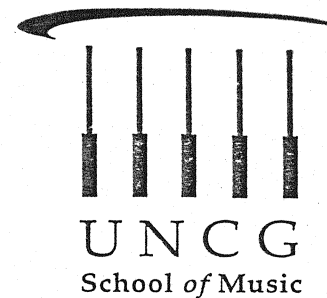


**Heidenröslein**

A lad saw a little rose growing,  
Little red rose on the heath;  
It was as young and fair as the  
morning,  
He ran quickly to have a close look  
at it,  
And gazed at it with delight,  
Little rose, Little rose, little red rose,  
Little rose on the heath  
The lad said: "I will pick you,  
Little rose on the heath!"  
The little rose said: "I will prick you,  
So that you will always remember  
me,  
And I won't suffer you to pick me"  
And the cruel lad picked  
The little rose on the heath;  
The little rose defended itself  
But its wails and sighs were of no  
avail,  
I had to suffer just the same.  
Little rose, little rose, little red rose  
Little rose on the heath.

**Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen**

Love wanders on every road,  
Fidelity lives by herself alone:  
Love advances swiftly to meet you,  
Fidelity must be sought.



CASS  
2040

**SARITA R. LILLY, soprano**

**Susan Ward, piano**

Junior Recital

Thursday, March 19, 1998

5:30 p.m.

Hart Recital Hall, Brown Music Building

**Program**

**L'amerò, sarò costante**  
**from Il Re Pastore**

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**  
(1756-1791)

**Romance**  
**Les Cloches**  
**Nuit d'Etoiles**

**Claude Debussy**  
(1862-1918)

**Frühlingsglaube**  
**Du bist die Ruh**  
**Heidenröslein**  
**Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen (Ariette der Claudine)**

**Franz Schubert**  
(1797-1828)

**A Cycle of Three Mystical Songs (1953)**  
**Three Jolly Shepherds**  
**The Prophecy**  
**The Birthday**

**Alec Rowley**

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

**Program Notes**

**L'amerò, sarò costante**

I will love you, I will be constant,  
Faithful spouse and faithful lover,  
I will sigh for you alone!  
In one so dear, so tender,  
My joy and my delight,  
My peace I will find.

**Romance**

The fleeting and suffering soul,  
The gentle soul, the fragrant soul  
Of those divine lilies which I  
gathered  
In the garden of your thoughts,  
Whither have the winds driven it,  
That adorable soul of the lilies?  
Is there no fragrance remaining  
Of the heavenly loveliness  
Of those days when you enveloped  
me  
In a celestial haze,  
Fashioned of hope, of faithful love,  
Of blessedness and of peace?

**Les Cloches**

The leaves opened along the length  
of the branches,  
Delicately.  
The bells were ringing, lightly and  
clearly,  
Beneath the fair sky.  
Rhythmical and fervent as a hymn,  
this distant call  
Brought to my mind the Christian  
whiteness  
of the flowers of the Altar.  
These bells were telling happy  
years,  
And, in the deep forest,  
The faded leaves seemed green  
again,  
As in days long past

**Nuit d'Etoiles**

Night of stars, beneath your veils.  
Amid your breezes and your scents.

While a sad lyre is sighing,  
I dream of my late loves.  
Serene melancholy  
Suddenly unfolds at the bottom of  
my heart,  
And I sense the soul of my beloved  
Trembling in the dreaming forest.  
I see again, in our fountain,  
Your glances blue as the skies;  
This rose, it is your breath,  
And these stars are your eyes.

**Frühlingsglaube**

The mild breezes are awake,  
they rustle and stir by day and  
night,  
They are at work everywhere;  
O fresh scent, O new sound!  
Now, poor heart, be not afraid,  
Now everything must change.  
The world grows lovelier everyday,  
One cannot tell what yet may  
happen;  
The flowering will not end;  
The farthest, deepest valley  
blooms,  
Now, poor heart, forget your pain!  
Now everything must change.

**Du bist die Ruh**

Thou art rest and gentle peace,  
Thou art longing, and that which  
stills it.  
I consecrate to thee, with my joys  
and griefs.  
As thy dwelling-place, my eyes and  
heart.  
Enter into me and close thou  
The gates softly behind thee:  
Drive other griefs from this breast,  
Let this heart be filled with thy  
joys.  
My world of sight thy radiance  
Alone can illuminate. O, fill it to  
the full!