



presents

Karli Jirava, Mezzo Soprano
In a Junior Recital*

assisted by:

Hanna Stolper, piano

From the studio of Dr. Suzanne Hendrix-Case

Am Strande
Loreley

Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)

Sylvie
Haï Luli

Pauline Viardot
(1821-1910)

Lord, I Just Can't Keep From Cryin'

Margaret Bonds
(1913-1972)

The Glory of the Day was in Her Face
Sympathy

Florence Price
(1887-1953)

Son reo; l'error confesso
From *Mitridate*

W.A Mozart
(1756-1791)

Davis Hall, at 6 P.M.

Friday, Nov 17, 2023

*Optional recital for BM Choral Music Education from the studio of Dr. Hendrix-Case

Am Strande

Musing on the roaring ocean
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be;

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to nature's law;
Whispering spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far away!

Loreley

I do not know what it means
That I should feel so sad;
There is a tale from olden times
I cannot get out of my mind.

The air is cool, and twilight falls,
And the Rhine flows quietly by;
The summit of the mountains glitters
In the evening sun.

The fairest maiden is sitting
In wondrous beauty up there,
Her golden jewels are sparkling,
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a golden comb
And sings a song the while;

It has an awe-inspiring,
Powerful melody.

It seizes the boatman in his skiff
With wildly aching pain;
He does not see the rocky reefs,
He only looks up to the heights.

I think at last the waves swallow
The boatman and his boat;
And that, with her singing,
The Loreley has done.

Sylvie

Here are the charming places where my
ravished soul went to contemplate Sylvia.
The tranquil moments so sweetly lost. How I
loved her then! How beautiful she was! My
heart, you sigh at the name of the unfaithful
one. Have you forgotten that you do not love
her anymore?

It is here that I often wandered in the
meadows. In my hand the most beloved
flowers, presents she so tenderly received.
How I loved her then, and how beautiful she
was! My heart, you sigh at the name of the
unfaithful one. Have you forgotten that you
do not love her anymore?

Hai Luli

I am sad, I am anxious,
I no longer know what's to become of me.
My lover was to have come,
And I wait for him here alone.
Hai luli, hai luli,
How sad it is without my lover!

I sit down to spin my wool,

The thread snaps in my hand:
Well then! I shall spin tomorrow,
Today I am too upset.
Hai luli, hai luli,
Where can my lover be?

Ah! If it's true that he's unfaithful,
And will one day abandon me,
Then let the village burn
And me too along with the village!
Hai luli, hai luli,
What point is there in living without a lover?

Son reo; l'error confesso

I am guilty; my sin I confess, and deserving
your wrath, I do not ask you for mercy.

But a culprit worse than I is your rival, he
who has gained the love of the dangerous
beauty.

My tragic misfortune should make you
weep, but to mock at my suffering, this will
never be.