Paolo e Francesca

University of Miami Opera
University of Miami Symphony Orchestra
Russell Young, Conductor
PAOLO e FRANCESCA

by

Luigi Mancinelli
(1848-1921)

Lyric drama in one act

Libretto: Arturo Colautti, after Dante

World Premiere: Bologna, Italy, November 11, 1907

Paolo .................................................. Nicholas Perna
Francesca ............................................. Rosa Vento
Il Matto ............................................. Frank Ragsdale
Gianciotto .......................................... Leo Skeffington

The University of Miami Symphony Orchestra
Russell Young, Conductor

The University of Miami Opera Theater Chorus
Olivia Ball, Rachel-Kate Beige, Celeste Brito, Sarah Bright, Toni Casamassina,
Carolina Castells, Lara Cottrill, Chelsea Davis, Cate Dundon, Tara Ezell, Hsiao-Chien Chou, Lissette Jimenez,
Danielle Karliner, Bonnie Lander, Claire Lux, Jean Quinn, Jennifer Rolnick, Jeanette Sommons,
Tyla Vercollone, Randi Wiener, Alexander Apostolov, Benjamín Eye,
Jason Hernandez, Omar Lopez-Cepero, David Ramcharitar, Lloyd Reshard, Ian Rose,
David van Zyll de Jong, Travis Whitlock, Grant Williams

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Russell Young .................................. Conductor
William Hipp ..................................... Producer
Ross Barentyne-Truluck ..................... Musical Assistant
Pornphan Banterngansa ...................... Musical Assistant
Kristy Born ....................................... Musical Assistant
Frank Ragsdale ................................ Chorus Master
Domagoj Ivanovic .............................. Violin Soloist
Lee-Fei Chen ................................... Harp Soloist
Maria Galli Stampino ....................... English Translation

This is the end of the transcription.
NOTES

Luigi Mancinelli (1848–1921) was a noted Italian composer of works for the stage, concert hall and church as well as for the early cinema. After studying in Florence, he served as cellist in Orvieto and Florence before becoming assistant maestro concertatore at the Teatro Morlocchi in Perugia. As if to anticipate the celebrated rise to fame of Arturo Toscanini, Mancinelli stepped from his role as cellist to the podium to conduct Verdi’s Aida, a feat which earned him an engagement as conductor at the Teatro Apollo in Rome where he appeared until 1881. Subsequently, his growing fame took him for conducting engagements to Paris, Milan, Bologna, Venice, London, Madrid, and the Metropolitan Opera in New York. During nine seasons as leading conductor, he led the first Met performances of Werther, Falstaff, Samson et Dalila, Le Cid, The Magic Flute, La Bohème, Don Giovanni and Ernani, as well as his own opera, Ero e Leandro. He also conducted in Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires and Lisbon—where he committed suicide in the aftermath of a bankruptcy.

Mancinelli’s works for the stage reflect a dramatic temperament. His first opera Isola di Provenza, succeeded in Bologna in 1884 but failed in Naples in 1886. His next opera, Ero e Leandro, brought him international attention via premieres in London and New York, its libretto by the admiring composer and librettist Arrigo Boito. Paolo e Francesca of 1907

is a compromise between realism and classicism of its libretto in an era when the ideals of versimo opera, championed by Mascagni, Leoncavallo and Puccini, were exciting audiences everywhere. However, the music of Paolo e Francesca is both rich in texture and has moments of real inspiration. It is hoped that this recording will awake a new interest in this important musical figure of the late nineteenth early twentieth-century.

—Frank Cooper

SYNOPSIS

Prior to the opera, Gianciotto, along with his brother Paolo, engaged in battles for their growing kingdom. Some they fought together, others they battled each other for right of entitlement. On one particular battle, Gianciotto, in an act of dishonor tricked Paolo in a stunning defeat, thereby acquiring the land and the hand of the beautiful Francesca. To her horror, Francesca is brought back to the castle of the loathsome Gianciotto, which he shares with Paolo. As the opera opens, Paolo and the other men of the castle are seen in a hunt. Describing the flight of his pet falcon, Paolo and the men rejoice in the stunning ferocity, and acute hunting expertise of the bird. The jester (Il Matto, or the Fool) watches the action, and as his custom to speak in riddles, tells how the falcon, after catching its prey, is brought back and hooded, not able to enjoy his victory—paralleling the story of Gianciotto and his empty victory in capturing the heart of Francesca. Fearing
CORO DI UOMINI
Un corteo di palombe!
Uno stormo di grù!

PAOLO
Giochiam che son paoni!

CORO DI UOMINI
Di starne è una tribù!

PAOLO
Siete ciechi?
Quel nugolo lucente è un airon.

CORO DI UOMINI
Airon! Airon! Airon!

PAOLO
A me tosto il falcon!

IL MATTO
Qual più feroce, uom od augello rapace?
È questo e quello al suo fratello nuoce;
E l'uno e l'atro scaltro al suo fratel soggiace.

PAOLO
Il mio falcon, se gli traggo cappello
più fiero e snello muove la testa,
e con l'ale s'applaude; nè fraude teme;
ma cerca laude, come in giostra baron,
voglia mostrando, e facendosi bello per sua tenzon.
Vola, o gerfalco, verso il sommo campo;
Vola qual lampo, o delle nubi fulvido guerriero;
leggere vola quant oil pensiera; poi torna
a ragion, e di tue pugne il disiato
vampo recane in don.
Ecco: già punta in ciel l'occhio regale,

CORO DI UOMINI
Qual volo... Qual mira!... S'arresta...
Si libbra... Già rota... Già piomba,
Il rostro già vibra... È colpo maestro!

MALE CHORUS
A procession of doves!
A flock of cranes has flown by!

PAOLO
I'll bet you it is peacocks instead!

MALE CHORUS
A tribe of starlings!

PAOLO
Are you blind?
That bright cloud is a heron.

MALE CHORUS
A heron! A heron! A heron!

PAOLO
Bring me my falcon!

THE FOOL
Who's fiercer, a man or a bird of prey?
Both hurt their brother;
Both shrewdly submit to their brother.

PAOLO
If I remove its hood, my falcon
Will move its head fiercely and nimbly;
It will clap with its wings
He doesn't fear frauds, but he looks for praise
Like during a joust a baron shows his eagerness
and boasts before the fight.
Fly, o falcon, towards the highest field;
Fly as lightning, you tawny warrior of the clouds;
Fly as light as thought and then return to your
home, bringing back a fiery desire for fighting
Look: its kingly eyes already aim toward the sky.

MALE CHORUS
What a flight! What appearance! Now it stops
Its soars... It turns... It pounces...
It hits with its beak—a masterful hit
CORO
Urna di pianto... Pallido incanto.
Languida vampa... Sogno d'amor... Fior di dolor!
Maggio, bel Maggio, generoso Maggio!

FRANCESCA
Che se tu dèi forni novo viaggio per più gentil
Rivaggio,
Ti rimemba di noi, che in vassallaggio d'amor
Commetti a saggio.

CORO
Quant'è soave! E quanto è mesta!
De' cigli festa... De' cori l'Ave...
Maggio, bel Maggio, fugitivo Maggio!
Votiva lampa!
Pallido incanto.....
Fior di dolor!

FRANCESCA
Maggio, bel Maggio!
(Rileggendo) "Dite:
da lunga stagione si forte mi amate?
Dall'ora in che fui cavaliero...
Per la perfetta fede a me dovuta,
Dite: once vi venne questo profondo amore,
Che in me poneste?
Da voi, da voi sola, Madonna?"

Fosche erme antiche mura, ove mia giovinezza langue in
In chuiso dolor, che mai non tace; crudel orto, ove
do (ne basta a mia tristezza) la garrula canzon
d'ogni ramace; gente de' fior fugace, che tra
sospire e canti chiami per nome in vano;
arido fonte arcano, ove indarno versai tutti
miei pianti; ditemi, 'n cortesia, come trovi
dell alme Amor la via.

CHORUS
Urni dampened with tears... a pale charm.
Languid fire... dream of love... Flower of sadness!
May, pretty May, generous May!

FRANCESCA
If you can give us new journey for the most gentle
People,
Remember us who are suspects of love.

CHORUS
How sweet she is! And how sad she is!
She is a feast for the eye, she is the Ave for a chorus.....
May, pretty May, fleeting May!
Candle lit with our prayer!
Pale enchantment,
Flower of sadness!

FRANCESCA
May, pretty May!

"You say:
Have you really loved me for such a long time?
From the time I was a knight...
The perfect faith you owe to me makes you
Say: where does this profound love
you have towards me come from?
From you, from you alone, my lady?"

Dark, closes ancient walls where my sad youth
languishes in a hidden pain that never goes away;
cruel gardens where the chirping song of each bird
resound, and yet it is not equal to my sadness.
Crowd of shortened flowers,
between whispers and singing I call by name in vain;
Dry old fountain, where in vain I poured all my tears,
tell me please, How do I find love for my soul?
IL MATTO
Signori miei, tal foggia principesca
Di falconer direi non già tedesca, o barbaresca,
Ma un’ esca alla francesca...

CORO DI UOMINI
Matto, acqua fresca! Assai tua lingua invesca!
Ma bada alla ventresca!...

PAOLO
Vil peso della terra, per l’ultima fiata tanto nome
Profana tua bocca attossicata
Verme, ti schiaccio!

IL MATTO
Aita! Aita! Aita! Aita! Aita! Aita!

GIANCIOTTO
Cessa!...Matto, che fu?

IL MATTO
Che fu?
Nulla...Una gri, che divenne airon, calando giù...
Torto o ragion, colpa o virtù, pardon, saprallo
Il mio gropon troppo buon!

GIANCIOTTO
Rispondi! Perché Paolo to percosse là giù?

IL MATTO
Per un nome dolce, come l’arome del pom d’ Adam...
Una parola, sol ache vola e consola la gola...
Una fol fogliuola del cor...

GIANCIOTTO
Bada giullar!...Tu giochi la testa in tuo sermon...
Per la tua Croce, parla! Che vuoi, che sai, buffoon?

IL MATTO
Dite a fiammata: gela! Dite a tosco: perdona!
Dite a cinghiale: bea! Dite ad avaro: dona!
Dite ad amor: ti cela!

GIANCIOTTO

THE FOOL
Gentlemen! I would call this way of using a falcon not German, or Barbarian,
But a French-style bait!

CHORUS OF MEN
Fool, bring cold water! Your tongue is very insolent!
But be aware of the food!

PAOLO
Vile creature of the earth, for the last time your name soils your foul mouth!
Worm, I will crush you

THE FOOL
Help, Help! Help! Help! Help! Help! Help!

GIANCIOTTO
Stop! Fool, what was that?

THE FOOL
What was that?
Nothing, only a crane that became a heron on its way down...Right or wrong, fault or virtue, Master, my back knows it only too well!

GIANCIOTTO
Answer! Why did Paolo hit you?

THE FOOL
For a sweet name like the aroma of Adam’s apple...
A word, one word that flies and comforts the throat...
A story born of the heart...

GIANCIOTTO
Be careful, jester! You are betting your head on what you say. For the Cross, speak! What do you want, what do you know, clown?

THE FOOL
Tell the blaze: freeze! Tell a poison: spare a life!
Tell the wild boar: bleat! Tell a miser: give freely!!
Tell love hide!

GIANCIOTTO

In mostruoso d’ogni legge oblio,
all’onor suo rubello,
insidia l’onor mio! Paolo, che ricerchi?

PAOLO
Te stesso...

GIANCIOTTO
Veramente?

PAOLO
Quel vil giullar discaccia!

GIANCIOTTO
Perché?

PAOLO
Troppe è insolente ed ozioso...

GIANCIOTTO
E tu?

PAOLO
L’ozio mio t’assecura il reggimento...

GIANCIOTTO
Assai qui tua vita s’oscura!...
Gloria più non ti sprona?

PAOLO
Son mio conforto I carmi...A te il vessillo:
A me basta un leuto.

GIANCIOTTO
E l’armi?

PAOLO
Ambizion d’imperio me più non tenta...
Orgoglio è levità di fumo...

GIANCIOTTO
E s’io dicesi: “Il voglio?”
Novellamente in armi la vedova Bologna,
Più che di gloria, di giustizia vaga,
Cerca al mio senno un capitan provetto
Contro il mal che dilaga: ed io resposi il tuo nome

Forgotten all law and rebellious
to his own honor!
Paolo, what are you looking for?

PAOLO
You!

GIANCIOTTO
Really?

PAOLO
Send away that vile clown!

GIANCIOTTO
Why?

PAOLO
He is too insolent and lazy...

GIANCIOTTO
What about you?

PAOLO
My indolence will ensure that you rule on...

GIANCIOTTO
Your life here has lost all luster!
Has glory stopped goading you on?

PAOLO
Poems comfort me...You can hear the banner:
A lute is enough for me.

GIANCIOTTO
What about the weapons?

PAOLO
I am no longer tempted to rule.
Pride is just thin smoke...

GIANCIOTTO
And if I said: “I want you to?”

Without a ruler, Bologna has again taken up arms,
Searching for justice more than for glory.
Bologna asked me for a skillful captain against spreading evil; and I gave that city your perfect name.
GIANCIOOTTO
E quando?

PAOLO
Doman.

GIANCIOOTTO
Sull’elsa giura...Il comando!

PAOLO
Sul nome nostro guiro!
Maria Vergine m’oda...

GIANCIOOTTO
E così sia!
Ei l’ama! Ei l’ama!
Ei l’ama! Non partirà, lo sento
Qui lo ritien sua brama per mio tormento.
O gelosia, reina degli affanni,
Gelida arsura e brivido di morte,
Mentre discendo la scala degli anni,
Perché mi serri fra le tue ritorte?
Per te la terra è gran selva d’inganni, ospizio di dolor
Qgnaurea corte: elleboro non val contro tuoi Danni
Nè contro tua malia gorgiera è forte.
Non più sogni di Gloria e di ventura! Non più vigilie
Di preghiere e d’armi! Non più di giocondenza Carmi!
Come ruggine rode l’armatura,
Silenzioso vermo dell’onor,
Tu mi consumi in lenta febre il cor!
Dove n’ite, Madonna?

FRANCESCA
Alla maggior Reina.

GIANCIOOTTO
Gran bisogno vi sprona d’implorar
La divina clemenza?

FRANCESCA
È la preghiera balsamo leniente,
Oriental aroma ad anima dolente...

GIANCIOOTTO
When?

PAOLO
Tomorrow.

GIANCIOOTTO
Swear on my sword that you’ll go! I order it!

PAOLO
I swear on our name!
May the Virgin Mary hear me...

GIANCIOOTTO
So be it!
He loves her! He loves her!
He loves her! He won’t leave, I feel it.
His desire to torment me keeps him here.
O jealousy! Queen of sorrows,
Cold fire and rush of death,
Why do you hold me tight in your grip
as I grow older?

FRANCESCA
To the Madonna.

GIANCIOOTTO
A big desire pushes you to implore for
Divine forgiveness?

FRANCESCA
Prayer is a soothing comfort,
Oriental perfume for a sorrowful soul.
IL MATTO
Covate nei nidi men fidi,
Piùmate tribù.

CORDO DI UOMINI
Malatesta s'inselva, Alla belva!...ecc

GIANCIOTTO
Ben altro affatico nimico, più scaltro, più vil.

IL MATTO
Vo in traccia d'un lup, che cupo miniaccia l'ovil.

CORO DI UOMINI
Sant'Uberto! Alla belva!

GIANCIOTTO
D'un fosco mi cale cignale, che il bosco smarri.

IL MATTO
Esulta, mia l'ama! Mia dama, sussulta così.

TUTTI
A caccia!...

CORO DI UOMINI
Sant'Uberto, ecc.

FRANCESCA
Squilla del vespro, squilla di Maria tu nunzi
Del mio cor l'aspra agonia!
Clemente Iddio,
Perdona alla fralezza:
Tu creasti l'amore, e tu lo spezza!

IL MATTO
(Alla cuna dell' Aurora la mia prora urgi,
o flutto sonnolento; gonfia, o vento, la mia vela;
e tu rindora, sole il mio vessil cruento!)

FRANCESCA
O mia Ravenna, o dolce cuna, antico nido dei sogni,
Più non ti vedrò! E tu, padre terro d'ogni nimico,
Invanalemente, in pianto attendero!

PAOLO

THE FOOL
Feathered tribes, you hatch in the least secure
Of nests.

MALE CHORUS
Malatesta heads for the woods! Let's hunt the boar!

GIANCIOTTO
I am tiring a different enemy,
one who's wilier and more vile.

THE FOOL
I follow the prints of a wolf who threatens the pen, darkly.

MALE CHORUS
Saint Hubert! Into the wood!

GIANCIOTTO
I am interested in a swarthy boar lost in the wood.

THE FOOL
My soul, celebrate! My lady, jump for joy!

EVERYONE
To the hunt!

MALE CHORUS
Saint Hubert! Etc.

FRANCESCA
Bells of the evening, bells of the Virgin,
You bring the news of my heart's harsh pain.
O merciful God.
Forgive my frailty.
You created love and you broke it.

THE FOOL
(Sleepy waves, push my boat towards the cradle dawn
O wind, blow my sail; sun, let your golden light shine on
my cruel banner again!)

FRANCESCA
O my Ravenna! O sweet cradle, ancient nest of dreams.
Nevermore will I see you again. And you, father, terror
Of every enemy, I will wait for you in vain, tearfully!
Ti venerai, si come effigie benedetta:
Ed or mi vieti di chiamarti a nime,
O tra le donne eletta!

FRANCESCA
Partite!...
La vittoria v'ingemmerà di gloria la fronte,
O sognator.

PAOLO
Obbedirò
Che giova mia vita a miglior prova
Se non l’irraggia amor?
Quali colombe dal disio chiamate,
Verran per l’aer miei dolci sospiri
Leggeramente, quando muoia il giorno;
E su tua fronte, ch’è Diana stella,
Movendo i crini come foglie d’oro, faranti amica
con lor tristi lai

FRANCESCA
E come i gru van cantando lor lai,
Non tosto nato del congedo il giorno; similemente
Alterni i miei sospiri risponderanno a
tue dolci chiamate, fin che non sorga più benigna
stella a benedirti con suo lume d’oro.

PAOLO
Non l’oro io chiego di benigna stella.

FRANCESCA
Ne vedra giorno il fin de miei sospiri...

PAOLO
Ne taceran di mie chiamate i lai.

FRANCESCA
Ciel!

IL MATTO
Tardi, o pallida signora, fida prora qui m’addusee:
Tardi, o mai I bei rai vidi, e il risco che rincora:
Tardi giunsi, e troppo amai.

I used to adore you like the image of a saint,
and now you forbid me from calling your name,
you chosen one among all women!

FRANCESCA
Leave!
Victory will place a jeweled crown on your head,
You dreamer.

PAOLO
I will obey!
What good is any trial to my life
if love doesn’t shine on it?
Like doves roused by love,
My sweet breaths will come to you lightly, in the air
at the end of the day;
they will befriend you with their sad songs as they move
your hair like golden leaves on your brow,
which to me is the morning star.

FRANCESCA
And like the cranes go singing their songs
as the end of the day approaches,
so my sighs will answer
to your sweet calls until another benign
star will rise to bless you with its light of gold.

PAOLO
I don’t ask for the gold of a benign star.

FRANCESCA
The day will never come when I stop sighing

PAOLO
Nor will my call stop.

FRANCESCA
O heaven!

THE FOOL
My pale lady, a faithful boat led me here too late;
too late, or never did I see the beautiful rays or the
reassuring face. I arrived late and I loved too much.
PAOLO
Qui...dopo il convegno?
FRANCESCA
Si!
PAOLO
"E la regina, in vederlo così smunto
e pallido e doloroso, scoloroso per la pietà nel viso..."
FRANCESCA
"e vacillando, gli cadde tra braccia..."
PAOLO
"e lungamente in sulla bocca
Lo baciò..."
FRANCESCA
O come mai?
PAOLO
Così!
GIANCIOTTO
Per l'inferno!...Traditori!...
Ti difendi!...
PAOLO
Ella è pura...Me punisci!...
No...Ferisci!...
FRANCESCA
Cessa! In me l'arme s'intrida...
Io l'amò! Fratricida!
GIANCIOTTO
Sgombra!
Tu il volesti!...
PAOLO
Io l'amò!
GIANCIOTTO
Muori!
IL MATTO
Gran mercè! Bel colpo, affè
Un, due, fan tre.
PAOLO
The lines after they meet?
FRANCESCA
Yes!
PAOLO
"And the queen, upon seeing him so tired and pale and hurt, went pale for the piety in her face..."
FRANCESCA
"she stumbled and fell in his arms..."
PAOLO
..."and kissed him on the mouth...deeply..."
FRANCESCA
How do you do that?
PAOLO
Like this!
GIANCIOTTO
What the Hell's name!...Traitors!
Defend yourself!
PAOLO
She is pure...Punish me...
Better yet...Strike me!
FRANCESCA
Stop! Sink your weapon in me!
O love him! You're killing your own brother!
GIANCIOTTO
Move aside!
You asked for it!
PAOLO
I love her!
GIANCIOTTO
Die!
THE FOOL
That was a great mercy! Great blow!
One and two, make three.
O pio bacio!...
O dolce morte!...

FINE DEL DRAMMA

BIOGRAPHIES

Rosa Vento (Francesca)
Rosa Vento has performed to popular acclaim on both sides of the Atlantic, including appearances at the Vienna State Opera, Opera di Verona, Deutsche Opera am Rhein, Düsseldorf, Basel, Amsterdam, Tokyo, Opera de Nice, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Austin Lyric Opera, Palm Beach Opera, and Florida Grand Opera. Ms. Vento has performed with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, and has presented recitals in New York (Alice Tully Hall, Bruno Walter Auditorium), and the Hubbard Recital Hall, Miami, Washington, D.C., and at the Tetro Nacional de Santo Domingo. Ms. Vento is the first-place winner of a number of awards, including the Loren L. Zachary Society Competition, Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions, Rosa Ponselle International Competition, Friday Morning Music Club, Palm Beach Opera Auditions, and the Lindabury Foundation Competition. Ms. Vento has performed throughout the world sponsored by the U.S. Embassy to do three consecutive tours of Central America promoting the arts.

Nicholas Perna (Paolo)
Nicholas Perna is a graduate of the University of Miami, receiving his degree in vocal performance. Currently pursuing graduate studies at the University of Houston, Mr. Perna was selected as an apprentice artist with the Santa Fe Opera and appeared there in the summer of 2004. Mr. Perna has appeared in productions of The Merry Wives of Windsor, Albert Herring, Romeo et Juliette, Mozart’s La Finta Giardiniera and Paola e Francesca.

Frank Ragsdale (Il Matto)
Mr. Ragsdale is completing his doctoral studies in vocal performance at the University of Miami. A native of Dallas, Texas, Mr. Ragsdale received his undergraduate degree from Atlantic Union College and his M.M. degree from the Longy School of Music in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mr. Ragsdale has performed throughout the world sponsored by the U.S. Embassy to do three consecutive tours of Central America promoting the arts. Dr.
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