

In Recital

CASEY PEDEN, SOPRANO

Assisted by

ROGER ADMIRAL, HARPSICHORD

Monday, Dec. 3, 2001 at 1PM

FAB 2-7

CD: MMI.66

Program

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|----|------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. | O primavera | Luzzasco, Luzzaschi
(1545-1607) |
| 2. | Svogava con le stelle | Guilio, Caccini
(1545-1618) |
| 3. | Ohime, se tanto amante | |
| 4. | Dolcissimo sospiro | |
| 5. | Ahi, fuggitivo ben | Francesco Rasi
(1574-1620) |
| 6. | Indarno Febo | |

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree for Ms. Peden.

Ms Peden is a recipient of the Beryl Barns Memorial Awards (Graduate).

Translations

O primavera

O primavera, gioventu de l'anno
bella madre di fiori
d'erbe novelle e di novelli Amori.
Tu ben lasso ritorni
ma senza i cari giorni
de le speranze mie.
Tu ben sei quella
ch'eri pur dianzi si vezzosa e bella,
ma non son io gia quel ch'un tempo fui
si caro a gl'occhi altrui.

Springtime, youth of the year,
beautiful mother of flowers,
of fresh grass and new loves;
you, alas, have returned
but not with the sweet days
I hoped for.
You are as you were,
so charming and beautiful,
but I am not as I once was,
so dear to another's eyes.

Svogava con le stelle

Svogava con le stelle
un inferno d'amore
sotto notturno cielo il suo dolore;
e dicea fisso in loro:

O, immagini belle
dell'idol mio ch'adoro,
si come a me mostrate,
mentre cosi splendete,
la sua rara beltade,
cosi mostrate a lei,
mentre cotanto ardete,
i vivi ardori miei.

La fareste co'l vostro aureo sembiante
pietosa si, come me fate amante.

Under the stars, burning with love,
under the night sky,
he gave way to his grief
and said, transfixed by them,
'O beautiful images
of the one I adore
just as you reveal to me
by your shining
her rare beauty,
show her also
how I burn
as much as you shine.

With your golden gleam you would
make her merciful, just as you make
me adore her.

Ohime, se tant' amate

Ohime, se tant' amate
di sentir dir "ohime,"

Deh, perche fate che dice ohime morire?
why do you slay the man who
says "alas?"

S'io moro, un sol potrete
e doloroso ohime sentire;

Ma se, cor mio, vorrete
che vit' abb' io da voi,

voi da me avrete mille dolce "ohime."

Alas, if you are so fond of hearing
someone say "alas," woe is me;
why do you slay the man who
says "alas?"

If I die you'll hear only one sad alas
but if, my heart, you want me to
continue to live because of you,
you can receive a thousand sweet
"alas" from me.

Dolcissimo sospiro

Dolcissimo sospiro,
ch'esci di quella bocca,
ove d'amor ogni dolcezza fioca;
Deh! vieni a raddolcire

Ecco, ch'io t'apro il core.

Ma, folle, a chi ridico il mio martire?

Most gentle sigh,
that leaves a mouth, from which
all the sweetness of love drops;
Oh! come to sweeten my bitter
sorrow.

See, I open my heart to you.

But fool that I am, whom do I

Ad'un sospiro errante
che forse vola in sen ad altro amante!

repeat my torments?
To a wandering sigh which perhaps
drifts off to the bosom of another lover!

Ahi, fuggitivo ben

Ahi, fuggitivo ben come si tosto
sconsolati lasciasti i miei desiri.
Deh, come sia ch'a'miei dolori acosto,
di viver lieta piu, lassa, desiri?
O valli, o fiumi, o poggi - O, tu riposta,
dolce loco pietosa a'miei sospiri.
Se rimbombasti a i miei gravi accenti,
udit', or pregi, i duri miei lamenti.

Alas, my love that is fled, how soon
you left my desires disheartened.
Ah, when you see my grief
how can you still desire to live in happiness?
O valleys, rivers, hills
where once I found solace for my sighing,
if ever you echoed to my sad words,
hear, I beg you, my harsh lamenting.

Indarno Febo

Indarno Febo il suo bel eterno,
e Cynthia mi disvela il puro argento,
ch'io lontano da voi nulla non scerno.

Though Phoebus unveils for me his wondrous
eternal gold
and Cynthia her pure silver,
when I am far from you I see nothing.

E mov'indarno lusinghevol vento
e tra bell'erbe di ruscell'il suono;
ch'io lontano da voi nulla non sento.

The gently breezes may blow,
and the brook may murmur among the reeds;
when I am far from you I hear nothing.

Ohime, dell'esser mio poco ragiono:
ch'io lontano da nulla non sono.

Alas, I think so little of myself,
for when I am far from you I am nothing.