

Arias Aloft: Euphoria

deCordova Sculpture Park, July 14, 2024

Lindsay Albert, Piano

“Flower Duet”

from *Lakmé*

Léo Delibes

(1836-1891)

Erin Anderson, soprano

Arielle Rogers-Wilkey, mezzo-soprano

La vie en rose (Édith Piaf)

Louiguy

(1916-1991)

Kathryn McKellar, soprano

Ellen Waylonis, aerial rope

“Scoglio d’immota fronte”

from *Scipione*, HWV 20

George Frideric Handel

(1685-1759)

Nicola Santoro, soprano

“Barcarolle”

from *Les Contes d’Hoffman*

Jacques Offenbach

(1819-1880)

Kathryn McKellar, soprano

Arielle Rogers-Wilkey, mezzo-soprano

Rachel Barringer, contortion

Lullaby for a Black Mother (Langston Hughes)

Florence Price

(1887-1953)

Arielle Rogers-Wilkey, mezzo-soprano

Ariettes oubliées (Paul Verlaine)

C’est l’extase langoureuse

Claude Debussy

(1862-1918)

Nicola Santoro, soprano

Sophie Kaufman, single point trapeze

“La Petenera”

from *La marchenera*

Federico Moreno Torroba

(1891-1982)

Kathryn McKellar, soprano

“Ah! non credea mirarti... Ah, non giunge”

from *La Sonnambula*

Vincenzo Bellini

(1801-1835)

Erin Anderson, soprano

Mandy Hackman, aerial silks

Intermission

“Habanera” From <i>Carmen</i>	Arielle Rogers-Wilkey, mezzo-soprano Rachel Barringer, tiny aerial hoop	Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
<i>Fiançailles pour rire</i> Fleurs	Kathryn McKellar, soprano	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Blue Skies	Erin Anderson, soprano	Irving Berlin (1888-1989)
“Sull'aria ... che soave zeffiretto” from <i>Le nozze di Figaro</i>	Kathryn McKellar, soprano Nicola Santoro, soprano Sophie Kaufman, tight wire	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man (Oscar Hammerstein II) from <i>Showboat</i>	Arielle Rogers-Wilkey, mezzo-soprano	Jerome Kern (1885-1945)
The Spark of Creation From <i>Children of Eden</i>	Nicola Santoro, soprano	Stephen Schwartz (b. 1948)
Glitter and Be Gay From <i>Candide</i>	Erin Anderson, soprano Ellen Waylonis and Mandy Hackman, duo aerial hoop	Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

Flower Duet from *Lakmé*

Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin
À la rose s'assemble
Sur la rive en fleurs,
Riant au matin
Viens, descendons ensemble

Doucement glissons de son flot charmant
Suivons le courant fuyant
Dans l'onde frémissante
D'une main nonchalante
Viens, gagnon le bord,
Où la source dort et
L'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.

Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin,
Ah! Descendons
Ensemble!

Under the thick dome
Where the white jasmine
With roses entwined together
On the river bank covered with flowers
Laughing in the morning
Let us descend together!

Gently floating on its charming risings,
On the river's current
On the shining waves,
One hand reaches,
Reaches for the bank,
Where the spring sleeps,
And the bird, the bird sings.

Under the thick dome
Where the white jasmine
Ah! Calling us
Together!

(trans. Aaron Green)

La vie en rose

Des yeux qui font basser les miens
Un rire qui se perd sur sa bouche
Voilà le portrait sans retouches
De l'homme auquel j'appartiens

Quand il me prend dans ses bras
Il me parle l'a tout bas
Je vois la vie en rose
Il me dit des mots d'amour
Des mots de tous les jours
Et ça m'a fait quelque chose
Il est entré dans mon cœur
Une part de bonheur
Dont je connais la cause
C'est lui pour moi
Moi pour lui dans la vie
Il me l'a dit, l'a juré pour la vie
Et, dès que je l'aperçois
Alors je sens en moi
Mon cœur qui bat

A gaze that makes me lower my own
A laugh that is lost on his lips
That is the un-retouched portrait
Of the man to whom I belong

When he takes me into his arms
He speaks to me softly
I see life through rose-colored glasses
He speaks words of love to me
They are everyday words
And they do something to me
He has entered into my heart
A bit of happiness
That I know the cause of
It's only him for me
And me for him, for life
He told me, he swore to me, for life
And as soon as I notice him
I feel inside me
My heart beating

(trans. Darby)

Scoglio d'immota fronte

Io n'ammiro il valore, n'amo il bel core.
E se mia fede e l'amor mio non fosse
Avinto altrui sì, n'arderei 'amore.

Scoglio d'immota fronte
nel torbido elemento,
cima d'eccelso monte
al tempestar del vento,
è negli affetti suoi quest'alma amante.
Già data è la mia fé:

s'altri la meritò,
non lagnisi di me;
la sorte gli mancò del primo istante.

I do not admire valor, or a beautiful heart
And if my faith and love were not
bound to another, yes, I would not burn with love.

A rock of motionless opposition
Against the raging elements
Peak of a lofty mountain
In the blowing wind,
In its affections is my loving soul.
I have already given my faith

If another deserved it
Let him not complain of me
For he lacked fortune from the very first moment.

(trans. Bard Suverkrop)

Barcarolle from *Les Contes d'Hoffman*

Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour,
Souris à nos ivresses,
Nuis plus douce que le jour,
Ô belle nuit d'amour!

Le temps fuit et sans retour.
Emporte nos tendresses!
Loin de cet heureux séjour,
Le temps fuit sans retour.

Zéphyrs embrasés,
Versez-nous vos caresses,
Zéphyrs embrasés,
Donnes-nous vos baisers, ah!

Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour...

Beautiful night, oh night of love
Smile on our raptures,
Night more sweet than the day,
Oh beautiful night of love!

The time flies and without return.
Carries away our tender feelings!
Far from this happy place,
The time flies without return.

Zephyrs burning,
Pour on us your caresses,
Zephyrs burning,
Give to us your kisses, ah!

Beautiful night, oh night of love...

(trans. Bard Suverkrop)

Lullaby for a Black Mother

For my little dark baby,
My little earth-thing,
My little love-one,
What shall I sing
For your lullaby?

Stars,
Stars,
A necklace of stars
Winding the night.

My little black baby,
My dark body's baby,

C'est l'extase langoureuse

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.

Ô le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

What shall I sing
For your lullaby?
Moon,
Moon,
Great diamond moon,
Kissing the night.

Oh, little dark baby,
Night black baby,
Stars, stars,
Moon,
Night stars,
Moon,

For your sleep-song lullaby.

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out...
You might take it for the muffled sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
Is it ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?

(Trans. Richard Stokes)

La Petenera

Tres horas antes del día
La lunita buscaba al sol,
Va de lucero en lucero,
¡Ay! Buscando su resplandor.

Tengo un querer forastero
Que por los ojos entró;
Voy de suspiro en suspiro,
¡Ay! Buscando su corazón.

La primera rosa,
La más primorosa,
Que den mis rosales,
Al entregársela, diré...
Tómala.
Tómala, que es tempranera,
Y tu corazón y el mío
Dentro van unidos
En un solo ser.
Tómala;
Tenla dentro de tu pecho
Debajo de siete llaves,
Pa que ya en la vía,
Se salga de él...
Tómala,
Mi querer te la da.

Pregonera, pregonero,
Ve y publícame este pregón:
¿De quien es este cariño
Que he encontrado en mi corazón?
Toyota la gente lo sabe
Y el bien de mi vida, no
Pregonero, pregonero,
Ve y publícame este pregón.

Three hours before the day
The little moon sought the sun
Going from star to star,
Ah! Seeking its radiance.

I have fallen for a stranger
Who captured me with his eyes;
I go from sign to sign,
Ah! Seeking his heart.

The first rose,
The most exquisite,
That flowers in my rose garden
As I yield it to him, I will say...
Take it.
Take it, that is the first fruit,
And your heart and mine
Beat within us as one
In one being.
Take it;
Within your breast,
Securely hidden,
Already on its way,
My heart is gone...
Take it;
I want to give it to you

Town crier, town crier
Hear, and proclaim this cry:
From whom is this fond affection
That I have found in my heart?
Surely the crowd knows,
But the beloved of my soul, no.
Town crier, town crier,
Hear, and proclaim this cry.

(Trans. Christopher Webber)

Ah! non credea mirarti... Ah, non
giunge

Oh! Se una volta sola
Rivederlo io potessi, anzi che all'ara
Altra sposa ei guidasse!
Vana speranza! Io sento suonar la sacra squilla...
Al tempio ei muove... Ah! L'ho perduto...
E pur... rea non son io.
Gran Dio, non mirar il mio pirano: io gliel perdono.
Quanto infelice io sono, felice ei sia...
Questa d'un cor che more è l'ultima preghiera...
L'anello mio... l'anello... ei me l'ha tolto...
Ma non può rapirmi l'immagin sua...
Sculta ella è qui... nel petto.
Nè te d'eterno affetto tenero pegno...
O fior... nè te perdei...
Ancor ti bacio... ma inaridito sei.

Ah, non credea mirarti sì presto estinto, o fiore;

Passasti al par d'amore, che un giorno solo duro.

Potria novel vigore il pianto mio recarti
Ma ravvivar l'amore il pianto mio, ah nò, non può.

Ah, non giunge uman pensiero
Ah contento ond'io son pieno:
A' miei sensi io credo appena;
Tu m'affida o mio tesor.
Ah, mi abbraccia, e sempre insieme,
Sempre uniti in una speme,
Della terra, in cui viviamo
Ci formiamo un ciel d'amor.

Oh! If only one time
I could see him again before going to the altar
Another bride he should lead!
Vain hope! I hear the holy bells sounding
He is going to the church... Ah! I have lost him
And yet, I am not guilty.
Great God, do not look at my tears: I pardon him.
As unhappy as I am, as happy as he may be...
This is the final prayer from a heart that is dying...
My ring.. He has taken my ring from me...
But he cannot take from me his image...
It is engraved here, here in my breast.
Not over eternal love's tender pledge...
Oh flower... I have not lost you...
I kiss you again... but you are withered.

Ah, I did not expect to see you wither so quickly, o
flower;

You passed away just like love that only lasted a
day.

Perhaps my tears can bring you new life
But to revive love, my tears cannot.

Ah, not conceivable by human thought
Of the contentment I am filled with:
I hardly believe in my senses;
You have faith in me, o my treasure.
Ah, embrace me, and always together,
Always united in one hope,
Of the world, on which we live
We will make a heaven of love.

(Trans. Bard Suverkrop)

Habanera

Quand je vous aimerai?
Ma foi, je ne sais pas.
Peut-être jamais, peut-être demain;
Mais oas aujourd'hui c'est certain.

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle,
Que nul ne peut apprivoiser,
Et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'appelle,
S'il lui convenient de refuser.
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.

L'amour est enfant de Bohême,
Il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi;
Si tu ne m'aime pas, je t'aime;
Si je t'aime prend garde à toi!

L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre
Battit de l'aile et s'en vola...
L'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre;
Tu ne l'attend plus, il est là!
Tout autour de toi, vite,
Il vient, s'en va, puis il revient...
Tu crois le tenir, il t'évite;
Tu crois le l'éviter, il te tient!

L'amour est enfant de Bohême...

When will I love you?
My faith, I do not know.
Perhaps never, perhaps tomorrow;
But not today, that is certain.

Love is a rebellious bird,
That nothing can tame,
And it is truly in vain that one calls him,
If it is convenient to refuse it.
Nothing can force it, neither threatening nor
pleading,
One tried cajoling, the other remains silent;
I prefer to follow thr second path,
He has said nothing, but he pleases me.

Love is the child of the Bohemian,
It has never obeyed the law;
If you do not like me, I will love you;
If I love you, you had better watch out for yourself!

The bird you thought to surprise
Flapped its wing and flew away...
Love is far away, you can wait for it;
You need not wait for it longer, it is here!
All around you, quickly,
It comes, it goes, then it returns...
You try to hold it; it avoids you;
You try to avoid it, it holds you!

Love is the child of the Bohemian...

(Trans. Bard Suverkrop)

Fleurs

Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras,
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas,
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrés du sable des mers?
Sable des tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la cheminée
Un cœur enrubanné de plaines Blûle avec ses
images saintes.

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,
Flowers from a step's parentheses,
Who brought you these flowers in winter
Sprinkled with the sea's sand?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves
Your lovely eyes are ashes and in the hearth
A moan-beribboned heart burns with its sacred
images.

(Trans. Richard Stokes)

Blue Skies

I was blue, just as blue as I could be
Ev'ry day was a cloudy day for me
Then good luck came a-knocking at my door
Skies were gray but they're not gray anymore

Blue skies
Smiling at me
Nothing but blue skies
Do I see

Bluebirds
Singing a song
Nothing but bluebirds
All day long

Never saw the sun shining so bright
Never saw things going so right
Noticing the days hurrying by
When you're in love, my how they fly

Blue days
All of them gone
Nothing but blue skies
From now on

I should care if the wind blows east or west
I should fret if the worst looks like the best
I should mind if they say it can't be true
I should smile, that's exactly what I do

Sull'aria ... che soave zeffiretto from *Le nozze di Figaro*

“Canzonetta sull'aria...”
“Sull'aria...”
“Che soave zeffiretto...”
“Zeffiretto...”
“Questa sera spirerà...”
“Questa sera spirerà...”
“Sotto i pini del boschetto.”
“Sotto i pini...”
“Sotto i pini del boschetto.”
“Sotto i pini del boschetto.”
Ei già il resto capirà.
Certo, certo il capirà

Little song on the breeze...
“On the breeze...”
“What a gentle little breeze...”
“Little breeze...”
“This evening will blow...”
“This evening will blow...”
“Beneath the pine trees of the little grove.”
“Beneath the pine trees...”
“Beneath the pine trees of the little grove.”
“Beneath the pine trees of the little grove.”
He will understand the rest.
Certainly, he will understand.

(Trans. Bard Suverkrop)

Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man from *Showboat*

Oh, listen, sista
I love my mista man
And I can't tell you why

There ain't no reason
For me to love that man
It must be something
That the angels done play

Fish gotta swim, birds gotta fly
I gotta love one man 'til I die
Can't help loving that man of mine

When he goes away
That's a rainy day
But when he comes back
That day is fine
The sun will shine

He can come home
As late as can be
Home without him
Ain't no home to me

Can't help lovin that man of mine

Spark of Creation from *Children of Eden*

Beyond, beyond
It sounds full of wind and mist, doesn't it
It means other things exist, doesn't it

Beyond, beyond
It says Adam leave your list, doesn't it
Father why does my head feel this joy and this
dread
Since the moment I said

Beyond
I've got an itching on the tips of my fingers
I've got a burning in the back of my brain
I've got a hunger burning inside me, cannot be
denied

I've got a feeling that the Father who made us
When He was kindling a pulse in my veins
He left a tiny spark of that fire, smoldering inside

The spark of creation is flickering within me
The spark of creation is blazing in my blood
A bit of the fire that lit up the stars and brought life
into the mud
The first inspiration, the spark of creation

I see a mountain and I want to climb it
I see a river and I want to leave shore
Where there was nothing let there be something
Something made by me

There's things waiting for me to invent them
There's worlds waiting for me to explore
I am an echo of the eternal cry of

Let there be
The spark of creation burning bright within me
The spark of creation won't let me rest at all
Until I discover or build or uncover, a thing that I
can call
My celebration of the spark of creation

The spark of creation, may it burn forever
The spark of creation, I am a keeper of the flame
We think all we want is a lifetime of leisure
Each perfect day the same, endless vacation

Well, that's alright if you're a kind crustacean
But when you're born with an imagination
Sooner or later you're feeling the fire, getting hotter
and higher
The spark of creation

Glitter and be Gay from *Candide*

Glitter and be gay,
That's the part I play;
Here I am in Paris, France,
Forced to bend my soul
To a sordid role,
Victimized by bitter, bitter circumstance.
Alas for me! Had I remained
Beside my lady mother,
My virtue had remained unstained
Until my maiden hand was gained
By some Grand Duke or other.

Ah, 'twas not to be;
Harsh necessity
Brought me to this gilded cage.
Pearls and ruby rings...
Ah, how can worldly things
Take the place of honor lost?
Can they compensate
For my fallen state,
Purchased as they were at such an awful cost?

Bracelets... lavalieres
Can they dry my tears?
Can they blind my eyes to shame?
Can the brightest brooch
Shield me from reproach?
Ha ha ha ha ha! Ha!

Observe how bravely I conceal
The dreadful, dreadful shame I feel.
Ha ha ha ha!

Born to higher things,
Here I droop my wings,
Ah! Singing of a sorrow nothing can assuage.

And yet of course I rather like to revel,
Ha ha!
I have ni strong objection to champagne,
Ha ha!
My wardrobe is expensive as the devil,
Ha ha!
Perhaps it is ignoble to complain...
Enough, enough
Of being basely tearful!
I'll show my noble stuff
By being bright and cheerful!
Ha ha ha ha ha! Ha!

Can the purest diamond purify my name?

And yet of course these trinkets are endearing,
Ha ha!
I'm oh, so glad my sapphire is a star,
Ha ha!
If I'm not pure, at least my jewels are!

Enough! Enough!
I'll take their diamond necklace
And show my noble stuff
By being gay and reckless!