

Kelsey Gross, soprano
Aimee Fincher, piano

Doctoral Recital Series
Organ Hall | April 10, 2015 | 7:30 PM

though love be a day Gwyneth Walker
I. thy fingers make early flowers
II. lily has a rose
III. after all white horses are in bed
IV. maggie and millie and mollie and may
V. Still

Lerschengesang Johannes Brahms
An ein Veilchen
Von ewiger Liebe

*** 10-minute intermission ***

Five Hebrew Love Songs Eric Whitacre
Temuna (A Picture)
Kala Kalla (Light Bride)
Larov (Mostly)
Eyze Shelleg! (What Snow!)
Rakut (Tenderness)
Spencer Ekenes, violin

Drei Lieder, Op. 22 Erich Korngold
I. Was du mir bist?
II. Mit dir zu schweigen...
III. Welt ist stille eingeschlafen

Le colibri Ernest Chausson
Le temps de lilas
Air de Lia Claude Debussy
from L'enfant Prodigue

Out of respect for the performers and those audience members around you, please turn all beepers, cell phones and watches to their silent mode. Thank you.

Lerchengesang

Ethereal distant voices,
 Heavenly greetings of the larks,
 How sweetly you stir
 My breast, you delightful voices!
 Gently I close my eyes,
 And memories pass by
 In soft twilights,
 Pervaded by the breath of spring.

An Ein Veilchen

Hide, O violet, in your blue calyx,
 Hide the tears of sorrow, till my beloved
 Visits this spring! Should she then with a smile
 Pluck you from the grass to adorn her breast;
 Ah, then nestle close to her heart and tell her
 That the drops in your blue calyx
 Were shed from the soul of her most faithful young
 lover,
 Who weeps away his life and longs for death!

Von Ewiger Liebe

Dark, how dark in forest and field!
 Evening already, and the world is silent.
 Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke,
 And even the lark is silent now too.
 Out of the village there comes a lad,
 Escorting his sweetheart home,
 He leads her past the willow-copse,
 Talking so much and of so many things:
 'If you suffer sorrow and suffer shame,
 Shame for what others think of me,
 Then let our love be severed as swiftly,
 As swiftly as once we two were plighted.
 Let us depart in rain and depart in wind,
 As swiftly as once we two were plighted.'
 The girl speaks, the girl says:
 'Our love cannot be severed!
 Steel is strong, and so is iron,
 Our love is even stronger still:
 Iron and steel can both be reformed,
 But our love, who shall change it?
 Iron and steel can be melted down,
 Our love must endure forever!'

*Translations for Lerchengesang, An Ein Veilchen, and Von
 Ewiger Liebe: Richard Stokes © 2010*

Temuna (A Picture)

A picture is engraved in my heart;
 Moving between light and darkness:
 A sort of silence envelopes your body,
 And your hair falls upon your face just so.

Kala Kalla (Light Bride)

Light bride
 She is all mine,
 And lightly
 She will kiss me!

Larov (Mostly)

"Mostly," said the roof to the sky,
 "the distance between you and I is endlessness;
 But a while ago two came up here,
 And only one centimeter was left between us."

Eyze Shelleg! (What Snow!)

What snow!
 Like little dreams
 Falling from the sky.

Rakut (Tenderness)

He was full of tenderness;
 She was very hard.
 And as much as she tried to stay thus,
 Simply, and with no good reason,
 He took her into himself,
 And set her down
 In the softest, softest place.

Texts and Translations by Hila Plitmann

Was Du mir bist

What you are to me?
 The sight of a beautiful country
 where fruit-laden trees soar upwards
 and flowers bloom at the water's edge.
 What you are to me?
 The twinkling star breaking through the cloud,
 the distant ray of light
 which speaks in the darkness:
 Traveler, don't give up hope!

And even if my life were one of renunciation,
 Where no good luck came my way,
 What you are to me?
 Do you need to ask?

What you are to me:
 My belief in happiness.

Mit Dir zu schweigen

To be silent when I'm with you in the dark,
our souls reclining in the lap of dreams,
is to hear endless melodies,
love without end.

To be silent with you at dusk,
is to float towards the abundance of worlds,
is to grow far into infinity,
transported into eternal stillness...

Welt ist stille eingeschlafen

The world has gone to sleep,
resting in the moonlight.
In the haven of heaven
eyes, golden and pure, open.

God's violin sings sweetly;
my love, I think of you.
Sailing in a boat of dreams,
I seek you in the stars.

Beams of blissful love
light up the whole of my heart.
Our souls, in rapt communion, kiss,
in my dream.

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Le Colibri

The hummingbird, the green prince of the heights,
feeling the dew and seeing the sun's clear light
shining into his nest of woven grass,
shoots up in the air like a gleaming dart.

Hurriedly he flies to the nearby marsh
where the waves of bamboo rustle and bend,
and the red hibiscus with the heavenly scent
opens to show its moist and glistening heart.

Down to the flower he flies, alights from above,
and from the rosy cup drinks so much love
that he dies, not knowing if he could drink it dry.

Even so, my darling, on your pure lips
my soul and senses would have wished to die
on contact with that first full-fragrant kiss.

Translation by Nicolas Gounin

Le temps des lilas

The time of lilacs and the time of roses
Will no longer come again to this spring;
The time of lilacs and the time of roses
Has passed, the time of carnations also.

The wind has changed, the skies are morose,
And we will no longer run to pick
The lilacs in bloom and the beautiful roses;
The spring is sad and cannot bloom.

Oh! Joyful and gentle spring of the year,
That came last year to bathe us in sunlight,
Our flower of love is so wilted,
Alas! that your kiss cannot awaken it!

And you, what are you doing? No budding flowers,
No bright sun at all nor cool shade,
The time of lilacs and the time of roses,
Along with our love, is dead forever.

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Air de Lia

Year pursues empty year!
With each returning season,
their happiness and games sadden me despite myself:
they reopen my wounds and my grief increases . . .
I come to seek out the solitary beach . . .
Involuntary pain!
Useless efforts!
Lia weeps continually for the child she no longer has! . . .
Azaël! Azaël! Why have you left me? . . .
In my maternal heart your image has remained.
Azaël! Azaël! Why have you left me? . . .
Yet the evenings were sweet
on the plain with its elm-trees,
when, laden with the harvest,
we would drive the big russet oxen home.
When the task was accomplished,
children, old people, and servants,
farm-workers or shepherds,
would praise the blessed hand of God.
So day would follow day
and in the pious family
young men and young girls
would exchange chaste vows of love.
Others do not feel the weight of old age
happy in their children,
they see the years go by
without regret or sadness . . .
How heavy time hangs on a heart without consolation!
. . . Azaël! Why have you left me?

Translation by Bernard Jacobson