L’ile inconnue

Say, young beauty,
Where do you wish to go?
The sail swells,
The breeze will blow.

The oar is made of ivory,
The flag is of silk,
The helm is of fine gold;
I have for ballast an orange,
For a sail, the wing of an angel,
For a deck boy, a seraph.

Say, young beauty,
Where do you wish to go?
The sail swells,
The breeze will blow.

Is it to the Baltic?
To the Pacific Ocean?
To the island of Java?
Or is it well to Norway,
To gather the flower of the snow,
Or the flower of Angsoka?

Say, young beauty,
Where do you wish to go?
The sail swells,
The breeze will blow.

-- Lead me, says the beauty,
To the faithful shore
Where one loves always!
-- This shore, my darling,
We hardly know at all
In the land of Love.

Translations by Emily Ezust
Program

Domine Deus
from Gloria in D
Antonio Vivaldi
(1687-1741)

Vedrai, Carino
from Don Giovanni
W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Neun Lieder und Gesänge op. 63
V. Meine Liebe ist grün
Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

VIII. O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück

Fünf Lieder op. 47
I. Botschaft

Les Nuits d'Été op. 7
I. Villanelle
Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

VI. L’île inconnue

Balm in Gilead
arr. Harry T. Burleigh
(1866-1949)

Give Me Jesus

Ride On King Jesus

Villanelle

When verdant spring again approaches,
When winter's chills have disappeared,
Through the woods we shall stroll, my darling,
The fair primrose to cull at will.

The trembling bright pearls that are shining,
Each morning we shall brush aside;
We shall go to hear the gay thrushes singing.

The flowers are abloom, my darling,
Of happy lovers 'tis the month;
And the bird his soft wing englossing,
Sings carols sweet within his nest.

Come with me on the mossy bank,
Where we'll talk of nothing else but love,
And whisper with thy voice so tender:
Always!

Far, far off let our footsteps wander,
Fright'ning the hiding hare away,
While the deer at the spring is gazing,
Admiring his reflected horns.

Then back home, with our hearts rejoicing,
And fondly our fingers entwined,
Let's return, let's return bringing fresh wild berries wood-grown.

Translations by Samuel Byrne

Ariel Mitchell is a student of Professor Agnes Fuller - Wynne. This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music Education.
Domine Deus

Lord God King of heaven.
Father God, omnipotent

Vedrai, Carino

You will see, my dear if you'll be good
the cure I have for you!
It's natural
It won't give you disgust
Though no apothecary
Can prescribe it.
It's a certain balm
I carry within me
Which I can give you,
If you'll try it.
You want to know
Where I keep it?
Then feel it beating,
Put your hand here.

Translations by Camila Argolo Freitas Batista

Meine Liebe ist grün

My love is as green as the lilac bush,
And my love is as fair as the sun,
Which gleams down on the lilac bush
And fills it with fragrance and bliss.

My soul has the wings of a nightingale
And rocks itself in blooming lilac,
And, intoxicated by the fragrance, cheers and sings
A good many love-drunk songs.

Translations by Emily Ezust
O würst ich doch den Weg zurück

Oh, if I only knew the road back,
The dear road to childhood's land!
Oh, why did I search for happiness
And leave my mother's hand?

Oh, how I long to be at rest,
Not to be awakened by anything,
To shut my weary eyes,
With love gently surrounding!

And nothing to search for, nothing to beware of,
Only dreams, sweet and mild;
Not to notice the changes of time,
To be once more a child!

Oh, do show me the road back,
The dear road to childhood's land!
In vain I search for happiness,
Around me naught but deserted beach and sand!

Translations by Leonard Lehrman

Botschaft

Blow, Breeze, gently and lovingly
About the cheeks of my beloved;
Play tenderly in her locks,
Do not hasten to flee far away!

If perhaps she is then to ask,
How it stands with poor wretched me,
Tell her: "Unending was his woe,
Highly dubious was his condition;

However, now he can hope
Magnificently to come to life again.
For you, lovely one,
Are thinking of him!"

Translations by Emily Ezust