

Emily Evans, Soprano

Amanda Sherrill, Piano

Junior Recital
Organ Hall | March 2, 2018 | 7:30 p.m.

Program

Ah, mai non cessate (Ah never cease)

Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)

Ah never cease from talking ,
Oh lips, I desperately want,
with the honey of your words,
I want to make a sweet pillow on which I will sleep.
Oh dreams blessed that no one has dreamt.

Come l'allodoletta (Like a little skylark)

Like a little skylark over the meadows,
Peace and happiness fly,
From a gentle heart which is ruled by love
passes every joy and sweetness
and the soul that does not feel its importance
Will, like a flower, die from the cold.

Samt und Seide (Velvet and Silk)

Robert Stolz (1880-1975)

It lies on a tall woman's hat made of straw
It's decorated with daisies and lilacs
In short, there is a beautiful woman's hat with a blue band.
A bee happily swings through the air
A bee saw the hat and upon seeing the flax,
thought it must be full of honey,
In high-spirits, it gets what it wants to eat.
The bee ate with such appetite
The pollen pleased its little heart
Already, it expected the sweet reward but suddenly stopped in confusion.
They are fake! The honey was only the bee's to collect.
The bee pulled on the fake flower made from silk and velvet,
The bee fell clueless

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The bee was tricked by the hat's craftiness
It quickly recognized the falseness of the tempting blossom and flew away

Das Edelweiss (The Edelweiss)

A little star fell from the sky
It lays among the wild mountains and gray rocks and stones all alone.
God himself made it shine and said quietly:
"From now on you will be a flower with the name Edelweiss."

Die Todesblume (The Dead Flower)

Only you are without a soul
How the sweet flower's beauty shines
The depths of the chalice spin gold
Cruelty blossoms among the most unfortunate
You are the person so proud and beautiful who hides
Your large bright eyes see her love deep into the abyss
On earth she is a red rose but death is eternal and without a soul

**Les clochettes des muguets
(The little bells of the Lillies of the valley)**

Georges Hüe (1858-1948)

The little bells of the Lillies of the valley,
trembling in the breeze,
chime with light,
subdued and subtle scents,
I listen to them, one by one,
Gently, I inhale them
They have the delicate fragrance
Of your radiant smile
They have the brilliant sparkle
And the blossoming kindness of your eyes

J'ai pleuré en rêve (I wept in my dream)

I wept in my dream
I dreamt you were dead
I awoke and the tears were flowing down my cheeks
I dreamt that you left me
I awoke and I bitterly wept for a long time
I dreamt that you loved me still
I awoke, and the torrent of my tears flows endlessly

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À des oiseaux (To the birds)

Good morning, warblers
Good morning, cheerful chaffinch
Daisies, awake
And the flowers of the green bushes!
Your soul is always happy
Gay bird that one loves to watch
For the lover and the poet
May you sing morning and evening!
But on the plain,
it seems that one has spread some nets
Fly always together
Be on guard little birds
Sour without touching the earth
Look, in a corner of the forest
Are they secretly watching you
The children with the traitorous eyes?
Ah, very fast with agile wings, flee, flee, their bait
Come with the swallow
Who in his flight, follows my footsteps
Into my garden without fear
With your nimble beak, you may eat as much as you like.
All the fruits of the orchard are ripe
Good evening Warblers! Good evening Cheerful Chaffinch!
Sleep, daisies, and the flowers of the green bushes!

Barb'ry Allen
He's Gone Away
Leather-winged bat

Jake Heggie (1961-)

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