4-9-2022

Grace Guthrie, Soprano, and Elise Taylor, Piano, Sophomore Recital

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SOPHOMORE RECITAL

OF

GRACE GUTHRIE
SOPRANO

AND

ELISE TAYLOR
PIANO

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 2022
7 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

Elise Taylor, Piano

Impromptu in c minor, Op. 90, No. 1, D. 899. . . . Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Keyboard Concerto in D Major, Hob. XVIII:11 . . . . Joseph Haydn (1732–1809)
> I.   Vivace
> > Assisted by Abigail Lilite, piano

Nocturne in c minor, Op. 48, No. 1 . . . . Frédéric Chopin (1810–1849)

Grace Guthrie, Soprano
Assisted by Paul Scanlon, piano

Care selve from ATALANTA, HWV 35
. . . . George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)

Das Veilchen, K. 476. . . . . Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

L'heure exquise . . . . Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947)

Lovesongs for Soprano, Violin, and Piano. . . . . Donald Waxman (b. 1925)
> Lovesong
> The Mad Maid's Song
> Nocturne
> A Bygone Occasion
> > Assisted by Mary Jo Johnson, violin

Grace is a student of Beth Cram Porter.
Elise is a student of John Mortensen.

Translations

Care Selve
Beloved forests, joyous shadows:
I come in search of my heart.
https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=23997

Das Veilchen
A violet was growing in the meadow,
Unnoticed and with bowed head;
It was a dear sweet violet.
Along came a young shepherdess,
Light of step and happy of heart,
Along, along
Through the meadow, and sang.
Ah! thinks the violet, if I were only
The loveliest flower in all Nature,
Ah! for only a little while,
Till my darling had picked me
And crushed me against her bosom!
Ah only, ah only
For a single quarter hour!
But alas, alas, the girl drew near
And took no heed of the violet,
Trampled the poor violet.
It sank and died, yet still rejoiced:
And if I die, at least I die
Through her, through her
And at her feet.
The poor little violet!
It was the sweetest violet!
https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/648

L'heure exquise
The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...
O my beloved.
The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...
Let us dream, it is the hour.
A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illumines...
Exquisite hour.
https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/5113

Texts

Lovesongs
Lovesong:
How shall I withhold my soul so that it does not touch on yours?
How shall I up-lift it over you to other things?
Ah, willingly would I by some lost thing,
in the dark give it harbor in an unfamiliar silent place that does not vibrate on when your depths vibrate.
Yet everything that touches us, you and me,
takes us together as a bow's stroke does,
that out of two strings draws a single voice.
Upon what instrument are we two spanned?
And what player has us in his hand?
O sweet, song, O sweet, song.

The Mad Maid's Song:
Good morrow to the day so fair,
Good morrow, sir, to you,
Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled in the dew.

Good morning to this primrose too,
Good morrow to each maid
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
Where in my love is laid.
Ah, woe is me, woe is me,
Alack and well-a-day;
For pity sir, find out that bee
Which bore my love away.
I'll seek him in your bonnet brave,
I'll seek him in your eyes;

Nay, now I think they have made his grave
I' th' bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there I know ere this
The cold, cold, earth shall shake him
But I will go or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

La, la, la...

Pray, hurt him not though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him,
And who with green turfs rear his head
And who do rudely move him.
He's soft and tender (pray take heed);
With bards of cowslip bind him, bind him,
bind him,

And bring his home;
but t'is decreed
That I shall never find him.

Nocturne:
Ah, so softly
The night drops softly;
And stars will sing of love we bring
Into a night dropped softly.

Ah, how gently
The night falls through our hands
How it has filled
The air and willed the hour for love,
Ah gently.

Now, revealing night
Unfolds in splendor;
And takes our hands within its own to hold,
And turns us to its stary fold,
And sings with us,
Though darkly.

Ah, yes, darkly still
The deep night yet stays us;
Shields our song,
Still not for long can time it be.
For must love end,
Must all songs come to close;
As stars shall die
In dawn's first sky,
So love must end,
But sweetly.

A Bygone Occasion:
That night, that night,
That song, that song!
Will such again be evened quite through
lifetimes long?
No mirth was shown to outer seers,
But mood to match has not been known
In modern years.

That night, that night
That song, that song!
Will such again be evened quite through
lifetimes long?
No mirth was shown to outer seers,
But mood to match has not been known in
modern years.
O eyes that smiled,
O lips that lured;
That such would last was one beguiled to think
ensured!

That night, that night,
That song, that song!
O drink to its recalled delight
Though tears may throng!
O eyes that smiled,
O lips that lured;
That such would last was one beguiled to think
ensured!

That night, that night,
That song, that song;
That night, that night,
That song, that song;
O drink to its recalled delight
Though tears may throng!