Presents

Rosie Crisp, soprano
Parya Rostamian, guitar
Olivia Earl, soprano

In a

Junior Recital

Assisted by
Gregory Knight, piano

From the Studios of
Dr. Sandra Stringer & Iliana Matos

3:30pm  April 10, 2022  Recital Hall
~~PROGRAM~~

Deh vieni non tardar

Lied der Suleika
Lied der Braut I
Lied der Braut II

Nuit d’étoiles
Beau soir
Chevaux de bois

Rabbit at top speed

Rosie Crisp, soprano

~~INTERMISSION~~

Sonata K 77
 I. Moderato e cantabile
 II. Minuet

Sonata K 408

Gato Y Malabo
Guaraniya

Parya Rostamian, guitar
~~ INTERMISSION ~~

*Domine Deus from Gloria*  
Antonio Vivaldi  
(1678-1741)

*Marienwürmchen*  
Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

*Widmung*

*Die Lotosblume*

*Nuit d’étoiles*  
Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

*Romance*

*Don’t Say Anything*  
Stephen Chatman  
(b. 1950)

*Notes of Summer*

*Someone Who Used to Have Someone*

*Olivia Earl, soprano*
Deh vieni non tardar
At last comes the moment
When, without reserve, I can rejoice
In my lover's arms: timid scruples,
Hence from my heart,
And do not come to trouble my delight.
Oh how the spirit of this place,
The earth and the sky, seem
To echo the fire of love!
How the night furthers my stealth!
Come, do not delay, oh bliss,
Come where love calls thee to joy,
While night's torch does not shine in the sky,
the air is still dark and the world quiet.
Here murmurs the stream, here sports the breeze,
Which refreshes the heart with its sweet whispers.
Here flowers smile and the grass is cool;
Chain me in sympathy;
Love's pure embodied radiance
Here everything invites to the pleasures of love.
Come, my dearest, and amid these sheltered trees
I will wreathe thy brow with roses.

Lied der Suleika
With what heartfelt contentment,
O song, do I sense your meaning!
Lovingly you seem to say:
That I am at his side;
That he ever thinks of me,
And ever bestows his love’s rapture
On her who, far away,
Dedicates her life to him.
For my heart, dear friend, is the mirror,
Wherein you have seen yourself;
And this the breast where your seal is imprinted
Kiss upon kiss.
Your sweet verses, their unsullied truth
Never shall it end, I don’t know
In the garb of poetry!

Lied der braut I
Mother, mother! Never believe,
Because I love him so,
That I now lack the love
To love you as before!
Mother, mother! Since loving
I love you all the more.
Let me press you to my heart
And kiss you, as he kisses me.
Mother, mother! Only since
Do I truly love you now, For
That has become so radiant.

Lied der braut II
Let me lay my head on his
heart,
Mother, mother! Be not afraid.
Do not ask: how will things
change?
Do not ask: how will it end?

All things seem to advise
content –

how it could

Nuit d’étoiles
Night of stars,
Beneath your veils,
Beneath your breeze and
fragrance,
Sad lyre
That sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.
Serene melancholy
Now blooms deep in my heart,
And I hear the soul of my love
Quiver in the dreaming woods.
Once more at our fountain I see
Your eyes as blue as the sky;
This rose is your breath
And these stars are your eyes.

Beau soir
When at sunset the rivers are
pink
And a warm breeze ripples the
fields of wheat,
Sunday sou.
Turn, turn, horses of their
hearts,
And rise toward the troubled heart;
Advise us to savour the gift of life,
While we are young and the evening fair,
For our life slips by, as that river does:
It to the sea - we to the tomb.

**Chevaux de bois**

Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,
Turn a hundred, turn a thousand times,
Turn often and turn for evermore
Turn and turn to the oboe’s sound.
The red-faced child and the pale mother,
The lad in black and the girl in pink,
One down-to-earth, the other showing off,
Each buying a treat with his
Ravenous with thirst.
Turn, turn!
The velvet sky
Is slowly decked with golden

While the furtive pickpocket’s eye is flashing
As you whirl about and whirl around,
Turn to the sound of the conquering cornet!
Astonishing how drunk it makes you,
like this in this foolish fair:
an empty stomach and an aching head,
Discomfort in plenty and masses of fun!
Gee-gees, turn, you’ll never need
The help of any spur
To make your horses gallop round:
Turn, turn, without hope of hay.
And hurry on, horses of their souls:
Nightfall already calls them to supper
And disperses the crowd of happy revellers,
So sorely, so very sorely,
The wicked spider’s spinning them in,
Ladybird, fly away home,
stars.
The church bell tolls a mournful knell
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!

**Domine Deus**
Lord God, Heavenly King, God Almighty Father.

**Marienwürmchen**
Ladybird, come and settle
On my hand, on my hand,
I shall do you no harm,
No harm will come of you,
I just want to see your bright wings,
Bright wings are my joy!
Ladybird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, the children are crying
My grief forever I’ve consigned!
You are repose, you are peace,
You are bestowed on me from heaven.

You children are crying sorely.
Ladybird, fly off
To the children next door, next door,
They will do you no harm,
No harm will come of you there,
They want to see your bright wings,
And remember me to both of them.

**Widmung**
You my soul, you my heart,
You my rapture, O you my pain,
You my world in which I live,
My heaven you, to which I aspire,
O you my grave, into which
And gazes silently aloft—
Fragrant and weeping and trembling
With love and the pain of love.
Your love for me gives me my worth,
Your eyes transfigure me in mine,
You raise me lovingly above myself,
My guardian angel, my better self!

Die Lotosblume

The lotus-flower fears
The sun’s splendour,
And with bowed head,
Dreaming, awaits the night.
The moon is her lover,
And wakes her with his light,
And to him she tenderly unveils
Her innocent flower-like face.
She blooms and glows and gleams,
Night of stars...

Nuit d'Etoiles

Night of stars,
Beneath your veils, beneath your breeze and fragrance,
Sad lyre
That sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.

Romance

The spent and suffering soul,
The sweet soul, the soul steeped
In the divine lilies I gathered
In the garden of your thoughts,
Where have the winds dispersed it,
This adorable lilies’ soul?
Does not a single scent remain
Of the heavenly softness
Of the days when you enclosed me
In a supernatural mist,
Made of hope, of faithful love,
Of bliss and of peace?