# Gettysburg

Sunderman Conservatory

# SUNDERMAN SINGS

# VOICE AREA RECITAL

featuring

VOICE STUDENTS OF THE SUNDERMAN CONSERVATORY

DR. SCOTT CROWNE, *Diano* 



SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 2024 - 8:00PM PAUL RECITAL HALL SCHMUCKER MEMORIAL HALL

Cameras and recording devices often cause major distractions for musicians and audience members alike. Moreover, there are copyright issues to be considered. We ask that you not take pictures or record any concerts. An exception is made for family members of students performing a senior recital.
Always turn off your cell phone and refrain from talking during a performance. Food and drink are not permitted in Paul Recital Hall.
Thank you for attending a Sunderman Conservatory of Music event.  We hope you return again and again to support Gettysburg College students,  Conservatory faculty, and visiting professional artists.

#### **PROGRAM**

Bel piacere (Agrippina)

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Ella Reidway, soprano

A great pleasure it is to enjoy a faithful love! This suffices to make the heart happy.

Beauty's splendor is no welcome guest if it comes not from a faithful heart.

Translated by Andrew Schneider.

Je te veux

Erik Satie (1866-1925)

Jocelyn Little, soprano

I've understood your distress,
Dear lover, And yield to your desires:
Make of me your mistress.
Let's throw discretion
And sadness to the winds.
I long for the precious moment
When we shall be happy:
I want you.

I've no regrets
And only one desire:
Close, very close by you
To live my whole life long.
Let my heart be yours
And your lips mine,
Let your body be mine
And all my flesh yours.

Yes, I see in your eyes
The exquisite promise
That your loving heart
Is seeking my caress.
Entwined for ever,
Consumed by the same desire,
In dreams of love
We'll exchange our souls.

Translation by Richard Stokes

#### Giana Chiodi, soprano

For the glory of adoring you I want to love you, oh dear eyes.
In love I will suffer, yet always I will love you, Yes, in my suffering:
I will suffer,
I will love you, dear, dear eyes.

Without a hope of pleasure It is vain affection to sigh,
Yet your sweet glances:
Who can ever admire them,
No, and not love you?
I will suffer,
I will love you,
dear, dear eyes.

Translated by Thomas A. Gregg

O del mio dolce ardor (*Paride e Elena*) Christoph Willibald von Gluck (1714-1787)

# MJ Johanson, soprano

'Oh, desired object
Of my sweet ardor,
The air which you breathe,
At last I breathe.
Wherever I turn my glance
Your lovely features
Paint love for me:
My thoughts imagine
The most happy hopes,
And in the longing which
Fills my bosom
I seek you, I call you, I hope, and I sigh.

Translated by Paul Hindemith

#### Harlan Yarin, baritone

I rage, I rage, I melt, I burn! The feeble god has stabbed me to the heart. Thou trusty pine, prop of my god-like steps, I lay thee by! Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth, to make a pipe for my capacious mouth; in soft enchanting accents

let me breathe sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

O ruddier than the cherry,
O sweeter than the berry,
O nymph more bright than moonshine night,
Like kidlings blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting cluster,
No lily has such lustre;
Yet hard to tame as raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster!

Se tu m'ami

Alessandro Parisotti (1853-1913)

## Ashley Gage, soprano

If you love me, if you sigh for me, gentle shepherd, your pain hurts me, yet I delight in your love. But if you think that I must return my love only to you, then, shepherd boy, you are easily deceived. A beautiful purple rose Silvia will choose today because of its thorns, She will despise it tomorrow. But men's advice I will not follow. Just because I love the lily, I will not despise the other flowers. Thy hand, Belinda ... When I am laid in Earth (Dido and Aeneas) Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

## Sydney Topoleski, soprano

Thy hand, Belinda, darkness shades me; On thy bosom let me rest. More I would, but death invades me: Death is now a welcome guest. When I am laid in earth, May my wrongs create No trouble in thy breast. Remember me, but ah! forget my fate.

Romance

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

#### Lana Dyer, soprano

The vanishing and suffering soul,

The sweet soul, the fragrant soul

Of divine lilies that I have picked

In the garden of your thoughts,

Where, then, have the winds chased it,

This charming soul of the lilies?

Is there no longer a perfume that remains

Of the celestial sweetness

Of the days when you enveloped me

In a supernatural haze,

Made of hope, of faithful love,

Of bliss and of peace?

Translated by Korin Kormick.

Scott Myers, tenor

When will that day come when I may see again that which the loving heart so desires? When will that day come when I welcome you to my bosom, beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

Translated by Camilla Bugge

Notre amour

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Jules Young, tenor

Our love is something light like the perfumes which the breeze brings from the tips of ferns for us to inhale as we dream. Our love is something light.

Our love is something enchanting like the morning's songs in which regrets are not heard but uncertain hopes vibrate.
Our love is something charming.

Our love is something sacred like the forests' mysteries in which an unknown soul quivers and silences have voices. Our love is something sacred!

Our love is something infinite like the paths of the evening, where the ocean, joined with the sky, falls asleep under slanting suns. Our love is something infinite!

Our love is something eternal like all that has been touched by the fiery wing of a victorious god, like all that comes from the heart. Our love is something eternal!

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Сирень (Lilacs)

Serge Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

#### Vivian Davenport, soprano

In the morning, at daybreak, over the dewy grass,
I will go to breathe the crisp dawn; and in the fragrant shade,
where the lilac crowds,
I will go to seek my happiness...

In life, only one happiness it was fated for me to discover, and that happiness lives in the lilacs; in the green boughs, in the fragrant bunches, my poor happiness blossoms...

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Quando m'en vo (*La bohème*) Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

## Ana Griffin-Morimoto, soprano

When I go all by myself through the street,
People stop and look,
and everyone looks at my beauty
from head to foot.
And therefore I savor the subtle desire
which emanates from their eyes,
and from the obvious charms is understood
the hidden beauty.
Like this the flood of desire surround me,
it makes me happy!
And you who know, so that memory is tearing you up
Why do you fly from me so much again?
I know very well that you don't want to speak about your agony,
But you feel yourself dying!

Translated by Marc Verzatt

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#### UPCOMING SUNDERMAN CONSERVATORY EVENTS

November 1 • 3pm *Jr. Recital: Libby Carpenter, soprano,* Paul Recital Hall
November 1 • 8pm *Choir Concert,* Paul Recital Hall
November 2 • 7pm *Sr. Recital: Michael Tropp, trombone,* Paul Recital Hall
November 3 • 2:30pm *Sr. Recital: Brayton Alkinburgh, saxophone,* Paul Recital Hall
November 8 • 3pm *Sr. Hnrs. Recital: Micah Smith, viola,* Paul Recital Hall
November 9 • 8pm *Jazz Ensemble,* Majestic Theater
November 10 • 2:30pm *Sr. Recital: Penelope Michua-Brooks, oboe,* Paul Recital Hall
November 15 • 3pm *Jr. Recital: Moxe Meiri, violin,* Paul Recital Hall
November 15 • 8pm *Wind Symphony Concert,* Majestic Theater
November 16 • 7pm *Sr. Recital: Evan Hilborn, tenor,* Paul Recital Hall
November 22 • 8pm *Symphony Orchestra,* Majestic Theater
November 23 • 8pm *Jazz Combo,* Paul Recital Hall
December 5 • 6:30pm *Piano Citizens Recital,* Paul Recital Hall

