

*Midsummer
Musical
fantasy*

OPERA GALA CONCERT

SATURDAY 20TH JUNE 2015

Adrian Boult Hall

Birmingham Conservatoire, Paradise Place, B3 3HG

7:30pm

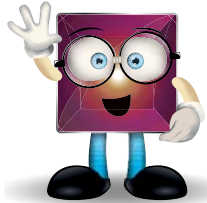
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Our aim is to organise high quality opera and music concerts and to include singers and musicians of diverse backgrounds to appeal and reach out to as many people in the community as possible. These events will also provide a platform for invited singers and musicians to perform and develop their craft.

BJ Music Events was created in 2008 as a not-for-profit initiative to bring opera as an art form to the people of Birmingham in their communities. The co-founders Byron Jackson and Amanda Doyle recognised that there was a need for audience development in local communities. In hosting participatory workshops in local venues and schools, and through staging high quality recitals and concerts, we wanted to encourage and to inspire new audiences of all ages to enjoy all that opera has to offer.

During the last six years we have introduced the concept in local primary schools and performance venues, basically to 'test the water'. The children were very excited and enthused by their experience, and enjoyed hearing a 'new voice', while an operatic concert in a central community venue in 2009 was a sell-out, raising over £700 for local charities and causes, and confirming that people from different backgrounds were willing to come together to enjoy opera.

In September 2012 we hosted a 'come and sing' *Messa di Gloria* by Puccini with renowned Birmingham conductor Colin Baines. More than 80 singers participated in this event from across the West Midlands and beyond, some of whom already sang in choral societies and had a good background in learning 'new' works, but also many who had a love for Puccini's music, and were delighted to have an opportunity to take part. The instrumentalists included amateur orchestral players, as well as individuals who took advantage of the opportunity to expand their repertoire and perform using a very different process.

Last year, as part of the lead up to this gala concert, and to extend our audience development, we staged recitals in two new areas of the city. One in the south and another in the north, both being very successful.

We are continually researching and discussing different ways that the initiative could develop including ideas of collaborating with business partners, artists in different genres of music, community workshops including adults and children, as well as further concert opportunities. There are exciting prospects ahead including the commission of a new opera for children!

If you would like to support our initiative please donate to
BJ Music Events Sort code: 30-00-03 Account: 01043704



A group of ambitious musicians combines to make the Sinfonia of Birmingham, with its determination to perform music to the highest possible standard. Based in Birmingham, the Sinfonia travels to areas out of town for its summer series of concerts as well as joining forces with several choral societies in the region.

Its close relationship with CBSO players, who regularly perform concertos, has given a strong base from which the Sinfonia of Birmingham has developed a style of its own. Michael Seal, the CBSO Associate Conductor and violinist, has been involved for many years as the Sinfonia of Birmingham's principal conductor. He is a keen promoter of smaller contemporary chamber works for orchestra - an aspect of the music-making which excites the performers.

Many players are music graduates wishing to gain experience before continuing their musical careers. Others have chosen to follow different careers and keep music as a leisure activity.

Players are selected from all age groups for their good standard of musicianship with good social compatibility and enjoyment - hence giving lively and exciting performances.

The Sinfonia of Birmingham is eager to explore new ways of promoting its enthusiasm and professionalism to the wider public, and is forward-looking in its choice of music and attitudes.



Michael Lloyd
conductor

Michael Lloyd studied music at the University of East Anglia and at the Royal College of Music, London. He joined Scottish Ballet as company pianist in 1972 and there began his conducting career. In 1976 he moved to Kassel in Germany, where he conducted both opera and ballet, and then to Stuttgart, where he continued to conduct opera. At the same time he worked as Associate Chorus Master for three choruses, including the South German Radio Chorus. He also performed as a continuo player with the Ludwigsburg Festival Orchestra, including a Far East tour, and a recording of Judas Maccabeus with Peter Schreier. In 1985 he joined English National Opera, making his conducting debut in 1986 with Madam Butterfly. He conducted an extensive repertoire for the Company, including new productions of Donizetti's Elixir of Love and Verdi's Nabucco, the European première of Philip Glass's The Making of the Representative for Planet 8 and Britten's Turn of the Screw on ENO's highly successful tour of the USSR in 1990. In 1989 he was appointed Assistant Music Director, and in 1998 Senior Resident Conductor.

Michael subsequently left English National Opera as in the meantime his conducting career had taken him to New Zealand, Singapore, Macao, Norway and Australia. In the UK he has conducted for Welsh National Opera, Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, the Ulster Orchestra, English Touring Opera, British Youth Opera, Opera Holland Park and English National Ballet. He was also music director for some twenty months for Lord Lloyd-Webber's production of "The Sound of Music" in the London Palladium. More recently he has been Principal Guest Conductor at the Magdeburg Opera House, Germany, where he has conducted opera, operetta, ballet and symphony concerts. Every year in Magdeburg, on January 16, Beethoven's Choral Symphony is performed in memory of the night in 1945 when the city was almost completely destroyed by allied bombers. Michael was asked to conduct the performance in 2011 and he was the first ever British or American conductor to do so.

Michael teaches regularly at the opera schools of the Royal College of Music and the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London.

Michael is Musical Director of the Birmingham Philharmonic Orchestra and the Chandos Symphony Orchestra, Malvern, two of the country's leading non-professional orchestras.



Jordene Thomas
soprano

Jordene is trained in Musical theatre studying at the London Studio centre. She made her professional debut in the musical Showboat with the Austrian Stadt Opera, followed by the London Palladium, Opera North and the Royal Shakespeare Theatre.

Jordene quickly realised her strength was in opera and has most recently performed with the Royal Danish Opera's production of Porgy and Bess. Other operatic works include Michaela (Carmen) for Pegasus Opera UK tour. London performances vary from Mozart's *Così fan Tutte* (Fiordiligi) and Verdi's *La Traviata* (Violetta) to *Macbeth* (Lady Macbeth). Title roles include *Lakmé* (City Opera) and *Treemonisha* at the Battersea Arts centre.

Jordene relishes the opportunity to work in musical theatre and has performed in *Carmen Jones* at the Royal Festival Hall and *Rosalie* with Pimlico Opera in *West Side Story*. Her TV credits include BBC's *Cry the Beloved Country*, *London Tonight*, *GMTV* and *The South Bank Show*. Her concert work includes *Strauss Four Last Songs* and *Gloria* with the Scholia Orchestra

Earlier this year Jordene performed in Tippett's *The Ice Break* for Birmingham Opera Company. She is delighted to be singing for BJ Music Events again, having performed for recitals in 2014.



Rose Rowley
mezzo- soprano

Rose is originally from Northamptonshire and began studying singing whilst a student at Bath University. Her teacher was the renowned international mezzo-soprano Gillian Knight who was a principal throughout the world's major opera houses.

Whilst bringing up her children and pursuing a teaching career, Rose continued to sing locally in small opera groups, and also oratorios and concerts throughout the Midlands.

In 2007 she took a year out to complete a post-graduate course at Birmingham Conservatoire, studying Lieder and French song. She was selected to sing in opera scenes, and was cast as Marcellina in their production of *Le nozze di Figaro*, conducted by Lionel Friend.

She has established a small touring opera group, producing Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel* and a number of opera scene evenings, which have been a regular feature of the annual Solihull Festival. She is also involved in a number of educational projects for gifted primary school children.

Operatic roles include *Carmen* (Bizet); *Dalila, Samson e Dalila* (Saint-Saens); *Despina, Così fan tutte*; *Suzuki, Madam Butterfly* (Puccini); *Hansel, Hansel and Gretel* (Humperdinck); 'The Voice', *Les Contes d'Hoffman* (Offenbach) and *Maddalena, Rigoletto* (Verdi).

Her performances have received very favourable reviews in 'Opera' magazine - 'simply stunning' (Suzuki), 'truly excellent' (Marcelina). Currently she is performing with 'Opera Emporio' and was delighted to sing in a series of concerts at Warwick Castle.



Thomas Lockett
tenor

Thomas Lockett is a tenor from Munich, Germany, where he started taking his first singing lessons with Anna Haase von Brinken in 2013. Singing has always been an integral part of his life; especially in the seven years he spent reading Law at various London universities, throughout which he was a full time member in both the London Philharmonic Choir and London Symphony Chorus. His musical activity continued in the summer holidays taking part in vocal master classes and opera courses at the Dartington International Summer School in Devon over the course of many years.

Thomas is currently studying at the Royal Northern College of Music (RNCM) in Manchester for his Master of Music in Solo Performance. He is generously supported by the South Square Trust Scholarship Award. He studies is coached by Stellario Fagone at the Bavarian State Opera House in Munich.

Recent operatic roles include the title role in Massenet's opera Werther, Bill in Samuel Barber's opera A hand of Bridge and Mayor in Benjamin Britten's opera Albert Herring for RNCM Opera Scenes. In July 2014 he played the part of Larry in an RNCM production of Sondheim's musical comedy Company, nominated by Manchester Evening News for the CityLife Awards 2014: Best Musical. Other recent engagements have included concerts and recitals throughout Europe.

His next goals are to complete his course of study at the RNCM, improving on his operatic skills, thereafter auditioning for positions in opera studios and opera houses in various cities around the world.



Byron Jackson
baritone

Born locally in the Midlands, Byron is a highly sought after baritone who studied singing at the Birmingham Conservatoire where he was awarded the St Claire Barfield Bowl for Operatic Distinction. In 2007, he made his operatic debut as Rangwan in Delius' Koanga at Sadlers' Wells for Pegasus Opera.

Since then he has sung in many prestigious venues throughout the UK and Europe including Monmouth Festival, Buxton Festival Opera, Royal Opera House, Opera de Lyon and the Teatro dei Rozzi. More recently, he made his debut with English Touring Opera as Eustachio in Donizetti's L'assedio di Calais and performing in Anna Nicole for ROH, Moses und Aron and Lohengrin for Welsh National Opera.

Other roles include Ben (The Telephone) and Zmora (Maria) for Wexford Festival Opera. First Priest (Magic Flute) for Garsington Opera. Mussorgsky's Songs and Dances of Death, Montano (Otello) for Birmingham Opera Company and Leporello (Don Giovanni) for Longborough Festival Opera. On the concert platform he has appeared as soloist in Handel's Messiah, Requiems of Mozart, Verdi and Stanford and Bach's St John Passion.

Future engagements include ETO's award winning production of L'assedio di Calais for the Arnel Opera Festival in Hungary, and concerts around the UK.

www.byron-jackson.com



Michael Perrier
Compère

Michael Perrier is a Surrey man by birth but a Brummie by adoption!

Last September he celebrated 36 years as Director of Music at St. Mary's Church in Moseley Birmingham.

Formerly, for 16 years a Deputy Head Teacher, he now teaches music part time in school and privately while devoting much more time to the wider cause of Church Music. He is currently Diocesan Music Adviser for the Bishop of Birmingham and Chairman of the Area Committee of the Royal School of Church Music. He also serves the RSCM as member of their National Forum, as an accredited examiner and as a member of their Awards Panel.

Michael runs his own legal services practice, arranging Wills, Powers of Attorney and the like. He is an active member of Business Network International and has recently stepped down as Director of their Apollo Chapter in Birmingham.

In what little spare time he has, Michael enjoys golf, gardening, composing and riding his Harley Davidson Motorcycle!



Bobbie-Jane Gardner
arranger

Bobbie Gardner is a composer, pianist, arranger, producer and music leader.

She has received commissions from Uchenna Dance Co., Vocab Dance Co., Mac arts, Punch Records, Vivid Projects, Sound and Music, Fierce Festival, Grand Union and Heart n Soul.

She has extensive experience of working in schools and in the community.

Her piano playing skills have seen her perform with an array of bands and ensembles. In 2010 she completed a tour playing live synths for Dubstep producers Dusk and Blackdown. She played keys for Heart n Soul's Lizzie Emeh at the South Bank for their Beautiful Octopus Club in 2012, and created string arrangements for Lizzie Emeh's new LP event in autumn 2014.

Aside from orchestral arrangements for opera singers, Bobbie has completed the next phase of her celebration of Brum music project for-Wards earlier this year. Now she is investing in CPD via a part-time masters in composition at Birmingham Conservatoire.

Toreador Song
Bizet

Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre,
Señors, señors car avec les soldats
oui, les toréros, peuvent s'entendre;
Pour plaisirs, pour plaisirs, ils ont les combats!
Le cirque est plein, c'est jour de fête!
Le cirque est plein du haut en bas;
Les spectateurs, perdent la tête,
Les spectateurs s'interpellent à grand fracas!
Apostrophes, cris et tapage
Poussés jusques à la fureur!
Car c'est la fête du courage!
C'est la fête des gens de cœur!
Allons! en garde! Allons! allons! Ah!

Toréador, en garde! Toréador! Toréador!
Et songe bien, oui,
songe en combattant qu'un œil noir te
regarde,
Et que l'amour t'attend,
Toréador, l'amour, l'amour t'attend!

Tout d'un coup, on fait silence,
On fait silence... ah! que se passe-t-il?
Plus de cris, c'est l'instant!
Plus de cris, c'est l'instant!
Le taureau s'élançe en bondissant hors du
toril!
Il s'élançe! Il entre, il frappe!
un cheval roule, entraînant un picador.
"Ah! Bravo! Toro!" hurle la foule,
le taureau va... il vient...
il vient et frappe encore !
En secouant ses banderilles,
plein de fureur, il court!
Le cirque est plein de sang!
On se sauve... on franchit les grilles!
C'est ton tour maintenant!
Allons! en garde! allons! allons! Ah!

Your toast, I can give it back to you,
Gentlemen, gentlemen, as with soldiers
yes, bullfighters can get along;
For pleasure, for pleasure they fight!
The arena is full, it's celebration day!
The arena is full from top to bottom;
The crowd goes mad,
the crowd is arguing enthusiastically!
Exclamations, shouts and noises
Push to breaking point!
Because it is the celebration of courage!
It's the celebration of brave men!
Let's go! On guard! Let's go! Let's go! Ah!

Toreador, on guard! Toreador! Toreador!
And think well, yes think
as you are fighting that a dark eye is watching
you,
and that love is waiting for you,
Toreador, love, love is waiting for you!

All at once, we are silent,
we are silent,... Oh, what is happening?
No more shouts, this is it!
No more shouts, this is it!
The bull is rushing while jumping out of its
fence!
He is rushing in! He's entering, hitting!
A horse is falling, dragging down a picador.
"Ah! Bravo! Toro!" the crowd is calling,
The bull goes on... he comes...
he comes, hitting once more!
While shaking his banderillas,
full of rage, he runs!
the arena is full of blood !
We flee... we pass the gates!
It's your turn now!
Let's go! On guard! Let's go! Let's go! Ah!

**Près des remparts
(Seguidilla)**
Bizet

Près des remparts de Séville,
Chez mon ami, Lillas Pastia
J'irai danser la Séguédille
Et boire du Manzanilla.
J'irai chez mon ami Lillas Pastia.

Oui, mais toute seule on s'ennuie,
Et les vrais plaisirs sont à deux;
Donc, pour me tenir compagnie,
J'emmènerai mon amoureux!

Mon amoureux, il est au diable,
Je l'ai mis à la porte hier!
Mon pauvre coeur très consolable,
Mon coeur est libre comme l'air!
J'ai les galants à la douzaine,
Mais ils ne sont pas à mon gré.

Voici la fin de la semaine;
Qui veut m'aimer? Je l'aimerai!
Qui veut mon âme? Elle est à prendre.
Vous arrivez au bon moment!
J'ai guère le temps d'attendre,
Car avec mon nouvel amant,
Près des remparts de Séville,
Chez mon ami, Lillas Pastia!

Near the ramparts of Seville
At my friend Lillas Pastia's house
I will go to dance the Seguedilla
And to drink Manzanilla.
I will go to my friend Lillas Pastia's house.

Yes, but all alone, one gets bored,
And the real pleasures are for two;
So, to keep me company,
I will take away my lover!

My lover, he has gone to the devil,
I put him out yesterday!
My poor heart, very consolable,
My heart is free, like the air!
I have suiters by the dozen,
But, they are not to my taste.

Here it is the weekend;
Who wants to love me? I will love him!
Who wants my soul? It's for the taking.
You're here at the right time!
I have hardly the time to wait,
For with my new lover,
Near the ramparts of Seville
At my friend Lillas Pastia's house!

**La fleur que
tu m'avais
Jetée**
Bizet

La fleur que tu m'avais jetée,
Dans ma prison m'était restée.
Flétrie et sèche, cette fleur
Gardait toujours sa douce odeur;
Et pendant des heures entières,
Sur mes yeux, fermant mes paupières,
De cette odeur je m'enivrais
Et dans la nuit je te voyais!

Je me prenais à te maudire,
À te détester, à me dire :
Pourquoi faut-il que le destin
L'ait mise là sur mon chemin?
Puis je m'accusais de blasphème,
Et je ne sentais en moi-même,
Je ne sentais qu'un seul désir,
Un seul désir, un seul espoir:
Te revoir, ô Carmen, ou, te revoir!

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

The flower that you tossed to me
In my prison stayed with me.
Withered and dried, this flower
Kept always its sweet odour
And during all of the hours,
Over my eyes closed my eyelids,
I became intoxicated with this odor
And in the night I saw you!

I became accustomed to cursing you,
To detesting you, to saying to myself :
Why is it necessary for destiny
To put herself there on my path?
Then I accused myself of blasphemy
And I didn't feel but in myself
I didn't feel but one desire
A sole desire, a sole hope
To see you again, oh Carmen,
to see you again!

For you had only to appear
Only to toss a glance towards me
In order to take a hold of all my being
Oh my Carmen
And I was yours
Carmen, I love you!

Translations



Programme

Carmen Overture	<i>Carmen</i>	Bizet	Sinfonia of Birmingham
Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre	<i>Carmen</i>	Bizet	Byron Jackson
Près des remparts (Seguidilla)	<i>Carmen</i>	Bizet	Rose Rowley
La fleur que tu m'avais jetée	<i>Carmen</i>	Bizet	Thomas Lockett
Pace mio dio	<i>La Forza del destino</i>	Verdi	Jordene Thomas
O du mein holder abendstern	<i>Tannhäuser</i>	Wagner	Byron Jackson
Voi lo sapete o mamma	<i>Cavalleria rusticana</i>	Mascagni	Rose Rowley
Cielo e mar	<i>La Gioconda</i>	Ponchielli	Thomas Lockett
Ciel mio padre	<i>Aida</i>	Verdi	Jordene Thomas, Byron Jackson
Un di se ben rammentomi	<i>Rigoletto</i>	Verdi	Jordene, Rose, Thomas, Byron

Interval 30 minutes





Programme

Variations on a Shaker
Melody

Appalachian Spring

Copland

Sinfonia of Birmingham

Deep River

Traditional

arr Gardner

Byron Jackson

Ride on King Jesus

Hall arr Gardner

Jordene Thomas

I'll walk with God

Brodzsky arr Gardner

Thomas Lockett

Something Wonderful

The King and I

Rodgers & Hammerstein

Rose Rowley



Show Me

My Fair Lady

Lerner & Loewe

Byron Jackson



Summertime

Porgy & Bess

Gershwin

Jordene Thomas

Bess you is my woman now

Porgy & Bess

Gershwin



Jordene Thomas
Byron Jackson

You'll never walk alone

Carousel

Rodgers

Jordene Thomas
Rose Rowley
Thomas Lockett
Byron Jackson



Pace mio Dio!
Verdi

Pace, pace, mio Dio!
Cruda sventura m'astringe, ahimè, a languir;
come il di primo da tant'anni dura
profondo il mio soffrir.
Pace, pace, mio Dio!
L'amai, gli è ver! Ma di beltà e valore
cotanto Iddio l'ornò,
che l'amo ancor, nè togliermi dal core
l'immagin sua saprò.
Fatalità! Fatalità! Fatalità!
Un deli o disgiun n'ha quaggiù!
Alvaro, io t'amo,
e su nel cielo è scritto:
non vedrò mai più!
Oh Dio, Dio, fa ch'io muoia;
ché la calma può darmi morte sol.
Invan la pace qui sperò quest'alma
in preda a tanto duol.
Misero pane . . . a prolungarmi vieni
la sconsolata vita . . .
Ma chi giunge?
Chi profanare ardisce il sacro loco?
Maledizione! Maledizione! Maledizione!

Peace, peace my God!
Cruel misfortune, alas, forces me to languish;
my suffering has lasted for so many years,
deep as on the first day.
Peace, peace, my God!
loved him, it's true! But God adorned him
so much with beauty and courage,
that I love him still, nor will I be able to
remove his image from my heart.
Fate! Fate! Fate!
A crime has separated us in this world!
Alvaro, I love you,
and it is written above in heaven:
I will never see you again!
O God, God, make me die;
since only death can give me calm.
In vain my soul hoped for peace here,
while prey to such grief.
Wretched bread . . . come prolong
my comfortless life . . .
But who is approaching?
Who dares to profane the sacred place?
A curse be upon them!

**O du, mein holder
Abendstern**
Wagner

Wie Todesahnung Dämm rung deckt
die Lande,
umhüllt das Tal mit schwärzlichem Gewande;
der Seele, die nach jenen Höhn verlangt,
vor ihrem Flug durch Nacht und Grausen
bangt.

Da scheinst du, o lieblichster der Sterne,
dein Sanftes Licht entsendest du der Ferne;
die nächt'ge Dämm rung teilt dein lieber
Strahl,
und freundlich zeigst du den Weg aus dem Tal.

O du, mein holder Abendstern,
wohl grüsst' ich immer dich so gern:
vom Herzen, das sie nie verriet,
grüsse sie, wenn sie vorbei dir zieht,
wenn sie entschwebt dem Tal der Erden,
ein sel'ger Engel dort zu werden!

Like a premonition of death, darkness covers
the land,
and envelops the valley in its sombre shroud;
the soul that longs for the highest grounds
is fearful of the darkness before it takes flight.

There you are, oh loveliest star,
your soft light you send into the distance;
your beam pierces the gloomy shroud

and you show the way out of the valley.

Oh, my gracious evening star,
I always greet you like happily:
with my heart that she never
take to her as she drifts past you,
when she soars from this earthly vale,
and transforms into blessed angel!

**Voi lo sapete,
o mamma**
Mascagni

Voi lo sapete, o mamma,
Prima d'andar soldato,
Turiddu aveva a Lola
Eterna fè giurato.
Tornò, la seppe sposa;
E con un nuovo amore
Volle spegner la fiamma
Che gli bruciava il core:
M'amò, l'amai.
Quell'invidia d'ogni delizia mia
Del suo sposo dimentica,
Arse di gelosia...
Me l'ha rapito...
Priva dell'onor mio rimango:
Lola e Turiddu s'amano,
Io piango, io piango!

You know, mamma, that
Before he went off to be a soldier
Turiddu swore to Lola
To be eternally faithful
He returned to find her married;
And with a new love
He wanted to extinguish the flame
That burnt in his heart:
He loved me, I loved him.
She, envious of my happiness,
Forgotten by her husband,
Burning with jealousy,
She stole him from me.
I am left, dishonoured:
Lola and Turiddu love each other,
And I weep!

Cielo e mar!
Ponchielli

Cielo e mar! L'etereo velo
splende come un santo altar
L'angiol mio verrà dal cielo?
L'angiol mio verrà dal mare?
Qui l'attendo; ardente spira
oggi il vento dell'amor.
Ah! quell'uom che vi sospira
vi conquide, o sogni d'ôr!

Per l'aura fonda
non appar né suol né monte
L'orizzonte bacia l'onda!
L'onda bacia l'orizzonte!
Qui nell'ombra, ov'io mi giaccio
coll'anelito del cor,
Vieni, o donna, vieni al bacio
della vita e dell'amor.

Sky and sea! The airy curtain
sparkles like a holy altar.
Will my angel come from the sky?
Will my angel come from the sea?
Here I wait for her; the wind
now blows hot with love.
Ah, that man who sighs for you,
he overcomes you, o golden dreams!

Through the thick air
neither shore nor mountains appear
The horizon kisses the waves;
the waves kiss the horizon.
Here in the darkness, where I lie
waiting with racing heart
Come, o woman, come to my kiss
of life and of love.

Ciel! Mio Padre!
Verdi

AIDA Ciel! mio padre!

AIDA Heaven! my father!

AMON. A te grave cagione
Mi adduce, Aida.
Nulla sfugge al mio Sguardo;
d'amor ti struggi
Per Radamès... ei t'ama...
e qui lo attendi.
Dei Faraon la figlia è tua
rivale...
Razza infame, aborrita e a noi
fatale!

AMON To you, Aida, I come
For gravest reasons.
Nothing escapes my attention;
you are dying of love.
For Radames... He loves you,
you await him.
A daughter of the Pharaohs is
your rival...
Race accursed, detested, to us
fatal!

AIDA E in suo potere io sto!...
Io, d'Amonasro figlia!

AIDA And I am in her grasp!...
I, Amonasro's daughter!

AMON. In poter di lei? No!
Se lo brami, la possente rival
tu vincerai;

AMON. In her power you? No!
If you wish, your all-powerful
rival you shall vanquish;

E patria e trono, e amor,
tutto tu avrai.
Rivedrai le foreste
imbalsamate,
Le fresche valli, i nostri templi
d'ôr!

Your country, your sceptre, your
love, all shall be yours.
Once again shalt you on our
balmy forests,
Our verdant valleys, our golden
temples gaze!

AIDA Rivedrò le foreste
imbalsamate,
Le nostre valli, i nostri temple
d'ôr!

AIDA Once again shall I on our balmy
forests,
Our verdant valleys, our golden
temples gaze.

Ciel! Mio Padre!
Verdi

... continued

Translations

AMON. Sposa felice a lui che amasti
tanto,
Tripudii immensi ivi potrai
gioir

AIDA Un giorno solo di sì dolce
Incanto,
Un'ora di tal gaudio... e poi
morir!

AMON. Pur rammenti che a noi
l'Egizio immite,
Le case, i tempî e l'are
profanò
Trasse in ceppi le vergini
rapite,
Madri, vecchi e fanciulli ei
trucidò.

AIDA Ah! ben rammento quegli
infausti giorni!
Rammento i lutti che il mio
cor soffrì;
Deh! fate, o Numi, che per
noi ritorni
L'alba invocata dei sereni di.

AMON. Non fia che tardi! In armi ora
sì desta, il popol nostro; tutto
pronto è già,
Vittoria avrem: Solo a saper
mi resta
Qual sentiero il nemico
Seguirà.

AMON. The happy bride of your heart's
dearest treasure,
Delight unbounded there you
shall enjoy.

AIDA Ah, but one day of such
enchanting pleasure,
No, but an hour of bliss so
sweet, then let me die!

AMON. Yet recall how Egyptian hordes
Descended,
On our homes; our temples, our
altars dared profane!
Cast in bonds sisters, daughters
undefended,
Mothers, children, helpless old
men slain!

AIDA Too well remembered are those
days of mourning,
All the keen anguish my poor
heart that pierced;
Gods! grant in mercy peace
once more returning,
Once more the dawn soon of
glad days may burst.

AMON. Lose not a moment! Our people
armed are panting for the
signal; now to strike the blow,
Success is sure: naught but one
thing is wanting
That we know by what path will
march the foe.

Ciel! Mio Padre!
Verdi

... continued

Translations

AIDA Chi scoprirlo potria?
Chi mai?

AMON Tu stessa!

AIDA Io!

AMON Radamès so che qui attendi,
Ei t'ama
Ei conduce gli Egizii,
Intendi?

AIDA Orrore!
Che mi consigli tu? No! no!
Giammai!

AMON Su, dunque!
Sorgete Egizie coorti,
Col fuoco struggete
le nostra città!
Spargete il terrore,
Le stragi, le morti...
Al vostro furore
Più freno non v'ha.

AIDA Ah! padre!

AMON Mia figlia ti chiami!

AIDA Pietà!

AMON. Flutti di sangue scorrono
Sulle città dei vinti...
Vedi? dai negri vortici
Si levano gli estinti...
Ti additan essi e gridano:
Per te la patria muor!

AIDA Who will discover the path?
Tell me who?

AMON. You will!

AIDA Me!

AMON. Radames awaits you,
he loves you
He commands the Egyptians,
you understand?

AIDA Horror!
I advise you? No! No!
I will never

AMON. Come on, then!
Arise Egyptian cohorts,
With fire destroy
our cities!
Spread terror,
The massacres , deaths ...
At your fury
There can be no more!

AIDA Ah! father!

AMON. You call yourself my daughter!

AIDA Have mercy!

AMON. Rivers of blood flow
The city of the vanquished ...
You See? black vortices
Rise the extinct ...
You see them and shout and
cry: For your country dies!

Ciel! Mio Padre!
Verdi

... continued

Translations

AIDA Pietà!...

AMON Una larva orribile
Fra l'ombra a noi s'affaccia...
Trema!
Le scarne braccia
Sul capo tuo levò...

Tua madre ell'è...
Ravvisala,
Ti maledice!

AIDA Ah no! Padre!

AMON. Non sei mia figlia...
Dei Faraoni tu sei la schiava.

AIDA Padre, a costoro schiava io
non sono.
Non maledirmi...
non imprearmi...
Tua figlia ancora potrai
chiarmarmi...
Della mia patria degna sarò.

AMON. Pensa che un popolo, vinto,
straziato
Per te soltanto risorger può...

AIDA O patria! o patria... quanto mi
costi!

AMON. Coraggio! Ei giunge...
Là tutto udrò...

AIDA Have mercy, pray!

AMON. A horrible larva
Among our shadows looks out.
Tremble!
now stretching over you
Its withered hand raised on your
head
Your mother's hands you see
there again,
Stretched out to curse you!

AIDA Ah no! My father!

AMON. You are not my daughter!
You art a slave of the Pharaoh's
Gods.

AIDA Father, their slave am I no
longer.
Ah, with your curse do not
appal me,
Still your own daughter you may
call me,
Never shall my country her child
d disdain.

AMON. Think that your race trampled
down by the conqueror,
Through you alone can they
gain their freedom.

AIDA Oh my country.....what it costs
to prove my love.

AMON. Have courage! He comes!
there I'll remain.

**Un dì, si ben
rammentomi...
bella figlia**
Verdi

Translations

DUCA: Un dì, si ben rammentomi,
o bella, t'incontrai...
mi piacque di te chiedere,
e intesi che qui stai.
Or sappi, che d'allora
sol te quest'alma adora.

GILDA: Iniquo!

MADDALENA:
Ah, ah!... e vent'altre appresso
le scorda forse a desso?
Ha un'aria il signorino da vero
libertino...

DUCA: Sì... un mostro son...

GILDA: Ah padre mio! ...

MADDALENA:
Lasciatemi, stordito!

DUCA: Ah, che fracasso!

MADDALENA:
Stia saggio.

DUCA: E tu sii docile,
non farmi tanto chiasso.
Ogni saggezza chiudesi
nel gaudio e nell'amore.
La bella mano candida!...

MADDALENA:
Scherzate voi, signore.

DUCA: No, no.

DUKE: One day, you remember rightly,
o beautiful, I met you ...
I asked someone about you
and was told that you live here.
Let me say that ever since
my heart has been yours alone.

GILDA: Unfair!

MADDALENA:
Ah, ah ... and twenty others
that maybe you have forgotten? I
think my fine young man
is a bit of a libertine...

DUKE: Yes ... I am a monster ...

GILDA: Ah my father! ...

MADDALENA:
Leave me alone, you scatterbrain!

DUKE: Ah, what a fuss!

MADDALENA:
Behave yourself.

DUKE: Be nice to me.
Don't play hard to get.
Good behaviour doesn't exclude
jollity and love.
Pretty white hand...

MADDALENA:
You are joking, sir.

**Un dì, si ben
rammentomi...
bella figlia
Verdi**

... continued

Translations

MADDALENA:

Son brutta.

DUCA: Abbracciarmi.

GILDA: Iniquo!

MADDALENA:

Ebro! ...

DUCA: D'amor ardente.

MADDALENA:

Signor l'indifferente,
vi piace canzonar?

DUCA: No, no, ti vo'sposar.

MADDALENA:

Ne voglio la parola...

DUCA: Amabile figliuola!

RIGOLETTO:

E non ti basta ancor?

GILDA: Iniquo traditor!

DUCA: Bella figlia dell'amore,
Schiavo son dei vezzi tuoi;
Con un detto sol tu puoi
Le mie pene consolar.
Vieni e senti del mio core
Il frequente palpitar.

MADDALENA:

I'm ugly.

DUKE: Hug Me.

GILDA: Unfair!

MADDALENA:

You're drunk! ...

DUKE: With burning love.

MADDALENA:

My cynical friend,
you like to joke don't you?

DUKE: No, no, I want to marry you.

MADDALENA:

I want your word of honour ...

DUKE: Lovable little maid!

RIGOLETTO:

Haven't you seen enough?

GILDA: Wicked deceiver!

DUKE: Fairest daughter of love,
I am a slave to your charms;
with but a single word you could
relieve my every pain.
Come, touch my breast and feel
how my heart is racing.

**Un dì, si ben
rammentomi...
bella figlia**
Verdi

... continued

Translations

MADDALENA:

Ah! ah!
Rido ben di core,
Che tai baie costan poco
Quanto valga il vostro gioco,
Mel credete, so apprezzar.
Son avezza, bel signore,
Ad un simile scherzar.

GILDA: Ah, così parlar d'amore
A me pur intame ho udito!
Infelice cor tradito,
Per angoscia non scoppiar.

RIGOLETTO: (a Gilda)

Taci, il piangere non vale...
Ch'ei mentiva sei sicura.
Taci, e mia sarà la cura
La vendetta d'affrettar.
Sì, pronta fia, sarà fatale,
Io saprollo fulminar.

M'odi! ritorna a casa.
Oro prendi, un destriero
Una veste viril che t'apprestai,
E per Verona parti.
Sarovvi io pur doman.

GILDA: Or venite...

RIGOLETTO:
Impossibil.

GILDA: Tremo.

RIGOLETTO:
Va.

MADDALENA:

Ah! Ah!
That really makes me laugh;
talk like that is cheap enough.
Believe me, I know exactly
what such playacting is worth!
I, my fine sir, am quite accustomed
to foolish jokes like this.

GILDA: Ah, these are the loving words
the scoundrel spoke once to me!
O wretched heart betrayed
do not break for sorrow.

RIGOLETTO: (to Gilda)

Hush weeping can do no good...
You now know he was lying.
Hush, and leave it up to me
to hasten our revenge.
It will be quick, it will be deadly,
I know how to deal with him.

Listen to me, go home.
Take some money and a horse,
Put on the men's clothes I provided,
then leave at once for Verona.
I shall meet you there tomorrow.

GILDA: Come with me now.

RIGOLETTO:
It's impossible.

GILDA: I'm afraid.

RIGOLETTO:
Go.

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