



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Junior Recital

**Nadia Griffith**  
Mezzo-Soprano

**Julia Hartman**  
Piano

**Assisted by:**  
Orphie Hartman, Soprano

Saturday, April 25, 2025 at 6:00 p.m.

**HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL**

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

# Program

Verdi prati .....	George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
Come l'allodoletta .....	Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)
Aprile .....	Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)
Piango, gemo .....	Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)
La bonne chanson .....	Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)
Au bord de l'eau .....	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
L'heure exquise .....	Reynaldo Hahn
L'âme évaporée.....	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

## Intermission

Nimmermehr wird mein Herze sich grämen ( <i>Martha</i> ).....	Friedrich von Flowtow (1812-1883)
Consider the Lillies.....	Robert Topliff (1793-1868)
The Crucifixion.....	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
One Sweetly Solemn Thought .....	Robert Steele Ambrose (1824-1908)

Duo des fleurs (*Lakmé*)..... Léo Delibes  
(1836-1891)

Orphie Hartman, Soprano

*Nadia Griffith is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino*

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

# Translations

## **Verdi prati**

Verdant Meadows

Verdant meadows, pleasant forests,  
you will lose your splendor.

Beautiful flowers, flowing brooks,  
your enchantment and beauty will quickly change.

Verdant meadows, pleasant forests,  
you will lose your splendor.

## **Come l'allodoletta**

Like the Little Skylark

Like the little skylark through the meadows,  
so flee peace and happiness  
from a gentle heart in which love rules alone!

Every joy, every sweetness passes  
from a gentle heart in which love rules alone;  
And the soul which feels the weight of it  
Dies of cold like a flower!

## **Aprile**

April

Do you not smell in the air  
the perfume that Spring breathes out?

Do you not hear in your soul  
the sound of a new, enticing voice?

It's April! It's the season of love!  
Come, lovely one,  
to the flowery meadow!

Your foot will tread among violets,  
you will wear roses and bluebells,  
and the white butterflies  
will flutter around your black hair.

It's April! It's the season of love!  
Please come, my lovely one,  
to the flowery meadow!

**Piango, gemo**  
I weep, I groan

I weep, I groan, I sigh, I suffer,  
And the soreness is confined within my heart.  
I only ask for the sake of my heart's peace  
That an even more fierce pain should kill me.

**La bonne chanson**  
The Good Song

The difficult trial will end.  
My heart, smile at what is to come!

They are finished, the days of alarms,  
when I was sad to the point of tears!

I have killed the bitter words,  
and banished the dark fantasies!

My eyes, exiled from the sight of her  
by a painful duty,

My ear, avid to hear  
the golden notes of her tender voice,

all my being and all my love  
hail the happy day

when, my only dream and my only thought,  
my fiancée will return to me!

**Au bord de l'eau**  
By the Water's Edge

To sit together on the bank of a flowing stream,  
To watch it flow;

Together, if a cloud glides by,  
To watch it glide;

On the horizon, if smoke rises from thatch,  
To watch it rise;  
If nearby a flower smells sweet,  
To savor its sweetness;

To listen at the foot of the willow, where water murmurs,  
To the murmuring water;

Not to feel, while this dream passes,  
The passing of time;

But feeling no deep passion,  
Except to adore each other,  
With no cares for the quarrels of the world,  
To know nothing of them;

And alone together, seeing all that tires,  
Not to tire of each other,  
To feel that love, in the face of all that passes,  
Shall never pass!

**L'heure exquise**  
The Exquisite Hour

The white moon gleams in the woods;  
From every branch there comes a voice beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects, deep mirror,  
The silhouette of the black willow where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender consolation seems to fall from the sky  
The moon illuminates...

The exquisite hour.

**L'âme évaporée**  
The Spent and Suffering Soul

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?

### **Nimmermehr wird mein Herze sich grämen**

In my Heart There's No Room for Sadness

In my heart there's no room for sadness, not a notion of sorrow have I;  
I have never spent a moment in sighing,  
And at twenty for what should one sigh?

Yet I hear how a voice in my heart whispers of love;  
What would it tell?

Ah! One might sigh for love, indeed!  
Happy the heart where love may dwell,  
For life is a flower, and love is the nectar!  
Ah! One might sigh, indeed, for love!

### **Duo des fleurs**

Flower Duet

Lakmé: Come, Mallika, the flowering vines  
Their shadows now are throwing  
Along the sacred stream,  
That calmly here is flowing;  
Enlivened by the songs of birds among the pines.

Mallika: O mistress, dear! 'tis now –  
When I behold you smiling,  
In this blest hour, no cares beguiling,  
That your oft-closed heart I may read,  
Lakmé!

L: 'Neath the dome, the jasmine  
M: 'Neath the leafy dome, where the jasmine white

L: To the roses comes greeting,  
M: To the roses comes greeting,

L: By flower banks, fresh and bright,  
M: On the flow'rd bank, gay in morning light,

L: Come, and join we their meeting.  
M: Come, and join we their meeting.  
L: Ah! we'll glide with the tide,  
M: Slowly on we'll glide floating with the tide,

L: On we'll ride away;  
M: On the stream we'll ride away;

L: Through wavelets shimm'ring brightly,  
M: Through wavelets shimm'ring brightly,

L: Carelessly rowing lightly,  
M: Carelessly rowing lightly,

L: Reach we the steeps  
M: We'll reach soon the steeps

L: Where the birds warble,  
M: Where the fountain sleeps.

L: Warble, the birds sprightly.  
M: Where warble the birds sprightly.

L: 'Neath the dome rowers unite,  
M: 'Neath the leafy dome, where the jasmine white,

L: Come and join we their meeting!  
M: Come and join we their meeting!

L: But, why my heart's swift terror invested,  
Doth not yet appear,  
When my father 'lone goes to your city detested,  
I tremble, I tremble with fear.

M: May the god, Ganesa, keep him from dangers,  
Till he arrives at the pool just in view,  
Where wild swans, those snowy wing'd strangers,  
Come to devour the lotus blue.

L: Yes, where the wild swans, those snowy wing'd strangers,  
Come to feed on lotus blue.