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2-23-2020

Elizabeth McAlester, Soprano, Junior Voice Recital

Elizabeth McAlester

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

JUNIOR VOICE RECITAL

OF

ELIZABETH MCALESTER
SOPRANO

HANNAH RINEHART
PIANO

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 2020
5 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I.

- Quia respexit* from MAGNIFICAT Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)
Assisted by Emily Aaserud, oboe
In dem Schatten meiner Locken Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)
Verborgenheit Hugo Wolf

II.

- Selections from FÊTE GALANTES POUR MADAME VASNIER
Mandoline Claude Debussy (1862–1918)
Fantoches

III.

- Ô nuit, qui me couvre* from LA FIANCÉE D'ABYDOS
. Adrien Barthe (1828–1898)
The Black Swan from THE MEDIUM Gian Carlo Menotti (1911–2007)
Di piacer mi balza il cor from LA GAZZA LADRA
. Gioachino Rossini (1792–1868)

IV.

- Wayfaring Stranger* Southern American Folksong
arr. Richard Walters (b. 1982)
How Can I Keep From Singing? arr. Richard Walters

Elizabeth is a student of Beth Cram Porter.

Translations

Quia respexit

For he hath regarded the low estate
of his handmaiden:
for, behold, from henceforth
all generations shall call me blessed.

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

In the shadow of my tresses,
my lover has fallen asleep
Shall I wake him now? Ah, no!
Carefully I combed
my curly tresses early each morning,
But my efforts are in vain,
for the winds tousele them.
Shade giving tresses, sighing breezes,
have lulled my lover to sleep.
Shall I wake him now? Ah, no!
I shall have to hear how he grieves,
how he has languished so long,
How his whole life depends
on these my dusky cheeks.
And he calls me his serpent,
and yet he fell asleep at my side.
Shall I wake him now? Ah, no!

Verborgenheit

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!
I do not know why I grieve,
It is unknown sorrow;
Always through a veil of tears
I see the sun's beloved light.
Often, I am lost in thought,
And bright joy flashes
Through the oppressive gloom,
Bringing rapture to my breast.
Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

Mandoline

The gallant serenaders and their fair listeners
Exchange sweet nothings
beneath singing boughs
Tirsis is there, Aminte is there,
and also Clitandre
And Damis who for many a cruel maid
writes many a tender song
Their short silken doublets,
their long trailing gowns
Their elegance, their joy

and their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in the rapture
of a gray and roseate moon
And the mandolin jangles on
in the shivering breeze. La, la, la.

Fantoches

Scaramouche and Pulcinella,
drawn together by some evil scheme
Gesticulate beneath the moon
Meanwhile the excellent doctor from Bologna
Is leisurely picking medicinal herbs
in the brown grass
Then his daughter, pertly pretty
beneath the arbour
Stealthily glides half-naked in quest of her
handsome pirate from Spain,
Whose grief a lovelorn nightingale proclaims as
loudly as he can, [la]!

Ô nuit, qui me couvre

O Night, O Night,
who covers me in veils
O trembling light of the silver rays
named from the stars!
Come give the calm to my restless heart!
O Night, O Night!
Give the calm to my restless heart!
O beautiful Night! O beautiful Night!
What is this, the voice unknown,
that awakens and sings in my heart?
I am stirred by an uneasy feeling,
it's like a dream of joy
O Night, O Night, who covers me in veils,
O trembling light of the silver ray
named from the stars,
Come give the calm to my restless heart!
O Night, O Night!
Give calm to my restless heart,
give calm to my heart! Give calm to my heart
O lovely Night! O lovely Night! Ah!

Di piacer mi balza il cor

My heart leaps with delight,
Ah, I could ask for nothing more:
At last, I will again see my beloved
and my father
I will see them again, I will see them again
On will hold me close; the other, the other,
Oh what will he do?

Continued on back

God of love, I trust in you; oh, reward my faith!
I see everything around me smile;
no day could shine more brightly
Ah! I forget my troubles;
what happiness I shall have at last!
I see everything around me smile;
no day could shine more brightly.
Ah! I forget my troubles;
what happiness I shall have at last!

Translation Sources:

Quia respexit
Luke 1:48, KJV

In dem Schatten, Verborgeneheit, Mandoline, Fantoche
Oxford Lieder, Richard Stokes

O nuit
Nicole Spencer, student at Cedarville University

Di piacer
Aaron Hunziker, student at Cedarville University,