



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Recital

Kaitlyn Carr
Mezzo-Soprano

Kristen Gaus
Piano

Saturday, November 18, 2023 at 2:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Esurientes implevit bonis (*Magnificat*) J.S. Bach
(1685-1750)

Das Glück der Freundschaft..... Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Die Stille.....Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Abendempfindung..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Night Wanderers Samuel Barber
Nocturne (1910-1981)
The Crucifixion

Intermission

Il segreto per esser felici (*Lucrezia Borgia*)..... Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Mandoline Claude Debussy
La mer est plus belle (1862-1918)
En sourdine

Giusto ciel, in tal periglio (*Maometto II*) Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Kaitlyn Carr is a student of Tara Savarino

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

Translations

Esurientes implevit bonis (He hath filled the hungry)

He hath filled the hungry with
good things, and the rich He
has sent away empty.

Das Glück der Freundschaft (The joy of friendship)

He lives a blissful life
Whose heart wins a heart;
Shared pleasure doubles itself,
Shared sorrow melts away.

Those with an intimate companion
Wander upon paths lined with flowers;
Golden friendship has offered its hand
In these hard times.

Golden friendship awakens strength and rouses courage
For good deeds alone,
And nourishes within us the sacred ardor
For truth and nature.

He has attained happiness
Who has found a maiden
With whom loving sensitivity
Has intimately united him.

Delighted with, allied with her,
He finds his path (in life) made more beautiful;
Through her alone the world is in bloom for him,
And everything smiles upon him.

Die Stille (Silence)

No one knows and no one can guess
How happy I am, how happy!
If only one person knew,
No one else ever should!

The snow outside is not so silent,
Nor are the stars on high

So still and taciturn
As my own thoughts.

I wish I were a little bird,
And could fly across the sea,
Across the sea and further,
Until I were in heaven!

Abendempfindung (Evening thoughts)

It is evening, the sun has vanished,
And the moon sheds its silver light;
So life's sweetest hours speed by,
Flit by it as in a dance!

Soon life's bright pageant will be over,
And the curtain will fall.
Our play is ended! Tears wept by a friend
Flow already on our grave.

Soon perhaps, like a gentle zephyr,
A silent presentiment will reach me,
And I shall end this earthly pilgrimage,
Fly to the land of rest.

If you then weep by my grave
And gaze mourning on my ashes,
Then, dear friends, I shall appear to you
Bringing a breath of heaven.

May you too shed a tear for me
And pluck a violet for my grave;
And let your compassionate gaze
Look tenderly down on me.

Consecrate a tear to me and ah!
Be not ashamed to do so;
In my diadem it shall become
The fairest pearl of all.

Il segreto per esser felici (The secret to being happy)

The secret to being happy,
I know it well and I tell it to my friends
Whether the sky is overcast or clear,

Every time whether its hot or cold,
I joke, drink, and laugh at the madmen
Who spare a thought for the future.
Let's not try to solve an uncertain tomorrow,
When our today is ready to be enjoyed!

Let's delight in our youthful years,
As pleasure makes them go slower;
If old age, with a pale face,
Stands behind me while threatening my life,
I joke, drink, and laugh at the madmen
Who spare a thought for the future
Let's not try to solve an uncertain tomorrow,
When our today is ready to be enjoyed.

Mandoline (Mandolin)

The gallant serenaders
And their fair listeners
Exchange sweet nothings
Beneath singing boughs.

Tirsis is there, Aminte is there,
And tedious Clitandre too,
And Damis who for many a cruel maid,
Writes a tender song.

Their short silken doublets,
Their long trailing gowns,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows

Whirl madly in the rapture
Of a grey and rose moon,
And the mandolin chatters
In the shivering breeze.

La mer est plus belle (The sea is more beautiful)

The sea is more beautiful
Than the cathedrals;
A faithful 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!

En sourdine
(Muted)

Calm in the twilight
Cast by lofty boughs,
Let us steep our love
In this deep quiet.

Let us blend our souls, our hearts
And our enraptured senses
With the hazy languor
Of arbutus and pine.

Half-close your eyes,
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from your heart lulled to rest
Banish forever all intent.

Let us both succumb
To the gentle and lulling breeze
That comes to ruffle at your feet
The waves of russet grass.

And when, solemnly, evening
Falls from the black oaks,
That voice of our despair,
The nightingale shall sing.

**Giusto ciel, in tal periglio
(Right heaven, in such peril)**

Right heaven! In such peril, heaven!
More advice, more hope I cannot advance
That cry, that moaning,
Beg for your mercy.