



Presents

Noelle Kuntz, soprano
Franz Faeldo, tenor
Devin Law, tenor

In a

Junior Recital

Assisted by

Gregory Knight, piano
Isaac Risling, piano
Allen Zhou, piano

From the Studios of
Dr. Sandra Stringer & Dr. Janet Youngdahl

1:00pm

April 15th, 2023

Recital Hall

~~ PROGRAM ~~

Amarilli mia bella

Giulio Caccini
(1551-1618)

Noelle Kuntz, soprano & Isaac Risling, piano

“Dentro il mio petto io sento” from *La finta giardiniera*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Franz Faeldo, tenor & Gregory Knight, piano

Two Mélodies
Sylvie
Nell

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Devin Law, tenor & Gregory Knight, piano

Deux mélodies hébraïques

Kaddisch
L'éngime éternelle

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Noelle Kuntz, soprano

Der arme Peter, op. 53 no. 3

Der Hans und die Grete tanzen herum
In meiner Brust, da sitzt ein Weh
Der arme Peter wankt vorbei

Robert Schumann
(1810 - 1856)

Franz Faeldo, tenor

“Total Eclipse” from *Samson*

Georg Frederic Handel
(1685-1759)

Devin Law, tenor

~ INTERMISSION ~

Four Lieder from *Spanisches Liederbuch*

Eide so die Liebe schwur
Sagt, seid ihr es, feiner Herr
Trau' nicht der Liebe, mein Liebster, gib acht!
Wer tat deinem Füsslein weh

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Noelle Kuntz, soprano

Poème d'un jour, op. 21
Rencontre
Toujours
Adieu

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Franz Faeldo, tenor

Five Lieder from *Dichterliebe*, op. 48
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Die Rose, die Lillie, die Taube, die Sonne
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh
Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Robert Schumann
(1810 - 1856)

Devin Law, tenor

Three Songs from *Hermit Songs*
St. Ita's Vision
Sea Snatch
The Desire for Hermitage

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Noelle Kuntz, soprano

Three Spanish Songs
Al amor
La mi sola, Laureola
Del Cabello más sutil

Fernando Obradors
(1897-1945)

Devin Law, tenor with Allen Zhou, Piano

Two Art Songs
The Lake Isle of Innisfree
On Music

Ben Moore
(b. 1960)

Franz Faeldo, tenor

"Never Mind the Why and Wherefore" from *H.M.S. Pinafore*

William Gilbert (1836-1911)
Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

~~ *TRANSLATIONS* ~~

Amarilli mia bella

My lovely Amaryllis,
Don't you know, O my heart's sweet desire,
That it is you whom I love?
Believe in my love; and if fear besets you,
Don't doubt that it's true.
Open my breast and see written on my heart:
Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis, is my love.

Dentro i mio petto io sento

Within my breast I hear
the sweet sounds
of flute and oboe.
What joy and contentment, to which
a greater pleasure cannot hold a candle
save that of sheer ecstasy.

But, o God! Suddenly,
the harmony changes
and makes my heart tremble.
The violas enter into the fray
and torment me
with a gloomy air.
A great noise suddenly erupts:
kettledrums, trumpets,
bassoons, contrabass
all combine and cause me to despair.

Nell

Your crimson rose, o June,
sparkles intoxicated to your bright sun;
tilt your gilded cup towards me too:
my heart and your rose are alike.

From beneath the soft shelter of the shady leaf
rises a sigh of delight;
more than one dove sings its amorous lament,
o my heart, in the lonely wood.

How sweet your pearl is in this flaming sky,
star of the pensive night!
But how much sweeter is the vivid brightness
which shines in my enchanted heart!

The singing sea, along the shore,
will silence its eternal murmuring,
before your image stops flowering
in my heart, dear beloved, o Nell!

Sylvie

If you want to know my fair one,
whither, on strong wings, the bird
which was singing on the elm is flying?
I shall tell you, my fair one,
it is flying to the one who calls it,
towards the one
who will love it!

If you want to know my blond one,
why, on earth and on the waves,
the very night grows alive and smooth?
I shall tell you, my blond one,
it is because there is an hour in the world
when, far from day,
love keeps watch!

If you want to know Sylvie,
why I madly love
your brilliant and languorous eyes?
I shall tell you Sylvie.
It is that without you in life
all is but pain
for my heart.

Lydia

Lydia, over your rosy cheeks,
and over your neck, so fresh and white,
sparkling, rolls
the fluid gold that you untie.

The day which is gleaming is the best:
let us forget the eternal tomb.
Let your dove's kisses
sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily ceaselessly diffuses
a divine scent in your breast:
like a swarm, delights
escape from you, young Goddess!

I love you and am dying, o my loves!
My soul is ravished by kisses.
O Lydia, give me back my life,
that I might die eternally!

Kaddisch

May thy glory, O King of Kings, be exalted, O thou
who art to renew the world and resurrect the dead.

May thy reign, Adonai, be proclaimed by us, the
sons of Israel,
today, tomorrow, for ever. Let us all say: Amen.
May thy radiant name be loved, cherished, praised,
glorified.
May it be blessed, sanctified, exalted, thy name
which soars
above the heavens, above our praises, above our
hymns,
above all our benisons. May merciful heaven grant
us
tranquillity, peace, happiness. Ah!
Let us all say:
Amen.

L'énigme éternelle

World, you question us:
Tra la tra la la la
The answer comes:
Tra la la ...
If you cannot be answered:
Tra la la ...
World, you question us:
Tra la la ...

Der Hans und die Grete

Hans and Grete are dancing about,
And crying aloud for joy.
Peter stands there speechless and still,
Looking as white as chalk.
Hans and Grete are groom and bride,
And gleam in wedding finery.
Poor Peter is biting his nails
And wearing his working clothes.
Peter mumbles to himself
Looking sadly at the pair:
'If I weren't such as sensible lad,
I'd do myself some harm.'

In meiner Brust

'The pain in my breast
Will burst my heart;
Wherever I am, wherever I go,
It drives me ever onwards.
'It drives me to be near my love,
As if Grete could ease my pain;
But when I look into her eyes,
I must hurry away again.
'I climb up to the high hills,
For there one is alone;
And when I'm standing still up there,
I stand quite still and weep.'

Der arme Peter

Poor Peter totters past,
So slowly, timid and pale;

Folk in the street almost stop
When they see him passing by.
The girls whisper to each other:
'He must have risen from his grave.'
Which is not true, my dear young girls,
He's about to lie in his grave.
He has lost his own true love,
And so the grave is the best place
For him to lie and sleep
Till the Day of Judgement comes.

Eide so die Liebe Schwur

Oaths which love has sworn
Are but feeble sureties.

When Love sits in judgement,
Then, senor, do not forget,
Then she proceeds not by right or duty,
But always by favour.
Oaths which love has sworn
Are but feeble sureties.

There you will find the distressed,
Binding themselves with vows,
Which vanish with the wind
Like flowers in the field.
Oaths which love has sworn
Are but feeble sureties.

And as clerks of the court
You'll find vain thoughts.
Because their feeble hands tremble,
They will not record you accurately.
Oaths which love has sworn
Are but feeble sureties.

And when the sureties are assembled
And all await a verdict,
They will prepare the judgement; -
But never execute it!
Oaths which love has sworn
Are but feeble sureties.

Sagt, seid ihr es, feiner Herr

Say, was it you, dear sir,
Who recently danced so nicely,
And danced and sang?

Was it you, whose voice
Stopped all from getting a word in?
Who talked so big,
Who sang so well, without a slip?
Yes, upon my soul, it was you
Who capered with us like this,
And danced and sang.

Was it you who knew nothing
Of castanets and song,
Who had never known love
And fled from female fetters?
Yes, it was you; but I'll wager
That you've embraced many a sweetheart
And danced and sung.

Was it you who praised
Dancing and singing to the skies?
Was it you who sat in the corner
And wouldn't stir a limb?
Yes, it was you, I recognize you now,
Who made us yawn
And danced and sang!

Trau nicht der Liebe

Put no trust in love,
My beloved, take care!
It will make you weep,
Though you laughed today.

Do you not see the moon
Waning?
Happiness is no less
Inconstant.
It soon avenges itself;
And love, beware!
It will make you weep,
Though you laughed today.

So be on your guard
Against foolish pride!
Though crickets in May
Chirp in the trees;
They then fall asleep,
And love, beware!
It will make you weep,
Though you laughed today.
Where are you roaming?
Be well advised:
Cupid with his arrows
Has tricks up his sleeve.
The days hasten by,
And love, beware!
It will make you weep,
Though you laughed today.

It is not always light,
It is not always dark;
The spark of joy
Quickly fades.
A false companion
Is Love, beware!
It will make you weep,
Though you laughed today.

Wer tat deinem Füßlein weh

"Who hurt your little foot?
La Marioneta,
Your heel as white as snow?
La Marion."

I'll tell you what afflicts me,
I'll not withhold a single word:
Last night I went to the rose-bush,
And plucked a rose;
I trod on a thorn as I went,
La Marioneta,
Which pierced me to the heart,
La Marion.

I'll tell you all my woes,
My friend, and not deceive you:
I went into a wood alone
To pick myself a lily;
A sharp thorn pricked me there,
La Marioneta,
It was a sweet word of love,
La Marion.

I'll tell you frankly
Of my sickness, my wounds:
I went into the garden today,
Where the loveliest carnation grew;
A splinter hurt me there,
La Marioneta,
It bled and still bleeds now,
La Marion.

"Beauteous lady, if you will,
I'm a surgeon of good repute,
I'll heal your wound so gently
That you'll scarcely notice it.
You'll soon be well again,
La Marioneta,
Soon be free of all your pain,
La Marion."

Rencontre

I was sad and pensive when I met you,
Today I feel less my persistent pain;
O tell me, could you be the long hoped-for woman,
And the ideal dream pursued in vain?
O passer-by with gentle eyes, could you be the
friend
To restore the lonely poet's happiness,
And will you shine on my steadfast soul
Like native sky on an exiled heart?
Your timid sadness, like my own,
Loves to watch the sun set on the sea!
Such boundless space awakes your rapture,

And your fair soul prizes the evenings' charm.
A mysterious and gentle sympathy
Already binds me to you like a living bond,
And my soul quivers, overcome by love,
And my heart, without knowing you well, adores
you.

Toujours

You ask me to be silent,
To flee far from you for ever
And to go my way alone,
Forgetting whom I loved!
Rather ask the stars
To fall into infinity,
The night to lose its veils,
The day to lose its light!
Ask the boundless sea
To drain its mighty waves,
And the raging winds
To calm their dismal sobbing!
But do not expect my soul
To tear itself from bitter sorrow,
Nor to shed its passion
As springtime sheds its flowers!

Adieu

How swiftly all things die, the rose in bloom,
And the cool dappled mantle of the meadows;
Long-drawn sighs, loved ones, all smoke!
In this fickle world we see our dreams
Change more swiftly than waves on the shore,
Our hearts change more swiftly than frosted
flowers!
To you I thought I would be faithful, cruel one,
But alas! the longest loves are short!
And I say, taking leave of your charms, without
tears,
Almost at the moment of my avowal, Farewell!

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the buds burst into bloom,
Then it was that in my heart
Love began to burgeon.
In the wondrous month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
Then it was I confessed to her
My longing and desire.

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Aus meinen Tränen spriessen

From my tears there will spring
Many blossoming flowers,
And my sighs shall become
A chorus of nightingales.
And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
And at your window shall sound
The nightingale's song.

Die Rose, die Lillie, die Taube, die Sonne

Rose, lily, dove, sun,
I loved them all once in the bliss of love.
I love them no more, I only love
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;
She, most blissful of all loves,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh

When I look into your eyes,
All my pain and sorrow vanish;
But when I kiss your lips,
Then I am wholly healed.
When I lay my head against your breast,
Heavenly bliss steals over me;
But when you say: I love you!
I must weep bitter tears.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Let me bathe my soul
In the lily's chalice;
The lily shall resound
With a song of my beloved.
The songs shall tremble and quiver
Like the kiss that her lips
Once gave me
In a wondrously sweet hour.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

In the Rhine, in the holy river,
Mirrored in its waves,
With its great cathedral,
Stands great and holy Cologne.
In the cathedral hangs a picture,
Painted on gilded leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has cast its friendly rays.
Flowers and cherubs hover
Around Our beloved Lady;
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
Are the image of my love's.

Al amor

Give me, Love, kisses without number,
your hands seizing my hair,
give me eleven hundred of them,
and eleven hundred more,
and then...
many more thousands, and three more!
And so that no one may know,
let's forget the tally
and...count backwards.

La mi sola, Laureola

My one and only, Laureola
My one and only, only, only,
I'm the captive Leriano
Even though I'm very proud
I'm wounded by that hand
Of which in the whole world, there is only one.
My one and only, Laureola
My one and only, only.

El majo celoso

From the majo who I'm falling for,
I've learned this complaint.
He sighs endlessly
Night after night at my fence:
"My beauty, I'm dying
Of rash and painful love
And I'd like to forget you since
I want more, and I can't have it!"
Someone has told him that on the Pradera
I've been seen hanging around with a cad
Wearing silk stockings
And a velvet coat.
Babe, I love you,
Don't believe that I'm dying
Because of an old love affair
With that peasant.

Del cabello más sutil

From the finest hair
in your tresses
I wish to make a chain
to draw you to my side.
In your house, young girl,
I'd fain be a pitcher,
to kiss your lips
whenever you went to drink. Ah!