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presents

Maria Casady, soprano  
In a Senior Recital

assisted by:  
*Dyan Meyer, piano*

On a non-degree recital  
From the Studio of Dr. Suzanne Hendrix

Frühlingsglaube  
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Suleika I

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Eccomi in lieta vesta...Oh! quante volte  
*from I Capuleti e i Montecchi*

Vincenzo Bellini  
(1801–1835)

*Cuatro madrigales amatorios*  
¿Con qué la lavaré?  
Vos me matásteis  
¿De dónde venís, amore?  
De los álamos vengo, madre

Joaquín Rodrigo  
(1901–1999)

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**Frühlingsglaube**

Johann Ludwig Uhland

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,  
Sie säuseln und weben Tag und Nacht,  
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.  
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!  
Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang!  
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,  
Man weiss nicht, was noch werden mag,  
Das Blühen will nicht enden.  
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal:  
Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Qual!  
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.

**Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt**

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiss, was ich leide!  
Allein und abgetrennt  
Von aller Freude,  
Seh' ich an's Firmament  
Nach jener Seite.  
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt  
Ist in der Weite.  
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt  
Mein Eingeweide.  
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiss, was ich leide!

**Suleika I**

Marianne von Willemer

Was bedeutet die Bewegung?  
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?  
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung  
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.

**Faith In Spring**

Trans. Richard Wigmore

Balmy breezes are awakened;  
they stir and whisper day and night,  
everywhere creative.  
O fresh scents, O new sounds!  
Now, poor heart, do not be afraid.  
Now all must change.

The world grows fairer each day;  
we cannot know what is still to come;  
the flowering knows no end.  
The deepest, most distant valley is in flower.  
Now, poor heart, forget your torment.  
Now all must change.

**Only those who know longing**

Trans. Richard Stokes

Only those who know longing  
Know what I suffer!  
Alone and cut off  
From every joy,  
I search the sky  
In that direction.  
Ah! he who loves and knows me  
Is far away.  
My head reels,  
My body blazes.  
Only those who know longing  
Know what I suffer!

**Suleika I**

Trans. Richard Wigmore

What does this stirring portend?  
Is the east wind bringing me joyful tidings?  
The refreshing motion of its wings  
cools the heart's deep wound.

Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,  
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,  
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube  
Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.

Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,  
Kühlt auch mir die heissen Wangen,  
Küsst die Reben noch im Fliehen,  
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.

Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern  
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüsse;  
Eh' noch diese Hügel düstern,  
Grüssen mich wohl tausend Küsse.

Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!  
Diene Freunden und Betrübten.  
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,  
Dort find' ich bald den Vielgeliebten.

Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,  
Liebeshauch, erfrischtes Leben  
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,  
Kann mir nur sein Atem geben.

### **Eccomi in lieta vesta...**

Felice Romani

Eccomi in lieta vesta...  
Eccomi adorna come vittima all'ara.  
Oh! Almen potessi qual vittima  
cader dell'ara al piede!  
O nuziali tede, abborrite così fatali,  
siate, siate per me faci ferali.  
Ardo... una vampa,  
una foco tutta mi strugge.

Un refrigerio ai venti io chiedo invano.  
Ove sei tu, Romeo? In qual terra t'aggiri?  
Dove, inviarti, dove i miei sospiri?

It plays caressingly with the dust,  
throwing it up in light clouds,  
and drives the happy swarm of insects  
to the safety of the vine-leaves.

It gently tempers the burning heat of the sun,  
and cools my hot cheeks;  
even as it flies it kisses the vines  
that adorn the fields and hillsides.

And its soft whispering brings me  
a thousand greetings from my beloved;  
before these hills grow dark  
I shall be greeted by a thousand kisses.

Now you may pass on,  
and serve the happy and the sad;  
there, where high walls glow,  
I shall soon find my dearly beloved.

Ah, the true message of the heart,  
the breath of love, renewed life  
will come to me only from his lips,  
can be given to me only by his breath.

### **Here I am in a cheerful attire...**

Trans. Nika Kožar

Here I am in a cheerful attire...  
Here I am adorned like a victim on the altar.  
Oh! If only I could as if wounded fall  
from the altar to the floor!  
Oh wedding candles, you abhor me, so fatal  
you are, You are the candles on my deathbed  
I burn... a flame,  
a fire torments me.

I ask for a cool breeze, but in vain.  
Where are you, Romeo? In which land?  
Where, where should I send you my sighs?

Oh, quante volte, oh quante  
ti chiedo al ciel piangendo!  
Con quale ardor t'attendo,  
e inganno il mio desir!  
Raggio del tuo sembiante  
ah! parmi il brillar del giorno:  
ah! l'aura che spira intorno  
mi sembra un tuo sospir.

***Cuatro madrigales amatorios***

**¿Con qué la lavaré?**

Anon.

¿Con qué la lavaré  
la tez de la mi cara?  
¿Con qué la lavaré,  
Que vivo mal penada?

Lávanse las casadas con agua de limones:  
lávome yo, cuitada,  
con penas y dolores.  
¿Con qué la lavaré,  
que vivo mal penada?

**Vos me matásteis**

Anon.

Vos me matásteis,  
niña en cabello,  
vos me habéis muerto.

Riberas de un río  
ví moza vírgo,  
Niña en cabello,  
vos me habéis muerto.  
Niña en cabello  
vos me matásteis,  
vos me habéis muerto.

Oh! How many times, oh, how many,  
did I ask the heavens for you, crying!  
With such fervour I wait for you,  
but my desire is in vain!  
The light of your presence  
shines for me like daylight:  
ah! The air that dances around me  
reminds me of your breath.

***Four love madrigals***

**With what shall I wash?**

Trans. Richard Stokes

With what shall I wash  
the skin of my face?  
With what shall I wash it?  
I live in such sorrow.

Married women wash in lemon water:  
in my grief I wash  
in pain and sorrow.  
With what shall I wash it?  
I live in such sorrow.

**You killed me**

Trans. Richard Stokes

You killed me,  
girl with hair hanging loose,  
you have slain me.

By the river bank  
I saw a young maiden.  
Girl with hair hanging loose,  
you have slain me.  
Girl with hair hanging loose,  
you have killed me,  
you have slain me.

**¿De dónde venís, amore?**

Anon.

¿De dónde venís, amore?  
Bien sé yo de dónde.  
¿De dónde venís, amigo?  
Fuere yo testigo! ¡Ah!  
Bien sé yo de dónde.

**De los álamos vengo, madre**

Anon.

De los álamos vengo, madre,  
de ver cómo los menea el aire.

De los álamos de Sevilla,  
de ver a mi linda amiga,  
de ver cómo los menea el aire.

De los álamos vengo, madre,  
der ver cómo los menea el aire.

**Where hast thou been, my love?**

Trans. Richard Stokes

Where hast thou been, my love?  
I know well where.  
Where hast thou been, my friend?  
Were I a witness! ah!  
I know well where!

**I come from the poplars, mother**

Trans. Richard Stokes

I come from the poplars, mother,  
from seeing the breezes stir them.

From the poplars of Seville,  
from seeing my sweet love,  
from seeing the breezes stir them.

I come from the poplars, mother,  
from seeing the breezes stir them.