



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Junior Recital

# Anne McIlvaine

Mezzo-soprano

**Dr. Bradley Hull**

Piano

**Assisted by:**

Paige Kriel, Viola

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

**HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL**

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

# Program

- Va pure ad altri in braccio (*La finta giardiniera*) ..... W. A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)  
Es ist vollbracht (*St. John's Passion*) ..... J. S. Bach  
(1685-1750)

- Miss Manners on Music ..... Dominick Argento  
I. Prologue (1927-2019)  
V. Miss Manners at a Church Recital  
VI. Miss Manners at the Opera

## Intermission

- Zwei Gesänge für eine Altstimme mit Bratsche und Klavier, Opus 91* ..... J. Brahms  
I. Gestille Sehnsucht (1833-1897)  
II. Geistliches Wiegenlied

Paige Kriel, Viola

- Que fais-tu, Blanche Tourterelle? (*Roméo et Juliette*) ..... Charles Gounod  
(1818-1893)  
Il segreto per esser felici (*Lucrezia Borgia*) ..... Gaetano Donizetti  
(1797-1848)

*Anne McIlvaine is a student of Dr. Joy Meade*

# Translations

## **Va pure ad altri in braccio**

Go then to the arms of another

And it has come to this,  
your ungrateful deceit!

Tell me, barbarous woman,  
wicked monster of cruelty,  
of what crime is this poor heart guilty?

Ah, how my anger prevents my breathing.  
And I feel in my breast,  
hate, disdain, fury, anger and spite.

Go then to the arms of another  
deceitful, ungrateful woman,  
cruel and pitiless Fury,  
I will always be yours!

Indeed, you wish me to be miserable,  
and, far from your sight,  
I will die miserable.

## **Es ist vollbracht**

It is finished

It is fulfilled!

Oh, what comfort for the deeply wounded souls!

The night of grief and sorrow  
has now reached its last hours.

The hero from Judah wins with might  
and ends the battle.

It is finished!

## **Gestille Sehnsucht**

Stilled longing

Immersed in the golden light of evening  
how festive the woods stand!

The gentle blowing of the evening breezes  
mingles with the soft voices of the little birds.

What does the wind whisper to the little birds?  
They are whispering the world to sleep.

You desires, that are always stirring  
In my heart without rest or peace!  
You longings, that the breast move,  
when will you rest, when will you sleep?  
To the whispering of the wind and the little birds,  
when will you, longing desires, fall asleep?  
Ah, when no longer into the golden distance  
my spirit on dream wings hurries,  
no longer on the eternally distant stars  
With a longing gaze my eye lingers;  
then the wind and the little birds will whisper  
my longing with my life away.

### **Geistliches Wiegenlied**

Spiritual Lullaby

You who hover about these palms  
in night and wind, you holy angels,  
silence the treetops!  
Here sleeps my child.

You palms of Bethlehem  
In the wind's roaring,  
how can you today so angrily whistle!  
Oh roar not so!  
Be still, bow down  
yourselves softly and gently;  
silence the treetops!  
Here sleeps my child.

The boy of heaven  
endures discomfort,  
ah, how very tired he became  
From the pain of the earth.

Ah, now in sleep him  
quietly softened, the pain melts away,  
silence the treetops!  
Here sleeps my child.

Fierce cold rushes downward,  
With what then can I cover  
the little child's limbs?  
Oh, all you angels,

you who go on wing upon the wind,  
silence the treetops!  
Here sleeps my child.

**Que fais-tu, Blanche Tourterelle?**

What are you doing, White turtledove?

Since yesterday I have-sought in vain for my master!  
Is he still at the home of you, my lords, the Capulets?  
Let us see a little if your worthy servants  
at my voice this morning will dare to reappear.

What are you doing, white turtledove,  
in this nest of vultures?

Some day, spreading your wing,  
you will follow the love!

The vultures, they need the battle,  
by striking with thrust and with cut  
their beaks are sharpened!

Leave here, these birds of prey,  
turtledove, who gets your joy  
from amorous kisses!

Guard well, Fair one!

Whoever lives will see!

Your turtledove from you will escape!

A ring dove, far from the green farmland,  
by love drawn,  
all around that nest savage  
has, I think, sighed words of love!

The vultures are scrambling for the spoils,  
their songs, from which flees Cytherea,  
resound with a great noise!

However, in their sweet intoxication  
our lovers tell of their tenderness  
To the stars of the night!

**Il segreto per esser felici**

The secret of being happy

The secret of being happy

I know how to live it and I teach it to my friends

Be it serene, be it a cloudy sky,

every weather, be it warm, be it freezing,  
I joke and I drink and deride the madmen  
who only think of the future.

Let us not concern ourselves about the uncertain tomorrow,  
when this day has been given to enjoy.

Let us make the most of the years of our youth,  
The pleasure makes them pass more slowly;  
If old age with a black face  
Should stand at my back and threaten my life,  
I joke and I drink and deride the madmen  
who only think of the future.

Let us not concern ourselves about the uncertain tomorrow,  
when this day has been given to enjoy



