

WSU School of Music
Presents

In Love's Garden
Mikiah Harper, Soprano

Laudamus Te
From *Vivaldi's Gloria*

Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)

E amore un ladroncello
From *Così fan tutte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

An die Nachtigall
Liebe Schwärmt auf Allen Wegen
Wanderers Nachlied

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Les Berceaux
Notre Amour

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

The Rivals
The Daisies
The Rose in the Wind
The Rivals

Seymour Barab
(1921-2014)

The Simple Joys of Maidenhood
From *Camelot*

Frederick Lowe
(1901-1988)

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Text/Translation

Laudamus Te (We Praise Thee)

We praise thee, Lord

We adore thee, Lord

We praise and adore Thy name.

E amore un ladroncello (Cupid is a Little Thief)

Cupid is a little thief, a little serpent is cupid.

He steals away and brings peace, as it pleases his fancy.

Scarcely a glance and in the heart an opening is made,

Then the soul is enchained, and gone is freedom.

He brings sweetness and pleasure if you let him do it.

But he will fill you with regret, if you attempt to fight him.

If he sits in your heart, if he strikes there with an arrow,

Do whatever he asks, as I would also do.

An die Nachtigall (To the Nightingale)

He lies sleeping on my heart.

My kind tutelary spirit sang him to sleep.

And I can be merry and jest,

delight in every flower and leaf.

Nightingale, ah Nightingale!

Do not awaken my love with your singing.

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Liebe Schwärmt auf Allen Wegen (Love Wanders in all Directions)

Love wanders in all directions,
Devotion lives alone.
Love comes rushing toward you,
Devotion must be sought.

Wanderers Nachlied (Wanderers Nightsong)

Over every mountain top lies peace.
In every tree-top, you scarcely feel a breath of wind.
The little birds are hushed in wood.
Wait, soon you too will be at peace

Les Berceaux (The Cradles)

Along the pier, the big ships, that the surge sways in silence.
Pay no attention to the cradles that the hands of women rock.
But the day of farewells will come, for the women must weep,
And that curious men brave the horizons that lure them!
And on that day the big ships, Fleeing the shrinking port,
Feel their bulk held back by the soul of far-off cradles.

Notre Amour (Our Love)

Our love is a light thing like the perfumes that the wind
Takes upon the summits of the fire

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So that they can be inhaled while dreaming.

Our love is a charming thing, like the songs of the morning,

In which no sorrow is lamented, in which an understand hope vibrates.

Our love is an infinite thing, like the paths of sunsets

Where the sea reunited with the skies,

Falls asleep under the suns that lean over.

Our love is an eternal thing,

like everything a conquering god has touched with the fire of his wing

Like everything that comes from the heart.

The Daises

In the scented bud of the morning-o, when the windy grass went rippling far

I saw my dear one walking slow in the field where the daises are.

We did not laugh, and we did not speak, as we wondered happily to and fro.

I kissed my dear on either cheek, in the bud of the morning-o!

A lark sang up from the breezy land, a lark sang down from a cloud afar.

As she and I went hand in hand, in the field where the daises are.

The Rose in the Wind

Dip and swing, lift and sway, dream a life in a dream, away.

Like a dream in a sleep, is a rose in the wind.

And a fish in the deep, and a man in the mind.

Dreaming to lack all that is his is, dreaming to gain all that he is.

Dreaming a life in a dream, away. Dip and swing lift and sway.

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The Rivals

I heard a bird at dawn, singing sweetly on the tree
That the dew was on the lawn, and the wind was on the lea.
But I did not listen to him, for he did not sing to me.
I did not listen to him for he did not sing to me.
That the dew was on the lawn, and the wind was on the lea.
I was singing at the time, just as prettily as he.
I was singing all the time, just as prettily as he.
About the dew upon the lawn, and the wind upon the lea.
So I did not listen to him as he sang upon a tree.

The Simple Joys of Maidenhood

Saint Genevieve, Saint Genevieve, It's Guinevere; remember me?
Saint Genevieve, Saint Genevieve, I'm over here beneath this tree.
You know how faithful and devout I am,
you must admit I've always been a lamb.
But Genevieve, Saint Genevieve,
I won't obey you anymore, you've gone a bit too far.
I won't be bid and bargained for like beads in a bazaar.
Saint Genevieve, I've run away, Eluded them, and fled
And from now on I intend to pray to someone else instead.
Oh Genevieve, Saint Genevieve,
Where were you when my youth was sold?
Dear Genevieve, sweet Genevieve, shan't I be young before I'm old?
Where are the simple joys of maidenhood?

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Where are all those adoring, daring boys?
Where's the knight pining so for me? He leaps to death in woe for me?
Oh where are a maiden's simple joys?
Shan't I have the normal life a maiden should?
Shall I never be rescued from the wood?
Shall two knights never tilt for me and let their blood be spilt for me?
Oh, where are the simple joys of maidenhood?
Shall I not be on a pedestal, worshipped and competed for?
Not to be carried off, or better still, Cause a little war?
Where are the simple joys of maidenhood?
Are these sweet, gentle pleasures gone for good?
Shall a feud not begin for me? Shall kith not kill their kin for me?
Oh, where are the trivial joys, Harmless, convivial joys?
Where are the simple joys of maidenhood?

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