

presents

Lauren Leman, Mezzo-soprano
In a Graduate Recital

assisted by:
Natia Shioshvili, piano

In partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the Master of Music degree in Vocal Performance
From the Studio of Dr. Suzanne Hendrix-Case

Ombra mai fù
From *Serse*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Six Mélodies

- I. À la fontaine
- II. Belle Yoli
- III. Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent
- IV. Sérénade à Rosine
- V. Madrid
- VI. Les filles de Cadix

Pauline Viardot
(1821-1910)

Intermission

Vergebliches Ständchen
Die Mainacht
Meine Liebe ist grün
Von ewiger Liebe

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

- A Charm of Lullabies*, op. 41
- I. A Cradle Song
 - II. The Highland Balou
 - III. Sephestia's Lullaby
 - IV. A Charm
 - V. The Nurse's Song

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Cruda sorte! Amor tiranno!
From *L'italiana in Algeri*

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Ombra mai fù

Nicola Minato/Silvio Stampiglia

Frondi tenere,
e belle del mio platano amato,
per voi risplenda il fato.
Tuoni, lampi, e procelle
non v'oltraggino mai la cara pace,
né giunga a profanarvi austro rapace.

Ombra mai fu
di vegetabile,
cara ed amabile,
soave più.

À la fontaine

Eugène Hubert

Que viens-tu faire à la fontaine,
Fillette blonde aux yeux d'azur ?
Depuis longtemps ta cruche est pleine,
Tu souris encor au flot pur.

Espères-tu, par ton haleine,
Réchauffer, au fond du puits obscur,
L'image du beau capitaine,
Que l'on t'a donné pour futur?

Ce qui te retient davantage,
C'est, je crois, qu'avec ton image
L'onde reflète les lilas
Et que, caché par le feuillage,
Tu vois le timide Lucas,
Qui croit, que tu ne le vois pas!

Belle Yoli

Roger de Beauvoir

“Voici la Pentecôte, Belle Yoli,
La fraise est à mi côte du bois joli.
Déjà roses nouvelles ont fleuri.
C'est le temps où les belles
Changent d'ami.

Never was a shade

Translation: Nico Castel

Fronds tender,
and lovely of my plane tree beloved,
may fate shine upon you.
(May) thunder, lightning, and tempests
never outrage your precious peace,
and may a preying south wind never profane you.

Never was a shade
in nature
more cherished, pleasant,
and gentle.

At the fountain

What are you doing at the fountain,
Blonde girl with azure eyes?
Your pitcher has been full for a long time,
You still smile at the pure flow.

Do you hope, by your breath,
To warm, at the bottom of the dark well,
The image of the handsome captain,
What have you been given for the future?

What holds you back the most,
It is, I believe, that with your image
The wave reflects the lilacs
And that, hidden by the foliage,
You see the shy Lucas,
Who believes that you do not see it!

Beautiful Yoli

“Here is Pentecost, Beautiful Yoli,
The strawberry is halfway to the pretty wood.
Already new roses have bloomed again.
It's the time when the beauties
Change friends.

Changerez vous comme elles, Belle Yoli?"
"Non, je ne veux pas d'autre que mon ami.
Le temps change la rose, la fraise aussi,
Il change toute chose, mon cœur nenni!"

Sur la harpe sonore clavier touchant,
Va pour moi dire encore cet humble chant,
Toi dont la voix si douce vaut, pour mon cœur,
La brise sur la mousse, l'eau sur la fleur.

Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent

Sully Prudhomme

Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent,
Tous les chants des oiseaux sont courts,
Je rêve aux étés qui demeurent
Toujours...

Ici-bas les lèvres effleurent
Sans rien laisser de leur velours,
Je rêve aux baisers qui demeurent
Toujours...

Ici-bas, tous les hommes pleurent
Leurs amitiés ou leurs amours;
Je rêve aux couples qui demeurent
Toujours...

Sérénade à Rosine

Louis Pomey

Sous ta mantille sombre,
ô belle au grand œil noir,
quel doux espoir t'amène
à ton balcon, le soir ?

Don Bartolo sommeille et Marceline aussi.
Pour la première fois, on te voit seule ainsi.

Pour qui viens-tu?
Pour qui? Pour qui? Pour qui?

Que je serais heureux si tu pensais à moi.
Comme en trois bonds joyeux je serais près de toi!

Will you change like them, Belle Yoli??
"No, I don't want anyone other than my friend.
Time changes the rose, the strawberry too,
It changes everything, my heart nay!"

On the keyboard sound harp touching,
Go for me to sing again this humble song,
You whose voice so sweet is worth, for my heart,
The breeze on the moss, the water on the flower.

Down here all the lilacs are dying

Down here all the lilacs are dying,
All the songs of the birds are short,
I dream of summers that remain
Still...

Here below the lips touch
Without leaving any of their velvet,
I dream of the kisses that remain
Still...

Down here, all the men are crying
Their friendships or loves;
I dream of the couples who remain
Still...

Serenade to Rosina

Under your dark mantilla,
O beauty with the big black eye,
what sweet hope brings you
on your balcony in the evening?

Don Bartolo sleeps and Marceline too.
For the first time, we see you alone like this.

Who are you coming for?
For who? For who? For who?

That I would be happy if you thought of me.
As in three happy leaps I will be near you!

Détache de ton front
cette discrète fleur
Et que ce soit, pour moi,
le signe du bonheur,

de grâce, hâte toi!
La duègne peut venir.

Bien imprudent celui qui laisse du plaisir
Les courts moments s'enfuir.

Ô belle, prends pitié de mon brûlant émoi!
un mot, un geste, un seul et je suis près de toi!

Madrid

Alfred de Musset

Madrid, princesse des Espagnes,
Il court par tes mille campagnes
Bien des yeux bleus, bien des yeux noirs.
La blanche ville aux sérénades,
Il passe par tes promenades
Bien des petits pieds tous les soirs.

Madrid, quand tes taureaux bondissent,
Bien des mains blanches applaudissent,
Bien des écharpes sont en jeux.
Par tes belles nuits étoilées,
Bien des señoras long voilées
Descendent tes escaliers bleus.

Madrid, Madrid, moi, je me raille
De tes dames à fine taille
Qui chaussent l'escarpin étroit;
Car j'en sais une par le monde
Que jamais ni brune ni blonde
N'ont valu le bout de son doigt!

Car c'est ma princesse andalouse,
Mon amoureuse, ma jalouse !
Ma belle veuve au long réseau!
C'est un vrai démon, c'est un ange!
Elle est jaune, comme une orange,
Elle est vive comme l'oiseau!

Detach from your forehead
this discreet flower
And let it be, for me,
the sign of happiness,

Please, hurry up!
The duenna can come.

Very imprudent is the one who leaves pleasure
The short moments run away.

O beautiful, have mercy of my burning emotion!
a word, a gesture, only one and I'm near you!

Madrid

Translation: Richard Stokes

Madrid, Princess of Spanish lands,
Many blue eyes, many dark eyes
Can be seen on your thousand fields.
Many dainty feet tread each evening
Along the walks of your white town,
Famed for its serenades.

Madrid, when your bulls rampage,
Many a white hand applauds,
Many scarves are waved.
On your beautiful starry nights,
Many a señora with long veils
Descends your blue stairs.

Madrid, Madrid, I mock
Your slim-waisted ladies
Who wear narrow dancing shoes;
For there's no brunette or blonde
In all the world who's worth the finger-tips
Of a lady I know!

For she is my Andalusian princess,
My lover, my jealous one!
My beautiful, well-connected widow!
She's a real demon, she's an angel!
She's as yellow as an orange,
She's as lively as a bird!

Or, si d'aventure on s'enquête
Qui m'a valu telle conquête,
C'est l'allure de mon cheval,
Un compliment sur sa mantille
Puis des bonbons à la vanille
Par un beau soir de carnaval.

Les filles de Cadix

Alfred de Musset

Nous venions de voir le taureau,
Trois garçons, trois fillettes,
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau
Et nous dansions un boléro
Au son des castagnettes.
“Dites-moi, voisin,
Si j'ai bonne mine,
Et si ma basquine
Va bien, ce matin.
Vous me trouvez la taille fine ?...”
“Ah! ah!
Les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela.”

Et nous dansions un boléro
Un soir, c'était dimanche.
Vers nous s'en vint un hidalgo
Cousu d'or, la plume au chapeau,
Et la poing sur la hanche:
“Si tu veux de moi,
Brune au doux sourire,
Tu n'as qu'a le dire,
Cet or est à toi.”
“Passez votre chemin, beau sire...
Ah! Ah!
Les filles de Cadix n'entendent pas cela.”

Vergebliches Ständchen

Anton Wilhelm Florentin von Zuccalmaglio

Er: Guten Abend, mein Schatz,
Guten Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,
Mach' mir auf die Tür!

Now, if by chance people wonder
How I achieved such a conquest,
I reply: because of my handsome horse,
The way I praised her mantilla,
The vanilla sweets I gave her
On a beautiful carnival evening.

The girls of Cadiz

Translation: Richard Stokes

We'd just left the bullfight,
Three boys, three girls,
The sun shone on the grass
And we danced a bolero
To the sound of castanets.
“Tell me, neighbor,
Am I looking good,
And does my skirt
Suit me, this morning?
Have I a slender waist?”
“Ah! Ah!
The girls of Cadiz are rather fond of that.”

And we were dancing a bolero,
One Sunday evening.
A hidalgo came towards us,
Glittering in gold, feather in cap,
And hand on hip:
“If you want me,
Dark beauty with the sweet smile,
You've only to say so,
And these riches are yours.”
“Go on your way, fine sir.
Ah! ah!
The girls of Cadiz don't take to that.”

Vain Serenade

Translation: Richard Stokes

He: Good evening, my sweetheart,
good evening, my child!
I come because I love you;
ah! open up your door to me,
open up your door!

Sie: Mein' Tür ist verschlossen,
Ich lass' dich nicht ein;
Mutter, die rät' mir klug,
Wär'st du herein mit Fug,
Wär's mit mir vorbei!

Er: So kalt ist die Nacht,
So eisig der Wind,
Dass mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

Sie: Löschet dein' Lieb';
Lass' sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh'!
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

Die Mainacht

Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty

Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhüllet vom Laub, girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab.

Meine Liebe ist grün

Felix Schumann

Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch
Und mein Lieb ist schön wie die Sonne;
Die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch
Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne.

She: My door's locked,
I won't let you in;
mother gave me good advice—
if you were allowed in,
all would be over with me!

He: The night's so cold,
the wind's so icy,
my heart is freezing,
my love will go out;
open up, my child!

She: If your love goes out,
then let it go out!
If it keeps going out,
then go home to bed and go to sleep!
Goodnight, my lad!

May Night

Translation: Richard Stokes

When the silvery moon gleams through the bushes,
And sheds its slumbering light on the grass,
And the nightingale is fluting,
I wander sadly from bush to bush.

Covered by leaves, a pair of doves
Coo to me their ecstasy; but I turn away,
Seek darker shadows,
And the lonely tear flows down.

When, O smiling vision, that shines through my soul
Like the red of dawn, shall I find you here on earth?
And the lonely tear
Quivers more ardently down my cheek.

My love's as green

Translation: Richard Stokes

My love's as green as the lilac bush,
And my sweetheart's as fair as the sun;
The sun shines down on the lilac bush,
ills it with delight and fragrance.

Meine Seele hat Schwingen der Nachtigall
Und wiegt sich in blühendem Flieder,
Und jauchzet und singet vom Duft berauscht
Viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

Von ewiger Liebe

Joseph Wenzig

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.
Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:

“Leidest du Schmach und betrübtest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,
Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.
Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.”

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:

“Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!
Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.
Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?
Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!”

A Cradle Song

William Blake

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming o'er the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep, in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

My soul has a nightingale's wings
And sways in the blossoming lilac,
And, drunk with fragrance, exults and sings
any a love-drunk song.

Of eternal love

Translation: Richard Stokes

Dark, how dark in forest and field!
Evening already, and the world is silent.
Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke,
And even the lark is silent now too.

Out of the village there comes a lad,
Escorting his sweetheart home,
He leads her past the willow-copse,
Talking so much and of so many things:

“If you suffer sorrow and suffer shame,
Shame for what others think of me,
Then let our love be severed as swiftly,
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.
Let us depart in rain and depart in wind,
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.”

The girl speaks, the girl says:

“Our love cannot be severed!
Steel is strong, and so is iron,
Our love is even stronger still:
Iron and steel can both be reforged,
But our love, who shall change it?
Iron and steel can be melted down,
Our love must endure forever!”

A Highland Balou

Robert Burns

Hee Balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald!
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
What gat my young Highland thief.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

O! the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep.
When thy little heart does wake
Then the dreadful lightnings break,

From thy cheek and from thy eye,
O'er the youthful harvests nigh.
Infant wiles and infant smiles
Heaven and Earth of peace beguiles.

Sephestia's Lullaby

Robert Greene

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by [him]1 and me,
He was glad, I was woe;
Fortune changèd made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crow'd, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie!
And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie,
Travel the country thro' and thro' ,
and bring hame a Carlisle cow!

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furdur!
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,
Synne to the Highlands hame to me!

A Charm

Thomas Randolph

Quiet!
Sleep! or I will make
Erinnys whip thee with a snake,
And cruel Rhadamanthus take
Thy body to the boiling lake,
Where fire and brimstones never slake;
Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ache,
And ev'ry joint about thee quake;
And therefor dare not yet to wake!
Quiet, sleep!
Quiet, sleep!
Quiet!

Quiet!
Sleep! or thou shalt see
The horrid hags of Tartary,
Whose tresses ugly serpents be,
And Cerberus shall bark at thee,
And all the Furies that are three
The worst is called Tisiphone,
Shall lash thee to eternity;
And therefore sleep thou peacefully
Quiet, sleep!
Quiet, sleep!
Quiet!

The Nurse's Song

John Phillip

Lullaby baby,
Lullaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.
Lullaby baby!

Be still, my sweett sweeting, no longer do cry;
Sing lullaby baby, lullaby baby.
Let dolours be fleeting, I fancy thee, I ...
To rock and to lull thee I will not delay me.

Lullaby baby,
Lullabylabylaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be
Lullabylabylaby baby

The gods be thy shield and comfort in need!
The gods be thy shield and comfort in need!
Sing Lullaby baby,
Lullabylaby baby

They give thee good fortune and well for to speed,
And this to desire ... I will not delay me.
This to desire ... I will not delay me.

Lullaby lullaby
Lullaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.
Lullabylabylabylaby baby.

Cruda sorte! Amor tirano!

Angelo Anelli

Cruda sorte! Amor tiranno!
Questo è il premio di mia fe'?
Non v'è orror, terror, nè affanno
Pari a quel ch'io provo in me.
Per te solo, o mio Lindoro,
Io mi trovo in tal periglio.
Da chi spero, o Dio, consiglio?
Chi conforto mi darà?

Cruel fate! Love tyrannous!

Translation: Nico Castel

Cruel fate! Love tyrannous!
Is this the reward for my constancy?
There is no horror, terror nor anguish
Similar to that which I feel in me.
For you alone, oh my Lindoro,
I find myself in such peril.
From whom can I hope, Oh god, (for some) advice?
Who will bring me comfort?

Qua ci vuol disinvoltura,
Non più smanie, nè paura:
Di coraggio è tempo adesso,
Or chi sono si vedrà.
Già so per pratica
Qual sia l'effetto
D'un sguardo languido,
D'un sospiretto...
So a domar gli uomini
Come si fa, sì.
Sian dolci o ruvidi,
Sian flemma o foco
Son tutti simili
a presso a poco...
Tutti la chiedono,
Tutti la bramano,
Da vaga femmina felicità.

Here we need cool-headedness,
No more rages nor fears;
It's time now for courage
Now they'll see who I am.
Already I know from experience
What is the effect
Of a glance languishing
Of a slight sigh...
I know how to tame men
As it must be, I know.
Be they sweet or rough,
Be they cool or ardent,
They're all alike,
More or less...
They all seek,
They all long for,
Happiness from a pretty woman.