



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Recital

Delaney Reed
Mezzo-Soprano

Daniel Glessner
Piano

Sunday, January 22, 2022 at 4:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Les cloches..... Claude Debussy
Romance (1862-1918)
C'est l'extase

Tu mi chiedi s'io t'adoro..... Gaetano Donizetti
Sull'onda cheta e bruna (1797-1848)
L'amante spagnuolo

Intermission

Va! Laisse couler mes larmes (Werther)..... Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

A Charm of Lullabies..... Benjamin Britten
1. A Cradle Song (1913-1976)
2. The Highland Balou
3. Sephestia's Lullaby
4. A Charm
5. The Nurse's Song

Nicht wiedersehen!..... Gustav Mahler
Erinnerung (1860-1911)
Scheiden und Meiden

*Presented in partial fulfillment
of the requirements of the degree
Bachelor of Science in Music Education*

Delaney Reed is a student of Tara Savarino

Translations

Les cloches

The bells

The leaves opened upon the edge of
the branches,
Delicately.

The bells rang, light and free,
In the clear sky.

Rhythmically and fervently, like an
antiphon,

This distant call

Reminded me of the Christian
whiteness

Of altar flowers.

These bells told of happy years,
And, in the great forest,
Seemed to revive the withered leaves
Of days gone by.

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?

C'est l'extase

It is rapture

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,

It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out.

You might take it for the muffled
sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?

Tu mi chiedi s'io t'adoro

You ask me if I adore you

You ask me if I adore you
If I am faithful still
If every day, if at every hour
Are you the arbitrator of the heart?
Yes, my dear, I am faithful to you
I think of you every moment
You are the angel, the guide
My joy, my pain.

Sull'onda cheta e bruna

On the silent and dark wave

On the silent and dark wave
Before the moon rises
Quickly, O gondolier
Please, embark on your path
But see that your prow
Lightly caresses the sea.
Only Leonora
Who anxiously sings each hour,
May hear the beating heart of
The faithful lover who is rowing.

L'amante spagnuolo

The Spanish lover

Run, steed, quickly!
Run, devour the way
Carry me to the side of the angel
That my life is decorated with
flowers.
Oh, before the dawn in the sky

Spreads its rosy veil,
May she be alerted by your neighing
That her faithful one will return.
And her jubilant face
Will cause you to sparkle,
And of her days of delight
Oh, my steed, yes, you will be.
The modest hand will come
To caress you as a friend,
And if you are less happy
I myself will then be.

Va! Laisse couler mes larmes

Go! Let my tears flow
Go! Let my tears flow
They do good, darling
The tears we do not cry
In our souls all fall
And with their patient drops
Hammer the sad and weary heart
His resistance is finally exhausted;
the heart digs
And weakens; it is too big, nothing
fills it;
And too fragile, all the breeze! All
the breeze!

Nicht wiedersehen!

Never to meet again!
And now farewell my dearest love,
Now must I be parted from you
Till summer comes again
When I'll return to you! Farewell!
And when the young man came
home again
He inquired after his love.
Where is my dearest love,
She whom I left behind?
In the churchyard she lies buried.
Today is the third day!
The mourning and the weeping,
Brought about her death.
Then I'll go to the churchyard,
To look for my beloved's grave,
And I'll never cease calling her!
O you my dearest love,
Open up your deep grave!

You cannot hear the bells ringing,
You cannot hear the birds singing,
You can see neither sun nor moon!
Farewell my dearest love! Farewell!

Errinerung

Recollection
My love inspires songs
Again and again;
My songs inspire love
Again and again.
The lips that dream
Of your ardent kisses,
Must sing of you
In melody and song.
And if my thoughts
Seek to banish love,
My songs return
Lamenting love.
So both hold me captive
Again and again:
Songs inspire love,
Love inspires songs.

Scheiden und Meiden

Farewell and parting
Three horsemen rode out through
the gate!
Farewell!
The beloved looked out the window,
Farewell!
And if it's time for us to part,
Then give me your little gold ring.
Farewell! Farewell!
Yes, farewell and parting bring pain!
The child departs in the cradle even,
Farewell!
When shall my loved one at last be
mine?
Farewell!
And if it be not tomorrow, ah, were
it today,
That would give us both such joy.
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!
Yes, farewell and parting bring pain.