

HECTOR BERLIOZ *L'enfance du Christ*

ROBIN TICCIATI CONDUCTOR

SWEDISH RADIO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA & CHOIR



HECTOR BERLIOZ *L'enfance du Christ*

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Swedish Radio Symphony Orchestra & Choir

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Flugten til Ægypten

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Partie I, Le songe d'Hérode

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------|------|
| 1. Prologue | 1:49 |
| 2. Scène I : Marche nocturne | 8:14 |
| 3. Scène II : Air d'Hérode : Toujours ce rêve ! | 1:08 |
| 4. Scène II : Air d'Hérode : O misère des rois ! | 6:13 |
| 5. Scène III : Seigneur ! | 0:41 |
| 6. Scène IV : Les sages de Judée | 8:56 |
| 7. Scène V : Duo : O mon cher fils | 7:42 |
| 8. Scène VI : Joseph ! Marie ! | 4:27 |

Partie II, La fuite en Égypte

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| 9. Ouverture | 5:40 |
| 10. L'adieu des bergers : Il s'en va loin de la terre | 4:02 |
| 11. Le repos de la Sainte Famille :
Les pèlerains étant venus | 6:00 |

Partie III, L'arrivée à Saïs

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------|-------|
| 12. Depuis trois jours, malgré l'ardeur du vent | 3:30 |
| 13. Scène I : Duo : Dans cette ville immense | 4:56 |
| 14. Scène II : Entrez, entrez, pauvres Hébreux ! | 6:57 |
| 15. Scène II : Trio pour deux flûtes et harpe | 6:43 |
| 16. Scène II : Vous pleurez, jeune mere | 4:25 |
| 17. Épilogue | 10:36 |

Total Time: 92 minutes

L'enfance du Christ

One evening in 1850 Berlioz found himself at a party where everyone was playing cards. As this was something he particularly disliked, his friend Pierre Duc asked him to inscribe his album:

I take a piece of paper and scribble a few staves on which a four-part andantino for organ appears. It seems to have a rustic character and to suggest a naïve mystical feeling. So I at once think of writing appropriate words for it. The organ piece disappears and becomes a chorus of shepherds in Bethlehem bidding farewell to the child Jesus as the Holy Family leaves for Egypt.

Such was the origin of the sacred trilogy *L'enfance du Christ*; from the germ of a few bars of organ music sprang the full completed work in three parts. Like ripples, the composition of the whole spread outwards from its central point of origin, for the album leaf became 'L'adieu des bergers', the central movement in the central panel of the triptych:

A few days later I wrote 'Le repos de la Sainte Famille' which follows, this time beginning with the words, and a little fugal overture in F-sharp minor with a flattened leading note. Not exactly modal, more like plainchant, which academics will tell you is derived from the Phrygian or Dorian or Lydian modes of ancient Greece. This is nothing to do with it; all that matters is that it has a melancholy and slightly simple character, as in ancient popular laments.

In November 1850 Berlioz needed a choral piece to fill up a concert programme and the idea came to him to pun on his friend's name

and insert 'L'adieu des bergers' as the work of Pierre Ducré, an imaginary French composer of the seventeenth century. Not being very familiar with that corner of the French heritage, the audience fell for the hoax, sensing the simple melody and antique charm of the work. They did not trouble to check whether such a composer ever existed. Was not Berlioz the librarian of the Paris Conservatoire and therefore well placed to unearth such a gem from the archives?

He was not that kind of librarian. He would no more go hunting for lost masterpieces than torment himself with Italian opera. He played the trick simply because he had lost faith in the judgment of his fellow citizens and was convinced that they had no capacity to appreciate his music and no desire to listen to it. He was of course right. '*Monsieur Berlioz could never write anything as charming as that,*' one lady was heard to say. Far from spurring him on to compose more, the public's amiable reaction to 'L'adieu des bergers' caused him to give up composition altogether, and within a year he had decided not to give any more concerts in Paris either. He had been feeling discouraged since 1846 when *La Damnation de Faust* won only tepid response in Paris and since the political upheavals in the streets of Paris in 1848 convinced him that the new republic, unlike all those independent music-loving kingdoms in Germany, had no interest in art.

For the next three years he was known at home only as an entertaining and sharp-tongued critic with his monthly articles in the *Journal des débats*, and as a distinguished and sought-after conductor abroad; these were the only professional métiers that provided him with a living. He announced to anyone who asked that he had no intention of writing music again:

I feel I should devote what energy I have to making those scores that already exist better known than to leave them to the whim of the musical world and give them sisters whose first steps I cannot guarantee.

The tale of how he resumed composition against such firm convictions is full of irony. The first time he ever played the complete 'La fuite en Égypte' (consisting of 'L'adieu des bergers' with two flanking movements) was in Leipzig in December 1853, when a group of young German admirers urged him to extend the work into something more substantial and dramatic. Without a moment's hesitation he agreed to do so. On his return to Paris he composed a sequel, 'L'arrivée à Saïs', recounting the Holy Family's stay in Egypt, and this in turn suggested to Berlioz that it needed a preliminary scene to balance it. 'Le songe d'Hérode', with its account of the Massacre of the Innocents was written and the full trilogy *L'enfance du Christ* was complete. Its real success in the Salle Herz, Paris, in December 1854 took Berlioz by surprise and encouraged him to go ahead with the enormous project that had been gathering substance in the back of his mind for several years and which he had been constantly repressing. This was to be the opera *Les Troyens*.

The good people of Paris say I have changed my style and mended my ways. I need hardly explain that I have simply changed my subject. My other works never had such good fortune in Paris, and they deserve it more than this.

As Jacques Barzun pointed out, the success of *L'enfance du Christ* was probably due to the audience's familiarity with the bible story and to their innate suspicion of the large orchestral forces which they associated with his name and which were conspicuously absent from

this work. The trumpets and cornets heard behind Herod's murderous outburst were only added later to prop up a weak orchestra in Brussels in 1855.

In many ways *L'enfance du Christ* is the opposite of the ever-popular *Symphonie Fantastique* which launched his career in 1830. The work is devout, not defiantly irreligious; most of its characters are ordinary folk, not opium-crazed artists; the orchestration is temperate and archaic, not blazingly modern; the trombones do not spit and crackle, they are charged with dignity and menace in their support of King Herod; Berlioz himself is not a participant in the drama, nor even an onlooker. Whereas it might be argued that he identified with some of his heroes (Harold, Romeo, Faust, even Aeneas), he had no special fondness for biblical stories and he painted his vignettes of the stable at Bethlehem and the Ishmaelites' humble dwelling with extraordinary detachment – what Romantic artists were never supposed to allow themselves.

As in all his later works, his command of the expressive qualities of music enabled him to match the text in a dramatic or meditative manner according to its nature. While some held (in particular his friend Joseph d'Ortigue) that expression should be banished from sacred music, Berlioz was hardly likely to deny himself the use of 'passionate expression', which he defined in his Memoirs as:

...expression designed to reproduce the inner meaning of its subject, even when that subject is the contrary of passion, or when the feeling to be expressed is gentle or tender, or even profoundly calm.

The modal feeling in many parts of the work is thus derived more from the expressive nature of altered notes than from conscious archaism. The recurrent A-flat in Herod's great aria 'Ö misère des rois !' (in G minor) creates what Berlioz described to Hans von Bülow as:

...sombre harmonies and cadences of a particular nature that seemed to me suited to the dramatic text.

In this first part Herod is the protagonist, drawn with deep sympathy, a man tortured by the fear of some power stronger than himself, and driven to villainy by his faith in the soothsayers' prognostications. Berlioz's was definitely indebted to his idol Shakespeare in this portrayal. In the vivid 'Marche nocturne', with Roman soldiers on patrol and in later sections also, there is a predominance of free counterpoint in the texture that looks forward to similar things in Mahler.

Berlioz was looking back too. The form of the work resembles that of the 'ode-symphonie' which became popular in Paris after Félicien David produced his *Le Désert*, with a Middle Eastern setting in 1844. Ernest Reyer's *Le Sélam* of 1850 also contributed to this repertoire of semi-dramatic concert works in an exotic setting. In the third part, 'L'arrivée à Saïs', there are echoes of Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*, a work which Berlioz admired not for its humour or its magic but for the solemnity of the scenes with the high priest Sarastro. The Father of the Family who welcomes the Holy Family into his house has the same untarnished goodness that impels Sarastro, especially since Joseph and Mary, like Tamino, have to knock three times at strangers' doors before they can be admitted. The final unaccompanied chorus,

'O mon âme', might be thought of as Berlioz's *Ave verum corpus*, another Mozart work he greatly admired.

Many details of the score are felicitous and apt; the frolics of the lambs in the stable at Bethlehem, the jostling crowds of Saïs (tremolo cellos and basses, with high wailing violas) when Joseph and Mary are looking for shelter and the busy fugato when the Ishmaelite family attend to their welcome. Mary's music is infinitely tender throughout, especially her first phrase, 'O mon cher fils'. The story is held together by the Narrator, and a happy symmetry is obtained when each of the three parts closes with the sound of angels' voices offstage.

The 'Trio for two flutes and harp' with which the Ishmaelites entertain their guests is a unique example of chamber music by Berlioz, a genre to which he contributed nothing except for some lost works from his childhood. He had read about the discovery of paintings of Theban harps in the tomb of Ramses III and adopted it as the instrument to represent the ancient world, especially Egypt. In *Les Troyens*, the poet Iopas is accompanied on stage by a Theban harpist in Egyptian religious costume, even though the setting is Carthage. As for combining the harp with flutes, Berlioz seems to have picked up the idea as a perfect suggestion of antiquity from Gounod's opera *Sapho*, which he had seen and liked in 1851. This was a sound that later became a trademark of French music, from Bizet to Ravel.

A performance of *L'enfance du Christ* in 1855 deeply affected the twelve-year old Massenet. Its echoes are often heard in his music, especially the oratorio *Marie-Madeleine*, and also in the music of Bizet and Saint-Saëns who knew Berlioz in his later years. These were

part of a small group of French musicians who truly respected the composer Berlioz, swimming against the tide that dismissed his music as impossibly wild and impractical. Another such admirer, who was a student around 1860, wrote:

Although Berlioz's music was more or less banned and his finest works made no impression on the general public, his influence as musician and poet on the young of that time was none the weaker. He presented the figure of a persecuted artist, a heroic warrior, a martyr even.

The only Berlioz work to penetrate the Wagnermania that seized Parisians at the end of the century was *La Damnation de Faust*, performed over and over again, despite its formidable choral demands, by the city's leading conductors. Yet Debussy, who was largely indifferent to Berlioz's music, regarded *L'enfance du Christ* as his masterpiece. So too did Brahms, who told Clara Schumann: '*This work has always enchanted me. I really like it the best of all Berlioz's works.*'

This modest telling of the biblical story in oratorio form is thus the one work by Berlioz that moves not only his committed admirers but also many who might otherwise find his music little to their taste. Berlioz may have been reluctant to compose it, but the world is glad that he did. Without it, furthermore, there would have been no *Les Troyens* and no *Béatrice et Bénédict*, two operas that display, together with *L'enfance du Christ*, the full range of his mature genius.

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A Theological Perspective on *L'enfance du Christ*

Berlioz's *L'enfance du Christ* is a triptych. The analogy with a painted work in three parts is helpful, for painted triptychs do not have a straightforwardly linear structure and run from left to right. The centre of a triptych makes sense of the outer panels; the outer panels amplify the meaning and relevance of the central scene.

If music, like narrative, can never wholly escape linearity, it can nonetheless complicate and play with the flow of time, stitching moments together to give a sense of the presence of a beginning in an ending, the relationship of a later fulfilment to an earlier portent, and maybe even the call of a past event to present conscience.

L'enfance du Christ is both linear and non-linear. Its meaning is discerned not only in the sequence of the events that it narrates, but in complex structures that make the centre of this tale the interpretative key to its outer ends, and that fold past and present, time and eternity, into one another. Like a painted triptych, it is made for contemplative engagement, inviting our attention to move back and forth across its musical and textual surface, to linger on some details and – having lingered – to revisit others. And, with Berlioz's music as its scenery, it is as aesthetically and spiritually captivating as any altarpiece. It invites us to kneel before it. However agnostic Berlioz's personal relationship with the Christian faith may have become during the course of his life, the invitation is powerful.

Berlioz wrote the middle 'panel' first. The flight of Mary, Joseph and the Christ child into Egypt is very sparingly told in the New Testament, and there is no reference to any rest by an oasis, but the imagined scene had become popular in Western art from the 15th century, and remained so in the Romantic period. By framing the Narrator's description of the Holy Family at rest with the voices of singing shepherds on one side and singing angels on the other, Berlioz creates, in Part II of his work, what is to all intents and purposes a reprimed crib scene (there is even an ass!) – but he has set it up in the desert rather than in Bethlehem. It cannot be said, therefore, that Christmas is not present in the oratorio, even though in strict narrative terms *L'enfance* begins after the familiar events of the Christmas story are over, with Herod's decision to massacre the innocents. Rather, the atmosphere of Christmas is captured, but we come upon it unexpectedly, and it gains a new freshness as a consequence. The meaning of Christmas is shown not to be bound by time, place or even liturgical season – it travels and can flower anywhere.

However, as the familiar figures of the nativity reconvene in Part II around this desert tableau, there is one group notable by its absence. Here are animals, baby, parents, shepherds, angels – but no kings. This directs our attention to what is one of the other great preoccupations of Berlioz's work: the tortuous difficulty of knowing how to kneel when you are a person of power, wealth and status.

The figure of Herod, who is the central focus of Part I (the 'left-hand' panel of the triptych) is fascinatingly drawn for us by Berlioz. He is no mere monster; he is someone with whom Berlioz's words and music give us room to sympathize even as we are appalled.

Berlioz's love of Shakespeare may well have had an influence on the *Hamlet*-like way in which a conversation between two guards on night duty is allowed to set the scene. We learn of a corrupt state and of the uneasy monarch within the palace walls. There is an overpowering sense that something is out of joint here; a quality of nervous expectation asserts itself alongside the dreary plodding of the tired soldiers. The *fugato* effects of the 'Marche nocturne' enhance the tension, as over the steady pizzicato in the bass the other lines mount up. The counterpoint generates a disturbing chromaticism and defers resolution. The accented fourth beats, and quick crescendos and decrescendos create a sense of impending danger.

By contrast with Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, however, the 'ghost' who appears in this city is no dead usurper; he is an infant usurper – one who comes to enact the promise of Mary's *Magnificat*, which (through the Narrator) Berlioz echoes in the piece's prologue: 'the mighty trembled...the weak had hope'. This child will put down rulers from their thrones not by force of arms, but by a new set of values: the shattering of pride and the advance of the claims of love. Herod is haunted by the visitations of this child and teeters as a consequence on the brink of madness. We see him torn between radically different alternatives: an aching longing for the simplicity of the life of the woodland goatherd and a fiercely possessive concern with his own 'glory' (the rhyme in French poignantly juxtaposes 'gloire' with 'croire'; selfish glory with the self-giving of faith). To believe or not to believe? To cling to glory or not to cling? Herod's decision for glory ensures that his destiny is, in his words: 'to reign, yet not to live'.

And yet Berlioz gives him a beating heart (rendered once again by the strings' pizzicato), a longing strain in his voice almost like a lover's yearning (in phrases that rise, peak on the subdominant, and fall again). He seeks an answering voice, and the strings seem at times to promise a dialogue with him, and yet still he finds himself alone. Berlioz gives us a sense of Herod's suffering that is capable of stirring our compassion. And although he prays not to God, but to the night itself, he prays for peace. 'Donne la paix'. We have noted already the liturgically-resonant language of the prologue. Here, in addition to echoes of the *Magnificat*, we hear traces of an *Agnus Dei*. Admittedly, it is an *Agnus Dei* in almost-parodic form: the peace of an hour's sleep on the part of a half-mad king is a pale substitute for the peace sung into life by the angels at the oasis, and hymned in the liturgy of the Mass as the gift of the Lamb of God. But we cannot doubt the sincerity and intensity of Herod's desire for it.

What we then witness is Herod's 'fall' – which could be any of ours, and perhaps is all of ours in some measure. Willing to do anything to make the child go away, he turns away from the claims of his own conscience, and surrenders all responsibility, giving over his own agency to the malign soothsayers. Berlioz's music enacts what is effectively Herod's possession by the soothsayers; their voices seem almost to *get inside* his own voice, and speak and act through him. Suddenly, Herod's desire to 'shut the door' on the child and its disturbing, demanding message is given a maniacal outlet in his (or their?) authorization of mass infanticide. Their voices come near to merging at points.

A different chorus, meanwhile, sings to Mary and Joseph, and here there is no possession, no surrender of responsibility. The voices of the angels, unlike those of the soothsayers, do not so much co-opt the elicited voices of their hearers. They do not seize and manipulate the agency of those to whom they address their song; they enhance that agency. Mary and Joseph ask for wisdom and strength (*la prudence, la force*) and are given it. These two qualities, so essential in a ruler, are precisely what Herod discards in subjecting himself to the soothsayers. Where Herod was disabled, Mary and Joseph are enabled.

What about the other panel in this triptych – the ‘right-hand’ one? Like the bad and the good thief crucified on either side of Christ at Golgotha, Herod’s character is contrasted in Berlioz’s final arrangement with that of the Ishmaelite householder, in whom compassion and the ethic of hospitality run strong. The force of the contrast is heightened by the fact that the part is also, like Herod’s, sung by a bass voice – in this present recording, indeed, by the same soloist. All that Herod could not do and be, the householder does and is. He does not shut the door on the child whose parents plead entrance for him and for themselves; he is instantly wide open to them. He does not crave a peace he does not have, he knows peace abundantly already, and is ready to share it. It takes the very domestic form of simple charity: food, drink, music and sleep. He does not have ‘gloire’, but he possesses the answer to Joseph’s own *Agnus Dei*; Joseph’s own urgent plea for rest (*‘laissez nous reposer !’*). He offers repose, and so Christ makes his home with him, with the implicit promise of an answering peace that passes all understanding. As the feet of the collapsing travellers audibly cross the householder’s threshold, the feet of the members of the household scurry to their aid,

their footsteps evoked by the strings and answered by the woodwind. They are the feet of people who are already disciples in the way of love.

It is hard to deny the quality of devotional intensity that pervades this crystalline, jewel-like work. It gathers itself around a single, still point – the sleeping Christ child who is the very embodiment of peace – and yet it delineates in powerful but simple strokes the spiritual drama that shapes the whole human condition: pride or humility?; violence or hospitality?; the possession that destroys self or the obedience that consecrates it? Berlioz has departed from the biblical story in inventing a Herod who seems never to have met the Magi, and an infidel household in Saïs to which no scripture ever attests, but in doing so he does not seem to have acted merely in service of spicing up the entertainment value of his creation: adding some extra human interest for its own sake. Arguably, the ways that he transgresses the letter of the inherited story actually make it more poignant and challenging in religious terms.

And from the opening chords of the oratorio, with their antique, vertical, organ-like quality, to the hymn of the faithful shepherds, to the echoes of liturgical prayer and praise woven into its texture, Berlioz has channelled into this late piece his early love of the Church's stories and forms of worship. Some of his musical first loves also show themselves to be enduring objects of his affection in the work: the special place given in the trio in Part III to the flute (one of the very first instruments he learnt in childhood) is a case in point. Perhaps we may borrow T.S. Eliot's words in the *Four Quartets* to capture what Berlioz communicates of himself in *L'enfance*: '*in my end is my beginning*'. As Berlioz said himself, he could have written the piece years earlier. It is not the momentary expression of one passing episode in his life's journey; it captures something of the whole.

So to recall the point with which we began, this is a piece that complicates linearity. Here, time does not flow in quite the way we are used to. Berlioz's own past and present are bound together in *L'enfance du Christ*, and even as this binding is going on the music of time is found interacting with the music of eternity. With a liturgical sense of shape, each of the three sections ends with a choral summation: Hosanna, Alleluia, and Amen. The first two are angelic songs – the sounds of heaven made audible on earth. The third is envoiced by humans just as well as angels: by earth and heaven singing together.

And, finally, there is a third complication of time, which delivers a challenge right to our own doorstep (as it came first to Herod's doorstep, and then to the householder's, each in their turn). The axis that runs in narrative terms from 'left' to 'right', and the axis that runs in cosmic terms from 'above' to 'below', are not the only axes along which we see a two-way flow. There is the axis that runs from the distant horizon, the ancient world out of which Berlioz calls this story into life, to the foreground in which we stand *now*. The Narrator plays a paradigmatic role here. He begins – in rather Shakespearean fashion once again – as a prologue; a describer; a scene-setter. He knows this old story. 'En ce temps' ('once upon a time') he begins. But in the extraordinary final stages of the work, the story suddenly ceases to be *old*. It becomes immediate. And the Narrator becomes a supplicant. In his transformation of the Narrator, Berlioz opens the door to the possibility that we, his listeners, may be transformed too.

Libretto & Translations

Translation by Hugh Macdonald

L'enfance du Christ

Partie I, Le songe d'Hérode :

1. Prologue

Le Récitant

Dans la crèche, en ce temps,
Jésus venait de naître,
Mais nul prodige encor ne l'avait
fait connaître ;
Et déjà les puissants tremblaient,
Déjà les faibles espéraient,

Tous attendaient...

Or, apprenez, chrétiens, quel
crime épouvantable
Au roi des Juifs alors suggéra
la terreur
Et le céleste avis que, dans leur
humble étable,
Aux parents de Jésus envoya
le Seigneur.

The Childhood of Christ

Part I, Herod's Dream:

1. Prologue

Narrator

At that time when the new-born
Jesus lay in the manger,
No wonders had yet made
known the news of his birth;
But already the mighty trembled,
Already the humbled
cherished hope,
All the world was waiting...

Hear now, Christians all, to what
dreadful crime
The king of the Jews was
prompted by fear,
And the divine counsel that Our
Lord sent
To the parents of Jesus in their
lowly stable.

Scène I
Une rue de Jérusalem. Un corps
de garde. Soldats romains
faisant la ronde de nuit.

2. March nocturne

Un Centurion

Qui vient ?

Polydorus

Rome.

Le Centurion

Avancez !

Polydorus

Halte !

Le Centurion

Polydorus !

Je te croyais déjà, soldat, aux
bords du Tibre !

Polydorus

J'y serais en effet si Gallus,
Notre illustre Préteur, m'eût enfin
laissé libre ;
Mais il m'a, sans raison,
Imposé pour prison

Scene I
*A street in Jerusalem. A
bodyguard. Roman soldiers on
night patrol.*

2. Nocturnal March

A Centurion

Who goes there?

Polydorus

Rome.

Centurion

Advance!

Polydorus

Halt!

Centurion

Polydorus!

I thought you were back on the
banks of the Tiber, my friend.

Polydorus

I would be now if Gallus,
Our illustrious Praetor, had
let me.
But without any reason
He has confined me

Cette triste cité, pour y voir
ses folies,
Et d'un roitelet Juif garder
les insomnies.

Le Centurion

Que fait Hérode ?

Polydorus

Il rêve, il tremble,
Il voit partout des traîtres,
il assemble
Son conseil chaque jour, et du
soir au matin
Il faut sur lui veiller ; il nous
obsède enfin.

Le Centurion

Ridicule tyran ! Mais va, poursuis
ta ronde...

Polydorus

Il le faut bien. Adieu ! Jupiter
le confonde !

*(La patrouille se remet en
marche et s'éloigne.)*

To this dreary city, to witness
his antics,
And to watch over the sleepless
nights of a petty Jewish king.

Centurion

What news of Herod?

Polydorus

He dreams, he trembles,
He sees traitors all around him,
he calls
His council every day, and from
dusk till dawn
We have to watch over him; he
pesters us.

Centurion

Ridiculous tyrant! But now move
on, continue your patrol...

Polydorus

I must. Farewell. Jupiter
confound him!

(The patrol marches off.)

Scène II
L'intérieur du palais d'Hérode.

**3. Air d'Hérode :
Toujours ce rêve !**

Hérode (*seul*)
Toujours ce rêve ! Encore
cet enfant
Qui doit me détrôner ! Et ne
savoir que croire
De ce présage menaçant
Pour ma vie et ma gloire !

**4. Air d'Hérode :
O misère des rois !**

O misère des rois !
Régner et ne pas vivre !
A tous donner des lois,
Et désirer de suivre
Le chevrier au fond des bois !

O nuit profonde
Qui tiens le monde
Dans le repos plongé,
A mon sein ravagé
Donne la paix une heure,
Et que ton voile effleure
Mon front d'ennuis chargé...

Scene II
The interior of Herod's palace.

**3. Herod's Aria:
That dream again!**

Herod (*alone*)
That dream again! Again this
vision of the child
That will dethrone me! And I
know not what to believe
Of this omen
That threatens my life and
my power.

**4. Herod's Aria:
O the miseries of kingship!**

O the miseries of kingship!
To reign and yet not to live!
To ordain laws for all men,
And yet long to follow
The goat-herd to the heart of
the woods!
O darkest night
That holds the world
In the grasp of sleep,
To my ravaged breast
Grant one hour's peace,
May your veil caress
My careworn brow...

Effort stérile !
Le sommeil fuit ;
Et me plainte inutile
Ne hâte point ton cours,
interminable nuit.

Scène III

5. Seigneur !

Polydorus
Seigneur !

Hérode (*tirant son épée*)
Lâches ! Tremblez ! Je sais tenir
encore
Une épée !

Polydorus
Arrêtez !

Hérode (*le reconnaissant*)
Ah ! c'est toi, Polydore !
Que viens-tu m'annoncer ?

Polydorus
Seigneur, les devins juifs
Viennent de s'assembler par
vos ordres.

Fruitless longing!
Sleep flees from me;
And my vain complaint
Never hastens your course,
O never-ending night.

Scene III

5. My lord!

Polydorus
My Lord!

Herod (*drawing his sword*)
Coward! Stand back! I can still
handle
A sword!

Polydorus
Stop!

Herod (*recognising him*)
Ah! You, Polydorus!
What news?

Polydorus
My lord, the Jewish soothsayers
Have assembled, on your orders.

Hérode

Enfin !

Polydorus

Ils sont là.

Hérode

Qu'ils paraissent !

Scène IV

6. Les sages de Judée

Les Devins

Les sages de Judée, ô roi,
te reconnaissent
Pour un prince savant et généreux,
Ils te sont dévoués ; parle,
qu'attends-tu d'eux ?

Hérode

Qu'ils veuillent m'éclairer : est-il
quelque remède
Au souci dévorant qui dès
longtemps m'obsède ?

Les Devins

Quel est-il ?

Herod

At last!

Polydorus

They are here.

Herod

Bring them in!

Scene IV

6. The wise men of Judah

Soothsayers

The wise men of Judah, O king,
know you
As a wise and bountiful prince;
They are your devoted servants;
speak, what do you ask of them?

Herod

Let them reveal for me whether
there is some remedy
For the gnawing suspicions that
have long been oppressing my
mind.

Soothsayers

What is their nature?

Hérode

Chaque nuit
Le même songe m'épouvante ;
Toujours une voix grave et lente
Me répète ces mots :
« Ton heureux temps s'enfuit !

« Un enfant vient de naître
« Qui fera disparaître
« Ton trône et ton pouvoir... »
Puis-je de vous savoir
Si cette terreur qui m'accable
Est fondée, et comment ce
danger redoutable
Peut être détourné ?

Les Devins

Les esprits le sauront,
Et, par nous consultés, bientôt
ils répondront.

*(Les devins font des évolutions
cabalistiques et precedent à la
conjuratation.)*

Les Devins

La voix dit vrai, Seigneur.
Un enfant vient de naître
Qui fera disparaître
Ton trône et ton pouvoir.

Herod

Every night
The same dream haunts me;
The same slow and solemn voice
Repeats these words:
'Your days of contentment are
numbered,
There is born a child
That will overthrow
Your kingdom and your might.'
May I learn from you
Whether this terror that seizes me
Has some foundation, and how
this formidable danger
May be averted?

Soothsayers

The spirits will know;
We will consult them and they
will shortly answer us.

*(The soothsayers perform a
cabalistic dance and evoke
the spirits.)*

Soothsayers

The voice tells the truth, O king.
There is born a child
That will overthrow
Your kingdom and your might.

Mais nul ne peut savoir
Ni son nom ni sa race.

Hérode

Que faut-il que je fasse ?

Les Devins

Tu tomberas, à moins que l'on
ne satisfasse
Les noirs esprits, et si, pour
conjuré le sort,
Des enfants nouveau-nés tu
n'ordonnes pas la mort.

Hérode (*il semble hésitant*)

Eh bien...

(Il se lève et s'avance.)

Eh bien ! Par le fer qu'ils périssent !
Je ne puis hésiter. Que dans
Jérusalem,
A Nazareth, à Bethléem,
Sur tous les nouveau-nés mes
coups s'appesantissent !
Malgré les cris, malgré des pleurs
De tant de mères éperdues,
Des rivières de sang vont
être répandues.
Je serai sourd à ces douleurs.
La beauté, la grâce, ni l'âge

But none shall know
His name or his line.

Herod

What must I do?

Soothsayers

You shall fall unless you obey

The spirits of darkness, and
unless, to exorcise your fate.
You order the slaughter of new-
born children.

Herod (*seeming to hesitate*)

So...

(He rises and comes forward.)

So be it! Let them perish by
the sword, I shall hesitate no
longer. In Jerusalem,
In Nazareth and in Bethlehem
Let my sword fall heavy on all
new-born babes!
Pity not the cries nor the tears
Of their despairing mothers.
Rivers of blood shall flow.

I shall be deaf to their wailing,
Neither beauty, grace, nor age

Ne feront faiblir mon courage :
Il faut un terme à mes terreurs !

Les Devins

Oui, oui ! Par le fer qui'ils périssent !
N'hésite pas. Que dans
Jérusalem,
A Nazareth, à Bethléem,
Sur tous les nouveau-nés tes
coups s'appesantissent !
Oui ! Malgré les cris, malgré
les pleurs
De tant de mères éperdues,
Des rivières de sang qui
seront répandues.
Demeure sourd à ces douleurs ;
Que rien n'ébranle ton courage !
Et vous, Esprits, pour attiser sa rage,
Redoublez ses terreurs !

Shall weaken my resolve:
My fears must be allayed!

Soothsayers

Yes, Yes! Let them perish by
the sword! Hesitate no longer. In
Jerusalem,
In Nazareth and in Bethlehem
Let your sword fall heavy on all
new-born babes!
Yes! Pity not the cries nor
the tears
Of their despairing mothers.
Rivers of blood shall flow.

Be deaf to their wailing,
Let nothing weaken your resolve!
And you, Spirits, to fan his fury,
Redouble his fears!

Scène V
L'étable à Bethléem.

7. Duo : O mon cher fils

Marie

O mon cher fils, donne cette
herbe tendre
A ces agneaux qui vers toi
vont bêlant ;
Ils sont si doux ! Laisse-les prendre,

Ne les fais pas languir,
ô mon enfant.

Joseph et Marie (*ensemble*)
Répands encor ces fleurs sur
leur litière,
Ils sont heureux de tes dons,
cher enfant,
Vois leur jeu, vois leurs gambols,
vois leur mère
Tourner vers toi son regard
caressant.

Marie

Oh ! sois béni, mon cher et
tendre enfant !

Joseph

Oh ! sois béni, divin enfant !

Scene V
The stable at Bethlehem.

7. Duet: O dearest son

Mary

O dearest son, give this
tender grass
To the lambs that come to
you bleating;
They are so gentle! Let them
take it,
Let them not pine,
my child!

Joseph and Mary (*together*)
Spread out these flowers on
their straw.
Your gifts make them happy,
dear child,
Watch their joy and their gambols,
watch their mother
Gaze caressingly on you.

Mary

God bless you, divine child!

Joseph

God bless you, divine child!

Scène VI

8. Joseph ! Marie !

Les Anges

Joseph ! Marie ! Écoutez-nous !

Joseph et Marie

Esprits de vie,
Est-ce bien vous ?

Les Anges

Il faut sauver ton fils
Qu'un grand péril menace,
Marie !

Marie

O ciel ! mon fils !

Les Anges

Oui, vous devez partir
Et de vos pas bien dérober la
trace ;
Dès ce soir au désert vers
l'Égypte il faut fuir.

Joseph et Marie

A vos ordres soumis, purs esprits
de lumière,
Avec Jésus au désert nous fuirons,

Scene VI

8. Joseph! Mary!

Angels

Joseph! Mary! Hearken unto us!

Joseph and Mary

Spirits of life
Is it truly you?

Angels

You must save your son, Mary,
From a great danger that
threatens!

Mary

O Heaven! My son!

Angels

Yes, you must depart
And leave no trace of your
going;
This evening you must flee into
the desert towards Egypt.

Joseph and Mary

Obedient to your command,
pure spirits of light,
We shall flee into the desert with
Jesus.

Mais accordez à notre humble prière
La prudence, la force, et nous le sauverons.

Les Anges

La puissance céleste
Saura de vos pas écarter
Toute rencontre funeste...

Joseph et Marie

En hâte allons tout préparer.

Les Anges

Hosanna ! Hosanna !

Partie II:
La Fuite en Egypte

9. Ouverture

*Les bergers se rassemblent
devant l'étable de Bethléem.*

10. L'adieu des bergers : Il s'en va loin de la terre

Chœur des Bergers

Il s'en va loin de la terre
Où dans l'étable il vit le jour,
De son père et de sa mère
Qu'il reste le constant amour !

But grant our humble prayer
For wisdom and strength, and
we shall save him.

Angels

The powers of heaven
Will ward off from your path
All mortal encounters...

Joseph and Mary

Let us hasten to make ready.

Angels

Hosanna! Hosanna!

Part II:
The Flight into Egypt

9. Overture

*The shepherds gather before the
stable at Bethlehem.*

10. The Shepherd's Farewell: He goes forth far from the land

Chorus of Shepherds

He goes forth far from the land
Where, in the stable he first saw
the light,
May he ever be adored
By his father and mother!

Qu'il grandisse, qu'il prospère,
Et qu'il soit bon père à
son tour !
Oncques si, chez l'idolâtre,

Il vient à sentir le malheur,
Fuyant la terre marâtre,
Chez nous qu'il revienne
au bonheur !
Que la pauvreté du pâtre
Reste toujours chère à son cœur !

Cher enfant, Dieu te bénisse !
Dieu vous bénisse, heureux
époux !
Que jamais de l'injustice
Vous ne puissiez sentir les coups !
Qu'un bon ange vous avertisse
Des dangers planant sur vous !

11. Le repos de la sainte famille : Les pèlerains étant venus

Le Récitant

Les pèlerins étant venus
En un lieu de belle apparence,
Où se trouvaient arbres touffus
Et de l'eau pure en abondance,
Saint Joseph dit : « Arrêtez-vous
Près de cette claire fontaine,

May he grow, may he prosper
May he in his turn be a good
parent.
Should he ever, in the land of the
idolater,
Meet with misfortune,
May he flee his foster-land
And return to happiness with us!

May the shepherds' poor lot
Remain ever dear to his heart!

Dear child, God bless thee!
God bless you, happy pair!

May the cruelty of injustice
Never afflict you;
May a guardian angel keep you
From all danger round about you!

11. The Holy Family at Rest: The pilgrims arriving

Narrator

The pilgrims arriving
At a pleasant place
Where were leafy trees
And water in abundance,
Saint Joseph said: 'Let us stop
By this clear spring,

Après si longue peine
Ici reposons-nous. »

L'enfant Jésus dormait...
pour lors Sainte Marie
Arrêtant l'âne répondit :
« Voyez ce beau tapis d'herbe
douce et fleurie,
Le Seigneur pour mon fils au
désert l'étendit. »

Puis, s'étant assis sous l'ombrage
De trois palmiers au vert feuillage,
L'âne paissant,
L'enfant dormant,

Les sacrés voyageurs quelque
temps sommeillèrent,
Bercés par des songes heureux,
Et les anges du ciel, à genoux
autour d'eux,
Le divin enfant adorèrent.

Chœur

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

After such toils
Let us rest here.'

The child Jesus lay asleep...
the Holy Mary
Stopping the ass, replied:
'See here this beautiful carpet of
soft grass and flowers,
The Lord has spread it in the
desert for my son.'

Then sitting in the shade
Of three leafy palm trees,
The ass grazing,
The child asleep,

The holy travellers
slumbered awhile.
Lulled by sweet dreams;
And the angels of heaven knelt
around them
In adoration of the holy child.

Chorus

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Partie III :
L'arrivée à Saïs

12. Depuis trois jours, malgré l'ardeur du vent

Le Récitant

Depuis trois jours, malgré l'ardeur
du vent,
Ils cheminaient dans le sable
mouvant.

Le pauvre serviteur de la
Famille Sainte,
L'âne, dans le désert était
déjà tombé,
Et, bien avant de voir d'une cité
l'enceinte,
De fatigue et de soif son maître
eût succombé
Sans le secours de Dieu.

Seule Sainte Marie
Marchait calme et sereine, et de
son doux enfant
La blonde chevelure et la
tête bénie
Semblaient la ranimer, sur son
cœur reposant.
Mais bientôt ses pas
chancelèrent...

Part III:
The arrival at Saïs

12. For three days, despite the keen winds

Narrator

For three days, despite the
keen winds,
They travelled on through the
shifting sand.

The poor servant of the
Holy Family,
The ass, had already fallen in
the desert;
And long before coming within
sight of city walls
The master too would have
succumbed to fatigue and thirst
Without the help of God.

Holy Mary alone,
Walked on calm and serene,
and her gentle child's
Fair locks and blessed head
Seemed to give her strength,
resting on her breast.
But soon her steps faltered.

Combien de fois les
époux s'arrêtèrent !
Enfin pourtant ils arrivèrent
A Saïs, haletants,
Presque mourants.
C'était une cité dès
longtemps réunie
A l'empire romain,
Pleine de gens cruels, au
visage hautain,
Oyez combien dura la
navrante agonie
Des pèlerins cherchant un
asile et du pain.

Scène I
L'intérieur de la ville de Saïs.

13. Duo : Dans cette ville immense

Marie

Dans cette ville immense
Où le peuple en foule s'élançe,
Quelle rumeur !
Joseph ! J'ai peur !
Je n'en puis plus... las !
Je suis morte...
Allez frapper à cette porte.

How many times the pair halted!

But at last they arrived
At Saïs, breathless,
Almost lifeless.
It was a city long since within

The Roman Empire,
Full of cruel and
disdainful people.
Hear how long the
pilgrims suffered
The heart-rending agony of
seeking shelter and food.

Scene I
Within the city of Saïs.

13. Duet: In the huge city

Mary

In this huge city
Full of jostling crowds
What tumult!
Joseph! I am afraid!
I can go no further... Alas!
I am dying...
Go and knock at that door.

Joseph (*après avoir frappé*)
Ouvrez, ouvrez, secourez-nous !
Laissez-nous reposer chez vous !
Que l'hospitalité sainte
soit accordée
À la mère, à l'enfant. Hélas ! de
la Judée
Nous arrivons à pied.

Voix (*de l'intérieur de la maison*)
Arrière, vils Hébreux !
Les gens de Rome n'ont
que faire
De vagabonds et de lépreux.

Marie
Mes pieds de sang teignent
la terre !

Joseph
Seigneur ! Ma femme est
presque morte !

Marie
Jésus va mourir... c'en est fait :
Mon sein tari n'a plus de lait !

Joseph
Frappons encore à cette porte.

(après avoir frappé)

Joseph (*knocking*)
Open, open to us, help us!
Let us rest beneath your roof!
Grant sacred hospitality
To the mother and her child.
Alas! From Judah
Have we come, on foot.

Voices (*from within the house*)
Get away, vile Hebrews!
The people of Rome have
no use
For vagabonds and lepers.

Mary
My feet are staining the ground
with blood!

Joseph
O Lord! My wife is near
to death!

Mary
Jesus is dying... all is lost:
My breasts are dry of milk!

Joseph
Let us try knocking at this door.

(knocking)

Oh! par pitié, secourez-nous !
Laissez-nous reposer chez vous !
Que l'hospitalité sainte
soit accordée
A la mère, à l'enfant.
Hélas ! de la Judée
Nous arrivons à pied.

Voix *(de l'intérieur de la maison)*
Arrière, vils Hébreux !
Les gens d'Égypte n'ont
que faire
De vagabonds et de lépreux.

Joseph
Seigneur ! sauvez la mère !
Marie expire... c'en est fait :
Et son enfant n'a plus de lait.
Votre maison, cruels,
reste fermée !
Vos cœurs sont durs !
Sous la ramée de ces
sycamores, l'on voit
Tout à l'écart un humble toit...
Frappons encor...
Mais qu'à ma voix unie
Votre voix si douce, Marie,
Tente aussi de les attendrir.

Oh! For pity's sake, help us!
Let us rest beneath your roof!
Grant sacred hospitality
To the mother and her child.
Alas! From Judah
Have we come, on foot.

Voices *(from within the house)*
Get away, vile Hebrews!
The people of Egypt have
no use
For vagabonds and lepers.

Joseph
O Lord! Save the mother!
Mary is dying... all is lost...
And her child has no more milk.
Your house, cruel people,
stays shut!
Your hearts are hard!
Beneath the branches of those
sycamores I see
A humble dwelling,
standing apart...
Let us try knocking once more...
But with your gentle voice, Mary,
Joined with mine this time,
Let us try to soften their hearts.

Marie

Hélas ! Nous aurons à souffrir

Partout l'insulte et l'avanie !...
Je vais tomber...

Joseph

Oh ! par pitié !

Joseph et Marie

Oh ! par pitié ! secourez-nous !
Laissez-nous reposer chez vous !
Que l'hospitalité sainte
soit accordée
A la mère, à l'enfant.
Hélas ! de la Judée
Nous arrivons à pied.

Scène II

*L'intérieur de la maison
des Ismaélites.*

**14. Entrez, entrez,
pauvres Hébreux !****Le Père de la Famille**

Entrez, entrez, pauvres Hébreux,
La porte n'est jamais fermée
Chez nous aux malheureux.

(Joseph et Marie entrent)

Mary

Alas! Shall we everywhere have
to suffer
Insult and affront!
I am falling...

Joseph

Oh! Pity us!

Joseph and Mary

Oh! Pity us, help us!
Let us rest beneath your roof!
Grant sacred hospitality

To the mother and her child.
Alas! From Judah
Have we come, on foot.

Scene II

*The interior of the house of
the Ishmaelites.*

**14. Come in, come in,
poor Hebrews!****Father**

Come in, come in, poor Hebrews,
Our door is never closed
To those in distress.

(Joseph and Mary enter)

Le Père de la Famille

Grands Dieux ! Quelle détresse !
Qu' autour d'eux on s'empresse !
Filles et fils et serviteurs,
Montrez la bonté de vos cœurs.
Que de leurs pieds meurtris on
lave les blessures ;
Donnez de l'eau, donnez du lait,
des grappes mûres ;
Préparez à l'instant
Une couchette pour l'enfant.

Chœur

Que de leur pieds meurtris on
lave les blessures ;
Donnez de l'eau, donnez du lait,
des grappes mûres ; Préparez à
l'instant
Une couchette pour l'enfant.

*(Les jeunes Ismaélites et leurs
serviteurs se dispersent dans la
maison, exécutant les ordres
divers du Père.)*

Le Père de la Famille

Sur vos traits fatigués la tristesse
est empreinte ;
Ayez courage, nous ferons
Ce que nous pourrons
Pour vous aider. Bannissez
toute crainte ;

Father

Great God! What suffering!
Hasten to attend to them!
Daughters, sons, servants,
Show the goodness of your hearts.
Wash the wounds of their
bruised feet.
Give them water and milk, and
ripe grapes;
Make ready at once
A cradle for the child.

Chorus

Wash the wounds of their bruised
feet.
Give them water and milk, and
ripe grapes; Make ready at
once
A cradle for the child.

*(The young Ishmaelites go about
the house, obeying the various
orders of the Father.)*

Father

On your weary features is
imprinted the mark of sorrow;
Take cheer, we shall do
All we can
To help you. Banish all fear;

Les enfants d'Ismaël
Sont frères de ceux d'Israël.
Nous avons vu le jour au Liban,
en Syrie.
Comment vous nomme-t-on ?

Joseph

Elle a pour nom Marie,
Je m'appelle Joseph, et nous
nommons l'enfant Jésus.

Le Père de la Famille

Jésus ! Quel nom charmant !
Dites, que faites-vous pour
gagner votre vie ?
Oui, quel est votre état ?

Joseph

Mois, je suis charpentier.

Le Père de la Famille

Eh bien ! c'est mon métier, vous
êtes mon compère.
Ensemble nous travaillerons,
Bien de deniers nous gagnerons,
Laissez faire.
Près de nous Jésus grandira,
Puis bientôt il vous aidera,
Et la sagesse il apprendra.
Laissez faire.

The children of Ishmael
Are brothers to those of Israel.
We were born in Lebanon,
in Syria.
What are your names?

Joseph

Her name is Mary,
I am Joseph, and the
child Jesus.

Father

Jesus! What a charming name!
Tell me, what is your
occupation?
Yes, what is your trade?

Joseph

I am a carpenter.

Father

Indeed! That is my profession, we
are fellow-workers.
We shall work together
And make a good living.
Let us do it!
Jesus will grow up among us,
Then in time he will assist you,
And grow in wisdom.
Let us do it!

Chœur

Laissez, laissez faire.
Près de nous Jésus grandira,
Puis bientôt il vous aidera,
Et la sagesse il apprendra.

Le Père de la Famille

Pour bien finir cette soirée
Et réjouir nos hôtes, employons
La science sacrée,

Le pouvoir des doux sons.
Prenez vos instruments, mes
enfants, toute peine
Cède à la flûte unie à la harpe
thébaine.

15. Trio pour deux flûtes et harpe
*(exécuté par les jeunes Ismaélites)***16. Vous pleurez, jeune mère****Le Père de la Famille**

Vous pleurez, jeune mère...
Douce larmes, tant mieux !

Chorus

Let us do it!
Jesus will grow up among us,
Then in time he will assist you,
And grow in wisdom.

Father

To conclude this evening fittingly
And to divert our guests, let us
have recourse to the sacred
science,
To the power of sweet music.
Take your instruments, my
children: all suffering
Yields to the flute and the
Theban harp.

15. Trio for two flutes and a harp
*(played by the young Ishmaelites)***16. You weep, young mother****Father**

You weep, young mother...
Gentle tears, that is well!

**Le Père de la Famille et le
Chœur ensemble**

Allez dormir, bon père,

Bien reposez,
Mal ne songez.
Plus d'alarmes ;
Que les charmes
De l'espoir, du bonheur
Rentrent en votre cœur.

Joseph et Marie

Adieu, merci, bon père,

Déjà ma peine amère
Semble s'enfuir,
S'évanouir.
Plus d'alarmes !
Que les charmes
De l'espoir, du bonheur
Rentrent en votre cœur.

17. Épilogue

Le Récitant

Ce fut ainsi que par un infidèle

Fut sauvé le Sauveur.
Pendant dix ans, Marie et
Joseph avec elle,
Virent fleurir en lui la

**The Father and Chorus
together**

Sleep now, good father,

Sweet repose,
Untroubled dreams.
No more cares,
May the delights
Of hope and happiness
Return to your heart.

Joseph and Mary

Goodnight and thank you, good
father,

Already my bitter suffering
Seems to fade away.

No more cares,
Yes, the delights
Of hope, and happiness
Return to our hearts.

17. Epilogue

Narrator

Thus it came to pass that by
an unbeliever
Our Saviour was saved.
For ten years Mary, and Joseph
with her,
Watched in him the flowering of

sublime douceur,
La tendresse infinie,
A la sagesse unie ;
Puis enfin de retour
Au lieu qui lui donna le jour,
Il voulut accomplir le
divin sacrifice
Qui racheta le genre humain
De l'éternel supplice,
Et du salut lui fraya le chemin.

O mon âme, pour toi que reste-
t-il à faire,
Qu'à briser ton orgueil devant
un tel mystère ?

Choeur

O mon âme, pour toi que reste-
t-il à faire,
Qu'à briser ton orgueil devant
un tel mystère ?
O mon cœur, emplis-toi du
grave et pur amour
Qui seul peut nous ouvrir le
céleste séjour.
Amen.

sublime gentleness,
Of infinite tenderness
And wisdom;
Then at last returning
To the place where he was born,
It was his will to fulfil the
holy sacrifice
That redeemed the human race
From eternal damnation,
And traced our path to salvation.

O my soul, what remains for thee
But to bow thy pride before
this mystery?

Chorus

O my soul, what remains for thee
But to bow thy pride before
this mystery?
O my heart, be filled with that
pure and noble love
Which alone can open for us the
gates of Heaven!
Amen.



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Robin Ticciati

Robin Ticciati is in his fifth season as Principal Conductor of the Scottish Chamber Orchestra. He will begin his tenure as Music Director of Glyndebourne Festival Opera in 2014.

Ticciati's guest conducting engagements this season include debuts with the Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks, the Tonhalle Orchester Zürich and return engagements with the London Symphony Orchestra, Swedish Radio Symphony Orchestra, Rotterdam Philharmonic, Philadelphia Orchestra and Los Angeles Philharmonic. After four years as Principal Guest Conductor of the Bamberger Symphoniker, he will also return to the orchestra for concerts and recordings. Highlights of future seasons include a European tour with the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, projects with the Gewandhaus Orchester Leipzig, Staatskapelle Dresden, Wiener Symphoniker, Filarmonica della Scala, Cleveland Orchestra, Philadelphia Orchestra and Los Angeles Philharmonic as well as debuts with the Budapest Festival Orchestra and Orchestre National de France.

Ticciati balances orchestral engagements with extensive work in the opera house. Recent projects included new productions of *Peter Grimes* at la Scala Milan, *Le Nozze di Figaro* at the Salzburg Festival and *Eugene Onegin* at the Royal Opera House, and a Metropolitan Opera debut with *Hänsel und Gretel* which led to an immediate re-invitation.

In 2014, he will take up the post as Music Director of Glyndebourne Festival Opera, becoming only the seventh conductor to hold this post in the festival's 77 year history, following on from Fritz Busch, Vittorio Gui, John Pritchard, Bernard Haitink, Andrew Davis and Vladimir Jurowski. He will open the season with a new production of Strauss' *Der Rosenkavalier*, and will conduct the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment for Glyndebourne's first ever production of Mozart's *La Finta Giardiniera*. His association with Glyndebourne began in 2004 as Assistant Conductor for performances of *Die Zauberflöte* for Glyndebourne on Tour, aged just 21 years old. Since then Ticciati's collaboration with Glyndebourne has included four productions for Glyndebourne on Tour and four productions for Glyndebourne Festival Opera, including performances of *Hänsel und Gretel*, *Macbeth*, *Jenufa*, *Die Fledermaus*, *Don Giovanni*, and most recently *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

Ticciati's discography includes two Berlioz discs with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra on Linn, both of which received unanimous critical acclaim, as well as two Brahms discs with the Bamberger Symphoniker for Tudor Records one of which attracted Germany's prestigious Echo Klassik award.

Born in London, Ticciati is a violinist, pianist and percussionist by training. He was a member of the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain when he turned to conducting, aged 15, under the guidance of Sir Colin Davis and Sir Simon Rattle.



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Swedish Radio Symphony Orchestra

More than one hundred first-class musicians are based in Berwaldhallen, Stockholm. Together they form the Swedish Radio Symphony Orchestra, which also serves as the symphony orchestra for the whole of Sweden since all of its concerts are broadcasted both nationally and abroad.

The high calibre of the ensemble has been developed over the years by a series of prominent music directors: Sergiu Celibidache, Herbert Blomstedt, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Yevgeny Svetlanov, Manfred Honeck and Daniel Harding.

Today the Swedish Radio Symphony Orchestra is considered one of the foremost European orchestras. Currently under the artistic leadership of Daniel Harding, one of the world's leading conductors of his generation, the orchestra is achieving success both in Sweden and abroad.

The orchestra also continuously collaborates with the world's leading soloists and conductors such as Riccardo Muti, Valery Gergiev, Maria João Pires and Nina Stemme to mention a few.

An interest in contemporary music is clearly reflected in the repertoire. Swedish composers are regularly commissioned, and the maintenance and promotion of the Swedish orchestral repertoire is an important goal of orchestra's programme planning. With its international reputation the orchestra regularly embarks on major tours in Europe, Asia and elsewhere, thereby being the guest of many important concert halls and festivals.

www.berwaldhallen.se

Swedish Radio Choir

The choir was founded in 1925, but it was only in 1952 that the newly appointed Musical Director Eric Ericson set about moulding it into the flexible choral instrument that it still remains today. Ericson made the choir into an instrument capable of performing advanced choral repertoire that had been gathering dust until then—works by such composers as Richard Strauss and Max Reger as well as music of our day. Arthur Honegger came to Sweden and heard his own choral music sung for the first time the way he had imagined it. On returning home he began spreading the word about this choir that could sing practically anything. The Eric Ericson sound became a legend.

Each new Music Director since Ericson has impressed his individual stamp on the choir and brought it new colours and skills. Anders Öhrwall shared his specialist understanding of the music of the Baroque. Gustaf Sjökvist premièred works by Sven-David Sandström, Tomas Jennefelt and Hans Gefors. Tõnu Kaljuste brought new repertoire from Eastern Europe including such composers as Arvo Pärt and Alfred Schnittke, while Stefan Parkman presented a series comprising all of Bach's major works. Today the choir is led by musical director Peter Dijkstra, winner of Eric Ericson Award a.o.t.

Ever since its first sensational tours to Berlin, Venice and elsewhere in the 1960s, the Swedish Radio Choir has carried on a rich and varied programme of international activities. It is regularly invited to participate in international festivals and concerts.



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Yann Beuron • Le Récitant

After completing his studies in sociology, Yann Beuron studied singing at the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique de Paris with Anna Maria Bondi, leaving with highest honours. In December 1995, he made his debut at the Opéra du Rhin as Belmonte in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, under the direction of William Christie.

In subsequent years, his engagements have rapidly increased, including the following: *Così fan tutte* (Bordeaux, Stuttgart), *Idomeneo* (Marseille), *Don Giovanni* (Lisbon), *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and *Mignon* (Toulouse), *Falstaff* (Marseille, Festival d'Aix en Provence), *La Cenerentola* (Brussels, Lausanne), *La Belle Hélène* (Théâtre du Châtelet), *Hamlet* and *L'Heure Espagnole* (Royal Opera House, Covent Garden), *Dialogues des Carmélites* (Theater an der Wien). In 2003 Beuron made his debut in the United States with the San Francisco Opera (*Barbiere*).

Beuron has since performed at the Paris Opera (*Yvonne, Princesse de Bourgogne*) and at the Aix Festival (*Idomeneo*). He also made his debut at the Mozart Festwochen in Salzburg (*Idomeneo*), at the Teatro Real in Madrid (*Iphigénie en Aulide*, *Pelléas et Mélisande* and *La Clemenza di Tito*) and at the Netherlands Opera in Amsterdam (*Iphigénie en Aulide*).

A frequent guest soloist on the concert podium, he has performed with the Orchestre du Capitole de Toulouse, the Orchestre de Bordeaux-Aquitaine, the Ensemble Orchestral de Paris, the Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France and the Rotterdam Philharmonic. Beuron has recorded for DGG-Archive, EMI France, Virgin Classics, Erato and Philips Classics.

Véronique Gens • Marie

A prominent Baroque performer, soprano Véronique Gens has become recognized as one of the world's finest singers of Mozartean repertoire. Her success in the role of Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni* at the Aix-en-Provence Festival with Claudio Abbado and Peter Brook took her to the major European opera houses and festivals. She has worked with some of the most prominent orchestras such as the Berlin Philharmonic, Orchestre National de France, Orchestre de Paris, Rome's Santa Cecilia, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of such conductors as Charles Dutoit, Louis Langrée, William Christie, Marc Minkowski, Wyung-Whun Chung, Ivor Bolton, Jean-Claude Malgoire, Daniel Harding, Christophe Rousset, Sir Neville Marriner, Marek Janowski, Thomas Hengelbrock and others.

Some of her most important engagements have included *Don Giovanni* in Barcelona, Madrid, Glyndebourne, Munich, Vienna, London and Paris, *Clemenza di Tito* in Dresden, Brussels and Barcelona, *Così fan tutte* in Tokyo and Baden-Baden, Cavalli's *La Calisto* in Munich, Paris and London, *Pelléas et Mélisande* at the Deutsche Oper Berlin, Gluck's *Alceste* in Aix-en-Provence and Vienna, *La Finta Giardiniera* at the Salzburg Festival, Rameau's *Castor et Pollux* in Amsterdam, *Iphigénie en Aulide* in Brussels and Amsterdam, *Iphigénie en Tauride* at the Theater an der Wien, *The Merry Widow* in Lyon, *Alice in Falstaff* at the Baden-Baden Festival and in Nantes, Eva in a new production of *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* at the Liceu in Barcelona, as well as Agathe in *Der Freischütz* at the State Opera Berlin.

Gens was nominated for the position of 'Chevalier' by 'L'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres' and was ultimately awarded the position by the renowned 'Légion d'honneur'.





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Stephan Loges • Joseph

Born in Dresden, Stephan Loges was an early winner of Wigmore Hall's International Song Competition. He was a member of the Dresden Kreuzchor before studying at the Hochschule der Künste, Berlin and the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London. He has given recitals throughout the world, including Wigmore Hall, Carnegie Hall, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, La Monnaie, Schleswig-Holstein Festival, Santiago de Compostela and the *Vocal Arts Series* in Washington with pianists Roger Vignoles, Simon Lepper, Alexander Schmalcz, Graham Johnson, Helmut Deutsch and Eugene Asti.

Loges has sung with Melbourne Symphony, Sapporo Symphony, London Symphony, Swedish Radio Symphony, Bergen Philharmonic, Chicago Symphony, San Francisco Symphony, Leipzig Gewandhaus and City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestras; Salzburg Mozarteum, Scottish Chamber Orchestra and Northern Sinfonia. He has also appeared with many period instrument groups including English Concert, Gabrieli Consort and Academy of Ancient Music with conductors including Richard Egarr, Sir John Eliot Gardiner and Paul McCreesh.

Opera appearances include *Ballata* by Francesconi, Wolfram in *Tannhäuser* and Papageno in *Die Zauberflöte* at La Monnaie, Brussels; James Macmillan's *Parthenogenesis* for The Royal Opera, Covent Garden; the Count in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Schaunard in *La Bohème*, Mercutio in *Gounod Roméo et Juliette* and Demetrius in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* for Opera North and the Count in *Capriccio* and Bill in *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* at the Edinburgh Festival and Ottokar *Der Freischütz* with the London Symphony Orchestra and Sir Colin Davis.

Alastair Miles • Le Père de la Famille

Alastair Miles was born in Harrow and studied flute at the Guildhall School of Music before embarking on his highly successful vocal career. He has a stylistically wide repertoire and has made over 70 recordings.

Miles appears regularly at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden and English National Opera, as well as Welsh National Opera, Opera North and Glyndebourne. His recent roles include Narbal in *Les Troyens* for Netherlands Opera, Creonte in *Medea in Corinto* for Bayerische Staatsoper, Zaccaria in *Nabucco* for Wiener Staatsoper, Pogner in *Die Meistersinger* for Glyndebourne Festival and Netherlands Opera, Poliferno in *Niobe, Regina di Tebe* at Covent Garden, Osmin in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment (Labadie), Duke Alfonso in *Lucrezia Borgia* for English National Orchestra, Claudio in *Agrippina* for Opéra de Dijon and Opéra de Lille with Emmanuelle Haim, Daland in *Der fliegende Holländer* for Opéra Royal de Wallonie, Liège and Philip II in *Don Carlo* for the Deutsche Oper Berlin.

On the concert platform Miles has appeared with the world's leading orchestras and conductors; highlights include Schumann's *Faustszenen* with Nikolaus Harnoncourt and the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra and with the Munich Radio Orchestra, Handel's *Messiah* with the New York Philharmonic, Sarastro in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* with Daniel Harding at the Lucerne Festival and J.S. Bach's *St Matthew Passion* with the Dallas Symphony Orchestra.



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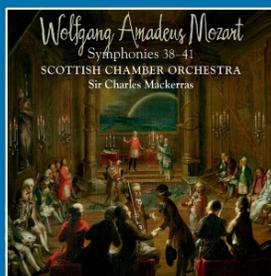
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