



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Recital

Victoria Lang

Soprano

Dr. Jaime Namminga
Piano

Sunday, November 3, 2024 at 2:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

“No Word from Tom... I Go to Him” (*The Rake’s Progress*)Igor Stravinsky
(1882-1971)

Selections from *Les Heures Claires*Nadia Boulanger
C’etait en juin... (1887-1979)
Roses de Juin
S’il arrive jamais

Sechs LiederEdvard Grieg
Gruss (1843-1907)
Dereinst, Gedanke mein
Lauf der Welt
Die verschwiegene Nachtigall
Zur Rosenzeit
Ein Traum

Intermission

“Oh! Quante Volte” (*I Capuleti e i Montecchi*) Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Newer Every DayJake Heggie
Silence (b. 1961)
I’m Nobody! Who are you?
Fame
That I did always love
Goodnight

“Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém” (*Rusalka*) Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)

*Victoria Lang is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino
Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements of the degree
Bachelor of Science in Music Education*

Translations

C'était en juin...

It was June...

It was June, in the garden, it was our time and our day;
And our eyes looked, with such love, the things,
That seemed to us, that gently opened, and we saw, and we loved the roses.

The sky was so pure it never was:

The insects and the birds were flying in gold and in the joy with an air cool as silk;
And our kisses were so beautiful that they exalted both the light and the birds.

It seemed like happiness who suddenly becomes blue
and wants the whole sky for splendor;

All of life entered, by sweet breezes, in our being, to grow.

And these were only invocatory cries, and crazy impulses and prayers and wishes,
And the need, sudden, to recreate the gods, in order to believe.

Roses de Juin

Roses of June

Roses of June, the most beautiful, with your hearts of pierced sun;
Roses violent and tranquil, and such than a light flight of birds posed
on the branches;

Roses of June and of July, straight and new,
Mouths, kisses who together are moved or calmed,
with the coming and going of the wind,
Caress of shadow and of gold, in the moving garden;

Roses of silent ardor and of gentle will,

Voluptuous Roses in your foam sheaths

You who pass the midsummer day, to love you, in the clarity;

Roses lively, fresh, magnificent, all our roses

Oh! that parallels to you our many desires, in dear fatigue or trembling pleasure

They love each other, exalt themselves and they rest.

S'il arrive jamais

Should it ever occur

Should it ever occur that we are, without knowing,
Suffering or in pain or despairing, one for the other;
If it happened that fatigue, or the banal pleasure
Relax in us the golden arc of high desire;

If the crystal of pure thought must fall in our hearts and break,
If despite everything, I felt defeated for not having been
quiet prey to the divine immensity of goodness;
Then, oh! let's embrace like two sublime madmen
Who under the broken skies, cling to the peaks all the same and, in one single soar,
Our souls in the sun, exalt themselves in death.

Gruss

Greeting

Quietly passing through my mind, lovely ringing.
Ring out, little song of spring,
Sound out into the distance.

Go out, to the house, where the violets sprout,
When you look at a rose, say, I send my regards.

Dereinst, Gedanke mein

One day, my thoughts

One day, my thoughts, you will be at rest.
Love does not let you become still: in cool Earth you will sleep well;
there without love and without pain you will be at rest.

What you have not found in life, when it disappeared, it will be given to you.
Then without wounds and without pain you will be at rest.

Lauf der Welt

The Way of the World

Every evening I go out, up to the meadow bridge.
She looks out of her garden house, it stands right on the way.
We've never planned to meet, it's just the way of the world.

I don't know how it happened, I've been kissing her for a long time,
I ask not, she does not say: yes! But she says: no! also no.
When lips like to rest on lips, we won't stop it, we think it is good.

The breeze plays with the rose, it doesn't ask: do you love me? The Rose cools
itself in the dew, it doesn't say: give! I love her, she loves me, but neither says: I
love you!

Die verschwiegene Nachtigall

The Secretive Nightingale

Under the trees, by the heath, where I sat with my beloved,
There you may find, how both of us crushed the flowers and the grass.
Outside the wood with a sweet sound, Tandaradei!
Sang the nightingale in the valley.

I came walking to the meadow, my beloved came before me.
I was received as a noble lady, which fills me still with bliss.
Did he offer me kisses? Tandaradei! See, how red my mouth is!

If anyone knew, how I lay there, God forbid, I'd be ashamed.
How my darling heart, no one will know but he and I; and a little bird, Tandaradei!
Who won't say a word.

Zur Rosenzeit

At the time of roses

You fade, sweet roses, my love did not wear you;
Bloom, ah! for one bereft of hope, whose soul now breaks with grief!

I think of those days sorrowfully, and I, angel, set my heart on you,
And waiting for the first little bud went early to my garden;
All the blossoms, all the fruit
At your very feet, and before your face
Hope beats in my heart.

You fade, sweet roses, my love did not wear you;
Bloom, ah! for one bereft of hope, whose soul now breaks with grief!

Ein Traum

A Dream

I once dreamed a beautiful dream: my love was a blonde maid;
It was in the green woodland glade, it was in the warm springtime:

The buds bloomed, the forest stream swelled,
From a distant village was the sound of bells.
We were so full of bliss, so lost in happiness.

And more beautiful yet than the dream, it happened in reality:
It was in the green woodland glade, it was in the warm springtime
The forest stream swelled, the buds bloomed,
From the village came the sound of bells.
I held you fast, I held you long and now shall never let you go!

O woodland glade so green with spring, you shall live in me forevermore!
There reality became a dream, there dream became reality!

Oh! Quante Volte

Oh! How often...

Here I am dressed brilliantly...

Here I am adorned...

like a victim at the altar.

Oh! if only I could fall like a sacrifice at the base of the altar!

O nuptial flames, so horrid to me so fateful, may you, ah!

may you be my funeral flames.

I burn... a blaze, a furnace completely engulfs me.

A cooling breeze I seek vainly!

Where are you, Romeo? To what land have you gone?

Where, where shall I send, where, my yearning cries?

Oh! how often, oh! very often I call for you crying to heaven!

With what ardor I look for you and mislead my desire!

A vision of your face,

Ah! the sunlight seems to me: Ah! the winds that drift around me seem to be
your breath.

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém

Moon in the deep sky

Moon in the deep sky, your light travels far,

you wander through the wide world, you see into people's dwellings.

Moon, stand for a moment,

Tell me, tell, where is my love!

Tell him, silvery moon, that my arms embrace him,

for at last, momentarily let him remember me in his dreams.

Shine on him from far away, illuminate,

Tell him, tell, who is waiting for him!

If his human soul dreams of me,

may the memory awaken him!

Moon, don't disappear!

