

Alana Rae Fingerman, Mezzo Soprano Yi Lu, Piano

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

Program

Du bist wie eine Blume
Volksliedchen

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

¿Dónde Vas, Alfonso Doce?
Niño precioso
Vuela, Suspiro

Latin American Folksong
Nicaraguan Folksong
Latin American Folksong

Amor

William Bolcom
(1938-)

From *Waitress*
When He Sees Me
What Baking Can Do

Sara Bareilles
(1979-)

From *The Last Five Years*
Still Hurting
I Can Do Better Than That

Jason Robert Brown
(1970-)

Thanks to my Mother Joanne, my sister Jenna and my Grandfather Peter for all their support through my music career. Special thanks to my voice teacher Dr. Andrea Will and my pianist Yi Lu for all they have done to get me to this point. We did it guys!!

School of Music

ASU Herberger Institute for
Design and the Arts
Arizona State University

Please hold applause until the end of each set

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.

¿Dónde Vas, Alfonso Doce?

Where to now, King Alfonso?
Where to now, oh 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 mourning.

Niño 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

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

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

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