University of Northern Iowa
School of Music

presents

Elliana Nelson, mezzo-soprano
and
Lily Ford, mezzo-soprano
In a Senior Recital

assisted by:
Natia Shioshvili, piano

In partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the BM degrees in Choral Music Education and BM degree in Music History
From the studios of Dr. John Hines and Dr. Suzanne Hendrix

Please hold applause until the conclusion of each set.

"Che farò senza Euridice?" from *Orfeo ed Euridice* — Christoph Willibald von Gluck (1714-1787)

Fünf Lieder, Op. 38 — Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)
- Glückwunsch
- Alt-spanisch
- Alt-englisch

Frauenliebe und Leben — Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
- Seit ich ihn gesehen
- Er, der Herrlichste von allen

If There Were Dreams to Sell — John Ireland (1897-1962)
If We Must Part
Friendship and Misfortune
Song from O'er the Hill

Les temps des lilas Serenade Italienne Le colibri	Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)
Sento Nel Core Vaghissima Sembianza Quando Ti Rivedrò	Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)
Hermit Songs At Saint Patrick's Purgatory The Crucifixion	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
I'm Go'n'ter tell God All o' My Troubles I Want to Be Ready	arr. Hall Johnson (1888-1970)

Davis Hall, at 6:00 P.M. Wednesday, November 18, 2026

Che faró senza Euridice?
from *Orfeo ed Euridice*
Ranieri de' Calzabigi

Ahimè! Dove trascorsi,
Dove mi spinse un delirio d'amor?
Sposa… Euridice… Consorte…
Ah! Più non vive…
la chiamo invan! Misero me
La perdo e di nuovo è per sempre!
Oh legge! Oh morte! Oh recordo crudel!
Non ho soccorso…
non m'avanza consiglio…
Io veggo solo (oh fiera vista!)
Il luttuoso aspetto dell'orrido mio stato!
Saziati,sorte rea… son disperato!

Che farò senza Euridice
Dove andrò senza il mio ben.
Euridice, o Dio, risponde
Io son pure il tuo fedele.
Euridice! Ah, non m´avvanza
più socorso, più speranza
ne dal mondo, ne dal cel.

What will I do without Euridice?
Emily Ezust

Alas! Where does it take me
Where does this delirium of love drive me?
Spouse… Euridice… wife…
Ah! She lives no longer…
I call for her in vane! Poor me!
I have lost her and this time it is forever!
Oh law! O death! O memory cruel!
I have no help…
none gives me advice…
I see only (oh fearful vision)
The mournful image of my horrible state
Wicked fate, I am desperate!

What will I do without Euridice
Where will I go without my wonderful one?
Euridice, oh God, answer
I am entirely your loyal one.
Euridice! Ah, it doesn´t give me
any help, any hope
neither this world, neither heaven.

Glückwunsch
Richard Dehmel

Ich wünsche dir Glück.
Ich bring dir die Sonne in meinem Blick.
Ich fühle dein Herz in meiner Brust;
es wünscht dir mehr als eitel Lust.

Es fühlt und wünscht: die Sonne scheint,
auch wenn dein Blick zu brechen meint.

Es wünscht dir Blicke so sehnsuchtslos,
als trügest du die Welt im Schoß.
Es wünscht dir Blicke so voll Begehren,

I Wish You Bliss
Korngold

I wish you bliss.
I bring you the sun with my kiss.
I feel your heart beat in my breast;
to stay forever its guest.

It feels and hopes; the sunshine beams
although your eyes may lose their dreams.

It hopes for glances so wanting in lust,
As though you held the world in trust.
It hopes for glances so full of desire,

als sei die Erde neu zu gebären.

Es wünscht dir Blicke voll der Kraft,
die aus Winter sich Frühling schafft.
Und täglich leuchte durch dein Haus
aller Liebe Blumenstrauß!

As if the earth should be born of fire.

It hopes for glances of such might,
To make spring of a winters night.
And ever, ever, through your day shine love's
most beautiful rose bouquet!

Alt-Spanisch
Howard Koch

Steht ein Mädchen an dem Fenster,
In die Ferne schweift ihr Blick.
Blaß die Wangen, schwer ihr Herze,
Singt sie von entschwundnem Glück:
'Mein Lieb kehrt nicht zurück!'

Der Abend dämmert sacht,
Ein Stern ersehnt die Nacht.
Und im Winde klinget leise eine bange
Traummusik.
Wie ein Echo tönt die Weise:
'Mein Lieb kehrt nicht zurück!'

Old Spanish Song
Korngold

Stood a maiden at her window,
Sadly gazing out to sea.
Pale her cheek, her heart how heavy,
sorrowful her melody:
'My love is far from me!'

The evening yields her light,
A star awaits the night.
And the wind brings back an echo faintly
from across the sea.
Carries home her melody:
'My love is far from me!'

Alt-Englisch
Anonymous

Nun hört mich, ihr Leute,
ich sing' euch ein Lied
von Lord Essex, dem Schlächter,
in der Schlacht bei Cadix!
Wie schlug er die Spanier,
wie jagt' er sie hin
zu Ehren von England und Englands Königin!

Kanonen, die pfeffern
in den Hafen ihr Schrot.
Das Meer ist voll Leichen
und Spanien ist tot!
Drum singet und tanzet,
ob dick oder dünn,
zu Ehren von England und Englands Königin!

Old English Song
Korngold

Now hark all you gallants!
Your ears I would tease
with a song of Lord Essex
in the fight at Cadiz!
How he scuppered them Spaniards
and hacked out their spleen,
for the glory of England and Elizabeth, our queen!

We've rounded the port, boys,
the cannons they roar,
the sea's full of corpses
and Spain is no more!
They bobbed on the tide, boys,
the fat and the lean,
for the glory of England and Elizabeth, our queen!

Seit ich ihn gesehen
Adelbert von Chamisso

Since first seeing him
Richard Stokes

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehr ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein

Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind,
Wherever I look,
Him only I see;
As in a waking dream
His image hovers before me,
Rising out of deepest darkness
Ever more brightly.

All else is dark and pale
Around me,
My sisters' games
I no more long to share,
I would rather weep
Quietly in my room;
Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen
Adelbert von Chamisso

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;

He, the most wonderful of all
Richard Stokes

He, the most wonderful of all,
How gentle and loving he is!
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
A clear mind and firm resolve.

Just as there in the deep-blue distance
That star gleams bright and brilliant,
So does he shine in my sky,
Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime.

Wander, wander on your way,
Just to gaze on your radiance,
Just to gaze on in humility,
To be but blissful and sad!

Do not heed my silent prayer,
Uttered for your happiness alone,

Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

You shall never know me, lowly as I am,
You noble star of splendour!

Only the worthiest woman of all
May your choice elate,
And I shall bless that exalted one
Many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and weep,
Blissful, blissful shall I be,
Even if my heart should break,
Break, O heart, what does it matter?

If There Were Dreams to Sell

If there were dreams to sell
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell
Some a light sigh
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down
If there were dreams to sell
Merry and sad to tell
And the crier rang the bell
What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still
With bowers nigh
Shadowy, my woes to still
Until I die
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down
Were dreams to have at will
This best would heal my ill
This would I buy

If We Must Part

If we must part, then let it be like this:
Not heart on heart, nor with the useless
anguish of a kiss;
But touch my hand and say:
“Until tomorrow or some other day,

If we must part."
Words are so weak
When love hath been so strong:
Let silence speak:
"Life is a little while, and love is long;
A time to sow and reap,
And after harvest a long time to sleep,
But words are weak."

Friendship and Misfortune

Give me the depth of love that springs
From friendship in misfortune grown
As ivy to the ruin clings
When every other hope has flown

Give me that fond confiding love --
That naught but death itself can blight;
A flame that slander cannot move
But burns in darkness doubly bright

Song From O'er the Hill

A song came over the hill to me
Ever so long ago,
A sweet and haunting melody
That set my heart aglow,
In olden days,
In golden days,
The days of long ago.

Gone is the singer but yet the song
Still floats across the hill,
In every breeze that sweeps along
I think I hear it still
Thro' lonely years,
Thro all my tears,
The song from over the hill.

Les Temps des lilas
Ernest Chausson

Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Ne reviendra plus à ce printemps-ci;
Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses

The time for lilacs
Richard Stokes

The time for lilac and the time for roses
Will return no more this spring;
The time for lilac and the time for roses

Est passé, le temps des œillets aussi.

Le vent a changé, les cieux sont moroses,
Et nous n'irons plus courir, et cueillir
Les lilas en fleur et les belles roses;
Le printemps est triste et ne peut fleurir.

Oh! joyeux et doux printemps de l'année,
Qui vins, l'an passé, nous ensoleiller,
Notre fleur d'amour est si bien fanée,
Las! Que ton baiser ne peut l'éveiller!

Et toi, que fais-tu?
pas de fleurs écloses,
Point de gai soleil ni d'ombrages frais;
Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Avec notre amour est mort à jamais.

Is past, the time for carnations too.

The wind has changed, the skies are sullen,
And no longer shall we roam to gather
The flowering lilac and beautiful rose;
The spring is sad and cannot bloom.

Oh sweet and joyous springtime
That came last year to bathe us in sun,
Our flower of love is so far faded,
That your kiss, alas, cannot rouse it!

And what do you do?
No blossoming flowers,
No bright sun, and no cool shade;
The time for lilac and the time for roses
With our love has perished for evermore.

Sérénade italienne
Paul Bourget

Partons en barque sur la mer
Pour passer la nuit aux étoiles;
Vois, il souffle juste assez d'air
Pour enfler la toile des voiles.

Le vieux pêcheur italien
Et ses deux fils qui nous conduisent
Écoutent, mais n'entendent rien
Aux mots que nos bouches se disent.

Sur la mer calme et sombre, vois:
Nous pouvons échanger nos âmes,
Et nul ne comprendra nos voix
Que la nuit, le ciel et les lames.

Italian serenade
Christopher Goldsack

Let us set out in a boat over the sea
to pass the night beneath the stars;
see, just enough air is blowing
to fill the canvas of the sails.

The old Italian fisherman
and his two sons who steer us
listen, but understand nothing
of the words that our lips speak.

On the sea, calm and dark, see:
we can exchange our souls,
and none will understand our voices
But the night, the sky, and the waves

Le Colibri
Leconte de Lisle

The Hummingbird
Richard Stokes

Le vert colibri,
le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbe fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.

Il se hâte et vole au source voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer;
Où l'açoka rouge,
aux odeurs divines,
S'ouvre, et porte au cœur un humide éclair.

Vers la fleur dorée il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,
Qu'il meurt,
ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir.

Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée!

The green humming-bird,
the king of the hills,
On seeing the dew and gleaming sun
Shine in his nest of fine woven grass,
Darts into the air like a shaft of light.

He hurries and flies to the nearby springs
Where the bamboos sound like the sea,
Where the red hibiscus
with its heavenly scent
Unveils the glint of dew at its heart.

He descends, and settles on the golden flower,
Drinks so much love from the rosy cup
That he dies,
not knowing if he'd drunk it dry.

On your pure lips, O my beloved,
My own soul too would sooner have died
From that first kiss which scented it!

Sento nel core
Anonymous

Sento nel core certo dolore,
che la mia pace turbando va.
Splende una face che l'alma accende,
se non è amore, amor sarà.

Vaghissima sembianza
Alberto Donaudy

Vaghissima sembianza d'antica donna amata,
chi, dunque, v'ha ritratta contanta simiglianza

ch'io guardo, e parlo, e credo d'avervi a me
davanti come ai bei dì d'amor?

La cara rimembranza che in cor mi s'è destata

I feel in my heart
Gretchen Armacost

I feel in my heart a certain sorrow
Which goes on disturbing my peace;
There shines a torch which inflames my soul:
If it is not love, it will be love [soon].

Very charming image
Donna Breitzer

Very charming image of a woman formerly loved, who, then, has portrayed you with so much similarity
that I look, and I speak, and I believe to have you
before me as in the beautiful days of love?

The dear remembrance which has been awakened

si ardente v'ha già fatta rinascer la speranza,

che un bacio, un voto, un grido d'amore
più non chiedo che a lei che muta è ognor.

in my heart so ardently has revived my hopes,
so that a kiss, a vow, a cry of love?
more I do not ask of her who is silent forever.

Quando ti rivedrò
Alberto Donaudy

Quando ti rivedrò,
infida amante che mi fosti sì cara?
Tante lagrime ho piante
or che altrui ci separa,
che temo sia fuggita ogni gioia
per sempre di mia vita.
Eppur più mi dispero,
più ritorno a sperare.
Più t'odio nel pensiero
e più ancora l'anima mia ti torna ad amar.

Quando ti rivedrò,
infida amante che mi fosti cara così?

When shall I see you again
Gretchen Armacost

When shall I see you again,
Unfaithful lover, who were so dear to me?
So many tears I have wept
Now that another separates us,
That I fear that may be fled
Every joy forever from my life.
And yet the more I despair,
The more I return to hoping.
The more I hate you in my mind,
The more my soul turns again to loving you.

When shall I see you again,
Unfaithful lover, who were so dear to me?

At Saint Patrick's Purgatory
Seán Ó Faoláin

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!
O King of the churches and the bells
Bewailing your sores and your wounds
But not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!
Pity me, O King!
What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?
O only begotten Son by whom all men were made,
Who shunned not the death by three wounds,
Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg
And I with a heart not softer than a stone!

The Crucifixion
Howard Mumford Jones

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

I'm Go'nter Tell God All o' My Troubles

I'm gonter tell God all o' my troubles when I get home,
I'm gonter tell Him about my trials
All muh hardships, muh self-denails.
I'm gonter tell God all o' my troubles when I get home.

I'm gonter tell Him duh road was rocky when I get home,
An' many times I come near fallin,'
If I hadn't a kept on callin.'
I'm gonter tell Him duh road was rocky when I get home.

I'm gonter live so God can use me till I get home,
Dis ol' worl' may scorn an' 'buse me,
I'm gonter live so God can use me till I get home.

'Cause He brought me through ev'ry danger,
Now I know He ain't a no stranger.
An' I'm gonter tell God all o' my troubles when I get home

I Want To Be Ready

I want to be ready, my Lord, to walk in Jerusalem jes' like John.

John said dat city was jes' fo'square,
Walk in Jerusalem jes'like John,
An' he declared he'd meet me there
Walk in Jerusalem jes'like John.

I want to be ready, my Lord, to walk in Jerusalem jes' like John.

When Peter was apreachin' at Pentecos,'
Walk in Jerusalem jes'like John,
He was endowed wid de Holy Ghos'
Walk in Jerusalem jes'like John.

I want to be ready, my Lord, to walk in Jerusalem jes' like John.