

4-5-2019

Phoebe Schoeneweis, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Phoebe R. Schoeneweis

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Footer Logo

THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
PHOEBE SCHOENEWEIS
MEZZO-SOPRANO

LEAH BARTLAM
PIANO

FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 2019
7 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

Erbarne dich from ST. MATTHEW PASSION J. S. Bach (1685–1750)
Assisted by James Ryan, Kristen Jarboe, and Caroline Beckman, violins;
Brianna Patricca, viola; Hanna Bahorik, cello

II

Ombra mai fu from SERSE George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)
Che faro senza Euridice from ORFEO ED EURIDICE
..... Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714–1787)
Voi che sapete from LE NOZZE DI FIGARO . Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

III

Cinq mélodies, Op. 58 Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)
I. Mandoline
Two Songs, Op. 1 Gabriel Fauré
II. Mai
Mörike-Lieder Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)
XXI. Auf ein altes Bild
XLVI. Auch kleine Dinge

IV

Four Songs Jean Berger (1909–2002)
1. In Time of Silver Rain
2. Heart
3. Carolina Cabin
4. Lonely People

V

Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing Robert Robinson (1735–1790)
arr. Aaron Keyes (b. 1978)
Assisted by Christopher O'Mara, guitar
Arielle Feustel, alto

Phoebe 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

Erbarme dich

Have mercy on me Oh God for the sake of my tears! See here, before you, heart and eyes weep bitterly. Have mercy, my God.

Ombra mai fu

Branches tender and beautiful of my sycamore beloved, for you shines the destiny. Thunder, lightning, and tempests, do not let them outrage ever the dear peace, nor let arrive to profane you, the west winds rapacious! Never was made a plant more dear and loving or gentle.

Che faro senza Euridice

What will I do without Euridice? Where will I go without my wonderful one? Euridice, Oh God, answer! I am entirely your loyal one. Euridice! Ah, it doesn't give me any help, any hope neither this world, neither heaven.

Voi che sapete

You who know what love is, ladies, see if I have it in my heart. I'll tell you what I'm feeling, It's new for me, and I understand nothing. I have a feeling, full of desire, which is by turns delightful and miserable. I freeze and then feel my soul go up in flames, then in a moment I turn to ice. I'm searching for affection outside of myself, I don't know how to hold it, nor even what it is! I sigh and lament without wanting to, I twitter and tremble without knowing why, I find peace neither night nor day, but still I rather enjoy languishing this way. You who know what love is, ladies, see if I have it in my heart.

Mandoline

The givers of serenades and the lovely women who listen exchange insipid words under the singing branches. There is Thyrsis and Amyntas, and there's the eternal Clytander, and there's Damis who, for many a heartless woman, wrote many a tender verse. Their short silk coats, their

long dresses with trains, their elegance, their joy, and their soft blue shadows whirl around in the ecstasy of a pink and grey moon, and the mandolin prattles among the shivers from the breeze.

Mai

Since full-flowering May calls us to the meadows, come! Do not tire of mingling with your soul. The countryside, the woods, the charming shade, vast moonlights on the bands of sleeping waters, the path ending where the road begins, and the air, the spring and the immense horizon, the horizon which this world is attached to, humble and joyous like a lip at the bottom of heaven's robe! Come! and may the gaze of the pure stars, falling to the ground through so many veils. May the tree steeped in perfume and song, may the burning breath of noon in the fields, and the shade and the sun, and the wave and verdure, and the radiance of all nature— may they cause you to blossom like a double flower, beauty of your brow and love in your heart.

Auf eine altes Bild

In the summer haze of a green landscape, by cool water, rushes and reeds, see how the Child, born without sin, plays freely on the Virgin's lap! And ah! Growing blissfully there in the wood, already the tree of the cross is turning green!

Auch kleine Dinge

Even little things can delight us, even little things can be precious. Think how we gladly adorn ourselves with pearls; they are heavily paid for, and yet are small. Think how small is the olive's fruit, and is nevertheless sought for its virtue. Think only on the rose, how small she is, and yet, smells so sweet, as you know.

Have mercy on me Oh God for the sake of my tears! See here, before you, heart and eyes weep bitterly. Have mercy, my God.

