

Lucas Scott Thiessen, Bass-Baritone

Accompanied by

Natia Shioshvili, Piano

“Sorge infausta una procella” from *Orlando*

Georg Friedrich Händel
(1685-1759)

from *To a Poet*

To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence
On Parent Knees
The Birthnight
June on Castle Hill

Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

Der Frühling
Erinnerung
Es liebt sich so lieblich im Lenze

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

from *15 romances, Op. 26*

Ночь печальна
Мы отдохнем
Я опять одинок

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the B.M. in Choral Music Education
From the studio of Ms. Michelle Monroe

*Please refrain from applause until the conclusion of each set.
Thank you all for coming!*

Texts and Translations

Sorge infausta una procella

Georg Friedrich Händel

Sorge infausta una procella
che oscurar fa il cielo e il mare,
splende fausta poi la stella
che ogni cor ne fa goder.

Può talor il forte errare,
ma risorto dall'errore,
quel che pria gli diè dolore
causa immenso il suo piacer.

Ominous a Storm Approaches

Trans. Nathan Haskell Dole

Ominous a storm approaches,
Darkening all the sky and the ocean;
Then the evening star emerging
Fills with joy the hearts of men.

The strong may often err,
But when they see their error,
That which once brought them sorrow
Now brings them joy.

To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence

James Flecker

I who am dead a thousand years,
And wrote this sweet archaic song,
Send you my words for messengers
The way I shall not pass along.

I care not if you bridge the seas,
Or ride secure the cruel sky,
Or build consummate palaces
Of metal or of masonry.

But have you wine and music still,
And statues and bright-eyed love,
And foolish thoughts of good and ill,
And prayers to them who sit above?

How shall we conquer? Like a wind
That falls at eve our fancies blow,
And old Maeonides the blind
Said it three thousand years ago.

O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,
Student of our sweet English tongue,
Read out my words at night, alone:
I was a poet, I was young.

Since I can never see your face,
And never shake you by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
To greet you. You will understand.

On Parent Knees

Sir William Jones

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled:
So live, that sinking to thy life's last sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep

The Birthnight

Walter de la Mare

Dearest, it was a night
That in its darkness racked Orion's stars;
A sighing wind ran faintly white
Along the willows, and the cedar boughs
Laid their wide hands in stealthy peace across
The starry silence of their antique moss:
No sound save rushing air
Cold, yet all sweet with Spring,
And in thy mother's arms, couched weeping there,
Thou, lovely thing.

June on Castle Hill

Frank Lawrence Lucas

On its grassy brow
Not a tower now,
Not a stone:

Not a trumpet call,
Not a hushed foot-fall
Alone

Wild parsley waves
Its white flags far unfurled
Above a warless world.

Earth sleeps in peace;
Yet without cease
The sky

Throbs angrily
As the laden bee
Sails by.

And, with a secret sting,
That sullen hum
Whispers of wars to come.

Der Frühling

Johann Baptist Rousseau

Es lockt und säuselt um den Baum:
Wach auf aus deinem Schlaf und Traum,
Der Winter ist zerronnen.
Da schlägt er frisch den Blick empor,
Die Augen sehen hell hervor
Ans goldne Licht der Sonnen.

Es zieht ein Wehen sanft und lau,
Geschaukelt in dem Wolkenbau
Wie Himmelsduft hernieder.
Da werden alle Blumen wach,
Da tönt der Vögel schmelzend Ach,
Da kehrt der Frühling wieder.

Es weht der Wind den Blütenstaub
Von Kelch zu Kelch, von Laub zu Laub,
Durch Tage und durch Nächte.
Flieg auch, mein Herz, und flattere fort,
Such hier ein Herz und such es dort,
Du triffst vielleicht das Rechte.

The Spring

Trans. Emily Ezust

The wind murmurs alluringly about the tree:
Awaken from your sleep and your dream,
The frost of winter has thawed.
It casts its gaze briskly upward,
Its eyes look brightly upon
The golden light of the sun.

A gentle, warm breeze wafts
and rocks in the mass of clouds,
Downward like the fragrance of heaven.
Then all the flowers awaken,
The little birds sing melting sighs,
And Spring returns once more.

The wind wafts the pollen
From calyx to calyx, from leaf to leaf,
Throughout the day and throughout the night.
Fly also, my heart, and flutter forth,
Search here and search there for another heart -
Perhaps you will meet the right one.

Erinnerung

Gottfried von Schenkendorf

Ihr wunderschönen Augenblicke,
Die Lieblichste der ganzen Welt
Hat euch mit ihrem ew'gen Glücke,
Mit ihrem süßen Licht erhellt.

Ihr Stellen, ihr geweihten Plätze,
Ihr trugt ja das geliebte Bild,
Was Wunder habt ihr, was für Schätze
Vor meinen Augen dort enthüllt!

Ihr Gärten all, ihr grünen Haine,
Du Weinberg in der süßen Zier,
Es nahte sich die Hehre, Reine,
In Züchten gar zu freundlich mir.

Ihr Worte, die sie da gesprochen,
Du schönstes, halbverhauchtes Wort,
Dein Zauberbann wird nie gebrochen,
Du klingst und wirkest fort und fort.

Ihr wunderschönen Augenblicke,
Ihr lacht und lockt in ew'gem Reiz.
Ich schaue sehnsuchtsvoll zurücke
Voll Schmerz und Lust und Liebesgeiz.

Remembrance

Trans. Emily Ezust

You wondrously beautiful moments:
The most lovely girl in the entire world
Has, with her eternal good fortune,
Illuminated you with her sweet light.

You places, you consecrated places,
You enclosed her beloved figure;
What wonders, what treasures you have
Before my eyes there unveiled!

You gardens all, you green groves,
You vineyards in sweet array,
She approached me, the lofty, pure woman,
With elegance and friendliness.

You words, that she there spoke,
You fairest, half-breathed word,
Your magical spell will never break;
You will ever resound and move me, on and on.

You wondrously beautiful moments,
You laugh and lure with everlasting appeal.
I gaze yearningly back,
Full of pain and joy, and greed for love.

Es liebt sich so lieblich im Lenze

Heinrich Heine

Die Wellen blinken und fließen dahin,
Es liebt sich so lieblich im Lenze!
Am Flusse sitzt die Schäferin
Und windet die zärtlichsten Kränze.

Das knospet und quillt und duftet und blüht,
es liebt sich so lieblich im Lenze!
Die Schäferin seufzt aus tiefer Brust:
»Wem geb' ich meine Kränze?«

Ein Reiter reitet den Fluß entlang,
er grüßet so blühenden Mutes,
die Schäferin schaut ihm nach so bang,
fern flattert die Feder des Hutes.

Sie weint und wirft in den gleitenden Fluß
die schönen Blumenkränze.
Die Nachtigall singt von Lieb' und Kuß,
es liebt sich so lieblich im Lenze!

Ночь печальна

Ivan Bunin

Ночь печальна, как мечты мои...
Далеко, в глухой степи широкой,
Огонек мерцает одинокий...
В сердце много грусти и любви.

Но кому и как расскажешь ты,
Что зовёт тебя, чем сердце полно?
Путь далек, глухая степь безмолвна,
Ночь печальна, как мои мечты.

Love is so lovely in the spring!

Trans. Emily Ezust

The waves flash and flow in;
Love is so lovely in Spring!
By the river the shepherdess sits
And weaves delicate crowns of wreaths.

The budding, the streaming, the wafting, and
blossoming -
Love is so lovely in spring!
The shepherdess sighs from deep in her bosom:
"To whom shall I give my wreaths?"

A horseman rides along the river:
he greets her with radiant cheer,
the shepherdess gazes at him shyly,
and far in the distance the feather flutters in his
cap.

She weeps and throws into the gliding river
those lovely wreaths of flowers.
The nightingale sings of love and kisses;
Love is so lovely in the spring!

Mournful Is the Night

Trans. Kyle Gee

Mournful is the night, like my dreams...
Far away, in the broad remote steppe,
A solitary light flickers...
My heart is full of sadness and love.

But to whom and how could you tell
what beckons you, what fills your heart?
Long is the road, indifferent is the silent steppe,
mournful is the night, like my dreams.

Мы отдохнем

Anton Chekhov

Мы отдохнём! Мы услышим ангелов,
Мы увидим всё небо в алмазах,
Мы увидим, как всё зло земное,
Все наши страдания потонут в
милосердии,
Которое наполнит собою весь мир,
И наша жизнь станет тихою,
нежною, сладкою, как ласка.
Я верую, верую...
Мы отдохнём... Мы отдохнём.

Я опять одинок

Ivan Bunin

Как светла, как нарядна весна!
Погляди мне в глаза, как бывало,
И скажи: отчего ты грустна?
Отчего ты так ласкова стала?

Но молчишь, ты, слаба, как цветок...
О молчи! Мне не надо признанья:
Я узнал эту ласку прощанья, --
Я опять одинок!

We Shall Rest

Trans. Philip Ross Bullock

We shall rest! We shall hear the angels,
We shall see the heavens, all clad in
diamonds,
We shall watch as all earthly evil,
And all our sufferings drown in mercy,
A mercy that will cover the whole earth,
And our lives will become as peaceful,
Tender and sweet as a caresse.
I believe, I believe...
We shall rest... we shall rest.

Once Again, I Am Alone

Trans. Lucas Scott Thiessen

What a bright, wonderful spring!
Look into my eyes, as you once did,
And tell me: What grieves you?
Why this sudden tenderness?

But you refuse to answer, frail as a flower
Say no more! I need no confessions,
I know all too well these farewell caresses...
Once again, I am alone!