Vita Felice

Daniel Kamalic, baritone
candidate for the Diploma in Vocal Performance
student of William Cotten
with Sharon Lee, piano

Wednesday, December 3, 2003, 8:00 pm
Williams Hall, New England Conservatory

Don Quichotte a Dulcinée
Chanson romanesque
Chanson épique
Chanson à boire

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Liederkreis, Op. 39
In der Fremde
Intermezzo
Waldgespräch
Mondnacht
Schöne Fremde
Wehmut
Im Walde

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Elizabethan Songs
Sweet is the Rose (Spenser)
Shepherd's Song (Shakespeare)
Song of the Glove (Jonson)
Lullaby (Shakespeare)

Marc Blitzstein
(1905-1964)

Italienische Liebeslieder
L'amante impaziente, Arietta buffa
L'amante impaziente, Arietta assai seria
In questa tomba oscura
La partenza
Vita felice

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)
Don Quichotte a Dulcinée

**Chanson romanesque**

Si vous me dîsez que la terre
A tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherai Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me dîsez que l’ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d’astres,
Je faucherais d’un coup la nuit.

Si vous me dîsez que l’espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing,
J’etoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous dîsez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu’à vous, ma Dame,
Je blemirais dessous le blâme,
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

O Dulcinée.

**Chanson épique**

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l’entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l’autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D’un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chaste.
Ma Dame.

O grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel,
The ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
A Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.

Don Quixote to Dulcinea

**Romantic song**

Were you to tell me that the earth
offended you with so much turning,
speedily would I dispatch Panza:
you should see it motionless and silent.

Were you to tell me that you are weary
of the sky too much adorned with stars,
destroying the divine order,
with one blow I would sweep them from
the night.

Were you to tell me that space
thus made empty does not please you,
god-like Knight, lance in hand
I would stud the passing wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood
belongs more to myself than to you, my
Lady,
I would pale beneath the reproach
and I would die, blessing you.

O Dulcinea.

**Epic song**

Good Saint Michael who gives me liberty
to see my Lady and to hear her,
Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me
to please her and to defend her
Good Saint Michael, I pray you descend
with Saint George upon the altar
of the Madonna of the blue mantle.

With a beam from heaven bless my sword
and its equal in purity
and its equal in piety
and its equal in chastity.
My Lady.

O great Saint George and Saint Michael
the angel who watches over my watch,
My gentle Lady so much resembling
you, Madone of the blue mantle!
Amen.
Vita felice
Op 88
Beato quei che fido amor
Mal seppe meritar!
Di questa vita il mar.

Dovunque lo conduca il ciel,
Gli ride dolce fior,
La gioja non la cuopre un vel,
Si scema ogni dolor.

Ei solcherà senza timor
Di questa vita il mar.

Felice chi ad un fido sen
Può cheto riposar,
E negl’occhietti del suo ben
Contento si specchiar!

Che in mezzo agli disa striancor
Quel sol gli riderà,
Ed a più bella calma oror
Tutto gli tornerà.

Translation by Daniel Kamalic
Liederkreis

In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Wald einsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig
Hab ich im Herzensgrund,
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich
Mich an zu jeder Stund'.

Mein Herz still in sich singet
Ein altes schönes Lied,
Das in die Luft sich schwinget
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

Waldesgespräch

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ dich heim!

'Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin.'

'So richly adorned are both horse and lady,
so enchanting is your young body—
now I know you—God be with me!
You are the sorceress Lorelei.'

'Du kennst mich wohl vom hohen Stein
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald.'

Joseph v. Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Italianische Liebeslieder

L’amante impaziente, Arietta buffa
Op 82, Nr 3

Che fa, che fa il mio bene?
Perché, perché non viene?
Vedermi vuole languir
Così, così, così!

Oh come è lento nel corso il sole!
Ogni momento mi sembra un di!
Che fa, che fa il mio bene?
Perché, perché non viene?
Vedermi vuole languir
Così, così, così!

L’amante impaziente, Arietta assai seria
Op 82, Nr 4

Che fa...

In questa tomba oscura
WoO 133

In questa tomba oscura lasciami riposar;
Quando vivevo, ingrata, dovevi a me pensar.
Lascia che l’ombre ignude godansi pace
E non, e non bagnar mie ceneri d’inutile velen.

La partenza
WoO 124

Ecco quel fiero istante!
Nice, mia Nice, addio!
Come vivrò, ben mio,
Io vivrò sempre in pene,
Io non avrò più bene,
E tu, chi sa se mai
ti sovverrai di me?

Italian Love Songs

The impatient lover

Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)

What is my beloved doing?
Why does she not come?
Would she like to see me languish away?
Away, away, away!

Oh how slowly the sun pursues its course!
Every moment seems like a day!
What is my beloved doing?
Why does she not come?
Would she like to see me languish away?
Away, away, away!

As above

Giuseppe Carpani (1752-1825)

In this dark tomb

In this dark tomb lay me to rest;
When I lived, ungrateful one, you should have thought of me.
At least let my naked ghost enjoy peace
And bathe not my ashes in useless venom.

The parting

Metastasio

Here comes the cruel instant!
Nice, my Nice, goodbye!
How will I live, my dear,
so far from you?

I will always live in pain,
I will not have any more joy,
And you, who knows if ever
you will think of me?
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song of the Glove</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thou more than most sweet glove,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unto my more sweet love,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suffer me to store with kisses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This empty lodging, that now misses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The pure snowy hand, that ware thee,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whiter than the kid that bare thee.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou art soft, but that was softer;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cupid's self hath kissed it often</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Than ever he did his mother's doves,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Supposing her the queen of loves,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That was thy mistress, best of gloves.</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ben Jonson (1572-1637)</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>From Cynthia's Revels</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act IV, scene iii</td>
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</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Mondnacht</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Die Erde still geküßt,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daß sie im Blütenschimmer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Von ihm nur träumen mußt.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Moonlit Night</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>It seemed as though the heavens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>had kissed the earth to silence,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>so that, amid glistening flowers,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>she must now dream heavenly dreams.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Schöne Fremde</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Als machten zu dieser Stund</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Um die halbversunkenen Mauern</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Die alten Götter die Rund.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Beautiful Foreign Land</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The treetops rustle and quiver</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>as though at this hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>about the ruined walls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the ancient gods were making their rounds.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lullaby</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st Fairy:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You spotted snakes with double tongue,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newts and blindworms, do no wrong,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Come not near our fairy Queen.</td>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Shakespeare</th>
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<tr>
<td>From A Midsummer Night's Dream</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act II, scene ii</td>
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<tr>
<th>Wehmut</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ich kann wohl manchmal singen,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Als ob ich fröhlich sei,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Da wird das Herz mir frei.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

| I can sometimes sing |
| as though I were happy, |
| though secretly tears well up, |
| to relieve my heart. |

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<th>Chorus</th>
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<td>Philomele, with melody</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sing in our sweet lullaby;</td>
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<td>Lulla,Jula,Jullaby,Julla,Julla,Jullaby.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Never harm</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nor spell nor charm,</td>
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<td>Come our lovely lady nigh;</td>
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<td>So, good night, with lullaby.</td>
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Im Walde
Es zog eine Hochzeit den Berg entlang,
Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen,
Da blitzten viel Reiter, das Waldhorn klang,
Das war ein lustiges Jagen!

Und eh' ich's gedacht, war alles verhallt,
Die Nacht bedecket die Runde,
Nur von den Bergen noch rauschet der Wald,
Und mich schauert's im Herzensgrunde.

In the Woods
A wedding procession moved along the mountain.
I heard the birds singing.
Many a horseman flashed, the hunting horn sounded—
that was a merry hunt!

And before I realized it, all sound had died away.
Night closed in.
Only the trees rustled on the mountain,
and I trembled deep in my heart.

Translation by Philip L. Miller

Elizabethan Songs
Sweet Is The Rose
Sweet is the Rose, but growes vpon a brere;
Sweet is the Iunipere, but sharpe his bough;
sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
sweet is the firbloome, but his braunches rough
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is tough,
sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough;
and sweet is Moly, but his root is ill.
So euery sweet with soure is tempred still,
that maketh it be coueted the more:
for easie things that may be got at will,
most sorts of men doe set but little store.
Why then should I accoumpt of little paine,
that endlesse pleasure shall vnto me gaine.

Shepherd's Song
When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.
The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.
The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

Edmund Spenser (1552-1599)
From the Amoretti
Sonnet XXVI

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)
From The Winter's Tale
Act IV, Scene iii