

Winter 5-29-2009

Lauren Perkins, Soprano

Pittsburg State University

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Pittsburg State University
Pittsburg, Kansas

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Senior Recital

Lauren Perkins, Soprano

assisted by

Lori Kehle, Piano

Mary Jo Harper, Soprano

Friday, May 29, 2009

McCray Recital Hall

7:30 p.m.

Program

Not All My Torments.....	Henry Purcell
An Evening Hymn	(1659-1695)
Nymphs and Shepherds	
An die Musik.....	Franz Schubert
An die Nachtigall	(1797-1828)
Lachen und Weinen	
O! Mio babbino caro.....	Giacomo Puccini
From <i>Gianni Schicchi</i>	(1858-1924)
Think of Me.....	Andrew Lloyd Webber
From <i>The Phantom of the Opera</i>	(b.1948)
Pie Jesu	
From <i>Requiem</i> , featuring Mary Jo Harper	

Intermission

Chanson d'amour	Gabriel Fauré
Mandoline	(1845-1924)
Vocalise	
Epitaph of a Young Girl.....	Richard Hundley
Will There Really be a Morning?	(b.1931)
Ah! Je veux vivre	Charles Gounod
From <i>Roméo et Juliette</i>	(1818-1893)

An die Musik

Du holde Kunst, in vieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu Warmer Lieb
entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bess're Welt entrückt

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf' entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir,
Den Himmel bess'rer Zeiten mir
erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

An die Nachtigall

Er liegt und schläft an meinem Herzen,
(Mein gutter Schutzgeist sang in ein)

Und ich kann frölich sein und scherzen,
Kann jeder Blum' und jedes Blatt's mich
freu'n.

Nachtigall, Nachtigall, ach!
Sing' mir den Amor nicht wach!

Lachen und Weinen

Lachen und Weinen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so mancherlei
Grunde.

Morgens lacht' ich vor Lust;
Und warum ich nun weine
Bei des Abendes Scheine,
Ist mir selb' nicht bewusst.

Weinen und Lachen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so mancherlei
Grunde.

Abends weint' ich vor Schmerz;
Und Warum du erwachen
Kannst am Morgen min Lachen,
Muss ich dich Fragen o herz.

To Music

You lovely art, in many gray hours,
When wild life encircles me,
You have kindled and warmed my heart,

You have carried me away into a better
world.

Often has a sigh escaped from your harp,
One of your sweet, holy chords,
Has opened a heaven of better times for me.

You lovely art, I thank you for that!

To the Nightingale

He lies and sleeps by my heart,
(My good protective spirit sang him to
sleep)

And I can be happy and joke,
I, myself, can enjoy every leaf and flower.

Nightingale, nightingale, ah!
Sing for me, but do not wake my love!

Laughing and Weeping

Laughing and weeping at every hour
At whatever time of day, come from all
kinds of reasons when one is in love.
In the morning I laughed from joy,
And why now do I weep
At the evening's light,
It is to me unknown.

Weeping and laughing at every hour
At whatever time of day, come from all
kinds of reasons when one is in love.
In the evening I wept from sorrow
And why do you awaken
In the morning with laughing
I must ask you, oh heart?

O! Mio babbino caro

O mio babbino caro, mi piace è bello bello;

vo'andare in Porta Rossa a comperar
l'anello!

Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!

E se l'amassi indarno, andrei sul
Ponte Vecchio,

ma per buttarmi in Arno!

Mi struggo e mi tormento! O Dio, vorrei
morir!

Babbo, pietà, pietà!

Pie Jesu

Pie Jesu,

Qui tollis peccata mundi,

Donna eis requiem.

Agnus Dei,

Qui tollis peccata mundi,

donna eis requiem sempiternam.

Chanson d'amour

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,

Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche

Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange

Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,

Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,

Mon enfer et mon paradis!

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,

De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,

Ô toi vres qui montent mes voeux,

Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!

Oh! Daddy dearest

Oh daddy dearest, I love him so much, so
much;

I want to go to Porta Rossa to buy
the ring!

Yes, yes, that's where I want to go!

But if you don't let me, I will go to the
Ponte Vecchio

To throw myself into the river Arno!

This torment tears me apart! Oh God, I
want to die!

Daddy, have mercy, mercy!

Merciful Jesus

Merciful Jesus,

Who taketh away the sins of the world,

Grant them rest.

Lamb of God,

Who taketh away the sins of the world,

Grant them rest everlasting.

Song of Love

I love your eyes, I love your forehead,

oh my rebellious and fierce one.

I love your eyes, I love your mouth

on which my kisses will tire themselves out.

I love your voice, I love the strange

grace of everything you say,

oh my rebellious one, my dear angel,

my hell and my paradise!

I love everything that makes you beautiful,

from your feet to your hair,

O you, toward whom all my wishes rise up,

O my fierce one, my rebellious one!

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Echangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Ah! Je veux vivre

Ah! Je veux vivre dans un rêve
Qui m'enivre ce jour encore!
Douce flame, je te garde
Dans mon âme comme un trésor!

Cette ivresse de jeunesse
Ne dure, hélas! qu'un jour
Puis vient l'heure où l'on pleure
Le cœur cède à l'amour,
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour.

Loin de l'hiver morose
Laisse-moi sommeiller
Et respirer la rose
Avant de l'effeuiller.

Mandolin

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

There is Tircis and Aminte
And there's the eternal Clitandre,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Cruel women writes many a tender poem.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the breeze.

Ah! I want to live

Ah! I want to live in a dream
Which still intoxicates me on this day!
Sweet flame, I guard you
In my soul like a treasure.

This rapture of youth
Only lasts, alas! for a day
Then comes the hour where one weeps
The heart gives way to love
And happiness flies away never to return.

Far from gloomy winter
Let me slumber
And breathe the rose
Before the shedding of its petals.