



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Junior Recital

Julie Knott

Soprano

Daniel Glessner

Piano

Assisted by:

Nora Knott

Saturday, March 25, 2023 at 2:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Sweeter Than RosesHenry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Selections from, *The Creation* Joseph Haydn
I. With Verdure Clad (1732-1809)
II. On Mighty Pens

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Nora Knott, clarinet

Intermission

La regata veneziana..... Gioachino Rossini
I. Anzoleta avanti la regata (1792-1868)
II. Anzoleta co passa la regata
III. Anzoleta dopo la regata

Le manoir de Rosemonde Henri Duparc
Extase (1848-1933)
Phydilé

Knoxville, Summer of 1915 Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Julie Knott is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino

*Presented in partial fulfillment
of the requirements of the degree
Bachelor of Music in Performance*

Translations

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Shepherd On The Rock

When I stand on the highest rock,
Look down into the deep valley
And sing,
From far away in the deep dark
valley
The echo from the ravines
Rises up.
The further my voice carries,
The clearer it echoes back to me
From below.
My sweetheart lives so far from me,
Therefore I long so to be with her
Over there.

Deep grief consumes me,
My joy has fled,
All earthly hope has vanished,
I am so lonely here.
The song rang out so longingly
through the wood,
Rang out so longingly through the
night,
That it draws hearts to heaven
With wondrous power.
Spring is coming,
Spring, my joy,
I shall now make ready to journey.

La regata veneziana

The Venetian Regatta

I. Anzoleta avanti la regata

Angelina Before The Regatta

Over there on the machina the flag
is flying,
Look, you can see it, now go for it.
Bring it back to me this evening,

Or else run away and hide.
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't
gawp.
Row the gondola with heart and
soul,
Then you cannot help but be first.
Go on, think of your Angelina
Watching you from this balcony.
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't
gawp.
Once in the boat, Momolo, fly like
the wind.

II. Anzoleta co passa la regata

Angelina During The Regatta

Here they come, here they come,
look at them,
The poor things, they're nearly
done in,
Ah, the wind is against them,
But the tide's in their favor.
My Momolo, where is he?
Ah, I see him in second place.
Ah! the excitement is too much for
me,
I can feel my heart racing.
Come on, keep it up, row, row,
You must be first to the finish,
If you keep rowing, I'll lay a bet
You'll leave all the others behind.
Dear boy, it's as if he's flying,
And he's beating the lot of them,
He's gone half a length ahead,
Ah! Now I understand - he's seen
me.

III. Anzoleta dopo la regata

Angelina After The Regatta

Take a kiss, another,
dear Momolo, from my heart;
here at your right hand is it time to
dry your sweat.

Ah I have seen you in passing
by throwing my glance toward you
and enjoyed whispering:
he will catch a beautiful prize...

Yes this flag is a nice prize,
it is red;
of which all of Venice will talk,
you are called the winner.

Take a kiss, no rower is more
blessed than you,
yours is the best name among
rowers of ferryboats.

Le manoir de Rosemonde

The Manor of Rosamonde

With sudden and ravenous tooth,
Love like a dog has bitten me.
By following the blood I've shed -
Come, you'll be able to follow my
trail.

Take a horse of fine breeding,
Set out, and follow my arduous
course
By quagmire or by hidden path,
If the chase does not weary you.
Passing by where I have passed,
You will see that, solitary and
wounded,
I have traversed this sorry world,
And that thus I went off to die
Far, far away, without ever finding
The blue manor of Rosamonde.

Extase

Rapture

On a pale lily my heart is sleeping
A sleep as sweet as death:
Exquisite death, death perfumed
By the breath of the beloved:
On your pale breast my heart is
sleeping
A sleep as sweet as death.

Phydilé

Phydilé

The grass is soft for sleep beneath
the cool poplars
On the banks of the mossy springs
That flow in flowering meadows
from a thousand sources,
And vanish beneath dark thickets.
Rest, O Phidyli! Noon on the leaves
Is gleaming, inviting you to sleep.
By the clover and thyme, alone, in
the bright sunlight,
The fickle bees are humming.
A warm fragrance floats about the
winding paths,
The red flowers of the cornfield
droop;
And the birds, skimming the
hillside with their wings,
Seek the shade of the eglantine.
But when the sun, low on its
dazzling curve,
Sees its brilliance wane,
Let your loveliest smile and finest
kiss
Reward me too, for my waiting!