

**Illinois State University
Wonsook Kim College of Fine Arts
School of Music**

Senior Recital
Emma Garcia, *voice*
Nadia Jensen, *piano*

**This recital is in partial fulfillment of the
graduation requirements for the degree,
Bachelor of Music Education.**

**Kemp Recital Hall
November 15, 2025
Saturday Evening
7:30 p.m.**

This is the sixty-second program of the 2025-2026 season.

Program

Please silence all electronics for the duration of the concert. Thank you.

from *Agrippina*
Bel piacere

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Malia

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

O del mio amata ben

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

from *Mörike-Lieder*
Der Gärtner
Elfenlied
Nimmersatte Liebe

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Les filles de Cadix
Hai luli

Pauline Viardot
(1821-1910)

Dreamer (2023)

Laufey
(born 1999)

Program Notes

Bel Piacere

Text by Vincenzo Grimani (1655 - 1710)

Translation from Italian (Italiano) to English copyright © 2018 by Andrew Schneider

Bel piacere è godere
È godere fido amor!
Questo fa contento il core.

A great pleasure it is
To enjoy faithful love!
This suffices to make the heart happy.

Di bellezza non s'
apprezza lo splendor;
Se non vien d'un fido core.

Beauty's splendor
is no welcome guest
If it comes not from a faithful heart.

Malia

Text by Rocco Emanuele Pagliara (1856 - 1914)

Translation from Italian (Italiano) to English copyright © by Antonio Giuliano

Cosa c'era ne'l fior che m'hai dato?
Forse un filtro, Un arcano poter?
Nel toccarlo, il mio core ha tremato,
M'ha l'olezzo turbato il pensier.

What was there in that flower you gave me?
Perhaps a love-potion, a mysterious power!
As I touched it, my heart trembled,
Its perfume troubled my thoughts!

Ne le vaghe movenze, che ci hai?
Un incanto vien forse con te?
Freme l'aria per dove tu vai,
Spunta un fiore ove passa 'l tuo piè.

What was there in your delicate movements?
Do you bring a magic charm with you?
The air quivers wherever you go,
A flower springs at your feet as you pass!

Io non chiedo qual plaga beata
Fino adesso soggiorno ti fu:
Non ti chiedo se Ninfa, se Fata,
Se una bionda parvenza sei tu!

I do not ask in which blessed region
You have lived until now:
I do not ask if you are a nymph, a fairy
Or a fair apparition!

Ma che c'è nel tuo sguardo fatale?
Cosa ci hai nel tuo magico dir?
Se mi guardi, un'ebbrezza m'assale,
Se mi parli, mi sento morir!

But what is there in your fateful glance?
What is there in your magical words?
When you look at me, rapture overwhelms
me,
When you speak to me, I feel as if I am
dying!

O del mio amato ben

Text by Alberto Donaudy (1880 - 1941)

Translation from Italian (Italiano) to English copyright © by Donna (Bareket) Breitzer

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!	Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei	Far from my eyes is he
Chi m'era gloria e vanto!	Who was, to me, glory and pride!
Or per le mute stanze	Now through the empty rooms
Sempre lo cerco e chiamo	I always seek him and call him
Con pieno il cor di speranze?	With a heart full of hopes?
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!	But I seek in vain, I call in vain!
E il pianger m'è sì caro,	And the weeping is so dear to me,
Che di pianto sol nutro il cor.	That with weeping alone I nourish my heart.

Mi sembra, senza lui, triste ogni loco.	It seems, to me, without him, sad everywhere.
Notte mi sembra il giorno;	The day seems like night to me;
Mi sembra gelo il foco.	The fire seems cold to me.
Se pur talvolta spero	If, however, I sometimes hope
Di darmi ad altra cura,	To give myself to another cure,
Sol mi tormenta un pensiero:	One thought alone torments me:
Ma, senza lui, che farò?	But without him, what shall I do?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa	To me, life seems a vain thing
Senza il mio ben.	Without my beloved.

Der Gärtner

Text by Eduard Mörike (1804 - 1875)

Translation from German (Deutsch) to English copyright © by Emily Ezus

Auf ihrem Leibröblein	On her favorite pony
So weiß wie der Schnee,	As white as snow,
Die schönste Prinzessin	The fairest princess
Reit't durch die Allee.	Rides down the avenue.
Der Weg, den da Röblein	On the path down which her steed
Hintanzet so hold,	So finely prances,
Der Sand, den ich streute	The sand that I strewed there
Er blinket wie Gold!	Glitters like gold!
Du rosenfarbs Hütlein	You rose-colored little hat,
Wohl auf und wohl ab,	Bobbing up and down,
O wirf eine Feder,	O toss a feather
Verstohlen herab!	Stealthily down!
Und willst du dagegen	And if, for that, you would like
Eine Blüte von mir,	A little flower from me,
Nimm tausend für eine,	Take a thousand for one -
Nimm alle dafür!	Take all of them!

Elfenlied

Text by Eduard Mörike (1804 - 1875)

Translation from German (Deutsch) to English copyright © 2016 by Sharon Krebs

Bei Nacht im Dorf der Wächter rief:
Elfe!

Ein ganz kleines Elfchen im Walde
schlief–

Wohl um die Elfe!

Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem Tal
Bei seinem Namen die Nachtigall,
Oder Silpelit hätt' ihm gerufen.

At night in the village the watchman called
out: Eleven!

A tiny little elf was sleeping in the forest–
Just at eleven o'clock!

And he thinks that from out the valley
The nightingale must have called him by
name
Or that Silpelit might have called to him.

Reibt sich der Elf' die Augen aus,
Begibt sich vor sein Schneckenhaus
Unt ist als wie ein trunken Mann,
Sein Schläfflein war nicht voll getan,
Und humpelt also tippe tapp
Durch's Haselholz in's Tal hinab,
Schlupft an der Mauer hin so dicht,
Da sitzt der Glühwurm Licht an Licht.

The elf rubs his eyes,
Steps out in front of his snail-shell house,
And is like a drunken man,
For his little sleep was not long enough:
And he hobble about thus, tip tap
Through the hazelwood down into the
valley
Slips along closely beside the wall;
There sits the glow-worm, light upon
light.

Was sind das helle Fensterlein?
Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein:
Die Kleinen sitzen bei'm Mahle
Und treiben's in dem Saale.
Da guck' ich wohl ein wenig 'nein!
Pfui, stößt den Kopf an harten Stein!
Elfe, gelt, du hast genug?
Gukuk! Gukuk!

“What bright windows are those?
There must be a wedding celebration
inside;
The little folk are sitting at the feast
And carousing about in the ballroom.
I shall just peep inside a bit!”
Fraugh! He bumps his head against hard
stone!
Well, elf, I guess you've had enough?
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Nimmersatte Liebe!

Text by Eduard Mörike (1804 - 1875)

Translation from German (Deutsch) to English copyright © 2016 by Sharon Krebs

So ist die Lieb'! So ist die Lieb!
Mit Küßen nicht zu stillen:
Wer ist der Tor und will ein Sieb
Mit eitel Wasser füllen?
Und schöpfst du an die tausend Jahr;
Und küßest ewig, ewig gar,
Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.

Thus is love! Thus is love!
It cannot be satiated with kisses:
Who is such a fool as to try to fill
A sieve with nothing but water?
And if you scooped water for a thousand
years;
And kissed for ever and ever,
You would never manage to satisfy love.

Die Lieb', die Lieb' hat alle Stund'
Neu wunderbarlich Gelüsten;
Wir bißen uns die Lippen wund,
Da wir uns heute küßten.
Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh',
Wie's Lämmlein unter'm Messer;
Ihr Auge bat: nur immer zu,
Je weher, desto beßer!

Die Lieb', die Lieb' hat alle Stund'
Neu wunderbarlich Gelüsten;
Wir bißen uns die Lippen wund,
Da wir uns heute küßten.
Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh',
Wie's Lämmlein unter'm Messer;
Ihr Auge bat: nur immer zu,
Je weher, desto beßer!

So ist die Lieb', und war auch so,
Wie lang es Liebe giebt,
Und anders war Herr Salomo,
Der Weise, nicht verliebt.

Love, love has strange new yearnings
Every hour of the day;
We wounded our lips with bites
When we kissed each other today.
The maiden held perfectly still,
Like a little lamb under the knife;
Her eyes pleaded: just continue,
The more it hurts, the better!

Love, love has strange new yearnings
Every hour of the day;
We wounded our lips with bites
When we kissed each other today.
The maiden held perfectly still,
Like a little lamb under the knife;
Her eyes pleaded: just continue,
The more it hurts, the better!

Thus is love, and has been thus
As long as there has been love,
And Solomon, the wise one, was
Not in love any differently.

Haï Luli!

Text by Xavier de Maistre, Comte (1763 - 1852)

Translation by Bard Suverkrop (2008)

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,
Je ne sais plus que devenir.
Mon bon ami devait venir,
Et je l'attends ici seulette.
Haï luli, haï luli,
Où peut donc être mon ami?

Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,
Le fil se casse dans ma main:
Allons! Je fillerais demain,
Aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine.
Haï luli, haï luli,
Qu'il fait triste sans mon ami!

Si jamais il devient volage
S'il doit un jour m'abandonner,
Le village n'a qu'à brûler
Et moi-même avec le village!
Haï luli! haï luli!
A quoi bon vivre sans ami?

I am sad and worried,
I don't know what will happen any
longer!
My lover should have come,
And I await-him here alone.
Haï luli, haï luli!
Where then can be my lover?

I sit in order to spin my wool,
The thread it breaks in my hand...
Well then, I will spin tomorrow;
Today I am in too much pain!
Haï luli, haï luli,
How sad it is without my lover.

If ever he becomes fickle
If he should one day abandon me,
I shall burn down the village
And myself with the village.
Haï luli! Haï luli!
What is the use to live without a lover?

Les Filles de Cadix

Text by Louis Charles Alfred de Musset (1810 - 1857) written 1844

Translation from French (Français) to English copyright © 2004 by Barbara Miller

Nous venions de voir le taureau,
Trois garçons, trois fillettes.
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau,
Et nous dansions un boléro
Au son des castagnettes:

Dites-moi, voisin,
Si j'ai bonne mine,
Et si ma basquine
Va bien, ce matin.
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?...
Ah! Ah!
Les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela

Et nous dansions un boléro
Un soir, c'était dimanche.
Vers nous s'en vint un hidalgo
Cousu d'or, la plume au chapeau,
Et le poing sur la hanche:

Si tu veuz de moi,
Brune au doux sourire,
Tu n'as qu'à le dire,
Cet or est à toi.
Passez votre chemin, beau sire...
Ah! Ah!
Les filles de Cadix n'entendent pas
cela.

We were coming from seeing the bull,
Three boys, three girls,
On the grass the weather was fair,
And we were dancing a bolero
To the sound of castanets;

Tell me, neighbor,
If I look well
And if my skirt
Looks good on me, this morning,
Do you find my waist slender?
Ah! Ah!
The girls of Cadix rather like that.

And we were dancing a bolero
One evening—it was Sunday,
Toward us came a hidalgo
Covered with gold, a feather in his hat,
And his fist on his hip:

If you want of me,
Brunette with sweet smile,
You not-have but-to it say
This gold is for you.
Go on your way, good sir,
Ah! Ah!
The daughters of Cadiz do-listen not to-
that.