

By Love Inspired

Sarah Power (Soprano)

1. Gualtier Maldè ... Caro nome

Music: Giuseppe Verdi (1830-1901)
Text: Francesco Maria Piave (1810-1876)
Gilda's aria from the opera *Rigoletto*

Gualtier Maldè ... nome di lui sì amato,
Ti scolpisci nel core innamorato!
Caro nome che il mio cor
Festi primo palpitar,
Le delizie dell' amor
Mi dêi sempre rammentar!
Col pensier il mio desir
A te sempre volerà,
E fin l'ultimo mio sospir,
Caro nome, tuo sarà.
Il mio desir a te ognora volerà.
Fin l'ultimo sospiro tuo sarà.

Gualtier Maldè ... Dear name

Gualtier Maldè ... the name of him so adored
Is engraved on my enamoured heart!
Dear name, which made my heart
Beat for the first time,
You remind me always
Of the pleasures of love!
With my thoughts my desire
To you always will fly,
And even my last breath,
Dear name, will be yours.
My desire will always fly to you.
Even my last breath will be yours.

2. Ah! Je veux vivre

Music: Charles Gounod (1818-1893)
Text: Jules Barbier (1825-1901) and Michel Carré (1821-1872)
Juliette's aria from the opera *Roméo et Juliette*

Ah! Je veux vivre dans le rêve
Qui m'enivre ce jour encore.
Douce flamme, je te garde dans mon âme

Comme un trésor!
Je veux vivre ...

Cette ivresse de jeunesse ne dure, hélas! qu'un jour!
Puis vient l'heure où l'on pleure,
Le coeur cède à l'amour
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour!
Ah! Je veux vivre ...

Loin de l'hiver morose
Laisse moi sommeiller
Et respirer la rose,
Avant de l'effeuiller. Ah!
Douce flamme
Reste dans mon âme
Comme un doux trésor,
Longtemps encore!

Ah! I want to live

Ah! I want to live in this dream,
Which intoxicates me again this day.
Sweet flame, I keep you in my soul
Like a treasure!
I want to live ...

This intoxication of youth lasts, alas! but a day!
Then comes the hour when one weeps,
The heart yields to love
And happiness flees without returning!
Ah! I want to live ...

Far from the bleak winter
Let me slumber
And breathe in the scent of the rose,
Before its petals are plucked. Ah!
Sweet flame
Stay in my soul
Like a sweet treasure,
For a long time yet!

3. O mio babbino caro

Music: Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
Text: Giovacchino Forzano (1884-1970)
Lauretta's aria from the opera *Gianni Schicchi*

O mio babbino caro,
Mi piace è bello,

Vo' andare in Porta Rossa
A comperar l'anello!
Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!
E se l'amassi indarno,
Andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,
Ma per buttarmi in Arno!
Mi struggo e mi tormento!
O Dio, vorrei morir!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!

Oh my dearest father

Oh my dearest father,
He makes me happy, he is handsome,
I want to go to Porta Rossa
To buy a ring!
Yes, yes, I want to go there!
And if I love him in vain,
I will go to Ponte Vecchio,
To throw myself into the Arno!
I suffer and I am tormented!
Oh God, I want to die!
Father, have pity, pity!

4. Les Chemins de l'Amour

Music: Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Text: Jean Anouilh (1910-1987)

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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 cœur.
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 cœur qu'un souvenir repose plus fort que l'autre amour,
Le souvenir du chemin ou tremblante et toute éperdue,
Un jour j'ai senti sur moi brûler tes mains.
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.

The Pathways of Love

The pathways that arch to the sea remembered our visits,
The plucked flowers, and the echoes under the trees of our two bright laughs.
Alas! From days of happiness radiant joys take flight,
I journey on without recovering traces of them in my heart.
Pathways of my love, I search for you always,
Lost pathways, you're not there anymore, and your echoes are deafened.
Pathways of despair, pathways of memory,
Pathways of that first day, divine pathways of love.

If I have to forget one day, when life erases all things,
I wish only to keep that one memory in my heart, stronger than any other love,
The memory of the pathway where trembling and bewildered
One day I felt your hands burning on me.
Pathways of my love, I search for you always,
Lost pathways, you're not there anymore, and your echoes are deafened.
Pathways of despair, pathways of memory,
Pathways of that first day, divine pathways of love.

5. Mandoline

Music: Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Text: Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

From the song cycle *Cinq Mélodies de Venise, Op. 58*

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.
C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte cruelle
Fait maint vers tendre.
Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.
Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

Mandolin

The serenaders
And the lovely women who listen
Exchange sweet nothings
Beneath the singing branches.
Thyrsis is there, and Amyntas,
And tedious Clytander too,
And there is Damis, who, for many a heartless woman,
Writes many a tender verse.
Their short jackets of silk,
Their long gowns with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin chatters
Amid the shivers of the breeze.
The serenaders
And the lovely listeners
Exchange sweet nothings
Beneath the singing branches.

6. Del Cabello más sutil

Music: Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)
Text: Anonymous
From the song cycle *Dos Cantares Populares*
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Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzada
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.
Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.

Of the softest hair

Of the softest hair
Which you have in your braid
I would make a chain,
So that I might bring you to my side.
A jug in your home,
Little one, I would like to be,
So that I might kiss you

Every time you took a drink.

7. Ach, ich fühl's

Music: Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Text: Emanuel Schikaneder (1751-1812)

Pamina's aria from the opera *Die Zauberflöte*

Ach, ich fühl's,
Es ist verschwunden!
Ewig hin
Der Liebe Glück!
Nimmer kommt ihr
Wonnestunden
Meinem Herzen
Mehr zurück!
Sieh' Tamino, diese Tränen
Fließen, Trauter, dir allein!
Fühlst du nicht der Liebe sehnen,
So wird Ruh' im Tode sein!

Ah, I feel it

Ah, I feel it,
It has disappeared!
Forever gone
Is love's happiness!
Never will
The hours of bliss
To my heart
Come again!
See Tamino, these tears
Flowing, beloved, for you alone!
If you do not likewise feel love's longing,
Then my peace will be only in death!

8. Prendi; per me sei libero

Music: Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Text: Felice Romani (1788-1865)

Adina's aria from the opera *L'Elisir d'Amore*

Prendi; per me sei libero:
Resta nel suol natio;
Non v'ha destin sì rio,
Che non si cangi un dì. Resta.

Qui, dove tutti t'amano,
Saggio, amoroso, onesto, ah!
Sempre scontento e mesto
No, non sarai così, ah no.
Il mio rigor dimentica;
Ti giuro eterno amore.
Sì, farti felice io bramo.

Take it; through me you are free

Take it; through me you are free:
Stay on your native soil;
There is no destiny that is so bitter
That it cannot change one day. Stay.
Here, where everyone loves you,
Wise, loving, honest man, ah!
Always unhappy and sad
No, you will not always be this way, ah no.

Forget my cruelty;
I swear to you my eternal love.
Yes, I now desire to make you happy.

9. A Stóirín Bán (My little pale darling)

Music: J. Larchet (1884-1967)
Text: Pádríc Gregory (1886-1962)
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Creepy shadows fall an' the twilight dies,
A sickle moon sails thro' the windy skies,
The weest birdeen nae longer sings,
But cuddles in undher its mother's wings
A leanbh mo chroí, a stóirín bán*
May Mary guard you from dark till dawn (x2).
Shoheen sho lo, shoheen sho lo.

Oh, its nearin' the eve o' Samhain-tide
An' wee folk are roamin' the countryside
Can ye nae hear them tweekin' their fidil strings
Tae drown the sleep-song that your mother sings?
A leanbh mo chroí, a stóirín bán
Lie close to my heart from dark till dawn (x2).

Close your wee bright eyes an' I'll watch night thro',
An' the wee folk'll nae git the hould of you;
An' you'll nae hear the tune from their fidil strings
But you'll sleep tae the sleep-song your mother sings.

A leanbh mo chroí, a stóirín bán
Sleep sweet, sleep soft from dark till dawn.
Shoheen sho lo, shoheen sho lo.

* My baby, my heart, my little pale darling

10. The Lake Isle of Innisfree

Music: Muriel Herbert (1897-1984)
Text: William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)
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I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

11. The Salley Gardens

Music: Trad., arr. Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
Text: William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)
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Down by the Salley Gardens my love and I did meet,
She passed the Salley Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,
But I being young and foolish with her did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand;
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs,
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

12. Il Bacio

Music: Luigi Arditi (1822-1903)

Text: Gottardo Aldighieri (1824-1906)

Sulle labbra, se potessi,
Dolce un bacio ti darei.
Tutte ti direi
Le dolcezze dell'amor.
Sempre assisa te d'appresso,
Mille gaudii ti dire.
Ed i palpiti udirei
Che rispondono al mio cor.
Gemme e perle non desio,
Non son vaga d'altro affetto;
Un tuo sguardo è il mio diletto,
Un tuo bacio è il mio tesor.
Vieni ah! vien! Più non tardare,
Vien d'appresso ah! vieni a me!
Ah! vien nell'ebbrezza d'un amplesso
Ch'io viva sol d'amor!
Sulle labbra, se potessi
Dolce un bacio ti darei.
Ah! sì, Ah! vien d'appresso a me!

The Kiss

If I could, on your lips,
Give you a tender kiss.
It would tell you everything
About the sweetness of love.
Always seated at your side,
I would tell you of a thousand joys.
And I would hear the throbbing of your heart
Which answers my own heart.
I do not desire gems or pearls,
Nor do I desire another affection.
A single glance from you is my delight,
A single kiss from you is my treasure.
Come to me! Do not delay any longer,
Come near, come to me!
Ah! Come to me in the intoxication of an embrace
That I might live only in love!
If I could, on your lips,
Give you a tender kiss.
Ah! yes, Ah! come near to me!