



Western Music

Don Wright Faculty of Music

STUDENT RECITAL

April 25, 2022

8 p.m., MB 242

Rebecca Crane, *voice*

Olena Bratishko, *piano*

Non ha più che temere
From *Giulio Cesare in Egitto*

Georg F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Fünf Lieder

Die stille Stadt
In meines Vaters Garten
Laue Sommernacht
Bei dir ist es traut
Ich wandle unter Blumen

Alma Mahler
(1874-1964)

From 10 Mélodies
L'absence
Solitude

Pauline Viardot
(1821-1910)

Haï Luli!

Dos canciones mediterráneas
La nada que se aprieta sobre el alma
El tiempo es fiero

Mariela Rodríguez
(b. 1986)

3 Songs, op. 2
Twilight
When Far from Her
Empress of Night

Amy Beach
(1867-1944)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Bachelor of Music (Performance) degree.*

Translations

Non ha più che temere

It has no reason now to fear,
my soul which has been vindicated,
from now on it shall be happy,
I begin to breathe.

I wish now to change into enjoyment
all my torment,
for all lamentation is pointless,
If heaven gives me cause to hope.

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Die stille Stadt

A town lies in the valley,
A pale day comes to an end.
It will not be much longer,
until neither moon nor stars
only night in the heaven stands.

From all the mountains descends
fog upon the town,
no roof, nor yard or house,
or sound pierces through its smoke,
hardly even a tower or bridge is seen.

And but as the traveler began to fear,
A small light appeared down below
And through the smoke and mist
Began a soft hymn
from the mouth of a child.

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In meines Vaters Garten

In my father's garden—
Blossom, my heart, blossom forth—
In my father's garden
stood a shady apple tree—
Sweet dream—
Stands a shady apple tree.

Three blonde King's daughters—
Blossom, my heart, blossom forth—
Three beautiful maidens
Sleep under the apple tree

Sweet dream—
sleep under the apple tree.

The youngest beauty—
blossom, my heart, blossom forth—
the youngest beauty
blinked and barely woke up—
Sweet dream—
Blinked and barely woke up—

The second brushed her hair from her eyes
blossom, my heart, blossom forth—
saw the morning's red glow on the horizon—
Sweet dream—
saw the morning's red glow on the horizon.

She said: didn't you hear the drum—
blossom, my heart, blossom forth—
She said: didn't you hear the drum—
clearly through the dawning air—
Sweet dream—
clearly through the dawning air?

My sweetheart is going to battle
blossom, my heart, blossom forth—
My sweetheart is going to battle,
he kisses the hem of my dress like a victor—
Sweet dream—
he kisses the hem of my dress like a victor—

The third spoke and spoke so softly—
blossom, my heart, blossom forth—
the third spoke and spoke so softly:
I will kiss the hem of the sweetheart's garment.
Sweet dream—
I will kiss the hem of the sweetheart's garment.

In my father's garden
Blossom, my heart, blossom forth—
in my father's garden
stands a sunny apple tree—
Sweet dream—
stands a sunny apple tree!

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Laue Sommernacht

Mild summers night,
not a star in the sky,
in the white forests we are looking
deep in the dark, and we found ourselves.

Found each other in the white forests
in the night, the starless night,
And held each other astounded, in our arms
in the dark night.

Wasn't our whole life
just a groping, just a searching,
then into this darkness
Love, your light shone!

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Bei dir ist es Traut

With you it is safe
timid clocks strike
as in days of old
say something sweet to me,
but not too loudly!

A gate squeaks somewhere outside
out there in the blossoming flowers,
the evening listens at the windowpanes,
let us keep quiet,
so no one knows we're here!

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Ich wandle unter Blumen

I wander among flowers
and I blossom too with them,
I wander as if in a dream
and sway with every step,
oh hold me tight, beloved!
Or else, drunk with love,
I shall fall at your feet
and the garden is full of people!

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L'absence

To the long torments of absence
The only remedy is to die
In sad indifference
Why languish so long?
Without rest, without hope?
Is living only suffering?

When I keep my promise
Ungrateful, to love you always,
Maybe another mistress
Intoxicates you with other loves.
It is alas! too much pain,
I feel my heart failing.

Translation by Philipp Vogler

Solitude

The dying primrose
inhaled the wandering breeze,
and the returning spring
Lulled by a breath of the rose
The nest where the bird rests,
When I came to dream of love:

And the familiar image
Of my young beloved,
As lovely as a beautiful day,
Glided like a soft shadow
Among the flowers and the moss,
When I came to dream of love.

Farewell, town filled with noise!
The countryside cool and dark,
This is my last dwelling place;
Poor bird of the valley,
I return, looking for the way
That will make me dream of love.

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Haï Luli!

I am sad and worried,
I don't know any longer what will happen!
My lover should have come,
And I await him here alone.
Oh, alas! Where then can be my lover?

I sit down to spin my wool,
the thread breaks in my hand...
Let's go, I will spin tomorrow;
Today, I am too much in pain!
Ah, alas! How sad it is without my lover!

If ever he becomes fickle,
If he were one day to abandon me,
I shall burn down the village
And myself with the village!
Ah, alas! What is the use to live without a lover?

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La nada que se aprieta sobre el alma

The day is lost in sleep
Love buried in a beach
Forgetting that works and does not rest
A sea of words that guess.

The nothingness that is pressed upon the soul

The moon that hides and is flirtatious
don't look at your face anymore
We can't use it as a mirror anymore.

This is my life and its measure
All this encrypts and gives me body
With this I give myself to you.

Love buried in a beach
Forgetting that works and does not rest
A sea of words that guess
The nothingness that is pressed upon the soul.

Translation by Patricia Caicedo

El tiempo es fiero

Time is fierce and it reaches us
It always goes after the soul
Its shadow melts into nothing
In its steps we are locked
Steps that it always takes on a wall
or a precipice.
Populated by loneliness
We are time, we are loneliness.
We are a deception of the soul.
The soul endures in the art that works on it.

Translation by Patricia Caicedo