

**NCO**  
New Chamber Opera



**New Chamber Opera Studio**

**Lunchtime Recital Series**

**Mezzanotte**

Felicity Howard, Soprano  
Ischia Gooda, Piano

Vincenzo Bellini

*Vaga luna che inargenti*

Vaga luna, che inargenti  
queste rive e questi fiori  
ed ispiri agli elementi  
il linguaggio dell'amor;  
testimonio or sei tu sola  
del mio fervido desir,  
ed a lei che m'innamora  
conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza  
il mio duol non può lenir,  
che se nutro una speranza,  
ella è sol nell'avvenir.  
Dille pur che giorno e sera  
conto l'ore del dolor,  
che una speme lusinghiera  
mi conforta nell'amor.

Lovely moon, that, with its light,  
silvers these shores and flowers  
and breathes into the elements  
the language of love;  
you are now the only witness  
of my ardent longing;  
tell her, who ravishes me,  
about my throbs and sighs.

Tell her, too, that even distance  
cannot ease my pain,  
that if I cherish any hope,  
it is only for the future.  
Tell her that, day and night,  
I count the sorrowful hours,  
that a flattering hope  
comforts me in my love.

Roger Quilter

*Music, when soft voices die*

Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory;  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heap'd for the belovèd's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art  
gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

John Dowland

*Flow, my tears*

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs!  
Exiled for ever, let me mourn;  
Where night's black bird her sad  
infamy sings,  
There let me live forlorn.

Down vain lights, shine you no more!  
No nights are dark enough for those  
That in despair their lost fortunes  
deplore.  
Light doth but shame disclose.

Never may my woes be relieved,  
Since pity is fled;  
And tears and sighs and groans my  
weary days  
Of all joys have deprived.

From the highest spire of  
contentment  
My fortune is thrown;  
And fear and grief and pain for my  
deserts  
Are my hopes, since hope is gone.

Hark! you shadows that in darkness  
dwell,  
Learn to contemn light  
Happy, happy they that in hell  
Feel not the world's despite.

Jules Massenet  
*Madrigal*

Le soir frissonne au cœur des roses;  
Ton rire est comme ce frisson ;  
Il passe sur les fronts moroses  
Avec le bruit d'une chanson.  
Oh ! le beau rire,  
Et les doux yeux  
Qui me font triste ou joyeux !

En versant les fleurs de son urne,  
Avril trouve tes yeux charmants.  
Comme une lumière nocturne  
Ils rayonnent, fins diamants !  
Oh ! le beau rire  
Et les doux yeux  
Qui me font triste ou joyeux !

Madeleine Dring  
*Night songs: IV. Separation*

Out in the dark night the birds are  
asleep  
And you too are sleeping out of my  
reach  
Held only in my thoughts  
Of all things in the world I love you  
most  
But I cannot get near you and you  
remain unknown

My love is waiting here for you  
To pick up and wear like a warm  
garment  
At least enclose yourself within its  
folds  
If only to keep out the cold

Samuel Barber  
*Sure On This Shining Night*

Sure on this shining night  
Of starmade shadows round  
Kindness must watch for me  
This side the ground

The late year lies down the north  
All is healed, all is health  
High summer holds the earth  
Hearts all whole

Sure on this shining night  
I weep for wonder  
Wandering far alone  
Of shadows on the stars

Ivor Gurney

*Sleep*

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet  
deceiving  
Lock me in delight awhile;  
Let some pleasing dream beguile  
All my fancies; that from thence  
I may feel an influence  
All my powers of care bereaving

Though but a shadow, but a sliding  
Let me know some little joy!  
We that suffer long annoy  
Are contented with a thought  
Through an idle fancy wrought:  
O let my joys have some abiding!

Gaetano Donizetti

*A mezzanotte*

Quando notte sarà oscura  
E le stelle in ciel vedrai  
Cheto, cheto mi verrai  
Nel mio asilo a ritrovar  
Nel silenzio della notte  
Dentr'all'umile mio tetto  
Vieni pure, o mio diletto  
La tua ninfa a consolar:  
Canta pur la tua canzone  
Ch'io t'attendo sul balcone  
Ah!

Ma non debbo a te soltanto  
Aprir l'uscio a notte bruna:  
Coprirebbe la luna  
Vereconda in suo pudor  
Noi due soli non saremo  
Verecondia nol consente  
Vuò che un terzo sia presente  
E quel terzo sia l'amor  
Canta pur la tua canzone  
Ch'io t'attendo sul balcone  
Io t'attendo a mezzanotte  
Cheto cheto ne verrai  
Noi due soli non saremo  
Vuò che il terzo sia l'amor  
Ah!

When night turns dark  
and you see the stars in the sky,  
silently, silently, you will come  
to find my solitary dwelling.  
In the silence of night  
inside, under my humble roof,  
come then, o my delight,  
to make your darling happy.  
Sing your song  
while I wait for you on the balcony.  
Ah!

But not for you alone must I  
open the threshold to the dark night:  
the moon in her modesty  
would cover herself for shame.  
We two will not be alone;  
modesty would not allow it.  
It wants a third person to be present,  
and that third is love.  
Then sing your song  
while I wait for you on the balcony.  
I expect you at midnight,  
silently, silently you will come,  
we two will not be alone,  
the third must be love.  
Ah!