Samuel Stefanski

Senior Recital
Recital Hall | Monday, October 24, 2016 | 7:30

Program

-Please hold your applause until the end of each language set-

Liederkreis, Op. 24
I. "Morgens steh' ich auf und frage"
II. "Es treibt mich hin"
III. "Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen"
IV. "Lieb' Liebchen"
V. "Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden"
VI. "Warte, warte wilder Schiffmann"
VII. "Berg und Burgen schaun herunter"
VIII. "Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen"
IX. "Mit Myrten und Rosen"

Robert Schumann
1810-1856

La mi sola, Laureola
Al Amor
Corazon, porque pasais...
Con amores, la mi madre...
Del Cabello mas sutil
Chiquitita la Novia

Fernando Obradors
1897-1945

Love To Me
Sibella
Time Stops
So She Dances
Beautiful City

Adam Guettel
Steven Lutvak
Andrew Lippa
Adam Crossley
Stephen Schwartz

ASU Herberger Institute
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

School of Music
Liederkreis, Op. 24

I. "Morgens steh' ich auf und frage"

Each morning I get up and ask:
will my sweetheart come today?
At evening I sink down and lament: today, too, she stayed away.
At night, with my grief,
I lie sleepless, awake;
in the daytime I wander
Dreaming, as if half-asleep

II. "Es treibt mich hin"
I am driven to and fro!
A few more hours and I shall see
her, her, the fairest of the maidens.
Poor heart, how hard you beat!
But the hours are a lazy lot!
They shuffle lethargically, as they please, and, yawning, crawl on
their way. Look sharp, you lazy lot!
Raging impatience grips me,
urging me on. But the hours can never have loved.
Secretly sworn to a cruel alliance, they spitefully
mock lovers' haste.

III. "Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen"
I wandered beneath the trees
alone with my grief.
Then dreams of old came
and stole into my heart.
Who taught you that word,
birds in the airy heights?
Hush! When my heart hears it
once more it aches.
"A maiden came walking,
who sang it all the time.
Then we birds took up
that lovely, golden word."
You should not tell me this,
birds of wondrous cunning.

IV. "Lieb' Liebchen"
Dearest sweetheart, lay your hand
on my heart.
can you hear how it pounds in its room?
A Carpenter lodges there,
vile and wicked, building me a coffin.
The hammering and banging, day and night,
has long robbed me of sleep.
Hurry, master carpenter,
that I soon may sleep.

V. "Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden"
Fair cradle of my sorrows, fair
Tombstone of my peace, fair town,
We must part. Farewell, I cry to you.
Farewell, sacred threshold
Where my dearest love walks.
Farewell, sacred spot where I first saw her.
Would that I had never seen you, fair queen of my heart.
Then it would never have happened that I am now so wretched.
I never wished to touch your heart, I have never begged
for love. All I wished was to lead a tranquil life where you breathed.
But you yourself are driving me away.
Your lips speak bitter words. Madness gnaws at my senses,
and my heart is sick and wounded.
And with weary, listless limbs I will trudge away on my stick,
till I lay down my tired head
in a cool, distant grave.

VI. "Warte, warte wilder Schiffmann"
Wait, wait, rough sailor, I'll follow
you now to the port: I am taking
my leave of two maidens of
the sea.

VII. "Berg und Burgen schaun herunter"
Mountains and castles gaze down
into the clear, mirroring Rhine.
And my little boat sails blithely
along, surrounded by glistening sunlight.
Calmly I watch the play
of the golden, rippling waves.
Softly those feelings awaken
which I cherished deep in my heart.
Sweetly greeting, promising, the river's splendor
lures me down; But I know it—
sparkling on the surface,
it hides night and death in its depths.
Joy above, malevolence in its heart: river, you are the image of
my love. She can nod just as sweetly; smile just as gently and
innocently.

VIII. "Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen"
At first I almost despaired,
thinking I could never bear it. Yet
borne it I have, but do not ask me how.

IX. "Mit Myrten und Rosen"
With myrtles and roses, charming and dear, with fragrant cypresses and gold tinsel I would decorate this book like a coffin. And bury my songs within it. Oh, could I but bury my love there too! On love's grave grows the flower of peace; there it blossoms, there it is picked. For me it will bloom only when I am in my grave. Here, then, are songs which once, wild as a stream of lava gushing from Etna, burst from the depths of my soul, showering many flashing sparks around. Now they lie mute, as if dead, rigid, cold, pale as mist; but the old fire will revive them afresh if ever love's spirit should hover over them. Many an intimation stirs within my heart: the spirit of love will one day dawn above them, and one day this book will come into your hands, my sweet love, in a far-off land. The magic spell on my songs shall be broken; the pale letters shall gaze at you, gaze beseechingly into your lovely eyes, and whisper with the melancholy breath of love.

Obradors

La mi sola, 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
Al Amor
Give 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.

Corazon, porque pasais...
O heart, why do you lie awake
During the nights made for love
When your mistress rests
In the arms of another lover
Con amores, la mi madre...
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!

Del Cabello mas sutil
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.

Chiquitita la Novia
A tiny bride,
A tiny groom,
A tiny parlor,
And a bedroom
That's why I want
A tiny bed
And a mosquito net.