

2-7-2009

Kathryn Lutz, Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Kathryn Lutz
Cedarville University

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Recommended Citation

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

PRESENTS THE

**SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF**

**KATHRYN LUTZ
SOPRANO**

**JAMES ELGERSMA
PIANO**

**SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 2009
5:00 P.M.**

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

Program

I

- Quia Respexit*, from MAGNIFICAT Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)
Tecum principium, from DIXIT DOMINUS . . . George Friedrich Handel
(1685-1759)

II

- Widmung*, Op. 25, No. 1 Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)
Liebst du um Schönheit, Op. 12, No. 4 Clara Wieck Schumann
(1819-1896)
Aus den hebräischen Gesängen, Op. 25, No. 15 Robert Schumann
Er ist gekommen, Op. 12, No. 2 Clara Wieck Schumann

III

- Vedrai, carino*, from DON GIOVANNI . . . Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
In uomini, in soldati, from COSI FAN TUTTI (1756-1791)

Intermission

IV

- Nuit d'étoiles* Claude Debussy
Il pleure dans mon Coeur (1862-1918)
Chevaux de bois

V

- Selections from GITANJALI John Alden Carpenter
When I bring to you colour'd toys (1876-1951)
The Sleep that flits on Baby's Eyes
On the Seashore of Endless Worlds

Katie is a student of Beth Cram Porter.

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

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

Translations

Quia Respexit

For he has regarded the low estate of his handmaiden behold, for from this time, may I be called blessed.

Tecum principium

The power to rule is with you on the day of your strength, in the splendor of the holy ones: I have begotten you from the womb before the rising of the day-star.

Widmung

You my soul, you my heart, you my joy, oh you my pain, you my world, in which I live, my heaven you, therein I hover, oh you my grave, into which I eternally my grief gave!

You are the best, you are the peace, you are from heaven me given. That you me love, makes myself to me worthy, your glance has transfigured myself to me, you life me lovingly above myself, my good spirit, my better self!

Liebst du um Schönheit

If you love for beauty oh, do not love me! Love the sun, she has golden hair! If you love for youth oh do not love me! Love the spring, it is young every year! If you love for riches oh, do not love me! Love the mermaid, she has many shining pearls. If you love for love, oh yes, love me! Love me forever, I will love you always.

Aus den hebräischen Gesängen

My heart is sad! Arise! Take from the wall the lute. No other sounds I want to hear, draw from it with a skillful hand the melodies that bewitch my heart! If still my heart can harbour hope, these sounds shall charm it forth again and in my dry eyes hide their

tears, they shall then flow, the burning stilled. But deep and wild must sounds flow, and joy renouncing evermore! Yes, minstrel, only make me weep, else my sad heart will be consumed. For you must see, by sorrow it was nursed, if suffered long, sleepless and mute, and now, and now, destined to know the worst, let it be broken or be healed in song.

Er ist gekommen

He came in storm and rain. My anxious heart leapt towards him. How could I know that his destiny would join with mine? He came in storm and rain, he boldly took my heart, did he take mine? Did I take his? Both drew nearer to one another. He came in storm and rain. Now springtime's blessing has come. My beloved journeys on his way, I cheerfully watch him leave, for he is mine now wherever he goes.

Vedrai carino

You will see, dear, if you are a good little one, what a beautiful remedy I wish to give you. It is natural, it doesn't taste bad, and the apothecary does not know how to make it. It is a certain balsam that I carry upon me. I can give it to you if you'd like to try it! Would you like to know where I keep it? Feel it beating, touch me here!

In uomini, in soldati

In men, in soldiers, in hope of fidelity? Don't let anyone hear you, for heaven's sake! They are all made of the same stuff. The leaves mobile and the breezes inconstant have more stability than men. Lying tears, deceitful looks, expressions false,

caresses lying, are their primary traits. They love only our hearts, then they despise us. They deny us affection, nor is it worth to ask pity from the barbarians. We pay, oh women, with the same money this pernicious breed discreet; let us love for convenience, for vanity.

Nuit d'étoiles

Night of stars beneath your veils, beneath your breeze and your perfumes sad lyre that sighs, I dream of loves defunct. The serene melancholy comes to blossom at the bottom of my heart, and I hear the soul of my darling tremble in the wood dreaming. I see again at our fountain your glance blue as the heavens, this rose, it is your breath, and these stars are your eyes.

Il pleure dans mon Coeur

It weeps in my heart as it rains on the city. What is this languor, which penetrates my heart? Oh noise soft of the rain on the ground and on the roofs! For a weary heart oh the noise of the rain! It weeps without cause in this heart, which is discouraged. What! No betrayal? This grief is without reason. It is truly the worst pain to not know why, without love and without

hatred, my heart has so much grief.

Chevaux du bois

Turn, turn, good horses of wood, circle a hundred times, circle a thousand times. Often go round and keep going round. Turn, turn to the sound of the oboes. The child in red and the mother in white, the guy in black and the girl in pink. The first woman natural, the other posing each allows himself a bit of Sunday pleasure. Turn, turn you horses of their hearts, while around all your circles the eyes of the stealthy crook flicker go around to the sound of the conquering piston! Strange how it intoxicates you to go thus in this circus stupid: nothing in the stomach and an ache in the head, some evil in abundance and some good in abundance. Rocking horse run, without the need to use ever any spurs to direct your circular course. Circle, circle, without hope of hay and hurry, horses of their soul already it is supertime and night falls chasing the crowd of gay carousers hungered by their thirst. Turn! Turn! For the sky in velvet is getting dressed slowly in golden stars, the Church rings a knell sadly. Circle to the sound joyous of the drums, circle.