

Fall Voice Recital Translations

Students from Elementary and Applied Voice
Dr. Duana Demus Leslie, Instructor

"Intorno All'idol Mio" by Antonio Cesti (1623-1669)

Intorno all'idol mio spirate pur, spirate,
Aure, Aure soavi e grate,
E nelle guancie elette
Baciatelo per me,
Cortesi, cortesi aurette!
Al mio ben, che riposa
Su l'ali della quiete,
Grati, grati sogni assistete
E il mio racchiuso ardore
Svelate gli per me,
O larve, o larve d'amore!

Around my idol
Breathe, merely breathe,
Winds sweet and gracious
And on the favored cheeks
Kiss him for me, courtly breezes!

In my love who rests
On the wings of peace
Pleasant dreams provoke.
And my hidden ardor
Reveal to him for me
O spirits of love

"Nel cor più non mi sento," by Giovanni Paisiello (1740-1816)

Nel cor più non mi sento brillar la gioventù; Cagion
del mio tormento, amor, sei colpa tu.
Mi pizzichi, mi stuzzichi, mi pungichi, mi mastichi;
Che cosa è questo ahimè? Pietà!
Amore è un certo che, che disperar mi fa.

In my heart I no longer feel youthfulness glowing;
the cause of my torment, love, is your fault.
You tickle me, you tease me, you prick me, you bite me; What is
this, alas? Have pity!
Love is a certain something which makes me despair.

Amarilli was composed by Giulio Caccini (1548 - 1618) "Le nuove musiche of 1602."

Amarilli, mia bella,
Non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,
D'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale, Dubitar
non ti vale.
Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:
Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli è il mio amore.

My lovely Amaryllis,
Don't you know, O my heart's sweet desire,
That it is you whom I love?
Believe in my love; and if fear besets you, Don't
doubt that it's true.
Open my breast and see written on my heart:
Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis, is my love.

Se Tu M'ami," by Alessandro Parisotti (1853-1913)

Se tu m'ami, se sospiri Sol
per me, gentil pastor, Ho
dolor de' tuoi martiri, Ho
diletto del tuo amor, Ma
se pensi che soletto Io ti
debba riamar, Pastorello,
sei soggetto Facilmente a
t'ingannar.

Bella rosa porporina
Oggi Silvia sceglierà,
Con la scusa della spina
Doman poi la sprezerà.
Ma degli uomini il consiglio

If you love me, if you
sigh for me, gentle shepherd,
your pain hurts me,
yet I delight in your love. But
if you think that
I must return my love only to you,
then, shepherd boy, you are easily
deceived.

A beautiful purple rose
Silvia will choose today -
because of its thorns,
she will despise it tomorrow. But
men's advice

“Non più andrai farfallone amoroso”, by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart from Le Nozze di Figaro (1756-91) 1786

Figaro:

Non più andrai ,
notte e giorno d'intorno girando;
delle belle turbando il riposo
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor.
Non più avrai questi bei pennacchini,
quel cappello leggero e galante,
quella chioma, quell'aria brillante,
quel vermiglio donnesco color.
Fra guerrieri, poffar Bacco!
Gran mustacchi, stretto sacco.
Schioppo in spalla, sciabla al fianco,
collo dritto, muso franco,
un gran casco, o un gran turbante,
molto onor, poco contante!
Ed invece del fandango,
una marcia per il fango.
Per montagne, per valloni,
con le nevi e i sollioni.
Al concerto di tromboni,
di bombarde, di cannoni,
che le palle in tutti i tuoni
all'orecchio fan fischiar.
Cherubino alla vittoria:
alla gloria militar.

Figaro:

You won't go anymore, amorous butterfly,
Fluttering around inside night and day,
Disturbing the sleep of beauties,
A little Narcissus and Adonis of love.
No more will you have these plumes,
That graceful and gallant hat,
That hair, that shining aspect,
That womanish red color [in your face]!
Among soldiers, by Bacchus!
A huge mustache, a little knapsack.
Gun on your back, sword at your side,
Your neck straight, your nose exposed,
A big helmet, or a big turban,
A lot of honor, very little pay.
And in place of the dance,
A march through the mud.
Over mountains, through valleys,
With snow, and heat stroke,
To the music of trumpets,
Of bombards, and of cannons,
Which, at every boom,
Will make bullets whistle past your ear.
Cherubino, go to victory!
To military glory

Ihr Bild Frank Schubert (1797 - 1883)

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen
Und starrt ihr Bildniß an
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar
Und wie von Wehmuthstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar

Auch meine Thränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab -
Und ach, ich kann es nicht glauben
Daß ich Dich verloren hab'!

I stood darkly dreaming
And stared at her picture,
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.

About her lips
A wondrous smile played,
And as with sad tears,
Her eyes gleamed.

And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks,
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

Du bist die Ruh, You are the peace Frank Schubert (1797 - 1883)

Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du
Und was sie stillt.
Ich weihe dir
Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug und Herz.
Kehr ein bei mir,
Und schließe du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforten zu.
Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust.
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.
Dies Augenzelt
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll es ganz!

The peace is mild,
The longing you
And what she breastfeeds. I
consecrate to you
Full of pleasure and pain
To the apartment here My
eyes and heart.
Come to me,
And you close
Silent behind you
The gates closed.
Cause other pain
From this chest.
Let this heart be full
Of your lust.
This eye tent
Of your shine
Alone illuminated,
Oh, fill it completely!

"Vergebliches Ständchen," by Brahms (1833-1897)

Guten Abend, mein Schatz,
Guten Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm aus Lieb' zu dir,
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,
Mach' mir auf die Tür!

Meine Tür ist verschlossen,
Ich laß dich nicht ein;
Mutter, die rät' mir klug,
Wärst du herein mit Fug,
Wär's mit mir vorbei!

So kalt ist die Nacht,
So eisig der Wind,
Daß mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

Löschet dein' Lieb'
Lass' sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh',
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

He:
Good evening, my treasure, good
evening, sweet girl!
I come from love of you,
Ah, open the door, open
the door for me!

She:
My door is locked, and
I won't let you in:
My mother has advised me well! If
you came in,
It would all be over for me!

He:
The night is so cold, and
the wind so icy
that my heart will freeze,
and my love will be extinguished! Open
for me, sweet girl!

She:
If your love starts dying,
then let it be extinguished! If
it keeps dying,
go home to bed, and rest!
Good night, my boy!

"O du mein holder Abendstern", by Richard Wagner from Tannhäuser (1813-81)

Wie Todesahnung Dämmerung deckt die
Lande, umhüllt das Tal mit schwärzlichem
Gewande; der Seele, die nach jenen Höhen
verlangt, vor ihrem Flug durch Nacht und
Grausen bangt. Da scheinst du, o lieblichster
der Sterne, dein sanftes Licht entsendest du
der Ferne; die nächt'ge Dämmerung teilt dein
lieber Strahl, und freundlich zeigst du den Weg
aus dem Tal.

O du, mein holder Abendstern, wohl grüsst'
ich immer dich so gern: vom Herzen, das sie
nie verriet, grüsse sie, wenn sie vorbei dir
zieht, wenn sie entschwebt dem Tal der Erden,
ein sel'ger Engel dort zu werden!

Dusk covers the land like a premonition of
death,
Wraps the valley in her dark mantle;
The soul that longs for those heights Dreads to
take its dark and awful flight.
Then you appear,
O loveliest of stars,
And shed your gentle light from afar;
Your sweet glow cleaves the twilight gloom,
And as a friend you show the way out of the
valley.

O you, my fair evening star,
Gladly have I always greeted you:
From the heart, that has never betrayed her,
Great her, when she passes you,
When she soars above this mortal vale
To become a holy angel there!

Japanese

Sparkle. Yojiro Noda 1985

English Translation by Matthew Espejo

まだこの世界は僕を飼いならしてたいみたいだ望み通りだろう美しくもがくよ互いの砂時計眺めながらキスをしようよ「さよなら」から一番遠い場所で待ち合わせようついに時はきた昨日までは序章の序章で飛ばし読みでいいからここからが僕だよ経験と知識とカビの生えかかった勇気を持っていまだかつてないスピードで君のもとへダイブをまどろみの中で生温いコーラにここでないどっかを夢見たよ教室の窓の外に電車に揺られ運ばれる朝に運命だとか未来とかって言葉がどれだけ手を伸ばそうと届かない場所で僕らを恋をする時計の針も二人を横目に見ながら進むこんな世界を二人で一生いや、何章でも生き抜いていこう「はじめまして」なんてさ遥か彼方へと追いやって1000年周期を一日で息しよう辞書にある言葉で出来上がった世界を憎んだ万華鏡の中で八月のある朝君は僕の前でハニカんでは澄ましてみせたこの世界の教科書のような笑顔で嘘みたいな日々を規格外の意味を悲劇だっというから望んだよそしたらドアの外に君が全部抱えて立ってたよ運命だとか未来とかって言葉がどれだけ手を伸ばそうと届かない場所で僕ら遊ぼうか愛し方さえも君の匂いがした歩き方さえもその笑い声があったいつか消えてなくなる君のすべてをこの眼に焼き付けておくことはもう権利なんかじゃない義務だと思うんだ運命だとか未来とかって言葉がどれだけ手を伸ばそうと届かない場所で僕らを恋をする時計の針も二人を横目に見ながら進むそんな世界を二人で一生いや、何章でも生き抜いていこう

This world seems like it's still trying to tame me If that's how it has to be, I'll struggle beautifully While gazing at both of our hour glasses, let's share a kiss Let's plan to meet somewhere that is further away from "Goodbye" Finally, the time has come Everything up 'til yesterday was just the prologue to the prologue But you can skim through it if you wish I'll take it from here With my experience and my wisdom and all the courage I had started to let mildew, at an unprecedented speed until now I will dive in right to you When I dozed off looking into my luke-warm cola, I dream of a world so far away from here Searching outside of the classroom window mornings spent on the train Words like "fate" or "the future" No matter how far they extend their hands They stretch out but can't reach us In this timeless land where we love each other Even the second and hour hands of the clock give us side glances as they tick and tock Right here in this world with you This life Let's live through them together! The words "Nice to meet you" Let's banish them far off into the distance and breathe in a millennium a single day How I hated this lifeless world on a monotonous August morning Whenever you appeared before my eyes You always gave a shy smile before playing coy It's almost like your smile was a textbook description of this world But once I did, you were standing outside the door With all the pieces to the puzzle in your hand Words like "fate" or "the future" No matter how far they extend their hands They stretch out but can't reach us Here in this place...shall we enjoy ourselves? Even in the way that you loved Is where I could smell that scent of yours And in the way that you walked I could hear that bright laughter of yours Since one day you will disappear I'll keep every part of you and make sure that it's burned into the back of my eyes It's no longer a right that I'm due I feel that it's my duty that I must keep! Words like "fate" or "the future" In this timeless land where we love each other Right there in that world with you This life, no—all of our future lives Let's live through them together!

Sabor a mi by Alvaro Carrillo (1921-69)

Tanto tiempo disfrutamos de este amor
Nuestras almas se acercaron tanto así
Que yo guardo tu sabor
Pero tú llevas también sabor a mí
Si negaras mi presencia en tu vivir
Bastaría con abrazarte y conversar
Tanta vida yo te di
Que por fuerza tienes ya sabor a mí
No pretendo ser tu dueño
No soy nada, yo no tengo vanidad
De mi vida, doy lo bueno
Soy tan pobre, ¿Qué otra cosa puedo dar?
Pasarán más de mil años, muchos más
Yo no sé si tenga amor, la eternidad
Pero allá tal como aquí
En la boca llevarás sabor a mí
No pretendo ser tu dueño
No soy nada, yo no tengo vanidad
De mi vida, doy lo bueno

For so long we have enjoyed this love
Our souls have gotten close enough
That I now keep your taste, but you also keep
The taste of me
If you were to deny my presence in your life
A hug and a conversation would be enough
I gave you so much life, that by force you now have
The taste of me
It is not my intention to be your owner
I am nothing, I have no vanity
Of my life, I only give you the good
I am so poor, what else could I offer to you?
More than thousand years will pass, so many more
I don't know if eternity carries any love
But over there, just like here
In your mouth you will keep
The taste of me
[Pre-Chorus]
It is not my intention to be your owner
I am nothing, I have no vanity
Of my life, I only give you the good
I am so poor, what else could I offer to you?

“Dúlaman” By Michael McGlynn (1964-current)

A 'nión mhín ó, sin anall na fir shúirí (Oh sweet daughter, here come the courting men)
A mháithairín mhín ó, cuir na roithléan go dtí mé (Oh sweet mother, put the wheels in motion for me)
Dúlaman na binne buí, dúlaman Gaelach (Seaweed of the yellow peak, Irish seaweed)
Dúlaman na farráige, b'fhearr a bhí in Éirinn (Seaweed from the ocean, the best there was in Ireland)
Tá ceann buí óir are an dúlaman gaelach (Irish seaweed has golden yellow head)
Tá dhá chluais mhaol are an dúlaman maorach (Stately seaweed has two blunt ears)
Bróga breaca dubha are an dúlaman gaelach (Irish seaweed wears black speckled shoes)
Tá bearéad agus triús are an dúlaman maorach (Stately seaweed wears a beret and trousers.)
Dúlaman na binne buí, dúlaman Gaelach (Seaweed of the yellow peak, Irish seaweed)
Dúlaman na farráige, b'fhearr a bhí in Éirinn (Seaweed from the ocean, the best there was in Ireland)
Daa daa dee - dun da, da un da un da, did - dle dee - dun dee un dun daadle dee dun der duh. Dúlaman na binne buí,
dúlaman Gaelach (Seaweed of the yellow peak, Irish seaweed)
Dúlaman na farráige, b'fhearr a bhí in Éirinn (Seaweed from the ocean, the best there was in Ireland)
Góide a thug na tíre thú? arsa an dúlaman gaelach (“What brought you to this place?” says Irish seaweed)
Ag súirí le do nión, arsa an dúlaman maorach (“A-wooing your daughter,” says stately seaweed)
Rachaimid chun Niúir leis an dúlaman gaelach (We will go to Newry with Irish seaweed)
Ceannóimid bróga daora are an dúlaman maorach (“We will buy expensive shoes,” says stately seaweed)
Dúlaman na binne buí, dúlaman Gaelach (Seaweed of the yellow peak, Irish seaweed)
Dúlaman na farráige, b'fhearr a bhí in Éirinn (Seaweed from the ocean, the best there was in Ireland)
Ó chuir mé scéala chuici, go gceannóinn cíor dí (I sent a message to her that I would buy a comb for her)
'Sé'n scéal a chuir sí chugam, go raibh a ceann cíortha (The message she sent back to me was that her hair was combed
already.) Dúlaman na binne buí, dúlaman Gaelach (Seaweed of the yellow peak, Irish seaweed)
Dúlaman na farráige, b'fhearr a bhí in Éirinn (Seaweed from the ocean, the best there was in Ireland)
Cá bhfaigheann tú mo'níon, arsa an dúlaman gaelach (“Oh where are you taking my daughter?” Irish seaweed.)
Bheul, fuadóidh mé liom í, arsa an dúlaman maorach (“Well, I will carry her of with me,” says stately seaweed)
Dúlaman na binne buí, dúlaman Gaelach (Seaweed of the yellow peak, Irish seaweed)
Dúlaman na binne buí, dúlaman Gaelach (Seaweed of the yellow peak, Irish seaweed)
Dúlaman na farráige, b'fhearr a bhí, b'fhearr a bhí (Seaweed from the ocean, the best there was, best there was)
Dúlaman na binne buí, dúlaman Gaelach (Seaweed of the yellow peak, Irish seaweed)
Dúlaman na farráige, b'fhearr a bhí, b'fhearr a bhí (Seaweed from the ocean, the best there was, best there was)
B'fhearr a bhí in Éirinn (Best there was in Ireland)