
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Recital

Maria Miller

Soprano

Abby Stewart

Piano

Assisted by:

**Kaitlyn Carr, Emily Gettman, Alexa Hayman,
Daphne Rinkus, Abby Weller**

Saturday, November 13, 2021 at 4:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Villanelle.....Hector Berlioz
(1776-1848)
Si tu le veux Charles Koechlin
(1867-1950)
Guitare..... Georges Bizet
(1835-1875)

Heiss mich nicht reden Franz Schubert
So lasst mich scheinen (1797-1828)
Kennst du das Land Robert Schumann
(1819-1969)

Caro laccio dolce nodo..... Francesco Gasparini
(1665-1737)
Delizie contente, che l'alma beate..... Francesco Cavalli
(1599-1676)
Ragion sempre addita..... Alessandro Stradella
(1645-1681)

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto (*Don Giovanni*).....W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Intermission

Myself I Shall Adore (*Semele*)..... G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Wondering Josh Cumbee, Jordan Powers
(b. unknown, b. unknown)

Emily Gettman, Soprano

Flight..... Craig Carnelia
(b. 1949)

Kaitlyn Carr, Soprano

Break From the Line..... Joey Contreras
(b. 1987)

Daphne Rinkus, Soprano

Safer (*First Date*)..... Alan Zachary
(b. unknown)

I'm not Afraid of Anything (*Songs for a New World*)..... Jason Robert Brown
(b. 1970)

How Marvelous (*I Stand Amazed*)..... Charles H. Gabriel, Chris Tomlin
(1856-1932, b. 1972)

Kaitlyn Carr, Emily Gettman, Alexa Hayman,
Daphne Rinkus, Abby Weller

Maria is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino

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

Translations

Villanelle

Poetic verses

When the new season comes,
When the cold has gone,
We two will go, my sweet,
To gather lilies-of-the-valley in the woods;
Scattering as we tread the pearls of dew
We see quivering each morn,
We'll go and hear the blackbirds
Sing!
Spring has come, my sweet;
It is the season lovers bless,
And the birds, preening their wings,
Sing songs from the edge of their nests.
Ah! Come, then, to this mossy bank
To talk of our beautiful love,
And tell me in your gentle voice:
Forever!
Far, far away we'll stray from our path,
Startling the rabbit from his hiding-place
And the deer reflected in the spring,
Admiring his great lowered antlers;
Then home we'll go, serene and at ease,
And entwining our fingers basket-like,
We'll bring back home wild
Strawberries!

Si tu le veux

If you are willing

If you are willing, oh my love,
this evening when the sun is done and night is nigh,
when one by one the distant stars
make points of gold against the dark blue sky,
come with me on the forest path.
We'll use the shadows as camouflage (and young lovers' ploy).
And I will sing to you tenderly

an amorous song in which will be all my joy!
Then if they later ask you why
your hair was tousled and awry when you came home,
you will describe in your reply
how it was playfully tousled by the wind alone.
If you are willing, oh my love...

Guitare

Guitar

How, said the men,
in our small craft
can we flee the alguazils?
– Row, said the women.
How, said the men,
can we forget feuds,
poverty and peril?
– Sleep, said the women.
How, said the men,
can we bewitch the fair
without rare potions?
– Love, said the women.

Heiss mich nicht reden

Bid me not speak

Bid me not speak, bid me be silent,
For I am bound to secrecy;
I should love to bare you my soul,
But Fate has willed it otherwise.
At the appointed time the sun dispels
The dark, and night must turn to day;
The hard rock opens up its bosom,
Does not begrudge earth its deeply hidden springs.
All humans seek peace in the arms of a friend,
There the heart can pour out its sorrow;
But my lips, alas, are sealed by a vow,
And only a god can open them.

They do not ask who is man or woman,
And no garments, no folds
Cover the transfigured body.
Though I lived without trouble and toil,
I have felt deep pain enough.
I grew old with grief before my time;
O make me forever young again!

Caro laccio dolce nodo

Dear snare, sweet knot

Dear snare, sweet knot,
That has bound my thoughts,
I know, I suffer and even rejoice;
I am glad and a prisoner.

Delizie contente, che l'alma beate

Joyful delights, making my soul blissful

Joyful delights, making my soul blissful, come to an end.
On my very heart
do not trickle the joys of love any more.
Dear pleasures, come to an end now:
I cannot desire any longer, it is enough.
In Cupid's lap, in sweet chains I would like to expire.
Mortal sweetness, guide me to death
in the arms of my beloved.

Ragion sempre addita

Reason always points out

Reason always points out
to the gentle soul
that, loved or scorned,
its steady manner
it should not change, no, no.
I also will follow [this principle].

To untie my foot
From the laces of faithfulness
I do not attempt, I do not want;
I also will follow.

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto

Beat, beat, oh handsome Masetto

Beat, beat, oh handsome Masetto
Your poor Zerlina;
I'll stay here, as a little sheep,
To wait for your blows.
I'll let (you) lacerate my (horse)hair,
I'll let (you) take out my eyes,
And your dear little hands
I'll then be happily able to kiss.
Ah, I see that, you have no heart!
Peace, peace, oh my life,
In happiness and in gaiety
Night and day - we want to spend,
Yes, night and day - we want to spend.