

Samantha Martin, mezzo-soprano

Degree Recital

Saturday, May 7, 2022 at 3 PM

Texts & Translations

Mörrike Lieder

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)

text by Eduard Mörrike (1804–75)

Im Frühling

In Spring

Hier lieg ich auf dem Frühlingshügel:
Die Wolke wird mein Flügel,
Ein Vogel fliegt mir voraus.
Ach, sag mir, alleinige Liebe,
Wo du bleibst, dass ich bei dir bliebe!
Doch du und die Lüfte, ihr habt kein Haus.

Here I lie on the springtime hill:
The clouds become my wings,
A bird flies ahead of me.
Ah tell me, all-encompassing Love,
Where are you, so that I might be with you!
But you and the breezes, you have no house.

Der Sonnenblume gleich steht mein Gemüte offen,
Sehnend,
Sich dehnend
In Lieben und Hoffen.
Frühling, was bist du gewillt?
Wann werd ich gestillt?

Like a sunflower my soul has opened,
Yearning,
Expanding
In love and hope.
Spring, what is it you want?
When will I be satisfied?

Die Wolke seh ich wandeln und den Fluss,
Es dringt der Sonne goldner Kuss
Mir tief bis ins Geblüt hinein;
Die Augen, wunderbar berauschet,
Tun, als schliefen sie ein,
Nur noch das Ohr dem Ton der Biene lauschet.
Ich denke dies, und denke das,
Ich sehne mich und weiss nicht recht nach was:
Halb ist es Lust, halb ist es Klage;
Mein Herz, o sage,
Was webst du für Erinnerung
In golden grüner Zweige Dämmerung?
—Alte unnennbare Tage!

I see the clouds drift by, the river too,
The golden glow of the sun's kisses
Seeping into my skin;
My eyes, wondrously enchanted,
Close, as if in sleep,
My only sense is hearing the humming bees.
think of this, and think of that,
I'm yearning, for what I cannot say:
It is half joy, half lament;
Tell me, O heart,
What memories you weave
Into the golden green youth of twilight?
— Past, unmentionable days!

Auf dem Strom

On the Stream

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
text by Ludwig Rellstab (1799–1860)

Nimm die letzten Abschiedsküsse,
Und die wehenden, die Grüsse,
Die ich noch ans Ufer sende,
Eh' Dein Fuss sich scheidend wende!
Schon wird von des Stromes Wogen
Rasch der Nachen fortgezogen,
Doch den tränendunklen Blick
Zieht die Sehnsucht stets zurück!

Take these last blown kisses,
The well wishes and goodbyes;
That I send to the shore
Before your foot turns to leave!
The stream's waves are hastily
Pulling the boat away,
But a darkened, tearstained gaze
Elicits longing to return!

Und so trägt mich denn die Welle
Fort mit unerflehter Schnelle.
Ach, schon ist die Flur verschwunden,
Wo ich selig Sie gefunden!
Ewig hin, ihr Wonnetage!
Hoffnungsleer verhallt die Klage
Um das schöne Heimatland,
Wo ich ihre Liebe fand.

And so the waves carry me
Away with unending speed.
Ah, the Hall is already out of sight,
Where I blissfully found love!
Eternally gone, our days of bliss!
Hopelessly my lament echoes
For my beautiful homeland,
Where I found my love.

Sieh, wie flieht der Strand vorüber,
Und wie drängt es mich hinüber,
Zieht mit unnennbaren Banden,
An der Hütte dort zu landen,
In der Laube dort zu weilen;
Doch des Stromes Wellen eilen
Weiter ohne Rast und Ruh,
Führen mich dem Weltmeer zu!

Ach, vor jener dunklen Wüste,
Fern von jeder heitern Küste,
Wo kein Eiland zu erschauen,
O, wie fasst mich zitternd Grauen!
Wehmutstränen sanft zu bringen,
Kann kein Lied vom Ufer dringen;
Nur der Sturm weht kalt daher
Durch das grau gehobne Meer!

Kann des Auges sehndend Schweifen
Keine Ufer mehr ergreifen,
Nun so schau' ich zu den Sternen
Auf in jenen heil'gen Fernen!
Ach, bei ihrem milden Scheine
Nannt' ich sie zuerst die Meine;
Dort vielleicht, o tröstend Glück!
Dort begeg'n ich ihrem Blick.

See, how the shore flies by,
And how it urges me across,
Pulling with an unseen force,
Away from our cottage in the woods,
Where we would linger;
But the waves of the stream rush
Onward without rest or peace,
Leading me to the sea of the world!

Ah, before that dark wasteland,
Far from any serene coast,
Where no island can be seen,
Oh, how I tremble with dread!
I shed melancholy tears,
That are cannot be soothed by songs from shore;
Only the stormy winds blowing coldly are heard
Over the gray planed sea!

My eyes longingly wander,
Searching for the shore,
Now I look to the stars
Off in the revered distance!
Alas, by their mild glow
I first called my love, mine;
There perhaps, with a comforting happiness!
I might meet her gaze.

All the Future Days (2004)
"Autobiography"
"The Siren"

Jonathan Dove (b. 1959)
text by Ursula Vaughan Williams (1911–2007)

Autobiography

I called them eagles, so they were all eagles
floating above a gulf of olive trees,
Parnassus skies and springs and prophecies
with falling stars and dancers in the night.

I thought of islands, so there were three islands,
each one in morning seas superb and calm
a sycamore, a carob, and a palm
against the firefly clustered Pleiades.

I knew it truth, so it became all truth,
my measure stood because I knew no other:
my only truth is that we stand together
even surrounded or when separate.

I name it solitude, so it is solitude
because no other truth can touch the years
that lie like islands till the sun appears
to shape their shores or show their boundaries.

I called it love, a name that has no proof,
so it was love, created and arising,
a bird of fire, feather from flame devising
in light that burns on all the world I know.

The Siren

And if I sing
along these coral beaches till the caves
hold echoes murmuring
in every rise and fall of summer waves
clear as iris, curved as swallow's wing,
perfection to perfection answering,
it is of grief, a shadow of lost joy.
my silver tears fall from a ceaseless spring.

An angel torn from heaven, defeated in the sky,
still lit by glory and still winged with flame,
in reckless beauty for the world to tame,
fell where my island basks on outspread sea,
by bastions of a city crowned with towers,
and terraced vineyards, tapestries of flowers,
down to blue valleys where my orchards lie.

Here mortal love was shelter for a day;
peace in my arms was healing for lost pride;
soon his light faded and his wings fell wide –
O wounded splendour journeying to death.

And even the memory of paradise
sank into silence withered from deep eyes,
as like the shadowed moon he waned away.

But memory wears the blazon of his wing,
gathering me to limbs of fire and dew,
a birth of joy and grief wherein I knew
celestial language, voice of wind and star.
By light transfigured and by shadow slain
these are the songs of heav'n I sing again,
mourning his beauty.
Mourning his beauty of my love I sing.

Singing I weep,
yet bright enchantment falls upon the sea
where the waves reap
their harvest of wrecked ships eternally,
for listening steersmen lose the course they keep,
forget the rocks and drown cold fathoms deep.
For none can share my joy or touch my grief.
I sing for ever and for ever weep.

Six Sonnets de Louise Labé (1941)

1. "Claire Venus"

Claire Vénus, qui erres par les cieux,
Entends ma voix qui en plaints chantera,
Tant que ta face au haut du ciel luira,
Son long travail et souci ennuyeux.

Mon œil veillant s'attendrira bien mieux,
Et plus de pleurs te voyant jettera;
Mieux mon lit mol de larmes baignera
De ses travaux voyant témoins tes yeux.

Viktor Ullmann(1898–1944) text by Louise Labé (1524–66)

"Bright Venus"

Bright Venus, who wanders through the sky,
Hear my voice singing out loud,
Of my toil and melancholic worry,
As long as your face shines up in the sky.

My watchful eye will soften so much better,
The more I see you, the more I cry,
I will bathe in my tear-soaked bed,
Your eyes bearing witness to the travails.

Donc des humains sont les lassés esprits
De doux repos et de sommeil épris.
J'endure mal tant que le soleil luit,

Et quand je suis quasi tout cassée
Et que me suis mise en mon lit lassée,
Crier me faut mon mal toute la nuit.

3. "Je vis, je meurs"

Je vis, je meurs ; je me brûle et me noie;
J'ai chaud extrême en endurant froidure:
La vie m'est et trop molle et trop dure.
J'ai grands ennuis entremêlés de joie.

Tout à un coup je ris et je larmoie,
Et en plaisir maint grief tourment j'endure;
Mon bien s'en va, et à jamais il dure;
Tout en un coup je sèche et je verdoie.

Ainsi Amour inconstamment me mène;
Et, quand je pense avoir plus de douleur,
Sans y penser je me trouve hors de peine.

Puis, quand je crois ma joie être certaine,
Et être au haut de mon désiré heur,
Il me remet en mon premier malheur.

Therefore humans are the tired spirits
Eager to find sweet rest and sleep
Which is hard to find so long as the sun shines

And when I am almost all broken,
And that I lay in my bed weary
Screaming my pain all through the night.

"I live, I die"

I live, I die: I burn and I drown,
I feel I'm burning and freezing at the same time:
Life is too soft and too hard for me,
I have many problems in the midst of joy.

One minute I laugh and the next I cry,
And when I feel pleasure I also feel grave torment;
My pleasure disappears and but lasts forever,
I am sterile and yet fertile again.

So love intermittently guides me;
And when I think that I will suffer even more,
Without thinking, I realize the pain is gone.

Then, when I believe my joy is assured,
And I will be at the peak of my desired happiness,
I return to my original misery.

Six Romanser (1917)

"Norden"

Löfven de falla,
Sjöarna frysa...
Flyttande svanor,
Seglen, o seglen
Sorgsna till södern,
Söken dess nödspis,
Längtande åter;
Plöjen dess sjöar,
Saknande våra!
Då skall ett öga
Se er från palmens
Skugga och tala:
"Tynande Svanor,
Hvilken förtrollning
Hvilar på norden?
Den som från södern
Längtar, hans längtan
Söker en himmel!"

Jean Sibelius (1865–1957)

text by Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804–1877)

"The North"

Leaves they fall,
The lakes freeze...
Moving swans,
Sail, o sail
Mourn to the south,
Look for food there,
Longing again;
Plowing its lakes,
Missing ours!
Then one eye
Spots you from the palm's
Shadow and speaks:
"Languishing swans
What magic
Upon the north?
He who from the south
Longs, his longing
Seeks a heaven!"

Apparition (1979)**George Crumb (1929–2022)**
text by Walt Whitman (1819–1892)

The night, in silence under many a star;
The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave, whose voice I know;
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veil'd Death,
And the body gratefully nesting close to thee.
When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.
Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Approach, strong Deliveress!
When it is so- when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.
Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate death.
The night, in silence under many a star;
The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave, whose voice I know;
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veil'd Death,
And the body gratefully nesting close to thee.

Five Romanser (1902)
"Var det en dröm"**Jean Sibelius (1865–1957)**
text by Josef Julius Wecksell (1838–1907)**Var det en dröm?**

Var det en dröm, att ljuvt en gång
jag var ditt hjärtas vän?
Jag minns det som en tystnad sång,
då strängen darrar än.

Jag minns en törnros av dig skänkt,
en blick så blyg och öm;
jag minns en avskedstår, som blickt.
Var allt, var allt en dröm?

En dröm lik sippans liv så kort
uti en vårgrön ängd,
vars fågring hastigt vissnar bort
för nya blommors mängd.

Men mången natt jag hör en röst
vid bittra tårars ström:
göm djupt dess minne i ditt bröst,
det var din bästa dröm!

Was it a dream?

Was it a dream, that once sweetly
I was your heart's friend?
I remember it as a song of silence,
Whose melody reverberates still.

I remember the dog rose you gave,
A look so shy and tender;
I remember a parting tear, that sparkled
Was it all, Was it all a dream?

A dream as short as a wildflower's life
In a green spring meadow,
Whose beauty quickly withers away
Crowded before new blooms.

But many a night I hear a voice
By the bitter stream of tears:
Hide its memory deep in your breast,
It was only your dream!

Nocturnes (1956)

2.Returning, We Hear the Larks

5.Boat Song

Arnold Cooke (1906-2005)

text by Isaac Rosenberg (1890-1918)

text by John Davidson (1857-1909)

Returning, We Hear the Larks

Sombre the night is:
And, though we have our lives, we know
What sinister threat lurks there.

Dragging these anguished limbs, we only know
This poison-blasted track opens on our camp-
On a little safe sleep.

But hark! Joy- joy- strange joy.
Lo! Heights of night ringing with unseen larks:
Music showering on our upturned listening faces.

Death could drop from the dark
As easily as song-
But song only dropped,
Like a blind man's dreams on the sand
By dangerous tides;
Like a girl's dark hair, for she dreams no ruin lies there,
Or her kisses where a serpent hides.

Boat Song

THE BOAT is chafing at our long delay,
And we must leave too soon
The spicy sea-pinks and the inborn spray,
The tawny sands, the moon.
Keep us, O Thetis, in our western flight!
Watch from thy pearly throne
Our vessel, plunging deeper into night
To reach a land unknown.

Mörike Lieder

"Er ist's"

Er ist's

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süsse, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.
Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
– Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist!
Dich hab ich vernommen!

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

text by Eduard Mörike (1804-75)

It's Here

Spring let's its blue ribbon
Flutters again through the breeze;
Sweet, well known scents
Roam predictably through the land
Violets, still dreaming,
Want to come soon
– Hark! Far off a soft Harp sound!
Spring, it is you!
I hear you!