

Texts and Translations
Cecilia Violetta López Recital
December 10, 2021 at 8 pm
Immaculate Heart of Mary Chapel in Santa Fe

Io son l'umile ancella from *Adriana Lecouvreur*
by Francesco Cilea (1866-1950)

Adriana:

Ecco, respiro appena,
Io son l'umile ancella
del genio creator;
Ei m'offre la favella
Io la diffondo ai cor
Del verso io son l'accento,
l'eco del dramma uman
il fragile strumento
vassallo della man.
Mite, gioconda, atroce,
Mi chiamo Fedeltà ;
Un soffio è la mia voce,
che al novo di morrà

English translation:

Look here; I'm scarcely breathing.
I'm but the humble servant
of the brilliant creator;
He offers me the words
that I impart to the heart...
I'm the verse's music,
the echo of the human drama,
the fragile instrument,
the lowly hand-maiden...
Timid, joyous, terrible,
I'm called Faithfulness.
My voice is just a whisper,
which, with the new day, will die.

Una voce poco fa from *Il barbiere di Siviglia*
by Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

Rosina:

Una voce poco fa
qui nel cor mi risuonò;
il mio cor ferito è già,
e Lindor fu che il piagò.

Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
lo giurai, la vincerò. (bis)

Il tutor ricuserà,
io l'ingegno aguzzerò.
Alla fin s'accheterà
e contenta io resterò.

Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
lo giurai, la vincerò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
lo giurai, sì.

Io sono docile, son rispettosa,
sono obbediente, dolce, amorosa;
mi lascio reggere, mi lascio reggere,
mi fo guidar, mi fo guidar.

Ma,
ma se mi toccano
dov'è il mio debole
sarò una vipera, sarò
e cento trappole
prima di cedere
farò giocar, giocar.

E cento trappole
prima di cedere
farò giocar.

English translation:
A voice a while back
echoes here in my heart;
already my heart has been pierced
and Lindoro inflicted the wound.

Yes, Lindoro shall be mine;
I swear it, I will win. (bis)

My guardian will refuse me;
I shall sharpen all my wits.
In the end he will be calmed
and I shall rest content...

Yes, Lindoro shall be mine;

I swear it, I will win.
Yes, Lindoro shall be mine;
I swear it, yes.

I am docile, I'm respectful,
I'm obedient, gentle, loving;
I let myself be ruled, I let myself be ruled,
I let myself be guided, I let myself be guided.

But,
but if they touch me
on my weak spot,
I'll be a viper
and a hundred tricks
I'll play before I yield.

And a hundred tricks
I'll play before I yield.

Je suis encor tout étourdie from *Manon*
by Jules Massenet (1842-1912)

Manon:
Je suis encor tout étourdie,
je suis encor tout engourdie!
Ah! mon cousin ! Excusez-moi!
Excusez un moment d'émoi!
Je suis encor tout étourdie!
Pardonnez à mon bavardage,
j'en suis à mon premier voyage!
Le coche s'éloignait à peine,
que j'admirais de tous mes yeux,
les hameaux, les grands bois, la plaine,
les voyageurs jeunes et vieux.
Ah! mon cousin, excusez-moi,
c'est mon premier voyage!
Je regardais fuir, curieuse,
les arbres frissonnant au vent!
Et j'oubliais toute joyeuse,
que je partais pour le couvent!
Devant tant de choses nouvelles,
ne riez pas, si je vous dis
que je croyais avoir des ailes
et m'envoler en paradis!
Oui, mon cousin!
Puis, j'eus un moment de tristesse,

je pleurais, je ne sais pourquoi.
L'instant d'après, je le confesse,
je riais, ah, ah, ah, etc.
Je riais, mais sans savoir pourquoi!
Ah, mon cousin, excusez-moi,
ah, mon cousin, pardon!
Je suis encor tout étourdie, etc.

English translation:
I'm still completely dizzy,
I feel numb all over!
Cousin, forgive me!
Excuse an emotional moment!
I'm still totally dizzy!
Please forgive my chattering,
this is the first trip I've ever taken!
The coach had scarcely started to move
when I opened my eyes wide watching
the little villages, the forest, the plain,
the passengers, both young and old.
Cousin, forgive me,
it's the first time I've travelled!
Attentively I saw the trees rush by,
trembling in the wind.
And overwhelmed with delight
I was forgetting that I was leaving for the convent!
Faced with so many new things,
don't laugh when I tell you
that I thought I had wings
and was flying to paradise!
Yes, cousin!
Then, I felt a moment of sadness,
I cried, I don't know what about.
Then the very next minute, I confess
I was laughing, ha, ha, ha, etc.
I was laughing, but without knowing why!
Cousin, excuse me,
cousin, forgive me!
I'm still completely dizzy, etc

Glück, das mir verblieb from *Die tote Stadt*
by Erich Korngold (1897-1957)

Glück, das mir verblieb,
rück zu mir, mein treues Lieb.
Abend sinkt im Hag

bist mir Licht und Tag.
Bange pochet Herz an Herz
Hoffnung schwingt sich himmelwärts.

Wie wahr, ein traurig Lied.
Das Lied vom treuen Lieb,
das sterben muss.

Ich kenne das Lied.
Ich hört es oft in jungen,
in schöneren Tagen.
Es hat noch eine Strophe
weiß ich sie noch?

Naht auch Sorge trüb,
rück zu mir, mein treues Lieb.
Neig' dein blass' Gesicht
Sterben trennt uns nicht.
Musst du einmal von mir geh'n,
glaub, es gibt ein Aufersteh'n.

English translation:
Bliss, that has remained with me,
move closer to me, my true love.
In the grove evening is waning,
yet you are my light and day.
Heart beats anxiously on heart,
while hope is soaring heavenward.

How true, a mournful song.
The song of the true love,
that has to die.

I know this song.
I often heard it sung
in happier days of yore.
There is yet another stanza -
have I still got it in mind?

Though dismal sorrow is drawing nigh,
move closer to me, my true love.
Bend your pale face to me
death will not part us.
When the hour of death comes one day,
believe, that you will rise again.

Vissi d'arte from *Tosca*

by Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Tosca:

Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore,
non feci mai male ad anima viva!
Con man furtiva
quante miserie conobbi aiutai.
Sempre con fè sincera
la mia preghiera
ai santi tabernacoli salì.
Sempre con fè sincera
diedi fiori agl'altar.
Nell'ora del dolore
perché, perché, Signore,
perché me ne rimunerì così?
Diedi gioielli della Madonna al manto,
e diedi il canto agli astri, al ciel,
che ne ridean più belli.
Nell'ora del dolor
perché, perché, Signor,
ah, perché me ne rimunerì così?

English translation:

I lived for art, I lived for love
I never did harm to a living soul
With a furtive hand
so many troubles I encountered I soothed
Always with sincere faith
my prayer
rose to the holy tabernacles
Always with sincere faith
I gave flowers to the altars
In my hour of sorrow
why, why, Lord
why do you repay me so?
I gave jewels to the Madonna's mantle
and I gave my singing to the stars in heaven
which then shined more beautifully
In my hour of sorrow
why, why, Lord
oh, why do you repay me so?

Prendi; per me sei libero from *L'elisir d'amore*

by Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Adina:

Prendi; per me sei libero:
Resta nel suol natio,
Non v'ha destin sì rio,
Che non si cangi un dì.
Gli porge il contratto
Qui, dove tutti t'amano,
Saggio, amoroso, onesto,
Sempre scontento e mesto
No, non sarai così.

English translation:
Take; for me you are free:
Stay in the native,
It has not destined you,
That you cannot change one day.
He hands him the contract
Here, where everyone loves you,
Wise, loving, honest,
Always unhappy and sad
No, you will not be like that.

O Mio Babbino Caro from Gianni Schicchi
by Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Lauretta:
O mio babbino caro,
mi piace è bello, bello;
vo'andare in Porta Rossa
a comperar l'anello!
Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!
e se l'amassi indarno,
andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,
ma per buttarmi in Arno!
Mi struggo e mi tormento!
O Dio, vorrei morir!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!

English translation:
Oh, my dear father,
I like him, he's so good-looking,
I want to go to Porta Rossa
To buy the ring!
Yes, yes, that's where I want to go!
And if my love for him were in vain,
I would go to the Ponte Vecchio
To throw myself in the Arno!
It eats me up and torments me!

Oh God, I would die!
Father, have pity, have pity!

- Intermission -

Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Let your heart be light
From now on, our troubles will be out of sight
Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Make the Yuletide gay
From now on, our troubles will be miles away
Here we are as in olden days
Happy golden days of yore
Faithful friends who are dear to us
Gather near to us once more
Through the years we all will be together
If the fates allow
So hang a shining star upon the highest bough
And have yourself a merry little Christmas now.

Still, still, still

Still, still, still
One can hear the falling snow
For all is hushed
The world is sleeping
Holy Star its vigil keeping
Still, still, still
One can hear the falling snow

Sleep, sleep, sleep
'Tis the eve of our Saviour's birth
The night is peaceful all around you
Close your eyes
Let sleep surround you
Sleep, sleep, sleep
'Tis the eve of our Saviour's birth

Dream, dream, dream
Of the joyous day to come
While guardian angels without number
Watch you as you sweetly slumber
Dream, dream, dream
Of the joyous day to come

Gesù Bambino

When blossoms flower
e'er 'mid the snows,
Upon a winter night,
Was born the child, the christmas rose,
The king of love and light.
The angels sang, the shepherds sang,
The grateful earth rejoiced;
And at his blessed birth the stars
Their exultation voiced.
O come let us adore him
O come let us adore him
O come let us adore him
Christ the lord.
Again, the heart with rapture glows
To greet the holy night,
That gave the world it's christmas rose,
Its king of love and light
Let ev'ry voice acclaim his name,
The grateful chorus swell
From paradise to earth he came
That we with him might dwell.
O come let us adore him
O come let us adore him
O come let us adore him
Christ the lord.
When blossoms flower
e'er 'mid the snows,
Upon a winter night,
Was born the child, the christmas rose,
The king of love and light.
Let ev'ry voice acclaim his name,
The grateful chorus swell
From paradise to earth he came
Hosanna Christ the Lord!

O Holy Night

O holy night! The stars are brightly shining, It is the night of our dear Saviour's birth. Long lay the world in sin and error pining, 'Til He appear'd and the soul felt its worth. A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices, For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.

Fall on your knees! O hear the angel voices! O night divine, O night when Christ was born; O night divine, O night, O night Divine.

Led by the light of Faith serenely beaming, With glowing hearts by His cradle we stand. So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming, Here come the wise men from Orient land. The King of Kings lay thus in lowly manger; In all our trials born to be our friend.

He knows our need, to our weakness is no stranger, Behold your King! Before Him lowly bend! Behold your King, Before Him lowly bend!

Truly He taught us to love one another; His law is love and His gospel is peace. Chains shall He break for the slave is our brother; And in His name all oppression shall cease. Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we, Let all within us praise His holy name.

Christ is the Lord! O praise His Name forever, His power and glory evermore proclaim. His power and glory evermore proclaim.

Silver Bells

Christmas makes you feel emotional.

It may bring parties or thoughts devotional.

Whatever happen or what may be,

here is what Christmas time means to me.

City sidewalks, busy sidewalks Dressed in holiday style In the air there's a feeling of Christmas

Children laughing, people passing Meeting smile after smile and on every street corner you'll hear

Silver bells, silver bells It's Christmas time in the city Ring-a-ling, hear them ring Soon it will be Christmas day

Strings of street lights Even stop lights blink a bright red and green As the shoppers rush home with their treasures

Hear the snow crunch See the kids bunch This is Santa's big scene And above all this bustle You'll hear

Silver bells, silver bells It's Christmas time in the city Ring-a-ling, hear them ring Soon it will be Christmas day

I'll be home for Christmas

I'm dreaming to night of a place I love,
even more that I usually do.

And although I know it's a long road back,

I promise you

I'll be home for Christmas

You can count on me

Please have snow

And mistletoe

And presents 'neath the tree

Christmas eve will find me

Where the love light gleams

I'll be home for Christmas
If only in my dreams

Christmas eve will find me
Where the love light gleams
I'll be home for Christmas
If only in my dreams
If only in my dreams

Noche de luz

Noche de luz, noche de paz; reina ya gran solaz do el niño dormido está, mensajero del Dios de verdad. Duerme, niño, en paz; duerme, niño, en paz. Noche de luz, noche de paz; al pastor mostrarás luz celeste en gran plenitud, santos coros que cantan salud. Hoy nació el Señor; hoy nació el Señor. Noche de luz, noche de paz; Ved la luz de Su faz. Es el alba de la redención; Dios, por Él, nos dará salvación. ¡Oh, bendito Jesús! ¡Oh, bendito Jesús!

The Christmas Song

Chestnuts roasting on an open fire
Jack Frost nipping at your nose
Yule-tide carols being sung by a choir
And folks dressed up like Eskimos

Everybody knows a turkey and some mistletoe
Help to make the season bright
Tiny tots with their eyes all aglow
Will find it hard to sleep tonight

They know that Santa's on his way
He's loaded lots of toys and goodies on his sleigh
And every mother's child is gonna spy
To see if reindeer really know how to fly

And so, I'm offering this simple phrase
To kids from one to ninety-two
Although it's been said many times, many ways
Merry Christmas to you.

Feliz Navidad

Feliz navidad
Feliz navidad
Feliz navidad
Prospero año y felicidad

I wanna wish you a merry Christmas
I wanna wish you a merry Christmas

I wanna wish you a merry Christmas
From the bottom of my heart

We wanna wish you a merry Christmas
We wanna wish you a merry Christmas
We wanna wish you a merry Christmas
From the bottom of our heart.

Un bel di vedremo from *Madama Butterfly*

by Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Cio-Cio San:

Un bel di vedremo
levarsi un fil di fumo sull'estremo confin del mare.
E poi la nave appare.
Poi la nave bianca entra nel porto,
romba il suo saluto.
Vedi? È venuto!
Io non gli scendo incontro. Io no.
Mi metto là sul ciglio del colle
e aspetto, e aspetto gran tempo e non mi pesa
la lunga attesa.
E... uscito dalla folla cittadina
un uom, un picciol punto
s'avvia per la collina.
Chi sarà? Chi sarà?
E come sarà giunto?
Che dirà? Che dirà?
Chiamera Butterfly dalla lontana.
Io senza dar risposta
me ne staro nascosta
un po' per celia e un po' per non morire al primo incontro,
ed egli alquanto in pena chiamerà, chiamerà:
"Piccina mogliettina, olezzo di verbena,"
i nomi che mi dava al suo venire.
Tutto questo avverà, te lo prometto.
Tienti la tua paura, io con sicura fede l'aspetto.

English translation:

One fine day we'll see
a wisp smoke rising over the furthest edge of the sea.
And then the ship appears.
Then the white ship comes into the port,
thunders its salute.
Do you see? It has arrived!
I don't go down to meet him. I don't.
I stand there on the brow of the hill

and wait, and wait for a long time and
the long wait won't be tiresome.
And... having left the city crowd
a man, a little dot
sets off up the hill.
Who will it be? Who will it be?
And when he has got close?
What will he say? What will he say?
He'll call "Butterfly" from afar.
Without responding I
I will remain hidden
partly as a joke and partly so as not to die at the first meeting,
and he, somewhat distressed, will call, will call:
"tiny little bride, scent of verbena,"
the names he gave me when he first came.
All this will come true, I promise.
Hold on to your fear. I wait for him with confident faith.