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Naomi Worley, Soprano, in a Senior Recital, with Cheryl Lemmons on Piano

Abilene Christian University

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THE ABILENE CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

PRESENTS

Naomi Worley, soprano

in a

Senior Recital

with

Cheryl Lemmons, Piano



January 30, 2015

7:30 P.M.

WPAC Recital Hall

Reception to follow

Translations

Exsultate, jubilate

Exsultate, jubilate,
O vos anime beate,
Dulcia cantica canendo.
Cantui vestro respondendo
Psallant aethera cum me.

Fulget amica dies,
Jam fugere et nubile
 et procellae;
Exortus est justis
 inexpectata quies.
Undique obscura
 regnabat nox.
Surgite tandem laeti
 qui timuistis ad huc,
Et jucundi aurorae fortunatae.
Frondes dextera plena
 et lilia date.

Tu virginum corona,
Tu nobis pacem dona,
Tu consolare affectus,
Unde suspirat cor.

Alleluia!

Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen

Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen.
Treue wohnt für sich allein.
Liebe kommt euch rasch entgegen.
Aufgesucht will Treue sein.

Wir wandelten

Wir wandelten, wir zwei zusammen,
Ich war so still und du so stille;
Ich gäbe viel, um zu erfahren,
Was du gedacht in jenem Fall.
Was ich gedacht, unausgesprochen
Verbleibe das!
Nur Eines sag ich:
So schön war alles, was ich dachte.

I

Rejoice, shout,
O you blessed spirits,
Singing sweet songs.
Responding to your chant,
The heavens sing with me

II

The friendly day shines forth,
And now both clouds
 and storms fly away;
A righteous, unexpected quiet
 has arisen.
Unknown night
 reigned everywhere;
Those who were afraid
 finally rise in joy,
And delight in this fortunate dawn.
With your right hand full of foliage,
you give flowers.

III

You crown of virgins,
You give us peace,
You onsole our feelings,
The sighs of our hearts

IV

Hallelujah!

Love swarms on every path.
Faithfulness lives only for itself
Love comes quickly to meet you
Faithfulness wishes to be sought out.

So himmlisch heiter war es all!
We wandered, the two of us together,
I was so quiet and you so still;
I would give much to experience
What you were thinking all those times.
What I thought, unspoken,
Will remain so.
But I will say one thing:

Everything I thought was so lovely.
It was all so heavenly bright!
In meinem Haupte die Gedanken,
Sie läuteten wie gold'ne Glöckchen;
So wundersüss, so wunderlieblich

Ist in der Welt kein and'rer Hall.
The thoughts in my head
Rang like little golden bells.
In all the world there is no other echo
As wonderfully sweet and lovely.

Ständchen

Mach auf, doch leise, mein Kind,
Um Keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach,
Kaum zittert im Wind ein Blatt
An den Büschen und Hecken
D'rum leise, mein Mädchen,
Dass nichts sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.

Open to me quietly, my child,
So you won't wake anyone from slumber.
The brook hardly murmurs;
Hardly a leaf trembles in the wind
in the bushes and hedges.
Therefore, quiet my darling,
so nothing stirs,
Quiet with the hand laid on the latch.

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen
Flieg leicht hinaus in die
Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
Rings schlummern die Blüten
Am rieselnden Bach
Und duften im Schlaf,
Nur die Liebe ist wach.

With steps like Elven steps, so gentle
as they hop over the flowers,
fly lightly out into
the moonlit night
to slip into the garden to me.
Around the rippling brook
the flowers slumber
and are fragrant in sleep.
Only love is awake.

Sitz nieder, hier dämmert geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen,
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten
Soll von uns'ren Küssen träumen,
Und die Rose,
Wenn sie am Morgen erwacht
Hoch glühn von den
Wonneschauern der Nacht

Sit down, it darkens mysteriously here
Under the Linden trees.
The nightingale at our heads
Shall dream of our kisses,
And the rose,
when she awakes in the morning
will glow with the
delight of the night.

L'Oiselet

Le ciel est clair et l'air est doux,
Tout rit, tout jase autour de nous;
Toi seul, ô mon pauvre oiselet,
Toi seul languis triste et muet.

The sky is bright and the air is soft.
Everything around us laughs and chatters.
You alone, my poor little bird
You alone languish, sad and silent

Le printemps qui tout ranime
De nos monts verdit la cime;
De la brise matinale
Un parfum d'amour s'exhale

The spring, which revives everything
Turns our mountains green at the peak,
The morning breeze
Exhales a fragrance of love

Aux champs, dans le secret des bois
Tout ce qui vit dit à la fois
Le mot que la nuit dit au jour.
Le mot charmant, le mot d'amour.

Assise loin de son troupeau,
Et le suivant d'un oeil rêveur,
Chloé ne sait quel feu nouveau
Soudain s'allume dans son coeur

Mais toi l'on ne peut te charmer,
Tu fuis le doux plaisir d'aimer.

Celui de qui tu plains les maux
Gémit captive sous les barreaux,
Adieu! L'amour et la gaîté
Pour qui n'a pas la liberté

Les roses d'Ispahan

Les roses d'Ispahan
dans leur gaine de mousse,
Les jasmins de Mossoul,
les fleurs de l'oranger,
Ont un parfum moins frais,
ont une odeur moins douce,
Ô blanche Léïlah!
que ton souffle léger.

Ta lèvre est de corail
et ton rire léger
Sonne mieux que l'eau vive
et d'une voix plus douce.
Mieux que le vent joyeux
qui berce l'oranger,
Mieux que l'oiseau qui chante
au bord d'un nid de mousse.

Ô Leïlah!
depuis que de leur vol léger
Tous les baisers ont fui
de ta lèvre si douce
Il n'est plus de parfum
dans le pâle oranger,
Ni de céleste arôme
aux roses dans leur mousse.

In the fields and the secrets of the woods
All who see this say at once
The word that night says to day:
The charming word, the word of love.

She sat far away from her flock
and from the dreamy following her.
Chloe did not understand the new fire
Suddenly lighting itself in her heart.

But you, no one can charm you,
You flee the sweet pleasure of love.

This one, to whom you complain of pain,
Moans in captivity, behind bars.
Goodbye! Goodbye, love and gaiety!
Because she is not free.

The roses of Ispahan
in their sheath of moss,
the jasmines of Mosul,
the orange blossoms,
have a fragrance less fresh,
an aroma less sweet,
O pale Leila,
than your light breath!

Your lips are coral
and your light laughter
Sounds lovelier than rippling water
and a sweet singing voice,
lovelier than the joyous breeze
that rocks the orange-tree,
lovelier than the bird that sings
near its nest of moss.

O Leila,
ever since in their airy flight
all the kisses have fled
from your lips so sweet,
there is no longer any fragrance
from the pale orange-tree,
no heavenly aroma
from the roses in the moss.

Oh! que ton jeune amour,
ce papillon léger,
Reviens vers mon cœur
d'une aile prompte et douce.
Et qu'il parfume encore
la fleur de l'oranger,
Les roses d'Ispahan
dans leur gaine de mousse.

Les filles de Cadix

Nous venions de voir le taureau,
Trois garçons, trois fillettes;
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau
Et nous dansions un boléro
Au son des castagnettes:
Dites-moi, voisin,
Si, j'ai bonne mine,
Et si ma basquine
Va bien ce matin?
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?
Les filles de Cadix
aiment assez cela!

Et nous dansions un boléro
Un soir, c'était Dimanche.
Vers nous s'envient un hidalgo
Cousu d'or, la plume au chapeau,
Et le poing sur la hanche:
"Si tu veux de moi,
Brune au doux sourire,
Tu n'as qu'à le dire,
Cet or est à toi."
Passez votre chemin, beau sire!
Les filles de Cadix
n'entendent pas cela!

Et nous dansions un boléro
Au pied de la colline.
Sur le chemin passait Diégo
Qui pour tout bien n'a qu'un manteau
Et qu'une mandoline:
La belle aux doux yeux
Veux-tu qu'à l'église
Demain de conduite
Un amant jaloux?
Jaloux! Jaloux! Quelle sottise!
Les filles de Cadix

Oh, if only your youthful love,
that light butterfly,
would return to my heart
on swift and gentle wings,
and perfume once more
the orange blossom
and the roses of Ispahan
in their sheath of moss.

Translation © Peter Low (lieder.net)

craignent ce défaut-là!
We come from the bullfights,
Three young boys, three young girls:
It was lovely on the lawn
And we danced a Bolero
To the sound of castanets:
Tell me, neighbor,
If I am good looking,
And if my skirt
Suits me this morning.
Do you find my waist dainty?
The girls of Cadíz
love that very much!

And we danced a Bolero
One Sunday evening.
Toward us came an Hidalgo,
All in gold, with a feather in his hat,
And his hand on his hip:
"If you want me,
Brunette with the gentle smile,
All you have to do is ask—
This gold is yours!"
Go your way, handsome sir,
The girls of Cadíz
don't listen to such things!

And we danced a Bolero
At the foot of the hill.
On the lane, Diego was passing,
All his goods in the world were a cloak
And a mandolin:
Beautiful girl with tender eyes,
Do you want to be
taken to church tomorrow
By a jealous lover?
Jealous! Jealous! What foolishness!

The girls of Cadíz

Ah! non credea mirarti . . . Ah! non giunge!

Ah! non credea mirarti
Si presto estinto, o fiore;
Passasti al par d'amore,
Che un giorno solo,
Che un giorno sol durò.
Potria novel vigore
Il pianto mio recarti
Ma ravvivar l'amore
Il pianto mio non può

Ah! non giunge uman pensiero
Al contento ond'io son piena:
A' miei sensi io credo appena;
Tu m'affida,
o mio tesor.
Ah mi abbraccia,
E sempre insieme,
Sempre uniti in una speme,
Della terra in cui viviamo
Ci formiamo un ciel d'amor

La calle de la paloma

Como nacé en la calle de la paloma,
Ay! Ay!
Este nombre me dieron
de niña en broma.
Ay! Ay!
Y como salto alegre
de calle en calle,
Ay! Ay!
Este nombre me dieron
de niña en broma.
Ay! Ay!

Y como arullo, paloma soy,
Que brinco y canto por donde voy.
Con mi nombre de paloma siempre,
Busco un palomo, quién será él?

Noche serena

Noche serena de primavera,
Blanca paloma del alba luz.
Noche serena de primavera,
Blanca azucena,
Esa eres tú.

fear that kind of shortcoming!

Ah! I did not think to see you
so quickly extinguished, oh flower;
You passed on par with a love,
that lasted only one day,
only one day.
New vigor could
be carried to you by my tears,
but revive the love?
My tears cannot do that.

Ah! One could not think to reach
Such contentment as I am full of:
I can hardly believe my senses;
You are entrusted to me,
oh my treasure
Ah! Embrace me,
And forever together,
Always united in one hope,
That of the earth on which we live,
We could create a heaven of love.

Because I was born on Dove Street,
Ay! Ay!
They gave me this name
as a joke when I was a girl.
Ay! Ay!
And because I jump happily
from street to street,
Ay! Ay!
They gave me this name
as a joke when I was a girl.
Ay! Ay!

And because I coo, I am a dove,
And I hop and sing wherever I go.
Always named Dove,
I search for a mate. Who will he be?

A serene spring night,
A white dove in the morning light.
A serene spring night,
A white lily.
That's what you are.

Y al haber yo llegado aquí
Todo lleno de embeleso
Recibe ese tierno beso
Que te mando para tí

Campo en invierno,
Flor marchitada
Noche sin luna,
Negro, turbión.

Flor sin aroma,
Marchitada,
Arbol tronchado.
Eso soy yo.

El galán incógnito

En noche lóbrega, galán incógnito,
Las calles céntricas atravesó,
Y al pie la clásica ventana dórica,
Posó su cítera, y así cantó:
“Óyeme, sílfide, la luna pálida
Su fulgor niégame,
 que no se ve.
Y están las bóvedas
 vertiendo lágrimas,
Y hasta los tuétanos, me calaré.”

Pero la sílfide, que oyó este cántico,
Entre las sábanas se refugió,
Y dijo: “Cáscara,
 que son murciélagos,
Canto romántico, no te abro yo.
Pero es lóbrega,
 la noche hablaré,
Se van las sílfides a costipar.”
“Y están las bóvedas
 vertiendo lágrimas,
Y hasta los tuétanos, me calaré.”

Pregúntale a las estrellas

Pregúntale á las estrellas,
si no de noche me ven llorar.
Pregúntales si no busco,
Para adorarte la soledad.

And as soon as I get here,
All full of delight,
Receive the tender kiss
That I send to you.

A field in winter,
A withered flower,
A night without a moon,
Black and stormy.

A flower without fragrance,
Withered,
A fallen tree.
That's what I am.

One gloomy night, a sneaky suitor
Passed through the central streets of town,
And at the foot of a classic doric window,
He put on his zither and sang these words,
“Hear me, sylph! The pale moon
Denies me her brilliance.
 She cannot be seen,
And the vaults of heaven
 are shedding tears,
And I'm going to be soaked to the bone.”

But the sylph who heard this song
Took refuge between the sheets,
And said: “Gracious,
 they're all batty!
Romantic singer, I won't open for you.
But it is gloomy,
 so I will speak to the night.
The sylphs are going to bed.”
“And the vaults of heaven
 are shedding tears,
And I'm going to be soaked to the bone.”

Ask the stars
if they see me crying at night.
Ask them if I'm looking
to adore you alone.

Pregúntale al manso río,
si el llanto mío no vé correr,
Pregúntale á todo el mundo,
si no es profundo mi padecer.

Ya nunca dudes que yo te quiero,
Que por tí muero, loco de amor;
A nadie amas, á nadie quieres,
Oye las quejas de mi amor.

Pregúntale á las flores,
si mis amores les cuento yo,
Cuando la callada noche
cierra su broche, suspiro yo.

Pregúntale á las aves,
si tú no sabes lo que es amor.
Pregúntale á todo el prado,
si no he luchado con mi dolor.

Tú bien comprendes que yo te quiero,
Que por tí muero, solo por tí;
Porque te quiero, bien de mi vida,
Sólo en el mundo te quiero a tí.

Ask the tranquil river
whether he's seen my tears running.
Ask the whole world
if my suffering is deep.

Never doubt that I love you,
that I am dying for you, crazy with love.
You don't love or care for anyone;
Hear the pleas of my love!

Ask the flowers
if I tell them all about my loves.
When the quiet night
closes its clasp, I sigh.

Ask the birds
if you don't know what love is.
Ask the whole field
whether I have struggled with my pain.

You know very well that I love you,
That I am dying for you and only you.
Because I love you more than life,
In this world I will only love you.

All translations by Naomi Worley, unless otherwise indicated.

Special Thanks

Disclaimer: I love to ramble. Feel free to find the relevant section and read about my love for you or to just skip this section entirely.

Mami and Papi

I love you so much and am so blessed to have two parents working together to support me. Thank you for trying to come to everything I do, and for dragging my siblings along with you. Thank you for all the money you've invested in my education. I loved hearing Papi say, "I never would have expected to watch all of these operas and like them so much." It makes me happy that you are even learning to like operas that your daughter isn't performing in. I love to go to the opera with my family!

Pepaw

Thank you for valuing education so much. You are the most generous person I know, and you give the most helpful and unexpected gifts. I'm keeping you and Memaw in my thoughts and prayers.

Dr. Pruett

Thank you for believing in me and trying to figure me out so you can be my best possible teacher, even when times are as hard as they are lately. I am touched by the high value you place on relationships with your students. I feel that I can trust you not only as a teacher, but a mentor, a mother, and a friend. I love you.

Cheryl

The amount of time and effort you give to each and every collaboration is astounding. You inspire me to strive for excellence in everything I do. But thank you for also reminding me to have fun and cut myself a little slack sometimes.

Professors

Rick, thank you for doing way too much but staying chill. Mr. Cook, thank you for reminding me to be thankful and praiseful.

Dr. Mike, thank you for being such an awesome, encouraging professor!

To **André and Vera**, two close musical friends: We get each other. I am always glad to share life stories and encouragement (both musical and spiritual) with you. Without you two I don't think I'd be where I am today.

Jennifer, Sam, Enrique, Shane, and Emmanuel

You are all very special to me. I am glad to have gotten to know you, whether we've been friends for a few months or three years. It's so great to be able to geek out with you about music. I can't wait to be reunited with you as professional colleagues rather than just classmates. It's going to be an exciting life!

Blair and Stefan

Thanks for being some of my best friends and coming to see all of my operas. (even though you don't like opera all that much and tend to pre-game (it makes me laugh))

MaryLynn

Thanks for doing my hair tonight and also generally for existing and being my friend. You're cool.

Joel

Thank you for making all the cookies for the reception.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance degree.

