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Senior Recital - Sarah Gee

Sarah Gee

Utah State University

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Nuit d'Etoiles

Senior Recital

Sarah Gee

Soprano, Vocal Student of Dr. Katherine Petersen

Accompanied by Brooklyn Dyer, piano

3:00 pm on April 16th, 2016

St. John Episcopal Church

85 E 100 N Logan, Ut

Introducing Night

Notte	Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)
Die Nacht	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
L'heure exquise	Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

The Night Sky

Vaga luna che inargenti	Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
Sure on this Shining Night	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Ad una stella	Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
Nuit d'Etoiles	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

-Intermission-

Nocturnes

Nocturne	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Nocturne	Cesar Franck (1822-1890)
Nocturne	Joseph Marx (1882-1964)

Night Happenings

Nachtwanderer	Hans Pfitzner (1869-1949)
Fetes Galantes	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
The Leather-Winged Bat	arr. Jake Heggie (b.1961)

Translations

Notte

Ada Negri (1870 - 1945)

Sul giardino fantastico
Profumato di rosa
La carezza de l'ombra
Posa.
Pure ha un pensiero e un palpito
La quiete suprema,
L'aria come per brivido
Trema.
La luttuosa tenebra
Una storia di morte
Racconta alle cardenie
Smorte?
Forse perché una pioggia
Di soavi rugiade
Entro i socchiusi petali
Cade,
Su l'aspose miserie
E su l'ebbrezze perdute,
Sui muti sogni e l'ansie
Mute.
Su le fugaci gioie
Che il disinganno infrange
La notte le sue lacrime
Piange...

Die Nacht

**Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg
(1812 - 1864)**

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um im weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.
Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löschst sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.
Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,

Night

On the fanciful garden
Perfumed with roses
The caress of the shadow
Rests.
Yet it has a thought and a pulse
The absolute stillness
The air as if shivering
Trembles.
The mournful darkness
A story of death
Told to the gardenias
Pale.
Perhaps it is because a shower
Of the gentle dew
Within the half-closed petals
Fall
Upon the hidden sorrows
And upon delights lost,
Upon mute dreams and fears
Silent.
Upon the fleeting joys
That the disillusion shatters
That the night its tears
Weeps.
Translation from IPA Source

The Night

Out of the woods steps the night
Out of the trees steals it softly,
It looks around in a wide circle,
Now give heed.
All the light of the world,
All the flowers, all colors
Blocks it out and steals the sheaves
Away from the field.
It takes all what only takes hold,
Takes the silver path of the current,
Takes the copper roof of the dome
Takes the gold.
Plundered is the shrub,

Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

L'here exquisite

Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

La lune blanche luit dans les bois
De cha que branche part une voix
Sous la ramée. O bien-aimée!
L'étang reflète, profound miroir,
La silhouette du saule noir
Où le vent pleure. Rêvons, c'est l'heure!
Un vaste et tender apaisement
Semble descendre du firmament
Que l'astre irise;
C'est l'heure exquise!

Vagaluna, cheinargenti

Anonymous Poet

Vaga luna, che inargenti
queste rive e questi fiori
ed ispiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell'amor;
testimonio or sei tu sola
del mio fervid desir,
ed a lei che m'innamora
conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza
il mio duol non può lenir,
che se nutro una speranza,
ella è sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l'ore del dolor,
che una speme lusinghiera
mi conforta nell'amor.

Draw near soul to soul ;
O the night, I fear, it will steal
You from me also.

Translation from IPA Source



The exquisite hour

The white moon shines in the forest,
From every branch comes forth a voice,
Under the foliage. Oh beloved!
The pond, a deep mirror, reflects
The silhouette of the dark willow,
Where the wind cries. Let's dream,
'tis the hour!

A vast and tender calm
Seems to descend from the firmament,
Iridescent with stars;
'Tis the exquisite hour!

Translation from IPA Source

Beautiful moon, dappling with silver

Beautiful moon, dappling with silver
These banks and flowers,
Evoking from the elements
The language of love
Only you are witness
To my ardent desire;
Go tell her, tell my beloved
How much I long for her and sigh.

Tell her that with her so far away,
My grief can never be allayed,
That the only hope I cherish
Is for my future to be spent with her.
Tell her that day and night
I count the hours of my yearning,
That hope, a sweet hope beckons,
And comforts me in my love.

*Translation from IPA Source
by Graham Johnson*

Ad unastella

Poem by Andrea Maffei (1798–1885)

Bell'astro della terra,
Luce amorosa e bella,
Come desia quest'anima
Oppressa e prigioniera
Le sue catene infrangere,
Libera a te volar!
Gl'ignoti abitatori
Che mi nascondi, o stella,
Cogl'angeli s'abbracciano
Puri fraterni amori,
Fan d'armoni e
cogl'angeli
La spera tua sonar.
Le colpe e i nostri affanni
Vi sono a lor segreti,
Inavvertiti e placidi
Scorrono i giorni e glianni,
Nè mai pensier li novera,
Nè li richiama in duol.
Bell'astro della sera,
Gemma che il cielo allieti,
Come alzerà quest'anima
Oppressa e prigioniera
Dal suo terreno carcere
Al tuo bel raggio il vol!

Nuitd'Etoiles

Théodore de Banville (1823-1891)

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

La sereine Mélancolie
Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressallir dans le bois rêveur.

To a star

Beautiful star of the earth,
Amorous and beautiful light,
How desires this soul,
Oppressed and imprisoned,
To break its chains,
Free to fly to you!
The unknown inhabitants
That you hide from me, oh star,
Embrace with the angels
In pure brotherly love,
Making in harmony with the angels
Your sphere to sound.
Our faults and worries
Are secrets to them there;
Carefree and calm,
The days and years run by,
With no thought of counting them,
Nor recalling them in sadness.
Beautiful star of the night,
Gem in which heaven delights,
If only this soul could rise, this soul,
Oppressed and imprisoned,
From its earthly jail
To your beautiful ray in flight.
Translation from IPA Source

Night of Stars

Night of stars,
beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and your perfumes,
sad lyre
what sighing,
I dream of bygone loves.

The serene Melancholy
comes to blooms in the depths of my
heart,
and I hear the soul of my beloved
quiver in the dreaming wood.

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

Je revois à notre fontaine
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts

Nocturne

Cesar Franck

Louis de Fourcaud (1851 - 1914)

O fraîche nuit, nuit transparente,
Mystère sans obscurité,
La vie est noire et dévorante
O fraîche nuit, nuit transparente,
Donne-moi ta placidité.

O belle nuit, nuit étoilée,
Vers moi tes regards sont baissés,
Éclaire mon âme troublée,
O belle nuit, nuit étoilée,
Mets ton sourire en mes pensers.

O sainte nuit, nuit taciturne,
Pleine de paix et de douceur,
Mon cœur bouillonne comme une
urne, O sainte nuit, nuit taciturne,
Fais le silence dans mon cœur.

Night of stars,
beneath your veils,

beneath your breeze and your
perfumes,
sad lyre
what sighing,
I dream of bygone loves.

At our fountain I see again
your gazes, blue as the heavens;
this rose is your breath,
and these stars are your eyes.

Night of stars,
beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and your
perfumes,
sad lyre
what sighing,
I dream of bygone loves.

© Translated by Christopher
Goldsack



Nocturne

O fresh night, transparent night,
mystery without darkness,
life is black and all-devouring
o fresh night, transparent night,
give to me your peace.

O beautiful night, starry night,
towards me your gazes are lowered,
throw light on my troubled soul
o beautiful night, starry night,
place your smile in my thoughts.

O sacred night, taciturn night,
full of peace and gentleness,
my heart is frothing like an cauldron,
o holy sacred, taciturn night,
make silence within my heart.

O grande nuit, nuit solennelle,
En qui tout est délicieux,
Prends mon être entier sous ton aile,
O grande nuit, nuit solennelle,
Verse le sommeil en mes yeux.

Nocturne

Joseph Marx

Otto Erich Hartleben (1864 – 1905)

Süß duftende Linden blüthe
In quellender Juninacht.
Eine Wonne aus meinem Gemüte
Ist mir in Sinnen erwacht.

Als klänge vor meinen Ohren
leise das Lied vom Glück,
als töne, die lange verloren,
die Jugend leise zurück.

Süß duftende Linden blüthe
In quellender Juninacht.
Eine Wonne aus meinem Gemüte
Ist mir zu Schmerzen erwacht.

Nachtwanderer

Josef Karl Benedikt von Eichendorff (1788 - 1857)

Er reitet nachts auf einem braunen Roß,
Er reitet vorüber an manchem Schloß:
Schlaf droben, mein Kind,
bis der Tag erscheint,
Die finstre Nacht ist des Menschen Feind!
Er reitet vorüber an einem Teich,
Da stehet ein schönes Mädchen bleich
Und singt, ihr Hemdlein flattert im Wind:
Vorüber, vorüber, mir graut vor dem
Kind!
Er reitet vorüber an einem Fluß, Da ruft
ihm der Wassermann seinen Gruß,

O great night, solemn night,
in which all is delicious,
take my whole being under your wing,
o great night, solemn night,
pour sleep into my eyes.

©Translated by Christopher Goldsack

Nocturne

Sweet fragrance of linden blossom
In halcyon summer night,
That awakeneth now in my bosom
Mem'ry of bygone delight.
As though on my ears there sounded
Softly of joy the song,
As though once again I had found it,
My youth, Ah! That is lost so long.

Sweet fragrance of linden blossom
In halcyon summer night,
That awakeneth now in my bosom
Sadness of bygone delight.

Translated by Addie Funk

Rider in the night

He rides at night on his bay steed,
He rides past many a castle:
"Sleep up there, my child, until daybreak,
The dark night is man's enemy!"
He rides past a pond,
There a beautiful, pale maiden stands
And sings, her blouse blowing in the
wind:
"Ride on, ride on, I fear for the child!"
He rides past a river,
From which the merman calls a greeting
to him,
He dives underneath with a whoosh,
And stillness descends over the cold
house.
As day and night engage in battle,

Taucht unter wieder dann mit Gesaus,
 Und stille wirds überdem kühlenHaus.
 Wann Tag und Nacht im verworrenen
 Streit,
 Schon Hähne krähen im Dorfern weit,
 Da schauert sein Roß und wühlet hinab,
 Scharret ihm schnaubend sein eignes
 Grab.

Fêtes Galantes

Louis Aragon (1897–1982)

On voit des marquis sur des bicyclettes
 On voit des marlous en cheval-jupon
 On voit des morveux avec des voilettes
 On voit les pompiers brûler les pompons
 On voit des mots jetés à la voirie
 On voit des mots élevés au pavois
 On voit les pieds des enfants de Marie
 On voit le dos des diseuses à voix
 On voit des voitures à gazogène
 On voit aussi des voitures à bras
 On voit des lascars que les longs
 nezgènent
 On voit des coïons de dix-huit carats
 On voit ici ce que l'on voit ailleurs
 On voit des demoiselles dévoyées
 On voit des voyous On voit des voyeurs
 On voit sous les ponts passer des noyés
 On voit chômer les marchands de
 chaussures
 On voit mourir d'ennui les mireurs
 d'oeufs
 On voit péricliter les valeurs sûres
 Et fuir la vie à la six-quatre-deux

Already cocks crow in the distant village.
 His steed shudders and rakes the ground,
 Snorting, he paws at his own grave.

Translated by Laura Prichard



Galant Parties

You see fops on bicycles
 You see pimps in kilts
 You see whipper-snappers with veils
 You see firemen burning their pompons
 You see words hurled on the garbage
 heap
 You see words praised to the skies
 You see the feet of orphan children
 You see the backs of cabaret singers
 You see cars run on gasoline
 You see handcarts too
 You see sly fellows hindered by long
 noses
 You see unmitigated idiots
 You see here what you see everywhere
 You see girls who are led astray
 You see guttersnipes you see Peeping
 Toms
 You see drowned corpses float beneath
 bridges
 You see out-of-work shoemakers
 You see egg-candlers bored to death
 You see securities tumble
 And life rushing pell-mell by
*Translation from "A French Song
 Companion"*
by Graham Johnson

Introducing Night: “Notte” an early 20th century Composition, speaks of how night brings a story of death. There is a very abrupt shift from F major to a very chromatic and harmonically unstable passage in the piece and returns to the original key of F, which shows the journey of emotions that the speaker goes through. The last verse is unique, as the piano takes up the melody, while the voice continues to sing a single pitch, C natural, signifying the resignation to the sadness of reality. Similarly, **“Die Nacht”**, the 3rd song in a set of 8 written by Strauss, describes how the night takes all that is beautiful and of the fear that the night will also take their beloved. Not only does night bring darkness and sadness but it can also bring serenity and dreams that instill hope as well as joy. This is depicted in the beautiful setting of Paul Verlaine’s poem **“La lune blanche”** *Chanson grises, no. 5* by Reynaldo Hahn.

The Night Sky: “Vaga luna che inargenti” and **“Ad una stella”** are both art songs written by two great Italian Opera composers that address the most prominent objects we see in the firmament at night. In truth, these references are metaphors and similes for the beauty of their beloved. **“Sure on this Shining Night”** likewise references objects in the night’s sky to act as a metaphor to speak of a celestial being who is ever watchful and kind to those “this side of the ground.” It comes from *Four Songs, Op. 13*, it is the 3rd song and the Barber **“Nocturne”** is no. 4 in that same set. **“Nuit d’Etoiles”** also compares the beauty of past lovers to the beauty found in the night sky, particularly the stars in a grand setting of the Theodor Banville poem.

Nocturnes: Although all have the same title, **“Nocturne,”** each song has its own unique text in the composer’s native language, and possesses its own complexities in harmony and rhythm, which highlight the nuances of each text beautifully. All three also share progressive harmonic structures and complex rhythm; frequent meter changes in the Barber and Marx, the use of triplets in Franck and sextuples in Barber.

Night Happenings: Pfitzner was a prominent composer in Nazi Germany. When asked to compose new incidental music for *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* to replace the work of the Jewish composer, Felix Mendelsohn, he refused. His uncooperativeness has played a large role in his career and the accessibility of his works. **“Nachtwanderer”** is a very exciting fast-paced setting of an eerie tale about a man riding in the night that highlights his compositional talent. **“Fetes Galantes”** depicts a wild party in a very witty way. Although the play on words is in French, we still can understand by the music that the text is observing the absurd activities taking place at the party. **“The Leather-Winged Bat”** is a witty American folk tune, among three in a set arranged by Jake Heggie that tells silly stories about thwarted love, which gives each animal its distinguishing feature or behavior.

Here is the spot in the program that would other wise be empty, except I want to express how grateful I am, so here goes:

I want to thank the wonderful teachers that I have had the privilege to work with, especially Dr. Katherine Petersen, Dr. Cindy Dewey, Dallas Heaton, Dr. Evans and Melody Francis. I will always be grateful for what you have taught me and for your encouragement. I love my family and am thankful for all their love and support. Special thanks to my mother, Pam Gee, she sweetly helped me alter my dress among many, many things and my big sister Becca Gee who helped me make my posters and programs. Brooklynn Dyer, everyone needs to know how amazing you are, so don't slay me for this! Not only is she a beautiful person with a beautiful voice and piano skills like you wouldn't believe, but also a heart of gold! Thanks for being my friend! Thank you to Jim Wellings for recording! I am grateful to have fantastic friends and colleagues, too many to fit on this tiny paper, who constantly encourage and inspire me! I am here because of every one of you. All of this may seem cliché but it is the absolute truth and I mean it most sincerely.

Thank you all for coming!

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