

4-27-2014

Hope Strayer, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Hope Strayer
Cedarville University

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

PRESENTS THE

**SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
HOPE STRAYER
MEZZO-SOPRANO**

**ANNE MORRIS
PIANO**

**SUNDAY, APRIL 27, 2014
3 P.M.**

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

PROGRAM

I

Pur dicesti, o bocca bella Antonio Lotti
(1667-1740)

Ah! tu non sai, from OTTONE George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Spesso vibra, per suo gioco Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)

Chi vuol la zingarella, from ZINGARI IN FIERA Giovanni Paisiello
(1740-1816)

II

Come Ready and See Me Richard Hundley
Sweet Suffolk Owl (b. 1931)

III

THREE SEPHARDIC SONGS Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco
I. Montañas altas (1895-1968)

II. Ven y verás

III. Una noche

Assisted by Anna Raquet, harp

IV

Iron-nous? Giulio Alary
(1814-1891)

Les Bretonnes Reynaldo Hahn
(1874-1947)

Joie! Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

Assisted by Alexandria Martella, soprano

V

Daughter, Will You Marry? arr. Bryan Stanley
Bury Me Beneath the Willow (b. 1972)

Bill Groggin's Goat ed. Richard Walters
 (n.d.)

Hope is a student of Beth Cram Porter
 and has studied with Mark Spencer.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment
 of the Bachelor of Arts in music degree.

No flash photography, please.
Please turn off all cell phones.

TRANSLATIONS

Pur dicesti, o bocca bella
 Beautiful mouth, at last you have spoken
 that gentle, lovable "yes" that makes my joy
 complete.

In his own honor Love has opened you with a
 kiss, o sweet fountain of pleasure.

Ah! tu non sai
 Ah! you do not know how my heart sighs
 And feels pity for him in so many songs
 My sadness could not express a greater
 desire than his gaining liberty.

Spesso so vibra, per suo gioco
 The blindfolded child often throws for fun,
 golden arrows in a humble chest, and steel
 arrows in a noble heart.

Then, languishing in the middle of fire from
 the glowing arrows they both fall faint.

Chi vuol la zingarella
 Who desires the gipsy girl, graceful, prudent
 and beautiful? Gentlemen, here she is.
 Gentlemen, here she is. The ladies on the
 balconies are easily to be figured out. The
 young men at the street corners are teased
 more easily.

The heads of old men in love can be set on
 fire.

Montañas altas
 High mountains near the seas carry me to
 where my love is. Carry me to where my
 desired one is, for with him I have love.
 Oh, love me like I love you see that I am
 going to die. Time comes and goes, see that
 for you I am going to die. Oh, in the street I
 have already passed by here you don't see my
 shadow crying and suffering. From where the
 pain comes, oh.

Ven y verás
 Come and you will see, we'll see the love
 that we two have. We will enjoy trees, cry for
 rain, and mountains for air. So my eyes cry
 for you, dear beloved. Rain fell and made the
 street and courtyard wet, It ripples out and
 tells my love that it is from my eyes.

Una noche
 One night I prepare myself to see your
 bedroom. Leave the door open and the
 candle extinguished. You love me, I love
 you; your mother doesn't love us. Tonight I
 beg God she'll stay in bed and sleep.
 Neither white nor brown am I. Neither

have I anything of value. For you to boast
of me and yet into my soul you have
entered.

Iron-nous?

From the summer that brought us
together, the beautiful days are going to
come back. Will we go again together to
see the woods, the flowering meadows?

Will we go? Every Sunday by the gay
paths over there on the mist and under
the branches will our steps wander in the
distance?

Will we go? Among other things to visit
the old garden where with our hands full
of roses we came back one morning.

Will we go? Will we go without any
worrying about those who are jealous of
us in secret? Will we go?

Will we go? On an errant wave where
ever we want in the little boat so joyful
and we think ourselves on the far end of
the world singing while we row together.

Will we go? Will we go to see the beach
again? And sit on the bench where quite
often when in the distance grumbled the
thunder midnight would surprise
dreaming?

Les Bretonnes

The Breton women with tender hearts
cry at the edge of the sea. The Breton
men in the heart of the sea are too far
away from them to hear.

But when Christmas comes the men and
the ladies meet again by the barrels of
the strong liquors and whiskey.

The sadness of their race disappears
from their eyes. Thus the saddest of
places have their smiles and their grace.

It isn't a free gaiety of flight without
wings that sings and dances to the stars
on the beautiful nights of summer.

It is a savage, stolen gaiety, a laughter full
of shivers. Formed by the deep sadness
Of the drinks that burned their mouths.

Pray for them that they'll still live, these
are wild children. Ah! The gods were
stingy with them, the less born children
of Armor.

Joie!

A little birds hops and sings, charming
and amiable joy. It's like a paradise to
play among the newly flowered bushes.
La! La! La! Just newly flowered in our
forest bursting forth with green.

A little creek descends and sings,
charming and amiable joy. The workers
are gay and joyful for the fields and the
meadows are also arrayed. La! La! La!
The workers are also arrayed as are the
forests bursting forth with green.

The young girl dances and sings,
charming and amiable joy. The air is full
of songs. The sky is pure blue, wow! Let's
take hands, let's dance. La! La! La! Let's
take hands, let's dance in our forest
busting forth with green.



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