5-2-2014

Elective Recital: Maegan Pollard, soprano

Maegan Pollard

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Elective Recital:
Maegan Pollard, soprano

Blaise Bryski

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Friday, May 2nd, 2014
9:00 pm
Program

Et Exultavit
Ei! Wie schmeckt der Coffee süße

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Air Champêtre
Hôtel
Voyage à Paris

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Quando m'en vo

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Intermission

Zaïde

Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

Vanilla Ice Cream
from She Loves Me

Jerry Bock
(1928-2010)

How are Things in Glocca Morra
from Finian's Rainbow

Burton Lane
(1912-1997)

I Could Have Danced All Night
from My Fair Lady

Frederick Loewe
(1901-1988)

Maegan Pollard is from the studios of David Parks and Ivy Walz.
### Translations

- **Et Exultavit**
  - Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo.
  - *And Has Rejoiced*
  - And has rejoiced my spirit in God my savior.

- **Coffee Cantata**
  - Ei! wie schmeckt der Coffee süße,
    Lieblicher als tausen küße,
    Milder als Muskatenwien.
  - *Coffee Cantata*
  - Ah! How good tastes the coffee sweet,
    Dearer than one thousand kisses,
    Milder than muskatel wine.

  - Coffee muß ich haben
  - Und wenn jemand mich willaben
  - Ach, so schenk mir Coffee ein!
  - *Coffee Cantata*
  - Coffee I must have
  - And will not someone
  - Ah, just pour me out some coffee!

- **Air Champêtre**
  - Belle source, belle source,
    je veux me rappeler sans cesse
    qu'un jour, guidé par l'amitié.
  - *A Country Song*
  - Beautiful spring, beautiful spring,
    I want to remember without ceasing
    of one day, guided by friendship.

  - Ravi, j'ai comtemplé ton visage,
    ô déesse.
  - Delighted, I contemplated your face,
    oh goddess.

  - Perdu, sous la mou, sous la mousse a moitié.
  - Lost, in the moss, below the moss hidden away.

  - Que n'est il demeuré, cet ami que je pleure, ô nymphe a ton culte attaché.
  - That he has not remained, this friend for whom I cry, o nymph to your cult I am attached.

  - Pour se mêler encore, au souffle qui t'effleure
  - For mingling himself again, of the breeze that caresses you

  - et répondre à ton flot caché
  - and responds to your hidden waters.

- **Hôtel**
  - Ma chambre a la forme d'une
  - *Hotel*
  - My room has the form of a
cage,  
le soleil passe son bras par la fênetre.  
Mais moi, qui veux fumer,  
pour faire des mirages,  
j’allume au feu du jour: ma cigarette.  
Je ne veux pas travailler.  
Je veux fumer.

Voyage à Paris  
Ah, la charmante chose,  
Quitter un pays morose, pour Paris! Paris joli!  
Qu’un jour du créer l’Amour!  
Ah! La charmante chose  
Quitter un pays morose pour Paris.  
Paris, joli...  
Ah!  
Charmante chose.

Quando me’n vo  
Quando m’en vo,  
Quando m’en vo soletta per la via  
La gente sosta e mira.  
E la bellezza mia, tutta ricerca in me,  
Ricerca in me da capo a piè.  
Ed assaporo allor la bramosia sottil  
Che da gliocchi traspira  
E dai palesi vezzi intender sa  
Alle occulte beltà.  
Così l’effluvio del desio tutta m’aggira!  
Felice mi fa!

cage,  
The sun passes his arms by the window.  
But me, who wants to smoke,  
for making mirages,  
I light up the fire of the day: my cigarette.  
I do not want to work.  
I want to smoke.

Voyage to Paris  
Ah, the charming thing,  
To leave a morose country  
For Paris! Pretty Paris!  
To create one day of love!  
Ah! The charming thing  
To leave a morose country for Paris.  
Pretty Paris...  
Ah! To leave a morose country,  
Is a charming thing.

Quando me’n vo  
When I walk,  
When I walk alone down the street  
The people stop and stare.  
And my beauty is found in all of me,  
Found from my head to my feet.  
I savor the subtle longing  
That oozes from your eyes  
And the charming manner in which you comprehend  
My hidden beauty.  
So, the scent of desire is all around me!  
It makes me happy!
And do you know who remembers me and struggles
To shy away from me?
I know this well: the anguish you don’t want to say
makes you feel you want to die!

**Zaïde**

My city, my beautiful city, it is Granada, of the cool garden.

It is the Palace of Aladin, Worth more than Cordoba and Seville.

All of the balconies are open,
All of the fountains are gossamer.
The whole court of the sultans
Is held beneath green myrtle.

Thus near Zoraïde, one once heard her grand voice
Singing: the young Zaïde, her feet clad in gold sandals.

The queen said to her, “My girl, where do you come from?”
“I know nothing.”
“Have you no family?”
“Your love is enough for me.
Oh my queen, I have for a father the sun, full of sweetness.
The desert is my mother, and the stars are my sisters.”
Cependant sur la colline, Zaïde à la nuit pleurait: 

“Hélas, je suis orpheline; de moi qui se chargerait?”

Un cavalier vit la belle, la prit sur la selle d’or;

Grenade, hélas! est loin d’elle, mais Zaïde y rêve encore.”

However, on the hillside, Zaïde was crying into the night:

“Alas, I am an orphan maiden; will no one take care of me?”

A knight found the beauty, and took her on his golden saddle;

Granada, alas! is far from her, but Zaïde dreams of it still.