

presents
Ruthellen Brooks, mezzo-soprano and Lillian Kallenberger, soprano
In a Shared Senior Recital

In collaboration with:
Dr. Jamie Clark, cello
Natia Shioshvili, piano

Gesänge aus 'Wilhelm Meister' Op. 62, D 877

Heiß mich nicht reden
So laßt mich scheinen
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Franz Schubert
(1797 – 1828)

Why do they shut me out of Heaven
The World Feels Dusty
I Felt a Funeral in My Brain
Going to Heaven!

from *12 Poems of Emily Dickinson*

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

North Shore Songs

Sauna
January Night 35 Below Zero
Lake Superior
Summer Rain

Libby Larsen
(b. 1950)

L'heure exquise
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Mai

Reynaldo Hahn
(1874-1947)

Malinconia, ninfa gentile
L'abbandono
Per pietà, bell'idol mio

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801 – 1835)

La Regata Veneziana

Anzoleta avanti la regata
Anzoleta co passa la regata
Anzoleta dopo la regata

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

My True Love Hath My Heart

Jake Heggie
(b. 1961)

Ruthellen Brooks, mezzo-soprano
Lillian Kallenberger, soprano
Dr. Jamie Clark, cello

In partial fulfillment of the requirement for the Bachelor of Music degree in Choral Music Education from the
studios of Prof. Michelle Monroe and Prof. Jeffrey Brich

Davis Hall, at 6:00 P.M.

Friday, November 14, 2025

Heiß mich nicht reden**Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**

Heiß mich nicht reden, heiß mich schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht,
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen, Allein das
Schicksal will es nicht.

Zu rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
die finstre Nacht, und sie muss sich erhellen;
der harte Fels schließt seinen Busen auf,
mißgönnt der Erde nicht die tief verborgnen
Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh, dort kann die
Brust in Klagen sich ergießen,
allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu,
und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschließen.

So laßt mich scheinen**Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**

So laßt mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes dunkle Haus.

Dort ruh ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten,
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg und Mühe,
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug.
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

Do not bid me speak**Translated by Richard Wigmore**

Do not bid me speak; bid me be silent,
for my duty is to keep my secret;
I long to reveal my whole soul to you,
but fate does not permit it.

At the appointed time the sun in its course
drives away the dark night, and day must break;
the hard rock opens its bosom
and ungrudgingly bestows on the earth its deep-hidden
springs.

Every man seeks peace in the arms of a friend;
there the heart can pour out its sorrows.
But an oath seals my lips,
and only a god can open them.

Thus let me seem**Translated by Richard Wigmore**

Thus let me seem till thus I become.
Do not take off my white dress!
I shall swiftly leave the fair earth
for that dark dwelling place below.

There, for a brief silence, I shall rest;
then my eyes shall open afresh.
Then I shall leave behind this pure raiment,
this girdle and this rosary.

And those heavenly beings
do not ask who is man or woman,
and no garments, no folds
enclose the transfigured body.

True, I lived free from care and toil,
yet I knew much deep suffering.
Too soon I grew old with grief;
make me young again forever.

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 ans 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!

Why do they shut me out of Heaven
Text by Emily Dickinson

Why do they shut Me out of Heaven
Did I sing too loud?
But I can sing a little “Minor”
Timid as a Bird!

Wouldn't the Angels try me
Just once more
Just see if I troubled them
But don't shut the door!

Oh, if I were the Gentleman
In the “White Robe”
And they were the little Hand that
knocked
Would I forbid?

[Why do they shut Me out of Heaven?
Did I sing too loud?]

Only he who knows longing
Translated by Richard Wigmore

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!

The World feels Dusty
Text by Emily Dickinson

The World feels Dusty
When We stop to Die
We want the Dew then
Honors taste dry

Flags vex a Dying face
But the least Fan
Stirred by a friend's Hand
Cools like the Rain

Mine be the Ministry

When they Thirst comes
Dews of Thyself to fetch
And Holy Balms

I Felt a Funeral in My Brain**Text by Emily Dickinson**

I felt a funeral in my brain,
And mourners to and fro,
Kept treading, treading, till it seemed
That sense was breaking through.

And when they all were seated
A service like a drum
Kept beating, beating, till I thought
My mind was going numb.

And then I heard them lift a box,
And creak across my soul
With those same boots of lead again
Then space began to toll

As all the heavens were a bell,
And Being but an ear,
And I and silence some strange race,
Wrecked, solitary, here.

Sauna**Text by Louis Jenkins**

Even to step naked
into the January night is a pleasure!
Steam rises from our bodies
and forms high, thin clouds
that go racing past the moon over the lake.

January Night 35 Below Zero**Text by Louis Jenkins**

When I was a child, I'd burrow
into my covers
pretending to be a rabbit or a fox.
Tonight, I will say my prayer
to whatever small creature is moving
in the woods beyond my window.
So fierce in its life.

Lake Superior**Text by Louis Jenkins**

What I like best
are those rocks that
for no apparent reason
stand waist-deep
in the water and refuse
to come into shore.

Going to Heaven!**Text by Emily Dickinson**

Going to Heaven!
I don't know when,
Pray do not ask me how, –
Indeed I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to Heaven! –
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first
Save just a little place for me
Close to the two I lost!
The smallest "robe" will fit me,
And just a bit of "crown";
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home.

I'm glad I don't believe it
For it would stop my breath,
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious earth!

I am glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

Summer Rain**Text by Louis Jenkins**

Lightening strikes. The clock stops.
The voice on the radio fades
We sit in a dark living room as in a cave,
without light, without words.

The rain continues to fall all night.
We sleep and drift among roads, houses
and people we have known. I wake and listen,
the sound of rain, the sound of our breathing.
Water rising.

L'Heure exquise**Text by Paul Veralline**

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes**Text by Victor Hugo**

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'oiseau.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'esprit.

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accourraient nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'amour.

Exquisite hour**Translation by Richard Stokes**

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illumines...

Exquisite hour

If my verses had wings**Translation by Richard Stokes**

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,
To your garden so fair,
If my verses had wings,
Like a bird.

They would fly, like sparks,
To your smiling hearth,
If my verses had wings,
Like the mind.

Pure and faithful, to your side
They'd hasten night and day,
If my verses had wings,
Like love!

Mai

Text by François Coppée

Depuis un mois, chère exilée,
Loin de mes yeux tu t'en allas,
Et j'ai vu fleurir des lilas
Avec ma peine inconsolée.

Seul, je fuis ce ciel clair et beau
Dont l'ardent effluve me trouble,
Car l'horreur de l'exil se double
De la splendeur du renouveau.

En vain le soleil a souri,
Au printemps je ferme ma porte,
Et veux seulement qu'on m'apporte
Un rameau de lilas fleuri;

Car l'amour dont mon âme est pleine
Y trouve, parmi ses douleurs
Ton regard dans ces chères fleurs
Et dans leur parfum ton haleine.

Malinconia, ninfa gentile

Ippolito Pindemonte

Malinconia, ninfa gentile,
La vita mia consacro a te;
I tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile,
Ai piacer veri nato non è.

Fonti e colline chiesi agli Dei;
M'udiro alfine, pago io vivrò.
Nè mai quel fonte co'desir miei,
Nè mai quel monte trapasserò.
No, no, mai.

May

Translation by Richard Stokes

It is a month, dear exile,
Since you vanished from my gaze,
And I have watched the lilacs bloom
With my sorrow unassuaged.

Alone, I avoid these lovely clear skies,
Whose blazing rays disquiet me,
For an exile's dread increases
With the splendour of nature's renewal.

In vain the sun has smiled;
I close my door to the spring,
And wish only to be brought
A lilac branch in bloom!

For Love, which fills my heart to overflowing,
Finds among its sorrows
Your gaze in the midst of those dear flowers,
And in their fragrance your sweet breath!

Melancholy, gentle nymph

Translated by Nico Castel

Melancholy, gentle nymph,
My life I consecrate to you.
Whoever considers your pleasures slight
Is not born to true pleasures.

Rivers and hills, I asked of the gods,
They heard me at last; I shall live satisfied.
Not every should I cross that river with my desires,
Not ever cross that mountain,
Not every shall I cross—no, no, never!

L'abbandono**Anonymous**

Solitario zeffiretto,
A che movi i tuoi sospiri?
Il sospiro a me sol lice,
Ché, dolente ed infelice,
Chiamo Dafne che non ode
L'insoffribil mio martir.
Langue invan la mammoletta
E la rosa e il gelsomino;
Lunge son da lui che adoro,
Non conosco alcun ristoro
Se non viene a consolarmi
Col bel guardo cilestrino.
Ape industrie, che vagando
Sempre vai di fior in fiore,
Ascolta, ascolta.
Se lo scorgi ov'ei dimora,
Di' che rieda a chi l'adora,
Come riedi tu nel seno
Delle rose al primo albor.

Per pietà, bell'idol mio**Pietro Metastasio**

Per pietà, bell'idol mio,
non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato;
infelice e sventurato
abbastanza il Ciel mi fa.
Se fedele a te son io,
se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi,
sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi
il mio core, il tuo lo sa.

The Abandonment**Translated by Paolo Montonarli**

Lonely breeze
Why do you sigh?
Sighs are meant for me alone
for, grieving and unhappy,
I call on Daphnis who does not hear my unbearable
torment.
The sweet-smelling violet, the rose and the jasmine
languish in vain;
I am far from him whom I adore,
and I have no relief
unless he comes and consoles me
with his beautiful blue gaze.
Industrious bee, who always flit
from flower to flower,
listen, listen:
If you find him where he is,
tell him to come back to the one who adores him
as you come back to the bosom of the roses
at the first light of dawn

For pity's sake, my beautiful idol**Translated by Camilla Bugge**

For pity's sake, my beautiful idol
do not tell me that I am ungrateful;
unhappy and unfortunate enough
has heaven made me.
That I am faithful to you,
that I languish under your bright gaze,
Love knows, the gods know, my heart
knows, and yours knows.

Anzoleta avanti la regata**Text by Francesco Maria Piave**

Là su la machina xe la bandiera varda,
la vedistu, vala a ciapar.
Co quela tornime in qua sta sera,
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar.

In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.

Va, voga d'anema la gondoleta
nè el primo premio te pol mancar,
va là, recordite la to Anzoleta
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.

In pope, Momolo, no te incantar,
cori a svolar.

Anzoleta co passa la regata**Text by Francesco Maria Piave**

I xe qua, vardeli,
povereti i ghe da drento,
ah contrario tira el vento,
i gha l'acqua in so favor.

El mio Momolo dov'elo?
Ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.
Ah! che smania! mi confondo,
a tremar me sento el cuor.

Su coraggio, voga, prima d'esser al paletto se ti voghi,
ghe scometo, tutti indrio ti lassarà.
Caro, par che ei svola, el li magna tutti quanti,
meza barca l'è andà avanti,
ah capisso, el m'a vardà.

Angelina before the regatta**Translation by Anonymous**

Over there on the machina the flag is flying,
Look, you can see it, now go for it.
Bring it back to me this evening,
Or else run away and hide.

Once in the boat, Momolo, don't gawp.

Row the gondola with heart and soul,
Then you cannot help but be first.
Go on, think of your Angelina
Watching you from this balcony.

Once in the boat, Momolo, don't gawp.
Once in the boat, Momolo, fly like the wind.

Angelina during the regatta**Translation by Anonymous**

Here they come, here they come, look at them,
The poor things, they're nearly done in,
Ah, the wind is against them,
But the tide's in their favour.

My Momolo, where is he?
Ah, I see him, in second place.
Ah! the excitement's too much for me,
I can feel my heart racing.

Come on, keep it up, row, row,
You must be first to the finish,
If you keep rowing, I'll lay a bet
You'll leave all the others behind.

Dear boy, it's as if he's flying,
And he's beating the lot of them,
He's gone half a length ahead,
Ah! Now I understand – he's seen me.

Anzoleta dopo la regatta**Text by Francesco Maria Piave**

Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,
caro Momolo, de cuor;
qua destrachite che xe ora de sugarte sto sudor.

Ah t'ho visto co passando
su mi l'ocio ti a butà
e godito respirando:
un bel premio el ciaparà...

Sì un bel premio in sta bandiera
che xe rossa de color;
gha parlà Venezia intiera,
la t'a dito vincitor.

Ciapa un baso, benedeto a vogar nissun te pol,
de casada de traghetto ti xe el megio barcarol.

My True Love Hath My Heart**Text by Sir Philip Sidney**

My true love hath my heart and I have his,
By just exchange, one for the other given.
I hold his dear and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven.

My true love hath my heart and I have his.

His heart in me keeps me and him in one.
My heart in him, his thoughts and senses guides.
He loves my heart for once it was his own,
I cherish his, because in me it bides,

My true love hath my heart and I have his.

Angelina after the regatta**Translation by Anonymous**

Take a kiss, another,
dear Momolo, from my heart;
here at your right hand is it time to dry your sweat.

Ah I have seen you in passing
by throwing my glance toward you
and enjoyed whispering:
he will catch a beautiful prize...

Yes this flag is a nice prize,
it is red;
of which all of Venice will talk,
you are called the winner.

Take a kiss, no rower is more blessed than you,
yours is the best name among rowers of ferryboats.