

Program Notes and Translations

"Glitter and Be Gay"

Candide by Leonard Bernstein, 1950

Act I: Cunegonde, 18th century Paris

After escaping the war that destroyed her family, the noble Cunegonde is forced into life as an escort in order to maintain her opulent lifestyle. She oscillates between disgust at her situation and enjoyment of the jewelry, furs, and champagne that she receives in return.

Glitter and be gay,
That's the part I play:
Here I am in Paris, France.
Forced to bend my soul
To a sordid role,
Victimized by bitter, bitter circumstance.
Alas for me! Had I remained
Beside my lady mother,
My virtue had remained unstained
Until my maiden hand was gained
By some Grand Duke or other.

Ah, 'twas not to be;
Harsh necessity
Brought me to this gilded cage.
Born to higher things,
Here I droop my wings, Ah!
Singing of a sorrow nothing can assuage.

And yet, of course, I rather like to revel,
ha ha!
I have no strong objection to champagne,
ha ha!
My wardrobe is expensive as the devil,
ha ha!
Perhaps it is ignoble to complain...

Enough, enough,
of being basely tearful!
I'll show my noble stuff

By being bright and cheerful!
Ha ha ha ha!

Pearls and ruby rings...
Ah, how can worldly things
Take the place of Honor lost?
Can they compensate
For my fallen state,
Purchased as they were at such awful cost?
Bracelets... lavallieres...
Can they dry my tears?
Can they blind my eyes to shame?
Can the brightest brooch
Shield me from reproach?
Can the purest diamond purify my name?

And yet, of course,
these trinkets are endearing, ha ha!
I'm oh, so glad my sapphire is a star, ha ha!
I rather like a twenty carat earring, ha ha!
If I'm not pure, at least my jewels are!

Enough enough!
I'll take their diamond necklace,
And show my noble stuff
By being gay and reckless!
Ha ha ha ha!
Observe how bravely I conceal
The dreadful, dreadful shame I feel.
Ha ha ha ha!

“Eccomi in lieta vesta... Oh! Quante volte”

I Capuleti e i Montecchi by Vincenzo Bellini, 1830

Act I Scene 2: Giulietta, 15th century Verona

Romeo's proposed marriage to Giulietta, which would unite their rival houses, has been rejected, with Giulietta now instead betrothed to Tybalt. She enters proclaiming her frustration against all the wedding preparations she sees around her, as her heart belongs to Romeo.

Eccomi in lieta vesta...
Eccomi adorna...
come vittima all'ara. Oh! almen potessi
qual vittima cader dell'ara al piede!
O nuziali tede,
abborrite così, così fatali,
siate, ah! siate per me faci ferali.
Ardo... una vampa, un foco
tutta mi strugge. Un refrigerio ai venti
io chiedo invano! Ove sei tu, Romeo?
In qual terra t'aggiri?
Dove, dove inviarti, dove i miei sospiri?

Oh! quante volte, oh! quante
ti chiedo al ciel piangendo!
Con quale ardor t'attendo,
e inganno il mio desir!
Raggio del tuo sembiante,
ah! parmi il brillar del giorno:
ah! l'aura che spira intorno
mi sembra un tuo sospir.

*Here I am in a pretty dress...
Here I am adorned...
like a victim at the altar. Oh! at least I could
as a victim fall at the foot of the altar!
Oh wedding torches,
so abhorrent, so fatal,
for me, ah! For me they are flames of death.
I burn... a blaze, a fire
it all torments me. A refresher in the wind
I ask for in vain! Where are you, Romeo?
In what land are you wandering?
Where, where do I send you my sighs?*

*Oh! How many times, oh! how often
do I have to ask the heavens crying!
With what passion I wait for you,
and deceive my desire!
Ray of your face,
ah! to me seems the brightness of day:
ah! the aura that blows around
seems to me is your sigh*

Zdes' Khorosho

Sergei Rachmaninoff, Op. 21. No. 7, 1902

Zdes' khorosho...
Vzgljani, vdali
Ognjom gorit reka;
Cvetnym kovrom luga legli,
Belejut oblaka.
Zdes' net ljudej...
Zdes' tishina...
Zdes' tol'ko Bog da ja.
Cvety, da staraja sosna,
Da ty, mechta moja!

*All is well here...
Look, in the distance
The river glows like a fire;
The meadows are like a colorful carpet,
And there is the whiteness of clouds.
There is nobody here.
All is quiet...
Here I am alone with God.
And the flowers, and the old pine,
And you, my dream...*

"Ach Ich Fühl's"

Die Zauberflöte by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, 1791

Act II, scene 4: Pamina, the mythical Sarastro's brotherhood

Pamina is despondent because her beloved, the Prince Tamino, will not speak to her and seems to shun her presence. She does not know that he has sworn a vow of silence as part of the ceremony of initiation to Sarastro's brotherhood.

Ach, ich fühl's, es ist verschwunden,
ewig hin der Liebe Glück!
Nimmer kommt ihr, Wonnestunden,
meinem Herzen mehr zurück.
Sieh, Tamino, diese Tränen fließen,
Trauter, dir allein.
Fühlst du nicht der Liebe Sehnen,
so wird Ruh im Tode sein.

*Ah, I can feel it, love's happiness
Is fled forever!
Nevermore, O hours of bliss,
Will you return to my heart!
See, Tamino, these tears
Flow for you alone, beloved.
If you do not feel love's yearning,
I shall find peace in death*

"Quel guardo il cavaliere... so anch'io la virtu magica"

Don Pasquale by Gaetano Donizetti, 1843

Act I, scene 2: Norina, her apartment in early 19th century Rome

Norina, a young widow, is reading a novel about love as the curtain rises. After reading a passage aloud, she tosses it aside to explain she knows all the tricks of ensnaring a man.

Quel guardo il cavaliere
in mezzo al cor trafisse;
piego il ginocchio e disse:
Son vostro cavalier.
E tanto era in quel guardo
sapor di paradiso
che il cavalier Riccardo,
tutto d'amor conquiso,
giuro che ad altra mai
non volgeria il pensier.
Ah ah! Ah ah!

*"Her gaze pierced the knight
in the middle of his heart
he knelt before her and said:
I am your knight.
And so much was in that glance
a taste of paradise,
that the knight Riccardo
completely conquered by love,
swore that never to another
would he turn his thoughts."
Ha ha! Ha ha!*

So anch'io la virtu magica
d'un guardo a tempo e loco;
so anch'io come si bruciano
i cori a lento foco.
D'un breve sorrisetto
conosco anch'io l'effetto,
di menzognera lagrima,
d'un subito languor.
Conosco i mille modi

*I also know the virtuous magic
of a glance at the right time and place;
I also know how to burn
hearts over a slow fire.
Of a fleeting little smile
I also know the effect,
of false tears,
of a sudden languor.
I know the thousand ways*

dell'amorose frodi,
i vezzi e l'arti facili
per adescare un cor.
So anch'io la virtu magica
per ispirare amor;
conosco l'effetto, ah si,
per ispirare amor.

*of amorous tricks,
the charms and easy skills
for seducing a heart.
I also know the virtuous magic
to inspire love;
I know the effect, ah yes,
to inspire love.*

Ho testa bizzarra,
son pronta, vivace,
brillare mi piace,
mi piace scherzar.
Se monto in furore,
di rado sto al segno,
ma in rosso lo sdegno
fo presto a cangiar.

*I have a bizarre mind
I am quick, and lively.
I like to sparkle,
I like to have fun.
If I fly into fury,
I seldom hit the mark;
But the indignation
soon becomes laughter.*

Ho testa bizzarra,
ma core eccellente. Ah!
Ho testa bizzarra,
son pronta e vivace.
Ah, mi piace scherzar.
Ho testa vivace,
mi piace scherzar.
Ah, mi piace scherzar!

*I have a bizarre mind,
but an excellent heart. Ah!
I have a bizarre mind,
I am quick, and lively.
Ah, I like to have fun.
I have a lively mind,
I like to have fun.
Ah, I like to have fun!*

"Susanna, or vie sortite"

Le Nozze di Figaro by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, 1786

Susanna, the Count (*Carl May '25*) and Countess (*Emily Ham '23*)

Act II Finale: The Countess' bedroom, late 18th century Seville

Susanna and the Countess have been dressing the page boy Cherubino in women's clothing for their plan to humiliate the unfaithful Count. Their fun is interrupted when the Count barges in the room, forcing Cherubino to dive in the closet. The trio begins as the Count demands to know who was just with the Countess, having heard a ruckus and convinced she is hiding a lover. Susanna looks on anxiously from the alcove as the situation unfolds.

[Il Conte]: Susanna, or via, sortite!

Sortite, così vo'!

[La Contessa]: Fermatevi! sentite! sortire
ella non può.

[Susanna]: Cos'è codesta lite? Il paggio
dove andò?

[Il Conte]: E chi vietarlo or osa? Chi?

[Count]: *Susanna, now, come out of there!*

Come out, I order you!

[Countess]: *Stop it! Listen to me! She
cannot come out.*

[Susanna]: *What's all this angry chatter?
Where did the page go?*

[Count]: *And what dare forbid her? Who?*

[*La Contessa*]: Lo vieta, l'onestà. Un abito da sposa provando ella si sta,
 [*Il Conte*] (*a parte*): Chiarissima e la cosa, l'amante qui sarà!
 [*La Contessa*] (*a parte*): Bruttissima e la cosa, chi sa cosa sarà!
 [*Susanna*] (*a parte*): Capisco qualche cosa, veggiamo come va!
 [*Il Conte*]: Susanna, or via sortite, io così vo'!
 [*La Contessa*]: Fermatevi! sentite, fermatevi, sortire ella non può.
 [*Il Conte*]: Dunque parlate almeno, Susanna, se qui siete!
 [*La Contessa*]: Nemmen, nemmen, nemmeno, io v'ordino tacete, tacete, tacete!
 [*Il Conte*]: Consorte mia, giudizio!
 [*Susanna*]: O cielo! un precipizio! Un scandalo, un disordine, qui certo nascerà.
 [*Il Conte/La Contessa*]: Consorte mia/o, giudizio! un scandalo, un disordine, schiviam per carità!

[*Countess*]: *Modesty forbids it. She is trying on her wedding dress.*
 [*Count*] (*aside*): *A very clear situation, her lover is in there!*
 [*Countess*] (*aside*): *An ugly situation, who knows what will be!*
 [*Susanna*] (*aside*): *I understand this situation, let's see how it goes!*
 [*Count*]: *Susanna, now come out of there, I order you!*
 [*Countess*]: *Stop it! Listen to me, stop, she cannot come out.*
 [*Count*]: *So at least talk, Susanna, if you are here!*
 [*Countess*]: *No, no, no, no, no, no, no, I order you to be silent, be silent, be silent!*
 [*Count*]: *My wife, be careful!*
 [*Susanna*]: *Oh heavens! A precipice! A scandal, a mess, surely this will become.*
 [*Count/Countess*]: *My wife/husband, careful! A scandal, a mess, let us avoid for goodness sake!*

"Sull'aria"

Le Nozze di Figaro by W.A. Mozart

Act III: Susanna and the Countess (*Emily Ham '23*), late 18th century Seville, Spain
 The Countess and Susanna plan to expose the Count's infidelity and Figaro's jealousy by dressing the Countess as Susanna and luring the Count into a tryst, where she will then reveal herself as his wife in disguise. In this duet the two women put their scheme into motion by writing a letter from Susanna to the Count asking for a late night meeting in the garden.

[*Susanna*]: Sull'aria...
 [*La Contessa*]: Che soave zeffiretto,
 [*Susanna*]: ...zeffiretto.
 [*La Contessa*]: Questa sera spirerà,
 [*Susanna*]: ... questa sera spirerà.
 [*La Contessa*]: Sotto i pini del boschetto,
 [*Susanna*]: sotto i pini?
 [*La Contessa*]: E già il resto capirà.
 [*Susanna*]: Certo, certo il capirà.
 [*La Contessa*]: Canzonetta sull'aria.
 [*La Contessa/Susanna*]: Ei già il resto capirà / Certo, certo il capirà.

[*Susanna*]: *On the air...*
 [*Countess*]: *That sweet breeze,*
 [*Susanna*]: *...breeze*
 [*Countess*]: *This evening will whisper,*
 [*Susanna*]: *... this evening will whisper.*
 [*Countess*]: *Under the pines in the grove,*
 [*Susanna*]: *under the pines?*
 [*Countess*]: *And he will understand the rest.*
 [*Susanna*]: *Certainly, he'll understand.*
 [*Countess*]: *A little song on the air.*
 [*C/S*]: *And he will understand the rest / Certainly, certainly he'll understand.*

“Giunse alfin il momento... Deh vieni, non tardar”

Le Nozze di Figaro by W.A. Mozart

Act IV finale, Susanna, night in the palace garden

Susanna appears disguised as The Countess and sings this recitative and aria as part of their plan to catch the Count in an act of infidelity. She is also aware that her jealous husband Figaro is listening, and that he believes she is legitimately attempting to seduce the Count.

Giunse alfin il momento
che godrò senza affanno
In braccio all'idol mio.
Timide cure!
uscite dal mio petto;
a turbar non venite
il mio diletto!
Oh come par che
all'amoroso foco
l'amenita del loco,
la terra e il ciel
risponda,
come la notte
i furti miei seconda!

*Here finally is the moment
which I enjoy without pain
In the arms of my beloved.
Timid worries!
get out of my chest;
do not come to disturb
my delight!
Oh, how it seems
to my loving fire
this place,
the earth and the heavens
respond,
like the night
supports my ruses!*

Deh vieni, non tardar,
o gioja bella.
Vieni ove amore
per goder t'appella
finché non splende in ciel
notturna face—
finché l'aria e ancor bruna,
e il mondo tace.
Qui mormora il ruscel,
qui scherza l'aura,
che col dolce susurro
il cor ristaura,
qui ridono i fioretti
e l'erba e fresca.
Ai piaceri d'amor
qui tutto adescà.
Vieni, ben mio,
tra queste piante ascose!
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar
di rose.

*Oh come, don't delay
oh joy beautiful.
Come where love
calls you for enjoyment
While it shines in the sky
nocturnal face—
while the air is still dark
and the world is silent.
Here murmurs the brook,
here plays the wind,
that with sweet whispers
the heart restores,
here the flowers laugh
and the grass is fresh.
To the pleasures of love
here everything lures.
Come, my love,
among these hidden trees!
I want to crown your head
with roses.*

"I Feel Pretty"

West Side Story by Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim '50, 1957

Act II Scene 1: Maria's bridal shop, mid-1950s Upper West Side

Following the fatal rumble, Maria sings to her friends that she is in love with Tony. She is not yet aware he has just killed her brother Bernardo.

I feel pretty, oh so pretty,
I feel pretty and witty and bright!
And I pity
any girl who isn't me tonight.
I feel charming, oh so charming,
It's alarming how charming I feel!
And so pretty
that I hardly can believe I'm real.

See the pretty girl in that mirror there.
Who can that attractive girl be?
Such a pretty face, such a pretty dress,
such a pretty smile, such a pretty me!

I feel stunning, and entrancing,
Feel like running and dancing for joy,
For I'm loved by a pretty wonderful boy!

I feel pretty, oh so pretty,
That the city should give me its key.
A committee
should be organized to honor me.
I feel dizzy, I feel funny,
I feel fizzy and funny and fine,
And so pretty,
Miss America can just resign.

See the pretty girl in that mirror there.
Who can that attractive girl be?
Such a pretty face, such a pretty dress,
such a pretty smile, such a pretty me!

I feel stunning, and entrancing,
Feel like running and dancing for joy,
For I'm loved by a pretty wonderful boy!

"Vanilla Ice Cream"

She Loves Me by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, 1963

Act II, Amalia, her apartment in Budapest, 1934

Amalia had been stood up for a date with a pen pal the night before. She does not know that Georg, her coworker she despises and bickers with constantly, is her "Dear Friend," who upon walking into the cafe to discover Amalia as the woman he has been writing to instead mocked her and made up a story that he saw an older, bald, fat gentleman looking wistfully into the cafe. The next day, Georg comes to check on her and apologizes for his rudeness the previous night with a gift of vanilla ice cream. Amalia is surprised to find she enjoyed her conversation with Georg, and after he leaves she begins a letter to "Dear Friend" but can only think of Georg's kindness and gift of ice cream.

Dear Friend:

*I am so sorry about last night.
It was a nightmare in ev'ry way,
But, together, you and I
will laugh at last night some day.*

Ice cream... he bought me ice cream...
vanilla ice cream... Imagine that!

Ice cream... and for the first time
we were together without a spat!
Friendly, he was so friendly,
That isn't like him. I'm simply stunned!
Will wonders never cease? x2
It's been a most peculiar day
Will wonders never cease? x2!

Oh! Where was I?

*I am so sorry about last night. It was
a nightmare in ev'ry way
But, together, you and I
will laugh at last night some day.
I sat there waiting in that cafe
and never guessing that you were
fat... that you were... near.
You were outside looking bald.
Oh my... Dear Friend...
I am so sorry about last night.*

Last night I was so nasty!

Well, he deserved it! But even so...
that Georg is not like this Georg.
This is a new Georg that I don't know.
Somehow, it all reminds me
of Doctor Jekyll and Mister Hyde.
For right before my eyes
a man that I despise
has turned into a man I like!
It's almost like a dream
and strange as it may seem,
he came to offer me
vanilla ice cream!

Ave Maria

Franz Schubert, op. 52, No. 6, 1825

Ave maria!
gratia plena,
Maria gratia plena.
Ave, ave dominus!
Dominus tecum.
Benedicta tu in mulieribus,
et benedictus,
et benedictus fructus ventris,
ventris tui, Jesus.
Ave maria!

Sancta Maria!
Mater Dei,
Ora pro nobis peccatoribus,
Ora, ora pro nobis peccatoribus.
Nunc et in hora mortis,
in hora mortis nostrae,
in hora mortis nostrae.
Ave Maria!

*Hail Mary!
Full of grace,
Mary, full of grace.
Hail, hail the Lord!
The Lord is with thee.
Blessed art thou among women,
and blessed,
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb,
thy womb, Jesus.
Hail Mary!*

*Holy Mary!
Mother of God,
Pray for us sinners,
Pray, pray for us sinners.
Now, and at the hour of our death,
The hour of our death,
The hour of our death.
Hail Mary!*