

The CSB/SJU Music Department Presents the Junior Recital  
of  
Reagan Hightower  
Mezzo Soprano  
with Lisa Drontle, Piano



*Student of Dr. Marcie Givens*

Saturday, November 21, 2020

12:00pm

Stephen B. Humphrey Auditorium, Saint John's University

# Program

“Volksliedchen”	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
“Der Blumenstrauss”	Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)
“Bist Du Bei Mir”	Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
“Dream Valley”	Roger Quilter (1877-1953)
“Weep You No More, Sad Fountains”	John Dowland (1563-1626)
“Weep You No More”	Roger Quilter (1877-1953)
“Pietà, Signore!”	Alessandro Stradella (1639-1682)

## Translations and Texts

### “Volksliedchen”

Wenn ich früh in den Garten geh’  
In meinem grünen Hut,  
Ist mein erster Gedanke,  
Was nun mein Liebster tut?

When at dawn I enter the garden,  
Wearing my green hat,  
My thoughts first turn  
To what my love is doing.

Am Himmel steht kein Stern,  
Den ich dem Freund nicht gönnte.  
Mein Herz gäb’ ich ihm gern,  
Wenn ich’s her austun könnte.

Every star in the sky  
I’d give to my friend;  
I’d willingly give him my very heart,  
If I could tear it out.

### “Der Blumenstrauß”

Sie wandelt im Blumengarten  
Und mustert den bunten Flor,  
Und alle die Kleinen warten  
Und schauen zu ihr empor.

She strolls in the flower-garden  
and admires the colourful blossom,  
and all the little blooms are there waiting  
and looking upwards towards her.

Und seid ihr denn  
Frühlingsboten,  
Verkündend was stets so neu,  
So werdet auch meine Boten  
An ihn, der mich liebt so treu.«

“So you are spring’s messengers,  
announcing what is always so new –  
then be also my messengers  
to the man who loves me faithfully.”

So überschaut sie die Habe  
Und ordnet den lieblichen  
Strauß,  
Und reicht dem Freunde die  
Gabe,  
Und weicht seinem Blicke aus.

So she surveys what she has available  
and arranges a delightful garland;  
and she gives this gift to her man friend,  
and evades his gaze.

Was Blumen und Farben meinen,  
O deutet, o fragt das nicht,  
Wenn aus den Augen der Einen  
Der süßeste Frühling spricht.

What flowers and colours mean,  
oh do not explain, do not ask –  
not when out of one woman’s eyes  
the sweetest springtime is speaking.

“Bist Du Bei Mir”

Bist du bei mir, geh ich mit Freuden  
Zum Sterben und zu meiner Ruh.

Ach, wie vergnügt wär so mein Ende,  
Es drückten deine schönen Hände  
Mir die getreuen Augen zu.

“Dream Valley”

Memory, hither come  
And tune your merry notes;  
And while upon the wind  
Your music floats,

I'll pore upon the stream,  
Where sighing lovers dream,  
And fish for fancies as they pass  
Within the watery glass.

I'll drink of the clear stream,  
And hear the linnet's song,  
And there I'll lie and dream  
The day along;

And when night comes I'll go  
To places fit for woe,  
Walking along the darkened valley,  
With silent melancholy.

Be thou with me and I'll go gladly  
To death and on to my repose.

Ah, how my end would bring contentment,  
If, pressing with thy hands so lovely,  
Thou wouldst my faithful eyes then close.

“Weep You No More Sad Fountains”  
“Weep You No More”

Weep you no more, sad fountains;  
What need you flow so fast?  
Look how the snowy mountains  
Heaven's sun doth gently waste.  
But my sun's heavenly eyes  
View not your weeping,  
That now lie sleeping  
Softly, now softly lies  
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,  
A rest that peace begets.  
Doth not the sun rise smiling  
When fair at even he sets?  
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,  
Melt not in weeping  
While she lies sleeping  
Softly, now softly lies  
Sleeping.

## “Pietà Signore!”

Pietà, Signore,  
di me dolente!  
Signor, pietà,  
se a te giunge  
il mio pregar;  
non mi punisca  
il tuo rigor,  
meno severi,  
clementi ognora,  
volgi i tuoi sguardi  
sopra di me, ecc.

Non fia mai  
che nell’inferno  
sia dannato  
nel fuoco eterno  
dal tuo rigor.

Gran Dio, giammai  
sia dannato  
nel fuoco eterno  
dal tuo rigor, ecc.  
Pietà, Signore,  
Signor, pietà  
di me dolente,  
se a te giunge  
il mio pregare, ecc.  
Meno severi,  
clementi ognora,  
volgi i tuoi sguardi,  
deh! volgi sguardi  
su me, Signor, ecc.  
Pietà, Signore,  
di me dolente, ecc.

Have mercy, Lord,  
on me in my remorse!  
Lord, have mercy  
if my prayer  
rises to you;  
do not chastise  
me in your severity,  
less harshly,  
always mercifully,  
look down  
on me, etc.

Never let me  
be condemned  
to hell  
in the eternal fire  
by your severity.

Almighty God, never let me  
be condemned to hell  
in the eternal fire  
by your severity, etc.  
Have mercy, Lord,  
Lord, have mercy  
on me in my remorse,  
if my prayer  
rises to you, etc.  
Less harshly,  
always mercifully,  
look down,  
ah! look down  
on me, Lord, etc.  
Have mercy, Lord  
on me in my remorse, etc.

## Special Thanks

My parents, Kelly and Neal, have been so generous and unconditionally loving in allowing me to spend the majority of the last four years 1,000 miles away from them. Their unwavering support and friendship has instilled a special joy, self-motivation, and drive that has guided me through my college years. I am so grateful for parents that encourage and help me follow my passions and dreams. Thank you both for attending in person today, it truly means the world to have my best friends beaming back at me.

Dr. Marcie Givens deserves all of my gratitude as she has become a truly special mentor, teacher, and friend. Her peaceful and loving attitude towards all of her students creates a comfortable space in which singing flourishes. I am particularly grateful for her guidance in all things from faith to where to place my vowels. Leading by example, she constantly challenges me to reach my full potential and to be my whole self, both while performing and in everyday life.

Thank you to all of you in attendance and on the livestream! Each of you has played an important role in helping me to become my full self. Your support is appreciated and deeply felt. It is my most sincere hope and intention that the music today moves, inspires, and comforts you.



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“O sing to the Lord a new song, for He has done wonderful things” Psalm 98:1