



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Recital

Maira Myers
Soprano

Daniel Glessner
Piano

Sunday, October 29, 2023 at 4:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Chanson d'amour..... Gabriel Fauré
Ici-bas (1845-1924)
Les berceaux
Après un rêve

Ave Maria Franz Schubert
Der Musensohn (1797-1828)
Nacht und Träume

The Doll Song (*Les Contes d'Hoffmann*)..... Jacques Offenbach
(1819-1880)

Intermission

Selections from *The Messiah* G. F. Handel
I know that my Redeemer liveth (1685-1759)
Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion

Selections from *Phantom of the Opera* Andrew Lloyd Webber
Think of Me (b. 1948)
Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again
Love Never Dies

Maira Myers is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino

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

Translations

Chanson d'amour

Song of love

I love your eyes, I love your forehead,
oh my rebellious and fierce one.
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
on which my kisses will tire themselves out.

I love your voice, I love the strange
gracefulness of everything you say,
oh my rebellious one, my dear angel,
my hell and my paradise!

I love all that makes you beautiful,
from your feet to your hair,
you to whom my hopeful pleas ascend,
oh my fierce and rebellious one!

Ici-bas

Down here

Down here all lilacs are dying,
all the songs of the birds are short;
I dream of the summers which last
Forever...

Down here lips touch
without parting with any of their velvet;
I dream of the kisses which last
Forever...

Down here all men weep for
their friendships or their loves;
I dream of the couples who last
Forever...

Les berceaux

The cradles

Along the quay the great vessels
which the swell sways in silence
take no notice of the cradles
which the hands of the women rock.

But the day of farewells will come;
for women must to weep,
and curious men must
strive for the alluring horizons!

And on that day, the great vessels,
fleeing from the diminishing port,
feel their bulk held back
by the soul of the distant cradles.

Après un rêve

After a dream

In a sleep which your image charmed
I dreamed of happiness, ardent mirage;
your eyes were sweeter, your voice pure and ringing,
you shone like a sky lit up by the dawn.

You were calling me and I was leaving the earth
to flee with you towards the light;
the skies parted their clouds for us,
unknown splendours, divine half-seen gleams...

Alas! Alas! Sad awakening from dreams!
I call on you, o night, give me back your deceits;
come back, come back resplendent,
come back, o mysterious night!

Ave Maria

Ave Maria! Gentle virgin,
Listen to a maiden's prayer;
From this rock so solid and wild
May my prayer rise towards you.
Allow us to sleep safely until the morning,
Even though people can be so cruel.
Oh virgin, look on the cares of this maiden,
Oh mother, hear a begging child!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Pure maid!
The demons of earth and air,
Chased away from the grace of your eyes,
They cannot live here with us.
We wish to submit quietly to fate,

Since you are bestowing your blessed consolation;
May you be willing to stoop down to this maiden,
To this child who is praying for her father.
Ave Maria!

Der Musensohn

The son of the muses

Roaming through field and wood,
Piping along my little song,
So I go from place to place!
And to my beat
And to my measure
Everything moves with me.

I can hardly wait for them,
The first bloom in the garden,
The first blossom on the tree.
My songs greet them,
And when winter returns
I still sing of that dream.

I sing them far and wide,
Through the ice's realm,
Then winter blossoms beautifully!
That bloom disappears too,
And new joy is found
In the hilltowns.

For when I, beside the linden,
Encounter young folks,
I rouse them at once.
The swaggering youth puffs up,
The naive maiden twirls
To my melody.

You give my feet wings
And drive through vale and hill
Your favorite, far from home.
You dear, kind muses,
When on her bosom
Will I finally again find rest?

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!

The Doll Song

The birds in the arbor,
The sky's daytime star,
Everything speaks to a young girl of love!
Ah! This is the gentile song,
The song of Olympia! Ah!
Everything that sings and resonates
And sighs, in turn,
Moves his heart, which shudders of love!
Ah! This is the lovely song,
The song of Olympia! Ah!

