



presents

Julia Fink, Soprano
In a Senior Recital

Assisted by:
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In partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the BA degree in Music
From the Studio of Dr. Jean McDonald

Mausfallen-Sprüchlein
Auf eine Christblume I
Elfenlied

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Green
Mandoline
Nuit d'étoiles

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Strings in the Earth and Air
Come Ready and See Me
Evening Hours
Moonlight's Watermelon

Richard Hundley
(1931-2018)

Mausfallen-Sprüchlein

Kleine Gäste, kleines Haus.
Liebe Mäusin oder Maus,
Stelle dich nur kecklich ein
Heute nacht bei Mondenschein!
Mach aber die Tür fein hinter dir zu,
Hörst du?
Dabei hüte dein Schwänzchen!
Nach Tische singen wir,
Nach Tische springen wir
Und machen ein Tänzchen:
Witt witt!
Meine alte Katze tanzt wahrscheinlich mit.

Auf eine Christblume I

Tochter des Walds, du Lilienverwandte,
So lang von mir gesuchte, unbekannte,
Im fremden Kirchhof, öd und winterlich,
Zum erstenmal, o schöne, find ich dich!

Von welcher Hand gepflegt du hier erblütest,
Ich weiss es nicht, noch wessen Grab du
hütest;
Ist es ein Jüngling, so geschah ihm Heil,
Ists eine Jungfrau, lieblich fiel ihr Teil.

Im nächtgen Hain, von Schneelicht
überbreitet,
Wo fromm das Reh an dir vorüberweidet,
Bei der Kapelle, am kristallinen Teich,
Dort sucht ich deiner Heimat Zauberreich.

Schön bist du, Kind des Mondes, nicht der
Sonne;
Dir wäre tödlich andrer Blumen Wonne,
Dich nährt, den keuschen Leib voll Reif und
Duft,
Himmlischer Kälte balsamsüsse Luft.

In deines Busens goldner Fülle gründet
Ein Wohlgeruch, der sich nur kaum
verkündet;

Mousetrap Incantation

Little guests, little house.
Dear Mrs or Mr Mouse,
Just drop boldly by
Tonight in the moonlight!
But be sure to close the door behind you,
Do you hear?
And watch out for your tail!
After supper we'll sing,
After supper we'll leap
And dance a little dance;
Witt witt!
My old cat might well dance with us too.

On a Christmas rose I

Daughter of the forest, close kin to the lily,
You whom I sought so long and never knew,
Now in a strange churchyard, desolate and
wintry,
For the first time, O lovely one, I find you!

Whose hand helped you to blossom here,
I do not know, nor whose grave you guard;
If a young man lies here, he has found
salvation,
If a maiden, a fair lot befell her.

In the darkling grove, overspread with snowy
light,
Where the gentle deer moves past you
grazing,
By the chapel, beside the crystal pond,
There I sought your enchanted realm.

How fair you are, child of the moon, not of
the sun;
Fatal to you would be the bliss of other
flowers,
Your pure body, all rime and scent, feeds
On heavenly cold and balsam-scented air.

There dwells within the golden fullness of
your heart
A perfume so faint it can scarcely be

So duftete, berührt von Engelshand,
Der benedeiten Mutter Brautgewand.

Dich würden, mahrend an das heilige Leiden,
Fünf Purpurtropfen schön und einzig kleiden:
Doch kindlich zierst du, um die
Weihnachtszeit,
Lichtgrün mit einem Hauch dein weisses
Kleid.

Der Elfe, der in mitternächtger Stunde
Zum Tanze geht im lichterhellen Grunde,
Vor deiner mystischen Glorie steht er scheu
Neugierig still von fern und huscht vorbei.

Elfenlied

Bei Nacht im Dorf der Wächter rief:
"Elfe!"
Ein ganz kleines Elfchen im Walde schlief –
Wohl um die Elfe –
Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem Tal
Bei seinem Namen die Nachtigall,
Oder Silpelit hätt ihm gerufen.
Reibt sich der Elf die Augen aus,
Begibt sich vor sein Schneckenhaus,
Und ist als wie ein trunken Mann,
Sein Schläflein war nicht voll getan,
Und humpelt also tippety tapp
Durchs Haselholz ins Tal hinab,
Schlupft an der Mauer hin so dicht,
Da sitzt der Glühwurm, Licht an Licht.
„Was sind das helle Fensterlein?
Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein:
Die Kleinen sitzen beim Mahle,
Und treibens in dem Saale;
Da guck ich wohl ein wenig 'nein!“
– Pfui, stösst den Kopf an harten Stein!
Elfe, gelt, du hast genug?
Gukuk! Gukuk!

perceived;
Such was the scent, touched by angelic hands,
Of the Blessed Mother's bridal robe.

Five crimson drops, a reminder of the sacred
Passion,
Would suffice as your sole and lovely
ornament:
Yet child-like at Christmas-time you adorn
Your white dress with a hint of palest green.

The elf, who at the midnight hour
Goes to dance in the glistening glade,
Stands awestruck from afar by your mystic
halo,
Looks on in inquiring silence and scurries by.

Elf-song

The village watch cried out at night:
"Eleven!"
An elfin elf was asleep in the wood –
Just at eleven –
And thinks the nightingale was calling
Him by name from the valley,
Or Silpelit had sent for him.
The elf rubs his eyes,
Steps from his snail-shell home,
Looking like a drunken man,
Not having slept his fill,
And hobbles down, tippety tap,
Through the hazels to the valley,
Slips right up against the wall,
Where the glow-worm sits, shining bright.
"What bright windows are these?
There must be a wedding inside:
The little folk are sitting at the feast
And skipping round the ballroom;
I'll take a little peek inside!"
Shame! he hits his head on hard stone!
Elf, don't you think you've had enough?
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Green

Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and fronds,
And here too is my heart that beats just for you.
Do not tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble gift please your lovely eyes.

I come all covered still with the dew
Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.

On your young breast let me cradle my head
Still ringing with your recent kisses;
After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,
And let me sleep a while, since you rest.

Mandolin

The gallant serenaders
and their fair listeners
exchange sweet nothings
beneath singing boughs.

Tircis is there, Aminte is there,
and tedious Clitandre too,
and Damis who for many a cruel maid
writes many a tender song.

Their short silken doublets,
their long trailing gowns,
their elegance, their joy,
and their soft blue shadows

Whirl madly in the rapture
of a grey and roseate moon,
and the mandolin jangles on
in the shivering breeze.

Nuit d'Etoiles

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

La seriene Mélancolie
Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressallir dans le bois rêveur.

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

Je revois à notre fontaine
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

Night of stars

Night of stars,
beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and your perfumes,
sad lyre
which is sighing,
I dream of bygone loves.

Serene Melancholy
comes to bloom in the depths of my heart,
and I hear the soul of my beloved
quiver in the dreaming wood.

Night of stars,
beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and your perfumes,
sad lyre
which is sighing,
I dream of bygone loves.

At our fountain I see again
your gazes, blue as the heavens;
this rose is your breath,
and these stars are your eyes.

Night of stars,
beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and your perfumes,
sad lyre
which is sighing,
I dream of bygone loves.

Strings in the Earth and Air

Strings in the earth and air
Make music sweet;
Strings by the river where
The willows meet.

There's music along the river
For Love wanders there,
Pale flowers on his mantle,
Dark leaves on his hair.

All softly playing,
With head to the music bent,
And fingers straying
Upon an instrument.

Come Ready and See me

Come ready and see me,
No matter how late
Come before the years run out,
I'm waiting with a candle
No wind will blow out,
But you must haste
By foot or by sky
For no one can wait forever
Under the bluest sky
I can't wait forever
For the years are running out.

Evening Hours

I miss you in the evening hours
when all the perfume comes from the flowers
Again in the morning your presence I lack
and the milkman rattles inside his hack

But starlight brings your face to me
I'll never let you go

The rain that falls on the garden wall
keeps me informed as if you had called
Drop by drop the rain tells me all I need to
know of the world and its trees
I miss you

Moonlight's Watermelon

Moonlight's, watermelon, mellows, light,
Mellowly. Water, mellows, moon, lightly.
Water, mellows, melons, brightly.
Moonlight's mellow, to, water's, sight.
Yes, and, water, mellows, soon,
Quick, as, mellows, the, mellow, moon.
Water, mellows, as, mellows, melody,
Moon, has, its, mellow, secrecy.
Moonlight's, moon, has, the, mellow,
Secrecy, of, mellowing, water's water-
Melons, mellowly. Moonlight's, a, mellow,
Mellow, being, moon's, mellow, daughter.
Moonlight's, melody, alone, has, secrecy,
To, make, watermelons, sweet, and, juicy.