Kelly Soprano is a student of Brian Nedvin. This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Masters Degree in Music Education.
Program

Va! Laisse couler mes larmes from *Werther*  
Jules Massenet  
(1842-1912)

Ganymed  
Franz Schubert  
(1791-1828)

Die Forelle  
Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

Wie Melodien  
Von Ewiger Liebe  
Wolfgang A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Mi tradi from *Don Giovanni*  
Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1923)

Iris, Hence Away  
George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

Pieta, Signore  
Alessandro Stradella  
(1639-1759)

*Songs to the Moon*  
Jake Heggie  
(b. 1961)

Once More to Gloriana  
Euclid

The Haughty Snail King  
What the Grey-winged Fairy Said

Bobby Kelser – Corleto, piano (for all pieces)
Au bord de l’eau

To sit together at the edge of the passing wave,
To see it pass;
Together, if a cloud glides by in space,
To see it glide;
If a thatched roof sends smoke on the horizon,
To see it smoke,
If in the vicinity some flower gives off a scent,
To take in that scent;
To hear, at the foot of the willow where water murmurs,
The water murmur;
Not to feel, so long as this dream lasts,
Time last;
But bringing no deep passion
Except to adore each other,
With no concern for the quarrels of the world,
To know nothing of them;
And alone together, in the face of all that causes weariness,
Without becoming weary,
To feel love, in the face of all that passes away, Not pass away!

Die Forelle

In a bright little brook
there shot in merry haste
a capricious trout:
past it shot like an arrow.

I stood upon the shore
and watched in sweet peace
the cheery fish's bath
in the clear little brook.

A fisher with his rod
stood at the water-side,
and watched with cold blood
as the fish swam about.

So long as the clearness of the water
remained intact, I thought,
he would not be able to capture the trout
with his fishing rod.

But finally the thief grew weary
of waiting. He stirred up
the brook and made it muddy,
and before I realized it,

his fishing rod was twitching:
the fish was squirming there,
and with raging blood I
gazed at the betrayed fish.
**Wie Melodien**

Like melodies it pervades
My senses softly.
Like spring flowers it blooms
And drifts along like fragrance.

But when a word comes and grasps it
And brings it before the eye,
And vanishes like a breath.

And yet there remains in the rhyme
A certain hidden fragrance,
Which gently, from the dormant bud,
A tearful eye evokes.

**Après un rêve**

In a slumber charmed by your image
I was dreaming of happiness, that fiery mirage.
Your eyes were gentler, your voice pure and ringing.
You were beaming like a sky lit up by the dawn.

You were calling me, and I was leaving the earth
To flee with you toward the light.
The heavens for us were slightly opening their clouds,
Unknown splendors, divine radiance glimpsed!

Alas, alas! Sad awakening from dreams.
I call you, o night, give me back your lies,
Come back radiant.
Come back, o mysterious night!
**Ganymed**

How in the morning light
you glow around me,
beloved Spring!
With love's thousand-fold bliss,
to my heart presses
the eternal warmth
of sacred feelings
and endless beauty!

Would that I could clasp
you in these arms!

Ah, at your breast
I lie and languish,
and your flowers and your grass
press themselves to my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst of my breast,
lovely morning wind!
The nightmare calls
lovingly to me from the misty vale.

I am coming, I am coming!
but whither? To where?

Upwards I strive, upwards!
The clouds float
downwards, the clouds
bow down to yearning love.
To me! To me!
In your lap
upwards!
Embracing, embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
All-loving Father!

**Chanson d’amour**

I love your eyes, I love your forehead,
O my rebellious one, o my fierce one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.

I love your voice, I love the strange
Grace of everything you say,
O my rebellious one, o my dear angel,
My hell and my paradise!

I love everything that makes you beautiful,
From your feet to your hair,
O you, toward whom all my wishes rise up,
O my fierce one, my rebellious one!
**Von ewiger Liebe**

Dark, how dark in forest and in field!
It is evening already; now the world is quiet.
Nowhere light anymore, and nowhere (chimney) smoke anymore—
Yes, even the lark is quiet now.
Forth from the village comes the lad;
He is escorting his sweetheart home.
He leads her by the willow grove;
He talks so much and about so many things:

“If you are suffering from shame, and troubled—
Suffering from shame in the face of others because of me,
Let our love be severed as suddenly,
As quickly, as we were once united.
May it depart with the rain and depart with the wind.
As quickly as we were once united.”

Says the girl— the girl speaks:
“Our love – it shall not be severed!
Steel is strong, and iron even more so:
Our love is stronger yet.
Iron and steel- one can re-forge them;
Our love- who can change it?
Iron and steel- they can be melted;
Our love must be forever, ever steadfast!”

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**Mi tradi quell’ alma ingrata**

In what excesses, O Heavens,
In what horrible, terrible crimes
The wretch has involved himself!
Ah no! The wrath of Heaven cannot delay,
Justice cannot delay.
I already sense the fatal bolt
Which is falling on his head!
I see the mortal abyss open!...
Unhappy Elvira! what a conflict of feelings
Is born in your breast!
Why these sighs?
And these pains?

That ungrateful soul betrayed me,
O God, how unhappy he made me!
But, though betrayed and abandoned,
I still know pity for him.
When I feel my suffering,
My heart speaks of vengeance;
But when I see the danger he's in,
My heart beats for him.
Translations

**Va! Laisse couler mes larmes**

Go! Let flow my tears!
they do (me) good, my darling!
The tears which one does not cry
Inside our soul fall again, all of them,
And with their patient drops
Hammer the heart sad and weary.
Its resistance finally exhausts itself;
The heart collapses and weakens;
It is too big; nothing fills it