

**Suzanne Rigden, soprano**  
**Leslee Heys, piano**

Bester Jüngling

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Auch kleine Dinge  
Mein Liebster ist so klein  
Nein, junger Herr

Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

Pierrot

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

Clair du Lune

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

Fantoches

Claude Debussy  
ed. James R. Briscoe

Willow Song

Douglas Moore  
(1893-1969)

Cowboy Songs

*Bucking Bronco*  
*Lift me into Heaven*  
*Billy the Kid*

Libby Larsen  
(1950- )

*Presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for Music 345B*





## TRANSLATIONS

### **Bester Jüngling**

Dearest youth, with delight  
I accept your love,  
For in your charming glances  
I can find my happiness.  
But, oh if sad sorrow  
Should come after our love,  
Might I cancel out its joys?  
Young man, think it well over!  
Nothing is as  
precious and dear to me  
As your heart and your hand.  
With the purest passion of love  
I pledge my heart to you!

*Libretto by Stephanie the Younger*

### **Auch kleine Dinge**

Even little things can delight us,  
Even little things can be precious  
Consider how badly we adorn ourselves with  
pearls;  
They are very costly, yet they are only small.

*Anonymous*

### **Mein Liebster ist so klein**

My sweetheart is so small, that without stooping  
He sweeps the floor for me with his locks.  
When he went into the little garden to pick  
jasmine,  
He was very frightened by a snail.  
Then he went into the house to catch his breath,  
And a fly knocked him over in a heap;  
And  
when he stepped up to my little window,  
A horsefly knocked him in his skull.  
Cursed be all flies, gnats, and horseflies -  
And all who have a tiny sweetheart from  
Maremma!  
Cursed be all flies, gnats, and midges  
And all who must stoop so low for a kiss!

*Poetry by Paul Heyse*

### **Nein junger Herr**

No, young sir, one does not carry on so, in truth;  
One takes care to behave oneself properly.  
For everyday I am good enough - not true?  
Yet you seek better on festive days.  
No, young sir, if you will sin further,  
Your everyday sweetheart will give you notice!

*Poetry by Paul Heyse*

### **Pierrot**

The good Pierrot, whom the crow watches,  
Having finished at Harlequin's wedding,  
Wanders as in a dream along the Boulevard  
du Temple  
A young girl in a flimsy blouse  
In vain entices him with her scamp's eye;  
And meanwhile, mysterious and shiny  
Making him its dearest delight,  
The white moon with horns of bull  
Casts a glance offstage  
At his friend Jean Gaspard Debureau

*Poetry by Théodore Faullin de Banville*

### **Clair du lune**

Your soul is a chosen landscape  
Charmed by masques and revelers  
Playing the lute and dancing and almost  
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises!  
Even while singing, in a minor key,  
Of victorious love and fortunate living  
They do not seem to believe in their happiness,  
And their song mingles with the moonlight,

The calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,  
Which sets the birds in the trees dreaming,  
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,  
The tall slender fountains among the marble.

*Poetry by Paul Verlaine*

### **Fantoches**

Scaramouche and Pulcinella  
met for a mischievous prank,  
They made rude gestures under the moon.

Meanwhile, the excellent Dr. Bolonais  
Slowly gathered some simples  
Among the brown grass.

Then his daughter, a pretty minx  
Under the bushes, slyly  
Slid half-naked,

In search for her handsome Spanish pirate,  
While an amorous nightingale  
Clamored in distress at the top of its voice.

*Poetry by Paul Verlaine*