

# Lise Davidsen & Freddie De Tommaso with James Baillieu

**Start time:** 7.30pm

**Approximate end time:** 9.30pm including a 20-minute interval

Please note all timings are approximate and subject to change

## Programme

**Richard Wagner** 'Dich teure Halle' from *Tannhäuser*

**Giuseppe Verdi** 'La mia letizia' from *I Lombardi*

'Teco io sto' and 'Morrò, ma prima in grazia' from *Un Ballo in Maschera*

'Cielo pietoso, rendila' from *Simon Boccanegra*

'Ave Maria' from *Otello*

**Umberto Giordano** 'Amor ti vieta' from *Fedora*

**Giacomo Puccini** 'Vissi d'arte' from *Tosca*

**Francesco Cilea** 'Lamento di Federico' from *L'arlesiana*

**Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky** 'Uzh polnoch blizitsya..' and 'Akh! istomilas ya gorem' from *Queen of Spades*

**Ernest Charles** *When I have sung my song to you*

**Landon Ronald** *O Lovely Night*

**Paolo Tosti** *L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra*

*Non t'amo piu*

*Ideale*

**Salvatore Cardillo** *Core'ngrato*

**Frederick Loewe** *I could have danced all night*

**Franz Lehár** 'Lippen Schweigen' from *The Merry Widow*

**Alexandra Coghlan finds out what brought this exciting soprano-tenor duo together for tonight's performance.**

'When we first met we just connected immediately, there's an unspoken energy between us,' Lise Davidsen says of tenor Freddie De Tommaso. 'There's a pleasure in sharing great music with someone that's like nothing else. I think that's why there have been so many stage-couples over the years. In our case it's just a really great friendship. We laugh at the same things; we enjoy each other's company. I have so many talented colleagues, but to share the stage with a friend is something unique.'

The feeling is mutual, as Freddie De Tommaso, who describes Davidsen's voice as 'The most incredible instrument on the planet', explains. 'We did a concert together in Oslo last year, and that was when I realised how amazing it was being on stage with Lise, and couldn't wait to do it again.'

While Davidsen is currently synonymous with the big German operatic repertoire – Wagner, Richard Strauss – De Tommaso is making his name with the 19th-century Italian opera. So how did they go about putting together a shared recital?

'We bounced ideas back and forth,' says Davidsen, 'things we wanted to explore, things we wanted to try out, seeing where our repertoire overlapped. I haven't done much Italian music up till now, but it's definitely something I'll be doing more in forthcoming seasons. I think we're both quite old-fashioned in terms of our voice-types and the music we sing: it's all Wagner, Verdi, Puccini – and there's so much to choose from there.'

The result is a programme with 'a little bit of everything', that ranges from opera to operetta and Neapolitan song. But for both singers, there is one particular aria that is a touchstone. A 'journey' piece that has evolved with them through their career. For Davidsen it's Elisabeth's rapturous 'Dich teure Halle' from *Tannhäuser*. 'I feel a really strong connection between myself, this aria and London audiences. I won the Operalia competition at the Royal Opera House with it in 2015, so it feels right to return to it here. It's so short and joyful – a musical welcome.'

For De Tommaso it's Federico's Lament from Cilea's *L'Arlesiana* – an outpouring of unrequited love and despair, and one of the first arias he sang after making the shift from baritone to tenor at music college – that has been a fixed point. 'I sang it in the Vinas competition.'

barbican

That was the moment everything started moving fast; it took me onto the next stage in my career. The way I sing it now is very different though, I can take a lot more risks with it now, really do what the composer asks. Our bodies change, and so do our interpretations.'

A musical meeting point for De Tommaso and Davidsen is Verdi, represented here by two episodes from *Un Ballo in Maschera*: impassioned duet 'Teco io sto', in which the married Amelia finally declares her illicit love for Riccardo, and Amelia's plea to her husband 'Morro, ma prima in grazia' to let her see her son once more before her death.

Oronte's impassioned declaration of love to Giselda, 'La mia letizia' from *I Lombardi* is set against the tenderness and fragility of the 'Ave Maria' from *Otello* – an aria Davidsen feels works particularly well in recital. 'With or without the opera, the aria feels complete. It's a religious prayer but the spirit behind it doesn't have to be; we could all easily sing for ourselves, for where we are in our lives. It's a hope that things can be better in the future, so simple and so intense at the same time.'

De Tommaso's love of verismo – the realist operas of the late 19th century – brings both rarities like Cilea's Lament and Giordano's 'Amor ti vieta' from *Fedora* and Puccini's much-loved *Tosca* to the programme. 'I'm probably biased by the Italian side of my heritage,' he explains, 'but I just think Puccini was the ultimate plucker of heart-strings. Those two arias from *Tosca* speak right to your soul. This really is the music of truth. Puccini's characters might get caught up in political intrigue or drama, but they are just normal people living life: they are us.'

Davidsen is keen that audiences shouldn't confuse arias that are well-known with music that is easy to sing. 'I have "Hold your horses" written over lots of my lines! The music just drives you forward emotionally, and it's tempting just to end up singing fortissimo throughout, which is neither interesting or sustainable. Everyone can hum these arias, but to really sing them – that's the difference between karaoke and opera.'

A second half featuring operetta, musical theatre, songs and light-music – familiar tunes but often less-familiar names – steers us into different territory. It's a musical world that has drifted out of fashion, something De Tommaso sees as an opportunity. 'Fashion in music, as with all things, tends to be circular, and I think it's nice to be the person reintroducing something, bringing a repertoire to a new generation. You hear the same tenor arias again and again. If people don't know a piece that's a good reason to do it!'

'Comedy doesn't have the same life-span as serious drama,' Davidsen adds, accounting for how few once-popular operettas have remained in the repertoire. 'But a good tune will always survive somehow.'

© Alexandra Coghlan

## Performers

**Lise Davidsen** soprano  
**Freddie De Tommaso** tenor  
**James Baillieu** piano

Produced by the Barbican

## Dich teure Halle

### Elisabeth

Dich, teure Halle, grüss' ich wieder,  
Froh grüss' ich dich, geliebter Raum!  
In dir erwachen seine Lieder  
Und wecken mich aus düstrem Traum.  
Da er aus dir geschieden,  
Wie öd' erschienst du mir!  
Aus mir entfloh der Frieden,  
Die Freude zog aus dir.

Wie jetzt mein Busen hoch sich hebet,  
So scheinst du jetzt mir stolz und hehr;  
Der dich und mich so neu belebet,  
Nicht länger weilt er ferne mehr.  
Wie jetzt mein Busen hoch sich hebet, etc.  
Sei mir gegrüsst! Sei mir gegrüsst!  
Du, teure Halle, sei mir gegrüsst! etc.

Libretto by Richard Wagner

## La mia letizia

La mia letizia infondere  
Vorrei nel suo bel core;  
Vorrei destar coi palpiti  
Del mio beato amore  
Tante armonie nell'etere,  
Quanti pianeti egli ha;  
Ir seco al cielo ed ergermi  
Dove mortal non va!

Libretto by Temistocle Solera

## Teco io sto

### Riccardo

Teco io sto.

### Amelia

Gran Dio!

### Riccardo

Ti calma:  
Di che temi?

### Amelia

Ah mi lasciate –  
Son la vittima che geme –  
Il mio nome almen salvate –  
O lo strazio ed il rossore  
La mia vita abatterà.

### Riccardo

Io lasciarti? no, giammai:  
No! poss'io; chè m'arde in petto  
Sovruman di te l'affetto.

### Amelia

Conte, abbiatemi pietà.

### Riccardo

Così parli? a chi t'adora  
Pietà chiedi, e tremi ancora?  
Il tuo nome intemerato,  
L'onore tuo rispetterà.

## You blessed hall

### Elisabeth

You, blessed hall, I greet again,  
I greet you with joy, beloved place!  
In you his songs awake  
and rouse me from my gloomy dreams.  
Since he left you,  
how desolate you have appeared to me!  
Peace fled from me,  
joy took leave of you.

As now my breast swells full of joy,  
you seem to me sublime and proud;  
he who revives both you and me  
is no longer far away.  
As now my breast swells full of joy etc.  
I salute you! I salute you!  
You, blessed hall, I salute you! etc.

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## My joy

To infuse my joy  
I wish, in your lovely heart;  
I wish to awaken with the throbbing  
Of my blessed love  
As much harmony in the heavens,  
As it has planets;  
To go with her to heaven and to rise up  
Where no mortal goes!

## I am with you

### Riccardo

I am with you.

### Amelia

Great God!

### Riccardo

Be calm!  
What do you fear?

### Amelia

Ah, leave me –  
I am a victim, sobbing before you –  
save at least my name –  
or shame and suffering  
will kill me.

### Riccardo

I leave you? No never;  
I cannot, because within my breast  
an eternal love burns for you.

### Amelia

My lord, take pity on me.

### Riccardo

You speak so to one who adores you?  
You ask pity? You are still trembling?  
Your name shall never be sullied,  
nor honour.

**Amelia**

Ma, Riccardo, io son d'altrui –  
Dell'amico più fidato –

**Riccardo**

Taci, Amelia.

**Amelia**

Io son di lui,  
Che darìa la vita a te.

**Riccardo**

Ah crudele, e mel rammemori,  
Lo ripeti innanzi a me!  
Non sai tu che se l'anima mia  
Il rimorso dilacera e rode,  
Quel suo grido non cura, non ode,  
Sin che l'empie di fremiti amor?  
Non sai tu che di te resteria,  
Se cessasse di battere il cor!  
Quante notti ho vegliato anelante!  
Come a lungo infelice lottai!  
Quante volte dal cielo implorai  
La pietà, che tu chiedi da me!  
Ma per questo ho potuto un istante,  
Infelice, non viver di te?

**Amelia**

Ah, deh soccorri tu, cielo, all'ambascia  
Di chi sta fra l'infamia e la morte;  
Tu pietoso rischiara le porte  
Di salvezza all'errante mio piè.  
E tu va – ch'io non t'oda – mi lascia:  
Son di lui, che il suo sangue ti diè.

**Riccardo**

La mia vita, l'universo,  
Per un detto...

**Amelia**

O ciel pietoso!

**Riccardo**

Di' che m'ami.

**Amelia**

Va, Riccardo!

**Riccardo**

Un sol detto –

**Amelia**

Ebben, sì, t'amo.

**Riccardo**

M'ami, Amelia!

**Amelia**

Ma tu, nobile,  
Me difendi dal mio cor!

**Riccardo**

M'ami, m'ami! oh sia distrutto  
Il rimorso, l'amicizia  
Nel mio seno: estinto tutto:  
Tutto sia fuorchè l'amor!  
Oh, qual soave brivido  
L'acceso petto irrorà!  
Ah ch'io t'ascolti ancora

**Amelia**

But Riccardo, I am another's –  
I belong to your dearest friend –

**Riccardo**

Do not say it, Amelia.

**Amelia**

I belong to him  
who would give his life for you.

**Riccardo**

Ah, cruel woman, and you remind me,  
you repeat it to me now!  
Do you not see that if remorse  
corrodes and cuts my soul,  
I cannot hear, nor heed its cry,  
so long as my soul is full of love?  
You do not know what would be left of you  
if your heart should cease to beat!  
How many sleepless nights, I have longed for you?  
How long I have struggled in my anguish!  
how many times have I prayed to heaven  
for that pity which now you ask from me!  
But in spite of all this, have I ever known  
a moment's peace without you?

**Amelia**

Ah, heaven, comfort the anguish  
of one who lies between disgrace and death:  
Merciful God, shine Thy light on the gate  
of salvation, guide my erring step.  
Go, now – let me not hear you, leave me.  
I belong to him who gave his blood for you.

**Riccardo**

My life, the world,  
for one word –

**Amelia**

Merciful heaven!

**Riccardo**

Tell me you love me –

**Amelia**

Riccardo, go!

**Riccardo**

One word –

**Amelia**

Yes, I love you –

**Riccardo**

You love me, Amelia!

**Amelia**

But you, in your nobility,  
protect me from my heart!

**Riccardo**

You love me, you love me!  
Oh, let remorse, friendship, be destroyed  
within my breast: let all be dead,  
all except my love!  
Oh, how sweet the thrill  
which fills my heart!  
ah, let me hear you

Rispondermi così!  
Astro di queste tenebre  
A cui consacro il core:  
Irradiami d'amore,  
E più non sorga il di!

**Amelia**

Ahi sul funereo letto  
Ove sognava spegnerlo,  
Torna gigante in petto  
L'amor che mi ferì!  
Chè non m'è dato in seno  
A lui versar quest'anima?  
O nella morte almeno  
Addormentarmi qui?

Ahimè – s'appressa alcun.

**Riccardo**

Taci...

Libretto by Antonio Somma, after Augustin Eugène  
Scribe

**Morrò, ma prima in grazia**

**Amelia**

Morrò, ma prima in grazia  
Deh! mi consenti almeno  
L'unico figlio mio  
Avvincere al mio seno.  
E se alla moglie nieghi  
Quest'ultimo favor,  
Non rifiutarlo ai prieghi  
Del mio materno cor.  
Morrò ma queste viscere  
Consolino i suoi baci,  
Or che l'estrema è giunta  
Dell'ore mie fugaci.  
Spenta per man del padre,  
La man ei stenderà  
Su gli occhi d'una madre  
Che mai più non vedrà!

Libretto by Antonio Somma, after Augustin Eugène  
Scribe

**Cielo pietoso, rendila**

**Gabriele**

Cielo pietoso, rendila,  
Rendila a questo core,  
Pura siccome l'angelo  
Che veglia al suo pudore;  
Ma se una nube impura  
Tanto candor m'oscura,  
Priva di sue virtù,  
Ch'io non la vegga più.

Speak those words again!  
Star of this darkness,  
To whom, I dedicate my heart,  
Shine your lovelight on me,  
Then day need never come again!

**Amelia**

Ah, on this melancholy bed,  
Where I yearned to quench it,  
This love returns, more overpowering,  
This love which wounded me!  
Why is it not granted me  
To pour out my soul to him?  
Or, if not, at least to sleep  
Forever here, in death.

Alas! Someone is coming.

**Riccardo**

Be quiet...

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**I shall die, but I beg you**

**Amelia**

I shall die, but I beg you,  
Let me at least  
Clasp to my breast  
My only son.  
You may deny this last favour  
To your wife,  
But do not refuse the prayer  
Of a mother's heart.  
I shall die but may his kisses  
Comfort me into the beyond,  
Now that the last of my  
Fleeting hours arrives.  
He will reach out his hand  
To close the eyes of his mother  
Struck down by his father,  
And he will never again see her!

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**Merciful heaven, restore her to me**

**Gabriele**

Merciful heaven, restore her to me,  
Restore her to this heart,  
As pure as the angel  
Who watches over her innocence;  
But if a cloud of impurity  
Obscures the whiteness of her soul,  
If virtue is lost to her,  
May I never see her more.

Translations by Richard Stokes © author of *The Book of  
Lieder* (Faber, 2005) and *The Complete Songs of Hugo  
Wolf* (Faber, 2021)

## **Ave Maria**

### **Desdemona**

Ave Maria, piena di grazia, eletta  
Fra le spose e le vergini sei tu,  
Sia benedetto il frutto, o benedetta,  
Di tue materne viscere, Gesù.

Prega per chi adorando a te,  
Si prosta,  
Prega pel peccator, per l'innocente,  
E pel debole oppresso e pel possente,  
Misero anch'esso, tua pietà dimostra.  
Prega per chi sotto l'oltraggio piega  
La fronte e sotto la malvagia sorte;  
Per noi, per noi tu prega, prega  
Sempre e nell'ora della morte nostra,  
Prega per noi, prega per noi, prega.

Ave Maria ...  
Nell'ora della morte.  
Ave! ... Amen!

Libretto by Arrigo Boito, after William Shakespeare

## **Amor ti vieta**

### **Count Loris Ipanov**

Amor ti vieta di non amar.  
La man tua lieve, che mi respinge,  
Cerca la stretta della mia man;  
La tua pupilla esprime: 'T'amo!  
Se il labbro dice: 'Non t'amerò!'

Libretto by Arturo Colautti, after Victorien Sardou

## **Vissi d'arte**

### **Tosca**

Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore,  
Non feci mai male ad anima viva! ...  
Con man furtiva  
Quante miserie conobbi, aiutai ...  
Sempre con fe' sincera,  
La mia preghiera  
Ai santi tabernacoli sali.  
Sempre con fe' sincera  
Diedi fiori agli altar.

Nell'ora del dolore  
Perché, perché, Signore,  
Perché me ne rimunerai così?  
Diedi gioielli  
Della Madonna al manto,  
E diedi il canto  
Agli astri, al ciel, che ne ridean più belli.  
Nell'ora del dolor,  
Perché, perché, Signor,  
Perché me ne rimunerai così?

Libretto by Luigi Illica and Giuseppe Giacosa

## **Hail Mary**

### **Desdemona**

Hail Mary, full of grace, chosen  
are you among brides and maidens;  
O blessed one, may the fruit be blessed  
of your maternal womb, Jesus.

Pray for those who prostrate themselves  
before you, adoring,  
pray for the sinner, for the innocent,  
for the weak and oppressed and for the mighty,  
also for the wretched, display your mercy.  
Pray for those who bow their heads beneath  
outrage and evil destiny;  
for us, pray for us,  
always and in the hour of our death,  
pray for us, pray for us, I pray.

Hail Mary ...  
at the hour of death.  
Ave! ... Amen.

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## **Love forbids you**

### **Count Loris Ipanov**

Love forbids you to not love.  
Your soft hand which rejects me  
seeks the tight grip of my hand.  
Your pupil expresses 'I love you  
even if your lips say: 'I won't love you!'

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## **Art was my life**

### **Tosca**

Art was my life, love was my life,  
I never hurt a living soul! ...  
Secretly,  
how many times did I help the unhappy ...  
Ever with sincere faith  
did my prayer  
rise to the holy altars.  
Ever with sincere faith  
did I lay flowers upon the altars.

In my hour of grief  
why, oh why, Lord,  
why must this be my reward?  
I gave jewels  
for Mary's cloak,  
and gave my song  
to the stars, to the sky, making them more beautiful.  
In my hour of grief  
why, oh why, Lord,  
why must this be my reward?

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## Lamento di Federico

### Federico

E' la solita storia del pastore ...  
Il povero ragazzo voleva raccontarla,  
E s'addormì.  
C'è nel sonno l'oblio,  
Come l'invidia!  
Anch'io vorrei dormir così  
Nel sonno almeno l'oblio trovar!  
La pace sol cercando io vò:  
Vorrei poter tutto scordar.  
Ma ogni sforzo è vanto..  
Davanti ho sempre di lei  
Il dolce sembiante!  
La pace tolta è sempre a me ...  
Perché degg'io tanto penar?  
Lei! ... sempre mi parla al cor!  
Fatale vision, mi lascia!  
Mi fai tanto male! Ahimè!

Libretto by Leopoldo Marengo

## Uzh polnoch' blizitsya

Uzh polnoch' blizitsya,  
A Germana vsyo net, vsyo net.  
Ya znayu, on pridyot, rassayet podozren'ye.  
On zhertva sluchaya, i prestuplen'ya  
Ne mozhet, ne mozhet sovershit'.  
Ah, istomilas', isstradalas' ya...

### Akh! istomilas' ya gorem

Akh, istomilas' ya gorem.  
Noch'yu i dnyom tol'ko o nyom  
Dumoy sebya isterzala ya  
Gde zhe fi radost' byvalaya?  
Ah, istomilas', ustala ya.  
Zhin' mne lish' radost' sulila,  
Tucha nashla, grom prinesla.  
Vsyo chto ya v mire lyubila  
Schast'ye nadezhdi razbila.  
Ah, istomilas', ustala ya  
Noch'yu i dnyom, tolko o nyom  
Dumoy sebya isterzala ya,  
Gde zhe fi radost' bivalaya?  
Tucha prishla i grozu prinesla.  
Schast'ye nadezhdi razbila.  
Ya istomilas', ya isstradalas'.  
Toska grizyot menya i glozhet.

## Federico's lament

### Federico

It's the usual story of the shepherd ...  
The poor boy wanted to tell it,  
but fell asleep.  
There is oblivion in sleep,  
How I envy him!  
I, too, would like to sleep like this –  
within sleep to find oblivion!  
I only want to find peace:  
if only I could forget everything.  
But all struggles are in vain.  
I still see before me  
her sweet visage.  
But all struggles are in vain.  
Why must I suffer so much pain?  
She! ... How she always spoke to my heart!  
Fatal vision, leave me!  
You hurt me so much! Oh poor me!

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## Midnight is near

The midnight is near,  
But German is not here.  
I know he will come, and reassure me.  
He is a victim of chance, and he is not capable  
Of crime, not capable.  
I am tired, I am woeful...

### I am tormented by woe

I am tormented by woe.  
Day and night  
I torture myself thinking about him.  
Where is my happiness?  
I am woeful, I am tired.  
Life promised me only joy  
But a dark cloud came and brought storms.  
It took away all my hopes  
And all that was dear to me.  
I am woeful, I am tired.  
Day and night  
I torture myself thinking about him.  
Where is my happiness?  
A dark cloud came and brought storms.  
It took away all my hopes  
I am tired, I am woeful.  
Sorrow is eating me alive.

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### **When I have sung my songs to you**

When I have sung my songs to you,  
I'll sing no more.  
'Twould be a sacrilege to sing  
At another door.

We've worked so hard to hold our dreams  
Just you and I.  
I could not share them all again,  
I'd rather die.  
With just the thought that I had loved so well,  
So true,  
That I could never sing again,  
Except to you.

Text by Ernest Charles

### **O Lovely Night**

O lovely night! Thou sweet and gentle maiden,  
Binding the world with dreams so silently,  
Thy voice is soft, thy breath is heavy laden  
With garden scents and mem'ries of the sea;

Come not with tears,  
But charm them into flight,  
O lovely night!  
O lovely night!

O lovely sleep! Thou angel bright and tender  
Who with thy magic ev'ry heart dost own,  
Lo! All the world in passionless surrender  
Bows to thy will and worships at thy throne.

Give thou repose  
To darkened land and deep,  
O lovely sleep!  
O lovely sleep!

Text by Edward Teschemacher

### **L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra**

L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra,  
E la mia voluttà dal mio desire.  
O dolce stelle, è l'ora di morire.  
Un più divino amor dal ciel vi sgombra.

Pupille ardenti, O voi senza ritorno  
Stelle tristi, spegnetevi incorrotte!  
Morir debbo. Veder non voglio il giorno,  
Per amor del mio sogno e della notte.

Chiudimi, O Notte, nel tuo sen materno,  
Mentre la terra pallida s'irrorà.  
Ma che dal sangue mio nasca l'aurora  
E dal sogno mio breve il sole eterno!

### **The dawn divides the darkness from the light**

The dawn divides the darkness from the light,  
and my sensual pleasure from my desire.  
O sweet stars, the hour of death is now at hand:  
a love more holy sweeps you from the skies.

Gleaming eyes, O you who'll ne'er return,  
sad stars, snuff out your uncorrupted light!  
I must die, I do not want to see the day,  
for love of my own dream and of the night.

Envelop me, O Night in your maternal breast,  
while the pale earth bathes itself in dew;  
but let the dawn rise from my blood  
and from my brief dream the eternal sun!

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## Non t'amo piu

### 1. Ricordi ancora il dì che c'incontrammo

Ricordi ancora il dì che c'incontrammo,  
Le tue promesse le ricordi ancor ...?  
Folle d'amore io ti seguì ... ci amammo,  
E accanto a te sognai, folle d'amor.

Sognai felice, di carezze a baci  
Una catena dileguante in ciel;  
Ma le parole tue ... furon mendaci ...  
Perchè l'anima tua è fatta di gel.

Te ne ricordi ancor?  
Te ne ricordi ancor?

Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso  
Il mio sogno d'amor ... non sei più tu:  
I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso ...  
Sogno un altro ideal; non t'amo più.

Nei cari giorni che pasamo inieime  
Io cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier;  
Tu fosti del mio cor l'unica speme  
Tu della mente l'unico pensier.

Tu m'hai visto pregare, impallidire,  
Piangere tu m'hai visto innanzi a te  
Io sol per appagare un tuo desire  
Avrei dato il mio sangue a la mia fè.

Te ne ricordi ancor?  
Te ne ricordi ancor?

Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso  
Il mio sogno d'amor ... non sei più tu, etc.

### 2. Nei cari giorni che passammo insieme

Nei cari giorni che passammo insieme,  
io cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier:  
Tu fosti del mio cor l'unica speme,  
Tu della mente l'unico pensier.

Tu m'hai visto pregare, impallidire,  
Piangere tu m'hai visto innanzi a te;  
Io sol per appagare un tuo desire,  
Avrei dato il mio sangue e la mia fè.

Te ne ricordi ancor?  
Te ne ricordi ancor?

Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso ...

Text by Carmelo Errico

## I don't love you any more

### 1. Do you still remember the day that we met

Do you still remember the day that we met,  
do you still remember your promises?  
Crazy from love I followed you, we were enamoured with each other  
and I dreamed next to you, crazy with love.

I dreamed, happily, of caresses and kisses,  
a chain fading away into the sky;  
but your words were misleading,  
because your soul is made of ice.

Do you still remember?  
Do you still remember?

Now my faith, my immense desire,  
my dream of love isn't you anymore;  
I don't search for your kisses, I don't think of you.  
I dream of another ideal; I don't love you anymore.

In the dear days that we spent together  
I scattered flowers at your feet;  
you were the only hope of my heart,  
you were the only thought in my mind.

You watched me beg, turning pale,  
you watched me cry before you  
Only to satisfy your desire, I  
had given my blood and my faith.

Do you still remember?  
Do you still remember?

Now my faith, my immense desire,  
My dream of love isn't you anymore, etc.

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### 2. Through the days dearly passed together

Through the days dearly passed together,  
I strewed flowers across your path:  
you were the only hope of my heart,  
you the only thought of my desire.

You forced me to beg you, you turned me pale,  
you saw me crying in your presence;  
Only in order to fulfil a desire of yours,  
I would have offered my body and soul!

Do you still remember?  
Do you still remember?

Now you are no longer my faith ...

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## Ideale

Io ti seguìi come iride di pace  
Lungo le vie del cielo:  
Io ti seguìi come un'amica face  
De la notte nel velo.  
E ti sentii ne la luce, ne l'aria,  
Nel profumo dei fiori;  
E fu piena la stanza solitaria  
Di te, dei tuoi splendori.

In te rapito, al suon de la tua voce,  
Lungamente sognai;  
E de la terra ogni affanno, ogni croce,  
In quel sogno scordai.  
Torna, caro ideal, torna un istante  
A sorridermi ancora,  
E a me risplenderà, nel tuo sembiante,  
Una novella aurora.

## Core'ngrato

Catari, Catari,  
Pecchè me dici  
Sti parole amare;  
Pecchè me parle  
E 'o core me turmiente, Catari?  
Nun te scurdà  
Ca t'aggio date 'o core,  
Catari, nun te scurdà!  
Catari, Catari, che vene  
A dicere stu parlà  
Ca me dà spaseme?  
Tu nun'nce pienze a stu dolore mio,  
Tu nun'nce pienze,  
Tu nun te ne cure.  
Core, core 'ngrato,  
T'aie pigliato 'a vita mia,  
Tutt'è passato e  
Nun'nce pienze cchiù!

Catari, Catari  
Tu nun o saie ca 'nfino int' 'a na chiesa  
Io so' trasuto e aggio priato a Dio,  
Catari  
E ll'aggio ditto pure a 'o confessore  
l' sto' a suffrì pe chella lla'! l'  
Sto a suffrì, sto a suffrì  
Nun se po credere  
Sto' a suffrì tutte li strazie  
E 'o confessore ch'e' persona santa  
M'ha ditto: figlio mio, lassala sta', lassala sta'!

Text by Riccardo Cordiferno

## Ideal

I followed you like a rainbow of peace  
along the paths of heaven;  
I followed you like a friendly torch  
in the veil of darkness,  
and I sensed you in the light, in the air,  
in the perfume of flowers,  
and the solitary room was full  
of you and of your radiance.

Absorbed by you, I dreamed a long time  
of the sound of your voice,  
and earth's every anxiety, every torment  
I forgot in that dream.  
Come back, dear ideal, for an instant  
to smile at me again,  
and in your face will shine for me  
a new dawn.

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## Ungrateful heart

Catarina, Catarina,  
why do you say  
such bitter words;  
why do you speak  
and torment my heart, Catarina?  
Do not forget  
I gave you my heart,  
Catarina do not forget!  
Catarina, Catarina, what meaning  
do your words hold,  
words that leave me shuddering?  
You do not think of the pain I feel,  
you do not think,  
you do not care.  
Ungrateful, ungrateful heart  
you have taken my life,  
all has passed  
and I am in your thoughts no more!

Catarina, Catarina  
you do not know that I even went into a church  
and prayed to God,  
Catarina  
I confessed to a priest  
that I was suffering for you!  
I was suffering, I was suffering,  
suffering beyond words  
I was suffering every punishment and pain  
and the priest, a saintly man,  
turned to me and said: my son, let her go, let her go!

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## **I could have danced all night**

Bed! Bed! I couldn't go to bed!  
My head's too light to try to set it down!  
Sleep! Sleep! I couldn't sleep tonight!  
Not for all the jewels in the crown!  
I could have danced all night!  
I could have danced all night!  
And still have begged for more.  
I could have spread my wings  
And done a thousand things  
I've never done before.

I'll never know  
What made it so exciting;  
Why all at once  
My heart took flight.  
I only know when he  
Began to dance with me,  
I could have danced, danced, danced all night!

Text by Alan Jay Lerner

## **Lippen Schweigen**

### **Danilo**

Lippen schweigen,  
'S flüstern Geigen:  
Hab mich lieb!  
All die Schritte  
Sagen: Bitte,  
Hab mich lieb!  
Jeder Druck der Hände  
Deutlich mir's beschrieb.  
Er sagt klar, 's ist wahr, 's ist wahr,  
Du hast mich lieb!

### **Hanna**

Bei jedem Walzerschritt  
Tanzt auch die Seele mit,  
Da hüpf das Herzchen klein,  
Es klopft und pocht:  
Sei mein! Sei mein!  
Und der Mund, er spricht kein Wort,  
Doch tönt es fort und immerfort:  
Ich hab' dich ja so lieb,  
Ich hab' dich lieb!

### **Hanna und Danilo**

Jeder Druck der Hände  
Deutlich mir's beschrieb.  
Er sagt klar,  
'S ist wahr, 's ist wahr,  
Du hast mich lieb!

## **Lips are silent**

### **Danilo**

Lips are silent,  
violins whisper:  
love me!  
Every step  
says: please  
love me!  
Every hand-clasp  
shows it clearly.  
Now I know, it's so, it's so,  
you love me!

### **Hanna**

At each step of the waltz,  
my soul joins in the dance,  
my eager heart leaps,  
knocks, and pounds:  
be mine, be mine!  
And my lips say no word,  
yet still it echoes on and on:  
I love you, oh, so much,  
I love you!

### **Hanna and Danilo**

Every hand-clasp  
shows it clearly,  
now I know  
it's so, it's so,  
you love me!

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