Alana Rae Fingerman, Mezzo Soprano
Yi Lu, Piano

Organ Hall | November 25, 2019 | 7:30 pm

Program

Du Bist Wie Eine Blume  
Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

Volksliedchen

Donde Vas, Alfonsa Doce?  
Latin American Folksong

Vuela, Suspiro  
Latin American Folksong

Nino Precioso  
Nicaraguan Folksong

Amor  
William Bolcom  
(1938)

From Waitress  
Sara Bareilles  
(1979)

When He Sees Me  
What Baking Can Do

From The Last Five Years  
Jason Robert Brown

Still Hurting  
I Can Do Better Than That
Du Bist Wie Eine Blume

You are so like a flower,
So fair and pure and fine;
I gaze on you, and sadness
Steals through the heart of mine.

It is, as though I should gently
Lay hands upon your hair,
Praying to God, that He keep you
So fine and pure and fair.

VOLKSLIEDCHEN

When at dawn I enter the garden,
Wearing my green hat,
My thoughts first turn
To what my love is doing.

Every star in the sky
I’d give to my friend;
I’d willingly give him my very heart,
If I could tear it out.

Translations by Richard Stokes,
author of The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

Vuela, Suspiro

Fly, my sighs,
To where my lover lives
An, on arriving,
Surprise her.
Say to her that in my absences
I feel keenly her pain.
As she grieves,
Comfort her

Nino Precioso

Precious child, more precious than ermine
Laughing child, God loves you
Sleep tight, sleep while
I raise my humble voice in song.
Sleep little one, it’s cold today
Sleep my love, I will never leave you.
Precious child, more precious than diamonds
Laughing child, God loves you
Sleep tight, sleep a while
Pretty Josefina, I will never leave

Donde Vas, Alfonsa Doce?

Where to now, King Alfonsa?
Where to now, o man in pain?
I go in search of Mercedes,
Whom I have not seen for a long time.

Your Mercedes has died;
I myself have seen her dead.
Four dukes were bearing her
Through the streets of Madrid.

The lanterns of the palace
Will no longer be lit.
For Mercedes has died
And they are in the mourning.