



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Sophomore Recital

Victoria Lang

Soprano

Abigail Weller

Soprano

John Devorick

Piano

Saturday October 8, 2022 at 4:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Laudamus Te (*Gloria*) Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Victoria Lang, Soprano; Abigail Weller, Soprano
John Devorick, Piano

Villanelle Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

L'Absence

Si mes vers avaient des ailes Reynaldo Hahn
(1874-1947)

Victoria Lang, Soprano
John Devorick, Piano

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen Fanny Mendelssohn
(1805-1847)

Nacht und Träume Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Minnelied Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Abigail Weller, Soprano
John Devorick, Piano

I Cannot Tell What This Love May Be (*Patience*) Arthur Sullivan
(1842-1900)

Stizzoso, mio stizzoso (*La serva padrona*) Giovanni B. Pergolesi
(1710-1736)

Victoria Lang, Soprano
John Devorick, Piano

Intermission

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Vedrai, carino (*Don Giovanni*)

Abigail Weller, Soprano
John Devorick, Piano

O del mio dolce ardor Christoph Willibald Gluck
(1714-1787)

Ma rendi pur contento Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

O del mio amato ben Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

Victoria Lang, Soprano
John Devorick, Piano

Beau soir Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Nuit d'étoiles

Romance

Abigail Weller, Soprano
John Devorick, Piano

Ah, guarda sorella (*Così fan tutte*) Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Victoria Lang, Soprano; Abigail Weller, Soprano
John Devorick, Piano

Victoria Lang and Abigail Weller are students of Dr. Damian Savarino

Laudamus Te

We praise thee Lord
We praise thee Lord
Blessed be God on High
We adore thy name
We glorify thy name

Villanelle

Villanelle

When the cold has gone,
We two will go, my sweet,
To gather lilies-of-the-valley in the
woods.
Scattering as we tread the pearls of
dew
We see quivering each morn,
We'll go and hear the blackbirds
Sing!
Spring has come, my sweet;
It is the season lovers bless,
And the birds, preening their wings,
Sing songs from the edge of their
nests.
Ah! Come then to this mossy bank,
To talk of our beautiful love,
And tell me in your gentle voice,
Forever!
Far, far away we'll stray from our
path,
Starting the rabbit from its hiding
place,
And the deer reflected in the spring,
Admiring his great lowered antlers;
Then we'll go home, serene, and at
ease,
And entwining our fingers in
baskets,
Let's go back bringing strawberries
From the wood!

L'Absence

Absence

Return, return, my sweetest love;
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your crimson smile!
Such a distance between our hearts!
So great a gulf between our kisses!
Oh bitter fate! Oh harsh absence!
Oh great unappeased desires!
So many intervening plains,
So many towns and hamlets,
So many valleys and mountains,
To weary the horses' hooves.

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

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen

I wandered among the trees

I wandered among the trees,
Alone with my own grief,
but then old dreams returned once
more
and stole into my heart
Who taught you this little word,

You birds up there in the breeze?
Be silent! If my heart hears it,
My pain will return once more.
A young woman once passed by,
Who sang it again and again,
And so we birds snatched it up,
That lovely golden word.
You should not tell me such things,
You little cunning birds,
You thought to steal my grief from
me, But I trust no one now.

Nacht und Träume

Night and Dreams

Holy night, you sink down;
dreams, too, float down,
like your moonlight through space,
through the silent hearts of men.
They listen with delight,
crying out when day awakes:
come back, holy night!
Fair dreams, return!

Minnelied

Love song

Birdsong sounds more beautiful
When the pure angel
Who has won my young heart
Wanders through the woods.
Valley and meadow bloom redder,
The grass grows greener,
Where my lady's fingers
Gathered Maytime flowers.
Without her all is dead,
Flowers and herbs are withered,
And the spring sunset
Seems neither radiant nor fair.
Gentle, charming lady,
Do not ever leave me;
That my heart, like this meadow,
Might bloom in bliss!

Stizzoso, mio stizzoso

Unruly, sir unruly

Unruly, sir unruly,
And fain to play the bully,
But naught you'll gain by violence,
It is time to end this riot:
Be quiet, quiet,
And do not speak.
Hush! Hush! Serpina wants it like
this.

I believe you understand me, yes,
You understand me, yes,
You understand me,
For you dare not offend me
These many many days,
Many, many and many days.

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes

Praise the Lord, all nations;

Praise the Lord, all nations;
Praise Him, all people.
For He has bestowed
His mercy upon us,
And the truth of the Lord endures
forever.

Vedrai, carino

You will see, my dear

You will see, my dear if you'll be
good the cure I have for you!
It's natural, it won't give disgust
you though no apothecary can
prescribe it.
It's a certain balm
I carry within me
which I can give you, if you'll try it.
You want to know where I keep it?
Then feel it beating,
put your hand here.

O del mio dolce ardor

Oh of my sweet ardor

Oh of my sweet ardor
 You coveted object,
 The air you breathe,
 In the end I will breathe.
 Wherever I look at them,
 Your vague features
 Love paints a picture:
 My thoughts are imagining

The happiest hopes;
 And in the desire that so
 Fills my chest
 I seek you, I call you, I hope and
 sigh.

Ma rendi pur contento

But make happy

But make happy
 The heart of my love,
 And I forgive you, my love,
 If happy mine is not.
 His worries I feared
 More than my own worries,
 Because I live more in him
 Then I live in me.

O del mio amato ben

Oh lost enchantment of my beloved

Oh, lost enchantment of my
 beloved!
 Far from my eyes is he
 Who was, to me, glory and pride!
 Now through the empty rooms
 I always seek him 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,
 With those tears I nourish my heart.
 Without him, all places are sad to
 me.

The day seems like night to me;
 The fire seems to freeze.
 If, however, I somehow hope
 To give myself to another cure,
 One thought alone torments me:
 But without him, what will I do?
 Life seems a vain thing
 Without my love.

Beau soir

Beautiful Evening

When at sunset the rivers are pink
 And a warm breeze ripples the
 fields of wheat,
 All things seem to advise content -
 And rise toward the troubled heart;
 Advise us to savour the gift of life,
 While we are young and the
 evening fair,
 For our life slips by, as that river
 does:
 It to the sea - we to the tomb.

Nuit d'étoiles

Night of Stars

Night of stars, Beneath your veils,
 beneath your breeze and fragrance,
 Sad lyre, That sighs,
 dream of bygone loves.
 Serene melancholy
 Now blooms deep in my heart,
 And I hear the soul of my love
 Quiver in the dreaming woods.
 Once more at our fountain I see
 Your eyes as blue as the sky;

This rose is your breath
And these stars are your eyes.

Romance

Romance

The spent and suffering soul,
The sweet soul, the soul steeped
In the divine lilies I gathered
In the garden of your thoughts,
Where have the winds dispersed it,
This adorable lilies' soul?
Does not a single scent remain
Of the heavenly softness
Of the days when you enclosed me
In a supernatural mist,
Made of hope, of faithful love,
Of bliss and of peace?

Ah, guarda sorella

Ah, look sister

Ah, look, sister,
The most beautiful mouth,
The most noble chest,
Could anyone again find!
Observe a little, What fire is in his
eyes!
It flames, it darts
Do not flash forward!
This is the face
Of a warrior and lover.
This is the face
That tempts and threatens.
I am happy.
How happy I am.
If ever my heart
Changes its desire,
May love make me
Live in pain.

