

5-19-2006

Jewel Box Series: May 19, 2006

Jewel Box Staff

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Recommended Citation

Staff, Jewel Box, "Jewel Box Series: May 19, 2006" (2006). *Jewel Box Series*. 51.
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2005 - 2006
the arts

the jewelbox
series

NORTHEASTERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY

Friday, May 19, 2006 8:00 p.m.
Jewel Box Series
Northeastern Illinois University Recital Hall

Erin Wall, *Soprano*

Alan Darling, *Piano*

Program

I

An Chloë
Ridente la calma
Dans un bois solitaire

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

II

Mädchenblumen
Kornblumen
Mohnblumen
Epheu
Wasserrose

Richard Strauss

III

3 Songs on Poems by Fiona McLeod
The Lament of Ian the Proud
Thy Dark Eyes to Mine
The Rose of the Night

Charles Tomlinson Griffes

Intermission

IV

Proses Lyriques
De Rêve
De Grève
De Fleurs
De Soir

Claude Debussy

V

Non mi dir, from *Don Giovanni*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Ô Dieu! que de bijoux, from *Faust*

Charles Gounod

Ah fors'è lui, from *La Traviata*

Giuseppe Verdi

COLUMBIA ARTISTS MANAGEMENT INC.

Personal Direction: ANDREA ANSON/MICHAEL BENCHETRIT

1790 Broadway, New York, NY 10019

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Tonight's concert is being broadcast live on 98.7 WFMT. As a courtesy to the audience members, listeners, and performers, we ask that you turn off all electronic devices including pagers and cellular phones. Additionally, flash photography and recording devices are prohibited. We appreciate your cooperation.

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Join us for a reception with the artists in the Golden Eagle Room immediately following the performance.

Erin Wall



Canadian-American soprano Erin Wall looks forward to an exciting 2005-2006 season. This summer she makes her debut at the Aix-en-Provence Festival as Fiordiligi in a new Patrice Chéreau/Daniel Harding production of *Così fan tutte*, which will also be seen both at the Palais Garnier in Paris and at the Theater an der Wien in Vienna this season. Additional operatic engagements this season will include Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte* with the Lyric Opera of Chicago, Marguerite in *Faust* with the Vancouver Opera, Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni* with Minnesota Opera, and Belinda in concerts of *Dido and Aeneas* at the Théâtre du Châtelet. Concert appearances this season will include Beethoven's 9th Symphony with the Ravinia Festival and recitals in New York and Chicago. Future seasons also include Anne Trulove in *The Rake's Progress* at Madrid's Teatro Real, and several return engagements with Lyric Opera of Chicago.

Ms. Wall's 2004-2005 season began with a triumphant appearance as Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni* on opening night of the Lyric Opera of Chicago's 50th Anniversary Season. She also sang Freia in *Das Rheingold* and Gerhilde in *Die Walküre* for Lyric Opera last season. She made her South American debut in July, as Marguerite in *Faust* for the Teatro Municipal in Santiago, Chile. Concert appearances included the Toronto, Calgary, Oregon, Chicago, and San Francisco Symphonies, and a live concert of Massenet opera excerpts with the Canadian Opera Company Orchestra which was recorded for CBC Radio and Television, and which will be seen as part of the 2005-2006 "Opening Night" series on CBC Television. Ms. Wall also appeared in Carnegie's Zankel Hall as part of the Marilyn Horne Foundation's "The Song Continues" series, and made her New York City solo recital debut on the Foundation's "On Wings of Song"

series. She also appeared in solo recitals in Chicago and Bellingham, Washington.

Past seasons included a three-season engagement as a member of the Lyric Opera of Chicago's Center for American Artists. At Lyric Opera, Ms. Wall has sung Marguerite in Faust and First Lady in Die Zauberflöte, among other roles. Ms. Wall made her European concert debut in Britten's War Requiem with the London Symphony Orchestra, and has also appeared in concert with the Vancouver Symphony, Chicago Symphony, and the Grant Park and Ravinia Festivals.

Among the awards and career grants that Ms. Wall has received are the 2004 ARIA Award from the Aria Foundation, a Richard Tucker Award (2004) and a Sara Tucker Study Grant (2002) from the Richard Tucker Foundation. She represented Canada in the finals of the 2003 BBC Singer of the World in Cardiff competition to critical acclaim, and has also received awards from the Dallas Opera Career Grant Competition, the George London Foundation, the MacAllister Awards, the Metropolitan Opera National Council auditions, and the Florida Grand Opera's Young Artists' Competition.

Born to American parents in Calgary, Alberta, Ms. Wall studied piano at the Vancouver Academy of Music throughout her childhood. She holds music degrees from Western Washington University and Rice University. She also attended the Aspen Music Festival and the Music Academy of the West.

Alan Darling

Scottish pianist Alan Darling studied at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and at the Royal Academy of Music in London, where he subsequently worked as a vocal coach and accompanist for two years. He attended the Music Academy of the West where he studied with the renowned accompanists Martin Katz and Graham Johnson, and continued his work with Mr. Katz at the University of Michigan. He graduated from Michigan with a Specialist Degree in Vocal Accompaniment and Coaching. He has accompanied the voice master classes of some of the world's great singers, including Sir Thomas Allen, Elly Ameling, Arleen Auger, Victoria de los Angeles, Reri Grist, Thomas Hampson, Marilyn Horne, Sena Jurinac, Christa Ludwig, Sherrill Milnes, Sir Peter Pears, Hermann Prey, Peter Schreier and Gabriella Tucci. He has performed throughout Europe, Canada and the United States with many of the finest young American and European singers. He has performed at the Ravinia Festival's Steans Institute for Young Artists every year since 1993. He was on the faculty of Yale University from 1994 to 1998. He now lives in Chicago and is on the faculty of Northwestern University and the music staff of the Lyric Opera of Chicago.

Texts and Translations

W.A. MOZART

Born January 27, 1756 in Salzburg

Died December 5, 1791 in Vienna

[Text: Johann Georg Jacobi]

An Chloe, 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 meinen 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.

W.A. MOZART

[Text: Unknown]

Ridente la calma, K. 152

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

To Chloë

When love looks out from your
blue, bright, open eyes
and with joy of gazing into them
my heart throbs and glows;
and I hold you and kiss
ardently your rosy cheeks,
dear maiden, and clasp you
trembling in my arms!

Maiden, maiden, and I press
you firmly to my breast
which at the very last,
only at death, will let you go;
then is my enraptured gaze
overshadowed by a somber cloud,
and I sit then weary but blissful,
beside you.

Calm awakens, smiling

Calm awakens in my soul, smiling;
no trace of disdain, of fear, remains.
Meanwhile, my love, you come to
make taut those sweet bonds so dear
to my heart.

W.A. MOZART

[Text: A. H. de la Motte]

Ariette, "Dans un bois solitaire," K. 308

Dans un bois solitaire et sombre
Je me promenais l'autr' jour,
Un enfant y dormait à l'ombre,
C'était le redoutable Amour.

J'approche, sa beauté me flatte,
Mais je devais m'en défier;
Il avait les traits d'une ingrante,
Que j'avais juré d'oublier.

Il avait la bouche vermeille,
Le teint aussi frais que le sien,
Un soupir m'échappe, il s'éveille;
L'Amour se réveille de rien.

Aussitôt déployant ses ailes et saisissant
son arc vengeur,
L'une des ses flèches cruelles en partant,
Il me blesse au coeur.

Va! va, dit-il, aux pieds de Sylvie,
De nouveau languir et brûler!
Tu l'aimeras toute la vie,
pour avoir osé m'éveiller.

Ariette, "In a lonely forest"

In a lonely and dark forest
I walked the other day,
a child slept in the shade,
it was the formidable Cupid.

I approach; his beauty pleases me,
but I had to be wary;
he had the traits of a faithless girl
whom I had sworn to forget.

He had lips of ruby,
his complexion was also fresh as hers,
a sigh escapes me, he awakens;
Cupid wakes at nothing.

Immediately opening his wings and
seizing his vengeful bow
and one of his cruel arrows as he parts,
he wounds me to the heart.

"Go!" he says, "to Sylvia's feet
to languish and to burn anew!
You shall love her all your life,
for having dared awaken me."

RICHARD STRAUSS

Born June 11, 1864, in Munich
Died September 8, 1949, in
Garmisch-Partenkirchen
[Text: Felix Ludwig Julius Dahn]

Mädchenblumen Op. 22

1. Kornblumen

Kornblumen nenn ich die Gestalten,
die milden mit den blauen Augen,
die, anspruchslos in stillem Walten,
den Tau des Friedens, den sie saugen
aus ihren eigenen klaren Seelen,
mitteilen allem, dem sie nahen,
bewußtlos der Gefühlsjuwelen,
die sie von Himmelshand empfahn.

Dir wir so wohl in ihrer Nähe,
als gingst du durch ein Saatgefilde,
durch das der Hauch des Abends wehe,
voll frommen Friedens und voll Milde.

2. Mohnblumen

Mohnblumen sind die runden,
rotblutigen gesunden,
die sommersproßgebraunten,
die immer froh gelaunten,
kreuzbraven, kreuzfidelen,
tanznimmermüden Seelen;
die unter'm Lachen weinen
und nur geboren scheinen,
die Kornblumen zu necken,
und dennoch oft verstecken
die weichsten, besten Herzen,
im Schlinggewächs von Scherzen;
die man, weiß Gott, mit Küssen
ersticken würde müssen, wär' man
nicht immer bange, umarmest du
die Range, sie springt ein voller
Brander aufflammend auseinander.

Maiden Flowers

1. Cornflowers

Cornflowers I call these figures
that gently, with blue eyes, preside
quietly and modestly, placidly drink-
ing the dew of peace from their own
pure souls, communicating with
everything that is near, unconscious
of the precious sensitivity that they
have received from the hand of God.

We felt so close to you, as if you
were going through a field of crops
through which the breath of evening
blew, full of pious quietude and full
of mildness.

2. Poppies

They are poppies, those round,
red-blooming, healthy ones
that bloom and bake in the summer
and are always in a cheery mood,
good and happy as a king,
their souls never tired of dancing;
they weep beneath their smiles
and seem born only to tease the
cornflowers; yet nevertheless,
the softest, best hearts often hide
among the climbing ivy of jests;
God knows one would wish to
suffocate them with kisses
were one not so afraid
that, embracing the hoyden,
she would spring up into a full blaze
and go up in flames.

3. Epheu

Aber Epheu nenn' ich jene Mädchen
mit den sanften Worten,
mit dem Haar, dem schlichten, hellen
um den leis' gewölbten Brau'n,
mit den braunen seelenvollen Re-
henaugen,
die in Tränen steh'n so oft,
in ihren Tränen gerade sind unwid-
erstehlich;
ohne Kraft und Selbstgefühl,
schmucklos mit verborg'ner Blüte,
doch mit unerschöpflich tiefer
treuer inniger Empfindung
können sie mit eigener Triebkraft
nie sich heben aus den Wurzeln,
sind geboren, sich zu ranken
liebend um ein ander Leben:
an der ersten Lieb'umrankung
hängt ihr ganzes Lebensschicksal,
denn sie zählen zu den seltnen Blu-
men, die nur einmal blühen.

4. Wasserrose

Kennst du die Blume, die märchenhafte,
sagengefeierte Wasserrose?
Sie wiegt auf ätherischem, schlankem
Schafte
das durchsicht'ge Haupt, das farbenlose,
sie blüht auf schilfigem Teich im Haine,
gehütet vom Schwan, der umkreiset
sie einsam,
sie erschließt sich nur dem Monden-
scheine,
mit dem ihr der silberne Schimmer
gemeinsam:
so blüht sie, die zaub'rische Schwester
der Sterne,
umschwärmt von der träumerisch
dunklen Phaläne,
die am Rande des Teichs sich sehnet

3. Ivy

But ivy is what I call that maiden
with soft words,
with the simple, bright hair,
gently waving brown about her,
with brown, soulful doe's eyes,
who so often stands in tears,
in her tears simply irresistible;
without strength and self-conscious-
ness,
unadorned with secret blossoms,
yet with an inexhaustible, deep
true inner sentience
that under her own power she can
never yank herself up by the roots;
such are born to twine
lovingly about another life:
upon her first love
she rests her entire life's fate,
for she is counted among those rare
flowers,
those that only blossom once.

4. Waterlily

Do you know the flower, the fantastic
waterlily, celebrated in myth?
On a slim, ethereal stem bobs
its translucent, colorless head;
it blooms by reedy pools in groves,
protected by the swan, who circles it
in solitary vigil;
it opens only in the moonlight
with which it shares its silver glimmer:
thus does it bloom, the magical
sister of the star,
idolized for its dreamy, dark tendrils
which by the edge of the pool can be
seen from afar, never reaching what
it years for.

von ferne,
und sie nimmer erreicht, wie sehr sie
sich sehne.

Wasserrose, so nenn' ich die schlanke,
nachtlock'ge Maid, alabastern von
Wangen,
in dem Auge der ahnende tiefe
Gedanke,
als sei sie ein Geist und auf Erden
gefangen.
Wenn sie spricht, ist's wie silbernes
Wogenrauschen,
wenn sie schweigt, ist's die ahnende
Stille der Mondnacht;
sie scheint mit den Sternen Blicke zu
tauschen,

deren Sprache die gleiche Natur sie
gewohnt macht;
du kannst nie ermüden, in's Aug' ihr
zu schau'n,
das die seidne, lange Wimper um-
säumt hat,
und du glaubst, wie bezaubernd von
seligem Grau'n,
was je die Romantik von Elfen get-
räumt hat.

Waterlily, so do I call the slim
maiden with night-dark locks and
alabaster cheeks,
with deep foreboding thoughts
showing in her eyes
as if they were ghosts imprisoned on
Earth.
When she speaks, it is like the sil-
very rushing of water;
when she is silent, it is the pregnant
silence of the moonlit night.
She seems to have exchanged radiant
expressions with the stars,

whose language, of the same nature,
she has grown accustomed to.
You can never grow weary of gazing
in those eyes
fringed with silky, long lashes,
and you believe, as if blessedly, ter-
rifyingly bewitched,
whatever the Romantics have
dreamed about Elves.

Three Songs on Poems by Fiona McLeod

CHARLES TOMLINSON GRIFFES
Born September 17, 1884 in Elmira, NY
Died April 8, 1920 in Tarrytown, NY

The Lament of Ian the Proud

What is this crying that I hear in the wind?
Is it the old sorrow and the old grief
Or is it a new thing coming, of whirling leaf about the grey hair of me who
am weary and blind?
I know not what it is,
But on the moor above the shore there is a stone
Which the purple nets of heather bind,
And thereon is writ: She will return no more.
Oh blown, whirling leaf, and the old grief,
And the wind crying to me who am old and blind.

Thy Dark Eyes to Mine

Thy dark eyes to mine, Eiliah, lamps of desire!
Oh how my soul leaps, leaps to their fire!
Sure, now, if I in heaven dreaming in bliss,
Heard but a whisper but a lost echo even if I such kiss,
All of the soul of me would leap afar,
If that called me to thee, aye,
I would leap afar, a falling star.

The Rose of the Night

The dark rose of thy mouth draw nigher;
draw nigher!
Thy breath is the wind of the south,
A wind of fire!
The wind and the rose and the darkness,
Oh Rose of My Desire!
Deep silence of the night, hushed
Like a breathless lyre,
Save the sea's thunderous might
Dim, menacing, dire;
Silence and wind and sea, they are thee,

O Rose of My Desire!
As a wind eddying flame leaping
higher and higher,
The soul thy secret name, leaps thro'
Death's blazing pyre!
Kiss me, Imperishable Fire
Dark Rose, O Rose of My Desire!

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

Born: August 22, 1862 in St. Germain-en-Laye, France

Died: March 25, 1918 in Paris

[Text: Claude Debussy]

Proses lyriques

De rêve

La nuit a des douceurs de femme,
Et les vieux arbres, sous la lune d'or,
Songent!
A celle qui vient de passer la tête
emperlée,
Maintenant navrée, à jamais navrée,
Ils n'ont pas su lui faire signe . . .
Toutes! elles ont passé:
Les Frêles, les Folles,
Semant leur rire au gazon grêle,
aux brises frôleuses la caresse charmeuse
des hanches fleurissantes.
Hélas! de tout ceci, plus rien qu'un
blanc frisson . . .
Les vieux arbres sous la lune d'or
pleurent leurs belles feuilles d'or!
Nul ne leur dédiera plus la fierté des
casques d'or,
Maintenant ternis, à jamais ternis.
Les chevaliers sont morts
Sur le chemin du Graal!
La nuit a des douceurs de femme,
Des mains semblent frôler les âmes,
mains si folles, si frêles,

Of dreams

The night has the sweetness of woman
and the old trees under the golden
moon are dreaming!
To her who has just passed with
head be pearly, now heartbroken,
for ever heartbroken, they did not
know how to give her a sign . . . All!
they have passed: the Frail Ones, the
Foolish Ones, casting their laughter
to the thin grass, and to the fondling
breezes the bewitching caress of hips
in the fullness of their beauty. Alas!
of all this, nothing is left but a pale
tremor
The old trees under the golden
moon are weeping their beautiful
golden leaves!
None will again dedicate to them
the pride of the golden helmets
now tarnished, tarnished forever.
The knights are dead
on the way to the Grail!
The night has the sweetness of
woman, hands seem to caress the souls

Au temps où les épées chantaient
pour Elles!
D'étranges soupirs s'élèvent sous les
arbres.
Mon âme c'est du rêve ancien qui
t'étreint!

De grève

Sur la mer les crépuscules tombent,
Soie blanche effilée.
Les vagues comme des petites folles,
Jasent, petites filles sortant de l'école,
Parmi les froufrous de leur robe,
Soie verte irisée!
Les nuages, graves voyageurs,
Se concertent sur le prochain orage,
Et c'est un fond vraiment trop grave
A cette anglaise aquarelle.
Les vagues, les petites vagues,
Ne savent plus où se mettre,
Car voici la méchante averse,
Froufrous de jupes envolées,
Soie verte affolée.
Mais la lune, compatissante à tous!
Vient apaiser ce gris conflit,
Et caresse lentement ses petites amies,
Qui s'offrent, comme lèvres aimantes,
A ce tiède et blanc baiser.
Puis, plus rien . . .
Plus que les cloches attardées des
flottantes églises,
Angelus des vagues,
Soie blanche apaisée!

hands to foolish, so frail, in the days
when the swords sang for them!
Strange sighs rise under the trees.
My soul you are gripped by a dream
of olden times!

Of the shore

Over the sea twilight falls,
faded white silk.
The waves like little mad things
chatter, little girls coming out of
school,
amid the rustling of their dresses,
iridescent green silk!
The clouds, grave travelers,
hold counsel about the next storm,
and its is a background really too
solemn for this English watercolor.
The waves, the little waves,
no longer know where to go,
for here is the annoying downpour,
rustling of flying skirts,
panic-stricken green silk.
But the moon, compassionate
towards all!
comes to pacify this gray conflict.
And slowly caresses his little friends
who offer themselves like loving lips
to this warm, white kiss.
Then, nothing more . . .
Only the belated bells of the floating
churches! Angelus of the waves,
calmed white silk!

De fleurs

Dans l'ennui si désolément vert de la serre de douleur,
Les fleurs enlacent mon cœur de leurs tiges méchantes.
Ah! quand reviendront autour de ma tête
Les chères mains si tendrement désenlaceuses?
Les grands Iris violets
Violèrent méchamment tes yeux,
En semblant les refléter,
Eux, qui furent l'eau du songe où plongèrent mes rêves
Si doucement enclos en leur couleur;
Et les lys, blancs jets d'eau de pistils embaumés,
Ont perdu leur grâce blanche,
Et ne sont plus que pauvres malades sans soleil!
Soleil! ami des fleurs mauvaises,
Tueur de rêves! Tueur d'illusions,
Ce pain béni des âmes misérables!
Venez! Venez! Les mains salvatrices!
Brisez les vitres de mensonge,
Brisez les vitres de maléfice,
Mon âme meurt de trop de soleil!
Mirages! Plus ne reflurira la joie de mes yeux,
Et mes mains sont lasses de prier,
Mes yeux sont las de pleurer!
Eternellement ce bruit fou des pétales noirs de l'ennui,
Tombant goutte à goutte sur ma tête
Dans le vert de la serre de douleur!

Of flowers

In the tedium so desolately green of the hothouse of grief,
the flowers entwine my heart with their wicked stems.
Ah! when will return around my head the dear hands so tenderly disentraining?
The big violet irises wickedly ravished your eyes while seeming to reflect them, they, who were the water of the dream into which my dreams plunged so sweetly enclosed in their color; and the lilies, white fountains of fragrant pistils, have lost their white grace and are no more than poor sick things without sun!
Sun! friend of evil flowers, killer of dreams! Killer of illusions! This consecrated bread of wretched souls!
Come! Come! Redeeming hands! Break the windowpanes of falsehood, Break the windowpanes of sorcery, my soul dies of too much sun!
Mirages! the joy of my eyes will not flower again
and my hands are weary of praying, my eyes are weary of weeping!
Eternally this maddening sound of the black petals of tedium falling drop by drop on my head in the green of the hothouse of grief!

De soir

Dimanche sur les villes,
Dimanche dans les cœurs!
Dimanche chez les petites filles chantant d'une voix informée,
des rondes obstinées où de bonnes Tours
n'en ont plus que pour quelques jours!
Dimanche, les gares sont folles!
Tout le monde appareille pour des banlieux d'aventure
en se disant adieu avec des gestes éperdus!
Dimanche, les trains vont vite,
dévorés par d'insatiables tunnels;
Et les bons signaux des routes échantent d'un œil unique
des impressions toutes mécaniques.
Dimanche, dans le bleu de mes rêves,
où mes pensées tristes de feux d'artifices manqués
Ne veulent plus quitter le deuil de vieux Dimanches trépassés.
Et la nuit, à pas de velours,
vient endormir le beau ciel fatigué,
et c'est Dimanche dans les avenues d'étoiles;
la Vierge or sur argent
laisse tomber les fleurs de sommeil!
Vite, les petits anges,
dépassez les hirondelles
afin de vous coucher, forts d'absolution!
Prenez pitié des villes,
Prenez pitié des cœurs,
Vous, la Vierge or sur argent!

Of evening

Sunday in the towns,
Sunday in the hearts!
Sunday for the little girls singing with immature voices
persistent rounds where good Towers
will last for only a few days!
Sunday, the stations are frenzied!
Everyone sets off for the suburbs of adventure
Saying good-bye with distracted gestures!
Sunday, the trains go quickly,
devoured by insatiable tunnels;
and the good signals of the tracks interchange with a single eye
purely mechanical impressions.
Sunday, in the blue of my dreams,
where my sad thoughts of abortive fireworks
will no longer cease to mourn for old Sundays long departed.
And the night, with velvet steps,
sends the beautiful, tired sky to sleep,
and it is Sunday in the avenues of stars;
the Virgin, gold upon silver,
lets the flowers of sleep fall!
Quickly, the little angels,
overtake the swallows
to put you to bed, blessed by absolution!
Take pity on the towns,
take pity on the hearts,
You, Virgin gold upon silver!

W.A. MOZART

Born January 27, 1756 in Salzburg
Died December 5, 1791 in Vienna
[Libretto: Lorenzo da Ponte]

Non mi dir, from Don Giovanni

Crudele?

Ah no, giammai mio bene! Troppo
mi spiace
allontanarti un ben che lungamente
la nostr'alma desia... Ma il mondo,
o Dio! Non sedur la costanza
del sensibil mio core;
ahbastanza per te mi parla amore
Non mi dir, bell'idol mio,
Che son io crudel con te.
Tu ben sai quant'io t'amai,
Tu conosci la mia fe'.
Calma, calma il tuo tormento,
Se di duol non vuoi ch'io mora.
Forse un giorno il cielo ancora
Sentirà pietà di me.

Cruel?

Oh no, never, my love! It pains me
too much to keep this love from you,
when our souls have been yearning
for it for so long... But the world,
oh God! Do not flatter the constancy of
of my sensitive heart;
love speaks to me through you.
Say not then, dear love, of me,
That I'm cruel to you;
Since you know my constancy,
And how faithfully I love.
Calm, ah! calm that anxious heart!
Unless with grief you'll see me die.
A day will come, no more to part,
And heaven to us its grace will prove.

CHARLES GOUNOD

Born June 18, 1818, in Paris
Died October 18, 1893, in St. Cloud
[Text: Jules Barbier and Michel
Carré, after Goethe]

*Ô Dieu! que de bijoux! . . . Ah! Je ris de
me voir si belle en ce miroir!, from Faust*

Ô Dieu! que de bijoux!
Est-ce un rêve charmant
qui m'éblouit, ou si je veille?
Mes yeux n'ont jamais vu de richesse
pareille!
Si j'osais seulement
me parer un moment
de ces pendants d'oreille!
Ah! Voici justement,
au fond de la cassette,
un miroir! Comment n'être pas
coquette?

Ah! Je ris de me voir
si belle en ce miroir!
Est-ce toi, Marguerite?
Réponds-moi, réponds vite!
Non! non! ce n'est plus toi!
Ce n'est plus ton visage!
C'est la fille d'un roi,
qu'on salue au passage!
Ah! s'il était ici!
S'il me voyait ainsi!
Comme une demoiselle
il me trouverait belle!

Achevons la métamorphose!
Il me tarde encor d'essayer
le bracelet et le collier.
Dieu! C'est comme une main
qui sur mon bras se pose!

Ah! Je ris de me voir
si belle en ce miroir! etc.

O heavens, such jewels!
Is it a lovely dream
that dazzles me, or am I awake?
I have never seen such
riches!
If I only dared put on these earrings
just for a moment!
Oh! Here, just
at the bottom of the case,
is a mirror!
How can I resist being vain?

Oh! I laugh to see myself
so beautiful in this mirror!
Is it you, Marguerite?
Answer me, answer quickly!
No, no, it is no longer you!
It is no longer your face!
It is the daughter of a king,
to whom all bow as she passes!
Oh, if only he were here!
If he could see me like this!
Beautiful as a lady
he would find me!

Let's complete the transformation!
I'm dying to try
the bracelet and the necklace!
Heavens! It's as if a hand
is placed on my arm!

Oh! I laugh to see myself
so beautiful in this mirror! etc.

GIUSEPPE VERDI

Born : Roncole 1813

Died : Milan 1901

[Text: Piave, after A. Dumas]

È strano!...Ah, fors'è lui...Sempre libera, from La traviata

È strano! è strano! In core
scolpiti ho quegli accenti!
Saria per me sventura un serio amore?
Che risolvi, o turbata anima mia!
Null'uomo ancora t'accendeva
– Oh, gioia,
ch'io non conobbi, esser amata
amando!
E sdegnarla poss'io
per l'aride follie del viver mio?

Ah, fors'è lui che l'anima,
solinga ne' tumulti,
godea sovente pingere
de' suoi colori occulti!
Lui, che modesto e vigile,
all'egre soglie ascese,
e nuova febbre accese,
destandomi all'amor.
A quell'amor ch'è palpito
dell'universo intero,
misterioso, altero,
croce e delizia al cor!

Follie! follie! delirio vano è questo!
povera donna, sola,
abbandonata in questo
popoloso deserto,
che appellano Parigi,
che spero or più?
Che far degg'io? Gioire,
di voluttà ne' vortici perir.
Gioir, gioir!

How strange! How strange! His
words are burned upon my heart!
Would a real love be a tragedy for me?
What decision are you taking, oh
my soul?
No man has ever made me fall in
love. What joy, such as I have never
known – loving, being loved!
And can I scorn it for the arid
nonsense of my present life?

Ah, perhaps he is the one
whom my soul,
lonely in the tumult, cared
to imagine in secrecy!
Watchful though I never knew it,
he came here while I lay sick
awakening a new fever,
the fever of love,
of love which is the very breath
of the universe itself –
Mysterious and noble, both cross
and ecstasy of the heart.

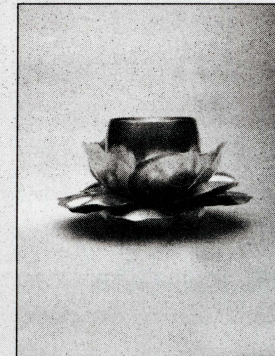
Folly! All is folly! This is mad delirium!
A poor woman, alone,
lost in this
crowded desert
which is known to men as Paris.
What can I hope for?
What should I do? Revel
in the whirlpool of earthly pleasures.
Revel in joy!

Sempre libera degg'io
folleggiare di gioja in gioja,
vo' che scorra il viver mio
pei sentieri del piacer?
Nasca il giorno, o il giorno muoja,
sempre lieta ne' ritrovi,
a' dilette sempre nuovi,
dee volare il mio pensier.

Forever free, I must pass
madly from joy to joy.
My life's course shall be
forever in the paths of pleasure.
Whether it be dawn or dusk,
I must always live.
Gaily in the world's gay places,
ever seeking newer joys.

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