



Presents

Beth Culberson, Mezzo-Soprano

Sarah Hovinga, Soprano

Dyan Meyer, Piano

Davis Hall

Tuesday, November 15th

6:00pm

Beau soir Nuit d'étoiles	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Prayer For You There Is No Song	Leslie Adams (1932-)
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt, Op. 62, D. 877 Frühlingsglaube, Op. 20, D. 686b Die Forelle, Op. 32, D. 550	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Priva son d'ogni conforto From <i>Giulio Cesare</i>	George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
The Red Dress Afternoon on a Hill Will There Really Be a Morning	Ricky Ian Gordon (1956-)
An Die Geliebte Ich Liebe Dich Als Die Geliebte Sich Trennen Wollte	Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)
O mio babbino caro from <i>Gianni Schicchi</i>	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
The Total Stranger in the Garden Waitin Amor	Willam Bolcom (1938-)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Choral Music Education degree at The University of Northern Iowa School of Music. Beth Culberson and Sarah Hovinga are voice students of Dr. Suzanne Hendrix-Case.

## Program Translations

### Beau soir

Paul Bourget

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières  
sont roses,  
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les  
champs de blé,  
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir  
des choses  
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au  
monde  
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir  
est beau,  
Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va  
cette onde: Elle à la mer - nous au  
tombeau!

### Nuit d'étoiles

Théodore de Banville

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

La sereine mélancolie  
Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,  
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie  
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Nuit d'étoiles...

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...

### Beautiful Evening

Translation by Richard Stokes

When at sunset the rivers are pink,  
And a warm breeze ripples the fields  
of wheat,  
All things seem to advise content  
And rise toward the troubled heart;

Advise us to savor the gift of life,  
While we are young and the evening  
fair,  
For our life slips by, as that river does:  
It to the sea - we to the tomb.

### Night of Stars

Translation by Richard Stokes

Night of stars,  
Beneath your veils,  
beneath your breeze and  
fragrance,  
Sad lyre that sighs,  
I dream of bygone loves.

Serene melancholy  
Now blooms deep in my heart,  
And I hear the soul of my love  
Quiver in the dreaming  
woods.

Night of stars...

Once more at our fountain I  
see  
Your eyes as blue as the sky;  
This rose is your breath,  
And these stars are your eyes.

Night of stars...

## **Prayer**

Langston Hughes

I ask you this: Which way to go?  
I ask you this: Which sin to bear?  
Which crown to put up on my hair?  
I do not know,  
Lord God,  
I do not know.

I ask you this: Which way to go?  
I ask you this: Which sin to bear?  
Which crown to put up on my hair?  
I do not know,  
Lord God,  
I do not know.

## **For You There is No Song**

Edna St. Vincent Millay

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.

**Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt**  
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiss, was ich leide!  
Allein und abgetrennt  
Von aller Freude,  
Seh' ich ans Firmament  
Nach jener Seite.  
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt  
Ist in der Weite.  
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt  
Mein Eingeweide.  
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiss, was ich leide!

**Frühlingsglaube**  
Johann Ludwig Uhland

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.

**Only he who knows longing**  
Translation by Richard  
Wigmore

Only he who knows longing  
knows what I suffer!  
Alone, cut off  
from all joy,  
I gaze at the firmament  
in that direction.  
Ah, he who loves and knows  
me  
is far away.  
I feel giddy,  
my vitals are aflame.  
Only he who knows longing  
knows what I suffer!

**Faith in Spring**  
Translation by Richard Wigmore

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.

### **Die Forelle**

Poem by Christian Schubart

In einem Bächlein helle,  
Da schoß in froher Eil'  
Die launische Forelle  
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.  
Ich stand an dem Gestade  
Und sah in süßer Ruh  
Des muntern Fischleins Bade  
Im klaren Bächlein zu.  
Ein Fischer mit der Rute  
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,  
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,  
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.  
So lang dem Wasser Helle,  
So dacht ich, nicht gebricht,  
So fängt er die Forelle  
Mit seiner Angel nicht.  
Doch endlich ward dem Diebe  
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht  
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,  
Und eh ich es gedacht,  
So zuckte seine Rute,  
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,  
Und ich mit regem Blute  
Sah die Betrogene an.

### **Priva son d'ogni conforto**

Nicola Francesco Haym

Priva son d'ogni conforto,  
e pur speme di morire  
Per me misera non v'è.  
Il mio cor da pene assorto  
è già stanco di soffrire,  
e morir si niega a me.

### **The Trout**

Translation by Richard  
Wigmore

In a limpid brook,  
the capricious trout  
in joyous haste  
darted by like an arrow.  
I stood on the bank  
in blissful peace, watching  
the lively fish swim  
in the clear brook.  
An angler with his rod  
stood on the bank,  
cold-bloodedly watching,  
the fish's contortions.  
As long as the water  
is clear, I thought,  
he won't catch the trout  
with his rod.  
But at length the thief  
grew impatient. Cunningly  
he made the brook cloudy,  
and in an instant  
his rod quivered,  
and the fish struggled on it.  
And I, my blood boiling,  
looked on at the cheated  
creature.

### **I am deprived of all consolation**

Translation by Michel Klaarzin

I am deprived of all consolation,  
and also hope of dying  
is not miserable for me.  
My heart, absorbed by grief,  
is indeed weary of suffering,  
and dying is denied to me.

### **The Red Dress**

Music by Ricky Ian Gordon

Poem by Dorothy Parker

I always saw, I always said  
If I were grown and free  
I'd have a gown of reddest red  
As fine as you could see

To wear out walking, sleek and slow  
Upon a Summer day  
And there'd be one to see me so  
And flip the world away

And he would be a gallant one  
With stars behind his eyes  
And hair like metal in the sun  
And lips too warm for lies

I always saw us, gay and good  
High honored in the town  
Now I am grown to womanhood  
I have the silly gown

### **Will There Really Be a Morning**

Music by Ricky Ian Gordon

Poem by Emily Dickinson

Will there really be a Morning?  
Is there such a thing as Day?  
Could I see it from the mountains  
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?  
Has it feathers like a Bird?  
Is it brought from famous places  
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!  
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!  
Please to tell a little Pilgrim  
Where the place called Morning lies!

### **Afternoon on a Hill**

Music by Ricky Ian Gordon

Poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay

I will be the gladdest thing  
Under the sun!  
I will touch a hundred flowers  
And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds  
With quiet eyes,  
Watch the wind bow down the grass,  
And the grass rise.

And when the lights begin to show  
Up from the town,  
I will mark which must be mine,  
And then start down!

**An Die Geliebte**

Ludwig van Beethoven

O dass ich dir vom stillen Auge  
In seinem liebevollen Schein,  
Die Träne von der Wange sauge,  
Eh' sie die Erde trinket ein!

Wohl hält sie zögernd auf der Wange,  
Und will sich heiss der Treue wein;  
Nun ich sie so im Kuss empfangen,  
Nun sind auch deine Schmerzen mein!

**Ich Liebe Dich**

Ludwig van Beethoven

Ich liebe dich, so wie du mich,  
Am Abend und am Morgen,  
Noch war kein Tag, wo du und ich  
Nicht teilten unsre Sorgen.

Auch waren sie für dich und mich  
Geteilt leicht zu ertragen;  
Du tröstetest im Kummer mich,  
Ich weint' in deine Klagen.

Drum Gottes Segen über dir,  
Du, meines Lebens Freude.  
Gott schütze dich, erhalt' dich mir,  
Schütz und erhalt' uns beide.

**To the beloved**

Translation by Richard Wigmore

Oh that from your silent eyes,  
in their loving radiance,  
I might drink the tears from your cheek  
before the earth absorbs them!

They remain hesitantly on your cheek,  
which they dedicate warmly to constancy.  
Now, as I receive them in my kiss,  
your sorrows, too, are mine.

**I love you**

Translation by Richard Stokes

I love you as you love me,  
At evening and at morning,  
No day there was when you and I,  
Did not share our sorrows.

And for me and you they were,  
When shared, an easy burden;  
You comforted me in my distress,  
I wept when you lamented.

May God then bless you,  
You, my life's delight.  
God protect and keep you for me,  
Protect and keep us both.

### **Als Die Geliebte Sich Trennen Wollte**

Ludwig van Beethoven

Der Hoffnung letzter Schimmer sinkt dahin,  
Sie brach die Schwüre all' mit flücht'gem Sinn;  
So schwinde mir zum Trost auch immerdar  
Bewußtsein, Bewußtsein, daß ich zu glücklich war!

Was sprach ich? Nein, von diesen meinen Ketten  
Kann kein Entschluß, kann keine Macht mich retten;  
Ach! selbst am Rande der Verzweifelung bleibt ewig,  
Bleibt ewig, bleibt ewig süß mir die Erinnerung!

Ha! holde Hoffnung, kehr' zu mir zurücke,  
Reg' all mein Feuer auf mit einem Blicke,  
Der Liebe Leiden seien noch so groß, wer liebt,  
Wer liebt, wer liebt, fühlt ganz unglücklich nie sein Los!

Und du, die treue Lieb' mit Kränkung lohnet,  
Fürcht' nicht die Brust, in der dein Bild noch wohnet,  
Dich hassen könnte nie dies fühlend' Herz,

Vergessen, vergessen? eh' erliegt es seinem Schmerz.

### **When my Beloved wanted to leave me**

Translation by Stephen von Breuning

The last rays of hope are fading,  
She broke her vows with scarce a thought;  
Could I but forget, in consolation  
The happiness that she had brought!

Stop! What did I say? Why from these chains  
No resolve or power can save me;  
Even on the brink of black despair,  
That memory will always stay with me!

Ha, dear hope come back to me,  
And stoke my fires with a single glance,  
However great the pangs of love are,  
Lovers feel there's still a chance!

And you, who reward loyalty with hurt,  
Don't fear the heart you treated with disdain.  
This sentient soul could never hate you.

Forget? I'd sooner live with all the pain.

### **O mio babbino caro**

Giovacchino Forzano

O mio babbino caro  
Mi piace, è bello, bello  
Vo' andare in Porta Rossa  
A comperar l'anello!  
Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!  
E se l'amassi indarno,  
Andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,  
Ma per buttarmi in Arno!  
Mi struggo e mi tormento!  
O Dio, vorrei morir!  
Babbo, pietà, pietà!  
Babbo, pietà, pietà!

### **Oh my dear father**

Translation by Giuseppe Cusmano

Oh my dear father  
I like him, he is so handsome.  
I want to go to Porta Rossa  
To buy the ring!  
Yes, yes, I want to go there!  
And if my love were in vain,  
I would go to the Ponte Vecchio  
And throw myself in the Arno!  
I long for him, I am tormented!  
Oh God, I want to die!  
Father, have pity, have pity!  
Father, have pity, have pity!



## **The Total Stranger in the Garden**

Arnold Weinstein

Sitting across the table  
In the garden of our garden apartment  
I stared at the paper my husband was reading  
And I said to him:  
"You're a stranger  
A total stranger  
Always have been  
Always will be  
Sitting there  
Hiding there  
Behind that printed mask  
Stop reading, stop reading me out of house and home  
Must I ask till my mouth fills up with foam?  
You total stranger  
You stranger, you!"  
Then he lowered the paper  
And I saw it was not my husband  
But a total stranger  
A total stranger who said to me:  
"I am a kind of hobo of space  
Trying to find a mask to erase  
The mask behind the face."

## **Waitin**

Arnold Weinstein

Waitin' waitin'  
I've been waitin'  
Waitin' waitin' all my life.

That light keeps on hiding from me,  
But it someday just might bless my sight.  
Waitin' waitin' waitin'

## **Amor**

Arnold Weinstein

It wasn't the policeman's fault  
in all the traffic roar  
Instead of shouting halt when he saw me  
he shouted Amor.

Even the ice-cream man  
(free ice-creams by the score)  
Instead of shouting Butter Pecan one look at me  
he shouted Amor.

All over town it went that way  
Ev'rybody took off the day  
Even philosophers understood  
How good was the good 'cuz I looked so good!

The poor stopped taking less  
The rich stopped needing more.  
Instead of shouting no and yes  
Both looking at me shouted Amor.  
My stay in town was cut short  
I was dragged to court.  
The judge said I disturbed the peace  
And the jury gave him what for!

The judge raised his hand  
And instead of Desist and Cease  
Judgie came to the stand, took my hand  
And whispered Amor.

Night was turning into day  
I walked alone away.  
Never see that town again.  
But as I passed the church house door  
Instead of singing Amen  
The choir was singing Amor.