

# program notes

BY DR. RICHARD E. RODDA

The story of *La Forza del Destino* (“*The Force of Destiny*,” 1862) by Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901) is set in 18th-century Spain. Alvaro has accidentally killed the father of his beloved, Leonora, during the lovers’ attempted elopement. Separately, they flee. Leonora’s brother, Carlo, swears vengeance on both her and their father’s murderer. Leonora first seeks refuge at a convent, and then goes to live as a hermit in a cave. Carlo and Alvaro meet during a military encounter, and Carlo discovers the true identity of his adversary just after Alvaro is carried away, wounded. Alvaro joins the church as a monk, but he is followed by Carlo who enrages Alvaro to the point of a duel. They fight near Leonora’s cave, interrupting her prayers (*Pace, pace, mio Dio!* — “*Peace, peace, my God!*”), and she goes to see what is causing the commotion. As she emerges from her cave, the lovers recognize each other, and Alvaro cries that he has spilled the blood of yet another of her family. She rushes off to help her fatally wounded brother, but Carlo, with his last bit of strength, stabs Leonora, and she dies in Alvaro’s arms. The Overture, utilizing several themes from the opera, reflects the strong emotions of the work, though it does not follow the progress of the story.

Alphonse Daudet’s play *L’Arlésienne* was based on a true incident of the frustrated love and suicide of a young relative of the Provençal poet Frédéric Mistral. In the play, the chief protagonist, the mysterious and seductive Woman of Arles (“*L’Arlésienne*”), never appears on stage. A young farmer, Frédéri, is madly in love with this alluring woman of the town, and he wishes to marry her. His family

tries to dissuade Frédéri by proving to him the unfaithfulness of *L’Arlésienne*, and arranges a marriage with Vivette, his childhood sweetheart. Frédéri agrees, but becomes so distraught with hopeless passion for *L’Arlésienne* on the eve of the wedding that he hurls himself from the loft of the farmhouse to his death on the pavement below. In *È la solita storia* (“*It is the shepherd’s familiar tale*”) from operatic version (1891) of the Daudet’s play by Francesco Cilea (1866-1950), Frédéri first refers to his young brother, a feeble-minded boy who loves to hear an old shepherd repeat a familiar story as he falls asleep. He then contrasts this simple pleasure with his own sleepless misery, and sinks into despair.

*Norma* (1831) by Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835) is set in Gaul during the Roman occupation, ca. 50 B.C. Norma, High Priestess of the Druids, performs a sacred rite imploring the gods for deliverance from the Roman oppressors. Pollione, the Roman Proconsul, approaches after the Druids have left and reveals to Flavio, his lieutenant, that Norma has broken her vow of chastity by falling in love with him and bearing him two sons. The Romans conceal themselves when the Druids return. Norma, fearing for the life of her lover, advises her people that the time is not yet ripe for revolt. In her aria *Casta Diva* (“*Chaste Goddess*”), she prays publicly for peace, but privately voices her love for Pollione.

Verdi’s *Nabucco* (1841) concerns the faithfulness of the Hebrews to God during their Babylonian Captivity. The great chorus of the Hebrews on the banks of the Euphrates, *Va, Pensiero*

(“*Fly, Thoughts*”), expresses the longing for their lost freedom and their distant homeland.

*Lamico Fritz* (1891) by Pietro Mascagni (1863-1945), the successor to his wildly popular *Cavalleria Rusticana*, tells of the wealthy young Alsatian landowner Fritz Kobus, who professes that he will be a life-long bachelor. His friend David, the village matchmaker, chides Fritz that even he is not immune to love, and wagers that some day he will be married. Fritz stakes a vineyard to seal the bet. At the beginning of Act II, Suzel, daughter of Fritz’s steward, gathers a bouquet of flowers in honor of Fritz’s birthday (“Cherry Duet”: *Il padrone tra poco sarà desto — The master will soon be awake; I’ll pick him a bunch of flowers*) and presents them to him and then plucks some ripe cherries for him from a nearby tree. David decides to help the budding relationship along and at the close of Act II he arouses jealousy in the smitten but still-reluctant Fritz by telling him that he has found a husband for Suzel and is arranging her wedding. In Act III, David tells Fritz that he must attend the wedding to give his consent as feudal lord. After sufficient further machinations, David reveals that Fritz is the bridegroom. With Fritz married, David wins his vineyard and then gives it to Suzel as a wedding gift.

*Tannhäuser* (1845) by Richard Wagner (1813-1883) opens in a grotto in the Venusberg, the mountain where Venus, the goddess of love, is said by German legend to have taken refuge following the fall of ancient civilization. Tannhäuser has forsaken the world to enjoy her sensual pleasures, but after a year he longs to return home and find forgiveness. He invokes the name of the Virgin Mary, and the Venusberg is swallowed by darkness. Tannhäuser finds himself in a

valley below Wartburg Castle, where he is passed by a band of pilgrims journeying to Rome. His friend Wolfram recognizes him, and invites him to the Wartburg to take part in a singing contest. Before the participants gather in the hall of the Wartburg for the competition, Elisabeth, in love with Tannhäuser, sings a paean (*Dich, teure Halle — “Dear hall”*) to the site of his once and future triumphs. The *Grand March and Arrival of the Guests at the Wartburg* accompany the procession of the nobles into the hall of the castle.

In *La Traviata* (1853) by Giuseppe Verdi, the Parisian courtesan Violetta, having won the heart of Alfredo Germont only to be meanly separated from him by his father in a matter of family honor, lies dying of consumption in her bedroom. Alfredo returns to her when he learns of her illness, and they sing of their vain hope for a life together in the duet *Parigi, o cara — We’ll leave Paris, my dearest, together we’ll go through life*. The poignant prelude to Act I sets the tone of melancholy that pervades the later actions of the opera, and also acts as a foil for the brilliant party scene that follows when the curtain rises.

The chorus *Gloria all’Egitto* (“*Glory to Egypt*”) occupies much of the spectacular Triumphal Scene in Act II of Verdi’s *Aida* (1870), in which the victorious Egyptian army parades its Ethiopian captives and booty before king and people.

Verdi’s *I Due Foscari* (“*The Two Foscari*,” 1844), set in Venice in 1457, concerns two members of the Foscari family: the father, Francesco, Doge of Venice, and Jacopo, his son. Jacopo is exiled on accusations of murder trumped up by the family’s enemies. When apparent further evidence of Jacopo’s guilt is brought to the city’s all-powerful Council of Ten, he is brought back to Venice for another trial. While he waits to enter the Council’s chamber, Jacopo sings of his sorrow

at being exiled from his home (*Dal più remoto esilio, sull'ali del desio* — *From the most distant place of exile*) and then of the continuing hatred against his family (*Odio solo, ed odio atroce in quell'anime si serra* — *Only hatred, cruel hatred is locked within their breasts*).

*Eugene Onégin* (1878) by Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893), based on Pushkin's novel in verse, opens at the country estate of Madame Larina, the widow of a general, in late summer. The peasants arrive to present her with a decorated sheaf, a token of their respect, and to entertain her with a rousing song and dance.

Tchaikovsky's *Iolanta* (1891) is set in 15th-century Provence in a sumptuous walled garden on the estate of the kindly King René. The King's daughter, Iolanta, has been blind from birth, but, in an attempt to protect her from the harsh realities of life, her father has forbidden that she should be made aware of her disability. All mention of vision and light is prohibited to her friends and servants, and visitors are warned that they enter the garden on peril of their lives. Iolanta has enjoyed a contented life as a girl, but an uneasiness has come over her as she matures and anticipates her marriage to Robert, Duke of Burgundy, to whom she has been betrothed by her father since childhood. Robert, however, is in love with another, and he is reluctant to marry Iolanta, but his friend Vaudémont is enchanted by her beauty and demeanor and tells Iolanta that she is the vision of loveliness for which he longs. She welcomes Vaudémont to her garden, but when he asks her to pick him a red rose, she brings him a white one. She is confused, she says, by the word "red," and Vaudémont realizes that she is blind. When he cries out and then falls silent, Iolanta questions him to begin an impassioned duet that reflects their mounting mutual attraction.

Verdi: Pace, pace, mio dio from *La Forza del Destino*

Pace, pace, mio Dio, pace, mio Dio.  
Cruda sventura  
m'astringe, ahimè, a languir;  
come il dì primo da tant'anni dura  
profondo il mio soffrir.  
Pace, pace, mio Dio, pace, mio Dio.  
Lamai, gli è ver,  
ma di beltà e valore  
cotanto Iddio l'ornò,  
che l'amo ancor, nè togliermi dal core  
l'immagin sua saprò.  
Fatalità, fatalità, fatalità!  
Un delitto  
disgiunti n'ha quaggiù!  
Alvaro, io t'amo,  
e su nel cielo è scritto  
non ti vedrò mai più!  
Oh, Dio, Dio fa ch'io muoia;  
chè la calma può darmi morte sol.  
Invan la pace qui sperò quest'alma  
in preda a tanto duol,  
in mezzo a tanto duol.

Peace, peace, my God, give me peace!  
Bitter misfortune  
has brought me low.  
I suffer now as I did the very day  
I entered these long years of hardship.  
Peace, O mighty Father, give me peace!  
I loved him, it is true!  
But Heaven had given him  
such beauty and courage  
that I cannot help loving him still,  
nor expunge his image from my heart.  
A tragedy! 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 ever find peace.  
In vain this soul of mine seeks rest  
but is a prey  
to long and bitter woe.

(She crosses to a rock where some provisions have been left for her)

Misero pane, a prolungarmi vieni  
la sconsolata vita.  
Ma chi giunge?  
Chi profanare ardisce il sacro loco?  
Maledizione! Maledizione!

Miserable food, you have come only  
to prolong a life of wretchedness.  
But whom do I hear approaching?  
Who dares profane this sacred place?  
The curse! The curse!

Cilea: Federico's Lament from *L'Arlesiana*

È la solita storia del pastore.  
Il povero ragazzo  
voleva raccontarla e s'addormì.  
C'è nel sonno l'oblio ...  
come l'invidia!

It is the shepherd's familiar tale.  
The poor lad tried  
to tell it, and went to sleep.  
In sleep is oblivion ...  
how I envy him!

Anch'io vorrei dormir così,  
nel sonno almen l'oblio trovar!  
La pace sol cercando io vo,  
vorrei poter tutto scordar!  
Ma ogni sforzo è vano;  
davanti ho sempre di lei  
il dolce sembiante.  
La pace tolta è solo a me!  
Perchè degg'io tanto penar?  
Lei, sempre lei, mi parla al cor ...

I too would be glad to sleep like that,  
and in my sleep at least find oblivion!  
I go looking for peace alone  
and would like to be able to forget everything!  
But every effort is in vain;  
I always see before me  
the vision of her sweet face.  
I am bereft of peace!  
Why should I suffer so?  
She, always she, speaks to my heart ...

Fatale vision, mi lascia!  
Mi fai tanto male! Ahimè!

Fatal dream, leave me alone!  
You pain me so! Ah, me!

Bellini: Casta Diva from *Norma*

Casta diva, che inargentì  
queste sacre antiche piante,  
a noi volgi il bel sembiante,  
senza nube e senza vel.

Chaste goddess, who silvers  
these sacred ancient plants,  
turn your lovely gaze on us,  
unclouded and unveiled.

Tempra, o Diva, tu de' cori ardenti,  
tempra ancora lo zelo audace,  
spargi in terra, ah, quella pace  
che regnar tu fai nel ciel.

Temper, o goddess, you of the ardent hearts,  
temper more the bold zeal,  
diffuse on earth, ah, that peace  
that you make reign in heaven.

Fine al rito; e il sacro bosco  
sia disgombrò dia profani.  
Quando il Nume irato e fosco  
chiegga il sangue dei Romani,  
dal druidico delubro  
la mia voce tuonerà.

The rite is finished; and let the sacred woods  
be cleared of laymen.  
When the angry and gloomy god  
demands the blood of the Romans  
from the Druid shrine  
my voice will thunder forth.

Cadrà ... punirlo io posso ...  
Ma punirlo il cor non sa.  
Ah! bello a me ritorna  
del fido amor primiero:  
e contro il mondo intiero  
difensa a te sarò.

He will fall ... I can punish him ...  
But my heart doesn't know how to punish him.  
Ah! love, return to me,  
the faithful first love:  
and against the entire world  
your defense I will be.

Ah! bello a me ritorna  
del raggio tuo sereno;  
e vita nel tuo seno  
e patria e cielo avrò.

Ah! love, return to me  
your serene gaze;  
and life in your bosom  
and a native land and heaven will have.

Ah! riedi ancora  
qual eri allora,  
quando, ah, quando il cor  
ti diedi allora,  
qual eri allora,  
quando, ah, quando il cor ti diedi.  
Ah, riedi a me.

Ah! return again  
to what you were then,  
when, ah, when my heart  
I gave to you then,  
as you were then,  
when, ah, when I gave you my heart.  
Ah, return to me.

Verdi: Va, Pensiero from *Nabucco*

Va, pensiero, sull'ali dorate;  
Va, ti posa sui clivi, sui colli,  
Ove olezzano tepide e molli  
L'aure dolci del suolo natal!  
Del Giordano le rive saluta,  
Di Sionne le torri atterrate.  
Oh, mia patria sì bella e perduta!

Fly, thought, on wings of gold;  
go settle upon the slopes and the hills,  
where, soft and mild, the sweet airs  
of our native land smell fragrant!  
Greet the banks of the Jordan  
and Zion's toppled towers.  
Oh, my country, so lovely and lost!

Oh, membranza sì cara e fatal!

Arpa d'or del fatidici vati,  
Perchè muta dal salice pendi?  
Le memorie nel petto raccendi,  
Ci favella del tempo che fu!  
O simile di Solima ai fati  
Traggi un suono di crudo lamento,  
O t'ispiri il Signore un concerto  
Che ne infonda al patire virtù!

Oh, remembrance so dear and so fraught  
with despair!

Golden harp of the prophetic seers,  
Why dost thou hang mute upon the willow?  
Rekindle our bosom's memories,  
and speak of times gone by!  
Mindful of the fate of Jerusalem,  
either give forth an air of sad lamentation,  
or else let the Lord imbue us  
with fortitude to bear our sufferings!

Mascagni: Cherry Duet from *Lamico Fritz*

SUZEL

Il padrone tra poco sarà desto.  
Voglio per lui comporre un mazzolino.

The master will soon be awake;  
I'll pick him a bunch of flowers.

(singing a song as she gathers flowers)

Bel cavaliere, che vai per la foresta ...  
— Che volete da me, cara figliuola?  
Bel cavaliere, dalla faccia mesta ...  
— Cogliete fiori, allegra boscaiuiuola?  
Bel cavaliere, ti darò una rosa ...  
— Grazie, piccina, rose non ne vo'!  
Bel cavalier, sarà per la tua sposa ...  
— Piccina, grazie! la sposa non l'ho !

Fair knight riding through the forest ...  
— What can I do for you, dear child?  
Fair knight with your sad expression ...  
— Are you gathering flowers, gay wood-sprite?  
Fair knight, here's a rose for you ...  
— My thanks, little one, but I want no roses!  
Fair knight, then give it to your bride ...  
— Little one, thank you, but bride I have none!

(Fritz appears, listening to her)

FRITZ

Suzel, buon dì!  
D'un gaio rosignuolo  
la voce mi svegliò.

Good morning, Suzel!  
I was woken up by the glad song  
of a nightingale.

SUZEL

Che dite mai?

What can you mean?

FRITZ

Mi piace come canti.

I like your singing.

SUZEL

Oh, Signor Fritz ...  
Canto così come mi vien dal core.

Oh, Master Fritz ...  
I sing what comes into my heart.

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FRITZ

(coming down the stairs)

Quei fiori son per me?

Are those flowers for me?

SUZEL

Per voi li ho còlti ...

Ed oltre i fiori

ho pronta una sorpresa ...

I picked them for you ...

And, besides the flowers,

I've a surprise for you ...

FRITZ

Una primizia certo ...

Some early fruit, I'll be bound.

SUZEL

Le ciliege.

Cherries.

FRITZ

Ciliege! e son di già mature?

Cherries! Are they ripe already?

SUZEL

Han della porpora vivo il colore,  
son dolci e tenere ...

They're bright purple,  
sweet and tender ...

FRITZ

(aside, watching her affectionately)

Di primavera somiglia a un fiore  
fragrante e roseo ...

She is like a spring flower,  
fragrant and rosy ...

SUZEL

Son pronta a coglierne un mazzolino.  
Debbo gettarvele?

I'm going to pick a handful ...  
Shall I throw you some down?

FRITZ

Gettale subito, bell'augellino.  
Le saprò prendere.

Throw them down, my pretty little bird,  
I'll catch them.

(Suzel goes out by the garden gate, climbs up a ladder on the other side of the wall, picks some cherries and throws them down to Fritz)

FRITZ

Fresche scintillano, di brina ancora  
son tutte roride ...

They sparkle with freshness,  
still bedewed with hoarfrost.

Ma è da quell'albero che sull'aurora  
pispiglia il passero?

But is that the tree  
where the sparrow twitters at dawn?

SUZEL

Sì, da quell'albero ...

Yes, that's the one ...

FRITZ

Ciò ch'egli dice  
non sai comprendere?

Do you understand  
what he says?

SUZEL

Io lo so intendere ... ch'egli è felice,  
nel canto mormora:  
sa rami floridi ha i suoi piccini ...  
lieti l'aspettano;  
agili scherzano dei bianco-spini,  
tra i fiori candidi.

I do ... he sings about  
how happy he is:  
in the flowery branches, his chicks  
await him joyfully;  
they play nimbly among  
the white hawthorn blossoms.

FRITZ

Come ne interpreti bene il linguaggio!

How well you interpret his language!

SUZEL

Sembra che parlino.  
Sembra salutino coi fior il raggio  
dell'aurora.

The birds seem to talk.  
They seem to greet, as the flowers do,  
the sun's first rays.

FRITZ

(aside, downstage)

Tutto tace,  
Eppur tutto al cor mi parla.  
Questa pace,  
Fuor di qui dove trovarla?  
Tu sei bella,  
O stagion primaverile!  
Rinovella  
Fiori e amor il dolce aprile!

All is silent,  
yet it all speaks to my heart.  
Where could one find  
peace like this elsewhere?  
How beautiful you are,  
o springtime!  
Sweet April renews  
flowers and love alike!

(Suzel comes back through the gate, her apron full of cherries)

SUZEL

Quale incanto  
Nel risveglio d'ogni fiore!  
Riso o pianto,  
Tutto è palpito d'amore!

What enchantment lies  
in the awakening of each flower!  
Laughter or tears,  
it all throbs with love!



Tutto il prato  
D'un tappeto s'è smaltato ...  
Al Signore  
S'alza l'inno da ogni core!

The whole meadow  
is carpeted with color ...  
From every heart  
a hymn rises to the Lord.

Wagner: Grand March and Arrival of the Guests from *Tannhäuser*

Freudig begrüßen wir die edle Halle,  
wo Kunst und Frieden immer nur verweil',  
wo lange noch der frohe Ruf erschalle:  
"Thüringens Fürsten, Landgraf Hermann,  
Heil!"

Joyfully we greet the noble hall,  
where art and peace linger forever,  
and long the joyous cry rings out:  
"To the Prince of Thuringia, Count Hermann,  
Hail!"

Wagner: Dich teure Halle from *Tannhäuser*

Dich, teure Halle, grüss ich wieder,  
froh grüss ich dich, geliebter Raum!  
In dir erwachen seine Lieder  
und wecken mich aus düstrem Traum.  
Da er aus dir geschieden,  
wie öd erschienst du mir!  
Aus mir entfloh der Frieden,  
die Freude zog aus dir.  
Wie jetzt mein Busen hoch sich hebet,  
so scheinst du jetzt mir stolz und hehr.  
Der mich und dich so neu belebet,  
nicht weilt er ferne mehr.  
Wie jetzt mein Busen, usw.  
Sei mir gegrüsst! Sei mir gegrüsst!  
Du, teure Halle, sei mir gegrüsst! usw.

Dear hall, I greet thee once again,  
joyfully I greet thee, beloved place!  
In thee his lays awake  
and waken me from gloomy dreams.  
When he departed from thee,  
how desolate thou didst appear to me!  
Peace forsook me,  
joy took leave of thee.  
How strongly now my heart is leaping;  
to me now thou dost appear exalted and sublime.  
He who thus revives both me and thee,  
tarries afar no more.  
How strongly now my heart, etc.  
I greet thee! I greet thee!  
Thou precious hall, receive my greeting! etc.

Verdi: Parigi, o cara from *La Traviata*

ALFREDO

Parigi, o cara, noi lasceremo,  
La vita uniti trascorreremo.  
De' corsi affanni compenso avrai,  
La tua salute rifiorirà.  
Sospiro e luce tu mir sarai,  
Tutto il futuro ne arriderà.

We'll leave Paris, my dearest,  
Together we'll go through life.  
In reward for your past sorrows,  
You'll bloom into health again.  
Breath of life, sunshine you'll be to me,  
All the years to come will smile on us.

VIOLETTA

Parigi, o cara, noi lasceremo,  
La vita uniti trascorreremo.

We'll leave Paris, my dearest,  
Together we'll go through life.

ALFREDO

Sì.

Yes.

VIOLETTA

De' corsi affanni compenso avrai,  
La mia salute rifiorirà.  
Sospiro e luce tu mi sarai,  
Tutto il futuro ne arriderà.

In reward for past sorrows,  
I shall bloom into health again.  
Breath of live, sunshine you'll be to me,  
All the years to come will smile on us.

Verdi: Triumphal March from *Aida*

Gloria all'Egitto, ad Iside  
Che il sacro suol protegge;  
Al Re che il Delta regge  
Inni festosi alziam!  
S'intrecci il loto al lauro  
Sul crin dei vincitori;  
Nembo gentil di fiori  
Stenda sull'armi un vel.  
Danziam, fanciulle egizie,  
Le mistiche carole,  
Come d'intorno al sole  
Danzano gli astri in ciel!  
Della vittoria agli arbitri  
Supremi il guardo ergete;  
Grazie agli Dei rendete  
Nel fortunato di.

Glory to Egypt, to Isis  
who protects our sacred soil;  
to the King who rules the Delta,  
let us raise festive hymns!  
Entwine lotus and laurel  
on the brows of the victors;  
may a gentle cloud of flowers  
spread out over the weapons like a veil.  
Let us dance, Egyptian maidens,  
our mystic rounds,  
just as, around the sun,  
the stars dance in heaven!  
To the supreme arbiters of victory  
raise your eyes;  
render thanks to the gods  
on this happy day.

Vieni, o guerriero vindice,  
Vieni a gioir con noi;  
Sul passo degli eroi  
I lauri, i fior versiam!  
Agli arbitri supremi  
Il guardo ergete.  
Grazie agli dei rendete  
Nel fortunato di.  
Gloria all'Egitto ...

Come, o conquering warrior,  
come rejoice with us;  
in the heroes' path  
we scatter flowers and laurel.  
To the supreme arbiters  
raise your eyes.  
Give thanks to your gods  
on this triumphant day.  
Glory to Egypt ...

Verdi: Jacopo's Aria from *I Due Foscari*

Ah sì, ch'io senta ancora, ch'io respiri  
aura non mista a gemiti e sospiri.

Ah yes, that I may feel again; that I may breath  
air untainted by sighs and groans.

Brezza del suol natìo,  
il volto a baciàr voli all'innocente!

Breeze of my native sea,  
fly to kiss the face of one who is innocent.

(He approaches the window)

Ecco la mia Venezia! ... ecco il suo mare!  
Regina dell'onde, io ti saluto!  
Sebben meco crudele,  
io ti son pur de' figli il più fedele.

There lies my Venice ... there is her sea.  
Queen of the waves, I salute you!  
Though you have been cruel to me  
yet I am the most loyal of your sons.

Dal più remoto esilio,  
sull'ali del desio,  
a te sovente rapido  
volava il pensier mio;  
come adorata vergine  
te vagheggiando il core,  
l'esilio ed il dolore  
quasi sparian per me.

From the most distant place of exile  
carried on wings of longing,  
often did my thoughts  
fly swiftly to you.  
While my heart dreamed of you  
as of a maiden adored,  
exile and sorrow  
were almost fled from me.

(The officer returns from the Council)

OFFICER

Del Consiglio alla presenza  
vieni tosto, e il ver disvela.

Soon you will come before the Council  
and the truth will be made known.

JACOPO

(Al mio sguardo almen vi cela,  
ciel pietoso, il genitor!)

(Merciful heaven, at least  
hide my father from my sight.)

OFFICER

Sperar puoi pietà, clemenza ...

You may hope for pity, for mercy ...

JACOPO

Chiudi il labbro, o mentitor.

Hold your lying tongue!

Odio solo, ed odio atroce  
in quell'anime si serra;  
sanguinosa, orrenda guerra  
da costor si farà.  
Ma sei Foscari, una voce  
va tuonandomi nel core;  
forza contro il loro rigore  
l'innocenza ti darà.

Only hatred, cruel hatred  
is locked within their breasts:  
a dreadful and bloody war  
they will wage against me.  
But "you are a Foscari" cries a voice  
in tones of thunder within my heart.  
"Innocence will give you strength  
to withstand their severity."

Tchaikovsky: Peasant Chorus from *Eugene Onégin*

Peasant Leader

Bolyat moyi skori nozhenki so pokhodushki. My swift little feet ache from walking.

Peasants

... Skori nozhenki so pokhodushki.

... Ache from walking.

Peasant Leader

Bolyat moyi byeli ruchenki so rabotushki.

My white hands ache from working.

Peasants

... Byeti ruchenki so rabotushki.  
Shchemit moyo retivoeye syerdts  
so zabotushki.

Ne znayu, kak bit,  
Kak lubyezново zabit.  
Bolyat moyi skori nozhenki ...

... Ache from working.  
My ardent heart aches from caring.

I don't know what to do,  
how to forget my sweetheart.  
My swift little feet ...

(The peasant band enters, the leaders bearing a decorated sheaf)

Zdravstvui, matushka-barinya,  
Zdravstvui, nasha kormilitsa,  
Vot mi prishli k tvoyei milosti,  
Snop prinesli razukrashenni!  
S zhtavoi pokonchili mi!

Greetings, your ladyship,  
greetings, benefactress!  
We come before your Grace  
bearing the decorated sheaf!  
The harvest is all gathered in!

Mme Larina

Shto zh, i prekrasno, veselites,  
Ya rada vam.  
Propoite shto-nibud poyeselyei!

So, that's excellent. Now make merry!  
I'm pleased to see you all.  
Sing us something jolly!

Peasants

Izvolte, matushka.  
Potyeshim barinyu.  
Nu, dyevki, v krug skhodites!  
Nu, shto zh vi, stanovites, stanovites!

If that's what you'd like, little mother!  
Come, let's entertain the lady.  
Now, girls, stand in a ring!  
Come along now, all get ready!

Uzh kak po mostu, mostochku,  
Po kalinovim dosochkam,  
Vayinu, vayinu, vayinu, vayinu,  
Po kalinovim dosochkam,  
Tut i shol proshol detina,  
Slovno yagoda malina,  
Vayinu ...  
Slovno yagoda malina.  
Na pleche nesyt dubinku,  
Pod poloi nesyt volinku,  
Vayinu ...  
Pod poloi nesyt volinku,  
Pod drugoi nesyt gudochek.  
Dogadaisa, mil družhocek,  
Vayinu ...  
Dogadaisa, mil družhocek.  
Solntse syclo, ti ne spish li!  
Libo viidi, libo vishli,  
Vayinu ...  
Libo viidi, libo vishli,  
Libo Sashu, libo Mashu,

One day across the bridge, the little bridge,  
along the hazel planks,  
Vayinu, vayinu, vayinu, vayinu,  
along the hazel planks,  
came a fine young fellow,  
fresh and ruddy as a raspberry,  
Vayinu ...  
fresh and ruddy as a raspberry.  
Over his shoulder he carries a cudgel,  
under one coat-skirt he carries bagpipes,  
Vayinu ...  
under one coat-skirt he carries bagpipes,  
under the other is a fiddle.  
Now just you guess, my dearest,  
Vayinu ...  
Now just you guess, my dearest.  
The sun has set, aren't you asleep, then?  
Come out yourself or else send out,  
Vayinu ...  
Come out yourself or else send out  
Sasha or Masha,

Libo dushechku Parashu,  
 Vayinu ...  
 Libo dushechku Parashu,  
 Libo Sasbu, ...  
 Parashenka vikhodita,  
 S milim ryechi govorila:  
 Vayinu ...  
 S milim ryechi govorila:  
 "Ne bessud-ka, moi druzhochek,  
 V chom khodila, vi tom i vishla,  
 V khudenkoi vo rubashonke,  
 Vo korotkoi ponizhonke,  
 Vayinu ...  
 V khudenkoi vo rubashonke,  
 Vo korotkoi ponizhonke!  
 Ne bessud-ka, moi druzhochek," ...  
 Vayinu ...

or dear little Parasha,  
 Vayinu ...  
 Send dear little Parasha,  
 Sasha, etc.  
 Parashenka came out,  
 and had a talk with her sweetheart,  
 Vayinu ...  
 had a talk with her sweetheart:  
 "Don't grumble at me, my dearest,  
 I've come out just as I was,  
 in my shabby little blouse  
 and my short skirt.  
 Vayinu ...  
 In my shabby little blouse  
 and my short skirt!  
 Don't you grumble at me," ...  
 Vayinu ...

Tchaikovsky: Tvajo malchan'je nepan'atna from *Iolanta*

IOLANTA

Tvajo malchan'je nepan'atna; ni znaju,  
 chem mai slava tibe  
 magli byt' neprijatny ...  
 Skazhy mne, f chom maja vina?  
 Chuzhyh ja retka zdes' fstrichaju,  
 i mnogava jeshò ne znaju;  
 ty nauchi, ja malada, ja budu slushatsa tib'a!

Malchish? Ne hochesh byt' sa nnoj?  
 pust' budit tak!  
 Tvai zhelan'ja mne zakon;  
 maju pichal' at fseh ja skroju ...  
 No, shtoby eta byl ni son,  
 ne prizrak sh'ast'ja,  
 v znak prash'an'ja, sarvi i daj adnu iz ros  
 na pam'at' nasheva svidan'ja!

I do not understand your silence;  
 I do not know what I can have said  
 to have caused you any offence ...  
 Tell me, what am I guilty of?  
 I rarely come upon strangers here,  
 there's still so much I have to learn;  
 be my teacher. I'm young. I will be  
 an obedient pupil!  
 You're silent? You want to leave me?  
 So be it, then!  
 Your wish, to me, is a command;  
 I will hide my sorrow from the world ...  
 But, to prove this was no dream,  
 no illusion of joy,  
 as a parting gift, give me one of those roses;  
 it will remind me of our meeting!

(She breaks down in tears)

VAUDEMONT

Dit'a, o net, ne nada sl'os!

Dear child, oh no, please do not cry!

IOLANTA

Ty ni ushol jeshò?

So, you haven't gone yet?

VAUDEMONT

Bedn'ashka!  
Skazhyte mne, neuzhli nikagda,  
hot' izretka, yarn mysl' ni prihadila,

shto groznaja, zhestokaja sud'ba  
vas dara dragatsennava lishyla?  
Neuzhli vy ni znali, dl'a chevo  
u vas blest'at bez-zhyznennyya ochi?

Poor, sweet maid!  
Tell me, can it be that you have never,  
even just once or twice, been struck  
by the thought  
that fate, both formidable and cruel,  
has deprived you of a valuable gift?  
Have you really never known the reason  
why you have eyes which shine  
without life's luster?

IOLANTA

(touching her eyes)

Zachem glaza dany mne?  
Dl'a tavo, shtop plakat'...

Why have I been given eyes?  
Well, so that I can cry...

VAUDÉMONT

Plakat' v vechnam mrake nochi!

Cry in night's eternal darkness!

IOLANTA

Kak butta ty ni znajesh, shto at sl'os  
pichal' prahodit lehche i bystreje?  
Tak fs'o f prirode posle letnih gros  
stanovitsa dushystej i badreje.

But, don't you know that, if you can shed tears,  
sorrow lingers less, passing more readily?  
So, in nature, after the summer's storms  
everything seems somehow fresher and brighter.

VAUDÉMONT

O, znachit net f tvajej grudi zhelan'ja  
uvidet' svet i slavu mirazdan'ja?

Oh, so, your heart does not nurture the desire  
to see light and the universe's glory?

IOLANTA

Shto znachit videt'?

What does "to see" mean?

VAUDÉMONT

Paznavat' svet Bozhyy.

To know the light of God.

IOLANTA

Rytsar', shto takojc svet?

Good knight, tell me, what is "light"?

VAUDÉMONT

Chudnyj pervenets tvaren'ja,  
pervyy miru dar Tvar'tsa,  
Slavy Bozhej prajavljen'je,

Creation's wonderful first-born,  
the Lord's first gift to the world,  
God's glory made manifest,

luchshyj perl jevo ventsa, sontse, neba.  
 Zv'ost sijan'je napaln'ajut mir zemnoj,  
 fs'u prirodu i sazdan'ja  
 neskazannaj krasatoj!  
 Kto ni znajet blaga sveta tot  
 ne mozhet tak l'ubit'  
 Bozhyj mir v mrak adetyj,  
 Boga f t'me, kak f svete chtit'!  
 Im paznal ja, nedastojnyj, vas,  
 o deva krasaty,  
 stan vash defstvennyj i strojnyj,  
 obraz milyj i cherty,  
 da, on pervenets tvaren'ja,  
 luchshyj mini dar Tvartsa.

the loveliest pearl in His crown!  
 The sun, the sky and shining stars fill the world,  
 our earthly home, all of nature and creation  
 with unspeakable beauty!  
 Anyone who does not know  
 the joy of light  
 cannot so love God's world, colored black,  
 nor honor Him in darkness, as in light!  
 By His light, I, unworthy soul, saw you,  
 O lovely maiden,  
 your chaste and slender figure,  
 sweet features and endearing look;  
 yet, it is creation's first-born,  
 the Lord's best gift to the world.

IOLANTA

Ty gavarish tak slatka!  
 Ja ni znaju, shto sa mnoj?  
 Nikagda takova sh'ast'ja ne ispytala ja ...

Your words are so pleasing!  
 I know not what's come over me!  
 Never in my life have I known  
 such happiness as this...

No ty ashyps'a, net, net, net!  
 Shtoby Boga slavit' vechna, rytsar',  
 mne ni nuzhen svet:  
 blagast' Bozhja beskaniechna,  
 jej nigde predelaf net!  
 V zharkam dne,  
 v blagauhan'jah,  
 v zvukah i va mne samoj  
 atrazhon va vseh sazdan'jah Boh  
 nezrimyj i blagoj!  
 Mozhna l' videt' sh'ebetn'je ptichki  
 v rozavam kuste,  
 ili slatkaje zhurchan'je bystraj rechki  
 na peske?

But, no, no, no, you are quite wrong!  
 To praise God eternally, good knight,  
 I do not need the light:  
 the goodness of the Lord is without end,  
 it knows no limits!  
 The day's warmth,  
 the fragrance  
 and sounds of nature, and I, myself, reveal,  
 as do all creatures, God, unseen  
 and benevolent!  
 Can anyone see the twittering of birds  
 in a rose bush,  
 or the gentle babbling of a stream  
 coursing swiftly on sand?

VAUDÉMONT

Da! pravda!  
 Blagast' Bozhja beskaniechna,  
 jej nigde predelav net!  
 To pravda!  
 O, ty prava,  
 f tvajej grudi sijajet pravdy svetach,  
 i pred nim nash svet  
 zemnoj i prehad'ash', i zhalak.  
 Ver'u, mozhna chtit' Tvartsa  
 i ne znaja blaga sveta!  
 Blagast' Bozhja bes kantsa!  
 Jej nigde predelav net!

Yes! 'Tis true!  
 The Lord's goodness is without end,  
 it knows no limits!  
 You speak the truth!  
 Oh, you're right, my dear,  
 the great torch of truth shines within your heart,  
 and, before it, our earthly home  
 is transient and trifling.  
 I believe that even those not blessed  
 with light can honor God!  
 The Lord's goodness is without end!  
 It knows no boundaries!

IOLANTA

Mozhna l' videt' v nebe groma rakatan'je,  
ili treli salav'ja,  
il' tsvetka blagauhan'je, golas tvoj,  
tvai slava?

Net, shtob Boga slavit' vechna,  
rytsar', mne ni nuzhen svet!  
No, shtoby stat' kak ty,  
hatela b ja uznat' svet sontsa.  
Etat pervenets tvaren'ja,  
pervyj miru dar Tvar'tsa,  
slavy Bozhej prajavljen'je,  
luchshyj perl jevo ventsa!

Can you see the rumbling thunder in the sky,  
or the trill of a nightingale,  
can anyone see a flower's scent, your voice,  
the words you say?

No, to praise God eternally,  
good knight, I need not the light!  
But, to be like you,  
I would like to see the light of the sun.  
For, that is creation's first-born,  
the Lord's first gift to the world,  
God's glory made manifest,  
the loveliest pearl in his crown!



# ALLENTOWN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

OCTOBER 7 AND 8, 2017  
8:00 P.M., SYMPHONY HALL

P R O G R A M

**DIANE M. WITTRY** MUSIC DIRECTOR/CONDUCTOR

Angela Meade, Soprano\*  
John Matthew Myers, Tenor†  
Allentown Symphony Chorus§  
Eduardo Azzati, Director

Selections from <i>La Forza del Destino</i>	GIUSEPPE VERDI
Overture	
Pace, pace, mio Dio *	
È la solita storia(Federico's Lament) from <i>L'Arlesiana</i> †	FRANCESCO CILEA
Casta Diva from <i>Norma</i> *§	VINCENZO BELLINI
Va, pensiero from <i>Nabucco</i> §	GIUSEPPE VERDI
Il padrone ... Suzel, buon di (Cherry Duet) *† from <i>Lamico Fritz</i>	PIETRO MASCAGNI

## I N T E R M I S S I O N

Selections from <i>Tannhäuser</i>	RICHARD WAGNER
Grand March and Arrival of the Guests §	
Dich, teure Halle *	
Selections from <i>La Traviata</i>	GIUSEPPE VERDI
Prelude to Act I	
Parigi, o cara *†	
Gloria all'Egitto (Triumphal March) from <i>Aida</i> §	GIUSEPPE VERDI
Dal più remoto esilio ... Odio solo from <i>I Due Foscari</i> †	GIUSEPPE VERDI
Peasant Chorus from <i>Eugene Onégin</i> , Op. 24 §	PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY
Tvajo malchan'je napan'atna from <i>Iolanta</i> , Op. 69 *†	PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY