
Sunday, October 8, 2023 at 6:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

The Jewel Aria (*Faust*)..... Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

Selections from *Sept Mélodies*.....Ernest Chausson
Nanny (1855-1899)
Sérénade Italienne
Le Colibri

I Can Give You the StarlightIvor Novello
My Life Belongs to You (1893-1951)
Waltz of my Heart

The Silver Aria (*The Ballad of Baby Doe*)..... Douglas Moore
(1893-1969)

Ständchen.....Richard Strauss
Breit über mien Haupt (1864-1949)
Cäcilie

Meine Lippen (*Giuditta*) Franz Lehár
(1870-1948)

Victoria Lang is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino

What do I see there?

Where did this box of jewels come from?

I dare not touch it ... yet here is the key, I believe!

If I opened it! My hand is trembling! For what?

I'm doing nothing wrong by opening it, I suppose!

Oh God! What jewelry!

Is it a charming dream that dazzles me, or am I awake?

My eyes have never seen such wealth!

If I only dared to adorn myself for a moment with these pendant earrings!

Ah! Here at the bottom of the cassette, a mirror!

How to not be f irtatious! How to not be f irtatious!

Ah! I laugh to see myself so beautiful in this mirror!

Is it you, Marguerite?

Is it you? Respond to me, respond to me, respond to me quickly!

No! No! It is not you anymore!

No! No! It is no longer your face; she is a daughter of a king!

It is the daughter of a king whom we salute as we pass!

Ah, if he were here! If he saw me like this!

As a young lady he would f nd me beautiful.

Ah! As a young lady he would f nd me beautiful!

Complete the metamorphosis.

I cannot wait to try on the bracelet and necklace!

God! It is like a hand, which on my arm arises!

Marguerite, it is not you anymore! It is not your face anymore!

No! It is the daughter of a king whom we salute when we pass!

Nanny

Woods dear to the pigeons, weep, soft leaves,

And you, living spring, and you, cool paths.

Weep, oh wild heather, holly, and rosehip bushes.

Spring, f owery king of the green year,

Oh, young God, weep! Ripening summer,

Cut your braided crown;

And weep, blushing Autumn.

The anguish of loving breaks a faithful heart.
Earth and sky, weep! Oh, that I loved her!
Dear country, don't talk of her anymore;
Nanny will never return!

Italian Serenade

Serenade

Open up, open up! But softly, my child,
So that no one is awoken from slumber!
The brook barely murmurs,
the breeze hardly trembles.
A leaf on the bushes and hedges;
Gently, my love, so nothing shall stir,
Gently with your hand as you lift the latch!

With steps as light as the steps of elves,
As they hop their way over flowers,
Fly out into the moonlit night,
Slip out into the garden!
The flowers slumber near the
trickling brook
And find in your sleep,
only love is awake.

Sit down! Dawn falls mysteriously here.
Beneath the linden trees.
The nightingale above our heads
Shall dream of our kisses.
And the rose, when it wakes at dawn,
Shall glow from the blissful rapture of night.

Fall upon my head

Let your raven hair fall upon my head,
Bring your face to mine,
It flows into my soul so bright and clear,
The light of your eyes.

I don't want the splendor of the sun above,
Nor the starry wreath,
I only want the darkness of your raven locks,
And the brightness of your glance.

Cecilia

If you knew, what it is to dream
Of burning kisses, of wandering
And resting with the beloved,
Eye to eye and caressing and murmuring.
If you knew, you would bow your heart!

If you knew, what it is to fear
In lonely nights, shivered by the storm,
When the strife-weary soul is comforted by gentle words,
If you knew, you would come to me.

If you knew, what it is to live,
Surrounded by the deity's
World-creating breath,
To soar, carried by the light
To blissful heights.

If you knew, you would live life with me.

My Lips

I don't understand myself,
Why do they speak of love,
When they come near me,
Look into my eyes and kiss my hand.

I don't understand myself,
Why do they speak of magic,
They cannot resist me, when they see me,
When they pass by me!

But when the red light glows,
At the midnight hour,
And everyone listens to my song,
Then I will understand the reason:

My lips, they kiss so fiery,
My limbs are supple and white,
In the stars, it is written,
Thou shalt kiss, thou shalt love!

My feet they float away,
My eyes, they lure and glow,

And I dance like the intoxication I know,
My lips, they kiss so fiery!

In my veins, there the blood of the dancer rolls,
Because my beautiful mother was
The Queen of the dance in the Golden Alcazar.

She was so beautiful,
I've often seen her in my dreams.
She beat the tambourine to a wild dance,
You could see all eyes glowing!

She re-awakened in me,
I have the same lot.
I dance like her at midnight,
And only feel this one:

My lips, they kiss so fiery,
My limbs are supple and white,
In the stars, it is written,
Thou shalt kiss, thou shalt love!

And I dance like the intoxication I know,
My lips, they kiss so fiery!

