



Senior Recital

Thursday, May 7, 2026

5pm, Kulas Hall

Amelia Carson, soprano
Ralitsa Georgieva, piano

Mein Herr Marquis
from *Die Fledermaus*

Johann Strauss II
(1825–1899)

An Chloe
Das Veilchen

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

La Pastorella

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Deh Vieni, non tardar
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

~ INTERMISSION ~

Come all ye Songsters

Henry Purcell
(1659–1695)

A Spring Morning

Henry Carey
(1687–1743)

Beau Soir
Romance

Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)

The Crucifixion
The Daisies

Samuel Barber
(1910–1981)

I Love all Graceful Things

Eric H. Thiman
(1900–1975)

La Pastorella delle Alpi

Gioachino Rossini
(1792–1868)

Amelia Carson is a student of Dr. Mary Schiller.

*Special thanks to Dr. Schiller for helping me grow, and all my friends and family
who love and support me.*



Translations
Mein Herr Marquis

Text	Translation
<p>Mein Herr Marquis, ein Mann wie Sie Sollt' besser das verstehn! Darum rate ich, ja genauer sich Die Leute anzusehn. Die Hand ist doch wohl zu fein Dies Füsschen so zierlich und klein Die Sprache, die ich führe, die Taille, die Turnüre, Dergleichen finden Sie bei einer Zofe nie! Gestehen müssen Sie fürwahr, Sehr komisch dieser Irrtum war. Ja, sehr komisch, ist die Sache, Drum verzeihn Sie, wenn ich lache, Sehr komisch, Herr Marquis, sind Sie.</p>	<p>My lord Marquis, a man like you Should understand this better! Therefore, I advise, yes, to take a closer Look at people. The hand is certainly too delicate This little foot so dainty and small The language I use, the waist, the bustle, You will never find such things in a maid! You must admit, indeed, This mistake was very funny. Yes, very funny, is the matter, So forgive me if I laugh, Very funny, Lord Marquis, are you.</p>
<p>Mit dem Profil im griech'schen Stil Beschenkte mich Natur. Wenn nicht dies Gesicht schon genügend spricht, So seh'n Sie die Figur! Schaun durch die Lorgnette Sie dann, Sich diese Toilette nur an, Es scheint mir wohl, die Liebe macht Ihre Augen trübe. Der schönen Zofe Bild hat ganz Ihr Herz erfüllt! Nun sehen Sie sie überall, Sehr komisch ist fürwahr der Fall. Ja, sehr komisch, ist die Sache, Drum verzeihn Sie, wenn ich lache, Sehr komisch, Herr Marquis, sind Sie.</p>	<p>With a profile in the Greek style Nature has gifted me. If this face doesn't already speak enough, Then see the figure! Look through the lorgnette then, At this outfit alone, It seems to me, love has clouded your eyes. The image of the beautiful maid has filled your heart! Now you see her everywhere, Very funny indeed is the case. Yes, very funny, is the matter, So forgive me if I laugh, Very funny, Lord Marquis, are you.</p>



An Chloe

Text	Translation
Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen, Hellen, offenen Augen sieht, Und vor Lust hineinzuschauen, Mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;	When love looks out of your blue, Bright, open eyes, And I thrill with pleasure to gaze into them, My heart beats and glows;
Und ich halte dich, und küsse Deine Rosenwangen warm; Liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe Zitternd dich in meinem Arm!	And I hold you, and kiss Your rosy cheeks warm; Lovely girl, and I clasp Trembling you in my arms!
Mädchen, Mädchen! und ich drücke Dich an meinen Busen fest, Der im letzten Augenblicke Sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;	Maiden, Maiden! and I press You firmly to my breast, Which in the last moment Only lets you go when dying;
Den berauschten Blick umschattet Eine düstre Wolke mir; Und ich sitze dann ermattet, Aber selig, neben dir	A dark cloud shadows My intoxicated gaze; And then I sit exhausted, But blissful, beside you



Das Veilchen

Text	Translation
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand, Gebückt in sich und unbekannt; Es war ein herzigs Veilchen. Da kam eine junge Schäferin Mit leichtem Schritt und muntrem Sinn Daher, daher, Die Wiese her, und sang.	A violet stood in the meadow, Bent in on itself and unknown; It was a sweet little violet. Then came a young shepherdess With light steps and cheerful mind This way, this way, Across the meadow, and sang.
Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur Die schönste Blume der Natur, Ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen, Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt! Ach nur, ach nur Ein Viertelstündchen lang!	Ah! thinks the violet, if only I were The most beautiful flower in nature, Ah, just for a little while, Until the darling plucks me And presses me weakly to her bosom! Ah only, ah only For a quarter of an hour!
Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm, [Ertrat] ⁴ das arme Veilchen. Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch: Und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch Durch sie, durch sie, Zu ihren Füßen doch. Das arme Veilchen Es war ein herzigs Veilchen	Ah! but ah! the maiden came And took no care of the violet, Trampled on the poor violet. It sank and died, and yet rejoiced: And if I die, then I die Through her, through her, At her feet, nonetheless. The poor violet It was a sweet little violet.

La Pastorella

Text	Translation
La pastorella al prato Contenta se ne v`a, Coll' agnellino al lato Cantando in libert`a.	The little shepherdess in the meadow Goes contentedly, With the little lamb at her side Singing in freedom.
Se l'innocente amore Gradisce il suo pastore, La bella pastorella Contenta ognor sar`a.	If the innocent love Is pleasing to her shepherd, The beautiful little shepherdess Will always be happy.



Deh vieni non tardar

Text	Translation
<p>Giunse alfin il momento che godrò senz'affanno in braccio all'idol mio. Timide cure, uscite dal mio petto, a turbar non venite il mio diletto! Oh, come par che all'amoroso foco l'amenità del loco, la terra e il ciel risponda, come la notte i furti miei seconda!</p>	<p>At last comes the moment When, without reserve, I can rejoice In my lover's arms: timid scruples, Hence from my heart, And do not come to trouble my delight. Oh how the spirit of this place, The earth and the sky, seem To echo the fire of love! How the night furthers my stealth!</p>
<p>Deh, vieni, non tardar, oh gioia bella, vieni ove amore per goder t'appella, finché non splende in ciel notturna face, finché l'aria è ancor bruna e il mondo tace. Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza l'aura, che col dolce sussurro il cor ristaura, qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba è fresca, ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adesca. Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante ascose, ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.</p>	<p>Come, do not delay, oh bliss, Come where love calls thee to joy, While night's torch does not shine in the sky, While the air is still dark and the world is quiet. Here murmurs the stream, here sports the breeze, Which refreshes the heart with its sweet whispers. Here flowers smile, and the grass is cool; Here everything invites to the pleasures of love. Come, my dearest, and amid these sheltered trees I will wreath thy brow with roses.</p>

Beau Soir

Text	Translation
<p>Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses, Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé, Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses Et monter vers le cœur troublé; Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est</p>	<p>When at sunset the rivers are pink, And a warm shiver runs over the wheat fields, An advice to be happy seems to come from things And rise toward the troubled heart; An advice to enjoy the charm of being in the world While one is young and the evening is</p>



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beau, Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va cette onde: Elle à la mer—nous au tombeau!	beautiful, For we are leaving, as this wave leaves: It to the sea—we to the grave!
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Romance

Text	Translation
L'âme évaporée et souffrante, L'âme douce, l'âme odorante Des lis divins que j'ai cueillis Dans le jardin de ta pensée, Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée, Cette âme adorable des lis?	The spent and suffering soul, The sweet soul, the soul steeped In the divine lilies I gathered In the garden of your thoughts, Where have the winds dispersed it, This adorable lilies' soul?
N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste De la suavité céleste Des jours où tu m'enveloppais D'une vapeur surnaturelle, Faites d'espoir, d'amour fidèle, De béatitude et de paix?	Does not a single scent remain Of the heavenly softness Of the days when you enclosed me In a supernatural mist, Made of hope, of faithful love, Of bliss and of peace?

La Pastorella delle Alpi

Text	Translation
Son bella pastorella, Che scende ogni mattino Ed offre un cestellino Di fresche frutta e fior. Chi viene al primo albore Avrà vezzose rose E poma rugiadosa, Venite al mio giardin.	I am the pretty shepherdess, Who comes down every morning, Offering a little basket Of fresh fruit and flowers. Those who come at first light Will find delightful roses And apples damp with dew, Come all to my garden.
Chi nel notturno orrore Smarri la buona via, Alla capanna mia Ritroverà il cammin. Venite, o passaggiero, La pastorella è qua, Ma il fior del suo pensiero Ad uno sol darà!	Those who lost their way In the horror of the night, Will find their path once more At my little cabin. Come, oh passing traveller, The shepherdess is here, Yet the flower of her thoughts She will give to one and one alone!