

2-25-2022

Elizabeth Sacco, Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Elizabeth Sacco

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**THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP**

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL

OF

**ELIZABETH SACCO
SOPRANO**

**ELIZABETH DUNKEL
PIANO**

**FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 2022
7 P.M.**

**RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER**

PROGRAM

I

- Alma del core* Antonio Caldara (1670–1736)
Se tu m'ami, se sospiri Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710–1736)

II

- Frauenliebe und Leben*, Op. 42 Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
1. Seit ich ihn gesehen
 2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen
 3. Ich kann's nicht fassen nicht glauben
 4. Du Ring an meinem Finger
 5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
 6. Süsster Freund, du blickest
 7. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
 8. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

INTERMISSION

III

- À Chloë* Reynaldo Hahn (1875–1947)
Les temps des lilas Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)
- Ah! malgré moi* from *ALCESTE* Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714–1787)

IV

- Getting Married Today* from *COMPANY* Stephen Sondheim (1930–2021)
- Marry the Man Today* from *GUYS AND DOLLS* Frank Loesser (1910–1969)
Assisted by Rachael Kindred, soprano
- The Next Ten Minutes Ago* from *CINDERELLA* and *THE LAST FIVE YEARS*
..... Richard Rodgers (1902–1979)
and Jason Robert Brown (b. 1970)
arr. Kurt Crowley (b. 1989)
and Benjamin Rauhala (b. 1987)
Assisted by Cade Gehman, tenor

Ellie is a student of Beth Cram Porter.

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

Translations

Alma del core

Soul of my heart, spirit of my soul,
I will always faithfully love you
and be content in my torment
if I will be able to kiss your beautiful lips.
© translated by Bard Suverkrop
<https://www.ipasource.com/alma-del-core>

Se tu m'ami

If you love me, if you sigh for me, gentle shepherd,
your pain hurts me, yet I delight in your love.
But if you think that I must return my love only to you,
then, shepherd boy, you are easily deceived.

A beautiful purple rose Silvia will choose today -
because of its thorns, she will despise it tomorrow.
But men's advice I will not follow.
Just because I love the lily,
I will not despise the other flowers.
© translated by Bertram Kottman
<https://www.ipasource.com/se-tu-mami/>

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Since I saw him I believe myself to be blind,
where I but cast my gaze, I see him alone.
as in waking dreams his image floats before me,
dipped from deepest darkness, brighter in ascent.

All else dark and colorless everywhere around me,
for the games of my sisters I no longer yearn,
I would rather weep, silently in my little chamber,
since I saw him, I believe myself to be blind.
© translated by Daniel Platt
https://www.lieder.net/lieder/assemble_translations.html?SongCycleId=70&LanguageId=7&ContribId=

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

He, the most glorious of all, O how mild, so good!
lovely lips, clear eyes, bright mind
and steadfast courage.

Just like there in the blue depths, bright and glorious,
that star, so he is in my heavens,
bright and glorious, sublime and distant.

Walk, walk your paths, but to observe your gleam,
but to observe in meekness, but to be blissful and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer,
dedicated only to your happiness,
you may not know me, lowly maid, lofty star of glory!

Only the worthiest of all may make happy your choice,
and I will bless her, the lofty one, many thousand times.

I will rejoice then and weep, blissful, blissful I'll be then;
if my heart should also break, break, O heart, what of it?
© translated by Daniel Platt
https://www.lieder.net/lieder/assemble_translations.html?SongCycleId=70&LanguageId=7&ContribId=

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

I can't grasp it, nor believe it,
a dream has bewitched me,
how should he, among all the others,
lift up and make happy poor me?

It seemed to me, as if he spoke, "I am thine eternally",
It seemed - I dream on and on, It could never be so.

O let me die in this dream, cradled on his breast,
let the most blessed death drink me up
in tears of infinite bliss.
© translated by Daniel Platt
https://www.lieder.net/lieder/assemble_translations.html?SongCycleId=70&LanguageId=7&ContribId=

Du Ring an meinem Finger

The ring on my finger, my little golden ring,
I press you devoutly upon my lips
devoutly upon my heart.

I had dreamt it, the tranquil, lovely dream of childhood,
I found myself alone and lost in barren, infinite space.

The ring on my finger,
you have taught me for the first time,
have opened my gaze unto the endless, deep value of life.

I want to serve him, live for him, belong to him entire,
Give myself and find myself transfigured in his radiance.

The ring on my finger, my little golden ring,
I press you devoutly upon lips, devoutly upon my heart.
© translated by Daniel Platt
https://www.lieder.net/lieder/assemble_translations.html?SongCycleId=70&LanguageId=7&ContribId=

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Help me, my sisters, friendly, adorn me,
serve me, today's fortunate one, busily wind
about my brow the adornment of blooming myrtle.

Otherwise, gratified, of joyful heart,
I would have lain in the arms of the beloved,
so he called ever out, yearning in his heart,
impatient for the present day.

Help me, my sisters, help me to banish a foolish anxiety,
so that I may with clear eyes receive him,
him, the source of joyfulness.

Dost, my beloved, thou appear to me,
Do you give me, sun, your light?
Let me with devotion, let me in meekness,
let me curtsy before my lord.

Strew him, sisters, strew him with flowers,
bring him budding roses, but you sisters,
I greet with melancholy,
joyfully departing from your midst.
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https://www.lieder.net/lieder/assemble_translations.html?SongCycleId=70&LanguageId=7&ContribId=

Süsser Freund, du blickest

Sweet friend, you gaze upon me in wonderment,
I cannot grasp it, why I can weep;
Let the moist pearls' unaccustomed adornment
tremble, joyful-bright, in my eyes.

How anxious my bosom, how rapturous!
If I only knew, with words, how I should say it;
come and hide thy face here in my breast,
I want to whisper in thy ear all my happiness.

Do you know now the tears, that I can weep?
Shouldst thou not see them, thou beloved man?

Continued on the back

Stay by my heart, feel its beat,
that I may, fast and faster, hold thee.

Here, at my bed, the cradle shall have room,
where it silently conceals my lovely dream;
the morning will come where the dream awakes,
and from there thy image shall smile at me.
© translated by Daniel Platt
https://www.lieder.net/lieder/assemble_translations.html?SongCycleId=70&LanguageId=7&ContribId=

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

On my heart, on my breast,
you my delight, you my happiness!

The joy is the love, the love is the joy,
I have said it, and won't take it back.

I've thought myself rapturous,
but now I'm happy beyond that. Only she that suckles,
only she that loves
the child, to whom she gives nourishment;

Only a mother knows alone
what it is to love and be happy.

O how I pity then the man
who cannot feel a mother's joy!

You dear, dear angel,
you look at me and smile,

On my heart, on my breast,
you my delight, you my happiness!
© translated by Daniel Platt
https://www.lieder.net/lieder/assemble_translations.html?SongCycleId=70&LanguageId=7&ContribId=

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Now you have given me, for the first time, pain,
how it struck me.
You sleepest, you hard, merciless man,
the sleep of death.

The abandoned one gazes straight ahead,
the world is void.
I have loved and lived, I am no longer living.

I withdraw silently into myself, the veil falls,
there I have you and my lost happiness, You, my world!
© translated by Daniel Platt
https://www.lieder.net/lieder/assemble_translations.html?SongCycleId=70&LanguageId=7&ContribId=

À Chloris

If it is true, Chloris, that you love me,
(And I understand that you love me well,)
I do not believe that even kings
could have a happiness equal to mine.
How the death would be unwelcome,
if it were to exchange my present state
for the joy of heaven!
All that they say of ambrosia
does not inspire my imagination
like the favor of your eyes.
© translated by Bard Suverkrop
<https://www.ipasource.com/a-chloris/>

Les temps des lilas

The time of lilacs and the time of roses
Will not come back again this spring;
The time of lilacs and the time of roses
Has passed and the carnations too.
The wind has changed, the skies are somber,
And we shall never again hasten to gather
The blooming lilacs and the lovely roses;
The spring is sad and cannot flourish.
Oh! Joyful and sweet season of the year,
Which came, last year, to steep itself in its sunlight,
Our flower of love has so much faded,
Alas! That your kiss cannot wake it up again!
And you, what are you doing? No more budding flowers,
No more gay sunshine nor cooling shades;
The time of lilacs and the time of roses,
With our love, is dead forever.
© translated by Christopher Goldsack
https://www.melodietreasury.com/translations/song66_Le%20emps%20des%20lilas.html

Ah! malgré moi

My children, spare your tears;
O cease to grieve me so.
Ah! In spite of myself,
my feeble heart shares your tender tears,
your regrets so touching;
And I feel well, in these cruel moments,
That I shall need firmest courage.
See the harshness of my fate!
A wife, mother, and queen so dear;
My life lacked nothing of happiness,
And I no longer have any hope,
Nothing before me but death.
Oh heaven! What torture, what sadness!
Farewell, for I must leave everything that I love!
This effort, this extreme torment,
Tears me apart and rips out my heart!
© translated by Brad Suverkrop
<https://www.ipasource.com/ah-malgre-moi-mon-faible-coeur/>