
Kaitlyn Carr

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HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Intermission

Kaitlyn Carr is a student of Tara Savarino

Translations

Se mai vien tocca
(If ever it is touched)

Pur dicesti, o bocca bella
(Oh, delightful mouth, at last you have uttered)

O del mio dolce ardor
(O my sweet passion)

Verborgenheit
(Seclusion)

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
It's rapture, it's pain!

I do not know why I grieve,
It is unknown sorrow;
Always through a veil of tears
I see the sun's beloved light.

O en I am lost in thought,
And bright joy ashes
 rough the oppressive gloom,
Bringing rapture to my breast.

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
It's rapture, it's pain!

Spring is floating its blue banner
On the breezes again;
Sweet, well-remembered scents
Drip portentously across the land.

Violets, already dreaming,
Will soon begin to bloom.
Listen, the sound of a harp!
Spring, that must be you!
It's you I've heard!

Let me appear an angel until I become one;
Do not take my white dress from me!
I hasten from that beautiful earth
Down to that impregnable house.

 ere in brief repose I'll rest,
 en my eyes open, renewed;
My pure garment then I'll leave,
With girdle and rosary, behind.

And those heavenly beings,
 ey do not ask who is man or woman,
And no garments, no folds
Cover the transfused body.

 ough 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!