

NCO
New Chamber Opera



New Chamber Opera Studio

Lunchtime Recital Series

Maurice Cole, Tenor
Henry Coop, Piano

Music of the Muses

CALLIOPE, the dance muse

Danza danza fanciulla (Francesco Durante)

Danza danza fanciulla gentile, al mio cantar;
Gira leggera, sottile al suono dell'onde del mar.
Senti il vago rumore dell'aura scherzosa
che parla al core con languido suon,
e che invita a danzar senza posa,
Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile, al mio cantar.

Dance, dance, gentle maiden to my song;
Whirl lightly, quietly to the sound of the waves of the sea
Feel the delicate mood of the playful breezes
That speak to the heart with a languid sonority,
And invite you to dance without pause
Dance, dance gentle maiden to my song.

ERATO, the muse of erotic love

O Jesu nomen dulce (Heirnich Schütz)

O Jesu nomen dulce, nomen admirabile,
Nomen confortans, quid enim canitur suavius
Quid auditur jucundius, quid cogitatur dulcius
Quam Jesus Dei filius.

O nomen Jesu, verus animae cibus
In ore mel, in aure melos, in corde laetitia mea
Tuum itaque nomen, dulcissime Jesu,
In aeternum in ore meo portabo.

O the sweet name of Jesus, admirable name,
Comforting name, what truly is sung more sweetly?
Or heard more pleasantly? Or thought of more dear?
Who, but Jesus, God's Son.

O name of Jesus, true food of the soul
Honey in my mouth, song in my ear, delight in my heart
Your name therefore, sweetest Jesus,
Will I carry in my mouth for eternity.

TERPSICHORE, the muse of epic poetry

Dormo ancora (from Claudio Monteverdi's opera Ulisses)

Dormo ancora, dormo ancora, o son desto?
Che contrade rimiro? Qual aria vi respiro?
E che terren calpesto? Dormo ancora o son desto?
Che fece in me Il sempre dolce
E lusinghevol sonno Ministro de tormenti?
Chi cangio il mio riposo in ria sventura?
Qual Deità de' dormienti ha cura?

O sonno, o mortal sonno,
Fratello della morte altri ti chiama:

Am I sleeping or am I awake?
What is this land I see? What air is this that I breathe?
And what is this ground I tread? Am I asleep or am I awake?
What changed in me, what changed my ever soothing,
And ever beguiling sleep to a minister of torment?
What has changed my repose into dread misfortune?
Which of the gods watchers over sleepers?

O sleep, o mortal sleep,
Some have called you the brother of death:

So lingo trasportado, de luso et ingannato
Ti conosco ben io, padre de rori,
Pur degli errori miei son io la colpa,
Chè se l'ombra è del sonno sorella o pur compagna,
Chi si confida al l'ombra, perduto alfin
Contro ragion si lagna.

Alone I travel, deluded and deceived,
I know you well, father of errors,
I'm the only one to blame for my own errors,
For if darkness is the sister of sleep or its companion,
He who would trust darkness is lost
And has no reason to complain.

O dei sempre sdegnati, numi non mai placati,
Contro Ulisse che dorme anco severi,
Vostri divini imperi contra l'human voler
Sien fermi e forti, ma non tolgano ahimè la paci ai morti

Oh ever wrathful gods, who are never satisfied,
Even sleeping Ulysses is treated harshly,
May your divine decrees be harsh and strong
Against human will, but do not banish peace from the dead

Feaci ingannatori, voi pur mi promettete
Di ricondurmi salvo in Itaca mia patria
Con le ricchezze mie con miei tesori,
Feaci mancatori, hor non so com'ingrati
Mi lasciaste in questa riva aperta,
Su spiaggia erma e deserta, misero, abbandonato,
E vi porta fastosi e per l'aure e per l'onde
Cosi enorme peccato!

You treacherous Phaeacians, you promised me
That you would return me safely to Ithaca my homeland
With my riches and treasures,
Phaeacians against your word, how could you be ungrateful
As to leave me on this windswept shore
This deserted and lonely shore, miserable, abandoned,
And then carry on idly through wind and waves
Bearing such an enormous sin!

Se puniti non son si gravi errori,
Lascia, Giove, deh lascia de fulmini la cura,
Chè la legge del caso è più si cura.

If such deeds can go unpunished,
Cast off, o Jove, your thunderous bolts,
For the law of chance may give a more certain punishment.

EUTERPE, the muse of lyrical song

Lorelei (Clara Schumann)

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

I do not know what it means
That I should feel so sad;
There is a tale from olden times
I cannot get out of my mind.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

The air is cool, and twilight falls,
And the Rhine flows quietly by;
The summit of the mountains glitters
In the evening sun.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzt
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

The fairest maiden is sitting
In wondrous beauty up there,
Her golden jewels are sparkling,
She combs her golden hair.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kämme
Und singt ein Lied dabei,
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

She combs it with a golden comb
And sings a song the while;
It has an awe-inspiring,
Powerful melody.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

It seizes the boatman in his skiff
With wildly aching pain;
He does not see the rocky reefs,
He only looks up to the heights.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

I think at last the waves swallow
The boatman and his boat;
And that, with her singing,
The Loreley has done.

URANIA, the astrological muse

Oscurò è il ciel (Ildebrando Pizzetti)

Oscurò è il ciel; nell'onde la luna già s'asconde
E in seno al mar le Plejadi già discendendo van.
È mezzanotte, e l'ora passa frattanto,
E sola qui sulle piume, ancora veglio ed attendo in van.

The sky is dark, on the waves the moon has risen
And on the bosom of the Pleides, has set in vain.
It is midnight, and the time is passing meanwhile,
And alone here on still feathers, I watch and wait in vain.

MELPONEME, the tragic muse

Bleuet (Francis Poulenc)

Jeune homme de vingt ans
Qui as vu des choses si affreuses
Que penses-tu des hommes de ton enfance
Tu connais la bravoure et la ruse
Tu as vu la mort en face plus de cent fois
Tu ne sais pas ce que c'est que la vie

Young man of twenty years,
You who have seen such horrible things,
What do you think of the men from your childhood?
You know what bravery is and cunning
You have faced death more than a hundred times
You do not know what life is

Transmets ton intrépidité
À ceux qui viendront après toi

Hand down your fearlessness
To those who shall come after you.

Jeune homme tu es joyeux ta mémoire est ensanglantée
Ton âme est rouge aussi de joie
Tu as absorbé la vie de ceux qui sont morts près de toi

Young man, you are joyous your memory is steeped in
Blood, your soul is red also with joy
You have absorbed the life of those who died beside you

Tu as de la décision, il est 17 heures et tu saurais
Mourir si non mieux que tes aînés
Du moins plus pieusement
Car tu connais mieux la mort que la vie
Ô douceur d'autrefois lenteur immémoriale.

You are resolute, I t is 5 o'clock and you would know
How to die if not better than your elders
At least with greater piety
For you are better acquainted with death than life
Oh sweetness of bygone days slowly immemorable.

CLIO, the history muse

Nannas Lied (Kurt Weill)

Meine Herren, mit siebzehn Jahren
kam ich auf den Liebesmarkt und ich habe viel erfahren.
Böses gab es viel, doch das war das Spiel.
Aber manches hab ich doch verargt.
Schließlich bin ich ja auch ein Mensch.

Gentlemen, with seventeen years of age under my belt
I came up on the Love Market, and I have learned much.
Much of it gave evil, yet that was the game,
But, I have a lot to be blamed for.
(When all is said and done, I'm only a human being, too.)

Gott sei Dank geht alles schnell vorüber,
auch die Liebe und der Kummer sogar.
Wo sind die Tränen von gestern abend?
Wo ist der Schnee vom vergangenen Jahr?

Thanks be to God that it all goes by so quickly,
The love as well as the grief, too.
Where are the tears of yesterday evening?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

Freilich geht man mit den Jahren leichter auf den
Liebesmarkt und umarmt sie dort in Scharen.
Aber das Gefühl wird erstaunlich kühl,
wenn man damit allzuwenig kargt.
Schließlich geht ja jeder Vorrat zu Ende.

As one goes through the years it is easier in the
Love Market, to be sure, and you embrace the multitudes there.
But feelings become astonishingly cool
When one doesn't ration them.
(When all is said and done, each reserve must come to an end.)

Und auch wenn man gut das Handeln
lernte auf der Liebesmess':
Lust in Kleingeld zu verwandeln wird doch niemals leicht.
Nun, es wird erreicht. Doch man wird auch älter unterdes.
Schließlich bleibt man ja nicht immer siebzehn.

And even when one learns the trade really well
In the Fairground of Love: to change desire into
Small change is never easy. Now, it is achieved.
Yet meanwhile, one grows older, as well.
(When all is said and done, one can't stay seventeen forever.)