

Ponies and Warhorses

A concert of songs and opera arias
by Mozart, Donizetti and Bellini

Home
page

with

Elizabeth Parcells

coloratura soprano

and

Alden Schell

piano

Program

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART
(1756-1791)

Das Veilchen
Abendempfindung
An Cloë

"Martern aller Arten"
from the opera **Entführung aus dem Serail**

GAETANO DONIZETTI
(1797-1848)

Amiamo
La Gondola
Barcarola

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

VINCENZO BELLINI
(1801-1835)

Lamento per la morte di Bellini

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 the opera **La Sonnambula**

Texts

Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
gebückt in sich und unbekannt:
es war ein herzigs Veilchen.

Da kam ein' junge Schäferin
mit leichtem Schritt und munterm Sinn
daher die Wiese her und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur
die schönste Blume der Natur,
ach, nur ein kleines Weilchen,

bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt
und an dem Busen mattgedrückt,
ach, nur ein Viertelstündchen lang.

Ach, aber ach! Das Mädchen kam
und nicht in acht das Veilchen nahm,
ertrat das arme Veilchen.

Es sank und starb, und freut' sich noch:
und sterb ich denn, so sterb ich doch
durch sie, zu ihren Füßen doch.

Das arme Veilchen! es war ein herzigs Veilchen.

Wolfgang von Goethe

Abendempfindung

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden
und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
so entfliehn des Lebens schönste Stunden,
fliehn vorüber wie im Tanz.
Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
und der Vorhang rollt herab.
Aus ist unser Spiel! des Freundes Träne
fließet schon auf unser Grab.

The Violet

A violet in the meadow stood,
with humble bow, demure and good,
it was the sweetest violet.

There came along a shepherdess
with youthful step and happiness,
who sang along the way this song.

Oh! thought the violet, how I pine
for natures beauty to be mine,
if only for a moment,

for then my love might notice me
and on her bosom fasten me,
I wish, if but a moment long.

But, cruel fate! The maiden came,
without a glance or care for him,
she trampled down the violet.

He sank and died, but happily,
and so I die, then let me die
for her, beneath her darling feet.

Poor little violet! It was the sweetest violet.

Evening Sentiment

Eventide, the sun is disappearing
and the moon beams silvery light;
Thus it is that life's fairest hours are fleeting,
like a dance in swiftest flight.
Thus it is that life's bright scenes are ending
and the final curtain falls.
Now the play is done! Our friends lamenting
at the grave, their tears will fall.
Soon perhaps, a quiet premonition
gently wafting from the West,
I shall end this life of pilgrim's mission,

Bald vielleicht, mir weht wie Westwind leise,
eine stille Ahnung zu
schließ ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
fliege in das Land der Ruh.
Werd't ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,
trauernd meine Asche sehn,
dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
und will Himmel auf euch wehn.
Schenk auch du ein Tränchen mir
und pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab,
und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.
Weih mir eine Träne, und ach!
schäme dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weihn,
o sie wird in meinem Diademe
dann die schönste Perle sein.

Dichter unbekannt

An Chloë

Wenn die Lieb aus deinen blauen,
hellen, offenen Augen sieht,
und für Lust hinein zu schauen,
mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht,
und ich halte dich und küsse
deine Rosenwangen warm,
liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
zittern'd dich in meinen Arm!
Mädchen, und ich drücke
dich an meinen Busen fest,
der im letzten Augenblicke
sterbend nur von dich läßt;
den berauschten Blick umschattet
eine düstre Wolke mir,
und ich sitze dann ermattet
aber selig neben dir.

Aria "Martern aller Arten"

Martern aller Arten
mögen meiner warten,

fly away into the Land of Rest.
Will then you be there among the mourners,
seeing my ashes, will you grieve?
Then, o friends, my mem'ry will sustain you,
Heaven's peace your pain relieve.
Shed a single tear for me
and on my grave one violet gently place,
and with looks so sad and full of feeling
gaze on me with your sweet face.
Bless me with a single tear, but oh!
do not be ashamed to let it fall,
in the crown I wear for all eternity
it shall be the fairest pearl of all.

Poet unknown

To Clorinda

When the flame of love is burning,
shining in your eyes of blue,
and I gaze at them with yearning,
in my heart I feel it too,
and I hold and kiss you sweetly
on your cheek so rosey warm,
darling maiden, then I sweetly
hold you trembling in my arms!
Dearest, then I press you
warmly, firmly to my heart,
which will nevermore release you,
never more 'til death do part,
then my raptured gaze is shadowed
by a misty cloud of dew,
and I find myself exhausted
but contented close to you.

Aria "Every kind of torture"

Every kind of torture
may indeed be my fortune,
I shall bear it, torment and pain.
No, nothing shall confound me,

ich verlache Qual und Pein.
Nichts soll mich erschüttern
nur dann würd ich zittern
wenn ich untreu könnte sein.
Laß dich bewegen, verschone mich,
des Himmels Segen belohne dich.
Doch du bist entschlossen,
willig, unverdrossen
wähl ich jede Pein und Not.
Ordne nur, gebiete,
lärm, tobe, wüte,
zuletzt befreit mich doch der Tod.

Amiamo

Or che l'età ne invita,
Cerchiamo di goder.
L'istante del piacer passa e non torna.
Grave divien la vita
Se non si coglie il fior;
Di fresche rose amor solo l'adorna.
Più bella sei, più devi
Ad amor voti e fé:
Altra beltá non è che un suo tributo.
Amiam ché i dì son brevi;
È un giorno senza amore
Un giorno di dolor, giorno perduto.

La Gondola

Meco in barchetta celere
Scendi, leggiadra Clori.
Vieni, cerchiamo ai Zeffiri
Conforto degli ardori
Che riscaldano il dì.
Vieni, già l'onda tremola
È specchio della luna,
E come l'aure baciano
La placida laguna
Te bacieran così.

unless my true love found me
to be faithless at the end.
Let pity move you, have mercy on me.
Then Heaven's blessing you shall see.
No, you are unfeeling,
constant and unyielding
I shall suffer pain and death.
Call the guards, command them,
shouting, beating, raging,
at last my death will set me free.

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.

Vieni, e il tuo crin nerissimo
In preda all'aure ondeggi,
E del mio core il palpito
Coll'ondeggiar pareggi,
Se pareggiar si può.
Vedrai nel cielo limpido
Brillar lucenti stelle,
A cui due luci fulgide
Iddio creò sorelle,
E il tuo bel viso ornò.

Scendi, vezzosa Clorinde,
E me vedrai beato,
E in estasi soavissima
Di te seduto a lato
Mi pascerò d'amor.
E la tua destra candida
Al petto mollemente
Fa che mi possa premere,
E il palpito frequente
Indenda del mio cor.

Barcarole

Sull'onda cheta e bruna,
Pria che sorga la luna,
Veloce, o gondolier,
Deh, solca il tuo sentier,
Ma veh che la tua prora,
Carezzi lieve il mar.
A solo sol Leonora,
Che canta ansiosa ogn'ora,
Oda del cor tra'l palpitar
Del fido amante il remigar.

Aria "Regnava nel silenzio" dell' opera Lucia di Lammermoor

Regnava nel silenzio alta la notte e bruna,
Colpia la fonte un palido raggio di tetra luna,
Quando un sommesso gemito fra l'aure udir si fe'

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.

Aria "Reigning in silent darkness" from Lucia di Lammermoor

Reigning in silent darkness, shadowy night had
fallen.
Striking the fountain's water one pale ray of
moonlight.

Ed ecco su quel margine l'ombra mostrarsi a me!
Qual di chi parla, muoversi il labbro suo vedea
E con la mano esanime chiamarmi a sèparea;
Stette un momento immobile poi rata dileguò,
E l'onda pria sì limpida di sangue rosseggiò.

Egli è luce a' giorni miei, è conforto al mio penar.

Quando rapito in estasi del più cocente ardore,
Col favellar del core, mi giura eterna fè,
Gli affanni miei dimentico, gioja diviene il pianto,
Parmi, che a lui d'accanto si schiuda il ciel per me.

Lamento della morte di Bellini

Venne sull'ali ai zeffiri
Agl'Itali un sospiro:
Era dell'Orfeo Siculo
Ultimo e triste spiro;
Era l'addio del figlio
Che muore in stranio suol.

Commosa, Italia al nunzio
Di così ria sventura
Piange sul fato barbaro,
Che i suoi miglior le fura,
E il pianto dell'Italia
Ha l'eco in stranio suol.

Ora che al coro angelico
Ti unisti, o spirto eletto,
Spiega i concetti flebili,
Il canto dell'affetto,
E per udirti gl'angeli
Terran sospeso il vol.

Then could be heard a sighing, mournful upon
the wind,
And here at the edge of the water a ghost
motioned to me!
Wanting to speak, I saw her moving her lips in
silence,
And with her hand so lifeless and cold,
beckoned to me;
Stood for a moment motionless and then she
disappeared,
Then the water, so clear before, ran red with
blood.
He is the light of my days and the comfort of
my sorrow.

Carried away with the exstasy of such a burning
ardor,
Said in the language of the heart, he swore
eternal faith,
Emotion made me forget myself, joy mingled
with tears,
Likewise, when I am near him, the heavens open
for me.

Lament for the death of Bellini

On the wings of the Zephres
To Italy came a sigh:
It was the Orpheus of Sicily's
Final and tragic breath;
It was the farwell of a son
Who died on foreign soil.

Touched, Italy reacted
To such dreadful misfortune,
Bewailed the cruel fate
Which took her finest son
And the mourning of Italy
Was echoed in foreign lands.

Now that to the choir of angels
You belong, o chosen spirit,
Unfold your mournful harmonies,
Your songs of sweet emotion,
And to hear you the angels
Will hover suspended in flight.

Perhaps the harmonious chords
That you tune in Paradise
Will come down on Zephyrs wings
To bring us solice and smiles,
May these be the farwell of our son
That has winged his way to heaven.

Forse i concerti armonici
Che accordi in Paradiso
Verran sull'ale ai zeffiri
A confortarci al riso,
E fien l'addio del figlio
Che al ciel si mosse a vol.

Sei Ariette

Malinconia, ninfa gentile,
La vita mia consa cro a te;
I tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile,
Ai piacer veri nato non è.
Fonti e coline chiesi agli Dei;
M'udiro alfine, pago io vivrò,
Nè mai quel fonte co' desir miei,
Nè mai quel monte trapasserò.

Vanne, o rosa fortunata,
A posar di Nice in petto
Ed ognun sarà costretto
La tua sorte invidiar.
Oh, se in te potessi anch'io
Trasformarmi un sol momento;
Non avria più bel contento
Questo core a sospirar.
Ma tu inchini dispettosa,
Bella rosa impallidita,
La tua fronte scolorita
Dallo sdegno e dal dolor.
Bella rosa, è destinata
Ad entrambi un'ugual sorte:
Là trovar dobbiam la morte,
Tu d'invidia ed io d'amor.

Bella Nice, che d'amore
Desti il fremito e il desir, ah!
Bella Nice, del mio core
Dolce speme e sol sospir,
Ahi! Verrà, nè si lontano

Six Little Arias

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.

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 dispised,
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.

Lovely Nice, which of love
excites the quiver and desire, ah!
Lovely Nice, of my heart
sweet hope and sole sigh,
Oh! Truly, not so distant
perhaps to me that day is near,
when the cruel hand of death

Forse a me quel giorno è già,
Che di morte l'empia mano
Il mio stame troncherà.
Quando in grembo al feral nido
Peso, ah! misero, io sarò,
Deh! deh, rammenta quanto fido
Questo cor ognor t'amo.
Sul mio cenere tacente
Se tu spargi allora un fior,
Bella Nice, men dolente
Dell'avel mi fia l'orror.
Non ti chiedo che di pianto
Venga l'urna mia a bagnar, ah!
Se sperar potess'io tanto,
Vorrei subito spirar.

Almen se non poss'io
Seguir l'amato bene,
Affetti del cor mio,
Seguitelo per me.
Già sempre a lui vicino
Raccolti amor vi tiene
E insolito cammino
Questo per voi non è.

Per pietà, bell' idol mio,
Non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato;
Infelice e sventurato
Abbastanza il Ciel mi fa.
Se fedele a te son io,
Se mi struggo ai tuoi bel lumi,
Sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi,
Il mio core, il tuo lo sa.

Ma rendi pur contento
Della mia bella il core
E ti perdono amore
Se lieto il mio non e.
L'affanno suoi pavento
Piu degli affanno miei

will cut me down.
When in the bosom tragic haunt
burden, oh! misery, I will be,
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 with tears
to moisten my urn, ah!
If only I might hope a little,
I want to expire suddenly.

If I cannot travel
With my dear love,
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 strange at all.

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,
That my aspirations toward your eyes,
Pale love, the Gods know it,
My heart, and yours know it.

But grant pure happiness
To the heart of my dearest
And if I lose her love
If glad I am not.
I fear her suffering
More than my own suffering
Because as much as she feels,
Much more do I feel for her.

Perche piu vivo in lei
Di quell ch'io vivo in me.

La Sonnambula

Ah, non credea mirarti
sì presto estinto, o fiore;
passasti al par d'amore
che un giorno solo durò.
Potria novel vigore
il pianto recarti,
ma ravvivar l'amore
il pianto mio, ah, no, non può.

Ah, non giunge uman pensiero
al contento ond'io son piena:
a' miei sensi io credo appena;
tu m'affida, o mio tesor.
Ah, mi abbraccia, e sempre in sieme,
sempre uniti in una speme,
della terra in cui viviamo
ci formiamo un ciel d'amor.

The Sleepwalker

Who thought to see thee languish
And wither so quickly, O flower:
Like passion that has its hour,
And one day only will remain.
I may restore this flower
By tears of bitter anguish,
But to revive love's power
These tears of mine are shed in vain.

Add no thought from the world of mortals
To the rapture my hear is feeling:
What my senses are now revealing
That you trust me is heaven above.
Ah, embrace me, in me confiding,
Reunited, in hope abiding.
Of the wide world, where fate may take us,
We shall make us a heaven of love.