



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Recital

Abigail Weller
Soprano

Daniel Umholtz
Piano

Sunday, October 13, 2024, at 2:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Armatae face et anguibus (*Juditha Triumphans*).....Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

12 *Lieder Op. 9*Felix Mendelssohn
VIII. Frühlingsglaube (1809-1847)
IX. Ferne Fanny Mendelssohn
X. Verlust (1805-1847)

Ideale..... Francesco Paolo Tosti
La mia canzone (1846-1916)
Non t'amo più!

Una voce poco fa (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*) Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Intermission

Quel guardo il Cavaliere...
So anch'io la virtu magica (*Don Pasquale*) Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Fêtes Galantes..... Reynaldo Hahn
A Chloris (1874-1947)

You'll Never Walk Alone (*Carousel*) Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein
(1902-1979) (1895-1960)

Adelaide's Lament (*Guys and Dolls*) Frank Loesser
(1910-1969)

My White Knight (*The Music Man*)Meredith Wilson
(1902-1984)

Abigail Weller is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino

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

Translations

Armatae face et anguibus

With armed forces and snakes

With armed forces and snakes
from the blind, squalid kingdom
barbarian allies of fury

Furies come to us
Death, scourge, slaughter,
Vengeance for such a great funeral
Our angry hearts
Teach us, leaders

Frühlingsglaube

Faith in Spring

The gentle airs have awakened,
They whisper and weave day and night,
They create at all ends.
Oh fresh scent, oh new sound!
Now, poor heart, do not be afraid!
Now everything, everything has to change.

The world becomes more beautiful every day,
You don't know what will happen next,
The blooming doesn't want to end.
The furthest, deepest valley is blooming:
Now, poor heart, forget the torment!
Now everything, everything has to change.

Ferne

Distance

I want to dream far away,
Where you are!
Where from the snowy bright rooms
The streams foam into the lakes!

I want to roam the mountains with you,
Where you are.
Where chamois roam on the ice field,
Figs ripen in the warm valley!

And secretly I want to continue
When you return home!
Time should not sadden me,
We are still the same!
When you return home!

Verlust

Loss

And if the flowers, the little ones, knew it
How deeply wounded my heart
you would cry with me,
To heal my pain.

And if the nightingales knew it,
How I'm so sad and sick,
They let out a cheerful sound
Refreshing singing.

And if they knew my woe,
The golden stars,
They would come from their height,
And give me comfort.

They all can't know
Only one knows my pain:
She tore herself apart,
Torn my heart.

Ideale

Ideal

I followed you like an iris of peace
Along the ways of heaven:
I followed you like a friend
Of the night in the veil.
And I felt you in the light, in the air,
In the scent of flowers;
And the lonely room was full
Of you, of your splendors.

Enraptured in you, at the sound of your voice,
I dreamed for a long time;
And of the earth every trouble, every cross,
In that dream I forgot.
Come back, dear ideal, come back for a moment
To smile at me again,
And it will shine on me, in your countenance,
A new dawn.

La mia canzone

My Song

My song is a sweet murmur
That rises up to you, in the cold air;
And if he still talks to you about my love,
Dear girl, he doesn't want to hurt you;

Wandering on your white pillow,
It wants to tell you one last wish:
On your white virginal forehead.
My song is the goodbye kiss
the goodbye kiss.

My song sighs and dies
Mild in the air on your window;
But, defying the frost and the darkness,
It brings the desire of an agitated soul;
And it wants to arouse every anxiety more grateful to you,
Every affection dormant within your heart:
Now that you are alone, asleep,
My song is a thrill of love!

Non t'amo piu

I don't love you anymore

Do you still remember the day we met,
Do you still remember your promises...?
Mad with love I followed you. we loved each other,
And next to you I dreamed, crazy with love.

I dreamed happily, of caresses and kisses
A vanishing chain in heaven;
But your words... were mendacious...
Because your soul is made of gel.
Do you still remember it?

Now my faith, the immense desire
My dream of love... it's no longer you:
I don't look for your kisses, I don't think about you...
I dream of another ideal; I don't love you anymore.

In the dear days that we spend together
I sprinkled your path with flowers
You were the only hope of my heart
You are the only thought of the mind

You saw me pray, pale,
You saw me cry in front of you
I just want to satisfy your desire
I would have given my blood to my faith...
Do you still remember it?

Now my faith, the immense desire
My dream of love... it's no longer you:
I don't look for your kisses, I don't think about you...
I dream of another ideal; I don't love you anymore.

Una voce poco fa

A voice a little while ago

A voice a little while ago
here it resonated in my heart;
my heart is already wounded,
and Lindoro it was who plagued it
Yes, Lindoro will be mine;
I will swear it, I will win it.

The tutor will refuse,
I will sharpen my wits.
Eventually it will settle down
and I will rest happy

I am docile, I am respectful,
I am obedient, sweet, loving;
I let myself be held,
I let myself be guided
but if they touch me
where my weakness is,
I'll be a viper, I'll be
and a hundred traps
before giving in
I'll play, play.

Quel guardo il cavaliere... So anch'io la virtù magica

I look at the knight... I too know magical virtue

I look at the knight pierced in the middle of his heart,
He bent his knees and said:
I am your knight.

And so much was in that look
Taste of paradise,
That the knight Riccardo,
All of love conquered,
He swore that to no one else,
He would never turn his thought.
Ha, ha!

I too know magical virtue
With a look at the right time and place,
I know how they burn too
The slow-burning coals,
Of a brief smile
I know the effect too,
Of lying tears,
Of an immediate languor,

I know the thousand ways
Of amorous frauds,
The charms and the easy arts
To entice a heart.

I have a bizarre head,
I'm very lively,
I like to shine, I like to joke:
If I get mad
I rarely stay on target,
But the indignation quickly turns to laughter,
I have a bizarre head,
But an excellent heart, ah!

Fête galantes Gallant Parties

The serenade givers
And the beautiful ladies listen
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing branches
It's Tircis and it's Aminte
And it is the eternal Clitandre
And it is Damis who for now
Cruel many times tender

Their short silk jackets
Their long dresses with tails
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl in ecstasy
Of a pink and gray moon
And the mandolin chatters
Among the chills of the breeze

A Chloris To Chloris

If it is true, Chloris, that you love me,
And I hear that you love me dearly,
I do not believe that the kings themselves
Have happiness like mine.
Even death would be unwelcome
To come and change my fortune
To the bliss of heaven!
Everything they say about ambrosia
Can't touch my fantasy
Like the favor of your eyes.

