

Program Notes, Texts, and Translations

“Tu preparati a morire” from *Ariodante*
George Frideric Handel

George Frideric Handel (1685–1759) was a prolific English composer of the late Baroque Era. Born and raised in Germany, Handel spent his early career as a violinist, harpsichordist, and director of music for a public opera house in Hamburg. Handel spent most of his career in England, however, and eventually became a citizen in 1727. A two year visit to Italy inspired his love for Italian opera, a genre he popularized in London for a number of years. Beyond oratorios and instrumental works, he composed an impressive 36 operas in London between 1712 and 1741.

“Tu preparati a morire” is an aria from *Ariodante*, a three-act opera premiered in London in 1735. In this moment of Act II, prince Ariodante is betrothed to Ginevra, the daughter of the King of Scotland. Ariodante is outraged when Duke Polinesso (falsely) claims that Ginevra is unfaithful - in love with Polinesso instead. As with baroque tradition, this aria is in *da capo* style, which is heard in the embellished repeat of the first section.

Tu preparati a morire

Tu preparati a morire,
se mentire ti vedrò!

Se la bella m'ha ingannato,
disperato io morirò.

You, prepare to die

You, prepare to die,
if I catch you lying!

If the beauty has deceived me,
I shall die in desperation.

Quatre chants populaires
Maurice Ravel

Maurice Ravel (1875–1937) was a 20th-century French composer and pianist with Spanish roots. He is a meticulous and deliberate composer, whose works reflect an affinity for folk music, children's stories, and animals. At 14 years old, Ravel won a place at the Paris Conservatoire and later studied with Gabriel Fauré. Between the early 1890s and 1930s, he composed 60 compositions - over half being instrumental.

Quatre chants populaires (1910) is a cycle of four folk songs reflecting Ravel's exotic style and interest in poetry from various nations. Although all can be sung in French, Ravel preferred his melodies to be sung in their original language. “Chanson espagnole” is in the Galician dialect of Spain, “Chanson française” is in the Limousin dialect of the Occitan language, “Mélodie italienne” is in the Roman dialect, and “Chanson hébraïque” combines Hebrew and Yiddish. From French courtship to Hebrew prayer, you will hear Ravel's distinct musical and dramatic representation of each country.

Chanson espagnole

Adios men homino, adios,
Ja qui te marchas pr'a guerra,
Non t'olvides d'aprendina
Quiche qued' a can'a terra.
La, la, la...

Castellanos de Castilla,
Tratade ben os gallegos:
Cando van, van como rosas,
Cando ven, ven como negros.
La, la, la...

Chanson française

Janeta ount anirem gardar,
Qu'ajam boun tems un' oura? Lan la!

Aval, aval, al prat barrat;
la de tan belas oumbas! Lan la!

Lou pastour quita soun mantel,
Per far sieire Janeta, Lan la!

Janeta a talamen jougat,
Que se ies oublidada, Lan la!

Mélodie italienne

M'affaccio la finestra e vedo l'onde,
Vedo le mi miserie che sò granne.

Chiamo l'amore mio, nun m'arrisponde.

Chanson hébraïque

Mejerke, main Suhn,
Zi weiss tu, var wemen du steihst?
"Lifnei Melech Malchei hamlochim," Tatumju.

Mejerke, main Suhn,
Wos ze westu bai lhm bet'n?
"Boneh, Chayei, M'zuneh," Tatumju.

Spanish song

Goodbye my husband, goodbye,
Now that you are leaving for the war,
Don't forget to be in touch with those
Who are staying behind in this country.
La, la, la...

Castilians of Castille,
Treat the Galicians well:
When they leave, they leave like roses,
When they return, they return blackened.
La, la, la...

French song

"Jeanette, where shall we tend our sheep,
To have an hour's good time? Hey ho!"

"Down there in the gated meadow,
There is plenty of lovely shade. Hey ho!"

The shepherd takes off his cloak,
And sits Jeannette down. Hey ho!

Jeanette played so much,
That she forgot herself! Hey ho!

Italian melody

I look out the window and see the waves,
I see my sorrows, which are great.

I call to my love, he does not answer.

Hebraic song

Mayerke, my son,
Do you know before Whom you stand?
"Before the King of the King of Kings," dear father.

Mayerke, my son,
What will you ask of Him?
"Children, life, and sustenance," dear father.

Mejerke, main Suhn,
Oif vos darfs tu Boneh?
"Bonim eiskim batoiroh," Tatumju.

Mejerke, main Suhn,
Oif vos darfs tu chayeit?
"Kol chai choduchot," Tatumju.

Mejerke, main Suhn,
Oif vos darfs tu M'zuneh?
"V'echalto v'sovatoh uverachtoh," Tatumju.

Mayerke, my son,
For what do you need children?
"Children to study the Torah," dear father.

Mayerke, my son,
For what do you need life?
"All life shall praise Him," dear father.

Mayerke, my son,
For what do you need sustenance?
"You shall eat, and be satisfied and bless your God,"
dear father.

Two selections
Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840–1893) was one of Russia's leading composers who spanned almost every genre – symphonies, concertos, operas, ballets, and chamber music. At just 4 years old, Tchaikovsky improvised at the piano and composed his first song. As an adult, he studied at the St. Petersburg Conservatory and produced a grand output including 11 operas, 7 symphonies, and over 100 songs and piano works. His signature style is heard through colorful, dramatic, and open-hearted melodies that evoke powerful emotions.

The piece, "It was in the Early Spring", is a poem by Russian author Leo Tolstoy, set to music by Tchaikovsky in 1878. The song uses blossoming nature as a metaphor for young and innocent love. As the speaker reflects on his earliest memory of falling in love, he is overcome with joy and nostalgia.

То было раннею весной

То было раннею весной,
Трава едва всходила,
Ручьи текли, не парил зной,
И зелень рощ сквозила;

Труба пастушья поутру
Ещё не пела звонко,
И в завитках ещё в бору
Был папоротник тонкий;

То было раннею весной,
В тени берёз то было,
Когда с улыбкой предо мной
Ты очи опустила...

То на любовь мою в ответ
Ты опустила вежды...
О жизнь! о лес! о солнца свет!
О юность! о надежды!

It was in the Early Spring

It was in early spring,
The grass had barely grown,
The streams were flowing, the heat wasn't steaming,
And the greenery of the meadow shone through;

The shepherd's trumpet in the morning
H hadn't yet sung loudly,
And in the growth of the forest
There was a thin fern;

It was in early spring,
It was in the shade of the birch tree,
When standing before me, smiling,
You lowered your eyes...

In response to my love
You cast down your gaze...
Oh life! Oh forest! Oh sunlight!
Oh youth! Oh hopes!

И плакал я перед тобой,
На лик твой глядя милый.
То было раннею весной,
В тени берёз то было!

То было в утро наших лет!
О, счастье! о слёзы!
О лес! о жизнь! о солнца свет!
О свежий дух берёзы!

And I cried in front of you,
Seeing your dear face.
It was in early spring,
It was in the shade of the birch tree!

It was in the morning of our years!
Oh happiness! Oh tears!
Oh woods! Oh life! Oh sunlight!
Oh fresh scent of the birch trees!

The song, "Whether Day Reigns", was composed in 1880 and is based on a poem by Russian writer Aleksey Apukhtin. The speaker is deeply in love, declaring that her thoughts are about one special person alone, that her strength comes from him, and that everything she does is for him. No matter the condition of her life, whether it be bleak or cheerful, she remains whole and at peace because of him.

День ли царит

День ли царит, тишина ли ночная,
В снах ли бессвязных, в житейской борьбе,
Всюду со мной, мою жизнь наполняя,
Дума все та же, одна, роковая,
Всё о тебе!

С нею не страшен мне призрак былого,
Сердце воспрянуло, снова любя...
Вера, мечты, вдохновенное слово,
Всё, что в душе дорогого, святого,
Всё от тебя!

Будут ли дни мои ясны, унылы,
Скоро ли сгину я, жизнь загубя,
Знаю одно, что до самой могилы
Помыслы, чувства, и песни, и силы,
Всё для тебя!

Whether Day Reigns

Whether day reigns, whether in silence of night,
In incoherent dreams or in everyday struggle,
Always with me, making my life whole,
Is the same thought, one fateful thought -
Always of you!

With it, I'm not afraid of ghosts from the past,
My heart has revived, loving again...
Faith, dreams, an inspired word,
Everything that is dear and sacred in my soul -
Everything is from you!

Whether my days be bright or dull,
Whether I soon perish, ruining my life -
I know one thing, that to the very grave
Thoughts, feelings, and songs, and strength -
Everything is for you!

La Regata Veneziana Gioachino Rossini

Gioachino Rossini (1792–1868) was a 19th-century Italian composer of opera, sacred music, chamber music, songs, and some instrumental works. His compositional style is distinct with catchy tunes, repeating rhythmic motifs, and thorough ornamentation. Rossini is best known for his comic operas, which contribute to the impressive 38 he has written in his lifetime.

La regata veneziana (1835) is a cycle of three songs, set to a text by Carlo Pepoli in the Venetian dialect. Anzoleta watches her boyfriend, Momolo, compete in a Venetian gondola race - hoping that he wins the prestigious title so she can be envied by the whole of Venice. Anzoleta celebrates Momolo's big win by showering him with compliments and affection, and even takes some credit for his victory... More than that, she is overjoyed to now be the talk of the town.

Anzoleta avanti la regata

Là su la machina xe la bandiera,
varda, la vedistu, vala a ciapar.
Co quela tornime in qua sta sera,
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar.

In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.

Va, voga d'anema la gondoleta,
nè el primo premio te pol mancar.
Va là, recordite la to Anzoleta,
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.

In pope, Momolo, no te incantar,
In pope, Momolo, cori a svolar!

Anzoleta co passa la regata

I xe qua, vardeli,
povereti i ghe da dreto,
ah contrario tira el vento,
i gha l'acqua in so favor.

El mio Momolo dov'elo?
Ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.
Ah! che smania! me confondo,
a tremar me sento el cuor.

Su, coraggio, voga,
prima d'esser al paletto
se ti voghi, ghe scometo,
tutti indrio ti lassarà.

Caro, par che el svola,
el li magna tuti quanti,
meza barca l'è andà avanti,
ah capisso, el m'a vardà.

Anzoleta before the boat race

There on the stage is the flag,
Look, do you see it? Go get it.
With that, return here this evening,
Or else you can hide, you can go.

In the boat, Momolo, don't hesitate.

Go, row the boat with soul,
Then you'll be sure to win first prize.
Go, think of your Anzoleta,
Who is watching you from the balcony.

In the boat, Momolo, don't be lost in wonder.
In the boat, Momolo, fly like the wind!

Anzoleta during the boat race

Here they come, look at them,
Poor dears, they row so vigorously,
Ah, the wind blows against them,
But the tide is in their favor.

My Momolo, where is he?
Ah, I see him, he is second.
Ah! What anxiety! I am confused,
I feel my heart tremble.

Go, courage, row,
Before getting to the pole
If you row, I lay a bet,
You will leave all behind.

My dear, he seems to fly,
He is beating all the others,
Half a length he goes ahead,
Ah, I understand, he saw me.

Anzoleta dopo la regata

Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,
caro Momolo, de cuor;
qua destrachite che xe ora
de sugarte sto sudor.

Ah t'ho visto co passando,
su mi l'ocio ti a butà,
e godito respirando:
un bel premio el ciaparà...

Sì un bel premio in sta bandiera,
che xe rossa de color;
gha parlà Venezia intiera,
la t'a dito vincitor.

Ciapa un baso, benedeto,
a vogar nissun te pol,
de casada, de tragheto,
ti xe el megio barcarol.

Anzoleta after the boat race

Have a kiss, and another,
Dear Momolo, from my heart;
Lay down here, for it is time now
To dry away the sweat.

Ah, I saw you when you passed by,
Your eyes met with mine,
And I said to you, breathing:
A beautiful prize he will win...

Yes, that beautiful prize is this flag,
Which is red in color;
About which all of Venice will speak -
You are declared the winner.

Have a kiss, blessed one,
No one can beat your rowing,
Of all the types of gondoliers,
You are the best!

Various selections
Franz Schubert

Franz Schubert (1797–1828) was an Austrian composer of the early Romantic period, who was also an experienced violinist, pianist, and school teacher. He is known mainly for his significant contribution to art song - specifically in the genre of German Lieder. Beyond 2 symphonies and 4 stage works, Schubert composed a vast output of 600 songs in his short lifetime of 31 years.

The song “Lachen und Weinen” is a text by German poet, Friedrich Rückert, set to music by Schubert in 1822. Translating to “Laughing and Crying”, the poem comments on how easily love can bring out mixed emotions, whether it be crying one second and laughing the next. This laughter is mimicked by light turns in the piano accompaniment.

Lachen und Weinen

Lachen und Weinen zu jeglicher Stunde,
Ruht bei der Lieb auf so mancherlei Grunde.

Morgens lacht ich vor Lust;
Und warum ich nun weine

Laughing and crying

Laughing and crying at every hour,
Is a part of love for so many reasons.

In the morning, I laughed for joy;
And why am I now weeping

Bei des Abendes Scheine,
Ist mir selb nicht bewußt.

In the evening's glow,
I myself don't even know.

Weinen und Lachen zu jeglicher Stunde,
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so mancherlei Grunde.

Crying and laughing at every hour,
Is a part of love for so many reasons.

Abends weint ich vor Schmerz;
Und warum du erwachen
Kannst am Morgen mit Lachen,
Muß ich dich fragen, o Herz.

In the evening, I wept out of grief;
And why can you (my heart) wake up
In the morning with laughter,
I must ask you, oh heart.

Sharing a similar lightness to the previous piece, "Die Blumensprache" was composed in 1817 and is based on a poem by Anton Plattner, a lesser-known German writer. The text personifies flowers, revealing all that they represent and can help us do. Whether it be to symbolize beauty and grace, or to help us through difficulties and sorrows, flowers speak for us when words fail.

Die Blumensprache

The language of flowers

Es deuten die Blumen der Herzens Gefühle,
Sie sprechen manch heimliches Wort;
Sie neigen sich traulich am schwankenden Stiele,
Als zöge die Liebe sie fort.
Sie bergen verschämt sich im deckenden Laube,
Als hätte verraten der Wunsch sie dem Raube.

Flowers reveal the feelings of the heart;
They speak many a secret word;
They incline confidingly on their swaying stems
As though drawn by love.
They hide shyly amid concealing foliage,
As though desire had betrayed them to seduction.

Sie deuten im leise bezaubernden Bilde
Der Frauen, der Mädchen Sinn;
Sie deuten das Schöne, die Anmut, die Milde,
Sie deuten des Lebens Gewinn:
Es hat mit der Knospe, so heimlich verschlungen,
Der Jüngling die Perle der Hoffnung gefunden.

They reveal, in a delicate, enchanting image,
The nature of women and maidens;
They signify beauty, grace, gentleness;
They embody life's rewards:
In the bud, so secretly concealed,
The youth has found the pearl of hope.

Sie weben der Sehnsucht, des Harmes Gedanken
Aus Farben ins duftige Kleid.
Nichts frommen der Trennung gehässige Schranken,
Die Blumen verkünden das Leid.
Was laut nicht der Mund, der bewachte, darf sagen,
Das waget die Huld sich in Blumen zu klagen.

With coloured strands they weave into their fragrant
Dress thoughts of yearning and sorrow.
The hateful barriers of separation are of no importance;
Flowers proclaim our suffering.
What guarded lips may not speak aloud,
Kindness will dare to lament through flowers.

Shifting toward heavier themes of love, "Rastlose Liebe" (Restless Love) is a poem by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe set to music by Schubert in 1815. This restlessness is heard in the piano accompaniment, which is quick with abrupt dynamic changes and loud accents.

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 wollt' ich mich schlagen,
Als so viel Freuden des Lebens ertragen.

Alle das Neigen von Herzen zu Herzen,
Ach, wie so eigen schafft es Schmerzen!
Wie soll ich flieh'n? Wälderwärts zieh'n?
Alles vergebens!

Krone des Lebens,
Glück ohne Ruh,
Liebe, bist du!

Restless love

Against snow, rain, opposing wind,
Through steamy ravines, through smells of fog,
Always onward! Always onward!
Without rest and peace!

I would rather fight my way through suffering,
Than endure so much of life's joy.

All the inclining of heart to heart,
Ah, how so curiously it creates pain!
How shall I flee? Do I go into the forest?
All in vain!

Crown of life,
Happiness without peace,
This, O love, is you!

"Gretchen am Spinnrade" is a Lied composed in 1814, based on text from the play *Faust* by German poet Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. As Gretchen works at the spinning wheel, she is overcome by intense love and longing for Faust, who has reshaped her naive outlook on life. She is empty and distressed without him, which is represented by the minor tonality of the piece. The constant spinning of her wheel is heard in the repetitive theme of the piano.

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab', ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt ist mir vergällt.
Mein armer Kopf ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn ist mir zerstückt.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang, sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln, seiner Augen Gewalt,
Und seiner Rede Zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck, und ach, sein Kuss!

Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I shall never find my peace ever again.

Everywhere he is not with me, life is like a grave,
The whole world is turned bitter for me.
My poor head is crazed,
My poor mind is torn apart.

I only look for him out the window,
Only for him do I leave the house.

His high gait, his noble figure,
His smile, the power of his eyes,
And the magic flow of his words,
The touch of his hand, and ah, his kiss!

Mein Busen drängt sich nach ihm hin.
Ach, dürft' ich fassen und halten ihn!
Und küssen ihn, so wie ich wollt',
An seinen Küssen vergehen sollt'!

My bosom yearns for him.
Ach, if I could grasp and hold him!
And kiss him, as much as I want,
From his kisses I would die!

Les chemins de l'amour
Francis Poulenc

Francis Poulenc (1899–1963) was a French composer from Paris, largely self-taught with music usually humorous and witty in style. Among some of his most famous works include the operas, *Dialogues des Carmélites* (1957) and *La voix humaine* (1957). He also composed sacred music and piano works, as well as over 100 songs set to the poems of contemporary poets including Guillaume Apollinaire and Paul Éluard.

The song, "Les chemins de l'amour", was composed in 1940 and is based on a waltz from *Léocadia*, a play by French dramatist Jean Anouilh. The speaker of the song is desperate to remember her early days of being in love, and longs to relive that feeling again. The melodic, cabaret style of this piece is unique compared to Poulenc's generally witty and surrealistic compositions.

Les chemins de l'amour

Les chemins qui vont à la mer
Ont gardé de notre passage
Des fleurs effeuillées
Et l'écho sous leurs arbres
De nos deux rires clairs.

Hélas! Des jours de bonheur
Radieuses joies envolées,
Je vais sans retrouver traces dans mon coeur.

Chemins de mon amour,
Je vous cherche toujours,
Chemins perdus, vous n'êtes plus,
Et vos échos sont sourds.

Chemins du désespoir,
Chemins du souvenir,
Chemins du premier jour,
Divins chemins d'amour.

Si je dois l'oublier un jour,
La vie effaçant toute chose,

The paths of love

The paths that lead to the sea
Have retained from our passing
The flowers that shed their petals
And the echo beneath their trees
Of our clear laughter.

Alas! The days of happiness
Are radiant joys now flown away,
I go without finding their traces in my heart.

Paths of my love,
I search for you always,
Lost paths, you are no more,
And your echoes are muted.

Paths of despair,
Paths of memory,
Paths of our first day,
Divine paths of love.

If one day I must forget,
Since life obliterates everything,

Je veux dans mon coeur qu'un souvenir
Repose plus fort que l'autre amour.

I wish for my heart to remember one thing,
More vivid than the other love,

Le souvenir du chemin,
Où tremblante et toute éperdue,
Un jour j'ai senti sur moi brûler tes mains.

To remember the path,
Where trembling and quite distracted,
I one day felt on me your passionate hands.

Selections from *I Hate Music!*
Leonard Bernstein

Leonard Bernstein (1918–1990) was an American conductor, composer, and pianist who bridged the gap between classical music, Broadway musicals, jazz, and rock. Bernstein studied at the prestigious Harvard University and Curtis Institute of Music. In 1958, he became the first American-born conductor and musical director of the New York Philharmonic. He is well known for the musical *West Side Story* (1957), written in collaboration with Stephen Sondheim.

I Hate Music!: A Cycle of Five Kid Songs was composed in 1943, and premiered in the same year at the Lenox Public Library in Massachusetts. Described as “witty, alive and adroitly fashioned” by American critic and composer Virgil Thomson, the cycle follows the character of a 10 year-old girl, Barbara. Though just a kid, she is a “person too, like you!”

My Name is Barbara

My mother says that babies come in bottles;
but last week she said they grew on special baby-bushes.
I don't believe in the storks, either!
They're all in the zoo, busy with their own babies!
And what's a baby-bush, anyway!?
My name is Barbara.

Jupiter Has Seven Moons

Jupiter has seven moons or is it nine?
Saturn has a million, billion, trillion sixty-nine;
And every one is a little sun, with six little moons of its own!
But we have only one!
Just think of all the fun we'd have if there were nine!
Then we could be just nine times more romantic!
Dogs would bay 'til they were frantic!
We'd have nine tides in the Atlantic!
The man in the moon would be gigantic!
But we have only one! Only one!

I Hate Music!

I hate music!

But I like to sing: la dee da da dee; la dee da dee.

But that's not music, not what I call music. No, sir.

Music is a lot of men in a lot of tails, making lots of noise like a lot of females;

Music is a lot of folks in a big dark hall, where they really don't want to be at all;

with a lot of chairs, and a lot of airs, and a lot of furs and diamonds!

Music is silly! I hate music!

But I like to sing: la dee da da dee: la dee da dee: la dee da dee.

I'm a Person Too

I just found out today that I'm a person too, like you:

I like balloons; lots of people like balloons:

But everyone says, "Isn't she cute? She likes balloons!"

I'm a person too, like you!

I like things that everyone likes:

I like soft things and movies and horses and warm things and red things: don't you?

I have lots of thoughts; like what's behind the sky;

and what's behind what's behind the sky:

But everyone says, "Isn't she sweet? She wants to know everything!"

Don't you?

Of course I'm very young to be saying all these things in front of so many people like you;
but I'm a person too!

Though I'm only ten years old; I'm a person too, like you!