

11-3-2013

Emma Gage, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Emma Gage
Cedarville University

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Gage, Emma, "Emma Gage, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital" (2013). *Junior and Senior Recitals*. 72.
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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
EMMA GAGE
MEZZO-SOPRANO

RACHEL LOWRANCE
PIANO

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 2013
6 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

Schlage doch, gewünschte Stunde, from CANTATA, BWV 53 J. S. Bach
(1685-1750)

Assisted by: Jake Tudor and Bethany Thompson, violins,
Ariana Cheng, viola, Theresa Guillory, cello,
Nate Spanos, chimes, Rachel Lowrance, harpsichord

II

TRE ARIETTE Vincenzo Bellini
Il fervido desiderio (1801-1835)
Dolente immagine di Fille mia
Vaga luna, che inargenti

III

Fleur des blés Claude Debussy
Beau soir (1862-1918)

Sérénade florentine Henri Duparc
L'invitation au voyage (1848-1933)

IV

Botschaft, from FÜNF LIEDER, Op. 47 Johannes Brahms
Selections from VIER GESÄNGE, Op. 46 (1833-1897)

Magyarisch
An die Nachtigall
Junge Lieder I, from NEUN LIEDER UND GESÄNGE, Op. 63

V

Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair Ned Rorem
Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening (b. 1923)
Alleluia

Emma 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

Schlage doch, gewünschte Stunde

Strike then, longed for hour, dawn, beautiful day!

Come, you angels, to me, open for me the fields of heaven, so that I am able to behold my Jesus in contented peace of soul! I yearn from the bottom of my heart only for the very last tick of the clock!

Strike then, longed for hour, dawn, beautiful day!

Il fervido desiderio

When will that day come when I may see again that which the loving heart so desires?

When will that day come when I welcome you to my bosom, beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Sorrowful image of my Phillis, why do you sit so desolate beside me? What more do you wish for? Streams of tears have I poured on your ashes.

Do you fear that, forgetful of sacred vows, I could turn to another [lit.: that I might burn by another flame]? Shade of Phillis, rest peacefully; the old flame [of love] cannot be extinguished.

Vaga luna, che inargenti

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light on these shores and on these flowers and breathe the language of love to the elements, you are now the sole witness of my ardent longing, and can recount my throbs and sighs to her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance cannot assuage my grief, that if I cherish a hope, it is only for the future. Tell her that, day and night, I count the hours of sorrow, that a flattering hope comforts me in my love.

Fleur des blés

Amid the wheat that the breeze has ruffled in playful teasing, leaving disorder so gay, here I seize my chance to please you, and pluck for you a sweet bouquet.

Place it lightly on your breast; I made it in your image blest and do you say, "Tell me why?" A little bird, I have guessed, has already told you why!

First some ears of wheat, the flare of your lovely hair, golden tresses full of sun; now the scarlet poppies fair, these your lips that love has won.

And these bluets, how enchanting, but of azure disconcerting, these bluets are your own eyes, no blue on this earth so dazzling, heaven's flow'rs fall'n from the skies.

Beau soir

When streams turn pink in the setting sun, and a slight shudder rushes through the wheat fields, a plea for happiness seems to rise out of all things and it climbs up towards the troubled heart.

A plea to relish the charm of life while there is youth and the evening is fair, for we pass away, as the wave passes: the wave to the sea, we to the grave.

Sérénade slorentine

Star whose beauty shines like a diamond in the night looks toward my beloved whose eyelids are closed. And send down upon her eyes the benediction of the skies. She sleeps----by the window. Penetrate her peaceful chamber; upon her whiteness, like a kiss, come, just as the sun is rising, so that she thinks, even dreams, that a star of love awakens her!

L'invitation au Voyage

My child, my sister, think of the sweetness of going there to live together! To love at leisure, to love and to die in a country which resembles you! The misty suns of those changeable skies have for me the same mysterious charm as your fickle eyes shining through their tears. There, all is harmony and beauty, luxury, calm and delight.

See how those ships, nomads by nature, are slumbering in the canals. To gratify your every desire they have come from the ends

of the earth. The westering suns clothe the fields, the canals, and the town with reddish-orange and gold. The world falls asleep bathed in warmth and light. There, all is harmony and beauty, luxury, calm and delight.

Botschaft

Blow, breeze, gently and lovingly about the cheeks of my beloved; play tenderly in her locks, do not hasten to flee far away!

If perhaps she is then to ask, how it stands with poor wretched me, tell her:
"Unending was his woe, highly dubious was his condition;

However, now he can hope magnificently to come to life again. For you, lovely one, are thinking of him!"

Magyarisch

I gazed at the noble image in her eyes' all too sweet radiance, paying for it with my own eyes' cheerful gleam.

O God, why have you created, to our misery and torment, such dark stars with such bright magical rays?

They have blinded me to all the wonders of this earth's every splendor; all around me, wherever my gaze rests, it is night.

An die Nachtigall

Do not pour forth your love-enflamed songs tuneful sounds so loudly, down from the blossoming branch of the apple tree, o nightingale!

With your sweet throat, you call me and awaken love within me; for already the depths of my soul are stirred by your melting cry. Sleep flees once more from this place, I stare then with a tearful gaze, deathly pale and haggard, at the sky.

Fly, nightingale, off into the green darkness, into the bushy grove. And shower kisses on your faithful mate in your nest, fly off, fly off!

Junge Lieder I

My love is as green as the lilac bush, and my love is as fair as the sun, which gleams down on the lilac bush and fills it with fragrance and bliss.

My soul has the wings of a nightingale and rocks itself in blooming lilac, and, intoxicated by the fragrance, cheers and sings a good many love-drunk songs.



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