

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791), son of Leopold Mozart, was a prolific Austrian composer. His compositional style represents a blend of several elements, distinguished by its beauty and maturity. *Die Zauberflöte* was composed in 1791 to a German libretto by Emanuel Schikaneder (1751–1812), making it one of his latest works. In “**Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön,**” Tamino, the main character, is shown an image of Pamina, the daughter of the Queen of the Night, after being rescued from a giant serpent by the Three Ladies in Act 1, Scene 1.

Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön,
 Wie noch kein Auge je geseh'n!
 Ich fühl' es, wie dies Götterbild
 Mein Herz mit neuer Regung füllt.
 Diess Etwas kann ich zwar nicht nennen!
 Doch fühl' ichs hier wie Feuer brennen.
 Soll die Empfindung Liebe seyn?
 Ja, ja! die Liebe ist's allein. -
 O wenn ich sie nur finden könnte!
 O wenn sie doch schon vor mir stände!
 Ich würde - würde - warm und rein -
 Was würde ich! - Sie voll Entzücken
 An diesen heißen Busen drücken,
 Und ewig wäre sie dann mein.

(Text by Emmanuel Schikaneder)

This portrait is enchantingly beautiful,
 such as no eye has ever yet seen.
 I feel the way this divine image
 fills my heart with new emotion.
 Though I cannot name what this is,
 yet I feel it burning here like fire.
 Might this sensation be love?
 Yes, yes! It can only be love!
 Oh, if only I could find her!
 Oh, if she but stood before me now!
 I should ... should ... warmly and virtuously ...
 What should I do? ... Rapturously I should
 press her to this ardent breast,
 and then she would be mine forever.

(Translation from <https://www.opera-arias.com>)

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924) was one of the foremost late-Romantic French composers of his time. He was a composer, organist, and piano teacher. His musical style influenced many 20th century composers, with some of his best-known works consisting of *Requiem* and “Clair de lune”. *Poème d'un jour* (*Poem for a Day*) is a song cycle consisting of three songs, composed in 1878 by Fauré. This cycle is adapted from poems by Charles Grandmougin (1850–1930), a French poet and playwright, and tell the story of falling in and out of love in one day. The first song, “**Rencontre,**” is a piece using a broken chord arpeggiation in the accompaniment that helps set the tone of the singer's mentality as he meets this woman who he hopes is his soulmate. In the next piece, “**Toujours,**” the narrator's hope has transformed into fiery passion, while he repeatedly expresses his undying love. The chaotic text is accompanied by augmented triads in the vocal line, adding to the passion of the song. In the final song “**Adieu,**” the narrator recognizes that not everything is meant to last forever. This song is relaxed, with a straightforward melody and light accompaniment.

Rencontre

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai rencontrée,
 Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon obstiné tourment,
 Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme inespérée
 Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement?
 Ô passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu donc l'amie
 Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète isolé,
 Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme affermie
 Comme le ciel natal sur un cœur d'exilé?
 Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne pareille,
 Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la mer!
 Devant l'immensité ton extase s'éveille
 Et le charme des soirs à ta belle âme est cher.
 Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie
 Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un vivant lien,
 Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour envahie
 Et mon cœur te chérit sans te connaître bien.

Encounter

I was sad and pensive when I met you,
 Today I feel less my persistent pain;
 O tell me, could you be the long hoped-for woman,
 and the ideal dream pursued in vain?
 O passer-by with gentle eyes, could you be the
 friend to restore the lonely poet's happiness,
 And will you shine on my steadfast soul
 Like native sky on an exiled heart?
 Your timid sadness, like my own,
 Loves to watch the sun set on the sea!
 Such boundless space awakes your rapture,
 And your fair soul prizes the evenings' charm.
 A mysterious and gentle sympathy
 Already binds me to you like a living bond,
 And my soul quivers, overcome by love, and my
 heart, without knowing you well, adores you.

Toujours

Vous me demandez de me taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!
Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté!
Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots
Et quand les vents sont en démente,
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!
Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs
Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose déclose,
Et les frais manteaux diaprés des prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bien-aimées, fumées!
On voit dans ce monde léger changer
Plus vite que les flots des grèves, nos rêves,
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs, nos cœurs!
À vous l'on se croyait fidèle, cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours sont courts!
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes, sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu, Adieu!
(Texts by Charles Grandmougin)

Always

You ask me to be silent,
To flee far from you for ever
And to go my way alone,
Forgetting whom I loved!
Rather ask the stars
To fall into infinity,
The night to lose its veils,
The day to lose its light!
Ask the boundless sea
To drain its mighty waves,
And the raging winds
To calm their dismal sobbing!
But do not expect my soul
To tear itself from bitter sorrow,
Nor to shed its passion
As springtime sheds its flowers!

Goodbye

How swiftly all things die, the rose in bloom,
And the cool dappled mantle of the meadows;
Long-drawn sighs, loved ones, all smoke!
In this fickle world we see our dreams
Change more swiftly than waves on the shore,
Our hearts change more swiftly than frosted flowers!
To you I thought I would be faithful, cruel one, but
alas! the longest loves are short!
And I say, taking leave of your charms, without
tears, almost at the moment of my avowal, Farewell!
(Translations from <https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk>)

Roger Quilter (1877–1953) was a prominent English art song composer in the early 20th century and composed over 100 songs. He studied at Hoch Conservatory in Frankfurt, where he studied piano and composition. “**Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal**” is composed based on the poem written by Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892) and speaks of a man who wishes to remain with his lover forever. The piano accompaniment of this piece, along with the text, portrays a beautiful scene where flowers and beautiful fireflies set the stage for the speaker of the poem to express his love. “**Come Away, Death**” is the first song in his *Three Shakespeare Songs*, and the text is from William Shakespeare’s (1564–1616) *Twelfth Night*, when Orsino, who is a lovesick, heartbroken nobleman, asks the jester to sing this song. The song describes how Orsino is in despair with a broken heart and wishes to die alone and be buried in a place where his true love will never find him. “**Dream Valley**” is the first song in the cycle *Three Songs of William Blake*, composed in 1917. This piece describes different parts of nature such as wind, a stream, fish, and birds. It also talks about day and night in contrast. During the day, nature is a place to lie down, dream and be happy. However, at night, you walk along the “darkened valley with silent melancholy.”

Vincenzo Bellini (1801–1835) was an Italian composer of the *bel canto* era, into a musical family. He is widely known for his long and flowing melodic lines. Throughout his rather short life, he composed ten operas, but also composed chamber music. The *Sei Ariette* (*Six Little Arias*), remain the most widely known, and each song contains a theme of unrequited love. “**Malinconia, ninfa gentile**”, the first song in the cycle, is a dramatic song, adapted from the poem by Ippolito Pindemonte (1753–1828). The text takes on a pastoral setting, and the piano accompaniment supports it by mimicking the rushing sounds of a stream, while the vocal melody is intense and filled with dramatic emotion.

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile,
 la vita mia consacro a te;
 i tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile,
 ai piacer veri nato non è.
 Fonti e colline chiesi agli Dei;
 m'udiro alfine, pago io vivrò,
 né mai quel fonte co' desir miei,
 né mai quel monte trapasserò.
(Text by Ippolito Pindemonte)

Melancholy Gentle Nymph
 I devote my life to you.
 One who despises your pleasures
 Is not born to true pleasures.
 I asked the gods for fountains and hills;
 They heard me at last; I live satisfied
 Even though, with my desires, I never
 Go beyond that fountain and that mountain.
(Translation from <https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk>)

Ernesto de Curtis (1875–1937) was an Italian composer, great-grandson of composer Saverio Mercadente, and brother of a poet. He studied piano at the Conservatory of San Pietro a Maiella in Naples, and during his lifetime, he composed over one hundred songs. “**Non ti scordar di me**” is one of his later works, composed for a movie with the same title, with the words written by Domenico Furno (1892–1983). In this song, the narrator speaks of loss, describing their surroundings as “cold and sunless”. The vocal line makes use of text painting when the narrator cries out, saying “my life is tied to you, there is always a nest in my heart for you,” with the melody mimicking the sound of a lover crying in despair.

Non ti scordar di me
 Partirono le rondini dal mio paese
 freddo e senza sole,
 cercando primavera di viole,
 nidi d'amore e di felicità.
 La mia piccola rondine partì
 senza lasciarmi un bacio,
 senza un addio partì.
 Non ti scordar di me: la vita mia legata è a te.
 Io t'amo sempre più, nel sogno mio rimani tu
 Non ti scordar di me:
 la vita mia legata è a te.
 C'è sempre un nido nel mio cor per te.
 Non ti scordar di me!
(Text by Domenico Furno)

Do Not Forget Me
 The swallows left my
 cold and sunless land
 seeking springs full of violets,
 nests of love and of happiness.
 My little swallow left
 without leaving me a kiss,
 without a farewell she ran away.
 Don't forget me, my life is tied to you,
 I love you always more, you remain in my dreams.
 Don't forget me,
 my life is tied to you,
 there is always a nest in my heart for you.
 Don't forget me!
(Translation from <https://lyricstranslate.com>)

Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846–1916) was an Italian Romantic composer and teacher. Before moving to Rome to teach Princess Margherita of Savoy, Tosti suffered from poverty and illness, making his compositions difficult to publish. He later traveled to England, where he was very successful. “**Aprile**” was composed while he lived in England, with text from a poem by Rocco Emmanuele Pagliara (1856–1914). This piece describes the joy of the coming of spring, and is supported by a light and joyful accompaniment.

Aprile
 Non senti tu ne l'aria
 il profumo che spande Primavera?
 Non senti tu ne l'anima
 il suon de nova voce lusinghiera?
 È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!
 Deh! vieni o mia gentil
 su' prati'n fiore!

April
 Do you not smell in the air
 the perfume that Spring breathes out?
 Do you not hear in your soul
 the sound of a new, enticing voice?
 It's April! It's the season of love!
 Come, lovely one,
 to the flowery meadow!

Il piè trarrai fra mammole
 avrai su'l petto rose e cilestrine
 e le farfalle candide
 t'aleggeranno intorno al nero crine.
 È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!
 Deh! vieni o mia gentil
 su' prati'n fiore!
 (Text by Rocco Emmanuele Pagliara)

Your foot will tread among violets,
 you will wear roses and bluebells,
 and the white butterflies
 will flutter around your black hair.
 It's April! It's the season of love!
 Please come, my lovely one,
 to the flowery meadow!
 (Translation from <https://www.lieder.net/lieder>)

Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848) was an Italian composer who was best known for his nearly 70 operas. He was a leading composer of the *bel canto* opera style in the beginning of the 19th century, and a big influence on other composers of the same style. *L'elisir d'amore* is a *melodramma giocoso* (comic melodrama) in two acts, with a libretto by Felice Romani (1788–1865) and was one of the most popular operas of its time. Donizetti composed *L'elisir d'amore* in Italy between 1838 and 1848. Nemorino, a poor peasant who is in love with Adina, but is tormented by her indifference towards him, sings his first aria “**Quanto e bella**” in Act 1, Scene 1. Nemorino sings “**Una furtiva lagrima**” in Act 2, Scene 2. Nemorino takes what he believes to be a love potion to win the heart of Adina. Throughout the aria, which is set in a minor key and compound meter — exhibiting his longing — Nemorino sees Adina weeping, and begins to believe that the potion is working, and that Adina loves him too. Near the end of the aria, the key changes to major, when Nemorino begins to cry to the heavens in proclamation of love, as he feels the satisfaction of believing Adina loves him.

Quanto è bella, quanto è cara!
 Più la vedo e più mi piace ...
 Ma in quel cor non son capace
 Lieve affetto d'inspirar.
 Essa legge, studia, impara ...
 Non vi ha cosa ad essa ignota ...
 Io son sempre un idiota,
 Io non so che sospirar.
 Chi la mente mi rischiarà?
 Chi m'insegna a farmi amar

How beautiful she is, how dear she is
 the more I see her, the more I like her
 but in that heart I'm not capable
 little dearness to inspire
 That one reads, studies, learns
 I don't see that she ignores anything
 I'm always an idiot
 I don't know but to sigh
 Who will clear my mind?
 Who will teach to me make myself love?

Una Furtiva Lagrima
 Negli occhi suoi spuntò
 Quelle festose giovani
 Invidiar sembrò
 Che più cercando io vo?
 Che più cercando io vo?
 M'ama, sì, m'ama, lo vedo
 Lo vedo!
 Un solo istante i palpiti
 Del suo bel cor sentir
 I miei sospir confondere
 Per poco a' suoi sospir
 I palpiti, i palpiti sentir
 Confondere i miei co' suoi sospir
 Cielo, si può morir?
 Di più non chiedo, non chiedo
 Oh cielo, si può, si può morir?
 Di più non chiedo.
 (Texts by Felice Romani)

A Furtive Tear
 appeared in her eyes...
 those festive youths
 she seemed like to envy...
 What could I wish more
 What could I wish more
 She loves me, yes she loves me, I see it, I see it.
 Just for one moment the pulses
 of her heart to feel!...
 With her sighs to confuse
 for a while my sighs!...
 The heartbeats, heartbeats hear
 to confuse with her sighs my sighs
 Sky (heaven/God), yes I could die
 more I do not ask, I do not ask
 Sky (heaven/God), I could die, I could die
 more I do not ask, I do not ask
 yes I could die, I could die of love.
 (Translation from <https://lyricstranslate.com>)

Alan Menken (b. 1949) is an American composer, who is best known for his scores and songs composed for Walt Disney Animation Studios films. He is also known for his work in Broadway productions, many of which are based on the films he worked on. **“Out There”** is a selection from the musical *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, with lyrics by Stephen Schwartz (b. 1948), and is sung by Quasimodo, who has spent his entire life isolated in the bell towers of Notre Dame at the hand of his uncle, Claude Frollo. This song is an outpouring of desire by Quasimodo to experience a taste of life in the city, surrounded by the people that he watches every day from above. *Aladdin*, the Broadway musical adapted from the 1992 animated film, contains music by Alan Menken with lyrics by Howard Ashman (1950–1991) and Tim Rice (b. 1944). **“Proud of Your Boy”** is set near the beginning of the musical, in which the named character, Aladdin, voices his guilt in his thievery, especially having vowed to never steal again after the death of his mother. This song is Aladdin’s promise to make his mother proud in every way that he can from this moment forward.