

11-3-2012

Junior Recital: Megan Wright, soprano

Megan Wright

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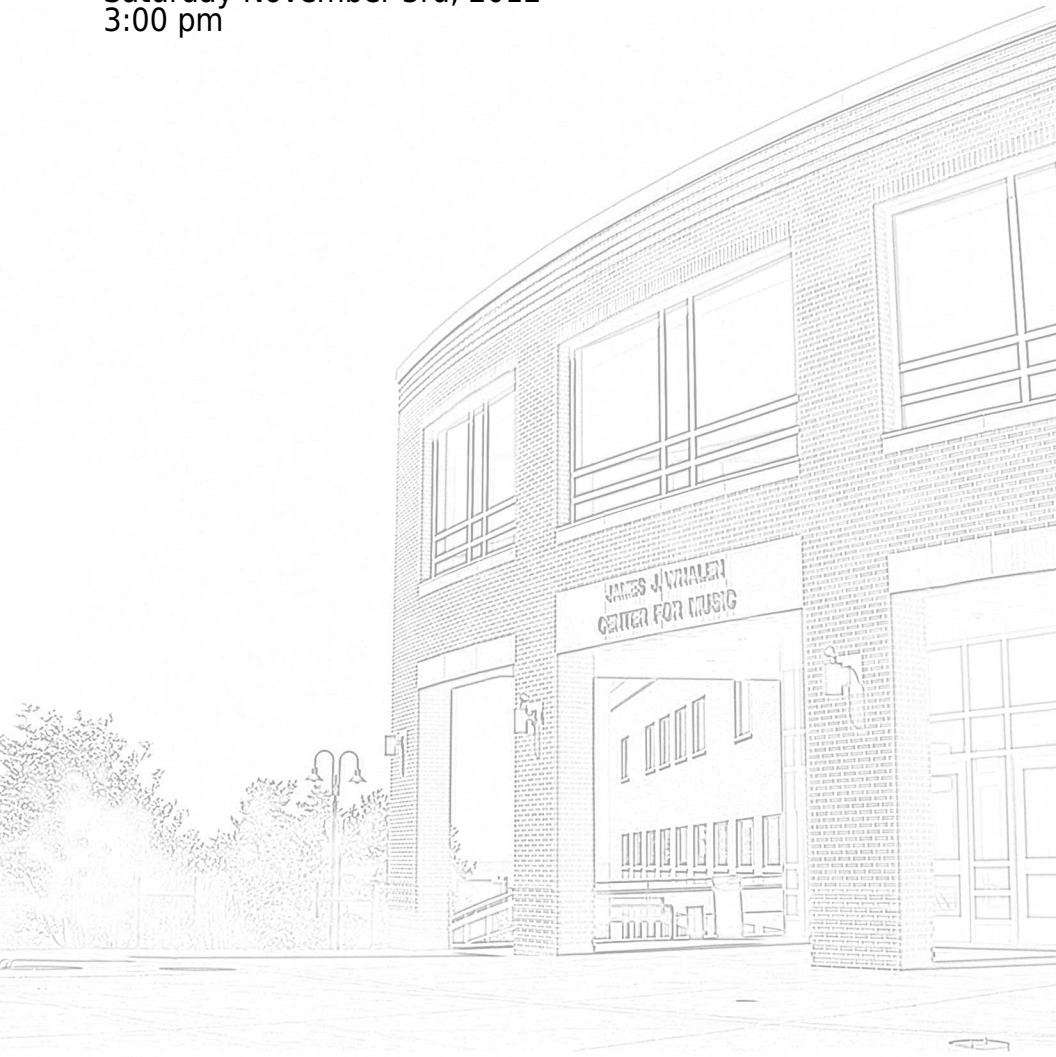
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Junior Recital:
Megan Wright, soprano

Natalie Khatibzadeh, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday November 3rd, 2012
3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?
from *Semele*
Sweeter than Roses

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)
Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen
Liebst du um Schönheit
Nach Süden

Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)
Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel
(1805-1847)

Son pochi fiori
from *L'amico Fritz*

Pietro Mascagni
(1863-1945)

Intermission

L'Heure exquise
Fêtes Galantes
L'énamourée

Reynaldo Hahn
(1874-1947)

St. Ita's Vision
The Monk and His Cat
The Desire for Hermitage

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Texts

Oh Sleep Why Dost Thou Leave Me?

Oh sleep, why dost thou leave me?
Why thy visionary joys remove?
Oh sleep, again deceive me,
To my arms restore my wand'ring love!
Again deceive me, oh sleep!
To my arms restore my wand'ring love!

Sweeter than Roses

Sweeter than roses,
or cool evening breeze
on a warm flowery shore
was the dear kiss;
First trembling made me freeze;
Then shot like fire all o'er.
What magic has victorious love,
For all I touch or see since that
dear kiss,
I hourly prove, all is love to me.

Translations

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen

Er ist gekommen
in Sturm und Regen,
ihm schlug beklommen
mein Herz entgegen.
Wie konnt' ich ahnen,
daß seine Bahnen
sich einen sollten meinen Wegen?

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

Er ist gekommen
in Sturm und Regen.
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

He came
in storm and rain,
my heart beat anxiously
against his.
How could I have known,
that his path
should unite itself with mine?

He came
in storm and rain,
he has boldly taken
my heart.
Did he take mine?
Did I take his?
They both came together.

He came
in storm and rain,
Now has come
the blessing of spring.
My love travels on,
I watch cheerfully,
for he remains mine on all roads.

Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit,
o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend,
o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,
o nicht mich liebe.
Liebe die Meerfrau,
sie hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,
o ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
dich lieb' ich immerdar.

Nach Süden

Von allen Zweigen schwingen
sich wandernde Vögel empor,
weit durch die Lüfte klingen
hört man den Reisechor,
nach Süden, nach Süden
in den ewigen Blumenflor.

Ihr Vöglein singt munter hernieder,
wir singen lustig hinaus,
wenn der Lenz kommt,
kehren wir wieder,
wieder in Nest und Haus,
von Süden! Jetzt aber hinaus!

Son pochi fiori

Son pochi fiori, povere viole,
son l'alito d'aprile,
dal profumo gentile;
ed è per voi
che le ho rapite al sole...

Se avessero parole
le udreste mormorar:
Noi siamo figlie timide e pudiche
di primavera,

If You Love for Beauty

If you love for beauty,
oh, do not love me!
Love the sun,
she has golden hair!

If you love for youth,
oh, do not love me!
Love the spring,
who is young every year!

If you love for treasure,
oh, do not love me!
Love the mermaid;
she has many clear pearls!

If you love for love's sake,
oh yes, love me!
Love me always,
I will love you evermore!

To the South

From every branch wings upward
a migratory bird,
far throughout the skies ringing,
one hears the traveling chorus,
to the south, to the south,
to the land of eternal flowers.

You little birds sing cheerfully from
above,
we sing joyfully out;
when spring comes,
we shall return again,
return to nest and house,
from the south! But now, away!

A Few Flowers

Just a few flowers, humble violets,
they are the breath of April
with their tender fragrance;
and for you
I have snatched them from the
sunshine...

If they could speak
You would hear them murmur:
We are timid and shy daughters
of spring,

siamo le vostre amiche;
morremo questa sera,
e saremo felici di dire a voi,
che amate gl'infelici:
il ciel vi possa dar
tutto quel bene che si può sperar!

Ed il mio cor aggiunge una parola
modesta, ma sincera:
eterna primavera la vostra vita sia,

che altri consola...
Deh! Vogliate gradir
quanto vi posso offrir!

we are your friends;
we shall die this evening,
but we are happy to wish you,
who love the unfortunate:
may heaven grant you
all the good things one can hope
for!

And my heart adds
a modest but sincere word:
may your life which brings comfort
to others

be eternal spring...
Ah, please accept
all that I can offer!

L'Heure exquise

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...
O bien aimée!

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...
Rêvons! c'est l'heure!

Un vaste et tendre
Apaînement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...
C'est l'heure exquise!

The Exquisite Hour

The white moon
shines in the woods.
From each branch
comes a voice
beneath the boughs.
Oh my beloved...

The pond reflects,
like a deep mirror,
the silhouette
of the black willow
where the wind weeps.
Let us dream! It is the hour...

A vast and tender
calm
seems to descend
from the sky
that the star makes iridescent.
It is the exquisite hour!

Fêtes Galantes

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis, qui, pour mainte
Cruelle, fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

L'énamourée

Ils se disent, ma colombe,
Que tu rêves, morte encore,

Sous la pierre d'une tombe:
Mais pour l'âme qui t'adore,
Tu t'éveilles ranimée,
O pensive bien-aimée!

Par les blanches nuits d'étoiles,

Dans la brise qui murmure,
Je caresse tes longs voiles,
Ta mouvante chevelure,
Et tes ailes demi-closes
Qui voltigent sur les roses.

O délices! je respire
Tes divines tresses blondes;
Ta voix pure, cette lyre,
Suit la vague sur les ondes,
Et, suave, les effleure,
Comme un cygne qui se pleure!

Elegant Celebration

The givers of serenades
and the lovely listeners
exchange insipid words
under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
and there's the eternal Clytander,
and there's Damis, who, for many
heartless women, wrote many
tender verses.

Their short silk coats,
their long gowns with trains,
their elegance, their joy
and their soft blue shadows,

Whirl in the ecstasy
of a pink and grey moon,
and the mandolin chatters
amid the shivers from the breeze.

The Enamored

They say, my dove,
that, you still dream, although you
are dead,
beneath a tombstone;
but for the soul that adores you,
you awaken, revived,
oh thoughtful beloved!

Through the sleepless nights with
stars,
in the murmuring breeze,
I caress your long veils,
your flowing hair
and your half-closed wings
which flutter among the roses.

Oh delights! I breathe in
your divine blond tresses!
Your pure voice, this lyre,
follows the swell across the waters
and softly touches them,
like a weeping swan!

Texts

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."

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.

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.

Upcoming Events

- 3** - Ford - 4:00pm - **Family Weekend:** Symphonic Band and Jazz Ensemble (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 4** - Ford - 1:00pm - **Family Weekend:** Choral Concert (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 5** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Showcase (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 7** - Hockett - 6:00pm - "On the Edge" Masterclass with Jean Kopperud
- 8** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Alan Huckleberry, piano masterclass
- 9** - Hockett - 3:00pm - Alan Huckleberry, piano pedagogy lecture
- 10** - Ford - 7:00pm - Choral Composition Festival
- 11** - Hockett - 4:00pm - Susan Waterbury, violin Charis Dimaras, piano
- 11** - Ford - 7:00pm - Taylor Braggins, soprano
- 12** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres
- 13** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Flute Choir
- 13** - Iger - 8:15pm - David Rakowski, Husa Visiting Professor, lecture
- 14** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Contemporary Chamber Ensemble