



University of Idaho
Lionel Hampton School of Music

Alleluyah Vance, soprano
Stuart Evans, piano

Saturday, April 8, 2023
2:00 p.m.
Haddock Performance Hall

Program

- "In dem Schatten meiner Locken" **Hugo Wolf**
from *Spanisches Liederbuch; Weltliche Lieder* (1860-1903)
- "Ruhe sanft, mein holdes Leben" from *Zaide*, K. 344.....**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**
(1756-1791)
- "Du Ring an meinem Finger" from *Frauenliebe und -leben*, op. 42.....**Robert Schumann**
(1810-1856)
- "Oh! Quand je dors," LW N11; S.282.....**Franz Liszt**
(1811-1886)
- "Extase"**Henri Duparc**
(1848-1933)
- "Violon" from *Fiançailles pour Rire* (1939).....**Francis Poulenc**
(1899-1963)
- "Poor Wandering One" from *The Pirates of Penzance***Arthur Sullivan and W.S. Gilbert**
(1842-1900)(1836-1911)

Intermission

"Batti, batti o bel Masetto" from *Don Giovanni*, K. 527.....Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

"Chi vuol godere il mondo" from *La finta giardiniera*, K. 196.....Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

**"Quando m'en vo" from *La bohème*Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)**

**"Four songs from The Weary Blues" (1941).....Florence Price
(1887-1953)**

I. My Dream

II. Songs to the Dark Virgin

III. Ardella

IV. Dream Ships

**"The Girl in 14 G"Jeanine Tesori and Dick Scanlan
(b.1961)(b.1960)**

PROGRAM TRANSLATIONS

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

Poet: Paul Heyes (1830-1914)

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Schief mir mein Geliebter ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? – Ach nein!
Sorglich strahlt' ich meine krausen
Locken täglich in der Frühe,
Doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,
Weil die Winde sie zerzausen.
Lockenschatten, Windessausen
Schlieferten den Liebsten ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? – Ach nein!
Hören muß ich, wie ihn gräme,
Daß er schmachtet schon so lange,
Daß ihm Leben geb' und nehme
Diese meine braune Wange,
Und er nennt mich seine Schlange,
Und doch schlief er bei mir ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? – Ach nein!

Ruhe Sanft

Librettist: Johann Schachtner (1731-1795)

Ruhe sanft, mein holdes Leben,
schlafe, bis dein Glück erwacht;
da, mein Bild will ich dir geben,
schau, wie freundlich es dir lacht:
Ihr süßen Träume, wiegt ihn ein,
und lasset seinem Wunsch am Ende
die wollustreichen Gegenstände
zu reifer Wirklichkeit gedeihn

Du Ring an meinem finger

Poet: Adelbert von Chamisso

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringlein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.
Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.
Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.
Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringlein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

In the shadow of my tresses

In the shadow of my tresses
My lover has fallen asleep.
Shall I wake him now? – Ah no!
Carefully, I combed my curly
Tresses early each morning,
But my efforts are in vain,
For the winds tousle them.
Shade-giving tresses, sighing breezes
Have lulled my lover to sleep.
Shall I wake him now? – Ah no!
I shall have to hear how he grieves,
How he has languished so long,
How his whole life depends
On these my dusky cheeks.
And he calls me his serpent,
And yet he fell asleep at my side,
Shall I wake him now? – Ah no!
Translated by: Richard Stokes

Rest Peacefully

Rest peacefully, my beloved,
Sleep until happiness dawns,
My portrait I give you,
See, how kindly it smiles upon you.
Sweet dreams rock him to sleep,
And grant his wish at last,
That the things of which he dreams
May ripen into reality
Translated: Emily Ezust

You Ring on my finger

You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.
I had finished dreaming
Childhood's peaceful dream,
I found myself alone, forlorn
In boundless desolation.
You ring on my finger,
You first taught me,
Opened my eyes
To life's deep eternal worth.
I shall serve him, live for him,
Belong to him wholly,
Yield to him and find
Myself transfigured in his light.
You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.
Translated by: Richard Stokes

Oh! Quand je dors

Poet: Victor Hugo 1802-1885

Oh! quand je dors, viens auprès de ma couche,
Comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura,
Et qu'en passant ton haleine me touche ...
Soudain ma bouche
S'entr'ouvrira!
Sur mon front morne où peut-être s'achève
Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura,
Que ton regard comme un astre se lève ...
Et soudain mon rêve
Rayonnera!
Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une flamme,
Éclair d'amour que Dieu même épura,
Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens femme ...
Soudain mon âme
S'éveillera!

Extase

Poet: Jean Lahor (1840-1909)

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort ...
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
Du souffle de la bien-aimée ...
Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort ...

Violon

Poet: Louise de Vilmorin (1902-1969)

Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.
Ah! j'aime ces gémissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaises.
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
À l'heure où les Lois se taisent
Le cœur, en forme de friase,
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu

Poor wandering one

Librettist: William Gilbert (1836-1911)

Poor wandering one
Though thou hast surely strayed
Take heart of grace, thy steps retrace
Poor wandering one
Poor wandering one
If such poor love as mine
Can help thee find true peace of mind
Why, take it, it is thine
Take heart, no danger lowers
Take any heart but ours
Take heart, fair days will shine
Take any heart, take mine
Take heart, no danger lowers
Take any heart but ours
Take heart, fair days will shine
Take any heart, take mine

Ah, while I sleep

Ah, while I sleep, come close to where I lie,
As Laura once appeared to Petrarch,
And let your breath in passing touch me ...
At once my lips
Will part!
On my sombre brow, where a dismal dream
That lasted too long now perhaps is ending,
Let your countenance rise like a star ...
At once my dream
Will shine!
Then on my lips, where a flame flickers—
A flash of love which God himself has purified—
Place a kiss and be transformed from angel into woman..
At once my soul
Will wake!
Translated by: Richard Stokes

Rapture

On a pale lily my heart is sleeping
A sleep as sweet as death:
Exquisite death, death perfumed
By the breath of the beloved:
On your pale breast my heart is sleeping...
Translated by: Richard Stokes

Violin

Loving couple of misapprehended sounds
Violin and player please me.
Ah! I love these long wailings
Stretched on the string of disquiet,
To the sound of strung-up chords
At the hour when Justice is silent
The heart, shaped like a strawberry,
Gives itself to love like an unknown fruit
Translated by: Richard Stokes

Poor wandering one
Though thou hast surely strayed
Take heart of grace, thy steps retrace
Poor wandering one
Poor wandering one
Poor wandering one
Take heart, take heart
Take any heart but ours
Take heart, take heart
Take heart, no danger lowers
Take any heart but ours
Take heart, take heart
Take any heart but ours
Take heart

Batti Batti

Librettist: Lorenzo da Ponte

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto, la tua povera Zerlina: starò qui
come agnellina
le tue bôtte ad aspettar.

Lascero straziarmi il crine, lascerò cavarmi gli occhi; e le
tue care manine
lieta poi saprò baciar.

Ah, lo vedo, non hai core! Pace, pace, o vita mia!
In contento ed allegria notte e dì vogliam passar.

Chi vuol godere il mondo

Librettist: Giuseppe Petrosellini

Chi vuol godere il mondo
Chi vuol godere il mondo
lo lasci come sta.
Di niente mi confondo,
lo prendo come va.
Lo so che una fanciulla
dev'esser di buon cuore,
andar sincera e schietta;
ma ciò non serve a nulla
cogl'uomini oggidì
bisogna esser accorta,
mostrarsi indifferente,
finger la modestina,
fare la gattamorta,
saperli lusingar.
Quand'ero ancor fanciulla
mamma mi diè la scuola,
la voglio seguitar.

Quando m'en vo

Librettist: Luigi Illica & Giuseppe Giacosa

Quando m'en vo soletta per la via,
La gente sosta e mira
E la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me
Da capo a pie'...
Ed assaporo allor la bramosia
Sottile, che da gli occhi traspira
E dai palesi vezzi intender sa
Alle occulte beltà.
Così l'effluvio del desio tutta m'aggira,
Felice mi fa!
E tu che sai, che memori e ti struggi
Da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben le angosce tue non le vuoi dir,
Ma ti senti morir!

Masetto, hit your poor Zerlina

Masetto, hit your poor Zerlina, and I shall stay here like a
Lamb
To await your blows.

Pull out my hair, and pluck out my eyes!
I shall let you do these things
And happily kiss your hands afterwards.

I see it now! You haven't the heart! Peace, my dearest!
Let us rather pass night and day in happiness.
Translated by: Andrew Schneider

Whosoever would enjoy the world

Whosoever would enjoy the world
Should not try to change it.
I don't worry myself over anything.
I take it as it goes.
I know that a young maiden
Should have a good heart
And comport herself sincerely and frankly,
But with men these days,
That serves for naught.
One must be shrewd,
Pretend indifference,
Feign modesty,
Play the tease,
Know how to flatter them.
Surely, I am following in mama's footsteps,
For all of this she taught me
When I was but a lass.
Translated by: Andrew Schnieder

When I go

When I go all by myself through the street,
People stop and look,
And everyone looks at my beauty
From head to foot.
And therefore I savor the subtle desire
Which emanates from their eyes,
And from the obvious charms is understood
The hidden beauty.
Like this the flood of desire surround me,
It makes me happy!
And you who know, so that memory is tearing you up
Why do you fly from me so much again?
I know very well that you don't want to speak about
Your agony,
But you feel yourself dying!
Translated by: Marc Verzatt

Four songs from the weary blues

Poet: Langston Hughes

I. My Dreams

To fling my arms wide
In some place of the sun,
To whirl and to dance
Till the white day is done.
Then rest at cool evening
Beneath a tall tree
While night comes on gently,
Dark like me—
That is my dream!

To fling my arms wide
In the face of the sun,
Dance! Whirl! Whirl!
Till the quick day is done.
Rest at pale evening . . .
A tall, slim tree . . .
Night coming tenderly
Black like me.

II. Songs to the Dark Virgin

Would that I were a jewel,
A shattered jewel,
That all my shining brilliants
Might fall at thy feet,
Thou dark one.

Would
That I were a garment,
A shimmering, silken garment,
That all my folds
Might wrap about thy body,
Absorb thy body,
Hold and hide thy body,
Thou dark one.

Would
That I were a flame,
But one sharp, leaping flame
To annihilate thy body,
Thou dark one.

III. Ardella

I would liken you
To a night without stars
Were it not for your eyes.
I would liken you
To a sleep without dreams
Were it not for your songs.

IV. Dream Ships

The spring is not so beautiful there—
But dream ships sail away
To where the spring is wondrous rare
And life is gay.

The spring is not so beautiful there—
But lads put out to sea
Who carry beauties in their hearts
And dreams, like me.

The Girl in 14G

Lyricist: Jeanine Tesori

Just moved in to 14G
So cozy, calm, and peaceful
Heaven for a mouse like me
With quiet by the lease-full
Pets are banned parties too
And no solicitations
Window seat with garden view
A perfect nook to read a book
I'm lost in my Jane Austen when I hear

Say it isn't so
Not the flat below
From an opera wanna be
In 13G
A matinee of some cantata
Wagner's Ring
And Traviata

My first night in 14G
I'll put up with Puccini
Brew myself a cup of tea
Crochet until she's "fini"
Half past eight
Not a peep
Except the clock tick-tockin'
Now I lay me down to sleep
A comfy bed to rest my head
A stretch, a yawn, I'm almost gone when

Now the girl upstairs
[Laughs]
Wakes me unawares
Blowing down from 15 G
Her reveille
She's scattin' like her name is Ella
Guess who answers a cappella

I'm not one to
Raise my voice
Make a fuss
Or speak my mind
But might I query
Would you mind if
Could you kindly

STOP!
That felt good
STOP!

13, 15, 14G
A most unlikely trio
Not quite three part harmony

All day and night we're singing

I've had my fill of peace and quiet
Shout out loud I've changed my diet
All because of 14g