India Henderson, mezzo soprano

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INDIA HENDERSON
MEZZO SOPRANO

FROM THE STUDIO OF
JENNIFER CABLE

ASSISTED BY DR. MARY BETH BENNETT, PIANO

FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 2021
4:00 PM
CAMP CONCERT HALL

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
PROGRAM

Alma del core  
from *La constanza in amor vince l’inganno*  
Antonio Caldara  
(ca. 1670-1736)

Soul of my heart, spirit of my soul, always constant, I will adore you.  
I shall be happy in the torment if I can kiss those beautiful lips.

Text author unknown  
Translation by John Glenn Paton, ed.,  

Tortorella  
Carlo Pietragrua  
(1665-1726)

Little turtle-dove, calling and grieving!  
To find her gentle love she searches every shore.  
Thus, too, my lost soul, when far from you, my dear life, wanders about and searches for mercy.

Text author unknown  
Translation by Knud Jeppesen, ed.,  

Se tu m’ami  
Alessandro Parisotti  
(1853-1913)

If you love me, if you sigh  
Only for me, kind shepherd,  
I feel sorrow for your suffering;  
I feel pleased that you love me.  
But if you think that I must love only you,  
Little shepherd, you are easily subject to self-deception.

Today Silvio chooses a beautiful red rose,  
But with the excuse that the thorns prick,  
He will despise it tomorrow.  
The advice of men,  
I myself won’t follow.  
Just because the lily pleases me,  
I won’t despise the other flowers.

Original text by Paolo Antonio Rolli  
Translation by John Glenn Paton, ed.,  
Vittoria, mio core!  
Gian Giacomo Carissimi  
(1605-1674)

Victory, my heart!  
Do not weep any more.  
The abject slavery of love is dissolved.

Formerly the evil one, to make you suffer,  
With many glances, with false charms set her traps.  
The fraud, the pain no longer take place.  
The ardor of her cruel fire is extinguished.

From her smiling eyes no longer darts  
And arrow that hurls a mortal wound into my chest.  
In sadness, in torment I no longer tear myself to pieces.  
Every snare is broken; fear has disappeared.

Original text by Domenico Benigni  
Translation by John Glenn Paton, ed.,  

Je te veux  
Erik Satie  
(1866-1925)

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.

Original text by Henry Pacory  
Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder,  
published by Faber, provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder  
(www.oxfordlieder.co.uk).
**La Vie en rose**

Eyes that make me lower mine,
He has entered my heart,
A laugh that is lost on his lips—
A place of happiness
Here is the untouched portrait
And I know the reason why.
Of the man to whom I belong.
It's he for me and I for him, in this life,
He has told me, he has promised me, for life.

When he takes me in his arms
And as I soon as I see him,
And speaks softly to me,
Then I can feel within me
I see life through rose-colored glasses.
My heart that beats.

He tells me words of love,
Nights of love to die for,
Everyday words,
A great happiness that takes its place,
And that does something to me.
The worries and sorrows are erased,
Happy, happy for my pleasure.

Original text by Édith Piaf
Translation by India Henderson, 2021.

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**Hôtel**

from *Banalités*

My room is shaped like a cage
The sun slips its arm through the window
But I who want to smoke to make mirages
I light my cigarette on daylight’s fire
I do not want to work, I want to smoke

Original text by Guillaume Apollinaire
Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder*,
published by Faber, provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder
(www.oxfordlieder.co.uk).
La Diva de l’Empire

Satie

Beneath her large Greenaway hat,
Putting on her dazzling smile,
The fresh and charming laugh
Of a wide-eyed sighing babe,
A little girl with velvet eyes --
She’s the Diva of the Empire,
She’s the queen they’re smitten with,
The gentlemen
And all the dandies
Of Piccadilly.

She invests a single ‘Yes’ with such sweetness,
That all the fancy-waistcoated snobs
Welcoming her with frenzied cheers,
Hurl bouquets on the stage,
Without observing the wily smile
On her pretty face.

She dances almost mechanically
And lifts - Oh! so modestly -
Her pretty petticoat edged with flounces,
To reveal her wriggling legs.
It is very, very innocent
And very, very exciting too.

Original text by Numa Blès and Dominique Bonnaud
Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder,
published by Faber, provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder
(www.oxfordlieder.co.uk).

So in Love
from Kiss Me, Kate

Cole Porter
(1891-1964)

Continued ...
No One Else
from *Natasha, Pierre, and the Great Comet of 1812*

I Can Cook, Too
from *On the Town*

Be a Lion
from *The Wiz*

The Life of the Party
from *The Wild Party*