



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Recital

# **Natalie Brooks**

Mezzo-Soprano

**Daniel Glessner**

**Michaela Walker**

Piano

Saturday, November 21, 2020 at 1:00 p.m.

**HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL**

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

# Program

O pallida, che un giorno mi guardasti (*L'amico Fritz*) .....Pietro Mascagni  
(1863-1945)

Non so piu cosa son, cosa faccio ..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(*Le nozze di Figaro*) (1756-1791)

Daniel Glessner, Piano

In der Fremde (no. 1) .....Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

In der Fremde (no. 8) .....Hugo Wolf  
Verborgenheit..... (1860-1903)

Michaela Walker, Piano

*Cinq melodies populaires grecques* .....Maurice Ravel  
I. Chanson de la Mariée (1875-1937)

II. Là-bas, vers l'église

V. Tout gai!

Daniel Glessner, Piano

## Intermission

Waitin' ..... William Bolcom  
Toothbrush Time (b.1938)

Amor

Daniel Glessner, Piano

Unusual Way (*Nine*) .....Maury Yeston  
(b.1974)

What Do You Call a Man Like That? ..... Jason Robert Brown  
(*The Bridges of Madison County*) (b.1970)

Will He Like Me? (*She Loves Me*).....Jerry Bock  
(1928-2010)

Michaela Walker, Piano

*Natalie Brooks is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino.*

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

# Translations

## **O pallida, che un giorno mi guardasti**

Oh pale girl, who one day gazed upon me

Oh pale girl, who one day gazed upon me

In a dream come back!

Such sweetness you gave me,

That I still have ecstasy!

Oh! What were you asking, with your eyes?

Intoxication or tears?

Pale girl, come back to me,

Tell me what you want that I deny you nothing!...

I can deny you nothing, my pale one.

I gave you my soul.

And if it is a kiss from death,

O come, come kiss me!

## **Non so piu cosa son cosa faccio**

I don't know any more what I am, what I'm doing,

I do not know any more what I am, what I am doing,

One moment I am on fire, the next moment I am cold as ice,

Every woman makes me change color,

Every woman makes me tremble.

At the very mention of love, of pleasure,

My breast is stirred up and changed,

And a desire I cannot explain

Compels me to speak of love.

I do not know any more what I am, what I am doing,

One moment I am on fire, the next moment I am cold as ice,

Every woman makes me change color,

Every woman makes me tremble.

I speak of love while awake,

I speak of love while dreaming,

To the water, the shade, the mountains,

The flowers, the grass, the fountains,

The echo, the air, and the winds

Which carry away with them

The sound of my hopeless words.

And if there is nobody to hear me,

I speak of love to myself!

### **In der Fremde (no.1)**

In a Foreign Land

From my homeland, beyond the red lightning,  
The clouds come drifting in,  
But father and mother have long been dead,  
Now no one knows me there.

How soon, ah! How soon till that quiet time  
When I too shall rest  
Beneath the sweet murmur of lonely woods,  
Forgotten here as well.

### **In der Fremde (no. 8)**

In a Foreign Land

I hear the brooklets murmuring  
Through the forest, here and there,  
In the forest, in the murmuring  
I do not know where I am.

Nightingales are singing  
Here in the solitude,  
As though they wished to tell  
Of lovely days now past.

The moonlight flickers,  
As though I saw below me  
The castle in the valley,  
Yet it lies so far from here!

As though in the garden,  
Full of roses, white and red,  
My love was waiting for me,  
Yet she died so long ago.

## **Verborgenheit**

### Seclusion

Let, O world, O let me be!  
Do not tempt with gifts of love,  
Let this heart keep to itself  
Its rapture, its 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  
Its rapture, its pain!

## **Chanson de la Mariée**

### Song for the Bride

Awake, little partridge,  
Greet the morning with open pinions.  
The three beauty spots  
Put my heart on fire.  
Look at the golden ribbon which I bring you  
To tie round your hair.  
Let us get married, my love, if you will!  
In our two Families all are related.

## **Là-bas, vers l'église**

### Yonder, at the Church

Yonder, at the church,  
At the church of Ayio Sidero,  
The church, oh Blessed Virgin,

The church of Ayio Costanndino,  
Have come together,  
Have assembled in great numbers  
People, oh Blessed Virgin,  
All of the bravest people!

**Tout gai!**  
Very merrily!

Very merrily,  
Ah, very merrily,  
Beautiful legs, tireli, dancing,  
Beautiful legs, even the dishes dancing,  
Tra la-la-la-la.

