



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Junior Recital

Elizabeth Lebo
Soprano

Daniel Glessner
Piano

Sunday, November 17, 2024 at 4:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Sweeter than roses.....	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Menuet d'Exaudet	Andre-Joseph Exaudet (1710-1762)
Le vallon	Charles Gounod (1818-1893)
Le colibri	Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)
Villanelle des petits canards	Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894)
O mio babbino caro (<i>Gianni Schicchi</i>).....	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Intermission

Liebst du um Schönheit	Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
Ich hab' ein glühend Messer	Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)
Verborgtheit	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Hermit Songs	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
III. St. Ita's Vision	
V. The Crucifixion	
IX. The Praises of God	
Stizzoso, mio stizzoso (<i>La Serva Padrona</i>)	Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736)

Translations

Menuet d'Exaudet

Menuet of Exaudet

This pond, which lies in the plain,
Reflects, within its waters,
Green trees with vines strung together;

A pure sky,
A cloudless sky,
Quickly reflects the bright figures of images.

But while one admires,
This wave where the sky is reflected,
A breeze comes to tarnish its surface;
In one breath it confuses the features;
The shine of so many objects fades.

Le vallon

The valley

My heart, tired of everything, even of hope,
Will no longer bother fate to fulfill my wishes;
Lend me, valley of my childhood,
A one-day asylum to await death.

From here I see life, through a cloud,
It vanishes in the shadow of the past;
Only love remained: like a grand image
It survives alone when she wakes up in a faded dream.

Rest, my soul, in this last asylum
Like a traveler, who, with a heart full of hope,
Sits down before entering the city gates,
And breathes the evening air for a moment.

Your days, sad and short like autumn dates,
Decline like the shadow on the slope of the hills;
Friendship betrays you, pity abandons you,
And, alone, you go down the path of the tombs.

But nature is there which invites you and which loves you;
Immerse yourself in her breast which she always opens to you;
When everything changes for you, nature is the same,
And the same sun rises on your days.

Le colibri

The hummingbird

The green hummingbird, the king of the hills,
Feeling the dew and seeing the sun's clear light,
Shining into his nest of woven grass,
Shoots up in the air like a fresh ray.

Hurriedly he flies to the nearby marsh,
Where the waves of bamboo rustle and bend,
And the red hibiscus with the heavenly scent
Opens to show its moist and glistening heart.

To the golden flower, he descends,
And from the rosy cup, he drinks so much love,
That he dies, not knowing if he could drink it dry!

On your pure lips, my beloved,
My soul also wishes to die,
From that first, fragrant kiss.

Villanelle des petits canards

Poem of the little ducks

They go, the little ducks,
All at the side of the river
Like good country folk!

Paddlers and wrigglers,
Happy to trouble the clear water,
They go, the little ducks,
They seem a little silly,
But they are at their business,
Like good country folk!

In the water full of tadpoles,
Where light grass trembles,
They go, the little ducks,
Marching in separate groups,
In a regular pace,
Like good country folk!

Amorous and nasal,
Each one with its gossip,
They go, the little ducks,
Like good country folk!

O mio babbino caro

Oh daddy dearest

Oh, daddy dearest, I love him so much;
I want to go to Porta Rossa to buy the ring!
Yes, yes, that's where I want to go!
But if you don't let me, I will go to the Ponte Vecchio,
To throw myself into the Arno river!
I'm torn apart by my torment! I want to die!
Daddy, have mercy!

Liebst du um Schönheit

If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty, then do not love me!
Love the sun, with its golden hair!
If you love for youth, then do not love me!
Love the spring, which is young every year!
If you love for treasure, then do not love me!
Love the mermaid, who has many shining pearls!
If you love for love, oh then love me!
Love me always, as I will always love you!

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer

I have a gleaming knife

I have gleaming knife,
A knife in my breast.

O woe!

It cuts so deeply
Into every joy and delight.
Alas, what an evil guest it is!
Never does it rest or relax,
Not by day or by night, when I would sleep.
O woe!

When I gaze up into the sky,
I see two blue eyes there.

O woe!

When I walk in the yellow field,
I see from afar her blond hair
Waving in the wind.

O woe!

When I start from a dream
And hear the clinking of her silvery laugh,
O woe!
I want to lay in my black coffin
And never open my eyes!

Verborgenheit

Secrecy

Leave, oh world, oh leave me be!
Do not tempt me with trifles of love,
Let this heart have all to itself
Its bliss, its anguish!

For what I am mourning, I know not,
It is unfamiliar woe;
Evermore through tears I see
The dear light of the sun.

Often I am hardly aware of myself,
And bright joy flashes like lightning
Through the weight that is pressing upon me,
Blissfully within my breast.

Stizzoso, mio stizzoso

Angry, my angry one

Angry, my angry one,
You behave with arrogance,
But no! It won't help your position.
You must keep to my prohibitions,
And keep silent, and not talk,
Shut up! Shut up!
These are Serpina's commands.

Now I think you have understood,
Yes, you have captured the message,
Because a long time has already passed
Since you first made acquaintance with me.

