

Fall 9-19-2008

Mary Jo Harper, Soprano

Pittsburg State University

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Pittsburg State University
Pittsburg, Kansas

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Senior Recital
Mary Jo Harper, Soprano
Lori Kehle, Piano

Friday, September 19, 2008
First United Methodist Church
7:30 p.m.

PROGRAM

If Music Be the Food of Love.....	Henry Purcell
Man is For the Woman Made	(1659-1695)
What Can We Poor Females Do?	
Allerseelen.....	Richard Strauss
Morgen	(1864-1949)
Cäcilie	
From <i>La Rondine</i>	Giacomo Puccini
Chi il bel sogno di Doretta	(1858-1928)

INTERMISSION

Tarentelle.....	Georges Bizet
Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe	(1838-1875)
Ouvre ton Coeur	
From <i>Finian's Rainbow</i>	Burton Lang & E.Y. Harburg
Old Devil Moon	(1912-1997) (1896-1981)
From <i>Spamalot</i>	John Du Prez & Eric Idle
Whatever Happened to My Part.....	(b.1946) (b.1943)

Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Asten trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.
Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.
Es blüht und funkelt heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Morgen

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,
und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde . . .
Und zu dem Strand,
dem weiten, wogenblauen,
werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes
Stummes Schweigen. . .

Cäcilie

Wenn du es wüsstest, was träumen heisst
Von brennenden Küssen, von Wandern
Und Ruhen mit der Geliebten,
Aug' in Auge und kosend und plaudernd.
Wenn du es wüsstest, du neigtest dein Herz!
Wenn du es wüsstest, was bangen heisst
In einsamen Nächten umschauert vom Sturm,
Da niemand tröstet milden Mundes
die kampfmüde Seele,
Wenn du es wüsstest, du kämest zu mir,
Wenn du es wüsstest was leben heisst,
Um haucht von der Gottheit
weltschaffendem Atem,
Zu schweben empor,
lichtgetragen zu seligen Höhen
Wenn du es wüsstest, du lebstest mit mir.

All Souls

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes
the last red asters bring here,
and let us again speak of love,
as once in May.
Give me your hand to secretly press
if people see it, mind not what they say:
Give me just one of your sweet glances,
As once in May.
There blooms and scents now on every grave
one day a year the dead shall be first
Spend on my heart again lovely hours,
As once in May.

Morning

And tomorrow the sun will shine again.
And on the path I will take, it will unite us
It becomes us, Lucky one, you again.
Upon this sun-breathing earth...
And to the shore,
the wide shore with blue waves
We will descend quietly and slowly
Mutely, we will look into each other's eyes
And the silence of happiness
will settle upon us.

Cäcilie

If you knew what it is like to dream
of burning kisses, from wandering
And resting with one's beloved,
Eye to eye, cuddling and chatting.
If you knew, you would bend your heart!
If you knew how it feels to be worried
on lonesome nights surrounded by storm,
Because nobody comforts with mild mouth
the struggle-weary soul,
If you knew, you would come to me,
If you knew what it's like to live,
Surrounded by the breath of the divine
that world-creating breath,
to float up
lifted by light to heaven
If you knew, you would live with me.

Chi il bel sogno di Doretta

Chi il bel sogno di Doretta
Potè indovinar?
Il suo mister come mai
Come mai fini
Ahimè! un giorno uno studente
In bocca la baciò E fu quel bacio
Rivelazione:
Fu la passione!
Folle amore! Folle ebbrezza!
Chi la sottil carezza
D'un bacio così ardent
Mai ridir potrà?
Ah! mio sogno!
Ah! mia vita!
Che importa la ricchezza
Se alfine è rifiorita
La felicità!
O sogno d'or
Poter amar così!

Tarentelle

Tra la la...
Le papillon s'est envolé,
Tra la la
La fleur se balance avec grâce,
La la la ...
Ma belle où voyez-vous la trace,
Tra la la la la la
La trace de l'amant ailé?
Ma belle où voyez-vous
la trace de l'amant ailé?
Ah! Le papillon s'est envolé!
Oui! Ah! ah! ...
La la la ...
Le flot est rapide et changeant
Toujours sillonnant l'eau profonde,
La barque passe, et toujours
l'onde efface le sillon d'argent...
Le flot, oui le flot est rapide et changeant
Le papillon, c'est votre amour
La fleur et l'onde, c'est votre âme
Que rien n'émeut, que rien n'entame,
Où rien ne reste plus d'un jour
Le papillon, le papillon, c'est votre amour.

About the beautiful dream of Doretta

About the beautiful dream of Doretta
Who can guess?
Why her mystery
came to an end
Alas! One day a student
kissed her mouth and it was that kiss
Revelation:
It was the passion!
Mad love! Mad happiness!
About the soft caress
On a kiss on ardent
Never can be told!
Ah! My dream!
Ah! My life!
Of what import are riches
if order is reflowered
The happiness!
O dream of gold!
To be free to do so!

Dance

Tra la la,
the butterfly has flown,
tra la la,
the flower sways gracefully,
la la la,
my beauty, where do you see the trace,
tra la la la la la la,
of the winged lover?
My beauty, where do you see
the trace of the winged lover?
Oh! The butterfly has flown!
Yes! Oh! Oh!
La la la.
The stream is rapid and ever-changing.
The ship passes through the deep water,
and the waves
erase its silver wake.
The water, yes, the water is fast and changes
The butterfly is your love.
The flower and the wave are your soul,
moved by nothing, marked by nothing.
Nothing stays on them for more than a day.
The butterfly, the butterfly is your love.

Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe

Puisque rien ne t'arrête
en cet heureux pays,
Ni l'ombre du palmier,
ni le jaune maïs,
Ni le repos, ni l'abondance,
Ni de voir à ta voix battre le jeune sein
De nos soeurs, dont, les soirs,
le tournoyant essaim
Couronne un coteau de sa danse.
Adieu, beau voyageur, hélas,
Oh! que n'es-tu de ceux
Qui donnent pour limite
à leurs pieds paresseux
Leur toit de branches ou de toiles!
Qui, rêveurs, sans en faire,
écoutent les récits,
Et souhaitent, le soir,
devant leur porte assis,
De s'en aller dans les étoiles!
Si tu l'avais voulu,
peut-être une de nous,
O jeune homme,
eût aimé te servir à genoux
Dans nos huttes toujours ouvertes;
Elle eût fait, en berçant
ton sommeil des ses chants,
Pour chasser de ton front
les moucherons méchants,
Un éventail de feuilles vertes.
Si tu ne reviens pas,
songe un peu quelquefois
Aux filles du désert,
soeurs à la douce voix,
Qui dansent pieds nus sur la dune;
O beau jeune homme blanc,
bel oiseau passager,
Souviens-toi, car peut-être, ô rapide étranger,
Ton souvenir reste à plus d'une!
Hélas, Adieu! Bel étranger! Souvien-toi!

Ouvre ton Coeur

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.
Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?
Ouvre ton coeur à mon amour.
Ouvre ton coeur, ô jeune ange, à ma flamme,
Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil.
Je veux reprendre mon âme,
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

Farewells of the Arabian hostess

Since nothing can keep you
in this happy land,
Not the shadow of the palm,
not the yellow corn,
Neither the restfulness, nor the abundance
Nor to see your voice beating young breasts
of your sisters, who, in the evenings
the whirling swarm
encircle a hill with their dance,
Farewell, handsome traveler, alas, farewell!
Oh! That you aren't of those
who give a limit
to your lazy feet
Their roof of branches or of tile!
Who, dreamers, without noise-making
listen to the narratives
and wish at evening,
sitting before their door,
Of themselves to go to the stars!
If you had wished
perhaps one of us,
O young man,
would have liked to serve on knees
in our huts always open
She would have made, while rocking,
you to sleep with her songs,
to chase away from your brow
the troublesome mosquitoes
A fan of leaves green.
If you don't ever return
dream a little sometimes
Of the daughters of the desert,
sisters of the sweet voice
who dance barefoot on the dune;
O handsome pale young man,
beautiful bird of passage
remember, for perhaps swift stranger,
Your memory remains with more than one!
Alas! Bye! Handsome stranger! Remember!

Open Your Heart

The daisy has closed its petals
The shadow has closed its eyes for the day.
Beauty, will you speak with me?
Open your heart, to my love.
Open your heart, young angel, to my flame,
So that a dream may enchant your sleep.
I wish to reclaim my soul
As a flower turns to the sun!