

2018

Concert recording 2018-11-02

Charl Young

Hannah Mindeman Shuman

Richard Meyers

Lisa Auten

Jessica Miller

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Performer(s)

Charl Young, Hannah Mindeman Shuman, Richard Meyers, Lisa Auten, Jessica Miller, Anna Wood, Max Hinojosa, Ashley Trotter, Garrett Vogel, and Emily Auten

UPCOMING EVENTS

NOVEMBER

- SUN 4 MacRae Voice Studio Recital**
3:00 pm, Guisinger Music House
1 E. Mountain Street, Fayetteville
free and open to the public
- SUN 4 Hertzog Guitar Studio Recital**
6:00 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall
free and open to the public
- MON 5 Percussion Ensemble**
7:30 pm, Faulkner Performing Arts Center
\$10 general admission; \$5 student/faculty/staff
- MON 5 Medaris Quartet**
7:30 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall
free and open to the public
- WED 7 Rulli Trumpet Studio Recital**
7:30 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall
free and open to the public

NOVEMBER, CONT.

- THU 8 Jazz Lab Ensemble**
7:30 pm, Faulkner Performing Arts Center
\$10 general admission; \$5 student/faculty/staff
- SUN 11 Woobassooie Bassoon Ensemble**
3:00 pm, Guisinger Music House
1 E. Mountain Street, Fayetteville
free and open to the public
- MON 12 Arkansas Brassworks**
7:30 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall
free and open to the public
- TUE 13 Ragsdale Percussion Studio Recital**
7:30 pm, Faulkner Performing Arts Center
\$10 general admission; \$5 student/faculty/staff
- WED 14 Faculty Recital:**
Dominic K. Na & Tomoko Kashiwagi
7:30 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall
free and open to the public

Ushering and stage management for this concert provided by
Sigma Alpha Iota and Phi Mu Alpha.

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With the completion of the 600-seat Faulkner Performing Arts Center, the University of Arkansas added a world class performance venue. The Department recital hall, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, is located in the Fine Arts Building, adjacent to the Music Building. The 200-seat Concert Hall offers an intimate setting for chamber and solo recitals. The Department produces more than 300 concerts annually, on and off campus.

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PARK VOICE STUDIO RECITAL

students of
Dr. Moon-Sook Park

UAMusic

November 2, 2018 | 7:30 PM
Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall

CONCERT PROGRAM

My House..... Tim Minchin (b. 1975)
from *Matilda*

Everybody Loves Louis..... Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930)
from *Sunday in the Park with George*

Charl Young, *soprano*
Hannah Mindeman Shuman, *piano*

Per la gloria d'adorarvi..... Giovanni Battista Bononcini (1670-1747)
The vagabond..... Ralph Vaughan Williams (1827-1791)

Richard Meyers, *baritone*
Lisa Auten, *piano*

Se tu m'amiAlessandro Parisotti (1853-1913)
Der Hölle Rache kocht..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
from *The Magic Flute*

Jessica Miller, *soprano*
Lisa Auten, *piano*

Dans un boire solitaire Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Love's philosophy Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Anna Wood, *soprano*
Lisa Auten, *piano*

Comme raggio di sol..... Antonio Caldara (1670-1736)
The vagabond..... Ralph Vaughan Williams (1827-1791)

Max Hinojosa, *baritone*
Lisa Auten, *piano*

Sognai Francesco Schira (1809-1883)
Fair Robin I love Kirke Mechem (b. 1925)
from *Tartuffe*

Ashley Trotter, *soprano*
Lisa Auten, *piano*

Sonntag, Op. 47, No. 3 Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
O del mio amato ben..... Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)

Garrett Vogel, *baritone*
Lisa Auten, *piano*

Spring Dominick Argento (b. 1927)
Gott im Frühling, D. 448..... Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Emily Auten, *soprano*
Lisa Auten, *piano*

Thy hand, Belinda

Thy hand, Belinda; darkness shades me, On thy bosom let me rest,
More I would, but Death invades me; Death is now a welcome guest.
When I am laid in earth, May my wrongs create
No trouble in thy breast; Remember me, but ah! forget my fate.

Sweeter than roses

Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze
On a warm flowery shore, was the dear kiss,
First trembling made me freeze, Then shot like fire all o'er.
What magic has victorious love!
For all I touch or see since that dear kiss, I hourly prove, all is love to me.

Bucking Bronco

My love is a rider, my love is a rider ...
My true love is a rider wild broncos he breaks,
though he promised to quit for my sake.
It's one foot in the stirrup and the saddle put on
with a swing and a jump he is mounted and gone.
The first time I met him it was early one spring
a riding a bronco a high headed thing.
The next time I saw him 'twas late in the fall
a swinging the girls at Tomlinson's ball.
He gave me some presents among them a ring
the return that I gave him was a far better thing:
A young maiden's heart, I'd have you all know,
that he won it by riding his bucking bronco.
Now all young maidens, where're you reside,
beware of the cowboy who swings rawhide,
He'll court you and pet you and leave you to go
in the spring up the trail on his bucking bronco.

Lift Me in Heaven Slowly

Lift me into heaven slowly,
cause my back's sore
and my mind's thoughtful
and I'm not even sure
I want to go.

Billy the Kid

Billy was a bad man [And]1 carried a big gun,
He was always after good folks And he kept them on the run.
He shot one every morning to make his morning meal.
Let a man sass him, He was sure to feel his steel.
He kept folks in hot water, stole from every stage,
when he was full of liquor He was always in a rage.
But one day he met a man a whole lot badder
and now he's dead and we ain't none the sadder.

In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.
Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht,
Und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.
Das weiß ich längstst.

Ich grolle nicht,
Und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frißt,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen

Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüßten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie ließen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüßten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldnen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmettern darein;
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n;
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Engelein.

Into the wilderness of my life
It gazed benevolently.

Flowers and angels float
Around our dear Lady;
The eyes, the lips, the cheeks,
They're exactly like my beloved's.

I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge,
Even when my heart is breaking,
Eternally lost love!
Although you shine with the splendor of diamonds,
No light penetrates heart's night,
I have known that for a long time.

I bear no grudge,
Even when my heart is breaking,
I truly saw you in my dreams,
And saw the night in your heart's cavity,
And saw the serpent that feeds on your heart,
I saw, my love, how very miserable you are.
I bear no grudge.

And if the flowers knew, the tiny ones,

How deeply wounded my heart is,
They'd weep along with me,
To ease my pain.

And if the nightingales knew
How sad and sick I am,
They'd let resound cheerfully
Their healing song.

And if they knew of my grief,
The little golden stars,
They'd descend from their heights,
And speak comfort to me.

None of them can know it,
Only one person knows my pain,
She herself tore it apart,
Tore my heart to pieces.

There's fluting and violin-playing

There's fluting and violin-playing,
Trumpets are sounding as well;
She's dancing the wedding dance,
My deeply beloved.

There's a ringing and booming,
A drumming and tootling;
Amidst it all are sobbing and moaning
The dear angels.

Vaga luna, che inargenti..... Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
The Salley Gardens Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Scott Sewell, *tenor*
Lisa Auten, *piano*

Three Browning Songs, Op. 44 Amy Beach (1867-1944)

I. The year's at the spring

II. Ah, love, but a day

III. I send my heart up to Thee

Hannah Rodriguez, *soprano*
Lisa Auten, *piano*

From Dichterliebe, Op. 48..... Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

7. Ich grolle nicht

8. Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen

9. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

Brett Cuddy, *tenor*
Jane Heinrichs, *piano*

Sweeter than roses Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Thy hand, Belinda..... Purcell

from *Dido and Aeneas*

Ismaelena Serrano, *soprano*
Lisa Auten, *piano*

Cowboy Songs Libby Larsen (b. 1950)

I. Bucking Bronco

II. Lift Me into Heaven Slowly

III. Billy the Kid

Dennese Adkins, *soprano*
Lisa Auten, *piano*

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

My House

This roof keeps me dry when the rain falls.
This door helps to keep the cold at bay.
On this floor I can stand on my own two feet. On this chair I can write my lessons.
On this pillow I can dream my nights away.
And this table, as you can see, well, it's perfect for tea. It isn't much but it is enough for me.
It isn't much but it is enough...On these walls I hang wonderful pictures.
Through this window I can watch the seasons change.
By this lamp I can read, and I, I am set free! And when it's cold outside I feel no fear!
Even in the winter storms, I am warmed by a small but stubborn fire.
And there is no-where I would rather be. It isn't much but it is enough for me.
It isn't much but it is enough for me For this is my house! This is my house!
It isn't much but it is enough for me. This is my house!

This is my house! It isn't much but it is enough.
And when it's cold and bleak I feel no fear! Even in the fiercest storms!
I am warmed by a small but stubborn fire!
Even when outside it's freezing I don't pay much heed.
I know that everything I need is in here. It isn't much but it is enough for me.
It isn't much but it is enough for me.

Everybody Loves Louis

Hello, George. Where did you go, George?
I know you're near, George. I caught your eyes, George.
I want your ear, George. I've a surprise, George...
Everybody loves Louis. Louis' simple and kind, Everybody loves Louis. Louis' lovable
Seems we never know, do we? Who we're going to find?
And Louis the baker is not what I had in mind

But Louis' really an artist. Louis' cakes are an art Louis isn't the smartest- Louis' popular
Everybody loves Louis. Louis bakes from the heart
The bread, George, I mean the bread, George
And then in bed, George, I mean he kneads me
I mean like dough, George, Hello, George
Louis' always so pleasant, Louis' always so fair Louis makes you feel present, Louis' generous
That's the thing about Louis, Louis always is "there"
Louis' thoughts are not hard to follow, Louis' art is not hard to swallow
Not that Louis' perfection. That's what makes him ideal
Hardly anything worth objection, Louis drinks a bit, Louis blinks a bit
Louis makes a connection, That's the thing that you feel
We lose things, And then we choose things
And there are Louis's, And there are Georges-
Well, Louis's And George, But George has George
And I need- Someone- Louis
Everybody loves Louis, Him as well as his cakes
Everybody loves Louis, Me included, George
Not afraid to be goeey, Louis sells what he makes, Everybody gets along him
That's the trouble, nothing's wrong with him

Louis has to bake his way, George can only bake his... Louis it is!

Per la gloria d'adorarvi

Per la gloria d'adorarvi
voglio amarvi,
o luci care.
Amando penerò,
ma sempre v'amerò,
sì, sì, nel mio penare,
penerò, v'amerò, luci care.

Senza speme di diletto
vano affetto
è sospirare,
ma i vostri dolci rai
chi vagheggiar può mai
e non, e non v'amare?
penerò, v'amerò, luci care.

For the glory of adoring you

For the glory of adoring you
I want to love you,
O dear eyes.
Loving I will suffer,
But always I will love you,
Yes, yes, in my suffering,
I will suffer, I will love you, dear eyes

without hope of delight
vain affection
It is to sigh,
But your sweet rays
Who could ever gaze upon
and not, and not love you?
I will suffer, I will love you, dear eyes

translation by Barbara Miller

che se nutro una speranza,
ella è sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l'ore del dolor,
che una speme lusinghiera
mi conforta nell'amor.

The Salley Gardens

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.
In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

The Years at the Spring

The year's at the spring And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven; The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven -- All's right with the world!

Ah, love, but a day

Ah, Love, but a day, And the world has changed!
The sun's away, And the bird estranged;
The wind has dropped, And the sky's deranged;
Summer has stopped.

Look in my eyes! Wilt thou change too?
Should I fear surprise? Shall I find aught new
In the old and dear, In the good and true,
With the changing year?

Thou art a man, But I am thy love.
For the lake, its swan; For the dell, its dove;
And for thee -- (oh, haste!) Me, to bend above,
Me, to hold embraced.

I send my heart up to Thee

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart in this my singing,
For the stars help me, and the sea, and the sea bears part;
The very night is clinging Closer to Venice' streets to leave one space
Above me, whence thy face May light my joyous heart to thee,
to thee its dwelling place.

Im Rheim, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem großen Dome
Das große, heil'ge Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldnem Leder gemalt;

That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in my love.

from lieder.net

In the Rhine, the holy river

In the Rhine, the holy river,
Is reflected in the waves
With its vast cathedral
The great, holy Cologne.

In the cathedral is an image,
Painted upon golden leather;

di darmi ad altra cura,
sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lei, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa
senza il mio ben.

Spring

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! The sweet Spring!

Gott im Frühling

In seinem schimmernden Gewand
Hast du den Frühling uns gesandt,
Und Rosen um sein Haupt gewunden.
Holdlächelnd kömmt er schon!
Es führen ihn die Stunden,
O Gott, auf seinem Bluhmenthron.
Er geht in Büschen und sie blühn;
Den Fluren kömmt ihr frisches Grün,
Und Wäldern wächst ihr Schatten wieder,
Der West, liebkosend, schwingt
Sein thauendes Gefieder,
Und jeder frohe Vogel singt.
Mit eurer Lieder süssem Klang,
Ihr Vögel, soll auch mein Gesang
Zum Vater der Natur sich schwingen,
Entzückung reißt mich hin!
Ich will dem Herrn lobsingem,
Durch den ich wurde, was ich bin!

Vaga luna, che inargenti

Vaga luna, che inargenti
queste rive e questi fiori
ed ispiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell'amor;
testimonio or sei tu sola
del mio fervido desir,
ed a lei che m'innamora
conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza
il mio duol non può lenir,

to give myself to another cure,
one thought alone torments me:
But without her, what shall I do?
To me, life seems a vain thing
without my beloved.

translation by Donna Breitzer- lieder.net

God in Spring

In his gleaming robe
you have sent Spring to us,
and bound roses around his head.
Sweetly smiling, here he comes!
The Hours attend him,
O God, on his flowery throne.
He goes to the groves, and they blossom;
to the meadows returns the fresh green,
and in the woods spread the shadows again,
the west wind, softly murmuring, swings
his dewy wings,
and every happy bird sings.
With your sweet sounding song,
ye birds, my song will also
soar to the Father of all nature.
Rapture transports me!
I will sing praises to the Lord
to whom I owe my being!

Lovely moon that is silver

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
On these shores and on these flowers
And breathe the language
Of love to the elements,
You are now the sole witness
Of my ardent longing,
And can recount my throbs and sighs
To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance
Cannot assuage my grief,

The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love, let the lave go by me
Give the jolly haven above and the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see, bread I did in the river
There's the life for a man like me, There's the life forever.
Let the blow fall soon or late let what will be o'er me.
Give the face of earth around, And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not hope nor love, nor a friend to know me.
All I seek the heaven above, And the road below me.
Or let autumn fall on me. Where a field I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree, biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field, warm the fire side heaven.
Not to autumn will I yield, not to winter even.
Let the blow fall soon or late, let what will be o'er me.
Give the face of earth around, and the road before me.
Wealth I ask not hope nor love, nor a friend to know me.
All I ask the heaven above, and the road bellow me.

Se tu m'ami, se sospiri

Der Hölle Rache kocht...
Sol per me, gentil pastor,
Ho dolor de' tuoi martiri,
Ho diletto del tuo amor,
Ma se pensi che soletto
lo ti debba riamar,
Pastorello, sei soggetto
Facilmente a t'ingannar.

Bella rosa porporina
Oggi Silvia sceglierà,
Con la scusa della spina
Doman poi la sprezzerà.
Ma degli uomini il consiglio
lo per me non seguirò.
Non perché mi piace il giglio
Gli altri fiori sprezzereò.

Der Hölle Rache kocht...

Der Hölle Rache kocht in meinem Herzen,
Tot und Verzweiflung flammet um mich her!
Fühlt nicht durch dich Sarastro
Todesschmerzen,
So bist du meine Tochter nimmermehr.
Verstossen sei auf ewig,
Verlassen sei auf ewig,
Zertrümmert sei'n auf ewig
Alle Bande der Natur
Wenn nicht durch dich
Sarastro wird erblassen!
Hört, Rachegötter, Hört der Mutter Schwur!

If thou lov'st me, and sighest

If thou lov'st me, and sighest ever
but for me, o gentle swain
Sweet I find thy loving favor,
Pitiful I feel thy pain.
Should'st thou think tho',
that demurely on thee alone I may smile,
Simple shepherd, thou art surely prone thy
senses to beguile;

As a fair red rose, a lover
Fain might Sylvia choose today,
Haply if he thorns discover
'Tis tomorrow thrown away,
All men say of maiden folly
Finds no favor to mine eyes,
Nor because I love the lily
Shall I other flow'rs despise.

The revenge of Hell seethes

The revenge of hell seethes in my heart,
Death and despair flame up about me!
If Sarastro does not meet his death
through you,
Then you are my daughter no more.
Disowned forever,
Abandoned forever,
Destroyed forever,
all the bonds of nature,
If Sarastro does not die at your hands!
Hear, gods of revenge,
hear the mother's oath!

translation by Bard Suverkrop- IPA Source, LLC

Dans un boire solitaire

Dans un bois solitaire et sombre
Je me promenais l'autr' jour,
Un enfant y dormait à l'ombre,
C'était le redoutable Amour.

J'approche, sa beauté me flatte,
Mais je devais m'en défier ;
Il avait les traits d'une ingrate,
Que j'avais juré d'oublier.

Il avait la bouche vermeille,
Le teint aussi frais que le sien,
Un soupir m'échappe, il s'éveille ;
L'Amour se réveille de rien.

Aussitôt déployant ses ailes
Et saisissant son arc vengeur,
L'une de ses flèches, cruelles
En partant, il me blesse au cœur.

Va ! va, dit-il, aux pieds de Sylvie,
De nouveau languir et brûler !
Tu l'aimeras toute la vie,
Pour avoir osé m'éveiller.

Love's philosophy

The fountains mingle with the River, And the Rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix for ever, With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single; All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle. Why not I with thine?
See the mountains kiss high Heaven And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth If thou kiss not me?

Come raggio di sol

Come raggio di sol, mite e sereno,
Sovra placidi fluti si riposa,
Mentre del mare nel profondo seno
Sta la tempest ascosa
Cosi riso talor gaio e pacato
Di content di gioia un labbro infiora
Mentre nel suo segreto il cor piagato
S'angoscia e si martora

Sognai

Sognai chea Lisa unito m'era;
Sognai che il labbro io le baciai;
E mi rapia quel bacio is cor.
Fosse eterno il sogno mio,
Come eterno è questo amor,
Come eterno, eterno questo amor.
Ah! T'amo tanto,

In a lonely wood

In a lonely and sombre forest
I walked the other day;
A child slept in the shade,
It was a veritable Cupid.

I approach; his beauty fascinates me.
But I must be careful:
He has the traits of the faithless maiden
Whom I had sworn to forget.

He had lips of ruby,
His complexion was also fresh like hers.
A sigh escapes me and he awakes;
Cupid wakes at nothing.

Immediately opening his wings and seizing
His vengeful bow
And one of his cruel arrows as he parts,
He wounds me to the heart.

"Go!" he says, "Go! At Sylvie's feet
Will you languish anew!
You shall love her all your life,
For having dared awaken me."

Like a Ray of Sun

Like a ray of sun mild and serene,
Upon placid waves itself rests
While in the sea in its deep bosom
Remains the tempest hidden
So, laughter sometimes gay and peaceful
With contentment with joy a lip touches
While in its secret recesses the wounded
heart, Anguishes and tortures itself

I dreamt

I dreamt that I was united with Lisa,
I dreamt I kissed her lips,
and was entranced with that kiss.
My dream was forever,
As forever as his love.
As forever, forever as this love.
Ah! I love you so much!

che per te vorrei morir.
Ah! Tutto il cuor a te donai,
E sol morte sol morte
Si sol morte il può rapir.

Sogno è la vita, Sogno è l'amor!
Sognai che il labbro io le baciai,
e mi rapia quel bacio il cor,
Ah, t'amo tanto,
che per te vorrei morir.

Fair Robin I love

Fair Robin I love and hourly die, But not for a lip, nor a languishing eye;
He's fickle and false, and there we agree, For I am as false and as fickle as he.
We neither believe what either can say; And neither believing, we neither betray.
'Tis civil to swear and say things, of course; We mean not the taking for better or worse.
When present we love; when absent agree: I think not of Robin, nor Robin of me.
The legend of love no couple can find, So easy to part or so easily joined.

Sonntag

So hab' ich doch die ganze Woche
Mein feines Liebchen nicht geseh'n,
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag
Wohl vor der Türe steh'n:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei ihr!

So will mir doch die ganze Woche
Das Lachen nicht vergeh'n,
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag
Wohl in die Kirche geh'n:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei ihr!

O del mio ben

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze
sempre la cerco e chiamo
con pieno il cor di speranze?
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è sì caro,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lei, triste ogni loco.
Notte mi sembra il giorno;
mi sembra gelo il foco.
Se pur talvolta spero

that I would die for you.
Ah! All my heart, I give it to you,
And only death, only death,
yes, only death will separate us.

Life is a dream, love is my dream.
I dreamt I kissed her lips,
and was entranced with that kiss.
Ah! I love you so much
that I would die for you.

Sunday

Throughout this week I haven't seen her
Beloved sweetness, my joy
Though, a glimpse I had on Sunday,
as she stood by her door
Her thousandfold beauty
and thousandfold her heart's warmth
Would God, would God that I meet her again.

All through the week I have been smiling,
as I remembered Sunday last
When the church she was approaching
with steps full of grace.
Her thousandfold beauty and
thousandfold her heart's warmth
Would God, would God that I meet her again.

translation by Shula Keller- lieder.net

Oh my dearly beloved

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!
Far from my eyes is she
who was, to me, glory and pride!
Now through the empty rooms
I always seek him and call her
with a heart full of hopes?
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!
And the weeping is so dear to me,
that with weeping alone I nourish my heart.

It seems to me, without her, sad everywhere.
The day seems like night to me;
the fire seems cold to me.
If, however, I sometimes hope