

**SARA BRUTON,
VOICE**

**AMANDA SHERRILL,
PIANO**

**MASTERS RECITAL SERIES
RECITAL HALL**

APRIL 13, 2015 • 7:30

ASU Herberger Institute
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS

ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

School of Music

Program

I

O Rest in the Lord
from *Elijah*

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

Thy Hand Belinda
from *Dido and Aeneas*

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

II

Des Sennen Abschied

Robert Schumann

Mein schöner Stern

(1810-1856)

Schneeglöckchen

Verratene Liebe

III

Pastoral Song
She never told her Love
Fidelity

Joseph Haydn
(1732-1809)

There will be a 10-minute intermission

IV

Les Papillons

Ernest Chausson
(1855-1899)

Ici-bas!

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

V

What Shall We Remember?
The Red Dress
Cradle and All
Will the really be a morning?
Harlem Night Song

Ricky Ian Gordon
(b. 1956)

Des Sennen Abschied

Friedrich von Schiller
(1759-1805)

You meadows, farewell,
you sunny pasturelands!
The herdsman must leave,
for summer is past.

We travel to the mountain and return
when the cuckoo calls, when songs awaken,
when the earth adorns itself anew with flowers,
when the springs flow in lovely May.

You meadows, farewell,
you sunny pasturelands!
The herdsman must leave,
for summer is past.

Mein schöner Stern

Friedrich Rückert
(1788-1866)

My radiant star, I beg you,
Oh do not let your bright light
Be dimmed by the mists in me.
Rather help transfigure the mists in me
Into light, my radiant star!

My radiant star, I beg you,
Do not descend to earth
Because you see me down here still.
Rather lift me up to heaven,
My radiant star, where you already are!

Schneeglöckchen

Friedrich Rückert
(1788-1866)

The snow, that just yesterday was falling in flakes
from the sky,
today hangs now, congealed, like bells
from a tender stem.
The snowdrop bell tolls - what does it mean
in the silent grove?
O come quickly! In the grove, it tolls
for Spring.
O come, you leaves, blossoms and flowers
you who are still dreaming -
come to Spring's sanctuary!
Come at once!

Verratene Liebe

Claude Charles Fauriel
(1772-1844)

That night we kissed each other, o maiden,
no one was observing us.
The stars, which stood in the sky -
we confided only in those stars.

It was one star that fell,
and accused us to the sea;
then the sea told it to a rudder,
and the rudder told it to a sailor.

That same sailor sang it
to his sweetheart.
Now, on the streets and in the market,
the boys and girls sing of it in chorus.

Les Papillons

Théophile Gautier
(1811-1872)

The snow-white butterflies
fly in swarms over the sea.
Beautiful white butterflies, when can I
travel the blue path of the air?

Tell me, oh fairest of the fair,
my dancing-girl with the jet-black eyes -
if they were to lend me their wings,
do you know where I would fly?

Not taking one kiss from the roses,
I'd fly across valleys and forests
to alight on your half-closed lips (oh my soul's
chosen flower!) - and there I'd die.

Ici-bas!

René-Francois Sully-Prudhomme
(1839-1907)

In this world all the flow'rs wither,
The sweet songs of the birds are brief;
I dream of summers that will last
Always!

In this world the lips touch but lightly,
And no taste of sweetness remains;
I dream of a kiss that will last
Always.

In this world ev'ry man is mourning
His lost friendship or his lost love;
I dream of fond lovers abiding
Always!