
Saturday, November 11, 2023 at 4:00 PM

Program

Mi chiamano Mimi (*La Bohème*)..... Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

With verdure clad (*The Creation*).....Josef Haydn
(1732-1809)

L'amante spagnolo Gaetano Donizetti
Non amerò che te (1797-1848)
Lamento per la morte di Bellini

Obéissons quand leur voix appelle (*Manon*)..... Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

Intermission

Dove sono i bei momenti (*Le Nozze di Figaro*)..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Offrande..... Reynaldo Hahn
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Je veux vivre (*Roméo et Juliette*)..... Charles Gounod

Brielle Finkbeiner is a student of Tara Savarino

*of the requirements of the degree
Bachelor of Science in Music Education*

Mi chiamano Mimi

They call me Mimi

Yes, they call me Mimi,

But my name is Lucia.

My story is brief:

On linen or on silk

I do embroidery at home and outside.

I am peaceful and happy,

And in my pastime, I make lilies and roses.

Those things give me pleasure

Which have such sweet charm,

That speak of love, of springtime,

That speak of dreams and of fantasies,

Those things that have poetic names.

Do you understand me?

They call me Mimi, the reason I do not know.

I make my meals at home by myself.

I do not always go to mass,

But I pray a great deal to the Lord.

I live alone, all alone,

There in a clean little room;

I look out over the roofs and into the sky.

L'amante spagnolo

The Spanish lover

Bring me to the side of my angel

Ah, before the dawn in the sky
Spreads its rosy veil,
Tell her with your neighing
That her faithful lover has returned.

And her face with joy
You will cause to sparkle,
And of her day, the delight,
Oh, my steed, yes, you will be.

Her modest hand will
Caress you as a friend,
And only less happy than you
I shall be.

Non amerò che te!

I love only you

What you want to feel for me,
On earth and in heaven with the angels
I shall love only you.

For you, poor young girl,
I shall leave the world,
In your love, the homeland
I shall have all in you alone.

Nor will you hear me say, "Come with me,
Young girl, I am a rich man."

In your soul such a sound.

Pure of human affections,
Beautiful for your honesty,
You remain in your ancestors;

For if having me by your side

Displeases you, I shall leave;
Only where I am pleasing
To you will I return.

And if I ever want to change feelings
Of the heavens one day,
My name forever
Will be your name.

Lamento per la morte di Bellini

Lament for the death of Bellini

A sigh came on the wings of the breezes
To Italy:
For the Sicilian Orpheus,
It was the last, sad breath:
It was the farewell of the son
Who dies on foreign soil.

Italy, moved by the news
Of such dreadful misfortune,
Weeps over the cruel fate
That stole her best one from her,
And Italy's weeping
Is echoed in foreign lands.

Now that you have joined the angelic choir, oh, chosen spirit,
Unfurl your mournful harmonies,
The song of love,
And so that the angels may hear you,

Perhaps the harmonious chords
That you make in paradise
Will come on the wings of the breezes
To comfort us and cause us to smile,
And let them be the farewell of the son

Obéissons quand leur voix appelle

Obey when their voices are calling
Obey when their voices are calling,
Beckoning us to tender loves,
Always, always, always;

As long as you are beautiful,
Use up your days without counting them,

Let's take advantage of youth,
Days that spring provides.
Let's love, laugh, and sing without stopping,

Even the most faithful heart, alas,
Forgets love in a day, love,

Never to return.
Let's take full advantage of our youth,

Let's love, sing, and laugh without stopping,

Let's love, sing, and laugh without stopping.

Dove sono i bei momenti

Where are the beautiful moments

I am anxious to know
How the Count received the proposition.
The plan seems to me rather bold,

But what harm is there?
Changing my clothes with those of Susanna,
And hers with mine, under the cover of night.

A man who, after having treated me with an unheard-of mixture

Where are the beautiful moments
Of sweetness and of pleasure?
Where have the promises gone
That passed from his lying lips?
Why ever, if in tears and in pain,

Where everything has changed for me,
Has the memory of that goodness
Not passed from my breast?

Suffering I feel in loving him
Could bring me some hope

Offrande

Offering

And here too is my heart that beats only for you.
Do not tear it with your two white hands
And may this humble gift be sweet to your lovely eyes.

I arrive covered with the dew
That the morning wind iced on my brow
Let my fatigue, resting here at your feet
Dream of the lovely moments that will refresh it.

On your young breast let me rest my head
Still ringing with your last kisses,
Let it be stilled after the sweet tempest
And let me sleep a little, while you rest.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

If my verses had wings

To your beautiful garden,
If my verses had wings

To your cheery hearth,
If my verses had wings
Like my spirit.

Pure and faithful, to your side
They would hasten night and day
If my verses had wings
Like love.

À Chloris
To Chloris

Far from the bleak winter,
Let me slumber
And breathe the scent of the rose
Before its petals are plucked.

Like a sweet treasure, ah,

