

## **Emma Verret Third Year Recital**

March 25, 2023

### **How Beautiful are the Feet; Handel's Messiah - G.F Handel (1685-1759)**

Text from Romans 10:15

How beautiful are the feet of them  
that preach the gospel of peace,  
How beautiful are the feet,  
How beautiful are the feet of them  
that preach the gospel of peace.  
How beautiful are the feet of them  
that preach the gospel of peace,  
and bring glad tidings,  
and bring glad tidings,  
Glad tidings of good things,  
and bring glad tidings,  
Glad tidings of good things,  
and bring glad tidings,  
Glad tidings of good things!  
Glad tidings of good things!

### **Ma Rendi pur Contento - Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)**

Poetry by Pietro Antonio Domenico Bonaventura Trapassi (1698 - 1782)

Only make happy  
The heart of my beautiful [lady],  
And I will pardon you, love  
If my own [heart] is not glad.

Her troubles I fear  
More than my own troubles,  
Because I live more in her  
Than I live in myself.

**Beau Soir** - Claude Debussy (1862-1918)  
Poetry by Paul Bourget (1852-1935)

When at sunset the rivers are pink  
And a warm breeze ripples the fields of wheat,  
All things seem to advise content -  
And rise toward the troubled heart;  
Advise us to savour the gift of life,  
While we are young and the evening fair,  
For our life slips by, as that river does:  
It to the sea - we to the tomb.

**Notre Amour** - Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)  
Poetry by Armand Silvestre (1921-2007)

Our love is a light thing  
like the scents which the breeze  
gathers from the tips of the ferns  
that we might breathe them when dreaming.  
Our love is a light thing.

Our love is an enchanting thing,  
like the songs of the morning  
in which no regret is lamented,  
in which an uncertain hope vibrates.  
Our love is an enchanting thing.

Our love is a sacred thing  
like the mystery of the woods  
in which an unknown soul trembles,  
in which silences have voices.  
Our love is a sacred thing.

Our love is an infinite thing,  
like the paths of the sunsets  
where the sea, reunited with the heavens,  
falls asleep beneath the sinking suns.  
Our love is an infinite thing.

Our love is an eternal thing  
like all that a victorious God  
has touched with the flame of his wing.  
Like all that comes from the heart.  
Our love is an eternal thing.

**Liebst du um Schönheit** - Clara Schumann (1819-1996)

Poetry by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

If you love for beauty,  
O love not me!  
Love the sun,  
She has golden hair.  
If you love for youth,  
O love not me!  
Love the spring  
Which is young each year.  
If you love for riches,  
O love not me!

Love the mermaid  
Who has many shining pearls.  
If you love for love,  
Ah yes, love me!  
Love me always,  
I shall love you ever more.

**Liebst du um Schönheit** - Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Poetry by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

**Come Ready and See Me** - Richard Hundley (1931-2018)

Poetry by James Purdy (1923-2009)

Come ready and see me,  
No matter how late  
Come before the years run out,  
I'm waiting with a candle  
No wind will blow out,  
But you must haste  
By foot or by sky  
For no one can wait forever  
Under the bluest sky  
I can't wait forever  
For the years are running out.

**Moonlight's Watermelon** - Richard Hundley (1931-2018)

Poetry by Jose Garcia Villa (1908-1997)

Moonlight's, watermelon, mellows, light,  
Mellowly. Water, mellows, moon, lightly.  
Water, mellows, melons, brightly.

Moonlight's mellow, to, water's, sight.  
Yes, and, water, mellows, soon,  
Quick, as, mellows, the, mellow, moon.  
Water, mellows, as, mellows, melody,  
Moon, has, its, mellow, secrecy.  
Moonlight's, moon, has, the, mellow,  
Secrecy, of, mellowing, water's water-  
Melons, mellowly. Moonlight's, a, mellow,  
Mellower, being, moon's, mellow, daughter.  
Moonlight's, melody, alone, has, secrecy,  
To, make, watermelons, sweet, and, juicy.

**Ecstasy** - Jean Coulthard (1908-2000)

The skylark soars to his top most flight,  
Sings at the height where morning springs,  
What though the voice be lost in light,  
The light comes dropping from his wings.

Mount my soul and sing at the height,  
Of thy clean flight in the light and the air.  
Heard or unheard in the night in the light.  
Sing there! Sing there!