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Senior Recital: Megan Jones, soprano

Megan Jones

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Senior Recital:
Megan Jones, soprano
Kerry Mizrahi, piano
Sage Stoakley, soprano
Nicholas Duffin, baritone
Sean Gatta, bass-baritone

Ford Hall
Thursday, April 4th, 2019
8:15 pm
Program

Ah, mai non cessate  
Stefano Donaudy  
(1897-1925)

L'invito  
Gioachino Antonio Rossini  
(1792-1868)

Il Barcaiolo  
Geatano Donizetti  
(1797-1848)

Nach Süden  
Fanny Mendelssohn  
(1805-1847)

Der Nussbaum  
Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

Amor  
Richard Georg Strauss  
(1864-1949)

Villanelle  
Eva Dell'Acqua  
(1856-1930)

"Air du Feu"  
Maurice Ravel  
(1875-1937)

from L'enfant et les sortilèges

Pause

Early Snow  
Lori Laitman  
(b. 1955)

Last night the rain spoke to me
Blue Iris
Early Snow

"Credete alle femmine"  
Gioachino Antonio Rossini  
(1972-1868)

from Il Turco in Italia
Sean Gatta, bass-baritone

"I've decided to marry you"  
Robert L. Freedman (b. 1957)

from Gentleman's guide to love and murder
Sage Stoakley, soprano
Nicholas Duffin, baritone

"Something's Coming"  
Stephen Sondheim  
(b. 1930)

from Sondheim on Sondheim
Sage Stoakley, soprano
Nicholas Duffin, baritone
Sean Gatta, bass-baritone

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. in vocal performance. Megan Jones is from the studio of Marc Webster.
**Translations**

**Ah, mai non cessate**

Ah, mai non cessate dal vostro parlar,  
o labbra desiate ond’io folle vo;  
col miel delle vostre parole vo far un dolce guanciale su cui dormirò.  
O sonni beatì da niun mai sognati,  
che su quel guanciale dormendo farò,  
dormendo e sognando, vicino al tup cor,  
Il dolce, desiato mio sogno d’amore.

Ah! Dormendo, sognando, sognado d’amor!

---

**L’invito**

Vieni, o Ruggiero, la tua Eloisa da te divisa non puo restar:  
alle mie lacrime già rispondevi, vieni, ricevi il mio pregar.  
Vieni, o bell’angelo, vien, mio diletto,  
sovra il mio petto vieni a posar!  
Senti se palpita, se amor t’invita, vieni, mia vita, vieni, fammi spirar.

---

**Il Barcaiolo**

Voga, voga, il vento tace, pura è l’onda, il ciel sereno, solo un alito di pace  
par che allegri e cielo e mar: voga, voga, o marinar.  
Or che tutto a noi sorride, in sí tenero momento, all’ebrezza del contento voglio l’alma abbandonar.

Voga, voga, o marinar.  
Chè se infiera la tempesta, ambedue ne tragge a morte, sarà lieta la mia sorte al tuo fianco vuò spirar [sí].

Voga, voga, o marinar.
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! Von Süden!
Jetzt aber hinaus! hinaus!

From every branch wing
themselves migratory bird upward,
far throughout the airs ringing
hears one the traveling-chorus
to-the south, to-the south,
to the eternal flowering-display.
You little birds sing gaily up there,
we sing merrily out;
when spring comes,
we shall return,
return to nest and house,
from the south! But now away!

Der Nussbaum

Es grünet ein Nußbaum vor dem Haus,
Duftig, Luftig
Breitet er blättrig die Äste aus.
Viel liebliche Blüten stehen dran;
Linde, Winde
Kommen, sie herzlich zu umfahn.
Es flüstern je zwei zu zwei gepaart,
Neigend, Beugend
Zierlich zum Kusse die Häuptchen zart.
Sie flüstern von einem Mägdlein,
Das Dächte, die Nächte, und Tagelang, wüsste, ach! selber nicht was.
Sie flüstern, wer mag verstehn so gar
Leise Weise?
Flüstern von Bräut'gam und nächstem jahr.
Das Mägdlein horchet, es rauscht im Baum;
Sehnend, Wahnend
Sinkt es lächelnd in Schlaf und Traum.

There grows-green a walnut-tree in-front of-the house
fragrantly, airy
spreads it leafy the leaves out..
Many lovely blossoms stand on-it;
gentle winds
come, them warmly to fan.
They whisper, each two by two paired,
inclining, they-bend
delicately for kissing their little-heads tender..
They whisper about a maiden
who would-think the nights and days long, she-knows, ah!
Herself not what!
They-whisper, who can understand such a soft song?
they-whisper of a bridegroom and of-the-next year.
The maiden listens, the tree rustles;
yearning, hoping,
sinks she smiling into sleep and dream.
Amor

An dem Feuer saß das Kind
Amor, Amor
Und war blind;
Mit dem kleinen Flügel fächelt
In die Flammen er und lächelt,
Fächle, lächle, schlaues Kind.
Ach, der Flügel brennt dem Kind!
Amor, Amor
Läuft geschwind!
"O wie mich die Glut durchpeinet!"

Flügelschlagend laut er weinet;
In der Hirtin Schoß entrinnt
Hülfeschreiend das schlaue Kind.
Und die Hirtin hilft dem Kind,

Amor, Amor
Bös und blind.
Hirtin, sieh, dein Herz entbrennet,

Hast den Schelm du nicht gekennet.
Sieh, die Flamme wächst geschwinde.
Hüt dich vor dem schlauen Kind!

By the fire sat the child
Cupid, Cupid
and was blind;
with his little wings he fans
into the flames and smiles;
Fan, smile, wily child!
Ah, the child's wing is burning!
Cupid, Cupid
runs quickly.

O how the burning hurts him deeply!
Beating his wings, he weeps loudly;
To the shepherdess's lap runs,
crying for help, the wily child.
And the shepherdess helps the child,

Cupid, Cupid,
aughty and blind.
Shepherdess, look, your heart is burning;
You did not recognize the rascal.

See, the flame is growing quickly.
Save yourself, from the wily child!

Villanelle

J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle
Dans le ciel pur du matin:
Elle allait, à tire-d'aile,

Vers le pays où l'appelle
Le soleil et le jasmin.
J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle!
J'ai longtemps suivi des yeux
Le vol de la voyageuse...
Depuis, mon âme rêveuse
L'accompagne par les cieux.

Ah! au pays mystérieux!
Et j'aurais voulu comme elle
Suivre le même chemin...

I have seen passby the swallow
in the sky pure of the morning:
she was-flying high in-a flurry-of-wings
to the land where she-is-called.
The sun and the jasmine.
I-have seen pass-by the swallow!
I-have for-long-time followed with my eyes
the flight of the traveler,
since then, my soul dreams
To-accompany her through the skies.

Ah! To-the land mysterious!
And I would've wished like her
To-follow the same path...
Air du feu

Arrière! Je réchauffe les bons, mais
Je brûle les méchants.
Petit barbare imprudent,
Tu as insulté à tous les Dieux bienveillants
qui tendaient entre le Malheur et toi
la fragile barrière!

Tu as brandi le tisonier , renversé la bouilloire, éparpillé les allumettes.

Gare! Gare au Feu dansant!
Tu fondrais comme un flocon sur sa langue écarlate!

Away! I warm the good, but
I burn the wicked.
petite barbarian imprdent,
you have insulted all of the Gods caring
who tended between misfortune and you
the fragile barbarian!

You have banished the poker,
reversed the kettle, scattered the ashes.

Take! Take the fire dancing!
You would-melt like a snowflake on his scarlett tongue!

Last night the rain spoke to me

Last night the rain spoke to me slowly, saying, what joy to come falling out of the brisk cloud,
to be happy again in a new way on the earth! That’s what it said as it dropped, smelling of iron,
and vanished like a dream of the ocean into the branches and the grass below.
Then it was over. The sky cleared. I was standing under a tree.
The tree was a tree with happy leaves, and I was myself, and there were stars in the sky that were also themselves at the moment, at which moment my right hand was holding my left hand which was holding the tree which was filled with stars and the soft rain – imagine! imagine! the long and wondrous journeys still to be ours.

Blue Iris

Now that I’m free to by myself who am I? Can’t fly, cant run, and see how slowly I walk.
Well, I think, I can read books. “What’s that you’re doing,” the green-headed fly shouts as it buzzes past. I close the book. Well, I can write down words, like these, sofly.
“What’s that you’re doing?” whispers the wind, pausing in a heap just outside the window.
Give me a little time, I say back to its staring silver face.It doesn’t happen all of a sudden, you know.
“Doesn’t it?” says the wind and breaks open, releasing distillations of blue Iris.
And my heart panics not to be, as I long to be, the empty, waiting, pure, speechless receptacle.
Early Snow

Amazed I looked out of the window and saw the early snow coming down casually, almost drifting, over the gardens, then the gardens began to vanish as each white, six-pointed snowflake lay down without a sound with all the others. I thought, how incredible were their numbers. I thought of dried leaves drifting spate after spate out of the forests, the fallen sparrows, the hairs of all our heads as, still, the snowflakes went on pouring softly through what had become dusk or anyway flung a veil over the sun. And I thought how not one looks like another though each is exquisite, fanciful, and falls without argument. It was now nearly evening. Some crows landed and tried to walk around then flew off. They were perhaps laughing in crow talk or anyway so it seemed, and I might have joined in, there was something that wonderful and refreshing about what was by then a confident white blanket carrying out its cheerful work, covering ruts, softening the earth’s trials, but at the same time there was some kind of almost sorrow that fell over me. It was the loneliness again. After all what is Nature, it isn’t kindness, it isn’t unkindness. And I turned and opened the door, and still the snow poured down, smelling of iron and the pale, vast eternal, and there it was, whether I was ready or not: the silence; the blank, white, glittering sublime.

Credete alle femmine

Credete alle femmine che dicon d'amarvi!
Dì un nulla si sdegnano,
minaccian laschiarvi.
Dì donna l'amore È un foco che muore appena brillò.

Credete a quest’nomini che avete d’intorno!
Per tutte sospirano, non amano un giorno.
Son l’aura d’estate Che più non trovate appena spirò.
sooner

In Italia certamente non si fa l’amor così.
In Turchia certamente non si fa l’amor così.
Ma se dura la questione prende fuoco e se ne va.

Who can believe women who say they love you!
For nothing they get angry, threaten to leave you.
The love of a woman is like a flame that dies no sooner than it begins to shine.
Who can believe these men that you have all around you!
For all women they pine, they don’t love but one day.
Men are like a summer breeze, that you can no longer feel no sooner it begins to waft.
In Italy, one certainly doesn’t make love like that.
In Turkey, one certainly doesn’t make love like that.
But if the quarrel continues, he’ll flare up and go away.
Let me speak in a nicer way and then he/she will calm down.
Si discorra colle buone ed allor si placherà.
Dunque sperar non posso!
Dunque schernita io sono!
La vostra man...
Non posso.
Idolo mio, perdone!
Lo meritate?
Lo v’amò.
E mi amerete?

Ognor.
Tu m’amò lo vedo, mi fido, ti credo;
Ma torna a dirmelo ancor.

Se infido/a ti sono.
se mai t’abbandono
Sia sempre la pace straniera al mio cor.

So, to hope I cannot!
So scorned I am!
Your hand...
I can’t.
My idol, forgive me!
Do you deserve it?
I love you.
And will you love me always?
Always.
You love me, I see it, I trust you, I believe you;
But again, tell it to me once again.
If I am unfaithful to you,
if ever I should leave you,
may my heart nevermore have peace of mind.