Sunday, March 28  2pm  Greenwall Music Workshop

Robin Hackley, soprano
Marianne Finkel, piano

Voi, che sapete (The Marriage of Figaro)  Mozart
Un mesto di queta (The Marriage of Figaro)  Mozart
Alleluia (Mottete: Exsultate, Jubilate)  Mozart

Fidelity (text: Anne Hunter)  Haydn

Lachen und Weinen  Schubert
Der Stürmische Morgen  Schubert
Die Forelle  Schubert

Duet (Violetta, Germont; from La Traviata)  Verdi
Michael Downs,
Pace, mio Dio (La Forza del Destino)  Verdi

This concert is dedicated in the memory of Donald R. Brown.
Voi, che sapete (translation: R.H.)
You, who knows
You, who knows this thing of love
Ladies, see,
If I have it within my heart...
That which I prove
There you shine through my new
Though I don't understand
I feel a suffering full of desire
This is hour of delight,
This is hour of torture.
Cold and then feeling
The spirit aflame in a moment
Turns to chill.
Searching goodness an external goodness,
I know not who has it,
Or what it is.
Sighs and moans without wanting
Beating and trembles without knowing
I do not finding peace, day or night!
But it is also my liking,
Thus to languish.
You, who knows this thing of love
Ladies, see if I have it within my heart.

Un moto di gioja (trans: D. Jäger)
A heart in rapture
A heart in rapture and gladness
Beating, for you and not grief,
Now triumphant shall prove;
For now shall I wander in sorrow
No longer yielding to bondage of Fate and of love.
Fidelity

While hollow burst the rushing winds,
And heavy beats the show'rs,
This anxious, aching bosom finds,
No comfort in its pow'rs.

For, ah, my love, it little knows
What thy hard fate may be,
What bitter storm of fortune blows,
What tempests trouble thee.

A wayward fate hath spun the thread
On which our days depend.
And darkness in the checkered shade,
She draws it to an end.

For in the world or in the tomb, but what so ever may be
The lot is cast for me;
For in the world or in the tomb,
My heart is fixed on thee.

Lachen und Weinen (trans. R.H.)
To laugh and to weep

To laugh or to weep any hour
Both love will rest on the earth.
In the morning I will laugh in delight
And why do I weep so now?
With the evening lights I sleep.

To weep and to laugh every hour
Both with love will rest on the earth.
In the evening I will weep in grief,
And how can I awake in the morning laughing?
Must I say, oh heart?
Der stürmische Morgen (trans. RH)
The Stormy Morning
How hath the storm torn
the sky's robe of grey?
the clouds of disorder
Circling in feeble strife.
And red fires flaring
showing between.
That I call a morning
So bright in my senses
My heart sees on the sky
Painting its unique picture.
It is not like the Winter.
It is not like the Winter.

Die Forelle (trans. RH)
The Trout
In a bright stream
Shot with joyful haste
Over the wayward trout
Like an arrow.
I stood on the shore
And saw a sweet still
Of the basking lively fish
In this clear brook.

A fisherman with his line
Would stand on the bank
And saw with cold blood
How the fish wandered.
As long as the stream isn't broken.
He will not catch the fish.
But ending was the deep.
The time too long.
life muddled the brook.
I thought it malicious
And yanked the reel.
The fish struggled with it.
And I with tear
Watched the catch.
Duet (trans. W. Weaver)

Germont: One day, when time has put
Carnal desire to flight,
Boredom will follow quickly...
Then what will happen?
You won't have the solace
Of tenderer affections!
Since these bonds were not...
Blessed by heaven,
Then let this seductive dream
Be dispelled,
Be consoling of my family,
Think, you are still in time...
Ah, young lady, it is God
Who inspires a father's words.

Violetta: So, for the wretched girl,
Who one day fell,
Any hope of rising again is silent,
Even if God is kind and indulgent to her,
Mankind will always be implacable,
Tell the young girl, so beautiful and pure,
That there is a victim of misfortune
Who has a single ray of happiness...
Which she sacrifices to her
And who will die.

Germont: Weep unhappy girl,
I am asking, I see,
The supreme sacrifice of you how...
Already in my spirit
I feel your sufferings.
Courage, your noble heart.
Will win out!
Pace, mio Dio.

Peace, my Father.

Peace, my Father, peace!

Bitter misfortune has brought me low,
I suffer now as I did the very day
I entered these long years of hardship.

Peace, my Father, peace!

I loved him, it is true.

But he was given
Such beauty and courage
That I cannot help loving him still,
Nor expunge his image from my heart.

A tragedy
That a fatal accident
Should have driven us apart in this world!

Alvaro, I love you,
But it is the decree of Heaven
That I shall never see you again.

Oh, Father everlasting, let me die;
For only in death shall I find peace,
In rauh thus soul of mine seeks rest
But it's a prey to long and bitter woe.

The curse.

Died (frailly, 

German. The day when time has put

Final desire to flight.

Boredom will follow you.