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COLLEGE OF MUSIC 2025-26 EVENTS



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Junior Recital

Jimi Adams, baritone

With Kathy Liu, piano

Joshua Criswell, baritone

With Luca Pompilio, piano

Sunday, Feb. 15, 2026, 2:00 p.m.

Chamber Hall S102

PROGRAM

Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja from *Die Zauberflöte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Emanuel Schikaneder (1751-1812)

Er Ist's from *Lieder-Album für die Jugend*

Op. 79

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Du bist wie eine Blume from *Myrthen* Op. 25

Robert Schumann

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Widmung from *Myrthen* Op. 25

Robert Schumann

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

O del mio dolce ardor from *Paride ed Elena*

Cristoph Willibald Gluck (1714-1787)

Raniero de' Calzabigi (1714-1795)

Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile

Francesco Durante (1684-1755)

Text attributed to Lorenzo Pagans (1833-1883)

Amarilli, mia bella

Giulio Caccini (1546-1618)

Alessandro Guarini (1563-1636)

I'm Allergic to Cats from

The Theory of Relativity

Neil Bartram

Joey, Joey, Joey from *The Most Happy Fella*

Frank Loesser (1910-1969)

I Won't Send Roses from *Mack & Mabel*

Jerry Herman (1931-2019)

Agony from *Into the Woods*

Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021)

Lily's Eyes from *The Secret Garden*

Lucy Simon (1940-2022)

Marsha Norman (b. 1947)

Intermission

A Horse With Wings

Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)

Among the Fuchsias from *5 Songs of Laurence Hope No. 4*

Harry Thacker Burleigh (1866-1949)

Laurence Hope (1865-1904)

Beau Soir

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Paul Bourget (1852-1935)

Hellfire from *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*

Alan Menken (b. 1949)

Stephen Schwartz (b. 1948)

Her Face from *Carnival*

Bob Merrill (1921-1998)

Michael Stewart (1924-1987)

Laschia Ch'io Pianga from *Rinaldo*

George Frederick Handel (1685-1759)

Liebeszauber from *Sechs Lieder* Op. 13

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Lydia

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle (1818-1894)

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja from *Die Zauberflöte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Emanuel Schikaneder (1751-1812)

Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja

Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja,
Stets lustig, heissa, hopsassa!
Ich Vogelfänger bin bekannt
Bei alt und jung im ganzen Land.
Weiß mit dem Locken umzugehn
Und mich aufs Pfeifen zu verstehn.
Drum kann ich froh und lustig sein,
Denn alle Vögel sind ja mein.

Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja,
Stets lustig, heissa, hopsassa!
Ich Vogelfänger bin bekannt
Bei alt und jung im ganzen Land.
Ein Netz für Mädchen möchte ich,
Ich fing' sie dutzendweis für mich!
Dann sperrte ich sie bei mir ein,
Und alle Mädchen wären mein.

Wenn alle Mädchen wären mein,
So tauschte ich brav Zucker ein:
Die, welche mir am liebsten wär,

Der gäb' ich gleich den Zucker her.
Und küsste sie mich zärtlich dann,
Wär' sie mein Weib und ich ihr Mann.
Sie schlief' an meiner Seite ein,
Ich wiegte wie ein Kind sie ein.

I am the birdcatcher

Translation by Richard Stokes

I am the birdcatcher,
Always bright and merry, tra la!
I the birdcatcher am well known
To young and old throughout the land.
I know how to set traps,
And know how to play my pipes.
That's why I can be happy and merry,
For all these birds belong to me.

I am the birdcatcher,
Always bright and merry, tra la!
I the birdcatcher am well known
To young and old throughout the land.
I'd like a net for catching girls,
I'd catch them by the dozen for me!
Then I'd lock them up in my house,
And all the girls would belong to me.

If all the girls belonged to me,
I'd barter them for sugar,

And give that sugar straightaway
To the one who pleased me most.
And if she were to give me a tender kiss,
She'd be my wife and I her husband.
She'd fall asleep by my side,
I'd cradle her like a child.

Er Ist's from *Lieder-Album für die Jugend* Op. 79

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Er ist's

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.

Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, ein Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen!

Spring is here

Translation by Richard Stokes

Spring is floating its blue banner
On the breezes again;
Sweet, well-remembered scents
Drift portentously across the land.

Violets, already dreaming,
Will soon begin to bloom.
Listen, the sound of a harp!
Spring, that must be you!
It's you I've heard!

Du bist wie eine Blume from *Myrthen Op. 25*

Robert Schumann

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Du bist wie eine Blume

Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold.

You are like a flower

Translation by Richard Stokes

You are like a flower,
So sweet and fair and pure;
I look at you, and sadness
Steals into my heart.

I feel as if I should lay
My hands upon your head,
Praying that God preserve you
So pure and fair and sweet.

Widmung from *Myrthen* Op. 25

Robert Schumann

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Widmung

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,

Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich!

Dedication

Translation by Richard Stokes

You my soul, you my heart,
You my rapture, O you my pain,
You my world in which I live,
My heaven you, to which I aspire,
O you my grave, into which
My grief forever I've consigned!
You are repose, you are peace,
You are bestowed on me from heaven.
Your love for me gives me my worth,
Your eyes transfigure me in mine,
You raise me lovingly above myself,
My guardian angel, my better self!

O del mio dolce ardor from *Paride ed Elena*

Cristoph Willibald Gluck (1714-1787)

Raniero de' Calzabigi (1714-1795)

O del mio dolce ardor

O del mio dolce ardor

Bramato oggetto,

L'aura che tu respiri,

Alfin respiro.

O vunque il guardo io giro,

Le tue vaghe sembianze

Amore in me dipinge:

Il mio pensier si finge

Le più liete speranze;

E nel desio che così

M'empie il petto

Cerco te, chiamo te, spero e sospiro.

O thou belov'd

Translation by Dr Theodore Baker

O thou belov'd,

Whom long my heart desireth

At length the air thou breathest

My soul inspireth,

Where'er mine eye may wander.
Still of thee some vague semblance
Doth Love awake within me
My ev'ry thought doth win me
To yet fonder remembrance;
And in this ardor that all my
bosom so fireth
Thee I seek, Thee I call, Fondly and e'er fonder.

Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile

Francesco Durante (1684-1755)

Text attributed to Lorenzo Pagans (1833-1883)

Danza, danza fanciulla gentile

Danza, danza, fanciulla,
al mio cantar;
danza, danza fanciulla gentile,
al mio cantar.

Gira leggera, sottile al suono,
al suono dell'onde del mar.

Senti il vago rumore
dell'aura scherzosa

che parla al core

con languido suon,

e che invita a danzar

senza posa, senza posa,

che invita a danzar.

Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile,
al mio cantar.

Dance, dance, maiden

Translation by Michael P Rosewall

Dance, dance, maiden

To my song;

Dance, dance, gentle maiden,

To my song.

Whirl lightly, quietly to the sound,

To the sound of the waves of the sea.

Feel the delicate mood

Of the playful breezes

That speak to the heart,

With languid sound,

And invite you to dance

Without pause, without pause,

That invite you to dance.

Dance, dance, gentle maiden,

To my song.

Amarilli, mia bella

Giulio Caccini (1546-1618)

Alessandro Guarini (1563-1636)

Amarilli, mia bella

Amarilli, mia bella,

Non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,

D'esser tu l'amor mio?

Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale,

Dubitar non ti vale.

Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:

Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli

è il mio amore.

Amaryllis, my lovely one

Translation by Katherine McGuire

Amaryllis, my lovely one,

do you not believe, o my heart's sweet desire,

That you are my love?

Believe it thus: and if fear assails you,

Doubt not its truth.

Open my breast and see written on my heart:

Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis,

Is my beloved.

I'm Allergic to Cats from *The Theory of Relativity*

Neil Bartram

Good evening, Doctor O'Hara,
I'm glad you could make it.
I know it's frustrating getting to midtown
At this time of day.
The uptown N R is a pain.
Not to mention the rain.
But thank you for coming, sir.
I've got something to say.

I'm allergic to cats.
That's part of the reason
I asked to have dinner with you.
I'm allergic to cats.
I know it's hardly a life-threat'ning
Medical hullabaloo.

See, when I was born
They expected me later.
So I spent two months
in an incubator.
Ever since that
I can't be near a cat.

I can tell by your smirk,
you think this is silly
And borderline phobic, perhaps.
But this innocent quirk
Can cause such a violent reaction
My lungs could collapse.

So, bear with me sir.
This is nothing sordid.
Your patience, I promise,
Will be rewarded.
I'm really not bats.
Just allergic to cats.

But Julie, Julie loves cats.
As you know, they're her passion and joy.
She knits them little sweaters
And crochets them hats.
For their birthdays, she sews them
Their own special toy.

There's Meowser,
Miss Mew,
Cookiepuss,
Alexander.
Her couch is a playground
Of pee and dander.

So I cough and I wheeze,
Pop a fistful of Claritin D's,
Try to hide before anyone sees.
I'm allergic to cats.

For over a year,
I've hidden from Julie
Each anaphylactic display.
'Cause she's such a dear,
If she knew cats make me suffer
She'd give them away.

But she is my world,
I live for her. Truly.
Julie loves cats,
And I love Julie.
So she tickles their toes,
And I smile as my throat starts to close,
But I vow that she'll never suppose.
I'm allergic to cats.

Well, Doctor O'Hara,
I fear that I've buried the headline.
The point of this story is murky
I have to concede.
I hope that I've shown you tonight.

I love your daughter with all of my might!
So, humbly I stand,
Asking you for her marital hand.
Wedded life will be blissful and grand.

With Julie,
And Meowser,
Miss Mew,
Cookiepuss,
Alexander,
The dander,
The pee.

And me!

Joey, Joey, Joey from *The Most Happy Fella*

Frank Loesser (1910-1969)

Like a perfumed woman,
The wind blows in the bunk-house
Like a perfumed woman,
Smellin' of where she's been.
Smellin' of oregon cherries
Or maybe Texas avocado
Or maybe Arizona sugar beet.
The wind blows in
And she sings to me,

'Cause I'm one of her ramblin' kin.
She sings:

Joey, Joey, Joey
Joey, Joey, Joe
You've been too long in one place
And it's time to go, time to go!

Joey, Joey, Joey
Joey, travel on
You've been too long in one town
And the harvest time's come and gone.
That's what the wind sings to me
When the bunk I've bunkin' in
Gets to feelin' too soft and cozy,
When the grub they're been cookin' me
Gets to tastin' too good,
When I've had all I want
Of the ladies in the neighborhood.
She sings:

Joey, Joey, Joey
Joey, Joey, Joe
You've been too long in one place
And it's time to go, time to go!
Joey, Joey, Joe

I Won't Send Roses from *Mack & Mabel*

Jerry Herman (1931-2019)

I won't send roses
Or hold the door
I won't remember
which dress you wore

my heart is too much in control,
the lack of romance in my soul
will turn you gray, kid
so stay away, kid

forget my shoulder
when you're in need
forgetting birthdays is guaranteed

and should I love you, you would be
the last to know

I won't send roses
and roses suit you so

My pace is frantic
my temper's cross

with words romantic,

I'm at a loss

I'd be the first one to agree,
that I'm preoccupied with me

and it's inbred, kid
so keep your head, kid
In me you'll find things
like guts and nerve
but not the kind things
that you deserve
and so, while there's a fighting change
just turn and go
I won't send roses
and roses suit you so

Agony from *Into the Woods*

Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021)

Did I abuse her or show her disdain
Why does she run from me
If I should lose her, how shall I regain
The heart she has won from me

Agony beyond power of speech
When the one thing you want
Is the only thing out of your reach

High in her tower she sits by the hour
Maintaining her hair
Blithe and becoming and frequently humming
A light-hearted air, ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah

Agony, far more painful than yours
When you know she would go with you
If there only were doors

Agony, all the torture they teach
What's as intriguing or half so fatiguing
As what's out of reach

Am I not sensitive, clever, well-mannered, considerate
Passionate, charming, as kind as I'm handsome
And heir to a throne

You are everything maidens could wish for

Then why no

Do I know

The girls must be mad

You know nothing of madness
'Til you're climbing her hair, and you see her up there

As you're nearing her, all the while hearing her
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah

Agony, misery
Woe, though it's different for each
Always ten steps behind
Always ten feet below
And she's just out of reach

Agony, that can cut like a knife
I must have her to wife

Lily's Eyes from *The Secret Garden*

Lucy Simon (1940-2022)

Marsha Norman (b. 1947)

Strangely quiet, but now the storm
Simply rests to strike again
Standing, waiting, I think of her
I think of her

Strange, this Mary, she leaves the room
Yet remains, she lingers on
Something stirs me to think of her
I think of her

From death she casts her spell

All night we hear her sighs
And now a girl has come
Who has her eyes

She has her eyes
The girl has Lily's hazel eyes
Those eyes that saw him happy long ago
Those eyes that gave him life
And hope he'd never known
How can he see the girl
And miss those hazel eyes?

She has her eyes
The girl has Lily's hazel eyes
Those eyes that closed and left me all alone
Those eyes I feel will never ever let me go
How can I see this girl who has her hazel eyes?

In Lily's eyes a castle
This house seemed to be
And I, the bravest knight became
My lady fair was she

She has her eyes
She has my Lily's hazel eyes
Those eyes that loved my brother never me
Those eyes that never saw me

Never knew I longed to hold her close
To live at last in Lily's eyes

Imagine me, a lover
I longed for the day
She'd turn and see me standing there
Would God have let her stay
She has her eyes
She has my Lily's hazel eyes
Those eyes that saw me happy long ago
(Those eyes that first I loved so)
How can I now forget
That once I dared to be in love
Be alive and whole
In Lily's eyes, in Lily's eyes

A Horse With Wings

Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)

I wanna cry.
I wanna feel the world around me whirling by.
I wanna cry for those that live,
and those that die.
You sing a lullaby.
I wanna cry.
I wanna pray,
that all my wishes could come true after today,

and should I put a word for you in,
should I say
an extra Kyrie?
I wanna pray.
I wanna lie.
I wanna think that things are better
than they are.
I wanna think we've gotten further,
and that far
is just an inch away.
I wanna lie.
A horse with wings,
I wanna think of things like that
and other things.
I want two brothers, one who laughs,
and one who sings.
I hope the future brings
a horse with wings.
I wanna know
the things they told me way back then
were really so.
I wanna make a little mark before I go,
not barely just get by,
I wanna fly!

Among the Fuchsias from *5 Songs of Laurence Hope* No. 4

Harry Thacker Burleigh (1866-1949)

Laurence Hope (1865-1904)

Call me not to a secret place
When daylight dies away,
Tempt me not with thine eager face
And words thou shouldst not say.
Entice me not with a child of thine,
Ah, God, if such might be,
For surely a man is half divine
Who adds another link to the line
Whose last link none may see.

Call me not to the Lotus lake
That drooping fuchsias hide,
What if my latent youth awakes
And will not be denied?
Ah, tempt me not for I am not strong
(Thy mouth is a budded kiss)
My days are empty, my nights are long.
Ah, why is a thing so sweet so wrong,
As thy temptation is?

Beau Soir

Achille Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Paul Bourget (1852-1935)

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 beau,
Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer—nous au tombeau!

Beautiful Evening

Translation by Richard Stokes

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.

Hellfire from *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*

Alan Menken (b. 1949)

Stephen Schwartz (b. 1948)

Beata Maria, you know I am a righteous man
Of my virtue I am justly proud
Beata Maria, you know I'm so much purer than
The common, vulgar, weak, licentious crowd
Then tell me, Maria
Why I see her dancing there?
Why her smold'ring eyes still scorch my soul?
I feel her, I see her
The sun caught in her raven hair
Is blazing in me out of all control

Like fire
Hellfire
This fire in my skin
This burning
Desire
Is turning me to sin!

It's not my fault!
I'm not to blame!
It is the gypsy girl, the witch who sent this flame!
It's not my fault!
If in God's plan

He made the devil so much stronger than a man

Protect me, Maria

Don't let this siren cast her spell

Don't let her fire sear my flesh and bone!

Destroy Esmeralda

And let her taste the fires of hell

Or else let her be mine and mine alone

Hellfire

Dark fire

Now gypsy, it's your turn

Choose me or

Your pyre

Be mine or you will burn!

Her Face from *Carnival*

Bob Merrill (1921-1998)

Michael Stewart (1924-1987)

That's what I needed

Just what I needed

Someone's hand reaching out for mine

A helpless thing depending on me

Depending on me to beat its burden

Clothe and feed it

Practically carry it

A grown up girl with the mind of a child
Depending on me
Measuring me
Staring at me
Measuring me...

Everywhere I look I can see her face
I can see her face
See it everywhere
And when I close my eyes it stays
And like a leaf whirls on a wind
Around my mind it plays

If in my two hands I could hold her face
While my fingertips kiss her eyes and lips
And make them love and light and shine
But that would take two other hands, not mine
That would take two other hands, not mine

Laschia Ch'io Pianga from *Rinaldo*

George Frederick Handel (1685-1759)

Lascia ch'io pianga
Mia cruda sorte,
E che sospiri
La libertà.

Il duolo infranga
Queste ritorte,
De' miei martiri
Sol per pietà.

Let Me Weep

Translation by Aaron Green

Let me weep
My cruel fate,
And that I
should have freedom.

The duel infringes
within these twisted places,
in my sufferings
I pray for mercy.

Liebeszauber from *Sechs Lieder* Op. 13

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall
Im Rosenbusch und sang;
Es flog der wunderschöne Schall
Den grünen Wald entlang.

Und wie er klang, - da stieg im Kreis
Aus tausend Kelchen Duft,
Und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',

Und leiser ging die Luft;

Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum
Geplätschert von den Höh'n,
Die Rehlein standen wie im Traum
Und lauschten dem Getön.

Und hell und immer heller floß
Der Sonne Glanz herein,
Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß
Sich goldig roter Schein.

Ich aber zog den Wald entlang
Und hörte auch den Schall.
Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang,
War nur sein Widerhall.

Love's Magic

Translation by Richard Stokes

Love, as a nightingale,
Perched on a rosebush and sang;
The wondrous sound floated
Along the green forest.

And as it sounded, there arose a scent
From a thousand calyxes,
And all the treetops rustled softly,

And the breeze moved softer still;

The brooks fell silent, barely
Having babbled from the heights,
The fawns stood as if in a dream
And listened to the sound.

Brighter, and ever brighter
The sun shone on the scene,
And poured its red glow
Over flowers, forest and glen.

But I made my way along the path
And also heard the sound.
Ah! all that I've sung since that hour
Was merely its echo.

Lydia

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle (1818-1894)

Lydia sur tes roses joues,
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,
Roule étincelant¹
L'or fluide que tu dénoues.

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur:

Oublions l'éternelle tombe.
Laisse tes baisers de colombe
Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse
Une odeur divine en ton sein:
Les délices, comme un essaim,
Sortent de toi, jeune Déesse!

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours!
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie.
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir toujours!

Lydia

Translation by Christopher Goldsack

Lydia, over your rosy cheeks,
and over your neck, so fresh and white,
sparkling, rolls
the fluid gold that you untie.

The day which is gleaming is the best:
let us forget the eternal tomb.
Let your dove's kisses
sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily ceaselessly diffuses

a divine scent in your breast:
like a swarm, delights
escape from you, young Goddess!

I love you and am dying, o my loves!
My soul is ravished by kisses.
O Lydia, give me back my life,
that I might die eternally!

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*The Drowsy Chaperone (2023).
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