

ALMA COLLEGE  
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

presents

JANICE KNAPP, mezzo-soprano

in

SENIOR RECITAL

accompanied by  
Jeanne Flegel

4:00 P.M.  
Sunday, January 19, 1975  
Dunning Memorial Chapel

This Recital is in partial fulfillment of  
graduation requirements.

PROGRAM

I

- Nymphs and Shepherds . . . . . Henry Purcell  
(1659-1695)  
O, Lead Me . . . . . Henry Purcell  
The Coy, Blushing Sylvia . . . . . Dortehea Plowden  
( -182

II

Songs by Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

DIE SOLDATENBRAUT (The Soldier's Betrothed)

O, if the King only knew how good my sweetheart is! For the King he would shed his blood, but so he would for me. My sweetheart has no ribbon and no star, no cross, like the noble lords, a general he will never be, if he only would have his discharge! Three stars are shining so bright, yonder above the Virgin's Chapel. There we'll be united with a rose-red ribbon, and life's cares await us too.

LIED DER BRAUT I (Song of the Betrothed)

Mother, do not think, because I love him that my love is lacking for you. Since I love him, I love you all the more, for you gave me my life, that has turned into such glory.

LIED DER BRAUT II (Song of the Betrothed)

Let me cling to his breast, Mother; stay your fear. Do not ask: what is to come? How shall it end? It shall never end, and what will come, I know not yet!

DIE STILLE (The Silence)

No one knows how happy I am! Oh if but one knew it, none other should ever know! The snow and the stars are not as silent as the secret thoughts of mine. I wish I were a little bird flying over the sea and further on, till in Heaven I would be!

ER, DER HERRLICHSTE VON ALLEN (He, the most glorious of all) (the second song of the song cycle "Frauenliebe und Leben" - A Woman's Love and Life)

He, the most glorious of all, how kind he is, how good! Gentle mouth, clear eyes, clear mind and firm courage. As a star shines bright and glorious, so is he in my heaven. Do not hear my silent prayer, offered for your happiness. You must not know me, a humble maiden, thou star of glory for only the worthiest should be yours. I shall rejoice and weep, blissful, even though my heart should break.

III

Toujours (Always) . . . . . Gabriel Faure  
(1845-1924)

You ask me to be silent, to flee far from you forever without remembering the one I loved! Rather ask the stars to fall into the infinite, the night to lose its veils, the day to lose its brightness, the boundless ocean to drain its vast waves, and the winds to still their mournful cries. Do not believe that my soul will free itself from its bitter sorrows, and cast off its fire, as spring casts off its flowers.

Adieu (Farewell) . . . . . Gabriel Faure  
(1845-1924)

How quickly everything dies, the rose uncloses, and the fresh colored mantles of the meadows;

the long sighs, the beloved ones, disappear in smoke! We see, in this fickle world, change faster than the waves at the shores, our dreams! Faster than dew on flowers, our hearts! One believed in being faithful to you, cruel one, but alas, the longest loves are short! And I say, leaving your charms, without tears, almost at the moment of my confession, Farewell!

Beau Soir (Beautiful Evening) . . . Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

When, in the setting sun, the streams are rosy, and when a warm breeze floats over the fields of grain, a counsel to be happy seems to emanate from all things and rises toward the troubled heart; a behest to enjoy the pleasure of being alive, while one is young and the evening is beautiful, for we shall go as this wave goes, - it, to the sea; we, to the grave.

Mandoline (Mandolin) . . . . . Claude Debussy

The serenading swains and their lovely listeners exchange insipid remarks under the singing boughs. There is Tircis and there is Aminta, and the eternal Clitander; and there is Damis, who for many cruel ladies, fashions many tender verses. Their short silken vests, their long dresses with trains, their elegance, their gaiety and their soft blue shadows whirl madly in the ecstasy of a moon rose and gray, and the mandolin chatters amid the trembling of the breeze...

IV

- Walking . . . . . Charles Ives (1874-1954)
- Tired . . . . . Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
- It Must Be Me . . . . . Leonard Bernstein (1918- )
- Love Went A-Riding . . . . . Frank Bridge (1879-1941)