### Bizet - *Mi par d'udir anch* from *I Pescatori di Perles*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Original Text</th>
<th>Translation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Mi par d'udire ancora,</strong>&lt;br&gt;o scosa in mezzo ai fior,&lt;br&gt;la voce sua talora,&lt;br&gt;sospirare l'amor!<strong>&lt;br&gt;<strong>O notte di carezze,</strong>&lt;br&gt;gioir che non ha fin,&lt;br&gt;o sovenir divin!</strong>&lt;br&gt;Folli ebbrezze del sogno, sogno d'amor!<strong>&lt;br&gt;Dalle stelle del cielo,&lt;br&gt;Altro menar che da lei,&lt;br&gt;La veggio d'ogni velo,&lt;br&gt;Prender li per le ser!</strong>&lt;br&gt;<strong>O notte di carezze!</strong>&lt;br&gt;gioir che non ha fin!&lt;br&gt;o sovenir divin!<strong>&lt;br&gt;Folli ebbrezze del sogno, sogno d'amor!</strong>&lt;br&gt;divin sovenir, divin sovenir!**</td>
<td><strong>Once more</strong>&lt;br&gt;I hear her voice&lt;br&gt;Where golden lilies always bloom&lt;br&gt;And hear her softly sing&lt;br&gt;Her tender voice&lt;br&gt;Rings through the gloom&lt;br&gt;<strong>Oh night</strong>&lt;br&gt;Of wondrous love&lt;br&gt;Oh wondrous night&lt;br&gt;Of joy divine&lt;br&gt;Oh memory&lt;br&gt;Forever mine&lt;br&gt;Wondrous night of memory&lt;br&gt;Sweet memory&lt;br&gt;‘Neath the stars&lt;br&gt;twinkly glowing&lt;br&gt;I see her bosom unveil&lt;br&gt;As the glory is showing&lt;br&gt;Then the moonlight is pale&lt;br&gt;<strong>Oh night</strong>&lt;br&gt;Of wondrous love&lt;br&gt;O wondrous night&lt;br&gt;Of joy divine&lt;br&gt;Oh memory&lt;br&gt;Forever mine&lt;br&gt;Wondrous night of joy divine&lt;br&gt;<strong>Oh wondrous night</strong>&lt;br&gt;Divine memory</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
chi è in amor non mancherà.

Presto in danza a tondo,
donne mie venite quà,
un garzon bello e giocando
a ciascuna toccherà,
finchè in ciel brilla una stella
e la luna splenderà.
Il più bel con la più bella
tutta notte danzerà.

(Mamma mia, mamma mia,
già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia si salterà.
Frinche frinche frinche frinche
mamma mia, si salterà,
La la la la ra...)

Salta, salta, gira, gira,
ogni coppia a cerchio va,
ghi s'avanza si ritira
e all' assalto tornerà.

Serra, serra colla bionda
collabruna va quà e là,
colla rossa và a seconda
colla smorta fermo sta!
Viva il ballo a tondo a tondo
sono un Rè, sono un Bascià,
è il più bel piacer del mondo
la più cara voluptà.

(Mamma mia, mamma mia,
già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia si salterà.
Frinche frinche frinche frinche
mamma mia, si salterà,
La la la la ra...)

with those in love would want to miss.

Swiftly dancing round and round,
My dear ladies, come to me,
See a handsome smiling fellow
Willing to dance with every one.

While the evening star shines in the sky
And the moon glows brightly,
The most handsome with the fairest
Will dance the night away.

Mamma mia, my goodness,
Now the moon is above the sea,
Mamma mia, my goodness,
Mamma mia, how we'll leap.
Twang, twang,
Mamma mia, how we'll leap.

Jump, jump, turn and turn,
Every couple circling round,
Back and forth and over again
And return where you began.

Hold on tightly to the blonde,
Take the brunette here and there,
take the redhead for a turn,
the wallflower you better don't touch.

Hooray for dancing round and round,
I'm a king, a pasha too,
This is the greatest pleasure on earth,
And the dearest passion !

Mamma mia, my goodness,
Now the moon is above the sea,
Mamma mia, my goodness,
Mamma mia, how we’ll leap.
Twang, twang,
Mamma mia, how we’ll leap.

Meco all’altar di Venere
Era Adalgisa in Roma,
Cinta di bende candide,
Sparsa di fior la chioma;
Udia d’Imene i cantici,
Vedea Fumar gl’incensi,
Eran rapiti I sensi
Di voluttade e amore.
Quando fra noi terribile
Viene, a locarsi un’ombra
L’ampio mantel Druidico
Come un vapor l’ingombra:

Adalgisa was beside me
at the altar of Venus in Rome,
she was draped in white veils
with flowers in her hair.
I listened to the song of Hymen,
saw the clouds of incense
and felt enraptured
by voluptuousness and love.
Then a dreadful shadow
came between us:
a great druid cloak
covered her like a cloud.

Bellini - Meco all’altar di Venere from Norma

Meco all’altar di Venere
Era Adalgisa in Roma,
Cinta di bende candide,
Sparsa di fior la chioma;
Udia d’Imene i cantici,
Vedea Fumar gl’incensi,
Eran rapiti I sensi
Di voluttade e amore.
Quando fra noi terribile
Viene, a locarsi un’ombra
L’ampio mantel Druidico
Come un vapor l’ingombra:

Adalgisa was beside me
at the altar of Venus in Rome,
she was draped in white veils
with flowers in her hair.
I listened to the song of Hymen,
saw the clouds of incense
and felt enraptured
by voluptuousness and love.
Then a dreadful shadow
came between us:
a great druid cloak
covered her like a cloud.
Cade sull’ara il folgore  
D’un vel si copre il giorno  
Muto si spande intorno  
Un sepolcrale orror.

Più l’adorata vergine  
Io non mi trovo accanto:  
N’odo da lunge un gemito,  
Misto de’figli al pianto;  
Ed una voce orribile  
Echeggia in fondo al tempio:  
“Norma così fa scempio  
D’amante traditor…”

Lightning struck the altar,  
the day went dark;  
in silence deathly horror  
spread all around.  
My beloved virgin  
was no longer beside me;  
from far away I heard a moan  
mixed with the crying of my children,  
and a terrible voice  
resounded through the temple  
‘This is how Norma deals  
with her unfaithful lover…”

Chopin:  Polonaise in C-sharp minor, Op. 26, No. 1

More than almost any other composer, Frederic Chopin was a specialist. His field was the piano, and, of his hundreds of compositions, virtually all include that instrument of which he was unquestionably master. He never bothered with the larger forms, despite trends of the day and the persuasive words of friends. In a letter of 1834, Chopin wrote, "They plague me to death urging me to write symphonies and operas, and they want me to be everything in one --- a Polish Rossini and a Mozart and a Beethoven. But I just laugh under my breath and think to myself that one must start from small things. I'm only a pianist, and, if I'm worth anything, that is good, too."

Although born in Poland to a Polish mother and a French father, Chopin moved to Paris at age twenty and, confident that the cosmopolitan arena was a better stage for his skills, never again set foot in his homeland. Yet absence did not cause forgetfulness. Fond of his nation’s culture, the composer liked to evoke its spirit in his compositions, particularly in his dance-inspired polonaises for solo piano, nearly twenty in number. The polonaise was not a country dance, rather an elegant courtly dance of the Polish aristocracy. The Polonaise in c-sharp minor was the first of his polonaises to find a publisher (in 1834), though the eleventh polonaise he had written. Like many of these pieces, it features a strong dramatic opening before the appearance of the distinctive polonaise rhythm: 1, 2-3, 4, 5, 6, 7, with the 2-3 being a pair of sixteenth notes against the other equally spaced eighth notes. Wistful intervals interrupt the opening energy, and are particularly expansive in the love-scene-like center of the piece, but then the determined opening mood returns. It is a work that argues strongly against the impression of Chopin as a creator of gentle, poetic miniatures. Here, he becomes a man of spirit and power who clearly knew how to make the most of a piano.

Verdi - Ma se m'è forza perderti from Un Ballo in Maschera

Ma se m'è forza perderti  
Per sempre, o luce mia,  
A te verrà il mio palpito  
Sotto qual ciel tu sia.  
Chiusa la tua memoria  
Nell' intimo del cor.  
Ed or quel reo presagio  
Lo spirito m'assale,  
Che il rivederti annunzia  
Quasi un desio fatale . . .  
Come se fosse l'ultima  
Ora del nostro amor?

But if I am forced to lose you  
forever, o light of my life,  
with you will go all my yearning.  
No matter under which skies you live,  
lock your memories in  
your heart’s most secret regions.  
But what dark foreboding  
assails my troubled spirit,  
that we shall see each other again  
reawakes a fateful desire...  
Is this to be the last  
hour of our love?
**Lehar - Tu che m'hai preso il cor from The Land of Smiles**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Italian</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tu che m'h'ai preso il cor, sarai per me il solo amor No, non ti lascerò, vivrò per te, ti sognerò Te o nessuna mai più, vivrò per te. Come il sole sei tu. Lontan da te è morir d'amore, perché sei tu che m'h'ai rubato il cor.</td>
<td>My whole heart is yours! Without you I cannot exist, I would be like the flower that fades Without the kiss of sunlight! My sweetest song is yours, For it springs from love alone. Tell me once more, my one and only love, Tell me once more: I love you! Wherever I go I feel you near me. I should like to drink your breath And sink imploringly at your feet, At yours, yours alone! How wonderful Is your glistening hair! Your lovely, radiant gaze Is full of dreams and anxious longing. When I hear your voice It is like music. My whole heart is yours!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Ti vedo tra le rose, ti dico tante cose sei il vento che carezza, il profumare di giovinezza mi fai tremar, la notte sogno tremando di te Qual incantesimo, il mio cuor sul tuo cuor... mentre si schiudono, le pupille tue blu. | My whole heart is yours! Without you I cannot exist, I would be like the flower that fades Without the kiss of sunlight! My sweetest song is yours, For it springs from love alone. Tell me once more, my one and only love, Tell me once more: I love you! Wherever I go I feel you near me. I should like to drink your breath And sink imploringly at your feet, At yours, yours alone! How wonderful Is your glistening hair! Your lovely, radiant gaze Is full of dreams and anxious longing. When I hear your voice It is like music. My whole heart is yours! |

| Tu che m'h'ai preso il cor, sarai per me il solo amor No, non ti lascerò, vivrò per te, ti sognerò Te o nessuna mai più, vivrò per te. Come il sole sei tu. Lontan da te è morir d'amore, perché sei tu che m'h'ai rubato il cor. | My whole heart is yours! Without you I cannot exist, I would be like the flower that fades Without the kiss of sunlight! My sweetest song is yours, For it springs from love alone. Tell me once more, my one and only love, Tell me once more: I love you! Wherever I go I feel you near me. I should like to drink your breath And sink imploringly at your feet, At yours, yours alone! How wonderful Is your glistening hair! Your lovely, radiant gaze Is full of dreams and anxious longing. When I hear your voice It is like music. My whole heart is yours! |

---

**Puccini - Nessun dorma, Calaf's aria from Turandot**

Translation by Jason Siegal

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Italian</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Nessun dorma, Nessun dorma! Tu pure, o Principessa, nella tua fredda stanza, guardi le stelle che tremano d'amore e di speranza. Ma il mio mistero e chiuso in me, il nome mio nessun sapra! No, no, sulla tua bocca lo dirò quando la luce splenderà! Ed il mio bacio scioglierà il silenzio che ti fa mia! (Il nome suo nessun saprā! e noi dovrem, ahime, morir!)</td>
<td>No one sleeps! No one sleeps! You too, O Princess! in your chaste room are watching the stars which tremble with love and hope! But my secret lies hidden within me, no one shall discover my name! Oh no, I will reveal it only on your lips, when daylight shines forth and my kiss shall break the silence which makes you mine (no one shall discover my name! And we will have to die!)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Dilegua, o notte! Tramontate, stelle! All'alba vincero! | Depart, oh night! Fade away, you stars! At dawn I shall win! |

---

**Tosti - A vuchella**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Italian</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sì, comm'a nu sciorillo tu tiene na vuchella nu poco pocorillo appassuliatella. Meh, dammillo, dammillo, - è comm'a na rusella - dammillo nu vasillo, dammillo, Cannetella!</td>
<td>Yes, like a little flower, You have got a sweet mouth A little bit withered. Please give it to me it's like a little rose Give me a little kiss, give, Cannetella!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Sì, comm'a nu sciorillo tu tiene na vuchella nu poco pocorillo appassuliatella. Meh, dammillo, dammillo, - è comm'a na rusella - dammillo nu vasillo, dammillo, Cannetella! | Yes, like a little flower, You have got a sweet mouth A little bit withered. Please give it to me it's like a little rose Give me a little kiss, give, Cannetella! |
### Dammillo e pigliatillo, nu vaso piccerillo

comm'a chesta vucchella,
che pare na rusella
nu poco pocorillo
appassuliatella...

Give one and take one,
a kiss as little
as your mouth

which looks like a little rose
a little bit
deried.

### Leoncavallo - Mattinata

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Italian</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>L'Aurora, di bianco vestita, Già l'uscio dischiude al gran sol,</td>
<td>The dawn, dressed in white, has already opened the door to the sun,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Di già con le rose sue dita Carezza de' fiori lo stuol!</td>
<td>with pink fingers caresses the myriads with flowers.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Commosso da un fremito arcana Intorno il creato già par, E tu non ti desti, ed invano</td>
<td>A mysterious trembling seems to disturb all nature, yet you will not get up, and vainly I stand here sadly and sing.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mi sto qui dolente a cantar: Metti anche tu la veste bianca e schiudi l'uscio al tuo cantor!</td>
<td>Dress yourself, too, in white and open the door to your serenader! Where you are not, all is dark, where you are, love is born!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ove non sei la luce manca, Ove tu sei nasce l'amor! etc.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Puccini - E lucevan le stelle, Mario Cavaradossi's aria from Tosca

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Italian</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>E lucevan le stelle ed olezzava la terra, stridea l'uscio dell'orto, e</td>
<td>The stars were gleaming, The ground was fragrant...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>un passo sfiorava la rena...Entrava ella, fragrante, Mi cadea fra le</td>
<td>light footsteps in the sand, the smell of her hair. She came and fell into my arms.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>braccia...Oh dolci baci, o lenguide carezze, Mentri'io fremente La</td>
<td>Oh tender kisses, sweet caresses, While, trembling, I beheld Her beautiful form freed of its gown.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>belle forme discioglea dai veli! Sveni per sempre il sogno mio d'amore..</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L'ora e' fuggita...E muoio disperato! E non ho amato mai tanto la vita!</td>
<td>Gone forever is my dream of love. Time has fled, and I die in despair! I die in despair, But never have I loved life so much.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Brahms: Capriccio in C-sharp minor, Op. 76, No. 5

Johannes Brahms was only twenty when he came to fame. The former barroom pianist, son of a double-bass player who lacked the financial resources to promote his son’s talent, had had the good fortune in 1853 to make the acquaintance of Robert and Clara Schumann, who agreed to bring attention to the young man’s compositions. One of the century's greatest pianists, Clara began performing Brahms' works on her concerts; Robert, a journalist as well as a composer, wrote effusive articles for his journal praising the young man's genius. Although Brahms moved to Vienna in 1862, and would be based there for the rest of his life, he stayed friends with Clara after her husband’s death (in 1856) and often consulted with her about his works-in-progress, particularly the piano music, as he felt she was an even better player than he.
The Capriccio in c-sharp-minor is part of a set of eight Piano Pieces that he completed in 1878, a busy year, for the composer was also working on his Symphony no. 2 and his Violin Concerto. Brahms’ correspondence with his publisher shows him to have been somewhat at a loss for an appropriate title. He understood that ‘sonata’ would not do, as the diverse set of pieces did not bear the overall structure that such a title would imply. Yet even naming the individual pieces separately proved difficult, and at last the composer simply decided that some would be called ‘capriccio’ and others ‘intermezzo’. The former term implied a piece of whimsical, capricious character, the latter something more reflective. Yet the c-sharp minor Capriccio is not particularly carefree. Rather, it begins with many fast and intricate passages requiring a player of both strength and nimbleness. Occasionally, the drama is offset by more lyrical pages producing music of highly varied emotions. The overall impression is of dynamic force, driving at last to a firm conclusion.

- Copyright by Betsy Schwarm

**Brahms: Rhapsody in G minor, Op. 79, No. 2**

Although music historians like to recall Brahms’ lasting adoration for his widowed friend Clara Schumann, there were also other women who earned his attention. Another prominent name in his life was Elisabeth von Herzogenberg, whom he had met when the sixteen-year-old was barely half his age. A talented young musician with a professional quality singing voice, she entranced him, though not quite enough for the confirmed bachelor to propose marriage; he literally left town so as to give her affection time to cool and let her choose another man. However, to Brahms' credit, when she married another composer, he remained friends with the couple and even unselfishly helped her new husband in his career. Elisabeth's musical abilities and sympathies inspired Brahms to dedicate to her a pair of piano rhapsodies dating from 1879, years after their original romance.

Use of the title 'rhapsody' implied a composition of free-ranging structure, rather than the stricter framework of a sonata, of which Brahms had already written three. Here, the composer seems to have wanted more freedom of conception than a sonata would have allowed with fewer restrictions on what he was expected to do with his melodic material. Brahms was not customarily a radical, but still liked to do things his own way when the mood struck him. The two rhapsodies were his first solo piano scores after the Eight Piano Pieces of the previous year and would premiere in January, 1880. The second of the pair (the first is in the key of b minor) opens with a strong and vigorous mood occasionally offset by sweeter moments, providing great musical contrast. Myriad themes follow in close order, with the overall sense tending toward energy and drive, often underlain with a steady beat. As the rhapsody nears its end, the music moves into a quieter, gentler mood, implying that it may end softly, but such is not to be. Two strong chords appear to bring the work to its dramatic close.

- Copyright by Betsy Schwarm

**D’Annibale - ‘O paese d’ ‘o sole**

| Ogge sto’ tanto allero | Today I am so happy that I feel like crying  
ca, quase quase, mme mettesse a chiagnere | Can it be, I have returned to Naples?  
pe’ sta felicità... | Is it true I am here?  
Ma è overo o nun è overo | The train was still in the station  
ca so’ turnato a Napule? | When I heard the first songs of the mandolins  
Ma è overo ca stó ccà? | This is the land of sun and sea.  
‘O treno steva ancora ‘int’ a stazione |  
quanno aggio ‘ntiso ‘e primme manduline... |  
Chist’ è ‘o paese d’ ‘o sole | It is the land where words,  
chist’ è ‘o paese d’ ‘o mare, | Whether sweet or bitter, are always words of love.  
só’ doce o só’ amare, | This little house, my little house above Posilipo  
só’ sempre parole d’ammore... | This little house, ever fragrant, one could paint.  
Ever in flower and by the sea | This land of sun and sea. This is the land where all words,  
This land of sun and sea.  This is the land where all words,  
Sweet or bitter, are always words of love. |
| ‘Sta casa piccerella       | Tutto, tutto è destino…                               |
| 'sta casarella mia ‘ncoppa Pusilleco | Come potevo fà furtuna all’estero                  |
| luntano chi t’ a dà?...    | s’io voglio cam’ ccà?                                 |
| ‘Sta casa puverella        | Mettite ‘nfresco ‘o vino,                            |
| tutt’ addurosa ‘anépeta    | tanto ne voglio vevere                                |
| se putarria pittà…        | ca mm’aggi’ ‘a ‘mbriacà…                              |
| ‘A ccà nu ciardeniello sempe ‘nfiore, | Dint’ a ‘stì quattro mure io stò’ cuntento:        |
| e de rimpetto ‘o mare, sulu ‘o mare! | mamma                                                 |
| Chist’ è ‘o paese d’ ‘o sole, etc. | mme sta vicino, e nènna canta:                      |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ranieri – ‘O surdato ‘nnammurato</th>
<th>Ranieri – ‘O surdato ‘nnammurato</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Staje luntana da stu core,</td>
<td>Oje vita, oje vita mia…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a te volo cu ‘o penziero:</td>
<td>oje core ‘e chistu core…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>niente voglio e niente spero</td>
<td>si stata ‘o primmo ammore…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ca tenete sempe a fianco a me!</td>
<td>e ‘o primmo e ll’ùrdemo sarraje pe’ me!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Si sicura ‘e chist’ammore</td>
<td>Quanta notte nun te veco,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>comm’i só sicuro ‘e te…</td>
<td>nun te sento ’int’a stì bbracce,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>nun te vaso chesta faccia,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>nun t’astregno forte ‘mbraccio a me?!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ma, scetánname ‘a stì suonme,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>mme faje chiagnere pe’ te…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Oje vita, oje vita mia…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>oje core ‘e chistu core…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>si stata ‘o primmo ammore…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>e ‘o primmo e ll’ùrdemo sarraje pe’ me!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Scrive sempe e sta' cuntenta:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>io nun penzo che a te sola…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Nu penziero mme cunzola,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>ca tu pienze sulamente a me…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>'A cchiù bella 'e tutt''e bbelle,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>nun é maje cchiù bella 'e te!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recitar! ... Vesti la giubba from Pagliacci</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------------------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recitar! Mentre preso dal delirio non so più quel che dico e quel che faccio! Eppur è d'upo, sforzati! Bah, sei tu forse un uom? Tu sei Pagliaccio! Vesti la giubba e la faccia in farina. La gente paga e rider vuole qua. E se Arelcchin t’invola Colombina ridi, Pagliaccio e ognun applaudirà! Tramuta in lazzi lo spasmo ed il pianto; in una smorfia il singhiozzo il dolor... Ridi, Pagliaccio, sul tuo amore infranto! Ridi del duol, che t'avvelena il cor!</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Acting! While you're out of your mind, you don't know what you're saying and what you're doing! And yet... you have to... make an effort! Pah, are you a man by any chance? You're Pagliaccio! Put on your tunic and whiten your face. The people pay and want to laugh right now. And if Harlequin steals your Columbine laugh, Pagliaccio and everyone will clap! Turn your agonies and your tears into clowning; your sobs and your sorrow into a funny face... Laugh, Pagliaccio, over your shattered love, laugh at the pain that poisons your heart!</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Leoncavallo - Recitar! ... Vesti la giubba from Pagliacci**

Oje vita, oje vita mia... oje core ‘e chistu core... si stata ‘o primmo ammore... e ‘o primmo e ll'ùrdemo sarraje pe' me!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Recitar! ... Vesti la giubba from Pagliacci</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Recitar! Mentre preso dal delirio non so più quel che dico e quel che faccio! Eppur è d’upo, sforzati! Bah, sei tu forse un uom? Tu sei Pagliaccio! Vesti la giubba e la faccia in farina. La gente paga e rider vuole qua. E se Arelcchin t’invola Colombina ridi, Pagliaccio e ognun applaudirà! Tramuta in lazzi lo spasmo ed il pianto; in una smorfia il singhiozzo il dolor... Ridi, Pagliaccio, sul tuo amore infranto! Ridi del duol, che t'avvelena il cor!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Acting! While you're out of your mind, you don't know what you're saying and what you're doing! And yet... you have to... make an effort! Pah, are you a man by any chance? You're Pagliaccio! Put on your tunic and whiten your face. The people pay and want to laugh right now. And if Harlequin steals your Columbine laugh, Pagliaccio and everyone will clap! Turn your agonies and your tears into clowning; your sobs and your sorrow into a funny face... Laugh, Pagliaccio, over your shattered love, laugh at the pain that poisons your heart!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>