Senior Recital: Reflecting on the Chapters of Our Lives
Laura Stedge, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano
Leah Sperber, soprano
Drew Sprague, baritone
Matthew Barnard, violin
Taylor Payne, violin
Simone Cartales, viola
Malachi Brown, cello
David Stedge, flute
John Bourdelais, guitar

Ford Hall
Saturday, October 13th, 2018
1:00 pm
Program

Three Puccini Songs
   Avanti Urania!
   Il Sole e Amore
   E L'uccelino

Les Papillons
Le Charme
Le Colibri

“Ah! Je Ris” (The Jewel Song)
from Faust

An Die Nachtigall
An Die Musik

Witness

Intermission

“A Way Back to Then"
from [Title of Show]

How Well I Knew the Light
Ample Make This Bed
The Sun Kept Setting

Pieces of 9/11: Memories from Houston
5. Beyond
6. An Open Book

The Last Rose of Summer
arr. Patrick Hawes

“Astonishing”
from Little Women

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance and Music Education. Laura Stedge is from the studio of Ivy Walz/Patrice Pastore.
Translations

Avanti, Urania!

Io non ho l'ali, eppur quando dal molo
Lancio la prora al mar
Fermi gli alcioni sul potente volo
si librano a guardar
Io non ho pinne, eppur quando i marosi
Niun legno osa affrontar
Trepidando, gli squali ardimentosi mi guardano passar
Simile al mio signor, mite d'aspetto
Quanto è forte in cuor.
Le fiamme ho anch'io nel petto,
anch'io di spazio
Anch'io di gloria ho smania
Avanti, Urania!

I do not have wings, and yet when from the pier
I launch the ship's-prow to the sea,
The kingfishers stop their powerful flight and hover to watch.
I do not have fins, and yet when the storm waters rage
no one's ship dares confront me;
the bold sharks anxiously watch me pass by!
Like, my lord, as mild in appearance,
as strong in the heart.
I also have fire in my breast, and also space,
and also I have a desire for glory.
Forward, Urania!

Sole e Amore

Il sole allegramente batte ai tuoi vetri;
Amor pian pian batte al tuo cuore
e l'uno e l'altro chiama.
Il sole dice: O dormente,
mostrati che sei bella!
Dice l'amor: Sorella, col tuo primo pensier
Pensa a chi t'ama! Pensa!

The sun joyfully taps at your windows;
Love softly, softly taps at your heart
and one calls to the other.
The sun says: "Oh sleeper, show yourself for you are beautiful!"
Love says: "Sister, with your first thought
think of the one who loves you!
Think!"

To Paganini, G. Puccini.
E L'uccellino

E l'uccellino canta sulla fronda:
And the little bird sings on the leafy branch:
Dormi tranquillo, boccuccia d'amore;
Sleep peacefully, you dear little rascal of love;
Piegala giù quella testina bionda,
Lower your little, blond head,
Della tua mamma posala sul cuore.
to rest it upon your mamma's heart.
E l'uccellino canta su quel ramo:
And the little bird sings on that branch:
Tante cosine belle imparerai,
You will learn so many beautiful things,
Ma se vorrai conoscere quante t'amò
but if you would want to know how much I love you,
Nessuno al mondo potrà dirlo mai!
no one in the world will ever be able to tell you!
E l'uccellino canta al ciel sereno:
And the little bird sings in the serene sky:
Dormi, tesoro mio, qui sul mio seno.
Sleep peacefully, my dearest, on my breast.

Les Papillons

Les papillons couleur de neige
The butterflies the color of snow
Volent par essaims sur la mer;
fly in the swarms over the sea;
Beaux papillons blancs, quand pourrai-je
Beautiful butterflies white, when can I
Prendre le bleu chemin de l'air?
take to the blue path of the air?
Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,
Know you, oh fairest of the fair,
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais.
my dancing girl with eyes of jet black.
S'ils me voulaient prêter leurs ailes,
If they would lend me their wings,
Dites, savez-vous, où j'irai?
tell me, know you, where would I fly?
Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses,
Without taking a single kiss from the roses,
À travers vallons et forêts.
traveling across valleys and forests.
J'irai à vos lèvres mi-closes,
I would fly to your lips half-closed
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrai.
flower of my soul, and I would die.
Le Charme

Quand ton sourire me surprit,
Je sentis frémir tout mon être
Mais ce qui domptait mon esprit,
Je ne pus d'abord le connaître.
Quand ton regard tomba sur moi,
Je sentis mon âme se fondre;
Mais ce que serait cet émoi,
Je ne pus d'abord en répondre.
Ce qui me vainquit à jamais,
Ce fut un plus douloureux charme;
Et je n'ai sy que je t'aimais,
Qu'en voyant ta première larme.

When your smile caught me by surprise,
I felt my whole being tremble;
But what overcame my spirit,
I did not recognize at first.
When your glance fell on me,
I felt my soul melt;
But what this emotion was,
I could not at first explain.
That which has conquered me forever,
was a much sadder charm;
and I only realized I love you,
when I saw your first tear.
Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair,
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines
Comme frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air
Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
Où l'acoka rouge aux odeurs divines,
S'ouvre et porte au cœur une humidité éclair.
Vers la fleur dorée, il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il peut tarir!
Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

The green hummingbird, the king of the hills,
seeing the dew and the sun's clear light,
shining on his nest of finely woven grasses,
darts into the air like a ray of light.
In haste he flies to the nearby springs,
where the bamboo makes the sound of the sea,
where the red hibiscus with its heavenly scent,
opens and reveals the glistening moisture at its heart.
He descends towards the golden flower and alights,
and drinks so much love from the cup of the rose,
that he dies, not knowing if he could have drained it dry.
On your pure lips, oh my beloved,
my soul likewise would have sooner died,
from the first kiss which has perfumed it.
Ah! Je Ris (The Jewel Song)

Ah! je ris de me voir si belle en ce miroir!
Est-ce toi, Marguerite, réponds-moi, réponds vite!
Non! ce n'est plus toi!
Non, ce n'est plus ton visage;
C'est la fille d'un roi qu'on salue au passage!
Ah s'il était ici! S'il me voyait ainsi!
Comme une demoiselle il me trouverait belle, ah!
Achevons la métamorphose.
Il me tarde encor d'essayer le bracelet et le collier!
Dieu! c'est comme une main, qui sur mon bras se pose! Ah!

Ah, I laugh to see myself so beautiful in the mirror!
Is it you, Marguerite, answer me, answer quickly!
No! It is no longer you!
No, it is no longer your face;
It is the daughter of a king, that one greets in passing!
Ah if he were here! Thus, if he could see me!
Like a young lady he would find me beautiful, ah!
Let's complete the change.
Yet, I am impatient to try on the bracelet and the necklace!
God! It is like a hand, that is placed on my arm! Ah!

An die Nachtigall

Er liegt und schläft an meinem Herzen,
Mein guter Schutzgeist sang ihn ein;
Und ich kann fröhlich sein und scherzen,
Kann jeder Blum' und jedes Blatts mich freun.
Nachtigall, ach! Nachtigall, ach!
Sing mir den Amor nicht wach!

He lies and sleeps on my heart,
my good guardian spirit sang him to sleep;
and I can be happy and joking,
I can enjoy every flower and every leaf.
Nightingale, ah! Nightingale, ah!
Do not awaken Cupid, my love, with your singing!
An die Musik

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessere Welt entrückt!
Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Hardeinst宗旨,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel besserer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!  

You lovely art, in how many grey hours,
when life's wild circle ensnares me,
have you ignited my heart with a more ardent love,
have you born me away to a better world!
Often has a sigh flowed from your harp,
a sweet, holy chord from you
has opened heaven of better times to me,
you lovely art, I thank you for that!