



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Junior Recital

Anna Morton

Mezzo-soprano

Lizbeth Stephan

Piano

Assisted by:

Shelby Beadle

Quinn Cameron

Anne McIlvaine

Eliana McFate

And Shades of Blue Vocal Jazz

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

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Arise, My Soul, AriseDan Forrest
(1978)

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

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

HeidenrösleinFranz 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 PlaceJulie Gaulke
(1966)

Eliana McFate; Soprano 1
Shelby Beadle, Anne McIlvaine; Alto 1
Quinn Cameron; Alto 2

Let The Words..... Mervyn Warren
(1964)

Shades of Blue Vocal Jazz

Anna Morton is a student of Dr. Joy Meade

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,
Your eyes transfigure me in mine,
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
in flames, then in a moment I turn
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
knowing why, I find peace neither
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.