

Opera from the Court of the Sun King

“Revenez, amours, revenez”

From *Thésée* by Jean-Baptiste Lully

Revenez, revenez, amours revenez;
Pourquoi quitter ces lieux où l'on est sans alarmes?
La Beauté perd ses plus doux charmes.
Sitôt que vous l'abandonnez:
Revenez, revenez Amours revenez
Revenez, Amours, revenez.

Beaux lieux où les Plaisirs suivaient partout mes pas
Que sont devenus vos appas?
Qu'un si charmant séjour est triste et solitaire!
Hélas! Hélas!
Les Amours n'y sont pas,
Sans les Amours rien ne peut plaire.
Revenez, revenez, Amours revenez.

Mars lui-même est icy, cessez d'être étonnés
Est il quelque danger dont il me vous délivre?
Il chasse les Fureurs de ces lieux fortunés,
A la seule victoire, il permet de le suivre.
Revenez, revenez, Amours, revenez...

“Bois épais”

from *Amadis* by Jean-Baptiste Lully

Bois épais, redouble ton ombre;
Tu ne saurais être assez sombre,
Tu ne peux pas trop cacher
Mon malheureux amour.

Je sens un désespoir
Dont l'horreur est extrême,
Je ne dois pas plus voir ce que j'aime,
Je ne veux plus souffrir le jour.

“Come back, lovers, come back”

Come back, come back, lovers, come back;
Why leave the places where we are without fears?
Beauty loses its sweetest charms
As soon as you abandon it:
Come back, come back lovers, come back
Come back, love come back

Beautiful places where pleasures followed my every step
What happened to your charms?
Such a charming visit is sad and alone!
Alas! Alas!
The lovers are not there,
Without lovers nothing can please.
Come back, come back, lovers, come back.

Mars himself here, stop being surprised.
Isn't there some danger from which he delivers you?
He chases the furies out of these fortunate places,
To victory alone, he allows you to follow him.
Come back, come back, lovers, come back....

“Deep Wood”

Deep wood, redouble your shade;
You cannot be dark enough,
You can not hide enough
My unhappy love.

I feel a despair
Whose horror is extreme,
I must not see what I love anymore
I do not want to suffer the day

“Enfin il est en ma puissance”

From *Armide* by Jean-Baptiste Lully

Enfin, il est en ma puissance,
Ce fatal ennemi, ce superbe vainqueur.
Le charme du sommeil le livre à ma vengeance.
Je vais percer son invincible coeur.
Par lui, tous mes captifs sont sortis d’esclavage.
Qu’il éprouve toute ma rage...

Quel trouble me saisit! Qui me fait hésiter!
Qu’est-ce qu’en sa faveur la pitié veut me dire?
Frappons...ciel! Qui peut m’arrêter!
Achevons...je frémis! Vengeons nous...je soupire!
Est-ce ainsi que je dois me venger aujourd’hui!
Ma colère s’éteint quand j’approche de lui.
Plus je le vois, plus ma vengeance est vaine,
Mon bras tremblant se refuse à la haine.

Ah! quelle cruauté de lui ravir le jour.
A ce jeune héros tout cède sur la terre.
Qui croirait qu’il fut né seulement pour la guerre!
Il semble être fait pour l’amour.
Ne puis-je me venger à moins qu’il ne périsse?
Hé ne suffit-il pas que l’amour le punisse;
Puisqu’il n’a pu trouver mes yeux assez charmants
Qu’il m’aime au moins par mes enchantements
Que s’il se peut, je le haïsse.
Venez, seconde mes désirs,
Démons, transformez-vous
en d’aimables zéphyr
Je cède à ce vainqueur, la pitié me surmonte;

Cachez ma faiblesse et ma honte
Dans les plus reculés déserts
Volez, conduisez-nous au bout de l’univers.

“At last, he is under my power”

At last, he is under my power,
This mortal enemy, this proud conqueror.
Sleep’s spell delivers him to my revenge.
I will pierce his invincible heart.
By him, all my captives were freed from slavery.
Let him suffer all my rage...

What trouble seizes me and makes me hesitate?
What can pity tell me on his behalf?
Let me hit! Heavens! Who can stop me?
Let me finish him...I shudder! Let me be avenged...I
sigh!
Is this the way I will avenge myself today?
My anger wanes when I come near him.
The more I see him, the weaker is my revenge,
My trembling arm fails my anger.

Ah! How cruel it is to take his life.
To this young hero, everything on earth is
subservient.
Who would believe that he was born only to wage
war?
He seems made for love.
Can I not be avenged without his perishing?
Is it not enough that love punishes him?
Since he has not found my gaze charming enough,
Let him at least love me by my spell
So that I may hate him, if this is possible.
Come, fulfill my desires,
Demons, change yourselves into charming zephyrs,
I surrender to this conqueror, pity overwhelms me;

Hide my weakness and my shame
In the remotest deserts.
Fly, and bring us to the end of the universe!

“Il faut passer tôt ou tard”

From *Alceste* by Jean-Baptiste Lully

Il faut passer tôt ou tard
Il faut passer dans ma barque
On y vient jeune ou vieillard,
Ainsi qu'il plait à la Parque.
On y reçoit, sans égard,
Le berger et le monarque;
Il faut passer tôt ou tard,
Il faut passer dans ma barque.
Vous qui voulez passer, venez, mânes errants;
Venez, avancez; tristes Ombres;
Payer le tribut que je prends,
Ou retournez errer sur ces rivages sombres.
Demeure ici tu n'a rien il faut que l'on te chase
Ou paye ou tourne ailleurs tes pas
La pitie n'est point ici bas
et Carron ne fait point de graces
Crie hélas! Tant que tu voudras;
Rien pour rien, en tous lieux est une loi suivie
Les mains vides sont sans appâts;
Et ce n'est point assez de payer dans la vie,
Il faut encore payer au-delà du trépas.
Il n'importe peu que l'on crie:
Hélas! Carron, Hélas! Hélas!
Il faut encore payer audelà ou trépas.
Il faut passer tôt ou tard
Il faut passer dans ma barque,
Il faut passer tôt ou tard
Il faut passer dans ma barque.

“Quel prix de mon amour”

From *Medée* by Marc-Antoine Charpentier

Quel prix de mon amour, quel fruit de mes forfaits,
Il craint des pleurs qu'il m'oblige à repandre
Insensible au feu le plus tendre
Qu'on ait veut s'allumer jamais;
Quand mes soupirs peuvent suspendre
L'injustice de ses projets;

“You must pass sooner or later”

Everyone must pass, sooner or later
Everyone must go in my boat
They come young or old,
As it pleases the fates.
We receive without regard,
The shepherd and the monarch;
Everyone must pass, sooner or later
Everyone must go in my boat.
You who want to pass, come, wandering spirits;
Come, come; sad shades;
Pay tribute that I take,
Or return to wander over these dark shores.
Stay here, you have nothing, we must chase you
Or pay or turn your steps elsewhere.
Mercy is not down here
And Carron does no favours
Cry Alas! As long as you want;
Nothing for nothing, everywhere the law is followed
Empty hands are without bait;
And it's not enough to pay in life,
We still have to pay beyond death.
It doesn't matter if we shout:
Alas! Carron, Alas! Alas!
We still have to pay beyond death.
Everyone must pass, sooner or later
Everyone must go in my boat,
Everyone must pass, sooner or later
Everyone must go in my boat.

“What a price for my love”

What a price for my love, what fruit for my crimes,
He fears tears that he forces me to shed
Insensitive to the most tender fire
That we never wanted to light;
When my sighs can hang
The injustice of its projects;

Il fuit pour ne pas les entendre.
J'ay forcé devant lay cent monstres à se rendre
Dans mon cœur où regnoit une tranquille pais
Toujours prompte à tout entreprendre
J'ay sou de la nature effacor tous les traits,
Les mouvements du sang ont voulu me surprendre
J'ay fait gloire de m'en deffendre,
Et l'oubly des serments que cent fois il m'a faits;
L'engagement nouveau que l'amour luy fait
prendre,
L'éloignement, l'exil, font les tristes effets
De l'hommage eternel que j'en devois attendre
Quel prix de amour, quel fruit de mes forfaits!

“Atys est trop heureux”

from *Atys* by Jean-Baptiste Lully

Sangaride:

Atys est trop heureux.

Doris:

L' amitié est toujours égale entre vous deux,
Et le sang d'assez pres vous lie
Quelque soit son bonheur lui portez-vous envie?
Vous, qu'aujourd'hui l'hymen,
avec ses plus beaux noeuds,
Doit unir an roy de Phrygie.

Sangaride:

Atys est trop heureux.
Souverain de son cœur, maître de tous ses voeux,
sans crainte, sans mélancolie,
Il jouit en repos des beaux jours de sa vie;
Atys ne connaît point le tourments amoureux;
Atys est trop heureux.

Doris:

Quel mal vous fait l'amour? Votre chagrin
m'étonne

Sangaride:

Je te fie un secret qui n'est su de personne
Je devrais aymer un amant

He flees so as not to hear them
I was forced in front of a 100 monsters to surrender
In my heart where reigns a peaceful country.
Always quick to do anything
I have by nature effaced all the features,
The movements of blood want to surprise me.
I prided myself on denying it.
And the forgetting of the oaths he has made to me
The new commitment that love makes him take,
The distance, the exile, have sad effects
Of the eternal homage that I had to expect
What a price for love, what a fruit for my crimes!

“Atys is too happy”

Sangaride:

Atys is too happy.

Doris:

Friendship is always the same between you two,
And your blood makes for a close connection
What of his happiness do you envy?
You, that today Hymenaios
With his most beautiful knots,
Unites you to the king of Phrygia.

Sangaride:

Atys is too happy.
Sovereign of his heart, master of all his wishes,
without fear, without melancholy,
He enjoys resting during the beautiful days of his life.
Atys does not know amorous torments;
Atys is too happy.

Doris:

How has love hurt you? Your grief surprises me.

Sangaride:

I'm telling you a secret that no one knows
I should love a lover
Who offers me a crown,

Qui m'offre une couronne;
Mais hélas! Vainement le devoir me l'ordonne,
L'Amour, pour mon tourment, en ordonne
autrement...

Doris:

Aimerez vous Atys, luy dont l'indifférence
Brave avec tant d'orgueil
L'Amour et sa puissance?

Sangaride:

J'amie Atys, en secret, mon crime est sans témoins;
Pour vaincre mon amour je mets tout en usage;
J'appelle ma raison, j'anime mon courage;
Mais á quoy servent tous mes soins?
Mon couer en soufre davantage,
En'en ayme pas moins.

Doris:

C'est le commun d'éfaut des belles;
L'ardeur des conquêtes nouvelles,
Fait négliger les coeurs qu'on a trop tôt charmés,
Et les indifférents sont quelque fois aimés,
Aux dépens des amants fidèles.
Et les indifférents sont quelque fois aimés.
Aux dépens des amants fidèles
Mais vous exposez á des peines cruelles.

Sangaride:

Toujours aux yeux d'Atys je serais sans appais;
Je le sais, j'y consens, je veux, s'il est possible,
Qu'il soit encor plus insensible;
S'il me pouvait aymer, que de viendrais-je hélas!
C'est mon plus grand bonheur qu'Atys ne m'aime
pas.
Je prétends être heureuse au moins en apparence;
Au destin d'un grand Roy je me vait attacher.

Both:

Un amour malheureux dont le devoir s'offense,
Se doit condamner au silence;
Un amour malheureux qu'on nous peut reprocher,
Ne saurait trop bien se cacher.

But alas! In vain, I try to do my duty
Love, to my torment, orders otherwise...

Doris:

You love Atys, he whose indifference
A man with so much pride
Love and its power?

Sangaride:

I love Atys, in secret, my crime is without witnesses;
To conquer my love I put everything to use;
I call my reason, I enliven my courage;
But what are all my cares for?
My heart suffers more
Not less.

Doris:

This is the common fault of beauties;
The ardor of new conquests,
It makes hearts that have been charmed to early be
neglected
And the indifferent are sometimes loved,
At the expense of faithful lovers.
And the indifferent are sometimes loved,
At the expense of faithful lovers.
But you expose yourself to cruel punishment.

Sangaride:

Still in the eyes of Atys I would be without
appeasement;
I know, I agree, I want, if it is possible,
Let him be even more insensitive;
If he could love me, what would I come to, alas!
It is my great happiness that Atys doesn't love me.
I pretend to be happy at least in appearance;
I will be attached to the fate of a great king.

Both:

An unhappy love whose duty takes offense
Must condemn itself in silence;
An unhappy love that we can be blamed for,
Cannot be hidden very well.



Alaina de Bellevue is a freelance pianist, vocal coach, and music director. She is currently engaged as a répétiteur with Peninsula Ballet Theater, and music director and piano teacher at The Spark Performing Arts. Previously she served as a coach for Opera Et Cetera in Eltville, Germany, Colorado State University's Ralph Opera Center, James Madison University's German Singer Sommer in Freiberg, Germany, and Opera Colorado. Alaina is also active as an orchestral pianist, having appeared with Fort Collins Symphony, Boulder Chamber Orchestra, and Front Range Chamber Orchestra. Alaina received her Master of Music in collaborative piano from CU Boulder in 2015 and is currently pursuing an Artist Diploma in vocal coaching. In her free time she enjoys road and mountain biking, and learning to play accordion.



Lyric baritone **Adam Ewing** is an affiliate professor of voice at Regis University. A graduate of CU-Boulder (DMA) and Indiana University (MM), Adam performs with many ensembles and opera companies along the Front Range and has sung recitals and oratorios throughout the US and in Lebanon. He is also in demand as a coach, pianist, and music director.



Praised for her “fresh and exuberant” stage presence by the Daily Camera, Russian soprano **Ekaterina Kotcherguina** holds an affinity for music of the Baroque and Classical period and particularly enjoys singing innovative interpretations of the Baroque repertoire. Winner of the 2017 Denver Lyric Opera Guild Competition, Ms. Kotcherguina received her Performance Certificate in Opera and Solo Vocal Performance from the University of Colorado Boulder, and her Masters of Music degree from the University of Oklahoma. She has performed with companies over the Front Range, and been selected to compete in several international competitions.



New Jersey native, mezzo soprano **Eve Orenstein** has performed with Bronx Opera, One World Symphony, Village Light Opera, Liederkrantz Opera Theatre, Loveland Opera Theatre, Rocky Mountain Opera Company, Boulder Opera Company, Empire Lyric Players, and Dicapo Opera Theatre, and sings regularly with National Chorale at Lincoln Center in New York. Eve was a member of Opera Colorado's Outreach Ensemble and is the director of Opera on Tap Colorado. Eve was profiled in *Westword* as one of the 100 More Colorado

Creatives. Eve and her husband Sean mix classical voice and synthesizers in the space opera duo Orbiting Olympia.



Mezzo-soprano, director and marketing professional **Margaret Siegrist** is known for "getting the audience involved." Some favorite recent projects of hers include soloing as part of a live art installation at the Denver Art Museum's *Untitled*, directing Rachel Portman's *The Little Prince* at University of Northern Colorado and hosting/producing Central City Opera's new video interview series, Opera Central "where artists and administrators come together to talk about the world of the arts."



Opera on Tap was founded in New York City in 2005 when a few singers, out for a drink in Brooklyn, wondered what it would be like if classical singers could gig at local bars the way that bands do. Opera on Tap has since grown to boast chapters across the US - and internationally too!

With more than 150 shows since 2011, Opera on Tap Colorado brings opera to unexpected venues throughout the state, offering audiences exceptional music by outstanding singers, and giving professional singers the opportunity to sing regularly in public in a welcoming, supportive atmosphere.

Casual and even raucous, Opera on Tap presents themed opera shows performed by top notch performers singing music from actual operas - often with a drink in hand!