



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Sophomore Recital

Soprano

Soprano

Piano

Saturday October 8, 2022 at 4:00 p.m.

Laudamus Te Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Victoria Lang, Soprano; Abigail Weller, Soprano
John Devorick, Piano

Villanelle Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

L'Absence

Si mes vers avaient des ailes Reynaldo Hahn
(1874-1947)

Victoria Lang, Soprano
John Devorick, Piano

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen Fanny Mendelssohn
(1805-1847)

Nacht und Träume Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Minnelied Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Abigail Weller, Soprano
John Devorick, Piano

I Cannot Tell What This Love May Be Arthur Sullivan
(1842-1900)

Stizzoso, mio stizzoso Giovanni B. Pergolesi
(1710-1736)

Victoria Lang, Soprano
John Devorick, Piano

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Vedrai, carino

Abigail Weller, Soprano
John Devorick, Piano

O del mio dolce ardor Christoph Willibald Gluck
(1714-1787)

Ma rendi pur contento Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

O del mio amato ben Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

Victoria Lang, Soprano
John Devorick, Piano

Beau soir Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Nuit d'étoiles

Romance

Abigail Weller, Soprano
John Devorick, Piano

Ah, guarda sorella Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Victoria Lang, Soprano; Abigail Weller, Soprano
John Devorick, Piano

You birds up there in the breeze?
Be silent! If my heart hears it,
My pain will return once more.
A young woman once passed by,
Who sang it again and again,
And so we birds snatched it up,
That lovely golden word.
You should not tell me such things,
You little cunning birds,
You thought to steal my grief from
me, But I trust no one now.

Night and Dreams

Holy night, you sink down;

like your moonlight through space,
through the silent hearts of men.
They listen with delight,
crying out when day awakes:
come back, holy night!
Fair dreams, return!

Love song

Birdsong sounds more beautiful
When the pure angel
Who has won my young heart
Wanders through the woods.
Valley and meadow bloom redder,
The grass grows greener,

Without her all is dead,
Flowers and herbs are withered,
And the spring sunset
Seems neither radiant nor fair.
Gentle, charming lady,
Do not ever leave me;
That my heart, like this meadow,
Might bloom in bliss!

Unruly, sir unruly

Unruly, sir unruly,
And fain to play the bully,
But naught you'll gain by violence,
It is time to end this riot:
Be quiet, quiet,
And do not speak.
Hush! Hush! Serpina wants it like
this.

I believe you understand me, yes,
You understand me, yes,
You understand me,
For you dare not offend me
These many many days,
Many, many and many days.

Praise the Lord, all nations;

Praise the Lord, all nations;
Praise Him, all people.
For He has bestowed
His mercy upon us,
And the truth of the Lord endures
forever.

You will see, my dear

You will see, my dear if you'll be
good the cure I have for you!
It's natural, it won't give disgust
you though no apothecary can
prescribe it.
It's a certain balm
I carry within me
which I can give you, if you'll try it.
You want to know where I keep it?
Then feel it beating,
put your hand here.

Oh of my sweet ardor

Oh of my sweet ardor
You coveted object,
The air you breathe,
In the end I will breathe.
Wherever I look at them,

This rose is your breath
And these stars are your eyes.

Romance

The spent and suffering soul,
The sweet soul, the soul steeped
In the divine lilies I gathered
In the garden of your thoughts,
Where have the winds dispersed it,
This adorable lilies' soul?
Does not a single scent remain
Of the heavenly softness
Of the days when you enclosed me
In a supernatural mist,
Made of hope, of faithful love,
Of bliss and of peace?

Ah, look sister

Ah, look, sister,
The most beautiful mouth,
The most noble chest,

eyes!

This is the face
Of a warrior and lover.
This is the face
That tempts and threatens.

