Michael Fabiano
Verdi · Donizetti
London Philharmonic Orchestra · Enrique Mazzola
Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901): *Luisa Miller* (1849)

1. Oh! fede negar potessi … Quando le sere al placido
   *Giuseppe Verdi: Rigoletto* (1851)

2. La donna è mobile

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Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848): *Polìuto* (1838/1848)

3. Veleno è l’aura ch’io respiro … Fu macchiato l’onor mio …
   Sfolgorò divino raggio

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Giuseppe Verdi: *Un ballo in maschera* (1859)

4. Forse la soglia attinse … Ma se m’è forza perderti

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Gaetano Donizetti: *Lucia di Lammermoor* (1835)

5. “Tomba degli avi miei … Fra poco a me ricovero”

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Giuseppe Verdi: *La Forza del Destino* (1862)

6. Qual sangue sparsi … S’affronti la morte *

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Gaetano Donizetti: *Maria di Rohan* (1843)

7. Alma soave e cara

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Giuseppe Verdi: *Ernani* (1844)

8. Odi il voto … Sprezzo la vita *

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Giuseppe Verdi: *I Due Foscari* (1844)

9. Notte, perpetua notte … Non maledirmi

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Giuseppe Verdi: *Oberto* (1839)

10. Ciel, che feci! … Ciel pietoso
   Pronti siate a seguitarmi *

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Giuseppe Verdi: *Il corsaro* (1848)

11. Ah sì, ben dite … Tutto parea sorridere …
   Pronti siate a seguitarmi *

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Total playing time: 57.03

* with London Voices (chorus master: Terry Edwards)

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Michael Fabiano, tenor

London Philharmonic Orchestra

Conducted by Enrique Mazzola
From my first days of study in opera, I’ve always had a deep intrigue with the era of late bel canto leading into Verdi’s works. The late bel canto era of opera (1835 and beyond) is a reckoning in time of a paradigm shift in operatic composition. The beautiful line of Bellini or crispness of Rossini gave way to the fire-laden later works of Donizetti. And it’s in this fire that Verdi’s works become even more relevant. A keen listening to Ernani and Poliuto next to each other reveals a symbiosis of sonority between the two composers. The works that Donizetti and Verdi wrote between 1835 and 1875 are of great interest to me because they reveal a drastic development in musical architecture and drama, bringing instrumentation, harmony, and layers of text and music much closer to each other than they were in decades before. My album is but a taste of this big bel canto era.
Verdi: Luisa Miller (1849)
“Oh! fede negar potessi … Quando le sere al placido”

Giuseppe Verdi’s tenor roles are largely invested in revealing the humanity of either a helpless slave to fate or its master. Rodolfo (Luisa Miller) lies midway in that continuum: a victim of his fate, he ultimately takes charge, with tragic consequences for all. His «Quando le sere al placido» in Act II marks the first moment we hear the full musical depths of a figure no longer willing to accept his fate. As Rodolfo expresses pain at Luisa’s presumed betrayal, the music oscillates between helplessness and nostalgia on the one hand and heroic dignity and outrage on the other. At this critical moment we first hear middle-period Verdi, and also in the last act, whose ending reflects a common pattern, the tenor’s suicide. Settimio Malvezzi, Rodolfo’s creator, mirrored the contrasts in Rodolfo’s writing, performing high-lying elegant parts like Rodrigo (Rossini’s Otello) alongside more strenuous roles like Pollione (Bellini’s Norma).

Verdi: Rigoletto (1851)
“La donna è mobile”

It is no surprise the supple, suave writing for the Duke (Rigoletto) was introduced by Raffaele Mirate, who earned much fame in Donizetti. Everything in this opera demonstrates the vividness with which Verdi could summon up a distinctive character, from the dour sarcastic Sparafucile to the tormented title role to the idealism in Gilda to the insouciance in the callous Duke. Leaving aside Piave’s fine libretto, the music tells the story. The aria heard here became an instant hit, never going out of fashion, assuming iconic status as capturing the essence of Italian opera.

Donizetti: Poliuto (1838)
“Veleno e l’aura … Fu macchiato l’onor mio … Sfolgorò divino raggio”

Today’s renewed understanding of Gaetano Donizetti’s importance to Verdi centers around Donizetti’s mature collaborations with librettist Salvatore Cammarano. The bold imagination and creative strength in Roberto Devereux (1837), Poliuto (1838) and Maria di Rohan anticipate Verdi, not to be matched again in sheer artistic authority until the full flowering of Verdi’s middle period. Donizetti’s Poliuto lies at a crossroads in tenor history. Although the tenor in Acts I and III parallels many qualities familiar in more lyrically-written Donizetti roles, Act II reflects the ambitions both Donizetti and tenor Adolphe Nourrit, the intended protagonist, brought to this piece. There, both a ferocious Grand Finale and the staggering two-part scena heard here anticipate Verdi. Although this two-part selection follows a traditional structural format musically, it does not follow a traditional format vocally: The tenor usually opens a scena with reflective inward sentiments, stressing gentler vocal qualities, more hard-driving qualities reserved for a flashier second half. Here, both parts are equally hard-driving, an atypical test of both incisive declamation and stamina. Poliuto, a Christian martyr, first expresses jealous suspicions of his wife Paolina, only to turn his attention to a heroic rescue of a Christian comrade when learning of his arrest. Nourrit had self-exiled to Naples for this premiere, driven from Paris by Gilbert-Louis Duprez’s triumph in 1837 with the first known high C from the chest. Nourrit’s bigger sound hardly needed such enhancement; yet he now felt he too needed a top from the chest. He could not bring the chest voice up to a C; but the resulting high A was likely the most powerful sound yet heard in the opera world. Hence this selection’s emphatic setting for “immenso”, climaxing on a high A. Sadly, Naples’ censors banned this piece for its religious overtones, and Nourrit’s disappointment was so bitter it drove him to a tragic end right out of opera, a death leap from the top story of his hotel.
Verdi: Un ballo in maschera (1859)
“Forse la soglia attinse” ... Ma se m’è forza perderti”

Of those tenors active during the bulk of Verdi’s career, none delighted Verdi more than Gaetano Fraschini. Fraschini’s incisive tones could encompass both Verdi’s most energetic writing and the gentler style of earlier years. Here, Verdi gave Fraschini the finest gift of his career, the last and most wide-ranging challenge of all. For many, Verdi’s inspiration throughout this work marks his greatest achievement to date. We hear the vividness of Verdi’s mature gifts in the tenor’s “Forse la soglia attinse” from the final act. In great anguish, a King’s agitated recitative gives way to somber and deliberate phrases as he contemplates the finality of Amelia’s departure from his court. The range of Fraschini’s expressive powers is further shown in the hero’s climactic resolve to see Amelia one last time.

Donizetti: Lucia di Lammermoor (1835)
“Tombe degli avi miei ... Fra poco a me ricovero”

This selection is the earliest on this album and holds special interest, both for the opera itself, Donizetti’s first true masterpiece, and for its being written for a great tenor still finding himself, Gilbert-Louis Duprez. In 1835, Duprez was not yet the fearsome lion with his high C from the chest heard at his Paris Opera debut in 1837. But the deeply expressive nature of Edgardo’s music here shows that Duprez was already a highly expressive artist capable of uncommon depths. Here, in the wake of Lucia’s apparent betrayal of their love, Edgardo anticipates his eventual suicide. Like Roberto Devereux (1837), Poliuto (1838) and Maria di Rohan, Lucia is also a Donizetti/Cammarano collaboration, the first success of that partnership, signaling many a masterpiece to come. As with those three, we can hear anticipations of Verdi in Lucia’s dramaturgy and its musical/theatrical pulse.

Verdi: La Forza del Destino (1862)
“Qual sangue sparsi ... S’affronti la morte”

By contrast, here is the latest excerpt on this album, a rare selection from the original La Forza del Destino, premiered in Saint Petersburg in 1862. Its later 1869 version is the one usually heard. While the tenor role of Alvaro is hardly inconsiderable in its later version, it was originally a longer and more varied part, tailored to tenor Enrico Tamberlik, who first negotiated the contract for the work on behalf of the Imperial Theatres. It is ironic that an opera more known for its soprano started out as a vehicle for a star tenor. Indeed, the original Alvaro assumes a slightly more important role than Leonora. He is even at the center of the action at the end, a virtual denunciation of all creation and a shocking suicide off a cliff. Tamberlik was the most versatile and the most resilient tenore di forza of his day. No one before or since has mastered so many of the most treacherous Italian and French tenor roles (sung in Italian), nor made them so integral a part of his regular repertoire. Not only did he create the original Alvaro, he regularly performed in Rossini’s Guillaume Tell, Meyerbeer’s Robert le diable, Les Huguenots and Le prophète, Donizetti’s Poliuto and Les martyrs and Verdi’s Les vêpres siciliennes, even going outside the Italian/French repertoire to perform Florestan (Beethoven’s Fidelio)! Tamberlik also kept his extraordinary top to the very end despite the arduousness of the most challenging tenor repertoire. It is fitting that the latest piece here is a part of the Tamberlik story, a career that sums up a whole era in Italian tenor writing. Once again, “Quel sangue sparsi”, with its death wish in the midst of battle, shows a hero longing for his end.

Donizetti: Maria di Rohan (1843)
“Alma soave e cara”

The final Donizetti/Cammarano collaboration, Maria di Rohan is viewed by William Ashbrook and some others as perhaps Donizetti’s
finest work. In Act II of Maria di Rohan, the lyric beauty in Chalais’s “Alma soave e cara”, written for the sweet-voiced tenor Carlo Guasco, conveys the character’s gentle nature in distinctly Donizettian terms, as he still copes with the shock of learning that his beloved Maria is now married. The melancholy cast of this aria gives us a premonition of Chalais’s tragic end, again a suicide at the opera’s curtain.

Verdi: Ernani (1844)
“Odi il voto ... Sprezzo la vita”

Ernani was the greatest success for Verdi to that point, but its title role had a difficult birth with its creator, Carlo Guasco. Compared to previous roles like the gentle Chalais in Donizetti’s Maria di Rohan (1843), Guasco found Verdi’s Gothic outlaw uncongenial (despite ending in a suicide like Chalais), and he tried bowing out. By Opening Night, he was badly hoarse, and although he rallied on subsequent nights, the praise accorded him dwelt only on qualities for which he had previously gained fame: “singing gracefully, sweetly” (Il Bazar, Sep. 7th, 1844). Some critics may debate whether these qualities are apt to the role. It is notable that when the opera was again mounted at the end of the year, a heroic accomplished Arnold in Rossini’s Guillaume Tell was instead chosen, tenor Nicola Ivanoff. So Verdi composed a demanding new aria heard here, “Odi il voto ... Sprezzo la vita”, which has only been attempted by a very few. From this aria, expressing Ernani’s determination to rescue his beloved Elvira from King Charles, we can guess the heroic dimension that Ivanoff brought to Ernani.

Verdi: I Due Foscari (1844)
“Notte, perpetua note ... Non maledirmi”

Here, we find Jacopo Foscari (I Due Foscari) haunted by terrifying visions in the darkness of his prison. As with Rodolfo (Luisa Miller, 1849), Jacopo bridges the span from helpless victim to heroic defiance. Its creator, Giacomo Roppa, mirrored that contrast: elegant,
gracious parts like Lorenzo (Bellini’s *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*) and Gennaro (Donizetti’s *Lucrezia Borgia*) alongside more intense roles like Pollione (Bellini’s *Norma*) and the title role in Meyerbeer’s *Robert le diable*.

**Verdi: Oberto (1839)**

"Ciel, che feci! ... Ciel pietoso"

The earliest Verdi selection on this album, Riccardo’s "Ciel, che feci" from Verdi’s first opera, Oberto, already shows Verdi’s assured mastery in a distinctly lyrical style. Riccardo expresses remorse for having killed his former beloved’s father in a duel. Lorenzo Salvi, a true tenore di grazia, created this part, a role that bears testimony to Verdi’s close study of Donizetti. In fact, rehearsals for Oberto’s 1839 premiere at La Scala had to be worked around concurrent rehearsals for Donizetti’s *Roberto Devereux* (which had only received its world premiere two years before). So Verdi’s impressions of Devereux were likely intense and lingered for some while after. Later, in works following Oberto, we can hear something of the agitated accents of Devereux’s regal heroine in Verdi’s *Nabucco* (1842) and *Macbeth* (1847).

**Verdi: Il Corsaro (1848)**

"Ah sì, ben dite ... Tutto parea sorridere ... Pronti siate a seguitarmi"

Finally, we return to Verdi’s favorite tenor, Gaetano Fraschini. If *Un Ballo in Maschera* was the last and finest gift Fraschini ever received from Verdi, then *Il Corsaro* marks the first time that Verdi presented Fraschini with a role fully worthy of that tenor’s great gifts. In this supercharged selection, we hear Verdi at his most vigorous, especially in the cabaletta, investing the character with a warmth and an urgency that only Verdi could evoke. In its combination of musical and theatrical drive, this sequence is a fitting conclusion to our journey through Verdi’s tenor writing and its antecedents.

**Geoffrey Riggs**

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**Giuseppe Verdi, Luisa Miller**

"Oh fede negar potessi... Quando le sere al placido"

**Rodolfo**

Oh! fede negar potessi agli occhi miei!  
Se cielo e terra, se mortali ed angeli  
Attestarmi volesser ch’ella non è rea,  
Menti! io risponder dovei, tutti mentite.  
Son cifre sue! Tanta perfidia! Un’alma  
Si nera! si mendace!  
Ben la conobbe il padre!  
Ma dunque i giuri, le speranze, la gioia,  
Le lagrime, l’affanno?  
Tutto è menzogna, tradimento, inganno!  

Quando le sere al placido  
Chiaror d’un ciel stellato  
Meco figgea nell’etere  
Io sguardo innamorato,  
E questa mano stringermi  
Dalla sua man sentia ...  
Ah! mi tradia!  
Allor, ch’io muto, estatico  
Da’ labbri suoi pendea.  
Ed ella in suon angelico,
“amo te sol” dicea, Azuca, 
Tal che semblò l’empireo 
Apirisi all’alma mia! 
Ah! mi tradia!

“I love only you’, it seemed like the world opened to my soul! 
Ah! She betrayed me!

Giuseppe Verdi, Rigoletto
“La donna è mobile”

Duke
La donna è mobile 
Qual piuma al vento, 
Muta d’accento 
È di pensiero. 
Sempre un amabile 
Leggiadro viso, 
In pianto, in riso, 
È menzognero. 
La donna è mobile, ecc.

If you rely on them you will regret it, and if you trust them you are undone! 
Yet none can consider himself

Duca
How fickle women are, fleeting like plumes in the wind, simples in speech, and simples in mind. Always the loveable, sweet, laughing faces, but laughing or crying, the face is false for sure. How fickle women are, etc.

Poliuto
Veleno è l’aura ch’io respiro! 
Indigna! 
Ella invitava il traditor … 
Non mente, no, Callistene … 
Io stesso io vidi! 
E un brando, 
e un pugnal non avea! 
Ma vivo ancor! 
Ma trema, trema, o coppia rea! 
Fu macchiato l’onor mio … 
Sfolgorò divino raggio

Felice appieno 
Chi su quel seno 
Non liba amore, 
La donna è mobile, ecc.

fully contented who has not tasted love in their arms! How fickle women are, etc.

Poliuto
The air I breathe is poison! Unworthy! She invited that traitor… Don’t try to deceive me, Callistene… I saw it myself! And a sword, a dagger I did not have! But I still live! But tremble, tremble, you guilty pair! My honour has been sullied, and revenge is now needed, my punishing hand will cause a river of blood, on this half-alive coward I will wound her

Gaetano Donizetti, Poliuto
“Veleno è l’aura ch’io respiro … Fu macchiato l’onor mio … Sfolgorò divino raggio”

Poliuto
Necesaria è la vendetta 
Spargerà di sangue un rivo, 
La mia destra punitrice, 
Sul codardo semivivo 
ferir vo’la traditrice
E strapparle il cor d’al petto
Il perverso infido cor
Ah, l’amai d’immenso affetto!
Ora immenso è il mio furor
Eterno Dio, che sento!
In gran periglio
stanno i fratelli
Ed io! ed io!
Cessa, fatal consiglio dell’ira!
Il ciel mi schiude
la via che tragge a sé!
M’infiammata una virtude
che pria in me non era!
Sei tu, sei tu! Gran Dio!

Sfolgorò divino raggio;
Da’ miei lumi è tolto il velo...
Voce santa come il cielo
di perdono a me parlò!
Obliato è già l’oltraggio;
più vendetta il cor non chiede...
Dio quest’anima mi diede,
pura a Dio la renderò, ecc.

and tear her heart from her chest,
that wicked, perverse heart
ah, I loved her so immensely!
Now my fury is immense.

Eternal Father, what do I hear!
In great danger
are my brethren
and so am I! So am I!
Cease, you fatal thoughts of wrenge!
Heaven has opened
its gate for me.
A virtue enflames me
that I did not feel before!
It is you, it is you! Great God!

Divine rage flares up;
The veil is removed from my eyes...
A holy, heavenly voice
spoke to me of forgiveness!
Forgotten already is the outrage;
The heart now demands no more revenge
God gave this soul to me,
and I will dedicate it to Him, etc.

Giuseppe Verdi, *Un ballo in maschera*
“Forse la soglia attinse ... Ma se m’è forza perderti”

Riccardo
Forse la soglia attinse,
E posa alfin. - L’onore
Ed il dover nei nostri petti han rotto
L’abisso. - Ah! sì, Renato
Rivedrà l’Inghilterra... e la sua sposa
Lo seguirà. Senza un addio, l’immenso
Oceán ne sepàri... e taccia il core.
Eisto ancor? ma, oh ciel, non lo degg’io?
Ah, l’ho segnato il sacrificio mio!

Ma se m’è forza perderti
Per sempre, o luce mia,
A te verrà il mio palpito
Sotto qual ciel tu sia,
Chiusa la tua memoria
Nell’intimo del cor.

Riccardo
Perhaps she has reached home
and she is safe at last. Honour
and duty have broken the abyss
between us. Ah! Renato
will finally return to England...and his wife
will follow him. No farewell, the vastness of
the ocean between us...let the heart be
silent.
Do I still hesitate? But, my God, must I not?
Ah, I have signed my sacrifice!

But if I can find the strength to lose you
forever, my bright star,
my love will reach you
wherever you are,
once the memory I have of you
will be imprinted in my heart.

And now what an obscure omen
assails my heart,
the chance to see you again
Quasi un desio fatale…
Come se fosse l’ultima
Ora del nostro amor?
Ah! dessa è là… potrei vederla… ancora,
Riparlare potrei…
Ma no: chè tutto or mi strappa da lei.

Che nel ballo alcuno
Alla mia vita attenderà, sta detto.
Ma se m’arresto: allora,
Ch’io pavento diran. Nol vo’: nessuno
Pur sospettarlo de’. Tu va: t’appresta,
E ratto, per gioir meco la festa.

Sì, rivederti, Amelia,
E nella tua beltà,
Anco una volta l’anima
D’amor mi brillerà!

announces a fatal desire
as if it were the last hour
Of our love?
Ah! She is there…I could meet her…once
again..
I could talk to her again..
No: now everything keeps me away from
her.

At the ball someone
will try to kill me, I was told.
But if I don’t go, then
they will think I am a coward. Not this:
No one must even suspect it. Go: get ready,
immediately, to attend the ball with me.
Yes, to see you again, Amelia.
And faced with your beauty,
once again my heart
will burn with love.

Edgardo
Tomba degli avi miei, l’ultimo avanzo
D’una stirpe infelice,
Deh! raccogliete voi. Cessò dell’ira
Il breve foco…sul nemico acciaro
Abbandonar mi vo’: Per me la vita
È orrendo peso!… L’universo intero
È un deserto per me senza Lucia!
Di faci tuttavia
Splende il castello…Ah! scarsa
Fu la notte al tripudio! Ingrata donna!
Mentr’io mi struggo in disperato pianto,
Tu ridi, esulti accanto
Al felice consorte!
Tu delle gioie in seno, io della morte!
Fra poco a me ricovero
Darà negletto avello;
Una pietosa lagrima
Non scenderà su quello!…
Ah! Fin degli estinti, ahi, misero!
Manca il conforto a me.

Edgardo
Tombs of my fathers,
last son of an unhappy race,
Receive me, I implore you. My anger’s
brief fire is quenched…I will fall on
my foe’s sword. For me, life
is a horrible burden! The whole universe
is a desert for me without Lucia!
Yet the castle
gleams with torches…Ah, the night
was too short for the revels! Heartless jade!
While I pine away in hopeless tears,
you laugh and gloat
by your happy consort’s side!
You amid joys, I near to death!

Soon this neglected tomb
will give me refuge.
A compassionate tear
will not fall upon it…ah!
Alas, for wretched me not even
the solace of the dead.
Tu pur, tu pur dimentica  
Quel marmo dispregiato!  
Mai non passarvi, o barbara,  
Del tuo consorte a lato, Ah!  
Rispetta almen le ceneri  
Di chi moria per te.  
Mai non passarvi,  
Tu lo dimentica,  
Rispetta almeno chi muore per te.  
Oh, barbarian, I die for you.

You too, forget  
that despised marble tombstone!  
Never visit it, oh cruel one,  
by your husband’s side.  
Ah, respect at least the ashes  
of him who dies for you.  
Never visit it,  
forget it exists,  
respect at least the one who died for you.  
Oh, barbarian, I die for you.

Giuseppe Verdi, *La Forza del Destino*  
“Qual sangue sparsi … S’afronti la morte”

**Alvaro**  
Qual sangue sparsi! Orrore!  
Il cor mi stringe ferrea man!  
Io l’uccisi, e l’amava!  
Qual t’attende fiero colpo, Leonora!  
Un mar di sangue  
Or ne divide per sempre!  
Ei m’era fratel! ah! l’uccisi!  
Ohimè! l’angiol di Dio con ignea spada  
Pursues me, presses upon me, humiliates

Come Caino son maledetto in terra.  
Miserere di me, pietà, Signor,  
Concedi il tuo perdono a tanto errore.  
Oh, barbarian, I am cursed on the earth.  
Have mercy on me, pity, Lord,  
grant your pardon for such a misdeed.

**Granatieri**  
All’armi! Ecco i Tedeschi.  
Arde la regal tenda, venite, capitan.  
Vittoria, o morte.  
The royal tent is afire, come, Captain.  
Victory, or death.

Alvaro  
S’afronti la morte, e sia finita  
Di questa mia vita la barbaria sorte.  
Si voli a morte.  
Ah, if evil destiny forbids me to die,  
I swear to die devoted to God.  
Yes! Let us go, let us go!

**Gaetano Donizetti, Maria di Rohan**  
“Alma soave e cara”

**Chalais**  
Alma soave e cara  
Che al tuo Fattore ascendi,  
me! Ah! …  
Like Cain I am cursed on the earth.  
Have mercy on me, pity, Lord,  
grant your pardon for such a misdeed.

Grenadiers  
To arms! Here come the Germans.  
The royal tent is afire, come, Captain.  
Victory, or death.

**Alvaro**  
Meet death, and let there be an end  
to the cruel fate of this life of mine.  
Let death come quickly.  
Ah, if evil destiny forbids me to die,  
I swear to die devoted to God.  
Yes! Let us go, let us go!

**Chalais**  
Thou spirit, sweet and dear,  
who art to heaven ascending,
La dipartita amara
Per poco ancor sospendi.
Fra breve in cor lo sento,
Io pur sarò sotterra;
Amor ci univa in terra,
Ci unisca amore in Ciel!

Giuseppe Verdi, Ernani
"Odi il voto ... Sprezzo la vita"

Ernani
Odi il voto, o grande Iddio,
che al tuo soglio un cor ti porta;
deh, ti piaccia il brando mio
di quel sangue dissetar.
Nell’angoscia del mio core
questo è sol che mi conforta:
del trafitto genitore
l’ombra inulta alfin placar.

Coro
Vieni, con te dividere
vogliamo gioie e pene;
imponi, e come folgori
teco saprem pugnar.

Ernani
Verrete voi? Giuratelo!

Coro
Giuriam sul nostro acciar!

Ernani
Giuriam! Ah! Sprezzo la vita:
né più m’alletta
che per la speme della vendetta.
È la vendetta gioia del forte
Che non rifiuta per lei morir.

Coro
È la vendetta gioia del forte
per la vendetta bello è il morir.

Ernani & Coro
Giuriam ecc.

Ernani
So you are with me? Swear it!

Chorus
We swear it on our swords!

Ernani
Let us swear! Ah! I despise life:
It has no charm left for me
except the hope of vengeance.
Vengeance is the joy of the strong man,
who does not shrink from dying for it.

Chorus
Vengeance is the joy of the strong:
Nothing is more beautiful than to die for
vengeance.

Ernani & Chorus
We swear etc.
Giuseppe Verdi, I due Foscari
“Notte, perpetua notte... Non maledirmi”

Jacopo
Notte!... perpetua notte che qui regni!
Siccome agli occhi il giorno,
potessi almen celare al pensier mio
il fine disperato che m’aspetta!...
Tàrmì potessi alla costor vendetta!...
Ma oh ciel!... che mai veggi’io!
Sorgon di terra mille e mille spettri!...
A sé mi chiaman essi!...
Uno s’avanza!... ha gigantesche forme!...
Il reciso suo teschio
ferocemente colla manca porta!...
A me lo addita... e colla destra mano
mi getta in volto il sangue che ne cola!...
Ah lo ravviso!... è desso... è Carmagnola!

Non maledirmi, o prode,
se son al Doge figlio;
de’ dieci fu il Consiglio
che a morte ti dannò!

Me pure sol per frode
vedi quaggiù dannato,
e il padre sventurato
difendermi non può...
Cessa... la vista orribile!...
Più sostener non so.

Giuseppe Verdi, Oberto
“Ciel, che feci! ... Ciel pietoso”

Riccardo
Ciel, che feci!... di quel sangue...
Ho macchiato il brando mio!...
Dove ascondere pass’io
Il delitto; il mio rossor?
Ah si fugga!...
Oh Dio... Chi piange? ...
M’ingannai... sussurra il vento.
Ah no!... l’ultimo lamento
È del misero che muor.

Ciel pietoso, ciel clemente,
Se pregarti ancor mi lice,
Deh! Perdona a un infelice,
I was only punished for fraud.
Down here you find a damned,
and my unfortunate father
cannot defend me....
Stop... you horrible sight
I can’t hold it any longer.

I was only punished for fraud.
Down here you find a damned,
and my unfortunate father
cannot defend me....
Stop... you horrible sight
I can’t hold it any longer.

Piteous God, merciful God,
if you still allow me to beg you,
Forgive a miserable man!
Tu mi salva per pietà!
Oh rimorsos! Del morente
L’ombra ognor m’insegnerà.

Corrado
Ah sì, ben dite... guerra...
Perenne, atroce, inesorabile guerra
Contro gli uomini tutti;
Io per essi fui reo... tutti gli abborro!
Temuto da costoro ed esecrato
Infelice son io, ma vendicato!

Tutto parea sorridere
Al viver mio primiero:
L’aura, la luce, l’etere
E l’universo intero;
Ma un fato inesorabile
Ogni mio ben rapì.
Più non vedrò risorgere
Dell’innocenza il dì.

Corrado
Ah sì, ben dite... guerra...
Perenne, atroce, inesorabile guerra
against all men;
They found me guilty ... I detest them all!
I was feared by them, and exorcised,
unhappy I am, but avenged!

Everything smiled at me
in my previous life:
The air, the light, the ether
and the entire universe;
But an inexorable fate
robbed me of everything.
Now I will not see
those days of innocence return.

Giuseppe Verdi, Il corsaro
"Ah sì, ben dite... Tutto parea sorridere... Pronti siate a seguirmi!"

Corrado & Coro
All’armi intrepidi
Cadiam’ sull’empia Luna;
Qual possa in noi s’aduna
Il perfido apprenderà!

Pronti siete a seguirmi...
Gianni, a me tu appresti l’anni...
Risalpiam!...
Trascorsa un’ora,
Tuoni il bronzo...
In questa sera lo comando alla bandiera.

Coro
Dici il ver? Tu stesso?...

Corrado
Sì...
Sì: dei Corsari il fulmine
Vibrar disegno io stesso,
Dal braccio nostro oppresso
Il Musulman cadrà.

Corrado & Chorus
Are you ready to follow me...
Gianni, help me prepare...
Let us sail out!...
Within an hour,
we will fire the cannons
this evening I will command the flag.

Chorus
Really? You yourself?

Corrado
Yes...
Yes: of the Corsairs, I myself will be the one
who schemes the fatal blow,
from our oppressed arm
the muslim will fall.

Corrado & Chorus
With fearless weapons,
let’s bring that impious empire down;
We will show that wicked bunch
the power of our united forces!
Acknowledgments

PRODUCTION TEAM
Executive producer Renaud Loranger | A&R Manager Kate Rockett
Recording producer Anna Barry | Sound engineer Jean-Marie Geijsen
Recording engineer Andreas Wolf | Recording assistant Louisa Clogston
Language coach Maria Cleva

Liner notes Geoffrey Riggs
Cover photography Glen Wexler
Portrait Michael Fabiano next to personal statement Jiyang Chen
Lyrics translation Lorenzo Bauco & Kasper van Kooten
Design Zigmunds Lapsa | Product Management Kasper van Kooten

This album was recorded at the church of Saint Jude-on-the-Hill, London, August-September 2018.

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Critical editions for Poliuto (William Ashbrook & Roger Parker), La Forza del Destino (Philipp Gosset & William Holmes), Maria di Rohan (Luca Zoppelli), Ernani (Claudio Gallica) and Il corsaro (Elizabeth Hudson)

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What we stand for:

The Power of Classical Music
PENTATONE believes in the power of classical music and is invested in the philosophy behind it: we are convinced that refined music is one of the most important wellsprings of culture and essential to human development.

True Artistic Expression
We hold the acoustic tastes and musical preferences of our artists in high regard, and these play a central role from the start to the end of every recording project. This ranges from repertoire selection and recording technology to choosing cover art and other visual assets for the booklet.

Sound Excellence
PENTATONE stands for premium quality. The musical interpretations delivered by our artists reach new standards in our recordings. Recorded with the most powerful and nuanced audio technologies, they are presented to you in the most luxurious, elegant products.
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