



presents

McKensie Miller, Soprano
In a Graduate Recital

assisted by:
Natia Shioshvili, piano

In partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the Master of Music degree in Vocal Performance
From the Studio of Mr. Jeffrey Brich

Bel piacere è godere
from *Agrippina*

Georg Friedrich Händel
(1685-1759)

Trois Mélodies
La Statue de bronze
Daphénéo
Le Chapelier

Erik Satie
(1866-1925)

from *Lieder und Gesänge*
Kennst du das Land
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Heiß mich nicht reden
So laßt mich scheinen, bis ich werde

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Intermission

And God said...On mighty pens
from *The Creation*

Joseph Haydn
(1732-1809)

Six Poems by Emily Dickinson
Good morning, Midnight
Heart! We will forget him!
Let down the bars, Oh Death
An awful tempest mashed the air
Nobody knows this little Rose
Bee! I'm expecting you!

John Duke
(1899-1984)

Translations

Bel piacere è godere

Text by Vincenzo Grimani

Bel piacere è godere fido amor,
questo fa contento il cor.
Di bellezza non s'apprezza lo splendor,
se non vien d'un fido cor.

La statue de bronze

Text by Léon-Paul Fargue

La grenouille du jeu de tonneau
S'ennuie, le soir, sous la tonnelle...
Elle en a assez!
D'être la statue
Qui va prononcer un grand mot: Le Mot!

Elle aimerait mieux être avec les austres
Qui font des bulles de musique
Avec le savon de la lune
Au bord du lavoir mordoré
Qu'on voit, là-bas, luire entre les branches...

On lui lance à cœur de journée
Une pâture de pistoles
Qui la traversent sans lui profiter
Et s'en vont sonner
Dans les cabinets
De son piédestal numéroté!

Et le soir, les insectes couchant
Dans sa bouche.

Daphénéo

Text by Maria Godebska

Dismoi, Daphénéo, quell est donc cet arbre
dont les fruits sont des oiseaux qui pleurent?

Cet arbre, Chrysaline, est un oisetier.

Ah!... Je croyais que les noisetiers
donnaient des noisettes, Daphénéo

Oui, Chrysaline, lwa noisetiers donnent des
noisettes,
mais les oisetiers donnent des oiseaux qui
pleurant.
Ah!...

It is a beautiful pleasure to enjoy

Translation by Veronika Anissimova & Bard Suverkrop

It is a beautiful pleasure to enjoy faithful love,
It makes the heart content.
The splendor of beauty is not worthwhile,
If it does not come from a faithful heart.

The bronze statue

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The frog of the *jeu de tonneau*
grows weary, in the evening, under the arbor...
She has had enough!
Of being the statue
who is about to pronounce a great word: The Word!

She would like better to be with the others
who make the bubbles of music
with the soap of the moon
beside the washhouse of reddish brown
that one sees, over there, shining between the branches...

All day long they have thrown
a fodder of metal discs
which have only passed through her
And they go clattering
in the compartments
of her pedestal numbered!

And at night, the insects fall asleep
in her mouth.

Daphénéo (name)

Translation © from Bard Suverkrop

Tell me, Daphénéo, what is then that tree
which has for fruit birds that weep?

That tree, Chrysaline, is a bird tree.

Ah!... I thought that the hazel trees
bore hazelnuts, Daphénéo.

Yes, Chrysaline, the hazel trees bear hazelnuts,
but the bird trees bear birds that weep.

Ah!...

Le chapelier

Text by René Chalupt

Le chapelier s'étonne de constater
Que sa montre retarde de trois jours,
Bien qu'il ait eu soin de la graisser
Toujours avec du beurre de première qualité.

Mais il a laissé tomber des miettes
De pain dans les rouages,
Et il a beau plonger sa montre dans le thé,
Ça ne le fera pas avancer davantage.

Kennst du das Land

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blüh'n,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold Orangen glüh'n,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, zieh'n.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach.
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder steh'n und she'n mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, lass uns zieh'n!

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!
Allein und apgentrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh ich ans Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! Der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.

The hatter

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The hatter is surprised to note
that his watch is slow by three days,
although he has taken care to lubricate
always with the butter of the first quality.

But he has allowed to fall some crumbs
of bread into the works,
and although he has dipped his watch into his tea,
this has not made it run faster.

Know you the land

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Know you the land, where the lemon trees blossom,
Among the dark leaves the golden oranges glow,
A gentle wind from the blue sky wafts,
The myrtle stand silent, the laurel tall?
Do you know it?
There! there
would I go with you, oh my beloved.

Do you know the house? Its roof rests on pillars.
the hall gleams, the room shimmers,
and marble statues stand and look at me:
What have they done to you, you poor child?
Do you know it?
There! there
would I go with you, oh my protector.

Know you the mountain and its cloudy path?
The mule seeks in the mist his way;
in caves lives the dragons' old brood;
the cliff falls steeply away and over it the water flows!
Do you know it?
There! there
lies our way! Oh father, let us go!

Only someone who knows longing knows

Translation © from Bard Suverkrop

Only someone who knows longing knows
knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
from all joy,
Gaze I at the firmament
in that direction.
Ah! the one who loves me and knows me,
is far away.

Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!

Heiß mich nicht reden

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Heiß mich nicht reden, heiß mich schweigen!
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muss sich erhellen
Der harte Fels schließt seinen Busen auf,
Mißgönnt der Erde nicht die tief-verborgnen
Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergießen
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu,
Und nu rein Gott vermag sie aufzuschließen.

So laßt mich scheinen, bis ich werde

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

So laßt mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weiße Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von des schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes feste Haus.
Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick
Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.
Und jene himmlischen Gestalten
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärent Leib.

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug.
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

It is dizzying to me, it burns
my entrails.
Only someone who knows longing knows
knows what I suffer!

Bid me not to speak

Translation © from Bard Suverkrop

Bid me not to speak, bid me to be silent!
For my duty is to keep my secret
I want to show you my inner self,
only fate will not allow it.

At the right time the sun's course will drive away
the dark night, and the night will turn to day
the hard rock opens its bosom up,
and not begrudge the earth its hidden springs.

Everyone seeks peace in the arms of a friend,
There the heart can pour out its lamentations
But a vow closed my lips,
and only God can unlock them.

So let me appear so, until I have become that

Translation © from Bard Suverkrop

So let me appear so, until I have become that,
do not force me to take off the white dress!
I hurry from the beautiful earth
down to that solid house.
There I will rest for a brief moment,
then my gaze will open up refreshed
I will then remove my pure garment,
leaving behind belt and wedding wreath.
And those heavenly beings
they do not ask if one is a man or a woman,
and no clothes, no robes
surround the transfigured body.

It is true have I lived without care and toil,
yet have felt I deep pain enough.
I grew too early old from sorrow
Make forever young again!

And God said... On mighty pens

Text by Gottfried van Swieten

And God said: Let the waters bring forth
abundantly
the moving creatures that hath life,
and fowl that may fly above the earth
in the open firmament of heaven.

On mighty pens uplifted soars the eagle aloft
And cleaves the air in swiftest flight to the blazing
sun.
His welcome bids to morn the merry lark
and coo-ing, calls the tender dove his mate.

From every bush and grove
resound the nightingale's delightful notes.
No grief affect yet her breast,
Nor to a mournful tale we tuned,
Her soft, enchanting lays.

Good morning, Midnight

Text by Emily Dickinson

Good Morning — Midnight —
I'm coming Home —
Day — got tired of Me —
How could I — of Him?
Sunshine was a sweet place —
I liked to stay —
But Morn — didn't want me — now —
So — Goodnight — Day!
I can look — can't I —
When the East is Red?
The Hills — have a way — then —
That puts the Heart — abroad —
You — are not so fair — Midnight —
I chose — Day —
But — please take a little Girl —
He turned away!

Heart! We will forget him!

Text by Emily Dickinson

Heart! We will forget him!
You and I – tonight!
You may forget the warmth he gave –
I will forget the light!
When you have done, pray tell me
That I may straight begin!
Haste! lest while you're lagging
I remember him!

Let down the bars, Oh Death

Text by Emily Dickinson

Let down the bars, O Death!
The tired flocks come in
Whose bleating ceases to repeat,
Whose wandering is done.

Thine is the stillest night,
Thine the securest fold;
Too near thou art for seeking thee,
Too tender to be told.

An awful tempest mashed the air

Text by Emily Dickinson

An awful Tempest mashed the air —
The clouds were gaunt, and few —
A Black — as of a Spectre's Cloak
Hid Heaven and Earth from view.
The creatures chuckled on the Roofs —
And whistled in the air —
And shook their fists —
And gnashed their teeth —
And swung their frenzied hair.

The morning lit — the Birds arose —
The Monster's faded eyes
Turned slowly to his native coast —
And peace — was Paradise!

Nobody knows this little Rose

Text by Emily Dickinson

Nobody knows this little Rose—
It might a pilgrim be
Did I not take it from the ways
And lift it up to thee.
Only a Bee will miss it—

Only a Butterfly,
Hastening from far journey—
On its breast to lie—
Only a Bird will wonder—
Only a Breeze will sigh—
Ah Little Rose—how easy
For such as thee to die!

Bee! I'm expecting you!
Text By Emily Dickinson

Bee! I'm expecting you!
Was saying Yesterday
To Somebody you know
That you were due—

The Frogs got Home last Week—
Are settled, and at work—
Birds, mostly back—
The Clover warm and thick—

You'll get my Letter by
The seventeenth; Reply
Or better, be with me—
Yours, Fly.
