

4-7-2013

Collaborative Recital: Natalie Khatibzadeh, piano

Natalie Khatibzadeh

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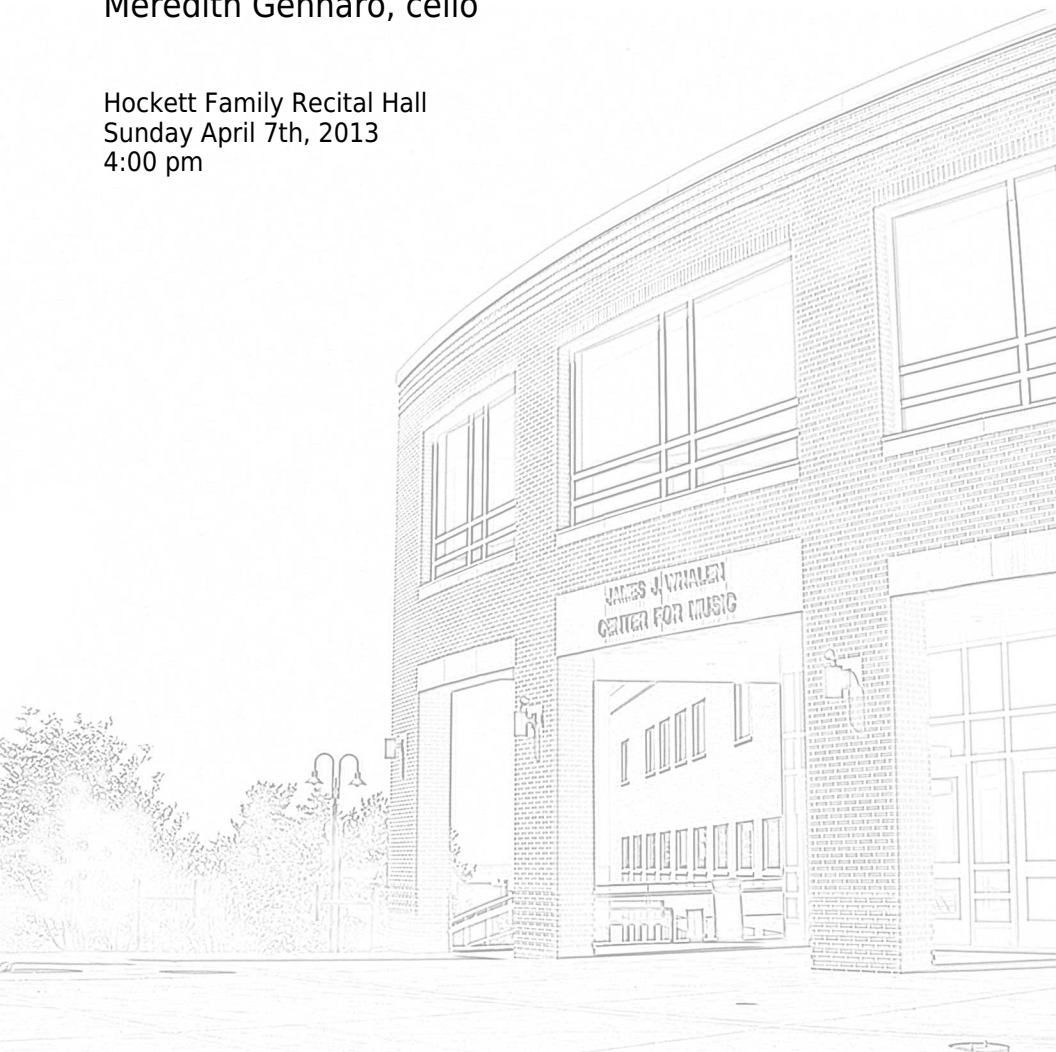
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Collaborative Recital:
Natalie Khatibzadeh, piano

Michelle Schlosser, clarinet
Megan Wright, soprano
Jenna Trunk, violin
Sarah Hoag, viola
Meredith Gennaro, cello

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday April 7th, 2013
4:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Sonata in F Minor, Op. 120, No.1 (1894)

Allegro appassionato
Andante un poco Adagio
Allegretto grazioso
Vivace

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Michelle Schlosser, clarinet

Hermit Songs, Op. 29 (1952-3)

I. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory
II. Church Bell at Night
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

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Megan Wright, soprano

Piano Quartet No. 1 in G Minor,
K.478 (1785)
Allegro

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Jenna Trunk, violin
Sarah Hoag, viola
Meredith Gennaro, cello

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Piano Performance with Collaborative Emphasis. Natalie is from the collaborative studios of Dr. Diane Birr and Dr. Charis Dimaras.

Program Notes

Samuel Barber

Hermit songs

Set by *Samuel Barber*

(1910-1981), op. 29

Texts from *Anonymous Irish poetry*

1. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!

0 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, 0 King!

What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?

0 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!

2. 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.

3. Saint 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,

(3. continued)

Nothing in this world is true

Save, 0 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".

4. 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.

5. 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.

6. Sea-Snatch

It has broken us, it has crushed
us,
it has drowned us, O King of the
starbright
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
starbright Kingdom of
Heaven!

7. Promiscuity

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

8. 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;

(8. continued)

Thus we live ever
without tedium and envy.
Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

9. 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, everywhere laudations
sing.

10. 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