Delaney Reed
Mezzo-Soprano

Madelyn Felix
Piano

Saturday, February 12, 2022 at 4:00 p.m.
HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL
CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS
Program

Sposa son disprezzata............................................................. Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Wie Melodien zieht es mir ................................................... Johannes Brahms
Vergängliches Ständchen
(1833-1897)
Von ewiger Liebe

Si mes vers avaient des ailes.................................................. Reynaldo Hahn
Offrande
(1875-1947)
L’heure exquise

Lullaby (THE CONSUL) .................................................. Gian Carlo Menotti
(1911-2007)

Delaney Reed is a student of Tara Savarino
Sposa son disprezzata
I am a wife and I am scorned
I am a wife and I am scorned,
I am faithful and I’m outraged.
Heavens, what have I done?
And yet he is my heart,
my husband, my love,
my hope.
I love him, but he is unfaithful,
I hope, but he is cruel,
will he let me die?
O God, valor is missing –
valor and constancy.

Wie Melodien
Like Melodies
Thoughts, like melodies,
Steal softly through my mind,
Like spring flowers they blossom
And drift away like fragrance.
Yet when words come and capture
them
And bring them before my eyes,
They turn pale like grey mist
And vanish like a breath
Yet surely in rhyme
A fragrance lies hidden,
Summoned by moist eyes
From the silent seed.

Von ewiger Liebe
Eternal Love
Dark how dark in forest and field!
Evening already, and the world is silent.
Nowhere a light and nowhere
smoke,
And even the lark is silent now too.
Out of the village there comes a lad,
Escorting his sweetheart home,
He leads her past the willow-copse,
Talking so much and of so many things:
‘If you suffer sorry and suffer
shame,
Same for what others think of me,
Then let our love be severed as
swiftly,

Translations

Sposa son disprezzata
open up your door!
She: My door’s locked,
I won’t let you in;
Mother gave me good advice –
If you were allowed in,
All would be over with me!
He: The night’s so cold,
The wind’s so icy
My heart is freezing,
My love will go out;
Open up, my child
She: if your love goes out,
Then let it go out!
If it keeps going out,
Then go home to bed and go to
sleep!
Goodnight, my lad!

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He leads her past the willow-copse,
Talking so much and of so many things:
‘If you suffer sorry and suffer
shame,
Same for what others think of me,
Then let our love be severed as
swiftly,
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.
Let us depart in rain and depart in wind,
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.’
The girl speaks, the girl says:
‘Our love cannot be severed!
Steel is strong and so is iron,
Our love is even stronger still:
Iron and steel can both be reforged,
But our love, who shall change it?
Iron and steel can be melted down,
Our love must endure forever!’

Si mes vers avaient des ailes
If my verses had wings
My verses would flee, sweet and frail,
To your garden so fair,
If my verses had wings,
Like a bird.
They would fly, like sparks,
To your smiling hearth,
If my verses had wings,
Like the mind.
Pure and faithful to your side
They’d hasten night and day,
If my verses had wings,
Like love!

Offrande
An offering
Here are the fruit, the flowers, the leaves, and the branches
And here too my heart that beats just for you.

Do not tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble gift please your lovely eyes.
I come all covered still with the dew
Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
Dream those dear moments that will give it peace.
On your young breast let me roll my head
Still ringing from your recent kisses;
After its sweet tumult grant it peace,
And let me sleep a little, since you rest.

L’heure exquise
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 illumines
Exquisite hour