

ALS-507/3 Records
STEREO

MASSENET
WERTHER

COMPLETE IN FRENCH



LIBRETTO ENCLOSED



JULES MASSENET

WERTHER

Lyric Drama in 4 Acts

French-English Libretto

Text by Edouard Blau, Paul Milliet

and Georges Hartmann,

after the novel by Wolfgang Goethe

ARTIA INTERNATIONAL OPERA SERIES

ALS 507/3

English Translation

by

Walter Stegman

WERTHER

CAST

WERTHER	CHARLES RICHARD
ALBERT	ROGER BOURDIN
THE BAILIFF	MICHEL ROUX
SCHMIDT, <i>friend of the Bailiff</i>	CAMILLE ROUQUETTY
JOHANN	MARCEL DEPAZ
CHARLOTTE, <i>the Bailiff's daughter</i>	SUZANNE JUYOL
SOPHIE, <i>her sister</i>	AGNES LEGER

Children, Servants, Townsfolk

Chorus and Orchestra,

Théâtre National de l'Opéra-Comique de Paris

GEORGE SEBASTIAN, conductor

Recording Engineer: Reinhardt Gerstofer

Director of Recording: Dr. Veit Rosskopf

*Technical data for playback equalization: turnover frequency—500 cycles:
recommended treble de-emphasis—13.7 db.*

Microgroove Long Playing Records—33 1/3 RPM

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GOETHE'S *Die Leiden des jungen Werther* ("The Sorrows of Young Werther") was the first and most characteristic novel of the German literary movement that came to be called *Sturm und Drang* (roughly Storm and Stress). In large part autobiographical, *Werther* retails the passionate internal struggles of a suggestible young man whose love for an impregnably virtuous girl named Charlotte drives him, at last, to suicide. Goethe himself, when about twenty-two years old, had loved a girl named Charlotte Buff, and only his great strength of character had kept him from taking his own life. The appearance of Goethe's novel is said to have touched off an epidemic of suicides among the impressionable, lovelorn young men of Germany. It was also the first work of German literature to attract instant Continental notice. For all time it set the picture of the sensitive, tempestuous youth destroyed by melancholy and frustrated passion.

Perhaps the success of such other French operas based on Goethe as Gounod's "Faust" (1859) and Thomas's "Mignon" (1866) led Jules Massenet, in 1891, to set a libretto drawn from *Die Leiden des jungen Werther* by Edouard Blau, Paul Milliet, and Georges Hartmann. Preceding Massenet's "Thaïs" by two years, "Werther" followed, among several of his numerous operas, "Le Roi de Lahore" (1877), "Hérodiade" (1881), "Manon" (1884), "Le Cid" (1885), and "Esclarmonde" (1889). The four-act "Werther" received its world *première* in Vienna on February 16, 1892, when the great Belgian Wagnerian tenor Ernest van Dyck sang the title role. It reached Paris (*Opéra-Comique*) on January 16, 1892. New York first heard it (Metropolitan Opera) on April 19, 1894, with Jean de Reszke as Werther and Emma Eames as Charlotte. When the Metropolitan inaugurated a series of performances in the New Theater on Central Park West on November 16, 1909, the offering was "Werther," with Edmond Clément as Werther, Geraldine Farrar as Charlotte, and Alma Gluck making her operatic debut as Charlotte's younger sister, Sophie. The same cast took part in the last Metropolitan performance to date, March 12, 1910. The role of the tempted but virtuous Charlotte was in Mary Garden's repertoire, and she sang it in Chicago and elsewhere. New York last heard "Werther" at the City Center during the New York City Opera Company's 1947-8 season.

The absence of Massenet's operas ("Manon" excepted) from today's stages outside France has often been attributed to sentimental frailties in his music. Massenet was sentimental—but he was also a composer of enormous gifts and fine craftsmanship. The truth is that his operas require ingredients hard to come

by today: singers who are talented actors and who can be directed with a full sense of staged drama. That the best-known American performers in "Werther," for example, should have been Farrar and Garden shows the attraction of the role of Charlotte for gifted actresses. Good singing and adequate reading of the faintly Wagnerian score will not by themselves put "Werther" alive on a stage. Massenet was working within a tradition of opera as a well-staged play, and until we re-create that tradition we shall not see and hear his operas in their full strength. It was no accident that Mary Garden was able to interest a large public in many Massenet operas that have scarcely been heard at all since her retirement: she was the foremost singing actress of this century. When a tenor capable of both singing and acting the doomed, melancholy Werther and a soprano able to embody and project the unhappy Charlotte occur simultaneously, we may yet have the pleasure of a real "Werther."

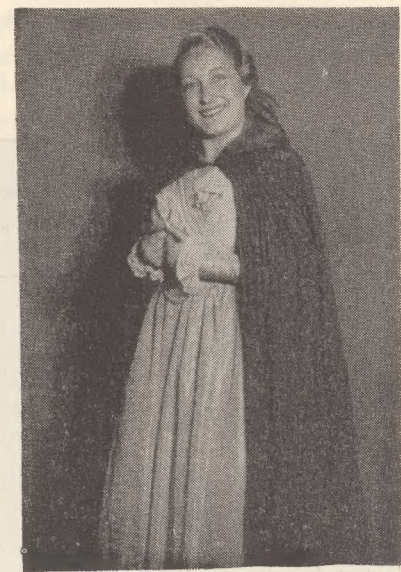
—Herbert Weinstock



Courtesy Harcourt, Paris

MME. SUZANNE JUYOL in 1941 left the *Conservatoire National de Musique* with three grand prizes. She immediately became a member of the Paris Grand Opera, where she appeared in *Le Roi d'Ys*, *Carmen*, *Werther* and many other works. This was followed by appearances in Wagnerian roles, among them Bruennhilde, Kundry and Isolde. She sang in *Tristan und Isolde* and *Die Walkuere* in the Festival of Berlin in 1951.

AGNES LEGER began her vocal studies in 1941, and in 1945 entered the Paris Conservatory, where she received several first prizes. After appearances on the provincial stages and in Belgium, Switzerland, Italy and Spain, she entered the *Opéra-Comique*, where she appeared in *Carmen*, *Werther*, *Tales of Hoffmann*, and the Paris Grand Opera, where she sang in *Thaïs*, *La Bohème*, *Manon* and others.



Courtesy of Max Erlanger de Rosen, Paris



Courtesy Carlet, Paris

CHARLES RICHARD, Paris-born, received his education in England. Many years of musical study preceded his appearance as first tenor with the *Opéra-Comique*, where he has sung all the great tenor roles. In addition, he has appeared in Geneva and Brussels.



Courtesy Seeberger, Paris

ROGER BOURDIN, a baritone of wide renown, is familiar to thousands for his operatic appearances and films. Outside of France he has sung at Covent Garden, La Scala, and in Spain, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany and Mexico. In his native country he holds the position of first baritone at both the Paris Grand Opera and *Opéra-Comique*, and is a professor at the Paris Conservatory.



GEORGE SEBASTIAN, world-renowned conductor, studied piano and composition with Leo Weiner and Zoltan Kodaly and conducting with Bruno Walter. In 1923 he became Assistant Conductor at the Metropolitan Opera, and thereafter held posts with the Leipzig, Berlin, Barcelona, Buenos Aires, San Francisco and Rio de Janeiro opera houses. Upon his return to France in 1947, Sebastian was made First Conductor at the Paris Grand Opera, a post he still occupies.

M. Sebastian may be heard conducting Massenet's opera *Thaïs* on an earlier Urania release (URLP 227).

SYNOPSIS

The action of the Blau-Milliet-Hartmann-Massenet "Werther" takes place near and in the Prussian town of Wetzlar, where Goethe had spent four months in 1772. The characters are: Werther; Charlotte; her sister Sophie; Albert, Charlotte's betrothed, and then husband; the widowed Bailiff, father of Charlotte and Sophie; the Bailiff's friends, Schmidt and Johann; the younger children of the Bailiff; other friends. The opera is divided into four acts, but is often rearranged to make the original Act IV become the final scene of Act III.

In ACT I the Bailiff is rehearsing his younger children in a Christmas carol, though it is only July. When his convivial friends Schmidt and Johann appear, the Bailiff tells them that Charlotte is getting dressed to go to the family ball at Wetzler. They discuss several young men of the neighborhood, including the melancholy Werther and Charlotte's betrothed, Albert, who has been away on a six-month journey. When Johann and Schmidt leave for the inn, the Bailiff again begins to rehearse the children in the Christmas carol. Werther appears and sings an invocation to nature ("*O nature, pleine de grâce*"), his voice mingling with the children's song. Charlotte, dressed for the ball, comes in, sets out the children's simple supper, and is presented to Werther. With others of the invited guests, Charlotte and Werther start for the ball. Sophie, staying behind to take care of the younger children, insists that her father join Schmidt and Johann at the Golden Grapes Inn. When he has left, Albert arrives, finding Sophie alone; they discuss his forthcoming marriage to Charlotte. When they have left the room, Charlotte returns with Werther from the ball (duet "*Il faut nous séparer*"). He declares his passionate love to Charlotte, who tells him, without specifying the details, of a promise she had made to her dying mother. The Bailiff comes in to give her the news that Albert has returned. In despair, Werther, who thus learns of her betrothal, tells her that if she keeps her oath he will die.

ACT II takes place at Wetzlar, opening in a square before the inn. Charlotte has now been married to Albert for three months. Johann, Schmidt, and others join in a hymn of praise to wine and the good life ("*Vivat Bacchus!*"). Albert and Charlotte, discussing their happiness, pass across the square to enter the church. Watching them unseen, Werther sings the so-called "*Désolation de Werther*" ("*Un autre est son époux... J'aurais sur ma poitrine*") and throws himself on the ground in an ecstasy of despair. Albert approaches him and says that he understands Werther's sorrow. The happy Sophie comes in with a bouquet of flowers, and Albert suggests to Werther the desirability of courting her. But Werther becomes more and more distraught. Alone with him

for a few moments, Charlotte convinces him of her faithfulness to Albert. She urges him to go away and not return until Christmas. Werther sings an impassioned prayer (*"Lorsque l'enfant revient"*). When Sophie re-enters, Werther distractedly tells her that he is leaving for ever. Albert and Charlotte find her in tears, and when Albert notices Charlotte's impulsive reaction to Sophie's insistence that Werther will never return, he realizes at last the violence of the emotional bond between Werther and Charlotte.

ACT III takes place early on Christmas Eve in the home of Albert and Charlotte. Albert is away from home, and the enraptured Charlotte is re-reading love letters from Werther (the *"Air de lettre"*: *"Werther! Qui m'aurait dit.. Des cris joyeux"*). Sophie comes in, and is much disturbed by Charlotte's appearance and state of mind. Understanding fully the cause of her sister's grief, Sophie begs for Charlotte's confidence. But Charlotte only weeps (the so-called *"Air des larmes"*: *"Va! laisse-les couler"*). Sophie extracts a promise that Charlotte will return to visit their father's house. When Sophie has left, Charlotte doubts her power to survive. Werther appears, his state of mind unchanged. He looks wildly about the room and talks of the harpsichord that he once played, the pistols he had once thought of turning against himself, the volume of Ossian's poems which Charlotte had begun to translate. He reads one of the poems aloud (the *"Chant d'Ossian"*: *"Pourquoi me réveiller?"*). He begs passionately for her love, and she is terribly torn between passion and wifely duty. At last, saying that only the tomb can bring him relief, Werther rushes out. Albert returns and confronts the agitated Charlotte, demanding to know what has happened and who has been with her. As she parries these questions, a messenger brings in a note from Werther, who says that he is going on a long journey and wishes to borrow the pistols. Albert coldly orders Charlotte to lend Werther the weapons, though they both realize his suicidal intentions. The servant takes the pistols from Charlotte and leaves. Shortly later the distracted girl rushes out to find Werther, asking God not to let her arrive too late.

ACT IV (or the final scene of Act III) occurs in Werther's study later on Christmas Eve. Having shot himself, Werther lies unconscious and dying on the floor. Charlotte runs in and throws herself across his body. She tries to blame herself for what has happened, but the momentarily revived Werther will not agree. Reiterating his love for her, he at last excites her to the point of confessing that she too loves him. The voices of her young brothers and sisters come into the study from outside, where snow is falling. They are singing Christmas carols. It is to this ironic accompaniment that the tragic Werther dies in Charlotte's arms.

—Herbert Weinstock

WERTHER

ACT I.

Bailiff's House (July 178—)

Scene I.

THE BAILIFF (*scolding*)
 Assez! Assez!... M'écouterà-t-on cette fois? Enough! Enough! Will you listen to me for once!
 Reconnaissez!... surtout pas trop de voix! Start again. And mind you... not so loud.

CHILDREN (*singing loudly and without expression*)
 Noël! Jésus vient de naître, Christmas! Christ was born this day,
 Voici notre divin maître... The day our Heavenly Father appeared to both...

THE BAILIFF (*angrily*)
 Non! ça n'est pas cela! No! That is not right!
 Osez-vous chanter de la sorte? Would you dare to sing like that?
 Quand votre sœur Charlotte est là! If your sister Charlotte were here!
 Elle doit vous entendre au travers de la porte! She will hear you through the door.

CHILDREN
 Jésus vient de naître, Christmas! Christ was born this day,
 Voici notre divin maître, The day our Heavenly Father appeared to both
 Rois et bergers d'Israël! Kings and shepherds in Israel!
 Dans le firmament, The faithful guardian angels
 Des anges gardiens fidèles Spread their shining wings,
 Ont ouvert grandes leurs ailes And flew away singing sweetly...
 Et s'en vont partout chantant: Christmas!

THE BAILIFF
 C'est bien! That's fine.
 CHILDREN
 Jésus vient de naître! Christ was born this day,
 Voici notre divin maître... The day our Heavenly Father appeared to both...

(*Johann and Schmidt, who have stopped to listen to the children, enter the court.*)

Scene II.

The same. Johann and Schmidt.

JOHANN
 Bravo pour les enfants! Bravo, children!
 SCHMIDT
 Bravo pour le couplet! A wonderful song!
 CHILDREN (*running to them happily*)
 Ah! monsieur Schmidt! monsieur Johann! Ah! Mr. Schmidt! Mr. Johann!

JOHANN (*to the bailiff*)
 Eh! mais j'y pense! Think! Aren't you rushing matters...
 Vous chantez Noël en juillet, Singing Christmas carols in July?
 Bailli, c'est s'y prendre à l'avance!

THE BAILIFF
 Cela te fait rire, Johann; mais quoi! I don't see what's so funny, Johann.
 Tout le monde n'est pas artiste comme toi; Everyone is not as artistic as you are.
 Et ce ne sont point bagatelles And it's not easy
 Que d'apprendre le chant à ces jeunes cervelles! To teach the song to the children.

(*Sophie enters*)

Scene III.

The same, Sophie

SCHMIDT

Bonjour, Sophie!... Eh! eh! Charlotte n'est pas loin? Hello, Sophie!... Is Charlotte around?

SOPHIE

En effet, monsieur Schmidt, Puisque nous prenons soin, Charlotte et moi, de la famille. Certainly, Mr. Schmidt. She's always close by Since Charlotte and I are taking care of the family.

JOHANN (to the Bailiff)

Ah! Ce superbe temps! Viens-tu? What wonderful weather! Are you coming with us?

THE BAILIFF

Dans un instant. In a moment. SOPHIE (to Johann) My sister is dressing for the dance.

THE BAILIFF (to Schmidt)

Oui, le bal d'amis et de parents Que l'on donne à Wetzlar... On vient prendre Charlotte. That's the family ball That they're holding at Wetzlar... They're coming to pick up Charlotte.

SCHMIDT

C'est donc cela!... Koffel a mis sa redingote, Steiner a retenu le cheval du brasseur, Hoffmann a sa calèche et Goulden sa berline... Enfin, monsieur Werther m'a paru moins rêveur! Oh, for the ball! Koffel donned his frock-coat, Steiner has hired the brewer's horse. Hoffmann has his coach and Goulden his buggy. And even Mr. Werther seems to be less dreamy!

THE BAILIFF (to his two friends)

Fort bien, ce jeune homme! He seems to be a fine young man!

JOHANN

Oui, mais pas fort en cuisine! Yes, but not too practical.

THE BAILIFF

Il est instruit, très distingué. He is well educated... quite distinguished.

SCHMIDT

Un peu mélancolique... On the melancholy side...

JOHANN

Ah! certes! jamais gai! Certainly not a lively type.

THE BAILIFF (pursuing his thoughts)

Le Prince lui promet, dit-on, une ambassade! They say the Prince has promised him an ambassadorship. Il l'estime et lui veut du bien... He thinks very highly of Werther...

JOHANN (with scorn)

Un diplomate! Ah! bah! ça ne vaut rien à table... A diplomat! That doesn't put any bread on the table...

SCHMIDT (the same)

Ça ne sait pas boire une rasade! He doesn't even know how to drink a toast!

JOHANN (shaking hands with the Bailiff)

A tout-à-l'heure, au Raisin d'Or. See you later at the Golden Grapes.

SCHMIDT (Doing the same)

Oui, tu nous dois une revanche. You owe us a couple of rounds.

THE BAILIFF

Encore! Still!

JOHANN

Dame!... et puis c'est le jour des écrivisses... That's right. And besides, they serve crayfish today.

Grosses comme le bras... Gretchen nous l'a promis. Big as your arm... Gretchen promised us.

THE BAILIFF

Oh! les gourmands! les deux complices! Ah, you gluttons... you're a pair! Vous n'attendez donc pas Charlotte, mes amis? Aren't you waiting for Charlotte, my friends?

SCHMIDT (to Johann)

Nous la verrons ce soir, nous voulons faire Un petit tour sur le rempart. We'll see her this evening. We'd like to take A little walk on the rampart.

THE BAILIFF (smiling... to Johann)

Pour t'ouvrir l'appétit?... To work up an appetite?

JOHANN (to Schmidt)

Toujours il exagère... He's always exaggerating. Allons, viens; il est tard! Come, let's go, it's late!

SCHMIDT (to Bailiff)

A propos, quand Albert revient-il? By the way, when is Albert coming back?

THE BAILIFF

Je l'ignore; il ne m'en parle pas encore, I don't know. He doesn't say in his letters.

Mais il m'écrit que ses affaires vont au mieux. But he writes that business is going quite well.

SCHMIDT

Parfait! Albert est un garçon brave et fidèle; Fine! There's a boy for you.

C'est un mari modèle And what a husband he'll make for your Charlotte.

Pour ta Charlotte; et nous, les vieux, Nous danserons à perdre haleine And will we dance at their wedding!

A la noce prochaine.

JOHANN (cheerily)

Eh! bon soir! les enfants! Well, good night, children.

SCHMIDT (to Bailiff)

A tantôt! See you later!

THE BAILIFF AND CHILDREN

Au revoir! Good-bye!

(The two exit arm in arm singing Vivat Bacchus — Semper Vivat!)

Scene IV.

The Bailiff, Sophie, the children, then Werther

THE BAILIFF (to the children)

Rentrez, nous redirons notre Noël ce soir, Come children, we'll rehearse our carol, Note by note, before supper.

Avant goûter, note par note!

Sophie, il faut aller voir ce que fait Charlotte. Sophie, go see what Charlotte is doing.

(Sophie exits. Werther and a young peasant enter the court. Werther looks at the house)

WERTHER (to the peasant)

Alors, c'est bien ici la maison du bailiff? Well, I guess this is the Bailiff's house.

(Dismissing his guide)

Merci. Thank you.

(Werther, alone, crosses the court and stops by the fountain)

Je ne sais si je veille ou si je rêve encore: I don't know whether I'm awake or asleep.

Tout ce qui m'environne a l'air d'un paradis; I have the feeling of walking in Paradise.

Le bois soupire ainsi qu'une harpe sonore: The sighing winds in the woods are like the chords of a harp

Un monde se révèle à mes yeux éblouis. And a new world stands before my eager eyes.

O nature, pleine de grâce,
 Reine du temps et de l'espace,
 Daigne accueillir celui qui passe
 Et te salue, humble mortel!
 Mystérieux silence! ô calme solennel!
 Tout m'attire et me plaît! ce mur, et
 ce coin sombre,
 Cette source limpide et la fraîcheur de
 l'ombre;
 Il n'est pas une haie, il n'est pas un
 buisson
 Où n'éclose une fleur, où ne passe un
 frisson.

O nature, enivre-moi de parfums,
 Mère éternellement jeune, adorable et
 pure,

Et toi, soleil,
 Viens m'inonder de tes rayons!

(From the interior of the house, we hear the children singing the carol)
 Oh! chers enfants!... Autant notre vie
 est amère
 Autant leurs jours sont pleins de foi,
 Leurs âmes pleines de lumière!
 Ah! comme ils sont meilleurs que moi!

Scene V.

The same, then Charlotte

CHILDREN

Charlotte! Charlotte!

CHARLOTTE (to the Bailiff)

Eh bien! père, êtes-vous content d'eux?

THE BAILIFF

Content, content! ce n'est pas mer-
 veilleux.

CHILDREN

Si! père est très content!

THE BAILIFF (kissing his daughter)

Comme te voilà belle, mignonne!

CHILDREN

Oh! mais c'est vrai!

THE BAILIFF (holding Charlotte's hand)

Venez, mademoiselle!

Qu'on vous regarde... Nos amis seront
 jaloux.

CHARLOTTE (smiling)

Nos amis ne sont pas exacts au rendez-
 vous.

Voilà ce dont je suis bien sûre;

Et j'en vais profiter

Pour donner le goûter aux enfants.

THE BAILIFF

Hâte-toi, car j'entends la voiture!

CHILDREN

Merci, grande sœur!...

THE BAILIFF (noticing Werther)

Ah! monsieur Werther!

Vous venez visiter mon petit ermitage...

Mieux... mon petit royaume, et j'en suis
 vraiment fier.

Oh nature, full of grace,
 Queen of time and of space
 Deign to accept the humble mortal
 Who passing greets you!
 Mysterious silence! O solemn calm!
 There is such release in this wall... this
 dark corner,
 This limpid stream, this fragrant shade;
 There is not a bush, not a shrub,
 Not even a budding flower in this
 quiet air.

Oh nature, eternal mother!
 Forever young, adorable and pure,
 Envelop me with your perfumes!
 And you, sun,
 Let your crimson rays fill my being!

Oh, dear children... however bitter is
 our life,
 How full of hope is theirs,
 Their souls are full of light!
 Oh, they're much better than I!

(Introducing Charlotte)

Ma fille, qui prend soin de ce ménage
 Et de tous ces enfants gâtés
 Depuis le jour où leur mère nous a
 quittés.

My daughter, who takes care of the
 household,
 And all these spoiled children,
 Since their dear mother left us.

CHARLOTTE

Pardonnez-moi, monsieur, de m'être
 fait attendre,
 Mais je suis, en effet, une maman très
 tendre,

I hope you'll pardon me for making
 you wait.
 I am in fact a mother to them.

Et mes enfants exigent que ma main
 Leur coupe chaque jour leur pain.

The children are so attached to me
 That I must prepare their meals.

Scene VI.

Werther, Charlotte, the Bailiff, Sophie, the guests.

THE BAILIFF

Arrivez donc, Brühlmann! Charlotte est
 prête;
 On vous attend!...

Come on Brühlmann, Charlotte is ready
 And waiting for you!...

(Bruehlmann and Kaetchen cross side by side)
 BRUEHLMANN (with a sigh of ecstasy)

Klopstock!...

Klopstock!...

KAETCHEN (enchanted)

Divin Klopstock!...

Divine Klopstock!...

THE BAILIFF (to Brühlmann)

Bavard! Vous direz le reste à la fête.
 Un aussi long discours vous mettrait en
 retard.

Chatterbox! Save it for the party...
 We don't want to be late.

CHARLOTTE (to the child)

Embrasse ton cousin!...

Kiss your cousin!...

WERTHER

Cousin? suis-je bien digne de ce nom?...

Cousin! Am I worthy of that name?

CHARLOTTE

En effet, c'est un honneur insigne,
 Mais nous en avons tant qu'il serait
 bien fâcheux

Of course. It's a great honor.
 But we have so many of them, it would
 be a pity

Que vous fussiez le plus mauvais d'en-
 tre eux.

If you were the worst of the lot.

(To Sophie)

Tu me remplaceras, Sophie;
 Tu le sais, je te les confie...

Take my place, Sophie... you know
 how I trust you.

(to the children)

Vous serez tous sages comme avec moi.

Be as good as if you were with me.

SOPHIE

Oui, mais ils aimeraient bien mieux que
 ce fût toi.

Yes, but they'd rather have you.

WERTHER (moved)

O spectacle idéal d'amour et d'innocence,

What a picture of love and innocence!
 It does me good to watch it!

Où mes yeux et mon cœur sont ravis
 à la fois!

Quel rêve de passer une entière existence

It would be like a dream to spend my
 whole life

Calmé par ses regards et bercé par sa
 voix!

Just watching her, and listening to her
 sweet voice.

THE BAILIFF (to Werther)

Monsieur Werther...
 Adieu, ma chérie...

Good-bye! (to Charlotte) Good-bye, dar-
 ling.

CHARLOTTE

Adieu, père...

Good-bye, father!

(Charlotte and Werther leave, followed by a group of guests. Bruehlmann and Kaetchen go off last, without having spoken a word.)

THE BAILIFF (*watching them and smiling*)
 Ne souhaitons rien à ceux-là!
 Klopstock! divin Klopstock!
 L'extase magnétique!
 Cela me paraît sans réplique!
 (Sophie sends the children into the house)

Scene VII.

The Bailiff, then Sophie

SOPHIE
 Et qui donc a promis d'aller au Raisin d'Or?
 What of your promise to go to the Golden Grapes?

Qui? moi, te laisser seule...

THE BAILIFF
 What? And leave you alone?

Eh bien!... La, la, la.

SOPHIE
 Why not?

Non!...

THE BAILIFF
 No.

SOPHIE
 Je l'exige!
 Schmidt et Johann doivent t'attendre encore.
 I insist!
 Schmidt and Johann will be waiting for you.

THE BAILIFF
 Rien qu'un moment alors...
 Au fait, promesse oblige!
 Well... for a moment.
 And only because I promised them.

(He exits.)

Scene VIII.

Albert, Sophie

Sophie!

ALBERT
 Sophie!

Albert! toi de retour?

SOPHIE
 Albert, you're back?

Oui, moi, petite sœur, bonjour!

ALBERT
 Yes, my little sister.

(They embrace)

SOPHIE
 Que Charlotte sera contente de te revoir!!
 Charlotte will be delighted to see you.

Elle est ici?

ALBERT
 Is she here?

SOPHIE
 Non, pas ce soir,
 Elle qui jamais ne s'absente!
 Aussi pourquoi n'as-tu pas prévenu?

ALBERT
 No, not tonight,
 She who hardly ever leaves the house!
 Why didn't you let us know you were coming?

ALBERT
 J'ai voulu la surprendre...
 Parle-moi d'elle, au moins; il me tarde d'apprendre
 Si de moi l'on s'est souvenu?
 Car c'est bien long, six mois d'absence!
 I wanted to surprise her.
 Talk of her, at least; I'm longing to hear
 If she has ever given me a thought.
 It is a very long time, six months!

SOPHIE
 Chez nous, aux absents chacun pense,
 Et n'es-tu pas, d'ailleurs, son fiancé?
 In this house, we always think of our absent friends.

Besides, aren't you her fiancé?

ALBERT
 O chère enfant!... Et que s'est-il passé?
 Oh, dear child... any news?

SOPHIE
 Rien!... On s'est occupé de votre mariage...
 On y dansera, dis?
 No! We're always thinking of your wedding.
 Will there be dancing?

ALBERT
 Beaucoup... et davantage!
 Oui, je veux que pour tous, il y ait du bonheur;
 Ah! j'en ai tant au fond du cœur!
 Va! rentre... j'ai peur qu'on t'appelle
 Et qu'on apprenne mon retour;
 More than enough!
 I want everyone to be happy;
 There is so much happiness in my heart—
 Go on in. Someone might call you,
 And I don't want them to know that I am back.

SOPHIE
 N'en dis rien, je serai près d'elle
 Dès le lever du jour.
 Don't say a word to anyone! I'll see her tomorrow morning.

SOPHIE
 A demain, monsieur mon beau-frère!
 (She closes the door)
 Till then, my dear brother-in-law.

Scene IX.

(Albert, alone)

ALBERT
 Elle m'aime... elle pense à moi!... quelle Prière de reconnaissance et d'amour Monte de mon cœur à ma bouche!
 Ah! comme à l'heure du retour
 Un rien nous émeut et nous touche,
 Et comme tout possède un charme pénétrant!
 Je voudrais qu'en rentrant
 Charlotte retrouvât les pensées que je laisse:
 Tout mon espoir et toute ma tendresse!
 She loves me... She thinks of me!
 How happy and grateful I am!
 Oh, I come back, and everything moves and touches me!
 How charming seems everything!
 All the little forgotten details are beginning
 To take on fresh meaning.
 When we meet, I only wish
 Charlotte could know all my thoughts...
 All my hopes... all my longings!

Scene X.

(Charlotte and Werther appear at the garden gate)

CHARLOTTE
 Il faut nous séparer. Voici notre maison:
 C'est l'heure du sommeil.
 Well, here's the house. I must go in.
 It's time to go to bed.

WERTHER
 Ah! pourvu que je voie
 Ces yeux toujours ouverts; ces yeux, mon horizon,
 Ces doux yeux, mon espoir et mon unique joie,
 Que m'importe à moi le sommeil!
 Les étoiles et le soleil
 Peuvent bien dans le ciel tour à tour reparaître,
 J'ignore s'il est jour, j'ignore s'il est nuit, et mon être
 Demeure indifférent à ce qui n'est pas vous!
 Ah, if I could only see
 Your eyes always open. Your eyes are my horizon.
 Your sweet eyes are my hope and my joy.
 Of what importance is sleep to me!
 The stars change places with the sun,
 And the sun with the stars,
 But I don't know whether it's day, or whether it's night. I can only see you!

CHARLOTTE (*smiling*)
 Mais vous ne savez rien de moi.
 But you don't know anything about me.

WERTHER
 Mon âme a reconnu votre âme.
 Je vous ai vue assez
 Pour savoir quelle femme vous êtes!
 My soul met yours.
 I've seen enough
 To know what you are!

CHARLOTTE

Vous me connaissez?

You know me?

WERTHER (*tenderly*)

Vous êtes la meilleure ainsi que la plus belle des créatures...

You are the best and most beautiful Of women.

CHARLOTTE (*confused*)

Non!...

No!

WERTHER

Faut-il que j'en appelle

Shall I call your children

A ceux que vous nommez vos enfants?

To back me up?

CHARLOTTE

Hélas! oui... Mes enfants...

Yes, my children,

Vous avez dit vrai!... C'est que l'image de ma mère est présente à tout le monde ici.

You've put it just right. They always bring

Et pour moi, je crois voir sourire son visage

My dear mother back to us. I seem to see her smiling face

Quand je prends soin de ses enfants... de mes enfants.

When I am taking care of them... my children.

Ah! je souhaiterais que dans cette demeure

Oh, how I wish that she could come back here,

Elle revînt et vît, au moins quelques instants,

If only for a minute, to see how I have kept

Si je tiens les serments faits à la dernière heure.

The promise I made her in her last hour.

Chère, chère maman, que ne peux-tu nous voir?

Mother, dear mother, if you could only see us!

WERTHER

O Charlotte, ange du devoir,

Charlotte, my angel!

La bénédiction du ciel sur vous repose!

May Heaven bless you!

CHARLOTTE

Si vous l'aviez connue!... Ah! la cruelle chose

If you had only known her!... Oh, it's hard

De voir ainsi partir ce qu'on a de plus cher!

To part from the one you hold most dear!

Quels tendres souvenirs et quel regret amer!

I remember her so kind and gentle!

Pourquoi tout est-il périssable?

Why does everything have to die?

Les enfants ont senti cela très vivement;

The children felt the grave loss.

Ils demandent souvent, d'un ton inconsolable,

They often ask tearfully

Pourquoi les hommes noirs ont emporté maman.

Why the sombre men carried her away.

WERTHER

Rêve! Extase! Bonheur! Je donnerais ma vie

It's all a dream! I would give my life

Pour garder à jamais ces yeux, ce front charmant,

To see your eyes forever, your white forehead,

Cette bouche adorable, étonnée et ravie, Sans que nul à son tour les contemple un moment!...

Your adorable mouth... its heavenly smile, I and no one else!

Le céleste sourire!...

Oh, your smile!

Je vous aime et je vous admire!

I love you, I adore you!

CHARLOTTE

Nous sommes fous!... rentrons!

This is madness! You had better go.

WERTHER (*carried away*)

Mais nous nous reverrons?

But we'll meet again?

Scene XI.

Werther, Charlotte, the Bailiff

THE BAILIFF

Charlotte!... Albert est de retour!...

Charlotte! Albert is back!

CHARLOTTE (*weakly*)

Albert?

Albert?

WERTHER (*questioningly*)

Albert?

Albert?

CHARLOTTE

Oui; celui que ma mère

Yes; the man, my mother made me

M'a fait jurer d'accepter pour époux.

promise to marry.

Dieu m'est témoin qu'un instant, près de

God is my witness that I forgot

vous,

This promise while I was with you.

J'avais oublié le serment qu'on me rappelle.

WERTHER

A ce serment restez fidèle!...

Keep your promise

Moi, j'en mourrai, Charlotte!...

And I will die, Charlotte!

(*Charlotte goes into the house.*)

WERTHER (*alone*)

Un autre son époux!

She's going to marry someone else!

ACT II.

At Wetzlar

Scene I.

(*Johann and Schmidt with glasses in their hands*)

SCHMIDT, JOHANN

Vivat Bacchus, semper vivat!

Vivat Bacchus, semper vivat!

C'est dimanche!

It's Sunday!

JOHANN

L'admirable journée!

What a day!

De ce joyeux soleil, j'ai l'âme illuminée!

I love this sun.

Qu'il est doux de vivre, quand l'air

It's good to be alive when the air

Est si léger, le ciel si bleu, le vin si clair! C'est dimanche!

Is so clear, the sky so blue, and the wine so pure! It's Sunday!

SCHMIDT

Allez! chantez l'office et que l'orgue résonne!

Go ahead! Chant the service while the organ plays!

De bénir le Seigneur, il est bien des façons.

There are many ways to praise the Lord.

Moi je le glorifie en exaltant ses dons.

As for me, I glorify Him by praising His gifts.

JOHANN

Oui, gloire à Celui qui nous donne

Yes. All glory to Him who gives us

De si bon vin et fait l'existence si bonne!

Such good wine, and such a pleasant life!

SCHMIDT, JOHANN

Bénéissons le Seigneur!

Praised be the Lord!

JOHANN

Du monde! encore du monde! on vient de tous côtés!

I tell you... people are coming from all over.

Le pasteur verra bien fêté

The pastor will have a proper celebration

Ses cinquante ans de mariage!

Of his golden anniversary.

SCHMIDT

C'est bon pour un pasteur cinquante ans de ménage.

It's all right for a pastor to be married for fifty years.

Dieu le soutient! Mais moi, je n'aurais pu jamais

The Lord gives him strength.

supporter autant...

As for myself, I couldn't have stood it that long.

(*Charlotte and Albert enter*)

Et cependant j'en sais
Qui ne s'effraieraient guère
De semblable félicité.

JOHANN

And yet, there are people
Who are not frightened
At this idea.

(*Pointing*)

Tiens! ceux-là, par exemple!...

Those two, for instance!

SCHMIDT

Eh bien! à leur santé
Allons vider encore un verre!

Well, here's to their health!
Let's empty another glass!

(*They go into the inn*)

Scene II.

Albert and Charlotte

ALBERT (*tenderly*)

Trois mois! voici trois mois que nous
sommes unis!

Three months! Here it is three months
that we're together.

Ils ont passé bien vite et pourtant il me
semble

They have passed so quickly, and yet
it seems

Que nous avons vécu toujours ensemble!

That we've always been together.

CHARLOTTE (*softly*)

Albert!

Albert!

ALBERT

Si vous saviez comme je vous bénis!
Mais moi, de cette jeune fille,
Si calme et souriante au foyer de fa-
mille,

If you only knew how I cherish you!
You lived in quiet happiness with your
family.

Ai-je fait une femme heureuse et sans
regrets?

Have I made you happy?... or have you
regrets?

CHARLOTTE

Quand une femme a près d'elle à toute
heure
Et l'esprit le plus droit et l'âme la
meilleure

When a woman always has a loving
husband at her side,
Why shouldn't she be happy?

Que pourrait-elle regretter?

What could she regret?

ALBERT

Ah! la douce parole et comme à l'é-
couter

Those are sweet words.

Je me sens tout heureux et j'ai l'âme
ravie!

You can't imagine how happy I am!

(*They exit*)

Scene III.

WERTHER

Un autre est son époux! ô Dieu, Dieu
de bonté,

She's married another man! Oh God,
God of mercy,

Si tu m'avais permis de marcher dans
la vie

If you had permitted me to go through
life

Avec cet ange à mon côté,

With this angel at my side,

Mon existence entière

My whole life

N'aurait jamais été

Would have been

Qu'une ardente prière...

An ardent prayer...

Et maintenant, parfois, j'ai peur de
blasphemer!

And now, it's closer to being a blas-
phemy!

(*sadly*)

C'est moi qu'elle pouvait aimer!

She could have loved me!

J'aurais pressé sur ma poitrine

I might have held in my arms

La plus belle, la plus divine

The loveliest, the most divine

Créature que Dieu lui-même ait su
former!

Creature God created!

C'est moi qu'elle pouvait aimer!

She could have loved me!

Lorsque s'ouvrait le ciel qui s'illumine
Soudain, je l'ai vu se fermer!

I had just a fleeting glimpse
Of what might have been!

C'est moi qu'elle pouvait aimer!
Tout mon corps en frissonne, et tout
mon être en pleure!

She could have loved me!
Now, I can only tremble and weep.

Scene IV.

Werther and Albert

ALBERT

Au bonheur, dont mon âme est pleine,
Ami, parfois il vient se mêler un re-
mord.

My friend, I'm very happy...
But sometimes I feel remorse.

WERTHER

Remorse?

ALBERT

Je vous sais un cœur loyal et fort;
Mais celle qui devint ma femme
Vous apparût un jour
Qu'elle était libre encore, et peut-être
près d'elle
Avez-vous fait un rêve envolé sans re-
tour!

I know your strong and loyal heart.
One day when you met her who became
my wife,
Near her you dreamt a dream
That vanished forever!

A la voir si belle, et si douce,
Je connais trop le prix du bien qui
m'est donné
Pour ne comprendre pas que sa perte
est cruelle...
Comprendre ce tourment, c'est l'avoir
pardonné...

Knowing the treasure I have found
I understand your agony,
And to understand is to forgive.

WERTHER

Vous l'avez dit: mon âme est loyale et
sincère,
Si j'avais du passé trop amer souvenir,
Retirant cette main de la main qui la
serre,
Je fuirais loin de vous pour ne plus re-
venir.

Indeed, my heart is loyal and true.
If I have too many bitter memories of
the past,
The best thing is to leave.
I will go far away from you, never to
return.

Mais, comme après l'orage une onde
est apaisée,
Mon cœur ne souffre plus de son rêve
oublié,
Et celui qui sait lire au fond de ma
pensée
N'y doit trouver jamais que la seule
amitié!
Et ce sera ma part de bonheur sur la
terre!

But when the storm passes by,
My dreams will be forgotten,
And you will find
That I have only friendship for you.
And that will make me happy.

(*Sophie runs in, arms full of flowers*)

Scene V

The same, Sophie

SOPHIE (*to Albert, gayly*)

Frère, voyez le beau bouquet!
J'ai mis, pour le pasteur, le jardin au
pillage.

Look at the pretty bouquet!
I plundered the garden for the pastor
And then we shall dance!

(*to Werther*)

Et puis l'on va danser... Pour le premier
menuet,
C'est sur vous que je compte... Oh! le
sombre visage!

I'm counting on you for the first minuet.

Mais aujourd'hui, monsieur Werther,
Tout le monde est joyeux, le bonheur
est dans l'air.

Oh, you look sad!

Du gai soleil, plein de flamme,

But today, Mr. Werther,
Everyone is gay. Happiness is in the
air!
The gay sun, full of flame

Dans l'azur resplendissant,
La pure clarté descend
De nos fronts jusqu'à notre âme,
Et l'oiseau qui monte aux cieus,
Dans la brise qui soupire,
Est revenu pour nous dire
Que Dieu permet d'être heureux.

Heureux! pourrai-je l'être encore?...
ALBERT (to Sophie)

Va porter ton bouquet, chère petite
sœur,
Je te rejoins...

(Sophie waits a short distance away)

Werther, nous parlions du bonheur!

On le cherche bien loin, on l'appelle,
on l'implore,
Et voici que peut-être il passe en nos
chemins,
Un sourire à la lèvre et des fleurs dans
les mains.

Frère, venez vite!

Vous entendez, Monsieur Werther,
Je vous invite pour le premier menuet!

Du gai soleil, plein de flamme..., etc.

(Albert and Sophie exit)

Scene VI.

Werther alone, then Charlotte

Ai-je dit vrai? L'amour que j'ai pour
elle
N'est-il pas le plus pur comme le plus
sacré?

En mon âme
Un coupable désir est-il jamais entré?
Oui! je mentais!... ô Dieu! souffrir
sans cesse,

Ou bien toujours mentir!
C'est trop de honte et de faiblesse!
Je dois, je veux partir!

(Charlotte appears at the church door. Werther sees her)

Partir! Non! je ne veux que me rap-
procher d'elle!

Comme on trouve en priant une force
nouvelle!

Charlotte!...

Vous venez aussi chez le pasteur?

A quoi bon? pour vous voir toujours
auprès d'un autre!

Ah! qu'il est loin ce jour plein d'intime
douceur

In the azure sky
Sends us bright rays of light
That penetrate our souls.
And the birds flying high to heaven
On the whispering breeze
Return with the message from HIM
That our happiness is God's desire.

Could I ever be happy again?
Sophie

Take your bouquet, dear Sophie.
I'll be with you shortly.

Werther, we were speaking of happi-
ness!

We seek it afar, we call it, we implore
it
And here it is perhaps, crossing our
path,
A smile on its lips, and flowers in its
arms.

Brother, come...

I'm keeping the first minuet for you,
Mr. Werther

You understand!
Everyone is gay tonight..., etc.

WERTHER

Did I tell the truth? Isn't my love for
her
Pure and sacred?

Has a guilty desire
Ever entered my rebellious heart?
Yes! I lied! O God, to suffer without
end, or to lie eternally!

It is too shameful, I am too weak!
I must... I will go away!

WERTHER

To leave! no!... I only want to be near
her.

CHARLOTTE (not seeing Werther)

What new strength prayer gives me!

WERTHER (calling)

Charlotte!

CHARLOTTE

Are you going to the pastor's, too?

WERTHER

What for? To see you dance with some-
one else?

How far away is that day of sweet in-
timacy

Où mon regard a rencontré le vôtre
Pour la première fois... où nous som-
mes tous deux
Demeurés si longtemps... tout près...
sans nous rien dire...
Cependant que tombait des cieus
Un suprême rayon qui semblait un sou-
rire
Sur notre émoi silencieux!

Albert m'aime et je suis sa femme!...

Albert vous aime!...
Qui ne vous aimerait?...

Werther!... N'est-il donc pas d'autre
femme ici-bas
Digne de votre amour et libre d'elle-
même?

Je ne m'appartiens plus; pourquoi donc
m'aimez-vous!

Eh! demandez aux fous
D'où vient que leur raison s'égare!

Eh bien! puisqu'à jamais le destin nous
sépare
Eloignez-vous, partez! partez!...

Quel mot ai-je entendu?

Celui qu'il faut de moi que l'on entende!

Eh! qui donc le commande?

Le devoir!
L'absence rend parfois la douleur moins
amère.

Ah! me donner l'oubli n'est pas en son
pouvoir!

Pourquoi l'oubli?... Pensez à Charlotte,
au contraire
Pensez à son repos; soyez fort, soyez
bon.

Oui!... j'ai pour seul désir que vous
soyez heureuse!
Mais ne plus vous revoir, c'est impos-
sible, non!

Ami, je ne suis pas à ce point rigou-
reuse
Et ne saurais vouloir un exil éternel.
Vous reviendrez... bientôt... tenez...
A la Noël!

Charlotte!

When we saw each other
For the first time
And we remained together...
So long... so close...
Without saying a word!
And then a ray of light
Came from the sky
And seemed to smile
On our silent joy.

Albert loves me, and I am his wife!

Albert loves you!
Who can help loving you?

Isn't there any other woman
Worthy of your love and free to love
you?

I'm married. Why must you love me?

Can you ask a madman
The reason for what he does?

Since fate is separating us for ever
Go away! Go!

what did you say?

That which had to be said!

Who demands it?

Duty!
Being away might mitigate your pain.

I'll never forget you!

Why forget? Think of me,
Think of my peace of mind;
Be strong and good.

I only want you to be happy.

But never to see you again. No... that's
impossible!

I don't want you to go away forever.
My friend, I am not so cruel,

You will be back soon... at Christmas!

WERTHER (pleading)

Charlotte!

A la Noël!

CHARLOTTE (*going*)
at Christmas!
(*She exits*)

Scene VII.

Werther (*alone*)

WERTHER

Oui, ce qu'elle m'ordonne
Pour son repos, je le ferai;
Et si la force m'abandonne,
Ah! c'est moi, pour toujours, qui me
reposerai!

Pourquoi trembler devant la mort...
devant la nôtre?

On lève le rideau; puis on passe de
l'autre côté!

Voilà ce qu'on nomme mourir.

Offençons-nous le ciel en cessant de
souffrir?

Lorsque l'enfant revient d'un voyage
avant l'heure,

Bien loin de lui garder quelque ressentiment,

Au seul bruit de ses pas tressaille la
demeure,

Et le père, joyeux, l'embrasse longuement.

O Dieu qui m'a créé, serais-tu moins
clément?

Non! tu ne saurais pas, dérobé sous tes
voiles,

Rejeter dans la nuit ton fils infortuné!

Devinant ton sourire au travers des
étoiles,

Il reviendrait vers toi d'avance pardon-
né!

Père! Père! Que je ne connais pas, en
qui pourtant j'ai foi,

Parle à mon cœur! Appelle-moi!

(*Sophie enters*)

Yes, for her peace of mind,
I'll do what she told me.
And if my strength fails me,
It is I who will seek peace forever.

Why tremble before death?
You just raise the curtain and pass on
To the other side. That's what dying is.

Do we offend heaven by ceasing to suf-
fer?

When the child returns earlier from a
journey,

His father, far from being angry at
hearing his footsteps,

Embraces him happily!

Oh God who created me, can you have
less mercy!

Even if I came in the dark
You would not eject your unlucky son!

I would see your smile shining through
the stars

And come to you, pardoned in advance.

Father! Father!
I don't know you... but I trust in you...

Call me to your side!

Scene VIII.

Werther, Sophie, then Charlotte, Albert, and the cortege

SOPHIE (*to Werther*)

Mais venez donc! le cortège s'approche,
Et soit dit sans reproche,
C'est vous seul qu'on attend!

Come on! The cortege is nearing.
We are waiting only for you!

WERTHER (*brusquely*)

Pardonnez-moi; je pars!

Pardon me; I'm leaving!

SOPHIE

Vous partez!

Leaving!

WERTHER

A l'instant!

Right now!

SOPHIE

Mais sans doute... Vous reviendrez.

But you're coming back...

Demain... bientôt...

Tomorrow... soon...

WERTHER (*violently*)

Non! Jamais! Adieu!

Never! Good-bye!

(*He exits*)

SOPHIE (*upset, running after him and calling*)
Monsieur Werther!... Au tournant de la route
Mr. Werther! He's gone.

Il disparaît... plus rien!

Mon Dieu! Tout à l'heure j'étais si
joyeuse!

My God... and I was so happy.

(*The anniversary procession enters. Charlotte sees Sophie and runs to her*)

CHARLOTTE

Ah! qu'est-ce donc: elle pleure!

What is it... you're crying!

SOPHIE

Ah! sœur! Monsieur Werther est par-
ti!...

Mr. Werther has left!

ALBERT

Lui!

Left!

SOPHIE

Et pour toujours!...

Il vient de me le dire, et puis il s'est
enfui comme un fou!

And forever. Just now
He told me he was leaving and ran
off

Like a madman!

CHARLOTTE (*aside*)

Pour toujours!

ALBERT (*gloomily looking at her*)

Forever!

Il l'aime!

He loves her!

ACT III.

Albert's house

Scene I.

Charlotte, alone

CHARLOTTE

Werther! Werther... Qui m'aurait dit la
place

Que dans mon cœur il occupe aujour-
d'hui.

Depuis qu'il est parti, malgré moi, tout
me lasse

Et mon âme est pleine de lui!
Ces lettres... ah! je les relis sans cesse...

Avec quel charme, mais aussi quelle
tristesse.

Je devrais les détruire... je ne puis!
(*reading*)

"Je vous écris
De ma petite chambre;

Un ciel gris

Et lourd de décembre

Pèse sur moi, comme un linceul...

Et je suis seul, seul, toujours seul!"

Personne près de lui!...

Pas un seul témoignage

De tendresse... ou pitié! Comment

M'est venu ce triste courage

D'ordonner cet exil et cet isolement!

(*She takes another letter and opens it*)

CHARLOTTE (*reading*)

"Des cris joyeux d'enfants montent
sous ma fenêtre,

Et je pense à ce temps si doux

Où tous vos chers petits jouaient autour
de nous.

Werther! Who could have told me that
he held
Such a place in my heart, even now.

Since he has left, much as I try, I can
think of no one but him!

These letters... I read them over and
over

With joy. And, oh, with sadness!
I should destroy them... but I can't.

"I am writing to you
From my little room.

The sky is gray
With December's gloom,

Weighing on me like a shroud.
And I am alone, alone, always alone!"

No one near him! And no one to com-
fort him.

How did I find the courage
To send him away?

"The gay shouts of children penetrate
the quiet of my room.

And I think back to that happy time
When your children played all about us.

Ils m'oublieront peut-être!"
Non, Werther, dans leur souvenir
Votre image reste vivante,
Et quand vous reviendrez...
Mais doit-il revenir!...
Ah! ce dernier billet me glace et m'épouvante!

They've probably forgotten me by now!"
No, Werther, they still remember you.

And when you return... but should he return?
This last letter makes me shiver.

(Reading again)

"Tu m'as dit: A Noël! et j'ai crié:
Jamais!
On va bientôt connaître
Qui de nous deux disait vrai!... Mais...
Si je ne dois reparaitre
Au jour fixé, devant toi,
Ne m'accuse pas, pleure-moi!
Oui, de ces yeux si pleins de charmes,
Ces lignes, tu les reliras,
Tu les mouilleras de tes larmes,
O! Charlotte, tu frémiras!"

"You told me, 'At Christmas.' And I said, 'Never.'
We'll soon know
Which one of us was right.
But if I don't come back the day you set
Don't blame me! Weep for me!
Yes, when you reread these lines
With your lovely eyes,
You'll drench them with your tears!
O Charlotte... Charlotte!"

Scene II.

Charlotte, Sophie

Bonjour, grande sœur! je viens aux nouvelles!
Albert est absent, on ne le voit plus!
Et le père est très mécontent.

SOPHIE (*enters gayly*)
Good morning, big sister!
I come with news...
We don't see you anymore. Albert is away...
And Papa is displeased.

Enfant!...

CHARLOTTE (*preoccupied*)
Child!

Mais souffres-tu?

SOPHIE (*holding her around the waist*)
Do you suffer?

CHARLOTTE

What makes you think so?

Pourquoi cette pensée?

SOPHIE

Your hand is ice cold...
And your eyes are all red.

Cette main est glacée
Et tes yeux sont rougis, je le vois bien.

CHARLOTTE (*embarrassed*)

It's nothing!
Sometimes I feel a little lonely... depressed.

Non, ce n'est rien!
Je me sens quelquefois un peu triste... isolée.

If I ever felt troubled

It's all gone now.

Look... I'm smiling.

Mais si d'un vague ennui mon âme était troublée,
Je ne m'en souviens plus, et maintenant tu vois, je souris...

SOPHIE (*tenderly*)

That's what you need... to laugh
As you used to.

Ce qu'il faut, c'est rire, rire encore,
Comme autrefois.

CHARLOTTE (*aside*)

As I used to!

Comme autrefois!

SOPHIE (*gayly*)

Ah, laughter is a blessing, happy and nimble,
It has wings... it's a bird in the dawn.

Ah! le rire est béni, joyeux, léger, sonore!
Il a des ailes; c'est un oiseau de l'aurore!

Its warm rays come from a clear heart.

C'est la clarté du cœur qui s'échappe en rayons!

Listen... I'm old enough to know the reasons

For many things.

Ecoute! je suis d'âge à savoir les raisons

De bien des choses!

Oui! tous les fronts ici sont devenus moroses
Depuis que Werther s'est enfui!
Mais pourquoi laisser sans nouvelles
Ceux qui lui sont restés fidèles?

Yes, everyone's face has become sad
Since Werther is gone.

But why no news to those
Who remained true to him?

Tout, jusqu'à cet enfant, tout me parle de lui!

CHARLOTTE

Everyone... even the child talks to me about him!

SOPHIE

Des larmes! oh! pardonne, je t'en prie!
Oui, j'ai tort de parler de tout cela!

Don't cry! Forgive me.
I shouldn't have mentioned it.

CHARLOTTE

Va! laisse couler mes larmes!
Elles font du bien, ma chérie!
Les larmes qu'on ne pleure pas
Dans notre âme retombent toutes,
Et de leurs patientes gouttes
Martèlent le cœur triste et las.
Sa résistance enfin s'épuise;
Le cœur se creuse et s'affaiblit:
Il est trop grand, rien ne l'emplit;
Et trop fragile, tout le brise!

Let them flow.
It does me good to cry, darling.
The tears we don't shed
Remain buried within us.
And the never-ending drops
Slowly seep into the sad and weary heart.

It cannot resist any longer
And, too fragile, it breaks.

SOPHIE

Tiens, Charlotte, crois-moi, ne reste pas ici...
Viens chez nous; nous saurons te faire oublier ton souci;
Le père a fait apprendre à ses enfants
De magnifiques compliments pour la Noël...

Charlotte, don't stay here.
Come live with us. We'll help you forget your grief.

Father has taught the children
Such lovely Christmas carols.

CHARLOTTE (*aside*)

Noël! oh! cette lettre:
"Si tu ne me vois reparaitre,
Au jour fixé, devant toi,
Ne m'accuse pas; pleure-moi!"

Christmas carols! Oh, this letter.
"If I don't come back the day you set,
Don't blame me! Weep for me!"

SOPHIE

Alors, c'est convenu! tu viendras...

Then it's settled. You'll come...

CHARLOTTE

Oui... peut-être...

Yes, perhaps...

SOPHIE

Non! non! certainement!

No!... no!... definitely!

CHARLOTTE (*trying to smile*)

Certainement

All right, definitely...

SOPHIE

Bien vrai!

You're sure?

CHARLOTTE

J'irai, je te le promets, mignonne...

I'll come, dear. I promise you!

SOPHIE

Tu viendras!

You will come!

CHARLOTTE

Oui! j'irai!...

Yes! I will!

Que je t'embrasse encore!

Let me kiss you once more!

Scene III.

Charlotte, then Werther

CHARLOTTE

La force m'abandonne!
Seigneur Dieu, Seigneur!
J'ai suivi ta loi.
J'ai fait et veux faire
Toujours mon devoir! En toi seul j'espère.

My strength is failing!
Oh God, dear God! I have always obeyed you!
I always have and always will do my duty!

Car bien rude est l'épreuve et bien faible mon cœur!

Seigneur Dieu, Seigneur!

Tu lis dans mon âme; hélas! tout la blesse! Et tout l'épouvante!
Prends pitié de moi, soutiens ma faiblesse!

Dieu bon!

Viens à mon secours! Entends ma prière!

O Dieu bon, Dieu fort, ô Dieu bon!

En toi seule j'espère, Seigneur Dieu!

(*Werther enters*)

Ciel! Werther!

Heavens! Werther!

WERTHER

Oui, c'est moi!... je reviens... et pourtant...

Loin de vous... je n'ai pas laissé passer une heure,

Un instant, sans dire que je meure
Plutôt que la revoir... Puis, lorsque vint le jour

Que vous aviez fixé pour le retour...
Je suis parti... sur le seuil de la porte
Je résistais encore... je voulais fuir...
Qu'importe

D'ailleurs tout cela!... me voici!

CHARLOTTE

Pourquoi cette parole amère?

Pourquoi ne plus revenir, quand ici

Chacun vous attendait... mon père...

Les enfants...

Yes, it is I! I'm back. But when I was Far away from you, not an hour passed, Not a moment that I didn't tell myself That I would rather die than see you. But when the day came You fixed for my return, I started to leave, I hesitated again.

Struggled with myself,

I wanted to flee.

But what does all that matter?... I am here!

WERTHER

Why these bitter words?

Why shouldn't you come back?

We're all waiting for you... father...

The children.

CHARLOTTE

And you... you too?

WERTHER

Just look... the house remained

As you left it!

Doesn't it seem

As if it remembers you?

CHARLOTTE

Yes, I see. Nothing has changed here.

Only the hearts!

Everything is in its usual place.

Here's the harpsichord that sang my happiness

And wept when I was sad...

When we used to sing together.

And those books, how many times

Have we read them together?

And these pistols. I touched them once.

Even then I was wishing for the long sleep!

And these pistols. I touched them once.

Even then I was wishing for the long sleep!

(*Looks at the box of pistols on the secretary*)

Et ces armes... un jour ma main les a touchées.

Déjà, j'étais impatient

Du long repos auquel j'aspire!...

You are my only hope!
You can read in my heart.
The test is bitter, and weak is my heart, Lord, oh Lord!
Come to my aid, dear God, mighty God!
Take pity on me, help me in my weakness!

CHARLOTTE

Et voici ces vers d'Ossian

Que vous aviez commencé de traduire.

And here are Ossian's poems

That you started to translate.

WERTHER

Traduire... Ah! bien souvent mon rêve s'envola

Sur l'aile de ces vers, et c'est toi, cher poète,

Qui, bien plutôt, étais mon interprète!
Toute mon âme est là!

"Pourquoi me réveiller, ô souffle du printemps?"

Sur mon front je sens tes caresses,

Et pourtant bien proche est le temps

Des orages et des tristesses!

Demain, dans le vallon, viendra le voyageur,

Se souvenant de ma gloire première.

Et ses yeux vainement chercheront ma splendeur

Ils ne trouveront plus que deuil et que misère!"

Translate! How often soared my dreams On the wings of these verses, and you, dear poet,

Were my interpreter.

All my heart is here!

"Why wake me up, oh breath of spring!

On my forehead, I feel your caresses.

Soon enough will come the time

Of tempests and sadness!

Tomorrow in the valley, the traveller will arrive,

With loving thoughts of my old splendor.

And his eyes will search in vain,

And will find only misery and mourning!"

CHARLOTTE (*deeply stirred*)

N'achevez pas! Hélas!

Ce désespoir... ce deuil... on dirait... il me semble!...

Don't continue...

Despair... mourning... it seems...

WERTHER

Ah! ciel! ai-je compris...

Dans cette voix qui tremble...

Dans ces doux yeux remplis

De larmes, n'est-ce pas un aveu que je lis!...

A quoi bon essayer de nous tromper encore.

Am I right? Your trembling voice...

Your tear-filled eyes...

Why can't we stop deceiving ourselves?

They betray you.

CHARLOTTE

Je vous implore!

I beg you!

WERTHER

Va! nous mentions tous deux en nous disant vainqueurs

De l'immortel amour qui tressaille en nos cœurs!

Ah! ce premier baiser, mon rêve, et mon envie

Bonheur tant espéré qu'aujourd'hui j'entrevois,

Il brûle sur ma lèvre encore inassouvie

Ce baiser demandé pour la première fois!

We both lied in pretending to have subdued

The immortal love in our hearts.

This first kiss, my dream and my longing,

Hoped for so long, and today so near,

Burning unfulfilled on my lips,

The kiss for which I ask only today!

CHARLOTTE

Werther!

Werther!

WERTHER

Ah! ma raison s'égaré. Tu m'aimes...

My reason deserts me! You love me!

CHARLOTTE

Non... tout ce qui nous sépare

Ne peut être oublié!

No! How can we forget

What separates us?

WERTHER (*throwing himself at her feet*)

Tu m'aimes!... tu m'aimes!

You love me. You love me!

CHARLOTTE

Pitié!

Have pity!

WERTHER
 Il n'est plus de remords, il n'est plus No more remorse, no more torment!
 de tourment.

CHARLOTTE
 Seigneur! Défendez-moi!
 Merciful God, protect me!

WERTHER
 Hors de nous rien n'existe et tout le Nothing exists but ourselves, nothing
 reste est vain else counts.
 Mais l'amour seul est vrai, car c'est Love alone is real, the divine word.
 le mot divin.

CHARLOTTE
 Défendez-moi, Seigneur!
 Help me, my Saviour!

WERTHER
 Viens!
 Come!

CHARLOTTE (*in his arms*)
 Ah! pitié!
 Have pity!

WERTHER
 Je t'aime!
 I love you!

CHARLOTTE
 Ah! moi! moi! dans ses bras!
 I... I... in his arms.

WERTHER
 Pardon!
 Forgive me!

CHARLOTTE (*determined*)
 Non! Vous ne me verrez plus...
 You will never see me again!

WERTHER
 Grâce, Charlotte!...
 Have mercy, Charlotte!

CHARLOTTE
 C'est vous, vous que je fuis, l'âme désespérée.
 No! I flee from you, my soul in despair.

WERTHER
 Adieu, pour la dernière fois!
 Good-bye for the last time!

WERTHER
 Mais non! c'est impossible... écoutez-moi... ma voix te rappelle...
 No! It is impossible! Listen to me...
 Reviens... Tu me seras sacrée!
 Come back! You will be sacred to me!
 Rien!... pas un mot... elle se tait.
 Nothing... not a word... she won't talk to me.
 Soit! adieu donc! Charlotte a dicté mon arrêt!
 All right then, you have condemned me!
 Prends le deuil, ô nature!
 Go into mourning, o nature.
 Ton fils, ton bien-aimé, ton amant va mourir,
 Your son, your beloved, your lover wants to die,
 Emportant avec lui l'éternelle torture!
 Carrying with him eternal torture!
 Ma tombe peut s'ouvrir!
 Open, my grave!

(*He flees*)

Scene IV.

Albert, then Charlotte
 ALBERT (*entering preoccupied and grim*)
 Werther est de retour... on l'a vu revenir...
 Werther is back... they told me...
 Personne ici?... la porte ouverte sur la rue...
 No one here... the front door open...
 Que se passe-t-il donc?
 Charlotte!
 Charlotte!
 CHARLOTTE (*crying out*)
 Ah!...
 Ah!
 ALBERT
 Qu'avez-vous?
 What's the matter?
 CHARLOTTE
 Rien!...
 Nothing!

ALBERT
 Vous semblez émue, troublée!
 Then why are you so upset?

CHARLOTTE
 Oui!... la surprise...
 The surprise...

ALBERT (*almost violently*)
 Et qui donc était là?
 And who has been here?

CHARLOTTE
 Là?
 Here?

ALBERT
 Répondez!
 Answer me!
 (*A servant enters and brings a letter*)

SERVANT
 Un message! De Werther...
 A message! From Werther...

CHARLOTTE
 Dieu!
 Oh, God!

ALBERT (*reading*)
 "Je pars pour un lointain voyage...
 "I am leaving for a long journey.
 Voulez-vous me prêter vos pistolets?"
 Will you lend me your pistols?"

CHARLOTTE (*aside*)
 Il part!
 He is going away!

ALBERT (*still reading*)
 "Dieu vous garde tous deux."
 "May God keep you both!"

CHARLOTTE (*aside, in terror*)
 Ah! l'horrible présage!
 I feel something terrible will happen.

ALBERT (*coldly*)
 Donnez-les-lui! ...
 Give him the pistols!

CHARLOTTE
 Qui? moi?
 Who? I?

ALBERT
 Sans doute...
 Why not?

CHARLOTTE (*going to desk*)
 Quel regard!
 Why do you look at me that way?
 Dieu! tu ne voudras pas que j'arrive trop tard!
 God... don't let me reach him too late.

(*She exits*)

ACT IV.

Scene I.

Christmas Eve.

Werther, then Charlotte

CHARLOTTE (*entering and calling in anguish*)
 Werther!... Rien!...
 Werther! Werther! He's not here!
 (*She sees him lying on the ground and runs to him.*)
 Dieu! du sang! Non! non! c'est impossible!
 My God! Blood! No, it can't be!
 Il ne peut être mort!—Werther! Werther! reviens à toi!
 He can't be dead! Werther, Werther, come back.
 Réponds! réponds!—Ah! c'est horrible!
 Speak... speak. Oh, how awful!...

WERTHER (*opening eyes*)
 Qui parle?... Charlotte, ah! c'est toi, pardonne-moi!
 Charlotte! Charlotte, it's you! Forgive me!

CHARLOTTE
 Te pardonner, quand c'est moi qui te frappe,
 Forgive you? Though it was I who slew you,
 Quand le sang qui s'échappe
 Though the blood which flows
 De ta blessure, c'est moi qui l'ai versé!
 From your wounds was spilled by me!

WERTHER
 Non! Tu n'as rien fait que de juste et de bon!
 No! You have always been kind and good.

Mon âme te bénit
Pour cette mort
Qui te garde innocente
Et m'épargne un remord!

Mais il faut du secours!

Non! n'appelle personne...
Tout secours serait vain!
Donne seulement ta main...
Vois!... je n'ai pas besoin d'autre aide
que la tienne!

Et puis, il ne faut pas qu'on vienne
encore ici

Nous séparer... On est si bien ainsi!
A cette heure suprême:
Je suis heureux; je meurs en te disant
Que je t'adore!...

Et moi, Werther, et moi, je t'aime!
Oui, du jour même
Où tu parus devant mes yeux,
J'ai senti qu'une chaîne
Impossible à briser nous liait tous les
deux!
A l'oubli du devoir j'ai préféré ta peine
Et pour ne pas me perdre, hélas! je
t'ai perdu!...

Parle, je t'implore!

Mais si la mort s'approche, avant qu'elle
te prenne...
Ah! ton baiser, du moins, je te l'aurait
rendu!
Que ton âme en mon âme éperdument
se fonde!
Qu'elle oublie dans ce baiser à jamais
tous les maux, les chagrins;
Qu'elle oublie les douleurs!

Oublions tout!

Noël!

Ces cris joyeux, ce rire en ce moment
cruel!

Jésus vient de naître!
Voici notre divin maître
Rois et bergers d'Israël. Noël...

Ah! les enfants... les anges... oui, Noël,
C'est le chant de la délivrance,
C'est l'hymne de pardon
Redit par l'innocence!

Werther!

My grateful heart
Blesses you for this death
Which saves your innocence
And spares my remorse!

CHARLOTTE

We need help!

WERTHER

No! Don't call anyone.
It's no use!
Just give me your hand.
I need no other help but yours!

It's better that no one comes to separate
us.

At this supreme hour I am happy;
I die telling you that I adore you!

CHARLOTTE

And I, Werther, I love you!
Yes, the very day
I saw you,
I felt there was a bond
Between us that could never be broken!
I preferred your pain to forgetting my
duty,
And not to lose myself, alas, I lost you!

WERTHER

Speak, I implore you!

CHARLOTTE

But if death is coming, before it comes,
At least I will have returned your kiss!
So that our souls will unite,
And forget the world forever in this
kiss,
Torment, grief, and all!

WERTHER AND CHARLOTTE (*together*)

Let us forget all!

(VOICES OF CHILDREN FROM BAILIFF'S HOUSE)

Christmas!

CHARLOTTE

Gay laughter at this cruel moment!

CHILDREN'S VOICES

Christ was born this day,
The day our Heavenly Father appeared
to both
Kings and shepherds in Israel. Christ-
mas!

WERTHER

Ah... the children... angels... yes, Noël,
This is the song of pardon...
The hymn of deliverance,
Retold by the innocent!

CHARLOTTE

Werther!

WERTHER

Pourquoi ces larmes?... Crois-tu donc
Qu'en cet instant ma vie est achevée?

Elle commence, vois-tu bien...

Dieu permet d'être heureux!
Le bonheur est dans l'air! tout le monde
est joyeux!

Noël!

Dieu permet d'être heureux!...

Ses yeux se ferment... sa main se glace...
Il va mourir!... mourir!... ah! pitié,
grâce...

Je ne veux pas... je ne veux pas...
Werther, répond... tu peux encore m'en-
tendre.

La mort entre mes bras
N'osera pas te prendre!
Tu vivras!... Tu vivras!... vois... je ne
crains plus rien...

Ah!... Charlotte... je meurs... oui... mais
écoute bien.

Là-bas, au fond du cimetière,
Il est deux grands tilleuls... C'est là
Que je voudrais reposer... pour tou-
jours!

Si cela m'était refusé, si la terre
Chrétienne est interdite au corps d'un
malheureux,
Près du chemin ou dans le vallon so-
litaire
Allez placer ma tombe... en détournant
les yeux

Le prêtre passera... Mais à la dérobée
Quelque femme viendra visiter le banni
Et d'une pure larme en son ombre
tombée
Le mort, le pauvre mort, se sentira
béné!

Ah!

Jésus vient de naître
Voici notre divin maître...
Noël!

Werther!... Tout est fini!...

Noël! Noël!

Why these tears?
Do you believe
That now my life has ended?
It begins, you see...

VOICE OF SOPHIE

God brings us happiness.
Joy is in the air. Everyone is happy.

VOICES OF CHILDREN

Christmas! Christmas!

WERTHER

God brings us happiness.

CHARLOTTE

His eyes are closing, his hand is cold.
He's dying, dying.
I don't want him to die.

Werther, answer, you are still near me.
Death will not dare take you from my
arms.

You'll live, you'll live, I'm not afraid
anymore.

WERTHER

Charlotte, I'm dying... yes... but listen,
Down there in the back of the cemetery,
There are two large linden trees,
I would like to be buried there.

If Christian ground is forbidden to the
body of a sinner,
Let me rest near the road, or in a quiet
valley,
And though the Church turns away from
me,
Perhaps you may come and shed a tear,
So that my grave be blessed.

CHARLOTTE

Ah!

VOICES OF CHILDREN

Christ came this day,
The day our Heavenly Father...

CHARLOTTE

Werther... he's gone!

CHILDREN

Christmas! Christmas!

ARTIA



INTERNATIONAL

OPERA

SERIES

JULES MASSENET

WERTHER

ALS 507/3
STEREO

Side 1
33 $\frac{1}{3}$ RPM

Act I, Part I

Suzanne, Juyol, Agnes Leger, Charles Richard,
Camille Rouquetty, Roger Bourdin, Michel
Roux, Marcel De Praz

Chorus and Orchestra, Theatre National de
L'Opera—Comique de Paris

George Sebastian: Conductor



JULES MASSENET
WERTHER

ALS 507/3
STEREO

Side 2
33 $\frac{1}{3}$ RPM

Act I Conclusion

Suzanne, Juyol, Agnes Leger, Charles Richard,
Camille Rouquetty, Roger Bourdin, Michel
Roux, Marcel De Praz

Chorus and Orchestra, Theatre National de
L'Opera—Comique de Paris

George Sebastian: Conductor



JULES MASSENET

WERTHER

**ALS 507/3
STEREO**

**Side 3
33¹/₃ RPM**

Act 2, Part 1

Suzanne, Juyol, Agnes Leger, Charles Richard,
Camille Rouquette, Roger Bourdin, Michel
Roux, Marcel De Praz

Chorus and Orchestra, Theatre National de
L'Opera—Comique de Paris

Georgē Sebastian: Conductor

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OPERA

SERIES

JULES MASSENET

WERTHER

ALS 507/3
STEREO

Side 4
33 $\frac{1}{3}$ RPM

Act 2 Conclusion

Act 3 Beginning

Suzanne, Juyol, Agnes Leger, Charles Richard,
Camille Rouquetty, Roger Bourdin, Michel
Roux, Marcel De Praz

Chorus and Orchestra, Theatre National de
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George Sebastian: Conductor

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SERIES

JULES MASSENET

WERTHER

ALS 507/3
STEREO

Side 5
33 $\frac{1}{3}$ RPM

Act 3 Conclusion

Suzanne, Juyol, Agnes Leger, Charles Richard,
Camille Rouquetty, Roger Bourdin, Michel
Roux, Marcel De Praz

Chorus and Orchestra, Theatre National de
L'Opera—Comique de Paris

George Sebastian: Conductor



JULES MASSENET

WERTHER

**ALS 507/3
STEREO**

**Side 6
33¹/₃ RPM**

Act 4

Suzanne, Juyol, Agnes Leger, Charles Richard,
Camille Rouquetty, Roger Bourdin, Michel
Roux, Marcel De Praz

Chorus and Orchestra, Theatre National de
L'Opera—Comique de Paris

George Sebastian: Conductor