

3-18-2017

Michaela Wade, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Michaela S. Wade

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
MICHAELA WADE
MEZZO-SOPRANO

AUDREY RUTT
PIANO

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 2017
7 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

Ich will dich nicht hören from LAßT UNS SORGEN, LAßT UNS WACHEN,
BWV 213..... J. S. Bach (1685–1750)
Assisted by Audrey Rutt, harpsichord;
Lydia Sarver, violin; Theresa Guillory, cello

II

Les nuits d'été, H. 81..... Hector Berlioz (1803–1869)
I. Villanelle
III. Sur les lagunes
VI. L'île inconnue

III

Nacht und Träume..... Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht..... Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)
Wach' auf, du schöne Träumerin!..... Franz Ries (1846–1932)

IV

In Sherwood Forest..... Liza Lehmann (1862–1918)
Assisted by Kaleigh Kenney, Amy Radwanski,
Kelsey DePree, Kirsten Saur, choir

V

Don't Cry, Mother Dear from AMAHL AND THE NIGHT VISITORS
..... Gian Carlo Menotti (1911–2007)

VI

Live Like That.....
..... Ben Glover (b. 1978), Ben McDonald (b. 1980), David Frey (b. 1982)
Assisted by Catherine Milliron, piano; Wren June, guitar;
Megan Newsted, cajon; Kristen Jarboe, violin;
Mikayla Bush, vocals

VII

You Are..... Colton Dixon (b. 1991)
Blessings..... Laura Story (b. 1978)
Clear the Stage..... Jimmy Needham (b. 1985)
Assisted by Kent Wade, piano

Michaela is a student of Mark Spencer.

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

No flash photography, please.

Please turn off all cell phones.

Translations

Ich will dich nicht hören

I will not listen to you, I will not learn from you, rejected vice, I know you not, I want not. For the snakes, that wished to seize me in the cradle, I have long since crushed, shredded.

Villanelle

When the new season has come, when the cold has disappeared, together we will go, my lovely one, to gather lilies-of-the-valley in the woods. Beneath our feet picking the pearls that on sees trembling in the morning, we will go to hear the black birds, we will go to hear the black birds whistle. Spring has come, my lovely one, this is the month blessed by lovers, and the bird smoothing its wing, speaks its verses from the rim of its nest. Oh! Come here onto this mossy bank to speak of our beautiful love and say to me in your sweet voice, and say to me in your sweet voice forever. Far, very far wandering from our path, setting to flight the hidden rabbit and the buck, in the mirror of the spring admiring its great twisted antlers. Then home all happy and at ease, lacing our fingers together like baskets, we'll return carrying strawberries, we'll return carrying wild strawberries!

Sur les lagunes

My beautiful friend is dead. I will weep forever; into the tomb she has carried my soul and my heart. To heaven, without waiting for me she has returned, the angel who led her did not want to take me. How bitter is my fate! Ah! To go to sea without love! The fair creature is lying in her coffin how everything in nature seems to me to be in mourning! The forsaken dove weeps and dreams of the absent one, my soul weeps and feels that it has lost its partner. How

bitter is my fate! Ah! To go to sea without love! Over me the immense night spreads itself like a shroud, I sing my romance which only heaven hears. Ah! How beautiful she was, and how I loved her. I will never love another woman as much as I loved her. How bitter is my fate! How bitter is my fate! Ah! To go to sea without love! To go to sea! Ah! Ah!

L'île inconnue

Say young beauty, where do you wish to go? The sail swells, the breeze will blow. The sail swells, the breeze will blow. The oar is made of ivory, the flag is of silk, the helm is of fine gold. I have for ballast an orange, for a sail the wing of an angel, for a deck boy a seraph. I have for ballast an orange, for a sail the wing of an angel, for a deck boy a seraph. Say young beauty, where do you wish to go? The sail swells, the breeze will blow. The sail swells, the breeze will blow. Is it to the Baltic? To the Pacific Ocean? To the island of Java? Or else is it to Norway to gather the flower of the snow, or the flower of Angsoka? Say, say, young beauty, say, where do you wish to go? Lead me, says the beauty, to the faithful shore where one loves always! This shore, my darling, we hardly know at all, in the land of love, we hardly know at all, we hardly know at all, in the land of love. Where do you wish to go? The breeze will blow.

Continued on back

Nacht und Träume

Holy night, you sink down; downward flow
also the dreams, like your moonlight through
space through the quiet hearts of men. They
listen with delight, they listen with delight;
calling out when the day awakens: Return,
holy night! Fair dreams, return!

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht

The death, that is the cool night, the life is the
sultry day. It grows dark already, I become
sleepy, the day has me tired made. Over my
bed raises itself a tree, in it sings the young
nightingale; it sings of pure love, of pure love, I
hear it, I hear it even in my dreams, even in my
dreams.

Wach' auf, du schöne Träumerin!

Awaken, beautiful dreamer, awaken! The long
night of separation has passed, awaken.
Sorrow and vexation are now over; your
beloved comes with the dawn. Awaken,
awaken, awaken! The larks are singing before
him, awaken! At his feet the weir is
murmuring: awaken! Everything that has a
voice or can make a sound is singing so that it
resounds through all your windows, awaken!
Into your little chamber, into your heart:
awaken! The world is basking in sunshine,
awaken! And spring and love fills our spirits,
awake, beautiful dreamer; awaken, beautiful
dreamer, awaken, awaken, awaken! Awaken,
awaken, awaken!



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