

Fare Thee Will

William Tanski

with Karina Kontorovitch, piano

featuring Morgan Small, Daniel Uglunts, and Luke Mott

“Granada”

by Agustín Lara (1897-1970)

Granada, tierra soñada por mí
Mi cantar se vuelve gitano cuando es para tí
Mi cantar, hecho de fantasía
Mi cantar, flor de melancolía que yo te vengo a dar!

Granada, tierra ensangrentada
En tardes de toros
Mujer que conserva el embrujo
De los ojos moros
De sueño rebelde
Y gitana, cubierta de flores
Y beso tu boca de grana
Jugosa manzana que me habla de amores

Granada manola, cantada
En coplas preciosas
No tengo otra cosa que darte
Que un ramo de rosas
De rosas de suave fragancia
Que le dieran marco a la Virgen Morena
Granada, tu tierra está llena
De lindas mujeres, de sangre y de sol

Granada, land of my dreams,
My song becomes a gypsy's when it is for you;
My singing, made of fantasy;
My singing, a mournful flower I give to you!

Granada, land covered in blood
From afternoons with the bulls;
Women who keep the magic
Of Moorish eyes;
Of rebellious dreams
And gypsies, strewn with flowers!
I kiss your scarlet mouth,
A juicy apple that tells me of love!

Granada, beautiful girl of Madrid,
Sung in precious couplets!
I have nothing to give you
But a bouquet of roses
Of such sweet fragrance
That they say they are worthy of the Dark Virgin.
Granada, your land is full
Of beautiful women, of blood, and of sunshine!

“Si mes vers avaient des ailes”

by Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l’oiseau.
Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l’esprit.
Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accouraient nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l’amour.

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,
To your beautiful garden,
If my verses had wings
Like a bird.
They would fly, like sparks,
To your smiling hearth,
If my verses had wings
Like the mind.
Near to you, faithful and pure,
They would run night and day,
If my verses had wings
Like love.

“Un Cygne”

by Samuel Barber

Un cygne avance sur l’eau
tout entouré de lui-même,
comme un glissant tableau;
ainsi à certains instants
un être que l’on aime
est tout un espace mouvant.
Il se rapproche, doublé,
comme ce cygne qui nage,
sur notre âme troublé ...
qui à cet être ajoute
la tremblante image
de bonheur et de doute.

A swan moves across the water
Ringed around by itself,
Like a painting that glides;
Thus, at certain moments
A being that one loves
Is a whole moving space.
It draws near, bent over,
Like the swan that swims
Over our troubled souls...
Adding to that being
The trembling image
Of happiness and doubt.

“Le Printemps”

by Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

Te voilà, rire du Printemps !
Les thyrses des lilas fleurissent.
Les amantes, qui te chérissent
Délivrent leurs cheveux flottants.

Sous les rayons d'or éclatants
Les anciens lierres se flétrissent.
Te voilà, rire du Printemps !
Les thyrses des lilas fleurissent.

Couchons-nous au bord des étangs,
Que nos maux amers se guérissent !
Mille espoirs fabuleux nourrissent
Nos cœurs émus et palpitants.

Te voilà, rire du Printemps !

You are here, laughing Spring!
Clusters of lilacs are blossoming.
Lovers, who cherish you,
Free their flowing hair.

Beneath the rays of sparkling gold
The ancient ivy withers.
You are here, laughing Spring!
Clusters of lilacs are blossoming.

Let us lie beside ponds,
So our bitter wounds may heal!
A thousand fabulous hopes nourish
Our stirred and fluttering hearts.

You are here, laughing Spring!

“Erstes Grün”

by Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Du junges Grün, du frisches Gras!
Wie manches Herz durch dich genas,
Das von des Winters Schnee erkrankt,
O wie mein Herz nach dir verlangt!
Schon wächst du aus der Erde Nacht,
Wie dir mein Aug' entgegen lacht!
Hier in des Waldes stillem Grund
Drück ich dich, Grün, an Herz und Mund.

Wie treibt's mich von den Menschen fort!
Mein Leid das hebt kein Menschenwort,
Nur junges Grün, ans Herz gelegt
Macht, dass mein Herze stiller schlägt.

“Die Lotosblume”

by Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle,
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.

Young green, fresh grass!
How many a heart you have healed,
That fell ill from winter's snow,
How great my heart's desire for you!
Already from earth's night you grow,
How my eye laughs to greet you!
Here in the forest's silent depths
I press you, Green, to my heart and lips.

How great my urge to quit humankind!
No human word can heal my grief,
Only young green, pressed to my heart,
Can make my heart beat calmer.

The lotus flower hides herself
From the sun's splendor
And with bowed head,
She waits and dreams of night.

The moon, he is her lover,
He wakes her with his light.
And to him she tenderly unveils
Her tender flowerlike face.

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
Und starret stumm in die Höh';
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

She blooms and glows and gleams,
And gazes silently aloft;
Fragrant and weeping and trembling
From love and the pain of love.

“Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne”

by Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

Rose, lily, dove, sun,
I loved them all once in the bliss of love.
I love them no more, I love only
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;
She, most blissful of all loves,
Is rose, lily, dove, and sun.

“Das Rosenband”

by Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Im Frühlingschatten fand ich sie;
Da band ich Sie mit Rosenbändern:
Sie fühlt' es nicht und schlummerte.
Ich sah sie an; mein Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick an ihrem Leben:
Ich fühlt' es wohl, und wußt' es nicht.

I found her in the spring shade,
And wrapped her in a rose garland;
She felt it not, and slumbered on.
I gazed upon her; my life hang
For an instant upon her life:
This I felt, but did not know.

Doch lispelt' ich ihr sprachlos zu,
Und rauschte mit den Rosenbändern:
Da wachte sie vom Schlummer auf.

I whispered to her without words,
And rustled the rose garland:
Then she woke from slumber.

Sie sah mich an; ihr Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick' an meinem Leben,
Und um uns ward Elysium.

She gazed on me; her life hung
For an instant upon my life,
And around us, Paradise bloomed.

Don Pasquale: Act II Finale

by Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Featuring Morgan Small as Norina, Luke Mott as Don Pasquale, and Daniel Uglunts as Dottore Malatesta.
At the whim of the tenor, Norina's opening recitativo will be sung by William Tanski.

Gaetano Donizetti's sparkling comedic opera *Don Pasquale* premiered in Paris in 1843, and has been a beloved staple of the operatic canon ever since. The story centers around four main characters: Don Pasquale, a wealthy, buffoonish, lecherous old man; his nephew, Ernesto, a young and naive bachelor; Norina, a capricious firecracker of a girl, recently widowed; and Doctor Malatesta, a good friend of Ernesto, who is Don Pasquale's personal physician. Ernesto and Norina have fallen deeply in love; Norina, being poor, is considered an unsuitable match for Ernesto by Pasquale, and because Ernesto refuses to marry anyone else, he is disinherited. Don Pasquale decides to marry a girl himself in the hopes of producing an heir, and Norina and Malatesta hatch a plan: she herself will marry Pasquale, disguising herself as Malatesta's meek and docile sister, and subsequently torment him until he agrees to allow her to marry Ernesto. In this scene, Don Pasquale and Norina have just married, and with the contract signed, Norina's pretense of being a subservient housewife falls away, as she badgers Pasquale with an unending list of demands and reproaches. Ernesto realizes that she has not abandoned him, and loves him still; Pasquale flies into a rage, recognizing the predicament he's been thrown into by lust. The scene begins with Norina ringing a bell, summoning the servants of the house to her side.

Norina (N):

Riunita immantinente la servitù qui voglio.

Bring the entire household here immediately.

Don Pasquale (P):

Che vuol dalla mia gente?

What can she want with my staff?

Dottore Malatesta (D):

Or nasce un altro imbroglio!

N:

Tre in tutto! Va benissimo, c'è poco da contar!
A voi, da quanto sembrami, voi siete il maggiordomo!
Subito v'incomincio la paga a raddoppiar.
Or attente agli ordini che mi disponga a dar.
Di servitù novella, pensate a provvedermi:
Sia gente fresca e bella, tale da farci onor.

P:

Poi quando avrà finito—

N:

Non ho finito ancora.
Dei legni un paio sia stasera in scuderia:

Quanti cavalli poi, lascio la scelta a voi.
La casa è mal disposta, la vo rifar di posta.
Sono anticaglie i mobili, si denno rinnovar.
Vi son mill'altre cose urgenti, imperiosi,
Un parucchiere scegliere, un sarto, gioielliere...

P:

Avete ancor finito?!

N:

Fate le cose in regola! Non ci facciam burlar.

P:

Chi paga?

N:

Oh, bella! Voi!

P:

A dirla qui fra noi, non pago mica.

N:

Now another ruse is brewing!

Three in all! Wonderful, so easy to count.
You, as far as I can see, must be the maggiordomo!
I'll start doubling your pay immediately.
Now listen to the orders it pleases me to give.
I'd like you to hire me a new set of servants:
Fresh, attractive ones will be perfect for us.

Then if you're finished—

I'm not done yet.
A pair of carriages must be in the carriagehouse
tonight:
As for how many horses, the choice is yours.
The house's layout is terrible, let's redo the place.
The furniture is ancient, it must all be refinished.
There are a thousand other urgent tasks to do,
A hairdresser to choose, a tailor, a jeweler.

Are you finished yet?!

Do it all perfectly! We will not be mocked.

Who'll pay?

How delightful! You!

Between us, I'm not spending a dime.

No?

No?

P:

No! Sono o non son padrone?

No! Am I or am I not the master here?

N:

Mi fate compassione. Padrone ov'io comando?

Please. Master in the house I command?

D:

Sorella—

Sister—

N:

Or vi mando. Siete un villano, un tanghero!

Now I'll send you. You're a villain, a putz!

P:

È vero— v'ho sposato!

It's true— I married you!

Ernesto (E):

Bene! Meglio!

Good! Better!

N:

Un pazzo temerario!

A reckless fool!

Che presto alla ragione rimettere saprò.

One I'll soon bring back to reason.

D:

Per carità, cognato. Prudenza!

Please, brother in law. Have prudence!

E:

Il cielo si rannuvola, comincia lampeggiar!

The sky clouds over, and lightning begins to flash!

P:

Io? Io?! Son tradito, beffeggiato!

Me? Me?! I am betrayed, mocked!

Mille furie ho dentro il petto!

A thousand furies rage in my heart!

Quest'inferno anticipato non lo voglio sopportar.

I can't bear the hell that is to come.

E:

Sono, o cara, sincerato; Momentaneo fu il sospetto.

I am, my beloved, sincere; my suspicion was brief.

Solo amor' t'ha consigliato questa parte a recitar.

Only love made you play this part.

N:

Or tavvedi, core ngrato, che fu ingiusto il tuo sospetto

Solo amor m'ha consigliato questa parte a recitar!

Now you see, ungrateful heart, that your suspicion was unjustified!

Only love made me play this part!

D:

Siete un poco riscaldato, mio cognato, andate a letto.

Son stordito, son degnato, l'ha costei con me da far.

You're a bit worked up, brother in law, let's get you to bed.

I am stunned, I am bothered, I'll sort it out with her.

N, E:

Don Pasquale, poveretto, è vicino ad affogar!

Don Pasquale, poor dear, is about to drown!

D:

Don Pasquale, poveretto! Non vi vegga amoreggiar.
Attenzione!

Don Pasquale, poor dear! I don't see you flirting.
Pay attention!

P:

Dalla rabbia, dal dispetto, son vicino a soffocar!

From rage, from spite, I am about to suffocate!

Intermission

“Smoke Gets In Your Eyes”

from *Roberta* (1933), by Jerome Kern (1885-1945), lyrics by Otto Harbach (1873-1963)

They asked me how I knew my true love was true;

I of course replied, “Something deep inside cannot be denied”.

They said, “Someday you'll find all who love are blind!”

When your hearts on fire, you must realize,

Smoke gets in your eyes.
So I chaffed them and I gayly laughed,
To think they could doubt my love!
Yet today, my love has gone away...
I am without my love.
Now laughing friends deride tears I cannot hide;
So I smile and say, "When a lovely flame dies... smoke gets in your eyes."

Selections from *West Side Story* (1957)

by Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990), lyrics by Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021)

"Something's Coming"

Could be! Who knows? There's something due any day;
I will know right away, soon as it shows.
It may come cannonballing down through the sky,
Gleam in its eye, bright as a rose!
It's only just out of reach, down the block, on a beach,
Under a tree...
I got a feeling there's a miracle due,
Gonna come true, coming to me!
Could it be? Yes it could. Something's coming, something good,
If I can wait!
Something's coming, I don't know what it is,
But it is gonna be great!
With a click, with a shock, phone'll jingle, door'll knock,
Open the latch!
Something's coming, don't know when, but it's soon,
Catch the moon, one handed catch!
Around the corner, or whistling down the river,

Come on, deliver to me.
Will it be? Yes it will. Maybe just by holding still,
It'll be there!
Come on something, come on in, don't be shy, pull up a chair!
The air is humming, and something great is coming!
Who knows?
It's only just out of reach, down the block, on a beach,
Maybe tonight...

“Maria”

The most beautiful sound I ever heard: Maria.
All the beautiful sounds of the world in a single word: Maria.
Maria! I just met a girl named Maria,
And suddenly that name will never be the same to me.
Maria! I've just kissed a girl named Maria,
And suddenly I've found how wonderful a sound can be!
Maria! Say it loud and there's music playing,
Say it soft and it's almost like praying.
Maria, I'll never stop saying Maria, Maria!
Say it loud and there's music playing, say it soft and it's almost like praying.
Maria, I'll never stop saying Maria.
The most beautiful sound I ever heard... Maria.

“Ilona”

from “She Loves Me”, music by Jerry Bock (1928-2010), lyrics by Sheldon Harnick (b. 1924)

Come with me, Ilona. I've missed you so much.
How I long for you each evening, when work is through,
For I have only me to be with, while you have you.

Without you, Ilona, how cold my lonely life has grown.

Are you happy alone, Ilona? Ilona, my own?

Come with me, Ilona. Come with me, *cherie*.

Mistletoe, I long for someone; please tell me who.

Like some divine divining rod, it points straight to you.

Remember, Ilona, the sunny nights we knew before.

If you'll just say the word, Ilona, we'll know them once more.

“How Can You Buy Killarney”

by Bing Crosby (1903-1977)

An American landed on Erin's green isle,

He gazed at Killarney with rapturous smile.

“How can I buy it?” he said to his guide.

“I'll tell you how,” with a smile he replied.

How can you buy all the stars in the sky?

How can you buy two blue Irish eyes?

How can you purchase a fond mother's sighs?

How can you buy Killarney?

Nature bestowed all her gifts with a smile,

The emerald, the shamrock, the blarney.

When you can buy all these wonderfu things,

Then you can buy Killarney.

Such a wonderful landscape you never have seen,

A jewel so rare t'would befit any queen.

Pride of old Erin, a joy to behold,
Heaven on Earth, far more precious than gold.
How can you buy all the stars in the sky?
How can you buy two blue Irish eyes?
How can you purchase a fond mother's sighs?
How can you buy Killarney?
Nature bestowed all her gifts with a smile,
The emerald, the shamrock, the blarney.
When you can buy all these wonderful things,
Then you can buy Killarney.

“My Wild Irish Rose”

by Chauncey Olcott (1858-1932)

If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song
Of a flower that's now dropped and dead,
Yet dearer to me, yes, than all of its mates,
Though each holds aloft its proud head.
'Twas given to me by a girl that I know;
Since we've met, faith, I've known no repose,
She is dearer by far than the world's brightest star,
And I call her my wild Irish rose.

My wild Irish rose, the sweetest flower that grows,
You may search everywhere, but none can compare
With my wild Irish rose.

My wild Irish rose, the dearest flower that grows,
And someday for my sake, she may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

They may sing of their roses, which by other names
Would smell just as sweetly, they say;
Yet I know that my Rose would never consent
to have that sweet name taken away.
Her glances are shy whene'er I pass by
The bower where my true love grows.
And my one wish has been that someday I may win
The heart of my wild Irish rose.

My wild Irish rose, the sweetest flower that grows,
You may search everywhere, but none can compare
With my wild Irish rose.
My wild Irish rose, the dearest flower that grows,
And someday for my sake, she may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

“Danny Boy”

Irish Traditional Air

Oh Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountainside.
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go, and I must bide.
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow.
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so.

And when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,

Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me;
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.
