

3-19-2011

Lauren Bidwell, Soprano, and Kristin Troyer, Junior Recital

Lauren Bidwell
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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE JUNIOR RECITAL OF

LAUREN BIDWELL, SOPRANO

STEPHEN ESTEP, PIANO

AND

KRISTIN TROYER, PIANO

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 2011, 7:00 P.M.

I

Lauren

Frühlingsglaube, Op. 20, No. 2 Franz Schubert
Du bist die Ruh, Op. 59, No. 3 (1797-1828)

II

Kristin

Impromptu in B \flat Major, Op. 142, No. 3 Franz Schubert

III

Lauren

En prière Gabriel Fauré
Aurore (1845-1924)

L'heure exquise Reynaldo Hahn
(1870-1909)

IV

Kristin

Rondo à capriccio in G Major, Op. 129 Ludwig Van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

V

Lauren

Che farò senza Euridice? from ORFEO ED EURIDICE Christoph Willibald Gluck
(1714-1787)

VI

Kristin

Gargoyles, Op. 29 Lowell Liebermann
IV. Presto feroce (b. 1961)

VII

Lauren

Thou in Thy Mercy, from ISRAEL IN EGYPT George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Assisted by Greg Gallagher, tenor

VIII

Kristin

Elegie in e \flat minor, Op. 3, No. 1 Sergei Rachmaninoff
Polka italienne (1873-1943)

transcribed by Vyacheslav Gryaznov

X

Lauren

- Selections from BIBLICAL SONGS, Op. 99 Antonín Dvořák
1. *Clouds and Darkness are Round about Him* (1841-1904)
4. *God is My Shepherd*
6. *Hear My Prayer, O Lord*

Lauren is a student of Taylor Ferranti.

Kristin is a student of John Mortensen.

*Recital Hall
Bolthouse Center for Music*

*No flash photography
Please turn off all cell phones*

Translations

Frühlingsblau

The mild breezes are awake. They rustle and stir by day and night. And everywhere creative. O fresh scent! O new sound! Now, poor heart, don't be afraid. Now all, all must change. The world grows lovelier every day. One cannot know what is still to come. The flowering will not end. The farthest, deepest valley blooms. Now, poor heart, forget your pain! Now all, all must change.

Du bist die Ruh

You are rest and gentle peace; you are longing and what stills it. To you I consecrate- full of joy and grief- my eyes and my heart as a dwelling-place. Come into me and silently close the gate behind you. Drive other griefs out of my breast. Let my heart be full of your joy. This tent of my eyes lit solely by your brightness. Of fill it wholly!

En prière

If the voice of a child can reach you, o my Father, listen to the prayer of Jesus on his knees before you. If you have chosen me to teach your laws on the earth, I will know how to serve you, holy King of Kings, o light! Place on my lips, o Lord, the salutary truth, so that whoever doubts should with humility revere you! Do not abandon me, give me the gentleness so necessary, to relieve the suffering, to alleviate pains, the misery! Reveal yourself to me, Lord, in whom I have faith and hope. I want to suffer for you and to die on the cross at Calvary!

Aurora

From the garden of the night, the stars fly away like golden bees attracted by an unseen honey. And the dawn, in the distance, spreading the brightness of its canvas, weaves silver threads into the sky's blue mantle. From the garden of my heart, intoxicated by a languid dream, my desires fly away with the coming of the morning like a light swarm to the coppery horizon called by a plaintive song, eternal and far away. They fly to your feet, stars chased by the clouds, exiled from the golden sky where your beauty blossomed. And, seeking to come near you on uncharted paths, mingle their dying light with the dawning day.

L'heure exquise

The white moon shines in the woods. From each branch springs a voice beneath the arbor. O my beloved... Like a deep mirror the pond reflects the silhouette of the black willow where the wind weeps. Let us dream! It is the hour... A vast and tender calm seems to descend from a sky made iridescent by the moon. It is the exquisite hour!

Che farò senza Euridice?

Alas! Where have I passed? Where has a delirium of love pushed me? Bride! Euridice! Wife! Ah, she lives no more; I call her in vain! Wretched me- I lose her again and forever! Oh law! Oh death! Oh cruel memory! I do not have aid; counsel does not come to me! I see only (o savage sight!) the sad aspect of my horrible state. Be satisfied, wicked fate: I am deprived of hope!

What will I do without Euridice? Where will I go without my beloved? What will I do? Where will I go? What will I do without my beloved? Euridice! O God! Respond! Respond! I am still your faithful one. Ah, no more help, no more hope comes from earth, nor from heaven.