



Amber Norris
mezzo-soprano

Minjung Seo, piano

Senior Recital
Monday, November 20, 2006
7:30 pm
Recital Hall, School of Music

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Program

“Mon coeur s’ouvre a ta voix” from *Samson et Dalila*

Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835-1921)

Fünf Rückertlieder

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder
Ich atmet’ einen linden Duft
Um Mitternacht
Liebst du um Schönheit
Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

Intermission

Let us Garlands Bring

Come Away, Come Away, Death
Who is Silvia?
Fear No More the Heat o’ the Sun
O Mistress Mine
It Was a Lover and His Lass

Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

Siete Canciones Populares Españolas

El Paño Moruno
Seguidilla Murciana
Asturiana
Jota
Nana
Cancion
Polo

Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)

In partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for the
Bachelor of Music in Performance

The hall is equipped with a listening assistance system.
Patrons needing such assistance should contact an usher in the lobby.

Camille Saint-Saëns:

From Samson et Dalila

Libretto by Ferdinand Lemiare

Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix

Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix
Comme s'ouvre les fleurs
Aux baisers de l'aurore!
Mais, ô mon bien-aimé,
Pour mieux sécher mes pleurs,
Que ta voix parle encore!
Dis-moi qu'à Dalila tu reviens pour jamais!
Redis à ma tendresse
Les serments d'autrefois,
Ces serments que j'aimais!
Ah! Réponds à ma tendresse!
Verse-moi, verse-moi l'ivresse!

Ainsi qu'on voit des blés les épis onduler
Sous la brise légère,
Ainsi frémit mon coeur,
Prêt à se consoler
A ta voix qui m'est chère!
La fleche est moins rapide à porter le trépas,
Que ne l'est ton amante à voler dans tes bras!
Ah! Réponds à ma tendresse!
Verse-moi, verse-moi l'ivresse!
Samson! Je t'aime!

Gustav Mahler:

Fünf Rückertlieder

Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

1. *Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder*

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
Wie ertappt auf böser Tat.
Selber darf ich nicht getrauen
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen.
Deine Neugier ist Verrat!

Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,
Schauen selbst, auch nichts zu.
Wenn die reichen Honigwaben
Sie tu tag gefördert haben,
Dann vor allen nasche du!

2. *Ich atmet' einen linden Duft*

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!
Im Zimmer stand ein Zweig der linde,
Ein Angebinde von lieber Hand.
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!

From Samson and Dalilah

My heart opens up at your voice

My heart opens up at your voice
As the flowers open up
At the kisses of dawn!
But, oh my beloved,
So as better to dry my tears,
May your voice speak again!
Tell me that you return to Dalilah forever!
Repeat to my tender love
The promises of former times,
Those promises that I loved!
Ah! Respond to my tenderness!
Fill me with ecstasy!

Just as one sees the stalks of wheat undulate
Beneath the gentle breeze,
So my heart quivers,
Ready to be consoled
At your voice that is dear to me!
The arrow is less quick to bring death,
Than your lover is to fly into your arms!
Ah! Respond to my tenderness!
Fill me with ecstasy!
Samson! I love you!

Five Rückertlieder

1. *Look not into my songs*

Look not into my songs!
My eyes I lower,
As if I've been caught in an evil deed.
I can't even trust myself
To watch them grow.
Your curiosity is a betrayal!

Bees, when they build their cells,
Also do not let anyone observe them,
Even themselves.
When the rich honeycombs
Have been brought out to the light of day,
Then you will taste them before everyone else!

2. *I breathed a gentle fragrance*

I breathed a gentle fragrance!
In the room stood a sprig of linden,
A gift from a dear hand.
How lovely was the fragrance of linden!

Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!
Das Lindenreis brachst du gelinde!
Ich atme leis im Duft der Linde
Der liebe linden Duft.

3. *Um Mitternacht*

Um Mitternacht hab' ich gewacht
Und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;
Kein Stern vom Sternegewimmel
Hat mir gelacht um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht hab' ich gedacht
Hinaus in dunkle Schranken.
Es hat kein lichtgedanken
Mir Trost gebracht um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht nahm ich in acht
Die Schläge meines Herzens;
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzens
War Angefacht um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht kämpft' ich die Schlacht,
O Menschheit, deiner Leiden;
Nicht konnt' ich sie entscheiden
Mit meiner Macht um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht hab' ich die Macht
In deine Hand gegeben!
Herr! Über Tod und Leben
Du hältst die Wacht um Mitternacht!

4. *Liebst du um Schönheit*

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar!

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar!

How lovely is the fragrance of linden!
That twig of linden you broke off so gently!
Softly I breathe in the fragrance of linden
The fragrance of love.

3. *At Midnight*

At midnight I awoke
And gazed up to heaven;
No star in the entire mass
Did smile down at me at midnight

At midnight I projected my thoughts
Out past the dark barriers.
No thought of light
Brought me comfort at midnight.

At midnight I paid close attention
To the beating of my heart;
One single pulse of agony
Flared up at midnight.

At midnight I fought the battle,
O mankind, of your suffering;
I could not decide it
With my strength at midnight.

At midnight I surrendered my strength
Into your hands!
Lord! Over death and life
You keep watch at midnight!

4. *If you love for beauty*

If you love for beauty,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair!

If you love for youth,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the spring,
It is young every year!

If you love for treasure,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the mermaid,
She has many clear pearls!

If you love for love,
Oh yes, do love me!
Love me always,
I'll love you evermore!

5. *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verderben,
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,
Sie mag woh'l glauben, ich sei gestorben!

Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben halt,
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.

Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet!
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied!

5. *I am lost to the world*

I am lost to the world,
With which I used to waste so much time,
It has heard nothing from me for so long,
That it may very well believe that I am dead!

It is of no consequence to me,
Whether it thinks me dead,
I cannot deny it,
For I really am dead to the world.

I am dead to the world's tumult,
And I rest in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven,
In my love, and in my song!

Gerald Finzi:

Let Us Garlands Bring

Text by William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

1. *Come Away, Come Away, Death*

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid!
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true did share it!

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet my poor corpse,
where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, o where sad true lover
never find my grave to weep there!

2. *Who is Silvia?*

Who is Silvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

3. *Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun*

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunderstone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

4. *O Mistress Mine*

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

5. *It Was a Lover and His Lass*

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,

In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

**Manuel de Falla:
Siete Canciones Populares Españolas**

1. Al Paño Moruno

Text by Gregorio Martínez Sierra (1881-1947)

Al paño fino en la tienda,
Una mancha le cayó;
Por menos precio se vende,
Porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!

2. Seguidilla Murciana

Text traditional

Cual quiera que el tejado tenga de vidrio,
No debe tirar piedras al del vecino.
Arrieros semos;
¡Puede que en el camino nos encontremos!

Por tu mucha inconstancia yo te comparo
Con peseta que corre de mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,
Y créyendola falsa ¡Nadie la toma!

3. Asturiana

Text traditional

Por ver si me consolaba,
Arriméme a un pino verde
Por ver si me consolaba.

Por verme llorar lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba!

Seven Popular Spanish Songs

1. The Moorish Cloth

On the fine cloth in the store,
A stain has fallen;
It sells at a lesser price,
Because it has lost its value.
Alas!

2. Seguidilla Murciana

Who has a roof of glass,
Should not throw stones to their neighbor's.
Let us be muleteers;
It could be that on the road we will meet!

For your great inconstancy I compare you
To a [coin] that runs from hand to hand;
Which finally blurs,
And, believing it false, no one accepts!

3. Asturian

To see whether it would console me,
I drew near a green pine
To see whether it would console me.

Seeing me weep it wept.
And the pine being green.
Seeing me weep, it wept.

4. Jota

Text traditional

Dicen que no nos queremos
Porque no nos ven hablar;
A tu corazón y al mio
Se lo pueden preguntar.

Ya me despido de tí,
De tu casa y tu ventana
Y aunque no quiera tu madre,
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.
Aunque no quiera tu madre...

5. Nana

Text traditional

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
Duerme, mi alma,
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana.
Nanita, nana,
Nanita, nana,
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana.

6. Cancion

Text traditional

Por traidores, tus ojos,
Yoy á enterrarlos;
No sabes lo que cuesta, "Del aire"
Niña, el mirarlos. "Madre, á la orilla"
Niña, el mirarlos. "Madre"

Dicen que no me quieres,
Y a me has querido...
Váyase lo ganado "Del aire"
Por lo perdido "Madre, á la orilla"
Por lo perdido. "Madre"

7. Polo

Text traditional

¡Ay!
Guardo una "¡Ay!"
Guardo una "¡Ay!"
Guardo una pena en mi pecho
Guardo una pena en mi pecho
"¡Ay!"
¡Que á nadie se la dire!

Malhaya el amor, malhaya,
¡Malhaya el amor, malhaya!
"¡Ay!"
¡Y quien me lo dió á entender!
"¡Ay!"

4. Jota

They say that we are not wanted
Because they do not see or speak to us;
Your heart and mine
They are possible to be asked.

I already take leave of you,
Your house and your window
And although you do not love your mother,
Goodbye, girl, see you tomorrow.
Although you do not love your mother...

5. Lullaby

Go to sleep, child, sleep,
Sleep, my soul,
Go to sleep, little star
Of the morning.
Lulla-lullaby,
Lulla-lullaby,
Go to sleep, little star
Of the morning.

6. Song

By treasonous, your eyes,
I am going to bury them;
You do not know what costs, "the young air"
Girl, watching them. "Mother, of the border"
Girl, watching them. "Mother"

They say that you do not want me,
And you have wanted me...
Goes the cattle "the young air"
By the lost thing "Mother, of the border"
By the lost thing. "Mother"

7. Polo

Ay!
I keep a... "Ay!"
I keep a... "Ay!"
I keep a sorrow in my breast
I keep a sorrow in my breast
"Ay!"
That to no one I will tell!

Wretched be love, wretched,
Wretched be love, wretched!
"Ay!"
And he who gave me to understand it!
"Ay!"