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Elizabeth McAlester, Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Elizabeth McAlester

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL

OF

ELIZABETH MCALESTER SOPRANO

HANNAH KITZMILLER
PIANO

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 2020 7 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I Mio tesoro per te moro from 7 ARIE CON TROMBA SOLA
Assisted by Silas Rea, trumpet
II Selections from PSALM 42, Op. 42, MWV A15 Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847) Aria: Meine Seele dürstet nach Gott Recitative: Mein Gott, betrübt ist meine Seele in mir Quintetto: Der Herr hat des Tages Assisted by Josh Gore and Nathanael Atkins, tenors; Timothy Barnes and David Kravets, basses
III
Al desio, di chi t'adora, K.577 from LE NOZZE DI FIGARO
IV
AIRS CHANTÉS, FP 46
Air vif INTERMISSION
V Selections from SIX ELIZABETHAN SONGS Dominick Argento (1927–2019)
1. Spring
2. Sleep
5. Diaphenia 6. Hymn
VI Selections from CUATRO MADRIGALES AMATORIOSJoaquín Rodrigo (1901–1999)
1. Con qué la lavaré?
2. Vos me matásteis.
4. De los álamos vengo, madre
VII
Some Things Are Meant to Be from LITTLE WOMEN Jason Howland (b. 1971)
Assisted by Abigail Jenks, soprano
Via dolorosa Billy Sprague (b. 1952) and Niles Borop (b. 1956)
Wonderful, Merciful Savior Dawn Rodgers (b. 1957) and Eric Wyse (b. 1959) Assisted by Antonio Muñoz, tenor, and Josh Gore, baritone

Elizabeth is a student of Beth Porter.

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

Mio tesoro per te moro

My darling, for thee I die! Come quickly to console this heart Which so much longs for you And calls upon you to restore it

Psalm 42:

Aria: Meine Seele dürstet nach Gott

My soul thirsts for God, for the living God. When will I reach the place where I will behold God's countenance?

Recitative: Mein Gott, betrübt ist meine Seele in mir

My God, my soul is troubled within me. Therefore I remember you! Your streams rush forth, so here a deep, and there a deep roar; all the surges and waves of your waters flood over me. My God, my soul is troubled within me.

Quintetto: Der Herr hat des Tages

By day the Lord has promised his mercy, and by night I sing to him, and I pray to the God of my life. My God, my soul is troubled within me. Why have you forgotten me? Why must I go about so sorrowfully, when my enemy oppress me?

Al desio, di chi t'adora

The moment finally arrives
When I'll experience joy without haste
In the arms of my beloved...
Fearful anxieties, get out of my heart!
Do not come to disturb my delight.
Oh, how it seems that to amorous fires
The comfort of the place,
Earth and heaven respond,
[Oh, it seems the earth, heaven and this place
answerer my heart's amorous fire.]
As the night responds to my ruses.
Oh, come, don't be late, my beautiful joy
Come where love calls you to enjoyment

Until night's torches no longer shine in the sky As long as the air is still dark And the world quiet.

Here the river murmurs and the light plays
That restores the heart with sweet ripples
Here, little flowers laugh and the grass is fresh
Here, everything entices one to love's pleasures
Come, my dear, among these hidden plants.
Come. come!

Come, order among these hidden plants.
Come, come!
I want to crown you with roses.
Come, hurry, my beloved,
To the desires of the one who adores you!
I shall die if you leave me
Still to sigh in vain.
The promises, and vows;
(Of) those! Remember, my darling!
And those moments of solace,
Which love made me hope for!
Ah, I can no longer resist
The passion that is burning in my heart!
Let those who understands the pains of love,
Have sympathy with my suffering.

Airs chantés:

Air romantique

I walked in the countryside with the stormy wind,
Beneath the pale morning, beneath the low clouds.

A sinister crow followed me on my way
And my steps splashed though the water puddles.
The lightning on the horizon unleashed its flame
And the North Wind intensified its wailing;
But the storm was too weak for my soul
Which drowned the thunder with its throbbing.
From the golden spoils of ash and maple
Autumn amassed her brilliant plunder,
And the crow still, with inexorable flight,
Without changing anything, accompanied me to
my fate.

Air champêtre

Lovely spring, I shall never cease to remember That on a day, guided by entranced friendship, I gazed on your face, O goddess, Half hidden beneath the moss.

Continued on back

Had he but remained, this friend whom I mourn, O nymph, a devotee of your cult,
To mingle once more with the breeze that caresses you,
And to respond to your hidden waters!

Air grave

Ah! begone now, unhappy thoughts!
O anger! O remorse!
Memories that oppressed my two temples
With the embrace of the dead.
Paths full of moss, vaporous fountains,
Deep grottoes, voices of birds and wind,
Fitful lights of the wild undergrowth.
Insects, animals, Beauty to come –
Do not repulse me, O divine nature,
I am your suppliant.
Ah! begone now, Anger, remorse!

Air vif

The treasures of the orchard and the festive garden,
The flowers of the field, of the woods
Burst forth with pleasure
Alas! and above their head
the wind swells its voice.
But you, noble ocean whom the assault of storms
Cannot ravage,
You will assuredly, with more dignity,
Lose yourself in dreams when you lament.

Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios:

Con qué la lavaré?

With what shall I wash the skin of my face?
With what shall I wash it?
I live in such sorrow.
Married women wash in lemon water: in my grief I wash in pain and sorrow.
With what shall I wash it?
I live in such sorrow.

Vos me matásteis

You killed me, girl with hair hanging loose, you have slain me. By the river bank I saw a young maiden. Girl with hair hanging loose, you have slain me. Girl with hair hanging loose, you have killed me, you have slain me.

De los álamos vengo, madre

I come from the poplars, mother, from seeing the breezes stir them. From the poplars of Seville, from seeing my sweet love, from seeing the breezes stir them. I come from the poplars, mother, from seeing the breezes stir them.

Psalm 42, Op. 42 MWV A15 - Pamela Dellal with Emmanuel

Al desio, di chi t'adora - Heredos, Rosemary (2014). The Many Disguises of Susanna: A Comparison of the 1786 Premiere and the 1789 Revival of Mozart's "Le nozze di Figaro". Excellence in Performing Arts Research Vol. 1 doi:10.21038/epar.2014.0102. Retrieved from https://oaks.kent.edu/epar/vol1/iss1/many-disguises-susa nnacomparison-1786-premiere-and-1789-revival-mozarts-le-nozze-di

Airs chantés - Richard Stokes, from A French Song Companion (Oxford, 2000) Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios - Jacqueline Cockburn and Richard Stokes published in the The Spanish Song Companion (Gollancz, 1992

