



# Hugh Hodgson School of Music

## UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

presents an  
Undergraduate Recital

**Joy McCarthy, *soprano*; De’Nasia Thomas, *soprano*  
Aimee Li, Rachel Townes; *piano***

### **I Sing Because I’m Happy** *Lessons on Sentiment and Introspection*

April 3, 2025

7:30 pm, Edge Recital Hall

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V’adoro, pupille from *Giulio Cesare*

George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

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Vaga luna che inargenti

Vincenzo Bellini  
(1801-1835)

Per pietà, bell’idol mio

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*Sechs Lieder, op. 57*  
III. Suleika

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy  
(1809-1847)

*Myrthen, op. 25*  
I. Widmung

Robert Schumann  
(1810 - 1856)

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*Sechs Lieder, op. 47*  
I. Minnelied  
VI. Bei der Wiege

Mendelssohn

Two Duets, op. 10  
I. *Puisqu’ici bas toute âme*

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

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Le papillon et la fleur

Fauré

Vocalise-Étude

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Au bord de l’eau

Fauré

*Cinq melodies*  
I. Cantique

Nadia Boulanger  
(1887 – 1979)

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Laurie’s Song from *The Tender Land*

Aaron Copland  
(1900-1990)

Alleluia

Ned Rorem  
(1923-2022)

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Will There Really Be a Morning?

Ricky Ian Gordon  
(b. 1956)

Guide My Feet

arr. Jacqueline Hairston

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Happy Days Are Here Again

Milton Ager  
(1839 - 1979)

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His Eye is On the Sparrow

a. Charles H. Gabriel  
(1856-1932)

## Translations

### **V'adoro, pupille**

*V'adoro pupille, saette d'amore  
le vostre faville son grate nel sen  
Pietose vi brama il mesto mio core  
ch'ogn'ora vi chiama l'amato suo ben*

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I adore you, eyes, arrows of love  
Your sparks are pleasing to my breath  
My sorrowful heart desires you to be merciful  
For its beloved calls out unceasingly for you

-

### **Vaga luna che inargenti**

*Vaga luna, che inargenti  
queste rive e questi fiori  
ed ispiri agli elementi  
il linguaggio dell'amor;  
testimonio or sei tu sola  
del mio fervido desir,  
ed a lei che m'innamora  
conta i palpiti e i sospir.*

*Dille pur che lontananza  
il mio duol non può lenir,  
che se nutro una speranza,  
ella è sol nell'avvenir.*

*Dille pur che giorno e sera  
conto l'ore del dolor,  
che una speme lusinghiera  
mi conforta nell'amor.*

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Lovely moon, you who shed silver light  
On these shores and on these flowers  
And breathe the language  
Of love to the elements,  
You are now the sole witness  
Of my ardent longing,  
And can recount my throbs and sighs  
To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance  
Cannot assuage my grief,  
That if I cherish a hope,  
It is only for the future.  
Tell her that, day and night,  
I count the hours of sorrow,  
That a flattering hope  
Comforts me in my love.

### **Per pietà bell'idol mio**

*Per pietà, bell'idol mio,  
non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato;  
infelice e sventurato  
abbastanza il Ciel mi fa.*

*Se fedele a te son io,  
se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi,  
sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi  
il mio core, il tuo lo sa.*

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For pity's sake, my beautiful idol  
do not tell me that I am ungrateful;  
unhappy and unfortunate enough  
has heaven made me.

That I am faithful to you,  
that I languish under your bright gaze,  
Love knows, the gods know,  
my heart [knows], and yours knows.

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### **Suleika**

*Was bedeutet die Bewegung?  
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?  
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung  
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.*

*Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,  
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,  
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube  
Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.*

*Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,  
Kühlt auch mir die heißen Wangen,  
Küsst die Reben noch im Fliehen,  
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.*

*Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern  
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüsse;  
Eh' noch diese Hügel düstern,  
Grüssen mich wohl tausend Küsse.*

*Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!  
Diene Freunden und Betrübten.  
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,  
Dort find' ich bald den Vielgeliebten.*

*Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,  
Liebeshrauch, erfrischtes Leben  
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,  
Kann mir nur sein Atem geben.*

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What does this stirring portend?  
Is the east wind bringing me joyful tidings?  
The refreshing motion of its wings  
cools the heart's deep wound.

It plays caressingly with the dust,  
throwing it up in light clouds,  
and drives the happy swarm of insects  
to the safety of the vine-leaves.

It gently tempers the burning heat of the sun,  
and cools my hot cheeks;  
even as it flies it kisses the vines  
that adorn the fields and hillsides.

And its soft whispering brings me  
a thousand greetings from my beloved;  
before these hills grow dark  
I shall be greeted by a thousand kisses.

Now you may pass on,  
and serve the happy and the sad;  
there, where high walls glow,  
I shall soon find my dearly beloved.

Ah, the true message of the heart,  
the breath of love, renewed life  
will come to me only from his lips,  
can be given to me only by his breath.

### **Wigmung**

*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!*

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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!

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### **Minnelied**

*Wie der Quell so lieblich klinget  
Und die zarten Blumen küßt,  
Wie der Fink im Schatten singet  
Und das nahe Liebchen grüßt!*

*Wie die Lichter zitternd schweifen  
Und das Gras sich grün erfreut,  
Wie die Tannen weithin greifen  
Und die Linde Blüten streut!*

*In der Linde süß Gedüfte,  
In der Tannen Riesellaut,  
In dem Spiel der Sommerlüfte  
Glänzet sie als Frühlingsbraut.*

*Aber Waldton, Vogelsingen,  
Duft der Blüten, haltet ein,  
Licht, verdunkle, nie gelingen  
Kann es euch, ihr gleich zu sein!*

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How the fountain so lovely sounds  
and kisses the tender flowers,  
how the finch in the shade sings  
and greets the nearby sweetheart!

How the lights curve trembling  
and the grass rejoices in its green,  
how the firs reach out far  
and the lime tree strews its blooms!

In the lime tree's sweet fragrance,  
in the firs loud rustling,  
in the play of summer air  
She appears as a spring bride.

But forest sounds, birdsong,  
Fragrance of blooms, cease,  
light, die away, you can never  
Be like unto her!

### **Bei der Wiege**

*Schlumre und träume von kommender Zeit,  
Die sich dir bald muss entfalten  
Träume, mein Kind, von Freud' und Leid,  
Träume von lieben Gestalten!  
Mögen, auch viele noch kommen und gehen.  
Müssen dir neue doch wieder erstehen,  
Bleibe nur fein geduldig!*

*Schlumre und träume von Frühlingsgewalt  
Schau all das Blühen und Werden,  
Horch, wie im Hain der Vogelsang schallt,  
Liebe im Himmel, auf Erden.  
Heut zieht's vorüber und kann dich nicht kümmern,  
Doch wird dein Frühling auch blühen und schimmern.  
Bleibe nur fein geduldig!*

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Slumber and dream of times to come  
That you'll soon encounter,  
Dream, my child, of joy and sorrow,  
Dream of the people you love!  
However many may come and go,  
There will always be new ones to follow;  
Be patient!

Slumber and dream of spring's great might,  
See how everything blossoms and grows,  
Listen how birdsong resounds in the grove –  
Love in heaven and love on earth!  
Today flits by, concerns you no longer,  
Spring too will bloom and shine for you.  
Be patient!

### **Puisqu'ici bas tout âme**

*Puisqu'ici bas toute âme  
Donne à quelqu'un  
Sa musique, sa flamme,  
Ou son parfum;*

*Reçois mes vœux sans nombre,  
O mes amours!  
Reçois la flamme ou l'ombre  
De tous mes jours!*

*Je te donne à cette heure,  
Penché sur toi,  
La chose la meilleure  
Que j'ai en moi!*

*Mon esprit qui sans voile  
Vogue au hasard,  
Et qui n'a pour étoile  
Que ton regard!*

*Reçois donc ma pensée,  
triste d'ailleurs,  
Qui comme une rosée,  
T'arrive en pleurs!*

*Mes transports pleins d'ivresses,  
purs de soupçons,  
Et toutes les caresses  
De mes chansons!*

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Since down here each soul  
gives to someone  
its music, its flame  
or its perfume;

Receive my countless wishes,  
O my loves!  
Receive the flame or the shadow  
of all my days!

I give you at this hour,  
leaning over you,  
the best thing  
that I have in me:

My spirit which, without sail,  
drifts at random,  
and which has for a star  
only your gaze!

Receive then my thought,  
which longs for other places,  
and which like the dew,  
comes to you in tears,

My transports intoxicated,  
free of doubts,  
and all the caresses  
of my songs!

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### **Au bord de l'eau**

*S'asseoir tous deux au bord d'un flot qui passe,  
Le voir passer;  
Tous deux, s'il glisse un nuage en l'espace,  
Le voir glisser;  
À l'horizon, s'il fume un toit de chaume,  
Le voir fumer;  
Aux alentours si quelque fleur embaume,  
S'en embaumer;  
Entendre au pied du saule où l'eau murmure,  
L'eau murmurer;  
Ne pas sentir, tant que ce rêve dure,  
Le temps durer;  
Mais n'apportant de passion profonde  
Qu'à s'adorer,  
Sans nul souci des querelles du monde,  
Les ignorer;  
Et seuls, tous deux devant tout ce qui lasse,  
Sans se lasser,*

*Sentir l'amour, devant tout ce qui passe,  
Ne point passer!*

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To sit together on the bank of a flowing stream,  
To watch it flow;  
Together, if a cloud glides by,  
To watch it glide;  
On the horizon, if smoke rises from thatch,  
To watch it rise;  
If nearby a flower smells sweet,  
To savour its sweetness;  
To listen at the foot of the willow, where water murmurs,  
To the murmuring water;  
Not to feel, while this dream passes,  
The passing of time;  
But feeling no deep passion,  
Except to adore each other,  
With no cares for the quarrels of the world,  
To know nothing of them;  
And alone together, seeing all that tires,  
Not to tire of each other,  
To feel that love, in the face of all that passes,  
Shall never pass!

### **Cantique**

A toute âme qui pleure,  
A tout péché qui passe,  
J'ouvre au sein des étoiles  
Mes mains pleines de grâces.

Il n'est péché qui vive,  
Quand l'amour a parlé,  
Il n'est âme qui meure,  
Quand l'amour a pleuré.

Et si l'amour s'égare  
Aux sentiers d'ici-bas,  
Ses larmes me retrouvent  
Et ne s'égarent pas.

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To all weeping souls,  
To all fleeting sins,  
I open, cradled by stars,  
My hands full of grace.

No sin can live  
When Love has spoken,  
No soul can die  
When Love has wept.

And if Love goes astray  
On terrestrial paths,  
Its tears will find me  
And not go astray.

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### **Le papillon et la fleur**

*La pauvre fleur disait au papillon céleste:  
Ne fuis pas!  
Vois comme nos destins sont différents. Je reste,  
Tu t'en vas!*

*Pourtant nous nous aimons, nous vivons sans les hommes  
Et loin d'eux,  
Et nous nous ressemblons, et l'on dit que nous sommes  
Fleurs tous deux!*

*Mais, hélas! l'air t'emporte et la terre m'enchaîne.  
Sort cruel!  
Je voudrais embaumer ton vol de mon haleine  
Dans le ciel!*

*Mais non, tu vas trop loin! – Parmi des fleurs sans nombre  
Vous fuyez,  
Et moi je reste seule à voir tourner mon ombre  
À mes pieds.*

*Tu fuis, puis tu reviens; puis tu t'en vas encore  
Luire ailleurs.  
Aussi me trouves-tu toujours à chaque aurore  
Toute en pleurs!*

*Oh! pour que notre amour coule des jours fidèles,  
Ô mon roi,  
Prends comme moi racine, ou donne-moi des ailes  
Comme à toi!*

-  
The humble flower said to the heavenly butterfly:  
Do not flee!  
See how our destinies differ. Fixed to earth am I,  
You fly away!

Yet we love each other, we live without men  
And far from them,  
And we are so alike, it is said that both of us  
Are flowers!

But alas! The breeze bears you away, the earth holds me fast.  
Cruel fate!  
I would perfume your flight with my fragrant breath  
In the sky!

But no, you flit too far! Among countless flowers  
You fly away,  
While I remain alone, and watch my shadow circle  
Round my feet.

You fly away, then return; then take flight again  
To shimmer elsewhere.  
And so you always find me at each dawn  
Bathed in tears!

Ah, that our love might flow through faithful days,  
O my king,  
Take root like me, or give me wings  
Like yours!

-

### **Laurie's Song**

Once I thought I'd never grow tall as this fence  
Time dragged heavy and slow

But April came and August went  
Before I knew just what they meant  
And little by little I grew  
And as I grew I came to know  
How fast the time could go

Once I thought I'd never go outside this fence  
This space was plenty for me

But I walked down the road one day  
And just happened I can't say  
But little by little it came to be  
That line between the earth and sky  
Came beckoning to me

Now the time has grown short  
The world has grown so wide

I'll be graduated soon  
Why am I strange inside?

What makes me think I'd like to try  
To go down all those roads beyond that line  
Above the earth and 'neath the sky?

Tomorrow when I sit upon  
The graduation platform stand,  
I know my hand will shake  
When I reach out to take that paper  
With the ribboned band

Now that all the learning's done  
O who knows what will now begin?

O it's so strange  
I'm strange inside

The time has grown so short  
The world so wide



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### **Will There Really Be a Morning?**

Will there really be a "Morning"?  
Is there such a thing as "Day"?  
Could I see it from the mountains  
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?  
Has it feathers like a Bird?  
Is it brought from famous countries  
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!  
Oh some Wise Man from the skies!  
Please to tell a little Pilgrim  
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

### **Guide My Feet**

Guide my feet, Lord  
While I run this race  
For I don't want to run this race in vain

Hold my hand, Lord  
While I run this race  
For I don't want to run this race in vain

Stan' by me, Lord  
While I run this race  
For I don't want to run this race in vain

Guide my feet, Lord  
While I run this race  
For I don't want to run this race in vain

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### **Happy Days Are Here Again**

So long sad times  
Go long bad times  
We are rid of you at last

Howdy gay times  
Cloudy gray times  
You are now a thing of the past

Happy days are here again  
The skies above are clear again  
So let's sing a song of cheer again  
Happy days are here again

Altogether shout it now  
There's no one  
Who can doubt it now

So let's tell the world about it now  
Happy days are here again  
Your cares and troubles are gone  
There'll be no more from now on  
From now on

Happy days are here again  
The skies above are clear again  
So, let's sing a song of cheer again  
Happy times  
Happy nights  
Happy days are here again!

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### **His Eye is On the Sparrow**

Why should I feel discouraged?  
Why should the shadows come?  
Why should my heart be lonely  
And long for heav'n and home,  
When Jesus is my portion?  
My constant Friend is He:  
His eye is on the sparrow,  
And I know He watches me;  
His eye is on the sparrow,  
And I know He watches me.

I sing because I'm happy—  
I sing because I'm free—  
For His eye is on the sparrow,  
And I know He watches me.

“Let not your heart be troubled.”  
His tender word I hear,  
And resting on His goodness,  
I lose my doubt and fear.  
Though by the path He leadeth,  
But one step I may see:  
His eye is on the sparrow,  
And I know He watches me;  
His eye is on the sparrow,  
And I know He watches me.

I sing because I'm happy—  
I sing because I'm free—  
For His eye is on the sparrow,  
And I know He watches me.

Whenever I am tempted,  
Whenever clouds arise,  
When songs give place to sighing,  
When hope within me dies,

I draw the closer to Him;  
From care He sets me free:  
His eye is on the sparrow,  
And I know He watches me;  
His eye is on the sparrow,  
And I know He watches me.

I sing because I'm happy—  
I sing because I'm free—  
For His eye is on the sparrow,  
And I know He watches me.

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor's in Music Education.*

*Joy McCarthy is a student of Dr. Gregory Broughton.*

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor's in Performance.*

*De'Nasia Thomas is a student of Dr. Amy Petrongelli.*

*\*\* Out of respect for the performer, please silence all electronic devices throughout the performance.  
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