

**Events**

May 10  
Voice Recital  
Barootian  
p.m.

May 11  
Piano Recital  
Baumgartner  
p.m.

May 12  
Wind Symphony  
p.m.

May 17  
Voice Recital  
Hanson  
p.m.

May 19  
Honors Recital  
p.m.

Events are provided by:  
Music Fraternity

**2003  
Chamber Series**

October 27, 2002  
String Quartet

May 16, 2003  
Piano Quartet

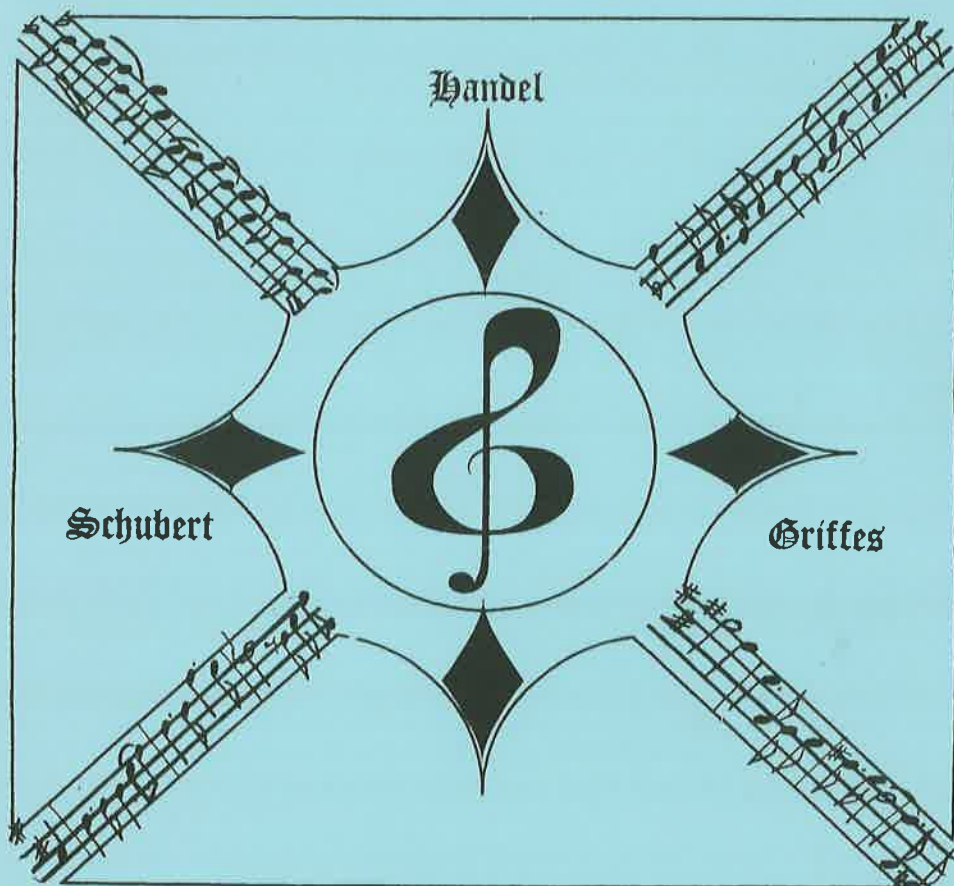
2003  
Guitar Quartet

Information  
51-5363

# A Junior Recital by

## Renée Lynn Mrowka-Strauss, soprano

Accompanied by Jane Livingston, piano



Thursday, May 9, 2002 at 7:30

Carthage College Siebert Chapel

## Program

Bel piacere (*Agrippina*).....George Frideric Handel  
Care selve (*Atalanta*) (1685-1759)  
Or let the merry bells (*L'Allegro*)

An die Musik Op. 88, No. 4.....Franz Peter Schubert  
Gretchen am Spinnrade Op. 2 (1797-1828)  
Rastlose Liebe Op. 5, No. 1

This Book of Hours Op.4, No.1.....Charles Tomlinson Griffes  
Come, Love, across the sunlit land Op. 4, No.2 (1884-1920)

Ya canta el ave.....Luis Misón  
(1727-1766)  
De pena, de susto.....Antonio Rodríguez de Hita  
(1725-1787)  
Canción de la Infanta.....Pauline Viardot  
(1821-1910)  
La Tirana del Tripili.....Blas de Laserna  
(1751-1816)

Hark! How the Songsters of the Grove.....Henry Purcell  
with Keri Heckel, soprano (1559-95)

*\*This Junior Recital is in partial fulfillment of requirements  
for a Music Major: Emphasis is Vocal Performance.\**

## Text

Bel piacere  
Bel piacere è godere,  
È godere fido amor!  
Questo fa contento il core,  
Di bellezza non s'apprezza lo  
splendor;  
Se non vien d'un fido core.

Care selve  
Care selve, ombre beate,  
Vengo in traccia del mio cor!

Or let the merry bells  
Or let the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks sound.  
To many a youth a many a maid,  
Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

An die Musik  
Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen  
Stunden,  
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis  
umstrickt,  
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb'  
entzunden,  
Hast mich in eine bessere Welt  
entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf'  
entflossen,  
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir,  
Den Himmel besserer Zeiten mir  
erschlossen,  
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

## Translation

Pleasure  
'Tis great pleasure to enjoy,  
To enjoy a faithful love!  
This brings contentment to the heart  
Splendour is not measured by beauty,  
If it does not come from a faithful  
heart.

Beloved woods  
Beloved woods, blessed shadows,  
I come in search of my love!

To Music  
O sublime art, in how many gray  
hours,  
When the wild tumult of life  
ensnared me,  
Have you kindled my heart to warm  
love,  
Have you carried me away to a  
better world!

Oft a sigh, escaped from your  
harp,  
A sweet, solemn chord from you,  
Has opened the heaven of better  
times for me—  
O sublime art, I thank you for it!

Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

My peace is gone,  
my heart is heavy;  
I shall find it never,  
never again.

Where I do not have him  
it is like the grave to me,  
the whole world  
is bitter

My poor head  
is deranged,  
my poor mind  
is distracted.

My peace is gone,  
my heart is heavy;  
I shall find it never,  
never again.

Only for him  
I look out of the window;  
Only for him  
I leave the house.

His fine bearing,  
his noble form,  
the smile of his lips,  
the power of his eyes,

and the magic flow  
of his talk,  
the clasp of his hands,  
and ah, his kiss!

My peace is gone,  
my heart is heavy;  
I shall find it never,  
never again.

Mein Busen drängt  
Sich nach ihm hin;  
Ach, dürft ich fassen  
Und halten ihn

Und küssen ihn,  
So wie ich wollt',  
An seinen Küssen  
Vergehen sollt'!

Rastlose Liebe

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,  
Dem Wind entgegen,  
Im Dampf der Klüfte,  
Durch Nebeldüfte,  
Immer zu! Immer zu!  
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Lieber durch Leiden  
Wollt ich mich schlagen,  
Als so viel Freuden  
Des Lebens ertragen  
Alle das Neigen  
Von Herzen zu Herzen,  
Ach, wie so eigen  
Schaffet es Schmerzen!

Wie, soll ich flieh'n?  
Waldwärts zieh'n?  
Alles vergebens!  
Krone des Lebens,  
Glück ohne Ruh,  
Liebe, bist du!

My bosom yearns  
for him,  
ah, could I grasp him  
and hold him

And kiss him  
to my heart's content,  
under his kisses  
to swoon!

Restless Love

Against the snow, the rain,  
the wind,  
in the mist of the ravines,  
through the fragrant vapors,  
ever on! Ever on!  
Without rest or repose.

Rather would I struggle  
through suffering  
than to bear so much  
of the world's joy.  
All the inclining  
of heart to heart,  
ah, how in its own way  
it causes pain!

What shall I run away?  
Flee to the woods?  
All in vain!  
Crown of life,  
fortune without rest,  
that is love!

### This Book of Hours

This book of hours Love wrought  
With burnished letters gold;  
Each page with art and thought,  
And colors manifold.

His calendar he taught  
To youths and virgins cold;  
This book of hours Love wrought  
With burnished letters gold.

This priceless book is bought  
With sighs and tears untold  
Of votaries who sought  
His countenance of old.

This book of hours Love wrought  
With burnished letters gold.

### Ya canta el ave

Ya canta el ave, viene la aurora,  
Y se lo dota todo el vergel  
Si habrá salido, mi dueño hermoso.  
¡Qué perezoso, fin y cruel!

Decidme cosas, decidme Fuentes,  
decidme troncos, decid claveles,  
Si havenido, ¡mas chito!

Pues ya se advierte en que están todos  
bellos que ella está ausente.

Ya todo el valle la luz esmalta,  
y el ave salta de flor en flor.

Si el dueño mio se ha anticipado,  
Cruel has estado, con el mi amor.

### Come, Love, across the sunlit land

Come, Love, across the sunlit land,  
As blithe as dryad dancing free,  
While time slips by like silvery sand  
Within the glass of memory.

Ere winter in his wreckless glee,  
Blights all the bloom with ruthless  
hand,  
Come, Love, across the sunlit land,  
As blithe as dryad dancing free.

And all the years of life shall be  
Like peaceful vales that wide expand  
To meet a bright untroubled sea  
By radiant azure arches spann'd;  
Come, Love!

Come, Love, across the sunlit land,  
As blithe as dryad dancing free.

### Already the Bird Sings

Birds are singing, the day is dawning,  
and the whole garden seems made of  
gold. If my fair mistress is already out,  
how lazy!, shrewd, and cruel I have  
been!

Tell me, roses, tell me fountains,  
Tell me, trees, tell me carnations,  
If she has come, but hush!

I can tell that she is not here,  
Because you are still beautiful.

Now the whole valley is painted with  
light, now birds are flitting from flower  
to flower.

If my beloved has come earlier,  
he has been cruel with my love.

Decidme cosas, decidme Fuentes,  
Decidme troncos, decid claveles.  
Si havenido, ¡mas cielos!

¿Qué es lo que hallo?  
Ya encontrò mi descuido con el  
cuidado.

### De pena, de susto

De pena, de susto, fallece mi vida,  
Cercana opimida, del último mal.

O cielo que miras mi mal cigoroso,  
Remedia piadoso mi suerte fatal.

De pena, de susto, fallece mi vida,  
Cercana opimida, del último mal.

### Canción de la Infanta

Hablando estaba la reina en su  
palacio real con la infanta de Castilla,  
Princesa de Portugal.

Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay! Que malas penas!  
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay! Que fuerte mal!

Allí vino un caballero  
con grandes lloros llorar:  
"Nuevas te traigo, señora,  
dolorosas de contar.

Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay! Que malas penas!  
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay! Que fuerte mal!

Ay, no son de reyno extraño,  
De aquí son, de Portugal.  
Vuestro príncipe, señora  
Vuestro príncipe, real....

Tell me, roses, tell me fountains,  
Tell me, trees, tell me carnations.  
If he has come, but heavens!

He has already anticipated me with  
Thoughtfulness.

### Of Sorrow, Of Fear

Full of sorrow, full of fear, my life is  
perishing;

I am a prisoner of the ultimate evil.  
O God, you who see my cruel  
suffering,  
in mercy change my deadly fate.  
Full of sorrow, full of fear, My life is  
perishing;  
I am a prisoner of the ultimate evil.

### Song of the Infanta

The Queen of Portugal was talking in  
her royal palace with her daughter  
in-law, princess of Castile and of  
Portugal

Alas, what awful pain!  
Alas, what great sorrow!

There came a rider,  
Weeping with great sobs:  
"I bring you news, my lady,  
news that is sad to tell.

Alas, what awful pain!  
Alas, what great sorrow!

Alas, the news is not from abroad,  
It is from here in Portugal.  
Your prince, my lady,  
Your royal prince....

Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay! Que malas penas!  
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay! Que fuerte mal!

Es caído de un caballo,  
El alma quiere a Dios dar.  
Si le queredes ver vivo,  
No queredes detardar.

Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay! Que malas penas!  
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay! Que fuerte mal!

Alli está el Rey su padre,  
Que quiere desesperar.  
Lloran todas las mujeres,  
Casadas y por casar."

Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay! Que malas penas!  
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay! Que fuerte mal!

#### Tirana del Tripili

Del Tripili la Tirana  
Es la que más gusto da.  
¿Dónde está este sonecillo?  
Toditos pueden callar.  
Tripili, tripili, trápala, trápala,  
que esta Tirana  
Se canta y se baila.  
Baila, chiquilla, canta con gracia,  
Tintitín, tirana, tirana.  
Dale, que dale, jala que jala.  
¡Que me tobas el alma tirana!

#### Hark! How the Songsters of the Grove

Hark! How the songsters of the grove,  
Sing anthems to the God of love.  
Hark! How each am'rous winged pair,  
With love's great praises, fills the air.  
On every side, the charming sound  
Does from the hollow woods,  
rebound!

Alas, what awful pain!  
Alas, what great sorrow!

...has fallen from a horse.  
His soul is about to go to God.  
If you want to see him alive,  
You must not delay.

Alas, what awful pain!  
Alas, what great sorrow!

His father, the King,  
is almost in despair.  
The women are weeping,  
both married and unmarried.

Alas, what awful pain!  
Alas, what great sorrow!

#### Dance of the Tripili

The Tirana of the Tripili  
Is the most amusing one  
Where is that little tune?  
Silence, everyone!  
Tripili, trápala,  
You can sing and dance  
this Tirana.  
Dance, girl, dance and sing  
With grace!  
Go ahead! Keep at it!  
You are stealing my soul, Tirana.

#### Thank You

At this time, I would like to recognize the people who helped make this recital possible. First of all, God, I give You all the glory and thank You for providing me with wonderful, supportive family and friends. I thank You for the gift of song and for the talent You have blessed me with. I want to thank my parents for their continuous love and support. I know I can always count on you both to be at my performances. Chantelle and Charissa, the cutest and best little sisters ever, thank you for making me feel like a superstar! I love you both to infinity and beyond, Betcha Bootie! Nana, of course I must thank you again for telling me as a child that I could do anything but sing, because you inspired me to prove you wrong. And without that motivation I might have missed out on doing what I love to do most---**SING!!** Amy, thank you for the many extra lessons that you gave me without hesitation. Your musical expertise, patience, encouragement, and generosity haven't gone unnoticed. Jane, God truly has blessed you with an amazing talent, and I thank you for sharing that talent with me. I know you keep a busy schedule, but I appreciate you fitting me in. Keri, thanks for being a wonderful and true friend. You have made this recital extra special by lending me your beautiful voice. Happy 22<sup>nd</sup> Birthday to you!!! Last, but not least, I would like to thank my husband, Rick, for his persevering love and encouragement. You never left the room or covered your ears, even when I practiced the same song or section of a song more times than I could stand. You can always manage to calm my heart and raise my spirit, even during the most stressful times, and for that I am very grateful. You are my best friend and I love you mosterostest teddy bear and to-ever and for-always!!!