



Festival in Recital:
“Songs that Celebrate Art and Our World”
Emily Yocum Black, soprano
Cindy Miller, piano

Sponsored by Daniel C. Cohen
Originally Aired August 15, 2020

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
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Jeff Blumenkrantz, Blumie Tunes
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TRANSLATIONS

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

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.