

**Opera Innovators Series:
Masterclass with Brenda Rae, Soprano**

Sunday, April 12, 2026

3:00pm

Boston Lyric Opera + Community Studios

with Brett Hodgdon, pianist

“Arrière! Je réchauffe les bons”
from *L’Enfant et les sortilèges*
Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
Abby Kate Boesch, soprano*

“No word from Tom...I go to him”
from *The Rake’s Progress*
Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971)
Laura Santamaria, soprano#^

“Caro nome”
from *Rigoletto*
Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
Elizabeth Marlow, soprano*

“L’espoir renaît dans mon âme”
from *Orphée et Eurydice*
Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714-1787)
Morgan Mastrangelo, tenor#

“Je suis encore tout étourdie”
from *Manon*
Jules Massenet (1842-1912)
Alternate: Brenna McFarland, soprano*

* denotes Boston Conservatory at Berklee student

^ denotes Boston Conservatory at Berklee alum

denotes Boston Lyric Opera Steven and Jane Akin Emerging Artist

Thank you to David & Janet McCue for their generous support of Boston Lyric Opera in presenting the Opera Innovators Series this season.

About The Artist

Dazzling coloratura and an unflinching dramatic commitment to the eclectic roles she brings to life, Brenda Rae continues to triumph on the world's leading stages. This season is no exception and brings important new challenges at Teatro Real and Palau de la Musica where she sings the role of Petra in the world premiere of Francisco Coll's setting of Ibsen's *An enemy of the people*. Meanwhile at the Grand Théâtre de Genève she embraces the surreal world of Frank Zappa's *200 Motels* making its Swiss premiere. Back home in the United States, Brenda Rae returns to her bel canto roots as Rossini's Madame Cortese (*Il viaggio a Reims*) for Opera Philadelphia and as Donizetti's high-flying eponymous Marie (*La fille du regiment*) for Boston Lyric Opera.

Recent European highlights include Brenda Rae's long-awaited return to Oper Frankfurt as Lulu in Nadja Loschky's new production conducted by Thomas Guggeis, as well as Aminta in Jan Philipp Gloger's new production of *Die schweigsame Frau* for Staatsoper Unter den Linden under Christian Thielemann.

Texts and Translations

“Arrière! Je réchauffe les bons” (The Fire Aria) from *L'Enfant et les sortilèges*

Maurice Ravel

Libretto by Colette

*Arrière! Je réchauffe les bons,
je réchauffe les bons, mais je brûle les
méchants.
Petit barbare imprudent,
tu as insulté à tous les Dieux bienveillants
qui tendaient entre le malheur
et toi la fragile barrière!
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Tu as brandi le tisonnier, renversé la bouilloire,
éparpillé les allumettes, gare!
Gare au Feu dansant!
Tu fondrais comme un flocon sur sa langue
écarlate!
Ah! Gare! Je réchauffe les bons!
Gare! Je brûle les méchants! Gare!
Gare! Ah! Watch out for you!*

Back! I warm the good,
I warm the good, but I burn the wicked.
You reckless little barbarian,
you have insulted all the benevolent Gods
who stretched the fragile barrier between
misfortune and you!
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
You have brandished the poker, knocked over
the kettle, scattered the matches, watch out!
Watch out for the dancing Fire!
You would melt like a snowflake on its scarlet
tongue!
Ah! Watch out! I warm the good!
Watch out! I burn the wicked! Watch out!
Watch out! Ah! Watch out for you!

“No word from Tom” from *The Rake's Progress*

Igor Stravinsky

Libretto by W.H. Auden, and Chester Kallman

No word from Tom.
Has love no voice?
Can love not keep a May-time vow in cities?
Fades it as the rose cut for a rich display?
Forgot!
But no!
To weep is not enough.
He needs my help.
Love hears, love knows,
Love answers him
across the silent miles and goes.

Quietly, night, oh! find him and caress.
And may thou quiet find his heart,
although it be unkind, nor may its beat confess,
although I weep, it knows of loneliness.
Guide me, oh! moon, chastely

when I depart.
And warmly be the same
he watches without grief or shame.
It can not be thou art a colder moon
upon a colder heart.
My father!
Can I desert him and his devotion
for a love who has deserted me?

No.
My father has strength of purpose,
while Tom is weak and needs
the comfort of a helping hand.
Oh God! protect dear Tom,
support my father and
strengthen my resolve.

I go to him.
Love can not falter, can not desert.
Though it be shunned, or be forgotten,
though it be hurt, if love be love,
it will not alter.
Should I see my love in need,
it shall not matter what he may be.

“Caro nome che il mio cor” from *Rigoletto*

Giuseppe Verdi

Libretto by Francesco Maria Piave

*Gualtier Maldè...nome di lui si amato,
Ti scolpisci nel core innamorato!
Caro nome che il mio cor
Festi primo palpitar,
Le delizie dell'amor
Mi dei sempre rammentar!
Col pensier il mio desir
A te sempre volerà,
E fin l'ultimo mio sospir,
Caro nome, tuo sarà.*

Walter Maldè...name of the man I love,
be thou engraved upon my lovesick heart!
Beloved name, the first to move
the pulse of love within my heart,
of the delights of love,
thou shalt remind me ever!
In my thoughts, my desire
will ever fly to thee,
and my last breath of life
shall be, beloved name, of thee.

“L'espoir renaît dans mon âme” from *Orphée et Eurydice*

Christoph Willibald Gluck

Libretto by Pierre-Louis Moline

*L'espoir renaît dans mon âme
pour l'objet qui m'enflamme.
L'Amour accroit ma flamme
je vais revoir ses appas.
L'enfer en vain nous sépare*

Hope stirs in my soul
for the object of my passion.
Love increases my ardour,
I will again see her charms.
In vain does Hades separate us

*Les monstres du tartare ne m'épouvantent pas
L'Amour accroît ma flamme.
je vais revoir ses appas.
L'espoir renaît...*

Tartarus' monsters do not frighten me
Love increases my ardor.
I will again see her charms.
Hope stirs...

"Je suis encore" from *Manon*

Jules Massenet

Libretto by Philippe Gille and Henri Meilhac

*Je suis encore tout étourdie,
je suis encore tout engourdie!
Ah! mon cousin! Excusez-moi!
Excusez un moment d'émoi!
Je suis encore tout étourdie!
Pardonnez à mon bavardage,
j'en suis à mon premier voyage!
Le coche s'éloignait à peine,
Que j'admirais de tous mes yeux,
les hameaux, les grands bois, la plaine,
les voyageurs jeunes et vieux.
Ah! mon cousin, excusez-moi,
c'est mon premier voyage!
Je regardais fuir, curieuse,
les arbres frissonnant au vent!
Et j'oubliais toute joyeuse,
que je parlais pour le couvent!
Devant tant de choses nouvelles,
ne riez pas, si je vous dis
que je croyais avoir des ailes
et m'envoler en paradis!
Oui, mon cousin!
Puis, j'eus un moment de tristesse,
je pleurais, je ne sais pourquoi.
L'instant d'après, je le confesse,
je riaais, ah, ah, ah,
je riaais, mais sans savoir pourquoi!
Ah, mon cousin, excusez-moi,
ah, mon cousin, pardon!*

I'm still completely dizzy,
I feel numbe all over!
Cousin, forgive me!
Excuse an emotional moment!
I'm still totally dizzy!
Please forgive my chattering,
this is the first trip I've ever taken!
The coach had scarcely started to move
when I opened my eyes wide, watching
the little villages, the forest, the plain,
the passengers, both young and old.
Cousin, forgive me,
it's the first time I've travelled!
Attentively, I saw the trees rush by,
trembling in the wind.
And overwhelmed with delight
I was forgetting that I was leaving for the
convent!
Faced with so many new things,
don't laugh when I tell you
that I thought I had wings
and was flying to paradise!
Yes, cousin!
Then, I felt a moment of sadness,
I cried, I don't know what about.
Then the very next minute, I confess
I was laughing, ha, ha, ha,
I was laughing, but without knowing why!
Cousin, excuse me,
cousin, forgive me!