

The Colorado College Music Department presents

Student Recital

Ely Merenstein, *tenor*

with guests

Dan Brink, *piano**

Aida Hasson, *mezzo soprano*

Sunday, May 16, 2021

3:00 pm

Packard Hall
Live-Streaming on
YouTube and Facebook

PROGRAM

Sirate pur, sirate

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)
Alberto Donaudy
(1880-1941)

Sirate pur, sirate attorno a lo mio bene,
Aurette, e v'accertate
S'ella nel cor mi tiene.
Sirate, sirate pur, aurette!
Se nel suo cor mi tiene, v'accertate,
Aure beate, aure lievi e beate!

Breathe, still breathe around my beloved,
Gentle breezes, and ascertain
If she keeps me in her heart.
Breathe, still breathe, gentle breezes!
If she keeps me in her heart, and ascertain,
Beautiful auras, light, beautiful auras!

Se tra l'erba

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)
Alberto Donaudy
(1880-1941)

Se tra l'erba un rio novello balza e corre verso il mare,
Se rinverda il praticello, primavera è per tonrare.
Coi tuoi riccioli vaganti scherza il mite zefiretto,
Mentre vai pei verzicanti prati stretta sul mio petto;
Bella, bella m'è la vita allor!

Ma se tutto discolora e s'oscura l'orizzonte,
Piove a valle, tuona a monte; triste il verno torna ancora.
Io sto solo, e van fugaci colle nebbie decembrine
Tutti i canti, tutti i baci delle labbra tue divine;
Triste, triste m'è la vita allor!

If in the grass a new rivulet starts up and runs toward the sea,
If the meadow becomes green again, spring is about to return.
With your errant locks the gentle breeze plays,
While you go through the greening fields held tight on my breast;
Then life is beautiful, beautiful to me!

But if everything grows pale and the horizon becomes dark,
It rains in the valley, it thunders on the mountain; the winter, sad, comes again.
I remain alone, and, fleeting, depart with the December mists
All the songs, all the kisses from your divine lips;
Then life is sad, sad to me!

O del mio amato ben

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)
Alberto Donaudy
(1880-1941)

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze
sempre la cerco e chiamo
con pieno il cor di speranze
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è sì caro,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.
Mi sembra, senza lei, triste ogni loco.

Notte mi sembra il giorno;
mi sembra gelo il foco.
Se pur talvolta spero
di darmi ad altra cura,
sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lei, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa
senza il mio ben.

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!
Far from my eyes is she
who was, to me, glory and pride!
Now through the empty rooms
I always seek her and call her
with a heart full of hopes
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!
And the weeping is so dear to me,
that with weeping alone I nourish my heart.
It seems to me, without her, sad everywhere.
The day seems like night to me;
the fire seems cold to me.
If, however, I sometimes hope
to give myself to another cure,
one thought alone torments me:
But without her, what shall I do?
To me, life seems a vain thing
without my beloved.

“Where E'er You Walk” from *Semele*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Weep you no more

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)
John Dowland
(1563-1626)

Go, Lovely Rose

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)
Edmund Waller
(1606-1687)

Es muss ein Wunderbares sein

Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)
Oskar von Redwitz-Schmölz
(1823-1891)

Es muss ein Wunderbares sein
Ums Lieben zweier Seelen,
Sich schliessen ganz einander ein,
Sich nie ein Wort verhehlen,
Und Freud und Leid und Glück und Not
So mit einander tragen;
Vom ersten Kuss bis in den Tod
Sich nur von Liebe sagen.

How wondrous it must be
When two souls love each other,
Locking each other wholly in,
Never concealing a single word,
And sharing with each other
Joy and sorrow, weal and woe;
Talking only of love
From the first kiss unto death.

L'amour de moi

Old French Melody

L'amour de moi s'y est enclose
Dedans un joli jardinet,
Où croit la rose et le muguet,
Et aussi fait la passeroise.

Ce jardin est bel et plaisant,
Il est garni de toutes fleurs.
On y prend son ébattement,
Autant la nuit comme le jour.
Hélas! il n'est si douce chose
Que de ce doux rossignolet

Qui chante au soir, au matinet.
Quand il est las, il se repose.

Je la vis l'autre jour cueillir
La violette en unvert pré.
La plus belle qu'onc que je vis,
Et la plus plaisante à mon gré.

Je l'ai regardée une pose;
Elle était blanche comme lait,
Et douce comme un agnelet,
Vermeille et fraîche comme rose.

This love of mine confined itself
inside a nice small garden,
where the rose and the lily grow,
and the hollyhock as well.

This garden is nice and pleasant,
embellished with all kinds of flowers.
You can enjoy it, in the night
and in the day as well.

Alas! Nothing is sweeter
than this gentle nightingale

that sings at dusk, and at dawn.
When it is tired, it rests.

I, just the other day, picked
a violet in a green meadow.
The most beautiful as long as I've lived,
and the most pleasant in my opinion.

I saw a posy;
it was white as milk,
and sweet as a lamb,
red and fresh as a rose.

Ideale

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)
Carmelo Errico
(1848-1892)

Io ti seguì come iride di pace
Lungo le vie del cielo:
Io ti seguì come un'amica face
De la notte nel velo.
E ti sentì ne la luce, ne l'aria,
Nel profumo dei fiori;
E fu piena la stanza solitaria
Di te, dei tuoi splendori.

In te rapito, al suon de la tua voce
Lungamente sognai;
E de la terra ogni affanno, ogni croce
In quel giorno scordai.
Torna, caro ideal, torna un istante
A sorridermi ancora,
E a me risplenderà, nel tuo sembiante,
Una novella aurora.

I followed you like a rainbow of peace
along the paths of heaven;
I followed you like a friendly torch
in the veil of darkness,
and I sensed you in the light, in the air,
in the perfume of flowers,
and the solitary room was full
of you and of your radiance.

Absorbed by you, I dreamed a long time
of the sound of your voice,
and earth's every anxiety, every torment
I forgot in that dream.
Come back, dear ideal, for an instant
to smile at me again,
and in your face will shine for me
a new dawn.

“Corner of the Sky” from *Pippin*

Stephen Scharz
(b. 1948)

“Empty Chairs at Empty Tables” from *Les Misérables*

Claude-Michel Schönberg
(b. 1944)
Alain Boublil
(b. 1941)
English lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer
(1925-2020)

“Only Us” from *Dear Evan Hansen*

Benj Pasek
(b. 1985)
Justin Paul
(b. 1985)

“Anything You Can Do” from *Annie Get Your Gun*

Irving Berlin
(1888-1989)

*CC faculty

***Join us for the “Live from Packard Hall” Faculty Artists Concert: Season Finale
Live-streamed on YouTube and Facebook on May 18 at 3 pm***