



**Festival in Recital:
"Songs that Celebrate Art and Our World"**

Emily Yocum Black, soprano

Cindy Miller, piano

Sponsored by Daniel C. Cohen

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Recorded at the Carson Center for the Performing
Arts | Paducah, KY

Sweeter than Roses by Henry Purcell

Frère! Voyez!...Du gai soleil from *Werther* by Jules Massenet

Music for a While by Henry Purcell

An die Musik by Franz Schubert

Gretchen am Spinnrade by Franz Schubert

Inside the VOICE Studio

"Mentorship at All Levels"

How Can I Keep from Singing? Arr. Richard Walters

with Brittany Martin, soprano

Video edited by Maria Zouves

Romance-Silence ineffable

Musique

by Claude Debussy

The Spring and the Fall

The Philosopher

by Jeff Blumenkrantz

Postcards from Savannah

"Let the Voices Sing!" ft. American Traditions Competition

Video edited by Zach Dennis

Love Is Not All

Departure

by Jeff Blumenkrantz

Tonight's performance is edited by Patrick Joel Martin.

Thank you to the wonderful videographers Kim Yocum, Todd Yocum, and Fowler Black

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How Can I Keep from Singing?
arranged by Richard Walters
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The Spring and the Fall, The
Philosopher,
Love Is Not All, and Departure
performed with permission from
the composer
Jeff Blumenkrantz, Blumie Tunes
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Frère! Voyez!...

Du gai soleil

Brother! see! See the beautiful
bouquet!

I have put the garden for looting
for the pastor!

And then, we will dance!

For the first minuet it's on you

TRANSLATIONS

I count...
Ah! the dark face!
But today, Mr. Werther,
everyone is happy!
Happiness is in the air!

Cheerful sun full of flame in the
resplendent azure
pure clarity descends from our
foreheads to our souls!
Everyone is happy!
Happiness is in the air!
And the bird rising to the heavens
in the breeze that sighs...came
back to tell us that God makes us
happy!
Everyone is happy!
Happiness is in the air!
Everyone is happy!

An die Musik

Beloved art, in how many
a bleak hour,
when I am enmeshed in life's
tumultuous round,
have you kindled my heart to the
warmth of love,
and borne me away to a better
world!

Often a sigh, escaping from your
harp, a sweet, celestial chord

has revealed to me a heaven of
happier times.
Beloved art, for this I thank you!

Gretchen am Spinnrade

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

When he's not with me,
Life's like the grave;
The whole world
Is turned to gall.

My poor head
Is crazed,
My poor mind
Shattered.
My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

It's only for him
I gaze from the window,
It's only for him
I leave the house.

His proud bearing
His noble form,
The smile on his lips,

The power of his eyes,
And the magic flow
Of his words,
The touch of his hand,
And ah, his kiss!

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

My bosom
Yearns for him.
Ah! if I could clasp
And hold him,
And kiss him
To my heart's content,
And in his kisses
Perish!

Romance-Silence ineffable

The ineffable silence of the hour
When a loving heart,
onto another heart
Allows itself to fall asleep,
Next to loving heart which it
adores!

The tender music of words,
Like a nightingale's sob,
So tender that one would wish to
die, On the mouth of one who
whispers them!
The fervent intoxication of life
Exhausts the ravished lover,
And one can only hear
the beating of a heart,
Music and silence of the hour!

Musique

The moon was rising, fresh
but more frozen
than the recollection
of a love long past.
The stars, silent at the back of the
sky, Glittered, but with an
unpredictable radiance,
like a pair of eyes
In which floats the elusive
idea of the soul.
And the violin, tender and gentle,
like a woman
Whose voice grows weaker
in burning lassitude,
Sang out: "One more night lost to
pleasure.