

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

“Si Puo”

from *Pagliacci*

Si può? Si può
Signore! Signori!
Seusatemi se da sol mi presento
Io sono il Prologo :
Poichè in iscena ancor
Le antiche maschere mette l'autore;
In parte ei vuol riprendere le vecchie usanze,
E a voi di nuovo inviami.
Ma non per dirvi come pria :
>>Le lacrime che noi versiam son false!
Degli spasimi e de' nostri martir
Non allarmatevi!<<
No! No. L'autore ha cercato invece
Pingeryi a non squarcio di vita.
Egli ha per massima sol che l'artista è um uom
E che per gli uomini scrivere ei deve.
Ed al vero ispiravasi.
Un nido di memorrie
In fondo a l'anima cantava un giorno,
Ed ei con vere lacrime scrisse,
E I singhiozzi il tempo gli battevano!
Dunque, vedrete amar
Sì come s'amano gli esseri umani;
Vedrete de l'odio i tristi frutti.
Del dolor gli spasimi,
Urli di rabbia, udrete,
E risa einiche!
E voi, piuttosto che
Le nostre povere gabbane d'istrioni,
Le nostr'anima considerate,
Poichè siam uomini di carne e d'ossa,
E che di quest'orfano mondo
Al pari di voi spiriamo l'aere!
Il concetto vi dissi...
Or ascoltate com'egli è svolto.
Andiam. Incominciate!

Ruggero Leoncavallo

May I? I may
Ladies! Gentlemen!
Excuse me if I alone introduce myself
I am the Prologue:
Since yet in the scene
The author uses ancient masks;
In part he wants to bring back the old customs,
And send me back to you.
But not to tell you as before:
“The tears we cry are false!
Of spasms and our martyrs
Do not be alarmed!”
No! No. The author has sought instead
To depict a glimpse of life.
He believes utmost that the artist is a man
And that he must write for men,
And be inspired by the truth.
A nest of memories
Was singing at the bottom of his soul one day,
And he wrote with genuine tears,
And his sobs beat the tempo!
And so, you will see love
As human beings love each other;
You will see the sad fruits of hate.
The spasms of pain,
Shouts of rage, you will hear,
And also laughter!
And you, rather than
Our poor actors' changes,
Consider our soul,
Since we are men of flesh and bone,
And from this orphan world
We breathe the same air as you!
I've told you the concept...
Now listen as it is carried out.
Let's go. Begin!

Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen
from *The Magic Flute*

Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen
Wünscht Papageno sich
O so ein sanftes Täubchen
Wär Seligkeit für mich.
Dann schmeckte mir Trinken und Essen;
Dann könnte' ich
mit Fuersten mich messen,
Des Lebens als Weiser mich freun,
und wie im Elysium sein.
Ach, kann ich denn keiner von allen
den reizenden Mädchen gefallen?
Helf' eine mir nur aus
der Not,
Sonst gräm' ich mich wahrlich zu Tod.
Wird keiner mir Liebe gewähren,
So muss mich die Flamme verzehren;
Doch küsst mich ein weiblicher Mund,
so bin ich schon wieder gesund.

Di Provenza, il Mar
from *La Traviata*

Di Provenza il mar, il suolo
chi dal cor ti cancello?
Al natio fulgente sol
qual destino ti furo' ?
Oh, rammenta pur nel duol
ch'ivi gioia a te brillo';
E che pace cola' sol
su te splendere ancor puo'.
Dio mi guidò!
Ah! il tuo vecchio genitor
tu non sai quanto soffrì!
Te lontano, di squallor
il suo tetto si copri.
Ma se alfin ti trovo ancor,
se in me speme non falli,
Se la voce dell'onor
in te appien non ammuti,
Dio m'esaudi!'

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

A girl or a little wife
Wishes Papageno
O, such a soft little dove
Would be bliss for me.
Then drink and food would taste good to me;
Then I could
Measure myself with princes,
Enjoy life as a wiseman,
And feel like I'm in Elysium.
Ah, can I not please any of all
Those charming girls?
If only someone would help me out
in this need,
Otherwise I will worry myself to death.
If no one will grant me love,
Then the flame must consume me;
Still, if a womanly mouth kisses me,
Then I will be immediatly healthy again.

Giuseppe Verdi

The sea and soil of Provence --
who has erased them from your heart?
From your native, fulsome sun --
what destiny stole you away?
Oh, remember in your sorrow
that joy glowed on you,
and that only there peace
can yet shine upon you.
Gox has guided me!
Ah, your old father --
You don't know how much he has suffered!
With you far away, with misery
has his house become full.
But if in the end I find you again,
if hope did not fail within me,
if the voice of honor
didn't become silenced in you,
God has heard me!

Tanzlied des Pierrot
from *Die tote Stadt*

Mein Sehnen, mein Wähnen,
es träumt sich zurück.
Im Tanze gewann ich,
verlor ich mein Glück.
Im Tanze am Rhein,
bei Mondenschein,
gestand mirs aus Blau-
aug ein inniger Blick,
Gestand mirs ihr bittend Wort:
o bleib, o geh mir nicht fort,
bewahre der Heimat
still blühendes Glück.

Mein Sehnen, mein Wähnen,
es träumt sich zurück.
Zauber der Ferne
warf in die Seele den Brand,
Zauber des Tanzes lockte,
ward Komödiant.
Folgt ihr, der Wundersüssen,
lernt unter Tränen küssen.
Rausch und Not,
Wahn und Glück:
Ach, das ist Gauklers Geschick.

Mein Sehnen, mein Wähnen,
es träumt sich zurück.

Erich Korngold

My yearning, my obsession,
they take my back in dreams.
In the dance I once obtained it,
Now I've lost my happiness.
While dancing on the Rhein
in the moonlight,
she confessed to me with a loving
look in her blue eyes,
Confessed to me with her pleading words:
O stay, don't go far away,
preserve the memory of your homeland's
peaceful, flourishing happiness.

My yearning, my obsession,
they take me back in dreams.
The magic of things far away
brings a burning of my soul
The magic of the dance lured me,
and I was then Pierrot.
I followed her, my wonderful sweetheart,
and learned from tears to kiss.
Intoxication and misery,
Illusion and happiness:
Ah, this is a clown's destiny.

My yearning, my obsession,
they take me back in dreams.

Largo al factotum
from *The Barber of Seville*

Largo al factotum della citta.
Presto a bottega che l'alba e gia.
Ah, che bel vivere, che bel piacere
per un barbiere di qualita!
Ah, bravo Figaro!
Bravo, bravissimo!
Fortunatissimo per verita!
Pronto a far tutto,
la notte e il giorno
sempre d'intorno in giro sta.
Miglior cuccagna per un barbiere,
vita piu nobile, no, non si da.
Rasori e pettini
lancette e forbici,
al mio comando
tutto qui sta.
V'e la risorsa,
poi, de mestiere
colla donnetta... col cavaliere...
Tutti mi chiedono, tutti mi vogliono,
donne, ragazzi,
vecchi, fanciulle:
Qua la parruca... Presto la barba...
Qua la sanguigna...
Presto il biglietto...
Qua la parruca, presto la barba,
Presto il biglietto, ehi!
Figaro! Figaro! Figaro!, ecc.
Ahime, che furia!
Ahime, che folla!
Uno alla volta, per carita!
Figaro! Son qua.
Ehi, Figaro! Son qua.
Figaro qua, Figaro la,
Figaro su, Figaro giu,

Pronto prontissimo son come il fumine:
sono il factotum della citta.
Ah, bravo Figaro! Bravo, bravissimo;
a te fortuna non mancherà.

Gioacchino Rossini

Make way for the topman of the city.
Rushing to his shop now that it's dawn.
Ah, isn't life good, how pleasant it is
For a barber of class!
Ah, nice one Figaro!
Nice one, really nice one!
I am the luckiest it's true to say!
Ready for anything,
night and day
Always busy and around.
A better lot for a barber,
A more noble life cannot be found.
Razors and combs
Lancets and scissors,
At my command
Are all here.
And there are `extras',
Then, for the business
With women... and with gentlemen...
With women... and with gentlemen...
Women, young people,
old people, the golden haired;
What about the wig... A quick shave...
Some leeches for bleeding...
Quick the note...
What about the wig, a quick shave,
Hurry - the note, o me!
Figaro! Figaro! Figaro! etc.
Heavens, what mayhem!
Heavens, what crowds!
One at a time, For pities sake!
Figaro! Here I am.
O me, Figaro! Here I am.
Figaro here, Figaro there,
Figaro up, Figaro down,

Quicker and quicker the sparks fly with me;
I am the topman of the city.
Ah, nice one Figaro! Nice one, really nice one;
From you luckiness will not depart.

BIOGRAPHY



Baritone Justin Brunette has sung many musical genres including opera, operetta, choral and musical theater. During his studies at Georgia State University, Justin received the Florence Koploff Vocal Scholarship in Performance. In Georgia, he also participated in the Harrower Summer Opera Program where he had the honor of singing in master classes conducted by Carlyle Floyd, Copeland Woodruff and Reed Woodhouse. Justin has performed with the Atlanta Symphony

Orchestra starring as Bernardo in their Summer Concert Series production of *West Side Story*. He was one of five original members of the cabaret group On Cue. From Georgia to Texas, Justin has sung in several chamber and choral groups including the Atlanta Men's Chorus, the Our Song Mixed Ensemble, the Austin Community Singers and the Capital City Men's Chorus. His theater production credits include the Galaxy Music Theater's productions of *Putting It Together* and *Big Show/Small Box*. Justin currently attends the University of Redlands majoring in Music Education. Justin performed the role of General Novakovich in the University of Redlands' production of *The Merry Widow*, and he will play the role of Figaro in Redlands' *Il barbiere di Siviglia* coming in the spring of 2015.

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Colin Barstad
Karen Palmer
Kaylene Pecora
Geoffrey Halgas
Sahak Karapetyan
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Maia Gordon
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Jose Ontiveros
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Xue Chen, principal
Ricki Worth
Kyle Champion
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Katrina Smith
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Nathan Montes
Zachary Krug, bass trombone

Tuba

Ross Woodzell, principal

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David Mantle, principal
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Kevin Bellefeuille
Alicia Fuller

Piano/Harpsichord/Celesta

Michael Malakouti

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