

DAME KIRI TE KANAWA

Soprano

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Pianist

Text and translations

OPERATAMPA

PROGRAM

W.A. Mozart Ridente la calma (KV 152)
An Chloë (KV 524)
Abendempfindung (KV 523)
Un moto di gioia (KV 579)



R. Strauss	Ständchen	Op 17 No 2
	Die Nacht	Op 10 No 3
	All mein Gedanken	Op 21 No 1
	Morgen	Op 27 No 4
	Zueignung	Op 10 No 1



F. Poulenc Voyage à Paris
Hôtel
Les chemins de l'amour (*Valse Chantée*)

INTERVAL

Traditional	Scarborough Fair
B. Britten	O, Waly Waly
A. Copland	Why do they shut me out of Heaven?



C. Guastavino	La rosa y el sauce Que Linda, la madreseval El clavel del aire blanco
A. Ginastera	Cancion al arbol del Olvido



G. Puccini	Sole e amore (<i>Mattinata</i>) Morire?
F. Cilea	Io son l'umile ancella (<i>Adriana Lecowreur</i>)

PROGRAM IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE

*Dame Kiri Te Kanawa appears by arrangement with IMG Artists, LLC
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Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Ridente la calma, K. 152

Ridente la calma nell' alma si desti;
Ne resti più segno di sdegno e timor.
Tu vieni frattanto a stringer mio bene,
Le dolce catene si grate al mio cor.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

An Chloë, K. 524

Wenn die Lieb aus deinen blauen,
hellen, offenen Augen sieht,
und vor Lust hineinzuschauen
mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;
und ich halte dich und küße
deine Rosenwangen warm,
liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
zitternd dich in meinem Arm!

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
dich an meinen Busen fest,
der im letzten Augenblicke
sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;
den berauschten Blick umschattet
eine düstre Wolke mir,
und ich sitze dann ermattet,
aber selig neben dir.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Calm, Smiling, Awakens, K. 152

Calm, smiling, awakens in my soul;
no trace of disdain, of fear, remains.
Meanwhile, my love, you come to tauten
those sweet bonds so dear to my heart
[Text: W.A. Mozart]

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

To Chloë, K. 524

When love gazes from your blue,
Bright, open eyes,
And with joy of gazing into them
My heart throbs and glows;
When I hold you and kiss
ardently your rosy cheeks,
Dear maiden, and clasp
You trembling in my arms,

Maiden, maiden, and press
You firmly to my breast
Which at the very last,
Only at death, will you go—
Then is my enraptured gaze
Overshadowed by a sombre cloud,
And I sit, then, weary,
But blissful, beside you.
[Text: Johann Georg Jacobi]

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Abendempfindung, K. 523

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entfliehn des Lebens schönste Stunden,
Fliehn vorüber wie Tanz.

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab;
Aus ist unser Spiel, des Freundes Träne
Flieset schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht (mir weht, wie Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu),
Schlies ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh.

Werdet ihr an meinen Grabe weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche sehn,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
Und will himmelauf euch wehn.

Schenk auch du ein Tränchen mir und pflücke
Mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab,
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.

Weih mir eine Träne, und ach! schäme
Dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weihn;
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein!

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Evening Thoughts, K. 523

Evening is here, the sun has vanished.
The moon pours down her silvery rays;
Thus life's loveliest hours pass by,
They pass us by as in a dance.

Soon life's varied stage is darkened.
And the curtain now descends;
Our play is done, the tears of friendship
Already flow upon our grave.

Maybe soon (a dark foreboding
Like a zephyr wafts towards me),
My life's journey will be over
And I'll fly to realms of peace.

When you are weeping by my graveside,
Mourning to behold my ashes,
Then, my friends, again you'll see me
And I'll waft the breath of heaven.

And you too may shed a tear,
Pluck a violet for my grave,
And with a glance full of feeling,
Gently you'll look down upon me.

Shed a tear for me and be
Not ashamed to weep for me;
For this tear shall be the loveliest
Pearl with my diadem!

[Text: Joachim Heinrich Campe]

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Un moto di gioia, K. 579

Un moto di gioia
Mi sento nel petto,
Che annunzia diletto
In mezzo il timor!

Speriam che in contento
Finisca l'affanno
Non sempre è tiranno
Il fato ed amor.

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Ständchen, Op. 17, No. 2

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise mein Kind,
Um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß nichts sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen,
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen,
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern der Nacht.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

An Emotion of Joy, K. 579

An emotion of joy
I feel in my heart
that says happiness is coming
in spite of my fears.

Let us hope that the worry
will end in contentment.
Fate and love are
not always tyrants.
[Text: Lorenzo Da Ponte]

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Serenade, Op. 17, No. 2

Open up, open up, but softly, my child,
so as to rouse no one from slumber.
The brook scarcely murmurs, the breeze scarcely stirs
a leaf on bush or hedge.
So softly, my girl, so nothing shall stir,
just lay your hand soft on the latch.

With tread as light as the tread of elves,
to hop your way over the flowers,
flit out into the moonlit night,
and steal to me in the garden.
By the rippling brook the flowers slumber,
fragrant in sleep; love alone is awake.

Sit—here the dark is full of mystery,
under the linden trees,
the nightingale at our heads shall
dream of our kisses,
and the rose, waking at morn,
glow deep from the raptures of this night.
[Text: Adolf Friedrich]

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Die Nacht, Op. 10, No. 3

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Op. 21, No. 1

All mein' Gedanken, mein Herz und mein Sinn,
da, wo die Liebste ist, wandern sie hin.
Gehn ihres Weges trotz Mauer und Tor,
da hält kein Riegel, kein Graben nicht vor,
gehn wie die Vögelein hoch durch die Luft,
brauchen kein' Brücken über Wasser und Kluft,
finden das Städtlein und finden das Haus,
finden ihr Fenster aus allen heraus.
Und klopfen und rufen: Mach auf, laß uns ein,
wir kommen vom Liebsten und grüßen dich fein.

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Night, Op. 10, No. 3

Night steps from the wood,
slips softly from the trees,
gazes about her in a wide arc,
now beware.

All this world's lights,
all flowers, all colours
she extinguishes, and steals the sheaves
from the field.

All that is fair she takes,
the silver from the stream,
from the cathedral's copper roof
the gold.

Plundered stands the bush,
draw closer, soul to soul;
oh, the night, I fear, will steal
you, too, from me.

[Text: Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg]

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Op. 21, No. 1

All my thoughts, my heart and my mind,
wander there, to where my sweetheart is.
They follow their path despite wall and gate;
they are held up by no bars and no ditches.
They travel like the birds high in the sky,
requiring no bridge over water and chasm;
they find the town and find the house,
find her window out of all the others.
And they knock and call: Open, let us in!
we come from your sweetheart and greet you kindly.

[Text: Feliz Ludwig Julius Dahn]

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Morgen, Op. 27, No. 4

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde. . .

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes
Schweigen . . .

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
und du segnetest den Trank,
habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
habe Dank!

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Voyage à Paris

Ah! la charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose
Pour Paris
Paris joli
Qu'un jour dût créer l'Amour.

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Tomorrow, Op. 27, No. 4

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and on the path that I shall take,
it will unite us, happy ones, again
upon this sun-breathing earth . . .

and to the shore, broad, blue-waved,
we shall, quiet and slow, descend,
silent, into each other's eyes we'll
gaze, and on us will fall joy's speechless silence ...
[Text: John Henry MacKay]

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Dedication, Op. 10, No. 1

Yes, dear soul, you know,
away from you I'm in torment,
love makes hearts sick,
have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom, held
high the amethyst goblet
and you blessed that draught,
have thanks.

And you drove out from it the evil ones,
till I, as never before,
holy, sank holy upon your heart,
have thanks!

[Text: Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg]

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Going to Paris

Ah, how delightful it is
to leave a dismal place
and head for Paris!
Beautiful Paris,
which one day Love had to create!

[Text: Guillaume Apollinaire]

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Hôtel

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage,
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre.
Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des mirages
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette.
Je ne veux pas travailler - je veux fumer.

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Les chemins de l'amour

Les chemins qui vont à la mer
Ont gardé de notre passage
Des fleurs effeuillées
Et l'écho sous leurs arbres
De nos deux rires clairs
Hélas! des jours de bonheur
Radieuses joies envolées
Je vais sans retrouver traces
Dans mon coeur.

Chemins de mon amour.
Je vous cherche toujours.
Chemins perdus vous n'êtes plus
Et vos échos sont sourds.
Chemins du désespoir.
Chemins du souvenir.
Chemins du premier jour.
Divins chemins d'amour.

Si je dois l'oublier un jour.
La vie effaçant toute chose.
Je veux dans mon coeur qu'un souvenir repose
Plus fort que l'autre amour.
Le souvenir du chemin.
Où tremblante et toute éperdue.
Un jour j'ai senti sur moi
Brûler tes mains.

Chemins de mon amour, *etc.*

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Hotel

My room has the form of a cage.
The sun reaches its arm in through the window.
But I want to smoke and make shapes in the air,
and so I light my cigarette on the sun's fire.
I don't want to work, I want to smoke.

[Text: Guillaume Apollinaire]

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

The paths of love

The paths that lead to the sea
have kept of our passage
the petals of plucked flowers
and the echo beneath their trees
of our sparkling laughter.
Alas! of those happy days,
radiant joys that flew away,
no trace I find
in my heart.

Paths of love,
I seek forever,
lost paths, you are no more
and your echoes are dead.
Paths of despair.
Paths of memory.
Paths of the first day.
Divine paths of love.

If I must one day forget it,
life effacing everything,
I would that one memory rest in my heart,
stronger than that other love,
the memory of the path,
where trembling and bewildered,
one day I felt upon me
your burning hand.

Paths of love, *etc.*

[Text: Jean Anouilh]

Traditional
Scarborough Fair

Are you going to Scarborough Fair
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Remember me to one who lives there
She once was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt.
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Without no seams nor needle work.
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to find me an acre of land.
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Between the salt water and the sea strands.
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Ah.

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather.
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
And gather it all in a bunch of heather.
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Are you going to Scarborough Fair.
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Remember me to one who lives there
She once was a true love of mine.

[Text: Traditional Song]

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

O, Waly Waly

The water is wide I cannot get o'er,
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that will carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

O, down in the meadows the other day,
A-gathering flowers both fine and gay,
A-gathering flowers both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against some oak
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;
But first he bended, and then he broke;
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in:
I know not if I sink or swim.

O! love is handsome and love is fine,
And love's a jewel while it is new;
But when it is old, it groweth cold,
And fades away like morning dew.

[Text: Traditional Song]

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

Emily Dickinson Songs

No. 3

Why do they shut me out of Heaven?

Why do they shut me out of Heaven?

Did I sing too loud?

But I can sing a little minor,

Timid as a bird.

Wouldn't the angels try me just once more,
Just see if I troubled them, but don't shut the door.

Oh if I were the gentlemen in the white robes,
And they were the little hand that knocked,
Could I forbid, could I forbid, could I forbid?

Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)

La Rosa y el sauce

La rosa se iba abriendo,

Abrazada al sauce.

El árbol apasionado la amaba tanto!

Pero una niña coqueta se la ha robado

Y el sauce deconsolado le está llorando.

Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)

¡Qué Linda la Madreselva!

¡Qué linda la madreselva!

Parece un labio que besa.

Pregona, con sus dulzores,

la primavera que empieza.

¡Ay, madreselva! No creas
promesas del picaflor,
que ya olvidó tus amores,
que se llevó tus dulzores...

¡Qué lindo, cuando en las tardes,
difunde tanta dulzura!

Aroma de verde cerco

de la madreselva pura...

¡Ay, madreselva! No creas
promesas del picaflor,
que ya olvidó tus amores,
que se llevó tus dulzores...

Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)

The Rose and the Willow

The rose opened,

Entwined with the willow.

How in love the tree was with her!

But she was stolen by a vain girl

And the disconsolate willow weeps for her there.

[Text: Francisco Silva y Valdés]

Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)

How Beautiful is the Honeysuckle!

The honeysuckle is as sweet

as lips that steal a kiss,

announcing with its sweetness

the beginning of spring.

Oh, honeysuckle, don't rely
on the promises of the hummingbird,
that has already forgotten your lovemaking,
that has had its fill of your sweetness.

How beautiful it is in the afternoons

when it spreads its sweetness,

the scent from the pure green girdle of honeysuckle,

the scent from the pure green girdle of honeysuckle.

Oh, honeysuckle, don't rely
on the promises of the hummingbird,
that has already forgotten your lovemaking,
that has had its fill of your sweetness.

[Text: León Benarós]

Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)

El Clavel del Aire Blanco

El clavel del aire blanco
es suspiro detenido
que en el aire se hace flor
con el perfume más fino.

¡Ay, amor!
La flor en la niña,
la niña en la flor...

Del clavel del aire blanco
nadie ofenda su blancura,
porque tiene el parecer
de la inocencia más pura.

¡Ay, amor!
La flor en la niña,
la niña en la flor...

Alberto Ginastera (1916-1983)

Canción al árbol del olvido

En mis pagos hay un árbol
Que del olvido se llama,
Al que van a despenarse,
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,
Los moribundos del alma.

Para no pensar en vos
Bajo el árbol del olvido
Me acosté una nochecita,
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,
Y me quedé bien dormido.

Al despertar de aquel sueño
Pensaba en vos otra vez,
Pues me olvidé de olvidarte,
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,
Encuantito me acosté.

Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)

The White Carnation

Like white carnations in the air are my sighs,
suspended in the air like the most subtly
perfumed flowers,
like the most subtly perfumed flowers.

My love! My love!
The flower in the young girl.
the flower in the young girl,
the young girl in the flower.

The whiteness of the white carnations in the air
Cause no-one to take offense,
because their appearance is that of the purest
innocence.

My love! My love!
The flower in the young girl.
the flower in the young girl,
the young girl in the flower.

[Text: León Benarós]

Alberto Ginastera (1916-1983)

The Song of the Tree of Forgetting

In my neighbourhood there is a tree
that's called the tree of forgetting,
to which go to lay down their troubles,
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,
Those whose souls are dying.

So that I would no longer think of you
under the tree of forgetting
I lay down one evening,
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,
And I fell fast asleep.

When I awoke from that dream
I thought of you once again,
because I forgot to forget you,
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,
as soon as I lay down.

[Text: Francisco Silva y Valdés]

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Sole e Amore (Mattinata)

Il sole allegramente batte ai tuoi vetri;
Amor pian pian batte al tuo cuore,
E l'uno e l'altro chiama.

Il sole dice:

"O dormente mostrato che sei bella!"

Dice l'amor:

"Sorella, col tuo primo pensier
Pensa a chi t'ama!
Pensa a chi t'ama!
Pensa!"

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Morire?

Morire? . . . e chi lo sa qual'è la vita!
Questa che s'apre luminosa e schietta ai fascini,
agli amori, alla speranze.
O quella che in rinuncie s'è assopita?
È la semplicità timida equeta
Che si tramanda come ammonimento
Come un segreto di virtù segreta
Perchè ognuno raggiunga la sua mèta.

O non piuttosto il vivo balenare
Di sogni nuovi sovra sogni stanchi,
E la pace travolta a l'inesausta fede
d'svere per desiderare?
Ecco io non lo so,
ma voi che siete all'altra sponda
Sulla riva immensa ove fiorisce il fiore della vita
Son certo lo saprete.

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Sun and Love (Morning Song)

The sun joyfully taps at your windows;
Love very softly taps at your heart,
And they are both calling you.

The sun says:

"Oh sleeper, show yourself for you are beautiful!"

Love says:

"Sister, with your first thought
Think of the one who loves you!
Think of who loves you!
Think!"

[Text: Giacomo Puccini]

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

To Die?

To die? . . . and who knows what is life?
This one that opens bright and sincere
To temptations, to loves, to hopes,
Or the one that has given up and is drowsing?
Is it the shy and calm simplicity
Which is transmitted like a warning,
Like a secret of hidden virtue
So that each reaches his goal?

Or, rather, the lively flashing
Of new dreams over tired ones,
And the peace swept away and the inexhaustible
belief
in possessions only to desire more?
Frankly, I don't know the answer,
But you who are on the other bank,
On the immense shore where the flower of life
blossoms,
I'm certain you will know.

[Text: Giuseppe Adami]

Text and translations provided by the artists and/or production company.

This performance by
DAME KIRI TE KANAWA
and
JONATHAN PAPP
is part of the
HOMES BY HELEN OPERA SERIES