

10-25-2014

Alexandria Martella, Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Alexandria Martella

Cedarville University, amartella@cedarville.edu

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
ALEXANDRIA MARTELLA
SOPRANO

JOY BRAMMER
PIANO

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 2014
3 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

- Selections from WEICHET NUR,
BETRÜBTE SCHATTEN, BWV 202 J. S. Bach
Aria: Weichet nur, betrübte Schatten (1685–1750)
Recitative: Und dieses ist das Glücke
Aria: Sich üben in Lieben
Assisted by Ellen Raquet and Janelle Finley, violins;
Christopher DeShields, viola; Joshua Dismore, cello;
Madison Bowser, oboe; Anne Morris, harpsichord

II

- Deh vieni, non tardar,*
from LE NOZZE DI FIGARO Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

III

- O bei nidi d'amore* Stefano Donaudy
Come l'allodoletta (1879–1925)
Madonna Renzuola

IV

- Irons-nous?* Giulio Alary
(1814–1891)
Les Bretonnes Reynaldo Hahn
(1874–1947)
Joie! Jules Massenet
(1842–1912)

Assisted by Emma Patterson, mezzo-soprano

V

- FIVE LITTLE LOVE SONGS Liza Lehmann
I. *There's a Bird Beneath Your Window* (1862–1918)
II. *Along the Sunny Lane*
III. *Just a Multitude of Curls*
IV. *If I Were a Bird, I Would Sing All Day*
V. *Clasp Mine Closer, Little Dear White Hand*

Alexandria is a student of Beth Cram Porter.

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

TRANSLATIONS

Aria: Weichet nur, betrübte Schatten

Give way now, dismal shadows, frost and wind,
go to rest! Flora's delight will grant our hearts
nothing but joyful fortune for she comes bearing
flowers.

Recitative: Und dieses ist das Glück

And this is good fortune when through a lofty
gift of fate two souls obtain one jewel, which is
resplendent with blessing and health.

Aria: Sich üben in Lieben

To become adept in love, to jest and caress,
is better than Flora's passing pleasure. Here the
waves flow, here laugh and watch the palms of
victory on lips and breast.

Deh vieni, non tardar

The moment finally arrives when I'll enjoy
without haste in the arms of my beloved.
Fearful anxieties, get out of my heart! Do not
come to disturb my delight! Oh, it seems that
earth, heaven, and this place answer my heart's
amorous fire. As the night responds to my ruses!

Oh, come, don't be late, my beautiful joy. Come
where love calls you to enjoyment until night's
torches no longer shine in the sky as long as the
air is still dark and the world is quiet. Here the
river murmurs and the light plays, that restores
the heart with sweet ripples, here, little flowers
laugh and the grass is fresh. Here, everything
entices one to love's pleasure. Come, my dear,
among these hidden plants. Come, Come! I
want to crown you with roses.

O bei nidi d'amore

Oh beautiful nests of love, eyes so dear to me,
which in your kindness did not deny me. Wow
that I am deprived of that smile of yours and
of that paradise of mine; without any more

desire I see my days fleeting. And in such a
cruel fate, every day I am more sick at
heart. And still I cannot die! The sun no
longer has rays, and the firmament has no
stars. The meadow does not have violets,
and neither does the wind have breaths.
Now the agony about my lost beloved one
increases, which keeps me so broken-
hearted. Even that thing which nourished
my heart leaves me: merciful hope which is
given even to the wretched man so that his
sorrow will be less bitter!

Come l'allodoletta

As the little lark over the meadows, so flees
peace and joy from a gentle heart in which
only love rules! Every joy and every bliss
passes from a gentle heart in which only
love rules; and the soul which feels the
oppression of it dies of cold, like a flower!

Madonna Renzuola

My lady Renzuola: take the little pitcher
and come to the fountain. Because great is
the delight of waiting for the water to
spring up among the simple villagers who
intermingle there. Perhaps you don't feel
what pain I have in my heart, seeing and
hearing talk of love... no other hope keeps
me alive anymore! Stop looking in the
mirror; come in your peasant frock; let
your tresses loose, without deceptive
covering of ornaments. You will see how
many other pleasures the simple life of the
fields invites us to, and... who knows?
Perhaps you don't feel what pain I have in
my heart, seeing and hearing talk of love...
no other hope keeps me alive anymore!

Iron-nous?

From the summer that brought us together, the beautiful days are going to come back. Will we go again together to see the woods, the flowering meadows

Will we go? Every Sunday by the gay paths over there on the mist and under the branches will our steps wander in the distance?

Will we go? Among other things to visit the old garden where with our hands full of roses we came back one morning.

Will we go? Will we go without any worrying about those who are jealous of us in secret? Will we go?

Will we go? On an errant wave where ever we want in the little boat so joyful and we think ourselves on the far end of the world singing while we row together.

Will we go? Will we go to see the beach again? And sit on the bench where quite often when in the distance grumbled the thunder midnight would surprise dreaming?

Les Bretonnes

The Breton women with tender hearts cry at the edge of the sea. The Breton men in the heart of the sea are too far away from them to hear.

But when Christmas comes the men and the ladies meet again by the barrels of the strong liquors and whiskey.

The sadness of their race disappears from their eyes. Thus the saddest of places have their smiles and their grace.

It isn't a free gaiety of flight without wings that sings and dances to the stars on the beautiful nights of summer.

It is a savage, stolen gaiety, a laughter full of shivers. Formed by the deep sadness of the drinks that burned their mouths.

Pray for them that they'll still live, these are wild children. Ah! The gods were stingy with them, the less born children of Amor.

Joie!

A little birds hops and sings, charming and amiable joy. It's like a paradise to play among the newly flowered bushes. La! La! La! Just newly flowered in our forest bursting forth with green.

A little creek descends and sings, charming and amiable joy. The workers are gay and joyful for the fields and the meadows are also arrayed. La! La! La! The workers are also arrayed as are the forests bursting forth with green.

The young girl dances and sings, charming and amiable joy. The air is full of songs. The sky is pure blue, wow! Let's take hands, let's dance. La! La! La! Let's take hands, let's dance in our forest busting forth with green.