



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Recital

Julie Knott

Soprano

Daniel Glessner

Piano

Assisted by:

Brielle Finkbeiner, Greysen Kemper,
and Micah Collins

Saturday, January 27, 2024 at 6:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Tornami a vagheggiar (*Alcina*)George Frederick Handel
(1685-1759)

Fetes Galantes I..... Claude Debussy
I. En sourdine (1862-1918)
II. Fantoches
III. Clair de lune

Bachianas Brasileiras no. 5Heitor Villa-Lobos
I. Aria (1887-1959)
II. Danza

Intermission

Ain't It A Pretty Night (*Susanna*)Carlisle Floyd
(1926-2021)

Try Me, Good King:
The Last Words of The Wives of Henry VIII..... Libby Larsen
I. Katherine of Aragon (b. 1950)
II. Anne Boleyn
III. Jane Seymour
IV. Anne of Cleaves
V. Katherine Howard

How Lovely Is Thy Dwelling Place
(*Ein Deutsches Requiem, Op. 45*)Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Brielle Finkbeiner, soprano; Greysen Kemper, tenor;
Micah Collins, Bass

Julie Knott is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino

*Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements of the degree
Bachelor of Music in Performance*

Translations

Tornami a vagheggiar

Return to me

Return me to vague,
you only want to love
this faithful soul,
my dear good.

I already gave you my heart;
I will trust my love;
I will never be cruel to you,
my dear spury.

En Sourdine

Muted

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

Fantoches

Puppet

Scaramouche and Pulcinella
Drawn together by some evil scheme,
Gesticulate, black beneath the moon.
Meanwhile the excellent doctor
From Bologna is leisurely picking
Medicinal herbs in the brown grass.
Then his daughter, pertly pretty,
Beneath the arbor, stealthily,
Glides, half-naked, in quest
Of her handsome Spanish pirate,
Whose grief a lovelorn nightingale
Proclaims as loudly as he can.

Clair de lune

Moonlight

Your soul is a select landscape
Where charming masqueraders and bergamaskers go
Playing the lute and dancing and almost
Sad beneath their fantastic disguises.
All sing in a minor key
Of victorious love and the opportune life,
They do not seem to believe in their happiness
And their song mingles with the moonlight,
With the still moonlight, sad and beautiful,
That sets the birds dreaming in the trees
And the fountains sobbing in ecstasy,
The tall slender fountains among marble statues.

Bachianas Brasileiras no. 5

I Aria (Cantilena)

Lo, at midnight clouds are slowly passing, rosy and lustrous, O'er the
spacious heav'n with loveliness laden. From the boundless deep the moon
arises wondrous, glorifying the evening like a beauteous maiden. Now she
adorns herself in half unconscious duty, eager, anxious that we recognize
her beauty,
while sky and earth, yea, all nature with applause salute her.
All the birds have ceased their sad and mournful complaining, now

appears on the sea in a silver reflection
moonlight softly waking the soul and constraining hearts
to cruel tears and bitter dejection.
Lo, at midnight clouds are slowly passing rosy and lustrous o'er
the spacious heavens dreamily wondrous.

II Dansa (Martelo)

Irere, my little nestling from the wilds of Cariri, Irere, my loved
companion, my singing sweetheart!
Where goes my dear? Where goes Maria?
Ah, sorry is the lot of him who fain would sing!
Ah! without his lute on song of gladness can he bring,
Ah! his whistle shrill must be his flute for Irere.
But yours the flute that once in forest wilds
was sounding, Ah! with its message of grief and woe.
Ah! your song came forth from out the depths of forest wilds, Ah, like
summer winds that comfort ev'ry mournful heart,
Ah, Ah! Irere, Sing and enchant me!
Sing once more, sing once more!
Bring me songs of Cariri!
Sing; my lovely song-bird, sing your song again,
sing; my Irere: sing of pain and sorrow,
As the birds of morning wake Maria in the dawning.
Sing with all your voices,
Birds of the woods and the wilds,
Sing your songs! ye forest Birds!
La! lia! lia! lia! lia!
Ye nestlings of the singing forest wilds.
Lia! lia! lia!
La! lia! lia! lia! lia!
Ye nestlings of the mournful forest
Oh, yours the song that comes from the depths of forest wilds like summer
winds that comfort ev'ry mournful heart.
Irere, my little nestling from the wilds of Cariri,
Irere, my loved companion, my singing sweetheart,
where goes my dear? Where goes Maria?
Ah, sorry is the lot of him who fain would sing!
Ah! without his lute no song of gladness can he bring,
Ah! his whistle shrill must be his flute for Irere,
but yours the flute that once in forest wilds was sounding, Ah! with its
message of grief and woe.

Ah! your song came forth from out the depths of forest wilds! Ah! like
summer winds that comfort ev'ry mournful heart,
Ah! Ah! Irere, Sing and enchant me!
Sing once more, sing once more! Bring me songs of Cariri!

Try Me, Good King: The Last Words of The Wives of Henry VIII

**Katherine of Aragon, formerly Queen of England, to King Henry VIII,
7 January 1536:**

My most dear Lord, King, and Husband,
The hour of my death now drawing on, the tender love I owe you forces
me . . .
to commend myself unto you and to put you in remembrance of the health
and welfare of your soul. . . . You have cast me into many calamities and
yourself into many troubles. For my part, I pardon you everything, and
I wish to devoutly pray God that He will pardon you also. For the rest,
I commend unto you our daughter, Mary, beseeching you to be a good
father unto her. . . . Lastly, I make this vow, that my eyes desire you above
all things. . . .

**Letter from Anne Boleyn, Queen of England, to Henry VIII, 6 May 1536;
Excerpts from two letters from Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn;**

Anne Boleyn's speech at her execution, 19 May 1536:

Try me, good king, . . . and let me have a lawful trial, and let not my
enemies sit as my accusers and judges. Let me receive an open trial for my
truth shall fear no open shame. . . . Never a prince had a wife more loyal in
all duty, . . . in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Bulen .
. . . . You have chosen me from low estate to be your wife and companion. . .
. Do you not remember the words of your own hand? "My own darling . .
. I would you were in my arms . . . for I think it long since I kissed you. My
mistress and friend. . . ." Try me, good king. . . . If ever I have found favor
in your sight — if ever the name of Anne Bulen has been pleasing to your
ears — then let me obtain this request. . . . and my innocence shall be . . .
known and . . . cleared.

Good Christian People, I come hither to die, . . . and by the law I am
judged
to die. . . . I pray God save the King. I hear the executioner's good, and my
neck is so little. . . .

**Jane Seymour, Queen of England, to the Council, 12 October 1537;
"Tudor rose" (Anonymous):**

Right trusty and Well-Beloved, we greet you well . . . for as much as be the inestimable goodness . . . of Almighty God, we be delivered . . . of a prince, . . .

I love the rose both red and white. To hear of them is my delight! Joyed may we be,
Our prince to see,
And roses three!

Anne of Cleves, Queen of England, to Henry VIII, 11 July 1540:

I have been informed . . . by certain lords . . . of the doubts and questions which have been . . . found in our marriage . . . It may please your majesty to know that, though this case . . . be most hard . . . and sorrowful . . . I have and do accept
[the clergy] for my judges. So now, . . . the clergy hath . . . given their sentence,

I . . . approve . . . I neither can nor will repute myself for your grace's wife . . . yet it will please your highness to take me for your sister, for which I most humbly thank you. . . .

Your majesty's most humble sister, Anne, daughter of Cleves

Katherine Howard, Queen of England, recorded at her execution by an unknown Spaniard, 13 February 1541:

God have mercy on my soul. Good people, I beg you pray for me. By the journey upon which I am bound, brothers, I have not wronged the King. But it is true that long before the King took me, I loved [Thomas] Culpeper. . . . I wish to God I had done as Culpeper wished me, for at the time the King wanted . . . me, [Culpeper] urged me to say that I was pledged to him. If I had done as he wished me I should not die this death, nor would he. . . . God have mercy on my soul. Good people, I beg you pray for me. . . . I die a Queen, but I would rather die the wife of Culpeper.

