

11-1-2014

Elective Recital: Megan Brust, soprano

Megan Brust

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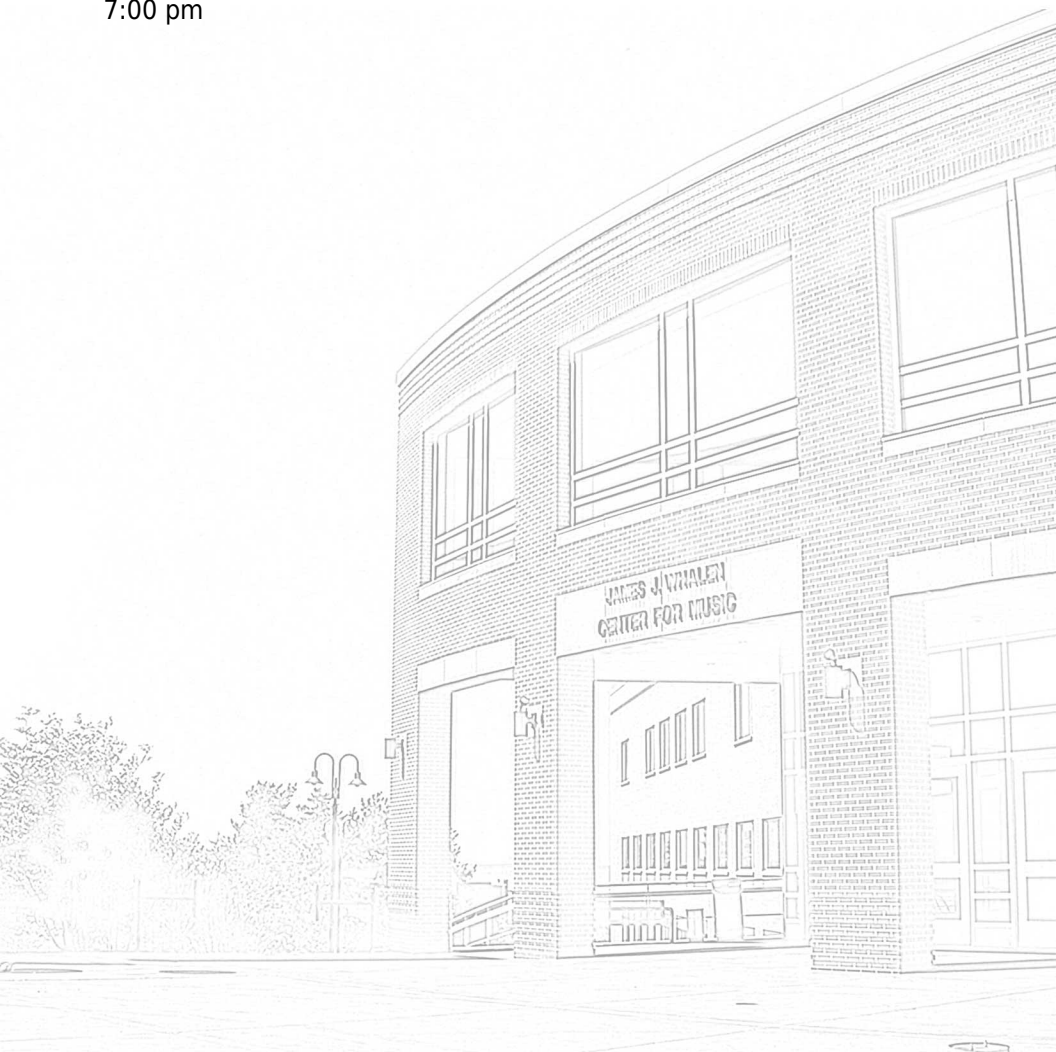
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Elective Recital:
Megan Brust, Soprano

Julie Kuplen, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Saturday, November 1st, 2014
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Live Well

from *Mass*
A Simple Song
Our Father...I Go On

Leonard Bernstein
1918–1990

Laugh Often

Non giova il sospirar

Nicola Vaccai
1790–1848

Blah, Blah, Blah (from
Delicious)

Music by: George Gershwin 1898–1937

Lyrics by: Ira Gershwin 1896–1983

Who Threw The Overalls

Geo. L. Geifer

In Mistress Murphy's Chowder?

c. 1900

Love Much

Mädchenlied, op. 107 #5

Johannes Brahms
1833–1897

À Chloris

Reynaldo Hahn

Paysage

1875–1947

In Dreams (*The Fellowship of the Ring*)

Howard Shore
b. 1946

An Irish Lullaby

James Royce Shannon 1881–1946
Arr. Adriel Elijah Rondell Miles b. 1993

Translations

Non giova il sospirar

Non giova il sospirar, no,	There is no use in sighing, no,
Non lagrimar per me.	Do not weep for me.
Tirsi più tuo non è,	Thrysis is not yours anymore,
Licori infida;	Treacherous Licori;
Godi del nuovo amor.	Enjoy your new love.
Troverà tirsi ancor Ninfa,	Tirsi will find another nymph,
se non più bella,	if not more beautiful
Almen di te più fida, sì.	At least more faithful than you, yes.

Mädchenlied

Auf die Nacht in den Spinnstuben	At night in the spinning room
Da singen die Mädchen,	The girls sing,
Da lachen die Dorfbuben,	The village boys laugh,
Wie flink gehn die Rädchen!	How nimbly go the little wheels!
Spinnt jedes am Brautschatz,	Each spins for her dowry
Daß der Liebste sich freut.	So that her lover will be happy.

Nicht lange, so gibt es	Not long, before there are
Ein Hochzeitsgeläut.	Wedding bells ringing.
Kein Mensch, der mir gut ist,	There is no man who is good to me,
Will nach mir fragen.	who will ask after me.
Wie bang mir zumut ist,	How anxious my spirits are,
Wem soll ich's klagen?	To whom shall I lament to?
Die Tränen rinnen	The tears flow
mir übers Gesicht	down my face
Wofür soll ich spinnen	What should I spin for
Ich weiß es nicht!	I don't know!

À Chloris

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,	If it is true, Chloris, that you love me,
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,	And I understand that you love me well,
Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes	I do not believe that even kings
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.	Could have a happiness equal to mine.
Que la mort serait importune	How death would be unwelcome
À venir changer ma fortune	If it were to exchange my

fortune

Pur la félicité des cieux!	For the joy of heaven!
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie	All that they say of ambrosia
Ne touche point ma fantaisie	Does not touch my fantasy
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.	like the favor of your eyes.

Paysage

A deux pas de la mer qu'on entend bourdonner	Within two steps of the sea one hears droning,
Je sais un coin perdu de la terre bretonne	I know an isolated corner of the land of Brittany
Où j'aurais tant aimé, pendant les jours d'automne,	Where I would have loved, during the days of autumn,
Chère, à vous emmener!	Dear, to take you!
Des chênes faisant cercle autour d'une fontaine,	The oak trees form a circle around a fountain,
Quelques hêtres épars, un vieux moulin désert,	A few scattered beech, an old deserted mill,
Une source dont l'eau claire a le reflet vert	A well whose clear waters reflect green
De vos yeux de sirène	Your siren-like eyes
La mésange, au matin, sous la feuille jaunie,	Chickadees, in the morning, among the yellowed leaves

Viendrait chanter pour nous

Would come and sing for us

Et la mer, nuit et jour,

And the sea, night and day,

Viendrait accompagner nos
caresses d'amour

Would accompany our
careeses of love

De sa basse infinie!

With its infinite bass!