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International FESTIVAL

MARK MORRIS DANCE GROUP

HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY



Orfeo ed Euridice



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Edinburgh
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ORFEO ED EURIDICE

by **CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD GLUCK** (1714-1787)

libretto by **RANIERO CALZABIGI**

an opera in three acts

performed in the 1762 Vienna version

sung in Italian

Orfeo **MICHAEL CHANCE**

Euridice **DANA HANCHARD**

Amor **CHRISTINE BRANDES**

MARK MORRIS director/ choreographer

CHRISTOPHER HOGWOOD conductor

ADRIANNE LOBEL set designer

MARTIN PAKLEDINAZ costume designer

MICHAEL CHYBOWSKI lighting designer

MARK MORRIS DANCE GROUP

HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

THERE WILL BE TWO INTERVALS IN THIS PERFORMANCE WHICH LASTS APPROX 2 HOURS

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MIREILLE RADWAN-DANA
WILLIAM WAGNER
JULIE WORDEN**



Dancers of Mark Morris Dance Group

ORFEO ED EURIDICE Synopsis

The Argument

The poet/singer Orfeo, son of Apollo and the muse Calliope, weds the dryad Euridice. During the festivities, Euridice, walking abroad with her friends the nymphs, is assailed by the jealous Aristaeus. In fleeing his attack she steps on a snake whose venomous bite kills her. Wedding becomes funeral.

Act One

Scene One A Lonely Grove – Euridice’s Grave

Nymphs and shepherds lament Euridice’s death (“Ah se intorno a quest’urna funesta”). Left alone, Orfeo adds his voice to the rites. Only Echo replies (“Chiamo il mio ben così”). Orfeo vows to rescue Euridice from the underworld (“Numi! barbari numi”).

Scene Two

Amor appears with word that Jove, pitying Orfeo’s sorrow, will allow him to descend, alive, into the land of the dead to retrieve Euridice. To make this trial more difficult, Orfeo must neither look at Euridice, nor explain why looking is forbidden. If he fails this test, he will lose her forever (“Gli sguardi trattieni”). Orfeo agrees and begins his voyage.

Act Two

Scene One The Gate of Hades

Furies and ghosts try to deny Orfeo’s passage to the underworld (“Chi mai dell’Erebo”). His lament softens and placates them. He is eventually allowed to pass through to the Elysian Fields.

Scene Two Elysium

Orfeo is moved by the calm beauty of the landscape (“Che puro ciel, che chiaro sol”). Heroes and heroines bring Euridice to him (“Torna, o bella, al tuo consorte”). Without looking at her, Orfeo takes Euridice away.

Act Three

Scene One A Dark Labyrinth

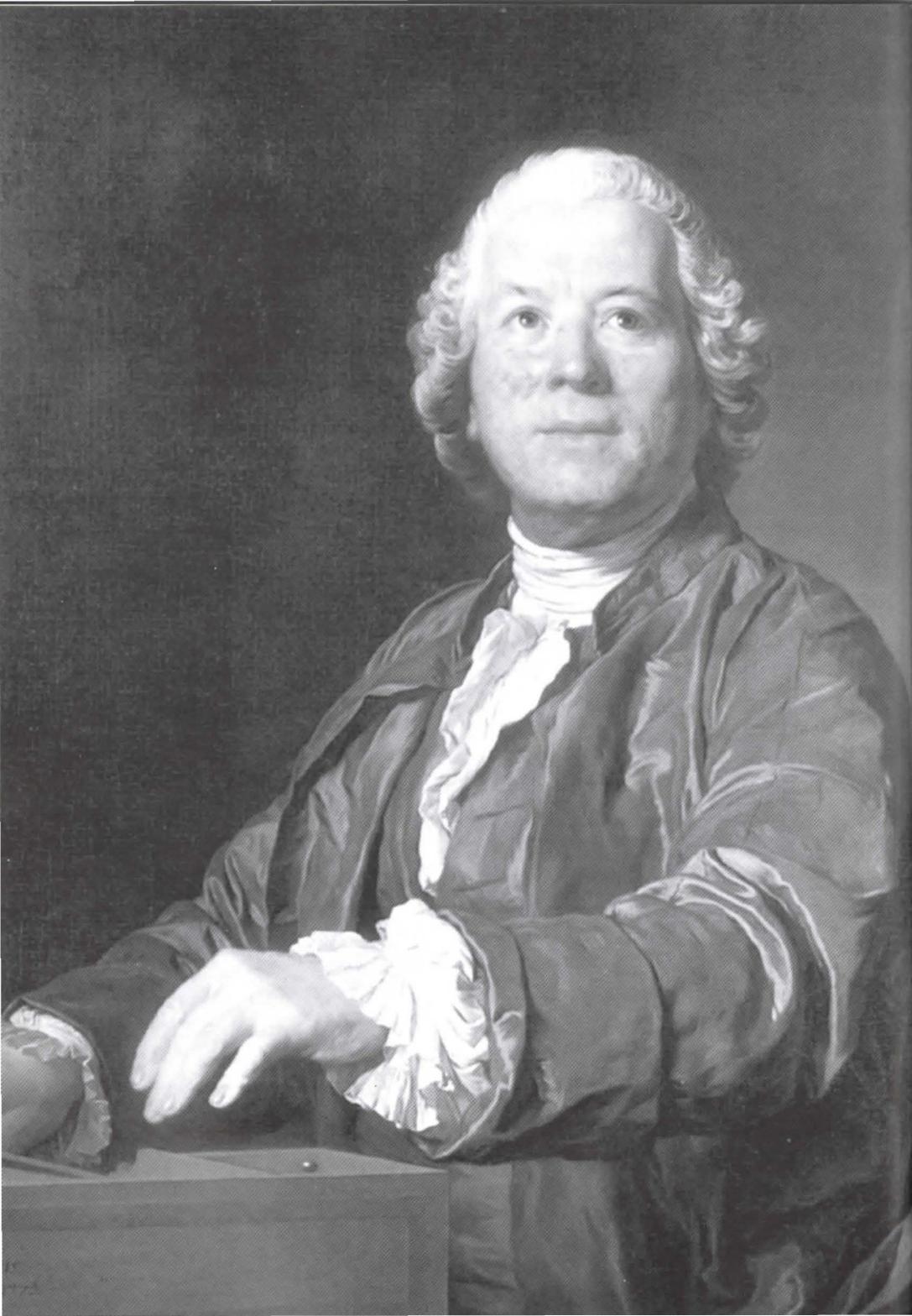
Orfeo leads Euridice toward the upper air, unallowed to look at her (“Vieni, segui i miei passi”). Euridice doesn’t understand. Orfeo can’t explain (“Vieni, appaga il tuo consorte!”). Euridice panics at the thought of a life without the love of Orfeo (“Che fiero momento”). In desperation he turns to her. She dies, again. How can he live without her? (“Che farò senza Euridice?”). He decides to kill himself.

Scene Two

Amor reappears and stays Orfeo’s hand. In response to Orfeo’s deep love and devotion, Amor revives Euridice, again. The three of them return to Earth.

Scene Three The Temple of Love

Orfeo, Euridice, Amor, the nymphs, and the shepherds all celebrate the power of love with song and dance (“Trionfi Amore!”).



Orfeo ed Euridice

“*Orfeo ed Euridice* was the first of Gluck’s three so-called reform operas written with Raniero Calzabigi, in which a ‘noble simplicity’ in the action and the music was intended to replace the complicated plots and florid musical style of *opera seria*.” *The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*

To be known as the “reformer” of an art as beloved for its absurdities as its accomplishments; to be labelled an apostle of “noble simplicity” when extremity and extravagance seem of its very essence: has any composer in the history of music a more uninviting reputation than Christoph Willibald von Gluck?

The more scholars protest the centrality of Gluck’s oeuvre in the history of opera, the more elevated, worthy, and desperately dull they make it sound. Composers as different as Mozart and Berlioz adored *Orfeo ed Euridice*; but their encomia have not managed to keep the work in the repertory. Today even those “florid,” turgidly plotted *opere serie* are making a comeback, while the reforming masterwork of Gluck still languishes in the shadows. Why?

Until recently a number of obstacles stood in the way of anyone wanting to revive *Orfeo ed Euridice* as it was first presented before the Imperial Court in Vienna. Until 1963, there was no trustworthy edition of this 1762 original available to set against the plethora of transposed, rearranged, reorchestrated “performing versions” of the score, devised by admirers of more enthusiasm than integrity. Until even more recently, there were simply no male altos both technically and temperamentally suited to the role of Orpheus. But, thanks to recordings, there has been ample evidence for more than a decade that the musical resources for a successful mounting of the 1762 *Orfeo* once more exist. Why has no major opera house risen to the challenge?

In large measure, I believe, because even the finest recording does not and cannot reflect its greatness. *Orfeo ed Euridice* stands perhaps unique in the operatic repertory as a music drama devised from the ground up to a detailed theoretical plan - an utterly self-conscious musico-theatrical manifesto somehow transmuted - brought to life as an organic work of art. More truly a Wagnerian “Gesamtkunstwerk” than any of Wagner’s own music-dramas, *Orfeo*

ed Euridice must be seen for its full grandeur to emerge; it must be seen in a performance which honours its creators' plan and follows it to the letter.

“It is owing to their accuracy of representation that the works of men like Corneille and Racine, Raphael and Michelangelo, have been handed down to posterity . . . Why can we not add to the names of these great men those of the masters of dance who made themselves so celebrated in their day? But they are scarcely known; is it the fault of their art, or of themselves?

Jean-George Noverre, *First Letter on the Dance*, 1760 (trans. Cyril Beaumont)

The plan which produced *Orfeo ed Euridice* was not in its first impulse that of any artist, but that of a producer. When 33-year-old Count Giacomo Durazzo came to Vienna in 1750 as Genoese ambassador to the Imperial Court, the musical life of the Hapsburg capital was dominated by opera, and for a generation operatic life had been dominated by the librettist Pietro Metastasio and the composer Johann Adolf Hasse. As ambitious as he was able, Durazzo set out to supplant the ageing eminences with an artistic team of his own.

Since Hasse and Metastasio represented the quintessence of heavy, elaborate Italian *opera seria* practice, Durazzo turned to France for inspiration and assistance. He formed an alliance with the young assistant director of the court ballet, Gasparo Angiolini, an alliance which paid off when Angiolini was promoted to the top job in 1757. He imported a French theatrical troupe to perform popular, unpretentious opéras comiques; when they proved successful, he recruited Gluck, a recent arrival in Vienna, to adapt such works for Viennese tastes and stage practice.

Metastasio and Hasse still occupied the operatic high ground in Vienna. In 1760, Durazzo saw his chance for a flank attack on their dominant position in the publication of Jean-Georges Noverre's *Lettres sur la danse et sur les ballets*. In this immensely influential book, the youthful Noverre argued for a revival of the theatre by means of the simplicity, directness, and emotional truth of “dramatic mime.” Less than a year after the *Lettres* reached Vienna, Durazzo, now manager of all Imperial theatres, announced the production of a dramatic ballet based on the tale of Don Juan, its action to be staged by Maestro Angiolini to a new score by Ritter von Gluck.

Don Juan was a sensation, in every sense of the word. The unrelievedly grim story-line, "explicit" action, and headlong pace of the 45-minute work put it in the greatest possible contrast to the decorous pace and architectural formality of abstract, mythological courtly ballet. While all the town was still arguing about the merits of the new style in dramatic dance, Durazzo mobilized his artistic team for a frontal assault on the old guard: to create an opera which would make *opera seria* look as tired and stodgy as formal court ballet looked after *Don Juan*.

The team was the same which created *Don Juan*, with one major addition. Raniero Calzabigi was yet another young artist-adventurer prowling *ancien régime* Europe. He arrived in Vienna from Paris in 1761 with a reputation as one familiar with all the artistic and intellectual currents in that progressive capital, and was immediately recruited by Durazzo to compose the libretto for the opera intended to blow the old operatic guard sky-high.

With its mythological subject of Orpheus' descent into the Underworld in search of his lost Eurydice, Calzabigi's *Orfeo* is, if anything, old-fashioned for an operatic subject - on the surface. But in fact, his treatment of the tale is truly revolutionary. Against the rigidly repeating recitative-aria-exit formula of *opera seria* he sets the musicodramatic structure of the seventeenth-century French tragédie lyrique, a fluid sequence of recitatives (accompanied and unaccompanied), dramatic scenas, ariosi, and full-blown arias each furthering the flow of the action. Nothing is allowed to interrupt that flow: the dance sequences, which in even the most solemn works of Lully and Charpentier are primarily entr'actes and divertissements, become in *Orfeo ed Euridice* integral elements in unfolding the action.

Calzabigi's treatment of character is as revolutionary as his treatment of narrative. The heroes and heroines of *opera seria* are rulers, and their amatory dilemmas public and dynastic. Calzabigi's Orpheus is no demigod or king, but a mere man, and his emotions of no consequence to anyone but himself. Orpheus is also an artist, and his story portrays the power of art to force its way against the laws of this world and the next: pure wish fulfillment in terms of its own time, but heavy with significance in light of the course European history took over the next half century.

Orfeo ed Euridice is often described as an apotheosis of neoclassical art. This label represents a fundamental misunderstanding of the work's sources and objectives. No work could be farther in spirit from the chilly classical drama of Dryden or Voltaire, the reductive, rationalizing brilliance of the *Encyclopedistes*. Beneath its classical draperies, *Orfeo ed Euridice* breathes the mind and spirit of the most demonic soul of the eighteenth century, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, prophet of the simple, the natural, the unaffected, of the force and value of the irrational, of the mysterious truth of the heart. Far from being a capstone of Classic art, it is a fragrant presage of the Romantic era; little wonder that Mozart, Berlioz, Wagner all fell deeply under its spell.

The very qualities in the work which attract and fascinate artists are the ones which make it inaccessible to a lay audience. Gluck is a fine dramatic composer, especially when provided with a libretto as intelligently conceived and deftly detailed as Calzabigi's; but his music, conceived as support for a staged drama, does not stand on its own merits alone as does the music of more prodigally gifted composers. Even at its very best, as in the second scene of the second act of *Orfeo ed Euridice*, it is theatrical in inspiration: it "paints" the light-filled glory of the Elysian fields as no scene-painter could (or can), but it expects—indeed, demands—that what the ear hears will be reinforced, completed by the eye, in the stage pictures, choral movements, the soloists' behaviour and expression. *Orfeo ed Euridice*, in short, is not just complete only in a stage performance; it is complete only when approached with the same intentions as its creators, in the determination to blend movement, stage pictures, sound, and storytelling into a single inseparable whole.

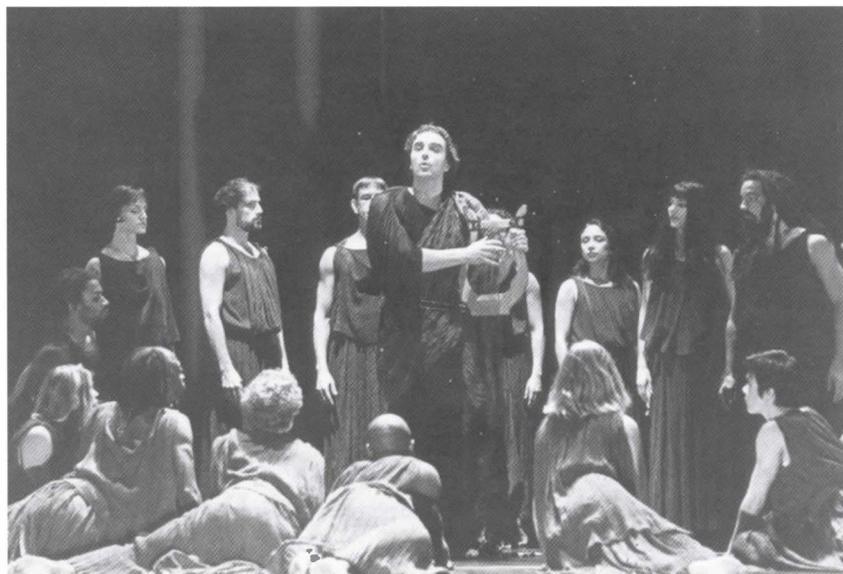
In critical theory, any operatic production subscribes to some such ideal. In practice, few, even the most successful, rise above the measure of a lucky fluke. There are simply too many artists involved in even the most modest productions, too many divergent ambitions, too many differing artistic agendas, too little discussion, too little money, too little time, to achieve an effect of more than serviceable collage.

Such a production, no matter how gifted the individual artists involved, cannot capture the true nature of a work like *Orfeo ed Euridice*. It is, in fact, not simply an opera but a "meta-opera": an opera about the nature of opera, a performance exploring the expressive contours of the arts of performance.

Beautifully and sensitively presented it is both a moving and memorable musical fable and an argument about the nature of art. Only great sophistication single-mindedly applied can achieve both the “naive” affect and the heroic assertion its creators worked for.

Roger Downey

Roger Downey, who has written extensively on Mark Morris and his work is a founder and senior editor of Seattle Weekly in Seattle, Washington.



Michael Chance and dancers of Mark Morris Dance Group

AN OPERA FOR THE AGE OF ENLIGHTENMENT

Gluck's *Orfeo* belongs to the courtly tradition of marking great feasts, dynastic marriages, political visitations, and the domestic celebrations of a ruling family with an appropriately sumptuous musical entertainment. For its first performance, in Vienna on October 5, 1762, the sparkling overture, lavish use of the chorus and ballet, spectacular underworld scenes and the triumphal finale were designed to appeal to an audience celebrating the name day of the Hapsburg Emperor Francis I. Significantly, *Orfeo* was described not as an opera, but as an *azione teatrale*, an occasional, festival piece which involved the collaboration of the leading theatrical talents in Vienna. "Sublime" declared the diarist Zinzendorf, "deeply moving, the music perfectly adapted to the subject, with the most beautiful stage designs."

Musical criticism from this period is rare and unsystematic, and it is only by luck that a full review of the first performance was published in the official Viennese newspaper, the *Wienerisches Diarium*. The writer of this anonymous article praises the music of "our famous Christoph Gluck, who has surpassed himself"; the ballets, choreographed by the innovative dancer Gasparo Angiolini, were commended for their relevance to the plot and their integration with the choruses; Giovanni Maria Quaglio's designs were judged to be remarkable, and the set for the Elysian fields brought special praise, though the critic carps at its execution by those who painted the scenery. But the lion's share of the adulation was reserved for the poet Rainieri de' Calzabigi – to the extent that he is suspected of having ghosted the notice himself.

To be fair to Calzabigi, the poet's role was crucial to the success of such a work. The conventions of court music drama required that the subject matter had to be carefully crafted to suit the occasion. Mythical subjects were fashionable. They reflected the intellectual taste for neo-Classicism, and they were also conveniently open to a variety of relevant interpretations. Pastoral drama, which implied contrasts and parallels between the reality of court life and a rural idyll, was especially popular. In the case of *Orfeo*, the connection between the Hapsburg court and Arcadia was already in place:

six years earlier, Gluck had composed a festive setting of *Il re pastore* ('The Shepherd King') for the emperor's birthday. In *Orfeo*, the emperor is represented by Orpheus, and the opera celebrates his enduring love for his consort, Maria Theresia.

Plots chosen for their supposed relevance can appear grotesquely inappropriate to twentieth-century eyes. For two-thirds of the opera, Orpheus is, after all, in anguish, mourning the untimely death of his wife Eurydice. But Gluck's opera was not intended to be taken as prophesying the empress's imminent demise, any more than, five years later, his *Alceste* was thought to imply that the recently widowed empress should have sacrificed her own life to save her husband's. To a mid-eighteenth-century audience, Gluck and Calzabigi's *Orfeo* acts out a representation of love that is stronger than death, promises honoured and obedience rewarded.

Enlightenment drama investigates what it means to be fully human. Often built around a series of trials through which man (and in Italian drama the protagonist usually is male) must pass to achieve his full potential, it is goal-oriented, and its aim is always to define the highest degree of physical, mental, and moral development to which humanity might aspire. Orpheus passes his trial of courage by descending into the Underworld, and his test of skill by subduing the Furies with his singing. He fails his trial of obedience, by the narrowest of margins, because he was asked to attempt the superhuman – the denial of love. By turning to look at Eurydice, he demonstrates that faithful love is a more human virtue than the fulfillment of a vow extracted under duress. In the words of the Viennese critic, "to keep a secret is not the most difficult task for a reasonable man, but not to give help to a suffering wife is asking too much." His failure also provides the opportunity to illustrate another tenet of the Enlightenment, an act of clemency on the part of authority. For while Orpheus is an icon of Francis the husband of Maria Theresia, Amor stands for Francis as emperor, and representative of Enlightened absolutism in Europe.

Calzabigi had no qualms about altering the ending of the story "out of a pleasing regard for the requirements of our local theatre." Other ages had told the tale differently. The earliest versions, in Virgil and Ovid, and also in the Renaissance pastoral play by Poliziano, end violently, with

Orpheus being torn limb from limb by vengeful women. Rinuccini's libretto for the first operatic settings by Peri and Caccini in 1600 eliminates the trial element by imposing no condition on Orpheus, who successfully rescues Eurydice from the Underworld amid general rejoicing. Monteverdi's more famous telling of the same story in 1607 has a happy ending of sorts, since Orpheus's reward is to be taken up to heaven where he may forever gaze upon Eurydice among the stars. Calzabigi rejected the violence, the tensionless denouement and the abstract consolation of apotheosis, in favor of restoring, after physical and mental torment, a living, breathing wife to a grieving husband. His *Orfeo* celebrates married life, and addresses Maria Theresia's often stated concern that theatre should promote solid domestic virtues. The empress rewarded the poet's calculated tribute by enthusiastically and uncharacteristically attending fourteen performances of the first production. (Even so, scrupulous voices were raised against "moral ambiguities" in the work because the audience does not know what unlicensed activity Orpheus and Eurydice might indulge in between the end of Act II and the beginning of Act III!)

The structure of *Orfeo* satisfies the taste for symmetry and balance in the Age of Reason. In this most architectural of operas, the arching framework of the slight plot is supported at each side by the pillars of the opening and closing choruses, the first deeply mourning, the last cheerfully triumphant. The opening chorus is remarkable for its expressive intensity: three times Orpheus calls out his wife's name above the somber funeral ritual. Gluck urged a later exponent of the part, the French tenor Le Gros, to "think at this moment neither of the music nor of the chorus, but scream with as much pain as if someone were sawing your leg off!" The first Orpheus, however, was the castrato Guadagni, and Calzabigi acknowledged his contribution to creating the role, writing that "the part fitted him like a glove." What is known of Guadagni's talents? He impressed Handel, who gave him the alto solos in *Messiah* and *Samson*; his voice was small, but flexible and finely nuanced; he had been trained as an actor by none other than David Garrick, and may well have seized the opportunity provided by the pauses between his phrases to enhance his role with the expressive gestures for which he was famous – Burney tells us that "Guadagni's



Christine Brandes and Michael Chance

admirable action” accounted for much of the opera’s popularity. No happy ending could quite match this movement in emotional range or theatrical effect, but there is evidence that Gluck rejected a more pedestrian version of his final chorus in favour of the springing step of the festively scored vaudeville heard today. As the critic of the *Diarium* declared, “Has not the virtuous Orpheus merited his happier fate?”

Within this outermost frame, there are more equal and opposite structures to be articulated. The opera divides in the middle of Act II, its first half moving from darkness to darkness, with the lighter central episode of Amor’s hopeful interpolation. The second half is framed by light, the light of the Blessed Spirits and the light of the happy ending, containing at its center the dark tragedy of Orpheus’s struggle to fulfill Amor’s arbitrary conditions. The parallel situations of the protagonists form another arch, as in each half of the opera, one of them calls for some signal of response: in Act I Orpheus cries out in vain for Eurydice to *speak* to him (“L’idol del mio cor non mi risponde!”); in Act III Eurydice begs him, all but vainly, to look at her (“Rispondi, traditor!”) Then there are the two great laments which evidence Gluck’s ability to couch extremes of emotion in the language of a simple song. “Chiamo il mio ben così” in Act I is balanced by “Che farò” in Act III, both miracles of controlled passion: “The chevalier Gluck is simplifying music,” wrote Burney, “he tries all he can to keep his muse chaste and sober . . . Most of his airs in *Orfeo* are as plain and simple as English ballads.”

The magnificent second act contains the fulcrum of the work, in two extended tone pictures, one of darkness, one of light. With a curious literalism, composers of the Enlightenment never failed to grasp an opportunity to paint the changing quality of light - from the wealth of gently crescendoing dawns in Haydn’s symphonies and oratorios (not forgetting the “big bang” in *The Creation*) to the radiant emergence, after their trials, of Tamino and Pamina into Sarastro’s enlightened kingdom in Mozart’s *Die Zauberflöte*. Gluck’s music for the gloomy cavern in Act II Scene I, with its smoke-filled depths and flickering illumination, is not merely fearsome - though the three heads of Cerberus bark realistically - but has a certain nobility too: Orpheus does not snatch Eurydice from a gang of thugs, but

persuades suffering spirits to grant him access to a sweet token of the life they can barely understand. When he later rehearsed the opera in Paris, Gluck braved a demarcation dispute and brought about a minor revolution in the opera house by insisting that the dancers themselves sing the repeated cries of “No!” as they contested Orpheus’s entry into the Underworld.

For the delights of the Elysian Fields, Gluck produced a masterpiece. Using tiny orchestral motifs as effectively as Impressionist painters a hundred years later were to use dabs of paint, he represents, in “Che puro ciel,” the shimmer and dazzle of light itself. This elaborate score must have given trouble in performance. Gluck told Burney of “the difficulties he had met with in disciplining the band, both vocal and instrumental performers, at the rehearsals of Orfeo,” and that “he frequently obliged them to repeat some of his maneuvers twenty or thirty times.” The theatre schedules confirm an unusually large number of rehearsals for this work, and “Che puro ciel” is one of the numbers which Gluck simplified in revising the work for Paris. Even in its revised version, the intimate interdependence between voice and orchestra was hailed as something new – Beaumarchais described Gluck’s orchestra as “an actor in the drama.”

Orfeo, an occasional work in a minor genre, became a landmark in operatic history. Its one-off nature was quickly forgotten as by fits and starts it entered the Viennese repertoire, beginning exceptionally well with nineteen performances in 1762 alone. Performances across Europe soon followed. In the ten years after the premiere, *Orfeo* was seen in Italy, England, Germany, and Sweden, and largely through this one opera, Gluck became an international celebrity. Visiting him in Vienna in 1772, Burney expressed the opinion that “his invention is, I believe, unequalled by any other composer who now lives, or has ever existed.” Another visitor, the Swedish composer Kraus, wrote that “no pilgrim approached the relics of the holy land with greater reverence than I did this great patriarch.” “We are all Gluckists at Ferney,” declared Voltaire. And in Paris, a reluctant convert to Gluck’s cause gave *Orfeo* perhaps the finest tribute that could be paid to any work of art: “To spend a couple of hours in the enjoyment of so great a pleasure,” wrote Rousseau, “persuades me that life is worth living.”



Dana Hanchard, Michael Chance and Christine Brandes

Orfeo ed Euridice: Libretto

ATTO PRIMO

Overtura

SCENA I

Orfeo ed il Coro

CORO

Ah, se intorno a quest'urna funesta,
Euridice, ombra bella, t'aggiri,

ORFEO

Euridice!

CORO

Odi i pianti, i lamenti, i sospiri
Che dolenti si spargon per te.

ORFEO

Euridice!

CORO

Ed ascolta il tuo sposo infelice
Che piangendo
Ti chiama e si lagna

ORFEO

Euridice!

CORO

Come quando
La dolce compagna
Tortorella amorosa perdè.

ORFEO

Basta, basta, o compagni!
Il vostro lutto aggrava il mio!
Spargete purpurei fiori,
Inghirlandate il marmo,
Partitevi da me!
Restar vogl'io solo
Fra quest'ombre funebri e oscure
Coll'empia compagnia di mie sventure.

ACT ONE

Overture

SCENE I

Orpheus and Chorus

CHORUS

Ah! If around this funeral urn,
Eurydice, sweet spirit, you hover,

ORPHEUS

Eurydice!

CHORUS

Hear the plaints, the laments, the sighs
Which we mourners utter for you.

ORPHEUS

Eurydice!

CHORUS

And hearken to your unhappy husband,
Who, weeping,
Calls you and makes moan.

ORPHEUS

Eurydice!

CHORUS

As when
The amorous dove
Loses her dear companion.

ORPHEUS

Enough, enough, my friends!
Your grief increases my own!
Scatter purple flowers,
Place garlands on her tomb,
And leave me!
I would remain alone
Among these dark and mournful shades
With the pitiless company of my
misfortunes!

Ballo

CORO

Ah, se intorno a quest'urna funesta,
Euridice, ombra bella, t'aggiri,
Odi i pianti, i lamenti, i sospiri
Che dolenti si spargon per te.

ORFEO

Chiamo il mio ben così
Quando si mostra il dì.
Quando s'asconde!
Ma, oh vano mio dolor!
L'idol del mio cor
Non mi risponde!

ORFEO

Euridice, Euridice,
Ombra cara, ove sei?
Piange il tuo sposo
Ti domanda agli Dei,
A' mortali ti chiede
E sparse a venti
Son le lagrime sue,
I suoi lamenti!

ORFEO

Cerco il mio ben così
In queste, ove morì,
Funeste sponde.
Ma solo al mio dolor,
Perchè conobbe amor,
L'eco risponde.

ORFEO

Euridice! Euridice! Ah, questo nome
San le spiagge, e le selve
L'appresero da me!
In ogni valle
Euridice risuona, in ogni tronco
Scrisse il misero Orfeo:
Orfeo infelice,
Euridice, idol mio,
Cara Euridice!

ORFEO

Piango il mio ben così,
Se il sole indora il dì,
Se va nell'onde,
Pietoso al pianto mio
Va mormorando il rio,
E mi risponde.

Ballet

CHORUS

Ah! If around this funeral urn,
Eurydice, sweet spirit, you hover,
Hear the plaints, the laments, the sighs
Which we mourners utter for you.

ORPHEUS

Thus do I call my love
When day shows itself
And when it disappears.
But ah! vain is my grief!
The idol of my heart
Does not reply.

ORPHEUS

Eurydice, Eurydice,
Beloved shade, where are you?
Your husband weeps,
Begs the gods for you
And asks for you among mortals,
Yet scattered to the wind
Are his tears
And his laments!

ORPHEUS

Thus do I seek my love
On these sad shores
Where she died.
But to my grief
Echo alone replies,
Since it knew our love.

ORPHEUS

Eurydice, Eurydice! Ah, that name
The seashore knows, and the woods
Learnt from me!
In every valley
Eurydice resounds, on every tree
The wretched Orpheus has written:
Unhappy Orpheus,
Eurydice, my love,
Dear Eurydice!

ORPHEUS

Thus do I mourn my love,
Whether the sun gilds the day
Or sinks into the waves.
The brook, taking pity on my plaints
Goes murmuring by
And answers me.

ORFEO

Numi! barbari Numi,
 D'Acheronte e d'Averno pallido abitor,
 La di cui mano avida delle morti
 Mai disarmò, mai trattener
 Non seppe beltà ne gioventù,
 Voi mi rapiste la mia bella Euridice—
 Oh memoria crudel!—sul fior degli anni!
 La rivoglio da voi, Numi tiranni!
 Ho core anch'io per ricercar
 Sull'orme de'più intrepidi Eroi,
 Nel vostro orrore la mia sposa,
 Il mio ben!

SCENA II

Amore, e detto

AMORE

T'assiste Amore!
 Orfeo, della tua pena
 Giove sente pietà.
 Ti si concede le pigre
 Onde di Lete vivo varcar!
 Del tenebroso abisso sei sulla via:
 Se placar puoi col canto le furie,
 I mostri, e l'empia morte,
 Al giorno la diletta Euridice
 Farà teco ritorno.

ORFEO

Ah, come? Ah, quando?
 E possibil sarà?
 Spiegati!

AMORE

Avrai valor che basti
 A questa prova estrema?

ORFEO

Mi prometti Euridice,
 E vuoi ch'io tema?

AMORE

Sai però con qual patto
 L'impresa hai da compir.

ORPHEUS

O gods, cruel gods!
 You, the pale inhabitant of Acheron
 and Avernus,
 Whose greedy hand was never stayed
 By beauty or youth,
 Nor could keep it from death,
 You stole from me my lovely Eurydice—
 Oh cruel memory!—in the flower of her life.
 I want her back from you, tyrannous gods!
 I too have the courage, in the footsteps
 Of the most intrepid heroes,
 To search for my wife,
 My loved one, in your horror!

SCENE II

Amor and Orpheus

AMOR

Love will assist you!
 Orpheus, Jove has taken pity
 On your grief.
 It is granted you to pass
 The sluggish waters of Lethe alive!
 Go on your way to the shadowy abyss:
 If with your singing you can
 placate the Furies,
 The monsters, and pitiless death,
 You can take back your beloved Eurydice
 With you into the light of day.

ORPHEUS

But how? and when?
 Can this be possible?
 Explain!

AMOR

Have you courage enough
 For this extreme trial?

ORPHEUS

Your promise me Eurydice,
 And you think I could be afraid?

AMOR

Then know on what conditions
 You must complete the task.

ORFEO

Parla!

AMORE

Euridice ti si vieta il mirar
 Finchè non sei fuor degli antri di Stige!
 E il gran divieto rivelarle non dei!
 Se no, la perdi e di nuovo e per sempre;
 E in abbandono al tuo fiero desio
 Sventurato vivrai!
 Pensaci, addio!

AMORE

Gli sguardi trattieni,
 Affrena gli accenti,
 Rammenta che peni,
 Che pochi momenti
 Hai più da penar!
 Sai purche talora
 Confusi, tremanti
 Con chi gl'innamora
 Son ciechi gli amanti,
 Non sanno parlar!

ORFEO

Che disse? Che ascoltai?
 Dunque Euridice vivrà,
 L'avrò presente?
 E dopo i tanti affanni miei,
 In quel momento,
 In quella guerra d'affetti,
 Io non dovrò mirarla,
 Non stringerla al mio sen!
 Sposa infelice!
 Che dirà mai? Che penserà?
 Preveggo le smanie sue,
 Comprendo le angustie mie!
 Nel figurarlo solo
 Sento gelarmi il sangue,
 Tremarmi il cor!
 Ma lo potrò! Lo voglio!
 Ho risoluto! Il grande
 L'insoffribil de'mali è l'esser privo
 Dell'unico dell'alma amato oggetto.
 Assistetemi, o Dei! La legge accetto.

ORPHEUS

Speak!

AMOR

Forbidden is the sight of Eurydice
 Until you are beyond the caves of the Styx!
 And of this great prohibition you
 must not tell her!
 Otherwise, you lose her again, and for ever;
 And you will live unhappy,
 A prey to your fierce desire!
 Think on this: farewell!

AMOR

Restrain your glances,
 Refrain from words:
 Recall, if you suffer,
 That you have to suffer
 But a few moments more!
 Do you not know
 That sometimes lovers,
 Confused and trembling,
 Are blind to those they love,
 And cannot speak?

ORPHEUS

What said he? What did I hear?
 That Eurydice will live
 And I shall have her here?
 And after all my torments,
 In that moment,
 Torn by emotions,
 I must not look at her,
 Not clasp her to my bosom!
 Unhappy wife!
 What will she say? What will she think?
 I foresee her impatience,
 I understand my anguish.
 At the mere thought
 I feel my blood congeal,
 My heart falter.
 But I can! I will!
 I am resolved! The greatest,
 Most intolerable of ills is to be deprived
 Of the only being my soul adores.
 Be with me, ye gods! I accept your decree.

ATTO SECONDO

SCENA I

Orfeo ed il Coro

Ballo

CORO

Chi mai dell'Erebo
Fralle caligini
Sull'orme d'Ercole
E di Piritoo
Conduce il piè?

Ballo

CORO

hi mai dell'Erebo
Fralle caligini
Sull'orme d'Ercole
E di Piritoo
Conduce il piè?

D'orror l'ingombrino
Le fiere Eumenidi,
E lo spaventino
Gliurli di Cerbero,
Se un dio non è!

Ballo

ORFEO

Deh! placatevi con me,
Furie, larve, ombre sdegnose!

CORO

No!

ORFEO

Vi renda almen pietose
Il mio barbaro dolor!

CORO

Misero giovane,
Che vuoi, che mediti?
Altro non abita
Che lutto e gemito
In queste orribili
Soglie funeste!

ACT TWO

SCENE I

Orpheus and Chorus

Ballet

CHORUS

Who is this
Who draws near to us
Through the gloom of Erebus
In the footsteps of Hercules
And of Pirithous?

Ballet

CHORUS

Who is this
Who draws near to us
Through the gloom of Erebus
In the footsteps of Hercules
And of Pirithous?

May the savage Eumenides
Overwhelm him with horror,
And the howls of Cerberus
Terrify him
If he is not a god.

Ballet

ORPHEUS

O be merciful to me,
Ye Furies, ye spectres, ye angry shades!

CHORUS

No!

ORPHEUS

May my cruel grief
At least earn your pity!

CHORUS

Wretched youth,
what seek you? What is your purpose?
Here dwell naught
but grief and lamenting
in these fearful,
mournful regions!

ORFEO

Mille pene, ombre moleste,
Come voi sopporto anch'io!
Ho con me l'inferno mio,
Me lo sento in mezzo al cor.

CORO

Ah, quale incognito
Affetto flebile
Dolce a sospendere
Vien l'implacabile
Nostro furor?

ORFEO

Men tiranne, ah! voi sareste
Al mio pianto, al mio lamento,
Se provaste un sol momento
Cosa sia languir d'amor!

CORO

Ah, quale incognito
Affetto flebile
Dolce a sospendere
Vien l'implacabile
Nostro furor?

Le porte stridano
Su'neri cardini
E il passo lascio
Sicuro e libero
Al vincitor!

SCENA II

Ballo

ORFEO

Che puro ciel, che chiaro sol,
Che nuova serena luce è questa mai!
Che dolce lusinghiera armonia
Formano insieme
Il cantar degli augelli,
Il correr de'ruscelli,
Dell'aure il sussurar!
Questo è il soggiorno
De'fortunati Eroi!
Qui tutto spira un tranquillo contento,
Ma non per me.
Se l'idol mio non trovo,
Sperar non posso!

ORPHEUS

A thousand pangs I too suffer,
Like you, o troubled shades!
My hell lies within me,
In the depths of my heart.

CHORUS

Ah! What unknown
Feeling of pity
Sweetly comes
To soften
Our implacable rage?

ORPHEUS

Ah! You would be less harsh
To my weeping and lamenting
If for but a moment you could know
What it is to languish for love!

CHORUS

Ah! What unknown
Feeling of pity
Sweetly comes
To soften
Our implacable rage?

Let the gates creak
On their black hinges,
And let the victor,
Safe and free,
Be allowed to pass.

SCENE II

Ballet

ORPHEUS

How clear the sky! How bright the sun!
How new and serene is this light!
What sweet, enchanting harmony
Do the song of the birds,
The purling of the streams,
The murmur of the breezes
Make together!
This is the abode
Of the blessed heroes!
Here everything breathes peace and
contentment,
But not for me.
If I cannot find my idol,

I suoi soavi accenti,
Gli amorosi suoi sguardi, il suo bel riso,
Sono il mio solo, il mio diletto Eliso!
Ma in qual parte ei sarà?
Chiedasi a questo
Che mi viene a incontrar stuolo felice.
Euridice dov'è?

CORO

Giunge Euridice!

CORO

Vieni a' regni del riposo,
Grand'eroe, tenero sposo,
Raro esempio in ogni età!
Euridice amor ti rende,
Già risorge, già riprende
La primiera sua beltà.

Ballo

ORFEO

Anime avventurose,
Ah, tollerate in pace le impazienze mie!
Se foste amanti,
Conoscerete a prova
Quel focoso desio,
Che mi tormenta,
Che per tutto è con me.
Nemmeno in questo placido albergo
Esser poss'io felice,
Se non trovo il mio ben.

CORO

Viene Euridice!

CORO

Torna, o bella, al tuo consorte,
Che non vuol che più diviso
Sia da te pietoso il ciel.
Non lagnarti di tua sorte,
Che può dirsi un altro Eliso
Uno sposo sì fedel.

There is no hope for me!
Her sweet voice,
Her loving glances, her tender smile,
Are my only, my blissful Elysium!
But where can she be?
Let me ask this happy crowd
Which comes to meet me.
Where is Eurydice?

CHORUS

Eurydice is coming!

CHORUS

Come to the realms of bliss,
Great hero, tender husband,
Rare example in any age
Amor returns Eurydice to you,
Already she revives and recovers
All the flower of her beauty.

Ballet

ORPHEUS

Kind spirits,
Ah! suffer my impatience in peace!
If you were lovers
You would know for yourselves
The burning desire
Which torments me,
Which goes with me everywhere.
Not even in this peaceful haven
Can I be happy
If I do not find my love.

CHORUS

Here is Eurydice!

CHORUS

Return, fair one, to your husband,
From whom merciful heaven
Wishes you never more to be parted.
Do not lament your lot,
For a husband so true
Can be called another Elysium.

INTERVAL

ATTO TERZO

SCENA I

Orfeo ed Euridice

ORFEO

Vieni, segui i miei passi,
Unico amato oggetto
Del fedele amor mio!

EURIDICE

Sei tu? M'inganno?
Sogno? Veglio? O deliro?

ORFEO

Amata sposa, Orfeo son io, e vivo
ancor!
Ti venni fin negli Elisi a ricercar.
Fra poco il nostro cielo, il nostro sole,
Il mondo di bel nuovo vedrai!

EURIDICE

Tu vivi? Io vivo?
Come? Ma con qual arte? Ma per qual
via?

ORFEO

Saprai tutto da me.
Per ora non chieder più!
Meco t'affretta,
E il vano importuno timor dall'alma
sgombra!
Ombra tu più non sei,
Io non son ombra.

EURIDICE

Che ascolto? E sarà ver?
Pietosi Numi
Qual contento è mai questo!
Io dunque in braccio all'idol mio
Fra' più soavi lacci
D'Amore e d'Imeneo
Nuova vita vivrò!

ACT THREE

SCENE I

Orpheus and Eurydice

ORPHEUS

Come, follow my steps,
Dearest, only object
Of my faithful love.

EURYDICE

Is it you? Am I deceived?
Am I dreaming or awake? Or delirious?

ORPHEUS

Beloved wife, I am Orpheus, and
I am still alive.
I came to search for you
even in Elysium.
Soon you will see our sky, our sun,
Our dear world once again!

EURYDICE

Your are alive? I am living?
How? But by what art, by what means?

ORPHEUS

I will tell you all,
But do not ask more now!
Hasten with me,
And banish vain importunate fear from
your soul!
You are no longer a shade,
And I am not a shade.

EURYDICE

What do I hear? Can it be true?
Merciful gods,
What joy this is!
In my love's arms,
In the sweet nets
Of Love and Hymen,
I will live life anew!

ORFEO

Sì, mia speranza!
 Ma tronchiam le dimore,
 Ma seguiamo il cammin.
 Tanto è crudele la fortuna con me,
 Che appena io credo di possederti,
 Appena sò dar fede a me stesso.

EURIDICE

E un dolce sfogo del tenero amor mio
 Nel primo istante che tu ritrovi me,
 Ch'io ti riveggo
 T'annoja, Orfeo!

ORFEO

Ah, non è ver, ma...
 Sappi...senti...
 (Oh legge crudel!)
 Bella Euridice,
 Inoltra i passi tuoi!

EURIDICE

Che mai t'affanna
 In sì lieto momento?

ORFEO

(Che dirò?
 Lo preveddi!
 Ecco il cimento!)

EURIDICE

Non m'abbracci? Non parli?
 Guardami almen.
 Dimmi, son bella ancora,
 Qual era un dì?
 Vedi, che forse è spento
 Il roseo del mio volto?
 Odi, che forse s'oscurò
 Quel che amasti,
 E soave chiamasti,
 Splendor de'sguardi miei?

ORFEO

(Più che l'ascolto,
 Meno resisto.
 Orfeo, coraggio!)
 Andiamo, mia diletta Euridice!
 Or non è tempo
 Di queste tenerezze,
 Ogni dimora è fatale per noi.

ORPHEUS

Yes, my dearest!
 But let us delay no more
 And follow our road.
 So cruel has fortune been with me
 That I hardly can believe that I possess you.
 I can scarcely believe myself.

EURYDICE

Yet a soft pledge of my tender love
 In the first moment that you find me again,
 That I see you again,
 Annoys you, Orpheus!

ORPHEUS

Ah, that is not true, but...
 Know that...listen...
 (Oh cruel decree!)
 Dear Eurydice,
 Quicken your steps!

EURYDICE

But what distresses you
 In this happy moment?

ORPHEUS

(What can I say?
 I foresaw it!
 This is the moment of danger!)

EURYDICE

You do not embrace me? Nor speak?
 At least look at me.
 Say, am I still beautiful
 As I was once before?
 Look, has the color in my cheeks
 Perhaps faded?
 Listen, has the splendor of my eyes
 That you loved,
 And you called sweet,
 Perhaps dimmed?

ORPHEUS

(The more I listen,
 The less can I resist.
 Courage, Orpheus!)
 Come, my beloved Eurydice!
 Now is not the time
 For these tendernesses;
 Any delay is fatal for us.

EURIDICE
Ma...un sguardo solo...

ORFEO
È sventura il mirarti.

EURIDICE
Ah, infido!
E queste son l'accoglienze tue!
Mi neghi un sguardo,
Quando dal caro amante
E dal tenero sposo
Aspettarmi io dovea
Gli amplessi e i baci!

ORFEO
(Che barbaro martir!)
Ma vieni e taci!

EURIDICE
Ch'io taccia! E questo ancora
Mi restava a soffrir?
Dunque hai perduto
La memoria, l'amore,
La costanza, la fede?
E a che svegliarmi dal mio dolce riposo
Or ch'hai pur spente
Quelle a entrambi sì care d'Amore
E d'Imeneo pudiche faci!
Rispondi, traditor!

ORFEO
Ma vieni, e taci!

ORFEO
Vieni, appaga il tuo consorte!

EURIDICE
No, più cara è a me la morte,
Che di vivere con te!

ORFEO
Ah, crudel!

EURIDICE
Lasciami in pace!

ORFEO
Nò, mia vita, ombra seguace
Verrò sempre intorno a te!

EURYDICE
One single look!

ORPHEUS
To look at you would be disastrous.

EURYDICE
Ah, faithless one!
And this is your welcome!
You deny me a glance
When I should expect
From a true lover
And tender husband
Embraces and kisses!

ORPHEUS
(Cruel torture!)
Do come, and be silent!

EURYDICE
I be silent! Did I have
To suffer this too?
Have you then forgone
Memory, love,
Faith and constancy?
For what was I awakened from
my soft repose,
Now that you have extinguished
Those chaste torches
So dear to both Love and Hymen?
Reply, traitor!

ORPHEUS
Do come, and be silent!

ORPHEUS
Come, do your husband's bidding!

EURYDICE
No, death is dearer to me
Than life with you!

ORPHEUS
Cruel one!

EURYDICE
Leave me in peace!

ORPHEUS
No, my life, I will always come after you
Like a haunting shadow.

EURIDICE

Ma perchè sei sì tiranno?

ORFEO

Ben potrò morir d'affanno,
Ma giammai dirò perchè!

EURIDICE ED ORFEO

Grande, o Numi è il dono vostro!
Lo conosco e grata/grato io sono!
Ma il dolor, che unite al dono,
È insoffribile per me!

EURIDICE

Qual vita è questa mai
Che a vivere incomincio!
E qual funesto,
Terribile segreto
Orfeo m'asconde!
Perchè piange, e s'affligge?
Ah, non ancora troppo
Avvezza agli affanni,
Che soffrono i viventi,
A sì gran colpo
Manca la mia costanza;
Agli occhi miei
Si smarrisce la luce,
Oppresso in seno,
Mi diventa affannoso il respirar.
Tremo, vacillo,
E sento fra l'anguiscia e il terrore
Da un palpito crudel vibrarmi il core.

EURIDICE

Che fiero momento,
Che barbara sorte
Passar dalla morte
A tanto dolor!

Avvezzo al contento
D'un placido oblio,
Fra queste tempeste
Si perde il mio cor.

Vacillo, tremo...

ORFEO

Ecco un nuovo tormento.

EURYDICE

Then why are you so harsh?

ORPHEUS

I well could die of sorrow,
But I will never tell you why.

EURYDICE AND ORPHEUS

Great is your gift, ye gods!
I recognize it and am grateful!
But the grief which accompanies
Your gift is past all bearing!

EURYDICE

What life is this now
Which I am about to lead?
And what fatal,
Terrible secret
Does Orpheus hide from me?
Why does he weep and grieve?
Ah, I am as yet unaccustomed
To the sorrows
Suffered by the living!
Beneath so great a blow
My constancy fails,
The light fades
Before my eyes;
My breath, locked in my bosom,
Becomes laboured.
I tremble, I sway
And feel my heart wildly beating
With anguish and terror.

EURYDICE

O bitter moment!
O cruel fate!
To pass from death
To such sorrow.

I was used to the peace
Of a tranquil oblivion,
But in these tempests
My heart is shattered.

I sway, I tremble...

ORPHEUS

Here is a new torment.

EURIDICE

Amato sposo,
 M'abbandoni così?
 Mi struggo in pianto;
 Non mi consoli?
 Il duol m'opprime i sensi,
 Non mi soccori?
 Un'altra volta, oh stelle,
 Dunque morir degg'io
 Senza un amplesso tuo,
 Senza un addio?

ORFEO

Più frenarmi non posso,
 A poco a poco
 La ragion m'abbandona,
 Oblìo la legge,
 Euridice, e me stesso! E...

EURIDICE

Orfeo, consorte!
 Ah...mi sento...languir.

ORFEO

Nò, sposa! Ascolta!
 Se sapessi...
 A che fò?
 Ma fino a quando
 In questo orrido inferno dovrò penar?

EURIDICE

Ben mio, ricordati...di...me!

ORFEO

Che affanno!
 Oh, come mi si lacera il cor!
 Più non resisto...
 Smanio...fremo...delirio...
 Ah! Mio tesoro!

EURIDICE

Giusti Dei, che m'avenne?
 Io manco, io moro.

EURYDICE

Beloved husband,
 Will you leave me thus?
 I am consumed with grief;
 Will you not console me?
 Sorrow overwhelms my senses;
 Will you not aid me?
 O stars, must I then die
 Once more
 Without an embrace from you,
 Without a farewell?

ORPHEUS

I can restrain myself no longer;
 Little by little
 My reason is forsaking me.
 Eurydice, I forget the decree
 And myself! And...

EURYDICE

Orpheus, husband!
 Ah!...I feel...faint.

ORPHEUS

No, beloved! Listen!
 If you knew...
 ah, what am I doing?
 How long must I suffer
 In this fearful hell?

EURYDICE

Dearest, remember...me!

ORPHEUS

What torment!
 O how my heart is torn!
 I can resist no more...
 I rant...I tremble...I rave...
 Ah! My treasure!

EURYDICE

Merciful gods, what is happening?
 I faint...I die.

ORFEO

Ahimè! Dove trascorsi?
 Ove mi spinse
 Un delirio d'amor?
 Sposa! Euridice!
 Euridice! Consorte!
 Ah più non vive,
 La chiamo invan!
 Misero me!
 La perdo, e di nuovo e per sempre!
 Oh legge! Oh morte!
 Oh ricordo crudel!
 Non ho soccorso,
 Non m'avanza consiglio!
 Io veggio solo (ah, fiera vista!)
 Il luttuoso aspetto
 Dell'orrido mio stato!
 Saziati, sorte rea!
 Son disperato!

ORFEO

Che farò senza Euridice?
 Dove andrò senza il mio ben?
 Euridice! Euridice!
 Oh Dio! Rispondi!
 Io son pure il tuo fedel!
 Euridice! Euridice!
 Ah, non m'avanza
 Più soccorso più speranza,
 Nè dal mondo, nè dal ciel!

ORFEO

Ah finisca e per sempre colla vita il
 dolor!
 Del nero Averno
 Già sono insù la via!
 Lungo cammino non è
 Quel che divide il mio bene da me.
 Sì, aspetta, o cara ombra dell'idol mio!
 Aspetta, aspetta!
 Nò, questa volta senza lo sposo tuo
 Non varcherai l'onde lente di Lete.

ORPHEUS

Alas! What have I done?
 Where has love's frenzy
 Driven me?
 Beloved Eurydice!
 Eurydice! My wife!
 Ah! She lives no longer,
 I call her in vain!
 Woe is me!
 I have lost her again, and for ever.
 Cruel decree! O death!
 O bitter reminder!
 There is no help,
 No counsel for me!
 I see only (ah, cruel sight!)
 The mournful signs
 Of my terrible plight.
 Be satisfied, malevolent fate!
 I am in despair!

ORPHEUS

What shall I do without Eurydice?
 Where shall I go without my love?
 Eurydice! Eurydice!
 O heavens! Answer!
 I am still true to you!
 Eurydice! Eurydice!
 Ah, there is no help,
 No hope for me
 Either on earth nor in heaven!

ORPHEUS

Ah! May grief end my life, and for ever!
 I am already upon the path
 to black Avernus!
 It is not a long road
 which divides me from my love.
 Yes, wait, dear shade of my beloved!
 Wait, wait!
 No, this time you shall not cross
 Lethe's sluggish waters without your
 husband.

SCENA II*Amore e detti***AMORE**

Orfeo, che fai?

ORFEO

E chi sei tu,
Che trattenere ardisci
Le dovute a miei casi
Ultime furie mie?

AMORE

Questo furore calma,
Deponi, e riconosci Amore!

ORFEO

Ah sei tu? Ti ravviso!
Il duol finora tutti i sensi m'opresse.
A che venisti
In sì fiero momento?
Che vuoi da me?

AMORE

Farti felice!
Assai per gloria mia soffristi, Orfeo,
Ti rendo Euridice il tuo ben.
Di tua costanza maggior prova non
chiedo
Ecco: risorge
A riunirsi con te.

ORFEO

Che veggo! Oh Numi!
Sposa!

EURIDICE

Consorte!

ORFEO

E pur t'abbraccio?

EURIDICE

E pure al sen ti stringo!

ORFEO

Ah, quale riconoscenza mia.

SCENE II*Amor and the previous characters***AMOR**

Orpheus, what are you doing?

ORPHEUS

And who are you
Who dare to restrain
My last fury,
Which my plight justifies?

AMOR

Calm your anger,
Lay down your weapon, and recognize Love!

ORPHEUS

Ah, is it you? I recognize you!
Grief clouded all my senses before.
Why have you come
In this bitter moment?
What do you want with me?

AMOR

To make you happy!
Orpheus, you have suffered enough for my
gory;
I give you back your beloved Eurydice.
I seek no greater proof of your fidelity.
Here she is: she rises
To be reunited with you.

ORPHEUS

What do I see? Ye gods!
My wife!

EURYDICE

My husband!

ORPHEUS

Can I really embrace you?

EURYDICE

Can I clasp you to my bosom?

ORPHEUS

My gratitude to you.

AMORE

Basta!

Venite! Avventurosi amanti,
Usciamo al mondo,
Ritornate a godere!

ORFEO

Oh fausto giorno,
Oh Amor pietoso!

EURIDICE

Oh lieto, fortunato momento!

AMORE

Compensa mille pene
Un mio contento!

SCENA III E ULTIMA

Ballo

ORFEO E CORO

Trionfi Amore,
E il mondo intiero
Serva all'impero
Della beltà!

Di sua catena
Talvolta amara
Mai fù più cara
La libertà!

AMORE

Talor dispera,
Talvolta affanna
D'una tiranna
La crudeltà!

Ma poi la pena
Oblia l'amante
Nel dolce istante
Della pietà!

CORO

Trionfi Amore,
E il mondo intiero
Serva all'impero
Della beltà!

AMOR

Enough!

Come, happy lovers,
Let us go back to earth:
Return to enjoy it!

ORPHEUS

O happy day!
O merciful Amor!

EURYDICE

O joyful, blissful moment!

AMOR

My contentment compensates
For a thousand woes!

SCENE III

Ballet

ORPHEUS AND CHORUS

Let Amor triumph,
And all the world
Serve the empire
Of beauty!

Never was sweeter
The liberty
Of her sometimes
Bitter chains!

AMOR

The cruelty
Of a tyrant
Causes now despair,
Now distress.

But the lover
Forgets his pains
In the sweet moment
Of mercy.

CHORUS

Let Amor triumph,
And all the world
Serve the empire
Of beauty!

EURIDICE

La gelosia
Strugge e divora,
Ma poi ristora, la fedeltà.
È quel sospetto
Che il cor tormenta
Al fin diventa
Felicità!

CORO

Trionfi Amore,
E il mondo intiero
Serva all'impero
Della beltà!

EURYDICE

Jealousy consumes
And devours,
But faith restores.
And that suspicion
Which torments the heart
At last turns
To delight.

CHORUS

Let Amor triumph,
And all the world
Serve the empire
Of beauty!

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Vivarte recording *Orfeo ed Euridice* (Vienna version, 1762 – complete) by
Tafelmusik (Sony Classical 2x2K48040)



Mark Morris and Christopher Hogwood



MARK MORRIS was born and raised in Seattle, Washington where he studied with Verla Flowers and Perry Brunson. He has performed with a diverse assortment of companies over the years, including the Lar Lubovitch Dance Company, Hannah Kahn Dance Company, Laura Dean Dancers and Musicians, Eliot Feld Ballet, and the Koleda Balkan Dance Ensemble. Since 1980, in addition to creating over 70 works for the Mark Morris Dance Group, he has created dances for many ballet companies, including the San Francisco Ballet, the Paris Opera Ballet, and American Ballet Theatre. In 1990, he and Mikhail Baryshnikov founded the White Oak Dance Project. Mr. Morris has also worked extensively in opera. From 1988 to 1991, he was director of dance at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie in Brussels, the national opera house of Belgium. Mr. Morris was named a Fellow of the MacArthur Foundation in 1991, and is the subject of a recent biography by Joan Acocella (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

MARK MORRIS DANCE

GROUP was formed in 1980 and gave its first performance in New York City that year. In addition to touring widely, the Dance Group has been the subject of television specials for PBS' *Dance in America* series and London Weekend Television's South Bank Show. From 1988 to 1991, the Dance Group was the resident company of the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels. The Dance Group has recently completed two film projects, a collaboration with cellist Yo-Yo Ma using J.S. Bach's Third Suite for Unaccompanied Cello, and a film version of Henry Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*. This is the Dance Group's fifth consecutive appearance at the Edinburgh International Festival.



CHRISTOPHER HOGWOOD

is internationally renowned as a pioneer in historically-informed performance. One of the world's most active conductors, his approach to opera has produced award-winning results; his recent recording of Mozart's *La clemenza di Tito*, with Cecilia Bartoli, received the 1995 German Record Critics Prize and a 1996 Grammy Award nomination for Best Opera Recording. His other opera recordings include Purcell's *Dido*

and Aeneas, Handel's *Orlando*, and Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. Mr. Hogwood's enthusiasm for illuminating juxtapositions of old and new is evident in tonight's *Orfeo*, with its combination of period instruments and contemporary dance, and also in the staged production of Handel's *Messiah*, which he conducted for Deutsche Oper Berlin. He has also conducted the Opera Theatre of St. Louis and Opéra de Paris; he is a regular guest of the Australian Opera, with whom he conducted *Idomeneo* in 1994 and to whom he returns in 1997 for a *Clemenza* revival, in addition to a new production of Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride*. As well as being H&H Artistic Director, Mr. Hogwood is founder and director of The Academy of Ancient Music, Principal Guest Conductor of the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra, and Artistic Director of Washington D.C.'s annual Mozart Festival.

THE HANDEL & HAYDN

SOCIETY is a premier chorus and period orchestra under the artistic direction of Christopher Hogwood. H&H is an American leader in historically-informed performance, performing music on the instruments and with the performing styles of the period in which it was composed for an authentic sound and concert experience. Founded in Boston in 1815, H&H is the oldest continuously-performing arts organization in the country, with a long tradition of musical excellence and innovation. In the nineteenth century, the Society gave the American premieres of several Baroque and Classical works, including Handel's *Messiah* (1818), which H&H has performed every year since 1854, *Samson* (1845), *Solomon* (1855), and *Israel in Egypt* (1859), and Bach's B Minor Mass (1887) and St. Matthew Passion (1889). In recent years, H&H has achieved widespread acclaim through recordings on the London Records/L'Oiseau-Lyre label, national broadcasts, and performances across North America. H&H performs up to forty concerts a season in Boston and nationally.



MICHAEL CHANCE was a choral scholar at King's College, Cambridge University, and has since developed a career that spans opera, oratorio, recital, and

recordings. Internationally, he has appeared at the opera houses of Paris (*Giulio Cesare*), Lisbon (*Rinaldo* and Gluck's *Orfeo*), Sydney (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*), and Amsterdam (Monteverdi cycle). In Great Britain he has appeared at Covent Garden (*Death in Venice* and *Semele*), the Glyndebourne Festival (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*), Scottish Opera (*Giulio Cesare*), and English National Opera (Purcell's *The Fairy Queen*). His performances in oratorio and concert have been numerous and widespread, including Handel's *Agrippina* with John Eliot Gardiner, *Carmina Burana* with the London Symphony Orchestra, Bach's St. John Passion with Frans Brüggen, Handel's *Messiah* at Carnegie Hall, Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* in Japan, and *The Fairy Queen* in Vienna. He has made over fifty recordings, including the Grammy Award-winning *Semele* under John Nelson; J.S. Bach's two great Passions and B-Minor Mass, and Handel's *Tamerlano*, *Jephtha*, and *Agrippina* with John Eliot Gardiner; Handel's *Messiah* under both Trevor Pinnock and Sir Neville Marriner; and Handel's *Giustina* under Nicholas McGegan; and *Orfeo ed Euridice* with Frieder



DANA HANCHARD enjoys an active career in the United States and abroad for her work in a broad range of repertoire, receiving acclaim most notably for her

portrayals in opera and work in recital and chamber music. She has performed with such groups as the Houston Symphony, the National Arts Centre Orchestra of Ottawa, the English Baroque Soloists of London, Glimmerglass Opera, the Houston Grand Opera, among others. She has participated in many major music festivals in the United States and Europe, including the Göttingen Handel, Tanglewood, Aspen, and Banff Music Festivals. She has collaborated with such conductors as Nicholas McGegan, Christopher Seaman, Jane Glover, and John Eliot Gardiner. Her recordings include the roles of Tigrane in Handel's *Radamisto*, Nerone in Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea*, Gwen St. Clair in Meredith Monk's *Atlas*, and La Musica and Euridice in Monteverdi's *Orfeo*. Ms. Hanchard's 1996-97 season includes appearances at the Royal Danish Opera in the role of Romilda in Handel's *Xerxes* with Reinhard Goebel conducting; Bach's St. Matthew Passion with the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra in San Francisco; and a programme of Bach and Rameau with the New World Symphony led by Nicholas McGegan.



CHRISTINE BRANDES enjoys an active career in North America and abroad, performing at many festivals and concert series, including the Mostly Mozart, Berkeley Early Music, and Boston Early Music Festivals, and at Musikfeast. Her numerous appearances in programmes ranging from recitals and chamber music to oratorio and opera have gained critical acclaim, particularly for her roles in operas by Handel and Rameau. With Les Arts Florissants, she appeared in Charpentier's *Medée* at the Paris Opera Comique, as well as touring the United States, China, and Australia in a program of chamber operas. She has also performed with organizations such as Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, Ensemble Vocale European of La Chapelle Royale, Tafelmusik, Newberry Consort, and American Bach Soloists. Ms. Brandes' recent performances have included Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* with both Philharmonia Baroque and the National Arts Centre Orchestra and *King Arthur* with Les Violons du Roy, in addition to the Metropolitan Museum's "Introductions" recital series. She performed under Nicholas McGegan with the

Arcadian Academy on a recently released disc of music by Purcell and Blow.

ADRIANNE LOBEL has designed the sets for Mark Morris's *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato*, *The Hard Nut*, and *Le nozze di Figaro*, all of which premiered at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie in Brussels— where she also designed *Lohengrin*, directed by Anja Silja. She collaborates often with Peter Sellars. Some of their productions include *Nixon in China*, *Così fan tutte* and *The Marriage of Figaro*, which have been seen all over Europe and the United States; and *The Magic Flute* at Glyndebourne. Ms. Lobel is currently designing the sets for Kurt Weill's *Street Scene* for Houston Grand Opera, directed by Francesca Zambello, and working as production designer on a new Disney film directed by James Lupine.

MARTIN PAKLEDINAZ has worked with Mark Morris in Brussels at Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie (*The Hard Nut*, *Wonderland*, *Le nozze di Figaro*), Paris (*Ein Herz*), San Francisco (*Maelstrom*, *Pacific*), and New York (*A Lake*). Other dance credits include, *The Tuning Game* for Helgi Tomasson (SFB), *Cinderella* for Kent Stowell (PNB), and *Ogive* for Feld Ballets/NY. His designs for opera and theatre have been seen at the Metropolitan Opera, and in Seattle, Sante Fe, Boston, Toronto, Stockholm, Amsterdam, and St. Louis. New York credits include *The Father*, with Frank

Langella; *Holiday*, directed by David Warren; James Lapine's *Twelve Dreams*, and Kevin Kline's *Hamlet* (Public Theatre and PBS). Mr. Pakledinaz's work on the TNT film *Grand Isle*, starring Kelly McGillis, earned a Cable/Ace Award Nomination. The design for this production is dedicated to the memory of Scott Hudson and James Pakledinaz.

MICHAEL CHYBOWSKI has recently designed Laurie Anderson's *The Nerve Bible*, which was seen throughout the United States and Europe, as well as being performed at the Neil Simon Theatre in New York. For the Mark Morris Dance Group, he has recently lit *World Power*, *Somebody's Coming to See Me Tonight*, *The Office*, and *Lucky Charms*. His lighting for the Yo-Yo Ma/Mark Morris collaboration of the filming of Bach's Third Cello Suite was seen last August when the film had its premiere as part of the Edinburgh International Film Festival. Other recent projects include *Wonderful Tennessee* and *The Misanthrope* at the McCarter Theatre, The Beaux Stratagem at Berkeley Repertory Theatre with director Mark Wing-Davies, and the filming of the Mark Morris Dance Group's *Dido and Aeneas* in Toronto.

JOHN FINNEY plays organ and harpsichord as well as directing several Boston-area ensembles. He has performed solo keyboard recitals throughout the United States and Europe, and has appeared as organist and harpsichordist with H&H, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Orchestra of St. Luke's, Bach Ensemble, Ensemble Abendmusik, and Smithsonian Chamber Players. In addition to his duties as H&H Associate Conductor and director of the H&H Chamber Series, John Finney is also active as director of University Chorale at Boston College, among several others. He holds degrees in organ performance from Oberlin College Conservatory of Music and Boston Conservatory, and he has studied at the North German Organ Academy with Harold Vogel and the Academy for Italian Organ Music with Luigi F. Tagliavini. Mr. Finney has made many recordings. He is on the faculty of Boston Conservatory, and also teaches at the Academy for Early Music in Bressanone, Italy.

MARK MORRIS DANCE GROUP

JOE BOWIE born in Lansing, Michigan, began dancing while attending Brown University. After graduating with honours in English and American Literature, he moved to New York and performed in the works of Robert Wilson, Ulysses Dove, and danced with The Paul Taylor Dance Company for two years before going to Belgium to work with Mark Morris.

CHARLTON BOYD was born in New Jersey where he studied and performed with Inner City Ensemble Theater & Dance Company. He is a graduate of the Juilliard School and has danced with the Limon Dance Company and in the musical *The Ebony Games*. He appears in the *Jose Limon Technique Video, Volume 1*, and other music videos.

RUTH DAVIDSON a native New Yorker, began her serious dance training at the High School of Performing Arts where she was a recipient of the coveted Helen Tamiris Award. After attaining her BFA from SUNY College at Purchase, she began her professional career with the Hannah Kahn Dance Company. Ms. Davidson later joined the Don Redlich Dance Company where she also had the honour of working with dance master Hanya Holm. She appears in "Hanya: Portrait of a Dance Pioneer," a biographical film on the career of Ms. Holm. She has been with the Mark Morris Dance Group since 1980. Ms. Davidson has consistently studied with Jocelyn Lorenz since 1979.

TINA FEHLANDT grew up in Wilmington, Delaware. She has been a member of the Mark Morris Dance Group since its inception in 1980. She has staged Mr. Morris' work on Repertory Dance Company of Canada, Concert Dance Company of Boston, New York University Tisch School of the Arts, University of Minnesota, San Francisco Ballet, and assisted him on his work with Boston Ballet and American Ballet Theatre. Ms. Fehlandt has also appeared with the White Oak Dance Project.

SHAWN GANNON is from Dover, New Jersey. He has danced with Lee Theodore's American Dance Machine, the Nina Weiner Dance Company, Mark Dendy's Dendy Dance, Laura Dean Dancers and Musicians, and Jane Comfort and Company.

DAN JOYCE from Stuart, Virginia, began his professional dance training at the North Carolina School of the Arts, where he received his Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in 1983. He danced for one season with the Maryland Dance Theater before joining Concert Dance Company of Boston for four years. He joined the Mark Morris Dance Group in 1988.

VICTORIA LUNDELL was born in Berkeley, California, then moved to Detroit where she studied dance with Rose Marie Floyd and Dolores Allison. She danced professionally with Harbinger Dance Company, guested with Utopia Dance Theatre in Mexico City, and then completed her BFA in dance from the University of Michigan in 1989. For four years she danced with The Parsons Dance Company, and has been dancing with the Mark Morris Dance Group since 1994. Victoria gives thanks to David Matiano, who is a continual source of inspiration.

MARIANNE MOORE was born in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and studied dance at North Carolina School of the Arts. She has also danced with the White Oak Dance Project.

RACHEL MURRAY began her dance training in Vancouver, BC at Simon Fraser University. She then went on to perform with Betty Jones' Dances We Dance Company in Honolulu and in Senta Driver's "Harry" in New York City. She joined Mark Morris Dance Group in 1988.

JUNE OMURA received her early dance training at the University of Alabama in Birmingham and then attended Barnard College, graduating in 1986 with honours in Dance and English. She has danced for Mark Morris since 1988, previously performing in New York with Kenneth King, Sally Silvers, Richard Bull, Peter Healey and Hannah Kahn.

KRAIG PATTERSON from Trenton, New Jersey, received his BFA in 1986 from the Juilliard School and began dancing with the Mark Morris Dance Group in 1987.

MIREILLE RADWAN-DANA was born in Beirut, but grew up in Rome, Italy, where she attended Tersicore from 1978–1986. She then moved to Brussels to attend the Mudra School from 1986–1988. She joined the Mark Morris Dance Group in 1988.

GUILLERMO RESTO dances with Mark Morris.

WILLIAM WAGNER is from Larchmont, New York. He studied at the Martha Graham School of Dance and is an English graduate from the State University of New York at Purchase. Mr. Wagner joined the Mark Morris Dance Group in 1988.

MEGAN WILLIAMS hails from Los Angeles, California, and Toronto, Canada. She is a BFA graduate of the Juilliard School and has danced with Ohad Naharin, Glenn/Lund/Dance and Mark Haim, among others. She has been a member of the Mark Morris Dance Group since September 1988 and teaches regularly in New York.

JULIE WORDEN a graduate of the North Carolina School of the Arts, has danced with Chicago choreographers Bob Eisen, Jan Erkert, and Sheldon B. Smith.

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The Handel & Haydn Society is supported in part by generous grants from the Massachusetts Cultural Council, a state agency, and the National Endowment for the Arts. This support enables H&H to present not only several concert series, but also an educational outreach program in over forty public schools throughout Massachusetts, and free public concerts that bring H&H's music to wider audiences.

This production of Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* is a logical extension of the Handel & Haydn Society's long history of innovation and experimentation. Beginning with the Jubilee Festival of 1865 to celebrate its 50th anniversary, the Society has continuously earned a reputation for presenting the best of the old and the new. That reputation has manifested itself in H&H's progression of innovative performances, including those with jazz greats Dave Brubeck, The Modern Jazz Quartet, and Keith Jarrett; dance with Catherine Turocy and NY Baroque Dance Company; and drama with Claire Bloom. The impetus to commission Mark Morris came from Christopher Hogwood's long-standing admiration of Morris's ability to merge Baroque music with his own form of contemporary dance. At a time when innovation and experimentation are discouraged, rather than encouraged, H&H hopes that the *Orfeo* collaboration will serve as an example of a partnership that can reach beyond boundaries and expand horizons for both artists and audiences alike.

Set Construction by Hudson Scenic Studio and I. Weiss and Sons
Costumes executed by Euro Co, Izquierdo Studio, and Studio Rouge
Fabric dyeing by Gene Mignola, Inc.

Understudies: Carl Strygg *Orfeo*
Christine Brandes *Euridice*
Roberta Anderson *Amor*

H&H Artistic Management: Columbia Artists Management, Inc.
Personal Direction, Michael Mushalla

CHORUS

Soprano

Gail Abbey
Roberta Anderson
Elizabeth Brant
Marilyn Bulli
Janice Giampa
Sharon Kelley
Carol Millard

Alto

Katharine Emory
Eleanor Kelley
Marjorie McDermott
Kamala Soparkar
Carl Strygg
Mary Ann Valaitis
Ethelwyn Worden

Tenor

Murray Kidd
Bruce Lancaster
Christopher Marrion
Manish Singh
Mark Sprinkle

Bass

Herman Hildebrand
John Holyoke
David McSweeney
Clifford Rust
Vincent Stringer

ORCHESTRA

Violin I

Daniel Stepner, Concertmaster
Kinloch Earle
Danielle Maddon
Julie Leven
Jane Starkman
Cynthia Roberts

Violin II

Linda Quan, Principal
Clayton Hoener
Judith Eissenberg

James Johnston
Peter Kupfer
Anca Nicolau

Viola

David Miller, Principal
Laura Jeppesen
Barbara Wright
Susan Seeber

Cello

Myron Lutzke, Principal
Phoebe Carrai
Karen Kaderavek
Timothy Merton

Bass

Anne Trout, Principal
Amelia Peabody Chair
Michael Willens

Harp

Alison Farrell

Flute

Christopher Krueger, Principal
Douglas Worthen

Oboe/Cor Anglais

Stephen Hammer, Principal
*chair funded in part by
Dr. Michael Fisher Sandler*
Marc Schachman

Chalumeau

Richard Shaughnessy

Bassoon

Andrew Schwartz, Principal
Nadina M. Jackson

Horn

Richard Menaul, Principal
Grace & John Neises Chair
R.J. Kelley

Trumpet/Cornetto

John Thiessen, Principal
Jesse Levine

Trombone

Steven Lundahl, Principal
Daniel Stillman
Cormack Ramsey

Timpani

John Grimes

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Thanks to Maxine Morris and god. Sincerest thanks to all the dancers for their dedication, support, and incalculable contribution to the work.

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