

GRADUATE VOICE RECITAL
LINDSAY NUESCA, MEZZO-SOPRANO

By

LINDSAY NUESCA

SUPERVISORY COMMITTEE:

ELIZABETH GRAHAM, CHAIR
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JENNIFER THOMAS, MEMBER
ALEXANDER BURAK, SPECIAL MEMBER

A PROJECT IN LIEU OF THESIS PRESENTED TO THE COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT
OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF
MASTER OF MUSIC

UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA

2012

Summary of Performance Option in Lieu of Thesis
Presented to the College of Fine Arts of the University of Florida
In Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the
Degree of Master of Music

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August 2012

Chair: Dr. Elizabeth Graham
Member: Dr. Anthony Offerle
Member: Dr. Jennifer Thomas
Member: Dr. Alexander Burak
Major: Music

The music chosen for this recital comes from the Baroque era, the Romantic period, and the Twentieth Century. It was chosen to demonstrate a mastery of national styles as well as to showcase a unique, high mezzo-soprano voice with tremendous range. Brahms's *Zigeunerlieder* and Debussy's *Cinq poèmes de Baudelaire* are the central works in the halves of the recital. The *Zigeunerlieder* require energy and finesse in a robust and lively set. The seventh stands out in tempo and subject; a love song in the midst of dance tunes. The Baudelaire cycle is an erotic rambling laced with partially-formed moral anxieties and allusions to death. Debussy lends ethereal sensuousness and languor in his settings which gives an other-worldly sensation to the experience. The cycle's soaring legato and unorthodox tonality and voice leading are deceptively easy on the ear; they demand every ounce of a singer's technique and ear training.

The Tchaikovsky aria and art song are a preview of the singer's April 2012 lecture recital as well as a further demonstration of the singer's abilities and passion for Russian music. Liza's aria comes from Tchaikovsky's *The Queen of Spades*, libretto based on the story by Alexander Pushkin. The aria expresses the distressed girl's heartbreak when her lover seemingly stands her

up for a midnight tryst. *My Genius, My Angel, My Friend* is the composer's first extant song, written when still a boy in school. It is a beautiful musing that has survived and gained prominence not because of its excellence, though its popularity is well-deserved on merit alone, but largely because of a controversy surrounding the dedication, a mysterious set of dots at the top of the autograph copy. There is evidence that he dedicated it to another young boy for whom he carried socially unacceptable romantic feelings.

John Corigliano's *The Cloisters* is a beautiful twentieth-century American song cycle. The first is spartan, the second robust, and in spite of their differences both carry a sense of a keening mourner; both transmit an underlying sense of melancholy. The recitative and aria from *Giulio Cesare* are challenging and demonstrate the singer's grasp of late baroque operatic performance practice. *Mattinata* is a popular and lovely *bel canto* tune that rounds out a challenging and difficult program with simple, sing-able beauty.

BIOGRAPHY

Lindsay Johnson Nuesca was born and raised in Idaho Falls, ID. She began voice lessons in high school and attended Ricks College for an AA in Voice, completing her BA in Vocal Performance at the University of Florida in 2005. She then taught choir and drama before moving to Siberia as a missionary in 2006. Upon returning to Gainesville in 2008, Lindsay spent three semesters in post-baccalaureate Russian studies before starting her MM in Vocal Performance with a Secondary Concentration in Music History and Literature. She specializes in the *romansi*, or art songs, of the major Russian composers, and is dedicated to increasing the popularity and accessibility of Russian art song in both her performance and academic futures.

Lindsay is a mezzo-soprano currently preparing to sing the role of Third Lady in the Operafestival di Roma's 2012 production of Mozart's *The Magic Flute*. She was most recently seen in the title role of Gustav Holst's *Savitri* and as the Mother in *Amahl and the Night Visitors*. Other roles include Second Lady in *The Magic Flute*, Queen Jezebel in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, La Maestra delle Novizie in *Suor Angelica* by Giacomo Puccini, Dinah in *Trouble in Tahiti* by Leonard Bernstein, and Just Jeanette in *Too Many Sopranos* by Edwin Penhorwood.

Lindsay's path to a career in music began when her father insisted she take choir in junior high school. Since then, she has had the opportunity to sing with the Choral Arts Society of Washington under Norman Scribner, performing in conjunction with the National Symphony Orchestra under Leonard Slatkin. She participated in the 2002 Opening Ceremonies of the Paralympics with the Utah State University Choir, and was a soloist for the USU choir and symphonic band at the College Band Directors National Association convention in Reno. As part of the University of Florida Chamber Singers, she has sung with the Louisiana Philharmonic, the San Diego Symphony, and the Kronos Quartet Choir.

Lindsay and her husband Jonathan live in Gainesville, Florida.

College of Fine Arts School of Music

Presents

Graduate Voice Recital
Lindsay Nuesca, Mezzo-Soprano

Assisted by:
Michelle Ross, Piano

Thursday, 17 November, 2011
5:30 PM
Music Building, Room 101

PROGRAM

I

Mattinata	Sir Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)
E pur così in un giorno . . . Piangerò la sorte mia from <i>Giulio Cesare</i>	George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

II

<i>Zigeunerlieder</i>	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
i. He, Zigeuner	
ii. Hockgetürmte Rimaflut	
iii. Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen	
iv. Lieber Gott, du weisst	
v. Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze	
vi. Röslein dreie in der Reihe	
vii. Kommt dir manchmal	
viii. Rote Abendwolken zieh'n	

III

The Cloisters

John Corigliano
(b. 1938)

- i. Fort Tryon Park: September
- ii. Song to the Witch of the Cloisters

INTERMISSION

IV

Cinq poèmes de Baudelaire

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

- i. Le Balcon
- ii. Harmonie du Soir
- iii. Le Jet D'Eau
- iv. Recueillement
- v. La Mort des Amants

V

Liza's Aria
from *The Maid of Orleans*
My Genius, My Angel, My Friend

Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky
(1840-1893)

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*This Recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Master's of Music degree in Music Performance.*

Mrs. Nuesca is in the studio of Dr. Elizabeth Graham.

PROGRAM NOTES

An Italian song composer and singing teacher, **Sir Francesco Paolo Tosti** (1846-1916) counted the Princess Margherita of Savoy who was to become the Queen of Italy and members of the British Royal Family among his students. He started his formal music education at the Naples Conservatory at the age of 12, studying the violin and composition. His career as a composer and teacher took him from Italy to England where he settled in 1880, gained citizenship in 1906, and was knighted in 1908. His songs, composed to Italian, French, and English texts, have a graceful, fluent style. *Mattinata* was composed late in his career.

The illustrious composer of the *Messiah*, **George Frideric Handel** (1685-1759), created a name for himself through prolific composition of opera in his early career. His operas are considered the finest, if not the most typical, opera serie. Handel contributed significantly to every contemporary musical genre and was well-received and successful through the flourishing of Italian opera seria in England. When the genre declined, however, he found himself in poor financial condition and turned to large scale vocal works, a venture that led to his invention of the oratorio. His opera seria *Giulio Cesare* received its first performance in 1724 at the Royal Academy of Music. Typical of Handel's operas, it is richly dramatic, and the characters of Caesar and Cleopatra are especially rich, dynamic characters. Added to the emotional power and masterful orchestration, the opera holds a rightly afforded high reputation in the Italian opera repertory.

German composer **Johannes Brahms** (1833-1897), one of the greatest composers in the genre of German *Lieder*, followed Schubert and Schumann in the tradition. He composed *Lieder* over a period of 43 years, formulating his *Lieder* around a classic tonal plan, emphasizing melody and bass lines. The large repertory of songs published constitutes only a portion of the songs that he wrote. Often criticized for using sub-par poetry, Brahms first determined whether the poetry would be enhanced by musical setting, and so along with his settings of poetry by Goethe and Heine are settings of verses by Daumer and Carl Candidus. The music of the Hungarian Gypsies also fascinated him, from which the *Zigeunerlieder* are taken. The cycle originally consisted of a set of eleven songs for vocal quartet, composed in 1887, but was rearranged for solo voice and piano, removing three of the songs for a total of eight.

John Corigliano (b. 1938) is a highly acclaimed American composer and professor currently teaching at the Juilliard School. He composed the first opera commissioned by the Metropolitan opera since 1967, *The Ghosts of Versailles* (1987), for which he received the Composition of the Year award from the International Music Awards (1992). He has also received an Academy Award for his score to the film *The Red Violin* (1999). His works are known for their dramatic elements, and the theatrics create the possibility of his works being upstaged by spectacle. He has emphatically committed to "intelligibility" which has been criticized as an obstacle to his technical range. *The Cloisters* was composed in 1965 to a set of poems by his friend William M. Hoffman. Originally just one poem, *The Unicorn*, at Corigliano's suggestion, Hoffman composed a full set of songs around the theme of the Cloisters. Mignon Dunn sang the premiere in 1975 with the Arkansas Symphony Orchestra at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C.

Claude Debussy (1862-1918) holds court as one of the most important musicians of his time. His innovations in harmony reflected the French impressionistic movement in other arts at the time. Despite his reputation as a predominantly impressionistic composer, he left no dynamic or tempo markings to the 'impression' of the performer; he marked his scores meticulously. He also held very specific conceptions of who should and should not set poetry to music: "Musicians who don't understand anything about poetry ought not to set it to music. They can only ruin it." He chose to set poetry by his contemporaries, especially Verlaine and Mallarmé. He composed this cycle on Baudelaire's text, *Cinq poèmes de Baudelaire* (1887-9), during his 'bohemian' and symbolist years and they show some Wagnerian influence. They are "exceptional among Debussy's output of songs in their length, their wide intervals and their chromatic harmonies, even more marked in *Recueillement* than in *Le jet d'eau*."

The illustrious Russian composer **Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky** (1840-1893) worked to bridge the gap between his Russian and European musical heritages. He is best known for his large-scale orchestral works, but wrote several operas and 106 songs, or romances. His romances are characterized by the same sweeping melodic lines and dramatic harmonies that are found in all his works, a characteristic for which he often weathered criticism from his contemporaries of the Mighty Five. He also departed from the methods of the Five in his treatment of the poetry he used, changing words, adding repetitions, and using melisma instead of following a simple declamatory style that strictly followed the structure and flow of the language in the poem. The final selection on the program, *My Genius, My Angel, My Friend*, the first romance composed by Tchaikovsky while still a young man in school, is nevertheless masterfully crafted and hints at the mature style that he would develop. *Liza's aria* comes from his opera, "The Queen of Spades," which he adapted from Pushkin's text.

TRANSLATIONS

Mattinata—Morning

Mary, tremando l'ultima stella	Mary, the trembling last star
Nel vasto azzurro tra poco vanira;	In the immense blue soon vanishes;
È presso a sorgere l'alba novella,	The new dawn is near rising,
Con un susurro l'aura l'annunzia già,	With a rustle the breeze announces the day,
Con un susurro l'aura l'annunzia già,	With a rustle the breeze announces the day,
Io non ti dico, vieni al verone;	I do not say to you, I come to the terrace;
Mary, in quest ore più dolce è riposar;	Mary, in these hours it is sweeter to rest;
Mormoro basso la mia canzone,	I murmur my song low,
Che il tuo sopore non giunga ad abbreviar.	That your rest is not reached by sound.
Che il tuo sopore non giunga ad abbreviar.	That your rest is not reached by sound.
Solo domando, solo desio	I only ask, only desire
Che il canto mio lambendo il tuo guancial,	That my song echo in your ear,
Versi o fanciulla, nella tua mente	May pour o maiden, in your mind
L'onda lucente d'un sogno celestial!	In lucent wave a dream celestial!
Mary, l'ultima stella	Mary, the last star
Nel vasto azzurro tra poco vanira.	In the immense blue soon vanishes.

E pur così in un giorno . . . Piangerò la sorte mia

E pur così in un giorno, perdo fasti e grandezze?	Why then, in one day, I am deprived of magnificence and glory?
Ahi fato rio! Cesare, il mio bel nume, è forse estinto	Oh, cruel fate! Cesar, my beloved idol, is probably dead,
Cornelia e Sesto inerme son,	Cornelia and Sesto are defenseless
Nè sanno darmi soccorso.	And cannot give me assistance.
Oh Dio! non resta alcuna speme al viver mio?	O God! Is there no hope left in my life?

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

I will bemoan my fate
So cruel and brutal,
As long as there is breath left in my body.
And when I am dead and
Become a ghost, I will haunt
Tyranny both night and day.

Zigeunerlieder

I.

He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!
Spiel das Lied vom ungetreuen Mägdelein!
Laß die Saiten weinen, klagen, traurig
bange,
Bis die heiße Träne netzet diese Wange!

Hey, Gypsy, strike upon your strings!
Play the song of the faithless young girl!
Let the strings weep complain, sadly quiver,
Until the hot tears flow down this cheek!

II.

Hochgetürmte Rimaflut, wie bist du so trüb,
An dem Ufer klag' ich laut nach dir, mein
Lieb!
Wellen, fliehen, Wellen Strömen,
Rauschen an den Strand heran zu mir
An dem Rimaufer laßt mich ewig weinen
nach ihr!

High-towered raging waters of the Rima, how
murky you are,
On the bank I loudly cry for you, my love!
The waves fly, storm
Speed towards me on the shore,
On Rima's banks let me ever weep for her!

III.

Wißt ihr, wann mein Kindchen am
allerschönsten ist?
Wenn ihr süßes Mündchen scherzt und lacht
und küßt
Mägdelein, du bist mein, inniglich küß ich
dich,
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel einzig nur
für mich!

Do you know when my darling is most beautiful?
When her sweet mouth teases and laughs and
kisses.
Maiden, you are mine, I kiss you with all my
heart,
Heaven created you only for me.

Wißt ihr, wann mein Liebster am besten mir gefällt?
Do you know when I most love my darling?

Wenn in seinen Armen er mich umschlungen hält.
When he holds me embraced in his arms.

Schäzelein, du bist mein, inniglich küß' ich dich,
Darling, you are mine, I kiss you with all my heart,

Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel einzig nur für mich!
Heaven created you only for me!

IV.

Lieber Gott, du weißt, wie oft bereut ich hab,
Dear God, you know how often I have regretted

Daß ich meinem Liebsten einst ein Küßchen gab
That I once gave my darling a little kiss

Herz gebot, daß ich ihn küssen muß,
My heart commanded that I kiss him

Denk so lang ich leb' an diesen ersten Kuß
As long as I live I will think about this first kiss

Lieber Gott, du weißt, wie oft in stiller Nacht
Dear God, you know how oft in the still of night

Ich in Lust und Leid an meinen Schatz gedacht.
In desire and pain I have thought of my darling.

Lieb ist Süß, wenn bitter auch die Reu',
Love is sweet, but bitter is regret
Armes Herze bleibt ihm ewig treu.
But my poor heart will remain forever true

V.

Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze
The tanned lad leads to the dance

Sein blauäugig schönes Kind
His blue-eyed, beautiful young girl

Schlägt die Sporen keck zusammen
Kicks his spurs together

Czárdás Melodie beginnt.
A Czárdás Melodie begins

Küßt und hertzt sein süßes Täubchen
Kisses and snuggles his sweet turtle dove

Dreht sie, führt sie, jauchzt und springt
Spins her, leads her, shouts and jumps

Wirft drei blanken Silbergulden
Throws three shining silver gulden

Auf das Cymbal daß es klingt
At the cymbal so it rings

VI.

Röslein dreie in der Reihe blühen so rot,
Daß der Bursch zum Mäd'el gehe, ist kein
Verbot!

Lieber Gott, wenn das verboten wär,
Ständ die schöne weite Welt schon längst
nicht mehr;

Ledig bleiben Sünde wär!

Schönstes Städtchen in Alföld ist
Ketschkemet,

Dort gibt es gar viele Mädchen schmuck und
nett!

Freunde, sucht euch dort ein Bräutchen aus,
Freit um ihre Hand und gründet euer Haus,

Freudenbecher leeret aus.

Rosebuds three, all on one tree, ye bloom so red,
That a lad a lassie woo, is not forbade!

O dear God, if that had been denied,
Then the whole wide lovely world long since had
died.

Single life's a sin, beside!

Fairest village in Alföld is Ketschemete,

There live many pretty lasses trim and neat!

Friends, go find ye there a little bride,
Sue then for her hand and build your house with
pride.

Drain the glass with friendship plied!

VII.

Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn, mein
süßes Lieb,

Was du einst mit heil'gem Eide mir gelobt?

Täusch mich nicht, verlaß mich nicht,

Du weißt nicht, wie lieb ich dich hab,

Lieb du mich, wie ich dich,

Dann strömt Gottes Huld auf dich herab!

Art thou thinking often now, sweetheart, my love,

What thou once with holy vow to me hast sworn?

Leave me not, deceive me not,

Thou know'st not how dear thou art to me;

Love'st thou me as I thee,

Then God's smile shall crown thee graciously.

VIII.

Rote Abendwolken ziehn am Firmament,
Sehnsuchtsvoll nach dir,

Mein Lieb, das Herze brennt,

Himmel strahlt in glühnder Pracht,

Und ich träum bei Tag und Nacht

Nur allein von dem süßen Liebchen mein.

Rosy evening clouds hang in the firmament,

Longing-filled for thee,

my love, my heart is rent;

Heaven glows with splendrous light

And I dream by day and night

But of thee, of the sweetheart dear to me.

Cinq poèmes de Baudelaire

i. Le Balcon—The Balcony

Mère des souvenirs, maîtresse des maîtresses,	Mother of remembrances, mistress of mistresses,
O toi, tous mes plaisirs, ô toi, tous mes devoirs !	O you, my every pleasure! O you, my every obligation!
Tu te rappelleras la beauté des caresses,	You will recall the beauty of caresses,
La douceur du foyer et le charme des soirs,	The peacefulness of home, and the charm of evenings;
Mère des souvenirs, maîtresse des maîtresses!	Mother of remembrances, mistress of mistresses,
Les soirs illuminés par l'ardeur du charbon,	Evenings lighted by the glow of the coals,
Et les soirs au balcon, voilés de vapeurs roses;	And evenings on the balcony, veiled by rosy mist,
Que ton sein m'était doux! que ton cœur m'était bon!	How sweet your breast seemed to me!
Nous avons dit souvent d'impérissables choses	We often spoke of imperishable things
Les soirs illuminés par l'ardeur du charbon.	On those evenings, lighted by the glow of the coals.
Que les soleils sont beaux dans les chaudes soirées!	How beautiful was the sun on torrid evenings!
Que l'espace est profond! que le cœur est puissant!	How vast is space! How powerful is the heart!
En me penchant vers toi, reine des adorées,	Leaning toward you, Queen of all adored ones,
Je croyais respirer le parfum de ton sang.	I imagined that I breathed the fragrance of your blood.
Que les soleils sont beaux dans les chaudes soirées!	How beautiful is the sun on torrid evenings!
La nuit s'épaississait ainsi qu'une cloison,	The night became close, as if surrounded by walls,
Et mes yeux dans le noir devinaient tes prunelles,	And my eyes in the darkness sought out your eyes,
Et je buvais ton souffle ô douceur, ô poison!	And I imbibed your breath, O sweetness, O venom!

Et tes pieds s'endormaient dans mes mains fraternelles;	And your feet became numb in my brotherly hands;
La nuit s'épaississait ainsi qu'une cloison.	The night became close, as if surrounded by walls.
Je sais l'art d'évoquer les minutes heureuses,	I know the art of evoking happy moments,
Et revis mon passé blotti dans tes genoux.	And I saw again my past, playing about your knees...
Car à quoi bon chercher tes beautés langoureuses	For why should one search for your languorous beauty
Ailleurs qu'en ton cher corps et qu'en ton cœur si doux?	Anyplace except in your dear body and in your gentle heart?
Je sais l'art d'évoquer les minutes heureuses!	I know the art of evoking happy moments!
Ces serments, ces parfums, ces baisers infinis,	Those vows, those perfumes, those endless kisses,
Renatront-ils d'un gouffre interdit à nos sondes,	Were they reborn out of a depth beyond our reach,
Comme montent au ciel les soleils rajeunis	As the rejuvenated sun rises again into the sky,
Après s'être lavés au fond des mers profondes	After it has bathed at the bottom of deep oceans?
O serments! ô parfums! ô baisers infinis!	O vows! O fragrance! O endless kisses!

ii. Harmonie du Soir—Evening Harmony

Voici venir les temps où vibrant sur sa tige,	Now comes that time when, trembling on its stem,
Chaque fleur s'évapore ainsi qu'un encensoir;	Each flower exhales fragrance like a censor;
Les sons et les parfums tournent dans l'air du soir,	The sounds and perfumes whirl in the evening air,
Valse mélancolique et langoureux vertige.	A melancholy waltz and a languorous intoxication.
Chaque fleur s'évapore ainsi qu'un encensoir,	Each flower exhales fragrance like a censor,
Le violon frémit comme un cœur qu'on afflige,	The violin vibrates like a heart in distress,
Valse mélancolique et langoureux vertige,	A melancholy waltz and a languorous intoxication,

Le ciel est triste et beau comme un grand
reposoir;

Le violon frémit comme un cœur qu'on
afflige,

Un cœur tendre, qui hait le néant vaste et
noir!

Le ciel est triste et beau comme un grand
reposoir,

Le soleil s'est noyé dans son sang qui se
fige...

Un cœur tendre qui hait le néant vaste et
noir,

Du passé lumineux recueille tout vestige.

Le soleil s'est noyé dans son sang qui se
fige,

Ton souvenir en moi luit comme un
ostensoir.

iii. Le Jet D'Eau—The Fountain

Tes beaux yeux sont las, pauvre amante!

Reste longtemps sans les rouvrir,

Dans cette pose nonchalante

Où t'a surprise le plaisir.

Dans la cour le jet d'eau qui jase

Et ne se tait ni nuit ni jour,

Entretient doucement l'extase

Où ce soir m'a plongé l'amour.

La gerbe d'eau qui berce

Ses mille fleurs,

Que la lune traverse

De ses pâleurs,

Tombe comme une averse

The sky is sad and beautiful, like a great altar;

The violin vibrates like a heart in distress,

A tender heart, which abhors the vast and somber
void!

The sky is sad and beautiful, like a great altar;

The sun has drowned in its own blood, which is
congealing.

A tender heart, which abhors the vast and somber
void

Recalls all memories of the luminous past.

The sun has drowned in its own blood, which is
congealing,

My memory of you shines like a monstrance.

Your beautiful eyes are weary, my poor beloved!

Rest awhile without opening them,

In this carefree pose

In which pleasure has come upon you.

In the courtyard, the fountain which chatters

And never ceases, day or night,

Sustains sweetly the ecstasy

In which love has engulfed me tonight.

The column of water which rocks

Its thousand flowers

Which the moon penetrates

With its pale light,

Falls like a shower

De larges pleurs.
Ainsi ton âme qu'incendie
L'éclair brûlant des voluptés,
S'élançe, rapide et hardie
Vers les vastes cieux enchantés.
Puis, elle s'épanche, mourante
En un flot de triste langueur,
Qui par une invisible pente
Descend jusqu'au fond de mon coeur.
Ô toi, que la nuit rend si belle,
Qu'il m'est doux, penché vers tes seins,
D'écouter la plainte éternelle
Qui sanglote dans les bassins!
Lune, eau sonore, nuit bénie,
Arbres qui frissonnez autour,
Votre pure mélancolie
Est le miroir de mon amour.

iv. Recueillement—Introspection

Sois sage, ô ma douleur, et tiens-toi plus
tranquille;
Tu réclamais le Soir: il descend, le voici!
Une atmosphère obscure enveloppe la ville,
Aux uns portant la paix, aux autres le souci.
Pendant que des mortels la multitude vile,
Sous le fouet du Plaisir, ce bourreau sans
merci,
Va cueillir des remords dans la fête servile,
Ma Douleur, donne-moi la main,

Of large tears.
And so your soul, setting aflame
The fiery lightening of desire,
Leaps quickly and fearlessly
Toward the vast, enchanted skies.
Then it diffuses, dying
In a wave of sad languor
Which, by way of an invisible incline,
Descends to the depths of my heart.
O, you, whom the night makes so beautiful,
I find it sweet, leaning against your bosom,
To listen to the eternal lament
That sobs in the fountain.
Moon, sonorous water, blessed night,
Trees trembling all about,
Your pure melancholy
Is the reflection of my love.

Be wise, o my sorrow, and behave more calmly;
You wished for the evening: it descends, it is
here!
A dark haze envelops the city,
Bringing to some peace, to others anxiety.
While the base multitude of mortals,
Under the whip of Pleasure, that merciless
executioner,
Will suffer the pangs of remorse at the lowly
feast,
Sorrow of mine, give me your hand,

Viens par ici, loin d'eux.	Come hither, far away from them.
Vois se pencher les défuntés Années	See the dead years leaning
Sur les balcons du ciel, en robes surannées.	Over the balconies of heaven, in faded garments.
Surgir du fond des eaux le Regret souriant,	See scornfully smiling Regret emerge from the depths of the waters,
Le soleil moribond s'endormir sous une arche;	The dying sun going to sleep beneath an arch;
Et, comme un long linceul traînant à l'Orient,	And, like a long shroud trailing towards the East,
Entends, ma chère, entends la douce Nuit qui marche.	Hear, my beloved, hear the gentle night approaching.

v. La Mort des Amants—The Death of Lovers

Nous aurons des lits pleins d'odeurs légères,	We shall have beds scented with faint perfumes,
Des divans profonds comme des tombeaux;	Divans sunken like tombs,
Et d'étranges fleurs sur des étagères,	And strange flowers on the shelves,
Ecloses pour nous sous des deux plus beaux,	Unfolding for us beneath skies more lovely,
Usant à l'envi leurs chaleurs dernières;	Vying with each other, in their expiring fires;
Nos deux cœurs seront deux vastes flambeaux,	Our two hearts will be two great torches,
Qui réfléchiront leurs doubles lumières	Reflecting their double light
Dans nos deux esprits, ces miroirs jumeaux.	In our two spirits, these twin mirrors.
Un soir plein de rose et de bleu mystique	On an evening spun of rose and mystic blue
Nous échangerons un éclair unique,	We shall exchange a single lightning flash,
Comme un long sanglot tout chargé d'adieux,	Like a long sob charged with parting,
Et plus tard un Ange, entrouvrant les portes,	And later, an angel, opening the gates,
Viendra ranimer, fidèle et joyeux,	Will restore to life, faithful and joyful,
Les miroirs ternis et les flammes mortes.	The tarnished mirrors and the extinct flames.

Liza's Aria

Откуда эти слёзы, зачем они?
Мои девичьи грёзы, вы изменили мне,
Мои девичьи грёзы, вы изменили мне!
Вот как вы оправдались наяву!
Я жизнь свою вручила ныне князю,
Избраннику по сердцу, существу, умом,
Красою, знатностью, богатством
Достойному подруги не такой, как я.
Кто знатен, кто красив, кто статен, как он?
Никто! И что же?
Я тоской и страхом вся полна, Дрожу и плачу!

Откуда эти слёзы, зачем они?
Мои девичьи грёзы, вы изменили мне,
Мои девичьи грёзы, вы изменили мне!
Вы изменили мне!
И тяжело, и страшно!
Но к чему обманывать себя?
Я здесь одна, вокруг всё тихо спит...

О слушай, ночь!
Тебе могу одной поверить тайну души моей.
Она мрачна, как ты,
Она, как взор очей печальный,
Покой и счастье у меня отнявших...

From where are these tears? Why are they?
My girlish daydreams, you betrayed me,
My girlish daydreams, you betrayed me!
See how you turned out in reality!
My life I have entrusted to the Grand Duke,
Who is the choice of my heart and being, who by virtue of his mind,
His beauty, his nobility, his wealth
Is worthy of a fiancée better than I.
Who is as noble, as handsome, as stately, as he?
No one! And so now what?
I am full of deep melancholy and fear, I tremble and cry!

From where are these tears? Why are they?
My girlish daydreams, you betrayed me,
My girlish daydreams, you betrayed me!
You betrayed me!
My heart is heavy and I am frightened!
But to what end should I deceive myself?
I am here alone, around everything quietly sleeps...

O listen, Night!
To you alone can I entrust the secret of my soul.
My secret is murky, like you,
My secret, like the gaze of sorrowful eyes,
Eyes that have deprived me of my peace and happiness...

Царица ночь! Как ты, красавица,
Как ангел падший, Прекрасен он,
В его глазах огонь палящей страсти,
Как чудный сон, меня манит,
И вся моя душа во власти его!
О ночь! О ночь!

Queen Night! Like you, beautiful one,
Like a fallen angel, He is wonderful,
In his eyes a fire of scorching passion,
Like a miraculous dream, allures me,
And all my soul is in his power!
O Night! O Night!

My Genius, My Angel, My Friend

Не здесь ли ты лёгкою тенью,
Мой гений, мой ангел, мой друг,
Беседуешь тихо со мною
И тихо летаешь вокруг?
И робким даришь вдохновеньем,
И сладкий врачуешь недуг,
И тихим даришь сновиденьем,
Мой гений, мой ангел, мой друг...
Мой гений! Мой ангел! Мой друг!

Are you not here as a gossamer shadow,
My genius, my angel, my friend,
Do you not converse quietly with me
And quietly hover all around?
And give timid inspiration,
And doctor the sweet ailment,
And give quiet dreams,
My genius, my angel, my friend...
My genius! My angel! My friend!