
Junior and Senior Recitals

Concert and Recital Programs

4-13-2024

Grace Guthrie, Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Grace Guthrie

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

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL

OF

**GRACE GUTHRIE
SOPRANO**

ASSISTED BY

**PAUL SCANLON
PIANO**

**SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 2024
6 P.M.**

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

PROGRAM

I

- Qual farfalletta* from PARTENOPE, HWV 27
..... George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)
Ach, ich fühl's from DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE, K. 620
..... W. A. Mozart (1756–1791)

II

- Cinq mélodies "de Venise"*, Op. 58..... Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)
1. Mandoline
3. Green

III

- Auf dem Strom*, D.943 - Op. posth. 119..... Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Assisted by Jayda Archer, horn

Intermission

IV

- Vocalise* Wilbur Chenoweth (1899–1980)

V

- Psalm 148* from CYCLE OF HOLY SONGS Ned Rorem (1923–2022)
Lord Jesus Christ from PRAYERS OF KIERKEGAARD, Op. 30
..... Samuel Barber (1910–1981)
Psalm 150 from CYCLE OF HOLY SONGS Ned Rorem

VI

- A Letter from Sullivan Ballou*..... John Kander (b. 1927)

Grace is a student of Beth Cram Porter

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

Translations

Qual farfalletta

Like a little butterfly,
I turn around that lamp.
And my Cupid burns
the beautiful feathers.
The sparkle entices me,
because he is true to me,
my loyalty is greater than anyone else's
and it won't change.
<https://lyricstranslate.com>

Ach, ich fühls

Ah, I can feel it, love's happiness
Is fled forever!
Nevermore, O hours of bliss,
Will you return to my heart!
See, Tamino, these tears
Flow for you alone, beloved.
If you do not feel love's yearning,
I shall find peace in death!
<https://oxfordsong.org>

Mandoline

The gallant serenaders
And their fair listeners
Exchange sweet nothings
Beneath singing boughs.
Tirsis is there, Aminte is there,
And tedious Clitandre too,
And Damis who for many a cruel maid
Writes many a tender song.
Their short silken doublets,
Their long trailing gowns,
Their elegance, their joy,
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in the rapture
Of a grey and roseate moon,
And the mandolin jangles on
In the shivering breeze.
<https://oxfordsong.org/>

Green

Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and fronds,
And here too is my heart that beats just for you.
Do not tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble gift please your
lovely eyes.
I come all covered still with the dew
Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.
On your young breast let me cradle my head
Still ringing with your recent kisses;
After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,
And let me sleep a while, since you rest.
<https://oxfordsong.org>

Auf dem Strom

Take these last farewell kisses,
and the wafted greetings
that I send to the shore,
before your foot turns to leave.
Already the boat is pulled away
by the waves' rapid current;
but longing forever draws back
my gaze, clouded with tears.
And so the waves bear me away
with relentless speed.
Ah, already the meadows
where, overjoyed, I found her have disappeared.
Days of bliss, you are gone for ever!
Hopelessly my lament echoes
round the fair homeland
where I found her love.
See how the shore flies past,
and how mysterious ties
draw me across
to a land by yonder cottage,
to linger in yonder arbour.
But the river's waves rush onwards,
without respite,
bearing me on towards the ocean.
Ah, how I tremble with dread
at that dark wilderness,
far from every cheerful shore,
where no island can be seen!
No song can reach me from the shore
to bring forth tears of gentle sadness;
only the tempest blows cold
across the grey, angry sea.
If my wistful, roaming eyes
can no longer descry the shore,
I shall look up to the stars
there in the sacred distance.
Ah! By their gentle radiance
I first called her mine;
there, perhaps, O consoling fate,
there I shall meet her gaze.

