



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Sophomore Joint Recital

Eliana McFate
Soprano

Anne McIlvaine
Mezzo-Soprano

Kendra Bigley
Piano

Saturday, November 4, 2023 at 4:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Herbstlied Felix Mendelssohn
(1809–1847)

Eliana McFate & Anne McIlvaine

Già il sole dal Gange Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660–1725)

“Voi che sapete” Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
from *Le Nozze di Figaro* (1756–1791)

Anne McIlvaine

Nuit d’Etoiles Claude Debussy
Apparition (1862–1918)

Eliana McFate

From *Siete canciones populares Españolas* Manuel de Falla
El Paño Moruno (1876–1946)

Nana

Polo

Anne McIlvaine

Intermission

From *Sechs Lieder aus Jucunde* Clara Schumann
Was weinst du, Blümlein (1819–1896)

Auf einem grünen Hügel

O Lust, o Lust

Eliana McFate

La mer est plus belle Claude Debussy
“Seguidilla” Georges Bizet

from *Carmen*

(1838—1875)

Anne McIlvaine

“Oh! Had I Jubal’s Lyre”George Frideric Handel
from *Joshua*, HWV64 (1685–1759)
When I Have Sung My SongsErnest Charles
a59) a59)

Translations

Herbstlied

Ah, how soon does the seasons' round fade,
and spring changes to winter!
Ah, how soon into mournful silence
changes all the happiness!

Soon are the last sounds vanished!
Gccb`Uj Yh Y`Uhgcb[V]fXgÜck b`cZ`
Soon is the last green gone!
Everything wants to return home!

Ah, how soon does the seasons' round fade,
Pleasure changes to longing sorrow!
Were you a dream, you love thoughts?
Sweet as the spring, and quickly gone?
One thing alone shall never waver:
That is the yearning which never fades.

Già il sole dal Gange

The sun already shines
more brightly from beyond the Ganges,
and dries every drop
of the weeping dawn.

With its golden ray
it adorns every blade of grass with jewels,
and paints the stars of heaven
onto the meadow.

Voi che sapete

You who know what love is,
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.
I'll tell you what I'm feeling,
It's new for me, and I understand nothing.

I have a feeling, full of desire,
Which is by turns delightful and miserable.
=ZYNYUbXh Yb ZY`a mgi `[c i d]b Üa Ygž
Then in a moment I turn to ice.

I'm searching for affection outside of myself,
I don't know how to hold it, nor even what it is!

I sigh and lament without wanting to,
I twitter and tremble without knowing why,
=ÜbXdYUWbY]h Yf b][\hbcf XUā
But still I rather enjoy languishing this way.

You who know what love is,
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.

Nuit d'Etoiles

Night of stars,
beneath your veils,

beneath your breeze and your fragrances,
a sad lyre that sighs,
I dream of lovers who have passed.

The serene melancholy
now blooms in the depths of my heart,
and I hear the soul of my love
tremble in the dreaming woods.

I see again at our fountain
your gaze blue as the heavens;
this rose, it is your breath,
and these stars are your eyes.

Apparition

The moon grew sad.

Some seraphim in tears dreaming, bow in hand,
Some white sobs as their bows glided over the azure of the corollas.

My dreaming, fond of tormenting me,
became knowingly drunk on the perfumed sadness
that, without the regret or bitter aftertaste,
the harvest of dreams leaves in the reaper's heart.

When, with the sun on your hair,
in the street and in the evening,
you appeared laughing before me,

Appeared, and I thought I saw the fairy with a hat of light
who had once passed across the beautiful slumbers of my spoilt childhood
who allowed from her half-closed hands
white bouquets of perfumed stars to snow.

El Paño Moruno

On the delicate fabric in the shop
there fell a stain.

It sells for less
for it has lost its value
Ay!

Nana

Sleep, little one, sleep,
sleep, my darling,
sleep, my little
morning star.

Lullay, lullay,
sleep, my little
morning star.

Polo

Ay!
I have an ache in my heart
of which I can tell no one.

A curse on love, and a curse
on the one who made me feel it!
Ay!

Was weinst du, Blümlein

Why weep you, little blossom, in the morning shine?
The little blossom laughed: What are you thinking of!
I am indeed joyful, I weep not—
tears of joy are falling from my eyes.

You morning sky, are blood red,
as if your sun lies dead in the ocean?
To that heaven laughs and calls me to:
I sprinkle indeed roses upon your path!

5 bXfUxjUblmîUâ YXh Yg b Zfhz̄
h YÛck YfgVcgga YX'cni `ni dk fX''
The brooklet's waves rejoiced upward,
and the sun laughed warm-heartedly onto it.

Auf einem grünen Hügel

Upon a green hill,
there stands a bright little rose,
and when I red, red little rose see,
as red as purest love,
I want to cry on the spot!

Upon a green hill,
h YfgUbxg'lk c Vi Y`jhhYÛck Yfḡ
Ubxk \ Yb =Vi YZVi Y`jhhYÛck YfggYz̄
as blue as blue little eyes,
through tears I look at them!

Upon a green hill,
there sings a little bird,
to me it is as if it sings:
Who never sorrow,
particularly great sorrow knows,
will never truly be happy.

O Lust, o Lust

O joy, o joy, from the mountain a song
down into the valley to sing!
The smallest tone downward moves, as like on giant wings!

The quietest breath from a pure breast,
born out of sorrow and joy,
is transformed into song,
without its knowledge is sung for all the world to hear.

It wings itself earth and heavenward
this ringing yearning of the soul
and goes to the heart of the entire world
whether joyful, whether in tears.

What silently otherwise only the heart passes through,
ÛjYgci hi dcb f]b[]b['k]b[ḡ
What joy, to let my song drift from the mountain down into the valley!

La mer est plus belle

The sea is lovelier
Than the cathedrals;
A faithful wet-nurse
Lulling those in the grip of death,
The sea over which
The Virgin Mary prays!

It has all the qualities,
Awesome and sweet.
I hear its forgiveness
Scolding its wrath
This immensity
Is without willfulness.

Oh, so forbearing,
Even when wicked!
A friendly breath haunts
The wave, and sings to us:
'You without hope,
May you die without pain!'

And then beneath the skies,
It seems blue,
Pink, grey, and green
Lovelier than all,
Better than we!

Seguidilla

Near the walls of Seville,
At my friend place, Lillas Pastia
I will dance the Seguedille
And drink Manzanilla.
I will go to the home of my friend Lillas Pastia.

Yes, all alone one can get bored,
And real pleasures are for two;
So, to keep me company,
I'll take my lover!

My love, he is the devil,
I did away with him yesterday!
My poor heart is very consolable
My heart is free as a bird!
I have a dozen suitors,
But they are not to my liking.

This is the end of the week
Who will love me? I will love him!
Who wants my soul?
It is for you to take.

You arrive at the right time!
I have little time to wait,
Because with my new lover,
Near the walls of Seville,
I will go to my friend, Lillas Pastia!

Duo des fleurs

Lakmé: Come, Mallika, the lianas in bloom
already throw their shadow over the sacred
stream which runs, calm and somber,
awakened by the song of the noisy birds!

Mallika: Oh, mistress, it is the hour when I
see you smiling, the hour blessed when I can
read in the heart always closed of Lakmé!

Lakmé: Dome thick,
the jasmine,
with the rose entwines,
river-bank in bloom
fresh morning,
calls us together.

Ah! We glide while following
ḥYŪYḥb[WffYbh̄
on the shimmering waves,
with an uncaring hand,
let us reach the bank,
where the bird sings.
Dome thick
white jasmine
calls us together.

Mallika: Under the thick dome
where the white jasmine
with the rose entwines,
On the river-bank in bloom
laughing in the morning,
come, let us go down together.
Gently we glide on its charming waters
`Yhi gZ`ck ḥYŪYḥb[WffYbh̄
on the shimmering waves,
with an uncaring hand,
come, let us reach the bank,
where the spring sleeps
and the bird sings.
Beneath the thick dome
beneath the white jasmine
Ah! Let us go down together.

Lakmé: But, I don't know what sudden fear
takes hold of me, as my father goes alone to
their city accursed; I tremble, I tremble with fear!

Mallika: So that the god Ganesha protects
him, to the pond where the swans with
wings of snow frolic joyously, let us go
gather the lotus blue.

Lakmé: Yes, near the swans with wings of
snow, let us go gather the lotus blue.