



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Junior Recital

Emily Gettman

Soprano

Daniel Glessner
Piano

Assisted by:

Julie Knott, Josiah Provan, and Maria Miller

Saturday, November 20, 2021 at 8:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Affanni del pensier..... George Frederic Handel
(1685-1759)

Les berceaux Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Chanson d'amour

The Sally Gardens..... Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

At the mid hour of night

Lied der Mignon..... Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Du Ring an meinem Finger Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Die Lotosblume

An die Musik..... Franz Schubert

'Tis Done! I Am a Bride (*Yeoman of the Guard*)..... W.S. Gilbert
and Arthur Sullivan
(1836-1911/1842-1900)

Feed the Birds (*Mary Poppins*) Robert and Richard Sherman
(1925-2012/1950-present)

Julie Knott, soprano

Still wie die Nacht Carl Bohm
(1797-1828)

Josiah Provan, tenor

Wondering Josh Cumbee and Jordan Powers
Maria Miller, soprano
Goodnight My Someone (*The Music Man*) Meredith Willson
(1902-1984)

Emily Gettman is a student of Tara Savarino

Translations

Affanni del pensier

My troubled thoughts

My troubled thoughts

For a single moment

At least, give me peace

And then you may return.

Ah! In my sad heart

I feel you already,

You that stubbornly

Disturb my peace.

Les berceaux

The cradles

Along the quays, the large ships

Rocked silently by the surge

Do not heed the cradles

Which the hands of the women rock.

But the day of farewells will come,

For the women are bound to weep,

And the inquisitive men

Must dare the horizons that lure them!

And on that day the large ships,

Fleeing from the vanishing port,

Feel their bulk held back

By the soul of their far away cradles.

Chanson d'amour

Song of love

I love your eyes, I love your face,

O my rebellious, o my fierce one.

I love your eyes, I love your lips

Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.

I love your voice, I love the strange

Gracefulness of everything that you say,

O my rebellious one, o my dear angel,

My inferno and my paradise!

I love your eyes, I love your face,

I love everything that makes you beautiful,
From your feet to your hair,
O you, to whom ascend all my desires!

Lied der Mignon

Song of Mignon

Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer.
Alone, cut off from all joy,
I gaze at the firmament
in that direction.
Ah, he who loves and knows me
is far away.
I feel giddy,
my vitals are aflame.
Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

You ring on my finger

You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.
I had finished dreaming
Childhood's peaceful dream.
I found myself alone, forlorn
In boundless desolation.
You ring on my finger,
You first taught me,
Opened my eyes
To life's deep eternal worth.
I shall serve him, live for him,
Belong to him wholly,
Yield to him and find
Myself transfigured in his light.
You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

Die Lotosblume

The lotus-flower

The lotus-flower fears

The sun's splendor,

And with bowed head,

Dreaming, awaits the night.

The moon is her lover,

And wakes her with his light,

And to him she tenderly unveils

Her innocent flower-like face.

She blooms and glows and gleams,

And gazes silently aloft –

Fragrant and weeping and trembling

With love and the pain of love.

An die Musik

For music

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!

Still wie die Nacht

As quiet as the night

As quiet as the night

And deep as the sea,

Your love should be!

If you love me

The same as I love you,

I want to be yours.

As hot as steel

And firm as a rock,

Your love should be!

