

E S A H  
UN VERITY

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Presents in Junior Recital

Saturday, February 10, 2024 at 4:00 p.m.

# Program

Arise, My Soul, Arise.....Dan Forrest  
(1978)

Voce di donna (La Gioconda) .....Amilcare Ponchielli  
(1834-1886)

Widmung.....Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

Heidenröslein .....Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

À Chloris ..... Reynaldo Hahn  
(1875-1947)

Voi, Che Sapete (Le Nozze di Figaro)..... Wolfgang A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Give Me Jesus ..... Moses Hogan  
(1957-2003)

## Intermission

Misty ..... Johnny Burke  
(1908-1964)

It's De-Lovely.....Jerri Southern  
(1926-1991)

Quinn Cameron, Piano

A Quiet Place .....Julie Gaulke  
(1966)

Eliana McFate; Soprano 1

# Translations

## Voce di donna

O voice of woman or angel,  
Who has freed me of my chains;  
My blindness forbids me the sight  
of your saintly face.  
Still you cannot leave me,  
Without a pious gift!  
This rosary is for you,  
Pray, accept it,  
With my prayers added it will bring  
you luck.  
May my benediction be upon you!

## Widmung

You my soul, you my heart,  
You my rapture, O you my pain,  
You my world in which I live,  
My heaven you, to which I aspire,  
O you my grave, into which my  
grief forever I've consigned!  
You are repose, you are peace,  
You are bestowed on me from  
heaven.  
Your love for me gives me my  
worth,

You raise me lovingly above myself,  
My guardian angel, my better self!

## Heidenröslein

A boy saw a wild rose  
growing in the heather;  
it was so young, and as lovely as the  
morning.

He ran swiftly to look more closely,  
looked on it with great joy.  
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,  
wild rose in the heather.

Said the boy: I shall pluck you,  
wild rose in the heather!  
Said the rose: I shall prick you  
so that you will always remember  
me.

And I will not suffer it.  
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,  
wild rose in the heather.

And the impetuous boy plucked  
the wild rose from the heather;  
the rose defended herself and  
pricked him,  
but her cries of pain were to no  
avail;  
she simply had to suffer.  
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,  
wild rose in the heather.

## À Chloris

If it be true, Chloris, that you love  
me,  
(And I'm told you love me dearly),  
I do not believe that even kings  
Can match the happiness I know.  
Even death would be powerless  
To alter my fortune  
With the promise of heavenly bliss!  
All that they say of ambrosia  
Does not stir my imagination  
Like the favour of your eyes!

## Voi, Che Sapete (Le Nozze di Figaro)

You who know what love is,  
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.  
I'll tell you what I'm feeling,  
It's new for me, and I understand  
nothing.  
I have a feeling, full of desire,  
Which is by turns delightful and  
miserable.  
I freeze and then feel my soul go up

to ice.  
I'm searching for affection outside  
of myself, I don't know how to hold  
it, nor even what it is!  
I sigh and lament without wanting  
to, I twitter and tremble without

night nor day, but still I rather enjoy  
languishing this way.  
You who know what love is,  
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.