



FACULTY OF
FINE ARTS

Presents

Miranda Juergensen, mezzo-soprano

In a

Graduation Recital

Assisted by

Greg Knight, piano

Noelle Kuntz, soprano

Alayna McNeil, violin

From the Studio of

Dr. Janet Youngdahl

1:00pm

April 7, 2024

Recital Hall

~~ PROGRAM ~~

Cum processit factura	Hildegard of Bingen (1098-1179)
“Frondi tenere... ombra mai fu” from <i>Xerxes</i>	G.F. Handel (1685-1759)
Ondas do mare de Vigo	Martin Codax (13 th Century)
Ave maris stella	Anonymous (9 th Century)
Qui sedes ad dexteram	Vivaldi (1685-1741)
Erbarne dich from <i>St. Matthew Passion</i>	J.S. Bach (1685-1750)
<i>Miranda Juergensen, mezzo-soprano</i> <i>Greg Knight, piano</i> <i>Alayna McNeil, violin</i>	

~~ INTERMISSION ~~

Á Chloris L’heure exquise Infidélité	Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)
Meeres Stille Selige Welt Lied eines Schiffers an die Dioskuren	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
<i>Miranda Juergensen, mezzo-soprano</i> <i>Greg Knight, piano</i>	
Voi che sapete from <i>Marriage of Figaro</i>	W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
<i>Miranda Juergensen, mezzo-soprano</i> <i>Greg Knight, piano</i>	
Stabat mater dolorosa from <i>Stabat mater</i>	Giovanni Batista Pergolesi (1710-1736)
<i>Miranda Juergensen, mezzo-soprano</i> <i>Greg Knight, piano</i> <i>Noelle Kuntz, soprano</i>	

~~ TRANSLATIONS ~~

Hildegard von Bingen (1098-1179)

Cum processit factura

As the handiwork of God's finger
proceeded,
formed in the image of God,
the mixing of blood
in the exile of pilgrimage with Adam's fall,
The elements received joy in you
O praiseworthy Maria,
and the heavens reddened with gladsome
sound.

George Fredrick Handel (1685-1759)

Frondi tenere... Ombra mai fu

Tender and beautiful fronds
of my beloved plane tree,
Let Fate smile upon you.
May thunder, lightning, and storms
never bother your dear peace,
Nor may you by blowing winds be
profaned.

Never was made
a plant
more dear and loving
or gentle

Martin Codax (13th Century)

Ondas do mare de Vigo

O waves of the sea of Vigo,
have you seen my friend?
And oh God! Will he come soon?
O waves of the swelling sea,
have you seen my beloved?
And oh God! Will he come soon?
Have you seen my friend,
the one for whom I sigh?
And oh God! Will he come soon?
Have you seen my beloved,
who causes me great care?
And oh God! Will he come soon?

Anonymous (9th Century)

Ave maris stella

Hail, star of the sea
tender mother of God
and ever virgin,
happy door of heaven.
Putting on that "ave"
from the mouth of Gabriel
changing from the name "Eve,"
establish us in peace.
Dissolve the chains for the prisoners,
bring light to the blind,
rout our evils,
request many good things.
Announce yourself to be mother
that He may take up your petition,
who, born for us,
you carried as your own.
Singular virgin,
sweet among all,
absolve us from sins,
make us sweet and chaste.
Show the pure life,
prepare the safe journey,
that, seeing Jesus,
we may always be glad together.
Let there be praise to God the Father,
and glory to the most high Christ,
with the Holy Spirit,
one honor to all three.
Amen

Antonio Vivaldi (1678 – 1741)

Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris from *Gloria*

Thou who sits at the right hand of God the
Father,
Have mercy upon us.

J.S. Bach (1685 – 1750)

Erbarme dich from *St. Matthew Passion*

Have mercy, my God
for the sake of my tears!
Look here, heart and eyes
weep bitterly before you.
Have Mercy!

Reynaldo Hahn (1874 – 1947)

A Chloris

If it's true that you do love me
(and I'm told that your love is real),
then I believe no kings or princes
did ever know the elation I feel.
I'd be pained if death were to come now
and change my present fortune for heaven's
bliss beyond the skies.
Some may desire divine ambrosia –
it does not fire my human mind as do the
joys I read in your eyes.

L'Heure exquisite

The white moon in the forest,
From every branch comes forth a voice,
Under the foliage,
Oh Beloved!
The pond, a deep mirror, reflects
The silhouette of the dark willow,
In which the wind is crying.
Let us dream, 'tis the hour!
A vast and tender calm
Seems to descend from the firmament,
Which the orb clads in rainbow colours;
'Tis the exquisite hour!

Infidélité

Here is the elm tree that rocks
Its shadow on the path:
Here is the young wild rosebush,
The Forest where silence slumbers,
The stone branch, where at eventide
We loved to sit.
Here is the fragrant canopy
Of ebony trees and lilacs,

Where, when we became tired,
Together, my beloved,
Under garlands and flowers,
We evaded the heat of day.
The air is pure, the grass is fragrant...
Nothing, nothing at all has changed... but
you!

Franz Schubert (1797 – 1828)

Meeres Stille

Deep silence weighs on the water,
Motionless the sea rests,
And the fearful boatman sees
A glassy surface all around.
No breeze from any quarter!
Fearful, deadly silence!
In all that vast expanse
Not a single ripple stirs.

Selige Welt

I drift upon life's sea;
I sit comfortably in my boat,
without destination, without tiller, moving
to and fro,
as the current takes me, as the winds blow.
Folly seeks a blessed isle,
but no such isle exists.
Be trusting, land wherever
water breaks against the shore.

Lied eines Schiffers an die Dioskuren

Dioscuri, twin stars,
shining on my boat,
your gentleness and vigilance
comfort me on the ocean.

However firmly a man believes in himself,
however fearlessly he meets the storm,
he feels doubly valiant and blessed
in your light.

This oar which I ply
to cleave the ocean's waves,
I shall hang, once I have landed safely,
on the pillars of your temple.

W.A. Mozart (1756 – 1791)

Voi che sapete from *Marriage of Figaro*

You who know what love is,
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart,
I'll tell you what I'm feeling,
It's new to me and I understand nothing.
I have a feeling, full of desire,
Which is by turn delightful and miserable.
I freeze and feel my soul go up in flames,
Then in a moment I turn to ice.
I'm searching for affection outside of myself,
I don't know how to hold it, nor even what it is!
I sigh and lament without wanting to,
I twitter and tremble without knowing why,
I find peace neither in day nor night,
But still I rather enjoy languishing this way.
You who know what love is,
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736)

Stabat mater dolorosa from *Stabat mater*

There stood the Mother grieving,
Beside the cross weeping.
While on it hung her son.