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Stacey Keller, Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Stacey Keller
Cedarville University

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

PRESENTS THE

**SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF**

**STACEY KELLER
SOPRANO**

**SARA CRAIG
PIANO**

**SUNDAY, JANUARY 18, 2009
3:00 P.M.**

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

Program

I

Bel piacere, from AGRIPPINA George Frideric Handel
Lascia ch'io pianga, from RINALDO (1685-1759)

II

Nuit d'Etoiles Claude Debussy
Beau Soir (1862-1918)
Il pleure dans mon coeur

III

FRAUENLIEBE UND LEBEN, Op. 42 Robert Schumann
Seit ich ihn gesehen (1810-1856)
Er, der Herrlichste von allen
Ich kann's nicht fassen
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Süsser Freund
An meinem Herzen
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Intermission

IV

The Black Swan, from THE MEDIUM Gian Carlo Menotti
(1911-2007)
Nuvoletta Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

V

Ange adorable, from ROMEO ET JULIETTE Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

Assisted by Greg Gallagher, Tenor

VI

Honeysuckle Rose Fats Waller and Andy Razaf
(1904-1943) (1895-1973)

Assisted by Tim Harenda, Piano; Seth Campbell, Guitar;
Rebekah Adams, Bass; and Brent Fugate, Drums

Cheek to Cheek Irving Berlin
(1888-1989)

Assisted by Tim Harenda, Piano; Seth Campbell, Guitar;
Rebekah Adams, Bass; Brent Fugate, Drums;
and Alex Williams, Tenor Saxophone

Stacey is a student of Taylor Ferranti.

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

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

Translations

Bel piacere

'Tis great pleasure to enjoy a faithful love! This brings contentment to the heart. Splendor is not measured by beauty, if it does not come from a faithful heart.

Lascia ch'io pianga

Pitiless Armida! With fiendish force you have abducted me from the blessed Heaven, from my happiness, and here, in eternal pain, you hold me alive, tormented in Hell. Oh Lord, have pity, let me weep.

Let me weep my cruel fate, and let me breathe freedom! Let sorrow break these chains of my sufferings, for pity's sake.

Nuit d'Etoiles

Night of stars, beneath your veils, amid your breezes and your scents, while a sad lyre is sighing, I dream of my late loves. Serene melancholy suddenly unfolds at the bottom of my heart, and I sense the soul of my beloved trembling in the dreaming forest. I see again, in our fountain, your glances blue as the skies; this rose, it is your breath, and these stars are your eyes.

Beau soir

When, in the setting sun, the streams are rosy, and when a warm breeze floats over the fields of grain, a counsel to be happy seems to emanate from all things and rise toward the troubled heart. An advice to enjoy the pleasure of being alive, while one is young and the evening is beautiful, for we shall go as this wave goes—it, to the sea; we, to the grave.

Il pleure dans mon coeur

Tears fall in my heart like the rain upon the city. What is this languor that penetrates my heart? Oh, gentle sound of the rain on the ground and on the roofs! For a heart that is weary, oh, the sound of the rain! Tears fall without reason in this anguished heart. What! No betrayal? This mourning has no reason. This is truly the keenest pain—to know not why, without either love or hate, my heart bears so much pain.

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Since I have seen him, I believe I am blind; whither I am looking, I see him alone; like in a waking dream, his image floats before me, rising from deepest darkness, brighter and brighter. Everything else around me is light and colorless, the games of my sisters I want to share no more, I would rather weep silently in my little chamber; since I have seen him, I believe I am blind.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

He, the most glorious of all, how kind he is, how good! Gentle mouth, clear eyes, clear mind and firm courage, even as in yonder blue depth, shines bright and glorious that star, so is he in my heaven, bright and glorious, sublime and far. Wander, wander along your course, only to look at your light, only to look at it humbly, only to be blissful and sad! Do not hear my silent prayer, offered for your happiness; you must not know me, humble maiden, noble star of glory! Only the worthiest of all may your choice make happy, and I will bless the noble one, many thousand times. I shall rejoice and I shall weep then, blissful, blissful I am then,

even though my heart should break. Break, oh heart, what does it matter?

Ich kann's nicht fassen

I cannot grasp, nor believe it. A dream must have me bewitched. How could he from among all others have exalted and blessed poor me? It seemed to me that he had spoken: "I am forever yours." It seemed to me that I am still dreaming, for it can never be thus. Oh let me die in my dream, cradled on his breast. Let me drink blissful death in tears of infinite joy.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

You ring on my finger, my little golden ring. I press you devoutly to my lips, devoutly to my heart. My dream had come to an end, childhood's peaceful, lovely dream. I found myself lonely and lost in empty, infinite space. You ring on my finger, you taught me only then. You opened to my eyes, life's infinite, deep value. I want to serve him, live for him, wholly belong to him, give myself and find myself transfigured in his splendor.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Help me, my sisters, kindly adorn me. Serve me, the happy one, today. Wind zealously around my forehead the lovely wreath of myrtle in bloom. When I, contented, with a joyful heart, formerly lay in my beloved's arms, he always invoked, his heart filled with yearning, impatient by this very day. Help me, you sisters, help me cast out a foolish anxiety, that I with bright eyes may receive him, him, the source of all happiness. Have you, my beloved, come to me, do you, sun, give me your light? Let me devoutly, let me humbly, let me bow to my master and lord. Strew, sisters, strew flowers before him, budding roses offer to him. But you, sisters, I greet with sadness, joyfully parting from your midst.

Süsser Freund

Sweet friend, you look amazed at me. You cannot understand how I can weep; let the moist pearl's adornment with playful clarity tremble in my eyes. How frightened is my heart, how with rapture filled, if I only knew the words to tell you; come and hide your face here on my breast. Let me whisper in your ear all my delight. Now you know the tears that I must shed. Should you not see them, you beloved, beloved man? Stay near my heart, feel its throbbing, so that I may clasp you only firmer and firmer. Here by my bed the cradle will have its place, where it may in silence hide my

lovely dream. There will come a morning when the dream awakens, and from the cradle your image will smile up at me. Your image!

An meinem Herzen

On my heart, on my breast, you my delight, you my joy! Happiness is love and love is happiness. I have said it, and I won't take it back. I deemed myself so fortunate, but I am more than happy now. Only she who nurses, only she who loves the child to whom she gives nourishment, only a mother can know what it means to love and be happy. Oh how sorry I am for the man who cannot feel a mother's bliss. You dear, dear angel you, you look at me and you smile at me!

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Now you have caused me the first pain. That really hurt. You sleep, you hard and cruel man, the sleep of death. The now forsaken woman stares into a void. The now forsaken woman stares into a void. The world is empty. I have loved, and I have lived. I do not live anymore. I silently withdraw into myself. The veil is falling. Then I have you and my lost happiness, you, my world!

Ange adorable

Romeo: A Adorable angel, my unworthy hand profanes but in meeting thine. A shrine so holy, I deem it folly even to salute it with mine! On lowly bending, pilgrim offending, deign to impose a gentle fine: lips reverential wait penitential on thy leave to kiss the shrine!
Juliet: Calm you emotion! In true devotion no prayerful pilgrim shall pine; even saints will hear him, ere he implore them, if his heart know love divine. Yet, as a favor, fair hand may never resign its will to his lip. Though he confesses, his fond caresses win no leave to kiss the shrine!
Romeo: The saints have lips as well, and they surely may use them!

Juliet: They employ them in prayer!

Romeo: And will they never hear a voice that sues them, or shall faith earn despair?

Juliet: Their hearts will never hearken to all prayers born of love, though well they hear the vow!

Romeo: Oh, hear my ardent vow! And though blushes may darken, still unmoved be your brow!

Juliet: Ah! I have no power to refuse it! Now my own the sin shall be!

Romeo: Let the sin ever be mine! Give it to me, and you will lose it!

Juliet: No! It is mine! Ah, leave it to me!

Romeo: No! It is mine! Ah, give it to me!