

10-13-2012

Hannah Tucker, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Hannah Tucker
Cedarville University

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Recommended Citation

Tucker, Hannah, "Hannah Tucker, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital" (2012). *Junior and Senior Recitals*. 1.
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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL

OF

HANNAH TUCKER
MEZZO-SOPRANO

GRETCHEN MAYER
PIANO

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 2012
7 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

Lungi da te Giovanni Bononcini
(1670–1747)

Qui sedes Antonio Vivaldi
(1678–1741)

Lascia ch'io pianga G. F. Handel
(1685–1759)

Assisted by Julia Hodecker and Bethany Thompson, violins
Meredith Lawrence, cello

II

Avril Léo Delibes
(1836–1891)

Clair de lune Camille Saint-Saëns
La cloche (1835–1921)

III

Du Ring an meinem Finger Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

Allerseelen Richard Strauss
(1864–1949)

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer Johannes Brahms
(1833–1897)

IV

Two Little Flowers Charles Ives
(1874–1954)

Where the Music Comes From Lee Hoiby
(1926–2011)

The Twenty-third Psalm Albert Hay Malotte
(1895–1964)

<i>My Favorite Things</i>	Richard Rodgers (1902–1979)
<i>On My Own</i>	Claude-Michel Schönberg (b. 1944)
<i>Think of Me</i>	Andrew Lloyd Webber (b. 1948)

Hannah is a student of Mark Spencer.
This recital is presented in partial fulfillment
of the Bachelor of Music Education degree.

*No flash photography, please.
Please turn off all cell phones.*

TRANSLATIONS

Lungi da te

When I am away from you, my beloved, I
am dead to all pleasure but alive to my
sorrow.

And yet hope says to me: you will be happy
if you can see. If only in your thoughts the
object of your love.

Qui sedes

Who sits at the right hand of the Father,
Lord, have mercy upon us.

Lascia ch'io pianga

Cruel Armida! With abysmal force my
perfect contentment is robbed, and I am
forced to live with eternal sadness, in
hellish torment. Lord! Ah! Have pity and let
me cry.

Let me weep for my cruel fate and sigh
after freedom!

May sorrow break these ropes of my
sufferings out of pity, of my sufferings out
of pity.

Avril

April, it is your gentle hand that out of
Nature's bosom releases a cornucopia of
perfumes and flowers filling the air and
the earth.

April, grace and charming smile of
Aphrodite, sentiment and soft breath;
April, fragrance of gods, who from the
heavens perceive the plain's pleasant
scent. It is you - courtly and gracious
who, from their exile, brings back those
passengers, the swallows which come
and are Spring's messengers.

Clair De lune

In the dreamy wood I wander, In the
wood at eventide; and thy slender,
graceful figure wanders ever by my side.

Is not this thy white veil floating? Is not
that thy gentle face? Is it but the
moonlight breaking through the dark fir-
branches space?

Can these tears so softly flowing be my
very own I hear? Or indeed, art thou
beside me, weeping, darling, close an
ear?

La cloche

Lone in thy dark old tower with turrets
scarred and drear, whence they deep
voice descends on the roofs clustering
near, o bell, high over all, mid the
clouds thou art hung which so often
resound to thy clamorous tongue in the
midst of the darkness dwells silence
profound. Oh! When draws near a soul,
and though no word is spoken, soars up
to thee on high through silence yet
unbroken does not some instinct feel
vaguely blessed and dear which must
ever reveal that a sister is near? In this
hours of repose when the twilight is
dying a soul is near to thee; like thee it,
too is crying, crying with solemn sound
to the blue vault on high and doth
mourn in its love even as though in the
sky.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Thou ring on my finger, my little golden
ring, I press thee piously upon my lips
piously upon my heart.

I had dreamt it, the tranquil, lovely
dream of childhood, I found myself
alone and lost in barren, infinite space.

Thou ring on my finger, thou hast
taught me for the first time, hast
opened my gaze unto the endless, deep
value of life.

I want to serve him, live for him, belong
to him entire, Give myself and find
myself transfigured in his radiance.

Thou ring on my finger, my little golden
ring, I press thee piously upon lips,
piously upon my heart.

Allerseelen

Place in the vase the final autumn
roses and put the crimson asters on
display; and let us talk again of love
together, as once in May.

Give me your hand, and secretly I'll
clasp it. If people see, I care not what
they say. Give me just one now of your
sweetest glances, as then in May.

Each grave today abounds in flowers
and fragrance since for the dead this is
a holy day. Come to my heart, let me
again embrace you, as once in May, as
once in May.

Immer lesier wirt mein Schlummer

My slumber grows ever more peaceful;
and only like a thin veil now does my
anxiety lie trembling upon me. Often in
my dreams I hear you calling outside
my door; no one is awake to let you in,
and I wake up and weep bitterly.

Yes, I will have to die; another will you
kiss, when I am pale and cold. Before
the May breezes blow, before the
thrush sings in the forest: if you wish to
see me once more, come, o come soon!



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