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Speak Love: A Master's Recital

Carrina Macaluso, mezzo soprano

Gabrielle Lowman, piano

Sunday, Feb. 15, 2026, 4:30 p.m.

Chamber Hall (S102)

PROGRAM

Fêtes galantes I

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Poet: Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

En sourdine

Fantoches

Clair de lune

Frauenliebe und Leben

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Poet: Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838)

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Süsser Freund, du blickest

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Intermission

La Regata Veneziana

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

Poet: Count Carlo Pepoli (1796-1881)

Anzoleta avanti la regata

Anzoleta co passa regata

Anzoleta dopo la regata

Selections from *One Touch of Venus*

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Librettists: S.J. Perelman (1904-1979),

Ogden Nash (1902-1971)

Foolish Heart

I'm a Stranger Here Myself

Speak Low

PROGRAM NOTES

Fêtes galantes I

Fêtes galantes is a series of poems by French poet Paul Verlaine (1844-1896) written in 1869. Verlaine's writing style in these poems exemplifies the Parnassian and Symbolist poetic movements. These poems - and Claude Debussy's musical settings of these poems - are thought to have drawn inspiration from the "fête galante" paintings of Antoine Watteau (1684-1721). Watteau's paintings depict bright, idyllic scenes featuring Italian commedia dell'arte characters. Debussy's song settings of these poems are what we now call impressionist music. There is no distinct retainable melody, and meter changes make these pieces ambiguous. The musical lines are driven by gesture and emotion rather than tonality, creating a sensual and intimate soundscape.

En sourdine

Two lovers have just shared an intimate tryst in the woods. They are luxuriating after the act and lingering in each other's presence as evening turns to night. Verlaine's poetry intermingles the peace and beauty of nature with the lovers' closeness. The repeating piano motif represents the call of the nightingale, which serves to ground the piece that exists otherwise in a dreamlike, timeless state.

Fantoches

“Fantoches” depicts a vibrant series of vignettes featuring various characters. The commedia dell’arte caricatures Scaramouche and Pulcinella open the scene. Later, a doctor of Bologna is introduced, and his daughter tries to seduce a Spanish pirate. I like to envision the narrator of this song as a bystander soaking in all kinds of gossip at a grand party.

Clair de lune

“Clair de lune” has one of my favorite opening lines of poetry in mélodie repertoire: “Your soul is a chosen landscape”. You can clearly see the influence of Watteau’s art in the text painting that Debussy uses throughout this piece. A melancholic scene is created filled with masked individuals playing the lute, who appear sad beneath their disguises. Verlaine intermingles the music making of these individuals with the natural world. This final song of the set concludes the work in a bittersweet fashion.

Frauenliebe und Leben

At the time that Robert Schumann composed *Frauenliebe und leben* in 1840, women in works of lieder served primarily as unattainable, fleeting objects of men’s desires. When women did speak for themselves in the lied tradition, they were often depicted as “mad” such as in Schubert’s *Gretchen am spinnrade*. Schumann’s setting of Adelbert Chamisso’s poetry depicts our protagonist as a nuanced and complex individual.

When I first learned about this cycle in high school, I thought to myself, “Why does a cycle that speaks so intimately from a woman’s perspective set poetry written by a man as well as music composed by a man?” For that reason, I wrote off the cycle, and left it untouched and unsung until I got to graduate school. This thought still sits in the back of my mind as I have prepared to perform this work, but I have since gained a greater appreciation for the cycle. To me, Schumann’s *Frauenliebe und Leben* is just as much of a coming-of-age story as it is a love story. It humanizes the 19th century woman and allows her to narrate her own thoughts and speak her mind. After sitting with how to interpret this piece, and how to depict the whirlwind of intense emotions while not over-acting what is supposed to be an internal monologue, I have decided to treat this entire cycle as a eulogy of sorts. The narrator has lost her husband, and she is replaying all the memories in her mind as she reflects on her love, and on the life of her beloved taken from her too soon.

Seit ich ihn gesehen

In the opening piece of the cycle, our narrator sees a man and becomes absolutely enamored with him. This is a romantic awakening for the young woman protagonist, and we get to hear her inner monologue as she comes to terms with her changing interests as she gets older and grows into herself as an individual.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

“Er, der Herrlichste von allen” showcases the simultaneous excitement and agony of having a crush. Our protagonist is enveloped in the world of her mind with racing thoughts of “am I good enough for him?”, “He is the best person I have ever seen!”, “I hope he doesn’t know that I like him”, etc. This song is a raging storm of teenage hormones.

Ich kann’s nicht fassen nicht glauben

The man that our protagonist has been obsessed with has told her that her feelings are reciprocated. Surely this can’t be. . . at least, she does not think so. The narrator is wrapped up in her own insecurities which prevent her from accepting the fact that she is deserving of love, too.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Our protagonist has just gotten engaged, and she is anticipating her future with her soon to be husband. In the song, she is speaking to the ring that has just been given to her. The song is introspective and exists in a dream-like state. For all the conflicted feelings in the previous song, this song meets that inner conflict with acceptance.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

It is the day of the wedding, and our protagonist is in the bridal suite getting ready with all her sisters and friends. This piece is filled with a sense of excitement, giddiness, and nerves.

The bride describes the bittersweet feeling of leaving her sisters to become a wife. She then walks down the aisle as the piece concludes, underscored by a grand wedding march in the piano line.

Süsser Freund, du blickest

“Süsser Freund” is, in my opinion, one of the most intimate works of lieder ever composed. This song depicts a vulnerable moment where our protagonist reveals her pregnancy to her husband in the bedroom they now share. Through tears of joy, the narrator is overwhelmed with all the emotions that come along with starting this next chapter of her life with her beloved husband, and their unborn child.

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

“An meinem Herzen” encapsulates the joys of motherhood. Schumann has set this piece in 6/8 time, creating a gentle rocking motive that propels the song forward and paints a picture of our protagonist cradling her child while singing. This song highlights the special relationship between a mother and her child.

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

This final piece in *Frauenliebe und Leben* takes place after the narrator’s partner has died. It is ambiguous whether there is a time jump from the previous song to this song, but I envision the death of the narrator’s husband to be sudden to account

for the lack of all the milestones that take place between having one's first child and starting a family to the death of one's partner. This song embodies the anger stage of grief. The piece ends with a musical theme heard in the first piece, when the narrator sees her future partner for the first time. The narrator's remembrance of seeing her partner for the first time causes her anger to soften in a moment of reflection and gratitude for her lover.

La Regata Veneziana

Gioachino Rossini is among the most beloved Italian opera composers. He was one of the innovators of the Bel Canto style, which is characterized by florid, technically challenging, and soaring vocal lines with coloratura. *La Regata Veneziana* features vocal writing that is reminiscent of his operas and encapsulates this florid style. The cycle is told from the perspective of Anzoleta, a young Venetian woman who is spectating a gondola race. Her lover, Momolo, is participating in the race. Anzoleta embodies a classic Rossini character archetype. She is manipulative, funny, dramatic, and cunning. Anzoleta is determined to ensure that Momolo wins this gondola race, and she is willing to pull some strings to make this happen.

Anzoleta avanti la regata

The opening piece of this set depicts our protagonist, Anzoleta, before the gondola race. In this piece, Anzoleta is motivating her lover, Momolo to win the race. She encourages him to row with his heart and soul, and to have no fear in the race. Additionally, she declares that if he does not win the race, he should run away and hide.

Anzoleta co passo la regata

The race has now begun, and the rowers are off. Anzoleta watches the race with anxiety, always keeping a watchful eye on Momolo. She notices that Momolo is in second place and cheers him on. Momolo sees Anzoleta and musters the strength to get ahead of the pack. After all, their entire relationship does depend on him winning the race.

Anzoleta dopo la regata

Momolo has won the race! Anzoleta showers him with kisses and adoration. All of Venice will be talking about Momolo's victory.

Selections from *One Touch of Venus*

Kurt Weill is a German born American composer notable for his contributions to the genre of Gebrauchsmusik: music composed for an identifiable purpose in relation to historical, cultural, and political events. Weill's musical, *One Touch of Venus*, was published in 1943. Weill fled Nazi Germany and had been in America for eight years by the time he had written this musical. *One Touch of Venus* exemplifies his Broadway inspired writing style. The musical satirizes contemporary American suburban values and traditions. Rodney Hatch, a barber is engaged to his fiancée, Gloria. While visiting an art museum, Rodney is intrigued by a statue of the Roman goddess, Venus. He decides on a whim to put his engagement ring on Venus' finger. Venus then comes to life, and begins pursuing Rodney, who initially pushes back because he is engaged. Each of the selections I have chosen to include in this program are sung by the character of Venus. She laments the woes of love, and the struggles of seducing a man who is engaged to another woman.

Foolish heart

Sometimes, the heart doesn't want a love that is convenient or a love that makes sense. It can be easy to fall hard and fast for someone who does not reciprocate those feelings, or vice versa, we are oblivious to a love that is right in front us. This song explores the trials and tribulations of an unrequited love.

I'm a stranger here myself

This is the first selection Venus sings after her advances are initially rejected by Rodney. She cannot fathom why Rodney would not be attracted to her. Confused, and a little insulted, Venus questions whether people even bother with love nowadays.

Speak low

“Speak low” is a musing on the fleeting nature of time, and how time spent with loved ones always seems to end swiftly. This tune is a popular jazz standard and has been recorded by the greats including Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald, and Billie Holiday.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Fêtes galantes I

Poet: Paul Verlaine

Translation: Richard Stokes

En sourdine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Fondons nos âmes, nos cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient à tes pieds rider
Les ondes des gazons rous.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

Muted

Calm in the twilight
Cast by lofty boughs,
Let us steep our love
In this deep quiet.

Let us blend our souls, our hearts
And our enraptured senses
With the hazy languor
Of arbutus and pine.

Half-close your eyes,
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from your heart now lulled to rest
Banish forever all intent.

Let us both succumb
To the gentle and lulling breeze
That comes to ruffle at your feet
The waves of russet grass.

And when, solemnly, evening
Falls from the black oaks,
That voice of our despair,
The nightingale shall sing.

Fantoches

Scaramouche et Pulcinella
Qu'un mauvais dessein rassembla
Gesticulent, noirs sous la lune.

Cependant l'excellent docteur
Bolonais cueille avec lenteur
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.

Marionettes

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

Meanwhile the excellent doctor
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.

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres

Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
bewitched by masquers and bergamaskers,
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises.
Singing as they go in a minor key
of conquering love and life's favours,
they do not seem to believe in their fortune
and their song mingles with the light of the moon,

The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,
that sets the birds dreaming in the trees
and the fountains sobbing in their rapture,
tall and svelte amid marble statues.

Frauenliebe und Leben

Poet: Adelbert von Chamisso

Translation: Richard Stokes

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehrt ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein.

Since first seeing him

Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind,
Wherever I look,

Him only I see;
As in a waking dream
His image hovers before me,
Rising out of deepest darkness
Ever more brightly.
Once, revelling in freedom,
All else is dark and pale
Around me,
My sisters' games
I no more long to share,
I would rather weep
Quietly in my room;
Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

He, the most wonderful of all

He, the most wonderful of all,
How gentle and loving he is!
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
A clear mind and firm resolve.

Just as there in the deep-blue distance
That star gleams bright and brilliant,
So does he shine in my sky,
Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime.
Wander, wander on your way,
Just to gaze on your radiance,
Just to gaze on in humility,
To be but blissful and sad!

Do not heed my silent prayer,
Uttered for your happiness alone,
You shall never know me, lowly as I am,
You noble star of splendour!

Only the worthiest woman of all
May your choice elate,
And I shall bless that exalted one
Many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and weep,
Blissful, blissful shall I be,
Even if my heart should break,
Break, O heart, what does it matter?

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
„Ich bin auf ewig dein“—
Mir war's—ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O lass im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

I cannot grasp it, believe it

Translation: Richard Stokes

I cannot grasp it, believe it,
A dream has beguiled me;
How, from all women, could he
Have exalted and favoured poor me?
He said, I thought,
'I am yours forever',
I was, I thought, still dreaming,
After all, it can never be.

O let me, dreaming, die,
Cradled on his breast;
Let me savour blissful death
In tears of endless joy.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.
Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

You ring on my finger

You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

I had finished dreaming
Childhood's peaceful dream,
I found myself alone, forlorn
In boundless desolation.

You ring on my finger,
You first taught me,
Opened my eyes
To life's deep eternal worth.

I shall serve him, live for him,
Belong to him wholly,
Yield to him and find
Myself transfigured in his light.

You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir,
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verscheuchen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit,
Dass ich mit klarem
Aug ihn empfange,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?
Lass mich in Andacht,
Lass mich in Demut,
Lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar,
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüss ich mit Wehmut,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

Help me, my sisters

Help me, my sisters,
With my bridal attire,
Serve me today in my joy,
Busily braid
About my brow
The wreath of blossoming myrtle.
When with contentment
And joy in my heart
I lay in my beloved's arms,
He still called,
With longing heart,
Impatiently for this day.
Help me, my sisters,
Help me banish
A foolish fearfulness;
So that I with bright eyes
May receive him,
The source of all my joy.

Have you, my love,
Really entered my life,
Do you, O sun, give me your glow?
Let me in reverence,
Let me in humility
Bow before my lord.
Scatter flowers, O sisters,
Scatter flowers before him,
Bring him budding roses.
But you, sisters,
I greet with sadness,
As I joyfully take leave of you.

Süsser Freund, du blickst

Süsser Freund, du blickst
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Lass der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudig hell erzittern
In dem Auge mir!

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüsst ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich's sagen soll;

Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

Weisst du nun die Tränen,
Die ich weinen kann,
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann?
Bleib an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Dass ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.
Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildnis
Mir entgegen lacht.

Sweet friend, you look

Sweet friend, you look
At me in wonder,
You cannot understand
How I can weep;
Let the unfamiliar beauty
Of these moist pearls
Tremble joyfully bright
In my eyes!

How anxious my heart is,
How full of bliss!
If only I knew
How to say it in words;
Come and hide your face
Here against my breast,
For me to whisper you
All my joy.
Do you now understand the tears
That I can weep,
Should you not see them,
Beloved husband?
Stay by my heart,
Feel how it beats,
That I may press you
Closer and closer.

Here by my bed
There is room for the cradle,
Silently hiding
My blissful dream;
The morning shall come
When the dream awakens,
And your likeness
Laughs up at me.

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb ist das Glück,
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.

Hab überschwenglich mich geschätzt,
Bin überglücklich aber jetzt.
Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;

Nur eine Mutter weiss allein,
Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein.

O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!

Du lieber, lieber Engel, Du
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

On my heart, at my breast

On my heart, at my breast,
You my delight, my joy!

Happiness is love, love is happiness,
I've always said and say so still.

I thought myself rapturous,
But now am delirious with joy.

Only she who suckles, only she who loves
The child that she nourishes;
Only a mother knows
What it means to love and be happy.

Ah, how I pity the man
Who cannot feel a mother's bliss!

You dear, dear angel, you,
You look at me and you smile!

On my heart, at my breast,
You my delight, my joy!

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
Der aber traf.
Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich hin,
Die Welt ist leer.
Geliebet hab ich und gelebt, ich bin
Nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh' mich in mein Innres still zurück,
Der Schleier fällt,
Da hab ich dich und mein verlornes Glück,
Du meine Welt!

Now you have caused me my first pain

Now you have caused me my first pain,
But it struck hard,
You sleep, you harsh and pitiless man,
The sleep of death.

The deserted one stares ahead,
The world is void.

I have loved and I have lived,
And now my life is done.

Silently I withdraw into myself,
The veil falls,
There I have you and my lost happiness,
You, my world!

La Regata Veneziana

Poet: Count Carlo Pepoli (1796-1881)

English translation: Anonymous

Anzoleta avanti la regata

Là su la machina xe la bandiera varda,
la vedistu, vala a ciapar.

Co quela tornime in qua sta sera,
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar.

In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.

Va, voga d'anema la gondoleta
nè el primo premio te pol mancar,
va là, recordite la to Anzoleta
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.

In pope, Momolo, no te incantar,
cori a svolar.

Angelina before the regata

Over there on the machina the flag is flying,
Look, you can see it, now go for it.
Bring it back to me this evening,
Or else run away and hide.

Once in the boat, Momolo, don't gawp.
Row the gondola with heart and soul,
Then you cannot help but be first.
Go on, think of your Angelina
Watching you from this balcony.

Once in the boat, Momolo, don't gawp.
Once in the boat, Momolo, fly like the wind.

Azoleta co passa la regata

I xe qua, vardeli,
povereti i ghe da drento,
ah contrario tira el vento,
i gha l'acqua in so favor.

El mio Momolo dov'elo?
Ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.
Ah! che smania! mi confondo,
a tremar me sento el cuor.

Su coragio, voga, prima d'esser al paleto se ti voghi,
ghe scometo, tutti indrio ti lassarà.
Caro, par che ei svola, el li magna tutti quanti,
meza barca l'è andà avanti,
ah capisso, el m'a vardà.

Angelina during the regata

Here they come, here they come, look at them,
The poor things, they're nearly done in,
Ah, the wind is against them,
But the tide's in their favour.
My Momolo, where is he?
Ah, I see him, in second place.
Ah! the excitement's too much for me,
I can feel my heart racing.

Come on, keep it up, row, row,
You must be first to the finish,
If you keep rowing, I'll lay a bet
You'll leave all the others behind.

Dear boy, it's as if he's flying,
And he's beating the lot of them,
He's gone half a length ahead,
Ah! Now I understand – he's seen me.

Anzoleta dopo la regata

Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,
caro Momolo, de cuor;
qua destrachite che xe ora de sugarte sto sudor.

Ah t'ho visto co passando
su mi l'ocio ti a butà

e godito respirando:
un bel premio el ciaparà...

Sì un bel premio in sta bandiera
che xe rossa de color;
gha parlà Venezia intiera,
la t'a dito vincitor.

Ciapa un baso, benedeto a vogar nissun te pol,
de casada de traghetto ti xe el megio barcarol.

Angelina after the regata

Take a kiss, another,
dear Momolo, from my heart;
here at your right hand is it time to dry your sweat.

Ah I have seen you in passing
by throwing my glance toward you
and enjoyed whispering:
he will catch a beautiful prize...

Yes this flag is a nice prize,
it is red;
of which all of Venice will talk,
you are called the winner.

Take a kiss, no rower is more blessed than you,
yours is the best name among rowers of ferryboats.

Selections from *One Touch of Venus*

Librettists: S.J. Perelman, Ogden Nash

Foolish Heart

Will you tell me how these things happen?

Have I trusted in love too much?

When did the magic vanish?

Have I somehow lost my touch?

How gay the world could be

Could I love you, could he love me?

Love shouldn't be serious, should it?

You meet, perhaps you kiss, you start

I fancied that I understood it

I forgot my foolish heart

Love can't be illogical, can it?

You kiss, perhaps you smile, you part

It happens the way that you plan it

If you hush your foolish heart

Poor foolish heart

Crying for one who ignores you

Poor foolish heart

Flying from one who adores you

Ah, love used to touch me so lightly

Why will my heart betray me so?

I would dance with a new lover nightly

But my foolish heart says no

I'm a stranger here myself

Tell me, is love still a popular suggestion
Or merely an obsolete art?
Forgive me for asking this simple question
I'm unfamiliar with his heart
I am a stranger here myself

Why is it wrong to murmur I adore him
When it's shamefully obvious I do?
Does love embarrass him or does it bore him?
I'm only waiting for my cue
I'm a stranger here myself

I dream of a day, of a gay warm day
With my face between his hands
Have I missed the path? Have I gone astray?
I ask, and no one understands

Love me or leave me, that seems to be the question
I don't know the tactics to use
But if he should offer a personal suggestion
How could I possibly refuse
When I'm a stranger here myself?

Please tell me, tell a stranger
By curiosity goaded
Is there really any danger

That love is now outmoded?
I'm interested especially
In knowing why you waste it
True romance is so fleshly
With what have you replaced it?
What is your latest foible?
Is gin rummy more exquisite?
Is skiing more enjoyable?
For Heaven's sake, why?

I can't believe that love has lost its glamor
That passion is really passé
If gender is just a term in grammar
How can I ever find my way
Since I'm a stranger here myself?

How can he ignore my available condition?
Why these Victorian views?
You see here before you a woman with a mission
I must discover the key to his ignition
And then if he should make a diplomatic proposition
How could I possibly refuse?
How could I possibly refuse
When I'm a stranger here myself?

Speak Low

Speak low, when you speak love
Our summer day
Withers away
Too soon, too soon
Speak low, when you speak love
Our moment is swift
Like ships adrift
We're swept apart too soon

Speak low, darling, speak low
Love is a spark
Lost in the dark
Too soon, too soon
I feel wherever I go
That tomorrow is near
Tomorrow is here
And always too soon

Time is so old
And love so brief
Love is pure gold
And time a thief
We're late, darling, we're late
The curtain descends
Everything ends
Too soon, too soon

I wait, darling, I wait
Will you speak low to me
Speak love to me
And soon?

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And finally, thank you to everyone in the audience for attending this performance. Whether our paths have crossed or not, I am so grateful that you decided to spend an hour of your time listening to this program.

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