



**EASTERN**  
**WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY**

start something **big**

The EWU Department of Music presents

**Sarah Netzel**  
**Senior Voice Recital**

Assisted by Johanna McDougall, piano

**Sunday, April 14, 2013**  
**4:00 p.m.**  
**Music Building Recital Hall**

Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for  
Bachelor of Liberal Arts in Music

Studio of Susan Windham

Pur Dicesti, o bocca bella	Antonio Lotti (1667-1740)
Deh Veni non Tardar From <i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Die Lotosblume	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Chandson D'amour	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Weep o mine eyes Alexandra Rannow, Alto, Evan Dornfeld, Tenor Martin Sanks, Bass	John Bennett (1575?-1614)
Love's Philosophy From <i>Three Songs, Op. 3</i>	Roger Quilter (1877-1953)
Seligkeit	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
El Majo Timido El Majo Discreto From <i>the 12Tonadillas</i>	Enrique Granados (1867-1916)
The Lass from the Low Countree	John Jacob Niles (1892-1980)
Si mes vers avaient des ailes	Reynaldo Han (1875-1947)
O mio babbino caro From <i>Gianni Schicchi</i>	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
Just you wait From <i>My Fair Lady</i>	Frederick Loewe and Alan Jay Lerner
Cry me a River	Arthur Hamilton (1926- )
Popular From <i>Wicked</i>	Stephen Schwartz (1948- )

*Text Translations:*

**Pur Dicesti, o bocca bella**

Pur dicesti, o bocca bella,  
Quel soave e caro sì,  
Chef a tutto il mio piacer.  
Per onor di sua facella  
Con un bacio Amor t'apri,  
Dolce fonte del goder.

**Deh Vieni non tardar**

Giunse alfin il momento  
Che godrò senza affanno  
In braccio all'idol mio.  
Timide cure!  
Uscite dal mio petto;  
A turbar non venite  
Il mio diletto!  
Oh come par che  
All'amorose foco  
L'amenità del loco,  
La terra e il ciel risponda,  
come la note  
I furti miei seconda!

Deh vieni,  
Non tardar, o gioia bella.  
Vieni ove amore  
Per goder t'appella  
Finchè non splende in ciel  
Notturna face-  
Finchè l'aria è ancor bruna,  
E il mondo tace.  
Qui mormora il ruscel,  
Qui scherzo l'aura,  
Che col dolce susurro  
Il cor ristaura,  
Qui ridono i fioretti  
e l'erba è fresca.  
Ai piaceri d'amor  
Qui tutto adescia.  
Vieni, ben mio,  
Tra queste piante ascose!  
Ti vo'la fronte incoronar  
di rose.

**Gently Murmur**

O beautiful mouth,  
You said that sweet and dear word, "yes"  
Which makes all my pleasure.  
For the honor of his reputation,  
Love opened you with a kiss,  
Sweet fountain of pleasure.

**Please come: don't be late**

The moment which I will savor  
Without fear, in the arms of  
My idol, has finally come,  
Timid notions,  
leave my breast;  
My delight!  
Oh, how it seems that  
To amorous rapture  
The charm of the place,  
The earth, and the sky  
Respond,  
As the night  
Favors my designs!

Please come:  
Don't be late, oh beautiful joy.  
Come to where love  
Calls you to take pleasures  
Unitil the nocturnal torch no longer  
Shines in the sky-  
Until it's dark again,  
And the world is quite,  
Here the brook murmurs;  
Here the wind, which restores  
The heart with its sweet  
Whispers, play.  
Here little flowers are laughing,  
And the grass is fresh.  
To the joys of love  
Everything here is enticing.  
Come, my love,  
Among these shielding tress!  
I want to crown your head  
With roses.

### **Die Lotosblume**

Die Lotosblume ängstigt  
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,  
Und mit gesenktem Haupte  
Erwartet sie trämend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle,  
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,  
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich  
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet,  
Und starret stumm in die Höh;  
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert  
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh

### **Chanson D'amour**

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,  
O ma rebelle ô ma farouche,  
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche  
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange  
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,  
O ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,  
Mon enfer et mon paradis!

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,  
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,  
O toi vers qui montent mes vœux,  
O ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!

### **The Lotus Flower**

The Lotus Flower fears  
before the sun's splendor,  
and with drooping head  
she dreamily awaits the night.

The moon, he is her lover.  
He wakes her with his light  
and to him she happily unveils  
her devoted flower-face.

She blooms and glows and shines  
and stares mute in the heavens.  
She exhales and weeps and trembles  
with love and love's pain.

### **Love Song**

I love your eyes, I love your forehead,  
O my rebel, o my wild 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 all you say,  
O my rebel, o my darling angel  
My hell and my paradise!

I love everything that makes you beautiful,  
From your feet to your hair,  
O you towards whom all my desires fly,  
O my wild one, o my rebel!

**Seligkeit**

Freuden sonder Zahl  
Blüh'n im Himmelssaal!  
Engeln und Verklärten,  
Wie die Väter lehrten.  
O da möcht' ich sein  
Und mich ewig freun!

Jedem lächelt traut  
Eine himmelsbraut;  
Harf' und Psalter klinget,  
Und man tanzt und singet.  
O da möcht' ich sein  
Und mich ewig freun!

Lieber bleib' ich hier,  
Lächelt Laura mir  
Einen blick, der saget,  
Dass ich ausgeklaget.  
Selig dann mit ihr,  
Bleib' ich ewig hier!

**El Majo Timido**

Llega a mi reja y me mira  
por la noche un majo.  
Que en cuanto me ve y  
Suspire se va calle abajo.  
¡Ah! Que tío mas tardío,  
Si asi se pasa la vida,  
Estoy divertida

**El Majo Discreto**

Dicen que mi majo es feo.  
Es posible que sí que lo sea,  
Que amore s deseo que ciega y marea.  
Ha tiempo que sé que quien ama no ve.

Mas si no es mi majo un hombre  
que por lindo descuelle y asombre,  
en cambio es discreto y guarda un secreto  
que yo posé en él sabiendo que es fiel.

¡Cuál es el secreto que el majo guardó?  
Sería indiscreto contarlo yo.  
No poco trabajo costar saber  
secretos de un majo con una mujer.  
Nació en Lavapies,  
¡Eh! ¡Eh! ¡Es un majo, un majo es!

**Blessedness**

Joys beyond counting  
Bloom in the halls of heaven!  
Angels and transfigured souls,  
Just as the Fathers taught us.  
O how I want to go there  
And be happy forever!

A heavenly bride smiles  
Lovingly at each man;  
Harps and psalteries are playing.  
And there is dancing and singing.  
O how I want to go there  
And be happy forever!

But I would rather stay here  
If only Laura would give me  
A glance that  
Says my waiting is over.  
Then happy with her,  
I would stay here forever

**The timid majo**

At night, under my window,  
a majo comes to look at me.  
After he sees me, he sighs  
and goes on his way.  
Ah! What a dull man.  
If this is how it's going to be,  
Some fun I'll have!

**The discrete majo**

They say my man is ugly  
It is possible that if he is,  
that love is desire that blinds and upsets.  
For awhile I've known a lover doesn't see.

But if my lover is not a man  
that for his beauty stands out and amazes,  
but is discreet and keeps a secret  
that I rest in him knowing that he is loyal.

What is the secret that he kept?  
It would be indiscreet to tell.  
Not a little work would it take to know  
secrets of a man with a woman.  
He was born in Lavapies.  
Eh! Eh! He is a majo, a majo is he.

**Si mes vers avainet 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,  
Comme l'amour!

**O mio babbino caro**  
O mio babbino caro  
mi piace, è bello;  
vo' andare in Porta Rosa  
a comperar l'anello!  
Si, ci voglio andare!  
E se l'amssi indarno,  
andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,  
ma per buttarmi in Arno!  
Mi struggo e mi tormento!  
O Dio, vorrei morir!  
Babbo, pieta!

**If my verses had wings**  
My verses would fly, fragile and gentle,  
To your beautiful garden,  
If my verses had wings  
Like a bird!

They would fly like sparks  
To your cheery hearth,  
If my verses had wings  
Like my spirit.

Pure and faithful, to your side  
They would hasten night and day  
If my verses had wings  
Like love.

**Oh my dearest daddy**  
Oh my dearest daddy,  
he pleases me; he is beautiful.  
I want to go to the Porta Rossa  
to purchase the ring.  
Yes, we want to go there.  
And if I love in vain,  
I'd go to the Ponte Vecchio,  
to fling myself into the Arno!  
I'm tortured and tormented!  
Oh God, I want to die!  
Daddy, pity me!

## *Upcoming Events at EWU*

Wednesday, April 17th, 7:30 p.m., Music Building Recital Hall: Jazz Residency Concert

Saturday, April 21st, 4 p.m., Music Building Recital Hall: Bassoonarama!

Thursday, May 16th, 7:30 p.m., Music Building Recital Hall: Composers' Forum

Sunday, May 19th, 7:30 p.m., Showalter Auditorium: Opera Workshop

Tuesday, May 21st, 7:30 p.m., Music Building Recital Hall: Jazz Arrangers' Concert

Wednesday, May 22nd, 7:30 p.m., Music Building Recital Hall: Wind Ensemble Concert

Wednesday, May 29th, 7:30 p.m., Music Building Recital Hall: Choral and Vocal Jazz Concert

Thursday, May 30th, 7:30 p.m., Music Building Recital Hall: Brass Extravaganza

Saturday, June 1st, 7:30 p.m., Showalter Auditorium: Choral and Orchestra Concert

Tuesday, June 4th, 5 p.m., Music Building Recital Hall: String Concert

Wednesday, June 5th, 7:30 p., Music Building Recital Hall: Percussion Solo and Ensemble Night