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David Anderson, Baritone, Senior Voice Recital

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**THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP**

PRESENTS THE

**SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
DAVID ANDERSON
BARITONE**

**AMIAH WARDER
PIANO**

**FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 2016
7 P.M.**

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

PROGRAM

I

- Selections from MESSIAH, HWV 56 George Frideric Handel
Recitative: Thus Saith the Lord (1685–1759)
Aria: But Who May Abide the Day of His Coming?

II

- Betrachte, meine Seel, mit ängstlichem Vergnügen,*
from ST. JOHN PASSION, BWV 245 J. S. Bach
(1685–1750)
Assisted by James Ryan and Joshua Taylor, violin;
Brianna Patricca, viola; and Hanna Bahorik, cello

III

- Non siate ritrosi,* from COSÌ FAN TUTTE Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)
Che fiero costume, from ECHI DI RIVERENZA, Op. 14 Giovanni Legrenzi
(1626–1690)
Amarilli, mia bella, from LE NUOVE MUSICHE Giulio Caccini
(1551–1618)

IV

- Après une rêve,* from TROIS MÉLODIES, Op. 7 Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)
En sourdine, from CINQ MÉLODIES, Op. 58 Gabriel Fauré
Der Doppelgänger, from SCHWANENGESANG, D. 957 Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)
Widmung, from MYRTHEN, Op. 25 Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

V

- En Aranjuez con tu amor* Joaquin Rodrigo
(1901–1999)
Asturiana, from SIETE CANCIONES
POPULARES ESPAÑOLAS Manuel de Falla
(1876–1946)

La mi sola, Laureola, from CANCIONES

CLÁSICAS ESPAÑOLAS, Vol. 1 Fernando J. Obradors
(1897–1945)

VI

Fly Me to the Moon Bart Howard
(1915–2004)

Blue Skies Irving Berlin
(1888–1989)

VII

This is the Moment, from JEKYLL AND HYDE Frank Wildhorn
(b. 1958)

Santa Fe, from NEWSIES Alan Menken
(b. 1949)

The Impossible Dream, from MAN OF LA MANCHA Mitch Leigh
(1928–2014)

David is a student of Mark Spencer.

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

No flash photography, please.

Please turn off all cell phones.

TRANSLATIONS

*Betrachte, meine Seel, mit ängstlichem
Vergnügen*

Consider, my soul, with anxious delight,
with bitter pleasure and a heart partly
oppressed that your highest good depends on
Jesus' sorrow, how for you from the thorns
that pierce Him heavenly flowers blossom!
You can gather so much sweet fruit from His
wormwood, therefore look unceasingly
towards Him!

Non siate ritrosi

Don't be bashful, charming little eyes; send
two flashes of love for a moment over here.
Make us happy, love with us, and we will
make you very happy also. Look, touch,
observe everything; we're two dear madmen,
we're strong and well made, and as everyone

can see, whether by merit or by chance, we
have a fine foot, a fine eye, a fine nose - look: a
fine foot, observe: a fine eye, touch: a fine nose,
observe everything; and these mustaches can
be called manly triumphs, plumes of love -
triumphs - plumes - mustaches.

Che fiero costume

How cruel are the ways of that pitiless god,
to make us worship him by making us suffer!
The treacherous deity compels me in my
passion to idolize a pleasing appearance.

O evil fate, that a sightless infant, his mouth still
full of milk, can command my respect. Yet this
false and barbarous tyrant has entered through
my eyes to bring me grief.

Amarilli, mia bella

Amaryllis, my lovely one, do you not believe, o my heart's sweet desire, that you are my love? Believe it thus: and if fear assails you, doubt not its truth. Open my breast and see written on my heart: Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis, is my beloved.

Après une rêve

In a slumber enchanted by your image
I dreamt of happiness, passionate mirage,
your eyes were softer, your voice pure and resonant,
you shone like a sky lit up by the dawn;
you called me and I left the earth to run away with you towards the light,
the skies opened their clouds for us, unknown splendors, divine flashes glimpsed. Alas!
Alas! sad awakening from dreams I call you,
o night, give me back your lies. Return,
return radiant, return, o mysterious night!

En sourdine

Peaceful in the half-light that the high branches cast, let us imbue our love with this deep silence.

Let us fuse our souls, our hearts and our enraptured senses, amidst the vague languors of the pines and the arbutus.

Half close your eyes, fold your arms on your breast, and from your sleeping heart banish all purpose for ever.

Let us be enticed by the gentle rocking breath which comes to your feet, to ripple the waves of russet grass.

And when, solemn, the evening falls from the black oaks, voice of our despair, the nightingale will sing.

Der Doppelgänger

The night is still, the streets are quiet, in this house lived my Love; he left the town long before, yet her house is still standing in the same place.

There I also see a man standing and staring into the heavens, wringing his hands in violent grief. I shudder when I behold his face; the moon reveals to me my own likeness.

You Doppelgänger, you pale companion!
Why do you mimic my lovesickness, that

tormented me at this place for so many nights in the past?

Widmung

You my soul, you my heart, you my bliss, o you my pain, you my world in which I live, my heaven you, to which I float, o you my grave, into which my grief forever I've consigned. You are repose, you are peace, you are bestowed on me from Heaven. Your love for me gives me my worth, your eyes transfigure me in mine, lovingly you raise me above myself, my good spirit, my better self!

En Aranjuez con tu amor

To spend hours next to you, oh my love there is a rumor of crystal fountains in the garden that seem to talk in a hushed voice to the roses.

Sweet love, those colorless, dry leaves that sweep the wind are reminders of romances of yesterday, jewels of promises made with love in Aranjuez between a man and a woman in the evening that they will always remember.

Oh my love, while two long for each other with fervor, the flowers will not cease to bloom nor will the world lack peace or heat to the Earth I know well that there are empty words without love that are taken on the wind and that no one heard with attention but other words sound, my love, to the heart like notes of nuptial song and so I want to talk to you if you wait for me in Aranjuez.

Later at the fall of the evening, they hear a rumor and it is that fountain that seems to talk to the roses in Aranjuez with your love.

Asturiana

To see whether it would console me, I drew near a green pine, to see whether it would console me.

Seeing me weep, it wept; and the pine, being green, seeing me weep, wept.

La mi sola, Laureola

My only Laureola, my only, only, only. I, the captive Leriano, although I am very proud, wounded by that hand that in the world is unique. My only Laureola, my only, only.