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## Senior Recital Texts and Translations: Ashley Storinger, Soprano; Valen Pao, Piano; April 9, 2022

Ashley Storinger

Valen Pao

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Senior Recital  
Ashley Storing, *soprano*  
Valen Pao, *piano*

Texts and Translations  
April 9th, 2022

### **Fleur jetée**

Poetry by Armand Silvestre  
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Emporte ma folie  
Au gré du vent,  
Fleur en chantant cueillie  
Et jetée en rêvant.  
– Emporte ma folie  
Au gré du vent!

Comme la fleur fauchée  
Périt l'amour.  
La main qui t'a touchée  
Fuit ma main sans retour.  
– Comme la fleur fauchée,  
Périt l'amour!

Que le vent qui te sèche,  
Ô pauvre fleur,  
Tout à l'heure si fraîche  
Et demain sans couleur!  
– Que le vent qui te sèche,  
Sèche mon cœur!

### Discarded flower

English translation by Richard Stokes

Bear away my folly  
At the whim of the wind,  
Flower, plucked while singing  
And discarded while dreaming.  
Bear away my folly  
At the whim of the wind!

Like a scythed flower  
Love perishes.  
The hand that touched you  
Shuns my hand for ever.  
Like a scythed flower  
Love perishes!

May the wind that withers you,  
O poor flower,  
So fresh just now  
But tomorrow faded,  
May the wind that withers you,  
Wither my heart!

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### **Après un rêve**

Poetry by Romain Bussine  
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Dans un sommeil que charmait ton image  
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,  
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,

Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre  
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,  
Les cieus pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,  
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues.

Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes,  
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes mensonges;

Reviens, reviens, radieuse,  
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

### **Zum Schlafen**

Poetry by Ernst Ludwig Schellenberg  
Max Reger (1873 - 1916)

Oben in dem Birnenbaum  
sitzt ein Vöglein, ganz aus Gold:  
singt so leis, man hört es kaum,  
singt so fein und singt so hold.

Will die Grete artig sein,  
hört sie's auch im Birnenbaum,  
will die Grete artig sein,  
hat mein liebes Töchterlein  
einen goldnen Traum.

### **After a dream**

English translation by Richard Stokes

In sleep made sweet by a vision of you  
I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion,  
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and  
ringing,

You shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn;

You called me and I departed the earth  
To flee with you toward the light,  
The heavens parted their clouds for us,  
We glimpsed unknown splendours, celestial  
fires.

Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!  
I summon you, O night, give me back your  
delusions;

Return, return in radiance,  
Return, O mysterious night!

### **To Sleep**

English translation from CPDL

High up in the cherry tree  
sits a songbird made of gold,  
singing low and sweet to thee,  
while the wings of night unfold.

Look! O baby mine and see,  
how that bird doth brightly gleam  
in the flow'ry cherry tree,  
soon it will fondly fling to thee  
a golden dream.

### **Traum durch die Dämmerung**

Poetry by Otto Julius Bierbaum  
Richard Strauss (1864 - 1949)

Weite Wiesen im Dämmergrau;  
Die Sonne verglomm, die Sterne ziehn;  
Nun geh' ich hin zu der schönsten Frau,  
Weit über Wiesen im Dämmergrau,  
Tief in den Busch von Jasmin.

Durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe Land;  
Ich gehe nicht schnell, ich eile nicht;  
Mich zieht ein weiches, sammtenes Band  
Durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe Land,  
In ein blaues, mildes Licht.

### **Nacht und Träume**

Poetry by Matthäus von Collin  
Franz Schubert (1797 - 1828)

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;  
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,  
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,  
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.  
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;  
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:  
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!  
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

### **The Silver Swan**

Poetry by Orlando Gibbons  
Ned Rorem (born 1923)

The silver swan, who living had no note,  
When death approached unlocked her silent throat.  
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,  
Thus sang her first and last and sung no more:  
Farewell all joys, O death come close mine eyes,  
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

### **Dream into dusk**

English translation by Richard Stokes

Broad meadows in grey dusk;  
The sun has set, the stars come out,  
I go now to the loveliest woman,  
Far across meadows in grey dusk,  
Deep into the jasmine grove.

Through grey dusk into the land of love;  
I do not go fast, I do not hurry;  
I am drawn by a soft velvet ribbon  
Through grey dusk into the land of love,  
Into a gentle blue light.

### **Dream into dusk**

English translation by Richard Wigmore

Holy night, you sink down;  
dreams, too, float down,  
like your moonlight through space,  
through the silent hearts of men.  
They listen with delight,  
crying out when day awakes:  
come back, holy night!  
Fair dreams, return!

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### **The Serpent**

Poetry by Theodore Roethke  
Ned Rorem (born 1923)

There was a Serpent who had to Sing.  
There was. There was.  
He simply gave up Serpentine  
Because. Because.  
He didn't like his Kind of Life;  
He couldn't find a Proper Wife;  
He got no pleasure Down his Hole;  
He was a Serpent with a Soul;  
And so, of course, he had to Sing:  
And Sing he did, like Anything!

The Birds they were, they were Astounded;  
And Various measures they propounded  
To stop the Serpent's Awful Racket:  
They bought a Drum, he wouldn't Whack it;  
They sent,-you always send,-to Cuba  
And got a Most Commodious Tuba;  
They got a Horn, they got a Flute,  
But Nothing did that Serpent suit.  
He said, "Look, Birds, all this is futile;  
I do not like to Bang or Tootle."  
And then he cut loose with a Horrible Note  
That practically split the Top of his Throat!  
"You see," he said, with a Serpent's Leer,  
"I'm Serious about my Singing Career!"  
And the Woods Resounded with many a Shriek,  
As the birds flew off to the End of Next Week.

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**“Lascia ch’io pianga” from *Rinaldo* (1711)**

Libretto by Giacomo Rossi  
George Frederic Handel (1685 - 1759)

Armida, dispietata  
colla forza d'abisso  
rapimmi al caro ciel  
di miei contenti,  
e qui con duoloeterno  
viva mi tiene in tormento d'inferno.  
Signor! Ah! Per pieta,  
lascia mi piangere.

Lascia ch'io pianga  
Mia cruda sorte,  
E che sospiri  
La liberta.

Il duolo infranga  
Queste ritorte,  
De' miei martiri  
Sol per pietà.

***Exsultate, jubilate***

Latin liturgical text  
English translation by Bertram Kottmann  
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791)

Exsultate, Jubilate

Exsultate, jubilate,  
o vos animae beatae!  
Dulcia cantica canendo,  
cantui vestro respondendo,  
psallant aethera cum me.

Alleluja

Alleluja.

Let me weep  
English translation from Robert Toft

Armida, pitiless,  
with the power of the underworld,  
abducted me from the dear heaven  
of my contentment.  
And here with grief eternal  
keeps me living in a tormented hell.  
Lord, ah, through pity,  
let me weep.

Let [me be] that I may weep  
over [my] harsh fate,  
and that I may long  
for liberty.

Sorrow may break  
these bonds,  
of my martyrdom  
only through pity.

Exult, rejoice

Exult, rejoice,  
o blessed souls!  
Singing sweet songs,  
singing your song,  
the heavens sing praise with me.

### Works Cited

*Fleur jetee, Après un rêve, and Traum durch die Dämmerung*: Translation © Richard Stokes, author of: *The Book of Lieder* (Faber); *The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf* (Faber); *A French Song Companion* (Oxford University Press); *The Spanish Song Companion* (Scarecrow Press); *The Penguin Book of English Song* (Penguin Classics); and *J.S. Bach: The Complete Cantatas* (Scarecrow Press). Provided via Oxford Lieder ([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))

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*Nacht und Träume*: Translation © Richard Wigmore, author of *Schubert: The Complete Song Texts*, published by Schirmer Books, provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder ([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))

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