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Junior Recital - Emily Rosenfeldt and Sarah Hanna

St. Norbert College Music Department

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Junior Vocal Recital

Emily Rosenfeldt, Soprano

Lauren Pritzl, piano

&

Sarah Hanna, Soprano

Emily Hacker, piano

Megan Lau, guitar

Friday, April 13th, 2018

4:00 p.m.

Birder Hall

~Program~

Se tu m'ami.....Alessandro Parisotti (1853-1913)
“Verdi prati” from *Alcina*.....George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
“Porgi, amor” from *Le nozze di Figaro*.....Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Sarah Hanna, soprano

“Mein gläubiges Herze frohlocke” from *Cantata BWV 68*
Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
“O mio babbino caro” from *Gianni Schicchi*.....Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
“Augellin vago e canoro” from *Cantate da camera a voce sola*
Francesco Gasparini (1661-1727)
Emily Rosenfeldt, soprano

Les Berceaux.....Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Wiegenlied.....Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Heidenröslein.....Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Sarah Hanna, soprano

“L’Heure exquise” from *7 Chansons Grises*.....Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)
Auf ein altes Bild.....Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
“Chanson d’amour” from *2 Songs, Op. 67*.....Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Emily Rosenfeldt, soprano

“Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again” from *The Phantom of the Opera*
Andrew Lloyd Webber (b. 1948)
“Take Me to the World” from *Evening Primrose*.....Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930)
“When Frederic was a Little Lad” from *The Pirates of Penzance*
Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)
Come to the Fair.....Easthope Martin (1882-1925)
Sarah Hanna, soprano

S’io t’amo?.....Teresa Senekè (1848-1875)
“The Beauty Is” from *The Light in the Piazza*.....Adam Guettel (b. 1964)
The Lord is my Light.....Frances Allitsen (1848-1912)
Emily Rosenfeldt, soprano

One Voice.....Ruth Moody (b. 1975)

Emily Rosenfeldt, Emily Hacker, Sarah Hanna, vocal trio
Megan Lau, guitar

~Program Notes~

Se tu m'ami

Alessandro Parisotti was born July 24, 1853 in Rome, Italy. He was a composer and music editor who is remembered as the original editor of a collection of songs known as *Arie anitche*. The anthology is made up of three volumes of Italian songs and arias published as primers for studying classical singing.

“Se tu m'ami” first appeared in the 1885 anthology. The piece was presented as a composition of Giovanni Battista Pergolesi, but there are no early manuscripts to support the claim. All of the other pieces in the anthology came from known sources, and it is believed that Parisotti himself composed this song. In the piece, the singer says that she is able to love more than one man, which at that time may have been contrary to the norm.

Se tu m'ami, se tu sospiri
Sol per me gentil pastor,
Ho dolor de' tuoi martiri,
Ho diletto del tuo amor,
Ma se pensi che soletto
Io ti debba riamar,
Pastorello, sei soggetto
Facilmente a t'ingannar.

If you love me, if you sigh,
Only for me, gentle shepherd,
I am sorrowful for your sufferings;
I'm delighted for your love.
But if you think that
I must love only you,
Little shepherd, you are subject
Easily to deceive yourself.

Bella rosa porporina
Oggi Silvia sceglierà
Con la scusa della spina
Doman poi la sprezzerà.
Ma degli uomini il consiglio
Io per me non seguirò
Non perché mi piace il giglio
Gli altri fiori sprezzerrò.

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-
Not because it pleases me, the lily,
I do not have to despise the other flowers.

Se tu m'ami , se tu sospiri
Sol per me gentil pastor
Ho dolor de' tuoi martiri
Ho diletto del tuo amor
Ma se pensi che soletto
Io ti debba riamar
Pastorello, sei soggetto
Facilmente a t'ingannar.

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.

Verdi Prati

“Verdi Prati” is from the Italian opera *Alcina* by George Frederic Handel. In the story of *Alcina*, the fairy Morgana finds Ruggiero and his lover, Bradamente, alone. Ruggiero is a knight and betrothed to Bradamente. Morgana recognizes Bradamente is not Ruggero’s true fiancé, but a man in disguise named Riccardo, whom she loves. She accused him of betraying her love. Realizing he has been deceived, Ruggiero asks for Bradamente’s forgiveness and peace. This aria takes place in the first scene of Act II. It is set in the palace on Alcina’s enchanted island.

Verdi prati selve amene,	Green meadows forests pleasant,
Perderete la beltà.	You lose the beauty.
Vaghi fior, correnti rivi,	Vague fine, current streams,
La vaghezza, la bellezza	The vagueness, the beauty
Presto in voi si cangerà.	Soon you will change.
E cangiato il vago oggetto	He changed it the vague object
All’orror del primo aspetto	All horror the first aspect
Tutto in voi ritornerà	Everything in you will return

Porgi, amor

“Porgi, amor” is from the opera *Le nozze di Figaro* (*The Marriage of Figaro*). The opera premiered in Vienna at the Burgtheater on May 1, 1786. *The Marriage of Figaro* is set in Count Almaviva’s castle in Seville during the late 18th Century. The story is based on Beaumarchais’s play *La Folle Journée, ou Le Mariage de Figaro*. In *The Marriage of Figaro*, the Count’s marriage has become compromised because of his playing around. “Porgi, amor” is an aria sung by the Countess Almaviva (the Count’s wife), as she mourns the fact that the Count has lost his love for her.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born January 27, 1756 in Salzburg, Austria. Mozart started performing in public at the age of 6. He composed hundreds of works that included symphonies, sonatas, masses, concertos, chamber music, and operas. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart died December 5, 1791 at the age of 35. It is uncertain about how he died and he was buried in a common grave with only a few mourners attending his funeral. This was a Viennese custom at the time, where only nobility and aristocrats enjoyed public mourning and were allowed to be buried in marked graves. Mozart is a very well-known composer among musicians, and he influenced many composers that followed, most particularly Beethoven.

Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro	O love, bring some relief
al mio duolo, a’ miei sospir!	To my sorrow, to my sighs;
O mi rendi il mio tesoro,	O give me back my loved one
O mi lascia almen morir.	Or in mercy let me die.

Mein gläubiges Herze frohlocke from Cantata BWV 68

“Mein gläubiges Herze” is the second movement of Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt (God so loved the World), a cantata. Bach composed the cantata for Pentecost Monday, the second day of Pentecost, when he was in Leipzig. It is a dance-style aria with joyful aspects and a sacred text.

Mein gläubiges Herze	My faithful heart,
frohlocke, sing', scherze,	delight, sing, play,
dein Jesus ist da.	your Jesus is here!
Weg Jammer, weg Klagen,	Away with sorrow, away with lamenting,
ich will euch nur sagen,	I will only say to you:
mein Jesus ist nah.	my Jesus is near. <i>Translated by Pamela Dellal</i>

O mio babbino caro

Giacomo Puccini was an extremely influential Italian opera composer from the late 19th century Romantic period. His operas were innovative because they had aspects of Realism, a movement that depicted nature and life in an accurate or “realistic” way. “O mio babbino caro” is an aria from the comic opera Gianni Schicchi. The opera is only one act and was composed in 1917-1918. The operatakes place in Florence, Italy in 1299. In this aria, Lauretta is addressing her father, Gianni Schicchi, and is begging him to allow her to marry Rinuccio. She says she will want to die if she cannot marry him.

O mio babbino caro,	O my dear father,
mi piace, è bello bello;	I like him, he is handsome;
vo'andare in Porta Rossa	I want to go the Porta Rossa
a comperar l'anello!	to buy the ring!
Si, si, ci voglio andare!	Yes, yes, I want to go there!
E se l'amassi indarno,	And if if I have loved him in vain,
andrei sul Ponte Vecchio	I would go on the Ponte Vecchio
ma per buttarmi in Arno!	in order to throw myself in the Arno!
Mi struggo e mi tormento,	My struggle and my torment!
O Dio! Vorrei morir!	O God, I would want to die!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!	Father, pity, pity!
	<i>Translated by Emily Rosenfeldt</i>

Augellin vago e canoro

Francesco Gasparini was an Italian composer during the Baroque era. “Augellin vago e canoro” is from the 9th movement in Gasparini’s Cantate da camera a voce sola. It consists of two arias and a recitative. The text of this piece is from an anonymous poem. In the poem, the singer sympathizes with the small bird whose song sounds joyful, but is actually a lament of being caged.

Augellin vago e canoro tu sospiri il colle, il prato	Little bird, vague and singing, you sigh for the hill, the meadow,
e pur sei tra lacci d'oro dolcemente imprigionato.	but you are just in lace of gold, sweetly imprisoned.
Pur senza mai posare e l'alie'l piede,	Even without ever resting the wing and the foot,
sempre in perpetui giri, vago augel, ti raggiri,	always perpetually turning, vague little bird,
e i tuoi concenti sembran note di gioia e son lamenti.	you deceive, and your focus always notes of joy, but you are lamenting.

Io t'intendo canoro augelletto, vai piangendo
la tua servitù.

I understand you, singing bird, go weep of
your constraint.

Translated by Emily Rosenfeldt

Les Berceaux

Gabriel Fauré was born in Pamiers, France, where his musical abilities were seen at an early age. Louis Niedermeyer, a Swiss composer and teacher, accepted Fauré as a student after hearing him. Fauré published his first composition in 1863 while he was still a student. He had a deep respect for traditional forms, but he loved bringing in a freshness of invention. Fauré died November 4, 1924 in Paris, France of pneumonia at the age of 79.

“Les Berceaux” was composed in 1879 during the Romantic period and was published in 1881. This song compares the vessels of sailors to the cradles where women lay their children. The accompaniment is similar to the gentle rocking of a cradle or the swaying of a ship.

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux,
Que la main des femmes balance.

Far down the quay the vessels lie,
On the tide so silently swinging;
As yet unaware of cradles there,
Rocking to the rhythm of singing.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent!

But there comes the day of good-bye,
For, they say, women must be crying,
And men must go, restless to know,
Tempting horizons outward lying!

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux,
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

And as the ships all sail along,
Leaving the port, so quickly paling,
Strangely, their mass seems to be trailing,
Held back now, by the cradle song,
Held back now, by the cradle song.

Wiegenlied

Franz Schubert was born in Himmelpfortgrund, Austria where his father was a school master. Schubert was a very talented child, so he received a thorough musical education and was awarded a scholarship to boarding school. He was able to play the piano, violin, organ, and he was an excellent singer. Eventually Schubert attended Stadtkonvikt, which trained young singers so they would one day be able to sing at the chapel of the Imperial Court. When his voice broke in 1812, he left the college and became an assistant at his father's school, but he never stopped composing. His works bridge the classical and romantic eras. Schubert composed “*Weigenlied*” in November of 1816. He died in his early 30s in Vienna, Austria.

Schlafe, schlafe, holder, süßer Knabe,
leise wiegt dich deiner Mutter Hand;
sanfte Ruhe, milde Labe
bringt dir schwebend dieses
Wiegenband.

Slumber, slumber, dearest, sweetest treasure,
treasure,
Rocked so gently by thy mother's hand;
Soft repose and tranquil pleasure
Soothe thee with the lulling cradle band.

Schlafe, schlafe in dem süßen Grabe,
noch beschützt dich deiner Mutter Arm;
alle Wünsche, alle Habe
fasst sie liebend, alle liebevarm.

Slumber, slumber, in sweet dreams reposing,
While protects thee thy fond mother's arm,
All her riches, here enclosing,
Hold she in her clasp so true and warm.

Schlafe, schlafe in der Flaumen
Schoosse,
noch um tönt dich lauter Liebeston,
eine Lilie, eine Rose,
nach dem Schlafe werd' sie dir zum
Lohn.

Slumber, slumber on thy downy pillow,
Love's hymn round thee music sweet shall make;
And a lily and a rosebud
Shall reward thee when thou dost awake.

Heidenröslein

The poet Johann Wolfgang von Goethe first published "Heidenröslein" in 1799. In 1815, Franz Schubert set the light hearted poem to music in a strophic, folk-like manner. Carl Friedrich Zelter and Heinrich Werner are two other German composers who also wrote arrangements of the charming poem.

Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehn,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
War so jung und morgenschön,
Lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein Röslein Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Once a boy a Rosebud spied,
Heathrose fair and tender,
All array'd in youthful pride,--
Quickly to the spot he hied,
Ravished by her splendour.
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Heathrose fair and tender!

Knabe sprach; Ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden!
Röslein sprach; Ich stece dich,
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,
Und ich will's nicht leiden.
Röslein Röslein Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Said the boy, "I'll now pick thee,
Heathrose fair and tender!"
Said the rosebud, "I'll prick thee,
So that thou'lt remember me,
Ne'er will I surrender!"
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,

Und der wilde Knabe brach's
Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,

Heathrose fair and tender!
Now the cruel boy must pick
Heathrose fair and tender;
Rosebud did her best to prick,--

Musst es eben leiden.
Röslein Röslein Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Vain 'twas 'gainst her fate to kick--
She must needs surrender.
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Heathrose fair and tender!

L'Heure exquise

Reynaldo Hahn was a Venezuelan-French composer. He also conducted, directed theatre, and was a music critic. He is best known for his art songs. L'Heure exquise (which translates to "The Exquisite Hour" or "The Wondrous Hour" is part of a song cycle called 7 Chansons grises (Gray Songs). The libretto was taken from poems by Paul Verlaine.

La lune blanche
luit dans les bois.
De chaque branche
part une voix
sous la ramée...
O bien aimée.
L'étang reflète,
profond miroir,
la silhouette
du saule noir
où le vent pleure...
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.
Un vaste et tendre
apaisement
semble descendre
du firmament que l'astre irise.
C'est l'heure exquise!

The silver moonlight
Glow in the wood;
And from each branch
Sounds a voice
Through leafy sprays...
O beloved.
The pool a deep,
Reflecting mirror
That silhouettes
The black willow
Where moans the wind...
It is time to dream.
A vast and tender
Sense of calm
Seems to descend
From the starry skies of heaven...
O, wondrous hour!

Translated by David Paley

Auf ein altes Bild

Hugo Philipp Jakob Wolf was born in the Austrian empire in what is now Slovenia on March 13, 1860. He was most well-known for his Lieder, poems set to music. He suffered from depression as a result of his diagnosis with syphilis. "Auf ein altes Bild" translates to "An old painting." The vocalist looks at an old painting of the Christ-child playing on the Virgin's lap, but cannot help but feel melancholy because the child will soon suffer. The text is a poem by Eduard Mörike, and was possibly inspired by Durer's Madonna and Child.

In grüner Landschaft Sommerflor,
Bei kühlem Wasser, Schilf, und Rohr,
Schau, wie das Knäblein Sündelos
Frei spielt auf der Jungfrau Schoß!
Und dort im Walde wonnesam,
Ach, grünet schon des Kreuzes Stamm

In the summer haze of a green landscape,
By cool water, rushes and reeds,
See how the Child, born without sin,
Plays freely on the Virgin's lap!
And ah! growing blissfully there in the wood,
Already the tree of the cross is turning green!

Translated by Richard Stoke

Chanson d'amour

Gabriel Fauré was a French Romantic composer. Many 20th century composers were influenced by Fauré and he was known for his unexpected harmonic progressions and modulations. "Chanson d'amour" is the first of 2 Songs, Op. 67. It is set to the text of Paul Armand Silvestre. It has a rondo form, which means the opening section always returns. The accompaniment is filled with arpeggios which adds a graceful feel to the piece.

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.

I love your eyes, I love your brow.
O my rebel, o my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your lips,
Where my kisses will tire themselves.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange Grâce de tout
ce que tu dis,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!

I love your voice, I love the strange grace of
everything you say,
O my rebel, o my dear angel,
my hell and my heaven!

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!

I love everything that make you beautiful,
from your feet to your hair,
O to you whom my wishes rise
O my rebel, o my wild one!

Translated by Emily Rosenfeldt

Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again

"Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again" is from *Phantom of the Opera*. In *Phantom of the Opera*, the Phantom is a disfigured man who is obsessed a lovely young woman, Christine. The Phantom devises a plan to kidnap Christine after he finds out that she is in love with Raoul, the Vicomte de Changy. Christine fears that she will be taken away to the Phantom's lair under the theater. The Phantom kills a leading actor, sets the opera house on fire, and then escapes with Christine. Raoul attempts to save her, but he ends up getting tied up and tortured while Christine has to make a difficult decision. She can either stay with the Phantom and Raoul goes free or reject the Phantom, which will result in Raoul death, but she will also be free. She decides to stay with the Phantom and Raoul is released.

"Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again" is about Christine's relationship with her late father and expresses how much she misses him. He was the only family she had. His death still haunts her many years later. She knows that he would want her to go on with life and not waste it on mourning his death. The song appears when the opera house is in full swing and Christine takes a moment to visit her father's grave.

You were once my one companion,
you were all that mattered.
You were once a friend and
Father, then my world was shattered.
Wishing you were somehow here again,
wishing you were somehow near;
sometimes it seemed if I just dreamed,
somehow you would be here.
Wishing I could hear your voice again,
knowing that I never would,
dreaming of you won't help me to do
all that you dreamed I could.

Passing bells and sculpted angels,
cold and monumental,
seem for you the wrong companions;
you were warm and gentle.
Too many years fighting back tears,
why can't the past just die?
Wishing you were somehow here again;
knowing we must say goodbye.
Try to forgive, teach me to live,
give me the strength to try.
No more memories no more silent tears,
no more gazing across the wasted years.
Help me say goodbye! Help me say goodbye!

Take Me to the World

“Take Me to the World” is from the musical *Evening Primrose*. In the story, a poet named Charles Snell decides that the real world isn't the place for him. He then decides to live rent-free in an enormous metropolitan department store. He hides during the day and writes at night. Later Charles realizes that he's not the first person to do this. There's actually a whole society of people that pretend to be mannequins. He is accepted into the group and falls in love with a woman named Ella Harkins. Unfortunately, Ella is lower-class and lives in the bargain section of the basement, so they are kept apart. Their forbidden love blooms in the outdoor area where no others dare tread. Sadly, they are discovered, murdered, and turned into actual mannequins. They stand posed indefinitely in the front window of the department store as husband and wife.

Stephen Sondheim was born March 22, 1930 in New York City. Sondheim was influenced by master lyricist Oscar Hammerstein II, who also served as a mentor. Sondheim contributed to *West Side Story* and *Gypsy* in the 1950s, which brought him recognition as a rising star of Broadway. Sondheim moved to Los Angeles, California in the early 1950s and wrote scripts for the television series *The Last Word* and *Topper*. Sondheim moved back to New York and still lives there. He was honored as a recipient of the Presidential Medal of Freedom in November 2015.

Let me see the world with clouds,
Take me to the world.
Out where I can push through
crowds,
Take me to the world.
A world that smiles,
With streets instead of aisles,
Where I can walk for miles with
you.

Take me to the world that's real.
Show me how it's done.
Teach me how to laugh,
To feel.
Move me to the sun.
Just hold my hand
Whenever we arrive.
Take me to the world
Where I can be alive!

Let me see the world that smiles,
Take me to the world.
Somewhere I can walk for miles,
Take me to the world.
With all around
Things growing in the ground,
Where birds that make a sound are
birds.

We shall see the world come true.
We shall have the world.
I won't be afraid with you.
We shall have the world.
I'll hold your hand
And know I'm not alone.
We shall have the world to keep,
Such a lovely world we'll weep.
We shall have the world
forever for our own.

When Frederic was a Little Lad

Both born in London, Gilbert and Sullivan were artistic partners during the Victorian era. Between 1871 and 1896 they wrote fourteen comic operas, *The Pirates of Penzance* being one of their best known. Gilbert wrote the lyrics while Sullivan composed the music. The operatta was written in 1879 and officially premiered December 31, 1879 at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York City.

The story features the character Frederic, a boy who was apprenticed to a pirate because his nursemaid, Ruth, misunderstood his dying father's wish. Frederic's father wanted him to be a sea pilot. The story opens with Frederic is celebrating his 21st birthday with the pirates. This is to be the last day of his apprenticeship under the pirates. Frederic wants to leave the pirates, but the pirates aren't very receptive to the idea. Ruth steps in and explains how she made a mistake regarding his employment.

When Frederic was a little lad
he proved so brave and daring,
His father thought he'd 'prentice
him to some career seafaring.
I was, alas!
his nurs'ry maid,
and so it fell to my lot
To take and bind the promising boy
apprentice to a pilot.
A life not bad
for a hardy lad,
though surely not a high lot,
Though I'm a nurse,
you might do worse
than to make your boy a pilot!

I was a stupid nurs'ry maid,
on breakers always steering,
And I did not catch the
word aright, through
being hard of hearing.

Mistaking my instructions,
which within my brain did gyrate,
I took and bound
this promising boy
apprentice to a pirate.
A sad mistake it was to make,
And doom him to a vile lot,
I bound him to a pirate you!
instead of to a pilot!

I soon found out,
beyond all doubt,
the scope of this disaster,
But I hadn't the face to return
to my place,
and break it to my master.
A nurs'ry maid is not
afraid of what you people call work,

So I made up my mind to go as
a kind of piratical maid of all work.
And that is how
you find me now,
a member of your shy lot,
Which you wouldn't have found,
Had he been bound
apprentice to a pilot!

Come to the Fair

"Come to the Fair" was published in 1926, and it is from the album *"Three More Songs of the Fair"*. In its original form, "Come to the Fair" is a solo, but it can now also be found as a duet and choral work. Easthope Martin composed the music and Helen Taylor created the lyrics. Easthope Martin was born Frederick John Easthope Martin in 1882 and died in 1925. Helen Taylor was born in 1876 and died in 1943.

The sun is a shining to welcome the day,
Heigh-ho! come to the fair!
The folk are all singing so merry and gay,
Heigh-ho! come to the fair!
All the stalls on the green
are as fine as can be
With trinkets and tokens
so pretty to see,
So it's come then,
maidens and men,
To the fair in the pride of the morning

There'll be racing and chasing
from morning till night,
And roundabouts turning to left and to
right,
So it's come then,
maidens and men,
To the fair in the pride of the morning,
So lock up your house,
there'll be plenty of fun,
And it's heigh-ho! come to the fair!

So deck yourselves out in your finest array,
With a heigh-ho! come to the fair!
The fiddles are playing
the tune that you know:
"Heigh-ho! come to the fair!"
The drums are all beating, a way let us go,
Heigh-ho! come to the fair!

For love making too,
if so be you've a mind,
Heigh-ho! come to the fair!
For hearts that are happy are loving and kind,
Heigh-ho! come to the fair!
If "Haste toe the wedding"
the fiddles should play,
I warrant you'll dance to the end of the day;
Come then, maidens and men
To the fair in the pride of the morning
The sun is a shining to welcome the day,
With a heigh-ho! come to the fair,
Maidens and men, maidens and men,
Come to the fair in the morning,
Heigh-ho come to the fair!

S'io t'amo?

Teresa Senekè was an Italian Romantic composer. She is best known for her opera *Le Due Amiche* (The Two Friends). Senekè published many songs and piano pieces. *S'io t'amo?* is her most popular art song. The piece begins with a recitative, then progresses to an ABA rondo form. It is a song in which one expresses the intensity of their love for another.

Chieder dovresti al l'esule se annela al suol
natale;
al fior se spera un'aura;
se gli angeli aman Dio:
Ma non dovresti chiedermi s'ardo per te
d'amore;
mel devi in fronte leggere se non mel puoi nel
cor.
Un guardo sol confondere due vite puo e duè
cor; può farci eguali agli angeli un bacio sol
d'amor.
Ama! La terra è un carcere se non l'irradia
amore. Ama! La vita è strazio a chi non arde in
core!
Se Dio ti diede un'anima, se un cor ti diede
Iddio, volle calmargli spasimi del l'alma e del
cor mio.
Un guardo sol confondere due vite può e due
cor, può farci eguali agli angeli un bacio sol
d'amor.
Ask the exile if he longs for his homeland,

the flower if she hopes for a breeze,
if the angels love God,
but you shouldn't ask me if I burn with love
for you;
you can read it on my face if you can't read it
in my heart.
One look can change two lives and two
hearts; a single kiss renders us equal to the
angels.

Love! This live is a prison without love.
Love!
Life is a torment for those who have no love.

If God gave you a soul, if he gave you a heart,
these were to calm the fear in my soul and in
my heart.
One look can change two lives and two
hearts; a single kiss renders us equal to the
angels.
Anonymous

The Beauty Is

"The Beauty Is" is from *The Light in the Piazza*, a 2005 musical is set in the 1950s. In this song, Clara and her mother are in Italy. Clara has just met a young man named Fabrizio, and the two fall for each other instantly. Clara's mother is unhappy with this "love at first sight," so she takes her daughter to a museum to distract her. The line "These are very popular in Italy!" refers to the ancient nude statues. Clara begins to reflect on all of the ways in which Italy is unique compared to Winston Salem, and she starts to think about all of the dreams and desires she has.

These are very popular in Italy!
It's the land of naked marble boys!
Something we don't see a lot in Winston
Salem.
That's the land of corduroys!

I'm just a someone in an old museum.
Far away from home as someone can go.
And the beauty is I still meet people I
know. Hello.

This is wanting something.
This is reaching for it.
This is wishing that a moment would
arrive.
This is taking chances.
This is almost touching.
What the beauty is...

I don't understand a word they're saying.
I'm as diff'rent here as diff'rent can be,
but the beauty is I still meet people like
me.

Everyone's a mother here in Italy.
Everyone's a father or a son.
I think if I had a child
I would take such care of her.
Then I wouldn't feel like one.
I've hardly met a single soul, but I am not
alone.
I feel known!

This is wanting something.
This is praying for it.
This is holding breath and keeping fingers
crossed.
This is counting blessings.
This is wond'ring when I'll see that boy again.

I've got a feeling he's just a someone too.
And the beauty is when you realize,
when you realize
someone could be looking for a some like you.

The Lord is My Light

Frances Allitsen was an English composer from the Romantic period. In addition to composing sacred music, she composed opera. The Lord is My Light is set to Psalm 27, verses 1, 3, and 5. The Psalm describes placing all trust in the Lord, even when people turn against you.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom then shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my
life; of whom shall I be afraid?

Though an host of men were laid against me, yet shall not my heart be afraid; And though there
rose up war against me, yet will I put my trust in Him.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in His tabernacle. Yea, in the secret places of his
dwelling shall he hide me; and set me up upon a rock of stone.

One Voice

“One Voice” was composed by Ruth Moody for the Wailin’ Jennys, a trio she helped found and of which she is still a member. Ruth Moody was born in Australia, but she grew up in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada with her parents and three siblings. Moody originally went to college to student English and French literature with the intent of becoming a teacher but decided to forge a life out of folk music in 1996. Moody is best known for her work with The Wailin’ Jennys, but she also released her first solo album, *The Garden*, in 2010. “One Voice” was recognized by the USA Songwriting competition and the International Songwriting Competition. It is a signature song for the Wailin’ Jennys. It has been covered by countless artists, including the United States Navy Band, and has been performed throughout the world.

This is the sound of one voice,
One spirit, one voice,
The sound of one who makes a choice
This is the sound of one voice
This is the sound of one voice.

This is the sound of all of us
Singin’ with love and the will to trust.
Leave the rest behind it’ll turn to dust
This is the sound of all of us
This is the sound of all of us.

This is the sound of voices two,
The sound of me singin’ with you.
Helping each other to make it through
This is the sound of voices two,
This is the sound of voices two.

This is the sound of one voice,
One people, one voice.
A song for ev’ry one of us
This is the sound of one voice,
This is the sound of one voice.

This is the sound of voices three,
Singin’ together in harmony,
Surrendering to the mystery
This is the sound of voices three,
This is the sound of voices three.

**This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the Music Education degree.
Ms. Rosenefldt is in the studio of Dr. Yi-Lan Niu**

**This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the Music Education
triple certification degree.
Ms. Hanna is in the studio of Dr. Sarah Parks**

The use of cell phones, cameras, or recording devices is strictly prohibited.

St. Norbert College Music Department Events
Spring 2018

April

- 13 Savanna Meo, Voice & Kieran Wallace, Trumpet, Jr. Recital, Birder Hall, 5:30 p.m.*
- 14 Maria Sausen, Sr. Vocal Recital, Birder Hall, 2:00 p.m.*
- 15 Emily Brewer, Sr. Saxophone Recital, Birder Hall, 1:00 p.m.*
- 20 Delaney Sieber, Clarinet & Bryce Daniels, Trumpet, Jr. Recital, Birder Hall, 4:00 p.m.*
- 20 Spring Band Concert, Walter Theatre, 7:30 p.m.
- 21 Hannah Knutson, Sr. Vocal Recital, Birder Hall, 2:00 p.m.*
- 22 Ana Bakken, Sr. Vocal Recital, Birder Hall, 2:00 p.m.*
- 24 Fresh Ink Concert, Birder Hall, 7:30 p.m.*
- 26 Instrumental Jazz Concert, Walter Theatre, 7:30 p.m.
- 27 Rylee Kramer & Megan Lau, Jr. Flute Recital, Birder Hall, 4:00 p.m.*
- 27 Spring Choral Concert, Walter Theatre, 7:30 p.m.
- 28 Connor Klavekoske, Senior Piano Recital, Birder Hall, 7:00 p.m.*
- 29 *Organ Plus*, Collaborative Recital for Organ, Piano, Guitar and Voice, Dr. Yi-Lan Niu, soprano, St. Norbert Abbey, 2:00 p.m.*

May

- 1 Honors Recital, Walter Theatre, 7:30 p.m.*

June

- 11-15 Summer Band Camp, Walter Theatre, concert on the 15th @ 7:30 p.m.*
For info go to: www.snc.edu/music/camps

*Free Admission

***Special Ticket Pricing

For Tickets: www.snc.edu/performingarts