

**Upcoming Events at KSU  
in  
Music**

**Sunday, May 2**  
College of the Arts  
Gazebo Concert  
KSU Jazz Ensemble

**Thursday, May 6**  
Senior Recital  
Lara Carr, soprano  
7:00 pm Music Building Recital Hall

**Friday, May 7**  
Georgia Young Singers  
8:00 pm Stillwell Theater

**Saturday, May 8**  
Junior Recital  
Danielle Hearn, flute  
5:00 pm Music Building Recital Hall

Senior Recital  
Shannon Hampton, clarinet  
7:30 pm Music Building Recital Hall

**Friday, May 14**  
Senior Recital  
Huu Mai, piano  
8:00 pm Stillwell Theater

**Sunday, May 23**  
Faculty Recital  
Oral Moses, bass-baritone  
3:00 pm Music Building Recital Hall



Kennesaw State University  
Department of Music  
Musical Arts Series  
presents

**Kharis Belgrave,  
mezzo soprano**

**Senior Recital**

**Huu Mai, piano**

**Saturday, May 1, 2004  
8:00 p.m.  
Music Building Recital Hall**

55<sup>th</sup> concert of the 2003/2004 Musical Arts Series season

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Bachelor of Music in Education.

## I

**Recit: Thy Hand Belinda...**  
**Aria: When I am Laid in Earth**  
from *Dido and Aeneas*

**Henry Purcell**  
(1659-1695)

**Amarilli, mia bella**

**Guilio Caccini**  
(1546-1618)

Amarilli, mia bella  
Amarilli, my beautiful one  
O my heart's sweet desire, do you not believe that you are my beloved?  
Believe it nevertheless, and if fear assails you, to doubt it does not avail you.  
Open my bosom, and you will see written upon my heart, Amarilli is my love.

**Chi Vuole Innamorarsi**

**Alessandro Scarlatti**  
(1659-1725)

He who wants to fall in love, must think on it well!  
Love is a certain fire, which, if it flares a little, forever lasts.  
It is not light torment, to have a wounded heart!  
He submits every wish to Cupid's two eyes,  
He who serves the god of Love.  
He who wants to fall in love, must think on it well!

## II

**Zigeunerlieder (H. Conrat) Op. 103**

**Johannes Brahms**  
(1833-1897)

**He, Zigeuner**

Ho there, Gypsy, strike the strings,  
Play the song of the faithless maiden!  
Let the strings weep, lament in sad anxiety,  
Till the hot tears flow down these cheeks.

**Oh, never sing to me again (A. Pushkin) Op.4 #4**

Don't sing, beautiful one, in my presence sad songs of Georgia  
They remind me of another life and shore far away, distant.  
Alas! They remind me, your cruel melodies (remind me)  
And the Steppe, and night, under the moon  
Far distant, a poor girl! A dear apparition,  
I forget my fatal apparition,  
but you sing! And again in front of me it appears.

**Oh Stay, my Love, Forsake me Not! (D. Merezhkovsky) Op.4 #1**

Oh no, I am begging, don't leave!  
All pain is nothing compared to separation,  
I am happy with this torture,  
Harder press me against you, Say "I love you"  
I come to you again; sick, exhausted and pale.  
Look how I am weak, pale, How I need your love.  
For new tortures I am waiting, like a caress, like a kiss,  
And about one thing I am begging, in anguish:  
Oh, stay with me! Don't leave!

**Please hold all applause until after each section.**  
**Please no flash photography during the performance.**  
**Thank You**

## **Adieu (Farewell)**

How quickly everything dies, the rose uncloses,  
And the fresh colored mantles of the meadows;  
The long sighs, the beloved ones, disappear in smoke!  
We see in this fickle world change,  
Faster than the waves at the shores, Our dreams!

Faster than the dew on the flowers, Our hearts!  
One believed in being faithful to you, cruel one,  
but alas, the longest loves are short!  
And I say, leaving your charms, without tears,  
Almost at the moment of my first confession,  
Farewell!

## **IV**

### **When I Have Sung my Songs**

**Ernest Charles**  
(1895-1984)

### **Sure on this shining night (James Agee)**

**Samuel Barber**  
(1910-1982)

### **The Lordly Hudson (Paul Goodman)**

**Ned Rorem**  
(b. 1923)

## **V**

### **The Harvest of Sorrow (A. Tolstoy) Op.4 # 5**

**Sergei Rachmaninoff**  
(1873-1943)

Oh you my field my beloved harvest field,  
you cannot be reaped with one stroke,  
Your riches cannot be bound in one sheaf.  
Oh my thoughts of you, dear thoughts.  
You cannot be shrugged off  
You cannot be expressed in one word!  
Cruel wind swept over you, my harvest field,  
Your ears of wheat bent to the ground,  
Ripened grains were swept all about!  
My dear thoughts scattered,  
They fell and there sprouted cruel bitter crop,  
There sprung burning, bitter grief. Ah!

## **Hochgetürmte**

High towering Rima waves how turbid you are!  
By the Ufer (river) I lament loudly for you my sweet!  
Waves are fleeing, waves are streaming,  
Rushing to the shore, to me;  
Let me by the Rima Ufer, forever weep for you!

## **Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen**

Do you know when my little one is her loveliest?  
When her sweet mouth teases and laughs and kisses me.  
Little maiden, you are mine, fervently I kiss you,  
The good Lord created you just for me!  
Do you know when my I like my lover best of all?  
When he holds me closely enfolded in his arms.  
Sweetheart, you are mine; fervently I kiss you,  
The good Lord created you just for me!

## **Lieber Gott, du weisst**

Dear God, you know how often I regretted  
The kiss I gave once to my beloved.  
My heart commanded me to kiss him,  
I shall think forever of that first kiss.  
Dear God, you know how often in still of night,  
In joy and in sorrow I thought of my dearest one.  
Love is sweet, though bitter be remorse,  
My poor heart will remain forever true!

## **Brauner Bursche**

The bronzed young fellow leads to the dance  
His lovely blue-eyed maiden,  
Boldly clanking his spurs together,  
A Czardas melody begins.  
He caresses and kisses his sweet dove,  
Whirls and leads her, shouts and springs about,  
He throws three shiny silver guilders on the cymbal to make it ring!

### **Röslein dreie in der Reihe**

Three little roses in a row blossom so red;  
there's no law against a young man's visiting a young girl!  
Dear God, if that were forbidden,  
the beautiful, wide world would cease  
To remain unmarried is a sin!  
The prettiest little town in Alföld is Kecskemét;  
There are a lot of good-looking and nice girls there!  
Friends, find yourselves a bride there,  
ask for her hand and start your household;  
Drain the cup of joy!

### **Kommt dir manchmal**

Do you sometimes recall, my dear,  
What you once promised me with a sacred oath?  
Deceive me not, forsake me not;  
You don't know how much I love you;  
Love me as I love you,  
And God's grace will pour down on you!

### **Rote Abendwolken**

Red evening clouds pass by in the firmament;  
My heart burns for you my dear.  
The sky beams in glowing splendor,  
And I dream, by day and night, only of my sweet lover.

### **III**

#### **Poème d'un Jour (C. Grandmougin)**

**Gabriel Fauré**  
(1845-1924)

#### **Rencontre (Meeting)**

I was sad and pensive before I met you;  
Today I feel less my obstinate torment.  
Oh, tell me, might you be the woman not even hoped for,  
and the ideal dream pursued in vain?  
Oh, Passerby with gentle eyes, might you be the friend  
who would bring back happiness to the lonely poet?  
And will you shine on my strengthening soul  
like the native sky on the heart of an exile?  
Your timid sadness alike to mine,  
Loves to see the sun set over the ocean.  
Facing this vastness your rapture awakens,  
And the charm of the evening is dear to your beautiful soul.  
A mysterious and gentle sympathy already chains me to you like a living  
bond  
And my soul trembles, overwhelmed by love,  
And my heart cherishes you without knowing you well.

#### **Toujours (Always)**

You ask me to be silent, to flee far away from you forever,  
And depart in solitude Without remembering the one I loved!  
Rather ask the stars to fall into the infinite, the night to lose its veils,  
the day to lose its brightness!  
Ask the boundless ocean to drain its vast waves,  
and when the winds rage in madness, to still their mournful cries!  
But do not believe that my soul will free its bitter sorrows,  
and casts off its fire,  
As spring casts off its flowers!