



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Junior Recital

Soprano

Piano

Julie Knott, Josiah Provan, and Maria Miller

Saturday, November 20, 2021 at 8:00 p.m.

Affanni del pensier George Frederic Handel
(1685-1759)

Les berceaux Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Chanson d'amour

The Sally Gardens..... Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

At the mid hour of night

Lied der Mignon Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Du Ring an meinem Finger Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Die Lotosblume

An die Musik..... Franz Schubert

'Tis Done! I Am a Bride (*Yeoman of the Guard*) W.S. Gilbert
and Arthur Sullivan
(1836-1911/1842-1900)

Feed the Birds (*Mary Poppins*) Robert and Richard Sherman
(1925-2012/1950-present)

Julie Knott, soprano

Still wie die Nacht Carl Bohm
(1797-1828)

Josiah Provan, tenor

WonderingJosh Cumbee and Jordan Powers
Maria Miller, soprano
Goodnight My Someone (*The Music Man*)..... Meredith Willson
(1902-1984)

Emily Gettman is a student of Tara Savarino

My troubled thoughts

My troubled thoughts

For a single moment

At least, give me peace

And then you may return.

Ah! In my sad heart

I feel you already,

You that stubbornly

Disturb my peace.

The cradles

Along the quays, the large ships

Rocked silently by the surge

Do not heed the cradles

Which the hands of the women rock.

But the day of farewells will come,

For the women are bound to weep,

And the inquisitive men

Must dare the horizons that lure them!

And on that day the large ships,

Fleeing from the vanishing port,

Feel their bulk held back

By the soul of their far away cradles.

Song of love

I love your eyes, I love your face,

I love your eyes, I love your lips

Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.

I love your voice, I love the strange

Gracefulness of everything that you say,

O my rebellious one, o my dear angel,

My inferno and my paradise!

I love your eyes, I love your face,

I love everything that makes you beautiful,
From your feet to your hair,
O you, to whom ascend all my desires!

Song of Mignon

Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer.
Alone, cut off from all joy,

in that direction.

Ah, he who loves and knows me
is far away.
I feel giddy,

Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer.

My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

Childhood's peaceful dream.
I found myself alone, forlorn
In boundless desolation.

Opened my eyes
To life's deep eternal worth.
I shall serve him, live for him,
Belong to him wholly,

My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

The sun's splendor,
And with bowed head,
Dreaming, awaits the night.
The moon is her lover,
And wakes her with his light,
And to him she tenderly unveils

She blooms and glows and gleams,
And gazes silently aloft—

