



presents a
Voice Recital
Studio of **Corey Gaudreau**
Grace Lee, piano

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 2025	8:00 PM	BURNES HALL
Vittoria, Vittoria mio core!	<i>Zachary Park</i>	Giacomo Carissimi
An den Mond	<i>Nicholas Ying</i>	Franz Schubert
Alma del core	<i>Arjun Bhayani</i>	Antonio Caldara
Beau soir	<i>Margo Fan</i>	Claude Debussy
O del mio amato ben	<i>Elias Jeon</i>	Stefano Donaudy
Sento nel core	<i>Abigail Bilodeau</i>	Alessandro Scarlatti
Let us Wander	<i>Margo Fan & Arjun Bhayani</i>	Henry Purcell
“Do I Love You Because You’re Beautiful” from <i>Cinderella</i>	<i>Zachary Park</i>	Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein
Hébé	<i>Nicholas Ying</i>	Ernest Chausson
Come Again, Sweet Love	<i>David Jiang</i>	Henry Purcell
“Sie liebten sich beide” from <i>Sechs Lieder</i>	<i>Margo Fan</i>	Clara Schumann
In Waldeseinsamkeit	<i>Arjun Bhayani</i>	Johannes Brahms
“I Dreamed a Dream” from <i>Les Misérables</i>	<i>Abigail Bilodeau</i>	Claude-Michel Schönberg



"Ten Minutes Ago" from *Cinderella*

Nicholas Ying

Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein

Im Abendrot

David Jiang

Franz Schubert

Come Away, Death

Elias Jeon

Roger Quilter

"On the Street Where You Live" from *My Fair Lady*

Arjun Bhayani

Alan Jay Lerner & Frederick Loewe

Abendlied

David Jiang & Elias Jeon

Felix Mendelssohn

Rio Grande

Zachary Park

Celius Dougherty

"I Could Have Danced All Night" from *My Fair Lady*

Margo Fan

Alan Jay Lerner & Frederick Loewe

Die Post

Elias Jeon

Franz Schubert

"Can't Help Lovin' dat Man" from *Show Boat*

Abigail Bilodeau

Jerome Kern & Oscar Hammerstein

The Lord Bless You and Keep You

All

John Rutter

Translations

Vittoria, mio core!

Vittoria, mio core!
Non lagrimar più,
È sciolta d'Amore
La vil servitù.

Già l'empia a' tuoi danni
Fra stuolo di sguardi,
Con vezzi bugiardi
Dispose gl'inganni;

Le frode, gli affanni
Non hanno più loco,
Del crudo suo foco
È spento l'ardore!

Da luci ridenti
Non esce più strale,
Che piaga mortale
Nel petto m'avventi:

Nel duol, ne' tormenti
Io più non mi sfaccio
È rotto ogni laccio,
Sparito il timore!

An den Mond

Geuss, lieber Mond, geuss deine Silberflimmer
Durch dieses Buchengrün,
Wo Phantasien und Traumgestalten
Immer vor mir vorüberfliehn.

Enthülle dich, dass ich die Stätte finde,
Wo oft mein Mädchen sass,
Und oft, im Wehn des Buchbaums und der Linde,
Der goldnen Stadt vergass.

Enthülle dich, dass ich des Strauchs mich freue,
Der Kühlung ihr gerauscht,
Und einen Kranz auf jeden Anger streue,
Wo sie den Bach belauscht.

Victory, my heart!

Victory, my heart!
Weep no longer,
You are free of love and
Its abject slavery.

Formerly the inhuman one your sufferings,
Through many glances,
With false charms,
Arranged deceits;

Frauds, pains,
Have no more place,
The fire of her cruelty
Has been spent in ardor!

From smiling lights
No more arrows will dart,
Like a mortal wound that
Hurls into my chest:

In sadness, in torments
I will not undo myself.
Every snare is broken,
Fear has departed!

To the moon

Beloved moon, shed your silver radiance
through these green beeches,
where fancies and dreamlike images
forever flit before me.

Unveil yourself, that I may find the spot
where my beloved sat, where often,
in the swaying branches of the beech and lime,
she forgot the gilded town.

Unveil yourself, that I may delight in the whispering
bushes that cooled her,
and lay a wreath on that meadow
where she listened to the brook.

Dann, lieber Mond, dann nimm den Schleier wieder,
Und traur um deinen Freund,
Und weine durch den Wolkenflor hernieder,
Wie dein Verlassner weint!

Alma del core

Alma del core,
Spirto dell'alma,
Sempre costante t'adorerò!
Sarò contento
Nel mio tormento
Se quel bel labbro baciare potrò.

Beau Soir

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer—nous au tombeau!

O del mio amato ben

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze
sempre lo [cerco e]1 chiamo
con pieno il cor di speranze?
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è sì caro,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lei, triste ogni loco.
Notte mi sembra il giorno;
mi sembra gelo il foco.
Se pur talvolta spero
di darmi ad altra cura,
sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lui, che farò?

Then, beloved moon, take your veil once more,
and mourn for your friend.
Weep down through the hazy clouds,
as the one you have forsaken weeps.

Soul of my heart

Soul of my heart,
Spirit of my soul,
Always contently will I adore you!
I will be contented
In my torment
If only I could kiss that beautiful lip.

Beautiful Evening

When at sunset the rivers are pink
And a warm breeze ripples the fields of wheat,
All things seem to advise content -
And rise toward the troubled heart;

Advise us to savour the gift of life,
While we are young and the evening fair,
For our life slips by, as that river does:
It to the sea - we to the tomb.

O lost enchantment of my dearly beloved

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!
Far from my eyes is he
who was, to me, glory and pride!
Now through the empty rooms
I always seek him and call him
with a heart full of hopes?
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!
And the weeping is so dear to me,
that with weeping alone I nourish my heart.

It seems to me, without him, sad everywhere.
The day seems like night to me;
the fire seems cold to me.
If, however, I sometimes hope
to give myself to another cure,
one thought alone torments me:
But without him, what shall I do?

Sento nel core

Sento nel core certo dolore,
che la mia pace turbando va.
Splende una face che l'alma accende,
se non è amore, amor sarà.

Hébé

Les yeux baissés, rougissante et candide,
Vers leur banquet quand Hébé s'avavançait,
Les dieux charmés tendaient leur coupe vide,
Et de nectar l'enfant la remplissait.
Nous tous aussi, quand passe la jeunesse,
Nous lui tendons notre coupe à l'envi.
Quel est le vin qu'y verse la déesse?
Nous l'ignorons, il enivre et ravit.
Ayant souri dans sa grâce immortelle,
Hébé s'éloigne; on la rappelle en vain.
Longtemps encor sur la route éternelle,
Notre œil en pleurs suit l'échanson divin.

Sie liebten sich beide

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner
Wollt' es dem andern gestehn;
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.

Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich
Nur noch zuweilen im Traum;
Sie waren längst gestorben
Und wussten es selber kaum.

In Waldeseinsamkeit

Ich saß zu deinen Füßen
In Waldeseinsamkeit;
Windesatmen, Sehnen
Ging durch die Wipfel breit.

In stummen Ringen senkt' ich
Das Haupt in deinen Schoß,
Und meine bebenden Hände
Um deine Knie ich schloß.

I feel in my heart

I feel in my heart a certain sorrow
Which goes on disturbing my peace;
There shines a torch which inflames my soul:
If it is not love, it will be love [soon].

Hebe

When Hebe, guileless and with lowered gaze,
Blushingly drew near their feast,
The delighted gods proffered empty goblets
Which the child replenished with nectar.
And we too, when youth fades,
Vie in proffering her our goblets.
What is the wine she dispenses?
We do not know; it elates and enraptures.
Having smiled with her immortal grace,
Hebe goes on her way—you summon her in vain.
For a long time still on the eternal path,
We follow the cup-bearer with weeping eyes.

They loved one another

They loved one another, but neither
Wished to tell the other;
They gave each other such hostile looks,
Yet nearly died of love.

In the end they parted and saw
Each other but rarely in dreams.
They died so long ago
And hardly knew it themselves.

In woodland solitude

I sat at your feet
in woodland solitude;
a breath of wind, a yearning,
moved through the broad treetops.

I lowered in silent struggle
my head into your lap,
and clasped my trembling hands
around your knees.

Die Sonne ging hinunter,
Der Tag verglühte all,
Ferne, ferne, ferne
Sang eine Nachtigall.

Im Abendrot

O wie schön ist deine Welt,
Vater, wenn sie golden strahlet!
Wenn dein Glanz herniederfällt,
Und den Staub mit Schimmer malet;
Wenn das Rot, das in der Wolke blinkt,
In mein stilles Fenster sinkt!

Könnt' ich klagen, könnt' ich zagen?
Irre sein an dir und mir?
Nein, ich will im Busen tragen
Deinen Himmel schon allhier.
Und dies Herz, eh' es zusammenbricht,
Trinkt noch Glut und schlürft noch Licht

Abendlied

Wenn ich auf dem Lager liege
In Nacht [und Kissen]¹ gehüllt,
So schwebt mir vor ein süßes,
Anmutig liebes Bild!

Wenn mir der stille Schlummer
Geschlossen die Augen kaum,
So schleicht [das Bild sich leise]²
Hinein in meinen Traum

[Doch]³ mit dem Traum des Morgens
Zerrinnt es nimmermehr;
Dann trag' ich es im Herzen
Den ganzen Tag umher.

Die Post

Von der Strasse her ein Posthorn klingt.
Was hat es, dass es so hoch aufspringt,
Mein Herz?

Die Post bringt keinen Brief für dich.
Was drängst du denn so wunderbarlich,
Mein Herz?

The sun went down,
all the daylight faded,
far, far, far away
a nightingale sang.

In Evening's Glow

How lovely is your world,
Father, in its golden radiance
when your glory descends
and paints the dust with glitter;
when the red light that shines from the clouds
falls silently upon my window.

Could I complain? Could I be apprehensive?
Could I lose faith in you and in myself?
No, I already bear your heaven
here within my heart.
And this heart, before it breaks,
still drinks in the fire and savours the light.

Evening Song

When I lie on the bed,
shrouded in night and cushions,
So floats before me a sweet,
lovely dear image.

When silent slumber
has barely closed my eyes,
So creeps the image quietly
into my dream.

And in the morning
it never fades away with the dream:
Then I carry it about with me in my heart
the whole day.

The Post

A posthorn sounds from the road.
Why is it that you leap so high,
my heart?

The post brings no letter for you.
Why, then, do you surge so strangely,
my heart?

Nun ja, die Post kommt aus der Stadt,
Wo ich ein liebes Liebchen hatt',
Mein Herz!

Willst wohl einmal hinüberseh'n,
Und fragen, wie es dort mag geh'n,
Mein Herz?

But yes, the post comes from the town
where I once had a beloved sweetheart,
my heart!

Do you want to peep out
and ask how things are there,
my heart?