Monday May 18, 2015 – 7:30pm – Brechemin Auditorium

The University of Washington School of Music
presents a

**Voice Division Recital**

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<td>Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)</td>
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<td>Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)</td>
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<td><strong>3</strong> Amorosi miei giorni</td>
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<td>Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)</td>
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<td><strong>7</strong> Sure on this Shining Night</td>
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<td>Non piu andrai \textit{from “Le Nozze di Figaro”} &amp; 3:29 &amp; Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)</td>
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<td>Emily Witt, piano</td>
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Please join us here in Brechemin Auditorium

\textit{Monday, October 19, 2015}

for a special evening of art song
devoted entirely to \textit{Gabriel Fauré}.


Please turn off all pagers and cell phones as well as other electronic devices.
Translations

**Vedrai carino**
You will see, my dear, if you'll be good the cure, I have for you!
It's natural. It won't make you feel bad.
and no apothecary can prescribe it.
It's a certain balm I carry within me which I can give you, if you'll try it.
You want to know where I keep it?
Then feel it beating, put your hand here.

**Amorosi miei giorni**
My amorous days, who could ever forget you,
now that, adored with all the blessings,
you give peace to my heart and perfume to my thoughts?
To be able, so, as life advances,
to fear no longer the anxieties of a life of deceptions,
with this hope alone:
That one look of his may be all my splendor
and one smile of his may be all my treasure!
Who could be more blessed than I,
not having beside her a sweet and dear beloved object,
so that she cannot yet say she knows what love is?
Ah, may I so, as life advances,
earn no longer the anxieties of a life of deceptions,
with this hope alone:
That one look of his may be all my splendor
and one smile of his may be all my treasure!

**Il fervido desidero**
When will that day come when I shall be able to see
once more what my loving heart so desires?
When will that day come
when I shall clasp you to my heart,
lovely flame of love, my very soul?

**Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen**
He came in storm and rain,-
my anxious heart beat against his.
how could I have known,
that his path should unite itself with mine?
He came in storm and rain.
he boldly stole my heart.
Did he steal mine? Did I steal his?
Both came together.
He came in storm and rain,
Now has come the blessing of spring.
My love travels abroad,
I watch with cheer, for he remains mine, on any road.

**Deh! Vieni, non tardar**
The moment finally arrives
When I'll experience joy without haste
in the arms of my beloved...
Fearful anxieties, get out of my heart!
Do not come to disturb my delight.
Oh, how it seems that to amorous fires
The comfort of the place,
Earth and heaven respond,
As the night responds to my ruses.

Oh, come, don't be late, my beautiful joy
Come where love calls you to enjoyment
Until night's torches no longer shine in the sky
As long as the air is still dark
And the world quiet.
Here the river murmurs and the light plays
That restores the heart with sweet ripples
Here, little flowers laugh and the grass is fresh
Here, everything entices one to love's pleasures
Come, my dear, among these hidden plants.
Come, come!
I want to crown you with roses.

**Spleen**
Tears fall in my heart
as it rains on the town.
What is this languish
that pervades my heart?

Oh, the soft sound of the rain
on the ground and on the roofs!
For a heart which grows listless
oh, the song of the rain!

Tears fall without reason
in my heart which sickens.
What! No betrayal?
My grief is without reason.

It is truly the worst pain
to not know why,
without love and without hatred,
my heart feels such pain.

**Kommel ein schlanker Bursch gegangen**
If a slim young boy comes walking by,
blond of hair or brown,
bright eyes and red cheeks,
ah, he is certainly easy to look at!

Of course one drops her eyes down to the bodice,
in the modest maiden's ways;
but secretly raises one of them again,
when the boy is not aware.

Should we find each other's glances,
well, what harm does that do?
One does not become immediately blind from that,
even though one may become a little red.

A little glance here and a glance over there,
until the mouth dares to say something too!
He sighs: beautiful one! She says: beloved!
Soon it is bridegroom and bride.

Always closer, dear people!
You want to see me in a wedding garland?
Truly, that is a nice little bride,
and the young boy no less handsome!

**En Sourdine**
Calm in the half-light
That the high branches make,
Let us penetrate our love
With this profound silence.

Let us melt our souls together,
our hearts and our ecstatic senses,
Among the vague langours
Of the pine and strawberry trees.

Close your eyes half-way;
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from your sleepy heart
Drive away all cares forever.

Let us be persuaded
By the gentle, rocking wind,
That comes to your feet to ripple
The waves of russet grass.

And when solemnly the evening
Shall fall from the dark oaks,
Voice of our despair,
The nightingale will sing.
Fantoches
Scaramouche and Pulcinella,
brought together by some evil scheme,
gesticulate darkly beneath the moon.

Meanwhile, the learned doctor
from Bologna slowly gathers
medicinal herbs in the brown grass.

Then his sassy-faced daughter
sneaks underneath the arbor
half-naked, in quest
Of her handsome Spanish pirate,
whose distress a languorous nightingale
deafeningly proclaims.

Clair de lune
Your soul is a chosen landscape
Charmed by maskers and revelers
Playing the lute and dancing and almost
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises!

Even while singing, in a minor key,
Of victorious love and fortunate living
They do not seem to believe in their happiness,
And their song mingles with the moonlight,
The calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
Which sets the birds in the trees dreaming,
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
The tall slender fountains among the marble statues!

Non plu caso son'
I no longer know what I am or what I do,
One minute I'm on fire, the next I'm frozen,
Every woman makes me blush.

At the mere mention of love, of delight,
I become disturbed, my heartbeat changes,
I try to speak of love
I feel a desire which I cannot explain.

I no longer know what I am or what I do,
One minute I'm on fire, the next I'm frozen,
Every woman makes me blush,
Every woman makes my heart beat faster.

I speak of love awake
I speak of love in my dreams,
To the water, the shadows, the mountains,
To the flowers, the grass, the fountains,
To the echoes, the air, the winds,
That the sound of vain speech is
carried away with itself.

And if nobody listens,
I speak of love to myself!

Ich lade gern mir Gäste ein
I like to invite guests,
One lives quite well at my house.
He enjoys himself, as he likes
Often until the light of day.
Although I am bored most of the time,
Whatever one says or does:
In that, what I allow myself as host,
I will not tolerate in guests!
And should I see anyone looking bored
Here in my home,
I will seize him shamelessly
And throw him out the door.
And ask me, I beg you
Why then this I do?
It's simply my custom.
Each to his own taste!