

Libiamo nè lieti calici (Brindisi) from *La Traviata*

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Libiam ne' lieti calici
Che la bellezza infiora,
E la fuggevol ora
S'inebri a voluttà.
Libiam ne' dolci fremiti
Che suscita l'amore,
Poiché quell'occhio al core
Onnipotente va.
Libiamo, amor fra i calici
Più caldi baci avrà.

Tra voi saprò dividere
Il tempo mio giocondo;
Tutto è follia nel mondo
Ciò che non è piacer.
Godiam, fugace e rapido
È il gaudio dell'amore;
È un fior che nasce e muore,
Né più si può goder.
Godiam c'invita un fervido
Accento lusinghier.

La vita è nel tripudio
Quando non s'ami ancora.
Nol dite a chi l'ignora.
È il mio destin così

Godiam la tazza e il cantico
La notte abbellà e il riso;
In questo paradiso
Ne scopra il nuovo dì.

Let's drink from the joyous chalice
Where beauty flowers...
Let the fleeting hour
To pleasure's intoxication yield.
Let's drink
To love's sweet tremors -
To those eyes
That pierce the heart.
Let's drink to love - to wine
That warms our kisses.

With you I would share
My days of happiness;
Everything is folly in this world
That does not give us pleasure.
Let us enjoy life,
For the pleasures of love are swift and fleeting
As a flower that lives and dies
And can be enjoyed no more.
Let's take our pleasure!
While it's ardent, Brilliant summons lures us on.

Life is just pleasure.
But if one still waits for love...
I know nothing of that? Don't tell me...
But there lies my fate.

Let's take our pleasure
Of wine and Singing and mirth,
Till the new day dawns
On this paradise of ours.

**Sin tu amor
(1903-1953)**

Miguel Sandoval

Amor de mi vida, ven a mí!
Sin tu amor,
Para que sirva la vida?
Sin nunca ver en tus ojos la alegría,
Sin nunca ver en tus labios la son risa,
Para que sirva la vida?

No siendo mía,
Para que quiero la vida?
Que otro sea, que se mire en tus ojos,
Que dueño sea de los besos de tus labios,
Para que quiero la vida?

Pero con tu amor, con tus ojos que me miran,
Con tus labios rojos, que me dicen "Yo te quiero"
Sería feliz, y la vida pasaría,
A tus pies, murmurando "Yo te adoro!"

Love of my life, come to me!
Without your love,
What is life for?
Without ever seeing the joy in your eyes,
Without ever seeing the smile on your lips,
What is life for?

Not being mine,
What do I want life for?
Let someone else be, let him look into your eyes,
May he be the owner of the kisses on your lips,
What do I want life for?

But with your love, with your eyes that look at me,
With your red lips that tell me "I love you"
I would be happy, and life would pass,
At your feet, muttering, "I adore you!"

Art Is Calling For Me (The Prima Donna Song)
from *The Enchantress*

Victor Herbert (1859-1924)

And This Is My Beloved from *Kismet*
(1914-2005)

Music & Lyrics by Robert Wright
& George Forrest (1915-1999)

Pace, pace, mio Dio from *La Forza del Destino*

Giuseppe Verdi

Pace, pace, mio Dio!
Cruda sventura
M'astringe, ahimé, a languir;
Come il dì primo Da tant'anni dura
Profondo il mio soffrir.
L'amai, gli è ver!
Ma di beltà e valore
Cotanto Iddio l'ornò.
Che l'amo ancor.
Né togliermi dal core
L'immagin sua saprò.
Fatalità! Fatalità! Fatalità!
Un delitto disgiunti n'ha quaggiù!
Alvaro, io t'amo.
E su nel cielo è scritto:
Non ti vedrò mai più!
Oh Dio, Dio, fa ch'io muoia;
Che la calma può darmi morte sol.
Invan la pace qui sperò quest'alma
In preda a tanto duol.
Misero pane, a prolungarmi vieni
La sconsolata vita ... Ma chi giunge?
Chi profanare ardisce il sacro loco?
Maledizione! Maledizione! Maledizione!

Peace, peace, O God!
Cruel misfortune
Compels me, alas, to languish;
my suffering has lasted for so many years,
as profound as on the first day.
I love him, it is true!
But God has blessed him
With such beauty and courage
That I love him still,
and cannot efface his image
From my heart.
Fatal destiny!
A crime has divided us down here!
Alvaro, I love you
And in heaven above it is written
That I shall never see you again!
O God, God, let me die,
for only death can bring me peace.
In vain this soul of mine here sought peace,
A prey to so much woe.
Wretched bread, you come to prolong
My inconsolable life...But who comes here?
Daring to profane this sacred retreat?
A curse!

E lucevan le stelle from *Tosca*

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1923)

E lucevan le stelle...
ed olezzava la terra...
stridea l'uscio dell'orto...
e un passo sfiorava la rena...
Entrava ella, fragrante,
mi cadea fra le braccia...
Oh! dolci baci, o languide carezze,
mentr'io fremente
le belle forme disciogliea dai veli!
Svanì per sempre il sogno mio d'amore...
L'ora è fuggita...
E muoio disperato!
E non ho amato mai tanto la vita!

And the stars shone...
And the earth was perfumed...
The gate to the garden creaked
And a footstep rustled the sand to the path...
Fragrant, she entered
And fell into my arms...
Oh soft kisses, oh sweet abandon,
As I trembling
Unloosed her veils and disclosed her beauty!
Oh vanished forever is that dream of love,
Fled is that hour,
And I desperately die!
And never before have I loved so much!

Parle-moi de ma mère! from *Carmen*

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

JOSÉ: Parle-moi de ma mère!

Tell me about my mother!

MICAËLA: J'apporte de sa part, fidèle messagère,
Cette lettre.

I bring from her, faithful messenger,
This letter.

JOSÉ: Une lettre!

A letter!

MICAËLA: Et puis un peu d'argent
Pour ajouter à votre traitement,
Et puis? ... Vraiment je n'ose,
Et puis ... encore une autre chose
Qui vaut mieux que l'argent et qui,
Pour un bon fils,
Aura sans doute plus de prix.

And then some money
To add to your treatment,
And?...I really do not dare.
And then...another thing
Who is better than money and who,
For a good son,
Will probably have more price.

JOSÉ: Cette autre chose, quelle est-elle?
Parle donc.

This other thing, what is it?
Speak then.

MICAËLA: Oui, je parlerai;
Ce que l'on m'a donné,
Je vous le donnerai.
Votre mère avec moi sortait de la chapelle,
Et c'est alors qu'en m'embrassant,
Tu vas, m'a-t-elle dit, t'en aller à la ville:
La route n'est pas longue,
Une fois à Séville,
Tu chercheras mon fils,
Mon José, mon enfant
Et tu lui diras que sa mère
Songe nuit et jour à l'absent
Qu'elle regrette et qu'elle espère,
Qu'elle pardonne et qu'elle attend;
Tout cela, n'est-ce pas? Mignonne,
De ma part tu le lui diras,
Et ce baiser que je te donne
De ma part tu le lui rendras.

Yes, I will speak;
What I was given,
I will give it to you.
Your mother with me came out of the chapel,
And that's when kissing me,
You are going, she said, going to the city:
The road is not long,
Once in Seville,
You will look for my son,
My José, my child
And you will tell him that his mother
Dreams night and day of the absent
That she regrets and hopes,
May she forgive and wait;
All that, isn't it? Cute,
From me you will tell him,
And this kiss that I give you
From me you will return it to him.

JOSÉ: Un baiser de ma mère?

A kiss from my mother?

MICAËLA: Un baiser pour son fils.
José, je vous le rends, comme je l'ai promis.

A kiss for her son.
José, I return it to you, as I promised.

JOSÉ: Ma mère, je la vois
Oui je revois mon village!
O souvenirs d'autrefois,
Doux souvenirs du pays!
O souvenirs chéris!
Vous remplissez mon coeur
De force et de courage.

My mother, I see her
Yes, I see my village again!
O memories of old,
Sweet memories of the country!
O cherished memories!
You fill my heart
With strength and courage.

MICAËLA: Sa mère, il la voit!
Il revoit son village!
Ô souvenirs d'autrefois!
Souvenirs du pays!

His mother, he sees her again!
He's seeing his village again!!
O old memories!
Memories of the country!

Vous remplissez son coeur
De force et de courage.

You fill his heart
With strength and courage.

Schneeglöckchen from *Sechs einfache Lieder, Op. 9* Erich W. Korngold (1897-1957)

Schneeglöckchen

's war doch wie ein leises Singen
in dem Garten heute Nacht,
wie wenn laue Lüfte gingen:
"Süße Glöcklein, nun erwacht;
denn die warme Zeit wir bringen,
eh's noch jemand hat gedacht."

's war kein Singen, s'war ein Küßen,
rührt die stillen Glöcklein sacht,
daß sie alle tönen müssen
von der künft'gen bunten Pracht!

Ach, sie konnten's nicht erwarten,
aber weiß vom letzten Schnee
war noch immer Feld und Garten,
und sie sanken um vor Weh.

So schon manche Dichter streckten
sangesmüde sich hinab,
und der Frühling, den sie weckten,
rauschet über ihrem Grab.

Text by Joseph von Eichendorff

Snowbells

Was it like a soft singing
In the garden this night,
like warm breezes whispering:
"Sweet little bells, wake up;
We bring the warm season
far before anyone thought of it."

It was not singing, it was kissing,
touch softly the little bells
let them all sound out
About the future colorful glory!

Oh, they just couldn't wait
but white from the last snow
were still fields and gardens,
and they all sank down in pain.

Thus many poets descend,
weary of singing, to earth
and the spring they evoked
rushes over their graves.

Phidylé

L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues,
Qui dans les prés en fleur germant par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé ! Midi sur les feuillages
Rayonne et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum circule au détour des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Les taillis sont muets ; le daim, par les clairières,
Devant les meutes aux abois ne bondit plus;
Diane, assise au fond des bois,
Polit ses flèches meurtrières.

Dors en paix, belle enfant aux rires ingénus,
Aux nymphes agrestes pareille!
De ta bouche au miel pur j'écarterai l'abeille,
Je garantirai tes pieds nus.

Laisse sur ton épaule et ses formes divines,
Comme un or fluide et léger,
Sous mon souffle amoureux courir et voltiger
L'épaisseur de tes tresses fines!

Sans troubler ton repos, sur ton front transparent,
Libre des souples bandelettes,
J'unirai l'hyacinthe aux pâles violettes,
Et la rose au myrte odorant.

Belle comme Érycine aux jardins de Sicile,
Et plus chère à mon cœur jaloux,
Repose ! Et j'emplirai du souffle le plus doux
La flûte à mes lèvres docile.

Je charmerai les bois, ô blanche Phidylé,
De ta louange familière ;
Et les nymphes, au seuil de leurs grottes de lierre,
En pâleront, le cœur troublé.

Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente !

Text by Leconte de Lisle

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

The grass is soft for slumber under the fresh poplars,
on the slopes by the mossy springs, which
in the meadows flowering with a thousand plants,
Lose themselves under dark thickets.

Rest, o Phidyle! The midday sun shines on the foliage
And invites you to sleep.
Among clover and thyme, alone, in full sunlight
Hum the fickle honeybees.

A warm fragrance circulates about the turning paths,
the red cornflower tilts,
and the birds, skimming the hill with their wings,
Search for shade among the wild roses.

The coppices are mute; the deer in the clearing,
cornered by the pack no longer leaps;
Diana, seated in the depths of the woods,
Polishes her fatal arrows.

Sleep in peace, child with the ingenuous smile,
so similar to the rustic nymphs!
From your honeyed lips I will wave away the bee,
I will guard your bare feet.

On the divine form of your shoulder,
like gold both liquid and light,
Let my loving breath run and flutter,
the thickness of your fine hair!

Without disturbing your sleep, on your clear brow,
free of supple ribbons,
I will chain hyacinth with pale violets,
And the rose with scented myrtle.

As beautiful as Erycine in the gardens of Sicily,
and more dear to my jealous heart,
Sleep! And I shall fill with my softest breath
A flute of my flexible lips.

I shall charm the woods, o white Phidyle,
with your intimate praise;
And the nymphs, at the threshold of their caves of ivy,
Will blanch, hearts troubled.

But when the sun, turning in its resplendent orbit,
finds its heat abating,
Let your loveliest smile and your most ardent kiss
recompense me for waiting!

To this we've come from *The Consul*

Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007)

Outside this house from *Vanessa*

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Love Is Here To Stay
(1898-1937)

Music & Lyrics by George Gershwin
& Ira Gershwin (1896-1983)

Climb Ev'ry Mountain
(1902-1979)
from *The Sound of Music*

Music & Lyrics by Richard Rodgers
& Oscar Hammerstein (1895-1960)

O soave fanciulla from *La Bohème*

Giacomo Puccini

RODOLFO: O soave fanciulla, o dolce viso
di mite circondato alba lunar
in te, vivo ravviso
il sogno ch'io vorrei sempre sognar!
Fremon già nell'anima
le dolcezze estreme,
nel bacio freme amor!

Oh lovely girl, oh sweet face
bathed in the soft moonlight
I see in you the dream
I've dreamed forever!
Already I taste in spirit
the heights of tenderness,
Love trembles in our kiss!

MIMI: (Oh! come dolci scendono
le sue lusinghe al core...
tu sol comandi, amore!...)
No, per pietà!

(How sweet his praises
enter my heart...
you rule alone, love!)
No, please!

RODOLFO: Sei mia!

You're mine!

MIMI: V'aspettan gli amici...

Your friends are waiting...

RODOLFO: Già mi mandi via?

You send me away already?

MIMI: : Vorrei dir... ma non oso...
Se venissi con voi?

I daren't say what I'd like...
If I came with you?

RODOLFO: Che?... Mimi?
Sarebbe così dolce restar qui.
C'è freddo fuori.

What? Mimi?
It would be so fine to stay here.
Outside it's cold.

MIMI: Vi starò vicina!...

I'd be near you!...

RODOLFO: E al ritorno?

And when we come back?

MIMI: Curioso!

Who knows!

RODOLFO: Dammi il braccio, mia piccina.

Give me your arm, my dear.

MIMI: Obbedisco, signor!

Your servant, sir!

RODOLFO: Che m'ami di'...

Tell me you love me...

MIMI: Io t'amo!

I love you!

BOTH: Amor!

My love!