

- LIVE -  
The Coliseum  
Nov. 1981

**CHANDOS**

OPERA IN  
ENGLISH

Debussy

# PELLÉAS AND MÉLISANDE

English National Opera Chorus and Orchestra

Mark Elder

ARCHIVE EDITION

A BBC recording



ACHILLE-CLAUDE DEBUSSY



© Lebrecht Music & Arts Photo Library



**Achille-Claude Debussy** (1862 – 1918)

# Pelléas and Mélisande

Opera in five acts and fifteen scenes  
after the play by Maurice Maeterlinck (1862 – 1949)  
Adapted by the composer  
English translation by Hugh Macdonald

**Arkel**, King of Allemonde  
**Geneviève**, mother of Pelléas and Golaud  
**Pelléas**, grandson of King Arkel  
**Golaud**, grandson of King Arkel  
**Mélisande**  
**Yniold**, son of Golaud by his first marriage  
**Doctor**  
**Shepherd** (off-stage)  
Sailors (off-stage), Serving Women (mute)

**John Tomlinson** *bass*  
**Sarah Walker** *mezzo-soprano*  
**Robert Dean** *baritone*  
**Neil Howlett** *baritone*  
**Eilene Hannan** *soprano*  
**Rosanne Brackenridge** *soprano*  
**Sean Rea** *bass*  
**Sean Rea** *bass*

**English National Opera Chorus**  
**English National Opera Orchestra**  
**Mark Elder**



	Time	Page
COMPACT DISC ONE		
<b>Act I</b>	<b>28:19</b>	
<b>Scene 1</b>		
[1] [Introduction] –	2:14	[p. 34]
[2] ‘I shall never find my way out of this forest’ – <i>Golaud, Mélisande</i>	5:25	[p. 34]
[3] ‘I am Prince Golaud, grandson of old Arkel, King of Allemonde’ – <i>Golaud, Mélisande</i>	4:15	[p. 35]
<b>Scene 2</b>		
[4] ‘This is what he has written to his brother Pelléas’ – <i>Geneviève, Arkel</i>	3:47	[p. 37]
[5] ‘All this perhaps may move us strangely’ – <i>Arkel, Geneviève</i>	2:58	[p. 37]
[6] ‘Who’s that? Who has come in?’ – <i>Arkel, Geneviève, Pelléas</i>	2:59	[p. 38]
<b>Scene 3</b>		
[7] ‘The gardens seem enshrouded in night’ <i>Mélisande, Geneviève, Pelléas, Sailors</i>	6:39	[p. 38]



	Time	Page
<b>Act II</b>	<b>25:54</b>	
<b>Scene 1</b>		
<b>8</b> 'I wonder if you know where I have brought you' – <i>Pelléas, Mélisande</i>	3:39	[p. 40]
<b>9</b> 'Was it also by a spring that he found you?' – <i>Pelléas, Mélisande</i>	3:59	[p. 41]
<b>Scene 2</b>		
<b>10</b> 'Ah, ah! All is well, it's nothing serious' – <i>Golaud, Mélisande</i>	2:56	[p. 43]
<b>11</b> 'I'm... I am not very well' – <i>Mélisande, Golaud</i>	10:21	[p. 44]
<b>Scene 3</b>		
<b>12</b> 'Yes, this is it, we are here' <i>Pelléas, Mélisande</i>	4:56	[p. 46]
	<b>TT 54:24</b>	



	Time	Page
COMPACT DISC TWO		
<b>Act III</b>	<b>36:10</b>	
<b>Scene 1</b>		
[1] 'My hair's so long' – <i>Mélisande, Pelléas</i>	5:51	[p. 48]
[2] 'Oh, oh! What's this?' – <i>Pelléas, Mélisande</i>	5:18	[p. 50]
[3] 'What are you doing here?' – <i>Golaud, Pelléas</i>	3:38	[p. 51]
<b>Scene 2</b>		
[4] 'Be careful. Follow me, follow me' – <i>Golaud, Pelléas</i>	4:02	[p. 51]
<b>Scene 3</b>		
[5] 'Ah, at last I can breathe!' – <i>Pelléas, Golaud</i>	2:53	[p. 52]
[6] 'Speaking of Mélisande, I overheard what passed between you' – <i>Golaud</i>	2:55	[p. 52]



	Time	Page
<b>Scene 4</b>		
[7] 'Come, let's sit down here together, Yniold' – <i>Golaud, Yniold</i>	6:52	[p. 53]
[8] 'Oh look! Mama has lighted the lamp in her window' <i>Yniold, Golaud</i>	4:35	[p. 55]

**TT 36:10**

### COMPACT DISC THREE

<b>Act IV</b>		<b>36:55</b>
<b>Scene 1</b>		
[1] 'Where are you going?' – <i>Pelléas, Mélisande</i>	3:14	[p. 58]
<b>Scene 2</b>		
[2] 'Now that Pelléas's father has recovered' – <i>Arkel, Mélisande</i>	6:25	[p. 59]



	Time	Page
<b>3</b> 'Pelléas leaves tonight' – <i>Golaud, Arkel, Mélisande</i>	3:26	[p. 59]
<b>4</b> 'Don't keep putting your hand to your throat like that' – <i>Golaud, Arkel, Mélisande</i>	5:01	[p. 60]
<b>Scene 3</b>		
<b>5</b> 'Oh, this stone's so heavy!' – <i>Yniold, Shepherd</i>	4:04	[p. 61]
<b>Scene 4</b>		
<b>6</b> 'This is our last evening, our last evening' – <i>Pelléas, Mélisande</i>	4:03	[p. 62]
<b>7</b> 'We came here a long time ago, I remember' – <i>Mélisande, Pelléas</i>	1:59	[p. 63]
<b>8</b> 'It is as if your voice had come over the sea in the spring!' – <i>Pelléas, Mélisande</i>	4:10	[p. 64]



	Time	Page
<b>9</b> ‘What is that noise? They’re closing the gates!’ – <i>Pelléas, Mélisande</i>	1:46	[p. 65]
<b>10</b> ‘There is someone here, just behind us’ <i>Mélisande, Pelléas</i>	2:43	[p. 65]
<b>Act V</b>	<b>26:11</b>	
<b>11</b> ‘It would not be from such a little wound as this’ – <i>Doctor, Arkel, Golaud, Mélisande</i>	7:56	[p. 67]
<b>12</b> ‘Mélisande! Mélisande!’ – <i>Golaud, Mélisande</i>	6:57	[p. 68]
<b>13</b> ‘What have you done? You will kill her, Golaud’ – <i>Arkel, Golaud, Mélisande</i>	2:56	[p. 70]
<b>14</b> ‘What is this? What are all these women doing here?’ – <i>Golaud, Doctor, Arkel</i>	4:51	[p. 71]
<b>15</b> ‘What is that?’ <i>Arkel, Doctor, Golaud</i>	4:29	[p. 72]
	<b>TT 64:15</b>	



Can Debussy's operatic masterpiece be sung in English and preserve its quintessential French character? We believe so. Listen to Hugh Macdonald's superb translation, captured here in a live BBC broadcast from the London Coliseum in November 1981, with a fine cast conducted by Mark Elder at the helm of English National Opera forces. We are proud to be adding this historic recording of *Pelléas and Mélisande* to our Opera in English Archive – may it provide fresh insights to newcomers and *aficionados* alike.

Sir Peter Moores, CBE, DL

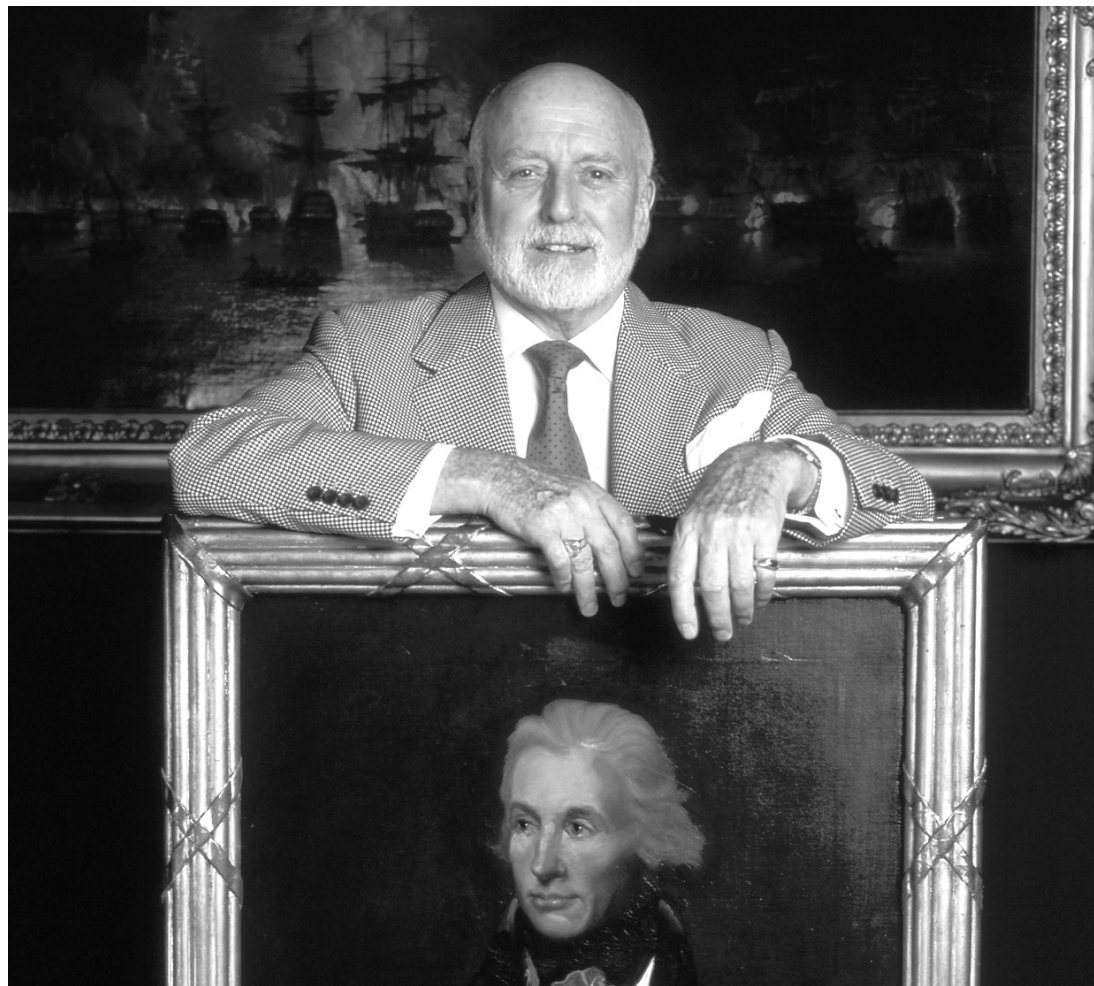
January 2012

A handwritten signature in white ink that reads "Peter Moores". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Peter" and the last name "Moores" clearly distinguishable.

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

© Lyndon Parker







# EILENE HANNAN

© Clive Barda / ArenaPAL







© Clive Barak/ArenaPAL

ROBERT DEAN



## Debussy: Pelléas and Mélisande

---

### An introduction

The works universally recognised as the twin masterpieces of Claude Debussy (1862 – 1918), the tiny orchestral jewel *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune* and the full-length opera *Pelléas et Mélisande*, were composed back-to-back in the years 1892 – 95, when he was in his early thirties. Of the eighty (or so) compositions which preceded them, few have enjoyed much favour, and the attempts which he made to complete an opera had all run into the sand. He had considered a variety of topics and made a number of false starts, and he had completed a very substantial part of *Rodrigue et Chimène*, on the basis of Corneille's *Le Cid*, when he encountered the very different world of the symbolist dramas of Maurice Maeterlinck (1862 – 1949), a discovery which condemned the unfinished *Rodrigue et Chimène* to the bottom drawer. His conviction that he had at last found the material he was looking for is confirmed by a remarkable conversation with Ernest Guiraud, which Maurice Emmanuel recorded as having taken place in 1889:

I imagine a kind of drama quite different from Wagner's, in which music would begin where

the words are powerless as an expressive force.

Music is made for the inexpressible; I would like it to seem to emerge from the shadows and go back into them from time to time, and it should always be discreet.

Debussy went on to define his ideal collaborator as a poet who suggests things 'à demi'; indeed it would be hard to name any writer whose inclinations were so well matched to Debussy's vision as Maeterlinck. Debussy may have read Maeterlinck's play *Pelléas et Mélisande* when it was published in 1892; he certainly saw it staged in Paris in May 1893, an occasion which prompted him to approach Maeterlinck to seek his permission to set it as an opera.

In September 1893, as soon as the *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune* and one or two smaller works had been completed, Debussy began work, and finished the opera two years later. In 1898 it was accepted by the Opéra-Comique, a house that had recently developed a much more elevated repertoire than its name suggests, and after some delays and hold-ups it was staged there in 1902. As Debussy had sketched the orchestral colouring of this most delicate of scores from the beginning, the



full score was left until the very last minute and was completed at great speed. The first performance was a momentous event, as it was clear to many that this opera stepped boldly across many conventional barriers and belonged decisively to the new century; many, equally, regarded it as a horrible monster and a portent of worse horrors yet to come. Above all, it was what the French most passionately adore, a *cause*, an issue, an artistic event that demands to be discussed and criticised and that compels all cultivated persons to declare themselves *pour ou contre*.

Despite many projects and ideas, Debussy was never able to complete another opera. In this respect (if in no other) *Pelléas et Mélisande* is sometimes compared to Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Each opera was the much-loved only child of a doting creator who put so much into its making that there could be no second child to follow after. Debussy tried harder than Beethoven to produce a second opera, but never found the subject or the inspiration he sought.

The roots of Debussy's art were rich and complex, drawing on many strands of musical, literary, and artistic experience. Few composers have been so deeply indebted to the past and at the same time so original as Debussy.

This paradox is embodied in his relationship to Wagner, whose music he deeply admired while distancing himself in many important particulars. From Wagner Debussy adopted the central role of the orchestra and the avoidance of vocal melody, also a continuous musical texture and a network of motives. Some of the Wagnerian features of the opera were already present in Maeterlinck's play, notably the world of remote kings, princesses, forests, and castles, the theme of jealousy and a stolen bride resembling that of *Tristan und Isolde*. Where Wagner provided potent symbols such as swords, spears, ravens, swans, rainbows, and potions, Maeterlinck preferred the more decadent suggestions of decay, blindness, and ignorance – wells, springs, water, gates, stones, and sheep used, often crudely, to suggest a world in which no one can see, let alone control, his own destiny.

It is often supposed that Debussy set Maeterlinck's play almost word for word. This is far from the truth, as whole scenes are omitted and nearly every scene that he kept is shortened at least a little. Debussy avoided those scenes that would traditionally have been treated with an operatic chorus, and these happen also to be the scenes in which Maeterlinck laid on the symbolism in rather



too generous helpings: the women desperately trying to scrub the floor clean, for example (this could be imagined as a gloomy opening chorus perhaps), or the porters not being able to open the gates. The most unusual step Debussy took as he planned the opera was not to seek the services of a professional librettist to adapt and versify the drama for him. He saw that there was visionary force in setting this play, with its highly unpoetic prose dialogue, without adapting its language to suit operatic traditions and without destroying its inherently musical character.

Where Maeterlinck departed most radically from his fellow symbolists and from Wagner was in his style of language. Instead of alliterated consonants, obscure fantastic vocabulary, ornate syntax, and suggestive or archaic poetic conceits, he avoided all fanciful language and wrote in the plainest prose. Most of the characters in *Pelléas et Mélisande* speak to each other like children; everything they say is, on the surface, transparently clear. Yet questions either elicit the wrong reply or no reply at all, and the ordinariness of the language only deepens the obscurity of what it all means. This dimension of the opera, incidentally, can only be properly appreciated when it is sung in the language

of the audience, as operas in foreign languages inevitably sound elaborate and poetic (as most of them in fact are).

For Debussy this simple language was ideal, as opera can never do justice to poetic elaboration anyway, and as he particularly strove for understatement as an escape from Wagnerian hyperbole and as a potent dramatic device. He also had in mind a new kind of vocal writing derived not from Wagner but from Mussorgsky. In his ideological and almost obsessive quest for stage realism, Mussorgsky had independently discovered the benefits of setting prose. Debussy was reported not to have shown much interest in *Boris Godunov* when he was lent a copy of the score in 1889. But *Pelléas et Mélisande* suggests strongly either that he took more interest in it than he admitted or that he had absorbed prevalent ideas on vocal writing during his Russian visits in 1881 and 1882.

The vocal writing shows none of the declamatory excesses of Italian opera, nor even the lyrical shapeliness of Gounod, Bizet, and Massenet. Instead, Debussy treats the words much more as plain speech. The emphasis is on stress and phrase patterns, on clarity of diction, and on a naturalness aided by the complete lack of motivic or thematic shape in the vocal line. The words should never be drowned



by the orchestra; no words are repeated and no syllables are set to more than one note. Debussy must have known that by avoiding lyrical singing he imposed on himself a severe restriction which would have consigned him to oblivion had he not drawn out of himself, at the most propitious moment of his career, a fount of invention that commands attention and admiration throughout. French critics had always been merciless to composers whom they judged to be lacking in melody. Debussy walked boldly and brazenly into that very hornets' nest and came out unscathed.

*Pelléas et Mélisande* is the largest work he ever wrote, and it came into existence at the most advantageous point of his comet-like career. Its first performance in 1902 symbolises its standing at the junction of two centuries. It grandly surveys a complex tradition of French opera which had always been intensely literary in character, and it transformed at a stroke the most potent operatic force of the age, the work of Wagner. At the same time it opened up a new musical language which was to serve as an excuse for all kinds of far-reaching developments in our own time. Of course, none of this need concern us very much when we listen to the opera or see it in the theatre; we should be more preoccupied with the rage of

Golaud, the tenderness of Pelléas, the childlike innocence of Mélisande, or the deluded wisdom of Arkel. We should be searching for the meaning of their strange amputated utterances, whether in the words or in the music. It is certainly all replete with meaning, but what that meaning is, no critic and no listener can readily or convincingly say.

© 2012 Hugh Macdonald

## Synopsis

### COMPACT DISC ONE

#### Act I

##### Scene 1

[1] - [2] Golaud has lost his way while out hunting in the forest. He hears a girl weeping by a spring and approaches her, but she is frightened and distressed, unable to tell him why she is there, although she does tell him her name, Mélisande. [3] He is a grandson of King Arkel, he tells her. Reluctantly she lets him lead her away.

##### Scene 2

A room in the castle. [4] - [5] Geneviève, Golaud's mother, is reading to old Arkel a letter



from Golaud. It is addressed to Pelléas, his half-brother. Golaud has married Mélisande, though he still knows nothing about her. He plans to bring her back and seeks his grandfather's approval, which is given. Geneviève mentions that Golaud is devoted to his son, Yniold. [6] Pelléas comes in, asking if he may visit a dying friend. Arkel reminds him that his father (whom we do not see) is also dying.

### Scene 3

Before the castle. [7] Golaud and Mélisande have returned. Geneviève is showing Mélisande the gardens as night falls. Pelléas joins them. A storm is gathering and they watch a ship dealing with the rough sea. Geneviève goes to look after Yniold, leaving Pelléas to escort Mélisande back.

## Act II

### Scene 1

[8] Pelléas has brought Mélisande to the park to visit the Blind Man's Well. She gazes into the water and her hair touches its surface. [9] Pelléas asks her about her first meeting with Golaud but learns nothing. She starts playing with her wedding ring, throwing it up in the air. It falls in the water. Pelléas is ready to retrieve it,

but Mélisande stops him. A clock strikes noon. Pelléas takes her back, deciding that they should tell Golaud the truth.

### Scene 2

A room in the castle. [10] Golaud has had an accident while out hunting. It happened at noon. Mélisande is at his bedside. [11] She confesses that she is not happy, but when he questions her, she cannot say why. He takes her hand and notices that her ring is missing. She tells him that she lost it in a cave near the sea. He insists angrily that she go at once to find it, taking Pelléas with her if necessary.

### Scene 3

[12] Pelléas and Mélisande have gone down to a cave by the sea to look for the ring, though they know that it is not there. They see three beggars lying asleep in the cave and hurry away.

## COMPACT DISC TWO

## Act III

### Scene 1

[1] Mélisande is sitting at the window of one of the castle towers and singing to herself as she



combs her long hair. Pelléas comes past in a bright mood. He admires her hair and gets her to lean out and let it fall loose. He tells her that he has to leave next day, which distresses her. [2] Pelléas becomes ecstatically entwined in her hair. She entreats him to let go, but her hair is caught in a branch. [3] Golaud walks by and upbraids them for playing like children, leading Pelléas away.

#### **Scene 2**

[4] Golaud has brought Pelléas down into the dark subterranean vaults of the castle, but Pelléas is horrified and they leave.

#### **Scene 3**

[5] They emerge into the light on a terrace of the castle. Pelléas feels refreshed. [6] Golaud reminds him that the sort of scene which he witnessed the night before must not happen again, especially as Mélisande is now expecting a child. He asks Pelléas to keep away from her, though not too obviously.

#### **Scene 4**

[7] Golaud is playing with Yniold outside Mélisande's window. Golaud questions the boy about what he has seen when Mélisande and Pelléas have been together. Frustrated by the

innocent answers of the child, Golaud presses him to reveal more. [8] Mélisande lights a lamp in her window. He lifts him up to the window to report what he sees. Pelléas and Mélisande are inside but apparently sitting in silence. Golaud, enraged, drags the child away.

### **COMPACT DISC THREE**

#### **Act IV**

##### **Scene 1**

A room in the castle. [1] Pelléas asks Mélisande to meet him that evening at the Blind Man's Well, as he has to leave shortly. His father has recovered.

##### **Scene 2**

[2] Pelléas goes out and Arkel enters, speaking of the bright future that now awaits them all. He embraces Mélisande. [3] Golaud enters, with a scratch on his head. When Mélisande moves to attend to him he repulses her violently. Arkel protests her innocence, [4] but Golaud seizes her by the hair and hurls her to the floor.

##### **Scene 3**

[5] Yniold is playing in the park. His ball is stuck under a rock which he cannot lift. He can



hear sheep bleating and he watches them. When they fall silent he asks the shepherd why, only to be told that they are not going to the sheepfold.

#### Scene 4

[6] - [8] Pelléas awaits Mélisande by the well. He almost wishes that he could leave without seeing her again. When she comes he explains that he will have to leave her, but nonetheless he suddenly kisses her, telling her that he loves her. 'I love you too', she confesses. [9] They hear the castle gates closing and know that they cannot go back in; [10] then they hear footsteps and know that Golaud is near. Their love scene rises to a passionate climax as Golaud steps out from the bushes and strikes Pelléas dead with his sword. Mélisande runs off in terror.

#### Act V

A room in the castle. [11] A doctor reports that Mélisande is slightly hurt but not in any danger. [12] Golaud is overcome by guilt. Mélisande wakes but speaks to Arkel in an incoherent fashion. Golaud asks the others to leave and approaches her to ask her forgiveness. He is anxious to know if she loved Pelléas. 'Yes', she says, innocently. 'Was it a guilty love?' he asks. 'No', she replies, although Golaud does not believe her. [13] The

others come back, and he tells them that he thinks he has caused her death. Her baby is brought in, a daughter. [14] Servants fill the room. Golaud again gives in to guilt. [15] Mélisande dies with the baby in her arms.

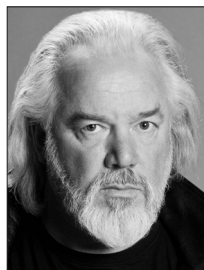
© 2012 Hugh Macdonald

#### A note on the translation

Although many people think of *Pelléas et Mélisande* as profoundly French in character, the opera lends itself particularly well to translation as the libretto, adapted from Maeterlinck's play, is in prose and as Debussy particularly avoided writing conventional tunes. Being prose, the text has neither rhyme nor metre, and the vocal writing is close to speech. A translation must therefore aim to reproduce the conversational, unpoetic, essentially plain tone of the original even if a different number of syllables is often required in English in comparison with the same line in French. In writing this translation for singing, therefore, I have tried as far as possible to imagine that Debussy was setting the words in English, even if that meant being more faithful to the libretto than to the music.

© 2012 Hugh Macdonald





Born in Lancashire, the bass **John Tomlinson** (Arkel) gained a B.Sc. in Civil Engineering at Manchester University before winning a scholarship to the Royal Manchester College of Music. He has sung regularly with English

National Opera since 1974 and with The Royal Opera, Covent Garden since 1977, and has appeared with all the other leading British opera companies. At the Bayreuth Festival, for eighteen consecutive seasons, he sang Wotan, Wanderer, Hagen, Titurel, Gurnemanz, King Marke, Heinrich, and the Dutchman. At festivals and opera houses all over Europe and the USA he has performed a repertoire that includes Hans Sachs (*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*), Landgraf (*Tannhäuser*), Baron Ochs (*Der Rosenkavalier*), Boromeo (*Palestrina*), Orestes (*Elektra*), Moses (*Moses und Aron*), Green Knight (world premiere of Sir Harrison Birtwistle's *Gawain and the Green Knight*), Claggart (*Billy Budd*), Rocco (*Fidelio*), King Philip and Grand Inquisitor (*Don Carlos*), Sarastro (*Die Zauberflöte*), Leporello and Commendatore (*Don Giovanni*), Lindorf,

Coppelius, Dr Miracle, and Dapertutto (*Les Contes d'Hoffmann*), Golaud and Arkel (*Pelléas et Mélisande*), Boris Timofeyevich Ismailov (*Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District*), Boris and Pimen (*Boris Godunov*), the General (*The Gambler*), Thomas à Becket (Pizzetti's *Assassinio nella cattedrale*), and the Minotaur (world premiere of Birtwistle's *The Minotaur*). He has sung a large concert repertoire with all the leading British orchestras, throughout continental Europe, and in the USA, and has made numerous recordings on CD and DVD. During the 2011 / 12 season John Tomlinson sings Pogner (*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*) at The Royal Opera, Covent Garden, Baron Ochs (*Der Rosenkavalier*) at English National Opera, Grand Inquisitor (*Don Carlos*) at De Nederlandse Opera, Arkel at Gran Teatre de Liceu, Barcelona, and Bluebeard on a European tour. He was awarded a CBE in 1997 and knighted in the Queen's Birthday Honours of 2005. For Chandos Opera in English he has recorded important roles in *Boris Godunov* (Highlights), *Julius Caesar*, *Mary Stuart*, *Der Rosenkavalier* (Highlights), *Rigoletto*, *Werther*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *The Magic Flute*, *Bluebeard's Castle*, and *Don Carlos*, as well as two discs of operatic arias.





The mezzo-soprano **Sarah Walker** (Geneviève) began her musical life as a violinist and cellist at the Royal College of Music in London and subsequently studied with the celebrated Hungarian voice

teacher Vera Rózsa, with whom she built up an extraordinarily wide repertoire ranging from Bach to Berio and beyond. Since her debut at Glyndebourne Festival Opera as Diana / Giove in Cavalli's *Calisto*, she has appeared at The Royal Opera, Covent Garden, The Metropolitan Opera, New York, Teatro alla Scala, Milan, Wiener Staatsoper, and other opera houses all over the world. Among more than seventy roles in her repertoire are Didon, Klytemnästra, Donna Elvira, Katisha, Mistress Quickly, numerous Handel and Monteverdi heroines, and the title role in Britten's *Gloriana*. Much in demand on the concert platform worldwide, she has worked with conductors such as Sir Georg Solti, Carlos Kleiber, Sir Roger Norrington, Sir Simon Rattle, and Bernard Haitink. She was a brilliant Britannia, with her two unforgettable Union-Flag-draped

appearances at the Last Night of the Proms, and sang in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony under Leonard Bernstein at the opening of the Berlin Wall at Christmas in 1989. Her greatest love has always been song and the overwhelming success of her Wigmore Hall debut established her as a recitalist of supreme excellence, whose wide repertoire and artistry are reflected in numerous recordings. Sarah Walker was among the first performers to set up a web presence, at sarahwalker.com, and has now moved onto Facebook, YouTube, SoundCloud, and other platforms. She was appointed CBE in 1991.



The professional singing career of the baritone **Robert Dean** (Pelléas) spanned the years 1979 – 87, during which time he sang principal roles with English National Opera, The Royal Opera, Covent Garden, Opera North,

Welsh National Opera, Glyndebourne Festival Opera, and Scottish Opera where his final stage role was Figaro in *The Barber of Seville*. He sang regularly at the Batignano Festival which is also where he started his professional



conducting career. This has now seen him conduct the Philharmonia Orchestra, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, City of London Sinfonia, and London Mozart Players, among other ensembles. He returned to Scottish Opera as Head of Music, serving from 1989 to 1993 and conducting a wide-ranging repertoire. Every season for the last twenty years he has conducted productions at opera companies in North America, as well as appearing in the UK and continental Europe. He was Artistic Director of the Philharmonia Chorus for ten years and is much in demand as a voice teacher. Robert Dean is a Professor of Voice at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama and so far four of his pupils have been prize winners at the prestigious Kathleen Ferrier Competition in which, at the start of his singing career, he was himself twice a finalist.

The baritone **Neil Howlett** (Golaud) won the Kathleen Ferrier Memorial Scholarship while at the University of Cambridge and thereafter studied in Vienna, Milan, and Stuttgart. Having been contracted in Bremen, he subsequently made his debut at The Royal Opera, Covent Garden in 1970, singing Silvio (*Pagliacci*). During a long and successful international career he has also performed with opera

Foto de Rota, Trieste



companies in Italy, France, Norway, South America, and the USA, as well as with the English Opera Group (under Benjamin Britten), Welsh National Opera, Scottish Opera, and English National Opera

where he was a leading baritone for seventeen years. His repertoire of more than ninety roles notably includes Scarpia (*Tosca*), Iago (*Otello*), Macbeth, Boccanegra, Renato (*Un ballo in maschera*), Amfortas (*Parsifal*), Golaud, Wotan (*Der Ring des Nibelungen*), Count Almaviva (*Le nozze di Figaro*), and Jochanaan (*Salome*). Neil Howlett was a professor at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama from 1974 to 1992, when he was appointed Head of Vocal Studies at the Royal Northern College of Music, later becoming Director of Repertoire Studies. In recent years he has received critical acclaim for his performances as Wotan / Wanderer, which have led to lectures, articles, and master-classes on Wagner. His research into historical singing practice has resulted in numerous articles which can be found on his website ([www.neilhowlett.com](http://www.neilhowlett.com)). His discography includes recordings of



*Les Vêpres siciliennes, Le Rossignol*, and, for Chandos Opera in English, Iago in Verdi's *Otello*.

Amanda Watkins



Recognised for her great versatility, the distinguished Australian soprano **Eilene Hannan** (Mélisande) has performed in the major opera houses, concert halls, and recital venues of Great Britain, continental

Europe, and Australia. At the opening of the Sydney Opera House she sang Natasha (*War and Peace*), a role she repeated in London and at The Metropolitan Opera in New York. In her international career she has sung Rusalka, Pamina, Susanna, Cherubino, Dorabella, Zerlina, Lauretta (*Gianni Schicchi*), Mimì, Tatyana, Mélisande, Micaëla, Blanche (*Dialogues des Carmélites*), Leïla, Kát'a Kabanová, Jenůfa, Vixen, Eboli, Pat Nixon (*Nixon in China*), Governess (*The Turn of the Screw*), Sieglinde, Venus, Marzelline, Oscar, Salome (*Hérodiade*), and Poppea. She has appeared with Opera Australia in roles as diverse as the Marschallin, Governess (for which she won a Green Room

Award), and Emma (Richard Mills's *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*). She has also toured Australia as Mother Abbess (*The Sound of Music*). Eilene Hannan has worked with such conductors as Sir Simon Rattle, Sir Charles Mackerras, Sir Mark Elder, Pierre Boulez, and Richard Bonyng, and with the directors John Copley, John Bell, David Pountney, Peter Sellars, Harry Kupfer, Neil Armfield, and Nicholas Hytner. Her well-known passion for and experience of singing in English has led to engagements not only with Opera Australia but also with Victorian Opera. She has established a reputation for her contribution to music teaching through master-classes, coaching, and adjudicating, and is a recognised English and French language coach. For her services to opera she has been made a Member of the Order of Australia.

The soprano **Rosanne Brackenridge** (Yniold) has enjoyed a successful career with Scottish Opera, Geneva Opera, and English National Opera, having appeared at the London Coliseum, Royal Albert Hall, and Metropolitan Opera, New York. She has been extensively involved with the project Music in Hospitals; invited to join the audition panel seeking musicians to take part in this challenging and





rewarding work, she has performed with the programme all over Scotland, reaching as far as the Orkney Islands. She now works for the National Youth Choir of Scotland, bringing music lessons based on the method of Zoltán

Kodály to young children in Glasgow. As part of the extensive training that the Choir provides, she will soon return to Hungary for a second study week. Kodály believed that 'the smaller the child, the more easily it learns, the less it forgets', and Rosanne Brackenridge is proud to be spreading the joy of music to very young children, including babies.



Born in Surrey, the bass **Sean Rea** (Doctor and Shepherd) studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, and made his professional debut in 1976, singing Pistol (*Falstaff*) for Glyndebourne Touring Opera. He

has since appeared at Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Welsh National Opera, The Royal Opera, Covent Garden, Opera North, and several opera houses abroad, in a repertoire that includes Superintendent Budd (*Albert Herring*), Pietro (*Simon Boccanegra*), Peneios (*Daphne*), Pimen (*Boris Godunov*), Commendatore (*Don Giovanni*), Sarastro (*Die Zauberflöte*), Narbal (*Les Troyens*), and Prince Gremin (*Eugene Onegin*). From 1980 to 1984 he was a principal bass with English National Opera, singing the Helmsman (*Tristan and Isolde*), Monterone and Sparafucile (*Rigoletto*), the Cardinal (*Rienzi*), the King (*Aida*), and Pogner (*The Mastersingers of Nuremberg*), among other roles. Also enjoying the lighter side of things, he has sung lead roles in musicals such as *Kismet*, *South Pacific*, and *The Sound of Music*, and many light music programmes for the BBC. Sean Rea has had considerable success as a voice teacher, and has been Artistic Director of Island Opera in the Isle of Man, Musical Director of the choir Cantonelle in Carlisle, and, since 2006, Musical Director of Kircudbright Choral Society.

The **English National Opera Chorus** is one of the finest professional operatic ensembles in

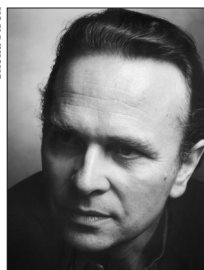


the UK today. Tracing its roots to the founding of the Sadler's Wells Opera Company by Lilian Baylis in 1931, the Chorus is committed to bringing opera sung in English to the widest possible audiences in thrilling and theatrically inventive productions. It plays a key role in the company ensemble and has enjoyed recent notable successes in major new productions of *Aida*, *Billy Budd*, *Cavalleria rusticana* and *Pagliacci*, *Death in Venice*, *Doctor Atomic*, *Jenůfa*, *Peter Grimes*, *Satyagraha*, *Turandot*, *A Dog's Heart*, *The Damnation of Faust*, and Handel's *Messiah*, as well as in the widely acclaimed revival of *Parsifal* in 2011. It has also performed at the Aldeburgh Festival, the Barbican, and in Barcelona, and was invited by Sir Charles Mackerras to sing in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience* at the BBC Proms in 2009. The large discography of the English National Opera Chorus includes, for Chandos Opera in English recordings of *The Carmelites* and *The Makropulos Case*, among many others. The Chorus was actively involved in English National Opera's groundbreaking live broadcasts of *La bohème* and *Lucrezia Borgia* for SkyArts. Members of the Chorus regularly perform principal roles in company productions and participate in the work of ENO Baylis, the company's learning and participation team.

At the heart of the company's artistic life, the **English National Opera Orchestra** has in recent years received several prestigious awards. As well as giving opera performances at the London Coliseum, the Orchestra has also appeared at the Aldeburgh Festival and at Glastonbury. It is closely involved in ENO Evolve, an initiative led by Edward Gardner, the company's Music Director, in which students from the Royal College of Music shadow players from the Orchestra. Many of the players participate in the work of ENO Baylis, the company's learning and participation team; among other initiatives they perform in its 'Opera Squad', taking the company's work to schools in the London Boroughs of Westminster and Enfield. The Orchestra's recent discography includes recordings of Kate Royal's CD *Midsummer Night* (2009), conducted by Edward Gardner, and, as part of Chandos Opera in English, Berg's *Lulu* (2006) and Poulenc's *The Carmelites* (2006), both conducted by Paul Daniel, and Janáček's *The Makropulos Case* (2007), conducted by Sir Charles Mackerras.

Music Director of the Hallé, **Mark Elder** enjoys close associations with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, The Royal Opera, Covent Garden, and the Orchestra of the Age





of Enlightenment. He was Music Director of English National Opera from 1979 to 1993 and has been Principal Guest Conductor of the BBC Symphony Orchestra and City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra.

For many years he has appeared annually at the BBC Proms in London, twice conducting the internationally televised Last Night of the Proms. He has been a regular guest in many of the most prominent international opera houses, including The Metropolitan Opera, New York and the Opéra national de Paris, and was the first British conductor to conduct a new production at the Bayreuth Festival. He recently conducted *King Roger* at the Bregenz Festival, *Billy Budd* at Glyndebourne Festival Opera, productions of several operas at Covent Garden, including *The Tsar's Bride*, *Fidelio*, and *Adriana Lecouvreur*, and *Die Walküre* and *Götterdämmerung* in concert with the Hallé.

In the recent past and near future he has been engaged to conduct the Boston and Chicago Symphony orchestras, Berlin, Munich, and Netherlands Radio Philharmonic orchestras, Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, Russian National Orchestra, Rotterdam Philharmonic, Budapest Festival Orchestra, Gothenburg Symphony Orchestra, Tonhalle-Orchester Zürich, Gürzenich-Orchester Köln, Australian Youth Orchestra, London Philharmonic and London Symphony orchestras, Britten Sinfonia, and Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment. Sir Mark Elder was awarded the CBE in 1989, knighted in 2008, and in May 2006 was named Conductor of the Year by the Royal Philharmonic Society. He received *Gramophone* Awards in 2009, 2010, and 2011 for his Hallé recordings of *Götterdämmerung*, *The Dream of Gerontius*, *The Kingdom*, and Elgar's Violin Concerto. In April 2011, he took up the position of Artistic Director of Opera Rara with which he is planning several recording projects over the next five years.



NEIL HOWLETT  
& EILENE HANNAN



© Clive Borda / ArenaPAL





© Clive Barda / Arena P&L

# EILENE HANNAN & JOHN TOMLINSON



## PETER MOORES FOUNDATION

The 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.

It was his passion for opera that drove Sir Peter to begin his philanthropic work: 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 the University of Oxford, and the establishment of Compton Verney Art Gallery in Warwickshire, visit [www.pmf.org.uk](http://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. He received Honorary Doctorates of Literature from the University of the West Indies in 2008 and the University of Warwick in 2011.

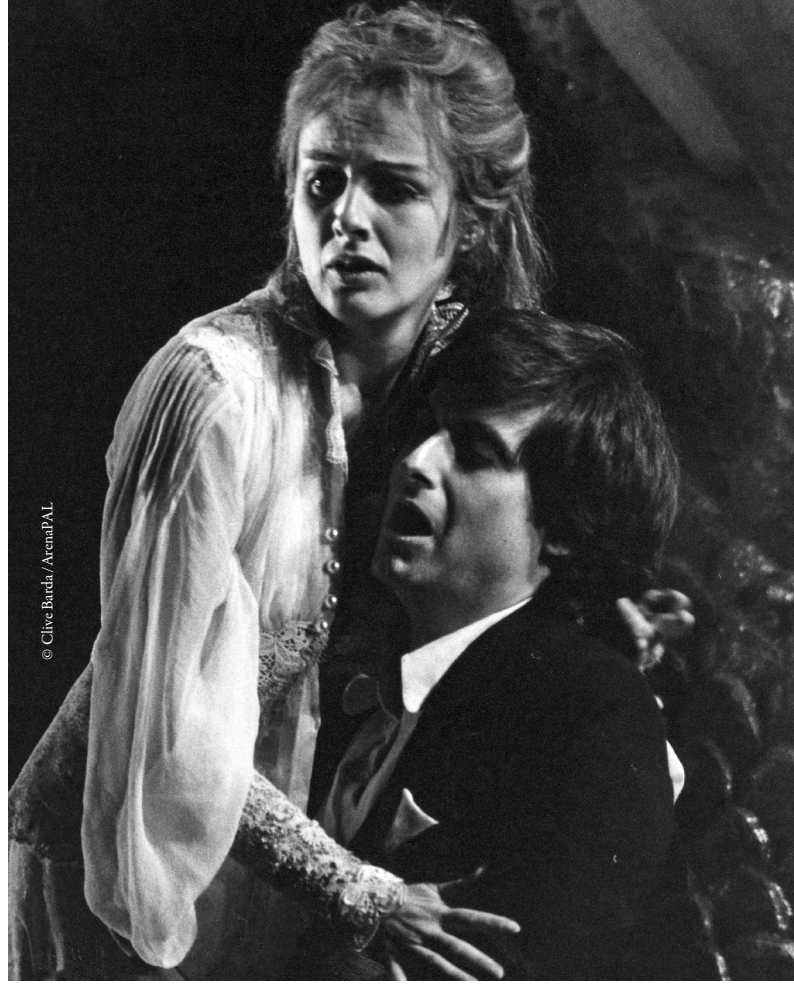


EILENE HANNAN  
& ROBERT DEAN



© Clive Barda / ArenaPAL





© Clive Barba / ArenaPAL

EILENE HANNAN  
& ROBERT DEAN



COMPACT DISC ONE

Act I

Scene 1

*A forest. As the curtain rises Mélisande is discovered by the edge of a well. Enter Golaud.*

<sup>1</sup> [Introduction]

Golaud

<sup>2</sup> I shall never find my way out of this forest. Heaven knows how far this animal has led me. I had the impression it was mortally wounded. Yes, here are traces of blood. But the beast itself is nowhere to be seen; indeed I fear I have lost my way, and my hounds will never find me here. I must try to retrace my steps. Someone's weeping? Oh, oh! Who is that beside the spring? Is that a girl there weeping by the water?  
(*He coughs.*)  
She has not heard me. I cannot see her face.  
(*He approaches Mélisande and touches her shoulder.*)  
Why are you weeping?  
(*Mélisande trembles, starts, and is about to run away.*)  
Don't be afraid. You have nothing to fear. Why are you weeping here, all alone?

Mélisande

Don't touch me! Don't touch me!

Golaud

Don't be afraid. I will do you no harm. Oh, you are so beautiful!

Mélisande

Don't touch me! Don't touch me! Or I shall throw myself in the water!

Golaud

I shall not touch you. You see, I will stay where I am by this tree. Don't be afraid. Has someone wronged you?

Mélisande

Oh yes, yes, yes!

(*She sobs deeply.*)

Golaud

Tell me, who has done you wrong?

Mélisande

Everyone! Everyone!

Golaud

And what wrong have they done?

Mélisande

I don't want to tell you, I cannot tell you.



**Golaud**

Come, come! Don't stay here weeping like this.  
Where is your home?

**Mélisande**

I've run away, away, away!

**Golaud**

Yes, but where have you run away from?

**Mélisande**

I am lost, lost! Oh, oh! Yes, I am lost. This is not  
my home. I was not born here.

**Golaud**

Where are you from? Where do you come from?

**Mélisande**

Oh, oh! Far from here, far... far...

**Golaud**

What is that glittering there down in the water?

**Mélisande**

Oh where? Ah! It is the crown that he gave me. It  
fell in as I was weeping.

**Golaud**

A crown? But who was it gave you a crown? I'll see  
if I can reach it.

**Mélisande**

No, no! I don't want it! I don't want it! I would  
much rather die... die now at once!

**Golaud**

I could easily reach down and get it out. The water  
is not very deep.

**Mélisande**

I don't want it! If you get it I would throw myself  
in!

**Golaud**

No, no, I will leave it alone. And yet I could reach  
it without any trouble. It looks very beautiful. Was  
it long ago that you ran away?

**Mélisande**

Yes. Yes. Who are you?

**Golaud**

<sup>a</sup> I am Prince Golaud, grandson of old  
Arkel, King of Allemonde.

**Mélisande**

Oh, your hair is already turning grey.

**Golaud**

Yes, a little, just here by the temples...



**Mélisande**

And your beard as well. Why do you look at me like that?

**Golaud**

It's your eyes I am looking at. Do you never close your eyes?

**Mélisande**

Yes, yes, I close them at night.

**Golaud**

Why do you look so bewildered?

**Mélisande**

You are a giant!

**Golaud**

I am a man like any other.

**Mélisande**

Why did you come here?

**Golaud**

I have no idea. I was hunting in the forest and I was following a boar. Then I lost my way. You seem very young. How old are you?

**Mélisande**

I'm feeling cold.

**Golaud**

Would you like to come with me?

**Mélisande**

No, no, I'll stay here.

**Golaud**

You cannot stay here all alone in the forest, you cannot stay here alone in the wood all night. What is your name?

**Mélisande**

Mélisande.

**Golaud**

You cannot stay here alone, Mélisande. Come with me.

**Mélisande**

I'll stay here.

**Golaud**

You'll be afraid all alone here. You never know what may happen... all night long... all alone here. It is not possible, Mélisande. Come now, give me your hand.

**Mélisande**

Oh, don't touch me!



**Golaud**

Don't be alarmed. I shall leave you alone. But come with me! The night will be very dark and very cold. Come with me...

**Mélisande**

Where are you going?

**Golaud**

I do not know. I too am lost.

*(They go out.)*

**Scene 2**

*A room in the castle. Arkel and Geneviève are discovered.*

**Geneviève**

- [4] This is what he has written to his brother Pelléas: 'One evening I found her in tears by the side of a spring, in the forest where I'd lost my way. I know neither her age nor who she is, nor where she comes from, and I dare not ask her, for she must have suffered some terrible misfortune. And if you ask her what happened, she bursts into tears like a child and starts sobbing so bitterly that one fears for her. It is now six months since I made her my wife, yet I know nothing more than I knew the day that I found her. Meanwhile, my dear Pelléas, whom I love more than a brother, even though we are not sons of the same father, have everything

ready for my return. I know my mother will gladly and freely forgive me. But I fear Arkel, despite his loving heart. But if he consents to welcome her as if she were his own daughter, on the third evening after you get this letter, light a lantern at the top of the tower that looks over the sea. I shall see it from the bridge of my ship. If not, I shall sail on and never return.' What do you say?

**Arkel**

I can say nothing.

- [6] All this perhaps may move us strangely, because we only ever see the underside of fate, I mean the underside of our fate... Until now he has always followed my advice. I thought I would make him happy when I sent him to see the hand of the princess Ursule. He could not be alone, and since the death of his wife it made him sad to be alone; this marriage would have put an end to long war and to longstanding hatred. He would not have it so. Let it be as he wishes. I have never stood in the way of destiny. He knows his own future better than I. Perhaps in this world nothing ever occurs without purpose.

**Geneviève**

He was always so thoughtful, so serious and resolute. Yet since the death of his wife he has lived only for his son, little Yniold. Everything else he neglects. What can we do?

*(Enter Pelléas.)*



**Arkel**  
[6] Who's that? Who has come in?

**Geneviève**  
It's Pelléas. He has been weeping.

**Arkel**  
Is that you, Pelléas? Come closer into the light so that I can see you.

**Pelléas**  
Grandfather, I received at the same time as the letter from my brother another letter, a letter from my friend Marcellus. He is on the point of death and he has sent for me. He says he knows exactly the day that death will come. And he says I could be there in time to see him, if I wish; he says I have no time to lose.

**Arkel**  
It would be well to wait a little time, however. We have no notion yet how your brother's return may affect us. And besides, is your father not here, in this very castle, closer to death perhaps than your friend? Can you make a choice between your father and your friend?

*(He goes out.)*

**Geneviève**  
See that the lantern is lit this evening, Pelléas.

*(They go out separately.)*

**Scene 3**  
*Before the castle. Enter Geneviève and Mélisande.*

**Mélisande**  
[7] The gardens seem enshrouded in night. And such forest, such forest all round the castle!

**Geneviève**  
Yes, I too was struck by that when I first came here. It astonishes everyone who comes here. There are places here where you never see the sun. But you quickly get used to it. It is now many years, very many years, it is now nearly forty years I have lived here. Look over there, on the other side, you'll get the light from the sea.

**Mélisande**  
I hear a sound somewhere below us.

**Geneviève**  
Yes, that is someone coming up here. Ah, it's Pelléas. Perhaps he is tired after waiting for you so long.

**Mélisande**  
He hasn't seen us.



**Geneviève**

I think he has, but doesn't know what he should do. Pelléas, Pelléas, is that you?

**Pelléas**

Yes! I was going in search of the sea.

**Geneviève**

So were we; we came here for the light. For here the light is brighter than elsewhere, and yet the sea is dark.

**Pelléas**

A storm is gathering for tonight; there has been one every night for several days and yet the sea is very calm this evening. One could easily put out to sea without knowing and never return.

**Sailors** (*off-stage*)

Howay! Howay! Heave ho! *etc.*

**Mélisande**

Something's putting out to sea.

**Pelléas**

It must be quite a large ship, for her lights are very high. We will see her in a minute, as soon as she sails into the next patch of light.

**Geneviève**

I do not think we'll be able to see her. There's still a mist hanging over the sea.

**Pelléas**

Soon perhaps the mist will slowly clear away.

**Mélisande**

Yes, down there in the distance I can see a faint light I had not seen before.

**Pelléas**

It's a beacon; there are several others still out of sight in the mist.

**Mélisande**

Now the ship has moved into the light. She's already far out.

**Pelléas**

Under way in full sail...

**Mélisande**

That is the ship that brought me here. The ship with big sails. I recognise her by her sails.

**Pelléas**

She will have stormy weather tonight.

**Mélisande**

Why set sail on such a rough night? She is almost out of sight. Perhaps she'll be shipwrecked!

**Pelléas**

The night is falling fast.



**Geneviève**

It is time to go back. Pelléas, show Mélisande the way. I have to go and look after little Yniold.

*(She goes out.)*

**Pelléas**

Nothing more can be seen out there.

**Mélisande**

I can see some other lights.

**Pelléas**

They are the other beacons. Can you hear the sea?  
The wind is getting up. We'll go down by this path.  
Shall I hold your hand?

**Mélisande**

But look! You see my hands are holding these flowers.

**Pelléas**

I'll take you by the arm, the path is very steep  
and it's dark all around us. I'm leaving tomorrow  
maybe.

**Mélisande**

Oh, why are you leaving?

*(They go out.)*

End of Act I

**Act II**

**Scene 1**

*A well in the park. Enter Pelléas and Mélisande.*

**Pelléas**

<sup>8</sup> I wonder if you know where I have brought  
you. I often come and sit here in the middle of the  
day, when it's too hot in the garden. Even under  
the trees today the air is stifling.

**Mélisande**

Oh, what clear water!

**Pelléas**

The water's clear and cool as winter. It's an old  
and disused well. They say this was a well with  
miraculous powers. It would open the eyes of the  
blind. It is called to this day the Blind Man's Well.

**Mélisande**

Does it no longer open the eyes of the blind?

**Pelléas**

Since the king has become almost blind himself,  
no one comes here.

**Mélisande**

How silent it is... We're all alone.



**Pelléas**

This place is always unbelievably silent. One could hear the water sleeping. Would you like to sit here on the edge of the marble? Here is a linden tree where the sun never shines...

**Mélisande**

I shall lie down on the marble. I want to see the bottom of the well.

**Pelléas**

No one has ever seen it. Perhaps it is as deep as the sea.

**Mélisande**

If something bright were shining down there, perhaps one might see it.

**Pelléas**

Don't lean over like that!

**Mélisande**

I want to touch the water.

**Pelléas**

Take care not to slip. Let me hold your hand.

**Mélisande**

No, no, I want to dip both my hands in. It's strange, today my hands don't seem very well...

**Pelléas**

Oh, oh! Be careful! Do be careful! Mélisande, Mélisande! Oh, look at your hair!

**Mélisande** (*sitting up*)

I can't, I can't reach it.

**Pelléas**

Your hair has fallen in the well.

**Mélisande**

Yes, it's longer than my arms, it's even longer than I am...

**Pelléas**

9 Was it also by a spring that he found you?

**Mélisande**

Yes.

**Pelléas**

What did he say?

**Mélisande**

Nothing. I don't remember.

**Pelléas**

Did he come close?

**Mélisande**

Yes, he wanted to kiss me.



**Pelléas**

You didn't want him to?

**Mélisande**

No.

**Pelléas**

Why didn't you want him to?

**Mélisande**

Oh, oh! I can see something moving at the bottom of the well!

**Pelléas**

Be careful, do be careful! You'll fall in! What's that you're playing with?

**Mélisande**

It's the ring he gave me.

**Pelléas**

Don't play with it like that, not over such deep water!

**Mélisande**

You see, my hands are steady.

**Pelléas**

It sparkles in the sun. Don't throw it so high in the air!

**Mélisande**

Oh!

**Pelléas**

It's fallen in!

**Mélisande**

It's fallen in the well!

**Pelléas**

Where is it? Where is it?

**Mélisande**

I didn't see it sinking...

**Pelléas**

I think I can see it!

**Mélisande**

My ring?

**Pelléas**

Yes, yes, down there!

**Mélisande**

Oh, oh! It's so far away! No, no, that's not it, that's not my ring. My ring has gone, I've lost it. Only a circle remains on the water. What are we going to do now?



**Pelléas**

There's no need to be distressed in this way over a ring. It's nothing, perhaps we'll recover it. We might recover another one instead.

**Mélisande**

No, no, we'll never recover it, we shan't find any other ones either. I thought I had it safely in my hands. I had already closed my hands. Even so, it fell in. I threw it up too high, up into the sun.

**Pelléas**

Now come, we'll come back some other day. Come on, we must go. They'll be coming to find us. The clock struck twelve as the ring fell into the well...

**Mélisande**

What shall we tell Golaud if he asks where it is?

**Pelléas**

The truth, the truth.

*(They go out.)*

**Scene 2**

*A room in the castle. Golaud is discovered lying on his bed; Mélisande is at the bedside.*

**Golaud**

<sup>[10]</sup> Ah, ah! All is well, it's nothing serious. But I am unable to explain how this could have

happened. I was hunting unconcerned in the forest. Suddenly my horse just bolted for no reason. Could it have seen something unusual? Just before, I'd heard the clock strike the twelve strokes of noon, when on the last stroke, it took sudden fright and ran like a blind idiot into a tree! I can remember no more after that. I fell down, and my horse must have fallen on top of me; my chest felt as though the whole forest had fallen upon me. My heart felt as though it had broken in two. But my heart is robust. I am sure it's nothing serious.

**Mélisande**

May I give you some water?

**Golaud**

No thank you, I am not thirsty.

**Mélisande**

May I give you another pillow? There's a little spot of blood on this one?

**Golaud**

No, there's no need to change it.

**Mélisande**

Are you sure? I hope you're not in pain.

**Golaud**

No, this is not the first time. I am made of iron and blood.



**Mélisande**

Close your eyes and try to sleep. I shall be here beside you all night.

**Golaud**

No, no, I do not want you to weary yourself in that way. There's nothing more I need. I will sleep like a child. What is it, Mélisande? What brings these tears to your eyes?

**Mélisande** (*weeping*)

<sup>[11]</sup> I'm... I am not very well.

**Golaud**

You are not well? What is it? What is it, Mélisande?

**Mélisande**

I don't know... I am not very well. I would rather you knew today. My lord, I'm not happy here.

**Golaud**

But what can have happened? Has someone done you wrong? Has someone been offensive to you?

**Mélisande**

No, no, no one has done me any wrong at all. It's not that.

**Golaud**

Then you must be concealing something from me. Tell me plainly, tell me the truth, Mélisande. Is it the king? Is it my mother? Is it Pelléas?

**Mélisande**

No, no, it is not Pelléas. It isn't anyone. You cannot understand me. It is something stronger than I...

**Golaud**

Come on, let us be reasonable, Mélisande. What do you want me to do? You are no longer a child. Is it me you would like to be rid of?

**Mélisande**

Oh no, it's not that. I would like to go away with you. It's here that I can't live any longer. I feel that I will not live much longer.

**Golaud**

But there must be a reason for it. It will seem an act of madness. They will think it is all childish dreams. Let's see, is it Pelléas perhaps? I have not seen him speaking to you much.

**Mélisande**

Yes, he speaks to me sometimes. I don't believe he likes me; I can see by his eyes. But he speaks to me whenever he sees me.



**Golaud**

You must not take offence at that. He has always been like that. He is rather unusual. He will change, you'll see. He is young still.

**Mélanide**

But it isn't that, no it isn't that...

**Golaud**

Then what is it? Can you not live the kind of life that we lead here? Is it too desolate here? It is true that the castle is ancient and gloomy. It is very dark and cold, and the people who live here are already old. And the country can seem desolate too, with these forests all around, all these ancient forests closed to the daylight. Yet all this could be brighter if anyone wants. And yet contentment, contentment... One cannot have that every day. But come, tell me something, no matter what. I will do whatever you wish.

**Mélanide**

Yes, it's true. No one ever sees the daylight here. I saw it for the first time today.

**Golaud**

Would it be that which makes you weep, my poor Mélanide? Is it just that? You weep because you never see the sky? Come on, you are too old to weep about a thing like that. Do you think the summer is not here? You will see the sky every day.

And then next year... Come on, give me your hand, give me both your little hands.

*(He takes her hands.)*

Oh, these little hands! I could crush them just as if... as if they were flowers! What! Why is the ring that I gave you not here?

**Mélanide**

The ring?

**Golaud**

Yes, your wedding ring. Where is it?

**Mélanide**

I think... I think it must have fallen off.

**Golaud**

Fallen off? Where can it have fallen? I hope you haven't lost it.

**Mélanide**

No, it has fallen off, it must have fallen off. But I know where it is.

**Golaud**

Where is it?

**Mélanide**

You know the place... You know the place... You know the cave by the sea?



**Golaud**

Yes.

**Mélisande**

It's there, it's there, it must be there. Yes, yes, now I remember. I went down there this morning to gather up some seashells for little Yniold. There are some lovely ones there. It slipped from my finger. But the tide was rising, so I had to go before I was able to find it.

**Golaud**

Are you certain it is there?

**Mélisande**

Yes, yes, I am certain. I felt it slip off.

**Golaud**

Then you must go and find it immediately.

**Mélisande**

Go there now? Immediately? In the dark?

**Golaud**

Go there now! Immediately, in the dark! I would prefer to lose everything I possess rather than lose that ring. You do not know what it is. You do not know where it came from. The tide will be very high tonight. The sea will probably get there before you, you must be quick.

**Mélisande**

I'm afraid... I'm afraid to go alone there.

**Golaud**

Go now! Take someone if you like, but go! So long as you go this moment, understand? You must be quick. Go and see if Pelléas will go with you.

**Mélisande**

Pelléas? Go with Pelléas? But Pelléas won't want to go.

**Golaud**

Pelléas will do anything you ask him. I know Pelléas better than you. But go, go at once! I shall not sleep until I have that ring back.

**Mélisande**

Oh, oh! I'm so unhappy, I'm so unhappy!

*(She goes out weeping.)*

**Scene 3**

*Before a cave. Enter Pelléas and Mélisande.*

**Pelléas** *(speaking with great agitation)*

<sup>[12]</sup> Yes, this is it, we are here. It's so dark that the entrance to the cave is indistinguishable from the night. There are no stars to be seen in the sky. If we wait till the moon has broken through the clouds it will shed light far into the cave and then



we can enter in safety. There are dangerous places along here for the path is very narrow and it winds between two lakes of unfathomable depth. I never remembered, we should have brought a torch with us, or a lantern. But perhaps we can see by the light of the sky. Have you never been into this cave before?

**Mélisande**  
No...

**Pelléas**  
Let's go in. You must be able to describe the place where you lost the ring in case he should ask you. It is both large and beautiful. It is full of deep blue shadows. If you light a candle inside the cave it is as though the roof were covered with stars, as if it were the sky. Let me hold your hand. You needn't be afraid, there's no danger at all. We'll go no further the moment we no longer see the light of the sea. Is it the noise of the cave you are afraid of? Listen, can you hear the sea behind us? It seems to be unhappy tonight. Oh, here is the light!

*(The moon throws a flood of light into the entrance and the interior of the cave, and reveals three white-haired beggars sitting side by side and holding one another up as they sleep, leaning against a boulder.)*

**Mélisande**  
Ah!

**Pelléas**  
What is it?

**Mélisande**  
Over there... over there!

*(She points to the three beggars.)*

**Pelléas**  
Yes, I can see them too.

**Mélisande**  
Let's go out! Let's go out!

**Pelléas**  
They are some old beggars who have fallen asleep. There's a famine in the land. Why have they come in here to sleep?

**Mélisande**  
Let's go out! Come, let's go out!

**Pelléas**  
Be careful, don't speak so loudly... We must not wake them up. They are still sound asleep. Come on.

**Mélisande**  
Let me be; I would rather go alone.



**Pelléas**

We'll come back some other day...

*(They go out.)*

End of Act II

## COMPACT DISC TWO

### Act III

#### Scene 1

*One of the towers of the castle. A watchman's path passes under one of the windows of the tower.*

**Mélisande** *(at the window, combing her unbound hair)*

<sup>1</sup> My hair's so long  
It reaches to the foot of the tower...  
My hair is waiting for you  
All the way down the tower...  
It waits for you all day,  
It waits for you all day.  
St Michel and St Daniel,  
St Michel and St Raphael,  
I was born on a Sunday,  
On a Sunday at noon.

*(Pelléas enters by the path.)*

**Pelléas**

Hola! Hola! Ho!

**Mélisande**

Who's there?

**Pelléas**

Me, me, and me! What are you doing at the window, singing like some rare exotic bird?

**Mélisande**

I'm undoing my hair for the night.

**Pelléas**

Is that what I can see there against the wall? I thought it was a light you had in there.

**Mélisande**

I have opened the window. It was too warm in the tower. It's such a beautiful night.

**Pelléas**

There's a myriad of stars in the heavens; I've never seen so many stars before. But the moon is still over the sea. Lean further out of the window, Mélisande, lean out of the tower so that I can see your hair falling loose.

*(Mélisande leans out of the window.)*



**Mélisande**

I look so plain like this...

**Pelléas**

Oh, oh, Mélisande! Oh, you are beautiful!  
Beautiful like that! Lean out, yes, lean out! Let me  
come a little nearer to you.

**Mélisande**

I can't reach down any nearer to you. I'm leaning  
out as far as I can.

**Pelléas**

I cannot climb any higher. Let me hold your hand  
at least tonight before I go away. Tomorrow I leave.

**Mélisande**

No, no, no!

**Pelléas**

Yes, yes, I must. Tomorrow I must go. Let me  
touch your hand, your hand, let me touch your  
hand with my lips...

**Mélisande**

I shall not let you touch my hand if you go...

**Pelléas**

Let me, let me, let me...

**Mélisande**

Then you promise to stay?

**Pelléas**

I shall wait, I shall wait.

**Mélisande**

I can see a rose down there in the darkness.

**Pelléas**

A rose? I can see nothing but the willow hanging  
there over the wall.

**Mélisande**

Further down, further down in the garden, over  
there where the shadow's dark and green...

**Pelléas**

But that's not a rose there... I will look in a  
moment, but give me your hand first, first your  
hand!

**Mélisande**

There you are, there you are! I can't lean out any  
further.

**Pelléas**

Lean further! I still can't reach your hand with  
my lips.



**Mélisande**

I can't reach down any further. If I lean any further,  
I'll fall! Oh! Oh! Look, my hair is falling down  
the tower!

*(As she leans, her hair suddenly unwinds and  
envelops Pelléas.)*

**Pelléas**

2 Oh, oh! What's this? Your hair, your hair  
has fallen over me! All your hair, Mélisande, all  
your hair has come falling down from the tower!  
In my hands, in my mouth... I run your hair  
through my fingers, then I hold it in my arms, then  
I wind it all round my neck... I shall not open my  
hands again tonight.

**Mélisande**

Let me go, let me go! If you don't, I might fall!

**Pelléas**

No, no, no! Never in my life have I seen hair like  
yours, Mélisande! Look, look, look, it comes from  
so high up and falls so far it envelops my very  
heart. It falls down so low it envelops my knees.  
And it is soft, soft as if it had fallen from heaven.  
And now heaven is hidden from me by your hair.  
Look, look! My two hands are not enough to hold  
it all, some of it even reaches the branch of the  
willow. In my hands it comes alive as if it were a  
bird, and it loves me, it loves me more than you!

**Mélisande**

Let me go, let me go! Someone might come!

**Pelléas**

No, no, no, I shall not give you your freedom  
tonight. You are my prisoner tonight, all night  
long, all night long...

**Mélisande**

Pelléas! Pelléas!

**Pelléas**

I will tie your hair to the branch of the willow. You  
will never go free, you will never go free. Look,  
look! I want to touch your hair... I don't suffer any  
more when I'm lost in your hair. Can you hear my  
kisses travelling along your hair? My kisses flow up  
along your hair. Each strand of your hair carries  
kisses. You see, you see, I can open my arms, my  
hands are free, but yet you cannot tear yourself  
away.

*(Some doves come out of the tower and fly about  
them in the darkness.)*

**Mélisande**

Oh, oh! You've hurt me! What is that, Pelléas?  
What is that flying above me?



**Pelléas**

Those are the doves that live in the tower. I must have frightened them. Now they have flown away.

**Mélisande**

Those are my doves, Pelléas. Leave me alone, let's go. They will never come back.

**Pelléas**

Tell me, why will they never come back?

**Mélisande**

They are sure to get lost in the darkness. Let me go, let me hold up my head! I hear footsteps. Let me go! It's Golaud, I think it's Golaud. He must have heard us.

**Pelléas**

Stay still, stay still! Your hair is caught up in the tree. It got caught in the branches in the dark. Stay still, stay still! It's so dark...

*(Golaud enters by the path.)*

**Golaud**

**[3]** What are you doing here?

**Pelléas**

What am I doing here? I was...

**Golaud**

What children you are. Mélisande, don't lean so far out of the window, you might fall. Don't you realise it's late? It is almost midnight. Don't play like that in the dark. What children you are,  
*(laughing nervously)*  
what children, what children...

*(He goes out with Pelléas.)*

**Scene 2**

*The castle vaults. Enter Golaud and Pelléas.*

**Golaud**

**[4]** Be careful. Follow me, follow me. Have you never been down here into these vaults?

**Pelléas**

Yes, yes, I have, once before, but that was long ago.

**Golaud**

Over there, there's the stagnant water I told you about. Can you smell the stench of death? We'll go to the edge of that rock that leans out, then you lean over; it will strike you immediately. Lean over, don't be afraid. I shall hold you, let me hold you. No, no, not your hand, it might slip. Your arm. Can you see the abyss?  
*(disturbed)*  
Pelléas? Pelléas?



**Pelléas**

Yes, I think I can see the very bottom of it. Is it the light flickering like that? Were you...?

*(He starts, turns, and looks at Golaud.)*

**Golaud** *(his voice trembling)*

Yes, it's the lantern. You see, I was waving it to throw light on the walls.

**Pelléas**

It's stifling here, let's go out.

**Golaud**

Yes, let's go out.

*(They go out in silence.)*

**Scene 3**

*A terrace at the entrance of the vaults. Enter Golaud and Pelléas.*

**Pelléas**

- [5] Ah, at last I can breathe! I thought for a moment I was going to feel ill in those cavernous spaces. I felt on the verge of collapse. The very air there is heavy and dank, like dewdrops of lead, and the darkness is dense, like a poisonous brew.

And now up here, everywhere air, fresh from the sea! How fresh the breeze! Feel, feel the breeze as fresh as a newly opened leaf, with its tender shoots of green. Ah, the flowers at the edge of the terrace have been watered, and the scent of the fresh leaves and of new-watered roses wafts up to us here. It must be near to noon, they're already in the shadow of the tower. Yes, it is noon, I can hear the bells striking, and the children are going down to the beach to bathe. Look! There's our mother with Mélisande at the window in the tower.

**Golaud**

Yes, they have taken refuge in the shadows.

- [6] Speaking of Mélisande, I overheard what passed between you and what was said last night. I know quite well those are childish games, but that kind of scene must not happen again. She is very frail and she needs all the more attention now, especially since she will soon be a mother, and the slightest emotion could have an unfortunate effect. This is not the first time I have noticed that there might be something between her and you. You are older than she is. I hope what I have said will suffice. Avoid her as much as possible, but not too obviously of course, not too obviously.

*(They go out.)*



**Scene 4**

*Before the castle. Enter Golaud and little Yniold.*

**Golaud**

- 7 Come, let's sit down here together, Yniold.  
Come and sit here by me. From here we can see everything that's happening in the forest. I have seen very little of you for some time. You have deserted me too. You seem to spend all your time with Mama. In fact this very place where we're sitting is exactly beneath her window. She is very probably at her evening prayers at this moment. But tell me, Yniold, she spends a lot of time with your uncle Pelléas, doesn't she?

**Yniold**

Yes, yes, a lot, yes, Papa, whenever you're away.

**Golaud**

Ah. Look, I can see someone coming down the garden with a lantern. But I'm told they do not like each other. I understand that they often have quarrels, no? Is that true?

**Yniold**

Yes, yes, it's true.

**Golaud**

Yes? Ah ha! In that case what are their quarrels about?

**Yniold**

About the door.

**Golaud**

The door? They quarrel about the door, you say? Why should they quarrel about that?

**Yniold**

Because they don't want it open.

**Golaud**

Which of them doesn't want it open? Can you tell me, why do they quarrel?

**Yniold**

I don't know, Papa. About the light.

**Golaud**

I wasn't talking about the light, I was talking about the door. Don't keep putting your hand in your mouth like that! Come on!

**Yniold**

Sorry, Papa! Sorry, Papa! I won't do it again.

*(He starts to cry.)*

**Golaud**

Now tell me, why are you beginning to cry? What makes you do that?



**Yniold**

Oh, oh, oh, Papa, you've hurt me so!

**Golaud**

I've hurt you so? Where have I hurt you? I didn't mean to.

**Yniold**

Here! Here, on my arm!

**Golaud**

I did not mean to. Come now, stop crying. If you do, I'll give you a present tomorrow.

**Yniold**

What? What, Papa?

**Golaud**

Some arrows and a quiver. But tell me what you know about the door.

**Yniold**

Will they be big arrows?

**Golaud**

Yes, yes, very, very big. But now you must tell me, why don't they want the door open? Come on, you must answer my question. No, no, open your mouth to answer, not to cry. I'm not angry with you. But what do they talk about when they're together?

**Yniold**

You mean Pelléas and Mama?

**Golaud**

Yes. But what do they talk about?

**Yniold**

Me, it's always me.

**Golaud**

And what do they say about you?

**Yniold**

They say that I will be very big.

**Golaud**

Ah, despair and damnation! I feel like a blind man looking for his gold at the bottom of the ocean! I feel like a newborn baby lost in the forest... and you... But come, Yniold, my mind was wandering. I must ask you some serious questions. Pelléas and Mama, do they never talk about me when I'm not present?

**Yniold**

Yes, yes, Papa.

**Golaud**

Ah... and what do they say?

**Yniold**

They say that I will grow up to be as big as you.



**Golaud**

Are you always very near them?

**Yniold**

Yes, yes, very near, yes, Papa.

**Golaud**

Do they never tell you, run away and play?

**Yniold**

No, no, Papa. They're afraid when I'm not there.

**Golaud**

They're afraid? How can you tell they're afraid?

**Yniold**

They cry all the time in the darkness.

**Golaud**

Ah ha!

**Yniold**

And that makes me cry too.

**Golaud**

Yes, yes!

**Yniold**

Yes, Papa, she's so pale, Papa!

**Golaud**

Ah, ah! Give me patience, my God, give me patience!

**Yniold**

What, Papa?

**Golaud**

Nothing, nothing. It was nothing. A wolf just went by in the forest. Do they sometimes kiss? No?

**Yniold**

Do they kiss sometimes, Papa? No, no. Oh yes, Papa! Yes, once, once, when it was raining.

**Golaud**

You say that they kissed? Are you sure? But how? In what way did they kiss?

**Yniold**

Just like this, see, Papa, just like this.

*(He kisses him on the mouth, laughing.)*

Oh, oh, your beard, Papa! It's your beard, Papa!

It tickles, it tickles! Look how grey your beard's growing! Look, look, Papa! And so too is your hair! All grey, all grey!

*(At that moment a light appears in the window above where they are sitting and its light falls on them.)*

8 Oh look! Mama has lighted the lamp in her window. Now it's light. Look, Papa, now it's light.



**Golaud**

Yes, it begins to get light.

**Yniold**

Let's go in there too. In there, Papa, let's go in there too.

**Golaud**

Where do you want to go?

**Yniold**

Where the light is. Up there, Papa.

**Golaud**

No, no, my child. We'll stay out here a while in the darkness. You never know, you never know for certain. I do believe Pelléas is mad.

**Yniold**

No, no, no, Papa, he isn't mad, but he's very kind.

**Golaud**

Would you like to see Mama?

**Yniold**

Yes, yes, I would love to!

**Golaud**

Do not make a sound. I'll lift you up as far as the window. It is too high for me, even though I'm so tall.  
*(He lifts the child up.)*

Do not make the slightest sound. Mama would have a terrible fright if she heard you. Do you see her? Is she in the room?

**Yniold**

Yes. Oh, it's so bright!

**Golaud**

Is she alone in there?

**Yniold**

Yes. No, no! My uncle Pelléas is in there too.

**Golaud**

He...

**Yniold**

Oh, oh, Papa, Papa, you're hurting me!

**Golaud**

Never mind, be quiet. I won't do that again. Keep looking, keep looking, Yniold! I nearly slipped. Speak very quietly. What are they doing?

**Yniold**

They're not doing anything, Papa.

**Golaud**

Are they close to each other?

**Yniold**

No, no, Papa.



**Golaud**

And... And the bed? Are they near the bed?

**Yniold**

The bed, Papa? I cannot see the bed.

**Golaud**

Not so loud! Or they'll hear you. Are they speaking?

**Yniold**

No, no, Papa, they're not speaking.

**Golaud**

But what are they doing?

**Yniold**

They are looking at the light.

**Golaud**

Both of them?

**Yniold**

Yes, yes, Papa.

**Golaud**

Are they doing anything?

**Yniold**

No, no, Papa, they don't shut their eyes.

**Golaud**

Are they staying close to each other?

**Yniold**

No, no, Papa, they don't shut their eyes at all. I'm terribly afraid!

**Golaud**

What are you afraid of? Keep looking! Keep looking!

**Yniold**

No, Papa, please let me get down now!

**Golaud**

Keep looking!

**Yniold**

Oh, I want to scream, to scream, Papa! Please let me get down now! Please let me get down now!

**Golaud**

Come on!

*(They go out.)*

End of Act III



COMPACT DISC THREE

Act IV

Scene 1

*A room in the castle. Pelléas and Mélisande enter and meet.*

Pelléas

**1** Where are you going? I must speak to you this evening. Will I see you?

Mélisande

Yes.

Pelléas

I have come from my father's bedside. He is better. The doctor has told us he is saved. He knew who I was. He took my hand and said in that strange manner which he has had since his illness: 'Is it you, Pelléas? Listen, I have never noticed it before, but you have that grave and friendly appearance of one who will not live for very long. You must see the world, you must see the world.' It's strange, I shall obey him. My mother heard him speak and wept with joy. Have you not noticed the difference? The whole house seems to have come to life again. One can hear breathing, one can even hear movement. Listen closely: I can hear someone's voice behind the door. Then quick, tell me quickly, where shall I see you?

Mélisande

Where would you like?

Pelléas

In the park by the well, by the Blind Man's Well. You will? Will you come?

Mélisande

Yes.

Pelléas

This evening will be our last. I am going on my travels just as my father told me. You will not see me again...

Mélisande

Don't say that, Pelléas. I shall see you always, I shall be looking at you always.

Pelléas

There will be no purpose in looking. I'll be so far away that you won't be able to see me.

Mélisande

What has happened, Pelléas? I no longer understand what you say.

Pelléas

Now go! We must not stay. I hear someone's voice behind that door.

*(He goes out.)*



**Scene 2**

*(Enter Arkel.)*

**Arkel**

- [2] Now that Pelléas's father has recovered and now that the sickness, that faithful servant of death, has departed from the castle, glimmers of happiness, glimmers of sunlight may at last come back into our house. Not before time! For ever since you came, we have done nothing here but move in whispers round the sick man's chamber. On my word, I was sorry for you, Mélisande. I have been watching you since you came here, you were heedless perhaps, yet with that strange distracted air of one who expects misfortune at any moment, even in the garden in the sunshine... I cannot explain. But it has disturbed me to see you thus, for you are too young and too beautiful to spend all your days and your nights in an atmosphere of death. But from now on all these things will change. In my old age – and this perhaps is the surest blessing of a lifetime – in my old age I have learnt in a curious way to rely on the certainty of destiny, for I have observed how anyone young and beautiful can draw to himself a destiny young, beautiful, and happy... And now it is you who will open the door upon the new era which I foresee. Come here! Why do you not answer me, then, nor even raise your eyes? Only once have I kissed you before, and that was the very day you first arrived. Yet nonetheless an old man such as I needs now

and again to touch a woman's brow or a child's cheek with his lips to reassure himself that life has not lost its freshness and for a moment to delay the threat of death. Tell me, do my old lips alarm you? Lately I have felt such pity for you.

**Mélisande**

Grandfather, I have not been unhappy.

**Arkel**

Let me look at you again like this; come closer for a moment... One has such a need for beauty when near to death.

*(Enter Golaud.)*

**Golaud**

- [3] Pelléas leaves tonight.

**Arkel**

You have blood on your forehead. What have you done?

**Golaud**

Nothing, nothing. I scratched myself when I came through a thornbush.

**Mélisande**

Will you lower your head, my lord? I will wipe your brow.



**Golaud** (*pushing her back*)

I do not want you to touch me, do you hear? Get off! I am not addressing you. Where's my sword? I came here to look for my sword.

**Mélisande**

It is here, on the prie-Dieu.

**Golaud**

Bring it here.

(*to Arkel*)

Another peasant has just been found down by the sea, dead of starvation. One would think they all mean to die before our very eyes.

(*to Mélisande*)

Well then. My sword! Why are you trembling like that? I am not going to kill you. I only wanted to examine the blade. I would not use a sword for such a purpose. Why do you examine me as if I were a pauper? I am not begging any charity from you. Do you think you'll find something in my eyes while things in your eyes, you hope, escape my notice? Do you think that I know something?

(*to Arkel*)

Look at those great eyes! One might say they were proud of their beauty.

**Arkel**

I can see nothing in them but innocence.

**Golaud**

Nothing in them but innocence! They are bigger than innocence. They are purer than the eyes of a lamb. They could give the Almighty a lesson in innocence! Nothing in them but innocence! See here: I am so close to her that I can feel the fluttering of her eyelid. Yet nonetheless I am further from the secrets of the other world than to the further secrets of those eyes. Nothing in them but innocence! More in them than innocence! There one could see celebration of baptism attended by heavenly angels. I know them well, those eyes. I have seen them at work. Shut them! Shut them! If you don't, then I'll shut them myself!

[4] Don't keep putting your hand to your throat like that. I'll tell you something very simple: I have no ulterior motive. If I had an ulterior motive, why should I not say at once? Ah, ah! Do not try to escape! Come here. Give me your hands. Ah, your hands are too hot. Out of my sight! Your flesh disgusts me. Out of my sight! It is no longer a question of escape.

(*He seizes her by the hair.*)

You can follow me on your knees! Get down on your knees! Ah ha! So your long hair may after all be good for something. To the right, then to the left! To the left, then to the right! Absalom, Absalom! The forwards and backward! On the ground there! On the ground there! Now you see! Now you see! I already laugh like an old man... Ha, ha, ha!



**Arkel** (*stepping forward*)  
Golaud!

**Golaud** (*suddenly becoming calm*)  
You will do whatever you choose, to be sure. It seems to me of no particular moment. I am too old. And yet I am not a spy. I shall leave it to chance. And then... Oh, and then! I mean, simply because it's the custom, simply because it's the custom...

(*He goes out.*)

**Arkel**  
What is wrong with him? Is he drunk?

**Mélisande** (*in tears*)  
No, no. But he loves me no more. I am not happy...

**Arkel**  
If I were God, I would have pity on the heart of man.

**Scene 3**  
*A well in the park. Little Yniold is discovered attempting to lift a boulder.*

**Yniold**  
[5] Oh, this stone's so heavy! It's much heavier than I am. It's much heavier than everyone. It's much heavier than everything. I see my ball there

between that rock and this stupid stone and no matter how, I can't reach it. My little arm isn't long enough, and this stone is so big it doesn't want to move at all. You would think it had great long roots in the ground.

(*Sheep are heard bleating in the distance.*)

Oh, oh! I can hear sheep crying! Look! The sun is going in. I can see the little sheep coming. I can see them! What a lot! Look what a lot! They're scared of the dark. They're close together, much too close! They're crying, and they're hurrying! There are some there which keep pushing sideways. It seems they all keep going sideways, but they can't. The shepherd is throwing earth at them. Oh, oh! Now they are coming this way. I'll see them from close by. What a lot there are! Now they're not making any more noise. Shepherd! Why don't they talk any more?

**Shepherd** (*off-stage*)  
Because this is not the way to the sheepfold.

**Yniold**  
Where are they going? Shepherd? Shepherd? Where are they going? He can't hear me. They're already too far away. They're not making any noise. This is not the way to the sheepfold. Then where will they sleep for the night? Oh, oh! It's too dark! I have something to tell someone.

(*He goes out.*)



**Scene 4**

*(Enter Pelléas.)*

**Pelléas**

- 6 This is our last evening, our last evening. Everything must finish. I've been playing like a child near something of whose existence I had no idea. I've been playing in a dream around the pitfalls of destiny. What is it that woke me so suddenly? I shall flee with a cry of joy and a cry of pain, like a blind man fleeing terrified from his burning house. I'll tell her I'm going away. It is late. She's not coming! It would be better if I left without seeing her again. This time I must look at her more closely than ever. There are certain things about her I already forget. At times I think it is at least a hundred years since I last saw her. And I have still not seen my eyes reflected in hers... If I leave like that I'll have nothing to keep. And all these memories – it is as if I were carrying water in a sack of muslin. I must look on her one last time to the depths of her heart. I must say to her everything I've never said.

*(Enter Mélisande.)*

**Mélisande**

Pelléas!

**Pelléas**

Mélisande! Is that you, Mélisande?

**Mélisande**

Yes.

**Pelléas**

Come here. Don't stand there in the brightness of the moonlight. Come here. We have so much to say to each other. Come here, in the shadow of the trees.

**Mélisande**

Let me stay here in the light.

**Pelléas**

They could see us there from the windows of the tower. Come here, there's nothing more to be afraid of. Be careful, they could see us from there.

**Mélisande**

Let them see me then.

**Pelléas**

Why do you say that? Were you able to get out without being seen?

**Mélisande**

Yes. Your brother was asleep.

**Pelléas**

It's late: in one hour the gates will be closed. We have to be careful. Why were you so late in coming?



**Mélisande**

Because your brother had a nightmare. Then as I left, my dress got caught on a nail of the gate. You will see where it's torn. I'd lost so much time, so I ran.

**Pelléas**

My poor Mélisande! I almost feel afraid to touch you. You are still out of breath, like a hunted bird. Is it for me you've done this, is it for me? I can hear your heart beating, as though it were my own. Come here, come close to me!

**Mélisande**

Why are you smiling?

**Pelléas**

I am not smiling, or rather I'm smiling for joy without knowing why. Surely there's more reason now to weep.

**Mélisande**

7 We came here a long time ago, I remember.

**Pelléas**

Yes, that was long months ago. At that time I did not know... Do you know why I have asked you to come this evening?

**Mélisande**

No.

**Pelléas**

This is possibly the very last time I shall see you. I must go away for ever.

**Mélisande**

Why do you always say you're going away?

**Pelléas**

Must I tell you what you already know? Do you not know what I'm going to tell you?

**Mélisande**

No, I don't. I know nothing.

**Pelléas**

Do you not know the reason why I have to leave you? Do you not know that it's because...

*(He kisses her suddenly.)*

I love you.

**Mélisande** *(in a low voice)*

I love you too.

**Pelléas**

Oh, what was that, Mélisande? I could hardly hear what you said. The ice has been broken with red hot irons! Your voice, when you said that, came from the ends of the earth! I could hardly hear what you said. You love me? You love me too? How long have you loved me?



**Mélisande**

For ever. Ever since I first saw you.

**Pelléas**

- 8 It is as if your voice had come over the sea in the spring! I have never heard it until today. It's as though it had rained on my heart. You say those words so openly, like an angel answering questions. I can scarcely believe it, Mélisande. Why should you love me? Why do you love me? Is it true what you say? Were you making it up? Were you lying to me just to make me feel happy?

**Mélisande**

No, I never tell lies. I only lie to your brother.

**Pelléas**

Oh, the way you say that! Your voice, your voice! It is as fresh and as clear as water! It is like pure spring water on my lips. It is like pure spring water on my hands. Give me your hands, let me take your hands. Oh, your hands are so tiny! I never knew you were so beautiful. I had never set eyes on anything as beautiful before. I could not rest, I kept searching everywhere in the house, I kept searching everywhere in the country, but never found the beauty I sought. And now at last I have found you. I have found you. I don't believe there is anywhere on earth a woman more beautiful. Where are you? I don't hear your breathing any more.

**Mélisande**

That's because my gaze is on you.

**Pelléas**

Why are you looking at me so seriously? The shadows have already deepened. It's too dark under the trees here. Come here where it's lighter. There in the dark we cannot see how happy we are. Come, come, we have so little time.

**Mélisande**

No, no, let's stay here. We are much closer in the darkness.

**Pelléas**

Where are your eyes? You're not going to run away? Your thoughts are not with me at this moment.

**Mélisande**

They are! They are all with you!

**Pelléas**

Your eyes were somewhere else.

**Mélisande**

I saw you somewhere else.

**Pelléas**

You're not at ease. What's the matter? You seem unhappy.



**Mélisande**

No, no, I am happy. But I am sad...

**Pelléas**

**[9]** What is that noise? They're closing the gates!

**Mélisande**

Yes, the gates are closed now.

**Pelléas**

So we cannot get back in. Do you hear the bolts? Listen! Listen! Those were the chains. Now it's too late, now it's too late!

**Mélisande**

Oh good! That's good!

**Pelléas**

You? You see, you see... It's no longer within our power. All is lost! All won! All has been won tonight! Come! Come! My heart is beating so, it leaps to my throat.  
*(He takes her in his arms.)*  
Ah! Listen! I feel my heart is nearly strangling me. Come! Ah! See the beauty of the shadows!

**Mélisande**

**[10]** There is someone here, just behind us.

**Pelléas**

I don't see anyone.

**Mélisande**

I'm sure I heard a noise.

**Pelléas**

I hear only your heart beating in the darkness.

**Mélisande**

I'm sure I heard the crackling of leaves.

**Pelléas**

That's the wind growing suddenly still. The wind dropped while we kissed just now.

**Mélisande**

See how our shadows grow longer tonight!

**Pelléas**

They intertwine and reach the end of the garden! Ah, d'you see them kissing over there? Look, look!

**Mélisande** *(in a stifled voice)*

Ah! He's behind a tree!

**Pelléas**

Who?

**Mélisande**

Golaud.

**Pelléas**

Golaud? Where? I see nothing.



**Mélisande**

There, at the end of our shadows.

**Pelléas**

Yes, yes, I can see him. Don't turn away too suddenly.

**Mélisande**

He's got his sword.

**Pelléas**

I don't have mine here.

**Mélisande**

He saw! I know he saw us kissing.

**Pelléas**

He doesn't know that we've seen him. Don't move an inch. Don't turn your head or he might rush out. He's watching us. He's standing there without moving. You go, now go, go at once, this way. I'll wait for him. I'll keep him off.

**Mélisande**

No, no!

**Pelléas**

Quickly! He saw it all! He'll kill us both!

**Mélisande**

Let him, let him!

**Pelléas**

Here he comes! Your lips, your lips!

**Mélisande**

Yes, yes, yes!

*(They embrace passionately.)*

**Pelléas**

Oh, oh, all the stars of heaven are falling!

**Mélisande**

On me as well! On me as well!

**Pelléas**

Again, yes, again! Be mine!

**Mélisande**

I'm all yours! All yours, all yours!

*(Golaud falls upon them, sword in hand, and strikes down Pelléas who falls at the edge of the well. Mélisande flees in terror.)*

**Mélisande** *(in flight)*

Oh, oh, I have no more courage, I have no more courage... Ah...

*(Golaud follows her through the woods in silence.)*

End of Act IV



**Act V**

*A room in the castle. Arkel, Golaud, and the doctor are discovered in a corner of the room; Mélisande is lying on the bed.*

**Doctor**

<sup>[11]</sup> It would not be from such a little wound as this that she might die. It's not grave enough to kill a bird. So it is not you that killed her, my noble lord. Do not distress yourself so much. And then no one has said yet that we will not save her.

**Arkel**

No, no, I feel that in this chamber we are unnecessarily silent. It is not a good sign. See how she sleeps, in a daze, in a daze. One would think that all life had gone out of her soul.

**Golaud**

I have killed without cause! Is it not pain enough to make stones break out weeping? They were kissing like children, just playing games. They were brother and sister. And then, then on an impulse... But I did it without meaning to, did it without meaning to.

**Doctor**

One moment... She seems to be waking.

**Mélisande**

Open the window, open the window!

**Arkel**

Shall I open this one, Mélisande?

**Mélisande**

No, no, open the big one, so that I can see...

**Arkel**

Don't you think the sea air is too cold tonight?

**Doctor**

Open it, open it!

**Mélisande**

Thank you. Tell me, is that the sunset?

**Arkel**

Yes, that is the sun setting over the sea. It is late. How are you feeling, Mélisande?

**Mélisande**

Well. Well. Why do you ask me that? I have never felt better, and yet I feel there is something I know...

**Arkel**

What do you mean? I don't understand.



**Mélisande**

Neither do I understand what I'm saying, do you see? I don't know what I'm saying. I don't know what I know. I can no longer say what I mean.

**Arkel**

But yes, you can. It gladdens my heart to hear you speak like that. Your mind has been wandering these few days, so we did not understand you. But now those days are past and gone.

**Mélisande**

I don't know. Grandfather, are we alone here in this chamber?

**Arkel**

No, the doctor who cured you is here still.

**Mélisande**

Ah!

**Arkel**

Also there is someone else.

**Mélisande**

Who is it?

**Arkel**

It's... But I must not frighten you. He wishes you no harm, I assure you. If you're afraid, he'll go away. He is a most unhappy man.

**Mélisande**

Who is it?

**Arkel**

It's... it's your husband, it's Golaud.

**Mélisande**

Golaud is here? Why doesn't he come near me?

**Golaud** (*dragging himself to the bed*)

<sup>12</sup> Mélisande! Mélisande!

**Mélisande**

Is that you, Golaud? I can scarcely recognise you. The evening sun is shining in my eyes. Why are you looking at the wall? You look thinner and you have aged. Is it very long since we last saw each other?

**Golaud** (*to Arkel and the doctor*)

Would you kindly leave us now for a while, my poor friends. I will leave the chamber door wide open. Only for a moment... I have something that I wish to say to her, otherwise I could not die in peace. Will you go? You may come back again in a moment. Do not refuse me this request. You see my misfortune.

(*Arkel and the doctor go out.*)

Mélisande, do you pity me, as I pity you?

Mélisande, do you forgive me, Mélisande?



**Mélisande**

Yes, yes, I forgive you. What is there to forgive?

**Golaud**

I've done you so much wrong, Mélisande. I'm unable to tell you the wrong I have done. But now I see, now I see it all so clearly. From the very first day... And it is all my fault, everything that has happened, everything that will happen too. Oh, if I could only tell you, you would see how I see it now. I see it all, I see it all! But I loved you so, I loved you so! But now someone will die. It is I that will die. And I would like to know... I would like to ask you... You will not mind my asking? One must always tell the truth to someone who's going to die. In his last hour he must know the truth, otherwise he could never sleep in peace. Will you swear to tell me the truth?

**Mélisande**

Yes.

**Golaud**

Did you love Pelléas?

**Mélisande**

Why yes! Yes, I loved him. Where is he?

**Golaud**

You do not understand me? Don't you want to understand me? I feel... what I feel is... it's this, tell me this: I ask you whether you loved him with a forbidden love. Did you? Tell me, were you guilty? Tell me, tell me! Yes, yes, yes?

**Mélisande**

No, no, no, we were not guilty. Why do you ask me that?

**Golaud**

Mélisande! Tell me the truth, for the love of God!

**Mélisande**

Wasn't that the truth I told you?

**Golaud**

Do not go on lying at the moment of death!

**Mélisande**

Who is going to die? Is it me?

**Golaud**

You, you, and me, me as well, after you. And in the end we need the truth, we now need the truth. Do you hear? Tell me all, tell me everything! I forgive you everything!



**Mélisande**

Why am I going to die? I did not know...

**Golaud**

But you now understand, now you know. Quickly, quickly, tell me the truth, tell me the truth!

**Mélisande**

The truth... tell... the truth...

**Golaud**

Where are you, Mélisande? Where are you? It's not natural. Mélisande, where are you?

*(catching sight of Arkel and the doctor at the door)*

Yes, yes, you may come in. I know nothing, it is useless. She is already too far from us. I shall never know. I shall die here like a blind man.

**Arkel**

13 What have you done? You will kill her, Golaud.

**Golaud**

I have killed her already.

**Arkel**

Mélisande!

**Mélisande**

Is that you, grandfather?

**Arkel**

Yes, my daughter, tell me, what can I do?

**Mélisande**

Is it true that the winter's coming?

**Arkel**

Why do you ask a thing like that?

**Mélisande**

Because it's cold now and there are no leaves left.

**Arkel**

Are you cold? Would you like the windows shut?

**Mélisande**

No, not until the sun goes down to the depths of the sea. Since it's setting so slowly the winter must already be with us.

**Arkel**

Do you not like the winter?

**Mélisande**

Oh no! I'm frightened of the cold, I'm so frightened of cold.

**Arkel**

Are you better now?



**Mélisande**

Yes, yes, all the worries that I had are gone.

**Arkel**

Would you like to see your child?

**Mélisande**

What child?

**Arkel**

Your own child, your own little daughter.

**Mélisande**

Where is she?

**Arkel**

She's here.

**Mélisande**

How strange! I cannot lift my arms to take her.

**Arkel**

That is because you are so weak still. I will hold her myself. Look at her!

**Mélisande**

She does not smile. She is so tiny. She is going to weep as well. I'm sorry for her.

*(The chamber is gradually filled with the castle serving women who line the walls and wait in silence.)*

**Golaud** *(rising suddenly)*

<sup>14</sup> What is this? What are all these women doing here?

**Doctor**

They are the servants.

**Golaud**

Who sent for them to be here?

**Doctor**

Not I.

**Golaud**

What have you come here for? Did anybody summon you here? What have you come here for? What is this all about? Answer me!

*(The servants make no reply.)*

**Arkel**

You must not speak so loudly. She is going to sleep, she has closed her eyes.

**Golaud**

Do you think...?

**Doctor**

No, no. Look, she is breathing.



**Arkel**

Her eyes are full of tears. But in truth it's her soul that is weeping. Why is she stretching out her arms? What does she want?

**Doctor**

Clearly she wants her child. That's a desperate mother's struggle.

**Golaud**

What do you mean? What do you mean? You must tell me. Tell me, tell me!

**Doctor**

It could be...

**Golaud**

Any moment? Oh, oh, I must tell her. Mélisande, Mélisande! Leave me alone! Leave me alone with her!

**Arkel**

No, no, stand away. Don't trouble her now. Do not speak to her. You can never know how deeply the soul feels.

**Golaud**

I cannot be guilty, I cannot be guilty!

**Arkel**

Quiet, quiet! Have a care. We must not speak too loudly at such a moment. She must not be disturbed, for the soul is a lover of silence and should pass on alone to the next world. See how quietly she bears her pain. But the sadness, Golaud... But the sadness of everything we've seen! Oh, oh!

*(At this moment all the servants fall on their knees at the back of the room.)*

**Arkel** *(turning)*

<sup>16</sup> What is that?

**Doctor** *(approaching the bed and touching the body)*

They are right...

**Arkel**

I saw nothing. Are you sure?

**Doctor**

Yes, yes.

**Arkel**

I heard no sound. So quickly, so quickly! Gone without saying a word more!



**Golaud** (*sobbing*)

Oh, oh...

**Arkel**

Don't linger here, Golaud. She needs to be left in silence. Come out now, come away. It is painful, but it is not your fault. She was such a quiet little creature, so shy and so silent. She was a poor little creature wrapped in mystery as we all are. There she lies as though she were the elder sister of her child. Come away! The child must not remain here in this chamber. Its life is precious in place of its mother. Now it's the turn of her poor little daughter...

*(They go out in silence.)*

The End

*Libretto by Achille-Claude Debussy  
after the play Pelléas et Mélisande  
by Maurice Maeterlinck  
English translation © 1981 Hugh Macdonald*



# JOHN TOMLINSON

© Clive Barch/ArenaPAL







© Clive Barda / ArenaPAL

JOHN TOMLINSON  
& EILENE HANNAN

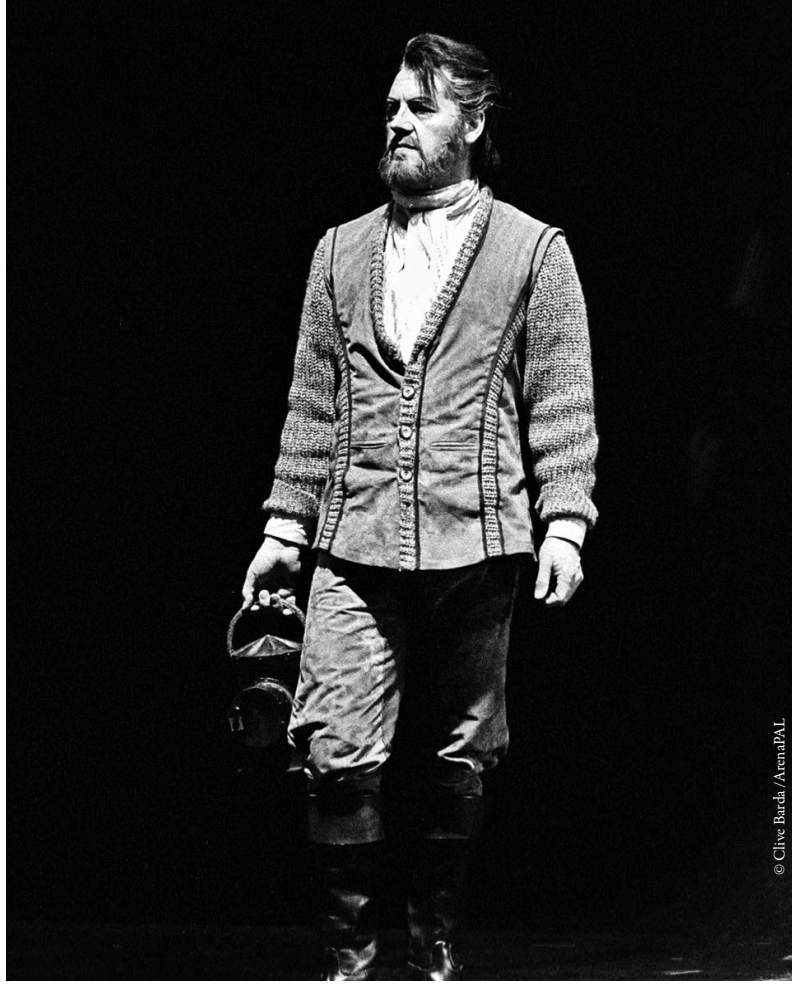


# SARAH WALKER

© Clive Barda / ArenaPAL







© Clive Barak / ArenaPAL

NEIL HOWLETT

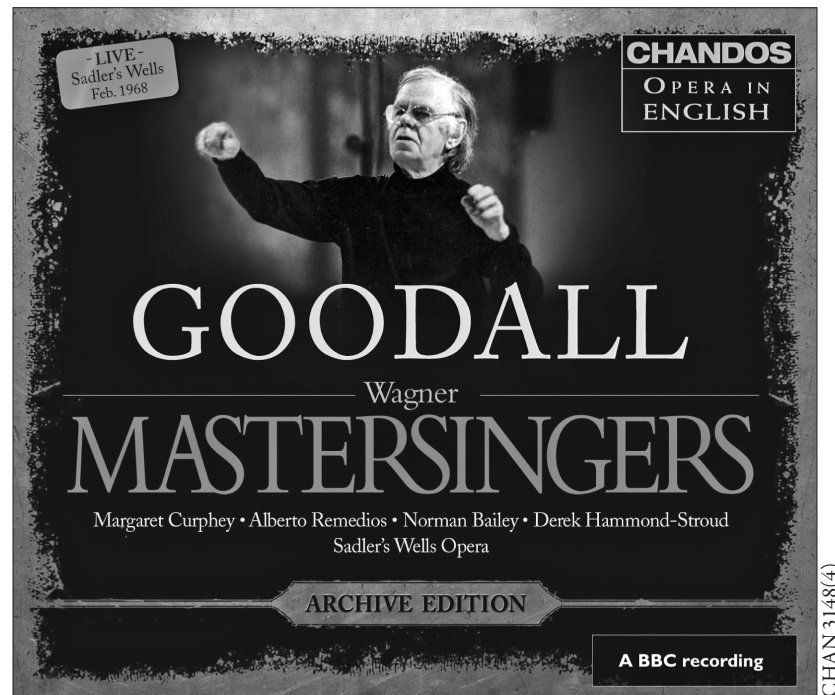


Also Available



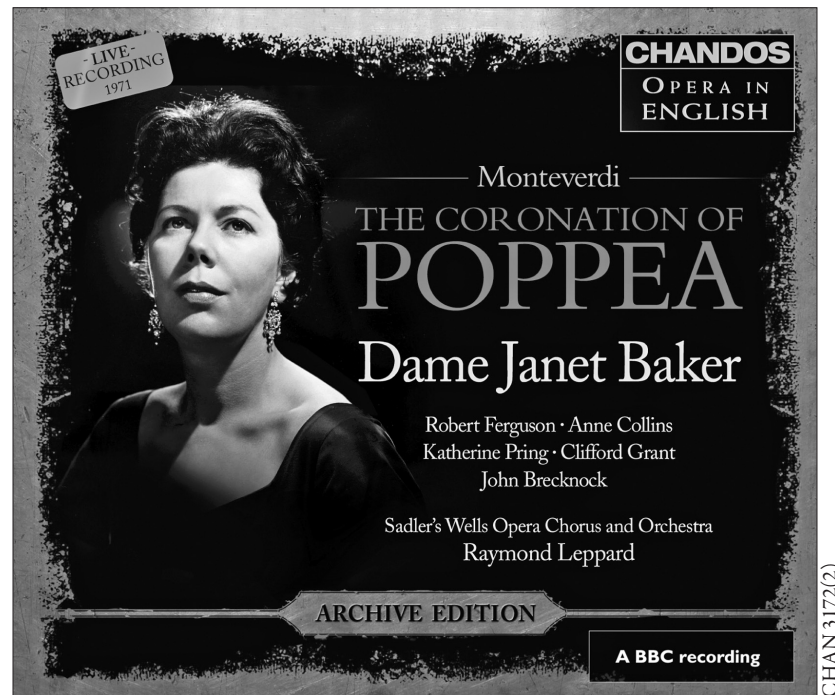


Also Available





Also Available





Also Available





Also Available





Also Available





## The Opera in English Series

---

CHAN 3011(2)	Donizetti: Don Pasquale	CHAN 3079(2)	Verdi: Falstaff
CHAN 3027(2)	Donizetti: The Elixir of Love	CHAN 3116(2)	Verdi: A Masked Ball
CHAN 3083(2)	Donizetti: Lucia of Lammermoor	CHAN 3136(2)	Verdi: Nabucco
CHAN 3017(2)	Donizetti: Mary Stuart	CHAN 3068(2)	Verdi: Otello
CHAN 3073	Janet Baker sings scenes from Mary Stuart	CHAN 3030(2)	Verdi: Rigoletto
		CHAN 3023(2)	Verdi: La traviata
CHAN 3003	Leoncavallo: Pagliacci (The Touring Company)	CHAN 3036(2)	Verdi: Il trovatore (The Troubadour)
CHAN 3004	Mascagni: Cavalleria rusticana (Rustic Chivalry)	CHAN 3067	A Verdi Celebration
CHAN 3172(2)	Monteverdi: The Coronation of Poppea	CHAN 3091(2)	Bizet: Carmen
		CHAN 3156	Bizet: The Pearl Fishers (highlights)
CHAN 3005(2)	Pagliacci & Cavalleria rusticana	CHAN 3177(3)	Debussy: Pelléas and Mélisande
CHAN 3008(2)	Puccini: La bohème	CHAN 3014(3)	Gounod: Faust
CHAN 3070(2)	Puccini: Madam Butterfly	CHAN 3089(2)	Gounod: Faust (abridged)
CHAN 3000(2)	Puccini: Tosca	CHAN 3033(2)	Massenet: Werther
CHAN 3066	Jane Eaglen sings Tosca	CHAN 3134(2)	Poulenc: The Carmelites
CHAN 3086(2)	Puccini: Turandot	CHAN 3123(2)	Beethoven: Fidelio
CHAN 3140(2)	Puccini: Arias	CHAN 3130(3)	Berg: Lulu
CHAN 3025(2)	Rossini: The Barber of Seville	CHAN 3094(2)	Berg: Wozzeck
CHAN 3160	Rossini: The Italian Girl in Algiers (highlights)	CHAN 3019(3)	Handel: Julius Caesar
		CHAN 3147	Handel: Acis and Galatea
CHAN 3097(2)	Rossini: The Thieving Magpie	CHAN 3072	Janet Baker sings scenes from Julius Caesar
CHAN 3074(2)	Verdi: Aida	CHAN 3143(2)	Humperdinck: Hansel and Gretel
CHAN 3162(3)	Verdi: Don Carlos	CHAN 3081(2)	Mozart: The Abduction from the Seraglio
CHAN 3052(2)	Verdi: Ernani	CHAN 3152(3)	Mozart: Così fan tutte



## Great Operatic Arias

CHAN 3057(3)	Mozart: Don Giovanni	CHAN 3161	Cheryl Barker
CHAN 3103(2)	Mozart: Idomeneo	CHAN 3127	Christine Brewer
CHAN 3113(3)	Mozart: The Marriage of Figaro	CHAN 3159	Christine Brewer 2
CHAN 3121(2)	Mozart: The Magic Flute	CHAN 3096	Elizabeth Futral
CHAN 3022	Strauss: Der Rosenkavalier (The Knight of the Rose, highlights)	CHAN 3035	Yvonne Kenny
		CHAN 3099	Yvonne Kenny 2
CHAN 3157(2)	Strauss: Salome	CHAN 3049	Della Jones
CHAN 3168(2)	Strauss: Ariadne on Naxos	CHAN 3142	Jennifer Larmore
CHAN 3174(2)	Strauss: Intermezzo	CHAN 3010	Diana Montague
CHAN 3119(2)	Wagner: The Flying Dutchman	CHAN 3093	Diana Montague 2
CHAN 3148(4)	Wagner: The Mastersingers	CHAN 3112	Barry Banks
CHAN 3054(3)	Wagner: The Rhinegold	CHAN 3006	Bruce Ford
CHAN 3038(4)	Wagner: The Valkyrie	CHAN 3100	Bruce Ford 2
CHAN 3045(4)	Wagner: Siegfried	CHAN 3088	Bruce Ford sings Viennese Operetta
CHAN 3060(5)	Wagner: Twilight of the Gods	CHAN 3167	Gerald Finley
CHAN 3065(16)	Wagner: Complete Ring Cycle	CHAN 3013	Dennis O'Neill
CHAN 3133	Bartók: Bluebeard's Castle	CHAN 3105	Dennis O'Neill 2
CHAN 3101(2)	Janáček: The Cunning Little Vixen	CHAN 3085	Alan Opie
CHAN 3029	Janáček: Osud (Fate)	CHAN 3077	Andrew Shore
CHAN 3106(2)	Janáček: Jenůfa	CHAN 3032	Alastair Miles
CHAN 3138(2)	Janáček: The Makropulos Case	CHAN 3044	John Tomlinson
CHAN 3145(2)	Janáček: Katya Kabanova	CHAN 3076	John Tomlinson 2
CHAN 3007	Mussorgsky: Boris Godunov (highlights)	CHAN 3118	Sir Thomas Allen
CHAN 3128(2)	Smetana: The Bartered Bride	CHAN 3155	Sir Thomas Allen 2
CHAN 3042(2)	Tchaikovsky: Eugene Onegin	CHAN 3078	Baroque Celebration



Released by arrangement with BBC Music



Whilst every effort has been made to contact all the artists involved in this recording, Chandos Records Ltd would be pleased to hear from anyone whom we have been unable to contact or inadvertently failed to credit.

This recording was first released by Oriel Music Trust.  
With thanks to Don Draper of Oriel Music Trust.

This recording is based on a BBC radio broadcast and contains certain minor aural and technical imperfections, as well as cuts in some of the orchestral interludes, which originated in the ENO production.

Photographs from English National Opera's 1981 production of *Pelléas and Mélisande* by Clive Barda.

The BBC word mark and logo are trade marks of the British Broadcasting Corporation and used under licence. BBC Logo © 2011



**Mastering** Jonathan Cooper  
**Operas administrator** Sue Shortridge  
**Recording venue** London Coliseum; broadcast on 28 November 1981  
**Front cover** Photograph of Eilene Hannan and Robert Dean © Clive Barda / ArenaPAL  
**Back cover** Photograph of Sir Mark Elder by Simon Dodds  
**Design and typesetting** Cassidy Rayne Creative ([www.cassidyrayne.co.uk](http://www.cassidyrayne.co.uk))  
**Booklet editor** Finn S. Gundersen  
**Picture researcher** Helen Anderson  
**Publishers** Éditions Durand & Cie, Paris / Universal Music Publishers Ltd, London  
© 2012 BBC  
© 2012 Chandos Records Ltd  
Chandos Records Ltd, Colchester, Essex CO2 8HX, England  
Country of origin UK



DEBUSSY: PELLÉAS AND MÉLISANDE

CHANDOS DIGITAL

CHAN 3177(3)

Achille-Claude Debussy (1862 – 1918)

## Pelléas and Mélisande

Opera in five acts and fifteen scenes  
after the play by Maurice Maeterlinck (1862 – 1949)

Adapted by the composer

English translation by Hugh Macdonald

Arkel, King of Allemonde  
Geneviève, mother of Pelléas and Golaud  
Pelléas, grandson of King Arkel  
Golaud, grandson of King Arkel  
Mélisande  
Yniold, son of Golaud by his first marriage  
Doctor  
Shepherd (off-stage)  
Sailors (off-stage), Serving Women (mute)

Recorded live at the London Coliseum,  
broadcast on 28 November 1981

John Tomlinson *bass*  
Sarah Walker *mezzo-soprano*  
Robert Dean *baritone*  
Neil Howlett *baritone*  
Eilene Hannan *soprano*  
Rosanne Brackenridge *soprano*  
Sean Rea *bass*  
Sean Rea *bass*

English National Opera Chorus  
English National Opera Orchestra  
Mark Elder

BBC  
RADIO

90 – 93FM



The BBC word mark and logo are trade marks of the  
British Broadcasting Corporation and used under licence.  
BBC Logo © 2011

This recording is based on a BBC radio broadcast and contains certain minor aural and technical imperfections,  
as well as cuts in some of the orchestral interludes, which originated in the ENO production.

PETER MOORES FOUNDATION

© 2012 BBC © 2012 Chandos Records Ltd. Chandos Records Ltd • Colchester • Essex • England

CHANDOS

SOLOISTS / ENOC / ENOO / ELDER

CHAN 3177(3)

Country of origin UK		Public Domain
LC 7038	AAD	TT 154:49
24-bit/96 kHz digitally remastered		

CD 1 TT 54:24 | CD 2 TT 36:10

CD 3 TT 64:15