

Liberty University School of Music

presents

Student Recital Series

Junior Recital

Jordyn Stott, *soprano*

March 7, 2026

Doug Oldham Recital Hall

MUSIC 170

6:00 PM

STUDENT RECITAL SERIES: JUNIOR RECITAL

Jordyn Stott, *soprano*
Dr. Rebecca Edmiston, *piano*

Program

- | | |
|---|--|
| Padre, germani, addio!
From <i>Idomeneo, re di Creta</i> | Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791) |
| Zueignung
From <i>Acht Gedichte aus Letzte Blätter</i> ,
Op. 10, No.1 | Richard Strauss
(1864-1949) |
| Ein Jüngling liebt ein mädchen
From <i>Dichterliebe, Op 48:11</i> | Robert Schumann
(1810-1856) |
| Vilja
From <i>Die lustige Witwe</i> | Franz Lehár
(1870-1948) |
| Beau Soir | Claude Debussy
(1862-1918) |
| Mai
From <i>Deux Mélodies</i> , Op. 1, No. 2 | Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924) |
| Quando Me'n Vo
From <i>La Bohème</i> | Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924) |
| Maybe This Time
From <i>Cabaret</i> | John Kander
(b. 1927) |

The Ballad of Jane Doe
From *Ride the Cyclone*

Jacob Richmond
(b. 1974)
Brooke Maxwell
(b. 1974)

- PROGRAM NOTES -

Padre, germani, addio

This dramatic aria is sung by Ilia, a Trojan princess held captive in Crete, as she bids farewell to her homeland and family. Torn between loyalty to her past and love for Idamante, her emotional conflict is reflected in Mozart's elegant Classical phrasing and expressive melodic lines. The aria balances restraint and vulnerability, showcasing Mozart's ability to convey deep emotion through simplicity, clarity, and lyrical beauty. It sets the emotional foundation for Ilia's character and highlights themes of exile, sacrifice, and inner conflict.

*Padre, germani, addio!
Voi foste, io vi perdei.
Grecia, cagion tu sei.
E un greco adorerò?
D'ingrata al sangue mio
So, che la colpa avrei;
Ma quel sembiante, oh Dei!
Odiare ancor non so.*

*Father, brothers, farewell!
You are no more; I have lost you.
Greece, you are the cause;
and shall I now love a Greek?
I know that I am guilty
of abandoning my kin;
but I cannot bring myself,
o gods, to hate that face.*

Zueignung

“Zueignung” is a passionate declaration of devotion and gratitude, expressing overwhelming love and reverence toward a beloved figure. Strauss's rich harmonic language and sweeping melodic writing amplify the intensity of the text, creating a song that is both intimate and triumphant. The vocal line demands both power and lyricism, mirroring the emotional breadth of love that moves from tenderness to exaltation. It remains one of Strauss's most beloved and frequently performed art songs.

*Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.
Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.
Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!*

*Yes, dear soul, you know
That I'm in torment far from you,
Love makes hearts sick –
Be thanked.
Once, revelling in freedom,
I held the amethyst cup aloft
And you blessed that draught –
Be thanked.
And you banished the evil spirits,
Till I, as never before,
Holy, sank holy upon your heart –
Be thanked.*

- PROGRAM NOTES -

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

This brief but poignant song presents a bitterly ironic reflection on unrequited love and emotional misfortune. The poem describes a chain of misplaced affections, ending with heartbreak for the narrator. Schumann's deceptively light musical setting contrasts with the emotional cruelty of the text, creating a sense of tragic irony. Its simplicity and brevity enhance its impact, making it one of the most emotionally striking moments in the *Dichterliebe* cycle.

*Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.
Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.
Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passieret,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.*

*A boy loves a girl
Who chooses another;
He in turn loves another
And marries her.
The girl, out of pique,
Takes the very first man
To come her way;
The boy is badly hurt.
It is an old story,
Yet remains ever new;
And he to whom it happens,
It breaks his heart in two*

Vilja

“Vilja” is a lyrical operetta aria in which Hanna recounts the legend of a forest nymph who captures the heart of a hunter. The melody is flowing, romantic, and folklike, blending nostalgia with fantasy. Beneath its beauty lies a deeper emotional subtext, as Hanna subtly expresses her own longing and vulnerability. Lehár's elegant orchestration and melodic charm make this aria both enchanting and emotionally resonant.

- PROGRAM NOTES -

Vilja (cont.)

*Es lebt eine Vilja,
ein Waldmägdelein,
Ein Jäger erschaut
sie im Felsengestein!
Dem Burschen, dem wurde
So eigen zu Sinn,
Er schaute und schaut
auf das Waldmägdelein hin.
Und ein niegekannter
Schauder
Fasst den jungen Jägersmann,
Sehnsuchtsvoll fing er still
zu seufzen an!
Vilja, o Vilja,
Du Waldmägdelein,
Fass mich und lass mich
Dein Trautliebster sein!
Vilja, O Vilja,
was tust Du mir an?
Bang fleht ein liebkranker Mann!
Das Waldmägdelein
streckte die Hand nach ihm aus
Und zog ihn hinein
in ihr felsiges Haus.
Dem Burschen die Sinne
vergangen fast sind
So liebt und so küsst gar kein
irdisches Kind.
Als sie sich dann satt geküsst
Verschwand sie zu derselben Frist!
Einmal hat noch der
Arme sie gegrüsst:
Vilja, o Vilja,
Du Waldmägdelein,
Fass mich und lass mich
Dein Trautliebster sein!
Vilja, O Vilja,
was tust Du mir an?
Bang fleht ein liebkranker Mann!*

*Once lived a Vilja,
a maid of the woods,
And hunter spotted
her in rocky outcroppings!
The young boy, who was
Affected curiously by her presense,
He looked and looked
at the wood-maiden.
And a shudder the boy
had never known
Took hold of him,
Longingly he began
quietly to sigh!
Vilja, oh Vilja,
you maid of the woods,
Take me and let me
be your dearest true love!
Vilja, O Vilja
what are you doing to me?
Bega a lovesick man!
The maid of the woods
stretched her hand to him
And pulled him
into her rocky home.
The boy nearly
lost all his sense
And so she loved him and kissed him
as no earthly child.
When she kissed him to his content
She disappeared in an instant!
The hunter waved goodbye only once
before she vanished:
Vilja, oh Vilja,
you maid of the woods,
Take me and let me
be your dearest true love!
Vilja, O Vilja
what are you doing to me?
Bega a lovesick man!*

- PROGRAM NOTES -

Beau Soir

“Beau Soir” is a serene and impressionistic art song that captures the peaceful beauty of an evening landscape. Debussy’s harmonic language creates a dreamlike atmosphere, evoking nature, stillness, and reflection. The song’s gentle flow mirrors the calm of the setting sun and the emotional sense of acceptance and transience. It is a meditation on beauty, time, and the fleeting nature of life.

*Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses,
Et qu’un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,
Un conseil d’être heureux semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;
Un conseil de goûter le charme d’être au monde
Cependant qu’on est jeune et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons, comme s’en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer—nous au tombeau!*

*When at sunset the rivers are pink
And a warm breeze ripples the fields of wheat,
All things seem to advise content -
And rise toward the troubled heart;
Advise us to savour the gift of life,
While we are young and the evening fair,
For our life slips by, as that river does:
It to the sea - we to the tomb.*

- PROGRAM NOTES -

Mai

“Mai” celebrates springtime, youth, and renewal with lightness and grace. Fauré’s melodic writing is elegant and buoyant, reflecting the joy and freshness of the season. The song’s simplicity and clarity allow the poetry to shine, creating a feeling of warmth and optimism. It embodies Fauré’s refined French style, blending lyricism with emotional restraint.

*Puisque mai tout en fleurs dans les prés nous réclame,
Viens ! ne te lasse pas de mêler à ton âme
La campagne, les bois, les ombrages charmants,
Les larges clairs de lune au bord des flots dormants,
Le sentier qui finit où le chemin commence,
Et l’air et le printemps et l’horizon immense,
L’horizon que ce monde attache humble et joyeux
Comme une lèvre au bas de la robe des cieux !
Viens ! et que le regard des pudiques étoiles
Qui tombe sur la terre à travers tant de voiles,
Que l’arbre pénétré de parfums et de chants,
Que le souffle embrasé de midi dans les champs,
Et l’ombre et le soleil et l’onde et la verdure,
Et le rayonnement de toute la nature
Fassent épanouir, comme une double fleur,
La beauté sur ton front et l’amour dans ton cœur !*

*Since May, all in flowers in the meadows, claims us,
Come! Do not tire of mixing with your soul
The countryside, the woods, the delightful shade,
The broad moonlight at the edge of the sleeping waters,
The path that ends where the road begins,
And the air, the spring, and the immense horizon,
The horizon that this world attaches, humble and joyful,
Like a lip to the hem of Heaven's robe!
Come! and let the gaze of the modest stars
That falls on the earth through so many veils,
Let the tree soaked in perfumes and songs,
Let the scorching breath of midday in the fields,
And the shade and the sun and the wave and the greenery,
And the splendour of all of nature --
[Let] them make blossom, like a double flower,
Beauty on your brow and love in your heart!*

- PROGRAM NOTES -

Quando me'n vo

Also known as Musetta's Waltz, this aria is a flirtatious, glamorous moment in La Bohème. Musetta uses charm and allure to capture attention and provoke jealousy, particularly from her former lover Marcello. Puccini's lush orchestration and sweeping melody highlight her confidence and theatricality, while subtle vulnerability lies beneath the surface. The aria perfectly blends humor, seduction, and emotional complexity.

*Quando men vo soletta per la via,
La gente sosta e mira
E la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me
Da capo a pie'...
Ed assaporo allor la bramosia
Sottil, che da gli occhi traspira
E dai palesi vezzi intender sa
Alle occulte beltà.
Così l'effluvio del desio tutta m'aggira,
Felice mi fa!
E tu che sai, che memori e ti struggi
Da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben:
le angoscie tue non le vuoi dir,
Ma ti senti morir!*

*When walking alone on the streets,
People stop and stare
And examine my beauty
From head to toe
And then I savor the cravings
which from their eyes transpires
And from the obvious charms they perceive
The hidden beauties.
So the scent of desire is all around me,
It makes me happy!
And you who know, who remembers and yearns,
You shrink from me?
I know why this is:
You do not want to tell me of your anguish,
But you feel like dying!*

- PROGRAM NOTES -

Maybe This Time

“Maybe This Time” is a heartfelt expression of hope and vulnerability, sung by Sally Bowles as she longs for stability and love. Unlike her usual carefree persona, this song reveals deep emotional sincerity and fear of disappointment. The music builds gradually, reflecting growing optimism and fragile confidence. It stands as one of the most emotionally honest and introspective moments in the musical.

The Ballad of Jane Doe

This haunting and powerful ballad is sung by Jane Doe, a mysterious character who lacks both memory and identity. The song explores themes of loss, invisibility, and the longing to be known and understood. Its haunting melody, driving rhythm, and emotional intensity create a sense of urgency and existential searching. The piece blends contemporary musical theater style with raw emotional storytelling, making it one of the most striking moments in the show.

I would like to thank you all for attending my junior recital. It means so much to me to have your support. Thank you to Prof. Madison Warren and Dr. Samantha Miller for being incredible teachers and helping me improve over my first few years at Liberty. Thank you for believing in me! I would also like to thank my friends and family for being so supportive of me during my time here. Lastly, I would like to thank God for all the opportunities that He has given me. I am so thankful for each and every one of you! I hope you enjoy my junior recital!



Jordyn Stott is a student of Dr. Samantha Miller.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance degree.

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