



Rudi E. Scheidt
School of Music

EMILY WOELKE SOPRANO RECITAL

Amy Nguyen, pianist

APRIL 12 | 3:30 PM

HARRIS CONCERT HALL

Rudi E. Scheidt School of Music
Albert Nguyen, Interim Director
College of Communication and Fine Arts
Debra Burns, Dean

PROGRAM

Exultate, jubilate!

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

**Deh vieni, non tardar
from *Le Nozze de Figaro***

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Ariettes oubliées

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

I. C'est l'extase

II. Il pleure dans mon cœur

III. L'ombre des arbres

Velvet Shoes

Raymond Lustig (b. 1971)

***There are Fairies at the
Bottom of our Garden***

Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)

If No One Ever Marries Me

Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)

Allerseelen

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Zuiegnung

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Evensong

Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Exultate, jubilate!

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Exsultate, jubilate,
O vos animae beatae
exsultate, jubilate,
dulcia cantica canendo;
cantui vestro respondendo
psallant aethera cum me.

Rejoice, be glad,
O you blessed souls,
Rejoice, be glad,
Singing sweet songs;
In response to your singing
Let the heavens sing forth with me.

Deh vieni, non tardar from *Le Nozze de Figaro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Deh, vieni, non tardar, o gioia
bella,
viene ove amore per goder
t'appella,
finché non splende in ciel notturna
face, finché l'aria è ancor bruna e
il mondo tace.
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza
l'aura,
che col dolce susurro il corri
staure.
Qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba è
fresca,
ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adescia.
Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante
ascose. Vieni, vieni!
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

Ah, come, do not delay, oh
beautiful joy,
come where love calls you to enjoy,
while the night torch does not shine
in the sky,
while the air is still dark and the
world is silent.
Here the stream murmurs, here the
breeze plays,
that with its sweet murmur restores
the run.
Here the little flowers laugh and the
grass is fresh,
here everything entices to the
pleasures of love.
Come, my love, among these
hidden plants.
Come, come!
I want to crown your brow with
roses.

I. C'est l'extase

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.

Ô le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out ...
You might take it for the muffled
sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?

II. Il pleure dans mon cœur

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Tears fall in my heart
As rain falls on the town;
What is this torpor
Pervading my heart?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
Ô le bruit de la pluie!

Ah, the soft sound of rain
On the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
Ah, the sound of the rain!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...
Ce deuil est sans raison.

Tears fall without reason
In this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no treason? ...
This grief's without reason.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

And the worst pain of all
Must be not to know why
Without love and without hate
My heart feels such pain.

III. L'ombre des arbres

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière
embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures
réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

The shadow of trees in the misty
stream
Dies like smoke,
While up above, in the real branches,
The turtle-doves lament.

Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage
blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les
hautes feuillées
Tes espérances noyées!

How this faded landscape, O traveler,
Watched you yourself fade,
And how sadly in the lofty leaves
Your drowned hopes were weeping!

Velvet Shoes

Raymond Lustig (b. 1971)
Elinor Wylie (1885-1928)

Let us walk in the white snow
In a soundless space;
With footsteps quiet and slow,
At a tranquil pace,
We shall walk through the still town
In a windless peace;
We shall step upon white down,
Upon silver fleece,
Upon softer than these.
We shall walk in velvet shoes:
Wherever we go
Silence will fall like dews
On the white silence below.

***There are Fairies at the
Bottom of our Garden***

Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)

Rose Fyleman (1877-1957)

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden! It's not so very, very far away;
You pass the gardener's shed, and you just keep straight ahead --
I do so hope they've really come to stay.
There's a little wood, with moss in it and beetles,
And a little stream that quietly runs through;
You wouldn't think they'd dare to come merrymaking there--
Well, they do.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
They often have a dance on summer nights;
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze,
And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.
Did you know that they could sit upon the moonbeams
And pick a little star to make a fan,
And dance away up there in the middle of the air?
Well, they can.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
You cannot think how beautiful they are;
They all stand up and sing when the Fairy Queen and King
Come gently floating down upon their car.
The King is very proud and very handsome;
The Queen--now you can guess who that could be
(She's a little girl all day, but at night she steals away)?
Well -- it's *Me!*

If No One Ever Marries Me

Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)

Laurence Alma-Tadema (1865-1940)

If no one ever marries me -
And I don't see why they should,
For nurse says I'm not pretty,
And I'm seldom very good -

If no one ever marries me
I shan't mind very much,
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage
And a little rabbit-hutch;

I shall have a cottage near a wood,
And a pony all my own
And a little lamb, quite clean and
tame,
That I can take to town.

And when I'm getting really old -
At twenty-eight or nine -
I shall buy a little orphan-girl
And bring her up as mine.

Allerseelen

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Hermann von Gilm (1812-1864)

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden
Reseden,
Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe
reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Set on the table the fragrant
mignonettes,
Bring in the last red asters,
And let us talk of love again
As once in May.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie
heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es
einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen
Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Give me your hand to press in secret,
And if people see, I do not care,
Give me but one of your sweet
glances
As once in May.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem
Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich
wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Each grave today has flowers and is
fragrant,
One day each year is devoted to the
dead;
Come to my heart and so be mine
again,
As once in May.

Zuiegung

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Hermann von Gilm (1812-1864)

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Yes, dear soul, you know
That I'm in torment far from you,
Love makes hearts sick –
Be thanked.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Once, revelling in freedom,
I held the amethyst cup aloft
And you blessed that draught –
Be thanked.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

And you banished the evil spirits,
Till I, as never before,
Holy, sank holy upon your heart –
Be thanked.

Evensong

Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)
Constance Morgan (1913-1995)

Fold your white wings, dear Angels,
Fold your white wings;
Dew falls and the nightingale softly
now sings.

Across the lawn lie shadows,
So still, so deep,
Dear loving Angels, pass not by,
Hush me to sleep.

Night falls, and whisp'ring goes the
wind
Along the sea;
Fold your white wings, dear Angels,
Fold them, dear Angels,
Fold them round me.