



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Junior Recital

**Brielle Finkbeiner**  
Soprano

**Daniel Glessner**  
Piano

Sunday, October 9, 2022 at 4:00 p.m.

**HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL**

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

# Program

Er, der Herrlichste von allen ..... Robert Schumann  
Die beiden Grenadiere (1810-1856)  
Widmung

Amorosi miei giorni ..... Stefano Donaudy  
No, non mi guardate (1879-1925)  
O del mio amato ben

## Intermission

E pur così in un giorno...Piangerò la sorte mia .... George Frideric Handel  
from *Giulio Cesare* (1685-1759)

Weep You No More ..... Roger Quilter  
(1877-1953)

The Willow Song ..... Samuel Coleridge-Taylor  
(1875-1912)

When I Have Sung My Songs ..... Ernest Charles  
(1895-1984)

Mein Herr Marquis from *Die Fledermaus* ..... Johann Strauss II  
(1825-1899)

*Brielle Finkbeiner is a student of Tara Savarino*

# Translations

## **Er, der Herrlichste von allen**

He, the most glorious of all,  
How mild and good he is!  
Lovely lips, clear eyes,  
A bright mind and firm courage.

Just as there in the deep-blue  
distance,  
That star gleams bright and  
brilliant,  
So does he shine in my heavens,  
Bright and splendid, distant and  
sublime.

Wander, wander on your way,  
Just to gaze on your radiance,  
Just to gaze on in humility,  
To be but blissful and sad!

Do not heed my silent prayer,  
Uttered for your happiness alone,  
You shall never know me, lowly as  
I am,  
You noble star of splendour!

Only the worthiest of all  
May your choice elate,  
And I shall bless that exalted one  
Many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and weep,  
Blissful, blissful shall I be,  
Even if my heart should break,  
Break, O heart, what does it matter?

## **Die beiden Grenadiere**

Two grenadiers were returning to  
France  
From Russian captivity.

And as they crossed into German lands,  
They hung their heads in shame.

Both heard the sad tale  
That France lost in war,  
Defeated and beaten is the army,  
And the emperor captured.

The grenadiers wept together  
At hearing the sad review.  
The first said, "How sore I have  
become,  
How my old wounds burn!"

The other said, "The song is out,  
I will die alongside you,  
But I have a wife and child at home  
Who without me are ruined."

"What matters of son? What matters  
of wife?  
I set higher desires than that.  
Let your begging go if you are  
hungry for life!  
My emperor is captured!

Grant me, Brother, one request:  
If I should die now,  
So, take my corpse away to France,  
And bury me in France's soil.

The honor cross on the red flag,  
You shall lay on my heart.  
Lay the shotgun in my hand.  
And strap my sword around my  
side.

So, I want to lie and listen quietly,  
A sentinel in the grave,  
Until I hear cannons shout

And the trotting of neighing horses. treasure!

Then my emperor will ride over my grave,  
While many swords clash and flash.  
Then I will climb armed out of the grave,  
As the emperor's protector!"

### **Widmung**

You my soul, you my heart,  
You my delight, O you my pain,  
You my world in which I live,  
You my heaven, to which I aspire,  
O you my grave, into which I've  
Buried my grief forever!

You are rest, you are peace,  
You are bestowed on me from  
heaven.  
Your love for me gives me my  
worth,  
Your gaze transfigures me,  
You raise me lovingly above myself,  
My good spirit, my better self!

### **Amorosi miei giorni**

My amorous days,  
Who could ever forget you,  
Now that, adorned with all the  
blessings,  
You give peace to my heart  
And perfume to my thoughts?

To be able, so, as life advances,  
To fear no longer the anxieties  
Of a life of deceptions,  
With this hope alone:  
That one look of his may be all my  
splendor  
And one smile of his may be all my

Who more blessed than I,  
If she does not thus have beside her  
A sweet and dear beloved object,  
So that she cannot yet say  
She knows what love is?

Ah, may I so, as life advances,  
Fear no longer the anxieties  
Of a life of deceptions,  
With this hope alone:  
That one look of his may be all my  
splendor  
And one smile of his may be all my  
treasure!

### **No, non mi guardate**

No, do not look at me  
With those burning eyes,  
So that I don't know, otherwise,  
With what fire I blaze,  
So that I no longer have any escape,  
No longer have any peace.

Is it true, then, that in May  
You were born with the roses;  
That you stole from the sun a ray;  
That every other good thing was  
hidden?

Is it true that you have a game  
Where every woman has her heart,  
So that there is no place in you for  
pity...  
Pity of love?

### **O del mio amato ben**

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly  
beloved!  
Far from my eyes is he

Who was, to me, glory and pride!  
Now through the empty rooms  
I always seek and call him  
With a heart full of hopes?  
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!  
And the weeping is so dear to me,  
That with weeping alone I nourish  
my heart.

It seems to me, without him,  
everywhere is sad.  
The day seems like night to me;  
The fire seems cold to me.  
If, however, I sometimes hope  
To give myself to another cure,  
One thought alone torments me:  
But without him, what shall I do?  
To me, life seems a vain thing  
Without my beloved.

**E pur così in un giorno...Piangerò  
la sorte mia**

Why then, in one day,  
Do I lose splendor and glory?  
Oh, cruel fate!  
Cesar, my beloved idol,  
Is possibly dead.  
Cornelia and Sesto are defenseless,  
And they cannot give me assistance.  
Oh God! Is there no hope left in my  
life?

I will mourn my fate,  
So cruel and brutal,  
As long as there is life in my chest.

But when I am dead and become a  
ghost,  
I will haunt that tyrant night and  
day.

**Mein Herr Marquis**

My dear Marquis, a man like you  
Should better understand.  
Therefore, I advise you to look  
More closely at people!

This hand is far too fine.  
This foot so dainty and small.  
The language I speak,  
The waist, the bustle,  
You will never find anything  
Like that on a maid!  
You really must confess,  
This mistake was very comical!

Yes, very comical  
Is this matter.  
So, forgive me  
When I laugh!  
Yes, very comical  
Is this matter.  
You are very comical, Marquis!

Look at this profile in Grecian style  
That nature gifted me:  
If this face doesn't say enough,  
Just look at my figure!

Just look through your lorgnette  
At this dress!  
It seems to me that love  
Has clouded your eyes,  
The image of your beautiful maid  
Has completely filled your heart!  
Now you see her everywhere,  
This case is very funny indeed!