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Saturday, November 11, 2023 at 4:00 PM

# Program

Mi chiamano Mimi (*La Bohème*)..... Giacomo Puccini  
(1858-1924)

With verdure clad (*The Creation*).....Josef Haydn  
(1732-1809)

L'amante spagnolo ..... Gaetano Donizetti  
Non amerò che te (1797-1848)  
Lamento per la morte di Bellini

Obéissons quand leur voix appelle (*Manon*)..... Jules Massenet  
(1842-1912)

## Intermission

Dove sono i bei momenti (*Le Nozze di Figaro*)..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Offrande..... Reynaldo Hahn  
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Je veux vivre (*Roméo et Juliette*)..... Charles Gounod

*Brielle Finkbeiner is a student of Tara Savarino*

*of the requirements of the degree  
Bachelor of Science in Music Education*

**Mi chiamano Mimi**

They call me Mimi

Yes, they call me Mimi,

But my name is Lucia.

My story is brief:

On linen or on silk

I do embroidery at home and outside.

I am peaceful and happy,

And in my pastime, I make lilies and roses.

Those things give me pleasure

Which have such sweet charm,

That speak of love, of springtime,

That speak of dreams and of fantasies,

Those things that have poetic names.

Do you understand me?

They call me Mimi, the reason I do not know.

I make my meals at home by myself.

I do not always go to mass,

But I pray a great deal to the Lord.

I live alone, all alone,

There in a clean little room;

I look out over the roofs and into the sky.

## **L'amante spagnolo**

The Spanish lover

Bring me to the side of my angel

Ah, before the dawn in the sky  
Spreads its rosy veil,  
Tell her with your neighing  
That her faithful lover has returned.

And her face with joy  
You will cause to sparkle,  
And of her day, the delight,  
Oh, my steed, yes, you will be.

Her modest hand will  
Caress you as a friend,  
And only less happy than you  
I shall be.

**Non amerò che te!**

I love only you

What you want to feel for me,  
On earth and in heaven with the angels  
I shall love only you.

For you, poor young girl,  
I shall leave the world,  
In your love, the homeland  
I shall have all in you alone.

Nor will you hear me say, "Come with me,  
Young girl, I am a rich man."

In your soul such a sound.

Pure of human affections,  
Beautiful for your honesty,  
You remain in your ancestors;

For if having me by your side

Displeases you, I shall leave;  
Only where I am pleasing  
To you will I return.

And if I ever want to change feelings  
Of the heavens one day,  
My name forever  
Will be your name.

### **Lamento per la morte di Bellini**

Lament for the death of Bellini

A sigh came on the wings of the breezes  
To Italy:  
For the Sicilian Orpheus,  
It was the last, sad breath:  
It was the farewell of the son  
Who dies on foreign soil.

Italy, moved by the news  
Of such dreadful misfortune,  
Weeps over the cruel fate  
That stole her best one from her,  
And Italy's weeping  
Is echoed in foreign lands.

Now that you have joined the angelic choir, oh, chosen spirit,  
Unfurl your mournful harmonies,  
The song of love,  
And so that the angels may hear you,

Perhaps the harmonious chords  
That you make in paradise  
Will come on the wings of the breezes  
To comfort us and cause us to smile,  
And let them be the farewell of the son

### **Obéissons quand leur voix appelle**

Obey when their voices are calling  
Obey when their voices are calling,  
Beckoning us to tender loves,  
Always, always, always;

As long as you are beautiful,  
Use up your days without counting them,

Let's take advantage of youth,  
Days that spring provides.  
Let's love, laugh, and sing without stopping,

Even the most faithful heart, alas,  
Forgets love in a day, love,

Never to return.  
Let's take full advantage of our youth,

Let's love, sing, and laugh without stopping,

Let's love, sing, and laugh without stopping.

### **Dove sono i bei momenti**

Where are the beautiful moments

I am anxious to know  
How the Count received the proposition.  
The plan seems to me rather bold,

But what harm is there?  
Changing my clothes with those of Susanna,  
And hers with mine, under the cover of night.

A man who, after having treated me with an unheard-of mixture

Where are the beautiful moments  
Of sweetness and of pleasure?  
Where have the promises gone  
That passed from his lying lips?  
Why ever, if in tears and in pain,

Where everything has changed for me,  
Has the memory of that goodness  
Not passed from my breast?

Suffering I feel in loving him  
Could bring me some hope

### **Offrande**

Offering

And here too is my heart that beats only for you.  
Do not tear it with your two white hands  
And may this humble gift be sweet to your lovely eyes.

I arrive covered with the dew  
That the morning wind iced on my brow  
Let my fatigue, resting here at your feet  
Dream of the lovely moments that will refresh it.

On your young breast let me rest my head  
Still ringing with your last kisses,  
Let it be stilled after the sweet tempest  
And let me sleep a little, while you rest.

### **Si mes vers avaient des ailes**

If my verses had wings

To your beautiful garden,  
If my verses had wings

To your cheery hearth,  
If my verses had wings  
Like my spirit.

Pure and faithful, to your side  
They would hasten night and day  
If my verses had wings  
Like love.

**À Chloris**  
To Chloris



Far from the bleak winter,  
Let me slumber  
And breathe the scent of the rose  
Before its petals are plucked.

Like a sweet treasure, ah,

