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Kelsey DePree, Senior Voice Recital

Kelsey M. DePree

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**THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP**

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL

OF

KELSEY DEPREE

**LUKE WILLIAMS
PIANO**

**SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 2017
3 P.M.**

**RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER**

PROGRAM

I

Harmonia Sacra Henry Purcell (1659–1695)
An Evening Hymn
We Sing to Him

Assisted by Kurtis DePree, cello

II

Mörrike Lieder Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)
Heft II #17 - Der Gärtner
Heft I #7 - Das verlassene Mägdlein
Heft II #16 - Elfenlied

Средь шумного бала Peter Tchaikovsky (1840–1893)

III

L'invitation au voyage Emmanuel Chabrier (1841–1894)

IV

Voi lo sapete Pietro Mascagni (1863–1945)

V

Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5 Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887–1959)
Assisted by Hanna Bahorik, Savannah Johnson, Kurtis DePree,
Clinton Brads, Eliana Tallman, Joshua Guaita, cellos

VI

Send in the Clowns from A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930)

Raise Your Voice from SISTER ACT Alan Menken (b. 1949)
Assisted by Brittany Roberts, Lydia Sarver, Elizabeth McAlester,
Kristen Jarboe, Sharri K Hall, Kaitlin Kohler, sopranos;
Callie Dunn, Julianna Mitten, Kaitlyn Ring, Elizabeth Ferris, Sarah Shaw,
Kirsten Saur, Hadley Flener, altos; Daniel Summerville, drums

Kelsey is a student of Mark Spencer.

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

No flash photography, please.

Please turn off all cell phones.

Translations

Der Gärtner

On her favorite pony
as white as snow,
the fairest princess
rides down the avenue.

On the path down which her steed
so finely prances,
the sand that I strewed there
glitters like gold!

You rose-colored little hat,
bobbing up and down,
O toss a feather
stealthily down!

And if, for that, you would like
a little flower from me,
take a thousand for one –
take all of them!

Der verlassene Mägdelein

Early, when the cock crows,
Before the stars disappear,
I must stand at the hearth;
I must light the fire.

Beautiful is the blaze of the flames;
[The sparks fly]
I gaze into the fire,
Sunk in grief.

Suddenly, it comes to me,
Unfaithful boy,
That last night
I dreamed of you.

Tears upon tears then
Pour down;
So, the day comes –
O would it were gone again!

Elfenlied

At night in the village the watchman called
out:

"Eleven!"

A tiny little elf was sleeping in the forest –
Just at eleven o'clock! –
And he thinks that from out the valley
The nightingale must have called him by
name,

Or that [Silpelit] might have called to him.
The elf rubs his eyes,
Steps out in front of his snail-shell house,
And is like a drunken man,
His little sleep was not long enough;
And he hobbles about thus, tip tap
Through the Hazelwood down into the
valley,
Slips along closely beside the wall;
There sits the glow-worm, light upon light.
"What bright windows are those?
There must be a wedding celebration inside;
The little folk are sitting at the feast
And carousing about in the ballroom.
I shall just peep inside a bit!"
Faugh! he bumps his head against hard
stone!
Well, elf, I guess you've had enough?
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Средь шумного бала

In the midst of a noisy ball, by chance,
Among the tumultuous whirl of life,
I caught a glimpse of you, but mystery
Veiled your features.

Your eyes betrayed your sadness,
But your voice rang out divinely,
Like the sound of distant pipes,
Or like the dancing waves of the sea.

I was entranced by your slender form,
Your pensive expression,
And your laughter, both sad and ringing,
Since then, echoes in my heart.

During the lonely hours of night
I love to lie down, to rest;
I see those sad eyes,
I hear that merry laugh,

And oh so wistfully, I drift off,
And sink into mysterious dreams...
Do I love you? I don't know,
But it seems like I do!

Continued on back

L'invitation au voyage

My child, my sister,
Think of the rapture
Of living together there!
Of loving at will,
Of loving till death,
In the land that is like you!
The misty sunlight
Of those cloudy skies
Has for my spirit the charms,
So mysterious,
Of your treacherous eyes,
Shining brightly through their tears.
There all is order and beauty,
Luxury, peace, and pleasure.
See on the canals
Those vessels sleeping.
Their mood is adventurous;
It's to satisfy
Your slightest desire
That they come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns
Adorn the fields,
The canals, the whole city,
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm glow of light.
There all is order and beauty,
Luxury, peace, and pleasure.

Voi lo sapete

You know, mamma, that
Before he went off to be a soldier
Turiddu swore to Lola
To be eternally faithful
He returned to find her married;
And with a new love
He wanted to extinguish the flame
That burnt in his heart:
He loved me, I loved him.

She, envious of my happiness,
Forgotten by her husband,
Burning with jealousy,
She stole him from me.
I am left, dishonored:
Lola and Turiddu love each other,
And I weep!

Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5

Evening, a rosy, slow
and transparent cloud
Over the space dreamy and beautiful
The Moon sweetly appears in the
horizon,
Decorating the afternoon
like a nice damsel
Who rushes and dreamy adorns herself
With an anxious soul to become
beautiful
Shout all Nature to the Sky
and to the Earth!
All birds become silent
to the Moon's complains
And the Sea reflects its great splendor.
Softly, the shining Moon just awakes
The cruel missing that laughs and cries.
Evening, a rosy, slow and transparent
cloud
Over the space dreamy and beautiful...

Translation credit: Edith Braun, *The Art Song*,
ed. by Alice Howland and Poldi Zeitlin
(Milwaukee: Hal Leonard, 1960);
Mirna Rubim, Nicolas Gounin, Emily Ezust,
www.lieder.net; Martha Gerhart,
Arias for Mezzo-Soprano ed. by Robert Larsen
(NY: G. Schirmer, Inc., 1991).