THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTHERN IOWA  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

PRESENTS

Emma Hawkinson, Mezzo-Soprano  
Natia Shioshvili, Piano

Davis Hall  
January 31, 2023  
6:00 pm

“Ah! mio cor” from Alcina  
George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

from Myrthen, Op. 25  
Zwei Venetianische Lieder, No. 17-18  
Der Nussbaum, No. 3  
Hauptmanns Weib, No. 19  
Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

from Trois mélodies, Op. 23  
Les Berceaux, No. 1  
Notre amour, No. 2  
Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

I will go with my father a-ploughing  
Desire in Spring  
Sleep  
Lights Out  
Ivor Gurney  
(1890-1937)

In partial fulfillment of the requirement for the Bachelor of Music degree in Vocal Performance  
From the studio of Dr. Jean McDonald.
### Program Translations

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>English Title</th>
<th>Italian Title</th>
<th>Text by</th>
<th>Translation by</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Ah! mio cor</strong></td>
<td>Ah! mio cor! schernito sei!</td>
<td>Antonio Marchi</td>
<td>Harriet Mason</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Ah! my heart</strong></td>
<td>Ah! my heart! You are scorned!</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Zwei Venetianische Lieder</strong></td>
<td>Leis’ rudern hier, mein Gondolier!</td>
<td>Thomas Moore, Ferdinand Freiligrath</td>
<td>Richard Stokes</td>
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<td><strong>Two Venetian Songs</strong></td>
<td>Row gently here, my gondolier,</td>
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<td>die Flut vom Ruder sprühn</td>
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<td>So leise lass, dass sie uns nur vernimmt,</td>
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<td>zu der wir zieh’n!</td>
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<td>O könnte, wie er schauen kann,</td>
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<td>der Himmel reden traun,</td>
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<td>Er spräche Viele wohn von dem,</td>
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<td>was Nachts die Sterne schau’n!</td>
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<td>Nun rasten hier, mein Gondolier.</td>
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<td>Ins Boot die Ruder! Sacht!</td>
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<td>Auf zum Balkone schwing’ ich mich,</td>
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<td>doch du hältst unten Wacht.</td>
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<td>O wollten halb so eifrig</td>
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<td>nur dem Himmel wir uns weih’n,</td>
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<td>Als schöner Weiber Diensten traun –</td>
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<td>wir könnten Engel sein!</td>
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<td>You stars, and gods! God of love!</td>
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<td>You traitor! I love you so much,</td>
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<td>how can you leave alone and in tears,</td>
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<td>Oh ye gods, why?</td>
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**Der Nussbaum**
Text by Julius Mosen

A nut tree blooms outside the house,
Fragrantly, Airily
It spreads its leafy boughs.
Many lovely blossoms it bears,
Gentle winds
Come to caress them tenderly.
Paired together they whisper
Inclining, bending
Gracefully thier delicate heads to kiss.
They whisper of a maiden
who Dreamed For nights
And days of, alas, she knew not what.
They whisper – who can understand
So soft A song?
Whisper of a bridegroom and next year.
The maiden listens, the tree rustles;
Yearning, musing
She drifts into sleep and dreams.

**Hauptmanns Weib**
Text by Robert Burns,
translated by Wilhelm Gehard

Mount your horse!
Steel across your tender body,
Helmet and sword
Become a captain’s lady.
When the drums beat
And the powder smokes
You’ll behold a bloody day
And your love in battle.
When the foe is vanquished,
You’ll kiss your husband,
You’ll live united with him
In the shadow of peace.
Les Berceaux
Text by Sully Prudhomme

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux
Que la main des femmes balance.
Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.
Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l’âme des lointains berceaux.

The Cradles
Translation by Richard Stokes

Along the quay the great ships,
Listing silently with the surge,
Pay no heed to the cradles
Rocked by women’s hands.
But the day of parting will come,
For it is decreed that women shall weep,
And that men with questing spirits
Shall seek enticing horizons.
And on that day the great ships
Leaving the dwindling behind,
Shall feel their hulls held back
By the soul of distant cradles.

Notre amour
Text by Armand Silvestre

Notre amour est chose légère
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu’on les respire en rêvant.
_ Notre amour est chose légère.
Notre amour est chose charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamante,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.
_ Notre amour est chose charmante.
Notre amour est chose sacrée
Comme le mystère des bois
Où tressaille un âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.
_ Notre amour est chose sacrée.
Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,
S’endort sous les soleils penchant.
_ Notre amour est chose infinie.
Notre amour est chose éternelle
Comme tout ce qu’un Dieu vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile.
Comme tout ce qui vient du cœur.
_ Notre amour est chose éternelle.

Our love
Translation by Christopher Goldsack

Our love is a light thing
Like the scents which the breeze
Gathers from the tips of the ferns
That we might breathe them when dreaming.
_ Our love is a light thing
Our love is an enchanting thing,
Like the songs of the morning
In which no regret is lamented,
In which an uncertain hope vibrates.
_ Our love is an enchanting thing.
Out love is a sacred thing
Like the mystery of the woods
In which an unknown soul trembles,
In which silences have voices.
_ Our love is a sacred thing.
Our love is an infinite thing.
Like the paths of the sunsets
Where the sea, reunited with the heavens,
Falls asleep beneath the sinking suns.
_ Our love is an infinite thing.
Our love is an eternal thing
Like all that a victorious God
Has touched with the flame of his wing.
Like all that comes from the heart.
_ Our love is an eternal thing.
**I will go with my father a-ploughing**
Text by Joseph Campbell

I will go with my father a-ploughing
To the green field by the sea,
And the rooks and the crows and the seagulls
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the patient horses
With the lark in the white of the air,
And my father will sing the plough-song
That blesses the cleaving share.
I will go with my father a-sowing
To the red field by the sea,
And the rooks and the gulls and the starlings
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the striding sowers
With the finch on the greening sloe,
And my father will sing the seed-song
That only the wise men know.
I will go with my father a-reaping
To the brown field by the sea,
And the geese and the crows and the children
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the tan-faced reapers
With the wren in the heat of the sun,
And my father will sing the scythe song
That joys for the harvest done.

**Desire in Spring**
Text by Francis Ledwidge

I love the cradle-songs the mothers sing
In lonely places when the twilight drops,
The slow, endearing melodies that bring
Sleep to the weeping lids; and, when she stops,
I love the roadside birds upon the tops
Of dusty hedges in a world of Spring.
And when the sunny rain drips from the edge
Of mid-day wind, and meadows lean one way,
And a long whisper passes thro’ the sedge,
Beside the broken water let me stay,
While these old airs upon my memory play,
And silent changes colour up the hedge.
**Sleep**
Text by John Fletcher

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dream beguile
All my fancies, that from thence
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving.
Tho’ but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy.
We, that suffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought
Thro’ an idle fancy wrought:
O let my joys have some abiding.

**Lights Out**
Text by Edward Thomas

I have come to the borders of sleep,
The unfathomable deep
Forest where all must lose
Their way, however straight
Or winding, soon or late;
They can not choose.
Here love ends -
Despair, ambition ends;
All pleasure and all trouble,
Although most sweet or bitter,
Here ends, in sleep that is sweeter
Than tasks most noble.
There is not any book
Or face of dearest look
That I would not turn from now
To go into the unknown
I must enter, and leave, alone,
I know not how.