
Presents in Junior Recital

Saturday, November 2, 2024 at 2:00 p.m.

Program

Va pure ad altri in braccio (*La fnta giardiniera*).....

Translations

Go then to the arms of another

And it has come to this,
your ungrateful deceit!

Tell me, barbarous woman,
wicked monster of cruelty,
of what crime is this poor heart guilty?

Ah, how my anger prevents my breathing.
And I feel in my breast,
hate, disdain, fury, anger and spite.

Go then to the arms of another
deceitful, ungrateful woman,
cruel and pitiless Fury,
I will always be yours!

Indeed, you wish me to be miserable,
and, far from your sight,
I will die miserable.

It is finished

It is fulfilled!

Oh, what comfort for the deeply wounded souls!

The night of grief and sorrow
has now reached its last hours.

The hero from Judah wins with might
and ends the battle.

It is finished!

Stilled longing

Immersed in the golden light of evening
how festive the woods stand!

The gentle blowing of the evening breezes
mingles with the soft voices of the little birds.

What does the wind whisper to the little birds?
They are whispering the world to sleep.

You desires, that are always stirring
In my heart without rest or peace!
You longings, that the breast move,
when will you rest, when will you sleep?
To the whispering of the wind and the little birds,
when will you, longing desires, fall asleep?
Ah, when no longer into the golden distance
my spirit on dream wings hurries,
no longer on the eternally distant stars
With a longing gaze my eye lingers;
then the wind and the little birds will whisper
my longing with my life away.

Spiritual Lullaby

You who hover about these palms
in night and wind, you holy angels,
silence the treetops!
Here sleeps my child.

You palms of Bethlehem
In the wind's roaring,
how can you today so angrily whistle!
Oh roar not so!
Be still, bow down
yourselves softly and gently;
silence the treetops!
Here sleeps my child.

The boy of heaven
endures discomfort,
ah, how very tired he became
From the pain of the earth.

Ah, now in sleep him
quietly softened, the pain melts away,
silence the treetops!
Here sleeps my child.

Fierce cold rushes downward,
With what then can I cover
the little child's limbs?
Oh, all you angels,

you who go on wing upon the wind,
silence the treetops!
Here sleeps my child.

What are you doing, White turtledove?
Since yesterday I have-sought in vain for my master!
Is he still at the home of you, my lords, the Capulets?
Let us see a little if your worthy servants
at my voice this morning will dare to reappear.

What are you doing, white turtledove,
in this nest of vultures?
Some day, spreading your wing,
you will follow the love!
The vultures, they need the battle,
by striking with thrust and with cut
their beaks are sharpened!

Leave here, these birds of prey,
turtledove, who gets your joy
from amorous kisses!

Guard well, Fair one!
Whoever lives will see!
Your turtledove from you will escape!

A ring dove, far from the green farmland,
by love drawn,

every weather, be it warm, be it freezing,
I joke and I drink and deride the madmen
who only think of the future.

Let us not concern ourselves about the uncertain tomorrow,
when this day has been given to enjoy.

Let us make the most of the years of our youth,
The pleasure makes them pass more slowly;
If old age with a black face
Should stand at my back and threaten my life,
I joke and I drink and deride the madmen
who only think of the future.

Let us not concern ourselves about the uncertain tomorrow,
when this day has been given to enjoy

