



# Jillian Smith

Junior Recital

March 21, 2016

Amanda Sherrill • accompanist

Anne Kopta • voice teacher



I would like to thank:

my teacher, Anne Kopta, for her amazing teaching, guidance, and mentorship in my musical pursuits.

my pianist Amanda Sherrill for her mentorship and encouragement, and for her wonderful accompaniment.

my family and friends for their support and encouragement as they came alongside me and made tonight possible.

*“and whatever you do, in word or deed, do everything in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father through Him”*

*-Colossians 3:17*



### *Italiano*

- Col mio sangue comprerei  
from "Il Floridoro" Alessandro Stradella  
(1645-1682)
- Deh Rendetemi  
from "La Stellidaura Vendicata" Francesco Provenzale  
(1640-circa 1700)
- Non vogl'io se non vederti Alessandro Scarlatti (1659-1725)

### *Français*

- Clair de Lune Joseph Szulc (1875-1956)  
text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)
- Psyché Emile Paladilhe (1844-1926)  
text by Pierre Corneille (1606-1684)

### *Deutsche*

- Opus 48, #1, 2, 3 Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)  
Grüß text by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)  
Dereinst, Gedanke mein text by Emanuel von Geibel (1815-1884)  
Lauf der Welt text by Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862)

### *English / Musical Theatre*

- Come Down from the Tree Stephen Flaherty (1960)  
lyrics by Lynn Ahrens (1948)
- I'm Not Afraid of Anything Jason Robert Brown (1970)  
from *Songs for a New World*
- Secondhand White Baby Grand Marc Shaiman (1959)  
lyrics by Scott Witmann (1954) & Marc Shaiman
- Lost in the Brass Tommy Newman and Gaby Alter  
from *Band Geeks* lyrics by Tommy Newman

Please join us on the patio immediately following the program for

Hors d'œuvres.



*Col mio sangue comprepri  
I would spend my blood unheeding*

I would spend my blood unheeding,  
Could it buy the dear life thus taken!

For in loving thee, for in losing thee,  
I am forsaken, and my poor torn  
heart lies bleeding.

*Deh, rendetemi  
Dear, shades*

Dear shades, please return to me  
My beloved which you have  
Taken from me! Oh beauty  
Unique and rare, my poor  
Forsaken heart suffers.

Answer me, courteous shadows,  
Who stole my dead one from me?  
Ah! What god have I offended  
That he has taken my love from my eyes?

*Non vogl'io se non vederti  
I don't want to see you*

I don't want to see you except,  
I only want to see you.  
Be less cruel to me, my beloved.  
I promise to please you,  
And to give my heart to you!

I long only to see you again,  
My love, please be less harsh;  
I am happy to adore you  
Even at the cost of my heart.

*Clair de Lune  
Moonlight*

Your soul is a select landscape  
Where charming masqueraders  
And bergamaskers go,  
Playing the lute and dancing and  
Almost sad beneath their fantastic disguises

They all sing in a minor key  
Of victorious love and the opportune life,  
They don't seem to believe their happiness  
And their song mingles with the moonlight,

With the still moonlight, sad and beautiful,  
That sets the birds dreaming in the trees  
And the fountains sobbing in ecstasy,  
The tall slender fountains among  
Marble statues.

*Psyché  
Psyche*

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature!  
The sun's rays kiss you too often,  
Your hair suffers too much  
Of the wind's caresses.

As it flatters you, I mutter in protest!  
The same air that you breathe with so  
Much pleasure passes over your mouth.  
Your clothes touch you too closely!

And whilst you sigh I do not know  
What is it that startles me  
Fear, amidst your sighs,  
Those distracted sighs!



**Gruss  
Greetings**

Softly, lovely bells move through my heart  
Ring out little spring-time song  
Ring out into the distance

Go out, up to the house  
Where the violets bud  
If you see a rose  
I say let it be greeted

**Dereinst, Gedanke mein  
Someday, my thoughts...**

Someday, my thoughts, you'll be at peace  
You allow love's passion and you're not calm  
In the cool earth, you will sleep well  
There without love and without pain  
You will be at peace.

What you have not found in life,  
When it has vanished,  
It will be given to you,  
Then without wounds and without pain  
You will be at peace.

**Lauf der Welt  
Way of the world**

Every evening I go walking  
Along the meadow path.  
My love looks out of the summer house  
Which stands close by to the path.

We have never introduced ourselves,  
That's just the way things are.  
I don't know how it happened so,  
For a long time I kissed my love,  
I never asked, my love never said yes or no

If lips gladly on lips rest,  
We don't prevent it, we think it's good  
The breeze plays with the rose  
It doesn't ask: do you love me?

The little rose refreshes itself with dew  
It would never think to ask!  
I love him, he loves me,  
But neither says I love you!

**Dear, shadows**

Dear shadows, please return to me  
My beloved which you have  
Taken from me! Oh beauty  
Unique and rare, my poor  
Forsaken heart suffers.

Answer me, courteous shadows,  
Who stole my lead one from me?  
And what god have I offended  
That he has taken my love from my eyes?

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