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Gracie Bennett, Senior Voice Recital

Gracie Bennett

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
GRACIE BENNETT
SOPRANO

AUDREY RUTT
PIANO

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 2017
3 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

Mein Freund ist mein, from CANTATA BWV 140 J. S. Bach (1685–1750)
Assisted by Josiah Kenniv, baritone

II

Bel piacere from AGRIPPINA George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)
Mein Herr Marquis from DIE FLEDERMAUS Johann Strauss, Jr. (1825–1899)
Les oiseaux dans la charmille from LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN
..... Jacques Offenbach (1819–1880)

III

Villanelle from LES NUITS D'ÉTÉ, H. 81 Hector Berlioz (1803–1869)
Si mes vers avaient des ailes Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947)
Meine Rose, Op. 90, No. 2 Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
Die Nacht, Op. 10, No. 3 Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

IV

Cycle of Life Landon Ronald (1873–1938)

1. Prelude
2. Down in the Forest (Spring)
3. Love, I Have Won You (Summer)
4. The Winds Are Calling (Autumn)
5. Drift Down, Drift Down (Winter)

V

Someone to Notice Me Sean Anthony Kisch (b. 1995)
Assisted by Haley Perritt, piano,
and Rachel Blizzard, harp

Gracie 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

Mein Freund ist mein

My friend is mine, and I am yours
Nothing shall divide our love.
I want to graze on heaven's roses with you,
You will graze on heaven's roses with me.
There will be fullness of joy,
there will be delight.

Bel piacere

It is great pleasure to enjoy a faithful love!
It pleases the heart.
Splendor is not measured by beauty,
If it does not come from a faithful heart.

Mein Herr Marquis

My dear Marquis, a man like you
should better understand that,
Therefore, I advise you to look more
closely at people!
This hand is surely far too fine, ah!
This foot so dainty and small, ah!
The manner of speaking which I have,
My waist, my bustle, these would never be
found on a lady's maid!
You really must admit this mistake was
very comical!
Yes, very comical, ha ha ha! Is this matter,
ha ha ha!
So pardon me, ha ha ha! If I laugh, ha ha ha!
Yes, very comical, ha ha ha!
You are very comical, Marquis.
With this profile in Grecian style being a
gift of nature;
If this face doesn't say enough, just look at
my figure!
Just look through your lorgnette, ah! At this
outfit, ah!
It seems to me that love has clouded your
eyes,
The image of your chambermaid has quite
filled your heart!
Now you see her everywhere, this is truly a
very comic situation!

Les oiseaux dans la charmille

The birds in the arbor, the sky's daytime
star,
Everything speaks to a young girl of love!
Ah! This is the gentile song, the song of
Olympia! Ah!
Everything that sings and resonates and
sighs, in turn,
Moves his heart, which shudders of love!
Ah! This is the lovely song, the song of
Olympia! Ah!

Villanelle

When the season changes all around us,
When the cold winter frost is gone,
To the forest we'll go, my darling
The fair primrose to cull at will.
The trembling bright pearls that are shining,
Each morning we shall brush aside,
We'll run and hear the cheerful thrushes
singing.
Spring has come, all for us, my darling
Now is time for our lovers' joy.
And the bird his soft wing englossing,
Sings carols sweet within his nest.
Oh, come down to the mossy bank
Where we'll talk of nothing else but love,
And whisper with thy voice so tender:
Always!
Far, far off let our footsteps wander,
Fright'ning the hiding hare away,
While the deer at the spring is gazing,
Admiring his reflected horns.
Then back home, with our hearts rejoicing,
And fondly our fingers entwined,
Let's return, bringing fresh wild berries,
wood-grown.

Continued on back

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,
To your garden so beautiful,
If my verses had wings like a bird.
They would fly, like sparks,
To your smiling hearth,
If my verses had wings like the mind.
Pure and faithful, to your side
They'd hasten night and day,
If my verses had wings like love!

Meine Rose

To the lovely jewelry of Spring,
to the rose, my delight,
that is already bowing and turning pale
from the hot beams of the sun,
I reach out a cup of water
from a dark, deep well.
You rose of my heart!
From the silent beam of pain
you bow and turn pale;
At your feet, I would like,
as this flower water does,
to silently pour my soul out,
even if I then might not see
you rising with joy.

Die Nacht

Night steps out of the woods,
And sneaks softly out of the trees,
Looks about in a wide circle,
now beware.
All the lights of this earth,
All flowers, all colors
It extinguishes, and steals
the sheaves from the field.
It takes everything that is dear,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes away from the cathedral's copper
roof, the gold.
The shrubs stand plundered,
Draw nearer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear the night will also steal you
from me.