

4-21-2017

## Graduate Recital: Emma McDermitt-Wise, soprano

Emma McDermitt-Wise

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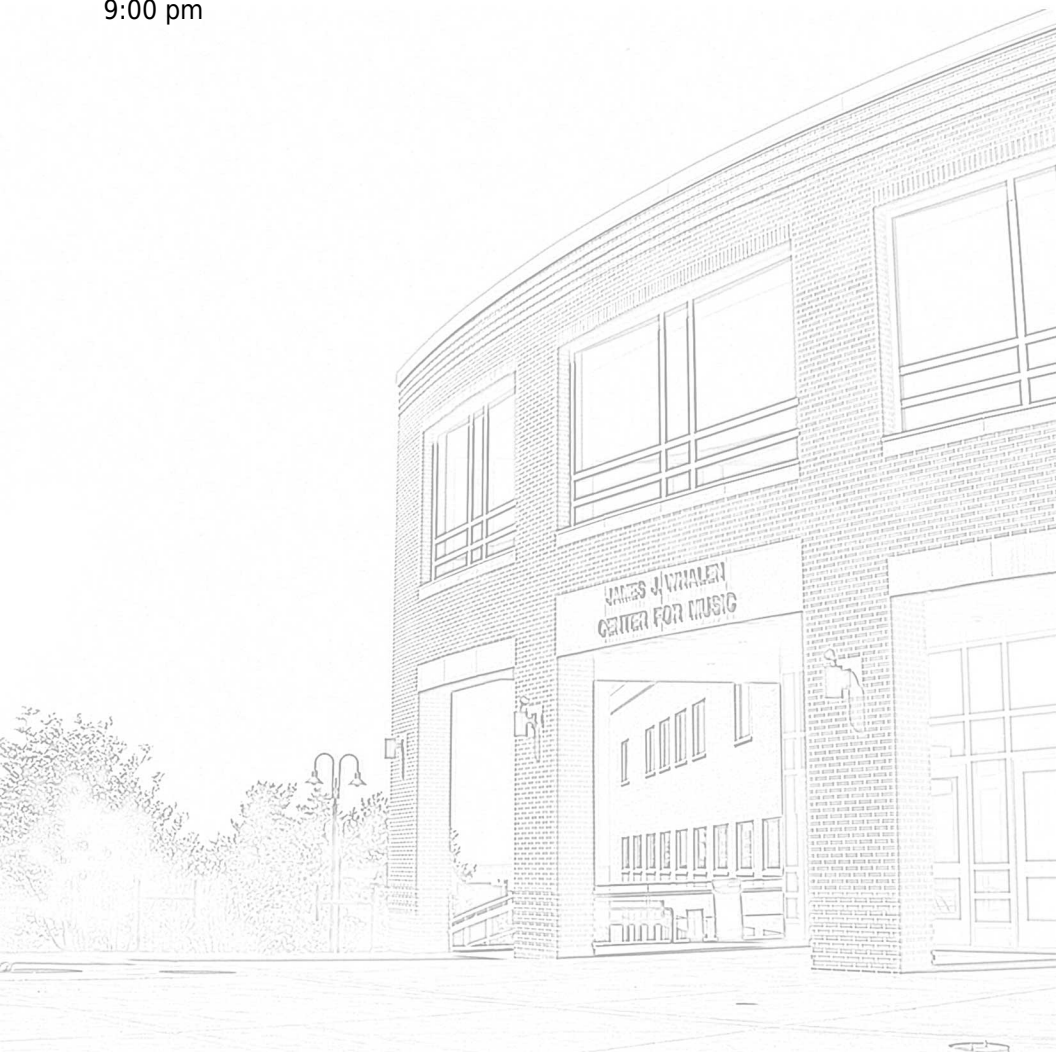
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**Graduate Recital:**  
Emma McDermitt-Wise, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Friday, April 21st, 2017  
9:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Lieder aus Schillers Wilhelm Tell, S292 First version Der Fischerknabe Der Hirt Der Alpenjäger	Franz Liszt (1811-1886)
Stabat Mater Inflammatus	Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)
"Amour, ranime mon courage" from <i>Romeo et Juliette</i>	Charles Gounod (1818-1883)

# Intermission

To a Young Girl What if some little pain... O Do Not Love Too Long Go, Lovely Rose Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening (for Mom) Early in the Morning Love Little Elegy	Ned Rorem (b. 1923)
You Should Know Where I'm Coming From... Under the Table <i>Gretchen Golibersuch, piano</i>	BANKS (b. 1988)
When I have Sung my Songs (for Dad)	Ernest Charles (1895-1984)
Bright	Echosmith

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This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance. Emma McDermitt-Wise is from the studio of Brad Hougham.

## Translations

### Three Poems of William Tell

#### Der Fischerknabe

Es lächelt der See, er ladet zum  
Bade,  
Der Knabe schlief ein am grünen  
Gestade,  
Da hört er ein Klingen, Wie Flöten  
so süß,  
Wie Stimmen der Engel Im  
Paradies.  
Und wie er erwachet in seliger Lust,  
Da spielen die Wasser ihm um die  
Brust,  
Und es ruft aus den Tiefen:  
Lieb' Knabe, bist mein!  
Ich locke den Schläfer,  
Ich zieh ihn herein.

#### Der Fischerknabe

The lake smiles, so inviting to  
bathe,  
the boy slept on the green bank,  
then, he hears a tinkling, as of  
sweet flutes,  
like the voices of angels in  
paradise.  
And as he awakens in blissful  
desire,  
the waters now play against his  
breast,  
and a call from the depths:  
Dear boy, you are mine!  
I lure the sleeper, I draw him down.

#### Der Hirt

Ihr Matten, lebt wohl, Ihr sonnigen  
Weiden!  
Der Senne muß scheiden, Der  
Sommer ist hin.  
Wir fahren zu Berg, wir kommen  
wieder,  
Wenn der Kuckuck ruft, wenn  
erwachen die Lieder,  
Wenn mit Blumen die Erde sich  
kleidet neu,  
Wenn die Brunnlein fließen im  
lieblichen Mai.  
Ihr Matten, lebt wohl, Ihr sonnigen  
Weiden!  
Der Senne muß scheiden, Der  
Sommer ist hin.

#### Der Hirt

You meadows, farewell, you sunny  
pasturelands!  
The herdsman must leave, for  
summer is past.  
We travel to the mountain and  
return  
when the cuckoo calls, when songs  
awaken,  
when the earth adorns itself anew  
with flowers,  
when the springs flow in lovely May.  
You meadows, farewell, you sunny  
pasturelands!  
The herdsman must leave, for  
summer is past.

#### Der Alpenjäger

Es donnern die Höhen, es zittert der  
Steg,  
Nicht grauet dem Schützen auf  
schwindlichem Weg.

#### Der Alpenjäger

The heights thunder, the little  
bridge trembles,  
but the hunter feels no dread on his  
dizzy path.

Er schreitet verwegen Auf Feldern  
von Eis,  
Da pranget kein Frühling, Da grünet  
kein Reis;  
Und unter den Füßen ein nebliges  
Meer,  
Erkennt er die Städte der Menschen  
nicht mehr;  
Durch den Riß nur der Wolken  
Erblickt er die Welt,  
Tief unter den Wassern  
Das grünende Feld.

He strides audaciously on the  
ice-fields,  
where no spring glitters and no  
shoot grows green;  
Far beneath his feet is a misty sea  
and he knows the towns of men no  
more;  
Only through a tear in the clouds  
does he glimpse the world far below  
the streams:  
a field turning green.

### Poison Aria

Dieu! quel frisson court dans mes  
veines  
Si ce breuvage était sans pouvoir  
Craintes vaines  
Je n'appartiendrai pas au comte  
malgré moi  
Non! non! ce poignard sera le  
gardien de ma foi  
Viens, viens

God! What a shudder courses  
through my veins.  
What if this potion is without  
strength?  
Vain fears!  
I will not belong to the Count  
against my will!  
No! No! This dagger shall be the  
guardian of my faith!  
Come! Come.

Amour, ranime mon courage,  
Et de mon cœur chasse l'effroi  
Hésiter, c'est te faire outrage,  
Trembler est un manque de foi  
Verse, verse toi-même ce breuvage  
Ô Roméo, je bois à toi

Love, revive my courage  
and drive away fear from my heart  
To hesitate is to insult you  
To tremble is a lack of faith  
Pour, pour this potion for myself  
Oh Romeo, I drink to you!

Mais si demain pourtant dans ce  
caveau funèbre  
Je m'éveillais avant son retour  
Dieu puissant  
Cette pensée horrible a glacé tout  
mon sang  
Que deviendrai-je en ces ténèbres,  
Dans ce séjour de mort et de  
gémissements  
Que les siècles passés ont rempli  
d'ossements

But, what if tomorrow  
I wake before his return?  
God almighty!  
This horrible thought has chilled my  
blood.  
What will become of me in the  
darkness?  
In that place of death and moaning,  
that the past centuries have filled  
with bones.

Où Tybalt, tout saignant encor de  
sa blessure,

Where Tybalt, still bleeding from his  
wound,

Près de moi, dans la nuit obscure,  
dormira,  
Dieu, ma main Rencontrera sa  
main  
Quelle est cette ombre à la mort  
échappée  
C'est Tybalt! Il m'appelle! Il veut,  
de mon chemin,  
Écarter mon époux

Et sa fatale épée  
Non ! fantômes ! disparaissez

Dissipe-toi, funeste rêve  
Que l'aube du bonheur se lève

Sur l'ombre des tourments passés

Viens! Amour, ranime mon courage  
Et de mon cœur chasse l'effroi  
Hésiter, c'est te faire outrage  
Trembler est un manque de foi  
Verse, verse, verse toi-même ce  
breuvage,  
Ô Roméo, je bois à toi

would be near me, in the dark of  
night and in death.  
Heavens! My hand will meet his!

What is this shadow, grimly gazing..

It is Tybalt! He calls me!

He wants to drive me away from  
my path  
and my husband to his fatal sword!  
No! Phantoms! Disappear!

Dispel your fatal dream.  
May the dawn of happiness itself  
rise above  
the shadows of passed torment!

Come! Love, revive my courage  
and drive away fear from my heart  
To hesitate is to insult you  
To tremble is a lack of faith  
Pour, pour this potion for myself  
Oh Romeo, I drink to you!