



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

# **Elizabeth Hill**

Soprano

**Abigail Chang**

Piano

# Program

Mein Gläubiges Herze from *Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt* ..... J. S. Bach  
(1685-1750)

Widmung.....

# Translations

## Mein Gläubiges Herze

My believing heart, rejoice, sing,  
laugh.

Your Jesus is here!

Away misery, away lamentation

I have only one thing to say:

My Jesus is near.

## Widmung

You my soul, you my heart

You my joy, Oh you my pain

You my world in which I live,

A m̃ YJ Yb̃nci ž|b̃k \ |W̃=ŪcUž

O you my grave, into which

my grief forever I've consigned!

You are the rest, you are the peace,

You are given to me from heaven.

Your love for me gives me my worth,

Mi f̃ YnglfUbgŪ | i fYa Y|b̃'a |b̃Yž

You raise me lovingly above myself,

My guardian angel, my better self!

## Lorelei

I do not know why, what it means

That I am so sad

A fairytale comes from olden times

I cannot get it out of my mind.

The air is cool and it grows dark,

5bX'dYUWZ̃ `mŪck gh YF \ |b̃/

The top of the mountain sparkles

In the sunset.

The fairest maiden sits

There above mysteriously

Her golden jewelry sparkles;

She combs here golden hair

She combs it with a golden comb

All the while singing a song;

It has a wondrously powerful melody

The boatman in his small boat

Is seized by overwhelming sorrow,

He sees not the rocky reef

He looks only upwards into the  
heights

I believe, the wave will devour

In the end boatman and small boat.

And this through her singing

The Lorelei has done.

## An die Nachtigall

Dci f̃' bchgc̃ `ci X̃m̃h Y'cj YybŪa X'

songs' rich sounds.

From the blooming branch of the  
apple tree down

Oh nightingale!

The singing of your sweet throat

Awakes love in me.

For already beats through the depths

of my soul your melting "ah"

H̃ Yg̃Yd̃ ŪYg̃Ub̃Yk Z̃cã h̃ |g̃d̃ UW'

I stare then with moist gaze and

deathly pale and haggard at the

heaven.

Fly, nightingale, into the green

darkness,

Into the busy grove, and give in the

nest to the faithful mate kisses.

: m̃lk UñŪm̃lk Uñ

## Après un rêve

In a slumber that was charmed by

your image

I dreamt of the happiness, passionate

illusion,

Your eyes were softer, your voice pure

and ringing

You shone like a sky lit by the dawn.

