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1-29-2012

# Lauren Bidwell, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Lauren Bidwell  
*Cedarville University*

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL  
OF  
LAUREN BIDWELL  
MEZZO-SOPRANO

STEPHEN ESTEP  
PIANO

SUNDAY, JANUARY 29, 2012  
3 P.M.

RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

## PROGRAM

### I

*Music for Awhile*, from OEDIPUS, KING OF THEBES Z. 583 ... Henry Purcell  
*We Sing to Him*, Z. 199 (1659-1695)  
*If music be the food of love*, Z. 379

### II

*Warum willst du and're fragen*, Op. 12, No. 12 ..... Clara Schumann  
*Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen*, Op. 12, No. 11 (1819-1896)  
*Liebst du um Schönheit*, Op. 12, No. 4

### III

*Abendempfindung*, K. 523 ..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
*Se a maritarmi arrivo*, from LA FINTA SEMPLICE, K. 51 (1756-1791)

## BRIEF PAUSE

### IV

*Si mes vers avaient des ailes* ..... Reynaldo Hahn  
*A Chloris* (1874-1947)

*Sérénade de Cortez* ..... Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel  
*Romance de Célestine* (1805-1847)

Assisted by Josh Thomsen, guitar

### V

*The Daisies*, Op. 2, No.1 ..... Samuel Barber  
*Sure on This Shining Night*, Op. 13, No. 3 (1910-1981)

*The Lullaby*, from THE CONSUL ..... Gian Carlo Menotti  
(1911-2007)

### VI

Selections from SONGS FROM A CHILD'S IMAGINATION ... Andrea Ramsey  
*The Careless Pig* (b. 1977)

*The Bear*

*Glory to God in the High*

Lauren is a student of Beth Cram Porter.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment  
of the Bachelor of Music Education degree.

*No flash photography, please. Please turn off all cellphones.*

*Warum willst du and're fragen*

Why do you question others who are not faithful to you? Believe nothing but what both these eyes say! Believe not the strange people, believe not delusions; even my actions you shouldn't interpret, but look in these eyes! Will my lips silence your questions, or turn them against me? Whatever my lips say, see my eyes: I love you!

*Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen*

He came in storm and rain, my anxious heart beat against his. How could I suspect that his path would be mine? He came in storm and rain, and boldly took my heart. Did he take mine? Did I take his? The two met together. He came in storm and rain! Now the blessing of spring has come. My love moves on, but I watch him cheerfully because he remains mine wherever he goes.

*Liebst du um Schönheit*

If you love for beauty, oh do not love me! Love the sun, she has golden hair. If you love for youth, oh do not love me! Love the spring, it is young every year. If you love for treasure, oh do not love me! Love the mermaid, she has many clear pearls. If you love for love, oh yes do love me! Love me forever, and I will love you forevermore!

*Abendempfindung*

It is evening, the sun has disappeared and the moon shines silver bright. With the sun, flees life's fair hours, fleeing as if in a dance. Soon colorful life flees the scene and the curtain rolls down. Done is our play, the tears of a friend already flow over our grave. Soon, perhaps gently arriving like the west wind, a quiet foreboding, I will finally part with life's pilgrimage and fly to the land of peace. If you will cry over my grave, mourning my ashes. Then, oh friends, I

will appear to you and waft you all heavenward. And you beloved bestow a tear upon me, and pluck a violet for my grave. And with your soulful gaze, look down on me gently. Consecrate a tear for me, and oh! Do not be ashamed to cry, those tears will be in my diadem and will be the most beautiful pearl.

*Se a maritarmi arrivo*

If I ever get married, I know well what I want to do. My husband secured tied to my waist, I wish to take with me. I want him to be always near me, and also to caress me, that he also learn to dance: and that he point out to me that I am the one wearing the pants; as long as he does not rob me of this, I'll let him babble on.

*Si mes vers avaient des ailes*

My verses would flee sweet and frail to your garden so beautiful, if my verses had wings like the bird...they would fly like sparks to your smiling hearth, if my verses had wings like the wind...near to you, pure and faithful, they would hasten night and day, if my verses had wings like love!

*A Chloris*

If it is true, Chloris, that you love me (and I hear you love me well), I do not believe that kings could know such happiness as mine. How unwelcome death would be if it exchanged my fortune with the joy of heaven! All that they say of ambrosia does not touch my imagination like the grace of your eyes.

*Sérénade de Cortez*

Steal your light, oh moon too brilliant; night protect the secret of my timid fervor; Zephyrs, carry my voice to my lover so that it stops at her heart. And

*Romance de Cèlestine*

The pleasure of love endures only a moment; the sorrow of love endures the whole of life. I left everything for the ungrateful Silvia: she leaves me and takes another lover. The pleasure of love endures only a moment; the sorrow of love endures the whole of life. "As long as this water flows gently toward the brook that borders the meadow, I will love you" repeated Silvia to me. Water still flows, but she has changed however. The pleasure of love endures only a moment; the sorrow of love endures the whole of life!



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