



THE UNIVERSITY OF  
**MEMPHIS**®

Rudi E. Scheidt  
School of Music

*presents*

## **Junior Recital**

Emily Hale, soprano  
David Córdoba, piano

Saturday, February 19, 202

5:30PM

Harris Concert Hall

Rudi E. Scheidt School of Music  
Kevin Sanders, Director

College of Communication and Fine Arts  
Anne Hogan, Dean

# PROGRAM

Amor dormiglione

Joel Roberts, theorbo

Barbara Strozzi  
(1619-1677)

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*Chants populaires*

Chanson espagnole  
Chanson française  
Chanson italienne  
Chanson hébraïque  
Chanson écossaise

Maurice Ravel  
(1875-1937)

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Suliekas zweiter Gesang (D.717; Op.31)

Franz Schubert  
(1797- 1828)

Nacht und Träume (Op.43 No.2)

Schubert

.....

Glitter and Be Gay (from *Candide*)

Leonard Bernstein  
(1918-1990)

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### Amor dormiglione

Amor, non dormir più!  
Su, su, svegliati omai,  
che mentre dormi tu  
dormon le gioie mie, vegliano i guai.  
Non esser, non esser, Amor, dappoco!  
Strali, strali, foco,  
strali, strali, su, su,  
foco, foco, su, su!

O pigro o tardo  
tu non hai senso,  
Amor melenso  
Amor codardo!  
Ahi quale io resto  
che nel mio ardore  
tu dorma Amore:  
mancava questo!

### Chanson Esagnole

Adios, men homino, adios,  
Ja qui te marchas pr'aguerra:  
Non t'olvides d'aprendina  
Quiche qued' a can'a terra.  
La la la la ...

Castellanos de Castilla,  
Tratade ben os grallegos:  
Cando van, van como rosas,  
Cando ven, ven como negros.  
La la la la ...

### Chanson Française

Jeanneton où irons-nous garder,  
Qu'ayons bon temps une heure? Lan la!

Là-bas, là-bas, au pré barré ;  
Y'a de tant belles ombres! Lan la!

Le pastour quitte son manteau,  
Et fait seoir Jeannette Lan la!

Jeannette a tellement joué,  
Que s'y est oubliée, Lan la!

### Amor dormiglione

Cupid, no more sleeping!  
Up, up, wake up right now,  
for while you sleep  
my joys sleep, troubles are wakeful.  
Don't be useless, Cupid!  
Arrows, arrows, fire,  
arrows, arrows, get up, get up,  
fire, fire, get up, get up!

Oh you idle laggard,  
you've got no sense!  
Foolish Cupid,  
cowardly Cupid,  
ah, what can I do?  
In spite of all my ardor  
you slumber:  
that's all I need!

### Chanson Esagnole

Farewell, my husband, farewell,  
Now that you are marching off to war  
Don't forget to keep in touch  
With those who are holding down the fort  
at home.  
La la la la...

Castillans of Castille  
Treat well the Galicians:  
When they go, they go like roses,  
When they come back, they come back  
as blacks.  
La la la la...

### Chanson Française

"Jeannette, where will we tend our  
sheep? To have a good time for an hour?  
Hey ho!"

"Down there, down there, across the  
meadow, There are a lot of beautiful  
shadows. Hey ho!"

The shepherd removes his coat,  
And has Jeannette sit on it. Hey ho!

Jeannette played so much  
That she forgot herself, Hey ho!

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### Chanson Italliene

M'affaccio la finestra e vedo l'onde,  
Vedo le mie miserie che sò granne!  
Chiamo l'amòre mio, nun m'arrisponde!

### Chanson Italliene

I look out the window and see the waves,  
I see my misery which is so great.  
I call to my love, no one responds to me.

### Chanson Hébraïque

Mejerke, main Suhn,  
Mejerke, main Suhn, oi Mejerke, main Suhn,  
Zi weiss tu, var wemen du steihst?  
"Lifnei Melech Malchei hamlochim," Tatumju.

### Chanson Hébraïque

Mayerke, my son,  
oh Mayerke, my son,  
Before whom do you find yourself?  
"Before Him, King of Kings, and the only King, my father."

Mejerke, main Suhn,  
Mejerke, main Suhn, oi Mejerke, main Suhn,  
Wos ze westu bai lhm bet'n?  
"Bonej, chajei, M'sunei," Tatumju.

Mayerke, my son,  
oh Mayerke, my son,  
And what are you demanding of him?  
"Children, long life, and my bread, my father."

Mejerke, main Suhn,  
Mejerke, main Suhn, oi Mejerke, main Suhn,  
Oif wos darfs tu Bonei?  
"Bonim eiskim batoiroh," Tatumju.

Mayerke, my son,  
oh Mayerke, my son,  
But tell me, why children?  
"To children, one teaches the Torah, my father."

Mejerke, main Suhn,  
Mejerke, main Suhn, oi Mejerke, main Suhn,  
Oif wos darfs tu chajei?  
"Kol chai joiducho," Tatumju.

Mayerke, my son,  
oh Mayerke, my son,  
But tell me, why long life?  
"That which lives sings the glory of the Lord, my father."

Mejerke, main Suhn,  
Majerke, main Suhn, oi Mejerke, main Suhn,  
Oif wodarfs tu M'sunei?  
"W'ochalto w'sowoto uwei-rach-to," Tatumju.

Mayerke, my son,  
oh Mayerke, my son,  
But you also want some bread?  
"Take this bread, eat it, bless it,  
my father."

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### Suliekas zweiter Gesang

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,  
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:  
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen  
Was ich in der Trennung leide!

Die Bewegung deiner Flügel  
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;  
Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel  
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.

Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen  
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider;  
Ach, für Leid müsst' ich vergehen,  
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.

Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,  
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;  
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben  
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.

Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:  
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,  
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden  
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

### Nacht und Träume

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;  
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,  
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,  
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.

Die belauschen sie mit Lust;  
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:  
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!  
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

### Suliekas zweiter Gesang

Ah, West Wind, how I envy you  
your moist wings;  
for you can bring him word  
of what I suffer separated from him.

The motion of your wings  
awakens a silent longing within my breast.  
Flowers, meadows, woods and hills  
grow tearful at your breath.

But your mild, gentle breeze  
cools my sore eyelids;  
ah, I should die of grief  
if I had no hope of seeing him again.

Hasten then to my beloved  
speak softly to his heart –  
but be careful not to distress him,  
and conceal my suffering from him.

Tell him, but tell him humbly,  
that his love is my life,  
and that his presence will bring me  
a joyous sense of both.

### Nacht und Träume

Holy night, you sink down;  
dreams, too, float down,  
like your moonlight through space,  
through the silent hearts of men.

They listen with delight,  
crying out when day awakes:  
come back, holy night!  
Fair dreams, return.