

# Samuel Stefanski

Senior Recital  
Recital Hall | Monday, October 24, 2016 | 7:30

## Program

-Please hold your applause until the end of each language set-

Liederkreis, Op. 24

Robert Schumann

I. "Morgens steh' ich auf und frage"

1810-1856

II. "Es treibt mich hin"

III. "Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen"

IV. "Lieb' Liebchen"

V. "Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden"

VI. "Warte, warte wilder Schiffmann"

VII. "Berg und Burgen schaun herunter"

VIII. "Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen"

IX. "Mit Myrten und Rosen"

La mi sola, Laureola

Fernando Obradors

Al Amor

1897-1945

Corazon, porque pasais...

Con amores, la mi madre...

Del Cabello mas sutil

Chiquitita la Novia

*~ Intermission ~*

Love To Me

Adam Guettel

Sibella

Steven Lutvak

Time Stops

Andrew Lippa

So She Dances

Adam Crossley

Beautiful City

Stephen Schwartz

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# Translations

## Liederkreis, Op. 24

### I. "Morgens steh' ich auf und frage"

Each morning I get up and ask:  
will my sweetheart come today?  
At evening I sink down and  
lament: today, too, she stayed  
away.

At night, with my grief,  
I lie sleepless, awake;  
in the daytime I wander  
Dreaming, as if half-asleep

### II. "Es treibt mich hin"

I am driven to and fro!

A few more hours and I shall see  
her, her, the fairest of the maidens.  
Poor heart, how hard you beat!  
But the hours are a lazy lot!  
They shuffle lethargically, as they  
please, and, yawning, crawl on  
their way. Look sharp, you lazy  
lot! Raging impatience grips me,  
urging me on. But the hours can  
never have loved. Secretly sworn  
to a cruel alliance, they spitefully  
mock lovers' haste.

### III. "Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen"

I wandered beneath the trees  
alone with my grief.  
Then dreams of old came  
and stole into my heart.  
Who taught you that word,  
birds in the airy heights?  
Hush! When my heart hears it  
once more it aches.  
"A maiden came walking,  
who sang it all the time.  
Then we birds took up  
that lovely, golden word."  
You should not tell me this,  
birds of wondrous cunning.

You should steal my grief from  
me, but I trust no one with it.

### IV. "Lieb' Liebchen"

Dearest sweetheart, lay your hand  
on my heart.

can you hear how it pounds in its  
room? A carpenter lodges there,  
vile and wicked, building me a  
coffin. The hammering and  
banging, day and night,  
has long robbed me of sleep.  
Hurry, master carpenter,  
that I soon may sleep.

### V. "Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden"

Fair cradle of my sorrows, fair  
tombstone of my peace, fair town,  
we must part. Farewell, I cry to  
you. Farewell, sacred threshold  
where my dearest love walks.  
Farewell, sacred spot where I first  
saw her. Would that I had never  
seen you, fair queen of my heart.

Then it would never have  
happened that I am now so  
wretched. I never wished to touch  
your heart, I have never begged  
for love. All I wished was to lead a  
tranquil life where you breathed.  
But you yourself are driving me  
away. Your lips speak bitter  
words. Madness gnaws at my  
senses, and my heart is sick and  
wounded. And with weary, listless  
limbs I will trudge away on my  
stick, till I lay down my tired head  
in a cool, distant grave.

### VI. "Warte, warte wilder Schiffmann"

Wait, wait, rough sailor, I'll follow  
you now to the port. I am taking  
my leave of two maidens, of

Robert Schumann. Streams of  
blood, flow from my eyes, streams  
of blood, gush from my body that  
with the hot blood I may write  
down my sorrows.

My love, why just today do you  
recoil at the sight of my blood?  
For long years you have seen me  
before you, pale and with bleeding  
heart. Do you remember the old  
tale of the serpent in Paradise,  
which through the wicked gift of  
an apple cast our forebears into  
misery? Apples have brought all  
our misfortunes. With them Eve  
brought death and Eris the flames  
of Troy. You have brought both—  
flames and death.

### VII. "Berg und Burgen schaun herunter"

Mountains and castles gaze down  
into the clear, mirroring Rhine.  
And my little boat sails blithely  
along, surrounded by glistening  
sunlight. Calmly I watch the play  
of the golden, rippling waves.  
Softly those feelings awaken  
which I cherished deep in my  
heart. Sweetly greeting,  
promising, the river's splendor  
lures me down; But I know it—  
sparkling on the surface,  
it hides night and death in its  
depths. Joy above, malice in its  
heart: river, you are the image of  
my love. She can nod just as  
sweetly; smile just as gently and  
innocently.

### VIII. "Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen"

At first I almost despaired,  
thinking I could never bear it. Yet

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borne it I have, but do not ask me how.

**IX. "Mit Myrten und Rosen"**

With myrtles and roses, charming and dear, with fragrant cypresses and gold tinsel I would decorate this book like a coffin. And bury my songs within it. Oh, could I but bury my love there too! On love's grave grows the flower of peace; there it blossoms, there it is picked. For me it will bloom only when I am in my grave. Here, then, are songs which once, wild as a stream of lava gushing from Etna, burst from the depths of my soul, showering many flashing sparks around. Now they lie mute, as if dead, rigid, cold, pale as mist; but the old fire will revive them afresh if ever love's spirit should hover over them. Many an intimation stirs within my heart: the spirit of love will one day dawn above them, and one day this book will come into your hands, my sweet love, in a far-off land. The magic spell on my songs shall be broken; the pale letters shall gaze at you, gaze beseechingly into your lovely eyes, and whisper with the melancholy breath of love.

**Obradors**

**La mi sola, Laureola**

My only Laureola  
My only, only, only one  
I, captive Leriano

Am very proud  
To be wounded by the hand  
Which is unique in the world.

My only Laureola,  
My only, only, only one

**Al Amor**

Give me, Love, countless kisses,  
Your hands upon my hair,  
Give me eleven hundred of them,  
And eleven hundred more,  
And then...

Many more thousand!

And so that no one may know,  
Let's forget the count And... start  
all over again.

**Corazon, porque pasais...**

O heart, why do you lie awake  
During the nights made for love  
When your mistress rests

In the arms of another lover

**Con amores, la mi madre...**

With love, oh mother of mine,  
With love I fell asleep;  
And thus asleep I dreamed  
Of what was hidden in my heart,  
That love consoled me  
Better than I deserved.

This boon of love  
Lulled me to sleep,  
And lessened my grief.  
Through my faith in you and  
With love, oh mother of mine,  
With love I fell asleep!

**Del Cabello mas sutil**

Of the softest hair  
Which you wear in braids  
I shall make a chain  
To draw you to my side  
A jug in your house,  
My darling, I would like to be,  
To kiss your lips,  
When you take a drink.

**Chiquitita la Novia**

A tiny bride,  
A tiny groom,  
A tiny parlor,  
And a bedroom  
That's why I want  
A tiny bed  
And a mosquito net.