



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Junior Recital

Elizabeth Hill

Soprano

Abigail Chang

Piano

Sunday, April 16, 2023 at 2:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Mein Gläubiges Herze from <i>Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt</i>	J. S. Bach (1685-1750)
Widmung.....	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Lorelei	Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
An die Nachtigall	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Après un rêve	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Le bonheur est chose légère.....	Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)
Nuit d'étoiles	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Intermission

Appena mi vedon from <i>La finta giardiniera</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Caro nome che il mio cor from <i>Rigoletto</i>	Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
Let the Bright Seraphim from <i>Samson</i>	George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
How Could I Ever Know from <i>The Secret Garden</i>	Lucy Simon and Marsha Norman (1940-2022; b.1947)
The Physician from <i>Nymph Errant</i>	Cole Porter (1891-1964)
Till There was You from <i>The Music Man</i>	Meredith Willson (1902-1984)

Translations

Mein Gläubiges Herz

My believing heart, rejoice, sing,
laugh.

Your Jesus is here!

Away misery, away lamentation

I have only one thing to say:

My Jesus is near.

Widmung

You my soul, you my heart

You my joy, Oh you my pain

You my world in which I live,

My heaven you, in which I float,

O you my grave, into which

my grief forever I've consigned!

You are the rest, you are the peace,

You are given to me from heaven.

Your love for me gives me my worth,

Your eyes transfigure me in mine,

You raise me lovingly above myself,

My guardian angel, my better self!

Lorelei

I do not know why, what it means

That I am so sad

A fairytale comes from olden times

I cannot get it out of my mind.

The air is cool and it grows dark,

And peacefully flows the Rhein;

The top of the mountain sparkles

In the sunset.

The fairest maiden sits

There above mysteriously

Her golden jewelry sparkles;

She combs here golden hair

She combs it with a golden comb

All the while singing a song;

It has a wondrously powerful melody

The boatman in his small boat

Is seized by overwhelming sorrow,

He sees not the rocky reef

He looks only upwards into the
heights

I believe, the wave will devour

In the end boatman and small boat.

And this through her singing

The Lorelei has done.

An die Nachtigall

Pour not so loudly the love enflamed
songs' rich sounds.

From the blooming branch of the
apple tree down

Oh nightingale!

The singing of your sweet throat

Awakes love in me.

For already beats through the depths
of my soul your melting "ah"

The sleep flees anew from this place.

I stare then with moist gaze and
deathly pale and haggard at the
heaven.

Fly, nightingale, into the green
darkness,

Into the busy grove, and give in the
nest to the faithful mate kisses.

Fly away, fly away.

Après un rêve

In a slumber that was charmed by
your image

I dreamt of the happiness, passionate
illusion,

Your eyes were softer, your voice pure
and ringing

You shone like a sky lit by the dawn.

You called me and I left the earth
To flee with you toward the light,
The heavens open their clouds for us,
We glimpsed unknown splendors,
divine lights.

Alas! Alas! Sad awakening from
dreams
I call on you, oh night, give back to
me your lies.
Return, return radiant, return, oh
night mysterious!

Nuit d'étoiles

Night of stars, beneath your veils,
Beneath your breeze and your
fragrances
A sad lyre that sighs,
I dream of lovers who have past.

The serene melancholy
Now blooms in the depths of my
heart,
And I hear the soul of my love
Tremble in the dreaming woods.

I see again at our fountain
Your gaze blue as the heavens;
This rose, it is your breath
And these stars are your eyes.

Le bonheur est chose légère

Happiness is a thing light, fleeting
One thinks to attain it, one it pursues;
It flies away!

Alas! You want another happiness
then ours
Your ardent desires demand of you
some pleasures.
May God preserve you from troubles,
And from the tears that can darken
the course of beautiful days.

If your heart ever regrets the retreat
Which today you abandon,

Return!
Of all the sorrows of your soul
I demand, for the sake of our faithful
friendship, the half!

Appena mi vedon

Scarcely do they see me than one falls
headlong, another faints;
They come after me, no one can hold
them back.

And, like madmen, stunned,
bewildered,
They cry this, they rave thus:
Look at those eyes, what loving
glances
What life, what manners, what zest,
what color,
My lovely, my darling, I will love you
forever.

Full of modesty, I lower my eyes,
Making no reply, I let them go by.

Caro nome che il mio cor

Gualtier Maldè, name of him so
loved,

You are engraved on this enamored
heart!

Dear name that first caused my heart
to stir,

You will always remind me of the
delights of love.

In my thoughts, my desire will always
fly to you,

And even my last breath will be your
dear name.

My desire will always fly to you.
Even my last breath will be your
name.

*All translations come from IPA Source
Translated by Bard Suverkrop
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