

Emily Benoit, Mezzo-Soprano

Katie Jihye Yoo, piano
Organ Hall | April 12th, 2019 | 7:30 p.m.

Program

Rêve d'amour

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Les berceaux

Le papillon et la fleur

The Grass

Vincent Persichetti (1915-1987)

Thou Child So Wise

I'm Nobody

Out of the Morning

La regata Veneziana

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

- i. Anzoleta avanti la regata
- ii. Anzoleta con passa la regata
- iii. Anzoleta dopo la regata

O, Nachtigall

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Alte Liebe

Juchhe!

Rêve d'amour (Dream of love)

If there's a lovely meadow
Watered by the sky
Where in every season
Some flower blossoms,
Where one can freely gather
Lilies, woodbines, and jasmines
I wish to make it the path
On which you place your feet.
If there is a loving breast
Where honor rules,
Where tender devotion
Is free from all gloominess,
If this noble breast always
Beats for a worthy aim,
I wish to make it the pillow
On which you lay your head,
If there is a dream of love
Scented with roses,
Where one finds every day
Something gentle and sweet,
A dream blessed by God
Where soul is joined to soul,
Oh, i wish to make it the nest
In which you rest your heart.

Les berceaux (The cradles)

Along the quay, the great ships
That the sea-swells tilt in silence,
Take no notice of the cradles
Rocked by the hands of women.
But the day of parting will come,
Because women must weep
And curious men must be tempted
Toward horizons that will delude them!
And that day, the great ships,
Fleeing from the port that grows small,
Will feel their mass restrained
By the soul of distant cradles.

Le papillon et la fleur (The butterfly and the flower)

The poor flower kept saying to the flying butterfly, "Don't fly away! Our destinies are different: I stay put, you travel! Yet we love one another, we live without men, remote from them; and we resemble one another - some say that both of us are flowers.
"But alas! The breeze carries you off, while the earth ties me down. What a cruel fate!
I would like my breath to perfume your flight in the sky! But no, you travel too far! Visiting countless flowers, you fly away,
While I remain alone watching my shadow circle at my feet.
"You go, then you come back, then you fly off again to shine elsewhere.
So every morning you find me bathed in tears!
Ah, please, so that our love may glide along faithfully (oh my king!),
Take root like me, or else give me wings like you!"

Anzoleta avanti la regata (Anzoleta before the regatta)

There on the stage is the flag,
Look, can you see it? Go for it!
Come back with it tonight
Or else you can run away and hide.
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't tip!
Row the gondola with heart and soul,
Then you cannot help but win first prize.
Go, think of your Anzoleta,
Who's watching you from this balcony.
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't tip!
Once in the boat, Momolo, fly!

Anzoleta con passa la regata (Anzoleta as the regatta passes)

Here they come, here they come, look, look at them,
The poor things! They row hard!
Ah, the wind is against them,
But the tide is running their way.
My Momolo, where is her?
Ah, I see him, he's in second,
Ah! I'm in a fidget! I get confused, I can hear my heart trembling.

Come on, row, row!
Before you reach the pole,
If you keep on rowing, I'll lay a bet
You'll leave all others behind.
Dear boy, he seems to be flying,
He's beating the others hollow,
He's gone half a length ahead,
Ah! I understand: he looked at me!

Anzoleta dopo la regata (Anzoleta after the regata)

Have a kiss! Another one!
Dear Momolo, from my heart;
Rest here, for it's high time
To dry this sweat.
Ah, I saw you when, as passing,
You threw a glance at me
And I said, breathing again,
"He's going to win a good prize!"
Indeed, the prize of this flag,
That is the red one,
The whole Venice spoke:
She declared you the winner!
Have a kiss, God bless you!
No one rows better than you,
Of all the breeds of gondoliers,
You are the best.

An die Nachtigall (To the Nightingale)

Do not pour forth your love-enflamed songs
Tuneful sounds so loudly,
Down from the blossoming branch of the apple tree,
Oh nightingale!
With your sweet throat, you call me and
Awaken Love within me;
For already the depths of my soul are stirred
By your melting cry.
Sleep flees once more from this place,
I stare then with a tearful gaze, deathly pale and haggard,
At the sky.
Fly, nightingale, off into the green darkness,
Into the bushy grove.
And shower kisses on your faithful mate in your nest,
Fly off, fly off!

Alte Liebe (Old Love)

Dark swallows are returning
From a distant land,
The docile storks are returning
And delivering new happiness.
On this spring morning,
So darkly dull and warm,
It seems to me I've found again
The grief of old love.
It is as if somebody
Tapped me gently on the shoulder,
As if I heard a rustling sound,
Like the flight of a dove.
At my door comes a knocking sound,
And yet no one is out there;
I'm breathing in the scent of Jasmine
And have no bouquet.
Someone calls to me from far away,
An eye watches me,
An old dream catches me and drives me down its path.

Jucche! (Hurrah!)

How fair, how fair the earth is!
The little birds know this:
They flutter their light feathers
and sing such happy songs
Into the blue sky above.
How fair, how fair the earth is!
The rivers and lakes know this:
In their clear mirrors they paint
The gardens and towns and hills,
And the clouds that pass overhead!
And poets and painters know it,
And many other folk as well,
And those who don't paint it, sing it,
And those who don't sing it, can hear it
Sound in their hearts for sheer joy!