

Haley McHardy, Soprano
Hope Douglass, Piano



Junior Recital
Recital Hall
November 23, 2016 • 7:30pm

ASU Herberger Institute
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY
School of Music

Program

Non, Disperar

From *Giulio Cesare*

S'altro che lagrime

From *La Clamenza de Tito*

George Frideric Handel

(1685-1759)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(1756-1791)

Beau Soir

Romance

Oh, quand je dors

Claude Debussy

(1862-1918)

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(1862-1918)

Franz Liszt

(1811-1886)

Das Erste Veilchen

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges

Der Blumenstrauss

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

3 Browning Songs

The Year's at the Spring

Ah, Love but a day

I Send my Heart up to Thee

Amy Beach (1867-1944)

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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.

Non, Disperar

Do not despair. Who knows?
though you shall not have the kingdom
you shall have good fortune in love.
Looking upon your beauty,
there you shall find a heart to comfort

S'altro che lagrime

If you do nothing for him, but shed tears
All your weeping will be of no avail
Oh, how like cruelty is this useless pity that you feel

Beau Soir

When streams turn pink in the sunset
And a warm shiver rushes through the wheat fields
A tip for happiness seems to come out of all things
And it ascends towards the troubled heart
A tip to taste the charm of life
However, one is youth and the evening is beautiful
Because we are going as the wave goes
It to the sea, we to the grave

Romance

The soul, evaporated and suffering
The sweet soul, the fragrant soul of divine lilies
I have picked in the garden of your mind
Where the winds chased it
This adorable soul of the lilies?
Is there no perfume that remains
Of the heavenly sweetness of the days
when you enveloped me in a supernatural mist
Made of hope, true love, of bliss and peace?

Oh quand je dors

Oh when I sleep, approach my bed
As Laura approached Petrarch, and as you pass
Your breath touches me, at once my lips will part!
On my glum face, where perhaps ends a dark dream
which lasted too long
let your glance rise like a star
Suddenly, my dream will be radiant!
Then on my lips, where there flits a flame
a flash of love that God has purged
place a kiss and angel becomes a woman
Suddenly my soul awakes

Das Erste Veilchen

When I saw of the first violet
how delighted was I at its colors and fragrance!
Spring's messenger that I joyfully clasped
my swelling hopeful breast
The Spring is over, the violet is dead
around there are flowers, blue and red
I stand amidst, and hardly see them
The violet appears in my spring daydream

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges

On wings of song, love, I will carry you away
Continuing to the fields of the Ganges
where I know the most beautiful place
There is a blooming red garden in the quiet moonlight
the lotus flowers expecting their beloved sister
the violets giggle and cherish, and look up to the stars
secretly telling the roses their fragrant fairytales
Hopping along and listening, the pious wise gazelles
and rushing in the distance are the sacred river's waves
there we will lay down, under the palm tree,
drink love and peace, and dream our blessed dream

Der Blumenstrauß

She walks in the flower garden
eyes the colorful flowers
and waits for all the little ones to look up at her
"and ye are Spring's herald,
announcing what is always so new
So will my messengers
To him who loves me truly"
She overlooks the goods
and arranges the lovely bouquet
And gives to the friend the gift
And soaks in his glance
What flowers and colors mean
Oh suggest, oh do not ask that
if it is the sight of the sweetest spring speaks