THIRD-YEAR RECITAL*
DEEANDRA MIRANDA, VOICE

Deh vieni, non tardar
from *Le nozze di Figaro*
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Melodia
from *Tre nuovi poemi*
Franco Alfano
(1875-1954)

Allerseelen
from *Letzte Blätter*
Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Selige Nacht
Joseph Marx
(1882-1964)

Les Hiboux
from *Trois Mélodies*
Déodat de Séverac
(1872-1921)

La fiancée perdue
from *Trois Mélodies*
Oliver Messiaen
(1908-1992)

Crickets
from *Late Summer*
Tom Cipullo
(1956)

Simple Song #3
from the movie *Youth*
David Lang
(1956)
* In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree with a major in Voice.

We acknowledge that the University of British Columbia is situated on the traditional, ancestral, and unceded territory of the Musqueam people.

Deh vieni, non tardar

Giunse alfin il momento
Che godrò senz’affanno
In braccio al idol mio
Timide cure uscite dal mio petto!
A turbar non venite il mio diletto
O come par che all’amoroso foco
L’amenità del loco,
La terra e il ciel risponda,
Come la ote l furti miei risponda.

Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioia bella
Vieni ove amore per goder t’appella
Finche non splende in ciel notturna face
Finche l’aria e ancor bruna,
E il mondo tace.
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza l’aura
Che col dolce susurro il cor ristaura
Qui ridono i fioretti e l’erba e fresca
Ai piaceri d’amor qui tutto adesca.

Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante ascose.
Vieni, vieni!
Ti vo’ la fronte incoronar di rose.

Oh come, don’t be late

The moment finally arrives
When I’ll enjoy without haste
Fearful anxieties get out of my heart!
Do not come to disturb my delight.
Oh, how it seems that to amorous fires
The comfort of the place,
Earth and heaven respond,
As the night responds to my ruses.

Oh come, don’t be late, my beautiful joy
Come where love calls you to enjoyment
Until night’s torches no longer shine in the sky
As long as the air is still dark
And the world quiet.
Here the river murmurs and the light plays
That restores the heart with sweet ripples
Here, little flowers laugh and the grass is fresh
Here, everything entices one to love’s pleasures

Come, my dear, among these hidden plants.
Come, come!
I want to crown you with roses.

Melody

We shall stroll in the woods, you and I!
We shall go and look at the moon, you and I!
The moon in a cage of branches!
But there is one thing I cannot explain, alas,
about the moon that shines on the river, alas,
on the river that runs through the woods.
As with the whistle of a distant train
that rushes towards the city, where the moon
is lost among the streetlights!

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man’s sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm am mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Selige Nacht

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein.
Am offnen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,
und unserer Atemzüge Frieden
trug er hinaus in die helle Mondnacht. –

Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich
Ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,
Träume des Rausches – so reich an Sehnsucht!

Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.
All Souls’ Day

Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring in the last red asters,
And let us talk of love again
As once in May.

Give me your hand to press in secret,
And if people see, I do not care,
Give me but one of your sweet glances
As once in May.

Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant,
One day each year is devoted to the dead;
Come to my heart and so be mine again,
As once in May.

Blissful Night

In love’s arms we fell blissfully asleep.
The summer wind listened at the open window,
and carried the peace of our breathing
out into the moon-bright night. –

And from the garden a scent of roses
came timidly to our bed of love
and gave us wonderful dreams,
ecstatic dreams – so rich in longing!
Les hiboux

Sous les ifs noirs qui les abritent,
Les hiboux se tiennent rangés,
Ainsi que des dieux étrangers,
Dardant leur œil rouge. Ils méditent.

Sans remuer ils se tiendront
Jusqu'à l'heure mélancolique
Où, poussant le soleil oblique,
Les ténèbres s'établiront.

Leur attitude au sage enseigne
Qu'il faut en ce monde qu'il craigne
Le tumulte et le mouvement ;

L'homme ivre d'une ombre qui passe
Porte toujours le châtiment
D'avoir voulu changer de place.

La fiancée perdue

C'est la douce fiancée,
C'est l'ange de la bonté,
C'est un après-midi ensoleillé,
C'est le vent sur les fleurs.
C'est un sourire pur comme un cœur d'enfant,
C'est un grand lys blanc comme une aile, très haut dans une coupe d'or!
O Jésus, bénissez-la!
Elle!
Donnez-lui votre Grâce puissante!
Qu'elle ignore la souffrance, les larmes!
Donnez-lui le repos Jésus!

The Owls

Beneath the shelter of the dark yews
The owls stand arrayed
Like alien gods,
Red eyes blazing. They dream.

Motionless, they will remain
Until the melancholy hour
When, pushing aside the slanting sun,
Darkness takes over.

Their stance teaches the wise man
That in this world one should fear
Tumult and movement.

The Lost Fiancée

She is the gentle fiancée,
She is the angel of kindness,
She is a sun-drenched afternoon,
She is the wind on the flowers.
She is a smile as pure as a child’s heart,
She is a tall lily, white as a wing, towering in a gold vase!
O Jesus, bless her!
Her!
Bestow on her your powerful Grace!
May she never know pain and tears!
Bestow peace of mind on her, O Jesus!
Crickets

Evenings, where lawns are not sprayed with poisons, you can still hear the crickets, you can still see lightning bugs signalling,

Look, a yellowgreen strobe under the trees, but gone, but there again, sometimes in the same spot, and sometimes not,

As the tiny purveyors of phosphor drift past our Houses, looking For one another, and the crickets,

Crickets, crickets, the ones that still Have their legs, keep scraping them together, Listen, maybe for the last time on earth, listen...

Simple Song #3

I feel complete
I lose all control
I respond

I feel chills
I wake
I know all those lonely nights

I know everything
I lose all control
I get a chill
I know all those lonely nights

I die
I hear all that is left to be heard
I wish you would never stop
I've got a feeling

I live there
I live for you now
I leave no sense behind
I feel complete

I've got a feeling
I wish you're moving like rain
I'll be there
I'll be there
I lose all control

When you whisper my name
When you whisper my name
When you whisper my name, whisper my name
When you whisper my name

Oh
Whisper
When you
Whisper
When you