

11-13-2010

## Sarah Whitfield, Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Sarah Whitfield  
*Cedarville University*

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL  
OF  
SARAH WHITFIELD  
SOPRANO

AMY HUTCHISON  
PIANO

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 2010  
7 P.M.

RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

*If Music Be the Food of Love*, Z. 379 ..... Henry Purcell  
*Lord, What is Man?* Z. 192 ..... (1659-1695)

II

SECHS LIEDER, Op. 48 ..... Edvard Grieg  
*Grüss* ..... (1843-1907)

*Dereinst, Gedanke mein*

*Lauf der Welt*

*Die verschwiegene Nachtigall*

*Zur Rosenzeit*

*Ein Traum*

PAUSE

III

*Ah, si je redevenais belle,*  
from PHILÉMON ET BAUCIS ..... Charles Gounod  
..... (1818-1893)

*Chère nuit* ..... Alfred Bachelet  
..... (1864-1944)

IV

Selections from SIX POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON ..... John Duke  
*Good Morning—Midnight* ..... (1899-1984)

*Heart! We will forget him!*

*Nobody knows this little Rose*

*Bee! I'm expecting you!*

Sarah is a student of Beth Cram Porter.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment  
of the Bachelor of Arts in Music degree.

*No flash photography, please.*

*Please turn off all cell phones.*

## TRANSLATIONS

### *Grüss*

Sweet chimes are softly filling my soul; ring, little springtime-song. Ring out: far and wide.

Go forward till you reach the house, where the violets bloom; And if you see a rose, give her my greetings.

### *Dereinst, Gedanke mein*

One day, one day, o my mind, you will be at peace. Love's ardour will not leave you alone, in the cool earth, there you sleep well and without suffering; you will be at peace:

What you have not found in life, when it has vanished, will be given to you; then without wounds and without pain you will be at peace.

### *Lauf der Welt*

Each evening I go out, over the meadow-path. He looks out from his summerhouse, which stands by the pathway. We have never questioned this, it is just the way things are.

I don't know how it happened so, for a long time I kiss him, I don't ask, he doesn't say yes, however, he also never says no. If lips like to rest on lips, we forbid them not, it pleases us well.

The little breeze plays with the rose, it doesn't ask: do you love me? The little grasses are chilled by the dew, they don't often say: stop! I love him, he loves me, however neither says: I love you!

### *Die verschwiegene Nachtigall*

Under the lindens, on the heath. At the spot where I sat with my boyfriend, you might discover how he and I squashed the flowers and the grass. From the woods came a sweet sound - "Tandaradei!"--the nightingale singing in the valley.

I came to the meadow; my sweetheart had arrived before me. He greeted me as a noble lady (I'm still very happy about that). Did he offer me kisses? "Tandaradei!"--See how red my lips are!

If anyone found out (God forbid!) what happened as I lay there, I would be deeply ashamed. May nobody know how the young man embraced me except him and me-- and a little bird - "Tandaradei!"-- who will certainly keep a secret.

### *Zur Rosenzeit*

You are wilting, sweet roses--my love could not sustain you. Bloom for hopelessness then, for he whose soul is breaking from sorrow!

I think mournfully of those days when I hung on you, angel, waiting for your first little bud and going to my garden early;

Every blossom, every fruit I carried to your feet; and before your countenance, hope throbbled in my heart.

You are wilting, sweet roses--my love could not sustain you. Bloom for

hopelessness then, for he whose  
soul is breaking from sorrow!

*Ein Traum*

I once had a beautiful dream: I was  
in love with a fair-haired young  
woman, we were in a green forest  
glade, it was warm spring weather,

The buds were sprouting, the brook  
was running strong, the sounds of  
the distant village could be heard,  
we were full of joy, immersed in  
bliss.

And even more beautiful than the  
dream was what occurred in reality:  
it was in a green forest glade. It was  
warm spring weather.

The buds were sprouting, the brook  
was running strong, the sounds of  
the distant village reached our ears—I  
held you tight, I held you long, and  
now will never again let you go!

Oh the spring-green glade is alive in  
me for all time! That is where reality  
became a dream and the dream  
became reality!

*Ah, si je redevenais belle*

Ah! If my charms again were  
glowing, if your brow again might be  
young, were gods new favors now  
bestowing, that renewing life might

be long. Springtime green, early  
dawn above me: The lesson of love I  
would con. Philémon then anew  
would love me, I anew would love  
Philémon.

On thro'wood and field hieing  
downward, on with feet unshod,  
flying hair, in eager longing panting  
onward. By well-known paths I  
would fare. Echo sweet, answering  
above me, his name would repeat on  
and on: Philémon then anew would  
love me, I anew would love  
Philémon!

*Chère nuit*

Soon the hour will be here. Behind  
the hill I see the sun that goes down  
and jealously hides its rays. I hear  
the soul of things singing, and the  
narcissuses and roses send me the  
sweetest perfumes!

Beloved night of serene radiance,  
you who bring back my tender lover,  
ah, come down and veil the earth  
with your calm and charming  
mystery.

My happiness is reborn under your  
wings, o night, more beautiful than  
any days are: ah, arise and again  
make the dawn of my love shine  
forth!

