



SENIOR RECITAL SERIES | SPRING 2024

Friday, May 10, 2024, 8:00PM

Taplin Auditorium, Fine Hall

Lana Utley '24

Soprano

Senior Voice Recital

Accompanied by Charlie Ku '26, *piano*

The use of photographic, video, or audio equipment is strictly prohibited. Please turn off or mute electronic devices for the duration of the performance.

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PROGRAM

**WOLFGANG
AMADEUS MOZART**
1756-1791

Ah! chi mi dice mai, from *Don Giovanni*

GABRIEL FAURÉ
1845-1924

Les roses d'Ispahan, from *4 Songs, Op.39*

En sourdine, from *Cinq Mélodies « de Venice »*,
Op.58

Chanson d'amour, from *2 Songs, Op.27*

HUGO WOLF
1860-1903

Selections from Mörike-Lieder

XII. Verborgenheit

XVI. Elfenlied

XIII. Im Frühling

XLVIII. Storchbotschaft

INTERMISSION

GIACOMO PUCCINI
1858-1924

O mio babbino caro, from *Gianni Schicchi*

FRANCIS POULENC
1899-1963

Trois Poèmes de Louise de Vilmorin

I. Le garçon de Liège

II. Au-delà

III. Officiers de la garde blanche

PROGRAM

FRANCIS POULENC

1899-1963

Selections from Fiançailles pour rire

II. Dans l'herbe

III. Il vole

ALBERTO GINASTERA

1916-1983

Cinco canciones populares argentinas

I. Chacarera

II. Triste

III. Zamba

IV. Arrorró

V. Gato

PROGRAM NOTES

By Lana Utley

Ah! chi mi dice mai

"Ah! chi mi dice mai" is an aria sung by character Donna Elvira in Act I of the timeless opera, *Don Giovanni*, by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. The plot revolves around the notorious womanizer Don Giovanni (Don Juan), a charismatic nobleman who seduces women with impunity and shows no remorse for his actions. Donna Elvira makes her first appearance in the opera singing this aria, which describes her abandonment by a former lover, and her desire for revenge against him. She soon runs into Don Giovanni, recognizes him as the former lover, and spends the rest of the first act thwarting Don Giovanni's subsequent attempts at seduction and warning others of his treachery. This aria holds special significance for me as it was the first aria I ever performed, making it a fitting choice to commence my senior recital.

Les roses d'Ispahan

One of Fauré's most-loved and most-performed songs, *"Les roses d'Ispahan,"* beautifully captures the essence of the Persian city with its lush rose gardens and romantic allure. The poet behind the evocative verses, Charles Marie René Leconte de Lisle, was a prominent figure of the French Parnassian movement, known for his vivid imagery and exotic themes. Rosa 'Ispahan', also known as 'Rose d'Ispahan' and 'Pompon des Princes', is a clear pink, half-open kind of Damask rose, a type of garden rose introduced from the Middle East to Europe during 13th century. Fauré's composition captures the essence of the Persian city of Ispahan, famed for its fragrant rose gardens. With graceful melodies and rich harmonies, Fauré paints a vivid sonic landscape that mirrors the lush imagery of the poet's verses. "Roses d'Ispahan" unfolds like a delicate bloom, each note infused with the intoxicating scent of roses and the whispered secrets of love. Through this enchanting song, Fauré showcases his mastery of melody and his ability to evoke profound emotion with elegance and subtlety.

En sourdine

“*En sourdine*” envelops readers in a serene twilight atmosphere, where profound silence reigns and the gentle rustle of the wind stirs the grass, creating a tranquil stillness. Within this tranquil setting, the poet, Paul Verlaine, intimately shares the private world of two lovers, using personal language such as “our love,” “our souls,” and “our hearts” to convey their deep connection. As the poem progresses, the fusion of the lovers' emotions with nature becomes evident, vividly depicted through natural imagery that evokes the sensation of viewing an exquisite painting. From the tall branches casting shadows to the drowsy trees and the soothing breath of the wind, each detail paints a rich tableau of the lovers' surroundings. Yet, the poem's tone gradually shifts from the muted optimism of daylight to the somber despair of evening, mirrored by the nightfall and the nightingale's melancholic song. In this piece, Fauré adorns the tranquil setting with a subtle but significant element: a gentle breeze, portrayed through the flowing motion in the accompaniment.

Chanson d’amour

“*Chanson d'amour*” is a poignant and tender song composed by Gabriel Fauré, setting to music the evocative poetry of Paul-Armand Silvestre. Through Fauré's exquisite melody and delicate harmonies, the song captures the essence of romantic longing and emotional intimacy. Translating to “Love Song”, this piece expresses feelings of romantic love. Silvestre's verses, infused with imagery of love's eternal yearning, provide the perfect lyrical backdrop for Fauré's musical expression. “Chanson d'amour” unfolds like a heartfelt confession, each note resonating with the depth of the poet's sentiments.

Selections from Mörike-Lieder

The “*Mörike Lieder*” by Hugo Wolf stand as a pinnacle of German art song repertoire. Comprising 53 settings of poems by the 19th-century poet Eduard Mörike, these songs represent a profound musical fusion of poetry and music. Wolf's deep admiration for Mörike's poetry shines through in each composition, as he skillfully captures the essence of the text through his rich and expressive musical language. In the “*Mörike Lieder*,” Wolf masterfully explores a wide range of emotions and themes, from the simplicity of nature to the complexities of

human experience. Through his sensitive musical settings, he brings Mörike's vivid imagery and poignant narratives to life, creating a deeply evocative and immersive listening experience.

One of Hugo Wolf's most popular songs, "*Verborgenheit*" is atypical of the composer's style and tells a story of withdrawal and seclusion. The melody unfolds with a delicate grace, mirroring the delicate interplay between the singer's inner thoughts and the natural surroundings. Yet, beneath the surface tranquility lies a yearning for connection and understanding, as the protagonist grapples with feelings of isolation and the desire for communion with the world.

Wolf's musical interpretation of Eduard Mörike's poem, "*Im Frühling*", encapsulates the essence of the text- a story of the experience of Spring. The piano's opening notes establish the song's atmosphere, delicately suggesting the gentle warmth of a spring morning. Throughout the piece, Wolf employs a range of techniques to convey the poem's diverse array of emotions. Moments of tenderness and sweetness intertwine with passages of intense passion, mirroring the poem's nuanced emotional landscape. The music ebbs and flows, mirroring the rhythms of life itself.

"*Elfenlied*" tells the story of an elf. As the night watchman's calls echo through the stillness, an elf stirs from his slumber, startled by the cry of "Elfe!" He ponders whether he is being beckoned and decides to explore the night. Enticed by the sight of a wall adorned with flickering fireflies, he imagines it to be a grand wedding feast, an event he finds himself drawn to attend. However, his enthusiasm leads him to stumble over the unforgiving cobblestones. Despite his clumsiness, the elf exudes an undeniable charm, capturing the attention of those around him. With a mischievous glint in his eye, the composer, Wolf, sets the scene with a lively scherzo, dancing playfully in the high registers.

The piece, "*Storchenbotschaft*", charmingly recounts a shepherd's encounter with two storks, eventually realizing they signify the birth of twins. Through delicate melodies and nuanced harmonies, Wolf captures the shepherd's emotional journey from confusion to understanding, mirroring Mörike's pastoral imagery. With its whimsical narrative and lyrical expression, "Storchenbotschaft" stands as a testament to Wolf's ability to translate poetic beauty into musical form, inviting listeners into a world where nature and human experience intertwine harmoniously.

O mio babbino caro

“*O Mio Babbino Caro*” is widely known among opera enthusiasts as one of the most beloved soprano arias. Composed by the renowned Italian musician Giacomo Puccini, the aria is featured in his 1918 work “Gianni Schicchi.” This comedic one-act opera, which stands as Puccini’s sole venture into comedy, draws inspiration from Dante’s masterpiece “The Divine Comedy.” Set in 13th-century Florence, Italy, the opera recounts the tale of Gianni Schicchi, offering a delightful narrative infused with Puccini’s signature musical brilliance. The opera follows the cunning Gianni Schicchi as he helps a wealthy family maneuver through a tangled inheritance dispute. The aria is sung by Lauretta, Schicchi’s daughter, who pleads with her father to allow her to marry her beloved Rinuccio. Amidst the chaos of the inheritance plot, “O Mio Babbino Caro” serves as a poignant moment of emotional honesty, as Lauretta expresses her longing for love and happiness. The aria’s simple yet heartfelt melody and touching lyrics have made it a beloved staple of the soprano repertoire, captivating audiences with its tender beauty and emotional resonance.

Trois Poèmes de Louise de Vilmorin and Selections from Fiançailles pour rire

French composer, Francis Poulenc, is renowned for composing music based on the works of lesser-known poets. He famously set three of Louise de Vilmorin’s poems to music in “*Trois Poèmes de Vilmorin*” and six of her poems to music in “*Fiançailles pour rire*”. Vilmorin’s distinctive writing style adds an intriguing dimension to the compositions, and Poulenc’s method of setting the text vividly brings out the enigmatic qualities of her poems. Their collaboration resulted in a charming and captivating work of art.

In the “*Trois Poèmes de Louise de Vilmorin*”, there emerges a potential portrayal of the poet herself: a person captivated by the spontaneity of desire, embracing a carefree attitude, and consistently diving headlong into love despite its evident risks. In “*Le Garçon de Liège*,” Vilmorin copes with her “ennui” through encounters with a boy from Liège, who eludes capture and drifts in and out of her life. The song features a pun on words intended by the authoress: “de Liège”, meaning either “from the town in Belgium” or “made of cork”.

The second song, "*Au-delà*", depicts Vilmorin's relationship with desire, which she views casually as a game of pleasure that concludes with a sigh; she values a partner who brings laughter. In the lyrics of this song, "eau-de-vie" can also be reference to the French name for various distilled spirits such as brandy.

In the cycle's concluding song, "Aux Officiers de la Garde Blanche," Vilmorin implores the White Guard to shield her from an overwhelming attraction, expressing, "Spare me the torment of pain/ Of loving him more one day than I do today." Collectively, the *Trois Poèmes de Louise de Vilmorin* illuminate the poet's ambivalence toward intimacy, as she wryly maintains a distance from others as a form of self-preservation.

In "*Fiançailles pour rire*", with heartfelt sincerity, Vilmorin and Poulenc crafted "Dans l'herbe," the second piece of the cycle, a poignant lament. The sorrowful narrator is a woman who has lost her lover to a solitary death. The setting unfolds entirely within the internal landscape of the speaker's emotions and imagination. The poem emerges from her hollow and vulnerable state, as if she is in a daze. The minimalist presentation of the poem contributes to the creation of a mood characterized by profound, gaping sorrow.

In "Il Vole," the third song in the cycle, the speaker, a woman deeply in love with an unreliable and absent lover who is also a thief, struggles with conflicting emotions in her apartment overlooking the town square. Despite being aware of her lover's questionable character, she longs for his return and hopes for reciprocation of her love. The poem, triggered by a particular sunset, articulates her inner turmoil as she grapples with the tension between her rationality and her passionate desire for him.

Cinco canciones populares argentinas

"*Cinco canciones populares argentinas*" are a set of five songs for voice and piano written in 1943 by Argentine composer Alberto Ginastera. Each song from this cycle takes its text from a traditional Argentinean tune: "Chacarera," "Triste," "Zamba," "Arrorró," and "Gato," respectively. Like composers before him such as Bach, Brahms, and Bartók, Ginastera emphasizes local color through simple melodies, Latin rhythms, and modern harmonic practices. These pieces demand virtuosity from the pianist while allowing the singer to express emotion through a restrained vocal line.

Originating from the heart of the central pampas and the northern Argentine interior, "*Chacarera*" derives its name from "chacra," meaning "farm." This lively music and dance form holds deep cultural significance, with variations found in popular dance traditions in Uruguay and Bolivia as well. Typically performed by one or two couples, the chacarera is characterized by its rapid pace and triple meter. The dance commences with the rhythmic beating of feet against the ground, accompanied by the strumming of introductory bars on the guitar. This dynamic combination of percussive footwork and melodic guitar accompaniment sets the energetic tone for the dance, inviting participants and spectators alike to immerse themselves in its spirited rhythms and joyful expressions of movement.

"*Triste*," although directly translating to "sad" or "sorrowful," in the context of this song, serves as an indication of its genre rather than describing its emotional content. Within this song cycle, "Triste" represents a nostalgic song centered on themes of unrequited love. Originating from the Andean yaraví of the Kechua Indians, this song type has manifested in various forms across South American lyrical traditions. During the nineteenth century, payadores in the pampa region popularized the triste, characterized by a slow guitar introduction, a melodic-recitative style with minimal accompaniment, and the incorporation of lamenting sighs such as "Ah" or "Ay." Despite its lack of a fixed structure, the triste embodies a deeply emotive and evocative quality, capturing the essence of melancholy and longing within its musical framework.

"*Zamba*," despite having a name similar to Brazilian samba, is an elegant dance originating from Peru in the eighteenth century, unrelated to its Brazilian counterpart. This dance form, often performed with scarves, has become an integral part of Argentine rural festivities. Ginastera's rendition of the zamba enriches its rhythmic sway with syncopated accompaniment, enhancing the dance's characteristic charm. In this piece, Ginastera reflects the bimodal nature of Argentine folk music and adds depth to the composition.

The arrorró is a traditional lullaby whose origins have become obscure over the centuries. In Ginastera's collection of five songs, "Arrorró" stands out as the sole piece where he preserves the original text, rhythm, and melody without alteration. By preserving the integrity of the source material, Ginastera honors the rich heritage of the arrorró while infusing it with his own artistic interpretation.

The final song in this cycle is “*Gato*”. The gato, known as the "cat dance," traces its roots back to the early South American colonies, where it evolved from the Spanish romanza. While initially popular in Chile, Mexico, and Peru, the gato reached its peak popularity in rural and urban areas of Argentina during the late eighteenth to late nineteenth centuries. Ginastera's interpretation of the gato largely adheres to its traditional six-part structure. It begins with a piano introduction, followed by two sections of text, an interlude (which repeats the introduction), and another two sections of text. Throughout, lively zapateo interludes punctuate the dance, adding vigor and rhythmic intensity to the composition.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Adapted from Oxford Leader

Ah! chi mi dice mai

Ah, chi mi dice mai
Quel barbaro dov'è
Che per mio scorno amai
Che mi mancò di fe?
Ah, se ritrovo l'empio
E a me non torna ancor
Vo' farne orrendo scempio
Gli vo' cavare il cor.

Ah who will ever tell me

Ah, who will ever tell me
where the rascal is
whom, to my shame, I loved
and who betrayed me?
Ah, if I can find the villain
and he will not come back to me,
I will make a horrible example of him.
I will tear out his heart!

Les roses d'Ispahan

Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de
mousse,
Les jasmins de Mossoul, les fleurs de
l'oranger
Ont un parfum moins frais, ont une odeur
moins douce,
Ô blanche Leilah! que ton souffle léger.

Ta lèvre est de corail, et ton rire léger
Sonne mieux que l'eau vive et d'une voix
plus douce,
Mieux que le vent joyeux qui berce
l'oranger,
Mieux que l'oiseau qui chante au bord
d'un nid de mousse ...

Ô Leilah! depuis que de leur vol léger
Tous les baisers ont fui de ta lèvre si
douce,
Il n'est plus de parfum dans le pâle
oranger,

The roses of Isfahan

The roses of Isfahan in their mossy
sheaths,
The jasmines of Mosul, the orange
blossom
Have a fragrance less fresh and a scent
less sweet,
O pale Leilah, than your soft breath!

Your lips are of coral and your light
laughter
Rings brighter and sweeter than running
water,
Than the blithe wind rocking the orange-
tree boughs,
Than the singing bird by its mossy nest ...

O Leilah, ever since on light wings
All kisses have flown from your sweet lips,
The pale orange-tree fragrance is spent,

Ni de céleste arôme aux roses dans leur
mousse ...

Oh! que ton jeune amour, ce papillon
léger,
Reviens vers mon cœur d'une aile
prompte et douce,
Et qu'il parfume encor les fleurs de
l'oranger,
Les roses d'Isfahan dans leur gaine de
mousse!

En sourdine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Mêlons nos âmes, nos cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

And the heavenly scent of moss-clad
roses ...

Oh! may your young love, that airy
butterfly,
Wing swiftly and gently to my heart once
more,
To scent again the orange blossom,
The roses of Isfahan in their mossy
sheaths!

Muted

Calm in the twilight
Cast by loft boughs,
Let us steep our love
In this deep quiet.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our enraptured senses
With the hazy languor
Of arbutus and pine.

Half-close your eyes,
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from your heart now lulled to rest
Banish forever all intent.

Let us both succumb
To the gentle and lulling breeze
That comes to ruffle at your feet
The waves of russet grass.

And when, solemnly, evening
Falls from the black oaks,
That voice of our despair,
The nightingale shall sing.

Chanson d'amour

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.

Verborgtheit

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Love song

I love your eyes, I love your brow,
O my rebel, O my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses shall dissolve.

I love your voice, I love the strange
Charm of all you say,
O my rebel, O my dear angel,
My inferno and my paradise.

I love your eyes, I love your brow,
O my rebel, O my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses shall dissolve.

I love all that makes you beautiful
From your feet to your hair,
O you the object of all my vows,
O my wild one, O my rebel.

I love your eyes, I love your brow,
O my rebel, O my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses shall dissolve.

Seclusion

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

I do not know why I grieve,
It is unknown sorrow;
Always through a veil of tears
I see the sun's beloved light.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,
Und die helle Freude zücket
Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Im Frühling

Hier lieg ich auf dem Frühlingshügel:
Die Wolke wird mein Flügel,
Ein Vogel fliegt mir voraus.
Ach, sag mir, alleinige Liebe,
Wo du bleibst, dass ich bei dir bliebe!
Doch du und die Lüfte, ihr habt kein Haus.

Der Sonnenblume gleich steht mein
Gemüte offen,
Sehnend,
Sich dehnend
In Lieben und Hoffen.
Frühling, was bist du gewillt?
Wann werd' ich gestillt?

Die Wolke seh ich wandeln und den Fluss,
Es dringt der Sonne goldner Kuss
Mir tief bis ins Geblüt hinein;
Die Augen, wunderbar berauschet,
Tun, als schliefen sie ein,
Nur noch das Ohr dem Ton der Biene
lauschet.
Ich denke dies und denke das,
Ich sehne mich und weiss nicht recht
nach was:
Halb ist es Lust, halb ist es Klage;

Often, I am lost in thought,
And bright joy flashes
Through the oppressive gloom,
Bringing rapture to my breast.

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

In Spring

Here I lie on the springtime hill:
The clouds become my wings,
A bird flies on ahead of me.
Ah tell me, one-and-only love,
Where you are, that I might be with you!
But you and the breezes, you have no
home.

Like a sunflower my soul has opened,
Yearning,
Expanding
In love and hope.
Spring, what is it you want?
When shall I be stilled?

I see the clouds drift by, the river too,
The sun kisses its golden glow
Deep into my veins;
My eyes, wondrously enchanted,
Close, as if in sleep,
Only my ears still harken to the humming
bee.
I muse on this, I muse on that,
I yearn, and yet for what I cannot say:
It is half joy, half lament;

Mein Herz, o sage,
Was webst du für Erinnerung
In golden grüner Zweige Dämmerung?
– Alte unnennbare Tage!

Elfenlied

Bei Nacht im Dorf der Wächter rief:
„Elfe!“
Ein ganz kleines Elfchen im Walde schlief
–
Wohl um die Elfe –
Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem Tal
Bei seinem Namen die Nachtigall,
Oder Silpelit hätt ihm gerufen.
Reibt sich der Elf die Augen aus,
Begibt sich vor sein Schneckenhaus,
Und ist als wie ein trunken Mann,
Sein Schläflein war nicht voll getan,
Und humpelt also tippe tapp
Durchs Haselholz ins Tal hinab,
Schlupft an der Mauer hin so dicht,
Da sitzt der Glühwurm, Licht an Licht.
„Was sind das helle Fensterlein?
Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein:
Die Kleinen sitzen beim Mahle,
Und treibens in dem Saale;
Da guck ich wohl ein wenig 'nein!“
– Pfui, stösst den Kopf an harten Stein!
Elfe, gelt, du hast genug?
Gukuk! Gukuk!

Storchenbotschaft

Des Schäfers sein Haus und das steht auf
zwei Rad,
Steht hoch auf der Heiden, so frühe wie
spat;

Tell me, O heart,
What memories you weave
Into the twilit green and golden leaves?
– Past, unmentionable days!

Elf-song

The village watch cried out at night:
“Eleven!”
An elfin elf was asleep in the wood –
Just at eleven –
And thinks the nightingale was calling
Him by name from the valley,
Or Silpelit had sent for him.
The elf rubs his eyes,
Steps from his snail-shell home,
Looking like a drunken man,
Not having slept his fill,
And hobbles down, tippety tap,
Through the hazels to the valley,
Slips right up against the wall,
Where the glow-worm sits, shining bright.
“What bright windows are these?
There must be a wedding inside:
The little folk are sitting at the feast
And skipping round the ballroom;
I’ll take a little peek inside!”
Shame! he hits his head on hard stone!
Elf, don’t you think you’ve had enough?
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Stork-tidings

The shepherd’s house stands on two
wheels,
High on the moor, morning and night,

Und wenn nur ein mancher so'n
Nachtquartier hätt!
Ein Schäfer tauscht nicht mit dem König
sein Bett.

Und käm ihm zu Nacht auch was
Seltsames vor,
Er betet sein Sprüchel und legt sich aufs
Ohr;
Ein Geistlein, ein Hexlein, so lustige Wicht,
Sie klopfen ihm wohl, doch er antwortet
nicht.

Einmal doch, da ward es ihm wirklich zu
bunt:
Es knopert am Laden, es winselt der
Hund;
Nun ziehet mein Schäfer den Riegel – ei
schau!
Da stehen zwei Störche, der Mann und
die Frau.

Das Pärchen, es machet ein schön
Kompliment,
Es möchte gern reden, ach, wenn es nur
könnt!
Was will mir das Ziefer! – ist so was
erhört?
Doch ist mir wohl fröhliche Botschaft
beschert.

Ihr seid wohl dahinten zu Hause am
Rhein?
Ihr habt wohl mein Mädal gebissen ins
Bein?
Nun weinet das Kind und die Mutter noch
mehr,

A lodging most would be glad of!
No shepherd would change his bed with
a king.

And should by night any strange thing
occur,
He prays a brief prayer and lies down to
sleep;
A ghost, a witch, some airy creature –
They might come knocking, but he'll not
answer.

But one night it really became too much:
A tap on the shutters, a whine from the
dog;
So my shepherd unbolts – lo and behold!
Two storks stand there, a husband and
wife.

The couple, they make a beautiful bow,
They'd like to speak, if only they could!
What can these feathered friends want of
me! Whoever heard the like?
They must have joyful tidings for me.

You live over there, down by the Rhine?
I guess you've paid my girl a visit?
The child's now crying, the mother even
louder,

Sie wünschet den Herzallerliebsten sich
her?

Und wünschet daneben die Taufe bestellt:
Ein Lämmlein, ein Würstlein, ein Beutelein
Geld?
So sagt nur, ich käm in zwei Tag' oder
drei,
Und grüßt mir mein Bübel und rührt ihm
den Brei!

Doch halt! warum stellt ihr zu zweien euch
ein?
Es werden doch, hoff ich, nicht Zwillinge
sein? –
Da klappern die Störche im lustigsten Ton,
Sie nicken und knixen und fliegen davon.

O mio babbino caro

O mio babbino caro
Mi piace, è bello, bello
Vo' andare in Porta Rossa
A comperar l'anello!
Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!
E se l'amassi indarno,
Andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,
Ma per buttarmi in Arno!
Mi struggo e mi tormento!
O Dio, vorrei morir!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!

She wants her sweetheart by her side?

And wants the christening feast arranged:
A lambkin, a sausage, a purse of money?
Well, tell her I'm coming in two days or
three,
Say hello to my boy, give his pap a stir!

But wait! Why have two of you come?
It can't, I hope, be a case of twins? –
At that the stork clatter most merrily
They nod and curtsy and fly away.

Oh my dear father

Oh my dear papa
I like him, he is so handsome.
I want to go to Porta Rossa
To buy the ring!
Yes, yes, I want to go there!
And if my love were in vain,
I would go to the Ponte Vecchio
And throw myself in the Arno!
I am pining, I am tormented!
Oh God, I would want to die!
Father, have pity, have pity!
Father, have pity, have pity!

Le garçon de Liège

Un garçon de conte de fée
M'a fait un grand salut bourgeois
En plein vent, au bord d'une allée,
Debout sous l'arbre de la Loi.

Les oiseaux d'arrière saison
Faisaient des leurs malgré la pluie
Et prise par ma déraison
J'osai lui [dir]1: "Je m'ennuie."

Sans dire un doux mot de menteur
Le soir dans ma chambre à tristesse
Il vint consoler ma pâleur.
Son ombre me fit des promesses.

Mais c'était un garçon de Liège,
Léger, léger comme le vent
Qui ne se prend à aucun piège
Et court les plaines du beau temps.

Et dans ma chemise de nuit,
Depuis lors quand je voudrais rire
Ah! beau jeune homme je m'ennuie,
Ah! dans ma chemise à mourir.

Au-delà

Eau-de-vie, au-delà
À l'heure du plaisir
Choisir n'est pas trahir
Je choisis celui-là.

Je choisis celui-là
Qui sait me faire rire
D'un doigt de-ci, de-là

The boy from Liège

A fairy-tale boy
Bowed low to me,
In the wind, at the edge of an alley,
Standing beneath the tree of Justice.

The late autumn birds
Kept themselves busy, in spite of the rain,
And, seized by a foolish thought,
I dared to say to him: I'm bored.

Without saying a single deceitful word,
In the evening, into my room of sadness,
He came to console my pallor.
His shadowy presence made me
promises.

But it was a boy from Liège,
Light, light as the wind
Who won't be caught in any traps
And roams the plains in good weather.

And in my nightgown,
Ever since then, when I'd like to laugh,
Oh, handsome young man, I'm bored,
Oh, in my nightgown, to death.

Beyond

Water of life! Beyond!
At the hour of pleasure,
Choosing is not betraying,
I choose that one.

I choose that
Which can make me laugh out loud,
With a finger here, there,

Comme on fait pour écrire

Comme on fait pour écrire
Il va par-ci, par-là
Sans que j'osais lui dire
J'aime bien ce jeu-là

J'aime bien ce jeu-là
Qu'un souffle fait finir.
Jusqu'au dernier soupir
Je choisis ce jeu-là.

Eau-de-vie, au-delà
À l'heure du plaisir
Choisir n'est pas trahir
Je choisis celui-là.

Aux officiers de la Garde Blanche

Officiers de la garde blanche,
Gardez-moi de certaines pensées la nuit,
Gardez-moi des corps à corps et de
l'appui
D'une main sur ma hanche.

Gardez-moi surtout de lui
Qui par la manche m'entraîne
Vers le hasard des mains pleines,
Et les ailleurs d'eau qui luit.

Epargnez-moi les tourments en
tourmente
De l'aimer un jour plus qu'aujourd'hui
Et la froide moiteur des attentes
Qui presseront aux vitres et aux portes
Mon profil de dame déjà morte.

As when one is writing.

As when one is writing,
It travels this way, that way,
Without my daring to say to it:
I love this game.

I love this game,
Which a single breath puts to an end,
Until the last sigh,
I choose this game.

Water of life! Beyond!
At the hour of pleasure,
Choosing is not betraying,
I choose that one.

To the officers of the White Guard

Officers of the White Guard,
Guard me from certain thoughts, at night,
Guard me from hand-to-hand contact
and the feel
Of a hand on my hip.

Guard me above all from he
Who by the sleeve drags me
Toward the hazard of an embrace
And elsewhere of water that shines.

Spare me the torment of pain
From loving him more one day than I do
today,
And the cold dampness of expectation
Which will leave an impression on the
windows and the doors of
My profile: that of a lady already dead.

Officiers de la garde blanche,
Je ne veux pas pleurer pour lui
Sur terre. Je veux pleurer en pluie
Sur sa terre, sur son astre orné de buis,
Lorsque plus tard je planerai transparente
Au-dessus des cent pas d'ennui.

Officiers des consciences pures,
Vous qui faites les visages beaux,
Confiez dans l'espace, au vol des oiseaux,
Un message pour les chercheurs de
mesures
Et forgez pour nous des chaînes sans
anneaux.

Dans l'herbe

Je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.
Il est mort de sa belle
Il est mort de sa mort belle
Dehors
Sous l'arbre de la Loi
En plein silence
En plein paysage
Dans l'herbe.

Il est mort inaperçu
En criant son passage
En appelant
En m'appelant.
Mais comme j'étais loin de lui
Et que sa voix ne portait plus
Il est mort seul dans la bois
Sous son arbre d'enfance.
Et je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.

Officers of the White Guard,
I don't want to weep for him
On earth, I want to weep in rain,
On his land, on his carved boxwood star,
When later I may float transparently,
Above one hundred steps of ennui.

Officers of pure consciences,
You who make faces beautiful,
Trust in space, in the flight of birds,
A message for those seeking action,
And forge for us chains without rings.

In the grass

I can say nothing more
Do nothing more for him.
He died for his fair one
He died a fair death
Outside
Beneath the tree of Justice
In utter silence
In open country
In the grass.

He died unnoticed
Crying out as he passed away
Calling, calling me
But since I was far from him
And since his voice no longer carried
He died alone in the woods
Beneath his childhood tree
And I can say nothing more
Do nothing more for him.

Il vole

En allant se coucher le soleil
Se reflète au vernis de ma table:
C'est le fromage rond de la fable
Au bec de mes ciseaux de vermeil.
Mais où est le corbeau? Il vole.

Je voudrais coudre mais un aimant
Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles.
Sur la place les joueurs de quilles
De belle en belle passent le temps.
Mais où est mon amant? Il vole.

C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant,
Le corbeau vole et mon amant vole,
Voleur de coeur manque à sa parole
Et voleur de fromage est absent.
Mais où est le bonheur? Il vole.

Je pleure sous le saule pleureur
Je mêle mes larmes à ses feuilles
Je pleure car je veux qu'on me veuille
Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur.
Mais où donc est l'amour? Il vole.

Trouvez la rime à ma déraison
Et par les routes du paysage
Ramenez-moi mon amant volage
Qui prend les coeurs et perd ma raison.
Je veux que mon voleur me vole

Chacarera

A mí me gustan las ñatas
Y una ñata me ha tocado

Stealing away

As the sun goes down,
It is reflected in the varnish of my table:
It is like the round cheese of the fable
At the tip of my silver scissors.
But where is the raven? Stealing away.

I would like to sew but a magnet
Draws all my needles to it.
In the square the bowlers
Spend their time playing game after game
But where is my lover? Stealing away.

My lover is a thief,
The raven flies and my lover steals,
Steals my heart and breaks their word
And the thief who stole the cheese is
gone.
But where is happiness? Stealing away.

I weep under the weeping willow
My tears mingle in its leaves
I cry because I want to be wanted
And my thief does not love me.
But where is love? Stealing away.

Find the sense to my madness
And by the country roads
Bring me back to my fickle lover
Who takes hearts and makes me lose my
senses.
I want my thief to steal me away.

Chacarera

I love girls with little snub noses
and a snub-nose girl is what I've got.

Ñato será el casamiento
Y más ñato el resultado.

Cuando canto chacareras
Me dan ganas de llorar
Porque se me representa
Catamarca y Tuoumán.

Triste

Ah!
Debajo de un limón verde
Donde el agua no corría
Entregué mi corazón
A quien no lo merecía.

Ah!
Triste es el día sin sol
Triste es la noche sin luna
Pero más triste es querer
Sin esperanza ninguna.
Ah!

Zamba

Hasta las piedras del cerro
Y las arenas del mar
Me dicen que no te quiera
Y no te puedo olvidar.

Si el corazón me has robado
El tuyo me lo has de dar
El que lleva cosa ajena
Con lo suyo ha de pagar
Ay!

Ours will be a snub-nose wedding
and snub-nosed children will be our lot.

Whenever I sing a chacarera
it makes me want to cry,
because it takes me back
to Catamarca and Tuoumán.

Sad

Ah!
Beneath a lime tree
where no water flowed
I gave up my heart
to one who did not deserve it.

Ah!
Sad is the sunless day.
Sad is the moonless night.
But sadder still is to love
with no hope at all.
Ah!

Zamba

Even the stones on the hillside
and the sand in the sea
tell me not to love you.
But I cannot forget you.

If you have stolen my heart
then you must give me yours.
He who takes what is not his
must return it in kind.
Ay!

Arrorró

Arrorró mi nene,
Arrorró mi sol,
Arrorró pedazo
De mi corazón.

Este nene lindo
Se quiere dormir
Y el pícaro sueño
No quiere venir.

Gato

El gato de mi casa
Es muy gauchito
Pero cuando lo bailan
Zapateadito.

Guitarrita de pino
Cuerdas de alambre.
Tanto quiero a las chicas,
Digo, como a las grandes.
Esa moza que baila
Mucho la quiero
Pero no para hermana
Que hermana tengo.
Que hermana tengo
Si, pónete al frente
Aunque no sea tu dueño,
Digo, me gusta verte.

Lullaby

Lullaby my baby;
lullaby my sunshine;
lullaby part
of my heart.

This pretty baby
wants to sleep
and that fickle sleep
won't come.

Gato

The cat of the house
is most mischievous,
but when they dance,
they stamp their feet.

With pine guitars
and wire strings.
I like the small girls
as much as the big ones.
That girl dancing
is the one for me.
Not as a sister
I have one already.
I have a sister.
Yes, come to the front.
I may not be your master
but I like to see you.

ABOUT

Lana Utley is a senior receiving a B.A. in Economics with certificates in Finance, French, and Vocal Performance. She currently studies voice with mezzo-soprano, Barbara Rearick, at Princeton, and her past teacher was Sherrill Ducharme at the Lawrenceville School. Lana's passion and dedication to music began early on when she started voice lessons at the age of 8 years old. She sang in choir throughout middle school and high school, and at Princeton, she is a soprano in the Princeton Playhouse Choir. She has participated in three music performance classes at Princeton: "Cafe Olé: Songs in Spanish," "Dido Reimagined," and "Songs of Les Six." In addition to her musical endeavors, Lana holds leadership roles as the captain of the synchronized figure skating team, a Julis-Rabinowitz Center for Public Policy and Finance (JRCPPF) Student Associate, and the chair of the USG Student Group Recognition Committee.

Outside of her academic and musical pursuits, Lana can be found on the stairmaster at Dillon Gym or enjoying a caffeinated drink at Starbucks or Small World. Upon graduating from Princeton, Lana will be in New York City working at Alliance Bernstein in Private Wealth Management.

Charlie Ku is a sophomore majoring in ORFE and looking to minor in Computer Science and Piano Performance. He currently studies piano under Prof. Francine Kay, and had studied under Prof. Rolf-Peter Wille during high school back in Taiwan. Charlie first started learning piano at the age of 5 and has participated in school chamber music and piano competitions/festivals throughout middle and high school. At Princeton, he is a pianist in the Princeton Pianists Ensemble as well as OPUS Chamber Music. Charlie has also participated in the music performance class "Songs of Les Six," in which he accompanied singers in a final concert at the end of the semester. Outside of music activities, Charlie is also a member of Paragon Global Investments and is working as a grader for COS226 and a research assistant for Prof. Filiz Garip in the SPIA department.

During his free time, Charlie can be found playing table tennis or pool at Frist. This summer, he will be in Taiwan, finishing his mandatory military service in Chiayi City.

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