

## Concert Program

### Charles Dancla - Romance: Les Premiers Aveux (The First Avowals)

Poem by Adam Boisgontier

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| Adorables aveux, qu'on ne peut trop entendre,<br>Qui sont nouveaux toujours !<br>Cœur qu'on sent palpiter, voix ingénue et tendre,<br>Parfum délicieux des premières amours ;          | Adorable confessions, which one can never hear too much,<br>Forever fresh and ever new.<br>Heart felt beating, innocent and tender voice,<br>Delicious fragrance of first love. |
| Vous êtes le bonheur suprême !<br>Que désirer lorsque l'on s'aime ?<br>Aimer, cri divin, mot des cieux !<br>Pour moi, tout vous répète<br>En sons harmonieux !                         | You are supreme happiness!<br>What more can lovers wish for?<br>To love: divine cry, word of Heaven.<br>For me, everything repeats you<br>In harmonious song.                   |
| Qu'un insensé poursuive ou l'argent ou la gloire,<br>Qu'il cherche les grandeurs ;<br>Se voir en lettres d'or au temple de mémoire,<br>Cela vaut-il, dis-moi, l'ivresse de nos cœurs ? | Let a madman pursue wealth or glory,<br>Let him seek greatness.<br>To see one's name in golden letters in the temple of memory—<br>Is it worth the rapture of our hearts?       |
| C'est là qu'est le bonheur suprême !<br>Que désirer lorsque l'on s'aime ?<br>Aimer, cri divin, mot des cieux !<br>Pour moi, tout vous répète<br>En sons harmonieux !                   | There lies supreme happiness.<br>What more can lovers wish for?<br>To love: divine cry, word of Heaven.<br>For me, everything repeats you<br>In harmonious song.                |

## **Johann Sebastian Bach — Matthäus-Passion, BWV 244**

### **No. 39 Aria: Erbarme dich, mein Gott (Have Mercy, My God)**

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| Erbarme dich, mein Gott,<br>um meiner Zähren willen!    | Have mercy, my God,<br>for the sake of my tears!       |
| Schaue hier, Herz und Auge<br>weint vor dir bitterlich. | Look here, heart and eyes<br>weep bitterly before you. |
| Erbarme dich, erbarme dich.                             | Have mercy, have mercy.                                |

## **Johann Sebastian Bach — Violin Sonata No. 2 in A major, BWV 1015**

Instrumental

## **Selman Ada (arr.) — Katibim (My Clerk)**

Traditional Turkish Folk Song

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| Üsküdar'a gider iken aldı da bir<br>yağmur.<br>Kâtibimin setresi uzun, eteği çamur.<br>Kâtip uykudan uyanmış, gözleri<br>mahmur. | As I journeyed to Üsküdar, down<br>came the rain.<br>My clerk's coat was long, its hem<br>stained with mud.<br>My clerk awoke from sleep, his<br>eyes still dreamy. |
| Kâtip benim, ben kâtibin, el ne<br>karışır?<br>Kâtibime kolalı da gömlek ne güzel<br>yaraşır!                                    | He is mine, and I am his—let no<br>one interfere.<br>How beautifully a starched white<br>shirt becomes my clerk!                                                    |

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| Üsküdar'a gider iken bir mendil<br>buldum.<br>Mendilimin içine de lokum<br>doldurdum.<br>Kâtibimi arar iken yanımda buldum. | As I journeyed to Üsküdar, I found<br>a handkerchief.<br>I filled it with Turkish delight.<br>As I searched for my beloved, I<br>found him by my side. |
| Kâtip benim, ben kâtibin, el ne<br>karişır?<br>Kâtibime kolalı da gömlek ne güzel<br>yaraşır!                               | He is mine, and I am his—let no<br>one interfere.<br>How beautifully a starched white<br>shirt becomes my clerk!                                       |

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## Camille Saint-Saëns — Les Violons dans le soir (Violins in the Evening)

Poem by Comtesse Anna de Noailles • Translation by Richard Stokes

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| Quand le soir est venu, que tout est<br>calme enfin<br>Dans la chaude nature,<br>Voici que naît sous l'arbre et sous le<br>ciel divin<br>La plus vive torture.             | When evening has fallen and all is<br>at last quiet<br>In warm nature,<br>There stirs beneath tree and<br>heavenly sky<br>The most painful agony. |
| Sur les graviers d'argent, dans les<br>bois apaisés,<br>Des violons s'exaltent.<br>Ce sont des jets de cris, de sanglots,<br>de baisers,<br>Sans contrainte et sans halte. | On silver gravel, in hushed woods,<br>Frenetic violins are heard:<br>A stream of cries, of sobs and<br>kisses,<br>Unrestrained and unremitting.   |
| Il semble que l'archet se cabre, qu'il<br>se tord<br>Sur les luisantes cordes,<br>Tant ce sont des appels de plaisir et<br>de mort<br>Et de miséricorde.                   | The violin bow seems to rear and<br>writhe<br>Across the shining strings—<br>For these are cries of pleasure,<br>death<br>And mercy.              |

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| Et le brûlant archet enroulé de<br>langueur<br>Gémit, souffre, caresse,<br>Poignard voluptueux qui pénètre le<br>cœur<br>D'une épuisante ivresse.                         | And the burning bow in its<br>affliction<br>Groans, suffers and caresses—<br>A voluptuous dagger that pierces<br>the heart<br>With exhausted ecstasy.                   |
| Archets, soyez maudits pour vos<br>brûlants accords,<br>Pour votre âme explosive,<br>Fers rouges qui dans l'ombre<br>arrachez à nos corps<br>Des lambeaux de chair vive ! | May your bows be cursed for your<br>burning chords,<br>For your explosive soul:<br>Molten swords that in the shadows<br>tear from our bodies<br>Shreds of living flesh. |

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## **Sergei Rachmaninov / Fritz Kreisler (arr.) — Op. 4 No. 4**

### **Не пой, красавица, при мне (Oh, Cease Thy Singing, Maiden Fair)**

Poem by Alexander Pushkin

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| Не пой, красавица, при мне<br>Ты песен Грузии печальной:<br>Напоминают мне оне<br>Другую жизнь и берег дальний. | Oh, cease thy singing, maiden fair,<br>Those melancholy songs of<br>Georgia;<br>They remind me<br>Of another life and a distant shore. |
| Увы! напоминают мне<br>Твои жестокие напевы<br>И степь, и ночь — и при луне<br>Черты далёкой, бедной девы.      | Alas, your haunting melodies recall<br>The steppe, the night,<br>And beneath the moon,<br>The face of my distant beloved.              |
| Я призрак милый, роковой,<br>Тебя увидев, забываю;<br>Но ты поёшь — и предо мной<br>Его я вновь воображаю.      | The sweet yet fatal vision fades<br>Whenever I behold you;<br>But when you sing,<br>It rises once again before my eyes.                |

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| <p>Не пой, красавица, при мне<br/> Ты песен Грузии печальной:<br/> Напоминают мне оне<br/> Другую жизнь и берег дальний.</p> | <p>Oh, cease thy singing, maiden<br/> fair—<br/> Those melancholy songs of<br/> Georgia<br/> Recall to me another life<br/> And a far-off shore.</p> |
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## Carl Reinecke — Liebeslieder, Op. 195

### No. 1 — Italienisches Tanzlied (Italian Dance Song)

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| <p>In dein Füßchen ward verliebt ich,<br/> Da ich dich beim Tanz gesehen,<br/> Hielst das Schürzchen mit den<br/> Händchen,<br/> Wusstest lieblich dich zu dreh'n.</p> | <p>Thy graceful dancing quite<br/> bewitched me,<br/> When first I saw thee turn;<br/> With dainty hands thou held thy<br/> apron,<br/> Spinning with such charming ease.</p> |
| <p>Wärst du, Kind, mein Weib, ich<br/> schwöre,<br/> Dass ich würd' zu allen Zeiten<br/> Freudig hin zu Sang und Spiele<br/> Und zum Tanze dich begleiten.</p>         | <p>Were you, dear girl, my wife, I<br/> swear,<br/> I'd gladly lead you all my days<br/> To song and üc merriment,<br/> And always dance beside you.</p>                      |

## No. 2 — Volkslied (Folk Song)

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| O schönster Schatz auf Erden,<br>dich liebe ich doch ganz allein;<br>ich hoff', mein sollst du werden,<br>mein Eigen sollst du sein!     | O fairest treasure upon earth,<br>You alone I truly love;<br>I hope that you will yet be mine,<br>My own forevermore.          |
| Tust du mir heimlich winken,<br>so ist mein Herz erfreut;<br>gibst du mir Wein zu trinken,<br>so tu ich dir Bescheid.                    | When secretly you smile at me,<br>My heart is filled with joy;<br>And when you offer me your wine,<br>I gladly drink to you.   |
| Trau' nicht der falschen Zunge,<br>die mich so sehr veracht't;<br>wer mir mein'n Schatz missgönnet,<br>dem sage ich gut' Nacht.          | Believe not slander's lying tongue<br>That speaks of me with scorn;<br>To all who envy me my love,<br>I bid a fond good night. |
| Ich will nicht aus der Stadt,<br>ich geh nicht aus dem Städtchen<br>'naus,<br>bis ich mein'n Herzallerliebsten<br>in meinen Armen halt'. | I shall not leave this little town<br>Until the happy day<br>When I may hold my dearest love<br>Forever in my arms.            |

## No. 3 — Lockvogel (The Decoy Bird)

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| Komm mit in die Berge, komm mit.<br>Da will ich dich umfangen,<br>An deinen Lippen hangen,<br>komm mit in die Berge, komm mit.   | O come to the mountains with me!<br>There shall I hold thee close,<br>And linger by thy lips.<br>O come to the mountains with me!    |
| Durch tiefgrüne Wälder wir geh'n<br>zum Liebesworte Tauschen<br>klingt doch der Quelle Rauschen,<br>klingt Vogelsang so schön!   | Through deep green forests we<br>shall wander,<br>Exchanging words of love,<br>While the murmuring spring<br>And birdsong answer us. |
| Schon lockt uns und ladet der Wald,<br>die Zweige tief sich strecken,<br>zu sel'gem Verstecken<br>zeigt sich ein Plätzchen bald. | The woodland beckons and invites<br>us;<br>Its branches stretch above,<br>Revealing a hidden place<br>For blessed solitude.          |

Nur Liebesgedanken bring mit,  
nur Kuss und süßes Blicken  
will sich im Walde schicken,  
komm mit in die Berge, komm mit.

Bring only thoughts of love,  
Bring kisses and tender glances—  
Such joys belong within the forest.  
O come to the mountains with me.