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Kirsten Saur, Senior Voice Recital

Kirsten Saur

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
KIRSTEN SAUR

HANNAH RINEHART
PIANO

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 2017
3 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

Erbarme dich mein Gott from MATTHÄUSPASSION .. J. S. Bach (1685–1750)
Assisted by Lydia Sarver, violin; James Ryan, violin I;
Kristen Jarboe, violin II; Brianna Patricca, viola;
Hanna Bahorik, cello; Hannah Rinehart, harpsichord

II

L'esperto nocchiero from ASTARTO..... Giovanni Bononcini (1670–1747)
Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix from SAMSON ET DALILA
..... Camille Saint-Saëns (1835–1921)

III

Les papillons, Op. 2, No. 3..... Amédée-Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)
Le colibri, Op. 2, No. 7..... Amédée-Ernest Chausson
Der Blumenstrauß, Op. 47, No. 5 Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847)
Gretchen am Spinnrade, Op. 2, D. 118..... Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

IV

Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier arr. Richard Walters (b. 1956)
Claribel Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)
Seashore Girls from EIGHT SONGS..... Richard Hundley (b. 1931)
Come Ready and See Me from EIGHT SONGS. Richard Hundley

V

Smile..... Charlie Chaplin (1889–1977)
Blues in the Night..... Harold Arlen (1905–1986)
Bei mir bist du schön..... Sholom Secunda (1894–1974)

Assisted by Michaela Wade, mezzo-soprano;
Kaleigh Kenney, mezzo-soprano; Daniel Galey, piano;
Joe Morris, bass; Brandon Apol, drums;
Wesley Kane, tenor saxophone; Nate Chester, trumpet

Kirsten is a student of Mark Spencer.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment
of the Bachelor of Arts in music education degree.

No flash photography, please.

Please turn off all cell phones.

Translations

Erbarne dich

Have mercy, my God,
For the sake of my tears!
See here, before you
Heart and eyes weep bitterly.
Have mercy, my God.

L'esperto nocchiero

The expert ship's pilot,
Why does he return to the shore
Hardly set sail?
Of the wind changed,
Of the current stirred up
He took note and fled.
If the sea alluring
He knew that it was unfaithful,
Why ever did he set sail?
He set sail, but, betrayed,
To the shore left behind
In a short time he returned

Mon cœur s'ouvre a ta voix

My heart opens to your voice
Like the flowers open
To the kisses of the dawn!
But, oh my beloved,
To better dry my tears,
Let your voice speak again!
Tell me that you are returning
To Delilah forever!
Repeat to my tenderness
The promises of old times,
Those promises that I loved!
Ah! respond to my tenderness!
Fill me with ecstasy!
Like one sees the blades
Of wheat that wave
In the light wind,
So trembles my heart,

Ready to be consoled,
By your voice that is so dear to me!
The arrow is less rapid
In bringing death,
Than is your lover
To fly into your arms!
Ah! respond to my tenderness!
Fill me with ecstasy!
Samson! Samson! I love you!

Les papillons

The snow-white butterflies
Fly in swarms over the sea.
Beautiful white butterflies, when can I
Travel the blue path of the air?
Tell me, oh beauty of beauties,
My dancing-girl with the jet-black eyes -
If they were to lend me their wings,
Tell me, do you know where I would fly?
Not taking one kiss from the roses,
I'd fly across valleys and forests
To alight on your half-closed lips,
Flower of my soul, and there I'd die.

Continued on back

Le colibri

The green humming-bird,
The king of the hillsides,
Seeing the dew and the bright sun
Sparkle in its nest, woven from fine grasses,
Like a fresh ray escapes in the air.
It hurries and flies to the neighbouring springs,
Where the bamboos make the sound of the sea;
Where the red hibiscus, with its divine fragrances,
Opens, and carries a moist spark to the heart.
It descends towards the gilded flower, settles,
And drinks so much love from the rosy cup,
That it dies without knowing if it had drunk it dry.
Upon your pure lip, o my dear beloved,
So too would my soul have wished to die
Of the first kiss which perfumed it!

Der Blumenstrauß

She strays in the flower garden
Surveying the gaudy scene,
While all the flowers are waiting,
And gazing on her, their queen.
"And are ye the heralds of Springtide,
Foretelling the ever new,
Then bear me a message of Springtide
To him who loves me true."
Lightly the flowers entwining,
How deftly her fingers toil:
She hands them to one who nears her,
Avoiding his gaze the while.
What flowers and hues betoken,
Divine it, oh, ask it not,
When spring so sweetly hath spoken
In looks that with love are fraught.

Gretchen am Spinnrade

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never and never more.
Where I do not have him,
That is the grave,
The whole world
Is bitter to me.
My poor head
Is crazy to me,
My poor mind
Is torn apart.
For him only, I look
Out the window
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.
His tall walk,
His noble figure,
His mouth's smile,
His eyes' power,
And his mouth's
Magic flow,
His handclasp,
And ah! His kiss!
My bosom urges itself
Toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
And hold him!
And kiss him,
As I would wish,
At his kisses
I should die!



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