

2-14-2010

# Lisbeth Cummings, Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Lisbeth Cummings  
*Cedarville University*

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC, ART, & WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL  
OF

LISBETH CUMMINGS  
SOPRANO

AUBRIE COMPITELLO  
PIANO

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 2010  
3:00 P.M.

RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

## Program

### I

- PASTORELLA VAGHA BELLA ..... George Frederick Handel  
Aria (1685-1759)  
Recitative  
Aria

Assisted by Audrey Hebson, cello

### II

- Das Veilchen* ..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
*Abendempfindung* (1756-1791)  
*Herr, was trägt der Boden* ..... Hugo Wolf  
*Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten* (1860-1903)

### III

- Lorsque vous n'aurez rein à faire*, from CHÉRUBIN ..... Jules Massenet  
*Nuit d'Espagne* (1842-1912)  
*Ouvre ton cœur* ..... Georges Bizet  
(1838-1875)

### IV

- How Could I Ever Know?* from THE SECRET GARDEN ..... Lucy Simon  
(b. 1943)  
Selections from GUYS AND DOLLS ..... Frank Loesser  
*I've Never Been in Love Before* (1910-1969)  
*If I Were a Bell*

Lisbeth is a student of Beth Cram Porter and Taylor Ferranti.

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

*No flash photography, please.  
Please turn off all cell phones.*

## Translations

### *Pastorella vagma bella*

#### *Aria*

Beautiful shepherdess, return love for love. Charming young thing, give me beloved heart for heart.

#### *Recitative*

Like the beauty of Nicea itself, this faithful lover, so true, sighs in vain. Yes, in fear and in hope of that fair beauty who fails in constancy, I speak of with love and aching.

#### *Aria*

Only for you among thousands, dear eyes, does my heart burn. Respond with sweet words and no less for so much love.

### *Das Veilchen*

A violet grew in the meadow, modestly shrinking, quite unknown; a dear little violet. A young shepherdess came along, fleet of foot, merry of spirit. She came along, striding through the meadow, singing.

Oh! The violet mused, if only I were the finest flower in the world, just for a little while, until the dear girl plucked me, pressed me against her heart until I died, if only, if only for a quarter of an hour!

Alas! The girl drew near and did not heed the violet, she trod it underfoot. It dropped and died, yet it rejoiced: if I must die, at least I die through her, through her, here, at her feet. Poor violet! It was a dear violet!

### *Abendempfindung*

Evening has come, the sun has vanished, the moon pours forth her silvery rays; thus life's most precious hours pass by, they pass by as in a dance!

Soon life's motley stage is darkened, and the curtain falls. Our play is done! Our friend's tears are flowing on our grave.

Maybe soon—a dark foreboding wafts toward me like a zephyr—my life's pilgrimage is over and I'll fly to realms of peace.

If you will then weep over my grave, gaze mournfully upon my ashes, then, oh friends, I will appear and waft you all heavenward.

And you [my beloved], bestow also a little tear on me, and pluck me a violet for my grave, and with your soulful gaze, look then gently down on me.

Consecrate a tear for me, and ah! Do not be ashamed to cry; those tears will be in my diadem then: the fairest pearls!

### *Herr, was trägt der Boden*

Lord, what does this ground bear, which you moisten so bitterly? Thorns, dear heart, for me, and for you fair flowers. Ah, where such brooks run, can a garden there thrive? Yes, and know this! A variety of garlands will one weave there!

Oh, my Lord, for whose adornment are these garlands wound? Speak! Those of thorns are for me, those of flowers I offer you.

### *Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten*

One of my lovers dwells in Penna and another on the plains of Maremma, another by the lovely harbor of Ancona, and the fourth in Viterbo.

Another dwells yonder in Casentino,  
another lives here in my own town; I  
have yet another in Magione, four in  
La Fratta, ten in Castiglione.

*Lorsque vous n'aurez rein à faire*  
Come, you have nothing to do. Send  
for me quickly to be beside you; the  
paradise that I prefer is a cushion on  
your knee. You notice me, but I keep  
from speaking... and I hold my  
breath. Yes, may you take my breath  
away so that in the winter of my heart  
I may feel spring. All I ask is a smile  
from time to time... and, yes, a look  
too. That would suffice for with  
nothing to say I love you as any who  
has lived may love.

*Nuit d'Espagne*

The air is fragrant, the night is serene,  
and my love is full of merry thoughts.  
Oh beloved, come, here is the  
moment of love!

In the deep wood where flowers fall  
asleep quickly we will run away to  
see the moon's light and smile in the  
sky. The inquisitive eye is what we  
fear. Come, oh beloved, the night is  
serene, ease my heart! It is the hour  
of love!

In the dark blue the golden stars  
entice you to come and see, oh  
beloved, come, here is the moment of  
love!

I see you part your curtain and you  
come a step. Look, the road is dark  
under the entwined branches! Choose  
the splendor in them. You are young,  
come for the hour is short. A day  
plucks the petals off the flowers of  
spring. The night is serene. Ease my  
heart! Come, oh beloved, it is the  
hour of love!

*Ouvre ton cœur*

The daisy now hides its heart of gold;  
twilight closed the eyes of day, my  
lovely one, will you keep your word?  
Open your heart unto my love. Open  
your heart, sweet angel, to my ardor,  
may a dream enchant your slumber...  
open your heart. I want to take back  
my soul. Open your heart, sweet  
angel, to my ardor, as the flower  
opens to the sun! Open your heart,  
open your heart as the flower opens  
to the sun!



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