

Katie Hinrichs

Vocal Recital



Student of Pat Kent
Accompanied by Irina Stene
November 7th, 2020
SBH @ 4:00 pm

Program

Deh vieni, non tardar
Va godendo

If Music be the Food of Love

Love's Philosophy

Wolfgang Mozart
George Frideric Handel

Henry Purcell

Roger Quilter

Auf ein altes Bild
Wie Melodien zieht es mir
Mandoline
Je te veux

Hugo Wolf
Johannes Brahms
Claude Debussy
Erik Satie

Always True to You in My Fashion
This Place is Mine
Will He Like Me?

From the Musical *Kiss me Kate*
From the Musical *Phantom*
From the Musical *She Likes Me*

Translations

Deh vieni, non tardar

At last comes the moment
When, without reserve, I can rejoice
In my lover's arms: timid scruples,
Hence from my heart,
And do not come to trouble my delight.
Oh how the spirit of this place,
The earth and the sky, seem
To echo the fire of love!
How the night furthers my stealth!

Come, do not delay, oh bliss,
Come where love calls thee to joy,
While night's torch does not shine in the sky,
While the air is still dark and the world quiet.
Here murmurs the stream, here sports the
breeze,
Which refreshes the heart with its sweet whis-
pers.
Here flowers smile and the grass is cool;
Here everything invites to the pleasures of love.
Come, my dearest, and amid these sheltered
trees
I will wreath thy brow with roses.

Va godendo

Goes pleasure charming and handsome
That streams free-flowing
And between the grass with waves clear
Gladly to sea running goes

Auf ein altes Bild

In the summer haze of a green landscape,
By cool water, rushes and reeds,
See how the Child, born without sin,
Plays freely on the Virgin's lap!
And ah! growing blissfully there in the wood,
Already the tree of the cross is turning green!

Wie Melodien zieht es mir

Thoughts, like melodies,
Steal softly through my mind,
Like spring flowers they blossom
And drift away like fragrance.
Yet when words come and capture them
And bring them before my eyes,
They turn pale like grey mist
And vanish like a breath.

Yet surely in rhyme
A fragrance lies hidden,
Summoned by moist eyes
From the silent seed.

Translations

Je te veux

I've understood your distress,
Dear lover,
And yield to your desires:
Make of me your mistress.
Let's throw discretion
And sadness to the winds.
I long for the precious moment
When we shall be happy:
I want you.

I've no regrets
And only one desire:
Close, very close by you
To live my whole life long.
Let my heart be yours
And your lips mine,
Let your body be mine
And all my flesh yours.

Yes, I see in your eyes
The exquisite promise
That your loving heart
Is seeking my caress.
Entwined for ever,
Consumed by the same desire,
In dreams of love
We'll exchange our souls.

Mandoline

The gallant serenaders
and their fair listeners
exchange sweet nothings
beneath singing boughs.
Tirsis is there, Aminte is there,
and tedious Clitandre too,
and Damis who for many a cruel maid
writes many a tender song.
Their short silken doublets,
their long trailing gowns,
their elegance, their joy,
and their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in the rapture
of a grey and roseate moon,
and the mandolin jangles on
in the shivering breeze.

Thank You

First I would like to thank my vocal instructor Pat Kent. She has been there for me every step of the way and has given me nothing but support. She pushes me to be the best I can be and I am very grateful for that.

I would also like to thank my accompanist Irina Stene. She has been so helpful through out this process and learned a lot of music for me. Thank you for all the extra rehearsals and all the support and ambition you have given me.

Lastly, I would like to thank my family. They have been my biggest fans since day one, and I would not be where I am today with out them. They love and support me in all that I do, and I am so lucky and grateful to be a part of such a wonderful family.