

**The Senior Full Recital of Sarah Damers, *soprano*
with Haley Griffith, *piano***

Centreville United Methodist Church
Saturday, June 12th, 2021 at 7:00pm

Laudamus te
from *Mass in C Minor*

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Laudamus te,
Benedicimus te,
Adoramus te,
Glorificamus te.

We praise you,
We bless you,
We adore you,
We glorify you.

Zuiegnung

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Yes, dear soul, you know
That I'm in torment far from you,
Love makes hearts sick –
Be thanked.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Once, revelling in freedom,
I held The amethyst cup aloft
And you blessed that draught –
Be thanked.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

And you banished the evil spirits,
Till I, as never before,
Holy, sank holy upon your heart –
Be thanked.

Wie Melodien zieht es mir

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

Thoughts, like melodies,
Steal softly through my mind,
Like spring flowers they blossom
And drift away like fragrance.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Yet when words come and capture them
And bring them before my eyes,
They turn pale like grey mist
And vanish like a breath.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgен wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

Yet surely in rhyme
A fragrance lies hidden,
Summoned by moist eyes
From the silent seed.

Après un Rêve

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux,
ta voix pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;

In sleep made sweet by a vision of you
I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion,
Your eyes were softer,
your voice pure and ringing,
You shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues.
lueurs divines entrevues.

You called me and I departed the earth
To flee with you toward the light,
The heavens parted their clouds for us,
We glimpsed unknown splendours, celestial
celestial fires.

Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes,
Je t'appelle, ô nuit,
rends-moi tes mensonges;
Reviens, reviens, radieuse,
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I summon you, O night,
give me back your delusions;
Return, return in radiance,
Return, O mysterious night!

Chanson d'amour

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.

I love your eyes, I love your brow,
O my rebel, O my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses shall dissolve.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!

I love your voice, I love the strange
Charm of all you say,
O my rebel, O my dear angel,
My inferno and my paradise.

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!

I love all that makes you beautiful
From your feet to your hair,
O you the object of all my vows,
O my wild one, O my rebel.

Il est doux, il est bon from *Hérodiade*

Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

Hérodiade is a four-act opera based on a novella written in 1877 by Gustave Flaubert. Although *Hérodiade* is not one of Massenet's most well-known operas, this melodic and romantic aria is quite a standout. Right before she sings this aria, Salome meets John, and uses this moment to express her new and overwhelming love, as well as her anguish in his absence.

Celui don't la parole efface toutes peines,
Le Prophète est ici! c'est vers lui que je vais!

The one whose speech erases all pain,
The prophet is here! To him I will go!

Il est doux, il est bon, sa parole est sereine:

He is gentle, he is good, his speech is calm:

Il parle... tout se tait...
Plus léger sur la plaine
L'air attentive passe sans bruit...
Il parle!

Ah! quand reviendra-t-il?
quand pourrai-je l'entendre?
Je souffrais...
j'étais seule et mon coeur s'est calmé
En écoutant sa voix mélodieuse et tendre,
Mon coeur s'est calmé!

Prophète bien aimé, puis-je vivre sans toi!

C'est là! dans ce désert
où la foule étonnée
Avait suivi ses pas,
Qu'il m'accueillit un jour,
enfant abandonnée!
Et qu'il m'ouvrit ses bras!

Il est doux, il est bon...

He speaks... all fall silent...
More lightly over the plain
The attentive air passes without noise...
He speaks!

Ah! When will he return?
When can I hear him?
I suffered...
I was alone and my heart was calmed
By listening to his voice, melodious and tender,
My heart was calmed!

Prophet well loved; I cannot live without you!

It is there! In this desert
where the astonished crowd
Had followed his steps,
That he received me one day,
a child abandoned!
And where he opened his arms to me!

He is gentle, he is good...

Intermission (10 minutes)

Parto, parto, ma tu, ben mio
from *La clemenza di Tito*

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

La clemenza di Tito is a two-act opera seria which premiered in Prague in 1791, in the year of Mozart's death. It is one of the very last operas that Mozart worked on. The story follows an array of characters on their quest for love and revenge. Sesto is a pants role, a male role traditionally sung by a woman. In this scene, Sesto is being urged to assassinate Emperor Tito. This aria expresses Sesto's agreement to carry out the plan.

Parto, ma tu, ben mio, meco ritorna in pace.
Sarò qual più ti piace,
quel che vorrai farò.

I leave, my love, but let us make peace.
I will be as you wish
and do that which you desire.

Guardami, e tutto oblio,
e a vendicarti io volo;
A questo sguardo solo da me si penserà.
Ah qual poter, oh Dei! Donaste alla beltà.

Look at me, and I forget all,
and to avenge you I fly;
I will think only of your glance.
Ah what power, oh gods! You gave to beauty.

Zeffiretti lusinghieri
from *Idomeneo*

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Premiering in Munich in 1781, *Idomeneo* is a three-act opera seria set on the island of Crete shortly after the Trojan War. Ilia, daughter of defeated Trojan King Priam, is taken captive to

Crete where she falls in love with their Prince, Idamante. In this aria, Ilia asks the breezes to carry her words of love to Idamante.

Solitudini amiche, aure amorse,
piante fiorite, e fiori vaghi, udite
d'una infelice amante I lamenti,
che a voi lassa confide.
Quanto il tacer presso al mio vincitore,
quanto il finger ti costa afflitto core!

Zeffiretti lusinghieri,
Deh volate al mio tesoro:
E gli dite, ch'io l'adoro
Che mi serbi il cor fedel.

E voi piante, e fior sinceri
Che ora innaffia il piano amaro,
Dite a lui, che amor più raro
Mai vedeste sotto al ciel.

Solitudes friendly, breezes amorous
lovely flowers and blossoming plants listen
to the unhappy laments of her lover
Who forsaken confides in you.
How much it costs my afflicted heart
to hide my love afflicts my heart

Zephyrs gently caressing
Oh fly to my beloved
And tell him that I adore him
and keep his heart faithful.

and you plants, and flowers tender
which my bitter tears water
tell him that a love more rare
never saw beneath the sky.

The Metropolitan Tower

Lori Laitman
(b. 1955)

The Strong House

Lori Laitman
(b. 1955)

Night Piece

Henry Dehlinger
(b. 1966)

Found/Tonight

Found/Tonight was masterminded by Broadway legends Lin-Manuel Miranda and Ben Platt to be performed at the March for Our Lives held in Washington DC in March of 2018. A mashup of “You will be Found” from *Dear Evan Hansen* and “The Story of Tonight” from *Hamilton*, the song was meant to be an anthem of hope in a time of struggle.

This Place is Mine from *Phantom*

Maury Yeston
(b. 1945)

Phantom is a contemporary American musical that premiered in Houston, Texas in 1991. Often confused with *The Phantom of the Opera*, *Phantom* follows the story of Christine Daaé as she is entranced by the Phantom. In this scene, Carlotta is raving about her diva status at the opera house and boasts of her immeasurable talent to the captivated audience.