



Natalie DESSAY Farewell Recital

Oiseaux de passage

2025.11.8 Sat. 19:30

Weiwuying Concert Hall

Duration is 90 minutes with a 20-minute intermission.



National Kaohsiung
CENTER FOR THE ARTS

WEI WUYING

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Synopsis

After an international career as a singer on the most prestigious stages, Natalie DESSAY returns for her final recital with her faithful partner, pianist Philippe CASSARD.

In 2013, the celebrated soprano put an end to her operatic career to devote herself more fully to concerts, theatre—her lifelong passion—and musical comedy. Since then, she has never stopped reinventing herself and exploring ever more original artistic fields. In this program, Natalie DESSAY and Philippe CASSARD combine works with an Anglo-Saxon flavor by PREVIN, MENOTTI and BARBER with French melodies by RAVEL and POULENC in a piano-voice recital full of nuances and contrasts.

This concert marks the farewell to the stage of this complicit duo, but also the sixtieth birthday of a woman who will remain an unforgettable coloratura soprano adored on both sides of the globe.

Program

W. A. MOZART: Excerpts from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, K. 492

Cavatina di Barbarina "L'ho perduta me meschina"

Recitativo e Aria di Susanna "Giunse alfin il momento—Deh vieni non tardar"

Aria di Cherubino "Non so più"

Recitativo e Aria di la Contessa "E Susanna non vien—Dove sono"

E. CHAUSSON: "Le colibri," Op. 2, No. 7

M. RAVEL: "Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis," M. 69, No. 2

L. BEYDTS: "La colombe poignardée" from *Chansons pour les oiseaux*, No. 1

F. POULENC: "Reine des mouettes" from *Métamorphoses*, FP 121, No. 1

M. RAVEL: "Oiseaux tristes" from *Miroirs*, M. 43, No. 2

F. POULENC: "La dame de Monte-Carlo," FP 180

----- Intermission -----

G. C. MENOTTI: "Monica's Waltz" from *Le Médium*

S. BARBER: *Knoxville: Summer of 1915*, Op. 24

A. PREVIN: "I Want Magic!" from *A Streetcar Named Desire*

Program Notes

Written by TSAI Yung-kai
(Associate Professor and Chairman, Department of Music, Tunghai University)

Love in Bewilderment — Selected Arias from *The Marriage of Figaro*

In her youth, before achieving worldwide fame on the operatic stage, DESSAY had a deep passion for the theatre. To open her farewell recital, she has chosen four solo numbers for female voices from MOZART's *The Marriage of Figaro* showcasing not only her gift for inhabiting diverse roles, but also symbolically tracing a woman's growth through different stages of life.

Premiered in 1786, *The Marriage of Figaro* features a libretto by Lorenzo DA PONTE, adapted from BEAUMARCHAIS's 1778 play *La Folle Journée, ou Le Mariage de Figaro* (*The Mad Day, or The Marriage of Figaro*) which caused a sensation at the time. The opera is often regarded as the pinnacle of MOZART's theatrical genius, mainly because of its seamless fusion of the Baroque "opera seria" tradition with the emerging "opera buffa" of the Enlightenment era. Through music, it portrays the encounters and power dynamics between different social classes. Many of the opera's characters are tormented by love, each responding in their own way and revealing the complexity of human nature.

Barbarina, a minor character, is the gardener Antonio's daughter and cousin to the maid Susanna. Innocent and pure-hearted, Barbarina too has been flirted with by the lecherous Count, yet her affection remains devoted to the young page Cherubino, who himself is infatuated with the Countess. When Cherubino was on the verge of being punished by the Count, Barbarina bravely intervenes and ultimately wins his heart. At the end of Act III, Susanna, seeking revenge on the Count, writes him a letter inviting him to a secret meeting and asks that he return the hairpin attached to the envelope as proof of his acceptance. At the beginning of Act IV, Barbarina—whom the Count has asked to deliver the pin—loses it and sings "**L'ho perduta, me meschina**" ("**I have lost it, unhappy me!**"). This small mishap fuels Figaro's growing suspicion that his fiancée, Susanna, might indeed be involved with the Count.

Though Susanna is a servant, she uses her wit and intelligence to join forces with Figaro in resisting the Count's advances and upholding the Countess's honor, making her the opera's true heroine. From this, it becomes clear that the class mobility depicted in opera buffa even foreshadowed the coming of the French Revolution. Aware of the Count's desire for her but determined to protect the Countess's honor, Susanna devises a plan to exchange clothes with the Countess and wait for the Count in the garden. When she realizes that Figaro has begun to doubt her fidelity, she decides to also teach him a lesson through this plan. **"Giunse alfin il momento—Deh vieni non tardar"** (**"At last the moment is near—Come, do not delay, oh bliss"**) begins with a recitative. Unlike the simpler orchestral accompaniment typical of most recitatives, the bright and lively violin writing here enhances the sense of playacting, underscoring Susanna's deliberate attempt to deceive those listening and watching in the darkness. Because Susanna is now disguised as the Countess, the aria unfolds at a slower tempo with greater emphasis on the lower register, lending it a sense of poise and dignity. The text describes a secret rendezvous in the darkness, yet it can also be understood as a metaphor for hope—the longing for the night's shadows to lift and for love to emerge once more into the light.

Cherubino is perhaps the most charming figure in the opera. In the throes of puberty, he adores the Countess while being unable to resist his attraction to other women. To suit his age and to avoid censorship issues, MOZART assigned this "travesti" (trouser role) to a mezzo-soprano. In his Act I aria **"Non so più cosa son"** (**"I no longer know what I am"**), the strings mirror the gentle breeze described in the lyrics, while the vocal line, built from short, repeated phrases, captures the restless confusion of youth intoxicated by its first rush of desire.

The Countess, graceful and dignified, was once ardently courted by the Count, but now suffers from his infidelity. In Act III, she and Susanna devise a plan for Susanna to lure the Count into a trap. As she awaits Susanna's reply, the Countess sings **"E Susanna non vien—Dove sono"** (**"Susanna's not come—Where are the golden moments?"**). This aria portrays her complex emotions: the recitative begins with anxious waiting and slowly

reveals her bitterness toward her husband's betrayal. The ensuing aria unfolds in an Andante that recalls the sweetness of the past, tinged with the regret of minor keys, and concludes with an Allegro in which she summons renewed strength—her faith and virtue will ultimately prevail.

Passage — “Birds” in French Art Songs

In March 2025, DESSAY released her album *Oiseaux de passage (Birds of Passage)*, from which five French art songs are featured in this concert. The concept of “birds” in the album carries a dual meaning: on one hand, it alludes to DESSAY's celebrated identity as a light coloratura soprano; on the other, the image of “birds of passage or migratory birds” subtly reflects the transformations in her artistic journey—particularly her gradual shift from initial resistance to deep appreciation of the French mélodie repertoire.

Ernest CHAUSSON, one of the featured composers, inherited the French Romantic emphasis on lyrical beauty while embracing the freer tonal language inspired by WAGNER. Composed in 1882, “**Le colibri**” (“**The Hummingbird**”) sets a poem by LECONTE DE LISLE and is part of CHAUSSON's *7 Mélodies*, Op. 2, one of his early works. The text describes a hummingbird flitting among reeds and blossoms, meeting its end while sipping nectar. CHAUSSON unfolds the song in a stately 5/4 meter, creating a dreamlike atmosphere that culminates in a tender image: the lover's yearning for a first kiss.

It is well known that RAVEL held a deep sense of his French national identity and, during World War I, insisted on enlisting in military service. Composed between 1914 and 1915, RAVEL's *Trois Chansons (Three Songs)* stands as his musical declaration to the world of France's radiant cultural heritage. The term chanson has held multiple meanings throughout music history; its earliest usage dates back to the 14th century through the mid-Renaissance, referring to polyphonic songs in the French language—considered the ancestors of Western secular music. At that time, both the poetry and the music were often written by the same composer, and the chanson typically followed the “forme fixe”

(fixed poetic form), emphasizing strict structural repetition between text and musical sections. The selected song for this program, **“Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis”** (**“Three Beautiful Birds from Paradise”**) was written for four-part a cappella choir, with each voice part given moments of individual prominence. In the lyrics, three birds from paradise—blue, white, and red—fly past, symbolizing the French flag. The narrative alternates between a woman’s dialogue with the birds and the recurring refrain, “Mon ami z-il est à la guerre” (“My friend is at the wars”). Embedded within the serene and noble melody, this refrain quietly laments the anguish that war inflicts upon the loved ones of those who fight. When performed by a solo soprano, the repetition of both text and melody deepens the sense of desolation and helpless longing that pervades the song.

Louis BEYDTS was an important figure in early 20th-century French music, known for his operas, songs, incidental music, and film scores. In contrast to the Symbolist tendencies that dominated contemporary literature, BEYDTS preferred more straightforward poetry and favored composing melodies of a dramatic, recitative-like character. **“La colombe poignardée”** (**“The Stabbed Dove”**), included in his 1950 collection *Chansons pour les oiseaux* (*Songs for Birds*), sets a poem by Paul FORT in which the dove becomes a metaphor for a heart pierced by lost love, where all that is beautiful in the world turns into daggers that wound it. The entire song unfolds like an operatic recitative, charged with emotional tension as it voices the pain of a wounded heart. Yet the sweet cadence at the end lingers like a tenderness one cannot bear to forget.

A contemporary of BEYDTS, Francis POULENC was admired for his chamber works and French art songs, which blend neoclassicism with the charm of the popular chanson. He is widely regarded as the most important French art song composer after Gabriel FAURÉ. POULENC was fond of setting surrealist poetry and often gave his vocal lines a speech-like quality. Yet unlike operatic recitative, which depends on complex rhythmic freedom, he preferred simple, rhythmically steady melodies. When sung with calm composure, these enigmatic verses reveal a restrained yet captivating allure. **“Reine des mouettes”** (**“Queen of Seagulls”**) is taken from POULENC’s song cycle *Métamorphoses*, published in 1943.

The texts come from the poetry of Louise DE VILMORIN, a celebrated socialite and one of the composer's closest confidantes. POULENC had already set her poems to music earlier in his 1939 cycle *Fiançailles pour rire* (*Betrothal for Laughs*). DE VILMORIN was known for her conversational, meandering tone, paying little attention to narrative continuity. She preferred vivid, visually driven imagery that alludes to a woman's inner world—ambiguous, uncertain, and veiled. In "Reine des mouettes," the seagull's pink hue comes from the poet's kisses and caresses—yet this tender image is veiled by mourning black, as if questioning how the poet could ever truly perceive it. The logic of cause and effect, as well as the reality of events, remain deliberately obscure. POULENC's music mirrors this ambiguity. Marked "Très vite et haletant" (very fast and breathless), the song opens with repeated chords, while the vocal line alternates between descending semitones and leaping intervals—an expressive contrast to the calm resolution that emerges at the end. As the music fades, listeners gain a clearer sense of its emotional shape: it is like recalling a seaside rendezvous once tinged with awkwardness, now softened by tender nostalgia.

Following the four French art songs, pianist Philippe CASSARD concludes this "bird-themed" segment with RAVEL's "**Oiseaux tristes**" ("**Sad Birds**"). The piece belongs to the piano suite *Miroirs*, composed between 1904 and 1905—a period when RAVEL had turned away from academic conventions and the frustrations of the Prix de Rome competition, and formed a circle of avant-garde artists and critics known as "Les Apaches," who supported one another in their pursuit of new artistic ideals. "Oiseaux tristes" is dedicated to RAVEL's close friend, the eminent pianist Ricardo VIÑES, who also premiered the entire suite. The piece opens with the song of a solitary bird intoning a plaintive melody before others join in. The middle section grows more animated, leading to a brief virtuosic passage, and ends in an atmosphere marked *sombre et lointain* (somber and distant).

To close the first half of the program, DESSAY will perform POULENC's **"La dame de Monte-Carlo"** ("The Lady of Monte Carlo"), composed in 1961 to a text by the renowned poet Jean COCTEAU. POULENC conceived the piece as a "Monologue," a dramatic solo scene in which a single voice reveals an inner emotional world, portraying a destitute widow who visits the Monte Carlo casino in a final attempt to regain her luck. Lasting over seven minutes, the work traces the protagonist's shifting emotions—loss, yearning, passion, and despair. Originally written for soprano and orchestra, it is now more frequently performed in its version for soprano and piano. Accompanied by a sparse, cabaret-like piano, the singer alternates between murmured phrases and soaring outbursts. As the woman's buried sorrow and defiance gradually surface, the listener comes to realize the poem's haunting truth: her true destination is not the casino, but the dark, silent depths of the Mediterranean Sea.

Modern Womanhood — American Songs

In the second half of the concert, DESSAY turns to three American songs that reflect the new artistic horizons she embraced after stepping away from the opera stage, particularly in the world of musical theatre and American song.

Gian Carlo MENOTTI was born in Italy and entered the Milan Conservatory at the age of thirteen. In 1928, he moved to the Curtis Institute of Music in the United States, marking the beginning of his lifelong connection with America. Although the great age of opera had waned, MENOTTI carried forward the Italian gift for theatrical expression and lyrical melody, creating numerous stage works that fuse modern sonorities with human stories set in the context of contemporary life. Composed in 1946, MENOTTI's *Le Médium* was one of his first major successes. The opera tells of a spirit medium trapped between two worlds, descending into madness and murder. The opera employs abundant dissonance to portray the heroine's unraveling mind, yet it is also interwoven with moments of pure and lyrical beauty. In the story, the mute puppet performer Toby falls in love with Monica, the daughter of the medium, and she, in turn, senses his deep affection for her. In Act II, after

watching Toby perform a puppet show for her, Monica sings "**Monica's Waltz**" as if confessing his feelings on his behalf. In the first section, she is confident and full of charm; in the second, she shares the boy's tender longing. Pretending to be offended by his boldness, she then imagines, in the third section, Toby competing with other suitors for her favor. By the fourth, moved by Toby's passion, she finally yields to his embrace.

Samuel BARBER, who became close friends with MENOTTI during their student years in the United States, would go on to be recognized as one of the most frequently performed American composers in Europe. Deeply rooted in the Romantic tradition of the 19th century, he possessed an extraordinary gift for crafting lyrical vocal lines. Commissioned in 1947 by soprano Eleanor STEBER, **Knoxville: Summer of 1915** was originally written for soprano and orchestra. The text, drawn from a prose passage by James AGEE, later became the preface to his novel *A Death in the Family*. At the score's opening, BARBER dedicates the song to his father and includes AGEE's own words: "We are talking now of summer evenings in Knoxville, Tennessee, in the time that I lived there so successfully disguised to myself as a child." AGEE's text indeed evokes the pace of life in a Southern town through the eyes of a child. BARBER opens the piece with a pentatonic scale that creates an atmosphere of serenity and gentle ease, followed by metallic sonorities that imitate the sound of streetcars, symbolizing the city's modern pulse. As the narrator's gaze returns home to observe the family's evening rituals, the bell tones fade, giving way to slowly and softly rising musical figures. In the next section, a warm F major ushers in memories of familial closeness and quiet contentment. Yet the mood gradually darkens, as if foreshadowing an inevitable farewell between life and death. The majestic prelude returns, suggesting the narrator's deep immersion in memory, unable to break free. In the end, the narrator poses a quiet question, admitting that he has never been told who he is—and then drifts peacefully into sleep.

Born in Berlin in 1929, André PREVIN emigrated to the United States because of his Jewish heritage and went on to become one of the 20th century's most significant composers, conductors, and pianists. Fluent in a wide range of musical styles, from refined chamber music to popular jazz, PREVIN also spent many years writing film scores, which endowed his music with a keen sense of drama and emotional pacing. Composed in 1997, PREVIN's opera *A Streetcar Named Desire* features a libretto by Philip LITTELL, adapted from Tennessee WILLIAMS's 1947 play of the same name. The story centers on Blanche DuBois, who arrives at her sister and brother-in-law's home aboard a streetcar named "Desire." She conceals the true reason for her departure from home and soon grows resentful of her brother-in-law's coarse behavior. As the drama unfolds, the audience gradually learns Blanche's tragic past: her husband's affair with another man, her subsequent dismissal from a teaching position over an affair with a student, and her eventual descent into prostitution. **"I Want Magic!"** appears in Act III, Scene 2 of the opera. In this scene, Blanche is alone with Mitch, one of her brother-in-law's more refined friends, and a spark seems to develop between them. Yet Mitch senses that Blanche is hiding many secrets. When he tries to turn on the light, she becomes unusually sensitive, terrified that the truth of her age and appearance will be revealed. As Mitch insists on seeing reality, Blanche coquettishly protests: "Who wants real?...I want magic!" PREVIN marks in the score that the soprano should deliver the text half-spoken, allowing every word to emerge clearly, while the orchestra subtly mirrors her shifting emotions. The vocal line, filled with wide leaps—especially downward—captures Blanche's vanity and self-indulgence in that very moment. Key words such as "Magic," "ought to be," "damned," and "Sometimes TOO bright!" are highlighted by these expressive intervals.

Performers



Soprano | Natalie DESSAY

Since the beginning of her career, Natalie DESSAY has sung on the greatest international stages. She has sung works by MOZART (Blondchen, Königin der Nacht, Pamina) and STRAUSS (Fiakermilli, Zerbinetta, Sophie...). Throughout her career, she has been a regular guest at the Vienna Staatsoper, the Metropolitan Opera in New York, La Scala in Milan, the Liceu in Barcelona, the Royal Opera House in London and, of course, the Opéra national de Paris. Natalie DESSAY is also a great interpreter of the French repertoire: Ophelia, Minka, Lakmé, Olympia, Juliette, Manon. She has also enjoyed great success in the bel canto repertoire, in *La Sonnambula* and above all in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, a role she has sung at the Chicago Opera, the Metropolitan Opera and the Opéra national de Paris, and which she has recorded under the baton of Valery GERGIEV. She also sang Marie (*La Fille du Régiment*), directed by Laurent PELLÉ, which was performed at Covent Garden, the Vienna Staatsoper, the Metropolitan Opera and the Opéra national de Paris.

She has sung Violetta (*La Traviata*) in Tokyo, at the Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, at the Vienna Opera and at the Metropolitan Opera, always with immense success.

She reprised Marie (*La Fille du Régiment*) at the Opéra national de Paris, and the title role in *Manon* at the Théâtre du Capitole in Toulouse.

After meeting Emmanuelle HAÏM, Natalie DESSAY began to interpret works by HANDEL, among others. She sang the role of Cleopatra (*Giulio Cesare*) at the Opéra national de Paris.

She works with Michel LEGRAND, with whom she has toured Europe and South America, and has recorded 2 CDs: *Entre elle et lui* (Erato) and *Between Yesterday and Tomorrow* (Sony). With Philippe CASSARD, her recital pianist, she has given over 120 concerts since 2012 on the most prestigious stages: Carnegie Hall in New York, Jordan Hall in Boston, Barbican in London, Suntory Hall in Tokyo, Musikverein in Vienna, Tchaikovsky Hall in Moscow, Théâtre des Champs Élysées in Paris, etc. Thanks to this collaboration, 3 CDs have been released: *Debussy* (Erato), *Fiançailles pour rire* (Erato) and *Schubert* (Sony).

Natalie DESSAY was appointed Kammersängerin by the Wiener Staatsoper.

For several years now, Natalie DESSAY has also been performing in the theatre. She made her highly acclaimed debut in Howard BARKER's monologue *Und* at the Théâtre Olympia in Tours, then in a number of French towns, as well as at the Théâtre des Abbesses and the Dejazet in Paris. In July 2018 she was at the Festival d'Avignon, performing *La Légende d'une vie* by Stefan ZWEIG at the Théâtre Montparnasse.

※Natalie DESSAY appears by arrangement with Les Grandes Voix/Céleste Productions.

※Natalie DESSAY records exclusively for Sony Classical.



Piano | Philippe CASSARD

Philippe CASSARD studied with Dominique MERLET and Geneviève JOY-DUTILLEUX at the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique de Paris. In 1982, he won first prizes in piano and chamber music. He continued his studies for two years at the Hochschule für Musik in Vienna, where he received guidance from the legendary Nikita MAGALOFF. A finalist in the Clara Haskil Competition in 1985, he won First Prize in the Dublin International Piano Competition in 1988.

Since then, he has been invited by the greatest European orchestras (London Philharmonic, City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, BBC Philharmonic, Orchestres national de France and Philharmonique de Radio France, Capitole de Toulouse, Budapest Philharmonic, Danish Radio Orchestra, etc.), and has performed under the baton of Sir Neville MARRINER, Marek JANOWSKI, Sir Roger NORRINGTON, Charles DUTOIT, Yan-Pascal TORTELIER, Armin JORDAN, Thomas HENGELBROCK, Vladimir FEDOSSEJEV....

From 1993 onwards, Philippe CASSARD presented the complete cycle of DEBUSSY's piano works in one day and 4 recitals: after London's Wigmore Hall, he played them in Paris, Lisbon, Dublin, Sydney, Tokyo and Vancouver, each time with great success. Reissued in 2012 by Decca, this complete recording won the Grand Prix de l'Académie du Disque in 1994.

His love of chamber music and singing has enabled him to perform with artists such as Christa LUDWIG, Karine DESHAYES, Wolfgang HOLZMAIR, Samuel HASSELHORN, Michel PORTAL, David GRIMAL, Anne GASTINEL, Cédric PESCIA, the Ebène, Modigliani and Hermès quartets....

He forms a duo with Natalie DESSAY, which has given over 120 concerts since 2012 on the most prestigious stages. Three CDs (*Debussy, Mélodies françaises* and *Schubert*) bear witness to their complicity.

Among a discography of 40 titles, his recordings of SCHUBERT have been acclaimed and rewarded throughout the world. A CD of Beethoven Trios released in 2021 was awarded the Diapason d'or, the FFFF by *Télérama* and the Choc by *Classica*. Philippe CASSARD is one of the most popular voices on France Musique, with over 650 broadcasts since 2005. He has published two essays on SCHUBERT and DEBUSSY (Actes Sud) and a book of memories (*Par petites touches*, Mercure de France).

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歌詞 Lyrics

莫札特：歌劇《費加洛的婚禮》選粹，K. 492

W. A. MOZART: Excerpts from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, K. 492

芭芭麗娜的短歌〈我弄丟了，可憐的我〉

Cavatina di Barbarina "L'ho perduta me meschina"

中文翻譯 —— 吳若楠 Mandarin Translation by Romy WU

中文 Mandarin

義文 Italian

英文 English

我把它弄丟了.....

可憐的我.....

哦！誰知道掉哪兒了？

我找不到.....

我的表姊.....

還有老爺.....他會怎麼說？

L'ho perduta...

me meschina...

Ah, chi sa dove sarà?

Non la trovo...

E mia cugina...

e il padron...cosa dirà?

I have lost it,

unhappy me!

Ah, who knows where it is?

I cannot find it...

And my cousin...

and my lord...what will he say?

蘇珊娜的宣敘調與詠嘆調〈此刻終於來臨——來吧！親愛的，別遲疑〉

Recitativo e Aria di Susanna "Giunse alfin il momento—Deh vieni non tardar"

中文翻譯 —— 吳若楠 Mandarin Translation by Romy WU

中文 Mandarin

義文 Italian

英文 English

此刻終於來臨，
我得以在愛人懷中
盡情享樂。
膽怯的顧忌，
從我的胸中離去吧，
別來打擾我的喜悅！
哦！我感覺到，
這地方歡快的氣息，
天空與大地的活力
與愛火相互呼應！
而夜色還幫我保密！

Giunse alfin il momento
che godrò senz'affanno
in braccio all'idol mio.
Timide cure,
uscite dal mio petto,
a turbar non venite
il mio diletto!
Oh, come par che
all'amoroso foco
l'amenità del loco,
la terra e il ciel risponda,
come la notte i furti
miei seconda!

At last the moment is near
when carefree I shall exult
in the embrace of him I worship.
Timid care,
be banished from my heart,
and come not to disturb my joy.
Oh, how the beauties
of this place,
of heaven and earth,
respond to the fire of my love.
How night furthers my designs!

來吧！親愛的，
別遲疑，多美妙的喜悅，
來到這愛情呼喚你
前來享樂的地方，
趁夜燈還照耀天空，
趁大氣還灰暗
而世界仍然寂靜。
此處溪水潺潺，
微風撫弄，
甜美的低語
使人心曠神怡，
這裡花朵歡笑，
草兒青翠，
萬物都在呼應
愛的喜悅。
快來吧！親愛的，
到這茂密的樹林，
我要用玫瑰花環裝飾
你的額頭。

Deh vieni non tardar,
oh gioia bella, vieni ove amore
per goder t'appella,
finché non splende in
ciel notturna face,
finché l'aria è ancor
bruna e il mondo tace.
Qui mormora il ruscel,
qui scherza l'aura,
che col dolce susurro
il cor ristaura,
qui ridono i fioretti e
l'erba è fresca,
ai piaceri d'amor qui
tutto adescà.
Vieni ben mio,
tra queste piante ascose,
ti vo' la fronte
incoronar di rose.

Come, do not delay, oh bliss,
come where love
calls thee to joy,
while night's torch does not
shine in the sky,
while the air is still dark
and the world quiet.
Here murmurs the stream,
here sports the breeze,
which refreshes the heart with
its sweet whispers;
Here flowers smile and
the grass is cool;
Here everything invites to
the pleasures of love.
Come, my dearest,
and amid these sheltered trees,
I will wreath thy brow
with roses.

凱魯碧諾的詠嘆調〈我不知道我是誰〉

Aria di Cherubino "Non so più"

中文翻譯 —— 林錦如 Mandarin Translation by LIN Ching-ju

中文 Mandarin

義文 Italian

英文 English

我不知道我是誰，
在做什麼，
有一刻，我像著了火了，
下一刻我又像冰一樣冷，
每個女人都可以
改變我的臉色，
每個女人都
讓我發抖。
在提到愛情、
欣喜的時候，
我苦惱著那五臟六腑的沸騰，
它迫使我談論愛情，
我無法說出
對愛情的期盼。
我在醒著的時候談到愛，
我在作夢時喚著愛情，
水，樹，山，
花，草，噴泉，
迴音，空氣和風，
我無望的話語，感受
被他們一起帶走了。
如果沒有任何人
在我身旁聽我說話，
那我就對自己談情說愛吧！

Non so più cosa son,
cosa faccio,
or di foco,
ora sono di ghiaccio,
ogni donna cangiar di colore,
ogni donna mi fa palpar.
Solo ai nomi d'amor,
di diletto,
mi si turba, mi s'altera il petto
e a parlare mi sforza d'amore
un desio ch'io non
posso spiegar.
Parlo d'amor vegliando,
parlo d'amor sognando,
all'acque, all'ombra, ai monti,
ai fiori, all'erbe, ai fonti,
all'eco, all'aria, ai venti,
che il suon de' vani accenti
portano via con sé.
E se non ho chi mi oda,
parlo d'amor con me.

I no longer know what I am,
what I do;
now I'm all fire,
now all ice;
every woman changes
my temperature,
every woman makes my heart
beat faster.
The very mention of love,
of delight, disturbs me,
changes my heart,
and speaking of love,
forces on me
a desire I cannot restrain!
I speak of love while I'm awake,
I speak of love
while I'm sleeping,
to rivers, to shadows,
to mountains,
to flowers, to grass, to fountains,
to echoes, to air, to winds,
until they carry away
the sound of my useless words.
And if no one is near to hear me
I speak of love to myself.

伯爵夫人的宣敘調與詠嘆調〈蘇珊娜還沒來？——美好時光今何在〉

Recitativo e Aria di la Contessa "E Susanna non vien—Dove sono"

中文翻譯 —— 吳若楠 Mandarin Translation by Romy WU

中文 Mandarin

義文 Italian

英文 English

蘇珊娜還沒來！
我急著想知道
面對她的求婚
伯爵有何回應。
我感覺這計畫
太過大膽，尤其對於一個
如此性情衝動、
嫉妒心極強的丈夫來說！
但這又有什麼不好呢？
我得為自己換上
蘇珊娜的衣服，
而她穿上我的……
在夜幕的掩護下……
哦，上天啊！
我竟落得如此卑微，
被一個無情的夫君
折磨得如此狼狽，
他帶著史無前例的
不忠、嫉妒和蔑視，
先是寵愛我，
然後冒犯我，
最終背叛我，
而今迫使我不得不求助於
自己的女僕！

E Susanna non vien!
sono ansiosa
di saper come il Conte
accolse la proposta.
Alquanto ardito
il progetto mi par,
e ad uno sposo
sì vivace, e geloso!
Ma che mal c'è?
cangiando i miei vestiti
con quelli di Susanna,
e i suoi co' miei...
al favor della notte...
oh cielo, a qual
umil stato fatale io son ridotta
da un consorte crudel,
che dopo avermi
con un misto inaudito
d'infedeltà, di gelosia,
di sdegni,
prima amata, indi offesa,
e alfin tradita,
fammi or cercar da una
mia serva aita!

Susanna's not come!
I'm impatient
to know what the Count said
to her proposal.
The plan seems to me
somewhat rash,
and with a husband
so impetuous and jealous...
But where's the harm?
To change my clothes
with those of Susanna,
and hers with mine,
under cover of darkness...
Oh heavens!
To what humiliation
am I reduced
by a cruel husband,
who after having
first loved me,
then neglected and finally
deceived me,
in a strange mixture
of infidelity,
jealousy and disdain,
now forces me to seek help
from my servant!

那些甜蜜愉快的美好時光
都去哪了？
那張撒謊的嘴所立下的誓言
都去哪了？
如果一切都成了
淚水和痛苦，
那美好的回憶
為何沒有從我的心中消逝？
哦！但願這份堅貞，
但願煎熬中始終不渝的愛，
能帶給我一絲希望
改變那顆忘恩負義的心。

Dove sono i bei momenti
di dolcezza e di piacer,
dove andaro i giuramenti
di quel labbro menzogner?
Perché mai se
in pianti e in pene
per me tutto si cangiò,
la memoria di quel bene
dal mio sen non trapassò?
Ah! Se almen la mia costanza
nel languire amando ognor,
mi portasse una speranza
di cangiar l'ingrato cor.

Where are the golden moments
of tranquility and pleasure;
what became of the oaths
of that deceitful tongue?
Why did not, when my life
changed into tears and pain,
the memory of that joy
disappear from my breast?
Ah! If then my constancy
still loves through its sorrow,
the hope yet remains
of changing that
ungrateful heart.

蕭頌：〈蜂鳥〉，作品 2，第七首

E. CHAUSSON: "Le colibri," Op. 2, No. 7 ("The Hummingbird")

詞——勒孔特·德·李斯勒 Poem by LECONTE DE LISLE

中文翻譯——賈翊君

Mandarin Translation by Camille CHIA

中文 Mandarin

法文 French

英文 English

綠色的蜂鳥，
是山丘之王，
看看那露水
與晴朗的太陽，
讓牠用細草編織的鳥巢
閃閃發亮，
好似逸入空中的
一縷清新光芒。

Le vert colibri,
le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair,
Luire dans son nid tissé
d'herbes fines,
Comme un frais rayon
s'échappe dans l'air.

The green hummingbird,
the king of the hills,
On seeing the dew and
gleaming sun
Shine in his nest of
fine woven grass,
Darts into the air like
a shaft of light.

牠匆匆飛向
鄰近的泉源，
那兒的竹子
發出海潮般的聲響，
還有無憂樹散發
神聖香氣的紅花正自綻放，
花心乘載著
一抹耀眼的濕潤。

Il se hâte et vole
aux sources voisines,
Où les bambous font
le bruit de la mer,
Où l'açoka rouge aux
odeurs divines,
S'ouvre et porte au cœur
un humide éclair.

He hurries and flies to
the nearby springs
Where the bamboos
sound like the sea,
Where the red hibiscus with
its heavenly scent
Unveils the glint of dew
at its heart.

牠飛落在金色的花朵上，
駐足停歇，
然後飲下粉紅花萼酒杯中
如此豐沛的千情萬愛，
就算牠博上性命，
也不知能否將之飲盡！

Vers la fleur dorée,
il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans
la coupe rose,
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant
s'il l'a pu tarir!

He descends, and settles on
the golden flower,
Drinks so much love
from the rosy cup
That he dies, not knowing
if he'd drunk it dry.

在你純潔的唇上啊，
我的摯愛，
我的靈魂也希望
能夠這樣死去，
死在這個讓靈魂染上
香氣的初吻之中。

Sur ta lèvre pure,
ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme
eût voulu mourir,
Du premier baiser
qui l'a parfumée.

On your pure lips,
O my beloved,
My own soul too would
sooner have died
From that first kiss which
scented it!

拉威爾：〈三隻美麗的天堂鳥〉，M. 69，第二首

M. RAVEL: "Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis," M. 69, No. 2
("Three Beautiful Birds from Paradise")

中文翻譯 —— 賈翊君 Mandarin Translation by Camille CHIA

中文 Mandarin

法文 French

英文 English

三隻來自天堂的美麗鳥兒
(我的摯友去打仗了)，
三隻來自天堂的美麗鳥兒
飛過了這裡。

Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre),
Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis
Ont passé par ici.

Three beautiful birds
from Paradise
(My friend is at the wars),
Three beautiful birds
from Paradise
Have passed this way.

第一隻比天空還要藍
(我的摯友去打仗了)，
第二隻是雪的顏色，
第三隻則是鮮紅。

Le premier était
plus bleu que le ciel
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre),
Le second était
couleur de neige,
Le troisième rouge vermeil.

The first was bluer than the sky
(My friend is at the wars),
The second was
the color of snow,
The third vermilion red.

「來自天堂的美麗小鳥啊
(我的摯友去打仗了)，
來自天堂的美麗小鳥，
你們帶了什麼東西過來這裡？」

"Beaux oiselets du Paradis
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre),
Beaux oiselets du Paradis,
Qu'apportez par ici?"

"Beautiful little birds
from Paradise
(My friend is at the wars),
Beautiful little birds
from Paradise,
What are you bringing here?"

「我帶來蔚藍的眼神」
(你的摯友去打仗了)
「而我呢，必須在你雪白的美麗
額頭上印下一個
還要更純潔的吻。」

"J'apporte un regard
couleur d'azur
(Ton ami z-il est à la guerre)," "Et moi, sur beau front
couleur de neige,
Un baiser dois mettre,
encore plus pur."

"I bring a pair of blue eyes
(Your friend is at the wars)," "I, upon your fair snowy brow,
Must place a still purer kiss."

「來自天堂的鮮紅鳥兒
(我的摯友去打仗了)，
來自天堂的鮮紅鳥兒，
你這樣子是帶了什麼過來？」

"Oiseau vermeil du Paradis
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre),
Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,
Que portez-vous ainsi?"

"Vermilion bird from Paradise
(My friend is at the wars),
Vermilion bird from Paradise,
Tell me what you are bringing?"

「一顆紅豔豔的漂亮心臟」
(你的摯友去打仗了)
「啊!我感到我的心正在冷卻.....
把我的心也帶走吧。」

"Un joli cœur tout cramoisi
(Ton ami z-il est à la guerre),"

"Ha! je sens mon cœur
qui froidit...
Emportez-le aussi."

"A pretty heart, all crimson
(Your friend is at the wars)."
"Ah, I feel my heart growing cold...
Bear it away as well."

貝依特：〈被刺傷的白鴿〉，選自《鳥之歌》，第一首

L. BEYDTS: "La colombe poignardée" from *Chansons pour les oiseaux*, No. 1
("The Stabbed Dove" from *Songs for Birds*)

詞——保羅·福特 Poem by Paul FORT

中文翻譯——賈翊君 Mandarin Translation by Camille CHIA

中文 Mandarin

法文 French

英文 English

如果上帝沒有創造出
太陽與世界，
就不會有痛苦的存在，
也不會有我的金髮姑娘。
沒有攻擊，沒有紅色的血，
也不會有我的摯愛……
人世間就不會有
被刺傷的白鴿。

Si Dieu n'avait pas fait le
soleil et les mondes,
Il n'y aurait pas eu les douleurs,
ni ma blonde.
Pas de coups, de sang rouge
et ni ma bien-aimée...
Il n'y aurait sur terre colombe
poignardée.

If God had not made the sun
and the worlds,
There would have been no pain,
no blonde.
No blows, no red blood,
nor my beloved...
There would be no stabbed
dove on earth.

如果上帝沒有創造出
月亮與暴風雨，
溫柔的臉龐上
就不會有淚水，
也不會有野蠻粗暴的刀子，
也不會有我的摯愛……
人世間就不會有
被刺傷的白鴿……

Si Dieu n'avait pas fait
la lune et les orages,
Il n'y aurait pas eu de pleurs
aux doux visages,
Ni de couteau farouche
et ni ma bien-aimée...
Il n'y aurait sur terre
colombe poignardée...

If God had not made the moon
and the storms,
There would have been
no tears in sweet faces,
Nor a fierce knife,
nor my beloved...
There would not have been
a stabbed dove on earth...

如果上帝沒有創造出
日復一日，
就不會有愛的存在，
也不會有我的愛！
人世間就不會有
被刺傷的白鴿。
也不會有，老天啊！我的摯愛。

Si Dieu n'avait pas fait les
jours après le jour,
Il n'y aurait pas eu d'amour,
ni mon amour!
Il n'y aurait sur terre
colombe poignardée.
Et ni, Seigneur!
ma bien-aimée.

If God had not made the days
after the day,
There would have been no love,
nor my love!
There would be no stabbed
dove on earth.
Nor, Lord, my beloved!

浦朗克：〈海鷗之后〉，選自《變形記》，FP 121，第一首

F. POULENC: "Reine des mouettes" from *Métamorphoses*, FP 121, No. 1
("Queen of Seagulls")

詞——路蕙絲·德·薇爾莫杭 Poem by Louise DE VILMORIN

中文翻譯——賈翊君 Mandarin Translation by Camille CHIA

中文 Mandarin

法文 French

英文 English

海鷗之后，我的孤女，
我看過雙頰緋紅的妳，
我記得這個畫面
壟罩在妳先前守喪所配戴的
細棉紗薄霧下。

Reine des mouettes,
mon orpheline
Je t'ai vue rose,
je m'en souviens
Sous les brumes mousselines
De ton deuil ancien.

Queen of seagulls,
my little orphan,
I recall you blushing pink,
Beneath the muslin mists
Of your ancient sorrow.

因為喜愛這個令妳悲傷的吻，
所以雙頰緋紅，
妳任我的雙手擺布
藏在細棉紗的薄霧下，
連繫起我們關係的面紗。

Rose d'aimer le baiser
qui chagrine
Tu te laissais accorder
à mes mains
Sous les brumes mousselines
Voiles de nos liens.

Blushing pink at the kiss
which provokes you,
You surrendered to my hands
Beneath the muslin mists,
Veils of bond between us.

緋紅，
我的吻令妳雙頰緋紅，
被困在大道糾結之處的海鷗。

Rougis, rougis mon
baiser te devine
Mouette prise aux nœuds
des grands chemins.

Blush, blush,
my kiss finds you out,
Seagull caught
where great highways meet.

海鷗之后，我的孤女，
任我雙手擺布的妳，
雙頰緋紅，
在細綿紗下緋紅，
而我記得這個畫面。

Reine des mouettes,
mon orpheline,
Tu étais rose accordée
à mes mains
Rose sous les mousselines
Et je m'en souviens.

Queen of seagulls,
my little orphan,
You blushed pink,
surrendered to my hands,
Pink beneath the muslin
And I recall the moment.

浦朗克：〈蒙地卡羅夫人〉，FP 180

F. POULENC: "La dame de Monte-Carlo," FP 180

詞——尚·考克多

Text by Jean COCTEAU

中文翻譯——賈翊君

Mandarin Translation by Camille CHIA

中文 Mandarin

法文 French

英文 English

當我們成為
亡者中的亡者，
當我們在生者之中苟延殘喘，
當一切都把您掃向門外
隨後用一陣風猛地甩上門，
不再年輕，
不再被愛……
在緊閉的門後，
能做的就只剩下把自己投入水中
或是去買把可笑的手槍。
是的，諸位先生，這就是
懦夫與爛人僅能做的。
可是如果這麼做的恐懼
如影隨形，
讓您像顆鈴鐺似地不停顫抖，
如果我們害怕割開自己的血管，
那麼還是可以賭賭運氣
來一趟蒙地卡羅之旅。
蒙地卡羅，蒙地卡羅。
我的日子過完了。
我想要在水底沉睡。
在地中海的水底。
蒙地卡羅，蒙地卡羅。
在您賣掉了靈魂、
也典當了珠寶之後
再也不會去把它們贖回來，
輪盤是一種可愛的小玩意兒。
說出「我要下注」是件美妙的事。
會讓您雙頰發燙
眼睛發亮。
在守喪的美麗面紗之下，

Quand on est morte
entre les mortes,
qu'on se traîne chez les vivants,
lorsque tout vous flanque
à la porte
et la ferme d'un coup de vent,
ne plus être jeune et aimée...
derrière une porte fermée,
il reste de se fiche à l'eau
ou d'acheter un rigolo.
Oui, Messieurs, voilà ce qui reste
pour les lâches et les salauds.
Mais si la frousse de ce geste
s'attache à vous
comme un grelot,
si l'on craint
de s'ouvrir les veines,
on peut toujours risquer la veine
d'un voyage à Monte-Carlo.
Monte-Carlo! Monte-Carlo!
J'ai fini ma journée.
Je veux dormir au fond de l'eau
de la Méditerranée.
Monte-Carlo! Monte-Carlo!
Après avoir vendu votre âme
et mis en gage des bijoux
que jamais plus on ne réclame,
la roulette est un beau joujou.
C'est joli de dire: "je joue."
Cela vous met le feu aux joues
et cela vous allume l'œil.

When you're dead
amongst the dead,
when you're withering
in the land of the living,
when everything kicks you out
and the wind slams the door shut,
when you're no longer
young and loved...
when behind a closed door
there's nothing left but to drown
or buy a pistol—
Yes, gentlemen, that's what's left
for cowards and bastards.
But if the thought of suicide
makes you tremble like a leaf,
if you balk at slashing your veins,
you can always take the gamble
of a trip to Monte Carlo.
Monte Carlo! Monte Carlo!
I've done with life.
I want to sleep on the bed
of the Mediterranean.
Monte Carlo! Monte Carlo!
Having sold your soul,
and pawned your jewellery
once and for all,
roulette is a pretty plaything.
It's fun to say: "I gamble."
It makes your cheeks flush
and lights up your eyes.
Beneath your fine widow's veil,

我們背負著寡婦的美麗名號。
這麼一個讓人驕傲的頭銜！
然後瘋瘋癲癲、
蓄勢待發，且煥然一新，
我們在賭場
開始賭博。
各位看看
我的羽飾與面紗，
凝望那閃爍星光的玻璃水鑽
是它引領我走向蒙地卡羅。
幸運是女人。善妒的女人，
妒忌這種莊嚴的孀居。
她大概真把我當成了
某位軍官的妻子。
我贏了，押12號贏了。
然後衣裙的縫線綻開，
皮草開始掉毛。
儘管我們一再說出：「我想要」，
一旦運氣開始討厭您，
一旦您的心開始煩躁不安，
您就再也不可動彈，
就連在檯面上推出一顆籌碼
都會讓運氣遠離，
改變蒙地卡羅賭桌上的
數字與卡牌。
流氓，蠢蛋，潑婦！
他們竟把我趕到
外頭.....外頭.....
還指控我是不潔之物，
為他們的賭場帶來厄運，
他們這個用假大理石
裝潢的骯髒賭場。
原本會使出渾身解數的我，
不收分文，
對著王子、公主，
在西敏寺大公、
公爵面前展現絕活，
好極了。「一定要停下來」，
他們對我吼道：「您的把戲！」

Sous les jolis voiles de deuil
on porte un joli nom de veuve.
Un titre donne de l'orgueil!
Et folie, et prête, et toute neuve,
on prend sa carte au casino.
Voyez mes plumes et mes voiles,
contemplez le strass de l'étoile
qui me mène à Monte-Carlo.
La chance est femme.
Elle est jalouse
de ces veuvages solennels.
Sans doute elle m'a cru l'épouse
d'un véritable colonel.
J'ai gagné, gagné sur le douze.
Et puis les robes se dé cousent,
la fourrure perd ses cheveux.
On a beau répéter: "je veux,"
dès que la chance vous déteste,
dès que votre cœur est nerveux,
vous ne pouvez
plus faire un geste,
pousser un sou sur le tableau
sans que la chance qui s'écarte
change les chiffres et les cartes
des tables de Monte-Carlo.
Les voyous, les buses, les gales!
Ils m'ont mise dehors...dehors...
et ils m'accusent d'être sale,
de porter malheur
dans leurs salles,
dans leurs sales salles en stuc.
Moi qui aurais donné mon truc
à l'œil, au prince, à la princesse,
au Duc de Westminster, au Duc,
parfaitement.
Faut que ça cesse,
qu'ils me criaient, votre boulot!
Votre boulot?...Ma découverte.
J'en priverai les tables vertes.

you've a fine widow's name.
Such a title gives you pride!
Crazy, prepared,
and wholly restored,
you take out your card
at the casino.
Just look at my feathers
and my veils,
behold the bejewelled star,
leading to Monte Carlo.
Luck is a woman. She's jealous
of these solemn widows.
She no doubt took me for the wife
of a real colonel.
I won, won on the twelve.
Dresses then become unstitched,
fur loses its hair.
No matter how often
you say: "I want,"
once fortune hates you,
once you're highly strung,
you can no longer make a move,
push a coin on the board,
without luck beating a retreat
and changing numbers and cards
on the tables at Monte Carlo.
The scoundrels! The fools!
The scabs!
They threw me out...
threw me out...
They accuse me of being dirty,
of bringing misfortune
to their saloons,
to their dirty stucco saloons—
I, who would have
told them my trick
for free, to the Prince,
the Princess,
the Duke of Westminster,

您的把戲! ?真是見鬼了。
我要放棄那些綠色絨面賭桌了。
這樣是蒙地卡羅活該。
蒙地卡羅。
而現在，跟各位訴說的我，
我不會透漏我在蒙地卡勒
失去了多少斤兩，
蒙地卡勒還是蒙地卡羅。
我是我自己的影子.....
輸掉後的雙倍加碼下注，
各種妙招
還有在我們還可以偷回
已經下注的賭金時
有權隔著距離
敲打您手指頭的荷官。
還有我們還欠著的旅店費用
還有永遠穿著的那件
被焦慮浸透在汗水中的襯衣。
讓他們去追吧。
我可沒那麼笨。
今夜我要一頭栽進
蒙地卡羅的大海。
蒙地卡羅。

C'est bien fait pour Monte-Carlo.
Monte-Carlo.
Et maintenant,
moi qui vous parle,
je n'avouerai pas les kilos
que j'ai perdus à Monte-Carle,
Monte-Carle ou Monte-Carlo.
Je suis une ombre
de moi-même...
les martingales, les systèmes
et les croupiers qui ont le droit
de taper de loin sur vos doigts
quand on peut faucher une mise.
Et la pension où l'on doit
et toujours la même chemise
que l'angoisse trempe dans l'eau.
Ils peuvent courir.
Pas si bête.
Cette nuit je pique une tête
dans la mer de Monte-Carlo.
Monte-Carlo.

this must stop, this has to stop,
they screamed at me,
"this business of yours!"
This business?...My discovery—
I'll deprive the green tables of it.
Serves Monte Carlo right.
Monte Carlo.
And now, I who am talking to you,
I shan't admit
how many kilos I've lost
at Monte Carle,
Monte Carle, or Monte Carlo.
I am a shadow of myself...
The martingales, the systems
and the croupiers
who have the right
to rap your knuckles,
when you're about to
pinch the stake.
And the money
you owe at your digs,
and always the same
wet night-shirt
drenched with anguish.
Let them pursue me.
I'm not that stupid.
Tonight I'll hurl myself head first
into the sea at Monte Carlo,
Monte Carlo.

梅諾蒂：〈莫妮卡的圓舞曲〉，選自歌劇《靈媒》

G. C. MENOTTI: "Monica's Waltz" from *Le Médium*

中文翻譯 —— 謝綾 Mandarin Translation by HSIEH Lin

中文 Mandarin

英文 English

Bravo！看完戲之後，吃頓晚餐再來跳舞
音樂！蹦恰恰，蹦恰恰……

Bravo! And after the theatre, supper and dance
Music! Ooom pah pah, oom pah pah...

天際之上，
有人吹著長號、有人彈奏吉他
你的領帶鮮紅，
棉絨外套裡藏著一顆星
莫妮卡，莫妮卡，跳首圓舞曲吧！
莫妮卡，莫妮卡，跳首圓舞曲吧！
跟著我，月亮與太陽
跟著我一起數拍，一、二、三、一

Up in the sky,
someone is playing a trombone and a guitar
Red is your tie, and in your velveteen coat,
you hide a star
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz
Follow me, moon and sun
Keep time with me, one two three one

若你不羞怯，
就用你的星星為我簪髮，為我繫鞋
當你飛翔時，請緊摟我的腰
我將隨你翱翔，哦……
莫妮卡，莫妮卡，跳首圓舞曲吧！
莫妮卡，莫妮卡，跳首圓舞曲吧！
跟著我，月亮與太陽
隨我來，跟隨、跟隨我
隨我來，跟隨、跟隨我

If you're not shy,
pin up my hair with your star and buckle my shoe
And when you fly, please hold on tight to my waist
I'm flying with you, oh...
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz
Follow me, moon and sun
Follow me, follow follow me
Follow me, follow follow me

怎麼了，托比？
你想告訴我什麼？
跪下來對我說
現在就告訴我

What is the matter, Toby?
What is it you want to tell me?
Kneel down before me
And now tell me

莫妮卡，莫妮卡，你難道看不見
我的心正流著血，為你淌血？
我這一生都愛著妳，莫妮卡
用我每一息呼吸，每一滴鮮血
你縈繞在我夢中的鏡子裡，妳是我的黑夜
妳是我的光明，是我白晝的獄卒

Monica, Monica, can't you see
That my heart is bleeding, bleeding for you?
I loved you Monica all my life
With all my breath, with all my blood
You haunt the mirror of my sleep, you are my night
You are my light and the jailer of my day

你這無賴，膽敢對我這樣說話！
難道不知道我是誰嗎？
我可是阿朗代爾的女王！
我要將你捆綁起來！

How dare you, scoundrel, talk to me like that!
Don't you know who I am?
I'm the queen of Aroundell!
I shall have you put in chains!

妳是我的公主，妳是我的女王
而我只是托比，妳的眾多奴僕之一
可我仍然愛著妳，永遠愛妳
用我所有的呼吸，用我所有鮮血！
我愛妳的笑聲，愛妳的頭髮
愛妳深邃如夜的雙眼
愛妳潔白如翼的柔軟雙手
愛妳那纖細如枝的頸項

You are my princess, you are my queen
And I'm only Toby, one of your slaves
And still I love you and always loved you
With all my breath, with all my blood!
I love your laughter, I love your hair
I love your deep and nocturnal eyes
I love your soft hands, so white and winged
I love the slender branch of your throat

托比！別這樣跟我說話……
你讓我頭暈了……

Toby! Don't speak to me like that...
You make my head swim

莫妮卡，莫妮卡，將我埋進妳緞面長裙裡；
莫妮卡，莫妮卡，把妳的嘴唇給我；
莫妮卡，莫妮卡，來到我的懷抱！

Monica, Monica, fold me in your satin gown
Monica, Monica, give me your mouth
Monica, Monica, fall in my arms!

怎麼了，托比？你不會是在哭吧？
托比，我想讓你知道，
你擁有全世界最美麗的聲音

Why, Toby. You're not crying, are you?
Toby, I want you to know that
you have the most beautiful voice in the world

巴伯：《那克斯維勒：1915年的夏天》，作品 24

S. BARBER: *Knoxville: Summer of 1915*, Op. 24

詞——詹姆斯·艾吉 Text by James AGEE

中文翻譯——謝綾 Mandarin Translation by HSIEH Lin

中文 Mandarin

英文 English

又到了那樣時節的夜晚
人們坐在門廊前
輕輕晃動著搖椅，輕聲交談
並望著街道
昂然挺立的樹木
已然是人們日常景觀
還有鳥兒像是機棚般懸掛的巢穴。
人們來來去去，萬物亦是
一匹馬拖著馬車
蹄鐵在柏油路上敲出空心的金屬樂章
一輛喧嘩的車駛過，又一輛安靜的車
人們成雙成對地走著，不急不徐
拖著腳步，拖著夏日慵懶的身軀
隨意交談著
縈繞著他們的，是香草、
草莓、紙板與澱粉牛乳的味道
他們像是相愛戀人，亦或是英勇騎兵
但同時又像是褪色琥珀光下的小丑

It has become that time of evening
When people sit on their porches
Rocking gently and talking gently
And watching the street
And the standing up into their sphere
Of possession of the trees,
Of birds' hung havens, hangars.
People go by; things go by.
A horse, drawing a buggy,
Breaking his hollow iron music on the asphalt;
A loud auto; a quiet auto;
People in pairs, not in a hurry,
Scuffling, switching their weight of aestival body,
Talking casually,
The taste hovering over them of vanilla,
Strawberry, pasteboard, and starched milk,
The image upon them of lovers and horsemen,
Squared with clowns in hueless amber.

一輛電車揚起金屬的呻吟聲
停下來
鈴響，再啟動，沈重而粗嘎
甦醒後再度昂首
那鋼鐵的呻吟隨速度攀升
電車彷彿漂浮著金光閃閃的窗戶與藤椅
不停，不停地滑行而過
那抹蒼白火光劈啪作響，喃喃詛咒
就像是一隻惡意的小精靈
緊咬著電車的尾巴
隨著車速升高，鐵軌的哀鳴愈發尖銳
攀升，又漸弱，停止
那微弱的刺耳鈴聲
再次響起，更為幽微
慢慢淡去，揚起又沉落
終至消散
終被遺忘
現在的夜晚如同一滴藍色露珠。

現在的夜晚如同一滴藍色露珠
我父親已經澆完水
他將水管盤好。
在草坪的低處
會呼吸的螢光幽暗地閃爍
父母坐在門廊前
前後搖晃著。
牽牛花從濕潤的繩線上垂掛，
露出它們古老的面容
四面八方傳來
乾燥而高亢的蟬鳴聲
立刻使我的耳膜沉醉。

A streetcar raising its iron moan;
Stopping;
Belling and starting; stertorous;
Rousing and raising again
Its iron increasing moan
And swimming its gold windows and straw seats
On past and past and past,
The bleak spark crackling and cursing above it
Like a small malignant spirit
Set to dog its tracks;
The iron whine rises on rising speed;
Still risen, faints; halts;
The faint stinging bell;
Rises again, still fainter;
Fainting, lifting, lifts,
Faints foregone;
Forgotten.
Now is the night one blue dew.

Now is the night one blue dew;
My father has drained,
He has coiled the hose.
Low on the length of lawns,
A frailing of fire who breathes.
Parents on porches:
Rock and rock.
From damp strings morning glories
hang their ancient faces.
The dry and exalted noise
Of the locusts from all the air
At once enchants my eardrums.

在後院，
粗糙而潮濕的草地上
我父親與母親鋪了棉被
我們全都躺在那裡，
母親、父親、叔叔、阿姨
而我也躺在那裡。
他們沒說太多話，說話時也都很小聲
內容無關緊要
沒有特別的內容
甚至毫無內容
星空廣闊而鮮活
它們每個像是在微笑
最甜美的那種
它們看起來非常靠近我
我的親人們都比我高大
他們的聲音溫柔而空靈
如同沉睡鳥兒的呢喃
有一位是藝術家，他住在家中
有一位是音樂家，她住在家中
有一位是我的母親，她對我很好
有一位是我的父親，他對我很好
偶然之中，他們都在這裡
都出現在這個世上
而有誰能道出一種哀傷
生在這世上、躺在棉被上
躺在草地上
在一個夏夜裡
在被夜晚聲音環繞的哀傷。
願上帝保佑我的親人
我的叔叔、我的阿姨、
我的母親、我仁慈的父親
喔，請在他們困苦的時候，
懷著慈愛惦記著他們
並在他們要離開之際，仁愛地接走他們

On the rough wet grass
Of the backyard
My father and mother have spread quilts.
We all lie there, my mother,
my father, my uncle, my aunt,
And I too am lying there.
They are not talking much, and the talk is quiet,
Of nothing in particular,
Of nothing at all in particular,
Of nothing at all.
The stars are wide and alive,
They seem each like a smile
Of great sweetness,
And they seem very near.
All my people are larger bodies than mine,
With voices gentle and meaningless
Like the voices of sleeping birds.
One is an artist, he is living at home.
One is a musician, she is living at home.
One is my mother who is good to me.
One is my father who is good to me.
By some chance, here they are,
All on this earth;
And who shall ever tell the sorrow
Of being on this earth, lying, on quilts,
On the grass,
In a summer evening,
Among the sounds of the night.
May God bless my people,
My uncle, my aunt, my mother, my good father,
Oh, remember them kindly in their time of trouble;
And in the hour of their taking away.

過了一會兒
我被帶進屋裡
被安置入床
睡眠帶著柔和的微笑，
將我拉向她。
那些接納我的人
平靜地對待我
就像對待熟悉又摯愛的家人
但他們不會，哦，他們不會
現在不會，將來也不會
他們永遠都不會告訴我：我是誰

After a little
I am taken in
And put to bed.
Sleep, soft smiling,
Draws me unto her;
And those receive me,
Who quietly treat me,
As one familiar and well-beloved in that home:
But will not, oh, will not,
Not now, not ever;
But will not ever tell me who I am.

普列文：〈我要魔力！〉，選自歌劇《慾望街車》

A. PREVIN: "I Want Magic!" from *A Streetcar Named Desire*

詞—— 菲利浦·利特爾 Text by Philip LITTELL

中文翻譯—— 謝綾 Mandarin Translation by HSIEH Lin

中文 Mandarin

英文 English

真實？誰要真實？
我才不要
我要魔力！
魔力！對！這才是我要的！
這正是我想帶給人們的

Real! Who wants real?
I know I don't want it.
I want magic!
Magic! Yes! That's what I want!
That's what I try to give to people.

我確實會扭曲事實
我從不說真話
但我說的是真相應該成為的模樣
應該成為的模樣

I do misrepresent things.
I don't tell the truth.
But I tell what ought to be in the truth.
What it ought to be.

是的，魔力
我就是想試著給人們魔力
如果這是一種罪孽
如果說這真是一種罪孽，
那就讓我為此下地獄吧！
別開燈！

Yes, magic.
Magic's what I try to give to people.
If that's a sin,
If that is such a sin, then let me be damned for it!
Don't turn on that light!

在燈光下，一切看起來都是那樣醜陋
為什麼不透過燭光……
或是月光、星光來看呢？
那些光足以讓人看清楚
有時甚至太亮了！

It'll all look so ugly in that light.
Why not see by candlelight...
or moonlight, or by starlight?
They are bright enough to see by.
Sometimes TOO bright!