

Auf dem Wasser zu singen

Midst the glitter of the reflecting waves,
Glides like a swan, the rocking boat;
Ah, on joy's gentle glinting waves
Glides the soul on like the boat;
For from heaven down upon the waves
Dances the evening glow around the
boat.

Above the tree tops of the Western
grove
The reddish gleam kindly beckons to us;
Below the branches of the Eastern grove
Joy of heaven and calmness of the grove
Breathes the soul in the reddish glow.

Ah, time vanishes from me with dewy
wing
On the rocking waves.
Tomorrow vanishes with glittering wing
Again as yesterday and today,
Till I on higher, radiant wing
Vanish from the changing time.

Nacht und Träume

Holy night, you descend;
Down glide also the dreams,
As your moonlight through the space,
Through man's quiet, tranquil breast.
They listen to them with joy;
Exclaim when the day wakes:
Return holy night!
Lovely dreams, return!

Suleikas zweiter Gesang

Ah, for your moist wings,
West, how much I envy you,
For you can bring messages to him,
Of what I in the separation suffer!

The movement of your wings
Arouses in the bosom silent longing.
Flowers, eyes, forests and hills
Stand in your breeze in tears.

But your mild, soft blowing
Cools the sore eyelids;
Oh, I could die with grief
If I did not have the hope of seeing him again.

Hurry then to my beloved,
Speak gently to his heart;
But avoid, him to sadden,
And hide from him my pains!

Tell him, but tell it discreetly:
His love is my life;
And his nearness will fill me with
The joy of both of us.

Tell him, but discreetly:
His love is my life.

Dein blaues Auge

Your blue eyes are still and serene,
I gaze into their depths,
You ask me what I wish to see,
I see myself well again.
A fiery pair burned me,
I still can feel the pain.
Your eyes are like a lake so clear,
And like a lake so cool.

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer

Ever softer grows my slumber,
And my sorrow lies like a veil
Trembling over me.
Often in my dreams I hear you
Calling from just beyond my door.
No one awakes and opens it for you;
I awake and weep bitterly.
Indeed I shall have to die,
And you will kiss another
When I am pale and cold,
Ere the May breezes will blow,
Ere the thrush will sing in the forest:
If you will once more see me,
Come, Oh come soon!

Der Schmied

I hear my sweetheart,
He swings his hammer,
There's a roaring, a banging,
It is heard far away
Like the ringing of bells,
Through the streets and the square.

By the black chimney,
There sits my beloved,
But when I pass by,
The bellows then howl,
The flames flare up
And blaze around him.



HOLLY BRAZELL

Soprano

JENNIFER VENNING

Soprano

David Asbury, piano
Sooyoung Smeltz, piano

Senior Recital

Monday, December 3, 2001
5:30PM
Recital Hall, School of Music

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	<i>Program</i>		<i>Ms. Brazell</i> <i>Mr. Asbury</i>
Spesso vibra per suo gioco Son tutta duolo 1725) Chi vuole innamorarsi		Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-	In partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for the Bachelor of Music in Music Education * * * * *
	<i>Ms. Brazell</i> <i>Mr. Asbury</i>		The hall is equipped with a listening assistance system. Patrons needing such assistance should please see one of the ushers in the lobby.
Vá Godendo <i>from Serse</i> 1759) Un Certo Non So Che 1743)		G. F. Handel (1685-	
	<i>Ms. Venning</i> <i>Ms. Smeltz</i>	Antonio Vivaldi (1680-	
An die Musik Litanei 1828) Die Forelle		Franz Schubert (1797-	
	<i>Ms. Brazell</i> <i>Mr. Asbury</i>		
Auf dem Wasser zu singen, Op. 72 Nacht und Träume, Op. 43, No. 2 1828) Suleikas zweiter Gesang, Op. 31		Franz Schubert (1797-	
	<i>Ms. Venning</i> <i>Ms. Smeltz</i>		
Dein blaues Auge Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer 1897) Der Schmied		Johannes Brahms (1833-	
	<i>Ms. Brazell</i> <i>Mr. Asbury</i>		
Three Songs, Op. 45 Now Have I Fed And Eaten Up The Rose 1981) A Green Lowland Of Pianos O Boundless, Boundless Evening		Samuel Barber (1910-	
	<i>Ms. Venning</i> <i>Ms. Smeltz</i>		
I can't be talkin' of love Loveliest of Trees 1984) Shelling Peas		John Duke (1899-	

Spesso vibra per suo gioco

For his amusement the blindfolded
boy often
Pierces a humble breast with golden
darts,
A noble heart with iron arrows.
Then amid the flames of the burning
dart,
Languishing in vain,
One victim passes away while another
falls faint.

Son tutta duolo

I am all sadness,
I have nothing but worries,
And cruel suffering brings me death:
And for me alone are tyrants,
The stars, the gods, fate and Heaven.

Che vuole innamorarsi

He who wants to fall in love should think about
it well!
Love is a certain fire,
And if it takes fire a little,
It is accustomed to last forever.
It is not a light torment to have a wounded
Heart!
He submits every wish to cupid's two
eyes,
He who serves the god of love.

Vá Godendo

Joyously and graciously ripples
That free-flowing brooklet,
And with clear waves it runs
Through the grass
Gaily towards the sea.

Un Certo Non So Che

A certain something reaches me and passes
Through my heart
And yet it is not pain.
Could this be love?
In its voracious ardor I have already Recklessly
placed my foot.

An die Musik

You noble art, in how many grey hours,
When life has held me prisoner,
You have kindled my heart with warm love,
And have transferred me into a better world.

Often a sigh has flowed from your harp,
A sweet holy chord from you
Opened up a heaven of better times,
You noble art, I thank you for it.

Litanei

Rest in peace all souls,
Those that have done with care and Suffering
who ended a sweet dream,
Weary of life,
Barely born into the world at all,
Leave from here and arrive in heaven,
All souls rest in peace!

Loving maidens' souls
Those who shed uncounted tears,
Whom faithless friends deserted.
And the blind world has cast out,
All that has departed hence,
All souls rest in peace!

And those who never smiled at the sun,
Who lay awake beneath the moon on thorns,
To see God one day, face to face
In the pure light of Heaven,
All that has departed hence,
All souls rest in peace!

Die Forelle

In a clear brooklet,
A trout shot by like an arrow in joyful haste,
I stood on the bank
And looked in sweet ease
At the lively little trout
Swimming in the clear brooklet.

A fisherman with his rod
Was standing there on the bank,
Cold-bloodedly watching
The fish dart to and fro.
"So long as the water remains clear,"
I thought, "He will not
Catch that little trout with his rod."

But at last the thief could wait no more. With
guile he made the water muddy,
And before I knew it,
He jerked his rod
And the fish struggled on it.
My blood boiled as I saw the deceived
one.



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