

Arabian Melody

ALEXANDER BORODIN
(1833-1887)

Eastern Romance Op. 2, No. 2 (1865)

“The Rose has charmed the Nightingale”

(Vostóchnui Románs: “Plenivshis rósoi, salavyéi”)

NICOLAÍ RIMSKY-KORSAKOV
(1849-1908)

In Silent Woods Op. 4, No. 3 (1866)

(V'tiómnoi róshtchye zamólk salavyéi)

Marianne Finckel, piano

Ckalbo-Oummi
(Heart of My Mother)

ALEXANDER MALOOF

Fi Ardi Ajdadi
(Land of My Grandfather)

Gunnar Schonbeck, recorder
Nicola Furman, percussion

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SENIOR VOICE CONCERT

BY

COLETTE SAHEL

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1991

8:15 P.M.

GREENWALL MUSIC WORKSHOP

This Concert is dedicated to the wonderful
memory of my sister, Stephanie

Text

Ombra mai fù/George Frideric Handel
(from Serse)

Tender and beautiful branches
Of my beloved plain tree,
For you fate brightly shines.
Thunder, lightning and storms
Never disturb your majestic calm.
Repacious winds do not reach out to defile you!

Never was there a shadow
Of branches
Sweeter, more refreshing,
Or more gentle.

Eri Già Tutta Mia/Claudio Monteverdi

You were all mine already, mine were your heart and soul.
Who entices you away from me into the twine of a new love?
Oh beauty, oh valour, oh admirable constancy, where are you
now? You were all mine already but are no longer, alas, alas, no
longer mine.

Only on me you turned your beautiful smiling eyes, the wind
played with your golden hair for me alone. Oh fleeting joys, oh
faithful heart, where are you now? You were all mine already
but are no longer, alas, no longer mine.

The pleasure on my face no longer meets your glances, my song
and laughter have now turned to grief. Oh scattered sighs, oh
vanished mercy, where are you now? You were all mine already
but are no longer, alas, no longer mine.

Io Son Pur Vezzosssetta Pastorella/Claudio Monteverdi

"I am a pretty little thing,
a shepherdess with cheeks of rose
and jasmine - prettier than
fine ladies. All the shepherds being
me fine gifts, but you, Lydio,
do not respond to the looks I give you.

Le Colibri/Ernest Chausson
(The Humming Bird)

The green humming bird, king of the hills,
Seeing the dew and the bright sun
Glitter on his next, woven of fine grasses,
Like a light breeze escapes into the air.
He hurries and flies to the nearby springs,
Where the reeds make the sound of the sea,
Where the red hibiscus, with its heavenly scent,
Unfolds and brings a humid light to the heart.
Towards the golden flower he descends, alights,
And drinks so much love from the rosy cup
That he dies, not knowing if he could have drained it!
On our pure lips, oh my beloved,
My soul likewise would have wanted to die
Of the first kiss, which has perfumed it.

La dernière feuille/Ernest Chausson
(The Last Leaf)

In the bleak and blighted forest
Nothing is left on the branches
But a poor forgotten leaf,
Nothing but a leaf and a bird.
Nothing is left in my soul
Except a lone love which sings there;
But the autumn wind that howls
Does not allow it to be heard.
The bird flies away, the leaf falls,
Love is waning, for winter is here
Little bird, come to my tomb
To sing when the tree is green again.

Les Papillons/Ernest Chausson
(The Butterflies)

The snow -white butterflies
Float in swarms over the sea;
Lovely white butterflies, when may I
Take to the blue road of the sky?
Do you know, beauty of beauties,
My dancing-girl with eyes of jade,
If they would lend me their wings,
Tell me, do you know where I would go?
Without taking a single kiss to the roses,
Across valleys and woods
I would go to your half-closed lips,
Flower of my soul, and there I would die.

Eastern Romance/Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakov
"The Rose has charmed the Nightingale"

Captivated by the rose, the nightingale,
Sings over her, day and night;
But the rose silently hearkens to the song.
So another singer
Sings to a young maiden, on the lyre;
But the dear maiden knows not
To whom he sings
And what makes his songs so sad?

In Silent Woods/Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakov

In the dark brush, the nightingale has become quiet,
Stars have gone out in the sky,
The moon looks through tangles of branches,
The growth on the grass has caught fire,
As by the moon, meek and quiet,
By you, dear features of face!
This night full of burdens golden
I, as if poured out, without end, without end!

