

9-20-2013

Senior Recital: Megan Wright, soprano

Megan Wright

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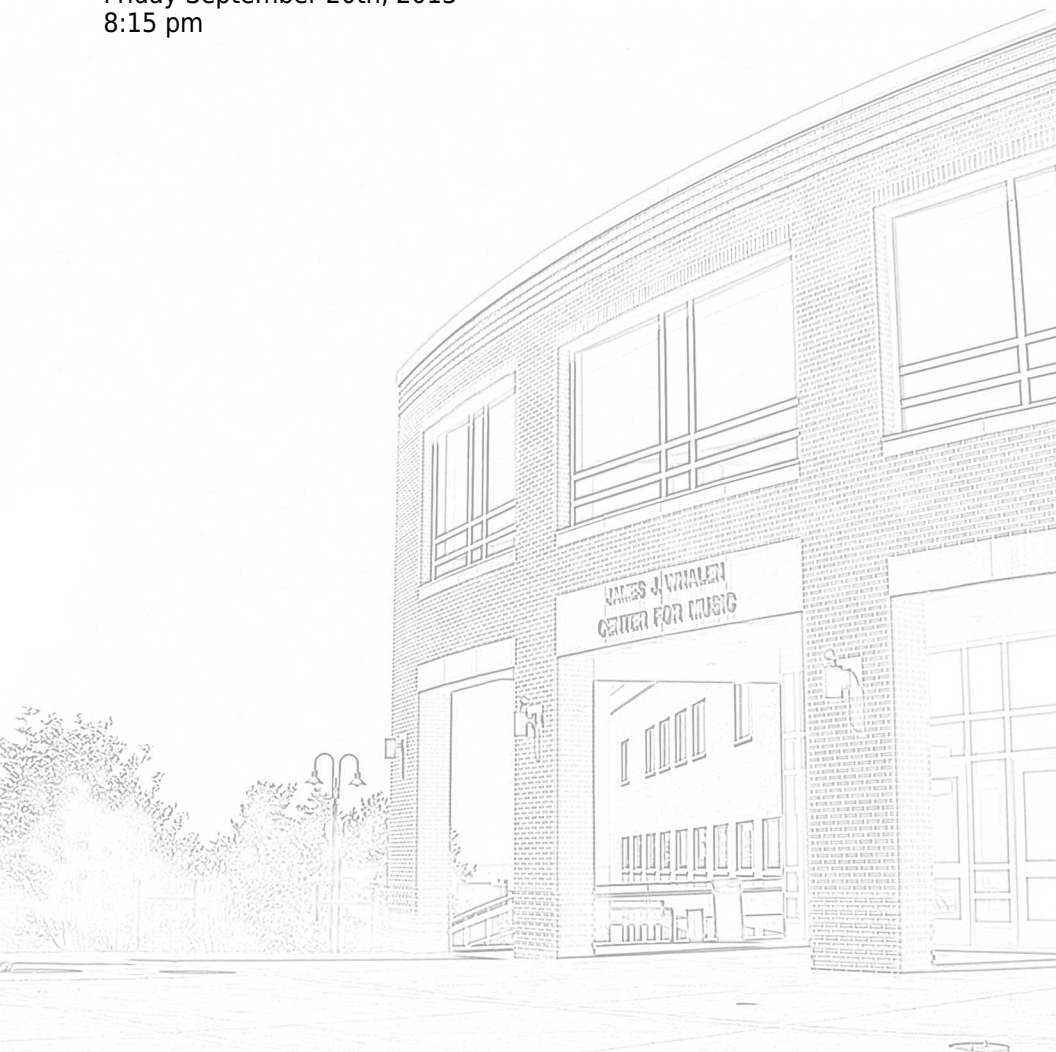
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Senior Recital:

Megan Wright, soprano

Michael Clark, piano

Ford Hall
Friday September 20th, 2013
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

En Prière Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)
Repentir Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

Allerseelen Richard Strauss
Ruhe, meine Seele (1864-1949)
Zueignung

Giusto Ciel, in tal periglio
from Maometto II Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Intermission

I. At St. Patrick's Purgatory Samuel Barber
II. Church Bells at Night (1910-1981)
III. St. Ita's Vision
IV. The Heavenly Banquet
V. The Crucifixion
VI. Sea-Snatch
VII. Promiscuity
VIII. The Monk and His Cat
IX. The Praises of God
X. The Desire for Hermitage

Give Me Jesus arr. Moses Hogan
(1957-2003)

Translations

En Prière

Si la voix d'un enfant
Peut monter jusqu'à Vous,
Ô mon Père,
Écoutez de Jésus,
Devant Vous à genoux,
La prière!
Si Vous m'avez choisi
Pour enseigner vos lois
Sur la terre,
Je saurai Vous servir,
Auguste Roi des rois, Ô Lumière!
Sur mes lèvres, Seigneur,
Mettez la vérité Salulaire,
Pour que celui qui doute,
Avec humilité Vous révère!
Ne m'abandonnez pas,
Donnez-moi la douceur Nécessaire,
Pour apaiser les maux,
Soulager la douleur, La misère!
Révélez Vous à moi,
Seigneur en qui je crois et j'espère:
Pour Vous je veux souffrir
Et mourir sur la croix, Au calvaire!

Repentir

Ah! ne repousse pas
Mon âme pécheresse!
Entends mes cris
Et vois mon repentir.
A mon aide, Seigneur,
Hâte-toi d'accourir
Et prends pitié de ma détresse!
De la justice vengeresse
Détourne les coups, mon Sauveur!
O Divin Rédempteur!
Pardonne à ma faiblesse,
Dans le secret des nuits
Je répandrai mes pleurs,
Je meurtrirai ma chair
Sous le poids
Du cilice;
Et mon coeur altéré,
Du sanglant sacrifice,
Bénira de ta main,
Les clémentes rigueurs!

In Prayer

If the voice of a child
Can reach up to you,
Oh my Father,
Listen to Jesus,
Before you on knees,
The prayer!
If you have chosen me
To teach your laws
On the earth,
I will know how to serve you,
Noble King of kings, Oh Light!
On my lips, Lord,
Place the healing Truth,
So that he who doubts,
With humility You reveres!
Do not abandon me ever,
Give me the gentleness necessary,
To ease the suffering,
Relieve the sorrow, the misery!
Reveal yourself to me,
Lord in whom I believe and hope:
For you I wish to suffer
And die on the cross, at Calvary!

Repentance

Ah! Do not ever shut out
My sinning soul!
Hear my cry
And see my repentance.
To my aid, Lord,
Hurry yourself to assist,
And take pity on my distress!
From the avenging justice
Divert the blows, my Savior!
O Divine Redeemer,
Pardon my weakness.
In the secret of the nights
I shall pour out my tears.
I shall bruise my flesh
Beneath the weight
Of the sackcloth;
And my corrupted heart,
Through bloody sacrifice
Will be blessed by the merciful rigor
Of your hand!

Allerseelen

Stell' auf den Tisch
 Die duftenden Reseden,
 Die letzten roten Astern
 Trag' herbei,
 Und lass uns wieder
 Von der Liebe reden,
 Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand,
 Dass ich sie heimlich drücke,
 Und wenn man's sieht,
 Mir ist es einerlei,
 Gib mir nur einen
 Deiner süßen Blicke,
 Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet
 Heut' auf jedem Grabe,
 Ein Tag im Jahr
 Ist ja den Toten frei,
 Komm an mein Herz,
 Dass ich dich wieder habe,
 Wie einst im Mai.

Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele

Nicht ein Lüftchen regt sich leise,
 Sanft entschlummert ruht der Hain;
 Durch der Blätter dunkle Hülle
 Stiehlt sich lichter Sonnenschein.

Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele,
 Deine Stürme gingen wild,
 Hast getobt und hast gezittert,
 Wie die Brandung, wenn sie
 schwillt.

Diese Zeiten sind gewaltig,
 Bringen Herz und Hirn
 in Not;
 Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele,
 Und vergiss, was dich bedroht!

All Soul's Day

Place on the table
 The fragrant mignonettes,
 The last red asters
 Bring in,
 And let us again
 Of love speak,
 As once in May.

Give me your hand,
 That I may secretly press it.
 And if one sees,
 To me it is all the same.
 Give me just one
 Of your sweet glances,
 As once in May.

It is blooming and fragrant
 Today on every grave,
 One day in the year
 Are indeed the dead set free,
 Come to my heart,
 That I again may have you.
 As once in May.

Rest, Rest, My Soul

Not a breeze stirs itself softly,
 Gently slumbering rests the wood;
 Through the leaves' dark covering
 Bright sunshine steals itself.

Rest, rest, my soul,
 your storms went wild,
 You have raged and trembled,
 Like the surf, when it swells!

These times are tremendous,
 Bringing heart and mind
 into desperation;
 Rest, rest, my soul,
 And forget what threatens you!

Zueignung

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.

Giusto Ciel

Giusto Ciel, in tal periglio
Più consiglio, più speranza
Non avanza,
Che piangendo, che gemendo
Implorar la tua pietà.

Dedication

Yes, you know it, dearest Soul,
How I, away from you,
 myself suffer,
Love makes the heart sick,
Have thanks.

Once I, who toasted freedom,
Held high the amethyst beaker,
And you blessed the drink,
Have thanks.

And you exorcised the evils in it,
Until I, as I had never been before,
Blessed, blessed
 upon your heart sank,
Have thanks.

Just Heaven

Just heaven, in this danger
More advice, more hope
Does not remain,
Than weeping, Than moaning,
To implore your pity.

I. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!
O King of the churches and the bells
Bewailing your sores and your wounds,
But not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!
Pity me, O King!
What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?
O, only begotten Son by whom all men were made,
Who shunned not the death by three wounds,
Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg,
And I with a heart not softer than a stone!

II. Church Bell at Night

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,
I would liefer keep tryst with thee
Than be with a light and foolish woman.

III. St. Ita's Vision

"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,
"Unless He gives me His Son from Heaven
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him."
So that Christ came down to her
In the form of a Baby, and then she said:
"Infant Jesus, at my breast,
Nothing in this world is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus, at my breast,
By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not a churl
But were begot on Mary, the Jewess,
By Heaven's light.
Infant Jesus, at my breast,
What King is there but You who could
Give everlasting good?
Wherefore I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King,
Who every night
Is Infant Jesus at my breast."

IV. The Heavenly Banquet

I would like to have the men of Heaven in my own house;
With vats of good cheer laid out for them.
I would like to have the three Mary's,
Their fame is so great.
I would like people from every corner of Heaven.
I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking.
I would like to have Jesus sitting here among them.
I would like a great lake of beer for the King of Kings.
I would like to be watching Heaven's family
Drinking it through all eternity.

V. The Crucifixion

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

VI. Sea-Snatch

It has broken us, it has crushed us,
It has drowned us, O King of the star-bright Kingdom of Heaven!
The wind has consumed us, swallowed us,
As timber is devoured by crimson fire from Heaven.
It has broken us, it has crushed us,
It has drowned us, O King of the star-bright Kingdom of Heaven!

VII. Promiscuity

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,
But I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

VIII. The Monk and His Cat

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together, Scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you, it is hunting, for me, study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art,
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy.
Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

IX. The Praises of God

How foolish the man who does not raise
His voice and praise with joyful words,
As he alone can, Heaven's High King,
To whom the light birds with no soul but air,
All day, ev'rywhere laudation sing.

X. The Desire for Hermitage

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell
With nobody near me;
Beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to death.
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;
Feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold spring.
That will be an end to evil, when I am alone
In a lovely little corner among tombs,
Far from the houses of the great.
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell, to be alone, all alone,
Alone I came into the world,
Alone I shall go from it.