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Gracie Bennett, Junior Voice Recital

Gracie Bennett

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
MUSIC AND WORSHIP DEPARTMENT

PRESENTS THE

JUNIOR VOICE RECITAL

OF

GRACIE BENNETT

AUDREY RUTT, PIANO

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 2016, 3:00 P.M.

Lied der Mignon

from GESÄNGE AUS WILHELM MEISTER, Op. 62 No. 4

..... Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Das verlassene Mägdelein

from ROMANZEN UND BALLADEN, Vol. IV, Op. 64 No. 2

..... Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Der Nussbaum from MYRTHEN, OP. 25 No. 3 Robert Schumann

Les cigales from SIX MELODIES Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894)

Selections from HERMIT SONGS, Op. 29 ... Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

3. *St. Ita's Vision*
5. *The Crucifixion*
8. *The Monk and His Cat*

Gracie is a student of Mark Spencer

*The Bolthouse Center for Music
Recital Hall*

*No flash photography
Please turn off all cell phones*

TRANSLATIONS

Lied der Mignon (Song of Mignon)

Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From all joy,
I look into the heavens
I see but one direction.

Ah! he who loves and knows me
Is far away.
I am faint and feel
As though my heart was burning.
Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!

Das verlassene Mägdlein (The Forsaken Maiden)

Early when the rooster crows
Before the stars retire,
I must stand at the hearth,
Must tend the fire.

What beauty in the fire's light,
With the sparks a leaping,
I stand long gazing at them,
Lost now in my grieving.

Suddenly I remember,
Unfaithful fellow,
'Twas you I was dreaming of
Until the night had ended.

Tears well up and fall
One upon the other;
The day has just begun—
Oh, would that it were over!

Der Nussbaum (The Walnut Tree)

Green before the house a walnut
stands spreading, fragrant, airy, its
leafy branches.
Many lovely blossoms it bears;
gentle winds visit them with loving
embrace.
Paired together, they whisper,
gracefully inclining delicate heads
to kiss.

Whisper of a maiden who
night and day pondered, ah, and
knew not what.
Whisper - who can understand so
soft a song? -
of a husband-to-be, of next year.

Then maiden listens, the tree
rustles;
yearning, hoping, she sinks, smiling,
into sleep and dreams.

Les Cicales (The Cicadas)

As the sun climbs higher and higher,
patches of shade keep shrinking
and noise multiplies on every side:
it is noon, summer noon is singing!
Directed by the blazing star
is a chorus, who have rehearsed
their parts,
broadcasting a raucous cantata
with resolute and tireless hearts

The cicadas, those tiny fellows,
out-vibrato the loudest cellos.
The cicadas' concerted din
outperforms any violin!

They overdo it, the cicadas;
they indulgently wallow
in among the old olive-trees
and the flowers of the dusty hollow.
Enchanted with their power to sing,
they press on with their crazy musicking.
Through the branches and browning
grasses their unremitting song takes
wing.

And since for the work-weary peasants
the abundant sun of summer
in ample waves from high above
pours the magic potion of slumber,
all is still, to mark this special hour
except for these fanatics
filling in the spaces between
the chimes of the distant church
tower!