



COLLEGE OF VISUAL AND PERFORMING ARTS

Department of Music

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Graduate Lecture Recital

*Tlker Eginli*

Assisted by:

Frank Conlon, *piano*

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Friday, May 9, 2008

4:00 p.m.

Grand Tier III

*A Musical Portrait of Giacomo Puccini and his  
Contributions to the World of Opera*

*Featuring Artists; Claire Sampson, soprano, Sarah Mayo, soprano,  
Chris Jones, baritone*

**PROGRAM**

- Opening
- Puccini's Life
- Puccini's Operas
- His greatest Contributions
  - 1 Terra e Mare
  - 2 "Chi il bel sogno di Doretta" Magda's aria from *La Rondine*
  - 3 Act Two Quartet from *La Rondine*
  - 4 "Nessun Dorma" Calaf's aria from *Turandot*

❧ *Intermission* ❧

- Information about the Puccini's famous Opera *La Boheme*
- 5 "Che gelida manina" Rodolfo's aria from *La Boheme*
  - 6 "Si. mi chiamano Mimi" Mimi's aria from *La Boheme*.
  - 7 "O Soave fanciulla" Mimi and Rodolfo duet from *La Boheme*
  - 8 "O Mimi tu piu non torni" Marcello and Rodolfo duet

*Ilker Eginli is a student of Prof. Patricia Miller.*

# PROGRAM NOTES

## GIACOMO PUCCINI

Birth: Dec, 22 1852

Death: Nov 29 1924

Operatic Composer. Born into a family of church musicians, Giacomo Puccini received his formal training at Milan Conservatory. He wrote his first opera, "Le Villi", in 1884, earning a working agreement with Italian publishing house Ricordi. His best known works include "Manon Lescaut" (1893), "La Boheme" (1896), "Tosca" (1900), "Madama Butterfly" (1904), the American-set "The Girl of the Golden West" (1910), "La Rondine" (1917), "Il Trittico" (1918) and the posthumous "Turandot" (1926). Curiously enough, Puccini's two best-known works, "La Boheme" and "Madama Butterfly", both opened to outright hostility from their premiere audiences, though they would earn rave receptions thereafter. This is especially unusual considering Puccini's inherent conservatism. He did not challenge his audiences like Stravinsky, nor did he strive for megalithic grandeur like Wagner or Verdi. Rather, according to Puccini himself, "The only music I can compose is that of little things." His work remains an integral part of the operatic repertoire.

### **Terra E Mare** ( Earth and Sea )

There is two different version of this song, one of them is according to the autograph the other one is published in Novissima 1902. The differences is only one major. The poem is the sixteenth entry in the section fifteen of Panzacchis Ultime Rime. Puccini composed this art song because of his feelings for nature.

I pioppi curvati dal vento,  
Ri mughianoin lungo filare,  
Dal buio, tra il sonno, lisento  
E songo la voce delmar.

E sognola voce profonda  
Dai placidi ritmi possenti;  
Mi guardan , specchiate dal l'onda,  
Le stelle nel cielo fulgenti.

Ma il vento piu forte tempesta,  
De pioppi nel lungo filare,  
Dal sonno giocondo mi desta..  
Lontana e la voce delmar !

The long rows of poplars,  
Bent by the wind are roaring again,  
In the darkness, half asleep, I hear them  
And I dream of the voice of the sea.

And I dream of the deep voice  
With its peaceful, mighty rhythms,  
Reflected in the wave, the stars shining in the sky  
Are looking at me.

But the wind rages louder  
Through the long row of poplars,  
It wakes me from my joyous sleep..  
Distant is the voice of the sea!

## **“Chi il bel sogno di Doretta” Magda’s aria from Act 1**

### *La Rondine*

Act 1 opens directly on a spirited party hosted by Magda, mistress of the wealthy banker Fernandez. Her girlfriend enjoys mocking Prunier, a poet, for his view that romantic love has become fashionable in Paris. At Magda's bidding, Prunier plays the story of his latest creation, a heroine named Doretta, for whom a king's gold couldn't bring happiness; but Prunier doesn't know how to finish the story. Magda attracted to the because of her dream to the true love, takes Prunier's place at the piano and raputurously completes it with her own verse.

Chi il bel sogno di Doretta Potè indovinar? Il suo mister come mai Come mai fini	Doretta's beautiful dream  Who could guess The beautiful dream Doretta had? Why her mystery Came to an end
Ahimè! un giorno uno studente In bocca la baciò E fu quel bacio Rivelazione: Fu la passione! Folle amore! Folle ebbrezza! Chi la sottil carezza D'un bacio così ardente Mai ridir potrà?	One day a student Kissed her on the mouth And that kiss Was the revelation: It was the passion! Mad love! Mad happiness! Who will ever be able again To describe the light caress Of a kiss so burning?
Ah! mio sogno!	Oh! My dream!
Ah! mia vita!	Oh! My life!
Che importa la ricchezza Se infine è rifiorita La felicità! O sogno d'or Poter amar così!	Who cares for wealth If at last happiness flourishes! Oh golden dream To be able to love In this way!

### **La Rondine Quartet from Act Two:**

Magda enters Bullier's and stands out from the crowd because she is dressed as a working class woman. She catches the eye of Ruggero, who invites her to sit with him. They hit it off, though he doesn't realize he was just inside her house. As the evening proceeds, Magda begins to feel young again. She is reliving the memory she spoke of earlier in the evening. Prunier and Lisette enter Bullier's and eventually spot Magda and Ruggero, though Prunier pretends she is someone who

just looks like Magda. Lisette is convinced otherwise. The couple walks over to greet Ruggero and the three of them play along that Lisette is just drunk and imagining the woman is her employer. However, the game ends when Rambaldo walks in. Prunier tells Magda to leave but she insists on owning up to what she's doing. When Rambaldo asks her to go home with him, Magda ends their relationship by proclaiming her love for Ruggero.

### **“Che gelida manina” from Act 1**

#### **La Boheme**

It is Christmas Eve in the Latin Quarter. Alone in his sparse, cold garret apartment, Rodolfo tries to finish a newspaper article while his friends have gone to celebrate. His neighbor Mimi, a seamstress, knocks on the door and asks him to light her candle. After both their candles go out, they search for Mimi's lost doorkey. Clapping her hand in moonlight room, Rodolfo introduces himself.

Che gelida manina,  
se la lasci riscaldar.  
Cercar che giova?  
Al buio non si trova.  
Ma per fortuna  
é una notte di luna,  
e qui la luna  
labbiamo vicina.  
Aspetti, signorina,  
le dirò con due parole  
chi son, e che faccio,  
come vivo. Vuole?  
Chi son? Sono un poeta.  
Che cosa faccio? Scrivo.  
E come vivo? Vivo.  
In povertà mia lieta  
scialo da gran signore  
rime ed inni d'amore.  
Per sogni e per chimere  
e per castelli in aria,  
l'anima ho milionaria.  
Talor dal mio forziere  
ruban tutti i gioelli  
due ladri, gli occhi belli.  
Ventrar con voi pur ora,  
ed i miei sogni usati  
e i bei sogni miei,  
tosto si dileguar!  
Ma il furto non maaccora,  
poiché, poiché vha preso stanza  
la speranza!  
Or che mi conoscete,  
parlate voi, deh! Parlate. Chi siete?  
Vi piaccia dir!

What a frozen little hand,  
let me warm it for you.  
What's the use of looking?  
We won't find it in the dark.  
But luckily  
it's a moonlit night,  
and the moon  
is near us here.  
Wait, mademoiselle,  
I will tell you in two words,  
who I am, what I do,  
and how I live. May I?  
Who am I? I am a poet.  
What do I do? I write.  
And how do I live? I live.  
In my carefree poverty  
I squander rhymes  
and love songs like a lord.  
When it comes to dreams and visions  
and castles in the air,  
I've the soul of a millionaire.  
From time to time two thieves  
steal all the jewels  
out of my safe, two pretty eyes.  
They came in with you just now,  
and my customary dreams  
my lovely dreams,  
melted at once into thin air!  
But the theft doesn't anger me,  
for their place has been  
taken by hope!  
Now that you know all about me,  
you tell me who you are.  
Please do!

**“Si. mi chiamano Mimi” Mimi’s aria from Act One *La Boheme***

After Rodolfo’s aria Mimi replies, Yes. They call her Mimi but his name is Lucia. Her story is brief. She embroiders silk and satin at home and out and her hobby is making artificial flowers. She lives in a small room looking out over the rooftops of the city..She is every time so excited about spring time. What else she can say? She is just a neighbor bothering him at this inconvenient hour.

**Mimi**

Si. Mi chiamano Mimi  
ma il mio nome è Lucia.  
La storia mia breve.  
A tela o a seta  
ricamo in casa e fuori ...  
Son tranquilla e lieta  
ed è mio svago  
far gigli e rose.  
Mi piaccion quelle cose  
che han sì dolce malia,  
che parlano d'amor, di primavera,  
che parlano di sogni e di chimere,  
quelle cose che han nome poesia...  
Lei m'intende?

**Rodolfo**

Si.

**Mimi**

Mi chiamano Mimi,  
il perché non so.  
Sola, mi fo  
il pranzo da me stessa.  
Non vado sempre a messa,  
ma prego assai il Signore.  
Vivo sola, soletta  
là in una bianca cameretta:  
guardo sui tetti e in cielo;  
ma quando vien lo sgelo  
il primo sole è mio  
il primo bacio dell'aprile è mio!  
il primo sole è mio!  
Germoglia in un vaso una rosa...  
Foglia a foglia la spiol  
Così gentile il profumo d'un fiore!  
Ma i fiori ch'io faccio, ahime!  
i fiori ch'io faccio, ahime!  
non hanno odore.  
Altro di me non le saprei narrare.  
Sono la sua vicina che la vien  
fuori d'ora a importunate

Yes, they call me Mimi,  
But my name is Lucia  
My history is brief  
To linen or to silk  
I embroider at home or outside ...  
I am contented and happy  
And it is my pastime  
To make lilies and roses  
I like these things  
That have such sweet enchantment,  
That speak of love, of springtime,  
That speak of dreams and of visions  
Those things that are called poetic  
Do you understand me?

Yes.

They call me Mimi,  
And why I don't know.  
Alone, I make  
Lunch for myself.  
I do not always go to mass,  
But I pray a lot to the Lord.  
I live alone, quite alone.  
There is a little white room  
I look upon the roofs and the sky.  
But when the thaw comes  
The first sunshine is mine  
The first kiss of April is mine!  
The first sunshine is mine!  
A rose opens in a vase  
Petal by petal I watch it!  
That gentle perfume of a flower!  
But the flowers that I make, alas!  
the flowers that I make, alas!  
they have no odor!  
About me I know nothing else to tell  
I am your neighbor who comes  
to bother you at the wrong moment

**“O Soave Fanciulla” Mimi Rodolfo duet from Act One *La Boheme***

After Mimi's aria they hear Rodolfo's friends call. He is telling them that he is not alone and they take the hint and get off Café Monmus. A moonbeam shines through the window on Mimi and Rodolfo turns to her and says that she is the girl he could dream forever. She agrees that love rules all that she wants him to take her out. They leave saying nothing more than “Love, love, love..”

**Rodolfo**

O soave fanciulla, o dolce viso  
di mite circonfuso alba lunar  
in te, vivo ravviso il sogno  
ch'io vorrei sempre sognar!

Mimi

Ah! tu sol comandi, amor!...

Rodolfo

Fremon gia nell'anima  
le dolcezze estreme,  
nel bacio freme amor!

Mimi

Oh! come dolci scendono  
le sue lusinghe al core...  
tu sol comandi, amore!...

No, per pieta!

Rodolfo

Sei mia!

Mimi

V'aspettan gli amici...

Rodolfo

Gia mi mandi via?

Mimi

Vorrei dir... ma non oso...

Rodolfo

Di

Mimi

Se venissi con voi?

Rodolfo

Che?... Mimi?

Sarebbe cosi dolce restar qui.

C'e freddo fuori.

Mimi

Vi star vicina!...

Rodolfo

E al ritorno?

Mimi

Curioso!

Rodolfo

Dammi il braccio, mia piccina.

Mimi

Obbedisco, signor!

Rodolfo

Che m'ami di'...

Mimi

Io t'amo!

Amor! Amor! Amor!

**English text:**

Oh lovely girl, oh sweet face  
bathed in the soft moonlight.  
I see you in a dream  
I'd dream forever!

Ah! Love, you rule alone!

Already I taste in spirit  
the heights of tenderness!  
Love trembles at our kiss!

How sweet his praises  
enter my heart...  
Love, you alone rule!  
No, please!

You're mine!

Your friends are waiting.

You send me away already?

I dare not say what I'd like...

Tell me.

If I came with you...?

What? Mimi!  
It would be so fine to stay here.  
Outside it's cold.

I'd be near you!

And when we come back  
Who knows?

Give me your arm, my dear...

Your servant, sir...

Tell me you love me!  
I love you.

Love! Love! Love!

## Marcello Rodolfo duet from Act Four

### La Boheme

Several months later, in spring. Marcello and Rodolfo are back in their garret again, trying to work. Musetta has left Rodolfo for a rich man. Mimì and Rodolfo have also broken up, and she has been spotted riding around town in a fancy carriage. The poet and the painter both try to keep working, pretending they aren't thinking about their private heartaches. But soon each man is lost in his own memories. The men are roused from their reverie by Schaunard and Colline, who have brought a little food for dinner: a herring and some bread. Pretending they are nobility, the Bohemians treat the food like a great feast, waltz with each other, and even get into a duel with stove tongs and fire poker for swords.

**Marcello**

In un coupe?

**Rodolfo**

Con pariglia e livree.

Mi saluto ridendo.

"To', Musetta!"

e il cuor? - "Non batte o non

lo sento grazie al velluto che il copre."

**Marcello -**

Ci ho gusto

davver...

**Rodolfo**

Loiola, va!

Ti rodi e ridi.

**Marcello**

...Non batte? Bene!

Io pur vidi...

**Rodolfo**

Musetta?

**Marcello**

Mimì.

**Rodolfo**

Oh, guarda?

**Marcello**

Era in carrozza vestita come una regina

Rodolfo

Evviva!

Ne son contento.

**Marcello**

**Rodolfo**

Lavoriam.

**Marcello**

Lavoriam.

**Rodolfo**

Che penna infame!

**Marcello**

Che infame pennello!

**Rodolfo**

O Mimì tu più non torni.

O giorni belli,

piccole mani, odorosi capelli...

**Marcello**

Io non so come sia

che il mio pennel lavori

ed impasti colori

contro la voglia mia...

Rodolfo

...collo di neve!

Ah! Mimì, mia breve gioventù!

**Marcello**

...Se pingere mi piace

o cieli o terre o inverni o primavere,

egli mi traccia due pupille nere

e una bocca procace, e n'esce

di Musetta e il viso ancor...

**Rodolfo**

E tu, cuffietta lieve,

che sotto il guancial partendo ascose,

tutta sai la nostra felicità,

vien sul mio cuor!

Sul mio cuor morto,

poich'è morto amor.

Marcello

...E n'esce di Musetta

il viso tutto vezzi e tutto frode.

Musetta intanto gode

e il mio cuor vil la chiama

e aspetta il vil mio cuor...

**Marcello**  
In a coupé?  
**Rodolfo**  
With a pair and livery.  
Musetta greeted me with laughter.  
I asked her, "How's your heart"  
she answered, "It's not beating or I  
don't feel it, thanks to its cover of velvet."  
**Marcello**  
Delighted to hear it.  
Really...  
**Rodolfo**  
You can't fool me! You're  
tormented and yet you laugh.  
**Marcello**  
...Not beating? That's good!  
Well! I also saw...  
**Rodolfo**  
Musetta?  
**Marcello**  
Mimì.  
**Rodolfo**  
You have seen her?  
Oh, really, you've seen her?  
**Marcello**  
In a carriage dressed like a Queen.  
**Rodolfo**  
Hurrah!  
I'm glad about that.  
**Marcello** -  
**Rodolfo**  
Back to work.  
**Marcello**  
Back to work.  
**Rodolfo**  
What a dreadful pen!  
**Marcello**  
What a dreadful brush!  
**Rodolfo**  
Oh, Mimì will you never return.  
Oh, beautiful days, tiny hands,  
the fragrance of your tresses...

**Marcello**  
I don't know why it is,  
but my brush keeps  
working and paints  
colours against my will...  
**Rodolfo**  
...Your snow white neck!  
Oh! Mimì, how brief my youth was!  
**Marcello**  
...Though I wish to paint  
skies or landscapes or Winter or Spring,  
it seems to trace two dark pupils and  
a provocative mouth, which  
becomes Musetta's face again...  
**Rodolfo**  
And you, soft bonnet,  
that she left concealed under the pillow,  
you know all our happiness.  
Come to my heart!  
My poor heart is dead,  
since our love is dead.  
**Marcello**  
...And there's Musetta's face  
with all its charms and betrayals.  
Musetta in the meantime is enjoying life  
and my cowardly heart calls for her  
and waits, my cowardly heart...  
**Rodolfo**  
And you, soft bonnet,  
that she left concealed under the pillow,  
you know all our happiness.  
Come to my heart!  
My poor heart is dead,  
since our love is dead.  
**Marcello**  
...And there's Musetta's face  
with all its charms and betrayals.  
Musetta in the meantime is enjoying life  
and my cowardly heart calls for her  
and waits, my cowardly heart...

### **"Nessun Dorma" aria from Act Three Turandot**

The princess Turandot will marry the man who can solve three riddles; those who fail are summarily beheaded. Calaf, the exiled prince of Tartary, is captured by her beauty. He submits to the riddle contests and wins, but Turandot still will not marry him. He, in turn, poses his own riddle for her: If she can tell him his name before daybreak, he will submit to execution.

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 è chiuso in me,  
il nome mio nessun saprà!  
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 saprà!...  
e noi dovrem, ahime, morir!)  
Dilegua, o notte!  
Tramontate, stelle!  
Tramontate, stelle!  
All'alba vincerò!  
vincerò, vincerò!

Nobody shall sleep!...  
Nobody shall sleep!  
Even you, o Princess,  
in your cold room,  
watch the stars,  
that tremble with love and with hope.  
But my secret is hidden within me,  
my name no one shall know...  
No!...No!...  
On your mouth I will tell it when the  
light shines.  
And my kiss will dissolve the silence that  
makes you mine!...  
(No one will know his name and we  
must, alas, die.)  
Vanish, o night!  
Set, stars! Set, stars!  
At dawn, I will win! I will win! I will win!



#### Sources:

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