

THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 2014 AT 8:00PM

Richardson Auditorium in Alexander Hall

Musical Preview by Soprano Katie Buzard '14, 7pm

JOYCE DIDONATO Mezzo-soprano

CRAIG TERRY Piano

Fernando OBRADORS

Five Songs

Al Amor

Corazón, porqué pasáis

El majo celoso

Con amores, la mi madre

Del cabello más sutil

Gioachino ROSSINI

"Assisa a piè d'un salice" from *Otello*

A BEAUMARCHAIS TRILOGY

Wolfgang Amadeus MOZART

"Voi che sapete" from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

"Deh vieni" from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

ROSSINI

"Una voce poco fa" from

Il Barbiere di Siviglia

— INTERMISSION —

A CLEOPATRA DUO

Johann Adolf HASSE

"Morte col fiero aspetto" from

Antonio e Cleopatra

George Frideric HANDEL

"Piangerò la sorte mia" from *Giulio Cesare*

Reynaldo HAHN

Venezia, Chansons en Dialecte Vénitien

Sopra l'acqua indormenzada

La barcheta

L'avvertimento

La biondina in gondoleta

Che pecà!

ABOUT THE ARTISTS



photo by Sheila Rock

“The staggering, joyful artistry of JOYCE DIDONATO reminds us that in any generation there are a few giants. Joyce is not only a great, brave and inspiring artist – one of the finest singers of our time – but she is also a transformative presence in the Arts. Those who know her repertoire are in awe of her gifts, and those who know nothing of it are instantly engaged. Joyce sings and the world is suddenly brighter. She compels us to listen actively, to hear things anew.”

—Jake Heggie, *Gramophone*, May 2012

Winner of the 2012 Grammy Award for Best Classical Vocal Solo, Joyce DiDonato entrances audiences and critics alike across the globe, and has been proclaimed “perhaps the most potent female singer of her generation” by *The New Yorker*. With a voice “nothing less than 24-carat gold” according to the *Times*, DiDonato has soared to the top of the industry as both a performer and a fierce arts advocate, gaining international prominence in operas by Rossini, Handel and Mozart, as well as through her wide-ranging, acclaimed discography.

Born in Kansas and a graduate of Wichita State University and The Academy of Vocal Arts in Philadelphia, Joyce DiDonato trained on the young artist programs of San Francisco, Houston, and Santa Fe opera companies. Her signature parts include the bel canto roles of Rossini, leading the *Financial Times* to declare her Elena in *La Donna del Lago*, “simply the best singing I’ve heard in years.”

Much in demand on the recital circuit, in 2013 DiDonato was acclaimed for her debut recital tour of South America, where she will return in the summer of 2014. Recently she has appeared in concert and recital in Berlin, Vienna, Toulouse, Milan and Aspen. She rounded off the season as the guest singer at the BBC’s Last Night of the Proms at the Royal Albert Hall in London.

In opera she appeared last season as Romeo in *I Capuleti e i Montecchi* for San Francisco Opera and the Bayerische Staatsoper, in the title role of Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda* for the Metropolitan Opera New York, and as Elena in *La Donna del Lago* at Covent Garden and for Santa Fe Opera. Highlights of the current season include *I Capuleti e i Montecchi* in her native Kansas City, *Cendrillon* at the Liceu Barcelona, *La Clemenza di Tito* at the Lyric Opera Chicago, and a return to the Metropolitan Opera as Angelina *La Cenerentola*. DiDonato will end the current season in the title role of *Maria Stuarda* at the Royal Opera House in London.

An exclusive recording artist with Erato/Warner Classics, DiDonato's Grammy-Award-winning solo CD, *Diva Divo*, comprises arias by male and female characters, celebrating the rich dramatic world of the mezzo-soprano. Her next recording, *Drama Queens*, was exceptionally well received, both on disc and on several international tours. A retrospective of her first ten years of recordings entitled *ReJoyce!* was released in August 2013.

Other honors include the highly-prized Artist of the Year at the Gramophone Awards in 2010, as well as Recital of the Year for the album *Colbran, the Muse*. She is an Inductee of the Gramophone Hall of Fame and has collected a German Echo Klassik Award as Female Singer of the Year, in addition to the Metropolitan Opera's Beverly Sills Award, the Royal Philharmonic Society's Singer of the Year, and citations from Operalia and the Richard Tucker and George London Foundations. She was recently awarded the prestigious Premio Franco Abbiati Award for Best Singer 2011. This concert marks Ms. DiDonato's Princeton debut.



A native of Tullahoma, Tennessee, pianist CRAIG TERRY has launched an international career performing with some of the world's leading singers and instrumentalists. Currently Mr. Terry is in his ninth season as Assistant Conductor, and has recently been named Music Director of the Ryan Opera Center at Lyric Opera of Chicago. Previously, he served as Assistant Conductor at the Metropolitan Opera after joining its Lindemann Young Artist Development Program. Mr. Terry has performed with such esteemed vocalists as Stephanie Blythe, Christine Brewer, Nicole Cabell, Sasha Cooke, Eric Cutler, Giuseppe Filianoti, Denyce Graves, Joseph Kaiser, Kate Lindsey, Ana Maria Martinez, Danielle De Niese, Susanna Phillips, Patricia Racette, Catherine Wyn-Rogers, Garrett Sorenson, and

Amber Wagner. He has collaborated as a chamber musician with members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, the Lyric Opera of Chicago Orchestra, the Gewandhaus Orchester, the Berlin Philharmonic, the Vienna Philharmonic, and the Pro Arte String Quartet.

Mr. Terry made his Carnegie Hall debut in 2000 and has also performed at Avery Fisher Hall, Alice Tully Hall, the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Recent performances include recitals with Ana Maria Martinez at the Kennedy Center, Patricia Racette at the Ravinia Festival, 54Below in New York, and the Winspear Opera House in Dallas, Christine Brewer for the Celebrity Series of Boston and the Gilmore Keyboard Festival, Stephanie Blythe at both the American Songbook series at "Jazz at Lincoln Center" and the Ravinia Festival, Giuseppe Filianoti in his American Recital Debut on the Harriman-Jewell Series in Kansas City, Susanna Phillips and Dimitri Pittas at the Tokyo City Opera House under the auspices of the Metropolitan Opera, Nicole Cabell in St. Petersburg, Russia, Kate Lindsey at both Rockefeller University and Smith College, and Ms. Phillips at Alice Tully Hall. In 2008, he was twice featured as soloist with the Chicago Philharmonic, performing piano concertos of Chopin and Mendelssohn. In March 2010, he made his conducting debut at Lyric Opera of Chicago, leading student matinee performances of *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and in 2012 made his "LOC" stage debut as "Jake" in *Show Boat*. Mr. Terry was also featured in a "Live from Lincoln Center" national broadcast on PBS with Stephanie Blythe in April 2013. Mr. Terry's 2013-2014 season schedule includes recitals with Stephanie Blythe, Christine Brewer, Nicole Cabell, Joyce DiDonato, Denyce Graves, Kate Lindsey, Ana Maria Martinez, Patricia Racette, Hugh Russell, and Heidi Stober as well as chamber music concerts with members of the Lyric Opera of Chicago Orchestra. His discography includes two recordings released in 2013: One with Patricia Racette, entitled *Diva on Detour*, and the other, entitled *As Long As There Are Songs*, with Stephanie Blythe.

Mr. Terry received a Bachelor of Music degree in Music Education from Tennessee Technological University, continued his studies at Florida State University and received a Masters of Music in Piano Performance/Accompanying from the Manhattan School of Music where he was a student of pianist Warren Jones.

ABOUT THE PROGRAM

By Dr. Richard E. Rodda

Five Songs

FERNANDO OBRADORS (1897-1945)

Fernando Obradors, born in Barcelona in 1897, began studying piano as a youngster but was largely self-taught in music theory, composition and conducting. He taught at the local conservatory and conducted the radio orchestra and opera house in his native Barcelona, and was also on the faculty of the Las Palmas Conservatory in the Canary Islands; he died in Las Palmas in 1945. Obradors' creative output includes *zarzuelas* (the traditional Spanish equivalent of American musical comedy), a few chamber and orchestral works, arrangements of folk songs from various regions of Spain, and original songs, the best known of which are his four volumes of *Canciones Clásicas Españolas*, based on traditional Spanish texts and melodies, which distill the essence of the country's musical spirit. Four of the songs in this set are from the *Canciones Clásicas*; *Con amores, la mi madre* is from Obradors' *Dos Cantares Populares*.

AL AMOR ("TO THE BELOVED")

TEXT: CRISTÓBAL DE CASTILLEJO

Dame, Amor, besos sin cuento
Asido de mis cabellos
Y mil y ciento tras ellos
Y tras ellos mil y ciento
Y después ...
De muchos millares, tres!
Y porque nadie lo sienta
Desbaratemos la cuenta
Y ... contemos al revés.

Love, give me kisses without number,
countless as the number of hairs on my head,
and give me a eleven thousand after that,
and eleven thousand yet again ...
and then after those ...
many thousands more ... three thousand more!
And because nobody cares,
Let us tear up the tally
and begin counting backwards!

CORAZÓN, PORQUÉ PASÁIS ("MY HEART, WHY DO YOU LIE AWAKE?")

TEXT: ANONYMOUS

¿Corazón, porqué pasáis
Las noches de amor despierto
Si vuestro dueño descansa
En los brazos de otro dueño?

My heart, why do you lie awake
during these nights of love,
when your master rests
in the arms of another?

EL MAJO CELOSO ("THE JEALOUS LAD")

TEXT: ANONYMOUS

Del majo que me enamora
 He aprendido la queja
 Que una y mil veces suspira
 Noche tras noche en mi reja:
 Lindezas, me muero
 De amor loco y fiero
 I quisiera olvidarte
 Mas quiero y no puedo!

From the lad I love
 I have learned a plaintive song
 Which he sighs a thousand and one times
 At my window night after night
 My darling, I am dying
 Of a wild and cruel love
 Would that I could forget you,
 I try, but I cannot!

Le han dicho que en la Pradera
 Me han visto con un chispero
 Desos de malla de seda
 Y chupa de terciopelo.
 Majezas, te quiero,
 No creas que muero
 De amores perdida
 Por ese chispero.

They told him that in the meadow
 I have been seen with a dandy
 Dressed in a silk shirt
 And a velvet vest.
 My handsome boy, I love you!
 Never think I am dying,
 Mad with love,
 For that dandy.

CON AMORES, LA MI MADRE ("WITH LOVE, MY MOTHER")

TEXT: JUAN DE ANCHIETA

Con amores, la mi madre,
 Con amores me dormí;
 Así dormida soñaba
 Lo que el corazón velaba,
 Que el amor me consolaba
 Con más bien que merecí.
 Adormecióme el favor
 Que amor me dió con amor;
 Dió descanso a mi dolor
 La fe con que le serví
 Con amores, la mi madre,
 Con amores me dormí!

With love, my mother,
 With love I fell asleep;
 Thus asleep, I was dreaming
 That which my heart was hiding,
 That love was consoling me
 With more good than I deserved.
 The aid lulled me to sleep.
 What love gave me, with love,
 Put to bed my pain by
 The faith with which I served you.
 With love, my mother,
 With love I fell asleep.

DEL CABELLO MÁS SUTIL (“OF THE SOFTEST HAIR”)

TEXT: TRADITIONAL

Del cabello más sutil
 Que tienes en tu trenzado
 He de hacer una cadena
 Para traerte a mi lado.

Of the softest hair
 that you have in you braid
 I would make a chain
 so that I may draw you to my side.

Una alcarraza en tu casa,
 Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
 Para besarte en la boca,
 Cuando fueras a beber.

A cup in your house,
 dear one, I would like to be,
 so that I may kiss your lips
 every time you take a drink.

“Assisa a piè d’un salice” from *Otello*
GIOACHINO ROSSINI (1792-1868)*Composed in 1816. Premiered on December 4, 1816 in Naples.*

At the beginning of Act III of *Otello*, Desdemona, mortified with grief at unjustly being thought to be an adulteress by her husband, the Venetian commander Otello, is alone in her bedchamber with her maid, Emilia. As Emilia tries to console her mistress, Desdemona hears the sad song of a gondolier in the distance, and it recalls to her the memory of a friend long dead. She is moved to take up her harp and sing the haunting and mournful “Willow Song,” *Assisa a piè d’un salice*.

Assisa a piè d’un salice,
 immersa nel dolore,
 gemea trafitta Isaura
 dal più crudele amore:
 L’aura tra i rami flebile
 ne ripeteva il suon.

Seated at the foot of a willow
 sunk in grief
 Isaura lay wounded
 by cruelest love:
 amid the pliant boughs
 the breeze echoed her moans.

I ruscelletti limpidi
 a’ caldi suoi sospiri,
 “il mormorio mesceano
 de’ lor diversi giri:
 L’aura fra i rami flebile
 ne ripeteva il suon.

The crystal brooklets
 mingled the murmur
 of their various courses
 with her passionate sighs:
 amid the pliant boughs
 the breeze echoed her moans.

Salce d'amor delizia!
 Ombra pietosa appresta,
 di mie sciagure immemore,
 all'urna mia funesta;
 nè più ripeta l'aura
 de' miei lamenti il suon.

Willow, delight of love!
 heedless of my misfortunes,
 make a merciful shade
 for my gloomy grave;
 and let the breeze no more repeat
 the sound of my laments.

“Voi che sapete” from *Le Nozze di Figaro*
“Deh vieni” from *Le Nozze di Figaro*
WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756-1791)

Composed in 1785-1786. Premiered on May 1, 1786 in Vienna.

Cherubino, a lusty young page in the household of Count Almaviva, is madly in love with all women, especially his godmother, the Countess. He has been biding his time, however, in a dalliance with Barbarina, the daughter of Antonio, the gardener, but he has been apprehended in this venture by the Count and ordered to leave the castle. Before his departure, he shares his latest love song with the Countess and her servant, Susanna.

Voi che sapete che cosa è amor,
 Donne, vedete s'io l'ho nel cor.
 Quello ch'io provo vi ridirò,
 È per me nuovo, capir nol so.
 Sento un affetto pien di desir,
 Ch'ora è diletto, ch'ora è martir.
 Gelo, e poi sento l'alma avvampar
 E in un momento torno a gelar;
 Ricerco un bene fuori di me,
 Non so ch'il tiene, non so cos'è,
 Sospiro e gemo senza voler,
 Palpito e tremo senza saper.
 Non trovo pace notte nè dì,
 Ma pur mi piace languir così.
 Voi che sapete, etc.

You ladies who are acquainted with love,
 tell me if I have it in my heart.
 What I experience, I repeat,
 is something new to me which I cannot understand.
 I feel a strange desire
 which in turn delights and tortures me.
 One moment I freeze, the next I'm all aflame,
 then in a second I'm freezing again.
 I seek a pleasure outside of me,
 I know not who can give it or what it is,
 I sigh and mourn for no good reason,
 I shiver and shake, I know not why.
 I know no peace, night and day,
 and yet I love my languishing.
 You ladies who are acquainted, etc.

Count Almaviva has proposed a nocturnal assignation in the palace garden with Susanna, the maid of his wife, the Countess. Susanna and the Countess have contrived together to foil the Count's plan, but Figaro, the Count's valet and Susanna's betrothed, is not completely certain of Susanna's intentions. In the garden at the appointed

hour, Figaro hides in an arbor, where the faithful Susanna spots him. She then sings teasingly but ambiguously of her approaching bliss in the aria *Giunse alfin il momento* ... *Deh vieni* so that Figaro may overhear.

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'amenità del loco, la terra e il ciel
risponda, come la notte i furti
miei seconda!

At last the moment is at hand of
joyous abandon in my love's embraces!
Away with timorous scruples, nor let
them thwart my desire!
This grove, the earth itself, the sky above
seem to be in sympathy with the flame of
love, just as concealing night condones
my stolen pleasure!

Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioia bella,
Vieni ove amore per goder t'appella,
Finchè non splende in ciel notturna face,
Finchè l'aria è ancor bruna,
e il mondo tace.

Come, no more delay, dear heart,
come, answer love's call
before night's lantern hangs in the sky,
while the world still lies silent
in twilight shade.

Qui mormora il ruscel,
qui scherza l'aura.
Che col dolce sussurro il cor ristaura,
Qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba è fresca,
Ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adesca.
Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante ascose,
Vieni, vieni!
ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

Here the murmuring brook and the
playful whispering breeze
sweetly rejoice the heart;
here the smiling blossoms and cool grass
are an invitation to love's delights.
Come, my love, and hidden
among these trees
I will garland your brow with roses.

“Una voce poco fa” from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* GIOACHINO ROSSINI

Composed in 1816. Premiered on February 20, 1816 in Rome.

In Beaumarchais' *The Barber of Seville*, the play that precedes *The Marriage of Figaro*, the young and handsome Count Almaviva is in love with Rosina, ward and prospective bride of the mean and suspicious old Dr. Bartolo, and sings a serenade below her window. Figaro, the Barber of Seville, enters noisily upon the scene with his famous aria, and offers his services as jack-of-all-trades in arranging a liaison between Almaviva and Rosina. Almaviva instructs Figaro that he does not wish the lady to be swayed by his lofty social station, however, and so will assume the guise

and name of a student, Lindoro. As Figaro hatches his plans, Almaviva/Lindoro writes a love note to Rosina. In Scene 2, Rosina, already much affected by the Count's serenade, receives the missive, and she responds with the brilliant aria *Una voce poco fa*, which reveals both her intent and her personality.

Una voce poco fa
Qui nel cor mi risuonò.
Il mio cor ferito è già,
E Lindor fu che il piagò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà,
Lo giurai, la vincerò.
Il tutor ricuserà,
lo l'ingegno aguzzerò.
Alla fin s'accheterà,
E contenta io resterò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà,
Lo giurai, la vincerò.

A voice a short while ago
here in my heart resounded.
My heart is already wounded,
and Lindoro is the culprit.
Yes, Lindoro will be mine,
I swore that I would win.
The guardian I shall refuse.
I shall sharpen my wits.
In the end, he will be appeased,
and I shall be happy.
Yes, Lindoro will be mine,
I swore that I would win.

Io sono docile, son rispettosa,
Son obbediente, dolce amorosa,
Mi lascio reggere, mi fo guidar.
Ma se mi toccano dov'è il mio debole,
Sarò una vipera, e cento trappole
Prima di cedere farò giocar!

I am docile, I am respectful,
I am obedient, sweetly loving;
I let myself be governed, be led.
But if they touch my weaker side,
I can be a viper, and a hundred tricks,
I'll play before I give in!

“Morte col fiero aspetto” from *Antonio e Cleopatra* JOHANN ADOLF HASSE (1699-1783)

Composed in 1725. Premiered in September 1725 at Naples.

Johann Adolf Hasse, born in Hamburg in 1699, was trained in voice and joined the Hamburg Opera as a tenor in 1718. He composed *Antioco*, his first opera, in 1721 for the court of Brunswick, and decided the following year to go to Italy to study with Alessandro Scarlatti and try to further his career. In 1725, he composed *Antonio e Cleopatra* for performance by the celebrated contralto Vittoria Tesi and castrato Carlo Broschi (Farinelli) at the country estate of the royal advisor Carlo Carmignano near Naples, and it proved to be the first success in a career that won for him the reputation as the finest composer of opera seria in Europe. In the virtuosic aria *Morte col fiero aspetto orror per me non ha* (“Death’s grisly aspect

holds no horror for me”), Cleopatra contemplates her chosen fate. Joyce DiDonato wrote, “Cleopatra, the fiercely intelligent ruler of Egypt, remains one of the most enigmatic, sensual and powerful women in all of history. After passionate love affairs with the most powerful men of her time, her life culminated in a dramatically staged suicide, enticing a poisonous asp to fatally bite her breast. She’s one Drama Queen who knew the importance of a memorable exit!”

Morte col fiero aspetto
 orror per me non ha,
 Is’io possa in liberta
 morir sul trono mio,
 dove regnai.

Death’s grisly aspect
 holds no horror for me,
 provided I can die
 in freedom on the throne
 from which I reigned.

L’anima uscir del petto
 libera spera ognor,
 sin dalle fasce ancor
 si nobile desio
 meco portai.

All hope to be free to choose
 the manner of one’s death;
 since earliest childhood
 I have cherished
 that noble aspiration.

“Piangerò la sorte mia” *from Giulio Cesare* GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL (1685-1759)

Composed in 1723-1724. Premiered on February 24, 1724 in London.

Julius Caesar, based on the timeless events that transpired in Egypt in 48-47 B.C., treats the love of Cleopatra and Caesar, the intrigues, battles and treachery surrounding them, and the reconciling of forces and feelings that have echoed down through history. In the magnificent aria *Piangerò la sorte mia*, Cleopatra laments what she believes is the loss of both her love and her life after being taken captive in battle.

E pur così in un giorno perdo
 fasti e grandezze?
 Ahi fato rio! Cesare, il mio bel nume,
 è forse estinto;
 Cornelia e Sesto inermi son,
 né sanno darmi soccorso.
 Oh Dio! non resta alcuna speme
 al viver mio.

Can I thus in a single day lose
 all my power and splendor?
 Ah, grievous fate! Caesar, my dignity,
 is perhaps dead;
 Cornelia and Sextus have been unarmed
 and can give me no help.
 O God! No hope is left
 in my life.

Piangerò la sorte mia,
 Si crudele e tanto ria,
 Finché vita in petto avrò.
 Ma poi morta d'ogn' in torno
 Il tiranno e notte e giorno
 Fatta spettro agiterò.

I will lament my lot,
 so harsh and cruel,
 as long as I have breath in my body.
 But when I am dead, my ghost
 will haunt the tyrant on all sides
 by night and by day.

Venezia, Chansons en Dialecte Vénitien REYNALDO HAHN (1875-1947)

Composed in 1901.

Reynaldo Hahn was perfectly suited to his Parisian environment — charming, sensitive, witty, gay (in both senses), slightly exotic, he occupied a significant place as composer, conductor, critic and administrator in the world's most vibrant city of music, art and high culture during the early 20th century. Hahn's birth, on August 9, 1875, seemed to foretell a life of unusual interest — he was the last of twelve children born to a German-Jewish merchant father and a Basque-Roman Catholic mother then living in Caracas, Venezuela. The family resettled in Paris when Reynaldo was three, and he soon displayed a remarkable precocity for music, accompanying his own singing at the piano by the age of six, when he appeared in a salon given by the Princess Mathilde, cousin of the late Emperor Napoleon III. By ten, Hahn had been admitted to the Paris Conservatoire to study with Massenet, and three years later he made a setting of Victor Hugo's *Si mes vers avaient des ailes* ("If my poems had wings"), which has remained among his most popular songs. When Hahn was fifteen, Alphonse Daudet, the author of *L'Arlésienne* ("The Woman from Arles"), commissioned him to write incidental music for his play *L'Obstacle*. In 1892, Hahn issued a collection of songs on Verlaine's *Chansons grises* ("Gray Songs," with which the poet himself offered assistance), and six years later he premiered his first opera, *L'Île du rêve* ("The Dream Isle"), at the Opéra-Comique; a half-dozen other stage works followed during the next fourteen years. Hahn also ingratiated himself during those Belle Époque years with the Parisian art and society communities by singing to his own accompaniment at some of the city's most fashionable soirées. (He made numerous recordings in this manner.)

In 1894, Hahn met the 22-year-old Marcel Proust, and they were lovers for the next

two years and close friends for the rest of their lives; two characters in Proust's early unfinished novel *Jean Santeuil* were based on elements of Hahn's personality. Hahn additionally counted among his friends Sarah Bernhardt, about whom he published a memoir in 1930. He was also a noted music critic for the *Journal* and *Le Figaro* and a conductor of sufficient eminence that Lilli Lehmann invited him to lead *Don Giovanni* at the 1906 Salzburg Festival, which she revived that year to observe the 150th anniversary of Mozart's birth. Hahn became a French citizen in 1912, and he fought at the front in World War I, winning both the *Legion d'honneur* and the *Croix de guerre*. After the war, he returned to the theater, composing more than a dozen ballets, operas, operettas and musical comedies over the next three decades (including one based on Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* and another on the life and music of his beloved Mozart), and conducting at the Cannes Casino. Despite his Catholicism, Hahn was in considerable danger during World War II because of his father's Judaism, and he found refuge in the south of France. Back in Paris after the war, he resumed his career and was elected to the Académie des Beaux-Arts and named director of the Paris Opéra. He died on January 28, 1947, after little more than a year at the Opéra. Hahn's elegant Neo-Classical idiom — in addition to his many stage works, he also wrote a symphonic poem, string concertos, a large cantata on the subject of Prometheus, songs, piano compositions and several chamber pieces — is characterized by wit, objectivity, clarity, melodiousness and a frequent obeisance to the styles and textures of older music. "At all costs, music must avoid heaviness and boredom," he said. "The Muses do not wear glasses."

Hahn loved to visit Venice with Proust, putting up at the Hotel Danieli and exploring that endlessly fascinating city by foot and gondola. During their stay in 1901, Hahn assembled a set of five poems in Venetian dialect by Pietro Pagello (a local physician who treated George Sand when she got sick on a visit to the city and became one of her lovers before Frédéric Chopin), the early-18th-century poet Antonio Lamberti, Pietro Buratti (a favorite of Venetian high society for his satirical and sometimes lascivious verses) and the 19th-century revolutionary journalist Francesco dall'Ongaro, and set them for voice and piano. He described their first performance: "Madame de Béarn asked me to sing — just me and a piano — on the Piccoli Canale. Just a few gondolas — one or two friends hastily gathered together ... I was in one boat, lit up for the occasion, with my piano and a couple of oarsmen. The other gondolas were grouped around us. We found a place where

three canals met beneath three charming bridges, and I sang all my Venetian songs. Gradually passers-by gathered on the bridges: an audience of ordinary people, pressing forward to listen. The Venetian songs surprised and delighted this little crowd, which made me very happy. 'Ancora, ancora,' they called from above. These songs both light and melancholy sounded well beneath the starry skies and I felt that emotion which reverberates in the composer's heart when it has truly been shared and understood by those around him." Though Hahn did not explain how a piano was accommodated in a gondola, he certainly captured the city's sensuality and infectious languor in his Venezia.

SOPRA L'ACQUA INDORMENZADA ("ASLEEP ON THE WATER")

TEXT: PIETRO PAGELLO

Coi pensieri malinconi
 No te star a tormentar:
 Vien con mi, montemo in gondola,
 Andaremo fora in mar.
 Passaremo i porti e l'isole
 Che circonda la città:
 El sol more senza nuvole
 E la luna spuntarà.

Oh! che festa, oh! che spettacolo,
 Che presenta sta laguna,
 Quando tuto xe silenzio,
 Quando sluse in ciel la luna;
 E spandendo i caval morbidi
 Sopra l'acqua indormenzada,
 La se specia, la se cocola,
 Come dona innamorada!

Tira zo quel velo e scòndite,
 Che la vedo comparir!
 Se l'arriva a discoverzarte,
 La se pol ingelosir!
 Sta baveta, che te zogola
 Fra i caveli imbovolai,
 No xe turbia de la polvere
 De le rode e dei cavai. Vien!

Let not melancholy thoughts
 distress you:
 come with me, let us climb into our gondola,
 and make for the open sea.
 We will go past harbors and islands
 which surround the city,
 and the sun will sink in a cloudless sky
 and the moon will rise.

Oh what fun, oh what a sight
 is the lagoon
 when all is silent
 and the moon climbs in the sky;
 and spreading its soft hair
 over the tranquil waters,
 it admires its own reflection
 like a woman in love.

Draw your veil about you and hide
 for I see the moon appearing
 and if it catches a glimpse of you
 it will grow jealous!
 This light breeze, playing
 gently with your ruffled tresses,
 bears no trace of the dust raised
 by cartwheels and horses.

Se in conchigli ai Grevi Venere
 Se sognava un altro di,
 Forse visto i aveva in gondola
 Una zogia come ti,
 Ti xe bela, ti xe zovene,
 Ti xe fresca come un fior;
 Vien per tuti le so lagrme;
 Ridiadesso e fa l'amor!

If in other days Venus
 seemed to the Greeks to have risen from a shell,
 perhaps it was because they had seen
 a beauty like you in a gondola.
 You are lovely, young,
 and fresh as a flower.
 Tears will come soon enough,
 so now is the time for laughter and for love.

LA BARCHETA ("THE LITTLE BOAT")

TEXT: PIETRO BURATTI

La note è bela,
 Fa presto, o Nineta,
 Andemo in barcheta
 I freschi a ciapar!
 A Toni g'ho dito
 Ch'el felze el ne cava
 Per goder sta bava
 Che supia dal mar. Ah!

The night is beautiful.
 Make haste, Nineta,
 let us take to our boat
 and enjoy the evening breeze.
 I have asked Toni
 to remove the canopy
 so that we can feel the zephyr
 blowing in from the sea; Ah!

Che gusto contarsela
 Soleti in laguna,
 E al chiaro de luna
 Sentirse a vogar!
 Ti pol de la ventola
 Far senza, o mia cara,
 Chè zefiri a gara
 Te vol sventolar. Ah!

What bliss it is to exchange
 sweet nothings
 alone on the lagoon
 and by moonlight,
 to be borne along in our boat;
 you can lay aside your fan, my dear,
 for the breezes will vie with each other
 to refresh you. Ah!

Se gh'è tra de lori
 Chi troppo indiscreto
 Volesse da pèto
 El velo strapar,
 No bada a ste frotole,
 Soleti za semo
 E Toni el so' remo
 Lè a tento a menar. Ah!

If among them
 there should be one so indiscreet
 as to try to lift the veil
 shielding your breast,
 pay no heed to its nonsense,
 for we are all alone
 and Toni is much too intent
 on plying his oar. Ah!

L'AVERTIMENTO ("THE WARNING")

TEXT: PIETRO BURATTI

No corè, puti,
 Smaniosi tanto
 Drio quel incanto
 Che Nana g'ha
 Xe tuto amabile
 Ve acordo, in ela,
 La xe una stela
 Cascada qua
 Ma ... ma ... La Nana cocola
 G'ha el cuor tigrà.

Do not rush
 so eagerly, lads,
 after the charms
 of the lovely Nana.
 All is enchantment
 in her, I grant you;
 she is like a star
 fallen to earth,
 but ... but ... that lovely Nana
 has the heart of a tiger!

L'ocio xe vivo
 Color del cielo,
 Oro el cavelo
 Balsamo el fià;

Her eye is lively
 and heavenly blue;
 her hair is spun gold
 and her breath a balm;

Ghe sponta in viso
 Do' rose intate.
 Invidia al late
 Quel sen ghe fa
 Ma ... ma ... La Nana
 G'ha el cuor tigrà.

roses glow
 in her cheeks,
 her breasts are whiter
 than milk,
 cocola but ... but ... that lovely Nana
 has the heart of a tiger!

Ogni ochiadina
 Che la ve daga,
 Da qualche piaga
 Voda no va!
 Col so' granelo
 De furbaria
 La cortesia
 Missiar la sa ...
 Ma ... ma ... La Nana cocola
 G'ha el cuor tigrà.

Every glance
 she darts at you
 carries its own
 sweet poison!
 Nor is guile
 ever absent
 from her
 gentle manner ...
 but ... but ... that lovely Nana
 has the heart of a tiger!

LA BIONDINA IN GONDOLETA ("THE BLONDE GIRL IN THE GONDOLA")

TEXT: ANTONIO LAMBERTI

La biondina in gondoleta
 L'altra sera g'ho menà:
 Dal piacer la povereta,
 La s'ha in bota indormenzà.
 La dormiva su sto braccio,
 Mi ogni tanto la svegiava,
 Ma la barca che ninava
 La tornava a indormenzar.

Gera in cielo mezza sconta
 Fra le nuvole la luna,
 Gera in calma la laguna,
 Gera il vento bonazzà.
 Una solo bavesela
 Sventola va i so' caveli,
 E faceva che dai veli
 Sconto el ento fusse più.

Contemplando fisso fisso
 Le fatezze del mio ben,
 Quel viseto cussi slisso,
 Quela boca e quel bel sen;
 Me sentiva drento in peto
 Una smania, un missiamento,
 Una spezie de contento
 Che no so come spiegar!

M'ho stufà po', finalmente,
 De sto tanto so' dormir,
 E g'ho fato da insolente,
 No m'ho avuto da pentir;
 Perchè, oh Dio, che bele cosse
 Che g'ho dito, e che g'ho fato!
 No, mai più tanto beato
 Ai mii zorni no son stà.

The other night I took
 my blonde out in the gondola:
 her pleasure was such
 that she instantly fell asleep.
 She slept in my arms
 and I woke her from time to time,
 but the rocking of the boat
 soon lulled her to sleep again.

The moon peeped out
 from behind the clouds;
 the lagoon lay becalmed,
 the wind was drowsy.
 Just the suspicion of a breeze
 gently played with her hair
 and lifted the veils
 that shrouded her breast.

As I gazed intently
 at my love's features,
 her little face so smooth,
 that mouth, and that lovely breast;
 I felt in my heart
 a longing, a desire,
 a kind of bliss
 that I cannot describe!

But at last I had enough
 of her long slumbers
 and so I acted cheekily,
 nor did I have to repent it;
 for, God what wonderful things
 I said, what lovely things I did!
 Never again was I to be so happy
 in all my life!

CHE PECÀ! ("WHAT A SHAME!")

TEXT: FRANCESCO DALL'ONGARO

Te recordistu, Nina, quei ani
 Che ti geri el mio solo pensier?
 Che tormento, che rabie, che afani!
 Mai un'ora de vero piacer!
 Per fortuna quel tempo xe andà.
 Che pecà!

Ne vedeva che per i to' oci,
 No g'aveva altro ben che el to' ben ...
 Che schempiezzi! che gusti batoci,
 Oh, ma adesso so tor quel che vien;
 No me scaldo po'tanto el figà.
 Che pecà!

Ti xe bela, ma pur ti xe dona,
 Qualche neo lo conosso anca in ti;
 Co ti ridi co un'altra persona,
 Me diverto co un'altra anca mi.
 Benedeta la so' libertà.
 Che pecà!

Te voi ben, ma no filo caligo,
 Me ne indormo de tanta virtù.
 Magno e bevo, so star co' l'amigo
 E me ingrasse ogni zorno de più.
 Son un omo che sa quel che'l fa ...
 Che pecà!

Care gondole de la laguna
 Voghè pur, che ve lasso vogar!
 Quando in cielo vien fora la luna,
 Vago in leto e me meto a ronfar,
 Senza gnanca pensarghe al passà!
 Che pecà!

Do you remember those years, Nina,
 when you were my one and only thought?
 What torment, what rage, what anguish!
 Never an hour of untroubled joy!
 Luckily that time is gone.
 But what a shame!

I saw only through your eyes;
 I knew no happiness but in you ...
 what foolishness, what silly behavior;
 oh, but now I take all as it comes
 and no longer get agitated.
 But what a shame!

You are lovely, and yet you are woman,
 no longer perfection incarnate;
 when your smile is bestowed on another,
 I too can find solace elsewhere.
 Blessed be one's own freedom!
 But what a shame!

I still love you, but without all that torment,
 and am weary of all that virtue.
 I eat, drink, and enjoy my friends,
 and grow fatter with every day.
 I am a man who knows what he's about ...
 but what a shame!

Lovely gondolas on the lagoon
 row past, I'll hold you back!
 When the moon appears in the sky
 I'll take to my bed and snore
 without a thought for the past!
 But what a shame!

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