

22,24.2.2011

香港文化中心音樂廳
Concert Hall
Hong Kong Cultural Centre

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塞西莉亞 · 芭托莉 Cecilia Bartoli

女中音 Mezzo-soprano

二十多年前，塞西莉亞 · 芭托莉已躋身古典樂壇頂尖藝術家之列，唱片銷量高達八百萬張，曾打入國際樂壇流行榜過百周，多張個人專輯獲獎無數，包括四項美國格林美獎、九項德國回聲唱片大獎、一項德國斑比獎、兩項全英古典音樂獎和一項法國音樂之光大獎，奠定了她當代「最暢銷古典音樂家」的地位。

芭托莉在意大利羅馬長大，早年隨雙親學習聲樂。指揮家卡拉揚、巴倫邦和哈儂庫特等是她的伯樂，此後她經常與頂尖音樂家合作，足跡遍及全球首屈一指的音樂廳和歌劇院。

芭托莉令世界各地數以百萬計的人愛上古典音樂，而且因為她的知名度，多位被冷落的作曲家和許多被遺忘的曲目，也因她的演繹後被重新發現和評價。

她近年專攻十九世紀初、意大利浪漫主義和美聲唱法年代的作品，對傳奇女歌唱家馬里布蘭尤有興趣。

For more than two decades, Cecilia Bartoli has been one of the leading classical music artists. The exceptional amount of CDs sold (8 million), the time spent in the international pop charts (over 100 weeks), the numerous Golden Discs and awards she has received — including four Grammys (USA), nine Echos, one Bambi (Germany), two Classical Brit Awards (UK) and one Victoire de la musique (France) — reflect the success of her solo albums and that she is firmly established as today's "best-selling classical artist".

Herbert von Karajan, Daniel Barenboim and Nikolaus Harnoncourt were among the first to notice her talent at a time when she had barely completed her vocal studies with her parents in her home town of Rome, Italy. Since then, many other renowned musicians have partnered with her. She now performs in the leading concert halls and opera houses of the world.

Bartoli is responsible for bringing classical music close to the hearts of millions of people throughout the world. And she is proud that because of



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2008年3月24日是馬里布蘭二百歲誕辰，也是巴黎的大日子：芭托莉一天內在普雷葉劇院演出了三場音樂會，合作夥伴有郎朗、華汀·雷賓、亞當·費雪和鄭明勳，演出更在巴黎市政廳門前以大銀幕播放，芭托莉的馬里布蘭流動博物館也停泊同一地點。

其他馬里布蘭紀念活動包括發行唱片《瑪麗亞》、鐳射影碟《巴塞隆拿音樂會》、大規模的音樂會巡迴演出以及歌劇演出（飾演馬里布蘭生前擅長的角色），整個大型計劃以首個古樂團錄音的完整版《夢遊女》畫上句號。2010年6月，芭托莉在德國多蒙特音樂廳參演《諾瑪》，由湯瑪士·亨格布洛克指揮，選角同樣反映出貝里尼時代的聲樂特色。

2009/10樂季，芭托莉專注於新專輯《獻祭》，探索與十八世紀拿坡里及當地闔人歌手相關的曲目。

芭托莉將於2012年出任薩爾茨堡聖靈降臨節藝術總監，負責設計節目並在最新的歌劇製作中亮相。

this popularity, her projects have resulted in a widespread re-evaluation and rediscovery of neglected composers and forgotten repertoire.

Recently, Bartoli has devoted her time to the early 19th century, the era of Italian Romanticism and Belcanto, with special focus on the legendary singer Maria Malibran whose 200th birthday on 24 March 2008 was marked by an historical day in Paris. Bartoli sang three concerts for the occasion at Salle Pleyel — collaborating with Lang Lang, Vadim Repin, Adam Fischer and Myung-Whun Chung — while the City of Paris showed her on a big screen in front of the Town Hall. Nearby, Bartoli's mobile Malibran Museum was stationed to honour the special day.

Further bicentenary events included the CD *Maria*, the DVD *The Barcelona Concert*, extensive concert tours as well as operatic appearances in typical Malibran-roles. The first complete recording of *La Sonnambula* with period instruments completed this Malibran project. Nonetheless, in June 2010 it was continued at the Konzerthaus Dortmund, Germany, with a sensational, historically informed rendering of *Norma*, conducted by Thomas Hengelbrock and once again featuring a cast that reflected the original vocality of Bellini's own time.

2009/10 was marked by the launch of *Sacrificium* — a breathtaking voyage towards 18th century Naples and its castrato stars.

In 2012, Bartoli will become the Artistic Director of the Salzburg Whitsun Festival. She will be responsible for creating the programme and will also appear in newly staged opera productions.

香港洲際酒店贊助塞西莉亞·芭托莉之住宿。

Accommodation for Cecilia Bartoli is supported by InterContinental Hong Kong.

塞吉奧 · 喬美

Sergio Ciomei

鋼琴 Piano

喬美1965年生於意大利熱那亞，師隨佛朗哥·特拉柏哥，1984年以最高榮譽畢業。除鋼琴外，他也隨克里斯多夫·荷塞和揚·威廉·強森學習古鍵琴，又隨安德烈亞斯·斯泰爾和勞拉·阿爾凡尼學習早期鋼琴。

他是鋼琴和古鍵琴演奏家，既舉行獨奏會，亦與指揮家如法比奧·比昂迪、簡杜路夫和邊奴·克林格等合作；室樂方面，曾與他一同演出的有當代頂尖藝術家，包括安東尼尼、加洛瓦和莫里斯·史蒂格。

喬美既是三重和諧合奏團創團成員之一，也經常與巴羅克樂團合作，包括和聲花園室樂團、歐洲嘉蘭樂團、新音樂樂團和光彩古樂團。

1999年起，喬美已是活躍樂壇的指揮家。他演繹的巴赫、泰利曼、韓德爾和莫扎特作品在歐洲大受歡迎。

他最近應邀擔任瑞士巴塞室樂團客席指揮，與米揚諾維契攜手演出，然後錄製成獲獎唱片《韓德爾：歌劇選粹》；其後的巡迴演出更大獲好評，包括與柏林愛樂樂團合作，由米揚諾維契指揮和修兒·嘉碧姐擔任獨唱的音樂會。

Ciomei was born in Genoa in 1965. He graduated with the highest honours in 1984, under the guidance of Franco Trabucco. Alongside his piano activity, he studied harpsichord under Christophe Rousset and Jan Willem Jansen and fortepiano under Andreas Staier and Laura Alvini. As a piano and harpsichord soloist, he gives recitals and performs under the baton of maestros such as Fabio Biondi, Jean-Jacques Kantorow and Pino Klinge. As a chamber musician, he performs alongside some of the leading artists of our time, such as Giovanni Antonini, Patrick Gallois and Maurice Steger.

Ciomei is one of the founding members of the ensemble Tripla Concordia and he frequently collaborates with baroque orchestras, such as Giardino Armonico, Europa Galante, Le Musiche Nove and La Scintilla. Since 1999, he has also been active as a conductor. His performances of Bach, Telemann, Handel and Mozart have been received enthusiastically all over Europe. Recently, he was invited by the Basel Chamber Orchestra to be a guest conductor. This led to a recording of the award-winning *Händel: Affetti Barocchi* with Marjana Mijanovic, and a successful concert tour with dates in the Berlin Philharmonic, again with Marjana Mijanovic and featuring Sol Gabetta as soloist.



非凡的高峰，非凡的探索家

An Extraordinary Singer and Exploratory Scholar

文：司馬勤

從前像芭托莉這樣的歌手可說是無甚空間大展拳腳，要吸引觀眾的注意，女中音絕難有男高音和女高音的優勢，而像芭托莉這類嗓子，以技巧而非音量取勝者尤甚。

但芭托莉卻吐氣揚眉，成功登上了大雅之堂，一如所有歌劇女神，她的造詣和魅力一下子就迷倒過百萬樂迷，唱片暢銷有如流行歌曲，其他歌劇歌唱家望塵莫及。但芭托莉並不滿足於以銷量數字來把事業定型，她另闢蹊徑，探索早期音樂，為樂迷和音樂界中人都帶來驚喜。

芭托莉直言她崇拜的並非其他歌唱家，而是曾與她合作的指揮家，尤其是在古風演奏上投下不少心血的哈農庫特。芭托莉說：「與他共事使我明白到追溯溯源的重要，我唱過很多羅西尼和莫扎特，在有生之年都希望能唱下去，但當你返回早期音樂　　如韋華第，才能把羅西尼和莫扎特明白得透徹。」

她於1999年推出的《韋華第專集》裏，連一首為人熟悉的樂曲都沒有，但唱片仍然賣過百萬之數，成為她事業發展的轉捩點；在與唱片公司多番周旋後，芭托莉終於證明了自己的想法完全正確，她說：「我不想口出狂言，但那唱片是他們發行過最成功的古典音樂，足以證明有很多聽眾都希望嘗新。」

By Ken Smith

Not so long ago, the prospects for singers like Cecilia Bartoli were, to put it mildly, limited. Mezzo-sopranos have rarely held the public imagination as firmly as tenors and sopranos, especially singers like Bartoli, whose voice is about virtuosity rather than volume.

Against the odds big things happened for Bartoli. Like the great divas of old, her artistry and charm soon won over millions of fans. Like no other opera singer today her recordings began selling in pop-music figures. Bartoli wasted no time or effort in leveraging those numbers to dictate the terms of her career. Surprising for fans and industry insiders alike, though, was her choice in repertoire, a rather un-diva-like turn toward early music.

By her own admission, her role models have not been other singers but rather the conductors she has worked with, particularly Nikolaus Harnoncourt, who has devoted much of his career to historical performance. "Working with him, I realised how important it was to work backward," she says. "I've sung plenty of Rossini and Mozart, and I hope to sing their music for the rest of my life. But if you go back to the music of Vivaldi, for example, you can understand their music so much better."

In 1999, Bartoli's *Vivaldi Album* marked the turning point. Without including a single familiar tune, the collection went on to sell more than a million copies. Having fought her record label at every turn, Bartoli now found her original instincts fully justified. "I don't



繼韋華第之後，芭托莉的下一站是梅塔斯塔西奧的劇本和葛路克的音樂；她又由莫扎特起步，走到他的死敵薩利埃利；繼後是向傳奇女中音馬里布蘭致敬的選集，以及《禁唱的歌劇》——一張搜羅十八世紀初羅馬禁制歌劇時期的作品。

以主題歌集而言，芭托莉對專題的處理絕不是蜻蜓點水，而是全心投入，她的作品不單是發人深省的70分鐘，也是貨真價實的學術論題；在唱片製作方面，除了高超的演出水平，樂曲介紹亦具心思，連傾向抱懷疑態度的《紐約時報》最近都贊同：「芭托莉的出品從來都帶着出眾的原創性。」

《獻祭》聚焦在闔人歌手的歌曲和社會歷史。在巴羅克時期，有歌唱潛質的男童用閹割手術保持高音嗓子，好待成為歌劇明星。

多年來芭托莉曾到過拿坡里、牛津和柏林等地的圖書館查找手稿，整理收集了朴波拉、卡達拉、韓德

want to sound pretentious, but it was the most successful strictly classical recording they've ever released," she says. "It only confirmed that there really was an audience out there who wants to discover new things."

From Vivaldi, Bartoli's next musical stop (by way of Pietro Metastasio's librettos) was Gluck. After that she made her way from Mozart to his alleged nemesis, Salieri. Then came a tribute album to the legendary mezzo-soprano Maria Malibran as well as *Opera Proibita*, a musical overview of a period in history when opera was banned in Rome at the beginning of the 18th century.

By the standards of most thematic recitals, Bartoli offers not just a sprinkling from the musical pool but a full immersion, not just a thought-provoking 70 minutes but a veritable scholarly thesis. Her recordings are remarkable as much for their extensive annotations as for the performances themselves. Even the sceptical *New York Times* recently acceded its respect, saying "Ms Bartoli has never failed to produce a program of striking originality."

Sacrificium brings to light the repertory and social history of the castrati, the high-voiced "rock stars" of Baroque opera who had been, as young boys of great vocal potential, surgically altered to prevent maturity and preserve their high voices.

Bartoli for many years pored over manuscripts in libraries from Naples to Oxford and Berlin, assembling a bouquet of stunning showpieces by Nicola Porpora, Antonio Caldara, George Frederick Handel, Carl Heinrich Graun and others. "This is some of the most difficult music I ever sang!", she says. "Due to their



爾及葛勞恩等音樂家的偉大作品。她說：「這是我唱過最難唱的樂曲之一！基於他們生理狀況，闔人歌手的音域之廣、肺容量之大，是一個女歌手無法匹敵的。何況他們從八歲開始接受長達十年的全面音樂教育，他們的老師——例如朴波拉，就會因應他們的特殊天分和才能，度身訂造讓他們躍身成為那時代最頂尖歌手的樂曲。我們只能驚嘆於這些音樂家的偉大，並盡己之能追上他們在兩個世紀前所達到的水準。」

司馬勤是《金融時報》亞洲區藝術評論人，也為中國《歌劇》雜誌撰寫專欄。

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特稿中譯：黃家慧

physical condition, the castrati had a voice range and a lung capacity which especially for a woman is impossible to match. Also the fact that they underwent a thorough ten-year musical education from the age of eight years onwards and that their teachers — for example Porpora — wrote music to suit their particular talents and qualities made them into the finest musicians of their age. We can only marvel at these great artists and try our best to match the standards they set two centuries ago."

Ken Smith is the Asian performing arts critic for the *Financial Times* and a regular columnist for China's *Opera* magazine.

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22.2.2011

十九世紀意大利及法國浪漫歌曲

Romantic Songs from 19th Century Italy and France

羅西尼 (1792-1868)

《鮮花開遍地》

《殘酷的美人》

《賽後的安佐列塔》

(選自《威尼斯賽船會》)

Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)

Or che di fiori adorno

Beltà crudele

Anzoleta dopo la regata

(From *La regata veneziana*)

貝里尼 (1801-1835)

《離棄》

《熱切的渴望》

《動人的月亮，你銀色的光芒》

《小蝴蝶》

《我的菲利斯，你悲傷的身影》

《憂鬱，溫柔的仙子》

《只要令她快樂》

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)

L'abbandono

Il fervido desiderio

Vaga luna, che inargenti

La farfalletta

Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile

Ma rendi pur contento

羅西尼

《西班牙之歌》

《流放》

《舞曲》

Gioacchino Rossini

Canzonetta spagnuola

L'esule

La danza

唐尼采第 (1797-1848)	Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)
《船夫》	<i>Il barcaiolo</i>
《愛與死》	<i>Amore e morte</i>
《我要建所房子》	<i>Me voglio fà 'na casa</i>
羅西尼	Gioacchino Rossini
《蒂羅爾的孤女》	<i>L'Orpheline du Tyrol</i>
《貴婦人》	<i>La grande coquette</i>
比才 (1838-1875)	Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
《塔朗泰拉舞》	<i>Tarentelle</i>
《瓢蟲》	<i>La coccinelle</i>
維亞朵 (1821-1910)	Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)
《哈凡奈斯》	<i>Havanaise</i>
《楊柳依依》	<i>Hai luli</i>
噶西亞 (1775-1832)	Manuel García (1775-1832)
《走私客》	<i>Yo que soy contrabandista</i>
(選自《詩人的如意算盤》)	(From <i>El poeta calculista</i>)
瑪利亞 · 馬里布蘭 (1808-1836)	Maria Malibran (1808-1836)
《咚咚鼓聲》	<i>Rataplan</i>

**Gioacchino Rossini
Or che di fiori adorno**

Or che di fiori adorno
sorride il colle, il prato,
e dolce cosa intorno
girsene a passeggiar.

Placidi ovunque spirano
soavi zeffiretti,
s'adono gli augelletti
fra i rami
a gorgheggiar.

Text: anonymous

**羅西尼
《鮮花開遍地》**

鮮花開遍地
山岳與河曲也笑了，
在附近散步
真愉快。

無論何處，平靜的微風
輕柔地吹過，
枝頭上
好鳥
相鳴。

詞：佚名

**Gioacchino Rossini
Now adorned with flowers**

Now adorned with flowers
the hills and meadows smile,
and it is pleasant
to stroll around.

Everywhere tranquil breezes
softly blow,
and in the boughs
the little birds are
heard warbling.

Text: anonymous

**Gioacchino Rossini
Beltà crudele**

Amori scendete,
propizi al mio core,
d'un laccio, d'un fiore
deh fatemi don.

Se Nice m'accoglie,
ridente, vezzosa,
le porgo la rosa,
le dono il mio core.

Se vuol poi l'ingrata
vedermi ramingo...
Che dico? ...la stringo
col laccio d'amor.

Text: anonymous

**羅西尼
《殘酷的美人》**

丘比特，下凡來
助我得償夙願；
來，請給我
絲帶與玫瑰。

如果妮斯以微笑和愛慕
歡迎我，
我會送她玫瑰，
我會給她我的心。

但要是這殘忍的女孩
寧可任由我孤苦伶仃.....
怎麼辦？.....我會用愛的繩結
捆着她。

詞：佚名

**Gioacchino Rossini
Cruel beauty**

Cupids, descend
to assist my heart's designs;
come, present me
with a ribbon and a rose.

If Nice should welcome me
with smiles and caresses,
I'll give her the rose,
I'll give her my heart.

But if the cruel girl prefers
to leave me all alone...
what then?...I'll bind her to me
with a love-knot.

Text: anonymous

Gioacchino Rossini
Anzoleta dopo la regata

Ciapa un baso,
un altro ancora,
caro Momolo,
de cuor;
qua destrachite che xe ora
de sugarte sto sudor.

Ah t'o visto co passando
su mi l'ocio ti a butà
e go dito respirando:
un bel premio el ciaparà.

Sì, un bel premio in sta bandiera,
che xe rossa de color;
gha parlà Venezia intiera,
la t'a dito vincitor.

Ciapa un baso, benedeto,
a vogar nissun te pol,
de casada, de traghetto
ti xe el megio barcarol.

Text: Francesco Maria Piave

羅西尼
《賽後的安佐列塔》

送你一個吻，
再一個吻，
親愛的莫莫羅，
那是打心底來的吻；
先放鬆一下吧，因為我必須
抹乾你身上的汗水。

啊，你經過的時候，我見到
你匆匆望了我一眼，
我再吸了口氣，說：
他將會贏個大獎。

果然，那大獎就是這面旗幟，
紅色的旗幟；
全威尼斯的話題都是你，
他們公佈了你是勝利者。

送你一個吻，上帝保佑，
沒人划船比你棒，
沒有船工及得上，
你是最棒的船夫。

詞：法蘭西斯柯·馬利亞·皮亞威

Gioacchino Rossini
Angelina after the regatta

Here's a kiss for you,
and another,
darling Momolo,
from my heart;
now relax, because I must
dry the sweat from your body.

Ah, I saw you, as you passed,
throwing a glance at me,
and I said, breathing again:
he's going to win a good prize.

Indeed, the prize of this flag,
the red one;
all Venice is talking about you,
they have declared you the victor.

Here's a kiss, God bless you,
no one rows better than you,
of all the breed of watermen,
you are the best gondolier.

Text: Francesco Maria Piave

Vincenzo Bellini
L'abbandono

Solitario zeffiretto,
a che movi i tuoi sospiri?
Il sospiro a me sol lice,
ché, dolente ed infelice,
chiama Dafne
che non ode
l'insopportabile mio martir.

Langue invan la mammoletta
e la rosa e il gelsomino;
lunge son da lui che adoro,
non conosco alcun ristoro
se non viene a consolarmi
col bel guardo cilestrino.

Ape industre, che vagando
sempre vai di fior in fiore,
ascolta, ascolta.
Se lo scorgi ov'ei dimora,
di' che rieda
a chi l'adora,
come riedi tu nel seno
delle rose al primo albor.

Text: anonymous

貝里尼
《離棄》

寂寥的微風，
何事嗟嘆？
嗟嘆的只該是我，
滿懷悲傷與失意，
我呼喚達夫尼
他卻聽不見
我那難以承受的痛苦。

紫羅蘭、玫瑰和茉莉
白白凋謝；
心上人遠在天邊，
愁緒難解
除非他來給我慰藉，
以他淺藍的眼睛凝視我。

勤勞的蜜蜂，不住的
在花間飛舞，
聽着，
你若見到他，
請叫他回到
心上人身邊，
像你在曙光初露時
趕回玫瑰叢中。

詞：佚名

Vincenzo Bellini
Abandonment

Lonely little breeze,
why do you sigh?
Sighs are meant for me alone,
for, grieving and unhappy,
I call on Daphnis,
who does not hear
my unbearable suffering.

The violet, rose and jasmine
languish in vain;
I am far from the one I adore,
and have no relief
unless he consoles me
with the gaze of his light blue eyes.

Industrious bee, always flitting
from flower to flower,
listen.
If you spy him,
tell him to return to
the one who adores him,
as you return to the roses
at the first light of dawn.

Text: anonymous

Vincenzo Bellini
Il fervido desiderio

Quando verrà quel di
che riveder potrò
quel che l'amante
cor tanto desia?

Quando verrà quel di
che in sen t'accoglierò,
bella fiamma d'amor,
anima mia?

Text: anonymous

貝里尼
《熱切的渴望》

那天何時來臨?
讓我可以再見
我心中那
朝思暮想的人?

那天何時來臨?
讓我把您抱緊，
美麗的愛人，
我的戀人?

詞：佚名

Vincenzo Bellini
The fervent desire

When will that day arrive
when I shall see once more
what my loving heart
so desires?

When will that day arrive
when I shall press you to my breast.
my beautiful loved one,
my beloved?

Text: anonymous

Vincenzo Bellini
Vaga luna, che inargentì

Vaga luna, che inargentì
queste rive
e questi fiori
ed inspiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell'amor;
testimonio or sei tu sola
del mio fervido desir,
ed a lei che m'innamora
conta i palpiti
e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza
il mio duol non può lenir,
che se nutro una speranza,
ella è sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l'ore del dolor,
che una speme lusinghiera
mi conforta nell'amor.

Text: anonymous

貝里尼
《動人的月亮，你銀色的光芒》

動人的月亮，你銀色的光芒
照亮這
河岸與花，
你令周遭一切
都充滿愛的話語；
只有你，見證
我熱切的渴望
告訴我的心上人
我心如鹿撞，
嘆息連連。

告訴她，距離
不能減輕我的痛苦，
若我還抱有一絲希望
那都是為了將來。
告訴她，日日夜夜，
每一刻的痛苦，我都在數算，
只此一個誘人的希望
讓我在愛中得到慰藉。

詞：佚名

Vincenzo Bellini
Lovely moon, your silver light

Lovely moon, your silver light
shines on these banks
and these flowers,
you inspire the elements
to the language of love;
you alone are witness
to my ardent desire,
and tell the one I love
of my beating heart
and my sighing.

Tell her that distance
cannot ease my pain,
and that if I cherish one hope
it is for the future alone.
Tell her too that day and night
I count the hours of pain,
and that one tempting hope
comforts me in love.

Text: anonymous



Vincenzo Bellini
La farfalletta

Farfalletta, aspetta aspetta;
non volar con tanta fretta.
Far del mal non ti vogl'io;
ferma appaga il desir mio.

Vo' baciarti e il cibo darti,
da' perigli preservarti.
Di cristallo stanza avrai
e tranquilla ognor avrai.

L'ali aurate, screziate,
so che Aprile t'ha ingemmata,
che sei vaga,
vispa e snella,
fra tue eguali la più bella.

Ma crin d'oro ha il mio tesoro,
il fanciullo ch'amo e adoro;
E a te pari
vispo e snello,
fra i suoi eguali egli è il più bello.

Vo' carpirti,
ad esso offrirti;
più che rose, gigli e mirti
ti fia caro il mio fanciullo,
ed a lui sarai trastullo.

Nell'aspetto e terso petto
rose e gigli
ha il mio diletto.
Veni, scampa da' perigli,
non cercar più
rose e gigli.

Text: anonymous

貝里尼
《小蝴蝶》

小蝴蝶，稍等、稍等，
別匆匆略過。
我不是要傷害你，
停一停，替我圓願吧。

我願親吻你、照顧你，
護你免遭險厄。
你應當住在水晶房間，
永遠活在和平中。

我知道，春天點綴了
你色彩斑斕的金黃雙翼，
你是如此漂亮、
活潑而優雅，
蝴蝶之中你最可愛。

但我的所愛擁有金髮
他是我所戀慕的小伙子。
他如你般
活潑、優雅，
他是世上俊傑的人。

我要抓住你，
將你送給他：
讓我那小伙子，在你心中
比玫瑰、百合和長春花更親，
你是他的玩物。

我的寶貝，玫瑰與百合
在他的美貌中，
在他純潔的心內裏。
來吧，逃離危險，
別再去尋覓
玫瑰與百合。

詞：佚名

Vincenzo Bellini
Little butterfly

Little butterfly, wait, wait,
don't fly off so quickly.
I don't mean to harm you,
stop and fulfil my wish.

I want to kiss you and feed you,
and save you from danger.
You shall have a room of crystal
and will always live in peace.

I know that April has adorned
your golden, speckled wings,
that you are pretty,
lively and graceful,
the most lovely of all your kind.

But my beloved has golden locks,
the lad I love and adore.
And he is as lively
and graceful as you,
the most handsome of all his kind.

I'm going to snatch you
and offer you to him;
let my lad be dearer to you
than roses, lilies and myrtles,
and you will be his plaything.

My darling has roses and lilies
in the way he looks
and in his pure heart.
Come, escape from danger
and look no more
for roses and lilies.

Text: anonymous

Vincenzo Bellini
Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,
perché si squalida
mi siedi accanto?
Che più desideri?
Dirotto pianto
io sul tuo cenere versai finor.

Temi che immemore
de' sacri giuri
io possa accendermi
ad altra face?
Ombra di Fillide,
riposa in pace;
è inestinguibile l'antico ardor.

Text: Maddalena Fumaroli

貝里尼
《我的菲利斯，你悲傷的身影》

我的菲利斯，你悲傷的身影
為何坐在我旁，
悽惻如此？
你還想要什麼呢？
我如泉湧的淚
已經在你的骨灰上灑遍。

你怕我忘記
神聖的誓約
為別人
重燃熱情？
菲利斯的陰影，
安息吧；
從前的愛，永不磨滅。

詞：馬達萊納·傅馬洛利

Vincenzo Bellini
Sorrowful likeness of my Phyllis

Sorrowful likeness of my Phyllis,
why do you sit at my side
so disconsolately?
What more do you desire?
I have poured
out rivers of tears on your ashes.

Are you afraid that I shall
forget my sacred vows,
that I could be
inflamed by another?
Shade of Phyllis,
rest in peace,
my passion of old will never fail.

Text: Maddalena Fumaroli

Vincenzo Bellini
Malinconia, Ninfa gentile

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile,
la vita mia consacro a te;
i tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile,
ai piacer veri nato non è.

Fonti e colline
chiesi agli Dei;
m'udiro alfine,
 pago io vivrò,
né mai quel
fonte co' desir miei,
né mai quel monte trapasserò.

Text: Ippolito Pindemonte

貝里尼
《憂鬱，溫柔的仙子》

憂鬱，溫柔的仙子
我把生命獻給你，
誰鄙視你的歡愉
就天生難以享受真正的歡愉。

我向神祇祈求
水泉與山丘，
他們到底還是
聽了我的禱告，
我也該心滿意足
永遠別想越過
那水泉、那山岳。

詞：伊波利托·品特蒙特

Vincenzo Bellini
Melancholy, gracious nymph

Melancholy, gracious nymph,
I devote my life to you,
whoever despairs your pleasures
is not born for true pleasures.

I asked the gods
for springs and hills,
they heard me at last
and I shall live content,
I shall, never desire
to pass beyond
That spring or that mountain.

Text: Ippolito Pindemonte

Vincenzo Bellini
Ma rendi pur contento

Ma rendi pur contento
della mia bella il core,
e ti perdonò, amore,
se lieto il mio non è.

Gli affanni suoi pavento
più degli affanni miei,
perché più vivo in lei
di quel ch'io vivo in me.

Text: Metastasio

貝里尼
《只要令她快樂》

只要令
我的美人兒快樂，
那麼即使我心不悅，
愛情，我也會饒恕你。

我害怕煩惱
但更害怕她有煩惱。
因為她主宰我，
多於我主宰自己。

詞：梅塔斯塔西歐

Vincenzo Bellini
Only make her happy

Only make happy
the heart of my beautiful [lady],
and I will pardon you, love,
if my own [heart] is not glad.

Her troubles I fear
more than my own troubles,
because I live more in her
than I live in myself.

Text: Metastasio

Gioacchino Rossini
Canzonetta spagnuola

En medio a mis colores, ay,
pintando estaba un día, ay,
cuando la musa mía, ay,
me vino a tormentar, ay.

Ay, con dolor pues dejo
empresa tan feliz
cual es de bellae Nice
las prendas celebrar, ay.

Quiso que yo pintase, ay,
objeto sobrehumano, ay,
pero lo quiso en vano, ay,
lo tuvo que dejar, ay.

Ay, con dolor pues dejo
empresa tan feliz
cual es de bellae Nice
las prendas celebrar, ay.

Conoce la hermosura, ay,
un corazón vagado, ay,
mas su destino malvado, ay,
le impide de centar, ay.

Ay, con dolor pues dejo
empresa tan feliz
cual es de bellae Nice
las prendas celebrar, ay.

Text: anonymous

羅西尼
《西班牙之歌》

置身於各種顏料中，
我在作畫，
這時我的繆思女神
前來把我折磨。

滿載愁思，我擱下了
手上愉快的工作
頌揚那迷人的
美人妮斯的風姿。

我的繆斯女神
要我作更神聖的畫；
可惜她的要求只是徒然，
因為我無法辦到。

滿載愁思，我擱下了
手上愉快的工作
頌揚那迷人的
美人妮斯的風姿。

一顆見異思遷的心
也許懂得什麼是美，
但這顆心殘酷的命運
卻令它不能歌唱。

滿載愁思，我擱下了
手上愉快的工作
頌揚那迷人的
美人妮斯的風姿。

詞：佚名

Gioacchino Rossini
Spanish song

Surrounded by my colours
I was painting one day
when my Muse
came to torment me.

With sadness then I left
my happy task
of celebrating the charms
of the fair Nice.

My Muse asked me to depict
a more spiritual subject;
but she asked in vain,
for I could not do so.

With sadness then I left
my happy task
of celebrating the charms
of the fair Nice.

An inconstant heart
may know beauty,
but its cruel destiny
prevents it from singing.

With sadness then I left
my happy task
of celebrating the charms
of the fair Nice.

Text: anonymous

Gioacchino Rossini
L'esule

Qui sempre
ride il cielo,
qui verde ognor
la fronda,
qui del ruscello l'onda
dolce mi scorre al pie';
ma questo suol non è
la Patria mia.

Qui nell'azzurro flutto
sempre si specchia il sole;
i gigli e le viole
crescono intorno a me;
ma questo suol non è
la Patria mia

Le vergini son vaghe
come le fresche rose
che al loro crin compose
amor pegno di fe';
ma questo suol non è
la Patria mia.

Nell'Itale contrade
è una città Regina;
la Ligure marina
sempre le bagna il pie'.
La ravviseate,
ell'è la Patria mia,
La patria mia ell'è.

羅西尼
《流放》

這裏的天空
常在笑，
這裏的樹枝
長年綠，
這裏的溪水
在腳邊涓涓流動；
但這裏卻非
我故鄉。

這裏的太陽
常映照在藍色波濤上，
百合花與紫羅蘭
在我身邊綻放；
但這裏卻非
我故鄉。

這裏的少女很漂亮
嬌艷一如鮮玫瑰
她們戴在秀髮上的玫瑰，
那是忠貞的標誌；
但這裏卻非
我故鄉。

於意大利之境，
有個城市乃眾城之后，
力古利亞海
甚至親吻它的腳；
看見嗎？
這是我故鄉，
這是我故鄉。

Text: Giuseppe Torre

Gioacchino Rossini
The exile

Here the sky
is always smiling,
here the branches
are always green,
here the water of the stream
flows gently at my feet;
but this land is not
my homeland.

Here the sun is always reflected
in the blue waves,
lilies and violets
bloom around me;
but this land is not
my homeland.

The maidens are as pretty
as the fresh roses
with which love dresses their hair,
in token of fidelity;
but this land is not
my homeland.

In the lands of Italy,
one city is queen,
the Ligurian sea
even kisses its feet;
can you see it?
It is my homeland,
It is my homeland.

Text: Giuseppe Torre

Gioacchino Rossini
La danza

Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia si salterà;
l'ora è bella per danzare,
chi è in amor non mancherà.

Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, si salterà.
Presto in danza a tondo a tondo,
donne mie, venite qua;
un garzon bello e giocondo
a ciascuna toccherà.

Finche in ciel
brilla una stella
e la luna splenderà,
il più bel con
la più bella
tutta notte danzerà.

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
già la luna e in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia, si salterà.
Frinche, frinche,
mamma mia, si salterà.

Salta, salta, gira, gira,
ogni coppia a cerchio va;
già s'avanza, si ritira
e all'assalto tornerà.
Serra, serra
colla bionda
Colla bruna va quà e là,
colla rossa và a seconda,
colla smorta fermo sta.
Viva il ballo a tondo a tondo,
sono un re, sono un pascià,
è il più bel
piacer del mondo,
la più cara voluttà.

Mamma mia...

Text: Carlo Pepoli

羅西尼
舞曲

現在月兒已升上海面，
啊！我們將盡情躍動！
跳舞時機剛剛好，
戀愛中人均在此。

現在月兒已升上海面，
啊！我們將盡情躍動！
快來繞圈跳舞，
女士們，請過來；
每位女士都應該
配個英俊活潑小伙子。

只要天上有
星星閃爍，
月亮照耀，
最俊俏的男子和
最美麗的女孩
將會整晚舞不停。

天啊，天啊，
現在月兒已升上海面，
天啊，天啊，
啊！啊！我們將盡情躍動！
噏、噏、
啊！啊！我們將盡情躍動！

跳、跳、轉、轉，
每對舞者都在繞圈圈；
前前、後後，
又回到開頭。
圈子末端是
金髮女郎，
這裏那裏，有黑髮女郎，
還有紅髮女郎，
跟白皙的女郎站着不動。
圓環舞萬歲，
我就是國王，我就是帕夏；
那是世上
最快活的事，
最寶貴的樂趣！

天啊.....

詞：卡羅 . 柏普利

Gioacchino Rossini
The dance

Now the moon is above the sea,
mamma mia, how we'll leap!
The time is perfect for dancing,
all those in love will be there.

Now the moon is above the sea,
mamma mia, how we'll leap!
Quickly dance in a ring,
my ladies, come here;
every one shall have
a handsome, lively lad.

As long as a star is
twinkling in the sky
and the moon is shining brightly,
the most handsome man and
most beautiful girl
will dance all night long.

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
now the moon is above the sea,
mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia, how we'll leap!
Twang, twang,
mamma mia, how we'll leap.

Leap, leap, turn, turn,
each couple goes in a circle;
forward and back,
and return to the attack.
Close the circle
with the blonde girl,
here and there with the dark girl,
then perhaps with the redhead,
stand still with the pale girl,
long live dancing in a ring,
I'm a king, I'm a pasha;
it's the greatest delight
in the world,
the most precious pleasure!

mamma mia...

Text: Carlo Pepoli

Gaetano Donizetti
Il barcaiuolo

Voga, voga, il vento tace,
pura è l'onda,
il ciel sereno,
solo un
alito di pace
par che allegrie e cielo e mar:
voga, voga, o marinari!

Or che tutto a noi sorride,
in si tenero momento,
all'ebrezza del contento
voglio l'alma abbandonar.
Voga, voga, o marinari!

Voga, voga, il vento tace,
pura è l'onda,
il ciel sereno,
solo un
alito di pace
par che allegrie e cielo e mar:

Chè se infiera la tempesta,
ambedue ne
tragge a morte,
sarà lieta la mia sorte
al tuo fianco vuò spirar,
si al tuo fianco io vuò spirar.

Text: L Tarantini

唐尼采第
《船夫》

划呀划呀，風已靜，
浪已平，
天已清，
似乎只有
平和的微風
為天空和海洋帶來一點動靜：
划呀划呀，船夫。

現在，一切都向我們微笑
在這溫柔的時刻，
我想放任我倆的靈魂
享受歡欣狂喜，
划呀划呀，船夫。

划呀划呀，風已靜，
浪已平，
天已清，
似乎只有
平和的微風
令天空和海洋都活起來。

因為，要是暴風雨來襲，
把我倆
捲盡滅亡，
我也心甘情願，
因為，我想死在你身旁：
划呀划呀，船夫。

詞：L 塔蘭蒂尼

Gaetano Donizetti
The boatman

Row, row, the wind has stilled,
the waves are clear,
the sky serene,
it seems that only
a peaceful breeze
stirs the sky and sea:
row, row, o boatman.

Now that everything smiles on us
at this tender moment,
I wish to abandon our souls
to a joyful ecstasy,
row, row, o boatman.

Row, row, the wind has stilled,
the waves are clear,
the sky serene,
it seems that only
a peaceful breeze
animates sky and sea.

For if the tempest roars,
and both of us are
dragged down to death,
my fate will be a happy one,
for by your side I wish to die:
row, row, o boatman.

Text: L Tarantini



Gaetano Donizetti
Amore e morte

Odi d'un uom che muore,
odi l'estremo suon.
Quest'appassito fiore
ti lascio, Elvira, in don.
Quanto prezioso ei sia
tu déi saperlo appien.
Nel di che fosti mia
te lo involai dal sen.

Simbolo allor d'affetto
or pegno di dolor.
Torna posarti in petto
questo appassito fior.
E avrai
nel cor scolpito,
se duro il cor non è,
come ti fu rapito
come ritorna a te.

Text: G L Redaelli

唐尼采第
《愛與死》

聽啊，一個大限將至的人
最後的話。
我把這朵殘花留給你，
艾薇拉，是送給你的禮物。
你很清楚
它多麼珍貴。
你委身於我的那天
我在你懷中偷走這朵花。

當日是情慾的象徵，
今日是悲傷的標記。
這朵殘花回到你身邊
安躺在你懷裏。
若你不是
鐵石心腸，
便請銘記於心：
花是如何被偷走，
又是怎樣還給你。

詞：G L 利岱尼

Gaetano Donizetti
Love and death

Hear the last words
of a man who is dying.
I leave you this faded flower,
Elvira, as a gift.
You well know
how precious it is.
On the day that you were mine
I stole it from your breast.

A symbol then of affection,
now a token of grief.
This faded flower returns
to rest in your breast.
And you will have
engraved on your heart,
if your heart is not hardened,
how it was stolen from you
and how it returns to you .

Text: G L Redaelli

Gaetano Donizetti
Me voglio fà 'na casa

Me voglio fà 'na casa
miez' 'o mare
fravcata de penne de pavune.
Tralla la le la, tra la la la.

D'oro e d'argento
voglio far li grade
e de prete
preziuse li barcune.
Tralla la le la, tra la la la.

Quanno Nennella mia
se ne va a affacciare
ognuno dice,
mo' sponta lu sole.
Tralla la le la, tra la la la.

Text: G L Redaelli

唐尼采第
《我要建所房子》

我要建所房子，
四面被海包圍，
孔雀毛把它裝點。
啦啦啦，啦啦啦。

我要用金銀
來做樓梯，
用寶石
來做露台。
啦啦啦，啦啦啦。

當我的蘭奈娜
探身出去，
人人都說：
太陽出來了。
啦啦啦，啦啦啦。

詞：G L 利岱尼

Gaetano Donizetti
I want to build a house

I want to build a house
surrounded by sea,
made of peacock feathers.
Tralla la le la, tra la la la.

I shall make the stairs of
gold and silver,
and the balconies of
precious stones.
Tralla la le la, tra la la la.

When my Nennella
leans out
everyone will say,
now the sun has come out.
Tralla la le la, tra la la la.

Text: G L Redaelli

Gioacchino Rossini
L'Orpheline du Tyrol

Seule, une pauvre enfant
sans parents
imploré le passant en tremblant.
"Ah voyez mes douleurs
et mes pleurs!
Ma mère dort
ailleurs sous les fleurs."

L'humble enfant orpheline
a bien faim
et pour un peu de
pain tend le main.
"Je chanterai mon vieux refrain:
Ah! loin de mon
doux Tyrol,
mon coeur brisé prendra son vol.
L'écho muet des bois
n'entendra plus ma triste voix:
Ah! Dieu, j'espère en toi,
prends pitié, prend pitié de moi!

Ma mère,
ton adieu en ce lieu
m'inspire mon
seul voeu au bon Dieu.
À quinze ans
tant souffrir c'est mourir,
ne peux-tu
revenir me bénir?

Pourquoi le froid trépas
et le glas
t'ont-ils saisie, hélas,
dans mes bras?
Ton coeur glacé
ne m'entend pas:
ah! la douleur et la faim
à mes tourments vont mettre fin;
ma mère, je te vois,
j'entends de loin
ta douce voix:
Ah! Dieu, j'espère en toi,
prends pitié, prends pitié de moi!

Text: Emilien Pacini

羅西尼
《蒂羅爾的孤女》

無父無母的可憐小女孩，
孤伶伶地、
戰戰兢兢地向途人哀求。
「啊，看看我的
痛苦和淚水！
媽媽在花兒底下
深處睡了。」

卑微的孤女
餓極了，
伸出手來想要
一點麵包，
「我會唱古老的歌：
啊，遠離我
寶貴的蒂羅爾，
我破碎的心靈逃脫了。
樹林寂靜無聲的回響
再也不會聽見我的哀歌了；
主啊，你是我的希望，
可憐可憐我吧！」

媽媽，
你與這裏話別時
也帶走了
我對神的禱告。
對我，一個十五歲的孩子，
這樣的苦難就是死亡。
你再也不回來
給我祝福嗎？

天啊，為何冰冷的死亡
和聲聲喪鐘，
把你自我的懷中
強行搶走？
你冰冷的心
聽不見我的話；
啊，哀傷與飢餓
就快了結我的苦難。
媽媽，我看見你了，
我聽見遠處傳來
你甜美的聲音：
主啊，你是我的希望，
請可憐可憐我吧！」

詞：艾美利安·帕齊尼

Gioacchino Rossini
The Tyrolean orphan girl

Alone, a poor little girl
who has no parents
Timorously begs from passers-by.
"Oh, see my pain
and my tears!
My mother sleeps,
far away, beneath flowers."

The humble orphan girl
is hungry
And holds out her hand
for a little bread,
"I shall sing my old song:
Oh, far from the Tyrol
that is dear to me
My broken heart takes flight.
The silent echo of the woods
Will hear my sad voice no more;
Oh Lord, my hope lies in you,
have pity, have pity on me!"

Mother,
your farewell from this place
Carries with it my prayers
to the Good Lord.
For me, just fifteen years old,
such suffering is death,
Will you never return
to give me your blessing?

Why did the chill of death
and the tolling knell
Snatch you, alas,
from my arms?
Your frozen heart
cannot hear me;
Oh, grief and hunger
Will soon end my suffering'
Mother, I see you,
In the distance
I hear your sweet voice:
Oh Lord, my hope lies in you,
have pity, have pity on me!"

Text: Emilien Pacini



Gioacchino Rossini
La grande coquette

La perle des coquettes
ne fait que des conquêtes
dans ses riches toilettes
aux menuets de cour.
Pour moi tournent les têtes,
Les coeurs sont pris d'amour.
Et je crois même
qu'un beau jour,
j'ai fait trembler
Pompadour.

Dans une belle ivresse
plus d'un marquis s'empresse
à m'offrir sa tendresse,
je les dédaigne tous.
En vain chacun m'implore,
me jure qu'il m'adore
à genoux.
Je veux que l'on m'admire,
pour moi que l'on soupire;
de l'amour que j'inspire,
de ce brûlant désiré
moi, je ne sais que rire.
Ma foi! tant pis pour eux!
Malheur aux amoureux!

A plus d'une rivale
je fus souvent fatale;
ma grâce triomphale
a séduit
maint galant,
coquette
sans égale
qu'on aime qu'en tremblant.
On pleure, on se désole
aux pieds de son idole
vainement,
Avec indifférence,
j'aime à voir la souffrance
d'un cœur sans espérance,
en proie à la démence
implorant ma clémence,
mais sans me désarmer.
non, je ne veux jamais aimer.
je ne veux pas aimer.
Brillants seigneurs,
muguets de Cour,
pour vous jamais d'amour.
et si vous me faites la cour,
n'espérez nul retour ;
pour vous jamais d'amour.

羅西尼
《貴婦人》

最美麗的貴婦人
所向披靡
披着光彩奪目的長袍
當宮中響起小步舞曲。
為了我，人們只消轉過頭來
心就會被俘虜。
我相信，
在一個美麗的一天，
蓬巴杜侯爵夫人
也會怕得顫抖！

意亂情迷，
不只一個貴公子，急着
要跟我親熱，
但我充耳不聞。
求我也沒用，
跪在地上，信誓旦旦的
說愛我。
但我只想被人愛慕，
喜歡別人為我嘆息，
他們對我的愛，
這種熾熱的瘋狂，
我只覺得好笑。
老天，真可憐喔！
讓情人們痛苦去吧！

不只一個對手
被我擊倒；
我雍容華貴
讓不少年輕騎士
心都融化。
因為我是
貴婦中的貴婦
男人都會愛上我
他們在顫抖啊
在他們的偶像脚下
哭叫哀鳴，沒用的
我喜歡冷冷的
看着他們那顆絕望的心
受折磨，
他們被迫得發瘋，
求我憐憫，
但我不為所動。
不，我不要戀愛。
我永不戀愛。
偉大國君、
富家公子，
愛情永遠不會屬於你。
要是你來追求我，
別奢望有收穫；
我永遠不會愛你。

Gioacchino Rossini
The great coquette

The most magnificent coquette
conquers all in her path
with her splendid robes
while the minuet plays at court.
For me, heads turn
and hearts are captured.
I believe that
one fine day,
I even made
Pompadour tremble.

In the flower of intoxication,
more than one lord hastens
to make love to me,
but I hear none of them.
In vain does each implore me,
swear on his knees
his love for me.
I want to be admired,
and sighed for;
but this love they feel for me,
this burning frenzy,
it just makes me laugh.
Heavens, too bad for them!
Let lovers be miserable!

More than one rival
has been crushed by me;
my magnificent grace
has melted the heart of
many a young knight,
For I am the coquette
of all coquettes
that men must love, trembling.
They cry and lament
at the feet of their idol
in vain.
Coldly,
I like to watch the torment
of a heart of hope,
driven to madness,
begging for mercy,
but I do not yield,
no, I will never love.
I will not love.
Great rulers,
or courtly fops,
there will never be love for you,
and if you come a-courting me,
expect nothing as your reward;
I shall never love you.

Georges Bizet
Tarentelle

Tra la la...
Le papillon s'est envolé,
Tra la la
La fleur se balance avec grâce,
La la la ...
Ma belle
où voyez-vous la trace,
Tra la la la la la
La trace de l'amant ailé?
Ma belle où voyez-vous
la trace de l'amant ailé?
Ah! Le papillon s'est envolé!
Oui! Ah! ah! ...

La la la ...
Le flot est rapide
et changeant
Toujours sillonnant
l'eau profonde,
La barque passe, et toujours
l'onde efface le sillon d'argent...
Le flot, oui le flot
est rapide
et changeant
Le papillon, c'est votre amour
La fleur et l'onde,
c'est votre âme
Que rien n'émeut,
que rien n'entame,
Où rien ne reste
plus d'un jour
Le papillon,
le papillon, c'est votre amour.

比才
《塔朗泰拉舞》

啦啦啦，
蝴蝶飛走了，
啦啦啦，
花兒優雅輕搖，
啦啦啦，
美人兒，
你在哪裏看見，
啦啦啦啦啦啦，
那有着翅膀的戀人蹤影？
美人兒，你在哪裏看見
那有着翅膀的戀人蹤影？
啊！蝴蝶飛走了！
是的！啊！啊！

啦啦啦，
溪水湍急，
變幻莫測。
船兒駛過
深深的海，
浪濤抹去
銀色的尾波。
溪水，
是的，溪水湍急，
變幻莫測。
蝴蝶就是你的愛。
花與波浪
是你的靈魂，
不為誰移動、
不准誰留痕。
無法在上面
停留多於一天。
蝴蝶，
蝴蝶就是你的愛。

Text: Edouard Pailleron

詞：愛德華·派勒安

Georges Bizet
Tarantella

Tra la la,
the butterfly has flown,
tra la la,
the flower sways gracefully,
la la la,
my beauty,
where do you see the trace,
tra la la la la la,
of the winged lover?
My beauty, where do you see
the trace of the winged lover?
Oh! The butterfly has flown!
Yes! Oh! Oh!

La la la.
The stream is rapid
and ever-changing.
The ship passes
through the deep water,
and the waves erase
its silver wake.
The water,
yes, the water is
rapid and changeable.
The butterfly is your love.
The flower and the wave
are your soul,
moved by nothing,
marked by nothing.
Nothing stays on them
for more than a day.
The butterfly,
the butterfly is your love.

Text: Edouard Pailleron



Georges Bizet
La coccinelle

Elle me dit: "Quelque chose
"Me tourmente..." Et j'aperçus
Son cou de neige...et dessus...
Un petit insecte rose.

J'aurais dû...oui...
mais, sage ou fou,
A seize ans, on est farouche!
J'aurais dû...
oh ! oui j'aurais dû
Voir le baiser sur sa bouche
Plus que l'insecte
à son cou...

On eût dit un coquillage,
Dos rose
et taché de noir:
Les fauvettes
pour nous voir
Se penchaient dans
le feuillage, oui...

Sa bouche fraîche était là.
Hélas! Hélas!
Je me penchai sur la belle...
Et je pris la coccinelle...
je pris la coccinelle
Mais...le baiser s'envola!...

"Fils, apprends comme
on me nomme,"
Dit l'insecte du ciel bleu...
du ciel bleu!...
"Les bêtes sont au bon Dieu!
Mais la bêtise est à l'homme"
Dit l'insecte du ciel bleu...
du ciel bleu!...
Hélas!...j'aurais dû...oui!...
Hélas!...Hélas!...Hélas!...
j'aurais dû!...

比才
《瓢蟲》

她對我說：「有東西
令我不舒服.....」我發現
她雪白的頸項.....上面有.....
一隻小小的粉紅色甲蟲。

我應該.....是啊.....
但，賢也好，愚也好，
十六歲的人是害羞的！
我應該.....
是呀！我本該
看見她唇上的吻
而不是
頸上的蟲.....

你說過那是貝殼，
粉紅色甲殼，
黑色斑點：
嚶嚶成韻的鳥兒，
為了看看我們，
從樹葉叢裏
探身出來.....

她鮮嫩的香唇就在那裏。
天啊！天啊！
而我彎腰俯向美人.....
把瓢蟲捉了.....
把瓢蟲捉了
但.....那個吻卻飛走了！.....

「孩子，弄清
我的名字吧，」
藍天上
那昆蟲說。
「動物是天主的：
但愚蠢卻是人的」
藍天上
那昆蟲說.....
天啊！我本該.....對！.....
天啊！.....天啊！.....天啊！.....
我本該！

Text: Victor Hugo

詞：維克多·雨果

Georges Bizet
The ladybird

She said to me: "Something
is irritating me..." and I noted
her snowy neck...and on it...
a pink little insect.

I should have...yes...
but wise or foolish,
at sixteen one is timid!
I should have...
oh! yes I should have
seen the kiss on her mouth
rather than the insect
on her neck...

You'd have said it was a shell,
pink back
and spotted with black:
The warbler birds,
in order to see us,
leaned forward
in the foliage...

Her fresh mouth was there.
Alas! Alas!
I leaned over the beauty...
and I took the ladybird.
I took the ladybird
but...the kiss flew away!...

"Son, learn what
my name is,"
said the insect
from the blue sky!...
"Animals are the good Lord's:
but stupidity is man's"
said the insect
from the blue sky!...
Alas! I should have...yes!...
Alas!...Alas!...Alas!...
I should have!

Text: Victor Hugo

**Pauline Viardot
Havanaise**

Vente niña
conmigo al mar
que en la playa tengo un bajel;
Bogaremos a dos en él
que allí sólo se
sabe amar.
Ay rubita si tu supieras,
Ay rubita si supieras...Ah! Ah!
Vente niña...
Ay, ay, ay, rubita,
dame tu amar.

Sur la rive le flot d'argent
En chantant brise mollement,
Et des eaux
avec le ciel pur
Se confond l'azur!
Sois moins rebelle.
Ô ma belle, la mer t'appelle!
Ah! viens, viens, viens!
À ses chants
laisse-toi charmer!
Ah! viens,
c'est là qu'on sait aimer...

Sois, ma belle,
moins rebelle,
Laisse-toi charmer,
Oui, laisse-toi charmer,
Ô belle!
C'est en mer que
l'on sait aimer...

Rubita,
ay vente conmigo al mar,
Bogaremos a dos en él,
Que allí sólo se
sabe amar.
Vente rubita, vente rubita,
Vente al mar, al mar!

**維亞朵
《哈凡奈斯》**

孩子，
跟我出海去，
我在岸邊有艘小船；
我們一起蕩槳，
因為，只有在那兒，
人們才知道怎麼相愛。
啊，我的可人兒，但願你知道，
但願你知道.....啊！
孩子，跟我來.....
啊，我的可人兒，
給我你的愛。

岸邊，銀色的波浪
一邊歡唱，一邊輕柔地翻騰，
海洋和
純淨的天空
在蔚藍的遠方合而為一！
別這麼頑固。
我的可人兒，海洋在呼喚你！
啊！來啊，來啊，來啊！
讓那歌聲
吸引你！
啊！來啊，到了那兒，
人們才知道怎麼相愛.....

我的可人兒，
別這麼頑固。
讓它吸引你吧，
是的，讓它吸引你，
我的可人兒！
到海上人們才知道
怎麼相愛.....

可人兒，
跟我出海去，
我們一起蕩起船槳，
因為，只有在那兒，
人們才知道怎麼相愛.....
來吧，我的可人兒，來吧，
出海去！

**Pauline Viardot
Havanaise**

Come with me,
my child, to the sea,
for on the shore I have a boat;
we shall row it together,
for only there do people
know how to love.
Ah, my fair one, if only you knew,
if only you knew...Ah, ah!
Come with me, my child...
Ay, ay, my fair one,
give me your love.

Upon the bank the silver wave
gently breaks up while singing,
and the waters
and the pure sky
merge in the azure distance!
Be less stubborn.
O my fair one, the sea calls you!
Ah! Come, come, come!
Let yourself
be charmed by its song!
Ah! Come, it is there that
people know how to love...

O my fair one,
be less stubborn,
let yourself be charmed,
yes, let yourself be charmed,
o my fair one!
It is at sea that people
know how to love...

Fair one,
come with me to the sea,
We shall row together,
for only there do
people know how to love...
Come, my fair one, come,
come to the sea!

Text: Louis Pomey

詞：路易斯·龐邁

Text: Louis Pomey



Pauline Viardot
Haï luli

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,
Je ne sais
plus que devenir,
Mon bon ami
devait venir,
Et je l'attends ici seulette.
Haï luli! Haï luli! Haï luli!
Où donc peut être mon ami?

Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,
Le fil se casse dans ma main...
Allons, je filerai demain ;
Aujourd'hui
je suis trop en peine!
Haï luli! Haï luli!
Qu'il fait triste sans son ami!

Si jamais il devient volage,
S'il doit un jour m'abandonner,
Le village
n'a qu'à brûler,
Et moi-même avec le village!
Haï luli! Haï luli!
À quoi bon
vivre sans ami?

Text: Xavier de Maistre

維亞朵
《楊柳依依》

我傷心，我不安，
我不知道
如何自處，
我的知己
本應到來，
我卻在此孤獨等待。
楊柳依依！楊柳依依！
我的情人，在何方？

我坐下來紡毛線，
線卻斷在手裏.....
算了吧，明天再紡：
今天的我
太傷心！
楊柳依依！楊柳依依！
沒有情人多苦楚！

要是他哪天變了心，
要是他有天拋棄我，
整個村莊
都該燒成灰燼，
而我，也同歸於盡！
楊柳依依！楊柳依依！
沒有情人，
活着哪有意義？

詞：賽維爾·德·麥斯特

Pauline Viardot
Willow-waley

I am sad, I am anxious,
I don't know
what's to become of me,
my true friend was
to have come,
and here I wait all lonesome.
Willow-waley! Willow-waley!
Where can he be, my lover?

I sit myself down to spin my wool,
the thread breaks in my hand...
come, I will spin tomorrow:
today I'm too
full of sorrow!
Willow-waley! Willow-waley!
How sad it is without my lover!

If ever he turns fickle,
if one day he is to desert me,
the village only
has to burn down,
and I with the village!
Willow-waley! Willow-waley!
What's the point of living
without a lover?

Text: Xavier de Maistre

Manuel Garcia
Yo que soy contrabandista

Yo que soy contrabandista
y campo por mi respetos,
y a todos los desafío
porque a nadie tengo miedo.
Ay, ay, ay, jaleo muchachos,
¿quién me merca
algún hilo negro?
Mi caballo está cansao
y yo me marcho corriendo.
¡Ay, ay, ay, ay,
que viene la ronda
y se movió el tiroteo!
Ay, ay, caballito mío,
caballo mío, careto,
ay, jaleo, ay, jaleo,
que nos cojen.
¡Ay, sácame de este aprieto!
¡Ay, caballo, jaleo,
ay, caballito, jaleo!

Text: anonymous

噶西亞
《走私客》

我是走私客
隨心所欲，
誰的帳也不賣，
因為我誰都不怕。
啊呀呀，麻煩了，小子，
這些好煙草
找誰買？
馬兒累得要命，
我飛快地走。
啊啊啊，
巡警來了
他們開火了！
啊呀呀，我的小馬兒，
我的白臉馬兒，
啊，糟糕，
他們追上來了。
啊，快帶我脫身！
啊，小馬兒，糟糕了，
啊，小馬兒，糟糕了！

詞：佚名

Manuel Garcia
I'm a smuggler

I'm a smuggler
And I do as I please,
I defy one and all,
because I fear no one.
Ah, ah, ah, here's trouble, boys,
who'll buy
my fine tobacco?
My horse is worn out,
and I set off at a run.
Ah, ah, ah, ah,
for the patrol's on its way
and the shooting's begun!
Ah, ah, my little horse,
my white-faced horse,
ah, here's trouble,
they're catching us.
Ah, get me out of this scrape!
Ah, little horse, here's trouble,
ah, little horse, here's trouble!

Text: anonymous

Maria Malibran
Rataplan

Rataplan, tambour habile,
Rataplan, pataplan pataplan,
Rataplan, matin et soir,
Rataplan, plan par la ville,
Rataplan, plan plan, plan plan,
Je vais toujours
tambour battant –
Rrrrrrrrran plan plan
pataplan pataplan

Aux plaines de pyramides
J'ai mené,
tambour battant,
Ranpataplan
pataplan pataplan,
Les français
de gloire avides
à la victoire enchantant;
mais au sort toujours docile,
me voilà dans mes foyers,
devenu tambour de ville,
de tambour de grenadiers.

Rataplan

Et quand
de quitter la terre
enfin ce sera mon tour,
ranpataplan
pataplan pataplan,
je desire qu'on m'enterre
à côté de mon tambour;
quand des anges
les trompettes
sonneront le jugement,
je pourrai de mes baguettes
faire un accompagnement,
plan plan plan plan.

Rataplan

Text: anonymous

馬里布蘭
《咚咚鼓聲》

咚咚咚，優秀的鼓手，
咚咚咚，咚咚咚，
咚咚咚，日日夜夜，
咚咚咚，巷尾街頭，
咚咚咚，咚咚咚，
步操一定
會打鼓
咚咚咚，咚咚咚，
咚咚咚，咚咚咚.....

到金字塔的平原去，
一鼓作氣
得勝利，
咚咚咚，
咚咚咚，咚咚咚，
法軍渴望
得光榮，
邊行進，邊唱歌，
但我謹守崗位一如以往，
現在回到家鄉，
成了鎮上的鼓手，
成了擲彈兵的鼓手。

咚咚咚.....

當我的
大限來到，
離開了塵世，
咚咚咚，
咚咚咚，咚咚咚，
我希望人們將我，
和我的鼓一起埋葬；
天使的
小號響起，
最後的審判來到，
那時讓我能為小號伴奏
用我的鼓槌，
咚咚咚

咚咚咚.....

詞：佚名

Maria Malibran
Rataplan

Ratatat, the skilful drummer,
ratatat, ratatat, ratatat,
ratatat, morning and night,
ratatat, tat through the town,
ratatat, tat-tat, tat-tat,
do I march, always
beating my drum —
Rrrrrrrrrrat tat tat,
ratatat, ratatat...

To the plains of the pyramids
I led to victory,
beating my drum,
ratatatat,
ratatat, ratatat,
the French troops
hungry for glory,
singing as they went,
but obeying my fate as ever,
here I am back home,
the town drummer now,
the grenadier drummer.

Ratatat...

And when my time
finally comes
to leave this earth behind,
ratatatat,
ratatat, ratatat,
I want to be buried
alongside my drum;
when the
angelic trumpets
sound the last judgement,
I'll be able to accompany them
with my drumsticks,
tat tat tat tat.

Ratatat...

Text: anonymous

24.2.2011

《獻祭》 *Sacrificium*

杜明尼高 · 史格拉第 (1685-1757)

E大調奏鳴曲，K380 (器樂作品)
行板

尼科羅 · 朴波拉 (1686-1768)

《像一條船》
(斯法切的詠嘆調，選自《斯法切》)

卡爾羅 · 布羅斯奇 (c1698-1756)

《誰人無視我這般痛苦》
(艾彼提德的詠嘆調，選自《墨洛珀》)

韓德爾 (1685-1759)

G小調帕薩卡利亞舞曲及D小調薩拉邦
舞曲 (器樂作品)《別管玫瑰的刺》(皮阿切利的詠嘆調，
選自《時間與啟蒙的勝利》)

杜明尼高 · 史格拉第

C大調奏鳴曲，K159 (器樂作品)

里安納度 · 芬奇 (c1696-1730)

《森林中，一頭雄鹿》
(克拉美歌的詠嘆調，選自《恐懼》)

里安納度 · 里奧 (1694-1744)

《彷彿一只蝴蝶》(迪西奧的詠嘆調，
選自《帕米拉的贊諾比亞》)

法蘭切斯科 · 阿拉亞 (1709-c1770)

《我像岩頂般倒下》(德梅特里奧的詠嘆調，
選自《貝蕾尼絲》)

Domenico Scarlatti (1685-1757)

Sonata in E, K380 (Instrumental Piece)
Andante

Nicolò Porpora (1686-1768)

Come nave
(aria of Siface from *Siface*)*

Riccardo Broschi (c1698-1756)

Chi non sente al mio dolore
(aria of Epitide from *Merope*)*

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Passacaglia in G minor and Sarabande in D minor
(Instrumental Piece)*Lascia la spina* (aria of Piacere from *Il Trionfo del
Tempo e del Disinganno*)

Domenico Scarlatti

Sonata in C, K159 (Instrumental Piece)

Leonardo Vinci (c1696-1730)

Cervo in bosco
(aria of Climaco from *Medo*)*

Leonardo Leo (1694-1744)

Qual farfalla
(aria of Decio from *Zenobia in Palmira*)*

Francesco Araia (1709-c1770)

Cadrò, ma qual si mira
(aria of Demetrio from *Berenice*)*中場休息
Interval

尼科羅 · 朴波拉

《不快樂的夜鶯》(斯法切的詠嘆調 ,
選自《斯法切》)

韓德爾

《小船在海上嬉水》
(選自《洛塔里奧》)

里安納度 · 里奧

G小調小快板 (器樂作品)

班奈迪托 · 馬切羅 (1686-1739)

G大調快板 (器樂作品)

安東尼 · 卡達拉 (c1670-1736)

《那個好牧人》(亞伯的詠嘆調 ,
選自《亞伯之死》)

杜明尼高 · 史格拉第

B大調奏鳴曲 , K262 (器樂作品)
活潑的快板

里安納度 · 芬奇

《那些戀人們多麼令人羨慕》(艾利森
娜的宣敘調與詠嘆調 , 選自《亞歷山
大大帝在印度》)

尼科羅 · 朴波拉

《高貴的水》(阿德萊德的詠嘆調 ,
選自《阿德萊德》)

Nicolò Porpora

Usgnolo sventurato
(aria of Siface from *Siface*) *

George Frideric Handel

Scherza in mar la navicella
(from *Lotario*)

Leonardo Leo

Allegretto in G minor (Instrumental Piece)

Benedetto Marcello (1686-1739)

Allegro in G (Instrumental Piece)

Antonio Caldara (c1670-1736)

Quel buon pastor
(aria of Abel from *La morte d'Abel*) *

Domenico Scarlatti

Sonata in B, K262 (Instrumental Piece)
Vivo

Leonardo Vinci

Quanto invidio la sorte...Chi vive amante
(Recitative and aria of Erisseña from *Alessandro
nelle Indie*) *

Nicolò Porpora

Nobil onda
(aria of Adelaide from *Adelaide*) *

演出長約1小時40分鐘 , 包括一節中場休息 Running time: approximately 1 hour and 40 minutes with one interval

Sources:
 Biblioteca Statale del Monumento Nazionale di Montecassino
 Bibliothèque du Conservatoire royal de Bruxelles
 Conservatorio San Pietro a Majella, Napoli
 Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, Wien
 Manuscript 80 in the Library of the Royal Academy of Music, London

Manuscript 81 in the Library of the Royal Academy of Music, London
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 Staatsbibliothek zu Berlin, Preußischer Kulturbesitz/Musikabteilung mit Mendelssohn-Archiv

* Editor: Martin Heimgartner
 Creation of Costume: Agostino Cavalca

Nicolò Porpora
Come nave

Come nave in mezzo all'onde
Si confonde il tuo pensiero;
Non temer
che il buon nocchiero
Il cammin t'insegnnerà.

Basterà per tuo conforto
L'amor mio nella procella;
la tua guida, la tua stella,
Il tuo porto egli sarà.

Text: Pietro Metastasio

尼科羅 . 朴波拉
《像一條船》

像汪洋中的一條船，
你思想紊亂，
別怕，
有個好舵手
會為你引路。

暴風雨中，我的愛
就是你唯一需要的慰藉，
它是你的嚮導、你的星宿，
你安全的避難所。

詞：彼得羅 . 梅塔斯塔西奧

Nicolò Porpora
Like a ship

Like a ship amid the waves,
your thoughts are troubled,
fear not,
for a good helmsman
will show you the way.

In the tempest, my love
will be all the comfort you need,
it will be your guide, your star,
and your safe haven.

Text: Pietro Metastasio

Riccardo Broschi
Chi non sente al mio dolore

Chi non sente al mio dolore
Qualche affanno dentro al core
Vada pur tra foschi orrori
Tra le valli
a sospirar.

Il mio bene, il padre, il regno
Mi ha rapito
fato indegno.
Sommi Dei, se giusti siete
Fin ponete al mio penar.

Text: Apostolo Zeno

卡爾羅 . 布羅斯奇
《誰人無視我這般痛苦》

誰人無視我這般痛苦，
且內心亦毫不悲哀的話，
就該走下山谷去，
經歷一下絕望與恐怖，
然後嘆息。

我所愛的，我的父親，我的君主
被命運
卑劣地搶走。
皇天在上，你要公正，
就把我的痛苦了結吧。

詞：阿波斯托洛 . 芝諾

Riccardo Broschi
Who does not feel my pain

Who does not feel my pain
with sorrow in his heart
shall go down to the valleys,
stray through their black horrors
and sigh.

My beloved, my father, my reign
were robbed from me
by an unworthy fate.
Highest Gods, if you are righteous,
make an end to my suffering.

Text: Apostolo Zeno

George Frideric Handel
Lascia la spina

Lascia la spina,
cogli la rosa
Tu vai cercando
il tuo dolor.

Canuta brina,
per mano ascossa
Giungerà quando
nol crede il cor.

Text: Benedetto Pamphili

韓德爾
《別管玫瑰的刺》

別管玫瑰的刺，
把花朵摘下；
你在尋找
自己的悲哀。

看不見的手
會為你帶來
遲暮之年
在你未曾想過之時。

詞：貝內德托·潘菲利

George Frideric Handel
Leave the thorn

Leave the thorn,
pluck the rose;
you are seeking
your own sorrow.

An unseen hand
will bring you
hoary old age
ere your heart imagines.

Text: Benedetto Pamphili

Leonardo Vinci
Cervo in bosco

Cervo in bosco se l'impiaga
Dardo rapido e mortale,
Varca il colle, cerca il fonte,
Dalla valle
al prato va.

Trova alfin mentre divaga
Erba, onor
d'aprìco monte,
Che gustata l'empio strale
Dal suo fianco cader fa.

Text: Carlo Frugoni

里安納度·芬奇
《森林中，一頭雄鹿》

森林中，一頭雄鹿
被飛來的箭射中要害，
為了尋找水泉，走過山岳，
穿過山谷，
走到草地。

徘徊又徘徊，終於找到
陽光普照的山頭，
青草遍地。
青草吃罷，
殘酷的箭就會從牠身上掉落。

詞：卡羅·弗魯哥尼

Leonardo Vinci
When a hart in the forest

When a hart in the forest is struck
by a swift and deadly dart,
over the hill, in search of a spring,
from the valley
to the meadow it goes.

In its wanderings at last it finds
grass adorning
the sunny mountainside
which once eaten, causes the
cruel arrow to fall from its flank.

Text: Carlo Frugoni

<p>Leonardo Leo <i>Qual farfalla</i></p> <p>Qual farfalla innamorata Va girando intorno al lume La speranza del mio core.</p> <p>E bruciandosi le piume Nella cuna sventurata Ha il feretro ove sen more.</p> <p>Text: Apostolo Zeno & Pietro Pariati</p>	<p>里安納度 . 里奧 《彷彿一只蝴蝶》</p> <p>彷彿一只為情發狂的蝴蝶， 我藏在心中的希望， 永遠圍繞着火焰拍動翅膀。</p> <p>灼傷了雙翼， 葬身於出生的地方 那不幸的地方。</p> <p>詞：阿波斯托洛 . 芝諾、 皮耶特羅 . 派利亞提</p>	<p>Leonardo Leo <i>Like a butterfly</i></p> <p>Like a butterfly crazed with love, the hope I harbour within my heart flutters forever around the flame.</p> <p>And scorching its wings, is buried where it dies in its ill-fated birthplace.</p> <p>Text: Apostolo Zeno & Pietro Pariati</p>
<p>Francesco Araia <i>Cadrò, ma qual si mira</i></p> <p>Cadrò, ma qual si mira Parte cader dal monte Della sassosa fronte Che quant'a lei s'oppone Urta, fracassa e seco Precipitando va.</p> <p>E se non resta oppresso Dalla fatal ruina, Sente da lungi anch'esso Attonito il pastore Lo strepito del coplo Ch'impallidir lo fa.</p> <p>Text: Antonio Salvi</p>	<p>法蘭切斯科 . 阿拉亞 《我像岩頂般倒下》</p> <p>我倒下，就像 高山那岩石嶙峋的頂峰 一樣的倒下， 所到之處 一切都被擊倒打碎 岩頂也一同俯衝。</p> <p>假如他沒有 被這可怕的岩頂砸倒， 那驚恐不已的牧羊人 也聽得見遠處 岩頂倒下的巨響， 嚇得他臉色發青。</p> <p>詞：安東尼奧 . 薩爾維</p>	<p>Francesco Araia <i>I shall fall, just as one sees fall</i></p> <p>I shall fall, just as one sees fall part of the rocky summit of a mountain, which strikes and shatters anything in its path causing it too to plummet.</p> <p>And if he is not crushed by that dreadful collapse, the terrified shepherd also hears from afar the noise of the fall. at which he grows pale.</p> <p>Text: Antonio Salvi</p>

Nicolò Porpora
Usgnolo sventurato

Usgnolo sventurato,
Che desia fuggir la morte,
Va cantando e del suo fato
Così piange il rivo tenor.

Sembro lieto anch'io sul trono
Pur la sorte è a me tiranna,
Pure invidio il bel soggiorno
D'una povera capanna
Al felice affittator.

Text: Pietro Metastasio

尼科羅 . 朴波拉
《不快樂的夜鶯》

失意的夜鶯
為了逃避死亡，
不住的歌唱，
嗟嘆其悲慘的命運。

而我，也似乎滿足於自己的王位，
但命運卻令我苦惱。
我羨慕那快活的佃農
簡單的住所
簡陋的農舍。

詞：彼得羅 . 梅塔斯塔西奧

Nicolò Porpora
The unhappy nightingale

The unhappy nightingale,
anxious to escape death,
sings on and thus laments
its melancholy fate.

I too seem content on my throne,
yet destiny oppresses me.
and I envy the happy tenant
the simple shelter
of his humble cottage.

Text: Pietro Metastasio

George Frideric Handel
Scherza in mar la navicella

Scherza in mar
la navicella
Mentre ride
aura seconda:
ma se poi fiera procella
turba il Ciel,
sconvolge l'onda
va perduta a naufragar.

Non così questo mio core
cederà d'un empia sorte
allo sdegno ed al furore
che per anco in faccia a morte
sa da grande trionfar.

Text: Giacomo Rossi

韓德爾
《小船在海上嬉水》

小船在
海上嬉水
當風對它微笑，
助它順行：
但要是狂風暴雨來臨，
風雲變色，
巨浪滔天，
小船就會觸礁沉沒。

但我的心絕不會如此，
屈服於狡詐的命運之下，
屈服於狂暴與憤怒之下，
因為，即使面對死亡
我也知道如何大獲全勝。

詞：基奧科莫 . 羅希

George Frideric Handel
*The little boat swims playfully
in the sea*

The little boat swims playfully
in the sea
while a favourable wind
smiles upon it:
but if then a proud storm
perturbs the skies
and upsets the waves
it ends up lost and shipwrecked.

Yet, my heart will not like this
yield to a wicked fate,
to frenzy and rage,
because even in the face of death
it knows how to triumph greatly.

Text: Giacomo Rossi

Antonio Caldara
Quel buon pastore

Quel buon pastor son io,
Che tanto il gregge apprezza
Che per la sua salvezza
Offre se stesso ancor.

Conosco ad una ad una
Le mie dilette agnelle
E riconoscon quelle
Il tenero pastor.

Text: Pietro Metastasio

安東尼 . 卡達拉
《那個好牧人》

我就是那好牧人
對羊兒愛護有加，
為了拯救羊兒，
即使犧牲性命也在所不惜。

親愛的羊兒
每一頭我都認識，
牠們也全都認得
這個溫柔的牧人。

詞：彼得羅 . 梅塔斯塔西奧

Antonio Caldara
That good shepherd

I am that good shepherd
who loves his flock so much
that he lays down his life
for its salvation.

I know each one
of my beloved lambs,
and they all recognise
their gentle shepherd.

Text: Pietro Metastasio

Leonardo Vinci
Quanto invidio la sorte...Chi vive amante

Quanto invidio la sorte delle
grecche donzelle!
Almen fra loro
fossi nata anch'io.
Ah, già per lui fra gli amorosi
affanni dunque vive Erissena?
No! M'inganno.

Chi vive amante, sai che delira.
Spesso si lagna,
sempre sospira,
Ne d'altro
parla che di morir.

Io non m'affanno,
non mi quereleo,
Giammai tiranno
non chiamo il cielo.
Dunque il mio core
d'amor non pena
O pur l'amore non è martir.

Text: Pietro Metastasio

里安納度 . 芬奇
《那些戀人們多麼令人羨慕》

那些希臘少女
多麼令人羨慕！
假如我生來就是
她們的一份子就好。
啊，艾利森娜是否因為他
而為情所困？
不。我在騙自己吧！

你知道戀人們會胡言亂語，
時常傷春悲秋。
不斷長嗟短嘆，
開口閉口要生要死，
沒有別的話題。

我沒煩惱，
沒遺憾，
我不會說
上天橫蠻，
所以，要麼是我
不為相思所苦，
要麼愛情根本就不是折磨。

詞：彼得羅 . 梅塔斯塔西奧

Leonardo Vinci
How I envy the fate of the lovers

How I envy
the fate of the Greek damsels!
Would that I had been
born one of them.
Ah, is Erisenna then enduring
the pangs of love for him?
No. I am fooling myself!

You know that lovers do rave,
often lamenting,
always sighing,
never speaking of
aught save death.

I have no cares,
nothing to regret,
never do I call
heaven tyrannous,
thus either my heart
is not sick with love,
or else, love is no torment.

Text: Pietro Metastasio

Nicolò Porpora
Nobil onda

Nobil onda,
Chiara figlia d'alto monte,
Più ch'è stretta e prigioniera,
Più gioconda
scherza in fonte,
Più leggiera
all'aure va.

Tal quest'alma,
Più che oppressa dalla sorte,
Spiegherà più in alto il volo
E la palma d'esser forte
Dal suo duolo acquisterà.

Text: Antonio Salvi

尼科羅 . 朴波拉
《高貴的水》

那高貴的水，
那高峰上明亮的女兒，
源頭愈是狹窄，
她在源頭
玩得愈快活，
升上天時
就愈顯輕盈。

同樣，我的靈魂
愈是被命運折磨，
就騰飛得愈高；
它所受的痛苦，會贏來
永垂不朽的美名。

詞：安東尼奧 . 薩爾維

Nicolò Porpora
Noble water

The more narrowly confined
that noble water,
bright daughter of the high peak,
the more joyfully
she plays at her source,
the more lightly
she rises into the air.

And thus, the more my soul
is plagued by fate,
the higher it will soar,
and its suffering will earn it
the glory of remaining strong.

Text: Antonio Salvi

原文及英譯歌詞由演出者提供
Lyrics in original and translation provided by artist

場刊中譯：鄭曉彤