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4-7-2013

# Collaborative Recital: Natalie Khatibzadeh, piano

Natalie Khatibzadeh

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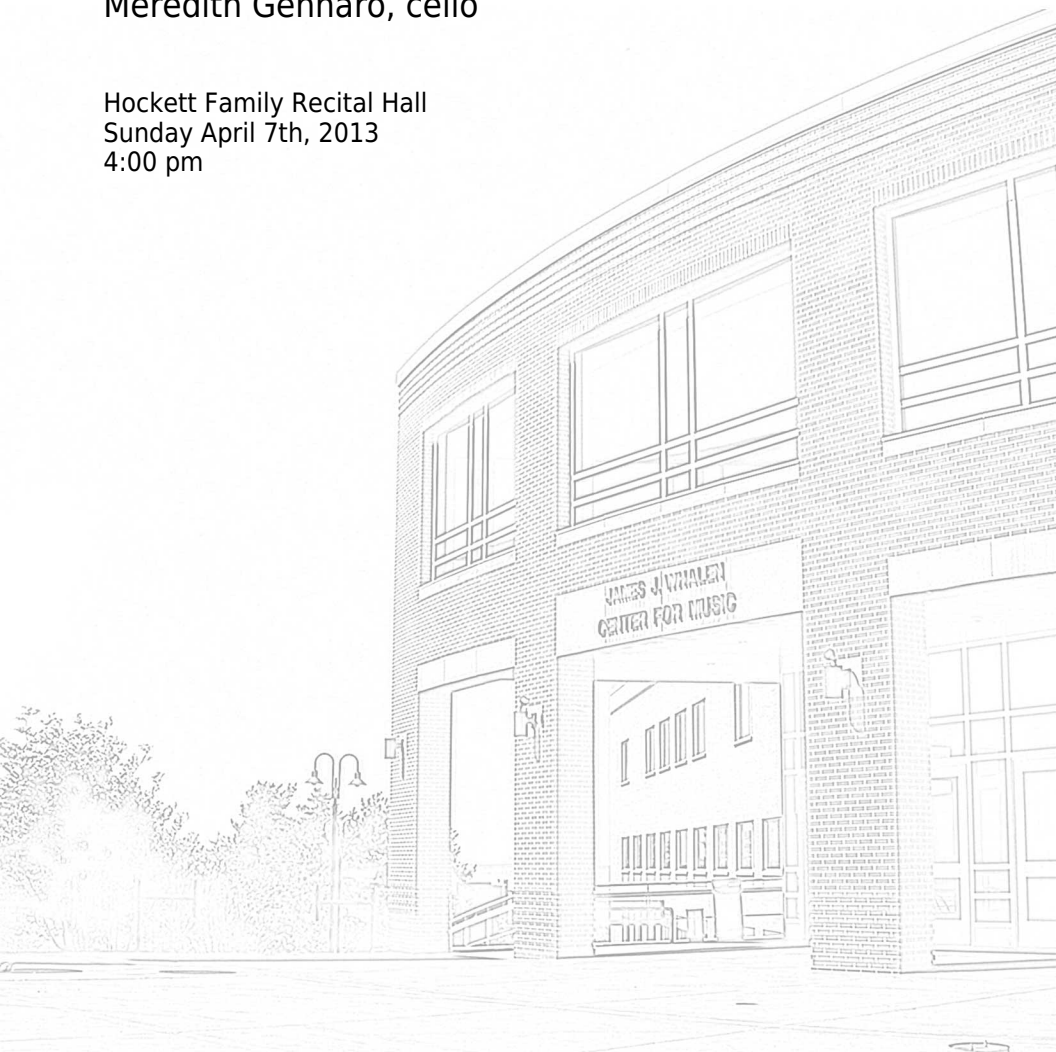
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**Collaborative Recital:**  
Natalie Khatibzadeh, piano

Michelle Schlosser, clarinet  
Megan Wright, soprano  
Jenna Trunk, violin  
Sarah Hoag, viola  
Meredith Gennaro, cello

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Sunday April 7th, 2013  
4:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Sonata in F Minor, Op. 120, No.1 (1894)

Allegro appassionato  
Andante un poco Adagio  
Allegretto grazioso  
Vivace

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

*Michelle Schlosser, clarinet*

*Hermit Songs*, Op. 29 (1952-3)

I. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory  
II. Church Bell at Night  
III. St. Ita's Vision  
IV. The Heavenly Banquet  
V. The Crucifixion  
VI. Sea-Snatch  
VII. Promiscuity  
VIII. The Monk and His Cat  
IX. The Praises of God  
X. The Desire for Hermitage

Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

*Megan Wright, soprano*

Piano Quartet No. 1 in G Minor,  
K.478 (1785)  
Allegro

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

*Jenna Trunk, violin*  
*Sarah Hoag, viola*  
*Meredith Gennaro, cello*

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This recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Piano Performance with Collaborative Emphasis. Natalie is from the collaborative studios of Dr. Diane Birr and Dr. Charis Dimaras.

## Program Notes

**Samuel Barber**

### ***Hermit songs***

Set by *Samuel Barber*

(1910-1981), op. 29

Texts from *Anonymous Irish poetry*

#### **1. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory**

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!

0 King of the churches and the bells

bewailing your sores and your wounds,

but not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!

Not moisten an eye after so much sin!

Pity me, 0 King!

What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?

0 only begotten Son by whom all men were made,

who shunned not the death by three wounds,

pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg

and I with a heart not softer than a stone!

#### **2. Church bell at Night**

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,

I would liefer keep tryst with thee

than be with a light and foolish woman.

#### **3. Saint Ita's Vision**

"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,

"unless He gives me His Son from Heaven

In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him".

So that Christ came down to her in the form of a Baby and then she said:

"Infant Jesus, at my breast,

(3. *continued*)

Nothing in this world is true

Save, 0 tiny nursling, You.

Infant Jesus at my breast,

By my heart every night,

You I nurse are not a churl

But were begot on Mary the Jewess

By Heaven's light.

Infant Jesus at my breast,

What King is there but You who could

Give everlasting good?

Wherefore I give my food.

Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!

There is none that has such right

To your song as Heaven's King

Who every night

Is Infant Jesus at my breast".

#### **4. The Heavenly Banquet**

I would like to have the men of

Heaven in my own house;

with vats of good cheer laid out for them.

I would like to have the three Mary's,

their fame is so great.

I would like people from every corner of Heaven.

I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking.

I would like to have Jesus sitting here among them.

I would like a great lake of beer for the King of Kings.

I would like to be watching Heaven's family

Drinking it through all eternity.

### 5. The Crucifixion

At the cry of the first bird  
They began to crucify Thee, O  
Swan!  
Never shall lament cease  
because of that.  
It was like the parting of day from  
night.  
Ah, sore was the suffering borne  
By the body of Mary's Son,  
But sorer still to Him was the  
grief  
Which for His sake  
Came upon His Mother.

### 6. Sea-Snatch

It has broken us, it has crushed  
us,  
it has drowned us, O King of the  
starbright  
Kingdom of Heaven!  
The wind has consumed us,  
swallowed us,  
as timber is devoured by crimson  
fire from Heaven.  
It has broken us, it has crushed  
us,  
it has drowned us, O King of the  
starbright Kingdom of  
Heaven!

### 7. Promiscuity

I do not know with whom Edan  
will sleep,  
but I do know that fair Edan will  
not sleep alone.

### 8. The Monk and His Cat

Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are  
Alone together, Scholar and cat.  
Each has his own work to do  
daily;  
For you it is hunting, for me  
study.  
Your shining eye watches the  
wall;  
my feeble eye is fixed on a book.  
You rejoice when your claws  
entrap a mouse;  
I rejoice when my mind fathoms  
a problem.  
Pleased with his own art  
Neither hinders the other;

(8. continued)

Thus we live ever  
without tedium and envy.  
Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are  
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

### 9. The Praises of God

How foolish the man who does  
not raise  
His voice and praise with joyful  
words,  
As he alone can, Heaven's High  
King.  
To whom the light birds with no  
soul but air,  
All day, everywhere laudations  
sing.

### 10. The Desire for Hermitage

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell  
with nobody near me;  
beloved that pilgrimage before  
the last pilgrimage to death.

Singing the passing hours to  
cloudy Heaven;  
Feeding upon dry bread and  
water from the cold spring.  
That will be an end to evil when I  
am alone  
in a lovely little corner among  
tombs  
far from the houses of the great.  
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell,  
to be alone, all alone:  
Alone I came into the world  
alone I shall go from it