



Meagan Sprang
soprano

Juan Pablo Andrade, piano

assisted by:

Stephenie Sanders, soprano
Andrew Liggitt, violin

Senior Recital

Monday, November 27, 2006
5:30 pm
Recital Hall, School of Music

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Program

Un' Ombra di pace

Giovanni Bononcini

(1670-1747)

Ogni Amatore from *La buona figliuola*

Niccolò Piccinni

(1738-1800)

**Meine Rose
Die Lotosblume
Der Nussbaum**

Robert Schumann

(1810-1856)

Beau soir

Claude Debussy

(1862-1918)

Chansons triste

Henri Duparc

(1848-1933)

Sous le dôme épais from *Lakmé*

Léo Delibes

(1836-1891)

Ms. Sprang and Ms. Sanders

Gesù Bambino

Pietro Yon

(1886-1943)

Ms. Sprang and Mr. Liggitt

Love's Philosophy

Roger Quilter

(1877-1953)

Tell me, Oh blue, blue Sky!

Vittorio Giannini

(1903-1966)

The year's at the spring

Amy Beach

(1867-1944)

In partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for the
Bachelor of Music in Music Education

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The hall is equipped with a listening assistance system.
Patrons needing such assistance should contact an usher in the lobby.

Giovanni Bononcini:**Un'ombra di pace**

Text by Nicola Haym (1678-1729)

Un'ombra di pace si mostra al mio cor.
Affanno che piace mi viene a bear.

Mi parche si cangi in gioia il dolor,
E dica: tu piangi, ma devi sperar.

Niccolò Piccinni:**Ogni amatore from *La buona figliuola***

Text by Carlo Goldoni (1707-1793)

Eh, Mengotto, Mengotto,
Di questo fior sì bello
Che il tuo labbro e il tuo cor vanta così,

Intesi a dir questa canzone un dì.

Ogni amatore, nel proprio core
Il fior d'amore vantando va.
Ma dove nasca la bella pianta che il labbro
vanta,
Nessuno il sa.

Robert Schumann:**Meine Rose**

Text by Nikolaus Lenau (1802-1850)

Dem holden Lenzgeschmeide,
Der Rose, meiner Freude,
Die schon gebeugt und blasser
Vom heißen Strahl der Sonnen,
Reich ich den Becher Wasser
Aus dunklem, tiefen Bronnen.

Du Rose meines Herzens!
Vom stillen Strahl des Schmerzens
Bist du gebeugt und blasser;
Ich möchte dir zu Füßen,
Wie dieser Blume Wasser,
Still meine Seele gießen!
Könnt ich dann auch nicht sehen dich freudig
auferstehen!

A Foretaste of Peace

A foretaste of peace appears to my heart.
A worry turned into pleasure is coming to bless
me.

It seems to me that sorrow is turning to joy,
While saying to me, "You are weeping, but you
ought to take hope."

Every Lover

Ah, Mengotto,
regarding this flower so beautiful,
About which your mouth and your heart are
boasting,
I have wanted to sing this song to you
someday.

Every lover, in his own heart,
Is going to boast of the flower of love.
But where this lovely plant that is being talked
about grows,
No one knows.

My Rose

To the fair jewel of spring,
To the rose, my delight,
That is now bent down and turning pale
From the hot beams of the sun,
I reach out a cup of water
From a dark, deep well.

You rose of my heart!
By sorrow's silent ray
You bow and turn pale;
Could I but at your feet,
Like water for this flower,
Silently pour out my soul,
Though I might never see you be joyously
revived.

Robert Schumann:**Die Lotosblume**

Text by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle,
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet,
Und starret stumm in die Höh';
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

The Lotus Flower

The lotus flower is afraid
Of the splendor of the sun,
And with her head bent low
Dreaming she waits for the night

The moon, who is her lover,
Awakens her with his light,
And to him she unveils gracefully
Her innocent flower-face.

She blooms and glows and gleams
And gazes silently upwards;
In fragrance she weeps and trembles,
With love and love's torment.

Robert Schumann:**Der Nußbaum**

Text by Julius Mosen (1803-1867)

Es grünet ein Nußbaum vor dem Haus,
Duftig, luftig breitet er blättrig die Blätter aus.

Viel liebliche Blüten stehen d'ran;
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 Tage lang,
Wußte ach! Selber nicht was.

Sie flüstern, wer mag verstehn so gar leise
Weis'?
Flüstern von Bräut' gam und nächstem Jahr.

Das Mägdlein horchet, es rauscht im Baum;
Sehnend, während sinkt es lächelnd in Schlaf
und Traum.

The Nut Tree

A nut tree stands greenly in front of the house,
Fragrantly and airily spreading out its leafy
branches.

Many lovely blossoms does it bear;
Gentle winds come to caress them.

They whisper, paired two by two,
Gracefully inclining their tending tender heads
to kiss.

They whisper of a maiden who thinks
Day and night long of,
She knows, ah! Herself not what!

They whisper, who can understand such a soft
melody?
They whisper of a bridegroom and of the
coming year.

The maiden listens, the tree rustles;
Yearning, imagining, she sinks smiling into
sleep and dream.

Claude Debussy:**Beau soir**

Text by Paul Bourget (1852-1935)

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont
roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de
blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des
choses
Et monter vers le cœur trouble.

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au
monde
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est
beau,
Car nous nous en allons,
Comme s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer, nous au tombeau.

Henri Duparc:**Chanson triste**

Text by Jean Lahor (1840-1909)

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été.
Et pour fuir la vie importune
Je me noierai dans ta claret.
J'oublierai les douleurs passées, mon amour,
Quand tu berceras mon triste cœur et mes
pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras!
Tu prendras ma tête malade
Oh! Quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous,
Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que, peut-être, je guérirai. . .

Beautiful Evening

When streams turn pink in the setting sun,

And a warm breeze shivers across the wheat
fields,
A plea for happiness seems to emanate from
all things
And rises towards the restless heart.

A plea to savor the pleasure of being alive

While one is young and the evening is
beautiful,
For we shall go,
As this wave goes:
It to the sea, we to the tomb.

Sad Song

In your heart there sleeps a moonlight,
A soft moonlight of summer.
And to escape this troublesome life
I shall drown myself in your light.
I shall forget the past sorrows, my love,
When you will cradle my sad heart and my
thoughts
In the loving stillness of your arms!
You will let my wounded head,
Oh! Sometimes rest on your knees,
And you will recite a ballad
That will seem to speak of us,
And in your eyes filled with sadness,
In your eyes then I shall drink
So many kisses and tender caresses
That perhaps I shall recover.

Léo Delibes:**Sous le dôme épais from *Lakmé***

Text by Philippe Gille and Edmond Gondinet

(Sous le) Dôme épais
(Où le blanc) jasmine,
A la rose s'assemble,
(Sur la) Rive en fleurs,
(Riant au) frais matin,
(Viens, descendons) Nous appelant
ensemble.
(Doucement glissons, de son flot charmant)
Ah! glissons en suivant
(Suivons) le courant fuyant:
Dans l'on de frémissante,
D'une main nonchalante,
(Viens) Gagnons le bord,
(Où la source dort) Où l'oiseau chante,
Et l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.
(Sous le) Dôme épais,
(Sous le) blanc jasmine,
(Ah! Descendons) Nous appelant ensemble!

Mais, je ne sais quelle crainte subite,
S'empare de moi,
Quand mon père va seul à leur ville maudite;

Je tremble, je tremble d'effroi!

Pourquoi le Dieu Ganeça le protégé,
Jusqu'à l'étang où s'ébattent joyeux
Les cygnes aux ailes de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

Oui, près des cygnes
Aux ailles de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

Pietro Yon:**Gesu Bambino**

Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus, Dominum.

Under the Thick Dome

(Under the) Dome
(Made of white) jasmine,
Entwined with the rose together,
(On the bank) Both in flower,
(Laughing through) a fresh morning,
(Let us descend) Call us together.

(Gently floating on its charming swells)
Ah! Let us float along
(Let us follow) the river's current:
On the shining waves,
Our hands reach out to
(Reaching for) The flowering bank,
(Where spring sleeps) Where the birds sing,
And the birds, the birds sing.
(Under the) Dome,
(Under the) white jasmine,
(Ah! Let us descend) Calling us together!

But, I do not know subtle fear,
Enfolds me,
When my father goes alone to that cursed
town;
I tremble, I tremble in fear!

For the god Ganessa protects him,
Let us venture to the joyous pool
The swans with wings of white are happy,
Let us go there and gather the blue lotus.

Yes, near the swans,
With wings of white
Let us go there and gather the blue lotus.

Jesus Child

O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.