



**Second Master of Music Recital:  
Music & Soul in Spring**

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Saturday, May 2, 2026

4:30pm, Kulas Hall

**Caroline Friend, mezzo-soprano  
Grace Betry, piano**

Soon It's Gonna Rain  
from *The Fantasticks*

Harvey Schmidt  
(1928–2018)

*Colin DeMatteo, baritone*

La Regatta Veneziana  
Anzoleta avanti la regata  
Anzoleta co passa la regata  
Anzoleta dopo la regata

Gioachino Rossini  
(1792–1868)

La Primavera

Reynaldo Hahn  
(1874–1947)

Tutti i fior...  
from *Madama Butterfly*

Giacomo Puccini  
(1858–1924)

*Zara Smith, soprano  
Dedicated to Dina Kuznetsova*

~ INTERMISSION ~

Ah! Scostati...Smanie implacabili  
from *Così Fan Tutte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756–1791)

Mörike-Lieder  
Er Ist's  
Nimmersatte Liebe  
Das verlassene Mägdlein  
Verbogenheit

Hugo Wolf  
(1860–1903)

Viens, Mallika...Sous le dôme épais  
from *Lakmé*

Léo Delibes  
(1836–1891)

*Ella Sobkowicz, soprano*  
*Dedicated to friends in Cleveland and beyond*

Jou l'Pount d'o Mirabel  
from *Chants d'Auvergne, 4<sup>th</sup> Series*

Joseph Canteloube  
(1879–1957)

*This is the story of a Soul and her friend Music in the springtime.*

*Caroline Friend is a student of Dina Kuznetsova.*

*I would like to thank the artists who performed with me today. Colin, Zara, and Ella are wonderful singers with the kindest hearts. Grace has worked tirelessly on this program with me, rehearsing in every scruple of time to polish the music. Make sure to give her flowers. A special thank you to my teacher Ms. Kuznetsova for teaching me these past six years. Because of you, I am prepared to take on new challenges and hold consistency in my voice. You helped me become the singer I am today! Lastly, to my dear family and friends—near and far—I love you so much. You are in every song I sing, for the greater glory of God.*

# Music & Soul in Spring

The story of a Soul and her friend Music in springtime

**Caroline Friend, Mezzo-Soprano**

**Dr. Grace Betry, Piano**

Soon It's Gonna Rain.....H. Schmidt & T. Jones

From *The Fantasticks*

Sung with baritone Colin DeMatteo

Soul wanders an empty stage with Grace. Then, she meets Music for the first time, and together they set the stage for the fun to begin. Suppose it's counter-intuitive for an opera singer to begin her recital with musical theater. Alas, this is the sound that introduced me to singing. Without my start in musical theater, I would not be on this stage.

La Primavera.....R. Hahn

La Regatta Veneziana.....G. Rossini

- I. Anzoleta avanti la regata
- II. Anzoleta co passa la regata
- III. Anzoleta dopo la regata

Tutti i fior.....G. Puccini

From *Madama Butterfly*

Sung with soprano Zara Smith

Dedicated to Dina Kuznetsova, this duet shows the fortitude of friendship, the wave of wisdom, and a glimmer of hope. This is the first opera I watched, and it's one of my favorites shared with my mother. It's not often singers see their teachers perform before they begin music school. I suppose Divine Providence was at play. Yes, I did see my teacher as Madama Butterfly two years before I was accepted into CIM, not knowing I would be her student.

INTERMISSION

Ah! Scostati...Smanie implacabili.....W.A. Mozart  
From *Così fan tutte*

One does not simply have a recital without Mozart. A composer who has been a part of my vocal journey since my first voice lessons with Sharon Burchill, Mozart challenged my voice for the better. Even in my crib, his *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* would lull me to sleep. Mozart is a friend as much as Music.

Mörike-Lieder (selections).....H. Wolf  
Er Ist's  
Nimmersatte Liebe  
Das verlassene Mägdlein  
Verborgenheit

Viens, Mallika...Sous le dôme épais .....L. Delibes  
From *Lakmé*  
Sung with soprano Ella Sobkowitz

Dedicated to friends and colleagues in Cleveland and beyond, this duet is very special. Ella was my first friend at CIM and my roommate during Freshman year. Our relationship is strongly built on our Christian faith and life experiences. In many ways, the endearing relationship between Lakmé and Mallika is like ours. With this timeless classic, Soul thinks about the friends she has made along the way.

Jou l'Pount d'o Mirabel.....J. Canteloube  
From *Chants d'Auvergne, Series 4*

Afraid to see Music leave, Soul cries to Grace. When Grace calls out Music's name, he appears from the silence. Our friends reunite, despite Soul's anxiety for the future. Music assures her that she won't be alone. He can speak because of Soul's existence. She bids Music a farewell song of troubadours until they meet again. Like Spring, Music fades away, and Soul is left to enjoy the silent stage with Grace.

**Text & Translations**

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**Soon It's Gonna Rain:  
Music by Harvey Schmidt  
Text by Tom Jones**

Hear how the wind begins to whisper.  
See how the leaves go streaming by.  
Smell how the velvet rain is falling,  
Out where the fields are warm and dry.  
Now is the time to run inside and stay.  
Now is the time to find a hideaway  
Where we can stay.

Soon it's gonna rain.  
I can see it.  
Soon it's gonna rain.  
I can tell.  
Soon it's gonna rain.  
What are we gonna do?

We'll find four limbs of a tree.  
We'll build four walls and a floor.  
We'll bind it over with leaves,  
And run inside to stay.

Then we'll let it rain.  
We'll not fell it.  
Then we'll let it rain,  
Rain pell-mell.

And we'll not complain  
If it never stops at all.  
We'll live and love  
Within our own four walls.

We'll find four limbs of a tree.  
We'll build four walls and a floor.  
We'll bind it over with leaves,  
And run inside to stay.

Soon it's gonna rain.  
Come run inside to stay!  
For soon it's gonna rain.

I can see it.  
I can feel it.  
Run inside and...

Then we'll let it rain.  
We'll not feel it.  
Then we'll let it rain.  
Ran pell-mell.

And we'll not complain  
- Happy ending...  
If it never stops at all.  
Then we'll let it rain.  
Why complain?

We'll live and love within our walls.  
Happily we'll live and love,  
No cares at all.  
Happily we'll live and love  
Within our castle walls.

**VI. La Primavera (Venezia):  
Music by Reynaldo Hahn  
Text by Alvisè Cicogna  
Translation by Caroline Friend**

Giacinti e violete  
Fa in tera Baosète  
Che gusto! che giubilo!  
L'inverno è scampà!  
La Neve è svania,  
La brina è finia,  
Xe tepida l'aria,  
El sol chiapa fià.

Amici, fa ciera!  
Xe qua primavera!  
Me'l dise quel nuvolo ...  
Senti! senti el ton!  
Ohimé! che sta idea  
El cuor me ricrea,  
E tuto desmentego  
Quel fredo baron!

Ancora un meseto,  
E el rusignoletto,

Col canto, ne sgiozzolo,  
Sul' anima el miel.  
Stagion deliziosa!  
Ti vien cola rosa,  
Ti parti col giglio,  
Fior degno del ciel!

*Hyacinths and violets  
Bloom in the earth,  
What delight! What joy!  
Winter has fled!  
The snow has vanished,  
The frost has ended,  
The air is warm,  
The sun breathes life again.*

*Friends, take heart!  
For Spring is here!  
That little cloud tells me so...  
Listen! Listen to the thunder!  
Oh, how this thought  
Refreshes my soul,  
And makes me forget entirely  
That wretched cold!*

*Just one more little month,  
And the little nightingale,  
With its song, will drizzle  
Honey upon our souls.  
Oh, delightful season!  
You arrive with the rose,  
You depart with the lily—  
A flower worthy of heaven!*

**La Regatta Veneziana:  
Music by Gioachino Rossini  
Text by Count Carlo Pepoli  
Translation by Anonymous**

### **I. Anzoleta before the race**

Là su la machina xe la bandiera varda,  
la vedistu, vala a ciapar.  
Co quela tornime in qua sta sera,  
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar.

In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.

Va, voga d'anema la gondoleta  
nè el primo premio te pol mancar,  
va là, recordite la to Anzoleta  
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.

In pope, Momolo, no te incantar,  
cori a svolar.

*Over there on the machina the flag is  
flying,  
Look, you can see it, now go for it.  
Bring it back to me this evening,  
Or else run away and hide.*

*Once in the boat, Momolo, don't gawp.  
Row the gondola with heart and soul,  
Then you cannot help but be first.  
Go on, think of your Angelina  
Watching you from this balcony.*

*Once in the boat, Momolo, don't gawp.  
Once in the boat, Momolo,  
Fly like the wind.*

### **II. Anzoleta during the race**

I xe qua, vardeli,  
povereti i ghe da drento,  
ah contrario tira el vento,  
i gha l'acqua in so favor.

El mio Momolo dov'elo?  
Ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.  
Ah! che smania! mi confondo,  
a tremar me sento el cuor.

Su coraggio, voga, prima d'esser al  
paletto se ti voghi,  
ghe scometo, tutti indrio ti lassarà.  
Caro, par che ei svola, el li magna tutti  
quanti,  
meza barca l'è andà avanti,  
ah capisso, el m'a vardà.

*Here they come, here they come, look  
at them,  
The poor things, they're nearly done in,  
Ah, the wind is against them,  
But the tide's in their favour.*

*My Momolo, where is he?  
Ah, I see him, in second place.  
Ah! the excitement's too much for me,  
I can feel my heart racing.*

*Come on, keep it up, row, row,  
You must be first to the finish,  
If you keep rowing, I'll lay a bet  
You'll leave all the others behind.*

*Dear boy, it's as if he's flying,  
And he's beating the lot of them,  
He's gone half a length ahead,  
Ah! Now I understand – he's seen me.*

### **III. Anzoleta after the race**

Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,  
caro Momolo, de cuor;  
qua destrachite che xe ora de sugarte  
sto sudor.

Ah t'ho visto co passando  
su mi l'ocio ti a butà  
e godito respirando:  
un bel premio el ciaparà...

Sì un bel premio in sta bandiera  
che xe rossa de color;  
gha parlà Venezia intiera,  
la t'a dito vincitor.

Ciapa un baso, benedeto a vogar nissun  
te pol,  
de casada de tragheto ti xe el megio  
barcarol.

*Take a kiss, another,  
Dear Momolo, from my heart;  
Here at your right hand,  
It's time to dry your sweat.*

*Ah I have seen you in passing  
by throwing my glance toward you  
and enjoyed whispering:  
he will catch a beautiful prize...*

*Yes this flag is a nice prize,  
it is red;  
of which all of Venice will talk,  
you are called the winner.*

*Take a kiss, no rower is more blessed  
than you,  
yours is the best name among rowers of  
ferryboats.*

### **Tutti i fior? (Madama Butterfly):**

**Music by Giacomo Puccini**

**Text by Luigi Illica/Giuseppe Giacosa**

**Translation by Caroline Friend**

SUZUKI

Tutti i fior?

BUTTERFLY

Tutti i fior, tutti, tutti. Pesco, viola,  
gelsomin, quanto di cespo, o d'erba,  
o d'albero fiorì.

SUZUKI

Uno squallor d'inverno sarà tutto il  
giardin!

BUTTERFLY

Tutta la primavera voglio che olezzi qui.

SUZUKI

Uno squallor d'inverno sarà tutto il  
giardin. A voi, signora.

BUTTERFLY

Cogline ancora.

SUZUKI

Soventi a questa siepe veniste a  
riguardare lungi, piangendo nella  
deserta immensità.

BUTTERFLY

Giunse l'atterso, nulla più chiedo al  
mare; diedi pianto alla zolla, essa i suosi  
fior mi dà.

SUZUKI  
Spoglio è l'orto.

BUTTERFLY  
Spoglio è l'orto?  
Vien, m'aiuta.

SUZUKI  
Rose al varco della soglia.

BUTTERFLY/SUZUKI  
Tutta la primavera  
voglio che olezzi qui.  
seminiamo intorno april!

SUZUKI  
Gigli? viole?

BUTTERFLY  
Intorno, intorno spandi.  
Seminiamo intorno april.  
Il suo sedil s'inghirlandi,  
di convolvi s'inghirlandi;  
gigli e viole intorno spandi...

SUZUKI  
Gigli, rose spandi,  
tutta la primavera,  
spandi gigli, viole,  
seminiamo intorno april!

BUTTERFLY/SUZUKI  
Gettiamo a mani piene  
mammole e tuberose,  
corolle di verbene,  
petali d'ogni fior!

SUZUKI  
*All the flowers?*

BUTTERFLY  
*All the flowers—all, all of them!*

*Peach blossoms, violets,  
jasmine—everything that bloomed on  
bush, grass, or tree.*

SUZUKI  
*The whole garden will be a desolate  
winter!*

BUTTERFLY  
*I want all of spring to breathe its  
fragrance here.*

SUZUKI  
*The whole garden will be a desolate  
winter! For you, Madame.*

BUTTERFLY  
*Gather some more.*

SUZUKI  
*Often you came to this hedge to gaze  
afar, weeping into the desolate  
immensity.*

BUTTERFLY  
*The awaited one has arrived; I ask  
nothing more of the sea. I gave my tears  
to the soil, and now it yields its flowers.*

SUZUKI  
*The garden is bare.*

BUTTERFLY  
*The garden is bare?  
Come, help me.*

SUZUKI  
*Roses for the threshold.*

BUTTERFLY/SUZUKI  
*I want all of spring  
to breathe its fragrance here.  
Let us sow April all around!*

SUZUKI  
*Lilies? Violets?*

**BUTTERFLY**

*Scatter them all around, all around!  
Let us sow April all around.  
Let his seat be garlanded—  
garlanded with bindweed;  
scatter lilies and violets all around—  
let us sow April all around!*

**SUZUKI**

*Scatter lilies, roses—  
all of spring!  
Scatter lilies, violets—  
let us sow April all around!*

**BUTTERFLY/SUZUKI**

*Let us cast them by the handful—  
sweet violets and tuberoses,  
corollas of verbena,  
petals of every flower!*

**Ah! Scostati!..Smanie implacabili  
(Cosi Fan Tutte):**

**Music by W. A. Mozart  
Text by Lorenzo Da Ponte**

Ah, scostati! Paventa il tristo effetto  
D'un disperato affetto:  
Chiudi quelle finestre... Odio la luce,  
Odio l'aria che spiro... odio me stessa,  
Chi schernisce il mio duol, chi mi  
consola.  
Deh, fuggi per pietà, lasciami sola!

Smanie implacabili  
che m'agitare,  
entro quest'anima  
più non cessate  
finché l'angoscia  
mi fa morir!

Esempio misero  
d'amor funesto  
darò all'Eumenidi,  
se viva resto,  
col suono orribile

*Ah! get out of my way! Beware the sad  
consequence of a desperate love! Close*

*those windows; I hate the light, I hate  
the air I breathe, I hate myself. Who  
mocks my grief, who consoles me? Ah,  
flee, for mercy's sake! Flee, flee, for  
mercy's sake! Leave me alone!*

*Implacable desires, which are torturing  
me, do not leave this soul of mine until  
my anguish makes me die. If I remain  
alive, I shall show the Furies a  
miserable example of fatal love, with the  
horrible sound of my sighing.*

**Selections from Mörike-Lieder  
Music by Hugo Wolf  
Text by Eduard Mörike  
Translations by Richard Stokes**

**I. Er Ist's  
It's Spring**

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band  
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;  
Süsse, wohlbekannte Düfte  
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.  
Veilchen träumen schon,  
Wollen balde kommen.  
– Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!  
Frühling, ja du bist's!  
Dich hab ich vernommen!

*Spring sends its blue banner  
Fluttering on the breeze again;  
Sweet, well-remembered scents  
Drift propitiously across the land.  
Violets dream already,  
Will soon begin to bloom.  
– Listen, the soft sound of a distant  
harp!  
Spring, that must be you!  
It's you I've heard!*

**II. Nimmersatte Liebe  
Insatiable Love**

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.

Die Lieb, die Lieb hat alle Stund  
Neu wunderlich Gelüsten;  
Wir bissen uns die Lippen wund,  
Da wir uns heute küssten.  
Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh,  
Wie's Lämmlein unterm Messer;  
Ihr Auge bat: „Nur immer zu!  
Je weher, desto besser!“

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

*Such is love! Such is love!  
Not to be quieted with kisses:  
What fool would wish to fill a sieve  
With nothing else but water?  
And were you to draw water for some  
thousand years,  
And were you to kiss for ever and ever,  
You'd never satisfy love.*

*Love, love, has every hour  
New and strange desires;  
We bit until our lips were sore,  
When we kissed today.  
The girl kept nicely quiet and still,  
Like a lamb beneath the knife;  
Her eyes pleaded: "Go on, go on!  
The more it hurts the better!"*

*Such is love! and has been so  
As long as love's existed,  
And wise old Solomon himself  
Was no differently in love.*

### III. Das verlassene Mägdlein The Forsaken Maiden

Früh, wann die Hähne krähn,  
Eh' die Sternlein schwinden,  
Muss ich am Herde stehn,  
Muss Feuer zünden.

Schön ist der Flamme Schein,  
Es springen die Funken;  
Ich schaue so darein,  
In Leid versunken.

Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,  
Treuloser Knabe,  
Dass ich die Nacht von dir  
Geträumet habe!

Träne auf Träne dann  
Stürztet hernieder;  
So kommt der Tag heran—  
O ging' er wieder!

Early, when the cocks crow,  
Before the tiny stars recede,  
I must be at the hearth,  
I must light the fire.

The flames are beautiful,  
The sparks fly; I gaze at them,  
Sunk in sorrow.  
Suddenly I realise,  
Faithless boy,

That in the night  
I dreamt of you!

Tear after tear  
Then tumbles down;  
So the day dawns –  
O would it were gone again!

#### **IV. Verbogenheit**

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,  
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;  
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe  
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,  
Und die helle Freude zücket  
Durch die Schwere, so mich drückt  
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

*Let, O world, O let me be!  
Do not tempt with gifts of love,  
Let this heart keep to itself  
Its rapture, its pain!  
I do not know why I grieve,  
It is unknown sorrow;  
Always through a veil of tears  
I see the sun's beloved light.*

*Often, I am lost in thought,  
And bright joy flashes  
Through the oppressive gloom,  
Bringing rapture to my breast.*

*Let, O world, O let me be!  
Do not tempt with gifts of love,  
Let this heart keep to itself  
Its rapture, its pain!*

#### **Viens, Mallika!..Sous le dôme épais (Lakmé)**

**Music by Léo Delibes**

**Text by Edmond Gondinet/  
Philippe Gille**

**Translation by Aaron Green**

LAKME

Viens, Mallika, les lianes en fleurs  
Jettent déjà leur ombre  
Sur le ruisseau sacré qui coule,  
calme et sombre

MALLIKA

Oh! Maîtresse, C'est l'heure ou je te  
vois sourire, L'heure bénie où je puis  
lire. L'heure bénie où je puis lire.

Sous le dôme épais  
Où le blanc jasmin  
À la rose s'assemble  
Sur la rive en fleurs, Riant au matin  
Viens, descendons ensemble.  
Eveillé par le chant des oiseaux  
tapageurs!

Doucement glissons de son flot  
charmant  
Suivons le courant fuyant  
Dans l'onde frémissante  
D'une main nonchalante  
Viens, gagnons le bord,

Où la source dort et  
L'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.

Sous le dôme épais  
Où le blanc jasmin,  
Ah! Descendons, ensemble!

LAKME

Mais, je ne sais quelle crainte subite,  
S'empare de moi!  
Quand mon père va seul à leur ville  
maudite; Je tremble, je tremble d'effroi!

MALLIKA

Pour que le Dieu Ganeça le protège,  
Jusqu'à l'étang où s'ébattent joyeux.  
Les cygnes aux ailes de neige, Allons  
cueillir les lotus bleus.

LAKME

*Come, Mallika, the flowering vines are  
already casting their shadows over the  
sacred stream that flows, calm and dark.*

MALLIKA

*Oh! Mistress, it's the hour when I see  
you smile, the blessed hour when I can  
read. The blessed hour when I can read.*

*Under the thick dome  
where the white jasmine  
With the roses entwined together  
On the river bank covered with flowers  
laughing in the morning  
Let us descend together!*

*Gently floating on its charming risings,  
On the river's current  
On the shining waves,  
One hand reaches,  
Reaches for the bank,*

*Where the spring sleeps,  
And the bird, the bird sings.*

*Under the thick dome  
where the white jasmine calls us  
Ah! Let's descend together!*

LAKMÉ

*But—I know not what sudden fear  
Seizes hold of me!  
When my father goes alone to their  
accursed city,  
I tremble—I tremble with dread!*

MALLIKA

*That the God Ganesha may protect him,  
Let us go—to the pond where, in joyful  
play, The snow-winged swans frolic—  
And gather the blue lotuses.*

**Jou l'Pount d'o Mirabel  
(Chants d'Auvergne, 4th Series)**

**Music by Joseph Canteloube**

**Text by Anonymous**

**Translation by Laura S. Prichard**

Jou l'pount d'o Mirabel  
Cotorino lobabo.  
Bengèrou o possa  
Très cobolhès d'ormado.  
Jou l'pount d'o Mirabel  
Cotorino plourabo.

*By the Mirabel bridge  
Catherine was washing.  
There passed by  
Three mounted soldiers passed by.  
By the Mirabel bridge  
Catherine was weeping.*