



New Chamber Opera Studio

Lunchtime Recital Series

Alaw Grug Evans – Soprano
Henry Coop – Piano

**Deh Vieni, non tardar – Le Nozze di
Figaro, Mozart**

Giunse alfin il momento
che godrò senz'affanno
in braccio all'idol mio. Timide cure,
uscite dal mio petto,
a turbar non venite il mio diletto!
Oh, come par che all'amoroso foco
l'amenità del loco,
la terra e il ciel risponda,
come la notte i furti miei seconda!

Deh, vieni, non tardar, oh gioia bella,
vieni ove amore per goder t'appella,
finché non splende in ciel notturna
face,
finché l'aria è ancor bruna e il mondo
tace.
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza
l'aura,

At last comes the moment
When, without reserve, I can rejoice
In my lover's arms: timid scruples,
Hence from my heart,
And do not come to trouble my
delight.
Oh how the spirit of this place,
The earth and the sky, seem
To echo the fire of love!
How the night furthers my stealth!

Come, do not delay, oh bliss,
Come where love calls thee to joy,
While night's torch does not shine in
the sky,
While the air is still dark and the world
quiet.
Here murmurs the stream, here sports
the breeze,

che col dolce sussurro il cor ristaura,
qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba è fresca,
ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adescà.

Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante
ascose,
ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

Tylluanod – Dilys Elwyn-Edwards

Pan fyddai'r nos yn olau,
a llwch y ffordd yn wyn,
A'r bont yn wag sy'n croesi'r dŵr
Difwstwr ym Mhen Llyn.
Y tylluanod y neu tro
Glywid o Lwyncoed Cwm y Glo.

...

A phan dywylla'r cread
Wedi'i wallgofddydd maith,
A dufod gosteg ddiystwr
Pob gweithiwr a phob Gwaith,
Ni bydd eu Lladin ar fy llw,
Na llon, na lleddf.
Twhit, twhw!

Sanglots – Francis Poulenc

Notre amour est réglé par les calmes
étoiles
Or nous savons qu'en nous beaucoup
d'hommes respirent
Qui vinrent de très loin et sont un sous
nos
fronts
C'est la chanson des rêveurs
Qui s'étaient arraché le cœur
Et le portaient dans la main droite
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de tous ces
souvenirs
Des marins qui chantaient comme des
conquérants
Des gouffres de Thulé des tendres
cieux
d'Ophir

Which refreshes the heart with its
sweet whispers.
Here flowers smile and the grass is
cool;
Here everything invites to the
pleasures of love.
Come, my dearest, and amid these
sheltered trees
I will wreath thy brow with roses.

Whenever nights are moonlit,
Dust on the road is white,
The bridge is empty by the lake
Whose water's still and bright.
The owls hoot, flitting to and fro,
Deep in the realms of long ago.

...

And when the creation darkens,
And long, mad days are done.
And all its fretting is now still
And all our courses run.
Their Latin won't have - that is true -
A joy or woe:
Toowhit Toowhoo!

Our love is governed by the calm stars
Now we know that in us many men
have their
being
Who came from afar and are one
beneath our
brows
It is the song of the dreamers
Who tore out their hearts
And carried them in their right hands
Remember dear pride all these
memories
The sailors who sang like conquerors
The chasms of Thule the gentle Ophir
skies

Des malades maudits de ceux qui
fuient leur
ombre
Et du retour joyeux des heureux
émigrants
De ce coeur il coulait du sang
Et le rêveur allait pensant
A sa blessure délicate
Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces
causes
Et douloureuse et nous disait
Qui sont les effets d'autres causes
Mon pauvre coeur mon coeur brisé
Pareil au coeur de tous les hommes
Voici voici nos mains que la vie fit
esclaves
Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout comme
Est mort d'amour et le voici Ainsi vont
toutes
choses,
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi
Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la fin des
temps
Laissons tout aux morts
Et cachons nos sanglots

Fleurs – Francis Poulenc

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

Fantoches – Claude Debussy

Scaramouche et Pulcinella
Qu'un mauvais dessein rassemble
Gesticulent, noirs sous la lune.
Cependant l'excellent docteur
Bolonais cueille avec lenteur

The accursed sick those who flee their
shadows

And the joyous return of happy
emigrants
This heart ran with blood
And the dreamer kept thinking
Of his delicate wound
You shall not break the chain of these
causes
Of his painful wound and said to us
Which are the effects of other causes
My poor heart my broken heart
Like the hearts of all men
Here here are our hands that life
enslaved
Has died of love or so it seems
Has died of love and here it is Such is
the fate
of all things
So tear out yours too
And nothing will be free till the end of
time
Let us leave all to the dead
And conceal our sobs

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.

Scaramouche and Pulcinella
Drawn together by some evil scheme,
Gesticulate, black beneath the moon.
Meanwhile the excellent doctor

Des simples parmi l'herbe brune.
Lors sa fille, piquant minois,
Sous la charmille, en tapinois,
Se glisse, demi-nue, en quête
De son beau pirate espagnol,
Dont un amoureux rossignol
Clame la détresse à tue-tête.

From Bologna is leisurely picking
Medicinal herbs in the brown grass.
Then his daughter, pertly pretty,
Beneath the arbour, stealthily,
Glides, half-naked, in quest
Of her handsome Spanish pirate,
Whose grief a lovelorn nightingale
Proclaims as loudly as he can.

Zur Rosenzeit – Edward Grieg

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!
Jener Tage denk' ich trauernd,
Als ich, Engel, an dir hing,
Auf das erste Knöspchen lauernd
Früh zu meinem Garten ging;
Alle Blüten, alle Früchte
Noch zu deinen Füßen trug
Und vor deinem Angesichte
Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug.
Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht.

You fade, sweet roses,
My love did not wear you;
Ah! You bloom for one bereft of hope,
Whose soul now breaks with grief!
Sorrowfully I think of those days,
When I, my angel, set my heart on you,
And waiting for the first little bud,
Went early to my garden;
Laid all the blossoms, all the fruits
At your very feet,
With hope beating in my heart,
When you looked on me.
You fade, sweet roses,
My love did not wear you;
Ah! you bloom for one bereft of hope,
Whose soul now breaks with grief.

Ein Traum – Edward Grieg

Mir träumte einst ein schöner Traum:
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:
Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach
schwoll,
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut–

Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.
Und schöner noch als einst der Traum

Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit–
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

I once dreamed a beautiful dream:
A blonde maiden loved me,
It was in the green woodland glade,
It was in the warm springtime:
The buds bloomed, the forest stream
swelled,
From the distant village came the
sound of bells–
We were so full of bliss,
So lost in happiness.
And more beautiful yet than the
dream,
It happened in reality,
It was in the green woodland glade,
It was in the warm springtime:

Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe
sprang,
Geläut erscholl vom Dorfe her–
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!
O frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum!

Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit–
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!

The forest stream swelled, the buds
bloomed,
From the village came the sound of
bells–
I held you fast, I held you long,
And now shall never let you go!
O woodland glade so green with
spring!
You shall live in me for evermore–
There reality became a dream,
There dream became reality!