

E S A H
UNIVERSITY

Presents in Junior Recital

Soprano

Sunday, November 17, 2024 at 4:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

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| Sweeter than roses..... | Henry Purcell (1659-1695) |
| Menuet d'Exaudet | Andre-Joseph Exaudet (1710-1762) |
| Le vallon | Charles Gounod (1818-1893) |
| Le colibri | Ernest Chausson (1855-1899) |
| Villanelle des petits canards | Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894) |
| O mio babbino caro (<i>Gianni Schicchi</i>)..... | Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924) |
| Liebst du um Schönheit | Clara Schumann (1819-1896) |
| Ich hab' ein glühend Messer | Giacomo Puccini |

Menuet of Exaudet

This pond, which lies in the plain,

Green trees with vines strung together;

A pure sky,

A cloudless sky,

But while one admires,

A breeze comes to tarnish its surface;

In one breath it confuses the features;

The shine of so many objects fades.

The valley

My heart, tired of everything, even of hope,

Lend me, valley of my childhood,

A one-day asylum to await death.

From here I see life, through a cloud,

It vanishes in the shadow of the past;

Only love remained: like a grand image

It survives alone when she wakes up in a faded dream.

Rest, my soul, in this last asylum

Like a traveler, who, with a heart full of hope,

Sits down before entering the city gates,

And breathes the evening air for a moment.

Your days, sad and short like autumn dates,

The hummingbird

The green hummingbird, the king of the hills,
Feeling the dew and seeing the sun's clear light,
Shining into his nest of woven grass,
Shoots up in the air like a fresh ray.

Where the waves of bamboo rustle and bend,
And the red hibiscus with the heavenly scent
Opens to show its moist and glistening heart.

And from the rosy cup, he drinks so much love,
That he dies, not knowing if he could drink it dry!

On your pure lips, my beloved,
My soul also wishes to die,

Poem of the little ducks

They go, the little ducks,
All at the side of the river

Oh daddy dearest

Oh, daddy dearest, I love him so much;
I want to go to Porta Rossa to buy the ring!
Yes, yes, that's where I want to go!
But if you don't let me, I will go to the Ponte Vecchio,
To throw myself into the Arno river!
I'm torn apart by my torment! I want to die!
Daddy, have mercy!

If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty, then do not love me!
Love the sun, with its golden hair!
If you love for youth, then do not love me!
Love the spring, which is young every year!
If you love for treasure, then do not love me!
Love the mermaid, who has many shining pearls!
If you love for love, oh then love me!
Love me always, as I will always love you!

I have a gleaming knife

I have gleaming knife,
A knife in my breast.
O woe!
It cuts so deeply
Into every joy and delight.
Alas, what an evil guest it is!
Never does it rest or relax,
Not by day or by night, when I would sleep.
O woe!

When I gaze up into the sky,
I see two blue eyes there.
O woe!

I see from afar her blond hair
Waving in the wind.
O woe!

