

## THE STORY OF CINDERELLA

### Program Notes & Translations

*The Story of Cinderella* tells, as the name suggests, the Cinderella story through art songs, opera excerpts/arias, chants, and a cantata that have been selected based on two criteria. The first is that the song had to be written by a female composer. It was important to me to choose music by female composers only because so many times this music is overlooked, not seriously considered, or simply forgotten about. Though female composers have not been given the same attention in music history as their male contemporaries, their contributions are equally valid and significant. Eleven different composers are represented in this program, though the music of many others was considered in the early stages of the repertoire selection process. The second criterion is that the content of the song fits somewhere within the Cinderella narrative. To help tell this narrative, the program is divided into three parts: Cinderella's life through her first encounter with the Fairy Godmother; Cinderella and the Prince interacting at the ball; and Cinderella's life after the ball.

#### PART I

##### **Spiritus sanctus vivificans**

The Holy Spirit: living and life-giving,  
the life that's all things moving,  
the root in all created being:  
of filth and muck it washes all things clean—  
out-scrubbing guilty staining, its balm our  
wounds constraining—  
and so its life with praise is shining,  
rousing and reviving  
all.

##### **The year's at the spring**

The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hillside's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heaven,  
All's right with the world!

##### **I thought once how Theocritus had sung**

I thought once how Theocritus had sung  
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,  
Who each one in a gracious hand appears  
To bear a gift for mortals, old and young:  
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,  
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,  
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,  
Those of my own life, who by turn had flung

##### ***Prologue to Part I***

***Cinderella is in her room,  
celebrating the day.***

***Cinderella reflects on the  
mistreatment she has  
experienced by her stepfather and  
stepsisters.***

A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,

So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move  
Behind me and drew me backward by the hair:  
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove, –  
“Guess no who holds thee?”  
“Death,” I said. But, there,  
The silver answer rang, “Not Death, but Love.”

### **¡Afuera, afuera, afuera!**

Come out, come out, come out,  
stand aside, stand aside, stand aside,  
the bugles are blowing,  
the flageolets are piping!

Stars are falling,  
dawn is arising.

Lower the lights,  
fragrances rise,  
troops of jasmine,  
spice-pinks, and broom,  
running,  
flying,  
throwing,  
catching,  
with flowers,  
with brilliance,  
with roses,  
with flame.

### **The Wren**

A wren just under my window  
Has suddenly, sweetly sung;  
He woke me from my slumbers  
With his sweet shrill tongue.  
It was so very early,  
The dewdrops were not dry,  
And pearly cloudlets floated  
Across the rosy sky.  
His nest is in the ivy  
Where his little wife sits all day,  
And by her side he sings to her,  
And never flies far away.

### **Fin che tu spiri**

Til the end of your breath, hope  
my morose heart;  
beyond constant pain  
reigns delight where torment has dwelt.

Though fate causes you to adore  
an unhearing goddess,  
your faith will secure

*The ball is announced.*

*Cinderella excitedly dreams of  
going to the ball and sings to the  
birds outside her window.*

*Cinderella has been prohibited to  
attend the ball by her stepfather and  
laments her anguish, trying to find  
hope in the bleak situation.*

the trophy through discipline.

Though clouds cover the sun,  
after night dawn follows,  
and from winter always comes  
the triumph of spring.

So then, be at peace!  
That flame, that dart  
that comes from heaven in a glance,  
will be as lightning and  
incinerate your tortures;  
with breezes of sighs  
will tranquilize the ocean cruel.

Stop your complaining,  
arm yourself with constancy.  
The idol of lovers is hope.

If with his weeping, Orfeus  
moved Avernus;  
if with his bow Rifeus  
the cruel one wounded;  
do not despair that one day  
your pain will render  
merciful the impious,  
conquering the suffering soul of the beast.

### **Je viens te rendre à l'espérance**

I come with hope for you:  
your hardship now is almost through,  
patience, your goodness, your patience,  
will soon be rewarded.

Hope will be restored for you.  
A cherub will come with a smile  
to calm your poor heart,  
this little heart that greatly sighs  
will soon know happiness.  
Weep no more and believe in me.

You must leave before midnight.  
In good time, leave without noise.  
Let no pleasure turn your head,  
return before midnight.

## **PART II**

### **O virtus Sapientie**

O Wisdom's energy!  
Whirling, you encircle  
and everything embrace

*The Fairy Godmother appears  
and enables Cinderella to attend the  
ball.*

*The Fairy Godmother warns  
Cinderella that she must return  
home before midnight.*

### *Prologue to Part II*

in the single way of life.  
Three wings you have:  
one soars above into the heights,  
one from the earth exudes,  
and all about now flies the third.  
Praise be to you, as is your due, O Wisdom.

**Tersa frente, oro el cabello**

Smooth brow, golden hair  
arched eyebrows, sapphire eyes,  
glowing skin, red lips,  
ivory throat, straight nose,  
lyric figure, beautiful countenance,  
innocent hands, in which  
the scepter of love rests:  
slipper in gold,  
small feet barely visible.

**Spesso per entro al petto**

Often something – I know not what -  
passes into my breast;  
and I cannot say if it is pain or pleasure.  
I feel like I am dying from an unknown force;  
how laughable it would be  
if this were the sickness of love.

**Elle est gravement gaie**

She is solemnly gay. Sometimes she looked up  
as if to see what I was thinking.  
She was as soft as the yellow and blue velvet  
of a lane of pansies late at night

**Frühling**

Above the garden through the breezes  
I heard the birds of passage fly,  
that means spring scents soon will come,  
everything is starting to blossom.

I want to shout, I want to weep.  
This must be spring, this must be love!  
All miracles return again  
with the light of the moon.

And the moon and stars proclaim it,  
and the dreaming wood murmurs,  
and the nightingales sing:  
she is yours, yes, she is yours!

**L'heure exquise**

The white moon  
Shines through the trees  
From each branch

*The Prince takes in Cinderella's  
beauty when she arrives at the ball.*

*Cinderella sees the Prince for the  
first time.*

*As they dance, the Prince tries to  
understand Cinderella.*

*As they dance, Cinderella realizes how  
wonderful it is to be there with the  
Prince.*

*Alone together before midnight,  
Cinderella and the Prince are both  
entranced by the other.*

Comes a voice  
Under the boughs...

Oh my beloved!  
The pond reflects  
As a deep mirror  
The outline  
Of the black willow  
Where the wind weeps...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender  
Calm  
Seems to descend  
From the heavens  
with the iridescent star...

It is the exquisite hour.

### **O mistress mine**

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O stay and hear, your true-love's coming  
That can sing both high and low,  
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;  
Journey's end in lovers' meeting,  
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:  
In delay there lies no plenty;  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

### **Forget-me-not**

From the depths of thy lovely eyes,  
My dear forget-me-not,  
Comes the truth that never dies,  
And the blue from heaven above.

In the sparkle the sunlight gleams,  
My dear forget-me-not,  
And I live in their golden beams,  
For my heart is captive there!

When grief lends her pearls to their light,  
My own forget-me-not,  
Deny me no longer the right  
To love and protect thee for aye.

*Midnight strikes; Cinderella tries to  
run off but the Prince implores her  
to stay.*

*Cinderella responds to the Prince's  
entreaties but leaves in haste as  
midnight has struck.*

*The Prince professes his desire to  
find her.*

### PART III

#### **O Pastor animarum**

O Shepherd of our souls, O primal voice,  
whose call created all of us:  
Now hear our plea to thee, to thee, and deign  
to free us from our miseries  
and feebleness.

#### **Lieux écartés, paisible solitude**

Secluded place, peaceful solitude,  
Be the sole witness of my intense grief.  
Of the pains of lovers I suffer the most unkind;  
Secluded place, peaceful solitude,  
Hide the despair that rules in my heart.

Alas! When I would ignore the unavoidable power  
Of the god who has carried away my peace,  
Happy with the pleasures indifference offers,  
How my destiny was full of charms!  
Why, cruel Love, by some insurmountable blows,  
Have you broken my resistance?

Ah! I would delight still in the troubles  
That you have caused me!

But the inhuman gods deprive me of all hope;  
I love a young hero, he loves me faithfully,  
And the heavens condemn us never to see each other.

#### **Portrait**

For me, her name is sweet as honey,  
She is blonde like a fairy,  
Her eyes are made from a corner of heaven;  
Did I see her or dream of her?  
She resembles a lily, frail and sweet,  
She has its melancholy  
And gracefulness; do you know  
The one who makes me feel crazy?

Her voice contains the flowers' honey,  
She is unreal and profound,  
And I drink in every kind of sadness,  
In her blonde siren's voice.

Often she looks at me,  
But however, she ignores me,  
She passes by and my fervent heart  
Follows her footsteps and adores her.

#### ***Prologue to Part III***

***The morning after the ball,  
Cinderella laments the reality that  
she likely will never see the Prince  
again.***

***The Prince searches for Cinderella,  
describing her in detail in his  
attempt to find her.***

**Within thy heart**

My love to thee I give,  
For thou my love hast won,  
Deep in my heart to live,  
Thy glance a sunbeam shone.

My life to thee I give,  
For thou art life to me,  
Within thy heart to live  
Forever, heaven would be!

**Finale from *Cendrillon***

La Fée:

I come to you for the last time,  
to be a witness to your joy.  
Your sweet look and genuineness  
has captured this noble heart.

Cendrillon:

Ah! Godmother, how can I thank you  
for this heart which you inspire.

Ensemble:

Of their happiness in delirium  
they think they are still dreaming.  
The good Fairy, with her powers  
will watch over forever their joy.

La Fée

Always count upon my power,  
I will watch over all your joy.  
I go...Farewell... Be happy!

Ensemble:

Farewell!

*Finally reunited, the Prince  
pledges to love Cinderella forever.*

*Cinderella, too, pledges to love the  
Prince forever.*

*The Fairy Godmother returns  
to impart a final blessing.*

*Cinderella thanks her for all she  
has done.*

*The Fairy Godmother, Cinderella,  
and the Prince (along with  
Cinderella's stepfather, stepsisters,  
and Prince's valet) sing of the Fairy  
Godmother's goodness and the joys  
of love.*

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