

E S A H
UNIVERSITY

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Junior Recital

Soprano

Piano

Sunday, October 8, 2023 at 4:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Non disperar; chi sà? se al regno (*Giulio Cesare*)..... George Friedrich Handel
(1685 – 1759)

Cinq Mélodies Populaires GrecquesMaurice Ravel
I. Chanson de la mariée (1875 – 1937)
II. Là-bas, vers l'église
III. Quel galant m'est comparable
IV. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
V. Tout gai!

Come to My Aid (*The Merry Wives of Windsor*).....Otto Nicolai
(1810 – 1849)

Fair House of Joy Roger Quilter
(1877 – 1953)

Will There Really Be a Morning? Ricky Ian Gordon
(b. 1956)

La serenata Francesco Paolo Tosti
Luna d'estate (1846 – 1916)
Sogno

Green Finch and Linnet Bird (*Sweeny Todd*).....Stephen Sondheim
(1930 – 2021)
I Could Have Danced All Night (*My Fair Lady*)Frederick Lowe
(1901 – 1988)

Abigail Weller is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino

Do not despair

Don't despair. Who knows,
Even if you do not ascend to the throne,
You just might be lucky in love.
You will surely find consolation for your heart just by
Looking at beautiful ladies.

The bride's awakening

Wake up, wake up, pretty partridge
Spread your wings to the morning,
Three beauty spots- and my heart's ablaze
See the golden ribbon I bring you
To tie around your tresses
If you wish, my beauty, let us marry!
In our two families all are related.

Down there by the church

Down there by the church,
By the church of Saint Sideros
The Church, O Holy Virgin,
The Church of Saint Constantine,
Are gathered together, buried in infinite numbers,
The bravest people, O Holy Virgin,
The bravest people in the world!

What gallant can compare with me?

What gallant can compare with me?

Among those seen passing by?

Tell me, Mistress Vassiliki?

See, hanging at my belt,

Pistols and sharp sword...

And it's you I love!

Song of the lentisk gatherers

O joy of my soul, joy of my heart,
Treasure so dear to me;
Joy of the soul and of the heart,
You whom I love with passion,
You are more beautiful than an angel.
Oh, when you appear, angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a lovely, blond angel
Under the bright sun-
Alas, all our poor hearts sigh!

So Merry!

So merry,
Ah so merry;
Lovely leg, tireli, that dances
Lovely leg, the crockery dances,
Tra la la.

The serenade

Fly, O serenade;
My beloved is alone,
And with the beautiful head abandoned,
Laying under the sheets;
O serenade, f y.
O serenade, f y.

The moon shines pure,
Wings of silence stretch out,
And behind the veils of the dark alcove,
The lamp lights burns.
Even the moon shines.
Even the moon shines.

Fly, O serenade,
Fly, O serenade, f y.
Ah! There. Ah! there.

Fly, O serenade;
My beloved is alone,
But smiling [while] half asleep,
Back under the sheets:
O serenade, f y.
O serenade, f y.

The wave dreams on the shore,
And the wind on the frond;
And a nest still refuses my kisses
My blonde lady.
Dream the wave on the shore.
Dream the wave on the shore.

Fly, O serenade,
Fly, O serenade, f y.

You were speaking quietly,
Asking me for forgiveness.
That she be allowed just one glance,
You begged, curled at my feet.
I stayed silent and, with a strong will, fought the irresistible desire.
I had faced martyrdom and death;
Still, I forced myself to say no.
But then your lips touched my face,
And my heart betrayed me.
I closed my eyes, and reached out to you;
But I had been dreaming, and that beautiful dream vanished.

