Lamont School of Music & Theatre

Liederabend

An Evening of Italian Art Song

Italian Diction Students

Beth Nielsen
Piano

Monday, November 9, 2026
7:30 p.m.
Carl and Lisa Williams Recital Salon

UNIVERSITY OF DENVER
Robert & Judi Newman Center for the Performing Arts

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Program

Luoghi sereni e cari

Helen Conner, mezzo-soprano

Stefano Donaudy
(1879–1925)
Alberto Donaudy

Perché dolce, caro bene

Juliana Iannetta, soprano

Stefano Donaudy
Alberto Donaudy

Nebbie

Anisha Arumilli, mezzo-soprano

Ottorino Respighi
(1879–1936)
Ada Negri

Ma rendi pur contento

Aria Bonski Evans, soprano

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801–1835)
Piertro Metastasio

Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Mackenzie Morse, mezzo-soprano

Vincenzo Bellini
Anonymous

Almen se non poss'io

Ava Friesen, soprano

Vincenzo Bellini
Piertro Metastasio

Ombra mai fu
from *Serse* (1738)

Sergio Budar, tenor

G.F. Händel
(1685–1759)
Nicolò Minato

(cont.)

Nevicata

Ottorino Respighi
Ada Negri

Emma McKinny, soprano

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti

Stefano Donaudy
Alberto Donaudy

Ansley King, soprano

Morirò

Pauline Viardot
(1821–1910)
Anonymous

Iris Hannon, mezzo-soprano

O del mio amato ben

Stefano Donaudy
Alberto Donaudy

Ashlyn Cohen, soprano

Text and Translations

Luoghi sereni e cari
Luoghi sereni e cari, io vi ritrovo

quali ai bei dì lasciai di giovinezza!

Gli stessi amati aspetti
ovunque il passo io muovo...
Sol non mi punge ancor
che l'amarezza dei mesti giorni

in cui i tormenti d'un triste inganno

insegnato m'hanno pei primi cosa
al mondo è dolor!

Lungi da voi fuggito allor
cercai di trovar pace al mio
tradito core.
Andai fin oltre mare,
ed altre donne amai...
Ma nulla può lenire quel dolore
ch'e piaga viva in ogni core
d'amante
che nell'amore aveva ugual fede
che pregando il Signor!
—Alberto Donaudy

Places serene and dear
Places serene and dear, I find you
again
Just as I left you in the beautiful
days of youth!
The same beloved views
Wherever I set my foot...
This alone does not sting me still --
The bitterness of the mournful
days
In which the torments of a sad
deception
First taught me what
In the world is grief!

Having fled far from you
Then I tried to find peace for my
betrayed heart.
I even went beyond the sea, and
loved other women...
But nothing can soothe that pain
Which is a living wound in every
heart of a lover
Who had as much faith in love
As in praying to the Lord!
Trans. Gretchen Armacost

Perché dolce, caro bene
Perché dolce, caro bene
stizzosetta sei con me,
dacchè sai le dure pene
che nel cor soffr'io per te?
Mordimi! Baciami! Battimi!
Abbracciami!
Ah! pietà!
O ti prendi servitù,
o mi rendi libertà!

Se ti parlo, non m'ascolti;

se ti guardo, guardi in giù;
ma non guardo, e allor ti volti;
ma non parlo, e parli tu!
—Alberto Donaudy

Why, sweet, dear beloved
Why, sweet, dear beloved
Are you peevish with me,
Since you know the cruel pains
Which I suffer for you in my heart?
Bite me! Kiss me! Strike me!
Embrace me!
Ah! Have pity!
Either take me in bondage,
Or give me freedom!

If I speak to you, you do not listen
to me;
If I look at you, you look down;
But if I don't look, then you turn;
But if I don't speak, then you speak!
Trans. Gretchen Armacost

Nebbie
Soffro, lontan lontano
Le nebbie sonnolente
Salgono dal tacente
Piano.

Alto gracchiando, i corvi,
Fidati all'ali nere,
Traversan le brughiere
Torvi.

Dell'aere ai morsi crudi
Gli addolorati tronchi
Offron, pregando, i bronchi
Nudi.

Come ho freddo!... Son sola;
Pel grigio ciel sospinto
Un gemito destinto
Vola;

E mi ripete: Vieni,
È buia la vallata.
O triste, o disamata,
Vieni!

—Ada Negri

Mists
I suffer. Far, far away
the sleeping mists
rise from the silent
plain.

Shrilling cawing, the crows,
trusting their black wings
cross the heath
grimly.

To the raw weathering of the air
the sorrowful tree trunks
offer, praying, their
bare branches.

How cold am I! I am alone;
driven through the gray sky
a wail of extinction
flies;

And repeats to me: come,
the valley is dark.
Oh sad, oh unloved one,
Come! Come!

Trans. Thomas A. Gregg

Ma rendi pur contento
Ma rendi pur contento
della mia bella il core,
e ti perdono, amore,
se lieto il mio non è.

Gli affanni suoi pavento
più degli affanni miei,
perché più vivo in lei
di quel ch'io vivo in me.

—Pietro Metastasio

Only make her happy
Only make happy
The heart of my beautiful lady,
And I will pardon you, love
If my own heart is not glad.

Her troubles I fear
More than my own troubles,
Because I live more in her
Than I live in myself.

Trans. Barbara Miller

Dolente immagine di Fille mia
Dolente immagine di Fille mia,
perché sì squallida mi siedi
accanto?
Che più desideri? Dirotto pianto

io sul tuo cenere versai finor.

Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri

io possa accendermi ad altra face?
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace;
è inestinguibile l'antico ardor.

— Anonymous

Sorrowful Image
Sorrowful image of my Phillis,
why do you sit so desolate beside
me?
What more do you wish for?
Streams of tears
have I poured on your ashes.

Do you fear that, forgetful of sacred
vows,
I could turn to another?
Shade of Phillis, rest peacefully;
the old flame of love cannot be
extinguished.

Trans. Camilla Bugge

Almen se non poss'io
Almen se non poss'io
seguir l'amato bene,
affetti del cor mio,
seguitelo per me.

Già sempre a lui vicino
raccolti amor vi tiene
e insolito cammino
questo per voi non è.

—Pietro Metastasio

At least, if I am not able
At least, if I am not able
to follow my beloved,
you affections of my heart,
go with him for me.

Already near him always,
Love keeps you gathered,
and the path to him is not
an unfamiliar one for you.

Trans. John Glenn Paton

Ombra mai fu
Frondi tenere e belle
dei mio plantano amato
per voi risplenda il fato.
Tuoni, lampi, e procelle
non v'oltraggino mai la cara pace,
né giunga a profanarvi
austro rapace.

Ombra mai fu
di vegetabile,
cara ed amabile,
soave più.

— Niccolò Minato

Never was shade
Tender and beautiful fronds
of my beloved plane tree
let Fate smile upon you.
May thunder, lightning, and storms
never disturb you dear peace,
nor may you by blowing winds
be profaned.

Never was the shade,
Gift from a tree of green
Precious or lovelier
More sweet, more dear.

Trans. Shula Keller

Nevicata
Sui campi e sulle strade
Silenziosa e lieve,
Volteggiando, la neve
Cade.

Danza la falda bianca
Ne l'ampio ciel scherzosa,
Poi sul terren si posa
Stanca.

In mille immote forme
Sui tetti e sui camini,
Sui cippi e nei giardini
Dorme.

Tutto dintorno è pace:
Chiuso in oblìo profondo,
Indifferente il mondo
Tace...

Ma ne la calma immensa
Torna ai ricordi il core,
E ad un sopito amore
Pensa.

—Ada Negri

Snowfall
On the fields and in the streets
Silent and light,
Twirling, the snow
Falls.

The white snowflake dances
In the wide sky jokingly,
And then settles on the ground
Tired.

In a thousand motionless shapes
On rooftops and on paths,
On headstones and in gardens
It sleeps.

Everything around is peaceful:
Closed in profound oblivion,
The indifferent world
Is quiet...

But in the immense calm
The heart turns to memories,
And reminisces about
A faded love.

Trans. Dimitri Pittas

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti
Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti,
rimanete sempre in fior;
che l'estate non vi sementi,
che l'autunno non vi travolga,
che la morta stagion non tolga
tanto magico splendor.
Voglio un dì vagar con lei
fra sì verde soavità,
quando alfin gli affanni miei
lei d'intender mostrerà.

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti,
rimanete sempre in fior;
che nessuna stagion vi tolga
tanto magico splendor.

Cool places, fragrant meadows
Cool places, fragrant meadows,
Remain always in flower;
Let not summer sow seed in you,
Let not autumn carry you away,
Let not the dead season take away
So much magical splendor.
I want one day to ramble with her
Amidst softness so green,
When at last my pangs
She will show herself to
understand.

Cool places, fragrant meadows,
Remain always in flower.
Let not any season take away
So much magical splendor.

E voi pur, ruscelli chiari,
che di già correte al mar,

di vostr'acque non siate avari
nelle tarde stagion dell'anno,
non unite anche voi l'inganno
d'un sì breve prosperar.
Vo' specchiarmi un dì con lei

nelle vostre chiarità,
quando alfin gli affanni miei
lei d'intender mostrerà.

—Alberto Donaudy

And you then, clear streamlets,
Which already are running to the
sea,
Don't be miserly with your waters
In the late season of the year,
Don't you join also the deception
Of a prosperity so brief.
I want one day to be reflected with
her
In your clarity,
When at last my pangs
She will show herself to
understand.

Trans. Gretchen Armacost

Morirò
Morirò, morirò, sarai contenta.

Più non la sentirai, l'afflitta voce!

Quattro campane sentirai suonare,
'Na piccola campana a bassa voce.
Quando la sentirai l'morto passare,

Fatti di fuora che quello son io!

—Anonymous

I will die
I will die, I will die, and you will be
happy.
No more will you hear my afflicted
voice!
You will hear four church bells ring,
And a little bell with a deep voice.
When you hear this as the corpse
passes by,
Go and look, for that is me!

Trans. Jennifer Rushworth

O del mio amato ben

O del mio amato ben perduto
incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze
sempre lo cerco e chiamo
con pieno il cor di speranze?
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è sì caro,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lui, triste ogni
loco.
Notte mi sembra il giorno;

**Oh, lost enchantment of my
dearly beloved**
Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly
beloved!
Far from my eyes is he
who was, to me, glory and pride!
Now through the empty rooms
I always seek him and call him
with a heart full of hopes?
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!
And the weeping is so dear to me,
that with weeping alone I nourish
my heart.

It seems to me, without him, sad
everywhere.
The day seems like night to me;

mi sembra gelo il foco.
Se pur talvolta spero
di darmi ad altra cura,
sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lui, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa
senza il mio ben.

—Alberto Donaudy

the fire seems cold to me.
If, however, I sometimes hope
to give myself to another cure,
one thought alone torments me:
But without him, what shall I do?
To me, life seems a vain thing
without my beloved.

Trans. Donna Breitzer

Upcoming Events

Tuesday, November 10, 7:30 p.m.
Classical Guitar Ensembles
Hamilton Recital Hall
Free admission, no ticket required

Wednesday, November 11, 7:00 p.m.
Non-Major Voice Recital
Newman Center, Room 130
Free admission, no ticket required

Wednesday, November 11, 7:30 p.m.
Strings & Piano Chamber Music Concert
Hamilton Recital Hall
Free admission, no ticket required

Wednesday, November 11, 7:30 p.m.
Lamont Wind Symphony
Gates Concert Hall
$8 parterre, $3 general admission

Thursday, November 12, 7:30 p.m.
Soirée de Chansons Françaises
Hamilton Recital Hall
Free admission, no ticket required

Thursday, November 12, 7:30 p.m.
Lamont Jazz Orchestra
Gates Concert Hall
$8 parterre, $3 general admission

Friday, November 13, 2:30 p.m.
Lamont Colloquium
Newman Center, Room 229
Free admission, no ticket required

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