

A BENEFIT RECITAL
for
BLUMEHAITI

Colin Doyle, tenor
James Smith, pianist

Sunday, November 28, 2021 at 7:30 EST

Trinity Episcopal Church
Swarthmore PA

Broadcast simultaneously on [YouTube](#)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ePLBiTmHY2c>

I

Vaghissima Sembianza

Stefano Donaudy

Enchanting image of a past love, who painted you with such fidelity
that I look, I speak and believe myself to be with you as in the beautiful
days of our love.

The remembrance evoked so ardently in my heart – so that a kiss, a cry,
a vow of love, is all that I ask of her who is silent forever.

O del mio amato ben

Stefano Donaudy

O lost enchantment of my beloved! Far from my eyes is she who was my
glory and pride. Now I seek and call for her through the silent rooms, my
heart filled with hope. But I seek and call in vain. And I weep so much that
my heart is nourished by tears.

Everywhere seems sad without her. Day is like night, and fire feels cold. I
would gladly seek a cure, but one thought torments me: What shall I do
without her? Life is vain for me without my beloved.

Amorosi miei giorni

Stefano Donaudy

How could I ever forget my days of love, now that full of blessings you
bring joy to my heart and perfume my thoughts? So as life goes on I no
longer fear the anxieties of cruel life, with only this hope: That one glance from
her is all my splendor, and one smile all my treasure.

Who is more blessed than I, if he has not by his side a beloved woman., if
he has never known love? Thus, as life goes on

II

Three Sonnets of Petrarch

Franz Liszt

1. Pace non trovo

I find no peace and have no arms for war
and I fear, and I hope; and I burn, and I am ice;
and I fly above the sky, and I lay on the floor;
and I hold nothing, and I seize the whole world.

Someone has me in a prison, which she neither opens to me nor shuts
nor keeps me to herself nor loosens the noose;

and Love does not kill me, and does not free me,
and wishes me not to live, but does not relieve my pain.

I see without eyes, and have no tongue, but scream:
and I long to perish, yet I beg for aid:
and hold myself in hate, but love someone else.

I feed on sadness, I laugh crying;
death and life displease me equally:
and I am in this state, Mistress, because of you.

2. Benedetto sia il giorno

Blessed be the day, the month and the year
and the season, the time and the place,
the lovely countryside, and the spot where I was transfixed
by two beautiful eyes which have ensnared me;

And blessed the first sweet pain
which I felt on being yoked to Love
and the bow and the arrows which pierced me,
and the wounds inflicted on my heart.

Blessed be the songs which I, calling Laura's name,
have showered upon the world in such profusion
and the sighs, the tears, the longing.

Blessed too the paper
on which I am spreading her fame, and my thoughts,
which are of her alone: no other has any place in them.

3. I vidi in terra

I saw angelic virtue on earth
and heavenly beauty on terrestrial soil,
so I am sad and joyful at the memory,
and what I see seems dream, shadows, smoke:

and I saw two lovely eyes that wept,
that made the sun a thousand times jealous:
and I heard words emerge among sighs
that made the mountains move, and halted rivers.

Love, Judgement, Pity, Worth and Grief,
made a sweeter chorus of weeping
than any other heard beneath the moon:

and heaven so intent upon the harmony
no leaf was seen to move on the boughs,
so filled with sweetness were the wind and air.

Intermission: BLUMEHaiti presented by Janet Anthony

III

Six Songs on texts of Otto von Schack, Op. 17

Richard Strauss

Seitdem dein Aug' in meines schaute

Since your eyes gazed into mine
And love, as from heaven,
Descended on me like the dew,
What more can earth offer me?

It has given to me its best,
And with my heart's silent joy,
My whole life overflowed
In that single moment.

. Ständchen (Serenade)

Open up, open up! but softly, my child,
So that no one's roused from slumber!
The brook hardly murmurs, the breeze hardly moves
A leaf on the bushes and hedges;
Gently, my love, so nothing shall stir,
Gently with your hand as you lift the latch!

With steps as light as the steps of elves,
As they hop their way over flowers,
Flit out into the moonlit night,
Slip out to me in the garden!
The flowers are fragrant in sleep
By the rippling brook, only love is awake.

Sit down! Dusk falls mysteriously here
Beneath the linden trees.
The nightingale above us
Shall dream of our kisses
And the rose, when it wakes at dawn,
Shall glow from our night's rapture.

Das Geheimnis (The Secret)

You ask me, girl, what the West Wind
Whispered to the bluebells?
Why from bough to bough in the branches
The birds chirp their enticing song?
Why bud clings to bud,
And wave ebbs with wave,
And the night violets open themselves
To the moonbeam quivering on calyxes?
O foolish questioning! He who benefits from knowledge—
He shall not lack an answer;
So wait, my child, until love comes,
It shall tell you everything!

Aus der Liedern der Traue (From the Songs of Sorrow)

I The daylight is, for me,
 Cocooned by a dark veil;
 Though new suns rise—
 do not see them.

 My gaze wanders over there
 Into the twilit distance, far away;
 From the sky there glitters
 A single sad and lonely star.

 A pale-cheeked girl
 Waves to me from over there:
 I have gone on ahead,
 Why do you hesitate?

Nur Mut (Just be Brave)

Banish timidity, boldly endure
Your worries, your torment!
However bloody the wound,
It shall one day heal.

Beneath a deep layer of ice

The young bud already dreams
That spring is waking it
With the lovely sound of song.

Just turn your gaze aloft,
And through the grey of gloomy clouds
The sky's glorious blue
Will finally break and dazzle you!

But those gloomy hours too,
And the tears that you weep –
They shall, believe me, like vanished joys,
One day sweetly shine on you again,

And with melancholy, only half-cheerful,
You shall forever say goodbye
To sorrow, your companion,
Who was faithful to you for so long.

Barkarole

Around the tips of the dripping oars
A gleaming radiance trembles and shines,
At every stroke it flies like lightning,
Dancing from wave to wave.

With love's rapture in my breast,
My heart trembles and shines like the tide,
Rejoices to the stars and suns above,
Quivers to expire in the billowing blaze.

Now on the cliffs through the plane-tree's green
I see the column-supported roof,
And the flickering light on the balcony
Tells me my beloved is still awake.

Fly, my boat, and hide us discreetly,
Hide us, blissful August night!
Although it is sweet to sway on the waves,
It is sweeter still upon her breast.

IV

From *Folksongs of the British Isles*

Benjamin Britten

The Sally Gardens

O Waly Waly

The Last Rose of Summer

The Ash Grove

Thanks and appreciation to:

Bella Englebach, Mary Thompson, the Reverend Ted Thompson, Carol Williamson, Peter Wu, Rebecca Clemmer, Janet Anthony, Rachael Cohen, Ricardo Lespérance, Trinity Church, Swarthmore, Tina Hogan, The Swarthmorean, Adrienne Caddell-Hopkins