

11-8-2008

Emily Sammons, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Emily Sammons
Cedarville University

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**THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC, ART, & WORSHIP**

PRESENTS THE

**SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF**

**EMILY SAMMONS
MEZZO-SOPRANO**

**AMANDA ROEBUCK
PIANO**

**SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 2008
3:00 P.M.**

**RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER**

Program

I

Menschen, glaubt doch dieser Gnade, from CHRIST UNSER HERR
ZUM JORDAN KAM, BWV 7 J.S. Bach
Gott ist unsre Sonn und Schild, from GOTT, DER HERR, (1685-1750)
IST SONN UND SCHILD, BWV 79

II

Selections from SEI ARIETTE Vincenzo Bellini
Malinconia, Ninfa gentile (1801-1835)
Almen se non poss'io
Per pietà, bell'idol mio

III

Non so piu, from LE NOZZE DI FIGARO, K 492 W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

IV

Le Colibri Ernest Chausson
Le Temps des lilas (1855-1899)
Sérénade Italienne

V

A CHARM OF LULLABIES Benjamin Britten
A Cradle Song (1913-1976)
The Highland Balou
Sephestia's Lullaby
A Charm
The Nurse's Song

Emily is a student of Beth Cram Porter.

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

Menschen, glaubt doch dieser Gnade

Mankind, trust now in this mercy,
That ye not in error die,
nor in hell's foul pit decay!
Human works and sanctity
never count before God's throne.
Sins are ours innately given,
we are lost by our own nature;
faith and baptism make them clean
that they not perdition bring.

Gott ist unsre Sonn und Schild

God is our true sun and shield!
We thus tell abroad his goodness
with our spirits ever thankful,
for he loves us as his own.
And he shall still further guard us
though our foes their arrows sharpen,
and the hound of hell should howl.

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile

Melancholy, gentle nymph,
my life I consecrate to you;
whoever considers your pleasures
slight is not born to true pleasures

Rivers and hills I asked of the gods.
They heard me at last; I shall live
satisfied. Not ever shall I cross that
river with my desires, not ever cross
that mountain. Not ever shall I cross –
no, no, never.

Almen se non poss'io

At least if I am not able
to follow my dearly beloved,
affections of my heart,
follow him for me.

Love already keeps you forever
gathered close to him,
and this is no unaccustomed
pathway for you –
no, not for you.

Per pietà, bell'idol mio

For pity's sake, my beautiful idol,
do not tell me that I am ungrateful;
heaven is making me unhappy
and unfortunate enough.

If I am faithful to you, if I am
consumed by your beautiful eyes,
love knows it, the gods know it, my
heart and yours know it – yes, they
know it.

Non so piu

I don't know anymore what I am,
what I'm doing; now I'm made of
fire, now of ice. Every woman makes
me change color; every woman
makes me tremble. At merely the
words "love," "pleasure," my breast
becomes nervous and upset, and a
desire for love – a desire that I
can't explain – forces me to talk.
I talk about love when awake;
I talk about love when dreaming –
to the water, to the shadow, to the
mountains, to the flowers, to the
grass, to the fountains, to the echo, to
the air, to the winds which carry
away with them the sound of
my futile words. And if I don't have
someone to hear me, I talk about love
to myself.

Le Colibri

The green humming bird, king of the
hills, seeing the dew and the bright
sun glitter on his nest, woven of fine
grasses, like a light breeze escapes
into the air. He hurries and flies to the
nearby springs, where the reeds make
the sound of the sea, where the red
hibiscus, with its heavenly scent,
unfolds and brings a humid light to
the heart. Towards the golden flower
he descends, alights, and drinks so
much love from the rosy cup that he

dies, not knowing if he could have drained it! On our pure lips, oh my beloved, my soul likewise would have wanted to die of the first kiss, which has perfumed it.

Le Temps des lilas

The time of lilacs and the time of roses will not come back again this spring; the time of lilacs and the time of roses has passed and gone are the carnations too. The wind has changed, the skies somber, and we shall never again hasten to gather the blooming lilacs and the lovely roses; the spring is sad and cannot flourish. Oh! Joyful and sweet season of the year, which came, last year, to steep us in its sunlight, our flower of love has so much faded. Alas! That your kiss

cannot wake it up again. And you, what are you doing? No more budding flowers, no more gay sunshine, nor cooling shades; the time of lilacs and the time of roses, with our love, is dead forever.

Sérénade Italienne

Let us go in a boat on the ocean to pass the night among the stars. See, the breeze is just blowing enough to swell the cloth of the sails. The old Italian fisherman and his two sons, who guide us, hear but do not understand the words that we speak to each other. On the ocean cal and somber, see, we can exchange our souls, and no one will understand our voices, but the night, the sky, and the waves.

*This recital is dedicated in loving memory of Emily's sister,
DeAnna Sammons-Binns, January 14, 1968 - May 24, 2008*