

4-26-2009

## Stan Moran, Baritone, Senior Voice Recital

Stan Moran  
*Cedarville University*

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC, ART, & WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL  
OF

STAN MORAN  
BARITONE

AUBRIE COMPITELLO  
PIANO

SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 2009  
7:00 P.M.

RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

## Program

### I

*Quia fecit mihi magna*, from MAGNIFICAT . . . . . Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)

### II

Selections from DICHTERLIEBE, Op. 48 . . . . . Robert Schumann  
*Im wunderschönen Monat Mai* (1810-1856)  
*Aus meinen Tränen spruessen*  
*Ich grolle nicht*  
*Allnächtlich im Traume*

### III

*Extase* . . . . . Henry Duparc  
*Chanson Triste* (1848-1933)  
*Serenade*

### IV

*Deh, vieni alla finestra*, from DON GIOVANI . . . . . W.A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)  
*Di Provenza il mar, il suol*, from LA TRAVIATA . . . . . Giuseppe Verdi  
(1813-1901)

### V

*If I Can't Love Her*, from BEAUTY AND THE BEAST . . . . . Alan Menken  
(b. 1949)  
*The Mason*, from WORKING . . . . . Craig Carnelia  
(b. 1949)  
*All Good Gifts*, from GODSPELL . . . . . Stephen Schwartz  
(b. 1948)

Stan is a student of Mark Spencer.

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

### *Quia fecit mihi magna*

Because he who is mighty has done great things for me, and holy is his name.

### *Im wunderschönen Monat Mai*

In the wonderful month of May, when all the buds were bursting open, my love burst forth from my heart.

In the wonderful month of May, when all the birds were singing, I confessed to her my yearning and my longing.

### *Aus meinen Tränen spriessen*

From my tears sprout forth many blooming flowers, and my sighing becomes joined with the chorus of the nightingales.

And if you love me, dear child, I will send you so many flowers; and before your window should sound the song of the nightingale.

### *Ich grolle nicht*

I bear no grudge, even though my heart may break, eternally lost love! I bear no grudge. However you may shine in the splendor of your diamonds, no ray of light falls in the darkness of your heart.

I have long known this, I saw you in a dream, and saw the night within the void of your heart, and saw the serpent that is eating your heart. I saw, my love, how very miserable you are.

### *Allnächtlich im Traume*

All night in dreams I see you, and see you greet me warmly, and crying aloud I throw myself at your sweet feet

You look at me sadly and shake your fair head; from your eyes there are stealing teardrops like pearls.

Secretly you speak to me a hushed word and give me a branch of cypress. I wake up, and the branch is gone and I have forgotten the word.

### *Extase*

On your pale breast my heart is sleeping in a slumber sweet like death, exquisite death, death perfumed by the breath of my beloved, on your pale breast my heart is sleeping, in a slumber sweet like death.

### *Chanson Triste*

Moonlight slumbers in your heart, a gentle summer moonlight, and to escape the cares of life I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows, my sweet, when you cradle my sad heart and my thoughts in the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head, ah! sometimes on your lap, and recite to it a ballad that will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow, from your eyes I shall then drink so many kisses and so much love that perhaps I shall be healed.

### *Serenade*

If I were, O my love, the breeze of a perfumed breath brushing against your cheerful mouth, I would become timid and charmed.

If I were the bee that flew, or the seductive butterfly, you would not see me, frivolous, leave you for another flower.

If I were the charming rose which your hand placed on your heart so near to you,

all trembling, I would faint with happiness. But in vain I seek to please you. I quite moan and sigh. I am a man, and what can I do? Love you . . . tell you so . . . and cry!

*Deh, vieni alla finestra*

Oh please, come to the window, my sweetest treasure. Oh please, come to console my plaintive crying. If you refuse to give me any pleasure, in front of your own eyes you'll see me dying! You with the mouth that's sweeter far than honey, you with sugar inside your very being! Don't be so mean to me, my lovely bunny! Give me some joy, my love, if only in seeing!

*Di Provenza il mar, il suol*

The sea and soil of Provence – who has erased them from your heart? From your native, fulsome sun, what destiny stole you away? Oh, remember in your sorrow that joy glowed on you, and that only there peace can yet shine upon you. God has guided me! Ah, your old father – you don't know how much he has suffered! With you far away, with misery has his house become full. But if in the end I find you again, if hope did not fail within me, if the voice of honor didn't become silenced in you, God has heard me!