

# ***The Metropolitan Opera: Live in HD***

## ***Roméo et Juliette***

Resource Page for Musical Highlight:

*Tiny Turns, Big Effect*

### **Choral Prologue**

#### **Act I, Scene I**

Vérone vit jadis deux familles rivales,  
Les Montaigues, les Capulets,  
De leurs guerres sans fin  
à toutes deux fatales,  
Ensanglanter le seuil de ses palais.  
Comme un rayon vermeil brille  
En un ciel d'orage, Juliette parut  
Et Roméo l'aima!  
Et tout deux, oubliant le nom  
Qui les outrage,  
Un même amour les enflama!  
Sort funeste! Aveugles colères!  
Ces malheureux amants  
Payèrent de leurs jours  
La fin des haines séculaires  
Qui virent naître leurs amours!

Verona saw of old two rival families,  
The Montagues, the Capulets,  
From their wars without end  
To both of them fatal,  
Bleeding on the thresholds of their  
palaces.  
Like a colorful ray shines  
In a stormy sky, Juliette appeared  
And Roméo loved her!  
And both of them, forgetting the name  
Which outrages them,  
A self-same love enflamed them!  
Disastrous fate! Blind rages!  
These unhappy lovers  
Paid with their lives (days)  
For the end of the age-old hatreds  
Which saw born their loves!

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## ***Roméo et Juliette***

Resource Page for Musical Highlight:

*Dreamweaver*

### **The Song of Queen Mab**

#### **Act I, Scene II**

<p>Mab, queen of falsehoods, Presides over dreams; More frivolous than the deceiving wind; Across space, across the night, She passes, she flees! Her chariot, which the rapid particle Draws through the limpid ether, Made out of an empty nutshell By an earthworm, the cartwright! The harnesses, a subtle lace, Were carved from the wing Of some green grasshopper her coachman, the gnat! A bone of a cricket serves as the handle For her whip, whose white lash Is taken from a ray of light, which is shed By Phoebe assembling her court! Each night with this equipment</p>	<p>Mab visits, on her travels, The husband who dreams of widowhood And the lover who dreams of love! At her approach, the coquette Dreams of finery and of dressing up, The courtier bows and scrapes, The poet rhymes his verses! To the miser, in his gloomy shelter, She opens her treasures without number, And liberty laughs in the shadows At the prisoner burdened with irons. The soldier dreams of ambushes, Of battles and charges, She pours him glasses of wine With which his laurels are sprinkled. And you, whom a sigh startles When you lie on your couch, O virgin! She lightly brushes your mouth And makes you dream of kisses! Mab, queen of falsehoods, etc.</p>
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