

UNIVERSITY OF  
**CENTRAL MISSOURI**  
SCHOOL OF  
VISUAL AND PERFORMING ARTS

AN ALL-STEINWAY SCHOOL

UCM Music *Presents*

**GRADUATE VOICE RECITAL**      **KATHLEEN MORGAN, SOPRANO**  
Hart Recital Hall                  **Cynthia Groff, piano**  
Friday, April 30, 2021  
7:00 p.m.

*In consideration of the performers, other audience members, and the live recording of this concert, please silence all devices before the performance. Parents are expected to be responsible for their children's behavior.*

from Come, Ye Sons of Art Bid the Virtues, Bid the Graces	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
from Sechs Lieder (Brentano Lieder), Op. 68 Ich wollt ein sträusslein binden Amor	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
from The Telephone Hello? Oh, Margaret it's You	Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007)
Sympathy Hold Fast to Dreams	Florence Price (1887-1953)
from Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios ¿Con que la lavaré? Vos me matasteis ¿De donde venis, amore? De los alamos vengo, madre	Joaquín Rodrigo (1901-1999)
from Roméo et Juliette Console toi, pauvre âme	Charles Gounod (1818-1893)
	Kathleen Morgan, Juliette Andre Williams, Romeo

## Ich wollt' ein Sträußlein binden

Clemens Brentano

Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden,  
Da kam die dunkle Nacht,  
Kein Blümlein war zu finden,  
Sonst hätt' ich dir's gebracht.  
Da flossen von den Wangen  
Mir Tränen in den Klee,  
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen  
Ich nun im Garten seh.  
Das wollte ich dir brechen  
Wohl in dem dunklen Klee,  
Da fing es an zu sprechen:  
"Ach, tue mir nicht weh!  
"Sei freundlich im Herzen,  
Betracht dein eigen Leid,  
Und lasse mich in Schmerzen  
Nicht sterben vor der Zeit!"  
Und hätt's nicht so gesprochen,  
Im Garten ganz allein,  
So hätt' ich dir's gebrochen,  
Nun aber darf's nicht sein.  
Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben,  
Ich bin so ganz allein.  
Im Lieben wohnt Betrüben,  
Und kann nicht anders sein.

## I Wanted to Make a Small Bouquet

Translated by Kathleen Morgan

I wanted to make a small bouquet,  
But the dark night came,  
There were no flowers to be found,  
Otherwise I would have brought you some.  
Then flowed from my cheeks  
Tears in the clover,  
A flower open  
I now see in the garden  
I wanted to break it for you  
Probably in the dark clover,  
Then it started to speak:  
"Ah, do not hurt me!  
Unless friendship is in your heart  
Consider your own suffering,  
And let me not in pain  
Stand before my time!"  
And had it not so spoken  
In the garden entirely alone,  
I would have broken it for you  
However, not it cannot be.  
My treasure is gone away,  
I am so entirely alone.  
In love lives sadness,  
And it cannot be different.

## **Amor**

Clemens Brentano

An dem Feuer saß das Kind  
Amor, Amor  
Und war blind;  
Mit dem kleinen Flügel fächelt  
In die Flammen er und lächelt,  
Fächle, lächle, schlaues Kind.

Ach, der Flügel brennt dem Kind!  
Amor, Amor  
Läuft geschwind!  
O wie ihn die Glut durchpeinet!  
Flügelschlagend laut er weinet;  
In der Hirtin Schoß entrinnt  
Hilfeschreiend das schlaue Kind.

Und die Hirtin hilft dem Kind,  
Amor, Amor  
Bös und blind.  
Hirtin, sieh, dein Herz entbrennet,  
Hast den Schelmen nicht gekennet.  
Sieh, die Flamme wächst geschwinde.  
Hüt dich vor dem schlaunen Kind!

## **Cupid**

Translated by Kathleen Morgan

In the fire sat the child  
Cupid, Cupid  
And was blind;  
With the small wings he fanned  
The flames and laughed  
Fan, laugh, clever child

Ah, the wings of the child burned!  
Cupid, cupid  
Ran quickly  
Oh how the embers hurt him!  
Flapping his wings loudly he cries  
Into the shepherdess's lap he ran  
Crying for help, the clever child

And the shepherdess helped the child  
Amor, Amor  
Bad and blind.  
Shepherdess, see, your heart is burning  
Have you not recognized the rascal  
See, the flames grow quickly  
Save yourself from the clever child!

### **¿Con qué la lavaré?**

Anon.

¿Con qué la lavaré  
la tez de la mi cara?  
¿Con qué la lavaré,  
Que vivo mal penada?  
Lávanse las casadas  
con agua de limones:  
lávome yo, cuitada,  
con penas y dolores.  
¿Con qué la lavaré,  
que vivo mal penada?

### **Vos me matásteis**

Anon.

Vos me matásteis,  
niña en cabello,  
vos me habéis muerto.  
Riberas de un río  
ví moza virgo,  
Niña en cabello,  
vos me habéis muerto.  
Niña en cabello  
vos me matásteis,  
vos me habéis muerto.

### **¿De dónde venís, amore?**

Anon.

¿De dónde venís, amore?  
Bien sé yo de dónde.  
¿De dónde venís, amigo?  
Fuere yo testigo!  
¡Ah!  
Bien sé yo de dónde.

### **With what shall I wash**

Spanish Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

With what shall I wash  
the skin of my face?  
With what shall I wash it?  
I live in such sorrow.  
Married women wash in lemon water:  
in my grief I wash  
in pain and sorrow.  
With what shall I wash it?  
I live in such sorrow.

### **You killed me**

Spanish Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

You killed me,  
girl with hair hanging loose,  
you have slain me.  
By the river bank  
I saw a young maiden.  
Girl with hair hanging loose,  
you have slain me.  
Girl with hair hanging loose,  
you have killed me,  
you have slain me.

### **Where hast thou been, my love?**

Spanish Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

Where hast thou been, my love?  
I know well where.  
Where hast thou been, my friend?  
Were I a witness  
ah!  
I know well where!

### **De los álamos vengo, madre**

Anon.

De los álamos vengo, madre,  
de ver cómo los menea el aire.  
De los álamos de Sevilla,  
de ver a mi linda amiga,  
de ver cómo los menea el aire.  
De los álamos vengo, madre,  
de ver cómo los menea el aire.

Translations by Jacqueline Cockburn and  
Richard Stokes published in the The Spanish  
Song Companion (Gollancz, 1992)

### **Console-toi, pauvre ame**

From Romeo et Juliette

ROMÉO

Console-toi, pauvre âme,  
Le rêve était trop beau!  
L'amour, céleste flamme,  
Survit même au tombeau!  
Il soulève la pierre  
Et, des anges béni,  
Comme un flot de lumière  
Se perd dans l'infini.

JULIETTE

O douleur! ô torture!

ROMÉO

Écoute, ô Juliette!  
L'alouette déjà nous annonce le jour!  
Non! non, ce n'est pas le jour, ce n'est pas  
l'alouette!  
C'est le doux rossignol, confident de  
l'amour?

### **I come from the poplars, mother**

Spanish Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

I come from the poplars, mother,  
from seeing the breezes stir them.  
From the poplars of Seville,  
from seeing my sweet love,  
from seeing the breezes stir them.  
I come from the poplars, mother,  
from seeing the breezes stir them.

### **Console Yourself, Poor Soul**

[www.opera-arias.com](http://www.opera-arias.com)

ROMEO

Console yourself, poor soul,  
The dream was too beautiful!  
Love, heavenly flame,  
Even survive at the tomb!  
He raises the stone  
And, blessed angels,  
Like a stream of light  
Get lost in the infinite.

JULIETTE

O pain! O torture!

ROMEO

Listen, O Juliette!  
The lark already announces us the day!  
No! no, it's not the day, it's not the lark!  
Is he the sweet nightingale, confidant of  
love?

JULIETTE

Ah! cruel époux! de ce poison funeste  
Tu ne m'as pas laissé ma part.  
Ah! fortuné poignard,  
Ton secours me reste!.

ROMÉO

Dieu! qu'as-tu fait?

JULIETTE

Va! ce moment est doux!  
*Elle laisse tomber sur le poignard.*  
O joie infinie et suprême  
De mourir avec toi! Viens! un baiser! je  
t'aime!

LES DEUX

Seigneur, Seigneur, pardonnez-nous!

JULIETTE

Ah! cruel husband! of this deadly poison  
You did not leave me my part.  
Ah! wealthy dagger,  
Your help remains me!

ROMEO

God! what did you do?

JULIETTE

Go! this moment is sweet!  
O infinite and supreme joy  
To die with you! Come! a kiss! I love  
you!

BOTH

Lord, Lord, forgive us!