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Graduate Recital: Emma McDermitt-Wise, soprano

Emma McDermitt-Wise

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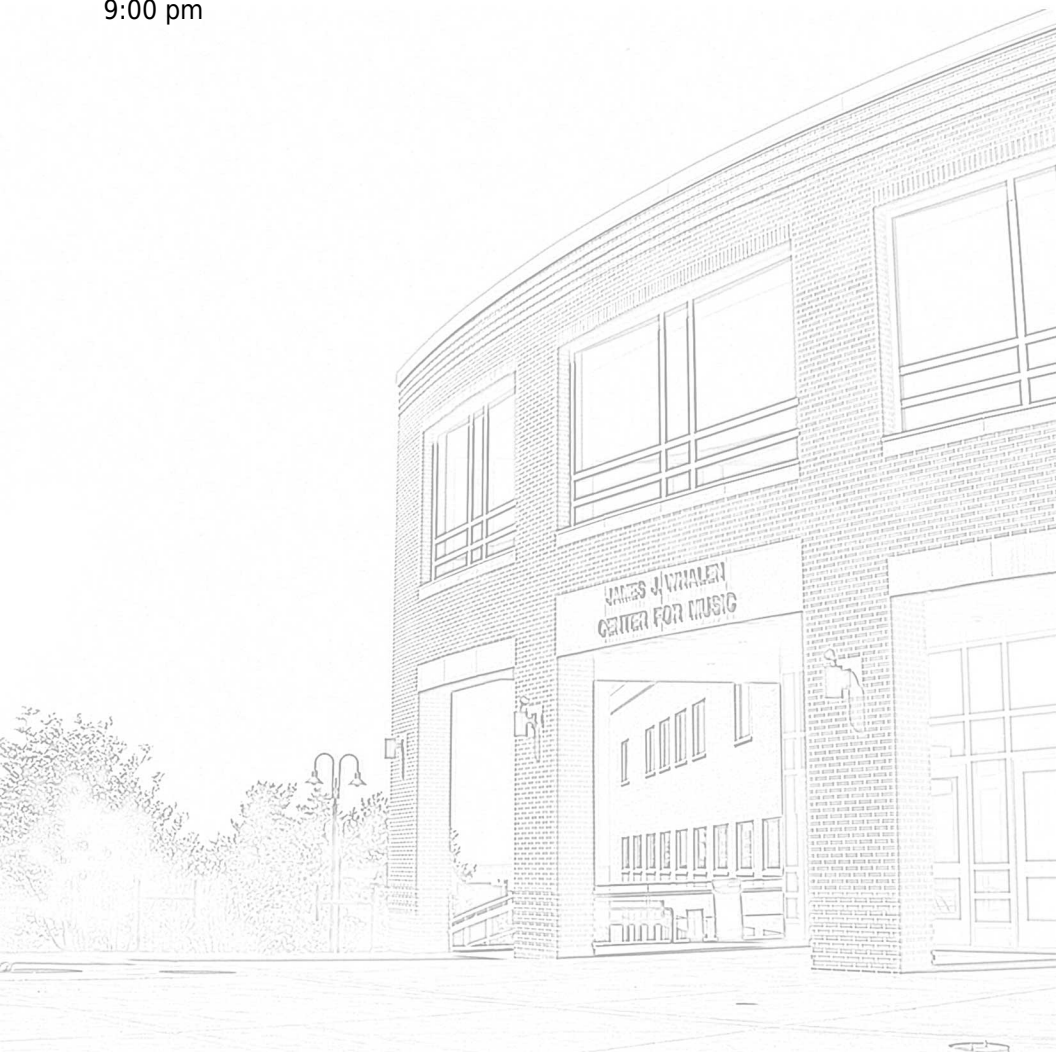
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Graduate Recital:
Emma McDermitt-Wise, soprano

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
Inflammatu

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

"Amour, ranime mon courage"
from *Romeo et Juliette*

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

BANKS
(b. 1988)

Gretchen Golibersuch, piano

When I have Sung my Songs (for Dad)

Ernest Charles
(1895-1984)

Bright

Echosmith

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!