conducted *From the House of the Dead*, the world premiere of Peter Maxwell Davies' *The Doctor of Myddfai*, and *Falstaff*. In 1982 Richard Armstrong made his debut at the Royal Opera House Covent Garden with *Billy Budd*, and has returned since then for *Andrea Chenier*, *Un ballo in maschera*, and *Don Carlos*. At English National Opera he has conducted *Salome*, *Aida*, *Wozzeck* and the UK premiere of Schnittke's *Life with an Idiot*.

From 1993 to 2005 Richard Armstrong was Music Director of Scottish Opera, for whom he has conducted many productions including *I due foscari*, *Katya Kabanova*, *Salome*, *Fidelio*, *Mary Stuart*, *La traviata*, *Il trovatore*, *Turandot*, *From the House of the Dead*, *La Bohème*, *Hansel and Gretel*, *Peter Grimes*, and highly acclaimed performances of *Tristan und Isolde*,

Der Rosenkavalier and *Parsifal*. Between 1993 and 2004 Scottish Opera appeared annually at the Edinburgh International Festival, culminating in a complete *Ring*.

Overseas operatic engagements include Frankfurt, where he was, for two seasons, Principal Guest Conductor, Geneva, Théâtre de Champs Elysées in Paris, Bayerische Staatsoper in Munich, Amsterdam, Rome, Lisbon, Brussels, Nice, Canada, Australia, Stuttgart, Berlin, Toulouse, where he conducted *Werther* with Roberto Alagna, *Eugene Onegin* for the Canadian Opera Company, and Los Angeles

where he conducted *Peter Grimes*, *Tristan und Isolde* and *Tosca*. His discography includes recordings with Elisabeth Söderström, Roberto Alagna, Angela Gheorghiu, Deborah Voigt and Thomas Hampson.

In 1993 Richard Armstrong was made Commander of the British Empire (CBE) for Services to Music, and was knighted in the 2004 New Year's honours. In 1996 he became an Honorary Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and in 1997 he received a Royal Philharmonic Society Award for his commitment to Scottish Opera.



On session: John Graham-Hall



On session: Gillian Keith

PETER MOORES FOUNDATION

British philanthropist Sir Peter Moores established the Peter Moores Foundation in 1964. Through the Foundation he has disbursed millions of pounds to a wide variety of arts, environmental, social and educational causes ‘to get things done and open doors for people’.

The story behind *Opera in English*, the award-winning label launched in 1995 by Chandos and the Peter Moores Foundation, goes back more than forty years to the moment when Peter Moores was bowled over by the impact of hearing Reginald Goodall conduct *The Valkyrie*, sung in English at the London Coliseum. He determined to get the whole ‘English’ *Ring* recorded for a wider audience and for future generations. A linguist himself, Sir Peter recognised, nevertheless, that nothing ‘speaks to the heart’ so directly as hearing the drama of opera expressed in your own language. Encouraging the first-time listener to ‘give opera a go’ has been a key element in building the *Opera in English* catalogue, hence the emphasis on recording mainstream repertoire with a roster of great artists who relish communicating the English text. Today the *Opera in English* catalogue forms the largest collection in the world of operas sung in English translation.

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, including the then relatively unknown Joan Sutherland and Colin Davis. After he established the Peter Moores Foundation, many more young singers were supported through scholarships and bursaries, several achieving international recognition, including Barry Banks, Alice Coote, Simon Keenlyside, Mary Plazas, Amanda Roocroft and Toby Spence.

In live music 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. It has also enabled Opera Rara to record rare *bel canto* repertoire which would otherwise have remained inaccessible to the general public. For further information about Sir Peter and his Foundation's work, including initiatives in business studies at Oxford University, and the establishment of Compton Verney Art Gallery in Warwickshire, visit www.pmf.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 2008 he received the Stauffer Medal, the highest award of Germany's Baden-Württemberg Province, and in October 2008 was made an Hon. DLitt. of the University of the West Indies.



On session: Alan Opie

On session: Alice Coote





On session: Matthew Rose, Roderick Williams and Gillian Keith

Ariadne on Naxos

Prologue

[10] Orchestral Introduction

A large, sparsely furnished and poorly lit room in the house of a rich man. Left and right are two doors, in the centre a round table. In the background preparations for a private theatre can be seen. A back-cloth has been put up, the back of which is visible. Between this part of the set and the front, an open passage extends across the stage. The Major-Domo enters.

Music Master (*colliding with him*)

[11] My good Major-Domo, my good Major-Domo!
Bless me, I feared I'd never find you!

Major-Domo

How can I be of service? You must appreciate that I am exceedingly busy. The preparations for tonight's great Assembly in the house of the wealthiest man in Vienna, as I may well describe my gracious master, demand the acutest...

Music Master

Do listen! A rumour is circulating which I quite fail to comprehend...

Major-Domo

And what might that be?

Music Master

...which leaves me understandably worried and upset...

Major-Domo

Briefly, if you would be so kind!

Music Master

The entertainment planned for your master's company was to be crowned with an *opera seria* by my pupil; but now I have heard the evening ends with another piece. Must we yield to some... farrago with no musical merit which will follow our work of art – just a play with singing... dancing... popular music – an Italian *opera buffa*, they say! No that cannot be!

Major-Domo

CANNOT be? I beg your pardon...

Music Master

Shall not!

Major-Domo

Excuse me!

Music Master

That the composer will never, never agree to.

Major-Domo

Will not agree? Did I hear you correctly? No one is entitled to give orders here except my gracious

master, in whose house you now find yourself and where you are about to have the honour of exhibiting your entertainment.

Music Master

But our contract clearly stipulates; the *opera seria*; 'Ariadne', to be played at tonight's festivities for which it has been composed.

Major-Domo

And for which the stipulated fee, together with a munificent gratuity will pass from my hands to your hands.

Music Master

I do not doubt his ability to pay; he is richer than Croesus.

Major-Domo

And it is for him that you and your pupil have had the privilege of scribbling your little dots. Now, can I be of further service?

Music Master

All these dots and all these scribbles form a divine work of art, and we will demand he provide a worthy setting for this wonderful gem.

Major-Domo

As you wish, but the choice of which type of entertainment is to be offered at the conclusion of the forthcoming banquet rests entirely with my gracious master.

Music Master

You think that we are hired to cure their indigestion with a performance of our opera, *Ariadne on Naxos*?

Major-Domo

First, your opera. Then, at nine o'clock precisely, there is a specially commissioned display of fireworks and between the two comes the interpolated *opera buffa*, with which I have the honour to take my leave.
(*goes out*)

Music Master

What in the world will I tell the composer?

(*He leaves in the opposite direction. A young footman ushers in an officer.*)

Footman

[12] This dressing room is given to mam'zelle Zerbinetta. She's trying on her costume.
(*listening*) Shall I announce you, sir?
(*knocks on the door on the right*)

Officer

Leave us in peace and go to the devil!
(*He pushes the footman violently away and enters. The footman stumbles, saves a lamp on a table between the two doors, and regains his composure.*)

Footman

That is the language of carnal love, entangled in some unwise, trivial affair.

Composer (*coming forward hurriedly*)

Will you tell the fiddles that I require them? Make sure they understand, I need them all together now to tidy up odds and ends with a final rehearsal.

Footman (*mean and coarse*)

The fiddles sadly cannot come; for one thing, they have no feet and then for another, who is to play them?

Composer (*naïvely, pedantically, and not noticing that he is being mocked*)

When I said call the fiddles, I meant to say the fiddlers.

Footman (*meanly and arrogantly*)

Oh them! I know where they are now, I should be there too. I will be on my way instead of wasting time in idle chatter.

Composer (*naïve, innocent*)

Where is that?

Footman (*rudely*)

They're at table.

Composer (*in a fluster*)

Now? There's no time to eat – in a quarter of an hour we play the opera!

Footman

When I say they're 'at table' I should say, they wait upon my master at his table. They're not eating anything.

Composer

What are they doing?

Footman

Playing their fiddles. Capito? So, sadly for you – they will not be coming.

Composer (*in a fluster, uneasily*)

Then I will work with the prima donna – her aria requires a last rehearsal.
(*He goes towards the door on the right.*)

Footman (*stopping him*)

This is not the room you're looking for, nor the lady. Trust me, the person there at present won't welcome you; she's in no mood for a conversation.

Composer (*naïve, proud*)

What if I insist? I have every right to speak just when I please to my performers.

Footman (*laughing mockingly*)

He he he he he!
(*gestures dismissively, and goes out*)

Composer (*knocks at the door on the right, receives no answer, then suddenly enraged, shouts after the footman*)

Insolent fool! Unmitigated, brazen idiot! The imbecile leaves me alone here at the door, here at the door alone and goes!

(*His expression changes from anger to deep thought.*)

So many things I wish to change and yet tonight, we give my *Ariadne*. Oh, the idiot! Oh joy!

(*He takes up again the melody which has just come to him.*)

You omnipotent God! Oh, my poor, quivering heart! You omnipotent God!

(*He considers the melody, searches in his pocket for a piece of manuscript paper, and slaps himself on the head.*)

I must persuade Bacchus he is immortal, a youth from Olympus, and not an overweening clown draped in a panther-skin! I think that must be his door.

(*He runs to the second door and knocks; he continues the melody in full voice.*)

Oh, celestial youth, you omnipotent God! Oh, celestial youth, you omnipotent God!

(*The door opens, the wigmaker lurches out followed by the angry tenor, who, dressed as Bacchus, but with his bald head and wig in his hand, gives the wigmaker a box on the ears.*)

Tenor

That! The wig for Bacchus! That thing, that is what he wants me to wear! You clumsy oaf, I'll stuff it down your throat!

(*gives the wigmaker a kick*)

Composer (*springing backwards*)

My worthy friend, give me a moment. It is vital...

Wigmaker (*to the tenor*)

This ill-bred, temperamental tantrum would be amusing if it were not the fruit of some congenital insanity.

Composer (*coming closer again*)

My worthy friend!

(*The tenor slams the door shut.*)

Wigmaker (*shouting through the door*)

I have only one thing to say; quality will always tell if you've the wit to recognise it.

Composer (*drawing near to him, naïvely modest*)

Might I ask for a piece of paper, sir? An idea has come to me, I must not let it escape.

Wigmaker

I can't help you!

(*He runs off.*)

Zerbinetta (*Still in her negligee, she comes out of the door on the right with the officer.*)

After the opera, we are next in line. The laughs won't come very easily, I can promise you, when the guests are all yawning – barely awake after hours of appalling boredom. (*coquettishly*) Or do you believe my talent can rouse them?

(*The officer silently kisses her hand; they go towards the back of the stage, continuing to talk. The Prima Donna with the Music Master comes out of the door on the left. She wears a dressing gown over her Ariadne costume. The Music Master is about to leave.*)

Prima Donna

Quickly, my friend, send me a lackey here. I must see his lordship now, this very moment.

(*She closes her door. The Composer, who has seen her, comes forward.*)

Music Master

She cannot have visitors, she's having her hair done.

Composer (*noticing Zerbinetta, to the Music Master*)

Who is this young woman?

Dancing Master (*to Zerbinetta*)

You'll find it all too easy, mademoiselle. The opera

is so boring – you can scarcely credit – and when it comes to invention my shoe makes better music than you will find in the whole of this god-forsaken *Ariadne on Naxos*.

Music Master (*at the front of the stage with the Composer*)

What does it matter?

Composer

But who is this enchanting young woman?

Music Master

All the better if you like the girl; her name is Zerbinetta. She's here with four companions. When your opera is over they sing and dance a comedy.

Composer (*recoiling*)

After my opera? A pantomime follows? Twirling and trilling? Bawdy contortions and barrack-room humour... after *Ariadne*? Really?

Music Master (*timidly*)

For all our sakes, I beg you...

Composer

^[13] I can show them the secrets of the universe, lead them to the heights, and they would follow this with a scurrilous satire, so all notions of eternity give way to their empty folly and their shallow lack of feeling. I'm so stupid!

Music Master

Pray calm yourself!

Composer (*enraged*)

Don't tell me to be calm, sir. A circus to follow!
To bring them back to everyday grossness. This
unfeeling mob of Philistines needs a clumsy bridge
to join my world for this commonplace banality.
Oh. Mæcenās! How can I survive when your
poison is destroying my spirit? I can scarce believe
I shall ever be able to compose again. In such a
world no melody can soar to the gates of heaven.
(*changing his tone, friendly*)

Just a while ago a melodious tune sprang to life
unbidden. As I was cursing the haughty airs of a
valet de chambre it came to me in a flash. Then,
thanks to the tenor, the poor wigmaster got a
smack right on the temple. It struck me all at once.
The essence of love, of simple constancy, shining
out in a world too base to deserve it.

(*improvising the text*)

Yes, young Venus' boy, you give us joy
to heal our pain and our sorrow,
la la la la, oh young of heart
your store of love let me borrow.
Oh, celestial youth, you omnipotent god!
(*quickly, cheerfully*)
Can you find me paper and pen?

(*The Music Master gives him some. The Composer
writes. Zerbinetta, in conversation, laughs.*)

*Harlequin, Scaramuccio, Brighella and Truffaldino
goose-step out of Zerbinetta's room.*)

Zerbinetta (*introducing them*)

- [14] Fellow actors, dearest of friends and colleagues,
I need my mirror, my rouge, powder and paint!

(*The four run into her room and soon come back
bringing a small straw stool, mirror, boxes and
powder puff.*)

Composer (*with a look at Zerbinetta, suddenly
understanding, to the Music Master*)

And you knew what he planned... you knew what
he planned.

Music Master

My friend, I must be thirty years your elder, you
know. By now I have learnt how to adapt and
prosper.

Composer

The day a friend cheats me he is my friend no
longer, no longer, no longer.

(*Furious, he tears up his manuscript paper.
Zerbinetta has taken her place on the straw stool at
the front of the stage, finishes putting on her make up,
helped by her partners. Harlequin holds her light,
Brighella the mirror.*)

Prima Donna (*opens the door and beckons to the Music Master*)

Have you sent for the count as I asked? (*comes out a little and notices Zerbinetta and the others*) Pah! What an unsavoury spectacle! (*to the Music Master, not exactly quietly*) Must we share our quarters with turns from the music-hall? Do they not know who I am? And how could the count...?

Zerbinetta (*with an impudent look at the singer and purposefully loud*)

If that play's as dull as they say, they should have had the sense to choose us for the opening number, before the guests become impatient. When they've had to sit through a long hour of boredom it will be hard to make them laugh and applaud us.

Dancing Master (*to Zerbinetta*)

No not at all! They've eaten well, they've drunk their fill, their brains are dull and slow, in the dark they sit there snoozing, till out of courtesy they clap and wake a little. To their surprise they are ready for laughter. 'What comes next?' they will ask. 'The tale of fickle Zerbinetta and of her four true lovers'; a comic drama with dancing, full of enchanting little ditties and a story clear as the day. It's easy to take it in. 'This is what we need', they will say and they will strain to catch your every gesture. On the journey home in their fancy coaches only one image will haunt them; the moment when the incomparable Zerbinetta danced for them tonight.

Music Master (*to the Prima Donna*)

Do not waste your anger on such absurdities. *Ariadne!* That is the reason they've come here! For *Ariadne*, the foremost musicians and critics, the most eminent people have gathered in our patron's salon. *Ariadne* sounds on every tongue. You are *Ariadne*. Tomorrow the only thing they will remember is how brightly *Ariadne* shone upon the stage tonight.

Footman (*running through*)

¹⁵ The company's rising from table. I think you had better hurry!
(*exit*)

Music Master

Please oblige me by going to your places.

(*Everything is set in motion, the workmen at the rear are ready. The tenor as Bacchus and the nymphs (Naiad, Dryad and Echo) come out of the second door on the left. The Major-Domo emerges hastily from the back left and comes up to the Music Master.*)

Major-Domo

I have to inform you of a most recent command from my gracious master.

Music Master

It's all in hand. We need no more than half a minute and our opera *Ariadne* will be ready.

Major-Domo (*grandly*)

My master has conceived of a different idea.

Music Master

Is the opera no longer opening the entertainment?

Prima Donna

What was that?

Major-Domo (*ostentatiously*)

Pardon me. Where is the Dancing Master? I have an order from his lordship for both of you.

Dancing Master (*hurrying to join them*)

You needed a word?

Major-Domo

My gracious master desires that the programme originally devised by himself, be changed...

Music Master (*appalled*)

Now, so late in the day? That's more than a little trying.

Major-Domo

...be changed and replaced with the following...

Dancing Master

We alter the order. We open the evening with our fickle Zerbinetta, then *Ariadne*. Very prudent!

Major-Domo

Your pardon; the masquerade will be neither curtain-raiser nor epilogue, but will be played with the tragedy of *Ariadne* simultaneously.

(*general amazement*)

Tenor

Ha! He may be rich, but he's a madman!

Music Master

Are we all to be playthings to laugh at?

Prima Donna

This is pure insanity! Bring his lordship here, I demand to see him!

(*The Composer approaches, Zerbinetta listens from the right.*)

Major-Domo (*haughty and ironic*)

It is to be precisely as I have said. As to the method by which it is achieved, that is for you to manage.

Music Master (*hollowly*)

Us to manage?

Major-Domo

My gracious master has a very flattering opinion of you – he believes you understand your business well enough to effect such a minor alteration in no time at all.

(very self-important and pompous)

It is also my master's pleasure that both comic and tragic pieces be served, with all the music and characters that he originally ordered and paid for, intact and simultaneously upon his stage.

Music Master

Why simultaneously?

Zerbinetta

Then I must not wait a moment!

(She runs to her room.)

Major-Domo

But in consequence the whole performance must last not a minute longer, since the fireworks display is due to start in the garden on the stroke of nine.

Music Master

And how in heaven's name are we to manage this as his lordship commands?

Composer *(to himself, quietly)*

A mysterious voice when I was in my cradle whispered a dire warning of catastrophe.

Major-Domo

Once my gracious master has paid for an entertainment, it is of no concern to him how it is achieved. His lordship is accustomed to command and to be obeyed.

(turning again)

Moreover, for three days my gracious master has been most displeased that such a well-furnished establishment as his has been forced to accommodate a scene as miserable as a desert island. It has occurred to him that the situation may be remedied somewhat by the population of the said island with characters from the other play.

Dancing Master

A sensible suggestion. There's nothing more tasteless than a view of a desert island.

Composer

Ariadne on Naxos, sir, is the expression of ultimate solitude.

Dancing Master *(quick, witty)*

That's why she needs friends to amuse her.

Composer

All around her the sea, the boulders, the forest, insensible Echo. Were she to see a human face, my work would have no meaning.

Dancing Master

Yes, but the audience will enjoy it; play them the piece as writ – they'll be asleep before you know it.
(He does a pirouette.)

Major-Domo

I must respectfully suggest that you hurry. The guests will be here on the instant.
(He leaves.)

Music Master

16 I'm staggered – how unexpected! We need time to devise something... a couple of hours would make the difference.

Composer

Why would you even think of it, while vulgar lack of feeling, leering like Medusa, mocks with her gorgon grin? Come! What could we gain here by staying?

Music Master

What have we to gain by staying? At least fifty ducats for a start which you need to pay for bed and board from now till after the summer.

Composer (*to himself*)

How can I live in such a tawdry world? Better leave it behind.

Dancing Master

I just cannot see why you oppose it. Here we have a plan that is fair and equal yet you find a host of reasons to sabotage it.

Music Master

Do you really think this thing can be managed?

Dancing Master

I'm sure that it can. Your piece is a might dreary... unbearably dreary. So make some cuts. My artistes are experts at improvisation, any kind of scene and any style.

Music Master

Ssh, don't let him hear. It would destroy him.

Dancing Master

Ask our young friend, would he rather hear his opera now in the form of a shorter masterpiece, or make sure it is never heard at all? Get the boy an inkwell, find him pen and paper from somewhere. (*to the Composer*) I swear this is the only way to save it.

Composer (*ardently clasping the sheets of music pressed on him from all sides*)

Better to burn it!

(*He is brought ink, quill and a light; a table is pushed forwards.*)

Dancing Master

Hundreds of great musicians, the finest composers of every nation have displayed their first efforts, with amputations far more severe.

Composer (*touchingly helpless*)

Is it true? Is he right? You...? Must I then? Are you sure?

Dancing Master (*leading him gently to the table where the music paper and light are arranged; to the Music Master*)

See that his cuts are not too cautious! And I will instruct Zerbinetta. In a dozen words we

can tell her the story. There's no actress better at improvisation as she always plays herself, you see. She can fit into any kind of *mise en scène*. The others know how to play along, so the thing will run like clockwork.

(He fetches Zerbinetta from her room and speaks to her. By the light of a candle the Composer furiously begins to delete things from his score.)

Tenor *(going furtively up to the Composer, bends over him)*
You must trim the role of Ariadne.

Prima Donna *(to the Music Master)*
Make all the cuts that you want, but only from Bacchus.
He's unbearable – who would want to hear all those high notes, sung by the tenor?

Music Master *(whispering to the Prima Donna)*
You keep all your music.

Tenor
People cannot bear the endless hours waiting for Madame to leave the stage.

Music Master *(turning to the tenor)*
Her solo airs will be cut – you keep every quaver. But do not breathe a word. He'll cut out half of the role of Bacchus. Don't let him know I told you!

Dancing Master *(to Zerbinetta, very happy and spirited)*

This Ariadne girl is a royal princess, She ran away with a man called Theseus, a prince whom she earlier rescued from certain death.

Zerbinetta
That rarely turns out for the best.

Dancing Master
Theseus, finding his love is waning, maroons her by night, out on a desert island alone.

Music Master *(to the Composer)*
You have to cut this.

Zerbinetta *(understandingly)*
What a wretch!

Dancing Master
Longing fills her with anguish; she yearns for Death to come.

Zerbinetta
For Death? A likely tale! She's really waiting for another admirer.

Dancing Master
Of course, and she gets her wish.

Composer *(having overheard, comes nearer)*
No, sir – you have it wrong. For sir, she is one of

those rare women who is true to her love for a lifetime and to one love alone.

Zerbinetta
Ha!

Composer (*confused, staring at her*)
One true love until death.

Zerbinetta
But Death does not appear. Somebody better arrives I bet, a handsome young rascal, smoky-eyed and romantic, not unlike yourself.

Music Master
Absolutely correct! She sees the youthful god himself, Bacchus, coming along.

Zerbinetta (*happily, mockingly*)
So, just as I predicted; and now she has all her heart could desire.

Composer
[17] She takes him for the God of Death. She sees a vision, her very soul believes him so, and therefore, therefore only...

Zerbinetta (*from the door, very gently*)
You think what she wants you to...

Composer
That is the reason she joins Bacchus on his ship. Is death illusion? No, she dies truly!

Zerbinetta (*while she throws something on*)
Ta ta. What can you teach me of a woman's passion?

Composer (*darkly*)
A different kind of woman. (*shouting*) I know she really dies. (*softly*) Ariadne is the matchless woman in a million, one who is true, and cannot forget.

Zerbinetta
Nonsense! (*She turns her back on him; to her four partners who have joined her*) Step up! We have to act in this piece; *Ariadne on Naxos*. The story goes; there is this princess jilted by her lover who leaves her abandoned while the following suitor has not yet arrived to claim her. The scene is set on a lonely desert isle. We come as a band of merry travellers who by some happy coincidence arrive on the island. You take your cues from me so that when the right opportunity's offered we can emerge and play our part in the story.

Composer
She wraps death around her, her soul is void, wiped away, till the ineffable secret can transform her... a new beginning... and she awakens in his embraces. Bacchus becomes a god! What other thing on earth makes of man a divine being if not a love such as this one?

Zerbinetta (*looking into his eyes*)
Be brave now! These fancies need a dose of common sense.

Composer

She was alive! She stood so...
(*draws it with his hand in the air*)

Zerbinetta

And if I help you out, will I spoil it?

Composer

I cannot live through such an hour as this.

Zerbinetta

You'll live through far worse without expiring.

Composer (*forlorn*)

Why speak to me in such a moment? You confuse me...

Zerbinetta (*seeming sincere, with extreme coquetry*)

- [18] A moment means nothing, a glance means all.
Many men believe that they know me but they see nothing at all. Here in the theatre I seem light and coquettish; who knows if that girl is just a part I play? She can be smiling, when I am weeping, she is free and easy, while I am so lonely.

Composer (*naïvely enraptured*)

Charming mysterious woman!

Zerbinetta

Half-witted woman would be closer, who is sometimes tempted into longing for the one man she could love completely; faithful forever.

Composer

It is no matter whom you may long for, you, you are like me; you long to rise to the heavens and free your spirit.

Zerbinetta (*tenderly*)

Your words reveal my inner feelings. I must go.
And now will you forget me and the moment we have shared?

Composer

The echo of a moment such as this one never dies.

(*Zerbinetta breaks away and runs off. The Music Master, as stage manager of the opera, has directed the others (the Tenor, then the three nymphs) to the back where the stage is, and comes hastily to the front to fetch the Prima Donna who had disappeared again into her dressing room.*)

Music Master

- [19] The stage awaits you, if you'll all be so kind.
Ariadne, Zerbinetta, Scaramuccio, Harlequin.
To your places please for curtain up.

Prima Donna (*to the Music Master*)

Surely you see I cannot appear with vulgar trash!
Complete lunacy!

Music Master

Do it for my sake! For your old teacher and mentor.

Prima Donna

Throw that repulsive creature out of the theatre or I shall do it for myself!

Music Master

Where else could you find a better opportunity than in the theatre to display to your rival just how prodigious is the distance between you both.

Prima Donna

Distance! Ha ha ha ha! There's a whole universe!

Music Master

Every gesture will show the world that divides you, and that will bring the world on to its knees before you.

(He kisses her hand, leads her a few steps backwards, then returns to fetch the Composer who embraces him impetuously.)

Composer

Let's be friends again. I see the world clearly my eyes have been opened. The depths of existence are far beyond us. My dearest friend, in our world are many things that words cannot show us. The words a poet brings to life, may be exquisite. Exquisite... and yet... fearless I stand, fearless. The world is wondrous; those who dare, find only beauty here. And what then is music? *(with almost drunken solemnity)* Music is a holy flame tended only by the brave and the true, like cherubim

guarding a radiant throne. That is why one art is holier than all the others, and music is that holy art.

(Zerbinetta appears at the back, and with a cheeky whistle calls her partners to the stage. Harlequin comes hurriedly out of the room on the right, and runs onto the stage buckling his belt.)

Who was that? What now? *(Scaramuccio arrives, like Harlequin, finishing his dressing as he runs.)* All those rowdy actors! *(Truffaldino and Brighella now enter.)* They upset my holy throne with their crude antics. Ah!

Music Master

You gave your consent.

Composer *(furious)*

I knew I should not permit it. I should not have been permitted to give permission. Who made you drag me, me, back to this brutal world? Leave me to shiver, to hunger, to perish in the world I choose.

(He runs off in despair. The Music Master looks after him, shaking his head.)

COMPACT DISC TWO

The Opera

1 Overture

*Ariadne lies motionless before the mouth of a cave.
Naiad is on the left, Dryad on the right. Echo is at
the back against the wall of the grotto.*

2 Naiad
Sleeping?

Dryad
Sleeping?

Naiad
No, she's crying...

Dryad
...Cries in sleeping.
Now she's sighing...

Naiad
She's crying.

Dryad
...Cries in sleeping.

Naiad, Dryad
Ah, what sadness she has borne...

Naiad
Every day, to taunt and grieve her...

Dryad
...Newer sorrows, deeper torment...

Naiad
...Icy chill and burning fever,
newer sorrows, deeper torment...

Dryad
...Leave her heart for ever, ever...

Echo
Ever, ever...

Naiad, Dryad, Echo
...Doomed to mourn.
Ah, the sound no longer moves us.

Naiad
As the billows softly breaking...

Dryad
As the aspen gently shaking...

Naiad
As the aspen gently shaking...

Dryad
As the billows softly breaking...

Echo
As the billows, as the aspen gently shaking....

Naiad, Dryad, Echo
...Sigh beneath the heedless sky..

Naiad, Dryad
...All the tears she sheds in slumber,
ah, through days unnumbered,
fall unheard and pass us by.

Naiad, Dryad, Echo
Ah!
As the billows softly breaking,
as the aspen gently shaking
sigh beneath the heedless sky.

Ariadne (*on the ground*)
[3] Ah!

Echo
Ah!

Ariadne
Where was I? Dead?
Yet living, ever living, and living still
This is no kind of life, this sad existence.
My shattered heart, why must you go on beating?
(*half-raising herself*)
But... was it all a dream?
Ah! Soon forgotten!
My mind... can bear... no more.

The drifting shadow draws other shadows in,
though sometimes, like a shooting star, the pain
revives.
Ah!

Echo
Ah!

Harlequin (*from the wings*)
So young and fair and crushed by sorrow.

Zerbinetta (*from the wings*)
Her face is like a child but see how dark her eyes
are.

Harlequin, Truffaldino
How hard, how very hard to comfort her!

Ariadne (*without taking any notice of them; talking
to herself; as if in a monologue*)

[4] A golden time was Theseus–Ariadne,
of glorious light, of joy in love and laughter.
Why must I know of that? Let me forget them.
(*Another idea occurs to her poor deranged mind.*)
And yet I must recall it; fear and shame
lie heavy on my mind. I must defeat them!
Yes, now I have to find her,
the girl that I was.
I... see her...
Grant me strength to keep her memory...
But not the name; her name is lost forever
within the name of another.

Such things change their form so easily.
Ah, yes.

Naiad, Dryad, Echo (*trying to wake her*)
Ariadne.

Ariadne (*motioning them away*)
No, not again! She lives here all alone;
so light her breath, so light her step
no trembling flowers line her way.
Her sleep is chaste, her mind is clear,
her soul is brighter than the dew.
Her life is pure, for soon the day will come
when she may go, winding her mantle round her,
draping a veil over her fading beauty,
to lay her down in silence
and wait her time to die.

Harlequin (*from the wings*)
I feared so; deep distress has made her lose her
mind.

Zerbinetta
Can music heal her pain?

Scaramuccio, Truffaldino (*from the wings*)
The lady's clearly mad.

Ariadne (*without turning her head, to herself; as if
she had heard the last words in a dream*)
Mad, but not foolish, yes.
I know what truth is
when not distorted by ill-fated passion.

Zerbinetta (*from the wings*)
Perhaps a song will help to bring her round.

Harlequin (*singing, from the wings*)
(*Echo repeats it soullessly, like a bird, without
words.*)

5 Loving, hating, hoping, fearing,
blessed joy and cruel pain;
through them all the heart, enduring,
learns to live and love again.

Echo
Ah!

Harlequin
Feeling neither joy nor sorrow,
though it spare you grief and woe,
will destroy your heart tomorrow;
lady, do not treat me so!
Leave the looming shadows, falling,
meet whatever cares await;
life is waiting, love is calling,
let your sleeping heart awake!

(*Echo as before. Ariadne, unmoved, dreams on to
herself.*)

Zerbinetta (*sotto voce*)
She doesn't even raise her head.

Harlequin (*the same*)
I'm unable to reach her.
I knew, even while I was singing.

(Echo repeats the melody.)

Zerbinetta

I see her plight has upset you.

Harlequin

Never before has my heart been so deeply moved.

Zerbinetta

You're touched by every girl you see.

Harlequin

And you have been touched by every man.

Ariadne *(to herself)*

6 There is a land, a world untainted,
I speak its name with longing; Death's domain.
(rising from the ground)
Here is most foul.
Here existence is futile.
(She pulls her robe around her.)
Soon Death will send his envoy
Hermes, Hermes his name!
All human souls are swift to obey him,
like birds in summer or leaves in autumn
blown from his touch.
You peerless, radiant God!
See Ariadne waiting!

Ah, the cruel pain and heartache
must be purged and purified.
You will turn your face to see me,

take the path toward my cavern,
night will fall, the light will vanish
and your hand will touch my heart at last.
In the stately bridal raiment,
woven at my mother's loom,
I will wrap this weary body
in the darkness of the tomb
while my soul, in silent rapture,
flies to meet its chosen lord,
as a bird who seeks the sunlight,
follows gladly, flies abroad.
Then my eyes will dim in shadow
and my heart will turn to stone,
while my body lies unmoving,
richly clad and all alone.
Loose the chains that bind me,
restoring, reviving,
I'm weary of living;
you shall set me free!
Soon I will be free!
I'm weary of living,
Soon, soon I will be free!
My soul and my spirit surrender,
I live when Ariadne dies.

*(She stands as if far away. Echo, Naiad and Dryad
have disappeared during Ariadne's monologue.
Harlequin (audacious), Brighella (young, awkward),
Scaramuccio (trickster, about fifty years old),
Truffaldino (a foolish old man), Zerbinetta behind
them, come out and try to enliven Ariadne with a
dance. Zerbinetta stays at the side in the wings.)*

Brighella, Scaramuccio, Harlequin, Truffaldino

7 The lady, we are sad to see,
gives way to grief too easily.
Though sorrow leaves its mark today,
as Time goes by it fades away.

To lovers who languish
we say with feeling
that pain and anguish
are hardly appealing.

Welcome the laughter
of good companions;
what follows after
is sure to please.

(They dance.)

We dance and sing
to relieve your sorrow;
the tears of today will
be dry tomorrow.
Your tears will dry at
the touch of a sunbeam,
your tears will dry in
the wayward breeze.

Zerbinetta

While they are prancing,
singing and dancing,
now one, now another
catches my fancy;

first one man, now another is
the one I like best.

**Zerbinetta, Brighella, Scaramuccio, Harlequin,
Truffaldino**

We dance and sing
to relieve your sorrow,
the tears of today
will be dry tomorrow.
Your tears will dry
at the touch of a sunbeam,
your tears will dry
in the wayward breeze.

Zerbinetta

Sadly the princess returns to her dreaming;
your song does not please her,
she is not impressed.
(as she steps between the four dancers)
Go now, leave now,
you're wearing her down.

Brighella, Scaramuccio, Harlequin, Truffaldino

We fine performers
are strictly under orders
to banish your sadness
as best we please.
Our nimblest dances
and brightest chorus
win nothing for us,
not even a smile!

Zerbinetta

Then stop your dancing,
stop your singing,
Leave us awhile.

(Zerbinetta sends them away. The four go off, two to the right, two to the left.)

Recitative and Aria

Zerbinetta *(making a deep curtsy to Ariadne)*

- [8] Your gracious Royal Highness,
who is not aware
that on a person as illustrious as you are,
sorrow presses with a merciless weight,
inflicting greater pain
than on us ordinary folk?
And yet, *(moving a step closer, though Ariadne pays her no attention)*
we are both women, nonetheless,
and beating here within our breast
there lies a mystery,
the mystery of our hearts.
(She moves nearer with a curtsy. Ariadne, to avoid her, covers her face.)
To name our weakness openly,
to confess our nature to ourselves,
is that not bitter sweet,
the truth all women long to hear?
You do not wish to listen...
Still and proud and beautiful;
a frozen marble effigy
upon a royal tomb.

You wish no other friend to offer comfort,
save for the rocks or for the rolling ocean.
(Ariadne retires to the mouth of her cave.)

Your highness, you must hear me out!

You're not alone; all women,

ah, all women know this agony.

There is not one who has not felt the pain that
you feel;

forsaken and despairing, cast aside.

Ah, desert islands just like this are everywhere...

Wherever there are lovers.

I, I tell you, have dwelt upon them more than you
would guess

and still I never learn

to curse the men who left me.

(Ariadne withdraws completely into her cave.

*Zerbinetta continues to direct her words of
consolation to the now invisible Ariadne.)*

Faithless, they are! Unrelenting and unworthy;

one elusive night,

one turbulent day,

a sigh in the wind, a glance in the crowd

can alter their heart!

But is womankind immune

to all this terrible, delectable, this inexplicable
inconstancy?

- [9] The moment I think I'm true to one lover,
the moment I swear that our love will endure,
I secretly turn to thoughts of another,
drawn to a freedom yet to be tasted,
drawn to a new and unknowable longing,

thrilled by a passion too wild to ignore!
I speak the truth
and yet I know I'm lying.

I'm innocent still, yet I'm to blame.
I long to believe what my heart is denying;
while half is reason and half is madness,
at last I'll betray him,
at last I'll betray him, yet love him the same.
The moment I swear that our love will endure,
I secretly turn to thoughts of another,
drawn to a new and unknowable longing...
(suddenly breaking off)
And so I loved Pagliaccio and Mezzetin,
I played with Cavicchio, then Burattin,
then Pasquariello
and there were times they would come to find me
two at a time.
No shallow fancy,
love is compulsion,
love is eternal, bewildering wonder
that my heart remains a mystery, to myself;
can I ever understand.

Rondo

Like a God each lover came toward me;
to his feet, then, silent I flew.
His divine kisses restored me,
in his arms the God transformed me
and he fashioned love anew!

Like a God each lover came toward me
and remade my heart again.
When I felt his kiss restore me,
I surrendered there and then.
Kisses from his lips restored me,
in his arms the God transformed me;
I surrendered there and then.
I surrendered... Ah!
When the new god came toward me,
I surrender... silent... still.... still.

Harlequin (*springing from the wings*)

¹⁰ Quite a sermon, but a waste of effort.

Zerbinetta (*quickly turning to him*)

Yes, it seems the lady and I speak in a different
language.

Harlequin

It seems so.

Zerbinetta

But can the lady learn to express herself
in simple sentiments, just as I do.

Harlequin

We have to wait and see...
How about some fun... while we are waiting?
(With one bound he is beside her.)

Zerbinetta

You're unspeakable!

Harlequin

And you're a girl I could fall for...
You have aroused me with you charms and I long
to be better acquainted.
(He tries to embrace her; she frees herself.)

Zerbinetta

What an outrage! Have you no shame? In sight of
Ariadne's royal palace.

Harlequin

Hah! Palace! It's only a cavern!

Zerbinetta

And what of that?

Harlequin

We're safe, no one can see us.
(tries to kiss her again)

Zerbinetta *(wrenching herself free)*

I really believe you mean to do it...

Harlequin

Yes I do. I'm ready!

Zerbinetta *(sizing him up with a glance, half to herself)*

To think some girls would be impressed, even
prefer your insolent swagger!

Harlequin

You know only too well the girls all adore it
just as much as you do!

Brighella, Scaramuccio, Truffaldino *(sticking their heads out left and right from the wings)*

Pssst, Zerbinetta!

Zerbinetta *(having extricated herself from Harlequin, runs forward, to herself, almost to the spectators)*

Men! God above,
if you wanted women to be proof against a man's
advances
then why did you make such a varied assortment?
(She ends in the middle of the text, with a roulade.)

Brighella, Scaramuccio, Harlequin, Truffaldino

^[11] To console a stubborn woman
is a formidable test;
if the lady will not listen,
leave her weeping, that is best.

(Zerbinetta dances from one to the other, cajoling each one in turn.)

Brighella *(in a foolish tone)*

Men are more pliable,
that's undeniable.
All that we need is this;
just a smile and a kiss!

Scaramuccio (*with a sly expression*)
I know pretty places here on this island;
come, let me show you, I'll be your guide.

Truffaldino (*awkwardly lascivious*)
Had I a carriage and horse of my own,
I'd get the charmer somewhere alone.

Harlequin (*discreetly in the background*)
While they are busy fondling and flirting,
cunning will serve me, that much is certain!

Zerbinetta (*dancing from one to the other*)
Love is compulsion,
not a fancy,
love is eternal,
bewildering wonder!

Brighella
I am not stubborn...

Harlequin
I'll lurk in the shadows...

Scaramuccio
Had I the charmer...

Truffaldino
...I'd know what to do.

Zerbinetta
And so I loved Pasquariello and Mezzetin,
and then Cavicchio, then Burattin...

Harlequin
While they are busy fondling and flirting,
Cunning will serve me, that much is certain!

Zerbinetta
Not a fancy, always compulsion...
Oh, yes and sometimes I would have two.

Brighella
I am not stubborn...

Harlequin
I'll lurk in the shadows...

Scaramuccio
Had I the charmer...

Truffaldino
...I'd know what to do.

Brighella, Scaramuccio, Truffaldino
Had I the charmer
I'd know what to do!

Harlequin
I'll lurk in the shadows, ready to seize her.

(While she is dancing Zerbinetta pretends to lose her shoe. Scaramuccio quickly grabs it and kisses it. She lets him put it on while she leans on Truffaldino who, rushing up to her from the other side, has fallen at her feet.)

Zerbinetta

How impatiently he woos me!

(She has reached out her hand for Scaramuccio to kiss, and begins to dance again.)

When I make my suitors jealous
then the clumsy love-sick fellows
caper nimbly to my tune.

Brighella *(dancing stiffly and singing)*

If the maiden makes me jealous,
I'll be biddable and zealous
and I'll caper to her tune.

Scaramuccio *(also dancing)*

If the maiden makes us jealous,
we will all be bright and zealous
when the piper plays her tune!

Truffaldino *(in the same way)*

All the clumsy love-sick fellows,
when the maiden makes them jealous,
will be dancing to her tune.

(While the three dance, Zerbinetta throws herself into the arms of Harlequin and hurries off with him. Scaramuccio, Brighella and Truffaldino find themselves alone.)

Brighella, Scaramuccio, Truffaldino

I'll be nimble, I'll be zealous
and I'll caper to her tune!

Truffaldino

There's her hand...

Scaramuccio

There's her shoe...

Brighella

There's a glance...

Brighella, Scaramuccio, Truffaldino

...that was our token.

Truffaldino

Slyly I'll leave them, now she has spoken.

Brighella, Scaramuccio

Now my goddess has seen I deserve her,
I am the lover chosen to serve her.

Brighella, Scaramuccio, Truffaldino

I'm the lover chosen to serve her
now my goddess has seen I deserve her.

(The three slip into the wings. Immediately afterwards, Scaramuccio appears from the right, disguised.)

Scaramuccio

Psst, where has she gone, where can she be?
Psst, where is she? Where can she be?
(He looks around him and goes round the stage to the right.)

Brighella *(disguised, comes from the left, foolishly)*
Psst, where is she? Where can she be?

Truffaldino *(disguised, from the left corner at the same time as Brighella takes a first step to the right)*
Psst, where is she? Where can she be?
(He bumps into the other two who have also collided; all three stagger about in the middle.)

Brighella, Scaramuccio, Truffaldino *(each to himself)*
Infernal nuisance! Luck may still be on my side!

Zerbinetta *(unseen, at the back)*
And my heart remains a mystery to itself,
still a mystery to itself.

(Brighella, Scaramuccio and Truffaldino look at each other.)

Harlequin *(likewise unseen)*
What a charming game of chances!

Brighella, Scaramuccio, Truffaldino
Ay ay ay !

Zerbinetta

Hands entwining, beating hearts...

Zerbinetta, Harlequin

Hands entwining, beating hearts,
Love employs his magic art.

Brighella, Scaramuccio, Truffaldino *(as they go off dancing, angry and depressed)*
Ay ay ay, the thief! The cunning little thief.

Zerbinetta, Harlequin

What a charming game of chances!
To each touch another answers,
hands entwining, beating hearts,
love employs his magic art.

(Harlequin goes off. Naiad, Dryad and Echo appear hurriedly, almost simultaneously, from right, left and rear.)

Dryad *(excitedly)*

12 A shining marvel, a youthful God!

Naiad

A handsome young traveller. His name is...?
Bacchus!

Echo

A youthful god!

Dryad

You know him? Bacchus!

Naiad

A handsome young traveller.

Dryad

Now listen to me!

Naiad

Now listen!

Dryad

His mother died when he was born...

Naiad

...Died a royal princess...

Dryad

...And a god's beloved.

Naiad

...Yes, a royal princess...

Dryad

...And a god's beloved.

Naiad

Who was he that loved her?

Echo (*enthusiastically*)

...And a god's beloved!

Dryad

All through his childhood, listen, nymphs took care of the boy.

Naiad

Nymphs took care of the boy.

Echo (*ardently*)

Nymphs took care of the boy.

Naiad

Cared for the tender god as he grew...

Naiad, Dryad, Echo

Ah, how I wish I had been there too!

Dryad

He grows like a wildfire in the wind...

Naiad

...a boy no longer...

Echo

...a boy no longer...

Naiad

...now he's a man.

Dryad

...Reaches the harbour, with reckless companions...

Naiad
...spreads to the wind, his billowing sails...

Dryad
...Steers her seaward...

Naiad
...Fearless captain!

Dryad
Fearless captain!

Echo (*bird-like*)
...Steers her seaward...

Naiad
...Flying to his first adventure...

Echo
Weighs the anchor!

Dryad
The first one? You know what it was?

Naiad
Circe! Circe! He finds her island harbour one night.

Echo
Circe! Circe! He finds her island harbour one night.

Naiad
Her palace awaits; swift he runs, lighted by torches...

Echo
Her palace awaits; swift he runs...

Dryad
At her threshold she greets the youth
and invites him to the feast;
feeds his hunger...

Echo
Feeds his hunger...

Dryad
...Serves him wine...

Naiad
...Enchanted wine.

Echo (*most eagerly*)
...Enchanted wine; sweet and tempting lover's flourish.

Naiad
...Enchanted kisses!

Dryad (*triumphant in tone*)
Yet, his courage..., yet, his courage!
She demands that he obey her,
calls him at her feet to lie,

but her powers all betray her;
no new beast will heed her cry.

Naiad, Dryad, Echo
But her powers all betray her;
no new beast will heed her cry.

Dryad
From her bondage he has risen,
pale, untainted as before;
neither altered nor imprisoned,
he is free, a god once more!

Echo
Neither altered nor imprisoned,
he is free, a god once more!

Naiad, Dryad (*at the mouth of the cave*)
Ariadne! Sleeping?

Dryad
No, she hears us!

Naiad, Dryad (*addressing Ariadne*)
A shining marvel!

Echo
Neither altered...
A hero!

Naiad
A god!

Dryad (*addressing herself to the cave*)
Yesterday he sat with Circe,
a guest eating at her table
drinking the enchanted wine.

Naiad
See, the god is here today.

Dryad
A god!

Naiad, Dryad
Listen, Ariadne?

(Ariadne, as if drawn by magic, comes, listening, out of her cave. The three nymphs, also listening, go to the sides and rear. Bacchus, young, magical, dreamy, appears on a rock, and remains unseen to Ariadne and the nymphs.)

Bacchus
13 Circe, Circe can you still hear me?
Unharm'd I have left your shore;
for those who still remain there,
what torment lies in store?

Circe, I have escaped you,
see, I am happy and free!
Circe, Circe what grim adventure
was planned for me?

Ariadne (*to herself*)

It strikes at every sorrow,
melts age-old pain away.
It calls from heart to heart.

Naiad, Dryad, Echo

Sweetly, sweetly, you beguile us,
gentle stranger, sing forever;
sing of longing, life returning,
love and music, bound together.

Bacchus (*sadly*)

But since I left unaltered,
while you remained behind,
say, why am I prey to this fever
that has bewildered my mind?
Some bitter elixir has made me
a beast, untamed and dumb.
Circe, your magic failed you;
now, see how I succumb!

Ariadne (*as above*)

Ah, Death has sent you, your voice is enchanting,
soothing my heart and comforting my spirit.

Naiad, Dryad, Echo (*after which the voice seems
to die away*)

Sweetly, sweetly, you beguile us,
you beguile us, sing forever;
sing of longing, life returning,
love and music, bound together.

Bacchus (*more cheerfully, with something like
graceful mockery*)

Circe, Circe
Circe, I have escaped you,
Circe, unharmed I have left your shore.
Circe, I have escaped you,
see, I am happy and free.
Circe, Circe, what grim adventure
was planned for me?

Ariadne (*her eyes closed, hands raised in the
direction of the voice*)

But do not overwhelm me
with tempting moonlit rapture
that leads my soul astray!
Through long years I have waited;
take me away!

(*Bacchus steps forward, stands before Ariadne who
covers her face with her hands in sudden terror.*)

14 Theseus!

(*Naiad, Dryad and Echo, bowing deeply,
withdraw.*)

No, no!

This is the radiant, peerless God!
I greet my lord,
the envoy I have longed for.
(*She bows.*)

Bacchus (*very young*)

Enrancing vision! Are you the goddess of this
island?
And is this cave your sacred court?

And are these women here to serve you,
 spinning your web of incantations?
*(shy, bewildered by the adventure with Circe, the
 first in his life)*
 Is every stranger welcome here
 to be an honoured guest, to share your meat and
 wine,
 your strange, enchanted wine?
 And, oh, when they succumb, do you transform
 them too?
 Am I once more met by a sorceress?

Ariadne *(softly, ready for death)*
 I do not understand you.
 Is this, Lord, a test you set for me?
 My mind is dull from so much waiting, so much
 pain.
 I wait for you in endless yearning, I have waited
 here
 so many days now, so many nights!
 Ah, how many, who knows?

Bacchus
 15 Me? Can you be sure?
 You spoke a name aloud as I arrived.

Ariadne
 No, no, you are not he.
 My thoughts have lost their way.

Bacchus
 Who, then, am I?

Ariadne *(bowing)*
 Lord of the waves, steering your midnight ship
 across a midnight sea.

Bacchus *(nodding)*
 Yes, it is true. I have a ship.

Ariadne *(suddenly)*
 Take me away then! Far from here,
 from all my heartache!
 A broken heart is useless to me here!

Bacchus
 So will you sail away aboard my ship?

Ariadne
 I long to go. Why ask?
 Perhaps you mean to test my will?
(Bacchus shakes his head.)
(with suppressed anxiety)
 What power will transform me?
 Will you touch me?
 Or use your staff?
 How...? Will it be a draught that you will make
 me drink?
 You said, 'enchanted wine'...

Bacchus *(gazing at her, entranced)*
 Maybe, I spoke of wine, but I forget.

Ariadne *(nodding)*
 I know, that is the way out there in your kingdom,

for those who dwell there
 can forget the past;
 the word, the breath of life, are all in all.
 They rest in peace, in sweet, eternal peace;
 no place for tears that make them weary.
 They have forgotten their relentless sorrows.
 No earthly things are needed there, I know.
(She closes her eyes.)

Bacchus *(deeply moved, solemnly)*
 I am a god, born of a god,
 born as my mother expired in the flames,
 my father's glory that burned and devoured her.
 Let Circe attempt her magic in vain;
 spells cannot touch me!
 Balsam and ether that flow through my veins,
 will protect me from harm.
 Hear me, mortal, there where you stand!
 Though you say you long to die,
 death may extinguish the stars in the heavens
 ere you will perish in my embraces.

Ariadne *(drawing back in fear at the authority of his voice)*
 Magical incantation! Ah! So soon!
 Now there is no return!
 Can you erase the past thus in a fleeting breath?
 Will all my world fade away?
 The sunlight? The starshine? Self and spirit?
 Shall you destroy my pain for ever, can you release me?
 Ah! *(expiring)* No trace of Ariadne, but a sigh?
(She sinks to the ground, he holds her.)

(Everything disappears; a star-filled sky stretches above the two of them.)

Bacchus *(more touched than loud)*
 I give my word, new life has only just begun
 for you and me!
(He kisses her.)

Ariadne *(frees herself from him; half aware and frightened, and gazing around her)*
 Did not existence weigh me down?
 You came and took my burden from me.
 I lay within my dreary cave, like a dog in the dirt,
 among the nettles and worms and vermin, all
 richer than I.

Bacchus
 Now sorrow is turned to rapturous joy
 and, bound as one, our hearts arise!

Ariadne
 You caster of spells! Transformer of souls!
(still anxious, like a frightened child)
 See there; from the shadows of your mantle
 your mother's eyes are fixed on me.
 Is this your shadowland? Is it so holy?
 So free of hunger for earthly delights?

Bacchus
 I know you! You have no such hunger!
 You are my sorceress!

Ariadne

16 Shall we not pass over?
Or are we there?
How did you achieve it?
Is it all over?
See how my cavern glows with light;
over the place where I languished
is an altar made of gold!
Immortal power has changed my world at last.

Bacchus

You are all!
I have been born anew through your power;
immortal godhead awakes in me!
I long to possess you, know your beauty,
my body bathes in immortal desire!
Your wretched cave.
Let me transform this cave of sorrows,
lighting a flame of joy for you and me.

*(A canopy descends from above over the two of them,
enclosing them.)*

Naiad, Dryad, Echo *(invisible, behind the scene)*

Sweetly, sweetly, you beguile us
gentle stranger, sing forever;
sing of longing, life returning,
love and music, bound together.

Ariadne

What now remains in your embrace?
What part of me, as I am dying,
Flies to you in secret

upon your sighing breath?
What remains of Ariadne, what yet remains of
Ariadne?
Let not my sorrow be forgotten.

*(Zerbinetta appears from the wings, points over her
shoulder to Bacchus and Ariadne.)*

Zerbinetta

When a newer god approaches
we surrender, silent, still, still...
(disappears again)

Bacchus

Now I know you are all that I need!
You have changed me entirely through your
power;
I have found in you what my heart yearned to
know!

Ariadne

Let not my sorrow be forgotten now.
Your love, your love gives Ariadne life.

Bacchus

Your pain has made me rich indeed;
my body is bathed in immortal desire
and Death will extinguish the stars in the heavens,
ere you perish in my embrace.

(The canopy closes over Ariadne and Bacchus.)

*Libretto by Hugo von Hofmannsthal,
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On session: Stephen Fry



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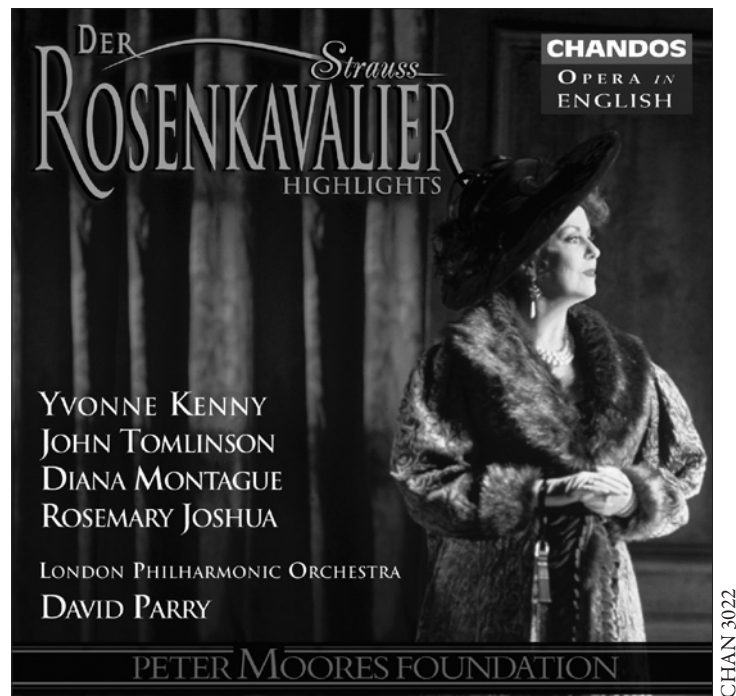


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