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Senior Recital

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CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

presents

SENIOR RECITAL

Lisa Robinson, soprano

Tania Fleischer, accompanist

March 28, 1993

Salmon Recital Hall

8:00 P.M.

PROGRAM

- Farewell, ye limpid springs and floods *George Friedrich Handel*
 from *Jephtha* (1685-1759)
Oh, had I Jubal's lyre
 from *Joshua*
- Heidenröslein, Op. 3, No. 3 *Franz Schubert*
Lachen und Weinen, Op. 59, No. 4 (1797-1828)
An die Musik, Op. 88, No. 4
- Juliette's Waltz *Charles Gounod*
 from *Roméo and Juliette, Act I* (1818-1893)

INTERMISSION

- Tre Arie di Stilo Antico *Stefano Donaudy*
 Cour mio cuor, mio non vedi (1879-1925)
 Venuto e l'Aprile
 O bei nidi d'amore
- Four Recipes *Leonard Bernstein*
 from *La Bonne Cuisine Francaise* (1918-1991)
 Plum pudding
 Ox-tails
 Tavouk Gueunksis
 Rabbit at Top Speed

*Yamaha Piano Courtesy of
Field & Son's Piano*

Heidenroslein - Little rose on the heath

A lad saw a little rose growing: little red rose on the heath.
She was as young and fair as the morning. He ran quickly to
have a close look at her. He gazed at her with delight.
Little rose, little rose, little red rose, little rose on the heath.
The lad said, "I will pick you, little rose on the heath."
The little rose said, "I will prick you so that you will always
remember as and I do not want to suffer".
The cruel lad picked the little rose on the heath.
The little rose defended herself but her wailing and sighs
were of no avail, she had to suffer just the same.
Little rose, little rose, little red rose, little rose on the heath.

Lachen und weinen - Laughter and tears

Laughter and tears at all hours can have so many causes when
one is in love.
In the morning I laughed with pleasure: and why I now wake in
the evening light I myself do not know.
Tears and laughter at all hours can have so many causes when
one is in love.
In the evening I was weeping with grief: and how can I wake
in the morning with laughter, I must ask you, my heart.

An die Musik - Ode to Music

Oh, gracious art, in how many grey hours when life's fierce
orbit encompassed me, hast thou kindled my heart to warm love,
hast thou charmed me into a better world?
Oft has a sigh issued from my harp, a sweet blessed chord from
you,
throwing open a Heaven of better times.
Oh gracious art, for that I thank thee.

Juliette's Waltz

At this point in the opera Juliette's nurse has just informed her that
Juliett's father is considering prospective husbands for his
daughter since she has now reached a suitable age of marriage.
Juliette, who is only fourteen, does not take this information
seriously and rejects the idea of marriage at this point in her life.
In the Waltz song, Juliette sings about her desire to experience the
joys of youth for as long as possible before forever giving them
up to adulthood.

Cour Mio, Cuor Mio non Vedi

Don't you see, oh my heart, that when love siezes you I am not gay, but bored: not aquiver but pained.
You give up so much while wooing. Don't you see that love is just an ugly joke?
But then I see another more lovely than the last. Ah me, I fear that we are falling again.

But then again it's useless to flee love's enchantment. Where does one go to avoid it?
Ah no, tis better advice when one sees love approaching, to flee like a coward or turn a heart of bronze.
But then I see another more lovely than the last. Ah me, I fear we are falling again.

Venuto è l'Aprile

April has come weaving garlands and summoning the nymphs and forest creatures to the meadow.
The alder trees tune their instruments as the first harmonies of the wind among the branches commence the dance.
First a faun approaches. His nymph sees him, she sighs, and they fly away together.

The couples all frolic in the springs and brooks and then furtively slip into the woods.
But Clori, who meanwhile is jealous of Nice stands alone and unhappy in such grief that it stops the dance.
But a shepherd approaches and already Clori sees him. She sighs, and they fly away together.

O Bei Nidi d'Amore

Oh lovely nests of love, eyes to me so dear, whose favor was always so generous to me.
Now how deprived I am of that smile of yours, that paradise.
Hopeless, I see my days fleeing. Each day I have more and more death within me but am unable to die.

The sun no longer has rays, the sky stars, the meadow violets, the wind sighs.
The loss of my beloved exhausts me. Even pitious hope, which at least fed the heart, leaves me,
Pitious hope which can make the misery less sad, less cruel.