11-3-2012

Junior Recital: Megan Wright, soprano

Megan Wright

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Junior Recital:
Megan Wright, soprano

Natalie Khatibzadeh, piano

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

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance and Music Education. Megan Wright is from the studio of Patrice Pastore.
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
He came in storm and rain,
in Sturm und Regen,
in storm and rain,
ihm schlug beklommen
my heart beat anxiously
mein Herz entgegen.
against his.
Wie konnt' ich ahnen,
How could I have known,
daß seine Bahnen
that his path
sich einen sollten meinen Wegen?
should unite itself with mine?

Er ist gekommen
He came
in Sturm und Regen,
in storm and rain,
er hat genommen
he has boldly taken
mein Herz verwegen.
my heart.
Nahm er das meine?
Did he take mine?
Nahm ich das seine?
Did I take his?
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.
They both came together.

Er ist gekommen
He came
in Sturm und Regen.
in storm and rain,
Nun ist gekommen
Now has come
des Frühlings Segen.
the blessing of spring.
Der Freund zieht weiter,
My love travels on,
ich seh' es heiter,
I watch cheerfully,
denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.
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 Frühlings,
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.

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**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!

---

**Nach Süden**

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

Ihr Vöglein singt munter hernieder,

wir singen lustig hinaus,
wen der Lenz kommt,
kehren wir wieder,
wieder in Nest und Haus,
von Süden! Jetzt aber hinaus!

---

**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!

---

**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,

---

**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; we are your friends; morremo questa sera, we shall die this evening, e saremo felici di dire a voi, but we are happy to wish you, che amate gl’infelici: who love the unfortunate: il ciel vi possa dar may heaven grant you tutto quel bene che si può sperar! all the good things one can hope for! Ed il mio cor aggiunge una parola And my heart adds modesta, ma sincera: a modest but sincere word: eterna primavera la vostra vita sia, may your life which brings comfort che altri consola... be eternal spring... Deh! Vogliate gradir Ah, please accept quanto vi posso offrir! 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!

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

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

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

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

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\nCruelle, 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!
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."

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.

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.
Upcoming Events

3 - Ford - 4:00pm - **Family Weekend**: Symphonic Band and Jazz Ensemble (Webstreamed at [www.ithaca.edu/music/live](http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live))

4 - Ford - 1:00pm - **Family Weekend**: Choral Concert (Webstreamed at [www.ithaca.edu/music/live](http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live))

5 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Showcase (Webstreamed at [www.ithaca.edu/music/live](http://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