



The Bucharest National Opera, the "George Enescu" National Museum, the Consulate General of Romania in Salzburg present "Enescu 70 for Everyone."



70 years after the passing into "eternity" of our great composer, we wish to bring to the attention of the music-loving public works from the creation of Romanian composers, especially George Enescu, in the second part of the concert.



## [Enescu 70 pe înțelesul tuturor | Opera Națională București](#)

### Performers:

Ștefan Ignat - Baritone

Virgil Profeanu - Tenor

Luminița Berariu - Piano

Irina Enache - Actress

Cătălina Nichitin - Actress

<https://operanb.ro/spectacol/enescu-70-pe-intelesul-tuturor/>



### Ștefan Ignat — baritone

Principal soloist of the National Opera Bucharest, a baritone with a broad repertoire (Verdi, Puccini, Bizet, Massenet) and a major reference point in the interpretation of the title role in *Oedipe* by George Enescu. In projects dedicated to Enescu, he combines dramatic power with musical rigor and clarity of artistic expression.



Details: <https://operanb.ro/artist/stefan-ignat/>



## Virgil Profeanu — tenor

Romanian tenor with regular appearances on stages in Romania and abroad, known for roles of great dramatic intensity from the Romantic and verismo repertoire (Don José, Manrico, Radames, Pinkerton, Calaf, Cavaradossi). In recital, he builds a direct connection with the audience through vocal line and stage intensity.



Details: <https://operanb.ro/artist/virgil-profeanu/>



Luminița Berariu — piano (collaborative pianist)

Pianist and collaborative pianist at the National Opera Bucharest, specializing in refined work with soloists, focusing on style, diction, phrasing, and musical breathing. An essential presence in recitals and vocal-instrumental projects, she supports the coherence and refinement of the musical architecture.



Detalii: <https://operanb.ro/artist/luminita-berariu/>

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Irina Enache — actress, producer, narrator

Active in the performing arts field, Irina Enache combines strong stage presence with production rigor. In the concert–lecture format, she sustains the narrative thread and mediates the encounter between music and audience, contributing to clarity, pacing, and dramaturgical coherence.





Cătălina Nichitin — actress, production assistant, narrator

An actress with a strong interest in contemporary projects and educational/narrative formats, she brings a clear and precise stage presence: diction, rhythm, textual control, and attention to detail. In projects that involve mediation toward the audience, she complements the music with a lucid and vivid scenic delivery.





1) George Enescu — „Doină” (lyrics by Vasile Alecsandri)

— Virgil Profeanu - tenor | Luminița Berariu - piano

Translated from the original in Romanian

Author: Lyrics from Vasile Alecsandri's folk collection

Where I hear the cuckoo's song,  
And blackbirds whistle all day long,  
I feel no longer of this earth!  
I tell the cuckoo to be still,  
He flies high up upon a hill,  
And sings until my soul feels ill.  
And lower, on a slender spray,  
A turtledove sings out its lay,  
As mournful as my heart, I'd say.  
The cuckoo sings a song of flight,  
The turtledove, of mournful plight,  
And my own soul, of endless night!



2) George Stephănescu — "Sleepy Little Birds" (lyrics by Mihai Eminescu)

— Virgil Profeanu - tenor | Luminița Berariu - piano

Translated from the original in Romanian

Sleepy little birds are swaying,  
Gathering in nests so high,  
In the leaves, they're softly staying—  
Now, good night!  
Only springs are softly sighing,  
While the forest's deep in peace;  
In the garden, flowers lying,  
Find in sleep a sweet release.  
Glides the swan upon the stream,  
Seeking reeds to go to sleep;  
May your angels, in your dream,  
Watch beside you, soft and deep.  
Over the night's magic, see,  
The moon is rising, bright and free.  
All is dream and harmony,  
Sleep, my love, and peacefully.



### 3) Tudor Cavaler de Flondor — "Serenade" ("Sleepy Little Birds")

— Ștefan Ignat - baritone | Luminița Berariu - piano

Translated from the original in Romanian

Sleepy little birds are swaying,  
Gathering in nests so high,  
In the leaves, they're softly staying—  
Now, good night!  
Only springs are softly sighing,  
While the forest's deep in peace;  
In the garden, flowers lying,  
Find in sleep a sweet release.  
Glides the swan upon the stream,  
Seeking reeds to go to sleep;  
May your angels, in your dream,  
Watch beside you, soft and deep.  
Over the night's magic, see,  
The moon is rising, bright and free.  
All is dream and harmony,  
Sleep, my love, and peacefully.



#### 4) Alfred Alessandrescu — "When my beloved's curtain"

— Ștefan Ignat - baritone | Luminița Berariu - piano

Translated from the Romanian original

When my darling's curtain starts to rise,  
I see the endless longing in her eyes.  
She hides behind the flowers in the room,  
My hopeful heart escapes its anxious dread,  
And searches from the window through the gloom,  
To see if at the gate my feet have led.  
But oh, alas, it's nothing but a dream,  
My love was never by her heart embraced;  
It was the wind, a soft and flowing stream,  
That has the lonely curtain gently graced.



## 5) Mihai Eminescu — "Far Away I Am from You"

— Irina Enache - actress

Translated from the Romanian original

Far From You

After Mihai Eminescu

Far from you, beside the fire's glow,  
I trace my luckless life in silent flow.  
Eighty years it seems I've lived in this world's plight,  
I'm old as winter now—and you have passed from sight.  
The memories fall, on my soul a slow rain,  
Reviving faded trifles, ghosts of pain.  
The wind with its fingers taps upon the glass,  
And threads of tender stories through me pass.  
And then as through a mist you seem to drift anew,  
With your large tear-filled eyes, and hands so cold and blue.  
With both your arms around my neck you cling so tight,  
You try to speak a word, then sigh into the night.  
I press my wealth of love and beauty to my breast,  
In kisses our poor lives are joined and truly blessed...  
Oh, memory's voice remains forever mute,  
Let me forget that moment's fleeting fruit,  
Forget how from my arms you were so quickly cast...



I'll be old and alone; you will be long since past!

6) Doru Popovici — "Among Hundreds of Masts" (lyrics by Mihai Eminescu)

— Virgil Profeanu - tenor | Luminița Berariu - piano

Translated from the Romanian original

Of the hundred masts that clear  
From the shores we hold so dear,  
How many will the wild winds break,  
And the waves for wreckage take?  
Of the birds in traveling flight  
Crossing lands in day and night,  
How many will the waves then drown,  
As the winds come sweeping down?  
Whether you chase fortune's grace,  
Or ideals from place to place,  
They will follow, keeping pace,  
The wild winds, the waves' embrace.  
The thought remains, forever un-grasped,  
That through your soaring songs has passed;  
It flies eternal, softly cast  
And echoed by the wave and blast.



7) Tiberiu Brediceanu — "Miorița (On a low foothill)" (folk lyrics)

— Virgil Profeanu - tenor | Luminița Berariu - piano

MIORIȚA (The Little Ewe Lamb) - Romanian folk verses

On a foothill of grace,  
A truly heavenly place...  
On a foothill of grace,  
A truly heavenly place,  
See them come down the trail,  
To descend in the vale,  
Three great flocks from the height,  
From the mountains of white.

For three days now they keep,  
Bleating down from the steep...  
For three days now they keep,  
Bleating down from the steep...  
Seeking shade in the glade,  
And a soft silken blade.



## 8) Mihai Eminescu — "Blue Flower"

— Cătălina Nichitin - actress

Again you're lost among the stars,  
In clouds and skies so far above?  
I wish you wouldn't stray so far,  
The very soul of all my love.

In vain you gather sunlit streams  
Within the constructs of your mind,  
The fields of Asia, ancient dreams,  
And the dark sea you leave behind;

The old and weathered pyramids  
That climb to heavens far away—  
Your happiness no longer bids  
You look for it in skies of gray!"  
Thus spoke the dear one, sweet and  
slight,  
While gently smoothing down my hair.  
Ah! How she spoke the truth aright;  
I laughed, and said not anything there.

"Come to the wood where all is green,  
Where springs lament in valleys low,  
The cliff prepares to fall, unseen,  
Into the great abyss below.

And there, in forests deep and old,  
Beside the pool, serene and clear,

Beneath the reeds, a sight to hold,  
On mulberry leaves we'll rest, my dear.  
Then you will tell me stories there,  
And charming lies your lips will weave,  
While with a chamomile so fair,  
I'll test if in your love I believe.  
And from the sun's most warming fire  
My cheeks like apples red will glow;  
I'll let my golden hair aspire  
To stop your mouth from speaking so.  
And if you give me just one kiss,  
No one on earth will ever see,  
For it will be, in secret bliss,  
Beneath my hat—so who are we to flee!  
When through the boughs the moon  
appears  
On such a summer night so bright,  
You'll hold my arm to quell my fears,  
And I'll embrace your neck so tight.  
Along the path, through leafy domes,  
Towards the village we'll descend,  
And steal sweet kisses as we roam,  
Like hidden flowers, without end.  
And when we reach the gate at last,  
We'll whisper in the fading light:  
Let no one's care on us be cast,  
Who cares if you're my soul's delight?"



9) Guilelm Șerban — "Beside the Odd-Numbered Poplars" (lyrics by Mihai Eminescu)

— Ștefan Ignat - baritone | Luminița Berariu - piano

Translated from the Romanian original

Lyrics by Mihai Eminescu

Beside the poplars, standing lone,  
I often passed in view;  
The neighbors all had known my name—  
But I was not known by you.  
At your bright window, lit with grace,  
I often stood to gaze;  
The whole world understood my case—  
You never learned my ways.  
How many times I waited there  
A whispered word to hear;  
Had you but offered me one day,  
It would have been enough, my dear.  
If for one hour we had been friends,  
To love with all our soul,  
To hear your gentle voice, and then  
Let death exact its toll.



10) Vasile Popovici — "Wish" (lyrics by Mihai Eminescu)

— Ștefan Ignat - baritone | Luminița Berariu - piano

Lyrics by Mihai Eminescu

Come to the woods where waters rise,  
And tremble under watchful skies,  
Where bowing branches from on high  
Hide a green ledge from every eye.  
And run into my arms, outspread,  
To fall upon my chest instead;  
I'll lift the veil that hides your face  
To see your beauty, see your grace.  
Upon my knees you'll softly rest,  
We'll be alone, and truly blessed,  
And from the linden, overhead,

A rain of blossoms will be shed.  
Your snow-white brow on my arm you'll  
keep,  
Your golden hair will fall to sleep,  
And you will leave, for my mouth to find,  
The sweetness of your lips, so kind.  
A happy dream we'll dream as one,  
While whispered songs are softly spun  
By lonely springs that gently glide,  
And breezes on the forest tide.  
Asleep within this harmony,  
Of woods that dream eternally,  
The linden blossoms from the bough  
Will fall in rows upon us now.



11) Aurel Eliade — "Reunion" (lyrics by Mihai Eminescu)

— Ștefan Ignat - baritone | Luminița Berariu - piano

Oh, forest, forest, friend of mine,  
It has been such a long, long time.  
Since I have left your shaded way,  
I've wandered far for many a day.

Why, I do as I've always done:  
In winter, hear the blizzard run,  
It breaks my branches, stark and old,  
It chokes the streams with ice so cold,  
It buries paths beneath the snow,  
And bids the joyful songs to go.  
And still I do as I have done,  
And hear the summer's gentle song,  
Upon the path that seeks the spring,  
A path I gave to everything;  
As women come their pails to raise,  
They sing to me in summer days.

- Oh, forest where the calm streams  
flow,

Time comes, and in its passing, goes.  
But you, as youthful as you seem,  
Grow younger still, a living dream.

What is time to me, when for an age,  
The stars have shimmered on my lake's  
calm stage?  
For be the weather foul or fair,  
My wind still blows, my leaves still share  
Their rustling song upon the air;  
And be the weather fine or bleak,  
The Danube's waters ever seek  
Their course. But man is changing ever,  
A wanderer on earth forever,  
While we our ancient places keep,  
And stay as we were, rooted deep:  
The sea, and with it all the streams,  
The world, and all its desert dreams,  
The moon, and with it, too, the sun,  
The forest, where the fountains run.



12) Gheorghe Dima — "Why Don't You Come to Me" (lyrics by Mihai Eminescu)

— Virgil Profeanu - tenor | Luminița Berariu - piano

"Why Don't You Come?"

Lyrics by Mihai Eminescu

The swallows fly and disappear,  
The walnut leaves fall, dry and sere,  
The frost descends upon the vine—  
Why don't you come? Why don't you  
come?  
Oh, come into my arms once more,  
To gaze at you, whom I adore,  
And let my head so sweetly rest  
Upon your breast, upon your breast!  
Do you remember, you and I,  
Through valleys, meadows passing by,  
I'd lift you up for all to see,

So many times, so many times?

This world is filled with women's eyes,  
From which a thousand sparks arise...

But though they hold their heads up high,  
Like you there's none, like you there's  
none!

For you alone will always be

The sun that clears the life in me,

More splendid than the stars above,

My dearest love, my dearest love!

The autumn's late, the air is cold,

The leaves are scattered on the road,

The fields are bare beneath the sky...

Why don't you come? Why don't you  
come?



### 13) Narrative intervention

Alongside my colleague, this evening we will lend our voices to **George Enescu**, to bring him closer to you. We kindly ask that, throughout the performance, you refrain from applauding, to preserve the atmosphere that George Enescu envisioned with such care in his creation. Your silence will help bring the spirit of George Enescu into our midst.

**Narrator:** We believe that the creative dimension of the Romanian musician should be highlighted not only through the lens of the works performed, researched, and published, but especially through his charismatic personality. In a society so poor in role models, the life model of George Enescu, which has begun to be promoted, must be brought consistently into the spotlight, so that George Enescu may be “understood by everyone.”

### 14) Pavane, Suite No. 2 for Piano, Op. 10 (Enescu, George)

— Luminița Berariu - piano

### 15) Narrative Interlude

Narrator: In interviews he gave, George Enescu stated: Culture will live. The heritage accumulated through so many centuries of labor and faith is far too great for us to suddenly make a “tabula rasa” of everything we have gathered and absorbed. Humanity has faced impassés before, and it has overcome them all with heroic vitality. Courage will not be lacking this time either. We must believe, and we shall prevail.

I wish I could contribute to softening some of my fellow human beings. I do what I can. With the violin, with the baton, with the pen. Romantic and classical by instinct, I have striven in all my works to unite a form of balance that possesses its own clearly defined inner line.

— George Enescu, as cited by Irina Enache / Cătălina Nichitin



16) George Enescu — "A Gift for Anne"

— Virgil Profeanu - tenor | Luminița Berariu - piano

Translated from the original in French

*Estrene à Anne*

*after Clément Marot (1496 - 1544)*

This New Year brings a gift you must receive:

My heart, which a new wound has made to grieve.

By Love I am compelled, as it commands,

This paradox I hold within my hands.

For this one heart is all my real-world store,

All else is nothing I can build on more.

And I must give the best I have to give,

If in this world as truly rich I'd live.

17) Narrator: Music reflects all the mysterious undulations of the soul, without any possibility of pretense. To play an instrument—even perfectly—is admirable. To imagine, to create, to give life to one's own ghosts is even better, and far rarer. The perfection that fascinates people so deeply does not interest me. What truly vibrates in art is to vibrate yourself and to make others vibrate as well. To a young composer who might come to me for advice, I would say: "Be yourself. Do not live in fear that your neighbor is superior to you. If you have something to say, say it in whatever way you can, and it will be good. If you have nothing to say, then remain silent—this, too, will not be bad." To the younger generation, I recommend work, integrity, and altruism, and I would add, above all, modesty — as much modesty as possible. True values cannot be prevented from coming to light.



18) George Enescu — "You Make Me Languish"

— Virgil Profeanu - tenor | Luminița Berariu - piano

Translated from the original in French

*Languir me fais...*

*after Clément Marot (1496 - 1544)*

You make me languish, though I've not displeased you,

You write no more, nor ask how I might be;

Yet for no other do I bend the knee:

I'd sooner die than have my thoughts appeased.

I do not say your own love has been seized,

But I lament this grief that falls on me,

And humbly, far from you, I make my plea,

That, far from me, your anger might be eased.

19) Narrative Intervention — Narrator: Do not seek a new language, but wield the one that is yours—the one that grants you the power to express exactly what you have to say. Originality arrives only when you are no longer searching for it. In music, no laws are prescribed for the expression of feelings.

When I love something, it becomes engraved here... forever. I mean for all of life, here... in the heart. Simplicity in life is true freedom.

— Irina Enache / Cătălina Nichitin



20) George Enescu — "The Gift of the Rose"

— Virgil Profeanu - tenor | Luminița Berariu - piano

*Estrene de la rose*

*after Clément Marot (1496 - 1544)*

The lovely Rose, to Venus consecrated fair,  
A joy the eye and senses can but share;  
And so I'll tell you, Lady, whom I hold so dear,  
The reason why the red ones now appear.  
One day, as Venus her Adonis sought  
Through gardens full of thorns and branches fraught,  
With feet all bare and arms without a sleeve,  
A rose's thorn her tender skin did cleave.  
Now, in that time, all roses were yet white,  
But with her blood, she turned them crimson-bright.  
From this same rose, my profit I have made,  
A gift to you, this offering now laid.  
For more than all, your face, so sweet and true,  
Resembles that fresh rose of crimson hue.



21) Narrative Intervention — Narrator: Art must soothe, it must unite; if I achieve this aim, I find satisfaction in fulfilling the mission I have undertaken. I must confess that I have never found performance to be a satisfying outlet for my artistic impulses. There, I am split in two. In composition, however, I am alone, authentic; it is there I truly feel myself the absolute master of a domain all my own.

— Irina Enache / Cătălina Nichitin

22) George Enescu — Monologue "Où je suis," from the opera "Oedipe"

— Ștefan Ignat - baritone | Luminița Berariu - piano

OEDIPUS

Where am I?... The raven cries...

Bleak crossroads of my life...

Three paths...

By which one can I flee my fate?...

I have walked through happy Megaris,

Haliartos, Thisbe of the snow-white doves;

I drank the golden water from Hippocrene's springs,

with the Muses I have trod on tranquil fields...

But in vain I tried to forge a soul of stone:

my gaze now sees but hatred in the heavens...

Why?

Why? What is it I have done?

I punished with exile the mere thought of a crime:

and for this, they send me Furies armed with serpents...

Is this then your justice, you perfect gods?

Corinth! O, Corinth! smoke of my homeland!



Kindred eyes! Voices of friends!  
Rival ships on the two blue seas!  
Dances of love by Aphrodite's choice!  
Why must my wounded spirit,  
in seeing the future, also see the past?  
To turn back on my steps?... Yes, to turn back!  
For three nights now, my dreams have known no stain;  
my soul, like them, becomes pure once again.  
Yes! I can return...  
(He moves as if to turn back, then halts.)  
(Thunder in the distance.)  
But what if it is a trap of the God?...

### 23) Narrator: **Narrative Intervention**

How could Oedipus be blamed for having been born into the house of the Labdacids, a royal family in which his father had developed a passion for Chisibe, a young boy—a passion the gods did not approve of? Three times Apollo appeared to Laius in a dream to remind him that he was not allowed to have children, because through their birth they would go on to commit horrors and atrocities that would astonish the world.

The problem of fate present in the myth of Oedipus, which Sophocles took up in the ancient tragedy *Oedipus Rex*, has, over the centuries, been an inexhaustible source of inspiration in literature and the visual arts, as well as in music. If in Antiquity Oedipus was crushed by destiny, in later interpretations he ultimately becomes a victor, dignified in the face of his own inner forces. Fate (fatality) is the driving engine of the work, Oedipus being a proud and violent character who is ultimately defeated by his own misfortune. Destiny, as it was perceived in Antiquity, stood above all mortals, who were subject to laws established in advance, man being merely a plaything in the hands of fate.

From Sophocles, the character retains the violence that drives him unknowingly to murder; but the subject of the libretto departs from ancient tragedy, and the hero is endowed with



moral traits unknown to the Greek mentality, for which the idea of divine punishment for one who violated the sanctity of family relationships was justified and exemplary. Following the terrible events portrayed, the cathartic conclusion is ultimately fulfilled—in the peace of certainties—by the defiance of the young Oedipus: “Man is stronger than destiny,” but only if “his conscience is free.” This ending was desired by George Enescu himself, clearer and more optimistic than the rather enigmatic ending of Sophocles, as Enescu stated.

Oedipus must be understood through the characteristic elements of our people used by the composer—doina, ballads, laments, folk dances, songs for various instruments (the shepherd’s flute)—which we will present, one by one, in the moments to come, and not through the complexity of the musical score.

George Enescu believed that folkloric sources made possible a broad approach to the concept of modal harmony.

Begun in Switzerland, the masterpiece *Oedipe* was completed in Tescani after more than twenty-five years of searching and inner turmoil, and in the end Enescu stated: “At times I merged with my hero... which nourished the creative imagination in certain moments of the opera.”

We must understand the necessity of supporting Romanian cultural needs, expressed through various forms and aspects, and therefore, in what directly concerns us here—music.

## GENESIS

George Enescu said: “When I began, I set myself three rules of conduct:

- First: no pathos, no repetitions, no unnecessary discourse; the action must unfold rapidly.
- Second: the audience must not be bored.
- Third: the listener must understand the text.

My conviction is that one does not go to the opera only to listen to music. A lyrical work must have action and an intelligible text.”

The story of Oedipus is undoubtedly the most intricate, fantastic, and harrowing of all, beginning in the bed of Laius and Jocasta, king and queen of Thebes. Laius is warned three times in a dream by Apollo that he must not have children, for through their birth they would commit horrors and atrocities, being doomed to the most cruel and terrible sins. Not taking these warnings seriously, they bring into the world a child destined for situations



and experiences that would horrify both the world and the gods through his will and his refusal to submit to what had been ordained for him.

Tiresias reveals the fate of Oedipus at the very moment of his birth: he will be the killer of his father, and in order to multiply the murderous seed, he will become the husband of his mother, brother to his daughters, and father to his brothers.

At birth he is abandoned among the rocks, meant to be eaten by crows—a fate that does not occur, for the child is found by a shepherd who takes him to Corinth, where King Polybus and Queen Merope raise him as their own. Upon reaching youth, Oedipus learns of the curse and leaves Corinth, wishing to go as far away as possible from his parents, not knowing that he is adopted. A victim of destiny, he begins his cruel existence at this moment, powerless until the horrors of the curse are fulfilled. At a crossroads, struck by the whip of an old man accompanied by two servants, he kills them in anger; and Laius—who it was—falls, struck down by the curse, thus fulfilling the first prophecy: parricide.

He continues his journey and arrives at the gates of Thebes, where a Sphinx with the face of a woman, the body of a lion, and the wings of a bird challenges him with a riddle: “What creature walks on four legs in the morning, on two at noon, and on three in the evening?”—or, as it appears in the opera: “Who is stronger than destiny?” The answer is: Man.

By answering correctly, Oedipus kills the Sphinx and becomes king of Thebes. With this, he becomes the husband of the beautiful Jocasta, with whom he will have four children: Polynices, Eteocles, Ismene, and Antigone. Another prophecy of the curse is thus fulfilled—incest—for Jocasta is his biological mother.

After many years, he is recognized by Tiresias, the aged oracle, and learns that the curse has been fulfilled. Upon discovering the truth, Oedipus gouges out his eyes in defiance of destiny, and Jocasta takes her own life.

He leaves into exile alongside Antigone, and after many years arrives in Athens, where he meets Theseus, who grants him blessing and redemption. Purified, he passes into the ranks of the righteous.

#### THE FOLK MELOS

At its core, the art of the lăutari bears an expression of noble tradition and authenticity with which folklore itself is identified. In the opera *Oedipe*, this appears in stylized form as the Romanian dance at the birth of the main character.

— *Irina Enache / Cătălina Nichitin*

24) George Enescu — Folk Dance, from the opera "Oedipe"



— Luminița Berariu - piano

25) George Enescu — The Watchman's Lament "De l'aurore," from the opera "Oedipe"

— Ștefan Ignat - baritone | Luminița Berariu - piano

LE VEILLEUR

THE WATCHMAN

From dawn to dawn, I keep watch, I keep watch; sleep, Thebans, sleep—the Sphinx sleeps.

(In a low voice, but clearly articulated)

She has relaxed her bronze claw and folded her wing; night darkens her more-than-human brow with new shadows. Her closed gaze, devoured by darkness, still questions; and soon her awakening, at the sun's first rays, will answer with death. From dawn to dawn, I keep watch, I keep watch; sleep, Thebans, sleep—the Sphinx sleeps.

26) Narrative Intervention:

I should note here that the dance of the shepherds—also the leitmotif of the opera—was the very first fragment heard by the public. The lament (bocet) appears as an old Romanian song of mourning, funerary in character, non-ritual, and without a fixed structure. Its roots vary according to region and it is, for the most part, deeply personal, differing from one individual to another—an improvisation born of pain. At the gates of Thebes, Oedipus sings his lament for all that has occurred since his departure from Corinth.

27) George Enescu — Oedipus's Lament "Il est un breuvage," from the opera "Oedipe"

— Ștefan Ignat - baritone | Luminița Berariu - piano

OEDIPUS'S VOICE (from afar)

« There is a drink where twofold flavors start,  
so bitter on the tongue, yet gentle on the heart...



Happy is he who dies the day he's born;  
thrice happy he who greets no earthly morn... »

THE WATCHER

Who is this man, to his own death assigned?

OEDIPUS (closer)

« Who drinks this draught where twofold flavors reign,  
suffers a moment, then forgets his pain...

Happy is he who dies the day he's born;  
thrice happy he who greets no earthly morn... »

28) Narrative Intervention: Narrative Intervention - Upon reaching the gates of Thebes, Oedipus confronts the Sphinx. Speaking of this creature, George Enescu affirmed: "I portrayed it as I imagined it—an implacable panther locked in a life-and-death struggle with its adversary."

29) George Enescu — The Sphinx's Aria "Je t'attendais," from the opera "Oedipe"  
— Ștefan Ignat - baritone | Luminița Berariu – piano

Do you know Destiny, Oedipus—Destiny?  
The beast and the dust, the star in skies serene,  
are guided by its hand, forever unseen;  
the gods, yes, even gods, are chained to Destiny.  
The lyre of Phoebus, it will break;  
The shafts of Artemis, it will break.  
Hermes' caduceus, it will rend,  
And great Athena's spear will bend.



Already, to serve the dream it must pursue,  
Ouranos and Chronos from the stars were thrown,  
and soon, grown pale within that fatal grip,  
great Zeus himself will crumble into night, alone.

(in a hollow, spectral voice)

And now, answer, Oedipus, if you dare:  
in this immense universe, made small by Fate,  
answer, name someone or name something great  
that stands more powerful than Destiny!

OEDIPUS (his voice rings out)

MAN! MAN!

MAN IS STRONGER THAN DESTINY!

THE SPHINX (with terrible irony)

Man is stronger than Destiny?

(She is seized by the convulsions of agony) (laughing)

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

(sobbing)

Man stronger than Destiny?

(laughing)

Ah! Ah! Ah!

(sobbing)

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

(in a faltering voice, growing ever weaker)



See, I am dying, my child, for your shame or your glory.

(laughing)

Ah! Ah! Ah!

(sobbing)

Ah! Ah! Ah!

(suddenly the voice is strong, hollow and metallic)

The future will tell you, when my final breath is drawn,

(trembling)

if the dying Sphinx weeps for her loss, or laughs for her victory's dawn!

30) Narrative Intervention: After a long and painful search, Oedipus discovers the truth and pierces his own eyes. We have reached the point at which we can say that, in Sophocles, will is the essential psychological element, directly expressed through the act of blinding himself upon learning the truth. As a result, the hero must live in suffering while awaiting redemption, all of this being nothing more than a revenge of former pride and violence turned against himself.

31) George Enescu — Oedipus's Monologue "Voyez, Thébains, voyez," from the opera "Oedipe"

— Ștefan Ignat - baritone | Luminița Berariu – piano

Behold, O Thebans, behold!

It is my eyes that now flow down my cheeks!

My eyes will see my misery no more, nor see my crime!

I went to give my mother thanks for the children she bore for me.



O darkness!... Solitude!...

Where can I go? How can I bear this weight?

You shrink from me in horror, O Thebans!

Not one of you dares draw near this condemned soul, this outcast spurned, this father to his brothers, this husband to his mother, this murderer of his father!

Behold! I am Oedipus! Oedipus, the Sphinx's slayer, Oedipus, the city's savior!

One day has made my glory: one day makes my despair!

O Cithaeron, why did you shelter me?

I was already guilty before I ever lived!

And you, sad road, ambiguous wood, O cruel ravine,  
why did you not drink all the blood from my own heart,  
rather than be quenched by the blood of my father's vein?

And you, halls of Laius, shades of my ancestors' plight,  
(in a strangled voice)

you purple covers of that incestuous night!

(as if seized by madness)

Ah! Hide me, Thebans, take me from your sight!

Blind yourselves now! Extinguish the sun's light!

Let this man of defilement, one with Erebus' blight,  
fall now for you, as for himself, into eternal night!

32) Narrator: Upon arriving in Thebes, Oedipus meets Theseus, who grants him redemption. In the opera, Theseus is the king of Athens, a model of integrity, clarity of vision, and honor—wise and courageous—the hero who slew the Minotaur. Legend tells that he killed all the bandits of the market regions in Attica and unified the city, bringing democracy and the rule of law.



33) George Enescu — Theseus's Aria "Déesses qui veillez"

— Virgil Profeanu - tenor | Luminița Berariu - piano

You goddesses who watch from sacred glades,  
You once were the Erinyes, foul, with murderous blades  
Of nail, and faces smeared with bloody shades.  
But now, as gentle Eumenides, you rise,  
And through you, where the thought of vengeance dies,  
Both Justice and true Peace now claim their prize.

34) Narrative Intervention – In the final address to Theseus, Oedipus proclaims his innocence and declares that he has overcome destiny: "I am innocent. My will was never present in my crimes. I have conquered destiny."

On April 27, 1931, at Tescani, George Enescu completed the opera Oedipe, a work dedicated to his future wife, Princess Cantacuzino.

35) George Enescu — Aria "Adieu, douce Antigone," from the opera "Oedipe"

— Ștefan Ignat - baritone | Luminița Berariu – piano

Farewell, sweet Antigone, farewell; our time is done.  
No longer shall we walk on, side by side;  
So pure you are, yet still my fault you bear as one,  
To you I must be gone, before I've died.  
Farewell, my pure, my ever-valiant soul,



The only one whose faith could never cease;  
I leave you to this fleeting life's control,  
While I now walk to find eternal peace...  
Adieu, adieu... Athenians, guard her well.  
(to Theseus)  
And now, O Theseus, follow to the green,  
That hallows this, my path of no return.  
My eyes will open for this final scene;  
I, who was led, shall lead—a lesson learned.  
Follow me through flower, moss, and ivy-thread,  
Follow me where springtime waters gently chime;  
Serene, I'll walk toward the hour I have led,  
And I will die in light, transcending time.

36) Narrator: Upon completing the work, George Enescu stated: It is not for me to declare whether "Oedipe" is or is not the most perfect of my works. All I can say is that, of all of them, it is the dearest to me. Firstly, because it cost me months of work. And years of restlessness. Then, because I put into it everything I felt, what I thought, in such a way that I sometimes merged with my hero. No one would believe me if I were to say in what a state of exaltation I was, thinking of "Oedipe" and composing, note by note, this immense opera.

