

1-12-2013

Brandi Hoffer, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Brandi Hoffer
Cedarville University

Follow this and additional works at: [http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/
junior_and_senior_recitals](http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/junior_and_senior_recitals)

 Part of the [Music Performance Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Hoffer, Brandi, "Brandi Hoffer, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital" (2013). *Junior and Senior Recitals*. 13.
http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/junior_and_senior_recitals/13

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Cedarville, a service of the Centennial Library. It has been accepted for inclusion in Junior and Senior Recitals by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@Cedarville. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@cedarville.edu.

THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
BRANDI HOFFER
MEZZO-SOPRANO

AMY HUTCHISON
PIANO

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 2013
3 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

Ingrata si mi svena Antonio Vivaldi
Pur ch'a te grata (1678-1741)

II

Widmung Robert Schumann
Lied der Braut, No. 1 (1810-1856)
Lied der Braut, No. 2

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen Clara Schumann
Liebst du um Schönheit (1819-1896)

III

Faites-lui mes aveux, from FAUST Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

IV

Selections from BANALITÉS Francis Poulenc
Chanson d'Orkenise (1899-1963)
Hôtel
Voyage à Paris
Sanglots

V

Springfield Mountain Richard Cumming
Lonesome Valley (1928-2009)
Song of the Old Maid

Assisted by Lisa Grove, oboe

Brandi is a student of Beth Cram Porter.

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

Ingrata si mi svena

Open your heart to me, yes! The heart
that the arrow of loved carved your
charming and beautiful image upon.

Pur ch'a te grata

You would welcome my death, yet I
remain silent, happy to die. If I cannot
better my fate, then I shall languish for
your eyes.

Widmung

You my soul, you my heart, you my bliss,
o you my pain, you the world in which I
live; you my heaven, in which I float, o
you my grave, into which I eternally cast
my grief. You are rest, you are peace, you
are bestowed upon me from heaven.
That you love me makes me worthy of
you; your gaze transfigures me; you
raise me lovingly above myself, my good
spirit, my better self!

Lied der Braut, No. 1

Mother, mother, do not believe that
because I love him so much I am now
short of love with which to love you as I
have in the past. Mother, mother, since I
love him, I now truly love you. Let me
draw you to my heart and kiss you as he
kisses me! Mother, mother! Since I love
him, I finally love you completely for
giving me the existence that has become
so radiant for me.

Lied der Braut, No. 2

Let me cling to his chest, Mother,
Mother! Stop worrying. Don't ask: how
shall it change? Don't ask: how shall it
end? End? It shall never end. Change? I
still don't know how! Let me cling to his
chest. Let me.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen

He came in storm and rain; my anxious
heart beat against his. How could I have
known, that his path should unite itself

with mine? He came in storm and
rain, he boldly stole my heart. Did he
steal mine? Did I steal his? Both came
together. He came in storm and rain.
Now has come the blessing of spring.
My love travels abroad, I watch with
cheer, for he remains mine, on any
road.

Liebst du um Schönheit

If you love for beauty, Oh, do not love
me! Love the sun--she has golden hair!
If you love for youth, Oh, do not love
me! Love the spring; it is young every
year! If you love for treasure, Oh, do
not love me! Love the mermaid; she
has many clear pearls! If you love for
love, Oh yes, do love me! Love me
ever, and I'll love you evermore!

Faites-lui mes aveux

Make her my confession; carry my
wishes! Blooming flowers near her tell
her that she is beautiful and that my
heart, night and day, languishes with
love! Reveal to her soul the secret of
my flame so it exhales with you
perfumes more sweet!

Wilted! Alas! The sorcerer whom God
damns has brought me bad luck! I
can't, without its withering, touch a
flower. If I dip my fingers into holy
water. (It's there that each evening
Marguerite comes to pray!)

Let's see now! Let's see quickly! Do
they wilt? No! Satan, I laugh at you!

It is in you that I have faith, speak for
me! May she know the emotion, which
she has caused to be born, and of
which my troubled heart has scarcely
spoken! It is in you that I have faith,
speak for me! If love alarms her, may
the flower on her mouth try at least to
deposit a sweet kiss! A kiss, a sweet
kiss!

Chanson d'Orkenise

Through the gates of Orkenise a porter wants to enter. Through the gates of Orkenise a tramp wants to leave. And the sentries of the town, rush up to the tramp and ask: "What are you taking out of the town?"

"I'm leaving my whole heart behind."

And the sentries of the town, rush up to the carter and ask: "What are you bringing into the town?"

"My heart: I'm getting married."
What a lot of hearts in Orkenise! The sentries laughed and laughed. Oh tramp, the road is dreary; oh carter, love is heady. The handsome sentries of the town knitted superbly; then the gates of the town slowly swung shut.

Hôtel

My room has the form of a cage. The sun reaches its arm in through the window. But I want to smoke and make shapes in the air, and so I light my cigarette on the sun's fire. I don't want to work. I want to smoke.

Voyage à Paris

Ah, how delightful it is to leave a dismal place and head for Paris! Beautiful Paris, which one day love had to create!

Sanglots

Human love is ruled by the calm stars. We know that within us many people breathe who came from afar and are united behind our brows. This is the song of that dreamer who had torn out his heart and was carrying it in his right hand.

Remember, oh dear pride, all those memories: the sailors who sang like conquerors, the chasms of Thule, the tender skies of Ophir, the accursed sick, the ones who flee their own shadows, and the joyful return of the happy emigrants. Blood was flowing from that heart; and the dreamer went on thinking of his wound, which was delicate.

You will not break the chain of those causes, which are the effects of other painful causes. He kept saying to us, "My poor heart, my heart which is broken like the hearts of all men," Look, here are our hands which life enslaved. "My poor heart has died of love, or so it seems, has died of love, and here it is."

That is the way of all things. "So tear your hearts out too!" And nothing will be free until the end of time. Let us leave everything to the dead, and let us hide our sobbing.



CEDARVILLE
UNIVERSITY.