



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Joint Junior Recital

Mezzo-soprano

Violin

Piano

Julia Laessig, Piano

Saturday, November 2, 2024, at 6:00 p.m.

Program

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Les berceaux Gabriel Fauré
Mandoline (1845-1924)
Adieu

Jordan Rodgers

Sonata No.6 in E Major G.F. Handel
I. Adagio cantabile (1685-1759)
II. Allegro
III. Largo
IV. Allegro non troppo

Kylie Walker

“My Lord a Suppliant at Thy Feet” (*Iolanthe*)

Selections from *Frauenliebe und Leben* Robert Schumann
Seit ich ihn gesehen (1810-1856)
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Jordan Rodgers

Kylie Walker is a student of Peter Sirotn

Jordan Rodgers is a student of Damian Savarino

Translations

The cradles

Along the quay the great ships,
Listing silently with the surge,
Pay no heed to the cradles
Rocked by women's hands.

But the day of parting will come,
For it is decreed that women shall weep,
And that men with questing spirits
Shall seek enticing horizons.

And on that day the great ships,
Leaving the dwindling harbor behind,
Shall feel their hulls held back
By the soul of the distant cradles.

Mandolin

The gallant serenaders
And their fair listeners
Exchange sweet nothings
Beneath singing boughs.

Tirsis is there, Aminte is there,
And tedious Clitandre too,
And Damis who for many a cruel maid
Writes many a tender song.

Their short silken doublets,
Their long trailing gowns,
Their elegance, their joy,
And their soft blue shadows

Whirl madly in the rapture
Of a grey and roseate moon,
And the mandolin jangles on
In the shivering breeze.

Farewell

How swiftly all things die, the rose in bloom,
And the cool dappled mantle of the meadows;
Long-drawn sighs, loved ones, all smoke!

In this fickle world we see our dreams
Change more swiftly than waves on the shore,
Our hearts change more swiftly than frosted flowers!

To you I thought I would be faithful, cruel one,
But alas! the longest loves are short!

And I say, taking leave of your charms, without tears,
Almost at the moment of my avowal, Farewell!

Since first seeing him

Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind,
Wherever I look,
Him only I see;
As in a waking dream
His image hovers before me,
Rising out of deepest darkness
Ever more brightly.

All else is dark and pale
Around me,
My sisters' games
I no more long to share,
I would rather weep
Quietly in my room;
Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind.

I cannot grasp it, believe it

Now you have caused me my first pain

Now you have caused me my first pain,

But it struck hard,

You sleep, you harsh and pitiless man,

The sleep of death.

The deserted one stares ahead,

The world is void.

I have loved and I have lived,

And now my life is done.

Silently I withdrew

Then I fall sad,

