



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Recital

**Brielle Finkbeiner**  
Soprano

**Daniel Glessner**  
Piano

Saturday, November 11, 2023 at 4:00 PM

**HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL**

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

# Program

Mi chiamano Mimì (*La Bohème*)..... Giacomo Puccini  
(1858-1924)

With verdure clad (*The Creation*).....Josef Haydn  
(1732-1809)

L'amante spagnolo ..... Gaetano Donizetti  
Non amerò che te (1797-1848)  
Lamento per la morte di Bellini

Obéissons quand leur voix appelle (*Manon*)..... Jules Massenet  
(1842-1912)

## Intermission

Dove sono i bei momenti (*Le Nozze di Figaro*)..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Offrande..... Reynaldo Hahn  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes (1874-1947)  
À Chloris

Wie Melodien zieht es mir .....Johannes Brahms  
Liebestreu (1833-1897)  
In Waldeseinsamkeit

Je veux vivre (*Roméo et Juliette*)..... Charles Gounod

*Brielle Finkbeiner is a student of Tara Savarino*

*Presented in partial fulfillment  
of the requirements of the degree  
Bachelor of Science in Music Education*

# Translations

## **Mi chiamano Mimi**

They call me Mimi

Yes, they call me Mimi,

But my name is Lucia.

My story is brief:

On linen or on silk

I do embroidery at home and outside.

I am peaceful and happy,

And in my pastime, I make lilies and roses.

Those things give me pleasure

Which have such sweet charm,

That speak of love, of springtime,

That speak of dreams and of fantasies,

Those things that have poetic names.

Do you understand me?

They call me Mimi, the reason I do not know.

I make my meals at home by myself.

I do not always go to mass,

But I pray a great deal to the Lord.

I live alone, all alone,

There in a clean little room;

I look out over the roofs and into the sky.

But when the thaw comes,

The early sun is mine,

The first kiss of April is mine!

The early sun is mine!

There sprouts in a vase a rose...

Petal by petal I observe it!

How delicate is the scent of a flower!

But the flowers that I make, alas, do not have fragrance.

There is nothing else to say about myself.

I am your neighbor who comes

At an unexpected hour to trouble you.

## **L'amante spagnuolo**

The Spanish lover

Run, steed, quickly!

Run! Devour the road!

Bring me to the side of my angel

That fills my life with flowers.

Ah, before the dawn in the sky

Spreads its rosy veil,

Tell her with your neighing

That her faithful lover has returned.

And her face with joy

You will cause to sparkle,

And of her day, the delight,

Oh, my steed, yes, you will be.

Her modest hand will

Caress you as a friend,

And only less happy than you

I shall be.

## **Non amerò che te!**

I love only you

Ah! If a heartbeat of love is

What you want to feel for me,

On earth and in heaven with the angels

I shall love only you.

For you, poor young girl,

I shall leave the world,

In your love, the homeland

I shall have all in you alone.

Nor will you hear me say, "Come with me,

Young girl, I am a rich man."

You will not find an echo

In your soul such a sound.

Pure of human affections,

Beautiful for your honesty,

You remain in your ancestors;

Only I shall live of love!

For if having me by your side

Displeases you, I shall leave;  
Only where I am pleasing  
To you will I return.

And if I ever want to change feelings  
Of the heavens one day,  
My name forever  
Will be your name.

### **Lamento per la morte di Bellini**

Lament for the death of Bellini

A sigh came on the wings of the breezes  
To Italy:  
For the Sicilian Orpheus,  
It was the last, sad breath:  
It was the farewell of the son  
Who dies on foreign soil.

Italy, moved by the news  
Of such dreadful misfortune,  
Weeps over the cruel fate  
That stole her best one from her,  
And Italy's weeping  
Is echoed in foreign lands.

Now that you have joined the angelic choir, oh, chosen spirit,  
Unfurl your mournful harmonies,  
The song of love,  
And so that the angels may hear you,  
They will stop in their flight.

Perhaps the harmonious chords  
That you make in paradise  
Will come on the wings of the breezes  
To comfort us and cause us to smile,  
And let them be the farewell of the son  
Who flew up to Heaven.

### **Obéissons quand leur voix appelle**

Obey when their voices are calling  
Obey when their voices are calling,  
Beckoning us to tender loves,  
Always, always, always;

As long as you are beautiful,  
Use up your days without counting them,  
All of your days!

Let's take advantage of youth,  
Days that spring provides.  
Let's love, laugh, and sing without stopping,  
While we're still only twenty! Ha! Ha!

Even the most faithful heart, alas,  
Forgets love in a day, love,  
And youth, spreading its wings to fly away, disappears, never to return,  
Never to return.

Let's take full advantage of our youth,  
The springtime season, alas, is very short!  
Let's love, sing, and laugh without stopping,  
We won't be twenty forever!

Let's take full advantage of our youth!  
Let's love, sing, and laugh without stopping.  
Let's take advantage of being twenty! Ha!

### **Dove sono i bei momenti**

Where are the beautiful moments

And Susanna has not come!

I am anxious to know

How the Count received the proposition.

The plan seems to me rather bold,

Especially with a husband so vigorous and jealous!

But what harm is there?

Changing my clothes with those of Susanna,

And hers with mine, under the cover of night.

Oh, Heaven! To what humble state of fate

I am reduced to by a cruel husband!

A man who, after having treated me with an unheard-of mixture

Of infidelity, jealousy, and disdain,

Who at first loved me, then offended me, and finally betrayed me,

Now makes me seek help from one of my maids!

Where are the beautiful moments

Of sweetness and of pleasure?

Where have the promises gone

That passed from his lying lips?

Why ever, if in tears and in pain,

Where everything has changed for me,  
Has the memory of that goodness  
Not passed from my breast?

Ah! If only the constant  
Suffering I feel in loving him  
Could bring me some hope  
Of changing his ungrateful heart!

### **Offrande**

Offering

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches  
And here too is my heart that beats only for you.  
Do not tear it with your two white hands  
And may this humble gift be sweet to your lovely eyes.

I arrive covered with the dew  
That the morning wind iced on my brow  
Let my fatigue, resting here at your feet  
Dream of the lovely moments that will refresh it.

On your young breast let me rest my head  
Still ringing with your last kisses,  
Let it be stilled after the sweet tempest  
And let me sleep a little, while you rest.

### **Si mes vers avaient des ailes**

If my verses had wings

My verses would fly, fragile and gentle,  
To your beautiful garden,  
If my verses had wings  
Like a bird!

They would fly like sparks  
To your cheery hearth,  
If my verses had wings  
Like my spirit.

Pure and faithful, to your side  
They would hasten night and day  
If my verses had wings  
Like love.



## **À Chloris**

To Chloris

If it is true, Chloris, that you love me,  
And I have heard that you love me well,  
I do not believe that kings themselves  
Can match such happiness as mine.  
Even death would be powerless  
To come and change my fortune  
For all the joys of heaven!

All that is said of ambrosia  
Does not touch my imagination  
Like the grace of your eyes!

Wie Melodien zieht es mir  
Like melodies it pervades me

Like melodies it pervades  
My senses softly.  
Like spring flowers it blooms  
And drifts along like fragrance.

But when a word comes and grasps it  
And brings it before the eye,  
Like gray mist it fades  
And vanishes like a breath.

And yet there remains in the rhyme  
A certain hidden fragrance,  
Which gently, from the dormant bud,  
A tearful eye evokes.

## **Liebestreu**

Love's fidelity

"Oh sink, oh sink your sorrow, my child,  
In the sea, in the deep sea!"  
Although a stone indeed stays on the ocean's bottom,  
My sorrow will always rise to the surface.

"And the love, that you bear in your heart,  
Break it off, break it off, my child!"  
Even though a flower dies when one picks it,  
True love does not die so swiftly.

“And the fidelity, and the fidelity, it was only a word;  
Cast it away into the wind.”  
Oh, mother, although a rock may shatter in the wind,  
My fidelity will hold out.

### **In Waldeseinsamkeit**

In the forest solitude

I sat at your feet  
In the solitude of the forest;  
The wind's breath and longing  
Moved through the broad treetops.

In silent struggling I lowered  
My head onto your lap,  
And my trembling hands  
I closed around your knees.

The sun went down,  
The day faded all away,  
In the distance  
A nightingale sang.

### **Je veux vivre**

I want to live

Ah! I want to live  
In this dream which intoxicates me  
This day again!  
Sweet flame,  
I keep you in my soul  
Like a treasure!

This intoxication of youth  
Does not last, alas, but one day.  
Then comes the hour when we cry,  
The heart yields to love,  
And happiness flees without returning!

Ah! I want to live  
In this dream which intoxicates me  
For a long time yet!  
Sweet flame,  
I keep you in my soul  
Like a treasure!

Far from the bleak winter,  
Let me slumber  
And breathe the scent of the rose  
Before its petals are plucked.

Sweet flame, stay in my soul  
Like a sweet treasure, ah,  
For a long time yet!

