4-16-2016

Senior Recital - Sarah Gee

Sarah Gee
Utah State University

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.usu.edu/music_programs

Recommended Citation
Gee, Sarah, "Senior Recital - Sarah Gee" (2016). All Music Department Programs. 37.
https://digitalcommons.usu.edu/music_programs/37
Nuit d'Étoiles
Senior Recital

Sarah Gee

Soprano, Vocal Student of Dr. Katherine Petersen
Accompanied by Brooklyn Byer, 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 cheinargentni 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 palpitò
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'ascose 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
Plange...

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
Löscht 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 exquise**
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 fimament
Que l'astre irise;
C'est l'heure exquise!

**Vagaluna, che in argent**
Anonymous Poet
Vaga luna, che in argent i questi fiori
ed inspiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell'amor;
testimonio or sei tu sola
che se nutro una speranza,
ed a lei che m'innamoro
ed a lei che m'innamora
conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza
il mio duol non può lenir,
ché se nutro una speranza,
eìn dall'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
contò l'ore del dolor,
ché una speme lusinghiera
mi conforta nell'amor.

---

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

*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!

*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 gli anni,
Ne mai pensier li novera,
Nè li richiama in duol.
Bell’astro della sera,
Gemma che il cielo allieti,
Come alzera 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 défunt.

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 défuns.

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 défuns

Nocturne
Cesar Franck

Louis de Fourcaud (1851 - 1914)

O fraiche nuit, nuit transparente,
Mystère sans obscurité,
La vie est noire et dévorante
O fraiche 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.

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)
Siüß 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.
Siüß 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 steht 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,

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 kühlennHaus. 
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 pompoms
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 colons 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’œufs
On voit péricliter les valeurs sûres
Et fuir la vie à la six-quatre-deux

Galant Parties

You see fops on bicycles
You see pimps in kilts
You see whipper-snappers with veils
You see firemen burning their pompoms
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 Nazis 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 otherwise 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!