

# WIGMORE HALL

Tuesday 28 June 2022 1.00pm

Nelly Miricioiu's 70th Birthday

**Nelly Miricioiu** soprano

**David Gowland** piano

CLASSIC *f*M Wigmore Hall £5 tickets for Under 35s supported by Media Partner Classic FM

**Emil Montia** (1882-1965)

Strigă lelea din grădină (pub. 1919)

Ploaia cade (pub. 1919)

Lună, lună (pub. 1919)

**Tiberiu Brediceanu** (1877-1968)

Doina Stăncuței from *La Seceriș* (1936)

Dragu-mi-i, măndro, de tine

**Pauline Viardot** (1821-1910)

Havanaise (by 1880)

Berceuse (pub. 1884)

Hai luli! (by 1880)

**George Hall** (b.1953)

3 poemi di Gabriele D'Annunzio (2021)

*L'ora è tarda • O falce di luna • Van li effluvi de le rose da i verzieri*

**Lennox Berkeley** (1903-1989)

Rondeau (1924-5)

From *Tombeaux* (1926)

D'un fleuve • De Don Juan

**Ernest Chausson** (1855-1899)

Le colibri Op. 2 No. 7 (1882)

Le temps des lilas (1886)

Les papillons Op. 2 No. 3 (1880)

**Giacomo Puccini** (1858-1924)

Morire? (c.1917-8)

Sole e amore (1888)

**Amilcare Ponchielli** (1834-1886)

Dimenticar, ben mio (1880-3)

**Gioachino Rossini** (1792-1868)

Essa corre al trionfo from *Ermione* (1819)

**Giuseppe Verdi** (1813-1901)

Tu al cui sguardi onni possente from *I due Foscari* (1844)

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In this recital, the soprano Nelly Miricioiu celebrates her 70th birthday alongside accompanist David Gowland. Their wide-ranging programme includes music from her native Romania, songs written by her friends composer Lennox Berkeley and critic George Hall, together with 19th-century songs and the bel canto showpieces that have been her operatic speciality.

The lives and careers of Romanian composers **Emil Montia** and **Tiberiu Brediceanu** almost paralleled each other. Both studied law before pursuing their passions for music. Montia subsequently practiced law; Brediceanu abandoned it for music. After serving in World War I, Montia studied composition in Vienna and Russian music in Kyiv. He co-founded the Bucharest Opera, of which Brediceanu later became general director. Like Béla Bartók, they travelled Romania in the early 20th Century to record and transcribe examples of folk singing including *colinde*, or carols, and *doină*s. (Bartók claimed discovery of the *doină* form, suggesting regional subtleties and links to Middle Eastern music; they typically feature highly ornamented, quasi-improvisatory vocal lines.) Their original compositions include locally popular operas written in a folk style, works for orchestra, piano and songs. The three Montia songs included are typical of his simple style, with their directness of vocal line. Likewise, Brediceanu's popularity is also founded on the attractiveness of his writing. 'Doina Stăncuței' is an aria from his operetta *La Seceriș*, which focuses on rural life at harvest time. In 'Dragu-mi-i, mândro, de tine', the singer declares her love for another.

**Pauline Viardot** was famous in France and Russia for her portrayals of Rossini's mezzo-soprano roles. Following her retirement, she was an in-demand teacher and pianist. Also, a prolific composer, her friends included Berlioz, Chopin, Clara Schumann and Wagner. 'Havanaise' recalls the 'Habanera' in Bizet's *Carmen* with its sensual vocal line, which sets verses by Louis Pomey, and presents two increasingly elaborate variations on the melody. 'Haï luli!'s three stanzas portray the intense despair of a woman at her spinning wheel who laments a friend's loss. The refrain shifts from minor to major keys, creating a melancholy ambiance. By contrast, the charming 'Berceuse' is a whimsical lullaby, promising the infant listener a company of birds, lambs, flowers and rabbits if they will only fall asleep.

**George Hall** studied piano, organ and composition (with Judith Bailey) at school and then at the Royal College of Music. Thereafter, composition ceded to writing and music criticism, which have been the focus of his career. He and Nelly Miricioiu became friends following a couple of interviews. During the first coronavirus lockdown he returned to composition after several decades. Having shown Nelly a song written many years earlier, he offered to write some new songs for this concert, selecting the Italian poet Gabriele D'Annunzio, whose texts he finds particularly musical.

**Lennox Berkeley** was particularly influenced by French composers whilst studying at Oxford. Written in 1925, 'Rondeau' is the last of *3 Early Songs* that set poems by Charles, Duke of Orléans, who was a prominent 13th-century courtly poet. Such early pieces persuaded Nadia Boulanger to accept Berkeley as a pupil in Paris a year later. He befriended Milhaud and Poulenc within the modernist *Groupe des Six*. *Tombeaux*, a slender cycle of five songs to poems by Jean Cocteau, dates from shortly after Berkeley's arrival in the French capital. 'D'un fleuve' carries a concision worthy of Erik Satie, whilst the Spanish flavour of 'De Don Juan' was assimilated from another friend, Maurice Ravel.

When he considered the talents of his contemporaries Fauré, Duparc and Debussy, **Chausson** doubted his own compositional abilities. However, his finest songs show what he could achieve. 'Le colibri' Op. 2 No. 7 was written after he attend the première of Wagner's *Parsifal* at Bayreuth. It sets a poem by Leconte de Lisle and captures an exotic atmosphere not unlike that portrayed in the Tahiti paintings of Chausson's friend, Paul Gauguin. 'Le temps des lilas' is justifiably Chausson's most famous song. Everything comes together: the melody perfectly fits the poetry, whilst innate senses of resignation and loss comment upon humanity's fragility. In 'Les papillons' Op. 2 No. 3, the accompanist evokes the fluttering of butterflies' wings with tricky semiquavers that alternate between the pianist's hands, whilst the vocal line is light and charming.

**Puccini** was taught composition by **Ponchielli**. Whilst opera was their true métier, both also composed attractive songs. Puccini's 'Morire?' was a charitable contribution to the Italian Red Cross. The music has a conversational yet tragically impassioned character, whilst the text poses questions about life and mortality. Its melody was later used as Ruggero's entrance aria in the revised version of *La Rondine*. 'Sole e amore', written to his own text, is a melodic forerunner of Mimi's emotional farewell in *La Bohème's* Act III quartet. Ponchielli's 'Dimenticar, ben mio' sets an Italian translation of a German poem by Heinrich Heine, in which the singer implores a former love not to forget the positive aspects in their relationship.

'Essa corre al trionfo' is the first part of a 'mad scene' in Act II of Rossini's *Ermione*. Such scenes often featured in 19th-century operas to portray female characters' violently conflicting emotions. Hermione struggles with her love for Pyrrhus and her competing desires for death and vengeance. The aria 'Tu al cui sguardo onni possente' comes from Act I, scene 2 of **Verdi's** *I Due Foscari*. Lucrezia Contarini has attempted to see her husband, Jacopo, who has been charged with murder. A group of attendants have suggested that she put her faith in God; she acquiesces and sings this prayer.

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**Emil Montia** (1882-1965)

**Strigă lelea din grădină**

(pub. 1919)

Strigă lelea din grădină  
Pe bărbatul iei sa vină,  
C'a pățit un lucru mare,  
C'a pișcat'o un țințare.

Dar bărbatul iei nu iasă,  
Doarme dus ca mort in  
casă,  
Iar vecinul o a-ude,  
Culegând din dud la  
dude.

Il apuc'o mila mare,  
Deci se ia și gardul sare,  
Ca să vadă cei cu lelea,  
Rău i s'o fi um flat pielea.

Și s'o mângăie o cauta,  
Ne tezind'o ca peo laută  
Și o'ntreabă deo mai dare  
Și o strânge'n brăți-șoare

Iar bărbatul doarme'n  
casă,  
De ne vasti nici cai pa să,  
Nu ști căi mai stă sa moară  
A lui scumpă lelișoară!

**Ploaia cade** (pub. 1919)

Ploaia cade mărunțică  
Pe pământ-tul sec, uscat.  
Lacrimi calde, mândrucică,  
Cad din ochimi ne'n-cetat.

Dar pe-când de ploaia ra-ră  
Tot pământul sec învi-e,  
Lacrime a-tât deama-ră  
Parca'mi curmă viața mi-e.

**Lună, lună** (pub. 1919)

*Octavian Goga*

Lună, lună, stea vicleană,  
Neam de fire de vădană,  
Dece dorurile mele  
Spusuleai, spus la stele?

Stele-le sunt călătoare,  
Fete mari clevetitoare,  
Mi-au spus vântului oftatul

**The peasant woman in  
the garden**

The peasant woman in the garden  
called for her husband to come,  
something big has happened,  
she was bitten by a mosquito.

But the husband isn't coming,  
he sleeps like a dead man in the  
house,  
the neighbour hears her,  
as he picks mulberries from the  
tree,

He felt a great pity for her,  
so he jumped the fence,  
to see the peasant woman,  
her skin was enflamed.

And he caresses her,  
as if she were a lute  
and asks her if she is still in pain  
and he takes her in his arms

And the husband is sleeping in  
the house,  
without a care for his wife,  
she could be dead for all he knows,  
his beloved sweetheart!

**The rain is falling**

The rain is falling  
on dry, dry ground.  
Warm, proud tears,  
they fall out of our eyes.

But while the rain is light  
the whole dry land rises,  
the tears were so bitter  
it is like my life is over.

**Moon, moon**

Moon, moon, cunning star,  
kin of the widow's temper,  
why of my longings  
did you speak with the stars!?

The stars are travellers,  
vast gossiping girls,  
brought my sighs to the wind

Și mă ști, mă știe  
satul.

and now the village knows my  
secrets.

**Tiberiu Brediceanu** (1877-1968)

**Doina Stăncuței from *La Seceriș*** (1936)

*Tiberiu Brediceanu, after NI  
Moldoveanu*

Cîteflori pe deal în sus,  
Toate tu mi leai adus,  
La, la, la, la...

Fir de cucuruz,  
A-uzi, ba de, a-uzi  
Mîndru spic de grîu  
La mîndra la brîu.

**Dragu-mi-i, măndro, de  
tine**

*Traditional*

Dragu-mi-i, măndro, de tine  
La, la, la...  
Când te văd pe lângă mine,  
La, la, la...  
Dragu-mi-i câmpu' cu fân,  
Și mândra cu flori în  
sân,  
La, la, la...

**The lament of Stăncuței**

So many flowers on the hill,  
you brought them all to me,  
la, la, la, la...

Thread of corn,  
listen, yes, listen,  
The maiden hangs the proud ear  
of wheat from her belt.

**I love you, maiden**

I love you, maiden,  
la, la, la...  
when I see you next to me,  
la, la, la...  
I love the hay field  
and the maiden with flowers at  
her breast,  
la, la, la...

**Pauline Viardot** (1821-1910)

**Havanaise** (by 1880)

*Louis Pomey*

Sur la rive le flot d'argent  
En chantant brise mollement,  
Et des eaux avec le ciel pur  
Au lointain se confond l'azur.  
Quel doux hymne la mer  
soupire!  
Viens c'est nous que sa voix  
attire,  
Sois, ô belle! moins rebelle,  
Sois, ô belle! moins cruelle,  
Ah! Ah! A ses chants laisse-toi  
charmer!  
Viens, c'est là que l'on sait  
aimer.  
O ma belle, la mer t'appelle.  
A ses chants laisse-toi  
charmer,  
C'est en mer que l'on sait aimer,  
Oui c'est là que l'on sait aimer!

**Havanaise**

The silver waves sing  
as they break gently on the shore,  
and the pure blue sky mingles  
in the distance with the waters.  
What a sweet hymn the sea  
sighs!  
Come, it's us that its voice is  
luring,  
be less rebellious, my love,  
be less cruel, my love,  
ah! surrender to its charming  
music!  
Come, that is the best place for  
love,  
O my love, the sea calls you.  
Ah! surrender to its charming  
music,  
out at sea is the best place,  
the best place for making love!

**Berceuse** (pub. 1884)*Auguste de Châtillon*

Enfant, si tu dors,  
 Les anges alors  
 T'apporteront mille choses:  
 Des petits oiseaux,  
 Des petits agneaux,  
 Des lys, des lilas et des roses,

Puis, des lapins blancs,  
 Avec des rubans  
 Pour traîner ta voiture;  
 Ils te donneront  
 Tout ce qu'ils auront,  
 Et des baisers, je t'assure!

Enfant, dors à mes accords,  
 Dors, mon petit enfant,  
 Dors! Dors, petit enfant.

J'entends l'éléphant  
 Du grand Mogol, il s'avance,  
 Portant sur son dos  
 Deux palanquins clos,  
 Que lentement il  
 balance!

Dans les palanquins sont des  
 lapins blancs  
 Qui vont traîner ta voiture...  
 Tu n'entends pas mon murmure,

Enfant, dors à mes accords,  
 Dors, mon petit enfant,  
 Dors! dors! dors! dors!

**Hai luli!** (by 1880)*Xavier de Maistre*

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,  
 Je ne sais plus que  
 devenir.  
 Mon bon ami devait venir,  
 Et je l'attends ici seulette.  
 Hai luli! Hai luli!  
 Où donc peut être mon ami?

Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,  
 Le fil se casse dans ma main ...  
 Allons, je fillerai demain;  
 Aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine!  
 Hai luli! Hai luli!  
 Qu'il fait triste sans son ami!

Si jamais il deviant volage,  
 S'il doit un jour m'abandonner,

**Lullaby**

Child, if you sleep,  
 then the angels  
 will bring you a thousand things:  
 little birds,  
 little lambs,  
 lilies, lilacs and roses,

Then, white rabbits,  
 with ribbons  
 to pull your carriage;  
 they will give you  
 all that they have,  
 and kisses, I promise you!

Child, sleep to my melody,  
 sleep, my little child,  
 sleep! Sleep, little child.

I hear the elephant  
 of the Grand Mogul, he comes,  
 carrying on his back  
 two enclosed palanquins,  
 which slowly but surely he  
 balances!

Within the palanquins are the  
 white rabbits  
 who will pull your carriage...  
 You don't hear my murmuring,

Child, sleep to my melody,  
 sleep, my little child,  
 Sleep! Sleep! Sleep! Sleep!

**Willow-waley**

I am sad, I am anxious,  
 I don't know what's to become  
 of me,  
 my true friend was to have come,  
 and here I wait all lonesome.  
 Willow-waley! Willow-waley!  
 Where can he be, my lover?

I sit myself down to spin my wool,  
 the thread breaks in my hand ...  
 Come, I will spin tomorrow:  
 today I'm too full of sorrow!  
 Willow-waley! Willow-waley!  
 How sad it is without a lover!

If ever he turns fickle,  
 if one day he is to desert me,

Le village n'a qu'à brûler,  
 Et moi-même avec le village!  
 Hai luli! Hai luli!  
 A quoi bon vivre sans  
 ami?

the village only has to burn down,  
 and I with the village!  
 Willow-waley! Willow-waley!  
 What's the point of living  
 without a lover?

**George Hall** (b.1953)**3 poemi di Gabriele D'Annunzio** (2021)**L'ora è tarda**

L'ora è tarda; deserto il mar si  
 frange,  
 E il gregge a 'l pian calò:  
 Una tristezza grave in cor mi  
 piange,  
 E sovra il lito io sto.

Io mi struggo d'amore e di  
 desío,  
 Ma tu non pensi a me:  
 Tu sei partito senza dirmi  
 addio:  
 Perché, dimmi, perché?

**O falce di luna**

O falce di luna calante  
 Che brilli su l'acque deserte,  
 O falce d'argento, qual mèsse di  
 sogni  
 Ondeggia al tuo mite chiarore  
 qua giù!

Aneliti brevi di foglie,  
 Sospiri di fiori dal bosco  
 Esalano al mare: non canto non  
 grido  
 Non suono pe 'l vasto silenzio  
 va.

Oppresso d'amor, di  
 piacere,  
 Il popol de' vivi s'addorme...  
 O falce calante, qual mèsse di  
 sogni  
 Ondeggia al tuo mite chiarore  
 qua giù!

**The hour is late**

The hour is late; the billowing  
 sea is deserted,  
 and the flock settles on the plain:  
 a deep sadness laments in my  
 heart,  
 and I stand upon the shore.

I am consumed by love and  
 desire,  
 but you don't think of me:  
 you left without saying goodbye  
 to me:  
 why, tell me, why?

**O crescent moon**

O waning crescent moon  
 that shines on the deserted waters,  
 O crescent of silver, what  
 company of dreams  
 ripples in your gentle glow here  
 below!

Brief longings of leaves,  
 sighs of flowers from the woods  
 breathed to the sea: neither  
 song nor cry  
 nor sound is heard in the vast  
 silence.

Weighed down with love, with  
 pleasure,  
 the living fall asleep...  
 O waning crescent, what  
 company of dreams  
 ripples in your gentle glow here  
 below!

## Van li effluvi de le rose da i verzieri

Van li effluvi de le rose da i verzieri,  
De le corde van le note de l'amore,  
Lungi van per l'alta notte  
Piena d'incantesimi.

L'aspro vin di giovinezza brilla ed arde  
Ne le arterie umane: reca l'aura a tratti  
Un tepor voluttuoso  
D'aliti feminei.

Spiran l'acque a i solitari lidi; vanno,  
Van li effluvi de le rose da i verzieri,  
Van le note de l'amore  
Lungi e le meteore.

## The scent of roses drifts from the gardens

The scent of roses drifts from the gardens,  
from the strings drift notes of love,  
traveling through the deep night full of enchantments.

The bitter wine of youth gleams and burns  
in the blood of the people: at intervals, the breeze brings the voluptuous warmth of feminine airs.

They blow the waters towards distant shores; vanish,  
the scent of roses drifts from the gardens,  
the notes of love drift far among the falling stars.

## Lennox Berkeley (1903-1989)

### Rondeau (1924-5)

*Charles d'Orléans*

Jeunes amoureux nouveaux,  
En la nouvelle saison,  
Par les rues, sans raison  
chevauchant  
Faisans les saulx:  
Et fon sailir des carreaux  
Le feu, comme de charbon:

Jeunes amoureux nouveaux,  
En la nouvelle saison,  
Je ne scay se leurs travaux  
Ilz employent bien ou non;  
Mais piqués de l'esperon  
Son autant que leurs chevaux  
Jeunes amoureux nouveaux.

### From *Tombeaux* (1926)

*Jean Cocteau*

*Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the original text for the below two songs*

### D'un fleuve

Aglaé, sœur d'Ophélie,  
Prise sans en avoir l'air ...

### Rondeau

New young lovers,  
in the new season,  
are riding through the streets  
for no good reason,  
practising jumps;  
and striking sparks from flagstones  
as though from live coals:

New young lovers,  
in the new season,  
I do not know whether  
they do their work well or not;  
but, just as their horses are,  
they are pricked by the spur,  
these new young lovers.

### From *Tombs*

### Of a stream

Aglaë, the sister of Ophelia,  
secretly gripped  
by her mad sickness,

goes off to throw herself into  
the sea.

## De Don Juan

En Espagne, on orne la rue  
Avec des loges d'opéra. ...

## Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

### Le colibri Op. 2 No. 7

(1882)

*Leconte de Lisle*

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,  
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair  
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,  
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air

Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines  
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,  
Où l'açoka rouge, aux odeurs divines,  
S'ouvre et porte au cœur un humide éclair.

Vers la fleur dorée il descend, se pose,  
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,  
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir.

Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,  
Telle aussi mon âme eût voulu mourir  
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée!

## Of Don Juan

In Spain, they adorn the streets  
With boxes from the opera house.  
Who is that unknown beauty?  
It is death.  
Don Juan will have her.

### The humming-bird

The green humming-bird, the king of the hills,  
on seeing the dew and gleaming sun  
shine in his nest of fine woven grass,  
darts into the air like a shaft of light.

He hurries and flies to the nearby springs  
where the bamboos sound like the sea,  
where the red hibiscus with its heavenly scent  
unveils the glint of dew at its heart.

He descends, and settles on the golden flower,  
drinks so much love from the rosy cup  
that he dies, not knowing if he'd drunk it dry.

On your pure lips, O my beloved,  
my own soul too would sooner have died  
from that first kiss which scented it!

## Le temps des lilas (1886)

*Maurice Bouchor*

Le temps des lilas et le temps  
des roses  
Ne reviendra plus à ce  
printemps-ci,  
Le temps des lilas et le temps  
des roses  
Est passé, le temps des œillets  
aussi.

Le vent a changé, les cieux sont  
moroses,  
Et nous n'irons plus courir, et  
cueillir  
Les lilas en fleur et les belles  
roses;  
Le printemps est triste et ne  
peut fleurir.

Oh! joyeux et doux printemps de  
l'année,  
Qui vins, l'an passé, nous  
enseoleiller,  
Notre fleur d'amour est si bien  
faneé,  
Las! que ton baiser ne peut  
l'éveiller!

Et toi, que fais-tu? pas de fleurs  
écloses,  
Point de gai soleil ni d'ombrages  
frais;  
Le temps des lilas et le temps  
des roses  
Avec notre amour est mort à  
jamais.

## Les papillons Op. 2 No. 3 (1880)

*Théophile Gautier*

Les papillons couleur de neige  
Volent par essaims sur la mer;  
Beaux papillons blancs, quand  
pourrai-je  
Prendre le bleu chemin de l'air?

Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,  
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,  
S'ils me voulaient prêter leurs  
ailes,  
Dites, savez-vous où j'irais?

Sans prendre un seul baiser aux  
roses,

## Lilac time

The time for lilac and the time  
for roses  
will return no more this  
spring;  
the time for lilac and the time  
for roses  
is past, the time for carnations  
too.

The wind has changed, the skies  
are sullen,  
and no longer shall we roam to  
gather  
the flowering lilac and beautiful  
rose;  
the spring is sad and cannot  
bloom.

Oh sweet and joyous  
springtime  
that came last year to bathe us  
in sun,  
our flower of love is so far  
faded,  
that your kiss, alas, cannot  
rouse it!

And what do you do? No  
blossoming flowers,  
no bright sun, and no cool  
shade;  
the time for lilac and the time  
for roses  
with our love has perished for  
evermore.

## Butterflies

Snow-coloured butterflies  
swarm over the sea;  
beautiful white butterflies, when  
might I  
take to the azure path of the air?

Do you know, O beauty of beauties,  
my jet-eyed bayadere –  
were they to lend me their  
wings,  
do you know where I would go?

Without kissing a single  
rose,

A travers vallons et forêts,  
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes,  
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y  
mourrais.

across valleys and forests  
I'd fly to your half-closed lips,  
flower of my soul, and there  
would die.

## Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

### Morire? (c.1917-8)

*Giuseppe Adami*

Morire? E chi lo sa qual'è la  
vita?  
Questa che s'apre luminosa e  
schietta  
Ai fascini, agli amori, alle  
speranze,  
O quella che in rinuncie s'è  
assopita?

È la semplicità timida e queta  
Che si tramanda come  
ammonimento,  
Come un segreto di virtù  
segreta  
Perchè ognuno raggiunga la sua  
mèta,

O non piuttosto il vivo  
balenare  
Di sogni nuovi sovra sogni  
stanchi,  
E la pace travolta e l'inesausta  
Fede d'aver per  
desiderare?

Ecco io non lo so. Ma voi che  
siete  
All'altra sponda sulla riva  
immensa  
Ove fiorisce il fiore della vita,  
Son certo lo saprete.

### Sole e amore (1888)

*Anonymous*

Il sole allegramente  
Batte ai tuoi vetri. Amor  
Pian batte al tuo cuore,  
E l'uno e l'altro chiama.  
Il sole dice: O dormente,  
Mostrati che sei  
bella.  
Dice l'amor: Sorella,  
Col tuo primo pensier pensa a  
chi t'ama!

### To die?

To die? But who knows what  
life really is?  
Does it with radiant  
sincerity  
welcome enthusiasms, loves  
and hopes,  
or sleepily succumb to  
resignation?

Is it simplicity, timid and retiring,  
handed down as if an  
admonition,  
as if it were a secret of secret  
strength  
by means of which all goals can  
be achieved,

Or rather is it not the  
incandescence  
of new dreams that replace the  
worn-out ones,  
and peace overwhelmed and infinite  
confidence that one can have  
what one desires?

As you see, I do not know. But  
you who stand  
on the farther side upon the  
boundless shore  
where blooms the flower of life,  
you, I am certain, will know.

### The sun and love

The sun brightly  
beats against your windows. Love  
softly beats against your heart,  
and one and the other call to you.  
The sun says: O sleeping one,  
show yourself – how beautiful  
you are.  
Says love: Sister,  
with your first thought, think of  
the one who loves you!

## Amilcare Ponchielli (1834-1886)

### Dimenticar, ben mio

(1880-3)

*Bernardino Zandrini, after  
Heinrich Heine*

Dimenticar, ben mio, come hai  
potuto  
Che il tuo cor tanto tempo ho  
posseduto?  
Quel cor sì falso e caro! Ove  
trovare  
Cose che sien più false e insiem  
più care?

Come hai l'amore e il duolo  
dimenticato  
Che tanto tempo il cor m'hanno  
straziato?  
Io non saprei dei due qual fu il  
maggior:  
So che grande fu il duolo,  
grande l'amor!

### How could you forget, my love

How could you forget, my  
love,  
that for so long your heart has  
belonged to me?  
That heart so false and beloved!  
Is there anywhere  
a thing more false and yet more  
beloved?

How could you forget the love  
and the suffering  
that for so long have tormented  
my heart?  
I could not tell which of the two  
was the greater:  
I know that vast was the  
suffering, vast the love!

## Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

### Essa corre al trionfo from *Ermione* (1819)

*Andrea Leone Tottola, after Jean  
Racine*

Essa corre al trionfo! ah! dov'è  
Pirro?  
Perché pria che mi lasci ei non  
mi ascolta,  
E per l'ultima volta? ah! se ti  
muove  
L'acerbo affanno mio, Fenicio,  
ah corri,  
Vedi per me l'ingrato... a lui  
favella...  
La data fé, l'amore, i  
giuramenti...  
Tutto il tuo labbro al mancator  
rammenti.

Di' che vedesti piangere  
Chi non conobbe ancor  
Che volle dir viltà.  
E a queste amare lacrime  
Conceda il traditor  
Se non amor, pietà.

### She speeds towards her triumph

She speeds towards her  
triumph! Ah! Where is Pirro?  
Why before he leaves me does  
he not hear me out,  
one last time? Ah! If my bitter  
grief  
moves you, Fenicio, ah,  
run,  
see the ungrateful man for me...  
speak to him...  
The sworn faith, the love, the  
vows...  
let your lips remind the traitor  
of all this.

Tell him that you saw weeping  
one who until now did not know  
what was meant by cowardice.  
And to these bitter tears  
may the betrayer grant  
if not love, pity.

## Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

### Tu al cui sguardi onni possente from *I due*

*Foscari* (1844)

*Francesco Maria Piave, after Lord  
Byron*

Ah, sì, conforto ai miseri del ciel  
è la pietà!

Tu al cui sguardo onnipossente  
Tutto esulta, o tutto geme:  
Tu che solo sei mia speme,  
Tu conforto il mio dolor.  
Per difesa all'innocente presta  
tu del tuon la voce,  
Ah! Ogni cor il più feroce farà  
mite il suo rigor.

La clemenza! S'aggiunge lo  
scherno!  
D'ingiustizia era poco il  
delitto?  
Si condanna e s'insulta  
l'afflitto  
Di clemenza parlando e pietà?

O patrizi, tremate...  
L'Eterno  
L'opre vostre dal cielo misura...  
D'onta eterna,  
D'immense sciagura  
Egli giusto pagarvi  
saprà.

### You beneath whose almighty gaze

Ah, yes, the pity of heaven is  
comfort to the wretched!

You beneath whose almighty gaze  
all rejoice, or all lament:  
you who alone are my hope,  
you console my pain.  
Lend the thunder of your voice  
to defend the innocent,  
ah! Even the most cruel heart will  
be made meek by its might.

Mercy! They add insult to  
injury!  
Was injustice too small a crime  
for them?  
That they condemn and insult  
the unhappy man  
by speaking of mercy and pity?

Oh patricians, tremble...  
the Eternal one  
weighs your deeds from heaven...  
With eternal disgrace,  
immeasurable misfortune,  
he will know how you deserve  
to be repaid.

*Translations of Hall, 'Sole e amore', Ponchielli, Rossini and Verdi by Jean du Monde.  
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translations of the songs in Romanian kindly provided by the artist.*