



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Junior Recital

Delaney Reed

Mezzo-Soprano

Madelyn Felix

Piano

Saturday, February 12, 2022 at 4:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Sposa son disprezzata.....Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Wie Melodien zieht es mirJohannes Brahms
Vergebliches Ständchen (1833-1897)
Von ewiger Liebe

Si mes vers avaient des aîles..... Reynaldo Hahn
Offrande (1875-1947)
L'heure exquise

Lullaby (THE CONSUL) Gian Carlo Menotti
(1911-2007)

Delaney Reed is a student of Tara Savarino

Translations

Sposa son disprezzata

I am a wife and I am scorned
I am a wife and I am scorned,
I am faithful and I'm outraged.
Heavens, what have I done?
And yet he is my heart,
my husband, my love,
my hope.
I love him, but he is unfaithful,
I hope, but he is cruel,
will he let me die?
O God, valor is missing –
valor and constancy.

Wie Melodien

Like Melodies
Thoughts, like melodies,
Steal softly through my mind,
Like spring flowers they blossom
And drift away like fragrance.
Yet when words come and capture
them
And bring them before my eyes,
They turn pale like grey mist
And vanish like a breath
Yet surely in rhyme
A fragrance lies hidden,
Summoned by moist eyes
From the silent seed.

Vergebliches Ständchen

Vain Serenade
He: Good evening, my sweetheart,
Good evening, my child!
I come because I love you;
ah! Open up your door to me,

open up your door!
She: My door's locked,
I won't let you in;
Mother gave me good advice –
If you were allowed in,
All would be over with me!
He: The night's so cold,
The wind's so icy
My heart is freezing,
My love will go out;
Open up, my child
She: if your love goes out,
Then let it go out!
If it keeps going out,
Then go home to bed and go to
sleep!
Goodnight, my lad!

Von ewiger Liebe

Eternal Love
Dark how dark in forest and field!
Evening already, and the world is
silent.
Nowhere a light and nowhere
smoke,
And even the lark is silent now too.
Out of the village there comes a lad,
Escorting his sweetheart home,
He leads her past the willow-copse,
Talking so much and of so many
things:
'If you suffer sorry and suffer
shame,
Same for what others think of me,
Then let our love be severed as
swiftly,

As swiftly as once we two were
plighted.

Let us depart in rain and depart in
wind,

As swiftly as once we two were
plighted.'

The girl speaks, the girl says:
'Our love cannot be severed!

Steel is strong and so is iron,
Our love is even stronger still:

Iron and steel can both be reforged,
But our love, who shall change it?

Iron and steel can be melted down,
Our love must endure forever!

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

If my verses had wings

My verses would flee, sweet and
frail,

To your garden so fair,
If my verses had wings,
Like a bird.

They would fly, like sparks,
To your smiling hearth,
If my verses had wings,
Like the mind.

Pure and faithful to your side
They'd hasten night and day,
If my verses had wings,
Like love!

Offrande

An offering

Here are the fruit, the flowers, the
leaves, and the branches
And here too my heart that beats
just for you.

Do not tear it with your two white
hands

And may the humble gift please
your lovely eyes.

I come all covered still with the dew
Frozen to my brow by the morning
breeze.

Let my fatigue, finding rest at your
feet,

Dream those dear moments that
will give it peace.

On your young breast let me roll
my head

Still ringing from your recent kisses;
After its sweet tumult grant it
peace,

And let me sleep a little, since you
rest.

L'heure exquisite

Exquisite hour

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illumines
Exquisite hour