

# Bitches, Witches, and Bitches

Recital Hall | April 10<sup>th</sup>, 2016 | 5:00pm

Anasofia Gallegos, Mezzo Soprano

Nathan Uhl, Collaborative Piano

Smanie Implacabili <i>Cosi Fan Tutte</i>	Mozart (1756-1791)
What a Movie <i>Trouble in Tahiti</i>	Bernstein (1918-1990)
Lullaby <i>Consul</i>	Menotti (1911-2007)
Hexenlied <i>12 Gesänge, Op. 8</i>	Mendelssohn (1809-1847)
Chacun a Son Gout <i>Die Fledermaus</i>	Strauss (1825-1899)
Che faró senza Euridice <i>Orfeo ed Euridice</i>	Gluck (1714-1787)
Amour, viens aider ma faiblesse <i>Samson et Dalila</i>	Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

~Ten Minute Intermission~

Schroeder <i>You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown</i>	Gesner
Little Girls <i>Annie</i>	Charnin/Strouse
Bali H'ai <i>South Pacific</i>	Rodgers/Hammerstein
Poor Unfortunate Souls <i>The Little Mermaid</i>	Menken
Patience <i>Illyria</i>	Mills
I Can Cook Too <i>On the Town</i>	Comden/Bernstein
Kindergarten Boyfriend <i>Heathers</i>	Murphy/O'Keefe
Pretty Funny <i>Dogfight</i>	Pasek/Paul

**ASU** Herberger Institute  
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS  
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

School of Music

Ah scostati!  
Paventa il tristo effeto  
d'un disperato affeto!  
Chiudi quelle finestre  
Odio la luce, odio l'aria, che spiro  
Odio me stessa!  
Chi schernisce il mio duol,  
Chi mi consola?  
Deh fuggi, per pietà, fuggi,  
Lasciami sola.  
Smanie implacabili, che m'agitare  
Dentro quest'anima più non cessate,  
Finchè l'angoscia mi fa morir.  
Esempio misero d'amor funesto,  
Darò all'Eumenidi se viva resto  
Col suno orribile de' miei sospir.

Ah, move away!  
Fear the sad effect  
of a desperate affection!  
Shut those windows,  
I hate the light, I hate the air that I breathe  
I hate myself!  
Who mocks my pain,  
Who will console me?  
Oh, leave, for pity's sake, leave,  
Leave me alone.  
Implacable restlessness, that disturbs me  
Inside this soul, doesn't cease,  
Until it makes me die.  
A miserable example of fateful love  
I will give to the Furies, if I live,  
With the horrible sound of my sighs.

Die Schwalbe fliegt,  
Der Frühling siegt,  
Und spendet uns Blumen zum Kranze!  
Bald huschen wir  
Leis' aus der Tür,  
Und fliegen zum prächtigen Tanze!  
Ein schwarzer Bock,  
Ein Besenstock,  
Die Ofengabel, der Wocken,  
Reißt uns geschwind,  
Wie Blitz und Wind,  
Durch sausende Lüfte zum Brocken!  
Um Beelzebub  
Tanzt unser Trupp  
Und küßt ihm die kralligen Hände!  
Ein Geisterschwarm  
Faßt uns beim Arm  
Und schwinget im Tanzen die Brände!  
Und Beelzebub  
Verheißt dem Trupp  
Der Tanzenden Gaben auf Gaben:  
Sie sollen schön  
In Seide geh'n  
Und Töpfe voll Goldes sich graben!  
Ein Feuerdrach'  
Umflieget das Dach,  
Und bringet uns Butter und Eier.  
Die Nachbarn [seh'n]<sup>1</sup>  
Die Funken weh'n,

The swallow soars,  
The spring outpours  
Her flowers for garlands entrancing;  
Soon shall we glide  
Away and ride,  
Hey-day, to the spirited dancing!  
A buck that's black,  
A broomstick o' back,  
The prangs of a poker will pitch us;  
We'll ride a steed  
With light'ning speed  
Direct to the mountain of witches.  
The dancing bands  
All kiss the hands  
Like claws that belong to the devil,  
While other swarms  
Have grabbed our arms  
And brandish their torches in revel!  
Old Satan swears  
To make repairs  
With promise of marvellous pleasure;  
All spirits glad  
In silk are clad,  
Unearthing great chestfuls of treasure.  
A dragon flies  
Now down from the skies  
With presents of food for the table.  
The neighbours sight  
The sparks in flight

Und schlagen ein Kreuz vor dem Feuer.  
Die Schwalbe fliegt,  
Der Frühling siegt,  
[Und Blumen entblühn um die Wette]<sup>2</sup>!  
Bald huschen wir  
Leis' aus der Tür,  
Jucheisa zum prächtigen Tanze!

And cross themselves as fast as they're able.  
The swallow soars,  
The spring outpours  
Her flowers for garlands entrancing;  
Soon shall we glide  
Away and ride,  
Hey-day, to the spirited dancing!

Che farò senza Euridice  
Dove andrò senza il mio ben.  
Euridice, o Dio, risponde  
Io son pure il tuo fedele.  
Euridice! Ah, non m'avvanza  
più soccorso, più speranza  
ne dal mondo, ne dal cel.

What will I do without Euridice  
Where will I go without my wonderful one.  
Euridice, oh God, answer  
I am entirely your loyal one.  
Euridice! Ah, it doesn't give me  
any help, any hope  
neither this world, neither heaven.

Samson, recherchant ma présence,  
ce soir doit venire en ces lieux.  
Voici l'heure de la vengeance  
Qui doit satisfaire nos dieux.  
Amour, viens aider ma faiblesse!  
Verse le poison dans son sein!  
Fais que, vaincu par mon adresse,  
Samson soit enchaîné demain!  
Il voudrait en vain de son âme  
Pouvoir me chaser, me banner!  
Pourrait-il éteindre la flame  
qu'alimentre le souvenir?  
Il est à moi, c'est mon esclave!  
Mes frères craignent son courroux;  
Moi seule, entre tous, je le brave  
Et le retiens à mes genoux.  
Amour, viens aider ma faiblesse!  
Verse le poison dans son sein!  
Fais que, vaincu par mon adresse,  
Samson soit enchaîné demain!  
Contre l'amour sa force est vaine;  
et lui, le fort parmi les forts,  
lui qui d'un peuple rompt la chaîne  
succombera sous mes efforts!

Samson, desirous of my presence,  
tonight will come to this place.  
The hour of vengeance is here,  
which will satisfy the gods.  
Love, come help my weakness!  
Pour the poison in his heart!  
See that, defeated by my skill,  
Samson be in chains tomorrow!  
He wishes in vain  
To chase and banish me from his soul  
Could he ever quench the flame  
which memories nourish?  
He is mine, he is my slave!  
My brethren fear his wrath;  
I alone among all, I defy him  
and hold him down at my knees.  
Love, come help my weakness!  
Pour the poison in his heart!  
See that, defeated by my skill,  
Samson be in chains tomorrow!  
Against love his strength is vain;  
and he, the strongest among the strong  
he who breaks the chain of a nation  
will succumb under my efforts!