



2021 Virtual Donor Recital

Lauren Nash Silberstein, Soprano
Maeve Berry, Piano

Translations

Zosia: Tu niegdyś w wiosny poranki

Tu niegdyś w wiosny poranki
Najpiękniejsza z tego siola
Zosia pasająca baranki
Skacze i śpiewa wesoła
La la la la

Oleś za gołąbków parę
Chciał raz pocałować w usta
Lecz i prośbę, i ofiarę
Wyśmiała dziewczyna pusta
La la la la

Józio dał wstążkę pasterce
Antoś oddał swoje serce;
Lecz i z Józia i z Antosia
Śmieje się pierzchliwa Zosia
La la la la

Translation by Dr. Malgorzata Kellis

Zosia, Here Early in Spring

Here once in the spring morning
The most beautiful from the village
Zosia while leading the lambs
is happily jumping and singing.
La la la la

Oleś offering a couple of pigeons
He wanted to kiss her lips just once
But from the gift and request
The silly girl made fun of him
La la la la

Józio gave the ribbon to the shepherdess
Antoś gave his heart
But at both Józia and Antosia
laughs the timid Zosia
La la la la

Tren X

Orszulo moja wdzięczna,
gdzieś mi się podziła?
W którą stronę,
w którąś się krainę udała?
Czyś ty nad wszystkie nieba wysoko wniesiona
I tam w liczbę aniołków małych policzona?
Czyliś do raju wzięta?
Czyliś na szczęśliwe Wyspy zaprowadzona?
Czy cię przez teskliwe Charon jeziora wiezie
i napawa zdrojem niepomyślnym,
że ty nie wiesz nic o płaczu moim?

Lament Ten

O, my grateful Orszulo
What has become of you?
Into which side,
Into which land did you proceed?
Are you high over all heavens?
And added to the number of small angels?
Were you taken to paradise?
Are you onto happy islands?
Is Charon carrying you through crying lakes?
And is scaring you with scary spring?
So you don't know anything about my crying?

Czy człowieka rzuciwszy
i myśli dziewicze,
Wzięłaś na się postawę i piórka słowicze?
Czyli sie w czyścju czyścisz,
jeśli z strony ciała
Jakakolwiek zmazeczka na tobie została?
Czyś po śmierci tam poszła,
kędys pierwej była,
Niżeś sie na mą ciężką żalść urodziła?
Gdziekolwiek jest, jesliś jest,
lituj mej żalści,
A nie mozesz li w onej dawnej swej calosci,
Pociesz mię, jako mozesz,
a staw sie przede mną
Lubo snem, lubo cieniem,
lub marą nikczemną.

Translation by Dr. Malgorzata Kellis

After you abandoned human body
And virgin thoughts.
You took the shape of feathers and a nightingale?
Or in purgatory you are cleaning yourself?
If as a body
Any stain was left on you?
Or after death you went over there?
Where you were first,
Or you were born to bring me this heavy grief?
Wherever you are, if you are,
Have mercy on my grief?
Can't you in your old shape
Give me hope, if you can
And stand before me
Preferably as a dream or as a shadow,
Or as a horrible nightmare.

Quando men vo

Quando men vo soletta per la via,
La gente sosta e mira
E la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me
Da capo a pie'...

Ed assaporo allor la bramosia
Sottile, che da gli occhi traspira
E dai palesi vezzi intender sa
Alle occulte beltà.
Così l'effluvio del desio
tutta m'aggira,
Felice mi fa!

E tu che sai, che memori e
ti struggi
Da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben:
le angosce tue non le vuoi dir,
Ma ti senti morir!

When I walk all alone in the street
People stop and stare at me
And look for my whole beauty
From head to feet

And then I taste the slight yearning
which transpires from their eyes
able to perceive from manifest charms
to most hidden beauties.
So the scent of desire
is all around me,
it makes me happy!

And you, while knowing, reminding
and longing,
you shrink from me?
I know it very well:
you don't want to express your anguish,
but you feel as if you're dying!

Ach, ich fühl's

Ach, ich fühl's, es ist verschwunden,
Ewig hin der Liebe Glück!
Nimmer kommt ihr Wonnestunde
Meinem Herzen mehr zurück!
Sieh', Tamino, diese Tränen,
Fließen, Trauter, dir allein!
Fühlst du nicht der Liebe Sehnen,
So wird Ruh' im Tode sein!

Caro mio ben

Caro, mio ben
credimi, almen
senza di te
languisce il cor.
Il tuo fedel
sospira ognor
cessa, crudel,
tanto rigor.

O mio babbino caro

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!

Ah, I can feel it, love's happiness
Is fled forever!
Nevermore, O hours of bliss,
Will you return to my heart!
See, Tamino, these tears
Flow for you alone, beloved.
If you do not feel love's yearning,
I shall find peace in death!

Dearest, my beloved
Believe me at least this much,
Without you,
languishes my heart.
Your faithful one
sighs always
cease, cruel one,
Such rigor (meanness).

My dear father,
I like him, he's beautiful, beautiful;
I want to go to Porta Rossa
and buy the ring!
Yes, yes, I want to go!
And if my love is in vain,
I would go upon Ponte Vecchio
only to jump in the Arno
I long for him and torment myself
O God, I'd like to die!
Father, have pity, have pity!