



Rhodes College

—1848—

The Department of Music

Senior Voice Recital

Courtney Church, soprano

Andrew Drannon, piano

Thursday
March 31, 2011

7:30 p.m.
Tuthill Performance Hall

PROGRAM

Das Veilchen	W.A. Mozart (1756 – 1791)
Du Ring an meinem Finger	Robert Schumann (1810 – 1856)
Les Nuits D'Été Au cimetière Villanelle	Hector Berlioz (1803 – 1869)
The Black Swan <i>The Medium</i>	Gian Carlo Menotti (1911 – 2007)
Why Do They Shut Me Out of Heaven?	Aaron Copland (1900 – 1990)

Intermission

Not for the Life of Me <i>Thoroughly Modern Millie</i>	Jeanine Tesori (b. 1961)
A Change in Me <i>Beauty and the Beast</i>	Alan Menken (b. 1949)
The Man That Got Away <i>A Star Is Born</i>	Harold Arlen (1905 – 1986)
Getting Married Today <i>Company</i>	Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930)

Carolyn Baker, soprano
Kenneth Scott, tenor

Translations

Das Veilchen

Ein veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
Gebückt in sich end unbekannt;
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
Da kam eine junje Schäferin
Mit leichtem Schritt und muntrem Sinn
Daher, daher,
Die Wiese her, und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur
Die schönste Blume der Natur,
Ach, nu rein kleines Weilchen,
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt
Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!
Ach nur, ach nur
Ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam
Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm,
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.
Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch:
Und starb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch
Durch sie, durch sie,
Zu ihren Füßen doch.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromme an die Lippen
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

A violet stood upon the lea,
Hunched o'er in anonymity;
So amiable a violet!
Along there came a young shepherdess
Light paced, full of contentedness
Along, Along,
The lea, and sang her song.

“Ah!” thinks the violet, “were I just
The fairest flower in the dust
For just a little while yet,
Until that darling seizes me
And to her bosom squeezes me!
For just, for just
A quarter hour long!”

Ah! And alas! There came the maid
And no heed to the violet paid,
Crushed the poor little violet.
It sank and died, yet filled with pride:
“And though I die, I shall have died
Through her, through her,
And at her feet have died.”

Thou ring on my finger,
My little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon my lips
Piously upon my heart.

I had dreamt it,
The tranquil, lovely dream of childhood,
I found myself alone and lost
In barren, infinite space.

Thou ring on my finger,
Thou hast taught me for the first time,
Hast opened my gaze unto
The endless, deep value of life.

I want to serve him, live for him,
Belong to him entire,
Give myself and find myself
Transfigured in his radiance.

Thou ring on my finger,
My little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon my lips
Piously upon my heart.

Au cimetière

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe,
Où flotte avec un son plaintif
L'ombre d'un if?
Sur l'if une pale colombe,
Triste et seule au soleil couchant,
Chante son chant:

Un air maladivement tender,
À la fois charmant et fatal,
Qui vous fait mal,
Et qu'on voudrait toujours entendre;
Un air, comme en soupir aux cieus
L'ange amoureux.

On dirait que l'âme éveillée
Pleure sous terre à l'unisson
De la chanson,
Et du Malheur d'être oubliée

Se plaint dans un roucoulement
Bien doucement.

Sur les ailes de la musique
On sent lentement revenir
Un souvenir;
Une ombre de forme angélique,
Passe dans un rayon tremblant,
En voile blanc.

Les belles-de-nuit demi-closes,
Jettent leur parfum faible et doux
Autour de vous,
Et le fantôme aux molles poses
Murmure en vous tendant les bras:
Tu reviendras?

Oh! jamais plus, près de la tombe,
Je n'irai, quand descend le soir
Au manteau noir,
Ecouter la pâle colombe
Chanter sur la branche de l'if
Son chant plaintif!

Do you know the white tomb
Where floats with plaintive sound,
The shadow of a yew?
On the yew a pale dove,
Sad and alone under the setting sun,
Sings its song:

An air sickly tender,
At the same time charming and ominous,
Which makes you feel agony
Yet which you wish to hear always;
And air like a sigh from the heavens
Of a love-lorn angel.

One would say that an awakened soul
Is weeping under the earth in unison
With this song,
And from the misfortune of being
forgotten
Moans its sorrow in a cooing
Quite soft.

On the wings of the music
One feels the slow return
Of a memory.
A shadow, a form angelic,
Passes in a trembling ray of light
In a white veil.

The beautiful flowers of the night, half-
closed
Send their perfume, faint and sweet
Around you,
And the phantom of soft form
Murmurs, reaching to you her arms:
You will return!

Oh! never again near the tomb
Shall I go, when night lets fall
Its black mantle,
To hear the pale dove
Sing on the limb of the yew
Its plaintive song!

Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux, nous irons ma belle,

Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;
Sous nos pieds egrenant les perles

Que l'on voit, au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter les merles
Siffler.

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni;
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dit des vers au rebord du nid.
Oh! viens donc sur le banc de mousse
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
De dis-moi de ta voix si douce:
Toujours!

Loin, bein loin égarant nos courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;
Puis chez nous tout joyeux, tout aises,
En panniers, enlacant nos doigts,
Revenons rapportants des fraises

Des bois.

When verdant spring again approaches,
When winter's chills have disappeared,
Through the woods we shall stroll, my
darling,

The fair primrose to cull at will.
The trembling bright pearls that are
shining,

Each morning we shall brush aside;
We shall go hear the gay thrushes
Singing.

The flowers are abloom, my darling,
Of happy lovers 'tis the month;
And the bird his soft sing englossing,
Sings carols sweet within its nest.
Come with me on the mossy bank,
Where we'll talk of nothing else but love,
And whisper with thy voice so tender:
Always!

Far, far off let our footsteps wander,
Fright'ning the hiding hare away,
While the deer at the spring is gazing,
Admiring his reflected horns.
Then back home, with our heart rejoicing,
And fondly our fingers entwined,
Let's return, let's return bringing fresh
wild berries
Wood-grown.