

Sunday, March 28 2pm Greenwall Music Workshop

Robin Hackley, soprano
Marianne Finkel, piano

Voi, che sapete (The Marriage of Figaro)	Mozart
Un moto di gioia (The Marriage of Figaro)	Mozart
Alleluia (Motte: Exultate, Jubilate)	Mozart

Fidelity (text: Anne Hunter)	Haydn
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^K 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 me new

Though I don't understand

I feel a suffering full of desire

This hour of delight,

This hour of torture.

Cold and then feeling,

The spirit aflamed in a moment

Turns to chill.

Searching ~~for 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 gioia (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 ^{the} bondage

of Fate and of love.

Fidelity

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

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 darkling in the checkered shade,
She draws it to an end.

~~For in the world or in the tomb,~~ But what so ever may be ^{our doom}
~~the lot is cast for me;~~
For in the world or in the tomb,
My heart is fixed on thee.

Spoken here

Lachen und Weinen (trans. R.H.)

To laugh and To weep

~~laughing and crying~~

To laugh and to weep any hour

Both ~~with~~ ^{with} love will rest on the earth.

In the morning I will laugh in delight

And why am I weeping 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 ~~them~~
That I call a morning
So right in my senses.
My heart sees on the sky
Painting it's unique picture.
It is not like the winter.
It is not like the winter.

Die Forelle (trans. R.H.)

The Trout

~~In~~ A bright stream
~~that~~ shot with joyful haste
~~the wayward trout~~ Over the wayward trout
Like an arrow.

I stood on the shore
And saw ~~in~~ ^{the} sweet still
of the bathing 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~~ I thought, ~~as long as~~
As long as the stream isn't broken.
he will not catch the fish.
But ending was the deep,
the time too long.

Like muddied the brook
I thought it malicious
and jerked the reel.
the fish struggled with it.

And I with tears
watched the catch.

Duet (trans W. Waaver)

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 those 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 now...
Already in my spirit
I feel your sufferings &
Courage, your noble heart.
Will win out!

Pace, mio Dio (~~trans~~).

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 vain this soul of mine seeks rest
But is a prey to long and bitter woe.
The curse.

~~Diet (trans W. Weaver)
Gement. One day, when I have put
Carnal desire to flight
Boredom will follow me~~