



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Dreams

Anna Borges, soprano
Edward Newman, piano

March 30, 2025

5:30 pm

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

Tornarmi a vagheggiar
from *Alcina*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Sehnsucht nacht Italien
Wohl deinem Liebbling
Ave Maria

Fanny Hensel
(1805-1847)

Dreams
The pied Piper
Vocalise

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

Intermission

Les Roses d'Ispahan
Automne
Pie Jesu
from *Requiem*
Après un rêve
Fleur jetée

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Five Hebrew Love Songs

Eric Whitacre

I. Temuná

(b. 1970)

II. Kalá kallá

V. Rákut

*Anna Borges, soprano
Elijah Ong, violin*

In My Own Little Corner

Richard Rodgers

from *Cinderella*

(1902-1972)

Ten Minutes Ago

from *Cinderella*

*Anna Borges, soprano
Owen Harvey, baritone*

A Dream is a Wish Your Heart Makes

Jerry Livingston

(1909-1987)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance. Anna Borges is a student of Professor Twyla Robinson. The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited. Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

My opening aria comes from one of the most preeminent works of the Baroque *opera seria* tradition, George Frideric Handel's *Alcina*. At the height of his operatic career, Handel was a resident composer and impresario in London, where he wrote over 35 serious operas. *Alcina* premiered in 1735 and repurposed the libretto from *L'isola di Alcina*, a 1728 opera by Riccardo Broschi. The story was originally adapted from Ludovico Ariosto's epic poem "Orlando furioso." In this aria sung by Morgana, she expresses her fervent love for "Ricciardo," who is truly Bradamante in disguise. Unbeknownst to Morgana, Bradamante is dressed as her brother, searching the island in hopes of finding her betrothed, Ruggiero; but Alcina has tricked him into loving her instead! Handel's use of melisma in this da capo aria conveys Morgana's gleeful infatuation with Ricciardo.

Tornarmi a vagheggiar

*Text adapted from L'isola di Alcina
Riccardo Broschi (1698-1756)*

Tornami a vagheggiar

te solo vuol' amar
quest'anima fedel,
caro mio bene.

Già ti donai il mio cor,
fido sarà'l mio amor,
mai ti sarò crudel,
cara mia speme.

Return to me and look upon me with a passionate gaze

Georg Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Return to me and look upon me with a
passionate gaze,
To love you alone wishes
this faithful soul,
my dear beloved.

I have already given you my heart,
My love shall be forever true,
I will never be cruel to you,
my dearest hope.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

The German composer Fanny Hensel is, unfortunately, perhaps better known as the sister of Felix Mendelssohn. She was a talented pianist, though seldom performed outside her family circle. Although Hensel lived in the shadow of her renowned brother, she still wrote hundreds of Lieder and pieces for piano. "Sehnsucht nach Italien" adapts Goethe's treasured poem in which the speaker asks their lover if they have beheld Italy's quaint countryside, vowing to one day take them there. "Wohl deinem Liebbling" is adapted from the biblical Psalm 65:4. This verse shares that great reward will come to those who follow the Lord. To conclude, Hensel sets the prayer "Ave Maria" in a beguiling plea for Mary's intercession. These songs by Hensel are exemplary of the early Romantic era's emphasis on personal expression and lyrical beauty.

Sehnsucht nach Italien

*Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
(1749-1832)*

Kennst du das Land?
wo die Citronen blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht,
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! Dahin
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Wohl deinem Lieblich

*Text by Moses Mendelssohn (1729-1786)
Based on Psalm 65:4*

Wohl deinem Lieblich, den du aufnimmst,
dass er in deinem Vorhof wohne!
Da wird man satt von Gütern deines
Hauses,
Satt von deines Tempels Heiligtum.

Ave Maria

Text by Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)

Ave Maria! Jungfrau mild,
Erhöre einer Jungfrau Flehen,
Aus diesem Felsen starr und wild
Soll mein Gebet zu dir hinwehen.
Wir schlafen sicher bis zum Morgen,
Ob Menschen noch so grausam sind.
O Jungfrau, sieh der Jungfrau Sorgen,
O Mutter, hör ein bittend Kind!

Longing for Italy

Fanny Hensel (1805-1847)

Do you know the land?
where the lemon trees blossom,
Among the dark leaves golden oranges glow,
A gentle wind from the blue sky wafts,
The myrtle stands silent, the laurel tall,
Do you know it?
There! There
would I go with you, my beloved.

*T
Translation by Bard Suverkrop*

Blessed is your beloved

Fanny Hensel (1805-1847)

Blessed is your beloved whom you receive,
That He in your courts may dwell!
He will be satisfied with the goods of your
house,
With the sanctuary of your temple.

Translation by Anna Borges

Hail Mary

Fanny Hensel (1805-1847)

Ave Maria! Gentle virgin,
Listen to a virgin's prayer;
From this rock so solid and wild
May my prayer rise towards you.
Allow us to sleep safely until the morning,
Even though people can be so cruel.
Oh virgin, look on the cares of this virgin,
Oh mother, hear a begging child!

Translation by Malcom Wren

Sergei Rachmaninoff, Russian composer, conductor, and piano virtuoso, served as a bridge between the late Romantic and early 20th century eras. His sweeping melodic lines, dense contrapuntal textures, and lavish harmonies make Rachmaninoff one of the finest exhibitors of Romanticism in classical music. These three selections are from two song collections of “romances.” “Dreams” personifies sleep as a pleasant, winged creature. “The pied Piper” recounts the Grimm Brothers’ fairytale of the mysterious man who plays his pipe to lure rats (and sometimes, girls) out of town. “Vocalise” is a stunningly haunting melody that contains no words; it is sung using vowels of the singer’s choice.

Son, ‘Dreams’

Text by Fyoder Kuzmich Teternikov (1863-1927)

V mire net nichego
Dozhdelenneje sna,
Chary jest' u nego,
U nego tishina,
U nego na ustakh
Ni pechal' i ni smekh,
I v bezdonnykh ochakh
Mnogo tajnykh utekh.

U nego shiroki,
Shiroki dva kryla,
I legki, tak ljogki,
Kak polnochnaja mgla.
Ne ponjat', kak nesjot,
I kuda i na chem
On krylom ne vzmakhnet
I ne dvinet plechom.

Dreams

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

In the world there is nothing
more desirable than sleep,
Charms he has,
He has peace
on his lips,
Neither sadness nor laughter,
And in bottomless eyes
many mysterious delights.

He has wide,
two wide wings,
And weightless, so weightless,
Like midnight darkness.
We cannot know how he carries,
Where and on what
His wings do not flap
and does not shoulder more.

Translation by Philip Ross Bullock

Krysolov

Text by Valery Yakovlevich Bryusov (1873-1924)

Ja na dudochke igraju,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
I na dudochke igraju,
Ch'i-to dushi veselja.

Ja idu vdol' tikhov rechki,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Dremljut tikhija ovechki,
Krotko zybljutsja polja.

Spite, ovcy i barashki,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Za lugami krasnoj kashki
strojno vstali topolja.

Malyj domik tam taitjsja,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Miloj devushke prisnitsja,
Chto jej dushu otdal ja.

I na nezhnij zov svireli,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Vyjdet slovno k svetloj celi,
cherez sad, cherez polja.

I v lesu pod dubom tjomnym,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Budet zhdat' v bredu istomnom,
V chas, kogda usnjot zemlja.

Vstrechu gost'ju doroguju,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Vplot' do utra zaceluju,
Serdce laskoj utolja.

I, smenivshis' s nej kolechkom,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Otpushchu jejo k ovechkam,
V sad, gde strojny topolja.

The pied Piper

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

I play upon my little pipe,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
I play upon my little pipe,
And gladden people's hearts.

Along a quiet little stream I go,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
Little lambkins quietly slumber,
Fields gently sway.

Sleep, oh sheep and lambs,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
Beyond the meadows of red clover
Slender poplars reach to the sky.

A little house is hidden there,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
Where a sweet girl will dream
That I have given her my heart.

And at the call of my tender reed,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
She will come, as if with radiant purpose,
Through the garden, through the fields.

And in the wood, beneath the dark oak,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
She will wait in languorous delirium
As the earth falls asleep.

I shall meet my beloved guest,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
I shall kiss her 'til morning comes,
Assuaging my heart with caresses.

And once we have exchanged rings,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
I'll send her back to the little sheep,
To the garden where the poplars are slender.

Translation by Sergey Rybin

Gabriel Fauré, French composer, pianist, organist, and former head of the Paris Conservatoire, is known for his extensive collection of mélodies, many being of the most distinguished in French art song repertoire. In total, he wrote over one hundred mélodies and two major song cycles, the pièce de résistance being “Après un rêve.” This set that I have chosen focuses on seasons of nature and life’s transience. In “Les Roses d’Ispahan” a lovely woman, Leïlah, is likened to the roses named after the Iranian city Isfahan, notable for its lush gardens. The speaker claims her loveliness exceeds that of any flowering bloom. “Automne” reflects on the melancholic season of autumn and youth long forgotten. “Pie Jesu,” from Fauré’s *Requiem*, is a simple, heartfelt prayer asking God to grant peace to those who have passed on. “Après un rêve” depicts a romantic flight of two lovers in a dream; their fleeting reverie can only exist in sleep. Lastly, the passionate “Fleur jetée” compares a plucked flower to love forever lost.

Les Roses d’Ispahan

*Text by Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle
(1818-1894)*

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 Leïlah! 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.

Oh! que ton jeune amour, ce papillon léger,
Reviennne vers mon cœur d’une aile prompte et
douce,
Et qu’il parfume encor les fleurs de l’oranger,
Les roses d’Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse!

The Roses of Isfahan

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

The roses of Isfahan in their mossy sheaths,
The jasmines of Mosul, the orange blossom
Have a fragrance less fresh and a scent less
sweet,
O pale Leïlah, than your soft breath!

Your lips are of coral and your light laughter
Rings brighter and sweeter than running
water,
Than the blithe wind rocking the orange tree boughs,
Than the singing bird by its mossy nest.

O Leïlah, ever since on light wings
All kisses have flown from your sweet lips,
The pale orange-tree fragrance is spent,
And the heavenly scent of moss-clad roses.

Oh! may your young love, that airy butterfly,
Wing swiftly and gently to my heart once
more,
To scent again the orange blossom,
The roses of Isfahan in their mossy sheaths!

Translation by Richard Stokes

Automne

Text by Paul Armand Silvestre (1837-1901)

Automne au ciel brumeux, aux horizons navrants,
Aux rapides couchants, aux aurores pâlies,
Je regarde couler, comme l'eau du torrent,
Tes jours faits de mélancolie.

Sur l'aile des regrets mes esprits emportés,
– Comme s'il se pouvait que notre âge renaisse! –
Parcourent, en rêvant, les coteaux enchantés
Où jadis sourit ma jeunesse.

Je sens, au clair soleil du souvenir vainqueur
Reflourir en bouquet les roses déliées
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes, qu'en mon cœur,
Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées!

Pie Jesu

Text by Anonymous

Pie Jesu, Domine, dona eis requiem.
Pie Jesu, Domine, dona eis sempiternam requiem.

Après un rêve

Text by Romain Bussine (1830-1899)

Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, leurs divines entrevues.

Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes,
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes
mensonges;
Reviens, reviens, radieuse,
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

Autumn

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Autumn of misty skies and heartbreaking horizons,
Of swift sunsets and pale dawns,
I watch flow by, like torrential water,
Your days imbued with melancholy.

My thoughts, borne away on the wings of regret,
– As though our time could come round again! –
Roam in reverie the enchanted hills,
Where long ago my youth once smiled.

In the bright sun of triumphant memory
I feel untied roses reflower in bouquets,
And tears rise to my eyes, which in my heart
At twenty had been forgotten!

Translation by Richard Stokes

Blessed Jesus

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Blessed Jesus, Lord, give them rest.
Blessed Jesus, Lord, give them eternal rest.

Translation by Anonymous

After a Dream

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

In sleep made sweet by a vision of you
I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion,
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and ringing,
You shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn;

You called me and I departed the earth
To flee with you toward the light,
The heavens parted their clouds for us,
We glimpsed unknown splendors, celestial fires.

Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I summon you, O night, give me back your
delusions;
Return, return in radiance,
Return, O mysterious night!

Translation by Richard Stokes

Fleur jetée

Text by Paul Armand Silvestre (1837-1901)

Emporte ma folie
Au gré du vent,
Fleur en chantant cueillie
Et jetée en rêvant.
Emporte ma folie
Au gré du vent!

Comme la fleur fauchée
Périt l'amour.
La main qui t'a touchée
Fuit ma main sans retour.
Comme la fleur fauchée,
Périt l'amour!

Que le vent qui te sèche,
O pauvre fleur,
Tout à l'heure si fraîche
Et demain sans couleur!
Que le vent qui te sèche,
Sèche mon cœur!

Discarded flower

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Carry my folly away
at the will of the wind,
flower plucked in a song
and discarded in a dream.
Carry my folly away
at the will of the wind!

Like the flower cut down
love perishes.
The hand which touched you
flees my hand forever.
Like the flower cut down
love perishes!

May the wind which dries you,
o poor flower,
just now so fresh
and tomorrow without color!
May the wind which dries you,
dry my heart!

Translation by Christopher Goldsack

Grammy Award-winning composer and conductor Eric Whitacre, born 1970, has achieved high status in the choral world. His ground-breaking Virtual Choirs have connected over 100,000 singers across the globe, representing 145 countries. Whitacre's *Five Hebrew Love Songs* for soprano are set to "postcards" written by his former partner, in her native tongue. Each song details a moment the couple shared together. The conversational exchange between the vocal and violin line captures a sense of two lovers' hearts intertwining.

Temunà

Text by Hila Plitmann (b. 1973)

Temunà belibí charuntá;
Nodédet beyn ór uveyn ófel:
Min dmamá shekazó et guféch kach otá,
Usaréch al paña'ich kach nófel.

A picture

Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

A picture is engraved in my heart;
Moving between light and darkness:
A sort of silence envelopes your body,
And your hair falls upon your face just so.

Translation by Hila Plitmann

Kalá kallá

Text by Hila Plitmann (b. 1973)

Kalá kallá
Kulá shelí,
U've kalút
Tishákhilí!

Light bride

Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

Light bride
She is all mine,
And lightly
She will kiss me!

Translation by Hila Plitmann

Rakút

Text by Hila Plitmann (b. 1973)

Hu hayá malé rakút;
Hi haytá kasha
Vechól káma shenistá lehishaér kach,
Pashút, uvlí sibá tová,
Lakách otá el toch atzmó,
Veheniach Bamakóm
hachí rach.

Tenderness

Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

He was full of tenderness;
She was very hard.
And as much as she tried to stay thus,
Simply, and with no good reason,
He took her into himself,
And set her down
In the softest, softest place.

Translation by Hila Plitmann

The classic fairytale Cinderella has been a favorite of mine since I was a little girl. As a toddler, I used to stomp down the hallway in my sparkly gold shoes known as “princess clompers” and loved to dress up in my blue Cinderella ballgown, a gift from Mema. When I was in first grade, my dad took me on a father-daughter date to see the Rodgers & Hammerstein musical, where I was awed by its theatrical magic. I later got to be a lady of the court in my high school’s production of *Cinderella*. Now, I get to live out my childhood dream of being a “real-life” princess at children’s birthday parties! Cinderella’s story of courage and kindness remains beloved by generations, and these final three selections of tonight’s program are songs that I cherish dearly. “In My Own Little Corner” shows Cinderella’s imagination running wild while she fantasizes about a life she can only dream of tucked safely away in her bedchamber. She meets her Prince Charming at the ball, and he asks her to dance. Despite having met a mere “Ten Minutes Ago,” this dreamy waltz reveals the pair quickly falling in love. Finally, the whimsical “A Dream is a Wish Your Heart Makes” inspires dreamers to never lose faith. After all, “they can’t order me to stop dreaming!”

In My Own Little Corner

Text by Oscar Hammerstein II (1895-1960)

I'm as mild and as meek as a mouse,
When I hear a command, I obey.
But I know of a spot in my house
Where no one can stand in my way.

In my own little corner,
In my own little chair,
I can be whatever I want to be!
On the wing of my fancy
I can fly anywhere,
And the world will open its arms to me!

I'm a young Norwegian princess or a milkmaid,
I'm the greatest prima donna in Milan,
I'm an heiress who has always had her silk made
by her own flock of silkworms in Japan!

I'm a girl men go mad for,
Love's a game I can play
with a cool and confident kind of air,
Just as long as I stay in my own little corner,
All alone in my own little chair.

I can be whatever I want to be!

I'm a thief in Calcutta,
I'm a queen in Peru,
I'm a mermaid dancing upon the sea!

I'm a huntress on an African safari,
It's a dangerous type of sport, and yet it's fun!
In the night I sally forth to seek my quarry,
When I find I forgot to bring my gun!

I am lost in the jungle,
All alone and unarmed,
When I meet a lioness in her lair!

Then I'm glad to be back in my own little corner,
All alone in my own little chair.

Ten Minutes Ago

Text by Oscar Hammerstein II (1895-1960)

[Prince Topher]

Ten minutes ago, I saw you,
I looked up when you came through the door,
My head started reeling,
You gave me the feeling
the room had no ceiling or floor.

Ten minutes ago, I met you,
And we murmured our “how-do-you-dos,”
I wanted to ring out the bells,
And fling out my arms, and to sing out the news:

I have found her, she’s an angel
with the dust of the stars in her eyes,
We are dancing, we are flying,
And she’s taking me back to the skies!

In the arms of my love, I’m flying
over mountain and meadow and glen,
And I like it so well that for all I can tell
I may never come down again,
I may never come down to earth again!

[Ella]

Ten minutes ago, I met you,
And we murmured our “how-do-you-dos,”
I wanted to ring out the bells,
And fling out my arms, and to sing out the news:

I have found him; I have found him!

In the arms of my love, I’m flying
over mountain and meadow and glen,
And I like it so well that for all I can tell
I may never come down again,

[Prince Topher, Ella]

I may never come down to earth again!

A Dream is a Wish Your Heart Makes

Text by Al Hoffman (1902-1960)

A dream is a wish your heart makes
when you're fast asleep,
In dreams, you will lose your heartache,
Whatever you wish for, you keep.

Have faith in your dreams, and someday
your rainbow will come smiling through,
No matter how your heart is grieving,
If you keep on believing,
The dream that you wish will come true.