



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Faculty Recital

Dr. Damian Savarino

Bass

Dr. Richard Roberson

Piano

Friday, September 5, 2025 at 7:30 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Of Adventure...

When I set Out for Lyonesse (Hardy) (<i>Earth and Air and Rain</i>)	Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)
Sea Fever (Masefield).....	John Ireland (1879-1962)
The Vagabond (R.L. Stevensen) (<i>Songs of Travel</i>)	Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Of Suffering...

Selections from <i>Die Winterreise</i> (Müller).....	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Wasserflut	
Irrlicht	
Einsamkeit	
Der Leiermann	

Toujours ce rêve... Ô misère des rois (<i>L'Enfance du Christ</i>)	Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)
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INTERMISSION

Of Battles...

Die beiden Grenadiere (Heine)	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Boots (Kipling).....	Hazel H.S. Felman (1892-1974)
Stars (<i>Les misérables</i>).....	Claude-Michel Schönberg (b. 1944)

Of Love...

Luna d'estate (Riccardo Mazzola).....	Francesco P. Tosti (1846-1916)
If Ever I Would Leave You (<i>Camelot</i>)	Frederick Loewe (1901-1988)

Translations

Wasserflut

Flood water

Many tears from my eyes have fallen in the snow.
The cold flakes absorb thirstily my hot grief.
If the grass wants to spring up, a mild wind blows from there,
And the ice shatters into pieces.

Snow, you know my pain, say, where goes your course?
Only follow my tears and take on following the brook.
If you go with the brook and pass through the city – lively streets here and there,
If you feel my tears glowing hot, there is my dear love's house.

Irrlicht

Will O' the Wisp

Into the deep rocky ground, the Will O' the Wisp has lured me:
How I find an exit does not weigh heavily on my mind.
I am accustomed to straying, every way leads to a goal:
Our happiness, our sorrow – everything is the Will O' the Wisp's game!
Through mountain stream's dry channel I wind myself quietly down.
Every stream will have won its journey to the sea, every sorrow to its grave.

Einsamkeit

Loneliness

Like a murky cloud that floats through lighter air,
As when a languid breeze flows through the tree-tops,
So tread I along my street with dragging feet.
Oh, that the breeze is so calm!
Oh, that the world has such light!
When the storms were yet raging, I was not as miserable.

Der Leiermann

The Hurdy-Gurdy man

There behind the town stands a Hurdy-Gurdy man,
And with rigid fingers he turns his Hurdy-Gurdy, what he can.
Barefoot on the ice he waivers back and forth,
And his small plate remains endlessly empty.
No one wants to listen to him, no one sees him,
And the dogs growl at the old man.

And he lets it go on this way, everything as it wants to be,
And his Hurdy-Gurdy is never still.

Wondrous old man, should I go with you?
Do you want to play your Hurdy-Gurdy to my songs?

Toujours ce rêve.... Ô misère des rois

Always this dream.... The misery of a king

Always this dream.... Again this child!

Who I must dethrone!

And I don't know what to believe of this threatening omen,
for my life and for my glory!...

Oh, the misery of kings!

To reign and not to live.

To give all to laws, and to desire to follow

The goatherd into the depths of the woods.

Oh, profound night, which holds the world in a deep sleep,

To my consumed breast, give one hour of peace,

And let your veil touch my forehead lightly

Which is so troubled with burden!

Vain effort! Sleep flees...

And my useless plea does not hasten your course,

Interminable night!

Die beiden Grenadiere

Two grenadiers

From France, two grenadiers were marching back,

Who were held captive in Russia,

And when they reached the German quarter,

They hung their heads low.

For there they heard the sad news,

That France had been defeated in war,

Beaten and shattered – the valiant army –

And the Emperor, the Emperor captured!

The grenadiers wept together,

About all this sad news.

The first one said, "How I hurt!

How my old wounds burn!"

The other said, "The dance is up;

I would like to die with you,

Yet I have a wife and child at home,
Who, without me, would perish”

“To hell with my wife, to hell with my child,
I aim for far higher things;
Let them beg, if they are hungry –
My Emperor, my Emperor captured!

Grant me, brother, another request,
If I am now to die,
Take my corpse to France, and bury me in French soil.

The Cross of Honor with its red band,
Lay across my heart,
The musket place in my hand,
And gird my sword on me.

So shall I lie and listen calmly,
Like a sentry in the grave,
Until I hear the canons roaring,
And the horses galloping.

Then my Emperor will ride right over my grave,
Many swords clashing and flashing,
Then armed, I will stand up from my grave,
To defend my Emperor, my Emperor!”

Luna d'estate

Summer moon

Summer moon, I have a dream in my heart
And I go on singing all night by the sea.
I stopped at a flower-clad window
Because my soul has caught the fever of love.

I stopped at a flower-clad window
Where there are two spell-binding eyes,
And whoever sees them suffers from love!
And dreams with desire, summer moon!

Summer moon, love is like the sea
And my heart is like a wave which never ceases.
But it can only be stopped by
Her eyes and her rosy lips.

And I go on singing all night by the sea
Because of those two sleeping eyes.
I have tears in my eyes and hope in my heart,
And I shine like you, summer moon!