



Carthage

*Department of Music  
presents*

# He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not

A Senior Voice Recital  
by Kim Deal

Accompanied by Alex Nelson

A current calendar of music events for 2011-2012 can be found at  
[www.carthage.edu/music](http://www.carthage.edu/music)

Ushers Provided by Lambda Kappa Professional Music Fraternity

Sunday, December 11, 2011

1:00pm

H.F. Johnson Recital Hall  
Carthage College



Carthage Music Department  
2001 Alford Park Drive  
Kenosha, Wisconsin 53140  
262-551-5859

Höchster, was ich habe  
Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)

With Anna Schmidt, Flute

**He Loves Me**

Vedrai carino  
*Don Giovanni*

W. A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Pastoral  
*Rosalinda*

Francesco Maria Veracini  
(1690-1768)

**He Loves Me Not**

Non giova il sospirar

Nicola Vaccai  
(1790-1848)

Amor s'apprende

Stefano Donaudy  
(1879-1925)

With Katie Schmidt

L'abbandono

Vincenzo Bellini  
(1801-1835)

**Höchster, was ich habe**

Höchster, was ich habe,  
ist nur deine Gabe  
Wenn vor deinem Angesicht  
ich schon mit dem Meinen  
dankbar wollt' er scheinen  
willst du doch kein Opfer nicht

Highest, what I have  
is only Your gift.  
If, before Your presence,  
I already, with my belongings,  
might wish to appear thankful,  
nevertheless You desire no  
offering

**Vedrai carino**

Vedrai, carino,  
se sei buonino,  
Che bel rimedio  
ti voglio dar!  
È naturale,  
non dà disgusto,  
E lo speciale  
non lo sa far.  
È un certo balsamo  
Ch'io porto addosso,  
Dare tel posso,  
Se il vuoi provar.  
Saper vorresti  
dove mi sta?  
Sentilo battere,  
toccami qua!

You shall see, my dear  
if you are good  
What fine medicine  
I have for you!  
It's natural  
It doesn't taste bad  
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.

**Pastoral**

Meco verrai su quella  
Amena collinetta;  
Libera pastorella  
L'agnelle a pascolar.  
Smorzar la sete in sponda  
Potrem del ruscelletto  
senza temer che l'onda  
puo labbro avvelenar

Amena will come with  
me on that hill;  
Free shepherd  
to feed the lambs.  
we may dampen the thirst  
in the stream bank  
without fear that the wave  
can poison.

### Non giova il sospirar

Non giova il sospirar, no,  
Non lagrimar per me.  
Tirsi più tuo non è,  
Licori infida;  
Godi del nuovo amor.  
Troverà tirsi ancor

Ninfa, se non più bella,

Almen di te più fida, sì.

### Amor s'apprende

Amor s'apprende più ratto al core,  
che dall'Amore più in guardia sta.

Poi che il mio cor tradito da la sua Tirsi fu,  
giurò di non più offrire sua servitù.

A sguardi ammaliatori, io dissi m'armerò  
di strali uguali, e certo trionferò!

Amor s'apprende più ratto al core,  
che dall'Amore più in guardia sta.

Ma Filli vidi, e tosto mi cadde ogni virtù!

Vidi Amarilli, e vincer non seppi più!

Sighing is useless now  
Don't long for me,  
Tirsi won't be yours anymore,  
Traacherous Licori  
Triumphant of your new lover  
And so if Tirsi will have to  
search for  
If not a nymph prettier than  
you  
At least more faithful.

Love takes hold more swiftly  
of the heart  
That is more on guard against  
love  
Because my heart was  
betrayed by its Thyrsis  
I swore to offer its servitude no  
longer  
Against bewitching glances, I  
said, I'll arm myself  
With uniform arrows, and  
surely I will triumph  
Love takes hold more swiftly  
of the heart  
That is more on guard against  
love.  
But I saw Phyllis, and at once  
every virtue left me!  
I saw Amaryllis, and I no  
longer knew how to conquer!

Or quante più ne vedo di tutte pazzo io vo:  
see, I become crazy about them all;  
prima un tormento avevo, or cento n'ho!

Amor s'apprende più ratto al core,  
che dall'Amore più in guardia sta.

### L'abbandono

Solitario zeffiretto,  
a che movi i tuoi sospiri?  
Il sospiro a me sol lice,  
ché, dolente ed infelice,  
chiamo Dafne che non ode

l'insoffribil mio martir.  
Langue invan la mammoletta

e la rosa e il gelsomino;  
lunge son da lui che adoro,

non conosco alcun ristoro  
se non viene a consolarmi

col bel guardo cilestrino.  
Ape industrie, che vagando

sempre vai di fior in fiore,  
ascolta, ascolta.

Se lo scorgi ov'ei dimora,  
di' che rieda a chi l'adora,

Now however many more I  
At first I had one torment, now  
I have a hundred!  
Love takes hold more swiftly  
of the heart  
That is more on guard against  
love.

Lonely breeze  
Why do you sigh?  
Sighs are meant for me alone  
for, grieving and unhappy,  
I call on Daphnis who does not  
hear  
My unbearable torment  
the sweet-smelling violet, the  
rose and the jasmine  
languish in vain  
I am far from him whom I  
adore,  
and I have no relief  
unless he comes and consoles  
me  
With his beautiful blue gaze  
Industrious bee, who always  
flits  
from flower to flower,  
Listen, listen:  
If you find him where he is  
tell him to come back to the  
one who adores him,

come riedi tu nel seno

delle rose al primo albor.

**Si mes vers avaient des ailes**

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,

Vers votre jardin si beau,

Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
comme l'oiseau.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,

Vers votre foyer qui rit,

Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
comme l'esprit.

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,

Ils accourraient, nuit et jour,

Si mes vers avaient des ailes,

Des ailes comme l'amour!

**Widmung**

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,

Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,

Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,

Mein Himmel du, darin ich schwebe,

O du mein Grab, in das hinab

Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!

Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,

Du bist vom Himmel, mir beschieden.

Daß du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,

Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,

Du hebst mich liebend über mich,

as you come back to the bosom  
of the roses

At the first light of dawn.

My verses would flee, sweet  
and frail,

to your garden so fair,

if my verses had wings,

Like a bird.

they would fly, like sparks,

to your smiling hearth,

if my verses had wings,

Like the spirit.

Pure and faithful, to your side

They'd hasten night and day

If my verses had wings,

Like love!

You my soul, you my heart  
you my bliss, o you my pain

you the world in which I live;

you my heaven, in which I

float,

o you my grave, into which

I eternally cast my grief.

You are rest, you are peace,

You are bestowed upon me

from heaven.

That you love me makes me

worthy of you,

your gaze transfigures me,

you raise me lovingly above

myself

Mein guter Geist, mein bessres Ich!

**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

Möcht ich mich schlagen,

Als so viel Freuden

Des Lebens ertragen.

Alle das Neigen

Von Herzen zu Herzen,

Ach, wie so eigen

Schaffet das Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich fliehn?

Wälderwärts ziehn?

Alles vergebens!

Krone des Lebens,

Glück ohne Ruh,

Liebe, bist du!

**Das Veilchen**

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,

Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;

Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.

Da kam ein' junge Schäferin

Mit leichtem Schritt und munterm Sinn

Daher, daher, Die Wiese her, und sang.

My good spirit, my better self!

Against the snow, against the  
rain,

the wind,

In the mist of the ravines

through foggy vapors

Ever onward! Ever onward!

Without repose or rest!

Rather through suffering

would I fight my way

than to bear

So much of life's joy

All the inclining

of heart to heart –

ah, how it in its own way

Creates pain!

How shall I flee?

Go toward the forest?

All in vain!

Crown of life

happiness without rest

love, are you!

A violet stood in the meadow

Cowering and unseen;

It was a charming violet.

There came a young

shepherdess,

with a light step and a cheerful

heart

That way, that way, along the

meadow and sang

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur  
only

Die schönste Blume der Natur,

Ach, nur ein kleines Weilchen,  
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt

Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!

Ach nur, ach nur  
Viertelstündchen lang!  
Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam  
Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm,

Ertrat das arme Veilchen.  
Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch:

Und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch  
Durch sie, durch sie,  
Zu ihren Füßen doch.  
Das arme Veilchen!  
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.

### Sehnsucht

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiß, was ich leide!  
Allein und abgetrennt Von aller Freude,  
Seh ich ans Firmament  
Nach jener Seite.  
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,

Ist in der Weite.  
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt  
Mein Eingeweide.

"Ah," thinks the violet, "were I

the most beautiful flower in  
nature

ah, only for a little while,  
until the sweetheart plucked  
me

And on her bosom pressed me  
flat

ah only, ah only Ein  
for a quarter-hour."

Ah! But alas, the girl came  
and did not take notice of the  
violet

trampled on the poor violet.  
it sank and died, yet rejoiced  
for itself:

"And if I die, at least I die,  
because of her, because of her,  
Right at her feet!"

The poor violet!

It was a charming violet.

Only one who knows longing  
knows what I suffer!

Alone and cut off from all joy,  
I look into the firmament  
in that direction.

Ah! He who loves and knows  
me

Is far away.

I am reeling,

My entrails are burning.

**He Loves Me**

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Reynaldo Hahn  
(1875-1947)

Widmung

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

Rastlose Liebe

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

**He Loves Me Not**

Das Veilchen

W. A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Sehnsucht

Ludwig van Beethoven  
(1770-1827)

Fair Robin I love  
*Tartuffe*

Kirke Mechem  
(b. 1925)

Kim is a student of Amy Haines. Kim is singing this recital in partial fulfillment for her major in Music Education.