

Northwest University

Presents

A Vocal Recital

Saturday, December 4th, 2010

3:00 pm

Butterfield Chapel

Elaine Koga, accompanist

Program

Doug Harkness, baritone.....*Praise to the Lord*.....arr. by Richard Walters

Saemyi Lee, soprano.....*Ave Maria*.....Bach/Gounod (1685-1750)

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.
Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners,
now and at the hour of our death.

Jessica Werre, soprano.....*Lascia Ch'io Pianga*.....G.F. Handel (1685-1759)

Let me weep over my cruel fate, and sigh for my freedom.
Let sorrow break these chains of my sufferings, for pity's sake.

Nicole Snyder, soprano.....*Se tu m'ami, se sospiri*.....Giovanni Pergolesi (1710-1736)

If you love me, if you sigh Only for me, dear shepherd,
I am sorrowful for your sufferings; yet I delight in your love.
But if you think that I must in return love only you,
Little shepherd, you are subject To deceiving yourself easily.
The beautiful purple rose Will Silvia choose today;
With the excuse of its thorns, Tomorrow, then, will she despise it.
But the advice of the men I will not follow -
Just because the lily pleases me, I do not have to despise the other flowers.

Esther Bhasme, soprano..... *Poor Wayfaring Stranger*..... arr. Althouse.

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger a traveling through this world of woe.
But there's no sickness, toil nor danger in that fair land to which I go.
I'm going home to see my father, I'm going there no more to roam.
I'm just a going over Jordan. I'm just a going over home.
I know dark clouds will gather round me; I know my way is rough and steep.
Yet beauteous fields lie just before me, where God's redeemed their vigil keep.
I'm going home to see my mother; she said she'd meet me when I come.
I'm just a going over Jordan, I'm just a going over home.

Kira Johnson, soprano.....*Se L'aura Spira*..... Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583-1643)

If the breezes blow ever charming, The budding roses will show their laughing faces,
And the shady emerald hedge Need not fear the summer heat.
To the dance, to the dance, merrily come, Pleasing nymphs, flower of beauty!
Now the clear mountain streams Are gone to the sea,
And the birds unfold their sweet verses, and the bushes are all in flower.
Let the fair of face who come to this forest Show virtue by having pity on their suitors!
Sing, sing laughing nymphs! Drive away the winds of cruelty!

Ethan Bowe, baritone.....*Flow My Tears*.....John Dowland (1563-1626)

Marissa Monroy, mezzo soprano.....*Silent Noon*.... Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Stephen Seybold, tenor..”*Dies Bildnis*”, from *Der Zauberflote*.....W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)

This image is enchantingly lovely Like no eye has ever beheld!
I feel it as this divine picture, Fills my heart with new emotion.
I cannot name my feeling, Though I feel it burn like fire within me,
Could this feeling be love? Yes! Yes! It is love alone!
Oh, if only I could find her, If only she were standing before me,
I would, I would, with warmth and honor What would I do? Full of rapture,
I would fold her in this glowing bosom, And then she would be mine forever!

Rachel Larson, soprano.....*Du Bist Die Ruh*.....Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

You are rest, gentle peace;
The longing, you and that which satisfies it.
I consecrate to you, full of joy and sorrow,
As a dwelling place here, my eyes and heart.
Come commune with me, and close quietly behind you the gates.
Drive other pain from this breast. Full may this heart be of your joy.
The temple of these eyes from your radiance alone brightens; oh, fill it completely.

Michelle Brown, soprano.....*La Haut Sur Le Rocher*.....Joseph Canteloube (1879-1957)

Upon the rocky mountain, a beautiful young shepherdess kept her white sheep on the grassy fields.
A young man, a soldier returning from the army who wished to marry, saw her,
and he sat down with her, and asked her, "Are you married?"
"Married, I am, but it is not my fantasy. I married a jealous old man who does not have my love!" she said.
"Ah!" he cried, "Come what may! I can defend us! I have a pistol in my pocket and my rifle as well.
Ah! Come what may!"

Keila Garza, soprano.....*La Delaissado*.....Joseph Canteloube (1879-1957)

A shepherdess is waiting for her lover, over the grove
on the hill. But, sad to say, he doesn't show up.
"Ah, he has left me, I don't see my sweetheart.
I was certain he loved me, for I loved him so."
Now only the evening star keeps the young shepherdess company.

Elizabeth Otto, soprano.....*O Quand je dors*.....Franz Liszt
Die Drei Zigeuner (1811-1886)

O Quand je dors

Oh, when I sleep, approach my bed, as Laura appeared to Petrarch;
and as you pass, touch me with your breath...at once my lips will part!
On my glum face, where perhaps a dark dream has rested for too long a time,
let your gaze lift it like a star...at once my dream will be radiant!
Then on my lips, where there flits a brilliance, a flash of love that God has kept pure,
place a kiss, and transform from angel into woman...at once my soul will awaken!

Die Drei Zigeuner

Three Gypsies I found once lying by a willow,
as my cart with weary torture crawled over the sandy heath.
One, for himself alone, was holding his fiddle in his hands,
playing, as the sunset glow surrounded him, a merry little tune.
The second held a pipe in his mouth and watched his smoke
with cheer, as if from the world he required nothing more for his happiness.
And the third slept comfortably: from the tree hung his cymbalom;
over its strings the wind's breath ran; in his heart a dream was playing.
On the clothing those three wore were holes and colorful patches;
but, defiantly free, they made a mockery of earthly fate.
Trebly they showed me how, when life grows dark for us,
one can smoke, sleep or play it away, and thus trebly to scorn it.
At the Gypsies, longer yet I had to gaze in passing,
at their dark brown faces, at their black-locked hair.

Melody DoRaMe, mezzo soprano.....*Habanera*.....Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

Love is a rebellious bird that nobody can tame,
and you call him quite in vain if it suits him not to come.
Nothing helps, neither threat nor prayer.
One man talks well, the other's mum;
it's the other one that I prefer.
He's silent but I like his looks.
Love! Love! Love! Love!
Love is a gypsy's child, it has never, ever, known a law;
love me not, then I love you; if I love you, you'd best beware!
The bird you thought you had caught beat its wings and flew away ...
love stays away, you wait and wait; when least expected, there it is!
All around you, swift, so swift, it comes, it goes, and then returns ...
you think you hold it fast, it flees you think you're free, it holds you fast.
Love! Love! Love! Love!

Melody DoRaMe, mezzo-soprano
Doug Harkness, baritone.....*All I Ask of You*.....Andrew Lloyd Weber
From Phantom of the Opera

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