



CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF GREATER DENVER

“Habanera”

Quand je vous aimerai?
Ma foi, je ne sais pas,
Peut-être jamais, peut-être demain.
Mais pas aujourd'hui, c'est certain.

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle
que nul ne peut apprivoiser,
et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'appelle,
s'il lui convient de refuser.
Rien n'y fait, menace ou prière.
L'un parle bien, l'autre se tait.
Et c'est l'autre que je préfère,
il n'a rien dit mais il me plaît.

L'amour! L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!

L'amour est enfant de bohème;
il n'a jamais, jamais, connu de loi.
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime,
et si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!
Prends garde à toi!
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, si tu ne m'aimes pas, je
t'aime!
Prends garde à toi!
Mais si je t'aime, si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre
battit de l'aile et s'envola.
L'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre;
tu ne l'attends plus, il est là!
Tout autour de toi, vite, vite,
il vient, s'en va, puis il revient,
tu crois le tenir, il t'évite,
tu crois l'éviter, il te tient.

L'amour! L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!

L'amour est enfant de bohème;
il n'a jamais, jamais, connu de loi.
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime,
et si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!
Prends garde à toi!
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, si tu ne m'aimes pas, je
t'aime!
Prends garde à toi!
Mais si je t'aime, si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

When will I love you?
My Lord, I don't know.
Maybe never, maybe tomorrow.
But not today, that's for sure.

Love is a rebellious bird
that no one can tame,
and you call him quite in vain
if it suits him not to come.
Nothing helps, neither threat nor prayer.
One man talks well, the other keeps quiet.
It's the other one that I prefer,
he's said nothing, but I like him.

Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love is a gypsy child;
he has never, ever, known the law.
If you love me not, then I love you;
and if I love you, you better watch out!
You better watch out!
If you love me not, if you love me not, then I love
you!
You better watch out!
But if I love you, if I love you, you better watch out!

The bird you thought you had caught
beat its wings and flew away.
Love stays away, you can wait for it;
when you stop waiting, there it is!
All around you, swift, swift,
it comes, goes, then it returns,
you think you hold it fast, it flees,
you think you're free, it holds you fast.

Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love is a gypsy child;
he has never, ever, known the law.
If you love me not, then I love you;
and if I love you, you better watch out!
You better watch out!
If you love me not, if you love me not, then I love
you!
You better watch out!
But if I love you, if I love you, you better watch out!



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“Dance a Cachucha”

Dance a cachucha, fandango, bolero, / Xeres we'll drink — Manzanilla, Montero —
Wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances / The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!
To the pretty pitter, pitter, patter, / And the clitter, clitter, clitter, clatter,
Clitter, clitter, clatter, / Pitter, pitter, patter, / Clitter, clitter, clatter, / Clitter, clitter —
To the pretty pitter, pitter, patter, / And the clitter, clitter, clitter, clatter, / Pitter, pitter, pitter,
Patter, patter, patter, / Patter, we'll dance.

Old Xeres we'll drink — Manzanilla, Montero — / For wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances
The reckless delight of that wildest of dances, / That wildest of dances, / The reckless delight!
Dance a cachucha, fandango, bolero, / Xeres we'll drink — Manzanilla, Montero —
Wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances / The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!
Old Xeres we'll drink — Manzanilla, Montero — / For wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances
The reckless delight of that wildest of dances, / The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!
Cachucha.

“If We're Weak Enough to Tarry”

STREPH. If we're weak enough to tarry / Ere we marry,
You and I, / Of the feeling I inspire / You may tire / By and by.
For peers with flowing coffers / Press their offers -
That is why / I am sure we should not tarry / Ere we marry, / You and I!

PHYL. If we're weak enough to tarry / Ere we marry,
You and I, / With a more attractive maiden, / Iolanthe / Jewel-laden, / You may fly.
If by chance we should be parted, / Broken-hearted / I should die - / So I think we will not tarry
Ere we marry, / You and I.

“None Shall Part Us from Each Other”

PHYLLIS. None shall part us from each other, / One in life and death are we:
All in all to one another - / I to thee and thou to me!

BOTH. Thou the tree and I the flower - / Thou the idol; I the throng - / Thou the day and I the hour -
Iolanthe / Thou the singer; I the song!

STREPH. All in all since that fond meeting / When, in joy, I woke to find
Mine the heart within thee beating, / Mine the love that heart enshrined!

BOTH. Thou the stream and I the willow - / Thou the sculptor; I the clay -
Thou the Ocean; I the billow - / Thou the sunrise; I the day!



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“We’re Called Gondolieri”

We're called gondolieri, / But that 's a vagary, / It's quite honorary / The trade that we ply.
For gallantry noted / Since we were short-coated / To ladies devoted, / My brother and I.
When morning is breaking, / Our couches forsaking, / To greet their awaking / With carols we come.
At summer day's nooning, / When weary lagooning, / Our mandolins tuning, / We lazily thrum.
When vespers are ringing, / To hope ever clinging, / With songs of our singing / A vigil we keep.
When daylight is fading, / Enwrapt in night's shading, / With soft serenading / We lull them to sleep.

Lakmé Flower Duet

Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin
À la rose s'assemble
Sur la rive en fleurs,
Riant au matin
Viens, descendons ensemble.
Doucement glissons de son flot charmant
Suivons le courant fuyant
Dans l'onde frémissante
D'une main nonchalante
Viens, gagnons le bord,
Où la source dort et
L'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.
Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin,
Ah!
Descendons
Ensemble!
Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin
À la rose s'assemble
Sur la rive en fleurs,
Riant au matin
Viens, descendons ensemble.
Doucement glissons de son flot charmant
Suivons le courant fuyant
Dans l'onde frémissante
D'une main nonchalante
Viens, gagnons le bord,
Où la source dort et
L'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.
Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin,
Ah!
Descendons
Ensemble!

Under the thick dome where the white jasmine
With the roses entwined together
On the river bank covered with flowers laughing in
the morning
Let us descend together!

Gently floating on its charming risings,
On the river's current
On the shining waves,
One hand reaches,
Reaches for the bank,
Where the spring sleeps,
And the bird, the bird sings.

Under the thick dome where the white jasmine
Ah! calling us
Together!

Under the thick dome where white jasmine
With the roses entwined together
On the river bank covered with flowers laughing in
the morning
Let us descend together!

Gently floating on its charming risings,
On the river's current
On the shining waves,
One hand reaches,
Reaches for the bank,
Where the spring sleeps,
And the bird, the bird sings.

Under the thick dome where the white jasmine
Ah! calling us
Together!



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Norma “Casta Diva” (English translation of *Norma* “Casta diva” by Maria Callas.)

<p>Casta Diva, che inargenti Queste sacre antiche piante, A noi volgi il bel sembiante Senza nube e senza vel... Tempra, o Diva, Tempra tu de' cori ardenti Tempra ancora lo zelo audace, Spargi in terra quella pace Che regnar tu fai nel ciel... Fine al rito: e il sacro bosco Sia disgombro dai profani. Quando il Nume irato e fosco, Chiegga il sangue dei Romani, Dal Druidico delubro La mia voce tuonerà. Cadrà; punirlo io posso. (Ma, punirlo, il cor non sa. Ah! bello a me ritorna Del fido amor primiero; E contro il mondo intiero... Difesa a te sarò. Cabaletta / Ah! bello a me ritorna Del raggio tuo sereno; E vita nel tuo seno, / E patria e cielo avrò. Ah, riedi ancora qual eri allora, Quando il cor ti diedi allora, / Ah, riedi a me.</p>	<p>Chaste Diva, who inargent these sacred ancient plants, to us turn the beautiful Semblance without cloud and without vel Quenching, Diva, quenching all the ardent choirs quenching the bold zeal again, Spread on earth that peace you make in heaven End of the rite: and the sacred wood be disgusted by the laymen. When the nume irate and gloomy, ask the blood of the Romans, from the druidic I delubre my voice Thunder. Cadr, I can punish him. (but, punish him, the heart does not know. Ah! beautiful to me returns of the fido amor primiero, And against the inner world defense to you sar. Ah! beautiful to me returns of the ray your serene, and life in your bosom, And homeland and heaven avr. Ah, you see again what you were then, when the heart gave you then, h, you see me.)</p>
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Une flûte invisible by Victor Hugo

<p>Viens ! - une flûte invisible Soupire dans les vergers. - La chanson la plus paisible Est la chanson des bergers.</p> <p>Le vent ride, sous l'yeuse, Le sombre miroir des eaux. - La chanson la plus joyeuse Est la chanson des oiseaux.</p> <p>Que nul soin ne te tourmente. Aimons-nous! aimons toujours ! - La chanson la plus charmante Est la chanson des amours.</p>	<p>Come! An flute not seen Murmurs throughout the groves. A song most peaceful Is that song of the shepherds.</p> <p>The wind ripples, beneath holly oak, The water's shadowed mirror. The song most joyous Is the sing-song of birds.</p> <p>Let nothing torment you. Let us love! Let us love always ! The song most charming Is the song of lovers.</p>
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Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja (“I am the Birdcatcher, Yes!”)

<p>PAPAGENO Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja, Stets lustig, heissa! hopsasa! Der Vogelfänger ist bekannt Bey Alt und Jung im ganzen Land. Weiss mit dem Locken umzugeh'n, Und mich aufs Pfeifen zu versteh'n. Drum kann ich froh und lustig seyn; Denn alle Vögel sind ja mein.</p> <p>Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja, Stets lustig, heissa! hopsasa! Der Vogelfänger ist bekannt, Bey Alt und Jung im ganzen Land. Ein Netz für Mädchen möchte ich; Ich fing' sie dutzendweis für mich. Dann sperrte sie bey mir ein, Und alle Mäd en wären mein.</p>	<p>PAPAGENO The bird-catcher, that's me, always cheerful, hip hooray! As a bird-catcher I'm known to young and old throughout the land. I know how to set about luring and how to be good at piping. That's why I can be merry and cheerful, for all the birds are surely mine.</p> <p>The bird-catcher, that's me, always cheerful, hip hooray! As a bird-catcher I'm known to young and old throughout the land. I'd like a net for girls, I'd catch them for myself by the dozen! Then I'd lock them up with me, and all the girls would be mine.</p>
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“Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen” (“In men, who feel love”)

<p>PAMINA Bey Männern, welche Liebe fühlen, Fehlt auch ein gutes Herze nicht.</p> <p>PAPAGENO Die süßen Triebe mit zu fühlen, Ist dann der Weiber erste Pflicht.</p> <p>BEYDE Wir wollen uns der Liebe freu'n, Wir leben durch die Lieb allein.</p> <p>PAMINA Die Lieb' versüset jede Plage, Ihr opfert jede Kreatur.</p> <p>PAPAGENO Sie würzet unsre Lebenstage, Sie wirkt im Kreise der Natur.</p> <p>BEYDE Ihr hoher Zweck zeigt deutlich an, Nichts edlers sey, als Weib und Mann. Mann und Weib, und Weib und Mann, Reichen an die Götter an.</p>	<p>PAMINA In men who feel love, a good heart, too, is never lacking.</p> <p>PAPAGENO Sharing these sweet urges is then women's first duty.</p> <p>PAMINA, PAPAGENO We want to enjoy love; it is through love alone that we live.</p> <p>PAMINA Love sweetens every sorrow; every creature pays homage to it.</p> <p>PAPAGENO It gives relish to the days of our life, it acts in the cycle of nature.</p> <p>PAMINA, PAPAGENO Its high purpose clearly proclaims: there is nothing nobler than woman and man. Man and woman, and woman and man, reach towards the deity.</p>
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“Der Hölle Rache kocht in meinem Herzen” (“Hell’s Vengeance Boils in my Heart- Queen of the Night”)

<p>KÖNIGIN DER NACHT Der Hölle Rache kocht in meinem Herzen, Tod und Verzweiflung flammet um mich her! Fühlt nicht durch dich Sarastro Todesschmerzen, So bist du meine Tochter nimmermehr. Verstossen sey auf ewig und verlassen, Zertrümmert alle Bande der Natur, Wenn nicht durch dich Sarastro wird erblassen! Hört Rache, - Götter! - Hört der Mutter Schwur.</p> <p><i>Sie versinkt.</i></p>	<p>QUEEN OF THE NIGHT My heart is seething with hellish vengeance, death and despair are blazing around me! Unless Sarastro feels the pangs of death at your hands you are no longer my daughter. Forever disowned, forever abandoned, forever destroyed may all ties of nature be, unless Sarastro dies at your hands! Hear! Gods of vengeance! Hear a mother's vow!</p> <p><i>She gives Pamina the dagger and disappears.</i></p>
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“Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen” (“A girl or a woman”)

<p>PAPAGENO Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen Wünscht Papageno sich! O so ein sanftes Täubchen Wär' Seligkeit für mich! - Dann schmeckte mir Trinken und Essen; Dann könnt' ich mit Fürsten mich messen, Des Lebens als Weiser mich freu'n, Und wie im Elysium seyn.</p> <p>Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen Wünscht Papageno sich! O so ein sanftes Täubchen War' Seeligkeit für mich! - Ach kann ich denn keiner von allen Den reizenden Mädchen gefallen? Helf' eine mir nur aus der Noth, Sonst gräm' ich mich wahrlich zu Tod'.</p> <p>Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen, Wünscht Papageno sich! O so ein sanftes Täubchen Wär' Seligkeit für mich. Wird keine mir Liebe gewähren, So muss mich die Flamme verzehren! Doch küsst mich ein weiblicher Mund, So bin ich schon wieder gesund.</p>	<p>PAPAGENO A girl or a little wife is what Papageno desires. Oh, a sweet little dove like that would be bliss for me! Then I should drink and eat with relish, then I could hold my own with princes, enjoy life in my wisdom, and be as if in Elysium.</p> <p>A girl or a little wife is what Papageno desires. Oh, a sweet little dove like that would be bliss for me! Ah, can't I find one, then, amongst all the lovely girls, who would like me? Let just one help me out of my misery, or I shall truly die of grief.</p> <p>A girl or a little wife is what Papageno desires. Oh, a sweet little dove like that would be bliss for me! If no one will offer me love, then the fire must consume me, but if a woman's lips kiss me, I shall be well again straightaway!</p>
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Lyrics from: <https://www.opera-arias.com/mozart/die-zauberflote/>