

Reilly Price

Junior Recital

Accompanied on piano by

Kara Lee

Friday August 28, 2015 at 7:30 PM

SONG LIST

English

Sailor's Song - Joseph Haydn

She Never Told Her Love - Joseph Haydn

Content - Joseph Haydn

Italian

Alma Del Core - Antonio Caldare

Sebben Crudele - Antonio Caldare

Per La Gloria D'adorarvi - Giovanni Battista Bononcini

German

Die Forelle - Franz Schubert

Im Abendrot - Franz Schubert

Ständchen - Franz Schubert

Musical Theatre

Anthem (from Chess) - Tim Rice

Translation

Alma Del Core - Soul of my heart. Spirit of my soul.
Always constant will I adore you. I will be contented in
my torment. If only I could kiss your beautiful lips.

Sebben Crudele - Although, cruel love, you make me
languish, I will always love you true. With the patience
of my serving I will be able to tire out your pride.

Per La Gloria D'adorarvi - For the glory of adoring
you, I want to love you. O cherished eyes that radiate
light. In loving I will suffer, but always I will love you,
Yes, in my suffering I will love you, cherished eyes.
Without hope of delight, my vain affection sighs. But
your sweet rays, who could ever gaze upon and not love
you? I will suffer, I will love you, cherished eyes!

Die Forelle - In a clear little brook there darted about
in happy haste the moody trout, dashing everywhere like
an arrow. I stood on the bank and watched in sweet
peace the fish's bath in the clear little brook.

A fisherman with his gear came to stand on the bank and
watched with cold blood as the little fish weaved here
and there. But as long as the water remains clear, I
thought, no worry, he'll never catch the trout with his
hook.

But finally, for the thief, time seemed to pass to slowly. He made the little brook murky and before I thought it could be so, his line twitched. There thrashed the fish, and I, with raging blood, gazed on the betrayed one.

Im Abendrot – O how beautiful is your world, Father, when she shines with golden beams! When your gaze descends and paints the dust with a shimmering glowing, when the red, which flashes in the clouds, sinks into my quiet window!

How could I complain, how could I be afraid? How could anything ever be amiss between you and me? No, I will carry in my breast your Heaven for all times. And this heart, before it breaks down, shall drink in the glow and the light.

Ständchen – My songs quietly implore you through the night; down to the silent wood my love, come to me! The tree tops whisper in the light of the moon; Don't be afraid, my love, no-one will observe us. Can you hear the nightingales? Oh! They implore you, their sweet lament pleads with you on my behalf.

They understand the yearning I feel, they know love's torture, with their silvery notes they touch every soft heart. Let them touch yours, too, sweet love: hear my plea! Trembling I await you, come, bring me bliss!