



Rudi E. Scheidt  
School of Music

# MADELINE HAWKINS

## SOPRANO RECITAL

Lucas Smith, pianist

---

OCTOBER 10, 2024 | 5:30 PM

---

HARRIS CONCERT HALL

Rudi E. Scheidt School of Music  
Albert Nguyen, Interim Director  
College of Communication and Fine Arts  
Debra Burns, Dean

## PROGRAM

<i>L'ho Perduta, me meschina</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
<i>Caro Mio Ben</i>	Tommaso Giordani (1730-1806)
<i>Sebben Crudele</i>	Antonio Caldara (1670-1736)
<i>Beautiful Dreamer</i>	Stephen C. Foster (1826-1864)
<i>Go 'Way from My Window</i>	John Jacob Niles (1892-1980)
<i>Take o Take Those Lips Away</i>	Roger Quilter (1877-1953) text by William Shakespeare
<i>I Remember</i>	Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021)
<i>Frühlingsglaube</i>	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

## TRANSLATIONS

### *L'ho Perduta, me meschina*

L'ho Perduta, me meschina  
Ah chi sa dove sarà  
Non la trovo  
L'ho perduta, meschinella!  
E mia cugina  
Eil pardon  
Cosa dirà?

### *Caro Mio Ben*

Caro mio ben,  
Credi mi almen  
Senza di te,  
Languisce il cor.

il tuo fedel  
So spria gnor  
Cessa, crudel  
Tanto rigor

### *Sebben, crudele*

Sebben, crudele  
Mi fai languir  
Sempre fedele  
Ti volgio amar

Con la lunghezza  
Del mio servir  
La tua fierezza  
Sapprò stancar.

### *I have lost it, miserable me*

I have lost it, miserable me!  
Ah, who knows where it will be?  
I cannot find it,  
I have lost it, miserable me!  
My cousin,  
my lord,  
What will they say?

### *My dear beloved*

My dear beloved,  
Believe me at least  
Without you,  
My heart languishes.

Your faithful one  
Always sighs  
Cease, cruel one  
So much punishment

### *Although, cruel one*

Although, cruel one  
You make me languish  
Always faithful  
I will love you

With the length  
of my servitude  
I will tire  
your pride.

# TRANSLATIONS

## Frühlingsglaube

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,  
Sie säuseln und weben Tag und  
Nacht,  
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.  
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang  
Nun armes Herze, sey nicht bang  
Nun muß sich Alles, Alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,  
Man weiß nicht, was noch werden  
mag,  
Das Blühen will nicht enden.  
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Thal.  
Nun armes Herz, vergiß der Qual  
Nun muß sich Alles, Alles wenden.

## Faith in Spring

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.