

Amor

Jean Carlos Rodriguez, baritone

Constantine Grame, piano

Recorded at the home of Dr. Zena Lansky in Florida

Sponsored by Middy Larson

¡Ay mi morena, morena clara! from ***Luisa Fernanda***

by Federico Moreno Torroba

Non t'amo più by Francesco Paolo Tosti

O du, mein holder Abendstern from ***Tannhäuser***

by Richard Wagner

Opera Matters

SVF faculty talk about their opera company affiliations around the nation.

Featuring Eugene Opera, The Metropolitan Opera, Opera at Williamsburg, New Century Opera

Video edited by Maria Zouves and Zach Dennis

Wanderlust

Kathleen Buccleugh, soprano

Christy Vest, piano

Recorded at Canterbury United Methodist Church, Mountain Brook, Alabama

Sponsored by Marjorie E. and B.H. Levy, Jr.

Selections from ***Cinq mélodies "de Venise"*** by Gabriel Fauré

Mandoline En sourdine Green

Waldseligkeit by Joseph Marx

O mio babbino caro from *Gianni Schicchi* by Giacomo Puccini
Letzte Rose des Sommers from *Martha* by Friedrich von Flotow

Art Matters Featuring Joseph Taylor
Video edited by Maria Zouves

The unRecital

Tiana Sorenson, soprano

Chuck Foster, piano

Recorded at the home of Joseph and Patt Taylor in Illinois

Sponsored by Dr. and Mrs. Bernard Dobroski

Le Rossignol et la Rose by Camille Saint-Saëns

Perduta ho la pace by Giuseppe Verdi

Erlkönig by Franz Schubert

Tonight's performances were edited by Patrick Joel Martin.

Welcome the vareadores.
Since you are happy and singing,
I want to sing with you.
Sing my loves,
because I fell in love.
In a pasture of Extremadura,
I have a blanquina and
chicuca casina.
My poor casina looks like a
palace,
Well, keep a girl like an infantina.
It fills me with joy to
know that the girl,

Translations for Mr. Rodriguez
¡Ay mi morena, morena clara!

he waits for me and waits for me
counting the hours;
to think that they treat
her like a queen,
and be in my meadows the king
who waits for her.
Oh my brunette, light brunette!
Oh my brunette, what a pleasure
it is to look at you!
All my life my companion,
my whole life will be my brunette.
Through the holm oaks of the
pasture,
the vareadores go to their work.
Through the holm oaks I go on my
horse,
to see the girl who has fallen in
love with me.
It will be, God willing, the mistress
and mistress,
of my oak groves and of my
person.
And of the shepherds of the
sweet bagpipes,
that will delight the sovereign.
Oh my brunette, light brunette!
Oh my brunette, what a pleasure
it is to look at you!
All my life my companion,
my whole life will be my brunette.
All my life my companion,
all my life, she will be my brunette

Non t'amo più

Do you still remember the day
that we met;
Do you still remember your
promises?
Crazy from love I followed you,
we were enamored with each
other
And I dreamed next to you, crazy
from love.
I dreamed, happily, of caresses
and kisses
A chain fading away into the sky:
But your words were misleading,
Because your soul is made of ice.
Do you still remember?
Now my faith, my immense
desire;
My dream of love isn't you
anymore:
I don't search for your kisses, I
don't think of you.
I dream of another ideal; I don't
love you anymore.
In the dear days that we spent
together
I scattered flowers at your feet
You were the only hope of my
heart
You were the only thought in my
mind

You watched me beg, turning pale
You watched me cry before you
Only to satisfy your desire, I
Had given my blood and my faith.
Do you still remember?

O du, mein holder Abendstern

Dusk covers the land like a
premonition of death,
Wraps the valley in her dark
mantle;
The soul that longs for those
heights
Dreads to take its dark and awful
flight.
Then you appear, O loveliest of
stars,
And shed your gentle light from
afar;
Your sweet glow cleaves the
twilight gloom,
And as a friend you show the way
out of the valley.
O you, my fair evening star,
Gladly have I always greeted you:

Greet her, from the depths of this
heart,
Which has never betrayed her,
Greet her, when she passes,
When she soars above
this mortal vale
To become a holy angel there!

Translations for Ms. Buccleugh

Mandoline

The gallant serenaders
and their fair listeners
exchange sweet nothings
beneath singing boughs.
Tirsis is there, Aminte is there,
and tedious Clitandre too,
and Damis who for many a cruel
maid writes many a tender song.
Their short silken doublets, their
long trailing gowns, their
elegance, their joy, and their soft
blue shadows Whirl madly in the
rapture of a grey and roseate
moon, and the mandolin jangles
on in the shivering breeze.

En sourdine

Calm in the twilight
Cast by loft boughs,
Let us steep our love
In this deep quiet.
Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our enraptured senses With
the hazy languor

Of arbutus and pine.
Half-close your eyes,
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from your heart now lulled to
rest
Banish forever all intent.
Let us both succumb
To the gentle and lulling breeze
That comes to ruffle at your feet
The waves of russet grass.
And when, solemnly, evening
Falls from the black oaks,
That voice of our despair,
The nightingale shall sing.

Green

Here are flowers, branches,
fruit, and fronds,
And here too is my heart
that beats just for you.
Do not tear it with your
two white hands
And may the humble gift
please your lovely eyes.

I come all covered still with the
dew Frozen to my brow
by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue,
finding rest at your feet,
Dream of dear moments that will
soothe it.

On your young breast let
me cradle my head
Still ringing with your recent
kisses;
After love's sweet tumult
grant it peace,
And let me sleep a while,
since you rest.

Waldseligkeit

The woods begin to rustle
and Night approaches the trees,
as if it were listening happily
for the right moment to caress
them.

And under their branches
I am entirely alone;
I am entirely myself,
entirely yours!

O mio babbino caro

Oh my dear father,
I like him, he is very handsome.
I want to go to Porta Rossa
to buy the ring!
Yes, yes, I want to go there!
And if my love were in vain,
I would go to Ponte Vecchio
and throw myself in the Arno!
I am pining and I am tormented,
Oh God! I would want to die!
Daddy, have mercy, have mercy!

Letzte Rose des Sommers

'Tis the last rose of summer left
blooming alone
All her lovely companions
are faded and gone
No flower of her kindred,
no rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes and
give sigh for sigh

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
to pine on the stem
Since the lovely are sleeping, go
sleep thou with them
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves
o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden lie
scentless and dead So soon may I
follow when friendships decay

And from love's shining circle the
gems drop away
When true hearts lie withered
and fond ones are flown
Oh who would inhabit this bleak
world alone?
This bleak world alone

Translations for Ms. Sorenson

Perduta ho la pace

My peace is gone,
my heart is sore,
I'll find it never
and nevermore.
Without him here
my grave is near,
my world around
is sadness bound.
My sorry head
is all forlorn,
my sorry soul
to pieces torn.

It's only him
I'm looking for,
for him alone
I tend my door.
His lofty walk,
his noble sight,
his smiling face,
his glance's might,
and his expressions'
magic bliss,
his touch of hand
and, oh, his kiss!
My bosom presses
toward his skin;

oh, may I hold him
and draw him in
and may I kiss him
as wants my heart,
under his kisses
to fall apart!

Erlkönig

Who rides so late through
the night and wind?
It is the father with his child.
He has the boy in his arms;
he holds him safely, he keeps him
warm.
'My son, why do you hide your face
in fear?'
'Father, can you not see the
Erlking?
The Erlking with his crown and
tail?'
'My son, it is a streak of mist.'
'Sweet child, come with me.
I'll play wonderful games with
you. Many a pretty flower
grows on the shore;
my mother has many
a golden robe.'
'Father, father, do you not hear
what the Erlking softly
promises me?'
'Calm, be calm, my child:

the wind is rustling in the
withered leaves.'
'Won't you come with me,
my fine lad?
My daughters shall wait upon
you;
my daughters lead the nightly
dance,
and will rock you, and dance, and
sing you to sleep.'
'Father, father, can you not see
Erlking's daughters there in the
darkness?'
'My son, my son, I can see clearly:
it is the old grey willows
gleaming.'
'I love you, your fair form allures
me,
and if you don't come willingly,
I'll use force.'
'Father, father, now he's seizing
me!
The Erlking has hurt me!
The father shudders, he rides
swiftly,
he holds the moaning
child in his arms;
with one last effort he reaches
home;
the child lay dead in his arms