



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Recital

Delaney Reed

Mezzo-Soprano

Daniel Glessner

Piano

Sunday, January 22, 2022 at 4:00 p.m.

Program

Les cloches..... Claude Debussy
Romance (1862-1918)
C'est l'extase

Tu mi chiedi s'io t'adoro..... Gaetano Donizetti
Sull'onda cheta e bruna (1797-1848)
L'amante spagnuolo

Intermission

Va! Laisse couler mes larmes (Werther)..... Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

A Charm of Lullabies..... Benjamin Britten
1. A Cradle Song (1913-1976)
2. The Highland Balou
3. Sephestia's Lullaby
4. A Charm
5. The Nurse's Song

Nicht wiedersehen!..... Gustav Mahler
Erinnerung (1860-1911)
Scheiden und Meiden

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

Delaney Reed is a student of Tara Savarino

Translations

Les cloches

The bells

The leaves opened upon the edge of
the branches,

Delicately.

The bells rang, light and free,
In the clear sky.

Rhythmically and fervently, like an
antiphon,

This distant call

Reminded me of the Christian
whiteness

Of altar flowers.

These bells told of happy years,
And, in the great forest,
Seemed to revive the withered leaves
Of days gone by.

Romance

Romance

The spent and suffering soul,
The sweet soul, the soul steeped
In the divine lilies I gathered
In the garden of your thoughts,
Where have the winds dispersed it,
This adorable lilies' soul?

Does not a single scent remain
Of the heavenly softness
Of the days when you enclosed me
In a supernatural mist,
Made of hope, of faithful love,
Of bliss and of peace?

C'est l'extase

It is rapture

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,

It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out.
You might take it for the muffled
sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?

Tu mi chiedi s'io t'adoro

You ask me if I adore you

You ask me if I adore you
If I am faithful still
If every day, if at every hour
Are you the arbitrator of the heart?
Yes, my dear, I am faithful to you
I think of you every moment
You are the angel, the guide
My joy, my pain.

Sull'onda cheta e bruna

On the silent and dark wave

On the silent and dark wave
Before the moon rises
Quickly, O gondolier
Please, embark on your path
But see that your prow
Lightly caresses the sea.
Only Leonora
Who anxiously sings each hour,
May hear the beating heart of
The faithful lover who is rowing.

L'amante spagnolo

The Spanish lover

Run, speed, quickly!
Run, devour the way
Carry me to the side of the angel
That my life is decorated with
flowers.
Oh, before the dawn in the sky

Spreads its rosy veil,
May she be alerted by your neighing
That her faithful one will return.
And her jubilant face