



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Sophomore Joint Recital

**Eliana McFate**

Soprano

**Anne McIlvaine**

Mezzo-Soprano

**Kendra Bigley**

Piano

Saturday, November 4, 2023 at 4:00 p.m.

**HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL**

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

# Program

Herbstlied ..... Felix Mendelssohn  
(1809–1847)

Eliana McFate & Anne McIlvaine

Già il sole dal Gange ..... Alessandro Scarlatti  
(1660–1725)

“Voi che sapete” ..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
from *Le Nozze di Figaro* (1756–1791)

Anne McIlvaine

Nuit d’Etoiles ..... Claude Debussy  
Apparition (1862–1918)

Eliana McFate

From *Siete canciones populares Españolas* ..... Manuel de Falla  
El Paño Moruno (1876–1946)

Nana

Polo

Anne McIlvaine

## Intermission

From *Sechs Lieder aus Jucunde* ..... Clara Schumann  
Was weinst du, Blümlein (1819–1896)

Auf einem grünen Hügel

O Lust, o Lust

Eliana McFate

La mer est plus belle ..... Claude Debussy  
“Seguidilla” Georges Bizet

from *Carmen*

(1838–1875)

Anne McIlvaine

“Oh! Had I Jubal’s Lyre” .....George Frideric Handel  
from *Joshua*, HWV64 (1685–1759)  
When I Have Sung My Songs .....Ernest Charles  
(1895–1984)

Eliana McFate

“Duo des fleurs” .....Léo Delibes  
from *Lakmé* (1836–1891)

Eliana McFate & Anne McIlvaine

*Eliana McFate & Anne McIlvaine are students of Dr. Joy Meade*

# Translations

## Herbstlied

Ah, how soon does the seasons' round fade,  
and spring changes to winter!

Ah, how soon into mournful silence  
changes all the happiness!

Soon are the last sounds vanished!  
Soon have the last songbirds flown off!  
Soon is the last green gone!  
Everything wants to return home!

Ah, how soon does the seasons' round fade,  
Pleasure changes to longing sorrow!  
Were you a dream, you love thoughts?  
Sweet as the spring, and quickly gone?  
One thing alone shall never waver:  
That is the yearning which never fades.

## Già il sole dal Gange

The sun already shines  
more brightly from beyond the Ganges,  
and dries every drop  
of the weeping dawn.

With its golden ray  
it adorns every blade of grass with jewels,  
and paints the stars of heaven  
onto the meadow.

## Voi che sapete

You who know what love is,  
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.  
I'll tell you what I'm feeling,  
It's new for me, and I understand nothing.

I have a feeling, full of desire,  
Which is by turns delightful and miserable.  
I freeze and then feel my soul go up in flames,  
Then in a moment I turn to ice.

I'm searching for affection outside of myself,  
I don't know how to hold it, nor even what it is!

I sigh and lament without wanting to,  
I twitter and tremble without knowing why,  
I find peace neither night nor day,  
But still I rather enjoy languishing this way.

You who know what love is,  
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.

## Nuit d'Etoiles

Night of stars,  
beneath your veils,

beneath your breeze and your fragrances,  
a sad lyre that sighs,  
I dream of lovers who have passed.

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.

### **Apparition**

The moon grew sad.  
Some seraphim in tears dreaming, bow in hand,  
in the calm of the misty flowers, drew from dying violets  
Some white sobs as their bows glided over the azure of the corollas.

It was the blessed day of your first kiss.  
My dreaming, fond of tormenting me,  
became knowingly drunk on the perfumed sadness  
that, without the regret or bitter aftertaste,  
the harvest of dreams leaves in the reaper's heart.

And so I wandered, my eyes fixed on the old paving stones.  
When, with the sun on your hair,  
in the street and in the evening,  
you appeared laughing before me,

Appeared, and I thought I saw the fairy with a hat of light  
who had once passed across the beautiful slumbers of my spoilt childhood  
who allowed from her half-closed hands  
white bouquets of perfumed stars to snow.

### **El Paño Moruno**

On the delicate fabric in the shop  
there fell a stain.

It sells for less  
for it has lost its value  
Ay!

### **Nana**

Sleep, little one, sleep,  
sleep, my darling,  
sleep, my little  
morning star.

Lullay, lullay,  
sleep, my little  
morning star.

### **Polo**

Ay!  
I have an ache in my heart  
of which I can tell no one.

A curse on love, and a curse  
on the one who made me feel it!  
Ay!

### **Was weinst du, Blümlein**

Why weep you, little blossom, in the morning shine?  
The little blossom laughed: What are you thinking of!  
I am indeed joyful, I weep not—  
tears of joy are falling from my eyes.

You morning sky, are blood red,  
as if your sun lies dead in the ocean?  
To that heaven laughs and calls me to:  
I sprinkle indeed roses upon your path!

And radiantly flamed the sun forth,  
the flowers blossomed joyfully upward.  
The brooklet's waves rejoiced upward,  
and the sun laughed warm-heartedly onto it.

### **Auf einem grünen Hügel**

Upon a green hill,  
there stands a bright little rose,  
and when I red, red little rose see,  
as red as purest love,  
I want to cry on the spot!

Upon a green hill,  
there stands two blue little flowers,  
and when I blue, blue little flowers see,  
as blue as blue little eyes,  
through tears I look at them!

Upon a green hill,  
there sings a little bird,  
to me it is as if it sings:  
Who never sorrow,  
particularly great sorrow knows,  
will never truly be happy.

### **O Lust, o Lust**

O joy, o joy, from the mountain a song  
down into the valley to sing!  
The smallest tone downward moves, as like on giant wings!

The quietest breath from a pure breast,  
born out of sorrow and joy,  
is transformed into song,  
without its knowledge is sung for all the world to hear.

It wings itself earth and heavenward  
this ringing yearning of the soul  
and goes to the heart of the entire world  
whether joyful, whether in tears.

What silently otherwise only the heart passes through,  
flies out upon ringing wings  
What joy, to let my song drift from the mountain down into the valley!

### **La mer est plus belle**

The sea is lovelier  
Than the cathedrals;  
A faithful wet-nurse  
Lulling those in the grip of death,  
The sea over which  
The Virgin Mary prays!

It has all the qualities,  
Awesome and sweet.  
I hear its forgiveness  
Scolding its wrath  
This immensity  
Is without willfulness.

Oh, so forbearing,  
Even when wicked!  
A friendly breath haunts  
The wave, and sings to us:  
'You without hope,  
May you die without pain!'

And then beneath the skies,  
Reflected there more brightly,  
It seems blue,  
Pink, grey, and green  
Lovelier than all,  
Better than we!

### **Seguidilla**

Near the walls of Seville,  
At my friend place, Lillas Pastia  
I will dance the Seguedille  
And drink Manzanilla.  
I will go to the home of my friend Lillas Pastia.

Yes, all alone one can get bored,  
And real pleasures are for two;  
So, to keep me company,  
I'll take my lover!

My love, he is the devil,  
I did away with him yesterday!  
My poor heart is very consolable  
My heart is free as a bird!  
I have a dozen suitors,  
But they are not to my liking.

This is the end of the week  
Who will love me? I will love him!  
Who wants my soul?  
It is for you to take.

You arrive at the right time!  
I have little time to wait,  
Because with my new lover,  
Near the walls of Seville,  
I will go to my friend, Lillas Pastia!

## Duo des fleurs

Lakmé: Come, Mallika, the lianas in bloom  
already throw their shadow over the sacred  
stream which runs, calm and somber,  
awakened by the song of the noisy birds!

Mallika: Oh, mistress, it is the hour when I  
see you smiling, the hour blessed when I can  
read in the heart always closed of Lakmé!

Lakmé: Dome thick,  
the jasmine,  
with the rose entwines,  
river-bank in bloom  
fresh morning,  
calls us together.

Ah! We glide while following  
the fleeting current  
on the shimmering waves,  
with an uncaring hand,  
let us reach the bank,  
where the bird sings.  
Dome thick  
white jasmine  
calls us together.

Mallika: Under the thick dome  
where the white jasmine  
with the rose entwines,  
On the river-bank in bloom  
laughing in the morning,  
come, let us go down together.  
Gently we glide on its charming waters  
let us follow the fleeting current  
on the shimmering waves,  
with an uncaring hand,  
come, let us reach the bank,  
where the spring sleeps  
and the bird sings.  
Beneath the thick dome  
beneath the white jasmine  
Ah! Let us go down together.

Lakmé: But, I don't know what sudden fear  
takes hold of me, as my father goes alone to  
their city accursed; I tremble, I tremble with fear!

Mallika: So that the god Ganesha protects  
him, to the pond where the swans with  
wings of snow frolic joyously, let us go  
gather the lotus blue.

Lakmé: Yes, near the swans with wings of  
snow, let us go gather the lotus blue.