



presents

Emily Clouser, Mezzo-Soprano
&
Noah Fredericksen, Baritone
In a Student Recital

assisted by:

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In partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the BM degree in Choral Music Education
From the Studio of Mr. Jeffery Brich & Dr. John Hines

Largo al factotum From <i>Il Barbiere Siviglia</i>	Gioachino Rossini (1792 - 1868)
Spesso per entro al petto Amor dormiglione	Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)
Frühlingsglaube Ständchen	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Die stille Stadt Laue Sommernacht Bei dir ist es traut Ich wandle unter Blumen	Alma Schindler Mahler (1879-1964)
Нет, только тот, кто знал Слеза дрожит	Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)
<i>Five Millay Songs</i>	Leslie Adams (b.1932)
I. Wild Swans	
II. Branch by Branch	
III. For You There Is No Song	
IV. The Return From Town	
<i>Let Us Garlands Bring, Op. 18</i>	Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)
II. Who is Sylvia?	
III. Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun	
IV. O Mistress Mine	
I can't be talkin' of love	John Duke (1899-1984)

Largo al factotum

Largo al factotum della città.
Presto a bottega che l'alba è già.
Ah, che bel vivere, che bel piacere
per un barbiere di qualità! di qualità!

Ah, bravo Figaro!
Bravo, bravissimo!
Fortunatissimo per verità!

Pronto a far tutto,
la notte e il giorno
sempre d'intorno in giro sta.
Miglior cuccagna per un barbiere,
vita più nobile, no, non si da.

Rasoi e pettini
lancette e forbici,
al mio comando
tutto qui sta.
V'è la risorsa,
poi, del mestiere
colla donnetta... col cavaliere...

Tutti mi chiedono, tutti mi vogliono,
donne, ragazzi, vecchi, fanciulle:
Qua la parrucca... Presto la barba...
Qua la sanguigna...
Presto il biglietto...
Qua la parrucca, presto la barba,
Presto il biglietto, ehi!

Figaro! Figaro! Figaro!, ecc.
Ahimè, che furia!
Ahimè, che folla!
Uno alla volta, per carità!
Ehi, Figaro! Son qua.
Figaro qua, Figaro là,
Figaro su, Figaro giù,

Pronto prontissimo son come il fulmine:
sono il factotum della città.
Ah, bravo Figaro! Bravo, bravissimo;
a te fortuna non mancherà.

Make Way For the Handyman

Make way for the handyman of the city.
Hurrying to his shop now that it is dawn.
Ah, what a fine life, what a fine pleasure
For a barber of quality! Of quality!

Ah, well done Figaro!
Well done, very good!
Very fortunate indeed!

Ready to do everything,
Night and day
He is always on the move
A more plentiful fate for a barber,
A more noble life, no, it cannot be had.

Razors and combs
Lancets and scissors,
At my command
Everything is here.
There are the tools,
Then, of the trade
With the ladies... with the gentlemen...

Everyone asks for me, everyone wants me,
Ladies, children, elders, young girls;
Here is the wig... The beard is ready...
Here is the blood...
The ticket is ready...
Here is the wig, the beard is ready,
The ticket is ready, hey!

Figaro! Figaro! Figaro!, etc.
Alas, what a fury!
Alas, what a crowd!
One at a time, please!
Hey, Figaro! I am here.
Figaro here, Figaro there,
Figaro up, Figaro down,

Quicker and quicker I am like lightning:
I am the handyman of the city.
Ah, well done Figaro! Well done, very good;
You will never lack for luck!

Spesso per entro al petto

Spesso per entro al petto
mi passa un non so che,
e no so dir, s'egli è o martire o diletto.
Tal' hor mi sento uccidere
da incognito rigor.
Sarebbe pur da ridere,
che fosse il mal d'amor

Qual hor mi s'apresenta
di Clori il bel seren
mi nasce un foco in sen, che piace
e in un tormenta.
Mi sento il cor dividere tra il gielo
e tra l'ardor.
Sarebbe pur da ridere,
che fosse il mal d'amor

I più solinghi orrori
frequento volontier,
ma sento un mio pensier, che dice
e dove è Clori?
Or chi mi sa decidere, che sia
questo furor.
Sarebbe pur da ridere,
che fosse il mal d'amor

Amor dormiglione

Amor, non dormir più!
Su, su, svegliati omai
Che mentre dormi tu
Dormon le gioie mie, vegliano i guai
Non esser, non esser, Amor, dappoco!
Strali, strali, foco
Strali, strali, su, su
Foco, foco, su, su!

O pigro o tardo
Tu non hai senso
Amor melenso
Amor codardo!
Ahi quale io resto
Che nel mio ardore
Tu dorma Amore:
Mancava questo!

Often a Little Something

Often a little something
passes into my heart
And I cannot say if it is pain or delight
I feel like I am dying
from an unknown force.
How laughable it would be
If this were the sickness of love.

When the beautiful siren Clori
presents herself to me
A fire grows within my breast which both
delights and torments me.
I feel my heart divided
between ice and fire.
How laughable it would be
If this were the sickness of love.

I willingly would search out
the most terrible horrors,
out I hear my thoughts saying
Where is Clori?
Who can say exactly what
this madness means?
How laughable it would be
If this were the sickness of love.

Love Sleep No More!

Love sleep no more!
Up, up now you must wake
For while you sleep
My joys sleep also, and troubles are awoken
Love do not, do not fail me!
Arrows, arrows, fire
Arrows, arrows, arise, arise
Fire, fire, arise, arise!

Oh, lazy, sluggish Love
You are nonsensical
Lumpish
Cowardly!
Ah, while I languish
in burning passion
You, Love, are sleeping:
And what good is that!

Frühlingsglaube

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.

Ständchen

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen Dich,
Mit der Töne süssen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

Lass auch Dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen!
Komm', beglücke mich!

Faith in Spring

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.

Serenade

Softly my songs plead
through the night to you;
down into the silent grove,
beloved, come to me!

Slender treetops whisper and rustle
in the moonlight;
my darling, do not fear
that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.

Do you not hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they are imploring you;
with their sweet, plaintive songs
they are imploring for me.

They understand the heart's yearning,
they know the pain of love;
with their silvery notes
they touch every tender heart.

Let your heart, too, be moved,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me happy!

Die stille Stadt

Liegt eine Stadt im Tale,
Ein blasser Tag vergeht,
Es wird nicht lang mehr dauern,
Bis weder Mond noch Sterne,
Nur Nacht am Himmel steht.

Von allen Bergen drücken
Nebel auf die Stadt,
Es dringt kein Dach noch Hof noch Haus,
Kein Laut aus ihrem Rauch heraus,
Kaum Türme nach und Brücken.

Doch als der Wanderer graute,
Da ging ein Lichtlein auf im Grund
Und aus dem Rauch und Nebel
Begann ein Lobgesang
Aus Kindermund.

Laue Sommernacht

Laue Sommernacht,
Am Himmel stand kein Stern,
Im weiten Walde suchten wir uns
Tief im Dunkel, und wir fanden uns.

Fanden uns im weiten Walde
In der Nacht, der sternenlosen,
Hielten staunend uns im Arme
In der dunklen Nacht.

War nicht unser ganzes Leben
Nur ein Tappen, nur ein Suchen,
Da in seine Finsternisse,
Liebe, fiel dein Licht!

The Quiet Town

In the valley lies a town,
A pale day fades away,
Before long there will be
Neither moon nor stars,
Only the night.

From all the mountains
Fog covers the town,
Neither roof, nor courtyard, nor house,
no sound rises from the thick mist,
Hardly a steeple or a bridge.

But as the wanderer shivered,
A little light flashed down below
And from the mist and fog
A song of praise was heard
From children's lips.

Mild Summer's Night

Mild summer's night,
Not a star in the sky,
In the wide forests we were looking
Deep in the dark, and we found ourselves.

Found ourselves in the wide forests
In the night, the starless night.
And held each other astonished, in our arms
In the dark night.

Was not our whole life
Just a groping, only a searching,
Then into this darkness,
Love, your light shone!

Bei dir ist es traut

Bei dir ist es traut,
Zage Uhren schlagen
Wie aus alten Tagen,
Kann mir ein Liebes sagen,
Aber nur nicht laut!

Ein Tor geht irgendwo
Draßen in Blütentreiben,
Der Abend horcht an den Scheiben,
Laß uns leise bleiben,
Keiner weiß uns so!

Ich wandle unter Blumen

Ich wandle unter Blumen
Und blühe selber mit,
Ich wandle wie im Traume
Und schwanke bei jedem Schritt.
O halt mich fest, Geliebte!
Vor Liebes Trunkenheit
Fall' ich dir sonst zu Füßen
Und der Garten ist voller Leute!

With You It is Safe

With you it is safe
Timid clocks strike
As in days of old,
Say something sweet to me,
But not too loudly!

A gate squeaks somewhere outside
Out there in the blossoming flowers,
The evening listens at the window panes,
Let us keep quiet,
So no one knows we're here!

I Wander Among Flowers

I wander among flowers
And I blossom too with them,
I wander as if in a dream
And sway with every step.
Oh hold me tight, beloved!
Or else, drunk with love
I shall fall at your feet
And the garden is full of people!

Нет, только тот, кто знал

Нет, только тот, кто знал
Свиданья жажду,
Поймёт, как я страдал
И как я стражду.

Гляжу я вдаль... нет сил,
Тускнеет око...
Ах, кто меня любил
И знал, далёко!

Ах, только тот, кто знал...
Свиданья жажду,
Поймёт, как я страдал
И как я стражду.

Вся грудь горит... кто знал...
Свиданья жажду,
Поймёт, как я страдал
И как я стражду.

Слезка дрожит

Слезка дрожит в твоём ревнивом взгляде...
О, не грусти, ты мне по-прежнему
дорога!
Но я могу любить только в безграничной
свободе,
И любовь моя, широкая, как океан,
Не может, нет не может быть сдержан
Клянусь берегами жизни!

О, не грусти, друг мой, земная скорбь
пройдет,
Подождите немного, наш плен недолг.
Скоро мы все сольёмся в единую любовь,
В единую любовь, широкую, как океан,
Что земные берега не могут,
Не может содержать!

None but the Lonely Heart

No, only he who has known
the desire to see his beloved again
can understand what I have suffered
and what I am suffering.

I gaze into the distance
my strength fails, my eye grows dim
The one who loved me
and knows me is far away.

My heart is aflame: only he who knows
the desire to see his beloved again
can understand what I have suffered
and what I am suffering.

My whole being is on fire... He who has...
known the longing to see his beloved again
can understand what I have suffered
and what I am suffering.

A Tear Trembles

A tear trembles in your jealous gaze...
Oh, don't be sad, you're still
dear to me!
But I can love only in boundless
freedom,
And my love, as wide as the ocean,
Cannot, no cannot be contained
By life's shores!

Oh, don't be sad, my friend, earthly grief
will pass,
Wait a while, our captivity is but brief.
Soon we shall all merge into a single love,
Into a single love, as wide as the ocean,
That earthy shores cannot,
cannot contain!

Wild Swans

I looked in my heart
While the wild swans went over.
And what did I see I had not seen before?
Only a question less or a question more;
Nothing to match the flight of wild birds
flying.
Tiresome heart, forever living and dying,
House without air, I lock your door!
Wild swans, come over the town,
Come over the town again,
Trailing your legs and crying!

Branch By Branch

Branch by branch this tree has died.
Green only is one last bough,
Moving its leaves in the sun.
What evil ate its root,
What blight,
What ugly thing?
Let the mole say,
The bird sing;
Or the white worm behind the shedding bark
Tick in the dark.
You and I have only one thing to do:
Saw, saw, saw the trunk through.

For You There Is No Song

For you there is no song,
Only the shaking of the voice that meant to
sing;
The sound of the strong voice breaking.
Strange in my hand appears the pen,
And yours broken
There are ink and tears on the page;
Only the tears have spoken.

The Return From Town

As I sat down by Saddle Stream
To bathe my dusty feet there,
A boy was standing on the bridge
Any girl would meet there.

As I went over Woody Knob
And dipped into the Hollow,
A youth was coming up the hill
Any maid would follow.

Then in I turned at my own gate,
And nothing to be sad for
To such a man as any wife
Would pass a pretty lad for.

Who is Sylvia?

Who is Sylvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring

O Mistress Mine

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies not plenty;
Then, come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

I Can't Be Talkin' of Love

I can't be talkin' of love, dear,
I can't be talkin' of love.
If there be one thing I can't talk of
That one thing do be love.

But that's not sayin' that I'm not lovin'-
Still water, you know, runs deep,
An' I do be lovin' so deep, dear,
I be lovin' you in my sleep.

But I can't be talkin' of love, dear,
I can't be talkin' of love.
If there be one thing I can't talk of
That one thing do be love.