



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Junior Recital

Kaitlyn Carr

Mezzo Soprano

Daniel Glessner

Piano

Saturday, December 10, 2022 at 6:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Se mai vien tocca	Giovanni Bononcini (1670-1747)
Pur dicesti, o bocca bella	Antonio Lotti (1667-1740)
O del mio dolce ardor.....	Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714-1787)
Verborgenheit.....	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Er ist's	
So lasst mich scheinen	

Intermission

O Mistress Mine	Amy Beach (1867-1944)
June	
My Star	

Kaitlyn Carr is a student of Tara Savarino

Translations

Se mai vien tocca (If ever it is touched)

If death's sickness,
Bitter evil,
Is ever touched,
The proud pain grows more and more.

So too am I,
If I remember my torment,
It grows so much,
That it oppresses my heart.

Pur dicesti, o bocca bella (Oh, delightful mouth, at last you have uttered)

Oh, delightful mouth, at last you have uttered
That gentle and precious yes,
Upon which all my pleasure is founded.

In his own radiant honor
Love has opened you with a kiss
Sweet foundation of pleasure, ah!

O del mio dolce ardor (O my sweet passion)

O my sweet passion's coveted goal,
The air you breathe,
At last, I too shall breathe.

Wherever I look,
Your lovely face paints
Love in my heart:
In my thoughts I cherish
The happiest hopes;
And in the yearning,
that thus fills my heart,
I seek you, I call you,
I hope and sigh.

Verborgenheit (Seclusion)

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
It's rapture, it's pain!

I do not know why I grieve,
It is unknown sorrow;
Always through a veil of tears
I see the sun's beloved light.

Often I am lost in thought,
And bright joy flashes
Through the oppressive gloom,
Bringing rapture to my breast.

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
It's rapture, it's pain!

Er ist's
(Spring is here)

Spring is floating its blue banner
On the breezes again;
Sweet, well-remembered scents
Drift portentously across the land.

Violets, already dreaming,
Will soon begin to bloom.
Listen, the sound of a harp!
Spring, that must be you!
It's you I've heard!

So lasst mich scheinen
(Let me appear an angel)

Let me appear an angel until I become one;
Do not take my white dress from me!
I hasten from that beautiful earth
Down to that impregnable house.

There in brief repose I'll rest,
Then my eyes open, renewed;
My pure garment then I'll leave,
With girdle and rosary, behind.

And those heavenly beings,
They do not ask who is man or woman,
And no garments, no folds
Cover the transfigured body.

Though I lived without trouble and toil,
I have felt deep pain enough.
I grew old with grief before my time;
O make me forever young again!