

# **SARAH CADWALLENDER**

**AMANDA SHERRILL, PIANO  
NATALIE ROSE, VIOLIN  
JULIA LAIRD, SOPRANO**

**SENIOR RECITAL  
RECITAL HALL  
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18<sup>TH</sup>, 2015 • 7:30**

**ASU** Herberger Institute  
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS  

---

ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

**School of Music**

Sarah Cadwallender is a student of Judy May. This recital is given to satisfy degree requirements for the degree Bachelor of Music Education.

Please do not clap between sets of music.

\*\*\*\*\*

Out of respect for the performers and those audience members around you, please turn all beepers, cell phones and watches to their silent mode.  
Thank you.

<b>Kalla Kalla</b> (from Five Hebrew Love Songs)	Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)
<b>Kaddisch</b> (from Deux Melodies Hebraiques)	Maurice Ravel (1875–1937)
<b>O Can Ye Sew Cushions</b>	Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
<b>The Last Rose of Summer</b>	William Arms Fisher (1861-1948)
<b>Colors of the Wind</b> (Pocohontas)	Alan Menken & Stephen Schwartz (b. 1949 & 1948)
<b>Green Finch and Linnet Bird</b> (Sweeney Todd)	Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930)
<b>Goodnight, My Someone</b> (The Music Man)	Meredith Wilson (1902-1984)
<b>Ei! Wie schmeckt der Coffee</b> (Coffee Cantata BWV 211)	Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1759)
<i>**There will be a 10-minute intermission**</i>	
<b>Per Pieta, Bell'idol Mio</b>	Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
<b>Beau Soir</b>	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
<b>Hexenlied</b>	Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)
<b>Och Moder, ich well en Ding han</b>	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
<b>Maria Wiegenlied</b>	Max Reger (1873-1916)
<b>Duetto Buffo di due Gatti</b>	Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

# LYRIC TRANSLATIONS

## **Kala Kalla** (Light Bride)

Light bride  
She is all mine,  
And lightly  
She will kiss me!

## **Kaddish**

Exalted and hallowed be His great Name. Throughout the world which He has created according to His Will. May He establish His kingship, bring forth His redemption and hasten the coming of His Moshiach. In your lifetime and in your days and in the lifetime of the entire House of Israel, speedily and soon, and say, Amen. Blessed and praised, glorified, exalted and extolled, honored, adored and lauded be the Name of the Holy One, blessed be He. Beyond all the blessings, hymns, praises and consolations that are uttered in the world; and say, Amen.

## **Ei! Wie schmeckt der Coffee**

Ah! How sweet coffee tastes,  
more delicious than a thousand kisses,  
milder than muscatel wine.  
Coffee, I have to have coffee,  
and, if someone wants to pamper me,  
ah, then bring me coffee as a gift!

## **Per pietà, bell'idol mio**

For pity's sake, my beautiful idol  
Do not tell me that I am ungrateful;  
Unhappy and unfortunate enough has  
heaven made me.

That I am faithful to you,  
That I languish under your bright gaze,  
Love knows, the gods know,  
My heart [knows], and yours knows.

## **Beau Soir**

When streams turn pink in the setting  
sun,  
And a slight shudder rushes through the  
wheat fields,  
A plea for happiness seems to rise out of  
all things  
And it climbs up towards the troubled  
heart.  
A plea to relish the charm of life  
While there is youth and the evening is  
fair,  
For we pass away, as the wave passes:  
The wave to the sea, we to the grave.

## **Hexenlied**

The swallow flies, the spring is victorious  
And gives us flowers for our wreaths.  
Soon we will scuttle softly out the door  
And fly to the glorious dance!  
A black billy goat, a broomstick,  
The oven-fork, the distaff,  
Tear us swiftly as lightning and wind  
Through roaring winds to the Brocken [*a  
peak in the Harz Mountains of central  
Germany and fabled gathering place  
of witches*]  
Around Beelzebub dances our troop  
And kisses his clawed hands.  
Ghosts in a swarm grab us by the arm  
And dance, swinging torches.  
And Beelzebub promises to the troop of  
dancers gifts upon gifts;  
They will be beautiful and wear silk  
And dig up pots of gold for themselves.  
A fiery dragon flies around the roof  
And brings us butter and eggs.  
The neighbors then see the sparks blow  
And strike a cross to keep away the fire.  
The flowers bloom for the wreath  
Hooray! To the glorious dance!

## Och Moder, ich well en Ding han

Ah mother, I want to have something!  
"What sort of a thing, child of my heart?"  
A thing, a thing.  
"Would you like to have a doll?"  
No, mother, no!  
You are not a good mother,  
You cannot guess the thing I want!  
What sort of a thing a child *could* want,  
Dingderlingdingding!

Ah mother, I want to have something!  
"What sort of a thing, child of my heart?"  
A thing, a thing.  
"Would you like to have a little ring?"  
No, mother, no!  
You are not a good mother,  
You cannot guess the thing I want!  
What sort of a thing a child *could* want,  
Dingderlingdingding!

Ah mother, I want to have something!  
"What sort of a thing, child of my heart?"  
A thing, a thing.  
"Would you like to have a dress?"  
No, mother, no!  
You are not a good mother,  
You cannot guess the thing I want!  
What sort of a thing a child *could* want,  
Dingderlingdingding!

Ah mother, I want to have something!  
"What sort of a thing, child of my heart?"  
A thing, a thing.  
"Would you like to have a husband?"  
Yes, mother, yes!  
You are a good mother,  
You could guess the thing I wanted,  
What sort of a thing a child *could* want,  
Dingderlingdingding!

## Maria Wiegenlied (Mary's Lullaby)

Mary sits in the rosegrove  
And rocks her child Jesus,  
Softly through the leaves  
Blows a warm summer wind.

At her feet sings  
A colorful little bird:  
Sleep, child, my sweet,  
Just go to sleep!

Lovely is your smile,  
Lovely is your joy in slumber,  
Lay your tired little head  
Against your mother's breast!  
Sleep, child, my sweet,  
Just go to sleep!