

Spring 4-18-2008

Marilyn Brock, Soprano

Pittsburg State University

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Pittsburg State University
Pittsburg, Kansas

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Junior Recital

Marilyn Brock, soprano

assisted by

Allison Raney, piano

Friday, April 18th, 2008

McCray Recital Hall

7:30 p.m.

PROGRAM

Mein Gläubiges Herze.....J. S. Bach
from *Cantata No. 68* (1685-1750)

Die Forelle.....Franz Schubert
Wonne der Wehmut (1797-1828)
Gretchen am Spinrade

Giunse alfin il momento. . . Deh vieni non tardar.....W.A. Mozart
from *Le Nozze di Figaro* (1756-1791)

pause

Mai.....Gabriel Fauré
En Priere (1845-1924)
Notre Amour

Much More.....Harvey Schmidt
from *The Fantasticks* (b. 1929)

Green Finch and Linnet Bird.....Stephen Sondheim
from *Sweeney Todd* (b. 1930)

Someone to Watch Over Me.....George Gershwin
from *Oh, Kay* (1898-1937)

Please only applaud between song sets and no flash photography during the performance. Thank you!

*This recital partially fulfills performance requirements for the junior year of the Bachelor of Music
Performance degree program for Ms. Brock*

Mein Gläubiges Herze

Mein gläubiges Herze,
frohlokke, sing', scherze,
dein Jesus ist nah!
Weg Jammer, weg Klagen,
ich will euch nur sagen:
mein Jesus ist da.

Die Forelle

In einem Bächlein helle,
da schoss in froher Eil
die launische Forelle
vorüber wie ein Pfeil.

Ich stand an dem Gestade
und sah in süsser Ruh
des muntern Fischlein's Bade
im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute
wohl an dem ufer stand,
und sah's mit kaltem Blute,
wie sich das Fischlein wand.

So lang' dem wasser Helle,
so dacht ich, nicht gebricht,
so fängt er die Forelle
mit seiner mit Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
die Zeit zu lang.
Er macht das Bächlein tükisch trübe,
und eh ich es gedacht, so zuchte seine Rute,
das Fischlein zappelt dran,
und ich mit regem Blute
sah die Betrogne an.

Wonne der Wehmut

Trocknet nicht, Thränen der ewigen Liebe!
Ach, nur dem halb getrockneten Auge
wie öde, wie tod die Welt ihm erscheint!
Trocknet nicht, Tränen unglücklicher Liebe

My Believing Heart

My believing heart,
rejoice, sing, and laugh,
for Jesus is near!
Away with misery, away with complaining,
I tell you truly:
my Jesus is here.

The Trout

In a clear brooklet,
there swam in joyful haste
a moody trout;
it swam with speed like an arrow.

I stood on the bank
and looked in sweet repose
at the lively little fish's bath
in the clear brooklet.

A fisherman with his rod
also stood on the bank,
and he looked with cold blood
as the little fish swam.

"As long as the water's brightness,"
thought I, "is not broken,
he will not catch the trout
with his rod."

But finally, for the thief,
time did not pass quickly enough.
He slyly muddied the brooklet,
and, before I thought, he jerked his rod,
the little fish struggled on it,
and I with angry blood
looked at the deceived.

Joy of Melancholy

Dry not, tears of eternal love!
Ah, to the half-dried eyes
how empty and dead the world appears!
Dry not, tears of unhappy love.

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer;
ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab, ist mir das Grab,
die ganze Welt ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf ist mir verrückt,
mein armer Sinn ist mir zerstückt.

Nach ihm nur schau ich zum Fenster hinaus,
nach ihm nur geh ich aus dem Haus.
Sein hoher Gang, sein' edle Gestalt,
seines Mundes Lächeln,
seiner Augen Gewalt,
und seiner Rede Zauberfluss,
sein Händedruck, und ach! sein Kuss!

Mein Busen drängt sich auch ihm hin.
Ach! dürft ich fassen und halten ihn!
und küssen ihn, so wie ich wolt,
an seinen Küssen vergehen sollt!
o könnt ich ihn küssen, so wie ich wolt,
an seinen küssen vergehen sollt!

Deh Vieni, Non Tardar

Recitative:

Giunse alfin il momento
che godrò senza affano in braccio all'idol mio,
Timide cure, uscite dal mio petto,
a turbar non venite il mio diletto.
Oh, come par che all' amoroso foco
l'amenità del loco, la terra e il ciel
risponda,
come la notte i furti miei seconda!

Aria:

Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioia bella,
vieni ove amore per goder t'apella
finchè non splende in ciel notturna face,
finchè l'aria è ancor bruna, e il mondo tace.
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherzo l'aura
che col dolce sussurro il cor ristora;
qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba è fresco,
ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adescà.
Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante ascose,
vieni, vieni! ti vo' la fronte incoronar di
rose.

Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

My rest is gone, my heart is heavy;
I find it never and nevermore.

Without him, life is like the grave,
the whole world is embittered to me.

My poor head is confused,
my poor mind is shattered.

For him only I look out from the window,
for him only do I leave the house.
His proud bearing, his noble figure,
his lips' smile,
his eyes' power,
and his speech's magic flow,
his handclasp, and ah, his kiss!

My bosom is drawn to him.
Ah! If I could touch and hold him!
And kiss him as I wanted,
with his kisses I could perish!
Oh, if I could kiss him as I wanted,
with his kisses I could perish!

Ah, Come, Do Not Delay

Recitative:

The moment has finally arrived
that I will enjoy being in the arms of my idol.
Timid fears, leave my heart,
do not come to diminish my delight.
Oh, it seems that to the fire of my love
the loveliness of the place, the earth, and the sky
respond,
as the night assists my deceptions!

Aria:

Ah, come, do not delay, oh joy beautiful,
come where, for pleasure, love summons you,
While the moon does not shine in the sky,
while the air is dark and the world is still.
Here the brook murmurs, here the breeze plays
a sweet whisper that restores the heart;
here the little flowers smile, and the grass is fresh;
everything entices to the pleasures of love.
Come, my darling, hidden among the trees,
come, come! Your forehead I wish to crown with
roses.

Mai

Puisque Mai tout en fleurs dans les prés nous
réclame,
viens, ne te lasse pas de meter à ton âme
la compagne, les bois, les ombrages charmants,
les large clair de lune au bord des flots dormants;
le sentier qui finit où le chemin commence,
et l'air, et le printemps et l'horizon immense,
l'horizon que ce monde attaché humble et joyeux,
comme une lèvre au bas de la robe des cieux.
Vients, et que le regard des pudiques étoiles,
qui tombe sur la terre à travers tant de voiles
que l'arbre pénétré de parfums et de chants,
que le soufflé embrace de midi dans les champs,
et l'ombre et le soleil, et l'onde, et la
verdure,
et le rayonnement de toute la nature,
passent épanouir, comme une double fleur,
la beauté sur ton front et l'amour dans ton coeur!

En Prière

Si la voix d'un enfant peut monter jusqu'à Vous,
o mon Père,
écoutez de Jésus, devant Vous à genoux,
la prière!

Si Vous m'avez choise pour enseigner vos lois
sur la terre,
je saurai Vous server, auguste Roi des
rois,
o Lumière!

Sur mes lèvres, Seigneur,
mettez la vérité Salutaire,
pour que celui qui doute,
avec humilité, Vous revere!

Ne m'abandonnez pas,
donnez-moi la douceur nécessaire,
pour apaiser les maux, soulager la douleur,
la misère!

Révélez-Vous à moi, Seigneur en qui je crois,
et j'espère
pour Vous je veux souffrir, et mourir sur la croix,
au Calvaire!

May

In May all the flowers call us to the
meadows,
come, do not grow weary of blending with your soul
the countryside, the woods, the pleasant shades,
the wide moonlight beside the sleeping surge;
the path that ends where the road begins,
and the air, the springtime, and the immense horizon,
the horizon attached to this humble and joyous world,
like a lip at the hem of heaven's cloak.
Come, and let the gaze of the modest stars,
that falls upon the earth across so many veils;
let the tree penetrated by perfumes and by songs;
let the breeze blazing at noon in the fields,
and the shade and the sun, and the waves, and the
greenery,
and the radiance of all nature,
cause to bloom, like a double flower,
the beauty on your brow and the love in your heart!

In Prayer

If the voice of a child can rise up to You,
oh my Father,
listen to Jesus kneeling before You,
the prayer!

If You have chosen to teach Your laws
on the earth,
I shall know how to serve You, magnificent King of
kings,
oh Light!

On my lips, Lord,
place the saving truth,
so that he who doubts,
may humbly pray to You!

Do not abandon me,
give me the grace necessary,
to reduce suffering, to relieve pain,
and misery!

Reveal Yourself to me, Lord in Whom I believe,
and hope
for You I want to suffer and die on the cross
at Calvary!

Notre Amour

Notre amour est chose légère
comme les parfums que le vent
prend aux cimes de la fougère,
pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.

Notre amour est chose charmante,
comme les chansons du matin,
où nul regret ne se lamente,
où vibre un espoir incertain.

Notre amour est chose sacrée,
comme les mystères des bois,
où tressaille une âme ignore,
où les silences ont des voix.

Notre amour est chose infinie,
comme les chemins des couchants,
où la mer, au cieus réunie,
s'endort sous les soleils penchants.

Notre amour est chose éternelle,
comme tout, ce qu'un dieu vainqueur
a touché du feu de son aile,
comme tout ce qui vient du coeur.

Our Love

Our love is a light thing
like the fragrance that the breeze
takes from the tips of the ferns,
for us to breathe in dreaming.

Our love is a charming thing,
like morning songs,
when there are no sorrows to lament,
where there is the thrill of an uncertain hope.

Our love is a sacred thing,
like the mysteries of the woods,
where an unknown soul quivers,
where the silences are eloquent.

Our love is an infinite thing,
like the paths of the sunsets,
where the sea, united to the sky,
falls asleep beneath the inclining sun.

Our love is an eternal thing,
Like all things that Almighty God
has touched with the fire of His wing,
like all that comes from the heart.