

4-23-2018

Junior Recital: Megan Jones, soprano

Megan Jones

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Junior Recital:
Megan Jones, soprano

Nicholas Duffin, baritone
Thea Hollman, clarinet
Jiyue Ma, piano
Daniel Mullarney, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Monday, April 23rd, 2018
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Hark! The Echoing Air
Sweeter than Roses

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Thea Hollman, clarinet

"Una voce poco fà"
from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Pause

Quatre Chanson de Jeunesse
i. Pantomime
ii. Pierrot
iii. Apparition

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

The Light in the Piazza
from *The Light in the Piazza*
How Could I Ever Know?
from *The Secret Garden*
Will he like me?
Where's my Shoe?
from *She Loves Me*

Adam Guettel (b. 1964)
Craig Lucas (b. 1951)
Marsha Norman (b. 1947)
Lucy Simon (b. 1943)
Jerry Bock (b. 1924)
Sheldon Harnick (b. 1919)

Nicholas Duffin, baritone
Daniel Mullarney, piano

Translations

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen The Shepherd on the Rock

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh, ins tiefe Thal herneider seh, und singe, und singe, fern aus dem tiefen, dunkeln Thal schwingt sich empor der Wiederhall, der Wiederhall der Klüfte.	When on the highest cliff I stand, gaze down into the deep valley and sing, the echo from the ravines floats upwards from the dark valley far away.
Je weiter meine Stimme dringt, Je heller sie mir wiederklingt, von unten, von unten. Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir, drum seh'n ich mich so heiß nach ihr hinüber, hinüber.	The further my voice travels, the clearer it returns to me from below. So far from me does my love dwell that I yearn for her more ardently over there.
In tiefem Gram verzehr' ich mich, mir ist die Freude hin, auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich, ich hier so einsam bin, ich hier so einsam bin.	With deep grief I am consumed, my joy is at an end; all hope on earth has left me; I am so lonely here, I am so lonely here.
So seh'nend klang im Wald das Lied, so seh'nend klang es durch die Nacht, die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht mit wunderbarer Macht.	So longingly sounded the song in the wood, so longingly it sounded through the night, drawing hearts heavenwards with wondrous power.
Der Frühling will kommen, der Frühling meine Freud, nun mach ich mich fertig zum Wandern bereit.	Spring is coming, Spring, my joy; Now I will be ready to start journeying

Una Voce poco fa A voice just now

Una voce poco fa
qui nel cor mi risuonò;
il mio cor ferito è già,
e Lindor fu che il piagò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
lo giurai, la vincerò.

Il tutor ricuserà,
io l'ingegno aguzzerò.
Alla fin s'accheterà
e contenta io resterò.

Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
lo giurai, la vincerò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
lo giurai, sì.

Io sono docile, son rispettosa,
sono obbediente, dolce, amorosa;
mi lascio reggere, mi lascio
reggere,
mi fo guidar, mi fo guidar.

Ma, ma se mi toccano
dov'è il mio debole
sarò una vipera, sarò
e cento trappole
prima di cedere farò giocare, giocare.

A voice a while back
echoes here in my heart;
already my heart is pierced
and Lindoro inflicted the wound.
Yes, Lindoro shall be mine;
I swear it, I will win.

My guardian will refuse me;
I shall sharpen all my wits.
In the end he will be calmed
and I shall rest content...

Yes, Lindoro shall be mine;
I swear it, I will win.
Yes, Lindoro shall be mine;
I swear it, yes.

I am docile, I'm respectful,
I'm obedient, gentle, loving;
I let myself be ruled, I let myself be
ruled,
I let myself be guided, I let myself
be guided.

But, but if they touch me
on my weak spot,
I'll be a viper
and a hundred tricks
I'll play before I yield.

Pantomime

Pierrot, qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre, Vide un flacon sans plus attendre, Et, pratique, entame un pâté.	Pierrot, who is nothing like Clitandre, empties a bottle without ado, and, ever practical, cuts into a pâté.
Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue, Verse une larme méconnue Sur son neveu déshérité.	Cassandre, at the end of the avenue, sheds an concealed tear for his disinherited nephew.
Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine L'enlèvement de Colombine Et pirouette quatre fois.	That impertinent Harlequin schemes the abduction of Columbine and whirls around four times.
Colombine rêve, surprise De sentir un cœur dans la brise Et d'entendre en son cœur des voix.	Columbine dreams, surprised at feeling a heart in the breeze and at hearing voices in her heart.

Pierrot

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule contemple, Ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin, Suit en songeant le boulevard du Temple. Une fillette au souple casaquin En vain l'agace de son oeil coquin ; Et cependant mystérieuse et lisse Faisant de lui sa plus chère délice, La blanche lune aux cornes de taureau Jette un regard de son oeil en coulisse À son ami Jean Gaspard Deburau.	Good old Pierrot, at whom the crowd gapes, having concluded Harlequin's wedding, walks along the Boulevard du Temple, lost in thought. A girl in a supple garment vainly teases him with a mischievous look; And meanwhile, mysterious and smooth, taking her sweetest delight in him, the white moon, bull-horned, throws a furtive glance at her friend Jean Gaspard Deburau.
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Apparition

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs	The moon was saddened. Seraphims in tears
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs	dreaming, bows at their fingers, in the calm of filmy flowers
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes	Threw dying violas of white sobs
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l'azur des corolles.	sliding over the blue of corollas.
C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.	It was the blessed day of your first kiss.
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser,	My reverie, loving to torture me,
s'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse	wisely imbibed its perfume of sadness
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse	That even without regret and without setback
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au coeur qui l'a cueilli.	leaves the gathering of a dream within the heart that gathered it.
J'errais donc, l'oeil rivé sur le pavé vieilli	I wandered then, my eye riveted on the aged cobblestones.
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue	When, with light in your hair, in the street
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue	and in the evening, you appeared to me smiling
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté	and I thought I had seen the fairy with a hat of light
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté	who passed in my sweet dreams as a spoiled child,
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées	always dropping from her carelessly closed hand
Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.	a snow of white bouquets of perfumed stars.