



Donald F. Cook Recital Hall
M.O. Morgan Building
Saturday, 17 April 2004 at 7:00 p.m.

Graduation Recital

Amanda Dawe, voice
Accompanist: Leslee Heys

Where'er you walk (Semele)

George Frederic Handel
(1685-1759)

Allerseelen
Zueignung

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
Heart, we will forget him
I never saw a Moor

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)
Richard Pearson Thomas
(1957-)

Seven Classical Spanish Songs
La mi sola, Laureola
Al Amor
¿Corazón, porque pásais..
El Majo celoso
Con amores, la mi madre
Del Cabeloo más sutil
Chiquitita la noiva

Fernando J. Obradors
(1897-1945)

Presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for Music 440B

TRANSLATIONS

Allerseelen (All Souls Day)

Set the fragrant mignonette on the table
Bring in the last red asters
And let us talk again of love,
As once in May.

Give me your hand that I may press it
secretly,
And if folk watch us, it is all one to me;
Give me only once of your sweet glances
As once in May.

There are blossoms and scents on every
grave today;
one day in the year at least belongs to the
dead
Come to my heart, that I may have you
again,
As once in May.

Zueignung (Dedication)

Yes you know it, dear soul,
That, far from you, I pine;
Love makes hearts sick -
Have thanks!

Once reveling in freedom,
I lifted up the amethyst cup
And you blessed the drink -
Have thanks!

And you banished the evil spirits
Till I was, what I had never
Holy, and holy fell on your heart;
Have thanks!

I. My Only Laureola

My only Laureola
My only, only, only one,
I, captive Leriano
Am very proud
To be wounded by the hand
which is unique in the world.
My only Laureola
My only, only, only one.

II. To Love

me, Love, countless kisses,
Your hands upon my hair,
Give me eleven hundred of them,
And eleven hundred more,
And then....
Many more thousand!
And so that no one may know,
Let's forget the count
And.... start all over again.

III. Oh Heart...

O heart, why do you lie awake
During the nights made for love
When your mistress rests
In the arms of another lover?

IV. The Jealous Lad

From the lad whom I love
I have learned a plaintive song
Which he sighs a thousand and one
Night: My darling, I am dying.
Of a wild and cruel love,
Would that I could forget you,
I try, but I cannot!

They told him that in the meadow
I have been seen with a dandy
Dressed in a silk shirt
And a velvet vest.
My handsome boy, I love you,
Never think I am dying
Mad with love
For that dandy.

V. With Love, Oh Mother of Mine

With love, oh mother of mine,
With love I fell asleep;
And thus asleep I dreamed
Of what was hidden in my heart,
That love consoled me
Better than I deserved.
This boon of love
Lulled me to sleep,
And lessened my grief.
Through my faith in you and
With love, oh mother of mine,
With love I fell asleep.

VI. Of the Softest Hair

Of the softest hair
Which you wear in braids
I shall make a chain
To draw you to my side.
A jug in your house,
My darling, I would like to be,
To kiss your lips,
When you take a drink.

VII. A Tiny Bride

A tiny bride,
A tiny groom,
A tiny parlour
And a bedroom,
That's why I want
A tiny bed
And a mosquito net.