Liebst du um Schönheit
If you love for beauty, Oh do not love me!
Love the sun, It has gold hair!
if you love for youth, Oh do not love me!
Love the spring-time, it is young each year!
If you love for wealth, Oh do not love me!
Love the mermaid, she has many limpid pearls!
If you love for love, Oh yes, love me!
Love me forever; I will love you forevermore!

Le Secret
I want the morning not to know the name that I told to the night;
In the dawn wind, silently, may it evaporate like a teardrop.
I want the day to proclaim the love that I hid from the morning,
And (bent over my open heart) to set it aflame, like a grain of incense.
I want the sunset to forget the secret I told to the day,
And to carry it away with my love in the folds of its pale robe!

Adieu
Like everything that dies quickly, the blown rose,
The fresh multi-colored cloaks on the meadows.
Long sighs, those we love, gone like smoke.
One sees in this frivolous world, Change.
Quicker than the waves on the beach, Our dreams,
Quicker than frost on the flowers, Our hearts.
One believes oneself faithful to you, Cruel, But alas! The longest of love
affairs Are short! And I say on quitting your charms, Without tears,
Close to the moment of my avowal, Farwell!

Rencontre
I was sad and thoughtful when I met you; today I feel less my persistent
torment. Oh tell me, would you be the unhoped-for woman, and the
ideal dream pursued in vain? Oh, passing lady with gentle eyes, would
you be that friend who will bring back happiness to the lonely poet? And
will you shine on my strengthened soul, like the sky from home on the
heart of one in exile?

Your wild sadness, alike to mine, likes to see the sun setting on the sea.
Facing the vastness your ecstasy awakens and the charm of the evenings
is dear to your beautiful soul. A mysterious and gentle understanding
already binds me to you like a living bond, and my soul trembles, by love
overwhelmed, and my heart cherishes you without knowing you well!
Program

Italian

Ma rendi pur contento
Il fervido desiderio
Dolente immagine di Fille mia
Vaga luna che inargentì

Ma rendi pur contento
Only make happy The heart of my beautiful [lady],
And I will pardon you, love if my own [heart] is not glad.
Her troubles I fear More than my own troubles,
Because I live more in her Than I live in myself.

Il fervido desiderio
When will that day come
that I can see again
that which the loving heart
Doth much desire?
When will that day come
Wherein my breast will receive you
My soul, love’s beautiful buring flame.

Dolente immagine di Fille mia
Sad image of my Phyllis,
Why drearily sit here beside me?
What more do you desire? A flood of tears
I have poured on ashes from the pyre.
Think that I, forget our sacred vow,
May be enkindled by another face?
Shadow of Phyllis, rest in peace.
Inextinguishable is our old fire.

Vaga luna che inargentì
Beautiful moon, shining silver, these banks and flowers,
Evoking from the elements the language of love.
Only you are witness to my fervent desire.
Go tell her, tell my beloved how much I long for her and sigh.
Tell her that with her so far away, My grief can never be allayed,
That the only hope I cherish,
Is for my future to be spent with her.
Tell her that day and night I count the hours of my yearning,
That hope, a sweet hope beckons, And comforts me in my love.

German

Frühlingslied
Das erste Veilchen
Winterlied
Liebst du um Schönheit

Frühlingslied
In the forest little birds Are singing sweet sounds;
Along the heath are blooming Beautiful flowers in the May sunshine.
Thus blooms my valiant courage, When it thinks of her goodness,
Which enriches my spirit As a dream does for the poor man.

Das erste Veilchen
When I see the first violet,
How I was enchanted by colors and fragrance!
The messenger of the spring,
I feel full pleasure in my swelling hoping breast
The spring is over, the violet is dead;
There are many flowers, blue and red,
I am in the middle, and hardly see them,
The violet seems to me in the spring dream.

Winterlied
My son, where are you going so late? Do not go out to the forest.
The sister find you nevermore,
0 stay with me in the house!
The outside is so cold, so rough, And hard blows the wind;
We’re all alone in the wide forest, 0 stay with me, my child!
0 mother, mother, let me draw near, Dry your teary eye,
The Sister I will find certainly, And bring her back to us.
Until I find her, I will not rest, But no rest is here.
The snow and wind I’m used to, Soon I return home to you.
The mother looked after him long; He went out to the forest.
The wind was still, the night passed, But he does not return to the house.
The snow melted, the wind was gone and the sunshine came again.
And blossoms ’and leaves everywhere; The mother was left alone.

French

Le Secret
Adieu
Rencontre

Le Secret
Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

**There will be a 10-minute intermission**

O Danny Boy
O Mistress Mine
The Ash Grove

O Danny Boy
Arr. Tom Mangum
(1877-Preasent)

O Mistress Mine
Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

French

**Songs of Travel**

The Vagabond
Whither Must I Wander?
Youth and Love

The Vagabond
Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

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.
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Reilly Price and Mary Cota
Voice and Piano

Senior Recital
Fifth Floor Recital Hall
September 19, 2016 7:30pm

ASU Herberger Institute
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY
School of Music