

# *La Voce Totale*

March 7th, 2024

## Text and Translations

### **Je Suis Titania**

From *Mignon*

Libretto by Jules Barbier and Michael Carré

#### **Titania**

Yes, for this evening I am queen of the fairies!  
Here is my scepter of gold  
and here are my trophies!

I am Titania the blonde,  
I am Titania, the daughter of the air  
Laughing, I travel the world  
Faster than the bird  
Quicker than lightning!  
I am Titania the blonde,  
The troupe of elves  
Follows my flying chariot and in the night flees!  
Around me, all my court runs

singing pleasure and love  
the crazy troupe of elves  
follows my flying chariot  
and in the night flees.

In the ray of shining Phoebe!  
Among the flowers that dawn  
Makes bloom  
Through the woods and meadows  
Diaphanous  
On the waves covered in foam  
in the mist  
one sees me lightly  
fluttering!

Translation by Bard Suverkrop (2021)

### **Me Voici dans son Boudoir**

From *Mignon*

Libretto by Jules Barbier and Michael Carré

#### **Frédéric**

I, it is I!  
I have everything broken, no importance!  
I am here!  
My uncle has lodged Philine in the room of  
my aunt.

I am here in her boudoir,  
And I feel my heart beat with hope.  
Ah! I await the moment when I see her again  
Yes, I feel my heart beat with hope.

I must at last conquer the cruel girl,  
I must touch the heart of the unfaithful one!  
I want the one that loves me and I hope  
Yes, I hope in my turn to be happy!

So much the worse my faith, for all of her  
lovers.

For my heart is such sweet hope!  
My heart beats with hope!

Translation by Bard Suverkrop (2021)

## **Domine Deus**

From *Mass in C Minor*

Text from the Ordinary of the Roman Catholic Mass

Lord God, King of Heaven,  
God the Father Almighty.  
Lord only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ.  
Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop (2008)

## **Stabat Mater**

From *Stabat Mater*

Libretto by Jacopone da Todi

The grieving mother stood  
weeping beside the cross  
where her son was hanging.  
Through her weeping soul,  
compassionate and grieving,  
a sword passed.

Translation by Edward Caswall (17th century)

## **Amor**

From *Brentano-Lieder*

Text by Clemens Maria Wenzeslaus von Brentano

The child sat by the fire.  
Cupid, Cupid,  
And was blind;  
With his little wings he fans  
The flames and he smiles,  
Fans and smiles, the crafty child!

Alas, the child has burnt his wing,  
Cupid, Cupid, Runs quickly!  
'Ah, how the flames hurt him!'  
Beating his wings, he cries aloud,  
Seeks refuge in the shepherdess's lap,  
Crying for help, the crafty child.

And the shepherdess helps the child  
Cupid, Cupid,  
Naughty and blind.  
Look, shepherdess, your heart's on fire,  
Didn't you recognize the child?  
Look how quickly the flames spread.  
Beware the crafty child!  
Fans and smiles, the crafty child!

Translation by John Paton (2002)

## **To Be Loved**

From *The Disappearance of Ava Morgan*

Words and Music by Marie Johnson and Dâryuš Makâni

### **Lyra**

To be loved, to be wanted.  
It would be so nice, I once thought.  
To be loved, to be wanted  
It would feel so nice,  
but the rashes on my wrist disagree

Now he wants me.  
Now I fear him.  
How I run, how he chases  
He is stern.  
He adores me.  
I must have done something wrong.

The smell of the ocean is all I know.  
The waves move me back and forth,  
yet I go nowhere.

As the storm batters me  
I see a lighthouse!  
It's warm glow draws me closer!  
But I fear, If I get too close,  
I will crash against the rocky coast.

To be loved.  
What a sad thing.  
Why should I have hope,  
When love has failed before?

## **La Maja Dolorosa III**

From *La Maja Dolorosa*

Libretto by Fernando Periquet

Of that handsome lover  
that was once my joy  
I ardently keep  
sweet memories.  
He adored me  
fervently and loyally.  
My whole life  
I gave to him,  
And a thousand more would I give,  
if he wished it,  
For in deep love  
agony is a flower.

And when I think of my beloved,  
Dreams of a time gone by  
are rekindled.

Neither in Mentidero,  
nor in Florida,  
A more handsome man  
ever roamed.  
Under the rim of his hat  
I saw his eyes  
Fixed upon me  
with all his soul.  
They bewitched  
all those whom they beheld,  
And in this world I never found a  
gaze so profound.

And when I think of my beloved,  
Dreams of a time gone by  
are rekindled.

Translation by Pamela Narbona-Jerez (2015)

## **Ah! Perfido!**

From *Op. 65*

Libretto by Pietro Metastasio

Ah! You treacherous, faithless,  
barbaric traitor, you leave?  
And is this your last farewell?  
Where did one hear of a crueller tyranny?  
Go, despicable man! Go, flee from me!

You won't flee from the wrath of the gods.  
If there is justice in heaven, if there is pity,  
all will join forces in a contest to punish you.  
I follow your trail! I am wherever you go,

I will live to see my revenge,  
I already take delight in it in my imagination.  
I already see you surrounded by flashes of  
lightning.

Alas! Pause, avenging gods!  
Spare that heart, wound mine!  
If he is not what he was, I am still what I was.  
For him I lived, for him I want to die!

Have mercy, don't bid me farewell,  
What shall I do without you?  
You know it, my beloved idol!  
I will die of grief.

Ah, cruel man! You want me to die!  
Don't you have pity on me?  
Why do you reward the one who adores you  
in such a barbaric way?  
Tell me, if in such a grief  
I do not deserve pity?

Translation by Bertram Kottmann (2023)

## **Nemico della patria**

From *Andrea Chenier*

Libretto by Luigi Illica

### **Gérard**

Enemy of the State?!  
It's an old fable that luckily  
The public still swallows.  
Born in Constantinople? Foreigner!  
Studied at Saint Cyr? Soldier!  
Traitor! Of Dumouriez an accomplice!  
And poet? Corrupter of hearts and habits!

Once I was happy,  
Going about amongst the hatreds  
And the vendettas,  
I thought myself a giant  
pure, innocent, and strong...  
But I am just a servant  
Who has changed masters.  
An obedient servant of violent passions!  
Ah, worse! I kill and I tremble,  
and while I kill I weep!  
I, a son of the Revolution,  
The first to hear its cry to the world

And I joined my voice to its...  
Now I've lost faith  
In the destiny of my dreams?  
How radiant with glory  
My path was  
To reawaken the people,  
Gathering up the tears  
Of the vanquished and suffering,  
To make the world a paradise,  
To change men into gods,  
And in one kiss,  
In one kiss and one embrace  
To love all mankind!

Now I turn my back on the sacred call!  
My heart is filled with hatred,  
And what has brought me to this,  
a great irony, Is love

Translation by Tom Thompson (2015)

## **Let the Bright Seraphim**

From *Samson*

Libretto by Georg Friedrich Händel

Let the bright seraphim in burning row,  
Their loud, uplifted angel trumpets blow.  
Let the cherubic host, in tuneful choirs,  
Touch their immortal harps with golden wires.

## **When I am Laid in Earth**

From *Dido and Aeneas*

Libretto by Nahum Tate

### **Dido**

Thy hand, Belinda, darkness shades me,  
On thy bosom let me rest,  
More I would, but Death invades me;  
Death is now a welcome guest.

When I am laid, am laid in earth,  
May my wrongs create  
No trouble, no trouble in thy breast;  
Remember me, remember me, but ah!  
Forget my fate.  
Remember me, but ah! forget my fate.

## **The Lord is a Man of War**

From *Israel in Egypt*

Libretto by Georg Friedrich Händel

The Lord is a man of war:  
Lord is His name.  
Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath  
He cast into the sea;  
his chosen captains also are drowned  
in the Red Sea.

## **La Paterna**

From *La Marchenera*

Libretto by Ricardo González del Toro and Fernando Luque

### **Valentina**

Three hours before the day  
the little moon sought the sun,  
going from star to star,  
ah! seeking its radiance.

I have fallen for a stranger  
who captured me with his eyes;  
I go from sigh to sigh,  
ah!, seeking his heart.

The first rose,  
the most exquisite,  
that flowers in my rose garden,  
as I yield it to him, I will say ...  
Take it.  
Take it, that is the first fruit,  
and your heart and mine  
beat within us as one  
in one being.

Take it;  
within your breast,  
securely hidden,  
already on its way,  
my heart is gone ...  
Take it,  
I want to give it to you.

Town crier, town crier  
hear, and proclaim this cry:  
For whom is this fond affection  
that I have found in my heart?  
Surely the crowd knows,  
but the beloved of my soul, no.  
Town crier, town crier  
hear, and proclaim this cry.

Translation by Christopher Webber (2008)

## **Cantilena**

From *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5*

Libretto by Heitor Villa-Lobos

Lo, at midnight clouds are slowly passing,  
Rosy and lustrous,  
O'er the spacious heaven with loveliness laden.  
From the boundless deep the moon arises wondrous,  
Glorifying the evening like a beauteous maiden.  
Now she adorns herself in half unconscious duty,  
Eager, anxious that we recognize her beauty,  
While sky and earth, yea, all nature with applause salute her  
All the birds have ceased their sad and mournful complaining,  
Now appears on the sea in a silver reflection  
Moonlight softly waking the soul and constraining hearts  
To cruel tears and bitter dejection.

Translation by Elizabeth Parcells (2011)

## **Donne Mie, la Fate a tanti**

From *Così Fan Tutte*

Libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte

Ladies, you treat so many thus  
That, if I must speak the truth,  
I begin to sympathise  
When your lovers complain.

I adore the sex, you know,  
Everyone knows it;  
Each day I show it  
And always take your part.

But such treatment of so many  
Discourages me, in truth.

A thousand times I've drawn my sword  
To defend your honour.  
A thousand times I've championed you  
With my tongue and, still more, with my heart.

But such treatment of so many  
Is pernicious and a bore.

You're attractive, you are charming,  
Heaven has given you treasures galore  
And graces envelop you  
From head to foot.

But thus you treat so many,  
That it's difficult to believe,  
And if your lovers complain  
They have good reason indeed.

Translation by Andrew Schneider (2018)

## **Una Bella Serenata**

From *Così Fan Tutte*

Libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte

### **Ferrando**

I'll arrange a fine serenade  
For my goddess.

### **Guglielmo**

In honour of Venus  
I will give a banquet.

### **Don Alfonso**

Shall I be invited?

### **Ferrando and Guglielmo**

Yes, you shall be there.

### **Tutti**

And many a toast we'll offer  
To the god of love!

Translation Bertram Kottman (2008)