



Rising Stars

Sophia Makela, soprano

Cheryl Emery-Karapita, piano

ATB Financial Community Room, Casa

July 5, 2023, 7:30 pm

Program

Three Lieder from *4 Gesänge aus "Wilhelm Meister"*

Heiss mich nicht reden
So last mich scheinen
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Four Mélodies

Les cloches
Romance
Nuit d'étoiles
Beau soir

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Three Lieder

An den Mond
Frühlingsglaube
Ständchen

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Intermission

Three Finnish Songs

Kullan murunen
Pai, pai paitaressu
Kuin hiipuva hiillos tummentuu

Oskar Merikanto (1868-1924)

Six Songs

Children Will Listen from *Into the Woods*
Green Finch and Linnet Bird from *Sweeny Todd*
One More Kiss from *Follies*
Moments in the Woods from *Into the Woods*
So Many People from *Saturday Night*
No One is Alone from *Into the Woods*

Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021)

Translations

Heiss mich nicht reden

Don't ask me to speak - ask me to be silent,
for my secret is a [solemn] duty to me.
I wish I could bare my soul to you,
but Fate does not will it.
At the right time, the sun's course will dispell
the dark night, and it must be illuminated.
The hard rock will open its bosom; and
ungrudgingly, the earth will release deep hidden springs.
Others may seek calm in the arms of a friend;
there one can pour out one's heart in lament.
But for me alone, a vow locks my lips,
And only a god has the power to open them.

So lasst mich scheinen

So let me seem, until I become so;
don't take the white dress away from me!
From the beautiful earth I hasten
down into that solid house.
There I will repose a moment in peace,
until I open my eyes afresh;
then I will leave behind the spotless garment,
the girdle and the wreath.
And those spirits of heaven
do not ask whether one is `man' or `woman',
and no clothes, no robes
will cover my transfigured body.
Although I have lived without trouble and toil,
I have still felt deep pain.
Through sorrow I have aged too soon;
Make me forever young again!

Nur wer die sehnsucht kennt

Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From all joy,
I look into the firmament
In that direction.

Ah! he who loves and knows me
Is far away.
I am reeling,
My entrails are burning.
Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!

Les Cloches

The leaves opened on the edge of the branches
delicately.
The bells tolled, light and free,
in the clear sky.
Rhythmically and fervently, like an antiphon,
this far-away call
reminded me of the Christian whiteness
of altar flowers.
These bells spoke of happy years,
and in the large forest
they seemed to revive the withered leaves
of days gone by.

Romance

The vanishing and suffering soul,
The sweet soul, the fragrant soul
Of divine lilies that I have picked
In the garden of your thoughts,
Where, then, have the winds chased it,
This charming soul of the lilies?
Is there no longer a perfume that remains
Of the celestial sweetness
Of the days when you enveloped me
In a supernatural haze,
Made of hope, of faithful love,
Of bliss and of peace?

Nuit d'Étoiles

Night of stars, beneath your veils,
Beneath your breezes and your scents,
A sad lyre that sighs,
I dream of dead loves.
The serene melancholy comes bursting
In the depth of my heart,

And I hear the soul of my love
Tremble in the dreaming woods.
In the leafy shadows,
When I sigh very quietly,
You return, poor awakened soul,
All white in your shroud.
I see again at our fountain
Your gaze, blue as the sky;
This rose, it is your breath,
And these stars are your eyes.

Beau Soir

When at sunset the rivers are pink
And a warm breeze ripples the fields of wheat,
All things seem to advise content -
And rise toward the troubled heart;
Advise us to savour the gift of life,
While we are young and the evening fair,
For our life slips by, as that river does:
It to the sea - we to the tomb.

An den Mond

Pour, dear moon, pour your silver glimmer
down through the greenery of beeches,
where phantasms and dream-shapes
are always floating before me!
Reveal yourself, that I may find the place
where my darling often sat,
and often forgot, in the wind of beech and linden trees,
the golden city.
Reveal yourself, that I may enjoy the bushes
which swept coolness to her,
and that I may lay a wreath upon every meadow
where she listened to the brook.
Then, dear moon, then take up your veil again
and mourn your friend,
and weep through the clouds
as one abandoned weeps!

Frühlingsglaube

Balmy breezes are awakened,
They whisper and move day and night,
And everywhere creative.
O fresh scent, o new sound!
Now, poor heart, don't be afraid.
Now all, all must change.
With each day the world grows fairer,
One cannot know what is still to come,
The flowering refuses to cease.
Even the deepest, most distant valley is in flower.
Now, poor heart, forget your torment.
Now all, all must change.

Ständchen

Softly my songs plead
through the night to you;
down into the silent grove,
beloved, come to me!
Slender treetops whisper and rustle
in the moonlight;
my darling, do not fear
that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.
Do you not hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they are imploring you;
with their sweet, plaintive songs
they are imploring for me.
They understand the heart's yearning,
they know the pain of love;
with their silvery notes
they touch every tender heart.
Let your heart, too, be moved,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me happy

Kullan murunen

Thou art a nugget of gold,
Of the purest gold.
I am a but of copper,
When I am melted into gold,

I shall never be rusty again.
Thou art a nugget of gold,
Of the purest gold.

Pai, pai, paitaressu

Bye bye my sweet swaddled baby
huddled in the cradle,
rocking in the basket!
I shall rock thee dearly,
in my arms I shall cradle thee:
not for the wolves' glory,
nor the enjoyment of the lynx,
or the play of the bear.
I shall rock thee for Finland's glory,
for mine own enjoyment,
for the fame of my country.
Bye bye my sweet swaddled baby
rocking in the basket!

Kuin hiipuva hiillos tummentuu

Like the dying embers grow dark
when the fire consumes it into dust,
like the vanishing sound of the evening bell
when it strikes for the last time.
Thus, perhaps, the struggles will fade
which fierily consumed emotion,
and the heart too passionately aflame and beating
will silently subside as well.