

Ah, then I was by grief o'er  
taken When love in me did  
waken The past, it holds a  
wayward heart to one I gave  
in part Shadows and things  
forgot come creeping as I  
sit sadly weeping

**Donde lieta**

From the place she left, happy  
at your declaration of love,  
Mimi returns alone  
to her solitary nest  
She goes back once again  
to make unreal flowers  
Farewell, without remorse

Wait...

Gather together the few things  
that I left scattered around  
Shut in my drawer are  
that gold ring  
and the prayer book

Wrap them up in a smock  
and I will send a porter...  
Careful... under the pillow  
there is the pink bonnet.  
If you wish,  
Keep it in remembrance of  
Love!  
Farewell, without remorse

**Poeme**

It was not dawn but I had gotten up  
rubbing my eyes  
Everything was sleeping all around  
The banana trees below my window  
Were trembling in the calm moon-  
light  
so I took my head in my hands  
and I thought about you.

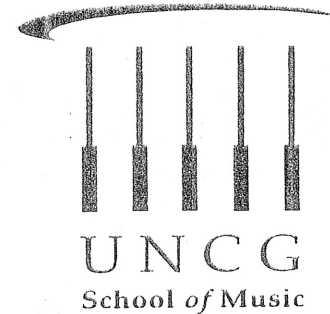
**Con amóres, la mi madre**  
with loves, my mother  
with loves, I sleep  
like that I sleep dreaming  
of what the heart is hiding  
that love consoles me  
with the letter of what  
One received for me to  
sleep is the favor that love  
has given me with love  
Given rest to my pain the  
faith that I serve you with

**Del caballo mas sutil**

Of the most subtle (soft) hair  
that you have in your braids  
they are to make a pathway to  
bring you to my side  
I want to be to kiss you on  
the mouth  
When you go to kiss

**Coplas de Curro Dulce**

Little is the Bride  
little is the Groom  
little is the room  
and the bedroom  
because of that I want  
the bed to be little  
and the mosquito net



**SARITA LILLY, soprano**

**Susan Ward, piano**

*assisted by*  
**Sandra Mosteller, clarinet**

Senior Recital

Friday, April 30, 1999  
7:30 p.m.  
Hart Recital Hall, Brown Music Building

## PROGRAM

**V'adaro, pupille**  
from *Guilio Cesare*

**George Frederic Handel**  
(1685-1759)

**Der Hirt auf dem Felsen**

**Franz Schubert**  
(1797-1828)

Ms. Mosteller

**Trois Poemes de Louis Lalanne**

**Francis Poulenc**  
(1879-1973)

- I. Le present
- II. Chanson
- III. Hier

**Priez pour paix**

**Donde lieta**

**Giacomo Puccini**  
(1858-1924)

Intermission

**Biblical Songs**

**Antonin Dvorák**  
(1841-1904)

Lord, Thou art my refuge  
God is my shepherd  
I will sing new songs

**Songs of Separation**

**William Grant Still**  
(1895-1978)

Idolatry  
Poeme  
Parted  
If You Should Go  
A Black Pierrot

**Con amores, la mi madre**  
**Cos cantares populares**  
**Coplas de Curro Dulce**

**Fernando J. Obradors**

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

## TRANSLATIONS

**V'adaro, pupille**

I adore you, eyes  
darts of love;  
your sparks  
are welcome in my breast  
My sad heart  
which calls you its dearly beloved  
in every hour, longs for you  
to be compassionate

When I wake, I will offer thee  
all the stir that I hear  
heart in safety with thine  
own to keep

When morning is begun with the  
sun As from the fountain  
The waters murmur very

Ah then when night is come  
and day is over  
My soul be it full of tears  
Lull to sleep These my hands  
with kisses cover and take my

**Der Hirt auf dem Felsen**

(Shepherd of the Rock)  
When aloft to the highest crag  
I go and view the valley far below  
and sing there,  
Up from the dusky vale I hear my  
ev'ry note reechoed clear,  
the Echo from the cavern  
Again in grief my strength is spent  
no joy the path to cheer,  
No hope for me nor yet content,  
I live so lonely here

**Chanson**

Flow'rs of myrtle I come a stealing  
For one afar  
Many a herb is fit for healing  
Tra-la-la  
Wild woodbine grows for fickle  
maids  
Hey nonny no!

The yearning in my song of  
love so haunts the woods by  
day and night it draws the  
heart t'wards Heav'n above  
with wonder working might  
And Spring will be coming  
with joys for me in store,  
through high summer pastures  
to wander once more  
The further I can fling my  
voice, the clearer it returns to me

Gather each blossom it fades,  
As we go,  
But the ivy, symbol of  
weeping  
Mortals misled Leave on the  
grave safe in keeping  
Of the dead

**Le present**

When I wake I will offer thee  
All the light gay, fancy free  
Golden tresses only take  
For a prize and the glance  
of my eyes

**Hier**

The past is like a ragged gown  
Which now I blush to own  
Faded, and yet a mem'ry so  
strange  
with the fashions that change  
One time I knew the convent days  
Deserted now it stays