Amanda Albright
Soprano

Madelyn Felix
Piano

Assisted by:
Natalie Brooks, Soprano
Anna Snyder, Mezzo-Soprano
Robert Titus, Bass-Baritone
Laura Phelps, Mezzo-Soprano
Noah Allen, Trumpet
Madison Sinan, Trumpet
Matt Langlois, Drum Set
Alyssa Carter, Clarinet
Joseph LaMarca, Double Bass
Lindsay Bosco, Guitar

Saturday, November 7, 2020 at 2:00 p.m.
HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL
CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS
Program

*Cinq Melodies* .................................................................................. Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
- Mandoline
  - Green
- Tristes apprêts (*Castor et Pollux*) ......................................... Jean-Philippe Rameau (1683-1764)
- Vedró con mio diletto (*Giustino*) ........................................... Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)
- Sposa son disprezzata (*Bajazet*)
- Frühlingsstimmen .................................................................. Johann Strauss II (1825-1899)

**Intermission**

*Bei mir bist du schön* .............................................................. Sholom Secunda (1894-1974)
- Natalie Brooks, Soprano
- Anna Snyder, Mezzo-Soprano
- Noah Allen, Trumpet
- Madison Sinan, Trumpet
- Matt Langlois, Drum Set
- Alyssa Carter, Clarinet
- Joseph LaMarca, Double Bass
- Madelyn Felix, Piano

*It’s a Good Day* ................................................................. Peggy Lee and Dave Barbour (1920-2002) (1912-1965)

*Three Scottish Songs* ............................................................. James MacMillan (b. 1959)
- Scots Song
- Ballad
No One Else (*Natasha, Pierre & The Great Comet of 1812*) ..........Dave Malloy  
(b. 1976)

Vanilla Ice Cream (*She Loves Me*) .................................................. Jerry Bock  
(1928-2010)

Together, Wherever We Go (*Gypsy*) ............................................. Jule Styne  
(1905-1994)

Natalie Brooks, Soprano  
Robert Titus, Bass-Baritone

Consider the Lilies ...................................................................Roger Hoffman

Laura Phelps, Mezzo-Soprano  
Lindsay Bosco, Guitar

*Amanda Albright is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino*

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

**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 many 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 roseate moon,
And the mandolin jangles on
In the shivering breeze.

**Green**
Green
Here are some fruit, some flowers, some leaves and some branches,
And then here is my heart, which beats only for you.
Do not rip it up with your two white hands,
And may the humble present be sweet in your beautiful eyes!
I arrive all covered in dew,
Which the wind of morning comes to freeze on my forehead.
Suffer my fatigue as I repose at your feet,
Dreaming of dear instants that will refresh me.
On your young breast allow my head to rest,
Still ringing with your last kisses;
Let it calm itself after the pleasant tempest,
And let me sleep a little, since you are resting.
Tristes apprêts
Mournful Apparitions

Mournful apparitions, pale flames,
Day more frightening than darkness,
Dismal stars within tombs,
No, I shall no longer see anything other than your funeral beams.

You, who see my broken heart,
Father of daylight! Oh Sun, Oh my father!
I no longer wish the gift that Castor has lost,
And I renounce the light.

Vedró con mio diletto
I Will See with Joy

I will see with joy,
the soul of my soul
heart of my heart full of content.

And if from my dear object
I be far away
I will sigh, suffering every moment.

Sposa son disprezzata
I am wife and I am scorned

I am wife and I am scorned,
I am faithful and I’m outraged.
Heavens, what have I done?
And yet he is my heart,
my husband, my love,
my hope.
I love him, but he is unfaithful,
I hope, but he is cruel,
will he let me die?
O God, valor is missing -
valor and constancy
**Frühlingstimmen**  
Voices of Spring

The lark rises into the blue,  
the mellow wind mildly blowing;  
his lovely mild breath revives  
and kisses the field, the meadow.  
Spring in all its splendor rises,  
ah all hardship is over,  
sorrow becomes milder,  
good expectations,  
the belief in happiness returns;  
sunshine, you warm us,  
ah, all is laughing, oh, oh awakes!

A fountain of songs is rising,  
who has been silent for too long;  
from the brush sounds clear and light  
the sweet voice again!  
Ah, gently the nightingale lets  
stream the first notes,  
so as not to disturb the queen;  
hush, all you other singers!  
More powerful soon chimes her sweet voice.  
Oh, soon, oh, oh soon!  
Ah........

Oh, song of the nightingale, sweet sound, ah yes!  
Glowing with love, ah, ah, ah,  
sounds the song, ah and the sound,  
sweet and cozy, seems to carry a plaintive note,  
ah, ah rocks the heart to sweet dreams,  
ah, ah, ah, ah, most gently!  
As haltingly vanishes the night,  
the lark starts to sing,  
ah, the light she promises,  
shadows recede! Ah!

Ah springs voices sound like home,  
Ah yes, ah yes oh sweet sound,  
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah yes.
Scots Song

O softly, softly, she came in
And softly she lay down:
I knew her by her cool lips
And her breasts were small and round.

All through the night we spoke no word
Nor parted bone from bone:
All through the night I heard her heart
Go in sound with my own.

It was about the waking hour
When cocks began to crow
That she slipped softly thru the darkness
Before the day would dawn.

So softly, softly, she came in
So softly was she gone;
And with her all my summer days
Like they had never been.

Ballad

O! surely you have seen my love
Down where the waters wind:
He walks like one who fears no man
And yet his eyes are kind.

O! surely you have seen my love
At the turning of the tide;
For then he gathers in the nets
Down by the waterside.

O! lassie I have seen your love
At the turning of the tide;
And he was with the fisher folk
Down by the waterside.

The fisher folk were at their trade
Not far from Walnut Grove;
They gathered in their dripping nets
And found your one true love.