



**GRANT PARK
MUSIC FESTIVAL
IN MILLENNIUM PARK**

Grant Park Orchestra and Chorus
Carlos Kalmar, *Principal Conductor*
Christopher Bell, *Chorus Director*

Berlioz Romeo and Juliet

Friday, June 13, 2014 at 6:30 p.m.

Saturday, June 14, 2014 at 7:30 p.m.

Auditorium Theatre of Roosevelt University
GRANT PARK ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

Carlos Kalmar, *Conductor*

Christopher Bell, *Chorus Director*

Julie Boulianne, *Mezzo-Soprano*

Paul Appleby, *Tenor*

Eric Owens, *Bass-Baritone*

BERLIOZ *Romeo and Juliet*

JULIE BOULIANNE

PAUL APPLEBY

ERIC OWENS

This concert will have an intermission.



CARLOS KALMAR's biography can be found on page 16.

CHRISTOPHER BELL's biography can be found on page 18.



French-Canadian mezzo-soprano **JULIE BOULIANNE**, a graduate of McGill University and the Juilliard School, is winner of the Prix Lyrique Français, First Prize in both the Canadian Music Competition and Joy of Singing Competition (New York), International Vocal Arts Institute's Silverman Prize, and Prix de la Chambre des Directeurs for Most Promising Career at the Concours International de Chant de Montréal. Ms. Boulianne's extensive operatic experience includes appearances with the New York City Opera, Vancouver Opera, Opéra de Montréal and Opéra Comique in Paris; her Metropolitan Opera credits include *Les Troyens*, *Faust*, *Iphigénie en Tauride*,

Roméo et Juliette and *Rusalka*. She has appeared as orchestral soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Cleveland Orchestra, Colorado Symphony, Utah Symphony, Atlanta Symphony, Calgary Philharmonic, Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Quebec Symphony Orchestra, and Les Violons du Roy; Ms. Boulianne made her Carnegie Hall debut in Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* with the Orchestra of St. Luke's.



PAUL APPLEBY, a recent graduate of the Metropolitan Opera's Lindemann Young Artist Development Program and a recipient of a 2012 Leonore Annenberg Fellowship in the Performing and Visual Arts, holds a master's degree and an Artist Diploma in Opera Studies from the Juilliard School. Among Mr. Appleby's other honors are a Top Prize from the Gerda Lissner Foundation (2012), Martin E. Segal Award from Lincoln Center (2012), Richard Tucker Career Grant (2011) and George London Foundation Award (2001); he was also a National Winner of the 2009 Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions. His operatic engagements

include the Santa Fe Opera, Washington National Opera, and Boston Lyric Opera; with the Metropolitan Opera he has appeared in *Dialogues des Carmélites*, *Les Troyens*, *Ariadne auf Naxos*, the Baroque pastiche *The Enchanted Island* and the acclaimed recent premiere of Nico Muhly's *Two Boys*. Paul Appleby is also committed to the art of song, and has appeared in recital at the Santa Fe Concert Association, New York Festival of Song, Kennedy Center (under the auspices of the Marilyn Horne Foundation), Aspen Music Festival, Lincoln Center, Joy in Singing Foundation and A Prairie Home Companion.



ERIC OWENS has established an international career as one of the leading bass-baritones of his generation, with appearances at the Metropolitan Opera, Wiener Staatsoper, Deutsche Opera Berlin, Canadian Opera Company, San Francisco Opera, Covent Garden, Los Angeles Opera, Paris Opéra, English National Opera and Glimmerglass Opera; in 2014, he made his role debut as Vodnik in *Rusalka* at Lyric Opera Chicago. Eric Owens has been recognized with multiple honors, including the 2003 Marian Anderson Award, 1999 ARIA Award and prizes in the Plácido Domingo Operalia Competition, Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions and

Luciano Pavarotti International Voice Competition. A native of Philadelphia, Mr. Owens began his musical training as a pianist at age six followed by oboe study with Lloyd Shorter of the Delaware Symphony and Louis Rosenblatt of the Philadelphia Orchestra. He studied voice while an undergraduate at Temple University and a graduate student at the Curtis Institute, and was a member of the Houston Grand Opera Studio. He currently studies with Armen Boyajian. In early 2014, he collaborated with Renée Fleming on the American Singers' Opera Project at the Kennedy Center to mentor the next generation of opera stars.



ROMEO AND JULIET, OP. 17 (1839) **Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)**

Berlioz's Romeo and Juliet is scored for piccolo, two flutes, two oboes, English horn, two clarinets, four bassoons, four horns, two trumpets, two cornets, three trombones, tuba, timpani, percussion, harp and strings. The performance time is 95 minutes. The Grant Park Orchestra and Chorus first performed this work on June 26, 1971, with Jorge Mester conducting. Rosalind Elias, Seth McCoy and Ara Berberian were the soloists.

Berlioz's idea for a musical work based on *Romeo and Juliet* was born as soon as he first encountered Shakespeare's tragedy in 1827, but it was not until 1839 that he was able to bring it to fruition. On December 16, 1838, worn out from a grueling round of attending concerts and writing criticism and from the difficulties of mounting *Benvenuto Cellini*, Berlioz found enough strength to produce a concert that included the *Symphonie Fantastique* and *Harold in Italy*. The legendary violinist Nicolò Paganini, an ardent supporter of Berlioz, was in the audience, and heard *Harold*, the work he had commissioned (but never played), for the first time. After the concert, Berlioz wrote, "Paganini came up to me at the orchestra door, gesticulating violently. 'Your music has overwhelmed me,' he said, 'and it is all I can do not to go down on my knees to thank you.' At these astonishing words I made a gesture of embarrassment and incredulity; but Paganini, seizing me by the arm, dragged me back onto the platform, where many of the players still lingered. There he knelt and kissed my hand." Two days later, Berlioz received the following note: "My dear friend, Beethoven being dead, only Berlioz can make him live again; and I who have heard your divine compositions, so worthy of the genius you are, humbly beg you to accept, as a token of my homage, 20,000 francs. Believe me to be your most affectionate friend, Nicolò Paganini." Berlioz, uncharacteristically, could not find adequate words to express himself. "The reply I wrote seemed to me so inadequate," he confessed. "There are some feelings and situations that leave one crushed."

After paying his debts, Berlioz still had left "a handsome sum of money," and determined to use it to free himself from the onerous critical obligations and devote himself instead to "a really important work, something splendid on a grand and original plan, full of passion and imagination." By early 1839 Berlioz had settled, perhaps inevitably, on the topic that first fired his spirit a dozen years before — *Romeo and Juliet* — and built on it a "dramatic symphony" for chorus, soloists and orchestra. Berlioz conducted the premiere on November 24, 1839 at the Paris Conservatoire before an audience of intellectuals and musical lovers that Balzac described as "the brain of Paris."

Romeo and Juliet opens with the scurrying fugato of the *Introduction*, music depicting the frenetic conflict of the Montagues and the Capulets. The stentorian proclamation of unison trombones, based on an augmentation of the fugato theme, signifies the entreaties of the Prince for the end of hostilities. A scene for soloists and chorus elucidates the dramatic situation. Part II consists of several sections played without pause: *Romeo Alone*, *Melancholy*, *Concert and Ball*, and the closing *Festivities at the House of the Capulets*, which superimposes Juliet's theme in a broad statement by the brass upon the nearly feverish excitement of the fête. Part III is devoted to the splendid *Love Scene*. The *Queen Mab Scherzo* that begins Part IV was inspired by Mercutio's speech about the love-struck Romeo having been visited by the dream fairy. Berlioz' description of this music to the poet Heinrich Heine perfectly matches its gossamer strains: "Queen Mab in her microscopic car, attended by the buzzing insects of a summer's night and launched at full gallop by her tiny horses, fully displays her lovely drollery and her thousand caprices." In stark contrast to this delicate music is *Juliet's Funeral Procession*, whose tragedy is heightened by the chorus' monotone chant. *Romeo at the Tomb of the Capulets* is music of agitation and grief. The *Finale* begins with a stormy introduction as the families descend upon the fateful tomb, but the intercession of Friar Laurence brings about a reconciliation by the work's end.

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PART I

Introduction: Combat — Tumult — Intervention of the Prince

Prologue (Mezzo-Soprano and Semi-Chorus)

D'anciennes haines endormies	Ancient hatreds, dormant for a time,
Ont surgi comme de l'enfer;	Have risen as if from Hell;
Capulets, Montaigus, deux maisons ennemies,	Capulets, Montagus, two warring houses,
Dans Vérone ont croisé le fer.	Have crossed swords in Verona;
Pourtant de ces sanglants désordres	But these bloody disorders
Le Prince a réprimé le cours,	Have been put down by the Prince;
En menaçant de mort ceux qui malgré	He has threatened with death those
ses ordres	who go against his orders
Aux justices du glaive auraient encore recours.	Have recourse again to the law of steel.
Dans ces instants de calme une fête	In this interval of calm a ball is given
est donnée	
Par le vieux chef des Capulets.	By the old chief of the Capulets.
Le jeune Roméo, plaignant sa destinée,	Young Romeo, lamenting his destiny,
Vient tristement errer à l'entour du palais;	Wanders sadly about the palace;
Car il aime d'amour Juliette, la fille	For he loves to distraction Juliet, the daughter
Des ennemis de sa famille.	Of his family's enemies.
Le bruit des instruments, les chants mélodieux	The noise of instruments, of voices raised in song
Partent des salons où l'or brille,	Floats out from the golden halls
Excitant et la danse et les éclats joyeux.	Where music drives the revellers
	to dancing and high merriment.
La fête est terminée et quand	The ball is over; and when
Tout bruit expire,	All sound has ceased,
Sous les arcades on entend	Under the arches can be heard
Les danseurs fatigués	The weary dancers
S'éloigner en chantant.	Moving away into the distance, singing.
Hélas! et Roméo soupire,	Alas! and Romeo sighs
Car il a dû quitter Juliette.	For he must leave Juliet.
Soudain pour respirer encore	Then suddenly, to breathe again
Cet air qu'elle respire	The same air that she breathes,
Il franchit les murs du jardin.	He leaps the garden wall.
Déjà sur son balcon la blanche Juliette	Already on her balcony, Juliet, white in the moon,
Paraît et se croyant seule jusques au jour	Is standing; and thinking herself safely alone
	til dawn,
Confie à la nuit son amour.	Confesses her love to the night.
Roméo, palpitant d'une joie inquiète,	Romeo, trembling with an anxious joy,
Se découvre à Juliette	Reveals himself to Juliet,
Et de son coeur les feux éclatent à leur tour.	And from his heart a fire leaps out in its turn.

Strophes (Mezzo-Soprano and Semi-Chorus)

Premiers transports que nul n'oublie!	Unforgettable first raptures,
Premiers aveux, premiers serments	First avowals, first promises
De deux amants	Of lovers
Sous les étoiles d'Italie;	Under the Italian stars;
Dans cet air chaud et sans zéphirs	In that hot and windless air
Que l'oranger au loin parfume,	Laden with the scent of orange blossom,
Où se consume	Where the nightingale
Le rossignol en longs soupirs,	Pines in long-drawn sighs,
Quel art dans sa langue choisie	What art, in his chosen tongue,
Rendrait vos célestes appas?	Could describe your heavenly delights?
Premier amour, n'êtes-vous pas plus haut	First love, are you not above
Que toute poésie,	All poetry,
Ou ne seriez-vous point dans notre exil mortel,	Or rather are you not, in this vale of tears,
Cette poésie elle-même	That poetry itself
Dont Shakespeare lui seul eut	Of which Shakespeare alone had
le secret suprême	the secret,
Et qu'il remporta dans le ciel?	And which he took with him to heaven?
Heureux enfants, aux coeurs de flamme,	Happy children, your hearts on fire,
Liés d'amour par le hasard	Joined in love by the chance
D'un seul regard,	Of a single look,
Vivant tous deux d'une seule âme,	Sharing in life a single soul,



Cachez-le bien sous l'ombre en fleurs,
 Ce feu divin qui vous embrase,
 Si pure extase
 Que ses paroles sont des pleurs.
 Quel roi de vos chastes délires
 Croirait égaler les transports;
 Heureux enfants! et quels trésors
 Payeraient un seul de vos sourires?
 Ah! Savourez longtemps cette coupe de miel,
 Plus suave que les calices
 Où les anges de Dieu, jaloux de vos délices,
 Puisent le bonheur dans le ciel!

Hide well in the flowery shadows
 That divine flame which fires you,
 Passion so pure
 That its words are tears.
 What king could fancy he knew a joy
 Equal to your radiant ecstasy?
 Happy children! And what riches
 Could pay for one of your sighs?
 Ah, relish this honeyed cup,
 Sweeter than all the chalices
 From which the angels of God, envious of your bliss,
 Drink happiness in heaven.

Scherzetto (Tenor and Semi-Chorus)

Bientôt de Roméo
 La pâle rêverie
 Met tous ses amis en gaieté.
 „Mon cher,” dit l'élégant Mercutio,
 „Je parie
 Que la reine Mab t'aura visité!”
 Mab! la messagère
 Flurette et légère,
 Elle a pour char une coque de noix
 Que l'écureuil a façonnée;
 Les doigts de l'araignée
 Ont filé ses harnois.
 Durant les nuits,
 La fée, en ce mince équipage,
 Galope follement dans le cerveau d'un page
 Qui rêve espiègle tour
 Ou molle sérénade
 Au clair de lune sous la tour.
 En poursuivant sa promenade
 La petite reine s'abat
 Sur le col bronzé d'un soldat:
 Il rêve canonades
 Et vives estocades,
 Le tambour, la trompette.
 Il s'éveille et d'abord jure
 Et prie en jurant toujours,
 Puis se rendort
 Et ronfle avec ses camarades.
 C'est Mab qui faisait tout ce bacchanal.
 C'est elle encore qui dans un rêve habille
 La jeune fille
 Et la ramène au bal.
 Mais le coq chante, le jour brille,
 Mab fuit comme un éclair
 Dans l'air.

Soon Romeo's
 Pallor and abstracted air
 Set all his friends laughing.
 “My dear,” said the dashing Mercutio,
 “I wager
 Queen Mab has been with you.”
 Mab the harbinger,
 Thin and airy!
 Her chariot is a nutshell
 Fashioned by a squirrel;
 A spider's fingers
 Wove her harness.
 Night by night
 With this tiny train the fairy
 Gallops madly through a page's brain
 And then he dreams of merry tricks
 Or tender serenades
 Under the moonlit tower.
 As she drives on her way
 The little queen alights
 On a soldier's sun-tanned neck.
 And then he dreams of cannonades,
 Skirmishes and sudden thrusts,
 Drums and trumpets.
 He starts and wakes and swears
 A prayer or two and still swearing
 He sleeps again
 And snores among his companions.
 Mab makes all this commotion.
 It is she who in a dream apparels
 The young girl
 And escorts her to the ball.
 But the cock crows, day breaks,
 Mab vanishes in a flash
 Into thin air.

Semi-Chorus

Bientôt la mort est souveraine.
 Capulets, Montaigus, domptés par
 les douleurs,
 Se rapprochent enfin pour abjurer la haine
 Qui fit verser tant de sang et de pleurs.

Soon Death is lord of all;
 Capulets, Montagus, chastened
 by the tragedy,
 At last are reconciled, and abjure the hatred
 That shed so much blood, so many tears.

PART II

Romeo Alone — Melancholy — Concert and Ball — Festivities at the House of the Capulets

PART III

Love Scene: Night, the Capulets' Garden



Friday, June 13 and Saturday, June 14, 2014

Ohé! Capulets! bonsoir, bonsoir!
 Ohé, bonsoir cavaliers, au revoir!
 Ah! quelle nuit! quel festin!
 Bal divin! quel festin!
 Que de folles paroles!
 Belles Véronaises,
 Sous les grands mélèzes
 Allez rêver de bal et d'amour,
 Allez, allez, allez,
 Rêver d'amour jusqu'au jour.
 Tra la la la la la.

Chorus
 Hey, Capulets! Good night, good night!
 Hey, good night, gentlemen, farewell!
 Ah what a night, what a banquet,
 What a wonderful ball,
 What wild talk!
 Oh, beauties of Verona,
 Under the great larch trees!
 Go and dream of love,
 Go, go, go,
 Dream of love till dawn.
 Tra la la la la la.

PART IV

Fairy Queen Mab: Scherzo

PART V

Juliet's Funeral Procession

Jetez des fleurs
 Pour la vierge expirée
 Jusqu'au tombeau,
 Et suivez au tombeau
 Notre soeur adorée.

Chorus
 Strew flowers
 For the dead maiden
 All the way to her grave
 And follow to her grave
 Our beloved sister.

PART VI

Romeo at the Tomb of the Capulets — Invocation — Juliet's Awakening

FINALE

Quoi! Roméo de retour! Roméo!
 Pour Juliette il s'enferme au tombeau
 Des Capulets que sa famille abhorre.
 Les Montaigus ont brisé le tombeau
 De Juliette expirée à l'aurore.
 Ah! malédiction sur eux!
 Juliette! Roméo!
 Ciel! morts tous les deux
 et leur sang fume encore!
 Quel mystère, ah! quel mystère affreux!

Chorus
 What, Romeo come back?
 For Juliet's sake he shut himself in the tomb
 Of those Capulets his family abhors.
 Montagus have broken into the tomb
 Of Juliet who died at dawn.
 Ah, a curse upon them.
 Juliet! Romeo!
 Dead, both of them
 Their blood is still warm.
 What a mystery, what a terrible mystery.

Friar Laurence

Je vais dévoiler le mystère.
 Ce cadavre, c'était l'époux de Juliette.
 Voyez-vous ce corps étendu sur la terre
 C'était la femme, hélas, de Roméo.
 C'est moi qui les ai mariés.

I will unveil the mystery.
 This corpse, it was he that was Juliet's husband;
 You see this body.
 Alas, it is the body of Romeo's wife.
 I married them.

Mariés!

Chorus
 Married!

Friar Laurence

Oui, je dois l'avouer.
 J'y voyais le gage salutaire
 d'une amitié future entre vos
 deux maisons.

Yes, I confess it.
 I saw in it a pledge of hope
 For a future reconciliation between your
 two houses.

Chorus

Amis des Capulets nous!
 Amis des Montaigus nous!
 Nous les maudissons.

We friends of Capulets!
 We, friends of Montagus!
 We hate them.



	Friar Laurence
Mais vous avez repris la guerre de famille!	You resumed the feud between your families.
Pour fuir un autre hymen, la malheureuse fille	To escape another marriage the unhappy girl
Au désespoir vint me trouver.	Came to me in wild despair.
„Vous seul,” s’écria-t-elle, „auriez pu	“Only you,” she cried, “can save me.
me sauver!	
Je n’ai plus qu’à mourir!”	Otherwise death is all that is left for me.”
Dans ce péril extrême	In this extremity
Je lui fis prendre afin de conjurer le sort ...	I made her take, to avert her fate,
Un breuvage qui le soir même	A sleeping potion which that same evening
Lui prêta la pâleur et le froid de la mort.	Gave her the seeming pallor and chill of death.

	Chorus
Un breuvage!	A potion!

	Friar Laurence
Et je venais sans crainte	And I came without anxiety
Ici la secourir.	To take her from here.
Mais Roméo, trompé	But Romeo, misled,
Dans la funèbre enceinte,	To the place of death
M’avait devancé	Came before me,
Pour mourir	To die
Sur le corps de sa bien-aimée;	On the body of his true love;
Et presque à son réveil	And no sooner had she woken
Juliette, informée	Than Juliet, perceiving
De cette mort qu’il porte en son sein dévasté,	Him already with death upon him,
Du fer de Roméo s’était contre elle armée	Turned Romeo’s dagger against herself
Et passait dans l’éternité	And passed to eternity
Quand j’ai paru — voilà toute la vérité.	As I appeared. That is the whole truth.

	Chorus
Mariés!	Married!

	Friar Laurence
Pauvres enfants, que je pleure,	Poor children, for whom I weep,
Tombés ensemble avant l’heure,	Struck down together before your time,
Sur votre sombre demeure	On your tragic resting-place
Viendra pleurer l’avenir.	Posterity will come to weep.
Grande par vous dans l’histoire,	Famous through you in history,
Vérona un jour, sans y croire,	Verona one day unwittingly
Aura sa peine et sa gloire	Will find her sorrow and her glory
Dans votre seul souvenir.	In your memory alone.
Où sont-ils maintenant, ces ennemis	Where are they now, these vile enemies,
farouches?	
Capulets, Montaigus! Venez, voyez, touchez,	Capulets, Montagus? Come here, see, touch,
La haine dans vos coeurs, l’injure dans	With hatred in your hearts, taunts on
vos bouches!	your lips;
De ces pâles amants, barbares, approchez,	Draw near these pale lovers, you villains.
Dieu vous punit dans vos tendresses.	God punishes you in those you love.
Ses châtiments, ses foudres vengeresses	His chastisements, His avenging thunderbolts,
Ont le secret de nos terreurs.	Find out our secret fears.
Entendez-vous sa voix qui tonne:	Listen to His voice which thunders:
Pour que là-haut ma vengeance pardonne,	So that, on high, My vengeance may forgive you,
Oubliez, oubliez vos propres fureurs!	Forget, forget your madness.

	Chorus
Mais notre sang rougit leur glaive	But their swords are red with our blood.
Le nôtre aussi contre eux s’élève.	Ours, too, rises in accusation against them.
Ils ont tué Tybald!	They killed Tybald.
Qui tua Mercutio?	Who killed Mercutio?
Et Paris donc?	Who killed Paris, then?
Et Benvolio?	And Benvolio?



Perfides, point de paix! Non!
Non, lâches! point de trêve! Non!

Traitors, no peace, no!
No, cowards, no truce, no!

Silence! Malheureux! pouvez-vous
sans remords
Devant un tel amour étaler tant de haine?
Faut-il que votre rage en ces lieux
se déchaîne?
Rallumée aux flambeaux des morts?
Grand Dieu qui voit au fond de l'âme,
Tu sais si mes vœux étaient purs.
Grand Dieu! d'un rayon de ta flamme
Touche ces cœurs sombres et durs.
Et que ton souffle tutélaire
A ma voix sur eux se levant
Chasse et dissipe leur colère
Comme la paille au gré du vent.

Friar Laurence

Silence, you wretches! How can you
without compunction
In face of so much love show so much hate?
Must your rage burst forth even
in this place,
Rekindling itself from the torches of the dead?
God, who sees into the depths of the soul,
Thou knowest whether my promises were fair.
God, with a spark of Thy fire
Touch these hard and sullen hearts;
And may the breath of Thy wisdom,
Breathing on them at my words,
Scatter their anger
Like chaff before the wind.

O Juliette! Douce fleur,
O Roméo! Jeune astre éteint!
Dans ces moments suprêmes,
Les Montaigus/Capulets sont prêts
eux-mêmes
A s'attendrir sur ton destin.
Dieu! quel prodige étrange:
Plus d'horreur, plus de fiel,
Mais des larmes du ciel
Toute notre âme change.

Chorus

Oh Juliet! Sweet flower,
Oh Romeo! Young star now put out!
In this supreme moment
The Montagus/Capulets themselves
are ready
To soften at your fate.
God, what a marvel!
No more horror, no more bitterness,
Heaven's tears
Have transformed our souls.

The Oath (Friar Laurence and Chorus)

Jurez donc par l'auguste symbole
Sur le corps de la fille et sur le corps
du fils,
Par ce bois douloureux qui console,
Jurez tous, jurez par le saint crucifix:
De sceller entre vous une chaîne éternelle
De tendre charité, d'amitié fraternelle.
Et Dieu qui tient en main
le futur jugement
Au livre du pardon inscrira ce serment.

Swear, then, by this dread symbol,
Swear on the bodies of your daughter
and your son.
By the grief of the consoling tree,
Swear all of you, swear by the Holy Cross
To affix between you a perpetual chain
Of holy charity and brotherly love;
And God who holds in His hands
the judgment of the world
In the book of forgiveness will inscribe
this oath.

Jurez tous/Nous jurons par l'auguste symbole
Sur le corps de la fille et sur le corps
du fils,
Par ce bois douloureux qui console,
Nous jurons tous/jurez tous
Par le saint crucifix;
De sceller entre vous/nous une
chaîne éternelle
De tendre charité, d'amitié fraternelle.
Et Dieu qui tient en main
le futur jugement,
Au livre du pardon inscrira ce serment.
Vous jurez/nous jurons d'éteindre enfin
Tous vos ressentiments,
Amis pour toujours!

Chorus

Swear all of you/we swear by this dread symbol,
Swear on the bodies of your daughter
and your son,
By the grief of the consoling tree,
We swear/swear all of you,
Swear by the Holy Cross,
To affix between you/us a perpetual chain
Of holy charity and brotherly love.
And God who holds in His hands
the judgment of the world
In the book of forgiveness will inscribe this oath.
Swear all of you/we swear to extinguish at last
All your/our resentments.
Friends forever!