

presents

Ana Molano, Soprano  
In a Senior Recital

assisted by:  
*Korey Barrett, piano*

In partial fulfillment of the requirement  
for the BA degree in General Studies in Music  
From the Studio of Dr. Suzanne Hendrix-Case

Intorno all'idol mio	Antonio Cesti (1623 – 1669)
Se Florindo è fedele	Alessandro Scarlatti (1659 – 1725)
O del mio dolce ardor	Christoph Willibald von Gluck (1714 – 1787)
Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém (Song to the Moon) From <i>Rusalka</i>	Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)
Nun Takes the Veil Daisies Sure on this Shining Night	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Hay un instante en el crepúsculo	Guillermo Uribe Holguín (1880-1971)
La mi sola, Laureola El Vito	Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)

## Translations

### Intorno all'idol mio

Intorno all'idol mio spirate pur, spirate,  
Aure, Aure soavi e grate,  
E nelle guancie elette  
Baciatelo per me,  
Cortesi, cortesi aurette!

Al mio ben, che riposa  
Su l'ali della quiete,  
Grati, grati sogni assistete  
E il mio racchiuso ardore  
Svelate gli per me,  
O larve, o larve d'amore!

### Se Florindo è fedele

Se Florindo è fedele  
io m'innamorerò.

Potrà ben l'arco tendere  
il faretrato arcier,  
Ch'io mi saprò difendere  
d'un guardo lusinghier.  
Preghi, pianti e querele,  
io non ascolterò.  
Ma se sarà fedele  
io m'innamorerò.

### Around my beloved

Around my beloved  
Breathe, merely breathe,  
Winds sweet and gracious  
And on the favored cheeks  
Kiss him for me, courtly breezes!

In my love who rests  
On the wings of peace  
Pleasant dreams provoke.  
And my hidden ardor  
Reveal to him for me  
O spirits of love.

### If Florindo is faithful

If Florindo is faithful,  
I shall fall in love for sure.

The archer, fully equipped,  
may well draw his bow,  
but I will know how to defend myself  
from a seductive glance.  
Prayers, weeping, complaints:  
No heed shall I pay to these.  
But if he remains faithful,  
I shall fall in love.

### **O del mio dolce ardor**

O del mio dolce ardor  
Bramato oggetto,  
L'aura che tu respiri,  
Alfin respiro.

O vunque il guardo io giro,  
Le tue vaghe sembianze  
Amore in me dipinge:  
Il mio pensier si finge  
Le più liete speranze;  
E nel desio che così  
M'empie il petto  
Cerco te, chiamo te, spero e sospiro.

### **Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém**

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém  
Světlo tvé daleko vidí,  
Po světě bloudíš širokém,  
Díváš se v příbytky lidí.

Měsíčku, postůj chvíli  
Řekni mi, kde je můj milý

Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku,  
mé že jej objímá rámě,  
aby si alespoň chvíličku  
vzpomenul ve snění na mě.

Zasviť mu do daleka,  
řekni mu, řekni mu, kdo tu naň čeká!

O mne-li duše lidská sní,  
ať se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!  
Měsíčku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

### **Of my sweet ardor**

Oh, desired object  
Of my sweet ardor,  
The air which you breathe,  
At last I breathe.

Wherever I turn my glance  
Your lovely features  
Paint love for me:  
My thoughts imagine  
The happiest hopes,  
And in the longing which  
Fills my bosom  
I seek you, I call you, I hope, and I sigh.

### **Song to the Moon**

Moon, high and deep in the sky  
Your light sees far,  
You travel around the wide world,  
and see into people's homes.

Moon, stand still a while  
and tell me where is my dear.

Tell him, silvery moon,  
that I am embracing him.  
For at least momentarily  
let him recall of dreaming of me.

Illuminate him far away,  
and tell him, tell him who is waiting for  
him!

If his human soul is, in fact, dreaming of me,  
may the memory awaken him!  
Moonlight, don't disappear, disappear!

### **Hay un instante en el crepúsculo**

Hay un instante en el crepúsculo  
en que las cosas brillan más,  
fugaz momento palpitante  
de una morosa intensidad.

Se aterciopelan los ramajes,  
pulen las torres su perfil,  
burila un ave su silueta  
sobre el plafondo de zafir.

Muda la tarde, se concentra  
para el olvido de la luz,  
y la penetra un don difuso  
de melancólica quietud,  
como si el orbe recogiera  
todo su bien y su beldad,  
toda su fe, toda su gracia  
contra la sombra que vendrá...

Mi ser florece en esa hora  
de misterioso florecer;  
siento un crepúsculo en el alma,  
de ensoñadora placidez;  
en él revientan los renuevos  
de la ilusión primaveral,  
y en él me embriago con aromas  
de algún jardín que hay ¡más allá!...

### **La mi sola, Laureola**

La mi sola, Laureola  
La mi sola, sola, sola,

Yo el cautivo Leriano  
Aunque mucho estoy ufano  
Herido de aquella mano  
Que en el mundo es una sola.

La mi sola Laureola  
La mi sola, sola, sola.

### **There is a moment in the twilight**

There is a moment in the twilight  
when things shine brighter,  
fleeting throbbing moment  
of a dull intensity.

The branches become velvety,  
the towers polish their profile,  
sculpt a bird its silhouette  
on the sapphire ceiling.

The afternoon changes, it consolidates  
for the oblivion of the light,  
and a soft gift penetrates her  
of melancholic stillness,  
as if the orb collected  
all her good and her beauty,  
all her faith, all her grace  
against the shadow that will come...

My being blooms in that hour  
of mysterious flowering;  
I feel a twilight in my soul,  
of dreamy placidity;  
in it the shoots burst  
of the spring illusion,  
and in it I get drunk with aromas  
of some garden beyond!...

### **My one and only, Laureola**

My one and only, Laureola  
My one and only, only, only,

I'm the captive Leriano  
Even though I'm very proud  
I'm wounded by that hand  
Of which in the whole world, there is only  
one.

My one and only, Laureola  
My one and only, only.

## **El Vito**

Una vieja vale un real  
y una muchacha dos cuartos,  
pero como soy tan pobre  
me voy a lo más barato.

Con el vito, vito, vito,  
con el vito, vito, va.  
No me haga 'usté' cosquillas,  
que me pongo 'colorá'.

Cuatro curas, se la llevan  
se la llevan a enterrar.  
Cuatro curas se la llevan  
con el vito, vito, va.  
Se la llevan y es mi suegra.  
¡Ay! ¡la risa que me dá!  
Con el vito, vito, vito.  
¡Ay! que no la veré más!

## **The Vito**

An old woman is worth a real  
and a young girl two quarters,  
Because I, you know, I'm so poor  
I'm going for the cheapest.

With the vito, vito, vito,  
with the vito, vito, it goes.  
Don't you tickle me,  
I'll turn 'red'.

Four priests take a woman  
they take her to be buried.  
Four priests take her  
with the vito, vito, it goes.  
They take her and it's my mother-in-law.  
Oh! It makes me laugh!  
With the vito, vito, vito.  
Oh! I'll see her no more!