

4-24-2016

Graduate Recital: Emma McDermitt-Wise, soprano

Emma McDermitt-Wise

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

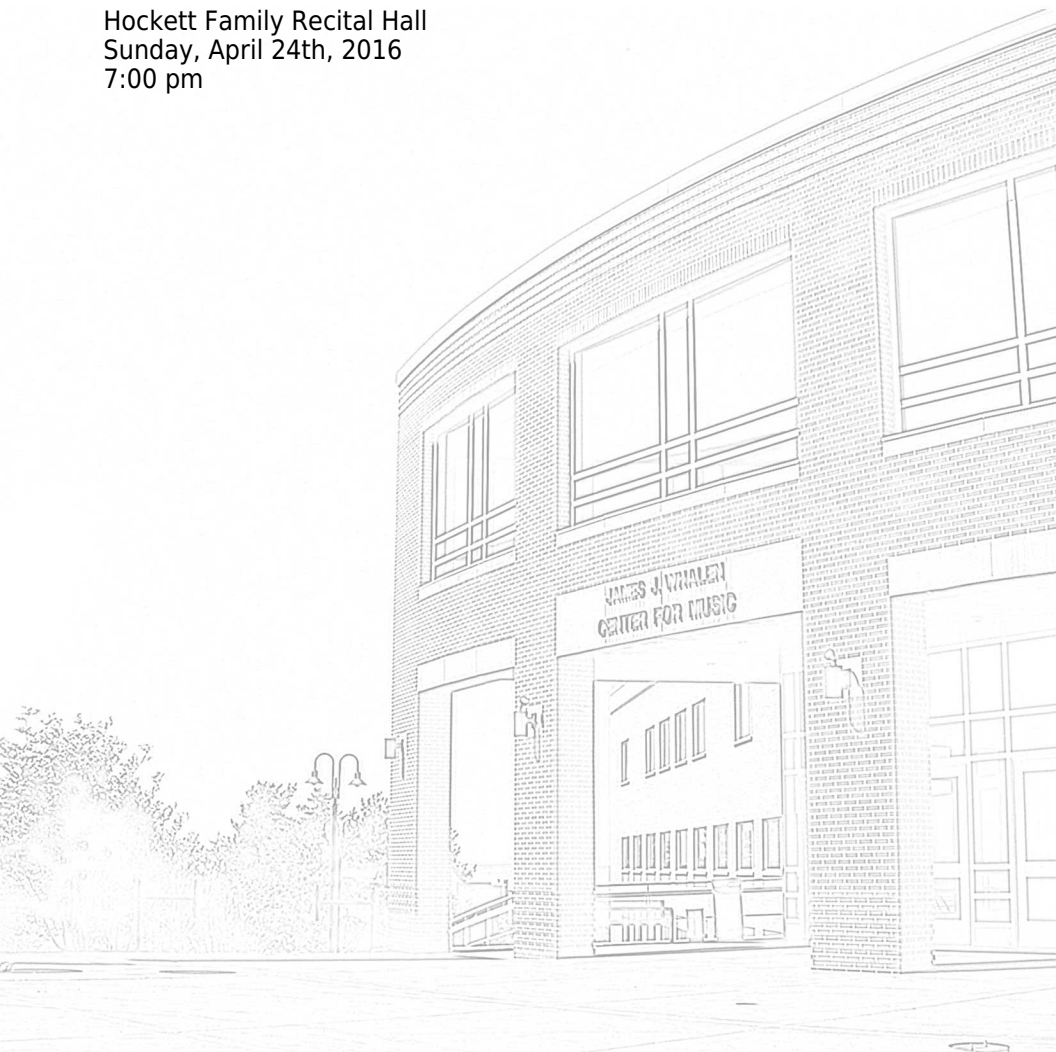
McDermitt-Wise, Emma, "Graduate Recital: Emma McDermitt-Wise, soprano" (2016). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 1786.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/1786

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Graduate Recital:
Emma McDermitt-Wise, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, April 24th, 2016
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson

Nature, the gentlest Mother
There came a wind like a bugle
Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
The world feels dusty
Heart, we will forget him..
Dear March, come in!
Sleep is supposed to be
When they come back...
I felt a funeral in my brain
I've heard an Organ talk sometimes..
Going to Heaven!
The Chariot

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

Intermission

Von ewiger Liebe

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Morgen!

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Romance

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

"Or sai chi l'onore" from *Don Giovanni*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

"Come scoglio" from *Così fan tutte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

He пой красавица при мне

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

Translations

Von ewiger Liebe (Of eternal Love)

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!	Dark, how dark it is in the forest and field!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.	Night has fallen; the world now is silent.
Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch.	Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke.
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.	Yes, now even the lark is silent.
Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,	From yonder village there comes the young lad,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,	Taking his beloved home.
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,	He leads her past the willow bushes,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:	Talking so much, and of so many things:
"Leidest du Schmach und betrübtest du dich,	"If you suffer shame and if you grieve,
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,	If you suffer disgrace before others because of me,
Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,	Then our love shall be ended ever so fast
Schnell, wie wir früher vereinigt sind.	As fast as we once came together;
Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,	It shall go with the rain and go with the wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind."	As fast as we once came together."
Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:	Then says the maiden, the maiden says:
"Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!	"Our love shall never end!
Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,	Steel is firm and iron is firm,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.	Yet our love is firmer still.
Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,	Iron and steel can be recast by the smith
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?	But who would transform our love?
Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,	Iron and steel can melt;
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!"	Our love, our love will have to last forever!"

Morgen! (Morning)

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder
scheinen,
und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen
werde,
wird uns, die Glücklichen,
sie wieder einen inmitten dieser
sonnenatmenden Erde

And tomorrow the sun will shine
again,
and on the path I will take, it will
unite us again,
we happy ones,
upon this sun-breathing earth

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten,
wogenblauen,
werden wir still und langsam
niedersteigen,
stumm werden wir uns in die Augen
schauen,
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes
stummes Schweigen

And to the shore, the wide shore
with blue waves,
we will descend quietly and slowly;
we will look mutely into each
other's eyes
and the silence of happiness will
settle upon us.

Romance

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,
L'âme douce, l'âme odorante
Des lys divins que j'ai cueillis
Dans le jardin de ta pensée,
Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée,

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,

Cette âme adorable des lys?

This charming soul of the lilies?

N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste

Is there no longer a perfume that
remains

De la suavité céleste
Des jours où tu m'enveloppais

Of the celestial sweetness
Of the days when you enveloped
me

D'une vapeur surnaturelle,
Faites d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,
De béatitude et de paix?

In a supernatural haze,
Made of hope, of faithful love,
Of bliss and of peace?

Or sai chi l'onore

Or sai chi l'onore
Rapire a me volse,
Chi fu il traditore
Che il padre mi tolse.
Vendetta ti chiedo,
La chiede il tuo cor.

Rammenta la piaga
Del misero seno,
Rimira di sangue
Coperto il terreno.
Se l'ira in te langue
D'un giusto furor.

Now you know who sought
to steal my honor,
who was the betrayer
who killed my Father:
I ask you vengeance,
your heart asks it too.

Remember the wound
gaping in his poor breast,
recall the earth
covered with his blood,
if ever the wrath of a just fury
should weaken in you.

Come Scoglio

Temerari, sortite
Fuori di questo loco, e non profani
L'alito infausto degli infami detti
Nostro cor, nostro orecchio e nostri
affetti!
Invan per voi, per gli altri invan si
cerca
Le nostr'alme sedur: l'intatta fede
Che per noi già si diede ai cari
amanti,
Saprem loro serbar infino a morte,
A dispetto del mondo e della sorte.

Come scoglio immoto resta
Contro i venti e la tempesta,
Così ognor quest'alma è forte
Nella fede e nell'amor.

Con noi nacque quella face
Che ci piace, e ci consola,
E potrà la morte sola
Far che cangi affetto il cor.

Rispettate, anime ingrante,
Quest'esempio di costanza;
E una barbara speranza
Non vi renda audaci ancor!

Begone, bold creatures! Leave this
house!
And with the unwelcome breath of
base words
Do not profane our hearts,
Our ears and our affections!
In vain do you, or others, seek to
seduce
Our souls; the unsullied faith which
We plighted to our dear loves
We shall know how to preserve for
them
Until death, despite the world and
fate.

Like a rock standing impervious
To winds and tempest,
So stands my heart ever strong
In faith and love.

Between us we have kindled
A flame which warms, and consoles
us,
And death alone could
Change my heart's devotion.

Respect this example
Of constancy, you abject creatures,
And do not let a base hope
Make you so rash again!

Не пой красавица при мне

Не пой, красавица, при мне
Ты песен Грузии печальной;
Напоминают мне оне
Другую жизнь и берег дальний.

Увы, напоминают мне
Твои жестокие напевы
И степь, и ночь, и при луне

Черты далекой, бедной девы!

Я [призрак]2 милый, роковой,
Тебя увидев, забываю;
Но ты поёшь, и предо мной
Его я вновь воображаю.

Не пой, красавица, при мне
Ты песен Грузии печальной;
Напоминают мне [оне]1
Другую жизнь и берег дальний

Do not sing, my beauty, to me
your sad songs of Georgia;
they remind me
of that other life and distant shore.

Alas, They remind me,
your cruel melodies,
of the steppe, the night and moonlit

features of a poor, distant maiden!

That sweet and fateful apparition
I forget when you appear;
but you sing, and before me
I picture that image anew.

Do not sing, my beauty,
to me your sad songs of Georgia;
they remind me
of that other life and distant shore.