

Arizona Philharmonic
February 15, 2026
Singing From the Heart
Ariana Iniguez, soprano
Arizona Philharmonic String Quartet
Program notes by J. Michael Allsen
Texts and translations are included after the notes.

GEORGES BIZET *Habanera and Seguidilla from Carmen*

FELIX MENDELSSOHN *String Quartet No. 2 in A minor, Op. 13*

Adagio—Allegro vivace
Adagio non lento
Intermezzo: Allegretto con moto— Allegro di molto
Presto

HARRY T. BURLEIGH *Your Lips Are Wine*
Her Eyes Twin Pools

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK *Cypřiše, arr. Hans-Peter Dott*

No. 1 *Vyvroucí písně spějte*
No. 5 *Ó byl to krásný zlatý sen*
No. 10 *Mne často týrá pochyba*

ARMANDO MANZANERO *Somos novios / It's Impossible*

INTERMISSION

MATHEW LANNING *On The Inside I'm Hootin' On the Outside*
I'm Hollerin' (Hoedown)

GABRIEL FAURÉ *Les berceaux, Op. 23, No. 1*

RICHARD STRAUSS *Die Nacht, Op.10, No. 3*

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK *Cypřiše, arr. Hans-Peter Dott*

No. 11 *Mé srdce často v neštěstí*
No. 13 *Na horách ticho a v údolí ticho*
No. 15 *Mou celou duší zadumně*

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS *Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix from Samson and Delilah*

GIACOMO PUCCINI *O mio babbino caro from Gianni Schicchi*

LEONARD BERNSTEIN *Somewhere from West Side Story*

In this program, soprano **Ariana Iniguez** joins us singing arias from operas by Bizet, Saint-Saëns, and Puccini, art songs by Burleigh, Fauré, and Strauss, and popular songs by Manzanero and Bernstein. Backing her up, in arrangements commissioned specifically for this program, is the Arizona Philharmonic String Quartet, led by guest violinist **Steven Moeckel**. The quartet has its own feature in a masterful string quartet written by an 18-year-old Felix Mendelssohn. After intermission, the quartet plays a folksy work by audience favorite and Prescott native Mathew Lanning, and arrangements of several early songs by Dvořák.

Considering it is one of the most popular operas of all time, *Carmen* by **Georges Bizet (1838-1875)** had a pretty rocky start. It was premiered at the Opera-Comique in Paris in 1875, and in one account written by Ludovic Halévy, one of the librettists, the audience started with enthusiastic approval but were completely unresponsive by the end “...and after the fourth act, when the crowd was glacial throughout, no one came backstage except for three or four faithful and sincere friends of Bizet’s. They all had reassuring phrases on their lips, but sadness in their eyes. *Carmen* had failed.” The opera was a tremendous success half a year later when it was performed in Vienna and quickly became an international hit. In true romantic irony, however, Bizet never saw this success—he died three months after the premiere. *Carmen* is based upon a novel by Prosper Mérimée and is set in Seville at the beginning of the 19th century—the main characters are Roma girls, peasants, soldiers, and smugglers. Bizet was able to make effective use of Spanish rhythms and melodic turns in the score, particularly in his musical characterization of Carmen. At the center the story is her seduction of Don José, a young corporal. Don José tosses aside the good girl Micaela, who loves him, in favor of the bad girl Carmen. Carmen in turn ignores him and turns her attention to the dashing bullfighter Escamillo. In the end, Carmen’s scornful taunts put Don José into a jealous rage, and he stabs her to death.

We open with a pair of arias from *Carmen*, beginning with the *Habanera* (*L’amour est un oiseau rebelle*), Carmen’s dramatic entrance. The soldiers anxiously await her appearance from the cigarette factory where she and the other Roma girls work, and when she appears, she sings this seductive song about the nature of love. Underlying the aria is the rhythm of the habanera, a sensuous Spanish-Cuban couple dance. The chromaticism of the melody (which Bizet appropriated from a habanera by a Spanish composer, Sebastián Yradier), and the low, smoky vocal range make this one of the sexiest arias in the operatic repertoire. The *Seguidilla* (*Près des remparts de Séville*) comes from the end of the first act. Don José has been ordered to haul Carmen off to jail for brawling with one of the other cigarette girls. In the course of this aria, again based upon a sinuous dance rhythm, Carmen taunts Don José unmercifully. He lets her escape, setting up the tragic events of the opera’s final act.

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847) wrote his *String Quartet No. 2 in A minor, Op. 13*—the earliest of his six fine quartets—in 1827, when he was just 18 years old. (The misleadingly named *Quartet No. 1, Op. 12* was in fact written over a year later, and he also wrote a youthful *Quartet in E-flat Major* in 1823, which was not published until after his death.) Despite his youth, Mendelssohn was already an experienced hand at writing chamber music, having completed both his *String Quintet* and *String Octet*. In his first serious essay in writing for string quartet, this young composer produced a truly profound work in which he seemingly attempts to deal with both the topic of love, and the formidable legacy of Beethoven’s late quartets.

At some point in 1827, Mendelssohn fell in love. We don’t know who the young woman was, but he apparently expressed his feelings in a song, *Frage (Question), Op. 9, No. 1*. As he wrote to a friend: “The song that I sent with the quartet is its theme. You will hear it—with its own notes—in the first and last movements, and in all four movements you will hear its emotions expressed... I think I express the song well...” In fact, when the quartet was first published, Mendelssohn insisted that the song be printed with

the score. The repeated opening line of the song, *Ist es wahr?* (Is it true?) is quoted in the quartet score. He likely cribbed this idea from Beethoven, who died in 1827. The song text is worth quoting in translation:

“Is it true? Is it true? That over there in the leafy walkway, you always wait for me next to the vine-covered wall? And that you also talk about me with the moonlight and the little stars? Is it true? Speak! What I feel, only she grasps: she who feels with me and stays ever faithful to me, eternally faithful.”

Among Beethoven’s final works are a series of string quartets that were often considered to be inscrutable by his contemporaries. The *Quartet in F Major, Op. 135* was his very last string quartet, and was hot off the press when Mendelssohn was at work on his quartet: it was published in his hometown of Berlin that very year. It famously begins with a motive labelled *Muss es sein?* (Must it be?), which is answered by another motive, *Es muss sein!* (It must be!). Just what Beethoven had in mind here is unclear: explanations range from an existential question about his own mortality to a rough joke about a cheapskate patron! Mendelssohn makes subtle references to other Beethoven quartets as well.

Mendelssohn’s quartet is remarkably unified, tied together by references to the song melody, and the feelings expressed. It opens with a gorgeous *Adagio* introduction that culminates in three clear references to the *Ist es wahr?* motive. A threatening cello trill leads into the body of the movement, a turbulent *Allegro vivace* in sonata form, whose fierce contrapuntal development seems to be a reference to Beethoven’s Op. 132 quartet. The slow movement (*Adagio non lento*) begins with a pair of themes, both referring to the motive: one lush and romantic, and the second fugal. A long stormy middle section marked *poco più animato* is filled with references to the song. A violin solo near the end leads to a reprise of the sublime opening mood. The *Intermezzo* has a clear-cut form. The opening (*Allegretto con moto*) is a dancelike theme for the first violin accompanied by *pizzicato* chords. The trio (*Allegro di molto*) is a playful, light-footed fugue that resembles the dancing fairies of Mendelssohn’s *A Midsummer Night’s Dream Overture*, written the year before. The final movement (*Presto*) begins with a pair of emotional flourishes from the violin before launching into a stormy texture that recalls the opening movement. At the end, a passionate recitative for solo violin leads to a return of the first movement’s opening *Adagio* section, now capped with a direct quote of the final phrase of the song.

Harry T. Burleigh (1866-1949) was a pioneer in fusing Black musical styles, particularly the spiritual, and Western classical music. He studied with Antonín Dvořák in the 1890s, when the Bohemian composer was in the United States, teaching at the National Conservatory in New York City. It was Burleigh who introduced Dvořák to the spiritual, an influence on Dvořák’s well-known “New World” Symphony. Burleigh had a successful career as a singer but was particularly well-known for his published arrangements of spirituals: arrangements that brought this style into the homes and churches of hundreds of thousands of Americans of all races. Burleigh was also a composer in his own right, writing well over 200 compositions, most of them art songs. The two songs heard here were published in 1915, as part of his song cycle *Passionale*, settings of texts by poet and civil rights pioneer James Weldon Johnson.

Your Lips Are Wine is a rather dark, seductive song full of chromaticism and blue notes. *Her Eyes Twin Pools* is much more sentimental in style, reaching a peak of passion only in the final lines: “Wherein, to seek the quested goal / a man might plunge, and lose his soul.”

In 1865, **Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)** was a 24-year-old man in love. He had fallen hard for his 16-year-old student Josefína Čermáková, daughter of a Prague goldsmith. When it became clear that Josefina did not return his love, he poured his feelings into a set of 18 songs on texts from collection *Cypřiše*

(*Cypresses*) by the Czech writer Gustav Pflieger-Moravský. While the original songs were never published, Dvořák continued to tinker with them over the years, eventually publishing most of them between 1881 and 1888. (The complete songs were not published until 1957.) In 1887, he published 12 string quartet arrangements of the songs under the title *Ohlas písní (Echoes of Songs)*. The excerpts played here come from a complete set of the 18 songs arranged for string quartet about 20 years ago, by German composer **Hans-Peter Dott**. And whatever happened to Josefina? Dvořák actually married her younger sister Anna in 1873, but he maintained a very close friendship with his sister-in-law for decades after. In 1895, he was in New York City in the midst of a three-year sojourn in America, when he received word that Josefina was dying. Dvořák, who was working on his great cello concerto, was heartbroken, and adopted his song *Lasst mich allein in meinen Träumen gehn (Let me wander alone in my dreams, Op. 82)*—a favorite of hers—as the second theme of the concerto's slow movement. This was a heartfelt tribute to Josefina and its text probably reflects Dvořák's emotions at the time.

Dott has masterly transformed the songs, originally for tenor or baritone voice and piano into evocative movements for string quartet. The six selections played here trace a clear emotional arc that reflects Dvořák's unrequited love. We play three of these selections at this moment in the program, and three more on the second half of the program. **No. 1 *Vyvroucí písně spějte* (You sing fervent songs)** is wistful and dreamy throughout. **No. 5 *Ó byl to krásný zlatý sen* (O it was a beautiful, golden dream)** is generally upbeat and bright, though with occasional hints of darkness. Darkness dominates the next song—**No. 10 *Mne často týrá pochyba* (I am often tormented by doubt)**—which is led by the viola. Viola also leads in a brief moment of relief in a contrasting middle section, before bringing back the dour opening motive.

We close this first half with an unabashedly schmaltzy love song. Mexican songwriter **Armando Manzanero (1935-2020)** wrote one of his greatest hits, the romantic *bolero* ***Somos Novios* (We're a Couple)** in 1968. Two years later, with a new set of English lyrics by Sid Wayne, ***It's Impossible*** was recorded by crooner Perry Como, with a lush orchestral background. It became one of Como's biggest successes: in early 1971 it became his first top 10 single since the 1950s. It has since been covered by many artists, from Elvis Presley and Engelbert Humperdinck to a duo by Andrea Bocelli and Christina Aguilera.

After intermission, the quartet opens with a work by Prescott native **Mathew Lanning**. His arrangements have been heard several times at these concerts, and the Arizona Philharmonic played the premiere of his *in memoriam* in 2023. Lanning is an internationally-performed award-winning composer, pianist, and organist based in Boston, MA. He is a candidate for the DMA degree at the New England Conservatory under Michael Gandolfi. He serves as a teacher of graduate music theory and composition there as well. Lanning's works have been praised highly by professional composers and audiences alike. Since publishing his first work at the age of 14, he has completed numerous concert-length orchestral works, including an abundance of symphonies, symphonic suites and orchestral poems, and other short orchestra, chamber, and solo works. His music has been performed by orchestras, professional chamber groups, and soloists around the United States, including Transient Canvas and Grammy-nominated Imani Winds. He has studied at programs at the Boston Conservatory and the Curtis Institute of Music. Mathew has also served as an assistant for Orange Mountain Music, helping to produce concerts involving world-renowned artists such as Philip Glass and William Bolcom at venues like Carnegie Hall and the Morgan Library.

Lanning provides the following note about the composition heard here:

On The Inside I'm Hootin' On the Outside I'm Hollerin' or: *Hoedown* is a lively recomposition of two classic American fiddle tunes—*Turkey in the Straw* and *Arkansas Traveller*—reimagined for string quartet. I grew up hearing these melodies recomposed in all manner of settings while

growing up in Prescott, be it at bluegrass, folk, or classical concerts. These tunes, despite their simplicity, are always lively, full of energy, and seem to spark an irresistible urge to get up and dance. In writing this piece, I wanted to explore their energy, wit, and rhythmic drive while stretching and spinning them through my own musical lens. The piece premiered in October 2023 at the New England Conservatory, and sharing it now in my hometown of Prescott brings it full circle—a return to the community that shaped me and supported my journey toward a life in music. It is a joy to bring my music back to Prescott again—the place where so many of the seeds of my musicianship were first planted. Thank you for being part of that journey, and I hope you enjoy this spirited little hoedown.

In 19th-century Parisian musical culture, you were either “in” (associated with the Paris Conservatoire or Opera, or one of the other recognized arbiters of taste) or “out”, with very little gray area between.

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924) was most definitely on the outside for most of his early career: studying outside of the Conservatoire with the church musician Louis Niedermayer and later with Camille Saint-Saëns. Though he eventually became a teacher at the Conservatoire at the end of the 19th century (eventually becoming its director after a nasty scandal that ensued when his student Maurice Ravel was denied the prestigious *Prix de Rome*), Fauré’s music retained a much more eclectic and imaginative approach than many of the young composers trained at the school. The song *Les berceaux* (*The Cradles*) comes from 1879. The text is by poet and essayist Sully Prudhomme, who would eventually win the first Nobel Prize for literature in 1901. The *berceuse* or cradle-song was a well-known genre in 19th-century France, usually setting a relaxed melody above a rocking background in 6/8 or 12/8. In this case, the background rhythm does double duty: representing both the rocking of cradles, and the rocking of the great ships at the quay. The solo part is quiet and serene, reaching a bit of passion only in the final stanza: the point is that even the lure of the sea and adventure for men is overcome by the gentle rocking of cradles by mothers and wives.

Richard Strauss (1864-1949) is known today primarily for his large works—operas and symphonic poems—but he was also a prolific composer of art songs throughout his career, culminating in the deeply profound *Four Last Songs* composed just before his death. Among his early works are the *8 Gedichte aus “Letzte Blätter” Op. 10 (8 Poems from “Last Pages” – 1885)*, his first published set of songs. The title of the set refers to a collection of poems by Hermann von Gilm, published in the last year of Gilm’s life. The third song, *Die Nacht (Night)* is widely viewed as one of Strauss’s early masterpieces. In his book on Strauss’s Lieder, Alan Jefferson describes it as “a song of trembling and yearning, a song tinged with fear that the night, which takes away the familiar shapes of daylight, will also steal the beloved...” This is a subtly-shaded work in which the darkness of night gradually steals in until the final heartbreaking stanza.

We return to the remaining three Hans-Peter Dott arrangements of selections from **Antonín Dvořák’s Cypřiše**. **No. 11 *Mé srdce často v neštěstí*** (*My heart is often in pain*) is stormy and turbulent, except for a brief moment of folklike tranquility. **No. 13 *Na horách ticho a v údolí ticho*** (*Silence in the mountains and in the valleys*) opens in the same light mood as the opening song, but this light pastoral mood is briefly broken by a stormy transition. **No. 15 *Mou celou duší zadumně*** (*With all my soul, thoughtfully*), opens with a long, questing cello melody. When this returns at the end, the texture breaks suddenly and the music expresses a sense of melancholy peace.

Of the twelve operas **Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)** composed, *Samson and Delilah* cost him the most effort and time. The general feeling in the 1870s was that Biblical subjects simply didn’t work on the operatic stage, and there was general confusion as to why Saint-Saëns, a professed atheist, should attempt a work based upon an Old Testament story. The composer himself wrote that *Samson and Delilah* was originally conceived as a religious oratorio, but his librettist talked him into using this story as the

basis for an opera. It was begun in 1868 but took him nearly eight years to complete. A concert performance of Act I in 1875 was savaged by the critics, and the opera was finally staged (in German) outside of France in 1877. Franz Liszt, the director of the Weimar opera, had been an early champion of Saint-Saëns's music and arranged for this performance. It was not staged in French until 1890, and then only in several provincial cities. When *Samson and Delilah* finally appeared in Paris in 1892, it was only a modest success. Despite its early history, however, *Samson and Delilah* remained part of the standard operatic repertoire—it is the only one of Saint-Saëns's operas to be regularly performed today.

Samson and Delilah is based upon the Biblical story of Samson, the great warrior-champion of Israel. The real star of the show, however, is Delilah. She becomes a complex, though still evil, character, who seduces Samson and eventually dies with him in the end. Saint-Saëns wrote this part for the great French soprano Pauline Viardot, and dedicated the score to her. Ironically, Viardot never sang the role on stage—by the time *Samson and Delilah* finally appeared in Paris in 1892, she had long since retired. This concert features one of Delilah's great moments. The aria *Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix* (My heart opens on hearing your voice) from Act II is Delilah's seduction of Samson, who at the end of the act gives in, and repeats this music in a passionate love duet.

Gianni Schicchi is the third of three short operas that **Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)** grouped together as "*Il trittico*." The operas were premiered at New York's Metropolitan Opera in 1918. *Gianni Schicchi* is the lightest of the three. Set in medieval Florence, it has a typically convoluted Italian comic opera plot that concerns the death of the wealthy Buoso Donati, and his greedy relatives' struggle for his property. It also centers on the frustrated love of Rinuccio and Lauretta, daughter of the conniving Gianni Schicchi (a character briefly mentioned in Dante's *Inferno*). There are all of the traditional, wonderfully ridiculous elements of comic opera—a frantic search for lost documents, mistaken identity, etc.—among the more outrageous moments is when Schicchi imitates the recently-deceased Donati in order to dictate a new will to a notary. In the most famous aria of the opera, Lauretta drops to her knees before her father and sings the poignant *O mio babbino caro*, begging him to help her marry her beloved.

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990), one of the central figures in 20th-century American music, could have been successful in any one of several musical careers: on Broadway, as a classical composer, as a concert pianist, as a conductor, or as an educator. Instead, Bernstein chose to be *all* of these things...and to do all of them magnificently! His Broadway masterpiece is *West Side Story* (1957), a collaboration with lyricist Stephen Sondheim and choreographer Jerome Robbins. The show is an "updated" version of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* tragedy, set not in 16th-century Verona, but in 1950s New York City. The lovers in *West Side Story* are a Puerto Rican girl named Maria, and a Polish-American boy named Tony. In place of warring Montagues and Capulets, there are two rival gangs fighting for territory. The Sharks are recent Puerto Rican immigrants, and the Jets are an "American" gang, primarily Tony's Polish-American buddies. The song *Somewhere*—a hopeful vision of a brighter future—appears at the end of Act I. In the original production, this song was sung off stage to accompany a ballet sequence between Tony and Maria. Maria sings a bit of the song and reprise at the very end, as Tony dies in her arms.

Texts and translations

Bizet, *Habanera* from *Carmen*

Carmen

*L'amour est un oiseau rebelle
que nul ne peut apprivoiser,
et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'appelle,
s'il lui convient de refuser.*

Love is a rebellious bird
that nobody can tame,
and it's impossible to summon it,
if it chooses to refuse.

*Rien n'y fait, menace ou prière.
L'un parle bien, l'autre se tait,
et c'est l'autre que je préfère;
Il n'a rien dit, mais il me plaît.*

Nothing helps, threats or prayers.
One man talks beautifully, the other is silent,
and he is the one I prefer;
he says nothing, but he pleases me.

L'amour... l'amour...

Love... love...

*L'amour est enfant de Bohême,
il n'a jamais connu de loi;
si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime;
si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!*

Love is a gypsy child,
he's never known any rules;
you don't love me, but I love you;
and if I love you, you'd better watch out!

*L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre
battit de l'aile et s'envola;
l'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre,
tu ne l'attends plus...il est là!*

The bird that you thought you'd caught,
just spread its wings and flew off;
love goes away, and you've got to wait for it,
then when you don't expect it...there it is!

*Tout autour de toi, vite, vite,
il vient, s'en va, puis il revient;
tu crois le tenir, il t'évite;
Tu veux l'éviter, il te tient!*

All around you, quickly, quickly,
it comes and goes and then returns;
you think you've got it, and it escapes;
you try to escape it, and it holds you tight!

L'amour... l'amour...

Love... love...

*L'amour est enfant de Bohème,
il n'a jamais connu de loi;
si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime;
si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!*

Love is a gypsy child,
he's never known any rules;
you don't love me, but I love you;
and if I love you, you'd better watch out!

Bizet, *Seguidilla* from *Carmen*

Carmen:

*Près des remparts de Séville,
chez mon ami Lillas Pastia,
j'irai danser la séguedille
et boire du Manzanilla!*

Near the ramparts of Seville,
at my friend Lillas Pastia's place,
I'll dance the seguidilla
and drink Manzanilla!

*J'irai chez mon ami Lillas Pastia.
Oui, mais toute seule on s'ennuie,
Et les vrais plaisirs sont à deux.
Donc pour me tenir compagnie,
j'emmènerai mon amoureux.
Mon amoureux! ... il est au diable
je l'ai mis à la porte hier.
Mon pauvre coeur très consolable,
Mon coeur est libre comme l'air.
J'ai des galants à la douzaine,
mais ils ne sont pas à mon gré;
Voici la fin de la semaine,
qui veut m'aimer je l'aimerai.
Qui veut mon âme ... elle est à prendre.
Vous arrivez au bon moment,
Je n'ai guère le temps d'attendre,
car avec mon nouvel amant...*

*Près des remparts de Séville,
chez mon ami Lillas Pastia,
j'irai danser la séguedille
et boire du Manzanilla!*

*Oui, j'irai chez mon ami
Lillas Pastia!*

Fauré, *Les berceaux*, Op. 23 No. 1

*Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,
que la houle incline en silence,
ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux
que la main des femmes balance.*

*Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
et que les hommes curieux
tentent les horizons qui leurrent.*

*Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
fuyant le port qui diminue,
sentent leur masse retenue
par l'âme des lointains berceaux.*

Strauss, *Die Nacht*

*Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,*

I'll go to my friend Lillas Pastia's house.
Yes, but to be alone is to be bored,
and the real pleasures are for two.
So to keep me company,
I will take my lover.
My lover! ... he's like a devil
I kicked him out yesterday.
My poor heart is very consolable
My heart is as free as the air.
I have boyfriends by the dozen,
But they are not to my liking;
Here it is, the end of the week:
whoever wants to love me, I will love them.
Who wants my soul? ... It's up for grabs.
You arrive at just the right moment,
I hardly have any time to wait,
because with my new lover...

Near the ramparts of Seville,
at my friend Lillas Pastia's place,
I'll dance the seguidilla
and drink Manzanilla!

Yes, I'll go to the house of my friend
Lillas Pastia!

Along the quay the great ships,
listing silently with the tide,
pay no heed to the cradles
rocked by women's hands.

But the day of parting will come;
for it is decreed that women shall weep,
and that men with questing spirits
shall seek enticing horizons.

And on that day the great ships,
leaving the dwindling harbor behind,
shall feel their hulls held back
by the soul of the distant cradles.

Out of the forest steps Night,
out of the trees she softly steals,

*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.*

looks around her in a wide arc,
now beware!

All the lights of this world,
all flowers, all colors
she extinguishes, and steals the sheaves
away from the field.

She takes everything that is dear,
takes the silver from the stream,
and from the cathedral's copper roof,
she takes away the gold.

The bushes are left stripped naked.
Come closer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear that the night will also steal
you from me.

Saint-Saëns, *Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix* from *Samson and Delilah*

Delilah:

*Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix
comme s'ouvrent les fleurs
aux baisers de l'aurore!
Mais, ô mon bien-aimé,
pour mieux sécher mes pleurs,
que ta voix parle encore!
Dis-moi qu'à Dalila
tu reviens pour jamais!
Redis à ma tendresse
les serments d'autrefois,
ces serments que j'aimais!
Ah! Réponds à ma tendresse!
Verse-moi, verse-moi l'ivresse!*

On hearing your voice, my heart
opens just as the flowers open
to the kisses of the dawn!
But, O my beloved,
just to dry my tears.
let your voice speak again!
Tell me that you are
returning to Delilah forever!
Repeat to my loving ear
the promises you once made,
those promises I loved!
Ah! Respond to my tenderness!
Fill me, fill me with ecstasy!

Puccini, *O mio babbino caro* from *Gianni Schicchi*

Lauretta:

*O mio babbino caro,
mi piace è bello, 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 my dear papa,
I like him, he's beautiful, beautiful;
I want to go to Porta Rossa
and buy the ring!
Yes, yes, I want to go!
And if my love is in vain,
I would go up on the Ponte Vecchio,
only to throw myself in the River Arno.
I long for him and torment myself!

*O Dio, vorrei morir!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!*

O God, I'd like to die!
Papa, have pity, have pity!