

11-22-2009

Hannah Endres, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Hannah Endres
Cedarville University

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC, ART, & WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF

HANNAH ENDRES
MEZZO-SOPRANO

STEPHEN ESTEP
PIANO

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 2009
3:00 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

Program

I

- Selections from GOTT SOLL ALLEIN MEIN HERZE HABEN,
Cantata BWV 169 Johann Sebastian Bach
Recitative: *Was ist die Liebe Gottes* (1685-1750)
Aria: *Stirb in mir*

Assisted by: Audrey Hebson, cello

II

- Pena Tiradna*, from AMADIGI George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)
- Non so piu*, from LE NOZZE DI FIGARO Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)
- Di tanti palpiti*, from TANCREDI Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

III

- La bonne chanson*, from CHANSONS GRISES, No. 7 Reynaldo Hahn
(1874-1947)
- Pleurs d'Or*, Op. 72 Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Assisted by: Evan Felmet, baritone

Intermission

IV

- Selections from ITALIENISCHES LIEDERBUCH Hugo Wolf
Auch kleine Dinge (1860-1903)
Mein Liebster ist so klein
Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst zum Himmel auf
Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen

V

- Selections from A CHARM OF LULLABIES Benjamin Britten
Highland Balou (1913-1976)
A Charm
The Nurse's Song

VI

- Selections from MY FAIR LADY Frederick Loewe
Loverly (1901-1988)
Just You Wait
Show Me
I Could Have Danced All Night

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

Was ist die Liebe Gottes

What is the love of God, then? The spirit's rest, the heart's desire and joy, the soul's true paradise. It shuts the gates of hell and heaven opens wide; it is Elijah's chariot, which shall lift us to heav'n above to Abraham's own bosom.

Stirb in mir

Die in me, world and all of thine affections, that my breast, while on earth yet, more and more here the love of God may practice; die in me, pomp and wealth and outward show, ye corrupted carnal motives!

Pena Tiranna

Torment unending my poor heart suffers; sadly I'm leaving all hope of peace. Sorrow transcending love cruelly offers, till from my grieving death bring release.

Non so piu

I don't know any more what I am, what I'm doing, now I'm fire, now I'm ice, any woman makes me change color, any woman makes me quiver. At just the names of love, of pleasure, my breast is stirred up and changed, and a desire I can't explain forces me to speak of love. I speak of love while awake, I speak of love while dreaming, to the water, the shade, the hills, the flowers, the grass, the fountains, the echo, the air, and the winds which carry away with them the sound of my vain words. And if there's nobody to hear me, I speak of love to myself!

Di tanti palpiti

For so many troubles, for so many sufferings, from you, my darling, I hope to get a reward. You will see me again...I shall see you again...I shall feed on your lovely eyes. Raptures, sighs...sweet words, content!...My fate at your side will be happy, my heart tells me so.

La bonne chanson

The hard test will end. My heart, smile at what is to come! They are finished, the days of alarms, when I was sad to the point of tears! I have killed the bitter words, and banished the dark fantasies! My eyes, exiled from the sight of her by a painful duty, my ear, avid to hear the golden notes of her tender voice, all my being and all my love hail the happy day when, my only dream and my only thought, my fiancé will return to me!

Pleurs d'Or

Tears hanging from the flowers, tears of springs lost in the mossy hollows of the rocks; autumnal tears spread, painful tears of horns heard in the great woods.

Tears of Latin bells, Carmelites, Feuillantines...Voices of belfries in fervor; tears, silvery songs in the Florentine bowls at the bottom of the dreamy garden; tears of starry nights, tears of veiled flutes in the blue of the sleepy park;

Beaded tears of long eyelashes, tears
of a mistress flowing as far as the
soul of the lover;

Drops of ecstasy, deliciously grief-
stricken, let nights fall! Let flowers
fall! Let eyes fall!

And you, my love, may you be the
sweet harmonious flood, who, rich
from the dried-up treasure of empty
urns, drives a great sad dream to the
seas of languid evenings.

Auch kleine Dinge

Even little things can us delight, even
little things can dear be. Think, how
willingly we ourselves with pearls
adorn, they are heavily paid (for) and
are only small. Think, how small is
the olive's fruit, and is for its
goodness nevertheless sought. Think
of the rose only, how small it is, and
smells [but] so lovely, as you know.

Mein Liebster ist so klein

My sweetheart is so small, that
without stooping he sweeps the floor
for me with his locks. When he went
into the little garden to pick jasmine,
he was very frightened by a snail.
Then he went into the house to catch
his breath, and a fly knocked him
over in a heap; and when he stepped

up to my little window, a horsefly
knocked him in his skull. Cursed be
all flies, gnats, and horseflies - and
all who have a tiny sweetheart from
Maremma! Cursed be all flies, gnats,
and midges - and all who must stoop
so low for a kiss!

*Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst zum
Himmel auf*

When you, my dearest, ascend to
heaven, I will carry my heart to you
in my hand. So lovingly will you
then embrace me; then we will lay at
the Lord's feet. And when the Lord
God sees our love-sorrows, He will
make one heart out of two loving
hearts; He will join two together to
make one, in paradise, shone all
around by heaven's flames.

*Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten
wohnen*

I have in Penna one lover residing, in
the Maremma-plain another, one in
the beautiful port of Ancona, to the
fourth one must I to Viterbo wander;
another dwells in Casentino [there],
the next lives with me at the same
place, and again one have I in
Magione, four in La Fratta, ten in
Castiglione.



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