Program Notes and Translations

English Baroque composer, Henry Purcell began composing at just nine years old. He is considered to be one of the most important English composers of his time and his work is admired for its originality. Purcell is known for having written more than 100 songs and is remembered for notable works such as his opera *Dido and Aeneas*, and semi-operas *King Arthur*, *Dioclesian*, and composition *Come Ye Sons of Art*.

**Sweeter than roses**
-Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze, 
On a warm flowery shore, was the dear kiss
  First trembling made me freeze, 
  Then shot like fire all o’er. 
What magic has victorious love! 
For all I touch or see, since that dear kiss, 
  I hourly prove, all is love to me.

*(Anonymous)*

**What can we poor females do**
-What can we poor females do, 
  When pressing, teasing lovers sue? 
What can we poor females do? 
  Fate affords no other way, 
  But denying or complying, 
  And resenting or consenting, 
  Does alike our hopes betray.

*(Anonymous)*

**If music be the food of love**
-If music be the food of love, 
  Sing on till I am fill’d with joy; 
  For then my list’ning soul you move, 
  To pleasures that can never cloy. 
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare 
  That you are music ev’rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear, 
  So fierce the transports are, they wound, 
  And all my senses feasted are, 
  Tho’ yet the treat is only sound. 
Sure I must perish by your charms, 
  Unless you save me in your arms.

*(Henry Heveningham)*
Maurice Ravel was a French composer, pianist, and conductor of the Impressionist era. Once considered the best living composer in France, he made great strides in musical form, tonality, and style. Some of his most memorable works include *Boléro* (1928), *Pavane pour une infante défunte* (1899), and the opera *L’Enfant et les sortilèges* (1925). In the middle of his career, Ravel composed the song cycle *Cinq Mélodies populaires grecques* (1904). It consists of five harmonized Greek folk songs with text from original Greek poetry and translated by Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi. Each of the pieces are independent from one another in terms of character and environment.

**Chanson de la mariée**
Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté, mon cœur en est brûlé!
Vois le ruban d’or que je t’apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!

**The Bride’s Awakening**
Wake up, wake up, pretty partridge,
Spread your wings to the morning,
Three beauty spots - and my heart's ablaze.
See the golden ribbon I bring you
To tie around your tresses.
If you wish, my beauty, let us marry!
In our two families all are related.

**Là-bas, vers l’église**
Là-bas, vers l’église,
Vers l’église Ayio Sidéro,
L’église, ô Vierge sainte,
L’église Ayio Costanndino,
Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!

**Down there by the church**
Down there by the church,
By the church of Saint Sideros,
The church, O Holy Virgin,
The church of Saint Constantine,
Are gathered together,
Buried in infinite numbers,
The bravest people, O Holy Virgin,
The bravest people in the world!

**Quel galant m’est comparable**
Quel galant m’est comparable,
D’entre ceux qu’on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?
Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
Pistolets et sabre aigu …
Et c’est toi que j’aime!

**What galant can compare with me?**
What gallant can compare with me?
Among those seen passing by?
Tell me, Mistress Vassiliki?
See, hanging at my belt,
Pistols and sharp sword...
And it's you I love!

**Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques**
O joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon cœur,
Trésor qui m’est si cher;
Joie de l’âme et du cœur,
Toi que j’aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu’un ange.
Ô lorsque tu parsais,
Ange si doux
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas! tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent!

**Song of the lentisk gatherers**
O joy of my soul,
Joy of my heart,
Treasure so dear to me;
Joy of the soul and of the heart,
You whom I love with passion,
You are more beautiful than an angel.
Oh, when you appear,
Angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a lovely, blond angel
Under the bright sun -
Alas, all our poor hearts sigh!

**Tout gai!**
Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la varicella la varicella …

**So merry!**
So merry, Ah, so merry;
Lovely leg, tireli, that dances
Lovely leg, the crockery dances,
Tra la la.

*(Michel Dimitir Calvocoressi)*

Translation: Richard Stokes
Antonín Dvořák was a Czech composer, born 1841, who was one of the first composers to receive worldwide recognition for his work. He began his music studies at the age of six. Through participation and performances with Karel Komzak’s orchestra he was introduced to opera. Much of his music is reflective of his heritage and native land. Dvořák’s opera *Rusalka*, composed in 1901 with libretto by Jaroslav Kvapil, is based on early folklore and fairy tales. It tells the story of Rusalka, a young water sprite, who falls in love with a handsome prince. In *Song to the Moon* Rusalka begs the moon to bring her love to her so that she can embrace him.

**Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém**
Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém,  
světlo tvé daleko vidi,  
po světě bloudí širokém,  
dívá se v příbytky lidí,  
po světě bloudí širokém,  
dívá se v příbytky lidí.

Měsíčku, postůj chvíli,  
Řekni mi, kde je můj milý,  
Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku,  
mé že jej objímá rámě,  
aby si alespoň chvilíčku  
vzpomenul ve snění na mě,  
aby si alespoň chvilíčku  
vzpomenul ve snění na mě.

Zasvít mu do daleka,  
řekni mu, řekni mu, kdo tu naň čeká!  
O mně-li duše lidská sní,  
at’ se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!  
Měsíčku, nezhasní, nezhasní!  
měsíčku, nezhasní!

*Song to the Moon*
Moon in the broad sky,  
your beams see afar,  
around the entire earth you roam,  
you see into the homes of people,  
around the entire earth you roam,  
you see into the homes of people.

Moon, pause for a moment,  
Answer me, where is my love?  
Tell him, oh pale moon,  
that my arms envelop him,  
so that he, for at least a moment,  
might see me in his dreams,  
so that he, for at least a moment,  
might see me in his dreams.

Give him your beams afar,  
tell him, that I wait for him here!  
Oh, if his human heart dreams of me,  
let this vision awaken!  
Moon, stay with me, stay with me,  
oh, moon, stay with me!

*(Jaroslav Kvapil)*

Translation: Robert Larsen

~INTERMISSION~
Program Notes and Translations

Giacomo Puccini was an Italian opera composer whose early work was rooted in late 19th century Romantic era. His greatest works include La Bohème (1896), Tosca (1900), and Madame Butterfly (1904). The majority of his works embody the theme of “Chi ha vissuto per amore, per amore si morì” translating to “He who has lived for love, will die for love.” Le Villi, an opera in two acts, premiered in 1884. In the aria Se come voi piccina, Anna begs her lover Roberto not to forget her, fearing that she will never see him again.

Se come voi piccina
Se come voi piccina io fossi,
o vaghi fior, sempre, sempre,
vicina potrei stare al mio amor.

Allor dirgli vorrei:
“Io penso sempre a te!”
Ripeter gli potrei:
“Non ti scordar di me!”
io penso sempre a te!
Non ti scordar di me!
No! no! no! no! non ti scordar di me!

Voi di me più felici,
lo se guirete, o fior;
per valli e per pendici
se guirete il mio amor.

Ah, se il nome che avete
menzognero non è,
de! al mio amor ripetete:
Non ti scordar di me!
No! no! no! no! non ti scordar di me!

(Ferdinando Fontana)

If I were tiny like you
If I were tiny like you,
oh pretty flowers, always, always,
I could remain near my love.

Then I would like to say to him:
“I am thinking always of you!”
I could repeat again and again to him:
“Do not forget me!”
I am thinking always of you!
Do not forget me!
No! No! No! No! Do not forget me!

You who are more happy than I am,
you will accompany him, oh flower;
over valleys and hills
you will guide my love.

Ah, if your name
does not lie,
say again to my love:
Do not forget me!
No! No! No! No! Do not forget me!

Translation: Christina Monticciolo
Italian composer Gioachino Rossini, of the early Romantic era, has most notably been remembered for his work in opera. He is known for his embellished melodies, bel canto style, and animated ensemble work. In 1835 he composed the three-piece song cycle, La Regata Veneziana. This work transports the listener to canals of Venice, where a young woman, Anzoleta, watches and cheers on her gondolier lover, Momolo in a regatta race. We start the first piece with Anzoleta overlooking the balcony, and with excitement and anticipation she cheers for him to win the race. The second takes place during the race as Anzoleta watches and worries. Finally, in the third piece, Anzoleta, celebrates Momolo’s triumph and offers to shower him with many kisses.

**Anzoleta avanti la regata**
Sul palco sventola la gran bandiera,
guarda, si guardala, valla pigliar.
Hai a recarmela prima di sera,
o più tra gli uomini non ti mostrar.

In poppa, Momolo, non indugiar.

**Anzoleta co passa la regata**
Sono qua, non vedi,
curvi stanno in sovra al remo
ahi la meta è ancor lontana,
gira il vento a tramontana,
poveretti io tutta tremo,
la corrente è in lor favor.

Il mio Momolo l’hai visto?
Or lo scorgo, egli è secondo.
Ah! che smania! mi confondo,
ahi! Balzar mi sento il cor.

Su coraggio, voga, pria di giunger alla meta spiega tutta
la tua foga, e nessun ti vincerà.
Caro, par ch’i voli, li ha passati tutti quanti,
mezza barca sta davanti, ah comprendo, ei mi guradò.

**Anzoleta dopo la regata**
Prendi un bacio, un altro ancora,
caro Momolo, di cor;
su riposati che è ora
ch’io t’asciughì quel sudor.

Ah t’ho visto, m’hai guardato
sul poggiolo nel passar
e pensai racconsolata:
un bel premio ei de’ pigliar.

Si un bel premio è la bandiera,
quando è rossa di color;
non un sol Venezia intera,
ti proclama vincitor.

Prendi un bacio, benedetto non hai pari nel vogar,
per famiglia per traghetto niun a petto ti può star.

*(Count Carlo Pepoli)*

**Angelina before the regatta**
On the deck the great flag is fluttering,
look, yes look, go and grab it.
Oh bring it to me before evening,
Otherwise no longer show yourself among men

On deck, Momolo, don’t delay.

**Angelina during the regatta**
Here they come, look at them, see them
curved over the oars
alas the goal is still far away
the wind is tumbling against them
the poor people the wind turning against them
the tide in their favor.

My Momolo, do you see him?
Ah I see him in second place.
Ah! The excitement is too much for me,
ah I can feel my heart racing.

Keep it up, row, keep going, you must be the first to reach the end,
and no one else will win.
Dear, it’s like he’s flying, and he’s passing all of them
a half a length ahead before them, now I understand, he’s seen me.

**Angelina after the regatta**
Take a kiss, another,
dear Momolo, from my heart;
here at your right hand it’s time
to dry your sweat.

Ah I have seen you in passing
by throwing my glance toward you
and enjoyed whispering:
he will catch a beautiful prize.

Yes this flag is a nice prize,
it is red;
of which all Venice will talk,
you are called the winner.

Take a kiss, no rower is more blessed than you,
yours is the best name among rowers of boats.

Translation: Christina Monticciolo
Austrian composer, Franz Schubert, was a master of lyrical beauty and harmony during the Classical and early Romantic eras. It wasn’t until after his death that his music gained immense popularity and praise. Known for being very shy and reserved, Schubert was often reluctant to share some of his best works with the public. His musical legacy consists of over 600 compositions for male and female voice, seven complete symphonies, several operas, and a collection of piano and chamber music. German lied 'Rastlose Liebe', written in 1821, tells of the restless energy in love. The text, by Goethe, was written in a snowstorm in the Thuringian Forest of South Germany. ‘An die Musik’, another popular art song of Schubert’s, is an ode to music and the joy that melody brings to the world. It praises music as an art form and has become one of his most memorable works. Among his greatest works is the piece 'Gretchen am Spinnrade', text from Wolfgang von Goethe’s Faust, composed in 1814. This was his 30th composition and is glorified for setting the stage for the art song genre. This German lieder intimately looks at Gretchen at her spinning wheel as she mourns the loss of her lover, wondering how she will ever have peace without him.

**Rastlose Liebe**

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,  
Dem Wind entgegen,  
Im Dampf der Klüfte,  
Durch Nebeldüfte,  
Immer zu! Immer zu!  
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Lieber durch Leiden  
Möcht' ich mich schlagen,  
Als so viel Freuden  
Des Lebens ertragen.  
Alle das Neigen  
Von Herzen zu Herzen,  
Ach, wie so eigen  
Schaffet es Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich flieh’n?  
Wälderwärts zieh’n?  
Alles vergebens!  
Krone des Lebens,  
Glück ohne Ruh,  
Liebe, bist du!

*(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)*

**Restless Love**

Into the snow, the rain,  
And the wind,  
Through steamy ravines,  
Through mists,  
Onwards, ever onwards!  
Without respite!

I would sooner fight my way  
Through suffering  
Than endure so much  
Of life’s joy.  
This affection  
Of one heart for another,  
Ah, how strangely  
It creates pain!

How shall I flee?  
Into the forest?  
It is all in vain!  
Crown of life,  
Happiness without peace –  
This, O love, is you!

*(Translation: Richard Wigmore)*

**An die Musik**

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,  
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,  
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb’ entzunden,  
Hast mich in eine bessre Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf’ entflossen,  
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir  
Den Himmel bessrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,  
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!  
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir.

*(Franz von Schober)*

**To Music**

Beloved art, in how many a bleak hour,  
When I am enmeshed in life’s tumultuous round,  
Have you kindled my heart to the warmth of love, and  
Borne me away to a better world!

Often a sigh, escaping from your harp,  
A sweet, celestial chord  
Has revealed to me a heaven of happier times.  
Beloved art, for this I thank you!  
Beloved art, I thank you.

*(Translation: Richard Wigmore)*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Gretchen am Spinnrade</th>
<th>Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Meine Ruh ist hin,</td>
<td>My peace is gone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mein Herz ist schwer,</td>
<td>My heart is heavy;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ich finde sie nimmer</td>
<td>I shall never</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Und nimmermehr.</td>
<td>Ever find peace again.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wo ich ihn nicht hab,</td>
<td>When he’s not with me,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ist mir das Grab,</td>
<td>Life’s like the grave;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Die ganze Welt</td>
<td>The whole world</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ist mir vergällt.</td>
<td>Is turned to gall.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mein armer Kopf</td>
<td>My poor head</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ist mir verrückt,</td>
<td>Is crazed,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mein armer Sinn</td>
<td>My poor mind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ist mir zerstückt.</td>
<td>Shattered.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nach ihm nur schau ich</td>
<td>My peace is gone</td>
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<tr>
<td>Zum Fenster hinaus,</td>
<td>My heart is heavy;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nach ihm nur geh ich</td>
<td>I shall never</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aus dem Haus.</td>
<td>Ever find peace again.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sein hoher Gang,</td>
<td>His proud bearing</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sein’ edle Gestalt,</td>
<td>His noble form,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Seines Mundes Lächeln,</td>
<td>The smile on his lips,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Seiner Augen Gewalt,</td>
<td>The power of his eyes,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Und seiner Rede</td>
<td>And the magic flow</td>
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<tr>
<td>Zauberfluss,</td>
<td>Of his words,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sein Händedruck,</td>
<td>The touch of his hand,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Und ach, sein Kuss!</td>
<td>And ah, his kiss!</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mein Busen drängt</td>
<td>My bosom yearns</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sich nach ihm hin,</td>
<td>For him,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auch dürfen’ ich fassen</td>
<td>Ah! If I could clasp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Und halten ihn,</td>
<td>And hold him,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Und küssen ihn,</td>
<td>And kiss him,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So wie ich wollt’,</td>
<td>To my heart’s content,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An seinen Küszen</td>
<td>And in his kisses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vergehen sollt’!</td>
<td>Perish</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)*

Translation: Richard Stokes
Program Notes and Translations

Eric Whitacre is an American Grammy Award winning composer and conductor who is best known for his choral, orchestral, and wind symphony work. He composed Goodnight Moon in 2012 after many years of reading the children's book, written by Margaret Wise Brown, to his young son. This art song is a lullaby in which Whitacre’s weightless and shimmering compositional style comes to life. The text playfully acknowledges the many objects in the room, saying goodnight to each one before finally reaching a dreamlike state.

**Goodnight Moon**

In the great green room
there was a telephone
and a red balloon
and a picture of-
the cow jumping over the moon,

and there were three little bears sitting on chairs,
and two little kittens,
and a pair of mittens,
and a little toy house,
and a young mouse,
and a comb and a brush,
and a bowl full of mush,
and a quiet old lady who was whispering “hush”.

Goodnight room,
goodnight moon,
goodnight cow jumping over the moon,
goodnight light
and the red balloon,

goodnight bears,
goodnight chairs,
goodnight kittens,
goodnight mittens,

goodnight clocks
and goodnight socks,
goodnight little house,
goodnight mouse,

goodnight comb
and goodnight brush,
goodnight nobody
goodnight mush,
and goodnight to the old lady whispering “hush”.

goodnight stars,
goodnight air,
goodnight noises everywhere.

*(Margaret Wise Brown)*