

Let Beauty awake.....Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

What If.....Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)

Corner of the Sky (From *Pippin*).....Stephen Schwartz (b. 1948)

In the Still of the Night.....Cole Porter (1891-1964)

Thank You

*Thank you all so very much for coming to my senior recital! I would like to give a very special thanks to Professor Tharp, who I have had the pleasure of working with over the last four years. Thank you for the constant support through the years. I will miss our weekly lessons!*

*To my other incredible choral professors and conductors I have had the honor to learn from: Dr. Brandon Boyd, Dr. R. Paul Crabb, and Dr. Kari Adams. Your knowledge of music education and conducting has prepared me for the podium and to lead a classroom myself one day very soon.*

*I would be remiss not to thank Nadia Lake, who stepped in last minute to play flute, and Zack Kierstead, who has been my constant collaborative pianist for the last three years. Thank you for your continued support and musicianship.*

*And finally, thank you also to my friends and family who came out to support me today. Your support is felt and appreciated always.*

All translations taken from [lieder.net](http://lieder.net), except for "Frohe Hirten, eilt, ach eilet," taken from [vmii.org](http://vmii.org).

# Quin Wilson's Senior Vocal Recital 11/3/23 Sheryl Crow Hall

**Zack Kierstead, piano**  
**Nadia Lake, flute**

**8:30-9:30pm**

**Sinquefield Music Center, Room 132**  
**1101 University Ave**  
**Columbia MO 65211**

Frohe Hirten, eilt, ach eilet.....Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

*Happy shepherds, hurry, ah hurry,  
before you delay too long,  
hurry to see the lovely Child!  
Go, this joy is so exquisite,  
seek to achieve this loveliness,  
go and delight heart and senses!*

Nimmersatte Liebe.....Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

*Thus is love! Thus is love!  
It cannot be satiated with kisses:  
Who is such a fool as to try to fill  
A sieve with nothing but water?  
And if you scooped water for a thousand years;  
And kissed for ever and ever,  
You would never manage to satisfy love.*

*Love, love has strange new yearnings  
Every hour of the day;  
We wounded our lips with bites  
When we kissed each other today.  
The maiden held perfectly still,  
Like a little lamb under the knife;  
Her eyes pleaded: just continue,  
The more it hurts, the better!*

*Thus is love, and has been thus  
As long as there has been love,  
And Solomon, the wise one, was  
Not in love any differently.*

Der Tambour.....Hugo Wolf (1860—1903)

*If my mother could work magic  
she would go off with the regiment  
to France. She would go everywhere with them  
and be a camp follower selling supplies.  
In camp at midnight  
when there is no one up except the watch  
and everybody is snoring, horses and men,  
that's when I would sit in front of my drum.  
The drum would turn into a bowl  
with warm sauerkraut in it  
The drumsticks, knife and fork,*

*a long sausage - that was my sabre.  
My shako would be a good mug  
that I would fill with burgundy's blood.  
And because I would not have a light  
the moon would shine into my tent.  
Even if it was shining in French  
I would still be reminded of my love.  
Oh dear! That's brought the fun to an end.  
If only my mother could work magic.*

Le Secret.....Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

*I want the morning not to know  
the name that I told to the night;  
in the dawn wind, silently,  
may it evaporate like a teardrop.*

*I want the day to proclaim  
the love that I hid from the morning,  
and (bent over my open heart)  
to set it aflame, like a grain of incense.*

*I want the sunset to forget  
the secret I told to the day,  
and to carry it away with my love  
in the folds of its pale robe!*

Claire de Lune (Menuet).....Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

*Your soul is a chosen landscape  
charmed by masquers and revellers  
playing the lute and dancing and almost  
sad beneath their fanciful disguises!*

*Even while singing, in a minor key,  
of victorious love and fortunate living  
they do not seem to believe in their happiness,  
and their song mingles with the moonlight,*

*the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,  
which sets the birds in the trees dreaming,  
and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,  
the tall slender fountains among the marble statues!*