

South Asian Symphony Orchestra
An Evening at the Opera

Texts and translations

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
La Traviata

“Addio del passato”

VIOLETTA

Attendo, attendo né a me giungon mai!
Oh, come son mutata!
Ma il dottore a sperar pure m'esorta!
Ah, con tal morbo ogni speranza è morta.

Addio, del passato bei sogni ridenti,
Le rose del volto già son pallenti;
L'amore d'Alfredo pur esso mi manca,
Conforto, sostegno dell'anima stanca
Ah, della traviata sorridi al desio;
A lei, deh, perdona; tu accoglila, o Dio,
Or tutto fini.

VIOLETTA

I wait and wait, but they never come!
How changed I am!
But the Doctor still urges me to hope!
With such a disease, All hope is dead!

Farewell, happy dreams of bygone days;
The roses in my cheeks already are faded.
Even Alfredo's love is lacking,
To comfort and uphold my weary spirit.
Oh, comfort, sustain an erring soul,
And may God pardon and make her his own!
All is over now

“Lunge da lei... De' miei bollenti spiriti”

ALFREDO

Lunge da lei per me non v'ha diletto!
Volaron già tre lune
Dacché la mia Violetta
Agi per me lasciò, dovizie, onori,
E le pompose feste
Ove, agli omaggi avvezza,
Vedeo schiavo ciascun di sua bellezza
Ed or contenta in questi ameni luoghi
Tutto scorda per me. Qui presso a lei
Io rinascer mi sento,
E dal soffio d'amor rigenerato
Scordo ne' gaudii suoi tutto il passato.

De' miei bollenti spiriti
Il giovanile ardore
Ella temprò col placido
Sorriso dell'amore!
Dal dì che disse: vivere
Io voglio a te fedel,
Dell'universo immemore
Io vivo quasi in ciel.

ALFREDO

There's no pleasure in life when she's away!
It's three months now since Violetta
Gave up for me her easy, luxurious life
Of love affairs and expensive parties ...
There she was used to the homage of all
Who were enslaved by her beauty,
But she seems happy here in this
Charming place,
Where she forgets everything for me.
With her beside me, I feel myself reborn,
Revived by the breath of love,
Forgetting the past in present delights.

My passionate spirit
And the fire of youth
She tempers with the
Gentle smile of love.
Since the day when she told me
"I want to live, faithful to you alone!"
I have forgotten the world
And lived like one in heaven.

South Asian Symphony Orchestra
An Evening at the Opera

Texts and translations

Charles Gounod (1818-1893)
Romeo and Juliet

“Je veux vivre”

JULIET

Je veux vivre
Dans ce rêve qui m'enivre;
Ce jour encore,
Douce flamme,
Je te garde dans mon âme
Comme un trésor!

Cette ivresse de jeunesse
e dure, hélas! qu'un jour!
Puis vient l'heure
Où l'on pleure,
Le cœur cède à l'amour,
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour.

Loin de l'hiver morose
Laisse-moi sommeiller
Et respirer la rose
Avant de l'effeuiller.

JULIET

I want to live
in the dream that thrills me;
more of this day!
Sweet flame
I'm guarding you in my soul
like a treasure!

This thrill of youthfulness
doesn't last, alas, but a day
Then comes the hour
when we cry
the heart yields to love
and happiness flees without ever coming
back!

Let me stay asleep
away from the dreary winter
and savour the rose's scent
before it withers

“Ah! Lève-toi, soleil!”

ROMEO

L'amour, l'amour !
Oui, son ardeur a troublé tout mon être !
Mais quelle soudaine clarté
Resplendit à cette fenêtre ?
C'est là que dans la nuit rayonne sa beauté !
Ah ! lève-toi, soleil ! fais pâlir les étoiles
Qui, dans l'azur sans voiles,
Brillent au firmament,
Ah ! lève-toi! parais! parais!
Astre pur et charmant!
Elle rêve! elle dénoue
Une boucle de cheveux
Qui vient caresser sa joue.
Amour! Amour! porte-lui mes vœux!
Elle parle! Qu'elle est belle!
Ah! Je n'ai rien entendu!
Mais ses yeux parlent pour elle,
Et mon cœur a répondu!
Ah! lève-toi, soleil ! fais pâlir les étoiles, etc.
... Viens! parais!

ROMEO

Love! Love!
Its intensity has disturbed my very being!
But what sudden light
through this window breaks?
Its there that by night her beauty shines!
Ah, arise, Sun! Turn pale the stars
that, unveiled in the azure,
do sparkle in the firmament.
Ah, arise! Appear! Appear,
pure and enchanting star!
She is dreaming, she loosens
a lock of hair
which falls to caress her cheek.
Love! Love, carry my vows to her!
She speaks! How beautiful she is!
Ah, I heard nothing.
But her eyes speak for her
and my heart has answered!
Ah, arise, Sun! turn pale the stars, etc.
...come thou, appear!

South Asian Symphony Orchestra
An Evening at the Opera

Texts and translations

Cheryl Bains
The Legend of the Goddess

**Ode
To the Cosmic Mother**

Mother,
Mother wise,
Mother undying;
Mother wise,
Of cosmos colliding;
Fill me with truth and power
Find me in my darkest hour.

Mother mine!
Fill me with truth and power
Find me in my darkest hour.

O Mother,
Mother wise,
Truth undenyng;
Mother mine!
Of grace undefining.
Fill me with truth and power
Find me in my darkest hour.

Mother mine!
Fill me with your truth and power
Find me in my darkest hour.

**River Goddess
Shiva's Ganga Tandav**

Ganga, we implore you
Merciful Ganga, make this world new.
Most divine are you,
Standing or coursing fiercely through
Valleys up in Heaven above!
Now is the time;
Shower us with love.

Let grace wash over me,
Going as far as eyes can see;
Salvation you'll bring to man and king,
Through Gangadhari!

Wash me with grace, o Mother
Trace through my locks of hair,
Bring us new life, end all our strife
Ganga; come down!

Flow through me Goddess, flow now.
Bless your daughters, flow now.
Make me your vessel shielding your might,
Let sorrows pass and fade into night.
Flow through me Goddess, flow now.

Consecrated ground
Makes way and moves without a sound,
None mighty as the river Herself!
Now is the time;
She continues to arrive!

Wash me with grace, o Mother
Trace through my locks of hair,
Bring us new life, end all our strife
Ganga; finally here now!

Flow through me Goddess, flow now.
Bless your daughters, flow now.
Make me your vessel shielding your might,
Let sorrows pass and fade into night.
Flow through me Goddess, flow now.

Gangadhari serves you now,
Jai Gange!

South Asian Symphony Orchestra
An Evening at the Opera

Texts and translations

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

Carmen

“Je dis que rien ne m’épouvante”

MICAËLA

Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante,
Je dis hélas que je répons de moi,
Mais j'ai beau faire la vaillante,
Au fond du cour, je meurs d'effroi
Seule, en ce lieu sauvage
Toute seule, j'ai peur,
Mais j'ai tort d'avoir peur,
Vous me donnerez du courage,
Vous me protégerez, Seigneur .
Je vais voir de près cette femme
Dont les artifices maudits
Ont fini par faire un infâme
De celui que j'aimais jadis;
Elle est dangereuse, elle est belle,
Mais je ne veux pas avoir peur,
Non, non je ne veux pas avoir peur!
Je parlerai haut devant elle,
Ah! Seigneur ... Vous me protégerez.
Ah! Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante, etc.

Protégez-moi! O Seigneur!
Donnez-moi du courage!

MICAËLA

I say that nothing frightens me,
I say alas that I answer for myself,
But no matter how brave I am,
At the back of the yard, I'm dying of terror
Alone, in this wild place
Alone, I'm afraid,
But I'm wrong to be afraid,
You will give me courage,
You will protect me, Lord.
I'm going to see this woman up close
Including the accursed devices
Ended up doing an infamous
Of the one I once loved;
She is dangerous, she is beautiful,
But I do not want to be afraid,
No, no, I do not want to be afraid!
I will speak loudly in front of her,
Ah! Lord ... you will protect me.
Ah! I say nothing frightens me, etc.

Protect me! O Lord!
Give me courage!

“La fleur que tu m’avais jetée”

JOSÉ

La fleur que tu m'avais jetée,
Dans ma prison m'était restée,
Flétrie et sèche, cette fleur
Gardait toujours sa douce odeur;
Et pendant des heures entières,
Sur mes yeux fermant mes paupières
De cette odeur je m'enivrais
Et dans la nuit je te voyais.
Je me prenais à te maudire
À te détester, à me dire:
Pourquoi faut-il que le destin
L'ait mise là sur mon chemin?
Puis je m'accusais de blasphème
Et je ne sentais en moi-même
Qu'un seul désir, un seul espoir,
Te revoir, ô Carmen, oui te revoir! ...

Car tu n'avais eu qu'à paraître,
Qu'à jeter un regard sur moi
Pour t'emparer de tout mon être,
Ô ma Carmen.
Et j'étais une chose à toi.
Carmen, je t'aime!

JOSÉ

The flower you had thrown at me
In my prison I had stayed,
Withered and dry, this flower
Always kept its sweet smell;
And for hours,
On my eyes closing my eyelids
From this smell I would get drunk
And in the night I saw you.
I began to curse you
To hate you, to tell me:
Why must destiny
Put it there on my way?
Then I blamed myself for blasphemy
And I did not feel in myself
Only one desire, one hope,
To see you again, O Carmen, yes, see you
again! ...
Because you had only to appear,
What to take a look at me
To take hold of all my being,
O my Carmen.
And I was a thing of you.
Carmen, I love you!

South Asian Symphony Orchestra
An Evening at the Opera

Texts and translations

“Parle-moi de ma mère!”

JOSÉ
Parle-moi de ma mère!
Parle-moi de ma mère!

MICAËLA
J'apporte de sa part, fidèle messagère,
Cette lettre.

JOSÉ
regardant la lettre
Une lettre.

MICAËLA
Et puis un peu d'argent
elle lui remet une petite bourse
Pour ajouter à votre traitement,
Et puis

JOSÉ
Et puis?

MICAËLA
Et puis? ... Vraiment je n'ose,
Et puis ... encore une autre chose
Qui vaut mieux que l'argent et qui,
Pour un bon fils,
Aura sans doute plus de prix.

JOSÉ
Cette autre chose, quelle est-elle?
Parle donc.

MICAËLA
Oui, je parlerai;
Ce que l'on m'a donné,
Je vous le donnerai.
Votre mère avec moi sortait de la chapelle,
Et c'est alors qu'en m'embrassant,
Tu vas, m'a-t-elle dit, t'en aller à la ville:
La route n'est pas longue,
Une fois à Séville,
Tu chercheras mon fils,
Mon José, mon enfant
Et tu lui diras que sa mère
Songe nuit et jour à l'absent
Qu'elle regrette et qu'elle espère,
Qu'elle pardonne et qu'elle attend;
Tout cela, n'est-ce pas? mignonne,
De ma part tu le lui diras,
Et ce baiser que je te donne
De ma part tu le lui rendras.

JOSÉ
Tell me about my mother!
Tell me about my mother!

MICAËLA
I bring from him, faithful messenger,
This letter.

JOSÉ
looking at the letter
A letter.

MICAËLA
And then some money
she gives him a small purse
To add to your treatment,
And

JOSÉ
And?

MICAËLA
And? ... I really do not dare,
And then ... another thing
Who is better than money and who,
For a good son,
Will probably have more price.

JOSÉ
This other thing, what is it?
Speak so.

MICAËLA
Yes, I will speak;
What I was given,
I will give it to you.
Your mother with me came out of the chapel,
And that's when kissing me,
You go, she told me, go to the city:
The road is not long,
Once in Seville,
You will look for my son,
My José, my child
And you will tell him that his mother
Dream day and night to the absent
That she regrets and hopes,
May she forgive and wait;
All this, is not it? cute,
From me you will tell him,
And this kiss that I give you
From me you will return it to him.

South Asian Symphony Orchestra
An Evening at the Opera

Texts and translations

JOSÉ
Un baiser de ma mère?

JOSÉ
A kiss from my mother?

MICAËLA
Un baiser pour son fils.

MICAËLA
A kiss for his son.

JOSÉ
Un baiser de ma mère?

JOSÉ
A kiss from my mother?

MICAËLA
Un baiser pour son fils!
José, je vous le rends, comme je l'ai promis.

MICAËLA
A kiss for his son!
Jose, I return it to you, as I promised.

JOSÉ
Ma mère, je la vois
Oui je revois mon village!
O souvenirs d'autrefois,
Doux souvenirs du pays!
Doux souvenirs du pays!
O souvenirs chéris!
Vous remplissez mon coeur
De force et de courage.
O souvenirs chéris!
Ma mère je la vois, je revois mon village!

JOSÉ
My mother, I see her
Yes, I see my village again!
O memories of old,
Sweet memories of the country!
Sweet memories of the country!
O cherished memories!
You fill my heart
Strength and courage.
O cherished memories!
My mother, I see her, I see my village again!

MICAËLA
Sa mère, il la revoit!
Il revoit son village!
Ô souvenirs d'autrefois!
Souvenirs du pays!
Vous remplissez son coeur
De force et de courage.
O souvenirs chéris!
Sa mère il la revoit, il revoit son village!

MICAËLA
His mother, he sees her again!
He's seeing his village again!
O old memories!
Memories of the country!
You fill his heart
Strength and courage.
O cherished memories!
His mother, he sees her again, he sees his village again!

JOSÉ
Qui sait de quel démon
J'allais être la proie!
Même de loin,
Ma mère me défend,
Et ce baiser qu'elle m'envoie,
Ce baiser qu'elle m'envoie
Ecarte le péril et sauve son enfant.

JOSÉ
Who knows what demon
I was going to be prey!
Even from afar,
My mother defends me,
And that kiss she sends me,
This kiss she sends me
Spread the danger and save his child.

MICAËLA
Quel démon, quel péril?
Je ne comprends pas bien.
Que veut dire cela?

MICAËLA
What demon, what danger?
I do not understand very well.
What does that mean?

JOSÉ
Rien! Rien!
Parlons de toi, la messagère
Tu vas retourner au pays...

JOSÉ
Nothing! Nothing!
Let's talk about you, the messenger
You are going back to the country...

South Asian Symphony Orchestra
An Evening at the Opera

Texts and translations

MICAËLA

Oui, ce soir même,
Demain je verrai votre mère.

JOSÉ

Tu la verras! Eh bien tu lui diras:
Que son fils l'aime et la vénère,
Et qu'il se repent aujourd'hui.
Il veut que là-bas sa mère
Soit contente de lui!
Tout cela, n'est-ce pas? mignonne,
De ma part, tu le lui diras;
Et ce baiser que je te donne,
De ma part tu le lui rendras.

MICAËLA

Oui, je vous le promets
De la part de son fils
José, je le rendrai
Comme je l'ai promis.

JOSÉ

Ma mère, je la vois! etc.

MICAËLA

Sa mère, il la revoit! etc.

MICAËLA

Yes, tonight,
Tomorrow I will see your mother.

JOSÉ

You'll see it! Well, you'll tell him:
That his son loves and reveres her,
And that he repents today.
He wants his mother there
Be happy with him!
All this, is not it? cute,
From me you will tell him;
And this kiss that I give you,
From me you will return it to him.

MICAËLA

Yes, I promise you
From his son
Jose, I will return it
As I promised.

JOSÉ

My mother, I see her! etc.

MICAËLA

His mother, he sees her again! etc.