

10-27-2017

## Junior Recital: Magdalyn Chauby, soprano

Magdalyn Chauby

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music\\_programs](https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs)



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

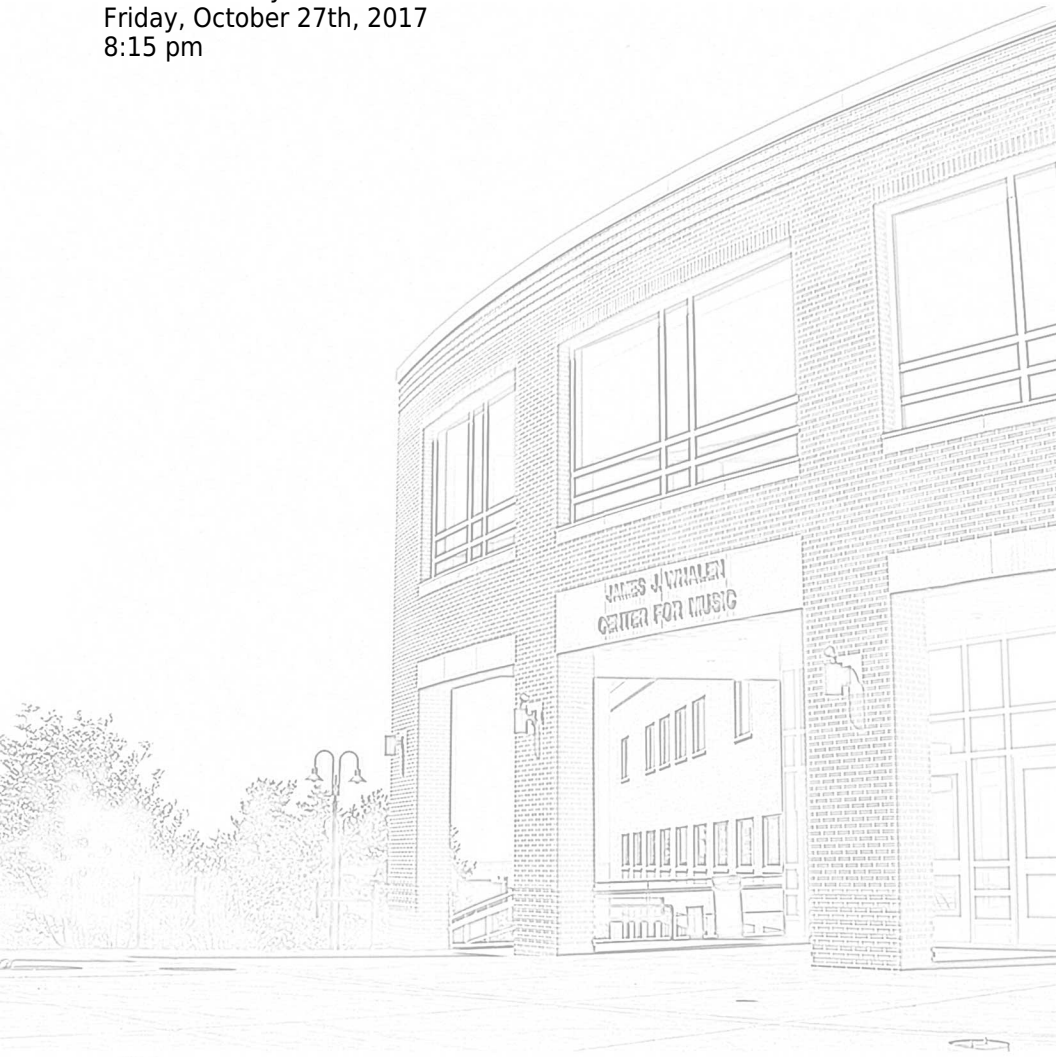
Chauby, Magdalyn, "Junior Recital: Magdalyn Chauby, soprano" (2017). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 4030.  
[https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music\\_programs/4030](https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/4030)

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

**The Stories We Tell**  
**Junior Recital:**  
Magdalyn Chauby, soprano

Oliver Scott, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Friday, October 27th, 2017  
8:15 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

*Stories are light. Light is precious in a world so dark. Begin at the beginning. Tell... a story. Make some light.-Kate DiCamillo*

Quia ergo femina  
O virga ac diadema

Hildegard of Bingen  
(1098-1179)

*What would happen if one woman told the truth about her life? The world would split open.-Muriel Rukeyser*

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen  
Sie liebten sich beide  
Lorelei

Clara Schumann  
(1819-1896)

## Intermission

*Everyone who tells a story tells it differently, just to remind us that everybody sees it differently.-Jeanette Winterson*

Il Pleure Dans Mon Cœur  
Chevaux De Bois  
Pierrot

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

*But behind all your stories is always your mother's story, because hers is where yours begin.-Mitch Albom*

Songs from Letters:  
So Like Your Father's  
He Never Misses  
A Man Can Love Two Women  
A Working Woman  
All I Have

Libby Larsen  
(b. 1950)

# Translations and Lyrics

## Quia ergo femina

Quia ergo femina mortem instruxit,  
clara virgo illam interemit,  
et ideo est summa benedictio

in feminea forma  
pre omni creatura,  
quia Deus factus est homo  
in dulcissima et beata virgine.

For since a woman drew up death,  
a virgin gleaming dashed it down,  
and therefore is the highest blessing  
(found)

in woman's form  
before all other creatures.  
For God was made a human  
in the sweet and blessed Virgin.

## O virga ac diadema

O virga ac diadema purple regis  
que es in clausura tua sicut lorica:  
Tu frondens floruisti in alia vicissitudine  
quam Adam omne genus humanum  
produceret.

Ave, ave, de tuo ventre alia vita  
processit  
qua Adam filios suos denudaverat.  
O flos, tu non germinasti de rore  
nec de guttis pluvie  
nec aer desuper te volavit sed divina  
claritas in nobilissima virga te produxit.

O virga, floriditatem tuam Deus in prima  
die  
creature sue previderat.  
Et te Verbo suo auream materiam,  
o laudabilis Virgo, fecit.

O quam magnum est in viribus suis  
latus viri,  
de quo Deus formam mulieris produxit,  
quam fecit speculum  
omnis ornamentum sui et amplexionem  
omnis creature sue.  
Inde concinunt celestia organa et  
miratur  
omnis terra, o laudabilis Maria,  
quia Deus te valde amavit.

O branch and diadem in royal purple  
clad,  
who like a shield stand in your cloister  
strong.

You burst forth blooming but with buds  
quite different  
than Adam's progeny, the human race.

Hail! For from your womb came forth  
another life,  
that Adam had stripped from his sons.  
O bloom, you did not spring from dew  
nor from the drops of rain,  
nor has the air flown over you; but  
radiance divine  
has brought you forth upon that noblest  
bough.

O branch, your blossoming God had  
seen  
from his creation.  
And by his word made you a golden  
matrix,  
O Virgin, worthy of our praise.

O, how great in power is that side of  
man,  
from which God brought the form of  
woman forth,  
a mirror made  
of all his ornament, and an embrace  
of all his own creation.  
The heavens' symphony sounds, in  
wonder stands  
all earth, O Mary, worthy of our praise,  
for God has loved you more than all.

O quam valde plangendum et lugendum  
est quod tristitia in crimine

per consilium serpentis in mulierem  
fluxit.

Nam ipsa mulier, quam Deus matrem  
omnium  
posuit, viscera sua  
cum vulneribus ignorantie decerpit, et  
plenum dolorem  
generi suo protulit.

Sed, o aurora, de ventre tuo novus sol  
processit,  
qui omnia crimina Eve abstersit  
et maiorem benedictionem per te  
protulit  
quam Eva hominibus nocuisset.

Unde, o Salvatrix, que novum lumen  
humano generi  
protulisti: collige membra Filii tui  
  
ad celestem armoniam.

O cry and weep! How deep the woe!  
What sorrow seeped with guilt in  
womanhood

Because the serpent hissed his wicked  
plan!

That woman, whom God made the  
mother of the world,  
had pricked her womb  
with wounds of ignorance the full  
inheritance of grief  
she offered to her offspring.

But from your womb, has come the sun  
anew;  
the guilt of Eve he's washed away  
and through you offered humankind a  
blessing  
even greater than the harm that Eve  
bestowed.

O Lady Savior, who has offered to the  
human race  
a new and brighter light: together join  
the members of your Son  
into the heavens' harmony.

## Er ist gekommen in Sturm unt Regen

Er ist gekommen in Sturm unt Regen  
ihm schlug beklommen mein Herz  
entgegen.

Wie konnt' ich ahnen daß seine Bahnen  
sich einen sollten meinen Wegen.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm unt Regen  
er hat genommen mein Herz verwegen.  
Nahm er das meine? Nahm ich das  
seine?  
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.

Nun ist gekommen des Frühlings Segen.  
Der Freund zieht weiter, ich seh' es  
heiter,  
denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.

He has come in storm and rain  
Against him my heart beat anxiously.

How could I have suspected that his  
path  
Should unite with my path.

He has come in storm and rain  
He has boldly taken my heart.  
Took he mine? Took I his?

They both came together themselves.

Now has come the springtime's blessing  
The friend travels on, I look on  
cheerfully  
For he remains mine on all roads.

## Sie liebten sich beide

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner  
wollt' es dem andern gestehn.  
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,  
unt wollten vor Liebe vergehn.

They loved each other, but neither  
Wanted to confess to the other.  
They looked at each other so hostilely,  
And would, for love, die.

Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich  
nur noch zuweilen im Traum.  
Sie waren längst gestorben  
unt wußten es selber kaum.

They parted from each other and saw  
each other  
Only sometimes in a dream.  
They were long since dead  
And they hardly knew it.

## Lorelei

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,  
daß ich so traurig bin;  
ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,  
das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

I know now what it means  
That I am so sad;  
A fairytale from olden times  
Comes from me and not of my mind.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,  
und ruhig fließt der Rhein;  
der Gipfel des Berges funkelt  
im Abendsonnenschein.

The air is cool and it grows dark,  
And peacefully flows the Rhein;  
The top of the mountain sparkles  
In the sunset.

Die schönste Jungfrau setzt  
dort oben wunderbar,  
ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet,  
sie kämmt ihr gold'nes Haar.

The fairest maiden sits  
Above mysteriously,  
Her golden jewelry sparkles,  
She combs her golden hair.

Sie kämmt es mit gold'nem Kamme  
unt singt ein Lied dabei:  
das hat eine wundersame,  
gewaltige Melodei.

She combs it with a golden comb  
and sings a song with it;  
It has a wondrously  
Powerful melody.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe  
ergreift es mit wildem Weh;  
er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,  
er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

The boatman in the small boat  
is seized with fierce sorrow;  
he sees not the rocky-reef,  
he looks only upwards into the heights.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen  
am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;  
und das hat mit ihrem Singen  
die Lorelei getan.

I believe, the waves will devour  
in the end, boatman and small boat;  
And that with her singing  
The Lorelei has done.

## Il pleure dans mon cœur

Il pleure dans mon cœur  
Comme il pleut sur la ville  
Quelle est cette langueur  
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

O bruit doux de la pluie  
Par terre et sur les toits!  
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie  
O le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison  
Dans ce cœur qui s'écoëure.  
Quoi! nulle trahison?  
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine  
De ne savoir pourquoi,  
Sans amour et sans haine,  
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

It weeps in my heart  
As it rains on the town  
What is this listlessness  
That pervades my heart?

Oh soft sound of the rain  
On the ground and on the roofs!  
For a heart which grows listless  
Oh the sound of the rain!

It weeps without reason  
In this heart which sickens  
What! No betrayal?  
This grief is without reason.

It is truly the worst pain  
To not know why  
Without love and without hatred,  
My heart has so much pain.

## Chevaux de Bois

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois  
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours

Tournez souvent et turnez toujours  
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche  
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose  
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,

Chacun se paie un sou de demanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,  
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois  
Clignote l'œil du filou sournois

Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle  
D'aller aïnsé dans ce cirque bête:  
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,

Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

Tournez, dadas, sans quil soit besoin  
D'user jamais de nuls éperons  
Pour commander à vos galops ronds  
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

Turn, turn good horses of wood  
Turn a hundred turns, Turn a thousand  
turns

Turn often and turn forever  
Turn to the sound of the oboes.

The child all ruddy and the mother pale  
The boy in black and the girl in pink  
The one down to earth and the other  
showing off

Each themselves buys a penny of  
Sunday fun.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,  
While around all your turning  
Twinkles discreetly the eye of the sly  
pickpocket

Turn to the sound of the cornet  
victorious!

It is amazing how this intoxicates you  
To go thus in a silly circle:  
Nothing in the tummy and an ache in  
the head

Discomfort in mass and fun in heaps.

Turn, hobbyhorses without the need  
To ever use any spurs  
To command your gallops around  
Turn, turn, without the hope of hay.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme.  
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe  
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe  
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.

And hurry horses of their souls  
Already there rings (the bell) to supper  
The night that falls and drives away the  
band  
Of merry drinkers by their thirst made  
ravenous.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours  
D'astres en or se vêt lentement  
L'Eglise tinte un glas tristement.  
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours,  
tournez.

Turn, turn the sky of velvet  
With starts of gold is clothed slowly  
The church knell tolls sadly.  
Turn to the sound of happy drums, turn.

## 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 œil coquin  
Et cependant mytérieuse et lisse  
Faisant de lui sa plus chère délice  
La blanche lune aux cornes de taureau  
Jetté un regard de son œil en coulisse  
A son ami Jean Gaspard Debureau.

The good Pierrot whom the crowd gazes  
at  
Having finished the wedding of  
Harlequin  
Follows while dreaming the boulevard of  
the temple.  
A girl with a loose flowing blouse.  
In vain she provokes him with her eye  
teasing  
And in the meantime mysterious and  
smooth  
Making of him, her most dear delight  
The white moon with the horns of a bull  
Casts a sidelong glance with her eye  
To her friend Jean Gaspard Debureau.

## Songs from Letters

### **So Like Your Father's** (1880)

Janey, a letter came today and a picture of you.  
Your expression so like your father's, like your father's  
Brought back all the years.  
Janey, a picture of you...  
Like your father's, brought back all the years.

### **He Never Misses** (1880)

I met your father "Wild Bill Hickok" near Abilene.  
A bunch of outlaws were trying to kill him.  
I crawled through the brush to warn him,  
Bill killed them all.  
I'll never forget...  
Blood running down his face while he used two guns.  
I crawled through the brush to warn him.  
Bill killed them all.  
He never aimed, and he was never known to miss.



**A Man Can Love Two Women** (1880)

Don't let jealousy get you, Janey.  
It kills love  
It kills love and all nice things.  
Don't let jealousy get you, Janey.  
It drove your father from me.  
I lost everything I loved,  
I lost everything I loved except for you.  
A man can love two women,  
Love two women at a time.  
He loved her and he still loved me because of you,  
Janey.

**A Working Woman** (1882-1893)

Your mother works for a living.  
One day I have chickens, and the next day feathers.  
These days I'm driving a stagecoach.  
For a while I worked in Russell's saloon.  
But when I worked there all the virtuous women planned to run me out of town,  
So these days I'm driving a stagecoach.  
Your mother works for a living.

I'll be leaving soon to join Bill Cody's Wild West Show.  
I'll ride a horse bareback, standing up, shooting my Stetson hat twice,  
Throwing in into the air and landing on my head.

These are hectic days, like hell let out for noon.  
I mind my own bus'ness, but remember the one thing the world hates  
Is a woman who minds her own bus'ness.  
All the virtuous women have bastards and shotgun weddings.  
I have nursed them through childbirth and my only pay  
Is a kick in the pants when my back is turned.  
These other women are pot bellied, hairy legged  
And they look like something the cat dragged in.  
I wish I had the pow'r to damn their souls to hell!

Your mother works for a living.

**All I Have** (1902)

I am going blind.  
All hope of seeing you again is dead, Janey.  
What have I ever done except one blunder after another?  
All I have left are these pictures of you.  
You and your father, pictures, all I have,  
I am going blind.  
Don't pity me, Janey,  
Forgive my faults and all the wrong I did you.

Goodnight, little girl,  
Goodnight, little girl, and may God keep you from harm.