
Junior and Senior Recitals

Concert and Recital Programs

11-13-2021

Micaiah Jones, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Micaiah Haven Jones

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL

OF

MICAIAH JONES
MEZZO-SOPRANO

ABIGAIL LILITE
PIANO

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 2021
7 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

Selections from MESSIAH. George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)
Then Shall the Eyes of the Blind Be Opened
He Shall Feed His Flock

Assisted by Jenna Beremand, soprano

II

La ci darem la mano from DON GIOVANNI
..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

Assisted by David McFaddin, baritone

Selections from CARMEN. Georges Bizet (1838–1875)
Habanera
Seguidille

Tutti fiori from MADAME BUTTERFLY. Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924)
Assisted by Rachael Kindred, soprano

III

Bist du bei mir, BMV 508, from NOTEBOOK FOR ANNA MAGDALENA BACH
..... Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

Der Nussbaum, Op. 25, No. 3, from MYRTHEN. Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

Fleur des blés, L16. Claude Debussy (1862–1918)

Clair de lune, Op. 83, No. 1, from 10 MÉLODIES. Joseph Szulc (1875–1956)

Beau soir, L84. Claude Debussy

IV

Silent Noon from THE HOUSE OF LIFE, No. 2
..... Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

Nurse's Song from A CHARM OF LULLABIES, Op. 41, No. 5
..... Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

Burn from HAMILTON. Lin-Manuel Miranda (b. 1980)

I Can Only Imagine. Bart Millard (b. 1972)

Assisted by Allison Zieg, Michelle Schuman, Jenna Beremand,
Rachael Kindred, sopranos; Lydia Kee, Maria Drollinger,
Annamarie Wells, Soraya Peront, mezzo-sopranos;
Chloe Bowling, Isabella Muñoz, Jana Molinari, altos

Micaiah is a student of Mark Spencer.

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

Translations

La ci darem la mano

DON: There we will hold hands,
There you will say yes to me:
You see, it's not far,
Let's go, my dear, from here.
ZER: I would like to and I would not like to,
My heart trembles a little,
It's true that I would be happy,
But he can mock me still!
DON: Come, my lovely delight!
ZER: Masetto takes pity on me.
DON: I will change your fate.
ZER: Quickly... I cannot resist any longer.
DON: Let's go!
ZER: Let's go!
BOTH: Let's go, let's go, my love,
To redeem the sufferings
Of an innocent love.
<https://www.liveabout.com/la-ci-darem-la-mano-lyrics-and-translation-724016>

Habanera

Love is a rebellious bird
That nothing can tame,
And it is simply in vain to call it
If it is convenient for it to refuse.
Nothing will work, threat or pleading,
One speaks, the other stays quiet;
And it's the other that I prefer
He said nothing; but he pleases me.
Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love is the child of the Bohemian,
It has never, never known any law,
If you don't love me, I love you,
If I love you, keep guard of yourself!

The bird you thought to surprise
Bat its wing and flew away;
Love is far away, you can wait for it;
If you wait for it no more, it is there!
All around you, quickly, quickly,
It comes, goes, then it comes back!
You think to hold it, it avoids you;
You think to avoid it, it holds you!
Love, love, love, love!
https://voceclassica.com/uploads/3/4/8/7/34874555/ipa_sampl.pdf

Seguidille

Near the ramparts of Seville
At the place of my friend, Lillas Pastia
I will go to dance the Seguedilla
to drink Manzanilla.
I will go to the place of my friend,
Lillas Pastia.
Yes, but all alone, one gets bored,
And the real pleasures are for two;
So, to keep me company,
I will take away my lover.

My lover, he has gone to the devil,
I put him out yesterday!
My poor heart, very consolable,
My heart is free, like the air!
I have suiters by the dozen,
But, they are not to my taste.
Here it is the weekend;
Who wants to love me? I will love him!
Who wants my soul? It's for the taking.
You're arriving at the right time!
I have hardly the time to wait,
For with my new lover,
Near the ramparts of Seville
At the place of my friend, Lillas Pastia!
<http://www.aria-database.com/search.php?individualAria=43>

Tutti fiori

Spoglio is the vegetable garden.
BUTTERFLY: Spoglio is the vegetable garden?
Come, help me.
SUZUKI: Rose at the threshold.
Butterfly and Suzuki scatter flowers everywhere
BUTTERFLY: All Spring
SUZUKI: All Spring
BUTTERFLY: I want you to oil here.
SUZUKI: I want you to smell here.
BUTTERFLY: Let's sow around April,
SUZUKI: Let's sow around April.
BUTTERFLY: We sow around April!
SUZUKI: All spring, all, all.
BUTTERFLY: *throwing flowers* All spring
I want you to smell here ...
SUZUKI: Lilies? violets?
BUTTERFLY: around, around spreads.
SUZUKI: We sow around April.
BUTTERFLY: We sow around April.
His seat is to be swallowed , to be convolved , to be swallowed up; lilies and violets around spread, we sow around April!
SUZUKI: Lilies, spindly roses, all spring, spread lilies, violets, we sow April around!
BUTTERFLY and SUZUKI: *throwing flowers while the person follows the rhythm with a gentle sway of dance* We throw full hands, mammals and tuberose, corolla of verbena, petals of each flower!
Corolla of verbene, petals of each flower!
<https://www.opera-arias.com/puccini/madame-butterfly/tutti-i-fi-or/>

Bist du bei mir

Be thou with me and I'll go gladly
To death and on to my repose.
Ah, how my end would bring contentment,
If, pressing with thy hands so lovely,
Thou wouldst my faithful eyes then close.
<https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/1291>

Continued on the back

Der Nussbaum

A nut tree blossoms outside the house,
Fragrantly, Airily,
It spreads its leafy boughs.
Many lovely blossoms it bears,
Gentle Winds
Come to caress them tenderly.
Paired together, they whisper,
Inclining, Bending
Gracefully their delicate heads to kiss.
They whisper of a maiden who
Dreamed For nights
And days of, alas, she knew not what.
They whisper—who can understand
So soft A song?
Whisper of a bridegroom and next year.
The maiden listens, the tree rustles;
Yearning, Musing
She drifts smiling into sleep and dreams.
<https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/425>

Fleur des blés

From the tall corn that ripples
And undulates under the breeze
In coquettish disarray
I have found the good idea
To gather a nosegay for you.
Place it on your bosom, quickly;
It was not only gathered for you,
But also created in your image,
And I'll warrant your little finger
Has already told you why.
These golden ears of corn are like the waves
Of your own fair tresses,
Spun from gold and sunlight;
This insolent poppy

Is the red blood of your lips.
And these cornflowers (you'll never guess!),
These azure dots that nothing can change,
These cornflowers are your eyes,
So blue that they look like two pieces of heaven.
Fallen down upon this earth.
<https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/2770>

Clair de lune

Your soul is a chosen landscape
bewitched by masquers and bergamaskers,
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises.
Singing as they go in a minor key
of conquering love and life's favours,
they do not seem to believe in their fortune
and their song mingles with the light of the moon,
The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,
that sets the birds dreaming in the trees
and the fountains sobbing in their rapture,
tall and svelte amid marble statues.
<https://www.thereader.org.uk/featured-poem-3/>

Beau soir

And a warm breeze ripples the fields of wheat,
All things seem to advise content -
And rise toward the troubled heart;
Advise us to savour the gift of life,
While we are young and the evening fair,
For our life slips by, as that river does:
It to the sea - we to the tomb.
<https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/2755>



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