MELODY STARTZELL, SOPRANO

HAEJU CHOI, PIANO

JUNIOR RECITAL
ORGAN HALL
SUNDAY, APRIL 24, 2016 • 7:30 PM

ASU Herberger Institute
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

School of Music
Program

Piangero la sorte mia...........................George Frideric Handel
from Giulio Cesare
(1685-1759)

Die Stille............................................Robert Schumann
Liederkreis, Op. 39, No. 4
(1810-1856)

Du bist wie eine Blume.......................Schumann
Myrthen, Op. 25, No. 24

Widmung..............................................Schumann
Myrthen, Op. 25, No. 1

The sun, whose rays are all ablaze...........Arthur Sullivan
from The Mikado
(1842-1900)

See How They Love Me..........................Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)

Loveliest of Trees...............................John Duke
(1899-1984)

Will There Really Be A Morning?...............Richard Hundley
(b. 1931)

How Could I Ever Know........................Lucy Simon
from The Secret Garden
(b. 1943)

Vanilla Ice Cream...............................Jerry Bock
from She Loves Me
(1928-2010)

****There will be a 10-minute intermission****
Out of respect for the performers and those audience members around you, please turn all beepers, cell phones and watches to their silent mode. Thank you.
I will cry over my fate
And yet thus in one day, I lost my splendor and greatness?
Oh, cruel fate! Cesar, my beautiful god, is most likely dead.
Cornelia and Sesto are defenseless, and cannot give me aid.
Oh God! Is there no hope left in my life?

I will cry over my fate,
So cruel and so terrible,
As long as there is life in my chest.
But when I’m dead,
I will come back as a ghost,
And, in tyranny, haunt you day and night.

The Silence
No one knows or can guess,
How good I feel, so good!
Oh if only one person knew, only one,
No one else should know otherwise.

It’s not as silent out there in the snow,
Nor quiet and secretive
Are the stars in the sky,
As my thoughts are.

I wish I were a bird
And could fly over the sea,
Well over the sea and further,
Until I was in heaven.

You are like a Flower
You are like a flower
So fair and beautiful and pure;
I look at you, and sadness creeps into my heart.

It is as if I should take my hand
And place it upon your head,
Praying to God that he keep you so fair and beautiful and pure.
Dedication

You are my soul, you are my heart,
You are my bliss, Oh you are my pain.
You are my world, in which I live,
My heaven, you, wherein I am flying,
Oh you are my grave, in which
I have laid down my grief.

You are my rest, you are my peace
You are bestowed upon me from heaven.
Your love for me gives me worth,
Your gaze has transfigured me,
You raise me lovingly above yourself.
My good spirit, my better self!

Nocturne

Oh fresh night, transparent night,
Mystery without obscurity,
The life is dark and devouring,
Oh fresh night, transparent night
Give me your tranquility.

Oh beautiful night, starry night,
You look down at me,
Light my troubled soul,
Oh beautiful night, starry night,
Place your smile in my thoughts.

Oh sacred night, silent night,
Full of peace and gentleness.
My heart boils over like an urn,
Oh sacred night, silent night.
Bring silence into my heart.

Oh great night, solemn night,
In which everything is delightful.
Take my whole being under your wing,
Oh great night, solemn night,
Pour sleep into my eyes.
Translations

Rencontre

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai rencontrée;
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon obstiné tourment.
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme inespérée,
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement?
Ô, passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu donc l'amie
Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète isolé?
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme affermie,
Comme le ciel natal sur un cœur d'exilé?

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la mer.
Devant l'immensité ton extase s'éveille,
Et le charmé des soirs à ta belle âme est cher.
Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un vivant lien,
Et mon cœur frémit, par l'amour envahie,
Et mon âme te chérir sans te connaître bien!

Aimons-nous

Aimons-nous et dormons
Sans songer au reste du monde!
Ni le flot de la mer, ni l'ouragan des monts,
Tant que nous nous aimons
Ne courbera ta tête blonde,
Car l'Amour est plus fort
Que les Dieux et la Mort!

Le soleil s'éteindrait,
Pour laisser ta blancheur plus pure.
Le vent qui jusqu'à terre incline la forêt,
En passant n'oserait
Jouer avec ta chevelure,
Tant que tu cacheras
Ta tête entre mes bras!

Et lorsque nos deux coeurs
S'en iront aux sphères heureuses
Où les célestes lys écloront sous nos pleurs,
Alors, comme des fleurs,
Joignons nos lèvres amoureuses,
Et tâchons d'épuiser
La Mort dans un baiser!

To Meet

I was sad and pensive when I met you;
Today I feel less of my stubborn torment.
Oh tell me, would you be the unexpected woman.
And the ideal dream vainly pursued?
Oh passerby with gentle eyes, would you be the friend
Who will bring happiness to a lonely poet?
And will you shine on my strengthened soul,
Like the native sky on the exiled heart?

Your wild sadness, similar to mine,
Likes to see the sun set on the sea.
Facing the immensity, your ecstasy awakens,
And the charm of the evenings is dear to your beautiful soul.
A mysterious and sweet kindness
Already chains me to you like a living link,
And my soul trembles, overwhelmed with love,
And my heart cherished you without knowing you well!

We Love

We love and sleep
Without thoughts of the rest of the world!
Neither the flood of the sea nor the storm of the mountains,
As long as we love each other,
Will bend your blonde head.
For love is stronger
Than the Gods and Death!

The sun will extinguish,
To leave your pale skin more pure.
The wind that bends the forest to the ground,
In passing would not dare
Play with your hair,
As long as you hide
Your head in my arms!

And when our two hearts
Will go to happy spheres
Where the celestial lilies will bloom under our tears,
So, like the flowers,
We join our amorous lips,
And we try to defeat
Death with a kiss!

Melody Startzell's Junior Recital
Translations

Deh vieni, non tardar

Giunse alfin il momento
Che godro senz'affanno
In braccio all'idol mio.
Timide cure! uscite dal mio petto;
A turbar non venite il mio diletto!
Oh come par che all'amoroso foco
L'amenità del loco,
La terra e il ciel risponda,
Come la notte i furti miei seconda!

Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioja bella.
Vieni ove amore per goder t'appella
Finché non splende in ciel notturna face
Finché l'aria e ancor bruna, e il mondo tace.
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza l'aura,
Che col dolce susurro il cor ristaura,
Qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba è frescar.
Ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adesca.
Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante ascose,
Vieni, vieni!
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

Oh come, don't delay

The moment finally arrives
When I'll enjoy without worry
In the arms of my idol.
Timid fears, out of my chest;
Don't disturb my delight!
Oh, how the fires of love,
The beauties of this place,
Earth and heaven respond,
As the night responds to my schemes!

Oh come, don't delay, my beautiful joy,
Come where love calls you for enjoyment,
Until night's torches no longer shine in the night sky
As long as the air is still dark, and the world is silent.
Where the river murmurs, where the light plays,
And with gentle whispers restores the heart,
Here, little flowers laugh and the grass is fresh,
Everything is beckoned by the pleasures of love.
Come, my beloved, among the hidden plants,
Come, come!
I want to crown you with roses.

Melody Startzell’s Junior Recital