



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Sophomore Recital

# **Julie Knott**

## Soprano

**Dr. Beth Trez**  
Piano

Saturday, March 19, 2022 at 4:00 p.m.

**HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL**

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

# Program

Why Do They Shut Me Out of Heaven..... Aaron Copland  
The World Feels Dusty (1900-1990)  
Heart, We Will Forget Him

Mai..... Renaldo Hahn  
L'heure exquise (1875-1947)  
Trois jours de vendage

Die Nacht..... Richard Strauss  
Morgen (1864-1949)  
Zueignung

E pur cosi in un giorno...Piangeró la sorte mia (*Giulio Cesare*) .....G. F. Handel  
(1685-1759)  
Ach, ich fühl's (*Die Zauberflöte*) ..... W. A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)  
Ah, non credea mirarti...Ah, non giunge (*La sonnambula*) .... Vincenzo Bellini  
(1801-1835)

*Julie Knott is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino*

# Translations

**Mai**

May

It has been a month, dear exiled one, since you went away from my gaze,  
and I have seen the lilacs blooming with my disconsolate pain.

Alone, I flee this clear and lovely sky whose burning ray troubles me,  
for the horror of the exile doubles with the splendor of renewal (spring).

In vain, the sun has smiled,  
To spring I close my door and I wish only that one brings me a branch of  
lilacs in bloom!

For the love with which my soul is filled it finds among its sorrow your  
look in those dear flowers and in their fragrance – your breath.

**L'Heure Exquise**

The Enchanted 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  
The moon illumines...  
The exquisite hour.

### **Trois jours de vendange**

Three days of the vine harvest

During the vintage I met her one day,  
Skirt tucked in, dainty feet,  
No yellow veil, no coiled-up hair,  
A maenad with an angel's eyes,  
Leaning on a sweet friend's arm.  
I met her at Avignon in the fields,  
During the vintage one day.

During the vintage I met her one day,  
The plain was bleak and the sky ablaze.  
She was walking alone, with faltering steps.  
Her face was lit by a curious glow ...  
I still shudder as I remember  
How I saw you, dear white spectre,  
During the vintage one day.

During the vintage I met her one day,  
And still almost daily I dream of it:  
The coffin draped in velvet,  
The black shroud with its double fringe.  
The Avignon nuns wept all around it!  
The vine had too many grapes ...  
Love had reaped the harvest.

### **Die Nacht**

The Night

Night steps from the woods,  
Slips softly from the trees,  
Gazes about her in a wide arc,  
Now beware!

All the lights of this world,  
All the flowers, all the colors  
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves  
From the field.

She takes all that is fair,  
Takes the silver from the stream,  
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof  
The gold.

The bush stands plundered:  
Draw closer, soul to soul,  
Ah the night, I fear, will steal  
You too from me.

## **Morgen**

Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will shine again  
And on the path that I shall take,  
It will unite us, happy ones, again,  
Amid this same sun-breathing earth ...

And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,  
We shall quietly and slowly descend,  
Speechless we shall gaze into each other's eyes,  
And the speechless silence of bliss shall fall on us ...

## **Zueignung**

Dedication

Yes, dear soul, you know  
That I'm in torment far from you,  
Love makes hearts sick –  
Be thanked.

Once, reveling in freedom,  
I held the amethyst cup aloft  
And you blessed that draught –  
Be thanked.

And you banished the evil spirits,  
Till I, as never before,  
Holy, sank holy upon your heart –  
Be thanked.

**E pur così in un giorno ...Piangerò la sorte mia**

And even so in a day...I will cry my destiny

And even so in a day

do I miss fates and sizes? Ahi fate! Caesar, my beautiful number, is perhaps extinct; Cornelia and Sesto are unarmed, nor can they give me help. Hate!

There remains no hope for my life.

I will cry my destiny,

so cruel and so much, as long as I live in my chest. But then the tyrant is dead all around, and night and day in the ghost, I will stir.

**Ach, ich fühl's**

Ah, I can feel it

Ah, I can feel it, love's happiness

Is fled forever!

Nevermore, O hours of bliss,

Will you return to my heart!

See, Tamino, these tears

Flow for you alone, beloved.

If you do not feel love's yearning,

I shall find peace in death!

**Ah, non credea mirarti....Ah, non giunge**

Ah, I didn't believe I'd see you...Ah, it can't manage

Ah, I didn't believe I'd see you

Wither so quickly, oh blossom!

You have faded away just like love,

Which only lasted a day.

Maybe my tears could

Lend you new life,

But to revive love

My tears oh no, they cannot do so...

Ah, human thought can't manage  
(To grasp) the depth of my happiness:  
I can barely believe my own senses;  
You do trust me, oh my darling!

Ah, hold me and, always together,  
Always united in a single hope,  
From this land in which we live  
We shall build a Heaven of love...

