



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Recital

Katelynn Smith
Soprano

Daniel Glessner
Piano

Saturday, September 9, 2023 at 4:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Good Morning, MidnightJohn Duke
Bee! I'm Expecting You (1899-1984)
Little Elegy

Après un rêve Gabriel Fauré
Prison (1845-1924)
Mai..... Reynaldo Hahn
(1874-1947)

“Chacun le Sait” (*La fille du régiment*) Gaetano Donizetti
(1798-1848)

Intermission

“Domine Deus” (*Gloria*)Antonio Vivaldi
“Col piacer della mia fede” (*Arsilde Regina di Ponto*) (1678-1741)
Piango, gemo, sospiro

Gretchen am Spinnrade.....Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Ich liebe dich Edvard Grieg
Zwei braune Augen (1843-1907)
Ein Schwan

“Klänge der Heimat” (Die Fledermaus) Johann Strauss II
(1825-1899)

*Presented in partial fulfillment of the degree
Bachelor of Science in Music Education*

Katelynn Smith is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino

Translations

Après un Rêve

After a Dream

In sleep made sweet by a vision of you
I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion,
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and ringing,
You shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn;
You called me and I departed the earth
To flee with you toward the light,
The heavens parted their clouds for us,
We glimpsed unknown splendors, celestial fires.
Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I summon you, O night, give me back your delusions;
Return, return in radiance,
Return, O mysterious night!

Prison

Prison

The sky above the roof –
So blue, so calm!
A tree, above the roof,
Waves its crown.
The bell, in the sky that you see,
Gently rings.
A bird, on the tree that you see,
Plaintively sings.
My God, my God, life is there,
Simple and serene.
That peaceful murmur there
Comes from the town.
O you, what have you done,
Weeping without end,
Say, what have you done
With your young life?

Mai

May

Since full-flowering May calls us to the meadows,
Come! Do not tire of mingling with your soul
The countryside, the woods, the charming shade,
Vast moonlights on the banks of sleeping waters.
The path that ends where the path begins
And the air and the spring,
And the immense horizon
The horizon that this world attaches humble and joyful
Like a lip at the bottom of the robe of heaven
Come and look at the modest stars,
That fall on the ground
Through so many veils that the tree penetrated
With perfumes and songs
with the breath of fire in the midday;
And the shade and the sun
And the wave and the greenery
and the radiance of all of nature
make them flourish like a double flower
the beauty on your face
and the love in your heart

Chacun le sait from *La fille du regiment*

Everyone Knows

Everyone knows; everyone speaks of;
The regiment by excellence
The only one to whom we give credit
In all the taverns of France.
The regiment;
In all the countries the dread of lovers,
Of husbands.
But of the very good beauty
It is there it is there it is there, by Jove!
Here it is here it is here it is, by Jove!
It is there it is there here it is the handsome 21st
It has won so many fights
That we think our emperor
Will make each of his soldiers
To the peace marshal of France

Because it is known the regiment
Is more victorious, more charming!
It is feared by one sex and loved by the other.
It is there it is there it is there, by Jove!
Here it is here it is here it is, by Jove!
It is there it is there here it is the handsome 21st

Domine Deus

Lord God

Lord God, Heavenly King,
God Almighty Father.

Col piacer della mia fede

With Pleasure of My Faith

With the pleasure of my loyalty
I shall raise at your royal feet,
A beautiful monument of illustrious honor
The splendor of such a beautiful day
Will see you, the victor,
Adorned with new laurels.

Piango, gemo, sospiro

I weep, I groan, I sigh

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

Gretchen am Sprinrade

Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy;
I shall never ever find peace again.
When he's not with me, life's like the grave;
The whole world is turned to gall.
My poor head is crazed,
My poor mind shattered.

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy;
I shall never ever find peace again.
It's only for him
I gaze from the window, it's only for him
I leave the house.
His proud bearing, his noble form,
The smile on his lips, the power of his eyes,
And the magic flow of his words,
The touch of his hand, and ah, his kiss!
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy;
I shall never ever find peace again.
My bosom yearns for him.
Ah! if I could clasp and hold him,
And kiss him to my heart's content,
And in his kisses, perish!

Ich liebe dich

I Love You

You have become the single thought of my thoughts,
you are the first love of my heart.
I love you as no one else here on Earth,
I love you for time and eternity!

Zwei braune Augen

Two Brown Eyes

Two brown eyes I have recently seen,
They conceal my home and my whole life,
They radiate friendship and childlike peace,
They will never be out of my thoughts.

Ein Schwan

A Swan

My swan, my silent one, with white plumage,
Your delightful songs, no trill betrayed.
Fearfully mindful of the elves in the dell,
You glided, listening, always in circles.
And yet you forced our final parting with false promises.

Yes, there, there you sang!
Singing, you closed your earthly course.
You died, faded away.
You were a swan nevertheless!

Klänge der Heimat (Csárdás) from *Die Fledermaus*

Sounds of my homeland

Sounds of my homeland, you revive the yearning,
Let the tears brim in my eyes!
Hearing the old-time songs,
Draws me back, my Hungary, to you!
Oh homeland so beautiful,
With the sun gleaming so bright,
How green are your forests, how lush your fields,
Oh countryside, where I once was happily at home!
Yes, those cherished memories
Fill my heart to bursting,
Those cherished memories!
But though I am far from you now, so far,
ah, eternally consecrated to you
is the yearning of my heart!
Fire, zest for life, fills the real Hungarians chest,
Hay! Hurry to the dancefloor! Czárdàs can be heard!
Sun-tanned maiden, come and dance with me;
Take my arm, you dark eyed child!
Thirsty customers reach for tankards,
Let them go round faster and faster
From hand to hand!
Relish the fire in the Tokay wine!
A toast to our nation! Hay!
La, la, la, la