



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Recital

Emily Evans
Soprano

Tyler Canonico-Dilley
Piano

Saturday, March 22, 2045 at 4:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Se tu m'ami.....Giovanni Battista Pergolesi
(1710-1736)

Se Florindo e fedele..... Alessandro Scarlatti
Le violette (1659-1725)

Wie bist du meine Königen Johannes Brahms
Minnelied (1833-1897)
Sonntag

Una donna a quindici anni (*Così fan tutte*).....Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Intermission

i carry your heartJohn Duke
Loveliest of Trees (1899-1984)
Bee! I'm expecting you!

Au bord de l'eauGabriel Fauré
Automne (1845-1924)
En prière

Hear ye, Israel (*Elijah*).....Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

Emily Evans is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino

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

Translations

Se tu m'ami

If you love me

If you love me, if you sigh

Only for me, gentle shepherd:

I am saddened by your suffering,

I am made happy by your love.

But if you think that

I must only love you alone,

Little shepherd, you are subject

Easily to self deception

Beautiful red rose

Today Silvia will choose;

With the excuse of the thorns,

Tomorrow, then, will she despise it

But the advise of the men

I will not follow-

Just because the lily pleases me,

I do not have to despise the other flowers.

Se Florindo e fedele

If Florindo is faithful

If Florindo is faithful,

I shall fall in love for sure.

The archer, fully equipped,

May well draw his bow,

But I will know how to defend myself

From a seductive glance.

Prayers, weeping, complaints:

No heed shall I pay to these.

But if he remains faithful,

I shall fall in love.

Le violette

The violets

Dewy, fragrant, charming violets,

You stand there modestly,

Half hidden among the leaves,

And ridicule my wishes

Which are too bold

Wie bist du, meine Königen

How blissful you are, my queen

How blissful you are, my queen,
When you are gentle and good!
Merely smile, and spring fragrance wafts
Through my spirit blissfully!
The brightness of freshly blooming roses,
Shall I compare it to yours?
Ah, soaring over all the blooms
Is your bloom, blissful!
Wander through dead wastelands,
And green shadows will be spreading,
Even if fearful sultriness
Broods there without end... blissfully!
Let me die in your arms!
It is in them that Death itself,
Even if the sharpest pain
Rages in my breast... is blissful!

Minnelied

Lovesong

Delightfully sound the birdsongs
When the pure angel
Who conquered my young heart
Wanders through the wood.
Redder bloom the valleys and meadows,
Greener becomes the grass
Where the fingers of my lady
Are picking little mayflowers.
Without her, everything is dead.
Blossoms and herbs are wilted;
And no spring sunset
Would seem to be as fair and fine.
Darling, lovely woman,
Never wish to flee;
That my heart, as well as this meadow,
Might bloom in joy!

Sonntag

Sunday

For an entire week
I have not seen my dear sweetheart,
I saw her on Sunday
Standing in front of the door:
The thousand-fold beautiful girl,
The thousand-fold beautiful heart,
Would, God, I were with her today!
For an entire week
My laughter has not ceased;
I saw her on Sunday,
Going to church:
The thousand-fold beautiful girl
The thousand-fold beautiful heart,
Would, God, I were with her today!

Una donna a quindici anni

A woman of fifteen years

At fifteen, a woman
Should know the ways of the world,
Where the devil keeps his tail,
What's right and what is wrong.
She should know the wiles
That ensnare lovers,
How to feign laughter or tears
And to make up good excuses.
At one and the same moment
She must listen to a hundred
But speak with her eyes
To a thousand,
Hold out hope to all,
By they handsome or plain,
Know how to hide things
Without getting flustered,
Know how to tell lies
Without ever blushing.
And, like a queen
On her lofty throne,
Get her own way
With "I can" and "I will."

It seems they're taking
To this doctrine;
Hooray for Despina,
She knows how to do it.

Au bord du l'eau
At the water's edge

To sit together beside the passing stream
To watch it flow by,
Together, if a cloud glides by in space,
To watch it glide,
On the horizon, if smoke rises from a thatched roof,
To watch it smoke,
Nearby, if there is a fragrant flower,
We are imbued with its fragrance,
If there is a fruit that the bees enjoy,
Taste it, enjoy;
If there is a bird that in the woods listens,
Sing, listen...
At the base of the willow to hear the water murmur,
The murmuring water;
As long as the dream lasts not to feel
Time passing;
But not feelings a deep passion
Except to adore each other,
Without a thought for the cares of the world,
To ignore them;
And alone together before all that grows weary,
Not too weary of each other,
To feel love in the face of all that passes away,
Love that will never fade!

Automne
Autumn

Autumn with skies misty, with horizons distressing,
With rapid sunsets, with dawns pale,
I watch flow by, like the water of the torrent,
Your days made up of melancholy
My spirits, borne away on the wings of regrets,
– As if our life could be reborn! –
Wander, while dreaming, over the enchanted hills,

Where once smiled by youth.
I feel, in the bright sunlight of memory triumphant,
Scattered roses flower again in bouquets;
And some tears well up in my eyes, which my heart
In my twenty years had forgotten!

En prière

In prayer

If the voice of a child can reach up to You,
Oh my Father,
Listen to Jesus, before You on knees!
The prayer!
If You have chosen me for to teach your laws
On the earth,
I will know how to serve You, noble King of Kings,
Oh Light!
On my lips, Lord, place the truth
Beneficial,
In order that he who doubts should with humility
Revere You!
Do not abandon me, give me
The necessary gentleness,
To ease suffering, to relieve sorrow,
The misery!
Reveal Yourself to me, Lord, in whom I believe
And hope:
For You I wish to suffer and to die on the cross,
At Calvary!

