

Franz Schubert

(1797-1828)

Ständchen

*aus Shakespeares „Cymbeline“
(Zweite und dritte Strophe von Fr. Reil)*

Horch, horch, die Lerch im Ätherblau!
Und Phöbus, neu erweckt,
Tränkt seine Rosse mit dem Tau,
Der Blumenkelche deckt.
Der Ringelblume Knospe schleußt
Die goldnen Äuglein auf,
Mit allem, was da reizend ist,
Du süße Maid, steh auf,
Steh auf, steh auf!

Wenn schon die liebe ganze Nacht
Der Sterne lictes Heer
Hoch über dir im Wechsel wacht,
So hoffen sie noch mehr,
Daß auch dein Augenstern sie grüßt.
Erwach! Sie warten drauf,
Weil du doch gar so reizend bist;
Du süße Maid, steh auf,
Steh auf, steh auf!

Und wenn dich alles das nicht weckt,
So werde durch den Ton
Der Minne zärtlich aufgeneckt!
O dann erwachst du schon!
Wie oft sie dich ans Fenster trieb,
Das weiß sie, drum steh auf,
Und habe dienen Sängers lieb,
Du süße Maid, steh auf,
Steh auf, steh auf!

Nacht und Träume

Heilge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.

Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heilige Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Matthäus von Collin

Serenade

*from „Cymbeline“ by Shakespeare
(Second and third verses by Fr. Reil)*

Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flow'rs that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes.
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise!

Original poem

For now through all the live long night
The stars' illumined horde
So high above thee guards aright,
And so they hope for more,
They wait upon a greeting.
Awake! thy starry eyes,
For thy dear face so pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise!

If none of this can waken thee,
Then let it be the tone
Of music teasing tenderly!
O that will serve alone!
How oft thou wert to the window drawn
By music, come again!
And give thy singer a lover's due,
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise!

Night and Dreams

Hallowed night, you are descending,
drifting down like dreams visions,
floating through the moonlit chambers,
through the stillness of our hearts.

They attend those dreams enthralled,
calling at the break of day:
Come again, oh hallowed night!
Lovely visions, come again!

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Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen
Ariette er Claudine
aus „*Claudine von Villa Bella*“ von Goethe

Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen,
Treue wohnt für sich allein;
Liebe kommt euch rasch entgegen,
aufgesucht will Treue sein.

Love doth swarm on every byway
Claudine's Arietta
from "Claudine of Bella Villa" by Goethe

Love doth swarm on every byway,
Faith abides unto itself;
Love approaches us so swiftly,
Faith must needs be truly sought.

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Der Nußbaum

Es grünet ein Nußbaum vor dem Haus,
duftig, luftig breitet er blättrig die Blätter aus.

Viel liebliche Blüten stehen d'ran;
linde Winde kommen, sie herzlich zu umfahn.

Es flüstern je zwei zu zwei geparrt,
neigend, beugend zierlich
zum Kusse die Häuptchen zart.

Sie flüstern von einem Mägdlein,
das dächte die Nächte und Tage lang,
wußte ach! selber nicht was.

Sie flüstern, sie flüstern, -
wer mag verstehn so gar leise Weis?
flüstern von Bräut'gam und nächstem Jahr.

Das Mägdlein horchet, es rauscht im Baum;
sehnd, wähnend sinkt es
lächelnd in Schlaf und Traum.

J. Mosen

Mondnacht

Es war als hätt' der Himmel
die Erde still geküßt,
daß sie im Blütenschimmer
von ihm nur träumen müßt;

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
die Ähren wogten sacht,
es rauschten leis' die Wälder,
so sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte

The Nut Tree

Before the house a nut tree grows,
spreading wide its branches, its leafy leafy boughs.

With many dear blossoms blooming there,
breezes softy coming to sweetly scent the air.

Each whispering two are mated pairs,
nodding, bowing gently
their heads in a fond embrace.

They whisper about a maiden
who is dreaming each evening and all day long,
knowing herself not what of.

They whisper, they whisper, -
yet who might understand such quiet words,
whisper of a bridegroom and the coming year.

The maiden listens, the rustling tree;
longing, wishing, smiling
falls asleep and dreams.

Moon at Night

It seemed as though the heavens
had kissed the silent earth,
that she, in blossoms' shimmer
could dream of only him;

The air passed through the meadows,
the grain field's wave was slight,
the woods were rustling softly,
so starry clear was the night.

And so my spirit spreading

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weit ihre Flügel aus,
flog durch die stillen Lande,
als flöge sie nach Haus.

widely its wings to roam,
flew o'er the quiet woodlands
as if to fly toward home.

Eichendorf

Volksliedchen

Little Folksong

Wenn ich früh in den Garten geh'
in meinem grünen Hut,
ist mein erster Gedanke,
was nun mein Liebster tut?
Am Himmel steht kein Stern,
den ich dem Freund nicht gönnte.
Mein Herz gäb' ich ihm gern,
wenn ich's heraustun könnte.

When I go to my garden early
in my hat of straw,
is the first thing I think of,
what he is doing now.
There is no star on high,
that I'd deny my lover.
My heart I'd gladly give,
if I could hand it over.

F. Rückert

Schneeglöckchen

Snowbells

Der Schnee, der gestern noch in Flöckchen
von Himmel fiel,
hängt nun geronnen heut als Glöckchen
am zarten Stiel.

The snow, which yesterday in flurries
from heaven fell,
hangs on little stems today in droplets
like tiny bells.

Schneeglöckchen läutet's, was bedeutet's
im stillen Hain?
O komm geschwind! Im Haine läutet's
den Frühling ein.

Snowbells are ringing in the valley,
what can it mean?
Come quickly, ringing in the valley
says Spring is here.

O kommt, ihr Blätter, Blüt und Blume,
die ihr noch träumt,
all zu des Frühlings Heiligtume!
kommt ungesäumt!

O come, you leaves and buds and blossoms,
that dream today,
join with the Springtime's holy treasures!
Do not delay!

F. Rückert

Verratene Liebe

Love Betrayed

Da Nachts wir uns küßten, o Mädchen,
hat keiner uns zugeschaut.
Die Sterne, die standen am Himmel,
wir haben den Sternen getraut.
Es ist ein Stern gefallen,
der hat dem Meer uns verkagt,
da hat das Meer es dem Ruder,
das Ruder dem Schiffer gesagt.
Da sang der selbige Fischer es
seiner Liebsten vor,
Nun singen's auf Straßen und Märkten
die Knaben und Mädchen im Chor.

Last night when we kissed in the darkness,
my dear, there was no one to see.
The stars shone above us in heaven,
we trusted them faithfully.
There was a star that fell,
and betrayed our trust to the sea,
and then the sea told the rudder,
the Rudder the shipman at sea.
That fisherman sang to his sweetheart
the story he'd heard out loud,
now all over the streets and the markets
boys and girls sing it out as a crowd.

Chamisso

Mein schöner Stern!

Mein schöner Stern! ich bitte dich,
o lasse du den heitres Licht
nicht trüben durch den Dampf in mir,
vielmehr den Dampf in mir zu Licht,
mein schöner Stern, verklären hilf!

Mein schöner Stern! ich bitte dich,
nicht senk herab zur Erde dich,
weil du mich noch hier unten seihst,
heb auf vielmehr zum Himmel mich,
mein schöner Stern, wo du schon bist!

F. Rückert

Kennst du das Land

Mignon's Lied aus „Wilhelm Meister“ von Goethe

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn,
im dunkeln Laub die Goldorangen glühn,
ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl, kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin möcht ich mit dir,
o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach,
es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl, kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin möcht ich mit dir,
o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
in Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut,
es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut.
Kennst du ihn wohl, kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! dahin, geht unser Weg!
o Vater, laß uns ziehn!

Aufträge

Nicht so schnelle, nicht so schnelle!
wart ein wenig, kleine Welle!
will dir einen Auftrag geben an die Liebste mein.
Wirst du ihr vorüber schweben,
grüße sie mir fein!
Sag, ich wäre mitgekommen,

My lovely star!

My lovely star! I beg of you,
let not your gleaming light be dimmed
by all the dark despair in me.
Instead transform despair to light,
my lovely star, with clarity.

My lovely star, I beg of you,
do not descend to earth below
only because you see me there,
let me, instead, to heaven go,
my lovely star, to be with you.

What of the land

Mignon's Song from „Wilhelm Meister“ by Goethe

What of the land where groves of lemon bloom,
where golden, glowing oranges hang down,
where breezes softly waft from skies of clearest blue,
where myrtle grows, and tall the laurel stands?
You know it well, you know it well?
It's there, it's there I want to go,
o my beloved, with you.

What of the house that rests on pillars white,
its halls and chambers gleam with shimm'ring light,
where forms of marble gaze, they stare at me:
What have they done to wrong you, poor child?
You know it well, you know it well?
It's there, it's there I want to go,
dear guardian, with you.

What of the mountain veiled in mists and clouds?
The mule must seek his footing on the road;
an ancient dragon there in roaring cavern broods,
the cliffs collapse and then the river floods.
You know it well, you know it well?
It's there, it's there we'll find our way,
o father, let us go!

Messengers

Not so quickly, not so quickly!
wait a moment, little river!
Here's a message to deliver to my dearest dear.
When you flow along beside her,
greet her for me then!
Tell her, I'd have come along

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auf dir selbst herab geschwommen:
für den Gruß einen Kuß kühn mir zu erbitten,
doch der Zeit Dringlichkeit hätt es nicht gelitten.

Nicht so eilig! Halt! Erlaube,
kleine, leichtbeschwingte Taube!
Habe dir was aufzutragen an die Liebste mein!
Sollst ihr tausend Grüße sagen,
hundert obendrein.
Sag, ich wär mit dir geflogen,
über Berg und Strom gezogen:
für den Gruß einen Kuß kühn mir zu erbitten,
doch der Zeit Dringlichkeit hätt er nicht gelitten.

Warte nicht, daß ich dich treibe,
o du träge Mondesscheibe!
weißt's ja, was ich dir befohlen für die Liebste mein:
durch das Fensterchen verstohlen
grüße sie mir fein!
Sag, ich wär auf dich gestiegen,
selber zu ihr hinzufiegen:
für den Gruß einen Kuß kühn mir zu erbitten,
du seist schuld, Ungduld hätt mich nicht gelitten.

C. L'Égru

with the river swimming to her!
I would ask for a kiss boldly for my greetings,
but alas, time must pass time forbids our meeting.

Not so fast there! wait! Allow me,
little dove that swoops above me!
I've a message you must carry to my dearest dear!
Give her but one thousand greetings,
then a hundred more.
Say that we'd have flown together,
over mountains' windy weather:
I would ask for a kiss boldly for my greetings;
but alas, time must pass, time forbids our meeting.

Do not wait, I won't delay you,
o you lazy lunar circle!
You remember your assignment for my dearest dear:
Let your light steal through her window,
greet her for me there!
Tell her I'd have climbed aboard you,
flying with you to be with her:
I would ask for a kiss boldly for my greetings,
You're the cause I must pause, you forbid our
meeting.

Richard Strauss

(1864-1949)

Säusle, liebe Myrthe

Säusle, liebe Myrthe!
Wie still ists in der Welt,
der Mond, der Sternenhirte
auf klarem Himmelsfeld
treibt schon die Wolkenschafe
zum Born des Lichtes hin.
Schlaf, mein Freund. O Schlafe
bis ich wieder bei dir bin.

Säusle, liebe Myrthe
und träum im Sternenschein,
die Turteltaube girrte auch
ihre Brut schon ein,
still ziehn die Wolden schafe
zum Born des Lichtes hin,
schlaf, mein Freund, o schlafe,
bis ich wieder bei dir bin.

Hörst du, wie die Brunnen rauschen?

Whisper, dear myrtle

Whisper, dearest myrtle!
How quiet is the world,
the moon, that star shepherd
upon the clear celestial field
herds already the cloud-sheep
to the source of the light.
Sleep, my friend. O sleep
until I am again with you.

Whisper, dearest myrtle
and dream in the starlight,
the turtledoves also coo
their broods to sleep,
silently the cloud-sheep go
toward the source of the light,
sleep, my friend, o sleep,
until I am again with you.

Listen, how the fountains rush?

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Hörst du we die Grille zirpt?
Stille, stille, laß uns lauschen,
selig, wer in Träumen stirbt!
Selig, wen die Wolken wiegen,
wenn der Mond ein Schlaflied singt!

Listen, hear the crickets chirp?
Silent, silent let us listen,
blessed is he that dreaming dies!
Blessed whom the clouds cradle,
when the moon a lullaby sings!

O, wie Selig kann der fliegen,
den der Traum den Flügel schwingt,
daß an blauer Himmelsdecke
Sterne er wie Blume pflückt:
schlaf, träume, flieg,
ich wekke bald dich auf
und bin beglückt!

O, how happy can he fly,
whom the dream its wings lift,
that to the blue ceiling of heaven
gathers stars like flowers:
sleep, dream, fly,
I'll come to wake you soon
and I'll be glad!

Amor

Cupid

An dem Feuer saß das Kind
Amor und war blind
mit den kleinen Flügeln fächelt
in die Flammen er und lächelt
schlaues Kind.
Ach, der Flügel brennt dem Kind!
Amor läuft geschwind,
o, wie ihn die Glut durchpeinet!
Flügelschlagend laut er weinet;
in der Hirtin Schoß entrinnt hilfe schreiend
das schlaue Kind.
Und die Hirtin hilft dem Kind,
Amor bös und blind.
Hirtin sieh, dein Herz entbrennet,
hast den Schelmen nicht gekennet.
Sieh die Flamme wächst geschwinde.
Hüt dich vor dem schlaunen Kind!
Fächle, lächle, schlaues Kind.

On a fire sat the child
Cupid and was blind
with his little wings fanning
in the flames and smiling
the sly child.
Ah, the wings burn the child!
Cupid runs swiftly,
oh, how the heat pains him!
Beating his wings he cries loudly;
into the lap of the shepherdess he escapes, crying for
help, that sly child.
And the shepherdess helps the boy,
Cupid mad and blind.
Shepherdess look out, you heart catches fire,
you didn't recognize the boy's naughty trick.
Look, the flames spread fast.
Watch out for that sly child!
Fanning, smiling, sly child.

Als mir dein Lied erklang

As your song resounds

Dein Lied erklang! Ich habe es gehört,
wie durch die Rosen es zum Monde zog,
den Schmetterling, der bund im Frühling flog,
hast du zur frommen Biene dir bekehrt.
Zur Rosen ist mein Drang,
seit mir dein Lied erklang.

Your song resounded! I have heard it
as through the roses to the moon it drew,
the butterfly that colorfully in the springtime flew,
have you to the pious bee converted.
To roses is my desire,
since your song resounded.

Dein Lied erklang! Die Nachtigallen klagen
ach meiner Ruhe süßes Schwannenlied
dem Mond, der lauschend von dem Himmel sieht,
den Sternen und den Rosen muß ich 's klagen,
wohin sie sich nun schwang,
der dieses Lied erklang.

Your song resounded! The nightingales sing
oh, my peace, sweet swansong
the moon which listens from the heavens sees,
to the stars and the roses must I complain
where have they taken themselves
which this song did resound.

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Dein Lied erklang! es war kein Ton vergebens,
der ganze Frühling der von Liebe haucht,
hat als Du sangest, nieder sich getaucht
im sehnsuchtsvollen Strome meines Lebens
im Sonnenuntergang,
als mir dein Lied erklang!

Clemens von Brentano

Recitativ und Arie der Zerbinetta

aus der oper „Ariadne auf Naxos“

Text: Hugo von Hofmansthal (1874-1929)

Großmächtige Prinzessin, wer verstünde nicht, daß
so erlauchter und erhabener Personen Traurigkeit
mit einem anderen Maas gemessen werden muß, als
der gemeinen Sterblichen.

Jedoch, sind wir nicht Frauen unter uns, und schlägt
denn nicht in jeder Brust ein unbegreiflich Herz?

Von unserer Schwachheit sprechen, sie uns selber
eingestehn, ist es nicht schmerzlich süß? Und zuckt
uns nicht der Sinn danach?

Sie wollen mich nicht hören, schön und stolz und
regungslos, als wären Sie die Statue auf Ihrer eignen
Gruft. Sie wollen keine andere Vertraute als diesen
Fels und diese Wellen haben.

Prinzessin, hören Sie mich an, nicht Sie allein, wir
alle ach, wir alle was ihr Herz erstarrt – wer ist die
Frau, die es nicht durchgelitten hätte?

Verlassen! in Verzweiflung! ausgesetzt!

Ach, solcher wüsten Inseln sind unzählige auch
mitten unter Menschen, ich, ich selber, ich habe ihrer
mehrere bewohnt – und habe nicht gelernt, die
Männer zu verfluchen.

Treulos sie sinds! ungeheuer, ohne Grenzen!

Eine kurze Nacht, ein hastiger Tag, ein Wehen der
Luft, ein fließender Blick verwandelt ihr Herz! Aber
sind wir denn gefeit gegen die grausamen,
entzückenden, die unbegreiflichen Verwandlungen?

Noch glaub' ich dem einen ganz mich gehörend,

Your song resounds! no tone of it was in vain,
all of Springtime that sighs with love
has, since you sang, immersed itself
into the longingful river of my life
as the sun is descending,
as your song resounds!

Zerbinetta's Recitative and Aria

from the opera "Ariadne auf Naxos"

Libretto by Hugo von Hofmansthal (1874-1929)

Great, high and mighty princess, you don't understand
that such a noble and exalted highborn lady's tragic
love can be compared on a scale with everybody else,
the same as mortal common girls.

And yet, aren't we just women after all, and underneath
that noble frame, there beats a trembling human heart?

To talk about our weaknesses, to confess them to
ourselves, confession's bittersweet? But isn't it a great
relief?

Now you refuse to listen, proud and lovely, still as
stone, an angel carved in marble, upon your tomb you
stand. You tolerate no other kind of friendship than
that of rocks and that of waving ocean.

Princess, you're not the only one, listen to me, we all,
yes, we all have had times like this – who is the girl
who hasn't suffered and still survived it?

Abandoned! in a turmoil! left alone!

Ah, desert isles like this one are uncountable in leas of
lonely people! I, yes I have found myself deserted
more than once, yet I don't place the blame on men
who've loved and left me.

Faithless, oh yes! so unfeeling, stop at nothing!

Just a fleeting day, a passionate night, a shift in the
wind, a wandering eye, their hearts have been lost, but
can women truly say we are less cruel, less fallible, less
likely to have a sudden change of heart?

Believing that I am finally settled, so sure of myself and

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noch mein ich mir selber so sicher zu sein, da mischt sich im Herzen leise betörend schon einer nie gekosteten Freiheit, schon einer neuen verstohlenen Liebe schweifendes, freches Gefühle sich ein.

Noch bin ich wahr und doch ist es gelogen, ich halte mich treu und bin schon schlecht, mit falschen Gewichten wird alles gewogen und halb mich wissend und halb im Taumel betrüg ich ihn endlich, und lieb ihn noch recht.

So war es mit Pagliazzo und Mezzetin! dann war es Cavicchio, dann Burattin, dann Pasquariello! Ach und zuweilen will es mir scheinen, waren es zwei!

Doch niemals Launen, immer ein Müssen, immer ein neues beklommenes Staunen: daß ein Herz sogar sich selber nicht versteht.

Als ein Gott kam Jeder gegangen
und sein Schritt schon machte mich stumm,
küßte er mir Stirn und Wangen,
war ich von dem Gott gefangen
und gewandelt um und um.

Kam der neue Gott gegangen,
hingegen war ich stumm, stumm...

the man that I love, my heart is confused by restless emotions, suddenly a need to try a little freedom, needing again the exciting adventure of feeling the thrill of a new secret love.

I seem so true, yet truth is an illusion, I try to be good and fail completely, the scales in the measure of hearts has been weighted, and half in confusion, with best of intentions I'm forced to betray them, betraying their trust and yet loving them all.

The first one was Pagliazzo, then Mezzetin, then came Cavicchio, then Burattin, then Pasquariello! And I remember one situation, two at one time!

But never lightly, always with passion driving me on to such crazy surprises: Can a heart be such a stranger to itself?

As a god each one appeared to me,
the effect was love at first sight,
only a kiss on the forehead
and I was completely in his power,
I surrendered there and then.

Then another god appeared to me,
I surrendered, I was spent, spent...

Ponies and Warhorses

A RECITAL OF SONGS AND OPERA ARIAS
BY HÄNDEL, PUCCINI, ROSSINI, FLOYD, DONIZETTI AND BELLINI

with

Elizabeth Parcells

COLORATURA SOPRANO

and

Alden Schell

PIANO

featuring

Cynthia Webster

Kaye Rittinger

Kimerica Ottogalli

Linda Meehan

Participants of the **Vocal Wisdom** Workshop
given by Ms. Parcells for
Learning @ the Opera House '99

**Sunday, July 11, 1999
at 3:00 PM**

Detroit Opera House

Program

I

Cynthia Webster
GEORG FRIEDRICH HANDEL
(1685-1759)

"V'adoro, pupille"
from **Giulio Cesare**

Kaye Rittinger
GIOACCHINO ROSSINI
(1792-1868)

Canzonetta Spangnuola

Kimerica Ottogalli
GIACOMO PUCCINI
(1858-1924)

"Quando m'en vo" (*Musetta's Waltz*) from
La Boheme

Linda Meehan
CARLISLE FLOYD
(b 1926)

"The trees on the mountains"
from **Susannah**

II

GAETANO DONIZETTI
(1797-1848)

Amiamo
La Gondola
Barcarola

"O mube! che lieve per l'aria ti aggiri"
"Nella pace nel mesto riposa"
from **Maria Stuarda**

III

VINCENZO BELLINI
(1801-1835)

Sei Ariette
Malinconia, Ninfa gentile
Vanne, o rosa fortunata
Bella Nice, che d'amore
Almen se non poss'io
Per pietà, bell'idol mio
Ma rendi pur contento

"Ah! non credea mirarti"
"Ah, non giunge"
from **La Sonnambula**

Texts

G. F. Handel V'adoro, pupille

I adore you, eyes, darts of love,
your sparks are welcome in my breast.

My sad heart, which calls you its dearly beloved
in every hour, longs for you to be compassionate.

G. Rossini Canzonnetta Spagnuola

In the midst of my pain, Aye!
I was painting one day, Aye!
When my muse came to me, Aye!
To torment me Aye! Aye! Aye!

Refrain: Painfully I leave work
Always always happy
which is for my Lila
The token of my love to celebrate

She ordered me to paint her
A superhuman task
But she ordered in vain
But he only could dream
Ah! with pain I leave...

The more my soul recognizes
The power of her beauty
The more my perverse star
Continues to deny my song, Aye!

Giacomo Puccini Quando m'en vo

When I go out alone in the street
People stop and stare and all study my beauty
from head to foot.
And then I savor the subtle longing that comes
from their eyes.
Thus the flow of desire completely surrounds me;
it makes me happy!
And you who know, who remember and are
melting with passion- you avoid me so?
I know well your sufferings –
You don't want to tell them.
I know well, but you feel like you are dying.

Gaetano Donizetti Let' love!

Our youth is so inviting,
So let us find delight.
The time for pleasure
Passes away forever.
Life can be solemn and dreary
If no one culls the flowers;
For love can be adorned
only with roses.

If you are lovely, the more you owe
To love your offerings and your vows.
No other gift will do for love's devotion.

Let's love, for time is flying.
A day devoid of loving
Is just a day of woe,
a day forgotten.

The Gondola

Quickly get into the gondola,
quickly, my lovely Cloris.
Come, let us seek together
the cooling zephyrs breezes
To relieve the heat of day.

Come now, the waves already
mirror the silver moonlight,
Just as the wind caresses
the peaceful water's surface,
You will be kissed like that.

Come now, loosen your jet black hair,
the wind will set it waving,
And make my heart beat with it,
if two such things are likened,
Then let them beat the same.

You'll see the clearest sky above
brilliant with stars and comets,
Two stars that shine most bright of all,
sisters that God created
Which ornament your face.

Come then, beautiful Cloris,
and you will see me joyful,
My heart in tender ecstasy
to have you sit beside me,
With love to feed my soul.

Then I will take your snow white hand
upon my heart with tenderness,
And be allowed to clasp it there.
then you will feel how frequent is
The beating of my heart.

Barcarole

Upon the silent, dark water,
just before the moonrise,
With swiftness, O gondolier,
please set sail on your course
But take good care that lightly
your prow caresses the sea.
That my dear one Leonora
who sings so anxiously the while,
Hears but my heart beating with love,
faithfull and true, rowing the oars.

Poets unknown

Recit. and Aria "O nube che lieve per l'aria t'agiri" "Nella pace nel mesto riposo" from the opera Maria Stuarda

Libretto: based on the drama by Schiller

*Mary, Queen of Scots, is a prisoner of the
English crown, to which she has a legitimate
claim. Queen Elizabeth is her rival for the
throne, her mortal enemy and, in this poetic
version of history, in love with the same man,
Robert Leichester. In this scene, Mary walks in
the park outside her prison and revels in the
beauty of the Springtime. Suddenly she hears
the sounds of a royal hunt and realized that she
is about to encounter Queen Elizabeth, a fateful
meeting arranged by Robert in a vain attempt to
reconcile the two queens. Mary expresses her
fear and misgivings.*

At last, in freedom to enjoy this rare pleasure
renews my courage! What binds me?
My prison walls the blue vault of heaven. Oh
cherished vision, this beauty! Oh let me joy in
Nature's bounty!

There now! The open meadows sweetly perfuming
the breezes with abundant blossoms fragrance...
They smile, yes, they smile in greeting.
The clouds that travel eastward soon will fly to that
country that I loved long ago in childhood.

France, dearest homeland, beloved France where
long ago I was happy.

The wind driven clouds are like sails eastward
flying. They carry my sorrow as tears and sighing
Away to where I was once loved and rever'd,
Protected, contented, and free from all fear.
Oh let me sail with you along on your voyage
To France and to freedom,
away from this sorrow!
But heedless, the clouds sail and fade from my
sight,
away to where I was once loved and rever'd...

To the peaceful retreat of my prison comes a new
threat of danger and peril.
I demanded in justice to meet her, now my
courage has suddenly failed me!
Let her reign on her throne undisputed.
I shall never reclaim what was mine.
Since the world has forgotten and scorned me,
nevermore can I hope to be free.
Since the world has forgotten and scorned me,
never again can I hope to be free.

Vincenzo Bellini Sei Ariette (Six Ariettes)

I

Melancholy, gentle nymph,
my life is consecrated to you;
The one who disdains your charms
has not realized true pleasure.
Fountains and hills are temples of gods;
Never the fountain of my desire,
Never the mountain shall I traverse.

II

Go, o fortunate rose,
to be placed on Nice's breast
and as one to be with her,
I shall envy your fate.
Oh, if I could only trade places
with you for a moment;
I could have no more contentment
than to sigh with that heart.

But you might be despised,
pretty rose, and become pale,

You will lose your color
from disdain and from sadness.
Lovely rose, it is destined
that we will share the same fate:
There we will both find death,
you from envy and I from love.

III

Lovely Nice, who inspires love,
excites the quiver of desire, ah!
Lovely Nice, of my heart
sweet hope and sole sigh,
Oh! Truly, not so distant,
perhaps for me that day is near
when the cruel hand of death
will cut me down.
When I am but a tragic
burdened spirit, oh! misery,
I beg you, remember with what faith
this heart has loved you.
Over my silent ashes
if you scatter then a flower
lovely Nice, less sorrowful
for me will be the grief.
I do not ask you to moisten my urn
with your tears, ah!
If only I might hope a little,
I could die at once.

IV

If I cannot travel with my dear love,
let the affection of my heart
go with him in my place.
Thus ever near to you
surrounding you with love,
the uncertain roads you tread
will not seem unfamiliar at all.

V

For pity's sake, my dear idol,
do not say that I am ungrateful:
Unhappy and hated,
Heaven would reject me.
That I am faithful to you,
of my aspirations toward your eyes,
pale love, the gods know it,
my heart, and yours know it.

VI

But grant pure happiness
to the heart of my dearest one,
so that even if I lose her love,
my own happiness is not important.
I would dread her suffering
much more than my own suffering
because, whatever emotions she feels,
I must feel all the more in myself.

Poet unknown

Aria "A non credea"

"A non giunge" from *La Sonnambula*

Libretto: Felice Romani

Amina, a village girl, is in love with Elvino. She has an interesting habit of sleepwalking around the village at night and this makes Elvino uneasy and jealous. He rejects her, breaking off their engagement after catching her in another man's chamber, supposedly sleepwalking. In this aria, Amina is once again asleep, walking along a precarious path in danger of falling to her death. Breathless, the village watches. Then, the danger past and Amina awakened, Elvino is convinced of her virtue and asks her forgiveness, which she joyfully gives him, singing happily of their future together.

Ah! Never did I think to see thee
so quickly decaying, O flower;
Just like a love that had its hour,
that lasts but only one single day.
New life could I provide this flower
with all my tears of sorrow flowing,
but to revive love's power
my tears and weeping are all in vain.

Ah! add no other human emotion
to the gladness I feel so deeply,
I can sense it, my dearest treasure,
you believe me, your trust is mine.
Ah, embrace me, we'll be together,
bound forever our hopeful future.
Then wherever our earthly home is,
we will make it a heaven of love.

*English translations:
Elizabeth Parcells*