

From Montclair to Montechiaro: Discovering Italy in the Local Architecture



Sun. June 9, 2019 2-5 pm
Van Vleck House & Gardens, Montclair



MONTCLAIR STATE
UNIVERSITY

The Inerra Chair in Italian & Italian American Studies

Program

Introductory lecture

Kathleen Bennett

*Decorative Arts Historian and Chairperson of the Montclair Historic
Preservation Commission*

Frank Gerard Godlewski

Architect and Architectural Historian

moderated by

Teresa Fiore

Insera Chair in Italian and Italian American Studies

Guided couch tour

**Aperitivo al fresco - light refreshments
with musical | vocal performance**

Sandro Naglia

Tenor

accompanied at the piano by

David Witten

Professor, Cali School of Music, MSU

Musical/vocal performance

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

From *L'Orfeo*

Text by Alessandro Striggio

In questo lieto e fortunato giorno
C'ha posto fine à gl'amorosi affanni
Del nostro Semideo, cantiam, Pastori,
In sì soavi accenti,
Che sian degni d'Orfeo nostri concenti.
Oggi fatta è pietosa
L'alma già sì sdegnosa
De la bell'Euridice.
Oggi fatto è felice
Orfeo nel sen di lei, per cui già tanto
Per queste selve ha sospirato e pianto.
Dunque in sì lieto e fortunato giorno
C'ha posto fine à gl'amorosi affanni,
Del nostro Semideo, cantiam, Pastori,
In sì soavi accenti,
Che sian degni d'Orfeo nostri concenti.

On this happy and auspicious day
Which has put an end to the amorous torments
Of our demi-god, let us sing, shepherds,
In such sweet accents
That our strains shall be worthy of Orpheus.
Today fair Eurydice's soul,
Formerly so disdainful,
Has turned merciful;

Today Orpheus has been made happy
In the bosom of her for whom he once
Sighed and wept so much amongst these woods.

Therefore, on so happy and auspicious a day
Which has put an end to the amorous torments
Of our demi-god, let us sing, shepherds,
In such sweet accents
That our strains shall be worthy of Orpheus.

Antonio Caldara (1670-1736)

Selve amiche

Text by unknown author

Selve amiche, ombrose piante,
Fido albergo del mio core,
Chiede a voi quest'alma amante
Qualche pace al suo dolore.

Friendly woods, shady plants,
Loyal shelter for my heart,
This loving soul asks from you
Some peace to its grief.



Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Me voglio fa 'na casa

Text by unknown author

Me voglio fà 'na casa miezz' 'o mare
Fravecata de penne de pavune,
Tralla la le la...

D'oro e d'argiento li scaline fare
E de prete preziose li barcune,
Tralla la le la...

Quanno Nennella mia se va a facciare
Ognuno dice "mò sponta lu sole",
Tralla la le la...

I'd like to build a house in the middle of the sea
Plastered with peacock feathers,
Tralla la le la...

With stairs of gold and silver
And balconies of precious stones,
Tralla la le la...

When my Nennella shows herself at the balcony
Everyone says "look, the sun is rising",
Tralla la le la...



Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

Non t'amo più

Text by Carmelo Errico

Ricordi ancora il dì che c'incontrammo,
Le tue promesse le ricordi ancor...?
Folle d'amore io ti seguii ...ci amammo,
E accanto a te sognai, folle d'amor.

Sognai felice, di carezze e baci
Una catena dileguante in ciel;
Ma le parole tue... furon mendaci...
Perché l'anima tua fatta è di gel.

Te ne ricordi ancor?
Te ne ricordi ancor?

Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso
Il mio sogno d'amor... non sei più tu:
I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso...
Sogno un altro ideal; non t'amo più.

Nei cari giorni che passammo insieme
Io cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier
Tu fosti del mio cor l'unica speme
Tu della mente l'unico pensier

Tu m'hai visto pregare, impallidire,
Piangere tu m'hai visto innanzi a te
Io sol per appagare un tuo desire
Avrei dato il mio sangue e la mia fé...
Te ne ricordi ancor?
Te ne ricordi ancor?

Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso
Il mio sogno d'amor...non sei più tu:

I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso...
Sogno un altro ideal; non t'amo più.

Do you still remember the day we met;
Do you still remember your promises?
Crazy from love I followed you, we were lovers,
And next to you I dreamed, crazy from love.

I dreamed, happy, of a chain made of caresses and kisses
Fading away into the sky:
But your words were mendacious,
Because your soul is made of ice.

Do you still remember?

Now my faith, my immense desire,
My dream of love isn't you anymore:
I don't search for your kisses, I don't think of you,
I dream of another ideal; I don't love you anymore.

In the dear days that we spent together
I scattered flowers at your feet;
You were the only hope of my heart,
You the only thought in my mind.

You watched me implore, turning pale,
You watched me cry in front of you;
Only to satisfy your desires,
I'd have given my blood and my faith.
Do you still remember?
Do you still remember?

Now my faith, my immense desire,
My dream of love isn't you anymore:
I don't search for your kisses, I don't think of you,
I dream of another ideal; I don't love you anymore.



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